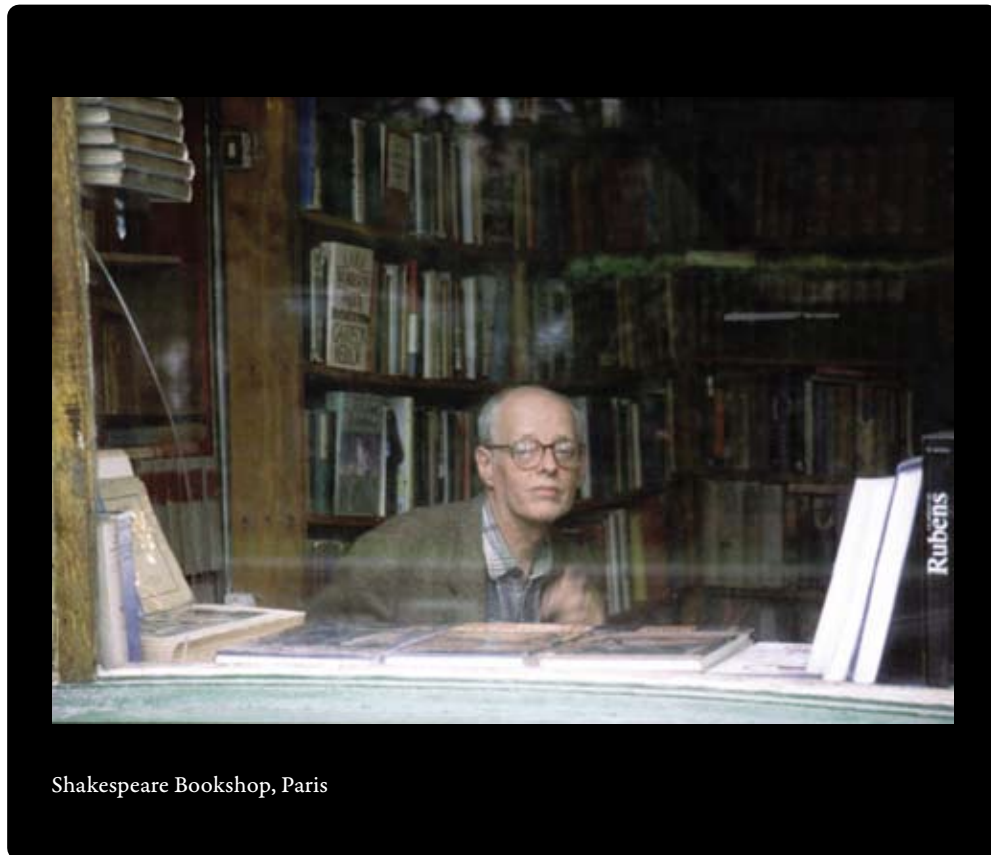


TALKING BACK—

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Shakespeare Bookshop, Paris

A CONVERSATION WITH MY PHOTOGRAPHS

There are many reasons why we take photographs. Perhaps we do it to prove we were there, to somehow validate our own being. Perhaps we take photographs as a memento so that we have a means of future recall, a mnemonic device to help us reconstruct our past. Maybe we photograph through habit simply because we can, because it is what people do.

In the making of a photograph we extract a moment of stillness from the flow of moments that unfold before us. The arrested moment passes, but the photograph remains, locked into a digital (or chemical) memory. It therefore becomes an extrapolation of something that can never be repeated.

For many years I worked as a journalist and photographer. I used my camera as a point of entry into the lives of others and I penned my words to add a context and narrative beyond the visual frame of the image. But when I gaze back upon the photographs I have taken, a very different narrative unfolds. Questions arise and a conversation begins. It is a conversation with both the past and the present and it almost always invokes the future. To look at a photograph is, I believe, to converse with time itself. I talk to my photographs and they talk back.

Roland Barthes said that, 'Whatever it grants to vision and whatever its manner, a photograph is always invisible; it is not it that we see.'

When I look back at my photographs I see and I hear conversations that pivot around points of arrival and departure—conversations that pose more questions than answers. When I look back at my photographs I look forward to such conversation.