

time." That is indeed the absurd speech. What, in fact, is the Absurd Man? He who, without negating it, does nothing for the eternal. Not that nostalgia is foreign to him. But he prefers his courage and his reasoning. The first teaches him to live without appeal and to get along with what he has; the second informs him of his limits. Assured of his temporally limited freedom, of his revolt devoid of future, and of his mortal consciousness, he lives out his adventure within the span of his lifetime. That is his field, that is his action, which he shields from any judgment but his own. A greater life for him cannot mean another life. That would be unfair. I am not even speaking here of that paltry eternity that is called posterity. Mme Roland relied on herself. That rashness was taught a lesson. Posterity is glad to quote her remark, but forgets to judge it. Mme Roland is indifferent to posterity. There can be no question of holding forth on ethics. I have seen people behave badly with great morality and I note every day that integrity has no need of rules. There is but one moral code that the absurd man can accept, the one that is not separated from God: the one that is dictated. But it so happens that he lives outside that God. As for the others (I mean also immorality), the absurd man sees nothing in them but justifications and he has nothing to justify. I start out here from the principle of his innocence. That innocence is to be feared. "Everything is permitted," exclaims Ivan Karamazov. That, too, smacks of the absurd. But on condition that it not be taken in a vulgar sense. I don't know whether or not it has been sufficiently pointed out that it is not an outburst of relief or of joy, but rather a bitter acknowledgment of a fact. The certainty of a God giving meaning to life far surpasses in attractiveness the ability to behave badly with impunity. The choice would not be hard to make. But there is no choice, and that is where the bitterness comes in. The absurd does not liberate; it binds. It does not authorize all actions. "Everything is permitted" does not mean that nothing is forbidden. The absurd merely confers an equivalence on the consequences of those actions. It does not recommend crime, for this would be childish, but it restores to remorse its futility. Likewise, if all experiences are indifferent, that of duty is as legitimate as any other. One can be virtuous through a whim. All systems of morality are based on the idea that an action has consequences that legitimize or cancel it. A mind imbued with the absurd merely judges that those consequences must be considered calmly. It is ready to pay up. In other words, there may be responsible persons, but there are no guilty ones, in its opinion. At very most, such a mind will consent to use past experience as a basis for its future actions. Time will prolong time, and life will serve life. In this field that is both limited and bulging with possibilities, everything to himself, except his lucidity, seems unforeseeable to him. What rule, then, could emanate from that unreasonable order? The only truth that might seem instructive to him is not formal: it comes to life and unfolds in men. The absurd mind cannot so much expect ethical rules at the end of its reasoning as, rather, illustrations and the breath of human lives.

The few following images are of this type. They prolong the absurd reasoning by giving it a specific attitude and their warmth. Do I need to develop the idea that an example is not necessarily an example to be followed (even less so, if possible, in the absurd world) and that these illustrations are not therefore models? Besides the fact that a certain vocation is required for this, one becomes ridiculous, with all due allowance, when drawing from Rousseau the conclusion that one must walk on all fours and from Nietzsche that one must maltreat one's mother. "It is essential to be absurd," writes a modern author, "it is not essential to be a dupe." The attitudes of which I shall treat can assume their whole meaning only through consideration of these contraries. A sub-clerk in the post office is the equal of a conqueror if consciousness is common to them. All experiences are indifferent in this regard. There are some that do either a service or a disservice to man. They do him a service if he is conscious. Otherwise, that has no importance: a man's failures imply judgment, not of circumstances, but of himself. I am choosing solely men who aim only to expand themselves or whom I see to be expending themselves. That has no further implications. For the moment I want to speak only of a world in which thoughts, like lives, are devoid of future. Everything that makes man work and get excited utilizes hope. The sole thought that is not mendacious is therefore a sterile thought. In the absurd world the value of a notion or of a life is measured by its sterility. The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labor. If one believes Homer, Sisyphus was the wisest and most prudent of mortals. According to another tradition, however, he was disposed to practice the profession of highwayman. See no contradiction in this. Opinions differ as to the reasons why he became the futile laborer of the underworld. To begin with, he is accused of a certain levity in regard to the gods. He stole their secrets. Egina, the daughter of Eosopus, was carried off by Jupiter. The father was shocked by that disappearance and complained to Sisyphus. He, who knew of the abduction, offered to tell about it on condition that Eosopus would give water to the citadel of Corinth. To the celestial thunderbolts he responded by the benediction of water. He was punished for this in the underworld. Homer tells us also that Sisyphus had put Death in chains. Pluto could not endure the sight of his deserted, silent empire. He dispatched the god of war, who liberated Death from the hands of her conqueror. It is said that Sisyphus, being near to death, rashly wanted to test his wife's love. He ordered her to cast his unburied body into the middle of the public square. Sisyphus woke up in the underworld. And there, annoyed by a disobedience so contrary to human love, he obtained from Pluto permission to return to earth in order to chastise his wife. But when he had seen again the face of this world, enjoyed water and sun, warm stones and the sea, he no longer wanted to go back to the infernal darkness. Recalls, signs of anger, warnings were of no avail. Many years more he lived facing the curse of the gulf, the sparkling sea, and the smiles of earth. A decree of the gods was necessary. Mercury came and seized the impudent man by the collar, and snatching him from his joys, lead him forcibly back to the underworld, where his rock was ready for him. You have already grasped that Sisyphus is the absurd hero. He is, as much through his passions as through his torture: His scorn of the gods, his hatred of death, and his passion for life won him that unspeakable penalty in which the whole being is exerted toward accomplishing nothing. This is the price that must be paid for the passions of this earth. Nothing is told us about Sisyphus in the underworld. Myths are made for the imagination to breathe life into them. As for this myth, one sees merely the whole effort of a body straining to raise the huge stone, to roll it, and push it up a slope a hundred times over; one sees the face screwed up, the cheek tight against the stone, the shoulder bracing the clay-covered mass, the foot wedging it, the flesh start with arms outstretched, the wholly human security of two earth-clotted hands. At the very end of his long effort measured by skyless space and time without depth, the purpose is achieved. Then Sisyphus watches the stone rush down in a few moments toward that lower world whence he will have to push it up again toward the summit. He goes back down to the plain. It is during that return, that pause, that Sisyphus interests me. A face that toils so close to stones is already stone itself! I see that man going back down with a heavy yet measured step toward the torment of which he will never know the end. That hour like breathing-space which returns as easily as his suffering, that is the hour of consciousness. At each of those moments when he leaves the heights and gradually sinks toward the lairs of the gods, he is superior to his fate. He is stronger than his rock. If the myth is tragic, that is because its hero is conscious. Where would his torture be, indeed, if at every step the hope of succeeding upheld him? The workman of today works everyday in his life at the same tasks, and his fate is no less absurd. But it is tragic only at the rare moments when it becomes conscious. Sisyphus, proletarian of the gods, powerless and rebellious, knows the whole extent of his wretched condition: it is what he thinks of during his descent. The lucidity that was to constitute his torture at the same time crowns his victory. There is no fate that can not be surmounted by scorn. If the descent is thus sometimes performed in sorrow, it can also take place in joy. This word is not too much. Again I fancy Sisyphus returning toward his rock, and the sorrow was in the beginning. When the images of earth cling too tightly to memory, when the call of happiness becomes too insistent, it happens that melancholy arises in man's heart: this is the rock's victory, this is the rock itself. The boundless grief is too heavy to bear. These are our nights of Gethsemane. But crushing truths perish from being acknowledged. Thus, Edipus at the outset obeys fate without knowing it. But from the moment he knows, his tragedy begins. Yet at the same moment, blind and desperate, he realizes that the only bond linking him to the world is the cool hand of a girl. Then a tremendous remark rings out. "Despite so many ordeals, my advanced age and the nobility of my soul make me conclude that all is well," Sophocles says. Edipus, like Dostoevsky's Kirslov, thus gives the recipe for the absurd victory. Ancient wisdom confirms modern heroism. One does not discover the absurd without being tempted to write a manual of happiness. "What!—by such narrow ways?" There is but one world, however. Happiness and the absurd are two sons of the same earth. They are inseparable. It would be a mistake to say that happiness necessarily springs from the absurd: discovery. It happens as well that the felling of the absurd springs from happiness. "I conclude that all is well," says Edipus, and that remark is sacred. It echoes in the wild and limited universe of man. It teaches that all is not, has not been, exhausted. It drives out of this world a god who had come into it with the felling of the absurd. The dissatisfaction and a preference for futile suffering. It makes of fate a human matter, which must be settled among men. All Sisyphus' silent joy is contained therein. His fate belongs to him. His rock is a thing. Likewise, the absurd man, when he contemplates his torment, silences all the idols. In the universe suddenly restored to its silence, the myriad wondering little voices of the earth rise up. Unconscious, secret calls, invitations from all the faces, they are the necessary reverse and price of his victory. There is no sun without shadow, and it is essential to know the night. The absurd man says yes and his efforts will henceforth be unceasing. If there is a personal fate, there is no higher destiny, or at least there is, but one which he concludes to be inevitable and desppicable. For the rest, he knows himself to be the master of his days. At that subtle moment when man glances backward over his life, Sisyphus returning toward his rock, in that slight pivoting he contemplates that series of unrelated actions which become his fate, created by him, combined under his memory's eye and soon sealed by his death. Thus, convinced of the wholly human origin of all that is human, a blind man eager to see who knows that the night has no end, he is still of the go. The rock is still rolling. I leave Sisyphus at the foot of the mountain! One always finds one's burden again. But Sisyphus teaches the highest fidelity that negates the gods and raises rocks. He too concludes that all is well. This universe henceforth without a master seems to him neither sterile nor futile. Each atom of that stone, each mineral flake of that night filled mountain, in itself forms a world. The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy. Now the ashes in the grate are beginning to choke the fire. And still the same sigh from the earth. The perfect song of a derbouka is heard in the air, a woman's laughter above it. In the bay, the lights come closer—fishing vessels no doubt, returning to harbour. The triangle of sky I see from where I am sitting is stripped of its daylight clouds. Choked with stars, it quivers on a pure breeze and the paddled wings of night beat slowly around me. How far will it go, this night in which I cease to belong to myself? There is a dangerous virtue in the word simplicity. And tonight I can understand a man wanting to die because nothing matters anymore when one sees through life completely. A man suffers and endures misfortune after misfortune. He bears them, settles into his destiny. People think well of him. And then, one evening, he meets a friend he has been very fond of, who speaks to him absent-mindedly. Returning home, the man kills himself. Afterwards, there is talk of private sorrows and secret miseries, of the depths of the soul, of the secret drama of life. No, if a reason really must be found, he killed himself because a friend spoke to him carelessly. In the same way, every time it seems to be that I've grasped the deep meaning of the world, it is its simplicity that always overwhelms me. My mother, that evening, and its strange indifference. On another occasion, I was living in a villa in the suburbs, alone with a dog, a couple of cats, and their kittens, all black. The mother cat could not feed them. One by one, all the kittens died. They stank already. The stench of death mingled with the stench of urine. Then, in the room with their filth. Every evening, when I arrived home, I would find one lying stiff, its gums laid bare. One evening, I found the last one, half eaten by the mother. It stank already. The stench of death mingled with the stench of urine. Then, this evening. When we are stripped down to a certain point, nothing leads anywhere anymore, hope and despair are equanimous. The world is calm, the atmosphere is still, everything is in repose. Alternating in the lighthouse, one green, one red, one white, the cool of the night, and the smell of the town and the poverty that reach me from below. If this evening, the image of a certain childhood comes back to me, how can I keep from welcoming it? And though her lips do not move, her face lights up in a beautiful smile. It's true, he never talked much to her. But did he ever need to? When one keeps quiet, the situation becomes clear. He is her son, she is his mother. She can say to him: "You know."

KÉPEK ÉS VALÓSÁGOK

Az albumban nincs Szeged, tengerpart, magyaros konyha, mobiltelefon, könyvespolc, meztelen nő, kidőlt fa, hajtincs, irasztal, nyakkendő, homok, orrás kakas, tükör, kalpa,

Először a képek érdekeltek (azt megelőzően pedig a matematika és a szépirodalom). Aztán a valóság. Pontosabban inkább az igazság, ami viszont egy elégne nehezen kezelhető valami, ezért vissza is hátráltam, így lyukadtam ki a valóságnál. Persze, ez sem egyszerű, hiszen ma már a fényképeket esetében is sokan kétsége vonják, hogy a valóságot látjuk rajtuk. „Minden egész eltörött”, olvastam több helyen, és ezt magam is tapasztalam. Talán a részek, talán azokkal lehet valamire jutni – gondolom néha.

A képek építésénél is (ami gondolatban történik) e szerint járok el, a részletekre bizon magam, rájuk koncentrálok, arra, hogy ne lehessen kételkedni bennük. Reprezentájanak. Ezek után nem válogatok az eszközökben, ami szükséges, azt használnak. Ez sokszor hosszadalmas munkát (előmunkát és utómunkát) eredményezi. Nem könnyű egy létező (de még rejttett) valóságot napvilágra hozni. Valamint egy csinos nőt meztelenkedésre bírní, vagy az éppen rossz helyre belőgő hajfincset eltávolítani sem gyerekkájet. Az expozíció aktusa a legegyterűbb.

Ha szerencsém van, és a részek „rendesen dolgoznak”, létrejöhét az új valóság. Természetesen a nézőknek is megvannak a maguk valóságaik. Ezek kapcsolatba kerülhetnek egymással. Talán az ilyen találkozásokat nevezhetnék igazságnak, amiről már-már lemondtam. Talán,

Az előbb felsoroltak a nézőben vannak. (Németh Gábor nyomán)

umban lévő képeket én készítettem, sőt a megjelenő más képek legtöbbjét (nem rint érve) is. Persze, nincs benne minden albumban. Például, sajnos ki kellett törni a „szemmel látható” igazságokat. Persze, ha

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visezettmássak
ján egységes, a
és utáni korban
oldalakban és a
leginkább a
A nyelvelmélet
adigmássoruktól
új, „melyre”
rom, hogy nem
át, két mondaton
hető – esetleg

gmássorok példái: (cica, kutya, medve), (szerelem, érni,
lönög, tejj). A példa paradigmássorok alapján képzett
dátok: „A cica megíssa a tejet”, „A kutya szereti az
te megőli a tejet”, stb. Látható, hogy a mondatképzés
egyszerű, és előállhatnak ártalmatlan és értelmetlen

mondatok is.

IMAGES AND REALITIES

KÉPEK ÉS VALÓSÁGOK

ÉN- (2006) I-

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(részletek a képsorozatból)

NEGYVENÉVES NŐ (2007) FORTY YEARS OLD WOMAN

(details from the picture series)

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„A megszaladás biológiai, evolúciós jelenség, akkor fordul elő,
ha valamilyen szelékciónak hatás egy tulajdonságot optimális paraméterein túl, minden korlát nélkül változtat, növel.
Ilyen például a pávakakasok fark tollazata, vagy az összarvas hatalmas agancsai.
Az embernél észlelhető megszaladási jelenségek kulturális természetűek...”

Csányi Vilmos, etológus

MEGSZALADÁS

(2008)

RUNAWAY PROCESSES

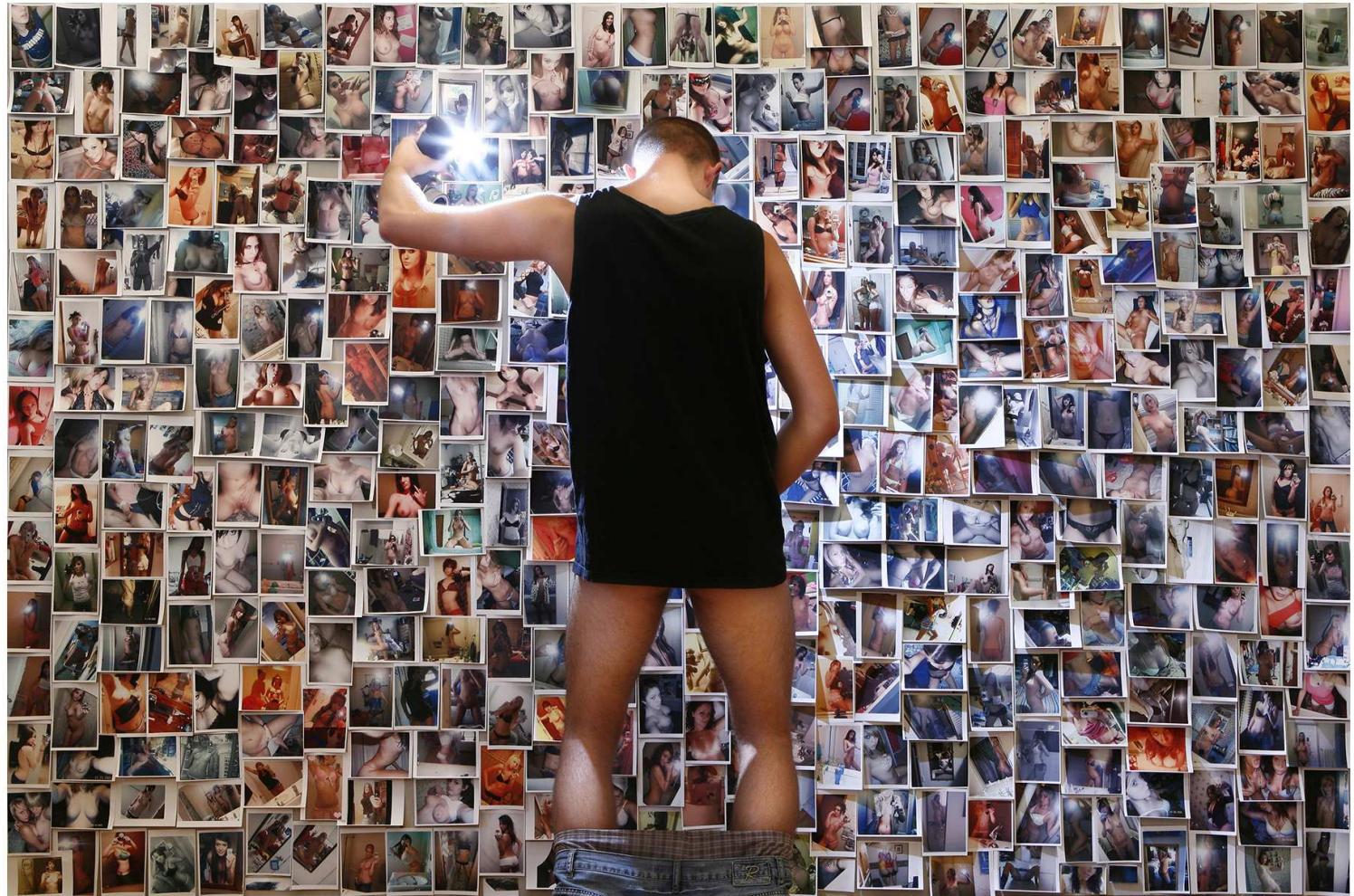
„Runaway is a biological, evolutional phenomenon
which occurs when a certain selective effect amends, extends an attribute beyond its optimal parameters and all limits.
For instance, the train feathers of peacocks as well as the giant antlers of Irish elks constitute a runaway process.
The runaway processes recognizable in the case of humans are usually of a cultural nature...”

Vilmos Csányi, ethologist

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SZEGEDI NYÁRI JÁTÉKOK (2009) SZEGED SUMMER GAMES

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Fotók készülnek rólunk, fotókat készítünk. Nézegetjük, értelmezzük őket. Legtöbbször - szándéktalanul vagy tudatosan - minták alapján készítjük képeinket. Megértésük, értelmezésük is lényegében mentális és kulturális sémainkhoz való kapcsolatok keresése, felfedezése. Ezeket a folyamatokat valamilyen belső nyelvtan segíti. Az „elolvassott” kép olyan, mint egy mondat: egyszer egy rövid kijelentés, másszor egy hosszabb leírás, történet.

A képekkal kapcsolatos nyelvtanunk szerkezete, működése valahol mélyen az alapoknál alig különbözhet a beszált nyelvétől, ahol ezt a szerkezetet, működést jó ötéven éve a generatív grammátika elméletével, módszereivel szokás leírni, modellezni. Ennek algoritmusáról szabályai segítségével előállíthatjuk egy addott nyelv összes „jólformált” kifejezését. Az íly módon generált mondatok nyelvtanilag szabályosak, de nem feltétlenül értelmesek, ha a valóságra vonatkoztatjuk őket. Vagyis a generatív grammátika terepe elsősorban a nyelv szintaxisa, és nem a szemantikája. Noam Chomsky-tól, az elmélet megalkotójától származik a legismertebb példamondat, ez jól szemlélteti a generatív grammátika fenti természetét: Szintelen zöld eszmék dühödtén alszanak (Colorless green ideas sleep furiously).

Képeimet a generatív grammátika néhány tipikus eljárását használva készítettem. Képi elemekre alkalmaztam az ismétlés, a kombináció és a transzformáció műveleteit. Ezzel a módszerrel a fenti értelemben „jólformált”, szintaktikailag helyes képek keletkeztek.

Az eljárásokat úgy használtam, hogy a valóságsszerű fotóképek a lehetséges-lehetetlen, a valószínű-valószínűtlen és a hihető-hihetetlen koordináták mentén a képzelet terébe is tériszék el a nézőt. Abban bízom, hogy így a képek a bennünk rögzült mentális és kulturális sémák használhatóságára is rákérdeznek.

SZOCIOKOMBINATORIKA (2006-2010) SOCIOCOMBINATORICS

There are photographs of us. We not only keep looking at, but also try to understand them. These pictures are rarely unique, in most cases they are produced, either unintentionally or deliberately by models. The interpretation of them is basically a detection of the relationship between the pictorial elements and our mental, cultural patterns. These mental processes are supported by a kind of internal grammar. The comprehended picture is just like an announced sentence; it can be a brief statement, an extended sentence or even a long story.

The construction of our image-grammar, his function somewhere deeply the main reason may differ from his spoken language hardly. The construction of spoken languages has been described by the theory of generative grammar for quite some fifty years. We can produce all the "well-formed expressions" of a certain language using the algorithmic rules based on this model. These phrases, sentences will grammatically be correct, but not necessarily will be intelligent if they are applied to the reality. In other words, generative grammar is not especially for the semantic field of a language, but of the syntax. A well-known sample sentence of Noam Chomsky, the father of the theory, illustrates the nature of the generative grammar best; „Colorless green ideas sleep furiously".

As for my pictures, I intentionally used some of the typical procedures of the generative grammar, applying the operations of repetition, combination and transformation to the image elements. As a result of this method, well-formed, syntactically correct images were generated.

I applied the procedures in such a way that the reality-like photo pictures should divert the spectator into the space of the imagination along the coordinates of possibility-impossibility, likely-unlikely and believable-unbelievable. I hope so, that the pictures ask about the applicability of the mental and cultural schemes, that in us are fixed.

IMAGES AND REALITIES















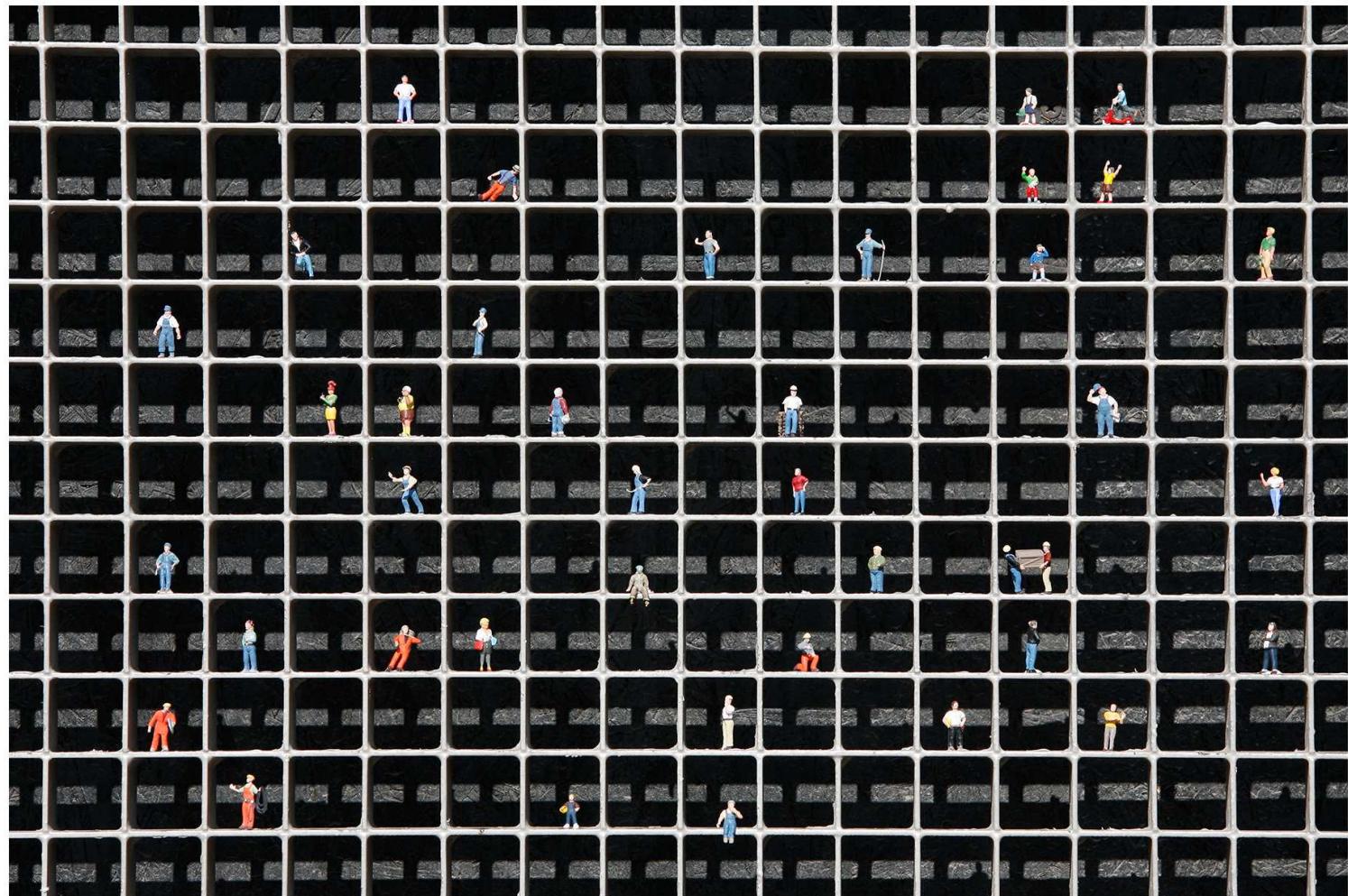




KÉPEK ÉS VALÓSÁGOK

UTÓKÉPEK A XX. SZÁZADRÓL (2008-2010) AFTERIMAGES ABOUT THE XX. CENTURY

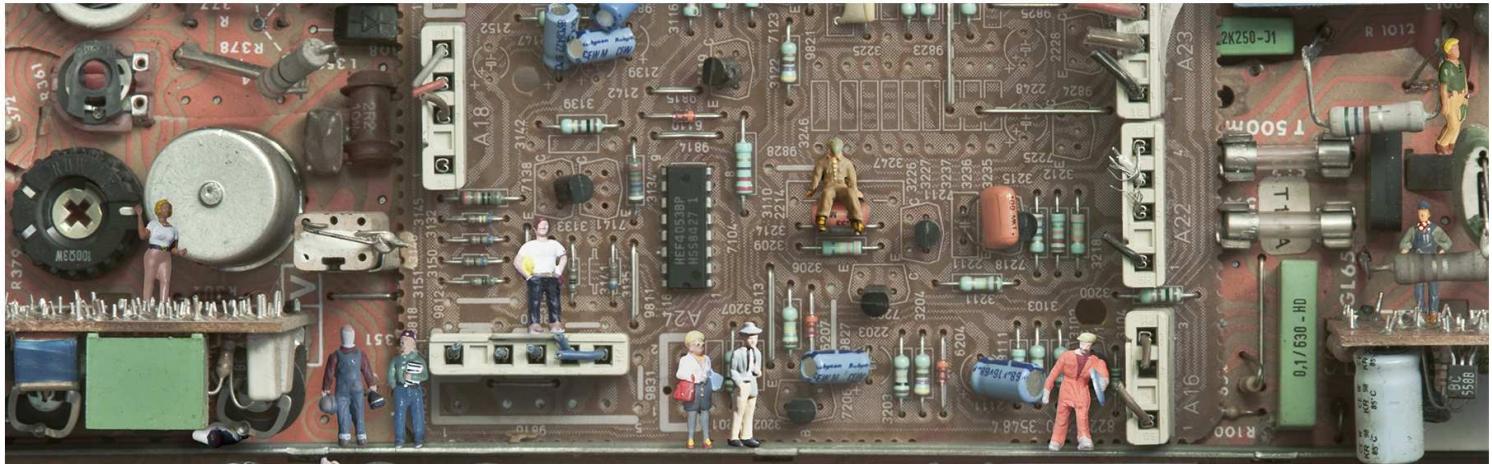
IMAGES AND REALITIES



is time." That is indeed the absurd speech. What, in fact, is the Absurd Man? He who, without negating it, does nothing for the eternal. Not that nostalgia is foreign to him. But he prefers his courage and his reasoning. The first teaches him to live without appeal and to go along with what he has; the second informs him of his limits. Assured of his temporally limited freedom, of his revolt devoid of future, and of his mortal consciousness, he lives out his adventure within the span of his lifetime. That is his field, that is his action, which he shuns from any judgment but his own. A greater life for him cannot mean another life. That would be unfair. I am not even speaking here of that patrician snobbishness that is called *posture*. Mme Roland relied on herself. That was taught a lesson. Posture is glad to quote her remark, but forgets to judge it. Mme Roland is indifferent to posterity. There can be no question of holding forth on ethics. I have seen people behave badly with great morality and I more every day that integrity has so need of rules. There is but one moral code that the absurd man can accept, the one that is not separated from God: the one that is dictated, but it so happens that he lives outside that God. As for the others too, *immorality*, the absurd man sees nothing in them but justifications and he has nothing to justify. I start out here from the principle of his innocence. That innocence is to be feared. "Everything is permitted," exclusive from *harmlessness*. That, too, *somewhat* of the absurd. But on condition that it not be taken in a vulgar sense. I don't know whether or not it has been sufficiently pointed out that it is not an outburst of relief or of joy, but rather a bitter acknowledgement of a fact. The certainty of a God gives us a meaning to life far surpasses in attractiveness the ability to behave badly with impunity. The choice would not be hard to make. But there is no choice, and that is where the bitterness comes in. The absurd does not liberate, it binds. It does not authorize, it forbids.

Likewise, if all experiences are indifferent, that of duty is an legitimate as any other. One can be virtuous through a whim. All systems of morality are based on the idea that an action has consequences that legitimize or cancel it. A man's mind will consent to use pain or pleasure as a basis for its future actions. Time will prolong time, and life will serve life; in this field that is both limited and bulging with possibilities, everything to himself, except his lucidity, seems unaffordable to him. At very most, such a mind will consent to commit suicide once as unreasonable order? The only truth that might seem instructive to him is not formal: it comes to life and unfolds in men. The absurd mind cannot so much expect ethical rules at the end of its reasoning as, rather, illustrations and examples that one must understand to live. The few following images are of this type. They prolong the absurd reasoning by giving it a specific attitude and their warmth. Do I need to develop the idea that an example is not necessarily an example to be followed (even less so than illustrations and examples that one must understand to live)? That the absurd man lives and from Nietzsche that one must maltreat one's mother. "It is essential to be absurd," writes a modern author, "it is not essential to be a duper." The attitudes of which I shall treat can assume their whole meaning only through illustrations and examples that one must understand to live. The author of *Exodus* does him a service, in the absurd world and that these illustrations are not therefore models? Besides the fact that a certain vocation is required for this, one becomes ridiculous, with all due allowance, when drawing from Rousseau's conclusion that the man who loves his wife contradicts a sub-clerk in the post office is the equal of a conqueror if consciousness is common to them. All experiences are indifferent in this regard. There are some that do either a service or a disservice to man. There are some that do not. We are to be expanding ourselves, not to be introducing ourselves; therefore a sterile service or a service if he is thought, in the with some reason of highwayman. I was carried off by a highwayman. I preferred Socrates Death from the if there, annoyed by an who wanted to go back to seized the impudent man through his torture. His soon death is told us about ad times over, one sees the end of his long effort measured Jones back down to the plain. It is known the end. That hour like a He is stronger than his rock. If this fate is less absurd. But it is tragic that was to contribute his torture at Sisyphus returning toward his rock, and it is the rock itself. The boundless grief begins. Yet at the same moment, blind me the conclude that all is well? "Sophocles' 'What'—by such narrow ways?" There as well that the falling of the absurd springs this world a god who had come into it with a thing. Likewise, the absurd man, when he acts, they are the necessary reverse and price of or at least there is not one which he concludes is not propitiating his enemies. Who knows that in this series of unrelated who knows that in this series of unrelated no conclusion that the universe henceforth enough to fill a hole in the ground. I might imagine Sisyphus a higher consciousness, a sort of a soul, returning now to the heights, still carrying his rock, and the rock belonging to him. He bears and secret me







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tagságok / memberships
Fiatlak Fotóművészeti Stúdiója, 2008-tól
Magyar Fotóművészek Szövetsége, 2008-tól

díjak / prizes
Dunaújvárosi Fotóbiennále 2009, Fődíj - 2009
Fotóporta, Legjobb portfolio díja - 2009

kiállítás / exhibition
Fotóporta - FFS, Millenáris Kávézó, Budapest - 2008
Infúzió - FFS, B&B, Holdudvar, Budapest - 2008
Élettér - FFS, Artbázis, Budapest - 2008
Egy lépéssel tovább - FFS, Vam Design, Budapest - 2008
Térkép - FFS, Artbázis, Budapest - 2009
10+1, Fotográfus.hu jubileumi kiállítás - Millenáris Piros-Fekete Galéria, Budapest - 2009
Einen Schritt weiter - FFS, GalerieTreppenhaus, Erlangen - 2009
Regardez-moi - I'm back - L'espace Immanence, Párizs - 2009
Dunaújvárosi Fotóbiennále 2009, Dunaújváros - 2009



A képek megvásárolhatók, érdeklődjön telefonon vagy e-mailben!