



Tatiana Abellán

NY & Me

40° 44' 22.25" N
74° 0' 5.95" W

Fotografías

espacio Molinos del Río _Caballerizas

febrero _
junio 2012

En el invierno del año 2012 presentamos una exposición de fotografía de la joven artista murciana Tatiana Abellán. Continuando con nuestro apoyo a los jóvenes que se inician en el camino del arte en Murcia, el espacio 2 de Molinos del Río alberga una notable cantidad de obras de esta artista que nos trasladarán a una ciudad emblemática de nuestra época, Nueva York.

Una ciudad siempre abierta al arte y a la arquitectura, en la que nuestro idioma, el español, es hablado cada año por más millones de personas y en la que conviven gran variedad de culturas de todo el mundo.

Tatiana Abellán, durante su estancia allí, ha sabido captar con sus pequeñas cámaras y con su móvil, acontecimientos ya históricos, dejando patente con sus instantáneas y con su voluntad creativa que la cercanía entre la gente, la similitud de sensaciones y de emociones, es una constante común, visible en el siglo XXI.

Es una muestra que presenta una serie de imágenes de un Nueva York distinto y cercano, es el día a día a pie de calle. Se trata de pequeños reflejos de una realidad y de un tiempo vividos por Tatiana que nos llegan como instantes neoyorkinos.

Espero que todo el público asistente a la muestra sepa disfrutar con estas pequeñas obras y vea en ellas la necesidad de que la ciudad, cualquier ciudad, sea ese escenario en el que se convive en paz y armonía. Un escenario en el que todos debemos velar por la convivencia y por el bien común.

Rafael Gómez Carrasco
Concejal Delegado de Cultura

flâneur, euse adj, nm/f callejero (-a)

Elena del Rivero

Querida Tatiana:

No sabía que durante tu estancia en Nueva York, además de investigar para tu tesis, te habías convertido en flâneuse-fotógrafa y no por azar, sino más bien por elección. ¡Enhorabuena! Al leer tu propuesta, mi mente ha “volado” hacia Baudelaire, que usó el término flâneur para describir a la persona que pasea por la ciudad buscando la belleza efímera del presente como signo de modernidad. Yo creo que esto es lo que has hecho tú intuitiva y brillantemente; no solo porque tus fotos son bellas, sino porque lo has hecho utilizando un artilugio tan moderno como el teléfono móvil. Este móvil, además, le otorga a tu trabajo ese matiz de fugacidad precaria que es tan elocuente.

Las descripciones de las ciudades por nativos, cuenta Walter Benjamin, “tienen siempre algo en común con los relatos biográficos”¹. Tomando este hilo conductor y extrapolando a lo que aquí nos ocupa, podríamos aventurar que nosotras, como viajeras y forasteras, lo que hacemos al caminar por Nueva York, cámara-móvil en mano, es tomar impresiones fugaces y fascinantes de la ciudad -porque esta ciudad es, admitámoslo, fascinante-. Todo nos sorprende en ella, algo que a mí -no te lo vas a creer- me sigue ocurriendo aún llevando aquí más de veinte años.

Desde que llegué, me sentí forastera “at home”. Nueva York tiene esa virtud de acoger al extranjero como pocas ciudades. Con el tiempo me fui sintiendo de la ciudad, neoyorkina, y empecé a ver la ciudad como realmente “home”, aunque me faltaban las memorias de infancia, las que tienen los que han nacido y crecido en el lugar donde viven. Casi todos en Nueva York, incluso los americanos, son forasteros de alguna forma, pero hay una diferencia: los americanos son

distintos, pues este país y sus habitantes parecen poseer por derecho toda la tierra USA y por eso se mueven con esa agilidad que les permite asentarse de oeste a este sin mayor problema, la inmensidad del país es toda suya. Pero yo soy de provincias, de Valencia, y de un país marcado por diferencias ancestrales y encajo, a pesar de ser residente, con la descripción de forastera. De mi infancia tengo impresiones fuertes que nunca podré olvidar: el olor a pólvora, los naranjos en flor, esas abuelitas que caminaban por el centro de Valencia con unos pequeños hilos colgando del dedo meñique que sostenían bandejas de medianoches, las vendedoras del Mercado Central cuando iba a la compra con mi madre, y la luz, el color y el orden de la lonja del pescado. ¡Alas! En Nueva York, aun estando “at home”, todo es siempre como nuevo, no revivido; me faltan esas pequeñas y entrañables memorias de no haber nacido en esta ciudad. No lo digo como una carencia, tan solo como detalle.

Pero ¡fíjate! - y me consta que será una sorpresa para ti- desde hace cinco años salgo a la calle con mi Contax G2 en mano, que es de carrete -solo uso blanco y negro- y continuo mirando, como forastera al público moverse por las calles, los ritmos del tráfico, los atardeceres cuando el sol se alinea con la calles que corren de oeste a este lanzando esas dramáticas sombras por la ciudad. Por eso comparto y entiendo lo que has hecho. Por una parte eras la forastera, pero por otra, has hecho algo más que tomar fotos “de turista”. Al verlas no creo que tu afán haya sido “to take pictures” para calmar la ansiedad de pasear sin saber qué hacer por las calles de la ciudad; de esto habla muy bien Susan Sontag en su ensayo *On Photography*.

He visto tus fotos y me han gustado mucho; son como pinceladas rápidas de una ciudad

que viviste al detalle. También el título es digno de mención: New York & Me, es decir, admites que existe el reto de la autobiografía y se aprecia que paseabas mirando intensamente, como si las imágenes te hirieran visualmente, ¿verdad? Me han impresionado, por lo arriesgado, las del huracán que nos arrasó en agosto de 2011, pues respondiste inmediatamente saliendo a la calle en plena vorágine y empezaste a disparar sin pensar mucho en composición, aperturas o nitidez; el resultado es inteligente y fresco. Lo que parece haberte interesado es la respuesta inmediata: un paraguas vuelto del revés por el viento o los reflejos de las luces de la ciudad en las calles mojadas mientras corrías; algunas recuerdan a Edward Hopper. Viviste el aniversario del 11S muy de cerca y la muerte de Steve Jobs, pero también captaste gestos humanos como los de un “window cleaner” colgado dramáticamente de un rascacielos en un día de sol. Las direcciones de los edificios parecen no cuadrar, como si hubieras sacado las fotos desde el suelo o empinada en los árboles, lo cual hace que el conjunto sea como un rompecabezas o un collage de ideas a vuelapluma; la megaciudad fraccionada y unida por tu mirada. Todo un reto que, además, es más bello porque es sincero y, sobre todo, humilde.

Espero que los visitantes disfruten con tu trabajo como lo he hecho yo. Quizás esta sea una nueva ventana que se abre ante ti; cuélate por ella y continúa contando historias; lo haces muy bien.

¡Mucho éxito!

Elena del Rivero

¹ Jennings, M. W., Eiland, H. y Smith, G. (eds.), Walter Benjamin: Selected Writings, Volumen 2: Part 1, 1927-1930. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1999.

NY & Me

Tatiana Abellán

De ordinario el amateur es definido como la inmaduración del artista: como alguien que no puede -o no quiere- elevarse hasta la maestría de una profesión. Pero en el campo de la práctica fotográfica es el amateur, por el contrario, quien asume el carácter de profesional: pues es él quien se encuentra más cerca del noema de la Fotografía.

Roland Barthes. La cámara lúcida. Notas sobre fotografía.

Querida Elena:

¡Qué alegría recibir tu carta!

Como bien sabes, el pasado 2011 supuso una oportunidad única de vivir unos meses fantásticos en la que para mí ya es la ciudad más maravillosa del mundo: Nueva York.

Aunque mi estancia allí estuvo motivada por una investigación teórica en la Universidad de Nueva York, no tardé en darme cuenta de que uno no puede abandonar del todo sus inquietudes artísticas cuando hace otras cosas. Así que como algo secundario, alejado de cualquier prioridad, y de manera casi inconsciente, comencé a hacer fotografías de mi rutina, de todo aquello que me rodeaba. De lo cotidiano y de lo extraordinario. Sin tener muy claro porqué ni para qué lo hacía. Es por esto que durante el tiempo que estuve allí no te hice saber nada. No era nada importante.

Supongo que conoces ese impulso de salir a la calle buscando una imagen predeterminada, que ya existe, aunque no de forma material. Solo intentas materializar algo que por diferentes motivos has compuesto en tu imaginación y que quieres encontrar. En estas ocasiones se construye el síntoma, en cierta manera se falsea la realidad: ya sabes lo que

necesitas, lo has visto antes en tu mente, y fuerzas al máximo la realidad para conseguirlo. Pero otras veces son las imágenes las que aparecen y reclaman tu atención. Por pequeños detalles casuales, paradójicos, absurdos, inexplicables. Son estas imágenes, a mi entender, las que esconden algún secreto, algún aspecto difícil de descodificar, las más interesantes.

Así, mientras evitaba las primeras, pues no podía competir con esas fotografías de técnica precisa y formalmente perfectas, no pude evitar empezar a jugar con las segundas. Ya fuera con una cámara compacta que siempre llevaba en la mochila, con una pequeña cámara acuática, o con el mismo móvil, seguí haciendo fotos. En mis trayectos habituales, durante mis paseos. Sin ninguna intención que no fuese documental, absolutamente personal. Algunas con mayor grado de artisticidad o más meditadas, otras más azarosas. Pero eso es lo de menos. Siempre de manera paralela a mis actividades prioritarias; era yo quien guiaba a la cámara, nunca ella a mí.

Unos meses más tarde recibo la invitación de Carmen para llevar a cabo una exposición. Aquí entiendo que quizá sea interesante rescatar alguna de esas más de dos mil imágenes que ya empezaban a tener cierta importancia para mí. Empiezo a buscar un sentido, un hilo vertebrador que le dé coherencia a esa maraña de imágenes.

Como bien señalas, llegada a este punto, el título era casi obligado. Lo que absolutamente todas y cada una de esas fotografías -hechas con diferentes cámaras, en varios lugares y tiempos o con diversas intenciones- tienen en común, es que todas han sido realizadas en Nueva York y que, además, cuentan pe-

queños momentos que yo viví allí. Así que se trata poco menos que de una pequeña descripción: Nueva York y Yo. Sencillo y sincero.

Tal es así, que aunque yo no aparezca propiamente en ninguna foto, en realidad estoy en todas ellas. Formo parte de ellas, y no porque yo sea la autora, sino porque son mi diario, mi fotolog: el álbum de mi vida allí.

De hecho me gustaría poder considerarlas como un álbum contemporáneo. Al menos son el equivalente a un álbum de fotos colgado en cualquier red social. De los que invitan a un consumo rápido y distraído, donde el conjunto, y no una escena individual, es el que te lleva a comprender. Escenas que reflejan momentos ya no tan determinantes, pero que forman parte innegable de la autobiografía.

Si me llevo alguna lección de Nueva York es que, además de ser la ciudad que nunca duerme, es que es la ciudad perfecta, aquella que puede darte lo que necesites en cada momento. Sea lo que sea lo que busques, la oferta siempre será mayor que la demanda.

De la misma manera, los acontecimientos que viví en unos pocos meses superaron con creces mis expectativas. La captura de Bin Laden y posterior celebración en las calles, incluyendo la visita de Obama a la Zona Cero en medio de impresionantes medidas de seguridad y apabullantes despliegues de medios de comunicación. El huracán Irene, que paralizó la ciudad y me mostró escenas que nunca pensé ver, como el metro cerrado o las avenidas desiertas. El décimo aniversario del 11S, que me permitió sentir la tragedia casi en primera persona, pues conforme se acercaba la fecha se podía respirar la tristeza, el abatimiento de la gente; la ciudad















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Little Owl

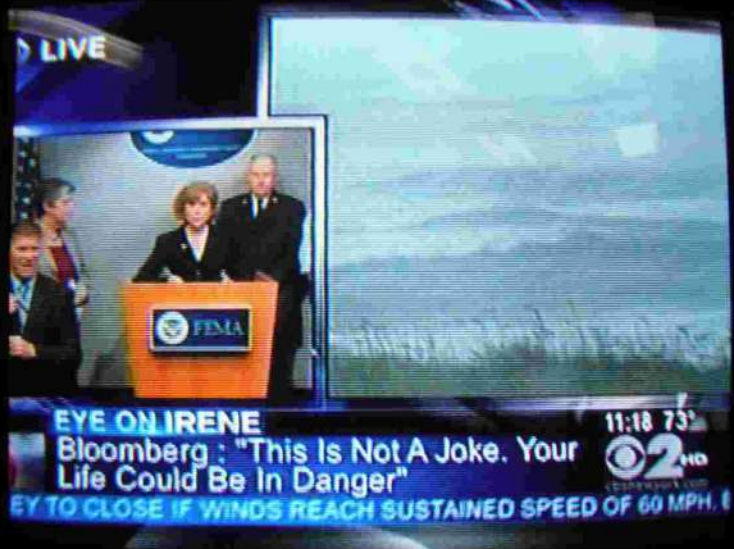


The Venue

93

MISSED
YA IRENE
BET YOU
ARE A
HOOT!

LIVE



EYE ON IRENE
Bloomberg: "This Is Not A Joke. Your
Life Could Be In Danger"

11:18 73°
CBS 2 HD
A CBS EyeVision Station

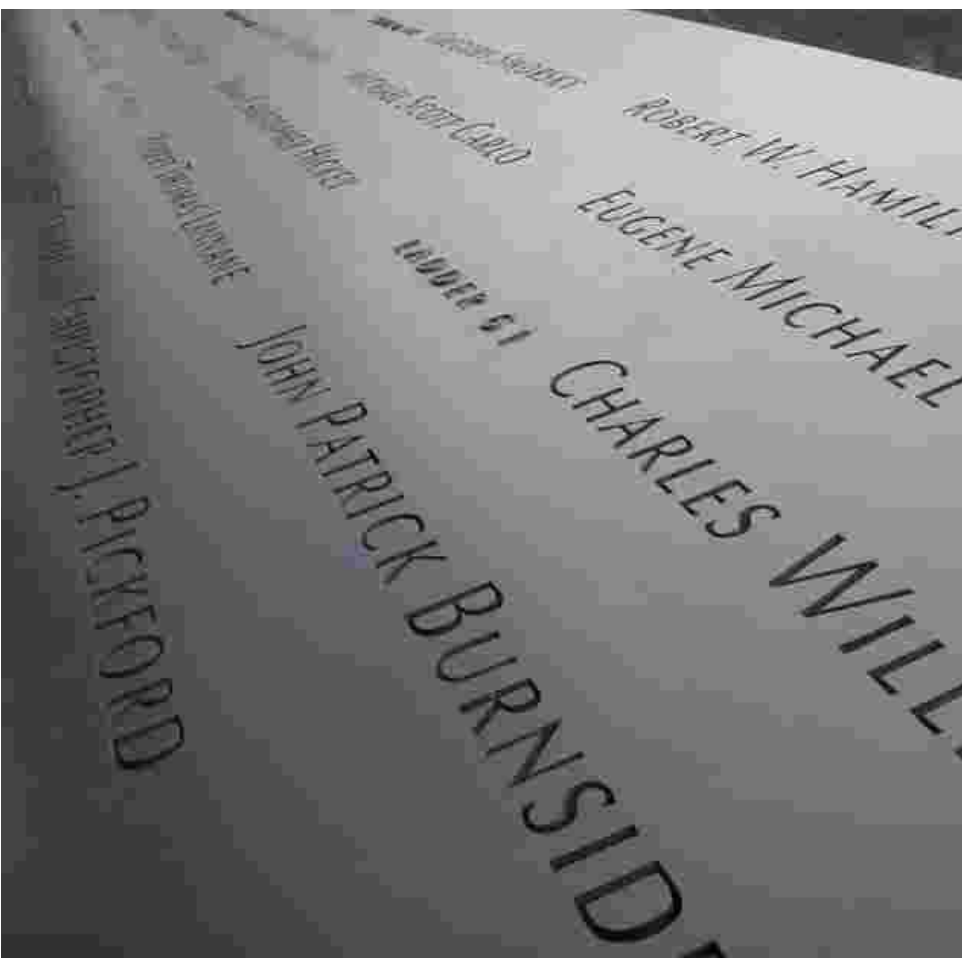
EYE TO CLOSE IF WINDS REACH SUSTAINED SPEED OF 60 MPH.





















FAMILIES

FORGIVENESS

I'm sorry.

THE ONLY WAY TO
DO GREAT
Work
IS TO LOVE WHAT
YOU DO
- STEVE JOBS







During the winter of 2012 we present a photography exhibition by the young Murcia-born artist Tatiana Abellán. Continuing our support of those young people who elect to pursue the arts in Murcia, Space 2 of Molinos del Río plays host to a remarkable number of works by this artist that transport us to one of the most emblematic cities of modern times: New York. It is a city that is always open to art and architecture, in which our language, Spanish, is spoken by millions of people, and where a huge variety of cultures from all over the world have learned to coexist.

During her time in New York, Tatiana Abellán was able to capture, using her small cameras and cell phone, what have become historic events, reflecting with her instant images and creative drive how the common traits, similar sensations and emotions we all share define human experience in the 21st century. This show presents a series of images of a New York which is distinct and immediate; this is the day-to-day life of the streets. We see here tiny reflections of a reality and a time experienced by Tatiana which are brought to us as New York moments.

I hope that those who come to view the exhibition will appreciate these images and see in them how important it is for cities, all cities, to exist as settings where people can live together in peace and harmony. A setting in which we all share responsibility for our coexistence and the common good.

Rafael Gómez Carrasco
Councilman for Culture

flâneur, euse adj, nm/f one who wanders aimlessly

Elena del Rivero

Dear Tatiana:

I didn't know that during your time in New York, as well as researching your thesis, you had also become a flâneuse-photographer, and not by chance, but rather by choice. Congratulations! When I read your proposal my mind flew back to Baudelaire, who employed the term flâneur to describe a person who strolls through the city seeking the ephemeral beauty of the present in the context of urban life. I believe that this is what you have done, in an intuitive and brilliant manner; not only because your photographs are beautiful, but because you have made them using that most modern of gadgets: the mobile phone. It is the phone which gives your work that sense of precarious fleetingness which is so eloquent.

Descriptions of cities by the people who live there, says Walter Benjamin always possess a biographical element¹. Taking this as our starting point and extrapolating from it in order to apply it to what concerns us here, we might even say that what we do, as travelers and outsiders, when we walk through

New York, mobile phone camera in hand, is capture fleeting and fascinating impressions of the city, for this city is -it has to be said- fascinating. Everything here comes as a surprise, and -you won't believe this- I still feel that way, even after more than twenty years.

Ever since I arrived, I have felt like a stranger "at home". New York has a way of accepting the foreigner which is shared by few other cities. Over time I began to feel one with the city, a New Yorker, and I started to see the city as a real "home", although I lacked those memories of childhood which only those who have been born and raised in the place where they live possess. Almost everyone in New York, even the Americans, is an outsider in some way, but there is a difference: the Americans are different because this country and its people seem to possess by right the entire territory of the USA, and this enables them to move seemingly effortlessly and settle from the west coast to the eastern seaboard. The country's immensity belongs to them. But I am from the provinces, from Valencia, and from a country defined by ancestral differences, and, despite being a resident, I fit the description of the outsider. Ever since childhood, I have had strong impressions I have never been able to forget: the smell of gunpowder, orange trees in bloom, those old women who used to walk through downtown Valencia with thin threads hanging from their little fingers from which they held trays of the filled rolls they call "medias noches" in Valencia. And then there were the women who sold their wares in the Central Market, when I would go shopping with my mother, and the light, the colors and the orderliness of the fish market. In New York, even when "at home", everything always

seems so new, rather than relived; I don't have those small, fond memories one only has in the city of one's birth, although by that I don't mean to say it's something I miss. It's just a detail.

But -and I know this will come as a surprise to you- I have been going out into the streets for the past five years with my Contax G2, which is a 35 mm film camera -I only shoot in black and white- and I continue to watch, like an outsider, how the people move through the streets, the rhythms of the traffic, the late afternoons when the sun aligns itself with the streets that run from west to east, creating those dramatic shadows throughout the city. That is why I empathize with and understand what you have done. On the one hand, you are an outsider, but on the other hand you have done something more than take "tourist" photos. When I look at them I don't believe that your aim was "to take pictures" to calm the anxiety produced by wandering through the streets of the city not knowing what to do; Susan Sontag writes very well on this in her essay *On Photography*.

I have seen your photos and I like them very much; they are like quick sketches of a city you have experienced in all its details. The title is also worth mentioning: New York and Me. In other words, you acknowledge that there exists the challenge of autobiography, and it is clear that you move through the city observing intensely, as if the images wounded you visually, right? I am impressed by those, because they are so daring, of the hurricane that hit us in August 2011. You reacted immediately and went out into the streets in the middle of that maelstrom and just starting shooting without thinking too much about composition, aperture or sharpness; the

result is intelligent and fresh. You seem to have been interested in the immediate response: an umbrella turned inside out by the wind or the lights of the city reflected in the wet streets you were rushing through; some of them recall Edward Hopper. You experienced very personally the anniversary of 9/11 and the death of Steve Jobs, but you also captured human gestures, like those of a window cleaner suspended dramatically from a skyscraper on a sunny day. The lines of the buildings don't seem quite right, as if you had taken the photos from ground level or up in the trees, and this means that when seen together they appear like a jigsaw or collage of rapidly sketched ideas; the megacity divided and united by your gaze. It is a true challenge which is all the more beautiful because it is sincere and -above all- modest.

I hope the visitors enjoy your work as much as I have. Perhaps this will be a new window opening before you; go through it and continue telling your stories; you do it very well.

I wish you every success!

Elena del Rivero

¹ Jennings, M. W., Eiland, H. and Smith, G. (eds.), Walter Benjamin: Selected Writings, Volume 2: Part 1, 1927-1930. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1999.

NY & Me

Tatiana Abellán

Usually the amateur is defined as the immature state of the artist: someone who cannot - or will not - achieve the mastery of a profession. But in the field of photographic practice, it is the amateur, on the contrary, who assumes the character of the professional: for it is he who comes closest to the noema of Photography.

Roland Barthes.
Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography.

Dear Elena:

How wonderful it was to receive your letter!

As you know, 2011 brought with it the unique opportunity to live for a few fantastic months in what for me is the most wonderful city in the world: New York.

Although the motivation for my stay there was theoretical research at New York University, I realized very quickly that one cannot abandon all of one's artistic interests when one is doing other things. And so as something secondary, far from any sense of priority, and almost unconsciously, I began to take photographs of my routine, of everything that surrounded me, of the everyday and the extraordinary. Without any really clear idea about why I was doing it. That is why during all the time I was there I didn't mention it to you at all. It wasn't important.

I guess you have felt that urge to get out on the street in search of a predetermined image, one that already exists, although not in a material form. You just try to materialize something which for different reasons you have composed in your imagination and which you want to find. On these occasions one produces a construct, to a certain degree one falsifies reality: you know what you need, you have seen it before in your mind, and you

push reality as far as you can to get it. But at other times it is the images which appear that demand your attention, through small, chance details, paradoxical, absurd, inexplicable. It is these images, it seems to me, those which hide some secret, some aspect hard to decode, that are the most interesting.

And so, while I steered clear of the first kind, for I couldn't compete with those photographs that are the product of precise technique and formal perfection, I could not stop myself from starting to play around with the second kind. Using a compact camera that I always carried in my backpack, a small waterproof camera, or my cell phone, I continued to take photos during my normal routine, and on my walks. My aim was not to document things, it was purely personal. Some of the photos were more thought out, more artistically conceived, while others were more eventful. But that is not important. I always took photographs in parallel with my principal activities; I controlled the camera, it never controlled me.

Now, a few months later, I have received an invitation from Carmen to mount an exhibition. I can see that it might be interesting to do something with some of those more than two thousand images which had started to become important to me. I began to search for meaning, a common thread that would lend coherence to that tangle of images.

As you have said, by this stage the title was practically obligatory. What absolutely each and every one of those photographs made with different cameras, at different times and places or with distinct intentions, has in common is that they were all taken in New York and, also, they speak of tiny moments I lived there. And so the title is nothing more

than a succinct description: New York and Me. Simple and sincere.

In fact, although I may not actually appear in any of the photos, in reality I am in all of them. I form part of them, and not because I am their author, but because they are my diary, my photographic journal: the album of my life there.

I would like to consider them as a contemporary album. They are, at least, the equivalent of an album of photos uploaded to a social network, those images which invite rapid, distracted consumption, where the combined effect, rather than any individual scene, is what leads one to an understanding. Scenes that reflect moments which may not be determinant, but which form an undeniable part of the autobiographical whole.

If I learned one thing in New York it is that as well as being the city that never sleeps it is also the perfect city, one that can give you what you need at all times. Whatever it is you may be looking for, supply will always outweigh demand.

In the same way, the events I experienced in just a few months greatly surpassed my expectations. The capture of Bin Laden and the subsequent celebrations in the streets, including Obama's visit to Ground Zero amid incredible security measures and an overwhelming deployment by the media. Hurricane Irene paralyzed the city and presented me with scenes I had never expected to see, with the metro shut down and the streets deserted. The tenth anniversary of 9/11 gave me an almost first person sense of the tragedy, for as the date drew near one could breathe the sadness and dejection of the

people; the entire city exuded a sense of loss and suddenly it was clear that this was also a wounded and vulnerable city. I had never imagined anything like that; the newspapers, the radio stations, special television programs; and, of course, the exhibitions could not avoid reflecting the pain, or honoring the memory of the victims.

A turning point in this total immersion was your piece for the New Museum, but also more importantly the videos at the National Museum of Photography, which through their simplicity and intensity of meaning moved me more than any other representation of the tragedy.

Just a few days later I managed to see the recently inaugurated monument to the victims. It was extraordinarily impressive; so much so that I doubt any more perfect monument could be possible.

It seems clear that the catastrophe not only left its mark on my research; through an unfortunate coincidence it also influenced my time in New York.

But my experiences there also went beyond this. I was present at the start of the Occupy Wall Street movement and was amazed at how a group of anarchists who claimed to be making a political statement with their own bodies never stopped waving their nation's flag. It also seemed strange to me the way that the entire city mourned the death of Steve Jobs. I explored a thousand corners of the city and had a million experiences.

All these things and more happened to me while I continued to discover the best libraries, universities, museums and, of course, people. With this total fusion between life and art, I

had to try and get one of the most important people I met while I was there to agree to say a few words about the exhibition. I never imagined that you would accept, much less respond so enthusiastically and appropriately. A letter; of course, it was the only way to do it.

Thank you for your work and for your words; for your affection. Thank you for having understood so readily and generously. Thank you for helping me to feel like another foreigner "at home".

Best regards,

Tatiana

NY & Me

Isabel Durante Asensio

Not to find one's way around a city does not mean much. But to lose one's way in a city, as one loses one's way in a forest, requires some schooling. Street names must speak to the urban wanderer like the snapping of dry twigs, and little streets in the heart of the city must reflect the times of day, for him, as clearly as a mountain valley.

Walter Benjamin. A Berlin Childhood.

Ever since history's avant-garde movements first began to take an interest, the city has always been the essential territory of the creative discourse and of the many concerns that define contemporary mankind. In this sense, the richness and complexity of the multiple aspects that shape its circumstances have emerged as an inexhaustible subject within the world of art. New York, in this respect, stands out as the most important paradigm of the photogenic qualities of the urban setting; its images populate the collective consciousness, creating a unique iconography filled with soaring skyscrapers, broad avenues and rhythms in black and white, and the elements of which the memory of its outlines are composed emphasise its character beyond its actual dimensions and the reality of its representation.

This is the starting point for Tatiana Abellán's project, a proposal which focuses on the city through what is a narrative approach, a reasoning based upon daily experience, upon the everyday. Her photographs are presented as signs, traces of an unremarkable reality, a testament constructed from the normality of that which is routine, that to which we are accustomed. In this way, they are a statement of her life experience, of a routine lived out somewhere between the biographical and the universal. On the one hand, she makes her own that which in principle is alien to her;

what the urban experience offers in a generic and impersonal form. On the other hand, she universalises the intimate and private side of her life within the city's limits, and to this end she creates a socio-cognitive space predicated on personal premises. And all this comes from an honest and sincere point of view that lends her work what the French philosopher Roland Barthes called *punctum*, something which is found in the fortuitous, the barely registered detail that moves the spectator and is capable of transforming denotative meaning into a connotative concept.

The title of the exhibition is itself a statement of intent. NY&Me expresses a commitment to expressing the autobiographical element which has to be told, creating a link between the fleetingness of the moment, the instant, the temporary action, and an affirmation of a vital and indissoluble posture, without resorting to a mythologizing of the events expressed. That autobiographical element, constantly repeated throughout the artist's work, determines, analyses, conditions and suggests the many meanings of her dissertation. Through more than three hundred images, she develops a framework that underlines those fragments which lend continuity to their interpretation, which subvert and broaden the traditional limitations of the frame, suggesting, on many occasions, that which is not shown explicitly. In this way, she highlights the need to begin with a premise that is familiar and, in some cases, anecdotal, as an essential requirement for arriving at a profound and comprehensive perspective regarding the subject in question.

At the same time, Tatiana Abellán suggests the possibility of conceiving photography as

a way of life, to which end she strips away large scale design and turns to simpler forms that present different ways of seeing, ranging from the tragic to the aesthetic, from faces affected by the 9/11 attacks to the architecture of enormous skyscrapers, from the walls of which the city is composed to the different ways in which events such as the death of Steve Jobs or the current financial crisis are expressed.

Without a doubt, this exhibition enables the viewer to experience the city through assorted images that have been perfectly assembled by the skilled eye of their author.

Isabel Durante Asensio

AYUNTAMIENTO DE MURCIA

Miguel Ángel Cámara Botía
Alcalde Presidente de Murcia

Rafael Gómez Carrasco
Concejal Delegado de Cultura

Manuel Fernández-Delgado Cerdá
Jefe de Servicio de Museos

ESPACIO MOLINOS DEL RÍO _ CABALLERIZAS

Carmen Hernández Foulquié
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