

Juanan Requena is a photographer of great sensitivity and nuance and a bookmaker with a deep understanding of how the feel and experience of being absorbed by a beautifully constructed book can elevate the images and take the reader on a journey.

In essence, his work is that of an alchemist, transforming light and solidifying time into jewel-like micro symphonies that seem to float and dance between the pages. Indeed, a sense of the macro and the micro, moments lived and moments longed for pervade all that we see here.

These are not moments that exist in isolation from one another but a flurry of closely linked happenings connected by the thread of being in that moment, smelling the salty tang of the ocean and the deep musk of the forest floor as it absorbs the accumulated organic matter, hearing choir of birdsong and the rush of the wind as it passes through a cathedral of pines and seeing a familiar sight or tender face that soothes the soul.

Place and the connection to a place feel like the life blood of these images. Forests, the ocean and open plains. Each is a vessel for countless fleeting things witnessed and unseen, things shaped by the briefest glances and the longest of lingering gazes and things that happened without a soul knowing. As it is the way of the winds and the currents and the shifting of the earth that it should always happen.

Requena becomes part of his creations, investing and interweaving a small part of himself in each object that passes through his hands. Along with the multitude of diverging narratives and offshoots that spring and grow like wild vines unfolding as half leporellos like a book within a book, pages are also delicately torn, creased and stained to give the cumulative effect of an object carrying and protecting that patina of time.

Slender trees lean and sway as if matching the rhythm of the tides.

A feather floats as if suspended in the air by a gracile thread.

Hands lightly grasp an invisible object, shielding and protecting with a mother's care.

A white path winds through a forest, like a great snake carving the trees like parting waves.

Silhouettes of branches overlap and diverge like ink pooling across paper.

And at the end, or maybe it is the beginning, a lone figure stands sentinel on the bow of a boat. A gaze fixed on that what we cannot know and on that which should stay unknown, at least for now.

– Alex Prior [[@photobook_reviewer](#)]