



My World is Beautiful

Bob Magnant

My Classic Images



These photographs were culled from the many that I'd taken for fun during the years of 1963-1993. I consider these my personal favorites and representative of all of the wonderful people, places and pups that had caught my eye while I was traveling the world. In 1994, since I had a Macintosh with a new CDROM drive, I had one hundred 35mm slides transferred to a Kodak Photo CD. Now iPhoto is letting me share them in another way; I hope you like them. - Bob Magnant



The late '60s found me on the New Jersey shore, living on Beach Street in a fishing town called Seabright.

The natural beauty of the ocean has always been a great source of pleasure for me and I can almost hear the sounds of the waves when I look back on these moments.



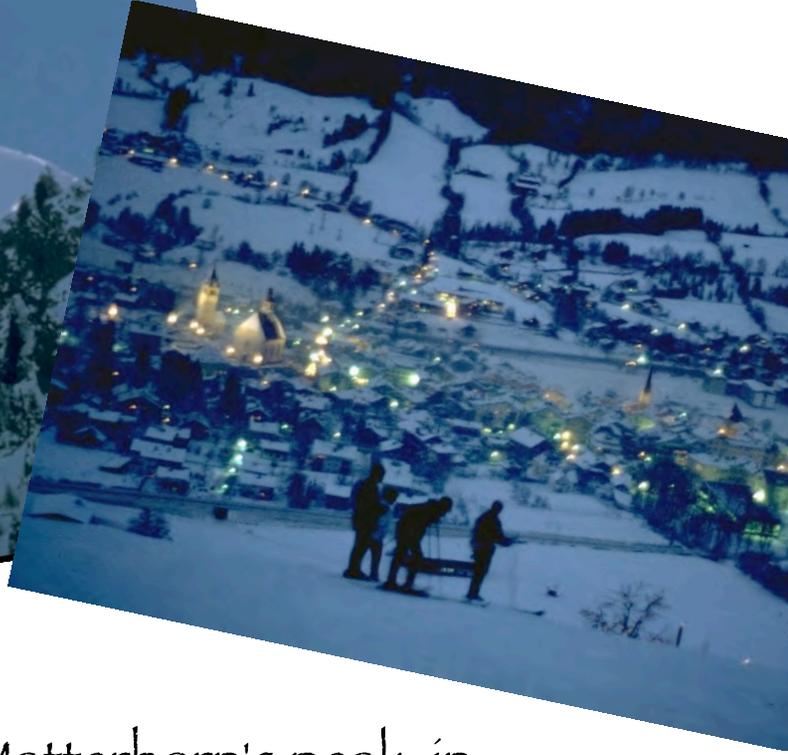
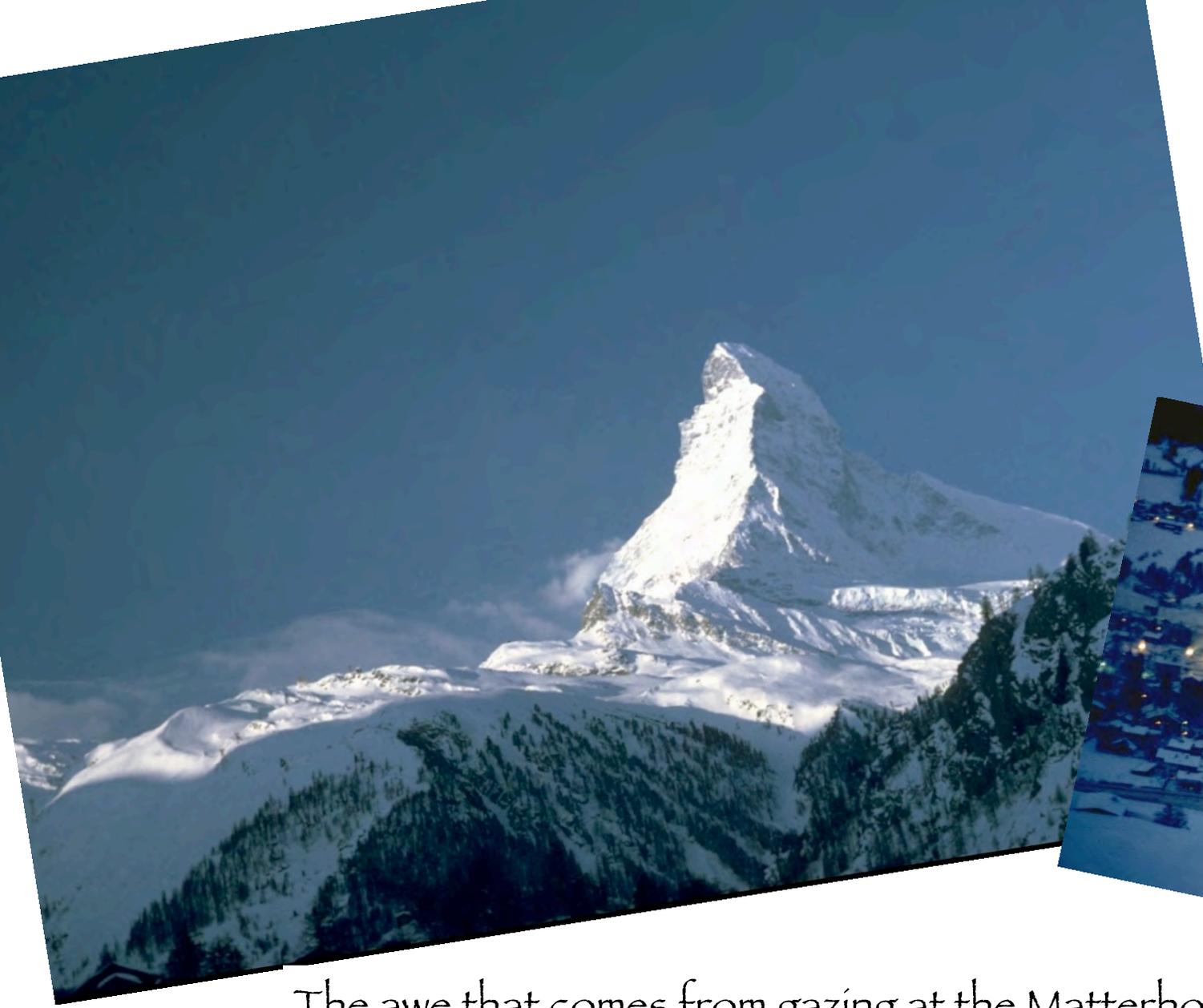
Pups are like kids - they convey trust and love in all languages. Pinky, the toy Yorkshire was my neighbor on Beach Street while 'The Gang' showed up under the steps of my apartment in Teheran one morning. Harper, the Easter Beagle, belonged to my nieces on Cape Cod.



Maybe it's childhood memories that strongly connect us to images of the past or to peaceful, pastoral settings that make us feel comfortable and safe. This old barn was in Charlton, MA; the misty mailbox - one of my favorites - looks over a field in Ringgold, MD. The birds are flocking near Hagerstown, MD.



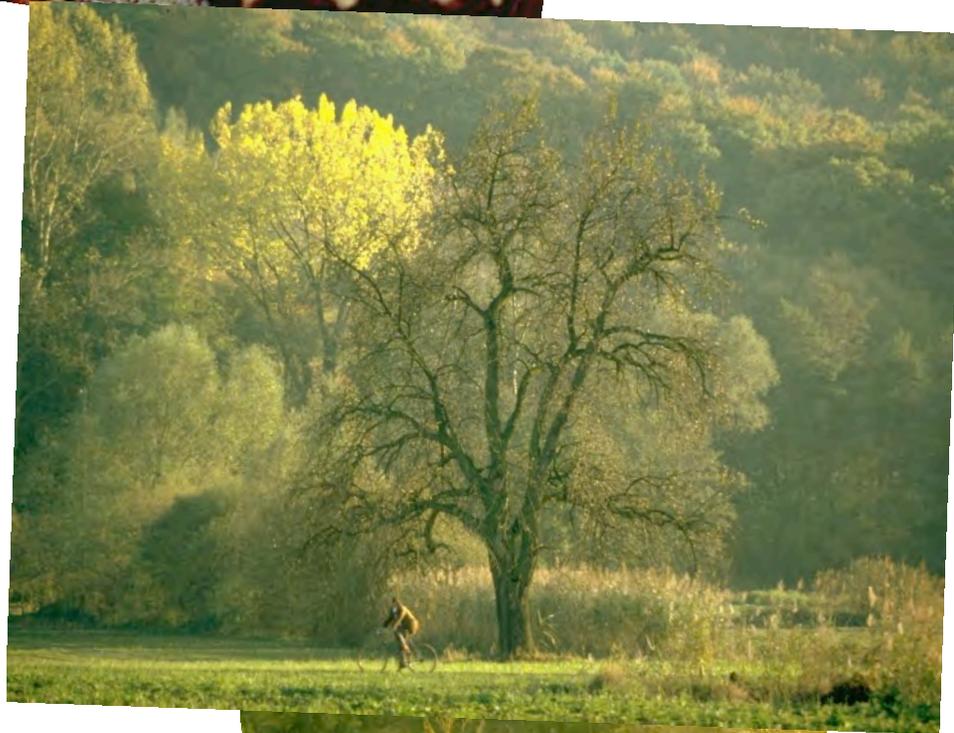
Beauty was everywhere in the Far East - in the sunrise over the river near DaNang in 1964 or on the sampans and houseboats in Aberdeen in 1968 Hong Kong. The beauty I remember most was this market scene on Nguyen Hue - 'the street of flowers' - on January 29, 1968 - the day before the Tet Offensive.



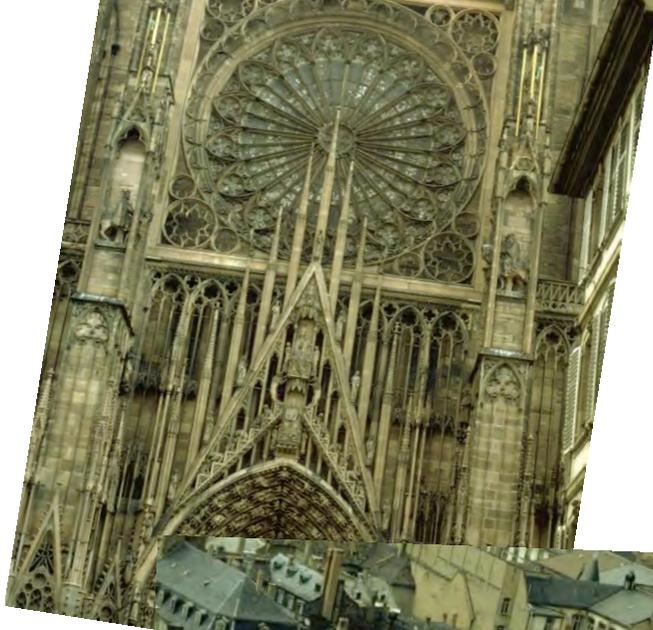
The awe that comes from gazing at the Matterhorn's peak in Zermatt, Switzerland is second only to looking down the slope of the Hannenkahn in Kitzbuhl, Austria after the sun has gone.



When I'm asked where I've liked living the most, I always answer Teheran. The contrast of old and new and the sense of 'time spanning centuries' created feelings that are hard to describe.



When God created the world, he definitely had the best interests of the farmers in mind. Rural settings, like this one hidden in a valley on the backside of a small hill near Heidelberg, were certainly his finest work.



Strasbourg, France is on the border with rural Germany. It has a unique charm all of its own that took centuries to evolve. Looking down on the city, there is something about the shapes and colors that its builders used that makes one feel that it's just a part of the natural surroundings.



The competition from Nature is so great that I never thought about creating art. I do appreciate what she does with light and I've tried to capture her handiwork whenever possible.