

ATTIC

M A G A Z I N E

MOMENTS IN MONOCHROME - WINTER 2025





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ATTIC Magazine is my creative outlet — a place to give my photos and projects a life beyond the hard drive. It's where ideas, experiments, and stories come together, not just from the past but from what's still to come. This is about making, sharing, and staying inspired.

Thanks for being here.

Craig



URBAN MONOCHROME

SEEING THE WORLD IN SHADES OF



There's a strange kind of magic in black and white. Strip away the colour, and what's left feels more honest – light and shadow in conversation, shapes speaking louder than they ever could in full hue. It's minimal, but not empty.

Quiet, but not silent.

In monochrome you see the world differently – not less of it, but more clearly. Texture takes centre stage.

Lines become leading characters. The mundane turns mysterious, and beauty, somehow, feels distilled.

This issue is a small celebration of that shift in perspective. A reminder that sometimes, less really is more — and that in the absence of colour, feeling often rushes in.



In monochrome, the city reveals its layers. Timber buildings, weathered and worn, stand shoulder to shoulder with sleek modern lines – grain and grit meeting glass and gloss.

You see the age in the warped cladding, the charm in the peeling paint and decades of every day wear, the quiet resilience of structures that have outlived their blueprints.

Street art creeps across alleyways and doorways, adding graphic punctuation to the urban sprawl.

And always, somewhere in the frame, the comfort of coffee – rising like steam into the morning air, bridging old and new with every sip.

Reaching for the Sky - the modern city is a contrast of the new and people struggling to survive





Urban decay has a kind of honesty in monochrome — stark, unflinching, and strangely poetic, where every crack and tag tells a story that polish can't.





In black and white, repetition becomes rhythm — lines, shadows, and forms echoing like a quiet beat through the frame.





Overcast light drapes the harbour in soft greys, where a boatshed stands sentinel at the edge of the bay.

In monochrome, the quiet rhythm of moored boats feel deliberate – like punctuation marks on a slow, reflective sentence. Across the basin, the hillside sleeps under a sky stitched with clouds. Stillness, shadow, and the hint of something just about to happen.

PEOPLE



People are where the heart sneaks in. In black and white, there's no distraction – just expression, gesture, connection. This section celebrates the everyday moments that bind us: a shared task, a familiar touch, the quiet humour of real life.

Like Jorge here, mid-bath with a soggy companion, it's the mix of tenderness and inconvenience that makes it human. And maybe that's the beauty of it – not staged, not perfect, just real.



In monochrome, light becomes the story — and here, one figure steps boldly into it, bridging the shadowed quiet of the alley with the bright rhythm of the street beyond.



Outside the restaurant, friends gather — jackets on, conversations warm, the night just beginning or maybe refusing to end.



In monochrome, the scene feels timeless: part city ritual, part quiet celebration of food, and the joy of simply being together.



Beneath the buzz of neon and the rhythm of city breath, she stands — part fashion, part fiction — like a character written into the evening light.



She catches the light like it's an old friend — stylish, sharp, and just out of reach — a quiet moment carved from the noise of the night.

There's a quiet poetry to city life when you step back and watch it unfold.

Not the grand events or headline moments – just people doing what they do. Feeding the gulls who've learned to loiter like locals. Walking the dog because routine is sometimes the best kind of comfort. It's the rhythm of the everyday. People standing at a transport stop, half-lost in their world.

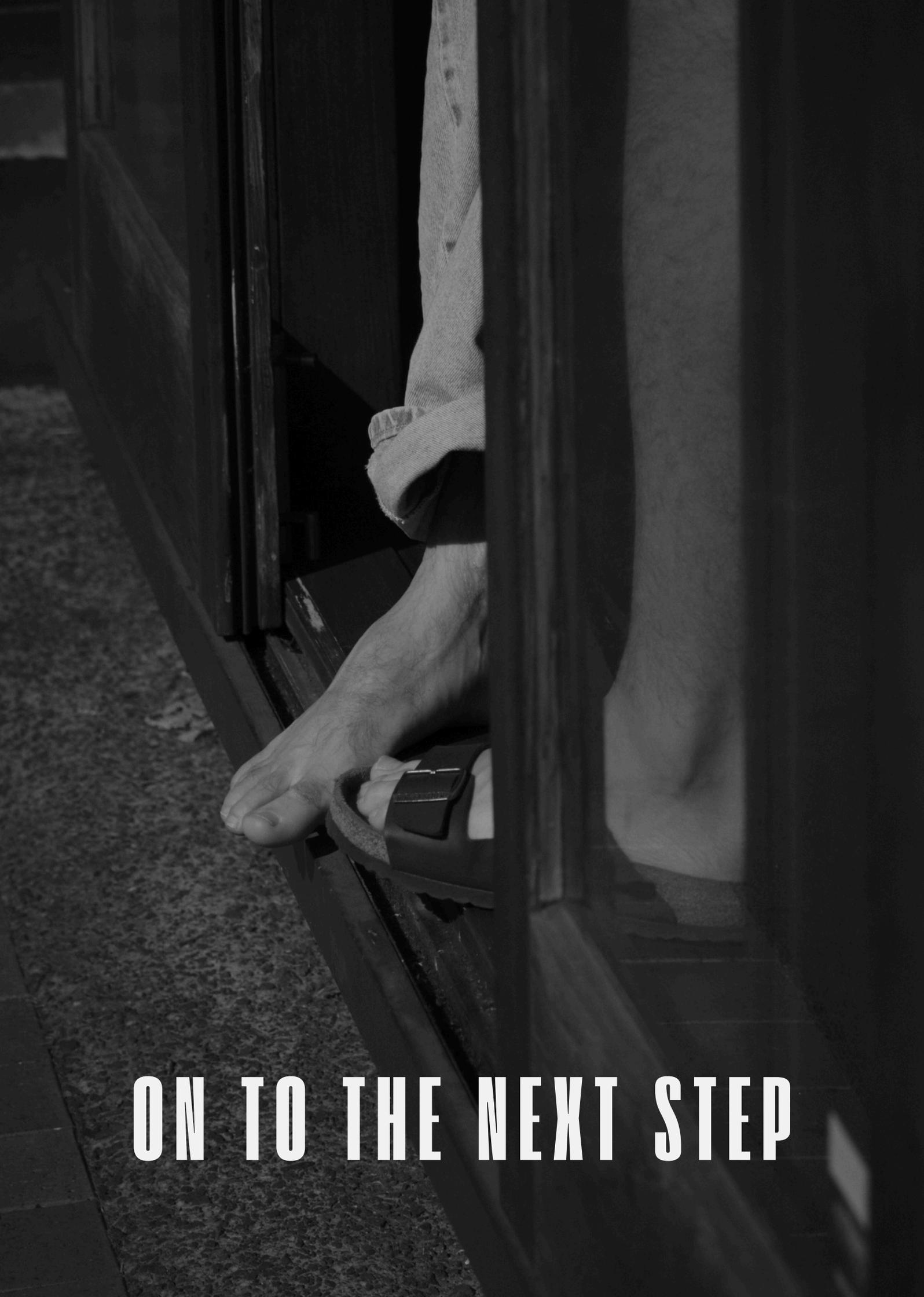
These aren't moments we usually photograph. But in black and white, they shine – stripped of distraction, distilled to gesture and shape and light. The ordinary people who bring the city to life. The ones who don't try to stand out, but still end up in frame – part of the story simply by showing up, being human, and moving through the day like everyone else.





Camera raised, eyes tuned to the unnoticed — a fellow photographer pauses mid-street, framing the world not as it is, but as it might be, one quiet click at a time.





ON TO THE NEXT STEP