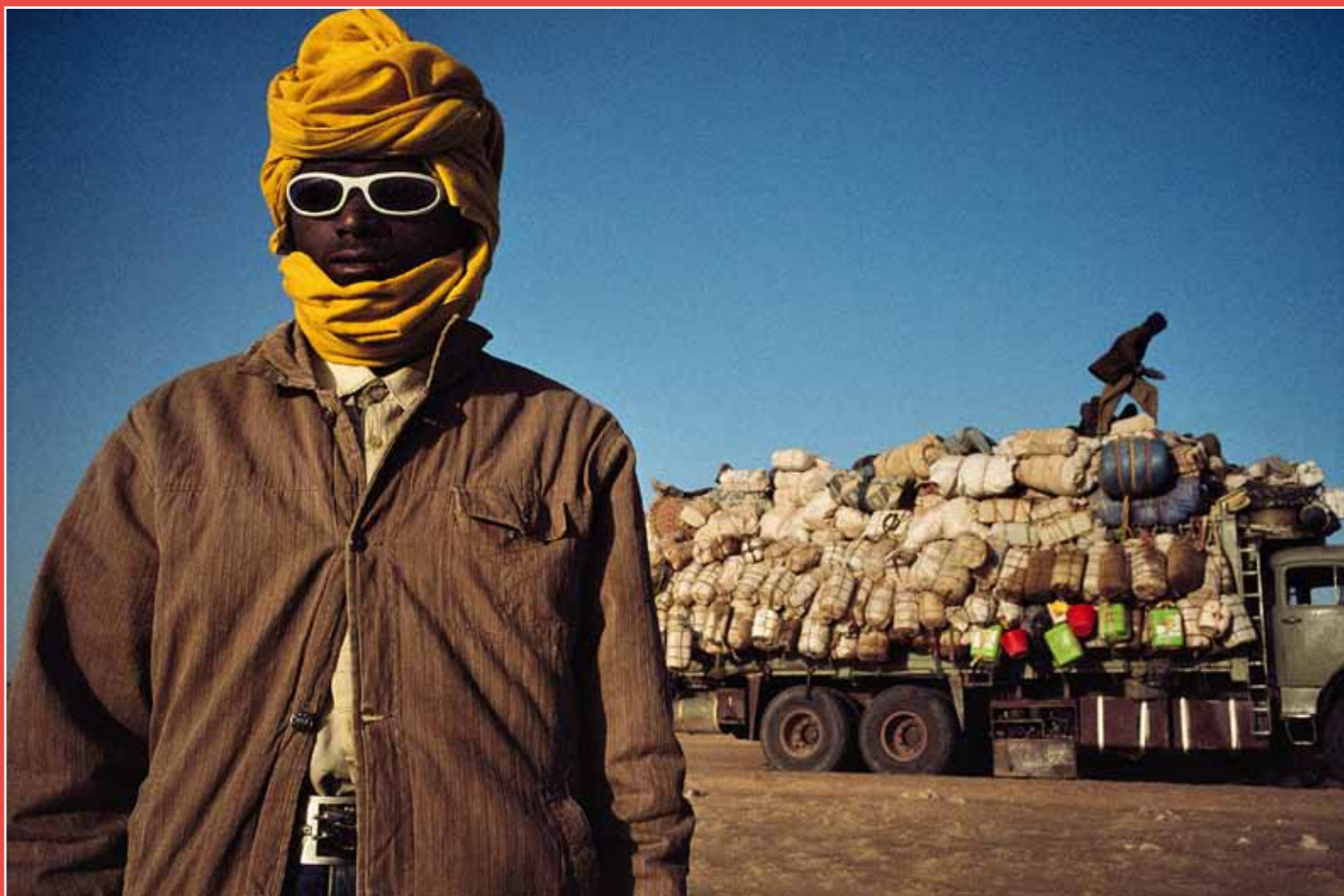


Pascal Maitre

Simply Human

Photography Exhibition
July 7 to October 11, 2018
Open everyday, 10am to 7pm



© Pascal Maitre / Cosmos

Niger 2007. Migrants traveling by truck across the Tenere Desert. Thousands of illegal migrants, mostly from Nigeria, Ghana and Mali, cross the desert in the hope of finding work in Libya and the European Union.

PASCAL MAITRE

SIMPLY HUMAN

His father was a blacksmith from the Berry region in central France, and his uncle was an American soldier. From his father he learned the satisfaction of a job well done, and his uncle gave him a Rolleiflex 4x4. Things really took shape at senior high school with the photo club. By 1977, while studying to become a psychologist and intending to serve working class communities, he had his first photography exhibition, at Châteauroux in central France, presenting pictures of local gypsies. That was two years after the publication of Josef Koudelka's book on gypsies (originally called *Gypsies, the End of the Journey*) which, as Pascal Maitre recalls, had fascinated him. He acknowledges the importance of only two other masters: Henri Cartier-Bresson for the art of composition and the "decisive moment," and William Albert Allard for his genius as a color photographer.

Forty years later, with hundreds of reports, plus so many exhibitions, books and awards, Pascal Maitre is still traveling the world. Now for the first time in his life, and here for the *Arche du photojournalisme*, he reviews his long career with a selection of 150 photos, arranged in ten geographical zones, including six in Africa, his second homeland.

What is behind such an endless quest for travel and pictures? "Well, you've got to live, haven't you?" Photojournalism is going through tough times, so more spectacular efforts are needed. What is he really after? Adrenalin rushes? In his early years he covered a number of conflicts (e.g. the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and guerrilla warfare in Colombia), and even today he is often in areas with great potential for danger, such as, quite recently, Somalia and Mali. Yet he does not see himself as a "war reporter." Is it just a taste for adventure? There is obviously a genetic disposition to travel, to discover things, but this is not the romantic ideal of the rugged adventurer. It is simply a grasp of what it means to work "in the field." In the evening, no matter where he is, no matter how rough it is, Pascal manages to find some murky water to have a wash, and puts on a nicely ironed shirt.

This is his ritual. Pascal and his wife have two children, and it is astonishing to see him, for example in the snow in a far-flung part of Karelia in north-western Russia, there on his cellphone, getting his son to recite his multiplication tables.

"Basically I feel I'm a storyteller." He could aspire to be an artist, waxing lyrical about his expert use of light, the unique eye of the artist, going on for hours expatiating on theoretical approaches to the color red, but Pascal Maitre's main approach is informative and instructive, showing stories. His pictures speak. They explain. They defy.

A key figure and influence was the Swiss traveler and writer Nicolas Bouvier, author of *L'Usage du monde* [The Way of the World].

What Pascal wants is time. And he takes his time. This is not a particularly fashionable approach these days. He loves the intensely slow pace of the novels of Joseph Conrad, another favorite author and reference.

Time is needed and the hours must be allowed to go by at their own pace, whether it be for convoys of rusty barges being driven along by the powerful Congo River, or women clad in black in Iran under the mullahs, or the portrait of a Peul miner, his face sculpted by gold dust, gold that will never be his, or the blue gloom for a man shooting pool in a deserted town in Honduras. The photographer extracts the truth of a single point in time, captures its appeal, albeit sometimes the appeal of evil, taking a simple situation in life up to a universal level of human existence. Yes, time is needed. Time is needed for the art of being surprised by things real. The art of standing back. It is indeed an art. And a commitment. Playing rugby, Pascal was on the wing, a blindside flanker. "It's a position where you're free, and where you never give up."

Pierre Delannoy,
journalist

AFGHANISTAN, THE LAND OF INSOLENCE

My generation of reporters started their career moving around secretly with the Mujahideen fighting Soviet forces that had invaded their country. And like most of my colleagues, I was totally fascinated by Afghanistan, and always will be.

We were dressed as Afghans and traveled by night, walking through the Hindu Kush mountains, going on for hours without speaking, covering hundreds of kilometers to reach areas where the Mujahideen were standing up to the great Soviet Army.

The experience was unforgettable: the physical effort, sharing the life of the fighters, the sheer scale of the country, the harsh life in rural areas, and the injustice and cruelty suffered by the women.

I have been back dozens of times. I met Ahmad Shah Massoud on different occasions, once over a period of a few weeks.

On one incredible trip, I was probably one of the last people ever to take photographs of the great Buddhas of Bamiyan.

And sadly I saw the advent of the Taliban as they moved into Kabul.

Over the last forty years, Afghanistan seems to have experienced every form of disaster and hardship possible. Two events stand out in this recent history: the Soviet forces seizing control on December 27, 1979, and the aftermath of September 11, 2001, with the United States launching the "War on Terror" targeting Osama bin Laden and Islamist terrorists, and carpet bombing the country.

On my last trip there, in 2009, I could not recognize the famous "kingdom of insolence." I saw the proud Afghan people dominated by the force of invaders, by foreign armed forces. And why? While many foreign troops have left the country, there is even more chaos and violence than there was before.

TRAVELING IN SIBERIA

In the winter of 2003-2004, I spent four months in Siberia, from November to late February, going from Yekaterinburg to Vladivostok via Norilsk, by car, truck, train, plane and bus.

It was mid-winter, when the temperature gets down to -50°C (-50°F). At markets, the milk forms solid blocks (no need for special packaging), and the fish, frozen stiff, stand vertically like spikes.

Strangely enough, there were many things in Siberia that reminded me of Africa: the wide stretches of land, a similar philosophy of life.

I was particularly struck by the city of Norilsk, above the arctic circle, in the middle of the tundra. It is the world's northernmost city, with a population of 170,000 enduring extreme weather conditions: the winter lasts for nine months, with 280 days of snow and 150 days of blizzard.

This is the city of Norilsk Nickel, the global leader for nickel and palladium production. Norilsk is also the most polluted city in the Russian Federation, with heavy metals and sulfur dioxide jeopardizing the health of the local population.

The city does not like to be reminded of its early history, of the time starting in 1935 when it was built by prisoners from Gulag labor camps: approximately half a million prisoners forced to work there over a period of twenty years.

ELN, THE LAST GUERRILLA GROUP IN COLOMBIA

In 1991, I spent six weeks with the ELN (National Liberation Army of Colombia), a guerrilla group founded in 1964 and adopting the liberation theology and social reform advocated by some of the Catholic clergy. At the time, ELN troops numbered 6000, as many as the FARC; (the two groups later joined forces as the Simon Bolivar Guerrilla Coordinating Group). The ELN often targeted natural resources, mainly oil, and carried out more than 600 attacks on oil facilities.

Today the ELN is the last active rebel group in Colombia, with 1,500 troops backed by some 7000 civilian militia.

In the 1990s, the media paid little attention to guerrilla groups in Colombia. These shots are from a report I did for *GEO* magazine Germany, and the assignment was quite an adventure. After a week in a tiny hotel room in Medellin, then some time spent hiding in the garage of a private house, I had to walk for days and nights before we finally reached an ELN camp in the middle of the jungle, somewhere around the Cauca Valley.

There I lived the life of the guerrillas. Most of them were young; some had lost a brother or a father killed by the army or paramilitary forces. The group was poor and had very little gear or resources.

Life was rough and tough for these young people who were on the move all the time, in a hostile jungle environment, preparing for attacks, and talking to local communities to explain how they were being exploited by landowners and their henchmen. We walked non-stop. Whenever the regular army heard that ELN troops were in the area, they set up ambushes, but they failed as ELN informers had infiltrated the armed forces and would tip off the ELN commanders.

Then, when you have to leave people who have shared so much with you, sharing their lives, their combat, and their doubts, it is always a difficult and emotional moment as you turn away. First you have to worry about your own security, to get away from life in hiding, but even more importantly, you have to leave behind all these people in their harsh world while you go back to a normal life. Even a long time later, in the evening, I would wonder what happened to them, what their life was like afterwards.

In half a century of conflict in Colombia, more than 260,000 people have been killed, more than 60,000 have gone missing, and there are more than seven million displaced persons.

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Cauca region, Colombia 1991. Men with the National Liberation Army (ELN), a rebel guerilla group and, at the time, FARC ally, in jungle camouflage, ready to attack members of regular Colombian military forces.



© **Pascal Maitre / Cosmos**

Afghanistan 1998. Ahmed Shah Massoud resting after leading an attack to regain control of the city of Taloqan which had been occupied by the Taliban after a ceasefire was violated.

THE CONGO-ZAIRE IN THE HEART OF A GIANT

The Congo-Zaire and me: well, it's a long story
The first time I went to Zaire was in 1980,
working as a photographer for *Jeune Afrique*.

I just couldn't get over how big the country was.
It took more than two hours to fly, and in a DC-
10, from one region to another. This was Zaire,
the country ruled by the President/Field Marshall
Mobutu. In 1971, he introduced the "3 Zs,"
renaming the country, the river and the national
currency, all named "Zaire." Mobutu enjoyed
hearing people say that Africa was a revolver
with Zaire as the trigger. In 1974, he had pulled
off an extraordinary marketing stunt by holding
the boxing match of the century in Kinshasa:
Mohamed Ali vs George Forman or "The Rumble
in the Jungle." Today, no matter where you are
in the world, whenever the city of Kinshasa is
mentioned, people talk about the fight.

In 1985, I was working on a book on Zaire, and
had the opportunity to meet and accompany
Mobutu. The first time was in his residence in
Kinshasa to talk about his country. In his deep,
resonant voice, he said: *"Do you want a Trappist
beer? My doctor doesn't want me to drink, but
I'm the president, so I do what I like, and I'm
going to have one with you."*

There was also the 25th anniversary of the
independence of the Congo, when King
Baudouin of Belgium and Queen Fabiola came
on an official visit. I was invited to the gala dinner
in Gbadolite, "Versailles in the jungle." I traveled
there aboard the President/Field Marshall's
military aircraft, and was intrigued by the sign
on the door of the WC: "Réservé au Président-
Maréchal." I just had to open the door, and I
discovered the toilet seat, with the cover made
out of his signature leopard skin.

Another time was at a summit meeting between
Zaire, Angola and Zambia, with Presidents
Mobutu, dos Santos and Kaunda who signed
agreements to stop supporting rebels causing
disturbances in their countries. Six months later,
I landed in Kinshasa, but without a visa. Mobutu's
secret services managed to get me out. I was
promptly put in a plane carrying weapons, and
secretly heading for the stronghold of the leader

of the National Union for the Total Independence
of Angola (UNITA), Savimbi, who was waging
war against the president of Angola; and that
was after Mobutu had promised to stop any
support for Savimbi.

In Congo-Zaire, anything and everything can
happen, things wonderful or things horrific. I
have been arrested countless times, including
once because I was a Catholic and did not have
my baptismal certificate on me!

The Congo is, first and foremost, the Congo
River. A trip along the Congo River is a journey
into the realms of legend, and 140 years after
the first crossing of the continent from east to
west by Stanley, it is a journey of exploration
through Africa today. Some 29 million people
live along the equatorial rainforest, on the banks
of the river and its tributaries. The Congo River
is a vital artery of the country, and is the sole link
across the area around the Congo Basin. In this
environment that shows the ineffable grandeur
of nature, human beings come face to face with
their own insignificance. The scenery changes
along the river, and is marked by silence,
emptiness, monotony, and isolation, conjuring
up thoughts of eternity, infinity, and the creation
of the world.

Despite the pain and sorrow haunting the
country ever since it was first colonized by
the Belgians in the 19th century, its beauty and
creativity have never faded. I have been lucky
enough to spend time with outstanding artists in
Kinshasa: Chéri Samba, Mika and Chéri Chérin
(painters), Freddy Tsimba (sculptor), Bodys Isek
Kingelesz, the one and only architect of models,
and Julie Djikey, an incredible photographer and
performing artist. I have seen them making their
original works, using the most basic equipment,
in the midst of urban chaos, which, no doubt,
has been the most important lesson of life I have
learned. They have taught me total freedom,
how to create without any limits or bounds.

I thank them.

FUTURE LIGHT FOR AFRICA

*"Africa cannot continue to provide
resources for other continents to have
light while it remains in darkness."*

Macky Sall,
President of Senegal

Over the thirty years and more that I have been working in Sub-Saharan Africa, there has not been one single day when I haven't been acutely conscious of the fact that the need for electricity is a major problem. And of course Africans get angry about it every day. Over and over again I have heard villagers say that at sunset they feel as if they are stepping into a grave.

We have all seen impressive composite satellite photos made by superimposing shots taken on a clear night and showing light emitted from the surface of the earth: the northern hemisphere could be described as "over lit," as is now recognized by the term "light pollution," while in Africa, with the exception of a few sparse bright patches, it looks as if the lights have been turned off. Yet Africa has boundless energy resources, with sun, wind and water that could be used for large-scale power generation. This is but one of the paradoxes of Africa.

Only 25% of the population in Sub-Saharan Africa has access to electricity, and even those who do, have only an unreliable power supply. In rural areas, it is just 7% of the population that has electricity. A total of 48 African countries with a combined population of 800 million produce the same volume of electricity as Spain with a population of only 45 million.

This is not simply a question of comfort or quality of life; there is also the domino effect triggered by a non-existent or inadequate power supply: it is a major obstacle to growth, holding back industrial development and causing widespread unemployment, which then increases tension and insecurity, and, for many, means emigration to western countries. Other aspects of life in Africa suffer from inadequate power supplies, for example healthcare, as hospital services cannot be run reliably or efficiently, and vaccines cannot be stored properly. Without power, access to education is limited as it is impossible to study after dark. Kerosene lamps are used, producing toxic fumes and causing eye strain, not to mention accidents with fires and burns. And there is the problem of security as people do not feel safe when out in the dark.

IRAN, THE LAND OF MARTYRS

Saddam Hussein, in a bid to settle the border dispute along the Shatt al-Arab River, attacked Iran on September 22, 1980. He feared that the Islamic Revolution in Iran which had brought Ayatollah Khomeini to power might spread to Iraq, a fear shared by the Arab States of the Persian Gulf. The Iran-Iraq war lasted eight years, and 800,000 lives were lost. Iran suffered huge losses, of human life, of material assets and to the economy.

In 1985 it was very difficult for reporters to gain entry to Iran, but with assistance from the excellent contacts of the journalist Patrice Barrat (who sadly died in February 2018), I became part of the Gamma crew traveling through the country for four weeks.

The one and only driving force of the country was the war against Iraq. There was massive enlistment, including very young boys, and martyrs were venerated.

The entire nation had been called on to make a contribution and every single family was affected by the war, with relatives dying and disabled, and some of the younger ones so traumatized they lost their minds.

The worship of martyrs has always been strong with Shia Muslims, but at the time it was particularly apparent everywhere in the country, and the burning desire to die as a martyr prevailed in Iran throughout the war.

THE AFRICA OF THE GREAT LAKES A MAGNIFICENT TINDERBOX

It is a region of volcanos, water, forests, and a wealth of natural resources. It is a region marked by decades of conflict, and by genocide. Since 1994, five million people have perished here.

The natural beauty is overwhelming, but the land of a thousand hills still runs with blood, the land where such staggering violence struck.

In the Great Lakes region of Africa, the use of sexual violence as a weapon of war has been widespread: 300,000 women have been victims of rape, some repeatedly, and the city of Goma in the Democratic Republic of the Congo has the sad distinction of being the rape capital of the world. In Rwanda peace may have been restored, but what was the price paid in the neighboring Congo? Refugees from Rwanda and Burundi have moved to the Democratic Republic of the Congo, as have their conflicts and armed factions, for in the DRC they can exploit the mineral wealth of the country, for example by mining cassiterite and coltan needed for computers and mobile telephones; they have also occupied large expanses of land.

I have been to the region many times since 1981, and have always been struck by the fact that, unlike the rest of Africa, there is no sense of life or enjoyment.

This is a world of silence.

THE SAHEL A TIME BOMB

The Sahel, marking the line between the sands of the Sahara and the tropical rain forest of Africa, has long been the route traveled by Arabs and dark-skinned Africans, by Muslims and Christians, by nomadic herders and sedentary crop farmers.

The region has no viable economy, but has a population of 125 million, with some of the poorest and most vulnerable people on earth; and according to estimates, over the next fifteen years, the numbers will increase by 60%. Life here is a delicate balance, moving on a razor's edge.

The combined effects of climate change, deforestation, and massive population growth have seen more and more land engulfed by the desert. Livestock now has to be driven across sand over long distances to reach land that can be grazed.

The next few decades will bring many of the dangers that arise when there is no visible rule of law with the presence of government or authorities in rural areas, when the desert encroaches even further, as Jihadists infiltrate local communities, and with so many conflicts being waged.

I have focused on three countries: Chad, as Lake Chad dries up and Boko Haram threatens security; Niger and the city of Agadez which has become the hub for African migrants, for young people with no purpose in life, and with the danger of Islamist movements; and Mali, in the northern part of the country which is under greater threat than any other region of the Sahel.

In 2002 and again in 2006, I traveled the 750 kilometers from Timbuktu to the salt mine in Taoudenni, following the Azalai salt caravan route. It is a vast no man's land where I never saw any sign of national authorities: no armed forces, no police, no customs, no administrative services.

It is my opinion that the salt mine in Taoudenni would be the worst place in the world for any human being to have to live. Taoudenni is in the middle of the Sahara, and for many years was a prison where political prisoners were held. They never came back.

It is hell on earth, out in the open, where men grapple with slabs of salt, tearing them from the earth, their hands and feet eaten away by salt. Around one hundred such men live here, alone, with no family, in searing heat by day and freezing cold by night, suffering from dysentery, debilitated, with no fresh water.

Most men working in the salt mine have come to pay off debts incurred in Timbuktu; sometimes there can be a young boy paying off debts for his mother who has no husband. In 2006, the area was already known as a "red zone" controlled by AQIM (al-Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb), where tee-shirts with pictures of Osama bin Laden could be seen. The rest is history!

MADAGASCAR, A WORLD APART

The island of Madagascar is striking for both its beauty and poverty, for both harmony and violence, for color and gloom. Madagascar was once part of the supercontinent Gondwana, and broke away from the coast of Africa more than 120 million years ago. This early separation means that certain animal species disappeared in other countries but are still found on the island: more than 90 species of lemurs, seven of the eight known baobab species in the world, 147 frogs and seventy chameleons.

But the same isolation has made the country stand still, stifling the island. Madagascar is the only country in the world which, without being at war, has become poorer over the last sixty years. Per capita income today is lower than it was in 1960; the minimum wage is 28 euros a month. An elite of approximately 10,000 control the national economy and are not interested in developing it, for this might mean that outsiders could come in and they might lose their generous share.

I have been to Madagascar around thirty times, and on each trip have been stunned by the beauty, the extraordinary geographical features, the magical light, and the beauty of the women. If Gauguin were alive today, he would be painting in Madagascar.

But I have also been appalled to see the way the island has been plundered: rosewood and sapphire, vanilla and nickel, fauna and flora. And the local communities gain absolutely nothing from this trade. The statistics are always the same: 1 euro a day is what most workers make.

Another element contributing to poverty is the veneration of the dead with a large part of the budget devoted to them. In western countries, we usually spend our money so that we can have a good life on earth, but in Madagascar it is the opposite: money is spent on the dead. As they say, people on earth are living for the dead. They work incredibly hard to please their forbears, holding extraordinary celebrations, such as the "turning of the bones" as practiced in the highlands.

In the south, with the Mahafaly people, I saw a different celebration of the dead: an entire herd of humped cattle that belonged to the deceased is slaughtered as evidence for the ancestors of the person's importance, even though he may have spent his life in a wooden hut, looking after his herd so that it would be in good condition for his final journey.

In the village of Anakao, I attended the burial of a Vezo fisherman, and there I realized just how much more important death is than life for the Malagasy people. Once the body of the deceased had been laid in the grave, a sail from an outrigger boat was placed over the shrouded body. Then a man went beneath the sail for a couple of minutes. Later I asked the local mayor, Régis, what had happened, and my friend gave me the explanation. *"He circumcised the dead man, for it is only now that his true life will begin."*

SOMALIA TRAGEDY AND HOPE

I first went to Mogadishu in 2002, during the conflict with the warlords. In the ruins of a school I met some teenage boys who asked why the world had abandoned them, why no one ever came to their country any more.

It is true that over the last fifteen years there has been very little media coverage of Somalia, and there are a number of reasons for that. It is obviously dangerous, but there is also the major obstacle of the cost of working there, to cover expenses for armed escorts (otherwise there's a good chance of being abducted and no chance of ever surviving), for fixers and for secure accommodation.

Despite that, I have been able to go back, making another eight trips, with backing from the magazines supporting me for the assignments: *National Geographic* (US), *GEO* (Germany), *Le Figaro Magazine*, *Stern*, *Paris Match*, and *L'Express*.

I have often thought that the worst possible scenario could not happen in Somalia, but the worst always does happen there. Sheer folly and devastation have taken over Somalia. The absolute worst was in 2011, when there was not only war but also catastrophic famine: in just three months, more than 300,000 died, half of the victims under the age of five. I shall never forget the expression on the face of Abdi Asis Husen Hassan just before he died, turning his eyes towards his father.

In the course of my trips there, I have made friends, but often they were not there the next time. Fortunately my friend and outstanding fixer Ajoos Sanaura has managed to stay alive. I could not have done any of this work without him.

He has provided me with guidance, protection, and friendship; he has taught me to love and understand his country, and, in spite of everything, he has made me laugh.

His most brilliant reaction was when we were in a camp for displaced persons, and a mother was brought in carrying her dead child. There was a man who was obviously a kidnapper, and he asked Ajoos where I was from. "*Romania*" my friend replied, adding that Romanians were like dead animals, nobody ever wanted them. Ajoos later told me that at the time of the large-scale humanitarian operation "Restore Hope" in 1992, the Romanian troops were the poorest of all; they didn't even have any candy to give to the children. The people have never forgotten that.

By May 2017, when I was there last time, hope seemed to have returned to Mogadishu. They had just opened the first shopping mall, the beaches were crowded, and restaurants were packed. There was even a new night spot opened by a woman who had returned from the diaspora: "Posh Treats" in a now fashionable part of the city with hookah bars, a night club, restaurants, and even a massage parlor.

Shortly after we left, the place was attacked by a suicide car bomber and Islamist gunmen. The final death toll was 18.

But things could and did get worse. On October 14, 2017, a truck loaded with explosives killed 512 people.

We can only hope that the people of Somalia are able to find a glimmer of hope.

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Mogadishu, Somalia, 2008. Inside the "Italian Lighthouse," extensively damaged during the war that broke out in 1991 and which is still continuing.



© Pascal Maitre / Cosmos

Democratic Republic of Congo, Kinshasa, 2012. One of the busiest intersections in the capital, a sprawling and anarchic city with a population of more than 10 million.

PASCAL MAITRE

(born 1955, Buzançais, France).

After studying psychology, Pascal Maitre embarked on a career as a photojournalist in 1979, working with the Jeune Afrique Group. In 1984, he became a staff photographer with the press agency, Gamma, and in 1989 was joint founder of the agency, Odyssey Images. He is currently represented by Cosmos.

Pascal Maitre has worked with leading international publications such as *Geo*, *Paris Match*, *Le Figaro Magazine*, *L'Express*, and *ELLE* in France, *Geo* and *Stern* in Germany, and *National Geographic* in the United States.

He has covering some forty countries in Africa, exploring the many different aspects of the continent: the people, the way they live, traditions, politics and conflicts.

While Africa is still Pascal Maitre's main center of interest, he has also done assignments in other parts of the world, including the Middle East, Latin America and Siberia.

He has been covering Afghanistan since 1985, following the Soviet invasion and resistance by the Mujahideen, reporting on Kabul in 1992, the Buddhas of Bamiyan in 1996, and Ahmad Shah Massoud in 1998.

<http://www.pascalmaitre.fr>

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MADAGASCAR, VOYAGE DANS UN MONDE À PART

Vents de Sable, 2011

LA FRANCE DU RUGBY

with Pierre Ballester, éditions du Panama, 2006

SAHARA, L'ÉCONOMIE DU RIEN

with Michael Stuhrenberg, Actes Sud, 2006.

MON AFRIQUE

Aperture, 2000; also published under the title *Au cœur de l'Afrique*, Vents de Sable, 2001



DISTINCTIONS

2018 - London Business School Photography Award, for *When Light Will Touch Africa*
 2016 - AFD/Polka Magazine prize for the best future report for *When Light Will Touch Africa*
 2015 - Visa d'or *Figaro Magazine* Lifetime Achievement Award at the International Festival of Photojournalism, Visa pour l'Image - Perpignan
 2014 - Appointed Canon Ambassador
 2013 - PIPAK [Prix International Planète Albert Kahn], awarded every year to a photographer acclaimed for his/her humanism and whose work has left a mark on his/her time
 2011 - Winner of the FNAC grant for original, creative photography
 2011 - SEJ (Society of Environmental Journalists) Award for Outstanding In-depth Reporting, Large Market, Second Place for "Madagascar's Pierced Heart" [*National Geographic*, September 2010]
 2010 - National Magazine Award for Photojournalism (USA) for "Shattered Somalia" [*National Geographic*, September 2009]
 2002 - Fujifilm X Magazine Prize

EXHIBITIONS

International Festival of Photojournalism, Visa pour l'Image - Perpignan, France: 8 exhibitions.
 La Gacilly – Baden, 2018 : "*Visions d'Afrique*"
 MEP (Maison européenne de la photographie), Paris, 2017: "*When Light Will Touch Africa*".
 Le Kiosque, Vannes, France, 2016: "*Afrique(s)*".
 La Gacilly, Festival Peuples et Nature, 2010 & 2016.
 Schleswig, Allemagne, Germany, 2015: "*Amazing Africa*".
 Maison de la Photographie, La Gacilly, 2014.
 Maison européenne de la photographie (MEP), Paris, 2014: "*Afrique(s)*".
 Naturhistorisches Museum, Vienna, 2012: exhibition on Africa.
 Fnac Montparnasse, Paris, 2012: Exhibition of reports on Somalia over 10 years.
 Galerie Cosmos, Paris, 2010: exhibition "*Nighttime & Somalia*".
 Geology Museum, Moscow, 2006: Personal retrospective on Africa.
 Musée des Cordeliers, Châteauroux, France, 2006: The World as seen by a person from the Indre area (central France).
 Millenium Club, Paris, 2005: "*In the Heart of Africa*".
 Beijing, 2004: exhibition in the Forbidden City with 11 international photographers.
 Schleswig, Germany, 2002: "*In Africa*".
 Milan, Italie, 2002 : « Africa ».

PASCAL MAITRE

SIMPLY HUMAN

Photography Exhibition
July 7 to October 11, 2018
Open Everyday, 10am to 7pm

ADMISSIONS

Admission to exhibition: 15€

Students (under 26 with student ID): 10€

Children (6 to 18): 7 €

Unemployed, over 65 & disabled: 12 €

School groups: 7 €

Free for children under 16

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CAR PARK: Shopping Mall (Centre Commercial P1 et P2)

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