

Darkroom

There is no window. No hint of what lies on the other side. No noise spills from the interior. No lingering smells from when the door was last opened. The plaque above the door gives visitors some resolve, but as the door slowly closes behind and darkness creeps forward until the entire space is void of light, fear instills itself. Something lurking in the shadows waiting to jump out. Nothing does. Hesitantly moving forward after three paces the right wall disappears. For one of many times you are blind. The beams of phantom light from the outside world that once passed before you are gone. Hinting at what is no longer there. Trapped in limbo for several moments, stagnation is broken by a faint ominous light presenting itself on the outskirts of visible range. "Follow the ghostly light," just bright enough to gather one self, but not enough to understand the surrounding environment. Focusing hard on the dim red veil presenting itself inside your mind, not your eyes. A friendly aroma slowly takes hold. Sensual overload and suddenly everything becomes fuzzy. Taking a second to gather oneself it then becomes clear. Tables of trays filled with chemicals; take another second. Another set of tables with what can only be described as glorified ancient camera's; another second. The room is tinted a deep red.

A woman stands alone in an open lawn, her back turned grasping a pair of 3 inch heels in her limp left hand. Her bare toes curl in the fresh cut grass bellow her feet. A subtle breeze pulls at the ends of her hair. Her dress embracing the smooth skin on the outside of her left thigh. The wind trying to pull the hat off the woman's head and take it far away, but it only manages to loosen the hats ribbon. Before her stands France's tallest monument, iron clad and strong, becoming tighter and tighter while also spreading across both horizons. She isn't yet complete.

This is one of many polaroid images lying on the ascending stack of drying racks. An elderly man smoking a pipe with a capuchin monkey on his shoulder. A fire breather mid performance, exhaling a blooming flame, like nothing you have ever seen. As you wander from image to image one polaroid catches the eye. A photo of yourself glances up from the woven fiber screen. Like a mirror taking you back in time, you see your reflection from years ago. No recollection of when the photo was taken, but it is you. The imperfect yet magnificent smile, long hair of the time, wide tracking eyes, and the newly smooth skin that the new showering regimen recommended. There is nothing special about the polaroid, it's one of many daily instances of your life, yet it's already special and irreplaceable. A singular moment forgotten but immortalized forever.

"That is the legacy of photography. A new perspective on day to day monotony and experience, by capturing the world in its most basic instant. Frozen, lifeless and cold. Yet enlightens those who observe these images in depth. Allowing a new perspective on our life that only these single instances can supply. Bless photography for it enlightens us all."