



I couldn't capture an eternal moment in a photograph. Of that I was convinced. I couldn't even capture my experiences. So, I began to wonder *what* I was capturing. What was ending up on my film? Misty dawns and vacant windows, lone boats and dapples of light on a wall, a reflection in the water, an abandoned building, empty roads. These weren't universal symbols, nor images of expansiveness. They were pictures of a solitary view of the universe. Working like a prism in reverse, the complex spectrum of life had entered me and emerged as a single and unique beam of light, presenting itself as a distillate of my experience and temperament. These were spare images. Lone places. Disconnected, elusive, silent. Was this the meaning within that insignificant single moment? Was it me that I had captured?





My focus began to shift from outside to inside. The observer's detached view now seemed cowardly and superficial to me. I wanted to get inside, to explore the interior behind the doors, the windows, and the light-struck wall. But what I was looking for had no substantial self, so I became a huntress of atmospheres, sniffing out and recognizing moods regardless of their roles in reality. They could reside anywhere, in anything. I related those hazy, insubstantial images in my mind to places that exuded some similar feeling. Like using a key to unlock a door. It wasn't even pure symbolism I wanted to find. It was the mystery of the way the light lay on a body and created a spirit.