

1st Attempt at a Darkroom Script - *A Latent Image*

To be performed while developing Ilford HP5+ 35MM, developed with Ilfosol 3 @20 degrees, for 6.5 minutes. Performance space is completely dark in the prelude, during which the tank is loaded. Then slowly it is lit up with red safety lights, when film is safely stored inside the tank. Reading of scripts is initiated by pouring the developer into the tank.

A Latent Image.

[Tank inverted, tapped] Start of PART I.

I see them, almost. The images, are there, in their colours, their lighting giving description to the scenes. I see them, as if through a foggy window. Characters, story lines and places. And then they are gone again. Francesco Pedraglio writes his filmic compositions. Purposefully putting into words, what seems to come to him intuitively as images. An active choice in a shift in attention, in concentration. When I start writing, words too soon evade me, and recently I keep stopping to write, far too quickly. The closer I turn my sole attention to either images or words, the farther they slip away. But briefly they are there. Waves of them.

Recently I have tried to consider them simultaneously, allowing thoughts and scenes to diffuse across my prints, photography and writing. This is my first attempt of a darkroom script.

[Tank inverted, tapped]

A young woman, walking down a dark street. The air cold and her breath caught as mist in the light of a street lantern. It dissipates, drifting up into the air. And the figure moves along in the dark, quickly. Until she reaches the next street light, where her steps once again slow down a little. She doesn't have far to go and the scene can therefore be filmed in its entirety, without cuts. She is walking only a small multiple of the length of film needed to capture her. Later, when the film is projected the street lights will fill the entire room with their warm light. Touching the faces of people watching, in regular intervals, directed by the woman's movements, as she steadily moves ahead, a meter away from the camera - in between darkness and street lamps.

[Tank inverted, tapped]

That's where it stops, what I can see. I know she leaves the street at some point, somehow. And makes her way across a dark garden. You can tell that she knows where to go. The image is dark, but you can sense her familiarity with the surroundings. A faint creek indicates the opening of a door. Giving way into a space, in which the darkness sounds smaller. Somehow closer, the dark more absolute, and contained. Over time it fades a little, until you can make out her silhouette again. Her shoulders lift slightly, her head tilting to the side. She is listening. I almost think I've been caught following - looking over her shoulder.

[Tank inverted, tapped]

But no. She is feeling. There is air moving tentatively through the space. The faintest stream of it. I can almost feel it now too, the way I can see that she does. It is touching her right cheek softly. She follows it through the space and I can hear her fingers move across what must be a wall. The end of the dark. Her searching fingertips meet rough wood, a little damp, and uncomfortably maleable in its water-soaked state. They find the stream of air and a small crack. Only when she places her hands on top of it, do I become aware that the dark had never been absolute at all. Until now. With her hands on the crack, darkness fills everything.

[Tank inverted, tapped]

A sigh can be heard, and then the fabrics of her clothes, moving against each other, as she lowers her hands. Letting a little light back in. She moves back, taking off a long coat. A chair is pulled back across the floor. It creaks into position as she sits. Her hands stretches out in front of her and with a click, a soft red light fills the image. The light, sat on a small desk in front of her, would illuminate her face, but I can only see her back, a slender neck and her hair tied up. Her body twists, bending sideways, as she reaches under the table, taking out a book. Blue, bound. She thumbs through it for the right page, and then it lies opened on the desk in front of her.

[Tank inverted, tapped]

Her body twist again and she reaches into the dark searchingly once more. Her hand is briefly caught in the dim red light as it stretches back, it looks as if she is reaching for me. As if she knows there was someone there. But then the hand moves into her coat pocket instead and she digs out a small notebook and pencil. She starts reading and sinks into the pages. After a while her hands move across the table purposefully, without her eyes leaving the page. They search and find a pencil. And the pencil finds the notebook. Its scratching on the pages stands out spatially

from the rest of the soundscape, the muted night sounds from outside. and then as a first, time is cut.**[Tank inverted, tapped]**

Performer uses the remaining 30 seconds to place the PART I aside and prepare the script for PART II. Then they mix together the next two batches of chemicals.

Development is completed.

Tank opened, developer poured out.

Tank immediately filled with the stopbath, agitated for 15 seconds.

Tank inverted, tapped

Tank opened

Tank inverted, emptied

Tank filled with Fixer.

[Tank inverted, tapped] Start of PART II.

Part II to be completed.