Black and White photography

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When you stand in front of a photo, you always stand in front of a whole story. Photos are waiting for someone who is able to receive their message. You can ask the photo when was it created and its circumstances. For sure the answer is unique for each one. There will be a dialogue between you and the photo. It can say things about you, and you can give it unimaginable content.

Photography as other kinds of arts, is not univocal, but ambiguous. A part of the sense is your own background. The other part is the story of the artist, his life and his feelings at the moment of making the photo, his background and his illusions. The item in the photo is the last part of this dialogue, it has its own story, too.

A photograph is in this way, the crossing of roads, in a precise point of life. As part of art, the photograph can embrace the moment and freeze it. An instant becomes an eternity. But, the black and white photograph has a huge evocative power. It invites you to bring your own memories at this moment. You are allowed seeing your own soul through shadows, textures, tone and light. By the way, just now I am remembering that my grandfather used to say that Adam and Eve saw life in black and white, but when the shame got into the word and they were sent out of the Garden they started to see in colors, and I believe him.

You can stay in the moment when the photograph was taken: the model is inviting you to enter and become part of the scene. You can see her anxiety or her harmony, and you can catch the empathy that is established between the model and the photographer, by the camera. The woman looks at him anxiously, but the man glances through the small window of his camera and takes the photo, and another, and another more.

What was Weston, by example, thinking when he was walking in the prairie and suddenly he saw and old eucalyptus, maybe it was the tree that he had always dreamt he had found. The tree was immobile; only the air was able to produce light movement.

We only saw roots and trunks of aged trees. Now we only might wait and be intensely aware of the passage of time. Maybe of an ancient eucalyptus, the old roots capture the earth in its bony arms, and leaves fall on eddies of earth that resemble some tidal pools. We seem as interested in a metaphor or rejuvenation, of the crumbling tree seeded by its own flickering small leaves, as it is in the physical massiveness of its beautiful old trunk.

So you feel transported to another world, the powerful world of image. The world of photographed can do it for you. And you go on your way, waiting for other experiences, waiting for another explosion on your senses, waiting to know another part of you.