



Chance **Intention**



*Chance*

*Intention*

What I love most about film photography is the competition between chance and intention. For every shot, you surrender yourself to camera mechanics and the physics of light. There's no instant gratification: no opportunity to see how it turned out until you receive your developed film. On the same processed roll, there might be a nice run of stunning photos followed by a series of garbage photos. Intention yields to chance.

I picked up photography as a hobby about five years ago. One random fall day in 2023, I felt compelled to organize and reflect on my photos. One thing I noticed is that I built up a collection of diptych-like pictures. I love capturing contrasting colors, textures, and motifs in everyday life. I also realized during my reflection that I am becoming more intentional with each shutter snap. No matter how much I work at honing my craft, though, I am constantly at the will of the variety of variables in film photography and I fully embrace this.

At the end of the roll, there's one last bout between chance and intention. The final shot is a toss-up because the shot counter is not precisely calibrated. Sometimes, the result is a half-frame picture with a bright red line cutting vertically through the center. It's as if the photo is burning from left to right. The left half completely gone or obscured, and the right half containing partially preserved remnants of an expected memory.



Faculties abandon



*Oslo, Norway*



Darkness descends



*Berlin, Germany*



Specter replaces



*Boston, Massachusetts*



Light transmits



*Radford, Virginia*



Chance encroaches



*Cambridge, Massachusetts*



Intention fractures



*Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*



Memory erased



*San Francisco, California*



Desire surfaces



*Port Severn, Ontario, Canada*



Path appears



*Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*



Specter recedes



*Boston, Massachusetts*



Faculties return



*Lewes, Delaware*





*Unknown*