

## **Fifty-Five Photos - Fifty-Five Thoughts**

We both love the good wine. However, we have got other common business as well.

How did we get here? 24x36. 6x6. 4x5. 8x10. 55x55. Many times a lot.

My friend, Lajos Síró became 55 years old.

Exhibition Opening. Well, I don't know. Perhaps.

Is it possible to write a text to the photos, about the photos, in front of the photos. Instead of photos, it is surely impossible.

Every sentence, explanation- and interpretation attempt might just be unsuccessful.

The word flies off the photos.

Therefore, only the equivocation might be a meaningful goal now as well.

The texts and the photos are completely built differently. The text is characteristically linear. We start it in the beginning, and gradually with some tiny pauses we read it through.

In the plane of photos, the eyes are groping, bouncing back and forth, diving into a detail, then leaving it, and watching the whole as a complete one. The mind, not in a determined order, builds up the experience about the photo - its own experience.

When the photographers make even the photo-sensitive emulsion themselves and put the layers onto the paper by own hands and paint-brush, they steps into an immediate relationship with the magic of photography. They create a body and give an opportunity to the photo. Its unique creation personally embraces the artist.

He prudently opts for the camera, adjusts it precisely about what to record of the reality to black and white films. He softly focuses on the phase as the photo is getting to appear on the paper.

The unexposed emulsion is the opportunity, the future, the hope, and the uncertainty. The exposed material is the already completed past that presumably conveys something important.

The photograph captured the souls of Amerindians. It is known that the Native Americans did not allow to be photographed in the beginnings because they thought that one piece of their souls would be lost when taking photos.

They really thought so because when the photo was taken, it did not only represent their faces. Anyone can feel that when an obsessed photographer, Curtis is watching photogravures about North-American Indians who lived 100 years ago. - though on the Internet.

Today there are more photographers than Native Americans.

When the little children cover their eyes, they think that nobody can see them. When the old men cover their eyes, they might think that everything has been already seen.

Can the scarcity be photographed?

Angels can only be seen in exceptional moments. Waves of hair curls, the light is sparkling on the hair ends. Everything else is half-lighted. The glamorous face is blurred. It would make me blind if it wasn't so. Only one tiny part of angels can be seen clearly. It is necessary to the secret.

When the girl falls asleep, she must be dreaming.

Friendly people who are important for Lajos and Lajos is important for those friendly people. They paid Lajos a visit in his studio. They came for invitation. Without their conversations, smiles and seriousness, there would not be any relationship leading to the birth of photos.

In front of a sheet film camera, the person can only be honest.

What is the other hand doing when one of them is holding the pear on the table? It may grip another hand. They may face each other. What if when there are only pears in the photo?

Can the silence of a saxophone be photographed?

Those people are acquaintances, the places are near or distant but known. The objects are gathered little values.

Native Americans thought that the objects also had soul.

Transformed hosta. The light of objects combines with the material of the photo-sensitive layer, and they both together create something shapeless

- a photograph.

The softness of paint brushes co-sleeps with the paper and dissolves in the warm tone. The depth is taken from the surface of paper.

The wildflower gathered by his darling in the studio. The gypsophila in its simplicity summons the complexity of the Universe.

The weight of an old book can almost be felt, its worn edge can be groped with our eyes, but what kind of story it contains is unknown by the cover photo.

The cracked voice of the cymbal full of holes by bullets and the sigh of a bent harmonica might be heard, but it is the spectacle in the paper that enthralls us.

When the lodge is made by only wires in the photo, then with which the wire-frame is filled is the thought.

When we look down to our feet and we are not astonished at all because the intangible beauty of the space on the wet stone, on the worn floor between the legs of chairs can only be observed in the photographs.

At first it is awfully hard to take sharp photos. If it works, then can we dare to take intentionally blurred ones?

The uncertain knowledge is truly precious.

Vainly the documented reflection in our glance. The photo is never present, it is always past. It reminds us of the past in the present, and uselessly warns us about the future.

Pieces of our life and also marks. Our photos are likely the most important for us because we were present in the past and we were the parts of the process when they were taken.

We are the ones whose relationship to this got frozen into the photo-time and the ones who can easily return to the past through this relationship - in mind.

Those texts are special that are built up like the photos and not text-characteristically. Those naturally can be read in a traditional way; however, the whole only stands together when we finish them and have an insight on them.

One of Lajos Nagy Parti's short stories starts:

*“Perhaps a plastic suitcase, full of photographs, perhaps an aquarium. Nothing is in its own place, only the resignation of sadness followed by cheer up, suggesting that yes, this is, after all, the place of things. This is the confusion of places. For the contemporary, who is involved and affected, this is the iron-sweet chaos of our life, for the interested person of distant posterity, looking down upon it and spreading it thin, it will be just a collection of bugs. If there is ever going to be one interested at all.*

*There is not one single aspect, the traveller says, a certain Barthos, not even your aspect is a singular one. There is only contemplation, there is only you, yourself. Specifically, there are only the walking eyes, and of course, the ears, sounds, sidewalks, picture frames and faces. [ ... ]*

*A photograph, even a thin, small picture, is complete, dumb and inaccessible. Light is slipping up and down on the thin, shiny layer, and the eye of the beholder is walking up and down on the image. The beholder, like a fly on a glass pane, will see the whole wide world ahead. I can see it, but cannot possess it. It exists but it is inaccessible. And if you had the power to slit, to break it open, Mr Barthos believes, you would be just standing there, staring at*

*the slimy green and golden pebbles, the ruins of the fractured aquarium. What is life and glass, meat over there, here is just slime, drained, confused silence. And your ashamed hand would just be pushing the stinking fragments of the broken kaleidoscope on the table.*

*It is good, however, that there is no power to break, to slit it open, there is only approach, supposition and revelation. You only have the power to extract your own aspect from the image. There is an unsurmountable distance, a distance that jeeps changing, and because it is variable, it is also voluntary. The perverted curiosity of touching things. What you see in the picture, what your curious eyes take home, is not in the picture. And what you find out afterwards, is not the same as what served as a model of the picture. Your aspect will always be deformation. Something that your imagination shall complete, modify and amend. You cannot smash the aquarium after all. Because the torturing desire to smash the aquarium is not the same as actually smashing the aquarium.”*

When we are looking at the photographs taken of the Native Americans - in most cases on the Internet -, it must come to our mind that the ones we see: Rapid Deer, Red Cloud, High Falcon are riding on the Happy Hunting Ground.

And we, who are still here, try to understand the tiny details of the world with our European intellect while drinking a glass of wine, and sometimes we manage to take a pretty good photo.

Now you can see here 55 pieces on the walls. Go closer to them.

Tamás Nagy

Lajos Síró's Exhibition Opening, Tiszaújváros, 22nd October 2019