

Dear Brany,

Earlier today, after what felt like ages, I found myself enveloped in the ethereal glow of the darkroom again - a capsule space where the dance of shadows meets the alchemy of ~~art~~ revelation. A symphony of ideas suddenly unfolded, weaving a tapestry of emotions, memories, and reflections.

I couldn't recall anything of the technical stuff at first. But the smell, oh yes, that was like Proust's madeleine. Serenity, a notion I cling to like a whispered privilege, finds its place among these walls. It's a world in reverse. Outside, the red lamp warns of an emergency - fast, faster! Here, it demands patience and concentration. Is the inside safe, safer? Not when the bombs are dropping.

Control is an elusive puppet master that pulls the strings of fate in frozen frames. As the acid slowly reveals the impressions of what I shot to preserve, I confront the delicate balance between agency and surrender. In this tiny room, where the flow of life feels suspended, I ponder the nature of control - both a guiding force and an illusory image.

