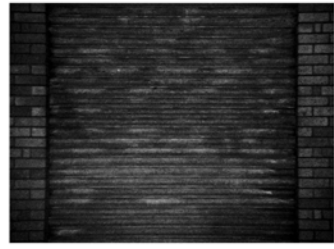


m o r g u e

photography by paul hockett



The place is unknown to me, but the image of the closed steel shutter barring the entrance captivates time after time. So many questions every time I walk past, but in the end all that remains is a sequence of similar, but endlessly different, pictures. Differentiated by a date and a time, they somehow evoke both historical preservation through photography and a nostalgic sense of loss. The daily grind thus becomes a poignant historical document.

This repetitious nature brings power, driving home the image until I cannot shake it, cannot remove it from the folds of my brain; the image stares back. But when I stop walking past this place daily it soon fades, living on inside me only as images from my camera. So much is lost; I try to hold on in the only way I know how.

Shown here is part of my record, a selection of these pictures that encode so much but show so little. Discrete slices of reality frozen on film, held captive for the future. Held captive to keep me sane.

For more information, more pictures and ordering details visit [www.monkeyinfez.net](http://www.monkeyinfez.net). Alternatively, email [info@monkeyinfez.net](mailto:info@monkeyinfez.net), or phone Paul on 0115 9630637.



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