pinacotheca
vol.1

Jay

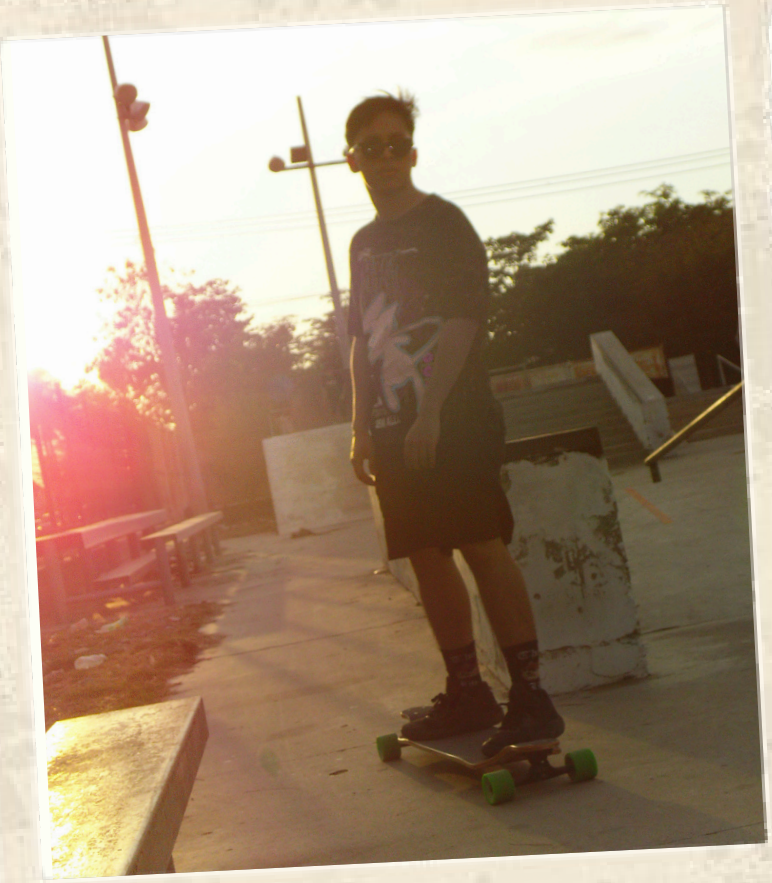
The kayak photo was taken when I was on a walk, passing on a bridge. I think there's a kayaking club in my city, I see people quite often do it during the summer. In winter, the river freezes over, so there's not a lot of action in terms of kayaks, but they make free snow slides there.

Jay

Jay

The wall-climbing photo is that of my friend, he does a lot of bouldering and climbing. He took me to a competition and I took some nice, but very blurry photos there. It's very difficult to get a nice shot with a lighting like that and people constantly moving (and quite often falling down).

cementerio_tamagochi



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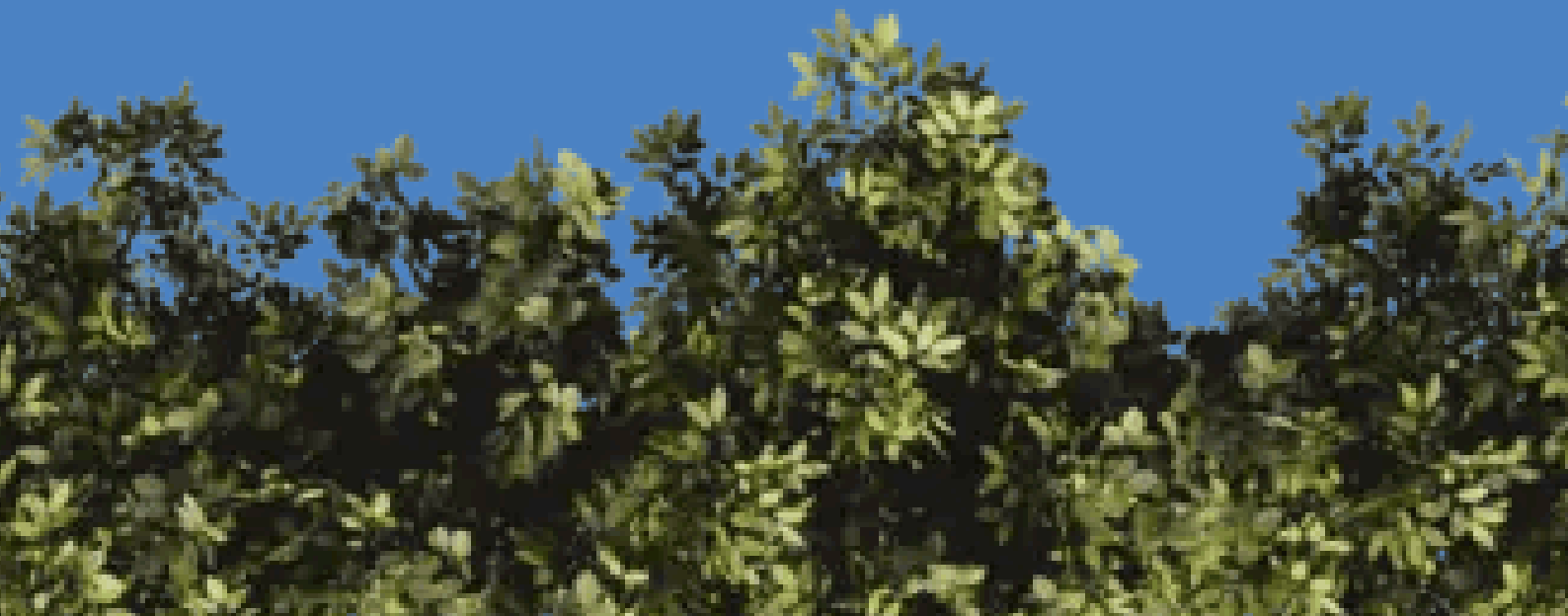
https://spacehey.com/profile?id=2741138

https://moonkitty.neocities.org/

I took these from inside of a moving car, and im not sure what the technical nitty gritty about this is, but the 3g camera kind of distorts in-motion photographs, and it makes everything look slanted, sort of like a smear frame almost :^)

EvilComputer



EvilComputer

https://mildlypepper.net/

birb

- Olympus OM-10, manual shutter speed
- OM-System Zuiko 50mm f/1.8 lens
- Delta 3200 Pro, Ilfosol 3
- Beseler 67C, Ilford Multigrade

I took this picture while on a road-trip with my sister. We were traveling from our home city of Portland, OR to Oakland, CA, to see a punk show that a couple of our online friends were playing. It was at a DIY house venue underneath an overpass across from the jailhouse in downtown. The event was also a furry art market.

I think somewhere around a thousand people attended the thing throughout the day, my sister and I were there the whole time. One friend we were there to see, one of the musicians, gave me a tattoo right after his set was done, the tattoo is of an OC that belongs to the other friend we had traveled to see. She cried when she saw it.

It was a spur-of-the-moment-thing, my found family sister and I basically hopped in the car and drove a thousand miles on a whim. It was dumb, expensive, impulsive, and will remain one of my fondest memories.

The photo was taken on our way back home, at a rest stop in Weed, CA. There were several blackbirds hanging out on the lawn, and I barely had my camera ready when this one flew past me and I managed to get the shot of it in flight. The patterning is due to an accident as I was printing this in my darkroom, my new safelight wasn’t as safe as I thought it was and it exposed the print in stages as I worked: as I removed paper from on top of the exposed but undeveloped birb print it took on artifacts of my workflow and perfectly framed the blackbird in flight.

The motion of my work physically captured within the print of the memory of the road-trip that took my sister and I to the vibrant flowing chaos of the community we feel at home in resulted in one of my favorite prints via happy accident. I hope you like it too!
~Pepper

https://8ballreject.neocities.org/

https://8ballreject.neocities.org/

On the subject of motion; My first trip to Chicago was transitory and strange. I was on my way between Pennsylvania and Minnesota by train and found myself with a 5 hour layover. Not wanting to spend it sitting in the admittedly beautiful Chicago Union Station, I checked my luggage and went walking around the city. Chicago is a beautiful place, the skyline towers over and the lake shimmers besides, but what struck me the most was the elevated train lines. Standing almost two stories off street level in a wood floored open air station, waiting for a long gleaming train to scream in and and whisk you off. This shot captures my first time experiencing it.

Olympus XA | Kodak Ektar 100.

https://c-nder.neocities.org/