



Lingermyth

Duncan Petrie



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Gradually, we grew out of our past, explained away halos and beasts and cities of clouds. History is written by those that live in the present. But it's still there, that old world. Beneath our own, like a first coat of paint. Glinting through chips and scratches. A dragon's tail where the TV bumped the wall. Constellations in curtains and hand-blown glass. Ancient actors' footprints in the dust of vacant stages. Echoes of old in the cracks of the new.

This book is a collection of those echoes. It depicts a world removed from our own, a world glimpsed in reflections and walls, in old paint and houseplants and long shadows on the ground.

Like street windows passed on a brisk evening's walk, these photographs imply much more than they objectively show. Although you are eager to be home, and have no right peeking into someone else's window, you catch plate-clinks and laughter and the unplaceable notes of a song you used to know. The curtains are splayed, and the corner of your eye finds wine on the table and strange art on the wall. Against the siren song of window-glow it is all you can do to keep walking, and as quick as it came, it is gone.

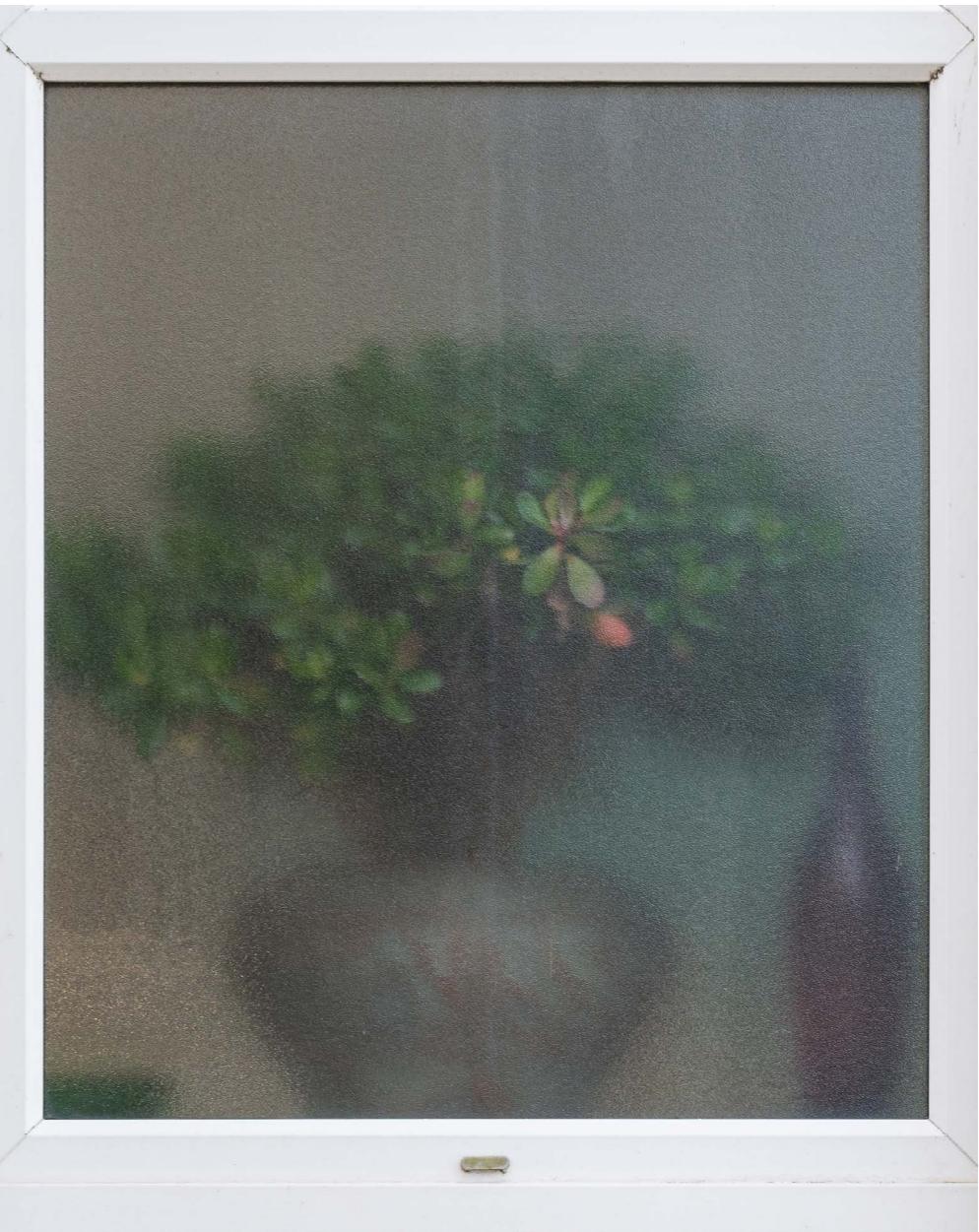
All you have, now, is the glimpse you were given, and your mind fills in the gaps. You long to see beyond the frame, to run back and press your nose against the glass and bask

in warm window-light, but of course you cannot. You must settle for imagining. You picture dinner, browned and well-spiced, and the wine, poured and sipped, and the lives of those that poured it, and the cause of their laughter. An inside joke, probably. You are outside. You keep walking.

These images, like windows on the street, are a sort of synecdoche: from a seed of familiarity, we glimpse entire worlds at the edge of our own. Their potency is their unknowability; reality would only disappoint.

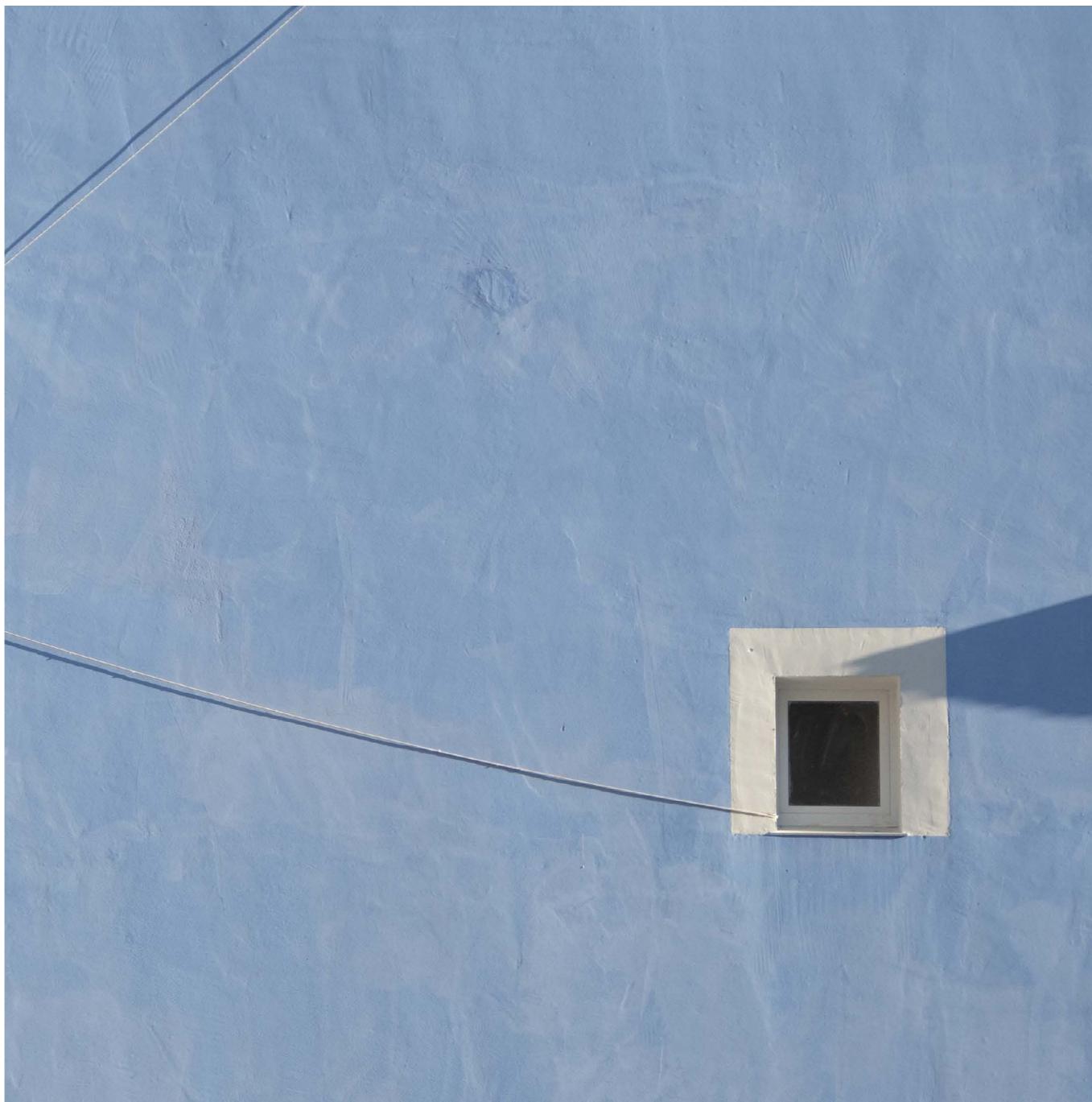
Many photographers like to think of their work as a kind of *making*. The following photographs, however, are definitively *found*. They are spontaneous discoveries, glimpses of elsewhere removed of their context, a product as well as an impetus of longing. Nothing here is constructed; it is the viewer who constructs.

Without place or time, without context from which to build, they build on themselves. Together, like a thousand windows glimpsed, they imply something greater. *This world existed, they suggest, somewhere far and long ago, and you're looking at its last remains.* There is a distance in this longing, but there is also a tantalising closeness. The world behind the borders of these images is both unreachable and very near, as near as the hearts between our bones; we are left, at its edge, to dream. •



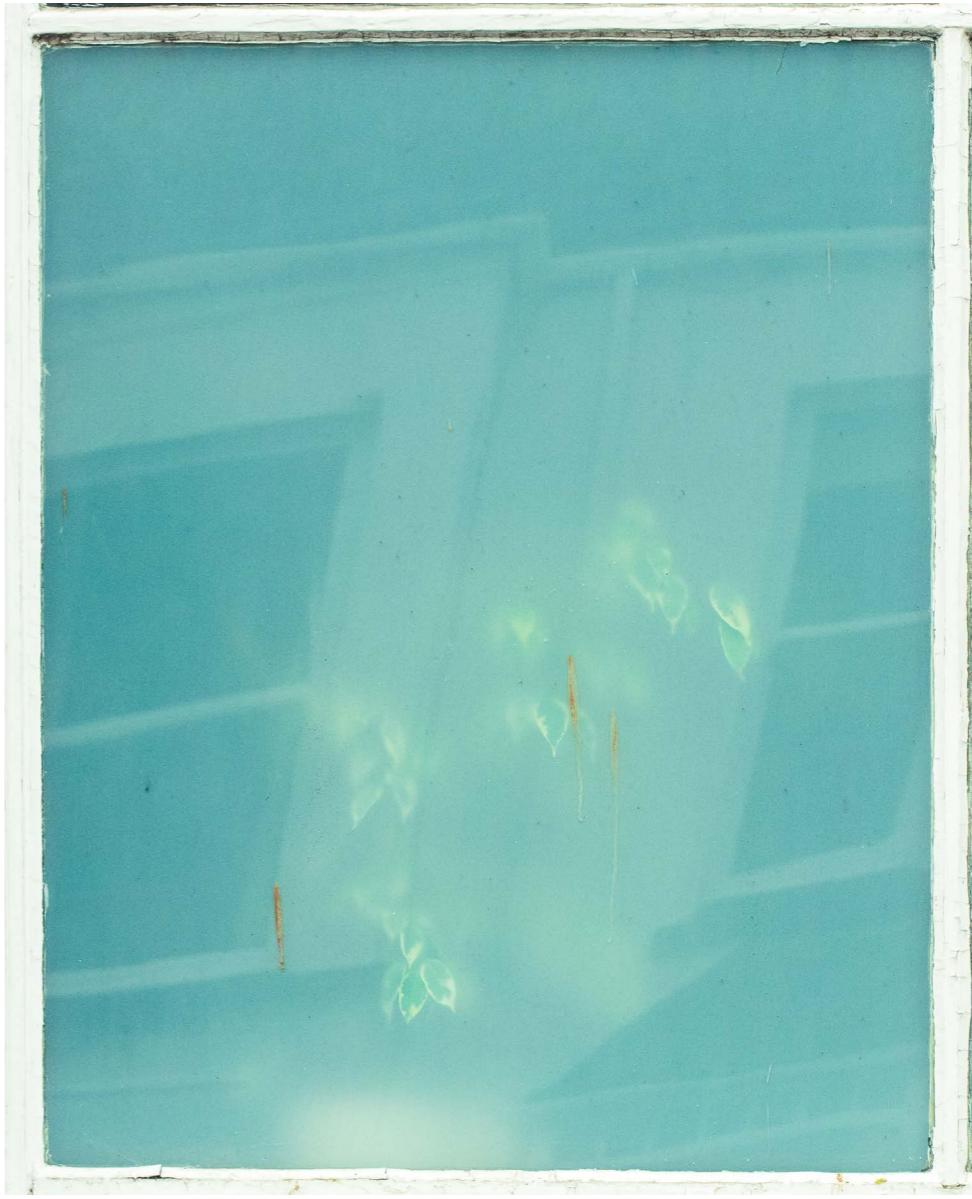
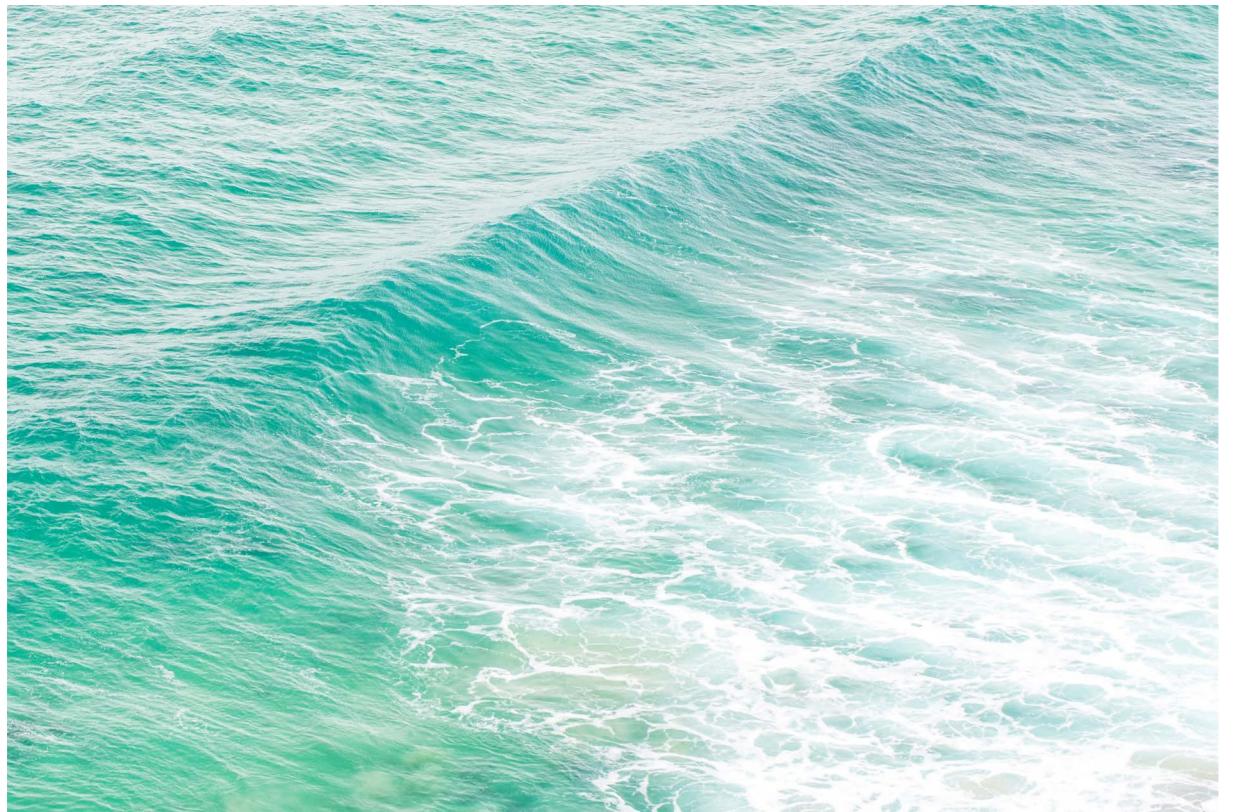




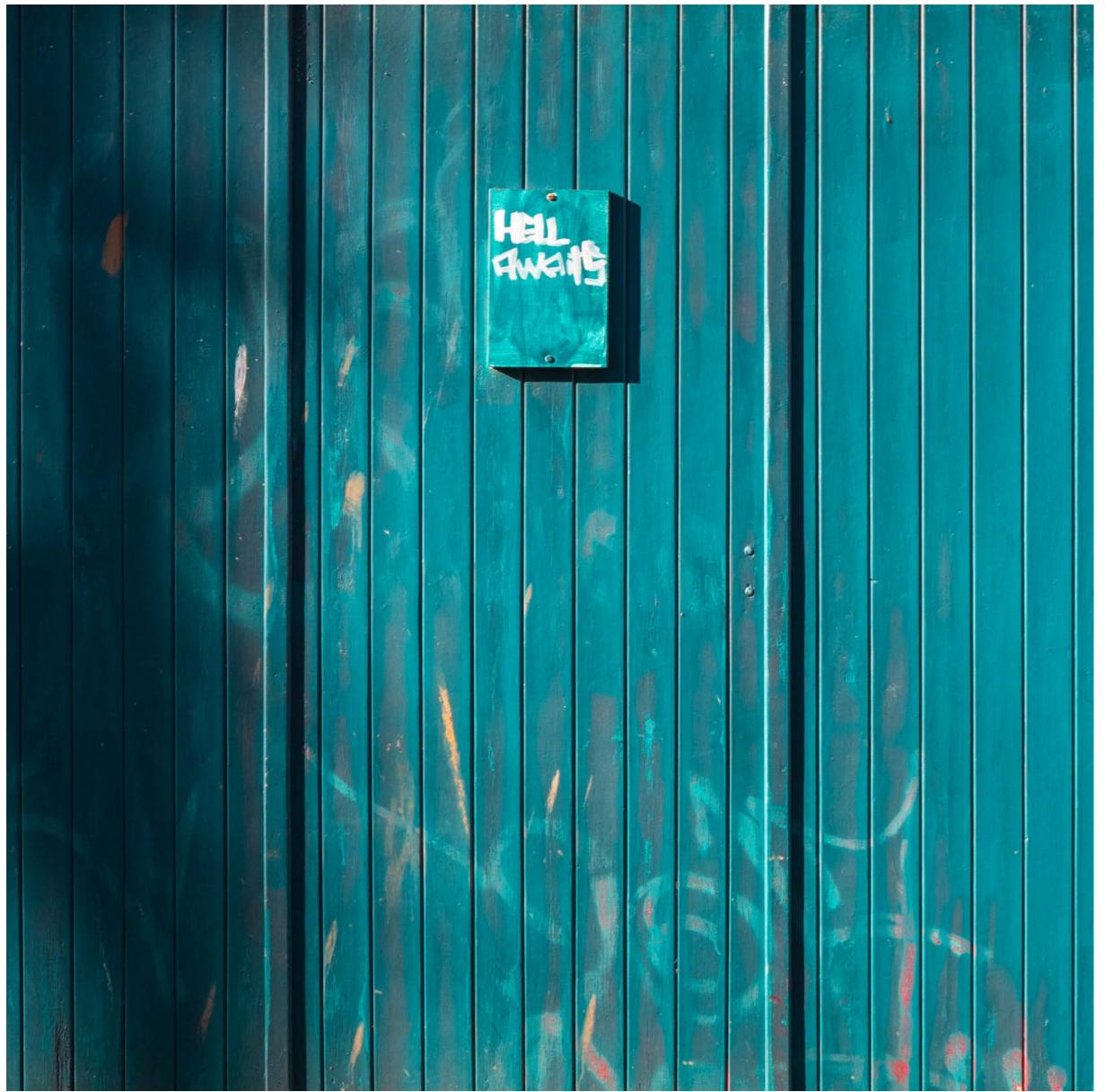








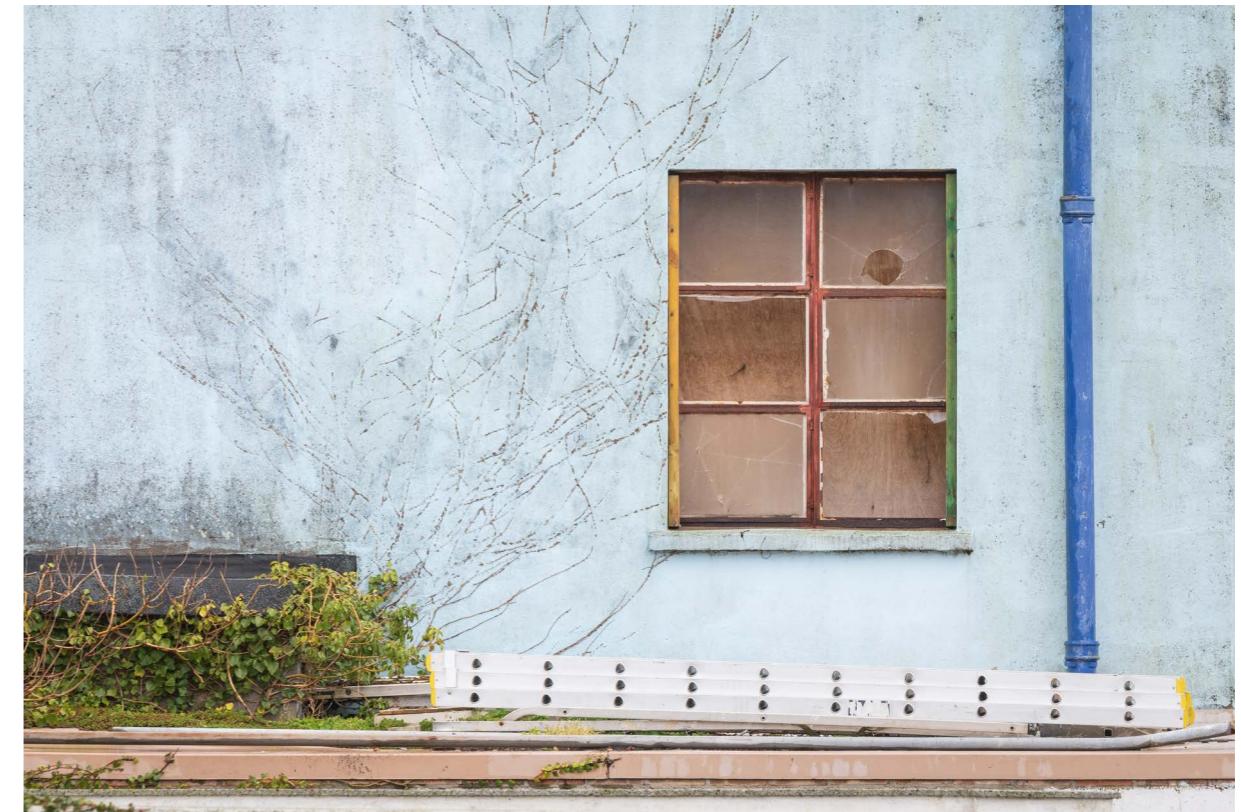




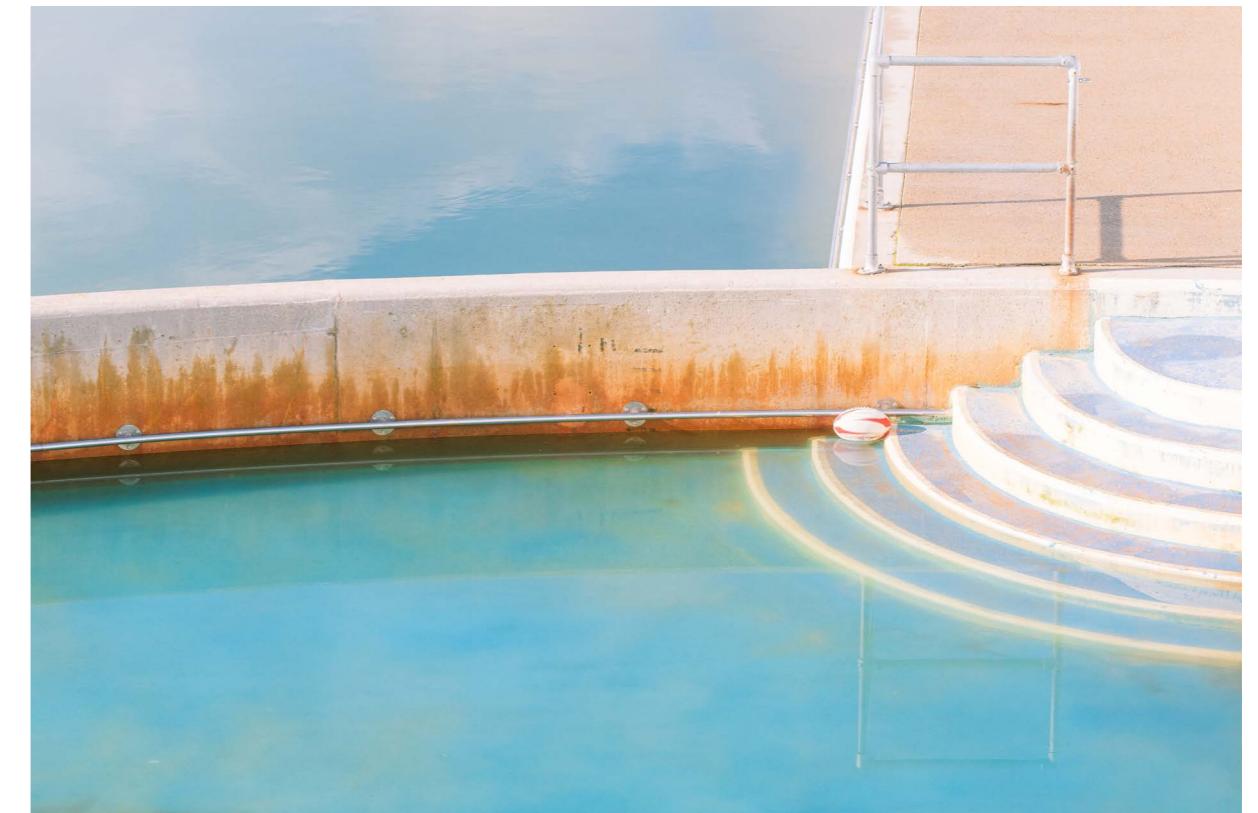
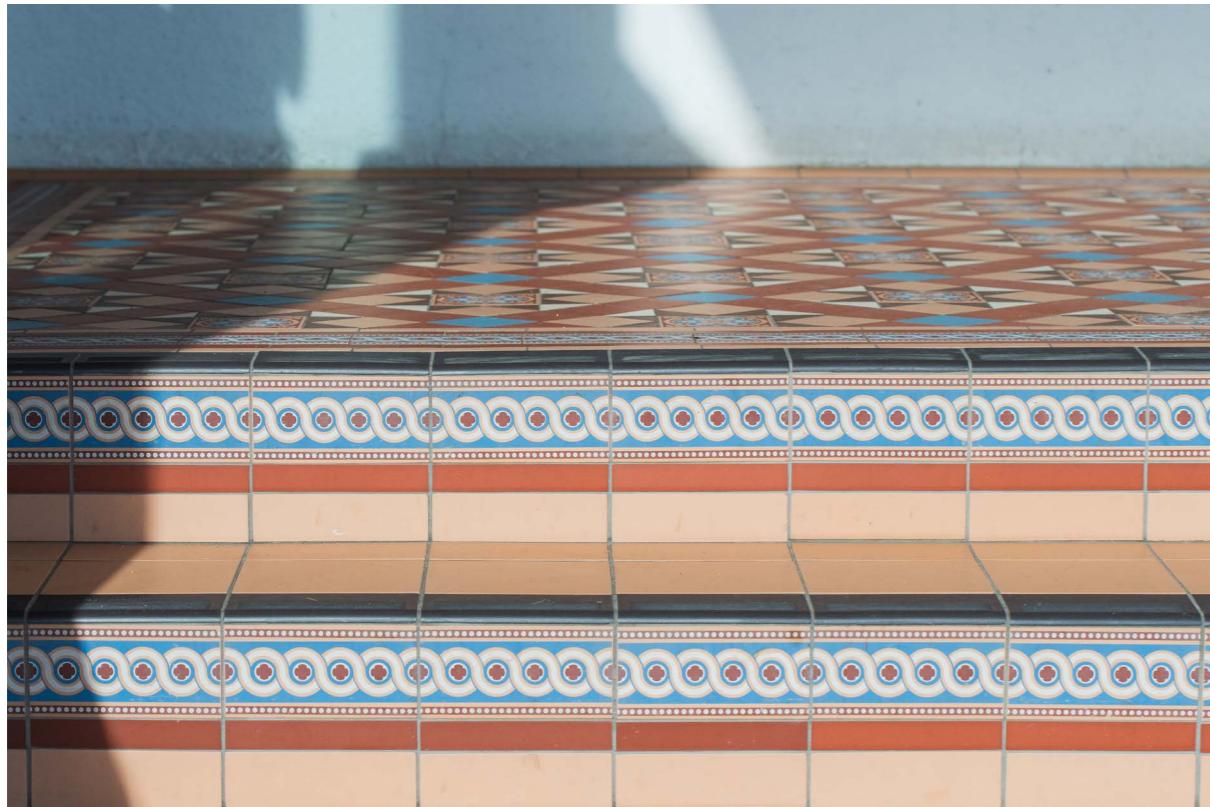










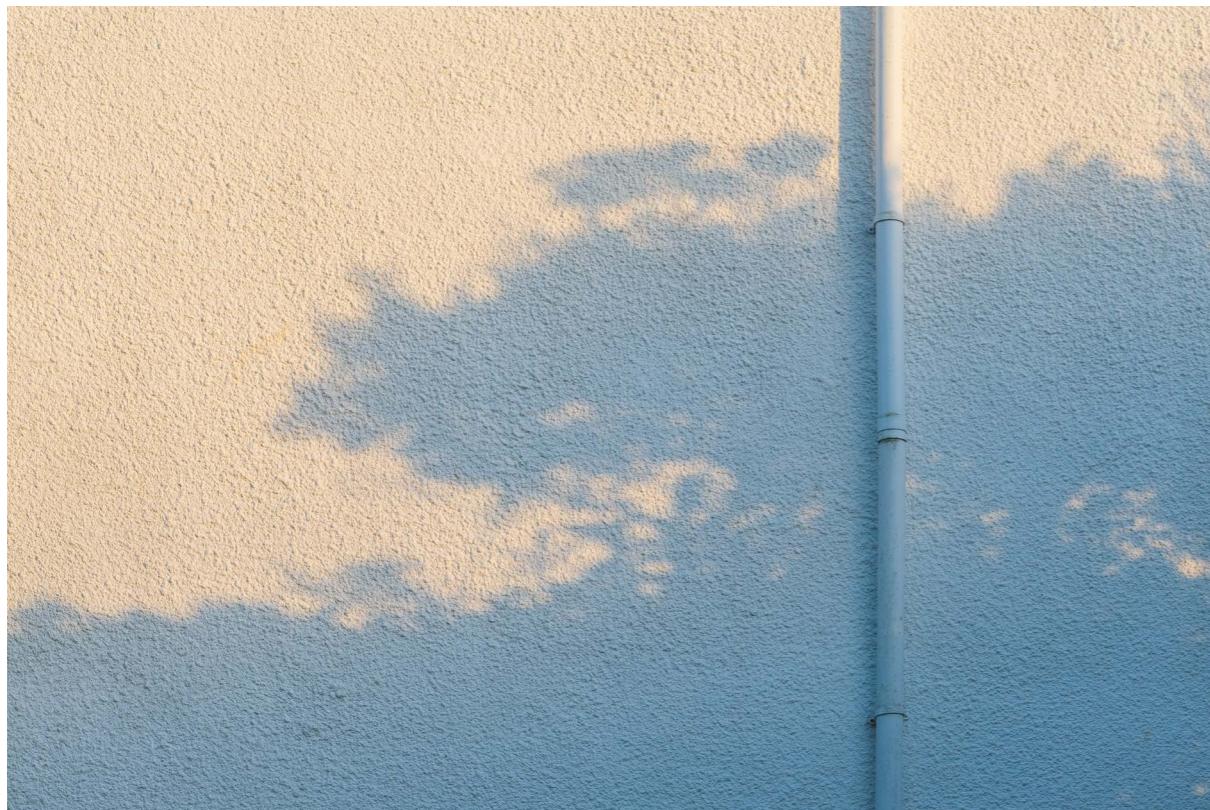


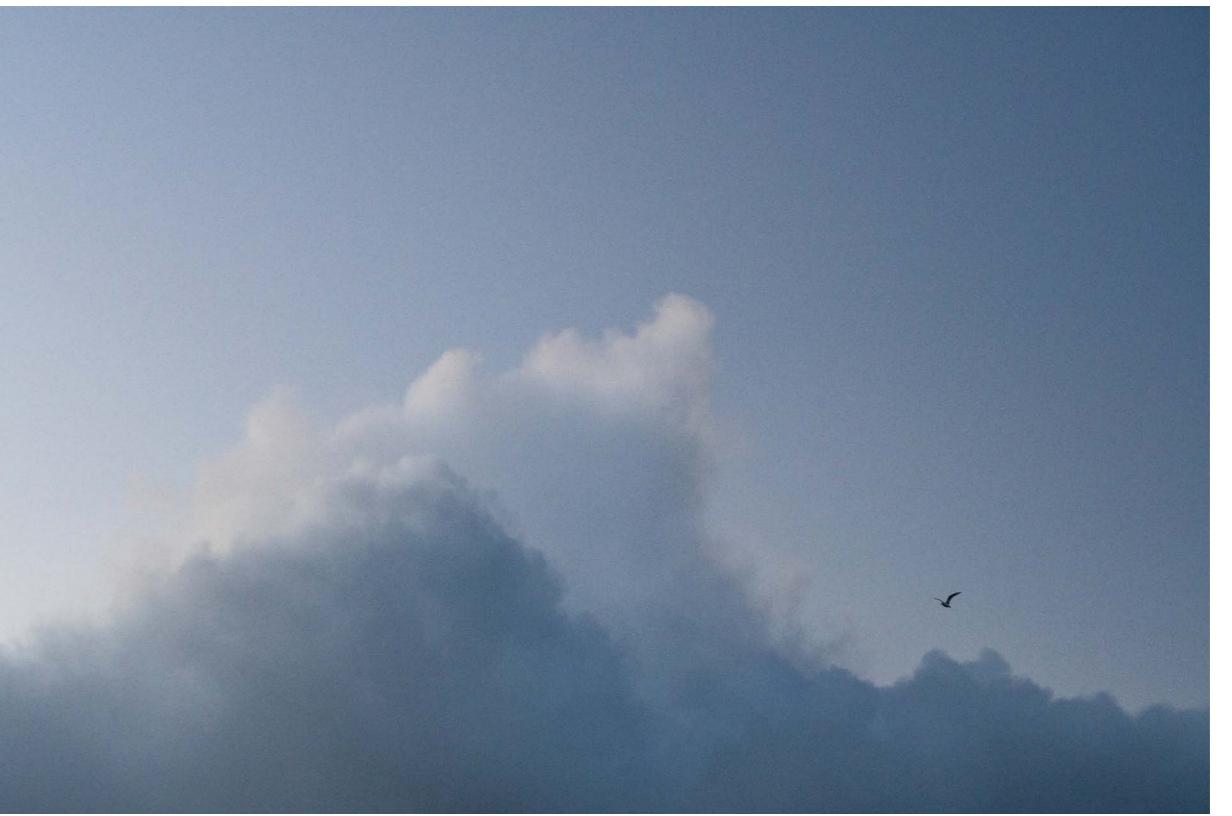


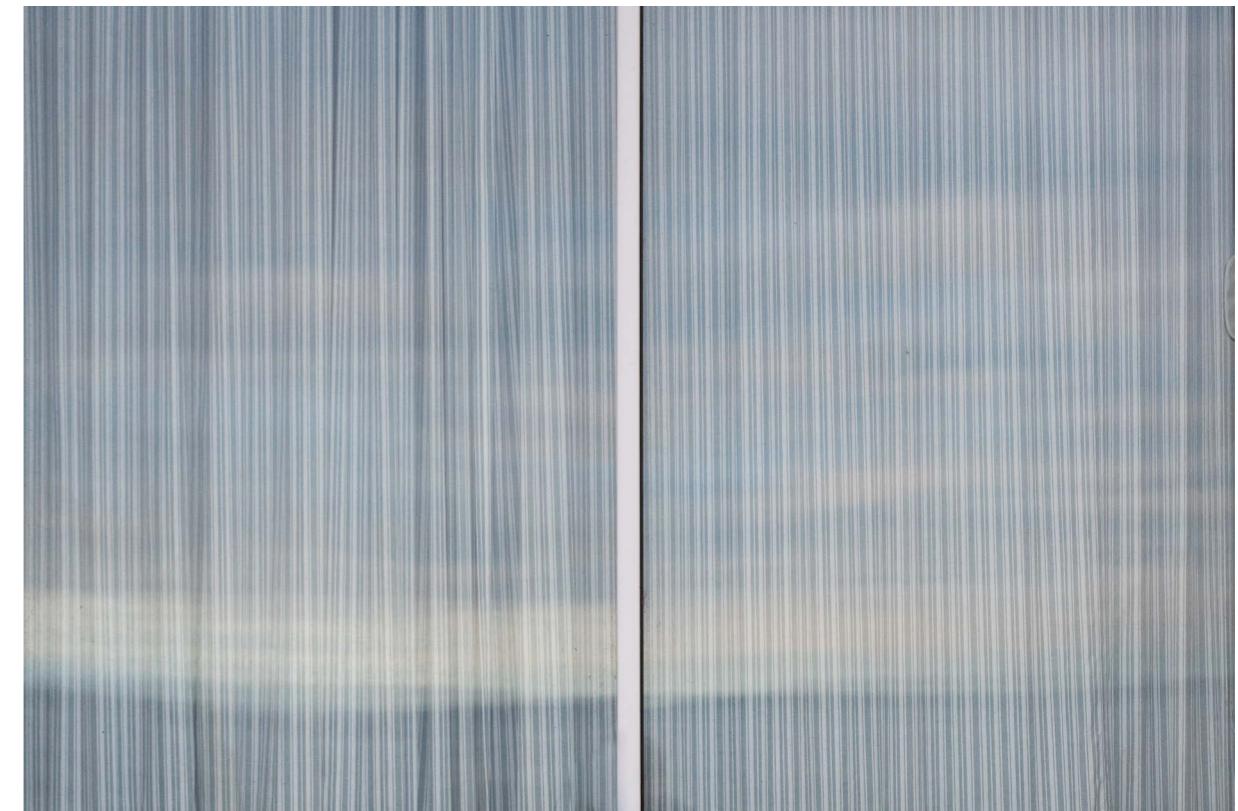








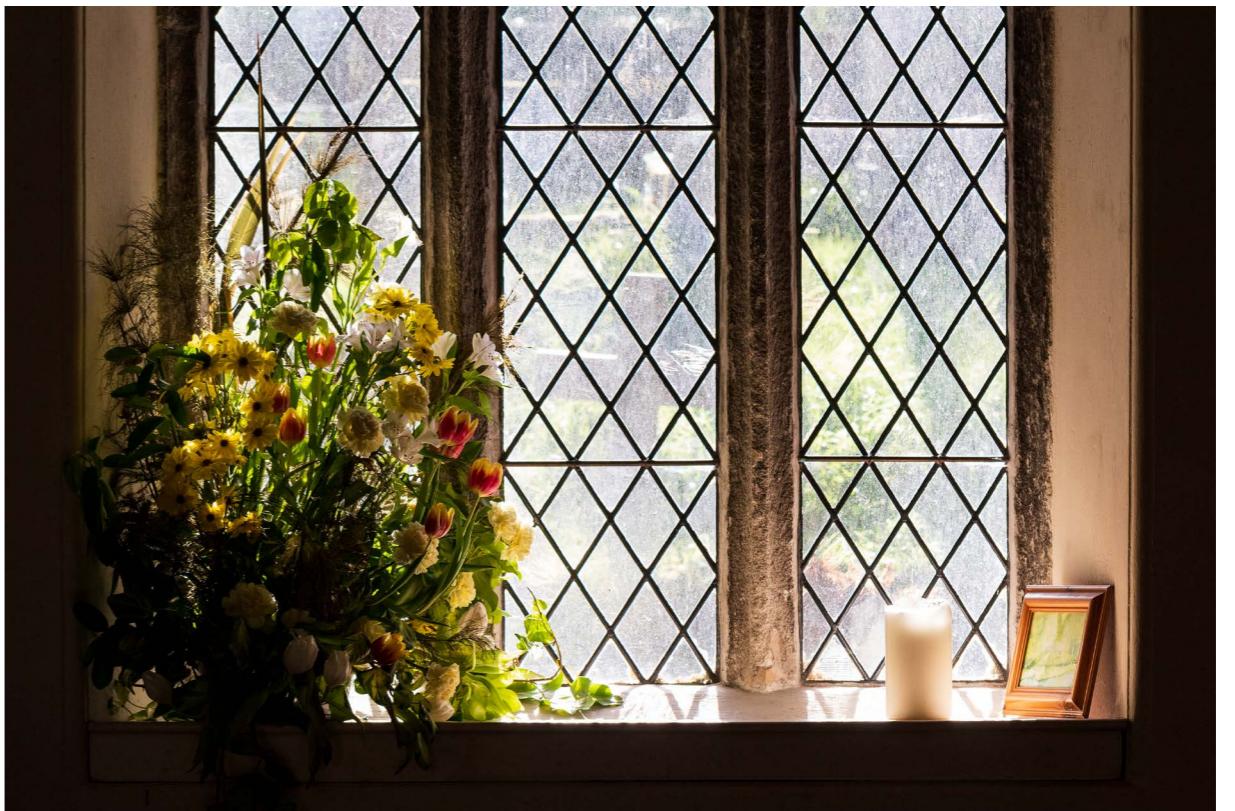
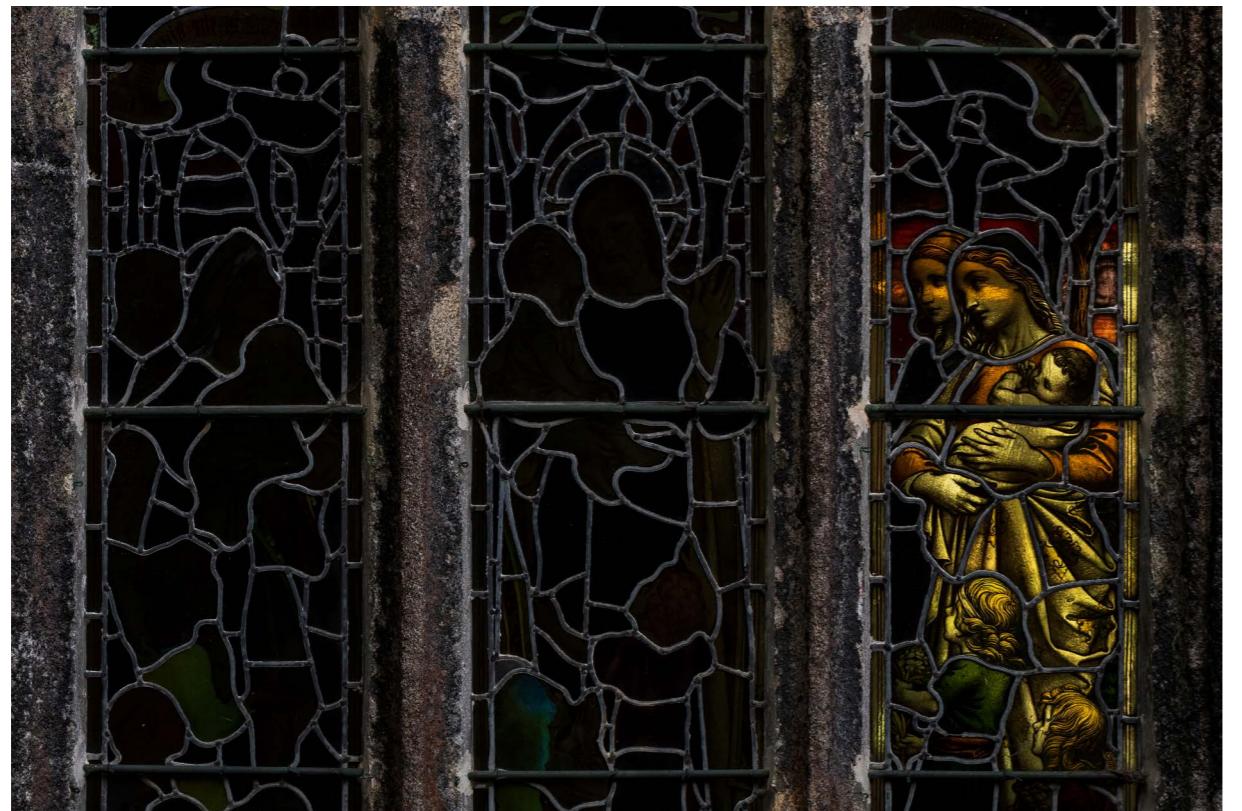














This book is the product of hundreds of walks and thousands of photographs taken across Cornwall and Devon, UK, and Costa Blanca, Spain.

For more on this project, see duncanpetrie.com or follow @probablyduncan on Instagram.

Thanks to *Falmouth University*'s outstanding team of *Marine & Natural History Photography* lecturers, especially Jo Bradford, Adrian Brown, and Daro Montag, for invaluable advice, analysis, and inspiration.

And thanks, of course, to all of the window dressers, wall painters, bunting hangers, home florists, clockmakers, shopkeepers, and glaziers, without which this project would not have been possible.





Duncan Petrie is a photographer using spare,
striking composition and the best natural light to
emphasize emotion over the literal image and truth
over objectivity, in hopes that he might one day
capture how it feels to truly see. He splits his time
between Cornwall, UK, and Wisconsin, USA.

