

In Transit to Permanence

Step 1: Locate the Nearest Photo Booth.

Do your research! Visit malls, call arcades, or ask someone who is familiar with your city. Also try The Photo Booth List.

Step 2: Gather Your Friends.

You can go solo, but this is strongly discouraged due to the narcissis factor (real or imagined). Instead, enlist 1-3 friends to accompany you to the Photo Booth. Getting more than four people into the Photo Booth entails some problem solving, since space is limited. You may have to tag-team it, which requires planning, physical coordination, and speed.

Step 3: Gather Props.

Going to the Photo Booth without props can be a "good time," but if you want to create lasting memories and one-of-a-kind photos, props are the way to go. Basically, anything goes. Scarves, sunglasses, painters' masks, baby pacifiers, Christmas bows, pinwheels, and arcade employees are just a few of the things that my friends and I have used during our Photo Booth outings.

Step 4: Carpool to Your Destination.

Carpool to save the planet and to bond en voiture. Keep this in mind: A messy car may inhibit bonding, or it may create good humor. You know your friends better than I do. Also, music is good. Make sure it's something well known to all of your friends, so everyone can sing along. 80's tunes and Oldies are ideal in most cases.

Step 5: Get Your Tokens.

At many arcades, tokens are the only currency. Exchange your crisp dollar bills for a few of bronze clown tokens. About two dollars worth should do for one set of four Photo Booth photos.

Step 6: Plan Your Poses.

This is the most important part of successful Photo Booth fun. Just before entering the Booth, coordinate four poses. A few staples for our Photo outings are Nice Smile, Cross-Eyes, Nonchalant, Looking Around, and Mischievous, and those are without props. Remember, this step is one that involves the most freedom and creativity. But don't spend too much time on it, because spontaneity is good and deviation is inevitable.

Step 7: Arrange Yourselves.

Get in the Booth. Solo, or even with two, this step's no problem. Just spin the seat to get your desired height. With three or more people, however, at least one person will have to sit on a lap, kneel on the floor, or stick their head through the curtain. This is another opportunity for creativity. You must also take pains to keep everyone's face in the picture and not have anyone so close to the camera that their face turns into a dark, unfortunate smudge-with-eyes on the print.

Step 8: Photo Booth.

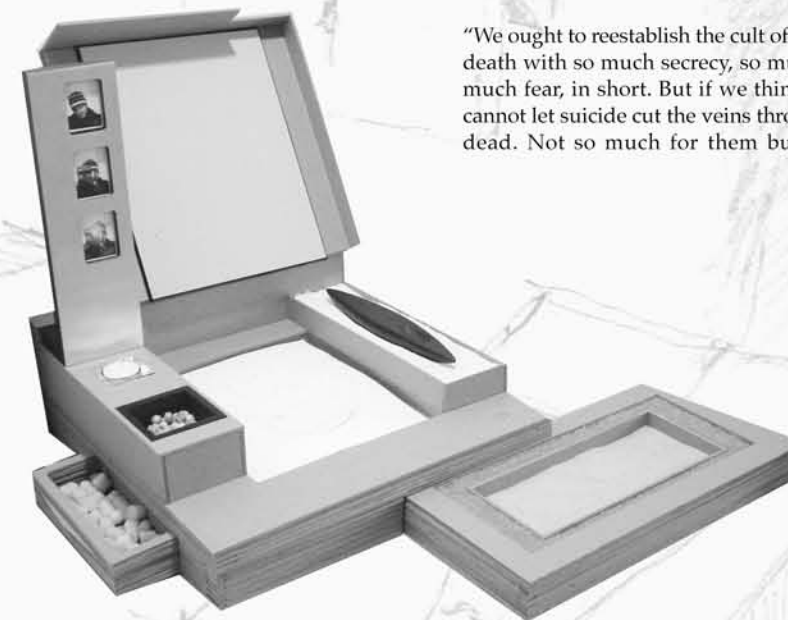
Put your tokens in, and before the light flashes, pose!

Step 9: Wait for Photos.

Get out of the Photo Booth as soon as the last photo is completed. Processing of the photos takes a couple of minutes, and it's too uncomfortable to smooch into the booth for that long.

Step 10: Enjoy.

Pass the photos around, laugh, and if desired, repeat steps 5-10 .



"We ought to reestablish the cult of the dead. Such a step may seem old-fashioned for an era that treats death with so much secrecy, so much dissimulation, so much awareness of its uselessness. With so much fear, in short. But if we think about it, we will understand that it is real necessity today. We cannot let suicide cut the veins through which the blood of memory circulates. We ought to honor the dead. Not so much for them but for us".
Rafael Argullol



The tomb is situated at the threshold between two worlds

Neither could they be opened, were one to want or need to do so: they lack handles, knobs or keyholes, as well as hinges.

Tombs are shut tight forever. They are constructions or containers whose doors ought never to be opened.

Furthermore, the doors are perfectly flush with the building and blend into the walls.

The entrance are secret, as secret as the winged beings the tomb has carried off with it and the treasures it doubtless safeguards.

Why should they come? Coming out to the cemetery really does not do any good... maybe some day when they are with the kids in town they visit the cemetery to show them where grandma is buried —like they would go visit an old house they once lived in.

Mortal beings only enter the tomb once. They descend and don't come out again.

At the same time its being there is signposted by some kind of external construction, as if one sought to compensate for the oblivion to which the dead person is consigned with this warning signal.

Tombs are, in a way, part of the bowels of the earth





-- "We will not leave," she said. "We will stay here, because we have had a son here."
 -- "We have still not had a death," he said,
 "A person does not belong to a place until there is someone dead under the ground."
 Ursula replied with a soft firmness:
 -- "If I have to die for the rest of you to stay here, I will die."

One Hundred Years of Solitude, Gabriel Garcia Marquez

There sat the Shadow fearful
 of man,
 who broke out for suspiciousness,
 And spread his mantle dark
 and cold,
 And wrapt thee formless in the
 fold,
 and dull'd the warmth of thy
 lips;...

... The Shadow sits and waits
 for me
 in Newmann 1833

