

MACHINES IN COLOUR

Still and silent they stand waiting for human contact. Colorful yet subdued and sorrowful.

If you are not paying attention you can easily pass them by. Especially if you are an adult without any children by your side. Even though they are rather big and colorful, they do not make much fuss. You need a child's eye in order to see them, to appreciate them. These machines in color.

The eye of the photographer is often like the eye of a child, direct and quick. A child's glimpse leads the way through the unimportance of things which is meant for the adults. The sharpness is with anticipated clarity for that which is the focus of a child's yearning.

A coin in the machine, squeaking, rocking and rattling. Mom and dad can do no more than perhaps buy some tobacco or most likely get stuck standing there so the little one doesn't fall off. It can be compared to a small rodeo, at least if you are sitting on an elephant or a horse.

- Please, one more time! But by then it is time to go home.

Suddenly, one day, you are a little bit too big. Your knees don't fit in the driver seat of the train and it looks a bit ridiculous if you think about it. It is time simply walk past it and begin omitting your own childhood.

Photography has the ability to see what the present is but also what once was. The memory is the most useful angle of approach for photography. The moment you take a picture it is a memory. These machines are like big *madeleine* cookies. Everything comes back – the lust, the adventure and the permissive existence of childhood. But it is only a memory. A certain sorrow is there. Something is lost. Left remaining they stand in the mall entrance, lonely and abandoned. Is there anyone taking care of them today?

/Björn Abelin 20110410