



It went on. I thought we fixed it.

Ida Dorthea Thorrud

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An improperly fixed photograph will gradually darken overtime. The remaining silver halide on its surface will continue to absorb light and eventually annihilate the image it possessed. In a sense, a photograph of this nature is alive (after all, it's made of gelatin.) Whether you want to look at it like that or not it doesn't change the fact that it's aging like the rest of us. And, just like us, our experiences help to shape our appearance. Someone that was treated with care and a soft hand might look as fresh as the day they were born. A hard life, like being continuously out in the sun, might lead to some premature wrinkles. Running with scissors could lead to an accident that leaves you with a permanent scar.

Ida Dorthea Thorrud's photographs seem to be more alive than most. The works bear the marks of their creation. Thorrud's finger prints and silhouettes of developing tongs are scattered across their surface. Her photographs have only been partially fixed so they continue to absorb the light of every experience they have. This body of work functions like a memory. Instead of a moment being solidified Thorrud's photographs are murky. Looking at them gives you the feeling of trying to recall an event from long ago that always seems to stay just out of reach. Bursts of familiarity are immediately followed by a sense of longing. Nothing is ever fixed.

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