

EXPO

HAARLEM BY NIGHT

MY HAARLEM IS NOT THE HAARLEM OF THE JOLLY YEARLY FLOWER PARADE... IT IS SOMETHING DIFFERENT, MORE SERIOUS. A TOWN WHERE THE WEIGHT OF CENTURIES OF HISTORY BEARS DOWN ON ITS CITIZENS AND ITS ARCHITECTURE. IT IS NOT AN UNFRIENDLY TOWN THOUGH..., MORE LIKE YOUR OLD GRANDDAD TELLING YOU STORIES OF THE HARDSHIPS AND JOYS OF PAST LIFE. OF LONG FORGOTTEN STORIES AND FAMILY TIES.

A TOWN WHERE DOORS SLAM TIGHT WITH THE RESONANCE OF 5 CM THICK OAK, CRAFTED FROM ANCIENT TREES HARVESTED IN STILL UNSPOILT FORESTS. WHERE WALLS STILL SPEAK OF THE LOVE AND HATE, THE FAMINE AND EXUBERANCE, THE WAR AND PEACE AS ENDURED BY ITS CITIZENS THROUGHOUT ITS LONG HISTORY.

IT IS NOT A TOWN OF GHOSTS THOUGH, ALTHOUGH IF THE WALLS COULD TRULY SPEAK, THE TOWN WOULD BE BUZZING WITH WHISPERED STORIES. STORIES THAT CAN STILL BE READ FROM THE WALLS, AND IN THE PLAY OF SHADOW AND LIGHT AS WITNESSED DURING NIGHT TIME.

MOST PEOPLE CONSIDER THE NIGHT A KIND OF REFUGE. A PLACE AND A TIME THAT HIDES THE TRUE NATURE OF OUR EXISTENCE AND STATE OF BEING. I THINK IT IS JUST THE OPPOSITE, ONLY AT NIGHT TIME, THE CRACKS AND CREVICES OF THE BRICKS, WALLS, SCULPTED ARCHES AND WOODEN BEAMS THAT FORM THE CORE STRUCTURES OF OUR ARCHITECTURE, AND THAT HAVE WITHSTOOD TIME FOR SO LONG AS TO SEAM ALMOST ETERNAL, START TO REVEAL THE TRUE NATURE OF OUR SURROUNDINGS.

SURROUNDINGS THAT ARE SO FAMILIAR TO US, THAT WE NO LONGER TAKE NOTICE, NOR HEAR THE MURMURED PAST...

MARCO BOERINGA, 2009

ALL PHOTOS ARE FOR SALE!

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