

INSIDE HALLOWEEN

Photo Essay by J. Shaw

Everyday I drove my car into town. It was fall, and my drive took me past farmhouses with scarecrows and giant pumpkin shaped plastic bags filled with leaves. The winters could be long, and in the fall there seemed to be a sense of expectation. We knew that the snow, often several feet of it, would come soon and with it months of grey and cold, Sorrel boots and those handmade sweaters from Peru or Ireland, the itchy ones that look warm but never seem to fit right. But during those days and weeks that I drove into town, I could still open my sunroof and windows if I put the heater on, and I usually did. When I arrived at the grounds, several acres of trees, grass, and stone buildings, there were never many cars. No matter what parking lot I parked in, and there were several, I easily found a spot. Somehow that place always seemed kind of windy, and in my memory kind of dry. Sometimes someone would be raking leaves when I drove in, but usually it was quiet. Everyday I pulled in, turned off the radio, grabbed my camera and the photos I had printed as gifts and walked up the path to be buzzed in through the locked doors.















