

Tender Trap

*Napão
and
Mariana*

There is no doubt on how strange is the groom's name.

Strange as well is the piercing on the bride's nose.

But, inviting me to document this event... I was never married and, even worse, never photographed a wedding.



By Fátima Roque



“It’s a small church. Very few people invited... Black and white photos...”

“I would like to see the church.” I said.

And off to the “temple” we go. Grass on the outside. Brick building... the doors open.

It wasn’t a small church. A feeling rushed up and down my spine.

“Can we turn the lights on?”

“They are on already!”

“Obviously...” I replied.

“Really?... And how many people invited?”

“...dred”

“What??!?!?!?”

“Two hundred.”

“Obviously... And how many people on the altar?”

“Humm... four couples on each side...”

Four times two equals eight, two sides, equals sixteen, priest, bride and groom... Nineteen people on the altar, two hundred guests, and a dark church.

I didn't sleep for a few nights, I wouldn't be able to do it. But there were only 10 days to the wedding.

I started testing films, 400,
800, 1600... back and forth.

Ah! The mother now wants
everything in color *as well!*

Impossible to do it with two
cameras: the ring on the
finger, the kiss, the blessing
from the priest, the yes...

Impossible.

I couldn't.

I couldn't give up either.

Wicca! Another name that
doesn't go to the church, but
was about to.

She tested some films with
me, shivered, sweated and
came up with a wonderful
yellow light.

We didn't want yellow light.

Time was p a s s i n g .

We didn't have the 52mm
blue filter for Wicca's cam-
era with the color film.

Out for help.

Bugging a bunch of people.

Like Renata and her SB-26.

Patricia looked at the tests and told us to use a blue filter over the light.

Marcos, a wedding expert, cheered for us, but we knew what he was thinking: these two are crazy. The bride is even a worse case!

Who would hold the light up? We thought we had thought of everything.

During a fast course, offered inside a car, on the way to the church, I prepared Wagner, the office boy in the place I work, to operate and carry the most important instrument to be used that day: a light on a tripod to be moved on the air, around best men, bride, flowers, altar, priest and bible.

We got very early to the church, changed the light bulb for a new one, bought by Danilo in a downtown store, very cheap.

We hung another 2 lights, 500W each, the garden type, on the church's side walls.

Everything was tested, thousand rolls of film.

Ready.

I spoke the video guy and the sound guy, they were a little worried about everything turned on at the same time.

Let's test it again, 11:40 am.

Side lights ok.

Sound ok.

Tripod?

No light!

There was no light coming from the tripod.

"Check wires!"

"Nothing."

"Change the outlet."

"Nothing."

"The bulb?"

I ran to the back of the church to get the old bulb.

It turned on.

Now, no bride.

The wedding was scheduled
for 11:30am.

12:00

12:30

12:40

12:45

12:46

12:47

12:48

She arrived.

The ceremony started, and
from this moment on, I
cannot quite tell what hap-
pened.

I almost froze when I saw
Wagner with the tripod wire
all tighten up to some deco-
ration at the side of the
church: he transformed
continuous light into strobo-
scopic light.

I gave up, left it up for God
to decide.

I kept my attention to the details, trying not to miss them, like the rice on the floor on the way out of the church that I almost didn't see.

Nothing else we could care about but looking for the right moments to make the photographs.

Then there was the line up for pictures with the bride and groom, and that's because they told me: "nothing traditional".



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And people whispering to me: “that’s my granddaughter, groom’s cousin, take a picture, please take a picture.”.

Other people telling me they wanted black and white portraits, because it’s soooo cool!

A couple asking me the price for the black and white wedding photos, just at the church, and that feeling up my spine all over again.

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