

My BLOCK

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კორპუსია



It felt good to fear the night; it felt good
to be far from home,

to be a stranger.

This is the first in a series of instinctive essays I made about my second visit to Georgia and the area of Georgia's capital city 'Tbilisi' that I lived in. The day and night-time wanderings I took, through swollen alleyways, haemorrhaged subways, trains and breathless crowded buses. Sometimes I met people selling dogs on the streets, sometimes I walked blind into smallpox stained apartments. Often lost or drunk on the local spirit I took the long way home to my room on the middle floor of a tower block, lost in a complex known as Digomi Massivi.

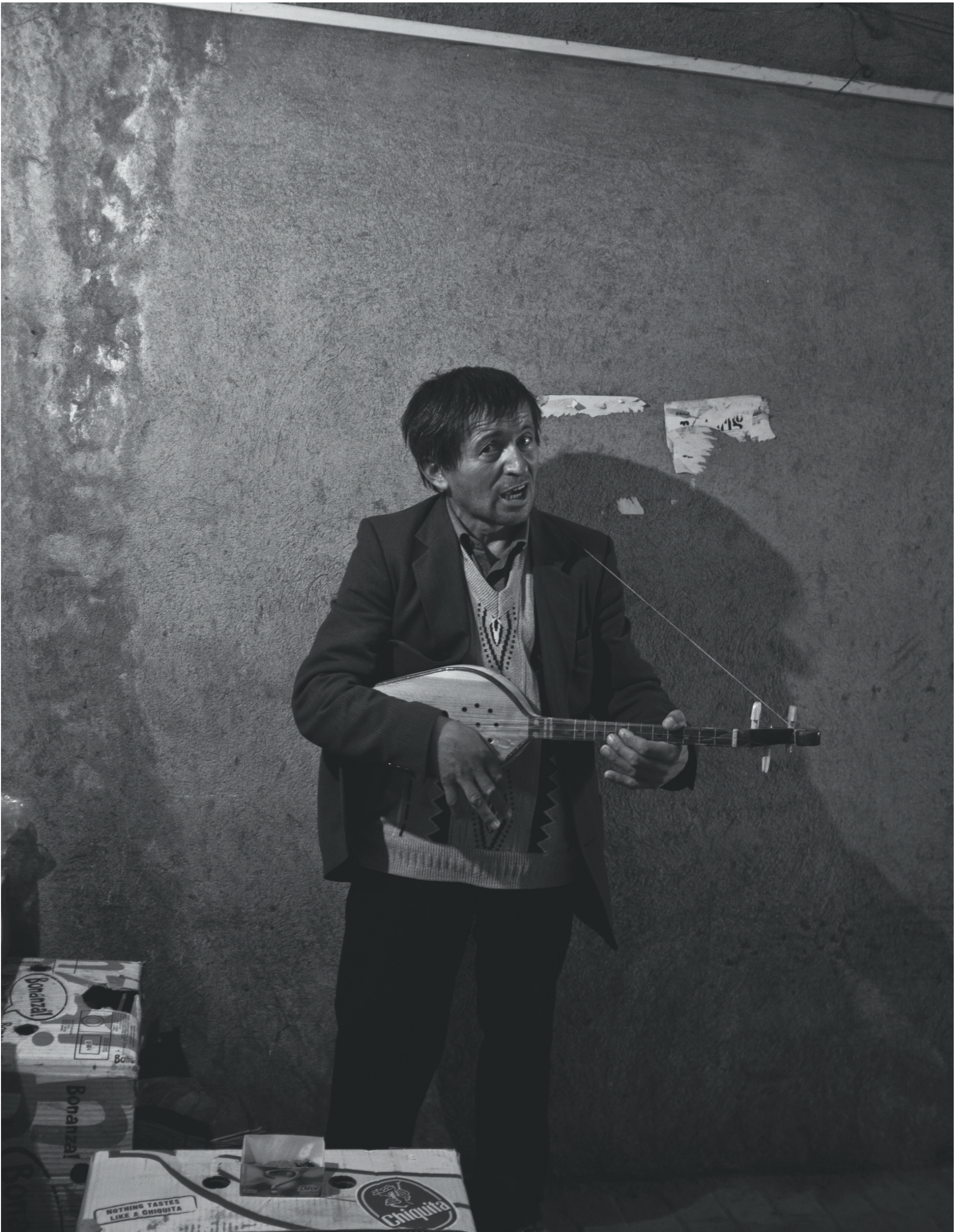
I don't know if my peering and image taking had purpose, I was sometimes lonely, often excited and always avenged by new scents in this contorted city, bled by history and rapid change.

On days off during a howling March I sat alone on my balcony. By midday I was ready to trespass the streets as a black clothed passenger. Most days I walked to the main bus station, shopped in the market, eat and drank, took a train to the centre and returned before midnight.

My Block | >

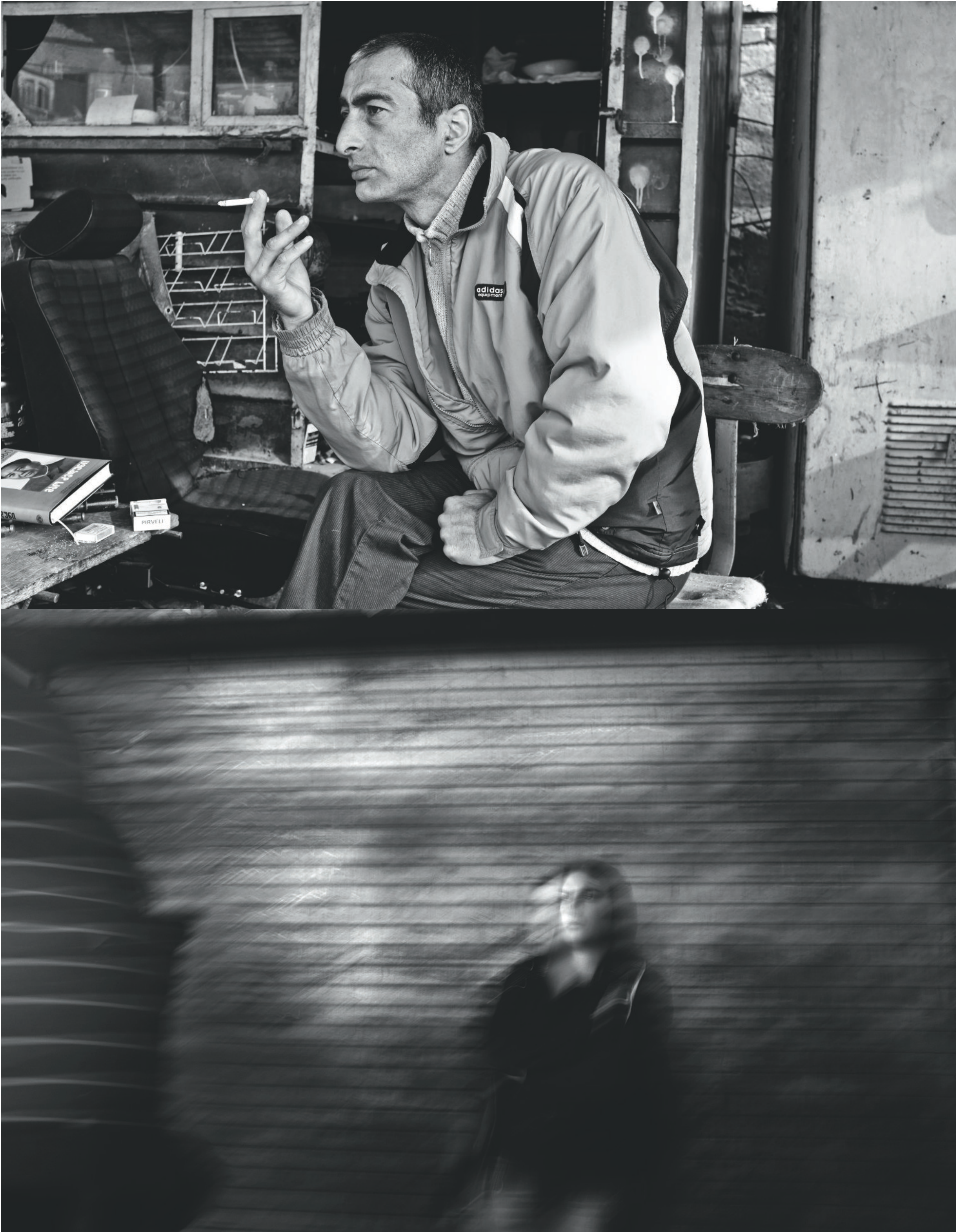
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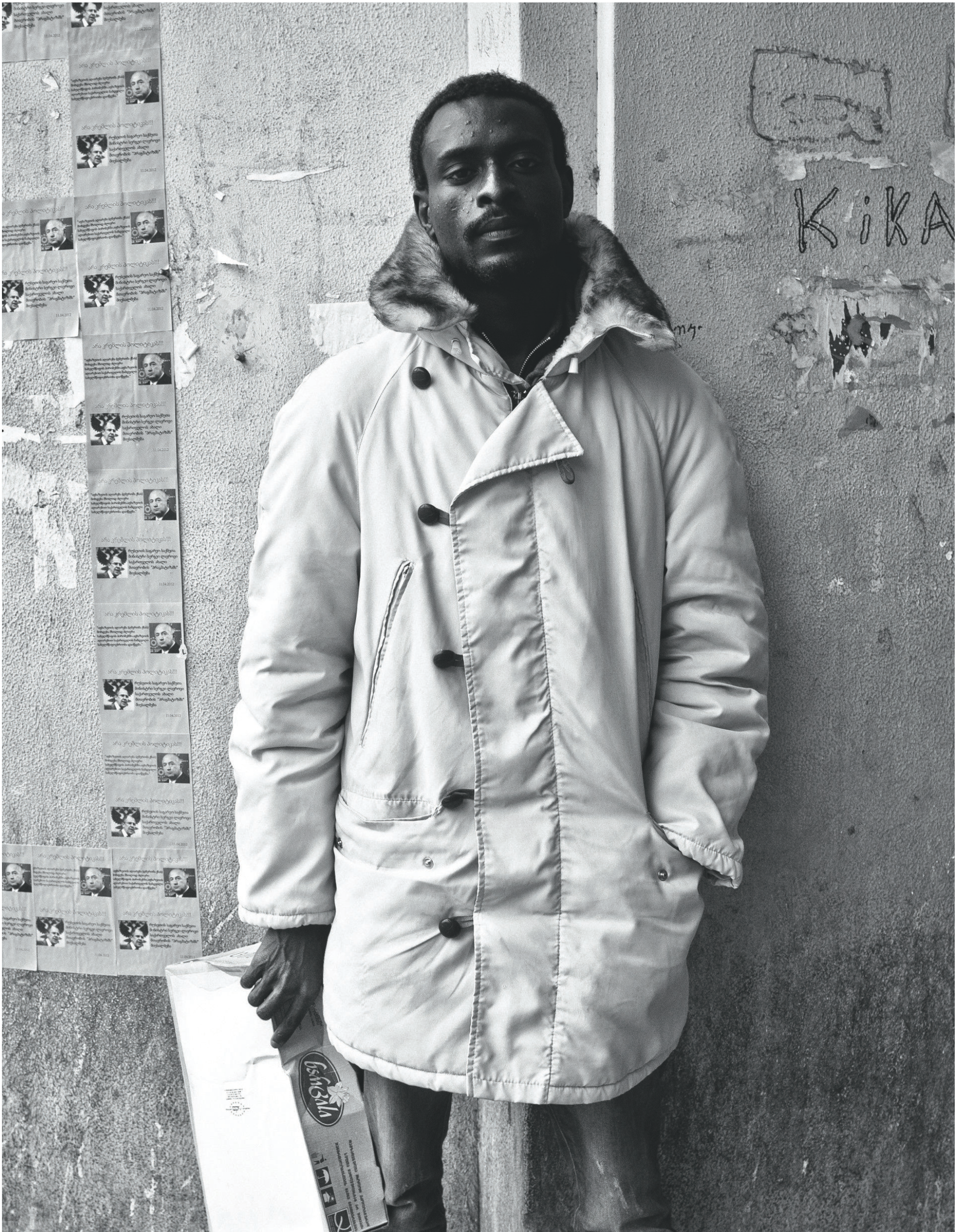


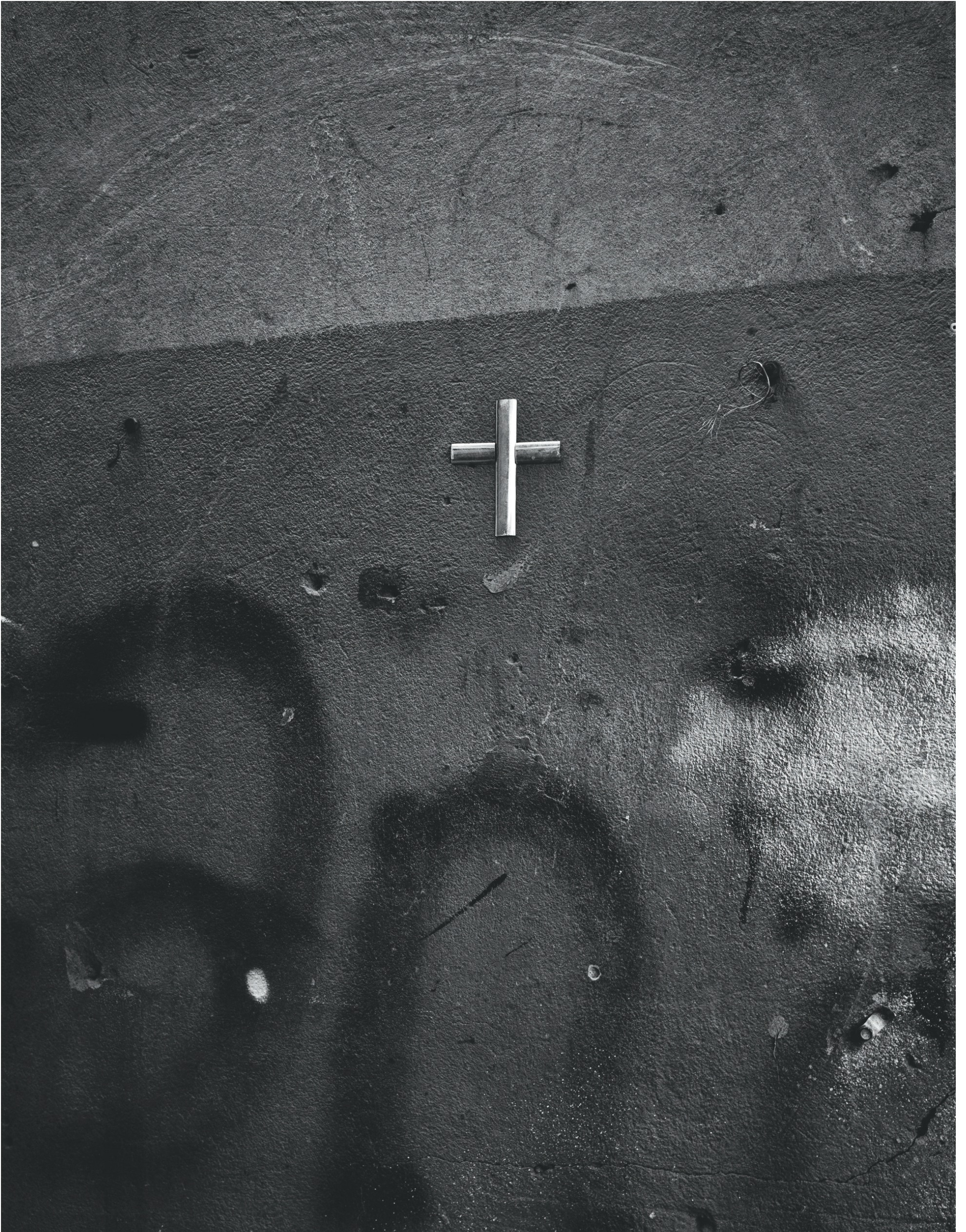








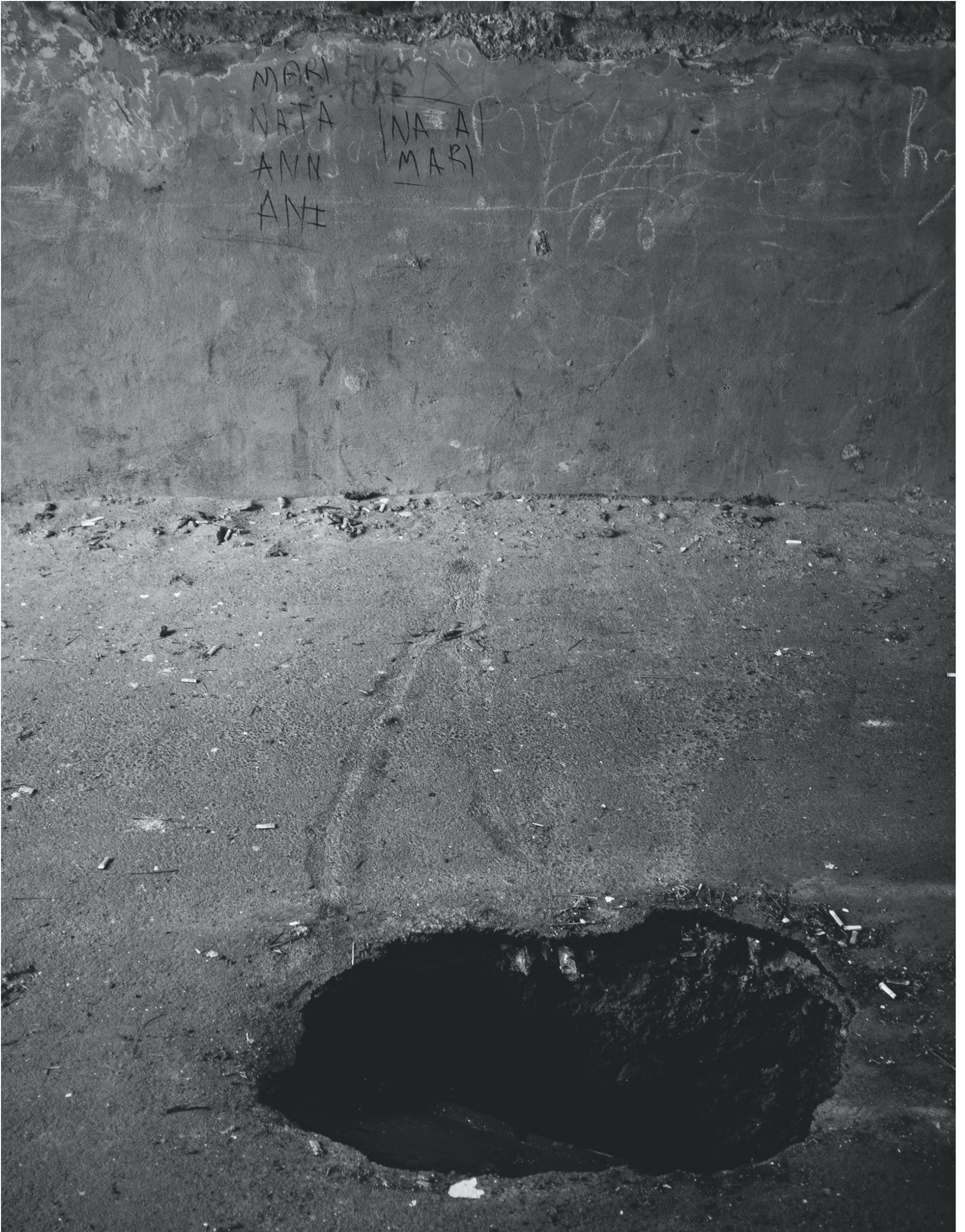






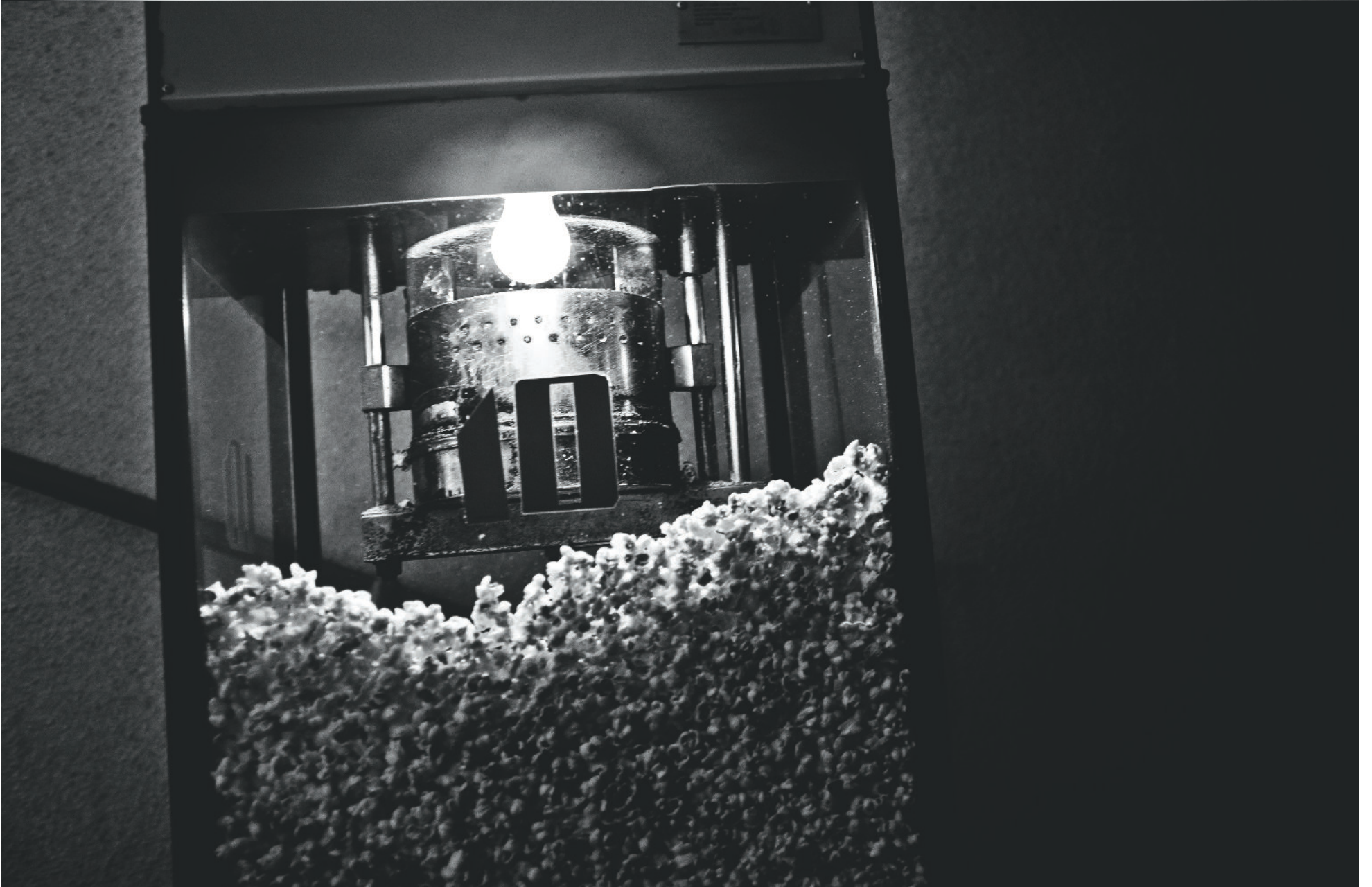






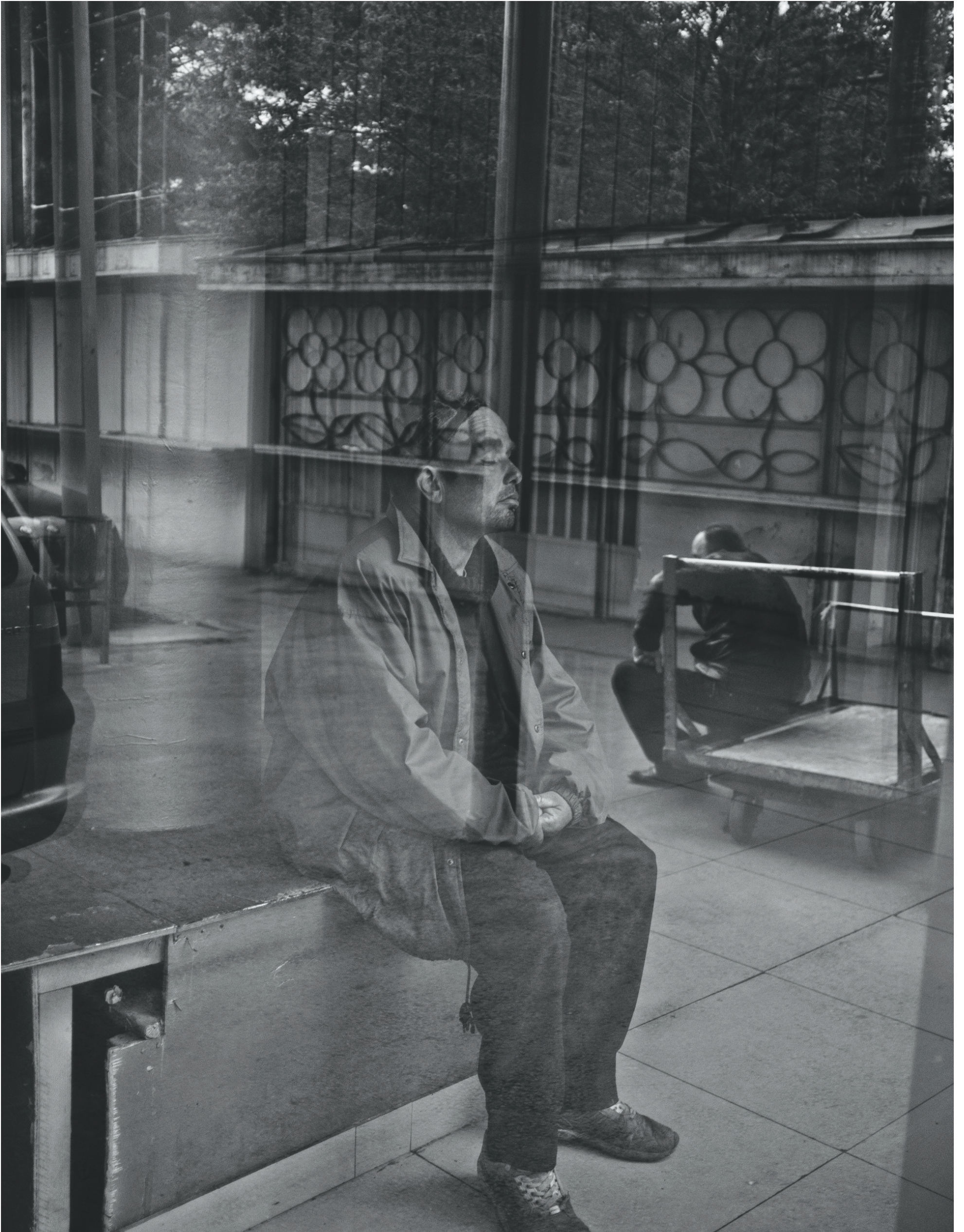


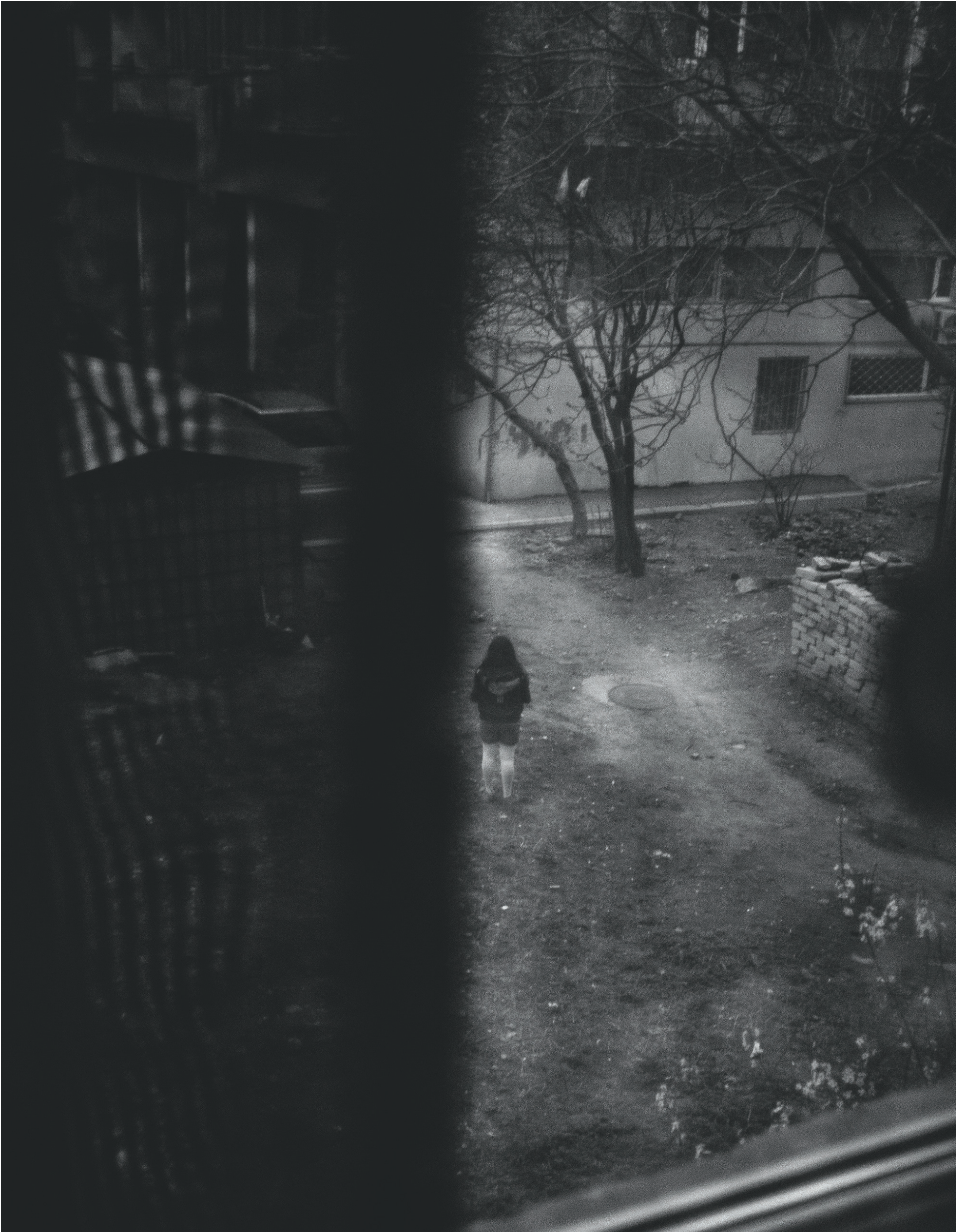








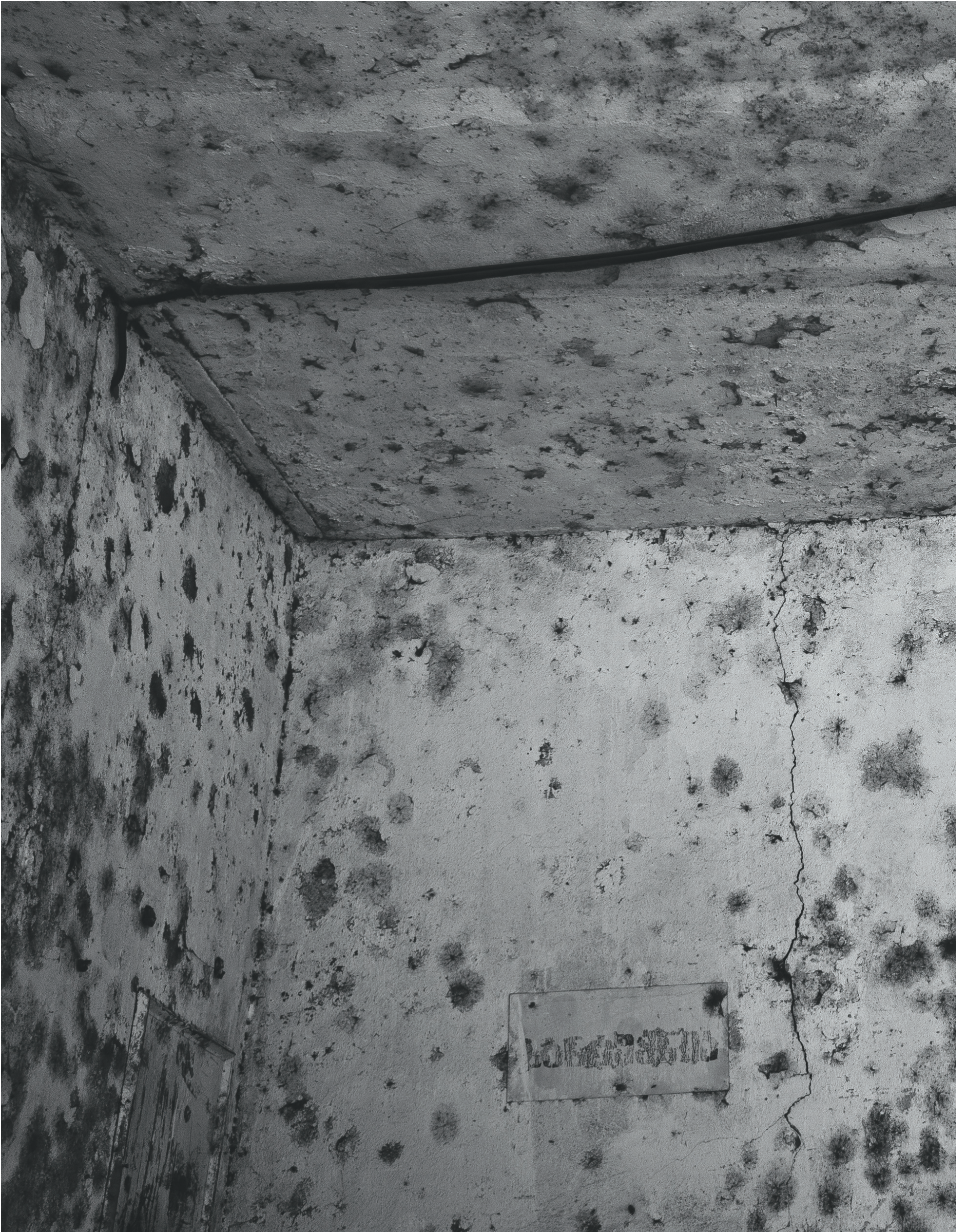


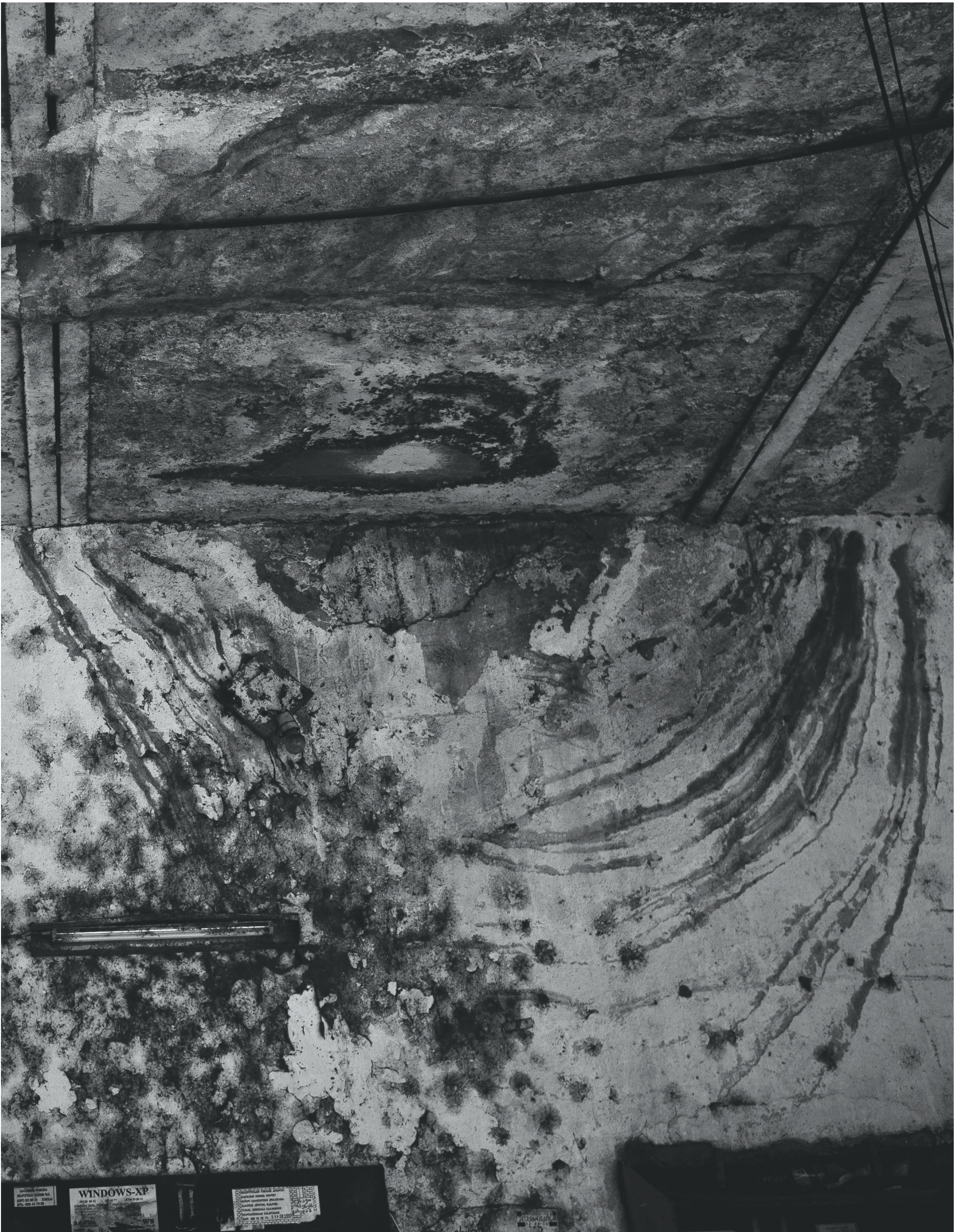




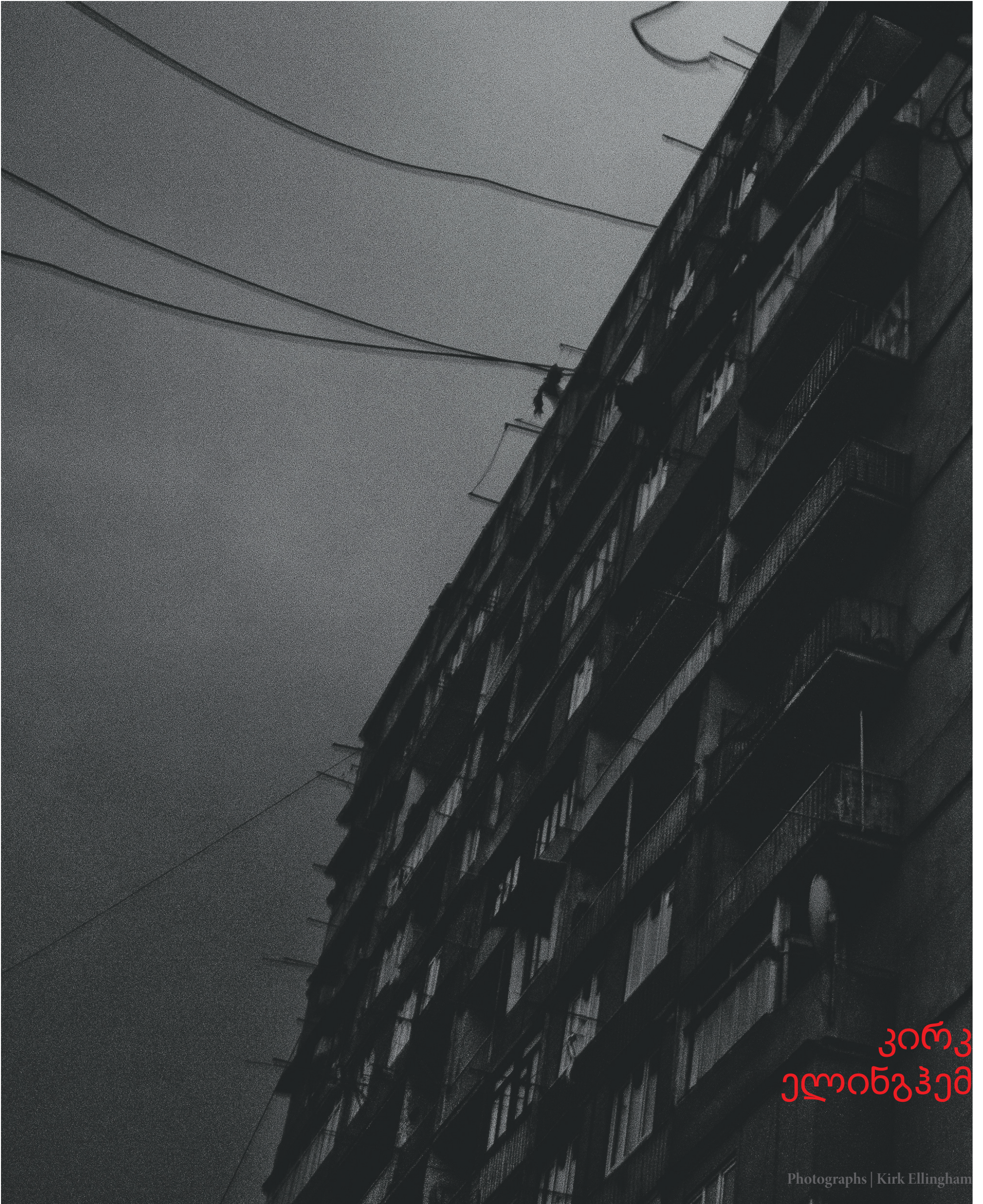












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Photographs | Kirk Ellingham

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