

A PHOTOGRAPHIC EVENING

HỘI AN

After Dusk

One slow walk from the last light on the beach
to the last lantern on the river.



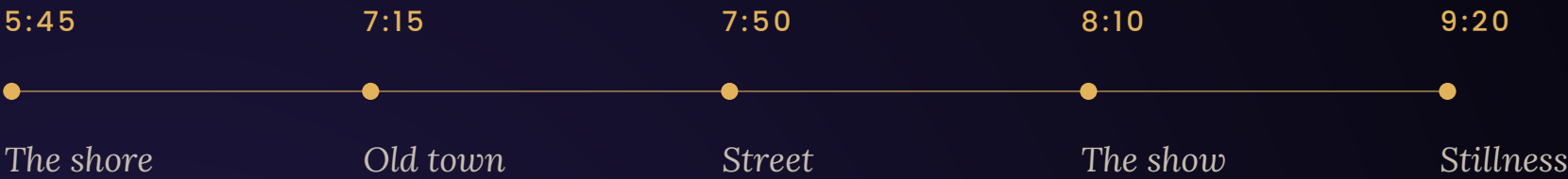
QUANG NAM - VIETNAM

PHOTO PORTFOLIO

Where the Day *Exhales*

The evening begins at the water’s edge. The sky is slowly dyed violet and apricot, small boats hang on the horizon, and the sea folds quietly onto the sand. For a moment there is nothing to do but watch the light leave.

TONIGHT’S ROUTE



Last light over the sea, just before the lamps come on.





A three-globe lamp lights the beach path.

II · 6:20 PM · BLUE HOUR

Lamps *Come On*

As colour drains from the sky, the first lamps glow along the shore. Palms turn to silhouettes, folded parasols wait for tomorrow, and the tide keeps writing and erasing its own soft lace.



Foam, dusk and a little purple.

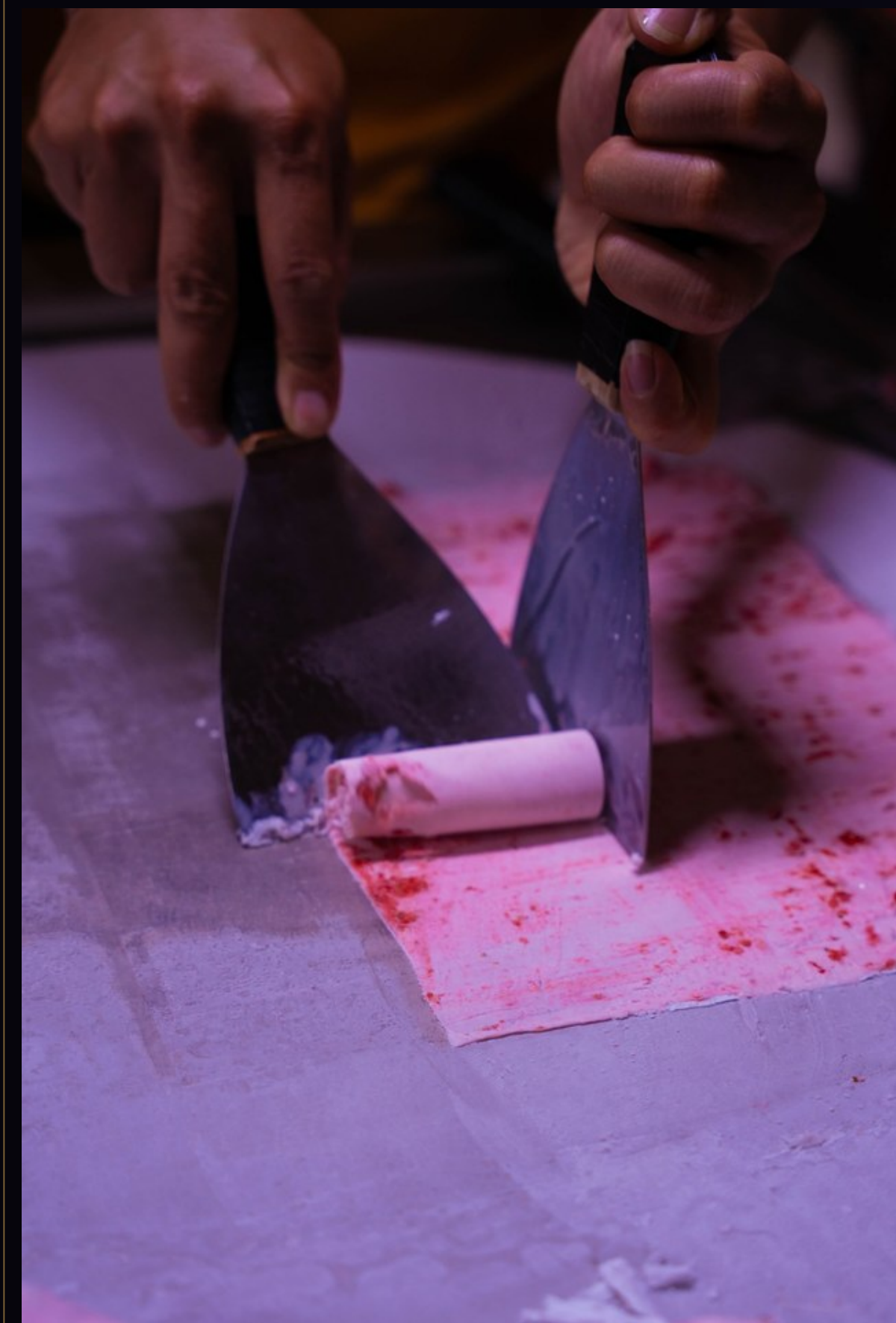
III · 7:15 PM · THE OLD TOWN

The River of Lanterns

Then into town. After dark the riverbank becomes another country: shopfronts strung with silk lanterns, café chatter drifting over the water, and small wooden boats gliding by with lights of their own, every one doubled in the ripples.



Lantern boats wait along the old town riverbank.



Ice cream, rolled by hand.

IV · 7:50 PM · SMALL PLEASURES

A Taste, *A Sign*

Between the lanterns, small things slow you down. A street vendor works two steel scrapers over a cold plate, coaxing strawberry ice cream into a roll. Above a balcony of faded shutters and fluttering flags, a neon script spells out the town.



The city's name, in pink neon.

V · 8:10 PM · CURTAIN UP

A Path of Light

Across the water, the stage lights come up. A lone figure in a nón lá walks a curve of tiny lights, as if the river itself had drawn her a road. The town goes quiet, and the show begins.

A walker, a conical hat and a ribbon of light.

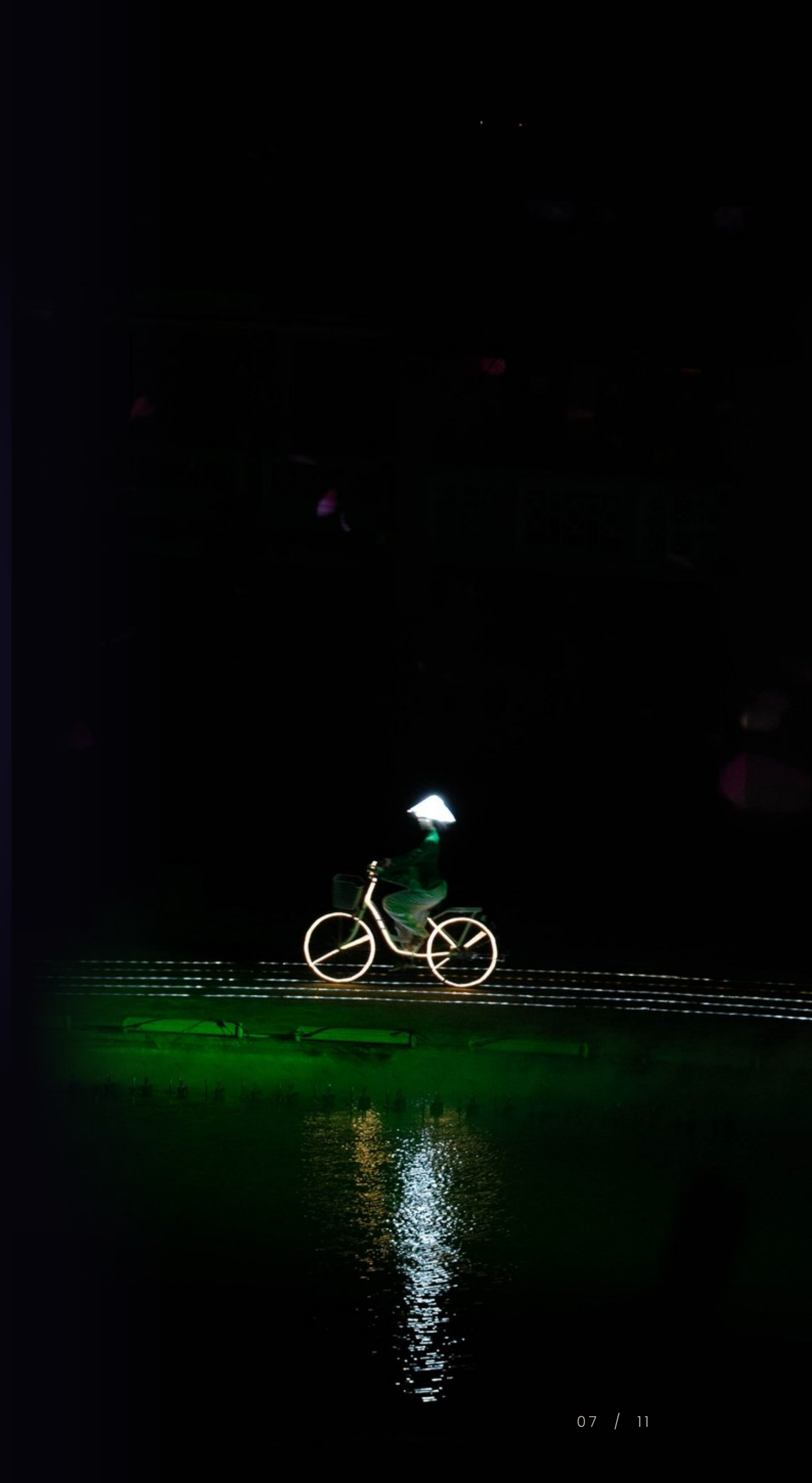


VI · 8:25 PM · EVERYDAY POETRY

Boats & *Bicycles*

The story opens with the simplest scenes of the town: a boatman steers a lantern through blue mist; a girl pedals a bicycle whose wheels are drawn in light. Ordinary things, made luminous.

Left, the boatman and his lantern. Right, the bicycle of light.



Then the áo dài arrive: white ranks moving as one, hats lit from within, and three dancers in yellow, red and white, the colours of the town's own lanterns.

Three Colours *of Silk*



Ranks of white áo dài, moving as one.



Conical hats, lit from within like lanterns.



Yellow, red and white: the lantern palette, worn.



VIII · 9:00 PM · GOLD IN THE SHALLOWS

Waters That Remember

The mood turns. Warm gold floods the shallows as dancers wade in, nets and baskets raised. They gather, sway and push forward like a single tide, a remembrance of the fishermen and traders who built the town.



The crowd moves as one wave.

Two Figures, *One Light*

—————◆—————

In the darkest corner of the evening, a single beam finds two people holding each other in the water. No lanterns, no crowd: only turquoise silk, a thread of green light, and a quiet that makes everyone lean in.



Ebb

Walking out, the sea is still there, patient and pale, as if the whole evening had been one long breath. Hội An never really ends. It recedes like a tide, and waits for you to return.