Sometimes I have issued forth at midnight when everything was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place! The temperature of an Andalusian midnight, in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame that render mere existence enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too on the Alhambra has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every mouldering tint and weather stain disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole edifice reminds one of the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

Deleted: Irving concludes with the statement that his experience was “one of the pleasantest dreams of a life, which the reader perhaps may think has been but too much made up of dreams.”
For now the national government has turned the Mississippi into a sort of two-thousand-mile-torch-light procession. In the head of every crossing, and in the foot of every crossing, the government has set up a clear-burning lamp. You are never entirely in the dark... But this thing has knocked the romance out of piloting, to a large extent.

The full moon was riding high in the cloudless heavens, now. We sauntered carelessly and unthinkingly to the edge of the lofty battlements of the citadel, and looked down—a vision! And such a vision! Athens by moonlight! The prophet that thought the splendors of the New Jerusalem were revealed to him, surely saw this instead! But more than all, I wished that old Diogenes, groping so patiently with his lantern, searching so zealously for one solitary honest man in all the world, might meander along and stumble on our party. I ought not to say it, may be, but still I suppose he would have put out his light.
This is a story a young girl gathers in a car during the early hours of the morning. She listens and asks questions as the vehicle travels through the darkness. Outside, the countryside is unbetrayed. The man who is driving could say, "In that field is a castle," and it would be possible for her to believe him.

She listens to the man as he picks up and brings together the various corners of the story, attempting to carry it all in his arms. "Do you see?" He turns to her in the faint light of the speedometer.

Driving the four hours to Marmora under six stars and a moon.

...swinging up into the rafters of a trestle holding a flare, free-falling like a dead star. He does not really need to see things, he has charted all that space, knows the pier footings, the width of the crosswalks in terms of seconds of movement...He knows the precise height he is over the river, how long his ropes are, how many seconds he can free-fall to the pulley. It does not matter if it is day or night, he could be blindfolded. Black space is time. He knows his position in the air as if he is mercury slipping across a map.
view from the window at le gras, niepce, 1825
and a latticed window, william fox talbot, 1835
brooklyn bridge, edward steichen, 1903
Notre-Dame, Brassai, c. 1930-32
petit’s mobil station, george tice, 1974
"It takes the passage of time before an image of a commonplace subject can be assessed. The great difficulty of what I attempt is seeing beyond the moment; the everydayness of life gets in the way of the eternal."

George Tice
icy night, new york, alfred stieglits, 1898
the pond-moonlight, edward steichen, 1904
pont neuf, brassai, c.1934-35
I. TEMPERATURE
II. ABSENCE AND PRESENCE
III. REFLECTION
IV. BLURRING OF REPRESENTATIONAL BOUNDARIES (i.e. PHOTOGRAPHY BECOMES PAINTING)
V. INVERSION - NEGATIVE SPACE BECOMES the POSITIVE
VI. TRANSFORMATION OF TECHNOLOGY TO POETIC REALM (i.e. STREETLIGHTS BECOME CONSTELLATIONS)
VII. THE FRAGMENT
VIII. COMMENTARY ON TECHNOLOGY AND THE DISAPPEARING NIGHT LANDSCAPE
IX. DEGREES OF ISOLATION AND MELANCHOLY.
the pond-moonlight, edward steichen, 1904
pont neuf, brassai, c.1934-35
nocturne: blue and gold old battersea bridge, James Abbott McNeill Whistler, 1872-77 (r) the flatiron, Edward Steichen, 1904
Paris after dark, Brassai, 1939
Paris after dark, Brassai, 1939
lightning from the observatory, brassai, c.1934
pierre koenig’s case study house no.22 looking over hollywood, julius shulman, 1950
the devil of notre-dame, brassai, 1933
I. TEMPERATURE
II. ABSENCE AND PRESENCE
III. REFLECTION
IV. BLURRING OF REPRESENTATIONAL BOUNDARIES (i.e. PHOTOGRAPHY BECOMES PAINTING)
V. INVERSION - NEGATIVE SPACE BECOMES the POSITIVE
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IX. DEGREES OF ISOLATION AND MELANCHOLY.
But it is of these evenings, I speak.

Supper was at six and was over by half past. There was still daylight, shining softly and with a tarnish, like the lining of a shell and the carbon lamps lifted the corners were on in the light, and the locusts were started, and the fire flies were out, and a few frogs were flopping in the dewy grass, by the time the fathers and the children came out. The children ran out first hell bent and yelling those names by which they were known then the fathers sank out leisurely crossed suspenders, their collars removed and their necks looking tall and shy. The mothers stayed back in the kitchen washing and drying, putting things away, recrossing their traceless footsteps like the lifetime journeys of bees, measuring out the dry cocoa for breakfast. When they came out they had taken off their aprons and their skirts were dampened and they sat in rockers on porches quietly.
It is not of the games children play in the evening that I want to speak now, it is of a contemporaneous atmosphere that has little to do with them: that of fathers of families, each in his space of lawn, his shirt fishlike pale in the unnatural light and his face nearly anonymous, hosing their lawns. The hoses were attached at spigots that stood out of the brick foundations of the houses. The nozzles were variously set but usually so there was a long sweet stream spray, the nozzle wet in the hand, the water trickling the right forearm and peeled-back cuff, and the water whishing out a long loose and low curved and so gentle a sound. First an insane noise of violence in the nozzle, then the irregular sound of adjustment, then the smoothing into steadiness and a pitch accurately tuned to the size and style of stream as any violin... Meantime from low in the dark, just outside the swaying horizons of the hoses, conveying always grass in the damp of dew and its strong green-black smear of smell, the regular yet spaced noises of the crickets, each a sweet cold silver noise three-noted, like the slipping each time of three matched links of a small chain.

- James Agee’s Knoxville: Summer of 1915