



*I am not sure what it means to be a master of photography. If one could be a master of photography then in turn that must make them a master of life, to which that is simply impossible. I know that I will never be a master, I will always be learning.*

My five week study abroad studying documentary photography in Paris, France, taught me more about process, about being uncomfortable and flourishing in that discomfort, about the human condition, navigation, being lost in translation, asking for permission, being denied permission and how to constantly be looking-through my eyes and the lens of my camera.



Life is drawn out in Paris, moments and meetings are cherished. I see groups of young folks stationed by the Seine, couples tucked away at restaurants for hours, fathers with their children up beyond their bedtime listening to live music on Ile Saint Louis, the closeness of the greetings between two people brushing cheeks, and waiters who actually wait- allowing for a personal dining experience. People here feel genuine- which is not sugar coated sweetness- it's honest, it's real. Through my photographs, I aimed to portray my observations, to elicit a sense of Paris that I felt and that I take with me to show others through the eyes of my lens.



This experience has served as a springboard into my creative endeavors investigating the human condition and visual storytelling through documentary photography. My experience documenting fleeting moments on the streets of Paris, led me to now, for my IP, to use photography to document and deeply invest into the lives of three women who have endured their own personal life-changing events. I have learned that documentary photography is beyond technicalities, rather, it is primarily about creating and building interpersonal relationships.

*katie raymond, photos taken in Paris, summer 2017*