

Preface

This book is more art than documentary. The shutter only snapped if I was inspired.

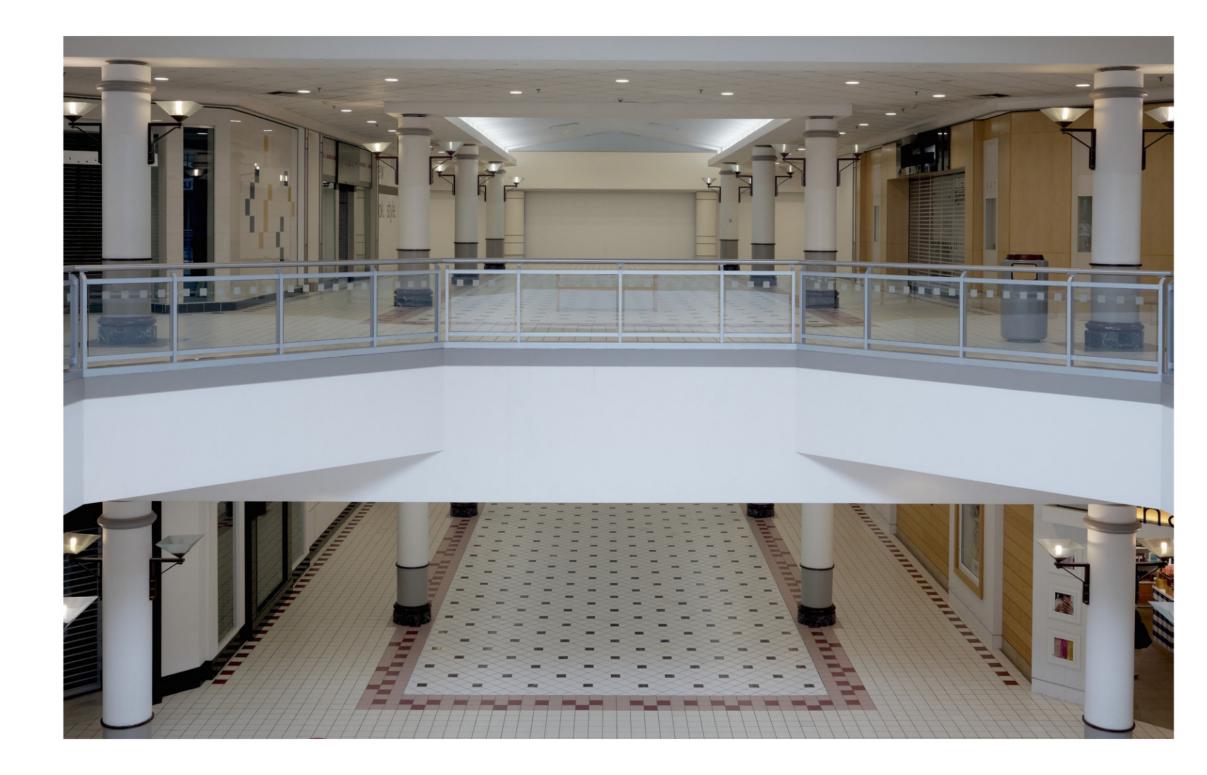
In July of 2022 I bought a new camera, a Fujifilm x100v. An APS-C crop sensor format with a fixed 23mm lens, equivalent to a 35mm on a full frame setup. In order to familiarize myself with the camera and the focal length, my favorite is 50mm, I wanted to shoot a small project and print it. If you haven't guessed already, this is that project. And honestly, if you're reading this after you bought this, I am grateful beyond measure and surprised beyond doubt. I hope you enjoy the photos.

- anthony

Growing up in the 80's and 90's as a kid in the suburbs, there was no outing as exquisite as a trip to the mall. Whether it was dipping into Chess King to swoop some over-sized Boss gear, or popping into Suncoast for the finest in Hong Kong cinema, a trip to the mall was filled with eager anticipation of the next great unexpected find. But then the Internet happened... Slowly but surely the people chose convenience and choice over food courts and Friday nights.

DEAD MALLS

THE HARRISBURG MALL











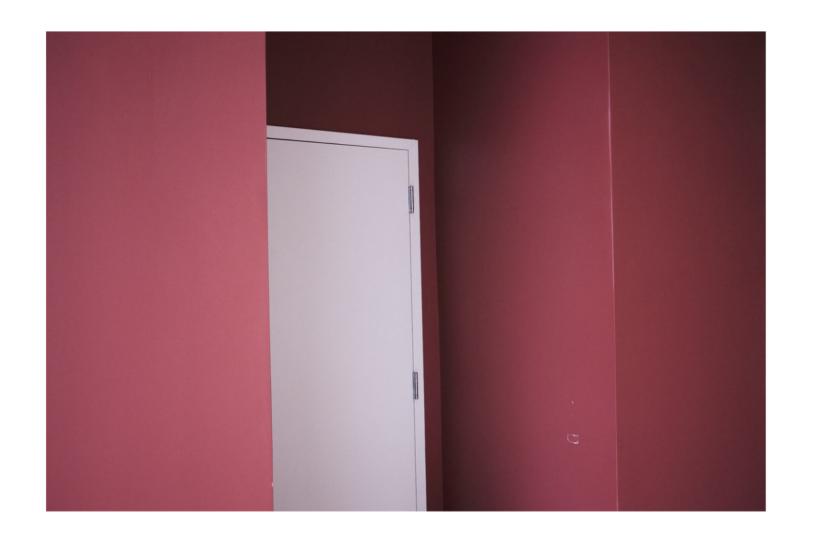




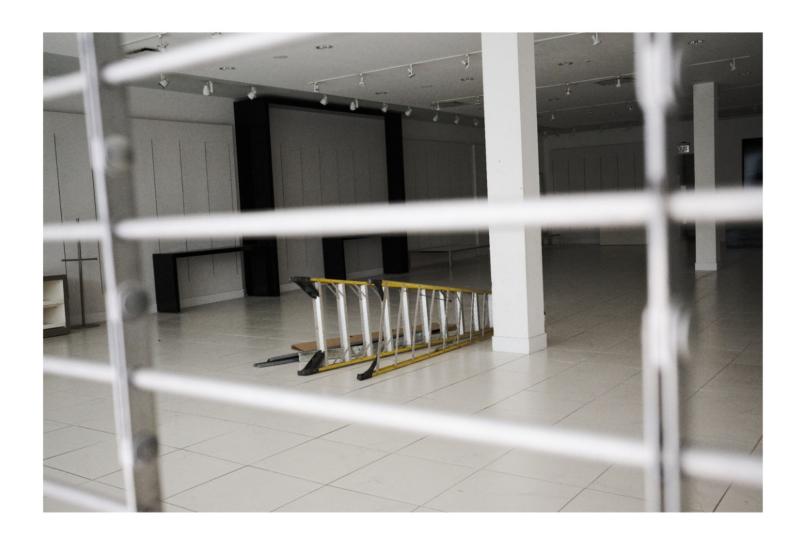


This mall holds a special place for me, I used to work here. Specifically, the Pipe Den, a place where you could not only purchase the finest cigars, pipe tobacco and accessories, but you could actually smoke in the store as well. Needless to say I made friends with all of the resident mall smokers. It's also the place I discovered my love for philosophy and the study of religions. How you ask? A bad breakup and a B. Dalton bookstore.

But that's another story.





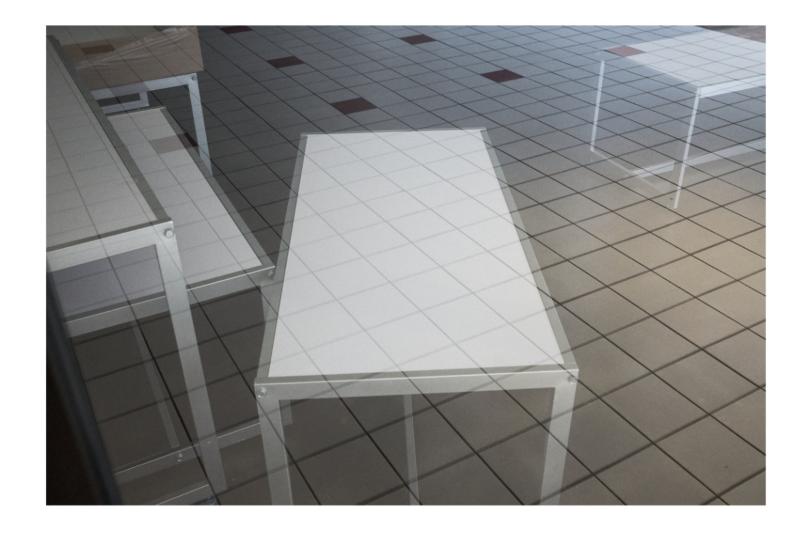








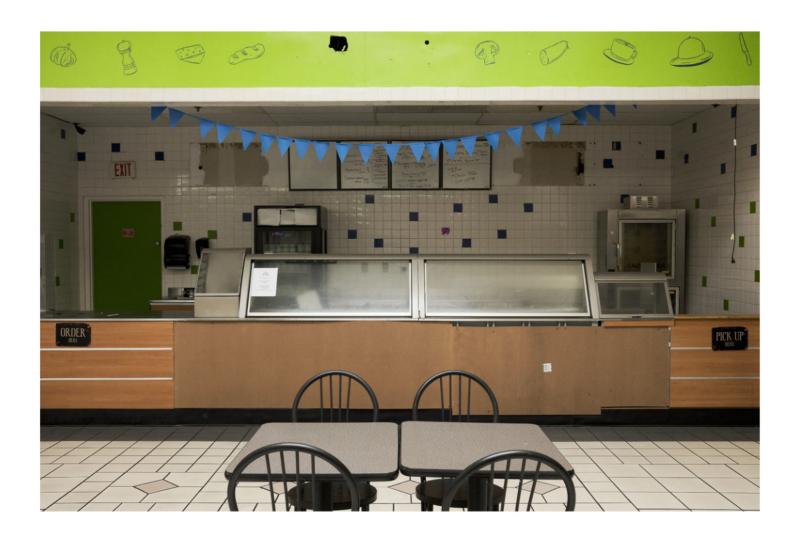




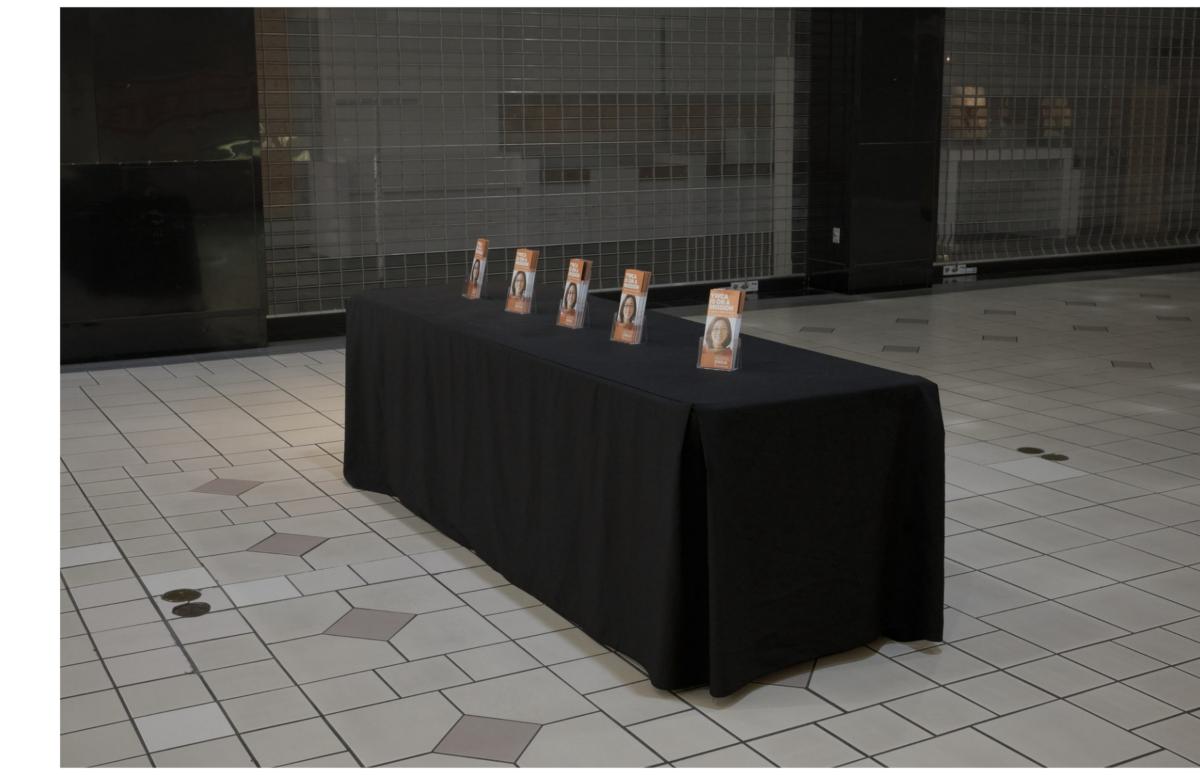


COLONIAL PARK MALL











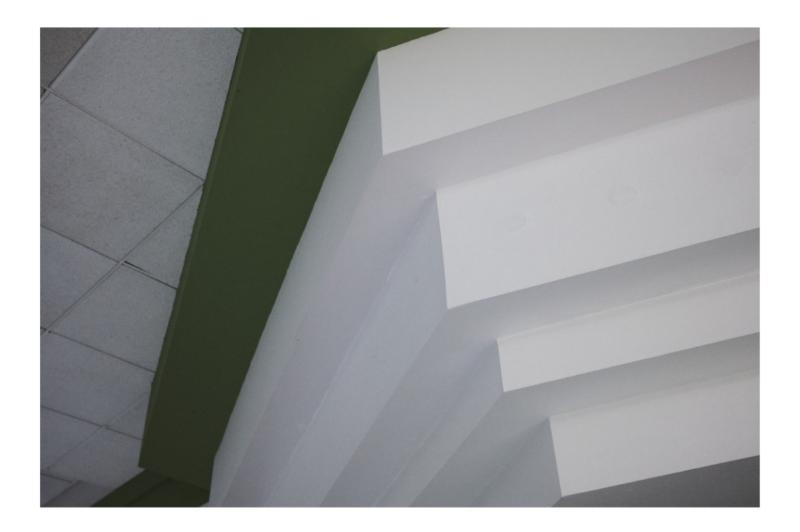


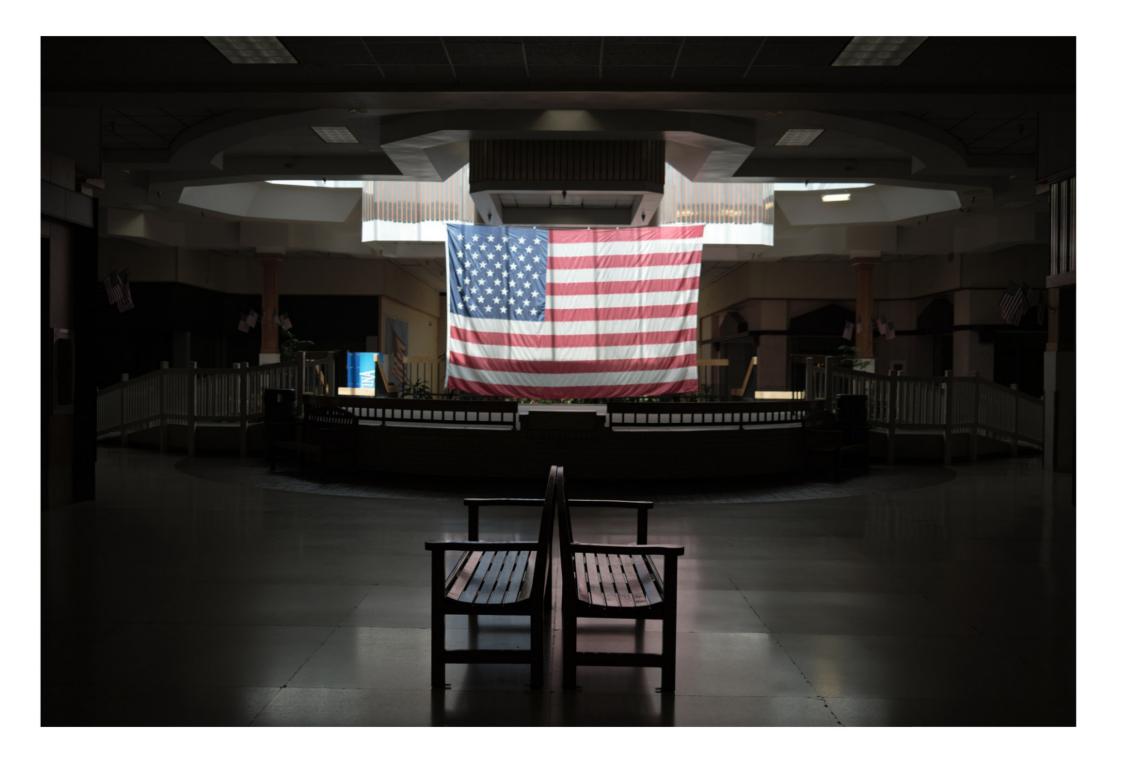




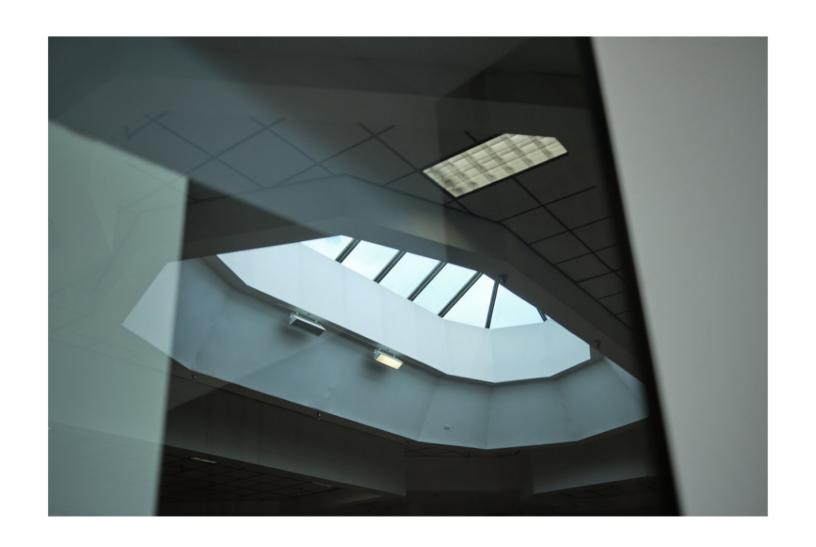
It was an average Tuesday in September of 1994 when I popped into the Camelot Records and unknowningly purchased one of my favorite albums ever, Ready to Die by The Notorious BIG. Yeah, I was only 13 but I'd been listening to hip hop since Dre dropped the cassette single to Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang. Ready to Die was the album that cemented by unflinching adoration of the hip hop culture.





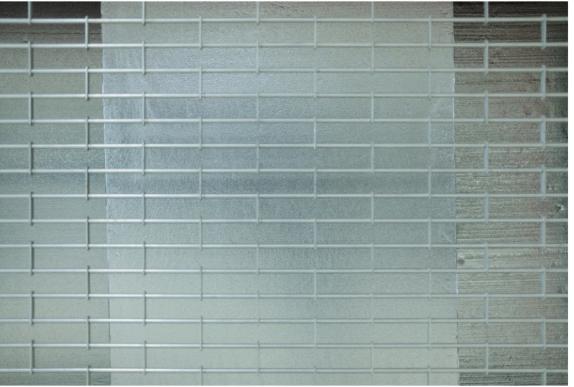


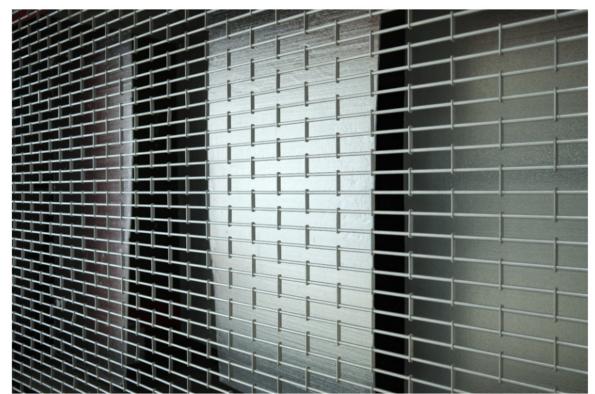
CHAMBERSBURG MALL



























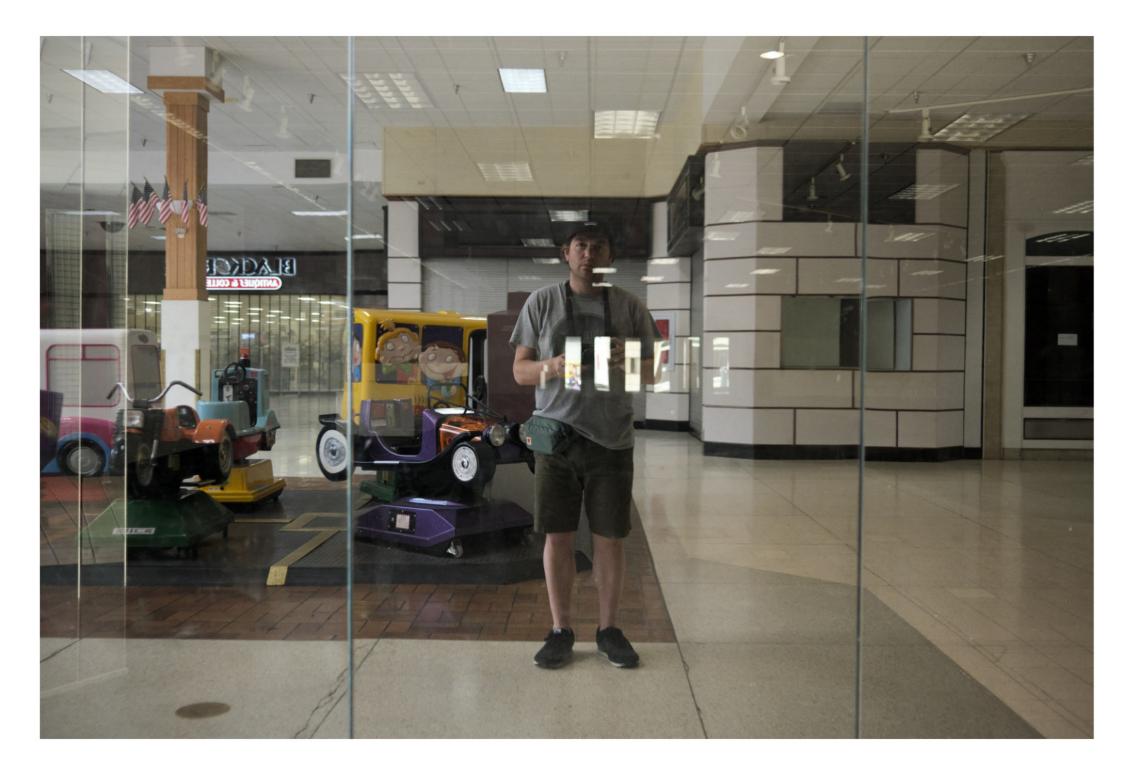




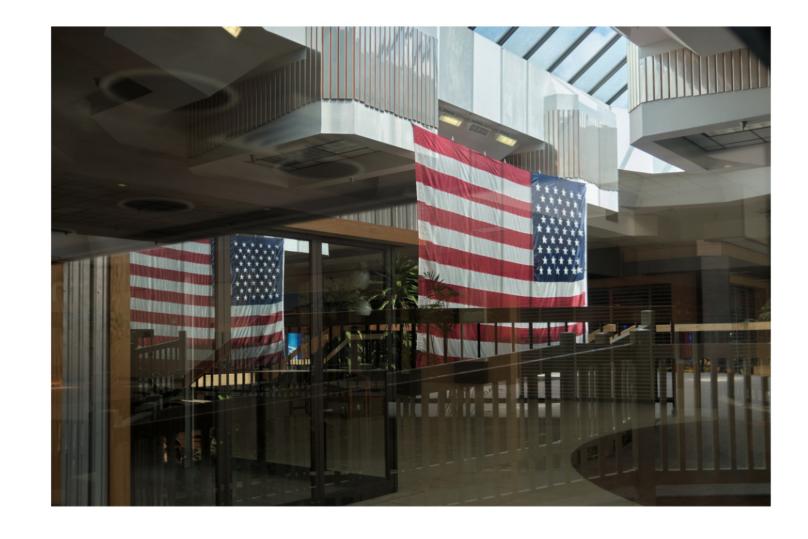


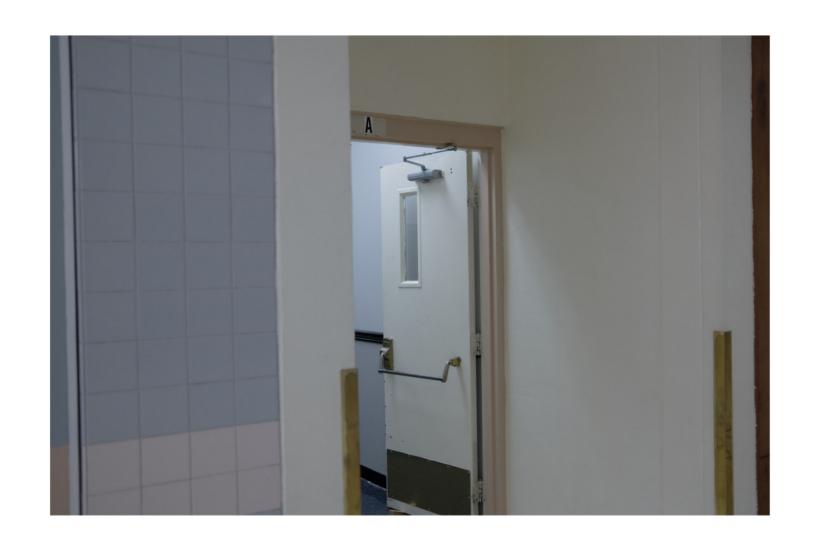


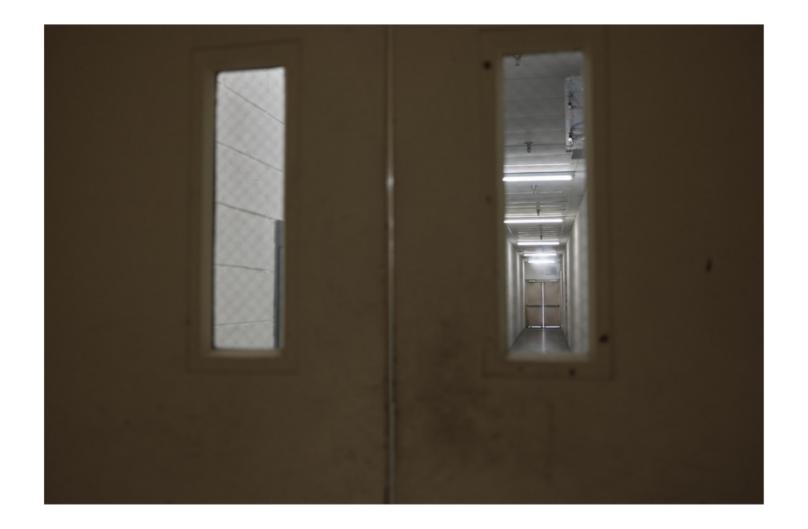
I spent my first two years of college just north of here at Shippensburg University. On more than one occassion me and the boys would roll one up, hit the back roads and arrive here red-eyed and ready to troll the mall. There was no telling what unimaginable deal was to be had at Value City or what games would be in stock at Kaybee Toys for my recently purchased Playstation 2. It's impossible to say how many nights were wasted playing SSX in the cover of black light, but I'd wager more than a few.



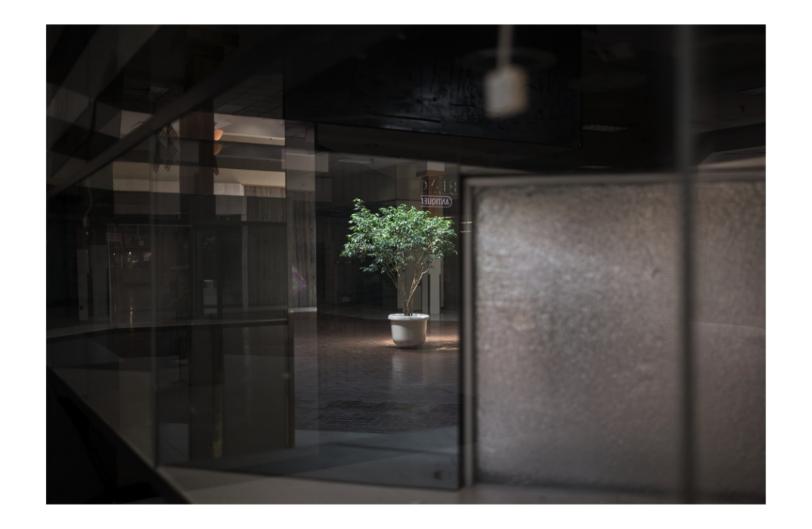






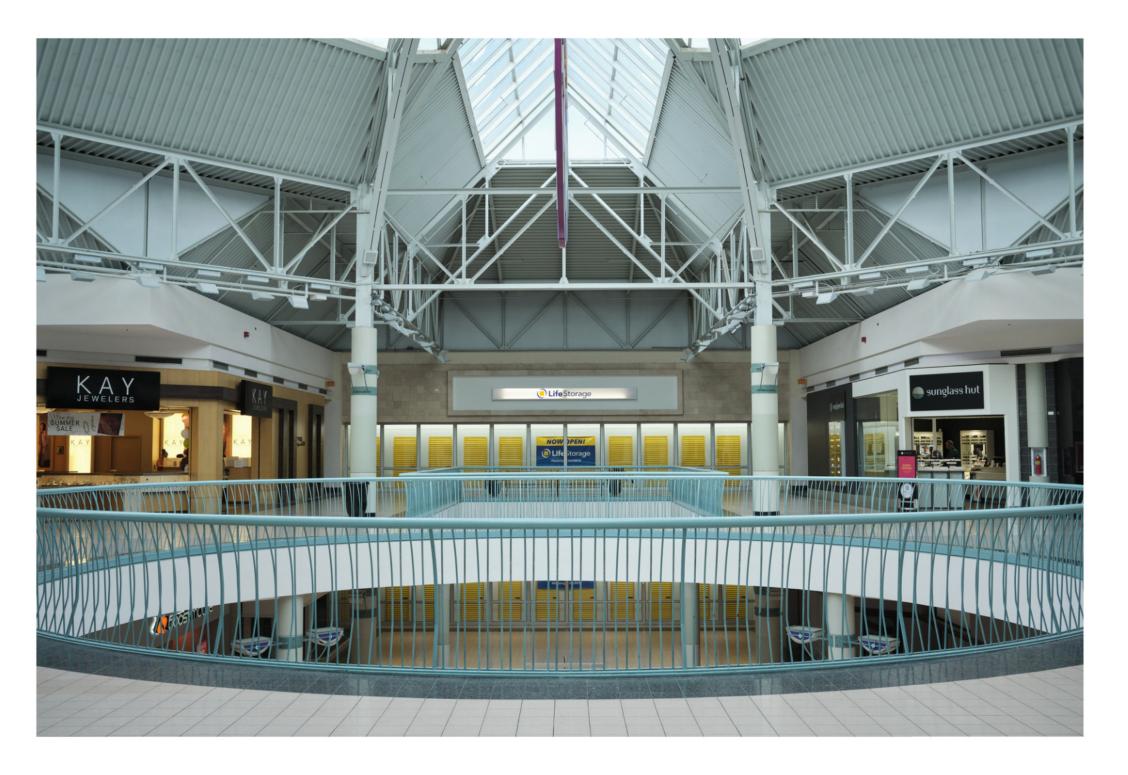




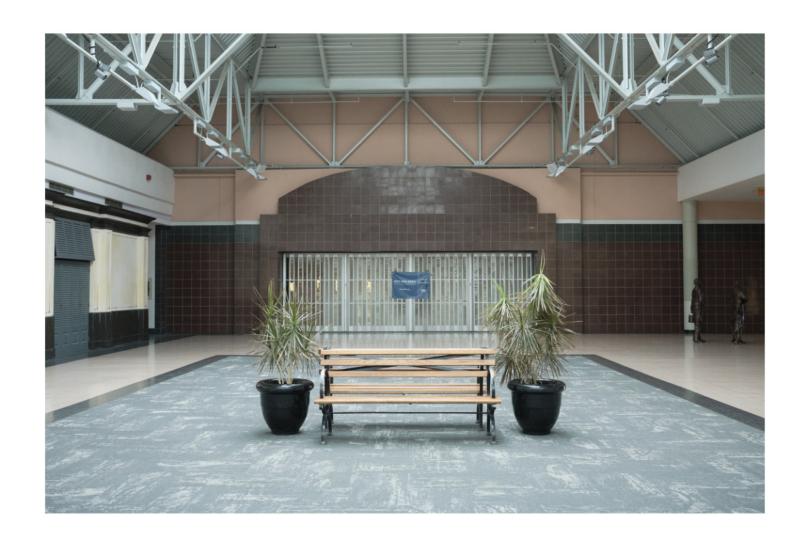






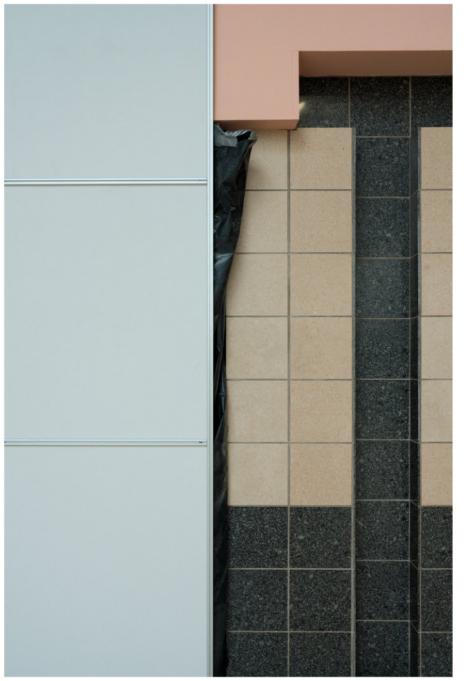


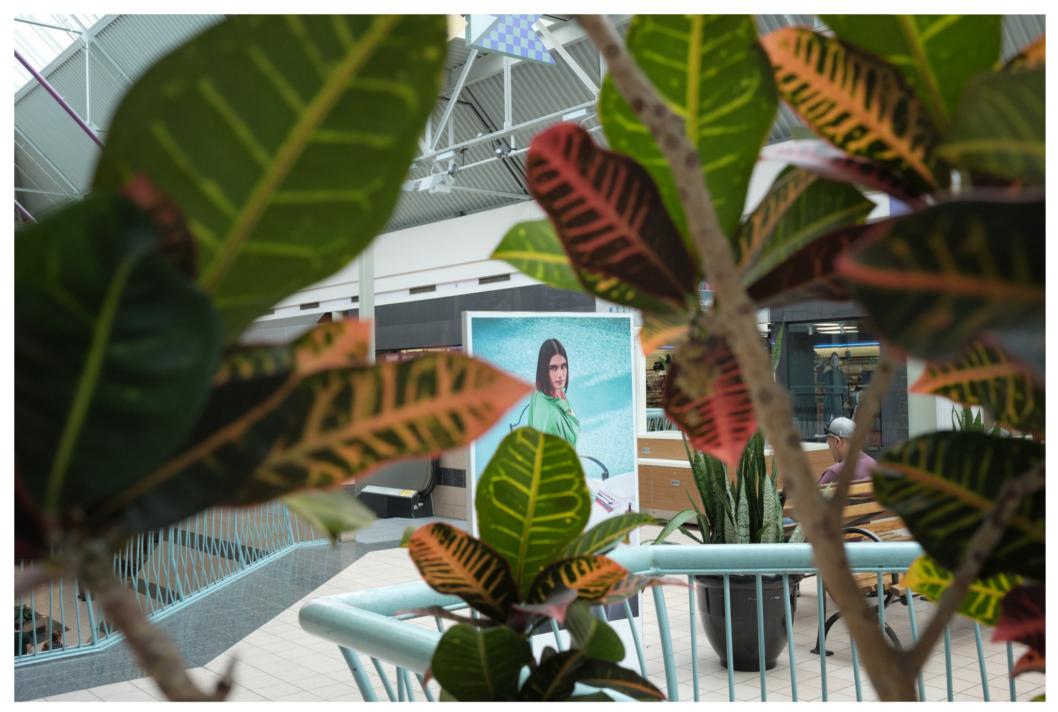
YORK GALLERIA MALL











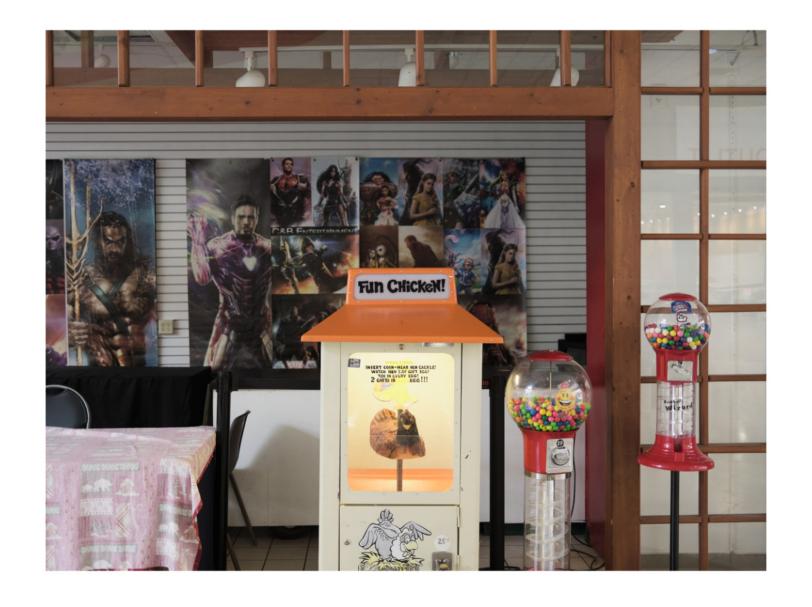


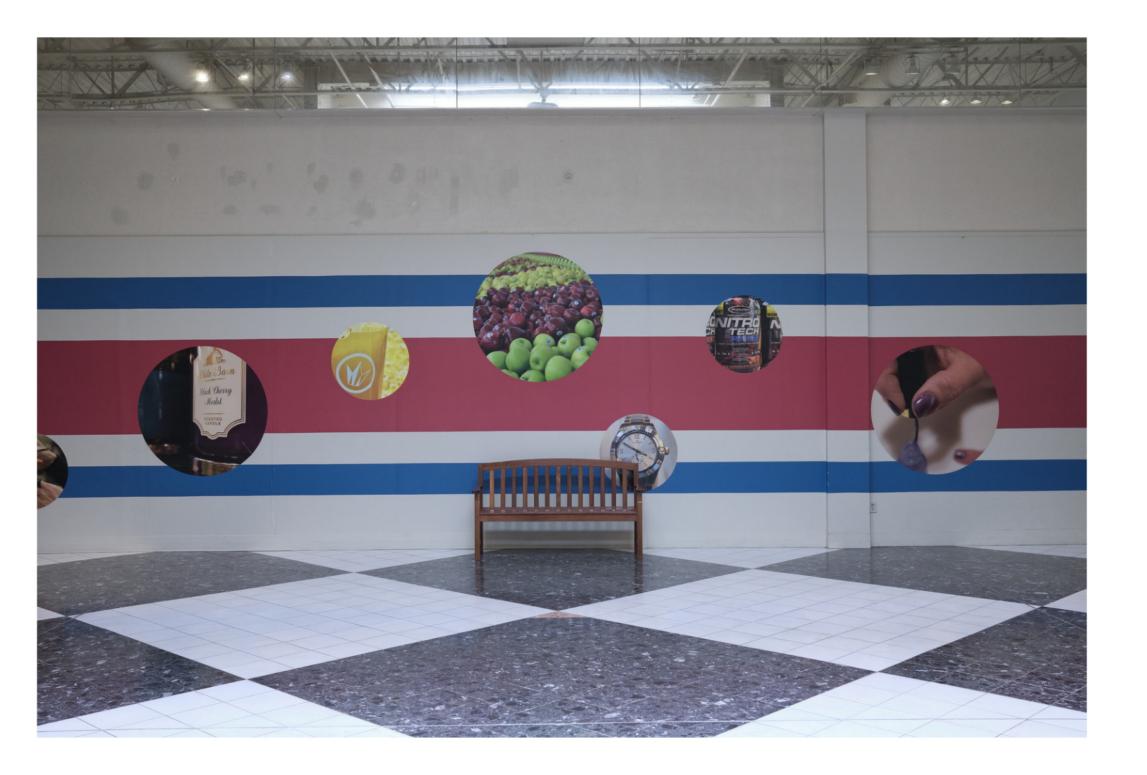
Admittedly, this mall isn't clapped out like the rest, but it surely has seen better days. Like 30 years ago when I thought the mythical city of York was a land far, far away. Full of exotic treasures, like the only Hooters restaurant in a 50 miles radius. Where else could you go to get mediocre food, poor service, and diabetes from all the eye candy?

LEBANON VALLEY MALL









This is actually the only mall in this project that I had never been to before. And while it wasn't in a state of disrepair like some of the others, it had the weirdest vibes. The original footprint of the mall was cut in half by a large divider, pictured left. Most of the stores were empty with random chairs and tables scattered about inside.. And yet like the Colonial Park Mall, it had a thriving Boscov's. I mean thriving. It was literally overflowing with merchandise.



CARLISLE POINT MALL

















While I have no foundational memories of this place, it did exist in the mythos of the area. My parents had taken me here only a handful of times as a child, and I was never quite sure where it was. To say it was a disappearing Shangri-La would be a bit of an overstatement. For me, tt existed in this haze of memory and possibility. A place I had been, that I could one day get back to, if only I could find it again.

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