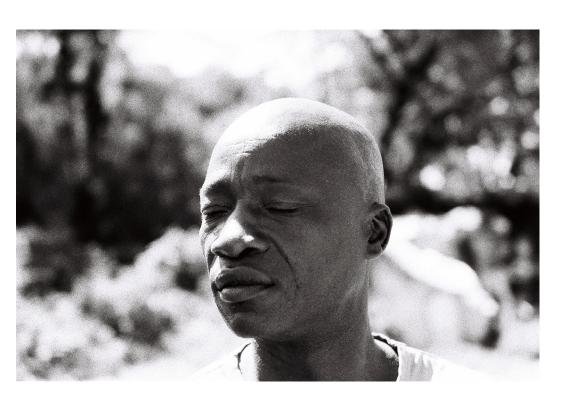
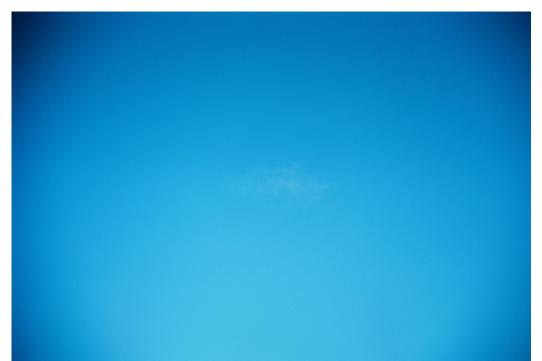
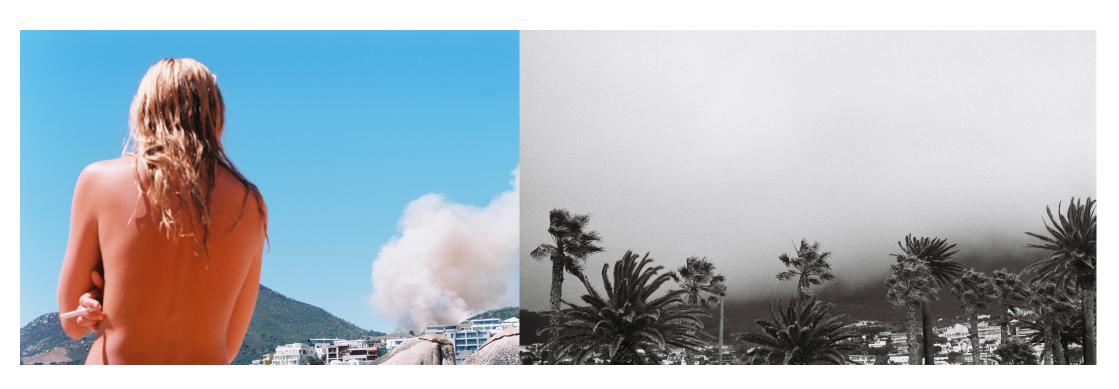


The sentiment that beauty comes from the relationships between elements of a composition, more than from the elements themselves - rings true in the curation of this photo-zine. It's the interplay one finds between the idiosyncratic stance of a man, the yellow of a leaf, the turn of a head, or perhaps the feeling behind it all. It can be present in a single image or a collection of more. Across borders and taken over the years - this set of photographs is not about much more than that. The never-ending search for sense and simile.









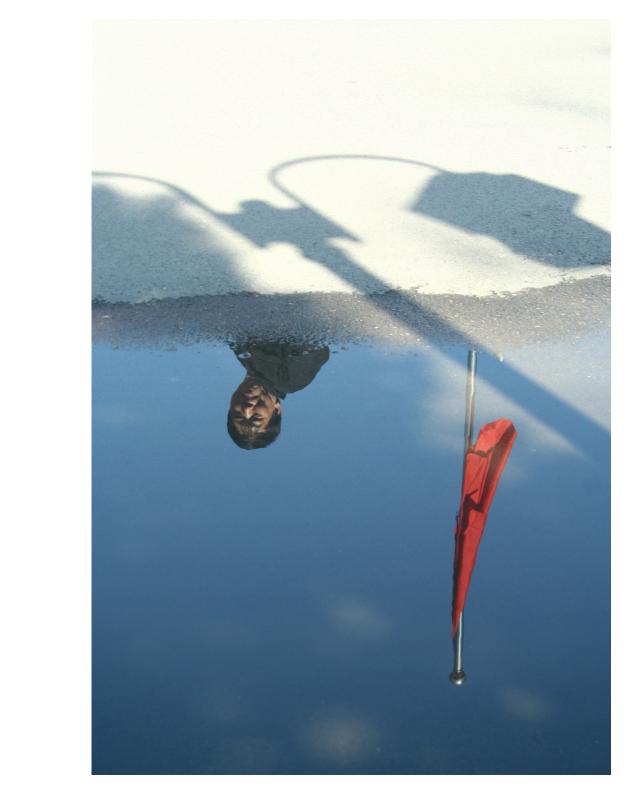






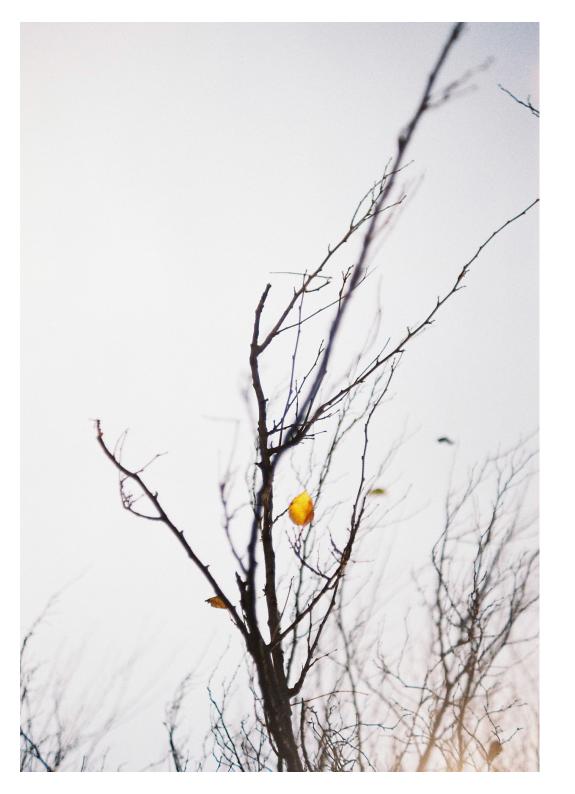


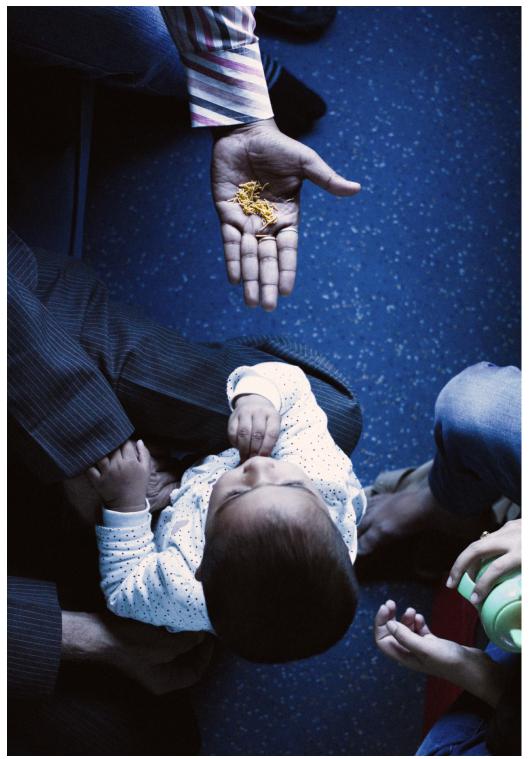


























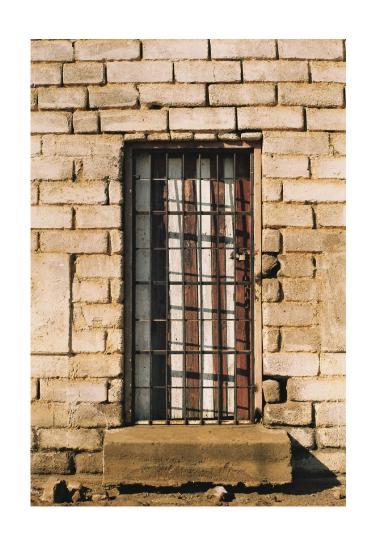


























lo	often find myself mulling over the accepted perverse nature that is documentary photo
ph	y. A film director I admire once said that you should never expect from your subjects
уо	u are not willing to do yourself. I find this sentiment controversial, but also very lo
in	the creation of art. So - to all the strangers whose likeness I've stolen so brazenly fo
0 V	vn benefit, I offer an image of myself, bum exposed - as a balancing act of sorts. To al
na	imeless faces - a small <i>thank you</i> .

