











/IEW



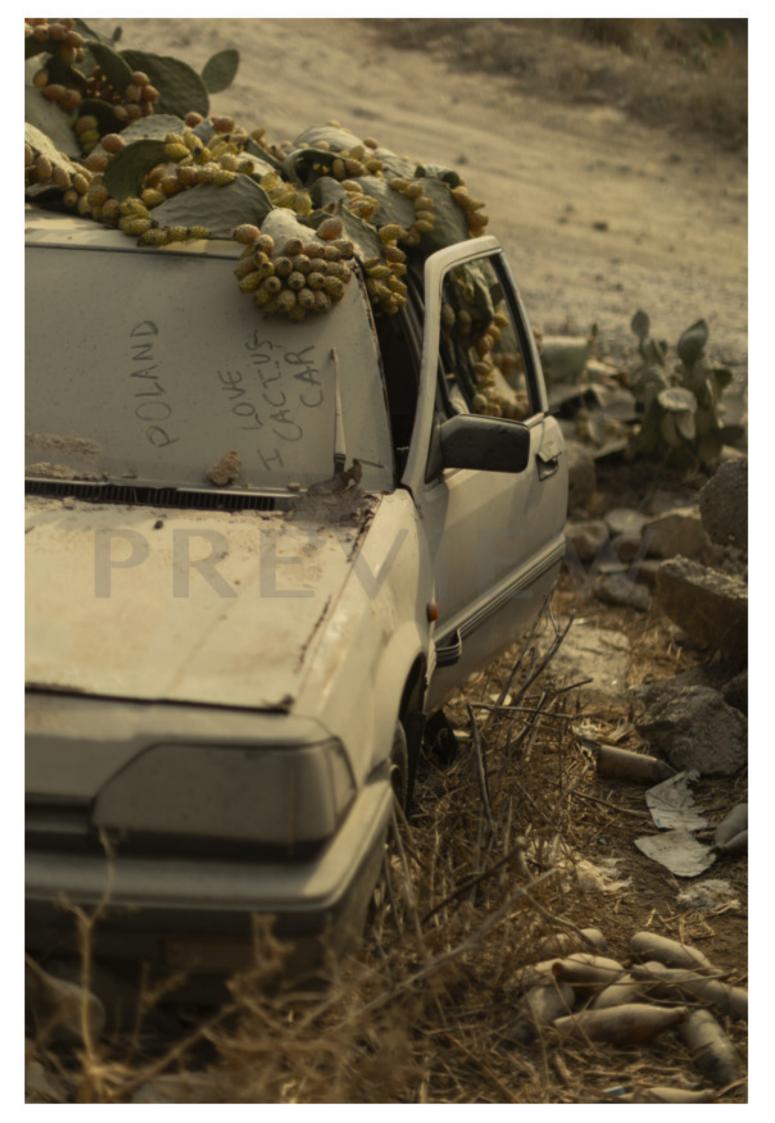










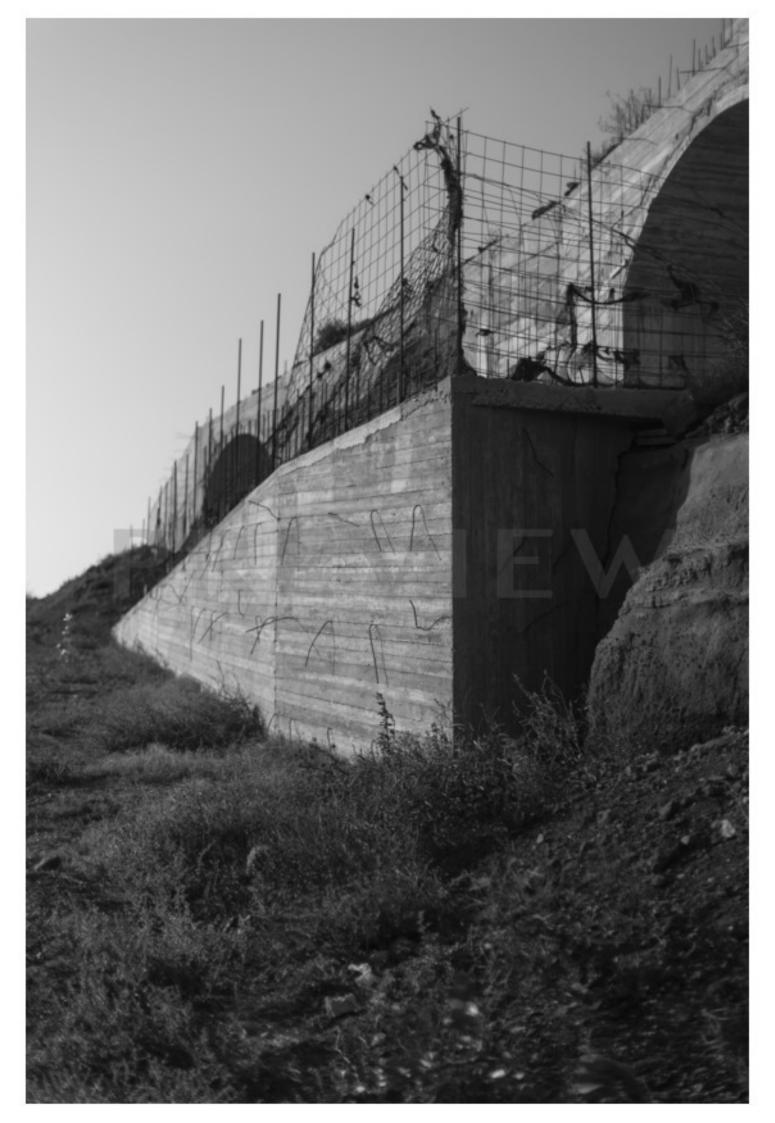














PRE





















Writer John Koenig dubbed "monachopsis" in his Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows:

"the subtle but persistent feeling of being out of place, as maladapted to your surroundings as a seal on a beach—lumbering, clumsy, easily distracted, huddled in the company of other misfits, unable to recognize the ambient roar of your intended habitat, in which you'd be fluidly, brilliantly, effortlessly at home."

And there I was kneeling on the oily sand making portraits of discarded plastic sunscreen and soft drink bottles cultivated by molluscs. They were clinging desperately and transmuting the bottles into miniature molluscan sea monsters

Wreaking havoc in nature and placed in my home I am caught "between Scylla and Charybdis" as the molluscan see monsters taint the decor. I am repulsed.

Walking at dawn I hear the cracking sounds of gunshots. It is shooting season. Birdsong cut short, punctuated with a soft thud. The colourful remnants of war left scattered and rusting. The birds disappeared.

Prickly pear cactus reclaim the feral car. Someone loves Cactus Car. I do too.

Nature scarred by the hand of lovers and the egos of men.

Humanity leaves its mark.

Destruction and resolution, freedom and control, collapse and resurrection.

Left to its own, Nature reclaims. We hope.