



Online, My profile is ‘100<sup>th</sup> of a second.’

I WRITE:

*I'm looking for people who would like to be photographed in public revealing something of themselves – physical or otherwise. No other relationship will take place outside of being photographed.*

He is the first one who answers. He's the first one.

We meet at Starbucks, he signs a release form, we order nothing.

I photograph him, but I don't know what he's doing here; what he wants to show me.

I feel lost. I go home. I keep looking.

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HE WRITES, but he doesn't want to meet.

SHE WRITES: *I want to meet you.*

*I want you to photograph me naked, playing pool.*

I wait for her at Starbucks. She never arrives; she stands me up.

I want control.

To see the same movement repeated over and over. I want time to be liquid, flowing forward and back. Then to stop.

So I can see between these gaps to what's missing. To what I'm looking for

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HE WRITES from London:

*I saw your profile and found it very inspiring. The idea of exposing something, whatever that means, in public, very much intrigues me.*

HE WRITES:

*I think you have in mind what I have in mind.*

He calls me 'his director.' He wants me to tell him what to do. I want him to show me what he *wants* me to see.

We struggle. He sends me these.

Like a boy playing with a small headstrong dog. Not dangerous, just unruly. I can't show you the rest.