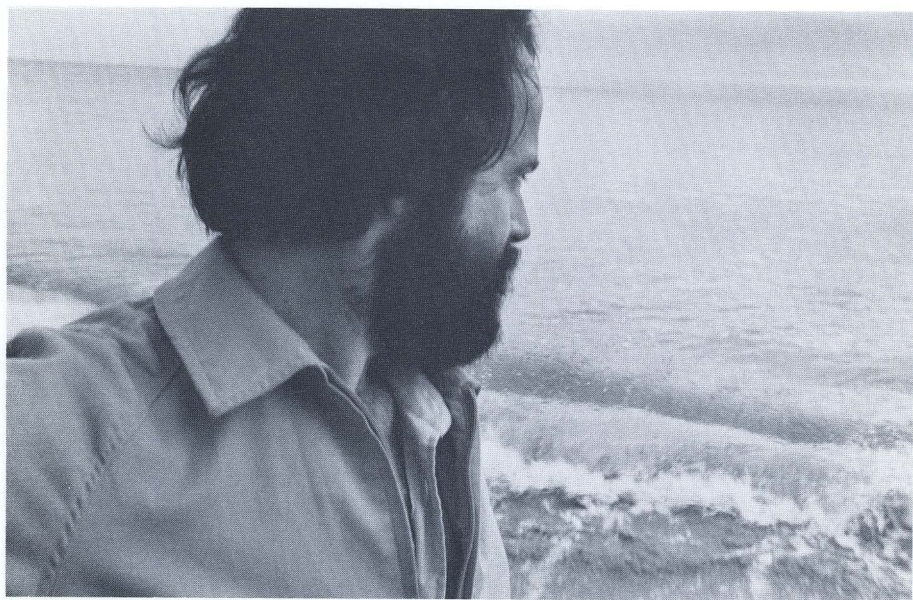
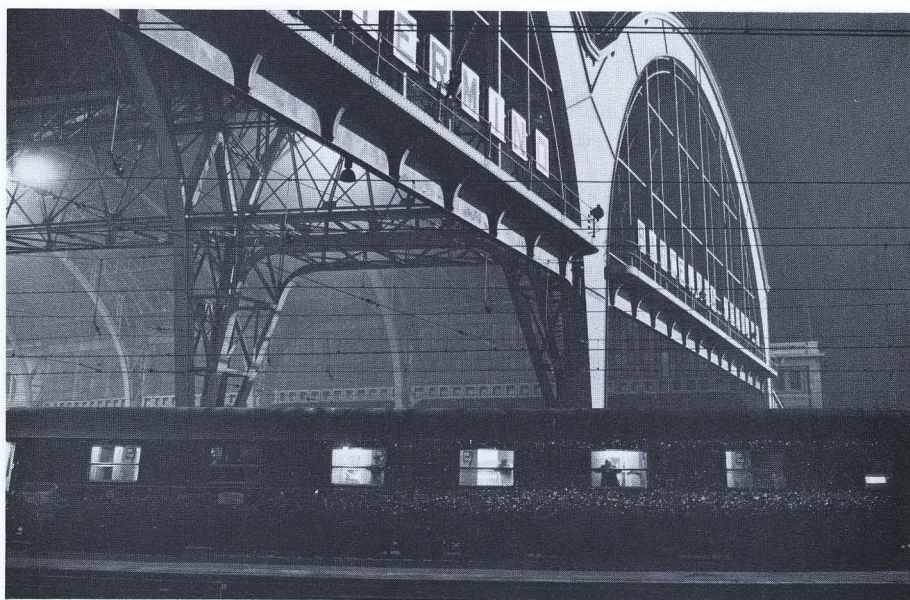


Ken Straiton/



I went to find myself . . . and I did.



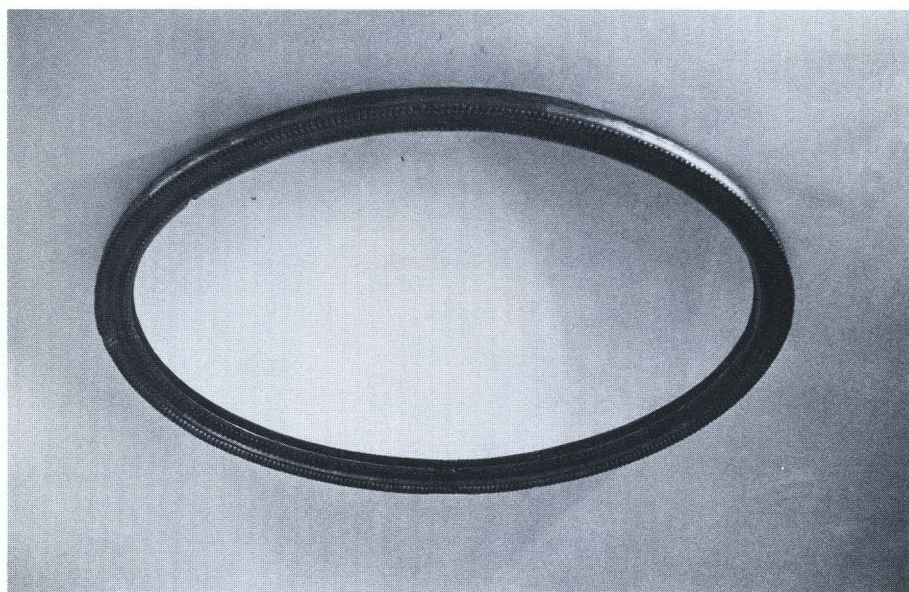


Or maybe it was to escape



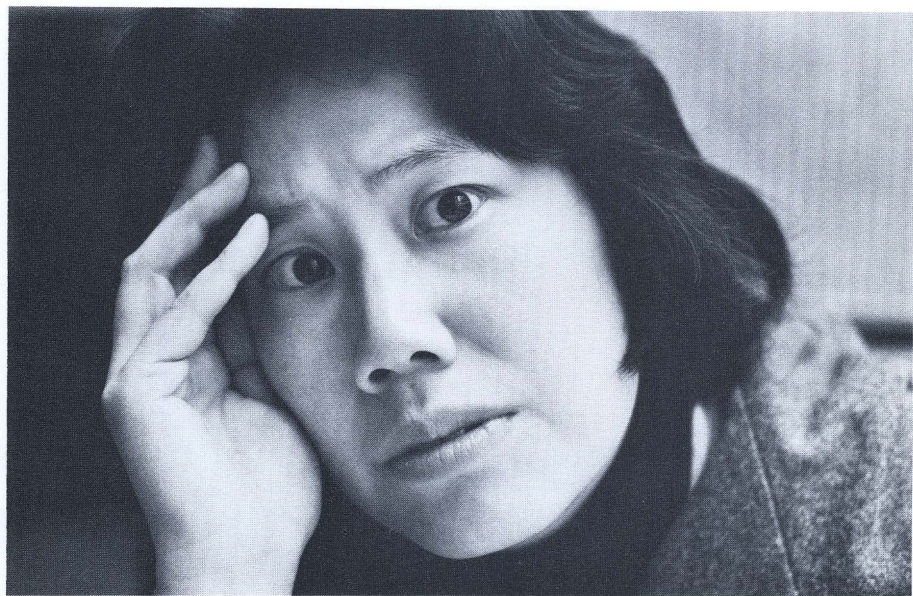


but the further I went, the more my  
perceptions were a reflection of myself



(So why was I there?)





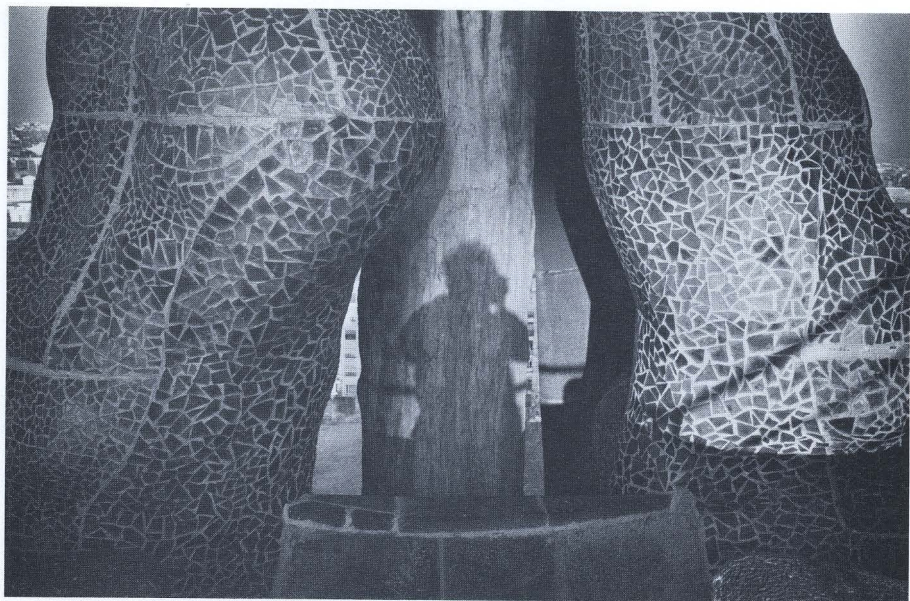
Every time I met someone I was more conscious  
of myself than of them.





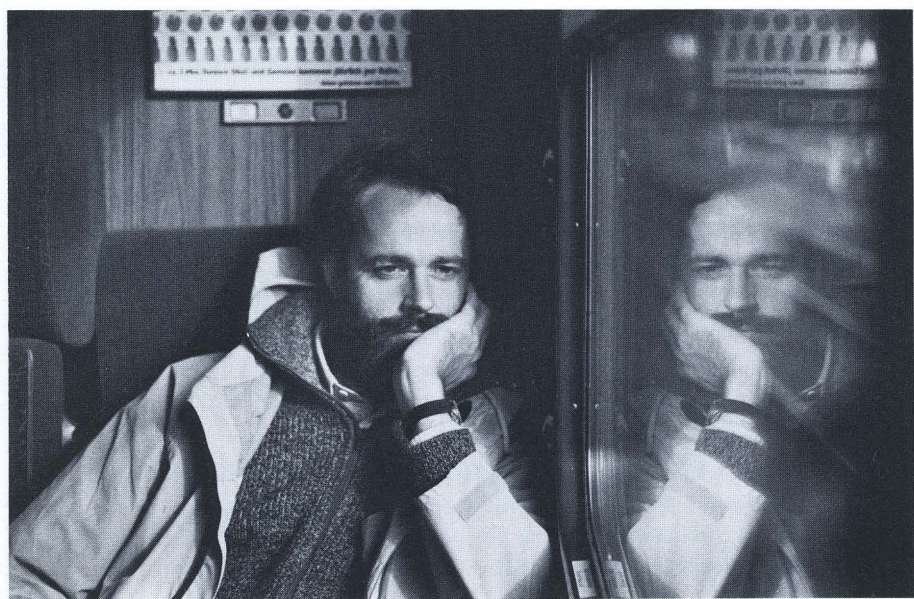
Famous paintings were reduced to mere  
commas in my visual experience





... while historic monuments became my props ...





Experience was a reflection of my perceptions . . .  
... in the end I found myself everywhere