As a photographer, I am caught between content and craft. I see images trapped all around me, framed against a thousand random IPhone clicks.

The next found image lives between what is real and a certain future surrealism. I wonder when I click, Do I manipulate the shot, leave it as is, crop it or turn it into a photo painting, adding new elements, textures, ideas? On the street, the decisive moment emerges only as a focused blur.

The practice of photography resides between framing and the f-stop. What do I look for first, the image or its place, juxtapositions or their distances?

The future image is not dead, just hiding. It hides near us, and when the camera finds it, plucks it from anonymity, it lives. Like Michelangelo and his stone, the image is found, carved out, and presented as art.

This living, found object once revealed...