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*Mitsuo Suzuki finds beauty in the diseased and distressed,
much more than beautiful images,
but beautiful thoughts and sentiments too.
The texture and contrast, the deep dark blackness;
like some kind of deadly candyfloss tempting
you to break your promise- the unspoken agreement with society
to only express awe for something that conforms to the rules set out before you.
Not like Suzuki. Suzuki finds flickering flames that lick and leap and curl,
like graceful dancers beautifully silhouetted, poised and salient.
They glide, softly through the air, and fall, heavily on my heart.*

Sakura Mitsuo Suzuki

Images © Mitsuo Suzuki
“We fall, from grace- unrecognised,
untouched, unloved... until now.”
words by Karen Harvey

{ Gomma *Black&White* }

IV