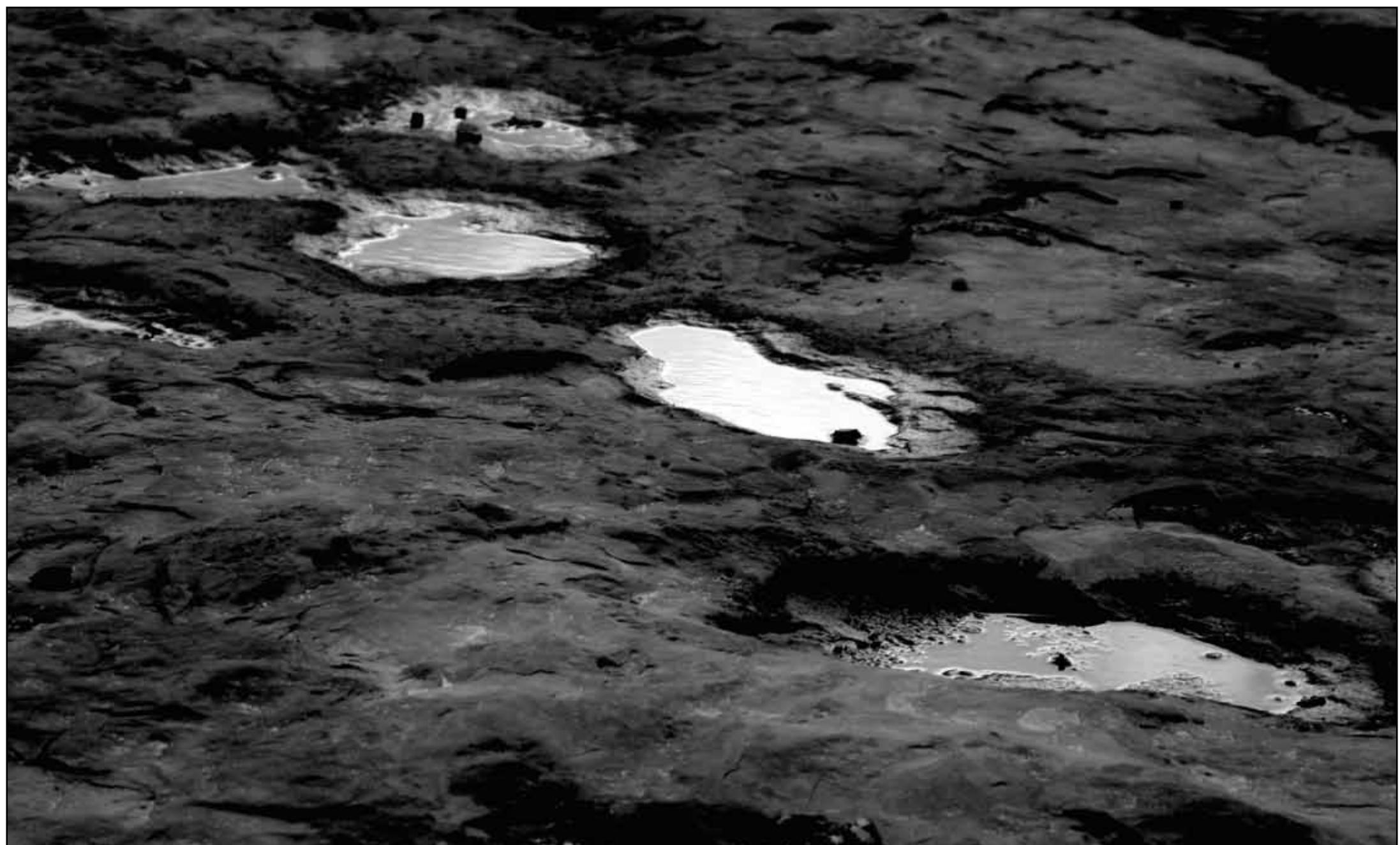


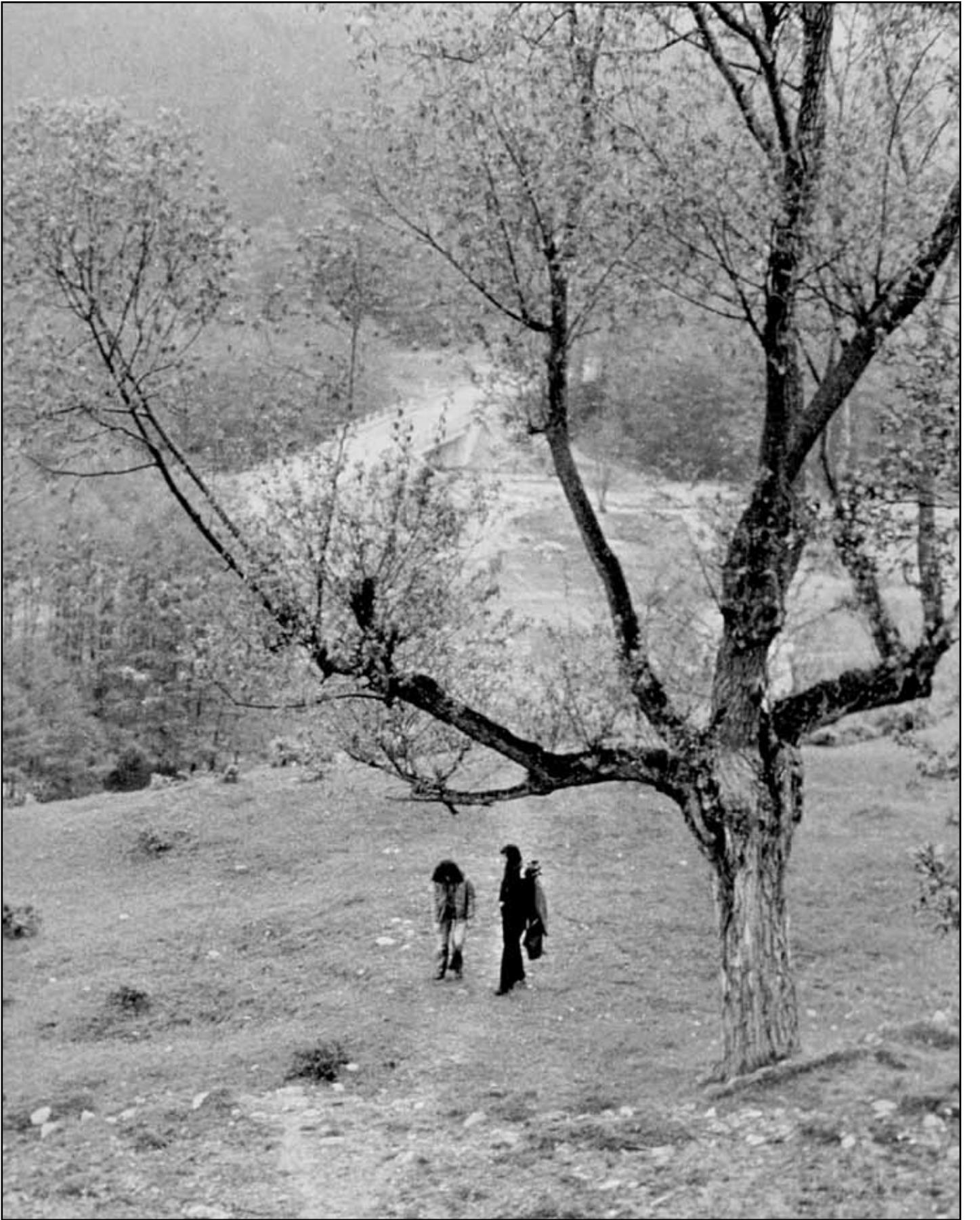
Michael Baciu

# SCATTERED THOUGHTS

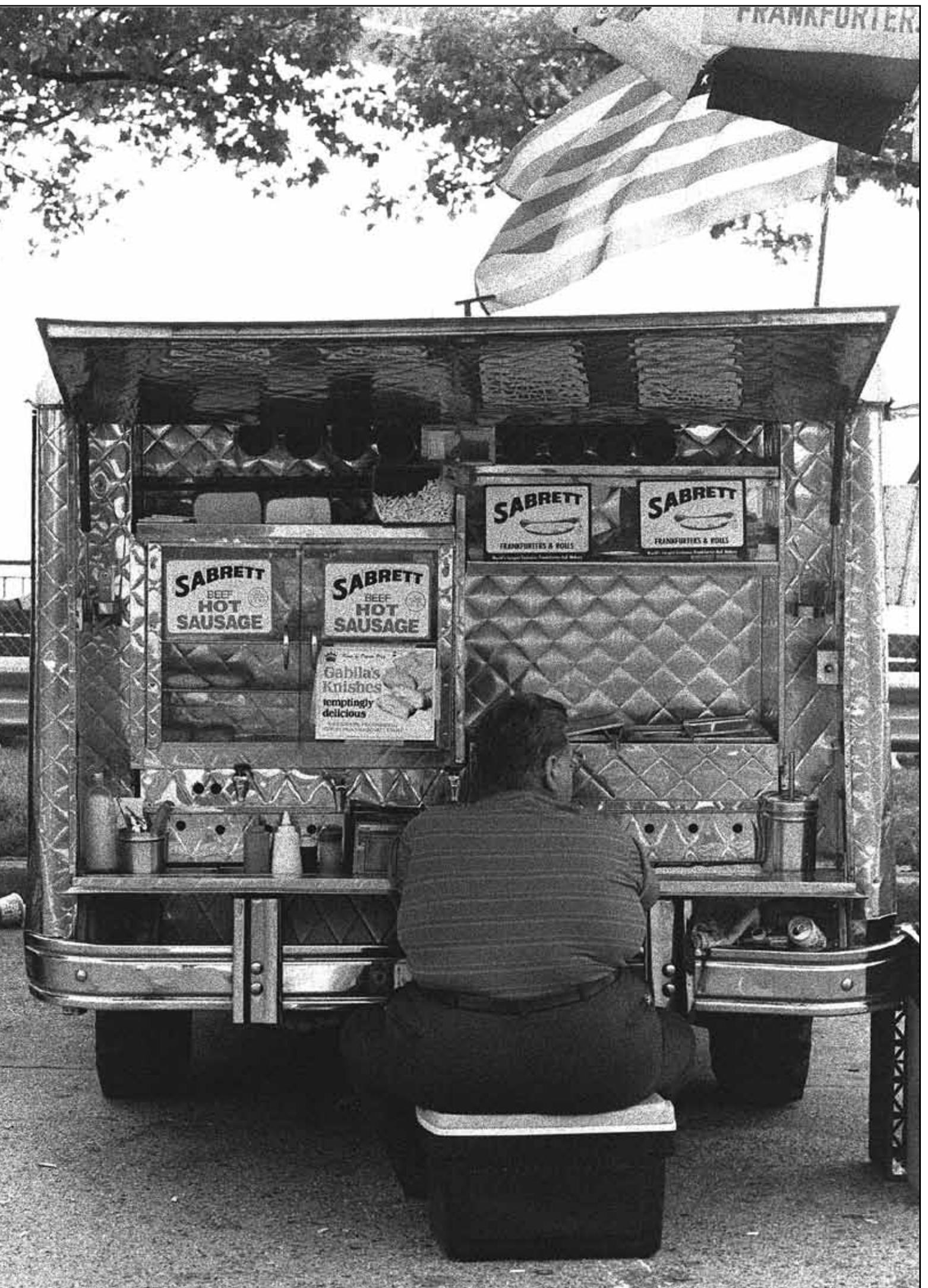




New York (1990)



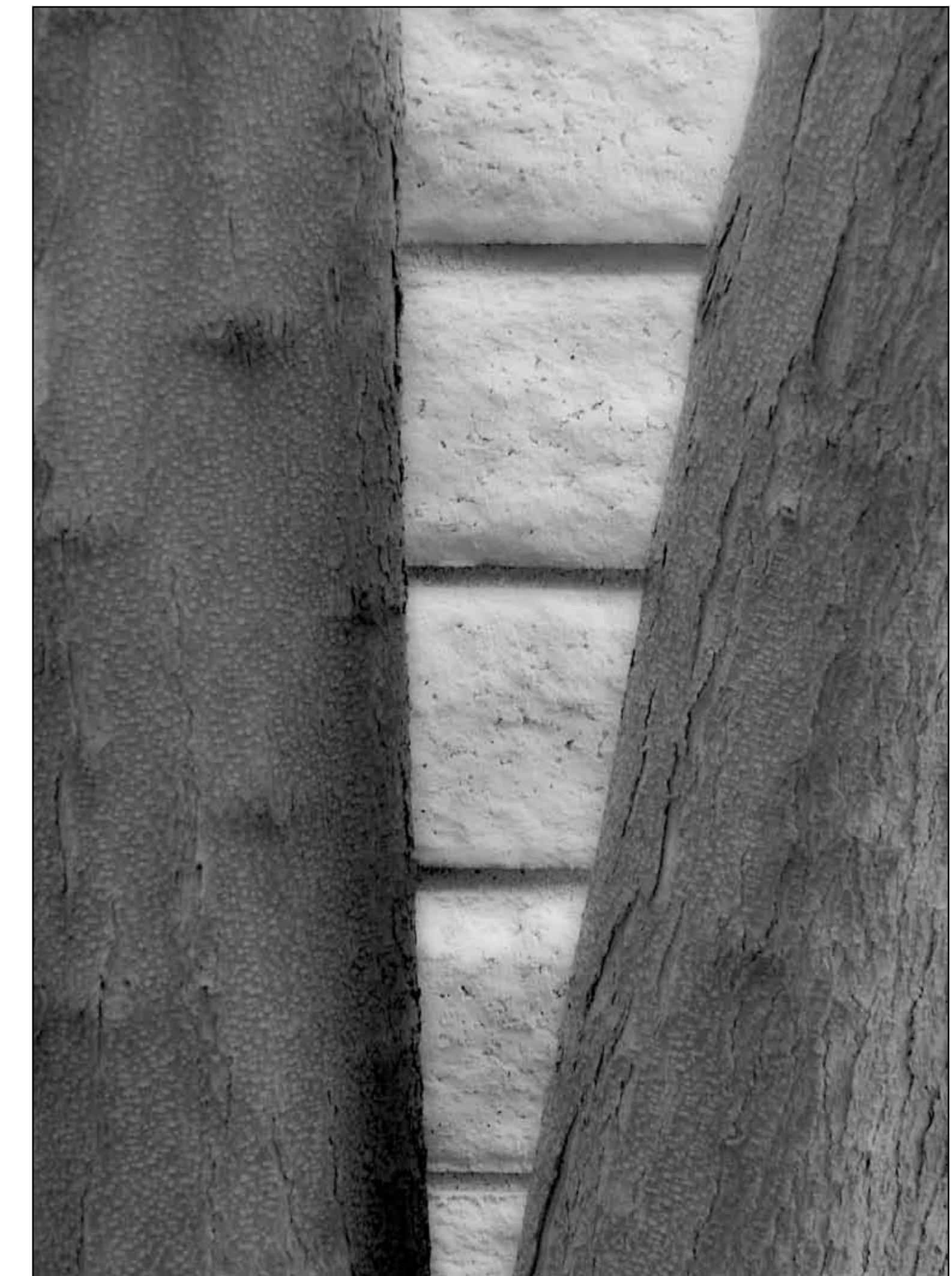
Baia de Fier, Romania (1978)



New York (never sample your own merchandise) (1986)



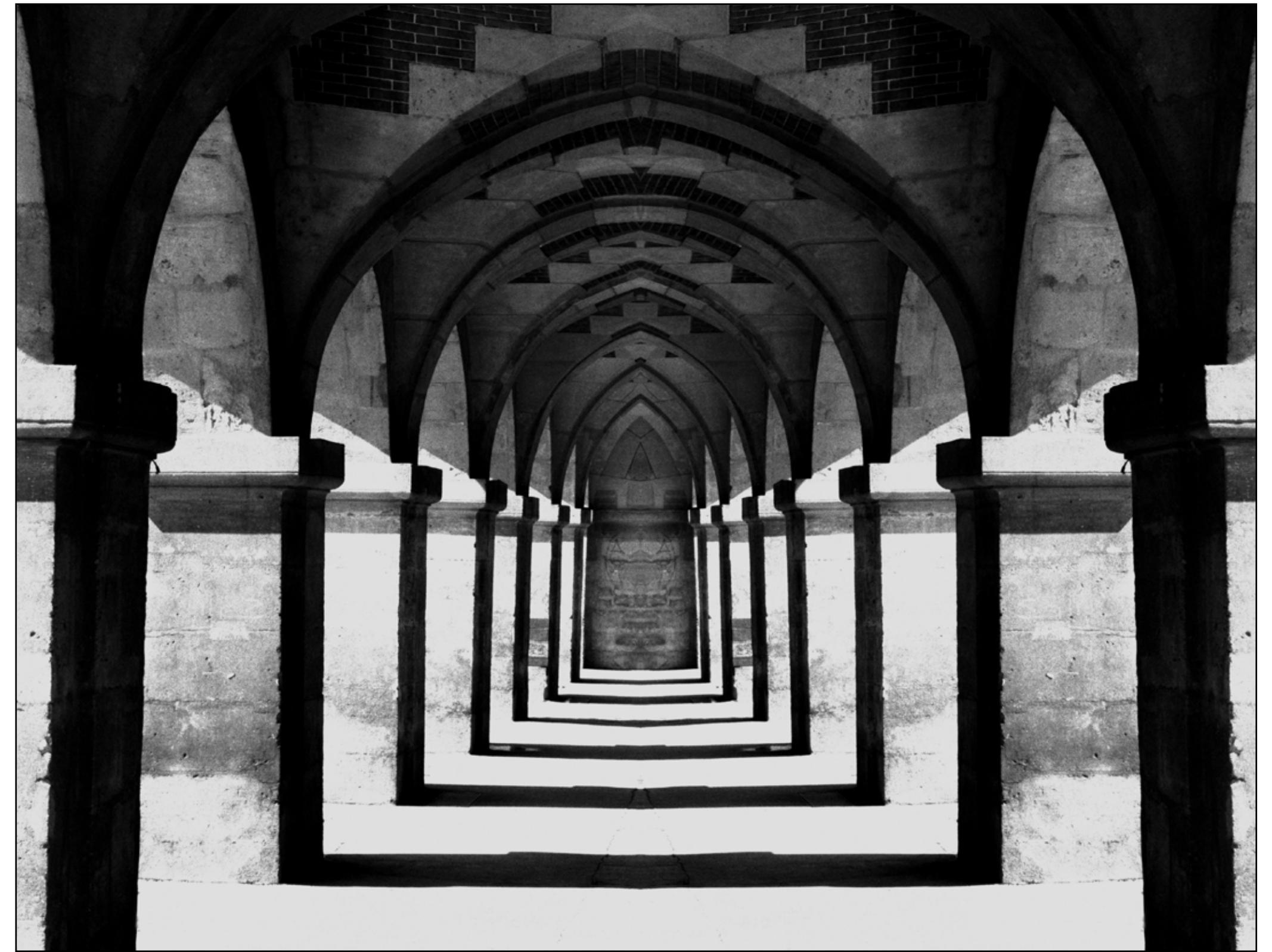
Agoura Hills, CA  
(2012)



Los Angeles, California (in the category 'whoa?')  
(2004)



*Big Sur, CA. (1989)*  
this one goes into the category of "Whaa?" - why use a \$7,000 Bronica set instead of a pinhole camera... don't know.



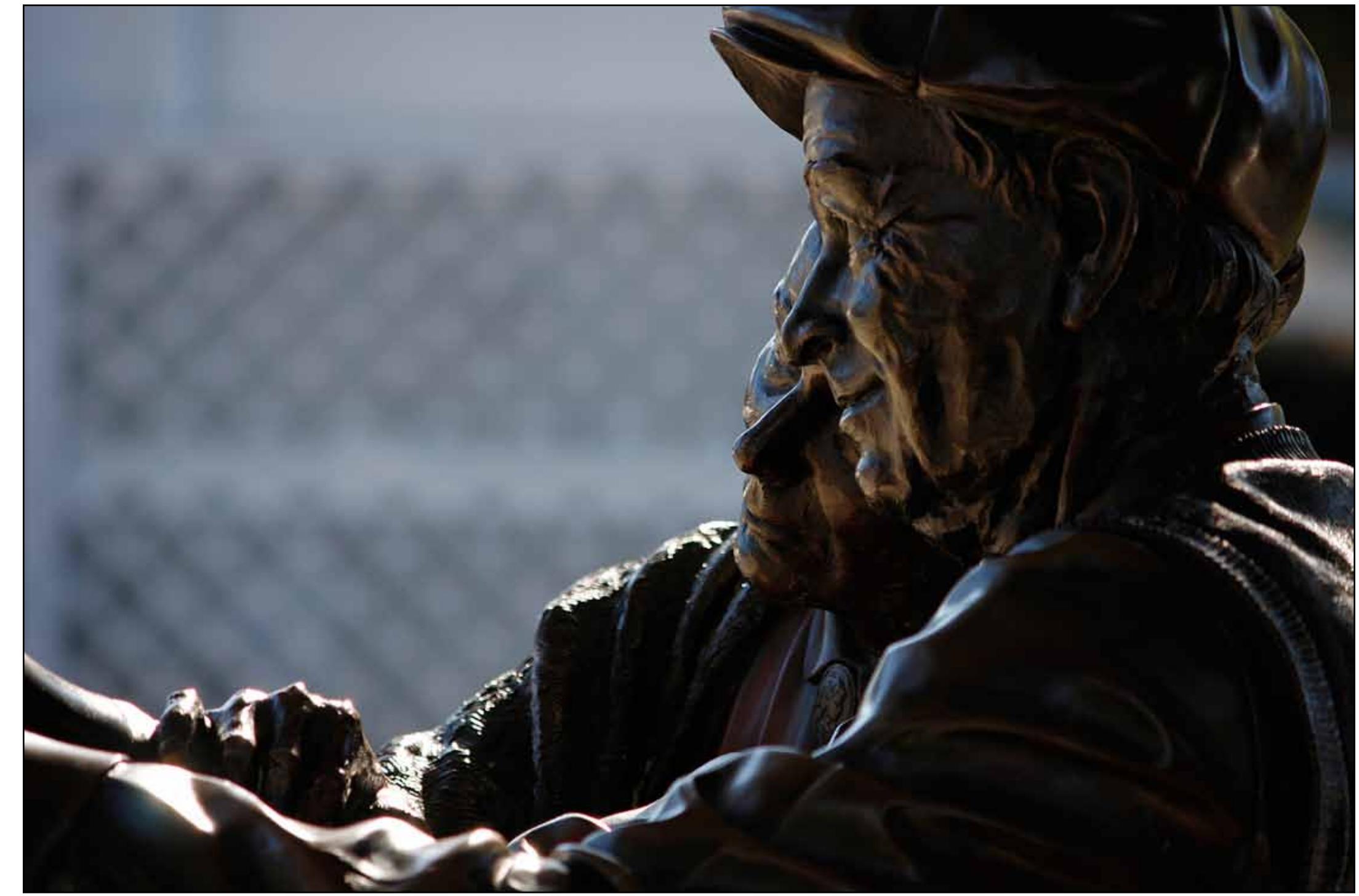
*Paris (1999)*



*Rosarito, Mexico (2002)*



*Santa Barbara, California (2005)*

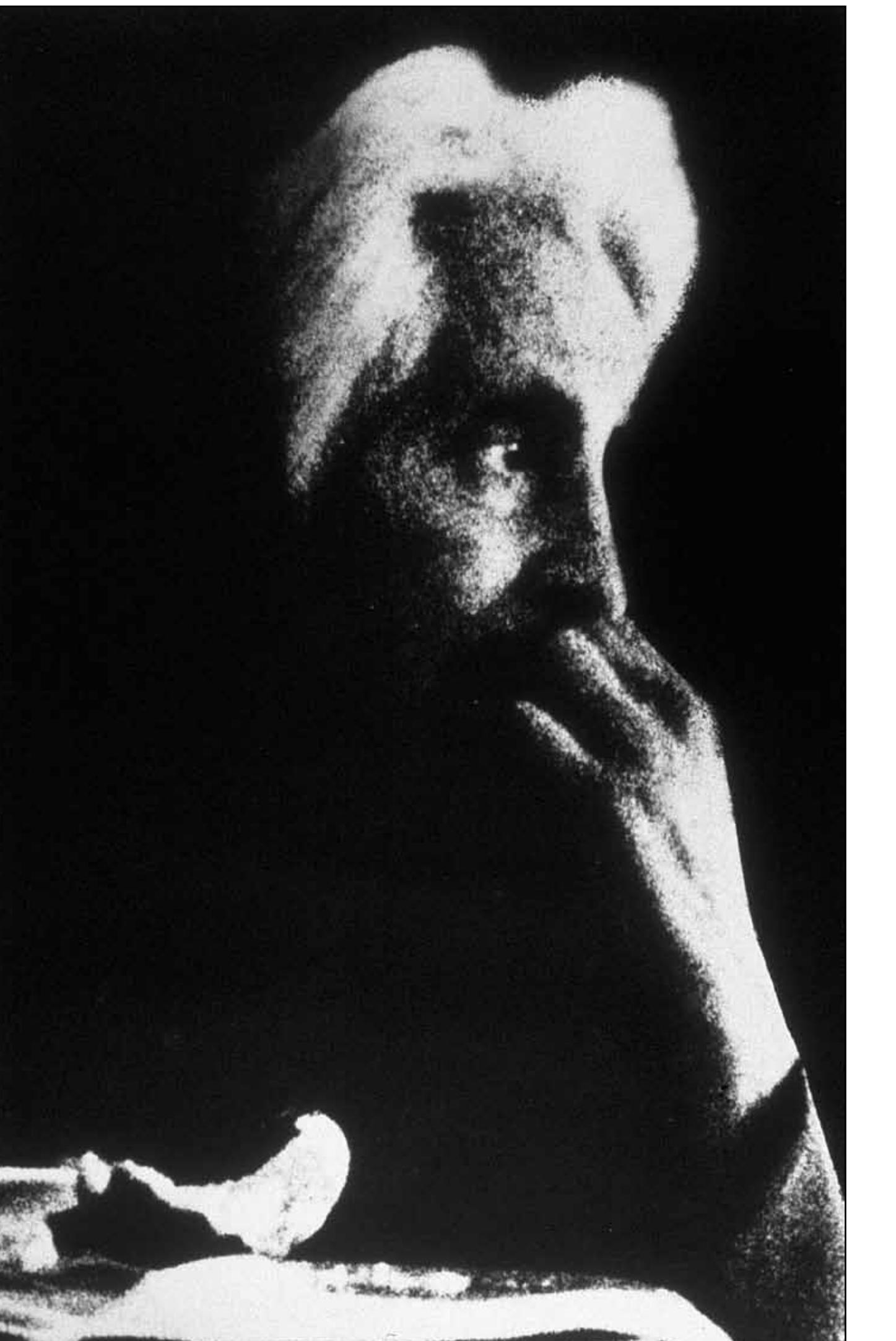


*Carmel-by-the-sea, California (2004)*

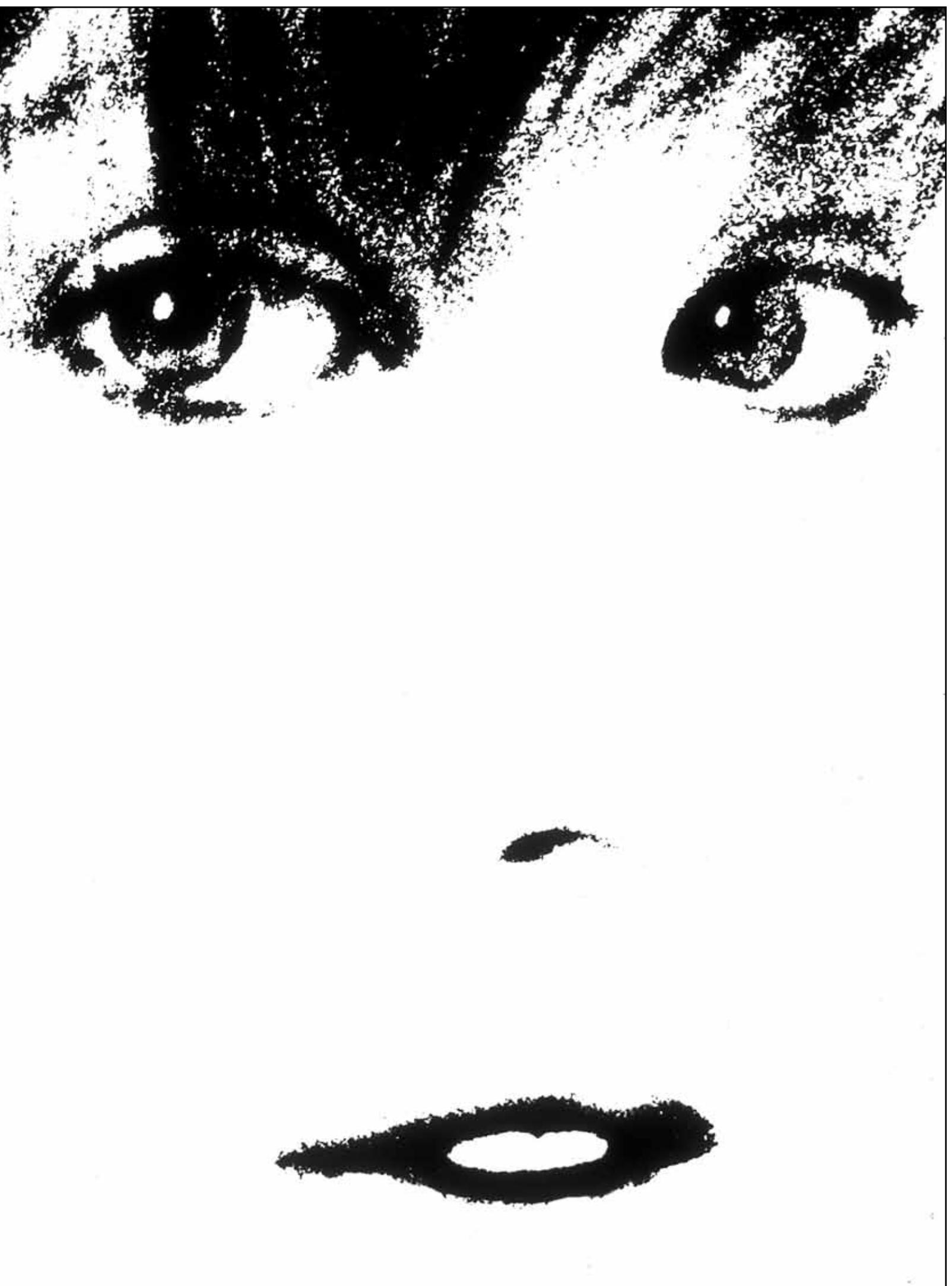
*Los Angeles (2005)*



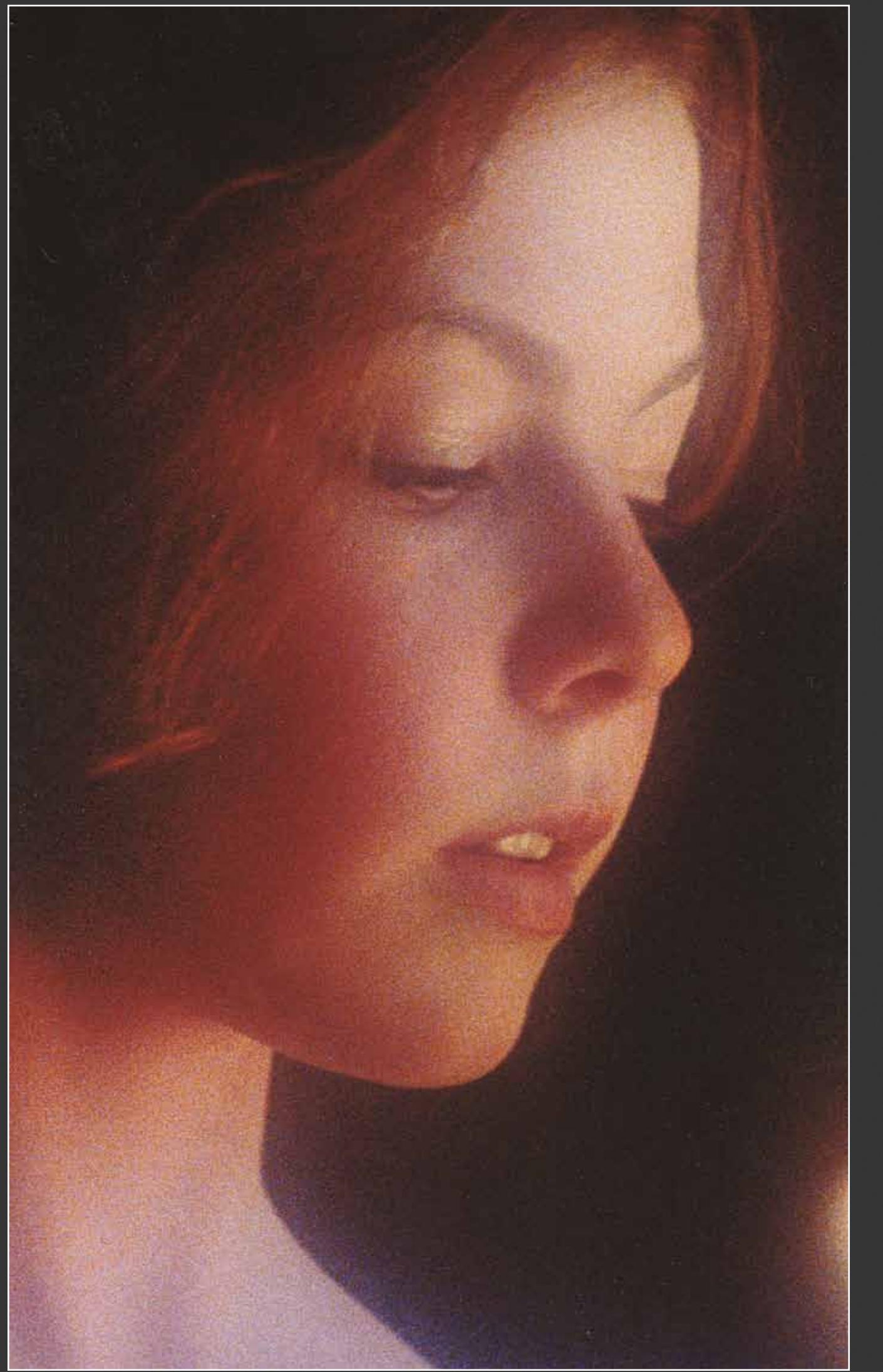
*Valea Prahovei, Romanaia (1978)*



Homeless, Bucharest  
(1977)



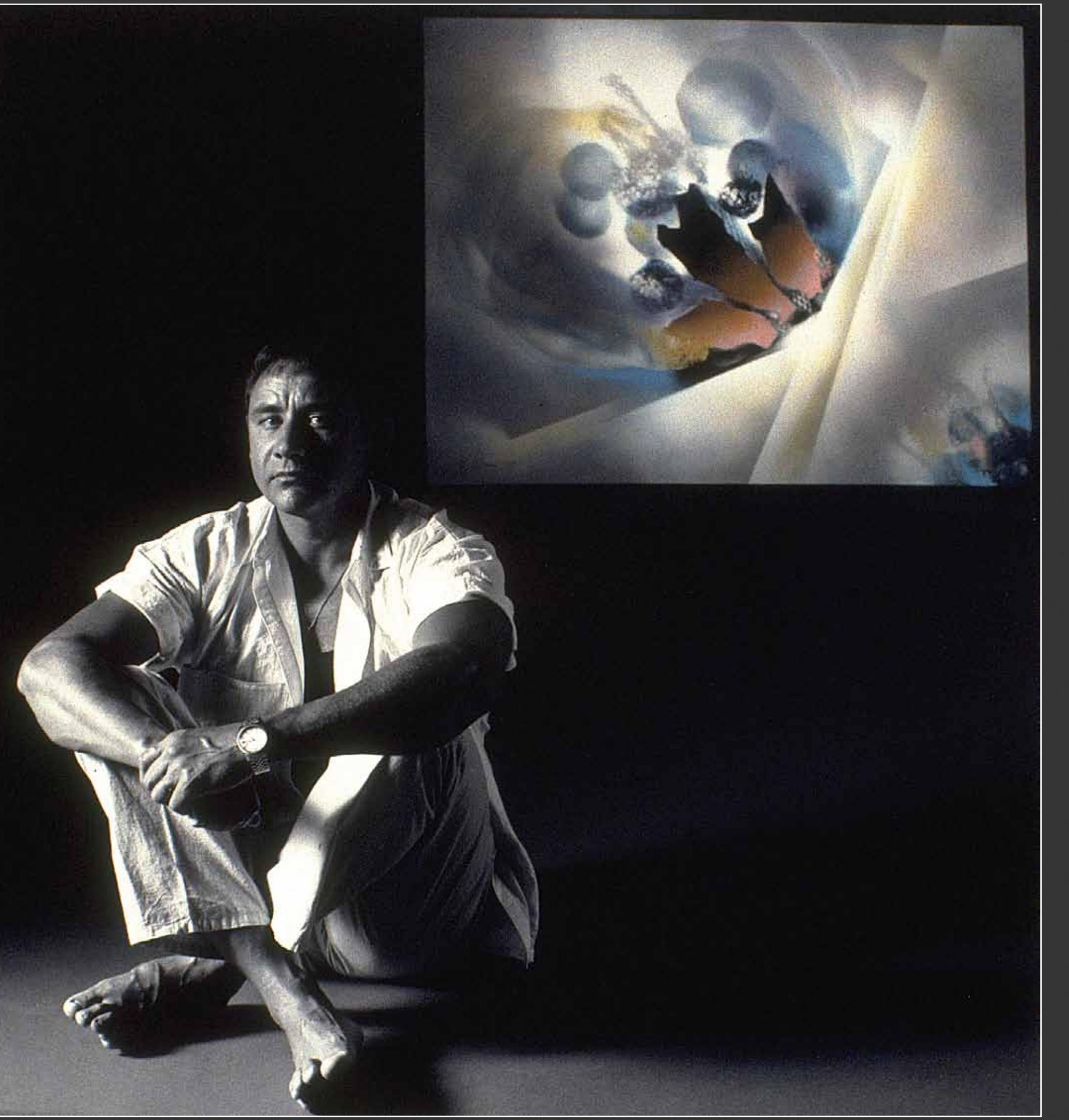
Camille (1987)

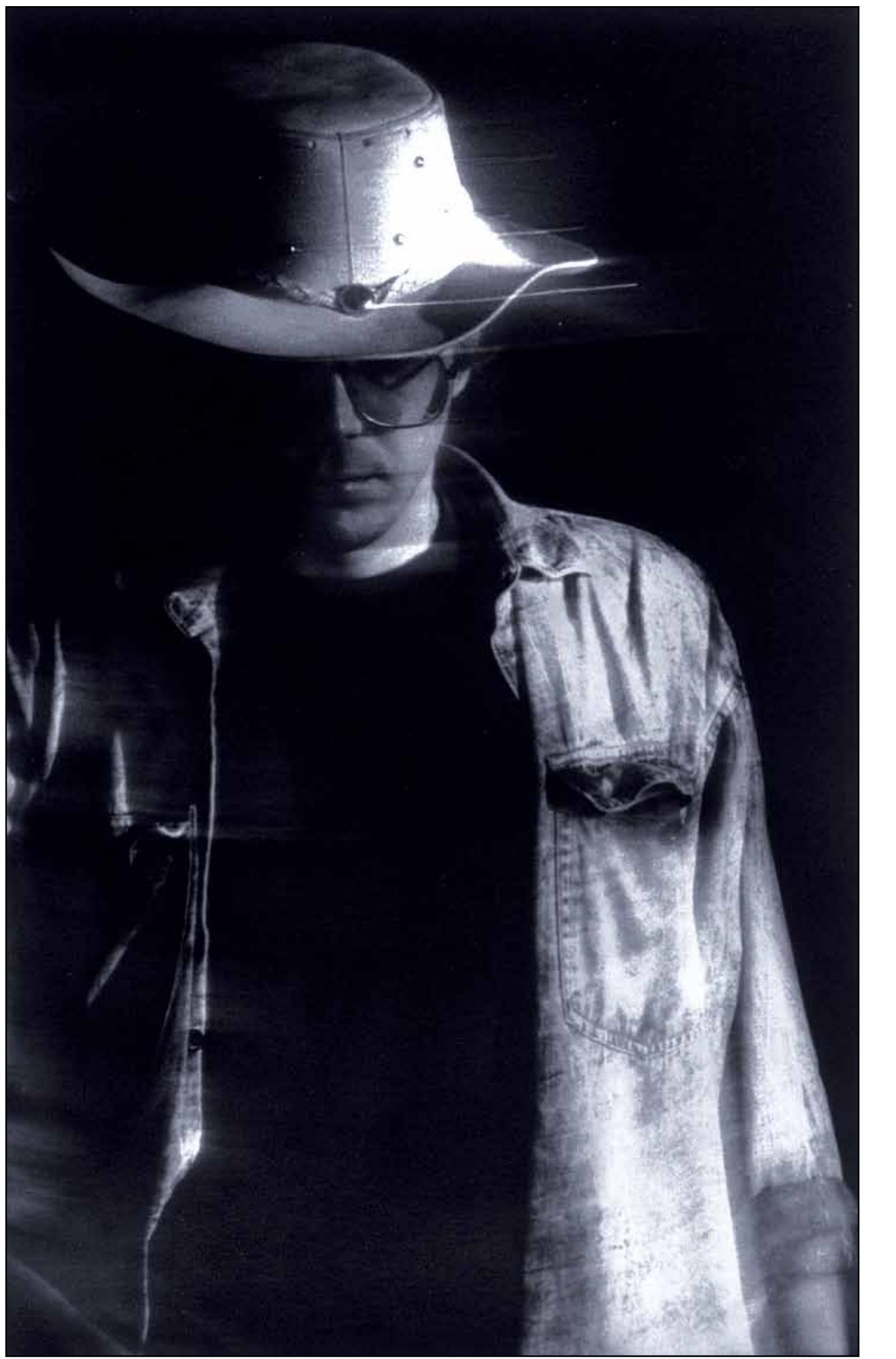


Lisa (1999)



Donald (2005)





*Me* (1988)



*Doina* (1988)



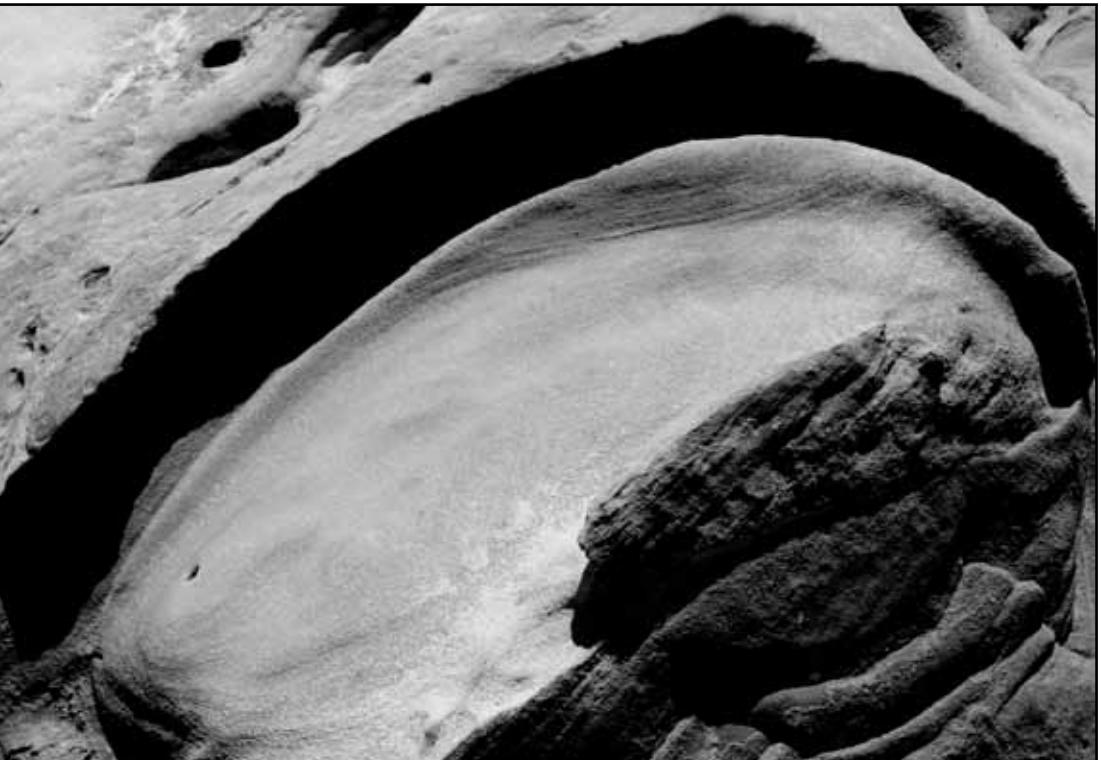
Sighisoara, Romania (1979)



Paris (1989)



Ellis Island, New York (2003)



Monterey, California (2004)



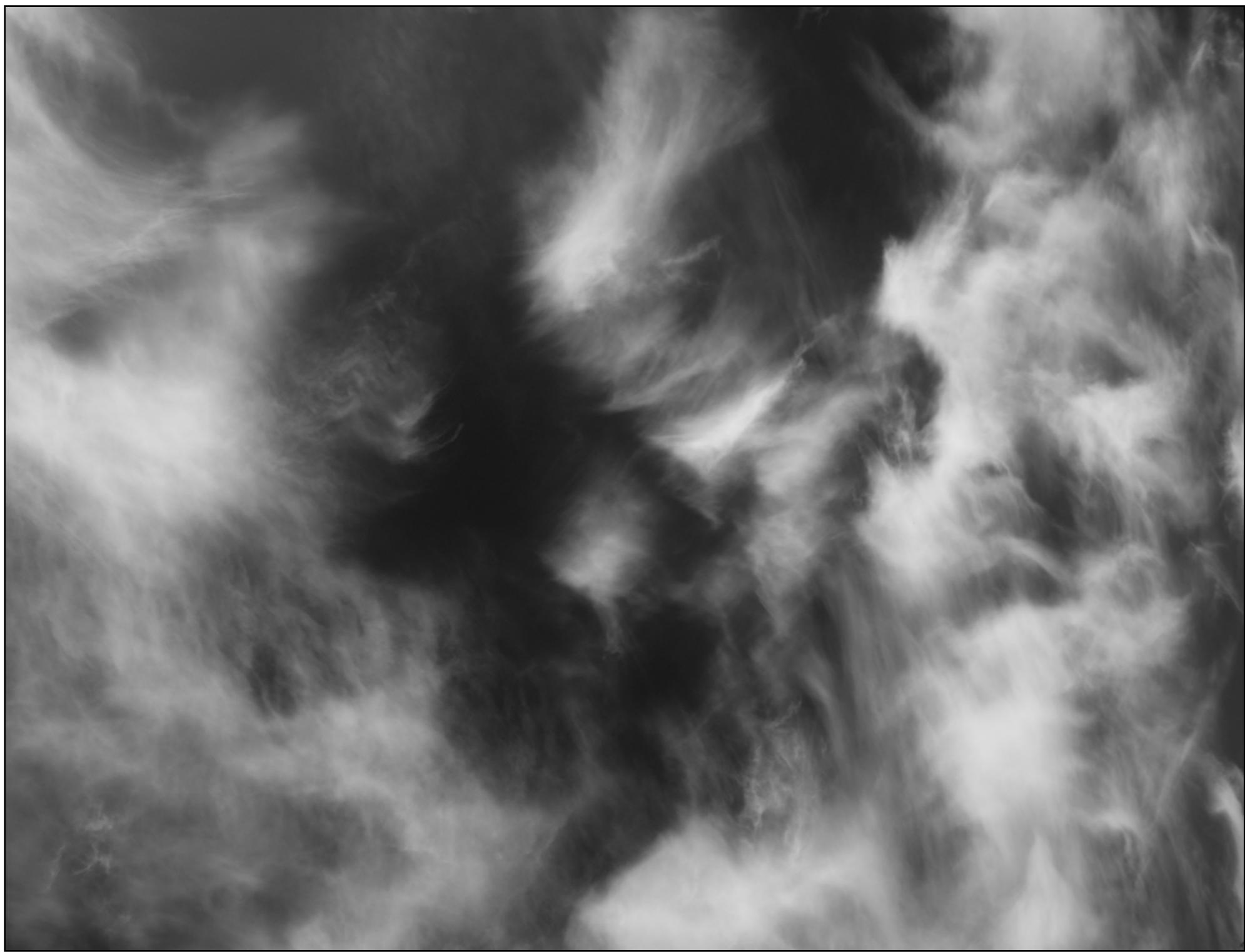
Big Sur, California (1999)



*Queens, NY (where neighbors come out to ask why I take pictures of an angry cat) (1994)*



*Queens, NY (and then invite me in their home for koooffee) (1994)*



Alaska Sky (2017)



Agoura Hills  
California (2004)



Bucharest (2015)



Bucharest (2015)



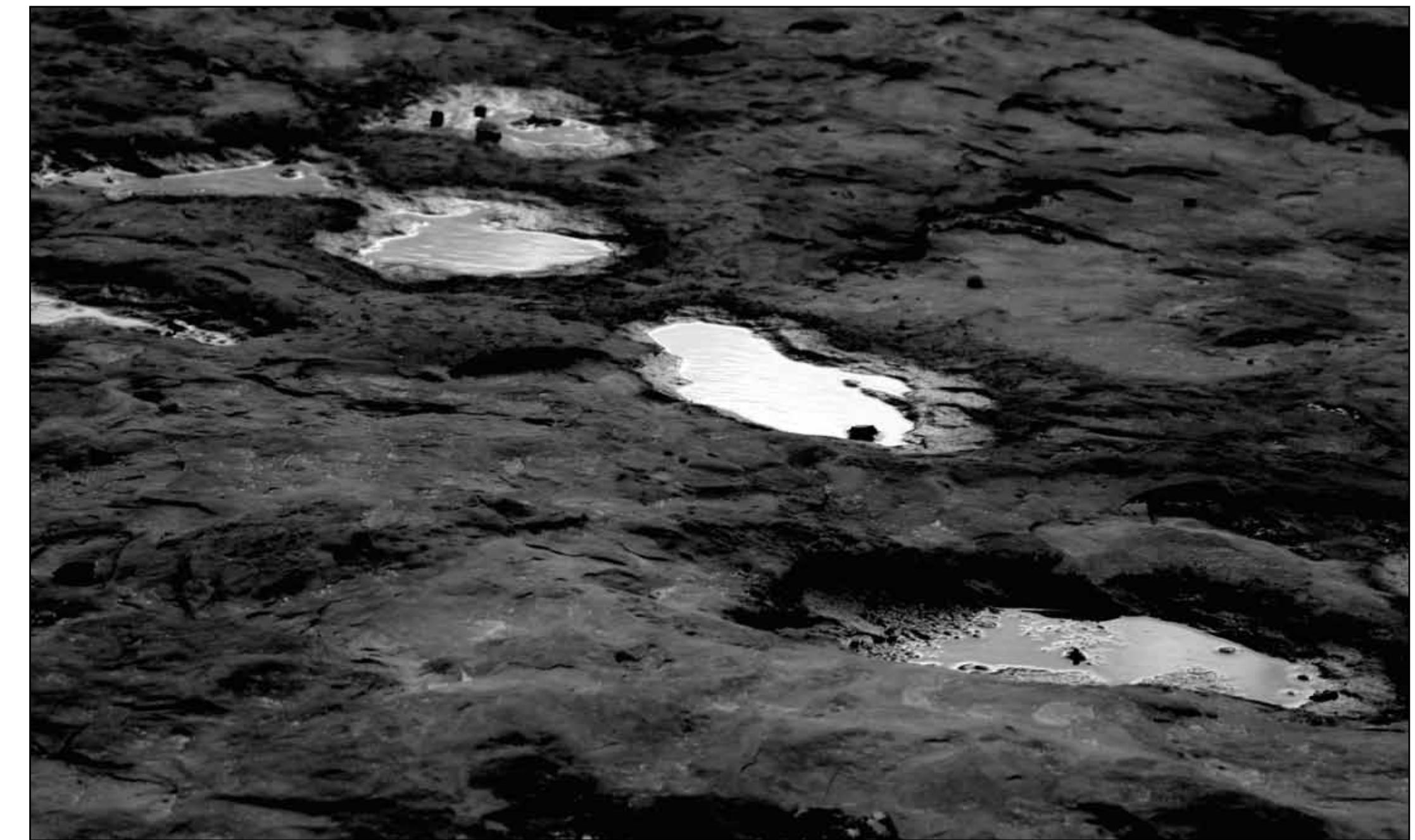
Yellowstone, Wyoming (2019)



Paris (1989)



Paris (1989)



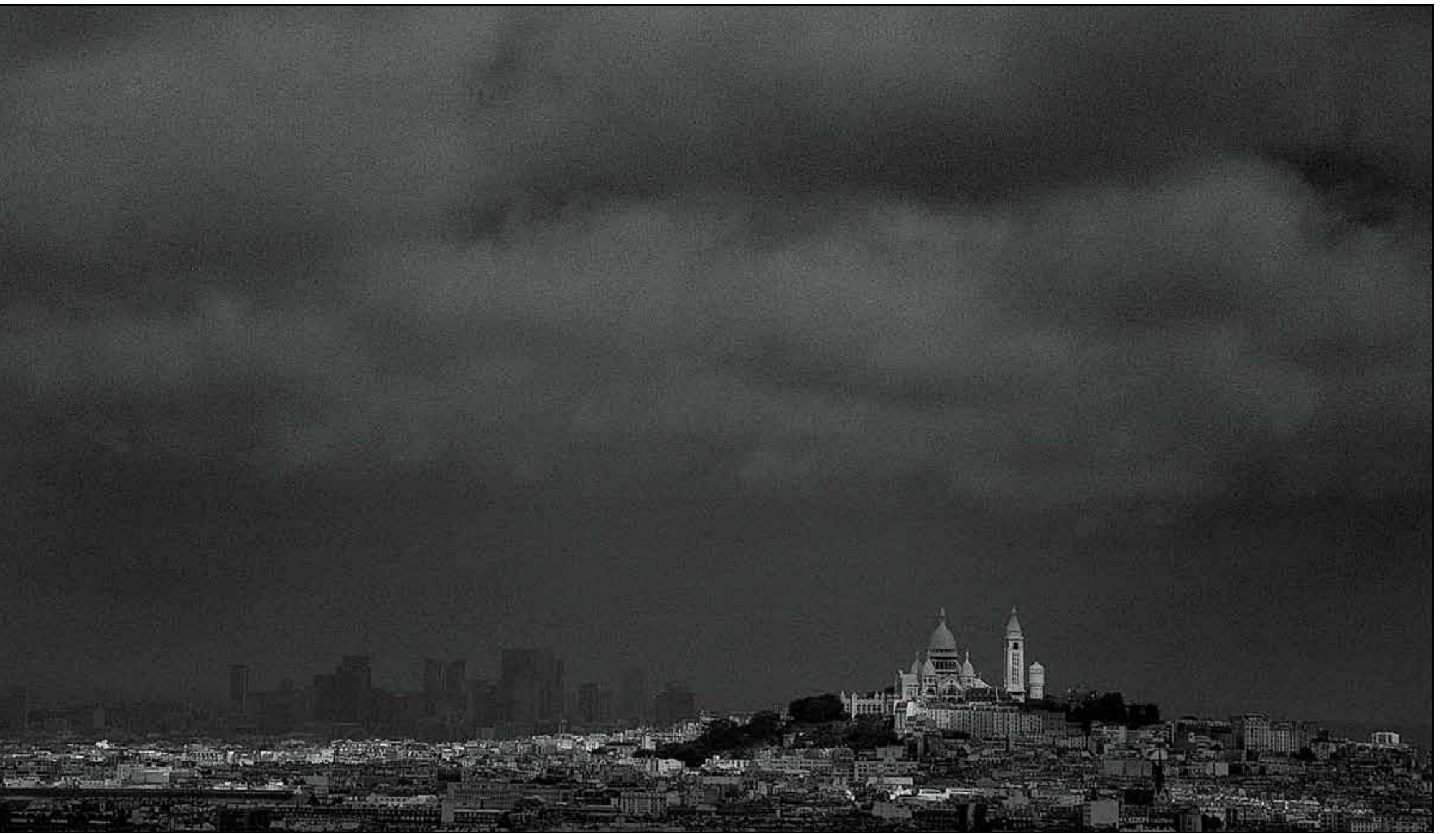
New Mexico backroads (2016)



*Yellowstone, Wyoming (2019)*



*Brooklyn Bridge, New York (2004)*



Paris (1989)

*the New Mexico clouds always in the perfect place,  
the deafening silence of Death Valley,  
the noisy sidewalks of Manhattan,  
the unruly streets of Bucharest,  
the whispering caffés of Paris at midnight,  
the raging streams of the Rockies and the mighty Colorado,  
the delicately choreographed waterfalls of Yosemite and Kings Canyon,  
the winds of the Mojave desert,  
the rides on narrow gauge trains from Durango to Transylvania,  
the Thai restaurant in Flagstaff and the cantina in Isla Mujeres,  
the insanity of a place called Vegas,  
the pristine air of Alaska,  
the stillness of Tenaya lake,  
a margarita in Todos Santos,  
a drive through the clouds in Big Sur in search for Nephente,  
then one more nap on a deserted beach in Oahu.*

Wicquel DuCin

