

WA

Paper is where we write our histories. It is my symbol for memory.
My sister took her life when I was 21. Fifteen years ago.
Someone recently asked me what my sister was like.
I struggled to answer. I was losing that sense of my sister.
Memories become stained and changed when we access them. They never stay the same.



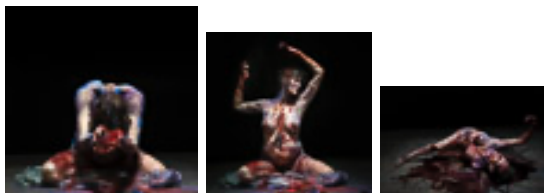
Chavez

When my lover and I fight I feel so lonely, like there are these holes in my body.



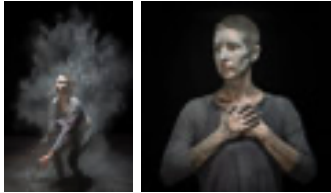
WPT

In honor of Eric Garner



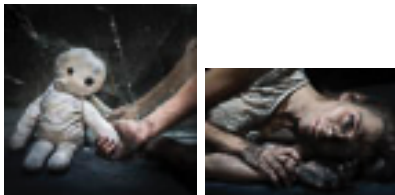
RA

Pregnant with twins.
Becoming a mother for the first time.
Melting ice is my symbol for this session: phase change.



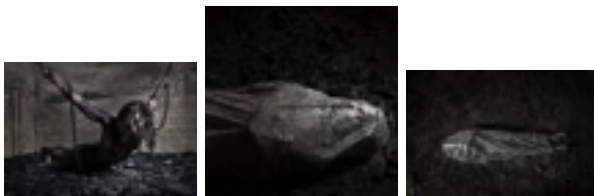
JT

My marriage is ending.
And I'm mourning my mentor.
I'm doing dance or thinking about dance 95% of my waking hours.
These are my workout clothes.
Gray is my favorite color.
I don't feel photogenic.



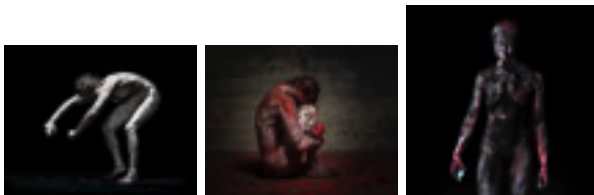
ET

I wanted to do this shoot to share what it's like to be borderline.
I'm half in the light, half in the shadow.
My doll is named Me.
I cut to let out the darkness.



SL

I tried so hard. I feel discarded.



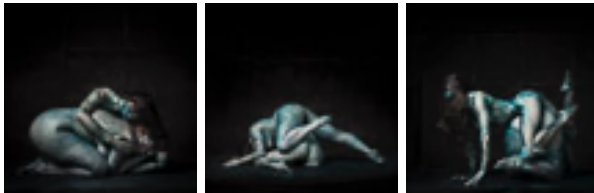
AW

A recent breakup. Another. I'm done with this.
My inspiration is The Hollow Men by T.S. Eliot. You know, "This is how the world ends, not with a bang, but a whimper."
I have friends behind me, my army. I feel powerful.



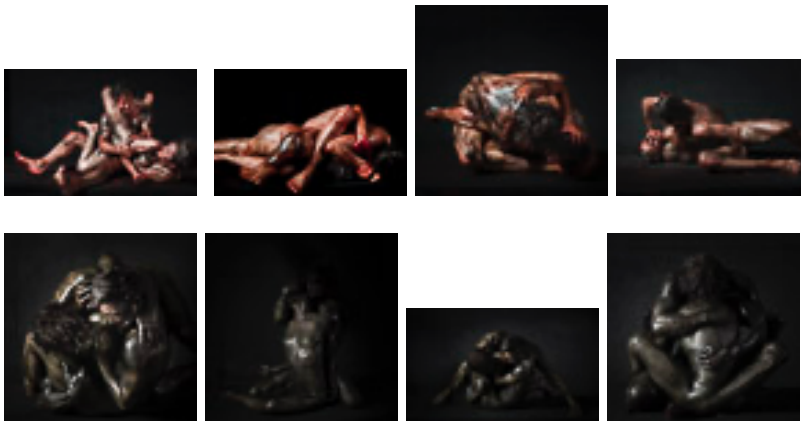
CW

I've had several encounters with death recently.
I'm intrigued by dualities.
In Asian cultures, white is the color of death; in America, it's purity.
Red is good luck, versus the fright of blood...
...Our photo session today (a Friday) follows nine days as a juror on a trial of a young Hispanic man. Convicted of murder.
I'm Hispanic.
Gold. There's a golden light in us, and it surrounds us; it keeps us going.



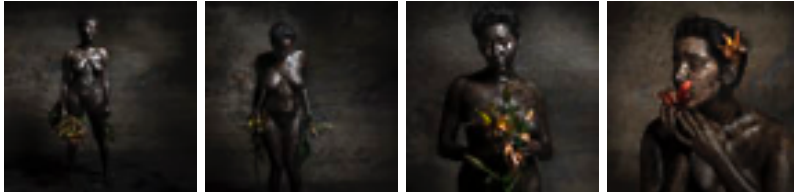
JC

My fiancée and I were supposed to do this session together, on our cross-country move from Boston to our new life in Washington state.
As it turned out, he had a breakdown (PTSD).
I left Boston, alone.
Actually, I didn't stop to think or feel anything for a bunch of months.
Celina was sweet, and it was a nice respite from my brain to just roll around and make shapes with our bodies.



AS

He came back from war emotionally distant.
Withdrawn... I'm furious.

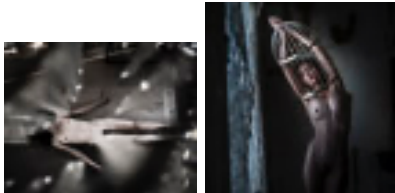


Viy

I'm indigenous. Mexican.

Queer.

I'm so fucking sick of this stupid country and your stupid politics.



VC

I lay there. I let them do it.

I want to reclaim my innocence.



MD

My scars are part of who I am. You can show them.

I'm going to become a therapist.