

dean moriarty

Photography

bell vue crescent, llandaff north

United Kingdom

View the full portfolio at <http://www.thecreativefinder.com/demor33>

Professional Experience and Curriculum Vitae

I take photographs and make creative images. Currently in Thailand.

Previous Clientele

I do not have permission to give that information.

Awards and Accolades

I have never had one of these; I am self employed. I have been to art college and music college and have been taking photos since the early seventies.

Awards and Accolades

I am not interested in these kind of things Harry the pepper mustard on Sunday who had changed his name from Harry the Spider whose real name was Harry Baba became enlightened on the 15th day of Wednesday in the 4th month at the 33rd minute before the stroke of midnight at the "It's alright now" show in Denver with the spotlight on him too, and just as he was about to give his discourse on how to be fulfilled on fried beans n stew while sitting on your hands, it happened. Then Harry didn't care anymore so he flew off as you do when enlightened. Up in the clouds at 90000 feet he reached into his duffel bag and pulled out an apple pie with custard and ice cream and munched on it as he flew along. "Good in-flight sustenance" he thought. Far below, in "the ole coffee shoppe for angels," Dot the spot just finished brewing up strong coffee, so she rang the bell and immediately the place filled up with hovering angels playing harps and singing; and a Q formed up outside by ascended masters all wanting to get in for her coffee. Time was "now" so the sun decided to rise and get in the Q2. Harry zoomed down full of joy n bliss n peace n happiness n grace n beaming smiles at everyone and landed right next to the coffee pot; Dot poured him a coffee black and tranquil with gratitude and blessings. Harry grabbed a table with both hands and hung on for dear life as a huge wind of change came. "Quiet down," said Dot to the wind, "drink your coffee in peace n tranquillity n harmony sniggered from the shadows the sun was casting runes for Samadhi the dharma bum who was dancing the whirling dervish out of control munching a bagel. The troupe of fairies flit in formation here and there

inaculately around an elephant sounding it's horn on the blue stage, the one that no one could see at that time of day; but that's for later when

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