



The photography world often feels dominated by a concentration on and pursuit of a sort of cold, deeply uninteresting technical perfection. It's almost as if the quality of the execution of the image alone is enough to justify it's existence. It can appear mannered and safe, a calculated approach that can dominate over anything that might be desc ed as, for want of a better word, feeling. Jack Davison seems able to sidestep a lot of that and get at something more te. Something more essential, visceral, unfiltered and often very beautiful. Something that feels like a moment. He take tries things out, pushes, follows a hunch or an instinct. And despite (and because of) an obvious and abundant prerequisite technical ability, he is unafraid of the wonderful uncertainty that comes from not being preoccupied with it. He's uninhibited by the idea, both in terms of technique and in terms of the history of photography, of what might be right or wrong, and is utterly concentrated on what interests him visually. Ry