

“You’re a lot nicer than I expected!”
is what I hear a lot.

Followed by something like **“my friend said ‘That guy’s an asshole’ when I mentioned your name.”**

Cool cool cool. Being shy with some antisocial tendencies and a camera to hide behind... as well as a beard to hide behind... leads to these cute openers when I meet people.

“Hi. My name is Adam Katz Sinding, and I’m a photoholic”

I spend most of my (visible) life traveling around and holding 2kg of metal and glass in my hands. **Taking photos is my job, and I take my job (too) seriously most of the time.** If I’m squinting through my viewfinder and you come to introduce yourself, and I do not greet you with a smile and a handshake, but instead just keep squinting through my viewfinder... does that mean I’m an asshole? If I showed up at your annual board meeting when you were about to give your big presentation and demanded a hug in front of the Board... how would you respond? You’d call security. You can say hello and get the photo later, right? Right... **No, no, you’re right.** I’ll just get the photo later.



How ARE you?

Anyhow. I take photos, but this is just a very small part of who I am. **I'm a cyclist. A runner. A hiker. A napper. I probably have AD(H)D.** I get depressed. I get anxious. I get nostalgic. I think about how many summers I will realistically have. I run and think about how I wish I'd taken running more seriously when I was in High School. I ride my bike from Paris to Copenhagen. Or Copenhagen to Oslo. Or Stockholm to Copenhagen. I stop and eat eggs I stole from the hotel breakfast. I stop and take a photo in front of a weird tree, **and I'll never show you.** I can't read books for some reason. I am more interested in seeing things than reading about them, but I'm extremely curious about the past, and why things that happened happened, but I get distracted when I pull up the story about why things that happened happened.



Maybe I'm a snob. I'm probably a snob. But I do not like to brag about things. Shit... was that bragging? I honestly really try not to brag. Shit... was THAT bragging? **I hate compliments.** Giving and receiving. I hate gifts. Giving and receiving. But if you buy me a bike... I'll accept it. Or a 993. I can't afford a 993. Hell, I can't afford bikes either, but I have fat on my bones, so I can live off of that for a while. But not if I ride too much.



I go to Florence in the summer for Pitti and I complain. I go to Paris in the spring for PFW and I spend more time commuting to shows by bike than at the shows. I go to the house I grew up in in Tacoma 2 months a year and I eat food my mom makes me three times a day. **I drink too much coffee. I don't drink enough water.** I boil eggs. I boil broccoli. I boil pasta. I vacuum twice a day. I am obsessed with vintage lamps at the moment. I like mid-century furniture. I like to feel like **I know more about certain things** than most other people but in order to know more about certain things than other people I must study those things from words of other people written down with knowledge they already have found themselves. I like the idea of doing things and possessing things which would be applicably hashtagged **#IYKYK.**

My name is Adam Katz Sinding, Adam Sinding, or Adam. **My name is NOT Adam Katz.**

Anyhow, they told me to tell you about what people do not understand about my character. Did this help? Do you understand my character? If so, **please let me know who I am.**

Thanks.