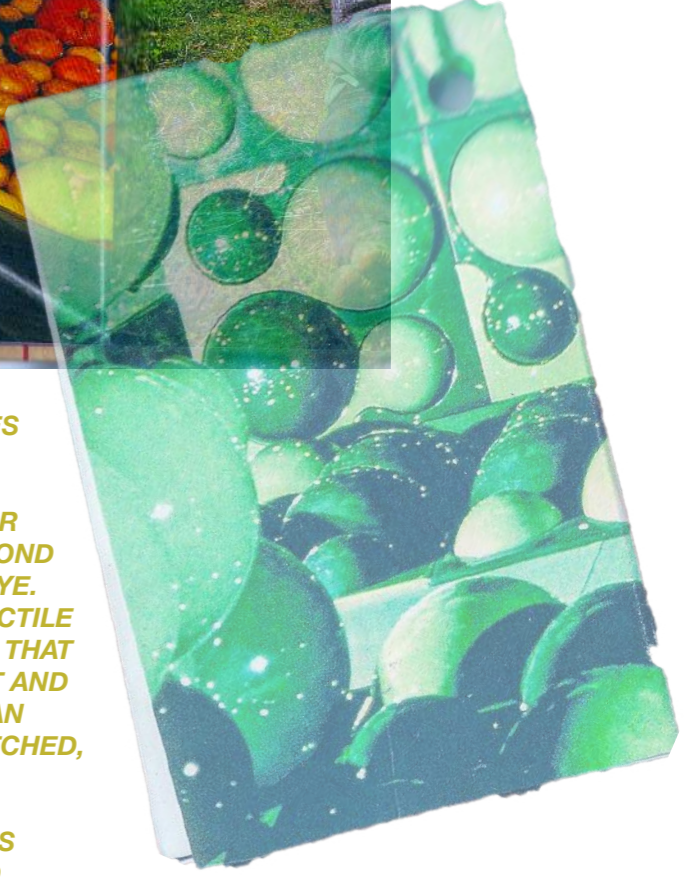
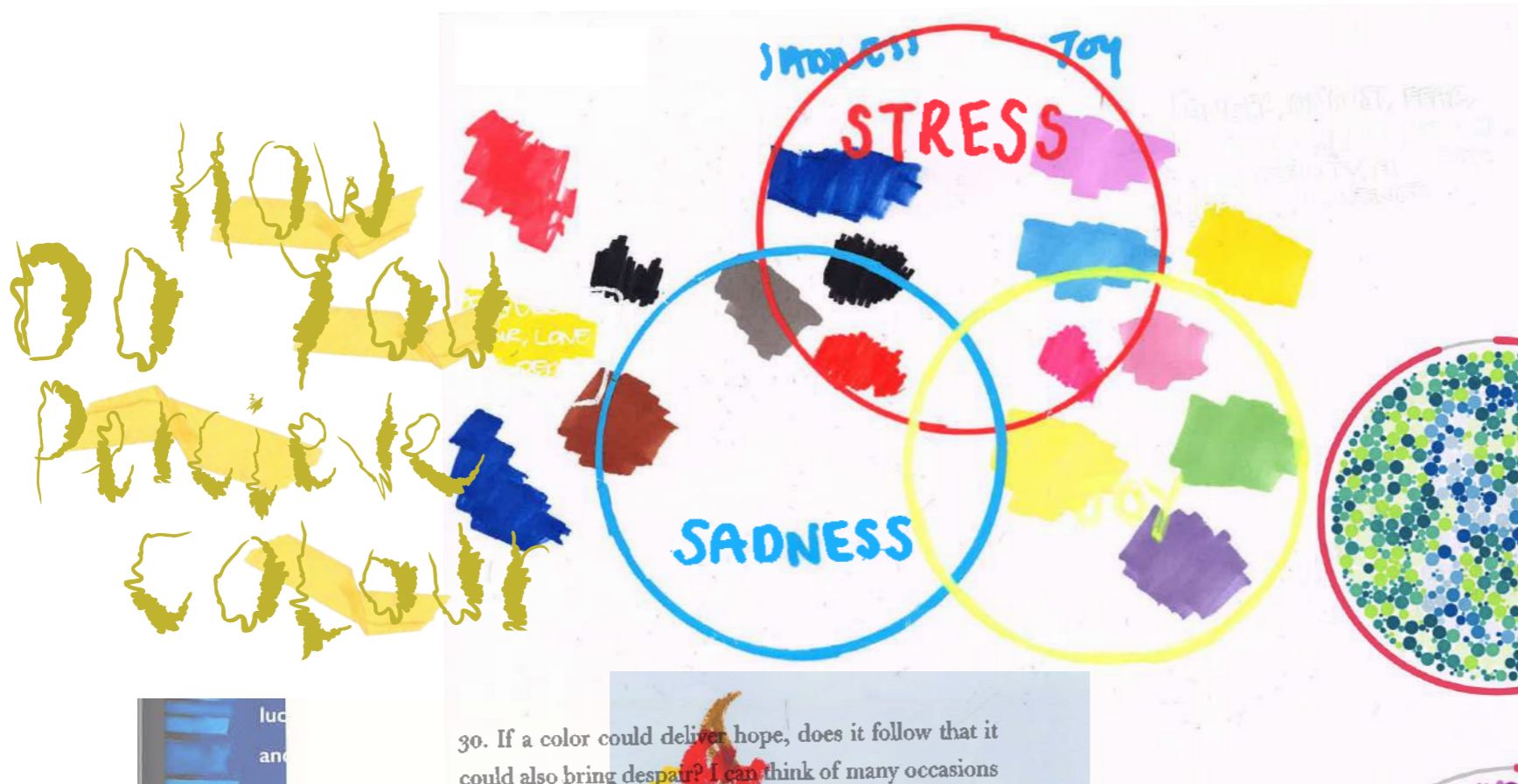


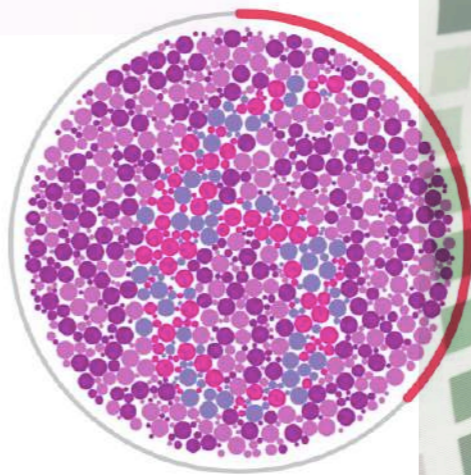
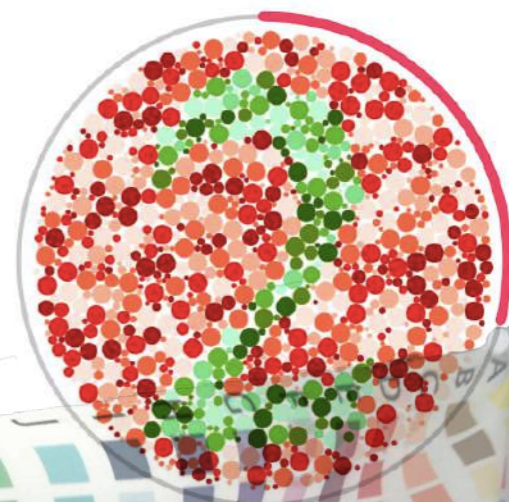
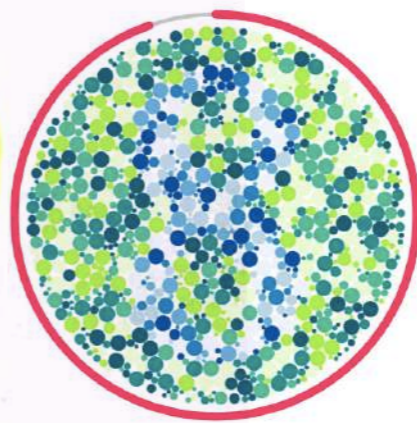
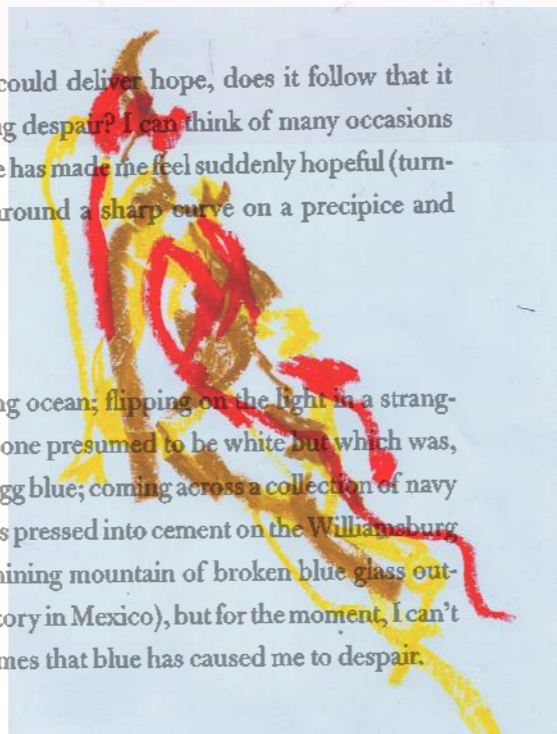
THE EOC PUBLICATION INVITES THE READER TO DELVE INTO A COLOURFUL EXPERIENCE. THE EXPLORATION OF COLOUR PUBLICATION EXPLORES BEYOND WHAT INITIALLY MEETS THE EYE. IT HAS A COMBINATION OF TACTILE AND INTERACTIVE ELEMENTS THAT SIT ALONGSIDE CURATED ART AND FASHION STORIES. EOC HAS AN ENERGY TO IT THAT IS UNMATCHED, WITH ROOM TRANSFORMING COLOURS, STICKERS, PULL-OUTS, TEXTILES AND POSTERS RESULT IN AN ENGAGING AND EXCITING TACTILE JOURNEY, WITH EACH PAGE BRINGING A NEW SURPRISE. EACH ISSUE OF EOC WILL EXPLORE COLOUR WITHIN A DIFFERENT THEME, ENSURING AN ADVENTUROUS AND EVER EVOLVING FORM. COLOURS FOR EACH ISSUE OF EOC HARMONISE AND TRANSFORM TO FIT THE THEME WHILST STILL REMAINING ROBUST, EXPRESSIVE, AND EVER CHANGING. THE LUXURY EXPERIENCE IS NOT ONE TO BE MISSED.



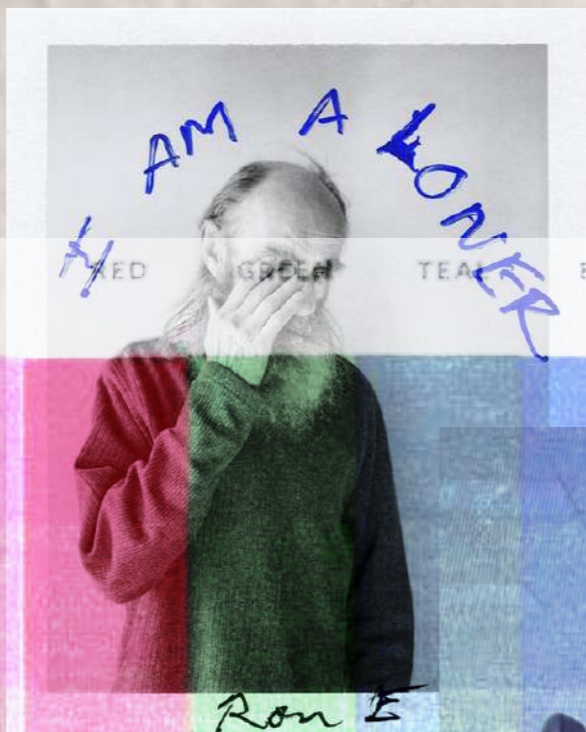


30. If a color could deliver hope, does it follow that it could also bring despair? I can think of many occasions on which a blue has made me feel suddenly hopeful (turning one's car around a sharp curve on a precipice and

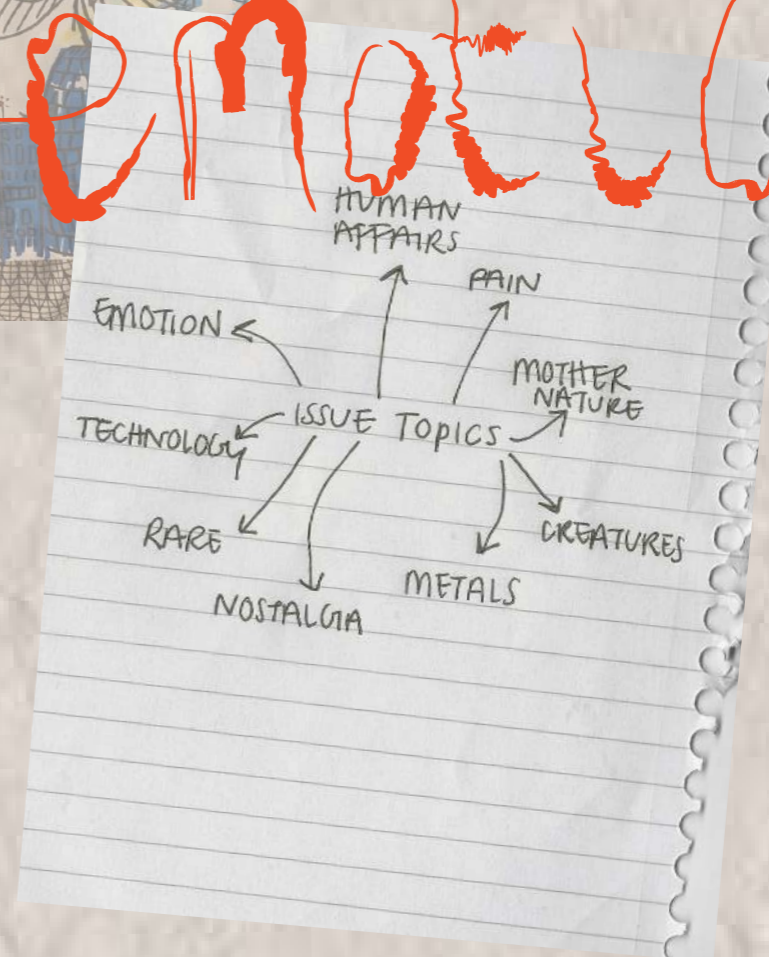
abruptly finding ocean; flipping on the light in a stranger's bathroom one presumed to be white but which was, in fact, robin-egg blue; coming across a collection of navy blue bottle tops pressed into cement on the Williamsburg Bridge, or a shining mountain of broken blue glass outside a glass factory in Mexico), but for the moment, I can't think of any times that blue has caused me to despair.







EOC
Emotion



FR - INCLUSIVE OF ALL INDIVIDUALS.

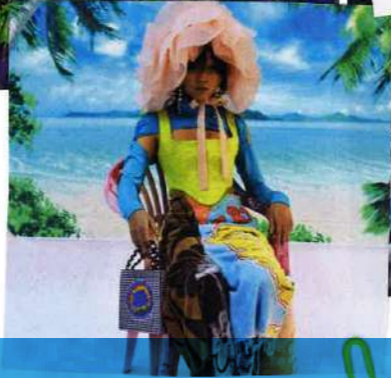
35.

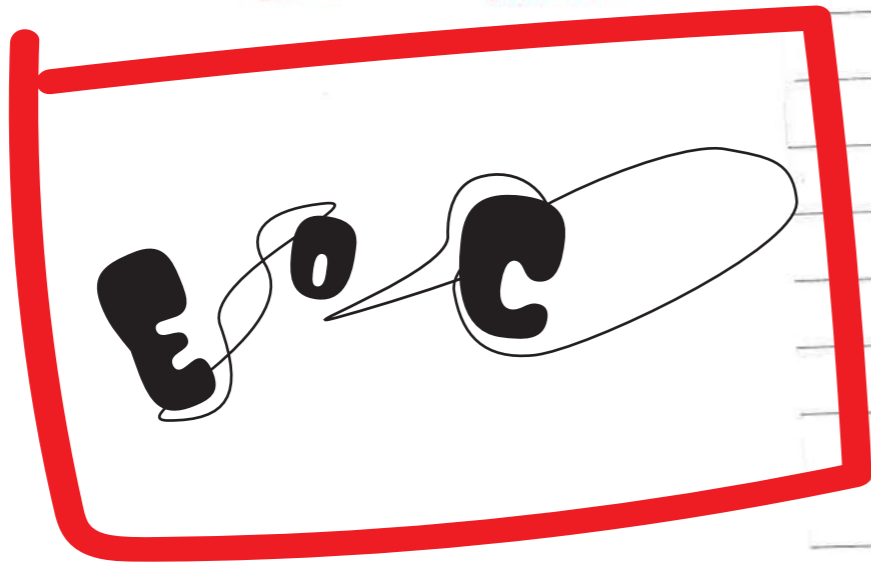
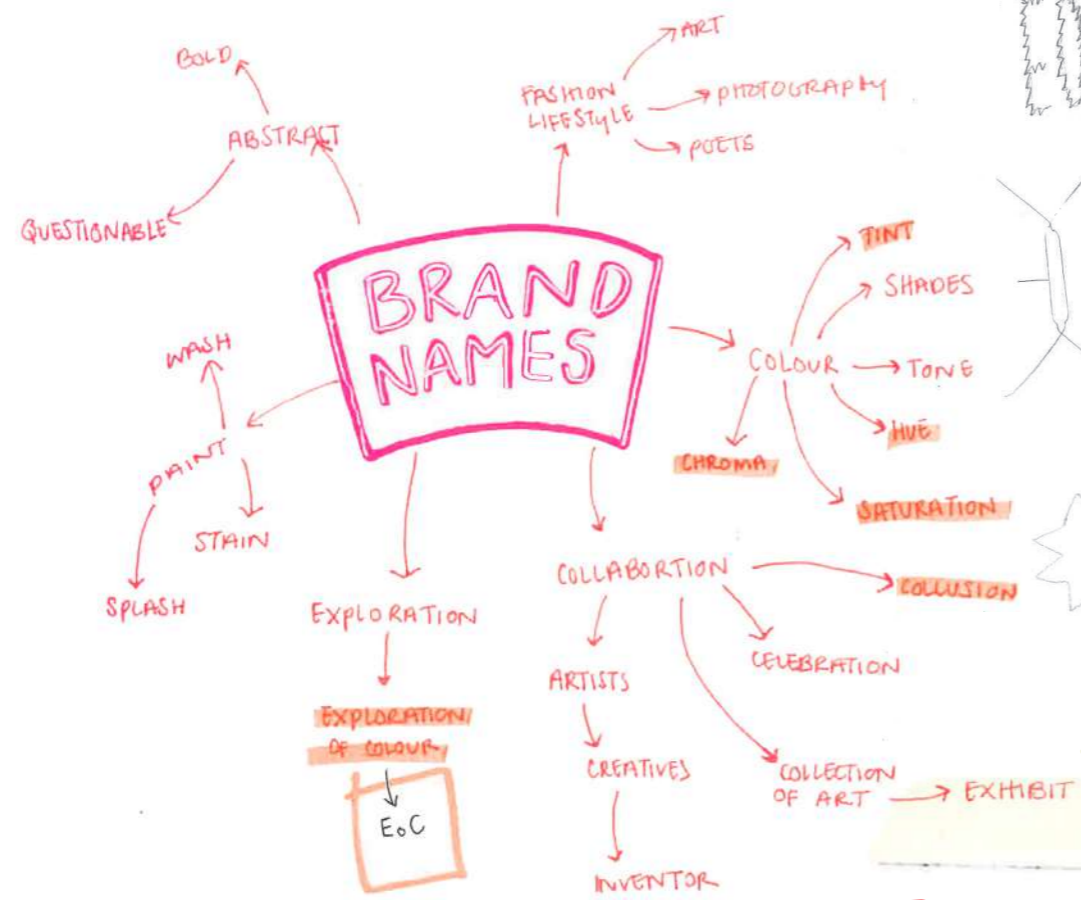
JOB - ACCOMPLISHED, APPRECIATIVE, EXPRESSIVE, EXPERIMENTAL, STYLISH & INDIVIDUAL.

INTERESTS - FASHION, EXHIBITIONS & POETRY

CAREER - STUDENT, CREATIVE ROLE OR ARTISTIC SPECIALIST.
E.G. PHOTOGRAPHY, FINE ART, FASHION OR ILLUSTRATION.

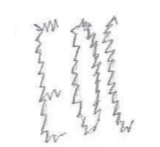
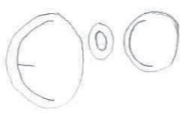
LOCATION - UK & EUROPE.





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Through yesterday's window
Distant tones shone brighter
Vibrant spectra lept from the pane
And prance gleefully atop imagination.
Fluorescent tomorrows used to float in lazily
Leave without a fuss when their glow started to fade
Vacating space for a flickering replacement.

Nowadays it's just rust-tinted yesterdays,
Dark heavy presents and dull futures
Cluttering my desk.
Uncertain tomorrows emptying my wallet
Blackening my lungs.
Inverted scenarios peaking my interest,
Asking me to reach out,
Commit to their impossible hues.

Untaken opportunities appear as burnt ends,
But they could still be useful.
A charcoal future doesn't seem too bad.

While I daydream through a monochrome filter,
Sketching with the waste of the past
Blank days saunter deamily by
Remaining unmarked.



