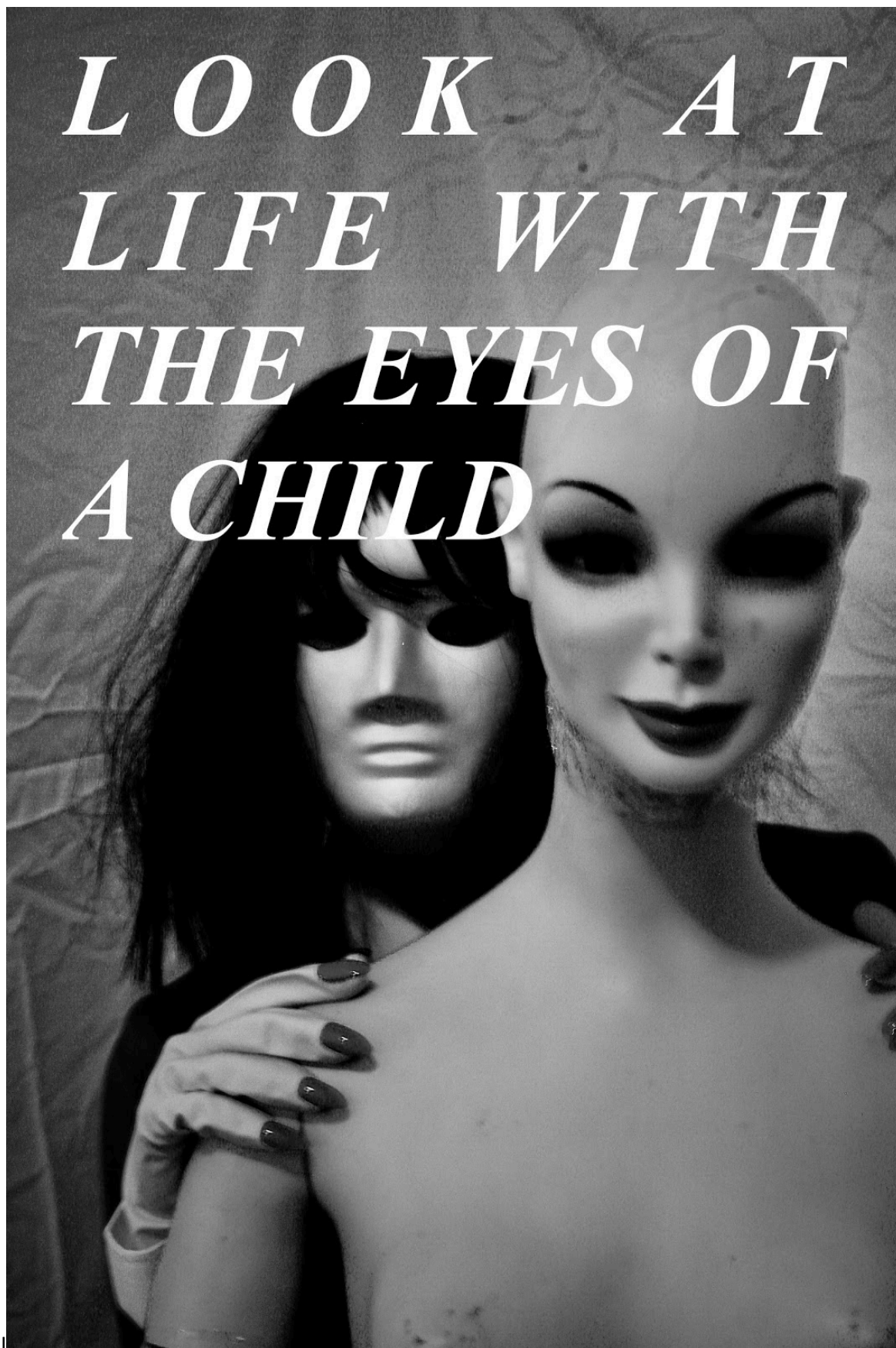


*LOOK AT
LIFE WITH
THE EYES OF
A CHILD*







I NEVER PAINT
DREAMS OR
NIGHTMARES

I PAINT MY
OWN
REALITY



**THE RAFT ONTO WHICH
WE CLIMB TO SAVE OUR
SANITY**

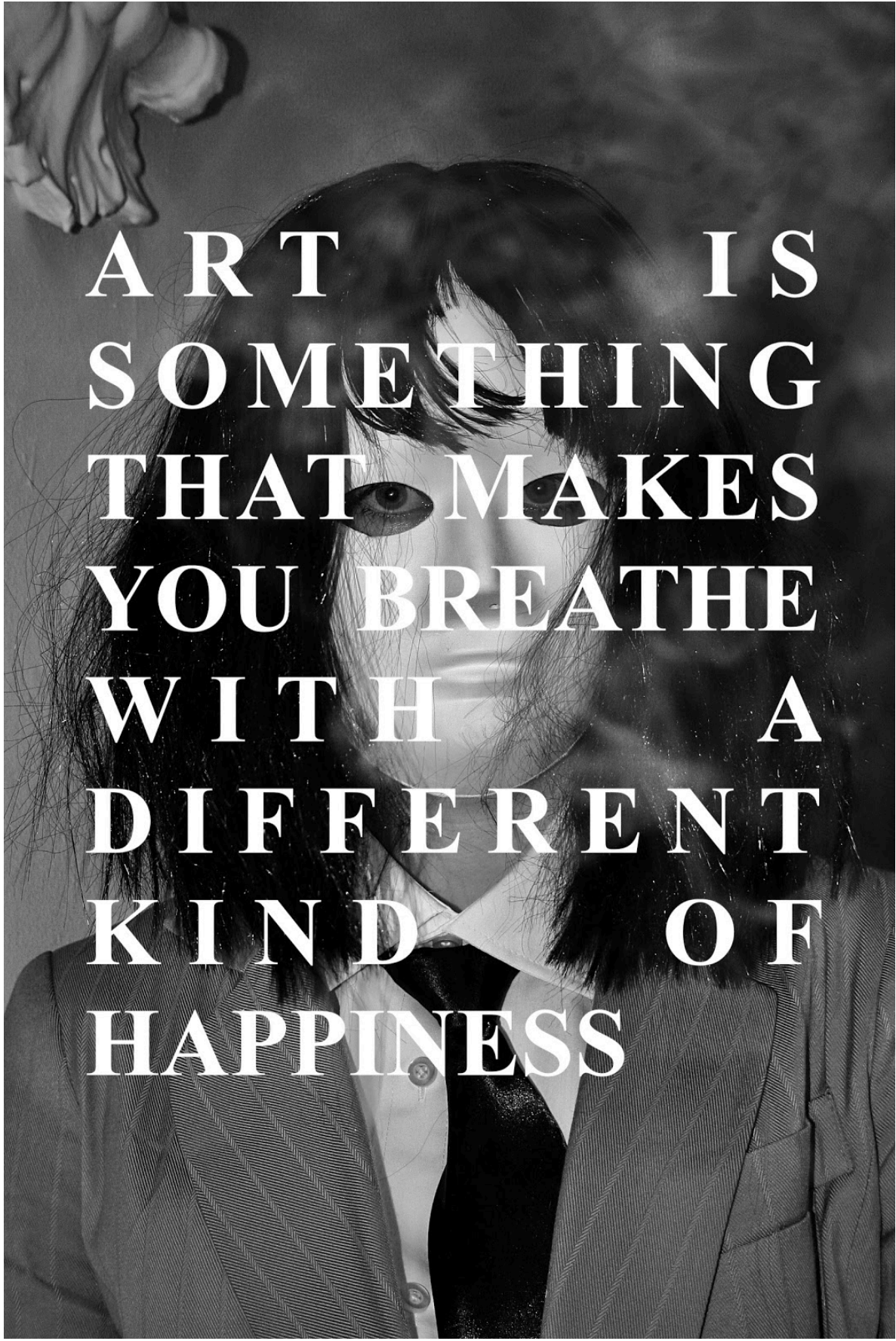


**IF I COULD
SAY IT IN
WORDS
THERE
WOULD BE
NO
REASON
TO PAINT**


I SHUT MY
EYES IN
ORDER TO
SEE

SEE





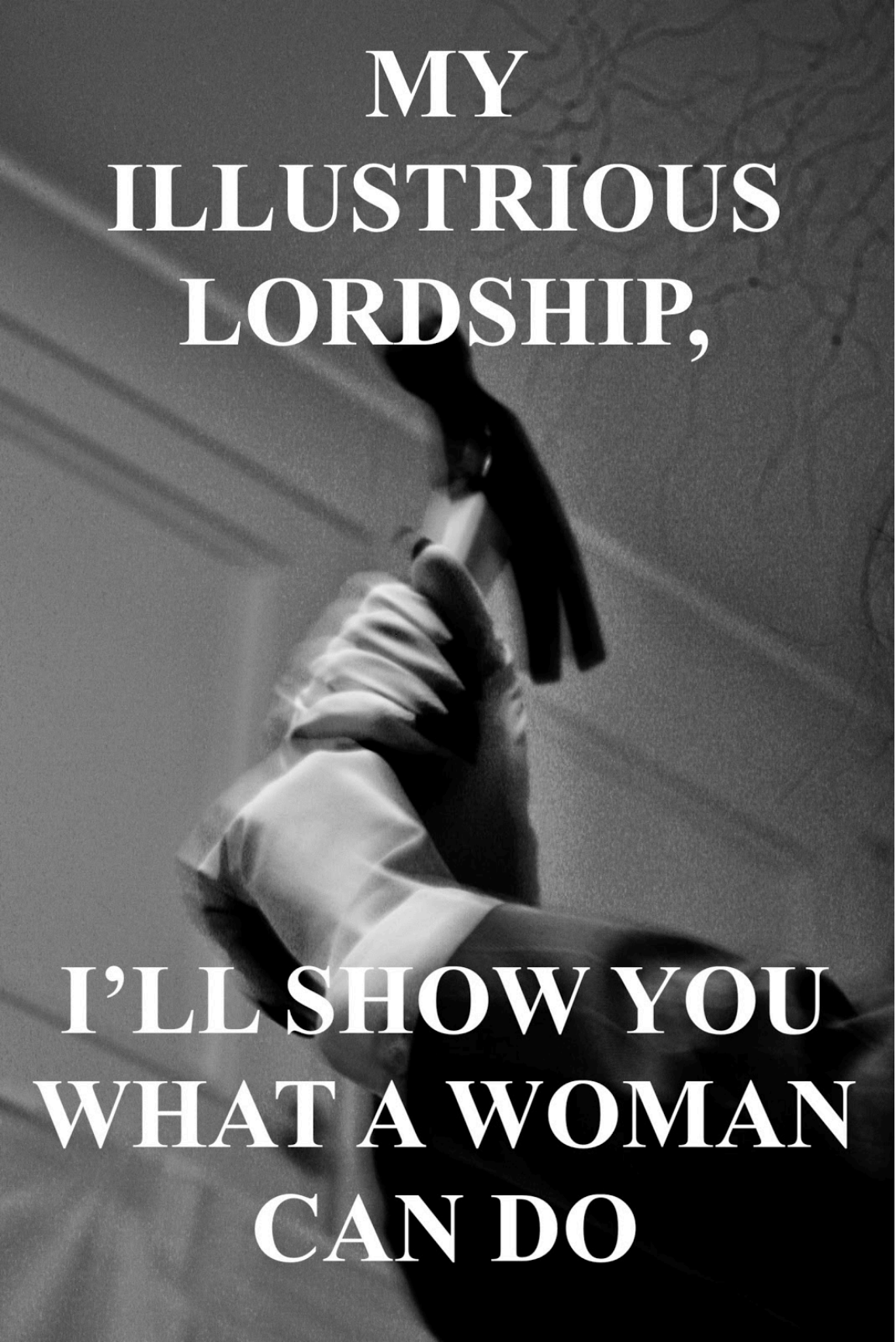
ART IS
SOMETHING
THAT MAKES
YOU BREATHE
WITH A
DIFFERENT
KIND OF
HAPPINESS



**THE CREATIVE
HABIT IS LIKE A
DRUG. THE
PARTICULAR
OBSESSION
CHANGES, BUT THE
EXCITEMENT, THE
THRILL OF YOUR
CREATION LASTS.**



**ART WASHES
AWAY FROM
THE SOUL THE
DUST OF
EVERYDAY LIFE**



MY
ILLUSTRIOUS
LORDSHIP,

I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT A WOMAN
CAN DO

IF I THINK,

EVERYTHING

IS

LOST





AN ARTIST IS
NOT PAID FOR
HIS LABOUR

BUT FOR HIS
VISION



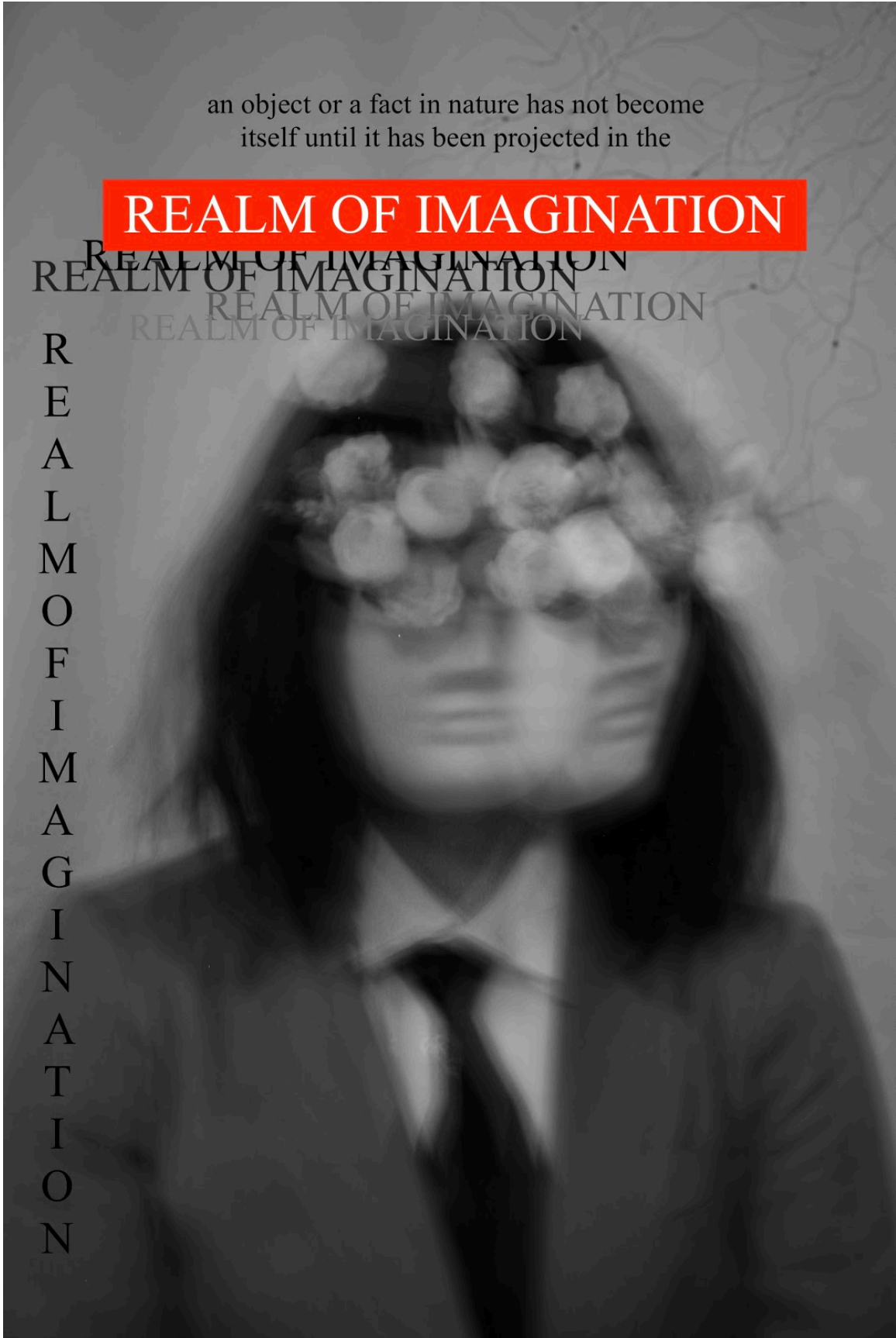
*EXECUTED WITH
CLINICAL
COOLNESS*

an object or a fact in nature has not become
itself until it has been projected in the

REALM OF IMAGINATION

REALM OF IMAGINATION
REALM OF IMAGINATION
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Painting is a way to forget life.

It is a cry in the night,

a strangled laugh





We don't make mistakes,

we just have

happy accidents
happy accidents
happy accidents
happy accidents
happy accidents

accidents

happy accidents

The object of art is not to reproduce reality,

but to create a reality

of the same intensity
same intensity
same intensity
same intensity

same intensity



I JUST DECIDED, WHEN SOMEONE SAYS
YOU CAN'T DO SOMETHING

DO

MORE

OF

IT

