

For me is the cause for based posture, that there are no coincidences, everything is
always precise.

The path is unsettled, is a feed back, a reaction of the preceding. It is a selection of the
affair, that builds all the bases of existence itself and is no more.

We only have what is available in life, what surrounds us and is tangible, what is
comprehensible, what an offer shall we have to be able to recognize them.

Perhaps it lays forever there, the unknowledge.

There is no answer after we formulated the question "Why?"

This is mainly based on life, the "Primordial Soup" from which everything is cooked.

I take what surrounds me and hit the stone from the existing mountain, with my will and
strength, letting behind my own tracks.

My plan... there is no!

A plunge ... headless sometimes into the unknown.

My idea... I have to follow what I see and what I feel, in a blink of eyes, the surprise keeps
closed...I guess the work is hazard...that is all.

Despite this process I let a fresh start among the requirements of the evolution theory.

There is a selection, a decision...only one.

It continues to be a new or an impasse.

Not only the cowards are victims of their own inadequacy.

Back to the origins there is no damage in the abandonment and is irredeemable forever.

Each decision is definitive unchangeable.

The button for "ESC" is the button of life.

A hard perpetual but repressed knowledge.

Think from the end.

Looking for corrections are defeated sentenced and produce forth a new base for best.

The view of the striking correlations, dependences, this self-similarity are enough reason
for me to create works of art, with the sensitive system of the whole, with its fractal
structure, its reflections of the initial condition and with the context which provide
existence.

The fascination for the irrepressible power of the placebo of free spirit, the spirituality of
mankind with its fragile existence, and when during in my life I have some beyond canon
that allow me accurately that life sometimes leaves behind painful collateral damage that
always fall on my feet like a rock.

My art is only art...nevertheless when sometimes I put my finger in dirty wounds.

My art is not a crutch for the stumbling blocks of life which myself so often needed
urgently.

No, It is just an attempt to find a way, my way, one of many.

A "Pearl Necklace" with impasse that is far to be the end.

"Fin de Ciel"