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THERE IS NO REGRET, NO SHAME - ITS JUST THE WAY IT IS.
IT FEELS AS THOUGH THE SHADOWS MANUFACTURED FROM
THE DISTORTED FORMS OF THE LONG REJECTED UTOPIAS
OF OUR FOREFATHERS THAT FALL ON OUR LIVES AND SHAPE
OUR EXISTENCE ARE LIKE SPITEFUL GHOSTS THAT WISH TO TAKE
SHELTER IN THE BODIES OF A DISPLACED MANKIND. LIVES
ARE CHANGING FAST, AND AS WE RUN BEFORE THE TIDE WE
SWEEP UP OUR CHILDREN INTO OUR ARMS SO AS TO
EXPLAIN WHY IT WAS NECESSARY TO DESTROY SO MUCH FOR
SO LITTLE. ONE DAY THEY WILL UNDERSTAND THAT TO
UNDERSTAND IS TO LOSE SOMETHING PRECIOUS, INNO-
CENT, SOMETHING WHICH IS THE CLOSEST THING TO FREE-
DOM, BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME, NOW ITS TIME TO KEEP ON
RUNNING. BUT STILL AT THE CENTER OF IT ALL THE TRUE
NATURE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT LIES BATHED IN LOVE, LIKE
A DIAMOND BENDING RAINBOWS OF POTENTIAL THROUGH
OUR OUTSTRETCHED FINGERS TO REMIND US WHAT WE ALL CAN
HOLD, TO START DOWN THAT ROAD BEFORE WE LOSE THE
FEELING.

THERE IS NOT ONE TRUTH THERE IS ONLY THE VERY REAL
FACT OF KNOWING THAT EVERYTHING HAS ITS OWN INDEPENDENT
RIGHT TO EXIST, THAT EVEN AN EMOTION, A MEMORY, MUST
FIGHT FOR THAT RIGHT, AND FOR ME ART IS NO DIFF-
ERENT IN BOTH ITS PHYSICAL AND MENTAL FORM. ~~_____~~

~~_____~~ IS NOT MERELY AN
EXHIBITION OF ART WORKS FROM THE STUDIO, BUT A
LIVING MOMENT OF ORGANIC SYNTHESIS. ^{EVEN} WAX'S PROPORTIONS
MANIFEST IN CERAMIC, WAX, STEEL, GOLD AND HUMAN HAIR
WILL ONLY SURVIVE THROUGH YOUR FAITH IN IT.