These characters come to me sometimes in a dream, sometimes while I am walking the dog or driving my car. When I listen
to the radio. I draw them, put them on paper. There they looked more real. Some of the time a narrative will happen.
I almost know the endings of these stories. The characters speak to me... Make me laugh or cry. But I don't always understand
them. They do keep me busy and it is better than TV. My own soap opera. Sometimes I listen to real opera while
I draw. I suspect that these stories are about life, love, the body, friendship and death. But they do not reveal much. No insights or truths. They
are secret drawings. Private. They can't be posted on the internet. Only a few will be able to see them. A secret code or password is required...
are we flying or falling?
I am not talking to you...
This is the line you cross when you enter the darkness, the other side, the netherworld... Under water. Do not be afraid...
Many before have entered that country... That unknown...