

My work is the continuation of a struggle. I have no special subject matter in front of me when I work. Instead, in my body, I hold a muddy lump: in my heart, the feeling of happiness, loneliness, togetherness, separation, despair, excitement and fright. Without analyzing this complex mechanism, I take a saw and a piece of wood. I cut, plane and construct wood: the shape emerges. I paint it: it is transformed. I sand it: it radiates. The wood plays a role that links me to my work. Something becomes visible that has been invisible. At that moment, I feel as if I am seeing a part of my identity which has slipped away from me, and at the same time, I feel like an empty shell. I have an irrepressible feeling, as if every obstacle has been eliminated.

Then, again, I start to feel the muddy lump inside my body and the spiritual call to produce. I cannot help moving to make another piece. I feel like a snake that must continuously shed its skin to grow towards death. My work is a manifestation of myself, and work itself becomes my subject matter.