

The exhibition shows impressions of flowers and landscapes from my Childhood.

I read about the Siege of Leningrad, what kind of a place must that have been. A terrible place. People who survived didn't recognise themselves anymore. They were transfigured by hunger until only a single filament was left .

We lived in a blockade of inimical forces. One moved quietly and carefully so as not to disturb anything. I wanted to be as small as an atom, even a lepton or a quark. I am an epitome and a subsistent operator. I knew I was the oppressor. So how can I be the liberator.

In proximity to the violence and the death, the propinquity resulted in introversion. So much talk on that line and all the worry about it buried us. We weren't used to looking at things in, what you would call, the light.