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You are kindly invited to discover my different works based on words and pictures. Their variety looks like life itself, the different ways we choose, sometimes large roads and sometimes little paths according to need or pleasure, or may be to avoid things we cannot clearly tell about. Who knows the truth, where is it ? Because life begins without any choice, but it is changing one day or another with the decisions we take, people we meet, and hazards too, of course.

So we often write it another way and imagine, often we lie at ourselves. One day however, we really would like to know who we are and communicate, instead of staying always alone. So we try hard to think back to our past life to understand how it was, how all of this began, but too many things have been forgotten.

And then you begin to write a new story, you can easily imagine what could have happened and you believe it, now it is the truth, it is so funny to whistle such a song.

May be you want to satisfy somebody (but who is it?) or hide things you do not want to tell.

You would be so happy to look at your life going on a straight way with everything all right, without mistakes or lies. You want to be a good man, you always were a good man since the beginning.

Do you really think of it this way?

PS: Sorry for this very bad translation. It should be better for the next issue, maybe...

