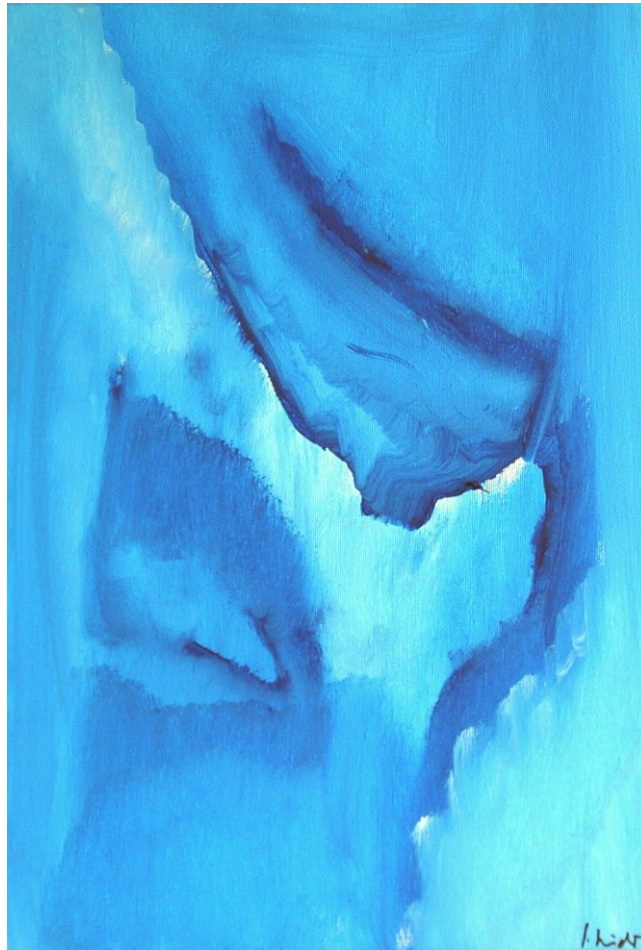


FEBRUARY 2019

## A BLUE FAIRYTALE



35 x 50 cm, Acrylics

In most fairytales the dominant colour is blue.

It stands for the far away, for the incredible which we so eagerly would like to comprehend; for the unbelievable which we would love to believe in, for the unreal which we would want so much to perceive as reality.

But it is a different world which maybe might be more colourful than ours. Yet we look at it through blue glasses, - transfigured, poetic, imaginary. Though we are floating on a blue cloud of fantasy, we still never lose sight of the boundaries. Even if we had blue eyes, we are not so blue-eyed that we can not distinguish in between a lie and a fairytale.

Even prime lies are still lies, regardless if they served the politics, business or self-interest. And one can throw fairytale idols of sports, film and show business on the wall as often as on likes, they never turn into a toad.

As toads are a protected animal specie one is not allowed anymore nowadays to throw them around, but anyway we have already too many princes and princesses, blueblooded and colourless.

True fairytales, unfortunately, are getting rarer, reality overtook them.

Even the bloodthirsty fairytales that tell of war heroes, bloodied swords, traitors and their beheading and were told in the Souks of Damascus, became meanwhile reality in the senseless and never-ending bloodshed in the Middle East.

It might be better for us if Alice's Wonderland stayed behind the blue mirror, if witch hunts only took place in between book covers and the Bad Wolf in the good night story neither ate grannies nor Little Red Riding Hoods but only little goats.