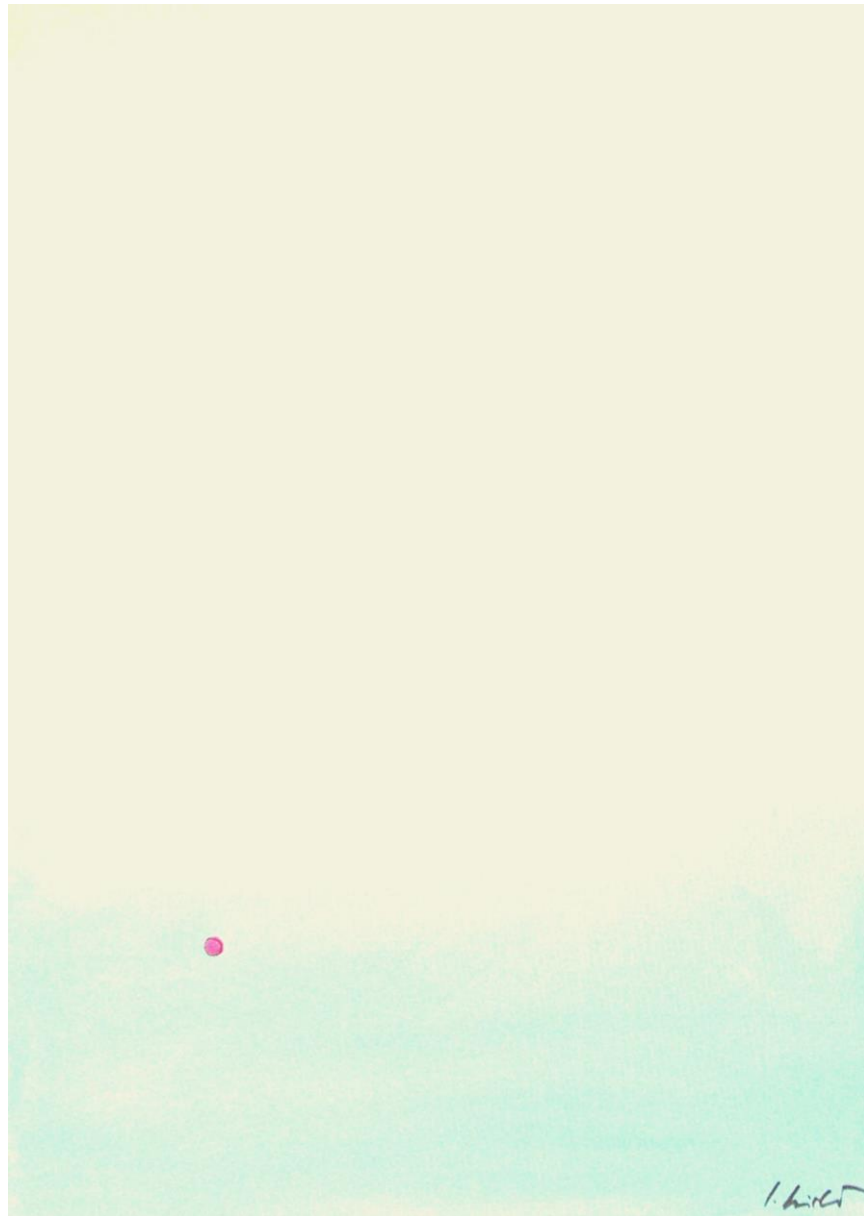


SEPTEMBER 2014

ON YOUR OWN



Acrylics 50 x 70 cm (2014)

White with a tint of blue pulls us into the void. White is the silence, the endless silence that finds its perfection in the silent silence of eternity. In silence is the absolute freedom, the perfect purity: WHITE. Were it not for the red scream that destroys the solitude.

To be on their own only a few people endure, as we are supposed to be social creatures. We need company, friends, cuddly animals and entertainment. On our own we feel lost.

Nobody wants to admit that one is only a grain of sand in the desert, insignificant, accidentally blown along by the wind. Full of pride one only sees the mighty dune which one forms together with other little grains of sand.

Who is not at peace with oneself finds it difficult to live in solitude, in the silence one will hear voices, will see frightening pictures of the past, and the future will look like a dark whole. Instead of contemplating the purpose of one's own existence one joins others individuals. Then one will talk loudly and verbosely. This chases away the dark clouds. Healthy social behaviour is what you want. That is where nowadays the virtual friends come in. Worldwide, 1237 friends with whom one can have a conversation at anytime; real friends who are so 'cool' and would do anything for me... One is constantly online, but is one less lonely this way? Or is it that by doing so one wants to enhance one's own nullity? A mathematical problem, as the amount of zeros may be yet so big, zero stays zero.

Every one finds one's own solution with the problem with solitude and this is quite okay, but please leave the ones alone who like to be on their own; keep quiet because they like the soothing silence; do not trample about in their secluded little gardens because they like to be on their own. Borderliner? There is a word for everything, on it's value and content everybody decides on his or her own.

Music? Yes, but not necessarily 'Rap'.