

THE WOUND

With me, painting is not only my attitude but also my way to escape from the unclear disappointment in my life.

Don't push me to explain or name the feelings eating my life, the life of an artist who are trying to conceive, to save himself through painting sheet in front of ridiculous looking of people.

The chaos in my spirit often make me much more deaf than the miscellaneous sounds of life do.

"Profaning" is an over-active word, but it's just enough to express my attitude to the games of life: hate, abhor, anger,... These things are wounds to which human is continuously scratching. It's a pity for us to judge ourselves for happened things. I percept these things while licking my wounds in painting.

I'm obsessed of an idea that the human being just likes a herb of gentle-elephants. When they are affected by madness, they turn into demolition entities and eliminate everything seriously. People must look back what they did.

I nearly fall into a lonely world and miserably take vague pessimistic attitude. I feel that I'm struggling so hard in order to free myself from the swamp of fears spreading under my feet. To get rid of this swamp and stop suffering our common bleeding wounds, we must rise ourselves, reach to the pure atmosphere above.

This exhibition is just to share with everybody the diary of my life, a short life remain.

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