

*Hello  
Everybody  
Everything around me*

In the permanent quiet of the firmament and the ground, people were born, they went through the movement, rubbed and touched one another, created happiness and misery, participated in the growth and extermination....

The human are self-conceited because of that?!

...

I want to paint the human, expression of the internal faces with unsafeness, anxiety intermixing with faith and hope... Maybe, that is also my own faces as I look at the actual surrounding world; it seems to be unreasonable but impossible.

The reality and existence.

The truth and the existence

L NG L U BIÊN