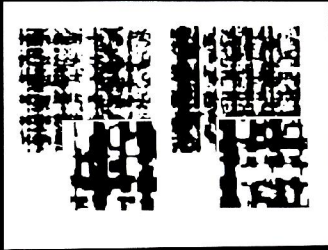
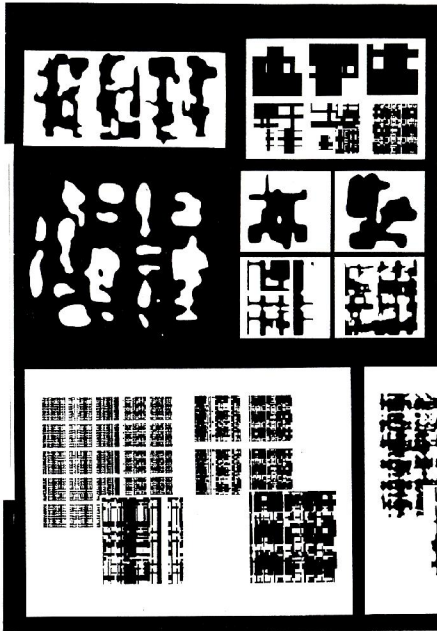
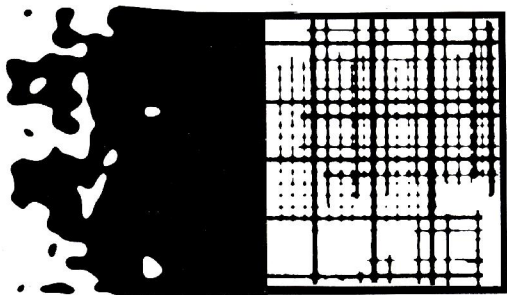


Nature! We are surrounded and embraced by her; powerless to penetrate beyond her... We live in her midst and know her nor. She is incessantly speaking to us, but betrays not her secret... She has always thought and always thinks; though not as a man, but as Nature... She loves herself, and her innumerable eyes and affections are fixed upon herself. She has divided herself that she may be her own delight. She causes an endless succession of new capacities for enjoyment to spring up, that her insatiable sympathy may be assuaged... The spectacle of Nature is always new for she is always renewing the spectators. Life is her most exquisite invention; and death is her expert contrivance to get plenty of life.

GOETHE



The process of art is ... the discovery of images during work, the recognition of shapes and forms that emerge and awaken a response in us.

Each part of the work is an organic consequence of the other parts. In nature we never see anything isolated, but everything in connection with something else which is before it, beside it, under it, and over it.