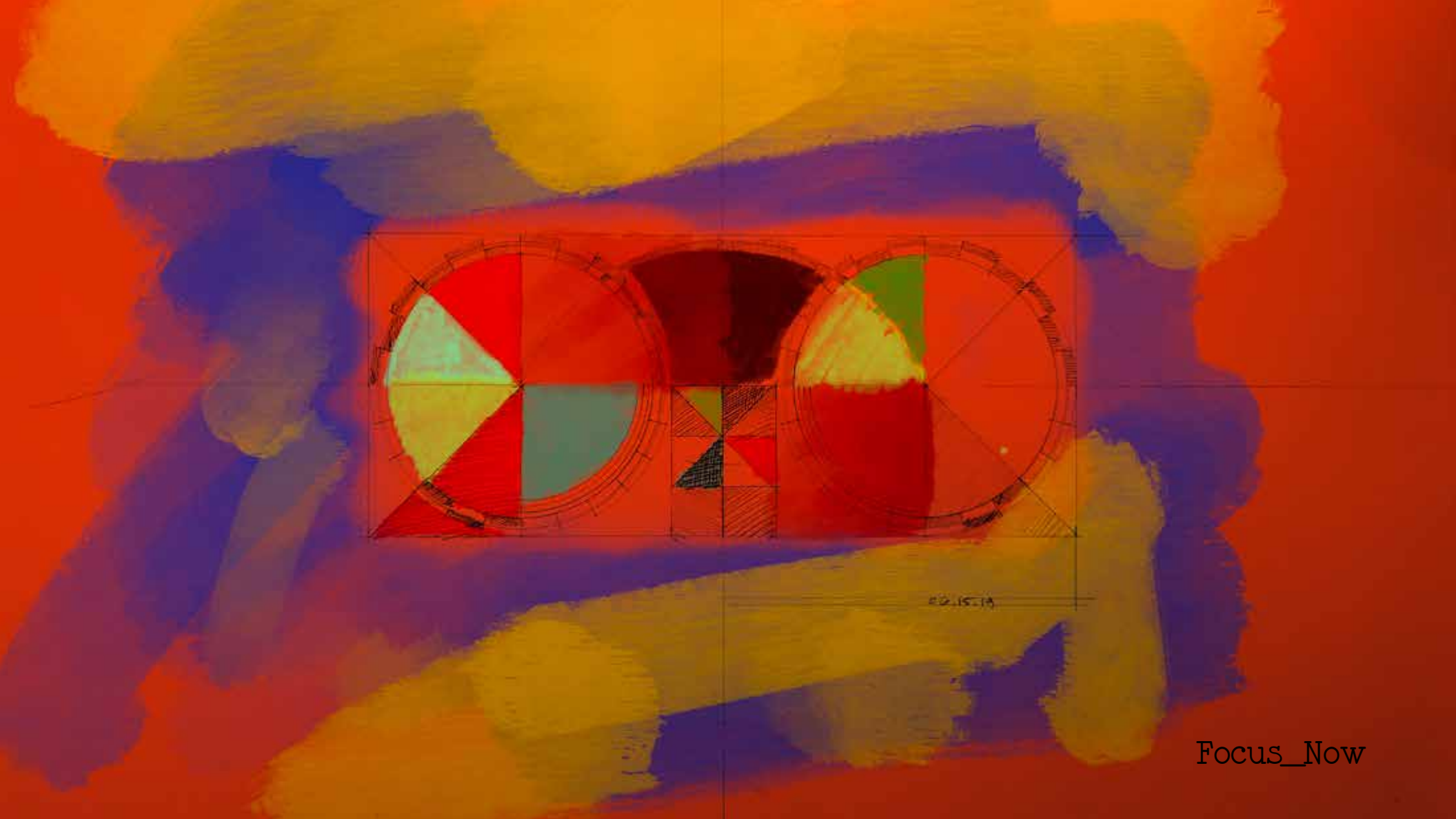




Illustration Concept

09.06.19

Cover Art
Mauve_Route_66



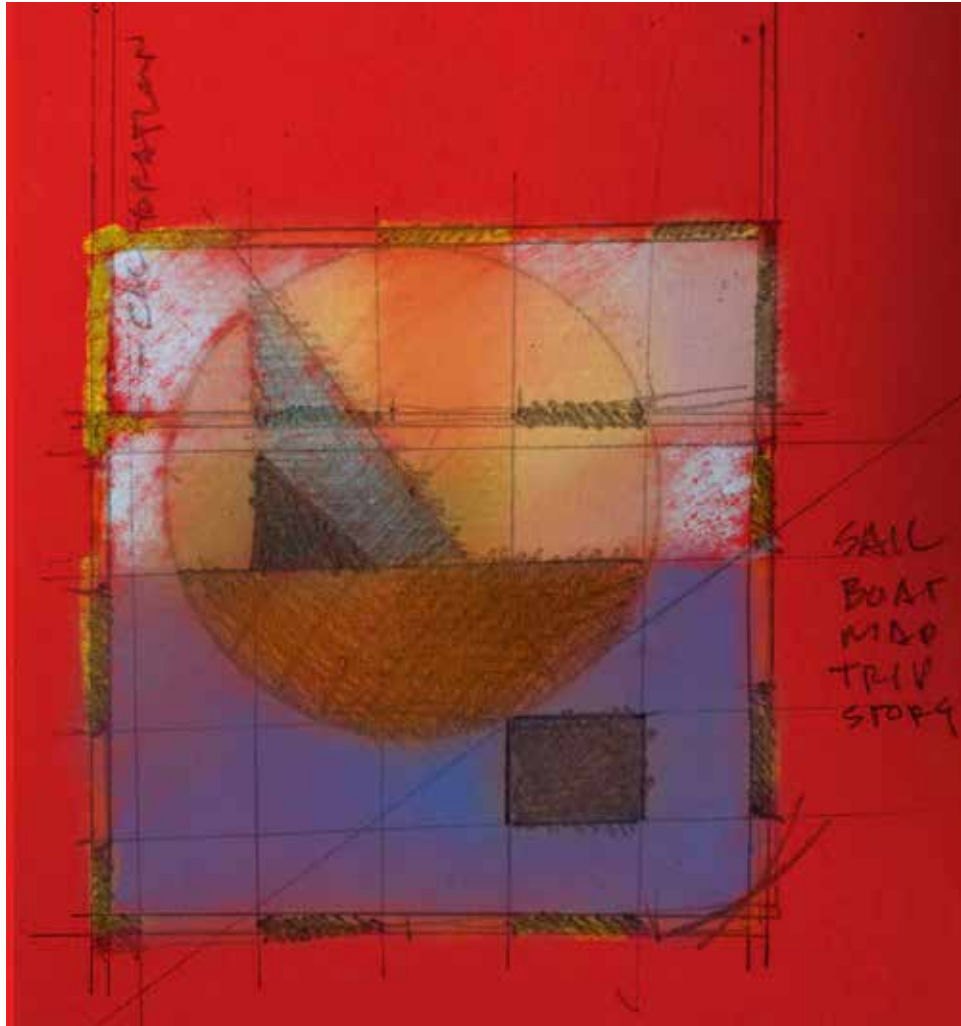
Bowl of Mist

Art is made up of those elements which the artist is able to produce. It also contains form, which is independent of intentions. Art is everyday, but is not normal, it surpasses its existence only by being proclaimed as art. There



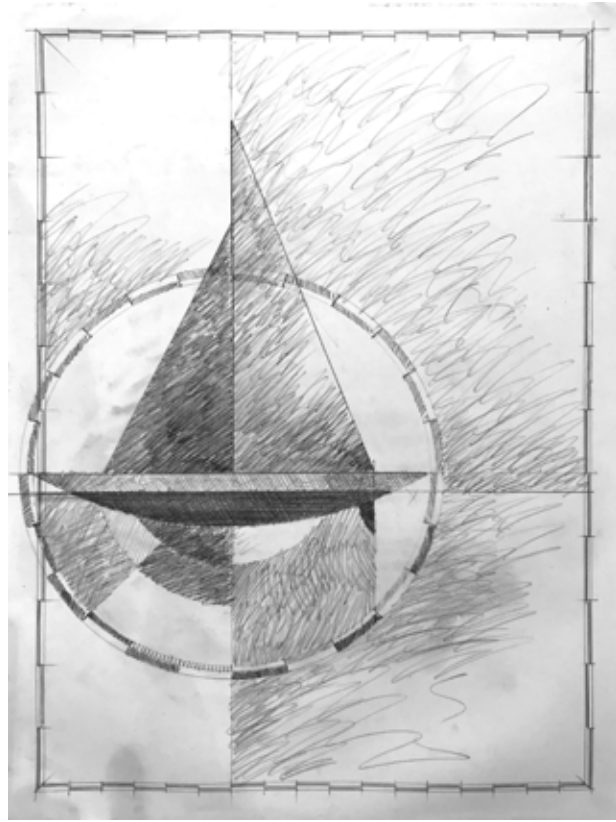
is a quality which even when proclaimed as art only lasts while the proclamation is being uttered, that is normal and available. Some will endure, but we cannot create “new” to survive time, it is a matter of values, which are in the individual or cultural who view it, not within the object. The life and experience is important and is part of all art, it is not learned but expressed. The essence of each art interaction experience is that it is a learning experience!

The montage of life can never be seen twice like a movie. We can see the outtakes but never the script or the reel. Looking backward, you will see



your footprints, but only you get to write the ones ahead. Dance lightly and make the most of all your prints!

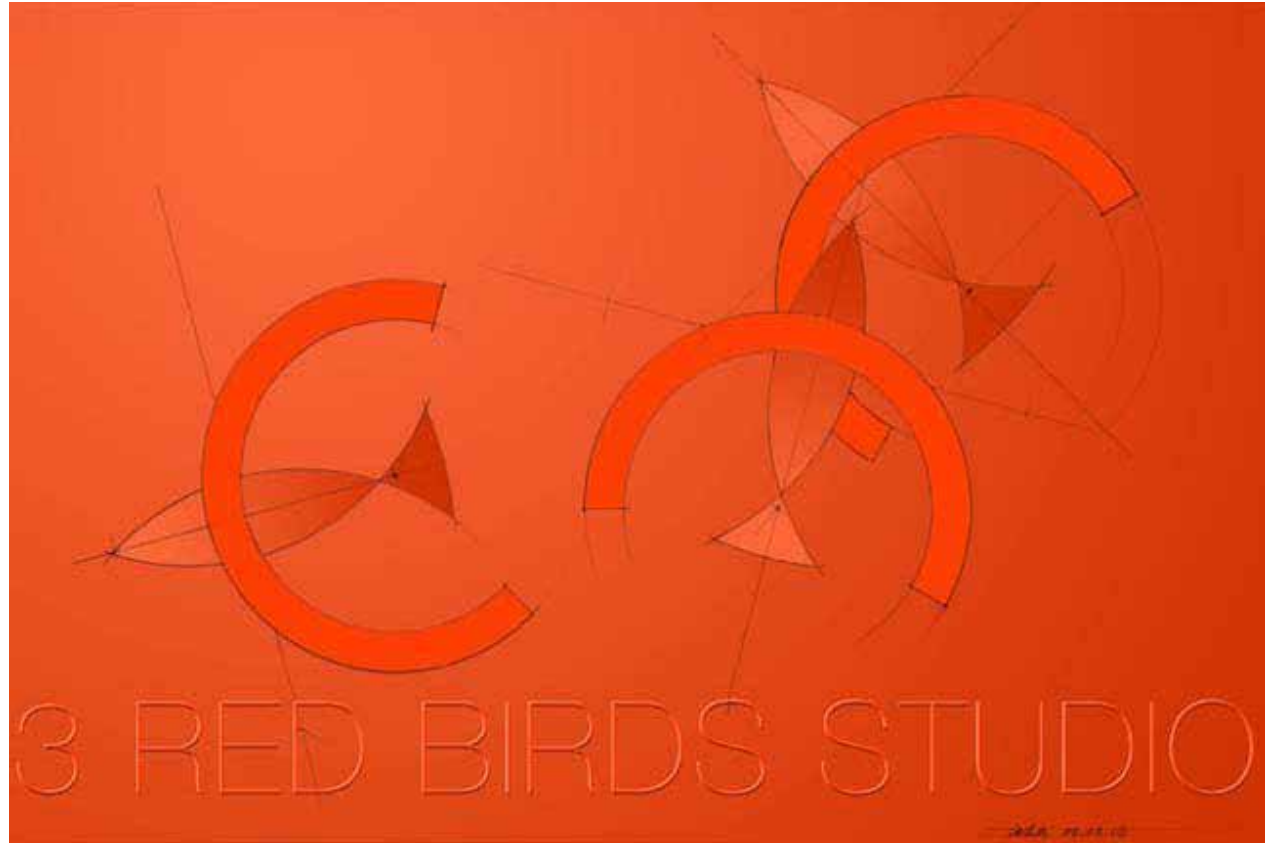
If one were to look back and say what the experience was like, from this point, I'd say it was a catalyst to change. There is always a tendency to look back at the tenure as nostalgic:



There are a few ideas which may be wonderful to explore: nostalgia and objects. Existence/object means a new empty space which needs to be brought to life, with things... which makes one feel comfortable.

Nostalgia is a beautiful person who lives across the street, Rue de St. Severins, with a balcony where a guest sits, a cigar and a burgundy wine late into the night, but in the morning when the fog lifts, the street is not there.

Nostalgia is a memory of the wonderful music heard in Morocco when the

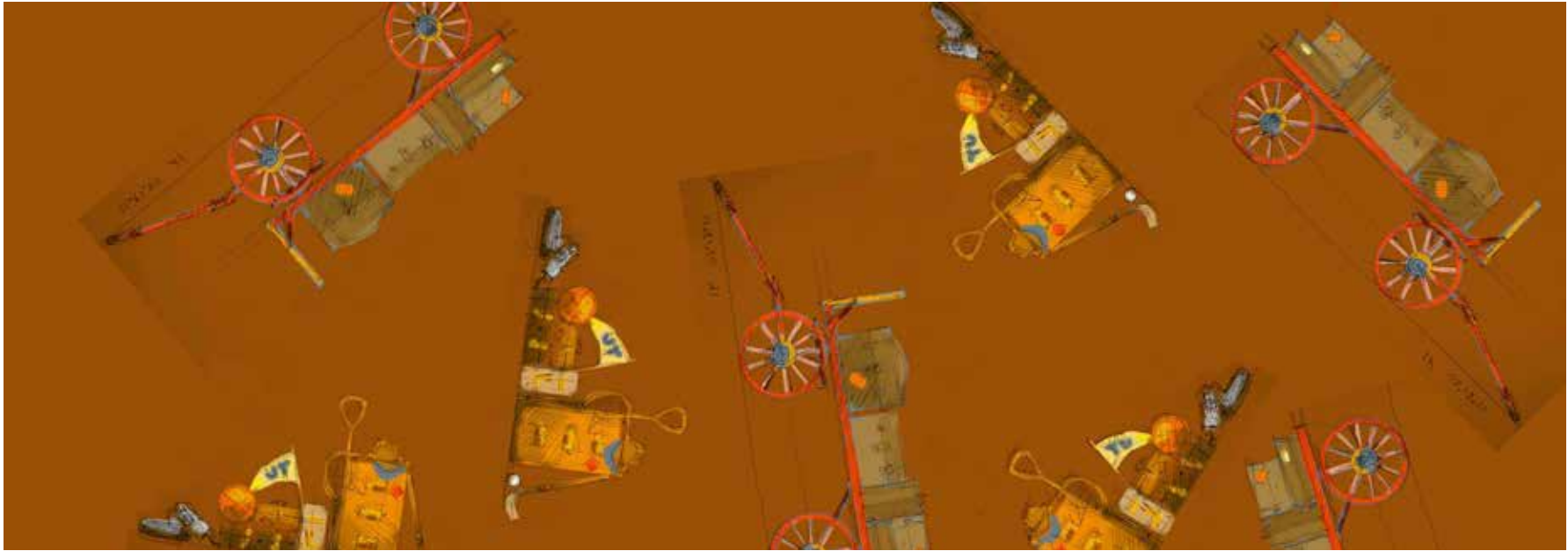


power went out and the waiters brought out candles to keep the atmosphere secret and personal. You had a Doubonnet and time ceased to exist. The only thing you now have is an African patterned pillow with the velvet rope fringe on an over-stuffed oxblood colored leather chair in the study.

Nostalgia never sits, she lingers.

Nostalgia always wears a hat.

I find that I can take a practical look at the past, and tip my hat, yes,



Nostalgia may be bought but cannot be married.

Nostalgia is the Orient Express.

Nostalgia rides the Orient Express, but the conductor
never collects her ticket

Nostalgia always sits at the outside corner table in
the French Café.

it was good, maybe even great! I make a new and exciting world, which
couldn't have happened without cross-wired circuits.

I don't know. I do know that I find that my like is an existential expe-



rience, it goes back to the original premises, and does little excursions, which seem to keep being played out in the same manner, I know I'm stuck in a place that's not much different than entering when I did my first painting. Lost, and facing the new day with wonder and awe, but naively thinking I have made progress.

The first painting (Focus_Now Abstraction) is about Design or Designing: where the abstraction is the new concept, which lives for a brief second, and will disappear if not recorded.

Ahde Lahti
09.06.19



