

When I became a tattooist, I was only interested in the technical aspects of the job. However, I did not master the job's essential techniques. I quickly attracted to something else; the desire to work toward a more vivid image, full of emotions and inner sensitiveness. (That's right, my inner sensitiveness, my big treasure, a burden so heavy to bear on my shoulders that it made me suffer throughout my childhood.)

Adults were so mean to me when I was a child, that it would have been better for me to be one of them at that time. **A child is often asked to shut it, and some times it is difficult for him/her to express themselves. When he/she is an adult, the only option given to them is to keep shutting it. Thus becoming impossible for this human being to exist within the microcosm represented by the family circle, and even more impossible to exist within society.**

