

My work reflects my path and the questions that I am asking myself for the last years.

Six years ago, I finished high school and started studying architecture. I was passionate about the history of this discipline, addict to visits...but I changed my field of studies very quickly because I didn't want to "construct buildings", and geometry and physics were disgusting me.

Then, I decided to study "history of art", until the master, but I couldn't help myself drawing in parallel. I constantly needed to create representations of architecture, which I decided to reject but continued to be obsessed about it.

I was thinking that I had taken the wrong decision to stop architecture because I was obviously passionate...but the thing is that I realised I like drawing more.

Finally, I became a self-taught artist parallely from my university studies. Sometimes, I was frustrated not to have the education to create hyper-realistic masterpieces that could make me enter the Fine Arts of Paris, but more importantly, I am so happy to propose now an approach and an interpretation that is very personal, clumsy, but so honest.

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