

How do I explain my drawings?

I have a cousin in my parents' village in Greece. He are for the most part dark haired, but she was born blond. This set her apart somewhat, so I've remembered those letters from my uncle describing this vivacious child who constantly laughed and danced about.

She is now a beautiful young woman, but she seldom laughs and no longer dances. She is withdrawn and quiet. As relatives die she will be Traditionally forced into wearing drab black from head to toe, in a state of perpetual mourning. That she will probably not realize is that she will really be in mourning for her own life.

Somewhere between child and adult her love of life was lost, her free spirit broken. There are many forces that contributed to this happening.

Like my cousin, there is a part of me which wants and expects to enjoy life — but there is also in me a part which expects to be dressed in black and kept from life — it is my inheritance.

My drawings scream against this inheritance!

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Toronto Dec. 75

