BEGGARS WITHOUT ARMS

Luigi Mattei

We call the disordered nighttime scene of the mental faculties dreams. But those dreams do not exist, they do not have any value.

In the night of human existence the true dreams are fantasy and faith.

Beggars with no arms we yearn every day to snatch from the dream a bit of reality.

What is art except the capture and realization of a dream, the assertion of fantasy and... a mighty act of faith?