



My father has strange notions—
he thinks that every painter should move to Paris.
Three years ago we moved the whole family from America to France.
And now we have to change places to a little village outside of Paris
because a painter lives there who my father greatly admires.

Giverny!
Claude Monet's
village!



"Do you want to have a go?"
the painter suddenly asks me.

Well, you bet I do!

We go into his studio to fetch his
easel and a canvas for me.

"You really only paint water lilies?"

"More than anything, I paint water,"
he says. "Water is the most difficult.
The sky reflected in it is constantly
changing. When the clouds change,
so does the water. The sky brings
the water to life. Every moment
is different. The water lilies are not
really that important."

He remains silent for a moment
then adds, "But as a young man,
I did not realize that yet. I still
had a lot to learn. And that is
why I travelled to Paris."

"Is that because
you thought every artist
had to move to Paris?"







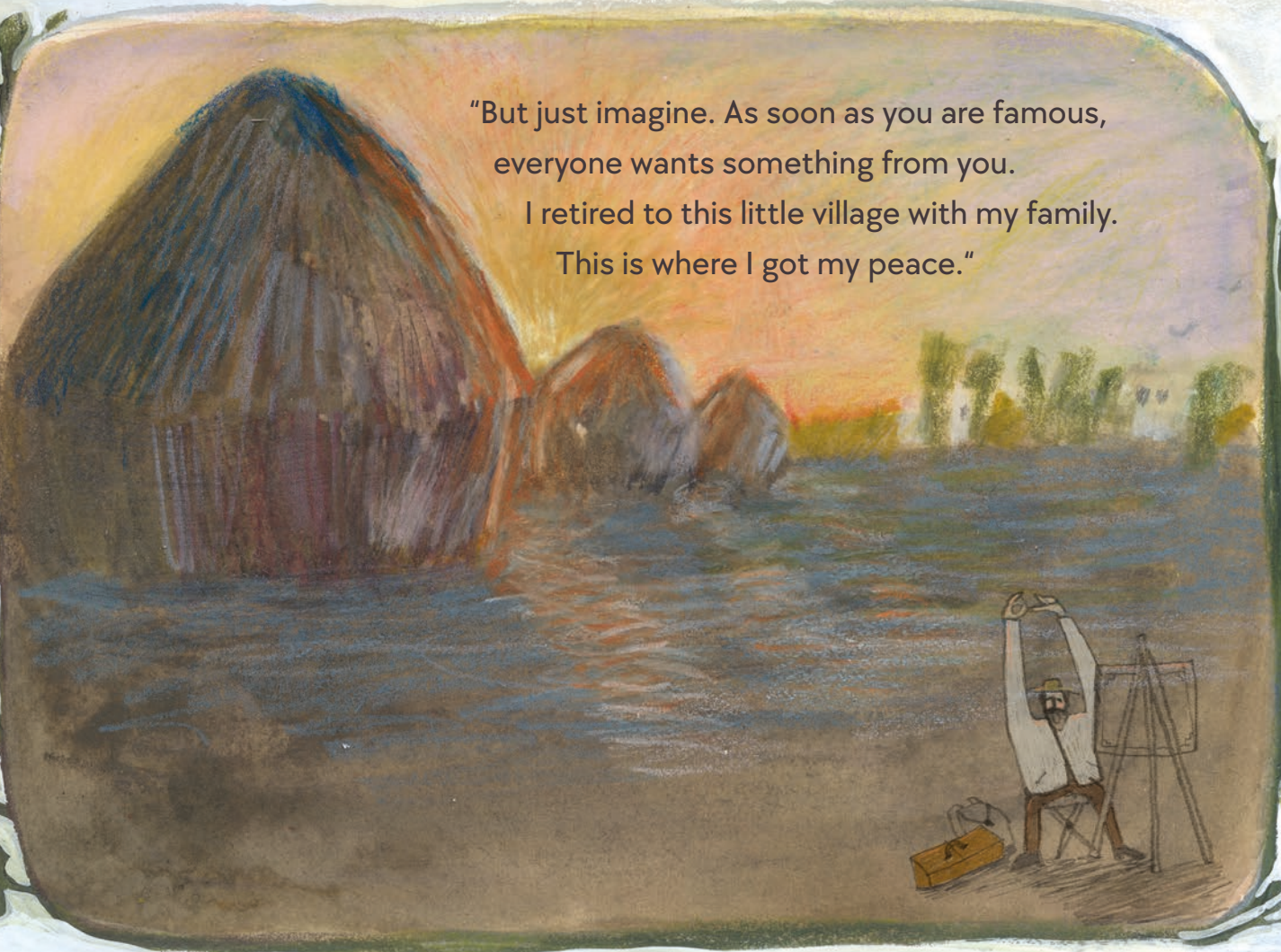
"But it did not matter to me. I did not want to retire to my studio because I wanted to paint the atmosphere. I wanted to portray nature as I saw it. In the very moment. The colors. The light. The movements."



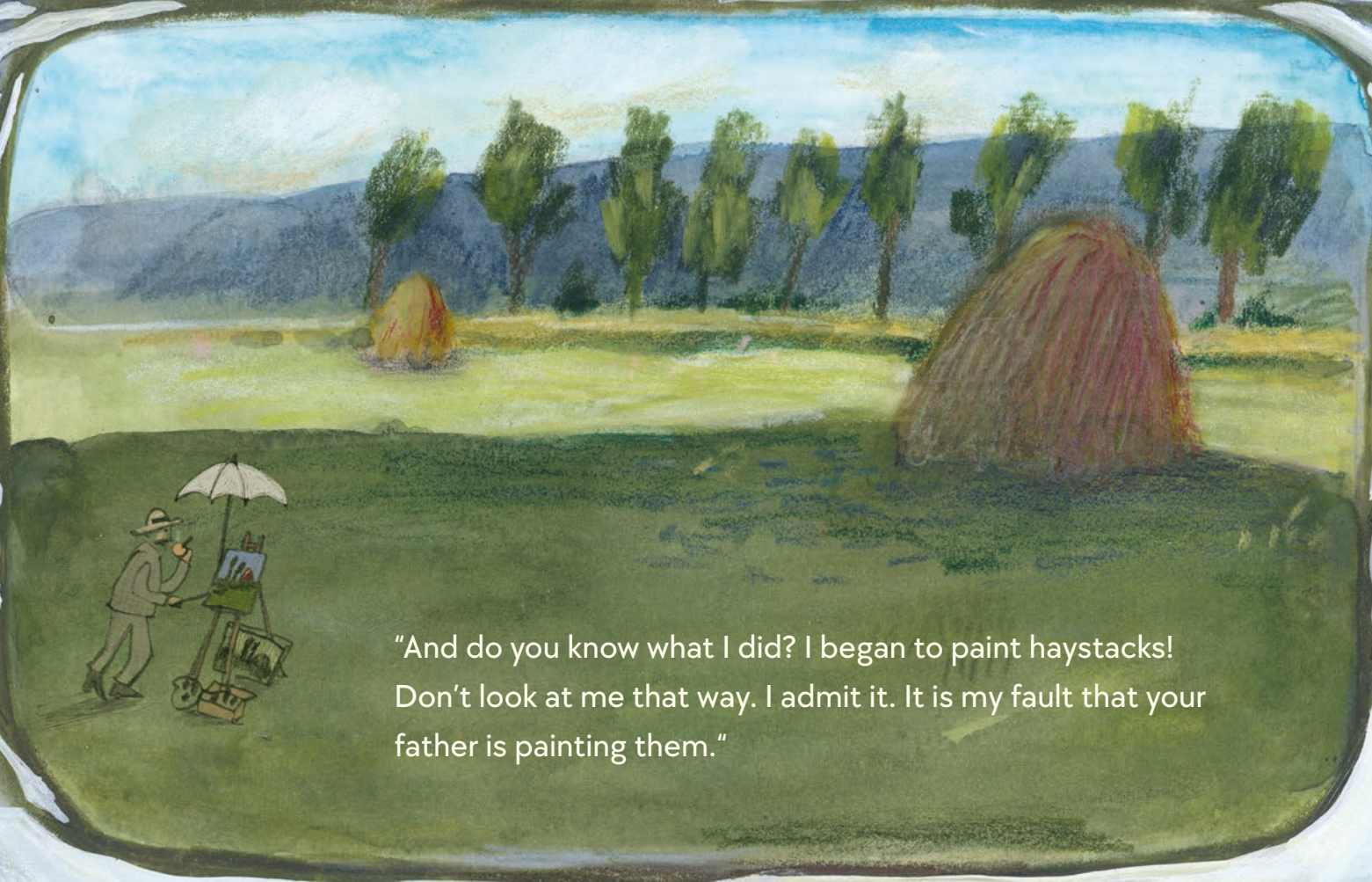
"Just as before, I splattered my canvas to the full. This time, however, I knew what I wanted. This time, I had a plan. All the little spots of paint came together to form an image. To create an impression!

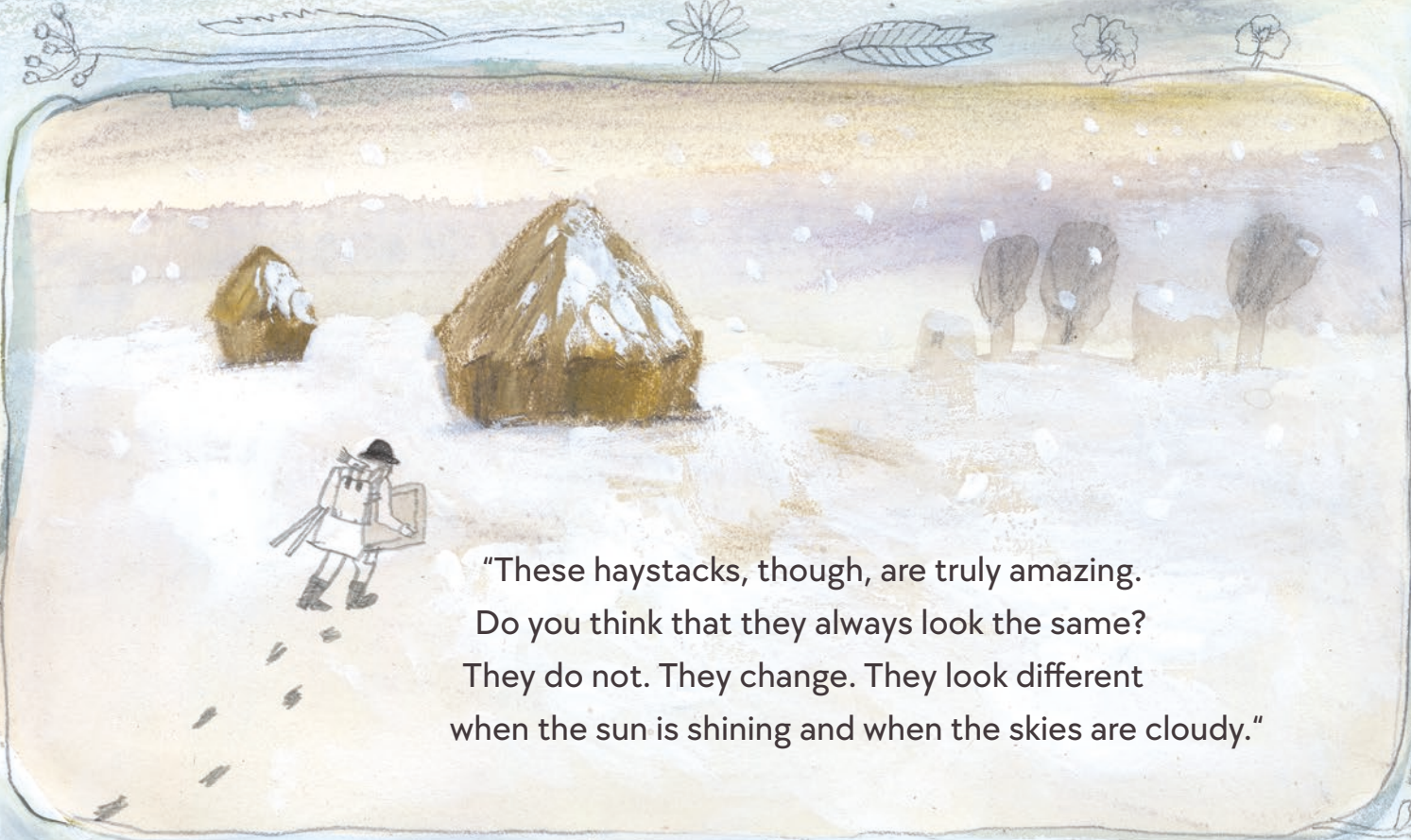
I knew that I was on the right track. Even if everyone didn't see it that way."

"But just imagine. As soon as you are famous,
everyone wants something from you.
I retired to this little village with my family.
This is where I got my peace."

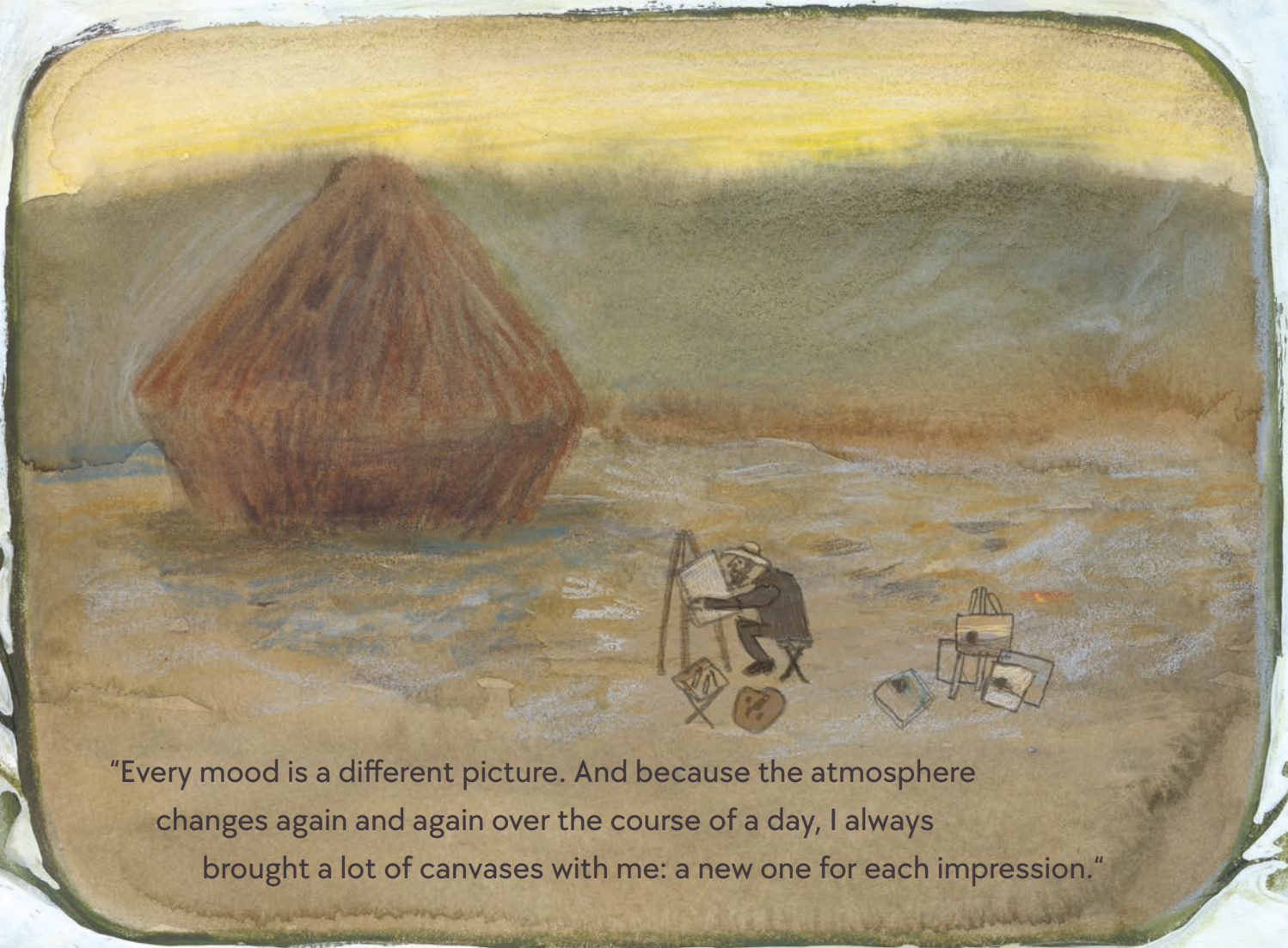


"And do you know what I did? I began to paint haystacks!
Don't look at me that way. I admit it. It is my fault that your
father is painting them."





"These haystacks, though, are truly amazing. Do you think that they always look the same? They do not. They change. They look different when the sun is shining and when the skies are cloudy."



"Every mood is a different picture. And because the atmosphere changes again and again over the course of a day, I always brought a lot of canvases with me: a new one for each impression."

