





Fanet Hopkins

WWW.JANETHOPKINS.TYPEPAD.COM WWW.JHOPKINS.ETSY.COM

FOR QUESTIONS:
JANETEHOPKINS@YAHOO.COM

also the man with the black eggs, a seed clook. One fine autumn afternoon hay a Lacedemontan had been asked to go could imitate the nightingale perjectly. I answered: I have often heard the nighting and the seed of the see





rasp two mutually e field of our eir juxtaposition; abstract forms capmancement as any others; the pinwire sort and the plaster-cast light-and-shade sort was armful. Plaster-casts and pin-wire outlines were always so epulsive to me, I quite early decided I 'couldn't draw." I couldn't draw, so I could never do anything on my own. When did pain lyago of flowers or bread and potatoes, or cottages

greater activity of the whole makes order possible, our Because the creer consciousness, it wholly by an effort for the development. As

THE CREATIVE PROCESS

also the man with the black eggs, and the man red cloak. One fine autumn afternoon he told me one day a Lacedemonian had been asked to go and hear man who could invitate the nichtingale perfectly. The LaceD. H. LAWRENCE

in little casseroles. I disappeared into that canvel the most exciting moment—when you have a blank ear a big brush full of wet colour, and you plunge. It is justifyed in the proof of the proof of the proof of the proof.



