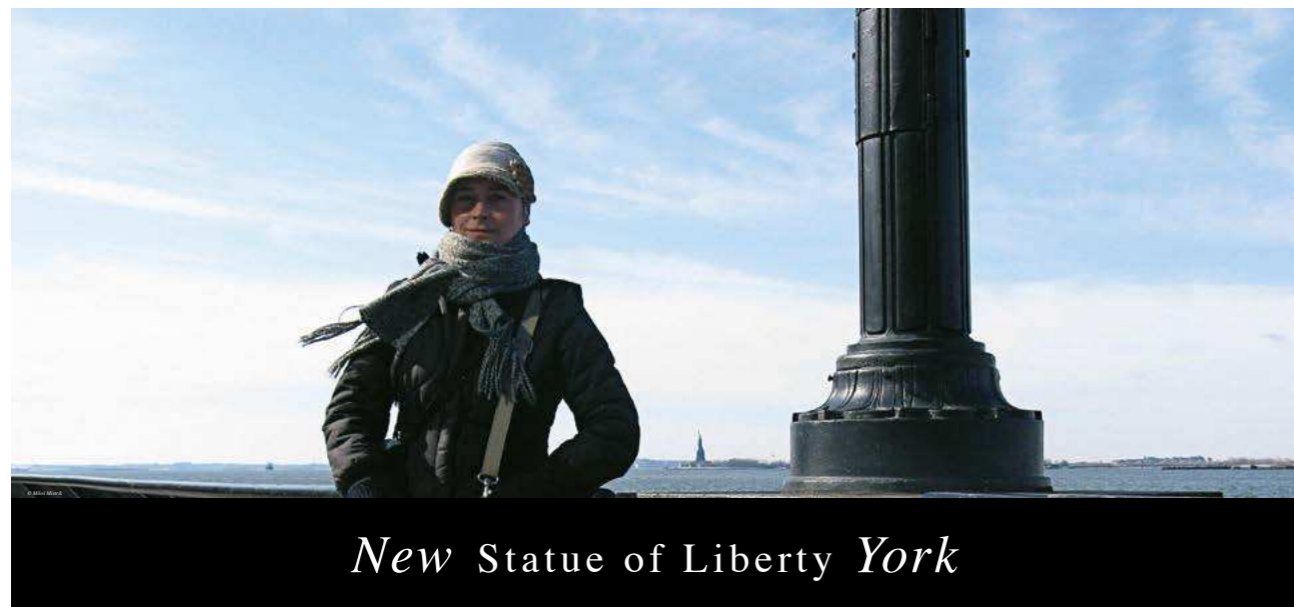


# Miloš Mistrík

## Single picture



It was February. A cold wind blew from the Hudson River. We stood at the railing, just the two of us. Then, suddenly, in the distance, The Statue of Liberty, she called upon us. At that moment, I remember Max Fritsch, back in Montauk. It was that moment, when the realisation became clear to me - the freedom we seek is within us.

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