

By and about myself, as if I was someone else.

André da Loba was born in 1979 in Portugal, to a mama and a centaur. In a family of nine brothers he was the ugliest. His nose was very big, and still is. As a result, his parents sent him to join a sea circus. As a secondary attraction, he traveled the world two-and-a-half times. He almost made it to top billing ... but there was always somebody who had something bigger than his nose. Which I don't know if I mentioned that it was very big, and it still is!

During these nomadic years he developed a particular taste for the anarchists, fortune-tellers, fleeing kings, blasphemers and mutineers. Also, fire-starters, witches, poets, biologists, sexologists, shipwreck survivors, tall hats, fancy shoes, skulls, talking fishes, morning horses, people with odd limps, light-bulb changers, professional vagabonds, perfect stammerers, spontaneous mutes, and of course, pencils, colored paper, glue, and cardboard.

The circus eventually stopped at a red sign. As everybody abandoned the circus, André started to use its remains to make his creations. Sometimes he did it for money, because he had to eat; sometimes for fun, because he had to eat more.

One day, when the circus materials were depleted, he started to use trash to make his illustrations. It might seem that he has a mixed-media approach ... but the truth is that he just uses everything that people don't want, so he keeps on making people's junk his own. What a thief!

He illustrated a couple books with recycled materials and more are yet to come (he hopes!).

His work has been recognized and awarded by the Bologna Children's Book Fair, The Society of Illustrators, the Portuguese National Illustration Prize, The Visual Magazine, The Creative Quarterly magazine and by the 3x3 annual, amongst others

Currently he lives in New York City, where he is secretly happy.