

What strikes one first of all is the life  
And movement that come out of  
Her "bronzes" ...  
Yes, I did say "bronzes" ...  
Bronzes in the shape of exploded suns...  
Bronzes of smooth green,  
And different hues,  
Passing from velvet black  
To the changing shades of alloys.  
Spirit inhabits these forms..  
Childhood,  
The other,  
The unknown give him life.  
Here, a curve flirts

With a straight edge,  
And the emotion is born.  
What matters the title of the work?  
Your heart will whisper it to you  
And you will believe in the life  
That exalts.  
And she will gather up  
Your sensations to imbue  
New matter with them  
Modelling with her heart and soul  
To go forever higher.

J. Saintout

Writer & Television Director.