

After 2 years, beautiful temporality, and even though I did not have it under eyes I thought of it ceaselessly, I do not touch it any more. In the maze of the mornings succeeded both hands in the clay, to mould the object, I did not see it. It does not arrive I say, *does it not arrive?* Someone asked, I answered that not. I was out the fashion. At this moment a woman, and I know well that if I say a woman, I do not say *the* woman, but only one of its faces, those whom a perception gives to an intellect, bent towards me, fringing hers eyes of the high towards me. I was in the gun of the attention, below, I took her. On the left-hand side, a translucent textile, on the left-hand side, I took a photography, I put hands in the work, the only thing I could do better, doing always that for two years now, still, I played the BWV 639 of Bach on my gramophone, in the cool. The cheerful chorus been convenient for the debates:

*Come*

*I come*

Then I made following at the floor my feet in a movement of clock, the first then the other one, I was in the sight, in the course of the space, and opened the window to let some air passed by. As my woman refused it I returned to the place my feet by strength movements had taken me away from, suddenly I spread again my hands to model the object.