

Aelle's bronzes belong neither to a broader civilisation, nor do they evoke a specific civilisation. They are the embodiment of the energy that creates them. As we can sense, the energy is dream-like, a poetic form of a dreamt beauty, never fully visually perceived, but ever present in the imagination.

If the beauty is clothed in femininity, it's neither an arbitrary choice, nor a wilful process. One can intuit the beautiful only through the embodiment thereof. Beauty, *die Schönheit*, is an eternal call; not because it is a woman's privilege, but because she deeply embodies it.

We can ask the ancient myths to elucidate the meaning of beauty, a favour they would refuse, but could still perhaps offer us an evocation. For, if Aelle doesn't refer to the world of civilisation, neither do myths. They both bring back fragments from the depths we cannot attain.(...)

Why does Aelle's bronzes radiate, with their own light? It is not their surface, despite the appearance, that matters. It is the flesh, and this flesh, even though instantly hardened by fire, loses nothing of its tenderness or of its quivering. The everlasting bronze encloses lost life, a life never lived. This life, that wants to emerge and whose meaning we don't fully understand, because of our fear and weakness, radiates through the bronze. Here are the message of Aelle's bronzes; don't be afraid; life dwells within you; I offer you the mirror so that you can contemplate it.

Philippe RIVIALE. *Philosopher. Paris, august 2013.*