

I write, I draw and I sculpt regularly and autonomously. These three modes of expression have become indispensable to me. I feel that I can not express in a form can be expressed in another.

When I start a drawing or sculpture, I expect that magic moment when suddenly something new and living appear linked to us, our animality , our universality, our intimacy. I then create the delicious sensation of life and away a little death ... My job seems really accomplished when I found this emotion in one who looks at it.

In my latest designs, " Metamorphoses ", the Arachnes are transformed little by little in insects, in octopuses , in horseshoe crabs , in rays ...

I feel like I 'm getting closer to more of the universe seabed as I explored for hours, little girl, alone with my father when we were doing underwater fishing every summer in Corsica. Magical moments, where I was responsible to show her where the fish we had to bring my mother to feed us.

I find this sense of wonder and mixed anxiety when, turning a rock, a strange fish crossed my eye. I then point at to my father and, after long silent seconds, I saw him rise to the surface with , impaled after his harpoon a quivering line or an octopus with many tentacles that waved in all directions .

Medusa Perseus bringing the bottom of the darkness ...