

We roam around the large garden with our eyes wide and our nostrils flared, and our attentive ears delight in awe-inspiring knowledge of and complicity with the flora.

Like natural music perceived through its rhythms, colors, perfumes and odors, and even in the words, looks, and gestures that describe it; like elation at what is preparing in the garden's other season, that which is the laboratory's most secret time—the season of metamorphoses. The Lady is not content to merely cultivate, watch, and be present with the seasons and their movements, their possibilities, their surprises. She picks, she removes, she trims, she gathers, she tastes.

And as soon as she brings in her precious harvests, she begins her own season and her own cycles of experimentation. Crushing, maceration, decoction, drying, liquefaction, rubbing... Flowers, petals, bark, and herbs all are in full transformation. There is an earthy smell in the studio, and on the papers colored with the juice of flowers, we incline our noses and inhale the color of nature.

The proliferation of such investigation is flagrant, the accumulation of experiments always within reach of her hand and the tools she uses. Surprisingly, however, there is no disorder, for the next garden or the idea of its projection, of its transfigured forms—unrecognizable but strangely familiar—are already emerging in her constructive mind.

And when they have become sculptures, paintings, photographs, or screens and they are introduced to the places where they will be displayed, we feel all the stubbornness and fragility of the Lady, as well as of nature.

We inhale the immutable as much as we do disappearance. Monique Deyres is the Lady.

A white lady, perhaps, in her multiple gardens...

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