



INITIATION

AMBRE 1992

The room is
small



I've never liked
to move.

It's
everywhere
the same.

Why should
I flee?

I don't want to explain
you what I'm doing here

Feel it.





Plaster is
Flabby and
cold...



lumps under
my finger.



i shape plaster with a
knife.



That's all

It's the only reality...



A presence.

I turn over ...
He is here.







