

Is beauty incarnated definitively in the face of these adolescent virgins of the Renaissance with suspended smiles surrounded by the Child Jesus and Saint Jean, plump putti who detach their flesh on the blue dress of the Mother like this "Virgin in the meadow" by Raphael ?

The figures distribute their form in an immobile landscape flooded with light, which extends unchanging in successive planes to infinity. These paintings reflect a balance and harmony so perfect that they can only be the representation of the idea of God. Thus beauty would only be the search for the sacred, the nostalgia for lost paradises. There was a time when, in mythical Arcadia, the young girls of Puvis de Chavannes had no other occupation than to gaze in the distance at the sea where white horses raced beneath the foam.

Beauty may be changing, renewed in each era, but it is always significant.

Does she take refuge today in these anorexic models who expose themselves on glossy paper and who keep as only avatar of the mystery and the sacred not to communicate their telephone number?

We dream of an Art that would repeat at will the Raphaelic Virgins with Child, frozen on these summits of classical beauty and the artist would remain in each era the inspired shaman who listens to the sky and restores it to earth.

This role, the artist could not hold it, because, man, he was the seat of dark forces which told him that this beauty was only illusion and that he had to give it up. He went from ruptures to ruptures and then wanted to measure himself with God, like the sculptor who, from the silt, models a body.

This fight, few led it, and only a few could not be satisfied with the lying comfort of existence and explored countries where the link was made between the creature and the creator, creator and creature dramatically confused.

These daredevils have no other choices and they belong to the genuine creators, because there is no true artist except the one who is by necessity.

Pascal CANGLOFF, sculptor, is one of them.

Yes, for the artist, such as GANGLOFF, to exist is not an evidence, and you have to create, create, be demurge.

Then a world arises, his world.

"The Spring", a sculpture in technical chamotte porcelain from RAKU, like "La Source" and "The Eternal Escape; remains missing", illustrates this upward movement of the earth towards the light. The form is reduced to half a body which hatches from an egg-base where the earth mingles with the color of the porcelain. Beauty of Spring which joins the grace of Botticelli, a tilted head, closed eyes, dear to Odilon REDON, crowned with multicolored scales which could be thorns. The waist extends into a bust that supports the harmony of breasts half hidden by tree branches that we don't know if leaves are not angel feathers. The facial features are soothed, but retain a remnant of suffering, and this Spring, barely born, knows that it is going to die, like a certain Jesus on the cross.

"In Grace, Thought for Woman", a sculpture in chamotte sandstone, the woman makes an effort to look like her peers, those who walk in the streets. She gives herself to the gaze, eyes closed accepting, fleshy silicone lips, the right breast held by elegant slender fingers and on the chest, red roses, the ones we offer. But this form, if it makes it possible to suspect the cine of the thighs, is still incomplete and belongs, perhaps, to this ancient world where men had goat's feet.

A few bodies confront each other in a voluptuous struggle from which life can be born.

In the night, the factory chimneys are still smoking, a plump woman with heavy breasts, long tow hair that covers the shoulders, emerges, like a paleolithic Venus, from a chimney mouth. Should we see here the reference to the childhood of the artist in the Alsace of the factories, where the chimneys spit smoke, fruit of the work of the men whose women are the Venuses who procreate and nourish their children.

GANGLOFF's sculpture is a tragic hymn to life because he cannot escape from the nothingness that sucks him in, and the bruised, dislocated bodies he creates in his rage, risk being destroyed, in part open, like this admirable work "Around the void"

You, one advice, if Pascal GANGLOFF exposes, rush, don't look away, be honest, you will see yourself there, because you will be in the presence of a real who reveals the other to himself... with that essential touch of beauty.