

Alexandre Amprimoz / THINKING ABOUT ONE OF HIS STORIES

tall and narrow like a twelfth century cloister the painting shares the complexity of a Venetian wellhead. The last lecture of the term always took place at her house on the lake. She would sit in her rocking chair and speak softly while staring at her numerous antique and priceless rings.

not like to be pompous, but there is in William Levé's work a timeless wisdom and a supernatural vision, unfortunately reserved for Stendhal's 'happy few'. Then she would look at me, smile and whisper: Father, this is your field . . . would you care to discuss that? But her dark skin, imprisoned without vulgarity in a bright yellow bikini, made it almost impossible for any of us to capture her theory of derivative confluence. If she were still among us I would not attempt to remember her love. What she left us in her writing is basically a method. Given an intuitively and carefully chosen set of 'images' there always is a system of relationships that unites them with an enigmatic harmony.

and in her last letter, as in all my subsequent dreams, she keeps begging me to continue that type of formal research. The painting is a landscape: a thin strip of earth surrendering most of the superior part of the canvas to the imagination of a cloudy sky. On the left a manor seems to be pasted against the canvas. When you look at it closely you get the impression that it must have been carved out of the trunk of a gigantic tree, grown on the very top of the highest hill. It was after her first structural analysis of a Medieval triptych that she began to formulate the theory of derivative confluence, at least that's what she said, but I believe she was born with it. Three images feed each other, grow and finally die. The present state of studies shows that God and the Devil are still alive. Who was the third man? Perhaps she left us when she was on the point of finding the answer.

so these figures are really convincing and you begin to believe that it was the painter's intention to place them in his composition. Yet it seems you imagined them. Somewhere in the valley, a faint light filters from behind the closed shutters of an old house. Inside a group of men drink and play cards around a large circular table. One of them is well dressed while the others seem to be wearing work clothes. On the wall opposite the window there is a tall narrow painting.

but as soon as she began to age she went down very fast, like an overly popular song. Then, to try to escape from the claws of time she performed a number of substitutions: wavy clothes to compensate for the decline of her swaying walk, thicker make-up to hide the crumbling skin, heavier and more numerous jewels to balance the dim flames of her almost extinguished eyes. In the Salons, where she still managed to drag us, we could hear the metallic cacophany of bracelets and necklaces worn by women of her circle. To us they were clinking skeletons and beyond their forced smiles you could sense the approach of a final *Danse Macabre*. If you look at the sky more carefully you can see monsters and deformed figures. The house on the very top of the highest hill is also lit. Through the window you can see an attractive girl doing her homework. On the wall behind her there is a tall narrow painting but both sexual desire and nostalgia push you to take an interest in the student's work. The book, open on the left of the desk, shows the text of a poem: "Study of Two Pears". It was written by Wallace Stevens but William Levé never read it. She then concluded, while staring at the lake: therefore "Les études de la poire" are of a very personal inspiration.

still see her admiring her body in front of the mirror. The girl has taken a magazine from under her desk. The picture on the cover shows a woman sitting in a rocking chair. She is extremely attractive in her rather revealing yellow bikini. A young handsome priest is standing behind her. The student begins to caress her breasts. The shapes of her erect nipples are now visible through the material of her nightgown. As soon as she hears footsteps approaching she throws the magazine under the desk and gets back to her homework. A young man opens the door.

don't you ever knock
they are not coming back until Monday
how do you know
phoned have a party
enough grass
get on the phone

these words are heard but the conversation is not easy to follow. We don't have enough time today to discuss how all the superstitions regarding Venetian Wellheads show the suppression of what we have defined as our third principle. Then she would stand up, imitated by her six disciples: four young women of moderate beauty, a tall thin man and the young priest. In the painting we see their bodies floating in the dark sky. Then William Levé must have known them. But wasn't he dead by the time she began to lecture on his work? Perhaps this anachronism can be explained by the theory of derivative confluence. At the top of the painting there is a priest playing the flute. That, at least, we can read in the lighter cloud. Actually, the instrument could be a clarinet. Facing the priest and on his left she is kneeling naked. Her unusually puffed lips are very close to the musical instrument. Of course the composition of those two clouds could also be read as the typical snake charmer one finds in many paintings by William Levé. Below them and a little to the right the four women are swimming, exposing without shame their naked bodies to the young man who is looking at them from under the water. He sits on top of the manor.

ring belonged to Laura de Noves. Impossible, says the priest. She presses the ring on the waxboard. Its print shows a tall narrow painting. He steps back: who are you? Come closer, she whispers. Laura de Noves, Petrarca's love who married Hugues de Sade in 1325; the marquis

who are you? Come closer. He can't escape from her but there is nothing sexual about his desire. Hypnosis. He returns to playing the flute in the painting. The well dressed man is told to play! The others laugh. A voice says, he must be thinking about one of his stories.