



ANGÈLE MALCLÈS

"Ah! beat thy breast for genius dwells therein", said a poet only recently in a time when it was fitting to be sad in order to appear distinguished. And in our age too there is still

a large number of such aesthetes, who, the better to nourish their feeble imagination, feel constrained to wrinkle their brows, and in selftorture to add rancour to the petty cares of daily life, dramatizing in fact all the trivial happenings which only deserve a smile. Angèle is a living challenge to these "melancholy chevaliers". Born scarcely twenty years ago in Provence that country of which Maurice Barrès has said "there is soul in it", she is a delightful person possessed of infinite charm both of mind and body. She is determined—and apparently without effort on her part—to occupy herself solely with those things in life that are blithesome, cheerful and colourful. And what is especially meritorious and unusual, she does not attempt to disguise the fact that her work is that of a girl. The people she portrays, her animals, her children all live their lives in an atmosphere of freedom and festivity, of a gaiety that knows no end and of which they never tire. This innocent, tranquil happiness and a lyricism redolent of springtime are charmingly reproduced in her rhymes and arabesques and with such delicious child-like enjoyment and candour that do not disdain to touch upon old familiar things. For this very reason it is not possible to find a gap between her three fields of work: pure painting, decorative mural painting and her creations in textile design. Her textile materials are distinctive because, con-