

## La Nation belge newspaper

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Pouchette Fauconier, she scandalizes. Oh! Of course. Go and see at Manteau Gallery. Ah! the frightened faces and the frightened cries.

" She is three years old! "said a lady near us. No Madam, she is six or seven, but certainly not much more. She is at that moment where the child, left to his whim, to his inspiration, or his game, shows the most spontaneity and invention. How many times, at exhibitions of children's drawings, did we say, and others with us: "What a pity that they are growing up! " But Poucette Fauconier has not grown up. Hear that past twenty years she has kept her childhood gift absolutely intact, which is all simply miraculous. She added to it, but without altering it or falsifying, a technique which is revealed above all in the certainty of the line and the mechanism of its deformations. And with that, what a spirit!

An ice cream vendor's car is stopped near of a black pond, in the middle of a living room a piano spreads its wings  
immense bats, these gentlemen of the family follow a hearse in a sad street, the fortune-teller spreads out her cards on the table, her finger on the ace of hearts as she stares at the client with a bulging eye. And in there animals, lizards, owls, especially cats. Ah! the cats! Poucette disarticulates them in a thousand ways but as they say, they fall back still on their feet. And the colors are so pretty!