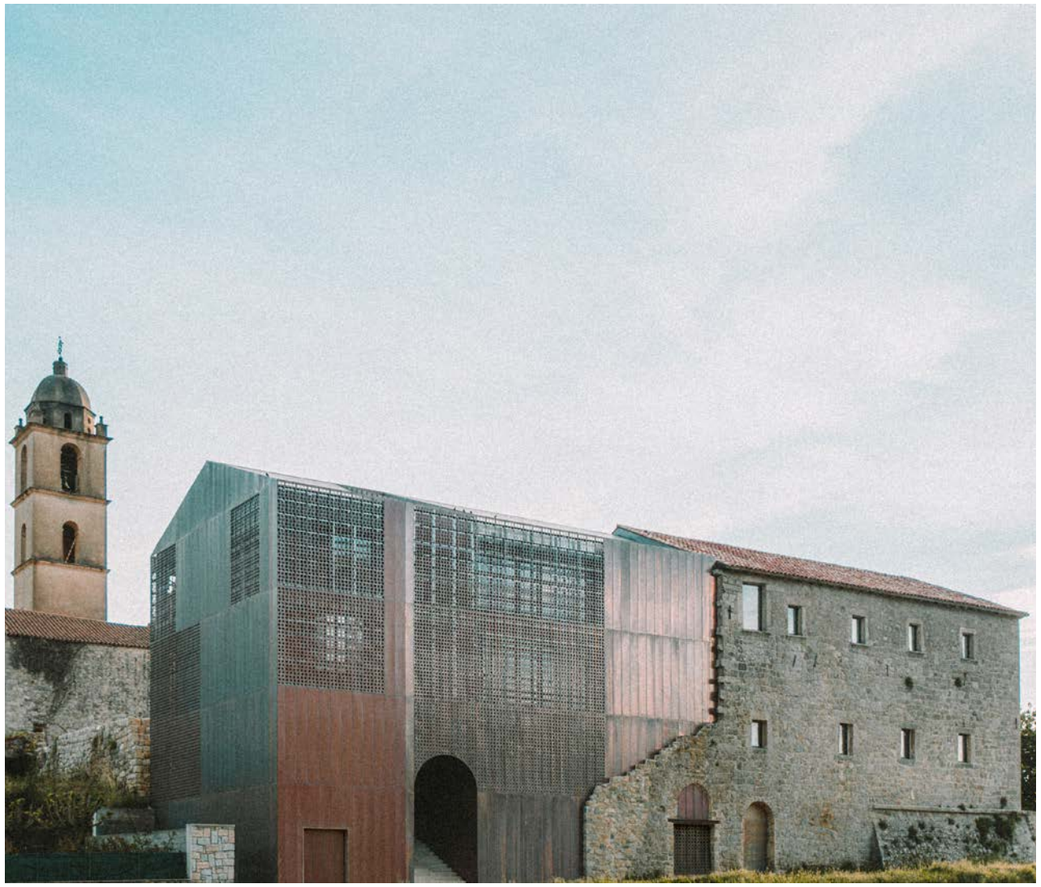

« It is similar to the work of the archaeologist who searches in the traces of the past for a meaning to our present - we who lose ourselves in the race for happiness, a race that is frantic and rarely won. We have forgotten that our memories are born of the memories of those who precede us. We have forgotten that the stones keep their secrets, secrets that we will keep in our turn, and then pass on. »