



Trevor Hodgson, *Undiscovered Rousseau*

Undiscovered

by Eleanore Kosydar

Not yet discovered, the humble toll collector dreams of magic. Visions, imagination, come alive, relieve boredom: Yadwigha whispers secrets in a deep corner of his mind. Voluptuous lines, sinuous music, play on his eyes and ears. Lions prowl. A gypsy slumbers. . .

At age 40, Henri wills himself to be an artist. Untrained, he perfects lines, brush strokes, colours. Will bring dreams and visions to life on canvas.

Yadwigha will recline, nude, amidst lush vegetation on a Victorian sofa. Arrayed about her, creatures of the jungle. He shall conceal himself behind towering grasses, giant ferns and flowers. Only Yadwigha can discover him there. Centre stage, a wide-eyed lioness will stare into you.

The gypsy is to lie asleep beneath desert stars; discovered, lute at her side, by a bushy-maned lion. Multi-coloured robe. Golden mane. Deep blue sky.

But all this lies ahead. Now “Le Douanier” perfects wavy lines, precise brush strokes, clarity of form. Defines textures, full moon, vibrant blues and greens. Preparation. For discovery by Picasso... Inspiration to other artists; revered as “godfather of modern painting.” Inspires me to dream of magic.