

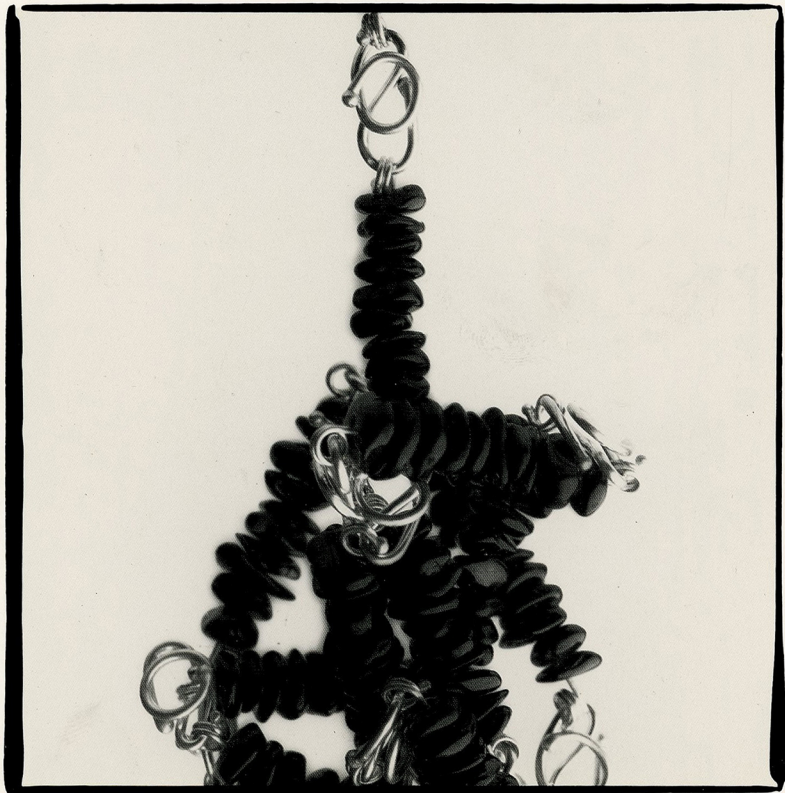


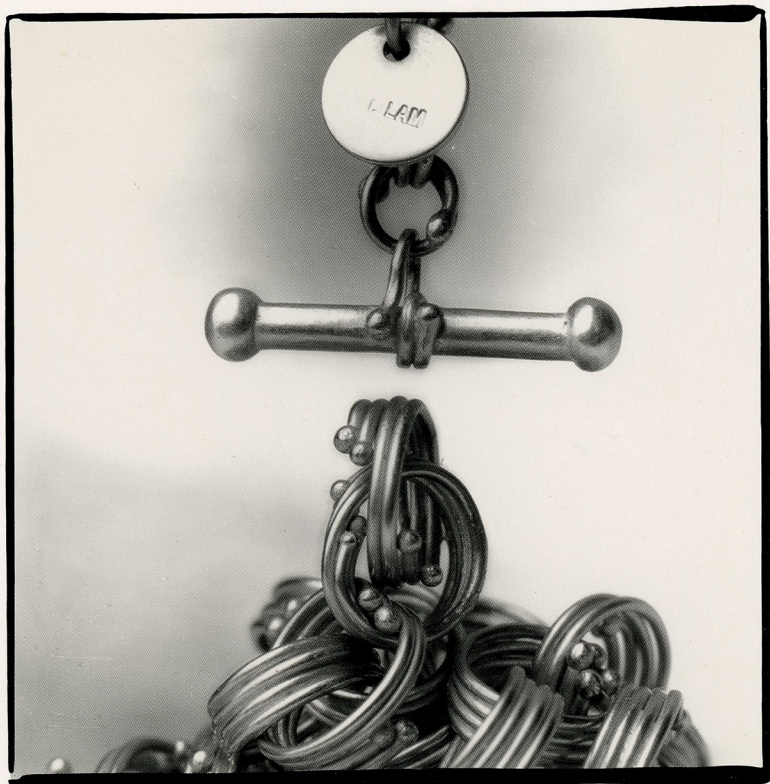


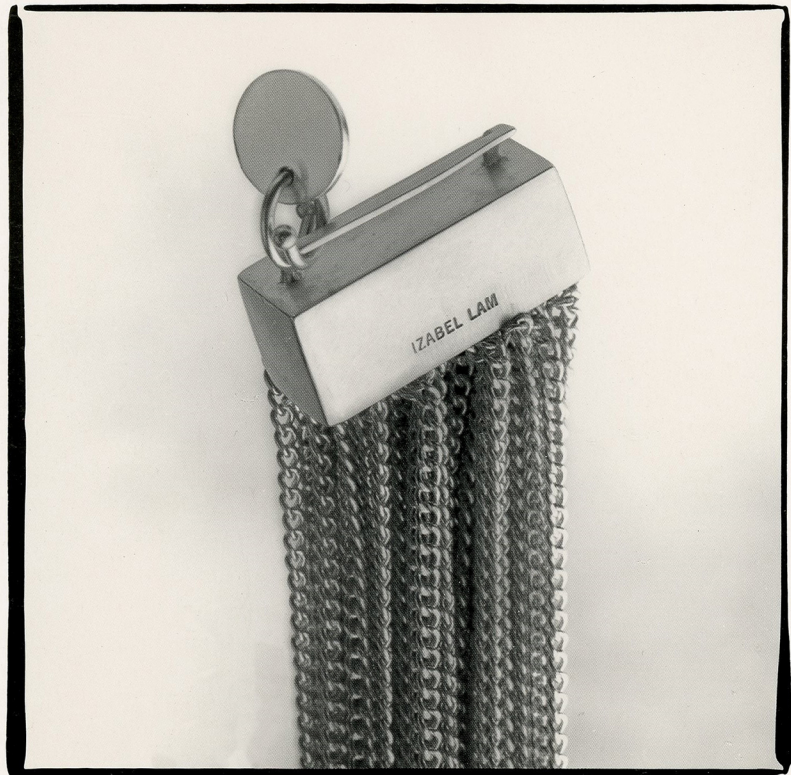
The dark crescent eyes ask a question. But what is it? You look for clues. Silver sparkles celestially. Gold flows like honey around the neck. Where have I seen that before? Somewhere, nowhere. Light impressions, elements to understand. You look closer. Soft leather strips melt their way through each other to form a tunic that is stunningly modern. No! Utterly mediaeval. I don't know.

Hundreds of gold wires, each fragile, delicate, coil in endless circles. There is strength. Closer still you notice for the first time the spheres, tens, no hundreds of them, thousands of them, each perfect, each different, each in its own planetary orbit. It's a golden solar system.

Suddenly, the luxuriant hair streams outward from the Asian face. The magic of Manhattan wells up around her. East meets west in the sphere of Izabel Lam.







IZABEL LAM
NEW YORK

ARTIST JEWELRY

EXCLUSIVELY AT

B A R N E Y S

Photographer: Michel Delso