

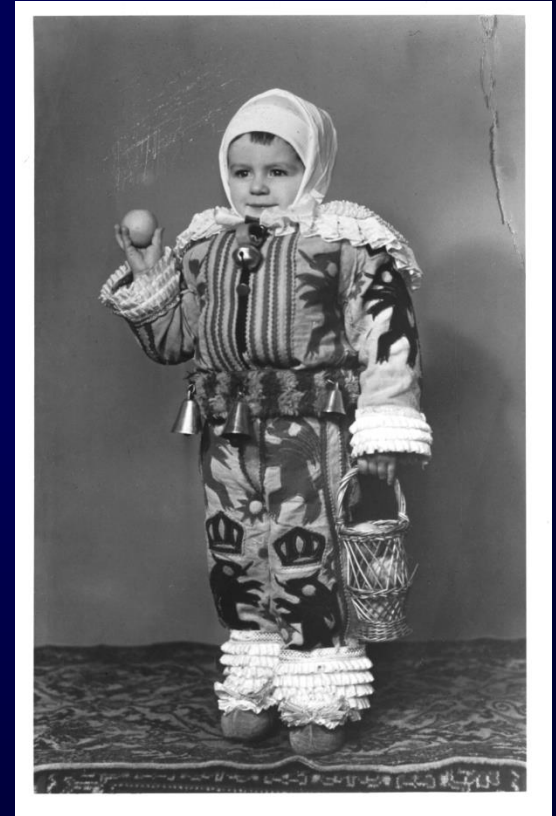
Part I :

The Gille:

Fulco

and

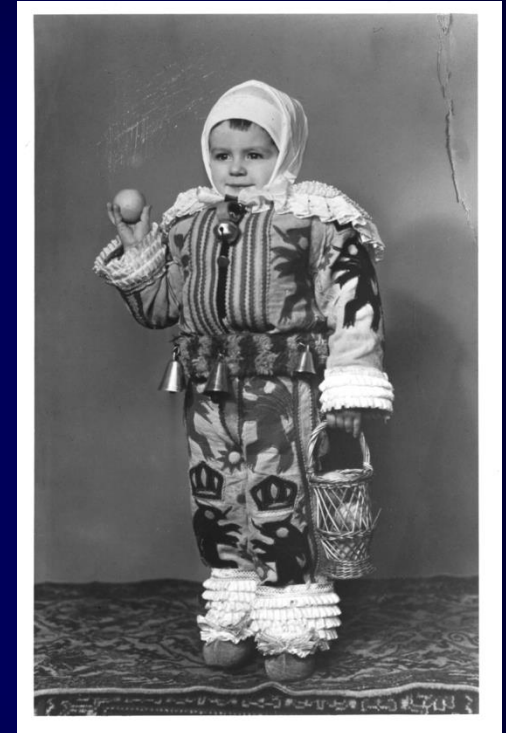
“The Orange”



One day before Ash Wednesday, was the carnival in Binche
a small town in Belgium (in the province of Hainaut).
Dressed in very ancient costume, he celebrated

with parents and grand parents
one of the oldest European traditions:
the arrival of spring
he was three years old.
Proud and hopeful he did the "Gille"
But "Gille" Who are you?

We call you the Fool of the North, the straw man,
The Dancer wearing the mask.
As in many rites and traditions of Europe, America, Asia and Africa,
The mask connects you with the creature you propose:
The animal, the god, the dead spirit.



As your brothers who live for the folklore throughout Europe,
you are a dancer of renewal rites who by its traditional dances hopes to
smooth away bad weather, diseases, poverty and hunger

You dance at the critical moment
which has to ensure a safe connection
between winter and spring,
between the death of nature and its revival,
between infertile and fertile, between death and life.
As a magician, you make much noise with your bells and whistles,
and on the rhythm of the drum
you are bringing your offerings of bread or fruit: "the Orange" ...
So that the bad spirits and the demons are chased away
Unconsciously you put forward the ritual heritage
that your parents and ancestors have left to you
...I was "Gille" for one day,
But now, 30 years later, who am I now on Ash Wednesday?



Would the straw man in me
be able to revive
And, on the debris of my past,
be able to dance?
I must search the fire
under my ashes

Searching ...

Yes, I must accept the sacrifice,
I receive the fruit:
"The Orange"

...



The Orange:

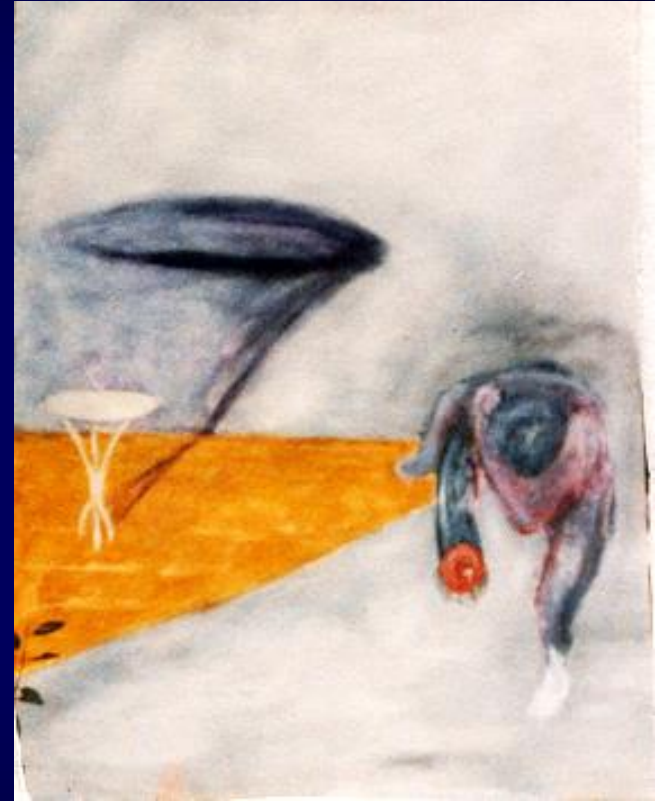
The Essence of the Heart or the Heart of the essential



Begin

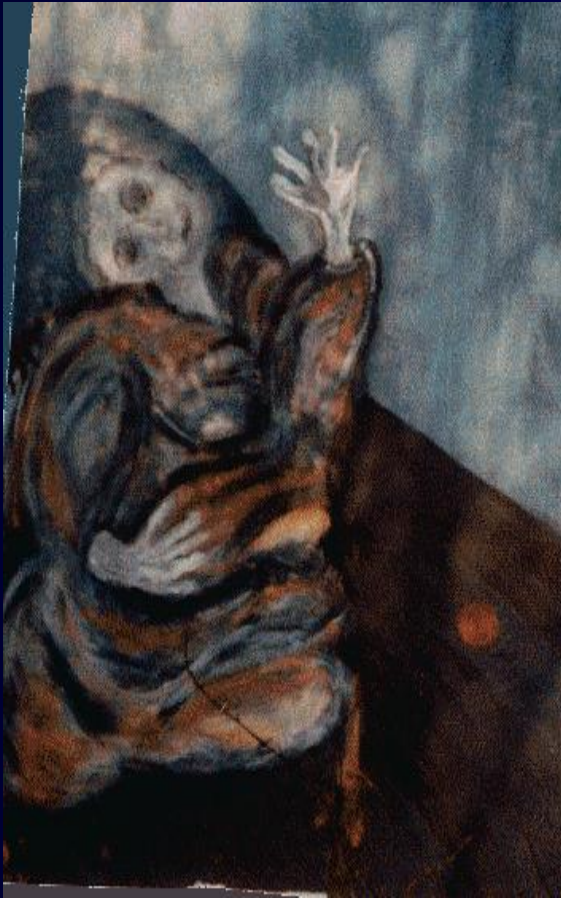


Choice



Journey

on the way . . .



Fear

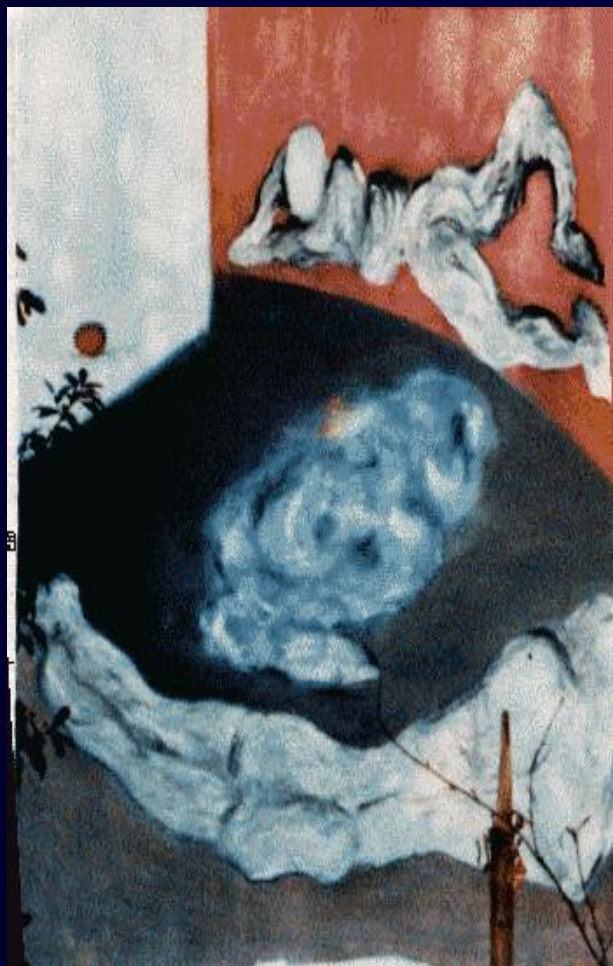


Foreward



Foly

(No)body . . .



Imagined rapture



Paralyzed



Cursed

I am , so I don't think. . .



Self-portrait I



Self-portrait III



Self-portrait II



I am, so I don't think:

Thinking, shaking, feeling being shaken,
Seeing, feeling being seen
see with hands, think with feet,
enjoy?

No, I lost my phallus in the galaxy.

So, what I am thinking?

I remember my shadow, I imagine my mirror,
but do not understand why ...

I think I see with my eyes,
feel with my hands,

enjoy with my phallus, thinking in my mind ...

Understanding, thinking to understand
one thought is the other worth.

So what I am thinking?

My mind, what does that mean?
In daytime it arranges everything
At Night my soul has disrupted all.

In daylight I think to understand my shadow
My shadow by moonlight does not understand me.
Am I a slight woman with large amounts of logic, or
a man with excessive feelings?
During the day the slight woman would give light to
the shadow,
At night my shadow clarify my male mind.
What am I but a dim light,
"A chiaroscuro" ...





I am the one and the other
So two and three at a time
and **one**, because in fact I'm
in my mind
androgynous ...

The Verb. . .

To have. . . or



. . . To Be



The eternal present

The Verb:

To have or to Be ?

The answer is in the question

I have a woman, or I am a woman

I have a child, or I am a child

I have a man and a woman, or

I am a man and a woman

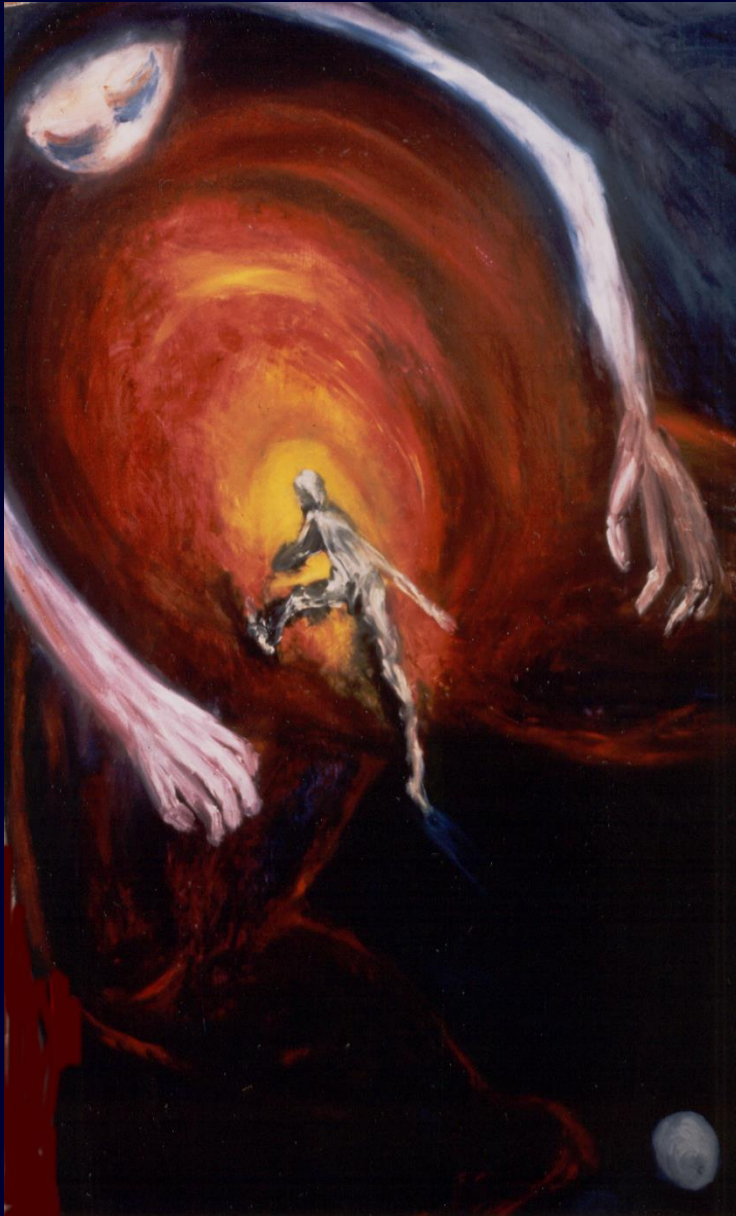
I have the world or I am the world ...





To Be or not to Be ...
is indeed the question!

Has the question to remain forever lodged?
When the answer has long been known:
To bring a sacrifice,
To will to bring a sacrifice
To want to be a sacrifice ...



To Have or to Be ?

The answer is in the question.
And when I'm the question,
is the answer
beyond being.
Nothingness, the infinite?
No, no the finite without limit
the eternal present,
transparent:
The Sacrifice

Kleur: Blue, Red, Green, Yellow



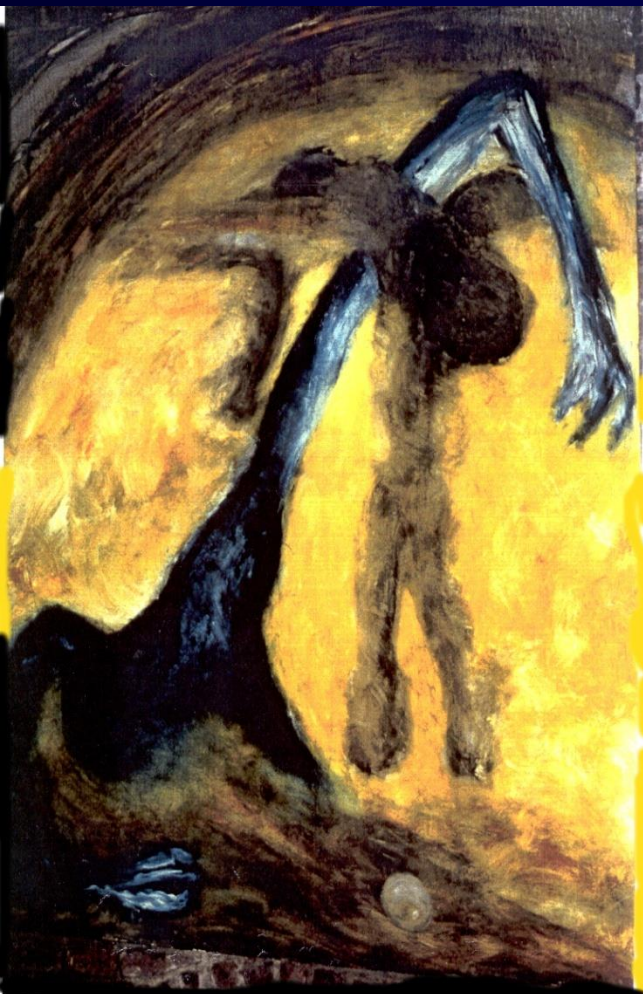
From the deliberate chaos
of my male colors
I come up with a feminine verb unconscious.
The azure blue which caress
my dark doubted eyes ,
plunges into the abyss of the cosmic, soggy soil,
and find the red of the earth,
my earth ...
My nature, glowing with an unprecedented value,
but not unknown to anyone.



Lost I stretch out my hand:
I need to till the red hot soil...
In order to live, a choice (freedom)
to will , to know how to will.
I can till t the red-hot soil
to get a beautiful brick,
but I get a red,
dry as ashes, dead ...
I lose the blue of water,
the blue of the sky,
the delicate blue of my soul ...
My unconscious is mixing it with the red
of my glowing nature, so as to get my green,
deep green, living green,
that is longing for the warm, yellow, cosmic
light,
the all conscious light of my soul.
My arbitrary colors want to penetrate the
archetypal white



I am Noe,
The cow of the Egyptian or Hindu;
Above all the human cow.
I ruminate ...
Why should I give each day my
udder
In order to refresh the thirsty?
Coincidence or fate?
No ...
The will



Coincidence... or



No... The Will



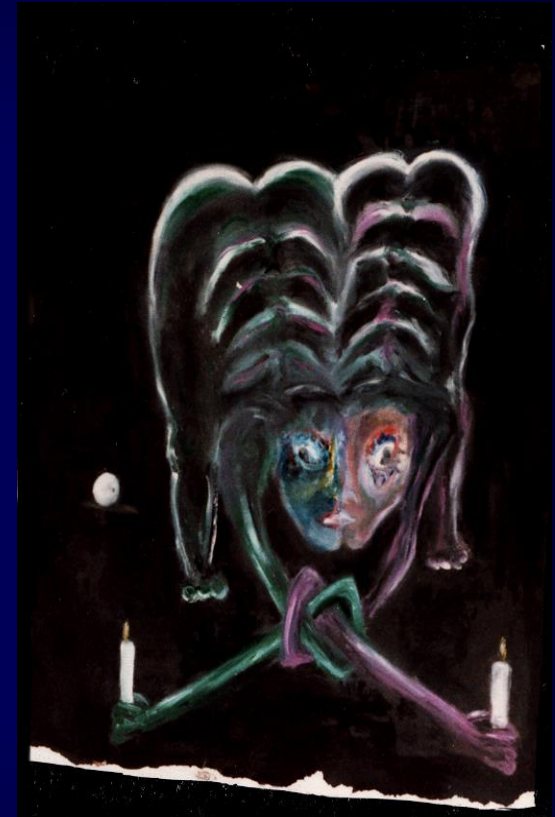
...Fate?



“Stay is nowhere”



A tool for Your
Peace



Searching....



Searching , thinking to search ...
What searching for? ... Life?
The beauty of life?
No, I do not search, I do not think.
Life has bargained me
And I commemorate her
every day



Is it not time that lovingly we freed ourselves
from the beloved and, quivering, endured:
as the arrow endures the bow-string's tension,
and in this tense release becomes more than itself.
For staying is nowhere.

R.M. Rilke - Duino Elegies



Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

where there is injury, pardon;

where there is doubt, faith;

where there is despair, hope;

where there is darkness, light;

and where there is sadness, joy.

O Divine Master,

grant that I may not so much seek

to be consoled as to console;

to be understood as to understand;

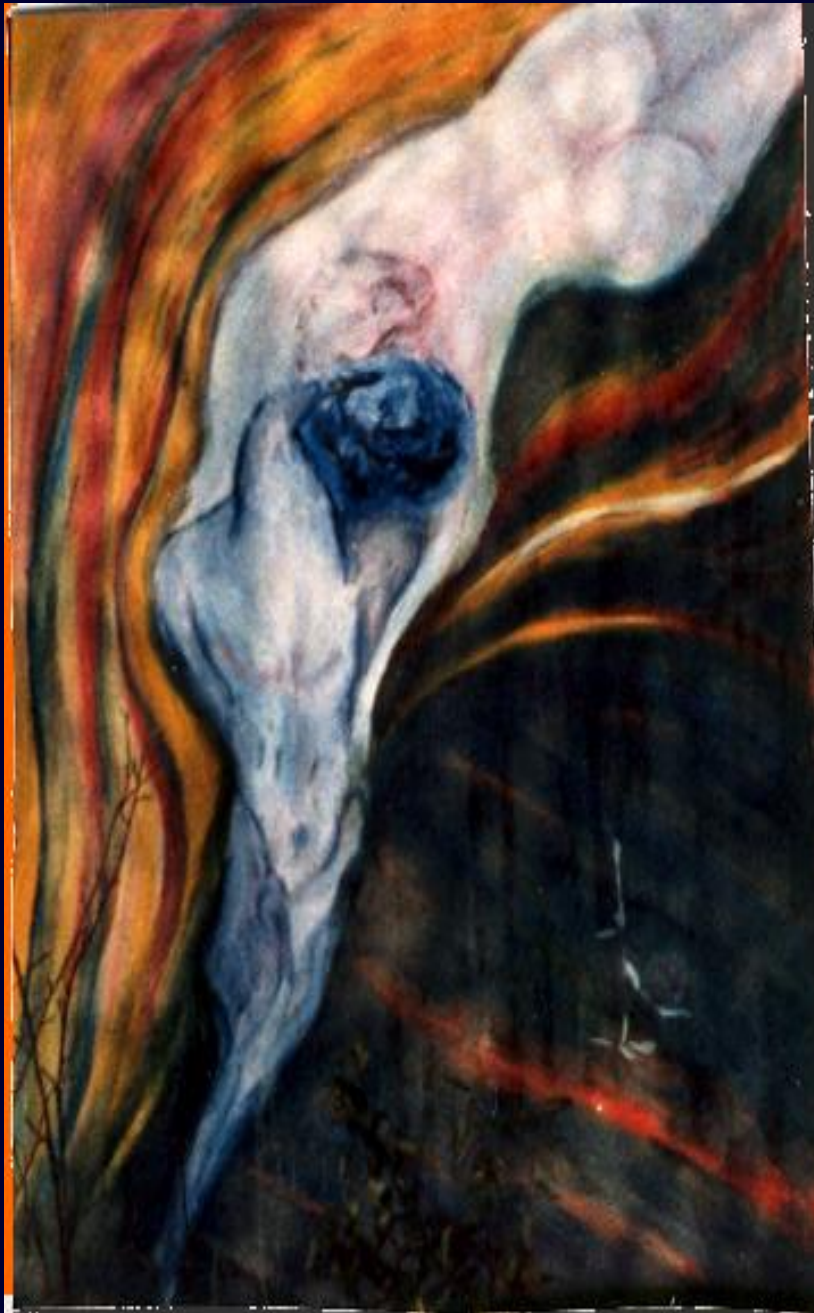
to be loved as to love.

For it is in giving that we receive;

it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;

*and it is in dying that we are born to eternal
life.*

Francis of Assisi



From the springboard of my inner chaos
I dive again with lots of mirrors,
My own inner pictures
they are forming a kind of playing cards,
a personal tarot.

Fulco decapitated me with this game
So that I have now lost my own I.

Am I dead?

No, that's an illusion.

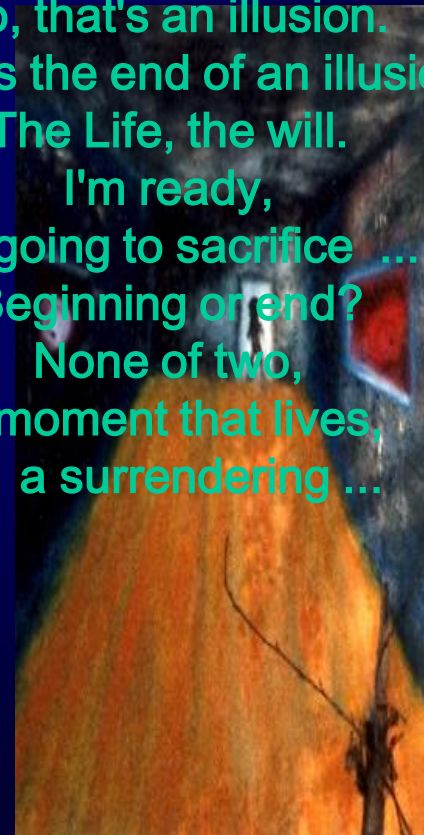
Fulco is the end of an illusion,
The Life, the will.

I'm ready,

I'm going to sacrifice ...

Beginning or end?

None of two,
a moment that lives,
a surrendering ...



In this re-volution, I look to
the unreal outside
of these paintings,
to the unreal outside
of the possible.



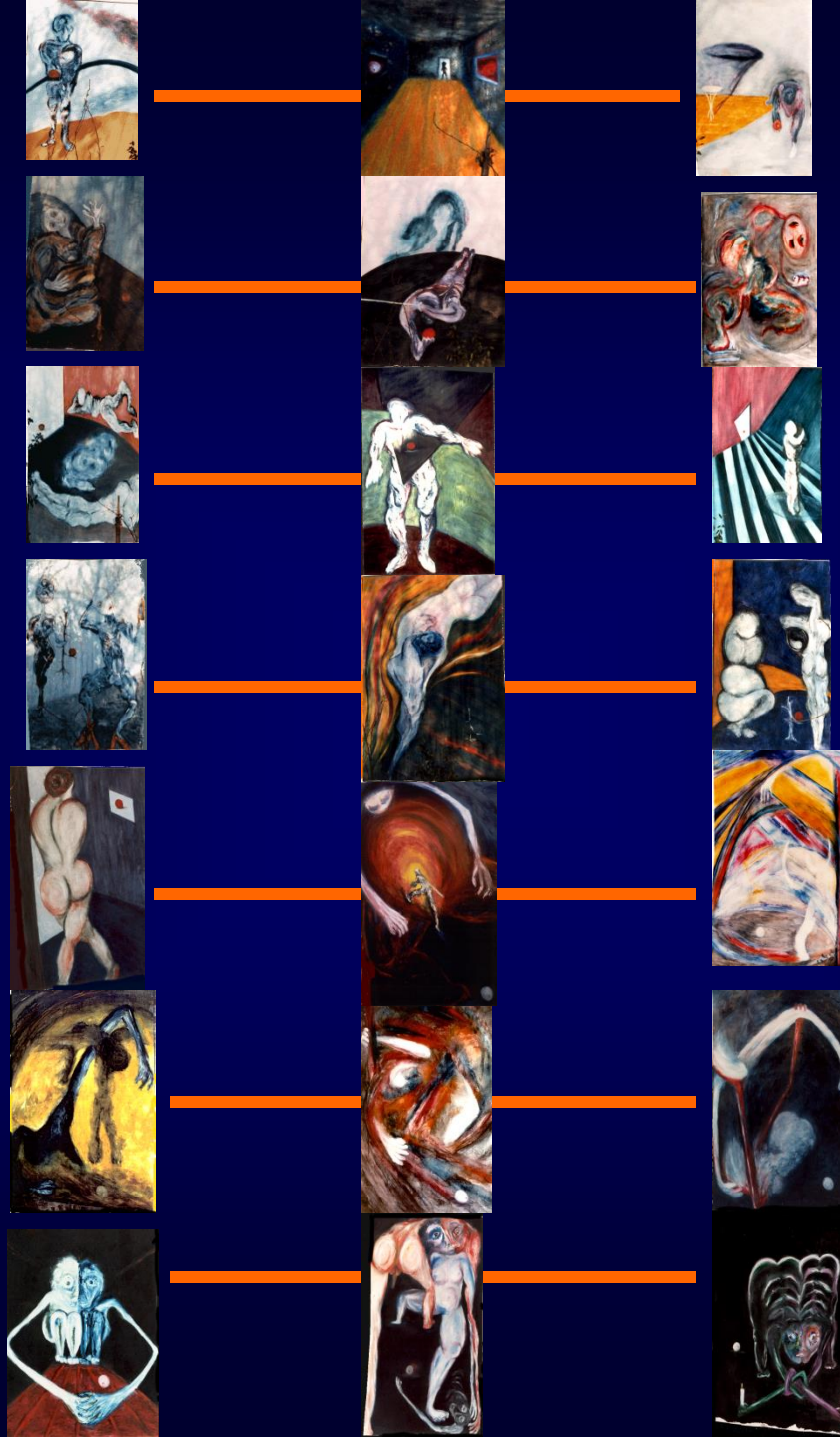
I look at myself blindfolded,
I look at all these paintings,
all these mirrors.
... I find the reflection of myself as
a mirror-image ...
I go from the outside to the inside
and see the world upside down,
on his head ...

**The
Turning
Back
To
Reality**



The
22
Mirrors
on...

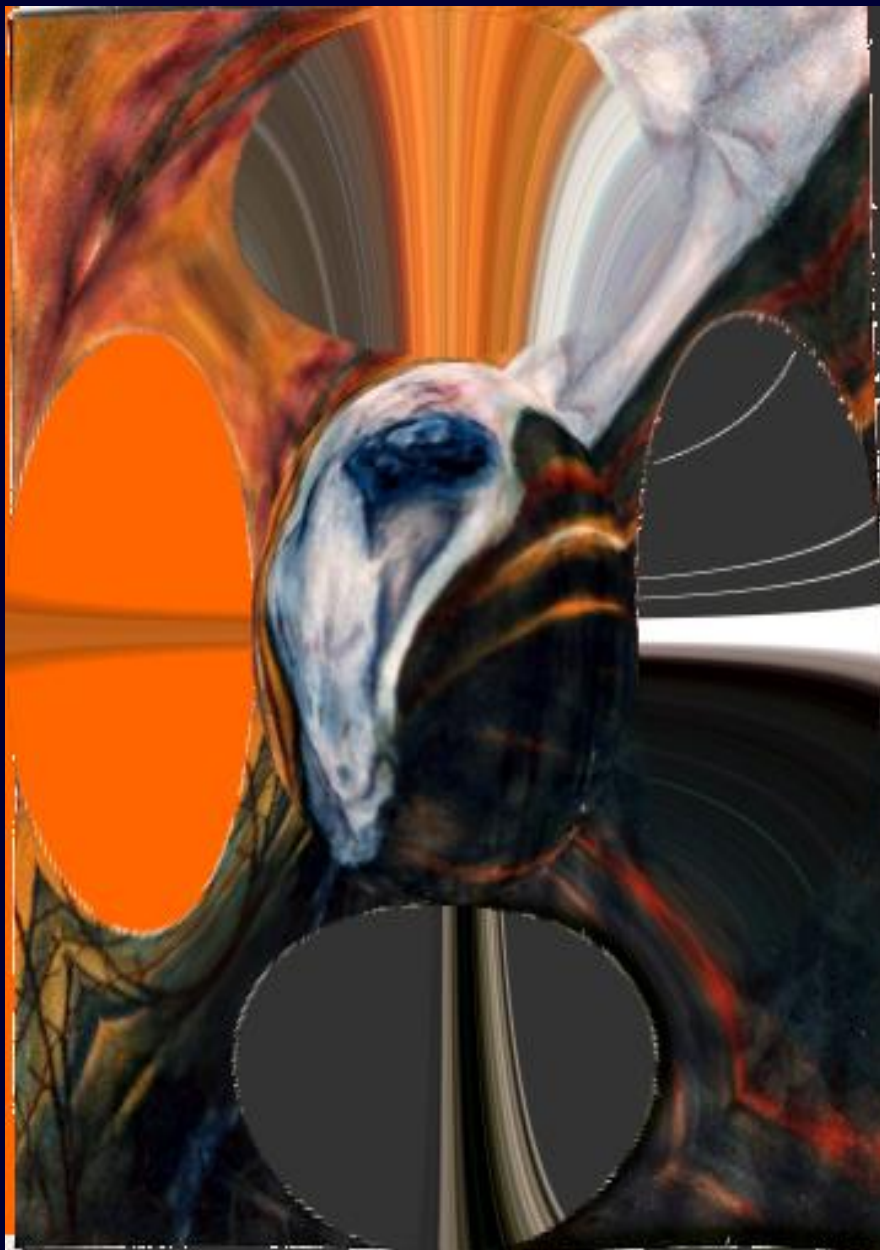
The Descent
In Existence



The Ascent:
Return to
Reality



The
sparkling
stairs



Who is Fulco?
Mine is not Fulco
May be you, no. ..not you
either
Am I than you?
In any case, you're me,
The other,
The Other who makes us
One.

....End part I

