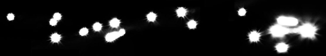
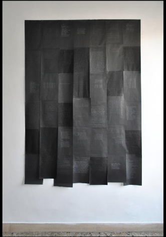
Sacred Language



Nuits & Noirs 3 - part 2

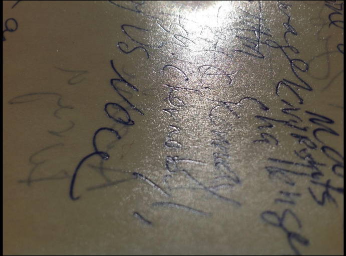
Art is nothing else but a coded language. For some, it may also be a Sacred one. Depending on how deep we want to dive and how profoundly we are interested in the metaphysical realm. If we play solely on the level of mundane, art will remain mainly a mental and aesthetic game, but if we are ready to investigate the ontological, art may become an endless paradigm for translating the unspeakable, for lighting the hidden and for revealing the worlds of the seemingly unknown. Here we arrive to the notion of "noir". The absence of the spectrum of colors and the presence of oily, gloomy, dim and even obscure, deep Blackness, is the field of all the possibilities where the sacred language of visual art may arise. It is precisely there, in the absence of color and light, where the meaning of light becomes more clairvoyant and eloquent. Colors are worldly, black is beyond. It is well known to us, that only in the darkness of the night sky, universe reveals itself, so do we enter the realms of sacred mainly via the curtain of night. Paradoxically, once it is lifted and deciphered, this darkness gives birth to gnosis and light.



The vivacity of this entanglement,
has been embraced
with heart breath
remembrance
of the one we took together when we first met.
Since then covered in feverish letters,
handed over by glove covered hands,
touched with voices of enchantment
dreams for the infantile world.
A joyful mind voyage
in a time maze I would have sauntered in infinity.
Courteously begging for transcendence
From restless to courage
Courier, carry my wait
Fasten my feeble thought
yard the looming apostate
and give me back my self
I am a thrall in this cell

/ Soliloquy-Prelude /

I burn so dimly in the void,
That I am fain to suspend fraternity,
It is the summons of accidie for me to obey.



Die saturierte Seele zieht, Leviathan gleich, über die Struktur.

Totenwichtel tanzen an ihrer Seite und begleiten sie auf ihrem letzten Weg. An moosbewachsenen Graten streift sie vorbei und verliert Stück für Stück die Unschuld ihrer Herkunft.

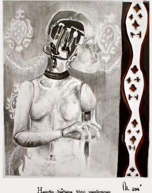
Die Grenzlinie ist gebrochen, das Licht biegt sich in Spiralen wie die Jahresringe einer reifen Eiche.

In tiefen Wolkentälern verläuft sie sich und ringt um Luft,
ein nacktes Haupt schwebt am Ereignishorizont.

Der alte Kopf mit seinen weichen Zügen nickt ihr anerkennend zu. Seine offen liegenden Adern pumpen literweise Glut in den kupfernen Helm, der brillante Blasen schlägt.

In der skelettierten Ebene findet sie einen Platz, um sich niederzulassen. Perlen aus Salzwasser umspielen die Reste ihres Körpers.

Die Räuber haben sie gewittert. Ihre Sinne trügen nie.
Ein Festmahl wird sie werden, schälen sie wie Papier.



M. 2016

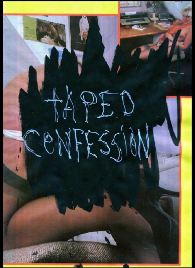
Hearts become thin membranes
when they lose their home.
My love
You have stained my heart
with embers of black and blue
My vessel dwells in the present
Yet my heart is married to the past

VITRES DE SON

Vitres de son où virent les astres,
verres où cuisent les cerveaux,
le ciel fourmillant d'impudeurs
dévore la nudité des astres.

Un lait bizarre et véhément
fourmille au fond du firmament ;
un escargot monte et dérange
la placidité des nuages.

Délices et rages, le ciel entier
lance sur nous comme un nuage
un tourbillon d'ailes sauvages
torrentielles d'obscénités.



11. Lana land
12. Chiara Giorgetti
13. Laerke Soedring Nielsen
14. Thomas Park
15. Flüchtig hingemachte Männer
16. Petra Kubisova
17. Alexander Binder
18. Minien Hattingh
19. Antonin Artaud
20. Brad Feuerhelm

R\A\W F\O\R\M\S

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