



Pr. Jean-Luc Sudres

Professeur de Psychologie (Psychopathologie Clinique)

Docteur en Psychopathologie - Habilité à Diriger des Recherches (HDR) en Psychologie

*Psychologue Clinicien, Psychothérapeute et Psychanalyste & Psychomotricien,
Hypnothérapeute et Art thérapeute*

*Responsable Pédagogique du D.U. Art-Thérapies & Co-Responsable Pédagogique du
D.U. Musicothérapie*

Université Toulouse Jean Jaurès - UFR de Psychologie - Bureau M 153

5 Allées Antonio Machado - F-31058 Toulouse Cedex 9

Mail : jean-luc.sudres@univ-tlse2.fr

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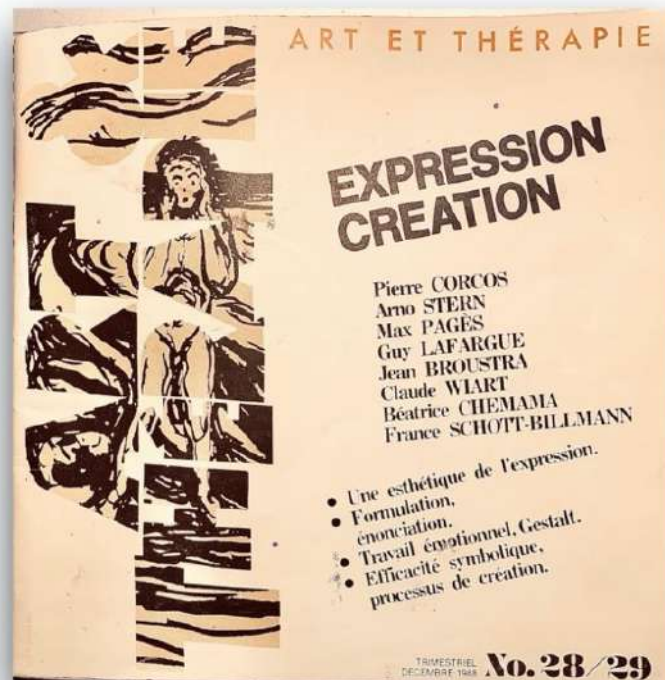
Guy LAFARGUE · 2e

Directeur

Atelier de l'art Cru · Université de Bordeaux
(1966) ; Laboratoire de Changement social (Paris
7 - 1974)
Saussignac, Nouvelle-Aquitaine, France

Une de mes premières publications occupées de la question de l'arthérapie naissante date de 1988 ... (il y a une quarantaine d'années). À ce moment-là, les Ateliers de l'Art CRU avaient invité Jean-Pierre Klein le directeur de l'INECAT et créateur de cette revue consacrée à l'art-thérapie, aux 1^{er} rencontres professionnelles des Animateurs d'Ateliers Thérapeutiques d'Expression Créatrice. Une clef pour comprendre la genèse théorique et pratique de mon travail de pensée.

REVUE ART ET THÉRAPIE - 1988 - N°28/29
Directeur de publication : Jean Pierre Klein



LES ATELIERS D'ART CRU

APPROCHE ANALYTIQUE / THÉRAPEUTIQUE
DES PROCESSUS DE CRÉATION

Guy LAFARGUE a un parcours atypique. Il a construit sa carrière de créateur et d'analyste en marge des institutions de l'Art et de l'Université. Il a créé à partir de 1972 une discipline dialectique...

<https://youtu.be/GAM48yedm4c?feature=shared>

La chronique hebdomadaire de Xuân Bách

Les artistes



« Le canard : les campagnards vénèrent les canards à la pleine lune de juillet avec l'idée que c'est la saison brune, l'eau de la rivière Ngan monte et fait que le poulet ne traverse pas la rivière donc ça doit être grâce au canard. En fait, ce mois-ci l'eau de la



rivière s'agrandit, les crevettes, le scorpion, les parasites font manger assez aux canards pour être mieux gras que les autres saisons, donc la viande de canard est aussi plus délicieuse cette saison Le chien noir. » ..





Le magicien s'exerce
à la guitare



Notre ville natale

Ce champ de Khe est aussi beau qu'un tableau de campagne. La campagne est aussi si paisible. Si la pièce est si grande, vous verrez qu'il y a 2 chiens assis à la porte de la maison jaune là-bas



Le canard roti de madame Hu Vịt quay bà Hút - một chút Thất Khê



Chả trách mà khi đi ngang qua mấy quán vịt thuê, tôi thấy mấy chị gái vừa nhỏ lông lại vừa thì thầm vào tai con vịt: EHMTM! Cau chằng lại ló!!!!!!
Vietsub: Các bạn yêu mến! Tôi cảm thấy chán lắm rồi



À peine arrivé à Hue, j'ai pu manger la poudre de porc rôti sucrée qui était très délicieuse. J'entends parler de ce bonbon depuis assez longtemps et je ne peux m'empêcher de me demander si le cochon y est revenu pour être doux. Je me demande si 2 choses sans rapport mais ensemble dans une bouche manqueraient de papier toilette ? Ça y est quand je mange ce plat à Hue, je sens que les gens de Hue sont si délicats.

Vừa rồi vô Huế, tôi có được ăn món chè bột lọc heo quay rất là ngon. Món chè này tôi đã nghe danh khá lâu và không khỏi thắc mắc rằng đã heo quay lại còn chè. Tôi tự hỏi là 2 thứ không liên quan đến nhau mấy mà chung với nhau trong một môm thì liệu các tạp hoá có cháy hết giấy vệ sinh không? Ấy thế mà khi ăn món này tại Huế thì mới thấy là người Huế tinh tế thật.









Articles d'ordures mixtes / déchets mixtes.

Argent de Lo Tamarin





Aujourd'hui c'est Tet Juillet. Pour les gens dans les montagnes, ce Tet est la deuxième chose la plus importante après le Tet lunaire. J'ai écrit à propos du Tet juillet hier, vous pouvez le lire pour comprendre plus sur l'importance de ce Tet. Mon professeur et mes élèves avaient du Tet au sommet de la maison hier, aujourd'hui ils fêtent encore le Tet à l'école. Le 14 ou le 15 c'est toujours le Tet. L'assiette de riz est très simple mais toujours tout à fait conforme à l'esprit culinaire du Tet de juillet avec canard bouilli, canard rôti, pain rham (plomb chargé), poisson, intestin de canard sauté et rouleaux. On dirait ça, je pensais que j'étais à Lang Son

Ooh ! Messenger, zalo sont soudainement à terre à nouveau







Le Khe au nouvel an en juillet Thất Khê ngày tết tháng bảy





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LE THEN CHEZ LES TAY

LES NUNG ET LES THAI

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xuân bách a 35 ans et plein d'enthousiasme et d'avenir devant lui. Au fil des semaines il nous fait partager ses intérêts



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LE PROJET THIEN
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**Le Then chez les Tay,
les Nung et les Thai**

À tt. Bình Liêu

Bình Liêu District Quảng Ninh Vietnam



LE PROJET THIEN
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Le Then chez les Tay,

les Nung et les Thai



Projet de HOANG Thi Hong Ha - porté aussi par DdM

Le Then ou Hat Then est une représentation religieuse dont l'origine s'inscrit dans les traditions des ethnies Tay et Nung qui habitent principalement dans les provinces situées dans les montagnes du Nord du Vietnam. C'est un long poème qui décrit un voyage au paradis avec l'empereur de Jade.

Le Then est un art de la scène qui regroupe la danse, la musique et le théâtre. Pendant les cérémonies, Then ou Giang (noms d'artistes donnés à l'homme ou la femme) doivent exécuter les rites. Les artistes dansent, chantent et jouent un instrument de musique. La musique fait partie de la cérémonie. Le Then désigne aussi le nom du médium (Ông Then, bà Then) qui préside à la cérémonie du Then.

Les Tay et les Nungs de tous les âges, croyants ou non, vénèrent le Then. D'autres groupes ethniques tels que les Thai, H'mong et les Kinh ont aussi ajouté ce type de chants à leur vie spirituelle.

Il existe actuellement deux catégories du Then : **le Then ancien** et **le Then nouveau**.

Le Then ancien comprend deux types : **le Then** « Ky yen » (littéralement, Then qui invoque les divinités, pour solliciter la paix) et le Then « Le hoi » (Then festif).

Le Then nouveau (chant dans la langue vietnamienne moderne ou quoc ngu), celui-ci apparaît au début XXe siècle, au sein du processus d'échange culturel avec les Kinh.

L'espace de représentation du Then dépend du chant. Cela se passe dans une pièce devant un autel. Le Then n'exige rien de l'espace car dans les chants eux-mêmes, l'espace est décrit en détail et les Tay peuvent imaginer le contexte. Le spectacle peut même se dérouler dans une salle ou sur une scène en plein air sans décoration particulière.

Les instruments du Then sont importants. Ils comprennent : *le gourd luth*, les *grelots*, une *cloche en cuivre*, un *petit tambour*. Le gourd luth est un instrument à cordes. Les cordes sont faites de soie, de nylon ou de fil de pêche. Les trois cordes symbolisent le père, la mère et le ciel.



Le Then - patrimoine immatériel du Viet Nam. Le Then a un rôle très important dans la vie des communautés Tay et Nung parce qu'il exprime les émotions et reflète les activités quotidiennes. Il est considéré comme un moyen de sauvegarder la culture ancienne des Tay et des Nungs. Le Then est présent à diverses occasions : Une cérémonie pour conjurer le malheur, comme donner un enfant à un couple stérile, pour implorer la pluie en cas de sécheresses ou pour demander les destructions de parasites.

Les chants dans le Then ont une grande importance : lorsque le médium chante lors d'un deuil, il évoque le fait que le mort peut rentrer en contact avec son ou ses ancêtres.

Il accède à une nouvelle vie, proche de la forme de celle qu'il avait dans le monde d'ici-bas avec une maison, un bovidé et un

champ. C'est une manière de consoler le vivant pour que celui-ci ne sente pas la souffrance.

Grâce au Then, on peut comprendre la culture, la croyance de ce groupe ethnique. Pour saisir la complexité du groupe ethnique Tay, on doit étudier le Then. Cependant, le Then a connu de nombreuses vicissitudes. D'après, les livres anciens des Tay et certains artistes, le Then apparaît vers le VIII siècle ; Son apogée se situe aux alentours du XVIe-XVIIe siècle, lorsque Mac Kinh Cung s'est rendu dans la province de Cao Bang, pour construire un rempart contre la dynastie Lê (1598- 1625).

La dynastie Mac utilisait le Then comme musique de cour.

Après la réunification de 1975, le Then comme d'autres arts, mouvements, cultes traditionnels, sont considérés comme des superstitions qui doivent disparaître.

Depuis 2005, le gouvernement essaye de développer le Then, notamment à l'occasion du festival du Then de la province de Thai Nguyen. Selon ses plans, le ministère de la Culture a perfectionné le dossier du Then jusqu'en 2018 pour demander à l'UNESCO de le reconnaître comme patrimoine immatériel du monde.

En 2019 ce groupe a été inscrit sur la Liste du patrimoine culturel immatériel de l'humanité par UNESCO.

2 Groupes des minorité Tay et Nung qui viennent des villes de Ha Giang, Cao bang, Lang Son des montagnes du Viet Nam

8 artistes viendront en France

7 octobre 2024



<https://bvhttdl.gov.vn/cau-then-viet-bac-giua-long-hanoi-621243.htm>

<https://toquoc.vn/cau-then-viet-bac-gioi-thieu-tinh-hoa-cua-then-toi-cong-chung-thu-do-99234097.htm>

<https://m.baodantoc.vn/cau-then-viet-bac-giua-long-hanoi-11841.htm>

<https://youtu.be/-mPI8m8zEWM?si=JvwPo3usOrOckdOl>

<https://youtu.be/DImRGpDEMdo?si=ydcgNPungKigwQFJ>

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<https://www.facebook.com/nguyen.bach.370/videos/1443010066614358>

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Chu Văn Minh

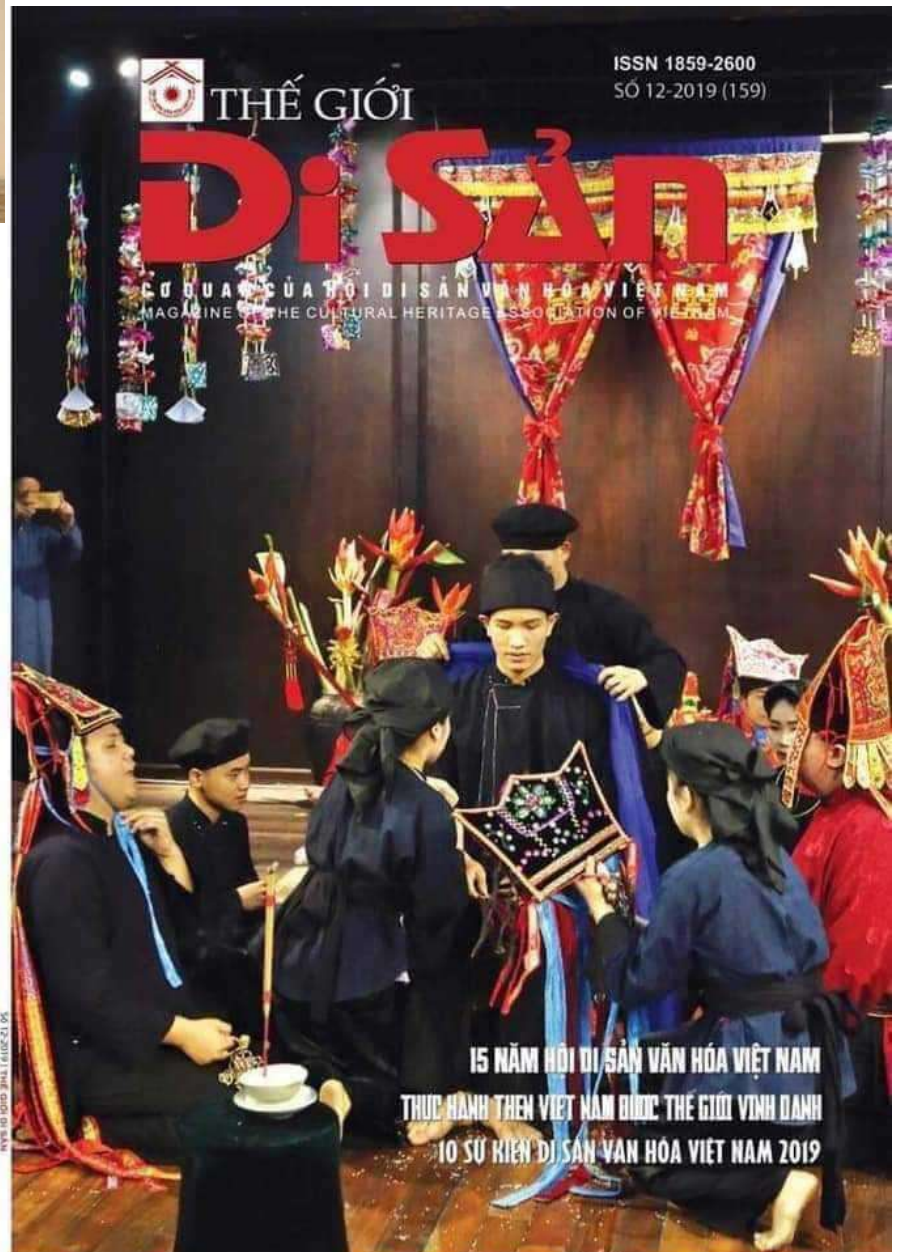
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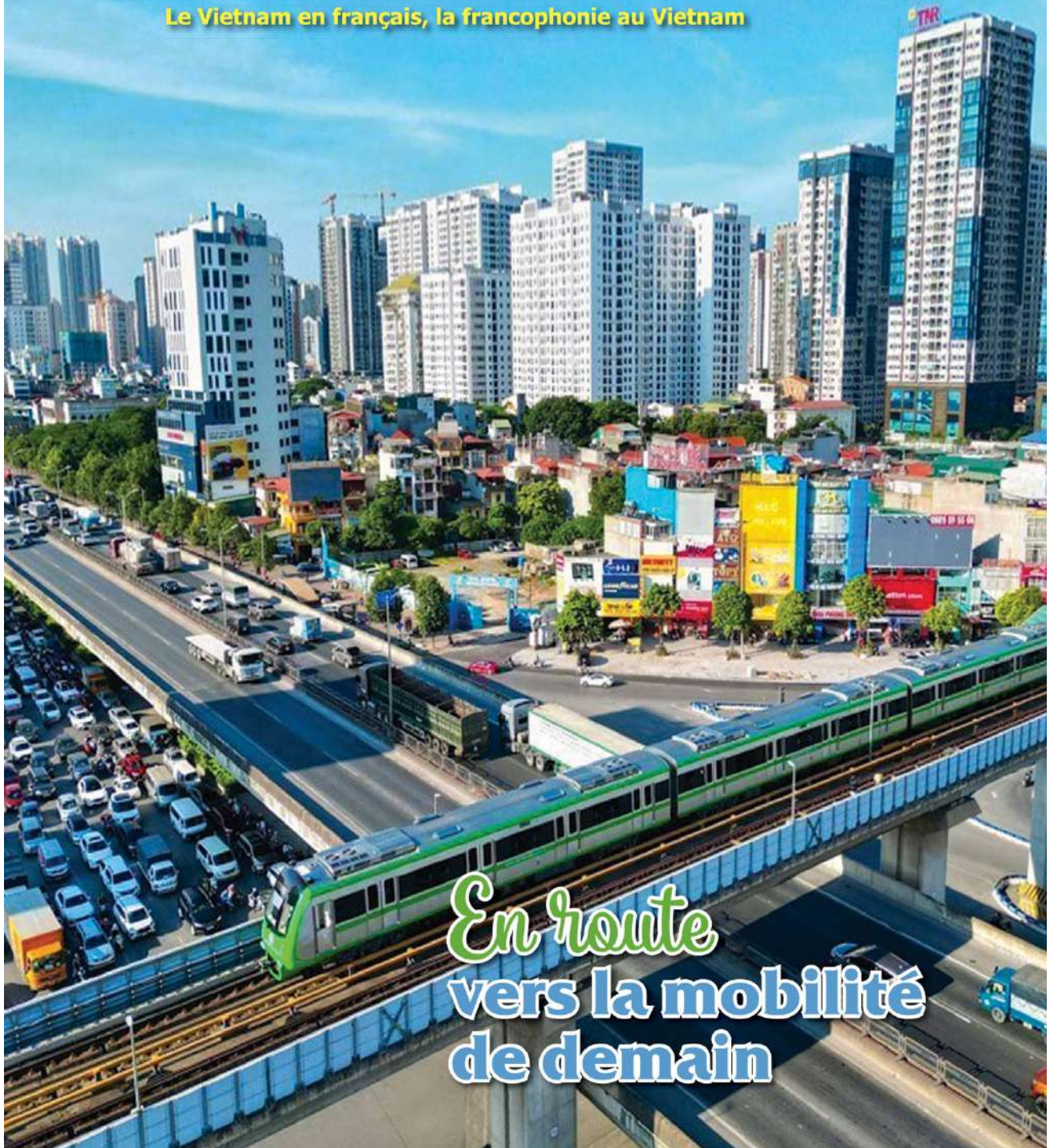
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Siège social > 79, rue Ly Thuong Kiet, arr. de Hoan Kiem, Hanoi - Tél.: (+84) 24 38 25 20 96

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Bureau de représentation à Hô Chi Minh-Ville> Responsable : Nguyễn Tân Dat 116-118, rue Nguyễn Thị

Minh Khai, 3^e arr, Hô Chi Minh-Ville - Tél.: (+84) 28 39 30 32 33 - Abonnement : (+84) 28 39 30 45 81

Télécopieur : (+84) 28 39 30 47 23 - Courriel : courrierhcm@gmail.com

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The journey of a Golden Barge

Dominique De Miscault

An artist with difference

By Dr Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya



The same apple tree above could be photographed from n perspectives. And consequently, the same apple tree becomes many. It is said in the Upanishads that at the outset the unnameable was one. And he wanted to be

many and the one became many. Pic of the mask below. If it does not make sense nobody will look upon it with attention. But the mask could have as many interpretations as there are viewers. And that is why the existence and anything whatever created by art is unnameable because it could have many names.

The composition of the paintings and photographs of the apple tree from many angles have been done by one Dominique De Miscault. When asked why did you photograph the same apple tree in so many ways? She giggled and said that to play with the camera is what all that she does. She has no purpose in doing this. This purposelessness is something that is very meaningful. The teleological interpretation of Nature speaks of some purpose. And of course, some great devotees claim that God has a purpose in creating the world. But if God has any purpose he is limited by that. And if your God is limited, he is no God. A limited thing cannot create the illimitable. But in reply Dom answers that she plays. Curiously enough this French painter and artist without knowing Indian philosophy speaks of the essence of Indian philosophy. She says that she plays with the camera, with the colours and with figures. And the Indian philosophy says that the creation is but the *Leela* of God. And just as polysemy is sine qua non with Dom's art, similarly the creation of God could be explicated on n levels. Take for example the mask. Putting on the mask one could be the other to get rid of boredom. Or else in this world of ours we pose and pose and take our poses to be the reality till we turn into the masks ourselves. And similar many other interpretations could be in the agenda. And Dominique De Miscault a constructivist as it were puts a silk cloth on a tree and the tree is half hidden before the eye. If the silk cloth is red you look at the tree and it is red. If the silk cloth is violet you will view a landscape with the tree as violet. Does not Dominique the artist thereby tell us that the reality is seen through a veil and hence it baffles our understanding. And in

the light of Indian philosophy the veil must stand for the Maya, a filmy substance through which we see the real world and hence it is hazy. Some describe it as strange, some others descry it as amazing. Some hear of it as something that cannot be believed. Thus, Dominique De Miscalut's aesthetics seems to be unknowingly a kind of Indian aesthetics. No wonder hence we Indians have been drawn to her life and work. And just as the apple tree could be studied from the different perspectives similarly Dom who has contributed to the society some priceless photographs, paintings and documentary films could be studied from different angles. She is a daughter. She is a mother. She is a wife. She is a globetrotter. She is a deft labourer in the field of fine arts. She is a friend. She is a socially and politically aware journalist. She is a Christian. She is a puritan and she is a progressive.

May be a new born child could have pure sensations. But perceptions take place presently. And even in her babyhood the world without left a stamp on the stone in her mind. And she remembers her mother holding a revolver at her father (when she was only sixteen months old). Was it a vision or a dream in a nightmare of post Second war existence? No. Dom verified later and learnt that what she saw was true. And that leads us to the post second war state of affairs in Europe. The collective mind was agitated. The spirits mundi trembled and thence unrest radiated and entered into every household. Dom was born on the 26th January 1947. Hence, she is an Aquarian. And in all probabilities, she was born in the year of the pig. As an Aquarian, she should have been very talented and unpredictable. By the by, Marx was an Aquarian- another wide wanderer. His youth was characterized by devotional poems. He opened his career as a neo Hegelian. Later he tried to put Hegel on the feet. And he composed the Communist Manifesto in collaboration with Engels. And towards the end of his career he exclaimed - Thank God, I am not a Marxist. However, much Europe might brag that it had colonized the world and measured the earth the Nemesis came upon it in no time. The West was the theatre for two great wars to be enacted there. And see the fun of it. Still now Trump and his band of brigands and braggadocios claim that they are going to civilize the world. The post second war Europe was a spectacle of the Wasteland. Jules Laforgue is a symbolist who depicted Paris as a veritable hell. And queues at the bus stand and in front of the ration shops were common place in the then Germany and France. And it was in this trying hour our protagonist Dominique De Miscalut was born. She had two younger sisters. Her mother was insane. The fall out of the war shattered every one and of course conjugal lives. Dom's father had immediately affairs with others ladies and particulary another lady who gave him three children and she died! Thirty years later Dom' father adopted the only one daughter who she was not his child! In the same time, he went for a second marriage. Maybe he could like to be married to a rich person. Quite naturally Dom was burdened with a mountain of responsibility on her shoulder. Firstly, she was the eldest sister. So, she had to look after the younger ones. Her mother was psychiatric patient. So, she had to

look after her mother. Family myths are always there. Once the grand Mother told her that while journeying she fell from a horse carriage. she was hit by a horse-drawn car and dragged several meters at the end of her pregnancy. And maybe her fall caused some injury to the baby in her womb. And maybe Dom's mother was sick from her babyhood due to that. The journey in the horse-drawn in the story is quite interesting to Indians because even today, let urbanization do whatever it can, there are still places in India where you go by horse-drawn. But if you go to France today, very few people remember that their forefathers used to go on horse-drawns. You have to visit the museum and see the paintings of Monet and Manet to know the horse carriage, the hay stacks, the flooding yellow harvest or paddy fields. Be that as it may whether the grandmother was right or not remains the riddle of Sphinx. And no Oedipus is come to resolve it. Dom's mother, they say, was a psychiatric patient. But the psychiatrist asks you - who is not a psychiatric patient? One could here allude to Foucault's write up on madness. Everyone has something wrong in the mind. That is why Buddha speaks of the mind as of primary importance - *mano pubbang gama* etc. The mind should be a whole and intact. By the by earlier the so called mad people were family members. But now a day we cannot afford to keep them in our household. We send them to the asylum. But the so called mad people often have visions of the reality that speak of deeper truths than what appears to our senses. William Blake or Antonin Artaud were mad people. And our mother whom they called insane used to talk with inanimate objects. Did she espy the Tao in all things great and small? Maybe she did not become an artist or a poet or a prophet. But her lunacy influenced her daughter unseeingly who was destined to be a leader of abstract art. Her lunatic mother put her in a dungeon as it were when she was just six. She was not cared for. Once she fell asleep in the school only and she had to live in the school for a week because her parents did not have cognizance of her. During her childhood, she lived without food and sleep. And she was very thin.

There was the step child of the mother who became the naturalized member of the family of Dom. In 1980, the lawyer gave to Dom the "Administration légale" of her mother and she could take money from her father and looked after her mother for twelve years, until around the family thinks they could do the same! But she was not dismayed because she was born in the year of the pig. A pig is a nice person steadfast in his or her pursuit. A pig is the incarnation of endurance. No wonder that Dom (though a good student) would not fare well in her school. Schools in those days were good. Lot of things were taught with great seriousness. She learned Descartes, Leibniz and Bergson in the school. Proust and Baudelaire and Mallarme and Tagore were introduced in her school days. She enjoyed them. But when the dark clouds of examination showed up she became irrecoverably nervous. And She did not know why. But it seems that we know why. Because she had to carry out a great family load. And so, in the face of examinations her nerves and will failed. She was a

woman without any definite chief aim in life. Her only asset was endurance, good will for others and thirst for knowledge. And presently the *peripeteia* came.

Jean Claude

In the meantime, the war devastated France resurrected. I am the resurrection said Jesus. And the France of the Joan of Arc and the Charlemagne resurrected under the able leadership of General De Gaulle, the man who proved himself in the fires of the second Great War. De Gaulle gave them the constitution. De Gaulle was sympathetic with the liberation movement of Vietnam and the aspirations of Algeria. He gave fillip to the reconstruction in France and industrialization under state control. France was now rich enough to afford an insurrection for change. And there was the grand student revolution launched by the ideas of Herbert Marcuse, Regis Debray, Cohn Bendit and others. They defied the political parties, the communists, the trade unions and were able to cry a halt to all the economic activities of France. No aircraft took off from France and touched down in France. And that compelled France to undergo a referendum. The consequence was that De Gaulle came out a victor and France was on the road to development once again. During this situation Paris regained its jovial mood and artistic fine excess. And in this euphoria, in the very beginning of 1966, was a reception in Paris to celebrate a marriage to take place. Seven hundred people turned up there and the whole atmosphere was loud with song and dance. Our Dom was also present there. Later, the slogans of the revolution had not influenced her. In hindsight at the age of seventy-two she over and over again repeats that it was not a real revolution. In our opinion, however we must take recourse to the collective mind. The collective mind works unseen and unsung. It sometimes manifests itself in the wild fire here and the earthquake there. The sixties and the seventies were the period of youth unrest. The Red Guards showed up in the streets of Beijing and Kunming. The Hippies and the Beats beaten by the capitalist system thronged at the sea beaches drug driven refusing to join in the rat race. But they did not raise any ripple in the being of Dominique. Neither was she a revolutionary in the extrovert sense of the term nor was she gamesome like the children in the teens of that age. So, at the reception in Paris she sat in a chair quietly observing what was going on. And lo! A young man came to her. He was astute in his demeanour. He asked Dom who she was. She also in her turn asked him who he was. Two months later there was a knock at the house of Dom. Dom did not have any boyfriend. So, it was a stranger at the door. The stranger came in and without any ceremony he told her, a lean and thin and weighing 42 kg, that, he wanted to marry her. Well, Dom did not have boys in her head. Maybe this was because of the fact that she had to run a family that was in distress. The mother was sick. The father was away. Two young sisters were to be looked after. But as we pointed out earlier God had no purpose in creation so Dom did not have any purpose in her life. She was just afloat in her river of life. And when the young man

wanted to marry her without thinking anything she said yes to the proposal. Something like Camus existentialist heroine. And presently a radical change in the course of her life took place. The boy referred to was Jean Claude and he was very reserved in his words. He is very reserved in his speech. And he has been ever he will or he won't type of a guy. And curiously enough while Dom was nineteen, he was twenty. In those days if one had to marry before twenty -one needed assent from one's parents. The necessary formalities over, Dom and Jean Claude, Jean Claude and Dom hand in hand were a building a new family. Dom had the burden of looking after her sick mother. In the meantime, her father divorced her mother legally and got wedded to a very old acquaintance. In addition, Jean Claude was there, a young man who preferred silence to speech. The appearance of Jean Claude has been very significant in Dom's life. Dom and works have been away from her husband over and over again. She has been a wide wanderer meeting the statesmen, ambassadors and people in power in different countries at gala parties, received by artists and journalists of different climes and countries. But her every third thought has been her husband. Well the Indians are made to believe that however much the West might have been developed, the people's character in those developed countries are out of gear given to lust and luxury. But Dom the puritan stands out before our eyes as a model of womanhood who might be emulated by the ladies in Calcutta or Delhi or Bangalore. Dom feels that Jean Claude is more cerebral than the average run of men and he could not fit in with every Jill. He is too reserved for that. He is a type of a man who teaches her something new every day morning and Dom acknowledges his contributions in the making of her personality and outlook. In fact, the present author finds in Dom a very well read and widely informed person. A painter though she can tell you about anti matter and the fractals. The whole gamut of European literature and European art and architecture is vivid before her mind's eye. She is widely informed as to international politics as well as history of many countries. Though she has been a wide wanderer, visiting one country after another she claims that her husband is possessive. Hah ha! These are the paradoxes that make human relationships poetic withal. We will have more occasions to mention the role of Jean Claude in Dom's life.

Let us go back to Dom's premarital life, childhood and adolescence. Her father had committed himself very young in the second world war. After the war, he joined in business activity. He was quite rich at that time. But his affections were directed towards elsewhere. Hence her childhood and adolescence were quite bleak. But there were, occasional showers of flowers of love and affection which were short interregnums in her apparently bleak course of life. There was a father figure in the person of a friend of his father who bathed her in affection. And one wonders whether the unexpressed love of her father trickled through that father figure substitute who was also an ex-army man. And then again, she came in touch with a lady from Thailand. She was the close

associate of the queen mother of the king of Thailand. The queen mother was in Switzerland plunged in the lore of Lord Buddha and practicing all its austerities. And we can visualize the short lady the friend of queen mother giving Dom and her sisters costly chocolates, lozenges and pretty small gifts, now and then, which were like rains from heaven with Dom. And this is perhaps singularly important for Dom because early in her childhood she imbibed the spirit of love and compassion in her being. And now when she is seventy-two, in her hindsight she can recall how she has been duped in life over and over again. But when she recalls the stories, at the end of the story she gives a hearty smile and says that those who cheated her were not bad men and women. So, readers, if you ever have the chance of coming across Dom you can cheat her at your will and she will not lodge any complaints against you.

Be that as it may, when left alone how could Dom the lonely child entertain herself? Well she took to drawing. She did not learn drawing or painting from anybody. When she grew older she did not try to get a diploma on drawing or painting. But she continued drawing and drawing with the help of her artless art. And presently after marriage she invested her larger time in the pursuit of drawing



and we can imagine how her scientist husband who did not stand in the way of his wife suggested a line or an angle in the drawing from the perspective of geometrical drawing and engineering drawing. At the outset, they did not have enough space for canvas. But she continued her drawings on papers and on silk screens. In fact, silk screens were quite advantageous because they could easily be folded like a handkerchief and

put in the pockets of the maroon or amber overcoats walking along the streets of Paris. Whew! The first exhibition of her drawings and paintings took place in Paris in 1969. Curiously her first daughter was born in 1969 only. Good fortunes do not come singly. She gave birth to three daughters one after another. Jean Claude is not used to express his emotions. You cannot guess what turmoil or Tsunami of pleasure is working in his heart from without. And when the first child was born, Jean Claude was at the gate of the hospital early in the daybreak for hours together until the gates were thrown open for the visitors.

From 1980 she started her Odyssey to exhibit her drawings and paintings

True that her first exhibition took place in France as early as in 1969 (a lot of exhibitions but...). But the next big exhibition in France took place in 1995. In the meantime, she visited many other countries and exhibited her artwork. And we guess that her exposure to different countries, cultures and different traditions in paintings matured her style. In 1995, she exhibited a collection of etchings and dry-points engravings which were, maybe, a meditation about poems written as early as the 10th century in Vietnam. Again in 1996 Paris, she dwelled: Lieux de vie, Lieux de cultes/

places of life, places of worship at Centre-Culturel Franco-Vietnamien. In 1999, she exhibited wall drawings at Dreux. In 2000 June, she exhibited her artwork at the University of Paris. The themes of the artworks were downloaded from Vietnam. In the same year in the month of November, she transformed songs in French, Vietnamese and Togolese into visual made of colours and they were exhibited in Issy les Moulineaux near Paris.

It puts in our mind Rimbaud. Rimbaud observes:

“I invented colours for the vowels! —A black, E white, I red, O blue, U green. - I made rules for the form and move of every consonant, and I boasted on inventing, with rhythms from within me, a kind of poetry that all the senses, sooner or later, would recognise. And I alone would be its translator.

I began it as an investigation. I turned silences and nights into words. What was unutterable, I wrote down. I made the whirling world stand still.” (Rimbaud, Arthur, A Season in Hell Alchemy of the Word [www. Mag4.net/ Rimbaud/poesies/Alchemy.html](http://www.Mag4.net/Rimbaud/poesies/Alchemy.html))

Perhaps such observations of Rimbaud could unlock the heart of many of the works of Dominique De Miscault, the photographer and the painter. In Indian mythology also, similar ideas show up. For example, the incantation of the mantra or the sound *Hom* suggests the radiance of the morning sun in the skies of the heart in Devyatharvasirsa of the Atharva Veda. We will have more occasions when we might dwell on colour symbolism.

We put down below the list of other exhibitions in France:

2001- March, Rambouillet, under the auspices of *Printemps des poètes*;

« abysses ou les eaux impressionnées »

August-September: La Rochelle

September, Orsay « Gestes de lumières dans la calligraphie vietnamienne/Gestures of lights in Vietnamese calligraphy», Montreuil

2002- Decor of the exhibition « La route de la Soie /silkway» Florian Library of Rambouillet

2003- L’Atrium, Fort-de-France (Martinique)

- Laval *Centre Culturel LesOndines*

Journées d’Automne de la SFPE « Le cerveau » 160 photos « du cerveau au tombeau de Yersin/from the brain to the tomb of Yersin »

2004-Tour de France avec une équipe de la télévision d’Ho Chi Minh Ville

Paris April « Hanoï : des fondations mises à jour »

2006 Paris –11th December – January 2007: expo au « Coin de Malte » autour du Livre des Moines

2007 January-February Paris Gallery de l'encadrement: "Les clartés de nos nuits/the lights of our nights"

2009 October Exposition "Aujourd'hui Hanoi" au Centre Culturel Vietnamien Paris

3 publications récentes : Outlook, July 2010, Arcueil, octobre 2010, Choisy, octobre 2010, Vietnam pictorial, octobre 2010,

La digue mosaïque de Hanoi, le 13 septembre 2011 à 19 h, conférence-débat à la médiathèque Louis Aragon à Choisy-le-Roi (France)

"Alexandre Pavlovitch Lobanov" du 13 et 16 septembre 2012, Journées du Patrimoine, Hôtel-Dieu, Toulouse

"Le Riz en grains de notre village" du 17 mars au 4 avril 2012, Centre Culturel du Vietnam en France, Paris - Discours

J'apporte à mon village les couleurs de la mer... du 14 février au 4 mars 2012, Médiathèque Aragon - 14, rue Waldeck Rousseau - 94600 Choisy le Roi - See: [VOV online](#) [film](#)

"Si Hanoi nous était conté" du 7 février au 24 février 2012, Photographies, Château d'Aubenas, Ardèche, France

du 14 février au 4 mars 2012, Médiathèque Aragon - 14, rue Waldeck Rousseau - 94600 Choisy le Roi - See: [VOV online](#) [film](#)

« Vietnam Terre d'eaux », du 20 au 23 juin 2013, à Saint-Amand-les-Eaux (Nord), [M. le Maire](#), [album](#)

Philippe Langlet 1935 nous a quittés à l'aube le samedi 15 juin 2013

Stèle de Choisy, Choisy-le-Roi (Val-de-Marne)

2013- 29 mars-28 avril, « Vietnam Terre d'eaux », [Château d'Aubenas](#) (Ardèche)

<http://www.dominiquedemiscault.fr>

J'apporte à mon village les couleurs de la mer... 16th of March-1st April, Musée Maurice Genevoix - Place du Cloître - 45550 Saint-Denis-de-l'Hôtel

-From 1990, she was very active inside AAFV (friendship Association Franco-Vietnamienne), even, from 2003-2017, rédactrice en chef de Perspectives France-Vietnam, and website manager from 2004 -2017

From 1980 she went outside France

She visited Holland, Switzerland, Poland and Hungary for exhibition. She visited other countries as well. Earlier it was a must for the young men and women to go around the continent to develop their knowledge of the world. And our Dom went through the same process. Winters and summers passed by. And her eldest daughter Marie-Helene became twenty-three.



All on a sudden the mists of depression seemed to choke the heart of Dominique. We cannot gather any objective correlative of this depression. Jean Claude was dedicated to science and the household was merry with the chirping of the young ladies. And yet Dom seemed to be chained as it were in a prison house. And it was during this time that she received offers to go to Vietnam. There were similar offers from abroad earlier but she declined them. She felt that unless the children were a little grown up she must not leave her family. Maybe Dom could have worked for money. That is what Dom says. But this time she was eager to accept any offer to visit abroad. The offer from Vietnam was not a lucrative one. She did not take any assignment. She was not fond of Vietnam. She went to Vietnam just because it came in her way. Had the offer come from Greenland or New Zealand, she was ready to live in igloos or to live among the Maoris. She was so hell bent to leave her known surroundings that she sometimes thought of leaving her husband as well. Imagine the situation of Jean Claude. He was as quiet and as calm as a marble statue supporting her in her venture ironically. During her stay in Vietnam she paid the money for her stay. Where from did the money come? Dom never thought of becoming a working woman. And was it not her husband who supplied her the requirements?

The first visit of Dom to Vietnam was significant. She lived in a house where forty members stayed. She had a difficult childhood. Now she put up with meagre supply of money with the strangers. But she lived there stern and stout. Every wind could not sway her. She was not the staff to be carried off. After two months stay in Vietnam she was back home and everybody was happy. And it was the beginning of her relationship with Vietnam. Since then she visited Vietnam some thirty-eight times.

But this was not the first time that she left Paris. She had been to Holland very early in her life and exhibited her paintings in Rotterdam. Empson in his Seven Types of Ambiguity pointed out that poetry is capable of meanings on n levels. Gombhrich has showed how the same figure could mean a rabbit or something else. This ambiguity is very much pronounced in Dom's paintings and photographs. If it is seen from one foot away it means something. While if seen from five feet away

it means something else. Because if the eye sees a thing from near it is one thing. And if it is seen from away it is another thing. The picture below this paragraph seen at a distance of five feet seems to have a cat/tiger looking at some situation where a man lurks in a violet camel riding some animal yellow and violet that seeks to hurt a thing with its beak. A human figure looks upon it from above, that is, both a man and an animal look at the same event from different angles. Does this mean that both the humans and the non-humans look upon the same existence from different positions? The picture could be interpreted in a different way if we could go closer to it. Thus, Dom's paintings underline the ambiguity inherent in the world of eye and ear. Does not the fractal geometry portray the existence in the self-same way?

034-1982-ARetR -8, jpg – Holland



Dominique De Miscault went to Nature as it is usual with many artists. There was a tree in front of the window. But Dom is not one to depict Nature as it is. The tree with its leaves as depicted by her likens the fountain of colours and light- white, orange, yellow or so on. And this created a background for a figure clad in violet and orange. Does she look like a woman who appears before the background of a riot of lights? She seems to stand on a pedestal of dark red rocks. It appears that Dom is a pagan. She finds a dryad in every tree. Here she espies the presiding deity of a plant. Is it a comment on our leanings for urbanization at the cost of the trees? She tells us how the trees come from the world of light and they are come with the offerings for mankind. To an Indian, Nature is a goddess with offerings in her hand. Does it remind an Indian of Sujata offering food to Lord Buddha?

Article by TITO CRULS, DenHaag 1980

“Today's artist lives in the cultural climate of postmodernism. The French philosopher Jean-Jacques Lyotard shows in his writings that, unlike for example in the Cubist or De Stijl era, we are no longer guided by a current or artistic movement. As a starting point of the creative effort, there is no longer an authoritative theory because of a collective conviction, but there is the confrontation with a plurality of historical material, from which one chooses fragments to express the personal symbolism. Thus, one often precludes to the archetypal image of ancient cultures, which by their primordial vitality can give a new meaning to the work. We prefer moments of the past that excite the imagination so that we can play a game of meanings in the arts.

The acting director of the Municipal Museum in The Hague expressed it so strikingly in the catalog of the exhibition entitled "The look on Den Haag": The vanguard lost its faith in the progression, the artist is a nomad who, on the one hand knows himself dependent on ordinary circumstances, but, on the other hand, seeks his way, under the star of gods and goddesses, in the postmodern atmosphere.

This nomadic attitude is clearly present in the work of Dominique de Miscault. It assimilates and translates fundamental values of biblical symbols, the epic of Gilgamesh, the tower of Babel, the struggle between light and darkness.

In her work she uses, with a mastered emotion, an exuberant and splendid colour scheme. Its figurative elements do not lead to dogmatic austerity, but culminate in the intoxication of a striking ecstasy. The analytic process results in a play of intensely decorative lines, which is saturated with a joyous acceptance of utopian desire.

In turn, the work is figurative and abstract, or a combination of both. Then, the figures are representations of roses, bread, water and fire.

Dominique de Miscault was born in Paris in 1947 and shows a southern mentality in the development by which she passed. It is also moving in the direction of a linear process and shows a tendency towards the composition of portraits.

We hope to see her again in the near future.”

Now let us have a close reading of the review. We fully agree with Tito Cruls that the era of modernism is on the wane. Picasso was no doubt a modernist who claimed that artwork could add to the exhibits of nature. They might not be natural. But they could be as meaningful and as meaningless as the objects of Nature trees and creepers, hills and dales and so on. Roland Barthes rang the death knell of the author. Not only that, but also there was the death of any universal rule or truth. Chaos theory came upon the scene. When a child is getting drowned in a lake an army marching in the neighbourhood cannot rescue it presently. But someone in the crowd might dive into the lake and rescue the child. The realm of aesthetics is no exception. No hard and fast rule applies there as well. And Dominique de Miscault could be classed with the post-modern artists. Here we could quote the pictures of the apple trees.



Is it one of the apple tree series



Heisenberg pointed out that if we want to locate an electron, we cannot get at its speed. If we want to grasp the speed of an electron, we cannot locate it. That implies that the objective study of anything whatever is a myth. And the scientist has to change his stance to observe a thing in its different aspects just as the photographer must change his or her position to register the different appearances of an object, the apple tree in this case. And anything whatever has n aspects. Look at the photographs of the same apple tree. Each one is unique. We had better do a close reading of the photographs of the same apple tree. In the first picture above the apple tree has shed its leaves. It is winter. The tree with its stem and branches zigzagging up suggests the Eros, irresistibly longs the sky and the sun. But why is the red-black curtain stuck up? Does it mean that passions stand in the way of its embracing the sky?

The same apple tree in the sixth picture above is ashen. The ashen trunk stands as the pillar on which white cover promises shelter for the earth and the living. The prospects of rest and peace are there. And one could go inward.

Thus, the same reality could have different meanings.

And hence reductionism, essentialism, fundamentalism and foundationalism do not give us the reality. The reality is the riddle of sphinx and Oedipus is yet to come to resolve it.

The Shrimad Bhagavad Gita opines:

Ascaryavatpasyati kascidena
Mascaryavadvadati tathaiva canyah
Ascaryavaccainamanyah srnoti
Srutvapyenam veda
Na caiva kascit
(Ch 2:29, Bhagavad Gita)

People may find the reality as a wonder or say it is a mystery and some others may hear it being called a conundrum, but none can see into the mystery of the reality so far.

Her wanderings were always educative. For her. Northern Holland was very beautiful with the skies embracing the earth. And of course, the paintings there in the main focused on the confluence of the earth and the skies that generate a type of tranquil energy. In Holland, she enjoyed the doors and the altars curved by the Bruegel. ...

Holland was associated with her grandmother. She was actually from Holland only. Her father used to collect antique things. She came with him to France and lived in a hotel in Chambéry for the rest of her life. Dom's mother looked very much like a denizen of Holland. She had blue eyes, white hair and little nose. And curiously enough Dom's grandson looks identical.

One time, Dom went to Switzerland for the purpose of exhibition. Lausanne in the French part of Switzerland was the venue.

A review there observes ---

“Stones, chalks, silks, Dominique de Miscault shows, in the Gallery of Eglantine, a very diverse and often fascinating talent. Her landscapes are beyond themselves, skeletons and lights of things recomposed as a result of colourful vibrations; a song that reconstructs the places of emotion, keeping only their lines of primitive forces struggling with light”

The material with which the artist externalises his or her feelings are quite important. But in our study, we refrain from discussing the materials that laboured with the artist to make the artworks. The review clearly dwells on how the painter deconstructs the objects that she finds only to reconstruct things as a result of colourful vibrations and lights. The afore quoted review characterises Dominique's paintings as songs that reconstruct the places of emotion keeping only their lines of primitive forces struggling with light. Her landscapes are beyond themselves consequently.



The above picture shows the lines of primitive force externalising the great passion of Dominique set out for globetrotting. The sword stands for the difficulties standing in the way.



The landscape painting above illustrates how a landscape portrayed by Dominique speaks of the beyond.

And there is no doubt that she came across the works of the Dadaists in Switzerland. Dadaism has been a watershed in the history of modern art. With Dom, it broke the whole tradition. Those who have responded to the call of Tristan Tzara charged with the philosophy of history as put forward by Spengler later became the greats in the art. Hans Arp, Andre Breton and Rodin, to name a few being among them. Switzerland is a unique country where different religions and languages such as Italian, French and German live together in perfect amity. The abundance and abandon of the gifts of Nature in Switzerland are measureless. But Dom felt that although Switzerland is a very rich country, the minds of the people are more drawn to materialism. This proves that life amidst Nature does not necessarily mean that one becomes more spiritual. During her stay in Switzerland she read the Gilgamesh and illustrated situations therefrom. Gilgamesh was an ancient epic that seems to have sprung from the very heart of Nature. In Switzerland only she recollected the story of Jacob and the Tree of Paradise of the Old Testament in her paintings.

In Switzerland, she met Madeline. Madeline did not help her in her activities in Switzerland. She became a nun. But years after she bestowed some money to Dom's youngest daughter. She functioned as the godmother of the latter. She told the youngest daughter Isabelle that unlike Dom she was not an artist. That one does not know when and how God's grace appears in human life. Later she visited Poland repeatedly during a time when the air was heavy with aspirations for freedom from the shackles of Soviet Union and Lech Walesa was already a figure. It was the time when the Pope was elected from Poland. Dom exhibited her paintings in Krakow. In Poland, she was reviewed. Below we cite one of the reviews there, all is lost until today.

„Paryzanka w Wietnamie i w Polsce”
„Une Parisienne au Viet-Nam et en Pologne”
70 photos de DOMINIQUE DE MISCAULT
sans oeuvres et rencontres
70 fotografii Dominique De Miscalut
w „tembach i spotkach”
od 25 kwietnia 1966
w Cafe-Ostoria „U Louisa”
Krakow, Rynek Główny 17

Dom was invited in Poland by Sabor who we met him in Paris in the métro. Sabor helped in exciting her paintings. In Poland, she met a very young man who was keen on studying in France but he had no money. Dom the Christian at heart gave him shelter in her house in Paris for two years. Ironically enough Dom met a girl in Poland who sold out

some ten paintings of Dom without Dom's knowledge. Later it was found that she was a drug addict.

Presently there was Glasnost and Perestroika. The mighty citadel that was Soviet Union went out of joints. The western powers rushed there to feather their nests. But France was however indifferent to fish in the troubled waters. Jean Claude was a scientist who, however, accepted the invitation from Russia and Dominique accompanied him to Moscow. Here a flashback as to the career of Jean-Claude might not be irrelevant. Jean Claude was brought up in a humble family. He studied in the École Polytechnique which was create by French Revolution in 1794, in the 18 brumaire (1798 it already existed)

set up by Napoleon Bonaparte with a view to equipping France with research in growing modern technology and science. It goes without saying that the polytechnic was rather the number-one of France. Finishing his studies with the polytechnic which was run by the French military he went for further studies. It is customary in France that every French young man must either join the army for some time or else one must join the embassy. Now since the polytechnic was under the military administration Jean Claude naturally joined the army and continued there as an officer. At that time Jean Claude worked with missiles. In those days missiles would not work in the sun. Be that as it may, Jean Claude did not enjoy the work because he was averse to killing. He switched to research in the laser rays. Since he was in the Defense he was bound with the oath of secrecy and his research works were not published. As we have observed earlier, Jean-Claude was by nature very reticent, he has no difficulty to fit in the secret service associated with Defense. And now he boarded on the aircraft bound for Sheremetyevo Moscow along with his wife our Dominique. There Jean Claude met the Nobel laureate Alexander N Prokhorov of the fifties. He enjoyed great respect from his colleagues. And the great Nobel laureate observed that Jean Claude had great grasping power better than that of the Nobel laureate himself. And it was this Nobel laureate who introduced Jean Claude and Dominique to the then elite of Russia. And it was they who organized painting exhibitions for Dominique. In this context, the following correspondences should be taken into account.



THE RUSSIAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
Iofran
INSTITUTE OF GENERAL PHYSICS
117942, Moscow, st. Vavilova, 38
Phone: 135 23 66
N 11219

His Holiness the Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia Alexy II

The Institute of General Physics of the Academy of Sciences appeals to you for the blessing and support of the photo exhibition of the works of the artist from France Dominique De Miscault, timed to the 850th anniversary of the city of Moscow.

Madame De Miscault respects and comprehends the spiritual and cultural values of Russia, feels and sees fundamental changes taking place in our country, associated with the revival of the church and its role in people's lives.

Madame De Miscault made many wonderful works, capturing Moscow, traveling around the Golden Ring of Russia, visiting the Optina Monastery, the Yosifo-Volokolamsky Monastery and other holy places (more than 70) that make up the golden fund of Christianity in our great land. The exhibition prepared is intended to demonstrate the deep spiritual, cultural, economic and scientific and technical ties between Russia and France in the past and their impressive development dynamics in the present.

The idea of this exhibition belongs to Madame De Miscault and is carried out at the expense of her family. This is a wonderful example of how with concrete deeds you can help strengthen charitable ties between people living on our a common Planet and help develop the foundations of spirituality at this difficult time for all of us.

Academician A. M. Prokhorov

This letter is of tremendous importance in the realm of human thought. The Academy of Science of Soviet Russia asks for blessings from His Holiness the Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia Alexy II in order that a photo exhibition could be organised. Does it not show that science and religion were never separated from each other in Soviet Russia? May we guess that Glasnost only revived the correspondence of science and divinity latent in the collective mind of Russian culture? The Academy of Science celebrates the revival of church in Russia in the eighties. And it is full of praise for Dominique De Miscault. Her photographs bring back to life seventy holy places in Moscow and the cultural heritage of Russia. This is a great feat on the part of the photographer Dominique. She has the negative capability. Though a French lady, she is capable of portraying another culture as it is in its own context. The letter reminds us of the traditional contact between

French and Russian culture. The War and Peace of Tolstoy informs us that they used to talk in French at the Russian court. The great Russian novelist Turgenev took refuge in Paris during his last days. The Institute of General Physics, Moscow deems the artist Dominique an emissary of France come to Russia to revive the lost lasting glory of Russia in the post Glasnost period. This is no ordinary tribute to our artist. More to it. The Academy of Science itself seeks to organise an art exhibition. Is not Russia a queer country that likens a salad bowl where science, fine art and religion exist in perfect harmony? The great Russian scientist welcomes concrete works to weld together different cultures in our common planet. This is time and again.

And below we publish here the reply of His Holiness to show how the French artist Dominique played an important role in bringing back Russia to its elements during the Glasnost.

NOVEL PRIZE WINNER,

ACADEMICIAN

A.M. PROKHOROVA

Dear Alexander Mikhailovich!

Strengthening constructive spiritual ties between Russia and France is undoubtedly a godly deed. From the history of the Russian state, we are well aware of the diverse cultural and economic relations that have long existed between the two countries.

It is gratifying that abroad there are more and more people who, with respect and understanding, relate to the spiritual and cultural values of Russia, seek to spread reliable and positive information about them.

I believe that the idea of the photo exhibition Madame Dominique de Miscault, which the artist dedicated to the 850th anniversary of our dear capital, will find a corresponding understanding and response from the Government of Moscow.

Respectfully,

PATRIARCH OF MOSCOW AND ALL RUSSIA

The exhibitions performed by Dominique deMiscault in Russia since 1995:

In Russia since 1995 exhibitions

1995 The Russian Academy of Sciences
1995 The House of Artists in Moscow
1996 The French Cultural Center
1999 January, Photo-Center of Moscow
1999 Museum of Iaroslavl, January-February...
July of the same year in Iaroslavl: SIPE Symposium « Mur, protection ou isolement/wall, protection or isolation »
2001 Iaroslavl: participation to a French-Russian publication, on Vladimir Gavrilov's initiative: « messages et messagers »... and *Alexandre Lobanov!*
2002, May-June in Iaroslavl Museum: « Barrières d'ici et d'ailleurs/Barriers from here and elsewhere », a Russian-French-Vietnamese meeting.
2011 8 th of Septembre Présentation du catalogue d'Alexandre Lobanov by Dominique de Miscault
2011 Tsaritsyno, Moscou (Russie) 18th- 11th of September l'exposition d'art naïf russe contemporain

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Russia through the eyes of a Frenchwoman

In the first feast day! About all the generous gifts that are presented to the ancient and beautiful Russian capital, and it is impossible to say. And yet so eager to mention one. Because it is presented with genuine sincerity and love.

Today at the Republican State Children's Library, with the blessing of His Holiness Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia Alexy II, the charity exhibition "Russia - France. Spirituality through the ages." This opening day in the capital of the city gives the artist Dominique and her husband, a prominent French scientist Jean-Claude De Miscault. The Nobel Prize Winner Academician Alexander Prokhorov and the vicar of His Holiness the Patriarch Archbishop Arseny of Istra gave the wings to this idea. The Russian Academy of Sciences, Energomashtekhnika CJSC, the Ministry of Culture of the Russian Federation, the Moscow Government and Public Relations Committee and the Republican Children's Library provided practical assistance in the implementation of the plan.

The creative interests of Dominique De Miscault are very difficult to enumerate: she is a decorative artist, a graphic artist and a painter: the silk canvases painted by her convey the freshness of the sea and waterfalls or the midday heat. Since 1969, more than 130 exhibitions with her participation or solo in France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Poland, Vietnam have been held. Last year there were two exhibitions in our city.

The exhibition, prepared as a gift to Moscow and Russia, is a festive spectacle, and the main thing in it is tactfully and lovingly taken photos of ancient temples and parts of our cities and islands. Dominic, who visited more than seventy holy places in Russia, skilfully discarding alluvial, foam and husk, shows us, the owners of this wealth, that we have lost the habit of seeing. Shows the true Russia, without fuss and momentary, modest, lyrical and eternal.

No, the artist does not shoot a beautiful, but, unfortunately, replicated St. Basil's Cathedral. And if she turns to the famous Russian Trinity-Sergius Lavra, the St. Daniel Monastery (the residence of His Holiness the Patriarch), the Optina Monastery, or the Assumption Cathedral in Vladimir, they suddenly open to us from an unexpected but genuine side. And we clearly feel the depths of the roots of Orthodoxy, which feed us, the present ones. The rubber stamp about the roads leading to the temple suddenly finds its real meaning when Dominic takes an unexpected shot: our attention is stopped by the inscription "Stop", and all the arrows (road signs above Moscow street) point towards the Cathedral of Christ the Savior.

The artist reminds us of the strong threads linking our two ancient countries, exposing photographs taken in Paris and in the "Garden of France", "Land of Castles" - the Loire Valley. Lancel windows, the "flaming gothic" of Notre-Dame Cathedral in Chartres emphasize even more spectacularly the majesty, solemnity or modesty and tenderness of Russian temples, they are, as Dominique says, "resistance to time, bright inspiration, freedom and lyricism".

Dominique De Miscault truly loves and knows our country and its history and believes in the revival of Russia. She and Jean-Claude perceive our homeland as a source of living water for the whole world and dream of showing as many people as possible "this beautiful country".

Galina Vasina



Well on the way to Optina desert

to the ancient **Uglich**

Saint Sergius set up the Trinity Church in the fourteenth century enshrining in it God the Father, God the Son and the Holy Ghost. God the Father is all love. The object of his love is God the Son. Love itself is the Holy Ghost.

The Church added to itself and amended itself through the centuries. The greatest artists of Russia have left inspired and indelible stamp there. Dominique's photographs revived the Russian pride in spiritual excellence of the middle age Russia. This is no mean achievement. And it reminds one what great miracles paintings and photographs could do to bring back not only the breath of a Lazarus but also of a nation. It is the spiritual Center of Russia. As early as in the thirteenth century Prince Daniel built the monastery known after his name. The church was shut down in 1930 to be used for secular purpose. In 1983 the church was revived and our Dominique visited the church and recreated it in lively photographs. This shows the iconoclastic spirit of our artist. She knows the value of religion and spiritualism. Russia is, by the by, the native country of Kandinsky. And no wonder that a leading artist of the abstract art school, Dominique, speaks on behalf of spiritualism to down raze the imposing fort of materialism. Dominique tells us that all the roads lead us to the church.



To sum up, the art exhibitions in Moscow were a festival of spiritual frenzy. The above quoted review touches upon the versatility of our protean artist.

Dominique is not the type of the artist who moves around the world to display her paintings and photographs. He reminds us of the ancient prophets like Confucius, Jesus, Muhammad, Buddha or Sankaracharya who moved from one place to another to disseminate the truths that awoke in their hearts. Confucius travelled across China, Buddha travelled across Aryavarta or North India, Sankar travelled across the subcontinent of India, Jesus roamed here and there in Palestine. And in course of their preaching and sojourns they achieved numerous miracles to help the dying and the downtrodden.

Dominique visited Iaroslavl not too far from Moscow and came in touch with the Mayor and learnt about Lobanov. The Lobanov episode has been dwelled on in details in the book that delineates Lobanov's art works. The economic condition of the then Russia was in tatters.

Dom and her husband used their contacts in France, from 1992, to channelize some money from France to Russia from 1992 (...). In July 1999, a dozen of professionals of psychiatry from France and Hungaria was brought to Iaroslavl by Dom to study how the mentally retarded could be brought to the mainstream. This shows Dominique's keen interest in psychology, human mind and in helping the retarded. May be the plight of Dom's mother drew Dom to psychiatry. It was in. The story of Lobanov is really very interesting. When he was a child he was deaf and dumb. In the hospital, itself he however used to draw pictures and heaps of paintings and pictures lay there in the hospital he lived. They were exhibited in Russia. But Dom who can take up arms against the sea of troubles, arranged exhibition in France and got a book published on Lobanov with money from her own pocket. And art critics in France were full of praise for Lobanov and to place Lobanov in modern art history is one of the greatest achievements of Dominique De Miscault. The world is indebted to her for bringing Lobanov to light before the art connoisseurs of the world. Russia was not in a good shape at that time.

Although with us, the author of this present treatise, Gorbachev was a great man who staked his chair of the President of Soviet Russia to open the doors and the windows destroying the iron curtains of Russia, with Dominique, he was more of a visionary. The transformation of Soviet Russia should have had been slow as it is the case with China and with Vietnam embracing Doi Moi.

However, she visited some states earlier belonging to Soviet Russia without passport or visa. The director of the science academy of those countries came to the aircraft themselves and led her across the immigration dragons protecting the country from intruders if any. She visited Samarkand and

Bukhara during this time period. They left an indelible stamp on her artistic mind. Jean Claude's and Dominique's contact with Russia linger even today.

Earlier we have alluded to Jean Claude. But Jean Claude must be alluded to over and over again because Dominique does not exist without Jean Claude. Existence is a flow where you cannot dip twice in the same water. In this ever-changing phenomenal world Jean Claude cannot stand as a perennial pillar functioning as the light house. But he can be likened to a helmsman in the boat that is Dominique De Miscault. At lonely moments, she laments she has not given the required service to her husband in the life here. Jean Claude does not give vent to his emotions. Jean Claude and Dom De Miscault's first child died when she was twenty-eight years or so. And apparently Jean Claude did not give expression to his sense of loss. But ironically enough he still now pines for her. Might be if she were alive she would have opened the champagne bottle of Lanson Rose presently after the elevens.

The news of the demise of the eldest daughter reached Dominique. At that time, she was in Vietnam. She shared the news with her friends in Vietnam. They came to Dominique's residence and sat together around Dominique tongue tied and dumb founded. They sat throughout the night together without a single word. At twelve in the night the owl cried to whith to who. And in the morning the chanticleer crowed. And there was silence in between the two events. Did they hear any voice from the departed soul sailing across the Lethe?

With the return of the sun in the eastern horizon Dom was plunged again to her day to day activities. And we have already said Dom visited Vietnam some thirty-eight times.

In Vietnam or with some vietnameses

After the repeated suicide of a very young man who lived in a presbère and who had been treated at the end by a guest psychiatrist at the Sainte Anne Hospital in Paris and who could not understand what had happened. While Dominique's mother, now relatively free, rejected the work of her daughter. From that moment Dom cutted all the contacts with her family and began a new life ...

from 1991

Viet Nam is another story. Dom came for the first time in Viet Nam in May 1992, and after

1994 - National Library in Hanoï around theater "MON VIET NAM" of Maryse Hache

1997 - Fine-Arts in Hanoï, twelves poems about *livre des moines*: copper engraving

1998 - Gallery at 29, Hang Bai, Hanoi « paradoxal retour »

Publication in 2000, another time in Hanoi

2003 - September-October, "Far away of life", Musée d'Art Contemporain – Galerie Blue-Space Ho Chi Minh Ville

March - Beaux-Arts de Hanoi "Frisson de Vie"

Fine-Arts in Hanoi « Images d'ailleurs, mouvements de l'âme »

2004 - Ho Chi Minh Ville, IDECAF, 2004: "grenouilles, bambous et pluies"

2005 - Ho Chi Minh Ville, Binh Quoi: "grenouille, bambou et pluie"

2006 - May **Hanoi**, Maison d'Accueil des visiteurs du Mausolée Ho Chi Minh "Aujourd'hui, dans les pas d'Ho Chi Minh"

January Ho Chi Minh Ville : " DÉS-MARCHES "

2009 - Poèmes de Tue Sy à Ho-Chi-Minh Ville- 27th of September

2008 - 2009 Autumn https://www.tripadvisor.fr/ShowUserReviews-g293924-d4162202-r346865193-Hanoi_Ceramic_Mosaic_Mural-Hanoi.html"Fleuve Rouge", Nguyen Thu Thuy, Hanoi, *les 7 jours de la création*, 7 m sur 2 m X 7

27th of March- 10th of April "Entrefilets" : Hanoi vernissage le 27 mars, Second Floor Exhibition House, 16 Ngo Quyen Str. album discours 20 poèmes de Tran Dang Khoa

June Les 5 saisons sur le pont Long Bien, Ho Tram, Vung Tau), photos des oeuvres

2009 - 25th May Article by Nguyen Thi Ngoc Hai,

March 2009 - Exposition " Long Bien" Hanoi, discours VN - FR CV Dominique album

2011 - 22nd November A la rencontre de Tran Dang Khoa, Binh Thanh CHU NHAT Thoi Nay

Documentary film "Ho Chi Minh, aspiration à la paix" remis le 15 novembre 2011 VTV4



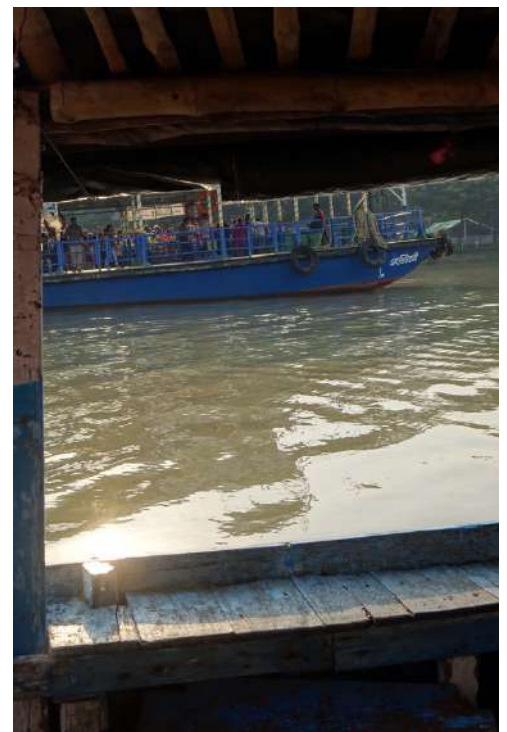
Vietnam changed itself over and over again within this span of time. And Dominique seems to know Vietnam, every neuron of it, through the decades. It would be a great book if we had seen Vietnam through the eyes of Dominique. The American presence in Vietnam, however, led to the insurrection of the Buddhist monks in Vietnam. Those who renounced the world are not always indifferent to the fortunes of the world. And a number of Buddhist monks leaped into the fire and revelled in self-immolation. But the ways of the world are too difficult to decode. The Buddhist priests were not in the good book of the communists. And Dominique developed a rapport with a

Buddhist priest of high intellectual level. He is Tue Sy. And he was interned by the government in the cloister. And shut up there he penned a number of poems in Vietnamese. Dominique translated the same into French. And the firework of the emotions at the heart of a Vietnamese monk was thus spread beyond the borders of Vietnam. Dominique is very fond of illustration. In fact, every painting or picture is a kind of an illustration. And Dominique's illustration of the poems of Tue Sy are time and again. They are unique in themselves. They could be studied as a painting or picture independent of any so-called text.

Dominique brooks no opposition on her way. She dared to popularize Tue Sy whose ideas did not see eye to eye with that of the Vietnamese government. Dominique made Lobanov a world figure in the realm of art. And all these must have started very early in her life during her youth. She worked for the street children in Paris for long seven years. She told us already that the student movement of the sixties could not be termed a revolution in the right sense of the term. But Dominique acknowledges that it led her to think in fresh ways. And of course, she knows Julia Kristeva and knew Levi Strauss and his wife who are very good souls. She does not like Picasso much. Most of his paintings are rather mechanical and his cruelty to his wives are a legend. Georges Braque had a lot of depth and Dominique is all for Kandinsky school who invoked spiritualism in art. Kandinsky in his works seems to give a clarion call to the Armageddon between spiritualism and materialism. He did not revel in the imitation of Nature. He dived into the spiritual essence behind the show of things and maybe we could decode many of the paintings and Dominique the photographs that are not mere hand maidens of Nature. Rather as an artist Dominique peeps into the chinks in the world of forms to give us the glimpse of the spirit lurking behind the show of things. This is about her art.

Below we try to decode an artwork of Dominique in the light of Kandinsky

Any composition whatever is developed from a more formal point of view. So, it does not necessarily mean that an abstract artist will never ever paint a photograph of a landscape or seascape. We have here a composition where the muddy river coast is visible with a boat anchored to the coast. The boat is on the waters making a sixty-degree angle to the coast. The coastline itself makes a thirty-degree angle to the right end of the picture. There is a boat away in the waters. If a parallel straight line to the coast line were drawn at the base of the waters then the boat would be at twenty-degree angle from the same. The viewer stands at the right end of the river. That is why the right side of the river is wider than the left side



of the river and the boat at sixty degrees is in the right side and larger. The boat at twenty-degree angle is far away from the foreground of the muddy coast does not exhibit itself distinctly unlike the boat that is anchored. The farthest of the foreground is bordered by blue coastline with pyramids of hills that are green. It is the horizon where the sky and the earth meet. The canopy of the sky is orange. It comes toward the foreground. In the foreground, ashen clouds hang from the sky. Thus, the picture has a number of levels in

- 1) The level of muddy coast
- 2) The level of waters lit with the skies abloom with the rays of the twilight.
- 3) The other side of the river
- 4) The hills
- 5) The roseate sky away
- 6) The sky with ashen clouds near

These six planes tell us that the reality has numerous planes. Every plane is the delimitation of a surface by another plane. It possesses an inner content that speaks to a person who gazes at it with attention. At once the reader enters into the world of the painting which is autonomous, breathing as it were on its own. Surely the picture is impressionistic which is based on impressions. And of course, the hills on the other side of the river are quite visible. They remind one of pyramids. Dominique has a mission to lead us to the pinnacles where the earth touches the sky or the earth is the neighbourhood of heaven. But here the dynamic contrast between the roseate and the blue must be taken into account. The roseate surface has an eccentric movement which comes closer to us. The blue, the celestial colour, however seems to move away from us. The blue stands for calm and tranquillity. We have to cross the river of life boarding on the boat surrounded by an environment which is a complex of rest and tranquillity till we reach the celestial blue that evokes a deep calm. The vertical line of the boat anchored on the coast speaks of the meditating mind of the boat seeking to attain the luminosity and warmth of a world beyond. May be this is how we could analyse a painting of Dominique in the light of Kandinsky's theory of art



The apple tree has shed its leaves. It is winter. The tree with its stem and branches zigzagged up suggests the eros, irresistibly longs the sky and the Sun. But why the red-black curtain struck up? Does it mean passions stand in the way of its embracing the sky?

The ashen trunk stands as the pillar on which white cover, promises shelter for the earth and the



living. The prospects of rest and peace are there. And one could go inward.

There is greenery with yellow flowers. It serves as the background. In the foreground, there seems to be logs set in an order. And there is action painting in them in red, blue, grey, white colours. Are they the inscrutable writings on the wall of the tree or Nature?



The same logs turn into some skeletons of primordial creatures whom we do not see in the real world but whom we see in dreams. They look real. But they are not real.



Very pleasing to the eye. The curve of the tree going skyward looking like the horns of a deer and not like deer is surrealistic set against rectangles and square below the horizon where the sky meets the earth creating a river of milky waves. The juxtaposition of the colours create

the up and down of the landscape in which the tree stands in quest of light and the sky.



It is as it were a river clogged with water lily weeds. The river has lost its flow. In the left there are crimson bamboo trees together with a red canopy of leaves stooping as it were to look into the water lily decked river green and white. The earth is being seen through the re canopy or passion. On the other side of the river, violet and dark green standing indifferent. Does it suggest the painter who stands indifferent? The dreamer

it is said is always in a dream in some form or other.



The picture has apparently three planes. The highest plane is the interstellar space where faint hints of a spaceship or a space boat is seen. A lady seems to look at it with a musical instrument looking like a hand. She is in the sky. Two hands seem to hold that springing from the earth. So that is a woman who plays on the earth as a musical instrument. And it is through the music of the spheres that she can see a spaceship that can transport her to the beyond.



A child seems to stand on two hands one of an animal and another of a man. Unless we strike a balance between a man and animal we cannot dance.



A mountains landscape and a valley. The peak of a mountain seems to touch the skies and go beyond. It looks like the vault of the temple. Its height can be guessed from the flags hung from a rope may be connecting two hills. Below is the backdrop of green trees. There are houses in front of which there is the paddy field. In the foreground, there are tents red and dark red and white with roads moving along the lines of an inverted triangle. That is, the apex of the triangle could be likened to a point from which two roads emerge, the yang and the yin. And they bifurcate to create the varied and variegated Nature and

human habitation. The mountain beckons them to the skies.

A rivers 'landscape. A house top is seen far. A trip of sands and pebbles has raised its head that has divided the river. Towards the foreground the division of the river is narrow. It is neighbouring green trees on the bank in the foreground. And there is a bridge. Only a part of it is visible in the foreground. The rest of the bridge, invisible though, is obvious to the viewers. A sentinel seems to cling to the railing of the bridge. Is it the bridge across time? Is it on the waters of time that we men live in houseboats? It is on the banks of time that Man and nature show up. But must we go across the river of time past nature and human habitation?



Dominique De Miscalc went to Nature, as it is usual with many artists. There was a tree in front of the window. But he was not one to depict Nature as it was. The tree with its leaves littered the fountain of colours and light white orange and yellow and so on. And they create a background for a figure clad in violet and orange. Does she look like a woman who appears before the background of a riot of lights? She seems to stand on a pedestal of dark-red rocks. It seems that Dom is a pagan. She finds a dryad in every tree. She sees the goddess in a plant. Is it a comment on our leanings for urbanization at the cost of the trees? She tells us how trees come from the world of light and they are come with offerings for the mankind. To an Indian, she is a goddess with offerings in her hand.



Dominique harks back to the twilight era of human civilization where we find such grotesque where lion body has a human face. Man, and animal unite in the same body to suggest that man has all the powers of animals and animals could have the powers of man as well. Here is a man having the powers of man as well. Here is a man having the coils of a serpent. The serpent power is looked upon in India as a great power inherent in every man that gives out untold energy. If a person could realize that he is seated on the serpent he is omnipotent, his energies being one with the infinite cosmic energy. Ironically enough it is as it were a portrait of a yogi realizing omnipotence in hi. Thus, the portrait is archetypal and one knows not whether Dom was an Indian yogi in some earlier births. Her visions as a yogi left a stamp in her mind in the earlier birth only to resurrect in this birth being externalized in the form of a painting.



William Empson, in his *Seven Types of Ambiguity* pointed out that poetry is capable of meanings on a level. Ernst Gombrich has showed how the same figure could mean a rabbit or something else. This ambiguity is very much pronounced in Dom's paintings and photographs. If it is seen from one foot away it means something which if it is seen from five feet away it means something else. Because if the eye sees a thing from near it is one thing and if it is seen from away it is another thing. This picture seen at a distance of five feet seems to have a cat/tiger looking at some situation where a man looking in a violet camel riding some animal yellow and violet seeks to hurt a thing with its beak. A human figure looks upon it from above. That is both a man and animal looks at the same event from different angles. Does this mean that both the humans and the non-humans look upon the same existence from different positions? The picture could be interpreted in a different way if we go closer to it. Thus, Dom's paintings underline the ambiguity inherent in the world of eye and ear. Does not the fractal geometry portray the existence in the same way?

“Mon Vietnam”



Here is a human figure in robes bathed in a riot of colours adding rouge with a pencil to his/ her lips, imitating something in Nature. We cannot see what he/she imitates. This is left to the imagination of the viewers. Thus, Dominique's paintings remind us of the writerly text where the viewers have to participate in creating the meaning.

The man/woman is in front of the plants of the wilderness. Does it mean that the truly beautiful man deck himself imitating the colors of nature. Man must see his/her face on the mirror of Nature and make himself/herself beautiful/handsome.



The background is a costly curtain. In the foreground, there is a lady stooping with a side bag on her shoulder. There must be lot of articles in the bag. Or else why should she stoop? When we see a costly curtain behind, the lady must have come out of the curtain which hides the house one belonging to the rich nobility. She gets out of a house of a rich noble man rather weighed down with despondency. Is she a woman going from one house to another to sell some commodity? And has she been refused by the person she visited? Now she is climbing down the staircase to the road meditating on visiting another house perhaps. Is she the symbol of Balzac who wanted to be one among the nobility but failed? Does the bag carry the volumes of *commedia del arte*? Is this

meaning to farfetched or else does this picture remind one of the realism of Victor Hugo or Emile Zola?



Many of the paintings and photographs of Dom have Indian archetypes. For example, here (but it is Jaraī statue) we find an Indian yogi or god immersed in meditation. And there is the tilak- a mark in the forehead which might mean the third eye of yogic vision or the eye representing the ajnachakra that stands for first-hand experience of omniscience.



A room as it were with a plank made of light looking like a bench. Just above the bench there are numerous figures of men and animals and plants looking like flowers. On the other side of the wall there seems to be two figures one below another. While the figure above is as it were a minstrel playing on a musical instrument the figure below looks upon the creation as a voyeur. Does the white bench invite the spectator to be a part of the world of painting and discover his/her self?



De Miscalut's art is very difficult to decode for those who have logocentric attitudes. The modernist always seeks one definite meaning of whatever he sees. But Dom always confuses the viewer. Because in the same picture, the viewer now could see one thing and the next moment sees another thing. In the present picture, the skies and the earth mingle in the haze of smoke or clouds that reminds one of Turner. And the sky there is the face of a goddess looking down upon earth where a chaos takes place. The geometry of Picasso here seems to be replaced by Tychism to make it a sight to be experienced in dreams alone.



This is a painting resembling a photograph in infra-red which depicts a woman moving in the direction of a moon lit window. She is in red, a piece of cloth covering half of her body. But her back and shoulder are vividly exposed. The floor is dark and the walls are dark. We are in a dark world, she figures in the painting as a role model. We must dance our way to light. The

texture of the body clothes darkness and the like, remind us of Vermeer. The structure gives us the story. Dominique has a mythopoeic imagination.



Here is a landscape with a road made of sands meandering past waters. A slice of water in the left and a part of a big waterscape in the right. Water is most sensitive to light and shade. So, the foreground of the waterscape is alight with orange light. Then there is a shadow of plants. The chiaroscuro of the painting creates a world lorn with mystery. The plants are there at the end of the road. But their separateness has been merged into one greenery reminding of the forest. Maybe there is some human habitation there. Away still there is the mountain range of which one mountain with wavy crest shows up. The mountains behind have a trace. The whole scene is bathed in soft light of the morning. The hills are not in the east. The east is in the right side of the viewer. The north seems to beckon the journeyman. The distant hills call her. She must walk long past the waters and past the woods till she climbs the mountain.



Seldom does Dom look straight into her object lest that becomes logocentric. Here is a wonderful vignette of an uneven landscape. The foreground finds youngs sitting in the right basking in the sun. Their straw hats Ladakh style is further in front just at the middle of the front line. The straw hat at the center of the front line divides the landscape into two parts. While two boys and a girl are in the sun doffing the straw hat, there is an old man, we guess, who is in the shadow of the straw hat in front of a cave made of bamboo fibers. This suggests the generation gap. While the old men prefer shades, the youngs prefer the sun. There is a smaller boy in white among the four youngs. He is the onlooker, an angel as it were. The uneven landscape diagonally sliding from the left corner above to the right corner below with roads decked with shrubs tells us that the road to our home above is not very steep. We can walk up to it with a little exertion.



The most significant work of art of Dom is evident from a few ceramic mosaic mural accomplished by her in Hanoi street.

True that Dominique De Miscault does not have any significant academic background but during her school days and adolescence she visited numerous museums. The images of God in the temple are living beings charged with the

worshipful emotions of their votaries. But when they are removed from temples to museums they are mere art works not to be worshipped but to be appreciated or detested. But they could generate visions for an artist. Making home with a scientist may have given her the rudiments of geometrical drawings as well as a sense of limits and a notion of limits and proportions. And anyone who interacts with her can have a vivid experience of the panorama of the art of the continent the philosophy of the continent and the literature of the continent. Her wide wandering in the different parts of the globe has added to her wisdom. And she has countless works of art to her credit. It will take decades to classify them, analyse them and to explicate them. Quite naturally it is very difficult to give a comprehensive taste of her multifaceted talent. Be that as it may, right now we call up the portrayal of the seven days in mosaic in Vietnam. Well that is a story. There was an activist of a Vietnamese journalist who wanted to do certain works of art to deck Hanoi. And Dominique suggested that there should be a mosaic in the walls of the city. And the lady ignited with that suggestion, got a mosaic decked wall that stretch for four kilometers. Our Dom started the job and her mosaic decked wall stretched for one hundred twenty meters in length and two meters in height. And there she depicted the seven days of creation. The seven days of creation hark back to the Genesis. Let us have a hurried look at the seven days of creation transformed into visuals.



The seven days of Creation is a magnificent founding poem expressing in image the birth of thought.

A "sudden" luminous point, at the beginning, going beyond the pure aesthetics namely the concerns of the "design", big novelty at the beginning of the XXth.

The choice of the text was for me decisive and proposed to a large audience in all its size even if the result is below what we must always hope ..., it remains nonetheless that all those who participated

closely to the realization of these almost 100 m felt the joys and the anxieties inherent in any authentic work that is big or small.

The proof is that this realization allowed us to find and read this magnificent myth of creation among Muong.

I would like to say that these few meters are still being realized and that they will remain unfinished. From the point of view of work, there has been a real exchange, even confrontations - we do not have to be ashamed to the contrary ... It is undoubtedly a palette that we offer on many levels of interpretation. At the limit, a little destabilizing ... Every day is a story, an adventure almost independent of each other but nevertheless in the continuity of each other: "to each is enough his trouble"!

I continue to think that the 7 days of creation are not only a wonderful poem shared by many civilizations, but again, a pictorial way of explaining the transition to abstraction.

- **The first day** evokes brilliance, glow, no doubt an illumination: the man can and must express a thought with words, but it is still chaos. What is expressed in the sentence and the verb (the word par excellence that acts) became flesh. At the level of this work, we were looking for, we did not find his style at the beginning and at the end not really more unless he escapes us permanently ...

- **The second day** is the image of a land that seeks its shape, the magma is probably in fusion. But here and already the firmament is different from the waters.

- On **the third day**, the earth is ready for germination, trees and plants are already bearing fruit.



- **The fourth day**, the time becomes imperious, the great luminaries punctuate the seasons ... the suns and the moons and the constellations

chant the universe ...

- On **the fifth day**, birds and fish populate our "world". It is the idea of a life in profusion, of sentences and theses ... the generosity which counts more and thus protects.



- On **the sixth day**, man appears in his plenitude of Homo sapiens, he thinks and builds his world. For the first time the mosaic forms a whole it is no longer exploded.



- **the 7th day** ... many colors are there, the signatures and a flight for something else!

And if the artist was just a smuggler of images, because he cannot do better?

And if being an "artist" was to remain a fight?

And if being an artist was also against the CHEMICAL WAR?



Thank you Thuy for this wonderful project. Good luck and long life

Hanoi, June 7, 2009 Dominique de Miscault



The Monday from a distance is a space littered with a group of islands that reminds one of island of the East Indies such as Sumatra, Java, Borneo and the like. And one wonders whether such group of islands

are such hieroglyphics that are to be decoded yet. Of course, they speak of Gondwana to the geologists.



Dominique seems to read in them the various creations in the embryonic shape. While the figures in yellow are numerous there is pronounced blue in the left and in the right of the painting. They add a frame to the creation of the embryos. But does not the blue remind us of what the Chinese call Chi or the life force?



Tuesday

The blue colour or the Chi or the boundless space seems to be pregnant with the developed embryos that are in yellow figures. If the viewer sees the ceramic mural from a close distance he might espy obtuse figures of angels therein. The yellow reminds of the yolk in the egg. The Indians described the cosmos as a vast egg or Brahmanda

teeming with infinite possibilities. That is Tuesday.



Wednesday

The creation becomes more complicated than ever. The red torpedoes distributed here and there

among the yellow ducks floating in the primordial waters of blue only reminds one of passions rushing towards the surface in quantas. That is Wednesday.

Thursday. The picture of creation is no longer hazy. The yolks become circles reminding of perfection protected as it were with passion red serpents or coiled energies. Does each round yolk remind one of a monad fenced by the coiled energy of kula kundalini of India's yoga system?



Friday. This is unique. It has three levels. On the above there is yellow raining white droplets. At the bottom, there is a red landscape. Between the yellow heavens and the crimson earth there is the blue, dotted with white vertical lines. Thus, in a flash the heaven, the sky and the earth, in short, the whole creation becomes tangible in front of our eyes. But in the Bible, there is fish below and the birds in the air.



Saturday. The crown and the coping stone of the creation, man shows up. Some are red and some are yellow with red belts. Yellow is the colour of harvest and abundance and abandon. Red is the colour of blood and passion. The red colour in the mural is at a greater speed than the yellow which shows itself slow and relaxed. No wonder that the passion runs fast as it were to bring about a war. And a whole drama is taking place in the theatre of blue. The theatre or the stage is indifferent to the passions of the protagonists strutting and fretting on the stage.



Sunday. It is blue in the main with red and green on it. The background is white in the main. We must invoke Tibetan interpretation of the colours. Green stands for Amoghasiddhi and speaks of the transformation of jealousy into wisdom. Red stands for Amitabha and speaks of the transformation of delusion of attachment. Blue stands for Aksabhya and speaks of the transformation of anger into wisdom. Yellow stands for Ratnasambhava and speaks of transformation of pride into wisdom. White stands for Vairochana and speaks of the transformation of delusion and ignorance.



When God is at rest the colours jumbled up together repose in the White and the Sun of wisdom.
When God is awake and in action the colours became manifest and restless. That is creation.
Anything whatever in the creation is made of colours of different shapes and densities.

But Dom's revolutionary spirit, Dom's Christian spirit and her awareness of the political currents and cross currents of the world have compelled her to edit an e journal which could be studied by the researchers of tomorrow to understand the politics of the world today from a particular viewpoint that values peace as the summon bonum of the world.



Revolutionary Spirit of Forerunners Will Be Eternal.

-At Revolutionary Martyrs Cemetery on Mt Taesong-





Revival of Spectre of “UN Command”

The spectre of the “UN Command” is now reviving on the Korean peninsula as a multinational war organization, expanding the sphere of its activities to the entire Asia-Pacific region.

Abusing the Name of UN

The US instigated the ROK to start the Korean war on June 25, 1950 in a bid to realize its wild ambition for world domination. Then, to invent a legal excuse for its entry to the Korean front, it manipulated the UN Security Council to adopt a resolution No. 84 (1950) on July 7, 1950.

The “resolution” empowered the US to lead the organization of the “combined forces command”. On July 25, over 10 days later, it submitted a report to the UNSC in which it named the organization the “UN Command”. By doing so, it abused the name of the UN to give the world an impression that the UN played some role in the Korean war.

In November 1975, several decades after the ceasefire, the UN adopted a resolution No. 3390 (xxx) B at a general assembly demanding the dissolution of the “UN Command”, so that the US could no longer mislead the public opinion by abusing its name for military actions.

Former UN secretary generals Boutros Boutros Ghali and Kofi Annan strongly opposed the US forces’ ceaseless abuse of the name of the “UN Command”.

As an answer to the question by a journalist on the opinion of the UN secretary general on the legal status of the “UN Command”, his spokesperson said at a daily news briefing on July 26, 2023: This was created during the Korean conflict by the Security Council. The resolutions are clear. It is... however, it has no operational link, no administrative link, no financial link with the United Nations. As far as my understanding, even when it was created, it was funded, paid for by the United States.

This being a hard fact, the US still abuses the name of the UN.

“UN Command”—a Threat to Security of Asia-Pacific Region

After the ceasefire the nations affiliated to the “UN Command” withdrew their troops from the ROK. But only the US has kept its military presence in the ROK so as to maintain the “UN Command” which exists only for form’s sake.

Recently, the US has been getting more undisguised to revive the moribund “UN Command”. As a typical example, it is now drawing to the military drills led by it the countries which sent troops to the Korean war under the signboard of the “UN Forces”, clamouring that it is going to expand the role of the states involved in the Korean war and organize the multinational staff of the allies forming the “UN Command”. It is trying to expand the role of the organization, making its member nations take part in mapping out emergency operational plans and also in their detailed actions.

In March it staged large-scale joint military exercises in the ROK by mobilizing huge nuclear strategic means and armed forces from 11 countries belonging to the “UN Command”. The exercises including field manoeuvres which doubled as compared to last year, was reportedly reminiscent of the situation of the Korean war in the 1950s.

Under the pretext of strengthening combined military operations, it is trying to expand the sphere of activities of multinational armed forces to the entire Asia-Pacific region beyond the Korean peninsula and draw troops from its vassal states to various multinational joint military drills.

Military experts comment that the US, a war nation which holds hegemony in the world through regularized war actions, is depending on its allies more than ever before so as to maintain its supremacy in Asia and that such military organizations as the “UN Command” and Asian-version NATO formed on the pretext of “joint defence” are war organizations that serve the US interests for hegemony and realize them.