

Triptych, 52" x 18', Acrylic, mixed technics on Yupo paper mounted on wooden frame.



What is hiding in the message of that deadly fall of this man? What it's meaning for us, the silences of those anonymous victims? What are they telling us? And why could we be quiet about it? We don't forget seeing the horrific death-dealing "pantomime" live worldwide!

Here, I try and dare to give to that silence, a voice. A voice to the wounded doves, and I am trying to establish a posthumous dialogue with "The Man Falling"!

More than twenty years passed, already! But this wound still rip and transfix our present time, our world reality and the truth remembrance of those who witness those indescribable crime scenes...

"You remember my lethal dive? I had only two choices: To launch myself in the emptiness or to burn alive". My life will end in both ways.

Then by the broken window edge, I push my head first! My clenched fists close to my rigid body. Alone, at this moment, only death is my bodyguard!

"In a grand vertigo, like an eagle, I plunge to an unknown world!"

It is 9:41 in the morning!

"My eyes dry up, my sight tail of, I have no more breathing..."

Then, a total silence.

"All my senses are living me, my brain does not respond and my heart does not beat anymore!"

"So, I have no regret for that decent, because, my illuminated soul rise towards the blue sky."

« I am not alone who fly away that day, orphaned of our being, invisibles, our souls, ascent trough their origin."

"Obviously dead, I have no name anymore, no more guessing to who I am? No more questioning, no more Jonathan, no more Norberto, they are hundreds to plunge with me, in an anonymity."

So, my flesh, my whole and empty body envelop follow it relentless journey, down the earth in ashes.

Text by:
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