

PHOTOBIOGRAPHY

When does Consciousness replace Instinct ? or (What I am doing here ?)

Each one of us should speak of his roads, crossroads, his roadside benches.
Each one of us should have a surveyor's map of his lost fields and meadows.
(Gaston Bachelard)

For a bit more than 30 years,

I explore the labyrinth of my life,
Each step inviting the next.

Now,.....imagineyour ancestors.....stopped in Africa.
Starting.....instinctively.....where you were.....dropped.
Learning the way.....hesitantly.....

Using.....your..... heritage.....of.....set values.....
Slowlydifferent paths.....unfold.....in front of you....
Georges Sand dreaming beside a path of yellow sand.....
Sawlife.....flowing
by.....

What is.....more.....beautiful.....than.....a road...?.she said..
The memory.....of a road....., I thought.....
Only....by.....looking back....can you...foresee....your future.
Your instinct weakens,.....gradually.....taken over.....

By.....your.....Consciousness.....
Youinvent.....yourselfa past.