

AISA & KAKU

...the sacred cannot be housed... only represented ...over and again...

(after Dudley Young, *The origins of the Sacred*, 1991)



NO ARCHETYPES, BUT FLOATING FLUID IMAGES

A GREAT FATHER AND A GREAT MOTHER

ANCIENT, FLEXIBLE, PERMABLE, ENOUGH

TO HOUSE OUR FEARS, DESIRES

LET US GO HOME AGAIN

THEY are the outcome of my lifelong dreaming and longing for fathers and mothers I never had but needed to walk the red road.

I named them AISA & KAKU, ancient words for distant, but concrete, Mothers en Fathers from our families.

When not honored THEY accumulate in our genes, pour into our gestures and facial expressions, they resound in our intonations and caresses.

We tend to ignore signs and sighs of our distant Mothers & Fathers.

Hence it is, for us Europeans, not easy to outer inner images of AISA & KAKU, for it is so long ago.

But I got deeply satisfied when rekindling their gently gendered embracing flames of something I thought to be lost.

AISA's & KAKU's are deeply different but completely complementary.

Our Greatgrandmothers and Greatgrandfathers know how to smile cosmically to each other.

Inside us and outside us

AISA & KAKU are also my recreation of complementary female and male worlds of which I felt the absence during my, hormone raging, young adolescence.