



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 unnamable was one. And he wanted to be many and the one became many. Look at 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 unnamable because it could have many names.

The composition of the paintings and photographs of the apple tree in different ways raises question. Why did the painter depict the same apple tree in so many ways?

Dominique de Miscault 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 not 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. The silk cloth is red. And it likens a butterfly and a lizard in one. Don't laugh at it. Now a day, we have tignons. The red veil likening the butterfly and the lizard in one is surrealistic and fingers at the truth that living beings live on nature.

Constructivism is a style in which assorted mechanical objects combined into abstract mobile structural forms. The tree is a mobile structural form subject to growth and decay. The silk cloth rather hides the impact of time on the tree and makes the tree an abstract entity. The real world as such what we perceive in the contingent but the impact of time remains hidden from our eyes as it were by a veil. Thus Dominique tells us that the apparently real world is shrouded by a mystery which is difficult to decode. 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 Miscault's aesthetics seems to be unknowingly a kin 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 slate of her mind. And she remembers her mother holding a revolver at her father. She was then 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 spiritus mundi trembled and thence unrest radiated and entered into every household.

Dom was born on 26<sup>th</sup> 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 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 colonised the world and measure 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 civilise the world. The post second war Europe was a spectacle of the Westland. Jules Laforgue a symbolist, depicted Paris as a veritable health. And queues at the bus stand and in front of the ration shops were common place sights 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 went insane. The fall out of the war shattered conjugal lives. Dom's father went later (1994) for a second marriage. Maybe, he could not put up with his wife who suffered from chronic disease since birth. Besides it is said that she had wanted to be married to a rich person before her marriage. And her father in conjunction with another lady begot 2, 3 children. The lady died when her later son/brother borned. By him she had 2/3 children. And one of them, later was put with Dom's flat. 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. to Foucault 's write up on madness. Everyone has something wrong in Her mother was psychiatric patient. So she had to look after her mother. Family myths are always there. Once the grandmother told her that while journeying she fell from an ox cart. She was carrying at that moment. And maybe her fall cost 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 ox cart in the story is quite interesting to Indians because even today, let urbanisation can do whatever it can, there are still places in India where you go by ox cart. But if you go to France today, very few people remember that their forefathers used to go on ox carts. You have to visit the museum and see the paintings of Monet and Manet to know the ox carts, 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 ask you - who is not a psychiatric patient? One could here allude the mind. That is why Buddha speaks of the mind as of primary importance-manopubbangama etc. The mind should be a whole and intact. By the by, earlier the so called mad people are family members. But now a day we cannot afford them. We send them to the asylum. But the so called mad people have visions of the reality that speak of deeper truths than what appears to our senses. William Blake or Antonin Artaud was mad people. And our mother whom they called insane used to talk to 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 Dominique 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 child of the step mother who became the naturalised member of the family of Dom. *Dom could take money from her father and looked after the family.(that it is true and not true; In the first time of our life I take care morally etc. of the family but not with money. Our father made emotional blackmail with our mother, he were perverse and very weakness with her. Laterafter 1980, I had her administration légale for 12 years, and during all this time I had to manage the money myfather gave me for her. So you do what you want with that.* 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 enough. 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 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

Commenté [1]:

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 and Abelard 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 industrialisation 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 Benditt 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 there, in 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. 1968 (we married in 1967 before 1968 and JC at that time were *ingénieur de l'armement* and could not said what he thinks but! 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 no 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 of unrest. The Red Guards showed up in the streets of Beijing and Kunming. The Hippies and the Beats bitten 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 ring at the house of Dom. Dom did not have any boyfriend. So it was a stranger (her grand 'mother had the same name!) at the door. The came in and without any ceremony he told her, a lady 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. 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 just nineteen, he was just twenty. In those days if one had to marry before twenty-one, 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 later to a lad. 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 has 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 was an ex-military man (he was born in 1919, so in 1939, it was the 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 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 substitute who was also a close friend 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 visualise 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 upon 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 story, 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 in 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 a 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 10<sup>th</sup> century in Vietnam. Again in 1996 Paris, she dwelled on 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 visuals made of colours and they were exhibited in Issy les Moulineaux near Paris.

Kolkata 2018, **Ramesh Chandra Mukhopadhyaya**

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 the 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 *Hrim* 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 Les Ondines**

**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: Turn over France with television team from Ho Chi Minh city

**Paris, April** "Hanoi: Foundations updated"

<http://www.dominiquedemiscault.com/France/fouilles.htm>

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

Livre des Moines,

**2007 January-February Paris Galerie 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(1)(2)

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

In 1980 she went outside France.

She visited Holland, Switzerland, Poland and Hungary for exhibition. Holland is very near to France. Dom has a nostalgia for Holland. Her family was from Holland itself. Dominique describes Holland as a very nice country, flat, small in size and with a big colonial past. The sky there seems to come to the earth. Her mother looked like the natives of Holland. And Dominique lovingly told that one of her grandsons looks like Dominique's mother with white hair, blue eyes and little nose. The paintings of Holland are mainly skyscapes and landscapes. Her eyes feasted on the artworks of Bruguel and others in Holland. She has done exhibitions in Rotterdam. She was well reviewed in Holland. Below we quote a review on her work:

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 color 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.*

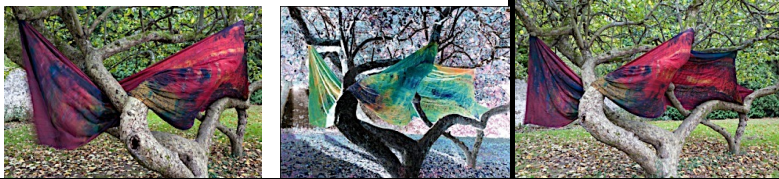
*In turn, the work is figurative and abstract, or a combination of both. Then, the figures are representations of roses, bread, water and fire.*

*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.*

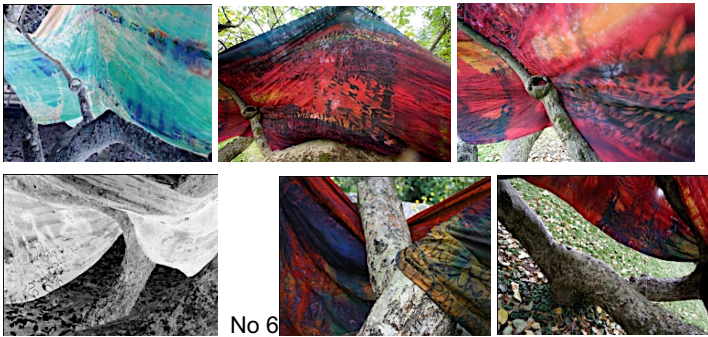
*We hope to see her again in the near future."*

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 deMuscault could be classed with the post-modern artists. Here we could quote the pictures of the apple trees.



Its one of the apple tree series



***An mathematic hypothesis without experimental ground, Perhaps right, perhaps false!***

**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 the red-black curtain stuck up? Does it mean 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 sroti  
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. She visited Switzerland.

Switzerland has a special niche in western culture. During the first great war Switzerland remained neutral. She did not belong to any of the belligerent parties. It was during the war that Tristan Tzara walked into the country. A group of young men from different parts of the continent gathered around him. And they were possibly influenced by Spengler and believed that the decline and fall of Western civilization was at hand. And they tried to ridicule all the cultural wealth that the West inherited since the days of the glory that was Greece and of the grandeur that was Rome. What they did was to add a moustache to a copied painting of Monalisa. They organised an art exhibition where one had to enter via urinal. Dominique exclaims that the artwork of these Dadaists were mere writing. But they shattered all the walls raised by the rules of aesthetics. And if winter comes can spring be far behind? Also it was in the nineteenth century itself that modern photography came upon the scene. And Cowper celebrated photography with the following lines:

“Blest be the art that can immortalize

The art that baffles time’s tyrannic claims

To quench it”

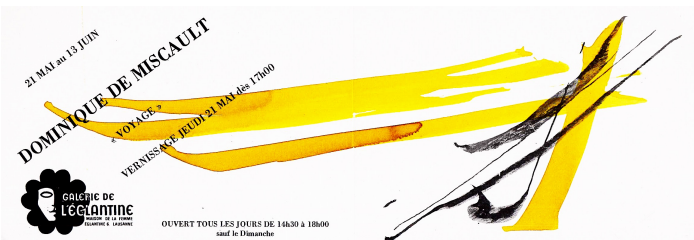
Be that as it may when photography seemed to record or register a scene or a portrait as it is the art of painting unburdened its task of depicting the reality as it is. The post-impressionist in Cezanne and Gaugin and Van Gogh and their tribe showed up. The Fauvists, the Cubists followed them. And then there were the expressionists--- the Blue Rider group with Kandinsky as their leading light popped up then. Kandinsky’s masterpiece Concerning the Spiritual in Art clearly pointed out that our civilization is too busy getting and spending. The function of art is to transcend this materialism so that we might get a glimpse of the beatitude of spiritual vision and joy. Kandinsky in fact shot a sharp shaft of satire at the materialistic attitude today. His words are like Austerlitz battle against materialism. Literally he gave a clarion call of revolution. It seems to us that Dominique who apparently does not believe in any revolution is a revolutionary withal following the footsteps of the great Kandinsky. Her photographs also along with her paintings are abstract and absurd in the light of the common run of men, impelled by the inner necessity of her being. In times to come we hope that we shall show how

Dominique de Miscault's works see eye to eye with the aesthetics of Kandinsky blow by blow.

To come back to the main action of the story, dear readers, let us tell you that Dominique visited Switzerland and exhibited her artworks in Lausanne the French speaking part of Switzerland. A review there observes -

"Stones, chalks, silks, Dominique deMiscault 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.