

A GARDEN
OF VISCERAL
REFLEXIONS

Skin is the deepest organ
–Paul Valéry

Introduction

They are here everywhere, all the time. They are so strong. The voices in our belly are something we cannot forget. Even though it is one of the hardest things to talk about. They are just there. They take us along. Even though we might we forget them for a while, they haven't forgotten us. Don't forget us. "I know if you're haunting me, I must be haunting you". Something is attracting and disgusting you at the same time. Something that you believe is not worth thinking about, something you may not legitimately complain about but which still remains if it doesn't amplify. I am mostly talking about the counter-desire emotions; emotions that bring about a negative feeling in our bodies. Jealousy, guilt, frustration, regret, shame, to name. Emotions that carry the weight of morality. Maybe what is actually grabbing my attention here is how these feelings or emotions provoke conflicts inside of us. And on another scale how much effort we put to repressing them. Which part of our morality is slicing it, analysing it, dividing it? Watch out cell division brings to the multiplication of loaves and your mind might

encounter some Decision-Stress!

I heard that emotions are abstract. I don't believe this. They are so palpable. Emotions are striking, emotions are physical, material. Because they spring from in the body, they have their weight, and we feel them as much as we would a stone in our hand. Especially when they are the ones put in the "bad emotions" category. That category which you're not supposed to talk about and when you do, draws wrinkles on the forehead of your interlocutor. The ones that you cannot identify and which come from God knows where. They should stay hidden, they should live their own life and you should manage them by yourself. But where are they? Where are they coming from? Cannot we find a way to consider them and value their complexity?

My goal has been to talk about ambivalent emotions, counter-desire emotions, emotions that wish, that projects a reality which is not happening. Controlling desire. I have always been intrigued by how people can not care about, avoid, or erase emotions. But controlling doesn't mean restraining or erasing, controlling implicates a notion of awareness, it implicates calmth and it implicates decision. Controlling implies an ability to reshape reality as it is given to us. Controlling is also knowing when you can let go. Controlling is confidence. But not blind confidence.

Am I inventing them? Is it me? Is it inside of me? I know some of you feel them too. We talked about it, but did we succeed to grasp their essence? Most of the time when I talk about it with Julia we are

talking in circles, repeating the same thing but rarely satisfied with our words; but still we understand, we know, we believe we share those sensations that are a mix of thoughts, souvenirs, reactions, ghost voices, body temperature, visuals, sounds and soreness that run through our bodies. This is why I like to give other names to emotions, such as “contextual sensation”, “carnal thought”, “physical message” or “material liveliness”.

The impossibility of fully talking about them is what brought me to use a map structure, because our body is a landscape running into spaces. “Our forehead is a breezy meadow, our elbows are arid wastelands, our eyes are salty lakes, and our gut is the most amazing giant forest ever, populated by the weirdest of creatures.”  Did you know that once a sea-squirt has found the perfect rock, the spot where the combination of light, food and temperature is ideal, he or she stops there, settles and finally eats their own brain? Our brain enables us to move and this is what I propose you do here, to travel into my perceptions and reflections.

It is not only about emotions but about the visceral in relation to membranes of skin, organs, painting and how materials pass through these membranes to create visceral intelligences. Experiences which manifest in the body as emotions, beliefs, value systems, narratives. I will lead you first to the *Valley of Ears* where what we hear makes echo and builds history, then we will climb shortly to the *Crater of the Throat* slaloming between spikes, protecting ourselves from what we might extract. From that point we



will take a walk in *The Field of the Forbidden Fruit*, where we might be able to pick up some Açai and Arbousier, or dig for some *Ashwaganda* roots. From there we will reach downwards, going underground in *The Den of the Gut*, touching feelings as guilt, anxiety or regret. Finally I will bring you back to an element constantly present, the water, and use it as an open reflection on the *Liquid Body Stone*.

In this thesis you'll find some poems which re-counts impressions, and some essays where I reach a new understanding of what constitutes our perceptions. You will also encounter drawings. Because when words are hard to find, images can come easier and drawing has been a way for me to reach and construct my thoughts, to gain focus and to scratch toward the heart of my interest.

Through your most used sensing tool, your eyes, I will also bring you through a certain reading of the painting of Hieronymus Bosch: *The Garden of Earthly Delight*. In this painting I see a lot of questions, a lot of sounds bouncing around, a lot of desires and frustrations, and I also see the most beautiful collection of jewels; material embodiments of thoughts and culture which brings me to think about this question : is morality, this feeling of being right or wrong, a social construction or a visceral fatality? Are emotions rooted in the body or are they learned habits? Is there any way we can control those carnal thoughts? Can we influence the physical messages we are receiving?

I hope to explain, map and dismantle the constant back and forth of "emotions" between space, beings,

materials and information. The skin is a membrane and not a hermetic barrier, because even barriers and walls have pores and doors that let in and out much more than we think we allow.

The Garden of Earthly Delight is an ongoing obsession of mine. It keeps revealing me secrets on which I like to reflect. I love to see that this piece which has been painted 500 years ago keeps being surprising. Its proliferating hybrids, its bright colours, its endless landscape, shapes, symbols and all its naked people acting weirdly simply stroke me. It talked to me in a way I could not first explain but which I attempted to understand. The recent anniversary of Bosch's death brought a new interest to his work. The exhibition organized for this occasion in the city of 's-Hertogenbosch, helped to make him even more fashionable. Before going into comparisons with our contemporary world, I would like to introduce some necessary fact about the painting, its maker and their context.

Why The Garden of Earthly Delight? Hieronymus Bosch, born Jheronimus Van Aken, is a Dutch painter who lived during the late 15th early 16th century. He was born, lived and died in the city of 's-Hertogenbosch from which he took his eponym. Through his wedding he gain access to the *Friary of Notre Dame* (Illustre Lieve Vrouwe Broederschap), also called the Friary of the Swan. Being part of it gave him a respected and influential position in the city. It is really surprising that Hieronymus Bosch could depict morality in the way he did. Instead of highlighting virtues he depicted frightening debau-

chery, he threatened believers with seductive yet painful outpouring passions. He took for mission to display the dangers of sinning. He preached morality through with the terrifying consequences of immorality. Letting yourself fall into the pleasure of lust, for example, is signing up for a disastrous and painful afterlife in Hell. I wonder if the sins depicted by Bosch in this painting have nowadays become values and if he depicted as a warning has now become a value.

The Garden of Earthly Delight is estimated to be from 1510. It is a triptic oil painting on oak panel of two hundred twenty centimeters high and three hundred eighty six centimeters wide when open. It might have been ordered for the wedding of Henri III de Nassau-Breda and be a *speculum nuptiarum* that is to say a nuptial mirror. The original name remains unknown, it has been called the “Strawberry Painting” or “Arbutus” in 1605, *Comme il en était aux jours de Noé* (How it was in Noah’s days) in 1595, *L’humanité corrompue avant le déluge* (Humanity corrupted before before the new flood) in 1621. When it is closed it depicts the creation in grey tones one top one can read “*Ipse dixit et facta sunt Ipse mandavit et creata sunt.*” “He spoke and they were made; he commanded, and they were created. 🐣” It is now in Madrid, in the museum El Prado.

The painting got created a few years before the Protestant Reform led by Martin Luther. A few years before a profound split in Europe, before Christianity got divided between Catholicism and Protestantism.

The main discussion that caused this split was the relation the Church had with money. At that time, believers could “buy” their redemption through the purchase of an indulgence a practice not all christians agreed with. We can see that criticism about the sale of indulgences is also present in *The Garden of Earthly Delight*. I will not discuss in detail the traditional conception of sin in this thesis but I do wonder how sins have been transmitted to our capitalistic era. I found some funny parallels between social media apps and the seven deadly sins: Lust is related to *Tinder*, Gluttony to *Yelp*, Greed to *Linkedin*, Sloth to *Netflix*, Wrath to *Twitter*, Envy to *Facebook* and Pride to *Instagram*. In his recently published *Ce que sont devenus les péchés capitaux*  (*What the deadly sins became*), Christian Godin shares his observations about the transformation of sins to virtues, wondering whether capitalism hasn't established a new system of value, in which blaming sloth is still condemned while pride and greed are applauded.

But today, how do we look at it? What shapes our morality? The religious moral doctrine seems no more relevant, or at least way decreased in influence. As Dr. Marc de Kesel explained during his lecture in the OudeKerk, that “religion is dead”. It is not meant to say that religious institutions are, but that we can no longer relate to each other through religion. He explained that in Middle Ages, you could disagree with your worst enemy but there would be a common understanding of what God is. “We would both know that we did not know who God is, but there would be a shared belief that he exists.”

Morality is, I believe, now and here, in 2019 in Europe, confined in ourselves. In the christian world view morality was related to the inner self of the sinner but the rules were coming from a clear entity, the Church. Nowadays in Europe the decision of what is moral or amoral belongs to each individual, our story, our education, our beliefs. What I wanna suggest is that Bosch's painting might not be relevant from a theological point of view, but from a carnal point of view. Bodies were bodies and are still bodies, we may not be able to relate to the people of Bosch's time but we can understand that they were as human as us, and that their needs, desires, and the "passion" burning them must have been quite the same as ours. When I look at this painting I see a beautiful and metaphorical depiction of our time, the colourful reflection of a night club where pleasures are embodied, sinless.

We cannot deny the influence of Catholicism on European culture, we might no longer agree with its dogmas, but we can still look at its symbols and how they have been carried and transformed up till now.



Hardly visible but smoothly essential, you sense and direct the flesh constantly. Like those little ones you feed the earth. Taking care that the flux keep floating, that every field gets its nourishment. You both draw the landscape in their mass. You are the ones that color the surfaces. While you are hidden, you work hard, beating in silence. And when, rarely we can see you, your body is still nothing but surface and flesh that I can roll in between my fingers. Like there are many different kinds of landscape in which they appear you take the strength of the body you inhabit. As Patrick Drevet beautifully writes you are the significant of the raw

and brutal foundement of a man's power, "the unnameable of life, this impulsive power, this violence which seizes each body and which imposes each being to the world, and imposes him to impose himself." 

There is this place you like to show up, my favorite, where I can actually reach you. There you either fade in blue shades either bump on vague terrains.





The Valley of Ears, Heard, Echo, History



Thoughts burning in
your heart like indigestion
- Lava Larue

What always fascinated me is the passivity of the auditory sense. You can't close your ear, you can't avoid the sounds of the drill in the house next by either the voice of your parents calling your name, naming the world around you. What is from what I heard and keep hearing which is shaping my thoughts? Who is telling me what I should do? From all this contradictory voices? Which one should I listen to? What can this confusion bring me? Is it necessary to get out of the confusion? Where is the balance? Is the balance this sharp knife situated in between those two ears?

Here I bring our attention to the relation between hearing and learning, the ear and the education. I wonder how what we heard keeps making echos in our heads or in other words how contemporary language is building a ghost of thoughts and emotions.

Our ability to name feelings initially comes from what we heard or learnt. Here is an underlined reflection about what to do with those floating quote approaching the notion of balance and equity metaphorically carried by the internal ears.

Have fun, my dear
Each morning before going to school.

As soon as you bring good grades,
you can do whatever you want
My stepfather who used to give me money for
my good grades. A fact that made my dad go crazy.



When you start something
you need to finish it
Parents school seems to be something you need to
get away from...

Make a decision
My dad, each Friday when we would go to the restaurant
and I couldn't choose which delicious meal to take.

Each day, when you wake up, you can choose,
you always have the option
The philosophy teacher three months before
the end exams.

Why do you always wanna take the way with the small path
when we all agreed to take that way
One of my best friends, when we were aiming
some places.

White strong independent women
Ironically said by two members of my boy crew.

Come on let's go out
My roommate, each day, from Monday to Sunday
Last night was so fun
What you don't wanna hear when you decided to stay
home the day before, cause you were trying to be serious.

What a terrible idea
When you propose to watch the documentary Hieronymus
Bosch : *Touched by the Devil*, on the house's movie night.

Are you able to do that
You won't have enough time!
This is not possible, come on
When you explain your projects.

You're such a chameleon
My friend told me.

Shapeshifter
or the result of a test on the internet about
your erotic blueprint 

I feel so empty
I don't know what to do
Do you think that's the right way
Why do I feel that way
I know I shouldn't do it...
Your best friend struggling with life and thoughts
running through her head.

I'm not of the emotional kind
This guy you were starting to like.

Take it easy
A friend of a friend on my last day in Tokyo.

Be happy
Stop thinking about it
Focus
Be serious
Exercise
Rest
Imagine



What we heard, what keeps sounding
in our ears.

Like the echo of a thousand voices,
All those discussions you finish
on your own.

“I know if you’re haunting me,
I must be haunting you” 

I hear you, him, them, your voice,
running in the spiral entrance
of my head,

hard, soft and unarticulated funnel,
I forget you’re here,
I forgot you hear.

Which words pass through the lateral
entrances, which of them keep
turning around.

Which ones get stuck in the wax.

Which ones don’t even make
my eardrum vibrate.

More than hearing what people say directly or indirectly to us, voices keep floating in our heads. Have you ever experienced this, when at the end of the day, not long time before falling asleep you hear your name said by all the different voices you encountered that day? The same word, simply your name, but which sounds each time so particular, demanding, authoritative, upset, cold or affective. When those sounds pop up in one's head suddenly, unexpected, they differ from a thought in the way that they are outside of logic, they are a kind of *souvenir*, a ghost hanging there. More than the ghost of those voices which echoes in our mind-ear, there are also those sentences told by others which remain.

We tell stories to kids before they fall asleep. We make their dreams colorful, and fill them with imaginative landscapes and characters but we also bring them along a character, someone else's story line. In doing so we create a phenomenon I always found interesting: *the catharsis*. By identifying with the character of the story the listener creates a relation of empathy with him and as the protagonist evolves the listener shares his emotions. For Aristotle this allows a conversion of the emotions, a sublimation of the passion. By living along with the story, the listener can release his own fears, desires and frustrations.

In communication the voice is shaped in the throat and then transmitted to the ears, whereas in a learning process words need to be heard first to become shaped thoughts. Our parents talking, our teachers

explaining, our friends reshaping the world and here, myself, trying to understand all of that with some digital exploration. To discuss this section, I mainly used audio bases as *TedTalks* or podcasts. Most of the people talking refer to “classical” thinkers, classical as relevant in the history of thoughts, who they re-evaluate with scientific research. I believe the language we speak shape the way we think. The order in which words are assembled might determine the way we perceive informations. When in German the verb is at the end of the sentence instead of having a center position, or in English where word might be counted to shape a sentence or even in French when sentences never end giving a descriptive aspect to the talker.

If we take the example of the passive form against the active form, we change the way the protagonist is perceived. In the campaign for Women’s March (Sydney) , the sentence “how many women are raped by men every year” is partially crossed out to be replaced by “how many men rape women every year”. This makes a big difference. Language changes the way we blame, punish and remember.

Neuroscience has proven that the amygdala, a tear-shaped structure of our brain, right in between our ears, is lightning up on the scanners, reacting when the subject is seized with emotions. I believe that this is not the origin of emotions but rather what we could call “the processor”. As Lisa Feldman Barrett explains it, “emotions aren’t hardwired”. Emotions are “guesses that your brain construct on the moment.” Her main argument is “Emotions are



not built in. They are just built.” In this way emotions are really personal, we get told how to feel a certain way by a certain trigger. A kind of abstract path, instantly made maze which we create on the moment, but which take paths he already knows. Emotions are the power of habit and culture. Here is a personal example I got confronted to during my exchange in Japan. I realized that most of my expectations my “predictions” as Lisa Feldman Barrett would call them, were most of the time out the zone. It was not the opposite reaction, it was just different. Learning how people would react to my actions was a long road.

I remember a discussion I had with my 36 year old Japanese roommate, about the feeling of collectivity compared to the feeling of independence. She was sharing her surprise that I dared to come to Japan without knowing the language or anyone there. My point was that a grown woman from the 21st Century must make her own way through the world. One of her points which I took long time to assimilate and understand is that for Japanese people being a same is good. Being like the others and making the same decision as the other is good. In that way you don't disturb order, you make the society flow and you don't get misjudged. This is the way she explained it to me. I felt this was not the right way, and I knew my friends would also disagree with that way of thinking. This brought me to question what was commonly admitted, what I would hear to be a good behavior as a young women from the 21st century. But it is hard to remember who exactly told

me that I have to fight against this bad feeling of shame and that by being different, being myself, I would just feel stronger, be stronger. Apart from this issue, I want to show you that being raised differently made us feel a different need to be in the society, a different zone of emotional comfort.

With the words we heard, I wonder if our knowledge is limited to our vocabulary. What if there is something we know that we can't name? *In the History of Human Emotions* Tiffany Watt Smith brings together over a hundred of emotions coming from different languages. She explains that when we are aware of an emotion, when we have a word for it, we are more inclined to feel that way or, at least, be aware of the feeling going through ourselves. In Japanese, for example, there is one she is using called "Amae: the feeling of temporary surrender in perfect safety, the relief of letting your responsibility in the hands of someone else for a little while." I'm now browsing through my souvenirs, trying to find a moment I could have felt that way. Maybe the day my mom came to pick me up at the airport coming back from Tokyo and I sat in the car, knowing where she would drive me. I'm not even sure we could call this Amae.

I would like to discuss the conclusion that Feldman Barrett brings at the end of her *TedTalk* "Emotions that seem to happen to you are made by you " In that way she gives us back the responsibility of our emotions. Even though we have in our hands the possibility to deconstruct our emotions, go back to their roots and train them to work in another way it is one more possibility, one more

open door of our freedom. Sorry to be complaining about our freedom... But what do we do with it.

By introducing the notion of subconscious and repressed emotions in the beginning of the 20th century, Freud created in us the desire to understand those emotions, to dig inside and listen to them, creating a pattern in our thinking; "it is because of my mom, you know." Giving us the opportunity to listen to our feelings, deep feelings, Freud allowed us to spend more time on them, touching them. He created an emotional language that we keep listening and thinking through today.

But can we get out of these patterns Is there a way that those voices echoing in our heads hush up In the first episode of the podcast series *Invisibilia*, *The Secret History of Thoughts*, Hanna Rosin and Alix Spiegel tell us the story of a man who started having violent thoughts he never had before, like killing his wife or cutting his colleagues into small pieces. But he never had this kind of thoughts before! So he started to wonder if he was still the same and where this thoughts were coming from. In the end he got really afraid of himself, closed off and decided to go "see someone." But who? a psychologue a psycho-therapist? Freudian or Youngian? a psychiatrist? an hypnotherapist? So many choice and subtle differences.

From a Freudian perspective on thoughts and emotions, his thoughts would have had an origin alike a heavy family story or a childhood trauma. But would digging in that direction, have helped him to control those thoughts? Is it enough to understand and be

conscious of your problem to solve them In his case, the solution to his problem has been CBT, (*Cognitive Behavior Therapy*).

CBT origins from the observation of Aaron T. Beck, a psychiatrist working in the 1960's. His studies on depressive patient brought him to understand that their burden was coming from “automatic thoughts”. Separated in three categories, negative thoughts about yourself–the world–the future, those internal voices seem to repeat incessantly in your head and end up shaping a negative vision of the world in which you evolve. The solution that Aaron T. Beck and his successors worked on is what I would call an active therapy. Instead of focussing and digging in the past of the patient to understand who he is, it has for aim to dismantle and readjust the patients' behavior, and thinking paths.

In the Middle Ages, at Bosch's time, they were no 'psy'. But there were priests to confess sins and discuss them, acting as intermediaries between sinful humans and pure God. They were helpers to the soul, with whom conversation was possible. *The Garden of Earthly Delight* is also a “conversation piece”. We can imagine that standing in front of it, in front of its three hundred eighty nine by two hundred twenty centimeters, we wish to start a discussion with anyone hanging around. A discussion about aesthetics, care for details and crazy hybrid imaginations, but also about its moral teaching. On the French version of the *Wikipedia* page it is explained that *The Garden of Earthly Delight* might have been ordered by Henri de Nassau Breda for his

wedding, in this hypothesis we can think that the panels would take the role of a “conversation piece” for the spouses to talk about lust, gluttonery and commitment, to reflect on their passion and desire together.

Nowadays the term “conversation piece” is also used for pieces of contemporary jewellery that stretch the definition of jewellery out of its wearability and bring a certain ability to discuss and understand problematic around the body.





The Crater of the Throat.
Spikes, Extractions and Protection



Spikes

Thin, delicate but sharp and pointed,
Pointed towards the social body, threatening,
violent but conspicuous.

“A warning to others about our temperament,
A means of attracting attention ”
Strongly symbolic, strongly arming,
strongly warning.

An impact that can go till your skin, that your guts
might feel through your eyes.

You don't need to touch to know it hurts.
You don't need to think to take a step back.

“A signal to respect one's personal space ”
A “Watch out: biting dog” sign that might hide
a soft cuddly pet.

A frightened pet.

Aren't the teeth taking roots in soft gum,
based on a round large shape,
sharpening, spiking up while sticking out, only
pointy once it is out.

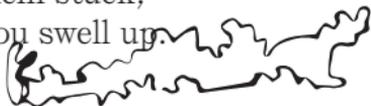
Getting violent once outside.

Slicing abilities from which the strength fall while
it encounters a harder skin.



Throat

Hollow tensed cylinder.
First junction of the inside,
Passage to the smushy world,
Last testimony before the way down,
Slide of the no judgement.
You receive what you can't control,
You react to data you have no cause.
Irritative you inflame so fast,
Passive you receive
You shrink instantly
You tighten with fear.
And now your narrow passage closes up,
drastically filtering the words which
wish to vanish out their.
You keep them stuck,
Wrinkling you swell up.







The Den of the Gut, Guilt, Anxiety, Regret

In ancient Egypte, the guts were full of magic powers. During the ceremony of embalming they were carefully removed and locked in an urn. Demons and monsters aimed to take them over and get the magic powers they conceal 

It is crawling all over the garden. It is in every way, in every position, in every activity, it is piled up, it is busy, it is becoming. Crowded. Before you get close, before your very eyes, you only see members, tentacles touching, planting, exchanging, reproducing, feeding, folded, out stretched up and down, east and west, merged. On the painting they are anonymous human beings but we could see it in completely different scale. What if this garden was a way smaller garden? Not anymore hosting human but way smaller beings, as small as cells, as bacteria. Then this garden would be the, used to be named, gut flora. The densely populated gut microbiota hidden behind the doors of this panel. “Of our entire microbiome—that is, all the microorganisms that teem on the inside and outside of our bodies—99 per cent are found in the gut. Not because there are so few elsewhere, but because there are simply so inconceivably many in the gut. ” The best introduction to understanding what is the gut Microbiota is the international bestseller written by Giulia Enders, *Gut the inside story of our body's most underrated organ.*

Research about the gut microbiome has started really recently, the number of papers about the subject started rising between 2002 and 2007 for the simple reason that we didn't have the necessary technology to analyse it and because "more than half the bacteria that grow in our digestive tract are just too well adapted to living there to be able to survive outside the gut. Our gut is their world. " That means that we are not 100% human, instead as Bonnie Bassler likes to see us we are "1% human, and 99% bacterial. 

We also need to know that "there are more neurons in the [guts] than anywhere else except the brain. " Often called 'the second brain', the guts seem to be the receptor and creator of our behavior, mood. It seems to largely influence our perspective on the world. As I said the research is recent and their conclusions are still wobbly but beliefs have been changing fast. Recent discoveries show the influence that our guts have on our *psyché* is much greater than we thought. If the "Gut-Brain Axis" was seen as coming mainly from the brain communicating to the guts we are understanding more and more that our guts could be the main talker in this discussion. (About 90% guts>brain, 10% brain>gut). But what is this long distorted tube talking about? As you may have noticed, it is quite communicative about precise needs. When things need to get in or... out, when there is troubles. Then it is a really direct talk, straight to our conscience, indeed, we need to take decisions fast in those situations... But it seems that there is another kind of discussion going on

which might be talking to our subconsciousness. This is what interests me. The gut's voice, or more precisely the bacteria's voices which impact our behaviors, our perceptions, our moods, and our personalities. I would like to start with interesting facts about the bacterias that live in our guts:

- “Very few bacteria reside in the small intestine, where we break down our food for ourselves and absorb the nutrients from it. The highest concentration of bacteria is found where the digestive process is almost finished [in the large intestine] and all that remains is for the undigested remnants to be transported away. [redacted]” It means that they eat the leftovers to produce other (good?) leftovers.
- When the bacterias break down the leftover food they partially produce proteins. This is why cows, whose bacteria flora is concentrated at the beginning of the digestive system, can be vegetarian but still get their necessary amount of protein.
 - They produce even tinier chemical particles that allow them to communicate between each other, but also between species, and to the brain [redacted]. The ones that communicate to the brain can be “tyrosine and tryptophan. These two amino acids are converted into dopamine and serotonin in the cells of the brain [redacted].”
- The happy cells! This allows the bacteria to create a phenomenon of reward (being content) and the “satiety-signal transmitters increase considerably when we eat the food that our bacteria prefer [redacted].” This reward, satiety phenomenon are surprisingly not applied with pasta and white bread.

My mom used to say “I only eat what I feel I need.” She would eat a real small quantity of really fat and sweet things, she is the representant of the French breakfast butter/bread/jam+coffee milk, same for lunch if you switch jam for ham, *crème fraiche* for dinner and whatever she wants when ever she wants. Nothing would move except her, constantly running everywhere. Now she stopped smoking and things have definitely changed but, as you may except, whar I would like to ask her is: “Is it you that felt the need, or them?” Giulia Enders explained us that our gut is full of leaving creatures, micro-organisms, asking for their rest. For example, if we eat a lot of sugar, we develop a rising amount of sugar digesting enzymes, and those enzymes produced by the micro-organisms are also in bigger amount, and all these guys are asking the gut to ask the brain to eat more of this delicious candy. It is an addiction in the way that the body asks for more. A French journalist named Danièle Gerkens tried to stop sugar for a year, everything with fast sugar like cookies, candies, cakes, processed food... She explains that first it was very hard, she kept craving for it. But after a while the craving was slowly vanishing. After a year she slowly started to reintroduce sugar into her life: she “noticed that the “sugar thought” came upturn a few floors, it was closer to the surface, that it hung around more often .

So obviously her sugar lover bacteria didn't die but their number seemed to have decreased significantly and as she fed them again, their voices grew in volume.

In an article from 2013, Carrie Arnold explains that

there is a correlation between the state of the guts and diseases qualified as “mental” as well as many digestive problems. We know that externally triggered stress or fear can lead to some digestive problems, but what about the other way around? She discusses the case of a schizophrenic patient whose psychic disturbance significantly decrease after being put on a year long diet of specific probiotics.

I do believe in the influence of the guts and its microbiome on our mental health but I would like to remind that this research is still in its infancy, nonetheless the preliminary conclusions that these studies provide should be carefully considered. One case that is interesting in this regard is the influence of *Lactobacillus Rhamnosus* (JB-1) on anxiety and depression. In a study led by Cryan, anxious mice dosed with the probiotic bacterium *Lactobacillus rhamnosus* (JB-1) “showed lower levels of anxiety, decreased stress hormones, and even an increase in brain receptors for a neurotransmitter that’s vital in curbing worry, anxiety, and fear .

Many companies sell caps containing *Lactobacillus Rhamnosus*, implying that consumption of these caps will be good for your health. However, there are 31 different kinds of this specific bacterium and JB-1 is virtually the only one that has received scholarly attention. Moreover, most of these studies have been conducted on mice (which are not humans). Even though I’m interested in it, I haven’t taken any pills or caps of probiotics myself: I still want to gather more information about it if I were to do so.

I did start to consume some prebiotics. Prebiotics differ from probiotics in that they are not proper

bacterias that you ingest but foodstuff that the good bacterias like, that will help them grow in number and which could lead to improve functioning of the guts. I started to consume prebiotics such as kefir, kombucha and cabbage, but I'm far from being a doctor and even though I advise my friend on what they could eat to ameliorate their mood. (see list somewhere around).

Prebiotics or food that can lead to an increase of the good bacterias located in your large intestine which have beneficial on our digestion including (but not limited) to enhancing mineral absorption.

- ↙ Chicory Root
- ↙ Jerusalem Artichoke
- ↙ Dandelion Green
- ↙ Garlic
- ↙ Leek
- ↙ Seaweed (ex : Spirulina)
- ↙ Asparagus
- ↙ Banana

...

The way they work is that a lot of them contain fibers that can't be digested with the acids and enzymes located in the small intestine so they are digested by the bacterias located in the large intestine.

The magic psychobiotics that proved their influence on mood, anxiety, depression and fear.

- ↙ Lactobacillus Rhamnosus (JB-1)
- ↙ Lactobacillus Casei
- ↙ Bifidobacterium Longum
- ↙ Lactobacillus Helveticus
- ↙ Lactobacillus Plantarum
- ↙ Lactobacillus Reuteri
- ↙ Lactobacillus Fermentum
- ↙ Bifidobacterium Breve

- ✧ Bifidobacterium Longum
- ✧ Lactobacillus Heleveticus
- ✧ Lactobacillus Plantarum
- ✧ Lactobacillus Reuteri
- ✧ Lactobacillus Fermentum
- ✧ Bifidobacterium Breve

Where to find them in food?

- ✧ Kefir
- ✧ Kombucha
- ✧ Fermented Cabbage

...

It is the early stage of discovers around probiotics and psychobiotics—probiotics that have an impact on the psyché—, as well as the study of the gut microbiota. It has been shown that patients with similar mental disorders as Autism Spectrum Disorder have big similarities in the population of their guts. Even though it is still possible to alter the gut microbiota of people with this disorder through fecal implant or probiotics and see significant results, it is not yet proven that they are producing the disorders or if it is the disorders producing them .

Psychology and psychiatry tend to see depression and anxiety as mental issues, an adventure of thoughts, beliefs and concentration. I believe that we make too much of an ode to the brain, giving it a primary role, whereas it is more of a processor, its optimal functioning which depends on an overall health. “Science’s concentration on the brain has long blinded us to the fact that our “self is made up

of more than just our grey matter.  "I would like to stop opposing reason against feeling, objective against subjective and start seeing their inter-dependent relationship.

I am wondering if features that we define as belonging to our personality such as fearless, anxious, sarcastic, chill, adventurous, inventive, social or obsessed are character traits which take root in our bowels. When I started this thesis I wanted to understand better this feeling I had that our being is deep inside our entrails: I was convinced that my entrails were the main highway for my decision making. As Heidegger says "human directs himself filled with emotions " because it is often what I feel which makes me decide what I do. Any strong feeling which springs in the guts spread along the rest of the body taking the priority in the moment and takes over your thoughts. However, now that I got a richer understanding of the bacteria that populate our lower abdomen, I'm wondering about what it means. Are we actually the one deciding or the big receptor of trillions of bacteria's will? Is this inability to grasp my feelings the work of those micro-beings? They were the first life form to appear on Earth, and we were one of the last. 90% of our cells are "theirs" and I like to think (watch out) about the bacterial conspiracy theory! What if we grew around them to secure them? And what if they were unhappy of the conditions they are living in right now?

Anxiety is a modern concept. But where does it come from? Is it the constant distraction of our

phones? The challenging images of other selves? The infinite amount of choices? A lack of perspective? The individualisation of the society? The pressure to “be happy”? The increased global population? The massive industrialisation of food agronomics? Or perhaps the decreased influence of the Church and the rise of lust? I’m reminded again of *The Garden of Earthly Delight*, with its loud voice for passion and bodies, its abundance of flesh, movement and to the beings inside us, around us, those driving forces, driven by life within life, and view them not as things to judge but to understand and consider and maybe even admire.



Is when it is good, that then it is good

I mean, sometimes it is tasty but then it is not good.

And sometimes it is good but not at first taste and it is like weird good. It is not like I would like to eat it but it is acid and soft and a bit sour and I think I like it. It is like the after taste is more important than the first one. And I want it again on its own or with a bit of that other one. And apparently it is “good” for me. But is generally, genuinely “good”? Where did it grow? Is it ecologically “good”? Is it produced “well”? Does it have a “good” impact? If it is coming from such a far place is it still good for me? Is it fair? Is it ethic? I don’t want to harm anyone, but I still need to take care of myself. And also, sometimes, there is this thing I really really want and I know it is really really good. Let’s take chocolate. It is terrible but it is good. I can find it next door, but the way it made its way there stays opaque. I can just crave and go and get that goddamned thing, but. I’m disappointed and I just want more. But. There are nuts inside. Nuts are good for me. But. Pecan nuts grow in Southern US and this is far. So it is not good. Nuts are good but not good. This is getting me nuts.

And why do pecan nuts look like flat brain? Walnuts do too. But not flat. But I don’t like walnuts. But like why do they look like brains? Is it a hint to tell they are good for the brain? It makes me think of this workshop I took part in Mediamatic, Amsterdam last summer, it was called “Tiger Penis: The Future of Chinese Medicine .

This Chinese doctor, who got educated in western medicine was speculating about Chinese medicine. He told us about this phenomenon of “eating” tiger penis to grow human male sexual powers. First it is not really eating it, it is drinking a solution of rice alcohol in which an actual tiger penis has infused, and secondly if it is scientifically proven not to be true, beliefs have made it true. And the funny fact about walnut is that they are



good for brain cells smooth operation. I'm wondering about the power of eating symbols. Am I getting more sweets if I eat sweets? Am I being more nuts if I eat nuts? Do I get more juicy if I drink smoothies? Do I get more exotic if I eat kiwis, pomegranate or passion fruits? Can I get knowledge if I eat a book? And when I eat oysters do I get more disgusting or more fancy?

Unknown Influence,
Unnameable triggers,
Anchored.

Like needle who's thread
started
God knows where.

Attacking, cropping
that all being
hidden in my guts.

Maybe the guts are the being
and if they are then it means
it works on fuel,
it is a feeding being.

It becomes through what it gets.
It absorbs.

Outer skin

the one that relates to the outside,
the one that holes introduce
to the outside.

Outer skin

out of reach, full of hands,
full of doors and pores

Outer skin from my mouth
to my ass.

This skin, this membrane is a corridor
of open doors.

They are doors, pores.

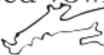
There are doors, pores.





The Field of the Forbidden Fruit Arbousier, Acai and Ashwagandha

In the *Genesis*, the fruit is the one that made them fall. The apple of the truth, the juicy and crunchy taste of veracity. In the Middle Ages the fruit is the symbol of a dangerous seduction. In the painting it is never caught on a trees but always laying on the floor, exotic fruits entangled in the hands of the characters of *The Garden of Earthly Delight*. They get inside the pomegranate, hug a strawberry, pet a litchi, juggle with red apples, confess to blackberries, they become the fruits, use them as garments, see them as adornments or even hold them in between their legs. The symbolic of the pomegranate in Greek Mythology might be interesting to understand the amount of its representation in Bosch's painting. It symbolizes the fault.

“The pomegranate seed yowing to Hell is a symbol of smooth evilness .

Persephone was briefly sojourning in Hell and Demeter came to her, proposing this “soft and sweet food—a seed of pomegranate—and despite [her], forcibly, constrained [her] to eat it .

This led her to stay in

Hell, because who breaks the fast down there is not allowed anymore to stay with the living one.

Contradictorily the pomegranate is also a symbol of fertility, round like eternity, brightly red it broods a plenty of seeds. The authors of the *Dictionary of Symbols* propose to go further, seeing this shiny red grain, this burning fruit as the fragment of the chthonian fire stolen and brought on to the surface by Persephone, this fire that brought back warmth, spring, blossoming and fertility to earth. (So.)

Attractive, dangerous but maybe still fertile, the pomegranate as the fruits displayed in *The Garden of Earthly Delight*, take the role of a winding path. Why is the apple considered as the fruit of knowledge?

E.Bertrand the abbot , explained in the 12th Century that while you cut an apple in two pieces, perpendicularly to the axe of the stem, you see a pentagram drawn by the position of the seeds, and the pentagram is the symbol of human knowledge.

So eating the apple means to abuse of its ability to teach us the bad and to make use of our freewill. Furthermore the enclosed pentagram, symbol of the spirit-man, inside the flesh of the apple symbolizes the entanglement of the spirit in the carnal matter.

In the center of the painting we can observe a playful scene, a crowd of men are parading around a pond in which wade a bench of woman. Apart of all being naked, the men ride hybrids carrying fish and birds while the women hold... apples out to them.

In point of fact Eve Ramboz and Nathalie Plicot explains us in their documentary featuring Joseph



Koerner  that Bosch was here inspired by a custom happening in the village of Hertogenbosch. In a more decent setting, but still surrounded by parading men, ladies would hand an apple to the partner of their choice, if this one would bite in it then they would win the race and accept the love of their tender. The apple handles the role of fusion, either a fusion with knowledge of good and evil, either a fusion with the pleasure of flesh. Isn't the discovery of the pleasurable flesh the door to an understanding of good and evil?

Red fruits that lost their trees and give unexpected informations to the one eating them; maybe Bosch warned us to not get lost in lust, and if the one fruit needed to be eaten he is warning us of its misuse and abuse.

But what is the pleasure of carnality if it is not leaving anything behind? In the left panel as Joseph Leo Koerner explains in his lecture *The Unspeakable Subject of Hieronymus Bosch*  the strawberry from the "Arbousier", "Dragon tree" or "Strawberry tree" left no flavor behind, the pleasures depicted in Bosch's painting are deflating. It is an ephemeral, which simply asks to be renewed with its apparent consequences. Consequences imagined and depicted in Hell, on the right panel, the threaten of incommensurable pain and torment where no more fruits are featured. Fruits as toys of abundant enjoyment got replaced by tools as toys of infinite regret. But is it fruitful?

The switch of the symbolic of fruit from a vice to a redemption. The fruit is the egg of the world, and



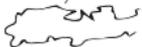
has been seen as a miscellaneous charmer. But I believe that the status and symbolic of fruits today have drastically changed from Bosch's painting, as our relation to food. We could naively say that eating fruits as vegetables has become more of a duty, and the vice doesn't reside attached to the trees, there hangs more the grace.

We could add even more dramatically that where the vice seems to live today is packed in plastic and cardboard boxes, hanging on metallic shelves. Cookies, candies filled up with demons named saturated fat, E171 or whitener, E104 or yellow quinoline, E950 or acesulfame K, E249 to E251 or nitrites, E620 to E625 or flavor enhancer. What is the prayer? "1 to 5 a day ", "One apple a day, keeps the doctor away" in England, "5 fruits et légumes par jour" in France. Who is the priest? The coach. The evil? Food Companies, and their tempting advertising. And the moral? *Be Healthy!*

In U.S.A. "a child sees on average 5,500 junk food adverts a year while seeing only 100 for water, fruit, vegetables and whole grains." Says Sam Kass, previous Senior Policy Advisor for Nutrition Policy.

The fruit is no longer an ephemeral joyce but a 5 minutes duty that gives you long term benefit (even though you need to reiterate each day). The fruit is not a symbol of sin, but a promise of a long and happy life. Still incarnated in our flesh, digested trough our outer skin, the apple is full of vitamines, dripping off the juice of life. The pomegranate is a fruit in vogue, it is an amazing antioxydant, it can lower your cholesterol, helps you fight against



heart related disease and diverse cancers, it can slow the development of Alzheimer patients, make your articulations flow better, it is a source of vitamins C, B5 and B6, as a source of minerals as copper  ... And so on. At the end of the article where I found those informations about the pomegranate you can see 43 sources, all of them are referring to scientific studies elaborated by laboratories and institutes. Scientists are looking really closely into the health benefit and damages of what we ingest and thousands of advise can be found on the net I spent quite some time reading through health website as *passeportsante.fr* (*healthpassport*) like *wellnessmama.com*, *bioalaune.fr*, *lifewaykefir.com*, *healthline.com* and many others, trying to understand one thing: is what we eat influencing our emotions? I mean, I noticed, we noticed that eating too much might make us sleepy or being hungry can make us a bit let's say, grumpy. But does it have the possibility to change our all mood on a longer level? Is it possible that what I eat changes how I perceive what is going on around me? It seems that a lot of people on food communities share this belief. I was first very sceptic.

I started my journey by meeting a naturopath, Dr Franck Laure Messaouidi, explaining him my interest for the influence of the gut microbiota on our mood, and my wish to change both of them. Through this intense three hours long session we looked at my habits, at the different physical traumas I could have gone through but also at my iris... We arrived to an interesting conclusion, he said "as



you are someone that is switching, adapting all the time, it seems that a way to find discipline and regularity would be to put in place a set of rules through food.” He also talked about the tiny room that food is taking in the society nowadays, I really enjoyed the moment he said that it was time to go back to fruit picking and that if it was not happening in the field or forest anymore it was time to go fruit picking in the supermarkets and outdoor markets. While I’m writing this I can’t stop thinking that our nose got replaced by our eyes talking to our psyché or more exactly to our sense of ethic. It is their abilities to recognize the evil and holy ingredients written on the backside of the packages.

In the program I received from the doctor ten days later something stroked me. “One avocado per day, for 3 weeks.” So 21 avocados... It is pretty hard to grow avocado in December in the Netherlands... Most of them come from Mexico which is not really close by... Admittedly it gathers a lot of “good” nutrients, as you can see:

dietary fiber (4.6 g), total sugar (0.2 g), potassium (345 mg), sodium (5.5 mg), magnesium (19.5 mg), vitamin A (5.0 µg RAE), vitamin C (6.0 mg), vitamin E (1.3 mg), vitamin K1 (14 µg), folate (60 mg), vitamin B-6 (0.2 mg), niacin (1.3 mg), pantothenic acid (1.0 mg), riboflavin (0.1 mg), choline (10 mg), lutein/zeaxanthin (185 µg), cryptoxanthin (18.5 µg), phytosterols (57 mg), and high-monounsaturated fatty acids (6.7 g) and 114 kcal or 1.7 kcal/g (after adjusting for insoluble dietary fiber )

The avocado as the acai as denominated as “superfood”, “superfood” isn’t a scientific or a medical term, it is only a commercial term and it refers to food which provides additional health benefit than “regular” food. The hip for superfood Acai/Ashwa-

ganda/Avocado has actual consequences on this intercontinental trades. And do they keep being “healthy” if they crossed Where do we put our morality and actually our ethic now. If we wanna take care of ourselves and our inner world, is it supposed to be at the cost of the planet? I know this seems to be a repeated theme which we easily qualify as hip or hippy, I’m not trying here to give a lesson, I’m trying to understand the struggle which we all go through. It seems that our revolution is not the most exciting one, because it only happens in the supermarket, and who even tries as hard as he can can always make a mistake, like buying a passion fruit which flew from Zimbabwe. Or buying the non-organic apple because they are simply cheaper, it is simply not possible to spend all your incomes into well-being while taking care that what you buy is not coming from the other side of the world.

But I would like to look closer to the term of “super food” it has something quite miraculous isn’t it? Super, extra, unique, magic, miracle . “Holy” food? Food for redemption? Some mysterious roots, blended in powder, magic powders that we can mix up to be super-healthy, super heroes or modern witches. Wearing beautiful exotic names, imported biologic knowledge. Magic, but still “scientifically” proven. If Bosch depicted fruits that Church was forbidding, Labs are now advising fruits, roots, that will lead you to redemption from the “super” market where lay all the demoniac “E’s”.





The Cave of the Chthonian, Daemon, Sore and Visceria



Does the paradise depicted in *The Garden of Earthly Delight* fit with the utopia of paradise as sinless? Quieter, somehow peaceful, the left panel is dominated by soft colours, gradients of green, baby blue, illuminated by three pink pieces, this hybrid stone building on the top left, Jesus' dress, and the fountain of life. The animals are enjoying the clear water and it is time for Adam to be introduced to Eve. An enjoyable atmosphere and some reserved characters. *But innocent?* Adam is next to the tree and even though no one has caught the forbidden fruit yet, it is soon to happen. The specificity of this depiction of Heaven and the reason why I like it so much, is the way Hieronymus gives us viewers some dark hints. Dark hints telling us paradise already carries its own downfall.

The first hint is the fall of angels. Top left corner, a swarm of black bird are falling from the sky. It refers to the moment in the Bible where Satan, who was initially an angel created by God, rebelled against his creator. Followed by the other anarchists, all banned from Heaven, they assailed earth, flying

straight to the den of Hell. Placed in the top left hand corner, the hord of black birds is headed to the bottom right of the panel: Hell. Before getting there the bird flock passes through this surprising pink sculpture we can assume that their journey will also include a stop by the earthly garden. Although Satan's rebellion marks a clear distinction between Heaven and Hell, I would like to see his "holy" origin as being the demonstration that in good is also present the bad. And that it is not necessary a "bad" thing.

We can extend this interpretation to the second hint present in the fountain of life. Erect in the middle of the blue lagoon, birds singing around, precious stones are laid upon its feet, it is deployed into a harmonious shape, clear water flowing out of it. We cannot avoid to compare it to the dress worn by the son of God standing right under it. But in the very heart of the fountain, maybe in the place of of his belly button, remains a hole, dark and hallow is its interior. Moreover, on the frame of this open door is standing an owl. If many Bosch specialists believe that Bosch represented himself as the owl, and that it was the symbol my great grandma took to be hers, Stefan Fischer noticed that "the owl generally incarnates itself in the satanic opponent during the act of redemption .

This dark character had a bad reputation in the Middle Ages, due to his ability to see at night and at 360° he was perceived as Satan's eyes. An ambivalent symbol, the owl, is particularly clear-sighted yet considered evil.

The four discs from which water streams out cer-

tainly represent the four scares that the son of God got inflicted on his four members, instead of blood though it is clear water that drips from the fountain of life. I like to see that here the opposition of good and evil is surpassed. No matter if there is a “dark side” the water flows, nourishes the river, quenches the animals’ thirst, and everybody is having fun. I found echo on this way of feeling in the words of Albert Camus about Kierkegaard. “He refuses consolations, morality, principles of featherbedding. This thorn he feels in his heart, he doesn’t care about numbing the pain. On the contrary, he revives it up and in the desperate joyce of a happy crucified he builds piece by piece, lucidity, refusal, comedy a category of the demoniac .” Demoniac as part of comedy, as something we shouldn’t hush but enhance. It is already present in our guts, it is part of the den, part of our entrails. Should we just accept its presence without questioning its origin?

My favorite hint is the one of the sleeper. In the middle of this panel, on the right hand side, is a stone on which weird creatures, amphibians, reptiles, cold-blooded animals, climb their way out of the water. They clamber in a way they can draw the stone into a face, with closed eyes, “fleshy” lips. They are the creatures of the dreams, a silent truth, the unconscious in some way. For me they are the *chthonian*. “The chthonian is the earth in her internal and obscur aspect. [...] Linked to the ideas of death and strength of the germination [...] It is in some way the opposite side to the one of security, optimism. The chthonian aspect of the unconscious covers what

can be feared of its hidden character, unexpected, sudden, violent, almost irresistible, the aspect that you can't identify. It is not the all unconscious. The chthonian is the night side of the wife, of the mother, of the den." For me it is the one that speaks in silence, the one that gives a drive, either it is obscure or not, it is necessary and even though I want to prove its simplicity and evidence it remains hard to name it. This is why I'm going into christian and greek symbols, to understand how the chthonian has been imagined and fabulated, to understand which image of it we might be carrying.

Fighting my demons. It is during my reading of *Sexual Personae* from the controversial writer Camille Paglia that I encountered the term "chthonian," but also the one of daemon, not demon, but daemon. The word demon come from the greek daemons and its meaning drastically changed with christianity. On the first state it was used to name a living but invisible character affiliated to a new born, Socrates claimed having one for example, and this "angel" or "daemon" would be there to advise him. Not to tell him what to do, but to whisper in his ears if a choice is the wrong one. Something we could nowadays call a "guardian angel". If currently this idea of having another airy being constantly with you is more affiliated to craziness I would like to put my finger on the dialectic self and on this affiliation between the daemon and the "feeling of being right or wrong". In our capitalistic society it feels like argumentation is the main way to prove something, as if the rational way should take the ascendancy, and

what I feel is beautiful today is that the voice which seems to make itself heard more and more is the one of the den. Whereas what I feel beautiful is the rising voice of the den. The funny fact is that I need to argue to express this to you. Because “we need proofs”. The voice of the den has been underrated and now it needs to make its way through “another” system than its own, through a dialectic system. The systemic and scientific argumentation which hushed its voice is now trying to prove the importance of those “inside voices”. See Lisa Feldman Barrett who I talked about in the *Valley of Ears*, who first study psychology and then dug into neuroscience to understand what emotions are and how they “aren’t hardwired” but “guesses that your brain construct on the moment.” How was it necessary for her to explain and rationally understand what she may have irrationally felt.

I was actually having a conversation not long ago with a complete stranger about rationality and intuition, about the dichotomy between Apollonian and Dionysian initiated by Nietzsche, adopted and adapted by Camille Paglia. For Nietzsche it is the fact that our “existential being is determined by the Dionysian/Apollonian dialectic”, a constant discussion, “a dialectic bringing the primordial pain”. Camille Paglia defines Apollo as being the ruler, the rational, the constructive men and Dionysos the procreative femaleness, the intuitive, “miasmatic swamp”, which she actually prefers to name the Chthonian for the reason that Dionysus might be more easily affiliated with hedonism whereas she wants to affiliate

it to the “amphibian brain” (the gut?). My question is: Is the logos really killing the intuition? Are our thoughts silencing unnecessarily the amphibians/daemoniac voices? How can I argue about it? And does it need to be in such a black and white opposition? If we look again at *the Garden of Earthly Delight*, those inches are incorporated in Heaven, but still really much dissociate from it on a colour level. Leon Joseph Koerner makes us notice that “If Adam blushes while looking at Eve or inflect his genital its not a conscious decision but his body reacting, its inherited carnally and this is this involuntary flection that turns him away from God. Did Adam fall in lust because he ate the apple or did he eat the apple because he had already fallen into lust?” Is it simply that no dichotomy is necessary but inherent to the viscera?

We understand that paradise already contains all the perversions, in the body rather than in the controlling mind, desire is a thing of nature. Nature carries deadly monsters already in Heaven, those amphibian creature fighting each other. In the century before Bosch Cosmologist as Alan of Lille linked since of concupiscence with nature rampant fecundity. This brings us to the theologist question, what is the origin of evil? St. Augustin defined desire not as a form of being but as a form of doing. It is an active force, a strength, an act. If it is inside it is not yet proven to be here if it is not confronted. Wondering about the origins of such dichotomy I went back to the *Dictionary of Symbols* and discovered a bit more about Apollo, Chevalier

and Gheerbrant remind us that the figure of Apollo is now a figure of wisdom but this comes from a long way through the construction of his myth. As his sister Athena, who was born from their father's head, they are the "synthesis of numbers of oppositions in themselves"... "they achieve balance and harmony of desires, not by suppressing human pulsions, but while leading them towards a progressive spiritualisation, thanks to the development of conscience ." Chelvalier and Gheerbrant are pretty clear about their refusal of seeing Apollo as the "logos", as an opposition to the enthusiastic Dionysos. "No, Apollo is the symbol of victory on violence, of self-control in enthusiasm, of the alloy of passion and reason." Does a desire need to be conscious to be evaluated, do you need to "think it" to make it real, realizable? How to listen to the amphibians to make them an important, respected and valued part of the picture?

While I keep arguing that they shouldn't be such an opposition I keep constantly reinforcing this opposition. I wish to create a third option but it still remains in between, it is still an alloy. It is still an effort. It is still an incessant doubt. If I wish to get out of it, it feels that my references and contexts still value and determine my position. The positions of my thoughts and feeling are nothing but anchored where I am standing. It is the fruit from what I hear much more than I wish. It is influenced by the environment I'm in at the moment. And I still feel like I am walking on egg shells, whilst I'm not the one who laid them, still I want to take care of them. And this

is why I would like to end this part with some comments from Daniel Kahneman in his book *Thinking, Fast and Slow*. He does also create a binary, but between two way of thinking; fast and slow. The fast one is the intuitive one automatic, frequent, emotional, stereotypic, unconscious whereas the slow one is effortful, infrequent, logical, calculating, conscious. I feel and I know that this thesis is a slow thinking of those fast thoughts, an effort to make emotional thoughts logical, but I'm afraid (irrational but intuitive) that my conscience (slow and constructed) didn't fully go through it, and that something will need to remain unexplained, like the wild and wide creativity of my dear Hieronymus Bosch. Maybe I could mostly describe, make some associations but I will not risk myself into the sin of pride and give a conclusion, if it is not a hint for what I irrationally let myself be attracted to. "It matters what knot knot knots, what thoughts think thoughts, what tie tie ties. It matters what stories make worlds what worlds make stories .

The catholic dogmas installed a binary system with Heaven and Hell, left and right side panels of the painting, a Manichean, good and bad. Let's notice that the construction of this binary vocabulary starts with the good one, the Heaven one, the right one. (Unless we say black and white, the black comes on top of the white when we arrive to printing matters. Putting words "on" paper, bringing thought "out" of the mind, claiming ideas "over" the cloudy white.) Never the less *The Garden of Earthly Delight* contains this dichotomy in its very essence,



in its construction, on our left, so, on the right of the painting and on the right side of the Christ, is Heaven; and on the right side, so to the left of the Christ, is Hell. But those are the extreme sides of the decision, of the painting, of the judgment. Outside panels, inside panels; closed panels, open panels create this dichotomy. When the triptych is closed, it is all an in-between of grey. And in between those closed panels as in between Heaven and Hell, relies the colourful, joyful in-between. The garden of vivid life, carnal pleasure, time limited enjoyment. A liminal garden where questions, hesitations, reflexions, reflections can flourish.



The Mountain chain of Tools,
Blades, Engagement Rings
and Knuckle Duster



Scratching, lacerating, scrubbing, essential tools,
the travel kit.

Non detachable objects of the body.

Pieces of bones growing out

Direct links to the core

First warriors on the line

Striking, strapping they are,

Reduced size knives, integrated weapons.

With them we can scrap those

Little ones which pokes out, scrub What our hands dear
touching, sand,

Till we reach the sleek surface.

Rubbing tools they also get mistreated, Ripped off thread
by thread,

Extracted from their roots,

Teared apart to reveal the bumpy roundly

Tip that you meant to protect.

Symbol of the sissiness, when you grow and get coated,
colorful parade, avoiding your primal duty, rusted.



Conclusion, Liquid Body Stone





There was a visceral and hopefully fruitful garden of reflections. *Visceral* because inherent to the flesh. Inherent to the belly. The belly or guts placed in the central position of perceptions. Reflections as voices occurring *from* the body. Reflexions bound to happen due to the body. Material body that delivers messages. Messages flourishing in carnality, “physical messages”. Carnal thoughts as a wonder created inherently in the flesh, close to what we call intuition. Flesh evolving in a garden, triggered by its context, “contextual sensation”. Flesh as receptor, living material.

In *A Garden of Visceral Reflections*, I start with the most direct messages, the ones hanging in the head, in between ears. Sharp voices that I attempt to dismantle by tracing back their origins, in intend to get a grasp on them. Inviting to discuss and analyse their constructions, I aspire to clarify them, I strive to assign them to a lower role, in attend to able listening deeper voices. Disarming their protective role, passing through their spikes, I request a way out of language in order to reach ‘gut feelings’.



Pointing the importance of the context and external triggers, I recall that our body is not any closed envelope, but a whole of doors and pores, incessantly influenced by its surrounding. Thereupon I read the luxuriant beings evolving in the painting as the ongoing Gut Microbiota. I inspect their chemical and biological influences to deal with the non-binary aspect of our existence and the multiplicity of layers constructing the “I”. Wading in my understanding and interpretation of this new scientific discoveries about microbiota, I tend to find a way to adjust our main daily ritual, eating, but with pre, pro, and psychobiotics. Upon that I take the highly symbolical image of the fruit, largely displayed in the painting of Hieronymus Bosch as a reflection and an anchor point for a relation with food and guilt, being and acting. Finally, led by the dark inches hints present in Bosch’s painting, I consider the “given” notion of bad and good, demanding to reassert the value of the daemons present in ourselves.

In this thesis I explore many different fields, from neuroscience to art history, passing by religion, medicine, biology, mythology, psychology, bromatology and philosophy. Disciplines that I judged necessary to explore my interest and explain my subjugation in front of this painting. I hope you have been able to follow my blade and its journey through my conception of the body. I hope that my forensic analyse revealed stitches, creates seams, ties up links between the body, its materiality, its sensations and its conceptions.

For a conclusion and opening toward my practice as a jeweller, I would like to look one last time at



this painting, to link one last body. Under the level of the garden, at the water level, lays the figure of a liquid human body. The head is the circular basin where bath some ladies, the rest of the body is a lake divided in four members. The arms link the clear water of Heaven to the shady waters of Hell, while the legs point towards unknown destinations. I like to see in it the metaphor of the liquid body, a body which remains in movement, a liquid body, where triggers flow, in and out. Its water invisibly contain stains and seeds, scares and energies. This liquidity is a never ending flux.

I still wonder what are those stone constructions ornamenting the laying body. Are they the beautiful yet painful production of the sore body, like kidney stones? Are they healing stones placed as a linothe-rapic treatment? Are they routing the energy or are they the production of this energy?

Can jewellery be a representation of feelings? An enhancer? A healer? A symbol? Where is the link between jewellery as healer and jewellery as a symbol? How much can a jewellery be aesthetic and practical? In my practice I will explore the relation between the materiality of feeling and the spiritual materiality of a piece of jewel. Exploring the making process and the energy given into the piece I hope to find a meeting point between symbolizing and healing.





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