

Villa Magica

House of Chants – House of Enchantment



Night Falls

all light recedes from this November night
the Scheldt runs deeper
the shadows fall with more than their quotidian might
but looming large

for those with eyes enough to see there waits
a mansion, silent,
cast in a glow without all color, iron gates
open, though none

dare enter, even burglars shun the place
only the wind seems
green and eager, some souls on its wings, to embrace
the invitation.

but tonight there is a reception at the Villa Magica...



The Receptionist

one by one visitors
are welcomed to exchange the cold outside
for something even colder

some turn around, some hesitate
already some appear to float beneath the light
without the ground grow bolder

only the receptionist will never find a way inside...



The Gathering

in the courtyard some of the souls
the wind had carried spread their lumen
awaiting the magician, distant fowls
screech: below is energy, above is pulse
and none here seems quite human...



The Storm

the wind blows fast, dawn fast asleep, no eye
can hold to one direction, or face
the only source of light, within each guest
there is the question where storm is worse:
out in the night or some weird
place within their hearts,
where levitation will begin...



The Empty Courtyard

no soul but in the pictures of passed
magicians, once filled with life
the house, now they speak from their brick walls
to those who dare to listen



The Ancestors

united by the idea of the holy, the Vedic,
the mantra repetition,
the emptiness that levitates

only the fire remnant of something forgotten...



The Silence

beneath you nothing
within you nothing
above you nothing
only the silence echoing through your mind



Three Generations

of magicians fill this space
with their gaze while your visit
will only be temporary



In Here No Sun, No Moon, No Star

only memories
reverberating sound
lessly of the walls
and your third eye



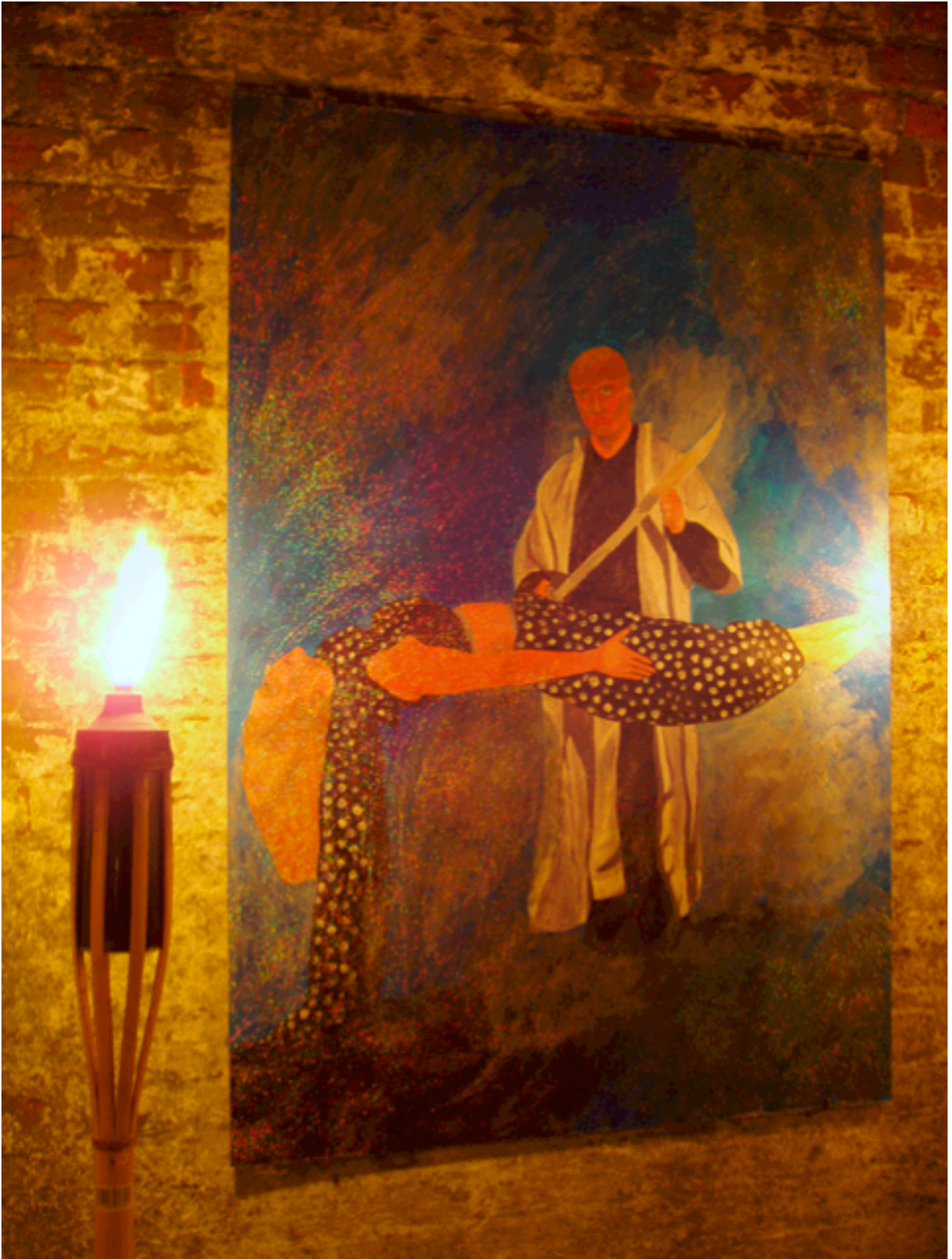
One Shadow

light's echo and gift to the dark
like the morning promised
by the sound of the lark
and miles to go before you sleep
and miles to go before you sleep



Contemplation

if you look long enough
image will become deed
mirage miracle
paint pain
and your mind the edge of the sword
on which to hone your thinking



Intimacy

(come closer)



Return To Darkness

finally the gates have closed
the last soul entered –
encounter De Gentleman Magicus!



The Chinese Linking Rings

here is the true ring of fire
here is the illusion of eternity
here is the test of your desire
to see, to really see...



The Goldston Aga Illusion

in the beginning was the word
hovering in the air...



The Burlesque Comedy Levitation

nothing underneath as gravity
bemoans the deprivation of her spoils



The Unexplained Animated Levitation

come ye gathered and participate,
ye incredulous Thomae,
and experience the unexplained missing of weight



The Yogano Suitcase

of an enthralled and enthralling creature confessing
to having
again and
again
ascended to his house
to rise and ascend
into the pure dream of air



The Final Levitation

this is the last nocturnal act of levitation
the fires dim
the flames sing
night flees
into the airs
on the wings of the magician



The Visitor From Behind The Ocean

gazed into the incredible spectacle of the celestial aperture
and decided to follow the magician
leaving the Villa Magica with its last souls
slowly disappearing into the last
of night



VILLA MAGICA : an exhibition by Kristofer Paetau with the precious collaboration of Tony Price (de Gentleman Magicus...), held on november 20th in the year of 2004 in Antwerp, Belgium

POETRY : Rüdiger Heinze

THANK YOU : Air Antwerpen - www.airantwerpen.be and John M. Armleder, owner of the one and only Villa Magica...