



The Revitalizing Belvès

The concrete and the numinous in a medieval town in Dordogne

*The Bewildering
Beluès*

The concrete and the numinous in a medieval town in Dordogne

The Bewildering Belves

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The Bewildering Belvès

It was a strange conclusion to otherwise ordinary voyage that I had happened upon a place such as Belvès.

According to its guide, this 11th century medieval city, which has retained its authenticity and its natural charisma, is listed among the "Most Beautiful Villages of France". Indeed, the charm, available in buckets, is undeniable everywhere you look and on top of that, the residents of Belvès constitute a select and delightful society, which all together helps the time pass most agreeably. Yet, despite that warm sensation of being separated from the world, the thousand-year-old history soon starts to whisper into an uninitiated ear. And once you learn that most of the town's past was extreme, you realize that you are in fact wandering around a tragic existence, one of storms and grandeurs, of terrors and agony. It all still rings there.

The Bewildering Beliefs

This is how, perhaps, my short stay became preoccupied with feelings of sadness.

Like damp, miasmatic haze, lament seeps from the very grounds of the village, and, as soon as you elect to hear it, you start to feel it. The mystery is quite inexplicable, almost romantic, and one must recourse to the vacillations of the air in order to explain this eidolic sensation.

During the day, I felt that I was being followed, escorted even, by distant voices, which, from time to time, uttered a few words from their faded realm. I knew full well that these messages could not travel by the medium of a sound, yet they somehow came – repeatedly, inevitably and inescapably.

The Bewildering Beliefs

Before long, the speakers became quite willing to stir the shadows and even to come through and show themselves. Condemned to be, to maybe remember and retell the machinations of time, while having to jointly bear the wrath of whatever keeps them there, these souls seek to be acknowledged.

Call them what you will, I was honoured to oblige and thus present a part of what was captured on camera. For reasons undisclosed and unbeknown to me, it was said that precisely twenty-three depictions could be made manifest.

23. Not one less, not one more.

See them for yourself and forgive my being unable to make it any clearer. But look hard, for they are there.

XI^e

Entrée du Castrum



PLAZA
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G. Chatras

CHARCUTERIE
G. Chatras 05.53.29.01.46

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