

*“Love is the most universal,
the most formidable
and the most mysterious cosmic energy.*

*Some day,
after mastering winds,
waves, tides and gravity,
we shall harness the energy of love;
and for the second time
in the history of the world,
Man will have discovered fire.”*

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

Beijing, China, 1934

HUNG (born Lau Kwok-Hung, in 1953, and later christened John) grew up in Hong Kong just as the then British colony was entering its economic boom. He was at home with the vibrant colours and frenzied bustle of life in the cosmopolitan island city.

He became an aficionado of calligraphy, the millenary discipline that empowers Chinese graphic artists with exceptional skill in drawing.

In 1973 he left Hong Kong for Loppiano, near Florence, where he teamed up with other artists to run the studio CENTRO AZUR.

He joined GENROSSO, an international performing arts group, with which he stayed until 1981. While with GENROSSO he widened his range of artistic skills by learning dancing and singing and he performed in more than 300 concerts on tour in Europe and in Asia. Meanwhile, with the help of a scholarship, he studied sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence.

In 1981 Hung left for Manila, where he worked as editor and graphic artist for an international bimonthly magazine.

In 1989 he moved to Montet (Broye) in Switzerland, where he set up a studio for sculpture. In 1990, he entered the Concours d'Art Populaire Fribourgeois at Romont and won the first prize. 1991 saw him among the top prize-winners at “Talents pour l'Avenir”, a special art competition which formed part of the celebrations marking the 700th anniversary of the Swiss Confederation, and in which more than 3,000 artists participated.

He interrupted his artistic career for seven years while he carried out other tasks in South Korea.

The year 2000 saw his homecoming, after 20 years, to Loppiano, the venue for his re-birth as a sculptor.

Today Atelier Hung is a haven for artistic productions, a crossroads for cultural exchanges and a cathedral bearing witness to the spiritual life. During the last 6 years, Hung has welcomed more than 30,000 visitors.

Forged by the spirituality of unity as a member of the Focolare Movement, Hung draws inspiration from his own life experiences. Instead of the traditional chisel, he uses a 3,000°C oxy-acetylene torch.

His sculptures seem to simulate Chinese calligraphic brushstrokes, but a closer look reveals an intricate intertwining of iron rods that form dynamic human figures. To make his anatomical statements, Hung patiently overlays his sculptures with molten iron, drop by drop.

Dancing silhouettes, captivating presences, each sculpture is actually a three-dimensional drawing, a "sketch", alluding perhaps, to the plan or project within every single person as well as in all of mankind.

Each sculpture is an emblem of earthliness as well as of transcendence. With its magical empty spaces it invites the viewer to penetrate the interplay between concept and realization in pursuit of clues as to the very meaning of existence.

After winning the Jury's Award at the Biennale dell'Arte Contemporanea at Florence, 2003 (900 chosen artists from 74 countries), Hung was nominated as a Member of the Committee and of the Jury at the Biennial of Art at Arad, Romania, which was launched in May 2005.

He works together with artists of various disciplines and has held exhibitions at Paris (2002, 2004), at Mainz and Frankfurt (2003), in Spain (2003) and in Austria (2006).

Besides holding workshops on art and on Chinese calligraphy at the same time as his own exhibitions, every year Hung helps organise international conferences for artistic formation in Rome and Florence.

Every year, Hung spends 2 to 3 months in China. "Setting off again from China" is a way to revitalise the Silk Road, his source of inspiration. He plans to promote artistic and cultural events along this road, in order to help spread a culture of reciprocity.

Evocation

Francesco Murru

(Sardinia, Italy)

*“All ‘things’ are interrelated.
I contemplate them in a kind of “return”,
Yes, because there are so many things,
but each one returns to its own roots.
Returning to one’s roots is inner peace.
Inner peace means to be reborn.
To be reborn is to be constant.
To practise constancy is Enlightenment.”*

– Lao Tse

It was many years ago, in Switzerland, at Montet (Broye), when I was travelling with a group of friends from different countries, that I first met Hung. I still remember his little studio. There was a black-out, but in that semi-darkness he explained to us a little about himself and his work...

I had a sense of his artistic consciousness, a certain iron will fused with a disarming simplicity. He spoke an extremely correct Italian, as well as English and French. I would willingly have stayed there for hours listening to him and entering into his world, but we had to leave.

I was about 18 years old, I had just finished my secondary education and I was searching for “meaning.” In that “quarter of an hour of art,” in our fleeting, but for me significant visit to Hung’s world – and his sculptures – I had the certainty of having found that “meaning”. That “depth of meaning” took root in me and has never left me since.

More than ten years have passed since that north European tour and now Tuscany is home to me. This land, which has seen the birth of many great artists, is a generous land. Throughout the centuries it has known how to dispense poems and poetry at least as much as it has given good wine and beautiful sunsets.

It is here, in this patchwork of hills and plains, criss-crossed with vineyards, ancient olive trees and cypresses, that I met Hung again. Now it is this land itself that helps me to better understand both Hung and his art.

The grapevine, here considered more as culture than mere cultivation, is a plant

that throughout the centuries has always accompanied mankind, giving us its juice, its fruit, its “meaning.”

The grapevine grows and matures, working together without any pretence with the land – and its “close neighbours” – to produce wine with a hint of mint, accents of rosemary, perfume of violets, a touch of lavender and so on.

Here is the poetry of the grapevine, of enduring and endearing seasons. This is how I would explain Hung’s poetry!

Dante Alighieri, a Tuscan both in his heart and in his soul, loved to say, “Nomina sunt rerum causa” (Names give the essence, and sense of things).

Hung’s original vineyard was China, his homeland. “Hung” is the English rendering of the third syllable of the name “Lau Kwok-Hung.” (where Lau is the surname). The Chinese word Hung comes under the classifier “Water”, and it means “torrential waters, flooding or inundation”.

But it is also associated with “Fire” in such cases as referring to the heat of a furnace, to the image of an inferno or to flowing lava. Hence, it also means “synergy”.

It is associated with the concept of “cataclysm,” and “apocalypse”. It is “intensity,” the direct opposite of “mediocrity.”

Hung’s poetic journey has taken many forms – song, dance, music, academic study. Years of artistic creativity have alternated with years spent away from art. For example, for eight years, day after day, hour after hour, he worked at his typesetting machine, on the publication of a fortnightly magazine. Travelling the world has brought him many homes, many encounters, many new occupations and many new accomplishments.

The words of Fernando Pessoa, the cosmopolitan Portuguese poet, come to mind: “Life is what we make of it. The travellers themselves are the journey. That which we see is not what we see, but what we are.”

And those of Rainer Maria Rilke: “It is necessary – and little by little this will be the culmination of our evolution – that we continue to cherish those values we have been guarding throughout our lives, without having to put up with anything extraneous.”

Hung was born Hung, has always lived as Hung and now, with a new and deeper consciousness, he has learnt to be Hung and to know himself as Hung. His has been an artistic journey not only of research, of experiment, of taking risks with innovative techniques. His poetry has evolved because Hung knew how to wait, how to let it grow, and hence how to recognise it as his own. This is the root of so

much simplicity but at the same time of so much power. This is poetry with an ontological quality.

As with the grapevine and its “close neighbours” mentioned above, in Hung’s works I find traces of his teenage years, dance, China, the typesetting years, the first enchantment, the mystics that nurtured him, solitude, encounters, trials and ultimately the serenity attained through knowing how to express himself.

His is not only a sculptural technique, it is a perfect synthesis of differing languages bound together by the force of fire. It is sculpture, drawing, music, prose, poetry and theatre... It is an “im werden” (“in becoming”, “work in progress”) technique. This way of self-definition, self-donation, and self-expression is Hung himself.

“I shall pass like fire that consumes all that has to fall and leaves only the Truth standing.” I find Chiara Lubich’s declaration of universal love very confronting. Yet it expresses the meaning of Hung’s name, and it is reflected in his works. The mystical quality of Hung’s art is enkindled by challenging limits. It is the syntax of his poetry, expressed as fire that burns, consumes, bonds, shapes and retouches.

His is also, above all, a poetry of limits and it is these limits that engage the sensitive observer. Because of this, it seems to me that “evocative” would be a fitting adjective to describe the art of Hung: apart from being a sincere introspective labour, in his rich intertwining of accents and strokes, his poetry addresses the observer and compels him to “complete” the apparently unfinished aspects of his works according to horror vacui (“nature abhors a vacuum”) – a principle that regulates both nature and art. There is a three-way conversation going on between the observer, the work and the artist.

I once happened to visit Hung. He was there, dressed in his welding gear, intent on creating a hand, a hand which would later find its place in one of his works. There was rhythm in that act of creating; Hung alternated masterful gestures and rapid glances, from various perspectives, at his own hand. He scrutinised the real hand and he evoked its essence in the iron one.

And so it was, in the alternating rhythm of those glances and the fiery droplets, a hand was born, a real hand, not a copy or a reproduction. It had within itself the capacity and the potential of life, already full of history, events and possibilities. That day I witnessed an act of creation. I wouldn’t be surprised if we, too, were created in the same way, by the same technique, with the same rhythm, the alternation between action and contemplation.

That hand evoked in me the crazy wish that Hung the artist, his poetry and his art

could be in dialogue with authors of every epoch similarly committed to the search for “meaning”.

Josif Brodskij at one time affirmed: “Man is what he loves, and what he loves loves him because it feels it is intrinsically part of him.” Within the pages of his diary, Hung contemplates the creative gesture and re-discovers the “way home”: “... the fact is, if you judge by the amount of time and energy spent, there is so much manual labour, so much wrestling with materials, and yet at the same time it is a matter of engaging in dialogue, of listening to yourself in silence, of digging deep down, so as to unearth and re-discover your roots, and to let your cultural genes bear fruit.”

These are words which would have consoled Hoffmannsthal who loved to repeat: “Today no one knows how to find himself anymore”. Hung’s poetry is nourished by his continually drawing forth riches from his own soul. To be intellectually honest, an artist cannot take himself for granted, he knows well that his own talent in some way transcends himself; in other words he has been charged with a mission. That’s why to be absorbed in oneself, for the artist, is not soliloquy but fertile dialectics.

Henri Maldiney once defined the difference between a poet and someone suffering from mental illness: the insane person leaves normality, gets lost in the woods but doesn’t come back; the poet or the artist gets lost in the woods, in the forest, but then he comes back, carrying a metaphor. This is a task which, many centuries before Maldiney, Dante had magnificently undertaken. He exploited the heritage of the myth of Orpheus and his descent into Hell, and made it become a timeless paradigm of the creative gesture.

The idea of a journey into the underworld is as ancient as the figure of the one who undertook it for the first time: Orpheus, the poet of Ur. The first mention of Orpheus can be found in the sixth century A.D. In that century the current type of Greek écriture was the so-called “bustrophedón”, a word that has to do with ox and plough. Bustrophedón literally means “the way of the ox” and refers to the movement of the plough which, once reaching the edge of a field, turns and goes back in the opposite direction. In writing, this corresponds to a line which runs from left to right until it reaches the margin where it turns, and goes from right to left, and so on. It is not so difficult, at least on a visual level, to recognise in it a precursor of the verse, which in Latin, versus, signifies and implies a “turn,” a “change” of direction, from one thing to another, from thesis to antithesis, metamorphosis, juxtaposition, paradox, metaphor. The same myth of Orpheus is one single long verse in which turning is its central moment.

I am convinced that Hung, too, has undertaken this road, thus adding his name to the list of those who, driven by an interior force, push themselves beyond the limits of their own knowledge, and retrace the path that leads them back to themselves and connects them with others. Over the years I have had two kinds of encounters with Hung: those times when I visited him after his return from the woods, and those times when we spoke at the edge of the woods, just before he vanished into them again.

In recent years Hung has retraced the roads connecting China with the West, persuaded that in these journeys, he might grasp the intimate nature hidden in the Chinese culture and come to understand how much China may have to say, and to give, to the world. In this way, his poetry flourishes and matures along the Silk Road, ever more a metaphor of the encounter between cultures, but at the same time, intrinsically an image of the movement within poetry, the versus.

En route, while tracing his own roots, Hung garnered treasures from the centuries old tradition of calligraphy, which now, more than ever, engages him as a chosen disciple by offering him new ways of evocation. Hung desires that his works be more like “drawings” than “sculptures”. The tension unleashed in their creation has always empowered his works, and now the encounter between the art of calligraphy and the iron discipline of his practice elevates this desire to the level of poetry.

But then again, every creative gesture reveals something new, therefore it is always necessary to find new perspectives and categories to describe such gestures. Hung’s art is pure innovation because in Hung so many different modes of expression co-exist, and he is always open to new things.

Symphony of Hands

Peter Seifert

(German art historian)

“Hands are the map of a soul.”

– **Karol Joseph Wojtyla**

For several years Hung has been dedicated to his “Silk Road” theme in order to

create and strengthen new bonds between the East and the West. Nowadays there are other initiatives with similar goals – among them a project with the same title by the great Chinese musician Yo-Yo Ma.

This “Silk Road” theme evokes images of dangerous and endless journeys across deserts and other hostile lands. At the same time the image of the silk itself remains a metaphor for the exotic, for a gift of goodwill or a noble token because of its spellbinding delicacy and sheen.

Hung’s first works with this title included a caravan of camels in the desert and several Chinese junks, the little boats with their sails shaped like bats’ wings that crowd the waterways of his homeland. Now Hung has returned to this theme and his new work is on a vaster scale: he has created an octet of musicians playing their Chinese and Western musical instruments.

This work could be regarded as the most impressive the artist has created. The sculptor has remained faithful to his signature style of fragmentation which he developed by employing an oxy-acetylene torch to simulate the brush or pencil strokes of anatomical studies by “drawing” in space: welding iron rods together and retouching the composition with droplets of molten iron.

With iron as his chosen medium, Hung takes up and reasserts the aesthetic of the “unfinished” style – known more popularly today as “work in progress” (“im werden” in German, and “non-finito” in Italian). The eyes, the lips, the hands, those parts which best convey the soul’s vibrations are finished in great detail, while the rest of the body is rendered by simple lines suggesting only movement. Certainly an Asian influence can be detected in this concentration on emotional expression, and even more so in the simple lines that evoke movement and bring to mind the great Chinese tradition of calligraphy with its capacity to capture movement through brushstrokes of ink on paper.

The idea of “work in progress” brings two great artists to mind: Michelangelo and Rodin. With Michelangelo we have no proof as to whether or not the “unfinished” aspect of some of his works was intentional, however Rodin worked at a time when it was common practice for artists to leave works “unfinished”.

Despite their many differences, there is another aspect common to the work of these two artists that we can also identify in Hung’s work – the importance attributed to the subject’s hands. Certainly great painters such as Dürer or

Caravaggio also paid great attention to the treatment of their subjects' hands, but perhaps because sculptors have to work in three dimensions, and have only the one figure to express all they wish to convey, it becomes essential that they focus on the arrangement and expression of the hands.

This emphasis is evident in Michelangelo's art, especially in the frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Certainly this applies to the famous hands of God the Creator, but even more so it is evident in the hands of "The Prophets". The sad and heavy looking hands of the prophet Jeremiah come immediately to mind. Sometimes it seems that Michelangelo really wanted his figures to appear indestructible – in line with his legendary claim that his figures' wrists were so strong they could survive being pushed off a cliff! As years passed, however, hands slipped from being the centre of his attention. Instead, Rodin's figures' hands were charged with an unprecedented, psychological vibrancy. The gestures of the Burghers of Calais reveal a stylized language inherited from the French pantomimes of his century.

In terms of vibrancy, the hands created by Hung in "Symphony" are certainly closer to those of Rodin. Their special characteristic, however, is that they are not "classical" hands set in a gestural or rhetorical mode, but they are all set in action, all working hands. In this symphony of hands of professional musicians, we see Hung's virtuosity – these hands are not just expressive hands but extremely delicate and dexterous.

Another striking aspect of this work is the ingenious way in which he has constructed the musical instruments. With meticulous care he has re-created instruments from both the East and the West. While the work might have been accomplished without this extra effort, it can be interpreted as a kind of tribute paid by the artist to universal traditions in craftsmanship – a rare gesture in today's artistic culture. It's a good move – perhaps it will inspire others.

Sparks

(from Hung's anecdotes)

Eureka!

Uncontainable joy! A sense of euphoria! During the brief walk home from my studio, I am sure that the passers-by must have seen me bouncing around like a child... After a morning of audacious attempts at making friends with that fire, the oxy-acetylene flame, suddenly there was certainty: "I've found it!"

What sort of discovery would it be if I couldn't communicate it? At home in front of ten pairs of curious eyes, I couldn't find the right words. All I could do was throw myself onto the carpet...

"Well, show us something..." "What's gotten into you?" "Why are you carrying on like this?" my friends teased me.

Was it frustrating not to be understood? Yes, of course, and it wasn't the only time. But on that day, in the spring of 1990, I was certain that a new road had opened before me, and that, with "Chinese patience", I would travel it to the end. That day I "saw" all these sculptures...

Daniel

What did we know about AIDS? We were in a panic: we had been asked to give hospitality for two days to a young man in an advanced stage of this modern plague. After a heated discussion, we came to an unanimous decision: we would set the table with our best tablecloth to make him feel at home.

Into what world had Daniel plunged? He who had been at rock bottom, now found himself in a joyous atmosphere, courteously welcomed by this "strange" handful of people from all over the world.

In my studio: while in one corner I scattered filings and sparks, in the other, Daniel the poet scribbled verses of hope; he knew he was on the road towards "the House of the Father."

In a special corner of my studio, my sculpture of Daniel gives me the certainty of

his arrival.

The Queen on Her Throne

I knew that this visit to Seoul University Hospital would be the last. The 300 miles from Taegu, in the south of South Korea, were nothing to me; I was going to visit Agata. Mother of one of my dearest friends in that country, for a year she had been suffering from cancer. I always felt good with her, because, as an authentic christian, she was an example to me of how to love without measure. After I pushed her in her wheelchair around the hospital garden, and attended to her minor needs, we sat down and faced each other in silence. Time stopped.

In my many journeys around the world, I have had 100 other “adoptive mothers and fathers”, but still today, even though we are on two different “continents”, I am still touched by Agata’s particular gracefulness. I am branded by that regal image of a person who knew how to love and to suffer.

The Gladiator

Sandra, my dear friend and dentist, announced one day that I needed to have two molars extracted. “Probably you take out all your tension on your teeth,” she said. “Apart from sculpture, what else do you do?” As a joke, I replied, “I’m a gladiator!”

Two cylinders of explosive gas behind me, a flame of 3,000 degrees in front, the blade of my grinder spinning millimetres from my fingers, red-hot molten iron, sparks flying as if from fire-works...

And every morning, the tedious routine of putting on the armour and the weapons: the fire-proof boots, the heavy leather gloves and chest-piece, the ear-muffs, the dust-mask, dark welding goggles and a cap. I was so focused just on surviving every day in the “arena”, I didn’t realize I had declared war on the iron.

Losing those teeth gave me the occasion to reflect upon my relationship with my materials. It was good to bend, to model, to weld the iron, but when it came close to “crushing” or “annihilating” it altogether, trying to force it to behave as a

different medium... Was I doing the right thing?

In time I came to understand: I had to respect the iron, to let it speak, to enter into dialogue with it... I stopped overworking my subjects. I let them grow with their own empty spaces - they became like "drawings."

The Bent Thumb

Little Elisa, entering my studio together with her parents one day, stuck her head right into the sculpture of the violinist (2001) that I was still completing. Imperiously she declared, "IT IS WRONG!"

Amused, I bent down towards her and asked her for enlightenment. She, with the attitude of an expert, admonished me, one syllable at a time, "THE THUMB MUST ALWAYS BE BENT!"

Trying to justify myself, I assured her that I had done my homework, I had consulted several musicians to ask them exactly how to position the thumb.

Unimpressed, she repeated, "THE THUMB MUST BE BENT!"

I was conscious of the curiosity of the people around us. I saw they were amused by our little "discussion". Among other things, I courteously enquired as to her musical background. She proudly announced she had already had "Ten Lessons!"

Errata Corrige. The following day, adhering to little Elisa's instructions, I diligently set about removing the straight thumb, and replacing it with a new, bent one.

Over the years, I have often been told that little Elisa was correct. From the distance that one would normally observe "The Violinist", no one would ever notice the position of the thumb. I knew that from the beginning. I made a point of changing the thumb as a tribute to little Elisa.

APPENDIX

Psychoanalysis of Fire

Gaston Bachelard

(How a great mind unravels the mysteries inside an Element)

Fire and heat offer a means of expression in the most diverse fields because they may be the cause of long-lasting memories, through simple and determining personal experiences. Fire in such a sense is a privileged phenomenon that can explain everything. If all that changes slowly can be explained through 'life', all that changes rapidly can be explained through 'fire'.

Fire is ultra-living. Fire is intimate and universal. It lives in our hearts. It lives in the sky. It reaches the abysses of substance and offers itself as love. It plunges again into matter and hides itself, latent and lethal, like hatred and vengeance. Of all the phenomena it truly is the only one that encompasses, in such a clear way, the two opposing values: goodness and evil.

It shines in Heaven. It burns in Hell. It is sweetness and torture. It is the fire-place and the Apocalypse... It is well-being and respect. It is a terrible Protector-God, both kind and cruel. It can contradict itself: it is therefore one of the principles of universal explanation.

The Unseen Beauty

Chiara Lubich

(A world spiritual leader's perspective)

Perhaps our eyes are not trained to see beauty, or they only see beauty in limited areas of human and natural life. Perhaps because we have not trained our souls. But from God's perspective, where is the greatest beauty? Is it in the innocent eyes of a child, so clear and so lively? Is it in the young girl who glows with the freshness of a newly-opened flower? Is it in the white-haired old man, bent double and almost unable to do anything, except, perhaps, to wait for death?

They all have their beauty. Yet one is more beautiful than the others. Could the last be the most beautiful of all? Is this how God sees things?

The wrinkles that furrow a little old woman's forehead. Her stooped and shaky gait. Her brief words full of experience and wisdom. In her gentle look we can see her both as a child and as a woman. Better still is a beauty we do not know.

It is the grain of wheat dying and about to burst into new life. Different from before – in new heavens.

Drawing and Lines

Maria Zambrano

(A great contemporary philosopher re-wrote the ABC of art)

“Draw, draw... keep on drawing. Don't waste time!”

Michelangelo Buonarroti, speaking to children

Drawing is truly a rare art form. It belongs to the rarest species of “things”, those that barely have presence; those that, in the case of sounds, border on silence, and, if they were words, would border on mutism; a presence so pure that it trespasses into absence; a kind of being that is on the edge of non-being.

It is over there and over here, inside and outside all that is properly considered as thing. And so it renders possible what appears to be flesh or body. Like space, pure absence, which permits all the presences. Like light.

The mystery of drawing, of lines, besides being light that lets shadow appear, is a stroke in the space of nothingness. Stroke. Cipher. A stroke which is left behind by life in its passing. A cipher of strange nuptials between life and death.

Drawing is the invisible which manifests the visible and makes it appear; it is the light which hides itself so that shadow may be manifest; it is the intermediate line between the pure obscure weight, this vibrant secret of life, and the light of this “something” whose every bodily presence is spark. It is the flowing of blood between light and shadow.

The mediator between contrasts, drawing is, just like all that it defines, indefinable – as elusive as intelligence. The line is the pure intelligence within the bodies, within the things, and it succeeds in rendering the invisible visible. Thus drawing participates in the *noli me tangere* (“Don't touch me...”) of intelligence. It is intangible, as it is a gift only of the vision.

Sculpture and also painting are transcriptions of bodies. In them there are bodily weight, the relations of the material, their way of existing. There is an inherent call, an invitation to be touched, to make of every body a living body. Drawing, instead, presents us with a kind of impalpable presence, the emptiness of a living body. Drawing is the solitude of the image by now emptied of flesh, of body and also of time.

The more the drawing gets near to its perfection the further away it is from painting and from sculpture. Drawing, in its highest expression, is almost the equivalent of music.

"Music is the unconscious arithmetic of the soul's ciphers", this is perhaps the clearest definition of an art which is so elusive. It can also be applied to the art of drawing.

Paradoxes

Lao Tse

(Life and art meet at the wisdom of Taoism's Founder)

Deviate, yet you will remain centred.
Bend, yet you will remain upright.
Empty yourself, so you will find fullness.

With the essential, you will bring novelty.
With less, you experience "already".
In abundance, "not yet".

The sage embraces Oneness
and sets the example for the multitude...

Great fulfilment lies in the unfinished;
its power is endless.
Utmost fullness appears to be void;
boundless is its usefulness.
Great rectitude appears to be contortion.
Great ability appears to be ineptitude.
Great eloquence appears to be stammering...

The weak defeats the strong.
The soft defeats the hard...

He who bears the nation's shame
will become its patriarch.
He who takes upon himself
the kingdom's disgrace
will become its sovereign.

Truth appears to be paradoxical.