

# Under the Frond

*Not to be* seems much harder than to be. And *to be* and *to have doubts* still harder. It's quite a task to understand how to be being or something a good deal like it, namely to be *feeling*. To simply choose one from so many possible situations, for example, eating a delicious pink ice cream cone under a pointy frond in five shades of green; or enduring years of mad mental outbreaks; or making, every so often, a drawing whose meaning is slowly revealed. ¿Is *to be* what we enjoy so intensely when we understand a little more, or when something is *seen being*, often as beautiful as the sunset over Cauca Valley? Or when something else, perhaps an emotion, fills us with fear or courage, tugs at us for the sake of our stability and opens up inhabitable spaces in that unexplored place where we are being present? And we as well, the others—we're not really sure why—still under the frond.

Mónica Giron – Buenos Aires, September 5, 2005.

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