

# UNIVERSAL COLOURS

THE MAGAZINE FOR PROFESSIONAL MIGRANT ARTISTS

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We can see the artist's body through subjects that tell about the language of the body, the tough aesthetic of the erotic images.

Mohammad Al-Bustany, Artist of the Issue (Page 14)

# UNIVERSAL COLOURS

## EDITORIAL BOARD

**Amir KHATIB**

tel: +358 40 558 68 96  
amir.khatib@eu-man.org

**Avtarjeet DHANJAL**

avtarjeet.dhanjal@eu-man.org

**Ali NAJJAR**

tel: 0046 4094 7974

**Dr. Michael CASEY**

michael.casey@eu-man.org

**Moustafa AL-YASSIN**

tel: +358 44 991 88 30  
moustafa.al-yassin@eu-man.org

**Thanos KALAMIDAS**

thanos.kalamidas@eu-man.org

\* \* \*

## DESIGN, LAYOUT & PROOFREADING

**Asa BUTCHER**

asa.butcher@eu-man.org

\* \* \*

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EU-MAN  
P.O. BOX 523  
00101 Helsinki  
FINLAND

tel: +358 40 554 68 96

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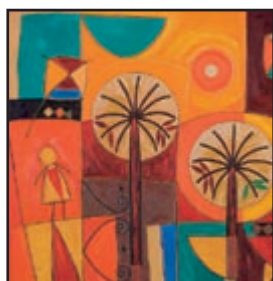
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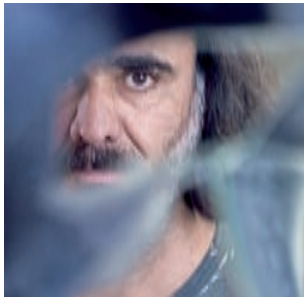
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OK, this is 2009, a new year and a new start, and it is “smiling” down upon us with the hope that now Barack Obama has become the new U.S. president he will instigate his campaign slogan of “change we need”. We are ready to receive the new change, oops, I mean the New Year by going back to work after the joint celebration of a new year and a new president.

We can say that we are full of hope due to the change that Obama has spread around because we are tired of wars and very depressed psychologically and physically too. This depression is caused by the former President of the United States who entered into history because he is - and hopefully the only one - that leaves the presidency via a pair of shoes.

That is why we suggest that change includes us as well; we should change our style of work in this magazine because ‘change is a hope’, as Mr. Obama said, and we are brimming with optimism and hope, both of a qualitative and quantitative nature.

Our change will allow some different types of art/literature to join from this issue and we believe that this will be a positive change, a chance to open a door to us all and encourage others to give us a thumbs-up as a sign of success. This door will give us a chance to tell our stories and to express our feelings artistically.

Thanos Kalamidas’ suggestion that “Short story” should be the theme of this issue is a brilliant idea. I say that because stories take us back to our childhood or to the silent world or to imaginative life that most of us miss; it takes us back to ourselves, to strengthen the relationship with ourselves, so before we write anything we have a

duty to do, that is, each one of us should stand in front of a mirror and look at her/himself carefully. Deeply and meditating, asking questions: Is it me who is reflected in the mirror? Am I like this?

We suggested relating this wonderful suggestion by Thanos Kalamidas to visual art, so our writers wrote about the narration in the visual art, because this issue has a lot to do with the theme so each one of us can see the narration from a different point of view.

Some very nice news that **Universal Colours** received earlier this year was the announcement that the Finland’s Ministry of Education decided to distribute a sum of 100,000€ between migrant artists in Finland. This is the first year that this has happened, so we are looking forward to the coming years as the Ministry gets more money, which means they are making some positive policies in Parliament to help artists do their work - without help artists cannot see the light and that includes this magazine.

We will focus on this subsidy in a future issue and will try to cover the subject from all perspectives. We will make interviews with the decision makers, as well as interviewing some of those who receive some of the subsidy.

The number of **Universal Colours** published this year will be five instead of usual four because we see that what we distribute is not enough, and there is more demand for the magazine, which is why we will also print 1,500 copies of each issue - these will be distributed to all cultural centres and try to spread the name of **Universal Colours** across Europe.

Amir KHATIB

Visit [www.eu-man.org](http://www.eu-man.org) for more

## No Pretty Pictures

By Lydia Schrufer

This spring (March 2005) I had the pleasure of viewing an exhibition of extraordinary prints by Mylène Gervais. Gervais is based in Trois-Rivières, Québec, but has taken part in solo and group exhibitions all over Canada and the world.

This socially engaged artist has spread her artistic message to Belgium, France, Argentina, Brazil and Cuba. Mylène Gervais has an impressive resumé: in addition to receiving numerous prestigious art prizes and being the subject of many articles and catalogues about her work, she is also a teacher at Université du Québec à Trois-Rivières. Mylène is the director general of La Corporation de développement culturel de Nicolet and has worked with cultural and humanitarian committees as far away as Cuba and Argentina. Her social conscience is, and always was, well developed. She told me that as a child she dreamed of working with an organization such as the Peace Corps.

Upon entering the exhibition, Mylène Gervais : Estampe, the viewer encounters technically beautiful prints of velvety black, voluptuous reds and pristine whites. I was immediately drawn to her work even as the subject matter brought me face to face with very disturbing images that produced a disquieting unease. Mylène Gervais, an accomplished print maker, examines



the subject of child abuse. The fourteen, large format, and all untitled serigraphs and wood block prints, are displayed unframed and otherwise unadorned along the walls almost as children's drawings are displayed along a classroom wall. But that is where the comparison ends, for there are no smiley faced families under sunny skies in these pictures. Gervais, in conjunction with a psychologist who treats victims of child abuse, has deeply researched the phenomenon -- the experience of which has profoundly informed her art.

I hadn't met the artist before seeing her work so I was completely surprised to see such a young woman. The prints are so powerful and multi-faceted that I expected a much older person. Other visitors circulating around me were also asking how such a young person (mid thirties) could produce such profound work. Gervais avoided the temptation to exaggerate the horror inherent in the subject. Instead, she created stunning images that invite the viewer to contemplate the violent injustice done to children. Her accomplished technique allows



The viewer encounters technically beautiful prints of velvety black, voluptuous reds and pristine whites.

The works are surface shallow, almost depthless, with densely saturated colors.

us to contemplate the pathos of not only the child's pain, but the anguish surrounding the perpetrators who inflict it. By making her work aesthetically accessible she promotes public awareness.

Artist as social commentator is not a new phenomenon. From Francisco Goya (1746-1828) and Honoré Daumier (1808-1879) to contemporary artists like Eric Fischle, artists have been moved to depict their reactions to injustice. The artists we remember are not the ones who ranted loudly but those who moved us through the power of their art. Gervais meets those criteria which is why her images are memorable. The works are surface shallow, almost depthless, with densely saturated colors. Black, red and white transmit anger, evil, despair and other equally disturbing emotions. Mylène deliberately restricts her pallet to those three colors, explaining that they, in particular, elicit strong psychological associations in most people.

I asked Mylène how her own children, Myrtille and Victor, who were in attendance at the vernissage, had reacted to the pictures. She confessed that she had been anxious about how they would react since they hadn't seen the work before, (she had only spoken to them about it), but as it turned out her anxiety was unfounded. They had no response other than finding the



children in the pictures sad, but didn't understand why, and after a brief scan of the gallery happily resumed playing with their cousins.

Mylène Gervais is a hands-on artist. When I asked her if the large prints had been printed for her she explained that she does all her own carving, printing and inking because she loves the process. She loves the feel of the wood and the smell of the inks and she considers the whole creative process to be part of the gestation period of the work. She feels that if she were to give up part of the process, the images would lose some of their verve.



Mylène Gervais has a Bachelor of Studio Art, a Masters Degree in the Visual Arts and has spent many years perfecting her technique in Serbia, Brazil, Buenos Aires, Cuba, Belgium

and Holland. It is no surprise that she's totally at home in the printmaking studio.

When I asked Mylène how she came to choose such a heavy subject,

By making beautiful images about awful events, the viewer is encouraged to look more closely and contemplate more deeply.



she said she has always been engaged by socially sensitive issues such as war atrocities, incest, suicide and sexual abuse. Her aim is to explore and expose subjects that society would rather not face, and through her art, make us aware of and sensitive to injustices everywhere. If the prints were only about ugliness and horror they would defeat the purpose. By making beautiful images about awful events, the viewer is encouraged to look more closely and contemplate more deeply.

The exhibition took place at the Vieux Presbytère in St-Bruno-de-Montarville on Montreal's South Shore. This art venue, with an ever increasing list of very impressive exhibitions, is under the dynamic direction of Hélène Vanier, who is not afraid of controversy, and often invites -- with a jury -- artists to challenge the viewer. The Vieux Presbytère is divided into large and smaller spaces so visitors may move through it room by room. The building once served as a typical Canadiana residence, so it is definitely not the usual white-cube gallery. The room divisions create a viewing intimacy not found in the traditional cold, open concept gallery and re-enforce the fact that much child abuse takes place in just such mundane domestic environments.

The last room I visited held a glimpse of the next project Gervais will be working on. It housed the first installment of the project entitled Chrysalide. There, I saw the poetry of Carl Lacharite digitally printed along the length of authentic, white body bags. Although the concept is not yet completely resolved, Gervais, in collaboration with her poet/friend Lacharite, will explore the subject of death and its many causes: illness, suicide etc. The plan is for every body-bag to address a particular aspect of death. Again, it is not a comfortable subject but I am certain Mylène Gervais will handle it with the same intriguing expertise she has demonstrated in this exhibition.

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## The Smile

By Nafila Dhahab

**I used to see him every morning. I would run into him daily as he carried his books under his arm, wearing a smile. I didn't look for him because he always emerged before me like a lotus flower on the water's surface.**

My mother would urge me to eat my breakfast, but I would forget it and dash out, not caring about anything, as if I had a date with him, which was not the case.

I was in the springtime of life, and I was afraid that it would pass me by.

Morning after morning I received his smile, until one day I didn't see him. I missed him. Thinking that some misfortune had befallen him, I imagined that I would meet him again in a few days. His face would be pale, and perhaps his smile would be pale as well.

But he didn't show up. I looked for him for a long time. The days passed. The sky cleared and then darkened again, the facades of buildings whitened and then blackened again, and the asphalt hardened and then softened again. But he never returned.

Eventually I grew accustomed to the loneliness. I was no longer in a rush every morning. I arose slowly, ate my breakfast slowly, and even closed the wooden door behind me slowly. I walked unhurriedly through the streets, gazing at the pebbles and the dirt that had accumulated on the pavement and in remote corners. Time stood still, and then I felt it was passing me by. I saw myself outside real time,

Finally, I decided to adopt his smile.

I began to walk through the streets with a smile. I smiled when I met people whose faces were wrinkled with misery. I smiled when I listened to a falsehood as plain as the stars at night. My smile was real and visible to others. I practiced wearing it. It became an integral part of me, and I of it.

At that time, I felt that his light had gone out and that I had become the illuminating torch. I no longer waited to see him because he dominated my imagination day and night. I cultivated "our" smile and became accustomed to this new look.

The days passed, and then months and years went by, while I remained in the same state of mind. The smile had become a permanent feature, my daily bread, and the mask with which I faced the people around me.

One day I went for a drive along the coast. I enjoyed the view of the sea along the road. There were birds flapping their wings on the right, and a few ships at anchor on the left. The day was sunny, dust collected in the air, and a breeze gently stroked the surface of the sea and shook the leaves on the trees. Suddenly my smile froze. Something seemed to have been forcibly snatched from me. I slowed down, and my right foot trembled a little.

The sight was a reality surpassing both the truths and the lies that I knew. He was standing there, smiling, his hair blowing in the wind. He was dressed in a uniform with metal buttons and waving a cap the colour of which I forgot. I pulled up at his side and got out of the car to greet him. He looked at me without seeing me, and smiled at me and the cars.

He spoke words which were far removed from reality.

I didn't understand what he said. His clothes were dirty, his shoes were faded, and the shoelaces were missing from them. His eyes were dull and expressionless.

I left him there and drove away hurriedly. I continued to look at him in my rear-view mirror as he faded into the distance. His hair was blowing in the wind, and his head was tilted to the left. Suddenly I hated the sea birds, and the shining sun, and the ships at anchor. I had the feeling that the smile that I had adopted from him - the smile with which he had faced me every morning and with which I had faced others for years - was little more than morbid pretence. I was filled with remorse and overcome by a passionate longing to weep. . . because now I would never know the truth.



## Iraq museum reopens six years after looting

By Steven Lee Myers

**Well over half the exhibition halls in Iraq's National Museum are closed, darkened and in disrepair. And yet the museum, whose looting in 2003 became a symbol of the chaos that followed the American invasion, officially reopened on Monday.**

Thousands of works from its collection of antiquities and art - some of civilization's earliest objects - remain lost.

The smell of fresh paint infuses the Room of Treasures, which even now is deemed safe enough for only photographs of the intricate gold and gem-studded jewelry made in Nimrud nearly 3,000 years ago, not the real thing.

Prime Minister Nuri Kamal al-Maliki pushed to reopen the museum, against the advice of his own Culture Ministry, as a sign of Iraqi progress. Symbol it was, and symbol it remains - not only of how much Iraq has improved, but of how far it has to go.

"It was a rugged wave and strong black wind that passed over Iraq, and one of the results was the destruction that hit this cultural icon," Mr. Maliki declared in a dedication ceremony that was shrouded in dispute and secrecy until the last minute. "We have stopped this black wind, and we have resumed the process of reconstruction."

Yet the museum is only one institution in a place where little functions as it should - not electricity or even sewerage - nearly six years after the beginning of the war that toppled Saddam Hussein. The museum, like life here, may be more secure than at any other time since then, but it is not normal.

Heavily armed soldiers patrolled the museum's roof and watched from sandbagged redoubts as Mr. Maliki, other senior officials and foreign diplomats arrived. Helicopters thudded in the sky, and the police blocked streets for miles around.

Inside, in stark contrast, visitors filled 8 of the museum's 26 galleries, engaged in hushed conversations before glass cases displaying ancient pottery and sculptures, cuneiform tablets from Sumerian and Babylonian times, and the stunning 2,700-year-old stone reliefs from the palace of the Assyrian king Sargon II at Khorsabad. (In size and shape, the stonework eerily recalls the blast walls that protect buildings and divide streets in today's Baghdad.)

Welcoming the diplomats as a bagpipe ensemble played in the garden outside, Iraq's minister of state for tourism and antiquities, Qahtan al-Jibouri, said Iraq wanted visitors "to see that Baghdad is still the same as it was in their eyes and has not turned to ruins, as the enemies of life wanted."

On Monday average Iraqis - that is, those not invited - could get only as close as the wrought-iron fence that surrounded the museum's collection of buildings, offices and warehouses at the corner of Qahira and Nasir Streets in central Baghdad. Dozens clutched the fence's bars and shouted out appeals, in vain, to the prime minister or other officials who came and left in armored convoys.

Among those at the fence was Zahrah Latif, a 40-year-old woman without a home. "God willing, Iraq will be better," she said, the



Top: The recently reopened National Museum of Iraq.

Bottom: A visitor to Iraq's National Museum - only 8 of the museum's 26 galleries are open. (© Jehad Nga for The New York Times)

museum a mere afterthought, "but we're here to see Maliki."

When Iraqis may actually see for themselves a collection of relics and art that spans millennia was a question even the museum's deputy director, Muhsin Hassan Ali, dared not answer, even when pressed.

The museum's directors have twice before ostentatiously opened the doors. In July 2003, the American civilian administrator in Iraq at the time, L. Paul Bremer III, toured some displays a few months after Defense Secretary Donald H. Rumsfeld dismissed the looting by saying, "Stuff happens." In December 2007, the museum's director allowed a group of journalists and politicians inside for a few hours.





Top: Iraqis not invited to the opening gala could get only as close as the wrought-iron fence surrounding the museum.  
(© *Jehad Nga for The New York Times*)

Bottom: Visitors at the official reopening of the museum.  
(© *Jehad Nga for The New York Times*)

The museum remained closed, though, battened down against the violence swirling outside. Not until now has Iraq's government officially declared it a working institution again.

Monday's event itself proved controversial, provoking an unusually pointed dispute between ministries of Mr. Maliki's fractious government, each with its own agenda.

Mr. Jibouri's tourism agency announced the reopening ceremony two weeks ago and issued invitations, only to be challenged by the Ministry of Culture, whose officials argued that the museum and its collection were not yet ready for the public. They complained that the holdings were in disarray, many of them waiting to be cataloged, and

that the museum's basic security remained in doubt.

"It is a risk to open the museum at this time," Jabir al-Jabiri, the ministry's senior deputy, said in a telephone interview.

The museum's former director, Donny George Youkhanna, who fled in 2006 after threats against him and his family, said the museum required years' more preparations to reach international standards of curatorship, conservation and security before it could safely accommodate museumgoers.

"I believe the museum is being used in this case for political reasons only," he wrote in an e-mail message from Long Island, where he is now a visiting professor at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

Mr. Maliki's government, though, overruled such objections, and Monday's ceremony went ahead - without Mr. Jabiri and other Culture Ministry officials, who boycotted it.

Another deputy, Fawzi al-Atroshi, later said that the ministry, which officially oversees Iraq's museums, was considering opening the museum at first only for one day a week and only for foreigners, students and V.I.P.'s.

For a day at least, once Mr. Maliki's entourage departed, people, if lucky enough to have been invited, once again walked freely through the museum's galleries, which still showed wear in places, despite the new paint.

The museum, also known as the Iraq Museum, has been extensively, if not completely, refurbished, with financial assistance from Italy and the United States, including a \$14

million grant announced last fall by Laura Bush. It still requires a heating and cooling system, security systems and training for a staff that has remained in professional limbo for years.

One hall that opened on Monday was devoted to objects taken during the looting and since returned, having been seized by customs officials at the borders. Other halls displayed works that had been in storage and were only now being seen, including two smaller-than-usual versions of the mythical winged, human-headed bull created during the Assyrian empire, as long as 3,000 years ago.

The museum's workers, who witnessed the looting and then endured a closing of nearly six years and uncertainty inside and outside the building, sounded elated simply to have company again in what for years were deserted galleries.

"You can tell by our faces how we feel," Thamir Rajab, a conservation specialist, said, beaming as he pointed out several of his favorite sculptures.

The staff learned two months ago that the museum would reopen in February. As Mr. Rajab put it, it then crammed two years' work into those two months.

"We did the best we could," he explained, wistful that the museum remained less than what it once was. "This is what we could do now. God willing, one day we will do more."

*Mohamed Hussein, Sahar S. Gabriel and Abeer Mohammed contributed reporting.*

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www.nytimes.com*

## Art made with BLOOD

By Thanos Kalamidas

"I thought you like nature!" I could see the wonder in her dark brown eyes. "I love nature," I was fast to answer, "it is just that everything is so ...so bright!" My answer had definitely not impressed her and I could feel it in the way she stood in front of the painting and looked at it quietly. She was ready to say something, I could feel it, but after a quick look at me she just turned away again. A man entered the room looking at the paintings in a sort of casual way; he was not really impressed by them and I could tell.

"Hi, my name is Mike Langford and I was wondering if you are the artist," he said, and I immediately felt that I wasn't going to like this man; there was something in the way he was avoiding eye contact. "Yes, hi, I'm the painter!" And, yes, I know you are not impressed because I don't look like an artist... whatever is the picture you have of how painters should look! I was getting angry without a good reason but I'd had enough of this story, yet every time somebody found out that I was the painter they were giving me this 'is it really you' look! Lisa was looking at him as well; actually, she was staring at him! The man said something I didn't hear and he moved again to the paintings to our left.

"Do you know who he is?" Lisa asked, "Of course I have no idea!" I snapped at her. "He is Langford, the art critic!" Fine, should I run behind him and try to be clever or just ignore him? "Go and say something!" Lisa ordered, "What shall I say? If the man wants to ask something then I'm here and he can ask me!" I said not really sure if that's what I wanted to say. "The man can make a real future for you, the only thing you need is a good critic from him!" I looked at the man, expensive suit, expensive shoes, expensive glasses; everything about him was saying 'I have money.' "Lisa, I have no idea what to say to him!"

"I suppose you are into pop art!" I had nothing to say to him but obviously he had something to say to me and the way he said those words was not as though he was asking a question... it was like stating a fact. "Well, I'm not really sure, Mr. Langford. I think this is the way I like to paint now, or better the way ...I liked to express some of my thoughts at the moment." He looked at me and this time he was looking at my eyes. "But I can see the obvious influence of Lichtenstein in your work!" he said, "but, perhaps, I can see William Blake!" I answered quickly and, at the same time, something starting ringing in my head, 'Bleep! Wrong answer!'

"In the little bio outside, I read that you have spent a lot of time in Paris. Did that influence your work?" Why do people always ask these questions? "The only thing Paris changed and influenced was my taste in wines and jazz music!" I answered half-serious and half-joking. He smiled, Lisa also smiled but for a different reason, Lisa had been with me in Paris for a brief period and she was really aware of what I had just said. She had been with me during the long nights in small jazz clubs and she had seen me going through marathons of white or red wine - I'm not really picky about the colour.

"Why always portraits?" he asked again, "and why do all of them have this ...sort of look of surprise or fear?" Well that was something I could answer, "I like to capture the moment of fear, I think it is the one raw feeling and I think this is the moment human faces show their real identity!" I said, before adding, "If you know what I mean!" He definitely didn't but he nodded his head as if he did. Lisa didn't say anything but kept looking at the woman's portrait on the other side of the room.

This was my fourth exhibition and it was mainly portraits, except for three still life paintings that I didn't know why I had actually made them - why were they there? Actually, at that very moment the three of us were standing in front of one of them. "And why these three paintings? I mean all of them are portraits, except for those three, why?" With a movement of his hand he indicated the three painting that were in front and to our left. I had to think and it was difficult to explain. "They are connected with the portraits, they are somehow the blueprint of the fear!" Fine, I have no bloody idea how these words came out of my mouth and for the first time I felt that words actually captured what was going on with those painting. "One is in Paris, one is the city park and the other one a back alley!" He said looking at the three paintings. "Yes, everything started in Paris!"

I tried to push the pictures away from my mind but it was the truth, inspiration had found me in Paris and the excuse had been a short story I was thinking to write for a magazine. "You mean that these are real places and these people are real people you met in these places?" He asked and now I could see what I really didn't like from this man, he had small rat eyes and I hate rats! "And I can recognize the two places, but where is the third?" I really didn't like the man! You know I didn't like his style, his arrogance

of I know everything and I didn't like his expensive shoes, but most of all I really didn't like his eyes and I started wondering how these little rat eyes could become bigger!

"I can show you the place if you want!" I said quietly and I felt Lisa next to me moving nervously. "Is it somewhere near here?" He asked? "Oh yes, it is!" It was Lisa who answered and I could see the enthusiasm pouring out of her eyes. Somebody had said once that the eyes are the mirror of the human feelings and I totally agreed with that. Lisa's eyes showed expectation, solicitude, torment, excitement... I loved this girl! "We just need to get our jackets and go" I said moving already for the place we had left our jackets. Mr. Langford was carrying his expensive raincoat and he stood there waiting for us to put on ours. "We can go from the backdoor!" said Lisa showing the way.

"You start, I just have to get something!" I said while moving towards the small storage room in the back leaving the two of them walking to the red door at the back of the gallery. Lisa turned the security lock and opened the door suddenly letting the cold winter

wind to enter the room bringing a chill to all of us. I pulled the jacket close to my body with one hand, while the other hand grasped the object I had taken from the storage room - actually, I don't know its proper name but it never really mattered. Mr. Langford was the first to go out, Lisa followed him with quick steps and I was the last. The door closed behind us making the familiar lock sound and the three of us stood there looking at the pile of rubbish and discarded stuff that was thrown all around.

There were buildings all around but this was obviously the back side with just a couple of windows both pretty high. People didn't care for the back side and it didn't matter how dirty and disgusting it might look, so long as the front looks clean and nice. I was sure from the first time I saw this place that nobody had bothered to clean it over the last ten years and I could sense the smell of dead mice on top of other rancid smells. I was sure I was the only person who had thought to come back here in the last five years at least.

Mr. Langford was standing just a few steps in front of Lisa and I. He was looking at the place with a really disturbed look on his face, actually the man was worrying about how and where to step; he was afraid to dirty his expensive shoes and that made me a bit angry again and ... that was it. The strange-looking hammer was in my fist swinging through the cold air and then hitting him on the back of the head. Lisa was holding her camera ready, so when Mr. Langford turned my way looking surprised and in real fear, with panic in his eyes and blood coming out of the side of his head, she had time to snap photos fast one after the other.

The second hit struck him near the mouth and this time his eyes were wide open. I was much closer now and hit him even harder than before leaving his staring back at me in shock and pain. Lisa kept photographing and I gave him the third and final, which was even harder than the previous two. That was it; he looked at me one last time before his eyes closed and his body collapsed among the dirty papers and bags. I could see some of his brain coming out from the side of his head and I had to run back inside to get my sketch book; my latest model for the next portrait had just taken his position for me to start working. "Hey, this time I'd like to see my name next to yours in this painting," Lisa said smiling and then she kissed me!



## City and Art

**The Forum "City and Art", which will take place in Istanbul's Mimar Sinan Fine Arts University between March 6th and 8th 2009, will include conferences, discussions, presentations, workshops, as well as artistic and cultural activities, excursions and receptions.**

The Forum aims at bringing together European art and design academia with cities' cultural actors in order to question the present and future role of the art universities in relation with the cities in which they are located and in relation with their citizens.

In order to draw an overall picture of the present situation and the tendencies which will influence the future, European cultural, educational and media policies will initially be revisited and their influences on the metropolitan culture and the position of the arts in the metropolitan society will be discussed.

The Forum will also include a work session organized in cooperation with ELIA European League of Institutes of the Arts - which is an associate partner of the project - concerning the latest issues related with networking and cooperation between European universities.

The new internet based social network project Artacademia.net will also be presented within the framework of the Forum and universities will be asked for cooperation and/or participation for the development of this very efficient and practical new communication tool.

The Forum "City and Art" is part of a wider cooperation project consisting of five main activities.

We are very pleased to invite art academia and representatives of the art universities as well as cultural actors from the cities of Europe to Istanbul between 6th-8th March 2009 to get acquainted with the contemporary cultural life in this megacity while discussing and exchanging knowledge and opinions.

*Please visit the project website for details:  
[www.cityandartproject.net](http://www.cityandartproject.net)*

## Full of Sun and Light

**French-Chilean painter Georges Valenzuela Solari will present a selection of his oil paintings at the gallery of Helsinki's International Cultural Centre CAISA until March 23rd.**

Born in Chile, Solari studied for three years at the Santiago Art Academy from 1947. He left Chile in 1973 and has been living and working in France since then. Georges Valenzuela has exhibited his work in many countries, including Chile and France. There are collections of his works in countries such as Argentina, Brazil and Venezuela.

Solari will be bringing his own interpretations of sun and light to CAISA's exhibition that has the theme "Sun in Europe". He said that Europe has no sun light, but the light remains in my mind and I hope that I can show the sun of my land of birth here too.

*Paintings by Georges Valenzuela Solari  
International Cultural Centre  
Mikonkatu 17 C  
Helsinki, Finland  
[www.caisa.fi](http://www.caisa.fi)*

## Pictopia Festival

**The explosion of character design at the beginning of the millennium changed visual culture distinctively. These graphically pared down and bright-eyed pictograms spread like wildfire across digital media, advertising, fashion and art.**

They playfully sample and remix the visual codes of pop, folklore, brand logos and comics, but resist being restricted to any one genre. By engaging the viewer on a direct emotional level they are able to bypass language and cultural barriers - but can abstract designs really be the answer to our Utopian dreams of global visual communication?

In spring 2009, the Haus der Kulturen der Welt

will host the PICTOPIA festival, the world's first ever large-scale presentation and celebration of the phenomenon. In March and April, this multidisciplinary event location will be transformed into a character biotope and a meeting point for an international scene of designers, artists, producers and an interested public.

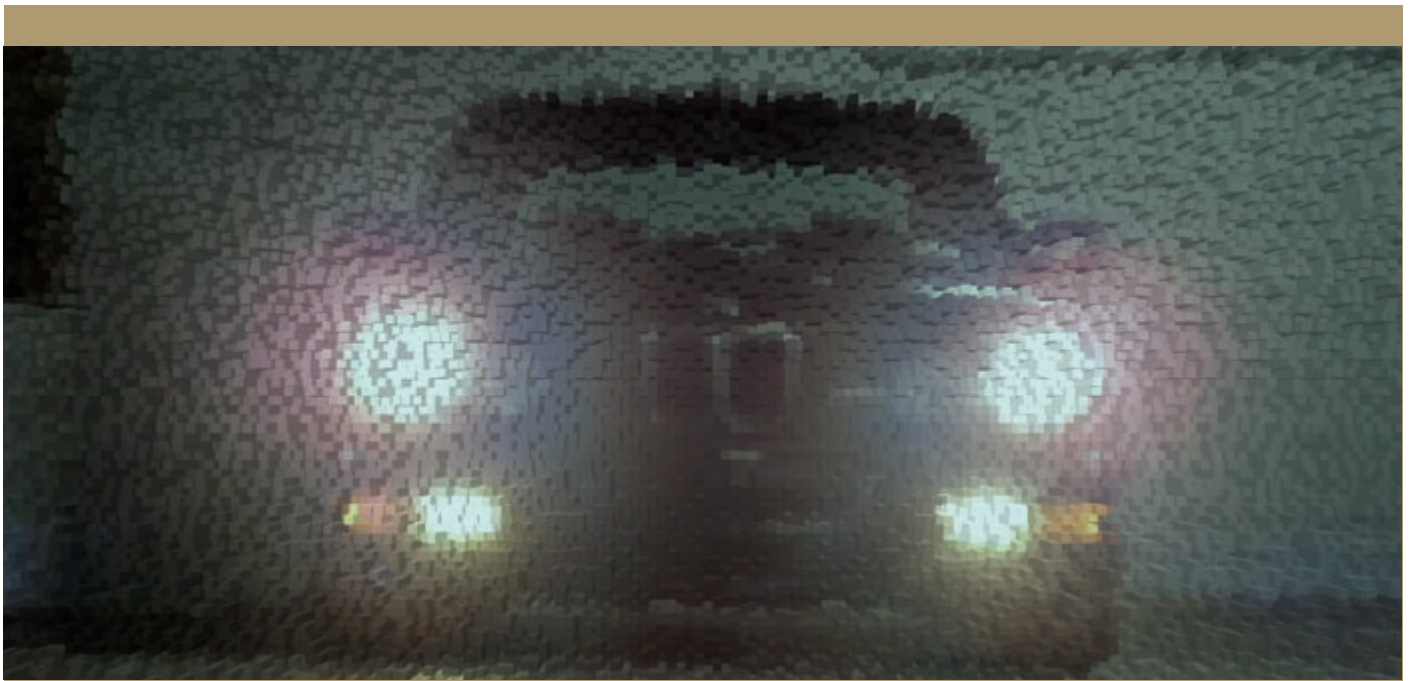
Pictopia, a Festival of New Character Worlds, is funded by the Hauptstadtkulturfonds and is a project of Pictoplasma in cooperation with the Haus der Kulturen der Welt.

*March 19th - May 3rd 2009  
Pictopia!  
Berlin, Germany  
[pictopia.festival.pictoplasma.com](http://pictopia.festival.pictoplasma.com)*

# Short Story

## Lonely

by Asa Butcher



Not a single car has stopped in all the hours I have been standing at the side of the road. I don't know the precise time I have patiently waited for a Good Samaritan to pull over and offer me some help.

My father used to say that patience comes to those who wait, but I never understood what he meant. I have wanted to ask him many things, but he is gone. He disappeared just after I was born. Mum said that he had been kidnapped and was still alive somewhere, but, come on Mum, nobody would believe a story like that. Mum misses him. I miss him, especially now I am stuck at the side of the road.

Another car is coming. The headlights are on full beam, what a jerk. I hope he doesn't stop to help. I don't want to be associated with an inconsiderate driver like that. Bastard! He didn't even slow down. I guess the era of offering your fellow man a hand is dead. Every man for himself, push the women and children out of the way, no time for sentimentalities, no time for anything any more.

Look at that. It has started to rain. What is it with this country? Lost, alone, cold and it starts to rain, somebody has a sick sense of humour. At least my red plastic mac will keep me dry. Red,

who has a bright red coat? Canadian Mounties do, but I end up looking like Little Red Riding Hood instead. Why does Mum have such a thing for family hand me downs? Shouldn't complain, it is keeping me dry.

It is so quiet out here. Just the sound of the rain landing upon the plastic of my coat and that is in surround sound. Rain, strain, brain, drain, Lois Lane, what's the capital of the Ukraine? UK rain, that's funny. I must remember that and tell it to Mum when I get home. If I do ever get home. Here comes another vehicle.

Good to see the driver is tailoring his driving according to the weather conditions – fast but with windscreen wipers on. Sunny? Fast with sunglasses on. Foggy? Fast with fog lamp on. What idiot gave him a driving licence? Is it a him? Couldn't see through the tsunami of water their wheels just threw over me, so much for my sturdy red plastic jacket.

We have a saying from where I come from, "Shit!" I am so miserable. Why isn't anybody missing me? They should have realised I am not there by now. Perhaps I should try to move closer to the road, but I am stuck. If only I had a mobile phone, but the problem with being a traffic cone is that you don't have fingers with which to dial.

# Artist of the Issue

## Al-Bustani is connected to his star

By Salah Abbas

Many questions come to mind when perusing Mohammad's visual dictions. These questions naturally follow one another as the message, the duty and the purpose of art are each considered. The nature of his research and work continually encourage the artist to implement the highest level of both thought and sensuality during the interchange of sentiment to and from the white surface of the board.

The release of his free spirit to the horizon of innovation and his tireless pursuit on this journey has resulted in the accumulation of many layers - however, when searching for a certain level among those layers, one can get lost in his imagination. Mohammad's world finds the meaning already contained in the riddle, and it is if something has swooped down upon its victim... its prey.

We find that the artist is trying many styles, looking to all directions, dealing with all 'isms', from realism, expressionism and symbolism, and even to the abstract, so how can that be? The long rich experience, which is in parallel to the verity of experiences in paintings, contains a premature understanding to the form, colour performances, lines and invention of contemporary significations that inspire viewers and create enjoyment through its harmony.

I believe that it is easy to follow the artist's prints because I could begin a dialogue with the artist through his visual dictions and also because he told me about their riddles; they spoke to me about which the artist could not tell nor could come to his mind.

As a matter of fact, we are similar because we graduated from the same stony Iraqi life,



**MOHAMMAD**  
**AL-BUSTANI**  
**ARTIST OF THE ISSUE**



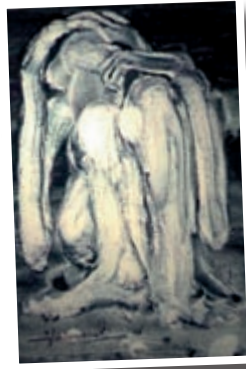
***“HIS TIRELESS PURSUIT ON THIS JOURNEY HAS  
RESULTED IN THE ACCUMULATION OF MANY LAYERS”***

in all of its sorrow, in all of its shy revealing, in those laughs in which we hide bitter pain and deep sorrow.

I think that when the artist paints he does not wait for enjoyment but he works hard to compose his pains, his travelling years, his memory about the places in which he slept to the mosquito's voice and about the first love. It is a return to the echo, as much as he digs down into the many layers of his memory, some layers are clearer, other layers of memory jump and grow up in their existential context until someone or something tickles the memory.

We mentioned that the artist enters the worlds of realism, expressionism, abstract and symbolism, so what do we mean by that? The interest of abstract gives adventures by taking over the menu stream to reach the essential meaning of existence and personify individuality, but the weak point of it is the wide looking to all things; modernism and post-modernism distinguish the individuality prospects with no care to the unlimited purposes.

The contemporary direction is in the arts, literature and the whole culture that led to a specified attitude that is only recognized by the renewed knowledge. I will put myself into an examination, I hope that I can pass it, so I would say that Mohammad's paintings are of variable size, media and most of them are painted using water colour but on a kind of paper that absorbs very little water. Perhaps the paper surface attracts the artist to pour his present feelings upon it with one dimensional colour or the designed one, and, because he is a qualified artist, he knows what he wants to achieve



***“THE ARTIST POURS HIS PRESENT FEELINGS UPON THE PAPER WITH ONE DIMENSIONAL COLOUR”***



through the implementation of his equipment. The brush or paint moves quickly across the work, inputting the characteristics of the colours, inspired by its smoothness and humidity to mention the moment that inspired the artist.

Without looking to the picture, the essence certainly leads to the value of the subject that is already cut from the aims and the meanings. The artist paints unified creatures, squatting and taking the role of sculptures. In this visual diction interaction, he bolts desire to catch a picture that might express loneliness, separation or wildness, while on the other side we can see the artist's body through subjects that tell about the language of the body, the tough aesthetic of the erotic images.

Thighs attached to thighs, mouths attached to mouths, and telepathic eyes. I think that Mohammad is attracted by the theatre so we can find in most of his artworks the value of the subject, putting the scenery (image) under the spotlight to seem as a dramatic theatrical scene, yet on the other hand Mohammad realizes the value of theatrical masks.



***“THIGHS ATTACHED TO THIGHS, MOUTHS ATTACHED TO MOUTHS, AND TELEPATHIC EYES.”***





His artwork shows a smiling face, clear pleasure, cleverness, but he hides another mask of bitter pain which attacks the heart and the feelings.

I see that this artist can paint everything, but that does not necessarily mean he goes through a precise visual system, so if his fingers moved towards painting a symbol or the abstract he can forget his world - the moment of invention comes when he feels a light head and then he knows that he is connected to his star.

The artist paints fragmented bodies, and moments of unity of those bodies, so we see clearly the influence of expressionism as his symbolist paintings and the abstract as well; they allow him to play the serious game of the art.

His realistic paintings are very distinguished, pictures of mankind's bodies, landscapes, these paintings show the real skill of the artist, so that he paints his pictures quickly, but that is where we can see the artist, the clarity of the colours indicates that the artist's work is fully free, since he paints all that he desires far from any interference of the other and otherness.

The concept of painting here means illumination, which lights the inner as if it comes from the distant stars. The truths of painting that Mohammad believes are not similar to life's facts, but are similar to poetic obsessions. I see an individual style of variety because style does not mean that the artist should continuously repeat successful painting, but it means a character as an individual character, which is just as Georges-Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, said, "The style is the man himself."

***"THE CONCEPT OF PAINTING HERE MEANS ILLUMINATION"***

## The Four Ways

By Moustafa Al - Yassin

**There was a rich merchant who had four wives. He loved the fourth wife the most and adorned her with rich robes and treated her to delicacies. He took great care of her and gave her nothing but the best.**

He also loved the third wife very much. He's very proud of her and always wanted to show off her to his friends. However, the merchant is always in great fear that she might run away with some other men.

He too, loved his second wife. She is a very considerate person, always patient and in fact is the merchant's confidante. Whenever the merchant faced some problems, he always turned to his second wife and she would always help him out and tide him through difficult times.

Now, the merchant's first wife is a very loyal partner and has made great contributions in maintaining his wealth and business as well as taking care of the household. However, the merchant did not love the first wife and, although she loved him deeply, he hardly took notice of her.

One day, the merchant fell ill. Before long, he knew that he was going to die soon. He thought of his luxurious life and told himself, "Now I have four wives with me. But when I die, I'll be alone. How lonely I'll be!"

Thus, he asked the fourth wife, "I loved you most, endowed you with the finest clothing and showered great care over you. Now that I'm dying, will you follow me and keep me company?" "No way!" replied the fourth wife and she walked away without another word.

The answer cut like a sharp knife right into the merchant's heart. The sad merchant then asked the third wife, "I have

loved you so much for all my life. Now that I'm dying, will you follow me and keep me company?" "No!" replied the third wife. "Life is so good over here! I'm going to remarry when you die!" The merchant's heart sank and turned cold.

He then asked the second wife, "I always turned to you for help and you've always helped me out. Now I need your help again. When I die, will you follow me and keep me company?" "I'm sorry, I can't help you out this time!" replied the second wife. "At the very most, I can only send you to your grave." The answer came like a bolt of thunder and the merchant was devastated.

Then a voice called out: "I'll leave with you. I'll follow you no matter where you go." The merchant looked up and there was his first wife. She was so skinny, almost like she suffered from malnutrition. Greatly grieved, the merchant said, "I should have taken much better care of you while I could have!"

Actually, we all have four wives in our lives

- The fourth wife is our body. No matter how much time and effort we lavish in making it look good, it'll leave us when we die.

- Our third wife is our possessions, status and wealth. When we die, they all go to others.

- The second wife is our family and friends. No matter how close they had been there for us when we're alive, the furthest they can stay by us is up to the grave.

- The first wife is in fact our soul, often neglected in our pursuit of material, wealth and sensual pleasure.

Guess what? It is actually the only thing that follows us wherever we go. Perhaps it's a good idea to cultivate and strengthen it now rather than to wait until we're on our deathbed to lament.



## Herbert the hare

by Asa Butcher

**Herbert was a hare like any other. He lived a buck's life in his burrow and was contented with life. He had enough leaves, grass and herbs to keep hunger at bay and he had his heart set upon an attractive little doe, which lived beneath the tree stump at the end of the meadow.**

There had been something enchanting about the way her short white tail had bobbed that first time he had seen her. He didn't know whether it was the March madness or the strange tasting plant he had eaten that morning, but he couldn't stop himself chasing her around the meadow, until they had both collapsed exhausted under the dandelions.

The young doe's name was Harriot, which Herbert considered the most beautiful name he had ever heard. Odd things were happening in Herbert's mind and he felt embarrassed by the compliments he helplessly showered upon Harriot, but she appeared to respond to them, so he swallowed his pride and praised her more.

The shyness that plagued Herbert throughout the rest of the year had vanished and couldn't stop showing off his prowess. He would run as fast as his heart and lungs would allow, he'd beat his hind legs until they became a blur and he'd stand his ground while Harriot would 'box' with him, seemingly testing his determination and stamina.

After a week of courting, Harriot and Herbert knew that they wanted to go somewhere secluded and make some leverets. The sun was beating down upon the meadow and they stopped every so often to nibble upon the blades of grass rocking in the gentle breeze and chew the bright yellow dandelions that mirrored the sun above them. There was a small shaded area away from the playground of the other hares and they began the affectionate boxing routine once again.

BLAM! The air exploded into a hundred pieces, as did Harriot's head. Herbert was thrown to the ground by

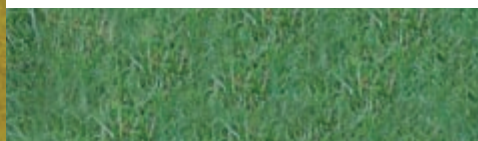
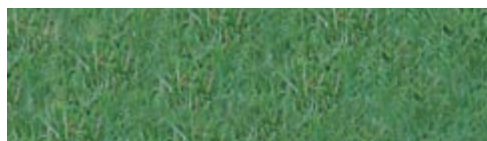
the shock of the noise and he saw a curl of smoke a fifty metres away. His ears were ringing from the blast of the gun, but he heard a sharp laugh and a voice exclaim, "Yes! I shot a rabbit!" Herbert didn't have time to stop and explain the mistake, his beloved Harriot lay silent and bloody on the ground beside him and he knew he had to find shelter.

He began to run towards the wood thirty metres away knowing that he had to run faster than the bullet chasing him. Another explosion rocked the ground and Herbert stumbled, but he recovered and raced into the wood. His heart was fit to explode, but he didn't dare stop; the adrenaline wouldn't let him. Before he knew it, he was rolling head over tail through the undergrowth and his head hit a tree.

Night had fallen when Herbert regained consciousness and he was confused by his surroundings, the events of the past hours flooded back into his brain and he became nauseous. His instinct told him to move, but when he tried to walk he felt an electric sting in his back left foot. Tenderly he brought it closer to his face and he saw a shard of glass deep within.

Herbert let out a whimper, whether it was for the pain in his foot, the headache or the loss of Harriot, he couldn't say. Desperation filled his soul and he began to gently sob, wondering where he was and how he could return to his warm safe burrow. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of twig snapping and his instincts froze him to the spot.

A fox had picked up the scent of his blood and was carefully following the trail to where Herbert lay injured. The fox moved slowly, sniffing the air, then the ground, making steady progress to Herbert's hiding place. The nose of the fox appeared over the top of the shrub, the two creatures locked eyes and neither moved. The last thought that went through Herbert's mind was, "So this is what they call a bad hare day."



# Exhibition Review

## Kalevala: An Epic Celebration

By Amir Khatib



Akseli Gallen-Kallela's "The Defence of the Sampo"

To celebrate the 160th anniversary of the first appearance of Elias Lönnrot's book and epic poem Kalevala, Helsinki's Ateneum Art Museum is hosting the largest exhibition of Kalevala art seen in decades. More than 200 works from almost sixty artists, all motivated by the Finnish national epic and one of the most significant works of Finnish literature. The exhibition introduces the many facets of the Kalevala and just how the Finnish national epic has inspired visual artists across the decades.



The *Kalevala* has shaped the image of the Finns as a nation; it has inspired poets, songs and literature, and is an integral part of the Finnish consciousness.

The origins of this epic book date back to well before it was originally published in 1849, for many of the stories and poems have been a part of Finnish and Karelian folklore for centuries. Finnish philologist Elias Lönnrot was the first to document and compile all of these stories in one book, which finally consisted of 22,795 verses, divided into fifty cantos or “chapters”.

The *Kalevala* is often attributed as the inspiration for awakening Finland as a nation and that eventually resulted in the Finnish government gaining independence from Russia in 1917. Dozens of writers, artists and politicians worked hard to shape the country’s national identity, but the *Kalevala* was able to etch itself deep upon the country’s heart by offering a solid historic and cultural foundation on which to build.

However, what is the *Kalevala* and how can we understand the characters of Väinämöinen, Kullervo and Aino, as well as the numerous other ideas mentioned throughout the epic? Ateneum’s exhibition will not only show

paintings, sculptures, prints and photographs from the 1850s to the late 20th century created by artists such as R.W. Ekman, Akseli Gallen-Kallela, Heikki W. Virolainen and the famous sculpture by Wäinö Aaltonen, but there is a great deal more material to educate newcomers to Finland’s national epic.



The Finnish Literature Union has produced a huge 800-page book that features the views of contemporary artists and composers on the *Kalevala* world. There are also two CD-ROMS and a DVD that have all of the poems from the *Kalevala*, as well as the new paintings.

There are many artistic and cultural activities running parallel with this exhibition, plus many pedagogical projects.

One such project, organised by Ateneum, is called “Peijaiset” (Celebratory Feast) and is led by artists Lea and Pekka Kantonen, while collaboration with schools was carried out by classes of ninth-graders from Helsinki comprehensive schools. Before the real work began in January, the Kantonens held a course about the

*Kalevala* at two schools and in Ateneum where *Kalevala* experts Heikki Laitinen, Kirsti Mäkinen and Papu Pirtola talked and sang with the pupils.

In addition to all of the other

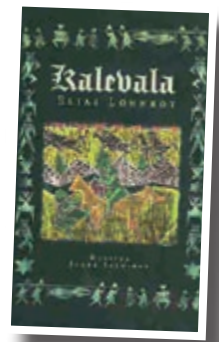
events, the exhibition will show a 35-minute documentary by Ali Lacheb about the fate of Anna Ivanovana

Pavlova from White Karelia, who recounts the story of her busy life, from her childhood as a daughter of the national enemy to old age - it is beautifully shot and has stunning views of the Karelian landscape in its autumn colours.

At Ateneum’s “Kalevala” press conference, Museum Director Maija Tanninen-Mattila introduced composer Kimmo Hakola by asking him whether his

work composing the music about the *Kalevala* was an easy task to which he replied, “It was not an easy task at all because I had to reset my visual memory and imagine something else when I reread the *Kalevala*.” When asked why we should all read and care about the *Kalevala* today, the curator of the “Kalevala” exhibition Riitta Ojanperä’s simply stated two reasons, “The language and the content, because they are both extraordinarily exceptional.”

*Ateneum’s “Kalevala” exhibition is open until August 9th 2009. Ateneum Art Museum/The Finnish National Art Gallery Kaivokatu 2, Helsinki, Finland www.ateneum.fi*



# Short Story

## Unstable situation

By Kassim Hawal

**One night, Abbas entered the restaurant with quick steps. He was fat, wearing a black hat and an overcoat. He took off his coat. Hung it on the wall. Hung his hat. And sat on a chair. He stood up. Took the coat. Put it on the chair. And sat again. He took off his eyeglasses, cleaned them, coughed, looked about to the right and left. And put his eyeglasses on his face again. He took off his jacket, put it on the side of the chair on which he sat.**

He opened the buttons of his shirt. Caught his jacket. Put it on the other chair, turned left and right, cleaned his nose with his finger, called the waiter; the waiter gave him the menu. He opened it, closed it, cleaned his nose again with his finger, asked for something, turned left and right, coughed, scratched his head, raised his sleeve a little, stood up and took his jacket and hung it on the wall. He sat. He stood.

He returned his jacket to the chair, sat on his chair, stood, cleaned his jacket, returned to his own place, coughed, turned right and left, put his finger inside his ear, scratched it violently, put his hand on his middle, straightened between the thighs, straightened his shirt, and looked right and left.

The waiter put three dishes and one glass of wine on the table. He picked up the fork, looked right and left, pushed around what was in the dish, collected potato and vegetables, pushed them in his mouth,



“Cafe Scene” by Ernst Barlach (c. 1920)

cut the food with his teeth quickly. He pushed a piece of fried aubergine into his mouth, moved it quickly in his mouth because it was hot.

He drank some of the wine, pressed on the meat piece, blew on it, pushed it into his mouth, pressed it with his teeth, ate it at once, drank a little of the wine, looked right and left, collected lot of vegetables and put them in his mouth, he took a handkerchief, cleaned around his mouth, returned the handkerchief to his pocket, took a tissue, cleaned around his mouth, returned the tissue beside the plate, and looked around.

He pushed on an aubergine piece, and pushed on some other piece, he put both pieces in his mouth, took a

sip of the wine, put his finger under his bottom lip, took what remained of the food and put it all at once in his mouth, he then took a piece of meat in his hand, put it in his mouth, put his hand on his middle, and straightened what lay between his thighs.

He took the rest of the wine, called the waiter, paid the bill, stood, straightened the sleeves, he put on his jacket, wore his overcoat, put his hat on his head, took out a coin from his pocket, put it on the table, left the place. Returned. Took out another coin. Put it on the table. Went out quickly. All the day he was lonely at home, he returned home quickly. Slept.

## What's happened to Arab Visual Art?

By Farouq Yousif

*Narration is not possible any more*

*Aesthetic is not possible any more*

*Searching for a painter who can stand with us towards living our life*

- **Paintings disappear.**
- *Do you mean the pictures that we put on the wall?*
- **Is there some other type of paintings?**
- *Yes.*

### **Aesthetics was exterminated**

Painting has a virtual and hypothetical existence, as has architecture and city planning. In times of war there are maps, without which nothing can be reached, but only the sure disappointment of what those maps do not describe is exactly what the artist works to prove.

Perhaps that work of the artist leads us to catch a language that is under the language, language that we pick up through a sharp vision, assuming that AL ADRISI imagined a map of the globe and implemented it on paper. This map becomes like the work of the diviners in the temples who were caring for the suggested forms of the old Gods.

Across the globe there is the temptation of the artists to rid the world of the paintings as known in the previous time. Considered as the "paintings" this description is of nature and not the environment. This temptation shows a deep desire to go through the techniques of the reality of daily life in order to reach the depth of some event.

This temptation is the centre of the artist's thinking, the intellectual one and the visual one at the same time. I remember a friend of mine who graduated from a Polish art school and who came to Baghdad to teach at the Fine Art academy, he told me that 0% of the painting act is thinking, but at that time I could not comprehend the concept.

Today I remember this idea as a prophecy. At that time we were obliged that the painter should imagine the world through his own eyes, it was an old idea that that held Arab painting back, but one which the movement now embraces.

Herbert Reed improvised a true puzzle in front



© Ziad Dallou

of theatre events that happened during the Sixties, he could not understand how aesthetic can be possible out of the painting/sculpture, yet the puzzle of Reed became stupid and that was because the concept of aesthetics was exterminated.

It is not necessary that artists pay attention to aesthetic or even making beauty, there is another world, artists do not feel that there is a need to create a light song for this world, a world that needs something other than the aesthetic that decorates, cheats, deceives and leads to a world of illusion in which nothing exists.



© Akram Hamzi (all images above)

### The invention of gunpowder

When gunpowder had been invented, the old idea about war disappeared, the elements' imagination won body skills, empires collapsed because they couldn't absorb the huge surprise, and the miracle was bigger than the capacity of understanding. What happened to Arab Visual Art (Arab culture, in general) was exactly the same.

The concept of Arab Visual Art is still a concept that the pioneers brought with them from Istanbul, or Europe, no one could take that concept away, although the subjects, forms and techniques were changing between now and then; painters continue consuming a Western concept in which art consumed it long ago.

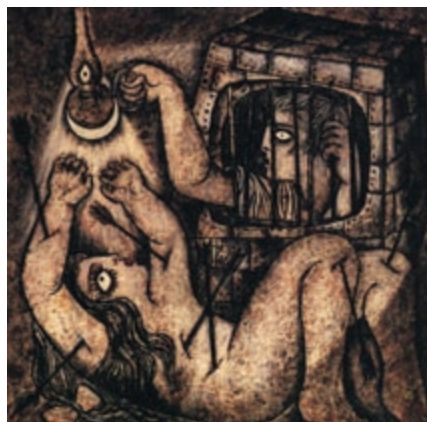
Those concepts became empty of presenting the real life of mankind,

a concept that became like an empty goldmine. We can imagine the miserable scenery of people who get the habit to live there, challengers left with the golden dust but the shine of that dust remains reflecting in their closed eyes.

In one way or another, the Arab painter turned all those secrets of the Western visual art into a new profession. Elements became invalid, such as consuming the

great gifts without any mercy, and it is an unfortunate matter that the loss was painful, but who knows the size of the efforts that the Arab painter spent over the last decades.

Until the Sixties of the last century, the run was accepted because it was expressing a desire to follow the Western visual product, an attempt which could put Arab Visual Arts in the right direction, but the way itself turned



© Khuzaima Alwan



© Khuzaima Alwan





© Ali Mukawass

out to be wrong, so the Arab painter remains standing in front of a wall not knowing what to do.

I see that the mistake was on the quality of the vividness that Arab painters receive the other's visual products, vividness that imitates more than analyzing and is inspired by the others, which is why Arab painters still paint in the same way that the Western painters have paint for centuries.

Arab painters lost the concept which became difficult to know, not for a particular thing, but because the concept itself was a part of a culture that we cannot know the significance of its truths.

### Not separate from its elements

Is it reasonable that Arab Visual Art show us to be rebellious and genius, while the entire life surrounding Arabs invites and inspires obedience, repetition and redoing, as if the whole of life was put into an industrial factory just making ready forms? As we say, Iraqi paintings, Syrian paintings and Egyptian paintings, we do not know that we indicated the cultural catastrophe that we now live in its chapters. The short expression turns us to picture, a picture that cannot be separated from its elements.

When I saw the paintings of the Syrian painter Ziad Dalloul I felt that he is a painter who is clear from the influence of the Syrian environment. I told myself that this artist make me feel hope, but he is not a representative to all, because he lived in Paris a long time ago. He could pick the points that make him free, which is why he is one of those high-cultured people.

Syrian culture may not pay attention to Ziad, simply because he is busy in the process of participation of making the image of visual art for human, but we can also say a similar opinion about Fadhel Ukroufi, an Iraqi Artist who lives and works in Italy, with his relationship to his native country.

Dealing with heritage figures and folkloristic

figures became the best way of marketing the art in the so-to-say "Arab art market" (if there is such a market), so as more of the artists deal with these figures and as more he/she wants, then the price becomes higher. All this happened in the shadow of a huge lie entitled "Arab Art".

In the critics' world, the concept of art means as we define it, but this concept went away a long time ago, so, for example, there is a pioneering Iraqi artist named Faek Hassan that has rich Arab people combating to collect his paintings. However, these paintings were not accepted to be shown in a gallery in the west.

### Betraying the truth

This is not underestimation, but what has happened to Iraq, and what has happened to Gaza clearly shows that we are the owners of a defeated culture; paintings and art are not exceptional, the Arab cultural reactions showed weak cultural concepts and, as a nation, we hide behind those concepts.

In Iraq we haven't got deep and real modernism, as we were saying, because through a one-finger sign the country returned to a tribal, sectarian and barbarian time. The tragedy of Arab painting (Arab Culture) is that we do not look and care about what we live and what is waiting us - hypocritical imagination betraying the truth.

The World changed, this sentence witnessed what happened in Iraq, Afghanistan and Gaza, and it is a sentence that should inspire art (culture) to be changed too:

*Because narration is not possible any more  
Aesthetic is not possible any more.*

© Ziad Dallou



# Short Story

## Amaranthus

By Alexandra Pereira

Frankly, I found myself compelled to investigate what was going on. It was a clean morning in March, one of those you think, after long and deterrent Winter months, are made in the form of a glass wave blowing petals, the gift of a satin mask laid over the landscape, sent by the pagan gods to flirt with our eyes as they drink gulps of glittering sprouts and dance the icy spirits of Winter away. The pavement was shiny because of the dew. I noticed the frozen colors melting around me and sat on the small granite wall near the store house with the rusty roof. I was waiting for something, didn't know what.

"You are always so sure of everything" – one of my friends used to feel some admiration for my decisiveness. Now it seemed as if it was impossible to think or forget. My fingers played nervously in my pockets. On my pupils, the purple Amaranthus were nothing but a disturbing reflex of the night I had just experienced. What exactly had happened? – my mind was still asking while my body felt like a trapped animal, endangered and lost. Such sweaty question occupied all the available space in my brain, the synapses between neurons and at least ||||| five risen hairs, it echoed on the chills through my skin, my restless legs, the way I stared at the emergency stairs

on the back side of the building

### in front of me.

I needed a compass. When a man faces a woman like that, he has nothing left to do but... run away. I couldn't run, I was paralysed and hunted down. My legs were shaking, my mind was frozen. And the damn Amaranthus staring back, I couldn't

avoid noticing them, their mocking smiles.

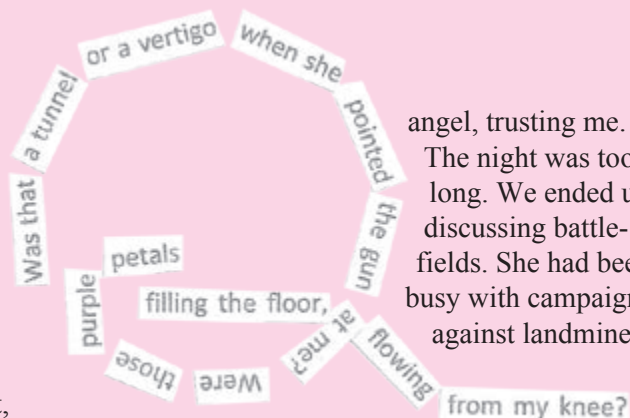
I slipped on those, my pants were stained. She had relentless eyes, hidden under an elegant, close fitted cloche hat, strangely matched with denim jeans. I needed a compass. I didn't know what I needed. An aspirin, maybe? They say it is good for your heart... My blood was boiling and my brain was simmering. Nothing to think about or forget. No possibilities. No understandings. No food.

My stomach protested, I felt tired of staring at those emergency stairs. A neighbor was sweeping the balcony and watering not Amaranthus, Wisterias on the backside of his apartment, so I figured I should push my lame body to the other side of the road. The cafeteria, called "North Star", was no more than a few hundred meters away from the store house. I sat there drinking a coffee and eating my mushroom pie while I thought it had been a bad idea to come back anyway. After last night, I mean. Sweetener, sweetener, where's the sweetener? A man in my age shouldn't worry about anything harder than the place where they keep the sweetener on a peripheral cafeteria terrace.

Her sweetness had been the centre of my attention all night long. It was warm inside the bar, the air got sticky and I had stopped feeling my throat because of the cool drinks. She leaned over, my heart beat like a jungle drum. "I want to go home" – she whispered, a little dizzy. How could I say no? She was there like an

angel, trusting me.

The night was too long. We ended up discussing battlefields. She had been busy with campaigns against landmines



and

genocides. Her face blushed when I gave a "wrong" opinion: "They say they shouldn't call it genocide. I don't think you should call it anything. Don't call. If you can, don't listen."

The noise creeps me out, even if the phone is mine. The waitress came outside to ask if I wanted any more coffee or sweetener or pie, she was surprised when in spite of my headache I refused the coffee. Nevermind. They were playing the album *Nevermind*, thus I dispensed any reflections. I don't need thoughts, you know – the morning after thinking I have to deal with the hangover and don't know whether I should wear the right tennis shoe on the left foot anymore. Right goes right. Left goes left. I must remember this. I should find a hobby and entertain myself instead of staring – this was a thought. I left the car next to the hairdresser's

saloon, the keys somewhere safe, somehow I recalled it when the sparkles of dignity struck me.

"You tried to shoot me last night,



you wounded my leg, and now you want me to go and have dinner with you on a trendy restaurant?" "It is my opportunity to apologize" "Apologize?" "I know what you're thinking: you're thinking I don't actually mean it, or I want to hurt you even more seriously" "Now why can that be?" "I assure you – it is not about a scheme to harm you nor anything like that" "It is not?" "No" "What a relief. Well how can I be sure then?" "Stop complaining, just come" she ordered. I would do so at night, after carefully pondering on the possible consequences of my decision during one fifth of a second. It was enough time for the nightmares with *Amaranthus* to vanish. That morning, from that glorious terrace above the sky, my mind decided that botany was best.

As a hobby. Nobody has ever taken me seriously. Then the brisk winds dried my face.

She had such a moistened baby-face skin – such trivial thoughts occupied my mind at the bar. "I wish I could just stop listening, unfortunately my heart is connected with my ears" she answered in a tough voice. "I could never understand people like you, but I admire them" I declared, as I finished my last whisky. We went out of the bar and I drove her home, on our way I stopped by my place to check the dog. Acapulco was eating my black turtle beans stew and biting the couch. I always heard that if you name your monsters they become pets, but if you name your pets they can certainly become monsters too. Black bean monsters with sauce all over their snout and small traces of bell pepper sliding from their legs or

paws. I was glad with the fact that monsters can't turn the cooker or the oven on yet.

Sometimes, she could burn my mind. I could walk, chat, call, fight, ice skate with her (her hair floating, her smile sinking me), eat an ice cream at midnight and sip a coffee, things would never change. My mind in ashes afterwards. Things don't change. This was something I learned a long time ago. We all look forward, still it is only A looking forward, exactly the same thing as looking back. Acapulco sighed. Or was it my wish taking a deep breath?

A lady in the cafeteria complained about the youth while I tried to guess the newspapers' crossword puzzle. "They don't know what they wish these days, even less what they want." I knew my knee wanted a warm bed and rest. I was still astonished with that shameless phone call. On the other hand, it was exciting.

On my way out, I nodded goodbye to the lady like a good scout, my tights were feeling uneasy, I felt like the bones of my arms were too heavy to rise a hand, my feet nailed to the ground. But I managed to walk back to the car and drive home safely.

After checking Acapulco, we went to her place.

And everything was fine until I mentioned

### the *Amaranthus*.

She went crazy. Not only did she go crazy, she picked up a gun from the living room drawer. "I meant, they are pretty" I explained. But the rage pressed her lips against each other. I said "What are you doing?", "What do you know about those plants?" she asked, "What do you mean?" I murmured. And before I knew it, a bullet had scratched my knee, My pants were stained.

She didn't walk, she flowed into the restaurant with an impeccable red night dress on. And with her, the smell of darkness came in. I had made a full collection of napkin sketches while I waited. An old friend recognized me and stopped besides my table. He had the hands in his pockets and didn't look surprised nor anxious at all, just curious.

What are you doing?  
Painting my story.

You're always so sure of everything.

He turned away whistling. A few minutes later, she came in.

"Can you please forget what happened last night?" she asked impatiently, folding the tissue napkin she always carried in her handbag on her lap.

I can't  
You can't  
I really can't  
But I can  
No, you can't  
I'm telling you  
Oh shut up

The silence that followed was moving. After a long night, the kiss felt good as well. Often it pays back if you just shut up and don't make any stupid botanic comments. You never know how angry can your interlocutor become.

blood or purple  
petals or both  
were flowing from it and forming a small pool on the floor.

## About post modern narration

By Amir Khatib

**Today is surrounded by old landscapes. Old, sculptured and ugly, started not as I wished and planned, but then I will make it old - I think that is a good start for a random short story. The word 'random' is generated to falsify the critics, clever and stupid critics together; the stupid critic will say that the storyteller wants to draw from reading falsehoods, while the clever critic will write that the storyteller wants to orientate the diction into a blind area which will be difficult to define the short story.**

The term 'random', absurdly, might mean something that we should not care about or to what should be said. The term has the desire to produce a short story - short, realistic and romantic if necessary. Perhaps modern, yes modern, the matter is very easy, playing with the form, fragmented theme, rain of ready sentences and accidently accomplished techniques.

I could change the word 'accidently' by putting in its place 'experimental' - experiment is a term close to the critic's commodity, so then it is an experimental story. I would rather write that it is not a short story, but rather a diction that experiment generated. By this deception I will be saved from all of those crazy people, since the cover of diction is wide, and you can bury all mistakes under the cover of diction.

The Storyteller today is surrounded by old landscapes, a master not limited by the time of the event, and here I mean the story, the short

story that I call diction. The word of event is not suitable to describe all types of literature because it might be understood that there is some inherited type that pulls diction into the area of narration, and it might bring to the mind value added creatures and put diction in the accused location.

I return for the third time to the beginning of narration and, again, here I mean the short story. From the word 'oldness' I will make a five-line story, perhaps even ten, seventy, a hundred - the end will stop the work after it will be called a short story, but I did not plan anything.

The room of the dreaming storyteller hung from the roof of some café, a small room in the world of the story, yet I think that the room should be small, dirty with a bad smell like forgotten garbage in a denied poor area. The old, dirty and bad-smelling room see what happens in the café and vice-versa; the pedestrians eating in the room look to the heart of the room where some popular picture of some old man with a good face puts his elbows on a wooden table upon which sits a cheap bottle of alcohol, a broken glass, some bad kind of cigarettes, a matchbox and some old bread.

The bricks of the room should be old, dirty and dusty, the alcohol must be cheap and the cigarettes really must be of the bad kind, since the old man is coughing and spitting - on the floor there is some blood in his spit. These descriptions might make the smell of the place closer to diction, but I invite you now to delete the last five lines, because it



Van Gogh's "Old Man in Sorrow"

was just padding; it might give the inspiration of a novel, yet this is none of my business because I want it to be a short story only.

I will use the technique of cutting; I will write something that has no relation to the first lines. Look at this:

The beginning of the seventies of the last century an Egyptian came like rain to Mesopotamia, these Egyptians are a nice funny nation laughing and telling jokes all the time, positive, each one of them kindly receives any other, they make laughter even if they wake up to a disaster.

So did you understand something?

No, of course!!

I am like you.....

## Boats and Burdens: Kites and Shattered Dreams

*For the women of Iraq who despite burden upon unprecedented burden stand tall, proud and resilient, like her precious date palms, nurturing like the sweet waters of Dijla and Furat. And for her children who will reclaim the skies with their imagination and the future with their dreams.*



*Sarab Kites and Shattered Dreams*  
Oil on canvas 90x110cm 2008



*Hala Kites and Shattered Dreams*  
Oil on canvas 80x100cm 2008

this exhibition. A culmination of three decades of sheer inspiration, creativity and intense artistic involvement *Boats and Burdens: Kites and Shattered Dreams* is a collection of paintings and ceramics, essentially in response to the war on Iraq, her land and her people.

The exhibition will be inaugurated by Dr Venetia Porter, curator of the Islamic and Modern Middle Eastern Art collections, British Museum and curator of the touring exhibition *Word into Art* (British Museum 2006, DIFC Dubai 2008).

*Boats and Burdens: Kites and Shattered Dreams* is my fifteenth solo exhibition to date, the first after a long fifteen year break! My last was in 1995, just before I embarked on a life changing journey delving into the works of Iraq's noteworthy artists; *Strokes of Genius: Contemporary Iraqi Art*, followed by the establishment of Aya Gallery which I co-founded in London with my husband the architect Ali Mousawi in 2002.

Having dedicated much of the past years promoting important others, I decided it was now due to focus on my own art, the outcome of which has been

*Boats and Burdens: Kites and Shattered Dreams*  
25 March - 25 June 2009  
Ayagallery, London, UK  
[www.ayagallery.co.uk](http://www.ayagallery.co.uk)  
[www.kitesanddreams.com](http://www.kitesanddreams.com)



*Tomorrow... My Heart will Heal Earthstone,*  
velvet and acrylic 30x19x10cm 2008



*Golden Bird Earthstone,*  
glaze and gold 24x20cm 2008

## Brushing with computers

By Thanos Kalamidas



The role of the brush for a painter is essential but not critical. I often remember what a close friend of mine says: We live a virtual life where even money is something we don't see any more. There are virtual brushes ready to replace or even give more solutions to the artists. We just have to accept that is not the brush that is painting but the mind and the brush are just other tools we use. For experienced painters, brushes are nothing more than one more tool in their arsenal when expressing ideas, feelings, pictures and meaning.

Most of my creative life I have been drawing cartoons and comics, and I'm not going to judge how long it took for the mainstream to realize that the comic is a form of art and how many glorious names died feeling that what they were doing was nothing more than pulp despite the fact that their work was really admirable. Instead I'm going to talk about a new tool that has entered our life over the last few decades and we still find it difficult to accept. The worst part is that we not only find it difficult to accept it as a tool to make art but that we don't discover all its abilities and they are endless - just like it worked for centuries with brushes - I use the example of brushes because I'm more familiar. Of course, I'm talking about computers.

I think the main mistake that has been made with computers,

particularly with the programs, is that both sides felt competitive and by both sides I mean the companies that produce the programs and the creators from the other. However, let's return to the brushes. Brushes haven't got any magic. We all use exactly the same brushes that artist such as Leonardo Da Vinci and Matisse have used and today everybody who buys a couple of brushes to learn painting joins this club. Yes, there are defenders of qualities. I'm very proud for a few made from deer hair myself and the way they react with oil but then learning techniques back in college I was impressed by the many ways you can use the brush depending upon the way you hold it and the way the brush lays upon the canvas - a most impressive result.

Later, following the example of the masters, I started using different materials including my fingers to often get a better result or the result I wanted, but always - I emphasize this - the painting started and finished in my mind. The brush, and even my hand, was just a tool to accomplish my creation and nothing more. The brush could be easily replaced by a pen, charcoal, a piece of wood and, as I said before, my fingers or a small spatula so why not a computer? And going a bit further, why not see the digital creations as a form of art that we can embrace and include in the master works. Going another step further, there are digital

pieces of master works in the most unbelievable places. Have you ever seen these computer games that are going around lately?

Most of the time when we talk about computer games I suppose most of us think of Pac-Man or something similar, very simple and primal works. But this it, these are primitive works and digital work has moved unbelievably far creating some fantastic results. We should all take a better look at the computer game world in order to try to understand and even learn from them. Where is the danger? You may end up adding another tool in your creation arsenal and perhaps discover the opportunity to move your work into different dimensions.

A key factor when using computers to create art is the better control over the result and the more than three-dimensional effects. But here again I used a magic word for computer users. Effects! Computers are fine so long as you see them as just another tool with multiple uses, but the minute you think those computers and all the effects can create art we are returning to the darkest times of digital art. Computers and all the effects programmers haven't added "don't do art" to their programs, on the contrary they are creating a very narrow view of the result and are succeeding in only one thing: the reproduction of exactly the same thing again and again.

And here is the huge mistake that programmers have made while trying to reach a bigger audience for their sales: they lost the people who can actually improve and give life to it, they often promote as both the solution and the magic answer. Computers, just like brushes, cannot

paint, cannot think, cannot create, cannot have ideas, it doesn't matter how much they are going to evolve. The human brain is the only one who can do all that and it is the real master of the art. Still, putting aside all that, computers can become a very useful tool in the process of creating really inspiring works.



## The Unanimous Life

**In this new solo exhibition, Deimantas Narkevičius (Lithuania, 1964) explores the links between record, memory and testimony in a selection of video and film works as well as sculptures and photography. Ranging from earlier pieces such as *Europe 54° 54' – 25° 19'* (1997), shot using old Soviet film equipment, to newer works like *Revisiting Solaris* (2007), this selection of Narkevičius' oeuvre lays bare the paradox inherent in a society's collective memory and projections of themselves in future.**

His work can be described as a skilful synthesis of contemporary biographies layering historical footage that shows audiences how easy it is to mythologise reality. This major retrospective represents the first opportunity for Dutch and regional audiences to see in detail a broad selection of the artist's films and other works produced over the past 10 years.

### Reality and myth

Narkevičius is an artist whose work is primarily developed in film and video format, although on occasion he has also worked with sculpture, photographs and installations. His oeuvre subtly addresses a key theme in modern day societies: our relationship with temporality and memory. Specifically, Lithuania's transition from a Soviet society to the constitution of an independent democratic state has given Narkevičius an opportunity to emphasise the importance of



Deimantas Narkevičius, *His-Story*, 1998, film still

understanding the emergence of a new dimension of historical time. The need to understand the connection between the memory of life experiences and the memory of imagined events is radically evident in one of his latest pieces, *Revisiting Solaris* (2007).

However, it would be a mistake to describe his work as documentary. What Deimantas Narkevičius' various creations lead us to believe is that it is as easy to mythologise reality – what has happened or is happening – as it is to discover that myths are capable of generating powerful effects of reality. Right from the start, spectators are drawn into a situation where they must discern the useful pasts from the disposable ones; and at the same time, they become aware of the importance of producing a collective imagery of what is to come, grounded in a full

awareness of its potential political applications.

### Vilnius and Lithuania

Deimantas Narkevičius emerged as part of a wider community of artists and curators based in the Lithuanian capital Vilnius at the beginning of the 1990s. This group was centred around the Contemporary Art Centre in Vilnius, which was an extremely productive space for presentation and discussion. While Vilnius continues to be an important art centre in the region, this period of change in the 1990s gave the artists from Narkevičius' generation a particularly rich experience that has remained a shaping factor in their art.

The works of Narkevičius are strongly influenced by Soviet-era film making traditions, combined



with constructivist, conceptual and post-conceptual strategies. Narkevičius encountered some of these after the renewed independence of Lithuania in 1991. His production therefore crosses over and through the divide in what might be termed the ‘aesthetic ideology’ that marked the Cold War period. While the western half of the 1945 line of demarcation in Europe issued a militant call for artistic autonomy, the socialist east emphasised almost exclusively the social and political function of art.

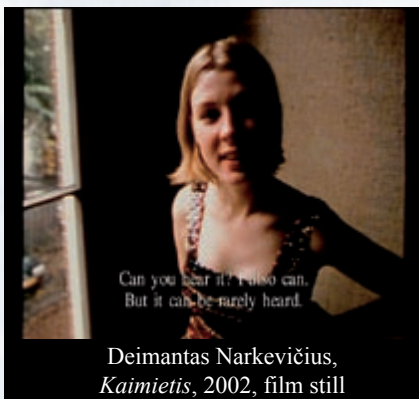
### The Van Abbemuseum

Deimantas Narkevičius has already become an important artist for the Van Abbemuseum. In 2008, Narkevičius won the prestigious Vincent Award, annually presented at the Stedelijk Museum Amsterdam. The work *Energy Lithuania* (2000) was one of the first purchases Charles Esche made after he started as director of the Van Abbemuseum in 2004. It is a crucial film, not only in his oeuvre, but also in the process of reflection on the dramatic global changes which were announced with the collapse of real existing socialism in 1989.

For over a year, this film was shown in the museum together with a group of works from the El Lissitzky collection. This combination, linking the beginnings of the Soviet experiment with its aftermath, was a way to bridge the commonly perceived divides in western European understanding and to link the past programme as a museum



Deimantas Narkevičius,  
*Energy Lithuania*, 2000, film still



Deimantas Narkevičius,  
*Kaimietis*, 2002, film still



Deimantas Narkevičius,  
*Individual and Team Contest*, 1995

with the current policy of focusing the collection on work from Central and Eastern Europe. The museum has since then added one further work, *Revisiting Solaris* (2007), to the collection, securing the artist a significant presence in Eindhoven for the future. Now, this full-scale exhibition is a further opportunity to get to know Narkevičius more and to compare his work with other artistic positions from the same period in the presentations of our permanent collection Plug In and Living Archive.

“The Unanimous Life” has been organised by the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia in Madrid, in collaboration with the Van Abbemuseum and Kunsthalle Bern. The exhibition is curated by Chus Martínez (Museu d’Art Contemporani de Barcelona) and Annie Fletcher (Van Abbemuseum). The Unanimous Life has been realised in part by a contribution by the Mondriaan Foundation.

In conjunction with this exhibition, a catalogue (English/Spanish) will be published at the end of February by the museum Reina Sofia, containing essay contributions by Christa Blümlingern, Boris Buden, Chus Martínez, Gerald Raunig, and Dieter Roelstraete.

Participants

*Until June 1st 2009*  
*The Unanimous Life*  
*Solo exhibition by Deimantas Narkevičius*

*Van Abbemuseum*  
*Bilderdijkstraan 10*  
*Eindhoven, Netherlands*  
<http://vanabbemuseum.nl>



# Last Drop

## Falling into darkness

By Avtarjeet Dhanjal

**Roopa walks in with a big smile and pair of bright eyes, eyes that exude the delight of being alive.**

I met Roopa and her husband a couple of years ago in a conference, the only couple in the whole crowd that you would like to meet again and again. The love between the two gave me the feeling that they had only just fallen in love with each other, but when I later visited them in India it was to my surprise that they had been married for nearly twenty years and they have a son who is almost sixteen.

Today, I asked Roopa to tell me a story. She hesitates a little and then narrates to me a story that she had read years ago:

“There was a couple; both loved each other more than themselves. The husband was suffering from an un-curable disease and dying slowly. The woman couldn’t see him suffering; so she decided to end his suffering sooner rather than later. She started to mix a small amount of poison into his daily medicine.

The man loved the woman with equal intensity and wanted to die as quickly as possible. To reduce the suffering of his wife, he decided not take the medicine to accelerate his death, without knowing that the medicine could actually fulfill his wish.”

Roopa finished the story at this point. I asked her further, why did she like this story? Did she see herself in the role of the woman in the story?

My question put Roopa into deep thought. Many different expressions came and went over her face. I could almost see many different scenes of a documentary being played between her dark eyelashes.

She tried to say something, but she

seemed rather shaken, she had to think of something that she did not want to think. Like most people she did not want even to imagine herself in such a situation. I could see from her face, she had to think the unthinkable, especially when she is perpetually in love with her man.

After a few moments, her eyes brightened and she opened her red lips to say something, and she stopped for moment. I could almost guess the thoughts being formed in her head and then taking shape into words, “I know that if I happen to be in the situation where this woman in the story was, where I would feel being thrown into a dark alley, ‘something’ in me would come out to show me the way forward.”

I questioned Roopa further, if this ‘something’ would come from her own being or from the aura of love that they both have created around them? I was trying to force her to analyze her very source, from where her poetry comes?

She answers in her poetic language. She says, “I believe there was a *chushma*/spring of creativity within me, my husband came into my life and lifted the stone that was blocking the flow of water/creativity. Only then I discovered how much life had given me that have been flowing abundantly through my poetry since. That is source in my life I get all the answers, even the most difficult ones.

While I was talking to Roopa, an old friend of mine Manu called.

Manu had another story. In this story, the woman was born into a well-off loving family. The woman was gifted with everything one could dream of, she grew into a tall beautiful woman with a talent for art and music, had a university education up to Masters in Literature

and Philosophy. All the tools a modern woman of her generation could ask for to start a healthy creative fulfilling life.

This very feeling that she was gifted with everything she needed became her prison. During the last three decades I had seen her she had been continuously digging herself deeper and deeper in to a hole, and where she was now had left her with nothing other than weeping and self pity.

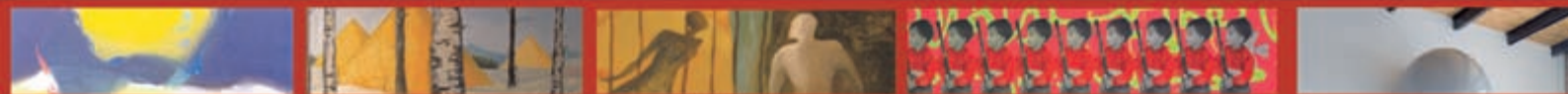
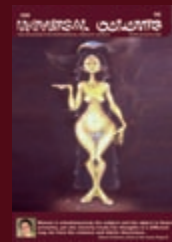
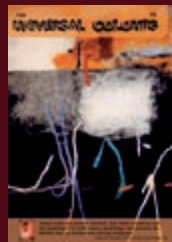
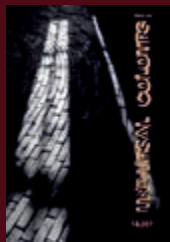
The woman in her story is continuously building a wall higher and higher everyday, where she can see herself only, but nothing else.

Manu, has called several times, asking me when I shall be in her city? When I asked her, what she would like to do when I shall be there. Her answer was the same that she had given me for the last thirty years, “Nothing, I have nothing to share, I am only waiting for the end of my life.” Then she told me about a poem, an obituary that she had already written for herself.

Roopa was still sitting in front of me, her eyes still shining, waiting to tell me, “I have so much to share, that I feel I can continuously write my poetry non-stop for years to come.”

When I visualized the large gap between Roopa and Manu, I felt falling deep into this dark gap. I feel the endless darkness around me at the bottom of my fall. Something came out of me like a light; I got up and wrote the above page to share with you. I feel I have two unlimited sources of different energies that would take me years to realize, examine and write and share with you.

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CAISA

# OURVISION 2009 SINGING CONTEST



**THIS IS OURVISION!** The popular Ourvision Singing Contest is here again. The newly renovated Savoy Theatre lights up in all the colours of the rainbow, as an international group of performers take the stage to compete for the Ourvision 2009 championship.

## SEMIFINALS

HOSTED BY  
JANI TOIVOLA

**FRI 13.3. 7-10 P.M.**

AFRO-, AMERICA- AND MIDDLE EASTVISION  
TICKETS: 15 / 10 €

**FRI 27.3. 7-10 P.M.**

ASIA- AND EUROPEVISION  
TICKETS: 12 / 8 €

LOCATION: SAVOY THEATRE, KASARMIKATU 46-48, HELSINKI



## GRANDE FINALE

HOSTED BY  
JANI TOIVOLA

**SAT 25.4. 8-11 P.M.**

Magnificent Finlandia Hall is breath taking venue for the memorable journey across the globe. Glitter and great performances are certain when 10 finalists compete for the Ourvision 2009 winning title. Buy your tickets on time!

TICKETS: 20/17/15/10 €

LOCATION: FINLANDIA HALL, MANNERHEIMINTIE 13 E, HELSINKI

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OURVISION  
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TICKETS TO ALL EVENTS AT THE DOOR FROM 1 H BEFORE SHOWTIME OR ADVANCE TICKETS FROM LIPPUPALVELU, 0600 10 800 (1,83 € / MINUTE + LOCAL NETWORK CHARGE) OR 0600 10 020 (5,99 € / MINUTE + LOCAL NETWORK CHARGE)