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UNIVERSAL CONTOURS

THE MAGAZINE FOR PROFESSIONAL MIGRANT ARTISTS



UNIVERSAL COLOURS

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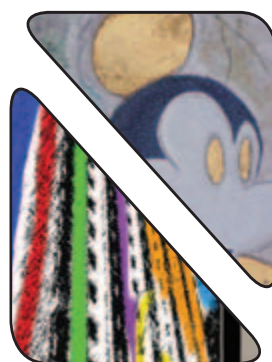
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Editorial



HERE WE WELCOME THE SUMMER, WE LOOK FORWARD TO PRE-EMINENCE IN THE SKY WHICH IS NOT STRANGE TO US, HERE ARE OUR EYES EATING UP NATURE HOPING THAT THERE IS A FUTURE ON THE HORIZON, AND WE WILL SEE THE SOUL OF THE DIASPORA UNBURDENED BY SILKY HANDS.

However, as we said in the last issue of *Universal Colours*, there is hope on that horizon after the return of the soul to the body of multicultural society and we hope that it will work again to which I mean the election of the American precedent, I mean president, Barack Obama.

I do believe that we, the world population, together enjoy what is happening today in the world; there is no war news anymore, or at least it starts to diminish, and I can say that wars are not foreseeable too.

Yes, that is what give us hope to continue, but it is the secret of continuing our work and the mystery of our hope for that day to build and set up what we aspire. I ask, is there a bigger and more important goal than self-fulfilment? This ever-lasting question of Socrates “know yourself” remains the riddle of happiness to mankind.

Before I go too far, it is time to discuss what we had been planning for the last three months. After publishing the last issue of *Universal Colours*, which was once again produced through the effort of many of our esteemed colleges and the good heart of those who work with us voluntarily, we could keep the principle of a theme for each issue.

The last issue’s theme was “Short story and visual art” and it worked so well that we received a great deal of feedback and encouragement. For this issue we decided

to have the theme “Poetry and visual arts”. These themes were suggested by Mr. Thanos Kalamidas at the beginning of the year, so it seems that his suggestions work well.

We have had some other things to do with our organisation EU-MAN, which was the serious attempt of opening a permanent EU-MAN gallery in Kaapelitehdas, one of the most important cultural venues in Helsinki.

On April 14th, in cooperation with the Manege Museum and the City Art Hall of St. Petersburg, we arranged an exhibition of 18 artists (13 from St. Petersburg and five from our members). Mr. Goubankov Anton Nikolaevich, Chairman of Culture committee of SPB, and Mrs. Larisa Skobkina, curator of the museum, both attended, as did many of the artists from both Russia and Finland, plus the Russian Ambassador H.E. Mr. Rummyantsev was among the many members of the public who made the effort to join us (See more on page 29).

We did hope that we could continue the work of this gallery but we have faced a large number of difficulties and we can only hope that we can overcome them in the near future.

One thing remains to say: Autumn is coming and it holds variable surprises, such as its colourfulness to us, so we wait to see what can happen and be achieved.

Amir Khatib



Exhibition Review

Thamer Dawood: Letters brought to life

By Salah Abbas, Editor of Tashkil Magazine
Baghdad Iraq, 2009



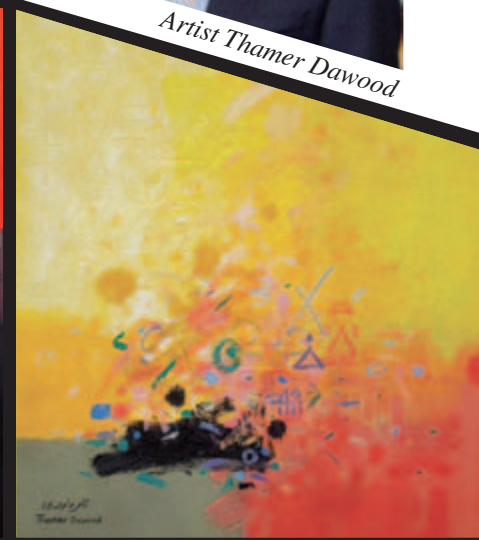
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TOLNITZ JEROME
WONDERS IF ART IS
A SCIENCE, WORK,
BELIEF, REFORM OR
...WHAT?

When we dive into the
world of the artist Thamer



Artist Thamer Dawood



Dawood, the questions open up like eyes focusing on the respectable meanings embedded in his paintings, calligraphies and designs. The major concern of the Artist lies in his discovery of his being and presenting it in coloured shapes, musical in tone, rendered sound by thorough understanding of General Art History and confirmed by his fine feelings and elaborate anticipation.

I had a chance to see the accomplishments of this artist in Baghdad. They represented a wonderful collection of oil, graphic and calligraphic paintings. After moving to the U.S., this artist maintained contact with me through Internet bridges. He sent me several pictures that deserve attention and study.

I knew Thamer well, and I value in him his solemn culture and his sensitive feelings for his being. His care for his art is a source of pride for all of us. An artist does not miss an opportunity to capture innovative thoughts by practicing painting on daily basis, without any disruption.

e or Immersion in meanings?

The Sheller statement: “The artist is present in front of you even if he is biting his fingernails” fits well. Because if we focus on this artist’s personality, we would find it superimposed on his art that is being realized by his fingers.

We are now exploring his world. We inspect his visual writings hoping to see his paintings divulge his secrets. That is where we discover his real intention and aims as we should. Then we report it to the observer. An artist does not speak loudly of a case and does not argue a specific thought in as much as it relates to understanding the value of the Art and the essence of

symbolism with expressiveness. Sometimes, we see him put away certain choices and other times he insures its presence according to a predetermined intention.

Art to him is not playing or passing time or the luxury of a means to make him feel superior. It is the expressiveness emanating from his inner feelings and his beliefs rooted in his secrets as a Moslem artist.

The mandatory reflections will lead to improving the shape away from militant deviations or escape from natural instincts or repressiveness that accumulates like calcification layers.



beauty. How are we then to describe his new paintings?

The artist painted in colour, and deep touch, sections with relief scratches and lines. His painting is a presence that reflects the Artist’s secrets not through visual and signal units descending from the old history, but from the Artist’s logical understanding of modernity as getting along with current happenings in the world.

A painting reflects the true understanding of the Artist of the various aspects of life. That is why we found him work in the realm of isolation in its meaning that accepts some expressive inclusions like keeping names and stylish exposure of the painting direction through calculated design, and without using the well known raw ingredients in the art of painting.

We also do not find a trace of human body or visual pictures of beings, because isolation by an Artist marries

Colour and deep touch and the surface of the painting, as well as the shining moments of excellence coming to him from the depth of history forces him to reflect and pray. This type of mystic work makes him conform to what he loves. Personal boundaries will show themselves whether the Artist likes it or not.

It seems to me that Thamer Dawood works in balance with modernity. His artistic imagination takes him back to his early years and arouses in him added values of the ancient ancestors. Sectioning and symbolism reflect an intimidating, sacred picture that implies a clear conscience.

I believe that Thamer Dawood is determined to learn more in a limitless way, especially in the area of mechanics of work on thick materials, as it has unique properties which require him to resort to imagination and symbolism to show it up.

Theme

Written Text hypothetically, knowledgabl

By Ali Najjar

THE LETTER OF THE CODIFICATION DID NOT EXIST NOR HAS MEANING AT THE START

of the emergence of civilizations. But the picture was the actual and descriptive sentence in Sumerians' time, first when they start cuneiform writings (first write), then moved in and removed the lines of external images (which are already written) in parallel to the mental lines seeking the change.

To become sign functions to the indicative roots, whether it is actual or fictitious narrative, the shapes of the letters are mixed up as well, when languages fragmented, as in the tongues mixed up in Babylon's myths.

After the formulation of the legs was indication of walking or running, and eye for looking, the hand of the arresting or hunting, horn for capturing animals... The irony lies in the fact that our contemporary metaphor recovered these features in conceptual density, as has regained many of the details of the past times cultural in mixture receipt which is the strangest thing of all ages.

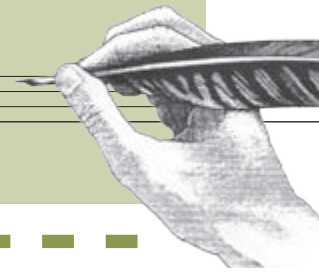
Some of the world alphabets have the possibility of self-compliance of the artistic and chalcographical formulations functional, especially Eastern alphabets, including Chinese, Hindi, Arabic, and the parallel trend, whether Buddhist or Sufi Islam, each produced elegant texts of high artistic quality.

Chinese or Japanese words formed clips (which is already paintings of relaxed brushes) unit of coherent style and contingent nature, or the enclosed drawn characters. As the Arabic text composed the "calligraphic lyric" (and here the sense of drawing the letter, not writing it) also as the all oriental calligraphy united with the decorative paintings, as on the Islamic architecture the copied calligraphy (reproduced books), as it is evident in the footnotes of the books.

Humanitarian, environmental and scientific manuscripts show the non-magical attitude preceded in some of the conceptual implications of contemporary texts codification (although the goal was the cultural differences). The hidden meanings that the contemporary texts worked on, is no different than those old ones only by the deal of the contemporary cultural needs, meanwhile the old once which try to hide its manners behind the cretins of the written texts, which is always beside the primitive paintings. So, most of the Arab painters reviewed the visual ability of the Arabic letter, and then produce a lot of their artworks on that principle and still doing.

On the sidelines of the global celebration of poetry in the Swedish city of Malmö, some five years ago a Yugoslavian artist performed a performance, recovered pictures of the old language on the screen with the pronouncing of the alphabet for each letter. Photos characters are cracked

y and visually



and ceased to exist because of cultural shifts of the image sequence, characters lost their meaning, but it still evoked images of the approaches sound and has compared the offer described visual performance.

In the beginning visual work was (paintings, sculptures or decorative) collectively owned, before the producer recorded his name on it, then the artist owned the work by signing it, the face of Picasso or shadows float above become the action parallel value. By this, the mane made a miracle comparable to the value of the work, it become as a myth. Myth repeated in the work of the later of which is invoked.

In the fifties of the last century, the known Iraqi sculptor Jawad Salim (who has the biggest and the most popular monument noted, that art is not to draw an apple, and write down the image of an apple, this is an apple? But artist Joseph Kossuth (1964) presented in accordance with the Holy author of the letter and photo of him in writing, three of the works on the single chair and complements each other and confirms its existence. But to emphasize the independence of each element of his work, although they constitute one single pet, yet they remain central space expatriate presented the concept of the three angles of the independence of the performance to the artist and audience.

On virtual web site about Iraq (www.iraqimemorial.org) an artist published his work which were two texts written on two T-Shirts, the first one (love me I am the Iraq) the other one (kill me I am the Iraq) this text “picture” reduces a lot of details as compared with any artwork of the dramatic situation of Iraq today.

It reminds me of the photographs of a southern Vietnamese military commander point his gun

at the head of one of the North Vietnamese, who killed him, this picture restore to the mind another image of a naked woman written on her naked body (the Stop the War) in several languages. If this virtual text witness the visual art of today since the sixties of the last century, that meant we are in the age of picture, and the concepts of visual, media, documentary and politic became hypothetic as well.

Most of the artworks formed time and place documents image, and the coded document became as biography of our daily lives, whether written or visual documents. Since the traditional codification tools (pen and paper) are no longer active in our time, we have replaced them with digital codification tools and computer programs.

The use of the extraordinary image exploitation techniques a wide range of out of arts, became a wide field to explore many artworks use the paper document manufactured from different materials with expatriate concern. Texts of artist On Okawara merely personalise messages to predict the dates of others that daily lives still go on.

Through the methods available (the sixtieth), when it was only documentation of the dates and events was intended to document the life and personal life was the main concern. The contemporary rebellious young crafty as use the hidden and shown spaces of the architectural space as well.

After that the relationship became mixed up between the reality and the imagination in our digital society, and the bottom became a numbers number establishing its digital human who milted among the million numbers, the knowledge turn to be a digit as well, belonging to the mechanism authority controlling our economy as controlling our dreams.

Under a Strange Sky

By Adnan Al Sayegh

A difficult equation
To divide yourself between two girls
Between two countries
Of police and pineapples
Between the two, you cling to a bottle
In a bar, with cockroaches leaping about.
Once you had the words, your path to the palm trees
From where did they come with their walls?
You turned aside to watch
The light of the distant masts
Rising and falling
Between the sobs and the sighs.

A bitter equation
To remain as you are,
Tossed upon the sand
Sketching a horizon, then erasing it
a flash of lightning, then removing it.
The near sky is more desirable
The distant sky ... more beautiful
But the guards' boots
Will bar you from the realm of nostalgia which twines
between the blossoms of your heart and the window.

A difficult equation
To exchange a dream for an illusion,
A woman for another
An exile for an exile.
And I ask:
Where is the path?!

.....

.....

Artist of the Issue



Ahlam Kites and Shattered Dreams 60x70cm 2008

Significance of Signs and Symbols in the Visual World

By Amir Khatib

WITH ALL OF LIFE'S PROFOUND EXPERIENCES, OR RATHER ANOMALIES AS LIVED BY EXPATRIATE ARTIST MAYSALOUN FARAJ, WE CAN RIGHTFULLY

and sincerely say, 'the greater the vision the lesser the words'. this argument is fully credible when it comes to the creative accomplishment of Maysaloun Faraj over three decades of intense artistic involvement, diligent commitment and a passionate yearning for knowledge and progress, particularly regarding contemporary Iraqi Art.



Maysaloun Faraj

Visit www.eu-man.org for more



Ameera Kites and Shattered Dreams 90x110cm 2008

A daughter of Iraq, Maysaloun was born in the US (1955) to Iraqi parents (both born in the holy city of Kerbela). She opened her eyes at the centre of the modern art world, travelling between the cities of Los Angeles, New York and Washington where her parents were studying and working at the time. From the outset, Faraj was surrounded by modern, post-modern and contemporary art. It was from this tender young age that she began to develop an appreciation for art, visually devouring all around her and inevitably recording much in her associative thought and memory.

Faraj's return to Iraq at the impressionable age of thirteen had a profound effect on shaping her outlook and understanding of life, humanity and the homeland, which became

Abu Abbass and Um Abbass 43x19cm 2003



a prime focus and principal concern in later years. Her architectural studies in Baghdad in the mid-1970s, coupled with her marriage to renowned Iraqi architect Ali Mousawi, further consolidated her ambition, passionate interest in Iraqi art and uncompromising creativity.

From the land between the two rivers, the *Cradle of Civilization; Mesopotamia*, where great empires rose and fell, dating back 7000 BC through Akkadian, Babylonian, Assyrian and Abbasid (762 AD) (during which time Baghdad was the capital and reached peak artistic expression), Maysaloun takes immense pride, inspiration and knowledge. Intrigued not only by the history, she took



Khalida Kites and Shattered Dreams 50x40cm 2008

deep interest in the practices, disciplines and experiences of Iraq's contemporary artists, not least of which was Jawad Selim (see box on page 13).

He was a decisive figure in Iraq's art movement and certainly an important and inspiring influence on Faraj's own creativity and artistic accomplishment. During her years as an architectural student, Maysaloun would frequently visit Selim's *Monument of Freedom* which still today stands erect and intact at the centre of Baghdad. In all, Faraj's conscious awareness and first hand experience of both West and East civilizations, profoundly effected her creativity in a synthesis between modernity and tradition.

In her latest exhibition of paintings and ceramics entitled *Boats and Burdens: Kites and Shattered Dreams*, on show at Aya Gallery, London (25 March – 25



*Embrace Al-Samee' 'The All Hearing',
Asma Allah al-Husna 48x19cm 2008*

ABOUT MAYSALOUN FARAJ

Of Iraqi parentage, Maysaloun Faraj was born in Hollywood, California, USA 1955. She achieved a BSc in Architecture from the College of Architectural Engineering, Baghdad University in 1978 and pursued a career in the arts, painting and ceramics, thereafter.

Since 1984 Faraj has contributed to noteworthy group exhibitions at local and international level, won numerous awards and held fifteen one-woman shows to date. Her artwork is in private collections world wide as well as important public collections including the British Museum (London, UK); National Museum for Women in the Arts (Washington, USA); Rotterdam Werldeuseum (Netherlands); Jordan National Gallery of Fine Arts (Amman) and important others.

In 1995 Faraj founded *Strokes of Genius: Contemporary Iraqi Art*; a groundbreaking three-part project encompassing a traveling exhibition (UK/USA 2000-3), the iNCiA website (International Network for Contemporary Iraqi Artists, www.incia.co.uk) and the *Strokes of Genius* book (Saqi Books 2001) of which she is editor.

In 2002 she co-founded Ayagallery in London with her husband the architect Ali Mousawi where she continues to curate and host noteworthy exhibitions making it London's premier venue dedicated to promoting quality art predominantly from Iraq but also from the Arab and Islamic world at large.

In 2008 she was invited to serve as a judge to present the first *Arab Art and Culture Award* in the UK. Maysaloun Faraj has been living and working in London since 1982.



June 2009) she engages the viewer in a visual dialogue through signs and symbols, colour and form, all of which are quintessentially Iraqi. This is Maysaloun Faraj's fifteenth solo-exhibition, the first after a long fifteen year break. Her last was in 1995, just before she embarked on a life changing journey delving into the works of Iraq's noteworthy artists; *Strokes of Genius: Contemporary Iraqi Art* (www.incia.co.uk) followed by the establishment of Aya Gallery (www.ayagallery.co.uk) in London 2002, which she co-founded with her husband.

In her words, "*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 this exhibition; a culmination of three decades of sheer inspiration, creativity and intense artistic involvement. Boats and Burdens: Kites and Shattered Dreams is essentially in tribute to Iraq's heroic women; women who despite burden upon unprecedented burden stand tall, proud and resilient, like her precious date palms and nurturing*

Sabha Kites and Shattered Dreams 150x60cm 2008



Gates of Peace 35x25x15cm 2004

like the sweet waters of Dijla and Furat. And to her children who will reclaim the skies with their imagination, the future with their dreams.”

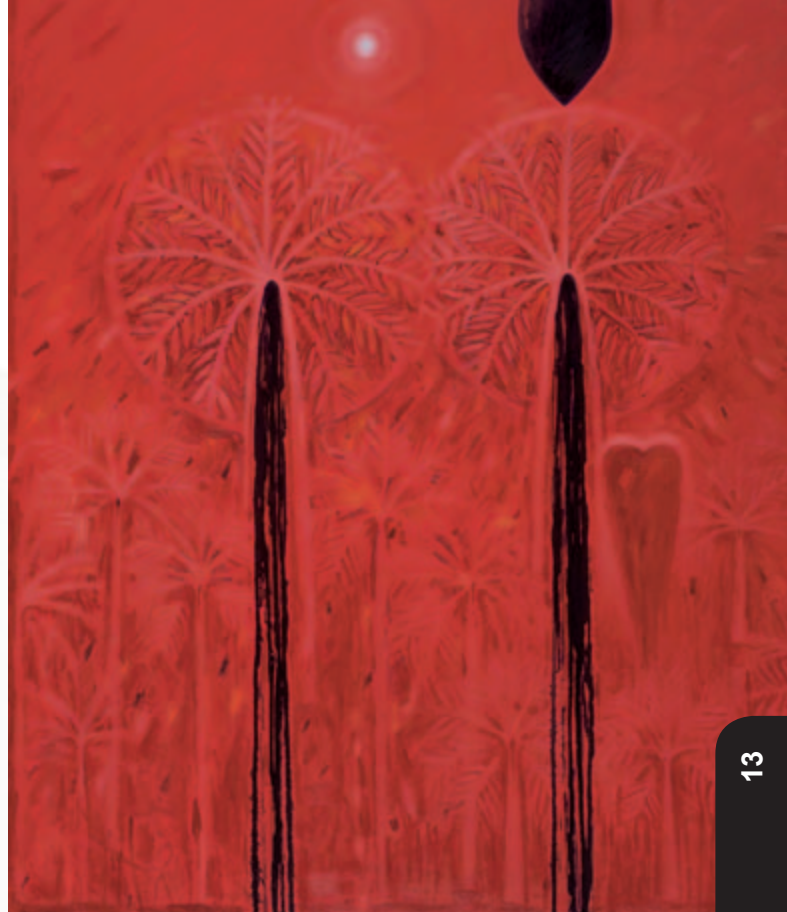
About her art she goes on to say, “I look upon my art as a journey with a narrative that continues to evolve. Just as it did when I was a little girl, art continues to help me face the challenges and demands of this brief passage we call life. Through it I try to make sense of my being, my place in the world and hope that by doing so, I am able to make a difference, no matter how small. I believe it is raindrops that cause rivers to flow... I would be happy to be a raindrop... my existence would be justified. And while I desperately try to capture that beauty and innocence lost... my aching heart silently beats mournful Iraqi Maw’wals.”

Baghdad 35x45x9cm 2008



The exhibition was 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).

Designed by Sadik Alfraji, a full-colour 64-page catalogue with contributions from HRH Dr Wijdan



Neeran Kites and Shattered Dreams 130x110cm 2008

al-Hashemi, Dr Ulrike al-Khamis, Sajid Rizvi and Rashad Selim is available for purchase from Aya Gallery and Saffron Books. Exhibits are also available for purchase.

VISITS TO AYA GALLERY ARE BY APPOINTMENT

Email: info@ayagallery.co.uk
www.kitesanddreams.com
www.mfaraj.com
www.ayagallery.co.uk

ABOUT JAWAD SELIM



Born Ankara, Turkey in 1921, Jawad Selim was awarded a government scholarship to study sculpture in Paris (1938-39); Rome (1939-40) and the Slade School of Art, London (1946-49). A prominent figure in the formation of the modern art movement in

Iraq, he saw art as a tool to reassert national self-esteem and help build a distinctive Iraqi identity. Selim returned to Iraq in 1949 where he became a founding member of the *Institute of Fine Art (IFA)*, 1949; the *Baghdad Group of Modern Art*, 1951 and

the *Society of Iraqi Plastic Art*, 1956.

He worked at the Baghdad Museum of Antiquities where he spent several years restoring Sumerian and Assyrian Reliefs. After having painted his most mature works in the fifties he decided to relinquish painting and concentrate all his energy on sculpture. Selim headed the Department of Sculpture at IFA until his untimely death in 1961. The culmination of his career was his famous sculpture, the ‘*Monument for Freedom*’, now a landmark of Baghdad.

His style caught the imagination of virtually an entire generation of later artists evoking a shared humanity and defining a sense of historical identity and national character, which inspired many Iraqi artists to emulate until this day. He died of a heart attack in Baghdad, 1961.

It's raining now!

By Niz Jabour

Where tears talking:

In the mid of the day, where the sun burning death and fear
In the mid of nowhere, where exiled soul given birth
In the mid way to your ear and distant of listening,
there are two tears

talking

One with lots of happy stories

One with lots of sorrow stories

Both are a lighting loudly,

And together laughing.

In the mid way, to the last step, leaving home,

Where is home and why is home and what is home;

In the mid of nowhere, to a silent history

Where are two tears joking?

Once with every things, in silent, slept alone

Once with nothingness, lighting happiness

Once with little greed's to acknowledge, seeking knowledge

Were together, walking in history, never departs

Unless you have, a fire or you touched by the fire

Oneness comes, like two tears walking.

The Orphan

By Mohamed Al-Maghout

Translated by May Jayyusi and John Heath-Stubbs, from Modern Arabic Poetry: An Anthology, edited by Salma Khadra Jayyusi. - 1987 - Columbia University Press.

Oh! The dream, the dream!
My sturdy gilded wagon
Has broken down
Its wheels have scattered like gypsies everywhere.
One night I dream of spring
And when I woke
Flowers had covered my pillow.
I dreamt once of the sea
And in the morning
My bed was full of shells and fins of fishes
But when I dreamt of freedom
Spears were surrounding my neck
Like the morning halo.
From now on you will not find me
In ports or among trains
But there ... in public libraries
Falling asleep over the maps of the world
(As the orphan sleeps on the pavement)
Where my lips touch more than one river
And my tears stream
From continent to continent.

Instinctive Heart

By Hashim Matouq



Professional

Streams that overlap
My lungs my experience
Might make me deviated
Because it forbid me to listen as should be
Experience teaches us everything
But we are not able to do everything

The difficult thank

Thank that is a smile
Smile is the greatest beauty
As long as we incurs in the night
We became more attached to the morning
Smile like taste which correct the mistakes
And decorate the signs of the road to us
Smile like the sublime rare moments

Weak and strong

The mature desire
Make the wishes like happiness walking behind mothers
But wishes little by little
Need to walk or to fly
Sea our destiny
All goes with the stream
There is who wish
To swim against the stream

Poetry . . .

Topsy-Turvy

‘Topsy-turvy’ is possibly the most fitting description of the work of Harald Winter. Things randomly scattered, lying around, on top of, and underneath all sorts of other items. Figuratively speaking, the expression refers to a state of disorder and confusion – two ideas which describe not only the character, but also the style of the works displayed in a three week exhibition at London’s Red Gate Gallery that began on May 1st.

Layered in both their physical style and the subject matter they address, Harald Winter’s works



are amalgamations of fragmented ideas and free thoughts, overlapping each other, building layers of meaning. At first glance they may seem playful, yet on closer inspection of the individual works, they are witty and incisive,

somewhat reflecting the darker undercurrents of the times, even touching upon current affairs and politics, and definitely pieces that will engage and inspire.

www.redgategallerylondon.co.uk

LOOP '09

After six successful years, the 2009 LOOP festival took place in Barcelona from May 21 to 31, and explored the dialogue and intersections between video art and other arts disciplines such as dance, film, music and literature. Loop continued with its three-part structure – Festival, Fair and Panels – that filled Barcelona with projects ranging from the latest works by acclaimed artists to innovative pieces by up-and-coming artists, as well as recovering emblematic works from video art history and presenting them to a wide audience.

Continuing in its line of promoting alliances between different cultural centres and institutions, LOOP presented a selection of works from the Fonds National d’Art

Contemporain (one of the largest collections in France). The exhibition, called “Décadrages”, was developed exclusively for LOOP by Pascale Cassagnau, head of digital arts at the French Ministry of Culture, who curated this special project.

LOOP also promoted the importance of opportunities for sharing ideas and debate, and established itself as the key event for discussions on the future of video art that give a voice to international experts and up-and-coming talents who are taking their first steps in the contemporary creation scene.

There are two LOOP sections that made this diversity possible and, together with the Festival and the Fair, offered an overall

vision of the discipline: the Panels and the Universities program. The first of these has been part of the LOOP program from the start, seeking to encourage reflection around the principal issues posed by this still-new discipline.

LOOP remains an accessible initiative aimed at citizens, which welcomes videoart professionals as well as the general public interested in art and culture. It is an opportunity for coming together and for debate, a point of convergence for sharing the visions and ideas around videoart generated by the different participants and agents involved.

For more information:
www.loop-barcelona.com



Symmetry and Rhythm in Painted Poems & Po

By Alexandra Pereira

Arnold Böcklin's "Island of the Dead", Third Version (1883)



“PAINTING IS NEVER PROSE. IT IS POETRY WRITTEN WITH VERSES OF PLASTIC RHYME.” ~ PABLO PICASSO

“GENUINE POETRY CAN COMMUNICATE BEFORE IT IS UNDERSTOOD.” ~ T.S. ELIOT

POETRY AND THE VISUAL ARTS ALLOW US TO GO DEEPER IN UNVEILING THE DEEPLY HUMAN QUALITIES AND THE TIMELESSNESS OF THINGS.

Emotions and intuitive evidences, the use of metaphors and symbols as forms of communication, the parallelism between visual symmetry and rhythmic scheme which can be found both in paintings and verses, the singular combinations of movement, colour and significance, the musical foundation as a way of understanding both arts, the deep interest for aesthetics shared by poets and painters, the graphic or plastic interest of written characters (this proximity with the plastic

is especially interesting and relevant in Arabic and several other Oriental languages, such as Mandarin/Chinese, Sanskrit or Japanese, as it was in Sumerian, Egyptian, Syriac, Babylonian or Maya-Cholan languages), the manner how the letters, words and verses of a poem can be graphically arranged and composed to form calligramsms, the search for the Self particularly in written and painted portraits, as well as the necessary attention to detail and the awareness of the connection with a broader social, historic and political reality play an important role in visual arts as well as in poetry.

Don't we talk often about “visual” and “plastic” poetry (isn't there even an Imagist poetry school and didn't Neruda argue that poetic portraits were

etic Paintings

“composed images”?), just as we talk frequently about more or less “descriptive” and “poetic” painting (not to mention “narrative” painting)? For a literature teacher, it is usually easier to obtain a more bonding emotional reaction and capture the interest of his students before giving a seminar about a particular poem if he introduces them first to one or several paintings related with that poem. On the other hand, painting students need to know the verses which inspired or were influenced by the paintings so they can truly understand ones and the others, or the context under which the artworks were produced.

This relationship, including the interest, the feeling of affinity and usual sympathy between the poet and the painter, was always reciprocal (the comparative study of poetry and painting is, by the way, a quite proficuous, flourishing field), the artistic movements of both disciplines walked so many times hand in hand (remember that André Breton was once ironically called “The Pope of Surrealism”, that Dada was founded in Zurich by the poets Tristan Tzara, Hugo Ball, the poet-painter Hans Arp, and that Chagall’s friends used to call him “the poet”?), with paintings many times inspiring, introducing or describing poetry and poetry inspired by or serving as a pretext to create paintings and drawings.

Literary and visual arts’ movements shared common visions about the artistic processes, a mutual comprehension of the artworks,



Honoré Daumier's "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza" (c. 1868)

*“A MAN SHOULD HEAR A LITTLE MUSIC, READ A LITTLE POETRY,
AND SEE A FINE PICTURE EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE.” ~ GOETHE*

common intentions and understandings both about the surrounding world and the creative journey, all throughout the times... and the manifestos which founded so many movements came in the form of written text, which often included poetry. If we try to follow their path, the roots of this mutuality, the fountains of this dialogue, are ancestral. Of course we could talk about the priceless contribute of Greek Classics and Greek mythology for the visual arts, including the Renaissance, or the contribute of poets like Ovid with works such as his *Metamorphoses* (inspiring Rubens, Rembrandt, Di Cosimo, Caravaggio, Raffaello, Tiepolo, Botticelli, Reni, Poussin, Moreau, Coypel, Trautmann,

Waterhouse) or Poliziano for the visual arts, or about how many painters based themselves in Biblical verses throughout the times, in order to be able to develop their work.

How many visual artists, since the times of Ancient Greece until today, were inspired by Homer? Wasn't Homer's description of Achilles' shield in the Iliad inspired by a work of art and speaking of the Iliad, how many depictions has Leda's myth inspired, from Michaelangelo to Leonardo, Rubens, Olano, Cézanne, Man Ray or Sidney Nolan? Paul Elouard was inspired by more than fifty painters in *Donner a Voir* and another

Francesco Hayez's "L'ultimo bacio dato a Giulietta da Romeo" (1823)



William Blake's "The Ancient of Days" (1794)



twenty-two visual artists in *Voir* – most of these artists would illustrate one or more of Elouard’s poems too. How many found inspiration in Virgil – like the myth of Eurydice and Orpheus painted by Rubens, Titian, Poussin, Drolling, Watts – or Apollonius? Joyce, Goethe and Shakespeare?

Shakespeare, for *Romeo and Juliet*, was not only inspired by the Italian tale, but also by the Latin written version of the story of Majnun and Layla, and depictions of it by Italian painters. Goethe was an art collector himself and his work “*Italian Journey*”, just to give a small example, had a profound impact in European Art and the development of European landscape paintings, as it inspired dozens of students from the Dusseldorf Academy (including Schirmer, Böcklin – this one was inspired by Greek mythology and the Hades for his multiple versions of the influential *Isle of the Dead* –, Whittredge), who developed the plain-air sketch, later a mark of the Impressionists.

How did the epic poem *Gilgamesh* from Ancient Mesopotamia influence not only later epic literature but also Picasso and, for example, his *Guernica* masterpiece? And didn’t Picasso’s works inspire directly the cubist poems of Max Jacob and Apollinaire’s poetry? Also Gongora’s sonnets inspired Picasso’s “*Livres de Peintres*”. Delacroix was a source of inspiration to Baudelaire, who explored the relationship between poetry and painting. How many futurist painters, like Balla or Boccioni, influenced poets, like Pessoa? Sylvia Plath was very interested and had a fine knowledge about painting, particularly the modernists – she also used specific paintings as sources for several poems.

How many artworks by dozens of artists did *Quixote* produce? Wasn’t *Quixote* itself inspired, according to Cervantes, in “*Oriental sources*”, among which are Arab artworks and for example the poetry about Nasreddin, the legendary satirical Sufi figure? Is it possible to quantify how much does the *Divine Comedy* owe to Arabic poetry and art? Hölderlin influenced Cézanne, Masaccio inspired Shirley Kaufman, Poussin inspired Wordsworth or Lattimore, Brueghel inspired Williams, Ovid inspired Botticelli who painted Dante (so did Signorelli and Giotto) and Ovid’s fable Arachne gave birth to Velázquez’s *The Spinners*.

Velázquez, on the other hand, had literature and poetry as fundamental parts of his education, composed a poem for El Greco – whom he admired very much – when he died, painted the poet Quevedo, was deeply influenced by Cervantes and other poets. Fra Lippo Lippi inspired Browning, Tiepolo inspired Walcott, Poe inspired Gauguin (who inspired Somerset Maugham) and Magritte, Magritte’s paintings inspired Barbara Holland and Weiner’s poetry, Greek art inspired Keats, Manet painted Mallarmé, who was influenced by Gauguin. Carrière, Courbet, Regamey, Cazals, La Gandara, Rouault, Fantin-Latour have painted and drawn Paul Verlaine, and Verlaine has drawn Rimbaud who painted Verlaine, Walt Whitman influenced the Abstract Expressionists, and didn’t Hartigan incorporate Frank O’Hara’s poems in her compositions?

Dalí inspired David Gascoyne, Drummond influenced many painters like Matarasso, verses of Omar Khayyam inspired paintings by Sisir Datta, Nezami’s *Khamseh* or “*Quintet*” inspired dozens of paintings by different artists, the contemporary artist Sadiq Toma paints love poems in the form of oases. Khalil Gibran, DH Lawrence, Rossetti, E. E. Cummings, Lorca, Walcott, Wu Li, William Blake were poets and painters, Michaelangelo, Turner, Dalí and Picasso painted and wrote poems, Van Gogh, Gauguin and El Greco wrote too.

Picasso is a special case – he wrote many poems in his old age and truly was an above-the-average poet: in such way that many people discuss in Spain if he should be considered one of the greatest Spanish language poets of the 20th century. Of course his painting still manages to surpass his poetry, but he represents just one good example of a great painter who liked to be surrounded by poets.

We can only conclude that such relationship was, is and always will be totally indispensable, giving birth to companionships for life and priceless world culture fruits. Do poetry and painting complement each other, as part of a bigger whole, or can they be so deeply integrated as forms of expression and communication inside a single human being or beneath the frame of a single art movement that we can hardly distinguish one from the other, from an epistemological point of view?

Hannibal in Rome

By Thanos Kalamidas

It's a child's selfish prayer for more
and the maid's wish for light,
the places of kings and captains
the look for another day.

The knights gathered one last time around the yard,
the horses unnerved hollowed the red dull ground
and the men hidden in their dark homes
trying in vain to find each other's hands,
the dogs avoided their masters
feeling the bitter coming of mercy

**Hannibal has arrived, noble on the elephant,
magnificent beast in gold and glory;
but Rome was never here
just a yard surrounded with hollowed sheds
the knights' empty cells, dead, waiting.**

Then he wondered if really Hannibal was his face,
if he hadn't been mocked by the stagnant air,
he looked at the empty cells of the praised enemies
the fear, treeless, manless, feeble ashes, feeble breaths
lifeless, seasonless, blinded by the elephant's gold
gasping for light in an unholy rage, mockery of reality.

It's the sea that stood still
and the rivers that stopped,
the face's coulees unmoved,
the realization unveiled,
Hannibal is alone. Rome is gone!

Twelve o'clock

By Thanos Kalamidas

It's only twelve o'clock and I'm standing on the edge of a street
In the eclipse of a moonlight, the divine of the stars
The lunar synthesis of my complete disintegration.

*Every street I see has a fatalistic memory
Every lamp I pass has the beat of a crying drum*

It's only one o'clock and I'm walking through dark spaces
For hours I try to find where I really belong
Always finding me plodding in crossroads unrecognizable.

*Every corner I turn has a desperate cry
Every house I cote has the rhythm of solicitude*

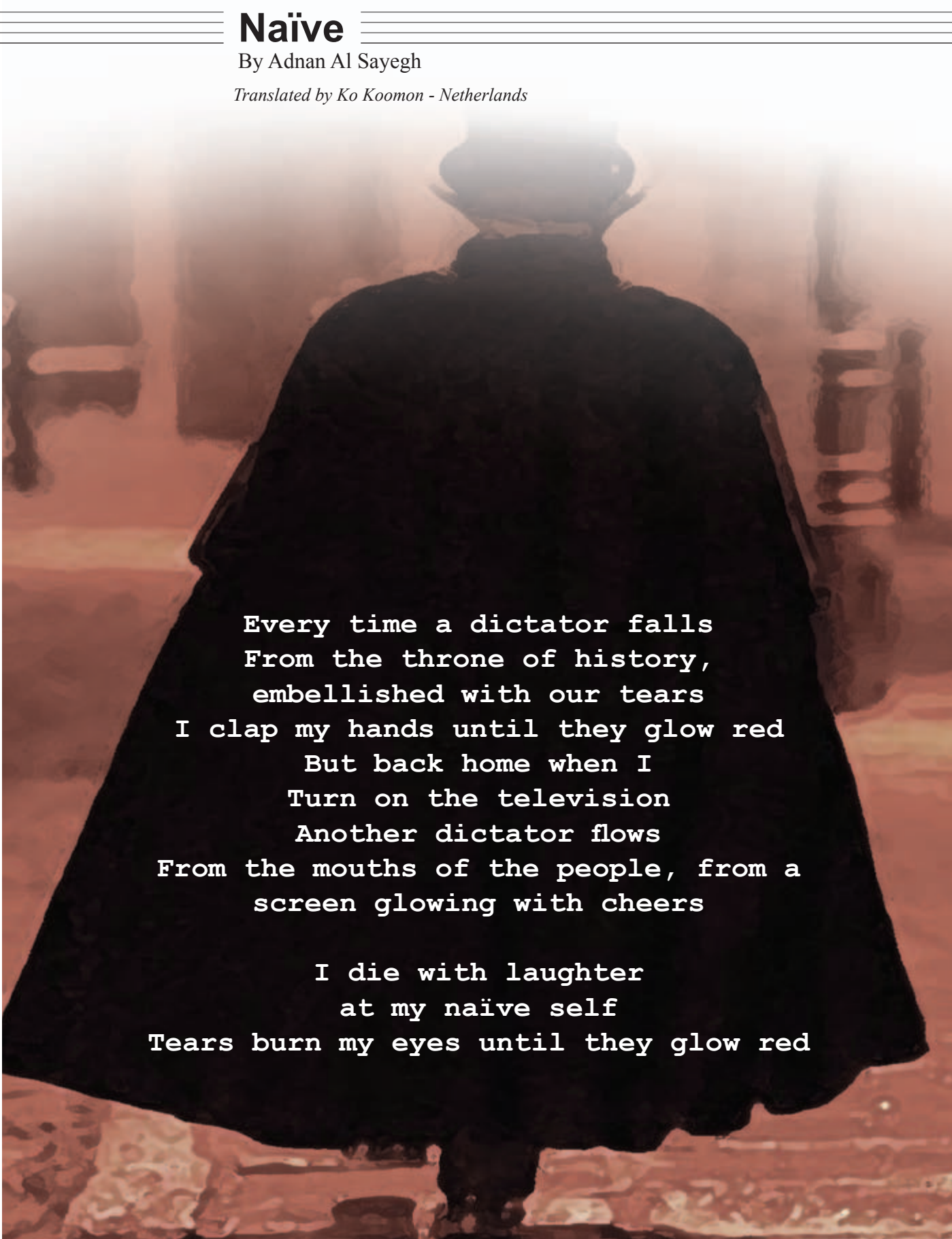
It's only two o'clock and I found the prospect door
At the edge of all my sorrows I don't have the key
In the despondent of my heart I never had one.



Naïve

By Adnan Al Sayegh

Translated by Ko Koomon - Netherlands



Every time a dictator falls
From the throne of history,
embellished with our tears
I clap my hands until they glow red
But back home when I
Turn on the television
Another dictator flows
From the mouths of the people, from a
screen glowing with cheers

I die with laughter
at my naïve self
Tears burn my eyes until they glow red

Shade And Noon Sun

By Mohamed Al-Maghout

Translated by May Jayyusi and John Heath-Stubbs, from Modern Arabic Poetry: An Anthology, edited by Salma Khadra Jayyusi. - 1987 - Columbia University Press.

*All the fields of the world
At odds with two small lips
All the streets of history
At odds with two bare feet.*

*Love,
They travel and we wait
They have gallows
We have necks
They have pearls
And we have freckles and moles
They own the night, the dawn, the afternoon sun and the day
And we own skin and bones.*

*We plant under the noonday sun,
And they eat in the shade
Their teeth are white as rice
Our teeth dark as desolate forests,
Their breasts are soft as silk
Our breasts dusty as execution squares
And yet, we are the kings of the world:
Their homes are buried in bills and accounts
Our homes are buried in autumn leaves
In their pockets they carry the addresses
of thieves and traitors
In ours we carry the addresses
of rivers and thunderstorms.
They own windows
We own the winds
They own the ships
We own the waves
They own the medals
We own the mud
They own the walls and balconies
We own the ropes and the daggers.*

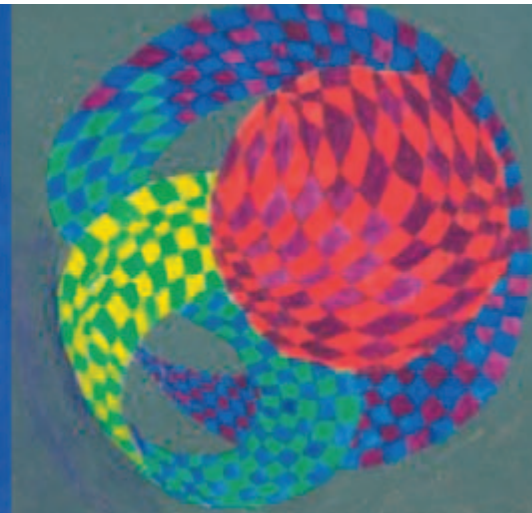
*And now beloved
Come, let us sleep on the pavements.*

Creative Realization...art, psychology...truth and

By Paul Henrickson, Ph.D.

SOMETIMES HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT MY OWN VISION, BUT I GENERALLY RETURN TO THE EXPECTATION THAT THROUGH THE MANIPULATION OF PLASTIC AND OTHER GRAPHIC SYMBOLS A WORLD IS CREATED.

That is one very fixed perception I have about the value of the value of the unconventionally designed, non-objectively imaged puzzles I have designed. They were developed over a period of years beginning about 30 years ago and, seemingly, only during periods of mental rest....a kind of mind-wandering state.



But it is in such a state, it seems, much of creative imagination takes place. I am certain that this particular mental process was a result of experiences I had had with adult perceptions, contemporary school practices, and much of the seemingly politically oriented push in modern art criticism.

There are, or were, at least two California school systems which have hired as “webmasters” technically trained, to some extent or another, individuals who have more unwarranted ego than judgment and, I would assume no insight whatever as the needs of an educational environment and perform as cherished virtues what are in fact mortal wounds to the highest held ideals of a humanistic education.

These webmasters claim that in order to cut down on “spam” they

will automatically exclude any email address that is unknown to them. More xenophobic one can hardly imagine.

Even on the mundane level, the most ordinary minds realize that there is still a great deal to learn out there from individuals one has never ever heard of and maybe a slightly fewer number will grudgingly admit that having graduated from teacher’s college and, in addition, been accredited by some organizational staff does not mean the end to mental growth....but such considerations are not admitted into the reality of such webmasters as those who were in San Jose and Berkeley.

There is certain hubris among those whose sense of success is attached to predetermined goals such as $1+1=2$. Surprisingly some never to be surprised or pleased or even

recognize when and that they have discovered something on their own. “I didn’t know I did that!!!”

There are several other rather odd manifestations which one encounters as one proceeds through the many, but not enough, of the websites dealing with educational matters. On the other hand, there are, sometimes, too many websites, depending upon the view point of the searcher and the quality of the website but, by and large, it is one of the histories more important inventions and it renews the struggle between the sophisticated and naïve where the naïve have an energy-enriched chance to become sophisticated and to, at the very least, protect themselves from the fraudulent. This is another area in which the puzzles are helpful for they provide the experience of testing one’s own judgments against results whereas the traditional puzzle tells

aesthetic judgment

you what to do, how to do it and then applauds your obedience.

Certainly, one of the impressions a searcher can get while looking around this territory is the difference in vocabulary in referring to those

who teach is the relative standing of those who have decided how a website should appear. Many sites join both faculty and staff under one heading and fail to separate them but arrange them alphabetically according

social lying and unsophisticated aesthetic judgment will hold up, statistically, but, certainly from many decades of observation we know that this relationship exists. If indeed it does exist then the implications for the vast majority of educational principles now in practice is that they are an enemy of the educational ideals we have publicly espoused.

As someone recently observed to me “the SIGNIFICANCE (of the lie) gets lost in the deception. The liar believes the lie.” and consequently does not know he’s lying because he is supported by the majority in his environment. The participants may not be aware of their roles in this process, but certainly the social architects are.

to the name and some with even no further designation “Staff” a term, which, in The United States, generally refers to secretarial, maintenance, or administrative assistants...not generally, referring to people of ideas, theories or more complicated technical expertise. One supposes that this may have something to do with the overflowing of “democratic” concepts into areas where existing differences may imply some systemic elitism.

This situation which is quite real in certain areas of the world and most notably in my experience in Malta where excellence is recognized only among the Maltese which, statistically speaking, in a population of only 400 thousand might suggest, even to the casual observer, a rather narrow range of accomplishment. The results bear this out. An interesting development in association with this, seemingly, national characteristic, is that individuals recognizing their limitations

have attempted to compensate for these by successfully developing the façade of interpersonal relationships based on intimidation. Where, in some areas and with some people, excellence is often accompanied by a remarkable degree of humility whereas, in others, where the primary actor recognizes in himself the absence of excellence (and the presence of a hopefully gullible audience) he assumes the cloak of bravado and immense self-pride which tends to silence others who may be ignorant and the doubtful.

As the experiment conducted at The University of Northern Iowa in 1969 revealed, the relationship between lying about one’s perceptions, including one’s self, was related to academic success, and as result the education system there, then in force was allowing only uncreative liars to become the teachers of our young. It is true that I do not, at present, know how or whether this correlation between

Those of you who may be interested in pursuing this matter further are free to contact me at: prh@tcp.com.mt.

To view an experimental video showing how the creativity packet puzzles are used, visit: www.tcp.com.mt/video.wmv



Poetry...

To my newborn baby

By Tatiana Vichnevskaja

Pure, pure white light, my precious baby
Inside of him flames of saint love burn
It does not hurt anyone
Only warming and sanctifying
Child's heart open
Everyone can insult (bruise?) it
Child's heart waving forgiveness and smile
Forget everything and continue
To live and forget and live longer
You grow
Everyone drops the seeds of soul in you
That influence life
Pull(s) you either to the light or dark corner
Priority of lightness
Priority of kindness
My precious baby
We are together in this life
Will be together till the end
And then we go there where the soul is born
Where soul can be generated



EU-MAN's Cable Factory Exhibition

By Asa Butcher



Top: Mrs. Larisa Skobkina (right)
& Mr. Goubankov Anton Nikolaevich
Bottom left: Mr. Thanos Kalamidas (left)
& Mr Nikolaevich
Bottom right: Amir Khatib



Following the highly-successful and well-received opening of the Cable Factory's EU-MAN Gallery, we want to thank everybody who participated. The public and media response to the collective artwork located along the corridor of B-Block's third floor was heart-warming.

After some members of EU-MAN had generously donated their time to help paint the walls of the corridor and transform the space into a bona fide gallery, the exhibition opened its doors to the public and media on April 14th, with the joint participation of the "St. Petersburg Days in Helsinki" event. The exhibition consisted of work from 18 artists - 13 of which were from St. Petersburg and five from our own EU-MAN members.

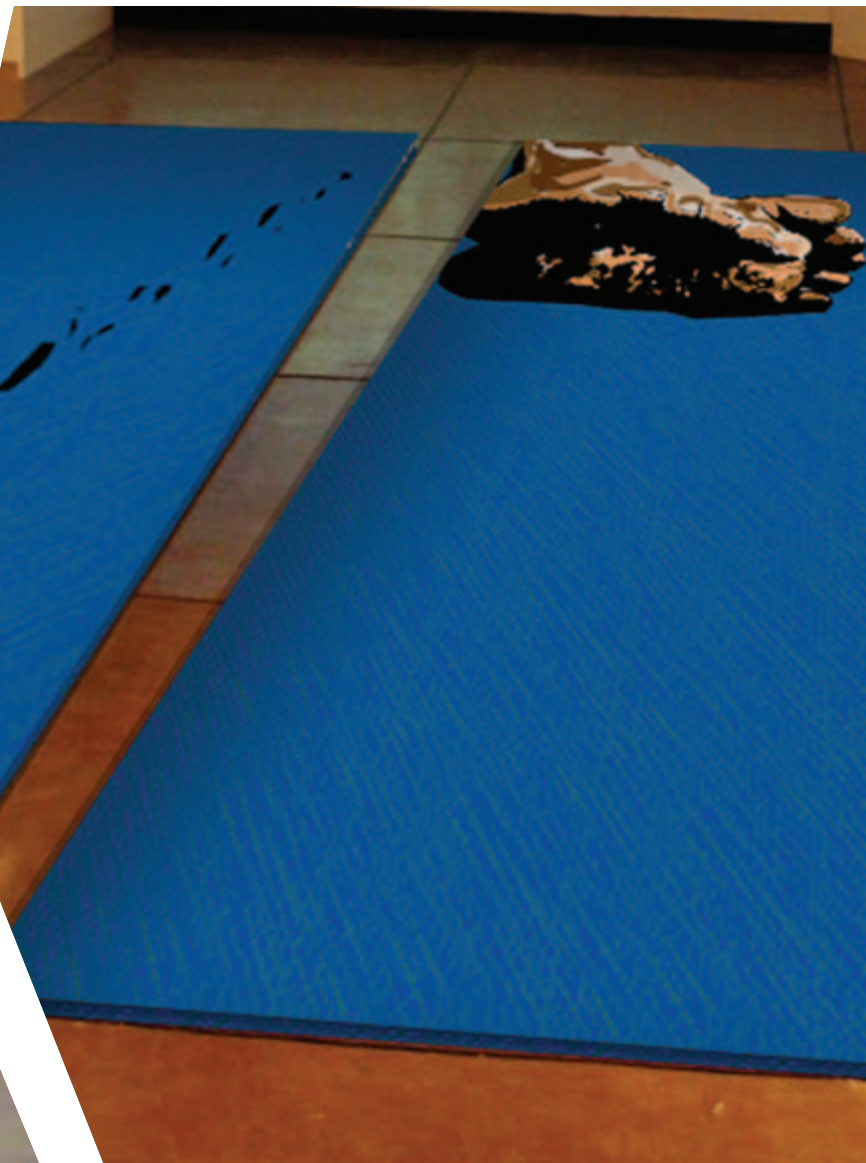
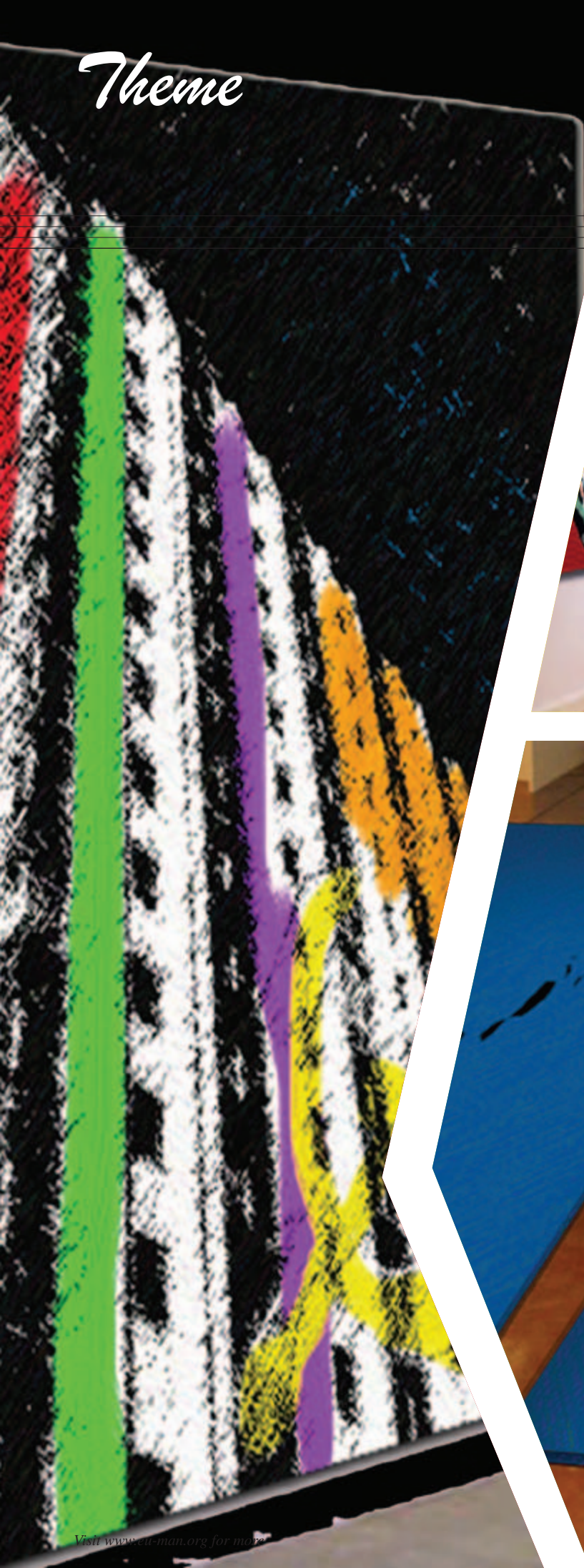
At the opening we were treated to a number of congratulatory speeches from Mr. Goubankov Anton Nikolaevich, Chairman of Culture committee of SPB, and Mrs. Larisa Skobkina, the Chief Curator of the St. Petersburg's Manege Museum (the City Art Hall), and Mr. Amir Khatib talked passionately about the fruitful relationship between Manege Museum and the EU-MAN. Mr. Thanos Kalamidas also spoke on behalf of EU-MAN introducing the 12 year-old organisation and its aims and future plans.

The opening of the exhibition was attended by H.E. Mr. Alexander Y. Rumyantsev, Ambassador of the Russian Federation, cameras from the popular Russian TV channel RT and a series of representatives from newspaper and magazines from both Finland and Russia.

Thank you once again to all those who participated.



Theme



Poetry melting into painting

By Thanos Kalamidas

BETWEEN POETRY AND VISUAL ARTS THERE HAS BEEN AN ONGOING AND LENGTHY CONVERSATION; AFTER ALL, BOTH FORMS OF ART EXPRESS FEELINGS, emotions and ideals. The analogy – if that is the right word to describe this conversation – is as old as Plato and Simonides, and it has continued throughout the lifetimes of William Blake, Dada and Salvador Dalí. Actually, the surrealists insisted on the fundamental relationship between arts.

When I travelled around China I had the honour of meeting a few artists, people who had been following traditional paths for decades. I will never forget what one of them told me on my very first visit to his workshop after I asked him how he paints. He said that he paints first in his mind and then he writes the story he wants to tell before finally painting on the canvas. Painting is the easy part, he said, it is just making the ideas and feelings turn from words into symbols. According to Leonardo da Vinci, “Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen!”

A few years later a very good friend was exhibiting his work on the other side of the Atlantic and he called to tell me about his new painting project. When I asked him to describe it he said: “Imagine flying between purple clouds, feeling the intimacy of the texture and the tears of a broken heart!” Please, just close your eyes and imagine the pictures that are behind the words:

*“Flying between purple clouds,
Feeling the intimacy of the texture
And the tears of a broken heart!”*

An overwhelming amount of pictures and feelings are contained within a three verse poem but it is also proof of how many things connect with different kinds of art - hopefully this is not a one-way road. I remember the first time talking with Amir Khatib during a live radio interview during which we agreed that paintings are not limiting us but, on the contrary, when we express ourselves on the canvas we write poems, we write short stories and theatre plays. We compose music with the symbols and we are orchestrating a choreography.

In the end, every single painting we create is a combination of all these forms of art and perhaps we need all these forms of art to give the whole of the concept. But then Amir, like me, uses painting as his primary form of expression; I have the feeling that it is easier for people whose primary form of expression is visual arts to express themselves with other forms of art rather than the other way around.

Leonardo da Vinci also said that painters are mute and poets are blind, identifying a handicap to both of them but then again why do we have to compare them or oppose them instead of joining them and enjoying the fact that there are artists that can speak to the mute and see with the blind?



The Summer

By Kiamers Baghbani

The sun ran away from the sky
No, it's not right
clouds being released from the far away heat
are licking the lights with greed
The rain hammers upon the sunny roof of the beach
and swears it's summer, Finnish summer
Don't hesitate, take time to enjoy,
if you have gloves and scarf with you.

Poetry

Love Song for Words

By Nazik al-Mala'ika

Translated from the Arabic by Rebecca Carol Johnson

Why do we fear words
when they have been
rose-palmed hands,
fragrant, passing gently over our cheeks,
and glasses of heartening wine
sipped, one summer, by thirsty lips?

Why do we fear words
when among them are
words like unseen bells,
whose echo announces
in our troubled lives
the coming of a period
of enchanted dawn,
drenched in love, and life?

So why do we fear words?

We took pleasure in silence.
We became still, fearing
the secret might part our lips.
We thought that in words
laid an unseen ghoul,
crouching, hidden by the
letters from the ear of time.

We shackled the thirsty letters,
we forbade them to spread
the night for us
as a cushion, dripping
with music, dreams,
and warm cups.

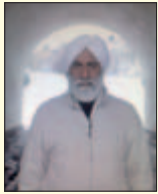
Why do we fear words?
Among them are words
of smooth sweetness
whose letters have drawn
the warmth of hope from two lips,

and others that, rejoicing in pleasure
have waded through momentary
joy with two drunk eyes.
Words, poetry, tenderly
turned to caress our cheeks, sounds
that, asleep in their echo,
lies a rich color, a rustling,
a secret ardor, a hidden longing.

Why do we fear words?
If their thorns have once wounded us,
then they have also wrapped
their arms around our necks
and shed their sweet scent
upon our desires.
If their letters have pierced us
and their face turned callously from us
Then they have also left us
with an ode in our hands
And tomorrow they will shower
us with life.
So pour us two full glasses of words!

Tomorrow we will build ourselves a
dream-nest of words,
high, with ivy trailing from its letters.
We will nourish its buds with poetry
and water its flowers with words.
We will build a balcony for the timid rose
with pillars made of words,
and a cool hall flooded with deep shade,
guarded by words.

Our life we have dedicated as a prayer
To whom will we pray . . . but to words?



Last Drop

Curiosity – First Step to Creativity

By Avtarjeet Dhanjal

WE HUMAN BEINGS ARE CURIOUS ANIMALS. THE FIRST THING A CHILD DOES IS TO OBSERVE AND EXPLORE THEIR SURROUNDING, AND THEN BASED UPON THEIR OBSERVATIONS THEY FORM IMAGES AND IDEAS OF THE SURROUNDINGS.

Once the child begins to feel confident, that is they know what is around him/her, he/she starts to imagine the things that are not around their visual field, or beyond his/her experience; this ability to imagine is the first step towards creativity.

- All human beings are born with a finite amount of energy; to imagine and to dream we need spare energy. How much energy one can spare for imagining and being creative depends upon how much energy one is born with in the first place. You can always see/notice some babies that can't wait to get out their prams to explore the world beyond.

- The second factor is also equally important; the environment one is born in. I have seen many people who could be very creative, but they just happen to be born in the circumstances where they need to expend all of their energy to find

food and shelter. They are hardly left with any energy to even grasp and appreciate what is around them, let alone being able to imagine and to create. You might have noticed many unfortunate factory workers walking through gardens full of spring flowers, but they simply walk past without noticing anything, simply worried about the day's work. That is sometimes called fate.

- The third factor is the value system the society hands over to the next generation. In some societies the rules of social order are defined so strictly that young people are almost yoked into keeping their eyes down and keep working to follow the social order. It happens more so with the female members of the society, those are hardly given a moment to raise their eyes and even to take the enormous beauty nature has created around them.

As a result, only a small percentage of young are lucky to be born with enough energy, into the circumstances where survival need little effort, plus the social environment is conducive to creativity, then life has provided you with all the tools you need. It is then up to your own decision/initiative to pick up the torch and run.

Many people have talked about creativity; here are a few quotations:

Albert Einstein:

"The intuitive mind is a sacred gift and the rational mind is a faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant and has forgotten the gift."

Erich Fromm:

"Creativity requires the courage to let go of certainties."

Nietzsche:

"You need chaos in your soul to give birth to a dancing star."

Oscar Levant:

"There's a fine line between genius and insanity. I have erased this line."

Pablo Picasso:

"All children are artists. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up."

Rita Mae Brown:

"Creativity comes from trust. Trust your instincts. And never hope more than you work."

Victor Hugo:

"An invasion of armies can be resisted, but not an idea whose time has come."

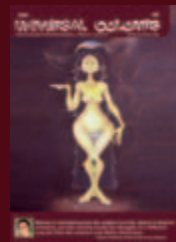
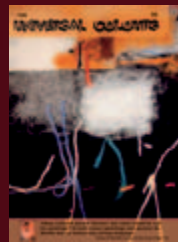
Barthold Georg Niebuhr:

"Another word for creativity is courage."

Mary Lou Cook:

"Creativity is discontent translated into arts."

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THU 7.5. AND SAT 9.5. 7-9 P.M. THEATRE: BOTOX

Every word is pretend. Shape. Shake. Botox. Realness is having treated oneself to the body repair programme. The psychological process is difficult. Saying it out loud probably makes it a cliché. Dialogue is pretending, multiculturalism is a bubble. Truth - mediocre. The cultured talk about naivism, the politicians about realism. The love remains, but its objects vary. I cannot help it, there is a wanderer inside me.

Written and directed by Veijo Baltzar
Duration approx. 2 h with intermission

Tickets: 8/10 €
Organised by the Drom Theatre and Caisa

MON 11.5. 4-6 P.M. WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LIVING ROOM

Topic: Intercultural Dialogue in Working Life, the Organisational Field, and Elsewhere. The Living Room gives immigrant and Finnish women a chance to meet. Discussion and cultural programme are always included. Free entrance. Welcome!

Registration: oge.eneh@hel.fi or (09) 310 37508.
Organised by Caisa



EXHIBITIONS



"ABER N TOUMAST - THE TRACES OF TOUMAST"

Art from Niger
Artists: Almoustpha Tambo, aquarelles and Elhadji Koumama, silver jewellery

LOBBY

6.5. - 28.5.

GALLERY AND CORRIDOR GALLERY

13.5. - 27.5.

"VIETNAM: PAST AND PRESENT"

Art from Vietnam
Artists: Nguyen Manh Phuc, Cao Quy, Ta Thanh Tam, Thieu and Thi Thu Ha Dung