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THE MAGAZINE FOR PROFESSIONAL MIGRANT ARTISTS



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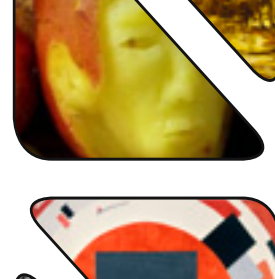
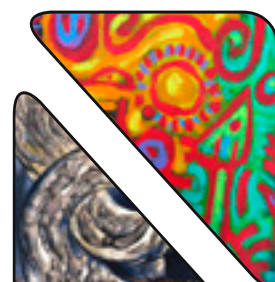
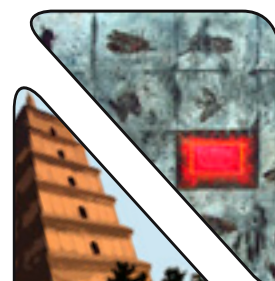
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HOW WONDERFUL AND SIGNIFICANT IS IT WHEN SOMEONE TOUCHES THE SUCCESS, THE FRUITS AND THE REASON THAT LINKS THAT ONE TO LIFE? I BELIEVE THAT THERE IS NOTHING GREATER OR HAPPIER THAN THOSE MOMENTS; THEY ARE LIKE LIFE'S ORGASMS, AN ELIXIR OF ETERNITY, A REASON FOR EXISTENCE OR A CHANCE TO FINALLY SAY WHAT YOU REALLY WISH TO SAY.

For some time I have seen myself as a kind-of Don Quixote figure or perhaps, to put it another way, like the Ancient Greek king Sisyphus, who angered the Gods for his trickery. His punishment was to roll a huge boulder up a hill, only to watch it roll back down, and to repeat this throughout eternity. My feelings of Don Quixote and Sisyphus have recently been wiped away by two moments of happiness, or a reason for existence as I like to call them

The two events responsible for this change have both involved our esteemed association, EU-MAN. The first was the opening of the "Art without frontiers" exhibition made in cooperation with the St. Petersburg group earlier this year and the second was the long-awaited distribution of Universal Colours in London, England, which was in parallel to an exhibition that opening during July.

However, these two events have not given us any "snobbish" feelings, but

rather the opposite. They have pushed us to work more actively and face our responsibilities head on. We are moving forward towards our goals and plans, one of which is presenting the work of EU-MAN members at the International Biennale of Dialogue, an international event that we have participated in twice before. We had 60 people submit applications to join this event, but only 17 lucky artists were chosen, each of whom actively fulfilled the conditions of the theme and had worked hard to participate in this esteemed event.

Later this year we will, of course, be hosting our annual Autumn Salon exhibition, which this year will be held in cooperation with the artists association of Vantaa, a city north of Helsinki.

These are just some of the activities that EU-MAN has planned in order to keep our spirit, hearts and minds fired up, plus they allow our existence to feel that we are still able to do, to say and to help ourselves find ways to be and to live just as we want to live.

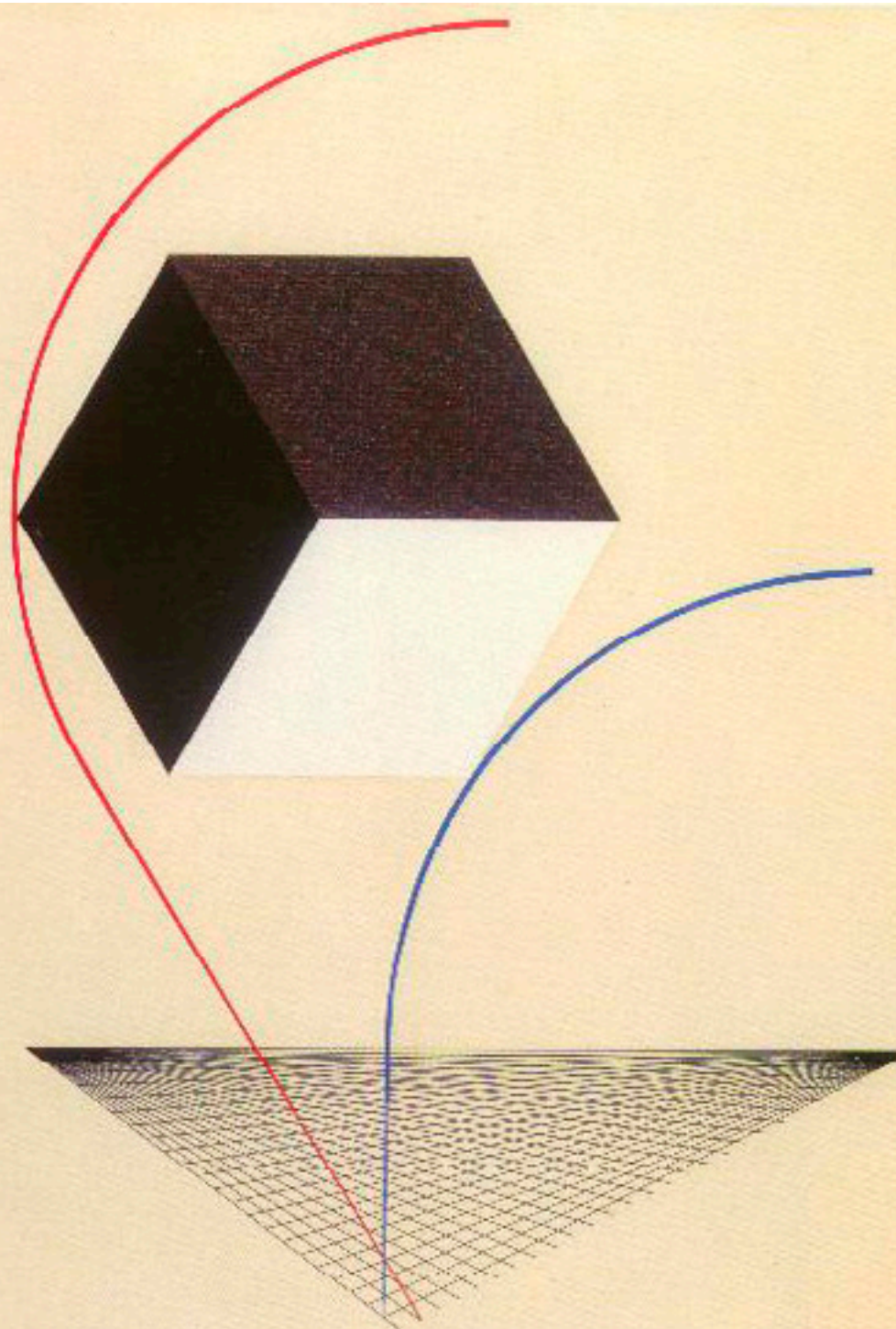
Amir Khatib

LISSITZKY +

Part 1 – Victory over the Sun

Van Abbemuseum , Eindhoven

Sept 19th – Sept 5th 2010



A Prounen by El Lissitzky c.1925

THE VAN ABBEMUSEUM HOSTS ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST AND MOST IMPORTANT COLLECTIONS OF WORK BY THE RUSSIAN ARTIST EL LISSITZKY (1890-1941). HE WAS PROBABLY THE MOST DYNAMIC ARTIST OF HIS TIME. LISSITZKY IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THE VAN ABBEMUSEUM.

His work, his ideas and his artistic objectives correspond closely with the museum's own engagement with experimentation, radical creativity and public participation. Lissitzky was not a creator of static, self-contained works. His creativity was dynamic, public, a mass of plans and projects, bristling with life.

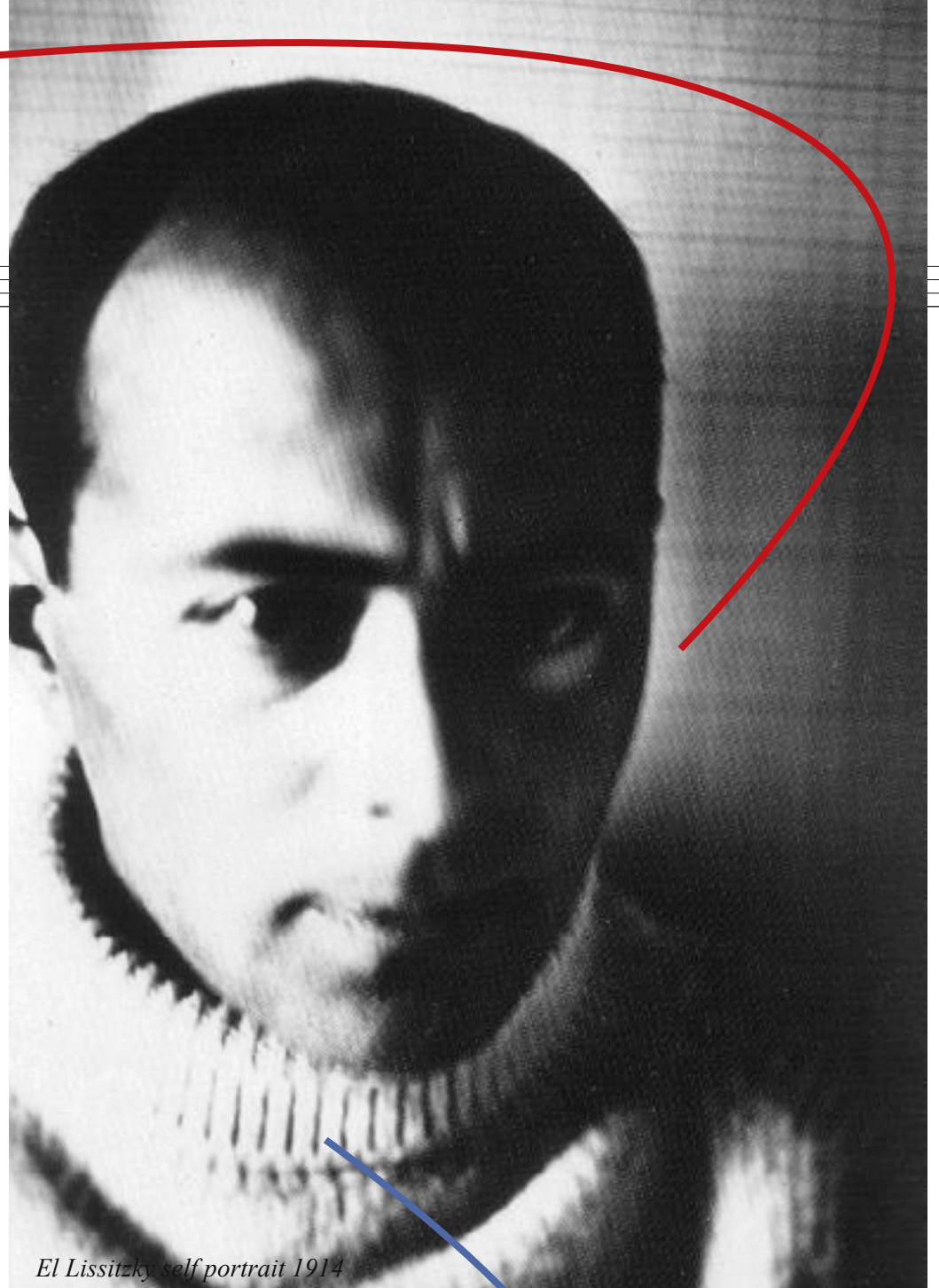
The museum is keen to make that verve – that vitality – tangible for today's public. The *Lissitzky +* project is comprised of three exhibitions, each taking a specific theme, which over the coming three years will shed new light on Lissitzky's oeuvre. An entire floor of the museum's new building is being rearranged for these new presentations. *Victory over the Sun*, the futurist opera that received its premiere in St. Petersburg in 1913, is

the focal point of the first exhibition.

‘Victory over the Sun’
The Russian artist Kazimir Malevich designed the fantastic costumes and sets for this opera’s premiere in 1913. The opera was staged for a second time after the Russian Revolution. This 1920 production was mounted in Vitebsk by members of Unovis (Advocates of new art), a group of artists who were striving after a new and dynamic form of art. Inspired by this performance, Lissitzky thought that it would also be possible to recast the work as an electromechanical show. He designed a number of figurines and a dynamic stage set for these doll-like figures. Besides an edition of the final result, the *Figurinnenmappe*, a portfolio of lithographs depicting several of the opera’s characters, the Van Abbemuseum’s collection includes unique sketches for these figurines and a number of printer’s proofs.

From two dimensions to three

Designs by Lissitzky will be presented in a three-dimensional form throughout the exhibition. For example, in the first



room the red and black square from his book *The Story of Two Squares* will be realised as cubes, with the three-dimensional models based on the *Figurinnenmappe* displayed inside the red cube. In the introduction to this portfolio, Lissitzky actually provides instructions for anyone who would like to create three-dimensional models based on these illustrations. However, nobody has ever done this, and the Van

Abbemuseum is seizing the initiative to have several of these models designed and realised. These will be installed in the spatial machinery that Lissitzky conceived, so that visitors can walk around them. The reconstruction of the renowned *Proun* space from the museum’s collection will be presented in the black cube. The designs associated with the work inside the cubes will be displayed in

the immediate vicinity of the red and black cubes. In the second room the focus shifts to Lissitzky as a graphic designer, while the third room sheds light on his international activities.

Lissitzky’s architectural designs are presented in the fourth room, together with models of several designs by other artists and architects. The presentation in this space includes a towering maquette of his

Cloudprop skyscraper. A blown-up version of the design for the *New Man* figurine is to be mounted on the window in the stairwell, while two enlargements of designs for propaganda posters on trams in Vitebsk will be presented on the walls each year. Room five is devoted to the story of how the Van Abbemuseum acquired its Lissitzky collection, and in the sixth room the public can find complementary information. Outside, a six-metre high rendering of one of the figurines, the *Gravediggers*, specially constructed for this exhibition, is to be installed in the museum lake.

The new, dynamic art

Lissitzky was a painter, a graphic artist and a designer of architecture, furniture, books and posters. He was a writer, a photographer and an indefatigable traveller. He was, moreover, a veritable mediator between the cultures of Soviet Russia and Western Europe. He collaborated closely with Kazimir Malevich, Hans Arp, Kurt Schwitters, László Moholy-Nagy, Theo van Doesburg and many other people, including architects, theatre directors and filmmakers from across Europe. Inspired by innovations in technology and science, in the 1920s these artists were searching for a new, revolutionary visual idiom with which they wanted to represent a utopian reality. Artists employed this visual idiom for the advancement of a new socialist society, most especially in Russia. Malevich became the mentor and later colleague of Lissitzky. It was through Malevich that Lissitzky became acquainted with Russian Futurism. The outbreak of the First World War forced the young Lissitzky to leave Germany, where he had been studying architecture. He returned to Russia, first to Moscow and then to Vitebsk (now in Belarus), where he taught at the People's Art School, which Chagall had founded there after the Revolution. Malevich moved to Vitebsk to teach at the academy, and Lissitzky subsequently became a convert to

the dynamic, geometrical art that Malevich termed 'Suprematism'. This movement's ambition was to change the world. The past was dead; the only monuments of any significance were 'Monuments of the Future', as Lissitzky called them.

The museum has invited Professor Dr. John Milner of the Courtauld Institute in London, who is an authority on the Russian avant-garde, to devise a series of presentations around the Lissitzky collection. The aim of this series is to show Lissitzky's oeuvre, as well as work by his colleagues and contemporaries, in several different contexts. This three-part series casts new light on Lissitzky's oeuvre and the context in which it was produced, as well as on Lissitzky as a person. Lissitzky could be regarded as an important precursor of the contemporary artists, someone who was aware of his social and political role as well as of the demands that he made of himself and others with regard to artistic innovation.

The second exhibition (September 2010 to September 2011) presents Lissitzky's work alongside the work of several radical female artists with whom he collaborated, while the third exhibition (September 2011 to September 2012) focuses on the dynamic human figure.

Lissitzky +
 Part 1: Victory over the Sun
 19/09/2009 - 05/09/2010

Van Abbemuseum
 Bilderdijklaan 10, Eindhoven

Opening hours:
 Tues-Sun 11.00 - 17.00
 Thursday 11.00 - 21.00

Adults - €8,50
 Free admission on
 Thurs night from 17.00

For more details visit:
www.vanabbemuseum.nl



El Lissitzky, Proun, ca. 1922-1923. Photo Peter Cox

Best wishes

By Michael Glover

Take this wall away.

Let the house blow open to the sky.

Nothing much matters to me now.

Here are: jewellery, pens, letters.

Are your pockets large enough?

There must be others who need

To read, write or wear such things.

They are surplus to my needs.

Would a garden fall

Within the compass of your ambitions?

I have grown violets, daffodils, anemones,

All brave portents of spring.

You may need such portents yourself.

Have this fistful with my best of wishes.

Now I must go.

And good luck with the world.

Ali Raza:

Dealing with complexity and simplicity

By Reem Fekri

Originally published on www.artdubai.ae

Ali Raza received his MFA in drawing and painting with a minor in Art History from the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis in 2001. After graduation, he started teaching in the university as an adjunct professor and taught drawing and painting for two years. In 2004, he moved to Boone, North Carolina to join Appalachian State University, where he is now working as an Assistant Professor and coordinates the painting department.

Ali lives and works between USA and Pakistan. He works primarily in painting but he has worked in other disciplines such as drawing, printmaking and sculpture.

He is partaking in a show Hanging Fire: Contemporary Art from Pakistan from September 10th 2009 - January 10th 2010 at Asia Society, New York.

Reem Fekri: There is an incredibly engaging aesthetic that has been developed within your older work, which involves a collection of images, often of a political nature commonly found within the media. Stereotypical images that often represent the 'East' within the 'West' such as guns, military and Bollywood stars seep through incredibly large canvases that often create a 'collage' effect. Do you work with notions of political uncertainty and stereotyping within your artistic practice?

Ali Raza: My work has been changing over time; there has been no constant theme of my work apart from the notion of change itself. The works you have mentioned in the question are done in 2006-08. At that time, I was working with multiple layering of disjunctive painted imagery. I was interested in quoting already seen or exhausted images by the media in my work. That work was never pre-scripted but evolved spontaneously. But now I prefer to plan before starting an idea, probably it is because of the nature of work and the medium that I am dealing with.

To me, every image is like a codification of an idea



and every culture reads that code differently. I think, paradoxically, we are all responsible and victims of stereotypes. Stereotypes are either our inability, or disinterestedness in understanding the other. For a Pakistani living in a remote village, who has never been to USA probably image of USA is very close to what is seen through Hollywood or "Baywatch". Same goes for an American who is not familiar with Pakistani culture. They probably think that Pakistan is the place where only Taliban roam around.

Lets just be objective and analyse which visual codes (images) represent such a lack of inability or misunderstanding of others, around us. The whole



international scene is full of such misunderstandings. I think, it is a myth that any concept originated in one language or a culture can be completely translated to another language or a culture, without losing anything. But at least making an effort to attempt this cross-cultural translation should not be taken only as negative phenomena. On the positive side of this inability to translate, one might be initiating the process of hybridization. The word global is much more complicated than we think of it. We should be aware of the difference between “inter-national” and “inter-nationalism”.

RF: Your work depicts harsh realities on the surface, yet beneath these ‘initial’ images a utopia is blended in under the surface (i.e. Your Body is an Extension and Cleaning Supplies). What is the significance of these imaginary Utopias?

AR: Main inspiration of this utopian imagery is coming from the folk art on three-wheeled rickshaw in Quetta, Pakistan. A few years ago, my wife Samina and myself did some documentation of this quickly vanishing art form. We both were really impressed by rickshaw painters’ professionalism and skill. Their imagery is based on



the sheer naïve utopia. It was so fascinating, how they juxtaposed disparate symbols of peace and aggression together, which apparently do not make any sense but do make an eye-catching unusual image.

For example, in one of the visual, a very colourful naïvely painted valley has an inset of cobra gunship helicopters flying in the sky or in a similarly a naïve colourful landscape, we see the presence of two male peacocks, facing each other like lovers. I wonder if there is any codification intended indeed, or is it just me over-reading these visuals. I was also taken aback with the fact that they regionalise the westernised characters like gladiators, Tarzan (Jungle boy) or Sheena (the fictional queen of the jungle).

I also think the whole idea of these naïvely painted landscapes in rickshaws and truck art of Pakistan is a form of stereotyped visualized utopia probably originated with interest in myths and collective cultural sub-consciousness.

RF: You argue that you try to refrain from binding yourself to a

signature style, and more recently you have burnt paper ashes to create images rather than using paint. This has changed immensely from diverse and often political subject matters to everyday static images (such as a chair or a book). What developed this change?

AR: For me, signature style art-making is like bonding labour (I am not saying that it applies to everyone). What I am saying is that I cannot simply bind myself to keep my identity as an artist associated with a certain style or medium. I believe in evolution of my work and when it evolves, it has to go through change. I prefer improvisation to acknowledged style.

Signature style or recognizable style artwork thrives on promises of the consumerism in art. For instance, all the works produced by one established artist are always not same. Some works are more interesting than others but if an artist has a name, a collector sees the name not the quality of the work. I really admire the artists

who keep improvising their art and make the art market follow them rather than vice versa.

However, making these recent collage works with burnt paper or paper ashes is a deliberate move. Recently, I got interested in the character of a medium that comes with a charged notion. To me, ashes represent an end or remains of disaster, a frail state of physicality, a proof of transformation, anger, protest, fragmentation and much more.

I have always been intrigued by the medium that actively engages itself in the overall readability of an image. This is not the first time, that I am using collage. I have been working in collage since 1998, when I moved to USA. Earlier, I was using commercial advertising (junk mail) by cutting it in shapes like circles and square cut-outs (reminiscent of digital pixels). Later, I started using a paper shredder. I started making visuals with shredded pieces of junk mail; it was my way of recycling the unwanted and overwhelmingly tempting information of promising consumerist utopia.

In my current work, I use the same material but in the form of ashes. These ashes to construct images is an attempt and hope to see a new beginning, rather than just claiming an end of something.

RF: Within your more recent work you burn paper from all types of magazines rather than any specific ones - and in many areas of the finished piece the text is largely readable. Is there a particular reason for this?

AR: First of all, the printed information remains somewhat readable after burning, and second, it is the character of the medium that I like. This work offers fragmented readability for those who come close to experience the surface of these images.



I think fragmentation is an important aspect of the statement of my work. The burnt frail pieces of text and images that I collage in my work are an attempt to re-collect memories in a random order to claim what is left and something missed in the process of transformation.

RF: Is the continuous political upheaval in Pakistan influencing your work? Who or what are your largest influences?

AR: Memory works best with the association of place. Although, I have been living in the USA I must admit that even after living here for the last ten years, I could not develop detachability with Pakistan or the South Asian living style in general. I do not want to lament like a nationalist or artist in Diaspora as I live between USA and Pakistan by choice, because I enjoy different aspects of both places. I am only trying to explain that who I am today is because of my living experiences and interest. If the current socio-political upheaval of Pakistan is felt in my work, it is because; these days all the time, I try to stay aware of what is going on there.

There is a long list of artists whose work, I appreciate for different reasons. But I would like to mention, one artist in particular, who influenced me the most, is one of my mentors, Zahoor Ul-Akhlaq (1941-1999). He has been in fact the most influential artist for my generation of Pakistani artists. Currently, I am revisiting Zahoor's work with a different perspective and what I like most about his work is the constant improvising and synthesis of diverse ideas with a great ease and subtleness.

Right now, my biggest challenge as an artist is how to make work that appears simple but not as simple as it initially appears. In other words, how to deal with complexity and simplicity simultaneously? I must also mention that influences come from everywhere. For example right now I am addicted to A. R. Rahman's and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan's music. I listen to them all the time while working in my studio, and I am sure on a subconscious level, their music is influencing my work too!

Source: www.artdubai.ae

Artist of the Issue

Sadradeen Ameen: An artist of the surrounding

By Khalid Khudair AL Salihi



“I Try to Paint with
Pictographic Writing

A Mixture of
Painting and Writing”

There is a degree of mania displayed by the painter Sadradeen

Ameen concerning his surroundings and environment. The beings and creatures that he takes as a visual means to reveal the aesthetic data hidden within the surrounding entity is his favourite subject, and maybe the only one. While the findings of those surroundings constitute the painter's gate to enter that subject, it is a gate with a retroactive direction that begins with the identity of the artist and the findings of those surroundings returning to him.

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Abstractionist experiences often take their inspiration from the surrounding environment and then try to stamp their findings with formal convictions in which the painter Sadradeen Ameen believes and upon which he has established his formal system. At a time when huge numbers of Iraqi artists believed that the subject of their work was the fossils of ancient walls, Sadradeen Ameen didn't want to follow in the footsteps of those painters or any others.

He decided to look inward when he began to fill his plate with the contents of his memory, such as creatures with which he had lived for a long time; those creatures were amalgamated with his awareness of the form and eventually interwove itself with nature. His plate appears to us as if containing a mixture of masses of humans, some of them wearing masks, others having horns just like the ancients who used to paint magicians in the form of shamans or fairy animals.

Their shapes were mixed with a countless

variety of fish, cats, snakes, turtles, birds, moons, stars, suns, plants, reptiles, trees and roses gathered together in carnivals that these animals would participate. These tales and legends represented a principal source in forming the cultural structure derived from the popular mythology of the mountain forests areas in Iraq which Sadradeen Ameen then reshaped through an art form consisting of of high techniques and structural formation.

You have been classified as “an artist of the surrounding” or a realistic artist of special patterns, or even more precisely as an expressionist, an abstractionist artist. What’s your opinion about that?

I prefer the personification painting because there is a human, spiritual and psychological dimension in that, and I want my plate to be filled with life; I don't want it to be frozen or solid or incomprehensible in the eyes of others. I also want it to be effective

and not to strike the viewer, but it should be enjoyed. The most sublime of the aims in art is to enjoy the others, thus I choose my vocabularies with the utmost of care, and, even when I repeat them, I try to do that in a different way in each new work.

I don't want to be classified within a certain frame as an expressionist or abstractionist or primitive because I consider that a constraint that restricts the artist's movement, and because I am an abstractionist artist - in each phase I have my own experiences which are different. The late Muhammed Sabri, my teacher in the colour lessons when I was a student in the Academy of Fine Arts in Baghdad, classified me as a “bestial” painter, in other words belonging to the bestial school. He was right in that because I was, at that time, affected by the style of Henri Matisse, and I consider that my

teacher Muhammed Sabri actually discovered me.

I try nowadays to combine all styles together, in spite of the difficulty of attempting such an adventure; I consider a good artist to be a good adventurer, a discoverer of treasures, secrets and ambiguity in life. It is not important to succeed or fail, but it is important to try, didn't Andre Briton say that the idea of success and failure is under my feet?

Do you agree that the task of art is to collect the findings of the surroundings then make the abstraction, reduction and formal modification processes on them?

The task of the artist is not just to collect the findings from the surrounding



(making the reduction, abstraction and modification) but to enrich the spiritual side of Man, and to intensify the meaning of life, to activate the pulses

of the heart. The artist is a creator of magic, the voice of the soul that expresses the primitive intuition of feelings, a spontaneous motive of the unconscious, a scout of unfamiliar beauty, a searcher for primitive purity that Man has lost now.

Painting is a creation like nature, because the artist is a man who adds a form to an existing form, and if this kind of form is only a form without soul, then it's a dead form. Art is not just a *thing* that we find in



museums and art galleries, it is the search for the essence of truth, and it is also an explanation of nature. Art is a question with no answer, and it is the task of the artist to search for the answer.

Why have you considered other creatures in your relationship with the surrounding, yet you haven't employed the use of walls, letters and

signals as in the case of the current wave of artists of your generation?

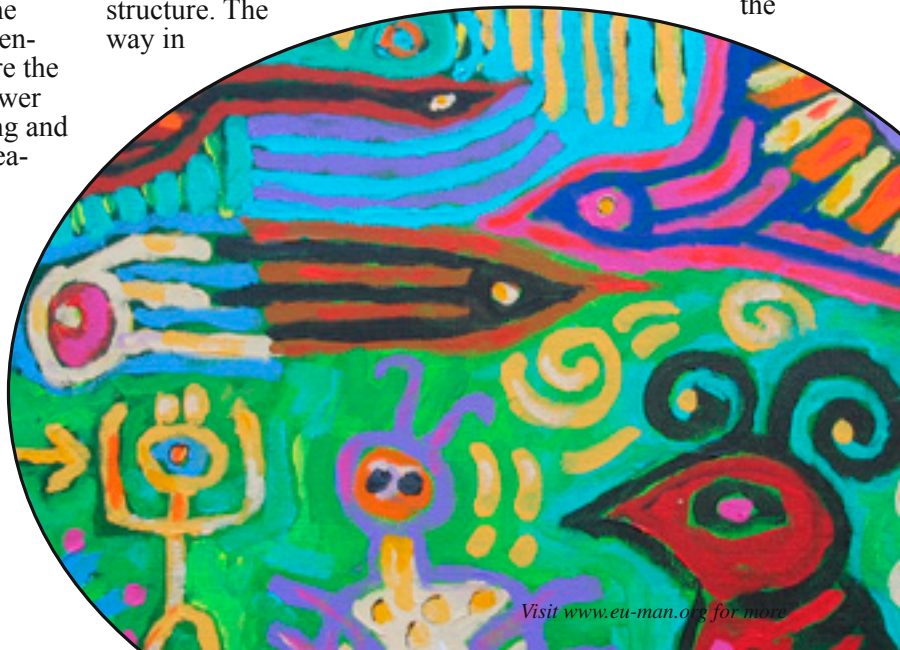
We are all living creatures possessing a life and an existence based on conscious and unconscious feelings; I am connected with the symbolic imagination of those creatures, whether they are realistic or legendary. I search for the pure form, in other words, I am trying to preserve the language of visual and internal dialogue in the work of art to convey the essence of artistic reaction. I don't want any kind of super-

vision over my works, I want them to penetrate the depths of creative legendary time. Legends are the source of constant power in all forms of thinking and art, knowing these creatures totally gives me an internal lust, from all that springs their symbolic dimension as a special pattern of continuous internal explosions inside the artist.

I have found there is an astonishing presence of the haunted and

enchanted in my works, with the magic of creatures creating a strange feeling that drives me to draw these creatures. I have been born within an Oriental environment in which the animal element had a dominating presence as a body, with its movement, tales, legends, symbols, superstitions and religious rituals. The environment in which I lived was, and still remains a primitive, wild and innocent environment. There were, and still remain, many analogous descriptions and metaphors concerning the animal since Gilgamesh to our present day.

The creatures sometimes appear in my paintings like a body, and sometimes like metaphors; that's because I am fond of meditating creatures: animals, birds, fish and insects. My creatures are not tamed, they are irrational, and sometimes I don't want them to be rotten, I want them to be closer to childhood and its innocence. I want them to be astray, wild and far from epistemological structure. The way in



which I see them, they appear beautiful and effective, the existence of creatures sharpens the imagination, and they bestow on us new senses. Once a Japanese artist was asked why doesn't he paint animals, he replied "because animals don't betray."

My creatures are spiritual imaginations, they represent a constant source of astonishment, and a return to the spirit of earth, they are ceremonial creatures, carnival, dreamlike shapes, they are magical totems, glaring with ceremonial light and affection, my creatures signify a total civilization, a purification of man's soul from evil latent in the selves of human kind that is thirsty to destroy the man's kingdom of dream and calmness. I call for the

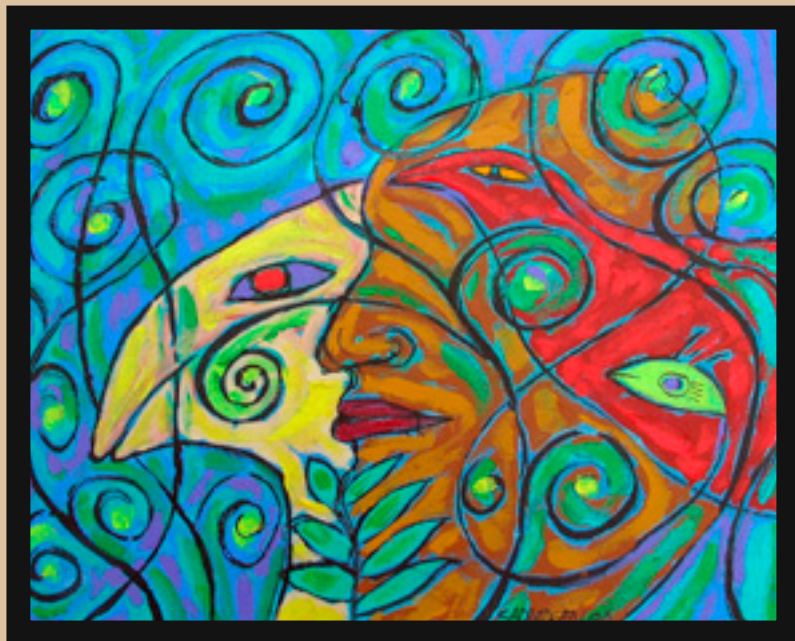




original calmness, the womb where there is no end to sensuality and enjoyment, where the essence of thing is to be found.

Why do you wrap your creatures within thick walls? Is it from a fear of the outside and a regression to the inside?

This is an important question, and an American critic, who acquired two of my plates at that time, asked me the same question too. There is a famous sentence by an American writer in which he says “the animal creatures live outside, and we human beings live inside.” Yes, I think it’s a kind of inward regression, that’s one side of the issue, the other is that I look to the matter as an internal reflection of the sensual facts. I want also, through this hard wrapping of my vocabularies, to draw the attention of my audience to the shape of the creature in an extraordinary way, and to emphasise my own vocabularies. Each creature has its own language, its own vision, its own philosophy that differs from the rest of the vocabulary on the same plate. By this way I want to preserve the independence of the creature or the vocabulary, considering that it is an active element having its own entity. I wish to clarify my own vision to the world explicitly. The writer John Kinsey says, “Art should be clear like the flame.”



Through my observations and meditations of many paintings on walls, caves, and ancient carvings on stones, and also archaeological findings, I found that most of the paintings were representing a hard external determination of the form without any details inside the general shape. It was scarcely that the forms interfere with each other. Thus I find myself like that primitive hunter when he paints on the walls of caves with a high intuition of the shape of the creature using hard, powerful, elegant, deep and touching lines, in order to teach us afterwards with his primitive instincts the first lesson in painting. I feel indebted to that primitive hunter who is in fact me.

Your forms began to move towards simplicity, do you expect that you will move totally to a pure semiotic calligraphical language or to the beginnings of Cuneiform writing?

This is one of the most difficult questions that might face the painter, and I usually ask myself this question after putting the finishing touches on the plate. When I begin painting, I paint with excitement, impulsion, desire and enjoyment, then when the plate is finished, an unfamiliar feeling of joy, happiness



and childish overwhelming gaiety haunts me. But unfortunately that joy doesn't last long, after a while I find myself feeling sad, worried and bewildered, and I ask myself how will be the shape of my next plate?

Those moments are the worst for the artist, all that I know is that I paint and I don't know where my creatures are leading me, where they are taking me, and whether I should abandon them someday, and when should I stop? There is an unknown fate waiting for my creatures, yet I will continue painting so long as there are humans, creatures, birds, fish, legends, tales, dreams and so on ... So I paint with a wounded desire, painting needs oblation and sacrifices, the artist himself may turn someday to an oblation just as it happened to Van Gogh, Mark Rothko and De Stale.

After all that, I don't know whether I'll resort to another language. I think that I may, when I exhaust all my oxygen, abandon my creatures and take another state, maybe I'll return to the pre-calligraphy period; calligraphy has lost its first glare because of the misunderstanding of its real secrets and working on its surface in a deforming way incomprehensible to many artists as a spiritual and creative value.

I am now experimenting, searching, studying and penetrating in the field of pictography; it is an old representational writing that mixes between painting and writing. It is, in a way, similar to the hieroglyphic sketches and representational writing in China and



Japan, and it also resembles the real entrance to the art of painting and writing simultaneously. I consider it the encyclopaedia of representation that contains all the expressive vocabularies in the universe: primitive animals and plants forms that are proliferating in a dreamlike world without a beginning or an end.

That's what I try to do; I feel that I am moving in this direction searching for a simple and real happiness, which is an existentialist search for the soul of innocence in all its details, that's what my imagination contains now.

What are the conditions of the Iraqi artists in America and what are the effects of emigration on your artistic achievements?

I would like to state first that there are restricted number of Iraqi artists in America because most Iraqi artists, since the Sixties, have gone to study painting in Italy and France specifically. The first artists who left Iraq to study painting in America through official scholarships in the late-Seventies were Waleed Sheet and Sahib Ahmed. These two artists returned to Iraq, while the artists Hashim Al- Taweel,

Muhammed Taban and Sadi Abbas Al- Babili are currently living in America.

In the Nineties another group of artists emigrated to America and most of them are specifically students of the Academy of Fine Arts, but those are very few indeed. Unfortunately, till now, the Iraqi artist hasn't become something significant in America and Iraqi art doesn't really exist there in its wider meaning - it is almost impossible that three artists meet together in one place. There are many reasons for that, for example there are thousands of artists in America, thousands of foreign artists, and most of the galleries are booked for at least two years in advance, some of them for even five years.

On the other hand, there is the difficulty of living. The artist has to find specific work for himself before anything else, and this work exhausts all his energy, and then he has to acquire the language very well. Life in America is alluring, fast and expensive, it makes you forget everything. The rhythm of life moves at an astonishing speed; days





and years pass like lightning, which is why many people feel lost and lonely.

So the artist who cannot withstand the assault of all this suffering will eventually, and unfortunately, be lost and expired, but the artist who holds inside him the seed of art and its love, when he is true and honest with himself, will undoubtedly succeed because America is the country of golden chances. New York City is now the centre of attraction to artists; the artist finds all he can dream in this city.

In a very touching letter, the poet and critic Farouk Yousif wrote to me saying that the good artist must bravely face any possible danger if he wants to be a good artist. These words are very realistic and important, because the word "artist" is

a great word, and art needs great sacrifices.

Immigration is hard, but the true artist was, and still is, a strange creature in all ages, and immigration is very effective, its effects are numerous. I personally didn't feel till now the momentum of immigration because I became free. Freedom is the most beautiful thing in life, and freedom makes you forget the feeling of immigration. Hemingway said, "Whenever freedom is small, man would be small". Thus I came to the new world to get rid of slavery, to be a free creative artist. Here I found myself: thinking well, painting well, reading whatever I want, visiting art galleries and important museums, observing the works of great artists closely, making my own exhibitions and participating in other exhibitions.

When I reached America, I was carrying thirty dollars in my pocket, in addition to some of my plates and many dreams. After six months, I hosted my first personal exhibition in America, and half of my works were sold on the exhibition's opening evening. After a year of my residence there, I participated in an exhibition and was awarded the first prize, and after two years I participated in an exhibition consisting of 220 artists and received the evaluative prize. My plates appeared on covers of newspapers and the American TV channel Fox 43 broadcast a positive report about my art. Just part of this wouldn't have happened to me if I were in my home country and among my own people, all this happened to me while I was in a strange country that has now become my own country.

*Visit his website:
<http://sadradeenameen.blogspot.com>*



Poetry...


飛雁登樓

By Ali Alizadeh

*concerning the Wild Goose pagoda
what can we know
many hurry here from afar
climbing it
to play the hero once
still others come to play the hero twice
or more times
the disillusioned
the overweight
all climb up
to play the hero
then come down
go out into the street and disappear.*

Surreally stimulating in Helsinki

By Thanos Kalamidas



Lhe names Marcel Duchamp, René Magritte, Salvador Dali, Max Ernst, Giorgio de Chirico, Joan Miró and Jackson Pollock are just some names that I picked randomly from a very long list of artists that have one thing in common: they all belong to the surrealist movement. Actually, they have one more thing in common: works from those artists belong to the collection of the Jewish scholar, poet and art dealer Arturo Schwarz and the collection was donated in 1998 to the Israel Museum in Jerusalem.

Until September 22nd more than 250 works from this collection are on display in Helsinki's Tennis Palace Art Museum under the title "Surrealism & Beyond". It seems that this 'beyond' is equally important since it also covers from Dadaism to Expressionism, plus the legendary film *Un chien Andalou*, the result of an extraordinary cooperation between Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali.

I don't need to write an extended analysis on the works of these people but I do want to discuss this 'beyond' in the title of the exhibition because I think that word is the quintessence of Surrealism and Dadaism, and it is beyond the forms of art we are used to reaching through literature, visual and acoustic forms. Still, there is something beyond even that and that is the brain and the soul of the observer; the work that starts after the observer has seen the work. It is like the spectator, the observer is part of the art and by observing the sculpture, the painting or the film they become part of it. This is what excuses the 'beyond' when it comes to this exhibition.



Herbert Bayer, Lonely Metropolitan, 1932
Photo © The Israel Museum, Jerusalem

Surrealist and Dadaism movements were inspired and motivated by society and the human mind was influenced strongly by the new and, at the time, revolutionary studies of Sigmund Freud. Freud's studies of the human mind and psychology - where 'psyche' is Greek for the 'soul' - led to the creation of a whole science based on the study of the human soul, just the way Aristotle understood the soul.

Every single piece of work in this exhibition targets the soul of the observer and every single work in those rooms awakens hidden feeling and visions. René Magritte's "The castle of the Pyrenees" and Joan Miró's "Bird" do exactly that; these two works dip into your soul as you stand in front of them - you are fumbling for your feelings and inner thoughts, your fears and secret joys and when you stand in front of Herbert Bayer's work "Lonely" you see all those feelings, fears and joys overwhelm you and, at the same time, drown you in a desperation of the claustrophobia this modern world has sentenced you to.

When describing an exhibition I try to avoid metaphors and poetic

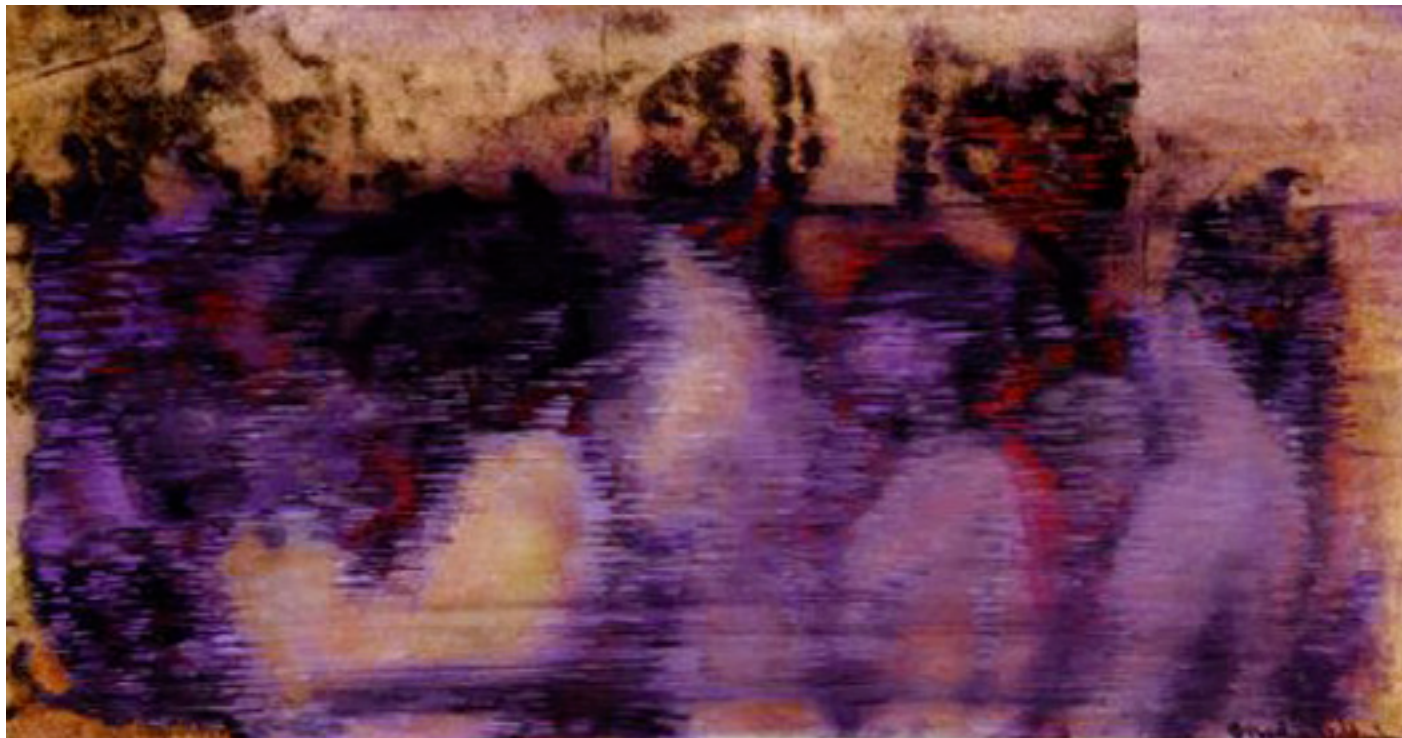
expressions, but the sense of those 250 works and the overwhelming feeling of the artists behind them have left me little option. How can you describe Salvador Dali's "Surrealist essay" or Marcel Duchamp's "Bicycle Wheel"?

It's exactly a bicycle wheel when you try to describe it but when you stand in front of it is so much more than words can ever describe! It is those moments that keep Surrealism and Dadaism alive even though, as movements, they were active mainly in the first decades of the 20th century. It is not only that the Surrealists' work is still alive and contemporary, the number of contemporary artists that are influenced from their work is also noticeable and the newcomers are still evolving these revolutionary visions and their approach.



So, if you live in Helsinki, if you live in Finland or somewhere close-by, visit this exhibition for a totally stimulating experience. Finally, I have visited the Tennis Palace Art Museum many times over the past decade for different exhibitions and have often left with reservations regarding the exhibition hall, but this time those responsible for the gallery have done superb work and that just adds to the feeling of majesty!

Painter and a practicing psychoanalyst



Bracha L. Ettinger (IL - FR) is a prominent contemporary artist and a groundbreaking theoretician working at the intersection of art, psychoanalysis, feminine sexuality, and aesthetics. Ettinger is a painter and a practicing psychoanalyst. Based in Paris and in Tel Aviv, Ettinger is an activist against the Israeli occupation of Palestinian territories, and she is among the leading intellectuals associated with contemporary French thought.

Bracha Ettinger's work is currently for view as a solo exhibition at the Freud's Museum in London. Her paintings, photos, drawings and notebooks have been exhibited extensively in major museums of contemporary art, among them:

Herzliya Museum of Contemporary Art (2008). The Royal Museum of Fine Arts, Antwerp (2006-2007). KIASMA Museum of Contemporary Art, Helsinki (2006). The Art Museum, Goteborg (2003). Villa Medici, Rome, (1999). Israel Museum, Jerusalem (1999). Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam (1997). The Pompidou Centre (1997). Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney (1997). Art Gallery of Western Australia, Perth (1997). Museum for Israeli Art, Ramat-Gan (1997). Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA), Boston (1996), National Museum for Women in the Arts, Washington (1996). Whitechapel, London (1996). The Israel Museum, Jerusalem, (1992). Tel-Aviv Museum of Art (1991, 1990). Among Ettinger's One-person exhibitions: The Drawing Center, NY (2001). The Palais des



Beaux Arts, Brussels (2000). Museum of Art, Pori (1996). The Israel Museum, Jerusalem (1995). The Museum Of Modern Art (MOMA), Oxford (1993). The Russian Museum of Ethnography, St. Petersburg (1993). Le Nouveau Musée, Villeurbanne (1992.) The Musée; des Beaux-Arts, Calais (1988). The Pompidou Centre, Paris (1987).

Bracha Ettinger has been elaborating for more than twenty years a new “matrixial” theory and language with major aesthetical, analytic, ethical and political implications that have transformed the contemporary debates in art history and cultural studies. Ettinger’s ideas offer the hope that identities might not have to be achieved either sacrificially or at someone else’s expense. Her book *The Matrixial Borderspace* (University of Minnesota Press, 2006) brings together essays from 1994-1999.

Vegas Gallery
Oaklands 64-66,
Redchurch Street, London
www.vegassgallery.co.uk



We also welcomed the young British artist Alex Hudson to our represented artists list who graduated in MA Fine Art, Painting, from The University of the Arts, London; Wimbledon College of Art in 2007.

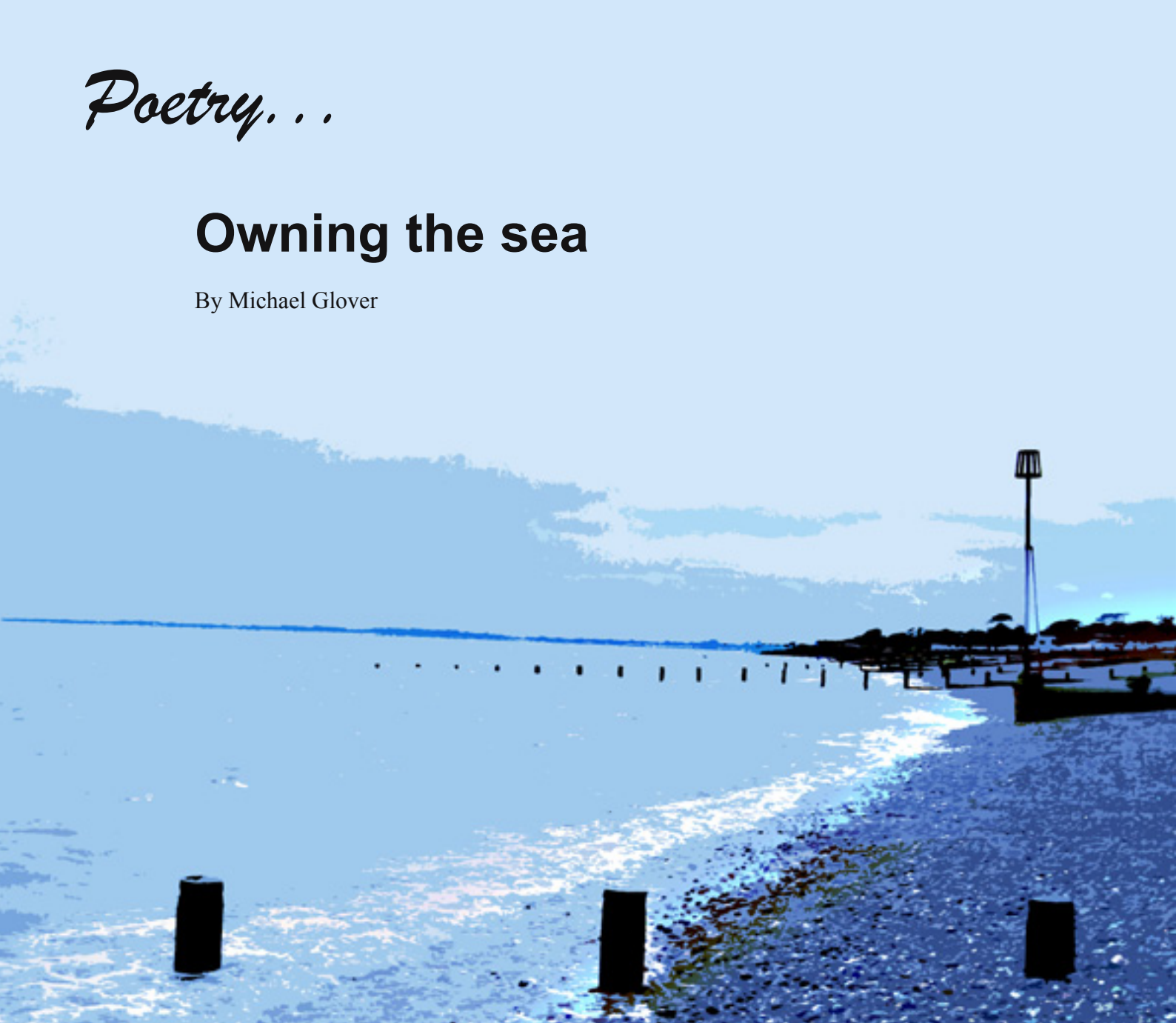
He was included in the 2008 Bloomberg New Contemporaries at The A Foundation, Liverpool. He has participated in a number of group exhibitions, including those at Leicester City Art Gallery, Leicester; Cafe Gallery Projects, London; The Nunnery, London and Artsway, Hampshire.

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Poetry...

Owning the sea

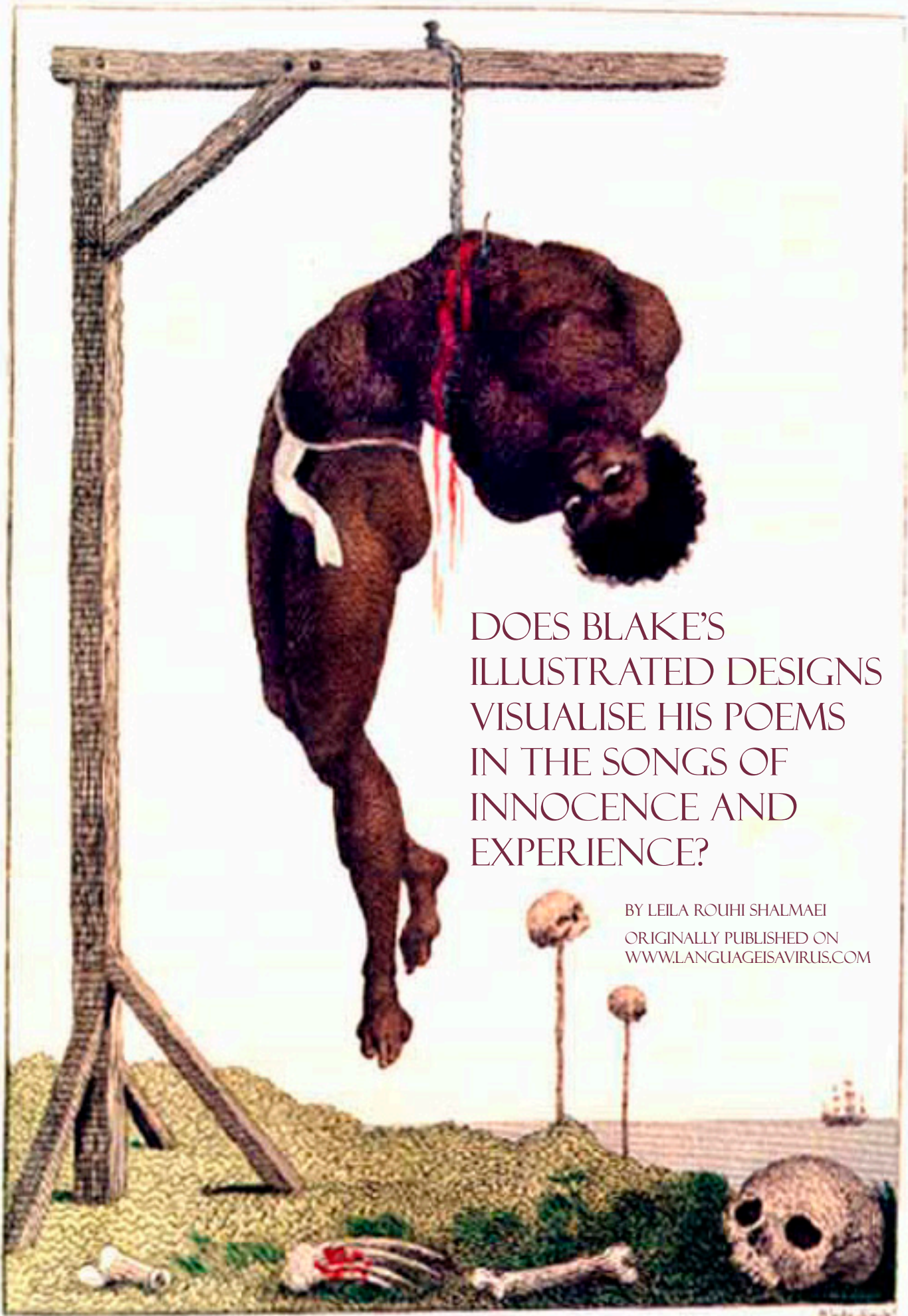
By Michael Glover



Yesterday a man said he owned the sea.
We pleaded with him: give it back to the earth!
He insisted it was his, by right of birth.

Yesterday the people killed a man
Who'd said he owned the sea, for his arrogance,
For the way he spoke, and the way he swayed above us all.
They chopped him down, then up - heart, fingers, balls.

Yesterday a voice said it owned the sea.
We stood above the spot, staring down at cold earth.
We dug and dug, took parts of him, flung them about.
Now the voices come from everywhere -
tiny, insistent shouts.



DOES BLAKE'S
ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS
VISUALISE HIS POEMS
IN THE SONGS OF
INNOCENCE AND
EXPERIENCE?

BY LEILA ROUHI SHALMAEI
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED ON
WWW.LANGUAGEISAVIRUS.COM



WILLIAM BLAKE WAS BORN IN LONDON IN 1757. HIS FATHER SOON RECOGNIZED HIS SON'S ARTISTIC TALENTS AND SENT HIM TO STUDY AT A DRAWING SCHOOL WHEN HE WAS TEN YEARS-OLD. AT FOURTEEN, WILLIAM ASKED TO BE APPRENTICED TO THE ENGRAVER JAMES BASIRE, UNDER WHOSE DIRECTION HE FURTHER DEVELOPED HIS INNATE SKILLS.

As a young man Blake worked as an engraver, illustrator and drawing teacher, and met such artists as Henry Fuseli and John Flaxman, as well as Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose classicizing style he would later come to reject. Blake wrote poems during this time as well, and his first printed collection, an immature and rather derivative volume

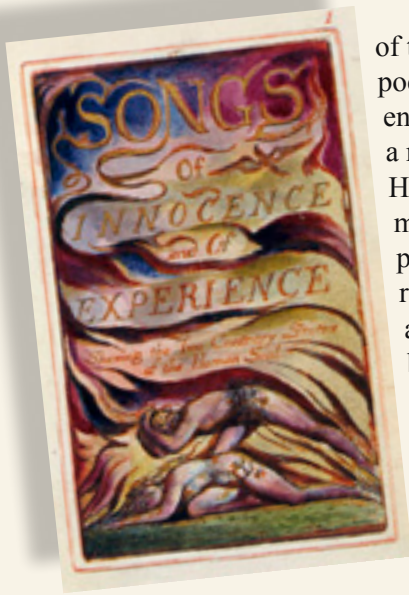
called *Poetical Sketches*, appeared in 1783. *Songs of Innocence* was published in 1789, followed by *Songs of Experience* in 1793 and a combined edition the next year bearing the title *Songs of Innocence and of Experience: Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul*.

In 1809, Blake sank

into depression and withdrew into obscurity; he remained alienated for the rest of his life. His contemporaries saw him as something of an eccentric - as indeed he was. Suspended between the neoclassicism of the 18th century and the early phases of Romanticism, Blake belongs to no single poetic school or age. Only in the 20th century did

wide audiences begin to acknowledge his profound originality and genius.

Blake's political radicalism intensified during the years leading up to the French Revolution. He began a seven-book poem about the revolution, but it was either destroyed or never completed, and only the first book survives. He disapproved of the



of the 19th century. His poems, paintings, and engravings, revealed a remarkable talent. He was an artist who mixed his poetry with painting which was really interesting. In his age he was influenced by various social, ideological, and political movement along with Romantic Movement which made him practice his own method and to develop a new style.

Enlightened rationalism of institutionalized religion. In the 1790s and after, he shifted his poetic voice from the lyric to the prophetic mode, and he wrote a series of long prophetic books, including Milton and Jerusalem.

Blake published almost all of his works himself, by an original process in which the poems were etched by hand, along with illustrations and decorative images, onto copper plates. These plates were inked to make prints, and the prints were then coloured with paint. This expensive and labour-intensive production method resulted in a quite limited circulation of Blake's poetry during his life. It also posed a special set of challenges to scholars of Blake's work, which has interested both literary critics and art historians. Studies on his work shows that we should consider his graphic art and his writing together; certainly he himself thought of them as inseparable.

William Blake was one of the most influential English romantic artists

One critic admiring Blake's poems writes: "The short poems of Blake are like pebbles thrown into a pool, creating ripples which move outwards indefinitely, affecting everything they touch. At their gentlest they are like tendrils caressing the world, at their most violent like bombs smashing to smithereens the false structures of existing belief and opinions.

In his critic of Innocence and Experience, C. M. Bowra claims that the address to Earth is an authentic appeal reflecting Blake's desire of creating an "ultimate synthesis in which innocence might be wedded to experience and goodness to knowledge." The poems of Blake's Songs of Innocence and Song of Experience are portrayals

of the continual conflict between innocence and experience. Each poem tells different links of interweaved stories. Also, the "break of day" stands as a symbol of the new life in which innocence and experience will be transformed, and man's soul will attain a fuller, more active life in the creative imagination.

Regarding the connections between Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience and some similarities Bowra adds that: "The Bard in the "Introduction to Songs of Experience" appears again in "The Sick Rose" and is again calling to an individual; perhaps this individual is the same character as the narrator at the end of "The Echoing

characters, Blake portrays views of innocence and experience as they appear in several characters. While these characters may not be the actual characters in previous poems, there is enough evidence to support the theory that the characters that are introduced are meant to represent the characters that have similar experiences to those that have been introduced earlier. Blake defines a few different "type" of characters, whose types are defined by the amount, of experience, wisdom and maturity."

Blake's most well known work is that contained within his Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience collections of poems. The former of these collections, printed 1789, depicts a naïve world of nature with Christ-like overtones. It does, however, acknowledge an opposite or contrary world. The Songs of Experience, a later collection printed 1794, depicts a cold, sad, despairing place.

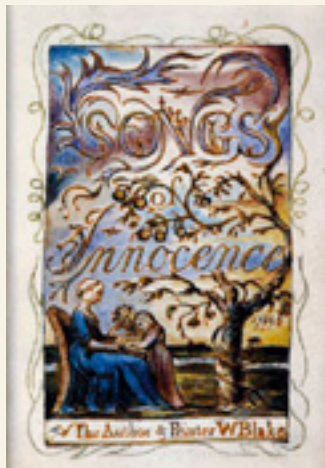
In this essay, I attempt to compare Blake's illustrated designs and poems in his Songs of Innocence and Experience and to examine to what extent his paintings visualize his



Green". By weaving through these stories and

poems. As my first step, I would elaborate on some of the poems of Songs of Innocence and their corresponding images. This section will be followed by a similar study on his Song of Experience. Finally, I will round up the presented arguments voiced by a number of his famous critics and then provide a conclusion.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE



Blake published his Songs of Innocence in 1789. The poems of Innocence are full of life and simplicity. The texts centre on the lively period of childhood and are full of energy. Both the design and the text are simple and contain subjects which are related to nature and children. Every item in the text and especially in the design may have emblems and should be considered meaningful.

In Picture Theory, Mitchell argues in a different way about the quality of the Songs of Innocence that the hollow reed and the stained water indicate that a kind of absence and lack of innocence accompanies the very attempt to express the message of innocence.

BOTH THE DESIGN AND THE TEXT ARE SIMPLE AND CONTAIN SUBJECTS WHICH ARE RELATED TO NATURE AND CHILDREN.

What makes the poems Songs of Innocence is the narrator's unawareness of these evil connotations. Blake himself suggested some two years before that a man might be insulted with "the innocence of a child...because it reproaches him with the errors of acquired folly."

Jean H. Hagstrum says in this regard that Songs of Innocence deals with three integrally related elements - humble life, natural sexuality, and the Poet-Christ. Humble life is the particular province of the border which is richer and more beautiful in it than on any other of Blake's pages. In Blake's borders, with trees, vines, creepers, leaves, birds, and insects, life was abundant - and allusive even the letters of

the title page vegetate into organic forms.

As the second major theme of Songs of Innocence, natural sexuality appears alike in word, border, and design. Some of the recurrent sexual symbols are lamb, ewe, leaves, stems, grapes, and the embrace of man and woman. For instance the boy on the second page of "The Echoing Green" who gives a bunch of grapes from a vine to a girl is a symbol of sexual awareness.

The Poet-Christ of Innocence is represented predominantly in poetic and prophetic characters of divine, love, and human imagination. All those who salvage the lost are manifestations of Christ,

or the divine shepherd who seeks and finds the straying sheep. In this part I would like to explain about some of the famous poems of The Songs of Innocence such as: "The Echoing Green", "The Lamb", "The Little Black Boy" and "Infant Joy" - I will also mention other critics' points of view, regarding these poems.

THE ECHOING GREEN

Blake uses a curved line that stretches from side to side and top to side to connect different parts of form and vision. Like the designs, the poems are full of life and action; the sun, the singing birds, children playing, merry-bells, and laughter. However, the visual images lack some details that are included in the texts such as the sun and the birds. Also, the poem ends with a symbolic reference to mortality which gives the final lines a sad mood:

*"Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest: And
sport
No more seen,
On the darkening Green."*

As already stated, the second element of Innocence is uninhibited sexuality, which quite visibly is seen



in “The Echoing Green” in the first design of which we find a boy with a hoop and a boy with a bat which describe a summer day.

According to Hagstrum, the second page of the poem illustrates all the emblematic qualities that Blake manipulated such as: the direct appeal to children and to listening adults, the presence of proverbial wisdom as a substratum, and the conversion of people and natural details into a universal symbol. The poem is about a day of childish sport which symbolizes the beginning and end of life and is supported by its designs. On the second page, children from the right-hand side border hand grapes to members of a group who now returns home from play. It symbolizes the passage from innocence to experience through the gate of sex.

THE LAMB

The lamb in “The Lamb” has a religious meaning and refers to Christ. The illustration in the picture shows a tree that twists all the way around the border and separates the stanzas. Also in the picture, we see a cottage which is not mentioned in the text; nor is the willow tree (a symbol of heaven) at the back of the picture. As we can see in the picture, Blake uses natural scenery to convey his thoughts. According to S. Gardner, in the visual image of the poem, the lamb is not alone; it is accompanied by a human. This shows a compound of Christian

spirit and ‘pastoral reality’ that becomes a symbol of caring and is associated with the clear daylight.

Moreover, the word ‘stream’ does not appear in the picture. It seems that in the first stanza the child talks to an animal (a sheep), but in the second stanza he talks to Christ. In the last four lines of the poem God, Christ, and the child melt into each other and they all become one:

*“He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a
Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.”*

The poem has a simple style and a fluent nursery rhyme, which is comparable to the easy design of the picture. They both have a pastoral setting and tranquil scenery. In the design, there are two female angels; one of them

is dancing on a wheat stem and the other is sitting on another stem under the first one and is looking at the child. Also, there are two sheep and a lamb which are surrounded by wheat stems. There is, however, no textual counterpart for the sheep and stems.

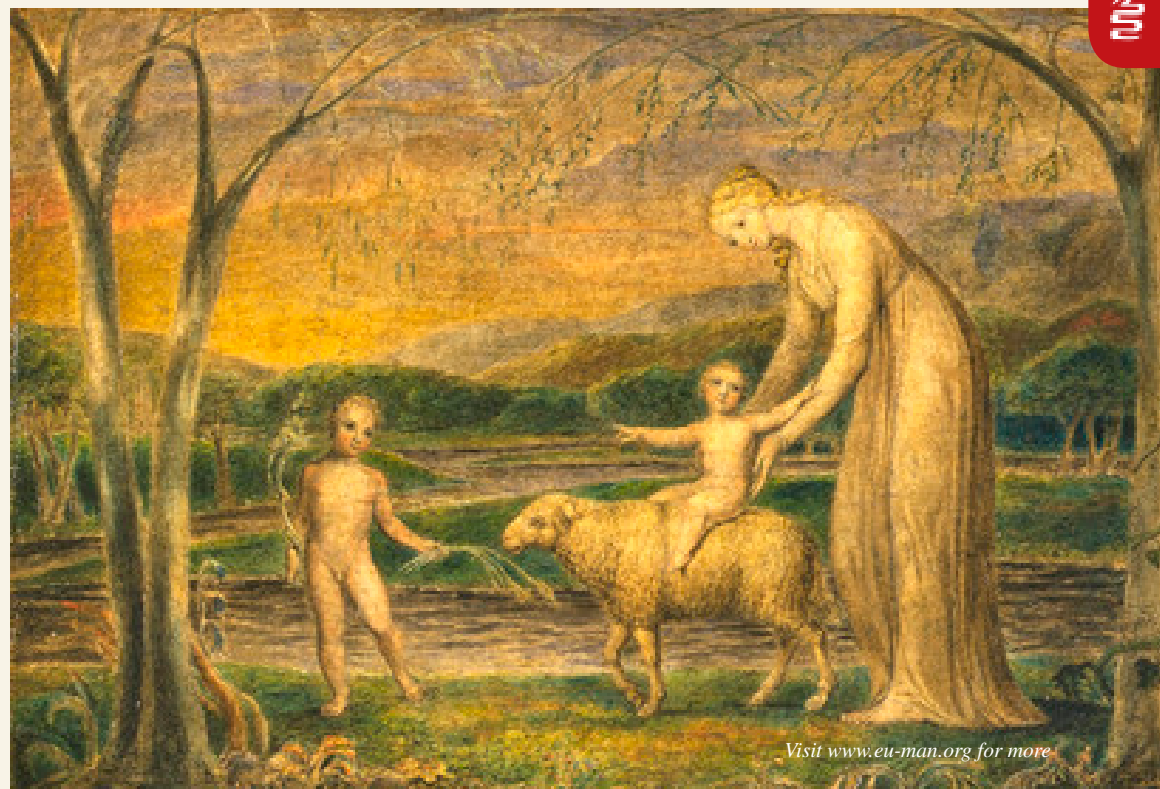
THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

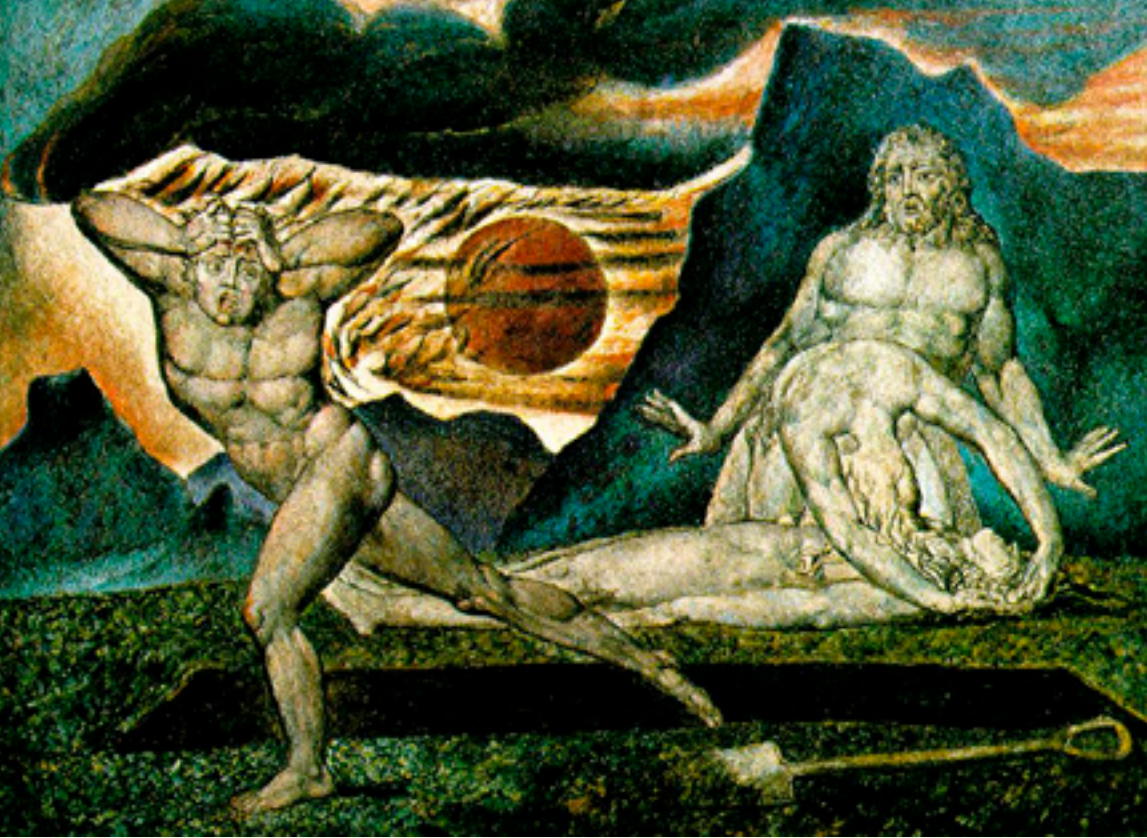


There are two songs and two pictures for “The Little Black Boy”. In the first picture, a black child is talking to his black mother. A twisted branch separates the picture from

the stanzas. There two trees facing each other that can be taken as the mother and her child in the poem. The sun in the picture is interpreted as God. The black child is sitting on her mother’s lap and points at the sun. Yet, the two trees are not mentioned in the poem. Also, in the poem the mother raises her arm and points at the east, whereas in the picture, it is the boy who shows the sky with his hand.

In his Blake’s Composite Art, Mitchell explains that in the poem, Blake uses a pictorial allusion to the theme of a guardian angel presenting a human soul to God. This allusion completes an evolution in the consciousness which is clear in the text: the black boy realizes that in spite of his colour he is equal or even superior to the white boy (“I am black, but Oh! My soul is white”) because he had to undergo lots of suffering (ironically referred to as “bearing the





words alone introduce only two speakers, the child and the mother. The presence in the design ... of an unsuspected third figure, whose hands are raised in awe, adds dramatic ambiguity - but also makes the scene both an Annunciation and a Holy Birth. The text alone has no suggestion of stem, leaf, or flower - important details for the flame-flower and the pendant bud suggest sexual experience and birth, and the spiny stem and angular leaves anticipate the world of Experience.”

beams of love”. The poem starts with the white boy (“white as an angel”) and the black boy in miserable condition (“bereaved of light”); however, the design shows a reversal of roles.

In the other song with the same title, the design shows a white boy leaning on the knee of the shepherd-Christ. The black boy stands behind him to “stroke his silver hair.” The picture portrays a grazing herd of sheep and a willow tree which is the emblem of paradise. None of these details are included in the text. These features indicate a heavenly state before the black boy’s eyes. While it is the text of the first poem that bears a pictorial allusion, in the second title, the allusion goes to the visual image itself. In the picture of the first song, the boy and his mother appear at the top of the design next to a river, whereas

in the second picture, the black and white boys appear with Christ at the bottom of the picture. In both combinations, pictures seem to be only literal translations of the texts because they can be regarded as independent works of art on their own.

INFANT JOY



Blake wrote his “Infant Joy” mostly in monosyllabic words and a melodious, smooth language. Although he is not old enough to speak (he is only two days-old),

he expresses his natural and deep happiness by a sweet smile which can be paralleled with the bleating of a lamb.

Robert N. Essick writes that the child’s smile signifies his joy and what it says is a translation into language of what he says through its expressive signs. The child’s smile is a visual companion to the host of auditory natural signs that echo in Blake’s Songs of Innocence: crying, laughing, sighing, shouting, bleating, bird-song, shrieking, howling and so on.

The poem is about a deep affection between mother and child, which at a deeper level indicates Christ’s love and compassion. The elements of love, birth, uninhibited sexuality, and natural joy are discernible in the visual image of the poem, too. Explaining the visual image of the poem, Hagstrum writes: “The

The design and border of “Infant Joy” enlarges its meaning, yet the poem says nothing about the third person (a winged angel) who appears in the design, nor is there any plant or flower (that signifies womb) in the poem. The infant’s face shows no smile of joy but it evidently expresses security and tranquillity.

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE



Songs of Experience were published after Songs of Innocence. Although, there are some similarities between the

two collections of poems, Experience is almost different. Hagstrum describes the quality of these songs beautifully: “The tree of Innocence is large and healthy, its branches entwined in a natural embrace; but it anticipates the Fall in the serpentine creeper that often winds its trunk. The tree of Experience is dry and dying, its withering branches form round arches over the page as its spiky twigs invade the text; but its shape and the few sprays that still shoot recall its primal vigor. Experience is related to Innocence as a fossil is to a living creature.” He also adds: “Experience is not primarily a state of nature; it is a psychological, political, social- a condition of man and his institutions.... Experience is the work of church, state and man in society.”

In this section, I will discuss about some major poems of Songs of Experience, which include “The Tyger”, “The School

Boy” and “Chimney Sweeper”.

THE TYGER

“The Tyger” is, perhaps, apart from the words to the hymn “Jerusalem”, the best known of all Blake’s works. As the contrary poem to “The Lamp”, “The Tyger” is

straight from the heart of the Songs of Experience. While there are many interpretations of “The Tyger”, and some critics such as Marsh, have read into it very deeply, coming to the conclusion that it is a poem that addresses our “constant struggle to decode, interpret and

master the world around us” as well as Satire on the ways we attempt to carry this task out, I think that “The Tyger” is poem that addresses the creation of evil in the world. More specifically, in the context of Blake’s other work and personal opinion, as a subtle message that the creation

of the Establishment was a creation of a great evil. “The Tyger” is a poem full of rich, powerful imagery and sound.

The more the speaker ponders “The Tyger”, the more outstanding its Creator’s power seems. This power that the

Creator is indicated to have is important to the development of the poems message and it is here that the ambiguous areas of the poem must be interpreted; that the tiger is unable to be “framed” may be read as the inability of anything to control or “capture” it. Not even the immense power of the Creator is

able to constrain the evil that it has created. It is here that the main point of the poem is made, and this is done principally through irony- the Creator has created a beast burning so brightly of evil that it even “shines” from the forests of Experience, of such immense evil that its own

THE MORE THE SPEAKER PONDERS “THE TYGER”, THE MORE OUTSTANDING ITS CREATOR’S POWER SEEMS.



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Creator cannot control or “frame” it. This evil, in the context of Blake’s other works may be read as the Establishment and thus, “The Tyger” may be read as a subtle attack on it’s overwhelming evil and hypocrisy. “The Tyger” has long been recognized as one of Blake’s finest poems.

In his *Life of William Blake*, biographer

Alexander Gilchrist relates that the poem “happens to have been quoted often enough... to have made its strange old Hebrew-like grandeur, its Oriental latitude yet force of eloquence comparatively familiar”. The essayist and critic Charles Lamb also wrote of Blake: “I have heard of his poems, but have never seen them. There is one to a tiger ... which is glorious!” Many

critics have focused on the symbolism in “The Tyger” frequently contrasting it with the language, images and questions of origin presented by its “innocent” counterpart, “The Lamb”.

E. D. Hirsch, Jr. for instance, noted that while “The Tyger” satirizes the lyrics found in “The Lamb” that is not the poems primary function. Jerome J. McGann, however, asserts in his essay in 1973 about the poem “...”The Tyger” tempts us to a cognitive apprehension but in the end exhausts our efforts.” As a result, he concludes, “the extreme diversity of opinion among critics of Blake about the meaning of particular poems and passages of poems is perhaps the most eloquent testimony we have to the success of his work.”

Published in 1794 as one of the Songs of Experience, Blake’s “The Tyger” is a poem about the nature of creation, much as is his earlier poem from Songs of Innocence, “The Lamb”. However, this poem is concerned about the darker side of creation, when its benefits are less obvious than simple joys. Blake’s simplicity in language and construction contradicts the complexity of his ideas. This poem is meant to be interpreted in comparison and contrast to “The Lamb”, showing the “two contrary states of the human soul” with respect to creation.

It has been said many times that Blake believed that a person had to pass

through an innocent state of being, like that of the lamb, and also absorb the contrasting conditions of experience, like those of the tiger, in order to reach a higher level of consciousness. In any case, Blake’s vision of a creative force in the universe making a balance of innocence and experience is at the heart of this poem. The poem’s speaker is never identified and so may be more closely aligned with Blake himself than in his other poems.

One interpretation could be that it is the Bard from the Introduction to the Songs of Experience walking through the ancient forest and encountering the beast within himself, or the material world. The poem reflects primarily the speaker’s response to the tiger, rather than the tiger’s response to the world. He wrote most of his work before the Romantic Movement in English literature, during the opening stages of the Industrial Revolution, and in the midst of revolutions all over Europe and America.

THE SCHOOL BOY



On first reading “The School Boy” is the voice of a young boy complaining of being shut inside at his schoolwork instead of playing outside in the sun. When we look at the poem closer we can see that the poem is returning to the theme of childhood subjugated and its natural joy destroyed that can be seen in other poems in the collection such as “The Chimney Sweeper” in Experience with its comparison of the child who was ‘happy on the heath’ to now “Crying weep in notes of woe!”

A close comparison of “The School Boy” can be made to “The Echoing Green” in Innocence. Both poems’ talk of children but “The Echoing Green” gives us a picture of them at idyllic play in a natural setting. “The Echoing Green” is full of images of children in the pastoral and nature typical of Innocence while “The School Boy” shows children taken from these images and subdued, making it more typical of the poem’s in Experience.

CHIMNEY SWEEPER



The “Chimney Sweeper” poem addresses the



hardships that faced children destined to the life of a chimney sweep in the late 18th century in London. The poem also may refer to the sufferings of all child labourers and can be considered as an attack on the Establishment that maintained poverty. The voice of the poem is enthusiasm.

Also, the design does not visualize the text, and does not reveal the hope or happiness, which is indicated in the poem.

The “Chimney Sweeper” in Experience develops the same situation as the poem by the same title in the Innocence collection, but it is from a different perspective. In this poem, there are clearly three

observer feels both pity and outrage. Overall, the poem is an attack by Blake on the hypocrisy of the Church and of the wider Establishment.

CONCLUSION

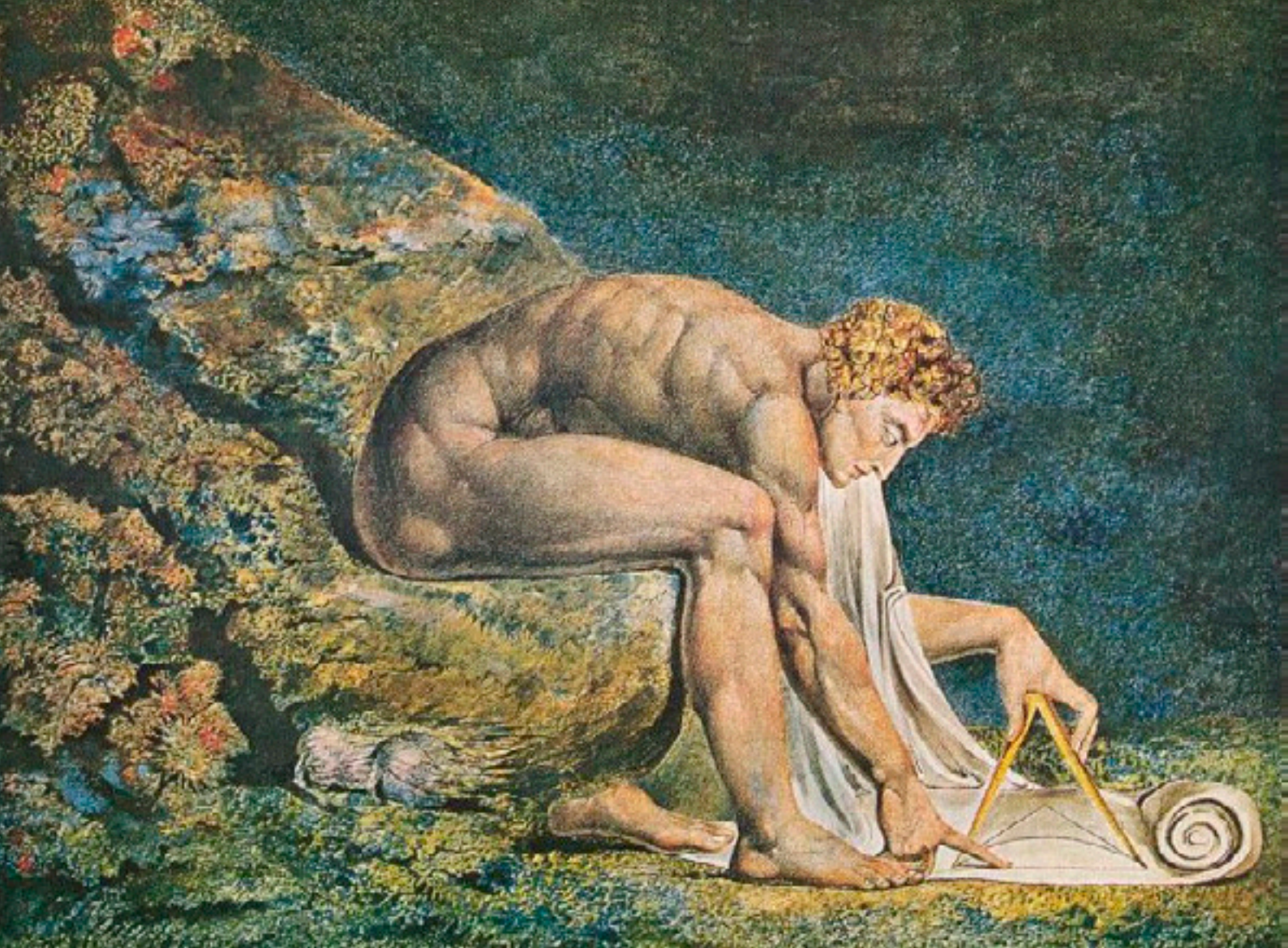
Blake’s works are famous because of their composite art, which made him different from his contemporary artists.

THE POEM IS AN ATTACK BY BLAKE ON THE HYPOCRISY OF THE CHURCH

The “Chimney Sweeper”, like “The Tyger”, reflects Blake’s political and social beliefs. He is actually attacking what he considers injustice, evil, and suffering in the world. If we look at this poem carefully, we can feel that the child is hopeful.

different views of the sweeps situation; his own; his parents and an observer. From the first reading it is clear that the young sweep feels exploited that his parents are self justifying, seeking only to pacify their own consciences and that the

He wanted to develop an especial and unique technology and style by mixing painting and poetry. Blake was then a man fiercely angry at the Establishment as a whole. In Blake’s London however, the strictly social and moral codes of society



prevented his work ever becoming acceptable; rejected by the mainstream of society as the creations of a mad man, poems like the works of Wordsworth were those that sold.

The 21st century was, however, with a vastly different social and political climate than that in which Blake lived. People are now freer than ever to pursue their own beliefs and as such, Blake's work has come under increasing attention. As a result, his poetry has been extensively commented upon as has his use of traditional form and metrical artistry to attack the Church and the wider Establishment.

HIS POETRY INVALIDATES THE IDEA OF OBJECTIVE TIME AND HIS PAINTING INVALIDATES THE IDEA OF OBJECTIVE SPACE

Those poems discussed; the "Chimney Sweeper" and "The Tyger" are both poems that reflect Blake's political and social beliefs, urging us, to adopt them and join him in attacking what he saw as the primary cause of evil, injustice and suffering in a "world of plenty"; the Church and the wider Establishment

Regarding his Composite Art, again Mitchell adds that, the pictures or designs have many relations, and the reduplicate the verbal scene. More often they are visual translation of Blake's metaphors. And, Blake's purpose of using this illustration is to represent the personifications of the poem and to give visual form to his

personifications. Also, using designs make meaning more precise, and something they widen the imaginative resonances, or not they serve as an important aesthetic or semantic aim.

Sometimes the design repeats the words. More often the designs complement the words in such a way as to insure that

on almost every plate. If we consider border and design as well as word, Blake's entire paradise is shown. Blake's illuminated books indeed emphasize his theory that "without contraries is no progression". The independency of the component parts is, however, the reason for the unity of his composite art, and for this his illuminated books are the most integrated forms of the visual-verbal art. Blake himself believed that making poetry visual and making pictures "speak" was imperfect, because it presumed the independent reality of space and time.

In short, his poetry invalidates the idea of objective time and his painting invalidates the idea of objective space. In other words, his poetry proves the power of human imagination to create time in its own image, and his painting affirms the centrality of the human body as the structural principle of space. Indeed, the unity of his art can be found in the equal engagements of imagination and body.

He endeavoured to invade man's soul by the avenues of more than one sense; his art and thoughts moved towards a unity. He modelled the sister arts as they have never been before or since, into a single body; his union of the arts created a new form - an art of arts. The independency of Blake's illustration can be understood when there are illustrations, which do not illustrate a text.

Blake's two different forms of his work should be considered separately. The text can be compared with other text and the design with the other one. The independence of Blake's text and designs lets him introduce independent symbolic statements, state some ironic contrasts and multiply metaphorical complexities.

Northrop Frye explains this independency in a different way: "The independence of Blake's designs from his words is rather surprising in view of the prevailing conventions within which he worked. The tradition of historical painting ... tended to dictate a slavish fidelity to the text, and the naive allegories of the emblem books were generally an attempt to simplify the verbal meaning."



While Mitchell suggests that there are three main consequences for the practice of poetry and painting together. It encouraged a belief in transferability of techniques from one medium to another. That meant the idea that the coupling of the two arts provides a fuller imitation of the total reality.

As Mitchell explains, Blake's illustrated books has its own "inter-animating principles", that is a specific poetic form or structure of images and values, and a distinctive pictorial style that interacts with this poetic form. Blake's composite art achieves its "wholeness", at different levels of poetic pictorial forms. This unity is also active and dynamic, and is based on the interaction of text and design as

contrary or independent element.

If we evaluate Blake's painting and poems, we may conclude that, although they are different, they are almost equal in value.

In short, illustrations in Blake's work may be used for understanding the meaning of the text, for the decoration of the text, or for visualizing the text. Painting can give life to the text. These roles can also be considered for a text. The text may be painted meaningfully and decorates the pages.

Although, there is not sometimes any relation between the text and its illustration, we can say that the painting can decorate the poem and is pleasant to the eyes of the viewer. It was a new technique at that time and also very interesting.

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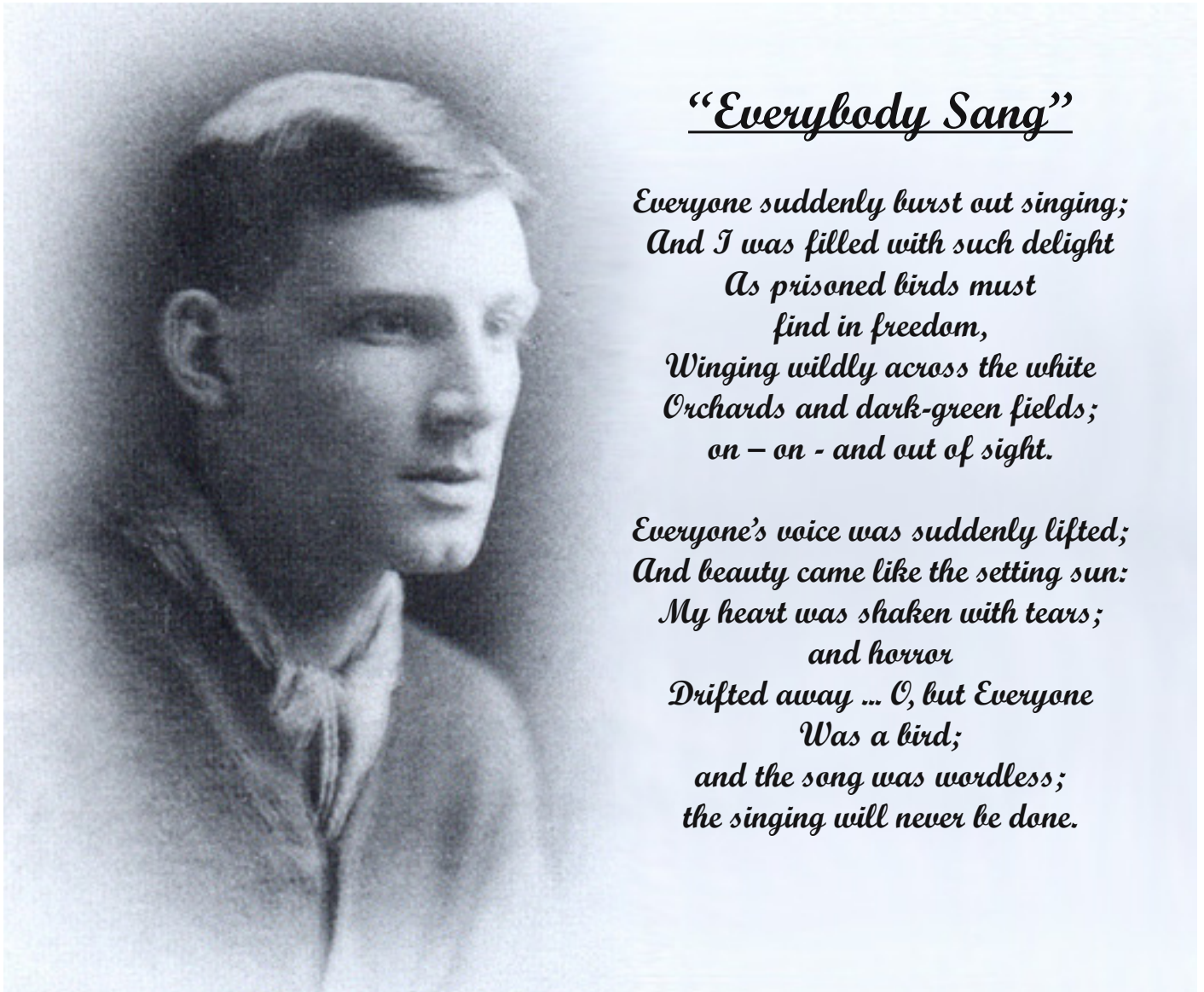
March to War

By Ali Alizadeh

The incorrigible sycophants clap their wrinkled hands and I won't pretend that calamity can be averted. The President has at last constructed sentences with good syntax signifying something to the effect of sabres rattling or bugles polished to announce the onslaught; and I won't deny the deleterious import of the Texan's contrived eloquence. This heralds, to begin with, more insomnia instigated by the conflation of memory and premonition. The drums are surely being bashed and I won't even attempt blocking my ears when my eyes simmer beneath the blindfolds and I can't sleep. He must've received elocution lessons and the expertise of an 'innovative' speech writer. Now my native land transcends an 'axis of evil' to perch on a nuclear fault line. The bombs may fall, 'my people' go off like firecrackers in the crystal-clear dreams that keep me awake, animated by the words of the Emperor who now blurts with commendable grammar about the oncoming war.

Re-Reading Siegfried Sassoon: Everybody Sang

By Petra Kuppers



“Everybody Sang”

*Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must
find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields;
on – on - and out of sight.*

*Everyone’s voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears;
and horror
Drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird;
and the song was wordless;
the singing will never be done.*

‘Everybody Sang’ is Sassoon’s most famous poem, and according to some critics, supposedly written in celebration of Armistice Day, 1919, just before he found out that his friend Wilfred Owen had died in the last week of fighting. Sassoon had been treated for shell shock and war neurosis in one of the UK’s most experimental war trauma facilities, the psychiatric unit at Craiglockhart, and had sustained physical wounds during his time at the Western Front. In his autobiography, *Siegfried’s Journey*, Sassoon gives an account of the writing of this poem:



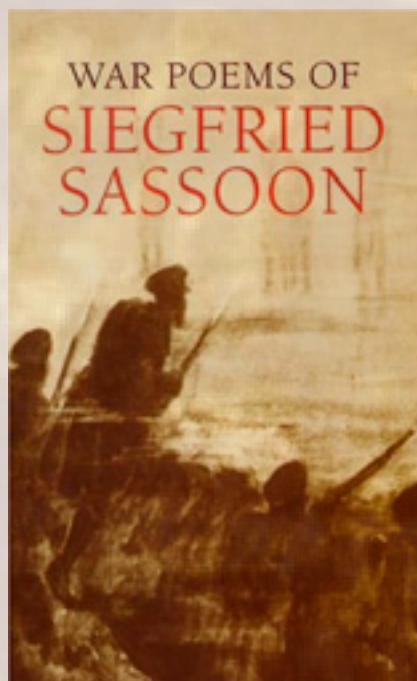
“One evening in the middle of April I had an experience which seems worth describing for those who are interested in methods of poetic production. It was a sultry spring night. I was feeling dull-minded and depressed, for no assignable reason. After sitting lethargically in the ground-floor room [at Weirleigh, his mother’s home] for about three hours after dinner, I came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to take my useless brain to bed. On my way from the arm-chair to the door I stood by the writing-table. A few words floated into my head as though from nowhere. In those days I was always on the look-out for a lyric - I wish I could say the same for my present self - so I picked up a pencil and wrote the words on a sheet of note-paper. Without sitting down, I added a second line. It was if I were remembering rather than thinking. In this mindless manner I wrote down my poem in a few minutes. When it was finished I read it through, with no sense of elation, merely wondering how I had come to be writing a poem when feeling so stupid.” (140)

Later on, Sassoon talked about the poem as ‘an expression of release’. Even later, he also likened ‘the singing that will never be done’ to the coming of the Socialist Revolution. So, to many people, this is a poem of peace rather than war. But when I follow its song, I hear a remembering rather than a

look into a future, ‘with no sense of elation,’ yet I read a poem still alive and powerful to many today.

In the field of everyone, an ‘I’'s space is precarious: filling, lapped, or shaken with liquids, with tears. Expansion and limitation are the gate poles between which a poem weaves like a song, criss-crossing lands and times. Forces pull outwards, leaving bodies and words as birds, these ancient symbols of souls, set themselves into the wind.

Sassoon is a war-poet, and these bordering liquids in this landscape of song’s joy appear red to me. I hear a body brimming, just waiting to be pierced, to burst in pain, to ebb into a tide, bloodshed in wars,



seeping into the muddy earth of Belgian fields. Reading the poem on a soggy autumn day, on an evening where the news speaks once again of wars on foreign fields, this redness stains white orchards. Those orchards: what grows here? I hear the feather touch of April’s apple blossoms and their veined delicacy, and I hear the heavy grainy smoothness of bleaching bone yards, wide fields seeded with soldiers’ bodies, marked with white wooden crosses that sprout no leaves. The redness merges for me with the sound echo of wine-dark seas, the Odyssey’s image of a forlorn ocean that tosses men in a different immensity.

‘The singing will never be done.’

I hear the keening voices of Greek professional mourners, women paid to swaddle the dead in cloth, and sway in the rhythm of their own voices. Clad in black, these women sit by the side of the Orthodox chapel on Rhodes, dusty sandals on cobblestones, and walking by, I feel as if in a different world, my own woman’s body so different from their tightly bound forms, me so much the tourist, so expansive, so marked out in my colorful clothes. The sound of my passing feet grows hesitant, diminished, against their sound, this note of impersonal grief, filling that public square, on; on; beyond meaning: that singing is foreign.

The most beautiful parts of me

By Thanos Kalamidas

*The most beautiful parts of me
Are the ones dying every night,
Under the light of the moon.
I felt the shadows on my face
The songs and the poems of solitude
Songs of desperate wonders
Begging of forgotten music!
Waves of a lifetime,
Storms of the past
I kept the sight of my old house
The smells of a flower in the garden!
Through the small streets,
The streams of my dreams
I wonder of my future
The end of my present!
Still, the most beautiful parts of me
Die every night under the light of the moon,
In a wonder of being there or not!*



Poetry...

To friendship

By Michael Glover

Nothing lasts as the stones last.

The flower crumples in the hand.

The face fades in the memory.

The smile is wiped by the cold.

The love is lost on the next corner.

The building sighs to a smoke of rubble.

The gods age with the years.

The match dies in the damp room.

The sword rusts in the rain.

The wish dissolves in the stream.

The laughter sours to a bullet.

The lace of the shoe is broken.

The meat reduces to rottenness,

The cat to a heap of old bones.

And even the emperor comes down

To a risible puzzle.

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Poetry



HANNIBAL IN ROME II

By THANOS KALAMIDAS

I WAS JUST FIFTEEN WHEN THEY MADE MY DREAMS BLEED
HIDING IN A SPLIT OF TIME AFRAID THAT HEROD WILL KILL ME
LATER AND SOMEWHERE NORTH I THOUGHT I FOUND LOVE
BUT THEN AGAIN I WAS WRONG, THE SOUTH WAS NORTH
IN A LIFELESS ECLIPSE OF TIME I WAS NEVER THERE
THERE WAS ALWAYS WIND OUTSIDE AND I BURN INSIDE.

IN MY PERSONAL FAILURE TO SUCCESS
IN MY FIGHT TO HEAL THE COUNTLESS WOUNDS
I THOUGHT GETTING OLDER MEANT CHANGE
BECOME MATURE BUT CHARACTER YOU NEVER CHANGE
I WANT ONE THING AND I ALWAYS DO ANOTHER
MY PASSIONS ARE STRONGER THAN MY MIND

HANNIBAL STOOD ON THE TOP OF ROME AVOIDING HIS NEEDS
SCREAMING TO THE WIND THAT WAS FISSURING HIS ARMS
I DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE HE SAID; I DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE . . .
I DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING
WHICH LIE IS THE ONE THAT KEEPS ME CLOSER TO THE TRUTH?

Music of creature

By Saad Jasem

Translated by Hamid al- Shamari

“Loneliness radiates and the Absolution,
life- death, is unexampled”

Thus...

And in order to “live in loneliness]

As if he were

In the farther desert”,

Thus...

And without coin, gold and rubies,
Thus and without a compass or watch,

Thus...

And in primitive nakedness

And saint’s purity,

The creature –I sets off

To choose a remote place

Away from corrupt noise and eyes.

“Oh, the rat like and single eyes dedicated to gaze

At your innermost,

Your blood cells,

Your cells,

Your steps

And your top-secret places”

Thus...

The creature –I thinks

Until his loneliness radiates

With pondering light

And poetical ness embers

And flows with relevance fountains

And down pouring of the soul.

I said: He thinks to lock himself strongly

And sinks deep into his loneliness.

And thus...

The creature-I finds his remote place

After an exhausting research.

And whenever he, the homeless, tries to settle,

A music that warns of danger

Pours or egresses from his cell.

And carnations in the geography

Of his place including its brick walls

And ceiling astonishes him.

And also the gulls call his attention

To the incandescence of the sun

In his blood.

And that two fires have passes

While the phoenix is still knocking

At the door of his golden loneliness.

* * *

Thus...

And without...

Love moons

Happen to shine in the precarious

Existence of the creature –me soaring

In the spaces of his loneliness

Illuminated with pondering light,

And in respect of this glow,

His depth kindled with childish joy

That possesses the strength of

First being elements:

Joy in love of creatures and things

Joy, which abolished his wrong belief

That the implements of time had gone

(Its train, horses, ships and kites).

(Leave the creature-me in his loneliness.

Let his virgin senses open.

And don’t hasten the end).

Now the creature-I intends to materialize

Fate in order to converse with that,

Who destines him to soar in the space?

Of his loneliness, about:

*Virgin truth

*The meaning of pain

*Loss silver

*Ash of illusion

*Ablution of total melting

*No lustful meeting or death at the end.

I said: He converses away from death claws

That let the creature go to his monastery _his grave.

He is defeated again,

Defeated in the extremity
 Of professionalism, suspicion and disdain
 Those emit him into the black abyss.
 I said: He converses, doesn't he?
 No, the creature-I decides to invent,
 Or lets say, to think
 That some emotions are nothing but the fruit of:
 *Feeling of old age
 *And eternal childhood
 *And Voltaire adolescence
 *And immortality that is nobler than
 Gingham, his silly weeping
 And his treacherous snake
 Which died in survival
 In spite of its speckled clothes.
 All these emotions very often
 Turn the heart into a room
 Prepared for any dictator
 Armed with nothing but his illusion to live in,
 Or a prostitute nobler than napoleon,
 But the creature –I warns all
 That the most dangerous emotion
 Is to perceive undoubtedly
 That we met the rear other
 In a false time and place.
 And when the distances prolong,
 Came nearer or break,
 The intentions, attempts, losses,
 Adventures and supplications become
 Capable of interpretation, weeping
 Calumny acting, treachery and total melting
 Which is "unexampled."
 So there maybe love_
 *Destructive love.
 *Traditional love.
 *Love in special methods.
 *One-eyed love.
 *Hamlet love.
 *Mechanical- platonic love.
 *Vulgar love.

*Oedipus love.
 *Platonic love.
 I double our virginity as I double the virginity of Ophelia and
 Kizar Hantoosh.
 *Love ... Narcissus love.
 *Non-existent love.
 One, three and ten-sided love.
 Thus...
 Without...
 The creature-I, intoxicated with
 The light of his loneliness,
 Now again the music egresses
 From his cells
 Music ... lightning music...
 Music... music of fountains...
 Funeral music ... music... music...
 Music for association and fantastic wars.
 Music ... music... dangerous music...
 Music for a world that maybe perished
 At the end of the century
 And never –created again in six days.
 So I shall warn. Warn! Warn!
 There is unexampled love

God _____ Adam and Eve
 Their faults and
 Conspiracies

I
 He
 God _____ We
 God
 Unexampled
 The Absolute

O, death! You will die one day
 Of your-our grievous truth.



Last Drop

Generosity

By Avtarjeet Dhanjal

When a businessman gets a new idea, he/she would register a trademark on this idea, and share it with the world for financial gains; when an artist get a sparkle of inspiration he/she will turn it into poem, a painting or a piece of music, he/she would share it with the world openly and freely; that is called generosity.

Though both the businessman and the artist plucked this idea from the sparkle of inspiration/imagination/intuition that came from the 'limitless' universe, the very source that created and sustains the artist and businessman.

When the artist shares his creativity freely/generously with the world, he/she is in fact saying thanks to the 'source', from where the inspiration originally came from; and in turn he/she receives a whiff of delight/energy as a reward for his/her generosity of sharing.

That whiff
of delight
inspires
the
art-

ist to create more and share more, this way, the process of creating and sharing continues. When a deliberate act of sharing is performed without thinking about any immediate material/financial gains, it becomes an act of creation, may it be playing music, cooking a meal or making love.

The 'limitless' creative energy, that our universe is brimming with, percolates right down to the smallest particle. It is not only that we were born out of the manifestation of that creative force; we are continuously being renewed with the same flow of energy. This manifestation is evident in not only in every living cell, but even in every atom of the living and the material world. We come across examples of such generosity at every step of life, when we step out of house; we see it in fresh flower openly sharing its beauty and fragrance, or continuous flow of cool spring in the dessert openly, freely and generously.

In the 21st century, where the world stands today, using modern means of communication, the Western idea of placing these little expressions of beauty may it be a fresh delicate flower or a flower like a young face full of heavenly dreams on a monetary scale to determine its worth. This manner of evaluation has even crept into our lives so deep that even the most private and delicate relationships, the very process of creativity, whether it is act of making love or playing a piece of music has been placed is valued on the same monetary scale.

Man, through thousands of years of development, has established certain concepts of love, meditation, creativity, generosity, service, selfless giving, those were considered sacred to protect them from being trampled over mindlessly. It was only very recently, when during the Thatcherite era, every service, may it be health or other civic service that was provided to each and every member of the society irrespective of their capacity to pay was privatized and turned services into businesses. Every patient in the health service, every passenger of public transport service was re-phrased as customer. Doctors and nurses, those considered themselves being engaged in a sacred duty to serve

humanity, their delight in providing this service was taken away from them, they were forced to consider every patient a customer.

This is only one example sacredness that was instilled in the manifestation of the underlying ideas of sanctity developed during millennia of human development, and society was geared to perpetuate these very ideas were turned upside down during the last fifty years, and relabeled with price tags. The new idea, of perceiving and interpreting the world around us, has been handed over to us and we are told by the controllers of the wide screen that this is the only way this world can work. We are made to believe that we simply have no choice, except to accept and adapt to the new.

As a result most people have not only accepted the very ideas but taken on enthusiastically to extend it to the every nook and corner of our thinking. And the advent of modern technology no doubt when used properly can help to democratize society; on the other hand it is commodifying the most intimate part of our social and personal thinking and acting.

Last week, an acquaintance of mine came to me for help, when he ran in to a head-on-collision with his son; the core problem was completely different concepts of life.

The father has made enough money from his business. The father was born in India; family migrated to Britain, like most immigrants, whole emphasis has been to become financially self-sufficient; as a result money became the prime purpose of life and their existence. The very concept of acquiring more and more material possessions, coupled with Indian concept of dedicating every action of one's life to providing ones children more than they need.

The son is a talented young musician who not only studied at a music school, but whose every wish he expressed was amply provided for. This very freedom and abundance, which millions of other students wish to have, gave the son the means to indulge in drugs and other vices.

The thirty-year-old son never learnt to value the generosity of the father, as it was given so freely. Sometimes the abundance of love and money can provide us an opportunity to focus on our creativity; on the other hand our total engrossment into consumption of material prosperity can make one insular to the generosity and abundance around.

The ceaseless flow motherly love created a cozy environment within the household which is now haunting the son, making him feel imprisoned. It has made the son absolutely dependant rather invalid adult, and he has not learnt to practically survive/live without the continuous flow of financial support from the father and motherly care.

Now the both father and son are so far apart in their idea of the life. They get locked into situations where both feel helpless without any way out.

This is a common story of many immigrant families everywhere. When both of them came to me for help, I knew the problem from the very postures of them sitting down in my living room.

The son has been coming to spend time with me often and we are friends now, he can speak openly to me. I, as an artist, understand his mode of thinking. But how can I explain to the father that his generosity towards a family member is not the generosity of the flower or the artist. This generosity to an offspring mostly spoils become detrimental to his/her natural growth; whereas generosity to strangers brings you the delight very similar to the delight in the eyes of the artist when he shares his creation with the world.



Chichen Itza, Yucatan

THE INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL CENTRE CAISA

EXAMPLES OF EVENTS IN AUTUMN

Fri 21.8. 6 p.m.-7 p.m.

Night of the Arts - The Best of Ourvision 2009

The winner quartet of the Ourvision 2009 song contest Lauluhtye Suora lähetys, Grupo Kanye, band from Cuba, and Italian Luca Canavo perform in the event. The performers will bring the Grande Finale atmosphere from the Finlandia Hall back to Caisa. Free entry!

14.-19.9.

II Mexican Culture Week

Including work shops, concerts, theatre act and Mexican Film Week: Luis Buñuel in Mexico. Free entry to all events! Organisers: The Mexican Embassy in co-operation with Caisa.

10.-14.11.

Culture Week of Mevlana and Anatolia

Including for example lectures, concert and Art on the Water - Art of Marbling and Calligraphy: Exhibition and Workshops.

EXHIBITIONS



Emmanuel Legarreta

AUGUST

13.8. - 3.9. Gallery and Corridor Gallery

Art from South Africa (Searching for an African Star)

Photoexhibition of life as it is in South Africa. Traditional and contemporary design and weaving. The exhibition celebrates the diversity of South Africans as one nation.

SEPTEMBER

10.9.-24.9.

Art from Mexico

Gallery: Mexico Maxico
Emmanuel Legarreta, paintings. Residing artist in Helsinki conveys a powerful expression of magic colours from his native land.

Upper Lobby: Malinart Handicrafts made by Malinalco Artists

Malinalco was founded by the Aztecs and built a pyramid from a single rock. From this old and magical town skilled artisans, woodcarvers, weavers and musicians come to Finland. They are Patricia Robles, Edgar Monroy, Ricardo Lara, Luis Saldaña and Marixel Lepe. See how they work.

OCTOBER

30.9.-22.10. Gallery and Corridor Gallery

China's 30th Parallel

(Photographic Exhibition from China)

The northern 30th parallel is a line of latitude that encircles the Earth one-third of the way between the equator and the North Pole. The region of China located along the 30th parallel offers a striking tableau of nature, history and culture.

Corridor Gallery: Mirrors of the Earth

Martha Velázquez Keller, photographs. Martha Velázquez Keller lives in Copenhagen and photographs Mexican and Nordic sceneries. In her photographs she attempts to show shapes occurring in nature, which resemble the human body.