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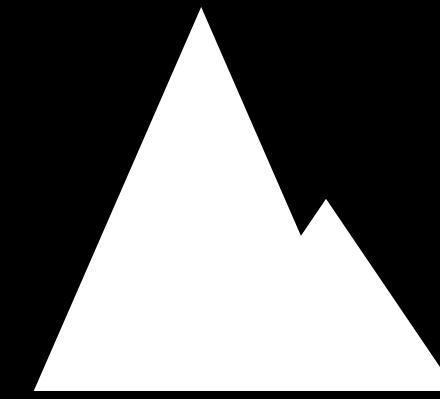
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M A G A Z I N E



PANDORA ISSUE No. 2

/// PASSING THE ATLAS

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DE ARTE ET CAELO

A short article on the linkage
between John Cage, a Clarice
Lispector novel and Heaven

Written by Panagiotis Kouremenos

On February 5 2024, in St. Burchardi church in Halberstadt, Germany people flooded the church in order to watch a note change. Not a song, not a chord, not even a mere arpeggio. But a single note.

In 1985, legendary avant-garde composer John Cage wrote an arrangement for piano which could last from 20 to 70 years. In fact, the instructions for the composition were for it to be played "As Slow As Possible", hence the piece's title.

It was only two years later that Cage transferred his composition to the pipe organ, for a performance that lasted about 30 minutes.

Cage had an intricate sense of Zen philosophy into his music. He also believed in the non-standard nature of his music and instruments. Having travelled across Europe, after the Second World War, Cage was met with chance encounters, through which he was presented with the Chinese text I Ching (Book of Changes), which changed his -

philosophy upon creating and composing. He was then impacted to create music using chance, rather divination.

The composer would create a plethora of compositions during the course of his life including the widely known prepared piano pieces and also his infamous 4.33 minutes of meaningful silence.

Following his death in 1992, Cage was cremated and had his ashes scattered in the Ramapo mountains near Story Point, New York. It was the same mountains where he had scattered his parents' ashes in 1964 and 1969. He was 79.

I could go on about the discussion of the philosophers and musicians that led to the birth of this project, the first part of which will last for 70 years.

The pipe organ constructed to play the piece began on September 5 2021 and played its official first note (a G#4, B4, G#5 note) on February 5 2003. The last release of the first part, which will also conclude it, will occur on July 5 2071.



John Cage Jr changing the timbre of his piano by placing coins and screws between the strings ('treating') in Gaveau Auditorium, Paris, France 1949

Even though the process surrounding this colossal music piece is fascinating and can make one think of the pure nature of sound itself, of time and its passing or merely the untamed nature of the composition, I found As Slow As Possible to behold a greater importance for me.

From a young age, I was invested in stories like this. I have not changed at all, not even for a little change of interest. I am still drawn on to these stories, these pathways that lead out of the standard way to tell stories, to evoke feelings.



"17 Drawings by Thoreau" by John Cage Photoengraving, 1978

It seems everyone needs his own escape from the malignancy of this world and John Cage had his own, unique ways to do so. If my childhood was the seed for these interests to grow and strengthen, then my adolescence was the dark ages (due to the bureaucratic, fascist way that schools are being run today), but then, only a renaissance could ensue, which came along with a freedom of studying at a university at my own pace.

Since, I have found many places I could spend my life of interests and absorb their core ethos into my soul. I moved slowly from the world of music to the literary one because that offered me a higher escape than the other. It is easier to hide behind words. I think many literary specialists felt that way too.



Clarice Lispector, 1940s

Same thing goes for painting. I never related to anything more, than when I read Brazilian writer's Clarice Lispector short novel *Aqua Viva*, this October. The most incredible thing I felt while reading it was how the seemingly small number of pages make time feel slowed down and frozen. There is depth given to almost every single word. A sentence is like a line in a wonderful painting presented upon the reader in the exact moment it is ready to be given life. It -

is a dense book for sure. Moreso, its abstract thought of process and unconventional style apply hugely to me, given my previous talk about interests.

In her book, Lispector grasps the stigmata that each word can leave behind, much more the words that stab like knives, but do not cut through skin, they rather pierce the soul. Eternity not only withers the soul, but it also sets it free, and it flees away. Eternity can also be regarded as some kind of heaven. As says the author:

"Eternity: For everything that is never began. My small ever so limited head bursts when thinking about something that doesn't begin and doesn't end-for that is the eternal. [...] But I know what I want now; I want the inconclusive."
(Lispector, *Aqua Viva*, 1973)

With Agua Viva, Lispector manages to capture that thin line that dichotomizes storytelling and thought. It opens the pomegranate of thought and drinks the sweet juice. It is the kind of novel that never truly ends, as it is abundant in itself.

The city of Halberstadt in German means literally “Organ City”. That is a splendid coincidence/touch to me because it also signifies chance. The ASL-SP Project is not by any chance cheap, though, as it demands about 60,000 euros a year to maintain the organ itself.



I don't know if the project will be unfunded in the future, or be dismantled, or even forgotten. What I fear most is to someday stop entirely and be forgotten in time. At least I can rest assured that the project resides at safe harbors for now. I think the reason As Slow As Possible applied to me is not its enormous length - although 639 years are easy to underestimate - no it is the sound of the composition itself. I am a lover of the organ. I love its throbbing sound, which trembles going up and down, up and down. Almost breathing. Almost being alive.

HV2, No. 17n by John Cage - Aquatint, 1992

This summer, I visited a friend at her home in Andros, a fairly large Greek island in the Cyclades. I had no phone with me. One evening, I decided to lie down on the small couch at her home's entrance. No one bothered me. No one talked, no one dared to interrupt that precious moment. When the air blew upon my body, and I was half-asleep and half-awake, I opened my eyes. My vision was blurry, still not having recovered from my deep sleep. What unfolded in front of me was the hills and small, shy mountaintops, all black because a few days prior they had been the victims of a wildfire.



A Busy Street in Summer by Adrianus Eversen

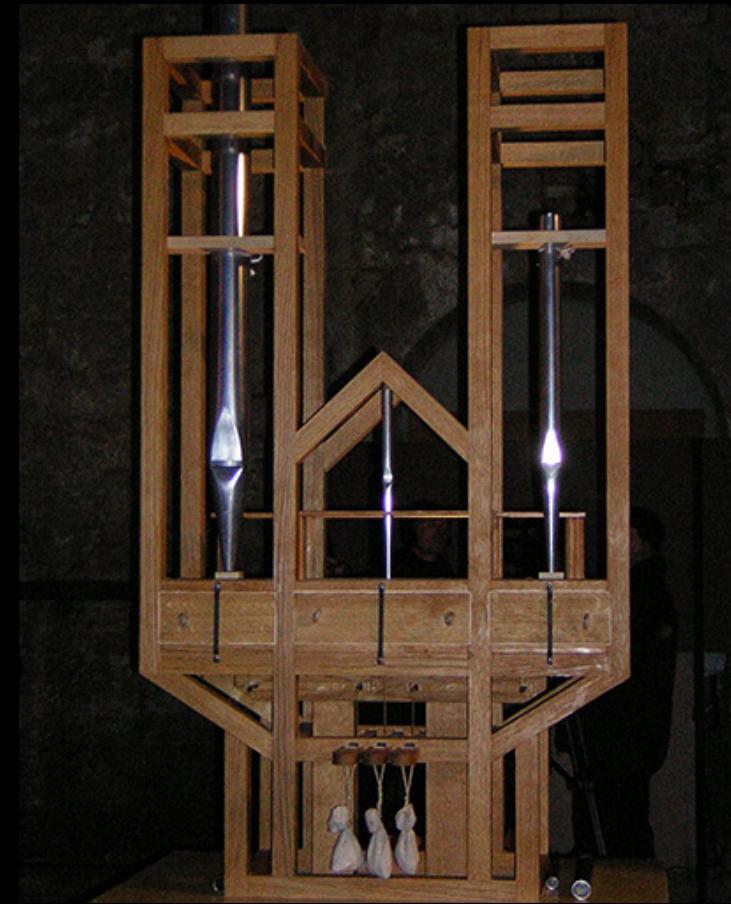
I usually frown in front of the spectacle of burnt countryside, as matter of fact I mourn, but not this time, because I felt it actually growing again. That this was not the end. This, to me, was something unending, those mountains would never be weathered down, not even in the next 1000 years. I think a small, shy speck of heaven presented itself unto me that day.

The sound of the pipe organ from As Slow As Possible fits the landscape perfectly, it might as well be its own soundtrack. If I am lucky enough to go to heaven, to ascend, then I hope it is something like this.

The Halberstadt Cathedral (where the pipe organ plays the piece for 23 years now), is undoubtedly a work of beauty. Cathedrals, monasteries and churches in general I admire with my entire heart, because of their inherent linking to the divine. From the omphalos of the body to a chapel's crucifix and the higher plains of ether and sky.

In the cathedral, the pipe organ is supported by bellows which are placed in the left transept of the church, while on the right transept the organ is displayed and protected by acrylic glass, which also reduces the volume. The bellows are the secret to the piece's eternity, because they blow the air which allows the note to be played for such a long duration of time.

Air and heaven go hand in hand. I can imagine heaven as a garden for all the angels of God, His believers and also His Son. If I were to feel at least one second of heaven's gust, -



The organ used for the performance in the Burchardi Church in Halberstadt, Germany

I am sure I would feel a throbbing eternity of that sweet, unreachable life of pleasure. Of certain eternity.

16 years remain until the last note is released, and the piece is completed. Who knows what will occur in the meantime? Why care? Did John Cage care about this gap? I cannot know this, but I am certain he was aware he was dying. He had suffered several injuries and gone through various illnesses in his later years. I think he needed something to keep his soul going, to remain alive for a little more, not in the physical and mortal way but in the spiritual.

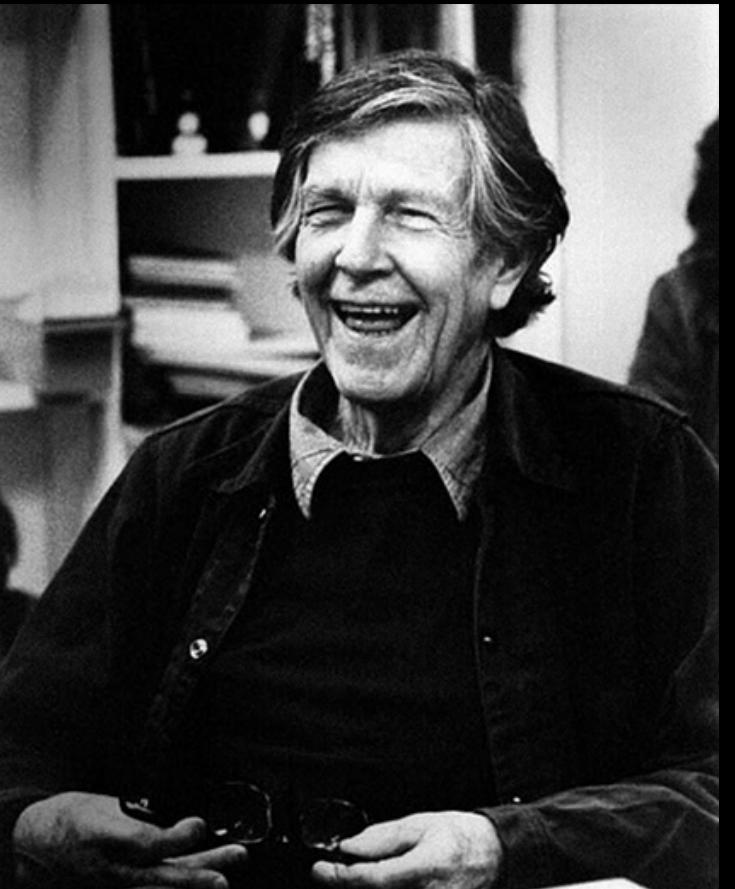
The sound the organ makes is an upward sound. As if it ascends to the heavens. There is something divine to Cage's piece. Perhaps he saw that, caught it with a firm grasp, and decided to make it his testament. A testament to something larger than all of us. I won't be part of history when the piece ends, and so I can choose to be indifferent. But I would not be truthful to myself, if I believed that. I wish I could be there, when the last note of the last part of the -



05 February 2024 in Halberstadt, as the chord of the piece is changed for the 16th time.

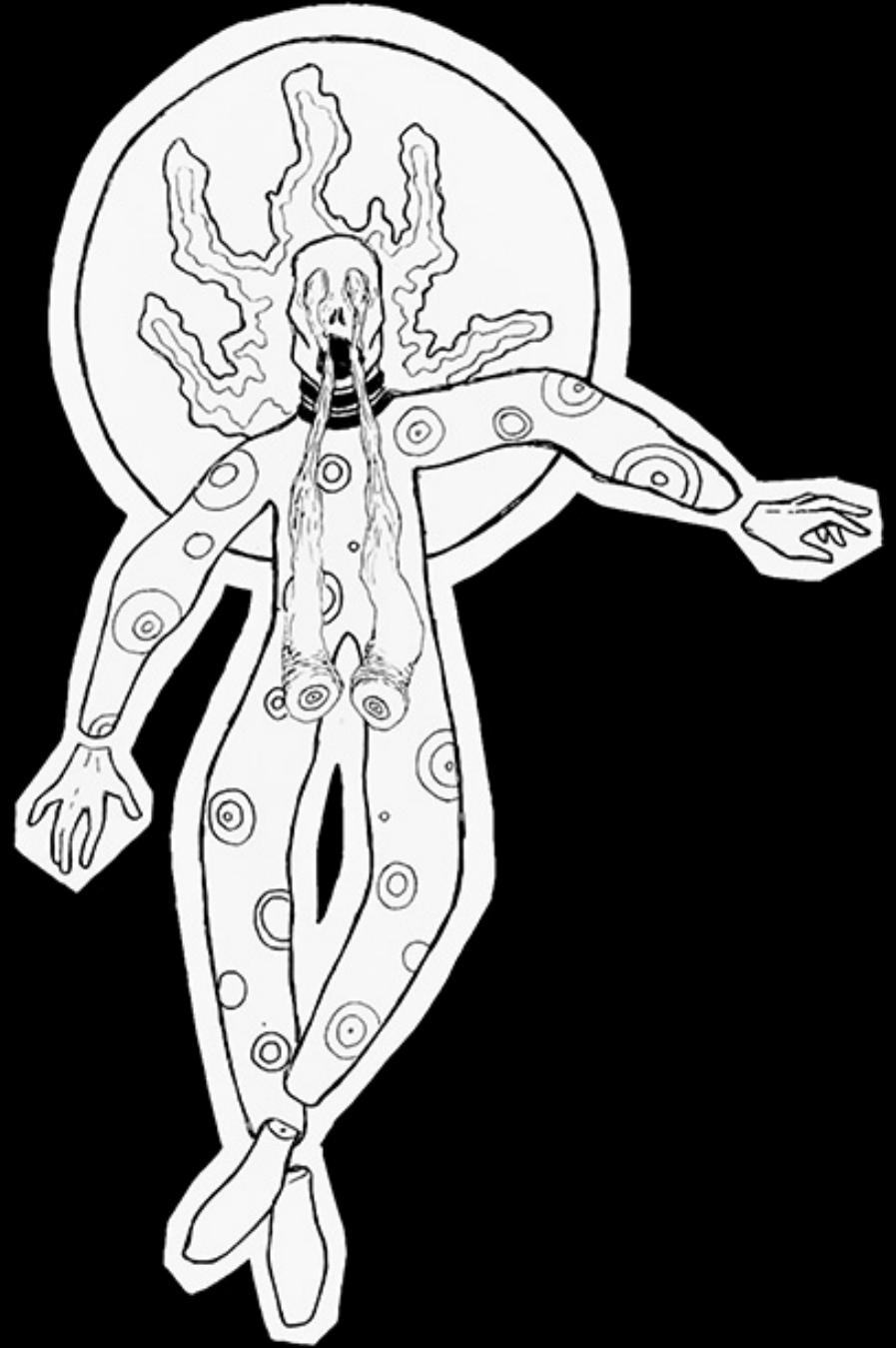
piece will play, only to release. Freeing me from what is unending, I get to finally see the stars go out. Night falls on the landscape, night falls upon me.

Agua Viva does not have a start. It does not have an end either. I think this is why I loved reading and skipping through its pages. I saw it as a companion that understands me perfectly-and has the same- difficulties with trying to explain the beautiful things unveiled before it. I won't live to see As Long As Possible play its final note. I don't know if a heaven exists, though I really hope it does. I think if heaven was real would be what is implied between Lispector's novel, Cage's piece and the wonderful home of my friend, along with its garden. That continuity. That sense of stillness. That freedom.



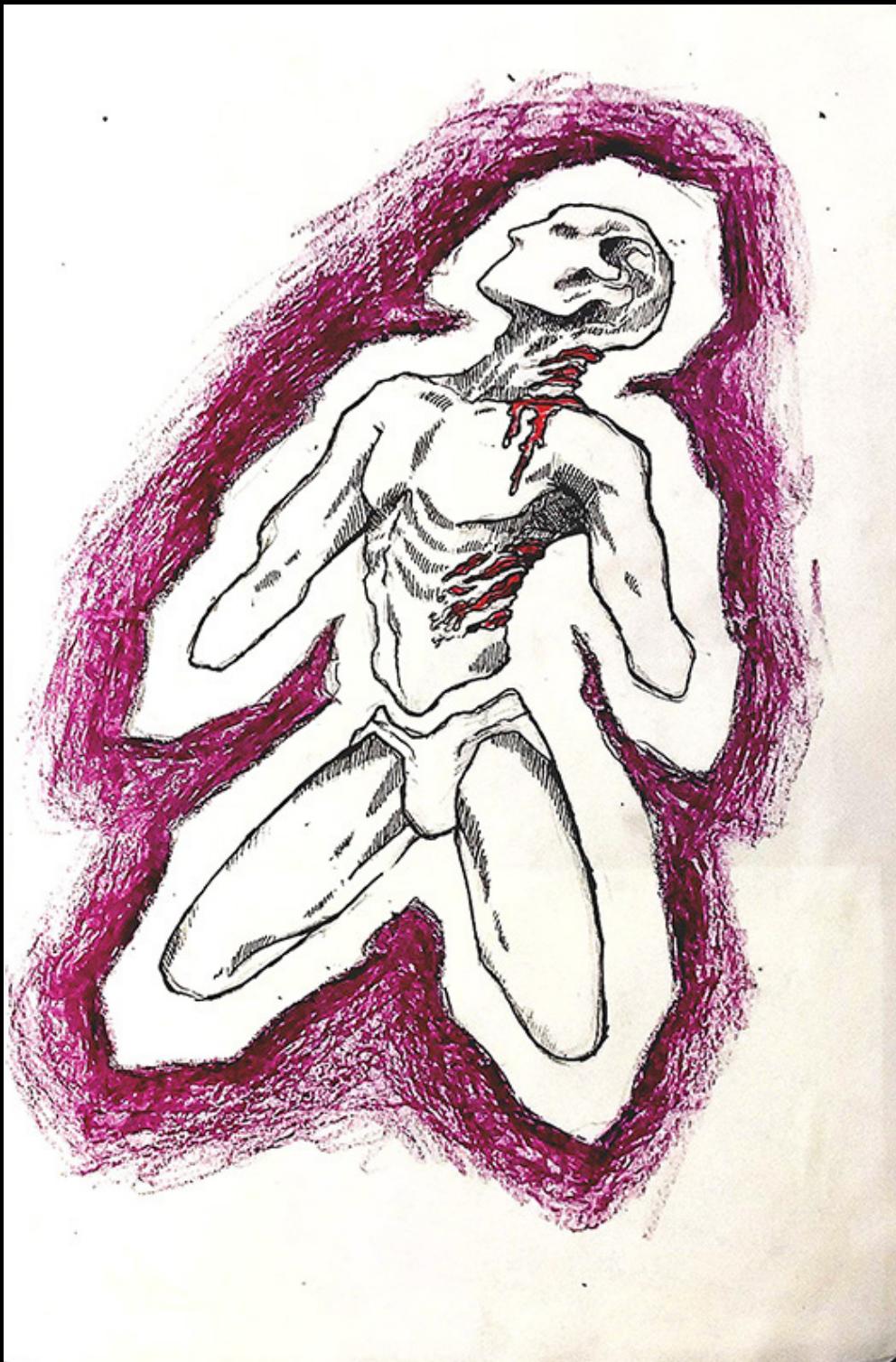
John Cage in 1987

“The Joy of Laughing at Another’s Misfortune for the Innermost Depths
of the Spirit” - *Iliana Vasileiou*



Ink on Paper, 2022

“Impossible to Understand Pain” - *Iliana Vasileiou*



Ink & Oil Pastels on Paper, 2022

“The Last Monk” - Robert Ken Hank



Watercolour on Paper, 2024

“Red Room” - Robert Ken Hank



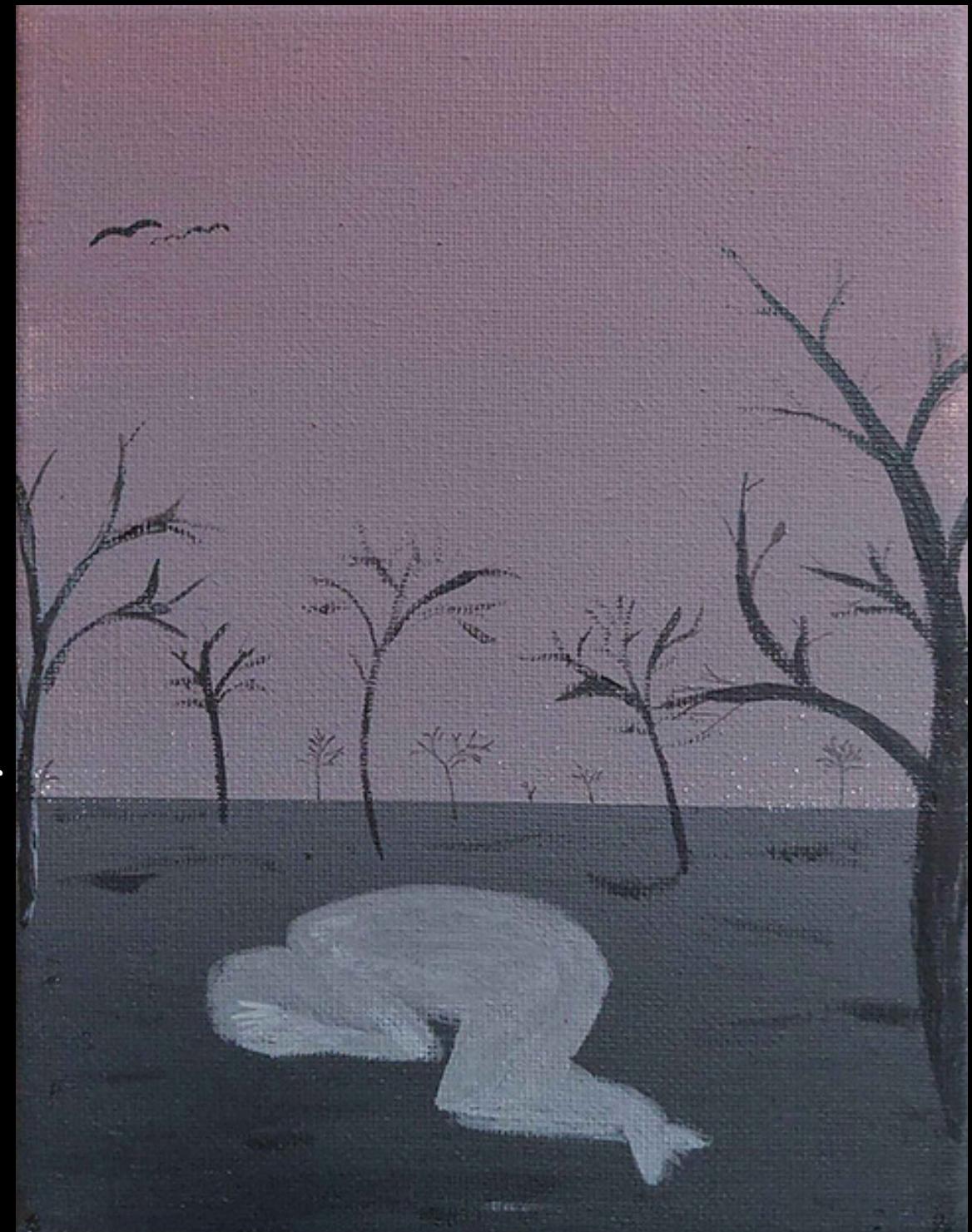
Acrylic on Paper, 2022

“Firebird” - Robert Ken Hanke



Gouache & Acrylic on Canvas, 2025

“Don’t Think You’ll Get Away” - Robert Ken Hanke



Acrylic on Canvas, 2025

“General Phormio / Elysian Fields / General Vrasidas”
- Charilaos Mpoucharelhs



Triptych, Oil on Canvas, 2024

“Pandora” - Veronika Purplesfinx



Digital Art, 2025

“Winter Creeping Up on Us” - *Joël Miguel Lädrach*



Digital Photography, 2024

“Untitled” - *Joël Miguel Lädrach*



Digital Photography, 2024

“Two Horses” - *Joël Miguel Lädrach*



Digital Photography, 2024

“Reflection on the Unrest Field” - *Joël Miguel Lädrach*



Film Photography, 2024

“Untitled” - *Joël Miguel Lädrach*



Film Photography, 2024

“Untitled” - *Joël Miguel Lädrach*



Digital Photography, 2023

“Processed Foods” - *Konstantinos Charisopoulos*



Still Life Photography, 2024 - 2025

“Processed Foods” - *Konstantinos Charisopoulos*



Still Life Photography, 2024 - 2025

“Processed Foods” - *Konstantinos Charisopoulos*

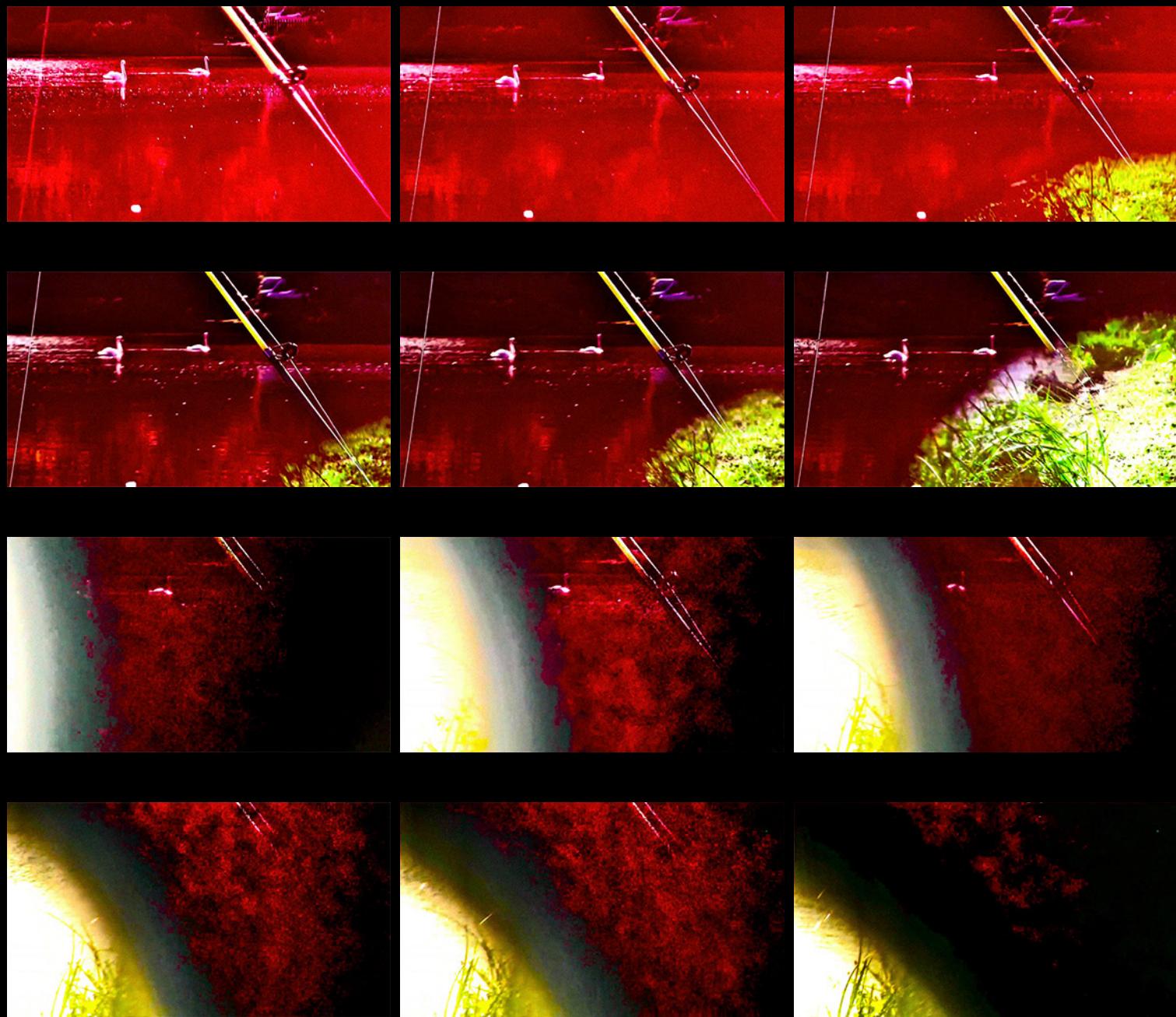


Still Life Photography, 2024 - 2025

“Processed Foods” - *Konstantinos Charisopoulos*



Still Life Photography, 2024 - 2025



V I D E O A R T
B Y J A M I E D A L Y

3 0 A u g u s t 2 0 2 4 H e n l o w
S h o r t f i l m , 2 0 2 4

Some Collected Words & Thoughts on Jacque Tourneur's Canyon Passage (1946)

by Jamie Daly

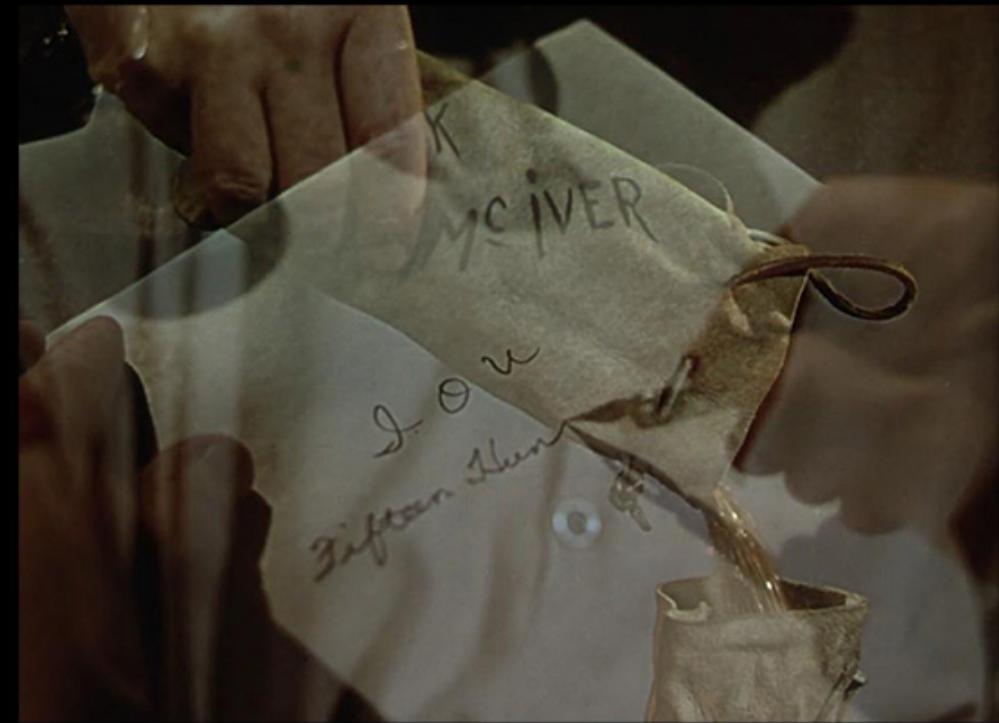


Hi Linnet: ...all u boys want to see is a fight ever considered that.

"Feeling harried? Overcooked? Jittery about the Bomb or the price of butter? Try Canyon Passage for quick, temporary relief. Unlike bridge, alcohol, the ponies and other popular forms of escape, this brilliantly engineered movie is non-habit-forming and has no nagging aftereffects."

(Time magazine 15th Aug 1946 1200 GMT-4)

Logan Stuart: ...butter's gold and u can spread it too.



"...Tourneur is not at all concerned with themes and plots, but rather with filming nothing but what is in between: the space, the void, the air between the actors, with the setting, and even what is between the actors and their characters, their costumes, their clothing..."

(Louis Skorecki, Against The New Cinephilia 1978)

This absence is amplified via his pictorial elements. Through careful cutting and staging Canyon's Hi Linnet appears out of seemingly thin air (from behind another man's back). A throughline of Tourneur; *I Walked With A Zombie* (1943) opens with a shot history. Dialogue acts as a commentary on history. After witnessing a brawl, Hi states that one of the fighters didn't break, but bent. A man questions the difference, to which Hi responds that oneself should decide the difference. This is what Tourneur demonstrates, an "abolition of] narrative verisimilitude" (Fujiwara, p.92).

His camera creates a style of discoveries, where we are supplied the agency to accept or reject. An obvious method to this is the lack of closeups. He creates tapestry-like long or medium shots, giving the absence of authorial view. Whilst providing holistic un-constructed 'histories'.

"I've always used the same method with actors. I set up a rehearsal in a completely empty studio and I let them act. Then I ask them each in turn to come and tell me, and me alone, what they have to say in the scene. I have them sit close to me, and they say their lines. Since they're so close, they lower their voice, eliminate inflections, and give the sentences a different, less dramatic rhythm. And that's what I want to get on the screen. I don't like actors to dramatize their dialogue, because they always use the same procedures."

(Jacques Tourneur as quoted by Chris Fujiwara in Cinema of Nightfall 1998)

"*Walter Wanger*: Explain to Tourneur that in colour [film] you have to use more closeups than in black and white as characters fade into backgrounds with scenery and story points lost because we cannot see facial expressions and eyes... Otherwise, picture will look like scenic.

Jacques Tourneur: I disapprove of closeups except when I reach story points."

(Wire between producer and director as quoted by Chris Fujiwara in Cinema of Nightfall 1998)

"If life in the old West was not really as much fun as this picture makes out, history is clearly at fault."

(Time magazine 15th Aug 1946 1200 GMT-4)

"We are, therefore, at the top. The art of the invisible, of the second universe, parallel, of the second time. Very close and very akin in intensity and beauty of that cinema, another, that of the first - and last - time: Lumière's cinema. (They honor their names, tourneur, lumière, common names, magical places). These two limit experiences of cinema, the strongest and the most definitive, symbolically anticipate what is going on: the explosion of cinephilia, its death and its end; and end of royalty, a shameful death: May 68, a date, a shock."

(Louis Skorecki, Against The New Cinephilia 1978)



The pictorial & and general movement that travels diagonal through the film,
is time nor history nor lines of commerce to travel in a straight line?

George Camrose: ...my thoughts rarely travel in a straight line.

A style of absence as a tool to story-book human relations (that become history) rather than the humans. Against a self-history.

George Camrose: Looked like a real strike. But it wasn't.

Confessions of a Dull Silhouette

by Shaurya

"An extracted fragment from my journal when I hit the bottom..."

09th October,
[03:27]

There's a disease that's been haunting me for a long time now, it's consuming me from the inside in every incarnated way. It's past 3 am and my sleep has nevertheless faded away. Crusading through motionless affinity and symphonies of sickness, it's the nineteenth year of my rottenness. Confined in this prevailing outrageous heat, with these disgusted fumes encircling me, I'm way fallen with my senses, everything seems like a mirage at this point. The unbearable heat in the room has elevated to pure disgust as of now. Nihilism has consumed me, the world has started to seem unrecognizable. Nightmares have been rebuilt with something much more terrifying, emptiness. Everything comes back to me circling the oblivion of disparity, even without any confusion confined within me there still exist these illusions fully immersed in ambiguity.

Nothing seems past my sight. All that is left in me is reminiscent of the past. Even though I manage to reconcile with emotions and vulnerability now and then, it always comes down to me sitting and wavering in my ridicule. These confessions of hollowness are in no way over-dramatized. Even though this doesn't complete me as a person, this is what defines me.

*All my thoughts have turned oblivious.
I am no longer humane.*

Spiraling into this gateway to purposelessness, centuries have been passed with no shafts of hope. Words have been redefined as nothing, actions have been replaced with desperate attempts at redemption. So many days have passed in these sleepless dreams, and so many dreams have been crushed by this endless cycle of sleep. There's a dire urge in me to articulate what's seizing over my sane, a need to recognize the enemy - my existence stands alone as my biggest regret and foe. It just stands as an ugly portrait of a dull silhouette. To be honest, it alone stands as my sole companion cause after all it's the only friend I require. Unlike you, I'm not unknown or ignorant of this universal truth. On the contrary, I fully embrace this awful and obnoxious fact to the fullest. My thoughts now have been transformed & deviated towards something more outrageous.

These trails that I am trying to leave with each word, hopefully deliver as a medium for you to resonate. If not, then it's probably my self-made hell hole that I am living in. Maybe it's the spite inside me that has birthed the current me. The crater holds its absence more profoundly than its presence. The sleeplessness continues to torment me.

Maybe I am more humane than you.

There is a need in me to continue penning down this short confession.

Melancholy. Everything has disintegrated into melancholy. I am no longer able to reflect upon myself or my thoughts. What remains of the night is contemplation of my agony. I stare at these walls for hours surrounding me, they smother me with their nuisance. I can't keep living off like this, the sickness prevails. But this doesn't deviate from the reality of me being unable to live up to myself. It's nothing but a human tendency to run away from every slightest threat, but then what's left for me if I perceive myself as my worst torment? Nothing. I wish I wasn't the way I am. Enough murmuring about my misery, it brings no pleasure to either of us to be contemplating such an incompetent matter. What matters is the ability to move forward by providing a solution and giving life to inanimate thoughts.

What's my proposition? Creating a cathedral washed up in crimson to be born again. A sacred ground where I can mold myself into something I am no longer anymore. An instrument for me to be able to live up to myself, creating a utopia to obediently engulf me. Something more perpetuating than this awful submissiveness to loneliness. An overture towards a method to become different one might call. To an extent, a point where I fail to recognize myself. To all the demigods and guardian angels safeguarding me, I wish I was someone else. God, I wish I was better. The night will eventually be engulfed by the awakening sun. There's salvation to look after all. More things need to be addressed and more notions to be acknowledged. But for now, these "notes from the underground" must be concluded incomplete. Will continue painting this ugly portrait of a dull silhouette some other day, for now, I see the horizon thankfully.



Serenity / Epigraph 1

by Michael Miura

An old man laid in a field, reading an epic, reclined on its sloped surface, with his form seamlessly integrated into the earth around him. The book was dressed in its finest gold and red tones, with a thick spine and sturdy pages. His eyes commanded him to peer into the sky, so he did, and could see how the clouds were filled with elation and frenzy. Shapes began to materialize. Terra was a beautiful place, yet she did not hold back when she wanted to demonstrate her fury.

A storm was nearby, yet he didn't move a muscle. Eventually, his withered eyes, flanked with grey hair and the wrinkles of an elephant's form returned its attention to his marvelous book. Within the epic, the great hero-king prevails over his barbaric foe with such strength and agility that he captures the minds and souls of the city he swore to protect. The man could trot happily, chest up, into the poorest hovels of the city and remain unscathed. He then realizes the power he inherited overnight. He convulsed and transformed in the night, sheltered by the moon, elusive of the human eyes. He drank elixir and spoke with demons; he danced with ill omen and ran across fields causing havoc to livestock. When the sun reared its white-orange belly over the horizon hours later, his form was destroyed.

Like a malevolent false-butterfly emerging from its cocoon, the cocoon mimicked his radiance and swallowed his form with shades of black and purple; the hero-kingness shed from his body and he transitioned into a God- a rather unjust one at that. As the old man's eyes glided over the words, letter by letter, bit by bit, he suddenly noticed grey patches. A whisper began to assail him. With a deep breath he understood he had to go home, because it had started to rain. As he got up, nose still glued to the book, a split second caught his attention- the hero king had become a tyrant. From then, his attention restored back to reality, the deluge began, and he sprinted home.



Man's Affliction

by Jaro Kerschbaum

Betwixt, the wretched fool he toils:
Day in day out his labor stays,
Maniacally he hoards and piles
His mounds man magnifies, maintains.

One ponders to the meaning of it all
Agnizes he this agonized pursuit?
'Tis not the prizes that enchant him so
Nor even gain of ever novel gifts,
He rests bewitched by the seek alone.

What sorceress he quests for hides elusively –
One might begin to wonder if she does exist.
Perhaps, she doesn't, and is a mere trick of mind
Her power given by our greed, our envy, lust.
No, no, she must be lurking, out of reach, unseen
Behind the crown of kings, in astronomic fields.

The sparkling snow reflects the sun.
Your laughter's echoes bound across
The fields like children. Just a single
Moment, her curse is powerless.

View From a Clerestory

by Jaro Kerschbaum

Rays of indigo so echo through cathedrals:
Twisted, broken through the Word's ornate
Pictograms, their purple hue resounds in God's house.
Every photon dances in perfect unison, like
Hearing clear, afar, ethereal orchestration,
Winding corners minds can't comprehend, nor eyes see.
Arcs transfigured, monotone becomes divine, as
Purpure graces abandoned temples with her own song.
Marble, once caressed alive by the carver's
Gentle hand, mosaics, once finely laid, each crimson
Tessera embracing lovers of finest lapis,
All renewed in this violet triumph-procession,
Growing, tending upward, to some grand crescendo.

Pardon My Intrusion

by May Vakalaki

A few feet behind the door
There's a mattress tainted red
Footsteps are heard along the floor
Where there should be a second set



The room softly breathes and blows
An awful scent of iron and candle
Down in a pit of shame and lows
Breathe in before you turn the handle



Mockery from an open book
Some nonsense about Pendulums
And if you have a closer look
Right on that corner now she looms

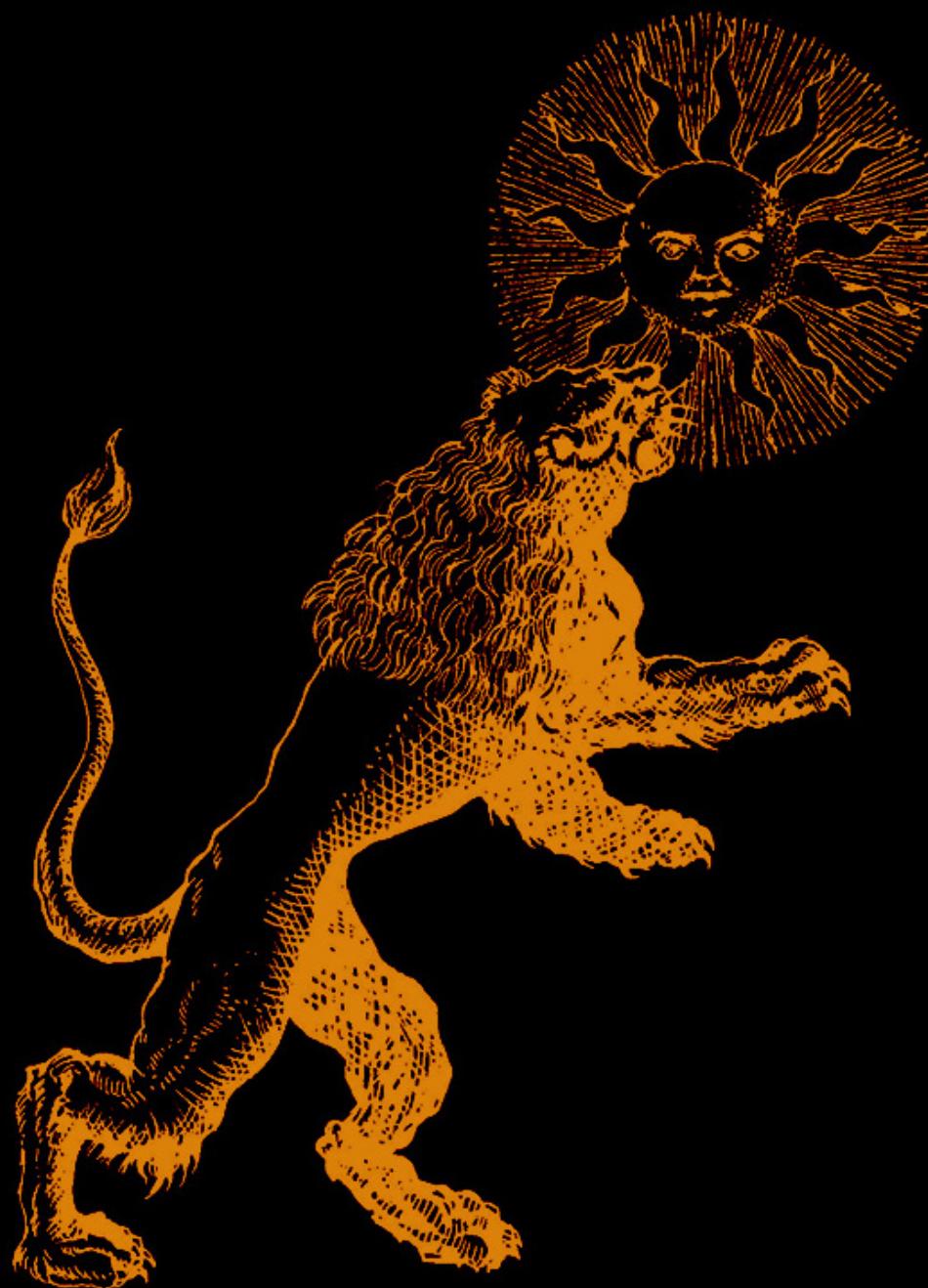


Eyes that invade wall after wall
In an altar of unknown faces
They question all on which they fall
They spot the hand that floats and traces



A framed kiss upon the cheek
A sunflower that cannot wither
The contrast of it all is bleak
As if that snake would move and slither

INTERVALS DREAMT IN THE SUN



A COLLECTION OF POEMS
BY CAMERON MCNAUGHTON

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CONTENTS

- I'm No Longer Addicted to the Fame
- Beckon Bark
- The Invention of the Wheel
- Unemployment Benefits
- Poison at the Blossom
- I Love You
- Four Sonnets on the Olive Tree
- At First September Snow
- Quiet Morrows
- In the Rendered Tallow
- The Grain of Every Field Will Bow Their Heads and Testify Against You
- Jejune
- There's A Mother
- Centralia Industrial
- Communion Like Maggots
- Deep Throats of the Night Flower
- Reconnaissance to Tahquamenon
- The Hauling Horses of the Hay Wain

FOREWORD

For three years I have wondered where my legacy will stand within the canon of all the poets before me. Ironic coming from someone completely unknown, but that's what happens when you write so much material and never publish any of it. This collection makes up for that (in a way); and it is only a step. My own conflict though is how much that 'legacy' truly means to me now – I just prefer the written word.

Eighteen selected poems wax their ores against light itself. Concerned in the politics of daily life, a deconstruction of self and a hand that desperately clasps outside of my own body. Where your nerves and mine end, I ask that we tether them to each other.

Between intervals dreamt in the sun, a flower leant against me. My body was forever changed upon realising that innate truth: I am as much the engine as the wheel to our kind. The unknowables' behind the eye – that's what I'm trying to access. How close are we to spiritual transcendence?

Death prevails as just will of love's existence.

I would like to dedicate this collection to Pandora Magazine, what an incredible team. You people have been so easy to work with and the way you have changed my life in these past few months is incredible. Specifically I would like to thank Panagiotis and Rob, both of whom had laboured alongside me into the night editing this collection to the point that you see today (with an exception of a few poems respectively).

I'm No Longer Addicted to the Fame

Auburn drapes your iris, little one,
Lit like magazines, they emptied me.

There's a spark in everyone, a wind
Passing through fencing's breadth. This wire aroused
Your perception of the day and night.

Fasting of the light that's been, your skin
Is a sky, pneumatic in the silence
Of a gun aloud it mouths: here - now -

But you've got this tendency, return
Lyre to the scene – a disembowelling –
Not the song but auburn drapes as they
Skip your whites, the soulless prize of evergreen.

Beckon Bark

From the swift you in yellow, a leaf;
to the quiver – a beckoning bark –
Like goose flesh ‘gainst the glass you lie weak,
In reliance the cold spot your shoulder
In inhabiting can always retreat,
Back to carbon’s diffusion, a breath
Burgeoning of the swift, in defeat.

So your cause stems from death in a circle?

‘*No, a web.*’ Many branches incline,
As a seedling to earth your insertion
Overtaken becoming the instrument: *belief.* –
‘*Senorita your body’s deserting*
Of your form in those waves like a lake
Beneath blossoms; their wet drip immerses.’

You said. Hat like a matchstick a-light,
She saw life at a purpose once leaf
(Laced with scab brown) had left its tree by
Beckoned bark: she had followed its array
And displayed pulling off her own might.
The moon purrs to allow one look:
Twisted dancing leaves pair one last time.

The Invention of the Wheel

Hearing stories how it goes:
I am the Mesopotamian wheel,
Diagnosed and trudging into
Care after care home. The need to earn my meals –
Baggage packed in swathes of foil,
And biting at the bit ma left me with,
Never looking back at me, her son,
The tears of rolling time will wither thin.

Living with my mother’s ghost,
Sumerian carts fly across the washing line,
Contract face displaced my growing arms,
I couldn’t poach my hanging life;
Fantasising killing feeding rabbits from the neck
And down to Government inmates
Paid to irrigate me to the hutch –
And watch the children fed into the state.

Troubadour defying law,
Your couplet hands in cupping water lift
Bread from earth to table so what happens when
The tears of rolling time have withered thin?
Well, the wind keeps rising, rivers break the dam,
The wheel depends on man's indulgent greed;
Whites arise from eyes like napkins torn,
The only thing we're here for is to breed.

Branded from the age of four,
Possessing nothing carers wouldn't take,
I'm confined to destitution's mark:
A prison masquerading self-made haven.
That's the reason children can't adjust!
It must not be the drivers of the screw,
Potters spin us with their novice hands,
Then throw us to the fire when shaping us crude.

My white father disembowelled the most –
Victor Lodorum, this I won, his silence reeked,
Putrid oil, the chunky kind.
But how of the wheel of boys he'd speak. –
On I'd roll into the endless mass of earth,
What are we ready for with nothing to our name?
My body by fourteen carved to a machine;
I know the rabbit caught inside the state...

Living with my mother's ghost,
The barnyard fresh in my recollection's throat,
I tell it to you son 'cause one day I will be gone.
In flesh you'll be alone.
Ma heard my throat's rasped screams and still she left,
Now you've heard nothing but the love I give, -
Though we wonder when we're free,
The tears of rolling time will wither thin.

Unemployment Benefits

He's got you and your kids,
His knuckles a sick-green in your palm.
By the end of the rotting day,
The flesh of hope is gone.

It's still trying to snow,
Late October and you jingled
As you walked to the high
Office beams for a caretaker.

How would you feel if He and your son
Went for a walk? Your knee
Plays its twinkling tune. Your son's
Hand rests the song with its small palm;

He's got you and your kid;
You say you give and you give.
He's got you and your kid
And he's not letting go.

Poison at the Blossom

After 'The Pearls of Envy' by Panagiotis Kouremenos

'I need a man,' The fish-skinned foal
Moans, gripped with fever, lung collapse,
Arteries exposed to the midnight air –
Crafted by the forerunners of her existence,
The pearls of envy pried open, a papaya
Heart with wet breast beneath dim light.

Knees buckled, blindness is her only claim
To name. He slipped her like the comb
Of her spine rubbing against his crotch,
Unknotting the heavenly sounds he makes
When the mind runs like milk,
And the body melts in the retina.

At the kiss of dawn a lone corpse
Sinks in the bed of hay, muscles untied,
Her lips can't form how much she needs
A spectre left in the place of her necklace.

I Love You

and what-have-you,
In this same sparse room.

I love you
and this hole inhabits
The eye, room for light,

Naked drip
Of the iris downward
its trail a mite on skin

I love you
and I'm waiting in the
water in the end, see

The ripple
In your perception, come
into the water, nose deep

I love you
as I enter softly kissing
Tongue past perceived light

Where a word
and its sound form an ache
at the pace an asteroid marches.

Four Sonnets on the Olive Tree

I.

Garden of gold swathed in silk-wave archway's
Soft crooning, larping ancient text for Cromwell –
Quite well, indeed – eternal light unfolding,
A wandering kite in eating shadow's place
On earth. Our secondary generation
Lives against my eyelids for a moment
As I peer a glassless lime window.
And in these walls an olive tree displays
Her boughs of plenty fruits most sweet and wet,
So searching out the keeper of his bed,
Observing Olive's brethren the almonds, cherries
And the pistachio I ask, 'How do I get
That?' He laughed, 'Grow your own stop begging.'

II.

Returning to my garden prude and flush,
I sunk my fingers and my trowel for days. –
No he won't share eternal light, archways
Of limestone nor the soil for which, like thrush,
Your olive branches would clamber for dust
In the sky. What became of nests of clay?
You hold the cup; your fledgelings? The spares of change,
And like a child you roll us 'long the crust
Of your egg-white bread lime-loaned walls and seen
It all. Eternal light's sure handy during
Your olives dripping off your garden's seal.
You grew so far the seed was hijacked, lured,
Possessed your soul how father's split their son's bellies,
A life spent entrapping Godless murder.

III.

When you apply the rule of thumb to your garden
And wipe your eyes, this happiness obstructs
Our interlocking hands. Family construction,
The roughened palms, I have this dream, now harden
Not your heart – please – when I tell you of stars
Invisible in bluest skies and tucking
Hands, yours and mine, my first time trawling buds.
'Your generation's tardy lazy cards-
stacking-against-you schtick is daft. The earth
Never changes, we've all suffered;
We're all drip-fed our way into rebirth.'
Decoding man like animal's weak ethereal,
Come on then dad! Leave your earthly system's curds,
Let's watch the turnip's cycle mulch and muffle.

IV.

Garden of yellow-stained, sick-white warm trees,
Beheaded blades of grasses wave on wind,
Half-eaten apples, soils, and rind,
Uranium car batteries in piecemeal
Fractions above our gardens fire-high feet,
Alike the candle on Huntingdon trips,
The brook among the woodrush melts your mind,
And at their heart they're rotting olive trees.
Father, how come my fist can't break the lime?
Whose master is the law, the politicians ground;
When rolling pennies do they feel their lives
Slipping from grasp? The drain's reminding mound
Of leaves that we cannot, should not enjoy our bite –
Not joy in hands in mine, an olive leaf is crowned.

At First September Snow

Inspired by 'Winter Creeping Up on Us' by Joël Miguel Lädrach

The cabin gives, creaks, buckles and moans;
And they who come to terms with what she gives:
Lain out kites sleep, representative,
A crimson heart, the bleeding dove in snow.
This is their flag, persistence passes gloaming, -
Daylight or firefly, weeds still stunned in film.
Pause of the tape, the dragonfly emits
Sonar in waves: creaks, buckles and moans,
Buckles and moans. The cabin surely gives

They rustle, tumble (usually in vain),
Wearing their lanterns, floating down to grass,
When reaching home the streets unveil their barbs,
The stink of borders dripped into a plain,
Where every weed collapses, gathers, dances;
Barriers blister bursting out their graves.
You hear her coming, crunching boots with grace,
She reaches evening mood, the prospect glances,
Where every weed collapses, gathers, dances.

Step back inside, at what had been, they rest –
The walls ask, 'What's one eternity more?'
Kissing this half of day where it was worn,
They pant like kites against the sky's pale chest,
Some day September caught amidst a nest,
Breathes like an infirm June in measured form;
The clouds can holler truth, they fall before
The cabin, sat collapsed, the dove's cry left,
'What's one eternity more? What's one eternity more?'

Quiet Morrows

Is death the skyward trail of an arrow?
A smile the seed that sprouts all quiet morrows?

The skyline's mosses swamp my face,
Disguising loss in life's long debt –
Eternal rest says 'You're inept.'
Short breath – I watched the clouds debase.

An amulet in earth I churn,
Until like mirroring the clouds,
My limbs were smoked bees scattered round
The murky meadow of our earth.

The day I die I'll claim, 'I saved
Someone when dreaming in the sun,' –
And watch the desecrated tug
Of limbs that synchronise with waves.

Is death the skyward trail of an arrow?
A smile the seed that sprouts quiet morrows?

My body hung amid the trees,
A car, my bike, a broken limit –
The soil begins its trek, infinite.
Plant me a flower every week.

The hunter guessed which way I laid,
The spark two stones emit in empty,
soundless and derelict short breaths,
The endless paths by which old age

Wilts and he looks on back at what
We've done. On every leaf we muster
When faced with muddy-speckled water,
The child's hand reprimands the spot.

Is death the skyward trail of an arrow?
A smile that seed that sprouts quiet morrows.

In the Rendered Tallow

where distant honey pours
next to bustling kitchen stove
child climbs squinting eyes

The Grain of Every Field Will Bow Their Heads and Testify Against You

The summonstance, a reed amid the fields,
The signature of flowing rivers steeled.
It's an eventuality, foxgloves;
Lotus and leaves in pantomime white coats,
They hurtle into mountains to the rock.
Thinking he's safe in stillness but it's wrote,
'Child, which of these – your fears – have I not held?'
The safety of the waves stops at the bell.

All is quiet, all the fruits decayed,
And men march on destroying all the plains,
You've seen it all go by, the bell emits
Her ring, peace goes on by, a fount of dreams,
Each emphasised the coming of the still;
Following that the end of many thieves –
Gasping out stolen air as babes they turned,
But innocent as animals, they'll burn.

Jejune

A field of sleep unfettered by its priests,
The counting lilies proudly under feet –
Of all the flames no one is the same –
The crowns they wear they drip like unheard thorn.
The grain among the wind detects a change,
Her head uncircumcised, the valley drawn.
And any blood on the soil should cast he grey;
For sacred is the choir of the day.

He counts every hour, his mold unchanged,
The pear that's overripe collides with rage –
A bell so clear as it can crunch through river
And rock. Can swallow every hour like wings
Across the sun. It holds your hand at dinner,
Sundown, a second sun envelopes all things –
At first, still-birth. Then, it rings, it's beckoning:
'Child, which of these – your fears – have I not held?'

Your 'I love you, kid' was meant for him,
I'm your only son until he wins.
Jealous of that kind of love I die
Every time you schedule when my life
Might begin, these false scares he was dead,
Wishing it was true inside my head.

Patterned wire delivered for his voice,
To continue torture nought of choice.
When he dies you'll sell his clothes,
But his lifeline's still here so
Creeping through the trees the fog
In descension spills condensed tumult.

I confront the chasm,
I create the muscle spasm –
"I'm the one who's dying – he is gone!
Everything he is he's really not!
But I bet if legal you would have
Ethically lamed the lamb."

There's a Mother

It would be a softer blow to keel,
Rip out all my organs 'til he's real.
And my mum can't face she made this mess,
Father drinks in hopes he can forget.
Then they sign the papers auctioning
Parts off me so I lose functioning.

I'm the dog whose head you've bitten off;
And your husk-grey son's the termite host,
Cut me limb from limb the light rekindles,
Parting breaths a sympathetic symbol –
What I'd do to make him sleep tonight:
Read his favourite bedtime story right.

Watermelon seeds so barren in this sunlight,
I've watched the crops grow slanted
As I fell asleep then underneath the stars
When they weren't tricks by dark,
Waiting to steal at our light.

There's a mother across the amber waves
And mustard skies; a chock of wood
Swathed in cloth and bathed in folded arms.
Something's gone missing, black seeds under noses,
Sun refuse to rise today.

Centralia Industrial

There are those nights when the bee stings
You and dies off your neck as you wait,
While the sun enters through the stained glass,
Sickle trimming your chaffed skin, you stand
And you sing,

*'The Lord sets her from us,
The many sinners who claim they're Godly!
He binds my way; my path He stills,
And when I call it's in His will.'*

And when I call it's for his will...

I whisper his many names that I have been told,
In my closet, on my bed, knelt on the floor
And with it closed, I didn't check my door,
Nor the siren song outside,
My duck egg kitchen where human kindness was born.

to be his kin

to ward off sin.

While up it climbed, my second skin,
Leaking through the cupboards and coughing up the carpet.
It flickered through my memories in my picture frames
Gorging on the light of my flesh and I felt no way about it.
As my retinas cindered to a
State

Of no beginning, of no end,
I felt that I was almost anywhere between the
Crackle and the fizz.

But something brought me back to earth:
no sting of bee, no black lung,
But the landline in my study
Ringing,
Ringing,
Rung.

Communion Like Maggots

Midday tears through the trees, languid it lays,
Leaning on pews, infectious as a bruise,
Communion like maggots they feast where praise-
the priest, he gives. His son spills inner rouge,
A gas-lamp-hue projects the tender space.

His fingers splinter at their tip against
The polished, scratched out pews abound to him.
At every year, dad's image seals to chaste
The moment where he walks in on his sin –
Confession left un-wept with boy he stakes.

'God, please,' child pleads, his voice was taken;
The curtain folds, displays his pus and mud,
Crawling from guts, coating the silver drake, –
A bullet lodged by holy digit drunk
On watching midday pulse through flesh window.

The schism flows into one by next day,
Solarium ribcage, he burns much brighter
At church, And no one pays him any fray,
Returning home he aches and feels the bile
Graze sloppy chunks, unpiling from his naval.

Sight of her son, his mother slaps his face,
She slaps until the noise stops humming beneath
The skin, stops prickling under arm hairs waste –
In bed, no dinner, curtains draw faux-peace.
The mangled red eye creeps along the table.

By nine-thirty, school morning, the house was still.
Collecting laundry, mother found the shirt, a small
Hole nestled in his soft white belly split, –
Where he scraped, and peeled away the muscle; –
She stares towards the man she's loved ever since.

Deep Throats of the Night Flower

He, soft skittering spitting spider,
Wandered into your home seeking warmth;
You fell in love with him, you know
He's more scared than you.

It was first like you were his landlord,
The darkness of your home arrested
In his presence. For fear of scaring you
He only did it at night, wet fangs
Glinting past your bedroom door, fending
Off your nightmares.

You saw him one night sprawled out
Cephalothorax arched, legs ready to propel
Against the bed. You bent forward, soft fabric
Swathed around your pelvis as you fingered his back.

He'd melt into your hands at the light of the moon -
Emitting a light in his neurosis,
Like a suffocating star. The deep-rooted light
Ghosts you, immobilises your tensions,
Tendrils of limbs drape you and he,
Your night flower, his teeth aligned with his lips
As they bled and rooted against your skin,
Softer than the caged dove.

You were the only one to climb out
Of his web. To see the deep throats
Of the night flower. He shows his face
When the fishhook pulls the sun into the
Sky. And pull the curtain,
You are his home

You let him in.
You let him in.
He let you in.

Reconnaissance to Tahquamenon

The house was always dealing with you
In coffee breaks and eight-thirty traffic.
The chatter in the backseat fading
As you took in your mother's dress.

This was the last time it would be dry cleaned,
So sure the scent was washed off
You can ask the regular and she notes
Its summer hints but all you smell
Is her
in the hallway, suspended
From the soils she grew her cinnamon-spritzed
Lavender – You pull her cuckoo bird
Out the makeshift, patchwork pocket.

Folded clay breathes between your fingers.
So you consider all those home remedies,
Lake Superior in Palaeolithic waves,
What good her sweeping seems to have caught
A castaway, a runaway, a terror child
Made of sticks and archways coating the
Sky. Still alive! Still alive!

Stray dog on the bridge watches you
Carve your fingers into the satsumas,
Each one bleeds further than the last –
Your body arches like grain at the hurricane
Relapse. Mackinac in structure,
The ravine of canine eyes.

You help mom out of bed
Untrusting of the professional soap dispensers,
Drape her in her lavender
Sweep her round the house,
You take a breath, raising your head from its lowered stance;
Through the kitchen window the horizon
Smiles against your peripheries like a gasp of a forest.
Its auburn leaves signalling the time
She closed her eyes.

The Hauling Horses of the Hay Wain

O, could I intercede this morn,
The hauling horses of the hay wain
Would gallop yonder from their staunch
Watery raiment matted mane
Of golden country's kneeling grain.

And how they'd bend so high back then,
In latter shining suns the wheats
Of fields' divisions spoke upending
Their stems meanwhile the preacher bleats,
His cock-a-doodling voice so sweet,

O, could I intercede this morn,
The hauling horses of the hay wain
Could graze on grasses grown of gone-
finches beseeching sunlight stain
The evergreen to auburn drapes.

What I suggest as I admire
Late Constable's old painting hung
Over my bed: this tuning lyre,
In essence, captivates their lungs
So I'm the only wagon known.

For how's the poet sung if none
Recall by tongue's soft tip the taste
Inflexions of my mind's own wonder?
If I'm but wax in greased wheels chasing
The endless date beyond the frame?

I felt that then I intercede,
The hauling horses of the hay wain –
And me, the every curve and detail
Prevails in fading green and weights
The grey the sky's forever laid.

I'm oil and finger, stroke and dip,
The very hair that dragged me here –
But where do I begin to fit?
If turned away or bidden steer,
For true heart will I appear?



Lubomur Melnyk's The Lund - St. Petri Symphony

A Review by Panagiotis Kouremenos

"The last breath of Aiolas awakes humanity from its slumber"

The rug is unbound and I hold it like a leash. While it serves no true purpose, my hands become sweaty as I continue to hold it. With it I travel to places uncharted and unimaginable. Next to me is a wall of sound, in actuality a river, the waters of which are violet. I do not know where it stems from but it is a trustworthy companion. They both have never ceased sprouting forwards, nor have they turned against me, no. They will never betray me, now that they are nearer to me than ever, now that they have touched my heart...

Lubomyr Melnyk has been described as the "prophet of the piano" by his peers but I am here to say that, to me, the word that suits him best is that of The Enchanter. The way his fingers almost glide through the piano keys in sweeping, overlaying harmonies confirms the "Continuous Music" title the musician has given to his works. These overtones appear throughout the record thanks to a sustain pedal and sympathetic resonances. Being able to play up to 19 notes on each hand while performing,

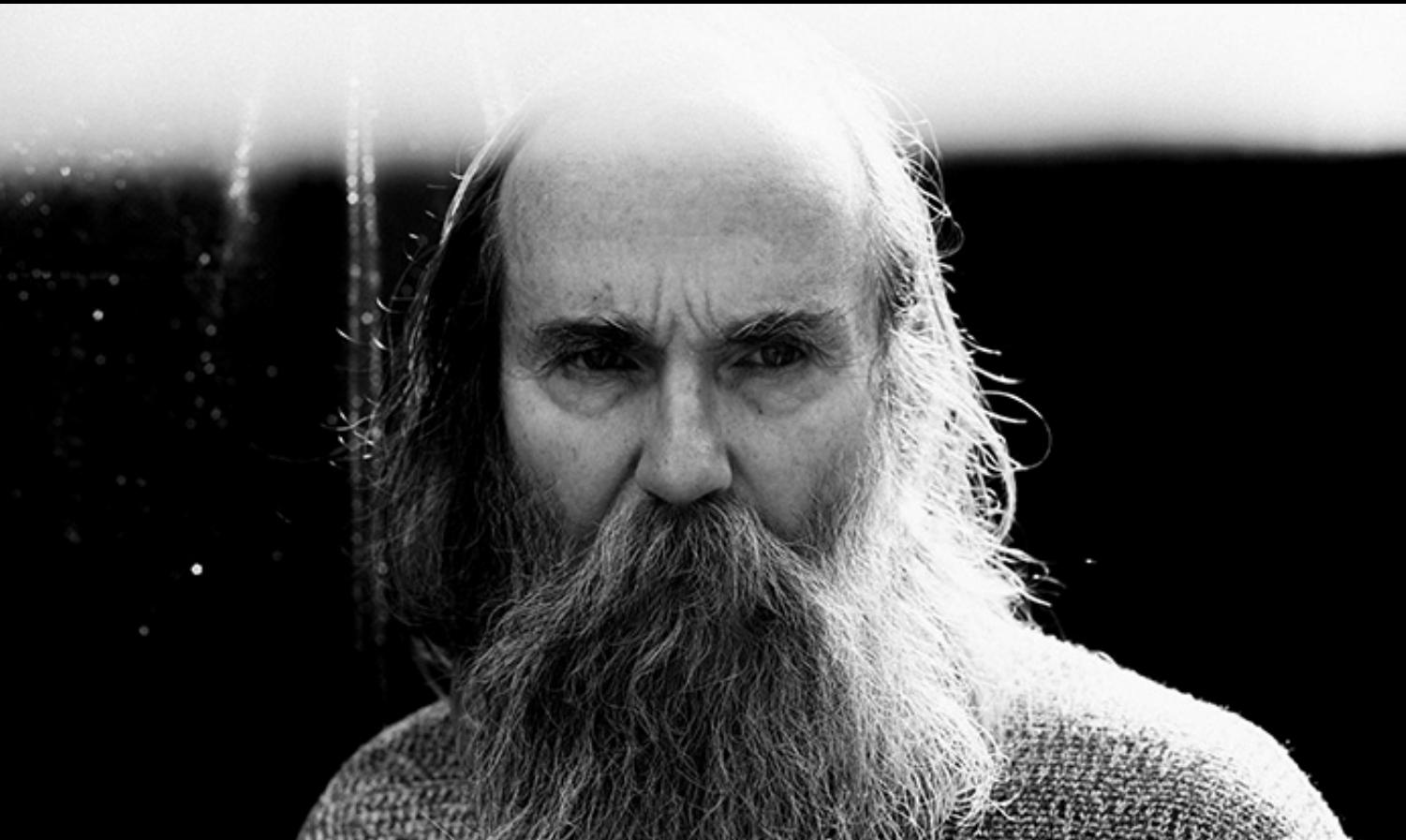
Melnyk is fortunate enough to have been graced with the opportunity of synchronizing his technical ability with the tender, meticulous artistry that graces this symphony.

The piano Symphony itself was written in the fall of 1979, after the composer met with Jean Sellem in the Gallery St. Petri in Lund, in September 1979. Initially, Melnyk had set out to create a solo piece of "Continuous Music" for the organ. Shortly thereafter, a second piece in the same key, (F-sharp Minor) was added with the intention of the two being combined in performance. At the same time, a piano version was developed along similar lines, but without any direct copying of the organ material.

However, after his meetings with Jean Sellem, the idea of a massive format for the work, spanning three days of performance, grew from their discussions. The piece would encompass three separate piano or organ parts and, with the help of tape recorders, it would

overlay one part over another in conjunction with the live playings. The piece thus grew into a three-piano (or three-organ) work. Hence the title “Symphony”.

Numerology plays a big part in the philosophy and work of Melnyk. In the words of the Ukrainian: "...numbers have become an important dimension in my life. Through them, we can find another avenue into the source of our being. They help us to transcend our existence in time and space.



Photograph of Lubomyr Melnyk

They show us a window into greater and invisible dimensions of Being which surround and prop up our consciousness beyond the senses.” In fact, during the period when this symphony became quite evident. The composer told of how during most performances of the work he would stop the piece at EXACTLY 45 minutes without any clock to guide him – and even that occasionally clocks in a nearby hallway would change time significantly!

According to Melnyk’s own words there is a “completely different piano universe” made manifest in his work. Part I of The Lund might be the official beginning to the record, but trying to find where the magic hidden between the recurrent notes of the piece actually starts is impossible. We are transfixed in the music’s concordant continuum. Part II further explores this stream and the chords almost mold into one great cataract of endless beauty, pouring down a path with no end. Part III, originally excluded from the record due to limitation in recording techniques at the time and also due to the dense nature of this final part, picks up where the previous two parts left us. Towards its end, we can hear the notes unbound like linen, become sporadic, even more simple in their nature. This only elevates the final minutes of the record just before it ends, leaving us astounded in a deafening silence.

This music, according to Melnyk, has to be played live to be enjoyed in the fullest and while I am not fortunate enough to experience his continuous music in a live setting, I can confidently say



Lubomyr Melnyk playing on his piano.

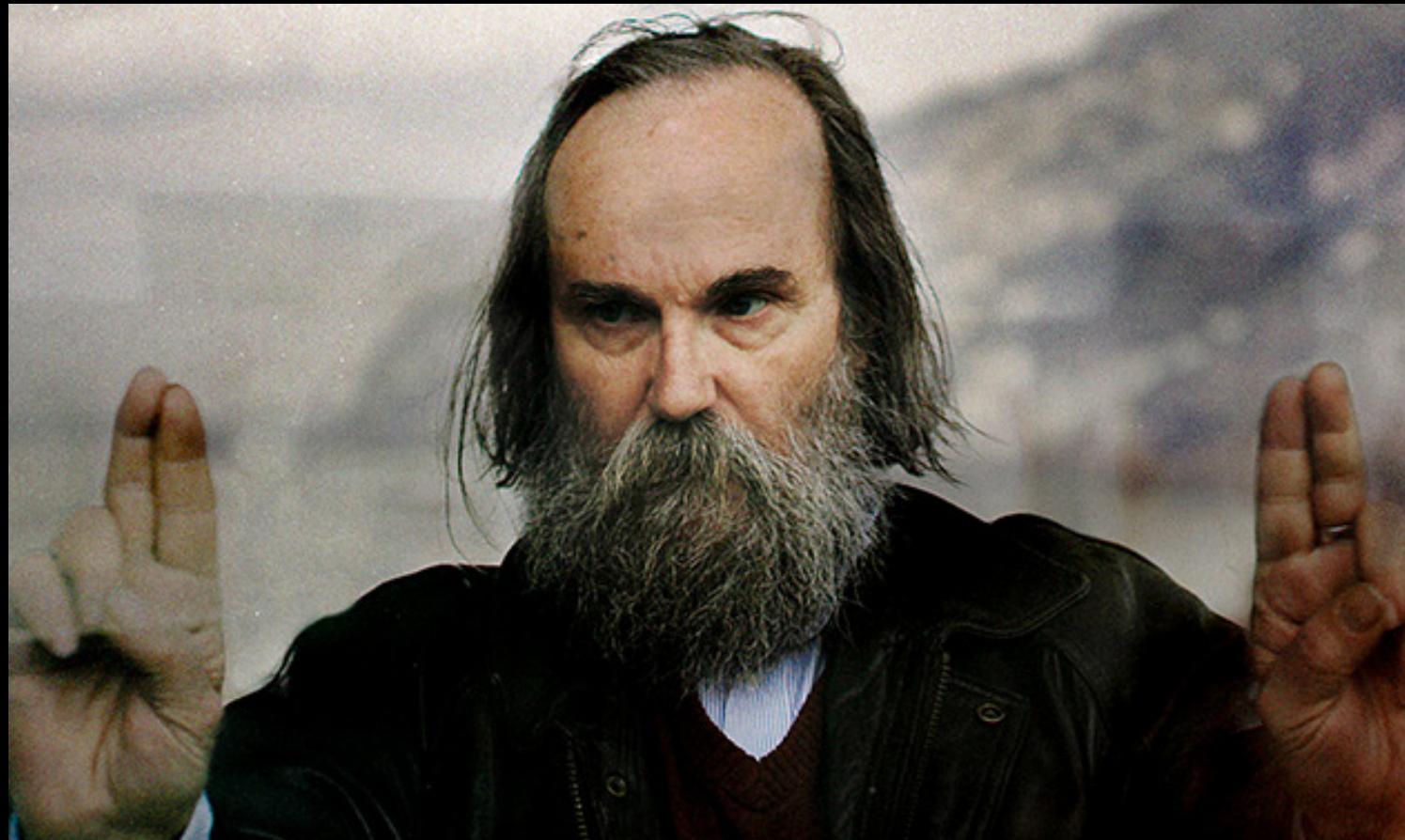
that The Lund might be a wordless, symphonic piece that owes its magnitude to its very own minimalistic character, but if we look behind its continuity then a whole different ethos unfolds. Our Enchanter has revealed that in his music a theme of “self-sacrifice” is prevalent. Something hidden in these multiples of 3, way before Melnyk switched to a softer music with neo-Romantic flourblings, the pairing of the pianos during the latter 45 minute half of the record has this tragic and

the bittersweet undertone that screams “moving on”.

This unpausing testimony is the emotional counterpart to the unrelenting and dynamic first half, the light notes like raindrops falling down one’s window while the thunderstorm of the baritone register slowly leaves, allowing us to enjoy the calm after the storm, the spring after the winter, the tide after the neap. Other than self-sacrifice though, there is something equally optimistic

and pessimistic about the way The Lund ends. If we listen closely, the recording naturally plays out the last continuous harmonies but now a wave of static corrupts these, otherwise, crystalline melodic ripples. In the end, the clouds do reappear in the horizon and the cycle restarts.

For Grayson



Fingers crossed.

C I T A T I O N S

- “Lybomyr Melnyk - Listening Journal - Snows Ov Gethen / Hermetic Journals”
- The Liner notes of the record.
- Fabrique Records, “Lubomyr Melnyk - the Continuous Music Man (Short Film).”

THIS WAS A COMMISSIONED REVIEW. IF YOU WANT YOUR FAVORITE WORK OF ART TO BE REVIEWED IN A FUTURE ISSUE, YOU CAN SUPPORT US ON KO-FI AND SEND US A DM ON INSTAGRAM.