P R E F A C E

Paradox Ethereal is a quarterly digital magazine possessing a re-enactment character and related to the Arts, Romanticism, Aestheticism and Symbolism. We flirt with Music - folk, ethereal, or experimental forms - Esoteric Traditions, Traveling possessing an exploratory character, Art in all its magnitude and types, the Absurd in full glory, everything Retro or Vintage, Nature, Literature, Psychology, Philosophy and above all the Transcendental. If a reader feels he/she is one of us we accept contributions. «The artist is the creator of beautiful things», Oscar Wilde said. Beauty is a fuel and imagination the vehicle. Welcome to the trip!

www.paradoxethereal-magazine.com

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You see a staircase the edge of which is lost in the sky and decide to find where it leads. Going up you see the clouds and feel the need to dive into them, the unknown is waiting, but you still have the staircase under your feet, you are secure, the unknown is still based on tangible things. As you move something happens, your body starts getting bigger and bigger, the Earth looks like a tiny ball at the bottom of the staircase, your hands, your head and feet touch the end of the horizon. You still go higher and higher. The clouds, like milk, become denser and denser. The sky is no longer the limit. Suddenly the staircase stops. It just stops. You stay still, confronting your new situation, that of a giant being what cannot go any further. At this moment, you suddenly wake up. The magic is lost. Your first thought is the canvas, or your notebook, or your camera. Life seems unbearable unless you record what you have experienced in your dream. The last effort to save something of a word that seems more appealing. Your new self, newer and newer every day upon awakening needs to give birth to something else. Your world becomes full of you, your dream and your forthcoming creation. Some people will see, or read what you have created, and, inspired, will create themselves something else, others too, again and again, someone creates something else; a chain reaction...

For ancient Greeks the category imagination belonged to poets and Gods. If the poet and the god are creators then what is the difference between them? “We live as we dream-alone...” writes Joseph Conrad in the Heart of Darkness. So true. The dream is realised individually and the individual is also the point of view of the dreamer. So, we dream alone, but creating something out of a dream is quite the opposite, it is shared, it expands, it inspires and touches the lives of others.

“Last Night I Dreamt That Somebody Loved Me” sing the Smiths. How can you write about love unless you have felt how it is like? Dreams can provide that too. Not just love, but all kinds of feelings, all kinds of experiences that would be otherwise impossible. And then you create something yourself, and this inspires others. Again and again, the same procedure... “Imagination is the only weapon in the war against reality.” (Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland) Can we fly in real life? Can we visit unknown worlds, breath under the water and meet creatures existing only in mythology? Or is mythology again a dream? Even negative dreams, nightmares, can become inspirations. Possibly we will never have the chance to experience such pain in real life; nevertheless, this pain is described in the conflicts we develop in a novel, in the shades of a painting, in a film depicting a desolate person. “Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their grey visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in waking, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches, they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil.” Dream Dream Dream. And bring dreams back to life. Inspire and expand. Influence. .

Mary Vareli
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CALL FOR SERIOUS SUBMISSIONS
Velvet Photos

Photographer Interview Germany

ALEXANDER LÖBEL

Paradox. Ethereal
Mary Vareli: Alexander, tell us, when did Velvet Photos start?

Alexander Löbel: It was in the beginning of the 90’s when I started to take photographs with more purpose behind it. At that time, I also started with concert photography – originally just for my own sake. However, more and more bands began to enjoy my pics and asked if they could use them. By now there are many websites, profile images, CD booklets, T-Shirts, tour posters, and other band devices which are designed with the help of my photographs.

The name “Velvet Photos” originally was the motto of a photographic exhibition in the frame of the Wave Gotik Treffen (WGT) in Leipzig, in 1996. This exhibition was planned to show photographs from me and another photographer, who, however, cancelled her contribution to the exhibition, shortly before its launching. Therefore, the only photographs left were mine. The exhibition was very successful and all a sudden I was known as the “Velvet Photos” photographer, which made me decide to adopt this name. Today, I mainly use this name for my photo shootings and concert photographs.

Have you received formal education as a photographer, or are you self-taught?

No, I am completely self-taught – and I am still learning. Every concert and every shooting is an opportunity to learn something more about photography; about technology, about methods, and about my own skills and limits. Because of this very effective way of “learning by doing” I also like to choose specific shooting themes or concerts on purpose, in order to learn something new or to try out new ideas. I am especially attracted to ideas that other people say they are not realisable, be it in terms of light, of setting, or of style – I love to approach such difficult concepts and try out the possibility of somehow finding a solution to their difficulty.

There is a difference between your first topics and the latest ones, right?

My very first projects were related to romantic topics and were rather in landscape format. My first photographs captured industrial ruins, castles and natural landscape settings. Shortly after I started to make concert photographs, and soon after that the first shootings (with people) started. These were actually initiated by my concert photography activities since some artists asked for shootings outside the concert context.

In the last couple of years, I reduced concert photography. Currently, I am focussing on different shooting topics, such as nature, fantasy or gothic inspired projects.

Do you exhibit your work?

For my different photo projects I am running different facebook pages, which are my main device for presenting my pictures. There is
also one website for each of my photo projects; Velvet Photos, Fireshoots and One Candle. However, due to a permanent lack of time, they are, unfortunately, rather neglected, which I hope to fix as soon as possible. Several years ago I contributed to different exhibitions, mainly within the gothic scene. However, there are not planned exhibitions for the time being.

How would you characterise your style?

Many photographers are constantly in search of their own specific style and their characteristic picture language. The style of my photography was, however, already from its very beginning somehow different from those of my colleagues, but I can’t say how and why, and I am still not quite able to describe it. My photographs are rather the result of an instinctive and emotional approach, a means by which I am able to capture my personal view of the world and share it with others. But I am not really capable of describing this characteristic style of mine, which is even visible in my concert photography – possibly a photographic category, in which every photographer is confronted with the same environmental conditions. Many clients, models or friends confirmed this impression of mine by likewise, calling my style particularly characteristic.

A characterization, with which I was confronted repeatedly in their comments, was that my style seems like I am telling a story with each of my photographs.

Personally, I had a déjà vu when I saw the movie “Stalker” by A. Tarkowski, since I recognized a lot of my photographic style in the pictorial language of this movie.

What certainly makes my photography
different from those of many other photographers from a technical point of view, is that I am rejecting flash completely. When I started doing photography I was occasionally still using flash, but was quitting it more and more. For about the past 20 years I have resigned flash completely.

So, instead of using flash you are using natural light and candles?

Yes, as long as there is still some natural light, or a candle or a fire burning somewhere near my shooting place, I prefer using these lights instead of flash. However, this does not mean, that I am only working with light sources which are available at my shooting places, but I am also helping myself with technical devices such as for instance continuous lights. But I never use flash devices.

Besides, I particularly like working with fire: I have a side project called “fireshoots”, for which I create photographs whose main light source is fire, and I have another side project called “One Candle”, which consists of portrait photographs of different people and artists with only one candle as their light source.

What inspires you?

Music, books, movies, my family, or just life. Of course, I am constantly taking a look at the works of other photographers as well, be it well-known friends and colleagues, prominent well-known photographers or newcomers, so that there are hundreds of photographs which inspire me daily and flow subconsciously into my photography as well.

How do you realize your photographs?

Sometimes I let myself be inspired spontaneously within a photo shooting: by the environment, by the model, and by the situation as it comes. And sometimes I plan a shooting for months and have the complete picture already in my head.

Tell us about the equipment you use.

My camera is a Canon EOS 7D, with fixed focal lenses 50mm 1.4 usm & 85mm 1.8 usm.

Like probably every photographer, I also have different additional light devices (different lamps offering more continuous light if needed) and several accessories and background equipment.

Do you like post production?
Most of my pictures went through a slight post production process. However, I generally neither remove nor add anything, but am mostly adjusting brightness and/or sharpness. In pictures with human models I keep their natural shape and skin. I absolutely reject “aesthetic surgery” or softening human skin by means of Photoshop – all persons on my photographs look the way they were looking like when photographed, and all persons on my photographs are able to keep their own skin! I only occasionally remove small distracting things which should or would not have to be there in a natural context either, such as a tiny fly, which, annoyingly, decided to fly right before the face of a model when I took the photograph, or a small temporary pimple on the skin of a model.

Colour or black and white images? What do you enjoy most?

Most of my pictures are in colour. Actually, I like black and white photography a lot, although I have hardly created such photographs myself until now, which I am planning to modify. I often use sepia colours in my pictures, though.

What are the difficulties a photographer faces when shooting live shows?

In concerts or live shows you don’t have any control over the conditions of the photographs which you want to take: light and posture of the artists are given and you simply have to get along with it. Sometimes I am struggling for minutes in order to get the very one picture which I am aiming at. If the artists are very active, on the other hand, it has also already happened to me to I shot 240 photos in 4 minutes – each focussed individually, not in continuous fire mode!

In the past years, I accustomed myself to consenting to shoot a concert only under the condition to be allowed to take photographs during the whole performance. In order to work out special moments of a concert, I need to be able to concentrate on the whole concert, which does not work, if you are allowed to take photographs only during the first three titles.

You seem to enjoy Wave Gotik Treffen, right?

Since summer 1985 I belong to the gothic scene. I’ve also been at the Wave Gotik Treffen (WGT) every year since then, and most of my concert photographs picture bands or artists of the dark or gothic scene. My shootings are mostly tending to express this style as well, although they often surpass it. I would say, what generally inspires me are fanciful or dreamy costumes and environments, which seem to come from an “other-world”, and which can often be found right in the gothic scene.

Are you influenced by any famous photographer?

I admire the works of many photographers, but I do not have any “style model” for my own photography. The influence is rather of an indirect nature. One I want to name at this point, is the photographer Christian Martin Weiss, by the works of whom I am very impressed.

Mademoiselle Spookiness
What do you like reading?

I am attracted to books, which demand of the reader a deeper understanding of ideas and thoughts, which are not directly expressed by the story itself, but only conveyed by the help of the stories. This way of encouraging the reader to critical and philosophical thinking, is, to my opinion, brought in perfection in the works of the Strugatzki brothers, a duo of two Russian brothers and authors, who are my favourite authors. Thematically, I also like Science Fiction stories.

Favourite bands?

Being a concert photographer with a list of favourite bands, which is almost as long as my list of bands which I have already photographed, I am not quite capable of answering this question in an appropriate way here without running the risk of exhausting the gentle reader of this interview.

Thank you!

Thank you for the interview!

HOME PAGE / CONTACT

velvetphotos.de

Interview cover photo: Obscura Nocturna
Ben Goossens
Photographer / Mixed Media Artist
Belgium
Ben Goossens is a pure surrealist an artist that masters both the means and the technique, but, most importantly, he masters the art of imagination. A modern Dali, a contemporary Magritte a visual poet that surprises and attracts with positive ideas conveyed by means or his imaginative work. An artist.

Ben Goossens was born in Liezele, Belgium in 1945. The interest of photography and illustration started already in Highschool. Four years in Artschool (St. Lucas Brussels) was the next step. Illustration and photography became an obsession.
He started in the advertising as a designer for 1 year and worked as an Art Director the rest of his career. 20 years in consumer advertising and 11 years in International Medical Advertising.

Surrealistic painters were his source of inspiration in advertising and still are now. Later in the International Medical Advertising the ideas and concepts were more symbolic, so that doctors, all over the world, should understand it.

As a member of a belgian photoclub, from 1970 till 1980, he learnt the darkroom- and photographic techniques, which he used very soon for experimental darkroom B&W images. He rejoined the photoclub in 1996 and is sending now digital-experimental photos to National and International Photocontests with success.

As an art-director he was supposed to bring new creative visuals. At first with AD markers, airbrush or camera and later with Photoshop, the magic solution, no limits in phantasy. The style of his present photos, is based on his professional past. If the image has no "saut créa-tive", than it's missing something. There must always be an idea in his work. Either simple, more comical unreal or complex surrealistic. The idea is for him more important than the technique.

While making a photo, he is already thinking what image he will create with it and looks around for the desired complementary photo, or refers to a stock of 33 years of Neg/CS and even illustrates a part to bring the idea that he had in mind. The aim of those ideas is to photograph different "things", bring them together and give them a new life and a new sense. By combining airbrush-illustrations skills from
the past with modern computer software and a lot of imagination, he tries to create images that are unusual and personal, which gives him a lot of satisfaction in his hobby.

CONTACT

http://bengoossens.fineart-portugal.com
JAMES CRAIG ANNAN

The Art
of the
Photogravure

Scottish
(1864 - 1946)

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Parador Ethereal
James Craig Annan (1864-1946) was a Scottish-born photographer, son of photographer Thomas Annan. James Annan first studied chemistry and natural philosophy in Glasgow and joined the family business. In 1883 he went to Vienna to learn the process of photogravure from the inventor, Karel Klíč; later he introduced the process into Britain, holding the British patent and placing the family business the leading firm in the gravure photographic printing in Britain. In 1831 he was elected to membership of Glasgow Art Club as a “photographic artist” and in 1893 he published his own photographic work in the Photographic Salon, being elected as a member of the Linked Ring too, an international group of art photographers.

His interesting lectures to the Edinburgh Photographic society “On the Art of Engraving” ((1901) and “Photography as a means of artistic expression” (1910) are precious, until today. Many exhibitions followed in Paris and New York, having the support of Stieglitz. Until today, he is considered a major influence in the development of photography in North America. James Craig Annan died at Lenzie, near Glasgow, on 5 June 1946.
Estate of James Craig Annan.

Harley Granville-Barker.
Stirling Castle and Cameras
The Riva Schiavoni, Venice

Venice from the Lido
Portrait of a Lady.

Portrait with Interior

Prof. John Young, of Glasgow University
RICARDO PARRA

“My paintings contain my imagination, like when you go up a staircase and for a moment you disconnect and fly”
Mary Vareli: Ricardo, tell us a few things about your studies and made you want to Become a painter.

Since I was young I had different interests and a need to create, but I did not know what, I did not know whether to invent a machine or a toy; there was a creative restlessness, until drawing crossed my childhood and never let me go, I started my path when I won a drawing contest in high school, part of the prize was a box with oils and brushes. was then that I knew that mine was the painting and took this path. As an adult, I decided to study Graphic Design and I served time working for others, it was then that I knew that my path was painting and I followed it.

You were born in Santiago, Chile, how did your surroundings help in your development as an artist.

I was born in Santiago, but my family living in the Bio Bio region south of Chile, were I received indirect inspiration in the world of the arts, a very good family to read, to listen to a variety of music, to read comics, all that was my environment! Since childhood I saw murals in the grandparents' house and found them wonderful, it was our own world reflected on the walls! That made me fly.

You were a student of the famous artist Mario Murua, tell us your experience with him.

Yes, I studied with Mario Murua, he is a very generous artist who tried to give us knowledge selflessly at all times, in addition to having my own experiences as an artist, with travels around the world. It is the particular approach one has with the arts, among other things, that teaches knowledge which is not taught in college, only life can teach this.

Do you believe that talent or practice lead an artist to distinction?

Talent, you must have it, but if talent is not cultivated, it is lost with time. In my field, I have been fortunate to meet different teachers and generous ones, like Mario Murua, and Martin Soria, artists I have found in this way. I always try to study art, it is part of my development as an artist, I studied art at the Catholic University, plus I have another Diploma in human figure at the University of Chile, for me painting is life, not a book of fundamentals.

You seem to love exhibitions, nationally and Internationally. Tell us more about them.

I have travelled several times in Chile and abroad. I could be in all the exhibitions, but sometimes pictures travel alone around the world; for example, I was exhibiting in Punta del Este Uruguay in January 2016, but could not be there because as a painter sometimes I can't afford these travels. It could be easier that way! I am always open to the possibility of exposing outside the country, I accept invitations!
You have been awarded many times, how does this make you feel? Does this come with the responsibility to do better and better?

The prizes are always welcome. However, I do not paint to win prizes, but when they come as a reward for the effort and love that one puts in each work done. One can keep going if nothing is won, painting is a spiritual need, when you find the way forward, life has no other meaning.

You came first in the National Painting of Talcahuano, 2014, and in the 2nd National Painting Competition “Human Rights and Children” 2015. Has your career been boosted after these distinctions?

Yes, it has, but it is just recognition, appreciated of course. In Chile it costs to excel in art and often helps to have good contacts. Art is one of the few trades that grow and grow with you.

What inspires you?

I draw inspiration from everything I see and live. Every day I discover something new and I am never tired of looking, yet there is still much to discover, much to learn. Art intrinsically allows you to explore, reflect in different fields, almost unconsciously, and get an answer from whoever observes your work.

What is your painting routine?

I bike to my shop, 50 minutes in a park, this journey compiles landscapes, looks, seeds, leaves, thoughts, topics, notes, plus elements that end in developing into a sort of cosmology that grows every day. The subjects to paint are infinite, we must learn to look again, develop ideas; in this way I also take up the mistakes. I work office hours, my workshop is my refuge; my music, coffee and loneliness.

What techniques and materials do you use?

Anything I have handy. I use mixed media, even if the paintings in the photographs look clean, if you come and watch, they are full of textures. I use coal, oil, acrylic, and other things like music scores. Oil is my favorite, I manage the movement that I look for in the composition.

Tell us a few more things About the topics you choose to paint. Is there a statement you wish to express through your art?

I paint on fabrics, so I always want to put something that is not explicit, you have to look for it, that makes a painting more entertaining to the eye of the beholder. The topics are endless, they are there, dispersed and even hidden. Beauty around us is as if it needs to be
rescued; many people do not see it unless you put the work in a framework or a showcase. My passion for painting is embodied in the brushstrokes and dabs I leave on the web. Every day you discover something new, while not getting tired of that search makes it flow.

**Which genre is closer to your style? You seem to balance Between Surrealism and Realism.**

I do not put names to things, I do not limit myself nor typecast, that impoverishes. But if I am between this and this, it also allows me freedom of movement. I even approach Magic Realism... I’m on my way to develop my own style.

**What symbols prevail in your paintings, and why?**

In my paintings you can find almost unnoticeable, subliminal details; balloons, paper, windows, characters that are left in these illusions, dreamy places with characters distorted that invite the interpretation of the beholder. All this comes from my subconscious and stays in the memories of those who observe the work and makes them aware of that memory in time.

**Also you connect dreams with social interactions, am I right?**

Yes, My paintings contain my own imagination. The social part is my way of seeing the world. Both merge, like when you go up a staircase and for a moment you disconnect and fly. In my works they are constantly realised.

**You seem to love color.**

I do not know why color has been an issue for me, it is one of the greatest discoveries in this way, strange and somewhat late, when I open a new door with the key color, this shows me a new avalanche of feeling, translated in a world of infinite shades.

**How important is imagination in your life?**

I no longer question myself, it’s part of me! It’s like I look at my surroundings and they are reflected in the paintings I do. I do it unconsciously, I’m almost always dreaming.

**Other artists that have influenced you?**

I love the works of Leonora Carrintong, Picasso, Moebius, Chagall, Toulouse-Lautrec, Roberto Matta ... etc

**Favourite directors and writers?**

Fellini, William Blake, Baudelaire, Roberto Bolaño, Terry Gilliam, Violeta Parra, Charlie Parker, Dead Can Dance, Jim Jarmusch, Jack Kerouac, Kubrick, Pink Floyd.

**Any future plans?**

To continue to explore, develop my career within and outside the country, to find the means and contacts to exhibit in other countries. Traveling with my pictures, I think the world will enjoy much of my work.
al acecho del viento

animales - tempestad
el jardín del amor

en rojo
onirico - Canto hacia la condición original

paisaje - la ascension
onirico - el organillero de las otras fabulas

paisaje - la esclusa
paisaje - memorias de un viaje

paisaje - viaje a la redencion
La celda del sueño inmortal
gleaming white marble against a backdrop of dazzling blue Mediterranean sea
Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema (1836 – 1912) was a Dutch painter of British denizenship; a classical-subject painter famous for his depictions of the luxury and decadence of the Roman Empire. He was born in the Netherlands and trained at the Royal Academy of Antwerp, Belgium, settling in England in 1870, where he spent the rest of his life. The surname Tadema is an old Frisian patronymic, meaning ‘son of Tade’. The blue Mediterranean Sea and sky, as well as flowers and marble, prevail in his works, emitting a very special and fresh atmosphere.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema lived a life full of recognition and admiration, however, his work was forgotten after his death and has been rediscovered and evaluated since the 1960s. Alma-Tadema was also very active in theatre design and production, designing many costumes and also spread his artistic boundaries and began to design furniture, often modelled after Pompeian or Egyptian motifs, illustrations, textiles, and frame making.

Alma-Tadema’s work exhibits much of the fine execution and brilliant colour of the old Dutch masters; the contrasting gleaming white marble against a backdrop of dazzling blue Mediterranean sea juxtaposing the distant horizon, flowers, pottery and decorating objects are full of the human presence that is depicted in realistic ancient surrounding but keeps the feeling of his contemporary period, full of sentimentalism and playfulness. His work has been linked with that of European Symbolist painters and can be cited as an influence on European figures such as Gustav Klimt and Fernand Khnopff.

Birth house and statue in Dronrijp, Netherlands
PERSONALITY

“For all the quiet charm and erudition of his paintings, Alma-Tadema himself preserved a youthful sense of mischief. He was childlike in his practical jokes and in his sudden bursts of bad temper, which could as suddenly subside into an engaging smile.... In his personal life, Alma-Tadema was an extrovert and had a remarkably warm personality. He had most of the characteristics of a child, coupled with the admirable traits of a consummate professional. A perfectionist, he remained in all respects a diligent, if somewhat obsessive and pedantic worker. He was an excellent businessman, and one of the wealthiest artists of the nineteenth century. Alma-Tadema was as firm in money matters as he was with the quality of his work... As a man, Lawrence Alma-Tadema was a robust, fun-loving and rather portly gentleman. There was not a hint of the delicate artist about him; he was a cheerful lover of wine, women and parties. “ (Swanson, 1990)

EARLIER LIFE

He was the sixth child of Pieter Jiltes Tadema, a notary, so he had the chance to lead a lucrative life. His first art training, with a local drawing master, was received as a hobby that turned into a profession after he was diagnosed as consumptive with a physical and mental breakdown in 1851 at the age of fifteen. His parents decided to allow him to spend his leisure time drawing, escaping their initial decision, him to become a lawyer. Fortunately, he regained his health and became an artist.

In 1852, he entered the Royal Academy of Antwerp in Belgium where he studied early Dutch and Flemish art, under Gustaf Wappers. During the four years of his studies, he won several respectable awards.

Before leaving school, towards the end of 1855, he became studio assistant to the painter and professor Louis (Lodewijk) Jan de Taeye, whose courses in history and historical costume he had greatly enjoyed at the Academy. The depiction of historical accuracy and the portrayal of Merovingian subjects were traits that made the artist famous, gained, of course, by Louis (Lodewijk) Jan de Taeye.

In 1858, Alma-Tadema left Taeye's studio, returning to Leeuwarden and working with the highly regarded painter Baron Jan August
Hendrik Leys. There he painted his first major work: The Education of the Children of Clovis (1861), it was exhibited that year at the Artistic Congress in Antwerp and laid the foundation of his fame, creating a sensation among critics and fellow artists. The painting was eventually purchased and subsequently given to King Leopold of Belgium. Alma-Tadema managed to become the world's foremost painter of marble and variegated granite, with the help of critical comments coming from Leys.

Until the mid-1860s Merovingian themes were the painter's favourite subject; nevertheless they had no international appeal, so the artist left the strong spirit of romance and switched to themes of life in ancient Egypt, which were extremely popular. He started researching and studying to manage to establish himself as a significant classical-subject European artist; by that time he moved to his own studio. In 1863 he was married to Marie-Pauline Gressin Dumoulin, the daughter of Eugene Gressin Dumoulin, a French journalist. They spent their honeymoon in Florence, Rome, Naples and Pompeii, where the artist found new inspiration, being fascinated by the ruins of Pompeii. The couple had three children, but their only son died of smallpox. Their two daughters, Laurence and Anna followed a career in literature and painting respectively and never married.

In 1864, Tadema met Ernest Gambart, the most influential print publisher and art dealer of the period, who ordered for twenty-four pictures and arranged for three of Tadema's paintings to be shown in London. In 1865, Tadema relocated to Brussels where he was named a knight of the Order of Leopold. Unfortunately, in 1869 his wife Pauline dies of...
smallpox, her death left the artist depressed and in 1873 he began to suffer from a medical condition that was not possible to diagnose. His was advised to go to England for a second diagnosis, so he was invited to the home of the painter Ford Madox Brown. There he met Laura Theresa Epps, who was seventeen years old, and fell in love with her at first sight. They married in July 1871 and had no children.

Tadema said “I lost my first wife, a French lady with whom I married in 1863, in 1869. Having always had a great predilection for London, the only place where, up till then my work had met with buyers, I decided to leave the continent and go to settle in England, where I have found a true home.”

After his arrival in England, where he was to spend the rest of his life, Alma-Tadema’s career was one of continued success. He became one of the most famous and highly paid artists of his time, acknowledged and rewarded. By 1871, he had met and befriended most of the major Pre-Raphaelite painters and it was in part due to their influence that the artist brightened his palette, varied his hues, and lightened his brushwork.

In 1873 Queen Victoria in Council by letters patent made Alma-Tadema and his wife what are now the last British Denizens. On 19 June 1879, Alma-Tadema was made a full Academician, his most personally important award. Three years later a major retrospective of his entire oeuvre was organised at the Grosvenor Gallery in London, including 185 of his pictures.

“One of his most famous paintings is The Roses of Heliogabalus (1888) – based on an episode from the life of the debauched Roman Emperor Elagabalus (Heliogabalus), the painting depicts the psychopathic Emperor suffocating his guests at an orgy under a cascade of rose petals. The blossoms depicted were sent weekly to the artist’s London studio from the Riviera for four months during the
Among Alma-Tadema’s works of this period are: An Earthly Paradise (1891), Unconscious Rivals (1893) Spring (1894), The Coliseum (1896) and The Baths of Caracalla (1899).

Although Alma-Tadema’s fame rests on his paintings set in Antiquity, he also painted portraits, landscapes and watercolours, and made some etchings himself (although many more were made of his paintings by others).” Wikipedia

**LATER YEARS**

Alma-Tadema continued to exhibit in the 1880’s and 1890’s and received a lot of accolades, for example, the medal of Honour at the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1889, election to an honorary member of the Oxford University Dramatic Society in 1890, the Great Gold Medal at the International Exposition in Brussels of 1897. He helped in the organisation of the British section at the 1900 Exposition Universelle in Paris and exhibited two works that earned him the Grand Prix Diploma, also assisting with the St. Louis World’s Fair of 1904 where he was well represented and received. In 1899, he was Knighted in England, only the eighth artist from the Continent to receive the honour. However, his artistic output decreased with time due to his poor health and his obsession with the decoration of his new home. Through his last period of creativity Alma-Tadema continued to produce paintings, which repeat the successful formula of women in marble terraces overlooking the sea such as in Silver Favourites (1903)

Alma-Tadema died on 28 June 1912 at the age of seventy-six, outliving his second wife by three years. He was buried in a crypt in St Paul’s Cathedral in London.

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A Foregone Conclusion

A Difference Of Opinion

A Favourite Custom

Resting
A Coign Of Vantage
An Oleander
Flora Spring In The Gardens Of The Villa Borghese
Between Venus And Bacchus
Thou Rose Of All The Roses

The Parting Kiss

Vain Courtship

Whispering Noon
A Declaration

A Reading From Homer

A Dedication To Bacchus
A Roman emperor claudius

A World Of Their Own

Antony And Cleopatra
Ave Caesar! Io Saturnalia!

An Earthly Paradise

Bluebells
Death Of The Pharaoh Firstborn Son

The Tepidarium (1881)
The Women Of Amphissa

The vintage festival
Courtship

The Roman Potter

When Flowers Return

Joseph, Overseer Of Pharaoh's Graneries
architecture is like a condensation of thought, like a scenario where dreams can flow without any conditions imposed by reality
Architecture, like dreaming, always brings with it a strong emotional component; it’s the place where the imagination can wander freely and where the emotions take over the consciousness of the individual. Dream is a vital place rich in content, emotions, aspirations, images, memories and all these feelings will take shape, creating a new concept of reality. It’s a kind of three-dimensional space with colors, shapes and smells.

Consciousness and dream, like Architecture and Utopia, are always two opposites that attract themselves to create moments when their mixture creates a new reality.

An ideal or utopian city is the notion of a settlement, designed or imagined, its urban design reflects the principles of rationality and scientific approach, often accompanied by an ideal and philosophical tension.

It can be said that the theme of the ideal city has traveled throughout the entire urbanized human history, since ancient times.

An example of that ambition is to be found in the metaphor of the **Tower of Babel (image 1)**, which symbolizes the aspiration to have a living space whose structure reflects a strong utopian ideal, a tension that impels man to want to acquire fame touching the sky, pursuing the design to hold the entire humanity together.

The concept of the ideal city had a remarkable expansion also in the Renaissance, when the settlement took a new role related to the centrality of man; in general, this issue has affected the mind of architects, artists and writers over the centuries; they have tried to give shape to their aspirations and their ideals.

Architectural forms and suggestions (as apparitions came from dreams) are evident in the visionary French architect Etienne-Louis Boullée (1728-1799); between 1780 and 1790 he performs several jobs, but he never realized those big projects that made him famous and that are visible only on paper. His youthful ambition to become a painter, repressed by his father, is fully realized in his architectural blueprints that go beyond the technical representation. His works are born from inspiration and its forms seem dreamlike visions,
like his famous Cénotaphe à Newton (1784) (image 2).
Even in the case of Chaux Cemetery (image 3), designed by Claude-Nicolas Ledoux (1736-1806), the imagination doesn’t know any limits: it consists of a series of underground tunnels that end in a large spherical space, with a diameter of about seventy meters. There’s nothing inside and doesn’t have any purpose. It’s a symbol of eternal nothingness, an undefined space born from dreams.
In their works, as in the images that fill our dreams, it is possible to read references to elements and fragments of the past and memory, enriched and reprocessed into new forms and suggestions; desires and emotions are protagonists of individual dreams and they are the engine of creative work.

The border between rational-scientific idea and the irrational-utopian idea becomes more labile in the early Twentieth century, when thoughts about future of cities start. Utopia becomes part of the architectural debate; dreams and ambitions become a means of shaping the future metropolis through architecture and art in general.

**Ebenezer Howard, with his Garden Cities** (image 4), imagined a large central park, around which residential areas would be built, served by clean streets and a railway line encircling the city.

Then, the dreams turn into actual visions; architecture is born, like a condensation of thought, like a scenario where dreams can flow without any conditions imposed by reality.

These ideas of the city appear as a catalog of prospects, projects and images that are the result of pure emotions and visions that can be drawn to shape reality with a clear point of view and great

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**Image 3** Chaux Cemetery, Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, (1804)

**Image 4** Garden city, Ebenezer Howard, (1898-1902)
potential. There is a continuous desire to let the ideas flow freely, trying to interface with the reality in a different way.

Frank Lloyd Wright draws Broadacre City (image 5). It was the antithesis of a city and the apotheosis of the newly born suburbia, shaped through Wright’s particular vision. It was an utopian community for which he even drew bizarre and strange cars and aircraft; his dream was to give man a new opportunity to develop within nature.

Another city, between imagination and fiction, is projected by the Italian architect Paolo Soleri: his goal was to create mega-structures that occupy only 2% of the area of a normal city.

An example of these cities was Mesa City (image 6) (1958), a metropolis of two million people completely off the ground; it was made by 250 metres tall forms, similar to big mushrooms. Situated on a plateau, it should have an extension of 35 kilometres long by 10 wide, including a 15 kilometres by 200-meter park. Soleri drew a huge number of futuristic cities in his life.

Also in 1958, Buckminster Fuller designed the flying city, called Cloud Nine (image 7); it was like a huge hot air balloon. These spheres may be designed to float a favourite altitude of thousands of meters; at the edge of balls, a mile or more large, thousands of passengers may be housed travelling from one cloud to another, or forming a cloud anchored in a mountain up to the ground. Fuller foresaw even the construction in a series of skyscrapers that they could fly with rocket fires and settle in any desired place.
Dreamlike spaces in the real are brought by the advent of Radical Architecture. The influence of artistic and cultural thinking that focus their interest on the object of daily use, also leads architecture to reason starting from “below”.

The city of the future, first made by areas and abstract measures, now becomes the space of the inhabitants and becomes a meeting place. The focus shifts on human associations and relationships, while the rational and objective intervention gives way to a new approach. It takes instincts and uncontrollable desires and the irrational individual’s desires under consideration.
In apparent contrast to this premise, the future of the settlements are prefigured with an extremely unusual and shocking character.

The city becomes a technological entity, in constant movement. In an atmosphere of great cultural ferment dominated by slogans and Pop Art, architecture transcends reality and leaves reality to dreams.

In the panels produced by the British collective Archigram, the city becomes a Walking City (Image 8): a place of technology and consumerism, a reality dominated by light and electricity where the image is an entity in continuous evolution.

The buildings designed by British architect Ron Herron, of Archigram, were 40 levels high and they were able to walk through the countryside on telescopic legs like giant insects. Various walking cities could interconnect with each other to form larger ‘walking metropolises’ when needed, and then disperse when their concentrated power would be no longer necessary. Individual buildings or structures could also be mobile, moving wherever their owner wanted or needed to be dictated.
Similar to the flying city of Fuller, there were air gardens that another visionary, Thomas Shannon, suggested in the ’70s. The transparent dome, one kilometer high, would cover an area of three kilometres in diameter. The lush gardens, an ideal residence for artists, would have floated like clouds about a mile from the ground, giving shadow.

Visionary structures grow and expand themselves to accommodate more and new plug-ins: capsules, clusters of homes and giant animal-shaped objects that occupy the free spaces. The result is a city in direct relation to the citizens' needs and, like them, always changing.

The “radical” approach inspires other architectural works, such as Nakagin Capsule Tower (image 9) and the Plan for the Tokyo Bay (image 10), were developed by the Japanese movement called Metabolism.

9a project
9b actually: completed in 1972, the building is a rare remaining example of Japanese Metabolism, an architectural movement emblematic of Japan’s postwar cultural resurgence. It was the world’s first example of capsule architecture built for permanent and practical use. The building still exists but has fallen into disrepair.

Image 10  Plan for the Tokyo Bay, Kenzo Tange, (1960): Kenzo Tange’s 1960 plan for Tokyo was proposed at a time when many cities in the industrial world were experiencing the height of urban sprawl. With a unique insight into the emerging characteristics of the contemporary city and an optimistic faith in the power of design, Tange attempted to impose a new physical order on Tokyo. His vision for establishing a new spatial order for the continuously expanding and transforming metropolis was ultimately a Utopian ideal.
In these blueprints, the city becomes a mega-diffuse structure and buildings are transformed into “hives” amassed around vertical connective nuclei. The mega-structure is presented as the radical manifesto of architecture: in the space of vision and surreal, the architect opera spreads endlessly and it expands relentlessly.

The images created by Italian groups such as Superstudio and Archizoom depict the city as an infinite body, where gigantic abstract volumes embrace and incorporate nature and existing buildings. In their manifesto-project as Continuous Monument (image 11) and No stop city (image 12), the creative work becomes a totality. Detached from the context and reality, dreamlike visions take over and convert the reality around us in something totally new and visionary.

The utopia and dreams become a depiction of generation soul; their emotions and their momentum flow into utopian and innovative projects which are presented to shock and stimulate the contemporary man.

A visionary and innovative approach of this kind can be a means to give new life to the architectural design. A point of view guided by dreams and the designer’s emotions, can become a means to engage people in a new way of living, elevating architectures from simple spaces to

Image 11  Continuous Monument, Superstudio, (1967): The architects from Superstudio movement were trying to understand the order on the earth with the help of architecture. There is a "moderate utopia" to imagine a near future in which all architecture will be created with a single act, from a single design capable of clarifying once and for all the motives which have induced man to build dolmens, menhirs, pyramids and lastly to trace a white line in desert.

Image 12  No stop city, Archizoom, (1970-1971): 12a/12b No-stop City is an unbuilt project. The drawings show an infinitely extending grid, subdivided by partial lines symbolizing walls and interrupted only by natural features, such as mountains. The photographs portray an endless and rather featureless space in which humans live as campers. Spaces are filled with rocks and branches, small pieces of nature brought inside the artificial world.

![Image 11 Continuous Monument, Superstudio, (1967): The architects from Superstudio movement were trying to understand the order on the earth with the help of architecture. There is a "moderate utopia" to imagine a near future in which all architecture will be created with a single act, from a single design capable of clarifying once and for all the motives which have induced man to build dolmens, menhirs, pyramids and lastly to trace a white line in desert.](image11)

![Image 12 No stop city, Archizoom, (1970-1971): 12a/12b No-stop City is an unbuilt project. The drawings show an infinitely extending grid, subdivided by partial lines symbolizing walls and interrupted only by natural features, such as mountains. The photographs portray an endless and rather featureless space in which humans live as campers. Spaces are filled with rocks and branches, small pieces of nature brought inside the artificial world.](image12)
areas of emotion and suggestion. Expressing dreams can be very difficult; dream's world has a special language that is very different from the logic that guides the actions during the day. It is an intuitive, emotional, synthetic speech, comparable only to art.

Maybe, **Italo Calvino with his Invisible cities** (image 13) was the best, able to mix together dreams and reality, architecture and visions.

He is not talking about cities at all, not in the way we normally think of the word. Each city is imagined, each city is conceptual. Calvino's cities are constructed of ideas. Each city represents a thought experiment, it's an ordering and reordering of the emotional and philosophical reverberations of our civilised world, our human condition. They don't exist on any map.

Image 13 Invisible cities, Italo Calvino (1972):

13A ARGIA: “What makes Argia different from other cities is that it has earth instead of air. The streets are completely filled with dirt, clay packs the rooms to the ceiling, on every stair another stairway is set in negative, over the roofs of the houses hang layers of rocky terrain like skies with clouds. We do not know if the inhabitants can move about in the city, widening the worm tunnels and the crevices where roots twist: the dampness destroys people's bodies and they have scant strength; everyone is better off remaining still, prone; anyway, it is dark. From up here, nothing of Argia can be seen; some say, 'It's down below there,' and we can only believe them. The place is deserted. At night, putting your ear to the ground, you can sometimes hear a door slam”.

13B CLOE: “In Chloe, a great city, the people who move through the streets are all strangers. At each encounter, they imagine a thousand things about one another; meetings which could take place between them, conversations, surprises, caresses, bites. But no one greets anyone; eyes lock for a second, then dart away, seeking other eyes, never stopping. A girl comes along, twirling a parasol on her shoulder, and twirling slightly also her rounded hips. A woman in black comes along, showing her full age, her eyes restless beneath her veil, her lips trembling. At tattooed giant comes along; a young man with white hair; a female dwarf; two girls, twins, dressed in coral. Something runs among them, an exchange of glances link lines that connect one figure with another and draws arrows, stars, triangles, until all combinations are used up in a moment, and other characters come on to the scene: a blind man with a cheetah on a leash, a courtesan with an ostrich-plume fan, an ephebe, a Fat Woman.

And thus, when some people happen to find themselves together, taking shelter from the rain under an arcade, or crowding beneath an awning of the bazaar, or stopping to listen to the band in the square, meetings, seductions, copulations, orgies are consummated among them without a word exchanged, without a finger touching anything, almost without an eye raised. A voluptuous vibration constantly stirs Chloe, the most chaste of cities. If men and women began to live their ephemeral dreams, every phantom would become a person with whom to begin a story of pursuits, pretenses, misunderstandings, clashes, oppressions, and the carousel of fantasies would stop.”
In Calvino’s book, a young Marco Polo is describing the cities from his expedition to Kublai Khan. Marco Polo describes a total of fifty-five cities, that are divided into eleven thematic groups of five each: Cities and Memory, Cities and Desire, Cities and Signs, Thin Cities, Trading Cities, Cities and Eyes, Cities and Names, Cities and Dead, Cities and the Sky, Continuous Cities and Hidden Cities.

He tries to portray an image in every sentence of the book; there is a smooth flow of words in the sentences. The interludes between Khan and Polo form a framing device, a story within a story, a reality into a dream that plays with the natural complexity of stories. They do not speak the same language, but when Polo explains the various cities, he uses objects from the city to tell the story and each character understands the other through their own interpretation of what they are saying.

Cities are described from the eyes of a visitor, the way he felt on getting the first glimpse of the city. Everybody has a different perception, a different view of looking at things and there is a little border between dream and reality.

The cities which Marco Polo recounts are intended as concluded worlds: in fact, the invisible cities do not enter into a relationship with each other. They become a symbol of the complexity and disorder of reality, but they are also dreams.

“With cities, it is as with dreams: everything imaginable can be dreamed, but even the most unexpected dream is a rebus that conceals a desire or, its reverse, a fear. Cities, like dreams, are made of desires and fears, even if the thread of their discourse is secret, their rules are absurd, their perspectives deceitful, and everything conceals something else.”

Reality loses its concreteness and becomes fluid and purely mental, it is realised in the imagination. But, what is really left of dreams in our cities now? Calvino ends the description of one city, Tamara, with a warning: “You leave Tamara without having discovered it.”

So it is with cities and dreams.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Architect who builds castles in the clouds, dreamer who loves the Moon, lover of art, of Goth music and of cats, better if they are black! "You've got to bumble forward into the unknown" (Frank Gehry)
"As a member of a scientific expedition traveling through the unexplored equatorial rain forest of the Central Range of the Malay Peninsula in 1935, I was introduced to an isolated tribe of jungle folk, who employed methods of psychology and interpersonal relations so astonishing that they might have come from another planet."

Kilton Stewart

By Mary Vareli
In creative dreams, many different techniques are used. The Malaysian Senoi tribe teach children the rules of dreams. Things like never to avoid something terrible in dreams but to confront it, to fight it, as this is a part of themselves that they will never have the chance to see during the day. In addition, to try to prolong beautiful dreams as much as they can. Always to keep the reins of the dream, trying to steer it. Once you defeat something sinister dreams, they say, to ask for a favour, or if you have received a favour, be prepared to give something back. Carlos Castaneda also says: “He warned (don Juan) that as long as the dreamers touch real worlds that include everything and manage to get themselves in, they should be in a constant state of vigilance. “Consider dreams as something extremely dangerous!” He commanded me. “

WHO ARE THE SENOI

The Senoi, also known as Sengoi or Sng’oi, is a tribe of hunters and gatherers of Malaysia, belonging to the Orang Asli, the indigenous peoples of Peninsular Malaysia. The Senoi speak a variety of Aslian language, belonging to Austroasiatic languages, though many of them speak the national language of Malaysia.

The tribe of Senoi live in the central part of the Malaya peninsula, and consist of six different groups: Semai, Temiar, Mah Meri, Jah Hut, Semaq Beri and CheqWong, their estimated population amounts to 60,000.

We owe most information on Senoi to the visionary anthropologist Kilton Stewart, who traveled to Malaysia before the Second World War, in 1938, in order to elaborate on that race his doctoral thesis in 1948, as well as the popular book “Pygmies and Dream Giants” in 1954. His work, in fact, was published only when the researcher of parapsychological phenomena Charles Tart and the educator George Leonard dealt with this on an academic level, by presenting the project of Kilton Stewart at Esalen Institute. Around the same time the scientist Patricia Garfield describes the use of dreams between Senoi, based on a survey conducted in an Aboriginal hospital in Gombak, Malaysia in 1972. There were many objectors to all this, of course.

In 1985, G. William Domhoff, based on evidence collected by other anthropologists, argued that although the Senoi Temiar are familiar with lucid dreaming, they have never, however, considered it as important as Kilton Stewart believes it is. His view was criticised by the international scientific community, so he saved his hypothesis concluding that sometimes it is possible to control dreams, some-
thing that is beneficial only in case one needs to control nightmares, basing these findings on psychiatrists Bernard Krakow and Isaac Marks, who doubted the consequence of such a practice anyway.

Sue Jennings wrote a very informative book about the Senoi, called “The Healing Practices of the Senoi Temiar”. She sheds light on the use of ritual as a repeated act which aims to inform the subconscious of the changes to be made. In essence, it is a conscious intervention in the mechanical structure of the brain. How contradictory this seems to the common mind, indeed, as recurring procedures appear purely mechanistic.

For Senoi, happiness and prosperity are associated with this habit; every morning family members gather and recount their dreams, especially children who are taught the technique. The dream of a child, for example, that falls from above, is presented by the family as a gift in order to learn how to fly the next night. Dreams are taught to neighbouring tribes by means of songs and dance in order to create twinning links and common bonds, beyond the differences of customs between them.

LUCID DREAMING

Kilton Stewart writes in his thesis: “As a mem-
ber of a scientific expedition traveling through the unexplored equatorial rain forest of the Central Range of the Malay Peninsula in 1935, 1 was introduced to an isolated tribe of jungle folk, who employed methods of psychology and interpersonal relations so astonishing that they might have come from another planet. These people, the Senoi, lived in long community houses, skillfully constructed of bamboo, rattan, and thatch, and held away from the ground on poles.” Kilton Stewart, studying their political and social organisation, discovered that the power in their communities was initially in the hands of older members of the race, how-

ever, the basic principle in all the communities was held by psychologists, whom they call Halaks. The most honorary title in their society was that of Tohat, a title equivalent to a doctor who is also a therapist and a teacher.

Until 1935 that his account was completed, for two hundred or three hundred years there had never been a crime; a result of the insight and ingenuity of Tohat. This can only be explained taking into account the teachings of Halaks, which produce a high state of psychological integration, emotional maturity as well as social skills and attitudes that promoted creative, non-destructive, interpersonal relationships. It is, perhaps, the most democratic team that has ever been reported in the anthropological literature.

The psychology of Senoi falls into two categories. The first deals with the interpretation of dreams, while the second with the expression of dreams through ecstasy, or daydreaming. The fantasy and ecstasy techniques are not allowed to children or adolescents. But when a member of the tribe is mature enough and has spent a considerable amount of time in a trance, he, or she, is considered a therapist and an expert on the subject of extrasensory perception.
children is based solely on dreams and their interpretation was a common knowledge of all the Senoi adults. An average family, every morning, is gathered at home with father and older brothers to listen and to analyse the dreams of all children. Immediately after this, the male population is concentrated in a central point before a board, where the dreams of older children and all the men in the community are mentioned, discussed and analysed.

The basis of the interpretation of dreams can be summarised as follows: Man has the power of image creation, ie, through the adaptive process one creates opportunities or images of the outside world in mind. Even the conflict of the individual with himself or someone else is part of this adjustment. In a dream, a man sees these processes through the soul, symbolically disguised in external forms. He sees his own emotions, but also those of others, as well as the internal images of other people, especially those directed against him. If the person does not receive treatment by means of education and therapy, all these images are combined together and create physical, social and mental abnormalities. The combination of such images wastes the mental, organic, and human muscle tension, therefore, like ghosts, meaning psychological copies of one’s socio - natural environment, disrupt a person or make one not be himself. Only through dream analysis can all these be directed; in this way the member of the tribe is reorganized and again becomes useful to the community.

The Senoi tribe believes that every human being, with the help of others, can, and should, be the supreme lord and master of his own dreams, or spiritual world, and can request and receive the assistance and cooperation of all forces there. Something that seems to be negative in a dream becomes a pleasure if one becomes familiar with it. Also, the Ego in a dream should always attack something negative or aggressive, often aided by mental images of fellowmen. If evil appears with the person of a Senoi friend, they knew that this is a masquerade and that aggression is what wears the mask of a friend.

If someone kills the enemy character in the dream, spirit or essence, this character will always work as a servant or ally. Evil in a dream remains just as bad for some time if the person is scared or is surrendered to it. It will continue to look bad for as long as one refuses to confront it. Pleasant dreams now, like a nice flight or an erotic dream, must be repeated to reveal the gift they have to offer; music, poetry or knowledge that is therapeutic or useful to the community.

Every sexual dream has to be accompanied by orgasm and then in return to give something back, especially a poem. But if there is no exchange the erotic dream life is reduced in intensity. If the dream lover has the form of a relative, it is allowed to proceed, since the form was considered simply a mask of some dream energy. The dream creatures never have the power to make a couple to divorce. The rich love life in dreams indicates the favor of the beings of the spiritual or emotional universe. Finally, if someone dreams that one hurts a friend, this is an indication of the need to correct, in conscious life, the harm that is done in the dream, looking for its realistic causes.
THE NON-SENOI WORLD

In Western societies, unfortunately, the thoughts we have during sleep usually remain confused, there is a childish level, because, despite the work of significant Psychologists like Carl Gustav Jung, dreams are not recognized as something important for society and the interaction citizens. Similarly, they are not included in the educational process. Neglecting this aspect of human thought, where the creative process is more free, may be one of the causes of the decline of Western societies and their resorting to metaphysical circles to interpret and analyse dreams. A waste of time, energy and free will.

Dolores Ashcroft Nowiki is one of the few researchers in the metaphysical field that go a step further by entering the path in dreams. She writes that preparation is almost the same: choose the theme of the dream that you want to have and then build the first part of the story, as in the pathway work. Then stop the story and sleep. With a little practice you will find yourself in the dream and there you can finish the work, reaping the desired solution. The hard part is to remember the dream in the morning.

American psychologists Henry A. Murray and Christiana D. Morgan of Harvard Psychological Clinic designed in 1930 and adopted in 1936 a method of calculating the human imagination called Thematic Apperception Test, urging the subjects who participated in the experiment, to create a story with the methodology mentioned above. Today, the TAT is used as part of the psychological examination, in order to explore different ways of mental function and is an important tool for the psychological assessment and diagnosis of psychopathology. This is one step forward, following the Senoi paradigm. Better late than never.

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Photo by Ksmuthukrishnan
The main importance of the Pre-Raphaelite movement to romantic literature resides in the poetry of Rossetti, and in the inspiration which this communicated to younger men, like Morris and Swinburne, and through them to other and still younger followers. The history of English painting is no part of our subject, but Rossetti’s painting and his poetry so exactly reflect each other.

Part I - Essay
By Henry A. Beers

A History of English Romanticism in the 19th Century
As poets, the Pre-Raphaelites derive from Keats rather than from Scott, in their exclusive devotion to beauty, to art for art’s sake; in their single absorption in the passion of love; and in their attraction towards the more esoteric side of mediaeval life, rather than towards its broad, public, and military aspects.

Rossetti’s position in the romantic literature of the last half of the nineteenth century is something like Coleridge’s in the first half. Unlike Coleridge, he was the leader of a school, the master of a definite group of artists and poets. His actual performance, too, far exceeds Coleridge’s in amount, if not in value. But like Coleridge, he was a seminal mind, a mind rich in original suggestions, which inspired and influenced younger men to carry out its ideas, often with a fluency of utterance and a technical dexterity both in art and letters which the master himself did not possess.

Holman Hunt, Millais, and Burne-Jones among painters, Morris and Swinburne among poets, were disciples of Rossetti who in some ways outdid him in execution. His pictures were rarely exhibited, and no collection of his poems was published till 1870. Meanwhile, however, many of these had circulated in manuscript, and “secured a celebrity akin to a kind and almost equal in extent to that enjoyed by Coleridge’s ‘Christabel’ during the many years preceding 1816 in which it lay in manuscript.

Like Coleridge’s poem in another important particular, certain of Rossetti’s ballads, while still unknown to the public, so far influenced contemporary poetry that when they did at length appear, they had all the seeming to the uninitiated of work imitated from contemporary models, instead of being, as in fact they were, the primary source of inspiration for writers whose names were earlier established.” William Morris, e.g., had printed four volumes of verse in advance of Rossetti, and the earliest of these, “The Defence of Guenevere,” which contains his most intensely Pre-Raphaelite work and that most evidently done in the spirit of Rossetti’s teachings, saw the light (1858) twelve years before Rossetti’s own. Swinburne, too, had published three volumes of poetry before 1870, including the “Poems and Ballads” of 1866, in which Rossetti’s influence is plainly manifest; and he had already secured a wide fame at a time when the elder poet’s reputation was still esoteric and mainly confined to the cénacle. William M. Rossetti, in describing the literary influences which moulded his brother’s tastes, tells us that “in the long run he perhaps enjoyed and revered Coleridge beyond any other modern poet whatsoever.”

It is worthwhile to trace these literary influences with some detail, since they serve to link the neo-romantic poetry of our own time to the product of that older generation which had passed away before Rossetti came of age.
It is interesting to find then, that at the age of fifteen (1843) he taught himself enough German to enable him to translate Bürger’s “Lenore,” as Walter Scott had done a half-century before.

This devil of a poem so haunts our history that it has become as familiar a spirit as Mrs. Radcliffe’s bugaboo apparitions, and our flesh refuses any longer to creep at it. It is quite one of the family. It would seem, indeed, as if Büger’s ballad was set as a school copy for every young romanticist, in turn, to try his ‘prentice hand upon. Fortunately, Rossetti’s translation has perished, as has also his version—some hundred lines—of the earlier portion of the “Nibelungenlied.” But a translation which he made about the same time of the old Swabian poet, Hartmann von Aue’s “Der Arme Heinrich” (Henry the Leper) is preserved, and was first published in 1886. This poem, it will be remembered, was the basis of Longfellow’s “Golden Legend” (1851). Rossetti did not keep up his German, and in later years he never had much liking for Scandinavian or Teutonic literature. He was a Latin, and he made it his special task to interpret to modern Protestant England whatever struck him as most spiritually intense and characteristic in the Latin Catholic Middle Age.

The only Italian poet whom he “earnestly loved” was Dante. He did not greatly care for Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso—the Renaissance poets—though in boyhood he had taken delight in Ariosto, just as he had in Scott and Byron. But that was a stage through which he passed; none of these had any ultimate share in Rossetti’s culture. At fifteen he wrote a ballad entitled “Sir Hugh the Heron,” founded on a tale of Allan Cunningham, but taking its name and motto from the lines in “Marmion”—

“Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.”

A few copies of this were printed for family circulation by his fond grandfather, G. Polidori. Among French writers he had no modern favourites beyond Hugo, Musset, and

Dante Gabriel Rossetti Anima The Sonnet
Dumas. But like all the neo-romanticists, he was strongly attracted by François Villon, that strange Parisian poet, thief, and murderer of the fifteenth century. He made three translations from Villon, the best known of which is the famous “Ballad of Dead Ladies” with its felicitous rendering of the refrain—

“But where are the snows of yester year?”

(Mais où sont les neiges d’antan?)

There are at least three good English verse renderings of this ballad of Villon; one by Andrew Lang; one by John Payne, and doubtless innumerable others, unknown to me or forgotten. In fact, every one translates it nowadays, as every one used to translate Bürger’s ballad. It is the “Lenore” of the neo-romanticists. Rossetti was a most accomplished translator, and his version of Dante’s “Vita Nuova” and of the “Early Italian Poets” (1861)—re-issued as “Dante and His Circle” (1874)—is a notable example of his skill. There are two other specimens of old French minstrelsy, and two songs from Victor Hugo’s “Burgraves” among his miscellaneous translations; and William Sharp testifies that Rossetti at one time thought of doing for the early poetry of France what he had already done for that of Italy, but never found the leisure for it. Rossetti had no knowledge of Greek, and “the only classical poet,” says his brother, “whom he took to in any degree worth speaking of was Homer, the ‘Odyssey’ considerably more than the ‘Iliad.’” This, I presume, he knew only in translation, but the preference is significant, since, as we have seen, the “Odyssey” is the most romantic of epics.

Among English poets, he preferred Keats to Shelley, as might have been expected. Shelley was a visionairy and Keats was an artist; Shelley often abstract, Keats always concrete. Shelley had a philosophy, or thought he had; Keats had none, neither had Rossetti. It is quite comprehensible that the sensuous element in Keats would attract a born colourist like Rossetti beyond anything in the English poetry of that generation; and I need not repeat that the latest Gothic or romantic schools have all been taking Keats’ direction rather than Scott’s, or even than Coleridge’s. Rossetti’s work, I should say, e.g., in such a piece as “The Bride’s Prelude,” is a good deal more like “Isabella” and “The Eve of St. Agnes” than it is like “The Ancient Mariner” or “Christabel” or “The Lay of the Last Minstrel.” Rossetti got little from Milton and Dryden, or even from Chaucer and Spenser. Wordsworth, he valued hardly at all.

In the last two or three years of his life he came to have an exaggerated admiration for Chatterton. Rossetti’s taste, like his temperament, was tinctured with morbidness. He sought the intense, the individual, the symbolic, the mystical. These qualities he found in a supreme degree in Dante. Probably it was only his austere artistic conscience which saved him from the fantastic—the merely peculiar or odd—and kept him from going astray after false gods like Poe and Baudelaire. Chaucer was a mediaeval poet and Spenser certainly a romantic one, but their work was too broad, too general in its appeal, too healthy, one might almost say, to come home to Rossetti.

William Rossetti testifies that “any writing about devils, spectres, or the supernatu-
general . . . had always a fascination for him.” Sharp remarks that work more opposite than Rossetti’s to the Greek spirit can hardly be imagined. “The former [the Greek spirit] looked to light, clearness, form in painting, sculpture, architecture; to intellectual conciseness and definiteness in poetry; the latter [Rossetti] looked mainly to diffused colour, gradated to almost indefinite shades in his art, finding the harmonies thereof more akin than severity of outline and clearness of form; while in his poetry the Gothic love of the supernatural, the Gothic delight in sensuous images, the Gothic instinct of indefiniteness and elaboration, carried to an extreme, prevailed. . . He would take more pleasure in a design by . . . William Blake . . . than in the more strictly artistic drawing of some revered classicist; more enjoyment in the weird or dramatic Scottish ballad than in Pindaric or Horatian ode; and he would certainly rather have had Shakspere than Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides put together.”

Rossetti’s office in the later and further development of romantic art was threefold: First, to revive and express, both in painting and poetry, the religious spirit of the early Florentine schools; secondly, to give a more intimate interpretation of Dante to the English public, and especially of Dante’s life and personality and of his minor poetry, like the “Vita Nuova,” which had not yet been translated; thirdly, to afford new illustrations of mediaeval life and thought, partly by treating legendary matter in the popular ballad form, and partly by treating romantic matter of his own invention with the rich colour and sensuous imagery which belonged to his pictorial art.

A co-partnership in subjects, a duplication of treatment, or interchange between the arts of poetry and painting characterise Pre-Raphaelite work. For example, Morris’ poems, “The Blue Closet” and “The Tune of Seven Towers” were inspired by the similarly entitled designs of Rossetti. They are interpretations in language of pictorial suggestions—“word-paintings” in a truer meaning than that much-abused piece of critical slang commonly bears. In one of these compositions—a water-colour, a study in colour and music symbolism—four damozels in black and purple, white and green, scarlet and white, and crimson, are singing or playing on a lute and clavichord in a blue-tiled room; while in front of them a red lily grows up through the floor. To this interior Morris’ “stunning picture”—as his friend called it—adds an obscurely hinted love story: the burden of a bell booming a death-knell in the tower overhead; the sound of wind and sea; and the Christmas snows outside. Conversely Rossetti’s painting, “Arthur’s Tomb,” was suggested by Morris’ so-named poem in his 1858 volume.

Or, again, compare Morris’ poem, “Sir Galahad: A Christmas Mystery,” with the following description of Rossetti’s aquarelle, “How Sir Galahad, Sir Bors, and Sir Percival were fed with the Sanc Grael; but Sir Percival’s sister died by the way”: “On the right is painted the altar, and in front of it the damsel of the Sanc
Grael giving the cup to Sir Galahad, who stoops forward to take it over the dead body of Sir Percival’s sister, who lies calm and rigid in her green robe and red mantle, and near whose feet grows from the ground an aureoled lily, while, with his left hand, the saintly knight leads forward his two companions, him who has lost his sister, and the good Sir Bors. Behind the white-robbed damsels at the altar, a dove, bearing the sacred casket, poises on outspread pinions; and immediately beyond the fence enclosing the sacred space, stands a row of nimbused angels, clothed in white and with crossed scarlet or flame-coloured wings.”

Rossetti’s powerful ballad, “The King’s Tragedy,” was suggested by the mural paintings (encaustic) with which William Bell Scott decorated the circular staircase of Penkill Castle in 1865-68. These were a series of scenes from “The Kinges Quair” once attributed to James I. of Scotland. The photogravure reproduction, from a painting by Arthur Hughes of a section of the Penkill Castle staircase, represents the king looking from the window of his prison in Windsor Castle at Lady Jane Beaufort walking with her handmaids in a very Pre-Raphaelite garden. At the left of the picture, Cupid aims an arrow at the royal lover. Rossetti, Hunt, and Millais were all great lovers of Keats. Hunt says that his “Escape of Madeline and Prospero” was the first subject from Keats ever painted, and was highly acclaimed by Rossetti. At the formation of the P.-R.B. in 1848, it was agreed that the first work of the Brotherhood should be in illustration of “Isabella,” and a series of eight subjects was selected from the poem. Millais executed at once his “Lorenzo and Isabella,” but Hunt’s “Isabella and the Pot of Basil” was not finished till 1867, and Rossetti’s part of the programme was never carried out. Rossetti’s “La Belle Dame sans Merci,” Mr. J. M. Studdwick’s “Madness of Isabella,” Arthur Hughes’ triptych of “The Eve of St. Agnes,” and Millais’ great painting, “St. Agnes’ Eve,” were other tributes of Pre-Raphaelite art to the young master of romantic verse.

Whether this interpenetration of poetry and painting is of advantage to either, may admit of question. Emerson said to Scott: “We [Americans] scarcely take to the Rossetti poetry; it does not come home to us; it is exotic.” The sonnets of “The House of Life” have appeared to many readers obscure and artificial, the working out in language of conceptions more easily expressible by some other art; expressed here, at all events, through imagery drawn from a special and even technical range of associations. Such readers are apt to imagine that Rossetti suffers from a hesitation between poetry and painting; as Sidney Lanier is thought by some to have been injured artistically by halting midway between music and
verse. The method proper to one art intrudes into the other; everything that the artist does has the air of an experiment; he paints poems and writes pictures.

A department of Rossetti’s verse consists of sonnets written for pictures, pictures by Botticelli, Mantegna, Giorgione, Burne-Jones, and others, and in many cases by himself, and giving thus a double rendering of the same invention. But even when not so occasioned, his poems nearly always suggest pictures. Their figures seem to have stepped down from some fifteenth-century altar piece bringing their aureoles and golden backgrounds with them. This is to be pictorial in a very different sense from that in which Tennyson is said to be a pictorial poet. Hall Caine informs us that Rossetti “was no great lover of landscape beauty.” His scenery does not, like Wordsworth’s or Tennyson’s, carry an impression of life, of the real outdoors. Nature with Rossetti has been passed through the medium of another art before it comes into his poetry; it is a doubly distilled nature. It is nature as we have it in the “Roman de la Rose,” or the backgrounds of old Florentine painters: flowery pleasures and orchard closes, gardens with trellises and singing conduits, where ladies are playing at the palm play. In his most popular poem, “The Blessed Damozel”—a theme which he both painted and sang—the feeling is exquisitely and voraciously human. The maiden is “homesick in heaven,” and yearns back towards the earth and her lover left behind. Even so, with her symbolic stars and lilies, she is so like the stiff, sweet angels of Fra Angelico or Perugino, that one almost doubts when the poet says

“—her bosom must have made The bar she leaned on warm.”

The imagery of the poem is right out of the picture world;

“The clear ranged, unnumbered heads Bow’d with their aureoles.”

The imaginations are Dantesque:

“And the souls, mounting up to God, Went by her like thin flames.”

“The light thrilled towards her, filled With angels in strong, level flight.”

Even in “Jenny,” one of the few poems of Rossetti that deal with modern life, mediaeval art will creep in.

“Fair shines the gilded aureole In which our highest painters place Some living woman’s simple face. And the stilled features thus descried, As Jenny’s long throat droops aside— The shadows where the cheeks are thin And pure wide curve from ear to chin— With Raffael’s, Leonardo’s hand

To show them to men’s souls might stand.”

The type of womanly beauty here described is characteristic; it is the type familiar to all in “Pandora,” “Proserpine,” “La Ghirlandata,” “The Day Dream,” “Our Lady of Pity,” and the other life-size, half-length figure paintings in oil which were the masterpieces of his maturer style. The languid pose, the tragic eyes with their mystic, brooding intensity in contrast with the full curves of the lips and throat, give that union of sensuousness and spirituality which is a constant trait of Rossetti’s poetry.

End of Part I
TO BE CONTINUED
The single almond biscotti lay on a white porcelain serving plate. Slipping an arm into his jacket, Joe glanced down at the left over biscuit. He could still taste the bite of licorice from the anise flavoring. Normally, this second treat would find its way to Joe’s apartment as a light bedtime snack; but not today. Hoisting the leather satchel containing a large black bound notebook over his shoulder, Joe headed out the door. Pausing, he looked back through the store window. The young stranger who had shared his table glanced around. Corkscrew strands of flaxen hair swayed and bounced like tossed confetti rolls as she scanned the small coffee shop. Finally she reached for the forgotten biscotti. Whistling a tune, Joe turned and headed down the sidewalk.

“Would you like anything?”
“What…?”

It was the first time either had spoken. Passing curious, suspect glances across the small round corner table, they normally sat in awkward silence.

“I said, would you like anything.” Joe repeated.

Through long dark lashes, she glanced up at Joe. “Oh, no, no thank you.”

Drawn by the store’s welcoming warmth and sweetly scented odors of freshly baked pastries, the young fair haired woman had wandered in from the cold, timidly sitting across from Joe. It was late Sunday morning and the intimate neighborhood coffee shop and bakery was busy, the empty chair at Joe’s table being the only seat available. She had smiled meekly, hesitated, looked about, and then dropped her buckskin shoulder bag and settled into the comfortable wooden chair. Over the next four Sundays the scene repeated. Joe watched bemused as the striking woman unconsciously sipped at her tea, busily writing in a dog eared diary. Occasionally she would pause to glance up, looking at nothing, her thoughts turning inward, recalling a forgotten memory or picturing an elusive future. After a time, she would give the teabag a differential swirl in the steaming liquid, take a small sip, and return to her writing. When their eyes chanced to meet, Joe would smile, holding her expressionless gaze before it blinked back into quiet contemplation. Sometimes, an old jazz tune playing in the background would pull the woman’s attention. Then her bright blue eyes would glazed over, and what Joe perceived as a thin, sad smile momentarily broke the stoic demeanor of her gentle features.

Joe had plenty of opportunity to observe his silent companion. Each Sunday she’d enter the coffee shop, pausing to look around. Sometimes other seats were available. Like Goldilocks, the young woman would approach one chair then another, always ending up at the round table, in the seat across from Joe. Dropping her shoulder bag, she’d head to the counter, returning minutes later with a large mug of English Breakfast Tea garnished with a lemon wedge and a generous portion of honey. Allowing the tea bag to steep, the steaming concoction grew darker and stronger as she alternately wrote; thought; glanced about, and wrote further in her diary.

The woman’s yellow ringlets and round child-like face reminded Joe of Shirley Temple. Several times he found himself idly wondering if her curly locks were natural. The thick fur collar of her vintage leather bomber’s jacket was always turned against the wind. Her tired jeans were cuffed above well worn Army surplus boots, while baggy flannel shirts did little to conceal her slight frame. She was tall and thin, to the point of leading one to question if she might not be malnourished. She was an attractive girl Joe decided, despite her attire. But her most striking feature was her eyes, ice blue and piercing as the March wind. One day, while returning to his seat, Joe’s leg bumped the table, nearly upsetting her drink. Looking up, the girl gazed mutely across the
round table. Holding her silent stare, Joe peered deeply into her clear blue eyes. In them he found sadness and pain.

“Almond or blueberry…?”
Her blue orbs narrowed in question, “What?”

“Biscotti, they now have blueberry biscotti.”

“No, really…”

Ignoring her protests, Joe rose, “You’re right, who ever heard of blueberry biscotti? Almond it is.” Minutes later he returned with a pair of white serving saucers. Each held two freshly baked traditional biscotti. Taking his seat, Joe watched his companion deeply inhale the flavorful aroma. The fragrance was too powerful. Without looking up, the young woman dipped the biscotti into her tea.

“Thank you, mister.”

“Ah, a traditionalist,” Joe remarked, submerging the tip of his own biscuit into his coffee. “I’m Joe.”

“It’s nice to meet you.” Blankly staring at the diary, she shyly nibbled at the pastry’s moistened end. “My mother, she always dipped her cookies into hot tea.” Blue eyes brightened momentarily. “They used to call her Alice B Toklas…” Looking up, she tilted her head, a half smile crossing her face at the memory. “Because of her cookies…” The smile faded as quickly as it had appeared. “My name’s Rain.”

“Well, it’s very nice to finally meet you, Rain.” Joe fought an impulsive grin. “That’s a very unusual name, but very pretty.”

“Yeah, pretty unusual; that about sums it up. I was born during a hurricane.”

Joe sipped his coffee, carefully studying her. “You sound a bit bitter.”

Rain laughed, flipping a corkscrew curl to one side. “You think? Try going through school with a name like Rain.”

“I see your point, kids can be cruel.”

“That’s not the half of it.” Settling back in her chair, Rain tucked one leg up underneath her. Finishing off the first biscotti, she licked at the tips of her fingers, raising one eyebrow. “Why did you buy me those?”

“No reason.”

“I’m not gonna sleep with you.” The straight forwardness of the statement took Joe by surprise. Before he could reply, Rain reached for the second biscuit, as if she expected Joe to snatch it back. “These days, guys see a girl like me in torn jeans and think she’s easy; that she can be had for a dime bag and a bottle of Boone’s Farm Apple wine. I’m not like that, despite what you think or how it may look.”

Joe shook his head. “Well, Rain, I don’t smoke; I prefer my wine red and with dinner, and I’m old enough to be your father.”

“Hey, what does age matter?” Her voice grew with mocking disdain. “It’s the seventies, man, the Age of Aquarius; free love and woman’s lib and right on baby!” Gesturing, she raised a defiant fist into the air. “Just be careful what you wish for… sister.”

Joe sat in stunned silence. This wasn’t what he’d expected; not at all how he had imagined her. He didn’t know what to think. The contradictions in her appearance and speech confounded the situation. Finally he managed to speak. “I didn’t mean… I just thought you looked hungry… that’s all,” he said with a friendly shrug.

The following Sunday Joe sat in his usual seat. But he couldn’t concentrate. Time and again he found himself looking up from his work, his eyes searching the small café. When Rain appeared in the doorway, an uneasy mix of anticipation and anxiety flooded over him. She crossed the room, stopping at her seat. On her side of the small round table sat a pair of almond biscotti and a cup of steaming tea. Finally she dropped her bag and wiggled out of her jacket. Settling into her seat, she set the bag of English Breakfast Tea to steep. When Joe slid a plastic bear container of honey across the table, she looked at him suspiciously. “How’d you know?”
“I asked at the counter.”
They sat quietly, Joe sipping his coffee, trying his best to concentrate on his work; Rain writing intently in her diary, idly nibbling at the tasty cookies. Finally Joe broke the uncomfortable silence. “Poetry… or just idle stream of consciousness?” he asked.

Rain looked up with a puzzled expression. “What?”

“Your writing, is it poetry, free verse, deep thoughts, existentialism?”

“If you must know, it’s a concise argument against the random hiring of women for executive positions,” she replied, a marked edge to her voice, “not that anyone will ever read it.”

Joe sat up straight in his seat. “So you’re against women’s rights?”

Dropping her pen, Rain stared across the round table. “I’m against doing the right thing for the wrong reason. Big corporations are feeling pressure to hire unskilled and untrained individuals just to satisfy unreasonable quotas. The hiring process should be fair and equitable for everyone, regardless of race, color or sex; but on a fair playing field of skill and ability. The solution doesn’t lie simply in the equity of the numbers.”

The brief treatise had reddened Rain’s cheeks; causing her voice to rise and reverberate across the room. Many customers looked up from their Sunday papers; listening with interest to the passionate young woman’s emotional speech. Joe glanced about the coffee shop, finding a disturbing mix in the faces of the other patrons. Some nodded in agreement and understanding; many grunted and ruffled their papers in annoyance at the uncalled for declaration. Turning his attention back to Rain, Joe asked, “Are you always this passionate?”

Rain’s breath heaved in frustration. “Now you’re making fun of me.”

“No, no, not at all, honest; tell me, what are your ideas for a solution?”

Rain sank back into her chair. She looked dejected; defeated. “Even if I had an answer, no one would listen. This is the seventies, women are supposed to be gaining their rights. But the world is still run by men. I want to work for equal rights for everyone, especially women. But no one will hire me because I’m a woman.”

“That’s quite a ‘catch 22’; isn’t it?” She looked up at Joe. His heart sank; there were tears in her eyes. “I’m sorry, Rain, I didn’t mean to…”

“No, it’s alright. And you’re right; it’s just so frustrating.”

“Maybe we should change the subject for now. Last week, you started to tell me about your mom.”

Rain smiled half heartedly, taking a deep sip of tea. She picked up the half eaten biscotti, considering it carefully. “Mom and dad were the original Beats… Beat Nicks to you. I guess these days you would call them Hippies. Last time I saw them they were campaigning for George McGovern for president. When Nixon was re-elected I think they went to Canada or something.” She shook her head, golden curls bouncing about. “Don’t get me wrong, they loved me and meant well, but they were so caught up in doing their little counter-culture thing. They had no clue how to raise a child.” Rain laughed aloud. “I think they just gave up when I was in fifth grade and chosen as hall monitor. Their only daughter an authority figure was too much for their liberal minds to wrap around.” Relaxed now, Rain crunched into the biscotti. “My parents moved around a lot; I never had any real close friends until college. Most of my memories of my folks involve smoked filled rooms, Coltrane or Parker or Ellington playing in the background, and someone reading On The Road aloud or quoting Alan Ginsburg.”

Rain glanced across the round table, “You know jazz?”

Joe smiled but didn’t reply. Instead he asked, “So what happened?”

“Oh, there’s not much else to tell really. Despite my crazy and disorganized life – maybe because of it – I was a good student. I liked school. Somehow I won a scholarship to NYU.”

“And now…?”

Rain stretched lazily and yawned. “And now I’m a twenty-five year old woman with a useless master’s degree in political science and no prospects for a job in my field.”

“Useless degree… no prospects…?”

“Trust me, I’ve tried. I’m tired of trying.” She sipped her tea. It was cold. Glancing at her watch, Rain jumped up. “Damn, we’ve been talking for almost three hours.”

“And is that a bad thing?”

Pulling on her leather jacket, she reached for the fringed buckskin bag. “No, but I’m late.”

“Jealous boyfriend…?”

“No, silly, a job. I wait tables at a steak house across town. I have an early shift today.”

“Hang in there, kid.”

Rain rolled her eyes and started for the door. “You too, old guy,” she called over her shoulder. “See ya next week.”

Joe was surprised to find Rain already settled at the round table when he arrived at the coffee shop. But there was something else. A steaming cup of black coffee and two biscotti awaited him. As he sat, Rain slid three packets of sugar across the table. “I asked at the counter,” she announced with a coy grin.

“You really shouldn’t, you need to save your money.”

“You definitely don’t sound like my father. But it’s cool; I had a big tipper last night.”

She couldn’t help notice him staring at the white serving saucer. “What, you got something against blueberries?”

They sat in silence for a time, each caught up in their own pursuits. Rain wrote in her tattered diary, pausing from time to time to stare at the ceiling in thought; sometimes furiously scratching through a recently completed section and letting out a prolonged sigh. Meanwhile, Joe concentrated on his black notebook, tapping his foot and softly humming to himself. After a while, Rain set down her pen and looked up. Lazily dunking the tea bag, she watched Joe closely. “So,” she finally asked, “what about you?”

“What…?”

“What about you,” Rain repeated flatly. “It’s your turn today, give.”

Closing the notebook, Joe considered her question as he sipped his coffee. “Okay, fair enough,” he replied, dipping a blueberry biscotti into his cup. “I guess I’m one of the ones your generation is so set against.”

Rain wrinkled her nose at the statement.

“You know, the establishment, the man; never trust anyone over thirty,” Joe explained with a sad grin. “Anyway, it’s boring.”

“Try me.”

“I’m a lawyer, a corporate lawyer. A corporate lawyer who once thought he’d lay the foundation for great reform. Instead, I just lay the foundation for mergers and takeovers.”

“Maybe, but you’re a corporate lawyer who knows his jazz. That’s something.”

Joe relaxed back in his chair, folding his hands, conjuring the ghosts. “I come from a privileged family. I was so privileged I rarely ever saw my parents. They were always off somewhere, to some fund raiser or gala or whatever. I had a nanny, a wonderful, full-of-life black woman who read me Mark Twain and Langston Hughes, and sang old Negro spirituals as she worked, and taught me the difference between Dixieland and Ragtime, and all about syncopation and meter and beat.
She even arranged for me to take saxophone lessons.” Joe laughed aloud at the recollection. “When my parents found out they almost fired her.”

“Why?”

“Oh, you don’t understand. That’s when jazz was poor man’s music, looked down upon; like trying to get adults today to listen to Dylan and The Byrds. As I got older, I’d sneak out of the house and steal my way into local jazz joints, watching and listening from back stage. Whenever my parents went off to one of their social functions, I’d pull out my secret stash of records and play along. I was good. By age 15 I could match almost anyone note for note. Playing jazz was all I ever wanted to do.”

Rain leaned forward, her eyes wide and attentive. “So what happened?”

“Life, life happened. From birth I was destined to follow in my father’s footsteps, become a lawyer. Ironically, I was never very good at school. Influence and money got me into Harvard. Repeated reminders from my father of being permanently cut off from the family kept me there long enough to earn a degree. With dad’s blessing and connections, I entered the corporate world as a financial litigator, a fancy name for a high profile bean counter.”

“What about your music?”

Joe downed a slug of coffee. “Music…?” He opened his black notebook, flipping it into the middle of the round table.

Rain ran a finger across the pages. They were filled with musical notes and notations and scales. “You wrote this?”

“I still fool around with it when I have the time, mostly just here on Sundays.” He shrugged. “You gotta have priorities, you know.”

She slammed the book shut, glaring up at Joe.

“What?”

“I’ll put it in words you can understand. You sold out.”

Joe nearly came out of his seat. “And what about you Ms. I wanna save the world! When was the last time you followed your dreams?”

“That’s different,” she nearly screamed. “There are just no jobs for women in my profession.”

“Bull shit! Update your resume; apply for a real job. If there aren’t any jobs then go out and create one if you have to. Use that degree.”

“You just don’t understand.”

Joe closed his eyes, taking a long deep breath. He held up his hands to steady them and looked at Rain. “All I’m saying is to not give up; keep trying.”

“Simple for you to say; you’ve had it easy all your life. I’ll bet you’ve never taken a chance at anything; never once put yourself out there. Do you even know what it’s like to fail at something?”

She was right. Joe knew it. He settled back, fiddling with his napkin. “Maybe you’re right,” he said softly. “I did take the easy, safe route. I sold myself out. But you, you’re still young. There’s still plenty of time for you to pursue your dreams. It’s too late for me.”

“Bull shit!”

They fell silent, each knowing the other was right. Both instinctively knew the other’s thoughts; knew what they had to do.

A month later, Joe entered Jazz Alley. He’d passed by the intimate neighborhood club often, sometimes stopping to read the list of upcoming performers. Searching the dimly lit room, he found Rain seated at a small round corner table. “Well?” he asked, shedding his overcoat and taking the seat across from her.

Rain looked up, an uneasy excitement in her voice. “It’s not much, really. I start on Monday. But I’ll be working to raise voter awareness among woman and minorities.”

Joe nodded his approval, “It’s a start.”
“Yes, it is.” The squeal of audio feedback interrupted their conversation. The house lights dimmed and it was Joe’s turn to be nervous. Rain touched his hand. “Break a leg!”

Fastening the strap of his saxophone around his neck, Joe swallowed hard and mounted the three steps leading to the stage.

BJ Neblett © 2015

Bj Neblett has a story coming out in a national anthology

Title: Beyond The Hedge
Vol 1 The Light And The Dark
Publisher: Fuzzy Hedgehog
Press
Release Date: July 1, 2016

BJ Neblett is a continuing contributor to Romance Magazine. He is the author of Elysian Dreams, a contemporary romantic fantasy about searching your dreams while seeking your destiny. His newest work, Ice Cream Camelot, is about his growing up during the Kennedy administration. BJ hosts two blog sites: www.hereforaseason.blogspot.com for poetry, and www.bjneblett.blogspot.com for his short stories and other writings. BJ has written about JFK for the Kennedy Library, MLK Jr. on the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial blog site, and his poetry may be included at the Vietnam War Center in Washington. You can find more from BJ in eFiction and Northern Liberties Review, as well as online at: www.short-story.me/
BJ’s Home Page: http://www.bjneblett.com
Stories & Blog: http://www.bjneblett.blogspot.com
Poetry Blog: http://www.hereforaseason.blogspot.com
Ice Cream Camelot Page: http://www.icecreammotel.com

At the Coffee Table - Edvard Munch
TEMPLE CHURCH
LATE 12TH-CENTURY CHURCH
IN LONDON BUILT BY
THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AS THEIR
ENGLISH HEADQUARTERS.

Photos and Article by
Dr. Panagiotis Dallas
Oxford, UK.
Christianity had become the dominant and official religion of the Roman Empire in the 4th Century A.D. and by 391-392 A.D. all pagan worship was banned throughout the provinces. Since Britain was under Roman conquest it is expected that this law applied there as well. Already, from 429 A.D. there are references for people visiting shrines of Saints, for example St Alban, visited by Germanus, the Bishop of Auxerre. As the Romans gradually were leaving from the island and other invaders started raiding and finally settling, Christianity became an integral part of the feudal system, as in the rest of Europe.

In reality, the classical world had already gone through a long period of decline and after Christianity overthrew its Jewish heritage and adopted Roman elements and ecumenical messages eventually unified the Greco-Roman and Northern societies. [1]

The volatile borders, the assembly of power around the Church and local lords gave rise to the monastic orders, the knights and the rules of chivalry that reached their peak with the advent of the Crusades. [2] In 1099 A.D. the Christians are capturing Jerusalem from the Arabs and the monastic, military Order of the Knights Templar was created in 1119 A.D. The Knights Templar were one of the most powerful and rich Orders, in fact they were one of the four great international Orders. Due to various economic, social and religious reasons, chivalry started to decline in the 15th Century and professional armies organized from the central governments start dominating. [3]

The Temple Church, a round gothic church, the earliest gothic building in England, was built at the end of 12th century by the Templars as their headquarters in Britain, initiation centre and served as the treasury during the reign of King John. This is the place where William Marshal, 1st Earl of Pembroke (1146-1219), named as The Greatest Knight Who Ever lived, is buried and his effigy is kept next to his son, the 2nd Earl of Pembroke. Wil-
liam Marshal initiated the agreement between King John and the Barons so the church is somehow closely related to the Magna Carta. Today, the Temple Church serves as the parish of the Inns of Court and is regularly hosting organ and choir concerts. Even though it is considered a tourist attraction, it seems to be relatively forgotten nowadays, obviously due to the secularization of the English society and the multicultural turn that prevailed during the last decades. [4]

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An 1827 woodcut of The Temple Church
William Marshal (1147-1219), 1st Earl of Pembroke:
“The greatest Knight that ever lived”
“Our compositions are inspired by everything we hear or experience”
Vary Vareli: You started in 1994 and until today you remain energetic and creative. What was the initial concept round which the band developed?

Spyros Giasafakis: The idea of the concept was conceived in 1994 by me and my brother Pantelis, but the project didn’t really start that early, although it was the beginning of putting down the ideas for it. Initially, we were fascinated with ancient Greek art, sculpture and architecture mainly, and wanted to explore the area of music, since it was somehow hidden behind the visual arts of the ancient times. Thus, I studied sculpture at the school of fine arts in Thessaloniki and at the same time researched ancient Greek music.

Nowadays Daemonia Nymphe compose music for the theatre and films thus our compositional spectrum has become wider. We always wanted to explore different genres of music and the only way to do that was by working for films and the theatre.

Tell us a few things about the band’s main core and the session members of Daemonia Nymphe.

Daemonia Nymphe are Spyros Giasafakis and Evi Stergiou, we compose arrange and perform the music. Sometimes guest musicians participate in the recordings, mainly for vocals. The session members change occasionally depending on the needs and the availability. Victoria Couper is one of the oldest session members of the band, ever since we moved to London, and her contribution has greatly affected the sound of the project. Vaggelis Paschalides is the oldest member from Greece who has also participated in most of our albums; he plays the hammered dulcimer (santouri) beautifully. Current session members are also Mike Perry, who is a great drummer and percussionist, Rey Yusuf, a wonderful singer, and Stephen Street, our double bass player.

Is your collaboration with the Greek creator of ancient Greek instruments, Nikolas Brass, a crucial point in the future direction the band took?

Yes, it definitely was and still is. Nikolaos is a great talent and has inspired us greatly with his amazing ‘ancient’ Greek instruments!

You play Ancient Greek Music, with instrument types of this era, mixed with Neoclassic and Néofolk elements. What is the secret ingredient concerning this combination of elements?

Besides Daemonia Nymphe, who compose original music inspired by the music of the west and the east, we sometimes perform fragments of ancient Greek music during our live shows. Ancient Greek music is a big topic and difficult to analyse and talk about in a few sentences. It is not right though to suggest that we play ancient Greek music, although sometimes there are elements of it in our music.

Our compositions are inspired by everything we hear or experience, so there are songs that are inspired by the music of the west, others inspired by eastern music and others by Greek music. Sometimes the influence is ambiguous.
Tell us about your collaboration with the label Prikosnovenie.

Prikosnovenie supported us in our first steps to reach our audience. Our new album has been released by us and is available on our bandcamp site: http://daemonianymph.bandcamp.com/album/macbeth

No label is involved this time, so almost all contributions go directly to the band. It is good to collaborate with labels to receive exposure but the funds gained are not equally shared so it is important for the musicians to release their work without any mediators involved.

For the last few years you live in London and you are quite creative, is London the ideal base for the band?

It is for now, as it connects us with the rest of northern Europe. We do try though to reach a state where our base can be anywhere.

Can you remind me when the theatrical element of the mask appeared in your live shows and images of the band? What made you keep using it?

It started quite early, right after our first live shows in Greece, Germany and Italy. The notion of the mask happened quite naturally, the same way as we started using ‘ancient’ Greek instruments. We were inspired by the ancient Greek theatre to achieve this and at the same time it helped us play the roles that each song portrays.

The more the band develops creative projects the more a strong sense of experimental theatre emerges. Tell us about the need to add such an element, apparent also in your first works, developing now fully performances, in your PSYCHOSTASIA for example.

We always wanted to be involved in the
theatre as in ancient times there is no performance without theatre and no theatre without music. Psychostasia, the performance, was a very big project in which many artists, actors and dancers were involved. It was the first time that we presented a whole album in a full theatrical experience.

**Can you tell us a few things about your next album? What is the story of the conception of the idea and the materialisation of the project, concerning the album and the live shows?**

We are very happy and excited about our new album which has been released exclusively on http://daemonianymph.bandcamp.com. It is actually the music for William Shakespeare’s ‘Macbeth’ directed by Anastasia Revi and commissioned by the National theatre of Northern Greece. We have composed many times music for theatre but this was the first time that we recorded the music in recording studios as we usually perform the music live and we appear next to the actors.

This time our approach was very cinematic and we are happy that it was appreciated by the audience and the critics. The play was a great success in Thessaloniki and we hope that the album will also follow this success.

**Tell us more about Theatre Lab Company (TLC), and the presence of Greece in contemporary performances in the general field of Art.**

TLC is a company dedicated mainly to promote Greek culture in the UK. We have been working with them since 2011 and our collaboration has been excellent. I dare to say that Anastasia Revi is our Tim Burton and we are her Danny Elfman!

**Can you brainstorm some information or thoughts for each one of your albums?**

**The Bacchic Dance Of The Nymphs** (12”, MiniAlbum) Solistitium Records 1998

Our first album; many memories and a lot of work. We just started researching ancient Greek music. Our music was very much inspired by this process and we were widely using recitations and ancient Greek text.

It was very hard to find a label to release it, as no one could categorise it or find the genre that it ‘belongs’ to. We never thought that belonging to a specific genre was something that we wanted to do, so we kept doing what we wanted to do with our art. A German label finally released it.

Daemonia Nymph (CD, Album) Prikos-
Our first full-length cd. Our collaboration with Nikolaos Brass officially started and it is the first time that we are recording the ‘ancient’ Greek instruments. Alkinoos Ioannides participates in this album singing in ancient Greek. Our collaboration with French label Prikosnovenie begins.

The Bacchic Dance Of The Nymphs - Tyrvasia (CD, Album, Dig) Prikosnovenie, 2004

Re-release of the album and the mini cd Tyrvasia, sometimes wild, sometimes magical and sometimes ceremonial.

Remixed (CD, Album) Palace Of Worms 2005

An interesting approach to our songs by European artists, this time, released by Italian label Palace of worms.

Krataia Asterope (3 versions) Prikosnovenie 2007

An ‘epic’ album, contribution by the legend of Cretan music Psarantonis. He plays the Cretan lyre and sings in ancient Greek. Our first official music video shot in Paris by Mallory Grolleau https://vimeo.com/57444732

Psychostasia (CD, Album) Prikosnovenie 2013

A different approach, even more theatrical, also contains a Waltz!
Dimitra Galani, Peter Ulrich(ex-Dead Can Dance) and Dessislava Stefanova contributed

You have always been a low-profile band, quite respected by the people who love your music. Does the fact that an international career made the band globally popular touch you, or change you, in any way? What is your relationship with your fans?

It hasn’t changed us in any way; our relationship with our audience is even more imminent nowadays.

Can you tell us about your most passionate collaborations with other musicians? Best memory?

All the collaborations we had were essential to complete our different concepts; we can’t really separate one from the other, all were very important and special to us.
Do you enjoy the shows of the band, are you ever anxious about the production forgetting the magical reality your audience experiences?

Both, I would say, working on a Daemonia Nymphe concert demands a lot of work all the time.

What is the feeling of the festivals in which you participate? Name your favourite ones.

It is great most of the times. Due to the character of the band, we perform in different thematic festivals. So, sometimes they are period festivals (Roman, medieval), sometimes gothic, others fairy festivals and even metal ones. All of them are interesting and involve a nice atmosphere. I can name some of the best ones that come to my mind right now: Trolls et Legendes in Belgium, for it’s fantastic atmosphere and a very interesting audience dressed up in costumes inspired by films and role playing games, Entremuralhas in Portugal occurred in a fantastic castle with a very enthusiastic audience and Wave Gottik Treffen for it’s uplifting atmosphere.

Tell us about the performance of Macbeth. How will this add to the band’s future plans?

For ‘Macbeth’ we recorded the music mainly at the slaughterback studios in London with Ian Williams with whom we also worked on our previous album ‘Psychostasia’. Additional recordings were made at studio 5 with Grigoris Papapanagiotou in Athens and at the Sonic ark studio in Thessaloniki. We worked with long-time collaborator Nikodemos Triarides (Sonic ark) for the final mastering of the album. We were very happy to collaborate with the National Theatre of Northern Greece. It is the biggest production we have ever been involved in, regarding theatre, and it was performed in one of the biggest theatres in Thessaloniki. It was an exceptional experience in many ways.

Very happy to be working with the brilliant director Anastasia Revi and a wonderful cast of actors. One of them, the talented Evi Sarmi did some additional recordings for the track “Hecate’s Wrath”. Anastasia Revi brought with her the ‘dream’ team from London, consisted of long time collaborators such as photographer Yiannis Katsaris, set and costume
designer Maira Vazeou and us. We have worked many times together so it was quite easy to communicate well and combine our arts in order to create a unique piece of art under the direction of Anastasia.

The whole process was hard work for several months but we really enjoyed it and will definitely do more work for theatre in the near future. Regarding the music, we believe that it can stand on its own even without the contribution of the visual arts and that is why we are releasing it as an album.

Besides the band, what else inspires you, any special hobbies?

I am a visual artist; I create sculptures, paintings, drawings and installations. I also make props for the theatre. Occasionally I act in documentaries and films.

Do you plan to return to Greece?

We really don’t know yet, our base for the moment is London.

Any future plans of the band?

After the release of our new album “Macbeth”, we will perform in France at the Ragnar Rock festival on the 24th of July and in the USA at the Faerieworlds festival. We are composing music for our next album and are also working on a new remix project.

Thank you for the interview!

Thank you!!

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links:  https://daemonianymphe.bandcamp.com/
        https://www.youtube.com/DaemoniaNymphe
        http://www.daemonianymphe.com/
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        http://daemonianymphe-official.tumblr.com/
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Photos by Yiannis Katsaros
Macbeth cover art by Spyridon

http://daemonianymphe.bandcamp.com/album/macbeth
The darkness of the forest in the night. The wind in the trees. The calling of spirit.
Mary Vareli: Tell us about your project, its creation date and the driving force behind it.

Jaime Black: This project is called Into The Forest. It is my second official album. I began creating this album while touring in England for the summer festival season in 2012. The Forest actually refers to a forest on the edge of a festival I was performing at in Cornwall. Open entering the forest, I was entering into an intense tumultuous realtionship simultaneously. It was the solstice. It was extremely windy and romantic, surreal, magical and foretelling all at the same time.

The desire to create another album came from my own response to my first album The Wishing Well. For that album I chose to record my more commercial sounding songs. And I aloud a bit of an Americana sound to bleed in to that album. It comes from the lead guitar. And both the engineer and the guitar player play more in that genre of music. And that album was more of a collaboration with the engineer.

Into The Forest is a bit darker, and colder. not so warm. As soon as I released the Wishing Well I’ve felt a strong need to get this album out there. I feel like it’s a better representation of my sound. Some of the songs that I put on this album, are some of the first songs I wrote (Fate, When The Angels Cried). These are songs that I felt define my style as a songwriter. And I felt that was important to put out there. And they were also songs I was listening to on my journey, as I was deciding which songs I would use.

All of the rest of the songs on the album, I began to write after my first visit to England. I began visiting and touring a lot there. and I spent some time living in Glastonbury, so it’s very England inspired.

You characterise your project as “Ethereal and dark”, tell us more about this.

The Dark refers to the earthy aspect. The darkness of the forest in the night itself. And the ethereal aspect comes from the vocals, the dream like atmosphere. The wind in the trees. The calling of spirit.

Can you tell us a few things about the musicians that participate in your releases?

I would love to! These are the main 3 musicians that I play with:

**Brian Hobart** is the engineer. He also plays the bodhran and all of the percussion and sings my back up vocals. We first collaborated on producing The Wishing Well together and so I decided to record another album with him. Into The Forest was my vision. But he was right there with me bringing it to life. He loves my music so it’s great to work with him. He sings along with me, he comes up with ideas for the percussion. I bring in my wind chimes and singing bowls from home.
and we record all of them and put them in the perfect places together. He hears the most interesting harmonies, and he really adds something unique to my sound with his voice.

Rick Brandt is responsible for all of the beautiful cello parts you hear on my albums. We met in the studio. He and Brian were friends and he came in to record some cello parts for The Wishing Well. I’ve been blessed to have been playing with him ever since.

David Yates. Lead guitar-Into the Forest. David is the one who got me playing my guitar. He taught me how to play. We met through a mutual friend, and every time he would come over, he’d notice my guitar just sitting in my room, not being played. And he suggested that he give me some guitar lessons and that was the beginning. It was what I needed. Just being in the sound of the guitar cause me to start writing songs. I just started hearing them. It was unexpected. He and I have played so many shows just the two of us. I wish I had all of that recorded. He has since retired, but I got him to play on this album. I wrote these songs when we were playing together and it was so important he be the one that recorded them with me.

Guest spots: Olentangy John. John played the lead guitar on Mercy and The Come Down from the Wishing Well. He and Brian have played on other project together before, and we needed something to add to the album to make it feel complete. John was what we needed.

Conor Wenk. Conor played the electric guitar base line on Fate. Conor played guitar with me for a short time. He and David Yates played a show with me together, and this line to the song was created during that time. I wanted in the recording.

Your favourite instruments?

The cello! acoustic guitar. singing bowls. the bodhran. the djembe, and the celtic harp- I has not yet been featured on any albums but will be in the future.


I wanted to do it my own way. I wanted to have total control over how my songs came out. I
have friends who have gone with music labels and they lose control of their music and their image. That scares me. I want my music to be real. Not contrived. I’m not trying to be a pop star. I want the music to stay organic. I’m not closed to releasing music through someone else, but I needed to get my music out there on my own first.

Can you brainstorm some words next to each release? Describing in this way the subconscious drive behind them.

**The Wishing Well** - wishing, longing, emptiness, magic, love, hope

**Into The Forest** - Mystical, magical, ethereal, beautiful, dreamy, dark, enchanting, fate, past lives, memory

You write and compose your own songs, right?

Yes. definitely.

You went to Glastonbury and started touring in England. Have you also toured in the US?

Not much in the US. I’ve performed many many many shows here. But as far as organizing a tour, traveling away from home to play-

I am more interested in traveling across the atlantic, and visiting places that have history that hasn’t all been destroyed yet. Touring is expensive, and I’d rather visit other countries and expand my awareness of the rest of the world.

Do you enjoy live performances? What is the atmosphere you create like? How do you feel when performing?

I love to play live! What I love most is playing with other musicians and the magic that we create together in that moment. It’s different than anything else. I like to bring candles, turn the lights down low, have everyone close their eyes so that the imagination can take over. I’m more interested in the audience feeling the music more than them seeing me in front of them. on that note-I like to close my eyes as well. This music has the ability to aid one in traveling in, to the depths inside of ourselves. So I like to create an atmosphere that encourages that.

how do i feel? I feel ethereal. I often feel out of my body. It can feel electric, magical. It’s Alchemical. Music creates something. It’s magical. it’s healing. and The musician has the ability to be a channel, and feeling energy from somewhere else projecting through you, is quite an amazing feeling.
What inspires you?


There is a metaphysical element in your music, are you interested in Alchemy, Symbolism or metaphysics in general?

Yes. yes and yes. Very. Music is Alchemy. I study on my own and I have had some good teachers. I am very into symbols, they can be powerful tools. I have some of them tattooed on my skin as reminders, activators, and for protection as well.

Listening to your music I sometimes sense a feeling of nostalgia? Am I right?

Oh yes. I feel this. but this has been said to me before. I feel like my music comes from a place that is past and future at the same time.

Who is Jaime when she is not composing or performing?

She is very spiritual. She does her best to be vegan. She studies a lot. reads a lot. Practices yoga. Meditates. Lives in Los Angeles! Works with crystals and herbs. reads tarot cards. loves to walk where there are trees. I eat very healthy but I love drinking coffee and eating sugar! I just try to have it vegan and gluten free :) I love learning new things. I’m always studying something new, and taking a new class!

What do you like reading and watching?

Hahaha- Anne Rice!!! The Witches series and all of the Vampire books. I’m currently reading Merrrik (Anne Rice), Dion Fortune (The Mystical Qabalah) and Iseal Regardie (The Middle Pillar). I like to read books on astrology, spirituality, metaphysics. I like fantasy, The Crystal Cave Series by Mary Stewart, The Mists of Avalon series my Marion Zimmer-bradley (I’ve read that series so many times over) and Lord of the Rings! I like watching English period pieces, as well as fantasy films. I love Lord of The Rings. Game of Thrones. The Princess Bride. I grew up watching old movies like The Never-ending Story, The Dark Crystal, the Labyrinth, The Red Sonya. Star Wars. Looking back at all of the films I watched growing up, it makes sense that I am the way that I am now.

Musicians that have influenced you?

I always cringe when someone asks who my influences are. Cause I have such a strange list. A lot of it is music I heard as a girl. (there’s a lot of 80’s music in here) It’s what I would sing along to. But here are some: Radiohead-still my favorite. Tori Amos, Kate Bush, Stevie Nicks, Fleetwood Mac, Led Zeppelin. Patty Smyth, The Eagles. Heart. Steve Perry/Journey. Loreena McKennit, James Galway (flautist), Mozart, Pachelbel, Lisa Gerrard-Dead Can Dance, Depeche Mode, Sebastian Bach/Skid Row, Jesca Hoop when she was in a band called Majesty’s Monkey…
I grew up playing the flute. and I think a lot of my song writing comes from that influence more than anything else.

**Have you ever been a member of a band, before your current project?**

No. I tried a couple of things for fun, but nothing came together. It’s always been based around my own songs.

**It seems that the art of Gordon Burns Photography and Wyldraven express your evocative mood.**

Yes, I agree they do a good job! Gordon Burns and I had planned to shoot a video at 3 Wishes, (a faery festival in Cornwall, England) and I knew I wanted a shot with the forest behind me for the album cover, and so after we shot the video footage, I asked him to try and get that shot. (obviously we got it) Wyldraven had done a cover for another musician I knew and after seeing all of his beautiful artwork I asked him to create a piece for me. I think it’s perfect.

I also have to include Star Moussavi in this list. Most all of my photos are taken by her. She shot The Wishing Well cover. And the covers for my other albums By The Light Of The Moon, and Old Monastery Recordings. available on my website-just not official releases. She knows how to get in the photo the essence of the idea that I’m trying to project in an image of me.

**Are you open to collaborations?**

Yes! I have always been looking. I would love to be in a band with other females. I want to create something really witchy and beautiful. And it would be amazing if we all wrote together. I think that would be more satisfying than anything I’ve done up to this point.

**Any future plans?**

Yes! I have another album in the beginning stages. I want to go on a tour of all of the mystical places in Ireland, England, Scotland, Portugal, Greece, and Iceland. And Canada as well!

And I’m looking to create that female band!

**Thank you very much!**

Thank you so much! I love your publication and I was loving your podcast! I’m very honored to have you review Into the Forest and thank you so much for featuring me here!

**HOME PAGE / CONTACT**

http://jaimeblack.bandcamp.com/
https://itunes.apple.com/us/album/into-the-forest/id1062995097
https://www.instagram.com/explore/tags/jaimeblackmusic/
https://www.facebook.com/JaimeBlackMusic
Band Interview
Nick Drivas & Marily Kitsiona
Greece

“The creative process, however difficult it may be, is the joy in making music.”
Mary Vareli: Tell us about the creation of the Moon In June, when was the band formed?

Nick: I have always had the idea of forming a personal project that would be something separate from the bands I used to be in. But it wasn’t until 2014 that this idea actually became a reality.

Who are the founding members and by what was the name inspired?

Nick: There are only two members, Marily Kitsiona on vocals and the piano and myself on the guitar and the bass. We want to keep the outfit tight and keep it personal.

Marily: The name of the band took a long time to stabilize. After various potential names, the final one was found by Nick, when he saw it written (carved on the vinyl) on the runout groove of the Virgins Prunes album “The Moon Looked Down And Laughed”. It sounded just right.

Nick Drivas was also a founding member of the band Distorted Image, right?

Nick: Yes, Distorted Image was the first band I formed way back in 1988. We were a dark-wave/gothic band active until 1992, releasing our only single “Prayers Of Another Year”. A compilation with all our material surfaced many years later in 2014 from Geheimnis Records, which was great since it contained unreleased material together with the songs from our single, hard to find at that time.

The duet, Nick Drivas and Marily Kitsiona also collaborated in the past, tell us about the indie bands Starblind and Soho 6.

Nick: A few years after Distorted Image split I reunited with an old friend and we formed Starblind in 1998, an indie pop band with some shoegaze elements. That’s when we found Marily, the singer. This band didn’t last long, although we were featured on two prominent compilations.

Marily: So when Starblind broke up and we all took separate ways, Nick and I decided to continue together forming Soho 6 in 2001. Our sound changed, it became more alternative one could say, we gigged for about two years and managed to release an EP titled “Fly” and contribute to various compilations.

Tell us about your split single Remain In Light & The Moon In June - Dead Alaska / Grey Skies April Skies and how this collaboration began.

Nick: I was a fan of Remain In Light and got to know in person Yorgos their founding member when he came down to Athens. That’s when I told him that I started a new project and the idea popped up to do a split
single together.

Why in vinyl?

Nick: Well, one could say that we are romantic when it comes to music. We are both lovers of the vinyl format since we grew up with it. For my part, I had always wished to release “Grey Skies April Skies” as a single, so the collaboration was just right since we only had one complete song recorded.

Grey Skies April Skies was met with enthusiasm, how do you feel about it? Tell us more about the track.

Nick: We were quite surprised with all the positive feedback. We realised that our scene lacked a band in the Ethereal Wave genre, although there are many fans here in Greece. I wrote “Grey Skies April Skies” way back in 1988, but it didn’t fit in with the acts I was in. So I kept it aside until the time was right.

What about the album? We are looking forward to it. What to expect?

Nick: Making an album is a challenge that we are willing to take. It will take some time to produce since involvement in music nowadays is limited because of our daytime jobs and other commitments. We are slowly developing a picture of how we would want it to be like. It will be in the same vein as “Grey Skies April Skies”, a small collection of dark ethereal tunes maybe containing a cover of some sorts. Mainly using only the guitar, the bass, the piano and the drum machine.

Do you plan to add more musical instruments or session musicians?

Nick: At the moment we want to keep everything between ourselves. We want to try to create music using only our own abilities and see where it will take us. It is tempting to use more musical instruments or bring in session musicians, but I think that we will lose control of things. It would make things easier, but we don’t want to cave into laziness.

Marily: The creative process, however difficult it may be, is the joy in making music. The idea is to keep things minimal and try to stay true to the original idea and sound we have in mind.

Tell us about your influences.

Nick: The main influence originally for The Moon In June is the Cocteau Twins. I am a big fan of darkwave and goth music in general
whereas Marily has always been more into indie. In terms of aesthetics, it would be a lie to say that the imagery of the record label 4AD didn't affect me.

Marily: I am more into pre-classical and baroque composers, musicals and various indie bands.

How do you feel when listening to a finished track?

Nick: It is great satisfaction. The ability to listen to a song that you have created out of thin air. After the process that is necessary to write, play, record and mix the music - which takes a lot of time and effort - the result is rewarding.

Tell us more about your collaboration with Ars Nocturna and your book series Release The Bats.

Nick: After Soho 6 split in 2003 I spent a few years, a decade almost actually, writing my first book “Release the Bats” about the Greek Dark scene. It is hard to find a publisher that is interested in something underground here in Greece but finally I found Ars Nocturna, who were thrilled with the subject and published it in 2012. At that time, I was getting a lot of good feedback from musicians who were also asking me what I was doing, concerning music, telling me to continue.

You are a couple, how does this add to the creativity of both of you?

Nick: It does help. Being a couple makes our project a personal affair. That’s why we want to keep it that way, only us. We have an understanding, we know each other well; each other’s needs and way of thinking.

Marily: A band with many members does cause a lot of difficulties, in communication, common vision and direction.

What is your next step? Any gigs?

Nick: This is not our concern at the moment. Our priority is to write songs so as to have enough for a future release. If, by then, we feel the urge to go on stage and play live, it will be taken into consideration. However, if anything like that happens in the future it will be, again, something selective. I don’t think that we’re up to living up the rock’n’roll lifestyle by gigging extensively. We have both done that in our past. Our next step is to finish recording our track “Shadows Fade To Light” before going on with the next one.

You enjoy live shows, of course, right?

Nick: We used to. It is a great way of self-expression, but in the long run, the scene isn’t that big so in the end you feel that you give more than what you get back.

Besides the band, what else inspires you, any special hobbies?

Nick: I think my hobbies are mostly revolved around music; Going to gigs, going out to buying records, seeing music documentaries.
but also reading about it, plus biographies, autobiographies etc.

Marily: Being a member of a choir for more than 20 years, watching classic or contemporary dance.

What do you believe concerning the past and the future of the alternative dark scene in Greece?

Nick: The Dark scene in Greece has been around for 35 years so far! So there is a lot of history. Taking into account my involvement in the scene as a musician and a s a writer, I think the scene is here to stay. There are many new bands, new clubs have emerged and we do see many foreign acts here as well, so I think the scene is going strong. It might be ageing at the moment and not at its peak, but the seeds have been sown well.

Favourite writers and directors?

Nick: I don’t think I have a favourite author, I mainly read history books but Albert’s Camus “The Stranger” and Hans Fallada’s “Everyman Dies Alone” did have an effect on me. The directors I like come from all periods of cinema, from Fritz Lang (Metropolis) to Wim Wenders (Wings Of Desire) and lately I became fond of the photographer Anton Ėrbiņš who did a great job on his debut “Control”.

Marily: I am fascinated by the works of Gabriel García Márquez, Isabelle Allende and Pablo Neruda, whereas in directors I enjoy films by Sofia Coppola, Wes Anderson and Paolo Sorrentino, just to name a few.

Favourite artists?

Ethereal, dark and melancholic melodies enchant the listener in the second independently released album of Jaime Black, Into The Forest, on November 12, 2015. Her first album, The Wishing Well, in 2011 paved the way for a new masterpiece. The Los Angeles based singer/songwriter with her hypnotic vocals leads the listener into an atmospheric trip through enchanted English forests with this state-of-the-art audio dream.

The backing vocals are by Brian Hobart-Bodhran. The album incorporates the unique style of Jaime Black as well as the traditional element of the genuine ethereal genre, a genre that is rarer and more refined as years go by. The Celtic drum, the acoustic and the electric guitar, the synth (by David Yates and Conor Wenkand), as well as the cello (by Rick Brandt), mesmerise. The vocals are dreamy, touching and sentimental. The album comes in a lovely digipak with art from Wyldraven, on the inside and back cover, and cover photo and lettering art by Gordon Burns, adding to the experience of a magical forest simulation. Witch cries, the wind howls, the line between the world is thin. All songs, written and composed by Jaime Black, are part of an audio story that turns visual in the eyes of the imagination while the listener is gradually entering a trance; full of fairy, mystical paganism, Shakespearean love conflicts, druids and high priestesses, poetry and loneliness, nostalgia and the eerie feeling of the forest. Don’t miss the experience, such kind of music opens gateways to magical realms.

THE ILLUSION OF SILENCE (TIOS) BLACK RAINBOW CD/Digital, 2016

“Black Rainbow” is the first release by The Illusion Of Silence, meaning Luca Bonandini, a songwriter from Turin, Italy. A melancholic masterpiece that flirts with alternative ambient, dark folk and neoclassical music. Mature and full of the human element, the album impresses the listener; first of all because of the quality of the participating musicians, such as Aleks Popov, Tatiana Korotkova, Jhonne/Kratong, Anna Ivanova, Larion Dyakov, Anna Ermoelayeva, Olga Glibka, Miroslav Lelyukh and Gallo Igor. Secondly, because - surprisingly, if we take into account what contemporary musicians resort to- the classical education of the participating musicians is accompanied by real musical instruments.

The piano, the percussions, the accordion, a string quartet and the keyboards, all add to the creation of this atmospheric work of art, giving quality and depth to the album. All tracks have a strong narrative atmosphere and provide a sense of mystery, mysticism, occult philosophy and natural eeriness, changing in style, surprising us with their arrangement and versatility of sound. The track “The Old Seaman” remains a favourite, narrating a story of humanity but, honestly, all tracks have something to offer to a sentimental soul that is touched and reacts in such beauty. Childhood, bitter-sweet feelings, loneliness, selected isolation, creative pain, so many emotions, so many stories. A poetic masterpiece!
As a pioneer of ethereal music, with internationally acclaimed albums inspired by mythology, literature and faerielore, I am dedicated to fostering faerie arts. Bewitching creatures such as centaurs, elementals, seagiants, dragons, salamanders, jinn-cats and dryads inhabit my creations, inspiring writers and illustrators worldwide. In Australian bushland, love for trees led to fusion of Druidry with Dreaming. Since my first original studio recording at age ten, I have challenged borders of ambiance, folk goth, dreampop and neo medievalism. At the turn of the century after a long struggle in Australia’s music establishment, my music began appearing on indie labels, magazines, compilations and soundtracks in Europe and America, with glowing reviews. Performing at festivals and pageants as a fairy storyteller, I improvised with carnies, donning a garland, swinging a basket over one arm, twirling a mandolin with the other. Reading avidly, teaching Humanities at multicultural schools, and freelancing in writing, further nourished my expression. Highlights were winning an award at Trolls et Legendes festival in Belgium; singing on the main stage of Faerieworlds, the world’s largest fairy festival, with mythic-rock band Woodland in Oregon, America; and providing my song Which of these Worlds from our fifth album Apple Pentacle for a You Tube clip by internationally acclaimed British illustrator Brian Froud with his son Toby, entitled Muse. In recent years I ceased touring to care for a sick hubby, my beloved, brilliant co-songwriter Mark Krol, while working part time at a university, where I joined The Monash Fairy Tale Salon, becoming a founding member of The Australian Fairy Tale Society, an interdisciplinary group of folklorists spanning academia, music, writing, glass sculpture, quilting, oral storytelling, photography and more. As of 2016 I am grooming fantasy chronicles that began over three decades ago, set to our music. I run a fairy tale blog featuring reviews, news and interviews with other artists. By supporting my songs, you not only help me to continue recording, but nurture our international fey circles.
EDWIN STANTON PORTER

PRODUCER, DIRECTOR
AND CINEMATOGRAPHER

By Rebecca Hardy
EDWIN STANTON PORTER
(April 21, 1870 – April 30, 1941) was an American film pioneer, born in Pennsylvania, most famous as a producer, director, studio manager and cinematographer with the Edison Manufacturing Company and the Famous Players Film Company.

He created over 250 films, the most important ones are Jack and the Beanstalk (1902), Life of an American Fireman (1903), The Great Train Robbery (1903), The Kleptomaniac (1905), Life of a Cowboy (1906), Rescued from an Eagle's Nest (1908), and The Prisoner of Zenda (1913).

He worked as an exhibition skater, a sign painter, and a telegraph operator, but as he had developed an interest in electricity he shared a patent at 21 for a lamp regulator but ended up becoming a merchant tailor. The 1893 financial panic led him to bankruptcy so he enlisted in the United States Navy.

Porter entered motion picture work in 1896, the first year movies were commercially projected on large screens in the United States. He was briefly employed in New York City by Raff & Gammon, agents for the films and viewing equipment made by Thomas Edison, and then left to become a touring projectionist with a competing machine, Kuhn & Webster’s Projectorscope. He traveled through the West Indies and South America, showing films at fairgrounds and in open fields, and later made a second tour through Canada and the United States.

Returning to New York in early 1898, Porter found work at the Eden Musée, a Manhattan wax museum and amusement hall which had become a center for motion picture exhibition and production and licensee of the Edison Manufacturing Company. While at Eden Musée, Porter worked assembling programs of Edison films, most particularly exhibitions of films of the Spanish American War, Edison productions which helped stir an outbreak of patriotic fever in New York City. As an exhibitor, Porter had tremendous creative control over these programs, presenting a slate of films accompanied by a selection of music and live narration.

In 1899 Porter joined the Edison Manufacturing Company. Soon afterwards he took charge of motion picture production at Edison’s New York studios, operating the camera, directing the actors, and assembling the final print. He collaborated with several other filmmakers, including George S. Fleming. During the next decade, Porter became the most influential filmmaker in the United States. From his experience as a touring projectionist, Porter knew what pleased crowds, and he began by making trick films and comedies for Edison. One of his early films was Terrible Teddy, the Grizzly King, a satire made in February 1901.
about the then Vice President-elect, Theodore Roosevelt. Like all early filmmakers, he took ideas from others, but rather than simply copying films he tried to improve on what he borrowed. In his Jack and the Beanstalk (1902) and Life of an American Fireman (1903) he followed earlier films by France’s Georges Méliès and members of England’s Brighton School, such as James Williamson. Instead of using abrupt splices or cuts between shots, however, Porter created dissolves, gradual transitions from one image to another. In Life of an American Fireman particularly, the technique helped audiences follow complex outdoor movement.

However, his directorial skills had not kept pace with rapid changes in motion picture art, although his technical skills were piqued by 3D. Porter’s last film premiered on June 10, 1915, Niagara Falls, the first anaglyph 3D movie. In 1916 he left Famous Players during a reorganization.

From 1917 to 1925 Porter served as president of the Precision Machine Company, manufacturers of the Simplex projectors. After his retirement in 1925, he continued to work on his own as an inventor and designer, securing several patents for still cameras and projector devices. During the 1930s, he was employed by an appliance corporation.

He died in 1941 at the Hotel Taft in New York City and was buried in Husband Cemetery, Somerset, Pennsylvania. He was survived by his wife, Caroline Ridinger, whom he had married on June 5, 1893; they had no children.

Porter remains an enigmatic figure in motion picture history. Though his significance as director of The Great Train Robbery and other innovative early films is undeniable, he rarely repeated an innovation after he had used it successfully, never developed a consistent directorial style, and in later years never protested when others rediscovered his techniques and claimed them as their own. He was a modest, quiet, cautious man who felt uncomfortable working with the famous stars he directed starting in 1912. Zukor said of Porter that he was more an artistic mechanic than a dramatic artist, a man who liked to deal with machines better than with people.

Sources
Wikipedia

Nervy Nat kisses the bride, silent film by Edwin S. Porter, 1904

Silent movie with tinting Lighthouse by the Sea (1911) directed by Edwin S. Porter for Edison Manufacturing Company. Duration: 14:46.
once upon a time

by Roberta Sparrow

VICTORIAN HABITS

Riding Style of the Victorian Women

The Victorians managed to escape the tight clothes and the close sleeves, replacing them with loose sleeves, so characteristic of the period, deep cuffs and a loose jacket or basque. Skirts also were not that long, so as not to scare the horses or cause accidents. Long boots and gauntlet gloves added to the experience and the style, petticoats dismissed! Around riding hat, embellished with plumes of ostrich, cock, and peacock, was later exchanged for a slouched hat, turned up in the brim. Discreet and low profile!