



Paula Pakery and Lynda Leighton gazing at the sky



UPK
**Universitäre
 Psychiatrische Kliniken**
 Basel

Wilhelm Klein-Strasse 27
 CH-4012 Basel
 Tel. 0041 61 325 51 11



Fotografie Paul Karsten

Direktionsgebäude Bibliothek Mesa **16. Mai - 29. August 2014**
 Stephanie Grob, Paul Karsten, Rosa Lachenmeier, Ursula Bohren
 Magoni/Claudio Magoni, Paula Pakery, Renate Rahn, u.a.m.

Park **16. Mai - 28. September 2014**
 Christine Fausten, Reto Hemmi, Martina Lauinger, Maboart, Michel
 Pfister, Christoph Rihs, Jörg Siegele, Bruno Sutter, Peter Thommen

ARTSUMMER AT THE UPK

The idea was born out of the title und the word-meanings of
 'daring'.

Finding different ways in life, going ones own path und being en-
 couraged we would like to support with art and culture. As ever
 we have invited our stuff, patients and artists launching a call for
 project. Et voilà! Daring shall have come into existence.

verwegen - daring: *Das Herkunftswörterbuch, eine Etymologie der deutschen Sprache, Duden*

We wish you a discovering seeing-walk.
 la commission des beaux-arts

From: Lynda Leighton <lynda_leighton@yahoo.co.uk>
To: Pakery <mixedmedia@pakery-kulturbaum.ch>
Sent: Friday, 22 August 2014, 12:14
Dear Paula

I really enjoyed the exhibition and the thoughts that your work awakened in me. I feel they are very aligned to my thoughts. The two paintings are very impressive and work fantastically with the Exhibiton title "verWegen". There is a conversation between the two works, but I will try and comment separately.

Ich esse Himmel/I EAT HEAVEN:

The words I wrote down at the time - The origin of species by Charles Darwin, "It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven" William Shakespeare, pollination.

I have tried to look at some ancient Mayan poetry. Some of there poems are very beautiful. I read a lot when I was a college, but most of the writings I have in England, but I find them very inspirational.

I found these 2 writings (although not original Mayan) by Ariel Spilsbury & Michael Bryner. The Mayan Oracle: Return Path to the Stars. I thought this as a title would also fit to your **"Tango between Heaven and Earth."**

Imix:

As you are trusting and receptive I
sustain you with the wine of many gifts
I bathe your seed essence with abundant life force for
I am primal sound of creation the potent energy and vibration of the
undivided waters.
life's essence infusing time and space

Ik:

I dance and soar
life's essence infusing time and space
Mystic reunion dive. I am inspiration as it flies!
Let me lift you, free you,
fill you, enfolding you
with the song simplicity can sing!

I also include Shakespeare's quality of mercy:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.



TANGO ZWISCHEN HIMMEL UND ERDE

“THE WAY BACK TO THE STARS”

Paula Pakery Mixedmedia each 120 x 200 cm MIXEDMEDIA TECH

ICH ESSE HIMMEL “NECTAR AND AMBROSIA”



Tango zwischen Himmel und Erde/TANGO BETWEEN HEAVEN

AND EARTH: The words I wrote down at the time: Afterlife (Ueberfahrt), Egyptian underworld, darkness into light, dance of the butterflies, bees, swan, migration. This piece for me is both poetical and musical.

It certainly made me think of the Ueberfahrt, which I think is a great words to describe the passing over from life into death (afterlife). from darkness into light.

It encapsulates the death of an Egyptian king that starts above ground, that leads underground and that ends with an opening to the skies through which the Gods were launched heavenward. (Aida - last Act music).

I know I had a Mayan poem that made me think of butterflies and the transcendence of life and I can sense the aura of a butterfly in between Heaven and Earth. I found this poem, which not perfect says something of what I feel.

The time has come for the butterfly to spread its wings
to share beauty and grace
as it soars beyond to learn new things.
See its rainbow of colour dancing in the clear blue sky
like tiny jewels of pureness,
too beautiful to pass by.

Time has prepared it for this transition now
and by following its path
it will be shown how.
To dance with the soft breeze stroking its cheek with a sigh
the sparkle of sunlight glitters on its wings as it flies.

Towards a freedom that will be bound forever more
courage gives it power and "will" to open new doors.
Far beyond the boundary of the world it has known to experience the
mystery of new realms, it is shown.

Truth keeps it fluttering to the center of its core
which brings joy and passion
based on feelings for?
Living life to full potential - in the "now"
if it keeps its heart open
it will be shown how.

And trust will release any fear that it feels,
unconditional love will keep it on an even keel.
The journey will be long and very hard at times
but the delicate butterfly will dance and sing to the chimes.

For the wind and songbirds who are its friends
will gently guide it along its path until it reaches the end.
And its wings strength will never let it fall
because the butterfly is special and will conquer all. *Margaret Jang*

The black clusters of paint also made me think about swarming bees
or birds in migration. Fitting music would perhaps be the Flight of the
bumble bee by Rimsky Korsakov! As the bumblebee flies away the
Swan Bird calls: **Gvidon, fly, only do not stay long!**

Moreover, I am reminded of the dying swan and the music of the dying
swan from Swan Lake can be heard.

Lord Tennyson Verse 3
The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd

Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the sighing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marsh-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

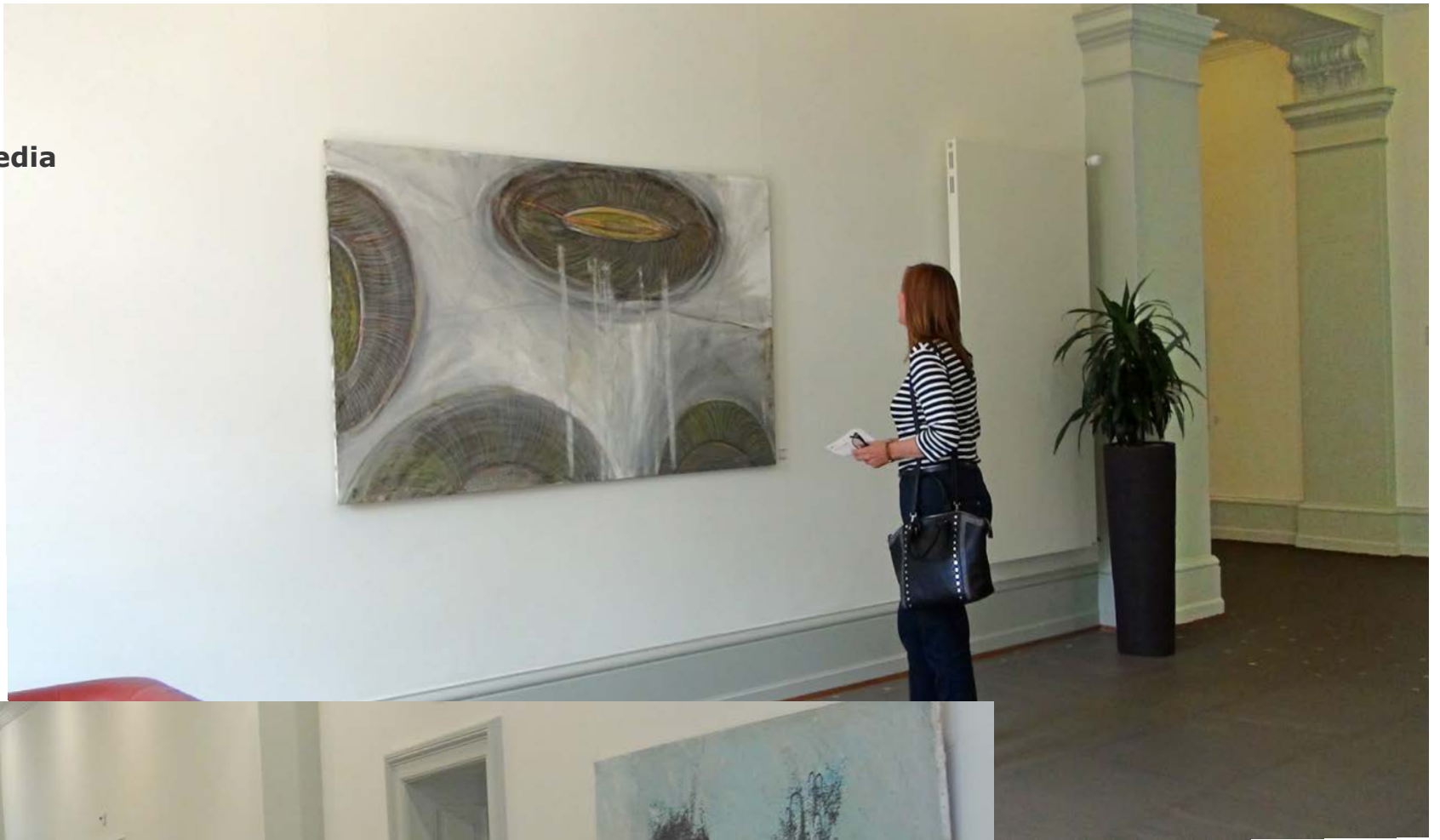
Much love: Lynda xXx

I EAT HEAVEN

“Nectar und Ambrosia”

Paula Pakery Mixedmedia

120 x 200 cm



**TANGO BETWEEN HEAVEN
AND EARTH**

Paula Pakery Mixedmedia

120 x 200 cm