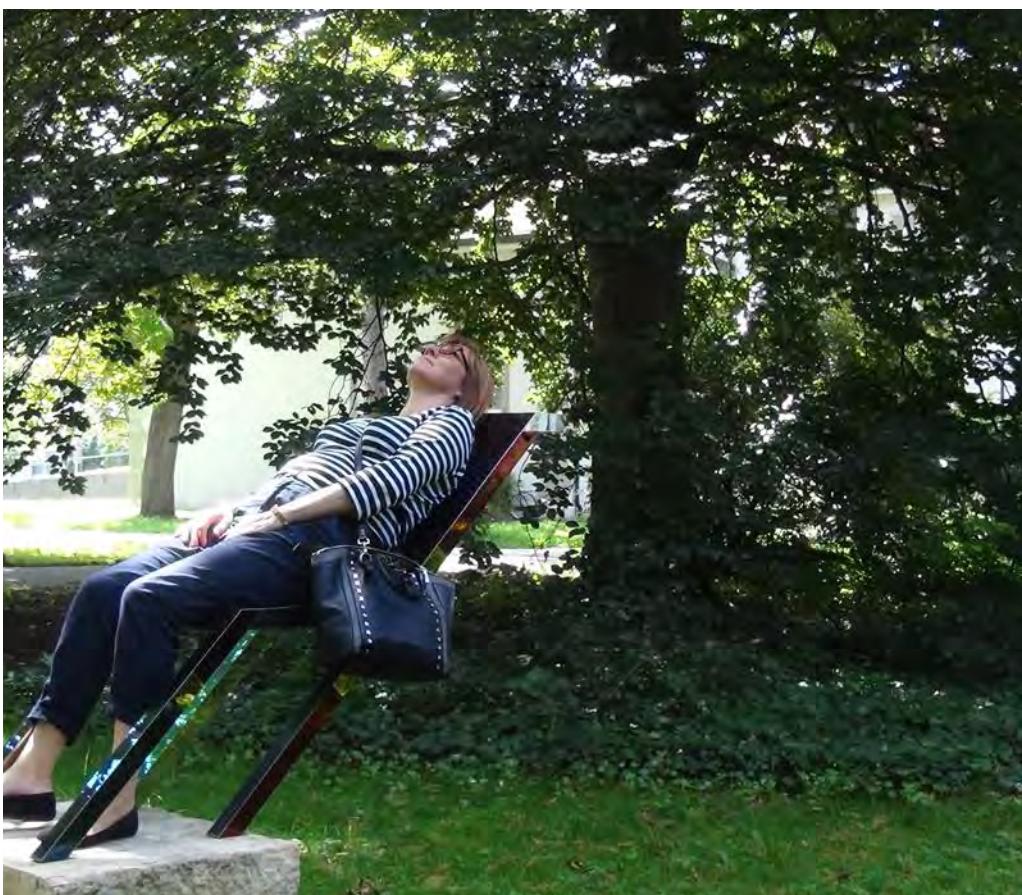


Paula Pakery and Lynda Leighton gazing at the sky



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 encouraged 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-kulturbraum.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 impressing 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 is 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 transience 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 time  
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: **Gidon, 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 southing reeds,  
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,  
And the silvery marish-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