



1  
*Dear Lynn*  
*I send you a serie of my pictures as a response*  
*to the reading of your poems.*  
*I hope you will enjoy this little show.*  
*My warmest regards. Elias*



2  
*From Denmark to Tucson Arizona. 24 hours.*  
*After sitting I must move around.*  
*I cut some boards in pieces and start drawing on them.*  
*Then come the colors. A tiny collection.*  
*Here they come as a palisade on parade.*



3  
*Tucson in the Sonoran desert*  
*The volcanic mountains of old.*  
*Saguaros are on the alert round the city.*  
*They stand there with their arms.*  
*Swallow up barrels of water for the dry months.*



4  
*Hippies from near and afar find the deserted Bisbee,*  
*close to the Mexican border.*  
*Strong colors on the walls. It's worth a trip.*  
*Look down the open mines.*



5  
*A volcanic landscape in many aspects.*  
*An inferno of red-hot stones and ashes – the wildest fantasy...*  
*The desert sand is what has been left.*  
*Soon the monsoon will clean the landscape*  
*Leaving behind dried-up washes.*



6  
*The arrows of light combine the fine leaves of the mesquites,*  
*shadows on the wall, it is afternoon.*  
*Water-melons must offer life to bowls of delicious salads.*  
*The heat of the day lowers the speed you move around.*



7  
*The mountains guard the city in respectful distance.*  
*Rich houses occupy the slopes.*  
*The military airport covers central areas.*  
*People work there discharging goods for*  
*wars on other continents*



8  
*The old Mexican neighborhood.*  
*Adobe-houses. Walls of unburned clay and mud.*  
*Ceilings made from saguaros' sticks.*  
*Colors reflect the sharp light*  
*make the neighboring ones float*



9  
*The musician sends flames of liberating scratches  
into the wood. My oilbars are getting soft in the heat.  
The palette knife dances:  
squeezes color into the veins.  
The dead volcano is reborn and throw stones and fire.*



10  
*The scene changes to the heath of Western Jutland.  
Ocean and wind waste away vegetation.  
Lyme grass draws circles in the sand.  
Flowers of the heather turn grey.  
The wind forms barkans in the dunes.*



11  
*All I have learned about perspective  
I may hide all that stuff in trashcans.  
Other methods must be found to catch this landscape.  
Lines and forms change as rapid as light.*



12  
*The colors here I have chained to an idea of this landscape ...  
I stick to them, I declare my loyalty to them.  
- strictly connected to these sloping lines ...  
The unwillingness of this landscape have I ruled by squares.*



13  
*The ocean is out there behind the dunes, roaring.  
The noise from the world may be all the same  
It will disappear in competition with the sound of the ocean.  
Escape from the plague ... empty your mind  
- but gateways will be closed.*



14  
*The flat moor named Monnet -  
the shining waters form mystical figures  
Like mirages from maps of distant planets.  
Young cattle munch.  
Clouds are ascending.  
Birds' screams over your head. You must leave this place.*



15  
*The rough canvas accept all that I give it.  
The low horizon. The green soil. The squares, the ovals.  
There are clouds ascending, rebellious they are!  
I cannot know what will happen the next moment.*



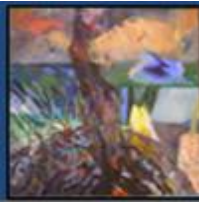
16  
*Something struggles. A human shape -  
angry expression - is hiding over there.  
Slender tracks from the brush, red and blue  
search for miracles.  
Earthenware from creation ... split up in pieces  
fragments fill the air - dive.*



17  
*All that tempting to find a meaning at last.  
Fragments from the potters' workshop hail down.  
An inextinguishable gleam – through a carpet –  
the dark material hides completely for us.*



18  
*You must understand, that fragments ...  
And the solid ground is not that secure ...  
And the firm pillows are swaying ...  
And the falling waters are heard in the darkness ...  
Nobody dares to go outside.*



19  
*All I know has been turned upside down  
Bodies are floating among clouds ...  
lakes of mercury, the soil shake itself.  
Blue flames rise from fires – turn the sky black.*



20  
*Railroad-engines come in at stations.  
Platforms lead to the abyss -  
the asphalt opens its chasm -  
"Dona Dona Dona, Dona Dona Do Na Do"*



21  
*The bird asks you to dance:  
Fly like the swallow, fly high -  
You shall not be a slave for anybody.  
Calves will be slaughtered, but you must fly high.*

*Melody: Shlomo Secunda 1940-41  
Text 20: inspiration from Aaron Zeitlin 1940-41*