

## *I-Kan-Dinsky to Mussorgsky*

*Painting to music at Tobias...  
What an awesome awakening of the senses?  
A fantasia of emotions ...  
And Tobias ... a hub ...  
Like a heartbeat,  
It's the pulse that nurtures the soul.  
Purposefully, willing the imagination,  
Into the 'edge of doubt'.<sup>1</sup>  
Yet, fearlessly you succumb,  
Enthralling in the energy of the moment.*

*And so the graphite crayon,  
Is poised and positioned  
To make a mark.  
Create a shape.  
Outline the form.  
Add highlight.  
Smudging watercolour.  
Wet n' Wet.  
Feeling its resonance.  
Absorbing colours,  
Allowing its radiance to seep,  
Into fish our and chip paper.*

*The Mussorgsky Opera;  
Revisited.  
Inviting painters as spectators,  
Painting sweeping gestures,  
Recreating the atmosphere in collage.  
Evoking a mood of "Il Vechho Castello".  
And the stories unraveling,  
Inspiring the visual images of the mind's eye ...  
Telling and painting stories of the imagination.  
New "Pictures At An Exhibition". <sup>2</sup>  
*Mussorgsky! Mussorgsky!**

*And the violin accompaniment,  
Setting the atmosphere in frenzy of emotion;  
Jollity and sound,  
Occasionally jarring ones' heart,  
In an aching ... longing ... feeling.  
Inhale ... hold ... hold... breathe.  
Exhale!*

*Extraordinaire!  
A musical 'promenade' of the senses;  
Synesthesia!  
Mussorgsky ... Synesthete. Kandinsky?*

*Tis, this music evokes the same synergy in art.  
And! so me ole heart doth ache,  
To the strings of the de violin...playing,  
The music of Promenade.  
But...Why?*

*Oh ... Aye!  
There's pomp and circumstance too.  
A Benjamin Britten moment!  
Hurrah ... hurrah ... violinist.  
Mussorgsky concerto in D Minor... Major.  
That is just massive.*

*But for some jarring sounds,  
As if etching,  
Its music scores into ones' soul,  
Oh! breathe thy aching heart ...  
Where is thy breath?*

*And, then a change ... of tempo.  
The mood is more embodying, now.  
Rich.  
Inviting the soul in a dance.  
A blue moon waltz.  
A tango.  
A jive.*

*Mussorgsky! What a composer?  
What grieved you as much?  
Thus!  
To set my own heart in such unease?  
With such deep ache at the sound of Promenade,  
Being played, every time.  
And, why?  
Yet so sweetly!  
As the violin resounds,  
Its acoustics round the Eurhythmy room.*

*One by one, two by two, like Gnomus  
Tiptoeing through the corridor.  
Gazing from painting to painting.  
Breathing in the feeling of each one,  
Line and form;  
Colour and sound,  
And, still, the violinist played on and on.*

*Surrounding the South Studio,  
Enchanting Tobias in music,  
With "Pictures At An Exhibition".*

*Those cracking oil marks on watercolour;  
Like graffiti artists,  
Displaying our tags on the walls.  
Basquait to Banksy!  
I-Kan-Dinsky to Kandinsky.  
Wii-Kan-Dinsky to Mussorgsky.*

*Unique imprints sharing in oneness,  
A new collection of pictures.  
We recreated "The Tuilleries Garden"! 3  
Capturing moods and seasons.  
Shaping this unique experience.  
The richness of colour,  
Each art piece,  
Adding value and intrigue.*

*Baba Yaga! Baba- Yaga!  
Baba Yaga! Baba- Yaga!*

*Culminating in a rich tapestry of pictures.  
And the violin strings, its 'surround sound',  
For the arrival at wrought iron,  
'The Great Gate of Kiev' 4  
Adorned in copper and wax rubbing.  
Our grandiose architecture.*

*One Copper gate to another copper gate;  
Unlocking,  
The imagination of each one of us;  
Unleashing the experience.  
And still the Violin plays on ... on...on...  
To a rapturous applause;  
Encore ! Encore ! Encore!*

*Mussorgsky Music Revisited.  
Painting,  
"Pictures At An Exhibition"2, Kandinsky-style,  
To Vladimir Ashkenazy's Philharmonia Orchestra.  
Gill David and Redgrave-Moore!  
Au revoir! Three cheers!  
I-Kan-Dinsky to Mussorgsky.*

*And the next day was Friday.  
All day, I lay to ear the sounds,  
Reminiscing.  
Like mists forming.  
Sounds of violin strings,  
Rising ... waning.  
Rising ... waning.*

*Like mists forming and dissolving.*

*Tis... An ode to Mussorgsky!  
Ebbing like dying embers of the sunset.  
Classic FM Radio,  
Echo strains of some other violin,  
Playing.  
A composer, It's not Mussorgsky. Is it?  
I wallow in the music of the day.  
All day.  
A requiem to Mussorgsky ...  
Encore, encore, encore,  
The music on the radio ...  
Echoes ... a haunting refrain,*

*And I must rouse from the feeling.  
To applaud the Violin and Sarah, our violinist.  
With a bow and a curtsy.  
I applaud Mussorgsky! Tra-la-la...lla .ala..lala!  
I applaud Kandinsky ... Abstract Painter Extraordinaire!  
I applaud Gill, our host tutor ahhah, hah, haha, haha ...  
I applaud Michelle, ever more!  
And participants; spectators and painters of the same,  
Thank you for sharing in the awesome experience.  
Mussorgsky's; "PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION" revisited.*

*I-Kan-dansky!  
Wii-kan-dinsky to Mussorgsky.  
Bow-out.*

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*Albert Huffstickler-Poet 1 Edge of Doubt Poem  
Mussorgsky - "PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION" 2, Mussorgsky CD, Vladimar Ashkenazy  
The Tuilleries Garden" 3  
'The Great Gate of Kiev' 4 Mussorgsky CD*