

SITAHW

#009

Are We Athena?

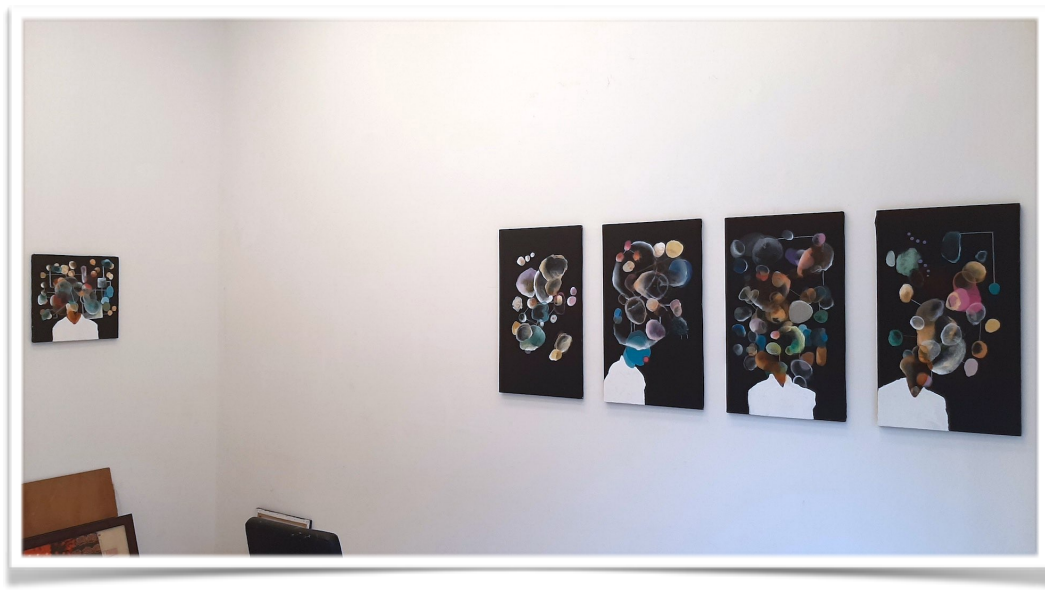
A vital factor in my upbringing is the enormous influence my father had on me. First of all, because of Love and second because I was secretly jealous of his outstanding progressive thinking, hence conflict. Archetypes of the different father-son relation has been cataloged, studied, chanted, and painted millions of times, here is one more.



The Birth Of Athena
Mixed media on canvas 70x40cm

Zeus was in love with Metis, the goddess of wisdom and ruse. When she got pregnant, Ouranos, Father Sky, the son and husband of Gaia, Mother Earth, both predicted to Zeus that Metis would bear him a son more powerful than him who will eventually overthrow him. One day while Zeus and Metis were alone in their room, Zeus proposes, as they always do, to play the transformation game. Zeus starts, "My love, can you transform into something as small as a teardrop?". Metis answers that she can and transforms into a teardrop that Zeus hastily swallows. A few months later, at the shores of Triton lake, Zeus is taken by a huge unbearable migraine, so unbearable that he orders Vulcan, the god of fire, to split his head with an ax in order to liberate him from the pain. Vulcan has no sooner struck with his ax than gushes out from the head of Zeus, Athena, the goddess of wisdom, handicraft, and war, in a shining armor brandishing her spear and shield while roaring a war cry.

Athena is "a woman who is unapproachable and repels all sexual desires - since she displays the terrifying genitals of the Mother."(Freud) Furthermore, feminists are divided, some see her as the symbol of female empowerment while others regard her as "the ultimate patriarchal sell-out... who uses her powers to promote and advance men rather than others of her sex." I dare to think she is both, given she is wise.



I am finishing a new series of four paintings with Zeus and Athena on my mind. You can pass by to see them up close and personal throughout the month of November in Beirut, Ashrafieh, Rue du Liban @LoumaRabahArtStudio. Send me a note I will prepare a private_social_distancing_friendly_viewing for you.

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Ode To The Apple

By Pablo Neruda

I want to full my mouth with you'r name

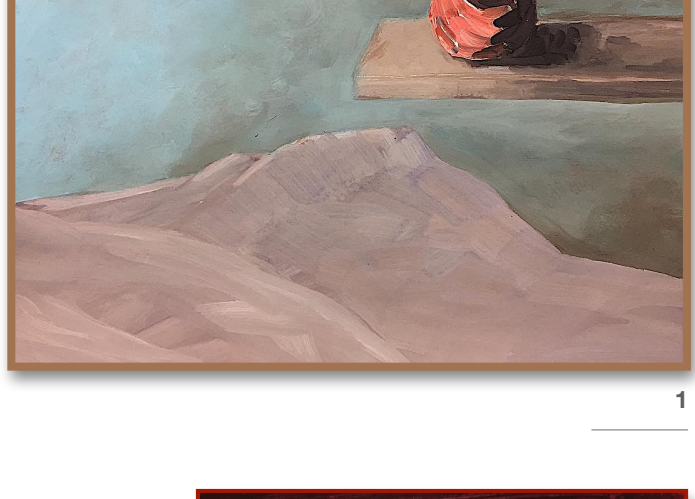
You, apple,
are the object
of my praise.
I want to fill
my mouth
with your name.
I want to eat you whole.

You are always
fresh, like nothing
and nobody.
You have always
just fallen
from Paradise:
dawn's
rosy cheek
full
and perfect!

Compared
to you
the fruits of the earth
are
so awkward:
bunchy grapes,
muted
mangos,
bony
plums, and submerged
figs.
You are pure balm,
fragrant bread,
the cheese
of all that flowers.

When we bite into
your round innocence
we too regress
for a moment
to the state
of the newborn:
there's still some apple in us all.

I want
total abundance,
your family
multiplied.
I want
a city,
a republic,
a Mississippi River
of apples,
and I want to see
gathered on its banks
the world's
entire
population
united and reunited
in the simplest act we know:
I want us to bite into an apple.



1



2



3

1- The jump 2- At the gates of hell 3- Political

Porompompom

I can credit myself of painting apples like no one ever before me. I don't remember the count but I do remember fixating for a long period on the subject. I was even known for 'the guy who does apples.' The three questions I heard the most are the obvious 'why apples?' - 'pourquoi les pommes?' - 'ليه تفاح؟'

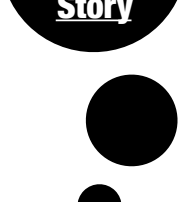
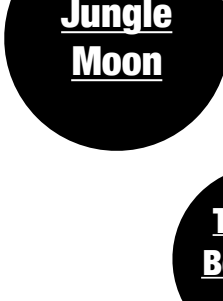
My answers varied from 'no_answer' to 'these are not apples', passing by 'that's all I can do'. I never really understood why I do them, except that painting this object gives me great pleasure, and that's probably enough. As a matter of fact, I do them in all imaginable colors and landscapes, the aesthetics of their roundness and the protruded stem (or the sunken stem) is sensual to say the least, especially when placed in a menacing atmosphere. I always dreamed of an apple solo exhibition. I used to joke with friends on naming it 'porompompom'. It never happened.



A Letter

Acrylic on watercolor paper 75x55cm

This is an imaginary letter I wrote in November 2019 to Hassan Nasrallah in which I ask him about the updated status report of his 'big plan' I heard in 1988 and that the black peach tree won't bear fruit this year.



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