

MR CHANGELING 2

Aesthete Chris
who also thinks of himself
as Mr Changeling
returns to us
with his wife Susan
to join Arthur White and family
in the founding of the
Westwich Festival for the Arts

Music Pictures Words

Sculptures considered to be words en-musiced in multi
dimensional space

With their festival they hope to brighten the world

giving out goodness and light
love and kindness
laughter and fun

Aesthete Chris is seated in the drawing room of Westwich
Hall talking with Joanne Power now Lady White
I have been developing myself so strangely he is saying
I find myself thinking in terms of doing good to help
others

and this is new to me
as I have been brought up to go out there and achieve
make something of myself
and I now dislike this very much
it does not seem to be me

I realise my education and my parents all wanted me to
compete and succeed
it has left me isolated
and the only way through
is to change and do things not for myself
but for others
and that is why I am enjoying the Arts Festival so much
it is a chance to help people

I understand responds Joanne
but you won't mind that
Arthur is running a competition
for architects for the building of the theatre

course I won't my dear
you mustn't take everything I say too seriously
everyone must do as they wish
anyway it is only a communication way
to choose the design Arthur most wants

for his theatre

if the festival is a success that is
conditions Joanne

oh it will be declares Chris
and a theatre for plays and for opera
will give us all
something to aim for
no I was only saying that I am changing
as I begin to grow old
I have to develop my mind
my experiences are passed
and all I can do is
stand on one spot
and grow deeper and more humorous
it is an issue of survival

I know what you are saying says Joanne
but I remember a friend of mine said
one secret of growing old
is do not think old
or you'll start reaching for that walking stick
and you'll start acting old
I have noticed some truth in his observation

ah thank you Joanne
continues Chris
I agree and that is why I want to
change my ageless mind

yes I like that
the ageless mind
comments Lady White

and it is taking me to strange places
Chris continues

tell me urges Joanne

through the rest of my life I hope
Aesthete Chris replies

they laugh together

nothing in the world
looks like a Cezanne
and yet a Cezanne is
what the world looks like

with these words Chris opens his discussion with Arthur
White about Chris's search for new art

everything I see
declares Chris the aesthete
is museum
I can like that but I want something more
something new
I don't want surfaces anymore
representations of what I see anyway
I don't want abstractions
I want something other
that is us
that is our open minds

I hope you aren't going to leave our festival interrupts Lord
Arthur
you are very important to us for our plans and
arrangements of the arts

no no counters Chris
like mature rebels
I plan to work
within the field
no I love the art of the past

I am the aesthete
but I want our identity

where? asks Arthur

in our pictures
be they painting
photos films videos
statues

writings poetry prose
music

I want a fresh ethos
a nature renewed by us

you mean an art of the future?

yes or better still
an art of now
an art of the present
forged from our changes

sounds a bit of a quest

I think it does
but it can be exciting

how are you going to go about it?

every day

in my waking state

I shall live it

breathe it

create it from us

and if I

Aesthete Chris

can't I shall find

someone who can

maybe you should create him and then you will

find this art

you may be right Arthur

what sort of art will it be do you think?

internal

is the word

that is what I am looking for

that which is

able to communicate

to sing to draw to play

on the internal
the feelings within
the meanings
the joys
the sense of rightness
and truth

come on Chris give me ideas
give me facts
not just words

things that show
what we wish to show
our free spirits
open minds
collective pleasures
leaving behind
the masks
of prejudice and money

ha-ha you always have it in for money don't
you?

well that is understandable but I am sure you
are distracting yourself with that
think more on the art you seek

the art you may create with your mind
let it all flow
search out this artist of yours
and bring him to our festival

I will Arthur I will
it may not be myself
he may be someone
I shall find

the festival is a success
the performances of the opera sell out
the concerts also
chamber recitals and symphony orchestra
the public flock to the art galleries for the work of local
artists

and for a grand exhibition of pictures and
installations by Cesar del Mundo

plays and comedy shows play to full houses

statue displays in the grounds of Westwiche Hall
provide a great setting for people to wander and picnic

Arthur and Joanne are delighted with the
festive party atmosphere of the event

and everyone is glad the weather has been
warm

but for Chris the best thing about the festival comes on the
last day and is aside from the festival itself because on that last
afternoon before the closing concert he decides to take a ride on
his motorbike into the countryside away from Westwich itself

riding he enters the back roads and wanders as is his habit
amongst the flowing hills and searches out a favourite bank
where he usually can rest for a breather awhile alone

all is tranquil

only today he sees his bank is occupied by someone else
someone also on a motorbike

Chris wonders whether to approach
he decides to leave as his space is useless unless he is alone
it is very rare for this to happen
but he finds himself thinking no I will not go I will continue and
approach my bank and see who the guy is
he can see the biker is staring deep into the trench of the bank

with its nettles waving thickly

the occupant of the bank hears Chris approaching and
turns to glance at the new arrival
then he returns his look to the gully which has some water
where several birds and ducks are playing

as Chris makes his final nervous approach
his heart is pumping hard
his mind is spinning

above them
a flight of large swans crosses the sky
both men gaze at the sight
wondrous of its special beauty

Chris returns his eye to the bank and stops his bike
alongside that of the stranger

he dismounts checks his bike removes his helmet
and strides over to Biker Mike
who waits patiently to greet the stranger

those swans are wonderful
you don't often see them like that
hi how are you?

I'm fine comes Biker Mike's reply

their eyes inspect each other's eyes

the two men do not touch

they will hardly ever touch

their minds make a recognition

and their hearts make a pact

of love and chastity

Mike sways back on his heels
and says I want to know your name

my name is Chris is what Mike hears

and mine is Mike

they both stretch out their arms to shake hands but they
pause and withdraw simultaneously

the scents are stronger

the wind carries the sounds more clearly

the light reveals more details amongst the nature growth
and the wild life

but nothing else seems to be around them

just a marvellous impression of lightness and happiness

in the breast good feelings

the mind is developing as the exchange of their encounter
takes place

both smile and laugh

merrily into their eyes

I would like to know what you are declares Chris

I am an artist informs Mike

please tell me what art you do?

Mike makes clear

I paint pictures

I video I compose music

I write writings that are poetic

I thought so encourages Chris

I would like to see some of your work

if you are not busy this evening

I would like to take you to our gala concert

at the Westwiche Arts Festival

thank you I would like that says Mike

that is all right

you can be my guest

as I am one of the organisers

wonderful and I imagine

you are an artist too

yes and a happy one

just like myself

good

I ride the bike to escape everything

so do I says Mike

it is the pleasure of the solitary man

I often visit the bank

but it is rare for me to see anyone here

this is the first time I have come across it says Mike

it is very good for the head

to find somewhere

to cleanse and think

I agree says Chris

I will leave your name

on the gate

Biker Mike says he'll be there

and the two men part

Mike first

wondering if his unthought

had been thought

and a little later

after some contemplating

Chris mounted his bike

riding off

thinking perhaps

he had found his new artist