

CHAPTER 1 IN LOVE

The making of a Magic Lantern poem

Edward Murray

You can find the poem on YouTube at: youtu.be/TKDeRukCRuQ?si=lfMFoSGRFARnJrV-

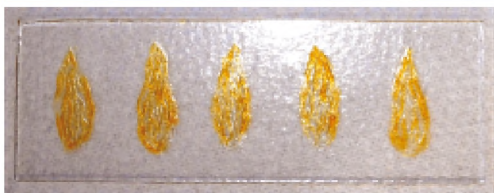
The Magic Lantern poem appears to be focused on the devil, in nuance, or in a conspiracy, with a muse. The poem changes from multiple perspectives by contemplating loss of control, alongside persistent cravings. Love is coupled with an inability to discern whether the devil in the poem is the muse or the speaker, and if the coming war is the manifestation of addiction, compulsion or madness.

Each new slide is a combination of two slides of people, with devils, and people in a position of conflict, a continuation despite, or in spite of, and with, harm, in despair. The poem includes an unseen narrative, though slight, a handmade eyelid shutter. Each transition is meant to be the first person of the narrator blinking. A glass blob is used in front of the lens, trying to accomplish the blur as one would take their hands and rub their eyes to make sure this devil is real, the belief or reasoning with sight, a reason for being there, right now, blurring being and believing.

The glass slide candle flames were made by a friend, and fellow artist, who fuses glass to make intricate designs. The candle in the poem held by the possible muse is pensive, shining the light on the man slightly over, and above, a body.



Camera and 'eyelid' shutter (above); and disco (glitter) ball (below)



Glass 'blobs' for blur (top) and candle flame (bottom)

The lid of the tin is an antique phonograph horn.

Even though this poem appears to be distinct, the poem manifests within *Chapter 2 in war* (see *TML 43*) which is my previous poem. There are three chapters to this work and I have now completed two. The future of the work is building the slides of the final parable, *Chapter 3 at sea*.



Cookie tin with wind-up music boxes inside and phonograph horn lid



Just before there is light and a notion of holding on to each other, there are multiple images of a man fighting a dragon, an idea of sunlight – the slide projector was turned around, facing away from the screen and shifted to a 45 degree angle with a disco ball a few inches from the lens. The image of the man fighting the dragon is projected on the floor, the ceiling, the walls, and represents how determined each of us is willing to stay in our mindset, whether in love or war. We fight under a disco ball, a dance, a battle.

The soundtrack is a cookie tin full of various wind-up music box songs collected from different second-hand stores. The poem initially starts with the sound of them being wound up with the clicking, and then tossed into the tin with a thump – a small thud, the syncopated

beat, adding to the unexpected beats and off beat grooves, adding to the distortion of the visuals. The lid of the tin is an antique phonograph horn.

Love is an intense feeling, interest, and pleasure in something, affection, connection, dancing ... War is a sustained hostile effort between forces within an area of a common ground, land or sea. It is untangled from, and linked with, conflict.

Dante depicted nine circles of hell representing a gradual descent into increasing levels of sin and punishment. *The Inferno* is a spiritual journey and awakening guided by the ancient Roman poet Virgil, an allegory of human reason. Whether of fate or free will, love and war share intense emotions and sacrifice to fulfill desired objectives. Living on bent knees, serving a master, whether in addiction, or kneeling and praying to a god, in service, both share the same physical appearance. There is love in war, and war in love, and all is fair.

Chapter 1 in love

revolvers

there are two kinds of monsters in the world
and there is you

a parade of silhouettes and marionettes and yet
the company I keep
keeps me



dizzy

the candle dances to keep us company
stabs at me
a coward

I sleep with a revolver
in the same bed with the first devil I kissed

the crackle of the candle flicks
falling stars on to the dresser top
pocked mark
darkness
a parade of hell

so as long as we hold each other
we will hold on to notions of invisibility and possibilities
the idea of sunlight
we will hold on to the sound of idle wind mauling the hills

the candle is a coward
and leaves us here to suffer
alone
idle

darkness parading monsters



See TML 37 (p. 11), TML 39 (p. 7), TML 43 (p. 11) and this issue below for more about Edward Murray and his work with magic lanterns.
He welcomes questions, comments or exchanges of ideas.
