



The gathering of Crysomallos

Munching on a Scotch egg on Tuesday noon October 16, 2012 my eyes wandered over the exposés in Saltburn’s Arts Bank gallery and locked with his ones, the eyes of Crysomallos, the legendary winged ram with the golden fleece, send by Hermes to rescue the kids of the distressed goddess Nephele. Immediately a phrase of my most favorite Lebanese philosopher Khalil Gibran came to my mind: “Yes, there is a Nirvana; it is leading your sheep to a green pasture, and is putting your child to sleep, and is writing the last line of your poem.” After weeks of negotiations on a ransom for Crysomallos and his gathering the triptychon finally came to the study room of the Glucsburgh where he is now staring as a guardian deity deep into the eyes of the students in front of me, leading them through to the green pastures of science.

(Ewald Schnug, June 10, 2020)