



## The Continuing Dialogues of Pandora and Pavlov

by Olivia Sprinkel

“Hey.”

“Hey, Pavlov. How are you?”

“Good. The wifi just isn’t working well at the moment out here, so will just have to do audio.”

“No worries. Mine’s been dodgy too. I think it’s beginning to feel the strain, all these months of lockdown.”

“How’s the writing going?”

“You know. First you beg. Then you borrow. You know that you want to write. But what? You beg to the gods of creation to give you an idea, any idea, that you can work with. Radio silence. And so then you borrow. There are no new ideas after all. You try on the ideas for size. Would it work worn like this, accessorised with a belt maybe, or worn with a feather, or with the sleeves cut off, or a lace hem added? Ask what would make it your own.”

“You know me. Always ready to accessorise with a red feather boa. I’ve requested one for the dressing up box out here. For our fancy dress Fridays.”

“Haha. Send me a picture. But then in the process of trying them on, of playing around, an idea for your own creation comes to you.”

“True enough. I’ve experienced that. It just raises the question of ownership of the idea. Are you actually the owner? Or just the caretaker? And if you don’t take care of it, will the gods of creation take it back again?”

“Good point. What do you think?”

“Use it or lose it. The gods of creation don’t want a good idea to go to waste.”

“I agree. You know that poem I sent you the other day? The last two lines?

‘i did not come into this water  
to not re:place myself in this world’

“I’ve been thinking what I mean by ‘myself’? Our selves are defined by all these strands of connections. The paradox that to be uniquely us, we have to let go of our notion of ‘myself’. We have to be open to the possibility of being in service to the greater whole. And only in that way can we uniquely be ourselves.”

Pavlov remained quiet, hoping the line wouldn’t break up.

“When we are fixed on the ‘I’, we can only be ourselves as defined by society, fitting into pre-defined roles, and therefore we deny our uniqueness.

“But if we let go of those pre-defined notions, and merge ourselves into the whole, then we can, paradoxically, be ourselves. And, the theory is, that when you open up to this self that is bigger than the self, then that is what we call luck begins to flow.”

“Does you and I meeting fit into that definition of luck?” Pavlov asked.

“Well, if you think that we have met for some higher purpose,” Pandora laughed.

“Love is a pretty high purpose”, Pavlov replied. And then realised he had said the love word out loud.

He quickly moved on. “Clearly, you were meant to miss your flight so we would end up sitting next to each other.”