



— Statement —

My meditation is without hesitation, and the marks left behind are indications of a state of oneness with my environment, my people and the universe. Any break from the intense focus needed to attain such a state is immediate departure from truth; failure. Yet failure is growth...but then growth only leads to eventual decay; the fall of a tree leads to the growth of a new generation of life. So isn't this truth as well? What is the difference between the idea of truth and actual truth?

Wouldn't actual truth be larger than our own pre-conceived notions? Does it originate in a place beyond our own concept of right and wrong, good and bad? And so I search for truth through my art, which is to say, my art is only a vehicle for my freedom.

There are moments that make us free, instances in which there exist no doubt, no question, and all the universe flows through us. We float effortlessly in the ethereal tide of the movement of the rhythms of nature and the vibrations of the pulse of life. And then we bring these moments to a physical plane.

May this plane be the surface of a canvas?

To some, art is a trite and trivial activity in these times of war and intolerance, yet if all human beings functioned on the level of self awareness and ego-less meditation that brings about great works of art and self discovery, there would be no space for violence and hate...all things in life would be seen as they truly are; beautiful.

The exhibition (art made public) is a strange thing indeed;

Through our search for the highest, purest state of being we must go through a process of attaining a heightened state of self awareness, confidence, concentration, total commandment of all facilities and a deep connection and commitment to the world around us, while at the same time completely letting go of ego, self and all external attachments, wide open to whatever direction nature decides to take us. A most deeply personal experience...

...and now with no ego, utterly open and naked, we are judged.

Remember, with every doubt comes a hitch in the "natural flow of being" (awareness).

We may judge the artist, their work, but are we not really only judging ourselves?
Which do we decide to see, beauty or its opposite? How do we decide to live our lives?

When the wind blows and the warm sun strikes our cold bodies, do we actually feel it, or do we reason it into being?
How many of us are actually alive? Actually living?

Look around.

How then can I describe in words or images (limiting symbols to describe the limitless) something that is so pure and so beautiful that it takes me to a place in which all is effortless, ego-less and infinite?

I am closer now than I ever have been, but shouldn't this be the way?

What does it take to let go of our egos, to float comfortably in the nothingness? Would this not be the only way to understand and attain clarity of our guiding spirit? And then what is spirit? What is this mysterious thing we all talk of so freely, and yet about which have such little, if any comprehension?

What is it that guides us and directs us outside and beyond our frail, fragile, confused egos?

Where do we go when we dream? Meditate? Die? Where do we go when we create?

What is the essence of the wind?

I recently witnessed two doves, one black, one white, building a nest in my window sill. The next day two eggs were laid, and on the 1st day of June, the new babies were hatched...tiny, little, wet, long-necked creatures feeding, shaking and trying to stay warm under mother's cover (the blue ring around her eye is as pure as the heavens above).

And this morning, the little newborns stretched and flapped their wings for the first time;
preparation for flight.