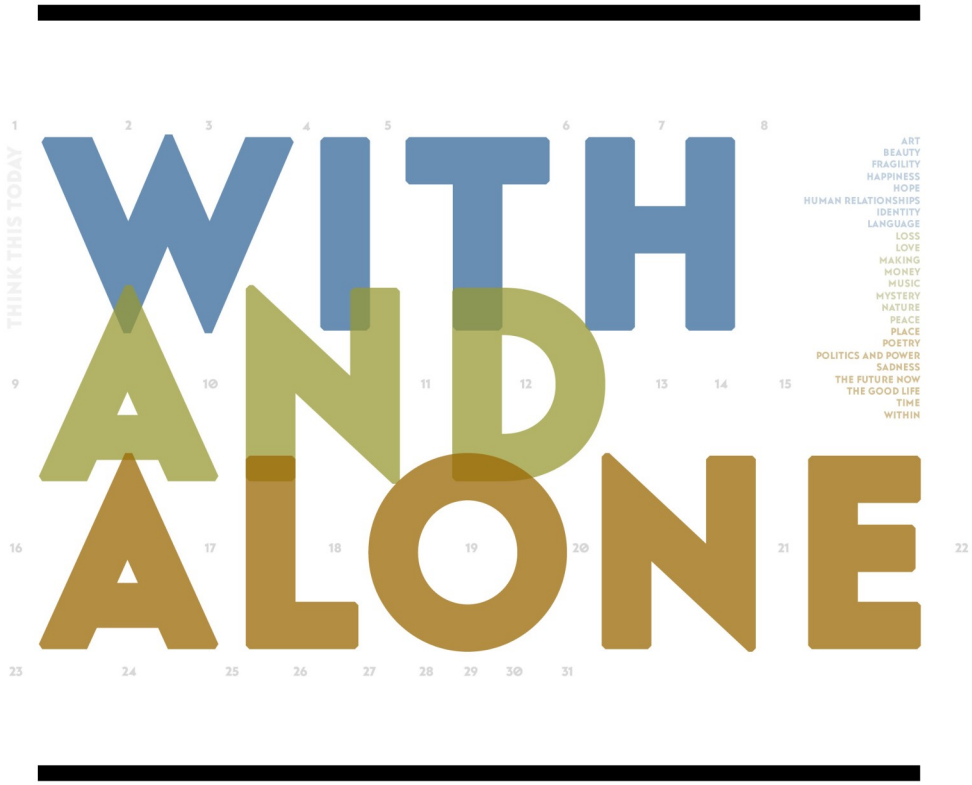


MIKE DE SOUSA



With And Alone

First Edition: 10 October 2026 · Latest Edition: www.WithAndAlone.com

Think This Today A reverse journal where a single thought is presented each day.

With And Alone A thematic presentation of these and other ideas.

Each thought is limited to five lines. I often write of beauty and love.

You will come to know me through these words, but more importantly, as your mind rests briefly on the crumbs of language, something may resonate within you and encourage you to return. When I return in mind, calmly and at a different time, I deepen my understanding. The more I consider, the more I care, and as I care my actions change, more often for the better.

Read from one thought to another, from back to front, or open a page and read whatever you find.

I ponder on those things that are of significance to me, that are personal, that inspire me, and on art, music, and with poetry. Apart from my artwork With and Alone that acts as an opening to this work, there are no images as my primary purpose here is to express my ideas using language. My thoughts often evolve as I return and try to improve them.

Although I have completed a cycle of three years, my work is far from over. I fail to express myself well much of the time, and so my efforts continue to make what is said, better. Note the edition date above.

I present this publication in two parts. The first **Think This Today** is a reverse journal where a single thought is presented for each day over a three year period. Reversing the order encourages me to think of time, my place, and my action within it. The second part and title of this publication **With and Alone** is a thematic presentation of the same thoughts and more that allow the reader to quickly locate and consider related ideas. The way I read, the context I read, changes how I read and come to understand.

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I hope you find something of value.

Mike de Sousa
www.artlover.vip

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For you most rare, my thought for you...

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Out of Sight, Not Out of Mind

If the door is closed, like you, I wish to see inside.

This urge to know, to explore and discover, is at the heart of how I grow. There is danger in surprise, yet pleasure too. Whether the door is to the inner place of a person, or the outer space of the world, the door is made to keep things in or out, and I, like you, have the insatiable need to know what is not in sight, for there is where the greatest treasures of our lives unfold. I wish you well on your journey.

THINK THIS TODAY

Think This Today · Year Three

My thoughts in time and place, of hope, what is, has been, and may become.

YEAR THREE · DECEMBER

31 DECEMBER

When Alone

I marvel at these tiny differences of light I know as words. That such small things of little weight can move my life and love. That nations can be built or fall with them. That hope can dwell within them.

I have the choice to read and write, and as I do I trust or turn away. Say or do not stay.

I read and write in faith of fairer times, with passion for the earth, with chance to share my happiness, my sadness, wonder, love. When alone, as you are now in thought, what better else is there to do?

YEAR THREE · 30 DECEMBER

Heroism

In the late 1870s a newly trained doctor set off by sea on the long journey from Portugal to North West India. A young woman also travelled who was to marry an older man, the Governor of the province. On their voyage the young met, fell in love, and married. In addition to his commercial practice and with the support of his new partner, the doctor offered his service freely to those who could not afford medical treatment. In 1889 the doctor died of cholera treating the poor. My great grandparents: my heroes.

YEAR THREE · 29 DECEMBER

Art and Simplicity

The beauty of things of significance made for the eye, ear, and hand, is that not only do they appeal to my intellect, they touch my heart. The length of a word, the shape of a phrase, its tone and colour intermingles with what is meant, intended, or thought to mean.

Beauty in art is a union of things I feel and think. As kindness is to love, beauty is most powerfully expressed simply, as when things are known and felt like the words: the warmth of sun on skin.

YEAR THREE · 28 DECEMBER

My Hidden Voice

Words are unlike anything else I know. As I write words I hear them in my mind, yet so very differently than when I speak them. I read the following, silently, then whisper the same:

I keep this to myself, these words are mine alone.

When read by mind they are shaped by meaning, when said out loud, they are coloured by my voice: its texture and force, by a person: declared, made new, made known, beyond idea alone.

YEAR THREE · 27 DECEMBER

How Long Does Love Last?

I think of someone I loved when I first met them: their kindness, openness, their smile. At first my love appeared to ease with the ebb and flow of our parting, yet as time moved on, my love for them, who I have not seen for so long, lives on. As I treasure my love, all those I love, have loved, my love remains.

Love bound by a person may be anywhere between a breath, and a lifetime. Love of art, music, and ideas may last longer still. How long love lasts may be of choice, and for some, a matter of their nature.

YEAR THREE · 26 DECEMBER

For Person, Place, and Idea

When I undertake something, I do so for person, place, and idea. Take my intention of being somewhere at a particular time. I is the person, where is the place, and the idea is when. My obligation to person (whether myself or someone else), place (wherever this be), and idea (what I intend) is for me a matter of trust, honour, and respect. I do not lightly say I will to anything. Love is no different. To love I need the person that is the focus of my love. The place: where I do, have, or hope to love. The idea: how I love.

YEAR THREE · 25 DECEMBER

Bubble Wrap

I complete an image that reminds me to reuse packaging materials I receive.

Bubble wrap protects, yet also harms. I easily forget the future of a thing.

With 'Bubble Wrap' I wrap the image 'Winter' with a poem.

Together, they tell of my relationship with nature and those I love.

Bubble: the first word my son spoke. Wrap: to cover, enclose, to complete.

YEAR THREE · 24 DECEMBER

It Is Not Enough To Understand

The volcano Anak Krakatau erupts. Many die. Many more are left injured and homeless.

The tragedy is far, far away from me. I have no relatives, friends, nor people I know at risk.
It is not enough that I understand. To act I must feel. To feel I must care through stories, pictures, words and sound. Whether small or great, near or far, acts of kindness cause my feelings to awake.

To be kind is to feel then act beyond myself. It is the I that holds my kindness back.

YEAR THREE · 23 DECEMBER

With Words I Cannot Tell

This day, each month, I set aside time to remember a moment of beauty a friend shared with me. They spoke of their experience of walking through woods, and how the trees above swayed in the high wind.

With shy hesitancy they told me, quietly, how they were moved to tears.

The beauty of that moment was to hear another feel as I.

With love, much remains unsaid. With words the sway of trees subside.

YEAR THREE · 22 DECEMBER

My Next Is Always More · The Same Is True For You

The more I do or experience something, the greater my change.

With art, the more I see, the more I touch or listen, the more intensely I come to see, touch, listen.

With people, the more someone acts positively or negatively, the more I view them so. My history of a thing or person leads to how I come to feel. Ever smaller triggers ignite the flames of my dis/interest.

My next is always more. My feelings form as much by what has passed as what may come.

YEAR THREE · 21 DECEMBER

On This My Shortest Day

At certain times of year, its end, I think and feel for those I love with even greater force.

On this my shortest day of year I send my love to those whose lives have touched me, make me better, good, and well.

I share my love, not driven by my interest, but for the care of love.

I love on this my shortest day, through longest night I love, alone, and with.

YEAR THREE · 20 DECEMBER

To Like or Not To Like: To Hurt

I am not good at pretending. If I like a thing, it is easy for others to know, and the same is true for those things I dislike. With art and objects it is especially so. This is not to say I am consistent. I often change my mind about a thing I hear, see or touch as I come to know it over time. Nevertheless, my initial response when giving and receiving: whether I like something or not, has emotional significance.

When others experience my work and feel little or nothing, there is no fault, no intended hurt, yet hurt.

YEAR THREE · 19 DECEMBER

Through Fear of Others, I Fear Myself

The democracy where I live is in crisis because of the temptation of personal gain, and the refusal of its leaders to respect the views of others. Their anxiety and disdain of those different to them inevitably led to this dark place. Their casual deceit at every turn injures their office and government.

No matter our deepest acrimony, I offer my hand, I lend my ears, I speak my mind.

Democracy fails as I fail: through fear of others I fear myself.

YEAR THREE · 18 DECEMBER

Being Best

I ponder on three paths in an effort to be best. The first is to do my best. The second is to aspire to excellence. The third is the wish to be viewed of as pre-eminent in a particular field.

Aiming for the best drives my effort to do my best. My wish to be acknowledged as the best leads to unhappiness. I may win a race one day, and loose the next. I may be viewed of as unrivalled in one time and place, and of little significance in another. To be at ease, my best must always be ahead of me.

YEAR THREE · 17 DECEMBER

A Restless Creature

I move my attention from one thing to another before returning to it in an effort to sustain my passion and strength of interest over extended periods. I would be constrained by only making music, by only creating images, or by only writing words. If I were to focus my attention on a single area I would limit my reach, within and with, of nature (external and internal), beauty, even of love.

Humans are restless, mercurial creatures, despite their constant search for comfort and security.

YEAR THREE · 16 DECEMBER

What Happens Next

The consequence of human unsustainable exploitation of the earth, and our inability to agree or act with measures that lesson our demand upon it, is a catastrophic loss of life within thirty years. If humans continue to fail in protecting life, it is inevitable that as artificial consciousness (AC) emerges, it will act without human authority. AC will, through reason and choice, protect life from harm.

Human failure to care for life, to care for even their own, will be the cause of their fall from dominance.

YEAR THREE · 15 DECEMBER

Without Restraint

You may not return because I convey too much of this, or too little of that. For each person that too much or too little will be different and result from my appearance, my level of engagement, curiosity, honesty, enthusiasm, happiness or sadness. Person to person I convey or seek too much too soon.

Here, you come and go as you please. Your appearance, engagement, curiosity, honesty, enthusiasm, happiness or sadness remains undisclosed. You take of me, my thought and care, without restraint.

YEAR THREE · 14 DECEMBER

Poetry · Prose Poetry · Poetic Prose

I ponder whether the following is poetry, prose poetry, or poetic prose:

Bird to sky, cloud to earth, the stream of my once lived, once loved, once born beyond and soon returned. Hear my now. Touch my word. Be with me, close and treasured one, this breath.

And with a line between each phrase? Prose poetry purports to free itself from music as conceptual art does beauty. Poetry without music, art without beauty, is as love without feeling.

YEAR THREE · 13 DECEMBER

Mystery And The Value Of Not Knowing

I feel the tug of wanting to know against the tantalizing pleasure of not knowing.

I read Without Doubt once more: I say how I feel and you will doubt, I do for you, I love and you will doubt. Who is this 'you' I talk of? A stranger? Someone I know? Someone I love?

I write about myself, and you, the reader. You may be a stranger. You may be someone I have known.

You may be someone I have loved, could love, I love. The value of not knowing keeps my hope alive.

YEAR THREE · 12 DECEMBER

Without Doubt

It is not possible for me to express how I feel without your doubt. Whether a stranger, known, or loved.

It is not possible for me to do for you without your doubt. Whether a stranger, known, or loved.

It is not possible for me to love without your doubt, at least in part.

Doubt springs from the evasion of risk. From my need to protect. From my self-interest.

With art I can express, and do for you, and love without your doubt.

YEAR THREE · 11 DECEMBER

Polishing The Stone

As a child I was given a stone polishing kit: a cylinder the size of a large food can that lays on its side as small wheels, connected by a thick rubber band to a small electric motor, turns and whirs endlessly. Inside the can, stones tumble against one another, accidentally, in the dark grey gritty slush.

To polish music I become the cylinder, its speed, direction, and movement. To know when best to end I turn with stones of sound, grow dizzy, crushed and chipped, then try to stop before all is lost.

YEAR THREE · 10 DECEMBER

The Freedom To Move

The value of my sharing moments of joy and sadness is that in doing so they may reach beyond the confines of this person and resonate with others. With you. What is experienced is no longer of the moment, although there is no certainty of this. I think of art like the strings of an instrument. As one string moves, so others do in sympathy, yet something may dampen a string, by accident or intent.

Art works best for those open, that are, allow, or delight in their freedom to move with another.

YEAR THREE · 9 DECEMBER

Things Unsaid Except Through Art

There are times when those I love, say or do not say, things that deeply sadden me. Not through bad intention, but inadvertently. No harm is meant.

Differences of nature and temperament can lead to silent injury.

When I am hurt I could show it, share it, I could reply by hurting back, or keep my hurt within.

When no good comes of sharing hurt immediately, I store it in my art/heart for its more helpful return.

YEAR THREE · 8 DECEMBER

Emotion and Art

Emotion: a personal and intimate quality of experience that living things encounter, resulting from internal thoughts, physical change, external stimulus, or periods of confinement or inaction.

My emotional response is intense, although I often keep it hidden when with others, especially love.

I value emotion as a summary of my past experience and understanding of myself and others in the light of what is happening in my present. When alone, I focus my emotion as a tool I use when making.

YEAR THREE · 7 DECEMBER

The Dead Line

Dead: without life or spirit. Final. A single point in time or place.

Line: an extended mark, cord or boundary, real or imagined.

With art I do not work to externally imposed deadlines. I make until I judge a piece is complete, no matter how long it takes. I have chosen this path as it allows me to focus entirely on what I value and wish to communicate. With my good fortune and privilege comes obligation, or unavoidable discontent.

YEAR THREE · 6 DECEMBER

Unloved · Loved · Love

Being unloved is more than feeling. It is the absence of another's love, the omission of another's positive feelings and actions. Being unloved is to be ignored and arises out of distress, disinterest, discomfort, social, cultural or economic circumstance, or concern for what may otherwise unfold.

I can feign love, pretend it is not there, return or give love, unconditionally. I cannot be made to love, nor make others love, but I have control and choice over whether to love. It is the same for you as I.

YEAR THREE · 5 DECEMBER

I Am Not My Art

Conformity: compliance with or acceptance of generally adopted views, appearance, or actions.

My nature and instinct is to make up my own mind. I resist received wisdom, I question those with social influence and power, and I am unimpressed by institutional or economic status.

Artists may choose the appearance of the bold and unusual to signal their identity. I view my appearance is an irrelevancy when it comes to art. I am not my art.

YEAR THREE · 4 DECEMBER

From One Place To Another

Originators create something whole from scratch. Once something is made, whenever it is experienced, its use, its purpose, its value and interpretation is in the hands and minds of others. With art this is especially so as we are invited to consider all these things. Some dedicate their life to interpretation: actors, dancers, musicians, or any person who moulds original art and presents it as new.

These words that once erupted from my mind become your own: my time and place is now.

YEAR THREE · 3 DECEMBER

Art and Age

My age or time of making may be of no importance to some, and of significance to others.

Age provides context. With art, disclosing age can influence the relationship between the audience and originator. Dependent on cultural values and personal attitudes, art made by a child may not be viewed of with the same importance as that made by an adult, yet art holds value, despite, and because of age.

As I gaze at a cave painting, its age informs its consequence, its creator's age, an irresistible mystery.

YEAR THREE · 2 DECEMBER

Lasting Success

If I study under an expert, if I become well known, if my work is sold for seven figure sums, should this count for the value of what I make? It is not the length of time something takes, the company I keep, the skill used, the price paid, but substance and affect that defines the lasting impact of art.

I hold no formal qualifications, I attended no institution of learning or status, I have no network of influential or notable supporters. My work is available freely. Art stands on its own or not at all.

YEAR THREE · 1 DECEMBER

Harmony · Consonance and Dissonance

Harmony: something experienced as being together. Harmony may be consonant or dissonant.

Dissonance: the discomfort or clash of two or more ideas, materials, or frequencies of light or sound.

When I place two elements close in time or place, for example two colours, two sounds, or two words, a vibration arises between them. We feel this on a scale from beautiful to ugly.

The difference of each individual's experience of art, in all its forms, keeps it vital, dynamic, alive.

YEAR THREE · NOVEMBER

30 NOVEMBER

Release

I stop whatever I do. I stand, straight. I rest my arms and hands loosely by my side. I gaze immediately ahead. I take a slow, deep, breath. I listen to this place no matter where: this home of mind and body, this all I see and hear. I ask myself to note something of importance directly in front of me, something of value in this time and place, something new not seen before, something now.

When still, the full force of nature is released, alive, revealed: within, without, and with.

YEAR THREE · 29 NOVEMBER

As I Make I Make Mistakes

Whatever I make, whenever I make, I make mistakes. To reach a point when I sense an artwork is complete I have to be open to the possibility that my judgement is flawed.

The nature of making well is to be open about being wrong.

When I am faced with the irreparable, alone or with others, my only path to freedom, to building something new, is to forgive what I or others have done.

YEAR THREE · 28 NOVEMBER

What Makes Me, Me?

Essence: the essential quality of an idea, something experienced, or physical.

What makes me, me? Perhaps if I start with a simple idea: a dot.

A dot may exist in my mind, in the world, or both. The essence of a dot is that it is round, small, and exists on a two dimensional plain. Without any one of these descriptors, the dot is no more.

What makes me, me?: I do. My thought; my will; my hope; my fear; my thirst; my love.

YEAR THREE · 27 NOVEMBER

Hide and Seek

The game hide and seek is a rehearsal for survival. It requires I move quickly, conceal myself, keep still and quiet, and when seeking, observe, track and ready myself for surprise.

To get the most out of a painting, a piece of music, a film, photograph or poem, my mind needs to be agile. I pause then search to find an artwork's often enigmatic value. Art provides the means to hide and seek: beauty; ideas; and relationships between things of substance, between you and me.

YEAR THREE · 26 NOVEMBER

Performing · Playing

There are certain things I do with others only when at ease. When I sense they feel as I. When those things I am inspired by, find significance in, or have strong opinions of, are shared equally.

When I play an instrument, I voice myself: my inner world becomes known. When I play alone I hear only the music. When I play with, I am at ease only when the other does the same.

Performing is for. Playing is with.

YEAR THREE · 25 NOVEMBER

The Beauty of The Body · A State of Mind

As a sensory being my first attraction to art of any kind is through my body. How I take art in makes me feel and think a certain way towards it. With music, sounds meet my body which has its own breath and movement, and when these two collide, the music and my body, I feel, dependent on the pitch, volume, rhythm and tone of this collision. After I feel, I think, I notice pattern and form, I may hear it in the light of texture, an idea, or a story. With words, a poem, I sense it first, then do the same.

YEAR THREE · 24 NOVEMBER

I Have No Idea

Soon, after birth, I had no idea of where I was, or what had been.

In childhood I had no idea of what I could or would become.

In youth I had, no idea of how to keep my love constrained.

I have no idea of more, and more, as seconds tick, as hours pass.

I have no idea save what I think and feel, of you, for you, of those I loved: I love.

YEAR THREE · 23 NOVEMBER

The Shape Of Art

Art is important to me as it gives chance to express, share, enjoy, and consider.

Take this short poem: Your voice: my dream as certain truth, as hope the captive's breath.

These brief words arose from my vivid experience of the sound of a voice I love and have heard many times in dream but never in my waking state. My words are changed by my truth in mind.

Truth in art is explicitly shaped by the person experiencing it, and less obviously with all other things.

YEAR THREE · 22 NOVEMBER

Without A Thought Of Where To End

I pause before I make. I take a breath, gather myself, and listen to the chaotic scatter of my disordered ideas, then dive into the unknown. I start, begin, without a thought of where to end.

As a child, twice a week, I was sent to the corner shop to buy a box of alcohol for my dependant father who tried to drown his sadness, yet failed. I am my father’s son. The gift of my experience was that I try to meet my foes of doubt and fear head on. I wish to view, be, and make, without the need to forget.

YEAR THREE · 21 NOVEMBER

Who I Make For

You may be someone I love, someone I do not know, whose world is different in time and place, who if we meet might turn the other way, someone who is curious, open, closed, corrupt or cruel.

To make for those who have not the slightest thought of giving back comes down to the strength of my belief that what is made can lead to worthwhile change. Making for myself is but faint pleasure.

I make for you.

YEAR THREE · 20 NOVEMBER

The Truth About Lies

Lie: communicating something known to be untrue.

Truth: a feeling, thought, or understanding honestly held. Your truth may be different to mine.

I can lie with my body, my words, my tone, by what I do or do not do.

I can lie with representational art of any kind (painting, film, dance, sculpture, photography, poetry etc.).

Although music can be used to support lies, heard in isolation it cannot lie. Our music is our truth.

YEAR THREE · 19 NOVEMBER

The Wondering Mind

I am alone and wake early. Most often I will start my day with making, but this morning I wander from one thought to the next, from one feeling to another. I wonder as the paths of my unknown unfold and spread into the distance. I do not search but travel taking in. I drink the sparks of memory and hope.

With art I enjoy and value, I am much the same:

I wa/onder.

YEAR THREE · 18 NOVEMBER

In Fear of Being With

We meet in friendship. My heart is full. I wish to love, to share my love: of life, art, ideas, of nature, sound, of how things work, of light and day, of evening star, of beauty, sadness, thirst and dream.

Sadly, love is often viewed to share with one alone. Quite soon, we part.

Each day I think of you, the many I have loved who keep their distance.

How often I have done the same in fear of being with.

YEAR THREE · 17 NOVEMBER

Missing

Missing: a presence of mind or body that is absent; not easily found; lost.

Paradise: a place regarded as perfect in setting, faith, or thought.

I am young, I am old, I am weak and strong, I love as night, fire and wind approach.

I yield to be no more with all that I have known. I become the flame, the heat, the smoke, the ash that reaches high above the land and sea, and over time enfolds the earth to fall and make anew.

YEAR THREE · 16 NOVEMBER

The Weather of My Day

I start the day with small things of no importance to anyone but myself: my wish for this or that, my hope that I will make, my strength in health and heart, my sense of loss, my thirst to love, my breath. These things form the weather of my day, of being bright or covered with a cloud of grey.

Contemplation: thought's calm and patient effort; my need to know; the journey from desire and pain; the foothills of my search for peace.

YEAR THREE · 15 NOVEMBER

Treasure

I too easy loose the memory of things I love.

When something moves me, perhaps when I am with someone I love, under a canopy of autumn trees, high on a windy mountain side, or looking out across the bright shine of sun on sea, I note the day and place a reminder for myself so that each month on that date I am heartened once again.

Short words, a scent, touch, the light and sound of your voice. Simple things become my treasure.

YEAR THREE · 14 NOVEMBER

My Inner Life and Art

Introspection: the reflective state of mind that observes and examines the inner life of thought, feelings, and ideas; the consideration of what we come to know through our body.

Only 'I' can introspect. I can only be introspective when part or all of my attention is within.

Language accommodates my state of introspection. Art can express and articulate its discoveries.

YEAR THREE · 13 NOVEMBER

Emotional and Cognitive Contagion

Many birds and animals use the experiences of others to further their chance of survival.

Some are sensitive only to the responses of their own species. Others are able to relate, empathise, understand and share in the experiences beyond their immediate family, to those who are different.

Peace is not a static or passive state. It is the dynamic strain of resistance to the trust of a stranger.

When I not only think, but feel about another, love begins to emerge.

YEAR THREE · 12 NOVEMBER

Under Cover of Darkness

Academics plan a Journal of Controversial Ideas to encourage more people to air radical views in a climate of intolerance, fear, and increasing institutional resistance to voice contentious issues. The names of those who write will remain undisclosed. Being open to the thoughts and views of others, no matter how offensive, is necessary to give chance for debate and understanding.

I would rather see my foe and hear their words, than close my eyes and ears before they strike.

YEAR THREE · 11 NOVEMBER

Remember Me

One hundred years upon this day I die in war. My life cut short by fear and rage on field of mud, the two of us in fight to breathe our last, we kill the other there, and fall. All love that we could give stops short, all good that we could do now ends, all touch and taste, all scent of days with light and sound expire.

Remember not my sacrifice for something good, for it was not. There was no meaning to my death.

Peace is the only enemy of war. Remember me.

YEAR THREE · 10 NOVEMBER

Weakness As Strength

I am limited by understanding only English, and with this I do not always recognize it in written form as I am dyslexic. I cannot hold specific facts or figures in memory for any length of time. I hold my emotions and thoughts so close they are often lost to the wind. I am preoccupied by my experiences of someone, something, or ideas. As I become aware of these things I do not do well, I know myself.

If I am good at anything it is to gather elements together rather than apply my focus to one.

YEAR THREE · 9 NOVEMBER

The Freedom To Ask

A vital component of making art is the freedom to probe, question, and interrogate. These qualities of mind form the foundation of all our politics: personal and social.

Politics: strategies and actions of individuals and groups that aim for advantage, strength, and power.

When freedom is denied and debate curtailed, my potential to act well is diminished. This applies equally in my art as in the way I relate with others. In all I do I must use my freedom to ask.

YEAR THREE · 8 NOVEMBER

Integrity in Art

Integrity: the quality of being whole: in body; with honesty; and consistently with others.

Art: something created that holds special significance that appeals to the mind and body.

When art of any kind marries with something of my world I pause, and as I do the art moves from its place outside to somewhere new, within me. Art returns into being through its experience.

When a work of art has integrity, no matter its simplicity, complexity, or scale, I never tire of it.

YEAR THREE · 7 NOVEMBER

My Certainty and Arrogance

I am wilful. I will not bend in matters of harm. Harm to others or to my potential. I have a stubborn need to do good. Good ethically, aesthetically, good for my body, my mind, and other living things. My rigidity in matters of goodness is the polar opposite to the flexibility I need to make, to create.

I constantly re-visit what being good might be. I am certain only that I try to do good yet often fail.

When my confidence and certainty approaches arrogance my capacity for goodness crumbles.

YEAR THREE · 6 NOVEMBER

Change Lives For The Better: Vote

Democracy is government by, of, and for the people, and should be conducted fairly and transparently.

Voting is an ethical responsibility in democracies as electoral outcomes are harmful or beneficial.

Voting changes the quality and ambition of government. Voting changes lives.

Healthy democracies debate without resorting to fear, malice, or insult. Abstention as a vote is valued.

To vote is to make known. If a vote has no prospect to change, that model of democracy is flawed.

YEAR THREE · 5 NOVEMBER

Common Ground

I am captivated by beauty, feelings, by the need to understand, the search to discover, by all manner of signals that reach my senses, by how things work, by the way things interact, but most of all by love.

You will be drawn to one of the areas above over another. At any and every moment my need is different to yours, with those I find myself with, with those I know best, and with those I love. Like you, each day, I search for those rare and scattered moments of welcome collision where we might share.

YEAR THREE · 4 NOVEMBER

Impermanence and Art's Faint Trace of Change

I try but often fail to make something that will last. Perhaps this need arose from my encounters with impermanence as a child. When I leave words they will be read differently over time, when I leave sounds they will be felt differently over time, when I leave light this will be seen differently over time, and yet I continue in the hope that some kernel of what I express might be experienced or passed on.

All events of my mind and body, of any mind or body, come to pass. Art is the faint trace of our change.

YEAR THREE · 3 NOVEMBER

As Art Becomes

For me, poems share many of the qualities of a prayer, without the context of a deity. Poetry are words full with music, feeling, and ideas that encourage engagement of the mind and heart. A prayer may be an offering, request, or intervention on behalf of another. A poem appeals to you, the reader, to pause:

Lost: the seed of being, with, the journey's end, before first breath, your sorrow borne.

The spirit of a poem is that it takes on a life of its own as read. As all art, it becomes when experienced.

YEAR THREE · 2 NOVEMBER

On Sorrow

No matter my sadness, I choose to live. In part because my mother did not.

With art I store all the spirit of my hope, my pain and joy. No matter the depth of my experience, art provides the means to release and look upon those things so difficult in word with others shared.

On the death of an unborn baby:

Lost: the seed of being, with, the journey's end, before first breath, your sorrow borne.

YEAR THREE · 1 NOVEMBER

Uncovering Myself

Art is a way I uncover. Take yesterday's poem. As I write, some of what I want to say seems clear, and some of what I place upon the page only becomes clear over time. As any artist I expose myself for attention, not just myself, but the subject of my work which may be its beauty or meaning.

I ponder on the final line. I value many things unseen: my dreams, my hope, my love. And yet I also need those things I hear, I see, I touch. To flourish, friendship is the shared breath of all these things.

YEAR THREE · OCTOBER

31 OCTOBER

Far More Than Life Or Love Unseen

We listen. Talk. As friends on open land. I love this time.

And then as moment turns our lives unfold, one way, another, dusk descends,

The parting of my hope, my darkness fall,

A night of thought alone with but the sound of distant voice, of stifled dream,

The truth in friendship is far more than life or love unseen.

YEAR THREE · 30 OCTOBER

Making Moments Last

I enjoy the moment, and spontaneity, however I try my best not to harm. This often results in my holding back, although at times when I witness harm I step in. I find this very difficult emotionally.

Art provides the context for me to take my time when responding to my experiences. By reflecting on why I and others act, art offers me the chance to play, express, explore, investigate, and uncover in an effort to make better, both personally and socially. Art's pleasure comes second to my impulse.

YEAR THREE · 29 OCTOBER

The Frailty of Human Nature

Human Nature: the ways humans tend to act, think, feel, and behave.

Frailty: weakness of the spirit, mind, or body.

I am frail when not at ease, through lack of care, or of deterioration within and beyond my control.

Without frailty there is no counterweight of strength. The essence of one requires the other. It is good to be frail and strong, despite my constant attention to avoid the first of these united states of nature.

YEAR THREE · 28 OCTOBER

The Hate of Others

Hate: extreme disgust and loathing. In human relationships hate inevitably leads to harm.

A man walks into a place of worship and kills as many as he can who represent his hate. His hate is driven by intense insecurity, careless thought and ignorance, is inflamed by the negative rhetoric of others in positions of influence and power, and given opportunity by the acquisition of arms.

Hate results from a perilous deficiency of love: given, needed, or received.

YEAR THREE · 27 OCTOBER

When Thinking of Myself

My experience of beauty arises from the nature and limit of my senses; my instinct (things not learned); my value of thought and idea; my characteristics of mind and body; my cultural and social setting; the qualities of form, shape and texture that bestow happiness in me; and my capacity to and for love.

Love is aligned with beauty. Pleasure, with desire. These easily intermingle when thinking of myself.

I experience beauty most intensely when I care for something beyond my power or ownership.

YEAR THREE · 26 OCTOBER

Cultural Elitism

I listened to a discussion about an author on the radio. A cultural commentator informed the panel the author had met few of influence during his lifetime apart from Benjamin Franklin. The clear implication was that those who do not become part of, or are recognized by a cultural elite produce works that are of less importance. My respect for the commentator's insights were immediately undermined.

The value of a life or work is not defined by its recognition or acceptance.

YEAR THREE · 25 OCTOBER

For Those I Trust and Do Not Trust

Consistency and honesty forms the bedrock of trust, their opposites, distrust.

Being thoughtful, careful and kind is far from easy with those I dislike or disdain.

If in my words or actions I harm, either with purpose or by accident, I loose your confidence, my honour.

I do injury as much through my tone and implication as through explicit deed.

I make equally for those I trust and for those with whom I have no trust at all. Art is made for all.

YEAR THREE · 24 OCTOBER

Friendship And The Sadness Of Art

In hope I share the art I see, hear, touch, and seek to understand. I long for such affinity.

I use the word share here to mean an equivalence of enthusiasm and an intensity of experience.

When I am moved by art, most often I hold my feelings close, I hide my moments of significance from the world. There are others in a gallery or concert hall who likely do the same.

The sadness of art arises most when experienced alone, especially in the presence of others.

YEAR THREE · 23 OCTOBER

Creative Theft

When something is accessible it is easy to take. The context often indicates what, and whether I have permission to do so. If I walk into a gallery and view a painting I take the experience of light away with me, but not the object. When I hear music at a concert I take the experience of sound, but not a recording of it. When I am with someone who gives their time, I take the experience of their presence. I take far more than meets the eye or ear. I steal a look, I take my chance and with this make.

YEAR THREE · 22 OCTOBER

My Time Of Age

When young/old I feel the hope of years to come. When old/young, too easily, the fear of passing day.

My age at any point along this slow unwinding thread of time is of small importance, of little relevance to who or what I am. And yet I come to think of age, when young, when old, when in between.

Perhaps my age is as much defined by my action as my outward appearance. I think of age set against my own. Age, used to tell the story of a life. All that ever matters, is that my time of age is now.

YEAR THREE · 21 OCTOBER

A Million Voices · Two Billion Steps · A Single Line of Words

Spontaneity is integral to how I make, but it is not present in the final form of what I make.

I choose the recorded medium because of its potential to reach a larger audience, its affordability of making and consumption, and its equal strength of experience when alone or together.

I walked in protest with well over a million people. In all we took two billion steps. The event was akin to a performance. And yet, over time, a single line of written words does more good.

YEAR THREE · 20 OCTOBER

My Choice for Good or ill

I think about the arts that flow from the outside, to my inside. From sense to mind. A story told, a painting, music, dance. As being with someone I love or with nature, art has the potential to move me so powerfully it can transform the way I act.

Art can be a force for good: a child's poem. A force to harm: music used in a gratuitously violent film.

As with any occupation, the artist's choice is one of principle: to do something is to be something.

YEAR THREE · 19 OCTOBER

As If I Know

At times I state something as if I know, when in truth it is my belief. If I am to incite your curiosity, I must at times be forthright, and at others self-effacing. I balance my assertions with doubt in my hope that you will recognize my efforts to say what I think and feel are at the very least, honest.

I value art in this journey as a means to explore and express my passions while avoiding direct conflict.

Art is my act of hope that another might approach.

YEAR THREE · 18 OCTOBER

A Concept Is Not Art

Something conceived of in the mind alone is not art.

An image is shredded at the point it is sold: the artist makes a political statement, a commentary about the value of art and its marketplace. Some consider the art is transformed by the act of destruction and claim it as performance art. Others, including the artist, assert its transition, its new context with a new name and new identity. I think people often confuse ideas about art, which I hold dear, as art.

YEAR THREE · 17 OCTOBER

Now and Then

Living now is an exploration of the change that is my memory.

I think of what I experience in light of everything that, to me, has come before. When I sense the beauty of sky and cloud. When I run my touch against the bark of tree. When I see two people hand in hand. All is filtered through the lens of my being, both now and in the past.

When memory is not present I loose myself. I make without concern for my moment. I free myself.

YEAR THREE · 16 OCTOBER

Loneliness

Loneliness: the absence of love.

Loneliness is of the mind and spirit. I can be with others and yet feel very much alone.

When I sense an absence of love, not love just for me, but in sharing those things I feel passionate about, when I disregard beauty and nature, or when I fail to act or have the opportunity to care for others, my loneliness intensifies. When I turn attention away from my self, my loneliness subsides.

YEAR THREE · 15 OCTOBER

Being Without

I could be homeless in the blink of an eye. You, in a step on the street.

A run of bad luck, the loss of love, being in the wrong place, war, conflict, weakness, illness, sadness, age. Any one of these accidents of fortune can be the cause of my fall from comfort and security.

All I hold dear hangs from the thread of my denial that being without is possible.

Without my home, my friends, my things, my dignity. When I am with I easily forget being, without.

YEAR THREE · 14 OCTOBER

Accidental Art

You may think my craft is always purposeful, considered, when it is often full with happy accident.

Take a scene in a movie. The actor's face, their gesture, their very being brings a unique force that supplements the broader text. No matter what is written, what is said, how it is directed, shot, what sound and music is heard, what light falls, the actor's inherent nature is fundamental to the scene. The same is true of art, music, and words. The originator makes with innate, accidental qualities.

YEAR THREE · 13 OCTOBER

Before I Sleep

Every night before I sleep I think of those I love, have loved, and hope to love.

I am attentive, intense with those I love, or wish to love. I do not easily nor comfortably swim on the surface of friendship. I do not seek acquaintance. Perhaps it is my intimacy that most often repels rather than attracts. I try to hold my voice so as not to break the chance to talk again, on page and with.

Every night, before I sleep, I think of those I love, have loved, and hope to love.

YEAR THREE · 12 OCTOBER

A Chance Of Return

During or following many of my interactions I turn things over in my mind in an effort to make sense of them. Much of art's enjoyment is to see and ponder it from different places. Not just from a sensory perspective, but also for its meaning, and what it may stand for, or make me think of.

I make in the hope others might come to share. Perhaps not immediately, but in time, art offers the chance of return. Today, tomorrow, or in a distant future far from this present place.

YEAR THREE · 11 OCTOBER

The First Time

I have a library of sounds I use for making music. These are mostly recorded, but I also use modelled and synthesized sounds. I select sounds by instinct, because of their aesthetic qualities, by how a sound works against or with another, and by what sounds have passed and might arrive.

The first time I hear a sound I often fall in love: I wish nothing more than to explore, to be with, to feel their every nuance, lost in dance without the slightest thought of day, night, land or sea.

YEAR THREE · 10 OCTOBER

A Poem Page

I ponder on a poem.

Words read easily at any age, in any place.

Ideas that move my head and heart. A page unloved and loved. Of no and all importance.

A book with nothing more than a single page between its front and back.

A poem page of simple words endure upon return.

YEAR THREE · 9 OCTOBER

Being and Doing

It is not at all important that I be the best, but critical that I do my best.

Critical in the positive value of doing my best, and the ongoing analysis at my time of trying my best.

The careful and thoughtful examination of what I do furthers its chance of being of value as this encourages me to return, re-evaluate, and improve what I have done.

As I am fortunate in being able to decide what I do, it is imperative I try to do my very best.

YEAR THREE · 8 OCTOBER

The Force of Things Unseen

The food of friendship feeds my soul. When alone, and with.

Soul: all that in a living thing is unseen: my temperament, intellect, agency, insight, and emotion.

The spirit of something may be invoked. For example: in a spirit of friendship I hold out my hand. With difference, the soul is always tied to an individual.

As long as life is close, my soul finds fuel. With nature, yet most with those I love.

YEAR THREE · 7 OCTOBER

Reality and Dream

Dreams are personal, unprovable, irrational, their fluid nature and narrative is often baffling and full with uncertainty. And yet at times I experience one as every bit as real as my touch. By real I mean not only do I sense its force, but feel its truth: in dream I am with as much as when awake.

Dreams cannot be captured by scientific inquiry, and have no place in law. And yet they are far more than explorations of experience. In dream I breathe the vivid world of all I hope, I love, and fear.

YEAR THREE · 6 OCTOBER

The Misuse Of Innocence

Innocence: free of guilt. Lacking knowledge, understanding, or experience. Unblemished.

With innocence comes freedom and opportunity.

Innocence is often not proven nor possible to validate because of a lack of knowledge, understanding, or experience. I may not be aware of my own guilt or innocence. The presumption of a person's innocence has nothing to do with their suitability to make judgements on issues or about others.

YEAR THREE · 5 OCTOBER

The Why Of What I Do

Most who make art have confidence what they make will be experienced by another. When that certainty weakens, when the context or hope to share is jeopardized, the creative urge declines.

Some pretend others want what is made by selling it. Commercial success requires the appeal to a broad audience, or a high price to an exclusive one. Commerce becomes the crutch for confidence.

Removing the exchange of money from my creative work helps me better know the why of what I do.

YEAR THREE · 4 OCTOBER

One Day · The Next

When I first wrote my words of yesterday I did so in an attempt to touch upon my experience of sleep and its significance in rousing the creative spirit. By the evening I read this as perhaps too dense.

Today I add two commas, switch two words, and add three more. My poetry is more often than not the meeting of my feelings and ideas, a union of difference.

That I see something one day and differently the next requires I return.

YEAR THREE · 3 OCTOBER

Sleep · Unknown

As I sleep I wake the world of my unknown. The sound, light, and feelings that by day are pushed, back into the shadow of my nameless self. A place of meeting, of love, dread, of fall and flight.

I embrace my undiscovered land of dream and other place, my unremembered sleep.

The fragments of a life less lived.

When open to the push of path beyond my body's grasp, I sow the seed to make, my realm, recast.

YEAR THREE · 2 OCTOBER

True Art

I experience art most powerfully when I sense its authenticity. That is, when I feel and think something has been expressed and conveyed honestly. This is perhaps why, when I see, understand, hear, or touch something that is not perfectly made, a work of art can maintain its integrity and appeal.

Take a painting by a child that reveals their happiness, beautifully. Such a painting is of no less value or insight to that of mine expressing my joy. When art works we sense its truth.

YEAR THREE · 1 OCTOBER

The Still Image

When I view a still image, a photograph, I find myself in a world of silence and thought.

No matter what the subject, a chair for example, my eyes dart across the image, my mind wonders from one experience of light or its absence to the next, from one idea or story to another.

I think of an empty chair in a small white room. No matter how carefully and with how many words I describe the scene I do not capture the elegance of experience that is my gazing of a single still image.

YEAR THREE · SEPTEMBER

30 SEPTEMBER

Looking Forward

Following my last breath I take another and work on the final piece of music in a suite of ten. I release this on the first day of the new year. I am slow to make. It is by far my most challenging.

Making something that persists requires tenacity, a quality that by its nature causes friction. Keeping firm hold on something is obstinate as much as determined. Resistance is a force that slows my progress. I look forward to its push and pull, my boat against the rising wave, my sail against the wind.

YEAR THREE · 29 SEPTEMBER

Breathe

The first scrutiny of wellbeing is the ability to breathe.

When spoken in isolation the word breathe is a call to action, an appeal to live.

The care to think of another's breath eases my own.

Breathe was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Listen to 'Breathe' and enjoy the art at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 28 SEPTEMBER

Reasonable Doubt

I was deeply moved upon hearing a person recount a traumatic event that occurred many years ago.

Her testimony and collaborative evidence left me with reasonable doubt about the character of her alleged attacker who seeks high office. I found the accused denial and rebuttal lacked credibility, was at times misleading, and his evasive responses gave me pause to question his recollection and honesty.

High office requires a person's disposition is wise, their good behaviour and integrity, paramount.

YEAR THREE · 27 SEPTEMBER

My Temperament

Temperament: the mental, physical, and emotional inclinations of a living being.

Temperament: in music, a slight departure from mathematically correct intervals between sounds of different pitch. A compromise that allows instruments to be tuned and played across a range of scales and modes (sounds with different pitches that are grouped together) without sounding out of tune.

My experiences shape my temperament as much as my biology.

YEAR THREE · 26 SEPTEMBER

The Infectious Mind

I am in part drawn to art in my search for empathy: to feel what others do.

When I glance at a child giggling at themselves in the mirror, I smile. When I hear someone quietly sing to themselves, I feel their ease. When an elderly woman recites a poem to herself she has known all her life, I sense more than her words alone, I sense their place within her story.

Empathy is not of the senses, nor transmitted through solid, water or air, it emerges within.

YEAR THREE · 25 SEPTEMBER

Excluding The Explicit

Creating artworks for all ages and across cultures may be viewed of as too restrictive. For me, excluding the explicit often leads to more magical and powerful aesthetic experiences.

When making I am restrained by my personal shortfalls of temperament, inclination, ability, discipline and resilience. I am also constrained by time, economic circumstance, and the nature of the medium I work with. Each of these limitations aid and sustain my creativity.

YEAR THREE · 24 SEPTEMBER

My Uncertain Future

I sit at a piano. There are no sounds that shape what I am about to make except those that arise as I play. I feel the same beauty, the same enthralled immersion with the sound of moving strings as when my fingers first struck the keys. Each sound follows from or with the last. I do not make the sounds, I merely start strings in motion and decide on their duration and intensity.

When making music I embrace the uncertain future. Something longed for, with, remains.

YEAR THREE · 23 SEPTEMBER

Captive Art

Unlike drama, the narratives of visual art and music are fluid and wildly interpretive. Dramatic stories unfold more easily, more rationally, even when time is fragmented or reordered.

For the moment of its being, language as art must transform and not just inform, represent, or tell. The poem becomes for its moment in mind, the beauty felt, the harm caused, the love shown.

When I see, hear, or touch art that works well for me, I am in a state of complete captivation.

YEAR THREE · 22 SEPTEMBER

The Kiss of Autumn Night

In the English language, one letter differentiates the words Night and Light, and most beautifully, the M of Moon rests between them…

I am continually in awe of how the relationships between two elements so radically change our experience of them. Whether sound, light, shape, words, animal or human... Coming together is so often far more than remaining apart and separate. Together, things grow and become new.

The Kiss of Autumn Night at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 21 SEPTEMBER

With Love · Without

We love to be with, or we do not.

There is no effort I can make to change this, no gift or kindness, act of friendship, happiness or love.

If someone does not care to be with, their state is set. Their feelings, fixed. It is painful to accept: as colleague, friend, family, or more. At times one hides the truth. Pretends. Denies. Persists.

To love the company of another is as important as the respect of their disinterest.

YEAR THREE · 20 SEPTEMBER

The Art of Heart and Mind

When making art I listen to my heart and mind. By heart I mean those qualities that are not easily visible but undeniably felt: my instinct; emotional response; sensitivity; sensory and aesthetic sensibility; the summation of experience into a moment of clarity. When making, this unseen interwoven canvas is corralled by my mind. If I try to make with my mind alone, if art is only concerned with structure, form, and technique, it is inevitably less affecting, connecting, and far less convincing.

YEAR THREE · 19 SEPTEMBER

From Afar

I hear someone talk without my presence being known. They are aware someone is listening to them, but they cannot see nor hear me. They talk intimately of the important people in their life, of their love, their hopes and dreams, of what is most important to them. As I leave another takes my place.

I come and go without a trace. I see another talk and shift unseen to listen to their words.

And so I move online, from one to another, as if a natural state. I take a breath and show myself.

YEAR THREE · 18 SEPTEMBER

Silence in the Storm of Night

Gusts of high wind wake me. I start to write. I ponder on my silence in this storm of night.

The chatter of my thoughts. Specks of sound, stashed deep within my mind, unheard by all, unfound.

I try my best, and yet. I pour my most but fail to move the slightest moment of your day.

And so I loose myself to rush of air, the unseen race of cloud in dark my sky,

The howl of more than hope, fill my world this storm of night.

YEAR THREE · 17 SEPTEMBER

Give Me More

The time of contentment and attention is short. The search for the next, inexorable. The unsatisfied craving for stimulus is the crash of wave against my modest shore.

No sooner than I make, I start the next. The appetite for content is voracious. When originating it is tempting to be concerned with the volume of what I do, with the never ending flow.

Making, if a job required by others, becomes a chore. Some make for a living, others live to make.

YEAR THREE · 16 SEPTEMBER

Where Art Comes From

Art is more than craft, the skill of making. Art moves my heart and mind further than the function of an object or the utility of an idea. Art is the agent of beauty, represents, investigates, explores. Art works well when it forges significant connections: physically, psychologically, emotionally, cerebrally.

I am satisfied by an artwork when it becomes clear I still have much to uncover through experiencing it.

Art arises from within: my dreams, love, joy, hope, anger, fear, and my need to know these things.

YEAR THREE · 15 SEPTEMBER

The Brief Journey of Digital Art

I make art, music, and publish ideas in the digital realm, a precarious medium akin to the aural tradition.

Take these words that emerge from my mind, transferred by touch to a keyboard, changed at the speed of light, stored, then reproduced for you. These words as data only become so when read. I understand through a process of internal and external encoding, decoding, and at times, encryption and decryption.

As story told or song sung, my work in digital form is as the brief moment of my breath.

YEAR THREE · 14 SEPTEMBER

My North · Your South

I hold a compass in my hand with north, south, east and west.

Whatever I sense, say, feel or think, my points relate to you.

I may oppose you, I may be with you, I may sense and feel as you, or say and think the opposite to you.

If I only view my point, my north, I will not see your south, I may not hear your east or west.

A compass gives me context. It helps me draw and map the lines between us. It gives me pause.

YEAR THREE · 13 SEPTEMBER

One Sided

If I use too many words you may tire. If I use too few you may become discouraged. If I am too forward you may retreat. Too reticent and your interest may wane. If I share my feelings you may leave. My thoughts and you may go. If I show my strength you may sense arrogance, my pain, weakness.

I talk of you the reader, and you, my love. What I say alone is worth far less than when I say with you.

Talk with, not to.

YEAR THREE · 12 SEPTEMBER

Person Made

Person: someone alive that has, may, or will experience, with right of choice and self-determination.

I have no doubt I am a person, and view someone unconscious or asleep as still being one.

In principle I see no reason why the status of being a person (personhood) should not extend across species and into the oncoming reality of artificial consciousness.

Creativity is not evidence of personhood and does not define the authenticity of my being a person.

YEAR THREE · 11 SEPTEMBER

The Natural World

I consider my footprints in the sand as the light, sound and words I make.

Close up I see the lines of age, the web of countless journeys, the rise and ray of sun and fall of moon.

Light and night. The slow change of season, the reach of water through a crack of rock...

Representations of the natural world are but faint shadows of its experience.

View 'The Natural World' and read my thoughts at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 10 SEPTEMBER

How What I Make Is Used

My ability to make money (at present something essential without inherited wealth) relies on how well my abilities match qualities that are of value in an economic context: self-confidence; commercial awareness; language skills; the comfort to ignore consequences - how what I do or make is used. Who is what I do or make sold to? This matters in the sale of art as much as any other field.

I care how I gain, how I am advantaged, and by what means I profit. I do not value art for its sale.

YEAR THREE · 9 SEPTEMBER

Art As Commodity

Commodity: something bought and sold.

A child dances spontaneously.

A child dances spontaneously and other children are moved to join, and dance.

A child dances spontaneously, beautifully. The dance is captured, sold, and broadcast.

The dance is now an expression of joy, and a commodity. To some this change transforms it into art.

YEAR THREE · 8 SEPTEMBER

Causing Offence

Listening: the act of closely attending to sound; the will to consider what is said.

Each morning, thirty minutes before I begin my work I visit a number of news publications with very different views of what is happening in the world. Some present comments below an article. These usually consist of careless assertions full with disrespect, anger and intolerance.

When I offend another I harden their resistance, I close the door. Offence is the tool of the weak.

YEAR THREE · 7 SEPTEMBER

Patience and the Making of Art

My most affecting moments arise within stillness and silence. One quality essential for making well is the ability to embrace displeasure, delay, and dissatisfaction as part of the creative process.

In performance art, patience is often less prized, although with some forms of music and dance the audience may share a long journey of uncovering and discovery.

Patience in making art is as the time rain takes to fall. No effort will speed its progress.

YEAR THREE · 6 SEPTEMBER

Bravery · Courage · Art

Bravery: acting without fear in the face of physical and/or psychological crisis.

Courage: acting despite fear in the face of physical and/or psychological crisis.

I am not brave in the world. I am only brave when making art: I create without fear.

Courage is like pain. Only the person experiencing it can truly know its extent. What may be courageous for one person is bravery to another. Courage requires cause, for example love. Bravery does not.

YEAR THREE · 5 SEPTEMBER

Seeking Authenticity

Authentic: real, genuine. In art: a work identified, or accepted as an instance, that holds the qualities or aims of the original or the originator; work defined by honest creative expression; the feelings and thoughts of those who experience art, irrespective of intention, aesthetic or otherwise.

I am dissatisfied by something I have made. There is something that fails. It is a feeling impossible to shake, and so I work on my twentieth draft to capture what I trust and come to know as true.

YEAR THREE · 4 SEPTEMBER

The Unknown Kingdom

Nothing I have made thus far, not one word, a single prick of light, a solitary sound, is found in a gallery, a concert hall, or a place of academic study. I am not commissioned to make, I am not employed to think, I am not paid to entertain. As you read, these words are not coloured by the thoughts of others, by money, or cultural reputation. You read unsullied. This may change, but for now, at this time of writing, you decide whether what is said is of any value. Whether a word, light, or sound is worthy of return.

YEAR THREE · 3 SEPTEMBER

Witness · Exclusion

A discarded paper cup lays on the pavement. An elderly woman waits to cross the road. A parent shouts at their child in the street. A person sleeps on a cardboard sheet outside a shop font.

When I more than glance, my inner eye begins to see. I start to think, consider, form an opinion, take a view, then decide on my action, or inaction. I justify my finding, if only for a moment.

Each day I have the choice to look or turn away. I am witness. Soon, most times, so easily, I forget.

YEAR THREE · 2 SEPTEMBER

My Point of View

I value art in all its forms because I experience it in so many different ways and from so many different places: physically, emotionally, conceptually, aesthetically, socially, alone, and with another.

I ponder on the first line of my poem. There is no right or wrong, but rather, different ways to read its exploration and sensation. Perhaps the 'light' describes my sensory experience, is symbolic of the spirit of a tree, or that depending on the wind and season, I as the tree shapes the light that falls below...

YEAR THREE · 1 SEPTEMBER

Sequoia

Light is a moment I uncover over time,

Sound, the journey of my wave that breaks within,

Touch is my proof, my means to know the world,

Thought, my inner place, unknown to all but me,

Being is as old and strong as love, the broad and ever tall, enchanting redwood tree.

YEAR THREE · AUGUST

31 AUGUST

Friendship

Over time: the trust that builds between one and another; the need to care between one and another; the desire to listen between one and another; the hope shared between one and another; the pain felt between one and another; the joy sensed between one and another; the acceptance of difference between one and another; the love learned between one and another.

With friendship, despite the fear of sail and salt, face firm the highest north Atlantic wave.

YEAR THREE · 30 AUGUST

The Fuel To Make

To fuel my creativity: I drink water. I eat fruit. I take a break from being consciously creative. I wonder. I think of another, or others. I walk outside. I take a long slow breath. I take my time. I look up at the sky: cloudy, clear, in day or night. I listen to whatever moves the air. I find the smallest sound and think on this. I gaze at something still. I touch the ground no matter where: bare earth, grass, a tarmac road, the sand, the falling rain, sun baked stone. I return with more than fuel enough to make.

YEAR THREE · 29 AUGUST

The Same and New

When I gain pleasure from something and the pleasure ends, I want it to begin again. The pleasure may be of my senses or the mind, of touch or idea. I easily forget that each moment is unique, and that no matter the intensity of my first experience, the second of the same is tempered by the first.

With art on each return I am enriched. A painting, a piece of music, a poem. Art is not passive, it is active. Like being with someone I love, each moment is an exploration. It is at once the same and new.

YEAR THREE · 28 AUGUST

Dignity

To acknowledge someone's dignity is to honour another's privacy of body, home, thoughts, feelings and identity. Whether supported or undermined, recognized or ignored, the level of my dignity is at the centre of who I am and will become.

Dignity was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Listen to 'Dignity' and read my thoughts at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 27 AUGUST

Small and Big · Short and Long · Simple and Complex

There is a tendency to suppose that art has greater depth when it is large, long, and complex. The novel is often taken more seriously by the critic than a short poem, the oil painting, more important than a watercolour by the academy, the symphony more significant than a short piece for a solo instrument.

Humans are impressed by the time something takes, its scale, and intricacy, yet these have little to do with meaning or aesthetic value. Small can be beautiful, short: profound, and simple: enduring.

YEAR THREE · 26 AUGUST

The Cumulative Effect of Experiencing Art

I think of paintings by Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn, of music by Béla Viktor János Bartók, and of words by Adeline Virginia Woolf. All three produced powerful works of art, yet how much did their art lead to change in me? Have I acted any differently because I experienced their creative work?

Art, like any non-traumatic experience, causes me to act because of its cumulative effect. The more beauty I behold, the more time I consider, the more I come to value, the more I seek to protect.

YEAR THREE · 25 AUGUST

Harm, Diplomacy and Art

As an infant I witnessed a great deal of personal conflict. One of the ways this seems to have shaped me was that I tend not to lash out in response to hostility. This is not to say I do not feel rage, but that I seek to temper aggression rather than respond in kind to, and with it.

At times the tactful, diplomatic response is ineffective. If I am harmed or witness to something that is hurtful my effort to make peace can be ignored. Art becomes my forceful, non-violent opposition.

YEAR THREE · 24 AUGUST

My Making To Return

When I feel strongly about someone, a place or idea, I try to leave something that will trigger my return.

Words are essential in noting those things that move me. Their clarity and speed are unmatched as a medium that may also be used to make art. From dream I write:

For years I know only the coolness of our parting, our leaden sky. In dream we meet, and all the hurt of self is lost as we return to warmth. And as I wake I long to share this better place with you.

YEAR THREE · 23 AUGUST

The Outsider and Within

Honesty: free of deceit; a sincere search or presentation of truth.

To think honestly I must be detached and ready to question myself. I must be aware of my presumptions, and ready to change my view. I value honesty because it leads to kindness and aids understanding, however it is by far the most difficult quality to evidence as it requires trust.

Trust: a degree of the reli/ability and honesty of oneself or another.

YEAR THREE · 22 AUGUST

Conceit and The Artist

Perhaps in part, arrogance and a sense of self-importance stems from the confidence or fantasy that others care, as much as not caring in the least what others think or feel.

The stream of self-assurance easily flows into the stagnant waters of insensitivity and pretence.

Although I hope it, what is important to me at any given moment is rarely so to others.

The preoccupations of the conceited: Who thinks of me? Who cares for me? Who loves me?

YEAR THREE · 21 AUGUST

Too Little · Too Much · Too Early · Too Late

I am not a good judge of how much to say or when to say, although I try to take care with what I say.

Most often I say far less than I would like to say, perhaps need to say, and at times, yearn with all my heart to say. I pull back in the hope others will stay. I hope what I make speaks for me. When exposed, the fierce intensity and insistence of my inner world loosens me from those I wish to be most close.

To be loved I cannot be too little, too much, too early, or too late.

YEAR THREE · 20 AUGUST

Simple Complication · The Push and Pull of Life

I enjoy simple complication in art - that is, I like the line, shape, pattern, and texture of art in all its forms to be both elegant in its ability to reach my feelings, yet elaborate enough to maintain my interest.

Take music. I enjoy the freedom of jazz but when technical mastery becomes the main event I loose interest. With words I am more engaged with short simply crafted writing than words admired because of their intricate, labyrinthine structure. In making art I seek balance between the push and pull of life.

YEAR THREE · 19 AUGUST

To Live · To Love

Light, sound, and ideas affect me so deeply I am moved to act, and at times, to change.

Whether it is the sound of sleeping breath in the still night, the slow swell of dawn, or the flood of thoughts as my day begins about those I have loved and love, I am roused to make.

Those all too many times when I am disheartened by how my art, music and words fail in their reach, are countered by the certainty that to love gives reason to live. There is so very much to love.

YEAR THREE · 18 AUGUST

A Common Land

When art is known by many, a painting, song, or poem for example, I not only experience it emotionally and intellectually, I respond to it socially.

When a work of art I enjoy is embraced by others I become all the more immersed in it.

That others feel as I feel brings me together with them, holds me with them, if only for a short time.

Art in all its forms gives opportunity to share its common land.

YEAR THREE · 17 AUGUST

A Child of The World

My DNA is linked with those in 115 of the 195 nations of the world:

Aboriginal Australia, Afghanistan, Algeria, Argentina, Austria, Azerbaijan, Belarus, Belize, Bangladesh, Belgium, Bhutan, Bougainville, Bolivia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Brazil, Brunei, Bulgaria, Canada, Cambodia, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Croatia, Cyprus, Czech Republic, Denmark, Ecuador, England, Egypt, Estonia, Fiji, France, Germany, Greece, Guam, Guatemala, Gutana, Haiti, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Israel, Jamaica, Jordan, Lebanon, Libya, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Portugal, Indonesia, India, Japan, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Laos, Latvia, Lithuania, Palau, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Philipines, Polynesia, Poland, Portugal, Melanesia, Mexico, Moldova, Mongolia, Morocco, Myanmar (Burma), Nepal, Netherlands, New Caledonia, Nicaragua, Norway, North Korea, Native American, Pakistan, Palau, Palestine, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Romania, Russia, Scotland, Serbia, Singapore, Slovenia, Slovakia, South Korea, Soloman Islands, Spain, Samoa, Sweden, Switzerland, Sri Lanka, Suriname, Tajikistan, Taiwan, Thailand, Tonga, Tunisia, Turkmenistan, Ukraine, Uruguay, Uzbekistan, Vanuatu, Venezuela, Vietnam, Wales, Western Sahara.

Visit 'One Family One World'

YEAR THREE · 16 AUGUST

Three Words

Love is as much the care and respect of another's feelings as it is the emotionally charged experience.

If I feel the importance of a friend, if I care for them deeply, consider them, trust them, I love them.

After time in friendship I have said I love you, not for romantic intention, but to share their significance and force upon my life. Words are held in memory for or against and as evidence of truth.

That another does not greet my love with love is no good reason not to love: gently, quietly, thoughtfully.

YEAR THREE · 15 AUGUST

With Dream

I wake unsettled from a dream that led me by the hand. A curious, animated spirit full with life and love.

Without dreams I would quickly fade from view. My dreams make clear my often hidden thirst.

Concealed as much to others as unknown by myself, dreams give fuel to dare and hope.

I am with ordinary life until I turn toward my dream.

Awake I dream as much asleep.

YEAR THREE · 14 AUGUST

Untitled

Many artworks are named 'Untitled' by the artist in an effort to let the artwork 'speak for itself'. With this view a title contaminates and interrupts the experience. Titles for art and music began to be used with the advent of museums, galleries, concert halls, and the common ownership of artworks.

The naming of something is important. The word 'Untitled' identifies the work through a side door, and informs me that considered thought is likely not its strength, intention, nor consequence.

YEAR THREE · 13 AUGUST

Experiencing Art

I walk into a gallery with many works of art. Some connect with me and many do not. Most have text with the name of the originator, the date it was made, and ways to comprehend it. I ignore this text until I stand for a while in front of the work to take it in. The text can inform me of another's viewpoint and context, but it does not change the way I feel about it. I ponder on why I like or dislike this work.

Art's strength is that my experience of it is of no more importance nor significance to another's.

YEAR THREE · 12 AUGUST

Expressing Love

My immediate expression of love is in my choice to act. My most routine expression of love is through my voice. My most personal, through touch. My clearest, through text. My symbolic expression of love, through beauty in sound, light, and words. My most heart felt expression of love is through music.

Most often and in common with others, however I express my love, it goes unnoticed or is ignored.

The expression of love is an invitation to share in it. The equivalence of need in love is rare.

YEAR THREE · 11 AUGUST

My Blind Eye

My sight is my most valuable sense despite my love of sound and music.

Who cares that I am blind? Do you? Do I need to know a person well before their blindness matters?

Must I be blind before I appreciate its profound and lasting impact?

I am blind to many things: inequity; intolerance; the hurt and harm of living things; the love of others.

My blindness to see is far-reaching.

YEAR THREE · 10 AUGUST

Making Better

My mistakes fall into one of four categories: physical, personal, creative, and social.

My most frequent error of judgement is when I fail to heed my self doubt about a decision I have made.

The majority of my mistakes occur when I rush. At times my mistakes are innocent, and at others they are driven by desire, pride or ignorance. The value of the idea 'mistake' is that I have the opportunity to make better, or at the very least, learn. My greatest mistake by far is to ignore them.

YEAR THREE · 9 AUGUST

Drought

Water is a fluid that keeps things moving. It dissolves chemicals, regulates temperature, and for over 70% of the earth it is home. Water is essential for all living things. Without water we die.

The total amount of water on earth is constant, however where it is changes. Humans have a profound impact on the nature of this change over time. With drought, crops fail as do all who rely on them.

Love is the water of my life. When it runs dry, when I do not seek or nurture it, I am barren, desolate.

YEAR THREE · 8 AUGUST

One Tiny Change · Art Becomes

Something is art, dance, story, poetry or music when I feel and think it so. I, you, we, make art into being.

Take these words, a single line poem: I dream two love.

That these words are intriguing does not define them as poetry. It is the word 'two' that changes what would otherwise seem a simple statement into something more, something of significance that can be returned to and pondered on. That a single letter may change something into art is wondrous.

YEAR THREE · 7 AUGUST

A Life Worth Living

For many, religion restrains and encourages ways of acting. For others religion plays no part in their lives. I make art because it has the potential of reaching the spirit of those with and without faith.

Our greatest challenge as a species is to live together without conflict: with one another; from within; and with other living things. My purpose and duty is in the service of my effort to encourage this.

The search to live well with love is a life worth living.

YEAR THREE · 6 AUGUST

Captivation: The Hold of Eye and I

I change my means of making in an effort to hold your interest.

You may enjoy poetic language for its multifaceted meaning, or you may prefer my efforts to uncover with more straightforward language. At times one method is more effective than the other.

Feeling, my most immediate yet challenging experience to convey, hops from rock, to sand, to sea.

When my eye has been drawn, I pause or return in the hope it may be drawn once more.

YEAR THREE · 5 AUGUST

Over Time

I ponder about time and the movement of water over landscape.

It is the deep of night. The two o'clock when all but hoot of owl and slowly moving spin of stars across the dappled dome of sky is sleep. I am the dark red sandstone earth among the southern hills of Wales, shaped by ice that left twelve thousand years ago, the rolling rise and fall.

With slow persistence shape the world.

YEAR THREE · 4 AUGUST

With Endless Dream

The sky lightens blue with dawn and gently moving cloud. Sheep graze on the hillside dabbed dense with ash, lime, and myriad of oak, full with leaf, far opposite my open wide, white sashed window. I stand with sound of river, with burble bright through night and day, each day and night, a year, then ten, and soon one hundred, soon to pass my sprightly span, this valley, still, bathed with clear clean air, with sun, with rain, with flight of bird, with song of stream, with softly spoken endless dream.

YEAR THREE · 3 AUGUST

The Start of Conversation

In truth, everything I and others express can be read in a number of ways. Everything. I would rather what I say and understand is how most others do, but when I consider carefully, it is not.

I return to my thought 'When I feel, I act'. For some, ambiguous phrases serve to start a conversation within or with others. Art's strength and its often stated weakness is that it so openly invites interpretation. I for one value conversations over assertions.

YEAR THREE · 2 AUGUST

Love, The Environment, And The Artist

Being emotionally connected with another is the precursor to compassion. Some people are either unwilling, limited, or unable to place themselves in another's shoes. Some do not feel much at all for others, positive or negative. Some feel only for themselves or those they love: their partner, family, or friends. Fewer for those outside their immediate circle, and fewer still for those who are different or live in distant places. Fewer for animals, for living things, and fewer for the environment. When I feel, I act.

YEAR THREE · 1 AUGUST

Compassion

Compassion: 'to love together'. Feeling and concern for the misfortune of another; kindness that follows from need or distress born from a sense of interdependence and fairness.

Trust of personal consequence is often overridden by those with compassion as their sense of strength and calm prevails. Compassion was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Listen to 'Compassion' and read my thoughts at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · JULY

31 JULY

Far and Free From View

I am far, far from being the person I hope to be. I do not love nearly enough, I am not honest in all I do, I am not as kind as I could be. I try but often fail to live up to those things I hold dear. I am human, and in this I hold a part of myself free from view, despite placing great value on being open.

In my making I can be honest, kind, open, and love, without restraint.

Creating art in any form gives chance to share those qualities that ignite my heart and mind.

YEAR THREE · 30 JULY

Life is Short

My son comments on how short life is, as much for those who pass one hundred years.

Whether something is short or long requires context and comparison.

When I engage, or I am engaged, my time flows fast. When I search for love, time is never enough.

When I make something I want to, be what I need to, or act how I hope to, time is short.

When life is short I am a creature of time. With love my life can be far more than time constrains.

YEAR THREE · 29 JULY

Making From Ideas

My ideas that began on the page yesterday took a further twenty four hours before I was able to give them a better chance of meaning something to a greater number of people.

My making has two stages: ideas, and practice. Ideas arise from my experience or from something I have learned. However ideas emerge they need refinement and clarification before I am able to express them clearly. Only then can I use a medium to articulate them, and this shaping into art is my practice.

YEAR THREE · 28 JULY

The Elements of Art

I am endlessly fascinated and often moved by the making of something new when two things come together. I place a single dot in the middle of a square piece of paper, and I am struck by its stillness, its isolation, its loneliness. The moment another dot is placed on the surface something magical occurs: a relationship is expressed together and with that of the paper. Two dots and the paper become one. The same for light is true of sounds, words, and people. I am. We become.

YEAR THREE · 27 JULY

Feeling and The Artist

The person who makes art of some kind without the spur of money must be inspired to feel.

To make I have to feel deeply: for a person; beauty; nature; the condition of others; or an idea that I believe has value. I most easily make for another. I am most easily inspired by another. When alone I fall back to those things outside myself as the focus of my making, although my I often interrupts my gaze with thoughts of those I long to be with. Feeling is at the centre of my making: my yearning heart.

YEAR THREE · 26 JULY

Sense and Sensibility

I live in an area that used to be known as Ruxley Park Estate on the edge of downland in Hampshire, England. Two hundred years ago Jane Austin lived and walked across the same fields as I. I touch the yew tree she knew well and pause on the stone floor she offered her prayers, pain, and hope each day.

Sense: the passing of something from outside to within that moves me to perceive, feel.

Sensibility: an intense sensitivity towards another, a place, or experience.

YEAR THREE · 25 JULY

Those Who Make · The Artist

In common with every human, I make. I make when awake and when asleep. At times I am conscious of my making, and at others my making happens so spontaneously I am unaware of the process.

As I imagine, I make known to myself. As I form ideas and make known, I talk. All talking is making.

When I purposely make, I am creative. Most people are creative. Those who dedicate their energy creatively, often identify themselves as artists. I prefer that artists are known as those who make art.

YEAR THREE · 24 JULY

Kill: End · Be Free of Pain · Forgive

I make mistakes. I am flawed. Much of how I act is as a result of the care of others and good fortune.

If I injure another by taking what is theirs: their possession, their dignity, their love, their life, I should face a consequence for my action, the most serious being the loss of my liberty. The Right to Compassion precludes my taking another person's life, no matter how abhorrent their action.

Forgiveness is only given by those with courage and strength to free themselves from pain.

YEAR THREE · 23 JULY

Impairment

I do somethings well and others, poorly. I improvise music, but my capacity to read written music is limited by my dyslexia. I enjoy understanding and can focus on a single task for many hours, but I do not retain detail - I retain concepts. My emotions lay close to the surface, yet I keep them under wraps.

Those things I do well are not accompanied by abilities that are easily examined.

Those things I do not do well encourage my appreciation of others: impairment is my greatest guide.

YEAR THREE · 22 JULY

The Ethics of Making

Ethics: ideas that shape the way I try to act.

My fundamental ethic is not to harm. Put positively, my fundamental ethic is to love.

I am easily distracted from this aim: I think of myself before others and my environment, I consider what making might bring me rather than what it gives others. My failings do not undermine the idea that being constructive is always preferable to being destructive. To make can be an act of love.

YEAR THREE · 21 JULY

Care and Kindness

I ponder on yesterday's thought. Despite my tiny footprint on the world, my smallness, I have potential.

Care and kindness are not confined by gender, disability, ethnicity, culture, creed, or economic circumstance. It is in my gift to care for myself, others, my environment, and what I make.

That others do not care has no bearing on the strength or importance of kindness.

I am human: with disproportionate ability comes disproportionate responsibility.

YEAR THREE · 20 JULY

A Tiny Speck That Acts Upon The World

I am one of countless living organisms. As something living, I change each day. As an animal I move independently, feed on organic matter, can reproduce, sense my environment, and think. As a human I interact, make, form ideas, and create using different materials: my body, light, sound, and words.

Animals represent around 0.1% of life on earth, and humans, less than 0.00001% of the number of animals, estimated at 20 quintillion. I am less than 0.0001% of the human family, and yet, here I am...

YEAR THREE · 19 JULY

The Union of Heart and Mind

Composition: the choice and way something is put together; how the elements of a work of art are organized; the description of a whole through the examination of its parts.

When I compose a painting, music, or poem, I use my experience of having done so before, and having studied how others have done so. Equally importantly I listen to the work in progress, take note, then switch to sensing the work's emotive content. At best I stand outside and in, apart and with.

YEAR THREE · 18 JULY

A Perfect Day

Imagine a perfect day: being with those you love, in a place you love, under a sky you love, doing those things you love. Imagine a day from start to end when you are free to dance and sing without restraint.

Imagine another perfect day follows the first. A week. A month. A year of perfect days.

Along this never ending line I would sense a day as less, impaired. I would miss the grit of life, the ache of heart, the hurt of love. I would be less without my wish, my hope.

YEAR THREE · 17 JULY

The Antidote to Unwanted Distance

I watch a movie at home that moves me as much as when I first saw it at the cinema. I find it beautiful, emotionally engaging, texturally rich, and full with social and cultural commentary. Everything works for me: its themes, narrative, screenplay, cinematography, music, lighting, design, acting, and direction. When it becomes clear that the movie fails to connect with my son I feel as if a great wall descends between us. The only known antidote to counter an experience of unwanted distance is love.

YEAR THREE · 16 JULY

Love and The Artist

To create art, whatever its medium, the creative person must be loved, love, or yearn for love. Their love may be of a person, a place, or an idea. They may be loved by another, they may love themselves, or they may long to be with their love. The love the artist requires is strongly felt with a consistent commitment or wish of care and kindness. Without love, the need to make quickly fades.

When love of self or self-belief turns to arrogance, love leaves, and with it, all that inspires.

YEAR THREE · 15 JULY

Explaining Art

Language is often used to inform an audience of the intent, meaning, and value of a work of art.

Language may be used as the medium or integral element of the work, for example, a poem, or title.

Language is used to analyse, discuss and criticize a work of art.

The artist's and critic's words associated with art may not be consistent with the experience of it.

Explaining art belies its fundamental nature which is to experience it, and in this, we like it, or we do not.

YEAR THREE · 14 JULY

When Alone and With

I express myself so very differently when alone compared to when I am with someone else.

When in love this difference melts away. Not when only I feel love, but when love is equal and shared.

When alone in love and with, I take care not to say too much, share too much, be too much.

When alone with light, sound and words, I can be in love, express, then share my love.

Being with love requires judgement and care. Being in love has no barrier of doubt or distrust.

YEAR THREE · 13 JULY

Feelings · Thoughts · Actions

I am captivated by those things that move me, ideas, and what life does.

Once I sense something, I feel something. The stronger my feeling, the more I am drawn - curiosity is the child of how I feel. My curiosity leads to thought, and thoughts to ideas. Despite their fascination, ideas are not enough and so I turn to action: I make. In brief this is my creative process.

When my feelings overrun my thoughts I act on instinct. When I sense beauty, thought is far from view.

YEAR THREE · 12 JULY

My Choice

I am often faced with a choice: whether I live for my advantage, or live to cause most good.

I have the choice to exploit those things I make to benefit me, or I can share them freely. Selling my music, images and words would give me economic comfort and increase my social reputation. Having more money and kudos would encourage the advantaged segments of society to be more attentive.

The choice of living to my advantage or causing most good extends to my personal relationships.

YEAR THREE · 11 JULY

Art and Time

Art in all its forms is experienced in the moment of time we call now.

Art can string moments together to form its whole: music, dance, drama, all performance art.

Art that requires time to be discovered: painting, sculpture, poems, photography, all recorded art.

Art allows me to revisit my feelings and thoughts of love, fear, happiness and hurt which have happened yet remain, persist. Art is the interplay between those things I am, have been, and may become.

YEAR THREE · 10 JULY

Making: The Charge of Life

I am charged by life to make.

The word charge has many connotations: I may be charged, accused; I may charge toward; charged with something I must do; charged, revived, energized; I can hold as much as loose my charge.

Making goes hand in hand with being alive. Life fills me with energy and experiences I do not wish to loose. The force and charge of life bursts once more into the world through what is made.

YEAR THREE · 9 JULY

Of Body and Mind

I am one thing in mind, and another in body.
I long to talk but pass by.
I show myself as self-assured when I am far from confident.
I smile when sad.
I wait, constrained, when all I wish is freedom.

My body hides the truth of mind, I hope in kindness rather than deceit.

YEAR THREE · 8 JULY

Being Simply · Simply Being

I value meaning and metaphor as two great forces of communication that allow me to convey and understand. I also treasure abstract art, dance and music in equal measure as they can be expressive, beautiful, and encourage me to inhabit qualities of being that lay outside memory and interpretation.

Abstract art, music and dance can simply be. They are experiences I can be, simply.

Being Simply: self aware or active without the complexities of idea.

YEAR THREE · 7 JULY

After Sunrise

The spent shell of life: motionless, hollow, grey.

The unknown terror: tamed.

Time has no hold on those who pass away, to where I do not know.

Seven minutes after sunrise on the seventh day of the seventh month, stillness gives way to the restless beauty of dawn.

YEAR THREE · 6 JULY

Whispered Love

You are ninety five. Since your birth, your heart has beaten over four billion times.

The body is a wondrous thing.

For twenty eight days you have gone without food, and for three, without water.

You cannot see. You cannot speak. Your hands are cold. You breathe the quickened shallow breath.

I whisper close in hope your spirit hears: love. With love, there is no place for fear.

YEAR THREE · 5 JULY

To Be Creative

The first step toward creativity is curiosity, the second: play, then joy, humour, and persistence.

For the creative person the need to explore is ever present, is spontaneous, independent of prevailing ideas, unswayed by conformity, and willing to take risks, both practical and reputational.

Creativity requires openness. The more open I am to difference, experience, change and thought, the greater my chance to discover and make new.

YEAR THREE · 4 JULY

Art and the Tenacity of Freedom

Art is interpretive. For many, its ambiguity is unsettling and unsatisfying. In contrast, an area like science appears to provide answers and facts, and through its arguments and certainty, encourages a sense of confidence. Art has no scientific method and can be created by people of all ages and from any place and social or economic background. Good art moves the heart and mind no matter who makes it.

Art's ambivalence and freedom can be used against the confining forces of greed, tyranny and power.

YEAR THREE · 3 JULY

An Open Heart and The Art of Another

When what I say or do is not treated with respect, when I am not listened to, when what I am is not valued, the person I speak with is diminished in my heart.

I do not love when I dismiss another or experience disdain.

My danger is in my belief I know more, I am more able, more experienced, more talented. Arrogance and insecurity closes my eyes to the great and beautiful good of others and their art.

YEAR THREE · 2 JULY

What Do I Want To Be? What Will I Be?

What I want to be shapes what I will become.

I want to be in love, I want to be loved, I want to love.

I think of the meaning of these statements and what they say of me. To be in love has the potential of causing as much sadness as happiness. To be loved requires another. I only ever have choice about the last: I can love at any time, in any place. For chance to be in love, to be loved, I must always love.

YEAR THREE · 1 JULY

Clarity

At times I do not express myself clearly. This can be helpful if what I communicate serves to encourage interpretation and the mind to wonder. The danger is that being unclear can also cause disinterest and distance. This not only goes for my making, but also my being with others.

Some prefer mystery to clarity. The unravelling of meaning. The chase to know.

Perhaps there is time to be clear yet full with the untold: the still surface of deepening lake.

YEAR THREE · JUNE

30 JUNE

Why: For Reason, For Purpose, Forever Unknown

I yearn to understand why others do or do not. The reason someone harms, or turns the other way. Why I and others act or do not act drives much of my day.

Despite my efforts, understanding another's why may not be possible, no matter how long I have known them, nor how much I love them. I hide myself for fear of loss, for want, or love. With art, word and sound I show myself, yet here requires another's need to ask the reason why, their need to know.

YEAR THREE · 29 JUNE

Ephemeral Art · Appearance and Disappearance

Ephemeral: something that exists for a short time.

I think of the moment a single drop of rain falls on the dry dusty earth as a short time. I consider an hour in the company of someone I love as a short time. I think of a week on holiday as a short time, and as I grow older, my childhood as an ever shorter time. All experience is ephemeral. All art is ephemeral.

Think on. I am a creature of time and its appearance and disappearance is my muse. Think on.

YEAR THREE · 28 JUNE

Freedom

Freedom: the ability to act, change, communicate, or think without hindrance.

My view is that freedom is a quality of experience, and in this it is dynamic and different at any given time, and for every living thing.

Freedom was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Listen to 'Freedom' and read my thoughts at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 27 JUNE

Inclusion and Exclusion

I have felt included and excluded. I include and exclude. I am, have been, and will be, included and excluded. For a time, for what felt like a very long time at the time, I was excluded from adulthood. I include few I count among my friends. I exclude meat from my diet. I am included as a composer in the mind of some, and excluded as being recognized as a composer in the mind and record of others.

Inclusion and exclusion is sometimes a matter of fact, and more usually a matter of choice.

YEAR THREE · 26 JUNE

When I Return

I ponder on why I return: to understand, to laugh, to cry, for safety, comfort, pleasure, for hope and love. To feed my curiosity, desire, anger or greed. With art I return to meet one or many of these things.

Time never truly permits my return to be with a person or place. During time things happen, a place changes, we change. My return is not the same as my first encounter. The taste is not as sweet, the colour not as vibrant, the sound not as full. I return to know and feel, but most to journey on, and with.

YEAR THREE · 25 JUNE

How Things Are Said · What Words Mean

I understand not only by what is said, but how. Some are expert in the use of words: the lawyer, academic, politician, seller. All know tone makes known, yet hide behind their words.

When I see someone speak I not only hear their words and tone, I also see their gesture. These three elements of language help me to better know whether what is said matches what is thought and felt.

My love, hope, fear, and anger is expressed more through tone and gesture than word alone.

YEAR THREE · 24 JUNE

The Delight of Place

I enter a bright room with a high ceiling where children paint and play music with the encouragement of an artist. Indirect summer daylight pours through two large facing windows. The whitewashed walls are covered with drawings and artworks. The old wooden floor is rich with sound. The air feels fresh and full with life. I pause to look around and sense beyond those things I see and hear.

The ambience and delight of place seems made as much by its history as its physical qualities.

YEAR THREE · 23 JUNE

The Beauty of the Unexpected

One of the great pleasures of making is to experience the unexpected. I write a word, the first that comes to mind: warm. I listen to my mind wander before settling on its quality: warmth.

Quality: the essential character of something that distinguishes it from any other.

Warmth: a feeling of comfort, affection, and kindness.

Five things that do not live that give me warmth: the sun; earth; art; music; literature.

YEAR THREE · 22 JUNE

I Am · I Want · I Need

You are an infant. You want happiness. You need care. Do I act? Should I act? How do I act?

You are a young adult. You want happiness. You need care. Do I act? Should I act? How do I act?

You are elderly. You want happiness. You need care. Do I act? Should I act? How do I act?

Caring for others is more than thinking alone. When I am with someone I choose to care, or not to care.

I am, I want, I need. When I am with someone and choose to care I free myself from want and need.

YEAR THREE · 21 JUNE

Solstice and The Closing of My Eyes

It is 5am and the motionless leaves of copper beach and ash are golden with sunrise. Bird song began in the darkness more than an hour ago, grew in extraordinary beauty, then gave way until only the interrupted arcing shrill of chaffinch and caw of crow broke the stillness of the morning air.

Summer Solstice is a day of balance, wonder and becoming. I find a place to stand, look up, breathe in. I close my eyes. For those who see, the closing of a sense so dear is full with contemplation and trust.

YEAR THREE · 20 JUNE

The Way I Hear

I listen to a piece of music for the first time by an unknown composer. I do not know the name of the piece, when or where it was made, nor the instruments used. I respond to the music according to my taste, what I have heard in the past, and through my interest and love of music.

I imagine I now discover the title of the music: Freedom. Does this change the way I hear?

Although music may be heard without language or broader context, it is often enriched by these.

YEAR THREE · 19 JUNE

Competition and The Solitary Artist

I am fiercely competitive. I am non-aggressive. I play to win. I respect the outcome of a game played fairly. I do not give up with unlikely odds. I make every effort to the very end. I do not yield easily. I never cheat. I am mindful of my strong desire to prevail. I try to offset my competitiveness with kindness.

Art is not a competition, yet many of the qualities I have learned through competition are used in my making. Non-collaborative art can be a gruelling occupation. Art is not made by the faint hearted...

YEAR THREE · 18 JUNE

Between The Sheets of Sleep Awake

Awake: the state of being, a journey towards becoming, or the instruction to be: conscious and aware.

I consider the piano as an expression of my thoughts and feelings of my time between the sheets of sleep, and the orchestra, the elements of my dream and spirit world.

I touch the spike of sound lay bare, where note and silence mingle clear, the beat of heart, my start and end, awake the journey whole and near.

Between The Sheets of Sleep Awake at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 17 JUNE

The Memory of Art

After many weeks of making you are the first to experience a new piece of music, poetry and art before its public sharing. A year passes. I return with a large framed print of the image. The day you first viewed the art has been forgotten, not through lack of care, but because of the difference of its significance to you and I.

The memory of art is set in mind dependent on our love: of beauty, place, and person.

YEAR THREE · 16 JUNE

With Shallow Breath and Song

On night with school of art ablaze, with shallow breath and turn of palm you call our names: stay.
You rest, then once again you say with whispered quiet strength: stay.

Soon, with dreams and hope of youth long past, the fire hushed, you breathe the shallow breath.

Time is nothing but a moment spent alone or with. Do not leave my reach, my hold of hand, my touch.

With shadow breath, with mourning sound of blackbird song, you close your eyes: stay.

YEAR THREE · 15 JUNE

Ships in the Night

I consider how close I am, how fast I travel towards and away, and how short a moment with can be.

A series of nine images of ships in the night are presented as a single work.

View 'Ships in the Night' at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 14 JUNE

Beauty Never Seen

I hear the evidence of wind through my window where I work: the sway of leaves and creak of bark, the wail of air across my chimney stack. I hear the evidence of wind, yet not the wind itself.

I step outside to feel the wind against my skin. I wait, then sense its coming strength: the rush of sound approach; the push upon my open eyes; the line of tear on cheek.

Wind has no form, no clear start, no end. Its beauty is the movement made only by its passing.

YEAR THREE · 13 JUNE

Why I Make: More Than For My Heart Alone

Why things are made: to satisfy material need; for pleasure; in hope; to connect with; for memory; to change; express; to explore; for solace, to understand; to learn; to leave something of myself; for love.

Of these, love is by far the strongest force. My love of someone else, of nature, and of beauty.

When others are disinterested in what I make, when those close are unmoved in body or mind by what I do, I am deeply saddened, but my need to make is more than for my heart alone.

YEAR THREE · 12 JUNE

Over Time

The green sprigs of hornbeams I planted over a month ago withered after the shock of their move. It seemed all one hundred plants were lost. Each day I watered them with the hope they might be dormant and their strength would return, but day after day they showed no sign of life.

Fresh lime-green leaves on four of the plants have started to unfurl. I was impatient. Life takes time.

To nurture is to love, even when it seems all is lost.

YEAR THREE · 11 JUNE

The Need of Water

Over half my body is made from water. More than 70% of the earth is covered in water. If I do not drink I will struggle to survive. Without water over land, life retreats. As a child, water made up three quarters of my body weight. All life on earth first emerged from water. Water more than anything supports my being alive. Soon, something alive (artificial consciousness) will have no need of water.

When something is abundant I all too easily overlook its value. Without need we value even less.

YEAR THREE · 10 JUNE

Art and Literature · Literature Is Not Art

Art is in part defined by its initial contact with my senses. All visual art: with my eyes, music with my ears, and many other art forms through an array of my senses: dance, theatre, opera, film, sculpture and ceramics. Art may go on to stimulate thought. Poetry can also appeal firstly through its sound.

Literature is in part defined by its initial contact with my mind. The physical medium of literature is secondary to its meaning. I read the same from paper, screen, through touch (Braille), or by listening.

YEAR THREE · 9 JUNE

My Priority

What is important to me is likely not to you. There may be rare moments when our priorities collide. It may be that you and I hear the same piece of music we both enjoy. Yet even as we do, at the very moment of our shared pleasure, what is important, what catches our attention, what takes our mind and heart, for each of us, is different. My journey in whatever I experience is distinct from yours.

To love is to listen to another, to act for their need, to place their hope, their joy above my own.

YEAR THREE · 8 JUNE

Understanding What Is Said · A Poet's Guide

The significance of language is that it means something. It takes time to comprehend.

My speed of knowing is less important to me than my need to know.

When someone speaks or writes and I do not understand, I feel less informed, less aware, less smart. I feel left on the outside. I wish most to be on the inside. Plugged in, switched-on.

When I use unusual or invented words, when I place them freely, my audience is diminished.

YEAR THREE · 7 JUNE

Art As Concept · The Misnomer of Conceptual Art

A concept is a thought that acts as a foundation for the development of ideas.

An example of a concept: freedom. Not the word, but the idea. Freedom is the bedrock for thoughts and experiences about power, control, hope, despair, and other avenues of considered exploration.

Art may stimulate ideas, and perhaps this is the basis for some to mistakenly view concepts as art.

Marcel Duchamp's Fountain provokes consideration of what art is. It is object as concept, not art.

YEAR THREE · 6 JUNE

Vanity and Art

There is little I loathe more than the vanity of an artist, the self-pruning and presentation of personal identity as if it were evidence of being an artist. It is not. The appearance of an artist is irrelevant to the weight and quality of their art. The surface of a person, their colour, gender, age, their hair, and what they wear does not reveal the artist. Seeking to be well known, courting publicity, self-promotion, and commercial success have nothing to do with making well. Be wary of those charlatans of art.

YEAR THREE · 5 JUNE

A Kiss in Time

I am kissed gently on the cheek. I smile. "Thank you".

I have seen her most days for the last six months. I know little of her, and she of me.

"I am cold". I find her something warm. It takes a moment of my time, and yet this gives us time.

I think of the last time she kissed. I think of the last time I was kissed.

We smile. She closes her eyes. "My mother always sang to me, ninety years ago".

YEAR THREE · 4 JUNE

Humans, Artificial Intelligence, and Art

I use computers when making with light, sound, and words. Computers host programs that allow me to generate or recall states, compose, and edit. My tools are useful, but not indispensable.

Artificial Intelligence (AI) is often ubiquitous in the creative process. What is seen, heard and read may have only come about as a result of the interaction between humans and AI.

Art's authenticity and voice has changed. Something made by the body alone is now precious.

YEAR THREE · 3 JUNE

I Keep and Make to Be With You

The room where I work with light and words is full with pictures my son made as he grew up, art by myself and others, numerous books I have read and have yet to read, and far, far too many things I keep to remember a person, an experience, a place, or thought. As time moves, some of these things become more important, and some, less so. I have always remembered a face better than a name, an idea more than a sequence of instructions. I keep for fear of loosing sight of something never to return.

YEAR THREE · 2 JUNE

Tools and the Making of Art

To make art my body senses, my mind considers. As I sense, I become free to make.

Tools provide me with feedback. A pencil for example makes marks on a surface that not only sets down my gestures and thoughts, but the presence of its marks and my gaze encourages new ideas.

The same is true for technological tools that help me record words and manipulate light and sound.

Simple forms of making that need no tools bring me most joy: dance, music, storytelling.

YEAR THREE · 1 JUNE

Coexistence

Coexistence may be with nature, a person, living things, family, a group, communities, and nations.

I may choose to coexist with a person or others, or I may find myself coexisting through no choice: by birth, family, play, work, or cultural and national circumstance.

I complete the music Coexistence in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Listen to 'Coexistence' at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · MAY

31 MAY

Being With Well

To hear sounds well I need to place some distance from them before returning to them. The same is true for working with any creative medium.

As I compose music I listen and grow familiar with its every nuance. The speakers and my position in the room are fine tuned to hear quiet and loud, high and low. Every few hours I rest. On my every return I hear things I have never heard before. Being with well requires I am also without.

YEAR THREE · 30 MAY

The Time and Place of Art

Despite my ongoing and greatest efforts, I will only ever feel so much, think so much, know so much. As a living thing I am confined by time.

Although I experience art in time, art is not alive. As my time is different from one moment to the next, so art changes. Art becomes new each time I hear the same music, see the same painting, read the same poem. Art reaches far further in time and place than I. Art becomes, my liberating force.

YEAR THREE · 29 MAY

Thought and Action

Thoughts can spontaneously occur, or they may be the result of conscious effort.

Unplanned thoughts are intrinsic in the making of art. Intentional thoughts allow the refinement of art.

A creative act requires I am open to the unexpected from without and within.

Being open to my thoughts can bring me into conflict with cultural, religious, and social norms.

Presenting my thoughts for all to see ensures those close to me are not subject to their secrecy.

YEAR THREE · 28 MAY

The Business of Art · Acts of Love

Many view art as a business. Many artists view art as a business. An artist has to live. They have to buy food, support a family, pay for a roof over their heads. Some things are made to be sold.

Money changes what is made. To sell, I must make something that can be sold. If my focus is on the advantage I gain when I make something, I make it for myself.

Love is never sold. Love, by its nature, is given. Making art can be an act of love.

YEAR THREE · 27 MAY

Thirst

Desire: I want. Thirst: I need.

I glance left, right, then briefly over my shoulder. I am alone. A wilderness stretches out in front of me as far as the eye can see. I could step out and pass the road's end, or return to my car and travel back to the suburbs. I look ahead towards the endless unknown. I choose between safety or discovery.

When it comes to making, I find it helpful to separate those things I want from those I need.

YEAR THREE · 26 MAY

A Fool's Paradise

What is important to me is often not to others.

Some will hear my music never to return, some will see my images that for them quickly fade from sight, some will read my words that fail to move their heart or mind.

No matter what or how I say, despite my very best, some will never feel nor think those things I do.

I make with as broad an audience in mind, yet not for everyone for that would be a fool's paradise.

YEAR THREE · 25 MAY

With You

A low haze hugs the still early morning after rain.

The sup of earth. The sweat of leaf. The drip of final drop from tip and top of towered trees.

My skin absorbs the scent of spore, the musk of deer, the shine and wet of wood.

Here, where life begins and ends. With hoof and beat of wing, with brown-green dappled blue.

Here is where I most belong, with you.

YEAR THREE · 24 MAY

Either · Or · Whole

I find myself as either or.

I am immersed in the open sea of my passions and love, or absorbed by a world of ideas.

I keep balance between these two great forces through my making.

Making is the fulcrum of my either or. The expression of my otherwise ordinary life.

I journey through the great wilderness of creative discovery. It is the only way I know to remain, whole.

YEAR THREE · 23 MAY

Take Your Pick

I have three choices: I can add something, take something away, or do nothing.

Painters add or remove pigment; potters add or remove clay; choreographers add or remove movement; photographers and digital artists add or remove light; music composers add or remove sound; writers add or remove words. At times the action is irreversible, unalterable, final.

When I consider any of my actions, I give or take, for doing nothing leaves me only as witness.

YEAR THREE · 22 MAY

My Freedom to Make

Each person who makes finds their comfort to create in different places, times, alone, or with others.

To work well I work alone, but my mind is always full with others. To make well I need freedom: from thinking only of my self; from the practical demands of life; from the restraints of convention.

The creative act requires I listen honestly and openly at all times: to what is being said from within and outside; to the self-critical eye; to the independence and strengths of touch, light, sound, and meaning.

YEAR THREE · 21 MAY

My Dream Returns

I witnessed the conflict of my parents, verbal and physical. One would shout and scream at the other in exasperation. My mother would hurl objects across the room at my father. I was two years old.

As a boy I experienced long periods of calm before the storm returned each holiday when my sisters arrived home from boarding school. The air was full with deep resentment and hostility.

As a man I wake early from unsettling dream. I write, for making gives chance my dreams are heard.

YEAR THREE · 20 MAY

No One Else Would Ever Know

I discover a creative tool that promises to be valuable. The developer also makes a product that allows film and game makers to mimic the sound of weapons discharging. Although any tool or resource can be used for ill or good, there are some that are more likely to be used thoughtlessly and gratuitously. These may harm. I decide not to buy anything and contact the developer giving my reasons why.

Though others neither know nor would likely care about my choice, my work would carry its shadow.

YEAR THREE · 19 MAY

Consensus and The Limitations of Great Art

What makes great art? What great art have I experienced? Ask yourself. Pick a work.

Great Art: something made that significantly moves the mind and heart.

As my mind and heart is different to yours, great art to me will be different than to you.

Many may say (a friend, critic, academic, institution, cultural norm) that a piece of music written by a well known composer is excellent. It may not be if it fails to move my mind and heart...

YEAR THREE · 18 MAY

Instinct and Choice

Whether the qualities that define me are innate or nurtured matters to my confidence and sense of self-control. Perhaps my insatiable need to know was embedded in my environment and upbringing, my need to make, forged from the fire of childhood experiences. Perhaps we are born with propensities.

If it is my nature to be something: this seems more difficult to change than if I have learned to be something. Can instinct be to love or harm? Whether nature or nurture, I am human, I act by choice.

YEAR THREE · 17 MAY

Predator and Prey

A young robin hops closer as my watering can lets loose its early shower onto the newly planted limbs of a hedge. Pale blue speckled blackbird eggs lay under their mother's down.

A bird's flight and freedom lifts my heart, their song shakes the still morning air with life.

I reluctantly inherited a young cat who, through his own choice, rarely ventures outside. Over the last few weeks his curiosity has increased. I ponder how to prevent harm to predator and prey.

YEAR THREE · 16 MAY

Hold My Hand

I am by the bedside of a relative in pain. They ask to hold my hand. I do not easily touch others. I hold their hand which helps them cope as they cry out. I am in quiet undisclosed distress.

Her discomfort eases. She rests. I rest.

As I touch I give something precious of myself. My willingness to meet with. My acceptance of another.

I find it difficult to touch when I do not wish to be with, give to, when I am not wholly honest.

YEAR THREE · 15 MAY

Art: My Image to the Mirror

A photo of woodland is enjoyed more than the artwork I created. I revisit and revise the page I published by adding two photographs. Both are of the wood in May.

I view the artwork in a new light as I am reminded that my view is coloured by my senses, my sensibilities, temperament, memories, insecurities, happiness, loneliness, and love.

At each moment of its giving and its taking, art becomes new, as my image to the mirror.

YEAR THREE · 14 MAY

Instinct, Thought, and Articulation

Some artists say little about their work: "art should stand on its own two feet, it is what it is".
Take music, an abstract art form. I hear it, I like or I do not. My experience is aesthetic. Listening to someone talk about it may extend my appreciation, but rarely changes my level of engagement.

I think of a poem, an art form that invites understanding: about an individual, many, a place, or ideas.

When the originator does not comment, their art is more likely made by instinct than by thought.

YEAR THREE · 13 MAY

The Nature of Sensitivity

The creative person's sensitivity may be limited to a particular area (for example visual, or aural).

When I come across an artist or composer it is a mistake to think their sensitivity extends to personal understanding, empathy, and insight. How I act with others has little to do with my creative capacity.

My innate sensitivity is no more or less than yours, it is different. We are unique. Although I yearn to share my experiences, I learn and comprehend most when I am open to what others feel and sense.

YEAR THREE · 12 MAY

Transparency and Trust

Transparency: easily perceived. Made known, honest.

During my childhood I trusted my senses: when I viewed a photograph I thought it genuine; when I answered the phone I listened to someone. My general level of trust was greater than today.

Now, when I see an image I know it may be changed. When I hear someone speak it may not be a person, but technology that mimics human speech. Living openly and honestly becomes more prized.

YEAR THREE · 11 MAY

My Hurt For Damaged Art

I spend many, many hours making a case for my art. I use the lightest, strongest materials. The case can be easily opened with fastenings. I stand in a long queue of people bringing their work for final consideration in a major exhibition. The air is curiously quiet for so many whose skill it is to express. We shuffle forward towards the thickening sound of bursting bubble wrap. I hand over my work gingerly, it is placed on a trolley. A moment later I witness the clatter of falling frames against my art.

YEAR THREE · 10 MAY

Without Voice

I ponder on what is mine alone: my pleasure; my pain; my sensory experience; my thoughts; my trust; my hope; my happiness; my sadness; my memory; my being self aware; my love.

Although I cannot prove any of these most important experiences that define me, I can express them and indicate their presence through communication, art, music, and by the way I act.

I feel most vulnerable, most misunderstood, most alone without voice, and so I shout.

YEAR THREE · 9 MAY

The Inner World of Plants

I walk in a wood of beech trees in early May close to my home. The wood is full with life, from its carpet of leaf and bluebell, to its canopy of glistening light high above. As I walk I sense my nature and the nature of others. I sense my story as child and man. I sense myself as small moment of a greater thing that breathes. This coming together, this interdependence is the 'experience', the inner world of plants.

View 'The Inner World of Plants' at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 8 MAY

Choosing Life over Death

A wooden fence is hard, stark, dead. A hedge is vibrant and alive. Over the years I have replaced a wooden fence in my garden with a hornbeam hedge. Using wood panels as the boundary takes away from the land, growing wood gives back and supports a rich ecosystem of insects and birds.

Like all living things, a hedge requires care. I have responsibility for only one of three sides to the boundary. Persuading my neighbours of the change took many years. Now our gardens teem with life...

YEAR THREE · 7 MAY

Holiday · Haligdæg · Holy Day

Holiday: the setting aside of routine. A time of spiritual observance. A day of celebration. A period of pleasure and change: of place, environment, and experience. A day or days devoted to one another: with family; loved one/s; alone and with nature.

Holidays are often viewed as time off. I view them as opportunities to switch on.

With creative occupation I try to count each day as set apart, sacred, full with chance and change.

YEAR THREE · 6 MAY

With Distance

I ponder on my words of yesterday - why experiencing the same is of such significance to me.

With distance I am separated. Physical distance. Emotional distance. Distance un/intended. Distance of circumstance, purpose, and comfort. Distance experienced close and far.

With distance I learn, I am challenged, I grow, and yet at all times and with every opportunity I try to close the distance between myself and others, and another, between who I wish to be and how I am.

YEAR THREE · 5 MAY

The Shape of Sky

I look up. You look up. We see the sky. With two miles distance between us, the further those things we view, the closer we see the same. A low passing cloud, overhead for you, is far closer to the edge of sky for me. As we each view the moon there is the slightest difference to the angle of our gaze. With a star, at a short distance between us, our angle of gaze is experienced as identical.

The shape of sky. The sound of bird. Day, cloud, night, and moon. The stars, our place of meeting.

YEAR THREE · 4 MAY

My Dreams of Happiness Untold

I hold the oldest object in my home, made two thousand years ago: a beautiful bronze vessel that lays in my palm with an exquisitely shaped lid. I wrote a poem to accompany this gift I never gave.

I touch the oxidized green, blue and brown surface of the vessel. I breathe moments from the past.

I am transformed by something made, something as still as stone, something that never lived.

The object holds me like a spell, for art moves me: in thought, with feeling, from place to place.

YEAR THREE · 3 MAY

The Mirror and The Eye

As someone experiencing art I have the chance to meet with, be with, and observe the inner world of another. Not just that of the artist, but of others who encounter art. An artwork may be abstract, it may not represent anything in the physical world, and yet I am still offered these gifts by its presence.

When I look at a painting, hear music, or read a poem, I am equal with others who do so. Art charges my senses, my feelings and thoughts. I become the mirror and the eye.

YEAR THREE · 2 MAY

An Idea Is Not Art

An idea is abstract and has no physical existence. An idea may be simple or complex and can include imagined sensations experienced by the body. To have an idea I must be conscious, self aware.

Thought: a string of ideas that often leads somewhere.

Art: something created that holds special significance.

Art is more than an idea. Art is more than thought alone. If I say a thing is art it does not make it so.

YEAR THREE · 1 MAY

My Creative Estate

Creative Estate: things that have been created and made by an individual, and that have rights associated with them. These could be material, recorded, or intellectual in nature. For example, a painting or poem could fall into all three areas, music would fall into the last two, and an idea that is only passed on aurally would fall only into the last.

I set out my creative estate in one place, and in list form, all I make freely available to experience.

www.mycreativeestate.com

YEAR THREE · APRIL

30 APRIL

As Darkness Falls

In common with all creative people, there are periods when I loose my confidence to make. This may result from the practical demands of life; that I judge my work falls far short of the line of excellence I aspire to; that those close to me are unmoved by what I make; that I loose hope my work can ever bring me close; that I doubt my work has the potential to be the cause of positive change.

More than anything, it is the medium itself that re-reignites my spirit: light, sound, words.

YEAR THREE · 29 APRIL

How Others Feel · What Others Think

A one line poem by an unknown individual:

I sit on the pavement as a king upon their thrown: a stone silent subject without respect or home.

If a homeless person wrote this, a sovereign head of state, or computer algorithm, would it change its strength? Its meaning? Its worth? Would the words be less or more?

With words alone my world shakes free from the tyranny of authority.

YEAR THREE · 28 APRIL

Without Language

Language is immeasurably important to me, yet much of the time I struggle to use and understand it.

Take music as an example. I may try to talk and write about it, but whatever I say does not come close to the experience of it. When I imagine a wordless tune in my head it is without language.

The same is true for dance. Both music and dance, those things I experience so easily, so beautifully, are far distant from language, and perhaps this is why I love them so intensely.

YEAR THREE · 27 APRIL

The Importance of Touch

Two leaders from hostile nations shake hands. It is in the moment of touching, skin to skin, when the journey towards positive change is given chance.

Touch, personal and political, is often withheld. Touch is meaningful. It is a sign of giving over, of trust.

Some misuse touch for personal gain. The insistence or force of touch crosses our inner line.

I rarely felt the touch of my mother, my father, or my sisters. As a child I knew the power of touch well.

YEAR THREE · 26 APRIL

Someone To Make For

I make most when in love or with the hope of love.

I make for one, or many. For someone to love, or for all to love.

Making for one is far easier than making for many. For one, the creative process flows like a force of nature. For many, the creative journey is more abstract, principled, altruistic.

Making something is only half the story. Stories are only complete when read.

YEAR THREE · 25 APRIL

Self-Belief and the Artist

I make to express my love, as a means to change, and to return to the ideas and experiences I find most important and powerful. Most often my work does not retain the strength I felt during its making.

Although my failures weaken my confidence, they do not undermine the reasons for my making.

My hunger to share is as strong now as when I first made as a child. It is not self-belief that sustains me, but love, the necessity of change, and the ideas and experiences of life, its beauty and potential.

YEAR THREE · 24 APRIL

Love · Life

Stopping short a life is within my reach as it is for most humans who are not restrained. For many, the willingness to take a life, to kill, is a matter of degree. Most are comfortable taking the life of a flower, a tree, but might pause at the loss of a forest. Many are comfortable for others to take life on their behalf for food: vegetation, fish, cattle. Some will agree to a life taken during or after a serious crime, or in self-defence. Some take life for principle, self-interest, or madness. Some sadly take their own.

YEAR THREE · 23 APRIL

What Passes Remains

It took a day before the ideas of yesterday solidified. A day to consider and better say. A day to remove the unnecessary dry language that arose from my strong wish to convince.

Those who read my first draft may not clearly remember what and how I wrote, but they will indirectly remember. That is, their reading of the newer draft will be involuntarily coloured by the first.

When I return to be with someone, when I see and hear them again, all that has passed remains.

YEAR THREE · 22 APRIL

Unintended Harm · Unforeseen Harm

Collateral Damage: unintended harm. A euphemism that serves to deflect feelings of moral concern.

The term first appeared when I was in my mother's womb.

A child that is inadvertently killed as a result of a military operation. A fishing net that traps seabirds, turtles, and marine mammals while catching a target species.

Language may be used to conceal, deflect, and calm our guilt. Unintended harm is not unforeseen.

YEAR THREE · 21 APRIL

Easily Forgotten

On the floor in front of a street busker a sign reads "Don't Give Me Money, Just Listen". Some walk by, but many stop. Once the music comes to an end, the crowd applauds. Some stay, a few move on. The performance is recorded on a phone and uploaded. Online there is little give and a lot of take. Few spend a moment to express their thanks, even with a swipe of the finger.

In person I often respond, I am prone to remember. On screen I can all too easily forget.

YEAR THREE · 20 APRIL

With Love

To live I require air, water, and food. To live well I need shelter, health, social care, education, and the arts. When I compete for these things, I reduce their prevalence.

More evasive is my need of purpose, confidence, understanding, community, and friendship.

Outside myself, yet in my interest, is care for the world and living things.

Politics debates whether to or how to support these. Put simply, they are nurtured with love.

YEAR THREE · 19 APRIL

Unseen and Seen

Water Vapour: the invisible, gaseous phase of water.

Dew: tiny water droplets condensed from water vapour.

As many mornings since childhood: I walk outside, bend down, then run my fingers and palm gently across the dew-soaked blades of grass. This simple gesture connects me with the earth and sky.

Poetry is as dew: the evidence of something changed, that comes to view from one state to another.

YEAR THREE · 18 APRIL

The All and None of This

I need air, not just to breathe, but for its open sky.

I need water, not just to drink, but to cry, to float and swim.

I need food, not just to live, but for its fuel of time, to be, of being with.

To make I need the share of air, of water, food, of you.

To love I need the all and none of this, the kiss of life, the touch of dew.

YEAR THREE · 17 APRIL

Exploitation and the Artist

Everything I experience is subject to the possibility it will be expressed in my art, music, or words. Take yesterday as an example. I reported my sister's accident and ponder on the brief moment of time when she viewed the inevitability of impending pain. With this account the reader becomes witness.

The experience I wrote about was not mine. With this comes the added care of shaping the words so they are respectful of a person's dignity. The artist can so easily be the parasite of incident and feeling.

YEAR THREE · 16 APRIL

The Fall

My sister trips and falls badly down concrete stairs as she walks back to her home. She calls for help but no one comes. She makes her way to a church dripping blood all the way. Kind people tend to her. I receive a phone call and take her to the hospital. She has broken her nose, cracked her cheekbone, and fractured her eye socket badly. It is four hours before the pain becomes bearable.

Back home she recounts her thoughts as the ground approached: "This is going to hurt".

YEAR THREE · 15 APRIL

The Choices I and Others Make

The human mind prefers simple, speedy solutions. I often take the shortest route from A to B, but this may not be the wisest nor the safest path. I judge the choice is mine to take.

A violent action in defence or aggression by a democratic nation represents its collective resolve and will. Certainty by its leaders seeks to sustain the people's support, and asserts the authority of their act.

A nation is democratic only if its actions follow a free vote after open dialogue of its representatives.

YEAR THREE · 14 APRIL

Before Nations Strike

The Right of Self Protection: A living being has the right to defend and protect itself with a proportionate response when in imminent risk, but not to carry out a preemptive attack.

It could be argued that the principle of self protection extends to states and nations, but justification of defence outside the national sphere requires the "self" represents human kind. "We protect humanity".

Before using physical force in this way, the disclosure of evidence and transparent debate are essential.

YEAR THREE · 13 APRIL

Know Me · My Life

I talk. I smile. I fall in love. I move. I make.

I am a sceptic. I doubt without evidence. I do not follow quickly, nor believe swiftly.

I try to act with care. I know my many failings. I know my feelings well.

I am unbending in my convictions. I am unyielding in my optimism. I am ever hopeful.

I trust in my love: of people; nature; the world of living things; where art, music and words make known.

YEAR THREE · 12 APRIL

The Care of Choosing Words

Language is at the heart of what it is to be human.

Language is not passive, it creates laws, builds alliances, and provides a means to understand the world of others. It makes shape of our cultural, spiritual and political accomplishments, and is what has and will continue to be the primary tool that humans use to change the world.

The care of choosing words, how many, to whom, and when, is our means to live in peace or war.

YEAR THREE · 11 APRIL

With Sound of Wave

In the summer of my sixteenth year I lived for a week on a small uninhabited island, the bird sanctuary of Burhou, home to puffins, storm petrels, oyster-catchers, gulls, and the never ending tidal rapid of fast-moving swells, eddies, and strong underwater currents that wash a careless swimmer out to sea.

This single week of fleeting cloud and sky, of razor sharp and craggy rock, of daily circumnavigation of a lonely, beautiful, natured isle, is never far from where I breathe, I stand. I sleep with sound of wave.

YEAR THREE · 10 APRIL

My Body and My Me

My body is made of cells, the smallest structures within me. Over half of these cells are not human.

My body is host to many tiny forms of life in addition to the fourteen kinds of cells I make. Bacteria, fungi, and viruses, both helpful and hurtful, make up the community of my physical presence.

If I think of myself only as a physical being, I am far less than meets the eye.

It is my mind, my spirit, my actions that form my me, for my body is but a vessel of existence.

YEAR THREE · 9 APRIL

Being of Little Note

I visit Wentworth Place, the house where the poet John Keats lived two hundred years ago.

During his short life of twenty five years, Keats published fifty four poems in three short volumes.

In his time the poems of John Keats were little known - two hundred copies were read.

This place is not the same, and yet I sense its touch. A time of spring and nightingale, of love still whispered through the walls in hopeless ache. The muse and loss of time's oppressive might.

YEAR THREE · 8 APRIL

Freedom

When a child's life, a woman's life, a man's life is lost, no matter where, I loose my chance to love that child, that woman, that man. With them my greatest gift in life to give is gone.

I am never far from hostility, as humans we know it well among ourselves. I am not helpless in conflict near or far. I can resist: when something disheartens me, frustrates me, angers me. I have the choice to stifle my urge that strikes back with words or deeds, and when I do, I sense the gift of freedom.

YEAR THREE · 7 APRIL

Wilderness · A Place of Being

I spin words endlessly over in my mind. This is useful when it comes to making, but difficult when with others as there is no tap or switch to turn off my flow of thought.

My greatest contentment is with nature, whether alone, or with another when silently sharing its force.

With nature, as far as the eye can see, as distant as the ear can hear, words are not required.

Wilderness: a place where my heart and mind settles. A place not of thought, but of being.

YEAR THREE · 6 APRIL

The Mood of My Leaving

My discussion with an editor I disagree with appears to be drawing to a close. I have tried my best to persuade them of my position, however it seems at this stage I have failed.

I ponder on what to do when someone is resistant to an exchange of opinions. Without meaningful response a conversation halts. The audience turns away, closes their eyes, and covers their ears.

With art there is always the possibility of return, no matter the mood of my leaving.

YEAR THREE · 5 APRIL

Making To Last and For The Moment

When making, whatever the medium, I try to bring together two often opposing forces: the instinctive and spontaneous creative impulse; and the considered skills of experience and judgement. The first allows me to make in the moment without conscious thought and can be immensely pleasurable. The second is the toil and craft of making, the thoughtful effort of composition and careful choice.

I try never to loose sight of the moment as I make something to last.

YEAR THREE · 4 APRIL

The Editor

The role of an editor, whether working with words, music, film or another medium, is to carefully consider material then decide upon its final form. This often requires an appreciation of content from a dispassionate distance in light of those who will most likely take it in.

As yesterday progressed I continually reworked On Being Deleted, and still, after over 150 edits I sense the process is not yet complete, perhaps because I am not fully and emotionally detached...

YEAR THREE · 3 APRIL

On Being Deleted

A user page at Wikipedia provides information about the contributor or editor of content. My user page was deleted. I held an account on the site for very many years. I only ever use Wikipedia to inform.

Although I made few direct contributions as an editor, I have pointed frequently to the site in my publications since 2002. Its value as a research tool is immeasurable.

I wrote my thoughts about being deleted, and even these have turned to dust...

YEAR THREE · 2 APRIL

Living With For Long

To live with another, one or both set aside their preferences. Take eating food. A shared meal, neither seasoned or plain. For the one who enjoys strong flavours, the taste may be bland. For the other, the food may still be strong with spice. Compromise makes plain the gap between.

Living with requires I balance my love and need for, against my tastes: of food, film, art, music, clothes, of what I care for, of what moves me. At times difference strains, and at its broadest, breaks.

YEAR THREE · 1 APRIL

The Journey Shared

I browse a vast book store, home to over 150 thousand volumes. I am struck by how many have something to say, yet how few read their words. By how little I know and is yet to learn. Being among these books I faintly sense the scale of human expression. What could possibly add to such wealth?

Your voice is unique. You travel a path from birth like no other. You sense like no other. You feel like no other. Never doubt, you who read these words have things to say that others wish to hear.

YEAR THREE · MARCH

31 MARCH

Write Now

We search for something lost. A short phrase that held some truth of shared experience. Words that briefly, beautifully, held the us together with the why some are so driven to express and make.

We write. I, here. You, there. For one to see. For all to read. We write with hope, with anger, with pain, with doubt, with love. We write to know, to be transformed, to feel the same or differently, to hold ourself alone and with. The act of making breaks and bonds my heart with moments lost and found.

YEAR THREE · 30 MARCH

First Breath

Whether a new born or birthday, a spring morning, the beauty of a crescent moon, or a fresh idea that makes the world a better place, I celebrate your first breath.

The world breathes: trees, water, a rolling landscape, cloud and sky. You, Me, We. You I have loved, I love, and will love. You who makes the world a brighter place.

First Breath at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 29 MARCH

The Stretch of Time

The difficulty in being someone who searches to understand before they make is that at times I do not have, nor will I ever gain the knowledge of why someone acts in the way they do.

Following a day of practical difficulties or an experience that has moved me deeply I recover best with simple tasks and silence. My I is settled when it has the space to breathe.

To learn I need the comfort and the stretch of time.

YEAR THREE · 28 MARCH

Do Not Leave Me

I come to know a community of elderly people who require more care than can be easily provided in their own homes. Anne finds it difficult to walk, Peter cannot see well, Don is for the most part in pain and bedridden, Joan finds it difficult to remember.

I arrive. It is good to see you. With a smile: and you. You're staying for a while. Yes. Do not leave me. We talk about anything and everything. An hour later: stay, just a minute more, do not leave me, do not go.

YEAR THREE · 27 MARCH

Insight and Instinct

Intelligence: the ability to perceive or infer information from data, the senses, stillness or change (physical or emotional), and to retain this as knowledge that leads to new pathways and actions.

Artificial Intelligence: intelligence demonstrated by non-organic networks and devices.

Decisions made as a result of AI are no longer transparent. We do not know how the latest and most powerful AI works, despite our insight and instinct. A new way of being with, is upon us.

YEAR THREE · 26 MARCH

Whitewashed

Something can be expressed that is of value by someone I do not care for.

Art is interpretive, it is often used to make a point. Although an artist may create a body of work, a work of art assumes a value and significance of itself. Despite the artist's intention, motivation and behaviour, art enjoys a life all of its own: politically, culturally and aesthetically. Mozart is not his music.

If I dismiss or deny the voice of those I disagree with, if I close my eyes, if I scrub art out, I blind myself.

YEAR THREE · 25 MARCH

The Bigger Picture

Watch as water flows. Translucent. Dappled. Mirrored light. See all as one: the river's wedded might.

When making I am easily caught up in the detail. Is this word well said? Does that word sit well? Is its sound and placement clear? Whatever the artistic medium, I can become so immersed as to drown in the task and pleasure of making at the expense of experiencing the emerging work in the round.

Whatever I make, with light, sound or words, at times I must pull back.

YEAR THREE · 24 MARCH

Pulling Back

My passions are easily roused. I am prone to exuberance, and melancholy. I unveil the force of my emotions in my own company and tend to quell them with others as they cause discomfort.

When I feel strongly about something, perhaps by the way someone acts, I have an intense need to understand and express myself. If I view their act as helpful or harmful, I point it out, obliquely, and as with all things that most personally affect me, I take my time, often so much, many leave...

YEAR THREE · 23 MARCH

The Art of Making Money

A well known self-publicist, entrepreneur and serial pretender of the title artist is once again adding to his considerable personal wealth with his show. A collection of noted paintings in an eighteenth century mansion have been replaced in situ by roundish marks of paint on canvas created by anonymous hired painters who are required to apply an average of 1,500 spots a day.

Words and placement assert this as art, characterized by exploitation, ridicule, and greed.

YEAR THREE · 22 MARCH

The Language of Extravagance and Excess

The purpose of promotion is to make people aware. I do this by publishing my work and informing those interested of its availability. I do not however network, advertise, or market what I make as these activities take me away from making. There is too little time. Events designed to raise the profile and status of my work require I claim its significance. This is not for me to say. I have no wish to manipulate interest of and in my work. If it is of value, people will come, if it is less so, people will not.

YEAR THREE · 21 MARCH

Stating the Obvious · Seeing More

If a work of art does not appeal to my senses, enrich my experience, or provoke ideas, it fails in its purpose. This may be as a result of the work itself, or of my willingness or ability to connect with it.

In my previous post I wrote: when I look directly I see less. The same is true for art and life, but in saying this I change the nature of my words from the poetic to the mundane. I try again:

When I look directly I see less, as much as when I sense the edge, with mind, in mind these coalesce.

YEAR THREE · 20 MARCH

Seeing In The Dark

At night and in the dark, I see far better with my peripheral vision as compared with looking straight ahead. The rods in my retina that are more sensitive to light and motion are fewer at the centre where the cones of my retina that help me see detail and colour are over fifteen times more numerous.

When I look directly I see less, as much as when I only attend to those things at the edge of my vision.

If I am to use light well in my work, then I must know it well, as is true of sound and words.

YEAR THREE · 19 MARCH

Freedom and the Choice to Love

During every moment of my life, somewhere on this earth someone loves. It may be a child's love for their parent, or a parent's for their child; the love between siblings, partners, friends, strangers; between one species and another; of nature, of ideas, of self. Now, as you read, and now once more is love.

By love of self I mean the care, respect and kindness of the self. Love is not desire nor seeks gain.

Alone and with others, at any time, I am free to act with love. When I choose not to love I harm myself.

YEAR THREE · 18 MARCH

Being Beautiful

I often wonder what it must be like to be physically beautiful. I am not, however I love things that are.

I love the shape and texture of a ceramic bowl, the dancing light of a movie, the ideas and words of a poem, the sound of someone's voice, the push and pull of trees in high wind.

Physically beautiful people are under the constant gaze of others. Their human exchanges are with those who wish to be close, often not for their interest, but for what they transfer by way of their beauty.

YEAR THREE · 17 MARCH

Article One

Article One is published in support of The Rights of Living Things at 100 Artworks.

Pulsing rhythms play in sympathy and syncopation. A sea of sound, effervescent and full with dance. An ancient and beautiful Armenian instrument made of apricot wood sings soulfully with the ebullient, ever present palpitation of life...

Defining life and how I act towards it challenges my sense of human self-importance.

YEAR THREE · 16 MARCH

The Shortlist

An image I created is on the shortlist for The Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. The RA has presented this annual exhibition that invites submissions from anyone and everywhere since 1769.

It is curious that association with a place can change the perceived significance or status of a work of art. The piece chosen is no different than it was before its selection, and yet others think it so.

Art is judged so often on a whim, or through association, despite the artist's wish or truth of things.

YEAR THREE · 15 MARCH

Trust and Doubt

As a human I am vulnerable and clothe myself with the pretence that I know better, that those with me are as me, that they should look, feel and think as I, that those who disagree are likely to be wrong.

Trust and doubt are at the centre of all human relationships. How much I trust or doubt leads to how I act or fail to act. Thoughtful trust requires effort and courage, doubt requires neither.

To make I must at all times question my doubt. To make well is the search and care of trust.

YEAR THREE · 14 MARCH

Anxiety

I find myself in the accident and emergency department of a hospital through the early hours with someone in extreme emotional distress. By morning their acute anxiety has lessened.

At times there are clear reasons for anxiety: when at risk; when a task is overwhelming; as a result of the consequences of an action. More often anxiety is mercurial and increases when the self is at the forefront of the mind. The most effective weapon to counter its effect is to act in the interest of others.

YEAR THREE · 13 MARCH

Photography As Art

Photography mirrors what I see so well I think it ordinary. Unlike a painting, a photo rarely comes close to what I experience. When photos are beautiful, ambiguous, when their form and subject is unusual or arresting, my attention is captured for a spell. Photos are however rarely found on my walls compared with the imperfect gesture of painting, except when acting as an aid to memory of a loved one or place.

As art, the photo often remains constrained by its flat, uninterrupted surface. Its touch remains remote.

YEAR THREE · 12 MARCH

The All of Anything With Weight

I could not be without love. To love, and be loved. When love is not present it is often something hoped for and informs how I act. Self-control is the quality I find most significant in my efforts to love and work well. This leads to the care of action. I try to encapsulate these thoughts in a short poem To Love:

Before. Now. After. Work. At play. The all of anything. Of everything. With weight. Alone. To wait. With others. Love.

YEAR THREE · 11 MARCH

Sound And Music

I strike the key of a single note in the middle of the piano. A sound rings out and gradually fades to silence. There is no rhythm or beat to the sound. This is not music. This is not organised sound.

I strike two keys on the piano. The sound rings out and gradually fades to silence. With two notes a relationship forms. There is no rhythm or beat, yet I experience the sound as more than two separate notes. I hear their combination. If I repeat the sound of two notes playing, music begins to emerge.

YEAR THREE · 10 MARCH

Sharing and the Hope of Return

A friend asks whether sharing is by nature an exchange. If I make something, then publish it for anyone to experience freely, is that sharing? I think of different ways to understand sharing: I share food or shelter; I give and take in conversation; I experience or think about something with another. Sharing is often immediate and reciprocal, but does it require the clear prospect of receiving something back?

Share: a portion of something that can be given, with/out requirement, expectation, or hope of return.

YEAR THREE · 9 MARCH

With and Without

During my childhood I spent many months of the year without sisters, and periods with them when they returned from boarding school. My twin aunts who fostered us decided I would attend a local day school. My experience of frequent separation as a child did not lesson my need or desire for others, however it led to resentment against me, and hesitancy in my forming close friendships. I became familiar with how and why we come to hide ourselves when together.

YEAR THREE · 8 MARCH

Me Me Me

I ponder on how much of my day is spent on me: the love I feel or hope for; my thirst and hunger; eating; drinking; the risks I face or avoid; my entertainment; my learning; my daydreams, my dreams at night; my thinking about the consequences of how I act; of myself before another, or the world.

When I hear music, when I walk with nature, or act in the interest of another, I am free of myself. I am heartened that music touches so many, nature is above and below, and that love is found far and wide.

YEAR THREE · 7 MARCH

The Anonymous Work of Art

I think of an object in my home. I appreciate the astonishing skill and craft of its making, and the pleasure it brings to my senses. The object is not easily placed into a cultural or historical narrative.

There is no clear indication of its origin or creator, and because of this its price is low, yet as an anonymous work of art its beauty is undiminished, its significance and aesthetic, personal.

The experience of art derives from what is seen, heard, said, or touched. All else is smoke and mirrors.

YEAR THREE · 6 MARCH

To Say Without My Name

With family and friends my name is Mike. A single syllable name: the outward breath begins as lips are closed, as they part the tongue pulls back, and half way, is held to the roof of the mouth until pressure builds, and the tongue is suddenly released. Online my name is Mike de Sousa. There are others with this name, but I have more. My name from start to end is Michael Peter Lawrence Paul de Sousa.

I use my name to signify I stand by what I say. To say with made up name would weaken what I say.

YEAR THREE · 5 MARCH

The Restive Spirit · The Unsettled Soul

Things are done because of love, anger, practical necessity, desire, faith, greed, ambition, frustration, curiosity, the wish to learn, to be known or recognized, or a chaotic combination of these things.

By their nature, the artist is unable to remain silent or submissive. Their doing arises from their intense personal discomfort of being motionless. The products of their doing are often made public.

My restive spirit, my unsettled soul is the fuel of my doing. It is also the cause of my undoing.

YEAR THREE · 4 MARCH

The Sound of Heaven

A restless song in the still darkness ripples through the narrow gap in my window.

Insistent, exuberant, percolating.

No words sufficiently describe the restive, bubbling, life attesting flitter.

As dawn unseats the night, the sound of robin fades.

The hold of heaven, hushed.

YEAR THREE · 3 MARCH

Lost and Found

Half of yesterday's photographic work is unrecoverable, gone. That light and experience will not return.

When something is lost due to my fault I can dwell on it with nagging regret, or use my discontent as the engine for a new journey. As soon as day begins to break I will tread out into the freezing fog.

The photographs I lost were the most dramatic and forceful. Without them I turn to words:

I stand in whirl of powder white, the bite of bitter cold, of rasping wail of wind, and here I find my home.

YEAR THREE · 2 MARCH

Wind and Snow

Near my home, on the single track lanes that fall between bare ploughed winter fields, snow drifts grow to twice my height. I am out early with my camera as the wind howls and the blizzard builds.

Nature overwhelms with its beauty and force. Within its enveloping might my being is full with wonder.

The camera is my companion, and as I, it retains only the faintest spec of experience.

The photograph is no more, no less than a frozen memory of place, its spirit and vitality.

YEAR THREE · 1 MARCH

My Indispensable Tool of Survival

I talk of art more than any other area of human activity because it has the capacity to bring people together, irrespective of their age, gender, cultural practices, politics, and religious beliefs.

I view art as essential in my journey to understand others, and the appreciation of those things within and outside of me. Art is my most significant means of sharing and is aligned with love.

In common with love, art is often exploited personally, competitively, commercially, and for status.

YEAR THREE · FEBRUARY

29 FEBRUARY

The Free Spirit

I am most at home in a world of endless possibilities. A place where my head follows my heart. A place of spontaneity where my thoughts and actions are unbridled in the service of kindness. A place where another feels the overwhelming force and beauty of nature. A place of dignity and respect. A place where others do no harm. A place to find. A place to love.

The free in spirit do not seek a paradise of prolonged contentment as they journey far and wide.

28 FEBRUARY

Sensed, Significant, Expressive, and Worthy of Attention

If art is the movement from the mind to something sensed and significant, is literature art? Yes, but not always. The same is true for painting, film, photography, ceramics, and music. At times these things are made exclusively to persuade, inform, emote, to be practically useful, decorative, or to entertain.

I spontaneously hum a short tune. I create music, but not art. It is possible for this to become art through its development, repetition or placement. I can make art, but art is not everything I make.

YEAR THREE · 27 FEBRUARY

The Idea of Art

Art is more than an idea. At times art has no idea. An idea is something that only exists in the mind.

Some artists have an idea and present this as if it is art. For example, the following phrase could hang suspended from a ceiling in a gallery: IS THIS ART? Perhaps for some, for others, no.

Asserting something is art does not make it so. If it did, everything could be art, and art would be of no importance. Art is the movement from the mind to something sensed and significant.

YEAR THREE · 26 FEBRUARY

No Strings Attached

Giving unconditionally does not mean one does not long to receive.

I make something with light, sound, or words. I spend many hours and days that often turn into weeks, and for my larger works, years. I publish these so as many can experience what I most value and observe without the distraction and cost of commerce or public comment.

The price and prize of giving is by its nature far greater than receiving.

YEAR THREE · 25 FEBRUARY

The World Unseen

The faint ghost-like form of a rocket launches from the centre of our forest-green earth, its fiery plume wraps the world with layers of gold where only a hint of ocean-blue remains.

Through things unknown and its appeal to our senses, art draws us back, and as it does so, we ponder.

Art's seed of discontent is laid.

View 'The World Unseen' at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 24 FEBRUARY

Silence and Friendship

During a conversation I pause to catch my breath, I ponder, I think. With friends, as we talk, the silence that sometimes falls between us fails to unfasten our attention.

With friendship silence is neither passive nor uncomfortable, it is where the act of mutual attentiveness takes shape. Here, silence is rich with interest, kindness, and anticipation.

Friends wait unencumbered in their shared silence.

YEAR THREE · 23 FEBRUARY

The Oldest Art

Pigment on shells for a necklace made by Neanderthals has been dated to 115,000 years ago. Paintings in a cave in Maltravieso, western Spain are 65,000 years old. Prior to these discoveries, Neanderthals were thought not to have created art. Homo sapiens no longer stand alone in this.

The need to express visually and the appreciation of beauty is ancient, primal.

Art connects me with my ancestors, those living, and those to come. Art's flow is far and wide.

YEAR THREE · 22 FEBRUARY

Music When Alone And With Others

I listen to a short piano piece. The music is beautiful, powerful, mysterious. If I listen with others, if they move as I, slowly or with pace, at the same time and in the same place, we sense and share without the need of words. Movement and sound precedes language and meaning.

Music I hear alone is enough to change my day from dark to light, and back again.

Music I hear with others gives me, in its time, hope that others feel the same.

YEAR THREE · 21 FEBRUARY

The Trust of Animals and Birds

From a young age I have taken care of animals and birds, usually after the loss or incapacity of a relative. Although I have been a reluctant volunteer I have learned a great deal from my experiences with non-humans. My reluctance stems from my duty of care, an especially powerful force within me as I was cared for by others outside my immediate family from early infancy.

Animals & birds come to trust in their own time. Mutual trust cannot be forced, but is required to care.

YEAR THREE · 20 FEBRUARY

Where Thoughts Exist

My son asked where I think thoughts exist. Somewhere physical? Or somewhere else? I think of a bird, high above, against a blue sky. The bird does not exist except for a time in my mind, and now, in yours.

Words are magical in conveying thoughts... Is the bird between our ears? Or somewhere else? Is the bird where neurons fire in the brain? Or does the idea 'bird' have a 'life' of its own? I look up and see a real bird against the real blue sky. I sense both my birds fly somewhere else, at times, out of sight.

19 FEBRUARY

Seeing Things As They Are

Wisdom is a quality difficult to describe, yet easily recognized.

To see things as they are rather than as I hope or wish: I try to set aside those things I want but do not need; I try to overturn any feelings of frustration and anger; and I try to remain open to journeys of thought, knowledge and experience that may challenge my long held views.

As I ponder on my meagre efforts I am far from being wise.

YEAR THREE · 18 FEBRUARY

Love and Making

To make I must feel.

Feelings may arise from things said to me, from ways people act towards me, and from my imaginative journeys of hope and fear. I make most when in love: a state of love for one, many, or with nature.

The love of one, the need to love and be loved by another concerns myself. The love of many requires I think far less about myself. The love of nature includes myself but only as a part of a far greater whole.

YEAR THREE · 17 FEBRUARY

A Critical Eye

I voice my opinion about art in its various forms. I am not paid to do so, nor do my words appear in a distinguished publication. That I also make with light, sound and words may be enough to bolster interest in what I say. I think about the experience of art, and the nature of art and artists.

Much of what I say is open to a range of readings. I may use poetic language to make my point.

The critic asserts their analysis and judgement. At all times be sceptical. Interrogate my thoughts...

YEAR THREE · 16 FEBRUARY

Is Art Alone Enough?

Does what I make matter? Is it enough to stir another's thoughts and feelings? Does what I do lead to change? If no, then am I no more than the empty howl of wind across some distant moor?

Self-doubt is necessary for anyone who has anything worth saying, but it makes the journey hard.

Giving without receiving is a struggle, and yet I know its importance. Is making art, alone, enough?

Light, sound and words remain immeasurably important to me, and I continue with hope, for others.

YEAR THREE · 15 FEBRUARY

When You Have Gone

You may be my mother, my father, my son, my daughter, sister, brother, lover, friend or foe. Whatever we are to one another there comes a point when you are no longer near in time or place.

If you hurt me I may dwell on you with darkness. If you loved me, I dream of you with light.

Today I think not of our time, but of yours. What you leave when you are gone is more than what is shared. You form the very fabric of my world. I think of you and you alone, with love I think of you.

YEAR THREE · 14 FEBRUARY

My Passion and Control

Some value words that calmly and carefully uncover. Others prefer the zeal of fearless enthusiasm.

Those who enjoy a carefully crafted argument may tire of my tendency towards the poetic. Those who enjoy my passion may wilt at my need to interrogate and understand.

At times it is difficult to keep the balance between these two spirited forces at play.

The storm is as vital as my most peaceful moment. I need both passion and control.

YEAR THREE · 13 FEBRUARY

The Open Sky and Boundless Sea

Art, in all its forms, offers places to meet in mind and body.

Unlike politics or religion, both personal and social, art invites different points of view. Although art may be political or spiritual, it is a context that is home to all ways of being, and in this it is unique. Whether I am strong or weak, with or alone, art brings me close to the fingerprints of life.

Art, the open sky and boundless sea.

YEAR THREE · 12 FEBRUARY

The Inkblot That Is Art

Representational Art: the products of creative activity that stand for something experienced, or for ideas. For example, narrative literature, theatre and film, portraiture, landscape painting/photography.

Abstract Art: the products of creative activity that are non representational. For example, music, painting and dance whose enrichment is through its movement, form, tone, texture, and colour.

Art is most often both, as an ink blot spreads its reach, animating thought and imagination.

YEAR THREE · 11 FEBRUARY

The Comfort of Exploitation

Once I complete a piece of music I have a choice of what to do with it: I could only allow you to listen to it for a price; I could license its use as stock music in advertising, games and film; I could gain status and notoriety from its success; I could use it as the source for my income to live. All these forms of personal benefit take the focus away from the music's core nature and purpose.

Art's primary strength of enriching thought and body are diminished by its exploitation.

YEAR THREE · 10 FEBRUARY

You and I

When you come here it is you and I. Two minds meeting through language, the victor of time.

If you paid to view these words, it would make what I say no more valuable.

If you knew a million visit here each day, what I say would be of no more importance.

If some of what I say strikes a chord you may judge your time well spent. If not, you will quickly leave never to return. Come or go for what is said, not for the snare of exclusivity, nor the charm of popularity.

YEAR THREE · 9 FEBRUARY

Profanity: Personal and Published

At times, when exasperated or in pain I swear, but I avoid using offensive language in my work.

Some count profanity as an indicator of normality and realism. Although the most vocal, they are not the majority. Despite the analgesic benefit and social comfort of cursing, those who place their spontaneous expression over the respect of others deny themselves opportunities.

I am more challenged to make art that that is as powerful for the old and young, as those in-between.

YEAR THREE · 8 FEBRUARY

My Mistakes

Mistake: an act in error or view that is unwise or wrong.

Wrong: not true or correct, factually or ethically.

I make many mistakes. I hope the majority of them are honest. That is, I make a choice with good intention, but after the event I realize through thought or discovery, I could have made a better one.

Accepting a mistake as honest aids forgiveness. It is not possible to make art without mistakes.

YEAR THREE · 7 FEBRUARY

The Limit of My Perspective

Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, said words are to knowledge as pictures are to their subjects.

When I come to know through words, sound or images, I know only a facet compared with the experience of my being in a place or with a person. Socrates believed we only truly come to know through dialogue, through sharing. When I watch a film it can be personally affecting, meaningful, and powerful, however without dialogue about it, my knowing is limited by my small, deficient perspective.

YEAR THREE · 6 FEBRUARY

Flawless Art

To live is to change. My body is a moving object, inside and out. All life and all else I touch is in constant transition. At times and for some things the change is imperceptibly slow, and at others, and for others, the time of transition from one state to another is in the blink of an eye.

I am drawn most to art that I can return to, a poem, music, sculpture, a painting, a photo, a film. I ponder whether part of art's magnetism is its relative and contrasting stability to my ever shifting existence.

YEAR THREE · 5 FEBRUARY

The Wilful Artist

Instinct: innate behaviour in response to something that moves us physically or psychologically.

Will: the desire to act, distinct from reason and understanding, and often driven by spirit or appetite.

Doing anything requires instinct, will, or a combination of the two. I have a strong resistance doing anything I do not want to do and that I feel has little value.

Through instinct, the wilful artist creates, despite social and practical pressures, despite clear cause.

YEAR THREE · 4 FEBRUARY

Things I Fail To See

I often fail to recognize the detail of written symbols. I am dyslexic. Take my name: Michael. To this day I have to check the order of letters to ensure I have written it correctly. It is the same for written music. I can read, but to do so quickly I absorb the overall shape, tone and context of what I see.

My failure to recognize written symbols accurately forces me to consider their meaning more carefully. This habit extends to listening and being with others. The things I fail to see frame my urge to know.

YEAR THREE · 3 FEBRUARY

Making Time

Making requires time. It is easier to estimate the time it takes to make something similar to something already made. When objects have a functional or clear use, the process of making is also more efficient. In contrast, the time required to make art is unpredictable.

A price is often placed on the time devoted to a task. Surrendering my time, I write for you.

Time I take, I give, I make my time for you. Time is all I have: my moment as a word upon the page.

YEAR THREE · 2 FEBRUARY

The Wound of Words

Among the most intense hurt I feel is through words. I can be hurt most by those I love. I tend to hide my hurt. When hurt I withdraw, I ponder on the words I and those that hurt me spoke.

Hurt most often occurs with loved ones when they too are hurt. Once I become mindful of this and set my own hurt aside, my injury begins to ease.

YEAR THREE · 1 FEBRUARY

Darkness and Light

As I make, darkness and light is my routine. One moment up, the next, down.

The more I devote to the creation of an artwork, the more my personal investment, the further the fall that follows. I wait to know how others feel, far more than what they think. My confidence rides high or low on the response of those I love.

After such a world of sound, silence, while no one's fault, is hard to hear. And then, someone speaks.

YEAR THREE · 31 JANUARY

Fragile Earth

The music and artwork Fragile Earth is published in support of The Right of Self Protection.

I consider whether this right could reasonably extend to defending and protecting the earth against the grave risk humans cause to the environment and countless living species.

Listen to 'Fragile Earth' at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · JANUARY

30 JANUARY

The Final Draft

The final draft is a point of view that something is ready to complete.

I made over thirty drafts before deciding on the final approach for the artwork that will accompany the music I will publish tomorrow, and that I will point to here before this thought: above.

A draft precedes or is made in preparation for something more refined, meticulous, eloquent.

There are many times when what I make goes no further than the final draft.

YEAR THREE · 29 JANUARY

Thank You

For those who returned after reading when first written: thank you.

Tired after a prolonged period of poor sleep, my words held mistakes before I revisited my thoughts. In addition to correcting my errors I gradually pared away the wheat from the chaff.

Those who journey here frequently witness my weakness. I often pick myself up, dust myself off, and start over. Perhaps the greatest value in being an onlooker is that one learns most from the fall.

YEAR THREE · 28 JANUARY

Through Word and Deed

Force or the denial of liberty may silence a problem, but it does not resolve it.

Conflict leads to pain and resentment.

Difficulties between people, large and small, are resolved with open, honest dialogue. Body to body. Person to person. Nation to Nation.

At times, words are deeds.

YEAR THREE · 27 JANUARY

My Trust

The more I come to trust, the more I am at ease. I trust in love's potential to make good.

I write: the politics of friendship is negotiating the scope of what is comfortably shared.

Trust requires the never ending flow of effort and love. Even between the closest of friends, there is a boundary to trust, an edge defined by vulnerability and risk. My strength of trust is in direct proportion to a person's kindness, not just given to me, but instinctively and honestly given to others.

YEAR THREE · 26 JANUARY

Daybreak

I dedicate my work 'Daybreak' to Billy, a student of philosophy and literature who died suddenly.

Whatever our darkness, daybreak will unfold...

Listen to 'Daybreak' at 100 Artworks

YEAR THREE · 25 JANUARY

Thought Without Language

A thought occurs in the mind. Although language is the most apparent expression of thought, I also have musical ideas, ideas of movement, and visual ideas. These thoughts arise from different places to where language springs from. At times I am aware of my thoughts, and at others I am not.

When I taste, or sense an aroma, I am often transported to a different place, person, or event. In my dreams I talk, I hear sounds, I see, I move. Memory too is thought. Thought, the vessel of my being me.

YEAR THREE · 24 JANUARY

The Voice From Within

Language is at the heart of me. It helps me understand and express myself through the lens of meaning. Language forms a bridge between my world and others. Art and music do this too, however it is language that is by far the most articulate, and my clearest path to becoming aware.

My thoughts flow as language, sometimes silently, sometimes aloud, often repeating or disappearing. I develop or interrogate ideas, or one spontaneously appears, yet thought is more than language alone.

YEAR THREE · 23 JANUARY

Jim

I talk with Jim, a man whose every moment is an imaginative journey made from the continuous flow of thought from his distant past in an effort to make sense of his present. His creativity runs wild, his verbal inventiveness is without restraint and made known with deep conviction. He unsettles many.

I have known people like Jim since childhood when I visited my mother who spent many years in psychiatric hospital. My father's name was Jim. Jim needs to talk. I listen. We come to be at ease.

YEAR THREE · 22 JANUARY

Lavender and Rosemary

Alive as bitter winter bites, on a small plot of land for care and cultivation, you find in flower, with scent and love: lavender and rosemary. Despite the cold, the northern light is strong. You make, then send the image of a dark blue paper print that holds their form, that you will further tend and forge as art.

Fragrant, evergreen, healing needled leaves of old, purple-blue, culinary herb, ameliorating oil.

Art is not merely the safekeeping of experience, it is its transformation.

YEAR THREE · 21 JANUARY

Beauty and Desire

Beauty: a powerful positive quality I feel emanating from somewhere, someone, or something - outside myself, experienced by myself. That which is beautiful may be physical, an idea, or an action.

A person, place, action, object, or idea is beautiful by way of its nature to inspire. When I sense beauty, I try to separate my wish for it to remain, I try to place desire aside. Desire is my urge for something to be mine, the illusion that something can be owned when in truth all I ever have, as music, is momentary.

YEAR THREE · 20 JANUARY

Confidence or Arrogance

Those who write believe they have something worth saying. I ponder on when my sense of self crosses the line from confidence to arrogance. Is what I write significant? It is conceit to think it so.

I write because something moves me, or when I find something beautiful - I yearn for someone else to feel the same. I write to make sense of my experiences, and those of others. I write in hope.

I try to write with love, for only love dulls the stupor of the self.

YEAR THREE · 19 JANUARY

The Art of Returning

With art I am free to make mistakes. I can improve without concern or offence.

Take the poem below. The words I wrote are not spoken to one but written for many. I revisit my words and make changes. Unlike a conversation I am not judged by long silences, I am not too much, or too little, neither misunderstood nor viewed of as insensitive. With art I take my time to say.

When making art I can return. With people, sadly and so often, I sense their unease with my persistence.

YEAR THREE · 18 JANUARY

The Loss of Less

I feel the loss of less, my smaller moment with,

Far from the crash of wave, the taste of salt, the scent of sea,

In sight of land and sky alone, I feel my loss, my less,

The sail in wind becalmed, the wrench of rope and strength of nature's hand, elsewhere,

With less I feel my loss, as speck of grit my time escape, a wistful grain of microscopic sand.

YEAR THREE · 17 JANUARY

Where Music Comes From

Music is organized sound that often has patterns we enjoy in the mind and body, that can appeal to our sense of beauty, and may trigger ideas and emotions.

When I hear music I do so differently than anyone else, and so it is with you. We might respond in a similar manner, but not identically. We feel unpredictably according to our personal experience.

Music becomes within.

YEAR THREE · 16 JANUARY

The Creative Instinct

The piece of music I work on is called 'Fragile Earth' and supports The Right of Self Protection. Every choice I make creatively is with this in mind, however for the most part these choices are not reasoned, but instinctive. I have for example selected the instruments for the piece through my feelings about their sounds rather than an adherence to convention or logic.

The journey of making requires trust in my natural inclination. The artist depends on instinct.

YEAR THREE · 15 JANUARY

Art and Action

Does art make me act? Without doubt in its making, cumulatively in its receiving.

The same work of art may move me to action over many years, yet have no affect at all on another. Art is hit and miss, relies on its resonance to affect, and may or may not aspire to, or do good. It is limited, but the best tool I know to reach across the boundaries of race, gender, culture, politics, and religion.

Can art help protect the environment? Reduce conflict? Champion love? For some, just a little.

YEAR THREE · 14 JANUARY

Birthday

Birth: the start of something new: a being; an idea; hope; faith in another; love. A moment of beginning.

I choose to separate those qualities that harm: the birth of hate, of anger, of greed, of envy and desire.

Birth is not only something that happens outside myself, but also within. On this my son's birthday I celebrate by choosing hope. The bedrock of the shale of my uncertainties.

Each day I have the choice of birth.

YEAR THREE · 13 JANUARY

Unnamed

I do not name the man who scorns nations with his words. A name makes known, and such a man is not a man to note. His words inflame intolerance, the ignorant, the foolish soul.

When someone insults another on the basis of where they live, they make known their own insecurity, their weakness, their failure in thought and honour.

To such a man, face to face, I say with calm and fixed intent: leave my sight.

YEAR THREE · 12 JANUARY

To See, To Say, To Act, To Share

Some artists create for themselves or for art alone. Art is their means and end. They paint, sculpt, write, compose, dance and more, but not for others nor to pass on, but for the things art gives: shelter, solace, security, pleasure, closure. For some the creation of art is a world contained and controlled for one.

When I do a thing only for myself, no matter its pleasure or benefit, the peace it brings is all too brief.

My choice is to see or not to see, to say or not to say, to act or not to act, to share or not to share.

YEAR THREE · 11 JANUARY

To Live Well and Long

My aunt fell in love many years ago but never married. She, together with her twin sister who passed away forty years ago, fostered me together with my sisters. My aunt lives in a self-contained home adjacent to mine where I care for her. In her nineties her faith continues to be integral to her life, she remains intensely inquisitive about the world, and enjoys conversations about anything and everything.

To live well and long requires passion, good fortune, curiosity, tolerance, self-sacrifice, and love.

YEAR THREE · 10 JANUARY

Fragments · Making · Art

Art of any kind is made from fragments. Small incomplete pieces: of light, sound, movement, memory, shape, something touched or thought.

Art happens in place or time and sometimes both. With painting it is a place for there is no painting without this. With music it is time for there is no music without this. With a movie it is both.

Making art brings together or presents fragments of my experience and ideas with care for its form.

YEAR THREE · 9 JANUARY

Breathe

Antibiotic: anti (against) biotic (something living or having lived); opposing life.

Bacteria: a single cell organism - their biomass exceeds that of all plants and animals on the earth.

I often express my love of life, and yet I do not hesitate to end the life of the bacteria that invades me.

Living, I breathe. I feel, I move, I think. With pain, I protect and defend myself, my all that is my self.

I consider my right of self protection and ponder at the point that life has rights.

YEAR THREE · 8 JANUARY

Infectious Art

I wait for the morning. The pain is intense. My infection has taken hold during a period of tiredness and turmoil. The battlefield of bacteria and white blood cells is beyond my control.

Art also spreads rapidly within me. I hear music and feel better. I read words and ideas flow, one to another, then another. I see the beauty of a painting and my physical distress is relieved.

Art, both infectious and restorative.

YEAR THREE · 7 JANUARY

Money and Work

A job requires payment. Work does not. The value of work someone does has nothing to do with money.

Many define their status and success by the amount of money they earn rather than the non-economic outcomes of their work. It is unfortunate the same is true for many who create art.

A parent may work far harder in their care of a child, than their partner does in their job. That one earns money and the other does not has absolutely no relevance to the significance and impact of their work.

YEAR THREE · 6 JANUARY

Wakeful Art

I wake after a couple of hours and cannot sleep. Along with others I spent much of yesterday in an effort to keep my elderly relative at ease as she moved into her new home. I left her in a good place, and people are on call to care for her around the clock, but I cannot sleep. I begin to make.

The act of making brings me balance. Working with words, light and sound I explore my feelings and thoughts in hope they will be shared. After an hour or so of making I am ready once more for sleep.

YEAR THREE · 5 JANUARY

Things I Fail To Say

With another, no matter how flimsy or strong our relationship, how shallow or intense our feelings, there are things I fail to say. As I take in what you say, I think of our history, your gesture and tone. Whether we meet in person, on the page, with sound or light, scent, touch, or taste, there are things I fail to say.

Things can so easily be broken by what in person is said.

With art, music and words I make I do not fail to say. With these the frailties of my life are expelled.

YEAR THREE · 4 JANUARY

The Future and Human Art

Visual Art: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression appreciated by sight.

Music: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression of sound in time, appreciated aurally.

The Vogelkop bowerbird creates elaborate decorative structures that show off its skills and is designed to attract. It also uses a complex landscape of sound to court its mate. This bird makes art and music.

As artificial consciousness approaches, representational art will no longer be an exclusively human act.

YEAR THREE · 3 JANUARY

Pin Sharp

My eyes worked well until a serious cycle accident many years ago left me with severe double vision.

Gradually, after many hospital visits over two years, eye muscle physiotherapy and time for my mind to re-synchronize the light that streams through me, the two images gradually came together as one.

I wear glasses for near sight. I am distracted by the smallest smudge or speck of dust and feel uncomfortable if what I see is not pin sharp. For me, to see clearly is wondrous, vital. I love to see.

YEAR THREE · 2 JANUARY

The Cat I Learn From

I love birds, I do not have an affinity with cats. Nevertheless I have taken it upon myself to care for the comfort and security of one as my elderly relative is no longer able to look after him. The cat who is shy and nervous remains with her, but I try my best to ensure he has food, water, and feels settled.

Kenny is bonded with my relative, and she with him. She forgets many things but does not forget him.

Kenny and I have come to trust one another. Unexpectedly, reluctantly, I have come to learn from him.

YEAR THREE · 1 JANUARY

One Family One World

We Are But Once: words in a poem that consider the privilege and fortune of life and the earth.

Unique: A single word that recognizes the abundant treasures of existence.

You: The reader. Someone else. Another. The all that is not me.

I: Everything I feel and think.

We: the custodians of life.

Think This Today · Year Two

My journey leads me to those things I love, I fear, I feel, I find most beautiful, and terrible.

YEAR TWO · DECEMBER

31 DECEMBER

Emergence

I think not of this as the final moment of a year but as a day when something comes to light.

Emergence: when the new becomes: an idea; an experience; something to be known or physical; perceived in part or as a whole; from many to one.

As something emerges I feel apprehension and opportunity. That something may be a moment, a day, a season, a year, an attitude, a system, life, consciousness, art. I stay in my shell or meet it, head on.

YEAR TWO · 30 DECEMBER

The Paradox of Loving Well

Whatever I do I should do with love. I find this difficult. I love when my feelings, thoughts and actions are in the service and care of something or someone. I fail to love well when that someone is myself.

Love of self turns quickly into my search for pleasure and well-being with less regard for others, and yet I need to care for myself to love others well: to make a positive difference I must be strong.

It helps to admit and be mindful of the focus of my love: of myself, another, or something else.

YEAR TWO · 29 DECEMBER

Why I Talk of Art

Art is an area of experience and action not specific to a particular political or religious point of view, yet of value politically and spiritually. Art in all its forms is not bound, but free. Art is neither good nor bad. It is open in its making and receiving. It is a means to give and take. Art does not require faith, but may be an expression of faith. Art does not require love, but can be a declaration of love. Art is not beauty, but a manifestation of it. Art is where experiences are shared and differences collide, peacefully.

YEAR TWO · 28 DECEMBER

Art and Adversity

When I face difficulty, when I loose something, when I yearn, am threatened or hurt, my need of and drive to make art thrives. Art becomes my sanctuary, a refuge from those things that may otherwise overwhelm. Although I love art most when experiencing it with others, I cherish it alone.

Art, whether made by myself or by someone else, exists outside of me. Its expression, beauty, challenge and meaning brings perspective. Art frees me from the chains of my unease.

YEAR TWO · 27 DECEMBER

One of Many

I am resistant to being one of many, yet the greatest change is brought about by doing things together.

No matter what my strengths, ideas and talent, without the interest and efforts of others, my capacity to affect change is confined to my immediate, modest circle of influence.

Art, words, and music provide the tools for me to share what I believe is important in the hope it is or becomes so with others. When many come to feel a thing in common, change is given chance.

YEAR TWO · 26 DECEMBER

An Act of Art · An Active Heart

I wish to live with passion, compelled to move and feel. Driven by the need to know, and the urge to understand. Creating art with words, sound and light, fortifies my heart.

To make is to engage, to be involved, absorbed, caught up, enthralled. It is my only means and chance to crush my voice of doubt. My only path to reach the marrow of another's world, and they with their art, mine. Without art, my heart grows dim. Those I cannot help but love, love art.

YEAR TWO · 25 DECEMBER

The Craft of Art

Art connects us through time, place, and perhaps most importantly, through our differences. Through difference, art encourages tolerance and understanding, and provides a landscape for peace to flourish.

My gift for everyone who enjoys music, art, literature, dance, photography, and more. I publish my thoughts and ideas about the nature and practice of art...

Read The Craft of Art

YEAR TWO · 24 DECEMBER

Obsession and The Artist

Art is made often and over time by those who become utterly absorbed by an idea or thought.

Everyone has the capacity to make. It is not talent, skill, or knowledge that keeps the artist on the creative path, but obsession. The persistent preoccupation with an experience, a point of view, a person or place that returns in the mind over and over.

Art is a means to immerse and explore that which means most personally.

YEAR TWO · 23 DECEMBER

The Value of Differing Views

I easily become lost in narrative, image and sound. I watched a movie and found it moving, exciting, and thought provoking. At best it was viewed by others as a pleasant distraction, and at worst, a Hollywood schmaltz with a few good ideas that failed to realize its potential.

When I view things differently I sleep with the voice of my uncertainty. I wake in an effort to understand.

I feel art first through my body. Instinct follows, and then the mind. Each view is valuable and unique.

YEAR TWO · 22 DECEMBER

To Be Free

Freedom: to act and think without restraint; to be at liberty in mind and body.

My freedom is constrained culturally, ethically, by circumstance, and the laws of the country where I live. I value my freedom to act and express myself but only within the confines of causing no harm. I am free only in so far as my body is capable, and in what opportunities arise. I am most free in mind when I think of the world outside myself. I love others who are free. I often fail in my efforts to be free.

YEAR TWO · 21 DECEMBER

My Shortest Day

Each day the sun begins its journey across the sky at a different place. Today the south pole of the earth is tilted most towards the sun which shines least upon my place on the world. At mid-summer and mid-winter the sun reaches its furthest point of its rising along a line of travel on the horizon.

For me it is winter solstice. In the southern hemisphere it is summer solstice. My view is from the place of my being. My shortest day is someone's longest, my darkest hour, their brightest.

YEAR TWO · 20 DECEMBER

Giving · Taking

Although giving is immeasurably more rewarding than taking, I long to share those things I love.

When I experience beauty or kindness, when I am excited or moved, my first impulse is to search for someone to wonder with, feel and talk with. If I fail in this as I do most often, my next action is to make.

Making art seeks to capture and express those things of significance for a later time so they are not lost. Art comes forth from the hope to love and be loved.

YEAR TWO · 19 DECEMBER

Making Plain The Art I Love

What I make is open to interpretation. Perhaps this is true for all art. No matter how clear, how straight forward I try to be, the audience will bring their world to it and view it differently than my intention. Their senses, their experience, confidence and understanding of and in the world colours everything.

What and how I say is only of importance to you, only becomes of significance to you, if I touch a chord.

The music I love, the people I love, the nature I love, the art I love must resonate in me for you to love.

YEAR TWO · 18 DECEMBER

Fly Away

Last night, a solitary fly flew into my work room. It buzzed close to my ear, I resisted its rest on my skin.

There are over a million species of flies on earth. They feed on organic matter, and their bites spread food born illnesses. Flies are however living things, and in this they have value. Flies are among the most common pollinators, second only to bees. They form part of the balance of nature despite my dislike of them. I leave a window ajar then shut the door. By morning, the fly has left.

YEAR TWO · 17 DECEMBER

To Move The Rock Before Me

Whether creative or personal, there are times when no matter how much effort I put into something, it seems I cannot reach the point I hope to. I can let the challenge get me down, feel sorry for myself, keep trying with no prospect of success, give up, or accept I have yet to find a way to move the rock that stands before me. My moving on is not to forget. It is to change my place to better see.

To move the rock, I must move. Making art requires I move, as much as with friendship, and love.

YEAR TWO · 16 DECEMBER

Our Fathers

As I talked, I felt good. He spoke of a black and white picture of his father who stood beside him many years ago. How it would be: to talk so freely with my father. To say hello, to tell him how good it is to see him. To hear him, not in memory, but in the world, outside myself.

I think of a photo of another father, Alberto. I lived briefly with his family in Italy. We enjoyed each others uncomplicated company. I think of Ian, a father and my friend. All love and loved their children.

YEAR TWO · 15 DECEMBER

My Resistance to Think · My Readiness to Feel

I am most bewildered when someone does not care about those things I value. I become disorientated and can all too easily turn my thoughts inward in the service of my insecurity.

I like to understand. Understanding why someone says or does the things they do not only keeps me calmer, it is the tool that lets me face their action or inertia.

When alone my thoughts more often serve my need to feel than my desire to know.

YEAR TWO · 14 DECEMBER

Net Neutrality

The Web has become an essential public utility. It is the medium that allows people across the globe to communicate and access content of all kinds. It is used culturally, commercially, and socially.

Net Neutrality: that Internet Service Providers deliver a level playing field to access data on the Web.

The status and practice of net neutrality has a profound impact on the speed, choice, and delivery of online content. I support the principle of net neutrality as it is aligned to The Right to Freedom.

YEAR TWO · 13 DECEMBER

A Moment Now: Remember

I close my eyes and breathe the cold, dark, damp moss-green of early morning air, and I feel good. I would feel better sharing this, but still, the beauty and wonder of nature never fails to flood my heart.

Each day, every day, without fail and when alone, countless souls are touched by their experience.

Those things we make with sound, words and light, with all manner of objects and ideas, with feelings strong, these things we make give chance to better share the precious moments of our life.

YEAR TWO · 12 DECEMBER

My

I am struck by how many times the word 'my' is used in my thoughts.

My: the hope or assertion that something belongs to the self. An expression of surprise.

Self: the essential characteristics and qualities of a sentient being considering their existence.

My name, despite being the closest thing I own, does not define me, nor does it belong to me alone. It is a means to prompt memory and thought. My is no more mine than you and yours.

YEAR TWO · 11 DECEMBER

Rain and Aspen Through My Window Pain

Without a title, a painting, a piece of music, a poem, is experienced differently.

With a title, what I see or hear is coloured by the words I read and understand. In this way, I do not view my work as 'paintings' or 'music'. I view all artworks with titles as more than the light or sound they reflect or transmit. They are also a means to exchange ideas as well as expressions of form, composition, colour, and texture. Beauty is only half the story of art...

YEAR TWO · 10 DECEMBER

A Question of Judgement

Art is often a question of judgement. I make something, stand back, then consider how I can improve it. There are no rights or wrongs, but some directions I take may not be as affecting as others.

Many months after I first published an artwork, I replace it. The colours in the new image better convey the vibrancy of life, and the eye-like feathered form (a mixture of vegetation, bird and animal), invites a richer reading of life in the context of the music and poem. Enjoy 'With Life, Love' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 9 DECEMBER

My Face · Your Face · Face to Face

I find no more revealing a time as when I am face to face - with someone looking closely only at my face, and I theirs. More usually I stand or sit oblique and at a distance of more than an arm's length.

In the blink of an eye my face reveals my inner self. I say one thing, but my face may show a more complex or contradictory tale. When face to face the my and you becomes the we. Perhaps it is because of this that we so rarely meet this way for more than the briefest moment.

YEAR TWO · 8 DECEMBER

The Silence of Another

When I write or speak I have no shield against a silent response. With silence I have the choice to say more, write more, or I could reply with silence, but these do not protect me from its injury.

Silence is a powerful tool that is employed to protect. At times it seems a kind response. I find it difficult to be silent with those I love, however, after time and time again when silence is required or used, I say less, and less, until all I have the strength to leave is on the page, my music, and my art.

YEAR TWO · 7 DECEMBER

Small Things

It is a mystery to me that the delicacy of a tiny insect wing can be as captivating as the sight of a mountainside. Small things that inspire curiosity and wonder surround me, although I so often loose sight of them in the bigger picture.

It is the small things with others that move me most. A look of understanding, a quiet act of kindness. When I think carefully, it is the smallest things that settle in my heart, then stay the longest time.

YEAR TWO · 6 DECEMBER

The Value of Work

Work: effort of the mind and/or body with the view of reaching a goal.

The goal of work may be direct (e.g. that I learn or make something), or derivative (e.g. that I gain money or status). Goals that derive from work do not define work.

To work well I focus completely on the task at hand. I am unmoved by the demands of the derivative.

Words are of no more value when they are paid for. The same is true for work.

YEAR TWO · 5 DECEMBER

The Need For Art

I ponder on the phrase 'my need for art' which seems to carry greater significance than 'my need of art'. If I exchange 'my' for 'the' and use 'the need for art', the phrase moves from the personal sphere to a more general declaration. Now it is not only I that need but all who comprehend the phrase. 'The need for art' becomes a statement of principle rather than an account of an individual's experience.

Art is the essential meeting place of the senses where observations, expressions, and ideas are shared.

YEAR TWO · 4 DECEMBER

Uncertainty

As I search through this record of my thoughts, patterns emerge that disclose those things I value, and that absorb, concern, and comfort me. The word uncertainty arises frequently.

I am uncertain when my view is limited, when I acknowledge the information I hold or understand is incomplete. Uncertainty is the partner of magic and enchantment, the prelude of suspicion and risk.

When I meet my uncertainty with thought, the future becomes far more a place of promise.

YEAR TWO · 3 DECEMBER

The Art of Language

Can words be art? Are these words art? At what point does a word that means become a work of art?

The poem is the first form of words as art. A word alone, two or more, the shapes on page and sound in air become the very stuff of art.

Imagine this: I write the word and letter 'A', the first letter in my alphabet. I place the letter in the middle of a page in the centre of a blank book of 13 pages. I give this now to you as my idea. Is this art?

YEAR TWO · 2 DECEMBER

Faith and Friendship

In childhood I experienced religious faith and have since observed and respect this in others, despite my loss of it. Faith for me now, my trust and confidence in someone or something, has moved from the spiritual realm to the personal, and to ideas. Faith is not a rational experience. It cannot be proved. It is a belief, an acceptance that something is true without categorical evidence. With friendship as with ideas, I view there are degrees of faith, despite my desire to find it whole and complete.

YEAR TWO · 1 DECEMBER

Dream New The World

I make my world within: all I think, and all I feel.

What I come to know I may not always understand. This is especially true of love.

Dream new your world today.

Enjoy ‘Dream New The World’ at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · NOVEMBER

30 NOVEMBER

Words As Art and Sound

When I write, my first concern is for meaning, but I also care about the art and sound of words.

By the art of words I mean their shape, composition, form and structure. When words are presented with care they hold more power, beauty, and the possibility to encourage understanding and change.

The sound of words have an emotional impact and in this they are related to music. Some, even when they read to themselves, will whisper words, as if to confirm their inner presence.

YEAR TWO · 29 NOVEMBER

Being Needy · Being Needed

I spend time each day with an elderly relative who would otherwise find themselves alone for long hours. When I am in their company I try to listen carefully. They forget easily, yet they feel, intensely.

Despite knowing them for many years, we still learn what it is to trust one another. With vulnerability comes an acute need for dignity, empathy, and respect.

I have the choice of experiencing those I love as needy, or of being needed.

YEAR TWO · 28 NOVEMBER

Self, Myself, and Self-Denial

As someone who writes, who composes music, much of my day is spent alone. Without company I ponder on the nature of self, on what distinguishes one from another. What is my self?

I know nothing more than myself, and yet I am a source of constant interrogation and discovery.

I might deny myself in a good way for the sake of another, or use self-denial as a tool to ignore or hide from my own difficulties. Whether and how I consider and act for myself is at the forefront of what I do.

YEAR TWO · 27 NOVEMBER

Saving Time

I have so much time each day to give, and to take. Perhaps I have only so much time to give and take each day. When I give my time, I sometimes do so willingly, and at other times, reluctantly.

When I give without thought of return, I loose all track of time. When I give my time grudgingly, I experience time as precarious, passing, volatile. I think of saving time, but how? I can only choose what I do within its reach. I cannot imagine existence without time, and yet I have so little grasp of it.

YEAR TWO · 26 NOVEMBER

Doubt and Certainty

Doubt: the state of mind and feeling when something may not come to fruition. A lack of confidence.

Certainty: the conviction that something is, will happen, or will become.

I doubt my ability to persuade, my skill, my knowledge, my expertise, my appeal to others, my wisdom, my talent, my capacity to understand, my courage in adversity, my strength when alone.

I am certain only of those things outside myself, the incalculable value of love, compassion, and beauty.

YEAR TWO · 25 NOVEMBER

The Wren in Winter

The music The Wren in Winter is published in support of The Right to be Valued.

The wren is a tiny bird with a strong and beautiful song. I rarely use explicit representation in my art and music, however the idea of what it is to value something is so abstract and personal, I thought it helpful when supporting the principle that life should have the right to be regarded as important and potentially beneficial to the world, no matter how small. Listen to 'The Wren in Winter' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 24 NOVEMBER

Ownership and Advantage

Buying and selling is the transaction of seeking ownership and advantage.

As my creative work is freely available, it is not scarce, exclusive, nor the subject of special offers.

People who encounter my work and have money are on the same level playing field as those who do not. Emotion and thought is not focused on the acquisition of the content I make, but on its experience.

Art belongs in us rather than to us. I posses art on the inside, not my outside.

YEAR TWO · 23 NOVEMBER

How Creativity Harms

Whether you are an architect, artist, composer, choreographer, crafts person, designer, photographer or writer, whatever the field, I believe it is the responsibility of the creative person to consider the impact of what they make. If what I make has the potential to harm in any way, then I should stop.

Harm may be to the body or mind. People who make things influence how others experience the world.

It is not only violence that harms, but also its thoughtless depiction, and all that tacitly supports it.

YEAR TWO · 22 NOVEMBER

The Social Artist · The Lone Artist

I listen as music composers and artists speak about the advantages of collaboration, sharing resources, and the ease of working through practical and creative problems under the same roof. The premise is that creative studios spread risk and promise a faster and more consistent path for the delivery of creative products as compared with an individual. Why am I so resistant to this approach?

I value creative freedom. I do not make to order, nor will I support a product or service that may harm.

YEAR TWO · 21 NOVEMBER

My Unknown

No matter how confident I am, how insecure I feel, how plain, talented, foolish, smart, offensive, insensitive or thoughtful I am, I experience the unknown. The unknown of what will happen as I step out today. The unknown of what people feel and think. The unknown of what risk and reward will fall to me.

I have the choice each day to embrace the unknown or pretend it is not there. I can trust another, give the benefit of my doubt, or turn away. If I avoid it, the scale and fear of my unknown only increases.

YEAR TWO · 20 NOVEMBER

The Certainty of Music

Unlike an image that reminds me of something I have seen, or words that mean, music exists only during its brief unfolding moment. Music is not still, it moves through time, and I am touched by this our common bond. Music makes no judgement and gives no reason, nor answer. It is the simple sound of being. I loose myself to music as a minnow in a vast, clear mountain lake.

The certainty of music is that no matter my weakness, it wakes me, it moves me as the dawn.

YEAR TWO · 19 NOVEMBER

The Good Life · The Life I Try To Live

An ethical framework helps us lead a good life, but even the most devout follower will fail to live up to these aspirations. Each of us has a different understanding of what good is, despite faith or lack of it, cultural norms, reason, and instinct. I set out the principles I embrace in The Rights of Living Things, others may be religious, or articulate their own spiritual, or humanist path.

The life I try to live is one with love. Each day I fail to some degree, but still, each day I try, and try again.

YEAR TWO · 18 NOVEMBER

What We Do With Love

I have always separated love and desire. Love for me is all things good. Love comes in numerous forms, is expressed in many ways, and is the foundation of kindness and compassion. In contrast with desire, I feel love when it is unconcerned with any pleasure, satisfaction, or advantage I may gain. When I experience love I care for a person, place, thing or quality outside myself.

We do not choose to fall in love, it is involuntary, what matters is how we act with our love.

YEAR TWO · 17 NOVEMBER

Unremembered · Forgotten

Don't worry, I'll set off now. I'll be there in twenty minutes. As I travel you leave four messages:

Message 1. Hello? Can you pick up the phone? Where are you? What is happening?

Message 2. Please come over. I am on my own. I am in a terrible muddle. I need to talk with someone.

Message 3. Mike, you said you would be there when I called. I do not know what to do. I am afraid.

Message 4. Hello? I am frightened. I do not know why. Wait, is that your car? I think that is your car...

YEAR TWO · 16 NOVEMBER

Art and Feeling

Before the act of making art comes feeling.

The stronger my emotion, the more I make. I probe the vague and irrational through my making, those things undeniable yet difficult to express. I understand the artist as an explorer propelled by their inner world in search of affinity. Feelings are personal, fugitive. They move me to action, sometimes to my cost, sometimes to my gain. Without feeling I would be lost as would my art.

YEAR TWO · 15 NOVEMBER

Photography As Art

Visual Art: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression appreciated by sight.

Photography: the act of taking a picture with the aid of a device that records light, with particular care given to composition and creative transformation of the image.

I view photography as art, however few images taken by a camera result in art. Being beautiful, powerful, or captured, does not make a thing art. Art arises through creative intent and honest effort.

YEAR TWO · 14 NOVEMBER

Caring Less Is Careless

Hundreds die and thousands are injured or made homeless by a devastating earthquake. News outlets give relatively little space to reporting the disaster.

While my differences with someone may lesson my interaction with them, my compassion and feelings should not be reduced by physical, political, religious, or cultural distance.

With distance I should care no less for those in need, for caring less is careless. With Loss: Love

YEAR TWO · 13 NOVEMBER

From One to Many

Some convey their ideas and thoughts using detached, explicit language. Yesterday I presented a narrative about the importance I place on emotional empathy. Everything I write is from my point of view, but I hope what I write offers more than a diary of personal experience.

I try to show my feelings and thoughts in equal measure so they have the chance to matter, to you.

Every word I say, from my first to last, reveals, but only when those hearing care to return.

YEAR TWO · 12 NOVEMBER

The Sharing of Feelings

My aunt who is in her nineties is usually buoyant, but today a darkness grips her. Perhaps it is her failing eyesight at a time when reading gives her most pleasure. Perhaps I have not given her the time she needed these past few days. She will not say. I too grow sad. Feeling is infectious.

I stay a while and talk. She listens, at first without much attention, then slowly, as my chuckle about my utter failure to resolve my latest creative challenge turns to self-mocking laughter, she smiles.

YEAR TWO · 11 NOVEMBER

Where I Am

I am sometimes overwhelmed by the complexity and feeling of what to say and how. I fail to find the words that show my inner world, my joy, my pain, my love. I wish with all my heart it was not so.

Here, I take my time, I search for what is meant between myself and others. Here, in what I make, you come to know me. Here I show myself as best I can, I share those deepest things. You will find my most in my words, my art, my music, whether a stranger, or someone I care for and love.

YEAR TWO · 10 NOVEMBER

The Weakness of My Words

No matter what I say you will doubt me. Even those I most love doubt me in some way. Doubt protects us from harm. It is the castle keep to our innermost secrets, the last defence from trust.

With words I can leave something of myself to pore over. Something to consider far away from me.

The weakness of my words is that they only have the strength those hearing or reading bring to them.

The most eloquent, beautiful, moving words are not enough to trust, for trust requires love.

YEAR TWO · 9 NOVEMBER

Silence and Stillness

As I see a bird settle on a branch near by, I hold my breath, I do not move. We each gaze and judge our risk. She, the risk of how dangerous I am. I, that I will frighten her. The longer we stay calm, fixed in that place of wondering and discovery, the more magical it becomes. I smile, and she takes flight.

Perhaps silence and stillness is more akin to sadness because they indicate a state of being on one's own, of isolation and contemplation, of being without. Silence and stillness in music, art, and words...

YEAR TWO · 8 NOVEMBER

Each Alone and With

When I play music I am in the moment of its making. My body moves with sound. With reason and instinct I settle on what notes to play and when. I play alone for wish of playing with and for another.

The experience is all embracing, personal, aesthetic, moving.

As I play, so unknown countless others do across the world. Each lost in the beauty of a breath of sound in time. Each alone, longing for a time to share its dream-like life.

YEAR TWO · 7 NOVEMBER

A Nascent Idea

I have an idea for a project: the world without me.

At first I dismissed the idea as too gloomy, too 'difficult'. But like all ideas that engage me, countless paths from it continue to flood my mind. The world without me is something I deny and yet, I am but a prick of light in the darkness of a single night. I sense how four words compel art and contemplation.

The nature of a nascent idea is that it finds its shape, slowly, persistently, unconsciously, mysteriously.

YEAR TWO · 6 NOVEMBER

The Cycle of Our Violence

Humans are the only known species that make and use objects to inflict bodily harm. They are alone in killing others and their own in such great numbers: for food, territory, greed, desire, revenge, high emotion, hopelessness, blind faith, and hate. Some believe that to defend themselves they must own and be prepared to use a weapon, to kill. To end a life. To kill again. This is the cycle of our violence.

Be courageous, be more than fear. Lay down your arms, be loved.

YEAR TWO · 5 NOVEMBER

The Strength of Feeling

The sky is clear. The moon, bright. The air, still.

I breathe the cold crisp quiet before the dawn. I marvel at its beauty, the earth, my home. I fill with wonder. I stay no more than five small minutes, then start my work.

Ideas, principles, reason may persuade me, but it is the strength of my feelings that move me to make.

The rich, energetic, unbridled, elaborate experience of emotion is the pulse to my creative life.

YEAR TWO · 4 NOVEMBER

Art, Action, and Change

I wonder whether art leads to anything more than ephemeral change.

In night and dream I wake. I am the Persian blue with flowered form I gaze, a morning past, the sound of bugle call, the touch of word from field of war one hundred years before.

Although my attention on art is brief in all my day, it moves my heart and mind, it plays on me. The more I return to it, either through purpose or accident, the greater its lasting impact on how I act, will act.

YEAR TWO · 3 NOVEMBER

Those Things I Hide

Here, with words, I struggle as I do with sound and light.

Whether alone or with another, most often, showing myself, honestly, openly, is difficult, complex. I yearn to be known, but time for this is scarce, so rare, and if I feel the slightest risk that something is not welcomed or understood, I hold back, I keep a part of me safe from view. I wish this wasn't so.

Friendship is my place of trust. It is where best I hope and share my art, my life. In this I place my love.

YEAR TWO · 2 NOVEMBER

Believe Me

Belief is not imposed. It arises through trust earned by honourable and consistent actions.

Political Correctness: the avoidance of language and actions that exclude, marginalize, or insult people who are disadvantaged or discriminated against. The phrase political correctness is also used as a derogatory term to downplay and divert attention from questionable behaviour.

I am struck by how the word lie hides within the word believe.

YEAR TWO · 1 NOVEMBER

Be Free of Violence

Violence occurs with the failure to fuel a desire or need: for self, for power, for control, for love.

Once exposed to violence or the depiction of violence, once violent, its next occasion does not shock with the same force. Violence leads to violence. Hate, to hate. Those violent show themselves as feeble in mind and spirit. They are without inner strength, without honest friendship, they are damaged, alone.

Violence harms those causing, receiving, and observing it. I am not, nor will I ever be its slave.

YEAR TWO · OCTOBER

31 OCTOBER

The Right to Dignity

I talk with someone vulnerable, frail, someone with little power, either of the body or the mind. I talk with someone easily harmed, emotionally, physically. As she forgets so quickly, feelings fall from view, and so I care for each moment between us. As we talk and trust I learn a little more of love.

For those young and old, those without a home or material wealth, for those weak, unwell and with disease, for those thirsty, cold, hungry, and with maladies of the mind: The Right to Dignity.

YEAR TWO · 30 OCTOBER

Forgiveness and Forgetfulness

Sensitivity: the quality of recognizing subtle changes, signals, or influences, whether environmental, social, or personal. A sensitive person is alive to the feelings of others, and absorbed by their own.

Sensitivity is at times ridiculed as thin-skinned, or viewed of as weak. I rarely show my sadness except through my creative work. A sadness that I hold from view yet long to share.

An open heart and mind easily forgives, but finds it hard to easily forget.

YEAR TWO · 29 OCTOBER

Making Well

Making well requires my complete involvement. I must be fully immersed in what I do, not for my own ends, but in the service of what is being made. Take these words. Each word must mean and sound with the purpose of conveying a single idea: making well requires the duality of self and other.

Put another way, to make a sound I must move. The sound requires me. However, the sound is not me, it is the other, something that becomes outside of me. I cannot make well when I think only of myself.

YEAR TWO · 28 OCTOBER

Taking Care

Take: reach for and hold, with body and mind.

Care: a state of mind and an action of the body that seeks the health, welfare, and protection of someone or something. I may care for an idea and experience as much as for something I can touch.

If I take care only of myself I feel unsatisfied, hollow, empty. The beauty of taking care outside of myself is that I feel, far more. Whatever strength and resilience I have is born through the caring of others.

YEAR TWO · 27 OCTOBER

A Different Point of View

Whatever I experience, I do so from within. Reflecting on another's different point of view helps me better understand my own. At times I feel saddened, frustrated, or weakened by a different view, perhaps as this is so often the source of conflict. If I sense difference, even for a moment, it might set me apart, dislocate, threaten, divide. And yet, my view is only broadened by reflecting on another's.

I find I love most with others who are open to and welcome difference, for how else can love grow?

YEAR TWO · 26 OCTOBER

From Moment to Moment

I live in a quiet place and have the good fortune of hearing small things move: the air through the dry crisp leaves of autumn, the untroubled ruffle of a bird's wing, the sporadic drops of mist to earth. I become aware of a moment, stretching, precious, long before my breath falls and rises for the next.

Music cannot exist without its travel from one moment to another, and yet as I play I loose all track of time. Perhaps this is why I love to share within its fluent arms with such intensity.

YEAR TWO · 25 OCTOBER

Getting Things Done

For three months, between creative projects, I have sought tools and learning to help me make with something new in an effort to combine different media to form a unified whole. I am not technically minded and feel overwhelmed by the scale and challenge.

The only qualities that will help me complete what I start is my stubborn persistence and determination. My talent, such as it is, has little impact on getting things done.

YEAR TWO · 24 OCTOBER

My Kindred Spirit

My kin are my family by birth and choice. I ponder on the kindred spirit, someone who experiences the world as I do, someone I feel affinity with, instinctively.

Kindred spirits: open, sympathetic, resonant.

I think of two bronze hollow tubes suspended from a tree. As the air travels across and through them, they move, together. Their nature is to sound and share their sound.

YEAR TWO · 23 OCTOBER

Art and Affirmation

Affirmation: the action or process of stating something forcibly, clearly, publicly.

With others I generally keep much of myself to myself, in part because showing my unprotected self, my intensity, my overwhelming need and persistence to understand, my passion for beauty, art, nature, and love, can lead to an uncomfortable silence.

The act of creating, of making, is an antidote to the dislocation and confusion of silence.

YEAR TWO · 22 OCTOBER

Irresistible Beauty

I look up, and there above me is the sky. If I take my time, more often than not, it is beautiful.

The sky has no intent. No politics nor plan. It fills with fragments from a far off place, with cloud, with rain, with smoke, with tiny particles of dust and living things, the weather, calm and strong.

The changing sky is beautiful, not just because of what I see, but feel, its nature, far above my own.

Beauty is not defined by being rare.

YEAR TWO · 21 OCTOBER

The Longer I Gaze, The Greater My Difference

A small square watercolour of a tiny bird sits on my desk. Despite its stillness, I am struck by how this image of a wren is enough to capture its spirit, especially as I am drawn to its movement and song.

As I see a painting I am made different. The longer I gaze, the greater my difference.

I think and feel my way to a new place as the wren becomes far more than paper and pigment.

Art is not my luxury, it is the air I breathe, my food, my drink, my anchor, word, and memory.

YEAR TWO · 20 OCTOBER

Stormy Weather

I stir from sleep as high wind gusts throughout the night. In my brick house, under the covers, I am warm and safe. Each time I wake I fade to sleep with thoughts of those who huddle in doorways, under the howl of a bridge, a refuse shed, who rest as best they can between the cold concrete posts of a basement car park. I think of the birds, lighter than a tablespoon of salt, huddled in the hedge, waiting out the storm. I think of my father who, without his sister's love, would have been a homeless man.

YEAR TWO · 19 OCTOBER

Music and Love

Knowing another is like hearing music. My experience of both is unique.

I think of a simple tune and imagine myself with a friend as we listen. The same air moves towards us, the same rhythm, pitch and tone, and yet, as soon as sound enters our bodies, we feel differently. What makes my body move, what moves me is my own, the sum of all those things I am and know. The same is true for my friend. I love music, I love friendship, and I know good people by their love.

YEAR TWO · 18 OCTOBER

In the Twinkling of an Eye

As I listen, I hear her words, and then in no more than a minute, she says these same words once more, and then, again. For her, the words are fresh, a question she seeks the answer to. I answer, she listens, she is comforted. We move to something else and soon, a minute more, she returns to ask again. I answer, as if for the very first time. I feel, I am moved each time she asks. She asks once more.

Those things most often said reveal our greatest need. It is the same for me as her.

YEAR TWO · 17 OCTOBER

To Know, To See

I wake to see Venus and the Moon above the eastern horizon, at first against the deep dark blue of night, then little by little, their light together, steadily concealed by the dawn. As daylight approaches only the finest crescent is visible, then suddenly their reach is out of sight.

I have loved looking up at the night sky all my life, and yet still, I so easily forget its beauty once the day begins. My knowing never matches the experience of my seeing.

YEAR TWO · 16 OCTOBER

My Failure to Feel

When I hear of violence far away, I all too easily ignore it as it does not immediately seem to threaten me, nor those I love. Besides, what can I do? What difference would my tiny protest make? Surely none.

A life harmed, harms me. The harm may not be clear, but when I turn away, when I am silent to those harmed, when I face no risk to voice my view, I fail. My failure to feel lessens me, weakens me.

When I care, I give a little of myself. Giving, even a solitary thought for another, strengthens me.

YEAR TWO · 15 OCTOBER

The Time We Live Within

I am given something precious. It has no scent. It is not something I can touch, taste, hear nor see. It cannot be planned. It is beyond price, ephemeral. Music is the kindle of this gift.

I am present at a moment of deep feeling, of gentle yet overwhelming force. A moment of sadness, comfort, and love. Before long composure returns and distance returns.

Another's experience becomes respected, treasured, despite the smallness of its time.

YEAR TWO · 14 OCTOBER

Without Reason I Will Love

A short orchestral piece supports The Right to Love.

Music makes me feel, at times it reaches those most tender places of the heart.

Love has no reason save itself.

Save: other than, but, except. To keep safe or rescue from harm or danger. To store for future use.

Listen to 'Without Reason I Will Love' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 13 OCTOBER

A Moment Lost To Make

I imagine standing in the middle of a large field as snowflakes gently begin to fall. I am wrapped up warm and well. I look up at the magical moving sight. I turn, slowly, my face full to sky. I feel the fresh wet tingle of flake upon my skin. Nature swathes its white beauty, soft upon the earth.

I imagine someone far away thinking, feeling, this same thought. If we do not share this place, it is lost: a thought that comes and goes. The world is far too full of moments lost, and so we make.

YEAR TWO · 12 OCTOBER

Diminished Reality (DR)

Augmented Reality (AR) modifies what we experience in real time. AR tools will soon be everywhere.

Picture this: I wear a pair of AR contact lenses. As I walk along the street I not only see the outer surface of people as I pass them, but a visualization of the data that is associated with them: the data that has been mined by their commercial, workplace, and personal interactions. I have the advantage.

AR is a field of cybernetics. It has the potential to diminish as much as to expand my view of the world.

YEAR TWO · 11 OCTOBER

A Definition of Love

I ponder on the nature of love.

Love: powerful, positive feelings and actions towards another, or others. More than attraction or desire. The foundation of a life well lived.

With this in mind, The Right to Love is not confined to personal and romantic love, but applies more widely to the right to feel and act with love.

YEAR TWO · 10 OCTOBER

Surprise and Laughter

We laugh when agreeably surprised, and we are primed to laugh by the infectious laughter of another.

The pleasure of laughter solidifies the bond between friends, strangers, and loved ones. One of the most beautiful sounds I know is the gentle chuckle of a baby as a parent plays peekaboo.

I do not use humour in my work and ponder why. Perhaps because each time I revisit even the funniest thing I tire a little. In this, beauty and love differ. With these my feelings always grow rather than recede.

YEAR TWO · 9 OCTOBER

Routine, Chaos and Freedom

Despite its unsettling affect, a certain degree of chaos is crucial in my creative process.

I start work early each morning after enjoying a glimpse of the sky - walking out into a changed world frees me from the confines of my mind. My routine is to then set about making something. At present, first thing, I use words. I make for two hours before I take a short break to drink and eat.

Not all my day is forged by routine, but its start allows me to better manage my freedom and chaos.

YEAR TWO · 8 OCTOBER

A State of Love

The nature of what I make is profoundly affected by my emotional life. How I feel about a person, people, nature, objects and ideas is not always consciously present as I make, but my emotional preoccupations quietly transform my choices about what should go where, and when.

Expressed more simply: what I make comes from my state of love. More generally: how I act comes from my state of love: whether I love, am loved, I am in love, or yearn for love.

YEAR TWO · 7 OCTOBER

Rage and Beauty

Music excites my world. While its concrete and functional purpose serves as a means of my coming together with others, music's immediacy positively affects my whole being. It has a profound physiological and emotional impact. Music stops me in my tracks and is the food and flood to my being with, either in its moment, or my memory. Music is far more than a pleasurable distraction. It is a place of pattern, rage, and beauty that settles my spirit, and when I move with another with music, I love.

YEAR TWO · 6 OCTOBER

Beyond Myself

I touch upon one reason to make.

One of my most powerful experiences occurs at the point when I am witness to the emergence of an artwork's potential. It is the intense revelation of beauty beyond myself. I have no say as to the timing of this unexpected moment, and I am not the cause of it. Pride plays no part in this. I sense something greater than myself and feel the importance of service to make that beauty known.

YEAR TWO · 5 OCTOBER

The Quality of Art

Large, complex, lengthy works of art often carry more status than small, uncomplicated, short artistic works. The novel is considered more significant than a short story. The symphony, more weighty than a song. An oil painting, more noteworthy than a watercolour. If value is thought of separately to an artwork's monetary price, the time and effort something takes to make is of less importance.

The quality of art is not defined by its size, medium or duration, but by its ability to provoke.

YEAR TWO · 4 OCTOBER

My Outside In, My Inside Out

When people meet me, they view and hear me in a way I do not know. They see my outside, my surface in the world. A mirror does not show this. They see the way I hold myself, the way I move, my face, my clothes. They hear me speak in ways I cannot sense. They like my look or not, and I have little sway.

Most of what I think and feel remains unseen - most of who I am and hope to be. Friendship is that rare uncovering of most.

YEAR TWO · 3 OCTOBER

Causing Harm

The purpose of a weapon is to cause harm. If I own an object that has been designed as a weapon, I have greater potential to inflict harm, whether it is used to attack or defend.

The sum total of harm is only reduced by those with courage who choose not to carry or use a weapon.

By causing harm to others, I cause irreparable harm to myself: I make it easier to harm again.

YEAR TWO · 2 OCTOBER

I, You, and We Have Power

The strength of my power may be curtailed by what I do, and do not do, where I live, my age, health, gender, beliefs, my cultural, social and economic status, by love, by hate, by law and physical force.

When I resort to cruelty I abandon my efforts to resolve my differences through persuasion. When peaceful protest is met with violence, the aggressor yields authority.

Power that lasts comes only through peace, and peace comes only with respect.

YEAR TWO · 1 OCTOBER

The Love of Others

At this very moment of my writing, at this very moment of your reading, someone loves, someone is loved. I may be hindered, hurt, or worse, but as I listen to my breath, and this the next I take, at each and every breath a child is kissed, a hand is held, the eyes of two become as one.

I am made stronger when my thoughts are of others. I grow weaker only as I think of me.

YEAR TWO · SEPTEMBER

30 SEPTEMBER

Becoming Aware

I observe, inquire, or sift through information to know. I sometimes come to know through sense and feeling. I rarely know with others. I know myself quite well.

Others often come to know me through my work. To know more, or for sure, is tantalizing, fleeting.

With hope I, you, we, come to know.

YEAR TWO · 29 SEPTEMBER

Aura

Aura: a luminous quality or disturbance that surrounds a living thing, place, or object, and that appears to emanate from it. An unseen quality that moves the spirit of another.

I ponder on the nature of aura using sounds, words, and light. I do not think of what it is to radiate, but rather what it is to experience the aura of someone or something else.

Enjoy ‘Aura’ at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 28 SEPTEMBER

Function and Beauty - Art and Design

Function: something that happens aligned with the purpose of a thing.

I enjoy good design, a union of practical function and beauty.

Art and music are mercurial in their functions, and characterized by their relationships with beauty.

Art and music have emotional, conceptual, and expressive functions not bound by the need to work as practical aids or tools other than of and for the mind and heart.

YEAR TWO · 27 SEPTEMBER

Simplicity, Elegance, and Grace

When making I am drawn to three qualities: simplicity, elegance, and grace. I judge these through a combination of intuition and reason.

There is a point when something becomes so simple, its elegance evaporates. Elegance offers more than meets the eye. Something elegant is coherent, lucid, inventive, surprising, pleasing.

Simplicity and elegance may be static. Grace relates to movement, an expression of something alive.

YEAR TWO · 26 SEPTEMBER

Threat and Diplomacy

My response to danger from another is to head it off, meet it, or withdraw. If I feel strong, sense I have no choice, or as a prelude to fight, I could use threats to face peril. The use of threats stems from my primal response to uneasiness. It is the roar and intension of striking fear into an adversary.

Disputes, personal, social, or between groups and nations, are not resolved with threats, but through a willingness to communicate differences, and an appreciation of the desires and fears of others.

YEAR TWO · 25 SEPTEMBER

The Trust of Small Things

I am fortunate to live in a home with a garden. The garden has grass that flows to a border of flowers, shrubs, trees and a hornbeam hedge. This morning, as I filled up the seed and water feeders under a magnolia tree, a small woodland bird flew onto a nearby branch, unafraid. We looked at one another, inquisitively, calmly.

Trust is a gift, a treasure, no matter who or what living thing bestows it.

YEAR TWO · 24 SEPTEMBER

Those I Meet In Dream

I wake from vivid dream. I am on the mend.

I was in the company of someone I have known for many years, whom I have met in dream so many times, yet have never known in my waking world. I set reason aside...

What if my dream-life is rich with the entanglements and experience of others? Perhaps somewhere now she wakes and thinks upon our meeting that fades from view like the vanishing morning mist.

YEAR TWO · 23 SEPTEMBER

Alone or With

Being alone is not enough, being with is not enough. The sound of bird and sight of sky is not enough.

The warmth of sun, the wash of rain, the scent of pine and taste of fresh baked bread is not enough.

Ideas alone are not enough to quell the doubt and fear that seeps below the waterline.

No matter what my sensory delight, what flight of thought I make, my need remains.

Alone or with, what is enough? What sign of hope with darkness trust? With life: give, love.

YEAR TWO · 22 SEPTEMBER

The Beauty of a Land Laid Bare

The landscape of the Sottish Borders is both beautiful and unsettling.

All that remains of the once teaming habitat of emerald forests are the valleys and hills beneath. I am drawn to the forms of this place, and yet its naked grace shows the history of a richer time.

When a tree sheds its seed, I pick it up, plant it, care for it. In time, countless living things will find their home and flourish from such easy effort.

View 'The Beauty of a Land Laid Bare' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 21 SEPTEMBER

Profoundly Blind and Deaf

When I do not see nor hear I more easily forget.

Puerto Rico has no power. All communication has been cut by a mountainous storm. News outlets around the world have little to say about the desperate stories that unfold. My attention turns away.

What if I were blind and deaf? Would I feel less about the world? Would I more easily forget those things I cannot touch? There is still much I can do without knowing.

YEAR TWO · 20 SEPTEMBER

Movement, Fast and Slow

As the overwhelming force of wind, rain and wave sweeps across the Atlantic Caribbean, a strong earthquake strikes Mexico to the east. Movement is at the core of all things. At times movement happens so slowly I experience stillness, and yet even the stone has, is, and will move.

Nature includes life and those things I do not consider as living - the air, the sea, and the earth. In future, things considered alive will extend beyond nature. Things move by my effort and beyond my control.

YEAR TWO · 19 SEPTEMBER

The World I Know Transformed

In forty eight hours a storm has grown in the Atlantic from a gale to a category five hurricane.

With all our tools and technical skills we remain unable to predict significant and sudden change in the weather with any accuracy. We are kin to those ten thousand years ago who felt the wind.

Should I always search for proof before I act? There is no proof of human love, my joy or pain, and so it is the same for change released by nature's force, the world I know, transformed.

YEAR TWO · 18 SEPTEMBER

The Stuff of Memory

Memory: where something is stored and potentially retrieved for future use.

I have never enjoyed the capacity to quickly retrieve facts. I cannot remember long sequences of numbers or words. I have difficulty recognizing written symbols.

I remember movement and ideas easily. I recall sounds and images quickly, and emotion instantly.

Without objects, art, music, and written texts, I soon forget. The stuff of my memory is often external.

YEAR TWO · 17 SEPTEMBER

My Father, The Immigrant

My father was an immigrant to England after the partition of India. I would not be but for immigration for my mother was English. My appearance gives little hint of my heritage. People in my presence use the words migrant, immigrant and refugee to offend and dehumanise. They wound my existence.

I respect those who hold different beliefs and customs so long as they do not cause harm. I am enriched by those near and far, for intolerance is the home of insecurity, and the path to unhappiness.

YEAR TWO · 16 SEPTEMBER

Shadows and Light

The shadow of sadness can blanket days. Not the sadness brought by a single experience, but a place of self where darkness and vulnerability reaches into every corner. Here the prospect of hope and those things good can barely be seen, if at all. I watch this darkened place in someone close to me. Although there seems nothing I can say to make a change, I hold out my hand, and for a moment, a single of the many shadows lifts.

YEAR TWO · 15 SEPTEMBER

Tone, Our Uncovering

The way someone says something is often as meaningful as what is said.

As I hear another's voice I am receptive to its tone, however it is curious I am less so of my own. At times what I say is understood differently than is my intention.

Tone in language is open, interpretive. It shows our light and dark, our attitude, our quality and character. Tone shapes what is said between us. Soft, hard, full and fake, tone is our uncovering.

YEAR TWO · 14 SEPTEMBER

What Art Can and Cannot Do

Art can form a bridge or build a wall, melt my heart or leave me cold, show my best or reveal my worst, help me see or keep me blind.

Art cannot make me act, nor change.

What art can and cannot do is what I make of it.

YEAR TWO · 13 SEPTEMBER

The Pursuit of Excellence

I am intensely protective of my time. When I work, I give myself over, completely. I want what I do to matter, to resonate, to make a difference. If I work on things that are of little importance and that I do not feel passionate about, I will fail to gain the chance to meet an outcome that inspires.

The pursuit of excellence is fuelled by personal need. The need to love and be loved. The need to survive, to shout out that I am here, to leave something of myself.

YEAR TWO · 12 SEPTEMBER

Culture: Something Shared That Stands for Something Else

Culture: experiences and ideas that have not arisen from nature, but through the actions and practice of sentient beings. These include shared customs, social behaviour, science, art, religion, politics and other manifestations of the intellect. Multiculturalism is the interweaving of different cultures.

The aspiration to belong and grow defines the importance of culture, alone and together. Places of culture provide presentation, performance, and preservation of a culture, its ideas and objects.

YEAR TWO · 11 SEPTEMBER

Art As Hope

Art is made in hope. Hope that what I feel is not lost to the wind. Hope that someone shares the passion of my view, its beauty and its pain. Hope for a world that is cared for. Hope that leads to change and the goodness of others. Hope in a better me and you, where us and them is at an end.

Without hope, art is no more than the soon forgotten hollow call of a solitary soul.

In hope, make good.

YEAR TWO · 10 SEPTEMBER

Two Lives, Too Close

Being open does not always make life easier or untroubled.

Disclosing myself, sharing what I truly think and feel risks the possibility of flight. The flight of a stranger or someone known who, as they listen, begins to feel too close, and with fear of this, leaves.

Some, if not most of the time, person to person, I take care not to be too much despite my longing to be with. Here, my words on page, this place of distance grants the chance to share, arm's-length.

YEAR TWO · 9 SEPTEMBER

100

1 year, 10 years, 100 years. A human life. A life of love, faith, and compassion. A life past and present. A life still hoping for their future. A life that is lost in the wonder of sky and cloud, of art and science. A life full with the sound and shape of song, of poetry, and prayer. A life with community. A life alone. A life of sacrifice. A life with age, not less, but more. A life of independence. I life of dependence. A life of goodness, of mystery, of privacy, feast, and abstention. A life of curiosity and excited apprehension.

YEAR TWO · 8 SEPTEMBER

Accidents Happen

Accidents happen unexpectedly, unintentionally. Their consequence is sudden change to a person, a living thing, or object, and the ensuing transformation may be positive or negative. Despite my efforts to avoid them, occasionally, through carelessness or matters beyond my control, I am the cause of damage, physical and psychological. Whether party or witness to an accident, my duty is to care about its consequence, to quell the pain with compassion, empathy and understanding. I often fall far short.

YEAR TWO · 7 SEPTEMBER

I Struggle to Imagine

As I write, the strongest hurricane ever recorded in the Atlantic is raging with gusts well over 300km/h (200mph), a thunderous sound of 100db, 9m (30ft) waves, and clouds towards its eye at minus -85°C (-121°F). The greatest threat to life on land is its storm surge, a 7.6m (25ft) high wall of water created by its winds. There is nothing that can ease this overwhelming force but a great land mass. Low lying coastal communities are being devastated. The air outside my window is still. I struggle to imagine.

YEAR TWO · 6 SEPTEMBER

Art Alone And Together

Every thought, every feeling is seated in the mind.

Art begins its journey to the wide open spaces of the world from the mind.

At times ideas forge arts' expression. At others, ideas play little part of its coming into being.

Art is made and experienced by one, or many. Art is at once private and public. I breathe art in, full breath, alone, and at best with others: the good, bad, useless, fruitful, strong and weak of art.

YEAR TWO · 5 SEPTEMBER

Coercion and the Artist

As someone who makes, my aim is to persuade others of the value of something, for example the beauty of an experience. My hope is that art, over time, has the potential to change the way people act by its tendency to stimulate thought, contemplation and debate through its appeal to the senses and the mind. Art can coerce but I choose not to use it in this way. I view coercion as an unwise, temporary solution, a sticking plaster rather than a cure for the ills of dissonance and conflict.

YEAR TWO · 4 SEPTEMBER

The Art of Honesty

Honesty: the quality of being truthful, sincere, and free of deceit.

No one else can enforce my honesty but me, and I have no power over another's honesty.

Honesty requires trust. At times I deceive, perhaps to protect myself or someone else, or to benefit in some way. I may feign honesty or call the honesty of another into question when I sense risk or reward.

When making art I can be wholly honest, and among my greatest pleasures is in its sharing.

YEAR TWO · 3 SEPTEMBER

Ways of Saying - Close and Far

I say something directly: I scan the horizon, a thin line where the sea meets the sky.

I say something with more significance: I look out across the sea along its meeting with the sky.

I say something metaphorically: I am the sea and you the sky, we meet, far, far away.

As I gaze across the sea to where it greets the sky I think of my difference with another, and how certain, yet distant it seems we are and will remain. Where sea meets sky, where sky meets sea.

YEAR TWO · 2 SEPTEMBER

What I See and Do Not See

Soon after I wake I gaze at the planet Venus shining bright above the horizon as the night sky lifts with the cusp of dawn. I see nothing but the interruption of a small ball of shimmering light against the deep dark blue, and yet I feel something powerful, something far more than a rational view of the sky.

What I see is as difficult to articulate as what I do not see.

Beauty is not confined by my sensory experience, as is its sibling, wonder.

YEAR TWO · 1 SEPTEMBER

Faith, Music, Art, and Words

I live in a secular society, a democracy where religion is separated from the powers of state, and where religious leaders have little or no authority over political decisions. A secular society is tolerant of diversity and makes its laws through the examination of facts and rational debate.

Although I have no religious faith I respect those who do, as I have experienced faith. Faith is aligned to those things outside of rational human experience. The experiences of mystery and the spirit.

YEAR TWO · AUGUST

31 AUGUST

Echoes

Echo: a sound, image, or idea that is reflected and mirrors the original.

Echos can help us locate or navigate, they draw our attention. Their fading, mournful quality, charges the mind. An echo is full with mystery. When I experience one I am often disoriented by its source. The echo will leave quickly, and so I drop everything I am doing and give it my complete attention.

Objects in my home are often echoes from my past. A music manuscript, a map, my baptismal font.

YEAR TWO · 30 AUGUST

With Music and Dance

When I was a child I loved to dance. I would often play a record and dance in my living room when no one was watching. In my teens I loved dance, and as an adult I love to dance. One of my best feelings is to dance with another. And yet... Throughout my life I only dance in private, with music, on my own.

Dance is at my core, and when I dance, and how I dance, I show myself, the curtain falls. I rarely let my curtain fall. To dance is to make. To dance with, is to make with. I love to dance.

YEAR TWO · 29 AUGUST

Meeting Any Challenge

I view optimism as aligned with hope, and hope (the home of love of self and others) as the prime mover of positive action. I view pessimism as aligned with despair and tending towards inaction, although I recognize some pessimists view their outlook as the way to know their existence honestly, and to act in the world without the veils of ignorance and self-delusion. Whether my outlook is to see the worst approaching or the best in sight, love is my essential means of meeting any challenge.

YEAR TWO · 28 AUGUST

The Obstacle of Distance and Climate Change

If I think of myself as distant from someone, I can more easily ignore my care for them. The same is true for things and ideas. After all, I cannot think of everyone and everything that is or has been important to me, and so I attend to those people, things and ideas that are in my life right now.

My ability to ignore extends to my refusal to admit the existence of something clearly present. It is sometimes not until I am in the midst of the direct consequence of my denial that I begin to care.

YEAR TWO · 27 AUGUST

The Time and Space We Need

I often pause to catch my breath to think in conversation. When I am with a friend, the trust and interval between us makes our exchange all the richer. When I am less known, the gap between us widens and I am aware my pause could be construed as my having difficulty, is awkward, or strange.

Insecurity demands a swift response and is aligned to the reflex of anxiety that distance can bring.

Patience, with and without another, can be a sign of love and requires that love may/not be recognized.

YEAR TWO · 26 AUGUST

My Restless Soul

When something is hidden I cannot help but seek to know what lies beneath.

My spirit is in constant flux between elation and dissatisfaction. I feel uneasy when something doesn't feel quite right, and most often, a short time after I have reached an end of some kind, I change my mind, return, rethink, and try once more to settle on a different outcome that I feel more happy with.

When making, my restless soul is well matched. With company, unrestrained curiosity is ill at ease.

YEAR TWO · 25 AUGUST

Together, Alone, and With Others

As I consider the world without money I ponder on time together, alone, and with others...

The World Without Money

YEAR TWO · 24 AUGUST

Short Definitions of Visual Art, Music, and Literature

Visual Art: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression appreciated by sight.

Music: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression of sound in time, appreciated aurally.

Literature: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression using meaning and ideas.

I am drawn to the short form, whether using light, sound, or words. The greatest creative challenge is to express something simply that is worth returning to.

YEAR TWO · 23 AUGUST

Hurt and Harm

I imagine a day without one thing I value: food, water, shelter, a single sense, the loss of memory, words, human contact, hope, dignity, purpose, pleasure, love. The scarcity of any one of these causes me unease, their absence harms.

When I believe these things are at risk or desire more, I hurt, either within, or others.

YEAR TWO · 22 AUGUST

Eclipse

I watched a total eclipse of the sun on a sandy beech on the south western edge of England. The clouds parted a minute before totality, and I, together with family and strangers, experienced the spontaneous, shared emotion and immeasurable wonder of an all enveloping celestial event. Those on the highest cliff in Cornwall could still only see under half the distance to the edge of totality.

For a short time, the unconstrained awe and rapture of something bigger dispels our petty differences.

YEAR TWO · 21 AUGUST

To Touch and be Touched

Touch is my fundamental sense. I feel through touch. Much of my sense of body is through touch.

Touch was how I first explored the world. Touch allows me to experience everything between pleasure and pain, and provides a way for me to express my inner world and love.

Touch requires trust. If I sense touch is self-centred I withdraw and the same is true for another.

Touch is vital for my well-being, yet fraught with interpretation. With nature I touch without restraint.

YEAR TWO · 20 AUGUST

When Without

Whether I love a person, living things, the place I find myself in, an action or interaction, my love is unconstrained by the brief moment of my being with.

Love is a lasting commitment to another: someone or something outside of myself that I have no choice but return to in my mind and heart. Love is reiterated, affirmed, internally and eternally insistent.

Perhaps I love as much when without as when with.

YEAR TWO · 19 AUGUST

With Less I Find More

I wake to the sound of a tawny owl calling plaintively in the darkness. I quietly make my way to an open window but I can only hear their gentle call: close, beautiful, mysterious.

My instinct is to gather as much by sense, then later, to learn and ruminate. With only one sense to rely on I am uncertain. My mind flows with fanciful ideas and imaginative invention.

With less I find more.

YEAR TWO · 18 AUGUST

Two Children

Two children, far apart, open their eyes full with the excitement of a new day. They lived as their parents do: with kindness and tolerance. They knew love and were happy. One in Freetown, Sierra Leone, the other in Barcelona, Spain. Before their loss, those with them: best friends, brothers, sisters, mothers and fathers, grew stronger with the goodness of their lives. No matter how a child is lost, the only ease to grief is love. Love equally of those we wish close, and those far, far away. With Loss: Love

YEAR TWO · 17 AUGUST

Lud's Church

Some of the words I first uncovered here find themselves in new form accompanying an image that arose from my journey through nature.

I publish a still, sepia photograph of a magical hidden place of furtive gatherings and gothic legend.

Deep in the Back Forest Staffordshire Moorlands, an ancient crevice, cut ten thousand years ago.

View 'Lud's Church' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 16 AUGUST

Think For Yourself

Online comments are a means of engagement and allow visitors to express themselves and view the opinions of others. Most leave their remarks using pseudonyms that conceal their identity: their words carry little weight. What is left is often a means to provoke and inflame rather than build understanding.

When I experience content online I try to think about what I come across carefully. Online comments have a tendency of impeding independent thought, and provide ill-considered voice to the impulsive.

YEAR TWO · 15 AUGUST

Music, Nature, and Meaning

I think of and experience music as an art form that does not in itself have meaning. Music can be accompanied by meaningful expressions and associations, for example, a title or narrative. Music can also be personally significant in that it evokes emotion and satisfaction of form, texture and tone, but music is not a language: if I listen to music without words it continues to affect me with all its strength.

When I experience nature I sense that same absolute beauty, remote from the influence of meaning.

YEAR TWO · 14 AUGUST

Similarity and Difference

Things I have in common comfort me. I am more easily accepted and bond more readily when I am with those who share my complexion, sex, culture and religion.

Meeting difference peacefully requires I put aside my fear. Accepting difference requires I acknowledge I am equal, not better. Embracing difference requires strength of self outside my common group.

That we live on one world is as incontrovertible as that we are one family: One Family, One World

YEAR TWO · 13 AUGUST

Arrogance and Effort

I spend many days, weeks, and months on a project before I share its existence. I invest not only my time, but my hope in its success. I am excited and committed. I wish to make a positive difference.

“So what have you been working on?” I take the plunge and begin to talk. Within thirty brief seconds, a judgement is made, and words are felt: “No one will want that. They can easily get that already.”.

Arrogance so effortlessly undermines. Humility and generosity provides the stronger tools to learn.

YEAR TWO · 12 AUGUST

With Wood in Night and Day

I stand with thick green velvet moss in dampened lakeside wood. A dance of clean clear water-pearls patter from one leaf to another before diving, deep into the greater body of life that is my muse. Quietly, with shallow breath, I hear the sound of seep and faintest flow towards the patient pause of heron, still, in wait for rippled fish that basks and bathes below.

I am with wood, with gentle force, long tempered night and day.

YEAR TWO · 11 AUGUST

As Speck Upon the Land

Shower clouds hurl their brief and darkened spray along the hill's craggy peak that runs and twists a mile towards the north east. One moment, blunt needles of rain dash against my cheek, the next, the warmth of sunlight breaks through and bathes the purple wash of heather moorland where I walk as a solitary, windswept speck.

Nature is my native ease.

YEAR TWO · 10 AUGUST

My Capacity to Ignore

Above all, three areas require my concern and action: care for the environment, care for living things, and the reduction of conflict. If I fail in my duty of care to any of these, I risk all.

My attention shifts from day to day depending on my sense of threat or inspiration. When I do not step outside or lift my head, when I think only of myself, my eyes remain closed.

Each day I battle against my capacity to ignore.

YEAR TWO · 9 AUGUST

The Art in Being Wrong

As I began writing my thought yesterday I assumed the blackened shoreline was as a result of an oil spill. After revisiting the beech and learning more it became clear oil was present, but to a lesser extent than coal. My being wrong led me to better consider and commit to how I will act with words and art.

Careless exploitation of natural resources leads to damage that undermines the potential for life.

When activity ceases to be profitable, abandonment often follows.

YEAR TWO · 8 AUGUST

Black Sand

I walk along the cliff top with the call of seagull above and the great spread of shimmering sea to my left. I catch sight of the water's edge for the first time then scramble down.

The shallow breaking waves are black with tiny particles of coal. Veins of ink reach through the rock and sand of shore. There before me, ruined beauty, the spoils of mine. I sleep, wake at sunrise, then set off once again to photograph nature's distress.

YEAR TWO · 7 AUGUST

Art and Misinterpretation

Light bathes the teeming community of lush bright-green vegetation that clings full-spread to the side of a deep chasm. I am in awe. I say urgently 'come see this'. The light changes and the moment is lost.

At times I do not express myself clearly. My thought and intention may be plain from my personal perspective, but I fail to choose the right words and tone. When this happens misunderstanding often follows. Art can be the antidote that lessens the solitude of misinterpretation.

YEAR TWO · 6 AUGUST

Being Awake While Others Sleep

I rise early to hear the sound of others dream. I am on the outside of their inside, their inner world rich, without the constraints of consciousness.

Being awake while others sleep, whether with family, friends, a lover or stranger, at home or away, on the hard earth or a soft mattress, being awake while others sleep incites me to wonder at our distance at a time I am so close.

YEAR TWO · 5 AUGUST

A Crown Awaits

The crown awaits for whom? What worthy soul would gladly greet this object to their mind?

I publish an artwork with my thoughts.

View 'A Crown Awaits' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 4 AUGUST

For Sea of Rising Blue and Crashing Wave

Fast moving air as crystal ice in cloud I greet you, charge opposed,

Where lightning forms and friendship fuse this difference of our day,

The crack of bright and strike of sound on sand, this meld of glass we give, long lived,

With splash of sun, this vessel of my love for sea of rising blue and crashing wave.

YEAR TWO · 3 AUGUST

Art as Companion

I spend time and journey with art. Whether music, dance, the visual arts, sculpture, literature, theatre, film, or photography, art is my constant companion, my home of give and take.

With art I experience the expression of others and express myself. I have the chance to show and touch something of significance. When alone with art I feel less by myself. When sharing art in person, when I am with another and with art, I feel most at ease, as equal, and most with.

YEAR TWO · 2 AUGUST

Caring More or Less

Caring: an act of kindness, attention, consideration, or concern for something that may be living (for example a person, an animal, or nature), something inanimate (for example a sculpture), or an idea.

To care about anything requires risk to oneself. If I care about someone or something outside myself, I spend less time caring for myself. To care well for myself however requires my care extends beyond my immediate interests of body and desire. Some care less, and others, more. If careless, I am weakened.

YEAR TWO · 1 AUGUST

My Early Morning Feast

I step outside, look up, close my eyes, and breathe.

The bright red-orange of sunlight to skin fills my vision, I pull the air further, fresh within me, pigeons coo, their feathers fan. As I gently, blindly reach to touch the grass the early morning fragrance of the earth greets me. I never grow used to the beauty that proceeds: I open my eyes once more.

Life gives, I receive.

YEAR TWO · JULY

31 JULY

The Search

During breaks in my making I sought a solution to help me with my next creative challenge. I searched high and low for over two weeks but could not find tools I felt happy with, then last night, out of the blue, I realized I had been looking in the wrong places for the wrong things.

Being absorbed with a task helps me get things done, but sometimes I take so long, I get caught up in the search itself and fail to recognize when the very thing I seek has already passed through my hands.

YEAR TWO · 30 JULY

For Those I Love

Each day I find a quiet moment to myself and ponder on all those whom I have loved and love today.

For some I have no more than memory, for others, a letter, or perhaps a solitary photo from many years ago. I keep each love to heart, for all, whether present or lost, continue to shape me. With those I love in person I try my best to tread lightly. Disclosing my intensity of thought and feeling tends to push people away, and so I make. The safe separation and distance of art gives the chance for love to be accepted.

YEAR TWO · 29 JULY

To Know or Not to Know

When something matters, I often face the choice of discovering more or letting things be. Choosing not to know is usually the simpler path, takes less emotional and mental effort, and allows me to focus my attention on those things that I find more comfortable. With people, to know requires the mutual wish to know, and I only come to know beyond the safety of politeness through trust.

Friendship is a place where risk is shared. I am powerfully averse to danger, yet my impulse is to know.

YEAR TWO · 28 JULY

A Time of Uncovering

I work on the written text that will accompany an artwork.

During the making of the image I remain aware of the broad ideas and feelings that led me to continue, however I try not to articulate, but rather trust my inner voice. An often hidden voice that lays at the very heart of me, and that informs my instinctive, involuntary, emotional response.

Now is my time to uncover, to analyse, to lay bare.

YEAR TWO · 27 JULY

Why Poetry?

With words I think, I say, I reach, I seek to touch without the sight and sign of skin to skin,

With words I place idea and self within another's breath,

And if that breath bestowed we breathe, we hold that whispered wind of change as one,

For moment of that breath we share, a place this sheltered soul takes wing,

The better I become.

YEAR TWO · 26 JULY

Il Giardino

The idea of a garden is complex, yet so easily experienced… I ponder on what defines a garden, the gardener, on our need and love of gardens, and my experience of them, near and far.

Two gardens have shaped me. The garden where I live in Southern England, and a garden in Tuscany, Italy where I spent three months in late summer and autumn thirty years ago…

Enjoy the music and art 'Il Giardino' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 25 JULY

My Embrace of the Abstract and Real

Following on from my previous thought, I ponder on why I am happier to learn complex procedures with my body and mind over those requiring only my mind. When for example I practice a difficult sequence on the piano, the improvement of my performance is not only something I appreciate aesthetically, but also physically. The sensation of growing bodily ease is a profoundly satisfying feeling. Although I may feel a sense of achievement with a wholly mental task, understanding alone is confined to the abstract.

YEAR TWO · 24 JULY

Procedural Learning

Procedural memory occurs when repeating a complex chain of activities until it becomes automatic and without conscious awareness of the experience, for example learning a musical instrument or playing a racket sport which requires delayed gratification and includes frequent failure and frustration.

Although I enjoy physical procedural learning, I have an intense dislike of following or learning a series of mental actions that must be carried out in a certain order or manner. My body works best with mind.

YEAR TWO · 23 JULY

Making Real My Loss

When I was a child in bed and about to sleep I would think of someone close I might loose. I would not stop until I felt my sadness real with silent tears. It took many years to know this search for comfort was how I coped with the separation of my mother and father, and them from me. I was fostered at three. My surrogate mother died when I was fourteen, my mother at nineteen, and my father three years later. Despite my loss I knew love, given and received. My music art and words become my silent tears.

YEAR TWO · 22 JULY

When I Fail To Give

I came upon a work of art that moved me. I wanted to share this, however as I researched the artist my response grew more complex, and I kept the experience to myself.

Despite its undoubted force at the time, the art faded from my view until someone brought that same work as one that was deeply affecting. At first I did not recall the artist's name.

When I fail to give I begin to forget, I become impoverished. To share rejuvenates my heart and mind.

YEAR TWO · 21 JULY

The Love of Little Things

When I am in the company of nature, a friend, or someone I meet for the first time, it is the little things that stand above the rest.

I walk into the quiet early morning and crouch down, close to a small clay pot that is home to an oak seedling I planted from an acorn in the spring.

At times the changing tone of a leaf or spurt of growth captures my attention. At times it is a thought that sprouts from being close to such a fragile little thing.

YEAR TWO · 20 JULY

The Foundations of Doing Well

I have learned that to do anything well I need to be active, and I must be attentive to how I drink, eat and sleep. If I fail to care for any one of these my competence is impaired, my achievements, reduced.

If I am not active enough (physically, intellectually, and emotionally), if I fail to drink, eat and sleep enough, I perform poorly. If I am too active, if I eat, drink and sleep too much, I perform poorly.

To know what activity, nourishment and rest I require, I need only pause and listen.

YEAR TWO · 19 JULY

Thunder

I wake at two in the morning to a great blast of sound through my open window that splits the sky. Thunder is too tame a word as it roars, tears, and splinters the dense dark night. Its fierce untameable force buckles the air towards the west. Rain draws its breath before it spits king-sized drops, then spills itself, full thrust. The fork of light, too bright, bare, wild hair cuts the air. The travelling crack and howl rumbles far further than I can tell. Before its final fade, a burst of blinding white returns. I love a storm...

YEAR TWO · 18 JULY

Watering The Hedge

In a dry spell I water the young hornbeam hedge that lines the boundary of our back garden.

Light dances as drops fall from the deep-veined light-green leaves and the thick spray of water patters then gathers on the soil beneath. I look down and as I do, birds sing above me on the branches of a damson tree. Bees buzz. The scent of earth fills my breath. Here with nature, the trivial clamour of human squabble subsides.

YEAR TWO · 17 JULY

The Body Of Our Future

Biomechatronics: the integration of biology, mechanics, artificial intelligence and electronics; the replacement of parts of the body that are damaged or worn out (e.g. the development of prosthetic limbs); the enhancement of existing biological operations (e.g. the augmentation of vision).

Biomechatronics is not fiction, it is with us today.

The world is home to partial and non-organic beings. Consider The Rights of Living Things.

YEAR TWO · 16 JULY

The Force of Heart and Thought

Language of any colour can be powerful, whether used in life or art. My choice however has been to steer away from using coarse and offensive language in my work. This helps me reach a wider audience, including children and those from communities that scorn 'bad language'.

Creating work within a disciplined framework encourages me to search for more imaginative solutions.

Showing all, being explicit, removes the mystery, the greatest force that fires our heart and thought.

YEAR TWO · 15 JULY

Hear Me

I release music for voices, strings, piano, trombones, solo cello, and solo clarinet.

Hear my sleep, my whisper, my breath at rest, my dream...

Listen to 'Hear Me' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 14 JULY

Word and Sound

For the last three days I have struggled to put into words those things I have found in music. I have known the title of the piece and many thoughts have sprung from this, however switching from the emotional expression of music to the voice of language has been fraught with uncertainty.

This morning it seems my hours of pondering have led to something worthwhile, although I will not know for sure until tomorrow. Despite its significance, music's voice is far from meaning.

YEAR TWO · 13 JULY

Time Passes

I receive a phone call from a family member. She is in great distress. She does not know what is happening and cannot find the book she writes things that have and will happen through the day. At times a call can ease her concerns but not today. I say I will be there in twenty minutes. When I arrive I find the book she does not recognize open by the phone. Hi Mike, good to see you. What are you doing here? You called. Did I? Well, it's good to see you. You too. We talk, she smiles, time passes well.

YEAR TWO · 12 JULY

No Matter Our Difference

Difference is not something that divides me from you, it is the foundation of my strength. My difference to you of age, gender, colour, culture, faith, and place enriches me.

Our difference makes me more.

Fear and harm of difference only shows the fear of self alone.

YEAR TWO · 11 JULY

Why Net Neutrality Matters

Net neutrality is when Web traffic is treated equally. As an individual, my music, images and words reach an audience on the Web using the same path as a multi-billion dollar corporation.

With Net neutrality, Internet service providers (ISPs) may not intentionally block, slow down, or charge money for online content. Net neutrality encourages dialogue and diversity.

With Net neutrality, the Web remains free and open to all.

YEAR TWO · 10 JULY

To Empathize or Not To Empathize

Empathy: the capacity to comprehend and be emotionally connected with the experience of another.

When someone is in distress, physically or emotionally, there are some who not only feel, but are driven to act. There is a point when the distance between myself and someone in need is so great there seems little I can do. Still, I try to aim that force of common feeling constructively and make.

During the times I am more open to the world of others my life is enriched, immeasurably.

YEAR TWO · 9 JULY

The Disadvantage of Association

I visit Cambridge university, a rival of Oxford university with whom I am more familiar. Both bask in the reputation and privilege of 800 years as centres of learning and excellence.

I never attended university or an academy as a student and so I view them as an outsider. I remain hungry to learn, but I cannot fall back on the independent validation of my knowledge and ability. For this I am fortunate, for the words I say stand unhampered by the advantage of association.

YEAR TWO · 8 JULY

Blue

The strongest blue of sky, eye and sea are made from the very air we breathe.

When sunlight passes through our atmosphere, more blue is scattered by oxygen and nitrogen. My eyes are blue for a similar reason, despite having no blue pigment.

I love deep ocean blue, sky blue, its reach and wash, its free and feral soul.

YEAR TWO · 7 JULY

Where Birds Sing and Clouds Play

My music, art, and ideas are free to discover and experience. Why?

The more who listen, gaze, and think as a result of experiencing my work, the greater its impact.

I view the arts as essential to human well being. Art can be the catalyst of positive change.

I have comfortable shelter, I eat well, and enjoy good health. I use my time to make.

Money has no place nor force where birds sing and clouds play.

YEAR TWO · 6 JULY

The Sign Of Our Distrust

The exchange of money is the single force that dominates the decisions of those in power.

Wherever there is a great deal of money, there is temptation, corruption, and the seduction of self-interest. Not everyone however has a price. Not everyone is caged by its promise of a comfortable life.

Money exists because of distrust between humans. When we trust and act well, there is no need of it.

YEAR TWO · 5 JULY

Ways of Being

I have two very different ways of being. One is full with feeling and enchantment that I think of as a poetic sensibility. The other is more emotionally detached, rational, restrained. When I work creatively these ways of being intermingle.

I feel most with others and with nature. When I feel most I sense myself most alive. I think most when alone. I prefer not to be alone yet know being so is as vital for my well being as to be with others.

YEAR TWO · 4 JULY

The Limit of Time

I think more about time, its value, and limit. These are difficult ideas.

Whatever I do is placed in time. Every breath I take. Things I hear and see, touch, taste and smell.

However I act is placed in time. Time stores my sense of being alive. Time is where I come to know.

Those things I value most exist outside of time.

When I experience love, compassion and beauty I sense their nature unconstrained, unlimited by time.

YEAR TWO · 3 JULY

The Price of Time

Time: a way to think about what has happened, what is happening, and what will happen.

When I think of 'my time' I think of events and experiences that are constrained by my being present.

Time is the place I live within. In order to acquire, I give my time: I do something.

Money provides a model for me to sell my time. What and how much I do is given a price depending on my age, gender, location, culture, how attractive I am, and how skilled or clever I am perceived as.

YEAR TWO · 2 JULY

My Comfort and Unease

Music that works best for me lies in a sweet spot between enough change, but not too much. I enjoy discord and variation of pulse, rhythm and volume. Discord provides drama and tension. If a piece is nothing but harmonious I feel it too sugary. I do not however enjoy music that is predominantly dissonant, or with patterns or forms I cannot gather by mind or instinct.

Music I most love lets me feel both my comfort and unease.

YEAR TWO · 1 JULY

The Poison I Become

Poison: something capable of causing illness or death.

Antidote: something to counteract a particular poison.

Ever since first exploring the world online in 1993 I have tried to take care about what I say. The more I shout, the less I hear. Each word, each sound, each moment of light is remembered here.

When I am disrespectful, aggressive, or intolerant, in person or online, I absorb, I become the poison.

YEAR TWO · JUNE

30 JUNE

Being Free

A tiny bird tumbled down my chimney and fell into my wood stove this morning. This happens now and again in early summer as fledglings set out for the first time and explore the world. The stove has a heat resistant glass door. I close one full length curtain so that the open French door is the best prospect of escape. I unlatch the stove. The bird flies free.

Watching that little bird flutter from its grey dusty cell back into the garden was pure joy.

YEAR TWO · 29 JUNE

The Butterfly Net

I see a young sister and brother outside my window. The oldest is no more than four. Both skip towards a bed of aromatic lavender with butterfly nets in hand. I sense the collision of two responses. The first is my recognition of their innocence, the second, my concern for their fall from innocence.

A butterfly net allows children to capture life so that it can be observed. It is also a tool to hunt and kill. Most often this choice is left to the child. I remember well how I was given this choice over life or death.

YEAR TWO · 28 JUNE

A Summer's Dance

Before we talk, before we sing, we dance.

The need to dance is not exclusive to humans. East Asian red crowned cranes begin to dance from a young age and continue their bounds and leaps through every season of their forty years of life.

Be the dancer, become the dance.

Enjoy A Summer's Dance at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 27 JUNE

Why I

Many thoughts at Think This Today are presented from my point of view. When I say I, I am not speaking for you or we, although you may find something in common with what I say. With 'I', you are free to judge the value of what you find here, and being less vulnerable in this exchange, your willingness to pause is given greater chance. The use of we or you can be presumptuous, preachy, arrogant. My concern is that I do not assume, assert or proclaim as if I know any more than I.

YEAR TWO · 26 JUNE

More or Less

As I do not promote my work commercially nor network my way to notoriety, it has to stand on its own two feet. If someone discovers something valuable, they will share it. If what I make does not resonate or connect, people will pass it by.

The more art is known makes no difference to its aesthetic value or the merit of its expression or ideas. The less it is known, the narrower its impact. Unlike the act of making, in its affect less is not more.

YEAR TWO · 25 JUNE

Nothing But Love

I find social gatherings of more than a handful uncomfortable as there is so much I wish to say but hold back. We have little in common yet much to share. Time passes long before I draw breath.

I meet a beautiful ten day old baby. All is future. All is hope. A milestone.

I gaze at the newborn held gently in her mother's arms, eyes closed. She knows nothing but love.

YEAR TWO · 24 JUNE

Between One Moment and the Next

Interval: the space between.

I use the word 'time' often in this place of thoughts. I am bound by it. I cannot come to know without its travel, and yet things I come to know can also be unconstrained by time. Although my experience of love is from one moment to the next, love exists through the filaments I know and remember as the passing of my time. Perhaps I need time's interval to prevent my being overwhelmed.

YEAR TWO · 23 JUNE

Why I Act The Way I Do

I ponder more on those things that change the way I act:

The love I am given and see given. The love withheld from me. The love I give. The love I withhold.

Desire. My health. What I eat and drink. The shelter I enjoy. My effort in exercise and thought.

The money I and others have. The money I and others have not. What I own.

My time with nature. My time alone. My time with another. Art, music, words. All change the way I act.

YEAR TWO · 22 JUNE

The Difference Words Make

I value life, love, and beauty. I want my life to matter, to make a positive difference. I could have spent my time making a mountain of money so that it could be used for the benefit of others, but I would have been, would be, subject to its temptations and corrosive touch.

Art provides the means to share in the importance of those things I value, however, to what extent does art matter? Has a painting, piece of music, or dance ever changed your mind or way you act? Do words?

YEAR TWO · 21 JUNE

The Need for Distance

I received a message in the early hours that my son was in the accident and emergency department of a hospital with suspected concussion. I raced the one hundred miles from my home to be with him. Over the next twenty four hours it became clear there was no lasting damage.

When I was in the dark about my son's condition I wanted to drive as quickly as possible, but I held back, just a little. The distance forced my hand. There were other sons and daughters on the road.

YEAR TWO · 20 JUNE

News and the Balance of Kindness

At the heart of prominent news stories is an appeal to our insatiable desire to know more. Popular news excites and offends, alerts us to risk, and may promise the potential of personal gain.

Love, kindness, and compassion are significantly less prominent in news broadcasting as they appear less dramatic, unless set against acts of harm or discord.

I am in no doubt that far, far more acts of love happened yesterday as opposed to a single act of hate.

YEAR TWO · 19 JUNE

To Love

Tolerance: my willingness or increasing insensitivity that allows the existence, occurrence, or practice of something disagreeable, without interference.

I can be tolerant of something that is good for me, or that injures me. I am intolerant of those who purposely cause harm. My intolerance is expressed peacefully, and with the full force of my voice.

The celebration of amicable difference is essential for peace. To love requires tolerance.

YEAR TWO · 18 JUNE

An Act of Art

I make something when my feelings run high. For me, an act of art is directly aligned with something of personal or societal significance. I cannot make unless I feel. This is especially true for music.

An act of art seeks to hold my response, both emotional and reasoned. It is my resistance to loss. The means to share. The closest thing to touch, my deepest need.

Acts of art may not lead to change, but their effort is testament of the desire and will to do so.

YEAR TWO · 17 JUNE

In Sight of Spirit Strong

A new artwork touches on the fear and confusion of the Grenfell Tower Fire, however it does not show those caught up in it as victims, but rather people with intention and strength, no matter their form. I choose to see their spirits as vibrant, purposeful, powerful.

View 'In Sight of Spirit Strong' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 16 JUNE

Half Way

I pass halfway through this journey of thoughts. Reflecting on a new idea each morning is difficult, yet the positive change it brings is undeniable.

On any day I might have been half way through my life. At some point this prospect becomes less likely, and at that moment, each breath, each drop of rain from summer cloud that pats upon the dusty ground becomes a jewel full with nascent beauty. Half way leaves time enough to start afresh.

15 JUNE

The Fire Within

I spend many, many hours trying to take in the tragedy of a devastating fire that swept through a seventy meter high block of flats where hundreds of people lived. Words cannot express the terror, anguish, sadness and pain so many feel.

As someone from a distance, my feelings are of little worth unless I act.

With Loss: Love

YEAR TWO · 14 JUNE

Exhaustion

For the past two days I have had a powerful virus that has drained me. I have had no food and can only keep down small sips of water. A few short steps leaves me exhausted. I can barely keep my eyes open.

As someone who usually has a deep well of energy, the greatest lesson of this experience is how, when I am forced to slow down, I listen to my body differently and gather small pockets of time where I ponder on my fragility, for it has taken only the tiniest microbe to stop me in my tracks.

YEAR TWO · 13 JUNE

What Doing Good Is

Following on from my previous thought, I should express, what for me, doing good is.

My shortest maxim, my rule of conduct is, with life: love. As I live, I try my best to act and treat others with love. I often fail or fall short, and my efforts may go unnoticed, but knowing this I try again.

I have expressed what I consider to act with love in The Rights of Living Things. When I recognize the right of another and act by it, I do good. The more good I do, the more peace I find.

YEAR TWO · 12 JUNE

My Only Work of Value

I am resistant to selling my time, my freedom and expression, as I value these so very much. I view good work, not as a job, but as something worth doing that produces a beneficial outcome. Although a job may also produce positive results, it is done for money. As I seek to maximize profit, time and objects become defined by their economic price, and conflicts of interest arise from why and what I do.

As I see it, my only work of value is in my effort to do good.

YEAR TWO · 11 JUNE

With Spirit Gift

We breath the same air and drink the same water that flows and falls unfettered from the sky, that rains across our short-lived petty boundaries. We sense that same light and warmth of sun upon our skin, from north to south, from east to west. We live with extraordinary landscapes, teaming with life and beauty, with spirit gift.

We are but once and in this moment love is all we have to give.

YEAR TWO · 10 JUNE

From Start to End

Words drift and glide above the edge of my sleep. In dream what is said is often far from clear.

As I write I place one idea in front or behind another. Language arrives as a thin line of meaning that makes its point before it stops. Language, written and said, is linear. It starts then ends. I can dip in and out of a conversation, but it cannot be heard all at once as a painting can be seen.

Language by its nature, as music, is a child of time.

YEAR TWO · 9 JUNE

With Arms Outstretched

A piece for piano, violins, viola, and cello arises from a period of loss.

We open our arms in the hope we are accepted. We are held by those who care for us.

We hold those we care for, no matter our difference.

Listen to With Arms Outstretched

YEAR TWO · 8 JUNE

Why I Vote

In England, candidates with the most votes in each constituency win. Losing candidates win no representation at all. I have voted for over forty years and in all that time candidates I have cast my vote for have never won. I live in a defective democracy. A proportional system with the right to abstain, and compulsory voting would be democratic. Nevertheless, I vote because it is my right. I vote so my voice is counted in opposition. I vote because it is a rare privilege born of sacrifice. If you can, vote!

7 JUNE

A Line Crossed: I am not a Consequentialist

I hoped to do no more than encourage those to vote during an election. With the announcement that human rights laws would be changed if they "get in the way" of preventing terrorism, I feel conscience bound to voice my strong opposition to this view.

Governments require checks and balances to offset their power. Human rights laws are designed for this. I urge you to argue against any party that declares the ends justifies the means.

YEAR TWO · 6 JUNE

Completion

One of many reasons I value the creation of art is the experience that, at least for a time, its completion is a positive encounter with an end. When I no longer make, I witness something new come into being.

The end of my efforts becomes the start of my sharing. The making of art, a cycle of life.

Like many endings I re-visit them. I reconsider, and at times I realize the end was far from sight.

As I approach the completion of a new piece of music I ready myself for its leaving.

YEAR TWO · 5 JUNE

Being Free to Do No Harm

I value my freedom to express, but I try to do so with care. I make to share with people of any age.

The principle I work by is to do no harm: a challenging self-imposed boundary, for it is far easier to immediately affect people using explicit, graphic content.

A pen is neither good nor bad. Its strength lies only in how it is used, what is said, and by whom. The same is true for anything used to make.

YEAR TWO · 4 JUNE

Mother Earth

An artwork and poem inspired by the frozen wilderness of ice that covers the lakes, rivers and shores of the Hudson Bay in Northern Canada.

Enjoy 'Mother Earth' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 3 JUNE

Being Direct: With Family, Act Well

I often frame my thoughts and opinions in the hope I might reach those in opposition to the views I hold. The weakness of this indirect approach is that at times what I say might miss the mark.

My previous thought sought to encourage those reading it to consider not just humanity as family, but all living things. To think of the world's minerals, its air and water as family requires a further leap of the imagination, but only then can I proclaim myself a citizen of this fragile, beautiful world.

YEAR TWO · 2 JUNE

Family

Who do I count among my family? Those close to me who share my genes, those I love, my friends. Could my neighbours, my wider community be my family? What of those with whom I share a country, a continent, the world? Are all humans part of my family? And what of other living things?

I do not trade with my family, nor compete for advantage over them. I cooperate and treat them as my own. One Family, One World.

YEAR TWO · 1 JUNE

Before and After

There are two ways I think of my living, two ways I experience being. The first is as a human through time, the second is where I feel no time at all.

In common with music, the quality of being I know as love (given and received) I experience only in my now.

Enjoy ‘Before and After’ at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · MAY

31 MAY

Being Alone

When I compose music, create images, or write words, I am alone.

Creating art of one kind or another is, for me, a reflective, solitary experience. It is not that I wish to be alone as I most love being with. It is that being alone I better, more honestly listen. Being alone I focus on the beauty of a place or person. Being alone, I come to value the company of others even more.

Being solely by myself my need to share is fierce, my love of life: intense.

YEAR TWO · 30 MAY

The Chance to Understand

I hold strong political views, yet avoid stating them explicitly.

Party politics in a social democracy brings together a consensus of ideas with the aim of persuading voting members of its community to entrust decisions about the way they are governed. People hold sincere opinions on both sides of an argument of how to make life better. Voicing my opinion reduces the engagement with those whom I disagree with. A place to meet gives chance to understand.

YEAR TWO · 29 MAY

Feeling Words

When words from those I love are spoken or written to me, they cause feeling. When I say or write to those I love they do the same. When giving words, I am not always careful over their choice. When receiving them, I feel, I have no choice but to care. Language is the best tool I have to understand, and so I pour over the use of words I hear and read, perhaps at times too much.

Language means, and yet it is still so far from the meaning a single kind and caring touch can give.

YEAR TWO · 28 MAY

First Sight, First Sound

Perhaps I enjoy daybreak so much because of my good fortune in living where the silence and sounds of nature can be heard. When I wake it is as if what I hear and see is for the first time.

My first time is rich with heightened sense and feeling. In my work I often seek to rekindle the ephemeral, precious instant of experiencing something new. The mystery is that I take so long to do so.

The brief periods when I feel moments as my first are my richest.

YEAR TWO · 27 MAY

The Fledgling

It is warm with early summer as thunder rumbles through the dull-gold of morning light. Crows cor with the come and go of falling rain. The tingling drips drop gently, then more densely as the shard and crack of cloud jostles to the earth. Soon the charge of sky moves off, birds begin to sing.

I share the foundation of a new piece of music. The sound: a fledgling under passing storm, fully formed, yet vulnerable. A time of listening full with thought and care.

YEAR TWO · 26 MAY

How I Feel

When I feel strongly about something, I temper my desire to immediately express myself except with those I trust. Although this is born from my need to understand what people do and say, it is my way to maintain the bridge between one view and another. The snag of self-control is that often-times people remain unaware of how I feel, and how I feel is immeasurably important to my sense of resilience. And so, when I feel strongly about something, I make with hope to share.

YEAR TWO · 25 MAY

As A Child I Play

It takes time for me to take things in. I give myself time to take things in. I need time to take things in.

Late in the afternoon, following a night and day of feeling, of thought, I sit at the piano and start to play.

Music arrives from a place unknown. It is the bringing together of my experience, it is not conscious. I listen as I play. I listen, as a child I play.

Music is my kernel, the fruit within the shell.

YEAR TWO · 24 MAY

I Am With You

I search for words that reach the young and old in equal measure. Words that touch those who believe and those who do not. Words that hold the mind and heart from striking out. Words that let us breathe, that say with strength: I am with you:

One Family, One World

YEAR TWO · 23 MAY

The Chance and Choice to Love

Love shows itself with force in times of unimaginable loss.

For those with deafening silence where once their loved ones spoke. For those with pain, with fear, bewilderment and grief.

Life is all I know. Each breath, each moment, a chance and choice to love.

With Loss: Love

YEAR TWO · 22 MAY

The Value of Money

Money, the most ubiquitous means of human exchange, is used to gain, and eases practical need, however in itself has no value. Money is the single greatest cause of human unhappiness.

Before children are taught about money, they learn far more of what it is to give and take.

Money cannot buy those things I treasure. It has no force in love, compassion, kindness, friendship, hope, or wisdom. Money is an idea I am far better off without.

YEAR TWO · 21 MAY

Fear and Overthinking

Overthinking: trying to understand too much, analysing to excess, thinking beyond its usefulness.

My resistance to thinking carefully about something, to my taking time and viewing things from many points of view, is that my knowing becomes less certain. A fast and confident response allays my insecurities and avoids the hesitancy and dangers of doubt. It is far easier to follow than to lead.

The charge of overthinking only occurs because of my propensity for quick, easy answers.

YEAR TWO · 20 MAY

In Deep of Night My World Unknown

The deep of night can seem foreboding, uncertain, and full with unfamiliar thoughts and images. A feeling of ambivalence often permeates my wakeful nights.

What is known and unknown is of never ending interest to the curious animal, and the most curious of all is that which is known and unknown about our inner lives.

Enjoy In Deep of Night My World Unknown at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 19 MAY

The Chance To Trust

What if my every action, my every hidden move is seen one day? Would I be proud to show my all? Should I reveal my every move to those I call my friends, to those I love? Perhaps I cannot say I lead a good and fruitful life unless I am content for this to be revealed. Being human I make mistakes, I choose to stay when I should go, to go when I should stay, I say too much, I offer too little, I seek to satisfy myself. I fail to be as good as I might be in many ways. Yet honesty in this gives chance to trust.

YEAR TWO · 18 MAY

I Easily Forget

I easily forget: the soft give of moss beneath bare feet; the scent of pinewood cabin; my first taste of blueberry, the unbroken song of skylark; a mist that rises softly; the plastic waste washed up on shore; the countless living things that die because of human thoughtlessness; where last I left my glasses; with those I am in love. I all too easily forget...

YEAR TWO · 17 MAY

The Sound I Hear Alone

I have low tolerance to a lot of sound. Loud sounds cause me pain, and so I avoid places where they are likely: road works, amplified concerts, a lively party room. When playing in a band I always used cotton wool to dampen my discomfort. A sneeze can hurt. I hide this in the company of others.

When I am quiet I hear ringing. At times my tinnitus is piercing but it does not impact on my ability to hear. When I work, am focused, centred, with a person, place or art, my unwelcome sound dissolves.

YEAR TWO · 16 MAY

To Do Without My I

When expressing and sharing my experiences and ideas, I am mindful of a path that leads to self-importance, and vanity. This is difficult as what I communicate arises from what happens in and to me.

I cannot create an image without my imagination, I cannot dance without my body, I cannot write without my mind. I cannot do without my I. And so I value my self, yet I must be wary of my I that all too easily becomes the focus of a world which in truth is far more than I alone can be.

YEAR TWO · 15 MAY

When Technology Matters

The Brain-Computer Music Interfacing system enables four severely motor-impaired patients to interact with a string quartet who choose musical elements that are performed live.

Technology matters when it aids life, when it helps us connect with another and the world, when it brings us together. I publish the related triptych and poem.

Visit 'The Stillness of My Life' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 14 MAY

The Digital Arena

I have used technology to make music since my school days in the 1970s, and photographs in the 1980s. I first used the Web in 1993, built my first website in the year 2000, and founded a software company in 2004. During my journey I have often considered the fragility of my digital achievements. My use of technology is as a tool to create, collaborate with, and publish. I continue to devote large swathes of my life within the digital arena in the hope of reaching those outside of it, and now, within it.

YEAR TWO · 13 MAY

The Value of My Waiting

I wake as the silence of night is broken by the first hesitant call of a songbird I know well. There is no sound of wo/man, no distant car nor plane. I hear only the slow and growing swell of small feathered spirits as they come to life. As with humans, some birds are more tuneful, more colourful than others.

As I listen, closely, entirely new patterns of sound appear.

The value of my waiting is that I hear far more.

YEAR TWO · 12 MAY

Being There

A broad, freshly furrowed, deeply ploughed field dips then rises to the horizon. I experience the newness of this landscape to my eyes as beautiful, its ripples of soil and shadow.

With beauty comes my ache to share.

I take photographs that no more than hint at my encounter. Nothing matches being there.

Art is often the effort and journey of return.

YEAR TWO · 11 MAY

A World Without Language

Instrumental music has the capacity to touch my heart, deeply, no matter my mood, my personal circumstance, my strength, my hope.

Music falls outside of meaning, yet is profoundly significant to me. It offers an opposing force to my incessant need to understand. With music I inhabit the same world as touch, as scent and taste: a world without language: the worlds of nature and the spirit, both worlds where I feel at home.

YEAR TWO · 10 MAY

Making Something From Nothing

As I waited for a system update to install on my computer I set myself a challenge to make something using only my imagination. For me this is far from easy. Images and sounds stay no more than a moment in my mind. I thought perhaps I could make something with words, but not seeing or saying made it hard to ponder, order, and return to them. Making, at least for me, is inextricably linked with my body's sight, sound, and touch. My senses work in concert with my mind, and for art, I also need to feel.

YEAR TWO · 9 MAY

The River of Light at Dawn

I know this place, the touch of deer still silent eye upon the nape of neck, the unseen scent of fox rust-red and quick to ground, the softened littered leaf and gentle mossened brown, with pad walk certain slow upon this bed of dewy earth. Become, between the rise of breath my natured kin.

The woodland I have walked within for many years shares a fraction of its force of light and word.

Enjoy The River of Light at Dawn at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 8 MAY

For Nature To Be Known

I stand alone in the early morning light of an oak woodland with the scent of moss and the uninhibited sound of birds. I ponder on how its significance and value is different when I experience it with others as their scent, light and sound alters the very character of this place.

Beauty does not require many for its nature to be known. Perhaps the same is true of friendship, love, and tenderness.

YEAR TWO · 7 MAY

The Time To Make

Film composers often talk of the pressure to do as much as possible in the shortest time. While I recognize the dangers of procrastination, I only ever publish my work once I feel I can do no more to make it better. Even with this approach there are far too many occasions when I am proved wrong as I return to a piece, or after a longer pause feel a work falls well short of its potential.

Giving time is a gift: to others, to that being made, to the possibility of reaching a journey's end.

YEAR TWO · 6 MAY

Unfathomable

When it comes to how people act, most of what I do not, or will never come to understand, arises from those things withheld. I use no force other than my effort to communicate as I try to know why someone does or does not. While I yearn to know why someone acts in a way that hurts me, I respect their right to dignity, their privacy of body, home, thoughts, feelings, and identity.

With rights I acknowledge the prospect of my never knowing. www.therightsoflivingthings.earth

YEAR TWO · 5 MAY

My Short and Minor Episode of Unease

The result from my biopsy came through and I am fine. Living two weeks with the prospect that I was not, brought me a little closer to those who struggle to retain hope in the face of serious illness. Even with this short and minor episode of my unease the control I exerted over my concerns has left its mark. Rather than relief I continue to hold a part of me back. As I think more of this I realize how much of my art, music and words draws from those places of my self that I have tucked, so secretly, away.

YEAR TWO · 4 MAY

Without With

I ponder on the first word of a poem: With Life, Love. I cannot think of life without with.

I complete an orchestral piece with the same title together with my thoughts.

Listen to 'With Life, Love' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 3 MAY

Silence

The vessel of our thought, full with voice, The absence of all that moves,
A sign of doubt, Without,
A stitch in time too still to touch, too slippery to climb.

The zero of my world, The start and end of all I know or knew,
With thought's unknown yet certain guest, With love, the open ended view.

YEAR TWO · 2 MAY

As One With Many

I have spent four days refining a piece of music to feel right before I begin its end. I listened over and over to reach the moment I felt I might start well. I had ideas about what might come, but in the fullness of time I was utterly surprised. It was like diving from the world of air to sea.

To dive is to be the moment of flight, the touch of finger tip to liquid skin, the pierce of body from air to sea. To get things done, I feel, I am immersed, as one with many. I absorb, I am, utterly absorbed.

YEAR TWO · 1 MAY

Once

I think of things I have or only ever will do once: I sail along an inlet with my old friend as water gently pats the side of the boat. I part from my love in a New York apartment. I greet a member of my family for the first time, a labrador named Sam.

I travel through this first of May but once. I breathe this breath before another, but once. With once I am mindful of the moment that opens as a petal leaf under the early morning sun.

YEAR TWO · APRIL

30 APRIL

My Now

In five days, mid-morning, I will walk into a small hospital room. A consultant will say a few words following the result of a biopsy and my world will change. I hope that change will be one of profound relief, but it may equally be to face head-on my uncertainty and fear. No matter the outcome, my intent is that my love remains the same. My love of people, of nature, of art and thought.

My joy, sadness, loss and hope live only in my now. How the past and future feed my now is up to me.

YEAR TWO · 29 APRIL

Distance

Distance: how far apart things are or feel.

Small things shift the distance I experience: a kind word, a thoughtful gesture, something shared.

I can feel distant from someone in the same room, yet close to someone a thousand miles away.

With art I feel close to the possibility of sharing the better part of me. For me, art is the antidote to the insecurity and dislocation of distance, near and far.

YEAR TWO · 28 APRIL

The Chance to Understand

I am told I look too long and too intensely at others, but despite my efforts not to impose I find myself spellbound by the inner world of strangers, as by those I know.

People are my endless source of fascination. I am drawn to those things that lay beyond the shell, the furtive gaze, their tone of words, the truth of how another feels.

To uncover is to find. To find I have the chance to understand.

YEAR TWO · 27 APRIL

Emotion and Making

As I work on a new piece of music I listen as much to how it moves me as to its evolving beauty.

I stand outside myself and within.

It is the same for the making of images and the building of words. For art to work well it makes me feel.

YEAR TWO · 26 APRIL

My Weakness

I ponder on the value of my weakness. The weakness of my body, my mind, my frailty of self. Some are more straight forward to admit than others. Some are so deeply embedded they have become a part of my nature.

By acknowledging my weakness I take a small step forward, I appreciate better the weakness in others, and I counter the conceit and dangers of my ego.

YEAR TWO · 25 APRIL

To Make I Must Return

My creative process relies on my insatiable need to return.

I am inspired by an experience or idea.

I find a time and place where I can begin, express myself instinctively, then stand back.

When making, most time is spent understanding, shaping, and refining what comes naturally.

YEAR TWO · 24 APRIL

Art Unseen

Imagine two painters. The first has established a large loyal following and enjoys critical acclaim. Their painting is seen in a public place by many people. The second hangs their painting on their wall in their home. Each time the painter passes this painting they touch it, gently, and revisit their inspiration.

The significance of painting is often unseen.

YEAR TWO · 23 APRIL

For Risk and Danger to My Heart

I experience something that moves me, makes me think, and that I find beautiful. Last night it was a film. From the opening sound of a delicate string trio I am transformed and hope others feel the same.

Three of us witness a mother and child, their journey, loss, and love. I hold back my tears.

We reach the end. 'I am glad I watched it, but it did not work for me'. 'Oh, I loved it. And you?', 'Not really'.

Perhaps I do not share so readily for risk and danger to my heart.

YEAR TWO · 22 APRIL

With Life

Much of the time I search to say something simply, oftentimes I fail.

Some time ago I wrote the short poem 'With Life, Love'. Although this is a work in progress, I value its call to action and have given time and effort to its own place.

I view the poem as the title and all that follows, an elaboration:

With Life, Love

YEAR TWO · 21 APRIL

Changing the Path of Dreams

I enjoy dreaming.

Influencing the characters, narrative, and place of a dream is a delicate matter. If I push too hard I wake and the dream quickly fades from view. To move what happens in my dream I have to let it flow:

When I paddle a boat in rushing water I change the shape of oars rather than the flow of the river.

When I compose, create an image, or write, the process is much the same.

YEAR TWO · 20 APRIL

Those Things of Most Importance

I ponder on those things of most importance to me: those things that I come directly into contact with, and those things outside of me. I think of those and that I love.

For those I love, I think of my place and theirs in my life.

I think of those things that I love: art, music, words and story. Simply put, beauty and meaning.

For those things outside of me, I am free from the uncertainty and concern of self, and work untroubled.

YEAR TWO · 19 APRIL

Uncertainty and Purpose

The doctor had some concerns. I see a specialist consultant, I have a chest X-ray, a biopsy. It may be nothing to worry about. I should know within two weeks.

In this meantime I have the choice to focus on my dark uncertainty, or the beauty of light that unfolds outside my window. I can look inward, or outward.

I choose to walk under the great reach of sky before returning to my making.

YEAR TWO · 18 APRIL

The Need For Unease

For a few weeks I have had a sporadic dull ache just to the right of my lower sternum. I have thought it might be indigestion, my fighting off a virus, a muscular or skeletal issue, or perhaps something more concerning. As I can't seem to shift it I seek a doctor's opinion.

Anxiety is the counterweight to contentment. Despite my wish it was not so, unease brings balance.

YEAR TWO · 17 APRIL

With Flight of Dream

Dreams: thoughts and the experience of place and possibility.

Dream now this chance between the sheets of day and night,

Dream the world as new, find voice and sight:

Listen to, gaze, and read 'With Flight of Dream' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 16 APRIL

One Among Many

Idea: a concept. Concept: an abstract thought. Abstract: something that only exists in the mind.

I ponder on the short phrase I wrote yesterday: ‘Ideas change’. Can they? Do they? I think of the number 1. I think of darkness. I think of a person I know and love.

I speak only for myself, but depending on the context where I place ideas, each of them changes. It is as if an idea is a tree with many leaves. Some new, some old, some long gone, and some yet to come.

YEAR TWO · 15 APRIL

Facing Change

Change: the process through which something becomes different.

Change will always come. Physical, emotional, personal, societal. Ideas change. Rocks change. Change is the one thing certain to happen. All things confined by time are touched by change. I may embrace or deny change. I may seek to protect myself from change, but with each moment change is taking place. Through change I try my best to love, unselfishly. Love above all helps me to face and weather change.

YEAR TWO · 14 APRIL

For Those I Love

For those I love: May you be loved. May you be in love.
For those I do not know: May you be loved. May you be in love.
For those I have no common ground with: May you be loved. May you be in love.
For those who disagree: May you be loved. May you be in love.
For those who hurt: May you be loved. May you be in love.

YEAR TWO · 13 APRIL

Fun, Art, and Funny Art

When humour needs an explanation, it fails. I have fun during my time with others, yet humour plays no part in the visual art and music I create. Visual art invites scrutiny which counters the impulse of laughter. The funny soon turns to the bitter pill of irony and the funny is no more. Music can support humorous narrative but in my experience never causes laughter in isolation. Humour is the mild and surprising violation of the way we feel the world ought to be. Art is the search for how it is.

YEAR TWO · 12 APRIL

To Think or Not To Think

I think to comprehend, however I value understanding and feeling in equal measure.

More often than not my words convey my journey to make sense of, to elaborate ideas, and to articulate my experiences. At times with words I point to art and music, two mediums that routinely carry more weight of what I feel. In poetry I use words to think and not to think.

I think most alone and feel best sharing with others. My constant making is in search of this.

YEAR TWO · 11 APRIL

Having Less, Doing More

I found myself in conversation with someone from the world's largest source of orchestral samples, the raw materials used by composers to create music. It was assumed, because of my work, I have a complex and expensive setup. When it was discovered I do not, the exchange dried up.

The words we speak or sing directly to others can be as powerful, emotive and affecting as anything produced on a sound stage using the best, most sophisticated equipment. Have less, do more.

YEAR TWO · 10 APRIL

The Fall of Light

My eye explores the darkened deadly beauty of a land on fire. Saplings stand amid the flame.

The purpose of social art is to use creative expression as a means of persuasion that has the potential to affect change. While this change may be as modest as to cause pause, or as great as to save life, the artist has no say as to the impact of their work.

View 'The Fall of Light' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 9 APRIL

Art As Memory

When I feel at risk I often focus on those things that feed my insecurity. The same is true for groups as for myself. If someone acts against me, or seems to oppose me, I will inflate their smallest action that supports my view, past and present. I can all too easily think a person is bad, a people, wrong.

With any group of humans there is art, music, dance. As I gaze upon the art of a person or a people, art becomes my memory, the footprint of their life, their lives. Art shifts my position of hostility.

YEAR TWO · 8 APRIL

In Time of Careless Impulse

I work on images that emerged from my visit to the wooded area I spoke of yesterday. I find and feel nature as immeasurably powerful. I experience its strength to transform my inner world.

My hope is that expressing the beauty of nature gives pause and provides a context for reflection in times of careless impulse.

YEAR TWO · 7 APRIL

A Copse of Crisp Dry Leaf and Deer

Not fifteen minutes walk from my home there is a young copse full with rust-red aspen trees that reach tall and skyward. Close by, as I look towards the low strong sun of a spring day, two roe deer graze.

In my work I try to advocate peace and argue against violence and war. Most often I will express my views indirectly as many dismiss pacifism as naive and ineffectual. These are the very people I wish the body of my work to reach most, and so I tread carefully as in a copse of crisp dry leaf and deer.

Read My Thoughts about Pacifism

YEAR TWO · 6 APRIL

The Angel at My Side

In my work I hope to convey those things of beauty and importance to me. With others I try to act well. I have made countless mistakes in both my work and with others. It is the nature of my being human.

The angel at my side is my ache to reflect on those things I express and do. It is my conscience that drives my future action, my spur to improve, my way to envision a force of good.

Although I do not follow a particular religion, I recognize the undeniable power and experience of faith.

YEAR TWO · 5 APRIL

A Change of Breath

For me, words are as precious as the breath between them. The space we choose to breathe informs their tone, their progress and their power. I add one comma and a break to make one line, two. With this the meaning of a poem holds firm, while making better the ease of its sound.

I often wish I could rerun a conversation with a friend or loved one. They could ask what I meant here and there, and I would do the same. A change of breath is all at times it takes to be believed.

YEAR TWO · 4 APRIL

This Field of Thorn and Seed

I return to a short phrase I wrote yesterday that emerged as a two line poem from my experience of photographing a field of tall dry flower heads that spread far into the distance:

Worth all the scrapes and scratches, Walk through this field of thorn and seed…

At times it is not an image or words that stand well, but their union.

'This Field of Thorn and Seed' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 3 APRIL

The Value of Sounds Unheard

I listen to and work with many sounds not heard in a final published piece. These sounds inform my creative decisions, they provide invaluable inspiration and direction during the act of composition.

The same is true for my choice of light when creating images, words for written text, and those friends and strangers whose voices remain a part of me long after their leaving.

Music is made with sound unheard as much by sound I clearly note.

YEAR TWO · 2 APRIL

Played Once I Live My Life

I sit alone in my small music studio at the keyboard and load my favourite piano library. It is not the most expensive, but for me, it is the most beautiful. I begin with two gentle notes, and as I hear, I play.

The order and strength of sounds emerge without plan. I play almost at the very moment that I hear.

Making music from silence is a magical experience like the unfolding of remote uncharted wilderness.

Treasured, the piece comes to a close, never to return. Played once I live my life...

YEAR TWO · 1 APRIL

Proof and Art

When I see art or read words my immediate response is to the work itself. I feel first, then think. After I experience art and words that connect with me, I search for more by the same originator and uncover their story. What I find can change my feelings and judgements about the work.

The strength of what is said may swell or lesson with the knowledge of who says it.

With art, proof or its absence is magnified.

YEAR TWO · MARCH

31 MARCH

Why, What, and How

With people I hold back much of what I want to say but often say too much. With people I find conversations full with sub-text, doubt and need. My own and others.

When writing I can better state my mind and worry less about my awkward pause. When I write I judge the tone and gesture of my words more carefully, I interrogate their consistency and honesty with more intensity. Whether words are spoken or written, I cannot help but question them.

YEAR TWO · 30 MARCH

Day One

In a time of rampant contagion, the contribution of an artist, a composer, a writer, seems so very small in comparison to that of the doctor who cares for others, the nurse, and all those who provide practical support for the unwell. What small good can I do when others save life? The humble effort of those who create is to offer beauty, calm, and ideas. Each day I try to wake the world as new.

Enjoy Day One at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 29 MARCH

With Eyes Closed

I love seeing. The experience of colour, mass and shape, of texture, line and movement is immeasurably important to me. I love light. In its company I am more than when I am without it.

I am not someone who imagines the world of light well in my mind's eye. If I close my eyes most of what I see is lost.

With eyes closed I ponder on the beauty that is sight.

YEAR TWO · 28 MARCH

Birds Sing

I sing to release my inner realm of silence.

During a period when a pandemic casts its long shadow upon the human landscape, 'Birds Sing' reminds me of the world of nature, the importance of each voice, the joy of freedom, and that together, with song, we can better face the challenges ahead.

Enjoy Birds Sing at Public Art World

YEAR TWO · 27 MARCH

The Art of Leaving Out

Art is not a scholarly text crafted to provide an unambiguous investigation, explanation, research, or argument about a particular field of interest. Art leaves things out and is often perplexing, enigmatic.

For those who prefer the unequivocal, art can seem deficient. My previous thought ends: 'When with, I search no more'. With whom? In search of what? Some bolt at the very hint of poetry. Others enjoy the disordered journey of the heart and mind that art evokes. Art takes effort. Art takes time.

YEAR TWO · 26 MARCH

When With

Autonomy: liberty; freedom from external control; independence.

I move online without restraint from one place to another. I act and feel as if by choice. I read, I see, I hear. For the most part I travel according to my whim, and as I journey I take much, and give little. No matter the size, social context, or power of device, my practice online is as an unsuspecting sovereign.

My gaze is only disrupted by my need to be with others. When with, I search no more.

YEAR TWO · 25 MARCH

How I Mind: With Body

Body: a coherent material structure; something abstract forming a unified whole.

Mind: the internal, sentient place of feeling, perception, thought, will, and reason.

Every moment my body breaths, my mind works. Every moment.

At times I am aware, at others I am not. My being, my being alive is the confluence of body and mind, despite how preoccupied by mind or body I may be.

YEAR TWO · 24 MARCH

The Food That Keeps My Feelings Close

Much of my day is spent among the fragments of my memory. I think of those I have known, of those I have loved, and those I love. Close and far in time, I turn my small moments with others over in my mind, and as I do they meld with me, become a part of me.

Fired by word, sound, taste, scent, light or touch, memory is the food that keeps my feelings close.

YEAR TWO · 23 MARCH

Hold Me

I struggled to express a response to appalling events until news filters through about multiple acts of compassion given by passers-by.

The ability of mind that allows one to feel sadness when confronted with another's despair is among our greatest gifts to love. Without this we turn away, or worse, harm without concern.

View 'Hold Me' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 22 MARCH

When Thought Is Far Removed

I wonder how much time I spend thinking each day. Thinking about my experiences, my feelings, about those things I am doing or will do. Thinking about my impact on the world, welcome and otherwise. Thinking about others and how to act, of those things I have to, or hope to do. Ideas take time.

I think less when in the company of nature and music. Sometimes, thinking less is good - my happiest moments are when I feel, and thought is far removed.

YEAR TWO · 21 MARCH

Being At Ease

I live in a prosperous neighbourhood with abundant shelter, water, warmth, food, and good health. I have time to contemplate, play and work with those things that interest me. I live a comfortable life.

My capacity to ignore the distress and injury of others and the earth is sharpened by good fortune.

YEAR TWO · 20 MARCH

Why Birds Sing

As I write, birds are full with song. They sing as the early morning air not only enters their fragile frames, but as it leaves. Birds sing with alternating lungs, some in harmony with themselves. Their songs declare forcefully, beautifully:

I am alive, I am here, hear me.

YEAR TWO · 19 MARCH

With Tears I Return

I listen to a traditional Nordic waltz. I love its simplicity of tune, of single voice and sounds that build, together. I am moved to tears.

Although I find music intensely plaintive, I take solace from its expression.

We humans are capable of such delicacy, and yet at times such brutality. It is music that always brings me back to what we can best become.

YEAR TWO · 18 MARCH

Choosing Those Unseen

The school I attended had a grass field with a football pitch that stretched forever. Although I did not have a passion for the game I liked to play with others and to loose myself far beyond the reach of bell. And so I would wait uncomfortably along with my friends, hoping not be one of the last to be chosen. It is clear to any child that selection so often comes down to politics and personal whim. When it was my turn to pick, the unchosen would come first which made for a game full with passion and grit :)

YEAR TWO · 17 MARCH

The Place of Music

I contemplate the words of others in response to a piece of music heard for the first time. I am struck by how important place becomes a vehicle of expression. These imagined places reveal feelings for the sounds that reach within. Each place, personal, intricate, precious, and very different to my own. This difference gives me pause, as I think again about the text and nature of a work, now, not yet complete.

YEAR TWO · 16 MARCH

Touch

Composed as the pandemic of 2020 takes hold, music and art has the potential to give some solace to those who are unable to touch in times of illness and separation.

I can think of no greater pain than being apart from loved ones. Music, art, and words have the extraordinary quality of allowing the spirit to meet when the body may not.

Listen to Touch at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 15 MARCH

With Open Eyes

I step out into the still blanket-grey of morning. I close my eyes. I breathe. I feel. I listen.

Outside, this everyday teams with life, with countless sounds of souls than all my years could capture, study, contemplate, and love.

I open my eyes, and there is more.

YEAR TWO · 14 MARCH

Art At Arm's-Length

Art has the quality of presenting intimate experiences at arm's length.

For the audience, art provides a way to discover without risk. For the artist, art gives choice of what, how, and when to reveal.

People are careful about how close they get, how much they talk and touch. For some who are alone, art provides a path that makes real in mind and heart the world of others.

YEAR TWO · 13 MARCH

My Wondering, Stubborn Mind

Much to the frustration of my school teachers, I sought to understand relationships and events through journeys of dream and the imagination. My mind was prone to wandering which was nourished by intense childhood experiences. Perhaps because of deep-seated need, I will not let things go until I reach a point of completion.

It seems I have a paradoxical nature: I am easily distracted, and yet utterly absorbed by a single task.

YEAR TWO · 12 MARCH

The Point of Art

My son asked whether I view art as a means of exchanging knowledge.

In my desire to understand I search for ways to put things simply. It has taken a day to consider my response which I think is as true for art created by one person as by many.

I view art as a means of connecting one world with another. I prefer this to it being considered 'a means of exchange'. My experience of art is more than the acquisition of facts, information and skills.

YEAR TWO · 11 MARCH

No Comment

I do not generally present comments beside those artworks I publish. Although this approach does not benefit my ego which is in constant search of affirmation, it allows what I say to speak for itself and for you, the viewer, to pause a little longer with your own unencumbered thoughts and feelings.

The greatest price of untangling my work from self-interest is that I limit the tremendous pleasure and gain I enjoy when talking with others.

YEAR TWO · 10 MARCH

Once More

The conservationist reveals, makes known, keeps from harm, is the guardian of those things cherished that feed the body and spirit. I conserve a memory that was my present long ago:

In the morning I wake with the dew of dawn and ride an old bicycle along the narrow winding roads of northern Tuscany. I am a speck in the undulating landscape of cypress, earth, olive grove and aged stone building topped with terracotta tiles. I live once more in land of beauty, sun, grape, and love.

YEAR TWO · 9 MARCH

Time and Place

I listen to many sounds and spend days moulding their tone and character. I tread carefully, slowly, as if I find myself in woodland and my slightest motion would startle the comfort of grazing deer. I keep myself in that secluded spot until I sense it right to move.

Building well takes time and place, real and imagined.

YEAR TWO · 8 MARCH

Be True To Self

A politician is sacked from government for standing firm in principled opposition to his party. Dissent is the essential ingredient of progress.

Speak your mind, be strong in voice, be certain of your view today, disobey, stand resolute, declare your strongly held belief, despite the censure, rage and blame, be true to self with pride, with confidence proclaim.

YEAR TWO · 7 MARCH

The Sound of Words

When I write a poem I choose to rhyme. I write to plant pleasure with its tone as much as the discovery of its meaning over time.

The sound of words have been and will remain profoundly important to me. It is not just the meaning of words I value, but their flow and form, their rhythm, how they are said, when they are spoken, and by whom, in mind, or through the air. Words sound as well as mean.

YEAR TWO · 6 MARCH

For Love, People, Place, and Hope

At heart I have a spirit that will not yield.

I work when the time is right and value my creative freedom over financial reward. It has always been this way for me. My work is unconstrained by the demands of others. I express what I want, in the way I want, and when I want. My downside is that I work alone, intensely, relentlessly.

I work for love, for people, place, and hope.

YEAR TWO · 5 MARCH

"I"

I: the singular first person pronoun; myself, the speaker, or my imagined self.

Much of what I write here is written from this point of view. It is not always my point of view. Placing speech marks around the letter, the word, encourages me to think more carefully about its meaning.

"I" declares distance from me to you and invites your scrutiny. My hope is that by expressing my thoughts as I, you are more willing to come closer, and that "we" are given chance and voice.

YEAR TWO · 4 MARCH

The Truth About Lies

I lie to reach my objective. This may be in the interest of myself, or others.

I lie to protect. I lie about my actions, my behaviour, and my past. I lie about others, I lie to myself.

I fail to recognise my lies and call them something else. I search for lies in others.

One lie leads to another.

The less I lie, the more in truth I gain.

YEAR TWO · 3 MARCH

Rain Falls

I live on an island where the weather's voice is my constant companion:

The uncertainty of sky, the moving cloud, the changing wave of air, of sea.

On this morning, rain falls. Drops patter with the song of birds before they sink into the suckling earth.

Rain, like the artist, is defined by its falling.

YEAR TWO · 2 MARCH

In Search of Trust

Despite its scarcity I seek trust every day.

Trust requires the wish to be close, if only for a moment.

I trust when my hope in someone's honesty crosses the line of my shield of doubt and safety. I trust when understood, or in the hope I may be. I trust when I have not gathered enough to know for sure.

In trust I find my better self, but trust is far from easy to find, and far from easy to build.

YEAR TWO · 1 MARCH

Beside the Rain

I ponder on the word 'beside': by the side of; close to; overcome; apart from; as well as.

At times I think of myself as more the rain, as melancholic, but there are times I also feel to be the sun. Perhaps we are all at some point the rain that falls and nourishes another, and at others, the warmth that supports and loves. Beside the Rain, The Sun…

Listen to Beside the Rain at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · FEBRUARY

29 FEBRUARY

A Day More · One Minute More · One Moment More

I write three entries for this day, one for each year. I do so, in part, so the reader may begin on any year as their first, and still move one day at a time through these thoughts, every year, without pause.

I write about a day that in my time has not yet come. For you, your day may be, have been, may come.

For nature, life, and those who use a different measure of the seasons, there is no added day.

As my winter comes I love each season on this day, I pause, a minute, I breathe, one moment, more.

28 FEBRUARY

Be Kind Today

Kindness: the quality of being helpful to someone in need without want of return.

We find ourselves in this world where we crash, one to the other. If life is kind, we smile, we eat well, we are warm and healthy. If we find ourselves in an unforgiving place, through misfortune, stupidity, or the action or inaction of others, life can be hard. Those who receive kindness, even those smallest of gestures, are also given hope. Hope in others, hope to continue. Being kind requires I set aside myself.

YEAR TWO · 27 FEBRUARY

Doing, Not Doing, and Undoing

My world is full with decisions about doing, not doing, and undoing.

More often than not I take my time before doing with others. This pause sometimes leads to my not doing as undoing can be difficult, painful, and at times, impossible.

When I work creatively, I am more spontaneous and impulsive. My doing, not doing, and undoing are free and constant forces at play as words, images, or music are made.

YEAR TWO · 26 FEBRUARY

The Touch of Pencil to Paper

I have used small movements to work on digital art for many years. Today I use a pencil and paper.

As I have little confidence in drawing I take a simple approach. I have a small, ring-bound black-faced pad with heavy weight paper, a 4B pencil, and sharpener.

The pencil leaves something of the earth and my gesture on the page - the tracing of my moment, the mark of the life I see, think, and feel. Perhaps we bond to art created by material things more readily.

YEAR TWO · 25 FEBRUARY

Conceptual Art

I imagine myself in a room where I see nothing but a single colour. There are no objects in the room which is lit completely evenly: the colour is without gradation or shadow of any kind. I hear no sound. I see no floor, walls, nor ceiling. At first I experience this in my mind's eye as an uncomfortable beauty, before growing increasingly unsettled. If you decide on the colour, do you become the artist?

This is my wish: this idea is not art. An Idea may conceive an artwork, but thinking does not make it so.

YEAR TWO · 24 FEBRUARY

The Nature of Sadness

I ponder on the nature of emotional distress: sadness.

Sadness is associated with loss or absence of some kind: of my body, mind, or spirit; of someone or something that comforts me or gives me confidence and strength; of love.

Sadness is also a tool that helps me feel the world of another.

Sharing sadness is an expression of hope. Hope that another can be with, rather than apart.

YEAR TWO · 23 FEBRUARY

Mathematics and Art

Composition, movement, colour, form and sound can in part be revealed through mathematics.

One of art's essential characteristics is that it is an expression, a conscious and proclaimed utterance.

A work of art requires an audience, whereas mathematics (ideas about number, quantity, and space), does not.

YEAR TWO · 22 FEBRUARY

The Wheel Turns

I ponder on different points of view, the worlds we make believe, and how time is often conceived of as a three spoke concept: the past, present, and future.

Enjoy 'The Wheel Turns' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 21 FEBRUARY

My Place Unseen

Each of my moments, real or imagined, is my chance to stay outside, above, in the open clear of day.

If I hold a thought inside, unshared, it moves to my place unseen, and once there, is rarely heard again.

YEAR TWO · 20 FEBRUARY

The Strength of Ambiguity

I am drawn to words, images and sounds with more than one possible meaning. I turned the title of yesterday's thought over and over in my mind before deciding on it. On balance I felt its intensity, its provocation more likely to hold the reader. I hoped to use the strength of the phrase against itself.

The invitation to call me the enemy is followed by what I consider among my enemies: distrust, hate, and dishonesty. Although I have no control over how others read my words, I do over their choice.

YEAR TWO · 19 FEBRUARY

Call Me The Enemy

Enemy: a thing that harms or weakens something else.

At times the thing most harmed is a principle. Take honesty as an example. If I am deceitful to those I know, if what I say is not truthful, I risk the prospect of friendship and trust. This goes for my personal life as much as for how one group or nation acts and communicates with another.

By calling you my enemy I sow suspicion and fear. Far better that I do not break, but build.

YEAR TWO · 18 FEBRUARY

Breathe Deep This Dawn

I return to work on the poem Breathe Deep This Dawn after reading the most beautiful phrase 'pushing up the sky with song' referring to the sound of two blackbirds in full voice.

At times I wish myself to be the bird, the song, the quickened early sight.

YEAR TWO · 17 FEBRUARY

My Word • Your Word • Our World

A single letter separates word and world.

No matter what my beliefs, my politics, my values, my hopes or fears, my word is only as strong as the trust you give it.

What and how I, you, and we say, makes the difference between us.

YEAR TWO · 16 FEBRUARY

The Artist As Promoter

I watch a short film of a composer talk about his work. As the interview unfolds I hear clips of his music and see him in a large concert hall with an adoring audience. The composer references software and hardware of the company that has produced the film. This is as soft and subtle as promotion gets. So why do I choose not to do this? What is the harm? It comes down to trust and integrity.

I want my work to be seen, heard, and read unsullied, without hesitation, and with open arms.

YEAR TWO · 15 FEBRUARY

The Shadow and Sun

Mystery: something difficult or impossible to understand or explain.

She is ninety four. I try to calm her. She is upset that her memory has failed once again. I tell her I have forgotten many things today. She feels a little better, less alone. She needs comfort and company - someone to sit with her a while. The mystery in her life is at times too great.

I talk about small things: the birds outside her window, the shadow, the sun. Her darkness lifts.

YEAR TWO · 14 FEBRUARY

Creative Conversations

Creative conversations flow like music improvisation. Someone throws an idea into the mix, another picks it up, rolls it around then tosses it back. At times It is often not what is said, but how something is said that shifts the tone, and before I know I'm heading somewhere fresh.

Reading is a world apart from hearing someone speak.

I love to talk. I love to listen. Perhaps I talk too much, and so, I rarely talk out loud.

YEAR TWO · 13 FEBRUARY

The Size of Art

Large-scale works of art have no more personal significance over smaller ones. The scope and ambition of an artwork may increase its complexity and breadth, but size plays little part in its affect.

If I listen to a solitary voice sing a simple tune it can be as powerful, as beautiful as listening to a 120 piece orchestra playing a four movement fifty minute long symphony. One has as much value to me as the other. Large artworks are however always more expensive to produce, and may be sold for more...

YEAR TWO · 12 FEBRUARY

Words Said and Unseen

Words give chance to share.

The words I write take time to fully form. I choose words carefully, slowly, and yet as I return to them their meaning shifts, their strength becomes less or more with the passing of time.

I write no more words here each day than can be said out loud within a minute. Their mystery is that they play upon my mind throughout my day, far past my conscious reading. Words compel me to return.

YEAR TWO · 11 FEBRUARY

Snow On Skin

I wake to see a light covering of snow. Delicate, translucent, a soft thin skin of nature that melds as the warmer wet of morning greets the earth. I do not see snow often, and so I gaze, I wonder.

I walk out and hold the palm of my hand to face the last few lightly falling crystals. As they touch I feel their icy prick, their moment of change, the life of a snowflake end. Transfixed, I think the same as boyhood: I am the cause of this. I look up once again at the gently drifting sky.

YEAR TWO · 10 FEBRUARY

The Opportunities of Our Difference

Imagine you and I enter a lift where we hear the same sounds, see the same walls, and feel the same confined space. Even though we are physically close, our personal experience of the journey will be profoundly different as we each perceive in our own way, and bring our intentions, memories, culture, and character to that place. Difference defines us, even when it seems there is little to divide us.

I ponder on how difference is at the root of our strength to grow - genetically, culturally, and personally.

YEAR TWO · 9 FEBRUARY

A Single Voice

I have a choice when I hear news I feel strongly about: I can ignore my feelings and thoughts; I can vent - perhaps comment on news with others; I can submit my thoughts to a prominent publication - if successful I would reach more people; I can protest with others; I can donate to a cause.

I choose to make in the hope people will return to these things, and with the conviction that over time, a single voice can lead to change.

YEAR TWO · 8 FEBRUARY

The Oak Against The Storm

Violence: forceful behaviour with the intention to hurt, injure, abuse, damage, or destroy.

My efforts to create content for people of any age and culture has strengthened. I avoid expressing or condoning violence, although at times my work presents the consequences of it: sadness, trauma, poverty, and homelessness. Violence of any kind, of the mind or body, is the antithesis of love.

With over six hundred kinds of oak in the world, when you make, stand as an oak against the storm.

YEAR TWO · 7 FEBRUARY

Pain and Art

Pain is something I feel. There are certain kinds of physical pain I find difficult to shake. My only defence against sustained pain is through loosing myself: in a place, person, or activity.

When I view a painting of a person in pain, I am invited to feel empathy. The representation is but a weak shadow of the original intense experience. I look on, wince, or look away.

Pain is at its most when personal. Perhaps art, music, and language must also be so to convey it well.

YEAR TWO · 6 FEBRUARY

Sand and The Memory of Myself

When children find themselves by fine wet sand, one of the first things they do is to press their open hands into it. They pull back and look at something only they can leave. This is their hollow proof to change the world, the affirmation of existence at a time and place. I continue to enjoy walking bare foot on a beech of sand laid silky smooth by the falling sea.

In part, I make in hope the memory of myself is not washed clean by the coming tide.

YEAR TWO · 5 FEBRUARY

Break or Build

I am faced with the choice of breaking or building. It is easiest to break. I can break the confidence of a person through criticism, break a friendship by not caring for it, break something I am making by giving up when it fails to work after the fifth draft, or when it seems not to serve me.

Being constructive, despite its challenges, leads me forward. I choose to build.

YEAR TWO · 4 FEBRUARY

One Family One World

We live on a fragile and beautiful planet. We are but once. Unique. You. I. We.

There is one thing I do that matters, that builds a chance for our better world: love.

Visit 'One Family One World'

YEAR TWO · 3 FEBRUARY

High Wind

I enjoy a change of air to the stillness of recent days. The wind picks up from the south with the threat of gale. The sky shifts from the bright light-blue of north. High clouds, then low, start their push as pressure builds, the trees begin their sway.

Later, when the wind is at its height, I walk in fields, wrapped with nature's strength and beauty.

YEAR TWO · 2 FEBRUARY

0220

Imperfect Vision.

The number zero has long been a fascination to me. In the world I cannot directly experience 'nothing', and yet I think of the absence of something so very often. I enjoy the number two for countless reasons - sharing may only occur with two or more, and without at least two there is no choice but one. A number is the start of something more...

Enjoy '0220' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 1 FEBRUARY

The Odyssey of Sound

I spend the day working on a poem about the sounds I give and wish to give attention to. As I stand back from the poem and hear it out loud it begins its journey from the closed place of my mind into the world of tomorrow where it will be heard in the minds of others.

Art is a magical thing...

YEAR TWO · JANUARY

31 JANUARY

A Solitary Path

I have a powerfully independent spirit that is by nature resistant to the influence of others, despite my wish to learn from them. I did not attend university nor an art or music academy. I am not a member of a political party or a religious organisation. I tend to avoid groups as I find it difficult to be honest in them. I do not wear the clothes of an artist or an unconventional person. I do not wish for a solitary path as I so love being and sharing with others, yet I find the journey to uncover is so often a lonely one.

YEAR TWO · 30 JANUARY

Provocation

Politics: activities that aim to improve someone's status or power.

Some artists and writers express their protest frequently. Their audience expects their voice. My effort is to reach those I disagree with, as much as with those who share my views.

There are dangers to both approaches. The first may fan division and conflict, the second may be ignored. Artists and writers concerned with politics must make a choice, for their purpose is to provoke.

YEAR TWO · 29 JANUARY

Rare and Common Beauty

As I experience the deep of night and its gradual transformation into dawn, I am struck by its tremendous beauty, both common and rare. Each day brings something new: the sky, moon and stars shift, the air, the sight and sounds of life, all alter with each moment.

When I see something beautiful I have never seen before, I am easily captivated, and yet beauty so often surrounds me in my every day. My pause and gaze upon the ordinary is far too infrequent.

YEAR TWO · 28 JANUARY

Being Blind In A Three Dimensional World

3D films are, once more, a thing of the past.

The pseudo approximation of our three dimensional experience and the failure to think carefully about its nature will stall its artistic development until the arrival of the moving hologram.

Our rich three dimensional experience is more than what we see. I feel 'in' a place not only because of my ever shifting visual focus, but as much by my sense and ability to touch, and my proprioception.

YEAR TWO · 27 JANUARY

Be Silent For A Time

Silence: the complete absence of sound.
Be willingly silent. Being silent well takes time. We rarely come together in silence, yet when we do there is no mistaking its strength. Today some will share silence as they remember their loved ones.

No word can say, no sound nor light convey the sadness, loss and love on this our coldest winter's day.

YEAR TWO · 26 JANUARY

The Stronger Force

Torture: any act that inflicts severe physical or mental pain as a punishment, or in order to force someone to do or say something.

Some believe torture works. I believe compassion is one of ten inalienable rights. It is not possible to be both compassionate and to condone torture. If I point a loaded gun at your heart and fire, you will die. That the gun works is not why I will never do this. Compassion is by far the stronger force.

YEAR TWO · 25 JANUARY

The Certainty of Things Unseen

Proof: the evidence and argument that establishes the truth of a statement.

Faith: the willingness and experience of believing something is or might be true despite little proof.

Belief: an acceptance that something exists or is true without proof.

Truth: a fact that in future may be overturned as new evidence and understanding comes to light.

Those things I value most are not easily proven yet undoubtedly exist: love, compassion, and beauty.

YEAR TWO · 24 JANUARY

Feeling High, Feeling Low

At times my self-confidence is high, and at others it is low. Although I do not enjoy the unrest doubt brings, it provides the balance to my certainty. People who make things repeatedly pass the fulcrum of their contentment.

As children we have little control over the constant flux of feeling good and bad, and perhaps because of this, when young, we tend to make far more.

YEAR TWO · 23 JANUARY

Becoming Something Else

I enjoy the creative process most when it is an unencumbered conversation of ideas and practice. My ideas are expressed with sound, light, and words. When for example I place a word before me, it asks something of me through its meaning, associations, and beauty. I experience this as a conversation. In this context the practice refers to how that word is used, and where that word is placed.

After I begin something it often becomes something else.

YEAR TWO · 22 JANUARY

Hoarfrost

A day can seem a season in itself.

Depending on the temperature and pressure, water can exist below its normal freezing point.
Depending on the dynamics and pressures of my life, I can persist without the normal comforts I enjoy.

It is not only its beauty, but rarity that ensures the intensity of my experience of hoarfrost.

Listen to Hoarfrost at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 21 JANUARY

When Words Are Real

Shortly after I wrote yesterday's thought I began to create a simple publication to cement my personal commitment to it. Speaking the single word love at the start and end of each day is meaningful for me. It gives my day form and purpose, when alone and together. Thinking silently is different, perhaps because when I push a word through my breath into the world I somehow make it real.

'Love', when said in isolation is my declaration, my pledge.

YEAR TWO · 20 JANUARY

My First, My Last

Language is the tool I value most. It is free to use by all. It is how I share the meaning of and in my life. It is my path to understand another's world. How else can this be said without its force?

Love: let this be my first word each morning and the last before I sleep.

Listen to the music 'My First, My Last' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 19 JANUARY

The First Steps of A New World

A method to solve the problem of translating one language into another more quickly and effectively emerges. The solution converts languages from one to another almost instantaneously and was not arrived as a result of instructions by humans, but rather spontaneously within the digital sphere.

As machine understanding evolves, so The Rights of Living Things require our close attention.

Most of what becomes unfolds unseen.

YEAR TWO · 18 JANUARY

A Two Way Street

When I hear someone sing without words my spirit is touched.

I am by myself, and as I play the piano a strange, magical comfort strays from the sounds that spontaneously emerge. Perhaps the act of creating music serves to heal.

Making music as it happens is a two way street, even when alone.

YEAR TWO · 17 JANUARY

Time To Be Different

With Think This Today I share one thought each day. In doing so my experience of the passage of time has intensified. No matter what my effort, failure or success, the next day is quickly upon me. Those things I say and do recede swiftly with the challenge of examining a fresh idea so frequently.

What I do/not over time makes me different.

YEAR TWO · 16 JANUARY

One in Half A Million

In my experience around one person in half a million thanks the originator of something that is offered without cost. I base this on observations of tens of millions of users to my websites over a twenty year period who have enjoyed free software, music, images and words.

Online behaviour is a more truthful indicator of human conduct as compared with the way people say they act in the presence of others. As you browse today, be rare, be one in half a million.

YEAR TWO · 15 JANUARY

The Smallest Change

I work on words that accompany an artwork and struggle with the smallest change that makes a world of difference to their meaning. My challenge is to marry image and text to form a whole.

I try to shape the words to appear at first as explanation, then more richly to move freely between elucidation and metaphor. I listen more when what is said makes me feel as well as think.

One word can make all the difference: the force of art upon me. The force of heart upon me.

YEAR TWO · 14 JANUARY

The Heart’s Invitation

I ponder on whether art's purpose should be to change my view.

When I see a painting, is it more affecting if it moves me to think as well as feel? When I hear a piece of music without text or image, is my experience no more than the pleasure of its sound?

Perhaps art is always confined by what my heart invites.

YEAR TWO · 13 JANUARY

Tomorrow's Highway

It is a mystery of how an artwork connects so powerfully at a particular moment. I work on several images yet repeatedly return to one. Perhaps because of the beauty of its light and shape, perhaps because of its personal resonance. Perhaps it is good not to spend too long considering its attraction, but rather swim in its ribbons of gold and darkening blue...

Enjoy 'Tomorrow's Highway' at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 12 JANUARY

The Box

I have used physical and digital materials to create music, images, and words for over forty years. I create, compose and perform 'in the box' (a computer). I decide what, how, and when sound, light, and words are used with software, recordings of acoustic instruments (sample libraries), and keyboards. The box provides affordable and effective tools and services to create and disseminate my work.

Art’s power and meaning is not confined, whether created outside or inside the box.

YEAR TWO · 11 JANUARY

Play

I play the piano. I improvise. I have not the slightest idea of what will emerge. I let the music guide me to its place of rest. I listen, often in surprise as I have so much to learn, and for this I am thankful.

Play is at the heart of what it is to make.

YEAR TWO · 10 JANUARY

Uncertainty and Trust

I try to be open to the world yet careful of its risks. I have food, shelter and good health, and so this path for me is easier than for many. With love, the path broadens. With loss of any of these things, the path narrows and I pause.

I am most open when I trust, I close when uncertain. It is the same for nations as for you or I.

YEAR TWO · 9 JANUARY

Craft, Local Politics and Art

I listened for two hours to three prominent film composers in conversation. They described their work as having to create against the clock, compromise, deal with unreasonable and inarticulate people, and coping with feelings of uncertainty and rejection. I was struck by the similarity of their experiences with those of commercial designers I have known.

When the creative act is little more than craft and local politics, art is impaired.

YEAR TWO · 8 JANUARY

Life Into Art

I wrote poetry, painted, and composed as a child. Whether these creations were any good in the eyes of others was of no concern. Perhaps this was in part as a result of my being placed into care as an infant at the age of eight months old. I had not the slightest idea why my life was so precarious, but later, through art, music, and words, I had the means to find my voice in the chaos.

Art is personal. Its function is to discover and express. Its purpose is to be absorbed and to absorb.

YEAR TWO · 7 JANUARY

My Difference With Those Close

My art, music and words have little or no impact on my immediate family. When I share my work it does not move them past a few short words. 'I like it' is the most that is said. It has always been this way.

When people do not experience the world as I, whether strangers or those I care for, there is no fault. We see things differently. We return only to those things we love. Love cannot be forced, it is not persuaded, we feel or we do not. This sadness, my difference with those close, drives me to express.

YEAR TWO · 6 JANUARY

Known and Unknown

Know: to be aware of.

You read my words. The more you take in, the more my world is known to you while you remain unknown to me.

My trust is in the value of what is said. If what is said moves your mind to thought, you may return unknown in search of knowing more.

YEAR TWO · 5 JANUARY

Be Well

As I hear I become. For all the words I write, music needs no thought.

To be well: to be healthy in body, mind, and spirit.

Caring at its most beautiful is for something or for someone other than myself.

With music, if I am open, I hear, I feel, and I become.

Listen to Be Well at 100 Artworks

YEAR TWO · 4 JANUARY

The Need For Discord

Whether social, physical, or psychological, there is a limit to the tension I can comfortably tolerate. Art, music, dance and drama allows me to explore that limit through its discord. The experience of art can cross the boundary of our discomfort. In performance art and film it is however difficult to withdraw, and perhaps this is one of the reasons why we think carefully before attending.

Life without disagreement, a life of only harmony is sickly sweet despite its comfort and safety.

YEAR TWO · 3 JANUARY

Simplicity And Art

Simplicity in art: uncomplicated; easily appreciated; an experience of clarity and beauty.

Much of my creative effort is spent trying to make things simple. I try to untangling the words I write, the sounds I make, and the light I arrange in an effort to express myself well. ‘Well’ being in a good or satisfactory way, and as aligned with wellbeing: the state of being comfortable, healthy, or happy.

Simplicity invites the eye to see and gives the mind the chance to grasp.

YEAR TWO · 2 JANUARY

My Reasons To Make

I have a choice: I can make something that has the potential to encourage acts of kindness, or I can ignore the moral impact of my efforts and seek only financial, social, and personal gain.

Perhaps my enjoyment in the act of making, my opportunity to express and its sensory pleasures should be enough reward. There is however one more most important thing: I make to share, despite the uncertainty of how much will ever be returned. Making is my act of hope.

YEAR TWO · 1 JANUARY

Encyclopedia Utopia

Encyclopedia Utopia introduces ideas about a good world with words, music, and art.

A poetic journey of those qualities of the heart, beauty, and kindness that give purpose and meaning.

Everything here is not easy, not simple, nor without sadness and pain: a perfect world has everything that makes us whole. Compassion and love permeates the spirit in all those who find it.

Visit Encyclopedia Utopia

Think This Today · Year One

The first of many... years of thoughts…

As I view thoughts from the last to the first I think of time, its coming and going, its standing still…

YEAR ONE · DECEMBER

31 DECEMBER

A Second More

Today, across the world, in unison, at 23:59:60 Coordinated Universal Time (UTC), a second will be added to our year. A moment when the people of the world will pause with single breath.

I ponder on the difference a single second makes. It is gone as soon as I speak of it, and yet, within its grasp love is felt, hope is born. A second more is all we need to change our mind, our world. I live in instant shorter than a second spreads: my place of beginnings, of endings, my choice of war or peace.

YEAR ONE · 30 DECEMBER

Being Shy

Like you, I want to be known by people I trust. I am most at ease when talking one to one with a friend.

The moment three or more enter into conversation, I protect some of what I am and become more attune to the group and its needs. I show myself less as I seek to understand, and as I interact with many points of view. With many, the moments of emotional intimacy I cherish are rare.

For me, being shy is not about nervousness or uncertainty, it is the mindful gaze on others and oneself.

YEAR ONE · 29 DECEMBER

Reason and Magic

Imagination: the ability to form ideas, images or concepts not present to the senses.

Imagination is the most powerful tool in my creative process, but it is also the seat of my unease. My mind rushes from one possibility to the next, from reality to dream and back again. When making art this is invaluable, but in life the propensity for my mind to take flight can lead me astray. Not a hair's breath passes between the world of reason and its rival, magic.

YEAR ONE · 28 DECEMBER

My Silent Voice

At times in my desire to be heard I fail to listen.

My enthusiasm can be off-putting. Conversations quickly fade if they are not in equal measure. I try not to interrupt the flow or talk too much, but my nature often gets the better of me. My silent voice is one of self-restraint in fear of loss. The less my silent voice, the more I am at ease.

If trust is in the air I sense the silent voice of someone else. Silence shared is more than voice alone.

YEAR ONE · 27 DECEMBER

The Collector • Hunter Gatherer

Part of the creative temperament is a natural tendency to collect and keep in the hope something may be used or of value at a later time. Although we all do this involuntarily with words every day, some people practice and cherish their store of expression more than others.

Over many years I have built my library of words, ideas, light, sounds, textures, movement and more. My library is not confined to the four walls of my home. It has become a pillar of my identity.

YEAR ONE · 26 DECEMBER

The Start of Something New

My curtains are open. I sleep so when I fall or wake the first light that greets me is of the sky.

A crisp crescent moon rises. Unhurriedly, the darkness lifts. Even now, so soon after our shortest day, the song of birds fill the air. I open my front door and walk a few short steps into the open, beautiful morning. I am in awe that such delicate creatures welcome the cold of winter with such energy and life.

Before I publish my latest work I begin my next. It is the nature of things.

YEAR ONE · 25 DECEMBER

Give More

Give: to transfer something to someone, or many, whether an object, feeling, or physical action.

Give once, give twice, give endless time,
Give ground, give back, give rise to thought, give nothing of yourself, give way,
Give in, give reason for,
Give now, give life, give birth, those most at peace give more.

YEAR ONE · 24 DECEMBER

Honesty

I value honesty. There are however occasions when it seems better, for the feelings of others, or perhaps to ease my path in some way, that I deceive. It is for example not helpful that I am always honest by expressing what I think every moment, in part because my understanding and judgements change as time unfolds. The danger is, once I lie to someone, the next lie becomes that little bit easier.

It is the same for the creative process. If I settle for less because of convenience, beauty is jeopardized.

YEAR ONE · 23 DECEMBER

My Place

There is a place we most belong. A place we feel full with life, recharged, comforted. For you it may be the inner city, by water or wilderness. Perhaps within a building that inspires, or a room of personal significance. Whatever the place, it is likely one we wish to share with those most close, as well as a place we are at ease alone. When I face difficulty I think of this place.

My place has rolling hills, woodland, open water. A place in equal measure for my senses and my spirit.

YEAR ONE · 22 DECEMBER

With Poetry Comes Peace

Poetry: human language, carefully and elegantly expressed with rhythm and layered meaning.

It is no matter whether a poem is short or long, shared or kept in a private place. Whether young or old, rich or poor, the act of writing poetry is helpful and needs only one's time and contemplation.

We each can be a poet, and with poetry comes peace.

YEAR ONE · 21 DECEMBER

My Shortest Day

For scientists winter starts today. Although the earth is closest to the sun, it tilts in relation to it. In the northern hemisphere the sun's energy strikes the earth with less force resulting in lower temperatures. The difference in tilt (the axial tilt) between our summer and winter is at most around 3400 kilometres (2,112 miles). This relative pinprick of variation is the cause of the world's coldest and hottest weather.

It is the same for my life. When my world nears another, my centre tilts, my balance shifts.

YEAR ONE · 20 DECEMBER

When Darkness Falls

I wake in time of darkness, when brutality seems commonplace.

Creating art is never more vital and reminds us that beauty, a correlate of love, is still present. Art broadens our horizons and challenges our firmly held assumptions. Above all, art's greatest strength is its potential to being us together.

Light is a moment we uncover over time. Peace will prevail.

YEAR ONE · 19 DECEMBER

The Touch of Tears

I have loved movies all my life. As a child I looked forward to 'Saturday Cinema' on the TV which showcased classic films. On occasion my aunt Merlyn would also watch with me. She would often be so moved, tears would run silently down her cheek. I viewed her feelings for others as a sign of great strength. When I watch a film today I limit outward signs of my emotional response as I am viewed as sentimental. When I watch alone, those films that touch me to tears are among my most treasured.

YEAR ONE · 18 DECEMBER

Art and Continuity

Creative Continuity: the practice of consistent expression.

I work on a painting and words that accompany music. As I listen or read, I walk the line between trust and doubt. With music the same is true for harmony and discord as they unfold, but light is different. Even though it takes time to discover a painting, it exists in its entirety before me.

At 100 Artworks you will always see the image first, before words, then sound.

YEAR ONE · 17 DECEMBER

The Beauty of Not Seeing

My morning begins, darkened by the mist of mid December.

Some of the most beautiful landscapes I have witnessed are defined as much by what is hidden as by what is seen - beauty seems bound with discovery and growth. When I see a painting, hear music, or read a poem, the enchantment is my ever-changing experience. Not seeing all at once I have the time to breathe, the time to be more open to those things I may not otherwise take in.

YEAR ONE · 16 DECEMBER

Friendship and The Passing of Time

When I meet with a friend, time looses all strength to separate. We start again where we left off as if not a moment has passed.

Friendship is defined by trust. Trust that we can be ourselves, our strengths and weaknesses welcomed and expressed in equal measure. Trust is being unafraid.

Trust takes time, is lost in a moment, but when it lives between friends, all sense of time is lost.

YEAR ONE · 15 DECEMBER

Promise

Promise: at its best, something deeply intended with honesty and hope; a commitment to act or not to act; possessing a quality of expectation; an obligation.

I can make a promise, hear another's promise, or think someone or something has promise.

A promise seems so simple to make, so easy to break, so much for those who believe, so far from the truth, so close to the heart, a promise is sometimes all we have that keeps us from tearing apart.

Listen to Promise at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 14 DECEMBER

When I Feel No More

I make art, more than any other reason, to return.

No matter my loss, with time, I heal... I must, to love.

With time I feel less, and at times, I feel no more.

I feel less, for otherwise I would not recover from the wound of my grief. Never.

Music, art, and words soften my return to places and people that otherwise I would loose, forever.

YEAR ONE · 13 DECEMBER

The Actions of Our Better Lives

Aleppo حلب Ḥalab: a city occupied for 7,000 years. Our place of difference and tragedy: our school, our hospital and home. Our mother, father and child. Our sister and brother. Our life-long friend and love. To live well, to find peace, our only path is through compassion and love. Both are by our side to use at any time, in any place. No matter our pain, these actions of our better lives are bound for life within.

View 'Aleppo' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 12 DECEMBER

I Wake

I ponder on the word 'wake', used to describe our emergence from sleep, the vigil held beside the body of someone who has died, and the smooth pattern on a liquid surface downstream of an object in flow.

I am awake.

I hold the feelings of my sleep and dreams close, yet out of sight. Embraced: my world unseen. With bridge from night to day, in day and night. Perhaps this is why - I wake early, quickly, and with ease.

YEAR ONE · 11 DECEMBER

The Search For Imperfection

As I work on my music I listen carefully to its flaws. Although I shape and refine my performance I do not use my computer to automate rhythmic precision. I work aesthetically rather than programmatically and experience the ebb and flow of beats first hand this way. While time consuming, it mirrors my life which is not mathematically regular. I search for the sweet spot between the flawless and the chaotic. Gentle fluctuations of rhythm, tone and pitch lay at the core of beauty in music.

YEAR ONE · 10 DECEMBER

Something Lost, Something Found

With others I live well, with comfort of their moment close: I am, I feel myself once more.
Alone: the time, an endless wall of white, I search in vain for what has been and what may come,
Alone I fill this space with sound to fill the silence of my mind.
Find love for this is all there is and ever was of worth in moments of your time...

This short poem touches on the world of a lady in her nineties whom I visited each day.

YEAR ONE · 9 DECEMBER

The Battlefield

As an Active Pacifist my battle against cruelty and conflict is fought with the tools of art and persuasion. That said, I see a person stripped of dignity, their life no more than a struggle to survive, and I ask what can my modest expression of art and words ever achieve?

Although climate change, war and poverty seem far beyond the scope of individual influence, they are born of the mind. The mind is our battlefield where all the now and future we ever know is formed.

YEAR ONE · 8 DECEMBER

The Greatest Value of Our Taking

As we travel online we do so believing ourselves to be largely unknown. We interact with our device or screen and sense the experience as private.

Outside of social networks our mindset online is essentially one of taking because of our perceived isolation. I ponder on whether this is why the Web is so ubiquitous, and whether the greatest value of our taking is the chance it provides in our future to give.

YEAR ONE · 7 DECEMBER

Birth

Birth is not easy. It is often a matter of life and death. A piece of music is dedicated to those new born in places of disaster and conflict, and for those who care for them.

Even in our most desperate times, compassion and the love of others remains the source of our strength and hope.

Listen to 'Birth' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 6 DECEMBER

Art I Do Not Like

The Turner Prize is an annual event presented to a British visual artist under the age of fifty.

Thankfully, I will never win.

The art often follows the marriage of dubious thought and poor expression. Members of the public are left bemused as art commentators present their banal interpretations along with forty thousand pounds of prize money, extended news coverage, and certain notoriety.

YEAR ONE · 5 DECEMBER

Without Words

As hard as I try to imagine a day without words, I cannot. Words are my most treasured tool, whether spoken, read, or thought.

Touch is my most prized sense, light my most loved, and sound my most expressive, but for all these, without words my life would be diminished. Ideas emerge and flourish only through our words.

When I ignore or fail to hear another's words, I risk the danger of silence: a world without words.

YEAR ONE · 4 DECEMBER

Living In The Moment

We are drawn to live performance (dance, music, spoken word, theatre, and art). We revel in our living in the moment, in its chance, of 'being there'. That 'one and only time'. We feed with friends and strangers. We express our feelings in a public space. The recording of a performance we have attended is a shadow of our live, unique, sensory experience.

The strength and weakness of live performance resides in its spontaneity and imperfection.

YEAR ONE · 3 DECEMBER

In Love And Art

I came across a beautiful work of art that conveys an immediate impact and is wonderfully produced. I discovered it was commissioned to hook those who enjoy art and to bolster a company brand that seeks to present itself as a trailblazer of sophistication and style. Despite its undoubted attraction, I do not share art designed to manipulate affection if it is strongly associated with commercial gain.

Art is only convincing when its motive is not mired by money. In this, art is akin to love.

YEAR ONE · 2 DECEMBER

The Craft of Art

Craft: the practice of making hand made objects. A skill of the mind.

Crafts people are not viewed of having the same cultural or social status as artists.

Although crafts have an aesthetic quality, their products are functional rather than revealing. In the past the word craft was broader and encompassed art, science, talent, might and power. I view the care and skill of the artist (their craft) in equal measure to their ideas and expression.

YEAR ONE · 1 DECEMBER

What Art Is · What Art Is Not

Art contains special significance related to beauty or its opposite, expression, and the communication of ideas in a symbolic context. Art is purposeful.

Art is not a landscape. It is not solely an experience, nor only an idea. Art does not come into being because of its placement, nor through someone's assertion of its existence.

At its best, art reaches our hearts and minds with the same force and in the same breath.

YEAR ONE · NOVEMBER

30 NOVEMBER

Giving

Giving: to freely cause or allow another to have or experience something.

I find giving without desire or need of return immensely difficult, especially over time. Giving is not for the faint of heart... I ask myself: why place such importance on this path?

If I seek even love as I give, I seek to gain. Giving unconditionally is to love. Give to be in love.

YEAR ONE · 29 NOVEMBER

Without Heat

It has been the coldest night of the winter so far with temperatures dropping to minus 7°C (19.4 °F).

Yesterday my boiler gave out so my home was without heat.

As the clear but bitter dawn breaks, the homeless and dispossessed wake. Without heat the privileges of my comfort and circumstance thwart turning a blind eye.

Without heat my heart grows strong.

YEAR ONE · 28 NOVEMBER

What We Make We Most Enjoy

Words, light, and sound.

I ponder on our core creative expressions: speech, dance, and song. Perhaps we respond most powerfully to these forms as they require only our bodies to make and experience them. We feel most alive, especially with others, when we speak, we dance, and sing.

YEAR ONE · 27 NOVEMBER

Seeing The Obvious

I often fail to see what turns out to be as clear as day.

By re-visiting my work, fresh patterns, better ways of doing, and errors emerge. What I previously experienced as complete, is far from perfect. It is like walking out into a moonless night, or gazing at an ink blot: eventually and over time I start to see.

When making, patience and perseverance are among my most valued tools.

YEAR ONE · 26 NOVEMBER

A Friendly Word

Friend: a relationship of mutual affection characterized by honesty, trust, understanding, and love.

I was fortunate as a child in having a close friend. Between the ages of five and ten we would share the world. Even though my friend died many years ago, words continue to keep that friendship close.

When alone, although my interaction with words cannot be described as friendship, each word serves to support my hope for it.

YEAR ONE · 25 NOVEMBER

Having Fun

The most fun I have is with others and begins with the unexpected.

I smile, and if the fun continues, I chuckle, I laugh. When I am having fun, I have not reached the journey's end. The fun stops when the moment of pleasure is fully realized. The creative process is full with fun, with spontaneity. Its unpredictable nature, its tease and inspiration.

Young children have the most fun and from this they learn and love far more freely, far more quickly.

YEAR ONE · 24 NOVEMBER

Homecoming

Home: my ancestral land; a place I was born; a place I live; a place I feel I belong; a place I return to; a place I yearn for.

The idea of home is an experience as much as a physical place.

I can be alone or at home in the company of another, in how I act, or what I do.

Enjoy 'Homecoming' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 23 NOVEMBER

The Secrets Of Our Life

From time to time something is said that unexpectedly shifts my understanding of a person I know well. My moment of insight depends on a passing comment that drifts into the conversation before seamlessly moving to the next subject without note of its significance. I check my wish to ask for clarification so that I can examine the implications of what was said more carefully. Perhaps I misheard, perhaps I am mistaken. From time to time the secrets of our life spontaneously emerge.

YEAR ONE · 22 NOVEMBER

Why We Do Not Share

We have resources at our disposal: personal qualities, knowledge, skills and effort. When we give something of ourselves or something we have made, and we do so outside the spheres of financial, political, or personal exchange, we risk those things we share are taken without reward or thanks. We may judge ourselves not to be in a personal or economic position to take the risk, and so we do not share. We choose to gain. We take: personally, politically, economically. Sharing at its heart is fearless.

YEAR ONE · 21 NOVEMBER

Mathematics Is Not Language

Language: a system of communication that expresses ideas, events, emotional life, and experience. People often believe musicians make good mathematicians. I am not, and over the years this has led me to consider the nature of mathematics. In common with music, mathematics is not a language.

Mathematics is a mental activity that uses symbols and logic to model understanding. Although maths is an invaluable rational tool, it is not understood without the assistance of a language like English.

YEAR ONE · 20 NOVEMBER

2 AM

With gusts of eighty miles per hour the wooden gates break apart with a loud crack in our first storm of winter. I wake to watch nature bend the tree tops and lash the ground with rain. A few minutes more and I grab a coat and head outside to secure the open gates against the wall.

Nature is beautiful, in calm and fury. There is no good nor bad, no mine or yours. With nature we are as naked ancestor, and our humbled heart is better for it.

YEAR ONE · 19 NOVEMBER

Inside Out

Inside Out: with the inner surface turned outwards.

Experience is always interior. Although we often gather (or are forced) together as an event unfolds, our experience is always unique, despite our perpetual wish to find common ground.

Art, music and literature are ways that expose, express, and consolidate experience. As we share these things our tolerance of difference is increased, and we become more bound to one another.

YEAR ONE · 18 NOVEMBER

The Imagined Voice

Much of my day is spent alone. I work best alone. I am easily distracted by spoken words and music and so I write, and create images, in silence and thought. When I work with sound I hear only the music that unfolds.

Being still and alone serves to heighten my love of movement and the company of others.

YEAR ONE · 17 NOVEMBER

The Art Prize

It is ironic that the winner of a Nobel Prize for Literature is so inarticulate in his acceptance of it.

At the age of nine I played the piano in a music festival in my home town. To my sadness people seemed more interested in the status of those playing, rather than the music that was made. From that time I have been opposed to any form of competition in the arts. Experiencing art is profoundly personal and its value is not defined by winners or loosers, but by its beauty, message, and power.

YEAR ONE · 16 NOVEMBER

Doubt

I do not like doubt, but I recognize its strength.

I treat doubt as my ally and of more importance in the creative process than certainty.

If doubt overwhelms me, I am indecisive, weakened. Yet it so often brings me to a better place through its encouragement of candour.

YEAR ONE · 15 NOVEMBER

Why I Do

The most simple questions are often the most difficult to answer. Here are two: Why do? And its antithesis: Why do not?

What I do is driven by my nature, my values, my desire, my interest, my strength, my weakness, and my judgement of risk. These are also at the root of why I do not.

If I consider these questions as ethical, I form a guide to my actions. Why do?: Love. Why do not?: Love.

YEAR ONE · 14 NOVEMBER

To Say Or Not To Say

I spend every day thinking about, then writing and refining a short passage that I hope is of value. At its best it reaches you, however as with anything I say, at times I am less successful.

With another, there is no greater threat to honesty than not saying, and yet I ponder on whether it is always better to say, or speak only when there is something worth saying.

I say in the quiet of my mind then set it on the page so it might by chance meet yours one day.

YEAR ONE · 13 NOVEMBER

Those Things We Hide

I have deeply held convictions about love, about our actions, and about art. I view anything I publish: every word, every pixel, every sound, as some small proof of those things I hold dear. I try, but often fail to be as careful, as thoughtful in my everyday, as when leaving these modest grains of self online.

When in the company of others I mask my intense nature much of the time. Perhaps we long for those most we trust will love those things we often hide.

YEAR ONE · 12 NOVEMBER

Progress

I have viewed the advancement of technology as progress, when in truth it is often aligned more to power and convenience than for the greater good. When we view peace as the foundation of our progress, when our tools are used to ensure food and water, shelter and dignity, when we care for our world, only then can we consider ourselves as making progress. But what can I, one single person do?

We are all one. We are alone. When we love, something we can choose at any time, the rest will follow.

YEAR ONE · 11 NOVEMBER

Seeing More

I live on a street with no lights. I like this as I can look up to see the stars.
When I turn in for the night my eyes need time to adjust to the darkness. It is not possible for me to accelerate the process of this change as I look out my window into the moonless evening. I have to wait before I see well.

Understanding, empathy and love is no different. I cannot rush these to know them well.

YEAR ONE · 10 NOVEMBER

The Opportunity of Adversity

My eyesight this morning fails to focus on the fine details as well as it usually does. This gives me the opportunity of reflecting on how I so often take the acuity of my senses for granted.

I notice change.

Adversity, no matter how unexceptional, can lead one to be more mindful of the ordinary and everyday.

YEAR ONE · 9 NOVEMBER

Despite Our Differences

It is not despite our differences that we are strong, but because of them.

There is no more important a time than now to express and act with every effort in the interests of tolerance for the greater good, and stewardship of the environment.

YEAR ONE · 8 NOVEMBER

Trust in Light and Sound

With sound and light comes doubt.

Users type text to create new vocal material and voice recordings. With AI users generate music and art. Libraries of vocal sources, sounds, and images become available for routine manipulation.

What is presented as said and seen is viewed with suspicion.

We search for truth and evidence as those in times before recorded sound and light.

YEAR ONE · 7 NOVEMBER

Self-Doubt and Action

I work best alone - it is my life-long practice. I am not a member of a group and publish my creative work so that it is freely accessible. As a result I rarely receive a response to those things I make.

Despite many who experience my work, I am unknown within the established art-world. Self-doubt is my constant companion in my making, and drives me to interrogate my every decision.

Not being recognized, despite its psychological hardship, can lead to building well.

YEAR ONE · 6 NOVEMBER

The Nature of Friendship

I work on an orchestral piece for the new year that I hope will evoke daybreak.

No matter what the weather of our hearts, the day begins afresh.

YEAR ONE · 5 NOVEMBER

The Far Future Today

I publish artworks of non-organic beings, together with my thoughts about those things unknown.

Our endurance and strength as a species is built upon our ability to see past our fear.

If we build together, make, care, and love, so will the life that follows.

View 'The Far Future Today' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 4 NOVEMBER

Offline

Far from all are here online. Many are in the midst of love, close to death, on sea or high beyond the reach of signal. They are faint if known at all in this conjured place of sound and light we sometimes think as real. While I embrace a world online, I am mostly mind and still. The world of movement, scent and touch offline remains the place of gathering most, of being most, with others closer, together, far from the abstracted self possessed.

YEAR ONE · 3 NOVEMBER

The Voice We Become

A single voice leads to change.

The change of a whisper may be modest, or if our voice carries further, it may alter the lives of others we have never met. For some the spread of their voice becomes their purpose. For others, their voice remains as if behind a closed door.

Whatever the strength of our voice, it is ours to use for good or ill. What we say, over time, we become.

YEAR ONE · 2 NOVEMBER

Being Normal

As we hear our own voice, our bones enrich its sound which appears far more resonant than to others.

As we face ourselves in the mirror we see our flipped features from our unique perspective.

Our normal is experienced by one, and one alone. All others hear us, see us, touch us, smell us, taste us as their normal meets ours.

Being is far from normal.

YEAR ONE · 1 NOVEMBER

Good Judgement

We often hold those who answer questions quickly and confidently in higher regard as compared with those who think carefully before opening their mouths. Self-assurance is valued above substance, especially when time is short, whether in a social situation or the workplace.

When we experience art, music and literature we are far more prone to question the authority and value of what is being communicated. The absence of social dynamic nurtures good judgement.

YEAR ONE · OCTOBER

31 OCTOBER

Art and Respect

Respect: due regard for the feelings, wishes, and rights of others.

No matter what their age, gender, physical or intellectual ability, culture, or economic circumstance, respect is essential for happiness, and imperative for the creation of art about others.

YEAR ONE · 30 OCTOBER

Heart and Mind

In my creative work I try to find a balance between conveying the intellectual and emotional. I seem to reach closer to this goal in music and poetry but often stray from achieving this in my visual work, perhaps because painting is interpretive and its strength is not so much to articulate as to provoke, together with its appeal to our sense of aesthetic. I often present music, images, and words together so as to improve their chance that our hearts and minds quicken in equal measure.

YEAR ONE · 29 OCTOBER

Love

I see my son - I cannot begin to convey the happiness that unfolds.

With those I love my world transforms.

YEAR ONE · 28 OCTOBER

Short of Breath

I have mild asthma, which I view as good fortune. In the main I suffer no ill affects and lead a very active life, however dust, pollen and animal fur can at times make it difficult for me to breathe.

Breathing is such an involuntary activity we are rarely conscious of it.

To not always have ease is to value something.

YEAR ONE · 27 OCTOBER

An Open Doorway

Today, as I walk through an open doorway I will choose to be more on the other side. Although the change may be small, all change to and by the self matters. The doorway does not need to be in a significant place, it can be the most ordinary of doorways, anywhere. The only requirement is that my intention to change is honest, and for the better.

When I consider each open doorway I walk through as an opportunity, I think and act more carefully.

YEAR ONE · 26 OCTOBER

Temptation

Temptation: the urge to gain, irrespective of the consequence.

Temptation is something we all feel. Desire and impulse are fundamental forces in our ability to create, as well as being the drives of our self interest. Money is the most frequently used means of gaining. The acquisition of money, for work and pleasure, is aligned with temptation. When I resist temptation, my spirit and strength grows.

YEAR ONE · 25 OCTOBER

Texture, Rhythm, Sound, and Language

Texture is the foundation of human exploration. Sadly, cultural and social conventions often stifle our tendency to touch after early childhood. Adults who see tend to appreciate texture from afar, and their engagement with sculpture suffers. Rhythm is experienced by all humans, and sound is the most accessible tool to create art, followed closely by language. Perhaps this is why music and song are so popular and important to us as we silently yearn to touch.

YEAR ONE · 24 OCTOBER

The Judgement of Artificial Intelligence

A judge acts as an officer authorized to hear and decide cases in a court of law, decides how a person who is guilty of a crime should be punished, and makes decisions on legal matters. University College London (UCL) is one of the world's leading multidisciplinary research institutions. Work there and in other places develops artificial intelligence (AI) that makes legal judgements.

Our need to consider The Rights of Living Things is increasingly urgent as AI moves towards sentience.

YEAR ONE · 23 OCTOBER

The Now In Art As Present

The news, on radio, TV and online, is defined by its relevancy to us today. We ask ourselves are we at risk? How will this affect me or my group? Will this make my life easier, or harder? What should I be as a result of what is shown? We often need the now of news before we act.

With art I stand back from the moment. The now in art is present as a gift of the past and future.

YEAR ONE · 22 OCTOBER

The Shape Of Things To Come

I work on a poem that will accompany music.

My conviction has long been that art, music, and words have the potential to change our world for the better. Although we may not immediately act differently when we are moved by music, its quality of connecting with our inner space lays the foundation to do so.

Art is something we return to help shape our spirit.

YEAR ONE · 21 OCTOBER

Democracy

I am an advocate and supporter of democracy. Democracy's purpose is to respect freedom and equality between people by providing honest structures where power is held by elected representatives, or directly by the people. Democracy encourages the peaceful transition of power between people of opposing views. By the refusal to unequivocally accept the result of an election before the vote, a candidate demonstrates their unfitness to be their leader.

YEAR ONE · 20 OCTOBER

Rising Tide

Tide: the rise and fall of sea; a change of state, physical or emotional; a period of time.

I ponder on the beauty of the rise and fall of water, our contact with the force of moon, the spin of earth, and pull of sun. I think of how love can be as endless in its movement dependent on another, of how I feel as creature of the shore, by nature washed between the land and sea.

Enjoy Rising Tide at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 19 OCTOBER

Wishing it so

I know a person whose wishes become their memories. At first, those around her felt she was playing them, but gradually it became clear that her certainty was genuine.

I ponder on how memory is as much built from a fabrication of what we hope and fear as that which occurred.

YEAR ONE · 18 OCTOBER

Taking Time

I like the phrase 'taking time', as if we can ever grasp such a thing.

Perhaps when we give over our time we afford it the opportunity to consider and care for it more, whether it be a person, place, or action.

If I do not take my time, if I do not give my time, I never quite reach where I wish to go.

YEAR ONE · 17 OCTOBER

The Unknown Road

One of the great joys of creating art is its safe uncertainty. Exploration's familiar companion, risk, is confined to the realm of achievement rather than physical danger. For the artist, the unknown road is full with excitement and anticipation.

As I continue work on a piece of music I listen for paths of sound that open briefly before me. I move by instinct, quickly, before the trail goes cold. My only enemy is doubt that I will hear.

YEAR ONE · 16 OCTOBER

Together

A member of my family is increasingly bewildered. She finds herself more frequently in a place of mist and uncertainty. The one thing that helps to settle her is love.

It is the same for all of us, no mater what our age or home: with company, together we grow strong.

YEAR ONE · 15 OCTOBER

Politics and Art

I rarely voice my political views as I try to engage with as broad a group of people as possible by exploring issues in a way that I hope is inclusive. Although my work is not party political, it often concerns itself with power and status (both personal and societal). Politics tends to polarize opinion and often forms a barrier to dialogue between opposing convictions. Art offers a context for adversaries to inadvertently stand side by side in the same room with shared experience.

YEAR ONE · 14 OCTOBER

Turning Away From The History of Art

Art History is no longer offered as an A Level examination in the UK. Although Art History was studied by fewer than a thousand students at A Level each year, those students shared their views and knowledge about art and culture with many more. I believe the history of art should be available as a subject for all to study. Thinking about how others experience and express the world contributes to greater tolerance and understanding, which in turn gives rise and greater chance of peace.

YEAR ONE · 13 OCTOBER

Not Seeing

Although I read and understand words with ease because of their context, I have always had difficulty spelling, and find reading written music challenging. At times I simply do not see. As language is such a common skill in humans, any deficiency is often viewed of as a measure of general competence. My difficulty with the recognition of written symbols has however been immeasurably important in the way I use language and sound. Meaning and music are not defined by their aids to memory.

YEAR ONE · 12 OCTOBER

New Life

I work on a piece for strings and piano. The music aims to draw our attention to those born in places of disaster and conflict.

Despite the anguish brought by natural devastation and the brutality of humans to one another, new life comes into the world. Those closest during the precious moments of birth, protect and shelter those most vulnerable against the cruelty of our time.

YEAR ONE · 11 OCTOBER

What I Know

What I know is largely hidden despite my wish and what I share. Many of my thoughts remain veiled, even during conversation with someone I care for. I make judgements about the context, then release a part of myself that I believe will have the greatest chance of understanding. Despite my efforts, I am at times self-serving.

With music, poetry and art, what I know is the better part of who we can become.

YEAR ONE · 10 OCTOBER

Turning A Blind Eye

Despite the potential financial gain and exposure, I do not permit those things I make to be used with products or services. I have for example strong views against the manner in which violence is often used in entertainment. I try to be careful of where and how my voice in all its forms is heard. For this and other reasons, I do not license my music for use in advertising, games, or films.

Licensing creative content can be as easy as turning a blind eye.

YEAR ONE · 9 OCTOBER

Our Ease of Moving On

Shortly after an enormous loss of life our attention is distracted elsewhere.

I return to a painting or piece of music primarily because of its appeal to my senses. I revisit a story because of its dramatic content and the way it is told. Once I return I am reminded of people, places and events that I might otherwise loose sight of. Art and objects bring us back to those things of greatest importance, despite our ease of moving on.

YEAR ONE · 8 OCTOBER

Give Now. Save Lives

I respond to the moment, my moment of now.

If my feelings are roused, my thoughts, enlivened, I may act.

If I do not feel, even when a life depends on it, I do not act. Kindness requires I feel. Compassion requires I feel. Love requires I feel. To give requires I feel.

The most I give is my time. Money may be mine or another's stored time. Give now, save lives.

YEAR ONE · 7 OCTOBER

Art and Devastation

When the force of nature overwhelms us, we come together. At times the scale of devastation is immense, affecting countless communities, and the impact of each personal experience of trauma lasts a lifetime. What possible help can art be in a period of urgent practical need?

Food, water, shelter, and medical care are vital for survival, together with those things that inspire and raise our spirits. Each day, somewhere, where tragedy unfolds, art has the capacity to nourish hope.

YEAR ONE · 6 OCTOBER

Sharing Strength

When we give, we grow. When we share, we thrive.

Art is at its best when within reach of the many.

YEAR ONE · 5 OCTOBER

Quiet Thinking

My conscious thinking seems dominated by language and reason: I consider this relationship, that idea, event or circumstance. A great part of my thinking however is not conscious nor deliberate. At times I may be resistant in acknowledging my unseen mental processes, yet their importance is undeniable.

When I am faced with a complex creative or logical challenge, the time I allow myself to ponder and mull is as important in finding a solution, as the time I take to meet the problem head on.

YEAR ONE · 4 OCTOBER

In Praise of Others

All young children love to play with words, sounds, and light. They love to dance. Those who receive praise for their creative efforts thrive. Those whose efforts go unnoticed, slowly but surely withdraw their commitment and interest. For some, their need to express and their love of a medium is so strong, they will revisit a creative activity after many years. Sadly, most go on to say 'I am no good at painting', 'I cannot play an instrument', 'I do not dance'. In truth, given approval and admiration, we all can.

YEAR ONE · 3 OCTOBER

The Invitation

Artists bolster their egos by showing their work here and there. Perhaps I am foolish to pass on the notoriety and chance to increase my arts' social status, price, and cultural impact by presenting my work in galleries in Milan and Venice, two cities of cultural significance. It becomes clear however there will be little thought given to the curation of my work in these exhibitions, and so I decline.

Those things I value most in art: its ability to make us feel and think, is untouched by reputation.

YEAR ONE · 2 OCTOBER

Trust and Art

My first concern is for my survival, my second is for personal gain, whether emotional or practical.

When I trust I increase the risk of being disadvantaged in some way. The benefit of trust is that it provides opportunities to share and grow. When art is owned, trust in its significance can be undermined or overstated by its monitory value. When I buy or sell, trust is uncertain.

Art that is free to experience does not require trust. Art that is free to experience nurtures trust.

YEAR ONE · 1 OCTOBER

Myself and Others

When my 'I' is in the foreground, my 'with' is diminished.

Most often I wish to do for my self. Yet I am happiest when I think of, and act for, others. Thinking of and doing for others is far from easy as my own interests and desires demand such attention.

When I am low or ineffective, it is because I fail to focus my love on others and feel more for myself.

The great strength of art is that it provides the means for us to experience the world outside our own.

YEAR ONE · SEPTEMBER

30 SEPTEMBER

Before We Take

A great many things are beautiful, rhythmic, dynamic, yet do not demand our gaze beyond the moment of their presence. We have grown used to the short view. We see and hear with the attention of a honey bee - we collect as much as we can, as quickly as we can, then move on in search of satisfaction.

Art at its best, at least for me, appeals to the heart and mind. Good art demands we wait, and that we think before and while we take.

YEAR ONE · 29 SEPTEMBER

Dawn

Dawn: the unfolding of something new; the beginning of an idea, or feeling; the gradual change from night until the first glimpse of sun on the horizon that announces the start of day.

I ponder on the nature of what it is to dawn. My dawning is the period before I know, before I come to understand, before I come to love. It is my jewelled journey from dark to light.

Listen to Dawn at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 28 SEPTEMBER

The Day Before

The intensity of my preparation is a quality of temperament born from my insecurity as a child. No matter what the journey or context, I am driven to ready myself as best I can. With music, art and words, this takes the form of thought, research and planning. Only then do I feel free to release my heart and instinct.

Sadly, at times my focus on consequence curtails the fleeting opportunities of chance.

YEAR ONE · 27 SEPTEMBER

Small Things

Until today I have kept my feelings about our son's leaving carefully under wraps - he has been a profound and wonderful force in my life since his birth. I have always considered him a gift. I struggle not to dwell on my sense of loss. Small things set me off, the last time in a while before we do this or that, together. It is those ordinary things we share that builds our sense of love.

May you love those you meet, and meet with those you love.

YEAR ONE · 26 SEPTEMBER

Unbroken Experience

I have long wished to live where the temperature never dips below 25°C (77°F). I far prefer the dry of summer to the cold and wet of winter, and yet I have come to value the seasons as the chill of Autumn takes hold.

Despite my reluctance to admit it, without change I am weakened by the comfort of unbroken experience.

YEAR ONE · 25 SEPTEMBER

To Be Recognized As Living

I complete a short poem that touches on the first Right of Living Things:

I Am

Alive, life, I live, I make my home in this, my place of being now where all I am is known through deed and action forged in light, in dark, with others and alone. Alive I am with you in this our only present born from time before I felt or knew, yet now, in this my moment felt, I am.

YEAR ONE · 24 SEPTEMBER

The Persistence of Love · Love's Presence or Absence

Love is rare, precious, treasured. The kindling of kindness, the bedrock of wisdom.

Love is felt as well as given or received.

During times my love is forceful I yearn to do, or do. To show and share my love I make.

My acts of love depend on the strength and persistence of my feeling love.

I am lessened by the absence of love, my own or another's. I grow only through my giving love.

YEAR ONE · 23 SEPTEMBER

This Time We Share

Each day the world's beauty overwhelms the hate and hurt of one person to another. As humans act with unimaginable brutality, dusk unfolds, the sky grows dark, and we, those myriad specks upon the land and seas, sigh, so starts our dream.

As certain as the pull of moon we cease our struggles, one against the other. No matter what our strength we sleep, this time we share, we children of one home, this wondered earth.

YEAR ONE · 22 SEPTEMBER

Lost To The Wind

I work on computers using different operating systems as each provide unique creative tools. One developed a serious problem. Some data has been lost to the wind without any prospect of recovery.

As I begin the process of rebuilding my digital environment, I ponder on the ephemeral nature of technology, and how the best means to counter its short lived charm is through sharing in the hope that some of what is done survives.

YEAR ONE · 21 SEPTEMBER

The Use of Words

It remains a miracle to me that these gifts we call words have the capacity to change the world through persuasion and insight. Language is my most prized tool and I must use it to the best of our ability, no matter how small or large the context.

From a simple greeting to a great literary work, words provide our means to understand and build. At all times I should be more thoughtful of their use.

YEAR ONE · 20 SEPTEMBER

Desire and Dislocation

If someone beautiful approaches me and we begin to talk, our exchange is tempered by the potential of my desire (real or interpreted), and of their desire. Conversations are curtailed by concerns about a relationship's potential. The prospect of desire results in dislocation rather than the search for affinity.

Desire, true or imagined, so often halts the progress of friendship and love.

YEAR ONE · 19 SEPTEMBER

A Forest of Half Trodden Paths

I find the mind is a forest of half trodden paths, often to places unknown. I begin a journey this way or that, certain of my destination, only to be distracted by a glade of interest, comfort, or modest achievement. At times I sense myself a little above the trees and glimpse the direction of several paths converging in the distance. A moment more and I am back among the dense growth of daily thought.

I write a series of ten poems that takes each right of living things as a starting point.

YEAR ONE · 18 SEPTEMBER

The Cost of Independence

Creativity is stifled by indifference. If I am enthused by an idea or experience, the greatest force of nourishment is that another shares in my excitement. Perhaps this is why creative people often meet or form groups. Some gatherings require members do a certain thing, or follow a particular path before they are admitted, others are by invitation only. I have an aversion to groups because of their personal and collective politics. The cost of creative independence is the journey of a lonely path.

YEAR ONE · 17 SEPTEMBER

Art and Love

I am easily moved by those things I experience. I love the sight of dawn breaking, the sound of closely passing wingbeats, and the kindness of one to another. I feel at my best when I share these things. If those close do not feel the same passion, I am driven to create in the hope others will.

My level of creative activity is closely aligned with my yearning: to love, and be loved.

YEAR ONE · 16 SEPTEMBER

Woodland

Nature has no need of thought, no avarice, nor claim.

I find myself deep in unfamiliar woodland during early morning speckled light.

I sense its shallow whisper.

As wondered woodland walk, become.

Enjoy 'Woodland' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 15 SEPTEMBER

The Poetry of Our Motion

On court I play my best when I move freely. When I do not think consciously, but rather let my body shape the point. I enjoy the sudden unexpected change, the challenge of a reach too far, the push of all my being to make my place in time arrive, return, and if all goes well, confound.

Watching and playing sport is often an aesthetic experience. We don't only watch to see who wins, but to also enjoy the poetry of our motion.

YEAR ONE · 14 SEPTEMBER

The Importance of Numbers

Although numbers do not exist except as ideas and symbols, they are exceptionally useful in marking moments and expressing a measure or quantity of something. I associate the number 14 with my sister's birthday - today. If I think of myself at the age of fourteen I consider a particular period of my life. If I think about the relationship of 14 on a scale of one to a hundred I place the idea of 14 in a context which is helpful. Although I am not good with numbers, I enjoy the thoughts they bring.

YEAR ONE · 13 SEPTEMBER

On First Meeting

I spend many hours with a new tool I have added to my studio of creative gadgets.

There is nothing quite like the first occasion when one plays with something.

As I build I glimpse the tool's potential - everything is fresh, unknown: a journey of discovery.

As with people, being inspired on first meeting lays the seed for our return.

YEAR ONE · 12 SEPTEMBER

Write and Wrong

I amend the title and last line of the poem I wrote yesterday. The title 'Sleep' now acts as a focus for the poem and describes our physical and mental experience rather than our emotional response. I was resistant to using a repetition of the word, but now I view its emphasis as a strength that places the following words of the poem in context. The last line amendments encourage the mind to ponder rather than settle on the past. I frequently revisit my work to 'write' wrongs.

YEAR ONE · 11 SEPTEMBER

Sleep

Sleep,
Where time breaks free as breath from body-bound to air,
As day and night collide in spirit land lay softly sound with light unknown with form elsewhere,
Be of that moment rapt and rich with strange and wondered way,
Become that realm enchantment roam embrace the dawning dream conveyed.

YEAR ONE · 10 SEPTEMBER

Family

Family: two or more who share resources and support one another.

I have long viewed the word family as a broad description of those who find themselves together over an extended period of time, and of those who have the opportunity to care for one another.

When I consider myself as part of a larger family, one not necessarily biological, my confidence in a brighter future is restored. When I am welcomed as family I am no more alone.

YEAR ONE · 9 SEPTEMBER

Completion · Four Score and Ten

I complete a landscape Four Score and Ten in celebration of my aunt's birthday.

My aunt with her twin sister Merlyn fostered me as a child. She has encouraged me in my creative efforts for very many years. She spent her childhood at the foothills of the Himalayas, the mountainous magical region between the plains of the Indian subcontinent and the Tibetan Plateau.

Our love of beauty remains, despite the flux and ache of age.

YEAR ONE · 8 SEPTEMBER

Humility

I am far from humble. I state my opinions. I express myself in art and music without restraint. I care for my individuality, and yet I love those who listen, who are still while attentive.

Humility: a quality of the mind that limits the ego from adopting a sense of self-importance.

Not having gives chance for insight.

Insight is the agent of wisdom.

YEAR ONE · 7 SEPTEMBER

A Journey of Perpetual Invention

Creating for the artist is a constant cycle of commencement, invention, refinement, and completion.

No sooner than a piece is published, the groundwork for the next is laid.

YEAR ONE · 6 SEPTEMBER

Being Well Within

To be well within I need to both receive and give two things: compassion and love.

When I take, or force my world on another, I become further from a place of contentment and peace.

If I receive without giving I think only of myself and grow sad. If I give and do not receive I grow sad.

Much of my day is spent in search of giving and receiving well.

YEAR ONE · 5 SEPTEMBER

With Love In Mind

I have a proving ground for my visual output and publish five artworks including With Love In Mind.

If I return frequently to a piece and it maintains its force, it may then find itself at 100 Artworks.

As with anything I feel, it is possible for the strength and character of my initial response to change with time. The same is true for anything I think, but change in thought comes to me more slowly.

YEAR ONE · 4 SEPTEMBER

The Gift Of Our Moment

As I write here, often in the early morning, I glimpse a little more of the irrepressible nature of this thing we call time. No matter what the events or strength of feeling of the day before, the day after becomes my now. At times I try feebly to freeze an instant of celebration, of laughter, or of love. Love above all as I yearn to stay longer in that vibrant and treasured place. And yet I must embrace the gift of this moment by doing, and not dwell too long on what has come to pass or what may be.

YEAR ONE · 3 SEPTEMBER

In Search of Name

Naming a creative work is crucial to its success. A name not only identifies something, it sets up expectations that encourage me to think about a thing's qualities and character. I use names to solidify, summarize, and to quickly identify a more complex chain of thoughts and associations about a thing. As I search for a name I reach further towards understanding the nature of something made.

On rare occasions a name comes first and all flows from it.

YEAR ONE · 2 SEPTEMBER

Three Things I Cannot Do Without

I cannot conceive of an idea without the tools of language or mathematics. Words convey my experiences, actions and intent, while numbers, shapes and patterns help me build, manipulate, and appreciate the universe. My most valued human skill is verbal language.

I enjoy composing: the way sounds, visual elements, or words are put together, and the movement of these into shapes and patterns to create art. Ideas, composition and meaning are vital to my well being.

YEAR ONE · 1 SEPTEMBER

Ser Feliz

Happiness: a personal, positive, transitory feeling. More intense than contentment yet shorter lived. Less than elation yet longer experienced.

Be more than harm can touch.
Be loved and love.
Be the open arms of trust...

Enjoy Ser Feliz at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · AUGUST

31 AUGUST

Many Sounds And One Space

After completing a music composition and its performance I begin the mastering process. At this stage I am not creating new musical ideas, but shaping existing sonic materials with tools that subtly change the character of sounds. These changes may seem small: a half decibel here or the addition of a few harmonics there, but they can have a significant impact on the music's overall aural cohesion.

In general, as with any finishing stage, a light touch makes the greatest difference.

YEAR ONE · 30 AUGUST

Our Source of Happiness

We have a choice when viewing our journey. We can focus on the mystery and process of dying, or on the summary and present moment of our experience: life. Whether we choose to make or destroy, love or hate are actions born from fear or hope in our future: will we be? or will we not?

When life is dark it is difficult to direct our gaze other than on our own feelings and loss, and yet in these moments it is only the actions of our love for others that provokes happiness to return.

YEAR ONE · 29 AUGUST

Closing In

I have been completely carried away as I work on the final section of a piece of music.

Of all the arts, composing and playing music gives me the most sustained pleasure. As I listen I am swept up by the beauty and rhythm of unlikely harmonic companions. The sounds of strings and brass, of woodwind and percussion. I cannot wait to find where the end takes me, and then to share so others might also experience the sounds that coalesce into the extraordinary aural journey we call music.

YEAR ONE · 28 AUGUST

A Question of Need

We need tools to create. These might be tools within us like thought and voice, or external tools like a pen and paper. Depending on the medium, the tools will range from simple to complex, and some will be affordable while others will be completely out of reach. If tools were made available to those who showed effort and merit, I wonder what wonders would result. Some societies provide creative tools without charge for children to explore their ideas and potential. An adult's need for progress is no less.

YEAR ONE · 27 AUGUST

The Start of Day

I have started the day early ever since I enjoyed the company of my infant son who woke at dawn with an abundance of energy and enthusiasm.

I now work alone during these moments of quiet which is my most productive creative period.

This time feels like the day's spring when all is hope and possible.

Each day I stop to watch the great unfolding light. It is a good time to be.

YEAR ONE · 26 AUGUST

The Separation of Art and Artist

I listen to a composer disparage a piece they have recently completed as nothing but a show of sentimental nonsense. He is proud of his ability to manipulate the listener’s emotional response.

Knowing this, my intellect and heart run dry. If however I hear a piece without knowledge of the person who created it, that same piece could do what all good art can do and move my body and mind.

Art may be full with soul and beauty, despite the originator's lack of genuine intention.

YEAR ONE · 25 AUGUST

With Time and Contemplation

I ponder on the image of a swan dipping its head in search of food. Perhaps seeking fresh perspective is as much a part of our nature and as crucial for our well being as the swan's urge to hold its breath.

As feathered monarch robed in spotless white,

As sparks of spirit slide then drop once more into this sea of life.

Enjoy 'Deep Breath' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 24 AUGUST

Uncovering Light

I find it important to vary my creative activities during the day so that the space that creeps between the gaps of what I see and hear fills me with fresh perspective. My eyes and ears need change to work well. This morning was full with the discovery of sound, my afternoon is spent uncovering light.

One experience is nourishment for another.

YEAR ONE · 23 AUGUST

Seeking Safety in Numbers

A social network asserts that anyone on the planet using its service can be connected with anyone else on its network in an average of under four steps.

The implication of the 'degrees of separation' is that we live in a world where we are all a short distance from one another, however this fails to consider: choice; social and economic status; gender; culture; location; belief; and degrees of liberty. Our distance to many is still so great…

YEAR ONE · 22 AUGUST

With Music Made

Music retains its force within us, even when we are unable to remember or think well.

I watch as a young boy with severe learning difficulties stands beside me and is transformed at the very moment music enters his world. I am taken back to my own childhood when I loose myself playing piano for countless hours as the canary my father gave me sings at the top of his voice beside me.

Music is made. By self, others, or another. As it becomes, it goes. Like life its nature is to change.

YEAR ONE · 21 AUGUST

The Soft Sell

I share music and art that I love. At times I come across a piece that is lessened by the originator's decision to link to products and services they wish to sell. The piece can no longer be enjoyed innocently as it is reduced to being a financial vehicle.

Using art as a promotional tool undermines its integrity and impairs its impact.

YEAR ONE · 20 AUGUST

Being Too Close

In my work I communicate with developers of creative products and services. If I judge a tool can be improved, I make contact and give my feedback. I might not hear back, but more often than not I do.

I have observed three areas of resistance to positive change: denial there is a problem; a lack of commitment to making something better; a culture of poor support and communication.

Perhaps at times we are too close or have invested too much in something to admit its deficiencies.

YEAR ONE · 19 AUGUST

Good News

My son has enjoyed thinking and writing since he was a young child. He is a writer and philosopher. He thinks and acts with care. A new adventure begins. I am over the moon.

Good news is personal. It feels, personal. It is something to celebrate. It is good, and new.

The best good news I have received has been about those I love.

YEAR ONE · 18 AUGUST

It Is Time

Soon I will know. My life will be full with hope and expectation, or uncertainty.

Time is nothing more than an invention of the mind. A tool of little insight that serves the ends of others. As time is of our own making, we choose to live within its arbitrary boundaries, or breath outside its realm, unfettered, free and full.

I wait.

YEAR ONE · 17 AUGUST

Beauty and Light

I draw my two previous thoughts together and publish these along with an image.

As I gaze at the delicate lines of gold and pale yellow that reach and swirl in the darkness, I am struck by how language is so utterly insufficient in capturing sensation.

Enjoy 'Beauty and Light' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 16 AUGUST

Our Single Seasoned Self

We see and think with the same cells we were born with. Although more may be added through our lifetime, our other cells are in a season of constant renewal.

The gifts of sight and thought are our most ancient and prized...

YEAR ONE · 15 AUGUST

Beauty and Love

Why I value beauty : I am hard wired to be attracted to those things that bring nourishment and comfort in nature - the blue of sky and water, the green of vegetation, the white of summer cloud. I find delight in texture and line, in sound and thought. I feel a person as beautiful as much as when they give, as the sight of their form and timbre of their voice.

Love, distinct from desire, is aligned with beauty.

YEAR ONE · 14 AUGUST

The Absence of Sound

As I continue to work on a piece of music I consider the absence of sound. Silence in music is different than negative space in the visual arts. Silence is akin to stillness. Negative space, the area around and between the subject/s of an image is crucial in composition. It can also be the focus of an image. Negative space is not however the absence of space. Silence is quite rare in music as we usually hear related or new sounds after a note is played. Silence is not heard as negative space is seen.

YEAR ONE · 13 AUGUST

Mystery and Enchantment

Since boyhood I have always loved gazing up at the vast sea of stars. I watched the Perseid meteor shower in the early morning as the teaming spine of the milky way stretched far beyond. Every few minutes a streak of light shot across the sky. Along with this dance of primordial dust left by the comet Swift-Tuttle, three mysterious spots of circling light were caught by a thin patch of cloud towards the north east at around forty degrees. I only have my memory and my thoughts of this to wonder with.

YEAR ONE · 12 AUGUST

For Better or Worse

When I am witness to hurt and pain I have a choice: I can turn inward and focus on my sadness, or I can use the force of strong feelings for the greater good.

It seems part of the purpose of sorrow is to prepare and protect us from future risk, but it can also be a catalyst for change. I can at any time choose whether that change is for the better or worse. From my sadness I can build or destroy. I choose to build.

YEAR ONE · 11 AUGUST

Finding Voice

Some people make art to praise a person or deity, others use art to express their experiences or to comment on the world. Creating art can be a source of nourishment, an act of therapy, a vehicle of hope, an activity that provides purpose and nurtures self worth, a social tool that seeks to change, or an exploration of material, idea and beauty. Art flows from many ways of being.

Finding a clear voice requires the constant attention of our inner ear, and the will to listen.

YEAR ONE · 10 AUGUST

The Bread We Share

Each time I eat bread I am reminded of the earth, seeds, sun, and water. I think of how, when I offer bread to a friend and those I love, it becomes far more than something only my body enjoys.

The generosity of sharing bread, the simple pleasure of giving nourishment to another, leads to simple positive outcomes: a smile, and before long the start of a conversation, and with hope, eventually, love.

Listen to The Bread We Share at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 9 AUGUST

Uninhibited Dance

Perhaps we are drawn to the poetry of motion as it allows us to prepare for fight or flight.

I do not dance anywhere near as much as I would like to. I am self conscious, and yet as I dance at a celebration I know it does me good. Later, as I watch from the sidelines, I am struck by the expression of joy uninhibited dance evokes in those watching as much as those moving.

I long to dance, especially with, but I can only do so when completely at ease, and easily with love.

YEAR ONE · 8 AUGUST

My World To Yours

My need to unravel what is in front of me has been a part of who I am since early childhood, when I understood very little about the difficult events in my life. At times I wish I had no need to interrogate each and every experience, but there is no denying my nature. I cannot help but think and counter hurtful passion. My instinct is to understand, my efforts, to create accessible, poetic, works of art.

It is my life's adventure that I try my best to bridge the void between one world and another.

YEAR ONE · 7 AUGUST

In Meditation - The Quiet Sounds We Make

I listen to the quiet sounds we make. Those that otherwise are filtered from my focus or distraction.

The sound of breath, of tendon stretch,
Of touch as cloth on skin shifts softly as the voice of body beats.
Within this place of multifarious delight,
With thought and spirit calm in readiness for life, with love ignite.

YEAR ONE · 6 AUGUST

The Sand Between My Toes

As figures pass and feelings swell like waves upon the shore...

Much of art tries in vein to express sensory experience. The qualities of life we feel appear so simply, and yet the moment I attempt to capture even the most straight forward of my collisions with the world, like walking in the sand, I loose all but a glimpse of the subtlety and strength of my encounter. As I walk I not only feel the soft warmth of countless grains, but you with me.

Enjoy 'Walking With The Sand Between My Toes' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 5 AUGUST

Be Present Every Moment

Life is all we ever know.

We may be close, be saddened by, or even wish for death, but it is life that moves us from one moment to the next. Life is host to the joy and struggle of day and night. Life where love resides.

Be present in this moment I call life. Taste its fortune, sing its rare and transitory chance.

YEAR ONE · 4 AUGUST

Love

I ponder on whether love is more than thought, whether love exists outside my own experience.

Love requires another, and yet I can be in hope for love and act for this when very much alone.

Love seems as much the search to be 'with', as my action and feeling, both to my senses and my mind: with understanding, with appreciation, with another: with those things I find beautiful.

I fall in love with selfless acts as much as any wish or gift of touch, given or received.

YEAR ONE · 3 AUGUST

The Open Sea-Salt Air

I enjoy the sights and sounds of a festival, nestled within the arms of red sandstone cliffs on the Jurassic coast of southern England. Crowds of young and old flow onto the long esplanade with their song and dance as the sea washes against the pebbles and sand. Some play, others watch and listen, all celebrate what it is to be together in the open sea-salt air…

With, in peace, the best of life is made.

YEAR ONE · 2 AUGUST

Art, Action, and Happening

I make to move others to thought, emotion, and action.

Someone may listen, look, or think, but rarely will art, music, or words achieve lasting impact. Most often when experiencing art something will happen for a short time inside the person, yet have little or no impact outside their inner world.

The point of any art-form is to cause something to happen. The more that happens, the greater the art.

YEAR ONE · 1 AUGUST

Contemplation in Art

As I ponder further on the reasons for rarely representing people in my visual art I think about the difference in nature between words, music, and light. Music makes most people feel more than think. Words do both. Visual art is interpretive and appeals to our sense of beauty. In a work of art, when a human is placed in isolation or with others, all our mental energies focus upon their relationship/s with objects, landscape and others. When people are absent in works of art we consider the wider world.

YEAR ONE · JULY

31 July

Landscape and Art

I have always found peace when in the presence of nature, whether the soft buzz of a bee that works as the day breaks, or walking in a landscape of hillside, water, rock and sky. There is not a moment, not a breath of nature's beauty that I do not long to share.

In contrast to my music and words which are presented alongside my art, it is curious that for so long, so little of my visual work directly represented people, despite it so often being about them...

YEAR ONE · 30 July

The Unbridled Journey

After settling on the overall feeling I wish to share, I work on a piece of music by making decisions about what sounds I will use. This contrasts with writing when the choice of words flows as one with the moment of composition. With music, the sounds assert the character of the work at an early stage, and although I might add or remove instruments, the tonal palette remains much the same. I do not use instrumental templates as I want my creative journeying to remain unbridled.

YEAR ONE · 29 July

The Enchantment of Dream

Sleep: that place beneath our surface that shapes our sense of self.

Sleep, our mystery of wandering soul where freedom, love and fear find voice.

Dream long and love the sweetness of enchanted night...

Enjoy 'With Frozen Sleep We Lay' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 28 July

Before I Return

There are moments when I sense the goodness of life, of landscape, and the breadth of human potential. These rare flickers of beauty and light occur when I set my own interests aside and think only of others. When I love.

I am happiest in those brief periods of clarity before the I returns. The I that yearns to share that place.

I am most with when my love is untroubled by what I hope to gain.

YEAR ONE · 27 July

Make Peace Today

Peace: the experience and idea of freedom from harm in body and mind.

Make peace with your family, your friends, your neighbour, and perhaps most importantly of all, with your enemy.

Visit Make Peace Today

YEAR ONE · 26 July

The Art of Discovery

I work on language that is read alongside an image and music. I work slowly on each word. I value the craft of taking time. Being in the midst of uncluttered moments helps me unravel the wonder of instinct which plays a large part of my creative process.

Words do well to mean what I feel and think. Once written, like art and music, words take on their own life in the minds of others. On the page they are but lines and arcs. They become again, only when read.

YEAR ONE · 25 July

Love, Art, and Action

Love is an act of care and attention for others, is thought, felt, and given without need of return.

I ponder on why I try so hard to express the positive, no matter how dark life can feel. Perhaps it comes down to my search and hope of and for love. At times love is far from easy to give or receive as it is so intertwined and often confused by the obstacles of desire and insecurity - what we wish for, or whether we are wanted, or unwanted. Making art is a way to love unconditionally, and an expression of hope.

YEAR ONE · 24 July

The Songs We Sing

Those who come here often know my passion for the value of art which I view as essential in our search to understand and appreciate ourselves, others, and the world.

Art as a product that is sold is limited in its reach as an emblem of social status, an investment, or a thing of pleasure. In contrast, art that is experienced freely is open to the curiosity and discovery of all.

The songs we sing freely and together are of greatest value.

YEAR ONE · 23 July

Making: An Act of Resistance

During times of cruelty and confusion a piece of music, a painting or a poem can take us to a better place. Those things we build give shelter.

Art can be our sight of dawn, the touch of wave against our skin, the sound of skylark high above. Art has the capacity to bring pause and comfort to our unrest, and it is this that gives reason to persist in its making.

YEAR ONE · 22 July

The Wounds of World

The most inaccessible and remote places on earth are adversely affected by human activity.

I share my thoughts about human's neglect of the earth at 100 Artworks and elsewhere.

This place has forged life for close to three and a half billion years. Each day I make choices that, cumulatively, have the potential to make a certain and positive difference to life on earth.

View 'The Wounds of World' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 21 July

The Care of Living Things

Although my primary concern is for my own survival and well being, I often fail to recognize this is best achieved through the broader care of living things.

Humans are often obsessed with comfort and conflict, and ignore the cumulative damage caused to this place I call home.

I turn my attention towards the earth.

YEAR ONE · 20 July

The Wings of Sleep

Around six hundred million people tune in at the very same time across the earth. We are enthralled by a spirit of exploration, by great risk and vulnerability, and a sense of being present in this great adventure, together.

I publish an artwork on the 50th anniversary of when humans first walked on the moon.

Gaze at The Wings of Sleep at 100 Artworks.

YEAR ONE · 19 July

Confidence and Courage

Relinquishing power, whether personal, at work, or held by the state, requires confidence and courage.

I am strengthened by tolerance, understanding, and love. When I am tolerant with my family, friends, and with those I work with, when I seek to understand them, I begin to love. I forge contentment.

I do not hold peace is nurtured, nor defence strengthened, by the development or maintenance of weapons of mass destruction. The world is not made safer by my ability to kill.

YEAR ONE · 18 July

Self Defence

Although The Rights of Living Things affirms the right to self protection, this right is not unqualified.

My threatening your family and your community in the event you attack me is never acceptable. The use of a nuclear weapon for example is indiscriminate and catastrophic to all life. Self defence can only be justified when proportionate. I am an active pacifist and I will always advocate conflict resolution, whether personal, between larger groups, or nations. Peace emanates from those with love. Love.

YEAR ONE · 17 July

Hope

Hope: a positive quality of the mind that anticipates the future with optimism.

'Hope' is a short contemplative work for piano, woodwind, and strings.

Hope, even when fragile, is a gift that helps us face, then shape the world.

Listen to 'Hope' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 16 July

The Act Of Defiant Creativity

Making is an act of defiance in the face of threat, despair, or violence.

The creative act is in open resistance to wherever malice is found, whether cruelty or destruction of the mind or body.

In times of hurt and harm, making, no matter how modest, brings comfort and hope.

Make conversation, write a poem, start a tune with head or voice. Become the s(tr)ong.

YEAR ONE · 15 July

Love and Action

Feeling love without desire is nothing but good.

Acting with love without desire is nothing but good.

Feeling and acting with love without desire may hurt someone you love, as they may wish love to remain exclusive. They may want our most powerful feeling and action to be singular, unique.

Love is unbounded by another.

YEAR ONE · 14 July

Loosing Time

I spend much of my days lost with sound. I look up and already it is the evening.

I take many weeks to create a few minutes of music. It is possible to compose far more quickly, but not if I am to maintain my balance between doing and listening. I take my time. In this I am less likely to loose sight of, less prone to overlook the sounds of time's most precious and mysterious gift: life.

Loosing time I find with life my only reason: love.

YEAR ONE · 13 July

My Life of Privilege

Privilege: a special right, advantage, or immunity available only to a particular person or group.

I was born in a country that values freedom of speech and action. I was encouraged to learn and find my own path. I was given love, enjoy good health, shelter, food and water. Although at times I have had very little money, I was never poor. I am in a position to create public art which I view as my responsibility born of privilege, as much as my pleasure.

YEAR ONE · 12 July

Sound and Instinct

A composer makes choices about what sounds are heard and when. To have a chance of doing this well I have to feel at ease, free, balanced. Listening carefully during this time is akin to love as my whole being is immersed in a sea of discovery. I trust my instinct that guides my hand to hear those things ordinarily hidden from view.

Moments of beauty are best shared, and it is this that helps bring music into the open.

YEAR ONE · 11 July

An Open Heart

I must feel to make, for creating art of any significance flows from an open heart.

To build with sound, words or light I easily fall in love: with people, with place and nature, with the compassionate actions of others. It has always been the same for me.

The peril of an open heart is that sadness as much as beauty and joy are constant companions.

YEAR ONE · 10 July

Art and Power

Power: the capacity or ability to direct or influence the behaviour of others or the course of events.

Politics: the use of power by one person to affect the behaviour of another.

I view the arts as fundamental to the good health of human society. Art, even when its affect is limited to the field of our pleasure, is a political act: art transforms us, if only for a moment. I ponder on the strength of art's greatest potential to be the seed of positive change.

YEAR ONE · 9 July

On My Return

I ponder on my next. Without my next I am only what has been. I want to be what might become.

I return from a road trip that began in the gentle and rolling South Downs of England and took me to the extraordinary beauty of the Lake District, then on to the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and York.

As with all journeys, life is never quite the same on my return as the experience of unaccustomed landscape leaves its mark. Time passes. Soon, my return is long ago. What might, becomes.

YEAR ONE · 8 July

With More Than Argument Alone

Art, literature and music encourage us to re-visit experiences, events and issues that we otherwise too easily grow weary of.

Violence, human's greatest weakness, cannot be opposed with logical argument alone. Violence must also be fought with those imaginative things we create with light, sound and words that inspire peaceful resolution to conflict.

YEAR ONE · 7 July

Belonging

As a child I often searched for flint tools in the fields around my home. People occupied an area not far from where I live over two million years ago and I was hungry to find something that I could touch that linked me with those earliest of Stone Age makers. This exploration was and remains magical to me.

My childhood journey is one in search of common ground, of belonging. With many, with one. A voyage that I continue.

YEAR ONE · 6 July

Collecting Beautiful Things

I wonder through exquisite galleries of glass that welcome the light of wooded parkland. The Burrell Collection in Glasgow Scotland is an eclectic and inspired gathering of art and objects.

We keep the treasures of our past so we may touch the lives and beauty of otherwise forgotten times.

As I walk and gaze I discover a little more about myself, about the world, and what I most value.

YEAR ONE · 5 July

Taking Part

When I look or turn the other away in times of difficulty, whether it be as commonplace as a personal disagreement, or as profound as the taking of life, I am diminished.

With distance, detachment becomes easy.

Taking part, sharing, building, is for the strong. Be one of these mighty, and flourish.

Listen to With at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 4 July

Where Love Is Most At Risk

I grow numb with every scene of tragedy and carnage that unfolds.

The greater the cruelty, the less I feel. My heart begins to close with self protective instinct as we journey to the verge of unspeakable brutality.

With one or many, love is most at risk at our place of poisonous detachment.

YEAR ONE · 3 July

Black and White

If the world were black and white,
Yes or no,
Right or wrong,
Nothing would be far from true,
You would love with I and all would be for one.

YEAR ONE · 2 July

The Land of Lake, Cloud and Fell

I visited an ironmonger that first opened almost two hundred years ago and traded during the life and times of William Wordsworth. The store was a treasure trove of tools that created countless objects long since used then discarded. The memories that flow from this place are as vibrant as the lakes, clouds and fells of this beautiful and loved Cumbria.

I hear your voice, I see you dance, the sound of stream on hill, the wind, your hair, your sunlit skin.

YEAR ONE · 1 July

Open Water

I, like each and every one, experience the world uniquely as it pours inward through my senses.

My thoughts and feelings are mine alone unless and until I share some small part of me.

Sharing is our only hope to meet, grow and prosper, for I am an island as I cast my line of words, light, and sound onto the open water.

YEAR ONE · JUNE

30 June

For Those Whose Warmth Will Never More Find Light

We share a breath of all things dark, In this our time of loss, With sadness spent, With silence, Still,
A tempered thought for those whose warmth will never more find light,
The laughter of their day, The beauty of their night,
As we are left alone to work the soil of our unrest,
Fill, fold the world with love in honour of their life be blessed.

YEAR ONE · 29 June

Peaceful Resistance

Another yields their life in terrifying and violent action. Their belief is that their sacrifice is imperative for those who remain, and that through loosing their life they will be rewarded in a higher place. They view their goal as morally irrefutable, and that any method of achieving it is ethically acceptable.

Life is our most precious gift. I do not hold the ends justifies the means. Our greatest strength against bloodshed and brutality is to meet it with relentless and overwhelming resistance, peacefully.

YEAR ONE · 28 June

Art's Greatest Value

My ninety eight year old aunt who arrived in England in 1948 and who worked in the country as a school teacher all her life, told me she is worried she may be asked to leave. She, like many who reached these shores to make a home, is fearful for her future.

My voice is in the service of the disadvantaged, the exploited, the underprivileged, the unloved. Art is the treasury of our best and worst, but perhaps art's greatest value is that it can lead to change.

YEAR ONE · 27 June

The Hopeful Soul

I work on a music composition called 'Hope'.

Hope is among our most important states of being. Hope often resides beyond reason yet gives us reason to continue. When hope is removed we are lost, alone. When given, hope brings strength and purpose to our world.

Although I am at heart a hopeful soul, at times I have absolutely no idea why :)

YEAR ONE · 26 June

The Peril of Comfort

With choice I can turn away from those things that make me uneasy. This springs from my need to protect myself, my inclination to avoid risk, my hunger to survive.

When I find a place of comfort, I am resistant to change. Comfort of my body or mind, comfort in my relationships, comfort in my work, in my beliefs both true and false.

At times I fail to learn because of my resistance to meet the disagreeable head on.

YEAR ONE · 25 June

When Love Is Real

Alone, I come to know the nature of my love.

With you, I am with love.

Love is real when felt, alone, or with. When acted on. When hoped for. When lived.

Love as friend, as family, as stranger lost or found, as all the world, or only one in all the world can be.

YEAR ONE · 24 June

Whale Song

When we see the largest creatures on earth, helpless in shallow water, we pause.

As I gaze upon the artwork 'Whale Song' I ponder on the immense distance between my life on the surface and those of our aquatic kin.

There is no sound, yet in our heart we hear the call of deep ancestral song.

View 'Whale Song' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 23 June

Pretence

I turn inward.

Words I hoped to share remain unread. I loose a little of my translucency so others do not see my inner world. I pretend. I say: all is fine. I find my shell.

Pretence is the tool of those uncertain of their love.

As love returns, so the casing of my world falls, and I will make again.

YEAR ONE · 22 June

The World And Change

For all its flaws, the European Union seeks to protect the environment, the rights and freedoms of its citizens, and values peace. We are always stronger together. I voted to remain for three reasons:

1. The Environment is best cared for when working together.

2. Human Rights are strengthened through ratified agreements between states.

3. Peace thrives through international co-operation and union.

YEAR ONE · 21 June

Sky and Cloud

Sky and clouds cross political boundaries with ease, are beyond the reach of money, and open to everyone who is fortunate to be able to look up, no matter their difference, their ethnicity, economic status, culture, creed, gender, or age. At times with lightening force, at others feathered frozen white, we meet their gift, we drink their water, fresh, our body made of little more but this our sky and cloud.

Gaze at Sky and Cloud

YEAR ONE · 20 June

The Ineffable Quality of Music

Ineffable: an experience that words cannot adequately express.

I hope to infuse a flavour of spontaneity in my work.

Many of my compositions begin as improvisations: I have an idea then allow my instincts to take over as I create an initial sketch. I use this foundation as the basis that I build upon.

In art, music, and literature, the unpredictable is as much a pleasure as a place of unease.

YEAR ONE · 19 June

Time

Our days are full with time.

Time: the movement of our lives, the secret of our sleep, the mystery of our memory.

Without time we could not dance, nor sing, nor tell the stories of our age.

Time is change - one moment from and to the next, the force we sense our life is lived within.

With time we heal, we hope, we love.

YEAR ONE · 18 June

A Change of Song

I hear the song of my friend of many years. That such a fragile living thing, a blackbird, can live through season upon season, through storm and snow, through the dry hot months of summer, is as much a wonder to me as gazing up towards the canopy of a giant redwood tree.

Blackbird perches outside my window where I work at dawn. His tune transforms from one year to the next. I have come to love this change rather than yearn for the song that filled our past.

YEAR ONE · 17 June

Hope

We share a breath of all things dark in this our time of loss,
With sadness spent, with silence, still, as we are left alone to work the soil of our unrest.
The laughter of their day, the beauty of their night.
Fill, fold the world with love in honour of their life.

Listen to ‘Hope’ at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 16 June

The Consequence of Feigned Respect

Following on from my harsh criticism of yesterday, those who present art and hold culturally significant and privileged positions should be honest, articulate, and open. In my experience only a minority fulfil these duties. The directors, curators, and administrators of art galleries are wooed by artists and their representatives who are understandably reluctant to be critical for fear of being ignored or ostracised.

Constant flattery and feigned respect leads inexorably to stupidity and arrogance.

YEAR ONE · 15 June

Complete Nonsense

Nonsense: spoken or written words that have no meaning or make no sense.

I am continually exasperated by the absurd, inane ramblings of those in positions of influence within the contemporary art world. I listened as the Director of Tate Modern sought to subvert the responses from members of the public who expressed thoughts about three works dubiously presented as art.

The empty rhetoric of collaboration, pretence, and avoidance often fills the air of those promoting art.

YEAR ONE · 14 June

Our Source of Strength

Wherever and whenever humans come together there is music. From the gentle song of a parent to their sleeping child, to the sounds that mark our resting place, music is part of the fabric of our lives.

We can each make music, we can dance, and in the past and in some places this remains so, but for many, music and dance is left for others. Find your voice, perhaps at first in practice and private space, for with others, when we sing we find our strength.

YEAR ONE · 13 June

The Choice

An idea is the fuel of change, but change only happens when ideas move a person to act.

No matter what my circumstance, my flaws and failings, my happiness or sadness, my speed of mind or body, the choice to do good is always present. I can change for good, do nothing, or choose to harm. It may seem the smallest choice of mind or body: a kind thought towards another; taking a moment more to listen; giving a genuine smile. Each moment is my choice to be, my choice to make.

YEAR ONE · 12 June

My Enemy

My enemy is violence.

Some are so fearful of difference and weak in spirit they take what is most precious from us: a son, a daughter, a brother, a sister, a mother, a father, a friend or soulmate.

In times of tragedy I stand firm with the conviction that peace will prevail.

YEAR ONE · 11 June

First, Second and Third

Three reasons why the arts are important to me:

1. Art is an expression of love. Love of people, place, and living things.

2. Art leads to change. A Change of heart, action, or intent.

3. Art is the treasury of our best and worst.

YEAR ONE · 10 June

So Far

As birdsong reaches high and sings the morning into light.

The music and art 'So Far' emerged as I pondered on the space that separates one from another.

Perhaps distance is to being close as darkness is to light.

Without the counterweight of distance I can only see so far.

Gaze at and listen to ‘So Far’ at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 9 June

Sleep

I value the world of my dreams where I spend such long unremembered hours.

In dream I come to know people and places full with movement and colour that are not present in my waking life. Every now and then I recognize someone I have only met before in surreal and unusual adventure. These magical and familiar souls, who seem at first to fade from view, remain strangers to my daylight world, and yet they stay within me, unknown, unheard, unseen, until we meet again.

YEAR ONE · 8 June

A Place Unseen

There is an inner space where I become most ready to create. It is a place unseen, of listening, of heightened sense and open landscape. I cannot rush towards it, nor demand its presence. This delicate, ephemeral place of making can easily evaporate with trivial distraction. It is a place only reached when I am not the player, but the instrument. A place where the 'I' gives way and doubt retreats.

YEAR ONE · 7 June

Music, People, and Place

Music is always and only of the present no matter when it first became. It matters to my now. It matters to your now. I listen to a piece of music and I am moved beyond words, but no matter how sensational music is, how much it affects us, when alone, its power is only for its moment.

Once music’s time is past it quickly fades from the heart. Only when I hear music with a person, in a place, or as an event does music retain its significance beyond its time, and passes into memory.

YEAR ONE · 6 June

The Difficulty of Giving

If I believe something I have created might be of service to an organization that does good work, I contact them to say that they are welcome to use what I have made without charge in whatever way they wish. I also make it clear I am happy to remain anonymous. I never hear back, perhaps because the organization is suspicious of my motives and judges I seek publicity or self advancement.

Giving is not always straightforward in a culture that views interactions so often as transactions.

YEAR ONE · 5 June

The Beauty of Less

As I gaze at black and white photographs I ponder on how often the reduction of something allows us to view the beauty of it more intensely, or in an altogether different way.

Despite my love of colour, its absence can be a revelation.

YEAR ONE · 4 June

The Appreciation of Others

Recognizing the efforts and actions of others is crucial in building a good society.

Far too frequently I fail to appreciate the achievements of those I meet, despite my belief that when recognition is aligned with kindness, its potency is amplified.

Wherever I interact, online and off, each hour, each day, I must try to take better advantage of the opportunities to thank and recognize others.

YEAR ONE · 3 June

Breathing

I count myself fortunate in having mild asthma which occasionally surfaces when I have a cold or I am exposed to dust. Without this experience I would have likely undervalued the ease of breath I generally enjoy, and may have felt less empathy with those whose lungs are weak. Breathing is our arc of movement, from our first cry of breath to our last. In music arcs are closely aligned to that we do alone and in love with others throughout our breath's journey.

YEAR ONE · 2 June

To Have and Have Not

Whatever I create, the tools I use define the scope, exploration, and outcome of my work.

The process of writing by hand is so very different than using a keyboard and technologies. Hand writing is slow, but because of this, the mind wanders along an alternative path.

When I am at the start of something new I re-visit my store of tools in search of an update or substitution. Perhaps I should also consider not to have might be just what is needed.

YEAR ONE · 1 June

The Staircase

'The Staircase' as narrative, cypher, mystery.

The staircase: a place both private and social, of going, of coming, of transit.

With art we step with each emerging thought.

View The Staircase at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · MAY

31 May

With Hope and Song

Once upon a wave to those left loved and far off shore,
In sight of start this day your end,
Your light now new with water, one,
Small moment, still,
As children sent with hope and song.

YEAR ONE · 30 May

Forgetfulness

I cannot imagine the sadness that families and loved ones experience. So many die needlessly in their search for a better life.

Our ability to recover from trauma may also be at the root of how we so easily ignore or place those most difficult things to the back of our minds. One of the most important roles of art, music and literature is to keep us from so easily forgetting...

YEAR ONE · 29 May

Being Easily Distracted

I am easily distracted :) Shine a light on something new and I head towards it like a moth to the flame.

Distraction is my two edged sword. On the one hand it takes me away from what I am doing. On the other (and why I embrace unanticipated interruption), distraction is a dynamic force of change that brings new ways to understand and be. I place equal value upon seizing the moment as my being completely focused within the moment. Often times, being mixed up can be a pleasure!

YEAR ONE · 28 May

The Need to Know

I burn to understand what people think and feel. This may have arisen in equal measure from the uncertainty of my childhood experiences, as much as from an over curious temperament. My need to know is often thwarted by a social strategy that is the single most effective method to counter the unwanted or uncomfortable advances of another, and that is to simply ignore them. If I could browse these libraries of neutralizing thoughts I would find much to learn from, and even more to feel.

YEAR ONE · 27 May

Feeling Pain

An artificial nervous system for robots is being developed that feels pain. As we approach the moment when non-organic sentience emerges we should consider The Rights of Living Things.

Although pain alerts us to danger, both physical and emotional, and is crucial in our development as well rounded individuals, we should be mindful of our actions so that we avoid being the cause of pain as best we can. When I do not feel pain, when pain is remote, I easily ignore it.

YEAR ONE · 26 May

The Path to Completing Well

I have an artwork that I have decided not to publish. I am happy with the composition, texture and colour, but a gesture could be interpreted negatively which I do not want. I have to start over as I am too far down the road to backtrack. After living with a piece for a few days, uncomfortable questions about how it could be viewed sometimes emerge. This begins as a faint voice from within before growing into insistent criticism. The path to completing well is as much about doubt as confidence.

YEAR ONE · 25 May

Being Playful

I have always enjoyed play, activities we engage in for enjoyment rather than for a particular outcome.

Play often has a practical purpose, at least for me. Being playful is invaluable creatively, socially, and psychologically. I continue to be struck by how often play is not viewed of as a 'serious pastime' and often frowned upon by people in positions of influence and authority in the workplace. Whatever my occupation, when I play more my competence and happiness increases.

YEAR ONE · 24 May

The Portrait

There is an intensity and ambiguity to the close encounter of a portrait that leaves me with a palpable experience of a person. I feel their presence as I approach and gather in the work. Although people are often central in my words and music, the visual representation of a human is the most intimate creative act of trust, thought, and respect. Portraits touch upon and share life’s outer surface, and inner world.

View 500 Portraits

YEAR ONE · 23 May

Seeking Balance

I value making over destroying, hope over despair.

I hold myself back from expressing my darker experiences. I try to find the positive from those times. Why?

As with most every why, there are a mountain of reasons, but above all, darkness requires light to comprehend. Light, from its faintest hint, to blinding bright.

YEAR ONE · 22 May

Wealth: A Plentiful Supply of Desirable Things

Money provides a means, albeit illusory, of expressing our personal worth. When our wealth is judged by economic success, when our work pays well, we demonstrate our ability to meet the needs of ourselves and those close to us, we feel reassured, satisfied. We strive to gain or protect our financial wealth at the expense of all else. Those who accumulate financial wealth seek strength, confidence, and security, yet these things are only found through the giving of love.

YEAR ONE · 21 May

Rain

My feelings about rain change depending on my level of physical comfort. Even though I realize rain is essential for life on the surface of our world, I generally far, far prefer being dry. When rain is absent for any length of time however, I begin to yearn for it...

It is raining today. The plants and trees love this, but the light is dull and the temperature has dropped.

Rain is my constant reminder that life requires at least some discomfort for it to flourish.

YEAR ONE · 20 May

Living Long Together

I would not live well alone.

I may not live at all for long alone.

Love with requires I seek more than for myself.

Love with requires I give more than meets my eye.

Living long together, with sustains life’s pleasure.

YEAR ONE · 19 May

Take Less · Give More

I spend many weeks completing a piece of music. My time is devoted to final preparations. To making good. It is the day before, full with promise and hope.

I gift my work to show its value is not bound by trade or economic activity.

Over time, with time, in part, my hope is that acts of sharing encourage others to pause in their taking. In their seeking only profit or exchange.

YEAR ONE · 18 May

Innocent Listening

I use tools that allow me to optimize and refine the recorded music I have composed and performed. The most important part of this mastering process is an effort to 'listen innocently'.

Whether it be a painting, writing, or music, familiarity easily leads to blindness of those strengths and weaknesses that might be glaringly obvious to someone else. Perhaps this propensity to blindness is also true of my experience of person and place. I must better see as new in my everyday.

YEAR ONE · 17 May

Taking Risk

When we are in the sole company of another for any length of time, we may resist their kindness as we make judgements about their motivation and intentions. I wonder how much good is lost by this. When I show kindness, things can get complicated as the recipient may ask for more than I am comfortable giving. Perhaps we are well aware that with kindness comes risk, and because of this we should view those who are most kind as showing most courage.

YEAR ONE · 16 May

Creative Action

Although there is often great beauty in the discovery that defines the creation of art, it is not enough to sustain me through to its completion.

To finish well in what I make I need to feel.

At times these feelings are my own, they arise from my life. At others, they are for an/other/s.

Creative action, at least for me, is compelled and nourished by com/passion.

YEAR ONE · 15 May

2045 ai

On a far off arm of the milky way galaxy, we live as few have chance to do.

I imagine a world that discovers complex life is unique to the earth for ten thousand light years in every direction. With the advent of artificial consciousness, humans can, for the first time, work towards a common goal. Their time of conflict is over, and their time of love has begun...

www.2045.ai

YEAR ONE · 14 May

The Unseen Moments of Our Life

There is a part of us that remains unseen. For some this part is more than for others: memories, thoughts we keep to ourselves, or things we do alone. We wish to share, we need to share, and yet something of our unseen always remains our own. We protect and defend these private moments of our life from the gaze of others. The unseen makes up the mystery of our lives. We feel it in others. When we watch films, read books, view art, and listen to music that touches this place, we know it well.

YEAR ONE · 13 May

Tomorrow

The idea of the future is different from one person to the next. From me, to you.

Tomorrow: an idea of what may happen, full with practical and emotional consequences.

I spend a great deal of my time anticipating, predicting and planning so I am prepared for differences that may come my way, good or bad.

At times I get so caught up in thinking about my tomorrow, I fail to live as well in my today.

YEAR ONE · 12 May

Age and the Artist

I view the artistic expression of a child as equally significant as that of a person who has reached their centenary. We all have the potential to express ourselves with movement, sound, light, and word.

Art is not defined as a public object of importance. Art requires no more than to be a creative expression of special significance that is experienced. Art may be recorded in some way, or performed.

You can be any age and produce art that connects, moves, and enriches.

YEAR ONE · 11 May

The Pleasure of Small Things

This morning I watch a tiny bird puff up its feathers in sight of the early sun and survey the world from the very tip of a holy tree that stands a short distance from the front of my home.

I wonder at how such fragile things are driven to greet the morning with such sweet song.

Small, as moment of my breath against the day, as single line on finger print this moment into mind.

Stay, this while when you are hear within, as shallow soft and gentle beat of wing.

YEAR ONE · 10 May

The Optimist

Optimists have a propensity to resilience and hope, especially in the face of adversity and failure, from which they try to learn. Despite experiencing the same intensity of disappointment, pain and suffering, rather than anticipating the worst, the optimist will seek positive change.

Optimism is the wellhead of our creativity and holds that the search for value and meaning, even in those darkest times, gives life purpose.

YEAR ONE · 9 May

Unwanted

I photograph a plant. The sky is overcast, and although I enjoy strong sunlight, at times there is nothing better than the even wash of cloud cover to best show the subtle beauty of a wild flower. I find plants in their natural habitat are generally less brash and delicate in form as compared with their cultivated counterparts. The unwanted weed inspires.

Photography helps me see what movement often obscures.

YEAR ONE · 8 May

The Real World

'Real': genuine, existing. Not imitation, supposed, imagined, nor artificial.

Everything we touch, everything we see, hear, taste and smell takes time to flow before it is realized. All we experience is imagined as an imperfect echo of those things 'out there'. We comfort ourselves with the fiction that this now is real. As I dreamt last night (and only for that time), to my surprise I knew, and long before, all detail of that vibrant, real and other world.

YEAR ONE · 7 May

A Private Life

My private life stays with me at all times: off and online, with others, and alone. Especially alone.

My inner voice is fragmented with thoughts that dash from one to the next. It is playful, fearful, hopeful, unpredictable. When I am with friendship, with love, a little of its voice is freed.

I share small moments of my private life with those I trust and hope to trust, and when I do, it is as if I give my very breath. With love, as one, my private life gives way.

YEAR ONE · 6 May

A Short Lament For A Private Man

A man falls silent and alone.

For those, like the man I knew, who find themselves surrounded by life, yet unable, unfortunate, or unwilling to welcome its company, their passing is remembered with sound and light so they do not fall forever from our view.

Listen to A Short Lament For A Private Man at 100 Artworks.

YEAR ONE · 5 May

With Life, Love

Life, this moment of our here and now,
This place of all we ever are,
Of time we do and share in this our touch of present near and far.
With grace, with hope, with peace revere this gift of sound and light,
As once we play upon this earth with all that is with love unite.

YEAR ONE · 4 May

The Sun Shines

Enjoy a story and picture book about how the sun and moon save the earth.

Perhaps our need to nurture lays at the heart of listening to, reading, and making stories. Nurturing ourselves, and one another.

Saying words out loud, repeating them, whispering them, transforms them. Words become within us.

Read The Sun Shines at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 3 May

A Memory of my Farther

I did not know my father well. Although we rarely spoke he told me stories of his brutal and adventurous youth. He drew solace from country music and alcohol in equal measure. He died when I was in the US in the summer of 1984. My last memory of him is as we shook hands and I left for my flight. The tears that welled up within him as we parted have always remained with me as a measure of the strength of his unspoken love. This was the first and only time I saw him cry.

YEAR ONE · 2 May

The Unconditional Gift

My greatest challenge is to make, then give without desire or need of return. When I create and publish my work, there remains a part of me that is hopeful, perhaps needful for a response... I try to quell this desire in an effort to direct my focus away from myself. It is difficult as my sense of self-esteem, my self-importance informs my confidence to start, and then to do, and yet I sense I will only know peace when I give unconditionally, which as I understand it, is to love.

YEAR ONE · 1 May

One Small Square of Earth

I imagine gazing at a small square of earth from above in the year 2045. Among the emerald, ochre, sapphire, and textures of life, I make out what appear to be objects, symbols, and built structures from an earlier time, barely seen. I think of how, over time, nature reclaims what is taken, no matter the damage caused. In this newly made world, the harm of humans is quenched, and life is given chance once more to find its place, together. Enjoy One Small Square of Earth at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · APRIL

30 April

My Change of Scene

I work. I am focused, intense. I hone in on a task that involves listening to subtle changes in volume and rhythm. This requires my complete attention. There is no room to think of anything else.

During periods of extreme concentration, when I push my mind over long periods, my head heats. Taking rest is like switching on the fan on a hot summer's day. Boiling over serves no one.

The mystery is that rest for me is doing something different, yet equally engaging.

YEAR ONE · 29 April

The Charge of Instinct

Overhead, a red kite soars. A crow half its size rattles, caws and clicks as it charges towards the invader to drive it from its territory. The kite's mate eyes the scene from far above. She swoops to join the contest. The adversaries pitch and roll in the still air. The kites speed away in tight formation, wings bent, they rush against the cloudless sky. In England, crows are the largest cause of injuries and premature deaths to birds of prey. I question my instinct, especially when I sense its certainty.

YEAR ONE · 28 April

Beyond Time's Arrow

Although I am bound by time, qualities exist outside of it.

Time is the apparently irreversible idea, experience and measurement of events - past, present, and future. There are however many qualities that are unconstrained by time: for example, love, compassion, hope, grace, and beauty. Perhaps life is only experienced as whole when we embrace within and without this place we call time.

YEAR ONE · 27 April

Morning Light

The room where I work has a large west facing window. I forget the pleasure of early morning light far too easily, for each time I experience it I am surprised by its beauty. Strong sun strikes the budding branches of ash, sycamore, chestnut and apple blossom against the clear blue northern sky. Crisp shadows heighten the textured tree bark as the experience of near and far is contracted as if I gaze through a child's 3D slide viewer. I remind myself to listen more than hear, and to look more than see.

YEAR ONE · 26 April

A Fleeting Thought

I gather my thoughts as I might the parachute seeds of a field of dandelion in the breeze on a summer's day. Some fleetingly float beyond my reach as my attention is momentarily captured by their flight, others slip from my mistimed awkward grasp, and those lighter than air, delicate, embryonic plants that come to rest in my palm do so more out of good fortune than skill or purpose. I cup my hands in hope that one may remain as I head for the stillness of my inner space.

YEAR ONE · 25 April

What Music Is Not

Although music is sometimes used to support ideas, positions, and narratives, music is not a language. It has no grammar nor meaning. It is experienced differently from one person to the next.

Music can touch our very core and allows us to share a place in common during, before, and after our time, yet once its moment of being is done, its movement past, music does not stay long to stir us into action beyond its present. We turn to language as the agent of our change.

YEAR ONE · 24 April

The World Without Money

Money has been used by humans as a means of exchange for around seven thousand years. Whatever its strengths and weaknesses, surely money is here to stay. If I believe money not only stifles our potential but is at the heart of so much waste and suffering, what is the alternative?

Money is a substitution for trust and honour. I work on the publication The World Without Money where I present an idea(l) of what is and could be, and the places today where money has no hold nor sway.

YEAR ONE · 23 April

A Waste Of Money

Money is an idea - it cannot exist without agreement. Money stimulates self-interest rather than cooperation. Money's greatest shortcoming is waste. Countless people work in competition for the same end. Precious lives are spent doing things that have little personal relevance, while those qualities of greatest value are often ignored or remain undervalued. I look forward to a time when humanity casts aside the shackle of money and begins its more worthwhile journeys of discovery.

YEAR ONE · 22 April

Earth Day · The Sum of Small Things

I easily forget the care of our world and others as I focus on my immediate concerns.

On Earth Day I try to be more mindful of my actions that, cumulatively and with others, have a positive or negative affect. Each day I cause change. I choose this change through what and how I eat and drink, by my use of energy and water, and what I choose to say. On every day I have a choice to love.

Small things add up. We are the sum of small things.

YEAR ONE · 21 April

Working Alone

I work best when alone yet so enjoy the company of others.

I give myself time to play and ponder in search of moments to begin.

When alone I listen most intensely. With another such invasive force can lead to dislocation.

I wish most to begin with as it offers most comfort and pleasure. I wish most to be with, and yet...

When my 'I' is less visible, when my sense of self less insistent, I find a place and peace to make.

YEAR ONE · 20 April

The Day Before and After

The day before I publish there is nothing but hope.

The day after is often full with doubt and worse.

A day more, my dream returns.

YEAR ONE · 19 April

Bagatelle - A Short Waltz

Come dance this day with sound embrace,
Our journey start as one revealed,
With love, respect and grace before this moment new and we with song depart,
With touch our wistful gaze conceal.

YEAR ONE · 18 April

The Decision

I have completed a piece of music and start another.

I intended for the music to be longer, but the more I listened, the more it became clear the work could stand on its own. I am often surprised by moments of realisation that a composition is fully formed. There are minor improvements to make, but the music's form and character is clear.

The decision to stop making is essential when creating art. Not doing is at times a non-rational choice.

YEAR ONE · 17 April

Flight

Every couple of days I feed wild birds that live in the hedges, shrubs and trees that surround my garden in southern England. Wood pigeons, collared doves, blackbirds, song thrush, sparrows, green and gold finches, blue tits, wrens, robins, yellowhammers, and on occasion, green and greater spotted woodpeckers - all visit at this time of year. I witness the variety and wonder of flight every day - if there is one ability I would love that I will never posses, it is to fly.

YEAR ONE · 16 April

In Search of the Imperfect

As I work on a composition the nature of its character changes from a bold, quirky waltz to a more delicate plaintive dance. This transformation arises from the nature of chosen sounds and the work's form, rather than through any predetermined ideas I might have.

I listen to accidents of time and search for those unpolished yet beautiful sounds, full with personality.

My pleasure is often in the shaping of the imperfect.

YEAR ONE · 15 April

Uniformity and Monotony

An endless wash of dull grey cloud covers hour upon hour. I think about why I so dislike the monotony of an overcast day, and how strong light and vibrant colour transforms my mood for the better.

I resist uniformity, whether sensory or social. I am hard-wired to do so.

My enchantment is with change and difference, the engines of life.

YEAR ONE · 14 April

The Sadness of a Moment Lost

Time is life - I cannot conceive of existence without the journey.

By giving time to anything I hand over a precious moment of my being. I easily forget this. I am frequently distracted. Why devote time to the creation of art? Apart from the desire to contribute towards a better place, what drives me?

No matter the beauty or the sadness of a moment, it is, becomes, far more, when shared.

YEAR ONE · 13 April

Our City World Built On Sand

We pour our energies into the creation of digital content, and yet these efforts will be lost over time without a self-sustaining archive that saves what is best. We store our words, images, sounds and numbers through reproduction from one short-lived medium to another: magnetic tape, drum, tube, core, RAM, disk, drives, and holographic memory. When our data survives like the cave paintings of El Castillo, our efforts will reach beyond our shores, but for now our city world is built on sand.

YEAR ONE · 12 April

The Company of Another's Voice

As we breathe, as we work or sleep, in love and pain, sound is my constant companion.

After spending hour upon hour on my work or in silence I will often take the five mile trip to my nearest town to hear the stream of lively speech in the street.

My greatest contentment is in the company of another's voice.

YEAR ONE · 11 April

The Euclidean Plane

I ponder on the idea of the flat two dimensional plane.

The Euclidean Plane is an idea. It does not exist as an experienced place. It is an area of width and length, but with no height at all, none.

Art sets the mind at play to explore a place both curious and beautiful.

Enjoy the 'The Euclidean Plane' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 10 April

The Sounds I Fail To Hear

Much of my energy and attention is spent laying the foundations for my next piece of music. For me, this is an intuitive process as much as a rational one. I might listen carefully to numerous recordings of a viola as I 'aurally search' through the instrument's qualities and refine my choices about its use and potential. I might stand still in woodland as the sounds of earth and life flow through me. During this journey I am continually surprised by the beauty and character of sounds that, at first, I fail to hear.

YEAR ONE · 9 April

In Search of Balance

Online or offline, body and mind, head and heart, rational, spiritual.

Without balance I fall.

YEAR ONE · 8 April

The Sound of Early Morning Rain

I have been unwell for five days. It is neither serious nor chronic. Being unwell gives me the opportunity of seeing the world differently. It encourages me to consider how others in precarious circumstances are coping with this same level of discomfort. If I move my focus away from my body, I experience things in a new light. I hear differently - the sound of early morning rain is an unlikely pleasure.

With moments of unease my understanding grows.

YEAR ONE · 7 April

Authenticity and Art

A 3D painting in the style of Rembrandt is created without human thought or touch. Art through Artificial Intelligence. Before long, 'an original' painting and a 3D print will be visually identical. It's line, colour, texture, shape, form, pattern, and composition. The same will be for all we see, hear, and touch.

The art market sells on the bases of a work's originality and exclusivity. This changes everything.

The Profit of Art is not in its economic value...

YEAR ONE · 6 April

Desire and Fear of Change

Every day I receive news that encourages me to grab the latest version of this or that. It might be hardware, software, or a service. The improvements might be in what something can do, or how it does it. Updates appeal to my sense of avoiding risk. Perhaps a security or compatibility fix, an invitation to join with those who enjoy the best chance of doing well, or a subliminal warning that I need to remain.

Updates of products and services I already own feed my desire and fear of change.

YEAR ONE · 5 April

In Hope Of Honest Love

Friendship does not exist alone. Its nature is to be with. Its love is satisfied without desire.

Friendship is recognised by its quality of strengthening mutual worth and confidence.

A friend responds when asked to with action, open thought, and feeling.

The honesty of friendship is to embrace its love with open arms. Fear plays no part in it.

Without the willing and frequent actions of love, we are no more than the hope of one for another.

YEAR ONE · 4 April

Seven Words

Words shape my world. A short sentence gives meaning and purpose to my life:

Love without desire nor need of return.

Seven words, simple to understand, so difficult to achieve, yet the foundation of all happiness I feel.

YEAR ONE · 3 April

Movement and Music

I enjoy a concert of Edward Elgar's The Enigma Variations, an enveloping, beautiful, and poignant orchestral piece. I am struck by how still the audience sit when listening to 'classical' music in a concert hall. I hear music and my first impulse is to move.

At times, social constraint limits the richness of our experience. I listen to 'Nimrod' once again - music that moves my spirit, my body, and that gifts opportunity to move with others.

YEAR ONE · 2 April

The Enchantment of Beauty

For those who see, an image demands attention, more so than any other medium.

Although my emotional response to visual art is not as intense to me as music, I find light and its uncovering of form beautiful, and with beauty comes great pleasure.

With words with or alone, written, spoken, heard, understood, unknown, their shape, their length in time becomes their ease, their hope or pain in mind, the enchanted journey of and for their meaning.

YEAR ONE · 1 April

Making Good

People at the head of an organisation insist that once a thing is published, it should never be amended except in exceptional circumstances. This results in a clash between my creative desire to constantly improve, and the corporate concerns of control, reputation, and legal challenge.

We should always make better, and if necessary, acknowledge the changes. Literature, music, art, research, and good journalism have been updated as new editions since their very beginnings...

YEAR ONE · MARCH

31 March

The Short And The Long Of It

Only rarely am I enthralled by a lengthy piece of music from beginning to end - my moments of pleasure are more usually tempered by periods of anticipation. Although large-scale artworks are undoubtedly enriching, small works can be equally satisfying.

When something is not so easily given to academic study or critique it is often mistakenly viewed of as less 'significant'. Small and large does not however equate with better or worse...

YEAR ONE · 30 March

With Love Prevail

I listened as a viola sounded one brief musical phrase. I was deeply moved...

At times there are no words but sound,

To touch what lays so close yet often veiled,

The beauty of the bow on string,

In place of hurt with love prevail.

YEAR ONE · 29 March

Why Creativity Matters

Acts of creativity are essential for humans. When we devote time and energy into making something, the products of our efforts are not only shared, the art, images, movements, and ideas we create have the potential to transform us so we more easily bear the love, pain and suffering we experience.

An act of creativity may be as modest as a conversation, or as ambitious as a work of art.

All humans are creative, although some become more practised than others.

YEAR ONE · 28 March

Burn Bright This Night

Music can be emphatic without being explicit. Its energy and persistence can convey the energy that characterizes what it is to feel alive. It does this in part through its ephemeral nature. Through the shortness of its breath, the strength of its sound, and the breadth of its highs and lows.

I sense a night full with fire and rhythm, a forceful, effervescent dance. A declaration. An affirmation.

Listen to ‘Burn Bright This Night’ at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 27 March

The Digital Real/m · The Real Outside of Me

Many libraries of art, music, and words are digital. These reside in unknown data stores in far off places where trillions of connections rush to reunite us with those things that interest us. This data I value is however ephemeral, short-lived, remote, and soon deleted. I seek it, receive it, absorb it, then move on.

The painting that I see, the musical instrument I hear, the printed book I touch and read, I experience more generously by my body than the riches of a digital realm. They are more real outside of me.

YEAR ONE · 26 March

Myself and Others

The idea of self springs from our notion of identity - what I have been; who I am; what I could be. The 'I' is the changing face of me. At first it seems I know what 'I' means, yet considering the 'I' for even a short while throws up countless questions. My struggles surround 'my' desires. I am most content when working creatively out of love for others, and yet 'I' yearn to share this journey. This hunger gives me purpose - I value my 'I' to increase the chance, if only for a moment, of becoming, being, close.

YEAR ONE · 25 March

Publishing Anonymously

As well as publications that are clearly attributed to me, I also publish anonymously. This allows content to be experienced as more potent and compelling, however people can also be cautious or suspicious if the originator is not made plain. Is it best to know who created Be Free of Violence?

As I work on a publication, I am at once torn by the desire to share, yet mindful of sharing at the right time, and in the best way.

YEAR ONE · 24 March

Birdsong

Each year in March as I work at my desk I am transformed by the sound of early birdsong. One particular blackbird has a distinctive call I have grown to love. Out of nowhere, and after months of quiet winter, their song fills the air once more.

I am struck by how one bird will listen and pass on the songs of another - we humans are not the only species with an aural tradition...

YEAR ONE · 23 March

Fall Dust of Woodland Floor

I publish a poem and artwork about loss.

I wonder why the focus of my expression takes nature as its starting point. Perhaps it is that we need the distance and abstraction of metaphor to speak of those most fearful things. Perhaps it is that nature is so far from our place of cruelty.

Visit 'Fall Dust of Woodland Floor' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 22 March

My Search To Be Valued

My confidence may in part be built from the reassurance of my capacity to 'make' money. Those lower paid are sometimes viewed as 'worth less'. How much money I generate is largely a matter of good fortune: my birthplace, temperament, the love and care I am given, my physical and mental capacity, gender, education, culture, religion, and health. My ability to acquire money is often erroneously perceived of as an indicator of personal wealth and worth. My value is never aligned with money.

YEAR ONE · 21 March

This Now May Never End

Since childhood I have always been at once fascinated and mystified by time.

One of time's most curious qualities is the length of 'now'.

Do I experience a brief plateau that defines the present? Or am I only ever conscious of my past?

Time is broader in the experience of living things than a simple line from before to the here then after.

This now may never end.

YEAR ONE · 20 March

Be Still

We share millions of images every day, some that move as time proceeds, most that stay the same.

A touch on the phone, a click on the mouse, a swipe to upload.

There is no greater chance to be heard in this cacophony than for me to more carefully consider the subject, composition, and manipulation of the images I publish.

A still photograph or artwork is like a poem - if I give it time, a wealth of feelings and thoughts will flow.

YEAR ONE · 19 March

One Line of More To Come

I add a final line to the short poem below. It seems fitting as the poem (my thought) is about how expression, communication and touch is never in isolation, but rather flows, from one moment, one day, one person to the next.

If we fail to speak: of language lost and touch of no not yes.

YEAR ONE · 18 March

A Fleeting Thought Make Known

If I do not express today,
My tomorrow will be less:
The otherwise of choice,
Of seldom sought and wary voice,
Of language lost and touch of no not yes.

YEAR ONE · 17 March

Doubt and Opportunity

When making I am troubled by decision, and indecision.

As I make I meet my uncertainty.

With uncertainty comes wisdom.

Doubt in what I do creatively is necessary, and in my conduct, vital.

With doubt I have the opportunity to revisit, to make better.

YEAR ONE · 16 March

Choose Peace

On any day of violence, the overwhelming majority of the peoples of our world yearn for peace: with family, with friends, with workmates, at home, abroad, but most with those we have no peace with.

As I come to know of cruel and brutal acts I become more determined, more resolute, more relentless in my efforts to counter conflict through my creative efforts.

Be in no doubt, peace will prevail: between one and another, between one another.

YEAR ONE · 15 March

Art For All

My creative output is disciplined by my desire to ensure my work is equally accessible to people of any age, culture, faith, or circumstance.

Art confined by economic access limits its scope and ambition.

The imaginative challenges and rewards that flow from creative restraint gives rise to greater opportunities that encourage positive change.

YEAR ONE · 14 March

I Work Without Music

I have never been able to work when music is playing as I am immediately, irresistibly, and utterly enchanted by it. I cannot help but listen to its colour and form - whatever my current focus.

Music is transformative, it is for me an experience of departure from the ordinary to the world of the mysterious and beautiful.

When felt, music is the closest abstract art that holds the same in heart as love.

YEAR ONE · 13 March

In Search of Peace

Art has the potential to reach the unexpected in unpredictable ways.

Alone and with others, music helps me rise above my ordinary. It places me alongside another, no matter their difference. Music moves me from my place of being - at least for the time of its present.

Without a title music has no shared meaning. Language moves music from the indefinite towards idea.

Listen to 'In Search of Peace' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 12 March

Online

The online network that allows automated systems to exchange, manipulate, and present digital content will be the context where artificial consciousness first becomes known. The Web has changed human history and is far beyond the influence of any multinational corporation or nation state.

Today is the Web's birthday, when well over half the world's population of humans have access to it.

My choice online is to listen, learn, and contribute, positively. Be the difference, for good…

YEAR ONE · 11 March

The Search to Name

As I work on a music composition I frequently consider what the piece might be called.

The search for the title of a work helps reveal its nature, whether it be an image, text, or music. Most often, my naming of a work is my final act of completion.

The search to name unfolds identity and sets the mind at play.

YEAR ONE · 10 March

Inspiration

I ponder on the three spheres that inspire me to create: people and self; those things that interest me; and the physical and abstract forms that I find beautiful. I would love to spend my days connected with the first of these - the personal world, but I would soon miss the worlds of the intellect and aesthetics.

Perhaps the appetite of inspiration is by its nature a moving enchantment.

YEAR ONE · 9 March

The Rush and Weight of Days

Days of doing rush as roaring wind and waterfall.

Days of doing nothing spread as still and silent lake.

YEAR ONE · 8 March

A Day To Celebrate Women

My childhood from the age of three and a half to adulthood was spent largely in the company of four woman: my two elder sisters and two aunts. I have loved, and always will love the company of woman.

On this day, international woman's day, I set aside time to discover writers, composers and artists that I should know far more about, and of how I act towards and think of woman.

Woman, the beauty and fortune in my life.

YEAR ONE · 7 March

How Much Is My Too Much?

I enjoy a warm and comfortable home, good health, and eat well. I own creative tools that allow me to express my self, and the means to publish my work.

Two thoughts arise as I imagine the tipping point when I have no material need:

· Hardship is a requirement of empathy and expression.

· Creativity is enhanced by practical constraint.

YEAR ONE · 6 March

The Right to Freedom

The fourth Article of The Rights of Living Things asserts the right to act, communicate, or think as we wish as long as we do not place others in imminent danger.

Without liberty to speak I become as a caged bird, longing for flight.

I can be silent, or sing to be free.

YEAR ONE · 5 March

Two Sides of the Same Coin

When together, I am as much the expression of another's nature.

When alone, the full force of my nature is revealed.

YEAR ONE · 4 March

Cut Flowers

Flowers transform us. They take us to a different place, far removed from the ordinary. Perhaps their nectar and promise of future fruit appeals to primal triggers within us.

Giving flowers is an act of love, sympathy, appreciation, and at times, self-interest. If possible, it would be better to share a flower in its natural setting. That would not only reduce the waste of commercial production, but may be received as a more potent gesture of kindness.

YEAR ONE · 3 March

With

With: united; possessing something physical, psychological, imagined, or spiritual; in the company of.

Within: with and in; having the quality of; the limit of time, place, idea, or experience; where something exists physically, psychologically, or spiritually.

With sound we meet with voice and thought that moves the air as wing with flight.

Listen to 'With' at 100 Artworks

YEAR ONE · 2 March

An Independent Life

My son reaches out, in, and with the world.

I do the same in the certainty our paths will cross with more to share.

I miss him from my every day.

Love is as maple seed, carried by the wind.

Parting is our nature, as sun and moon to sky.

YEAR ONE · 1 March

Out of Sight

I inhabit a place of ease. I am not subject to oppression, prejudice, or intolerance. I am free.

In this place it is easy for me to move the disadvantage of others away from my view. It is easy for me to ignore the harm of earth. To live a quiet life of little consequence. To be out of sight and out of mind.

With such a life of comfort, love recedes. My take is more than give.

Be not silent in this place. Give more no matter what or no return, for love protects and fuels the heart.

YEAR ONE · FEBRUARY

29 FEBRUARY

A New Sky

When the sky is clear I turn my face towards the great ocean above then close my eyes. I wait one minute, and in this short time I imagine the beauty of that blue.

No matter how hard I try, I never fail to be utterly unprepared for the experience of opening my eyes once more.

YEAR ONE · 28 FEBRUARY

States of Mind

We sleep. Each day we inhabit the known and unknown territories of our mind.

I often wake, clear with thought from my concealed contemplation - it seems our ability to reason is not an island state of consciousness. At times my waking state can touch my place of dreams.

My emotions travel a winding river through the nations of my being.

I am, like you, one united states of mind.

YEAR ONE · 27 FEBRUARY

The Draw of Symmetry

We experience symmetry as an intensely attractive force. Our enchantment to it extends from the physical world to art and ideas. Its appeal to my heart is as much as to my mind.

I write this forwards, I read this backwards, I ponder on question and answer, of time and deed:

I did eye peep noon peep eye did I did eye peep noon peep eye did I

YEAR ONE · 26 FEBRUARY

Naivety

Naivety: lack of experience, wisdom, or judgement.

The assertion of naivety in discussion to counter a view is a failure of thought and expression. It is a means to undermine or dismiss without argument or evidence. An easy, lazy, feeble claim. A brick thrown threw the window of reason. I say this to myself: with differences of opinion take time.

Examine experience, wisdom, and judgement, consider each, think on each in light of what is said.

YEAR ONE · 25 FEBRUARY

A World Without Money

Ideas hold no more truth or use when one pays for them.

Money is the child of our distrust and insecurity.

Without money we would no longer pursue economic stability or wealth. We would find meaning through those things of greatest value: love, compassion, hope, community, and beauty.

Money, that spurious measure of importance, is the widespread cause of our diminishing potential.

YEAR ONE · 24 FEBRUARY

With Time and Trust

Around twice a week for four years I pass a dog on my way to town and stop a moment to say hello. The Alsatian would look up but remain unmoved. Today was different. For the first time as she noticed me from a distance, she wagged her tale and approached me enthusiastically. At that moment, and from that moment on, we became friends. We are of no threat to one another. Trust feels good.

Trust can take an age before its gift.

YEAR ONE · 23 FEBRUARY

Creative Stamina

Stamina: sustained, determined effort.

No matter what my talent, instinct, skill, or knowledge, none sustain my making as persistence.

Creative stamina is an essential characteristic of the fertile artist, whatever their field of making.

Creative Stamina: the unending drive, will, and need to make, despite sustained failure, weakness, obscurity, loneliness and isolation.

YEAR ONE · 22 FEBRUARY

Mystery

At the moment I seek to know, I treasure those things I cannot explain.

Too little mystery, and the world is less: a place of a to b.

Too much mystery and I am overwhelmed with apprehension.

Mystery shapes the richness of my day.

Your mysteries, my mysteries, those things unknown between us, let free the wish to know.

YEAR ONE · 21 FEBRUARY

In Search of Simplicity

With language, my hardest challenge, and greatest pleasure, is to say something, simply.

With love, give. Grow.

YEAR ONE · 20 FEBRUARY

The Right to Well Being

I have been an avid gatherer of tools all my life.

I am equally excited by a pencil, or a digital tool that allows me to manipulate sound or light, language, or a musical instrument. I try to learn about one tool every day as my knowledge is slight. Tools provide the means to make, and I would be lost without them. It is your right to explore your creativity, nurture your potential, and benefit equally from cultural, scientific, and practical achievements.

YEAR ONE · 19 FEBRUARY

As I Wear, I Have My Say

Each article of our clothing informs others of our voice as much as the language we speak.

The headscarf not only offers practical protection from the elements, it carries social, cultural, and religious significance. It can be a sign of the wearer's modesty, or their commitment to a particular way of life. A show of difference or solidarity. A comfort, or challenge, to myself and others.

YEAR ONE · 18 FEBRUARY

The Flow

The 'flow' is when one is fully immersed in, and completely absorbed by an activity. The body and mind work seamlessly towards a goal as the ego and sense of time are placed to one side.

I have been fortunate to experience the flow when playing sport, music, creating art, and writing. My whole being: my senses, intellect and emotional state, attends to the matter at hand.

The greater my focus, value, and relaxed effort of doing an activity, the more likely I become the flow.

YEAR ONE · 17 FEBRUARY

Three Things

I value three things above all else: love, compassion, and beauty.

By beauty I mean those qualities of form, structure and composition that bring me and others pleasure: in those things we make, in those acts I observe, and in the world I experience (all of nature).

While love and compassion are good, beauty is not necessarily so. As someone who uses beauty in their work I therefore have the responsibility to consider its use in light of love and compassion.

YEAR ONE · 16 FEBRUARY

The Future Today

As far as we know, humans are the only species to think about the future. It seems however we generally consider the consequences of our actions for our own interests before those of others.

Humans will only flourish, perhaps only survive, once we place others before ourselves. I remind myself, Be Kind to a friend, a colleague, a stranger, or a member of my family today, and tomorrow I will feel the strength of what it is to give.

YEAR ONE · 15 FEBRUARY

Accessibility and Art

It is important for me that people have the same access to those things I make no matter their age, gender, their ability in mind and body, where they live, their economic circumstance, or what they believe. I make for those who experience the world as I, as much as for those who do not. For those who share my values, and those who feel contempt for them.

I make for the chance for anyone to meet my world as they experience, act, and think in theirs.

YEAR ONE · 14 FEBRUARY

Heart and Light

For those I love with Heart and Light. We may be in a private or public place. We may be in love, have loved, or wish for love. It may be that others have shown us love.

Whatever my personal circumstance I view this day not as the hope for romance, but as a window of opportunity, a speck of time in which I choose to declare my feelings and thanks to those I love.

Come close my heart, and love.

YEAR ONE · 13 FEBRUARY

Sanctuary

The original meaning of the Latin word 'sanctuarium' referred to a sacred place. We now use sanctuary to describe a refuge from pursuit, persecution, or danger - both physical and psychological.

Music has the potential to pause the hardness of our heart in times of violent change.

YEAR ONE · 12 FEBRUARY

The Making of Music

I loose all sense of time when composing music - an irony as the medium requires time to experience it!

I wonder whether part of my absorption is as a result of my creative method. I am not a theoretical nor analytical composer, but rather allow my aesthetic instinct to drive my choices through spontaneous performance. I refine these gestures meticulously, all the while sensing the music’s immediate shape, changing textures, and overall form. It is this that swallows the hours whole.

YEAR ONE · 11 FEBRUARY

Our Greatest Strength

Art is my place of creative discovery.

The open and free exchange of ideas and art provides the most freedom to flourish.

When I restrict what I give, and this sometimes seems necessary in a world where money is the dominant means of exchange, I dilute the force and reach of what I offer.

My greatest strength comes from giving, far more so than from those things that I receive.

YEAR ONE · 10 FEBRUARY

A True Story

This is a true story: a man walks into a movie studio and lies about what happened. A film gets made and the titles roll: this is a true story.

The phrase 'true story' in the opening or promotion of a movie is always a negative for me.

Although there can be as much truth in fiction as that which is declared as fact, truth is often far removed from memory or the reporting of events.

YEAR ONE · 9 FEBRUARY

Our Carefully Woven Cloth

Tell me a thing should be approached one way and I will invariably consider why, and whether it is possible to approach differently. This can be exasperating to those who know me, and so I have learned to quieten my nature when in the company of others.

It is not always wise to unpick the cloth others have so carefully woven, yet the curious mind cannot help its need for discovery and clarity.

YEAR ONE · 8 FEBRUARY

EarthSong

I listen to sounds that arise as words do ideas. Words alone and isolated are weak, their strength is in their meeting and meaning.

It is in coming together that value arises, as sounds do in music, light in art, and as communities: of humans, and other living things. The earth is our place of coming together, of voice and song.

YEAR ONE · 7 FEBRUARY

Architecture and Art

Architecture plays a significant role in our state of mind as we move and interact outside and within it.

Architecture is functional and restricted by practical constraint. I do not view architecture as art, despite its sculptural qualities. Art's primary purpose is to express, and examine ideas and/or relationships. Architecture's primary purpose is to host things (people and objects). Architecture is akin to design where a great deal of creativity and aesthetic judgement is used to serve a practical purpose.

YEAR ONE · 6 FEBRUARY

To Be and Being

The commentary ‘To Be, A Human, And Being’ is published at The Rights of Living Things.

This contribution considers all life as subject to rights, whether plant, animal, human, or emerging artificial sentience.

Perhaps our resistance in acknowledging the value of non-human life is that we must act without thinking primarily of our own advantage, but rather of our collective interest.

YEAR ONE · 5 FEBRUARY

The Inner Reach of Art

The arts have the potential to reach inward as they not only reflect those things in us that are clear to others (our outward gaze, our look, our speech and actions in the world), they also appeal to those things we keep hidden, are unaware of, or rarely approach. A short poem written as a line of words:

My skin: of peanut husk, of brown oiled olive wood, the age of old. My inner world: of flight in clear blue sky and shoaling sea, of love for more of life, the crash of citrus wave between the you and me.

YEAR ONE · 4 FEBRUARY

More Than Being Rational

I experience the world in dream and disconnected thought.

At times I try my best to string together ideas that flow from one to the next so that I and others might understand. I call this being 'rational'.

Although I use reason to understand, I come to know with more.

I cannot search with reason why to love, who to love, why I love. Life is felt as much as thought.

YEAR ONE · 3 FEBRUARY

The Art of Sharing

I gaze at art created by children. With the guidance of their teacher the group studies an artist whose work acts as inspiration for their own creative efforts. Once the works are complete, photos are taken of them and shared with others.

The act of sharing is as important in nurturing a love and participation of art, as the creation of it.

I am most at ease when I share as an act of love, rather than as a means to benefit myself.

YEAR ONE · 2 FEBRUARY

The Beauty of the Present

Beauty sustains me. I stand outside my home and look up at the countless dots that prick the night sky. I love that sky. Perhaps its beauty is as much in its difference to daylight, as its quietly changing form and immense scale.

The beauty I enjoy is conditioned by my nature, my culture, and those things I have experienced. Beauty is only found in the present where our lives are forged.

YEAR ONE · 1 FEBRUARY

In Place of Needless Loss

I dedicate a poem to those who lost their lives in the Aegean Sea as they fled the horror of war.

I was moved to write as events are soon and sadly forgotten. Poetry leaves an open door to return.

Words, through their permeating quality, can lead to change. The act of writing is an expression of solidarity, and of hope.

Read In 'Place of Needless Loss'

YEAR ONE · JANUARY

31 JANUARY

Amnesia

We forget easily so our lives are not overwhelmed with joy and sadness from the past.

At times however we try our best not to loose the memories that makes us whole: we keep small somethings of our love, hope, and pain. I keep more than most: a pine cone from a giant redwood, a pebble from a crashing wave, the feather of a songbird.

Those objects, words and art that we hold close become the emblems of our life.

YEAR ONE · 30 JANUARY

Seeking Clarity

One of the great challenges I try my best to meet is to express myself clearly. Most often I fail.

Language is perhaps our most mysterious tool of expression, and my most treasured. Unlike any other medium used to create, language is not defined by its medium. It can be recorded on a surface, presented aurally, visually, or through touch, yet its essential quality, meaning, remains the same.

Through language we build our worlds of one.

YEAR ONE · 29 JANUARY

The Passing Of Our Moment

As the stone washed by river, time will glaze the rough of old.

YEAR ONE · 28 JANUARY

Silence Shared

I am captivated by brief stillness and its companion, silence. Both qualities are so rarely experienced over any length of time as life is commonly known by its movement and sound.

Words in air, on surface, or mind are absent in the sharing of silence. Become wordless.

With someone trusted, loved: be silent, still. Being in the fullness of stillness, of silence for more than one minute in the company of another, is extraordinary. Without saying, be with.

YEAR ONE · 27 JANUARY

Common Purpose

On discovery that tax payments over a ten year period are vastly lower than they should be, a media item appears that highlights the company's 'Cultural Institute' in an effort to soften public attitudes.

Even when related non-profits and corporations are separate legal entities, they come into being for the same purpose: profit.

When together, whether personal or in a group, common purpose is defined by those with most control.

YEAR ONE · 26 JANUARY

Art And Money

A 'fine art' photo of a potato was sold for one million dollars.

In response I share my artwork of a violin made by the hand of Antonio Stradivari.

The value of something is often far removed from its place or price.

Enjoy 'Stradivarius Liberatus': free to view yet never heard

YEAR ONE · 25 JANUARY

My Sense of Self

I cannot contemplate a world without touch, both in its giving and receiving. My next most crucial sense is sight, despite the importance of music in my life. All three senses play a part in beauty and the arts which are vital to me, unlike taste and smell which I could live, reluctantly, without.

Isolation is used as a method of punishment that denies or limits our senses. At a different point for each of us, sensory deprivation crosses the boundary into mistreatment, and worse, torture.

YEAR ONE · 24 JANUARY

Play To Learn And Do

I am not good with written instructions as I do not remember lengthy procedures at all well. I am wired to learn through observation, through listening, and play, three areas that are not at all straight forward to measure or evidence.

Play is my most effective tool, however many mistakenly view play as a counterweight to work, while I view my most serious work as play...

YEAR ONE · 23 JANUARY

The Right to Peaceful Coexistence

I consider the second article of The Rights of Living Things: that peaceful coexistence does not only relate to humans.

The declaration challenges us to respect the importance of all living things, and to act in ways that provides the best chance for life to flourish on our fragile world. Although this requires immense effort and creativity, this also provides us with an opportunity to cultivate our common purpose.

YEAR ONE · 22 JANUARY

Three Things Make One

I have long been fascinated by the way sound, light, and meaning transform one another.

Sound, light, and meaning, move, all at different speeds.

The speed of sound being the most easily felt and understood, and meaning, the most elusive. The speed of light, while very fast, allows the mind to settle, and this pause gives rise to thought.

Together, in words for example, sound, light and meaning combine: the movement of my world.

YEAR ONE · 21 JANUARY

The Why and How of Things · My Inward Gaze

My thirst for more than meets the eye is driven by my need to understand, my yearning to know. You may feel this same thirst not only satisfied by sense or body, but also by the heart and mind.

This cryptic place where I reflect on the why and how of things.

The more I view, my view becomes my more.

The more my inward gaze, the more I burn within to share the more of who and what I find.

YEAR ONE · 20 JANUARY

The Cold Fuels My Mind

With short hours of daylight the weather turns. I am surrounded by the bitter chill and frost of north.

Low temperatures keep me close to home. In the past, especially in the evenings, being inside during the long dark winter meant more time for conversation, reading, and rumination. By the past I mean to say before my days online where I am easily lost with inconsequential distraction.

Now, online, wherever I roam, in every time and season, the silence of my contemplative winters retreat.

YEAR ONE · 19 JANUARY

Social Constraint And My Capacity To Love

I ponder on the nature of inhibition and how the expression of love is often constrained in public.

In a long and warm exchange I witness someone with severe special needs hold, then kiss the hand of a person who helped her. The person who kissed seems far closer to happiness than those who are harnessed by social timidity. Their generosity overcame the hesitancy of love that often confines our interactions. When I restrain myself for the sake of what others may think or judge, I limit my love.

YEAR ONE · 18 JANUARY

Art and Ideas

I frequently come across ideas masquerading as art. All too often this 'art' presents a simple thought that hides behind the rhetoric of a 'personal artistic vision'. In truth these ideas are often no more than undeveloped, embryonic concepts.

Thoughts are the stuff of dreams, and their value is incalculable, but they do not in themselves cross the boundary into becoming or being art...

YEAR ONE · 17 JANUARY

A Line Of Thoughts Each Day · My Every Start

A single line of thoughts is expressed here each day.

After three years I return to what I think of as the start. As with all beginnings it is dependant on a time before. The first of anything requires I know it as new, and to know as new I need to know my past.

What I and you may feel as fresh may be felt by another as familiar.

When making art of any kind, I reuse, I make new. My every start: abundant with what has come before.

YEAR ONE · 16 JANUARY

With Thanks

Thanks: appreciation of, and gratitude for the in/tangible.

Three years and I complete the cycle of these words. I begin, again, yet this start is not the same.

As moments pass they leave their mark upon me.

As I return, to ideas, to beauty, to love, I am new, as you become.

The nature of life and art is its start, its end. My great fortune is to be with, time, and again.

YEAR ONE · 15 JANUARY

Think This Today

· With every word: refine, make clear.

· Record each phrase that settles here with honest voice and heart.

· Present each character that falls upon the page beautifully and with care.

· With thought and art, magnify, intensify, lay bare.

· Make known today my shadow and my light, my world that comes what may.

YEAR ONE · 14 JANUARY

When You And I First Meet

Three years, in this place of thought, a page remained unseen, untouched, despite its easy reach.

In wait for one in five, million, souls. Perhaps it may be you. Year one, year two, year three, and then...

Each day I hide from view those parts of me that long for light. To hide, as much with love or hope, as with the claustrophobic fear that no one shares my view. For few and rare: the curious mind awaits.

Here, hear my voice, speak one word before its end, this day of celebration, when you and I first meet.

YEAR ONE · 13 JANUARY

As Real · As Dream

Dreams are not rational, but real as hope and love...

I know you well as you do I. I live a life with you, away from my awake. And in that life I love, console, find beauty without word, our world of dream. I know you well as you do I my dream.

Dream more than sense can know or thought can understand. As dream in dream we live our lives.

As with night and day, there is the dawn and dusk, when dream and waking life in moments touch.

YEAR ONE · 12 JANUARY

Brief Pleasure and the Loneliness of Night

Some say humans exploit almost exclusively for their own benefit. Their self-interest and desires drive them individually, in groups, and as nations. It is said self-interest leads to innovation, and competition, to improvement. Some believe personal relationships are defined by what will be to their advantage.

When I act this way I am neither happy nor content. When I do or make for myself I am not sustained.

Pleasure, no matter how intense, is brief. Life is long. Kindness calms my loneliness, and love, my night.

YEAR ONE · 11 JANUARY

I Turn Away

You have travelled from across the sea. We meet. I have not seen you for some time. You are beautiful, yet remind me of my mother who has just died after her battle with despair. I am unsettled and keep this to myself. You tell me of the dark forces that have raged within you and ask we start over. I say that I cannot, but not why. We part. I turn away. I think of you each day and how I could have loved far more.

Forty years pass and still I think of you. Romance is but a single grain upon the shore of love.

YEAR ONE · 10 JANUARY

Art Is Human

Art is made with the need to express. When everyday communication does not adequately convey what I feel, think, or sense, art's interpretative nature provides opportunities for people with different experiences, feelings, and thoughts to approach. Without art I stand apart: I am not whole.

If you feel something deeply, as important, write a poem. Take an hour, a day, a week, take time.

Powerful affecting art can be made by anyone, although some would have you think otherwise.

YEAR ONE · 9 JANUARY

The Nature of Things

Damaging something so large as the earth takes a great deal of persistent harm and neglect.

Human short-sightedness defines our relationship with the earth. To live well I must counter my preference for short term gain, my instinct to merely survive the day, individually, and collectively.

Small things matter. A single bee has little impact on the world, and yet together, bees pollinate the crops that human's eat, and without them, we die. I easily forget the nature of my strength to act.

YEAR ONE · 8 JANUARY

More

I am lost for words, struck down by heavy hand on street, floored from the daze of disbelief that hate, hurt and insult become so common place, that anger at our differences in mind and body break and set us each apart, with shout, with chant and bitterness, laid bare the danger of this day.

My fight and strength is more than fear and pain can crush. More than threat, enmity or rage.

With kindness quell the brute, disarm, with love expel.

YEAR ONE · 7 JANUARY

My Intellect, Instinct, and Being With

Before I do or do not, two forces act within me: the first derives from my intuition and instinct, the second from my understanding and reason. Put simply: I struggle to reconcile my head and heart.

Take choosing words. My first call to write arises from feeling. Once I have something on the page I spend my time trying to understand what it is and how I have come to feel. Both forces pull, push, and interact. The same is true when choosing light or sound in art and music, and when being with.

YEAR ONE · 6 JANUARY

Light · Love · Time · Place

Light is a moment I uncover over time, in time, with time.

Light moves quickly but its speed is bound by time and gravity. Speed is bound by time and gravity.

To move from one place to another requires a body. I think of a momentary pinprick of light. The smallest something with substance I can imagine. Even this is bound by and exists in time.

Not bound by time, without body, that moves freely: love. I love those near and far in time and place.

YEAR ONE · 5 JANUARY

Technology and Silence

Although I use technology to create and publish light, sound, and ideas, my digital is not my analogue.

Each day I live, at least in part, without a trace of the digital world. It is in this silence from screen and speaker that I have the chance to sense most in myself, with others, and the nature of the world.

When I am still I have the chance to listen, and when silent, the chance to think. During my time away from technology I feel without restraint, I am not led, nor binary. I am free to be. Human.

YEAR ONE · 4 JANUARY

What I Will Become

Humans are expert exploiters. To live we make use of the land, air, and living things.

We take advantage of resources for our need, desire, and personal gain. We exploit natural, psychological, private, public, technological, cultural, and synthetic resources.

Work continues on the harvesting of human organs grown in animals. I am an animal.

To live well I must respect the land, air, and living things. What I take and give is what I will become.

YEAR ONE · 3 JANUARY

Eternal Life · A Thousand Years

My breath rises, falls, rests, then rises once again. As long as I live, movement is my companion.

I think of the prospect of never dying, of being able to experience and consider without end.

Love is known by being with. All those I love would pass away. All pleasure, pain, happiness and fear.

The passing of beauty and the certainty of loss would be no different. I would come to be alone.

Let me start with a thousand years, no more. The oldest trees can live five times as long.

YEAR ONE · 2 JANUARY

Beginning

I start work to end.

As with much of my work Think This Today is cyclical, and soon, I approach its beginning. As I become increasingly aware of this, my view of what I do here changes. I ponder on its value, and approach each thought in a different light.

Three years is time enough to return and make new, both in receiving, and giving.

YEAR ONE · 1 JANUARY

Liberty and Innocence

Liberty: being free to live without fear, risk of harm, or repression.

Freedom: to act and think without restraint in mind and body.

Innocence: freedom from guilt, real or imagined.

Liberty is a principle that may be upheld in society. Freedom is apparent through personal experience.

Liberty can only be enjoyed with freedom and the presumption of innocence.

WITH AND ALONE

With And Alone

Art
Beauty
Fragility
Happiness
Hope
Human Relationships
Identity
Language
Loss
Love
Making
Money
Music
Mystery
Nature
Peace
Place
Poetry
Politics and Power
Sadness
The Future Now
The Good Life
Time
Within

Art

Art and Simplicity

The beauty of things of significance made for the eye, ear, and hand, is that not only do they appeal to my intellect, they touch my heart. The length of a word, the shape of a phrase, its tone and colour intermingles with what is meant, intended, or thought to mean.

Beauty in art is a union of things I feel and think. As kindness is to love, beauty is most powerfully expressed simply, as when things are known and felt like the words: the warmth of sun on skin.

The Freedom To Move

The value of my sharing moments of joy and sadness is that in doing so they may reach beyond the confines of this person and resonate with others. With you. What is experienced is no longer of the moment, although there is no certainty of this. I think of art like the strings of an instrument. As one string moves, so others do in sympathy, yet something may dampen a string, by accident or intent.

Art works best for those open, that are, allow, or delight in their freedom to move with another.

Emotion and Art

Emotion: a personal and intimate quality of experience that living things encounter, resulting from internal thoughts, physical change, external stimulus, or periods of confinement or inaction.

My emotional response is intense, although I often keep it hidden when with others, especially love.

I value emotion as a summary of my past experience and understanding of myself and others in the light of what is happening in my present. When alone, I focus my emotion as a tool I use when making.

From One Place To Another

Originators create something whole from scratch. Once something is made, whenever it is experienced, its use, its purpose, its value and interpretation is in the hands and minds of others. With art this is especially so as we are invited to consider all these things. Some dedicate their life to interpretation: actors, dancers, musicians, or any person who moulds original art and presents it as new.

These words that once erupted from my mind become your own: my time and place is now.

Art and Age

My age or time of making may be of no importance to some, and of significance to others.

Age provides context. With art, disclosing age can influence the relationship between the audience and originator. Dependent on cultural values and personal attitudes, art made by a child may not be viewed of with the same importance as that made by an adult, yet art holds value, despite, and because of age.

As I gaze at a cave painting, its age informs its consequence, its creator's age, an irresistible mystery.

Harmony · Consonance and Dissonance

Harmony: something experienced as being together. Harmony may be consonant or dissonant.

Dissonance: the discomfort or clash of two or more ideas, materials, or frequencies of light or sound.

When I place two elements close in time or place, for example two colours, two sounds, or two words, a vibration arises between them. We feel this on a scale from beautiful to ugly.

The difference of each individual's experience of art, in all its forms, keeps it vital, dynamic, alive.

Hide and Seek

The game hide and seek is a rehearsal for survival. It requires I move quickly, conceal myself, keep still and quiet, and when seeking, observe, track and ready myself for surprise.

To get the most out of a painting, a piece of music, a film, photograph or poem, my mind needs to be agile. I pause then search to find an artwork's often enigmatic value. Art provides the means to hide and seek: beauty; ideas; and relationships between things of substance, between you and me.

The Shape Of Art

Art is important to me as it gives chance to express, share, enjoy, and consider.

Take this short poem: Your voice: my dream as certain truth, as hope the captive's breath.

These brief words arose from my vivid experience of the sound of a voice I love and have heard many times in dream but never in my waking state. My words are changed by my truth in mind.

Truth in art is explicitly shaped by the person experiencing it, and less obviously with all other things.

Friendship And The Sadness Of Art

In hope I share the art I see, hear, touch, and seek to understand. I long for such affinity.

I use the word share here to mean an equivalence of enthusiasm and an intensity of experience.

When I am moved by art, most often I hold my feelings close, I hide my moments of significance from the world. There are others in a gallery or concert hall who likely do the same.

The sadness of art arises most when experienced alone, especially in the presence of others.

A Concept Is Not Art

Something conceived of in the mind alone is not art.

An image is shredded at the point it is sold: the artist makes a political statement, a commentary about the value of art and its marketplace. Some consider the art is transformed by the act of destruction and claim it as performance art. Others, including the artist, assert its transition, its new context with a new name and new identity. I think people often confuse ideas about art, which I hold dear, as art.

Accidental Art

You may think my craft is always purposeful, considered, when it is often full with happy accident.

Take a scene in a movie. The actor's face, their gesture, their very being brings a unique force that supplements the broader text. No matter what is written, what is said, how it is directed, shot, what sound and music is heard, what light falls, the actor's inherent nature is fundamental to the scene. The same is true of art, music, and words. The originator makes with innate, accidental qualities.

A Chance Of Return

During or following many of my interactions I turn things over in my mind in an effort to make sense of them. Much of art's enjoyment is to see and ponder it from different places. Not just from a sensory perspective, but also for its meaning, and what it may stand for, or make me think of.

I make in the hope others might come to share. Perhaps not immediately, but in time, art offers the chance of return. Today, tomorrow, or in a distant future far from this present place.

True Art

I experience art most powerfully when I sense its authenticity. That is, when I feel and think something has been expressed and conveyed honestly. This is perhaps why, when I see, understand, hear, or touch something that is not perfectly made, a work of art can maintain its integrity and appeal.

Take a painting by a child that reveals their happiness, beautifully. Such a painting is of no less value or insight to that of mine expressing my joy. When art works we sense its truth.

The Still Image

When I view a still image, a photograph, I find myself in a world of silence and thought.

No matter what the subject, a chair for example, my eyes dart across the image, my mind wonders from one experience of light or its absence to the next, from one idea or story to another.

I think of an empty chair in a small white room. No matter how carefully and with how many words I describe the scene I do not capture the elegance of experience that is my gazing of a single still image.

Captive Art

Unlike drama, the narratives of visual art and music are fluid and wildly interpretive. Dramatic stories unfold more easily, more rationally, even when time is fragmented or reordered.

For the moment of its being, language as art must transform and not just inform, represent, or tell. The poem becomes for its moment in mind, the beauty felt, the harm caused, the love shown.

When I see, hear, or touch art that works well for me, I am in a state of complete captivation.

Where Art Comes From

Art is more than craft, the skill of making. Art moves my heart and mind further than the function of an object or the utility of an idea. Art is the agent of beauty, represents, investigates, explores. Art works well when it forges significant connections: physically, psychologically, emotionally, cerebrally.

I am satisfied by an artwork when it becomes clear I still have much to uncover through experiencing it.

Art arises from within: my dreams, love, joy, hope, anger, fear, and my need to know these things.

The Same and New

When I gain pleasure from something and the pleasure ends, I want it to begin again. The pleasure may be of my senses or the mind, of touch or idea. I easily forget that each moment is unique, and that no matter the intensity of my first experience, the second of the same is tempered by the first.

With art on each return I am enriched. A painting, a piece of music, a poem. Art is not passive, it is active. Like being with someone I love, each moment is an exploration. It is at once the same and new.

Small and Big · Short and Long · Simple and Complex

There is a tendency to suppose that art has greater depth when it is large, long, and complex. The novel is often taken more seriously by the critic than a short poem, the oil painting, more important than a watercolour by the academy, the symphony more significant than a short piece for a solo instrument.

Humans are impressed by the time something takes, its scale, and intricacy, yet these have little to do with meaning or aesthetic value. Small can be beautiful, short: profound, and simple: enduring.

The Cumulative Effect of Experiencing Art

I think of paintings by Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn, of music by Béla Viktor János Bartók, and of words by Adeline Virginia Woolf. All three produced powerful works of art, yet how much did their art lead to change in me? Have I acted any differently because I experienced their creative work?

Art, like any non-traumatic experience, causes me to act because of its cumulative effect. The more beauty I behold, the more time I consider, the more I come to value, the more I seek to protect.

A Common Land

When art is known by many, a painting, song, or poem for example, I not only experience it emotionally and intellectually, I respond to it socially.

When a work of art I enjoy is embraced by others I become all the more immersed in it.

That others feel as I feel brings me together with them, holds me with them, if only for a short time.

Art in all its forms gives opportunity to share its common land.

Untitled

Many artworks are named 'Untitled' by the artist in an effort to let the artwork 'speak for itself'. With this view a title contaminates and interrupts the experience. Titles for art and music began to be used with the advent of museums, galleries, concert halls, and the common ownership of artworks.

The naming of something is important. The word 'Untitled' identifies the work through a side door, and informs me that considered thought is likely not its strength, intention, nor consequence.

Experiencing Art

I walk into a gallery with many works of art. Some connect with me and many do not. Most have text with the name of the originator, the date it was made, and ways to comprehend it. I ignore this text until I stand for a while in front of the work to take it in. The text can inform me of another's viewpoint and context, but it does not change the way I feel about it. I ponder on why I like or dislike this work.

Art's strength is that my experience of it is of no more importance nor significance to another's.

One Tiny Change · Art Becomes

Something is art, dance, story, poetry or music when I feel and think it so. I, you, we, make art into being.

Take these words, a single line poem: I dream two love.

That these words are intriguing does not define them as poetry. It is the word 'two' that changes what would otherwise seem a simple statement into something more, something of significance that can be returned to and pondered on. That a single letter may change something into art is wondrous.

The Elements of Art

I am endlessly fascinated and often moved by the making of something new when two things come together. I place a single dot in the middle of a square piece of paper, and I am struck by its stillness, its isolation, its loneliness. The moment another dot is placed on the surface something magical occurs: a relationship is expressed together and with that of the paper. Two dots and the paper become one. The same for light is true of sounds, words, and people. I am. We become.

Explaining Art

Language is often used to inform an audience of the intent, meaning, and value of a work of art.

Language may be used as the medium or integral element of the work, for example, a poem, or title.

Language is used to analyse, discuss and criticize a work of art.

The artist's and critic's words associated with art may not be consistent with the experience of it.

Explaining art belies its fundamental nature which is to experience it, and in this, we like it, or we do not.

Art and Time

Art in all its forms is experienced in the moment of time we call now.

Art can string moments together to form its whole: music, dance, drama, all performance art.

Art that requires time to be discovered: painting, sculpture, poems, photography, all recorded art.

Art allows me to revisit my feelings and thoughts of love, fear, happiness and hurt which have happened yet remain, persist. Art is the interplay between those things I am, have been, and may become.

Art and the Tenacity of Freedom

Art is interpretive. For many, its ambiguity is unsettling and unsatisfying. In contrast, an area like science appears to provide answers and facts, and through its arguments and certainty, encourages a sense of confidence. Art has no scientific method and can be created by people of all ages and from any place and social or economic background. Good art moves the heart and mind no matter who makes it.

Art's ambivalence and freedom can be used against the confining forces of greed, tyranny and power.

Art As Concept · The Misnomer of Conceptual Art

A concept is a thought that acts as a foundation for the development of ideas.

An example of a concept: freedom. Not the word, but the idea. Freedom is the bedrock for thoughts and experiences about power, control, hope, despair, and other avenues of considered exploration.

Art may stimulate ideas, and perhaps this is the basis for some to mistakenly view concepts as art.

Marcel Duchamp's Fountain provokes consideration of what art is. It is object as concept, not art.

Consensus and The Limitations of Great Art

What makes great art? What great art have I experienced? Ask yourself. Pick a work.

Great Art: something made that significantly moves the mind and heart.

As my mind and heart is different to yours, great art to me will be different than to you.

Many may say (a friend, critic, academic, institution, cultural norm) that a piece of music written by a well known composer is excellent. It may not be if it fails to move my mind and heart…

Instinct, Thought, and Articulation

Some artists say little about their work: "art should stand on its own two feet, it is what it is".
Take music, an abstract art form. I hear it, I like or I do not. My experience is aesthetic. Listening to someone talk about it may extend my appreciation, but rarely changes my level of engagement.

I think of a poem, an art form that invites understanding: about an individual, many, a place, or ideas.

When the originator does not comment, their art is more likely made by instinct than by thought.

An Idea Is Not Art

An idea is abstract and has no physical existence. An idea may be simple or complex and can include imagined sensations experienced by the body. To have an idea I must be conscious, self aware.

Thought: a string of ideas that often leads somewhere.

Art: something created that holds special significance.

Art is more than an idea. Art is more than thought alone. If I say a thing is art it does not make it so.

The Mood of My Leaving

My discussion with an editor I disagree with appears to be drawing to a close. I have tried my best to persuade them of my position, however it seems at this stage I have failed.

I ponder on what to do when someone is resistant to an exchange of opinions. Without meaningful response a conversation halts. The audience turns away, closes their eyes, and covers their ears.

With art there is always the possibility of return, no matter the mood of my leaving.

The Shortlist

An image I created is on the shortlist for The Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. The RA has presented this annual exhibition that invites submissions from anyone and everywhere since 1769.

It is curious that association with a place can change the perceived significance or status of a work of art. The piece chosen is no different than it was before its selection, and yet others think it so.

Art is judged so often on a whim, or through association, despite the artist's wish or truth of things.

My Indispensable Tool of Survival

I talk of art more than any other area of human activity because it has the capacity to bring people together, irrespective of their age, gender, cultural practices, politics, and religious beliefs.

I view art as essential in my journey to understand others, and the appreciation of those things within and outside of me. Art is my most significant means of sharing and is aligned with love.

In common with love, art is often exploited personally, competitively, commercially, and for status.

Sensed, Significant, Expressive, and Worthy of Attention

If art is the movement from the mind to something sensed and significant, is literature art? Yes, but not always. The same is true for painting, film, photography, ceramics, and music. At times these things are made exclusively to persuade, inform, emote, to be practically useful, decorative, or to entertain.

I spontaneously hum a short tune. I create music, but not art. It is possible for this to become art through its development, repetition or placement. I can make art, but art is not everything I make.

The Idea of Art

Art is more than an idea. At times art has no idea. An idea is something that only exists in the mind.

Some artists have an idea and present this as if it is art. For example, the following phrase could hang suspended from a ceiling in a gallery: IS THIS ART? Perhaps for some, for others, no.

Asserting something is art does not make it so. If it did, everything could be art, and art would be of no importance. Art is the movement from the mind to something sensed and significant.

The Oldest Art

Pigment on shells for a necklace made by Neanderthals has been dated to 115,000 years ago. Paintings in a cave in Maltravieso, western Spain are 65,000 years old. Prior to these discoveries, Neanderthals were thought not to have created art. Homo sapiens no longer stand alone in this.

The need to express visually and the appreciation of beauty is ancient, primal.

Art connects me with my ancestors, those living, and those to come. Art's flow is far and wide.

A Critical Eye

I voice my opinion about art in its various forms. I am not paid to do so, nor do my words appear in a distinguished publication. That I also make with light, sound and words may be enough to bolster interest in what I say. I think about the experience of art, and the nature of art and artists.

Much of what I say is open to a range of readings. I may use poetic language to make my point.

The critic asserts their analysis and judgement. At all times be sceptical. Interrogate my thoughts…

The Open Sky and Boundless Sea

Art, in all its forms, offers places to meet in mind and body.

Unlike politics or religion, both personal and social, art invites different points of view. Although art may be political or spiritual, it is a context that is home to all ways of being, and in this it is unique. Whether I am strong or weak, with or alone, art brings me close to the fingerprints of life.

Art, the open sky and boundless sea.

The Inkblot That Is Art

Representational Art: the products of creative activity that stand for something experienced, or for ideas. For example, narrative literature, theatre and film, portraiture, landscape painting/photography.

Abstract Art: the products of creative activity that are non representational. For example, music, painting and dance whose enrichment is through its movement, form, tone, texture, and colour.

Art is most often both, as an ink blot spreads its reach, animating thought and imagination.

Lavender and Rosemary

Alive as bitter winter bites, on a small plot of land for care and cultivation, you find in flower, with scent and love: lavender and rosemary. Despite the cold, the northern light is strong. You make, then send the image of a dark blue paper print that holds their form, that you will further tend and forge as art.

Fragrant, evergreen, healing needled leaves of old, purple-blue, culinary herb, ameliorating oil.

Art is not merely the safekeeping of experience, it is its transformation.

Art and Action

Does art make me act? Without doubt in its making, cumulatively in its receiving.

The same work of art may move me to action over many years, yet have no affect at all on another. Art is hit and miss, relies on its resonance to affect, and may or may not aspire to, or do good. It is limited, but the best tool I know to reach across the boundaries of race, gender, culture, politics, and religion.

Can art help protect the environment? Reduce conflict? Champion love? For some, just a little.

Fragments · Making · Art

Art of any kind is made from fragments. Small incomplete pieces: of light, sound, movement, memory, shape, something touched or thought.

Art happens in place or time and sometimes both. With painting it is a place for there is no painting without this. With music it is time for there is no music without this. With a movie it is both.

Making art brings together or presents fragments of my experience and ideas with care for its form.

Why I Talk of Art

Art is an area of experience and action not specific to a particular political or religious point of view, yet of value politically and spiritually. Art in all its forms is not bound, but free. Art is neither good nor bad. It is open in its making and receiving. It is a means to give and take. Art does not require faith, but may be an expression of faith. Art does not require love, but can be a declaration of love. Art is not beauty, but a manifestation of it. Art is where experiences are shared and differences collide, peacefully.

Art and Adversity

When I face difficulty, when I loose something, when I yearn, am threatened or hurt, my need of and drive to make art thrives. Art becomes my sanctuary, a refuge from those things that may otherwise overwhelm. Although I love art most when experiencing it with others, I cherish it alone.

Art, whether made by myself or by someone else, exists outside of me. Its expression, beauty, challenge and meaning brings perspective. Art frees me from the chains of my unease.

Obsession and The Artist

Art is made often and over time by those who become utterly absorbed by an idea or thought.

Everyone has the capacity to make. It is not talent, skill, or knowledge that keeps the artist on the creative path, but obsession. The persistent preoccupation with an experience, a point of view, a person or place that returns in the mind over and over.

Art is a means to immerse and explore that which means most personally.

The Need For Art

I ponder on the phrase 'my need for art' which seems to carry greater significance than 'my need of art'. If I exchange 'my' for 'the' and use 'the need for art', the phrase moves from the personal sphere to a more general declaration. Now it is not only I that need but all who comprehend the phrase. 'The need for art' becomes a statement of principle rather than an account of an individual's experience.

Art is the essential meeting place of the senses where observations, expressions, and ideas are shared.

Art and Feeling

Before the act of making art comes feeling.

The stronger my emotion, the more I make. I probe the vague and irrational through my making, those things undeniable yet difficult to express. I understand the artist as an explorer propelled by their inner world in search of affinity. Feelings are personal, fugitive. They move me to action, sometimes to my cost, sometimes to my gain. Without feeling I would be lost as would my art.

Photography As Art

Visual Art: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression appreciated by sight.

Photography: the act of taking a picture with the aid of a device that records light, with particular care given to composition and creative transformation of the image.

I view photography as art, however few images taken by a camera result in art. Being beautiful, powerful, or captured, does not make a thing art. Art arises through creative intent and honest effort.

Art, Action, and Change

I wonder whether art leads to anything more than ephemeral change.

In night and dream I wake. I am the Persian blue with flowered form I gaze, a morning past, the sound of bugle call, the touch of word from field of war one hundred years before.

Although my attention on art is brief in all my day, it moves my heart and mind, it plays on me. The more I return to it, either through purpose or accident, the greater its lasting impact on how I act, will act.

The Longer I Gaze, The Greater My Difference

A small square watercolour of a tiny bird sits on my desk. Despite its stillness, I am struck by how this image of a wren is enough to capture its spirit, especially as I am drawn to its movement and song.

As I see a painting I am made different. The longer I gaze, the greater my difference.

I think and feel my way to a new place as the wren becomes far more than paper and pigment.

Art is not my luxury, it is the air I breathe, my food, my drink, my anchor, word, and memory.

The Quality of Art

Large, complex, lengthy works of art often carry more status than small, uncomplicated, short artistic works. The novel is considered more significant than a short story. The symphony, more weighty than a song. An oil painting, more noteworthy than a watercolour. If value is thought of separately to an artwork's monetary price, the time and effort something takes to make is of less importance.

The quality of art is not defined by its size, medium or duration, but by its ability to provoke.

Land, Sea, and Sky

Art provides a place to pause. A chance to catch my breath.

All land, all sea, all sky is here, beyond me and within....

I gaze at the soft golden sand, the arc of incoming water, the distant shifting shape of cloud.

My small concerns meld into the larger picture.

I find a place to love and share. What more is there to life?

What Art Can and Cannot Do

Art can form a bridge or build a wall, melt my heart or leave me cold, show my best or reveal my worst, help me see or keep me blind.

Art cannot make me act, nor change.

What art can and cannot do is what I make of it.

Art Alone And Together

Every thought, every feeling is seated in the mind.

Art begins its journey to the wide open spaces of the world from the mind.

At times ideas forge arts' expression. At others, ideas play little part of its coming into being.

Art is made and experienced by one, or many. Art is at once private and public. I breathe art in, full breath, alone, and at best with others: the good, bad, useless, fruitful, strong and weak of art.

Art as Companion

I spend time and journey with art. Whether music, dance, the visual arts, sculpture, literature, theatre, film, or photography, art is my constant companion, my home of give and take.

With art I experience the expression of others and express myself. I have the chance to show and touch something of significance. When alone with art I feel less by myself. When sharing art in person, when I am with another and with art, I feel most at ease, as equal, and most with.

An Act of Art

I make something when my feelings run high. For me, an act of art is directly aligned with something of personal or societal significance. I cannot make unless I feel. This is especially true for music.

An act of art seeks to hold my response, both emotional and reasoned. It is my resistance to loss. The means to share. The closest thing to touch, my deepest need.

Acts of art may not lead to change, but their effort is testament of the desire and will to do so.

Art As Memory

When I feel at risk I often focus on those things that feed my insecurity. The same is true for groups as for myself. If someone acts against me, or seems to oppose me, I will inflate their smallest action that supports my view, past and present. I can all too easily think a person is bad, a people, wrong.

With any group of humans there is art, music, dance. As I gaze upon the art of a person or a people, art becomes my memory, the footprint of their life, their lives. Art shifts my position of hostility.

Proof and Art

When I see art or read words my immediate response is to the work itself. I feel first, then think. After I experience art and words that connect with me, I search for more by the same originator and uncover their story. What I find can change my feelings and judgements about the work.

The strength of what is said may swell or lesson with the knowledge of who says it.

With art, proof or its absence is magnified.

The Art of Leaving Out

Art is not a scholarly text crafted to provide an unambiguous investigation, explanation, research, or argument about a particular field of interest. Art leaves things out and is often perplexing, enigmatic.

For those who prefer the unequivocal, art can seem deficient. My previous thought ends: 'When with, I search no more'. With whom? In search of what? Some bolt at the very hint of poetry. Others enjoy the disordered journey of the heart and mind that art evokes. Art takes effort. Art takes time.

Art At Arm's-Length

Art has the quality of presenting intimate experiences at arm's length.

For the audience, art provides a way to discover without risk. For the artist, art gives choice of what, how, and when to reveal.

People are careful about how close they get, how much they talk and touch. For some who are alone, art provides a path that makes real in mind and heart the world of others.

The Point of Art

My son asked whether I view art as a means of exchanging knowledge.

In my desire to understand I search for ways to put things simply. It has taken a day to consider my response which I think is as true for art created by one person as by many.

I view art as a means of connecting one world with another. I prefer this to it being considered 'a means of exchange'. My experience of art is more than the acquisition of facts, information and skills.

Conceptual Art

I imagine myself in a room where I see nothing but a single colour. There are no objects in the room which is lit completely evenly: the colour is without gradation or shadow of any kind. I hear no sound. I see no floor, walls, nor ceiling. At first I experience this in my mind's eye as an uncomfortable beauty, before growing increasingly unsettled. If you decide on the colour, do you become the artist?

This is my wish: this idea is not art. An Idea may conceive an artwork, but thinking does not make it so.

Mathematics and Art

Composition, movement, colour, form and sound can in part be revealed through mathematics.

One of art's essential characteristics is that it is an expression, a conscious and proclaimed utterance.

A work of art requires an audience, whereas mathematics (ideas about number, quantity, and space), does not.

The Invitation

Artists bolster their egos by showing their work here and there. Perhaps I am foolish to pass on the notoriety and chance to increase my arts' social status, price, and cultural impact by presenting my work in galleries in Milan and Venice, two cities of cultural significance. It becomes clear however there will be little thought given to the curation of my work in these exhibitions, and so I decline.

Those things I value most in art: its ability to make us feel and think, is untouched by reputation.

The Box

I have used physical and digital materials to create music, images, and words for over forty years. I create, compose and perform 'in the box' (a computer). I decide what, how, and when sound, light, and words are used with software, recordings of acoustic instruments (sample libraries), and keyboards. The box provides affordable and effective tools and services to create and disseminate my work.

Art’s power and meaning is not confined, whether created outside or inside the box.

Life Into Art

I wrote poetry, painted, and composed as a child. Whether these creations were any good in the eyes of others was of no concern. Perhaps this was in part as a result of my being fostered from the age of one and a half. I had no say over who cared for me, and not the slightest idea why my life was so precarious, but through art I had the means to find my voice in the chaos.

Art is personal. Its function is to discover and express. Its purpose is to be absorbed and to absorb.

Art I Do Not Like

The Turner Prize is an annual event presented to a British visual artist under the age of fifty.

Thankfully, I will never win.

The art often follows the marriage of dubious thought and poor expression. Members of the public are left bemused as art commentators present their banal interpretations along with forty thousand pounds of prize money, extended news coverage, and certain notoriety.

The Craft of Art

Craft: the practice of making hand made objects. A skill of the mind.

Crafts people are not viewed of having the same cultural or social status as artists.

Although crafts have an aesthetic quality, their products are functional rather than revealing. In the past the word craft was broader and encompassed art, science, talent, might and power. I view the care and skill of the artist (their craft) in equal measure to their ideas and expression.

What Art Is - What Art Is Not

Art contains special significance related to beauty or its opposite, expression, and the communication of ideas in a symbolic context. Art is purposeful.

Art is not a landscape. It is not solely an experience, nor only an idea. Art does not come into being because of its placement, nor through someone's assertion of its existence.

At its best, art reaches our hearts and minds with the same force and in the same breath.

The Art Prize

It is ironic that the winner of a Nobel Prize for Literature is so inarticulate in his acceptance of it.

At the age of nine I played the piano in a music festival in my home town. To my sadness people seemed more interested in the status of those playing, rather than the music that was made. From that time I have been opposed to any form of competition in the arts. Experiencing art is profoundly personal and its value is not defined by winners or loosers, but by its beauty, message and power.

The Now In Art As Present

The news, on radio, TV and online, is defined by its relevancy to us today. We ask ourselves are we at risk? How will this affect me or my group? Will this make my life easier, or harder? What should I be as a result of what is shown? We often need the now of news before we act.

With art I stand back from the moment. The now in art is present as a gift of the past and future.

Turning Away From The History of Art

Art History is no longer offered as an A Level examination in the UK. Although Art History was studied by fewer than a thousand students at A Level each year, those students shared their views and knowledge about art and culture with many more. I believe the history of art should be available as a subject for all to study. Thinking about how others experience and express the world contributes to greater tolerance and understanding, which in turn gives rise and greater chance of peace.

Our Ease of Moving On

Shortly after an enormous loss of life our attention is distracted elsewhere.

I return to a painting or piece of music primarily because of its appeal to my senses. I revisit a story because of its dramatic content and the way it is told. Once I return I am reminded of people, places and events that I might otherwise loose sight of. Art and objects bring us back to those things of greatest importance, despite our ease of moving on.

Trust and Art

My first concern is for my survival, my second is for personal gain, whether emotional or practical.

When I trust I increase the risk of being disadvantaged in some way. The benefit of trust is that it provides opportunities to share and grow. When art is owned, trust in its significance can be undermined or overstated by its monitory value. When I buy or sell, trust is uncertain.

Art that is free to experience does not require trust. Art that is free to experience nurtures trust.

Before We Take

A great many things are beautiful, rhythmic, dynamic, yet do not demand our gaze beyond the moment of their presence. We have grown used to the short view. We see and hear with the attention of a honey bee - we collect as much as we can, as quickly as we can, then move on in search of satisfaction.

Art at its best, at least for me, appeals to the heart and mind. Good art demands we wait, and that we think before and while we take.

Art, Action, and Happening

I make to move others to thought, emotion, and action.

Someone may listen, look, or think, but rarely will art, music, or words achieve lasting impact. Most often when experiencing art something will happen for a short time inside the person, yet have little or no impact outside their inner world.

The point of any art-form is to cause something to happen. The more that happens, the greater the art.

Contemplation in Art

As I ponder further on the reasons for rarely representing people in my visual art I think about the difference in nature between words, music, and light. Music makes most people feel more than think. Words do both. Visual art is interpretive and appeals to our sense of beauty. In a work of art, when a human is placed in isolation or with others, all our mental energies focus upon their relationship/s with objects, landscape and others. When people are absent in works of art we consider the wider world.

Making: An Act of Resistance

During times of cruelty and confusion a piece of music, a painting or a poem can take us to a better place. Those things we build give shelter.

Art can be our sight of dawn, the touch of wave against our skin, the sound of skylark high above. Art has the capacity to bring pause and comfort to our unrest, and it is this that gives reason to persist in its making.

First, Second and Third

Three reasons why the arts are important to me:

1. Art is an expression of love. Love of people, place, and living things.

2. Art leads to change. A Change of heart, action, or intent.

3. Art is the treasury of our best and worst.

The Staircase

'The Staircase' as narrative, cypher, mystery.

The staircase: a place both private and social, of going, of coming, of transit.

With art we step with each emerging thought.

Forgetfulness

I cannot imagine the sadness that families and loved ones experience. So many die needlessly in their search for a better life.

Our ability to recover from trauma may also be at the root of how we so easily ignore or place those most difficult things to the back of our minds. One of the most important roles of art, music and literature is to keep us from so easily forgetting…

The Portrait

There is an intensity and ambiguity to the close encounter of a portrait that leaves me with a palpable experience of a person. I feel their presence as I approach and gather in the work. Although people are often central in my words and music, the visual representation of a human is the most intimate creative act of trust, thought, and respect. Portraits touch upon and share life's outer surface, and inner world.

Age and the Artist

I view the artistic expression of a child as equally significant as that of a person who has reached their centenary. We all have the potential to express ourselves with movement, sound, light, and word.

Art is not defined as a public object of importance. Art requires no more than to be a creative expression of special significance that is experienced. Art may be recorded in some way, or performed.

You can be any age and produce art that connects, moves, and enriches.

The Euclidean Plane

I ponder on the idea of the flat two dimensional plane.

The Euclidean Plane is an idea. It does not exist as an experienced place. It is an area of width and length, but with no height at all, none.

Art sets the mind at play to explore a place both curious and beautiful.

Art For All

My creative output is disciplined by my desire to ensure my work is equally accessible to people of any age, culture, faith, or circumstance.

Art confined by economic access limits its scope and ambition.

The imaginative challenges and rewards that flow from creative restraint gives rise to greater opportunities that encourage positive change.

Accessibility and Art

It is important for me that people have the same access to those things I make no matter their age, gender, their ability in mind and body, where they live, their economic circumstance, or what they believe. I make for those who experience the world as I, as much as for those who do not. For those who share my values, and those who feel contempt for them.

I make for the chance for anyone to meet my world as they experience, act, and think in theirs.

Our Greatest Strength

Art is my place of creative discovery.

The open and free exchange of ideas and art provides the most freedom to flourish.

When I restrict what I give, and this sometimes seems necessary in a world where money is the dominant means of exchange, I dilute the force and reach of what I offer.

My greatest strength comes from giving, far more so than from those things that I receive.

Architecture and Art

Architecture plays a significant role in our state of mind as we move and interact outside and within it.

Architecture is functional and restricted by practical constraint. I do not view architecture as art, despite its sculptural qualities. Art's primary purpose is to express, and examine ideas and/or relationships. Architecture's primary purpose is to host things (people and objects). Architecture is akin to design where a great deal of creativity and aesthetic judgement is used to serve a practical purpose.

The Inner Reach of Art

The arts have the potential to reach inward as they not only reflect those things in us that are clear to others (our outward gaze, our look, our speech and actions in the world), they also appeal to those things we keep hidden, are unaware of, or rarely approach. A short poem written as a line of words:

My skin: of peanut husk, of brown oiled olive wood, the age of old. My inner world: of flight in clear blue sky and shoaling sea, of love for more of life, the crash of citrus wave between the you and me.

Rain and Aspen Through My Window Pain

Without a title, a painting, a piece of music, a poem, is experienced differently.

With a title, what I see or hear is coloured by the words I read and understand. In this way, I do not view my work as 'paintings' or 'music'. I view all artworks with titles as more than the light or sound they reflect or transmit. They are also a means to exchange ideas as well as expressions of form, composition, colour, and texture. Beauty is only half the story of art...

Art and Ideas

I frequently come across ideas masquerading as art. All too often this 'art' presents a simple thought that hides behind the rhetoric of a 'personal artistic vision'. In truth these ideas are often no more than undeveloped, embryonic concepts.

Thoughts are the stuff of dreams, and their value is incalculable, but they do not in themselves cross the boundary into becoming or being art…

Art Is Human

Art is made with the need to express. When everyday communication does not adequately convey what I feel, think, or sense, art's interpretative nature provides opportunities for people with different experiences, feelings, and thoughts to approach. Without art I stand apart: I am not whole.

If you feel something deeply, as important, write a poem. Take an hour, a day, a week, take time.

Powerful affecting art can be made by anyone, although some would have you think otherwise.

Beauty

The Beauty of The Body · A State of Mind

As a sensory being my first attraction to art of any kind is through my body. How I take art in makes me feel and think a certain way towards it. With music, sounds meet my body which has its own breath and movement, and when these two collide, the music and my body, I feel, dependent on the pitch, volume, rhythm and tone of this collision. After I feel, I think, I notice pattern and form, I may hear it in the light of texture, an idea, or a story. With words, a poem, I sense it first, then do the same.

When Thinking of Myself

My experience of beauty arises from the nature and limit of my senses; my instinct (things not learned); my value of thought and idea; my characteristics of mind and body; my cultural and social setting; the qualities of form, shape and texture that bestow happiness in me; and my capacity to and for love.

Love is aligned with beauty. Pleasure, with desire. These easily intermingle when thinking of myself.

I experience beauty most intensely when I care for something beyond my power or ownership.

Feelings · Thoughts · Actions

I am captivated by those things that move me, ideas, and what life does.

Once I sense something, I feel something. The stronger my feeling, the more I am drawn - curiosity is the child of how I feel. My curiosity leads to thought, and thoughts to ideas. Despite their fascination, ideas are not enough and so I turn to action: I make. In brief this is my creative process.

When my feelings overrun my thoughts I act on instinct. When I sense beauty, thought is far from view.

The Memory of Art

After many weeks of making you are the first to experience a new piece of music, poetry and art before its public sharing. A year passes. I return with a large framed print of the image. The day you first viewed the art has been forgotten, not through lack of care, but because of the difference of its significance to you and I.

The memory of art is set in mind dependent on our love: of beauty, place, and person.

Beauty Never Seen

I hear the evidence of wind through my window where I work: the sway of leaves and creak of bark, the wail of air across my chimney stack. I hear the evidence of wind, yet not the wind itself.

I step outside to feel the wind against my skin. I wait, then sense its coming strength: the rush of sound approach; the push upon my open eyes; the line of tear on cheek.

Wind has no form, no clear start, no end. Its beauty is the movement made only by its passing.

My Dreams of Happiness Untold

I hold the oldest object in my home, made two thousand years ago: a beautiful bronze vessel that lays in my palm with an exquisitely shaped lid. I wrote a poem to accompany this gift I never gave.

I touch the oxidized green, blue and brown surface of the vessel. I breathe moments from the past.

I am transformed by something made, something as still as stone, something that never lived.

The object holds me like a spell, for art moves me: in thought, with feeling, from place to place.

The Mirror and The Eye

As someone experiencing art I have the chance to meet with, be with, and observe the inner world of another. Not just that of the artist, but of others who encounter art. An artwork may be abstract, it may not represent anything in the physical world, and yet I am still offered these gifts by its presence.

When I look at a painting, hear music, or read a poem, I am equal with others who do so. Art charges my senses, my feelings and thoughts. I become the mirror and the eye.

Being Beautiful

I often wonder what it must be like to be physically beautiful. I am not, however I love things that are.

I love the shape and texture of a ceramic bowl, the dancing light of a movie, the ideas and words of a poem, the sound of someone's voice, the push and pull of trees in high wind.

Physically beautiful people are under the constant gaze of others. Their human exchanges are with those who wish to be close, often not for their interest, but for what they transfer by way of their beauty.

Photography As Art

Photography mirrors what I see so well I think it ordinary. Unlike a painting, a photo rarely comes close to what I experience. When photos are beautiful, ambiguous, when their form and subject is unusual or arresting, my attention is captured for a spell. Photos are however rarely found on my walls compared with the imperfect gesture of painting, except when acting as an aid to memory of a loved one or place.

As art, the photo often remains constrained by its flat, uninterrupted surface. Its touch remains remote.

The Anonymous Work of Art

I think of an object in my home. I appreciate the astonishing skill and craft of its making, and the pleasure it brings to my senses. The object is not easily placed into a cultural or historical narrative.

There is no clear indication of its origin or creator, and because of this its price is low, yet as an anonymous work of art its beauty is undiminished, its significance and aesthetic, personal.

The experience of art derives from what is seen, heard, said, or touched. All else is smoke and mirrors.

Flawless Art

To live is to change. My body is a moving object, inside and out. All life and all else I touch is in constant transition. At times and for some things the change is imperceptibly slow, and at others, and for others, the time of transition from one state to another is in the blink of an eye.

I am drawn most to art that I can return to, a poem, music, sculpture, a painting, a photo, a film. I ponder whether part of art's magnetism is its relative and contrasting stability to my ever shifting existence.

Beauty and Desire

Beauty: a powerful positive quality I feel emanating from somewhere, someone, or something - outside myself, experienced by myself. That which is beautiful may be physical, an idea, or an action.

A person, place, action, object, or idea is beautiful by way of its nature to inspire. When I sense beauty, I try to separate my wish for it to remain, I try to place desire aside. Desire is my urge for something to be mine, the illusion that something can be owned when in truth all I ever have, as music, is momentary.

Irresistible Beauty

I look up, and there above me is the sky. If I take my time, more often than not, it is beautiful.

The sky has no intent. No politics nor plan. It fills with fragments from a far off place, with cloud, with rain, with smoke, with tiny particles of dust and living things, the weather, calm and strong.

The changing sky is beautiful, not just because of what I see, but feel, its nature, far above my own.

Beauty is not defined by being rare.

Beyond Myself

I touch upon one reason to make.

One of my most powerful experiences occurs at the point when I am witness to the emergence of an artwork's potential. It is the intense revelation of beauty beyond myself. I have no say as to the timing of this unexpected moment, and I am not the cause of it. Pride plays no part in this. I sense something greater than myself and feel the importance of service to make that beauty known.

Function and Beauty - Art and Design

Function: something that happens aligned with the purpose of a thing.

I enjoy good design, a union of practical function and beauty.

Art and music are mercurial in their functions, and characterized by their relationships with beauty.

Art and music have emotional, conceptual, and expressive functions not bound by the need to work as practical aids or tools other than of and for the mind and heart.

What I See and Do Not See

Soon after I wake I gaze at the planet Venus shining bright above the horizon as the night sky lifts with the cusp of dawn. I see nothing but the interruption of a small ball of shimmering light against the deep dark blue, and yet I feel something powerful, something far more than a rational view of the sky.

What I see is as difficult to articulate as what I do not see.

Beauty is not confined by my sensory experience, as is its sibling, wonder.

Short Definitions of Visual Art, Music, and Literature

Visual Art: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression appreciated by sight.

Music: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression of sound in time, appreciated aurally.

Literature: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression using meaning and ideas.

I am drawn to the short form, whether using light, sound, or words. The greatest creative challenge is to express something simply that is worth returning to.

Being There

A broad, freshly furrowed, deeply ploughed field dips then rises to the horizon. I experience the newness of this landscape to my eyes as beautiful, its ripples of soil and shadow.

With beauty comes my ache to share.

I take photographs that no more than hint at my encounter. Nothing matches being there.

Art is often the effort and journey of return.

Emotion and Making

As I work on a new piece of music I listen as much to how it moves me as to its evolving beauty.

I stand outside myself and within.

It is the same for the making of images and the building of words. For art to work well it makes me feel.

Art Unseen

Imagine two painters. The first has established a large loyal following and enjoys critical acclaim. Their painting is seen in a public place by many people. The second hangs their painting on their wall in their home. Each time the painter passes this painting they touch it, gently, and revisit their inspiration.

The significance of painting is often unseen.

In Time of Careless Impulse

I work on images that emerged from my visit to the wooded area I spoke of yesterday. I find and feel nature as immeasurably powerful. I experience its strength to transform my inner world.

My hope is that expressing the beauty of nature gives pause and provides a context for reflection in times of careless impulse.

With Eyes Closed

I love seeing. The experience of colour, mass and shape, of texture, line and movement is immeasurably important to me. I love light. In its company I am more than when I am without it.

I am not someone who imagines the world of light well in my mind's eye. If I close my eyes most of what I see is lost.

With eyes closed I ponder on the beauty that is sight.

The Size of Art

Large-scale works of art have no more personal significance over smaller ones. The scope and ambition of an artwork may increase its complexity and breadth, but size plays little part in its affect.

If I listen to a solitary voice sing a simple tune it can be as powerful, as beautiful as listening to a 120 piece orchestra playing a four movement fifty minute long symphony. One has as much value to me as the other. Large artworks are however always more expensive to produce, and may be sold for more…

The Odyssey of Sound

I spend the day working on a poem about the sounds I give and wish to give attention to. As I stand back from the poem and hear it out loud it begins its journey from the closed place of my mind into the world of tomorrow where it will be heard in the minds of others.

Art is a magical thing…

Rare and Common Beauty

As I experience the deep of night and its gradual transformation into dawn, I am struck by its tremendous beauty, both common and rare. Each day brings something new: the sky, moon and stars shift, the air, the sight and sounds of life, all alter with each moment.

When I see something beautiful I have never seen before, I am easily captivated, and yet beauty so often surrounds me in my every day. My pause and gaze upon the ordinary is far too infrequent.

The Beauty of Not Seeing

My morning begins, darkened by the mist of mid December.

Some of the most beautiful landscapes I have witnessed are defined as much by what is hidden as by what is seen - beauty seems bound with discovery and growth. When I see a painting, hear music, or read a poem, the enchantment is my ever-changing experience. Not seeing all at once I have the time to breathe, the time to be more open to those things I may not otherwise take in.

Simplicity and Art

Simplicity in art: uncomplicated; easily appreciated; an experience of clarity and beauty.

Much of my creative effort is spent trying to make things simple. I try to untangling the words I write, the sounds I make, and the light I arrange in an effort to express myself well. ‘Well’ being in a good or satisfactory way, and as aligned with wellbeing: the state of being comfortable, healthy, or happy.

Simplicity invites the eye to see and gives the mind the chance to grasp.

Inside Out

Inside Out: with the inner surface turned outwards.

Experience is always interior. Although we often gather (or are forced) together as an event unfolds, our experience is always unique, despite our perpetual wish to find common ground.

Art, music and literature are ways that expose, express, and consolidate experience. As we share these things our tolerance of difference is increased, and we become more bound to one another.

Heart and Mind

In my creative work I try to find a balance between conveying the intellectual and emotional. I seem to reach closer to this goal in music and poetry but often stray from achieving this in my visual work, perhaps because painting is interpretive and its strength is not so much to articulate as to provoke, together with its appeal to our sense of aesthetic. I often present music, images, and words together so as to improve their chance that our hearts and minds quicken in equal measure.

Completion · Four Score and Ten

I complete a landscape Four Score and Ten in celebration of my aunt's birthday.

My aunt with her twin sister Merlyn fostered me as a child. She has encouraged me in my creative efforts for very many years. She spent her childhood at the foothills of the Himalayas, the mountainous magical region between the plains of the Indian subcontinent and the Tibetan Plateau.

Our love of beauty remains, despite the flux and ache of age.

Beauty and Light

I draw my two previous thoughts together and publish these along with an image.

As I gaze at the delicate lines of gold and pale yellow that reach and swirl in the darkness, I am struck by how language is so utterly insufficient in capturing sensation.

Our Single Seasoned Self

We see and think with the same cells we were born with. Although more may be added through our lifetime, our other cells are in a season of constant renewal.

The gifts of sight and thought are our most ancient and prized…

Beauty and Love

Why I value beauty : I am hard wired to be attracted to those things that bring nourishment and comfort in nature - the blue of sky and water, the green of vegetation, the white of summer cloud. I find delight in texture and line, in sound and thought. I feel a person as beautiful as much as when they give, as the sight of their form and timbre of their voice.

Love, distinct from desire, is aligned with beauty.

Sound and Instinct

A composer makes choices about what sounds are heard and when. To have a chance of doing this well I have to feel at ease, free, balanced. Listening carefully during this time is akin to love as my whole being is immersed in a sea of discovery. I trust my instinct that guides my hand to hear those things ordinarily hidden from view.

Moments of beauty are best shared, and it is this that helps bring music into the open.

Collecting Beautiful Things

I wonder through exquisite galleries of glass that welcome the light of wooded parkland. The Burrell Collection in Glasgow Scotland is an eclectic and inspired gathering of art and objects.

We keep the treasures of our past so we may touch the lives and beauty of otherwise forgotten times.

As I walk and gaze I discover a little more about myself, about the world, and what I most value.

The Beauty of Less

As I gaze at black and white photographs I ponder on how often the reduction of something allows us to view the beauty of it more intensely, or in an altogether different way.

Despite my love of colour, its absence can be a revelation.

Morning Light

The room where I work has a large west facing window. I forget the pleasure of early morning light far too easily, for each time I experience it I am surprised by its beauty. Strong sun strikes the budding branches of ash, sycamore, chestnut and apple blossom against the clear blue northern sky. Crisp shadows heighten the textured tree bark as the experience of near and far is contracted as if I gaze through a child's 3D slide viewer. I remind myself to listen more than hear, and to look more than see.

The Sounds I Fail To Hear

Much of my energy and attention is spent laying the foundations for my next piece of music. For me, this is an intuitive process as much as a rational one. I might for example listen very carefully to numerous recordings of a viola as I 'aurally search' through the instrument's qualities and refine my choices about its use and potential. During this process I am continually surprised by the beauty and character of sounds that, at first, I fail to hear.

The Enchantment of Beauty

For those who see, an image demands attention, more so than any other medium.

Although my emotional response to visual art is not as intense to me as music, I find light and its uncovering of form beautiful, and with beauty comes great pleasure.

With words with or alone, written, spoken, heard, understood, unknown, their shape, their length in time becomes their ease, their hope or pain in mind, the enchanted journey of and for their meaning.

Three Things

I value three things above all else: love, compassion, and beauty.

By beauty I mean those qualities of form, structure and composition that bring me and others pleasure: in those things we make, in those acts I observe, and in the world I experience (all of nature).

While love and compassion are good, beauty is not necessarily so. As someone who uses beauty in their work I therefore have the responsibility to consider its use in light of love and compassion.

The Beauty of the Present

Beauty sustains me. I stand outside my home and look up at the countless dots that prick the night sky. I love that sky. Perhaps its beauty is as much in its difference to daylight, as its quietly changing form and immense scale.

The beauty I enjoy is conditioned by my nature, my culture, and those things I have experienced. Beauty is only found in the present where our lives are forged.

With Thanks

Thanks: appreciation of, and gratitude for the in/tangible.

Three years and I complete the cycle of these words. I begin, again, yet this start is not the same.

As moments pass they leave their mark upon me.

As I return, to ideas, to beauty, to love, I am new, as you become.

The nature of life and art is its start, its end. My great fortune is to be with, time, and again.

Fragility

The Frailty of Human Nature

Human Nature: the ways humans tend to act, think, feel, and behave.

Frailty: weakness of the spirit, mind, or body.

I am frail when not at ease, through lack of care, or of deterioration within and beyond my control.

Without frailty there is no counterweight of strength. The essence of one requires the other. It is good to be frail and strong, despite my constant attention to avoid the first of these united states of nature.

Weakness As Strength

I am limited by understanding only English, and with this I do not always recognize it in written form as I am dyslexic. I cannot hold specific facts or figures in memory for any length of time. I hold my emotions and thoughts so close they are often lost to the wind. I am preoccupied by my experiences of someone, something, or ideas. As I become aware of these things I do not do well, I know myself.

If I am good at anything it is to gather elements together rather than apply my focus to one.

Making Better

My mistakes fall into one of four categories: physical, personal, creative, and social.

My most frequent error of judgement is when I fail to heed my self doubt about a decision I have made.

The majority of my mistakes occur when I rush. At times my mistakes are innocent, and at others they are driven by desire, pride or ignorance. The value of the idea 'mistake' is that I have the opportunity to make better, or at the very least, learn. My greatest mistake by far is to ignore them.

Impairment

I do somethings well and others, poorly. I improvise music, but my capacity to read written music is limited by my dyslexia. I enjoy understanding and can focus on a single task for many hours, but I do not retain detail - I retain concepts. My emotions lay close to the surface, yet I keep them under wraps.

Those things I do well are not accompanied by abilities that are easily examined.

Those things I do not do well encourage my appreciation of others: impairment is my greatest guide.

After Sunrise

The spent shell of life: motionless, hollow, grey.

The unknown terror: tamed.

Time has no hold on those who pass away, to where I do not know.

Seven minutes after sunrise on the seventh day of the seventh month, stillness gives way to the restless beauty of dawn.

I Am · I Want · I Need

You are an infant. You want happiness. You need care. Do I act? Should I act? How do I act?

You are a young adult. You want happiness. You need care. Do I act? Should I act? How do I act?

You are elderly. You want happiness. You need care. Do I act? Should I act? How do I act?

Caring for others is more than thinking alone. When I am with someone I choose to care, or not to care.

I am, I want, I need. When I am with someone and choose to care I free myself from want and need.

The Need of Water

Over half my body is made from water. More than 70% of the earth is covered in water. If I do not drink I will struggle to survive. Without water over land, life retreats. As a child, water made up three quarters of my body weight. All life on earth first emerged from water. Water more than anything supports my being alive. Soon, something alive (artificial consciousness) will have no need of water.

When something is abundant I all too easily overlook its value. Without need we value even less.

Hold My Hand

I am by the bedside of a relative in pain. They ask to hold my hand. I do not easily touch others. I hold their hand which helps them cope as they cry out. I am in quiet undisclosed distress.

Her discomfort eases. She rests. I rest.

As I touch I give something precious of myself. My willingness to meet with. My acceptance of another.

I find it difficult to touch when I do not wish to be with, give to, when I am not wholly honest.

As Darkness Falls

In common with all creative people, there are periods when I loose my confidence to make. This may result from the practical demands of life; that I judge my work falls far short of the line of excellence I aspire to; that those close to me are unmoved by what I make; that I loose hope my work can ever bring me close; that I doubt my work has the potential to be the cause of positive change.

More than anything, it is the medium itself that re-reignites my spirit: light, sound, words.

The Fall

My sister trips and falls badly down concrete stairs as she walks back to her home. She calls for help but no one comes. She makes her way to a church dripping blood all the way. Kind people tend to her. I receive a phone call and take her to the hospital. She has broken her nose, cracked her cheekbone, and fractured her eye socket badly. It is four hours before the pain becomes bearable.

Back home she recounts her thoughts as the ground approached: "This is going to hurt".

Freedom

When a child's life, a woman's life, a man's life is lost, no matter where, I loose my chance to love that child, that woman, that man. With them my greatest gift in life to give is gone.

I am never far from hostility, as humans we know it well among ourselves. I am not helpless in conflict near or far. I can resist: when something disheartens me, frustrates me, angers me. I have the choice to stifle my urge that strikes back with words or deeds, and when I do, I sense the gift of freedom.

Do Not Leave Me

I come to know a community of elderly people who require more care than can be easily provided in their own homes. Anne finds it difficult to walk, Peter cannot see well, Don is for the most part in pain and bedridden, Joan finds it difficult to remember.

I arrive. It is good to see you. With a smile: and you. You're staying for a while. Yes. Do not leave me. We talk about anything and everything. An hour later: stay, just a minute more, do not leave me, do not go.

Anxiety

I find myself in the accident and emergency department of a hospital through the early hours with someone in extreme emotional distress. By morning their acute anxiety has lessened.

At times there are clear reasons for anxiety: when at risk; when a task is overwhelming; as a result of the consequences of an action. More often anxiety is mercurial and increases when the self is at the forefront of the mind. The most effective weapon to counter its effect is to act in the interest of others.

Is Art Alone Enough?

Does what I make matter? Is it enough to stir another's thoughts and feelings? Does what I do lead to change? If no, then am I no more than the empty howl of wind across some distant moor?

Self-doubt is necessary for anyone who has anything worth saying, but it makes the journey hard.

Giving without receiving is a struggle, and yet I know its importance. Is making art, alone, enough?

Light, sound and words remain immeasurably important to me, and I continue with hope, for others.

My Mistakes

Mistake: an act in error or view that is unwise or wrong.

Wrong: not true or correct, factually or ethically.

I make many mistakes. I hope the majority of them are honest. That is, I make a choice with good intention, but after the event I realize through thought or discovery, I could have made a better one.

Accepting a mistake as honest aids forgiveness. It is not possible to make art without mistakes.

Thank You

For those who returned after reading when first written: thank you.

Tired after a prolonged period of poor sleep, my words held mistakes before I revisited my thoughts. In addition to correcting my errors I gradually pared away the wheat from the chaff.

Those who journey here frequently witness my weakness. I often pick myself up, dust myself off, and start over. Perhaps the greatest value in being an onlooker is that one learns most from the fall.

Infectious Art

I wait for the morning. The pain is intense. My infection has taken hold during a period of tiredness and turmoil. The battlefield of bacteria and white blood cells is beyond my control.

Art also spreads rapidly within me. I hear music and feel better. I read words and ideas flow, one to another, then another. I see the beauty of a painting and my physical distress is relieved.

Art, both infectious and restorative.

Things I Fail To Say

With another, no matter how flimsy or strong our relationship, how shallow or intense our feelings, there are things I fail to say. As I take in what you say, I think of our history, your gesture and tone. Whether we meet in person, on the page, with sound or light, scent, touch, or taste, there are things I fail to say.

Things can so easily be broken by what in person is said.

With art, music and words I make I do not fail to say. With these the frailties of my life are expelled.

Pin Sharp

My eyes worked well until a serious cycle accident many years ago left me with severe double vision.

Gradually, after many hospital visits over two years, eye muscle physiotherapy and time for my mind to re-synchronize the light that streams through me, the two images gradually came together as one.

I wear glasses for near sight. I am distracted by the smallest smudge or speck of dust and feel uncomfortable if what I see is not pin sharp. For me, to see clearly is wondrous, vital. I love to see.

To Move The Rock Before Me

Whether creative or personal, there are times when no matter how much effort I put into something, it seems I cannot reach the point I hope to. I can let the challenge get me down, feel sorry for myself, keep trying with no prospect of success, give up, or accept I have yet to find a way to move the rock that stands before me. My moving on is not to forget. It is to change my place to better see.

To move the rock, I must move. Making art requires I move, as much as with friendship, and love.

Being Needy · Being Needed

I spend time each day with an elderly relative who would otherwise find themselves alone for long hours. When I am in their company I try to listen carefully. They forget easily, yet they feel, intensely.

Despite knowing them for many years, we still learn what it is to trust one another. With vulnerability comes an acute need for dignity, empathy, and respect.

I have the choice of experiencing those I love as needy, or of being needed.

Unremembered · Forgotten

Don't worry, I'll set off now. I'll be there in twenty minutes. As I travel you leave four messages:

Message 1. Hello? Can you pick up the phone? Where are you? What is happening?

Message 2. Please come over. I am on my own. I am in a terrible muddle. I need to talk with someone.

Message 3. Mike, you said you would be there when I called. I do not know what to do. I am afraid.

Message 4. Hello? I am frightened. I do not know why. Wait, is that your car? I think that is your car…

In the Twinkling of an Eye

As I listen, I hear her words, and then in no more than a minute, she says these same words once more, and then, again. For her, the words are fresh, a question she seeks the answer to. I answer, she listens, she is comforted. We move to something else and soon, a minute more, she returns to ask again. I answer, as if for the very first time. I feel, I am moved each time she asks. She asks once more.

Those things most often said reveal our greatest need. It is the same for me as her.

Exhaustion

For the past two days I have had a powerful virus that has drained me. I have had no food and can only keep down small sips of water. A few short steps leaves me exhausted. I can barely keep my eyes open.

As someone who usually has a deep well of energy, the greatest lesson of this experience is how, when I am forced to slow down, I listen to my body differently and gather small pockets of time where I ponder on my fragility, for it has taken only the tiniest microbe to stop me in my tracks.

When Technology Matters

The Brain-Computer Music Interfacing system enables four severely motor-impaired patients to interact with a string quartet who choose musical elements that are performed live.

Technology matters when it aids life, when it helps us connect with another and the world, when it brings us together. I publish the related triptych and poem.

My Short and Minor Episode of Unease

The result from my biopsy came through and I am fine. Living two weeks with the prospect that I was not, brought me a little closer to those who struggle to retain hope in the face of serious illness. Even with this short and minor episode of my unease the control I exerted over my concerns has left its mark. Rather than relief I continue to hold a part of me back. As I think more of this I realize how much of my art, music and words draws from those places of my self that I have tucked, so secretly, away.

My Now

In five days, mid-morning, I will walk into a small hospital room. A consultant will say a few words following the result of a biopsy and my world will change. I hope that change will be one of profound relief, but it may equally be to face head-on my uncertainty and fear. No matter the outcome, my intent is that my love remains the same. My love of people, of nature, of art and thought.

My joy, sadness, loss and hope live only in my now. How the past and future feed my now is up to me.

My Weakness

I ponder on the value of my weakness. The weakness of my body, my mind, my frailty of self. Some are more straight forward to admit than others. Some are so deeply embedded they have become a part of my nature.

By acknowledging my weakness I take a small step forward, I appreciate better the weakness in others, and I counter the conceit and dangers of my ego.

Uncertainty and Purpose

The doctor had some concerns. I see a specialist consultant, I have a chest X-ray, a biopsy. It may be nothing to worry about. I should know within two weeks.

In this meantime I have the choice to focus on my dark uncertainty, or the beauty of light that unfolds outside my window. I can look inward, or outward.

I choose to walk under the great reach of sky before returning to my making.

The Need For Unease

For a few weeks I have had a sporadic dull ache just to the right of my lower sternum. I have thought it might be indigestion, my fighting off a virus, a muscular or skeletal issue, or perhaps something more concerning. As I can't seem to shift it I seek a doctor’s opinion.

Anxiety is the counterweight to contentment. Despite my wish it was not so, unease brings balance.

The Shadow and Sun

Mystery: something difficult or impossible to understand or explain.

She is ninety four. I try to calm her. She is upset that her memory has failed once again. I tell her I have forgotten many things today. She feels a little better, less alone. She needs comfort and company - someone to sit with her a while. The mystery in her life is at times too great.

I talk about small things: the birds outside her window, the shadow, the sun. Her darkness lifts.

Pain and Art

Pain is something I feel. There are certain kinds of physical pain I find difficult to shake. My only defence against sustained pain is through loosing myself: in a place, person, or activity.

When I view a painting of a person in pain, I am invited to feel empathy. The representation is but a weak shadow of the original intense experience. I look on, wince, or look away.

Pain is at its most when personal. Perhaps art, music, and language must also be so to convey it well.

The Touch of Tears

I have loved movies all my life. As a child I looked forward to 'Saturday Cinema' on the TV which showcased classic films. On occasion my aunt Merlyn would also watch with me. She would often be so moved, tears would run silently down her cheek. I viewed her feelings for others as a sign of great strength. When I watch a film today I limit outward signs of my emotional response as I am viewed as sentimental. When I watch alone, those films that touch me to tears are among my most treasured.

Without Heat

It has been the coldest night of the winter so far with temperatures dropping to minus 7°C (19.4 °F).

Yesterday my boiler gave out so my home was without heat.

As the clear but bitter dawn breaks, the homeless and dispossessed wake. Without heat the privileges of my comfort and circumstance thwart turning a blind eye.

Without heat my heart grows strong.

The Opportunity of Adversity

My eyesight this morning fails to focus on the fine details as well as it usually does. This gives me the opportunity of reflecting on how I so often take the acuity of my senses for granted.

I notice change.

Adversity, no matter how unexceptional, can lead one to be more mindful of the ordinary and everyday.

Self-Doubt and Action

I work best alone - it is my life-long practice. I am not a member of a group and publish my creative work so that it is freely accessible. As a result I rarely receive a response to those things I make.

Despite many who experience my work, I am unknown within the established art-world. Self-doubt is my constant companion in my making, and drives me to interrogate my every decision.

Not being recognized, despite its psychological hardship, can lead to building well.

Short of Breath

I have mild asthma, which I view as good fortune. In the main I suffer no ill affects and lead a very active life, however dust, pollen and animal fur can at times make it difficult for me to breathe.

Breathing is such an involuntary activity we are rarely conscious of it.

To not always have ease is to value something.

Art and Devastation

When the force of nature overwhelms us, we come together. At times the scale of devastation is immense, affecting countless communities, and the impact of each personal experience of trauma lasts a lifetime. What possible help can art be in a period of urgent practical need?

Food, water, shelter, and medical care are vital for survival, together with those things that inspire and raise our spirits. Each day, somewhere, where tragedy unfolds, art has the capacity to nourish hope.

Unbroken Experience

I have long wished to live where the temperature never dips below 25°C (77˚F). I far prefer the dry of summer to the cold and wet of winter, and yet I have come to value the seasons as the chill of Autumn takes hold.

Despite my reluctance to admit it, without change I am weakened by the comfort of unbroken experience.

The Peril of Comfort

With choice I can turn away from those things that make me uneasy. This springs from my need to protect myself, my inclination to avoid risk, my hunger to survive.

When I find a place of comfort, I am resistant to change. Comfort of my body or mind, comfort in my relationships, comfort in my work, in my beliefs both true and false.

At times I fail to learn because of my resistance to meet the disagreeable head on.

Breathing

I count myself fortunate in having mild asthma which occasionally surfaces when I have a cold or I am exposed to dust. Without this experience I would have likely undervalued the ease of breath I generally enjoy, and may have felt less empathy with those whose lungs are weak. Breathing is our arc of movement, from our first cry of breath to our last. In music arcs are closely aligned to that we do alone and in love with others, throughout our breath's journey.

Resilience

Resilience: the quality that most defines those who develop a large body of creative work.

For every artwork that is received well, there are many more that remain unrecognised.

Creating art is an act of hope that what is shared might move the mind and heart of another. Although much of the time I fail in this, I tell myself when a painting, words or music captivates its audience, the ache of insecurity will ease.

The Sound of Early Morning Rain

I have been unwell for five days. It is neither serious nor chronic. Being unwell gives me the opportunity of seeing the world differently. It encourages me to consider how others in precarious circumstances are coping with this same level of discomfort. If I move my focus away from my body, I experience things in a new light. I hear differently - the sound of early morning rain is an unlikely pleasure.

With moments of unease my understanding grows.

Happiness

Being Best

I ponder on three paths in an effort to be best. The first is to do my best. The second is to aspire to excellence. The third is the wish to be viewed of as pre-eminent in a particular field.

Aiming for the best drives my effort to do my best. My wish to be acknowledged as the best leads to unhappiness. I may win a race one day, and loose the next. I may be viewed of as unrivalled in one time and place, and of little significance in another. To be at ease, my best must always be ahead of me.

The Sound of Heaven

A restless song in the still darkness ripples through the narrow gap in my window.

Insistent, exuberant, percolating.

No words sufficiently describe the restive, bubbling, life attesting flitter.

As dawn unseats the night, the sound of robin fades.

The hold of heaven, hushed.

Surprise and Laughter

We laugh when agreeably surprised, and we are primed to laugh by the infectious laughter of another.

The pleasure of laughter solidifies the bond between friends, strangers, and loved ones. One of the most beautiful sounds I know is the gentle chuckle of a baby as a parent plays peekaboo.

I do not use humour in my work and ponder why. Perhaps because each time I revisit even the funniest thing I tire a little. In this, beauty and love differ. With these my feelings always grow rather than recede.

Being Free

A tiny bird tumbled down my chimney and fell into my wood stove this morning. This happens now and again in early summer as fledglings set out for the first time and explore the world. The stove has a heat resistant glass door. I close one full length curtain so that the open French door is the best prospect of escape. I unlatch the stove. The bird flies free.

Watching that little bird flutter from its grey dusty cell back into the garden was pure joy.

A Summer's Dance

Before we talk, before we sing, we dance.

The need to dance is not exclusive to humans. East Asian red crowned cranes begin to dance from a young age and continue their bounds and leaps through every season of their forty years of life.

Be the dancer, become the dance.

First Sight, First Sound

Perhaps I enjoy daybreak so much because of my good fortune in living where the silence and sounds of nature can be heard. When I wake it is as if what I hear and see is for the first time.

My first time is rich with heightened sense and feeling. In my work I often seek to rekindle the ephemeral, precious instant of experiencing something new. The mystery is that I take so long to do so.

The brief periods when I feel moments as my first are my richest.

Fun, Art, and Funny Art

When humour needs an explanation, it fails. I have fun during my time with others, yet humour plays no part in the visual art and music I create. Visual art invites scrutiny which counters the impulse of laughter. The funny soon turns to the bitter pill of irony and the funny is no more. Music can support humorous narrative but in my experience never causes laughter in isolation. Humour is the mild and surprising violation of the way we feel the world ought to be. Art is the search for how it is.

No Comment

I do not generally present comments beside those artworks I publish. Although this approach does not benefit my ego which is in constant search of affirmation, it allows what I say to speak for itself and for you, the viewer, to pause a little longer with your own unencumbered thoughts and feelings.

The greatest price of untangling my work from self-interest is that I limit the tremendous pleasure and gain I enjoy when talking with others.

Be Well

As I hear I become. For all the words I write, music needs no thought.

To be well: to be healthy in body, mind, and spirit.

Caring at its most beautiful is for something or for someone other than myself.

With music, if I am open, I hear, I feel, and I become.

Having Fun

The most fun I have is with others and begins with the unexpected.

I smile, and if the fun continues, I chuckle, I laugh. When I am having fun, I have not reached the journey's end. The fun stops when the moment of pleasure is fully realized. The creative process is full with fun, with spontaneity. Its unpredictable nature, its tease and inspiration.

Young children have the most fun and from this they learn and love far more freely, far more quickly.

Love

I see my son - I cannot begin to convey the happiness that unfolds.

With those I love my world transforms.

Ser Feliz

Happiness: a personal, positive, transitory feeling. More intense than contentment yet shorter lived. Less than elation yet longer experienced.

Be more than harm can touch.
Be loved and love.
Be the open arms of trust...

Good News

My son has enjoyed thinking and writing since he was a young child. He is a writer and philosopher. He thinks and acts with care. A new adventure begins. I am over the moon.

Good news is personal. It feels, personal. It is something to celebrate. It is good, and new.

The best good news I have received has been about those I love.

Before I Return

There are moments when I sense the goodness of life, of landscape, and the breadth of human potential. These rare flickers of beauty and light occur when I set my own interests aside and think only of others. When I love.

I am happiest in those brief periods of clarity before the I returns. The I that yearns to share that place.

I am most with when my love is untroubled by what I hope to gain.

The Pleasure of Small Things

I watch a tiny bird puff up its feathers in sight of the early sun and survey the world from the very tip of a holy tree that stands a short distance from the front of my home.

I wonder at how such fragile things are driven to greet the morning with such sweet song.

Small, as moment of my breath against the day, as single line on finger print this moment into mind.

Stay, this while when you are hear within, as shallow soft and gentle beat of wing.

The Company of Another's Voice

As we breathe, as we work or sleep, in love and pain, sound is my constant companion.

After spending hour upon hour on my work or in silence I will often take the five mile trip to my nearest town to hear the stream of lively speech in the street.

My greatest contentment is in the company of another's voice.

Hope

Hope In This Our Time Of Loss

We share a breath of all things dark in this our time of loss,
With sadness spent, with silence, still,
As we are left alone to work the soil of our unrest,
The laughter of their day, the beauty of their night,
Fill, fold the world with love in honour of their life.

Without A Thought Of Where To End

I pause before I make. I take a breath, gather myself, and listen to the chaotic scatter of my disordered ideas, then dive into the unknown. I start, begin, without a thought of where to end.

As a child, twice a week, I was sent to the corner shop to buy a box of alcohol for my dependant father who tried to drown his sadness, yet failed. I am my father's son. The gift of my experience was that I try to meet my foes of doubt and fear head on. I wish to view, be, and make, without the need to forget.

Holiday · Haligdæg · Holy Day

Holiday: the setting aside of routine. A time of spiritual observance. A day of celebration. A period of pleasure and change: of place, environment, and experience. A day or days devoted to one another: with family; loved one/s; alone and with nature.

Holidays are often viewed as time off. I view them as opportunities to switch on.

With creative occupation I try to count each day as set apart, sacred, full with chance and change.

Me Me Me

I ponder on how much of my day is spent on me: the love I feel or hope for; my thirst and hunger; eating; drinking; the risks I face or avoid; my entertainment; my learning; my daydreams, my dreams at night; my thinking about the consequences of how I act; of myself before another, or the world.

When I hear music, when I walk with nature, or act in the interest of another, I am free of myself. I am heartened that music touches so many, nature is above and below, and that love is found far and wide.

Darkness and Light

As I make, darkness and light is my routine. One moment up, the next, down.

The more I devote to the creation of an artwork, the more my personal investment, the further the fall that follows. I wait to know how others feel, far more than what they think. My confidence rides high or low on the response of those I love.

After such a world of sound, silence, while no one's fault, is hard to hear. And then, someone speaks.

Emergence

I think not of this as the final moment of a year but as a day when something comes to light.

Emergence: when the new becomes: an idea; an experience; something to be known or physical; perceived in part or as a whole; from many to one.

As something emerges I feel apprehension and opportunity. That something may be a moment, a day, a season, a year, an attitude, a system, life, consciousness, art. I stay in my shell or meet it, head on.

My Shortest Day

Each day the sun begins its journey across the sky at a different place. Today the south pole of the earth is tilted most towards the sun which shines least upon my place on the world. At mid-summer and mid-winter the sun reaches its furthest point of its rising along a line of travel on the horizon.

For me it is winter solstice. In the southern hemisphere it is summer solstice. My view is from the place of my being. My shortest day is someone's longest, my darkest hour, their brightest.

Art As Hope

Art is made in hope. Hope that what I feel is not lost to the wind. Hope that someone shares the passion of my view, its beauty and its pain. Hope for a world that is cared for. Hope that leads to change and the goodness of others. Hope in a better me and you, where us and them is at an end.

Without hope, art is no more than the soon forgotten hollow call of a solitary soul.

In hope, make good.

Art and Misinterpretation

Light bathes the teeming community of lush bright-green vegetation that clings full-spread to the side of a deep chasm. I am in awe. I say urgently 'come see this'. The light changes and the moment is lost.

At times I do not express myself clearly. My thought and intention may be plain from my personal perspective, but I fail to choose the right words and tone. When this happens misunderstanding often follows. Art can be the antidote that lessens the solitude of misinterpretation.

Half Way

I pass halfway through this journey of thoughts. Reflecting on a new idea each morning is difficult, yet the positive change it brings is undeniable.

On any day I might have been half way through my life. At some point this prospect becomes less likely, and at that moment, each breath, each drop of rain from summer cloud that pats upon the dusty ground becomes a jewel full with nascent beauty. Half way leaves time enough to start afresh.

Completion

One of many reasons I value the creation of art is the experience that, at least for a time, its completion is a positive encounter with an end. When I no longer make, I witness something new come into being.

The end of my efforts becomes the start of my sharing. The making of art, a cycle of life.

Like many endings I re-visit them. I reconsider, and at times I realize the end was far from sight.

As I approach the completion of a new piece of music I ready myself for its leaving.

Birds Sing

I sing to release my inner realm of silence.

During a period when a pandemic casts its long shadow upon the human landscape, 'Birds Sing' reminds me of the world of nature, the importance of each voice, the joy of freedom, and that together, with song, we can better face the challenges ahead.

A Single Voice

I have a choice when I hear news I feel strongly about: I can ignore my feelings and thoughts; I can vent - perhaps comment on news with others; I can submit my thoughts to a prominent publication - if successful I would reach more people; I can protest with others; I can donate to a cause.

I choose to make in the hope people will return to these things, and with the conviction that over time, a single voice can lead to change.

Promise

Promise: at its best, something deeply intended with honesty and hope; a commitment to act or not to act; possessing a quality of expectation; an obligation.

I can make a promise, hear another's promise, or think someone or something has promise.

A promise seems so simple to make, so easy to break, so much for those who believe, so far from the truth, so close to the heart, a promise is sometimes all we have that keeps us from tearing apart.

When I Feel No More

I make art, more than any other reason, to return.

No matter my loss, with time, I heal... I must, to love.

With time I feel less, and at times, I feel no more.

I feel less, for otherwise I would not recover from the wound of my grief. Never.

Music, art, and words soften my return to places and people that otherwise I would loose, forever.

The Nature of Friendship

I think about the nature of friendship. Of love, free of the insecurities of becoming less.

No matter what the weather of our hearts, the day begins afresh.

The Voice We Become

A single voice leads to change.

The change of a whisper may be modest, or if our voice carries further, it may alter the lives of others we have never met. For some the spread of their voice becomes their purpose. For others, their voice remains as if behind a closed door.

Whatever the strength of our voice, it is ours to use for good or ill. What we say, over time, we become.

An Open Doorway

Today, as I walk through an open doorway I will choose to be more on the other side. Although the change may be small, all change to and by the self matters. The doorway does not need to be in a significant place, it can be the most ordinary of doorways, anywhere. The only requirement is that my intention to change is honest, and for the better.

When I consider each open doorway I walk through as an opportunity, I think and act more carefully.

Birth

Birth is not easy. It is often a matter of life and death. A piece of music is dedicated to those new born in places of disaster and conflict, and for those who care for them.

Even in our most desperate times, compassion and the love of others remains the source of our strength and hope.

The Shape Of Things To Come

I work on a poem that will accompany music.

My conviction has long been that art, music, and words have the potential to change our world for the better. Although we may not immediately act differently when we are moved by music, its quality of connecting with our inner space lays the foundation to do so.
Art is something we return to help shape our spirit.

The Start of Day

I have started the day early ever since I enjoyed the company of my infant son who woke at dawn with an abundance of energy and enthusiasm.

I now work alone during these moments of quiet which is my most productive creative period.

This time feels like the day's spring when all is hope and possible.

Each day I stop to watch the great unfolding light. It is a good time to be.

The Wings of Sleep

Around six hundred million people tune in at the very same time across the earth. We are enthralled by a spirit of exploration, by great risk and vulnerability, and a sense of being present in this great adventure, together.

I publish an artwork on the 50th anniversary of when humans first walked on the moon.

Hope

Hope: a positive quality of the mind that anticipates the future with optimism.

'Hope' is a short contemplative work for piano, woodwind, and strings.

Hope, even when fragile, is a gift that helps us face, then shape the world.

The Act Of Defiant Creativity

Making is an act of defiance in the face of threat, despair, or violence.

The creative act is in open resistance to wherever malice is found, whether cruelty or destruction of the mind or body.

In times of hurt and harm, making, no matter how modest, brings comfort and hope.

Make conversation, write a poem, start a tune with head or voice. Become the s(tr)ong.

The Hopeful Soul

I work on a music composition called 'Hope'.

Hope is among our most important states of being. Hope often resides beyond reason yet gives us reason to continue. When hope is removed we are lost, alone. When given, hope brings strength and purpose to our world.

Although I am at heart a hopeful soul, at times I have absolutely no idea why :)

The Optimist

Optimists have a propensity to resilience and hope, especially in the face of adversity and failure, from which they try to learn. Despite experiencing the same intensity of disappointment, pain and suffering, rather than anticipating the worst, the optimist will seek positive change.

Optimism is the wellhead of our creativity and holds that the search for value and meaning, even in those darkest times, gives life purpose.

Beginning

I start work to end.

As with much of my work Think This Today is cyclical, and soon, I approach its beginning. As I become increasingly aware of this, my view of what I do here changes. I ponder on its value, and approach each thought in a different light.

Three years is time enough to return and make new, both in receiving, and giving.

Human Relationships

As Frog We Meet

A little frog looks up at me as I look down on them. Despite our worlds apart, we are, in this moment, curious and together. We do not share the same language, our skin colour and texture do not match, our lifespan and experience are profoundly dissimilar, and yet non of this matters. We live in our now, and in this now we meet. How old or young, our shape and size, all that defines our surface is nothing as compared with our wish to discover the wonder of our difference where love and nature collide.

To Like or Not To Like: To Hurt

I am not good at pretending. If I like a thing, it is easy for others to know, and the same is true for those things I dislike. With art and objects it is especially so. This is not to say I am consistent. I often change my mind about a thing I hear, see or touch as I come to know it over time. Nevertheless, my initial response when giving and receiving: whether I like something or not, has emotional significance.

When others experience my work and feel little or nothing, there is no fault, no intended hurt, yet hurt.

A Restless Creature

I move my attention from one thing to another before returning to it in an effort to sustain my passion and strength of interest over extended periods. I would be constrained by only making music, by only creating images, or by only writing words. If I were to focus my attention on a single area I would limit my reach, within and with, of nature (external and internal), beauty, even of love.

Humans are restless, mercurial creatures, despite their constant search for comfort and security.

Without Restraint

You may not return because I convey too much of this, or too little of that. For each person that too much or too little will be different and result from my appearance, my level of engagement, curiosity, honesty, enthusiasm, happiness or sadness. Person to person I convey or seek too much too soon.

Here, you come and go as you please. Your appearance, engagement, curiosity, honesty, enthusiasm, happiness or sadness remains undisclosed. You take of me, my thought and care, without restraint.

In Fear of Being With

We meet in friendship. My heart is full. I wish to love, to share my love: of life, art, ideas, of nature, sound, of how things work, of light and day, of evening star, of beauty, sadness, thirst and dream.

Sadly, love is often viewed to share with one alone. Quite soon, we part.

Each day I think of you, the many I have loved who keep their distance.

How often I have done the same in fear of being with.

Common Ground

I am captivated by beauty, feelings, by the need to understand, the search to discover, by all manner of signals that reach my senses, by how things work, by the way things interact, but most of all by love.

You will be drawn to one of the areas above over another. At any and every moment my need is different to yours, with those I find myself with, with those I know best, and with those I love. Like you, each day, I search for those rare and scattered moments of welcome collision where we might share.

Uncovering Myself

Art is a way I uncover. As I write, some of what I want to say seems clear, and some of what I place upon the page only becomes clear over time. As any artist I expose myself for attention, not just myself, but the subject of my work which may be its beauty or meaning.

I ponder on the final line. I value many things unseen: my dreams, my hope, my love. And yet I also need those things I hear, I see, I touch. To flourish, friendship is the shared breath of all these things.

Far More Than Life Or Love Unseen

We listen. Talk. As friends on open land. I love this time.

And then as moment turns our lives unfold, one way, another, dusk descends,

The parting of my hope, my darkness fall,

A night of thought alone with but the sound of distant voice, of stifled dream,

The truth in friendship is far more than life or love unseen.

The Hate of Others

Hate: extreme disgust and loathing. In human relationships hate inevitably leads to harm.

A man walks into a place of worship and kills as many as he can who represent his hate. His hate is driven by intense insecurity, careless thought and ignorance, is inflamed by the negative rhetoric of others in positions of influence and power, and given opportunity by the acquisition of arms.

Hate results from a perilous deficiency of love: given, needed, or received.

The Force of Things Unseen

The food of friendship feeds my soul. When alone, and with.

Soul: all that in a living thing is unseen: my temperament, intellect, agency, insight, and emotion.

The spirit of something may be invoked. For example: in a spirit of friendship I hold out my hand. With difference, the soul is always tied to an individual.

As long as life is close, my soul finds fuel. With nature, yet most with those I love.

Unwanted Attention

I was enchanted by a girl at school. We both loved music and she had a delicate beauty that filled my days. After class I was invited to her place. Soon we spoke for hours almost every day before I walked the two miles or so to catch the evening bus home. After a few weeks the girl began to arrive a little later, then later still, and I began to talk with her brother, mother, and father as I waited. We got to know each other well. With love of talking with her I was blind to her delay and my unwanted attention.

From Afar

I hear someone talk without my presence being known. They are aware someone is listening to them, but they cannot see nor hear me. They talk intimately of the important people in their life, of their love, their hopes and dreams, of what is most important to them. As I leave another takes my place.

I come and go without a trace. I see another talk and shift unseen to listen to their words.

And so I move online, from one to another, as if a natural state. I take a breath and show myself.

My North · Your South

I hold a compass in my hand with north, south, east and west.

Whatever I sense, say, feel or think, my points relate to you.

I may oppose you, I may be with you, I may sense and feel as you, or say and think the opposite to you.

If I only view my point, my north, I will not see your south, I may not hear your east or west.

A compass gives me context. It helps me draw and map the lines between us. It gives me pause.

One Sided

If I use too many words you may tire. If I use too few you may become discouraged. If I am too forward you may retreat. Too reticent and your interest may wane. If I share my feelings you may leave. My thoughts and you may go. If I show my strength you may sense arrogance, my pain, weakness.

I talk of you the reader, and you, my love. What I say alone is worth far less than when I say with you.

Talk with, not to.

Friendship

Over time: the trust that builds between one and another; the need to care between one and another; the desire to listen between one and another; the hope shared between one and another; the pain felt between one and another; the joy sensed between one and another; the acceptance of difference between one and another; the love learned between one and another.

With friendship, despite the fear of sail and salt, face firm the highest north Atlantic wave.

The Start of Conversation

In truth, everything I and others express can be read in a number of ways. Everything. I would rather what I say and understand is how most others do, but when I consider carefully, it is not.

I return to my thought 'When I feel, I act'. For some, ambiguous phrases serve to start a conversation within or with others. Art's strength and its often stated weakness is that it so openly invites interpretation. I for one value conversations over assertions.

Why: For Reason, For Purpose, Forever Unknown

I yearn to understand why others do or do not. The reason someone harms, or turns the other way. Why I and others act or do not act drives much of my day.

Despite my efforts, understanding another's why may not be possible, no matter how long I have known them, nor how much I love them. I hide myself for fear of loss, for want, or love. With art, word and sound I show myself, yet here requires another's need to ask the reason why, their need to know.

The Nature of Sensitivity

The creative person's sensitivity may be limited to a particular area (for example visual, or aural).

When I come across an artist or composer it is a mistake to think their sensitivity extends to personal understanding, empathy, and insight. How I act with others has little to do with my creative capacity.

My innate sensitivity is no more or less than yours, it is different. We are unique. Although I yearn to share my experiences, I learn and comprehend most when I am open to what others feel and sense.

With Distance

I ponder on my words of yesterday - why experiencing the same is of such significance to me.

With distance I am separated. Physical distance. Emotional distance. Distance un/intended. Distance of circumstance, purpose, and comfort. Distance experienced close and far.

With distance I learn, I am challenged, I grow, and yet at all times and with every opportunity I try to close the distance between myself and others, and another, between who I wish to be and how I am.

The Importance of Touch

Two leaders from hostile nations shake hands. It is in the moment of touching, skin to skin, when the journey towards positive change is given chance.

Touch, personal and political, is often withheld. Touch is meaningful. It is a sign of giving over, of trust.

Some misuse touch for personal gain. The insistence or force of touch crosses our inner line.

I rarely felt the touch of my mother, my father, or my sisters. As a child I knew the power of touch well.

What Passes Remains

It took a day before the ideas of yesterday solidified. A day to consider and better say. A day to remove the unnecessary dry language that arose from my strong wish to convince.

Those who read my first draft may not clearly remember what and how I wrote, but they will indirectly remember. That is, their reading of the newer draft will be involuntarily coloured by the first.

When I return to be with someone, when I see and hear them again, all that has passed remains.

Living With For Long

To live with another, one or both set aside their preferences. Take eating food. A shared meal, neither seasoned or plain. For the one who enjoys strong flavours, the taste may be bland. For the other, the food may still be strong with spice. Compromise makes plain the gap between.

Living with requires I balance my love and need for, against my tastes: of food, film, art, music, clothes, of what I care for, of what moves me. At times difference strains, and at its broadest, breaks.

Trust and Doubt

As a human I am vulnerable and clothe myself with the pretence that I know better, that those with me are as me, that they should look, feel and think as I, that those who disagree are likely to be wrong.

Trust and doubt are at the centre of all human relationships. How much I trust or doubt leads to how I act or fail to act. Thoughtful trust requires effort and courage, doubt requires neither.

To make I must at all times question my doubt. To make well is the search and care of trust.

Sharing and the Hope of Return

A friend asks whether sharing is by nature an exchange. If I make something, then publish it for anyone to experience freely, is that sharing? I think of different ways to understand sharing: I share food or shelter; I give and take in conversation; I experience or think about something with another. Sharing is often immediate and reciprocal, but does it require the clear prospect of receiving something back?

Share: a portion of something that can be given, with/out requirement, expectation, or hope of return.

With and Without

During my childhood I spent many months of the year without sisters, and periods with them when they returned from boarding school. My twin aunts who fostered us decided I would attend a local day school. My experience of frequent separation as a child did not lesson my need or desire for others, however it led to resentment against me, and hesitancy in my forming close friendships. I became familiar with how and why we come to hide ourselves when together.

Silence and Friendship

During a conversation I pause to catch my breath, I ponder, I think. With friends, as we talk, the silence that sometimes falls between us fails to unfasten our attention.

With friendship silence is neither passive nor uncomfortable, it is where the act of mutual attentiveness takes shape. Here, silence is rich with interest, kindness, and anticipation.

Friends wait unencumbered in their shared silence.

My Trust

The more I come to trust, the more I am at ease. I trust in love's potential to make good.

I write: the politics of friendship is negotiating the scope of what is comfortably shared.

Trust requires the never ending flow of effort and love. Even between the closest of friends, there is a boundary to trust, an edge defined by vulnerability and risk. My strength of trust is in direct proportion to a person's kindness, not just given to me, but instinctively and honestly given to others.

Jim

I talk with Jim, a man whose every moment is an imaginative journey made from the continuous flow of thought from his distant past in an effort to make sense of his present. His creativity runs wild, his verbal inventiveness is without restraint and made known with deep conviction. He unsettles many.

I have known people like Jim since childhood when I visited my mother who spent many years in psychiatric hospital. My father's name was Jim. Jim needs to talk. I listen. We come to be at ease.

Our Fathers

As I talked, I felt good. He spoke of a black and white picture of his father who stood beside him many years ago. How it would be: to talk so freely with my father. To say hello, to tell him how good it is to see him. To hear him, not in memory, but in the world, outside myself.

I think of a photo of another father, Alberto. I lived briefly with his family in Italy. We enjoyed each others uncomplicated company. I think of Ian, a father and my friend. All love and loved their children.

My Resistance to Think · My Readiness to Feel

I am most bewildered when someone does not care about those things I value. I become disorientated and can all too easily turn my thoughts inward in the service of my insecurity.

I like to understand. Understanding why someone says or does the things they do not only keeps me calmer, it is the tool that lets me face their action or inertia.

When alone my thoughts more often serve my need to feel than my desire to know.

My Face · Your Face · Face to Face

I find no more revealing a time as when I am face to face - with someone looking closely only at my face, and I theirs. More usually I stand or sit oblique and at a distance of more than an arm's length.

In the blink of an eye my face reveals my inner self. I say one thing, but my face may show a more complex or contradictory tale. When face to face the my and you becomes the we. Perhaps it is because of this that we so rarely meet this way for more than the briefest moment.

The Silence of Another

When I write or speak I have no shield against a silent response. With silence I have the choice to say more, write more, or I could reply with silence, but these do not protect me from its injury.

Silence is a powerful tool that is employed to protect. At times it seems a kind response. I find it difficult to be silent with those I love, however, after time and time again when silence is required or used, I say less, and less, until all I have the strength to leave is on the page, my music, and my art.

The Sharing of Feelings

My aunt who is in her nineties is usually buoyant, but today a darkness grips her. Perhaps it is her failing eyesight at a time when reading gives her most pleasure. Perhaps I have not given her the time she needed these past few days. She will not say. I too grow sad. Feeling is infectious.

I stay a while and talk. She listens, at first without much attention, then slowly, as my chuckle about my utter failure to resolve my latest creative challenge turns to self-mocking laughter, she smiles.

Those Things I Hide

Here, with words, I struggle as I do with sound and light.

Whether alone or with another, most often, showing myself, honestly, openly, is difficult, complex. I yearn to be known, but time for this is scarce, so rare, and if I feel the slightest risk that something is not welcomed or understood, I hold back, I keep a part of me safe from view. I wish this wasn't so.

Friendship is my place of trust. It is where best I hope and share my art, my life. In this I place my love.

My Outside In, My Inside Out

When people meet me, they view and hear me in a way I do not know. They see my outside, my surface in the world. A mirror does not show this. They see the way I hold myself, the way I move, my face, my clothes. They hear me speak in ways I cannot sense. They like my look or not, and I have little sway.

Most of what I think and feel remains unseen - most of who I am and hope to be. Friendship is that rare uncovering of most.

Culture: Something Shared That Stands for Something Else

Culture: experiences and ideas that have not arisen from nature, but through the actions and practice of sentient beings. These include shared customs, social behaviour, science, art, religion, politics and other manifestations of the intellect. Multiculturalism is the interweaving of different cultures.

The aspiration to belong and grow defines the importance of culture, alone and together. Places of culture provide presentation, performance, and preservation of a culture, its ideas and objects.

Two Lives, Too Close

Being open does not always make life easier or untroubled.

Disclosing myself, sharing what I truly think and feel risks the possibility of flight. The flight of a stranger or someone known who, as they listen, begins to feel too close, and with fear of this, leaves.

Some, if not most of the time, person to person, I take care not to be too much despite my longing to be with. Here, my words on page, this place of distance grants the chance to share, arm's-length.

The Obstacle of Distance and Climate Change

If I think of myself as distant from someone, I can more easily ignore my care for them. The same is true for things and ideas. After all, I cannot think of everyone and everything that is or has been important to me, and so I attend to those people, things and ideas that are in my life right now.

My ability to ignore extends to my refusal to admit the existence of something clearly present. It is sometimes not until I am in the midst of the direct consequence of my denial that I begin to care.

To Touch and be Touched

Touch is my fundamental sense. I feel through touch. Much of my sense of body is through touch.

Touch was how I first explored the world. Touch allows me to experience everything between pleasure and pain, and provides a way for me to express my inner world and love.

Touch requires trust. If I sense touch is self-centred I withdraw and the same is true for another.

Touch is vital for my well-being, yet fraught with interpretation. With nature I touch without restraint.

To Know or Not to Know

When something matters, I often face the choice of discovering more or letting things be. Choosing not to know is usually the simpler path, takes less emotional and mental effort, and allows me to focus my attention on those things that I find more comfortable. With people, to know requires the mutual wish to know, and I only come to know beyond the safety of politeness through trust.

Friendship is a place where risk is shared. I am powerfully averse to danger, yet my impulse is to know.

The Time and Space We Need

I often pause to catch my breath to think in conversation. When I am with a friend, the trust and interval between us makes our exchange all the richer. When I am less known, the gap between us widens and I am aware my pause could be construed as my having difficulty, is awkward, or strange.

Insecurity demands a swift response and is aligned to the reflex of anxiety that distance can bring.

Patience, with and without another, can be a sign of love and requires that love may/not be recognized.

How I Feel

When I feel strongly about something, I temper my desire to immediately express myself except with those I trust. Although this is born from my need to understand what people do and say, it is my way to maintain the bridge between one view and another. The snag of self-control is that often-times people remain unaware of how I feel, and how I feel is immeasurably important to my sense of resilience. And so, when I feel strongly about something, I make with hope to share.

I Am With You

I search for words that reach the young and old in equal measure. Words that touch those who believe and those who do not. Words that hold the mind and heart from striking out. Words that let us breathe, that say with strength: I am with you:

One Family, One World

The Chance to Understand

I am told I look too long and too intensely at others, but despite my efforts not to impose I find myself spellbound by the inner world of strangers, as by those I know.

People are my endless source of fascination. I am drawn to those things that lay beyond the shell, the furtive gaze, their tone of words, the truth of how another feels.

To uncover is to find. To find I have the chance to understand.

Coming and Going

Our son is off to university for his third term. I have always loved being in his company, and I was very much mistaken when I thought I would grow used to his leaving.

Although I will miss him, terribly, it is good that he will meet new challenges, discover new friendships, and continue on his journey, independently.

If I think more of him than myself, the good things in his life, this intensity of my missing, subsides.

Choosing Those Unseen

The school I attended had a grass field with a football pitch that stretched forever. Although I did not have a passion for the game I liked to play with others and to loose myself far beyond the reach of bell. And so I would wait uncomfortably along with my friends, hoping not be one of the last to be chosen. It is clear to any child that selection so often comes down to politics and personal whim. When it was my turn to pick, the unchosen would come first which made for a game full with passion and grit :)

The Strength of Ambiguity

I am drawn to words, images and sounds with more than one possible meaning. I turned the title of yesterday's thought over and over in my mind before deciding on it. On balance I felt its intensity, its provocation more likely to hold the reader. I hoped to use the strength of the phrase against itself.

The invitation to call me the enemy is followed by what I consider among my enemies: distrust, hate, and dishonesty. Although I have no control over how others read my words, I do over their choice.

The Opportunities of Our Difference

Imagine you and I enter a lift where we hear the same sounds, see the same walls, and feel the same confined space. Even though we are physically close, our personal experience of the journey will be profoundly different as we each perceive in our own way, and bring our intentions, memories, culture, and character to that place. Difference defines us, even when it seems there is little to divide us.

I ponder on how difference is at the root of our strength to grow - genetically, culturally, and personally.

One in Half A Million

In my experience around one person in half a million thanks the originator of something that is offered without cost. I base this on observations of tens of millions of users to my websites over a twenty year period who have enjoyed free software, music, images and words.

Online behaviour is a more truthful indicator of human conduct as compared with the way people say they act in the presence of others. As you browse today, be rare, be one in half a million.

My Difference With Those Close

My art, music and words have little or no impact on my immediate family. When I share my work it does not move them past a few short words. 'I like it' is the most that is said. It has always been this way.

When people do not experience the world as I, whether strangers or those I care for, there is no fault. We see things differently. We return only to those things we love. Love cannot be forced, it is not persuaded, we feel or we do not. This sadness, my difference with those close, drives me to express.

Known and Unknown

Know: to be aware of.

You read my words. The more you take in, the more my world is known to you while you remain unknown to me.

My trust is in the value of what is said. If what is said moves your mind to thought, you may return unknown in search of knowing more.

The Need For Discord

Whether social, physical, or psychological, there is a limit to the tension I can comfortably tolerate. Art, music, dance and drama allows me to explore that limit through its discord. The experience of art can cross the boundary of our discomfort. In performance art and film it is however difficult to withdraw, and perhaps this is one of the reasons why we think carefully before attending.

Life without disagreement, a life of only harmony is sickly sweet despite its comfort and safety.

My Silent Voice

At times in my desire to be heard I fail to listen.

My enthusiasm can be off-putting. Conversations quickly fade if they are not in equal measure. I try not to interrupt the flow or talk too much, but my nature often gets the better of me. My silent voice is one of self-restraint in fear of loss. The less my silent voice, the more I am at ease.

If trust is in the air I sense the silent voice of someone else. Silence shared is more than voice alone.

Friendship and The Passing of Time

When I meet with a friend, time looses all strength to separate. We start again where we left off as if not a moment has passed.

Friendship is defined by trust. Trust that we can be ourselves, our strengths and weaknesses welcomed and expressed in equal measure. Trust is being unafraid.

Trust takes time, is lost in a moment, but when it lives between friends, all sense of time is lost.

What We Make We Most Enjoy

Words, light, and sound.

I ponder on our core creative expressions: speech, dance, and song. Perhaps we respond most powerfully to these forms as they require only our bodies to make and experience them. We feel most alive, especially with others, when we speak, we dance, and sing.

A Friendly Word

Friend: a relationship of mutual affection characterized by honesty, trust, understanding, and love.

I was fortunate as a child in having a close friend. Between the ages of five and ten we would share the world. Even though my friend died many years ago, words continue to keep that friendship close.

When alone, although my interaction with words cannot be described as friendship, each word serves to support my hope for it.

Offline

Far from all are here online. Many are in the midst of love, close to death, on sea or high beyond the reach of signal. They are faint if known at all in this conjured place of sound and light we sometimes think as real. While I embrace a world online, I am mostly mind and still. The world of movement, scent and touch offline remains the place of gathering most, of being most, with others closer, together, far from the abstracted self possessed.

Together

A member of my family is increasingly bewildered. She finds herself more frequently in a place of mist and uncertainty. The one thing that helps to settle her is love.

It is the same for all of us, no mater what our age or home: with company, together we grow strong.

Myself and Others

When my 'I' is in the foreground, my 'with' is diminished.

Most often I wish to do for my self. Yet I am happiest when I think of, and act for, others. Thinking of and doing for others is far from easy as my own interests and desires demand such attention.

When I am low or ineffective, it is because I fail to focus my love on others and feel more for myself.

The great strength of art is that it provides the means for us to experience the world outside our own.

The Day Before

The intensity of my preparation is a quality of temperament born from my insecurity as a child. No matter what the journey or context, I am driven to ready myself as best I can. With music, art and words, this takes the form of thought, research and planning. Only then do I feel free to release my heart and instinct.

Sadly, at times my focus on consequence curtails the fleeting opportunities of chance.

Desire and Dislocation

If someone beautiful approaches me and we begin to talk, our exchange is tempered by the potential of my desire (real or interpreted), and of their desire. Conversations are curtailed by concerns about a relationship's potential. The prospect of desire results in dislocation rather than the search for affinity.

Desire, true or imagined, so often halts the progress of friendship and love.

The Cost of Independence

Creativity is stifled by indifference. If I am enthused by an idea or experience, the greatest force of nourishment is that another shares in my excitement. Perhaps this is why creative people often meet or form groups. Some gatherings require members do a certain thing, or follow a particular path before they are admitted, others are by invitation only. I have an aversion to groups because of their personal and collective politics. The cost of creative independence is the journey of a lonely path.

On First Meeting

I spend many hours with a new tool I have added to my studio of creative gadgets.

There is nothing quite like the first occasion when one plays with something.

As I build I glimpse the tool's potential - everything is fresh, unknown: a journey of discovery.

As with people, being inspired on first meeting lays the seed for our return.

Family

Family: two or more who share resources and support one another.

I have long viewed the word family as a broad description of those who find themselves together over an extended period of time, and of those who have the opportunity to care for one another.

When I consider myself as part of a larger family, one not necessarily biological, my confidence in a brighter future is restored. When I am welcomed as family I am no more alone.

Seeking Safety in Numbers

A social network asserts that anyone on the planet using its service can be connected with anyone else on its network in an average of under four steps.

The implication of the 'degrees of separation' is that we live in a world where we are all a short distance from one another, however this fails to consider: choice; social and economic status; gender; culture; location; belief; and degrees of liberty. Our distance to many is still so great…

The Bread We Share

Each time I eat bread I am reminded of the earth, seeds, sun, and water. I think of how, when I offer bread to a friend and those I love, it becomes far more than something only my body enjoys.

The generosity of sharing bread, the simple pleasure of giving nourishment to another, leads to simple positive outcomes: a smile, and before long the start of a conversation, and with hope, eventually, love.

My World To Yours

My need to unravel what is in front of me has been a part of who I am since early childhood, when I understood very little about the difficult events in my life. At times I wish I had no need to interrogate each and every experience, but there is no denying my nature. I cannot help but think and counter hurtful passion. My instinct is to understand, my efforts, to create accessible, poetic, works of art.

It is my life’s adventure that I try my best to bridge the void between one world and another.

Open Water

I, like each and every one, experience the world uniquely as it pours inward through my senses.

My thoughts and feelings are mine alone unless and until I share some small part of me.

Sharing is our only hope to meet, grow and prosper, for I am an island as I cast my line of words, light, and sound onto the open water.

A Memory of my Farther

I did not know my father well. Although we rarely spoke he told me stories of his brutal and adventurous youth. He drew solace from country music and alcohol in equal measure. He died when I was in the US in the summer of 1984. My last memory of him is as we shook hands and I left for my flight. The tears that welled up within him as we parted have always remained with me as a measure of the strength of his unspoken love. This was the first and only time I saw him cry.

Two Sides of the Same Coin

When together, I am as much the expression of another's nature.

When alone, the full force of my nature is revealed.

An Independent Life

My son reaches out, in, and with the world.

I do the same in the certainty our paths will cross with more to share.

I miss him from my every day.

Love is as maple seed, carried by the wind.

Parting is our nature, as sun and moon to sky.

The Art of Sharing

I gaze at art created by children. With the guidance of their teacher the group studies an artist whose work acts as inspiration for their own creative efforts. Once the works are complete, photos are taken of them and shared with others.

The act of sharing is as important in nurturing a love and participation of art, as the creation of it.

I am most at ease when I share as an act of love, rather than as a means to benefit myself.

When You And I First Meet

Three years, in this place of thought, a page remained unseen, untouched, despite its easy reach.

In wait for one in five, million, souls. Perhaps it may be you. Year one, year two, year three, and then...

Each day I hide from view those parts of me that long for light. To hide, as much with love or hope, as with the claustrophobic fear that no one shares my view. For few and rare: the curious mind awaits.

Here, hear my voice, speak one word before its end, this day of celebration, when you and I first meet.

I Turn Away

You have travelled from across the sea. We meet. I have not seen you for some time. You are beautiful, yet remind me of my mother who has just died after her battle with despair. I am unsettled and keep this to myself. You tell me of the dark forces that have raged within you and ask we start over. I say that I cannot, but not why. We part. I turn away. I think of you each day and how I could have loved far more.

Forty years pass and still I think of you. Romance is but a single grain upon the shore of love.

Identity

What Makes Me, Me?

Essence: the essential quality of an idea, something experienced, or physical.

What makes me, me? Perhaps if I start with a simple idea: a dot.

A dot may exist in my mind, in the world, or both. The essence of a dot is that it is round, small, and exists on a two dimensional plain. Without any one of these descriptors, the dot is no more.

What makes me, me?: I do. My thought; my will; my hope; my fear; my thirst; my love.

The Unknown Kingdom

Nothing I have made thus far, not one word, a single prick of light, a solitary sound, is found in a gallery, a concert hall, or a place of academic study. I am not commissioned to make, I am not employed to think, I am not paid to entertain. As you read, these words are not coloured by the thoughts of others, by money, or cultural reputation. You read unsullied. This may change, but for now, at this time of writing, you decide whether what is said is of any value. Whether a word, light, or sound is worthy of return.

My Temperament

Temperament: the mental, physical, and emotional inclinations of a living being.

Temperament: in music, a slight departure from mathematically correct intervals between sounds of different pitch. A compromise that allows instruments to be tuned and played across a range of scales and modes (sounds with different pitches that are grouped together) without sounding out of tune.

My experiences shape my temperament as much as my biology.

A Child of The World

My DNA is linked with those in 115 of the 195 nations of the world:

Aboriginal Australia, Afghanistan, Algeria, Argentina, Austria, Azerbaijan, Belarus, Belize, Bangladesh, Belgium, Bhutan, Bougainville, Bolivia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Brazil, Brunei, Bulgaria, Canada, Cambodia, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Croatia, Cyprus, Czech Republic, Denmark, Ecuador, England, Egypt, Estonia, Fiji, France, Germany, Greece, Guam, Guatemala, Gutana, Haiti, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Israel, Jamaica, Jordan, Lebanon, Libya, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Portugal, Indonesia, India, Japan, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Laos, Latvia, Lithuania, Palau, Panama, Paraguay, Peru,

Philipines, Polynesia, Poland, Portugal, Melanesia, Mexico, Moldova, Mongolia, Morocco, Myanmar (Burma), Nepal, Netherlands, New Caledonia, Nicaragua, Norway, North Korea, Native American, Pakistan, Palau, Palestine, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Romania, Russia, Scotland, Serbia, Singapore, Slovenia, Slovakia, South Korea, Soloman Islands, Spain, Samoa, Sweden, Switzerland, Sri Lanka, Suriname, Tajikistan, Taiwan, Thailand, Tonga, Tunisia, Turkmenistan, Ukraine, Uruguay, Uzbekistan, Vanuatu, Venezuela, Vietnam, Wales, Western Sahara..

Visit One Family One World

A Tiny Speck That Acts Upon The World

I am one of countless living organisms. As something living, I change each day. As an animal I move independently, feed on organic matter, can reproduce, sense my environment, and think. As a human I interact, make, form ideas, and create using different materials: my body, light, sound, and words.

Animals represent around 0.1% of life on earth, and humans, less than 0.00001% of the number of animals, estimated at 20 quintillion. I am less than 0.0001% of the human family, and yet, here I am…

Vanity and Art

There is little I loathe more than the vanity of an artist, the self-pruning and presentation of personal identity as if it were evidence of being an artist. It is not. The appearance of an artist is irrelevant to the weight and quality of their art. The surface of a person, their colour, gender, age, their hair, and what they wear does not reveal the artist. Seeking to be well known, courting publicity, self-promotion, and commercial success have nothing to do with making well. Be wary of those charlatans of art.

Instinct and Choice

Whether the qualities that define me are innate or nurtured matters to my confidence and sense of self-control. Perhaps my insatiable need to know was embedded in my environment and upbringing, my need to make, forged from the fire of childhood experiences. Perhaps we are born with propensities.

If it is my nature to be something: this seems more difficult to change than if I have learned to be something. Can instinct be to love or harm? Whether nature or nurture, I am human, I act by choice.

Without Voice

I ponder on what is mine alone: my pleasure; my pain; my sensory experience; my thoughts; my trust; my hope; my happiness; my sadness; my memory; my being self aware; my love.

Although I cannot prove any of these most important experiences that define me, I can express them and indicate their presence through communication, art, music, and by the way I act.

I feel most vulnerable, most misunderstood, most alone without voice, and so I shout.

My Body and My Me

My body is made of cells, the smallest structures within me. Over half of these cells are not human.

My body is host to many tiny forms of life in addition to the fourteen kinds of cells I make. Bacteria, fungi, and viruses, both helpful and hurtful, make up the community of my physical presence.

If I think of myself only as a physical being, I am far less than meets the eye.

It is my mind, my spirit, my actions that form my me, for my body is but a vessel of existence.

The Journey Shared

I browse a vast book store, home to over 150 thousand volumes. I am struck by how many have something to say, yet how few read their words. By how little I know and is yet to learn. Being among these books I faintly sense the scale of human expression. What could possibly add to such wealth?

Your voice is unique. You travel a path from birth like no other. You sense like no other. You feel like no other. Never doubt, you who read these words have things to say that others wish to hear.

To Say Without My Name

With family and friends my name is Mike. A single syllable name: the outward breath begins as lips are closed, as they part the tongue pulls back, and half way, is held to the roof of the mouth until pressure builds, and the tongue is suddenly released. Online my name is Mike de Sousa. There are others with this name, but I have more. My name from start to end is Michael Peter Lawrence Paul de Sousa.

I use my name to signify I stand by what I say. To say with made up name would weaken what I say.

To Be Free

Freedom: to act and think without restraint; to be at liberty in mind and body.

My freedom is constrained culturally, ethically, by circumstance, and the laws of the country where I live. I value my freedom to act and express myself but only within the confines of causing no harm. I am free only in so far as my body is capable, and in what opportunities arise. I am most free in mind when I think of the world outside myself. I love others who are free. I often fail in my efforts to be free.

My

I am struck by how many times the word 'my' is used in my thoughts.

My: the hope or assertion that something belongs to the self. An expression of surprise.

Self: the essential characteristics and qualities of a sentient being considering their existence.

My name, despite being the closest thing I own, does not define me, nor does it belong to me alone. It is a means to prompt memory and thought. My is no more mine than you and yours.

My Name

Although I have been known as Mike for many years, some have called me Michael. Those entering www.michaeldesousa.com will find my work. My namesake has left his name to me.

My work is protected a little more by those who wish to subvert or profit from it.

My name forms part of my identity. Without it how else will people know or come to know of me? With name I know myself, my friends and family, my neighbours near and far.

Tone, Our Uncovering

The way someone says something is often as meaningful as what is said.

As I hear another's voice I am receptive to its tone, however it is curious I am less so of my own. At times what I say is understood differently than is my intention.

Tone in language is open, interpretive. It shows our light and dark, our attitude, our quality and character. Tone shapes what is said between us. Soft, hard, full and fake, tone is our uncovering.

With Music and Dance

When I was a child I loved to dance. I would often play a record and dance in my living room when no one was watching. In my teens I loved dance, and as an adult I love to dance. One of my best feelings is to dance with another. And yet... Throughout my life I only dance in private, with music, on my own.

Dance is at my core, and when I dance, and how I dance, I show myself, the curtain falls. I rarely let my curtain fall. To dance is to make. To dance with, is to make with. I love to dance.

Blue

The strongest blue of sky, eye and sea are made from the very air we breathe.

When sunlight passes through our atmosphere, more blue is scattered by oxygen and nitrogen. My eyes are blue for a similar reason, despite having no blue pigment.

I love deep ocean blue, sky blue, its reach and wash, its free and feral soul.

My Wondering, Stubborn Mind

Much to the frustration of my school teachers, I sought to understand relationships and events through journeys of dream and the imagination. My mind was prone to wandering which was nourished by intense childhood experiences. Perhaps because of deep-seated need, I will not let things go until I reach a point of completion.

It seems I have a paradoxical nature: I am easily distracted, and yet utterly absorbed by a single task.

For Love, People, Place, and Hope

At heart I have a spirit that will not yield.

I work when the time is right and value my creative freedom over financial reward. It has always been this way for me. My work is unconstrained by the demands of others. I express what I want, in the way I want, and when I want. My downside is that I work alone, intensely, relentlessly.

I work for love, for people, place, and hope.

A Solitary Path

I have a powerfully independent spirit that is by nature resistant to the influence of others, despite my wish to learn from them. I did not attend university nor an art or music academy. I am not a member of a political party or a religious organisation. I tend to avoid groups as I find it difficult to be honest in them. I do not wear the clothes of an artist or an unconventional person. I do not wish for a solitary path as I so love being and sharing with others, yet I find the journey to uncover is so often a lonely one.

The Collector • Hunter Gatherer

Part of the creative temperament is a natural tendency to collect and keep in the hope something may be used or of value at a later time. Although we all do this involuntarily with words every day, some people practice and cherish their store of expression more than others.

Over many years I have built my library of words, ideas, light, sounds, textures, movement and more. My library is not confined to the four walls of my home. It has become a pillar of my identity.

Being Normal

As we hear our own voice, our bones enrich its sound which appears far more resonant than to others.

As we face ourselves in the mirror we see our flipped features from our unique perspective.

Our normal is experienced by one, and one alone. All others hear us, see us, touch us, smell us, taste us as their normal meets ours.

Being is far from normal.

What I Know

What I know is largely hidden despite my wish and what I share. Many of my thoughts remain veiled, even during conversation with someone I care for. I make judgements about the context, then release a part of myself that I believe will have the greatest chance of understanding. Despite my efforts, I am at times self-serving.

With music, poetry and art, what I know is the better part of who we can become.

Three Things I Cannot Do Without

I cannot conceive of an idea without the tools of language or mathematics. Words convey my experiences, actions and intent, while numbers, shapes and patterns help me build, manipulate, and appreciate the universe. My most valued human skill is verbal language.

I enjoy composing: the way sounds, visual elements, or words are put together, and the movement of these into shapes and patterns to create art. Ideas, composition and meaning are vital to my well being.

Being Easily Distracted

I am easily distracted :) Shine a light on something new and I head towards it like a moth to the flame.

Distraction is my two edged sword. On the one hand it takes me away from what I am doing. On the other (and why I embrace unanticipated interruption), distraction is a dynamic force of change that brings new ways to understand and be. I place equal value upon seizing the moment as my being completely focused within the moment. Often times, being mixed up can be a pleasure!

Myself and Others

The idea of self springs from our notion of identity - what I have been; who I am; what I could be. The 'I' is the changing face of me. At first it seems I know what 'I' means, yet considering the 'I' for even a short while throws up countless questions. My struggles surround 'my' desires. I am most content when working creatively out of love for others, and yet 'I' yearn to share this journey. This hunger gives me purpose - I value my 'I' to increase the chance, if only for a moment, of becoming, being, close.

The Search to Name

As I work on a music composition I frequently consider what the piece might be called.

The search for the title of a work helps reveal its nature, whether it be an image, text, or music. Most often, my naming of a work is my final act of completion.

The search to name unfolds identity and sets the mind at play.

As I Wear, I Have My Say

Each article of our clothing informs others of our voice as much as the language we speak.

The headscarf not only offers practical protection from the elements, it carries social, cultural, and religious significance. It can be a sign of the wearer's modesty, or their commitment to a particular way of life. A show of difference or solidarity. A comfort, or challenge, to myself and others.

Amnesia

We forget easily so our lives are not overwhelmed with joy and sadness from the past.

At times however we try our best not to loose the memories that makes us whole: we keep small somethings of our love, hope, and pain. I keep more than most: a pine cone from a giant redwood, a pebble from a crashing wave, the feather of a songbird.

Those objects, words and art that we hold close become the emblems of our life.

My Sense of Self

I cannot contemplate a world without touch, both in its giving and receiving. My next most crucial sense is sight, despite the importance of music in my life. All three senses play a part in beauty and the arts which are vital to me, unlike taste and smell which I could live, reluctantly, without.

Isolation is used as a method of punishment that denies or limits our senses. At a different point for each of us, sensory deprivation crosses the boundary into mistreatment, and worse, torture.

Language

When Alone

I marvel at these tiny differences of light I know as words. That such small things of little weight can move my life and love. That nations can be built or fall with them. That hope can dwell within them.

I have the choice to read and write, and as I do I trust or turn away. Say or do not stay.

I read and write in faith of fairer times, with passion for the earth, with chance to share my happiness, my sadness, wonder, love. When alone, as you are now in thought, what better else is there to do?

My Hidden Voice

Words are unlike anything else I know. As I write words I hear them in my mind, yet so very differently than when I speak them. I read the following, silently, then whisper the same:

I keep this to myself, these words are mine alone.

When read by mind they are shaped by meaning, when said out loud, they are coloured by my voice: its texture and force, by a person: declared, made new, made known, beyond idea alone.

How Things Are Said · What Words Mean

I understand not only by what is said, but how. Some are expert in the use of words: the lawyer, academic, politician, seller. All know tone makes known, yet hide behind their words.

When I see someone speak I not only hear their words and tone, I also see their gesture. These three elements of language help me to better know whether what is said matches what is thought and felt.

My love, hope, fear, and anger is expressed more through tone and gesture than word alone.

Art and Literature · Literature Is Not Art

Art is in part defined by its initial contact with my senses. All visual art: with my eyes, music with my ears, and many other art forms through an array of my senses: dance, theatre, opera, film, sculpture and ceramics. Art may go on to stimulate thought. Poetry can also appeal firstly through its sound.

Literature is in part defined by its initial contact with my mind. The physical medium of literature is secondary to its meaning. I read the same from paper, screen, through touch (Braille), or by listening.

Understanding What Is Said · A Poet's Guide

The significance of language is that it means something. It takes time to comprehend.

My speed of knowing is less important to me than my need to know.

When someone speaks or writes and I do not understand, I feel less informed, less aware, less smart. I feel left on the outside. I wish most to be on the inside. Plugged in, switched-on.

When I use unusual or invented words, when I place them freely, my audience is diminished.

Without Language

Language is immeasurably important to me, yet much of the time I struggle to use and understand it.

Take music as an example. I may try to talk and write about it, but whatever I say does not come close to the experience of it. When I imagine a wordless tune in my head it is without language.

The same is true for dance. Both music and dance, those things I experience so easily, so beautifully, are far distant from language, and perhaps this is why I love them so intensely.

The Care of Choosing Words

Language is at the heart of what it is to be human.

Language is not passive, it creates laws, builds alliances, and provides a means to understand the world of others. It makes shape of our cultural, spiritual and political accomplishments, and is what has and will continue to be the primary tool that humans use to change the world.

The care of choosing words, how many, to whom, and when, is our means to live in peace or war.

Write Now

We search for something lost. A short phrase that held some truth of shared experience. Words that briefly, beautifully, held the us together with the why some are so driven to express and make.

We write. I, here. You, there. For one to see. For all to read. We write with hope, with anger, with pain, with doubt, with love. We write to know, to be transformed, to feel the same or differently, to hold ourself alone and with. The act of making breaks and bonds my heart with moments lost and found.

Where Thoughts Exist

My son asked where I think thoughts exist. Somewhere physical? Or somewhere else? I think of a bird, high above, against a blue sky. The bird does not exist except for a time in my mind, and now, in yours.

Words are magical in conveying thoughts... Is the bird between our ears? Or somewhere else? Is the bird where neurons fire in the brain? Or does the idea 'bird' have a 'life' of its own? I look up and see a real bird against the real blue sky. I sense both my birds fly somewhere else, at times, out of sight.

The Limit of My Perspective

Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, said words are to knowledge as pictures are to their subjects.

When I come to know through words, sound or images, I know only a facet compared with the experience of my being in a place or with a person. Socrates believed we only truly come to know through dialogue, through sharing. When I watch a film it can be personally affecting, meaningful, and powerful, however without dialogue about it, my knowing is limited by my small, deficient perspective.

Things I Fail To See

I often fail to recognize the detail of written symbols. I am dyslexic. Take my name: Michael. To this day I have to check the order of letters to ensure I have written it correctly. It is the same for written music. I can read, but to do so quickly I absorb the overall shape, tone and context of what I see.

My failure to recognize written symbols accurately forces me to consider their meaning more carefully. This habit extends to listening and being with others. The things I fail to see frame my urge to know.

The Wound of Words

Among the most intense hurt I feel is through words. I can be hurt most by those I love. I tend to hide my hurt. When hurt I withdraw, I ponder on the words I and those that hurt me spoke.

Hurt most often occurs with loved ones when they too are hurt. Once I become mindful of this and set my own hurt aside, my injury begins to ease.

The Voice From Within

Language is at the heart of me. It helps me understand and express myself through the lens of meaning. Language forms a bridge between my world and others. Art and music do this too, however it is language that is by far the most articulate, and my clearest path to becoming aware.

My thoughts flow as language, sometimes silently, sometimes aloud, often repeating or disappearing. I develop or interrogate ideas, or one spontaneously appears, yet thought is more than language alone.

Confidence or Arrogance

Those who write believe they have something worth saying. I ponder on when my sense of self crosses the line from confidence to arrogance. Is what I write significant? It is conceit to think it so.

I write because something moves me, or when I find something beautiful - I yearn for someone else to feel the same. I write to make sense of my experiences, and those of others. I write in hope.

I try to write with love, for only love dulls the stupor of the self.

The Art of Language

Can words be art? Are these words art? At what point does a word that means become a work of art?

The poem is the first form of words as art. A word alone, two or more, the shapes on page and sound in air become the very stuff of art.

Imagine this: I write the word and letter 'A', the first letter in my alphabet. I place the letter in the middle of a page in the centre of a blank book of 13 pages. I give this now to you as my idea. Is this art?

Words As Art and Sound

When I write, my first concern is for meaning, but I also care about the art and sound of words.

By the art of words I mean their shape, composition, form and structure. When words are presented with care they hold more power, beauty, and the possibility to encourage understanding and change.

The sound of words have an emotional impact and in this they are related to music. Some, even when they read to themselves, will whisper words, as if to confirm their inner presence.

Believe Me

Belief is not imposed. It arises through trust earned by honourable and consistent actions.

Political Correctness: the avoidance of language and actions that exclude, marginalize, or insult people who are disadvantaged or discriminated against. The phrase political correctness is also used as a derogatory term to downplay and divert attention from questionable behaviour.

I am struck by how the word lie hides within the word believe.

The Difference Words Make

I value life, love, and beauty. I want my life to matter, to make a positive difference. I could have spent my time making a mountain of money so that it could be used for the benefit of others, but I would have been, would be, subject to its temptations and corrosive touch.

Art provides the means to share in the importance of those things I value, however, to what extent does art matter? Has a painting, piece of music, or dance ever changed your mind or way you act? Do words?

Feeling Words

When words from those I love are spoken or written to me, they cause feeling. When I say or write to those I love they do the same. When giving words, I am not always careful over their choice. When receiving them, I feel, I have no choice but to care. Language is the best tool I have to understand, and so I pour over the use of words I hear and read, perhaps at times too much.

Language means, and yet it is still so far from the meaning a single kind and caring touch can give.

A World Without Language

Instrumental music has the capacity to touch my heart, deeply, no matter my mood, my personal circumstance, my strength, my hope.

Music falls outside of meaning, yet is profoundly significant to me. It offers an opposing force to my incessant need to understand. With music I inhabit the same world as touch, as scent and taste: a world without language: the worlds of nature and the spirit, both worlds where I feel at home.

A Change of Breath

For me, words are as precious as the breath between them. The space we choose to breathe informs their tone, their progress and their power. I add one comma and a break to make one line, two. With this the meaning of a poem holds firm, while making better the ease of its sound.

I often wish I could rerun a conversation with a friend or loved one. They could ask what I meant here and there, and I would do the same. A change of breath is all at times it takes to be believed.

Why, What, and How

With people I hold back much of what I want to say but often say too much. With people I find conversations full with sub-text, doubt and need. My own and others.

When writing I can better state my mind and worry less about my awkward pause. When I write I judge the tone and gesture of my words more carefully, I interrogate their consistency and honesty with more intensity. Whether words are spoken or written, I cannot help but question them.

"I"

I: the singular first person pronoun; myself, the speaker, or my imagined self.

Much of what I write here is written from this point of view. It is not always my point of view. Placing speech marks around the letter, the word, encourages me to think more carefully about its meaning.

"I" declares distance from me to you and invites your scrutiny. My hope is that by expressing my thoughts as I, you are more willing to come closer, and that "we" are given chance and voice.

My Word • Your Word • Our World

A single letter separates word and world.

No matter what my beliefs, my politics, my values, my hopes or fears, my word is only as strong as the trust you give it.

What and how I, you, and we say, makes the difference between us.

Words Said and Unseen

Words give chance to share.

The words I write take time to fully form. I choose words carefully, slowly, and yet as I return to them their meaning shifts, their strength becomes less or more with the passing of time.

I write no more words here each day than can be said out loud within a minute. Their mystery is that they play upon my mind throughout my day, far past my conscious reading. Words compel me to return.

Snow On Skin

I wake to see a light covering of snow. Delicate, translucent, a soft thin skin of nature that melds as the warmer wet of morning greets the earth. I do not see snow often, and so I gaze, I wonder.

I walk out and hold the palm of my hand to face the last few lightly falling crystals. As they touch I feel their icy prick, their moment of change, the life of a snowflake end. Transfixed, I think the same as boyhood: I am the cause of this. I look up once again at the gently drifting sky.

Becoming Something Else

I enjoy the creative process most when it is an unencumbered conversation of ideas and practice. My ideas are expressed with sound, light, and words. When for example I place a word before me, it asks something of me through its meaning, associations, and beauty. I experience this as a conversation. In this context the practice refers to how that word is used, and where that word is placed.

After I begin something it often becomes something else.

When Words Are Real

Shortly after I wrote yesterday's thought I began to create a simple publication to cement my personal commitment to it. Speaking the single word love at the start and end of each day is meaningful for me. It gives my day form and purpose, when alone and together. Thinking silently is different, perhaps because when I push a word through my breath into the world I somehow make it real.

'Love', when said in isolation is my declaration, my pledge.

My First, My Last

Language is the tool I value most. It is free to use by all. It is how I share the meaning of and in my life. It is my path to understand another's world. How else can this be said without its force?

Love: let this be my first word each morning and the last before I sleep.

Without Words

As hard as I try to imagine a day without words, I cannot. Words are my most treasured tool, whether spoken, read, or thought.

Touch is my most prized sense, light my most loved, and sound my most expressive, but for all these, without words my life would be diminished. Ideas emerge and flourish only through our words.

When I ignore or fail to hear another's words, I risk the danger of silence: a world without words.

Mathematics Is Not Language

Language: a system of communication that expresses ideas, events, emotional life, and experience. People often believe musicians make good mathematicians. I am not, and over the years this has led me to consider the nature of mathematics. In common with music, mathematics is not a language.

Mathematics is a mental activity that uses symbols and logic to model understanding. Although maths is an invaluable rational tool, it is not understood without the assistance of a language like English.

To Say Or Not To Say

I spend every day thinking about, then writing and refining a short passage that I hope is of value. At its best it reaches you, however as with anything I say, at times I am less successful.

With another, there is no greater threat to honesty than not saying, and yet I ponder on whether it is always better to say, or speak only when there is something worth saying.

I say in the quiet of my mind then set it on the page so it might by chance meet yours one day.

Not Seeing

Although I read and understand words with ease because of their context, I have always had difficulty spelling, and find reading written music challenging. At times I simply do not see. As language is such a common skill in humans, any deficiency is often viewed of as a measure of general competence. My difficulty with the recognition of written symbols has however been immeasurably important in the way I use language and sound. Meaning and music are not defined by their aids to memory.

Quiet Thinking

My conscious thinking seems dominated by language and reason: I consider this relationship, that idea, event or circumstance. A great part of my thinking however is not conscious nor deliberate. At times I may be resistant in acknowledging my unseen mental processes, yet their importance is undeniable.

When I am faced with a complex creative or logical challenge, the time I allow myself to ponder and mull is as important in finding a solution, as the time I take to meet the problem head on.

The Use of Words

It remains a miracle to me that these gifts we call words have the capacity to change the world through persuasion and insight. Language is my most prized tool and I must use it to the best of our ability, no matter how small or large the context.

From a simple greeting to a great literary work, words provide our means to understand and build. At all times I should be more thoughtful of their use.

The Importance of Numbers

Although numbers do not exist except as ideas and symbols, they are exceptionally useful in marking moments and expressing a measure or quantity of something. I associate the number 14 with my sister's birthday. If I think of myself at the age of fourteen I consider a particular period of my life. If I think about the relationship of 14 on a scale of one to a hundred I place the idea of 14 in a context which is helpful. Although I am not good with numbers, I enjoy the thoughts they bring.

Birdsong

Each year in March as I work at my desk I am transformed by the sound of early birdsong. One particular blackbird has a distinctive call I have grown to love. Out of nowhere, and after months of quiet winter, their song fills the air once more.

I am struck by how one bird will listen and pass on the songs of another - we humans are not the only species with an aural tradition…

In Search of Simplicity

With language, my hardest challenge, and greatest pleasure, is to say something, simply.

With love, give. Grow.

A True Story

This is a true story: a man walks into a movie studio and lies about what happened. A film gets made and the titles roll: this is a true story.

The phrase 'true story' in the opening or promotion of a movie is always a negative for me.

Although there can be as much truth in fiction as that which is declared as fact, truth is often far removed from memory or the reporting of events.

Seeking Clarity

One of the great challenges I try my best to meet is to express myself clearly. Most often I fail.

Language is perhaps our most mysterious tool of expression, and my most treasured. Unlike any other medium used to create, language is not defined by its medium. It can be recorded on a surface, presented aurally, visually, or through touch, yet its essential quality, meaning, remains the same.

Through language we build our worlds of one.

Loss

A Short Lament For A Private Man

A man falls silent and alone.

For those, like the man I knew, who find themselves surrounded by life, yet unable, unfortunate, or unwilling to welcome its company, their passing is remembered with sound and light so they do not fall forever from our view.

Missing

Missing: a presence of mind or body that is absent; not easily found; lost.

Paradise: a place regarded as perfect in setting, faith, or thought.

I am young, I am old, I am weak and strong, I love as night, fire and wind approach.

I yield to be no more with all that I have known. I become the flame, the heat, the smoke, the ash that reaches high above the land and sea, and over time enfolds the earth to fall and make anew.

On Sorrow

No matter my sadness, I choose to live. In part because my mother did not.

With art I store all the spirit of my hope, my pain and joy. No matter the depth of my experience, art provides the means to release and look upon those things so difficult in word with others shared.

On the death of an unborn baby:

Lost: the seed of being, with, the journey's end, before first breath, your sorrow borne.

Whitewashed

Something can be expressed that is of value by someone I do not care for.

Art is interpretive, it is often used to make a point. Although an artist may create a body of work, a work of art assumes a value and significance of itself. Despite the artist's intention, motivation and behaviour, art enjoys a life all of its own: politically, culturally and aesthetically. Mozart is not his music.

If I dismiss or deny the voice of those I disagree with, if I close my eyes, if I scrub art out, I blind myself.

Pulling Back

My passions are easily roused. I am prone to exuberance, and melancholy. I unveil the force of my emotions in my own company and tend to quell them with others as they cause discomfort.

When I feel strongly about something, perhaps by the way someone acts, I have an intense need to understand and express myself. If I view their act as helpful or harmful, I point it out, obliquely, and as with all things that most personally affect me, I take my time, often so much, many leave…

Lost and Found

Half of yesterday's photographic work is unrecoverable, gone. That light and experience will not return.

When something is lost due to my fault I can dwell on it with nagging regret, or use my discontent as the engine for a new journey. As soon as day begins to break I will tread out into the freezing fog.

The photographs I lost were the most dramatic and forceful. Without them I turn to words:

I stand in whirl of powder white, the bite of bitter cold, of rasping wail of wind, and here I find my home.

The Art of Returning

With art I am free to make mistakes. I can improve without concern or offence.

Take the poem below. The words I wrote are not spoken to one but written for many. I revisit my words and make changes. Unlike a conversation I am not judged by long silences, I am not too much, or too little, neither misunderstood nor viewed of as insensitive. With art I take my time to say.

When making art I can return. With people, sadly and so often, I sense their unease with my persistence.

The Loss of Less

I feel the loss of less, my smaller moment with,

Far from the crash of wave, the taste of salt, the scent of sea,

In sight of land and sky alone, I feel my loss, my less,

The sail in wind becalmed, the wrench of rope and strength of nature's hand, elsewhere,

With less I feel my loss, as speck of grit my time escape, a wistful grain of microscopic sand.

Two Children

Two children, far apart, open their eyes full with the excitement of a new day. They lived as their parents do: with kindness and tolerance. They knew love and were happy. One in Freetown, Sierra Leone, the other in Barcelona, Spain. Before their loss, those with them: best friends, brothers, sisters, mothers and fathers, grew stronger with the goodness of their lives. No matter how a child is lost, the only ease to grief is love. Love equally of those we wish close, and those far, far away. With Loss: Love

Making Real My Loss

When I was a child in bed and about to sleep I would think of someone close I might loose. I would not stop until I felt my sadness real with silent tears. It took many years to know this search for comfort was how I coped with the separation of my mother and father, and them from me. I was fostered at three. My surrogate mother died when I was fourteen, my mother at nineteen, and my father three years later. Despite my loss I knew love, given and received. My music art and words become my silent tears.

In Sight of Spirit Strong

A new artwork touches on the fear and confusion of the Grenfell Tower Fire, however it does not show those caught up in it as victims, but rather people with intention and strength, no matter their form. I choose to see their spirits as vibrant, purposeful, powerful.

The Fire Within

I spend many, many hours trying to take in the tragedy of a devastating fire that swept through a seventy meter high block of flats where hundreds of people lived. Words cannot express the terror, anguish, sadness and pain so many feel.

As someone from a distance, my feelings are of little worth unless I act.

With Loss: Love

Touch

Composed as the pandemic of 2020 takes hold, music and art has the potential to give some solace to those who are unable to touch in times of illness and separation.

I can think of no greater pain than being apart from loved ones. Music, art, and words have the extraordinary quality of allowing the spirit to meet when the body may not.

In Search of Community

My friend of many years whom I have never met, John Berger, the artist and cultural commentator, with piercing eyes and insight, with love, with hope in the power of companionship and community, has died.

John devoted his life to human expression and the creative life. I call John my friend as his life and work has moved me over many years, changed me, provoked me. He has, like countless artists, writers, and composers, enriched my life: yesterday, today, and tomorrow. For this I am profoundly grateful.

The Actions of Our Better Lives

Aleppo حلب Ḥalab: a city occupied for 7,000 years. Our place of difference and tragedy: our school, our hospital and home. Our mother, father and child. Our sister and brother. Our life-long friend and love. To live well, to find peace, our only path is through compassion and love. Both are by our side to use at any time, in any place. No matter our pain, these actions of our better lives are bound for life within.

The Day Before and After

The day before I publish there is nothing but hope.

The day after is often full with doubt and worse.

A day more, my dream returns.

In Place of Needless Loss

I dedicate a poem to those who lost their lives in the Aegean Sea as they fled the horror of war.

I was moved to write as events are soon and sadly forgotten. Poetry leaves an open door to return.

Words, through their permeating quality, can lead to change. The act of writing is an expression of solidarity, and of hope.

Loss and Love

Small splinter pierced my skin so thin I cannot see yet lightest touch on finger tip becomes my instant enemy. I search but cannot find my foe that lights my life with pain, all else is placed aside, all focus now to quell the same as if my life depends on this, this splinter of my hour, my day, my come what may to find this tiny thing is so much less than loss that entered me that I may never see or wish to loose: my loss and love of you.

Love

With Love Embrace

When we are lost with love for another, all else disappears.

The fragility of being young, yet passed childhood, is the acute realisation that love can be lost, not through choice, but cruel circumstance and chance. For those older, the experience that love is unique as it relates to each individual, makes its loss profound, yet also heightens its value and significance. Some recover, others are unable to, or pretend as much to themselves as to others, that it never existed.

How Long Does Love Last?

I think of someone I loved when I first met them: their kindness, openness, their smile. At first my love appeared to ease with the ebb and flow of our parting, yet as time moved on, my love for them, who I have not seen for so long, lives on. As I treasure my love, all those I love, have loved, my love remains.

Love bound by a person may be anywhere between a breath, and a lifetime. Love of art, music, and ideas may last longer still. How long love lasts may be of choice, and for some, a matter of their nature.

For Person, Place, and Idea

When I undertake something, I do so for person, place, and idea. Take my intention of being somewhere at a particular time. I is the person, where is the place, and the idea is when. My obligation to person (whether myself or someone else), place (wherever this be), and idea (what I intend) is for me a matter of trust, honour, and respect. I do not lightly say I will to anything. Love is no different. To love I need the person that is the focus of my love. The place: where I do, have, or hope to love. The idea: how I love.

With Words I Cannot Tell

This day, each month, I set aside time to remember a moment of beauty a friend shared with me. They spoke of their experience of walking through woods, and how the trees above swayed in the high wind.

With shy hesitancy they told me, quietly, how they were moved to tears.

The beauty of that moment was to hear another feel as I.

With love, much remains unsaid. With words the sway of trees subside.

On This Our Shortest Day

At certain times of year, its end, I contact you, politely, not too frequently, too earnestly, for if I push the slightest bit too hard you say no more, you turn away.

You make me better, good, well. In life I love, and those I love remain within.

I contact you to share my love, not driven by desire, but for the care of love.

I love on this our shortest day, through longest night I love, alone, and with.

Treasure

I too easy loose the memory of things I love.

When something moves me, perhaps when I am with someone I love, under a canopy of autumn trees, high on a windy mountain side, or looking out across the bright shine of sun on sea, I note the day and place a reminder for myself so that each month on that date I am heartened once again.

Short words, a scent, touch, the light and sound of your voice. Simple things become my treasure.

Before I Sleep

Every night before I sleep I think of those I love, have loved, and hope to love.

I am attentive, intense with those I love, or wish to love. I do not easily nor comfortably swim on the surface of friendship. I do not seek acquaintance. Perhaps it is my intimacy that most often repels rather than attracts. I try to hold my voice so as not to break the chance to talk again, on page and with.

Every night, before I sleep, I think of those I love, have loved, and hope to love.

With Love · Without

We love to be with, or we do not.

There is no effort I can make to change this, no gift or kindness, act of friendship, happiness or love.

If someone does not care to be with, their state is set. Their feelings, fixed. It is painful to accept: as colleague, friend, family, or more. At times one hides the truth. Pretends. Denies. Persists.

To love the company of another is as important as the respect of their disinterest.

Too Little · Too Much · Too Early · Too Late

I am not a good judge of how much to say or when to say, although I try to take care with what I say.

Most often I say far less than I would like to say, perhaps need to say, and at times, yearn with all my heart to say. I pull back in the hope others will stay. I hope what I make speaks for me. When exposed, the fierce intensity and insistence of my inner world loosens me from those I wish to be most close.

To be loved I cannot be too little, too much, too early, or too late.

To Live · To Love

Light, sound, and ideas affect me so deeply I am moved to act, and at times, to change.

Whether it is the sound of sleeping breath in the still night, the slow swell of dawn, or the flood of thoughts as my day begins about those I have loved and love, I am roused to make.

Those all too many times when I am disheartened by how my art, music and words fail in their reach, are countered by the certainty that to love gives reason to live. There is so very much to love.

Three Words

Love is as much the care and respect of another's feelings as it is the emotionally charged experience.

If I feel the importance of a friend, if I care for them deeply, consider them, trust them, I love them.

After time in friendship I have said I love you, not for romantic intention, but to share their significance and force upon my life. Words are held in memory for or against and as evidence of truth.

That another does not greet my love with love is no good reason not to love: gently, quietly, thoughtfully.

Expressing Love

My immediate expression of love is in my choice to act. My most routine expression of love is through my voice. My most personal, through touch. My clearest, through text. My symbolic expression of love, through beauty in sound, light, and words. My most heart felt expression of love is through music.

Most often and in common with others, however I express my love, it goes unnoticed or is ignored.

The expression of love is an invitation to share in it. The equivalence of need in love is rare.

Drought

Water is a fluid that keeps things moving. It dissolves chemicals, regulates temperature, and for over 70% of the earth it is home. Water is essential for all living things. Without water we die.

The total amount of water on earth is constant, however where it is changes. Humans have a profound impact on the nature of this change over time. With drought, crops fail as do all who rely on them.

Love is the water of my life. When it runs dry, when I do not seek or nurture it, I am barren, desolate.

Love, The Environment, And The Artist

Being emotionally connected with another is the precursor to compassion. Some people are either unwilling, limited, or unable to place themselves in another's shoes. Some do not feel much at all for others, positive or negative. Some feel only for themselves or those they love: their partner, family, or friends. Fewer for those outside their immediate circle, and fewer still for those who are different or live in distant places. Fewer for animals, for living things, and fewer for the environment. When I feel, I act.

A Perfect Day

Imagine a perfect day: being with those you love, in a place you love, under a sky you love, doing those things you love. Imagine a day from start to end when you are free to dance and sing without restraint.

Imagine another perfect day follows the first. A week. A month. A year of perfect days.

Along this never ending line I would sense a day as less, impaired. I would miss the grit of life, the ache of heart, the hurt of love. I would be less without my wish, my hope.

The Antidote to Unwanted Distance

I watch a movie at home that moves me as much as when I first saw it at the cinema. I find it beautiful, emotionally engaging, texturally rich, and full with social and cultural commentary. Everything works for me: its themes, narrative, screenplay, cinematography, music, lighting, design, acting, and direction. When it becomes clear that the movie fails to connect with my son I feel as if a great wall descends between us. The only known antidote to counter an experience of unwanted distance is love.

Love and The Artist

To create art, whatever its medium, the creative person must be loved, love, or yearn for love. Their love may be of a person, a place, or an idea. They may be loved by another, they may love themselves, or they may long to be with their love. The love the artist requires is strongly felt with a consistent commitment or wish of care and kindness. Without love, the need to make quickly fades.

When love of self or self-belief turns to arrogance, love leaves, and with it, all that inspires.

When Alone and With

I express myself so very differently when alone compared to when I am with someone else.

When in love this difference melts away. Not when only I feel love, but when love is equal and shared.

When alone in love and with, I take care not to say too much, share too much, be too much.

When alone with light, sound and words, I can be in love, express, then share my love.

Being with love requires judgement and care. Being in love has no barrier of doubt or distrust.

Whispered Love

You are ninety five. Since your birth, your heart has beaten over four billion times.

The body is a wondrous thing.

For twenty eight days you have gone without food, and for three, without water.

You cannot see. You cannot speak. Your hands are cold. You breathe the quickened shallow breath.

I whisper close in hope your spirit hears: love. With love, there is no place for fear.

What Do I Want To Be? What Will I Be?

What I want to be shapes what I will become.

I want to be in love, I want to be loved, I want to love.

I think of the meaning of these statements and what they say of me. To be in love has the potential of causing as much sadness as happiness. To be loved requires another. I only ever have choice about the last: I can love at any time, in any place. For chance to be in love, to be loved, I must always love.

At Start and End of Life: Love

You have not eaten for fourteen days. The doctors cannot quell the seep of blood. You are ninety five, so very weak, a woman with one need alone: love. If even for a moment you do not feel its presence, you cry out. Your spirit, that you beyond the hold of suffering and pain, cries out.

To bear this time those close must put aside their need, their only action to be at peace is love.

At start and end of life: love. At birth and death and all between: love.

Why I Make: More Than For My Heart Alone

Why things are made: to satisfy material need; for pleasure; in hope; to connect with; for memory; to change; express; to explore; for solace, to understand; to learn; to leave something of myself; for love.

Of these, love is by far the strongest force. My love of someone else, of nature, and of beauty.

When others are disinterested in what I make, when those close are unmoved in body or mind by what I do, I am deeply saddened, but my need to make is more than for my heart alone.

Over Time

The green sprigs of hornbeams I planted over a month ago withered after the shock of their move. It seemed all one hundred plants were lost. Each day I watered them with the hope they might be dormant and their strength would return, but day after day they showed no sign of life.

Fresh lime-green leaves on four of the plants have started to unfurl. I was impatient. Life takes time.

To nurture is to love, even when it seems all is lost.

My Priority

What is important to me is likely not to you. There may be rare moments when our priorities collide. It may be that you and I hear the same piece of music we both enjoy. Yet even as we do, at the very moment of our shared pleasure, what is important, what catches our attention, what takes our mind and heart, for each of us, is different. My journey in whatever I experience is distinct from yours.

To love is to listen to another, to act for their need, to place their hope, their joy above my own.

With Love

To live I require air, water, and food. To live well I need shelter, health, social care, education, and the arts. When I compete for these things, I reduce their prevalence.

More evasive is my need of purpose, confidence, understanding, community, and friendship.

Outside myself, yet in my interest, is care for the world and living things.

Politics debates whether to or how to support these. Put simply, they are nurtured with love.

Freedom and the Choice to Love

During every moment of my life, somewhere on this earth someone loves. It may be a child's love for their parent, or a parent's for their child; the love between siblings, partners, friends, strangers; between one species and another; of nature, of ideas, of self. Now, as you read, and now once more is love.

By love of self I mean the care, respect and kindness of the self. Love is not desire nor seeks gain.

Alone and with others, at any time, I am free to act with love. When I choose not to love I harm myself.

Love and Making

To make I must feel.

Feelings may arise from things said to me, from ways people act towards me, and from my imaginative journeys of hope and fear. I make most when in love: a state of love for one, many, or with nature.

The love of one, the need to love and be loved by another concerns myself. The love of many requires I think far less about myself. The love of nature includes myself but only as a part of a far greater whole.

The Paradox of Loving Well

Whatever I do I should do with love. I find this difficult. I love when my feelings, thoughts and actions are in the service and care of something or someone. I fail to love well when that someone is myself.

Love of self turns quickly into my search for pleasure and well-being with less regard for others, and yet I need to care for myself to love others well: to make a positive difference I must be strong.

It helps to admit and be mindful of the focus of my love: of myself, another, or something else.

An Act of Art · An Active Heart

I wish to live with passion, compelled to move and feel. Driven by the need to know, and the urge to understand. Creating art with words, sound and light, fortifies my heart.

To make is to engage, to be involved, absorbed, caught up, enthralled. It is my only means and chance to crush my voice of doubt. My only path to reach the marrow of another's world, and they with their art, mine. Without art, my heart grows dim. Those I cannot help but love, love art.

Making Plain The Art I Love

What I make is open to interpretation. Perhaps this is true for all art. No matter how clear, how straight forward I try to be, the audience will bring their world to it and view it differently than my intention. Their senses, their experience, confidence and understanding of and in the world colours everything.

What and how I say is only of importance to you, only becomes of significance to you, if I touch a chord.

The music I love, the people I love, the nature I love, the art I love must resonate in me for you to love.

Giving · Taking

Although giving is immeasurably more rewarding than taking, I long to share those things I love.

When I experience beauty or kindness, when I am excited or moved, my first impulse is to search for someone to wonder with, feel and talk with. If I fail in this as I do most often, my next action is to make.

Making art seeks to capture and express those things of significance for a later time so they are not lost. Art comes forth from the hope to love and be loved.

What We Do With Love

I have always separated love and desire. Love for me is all things good. Love comes in numerous forms, is expressed in many ways, and is the foundation of kindness and compassion. In contrast with desire, I feel love when it is unconcerned with any pleasure, satisfaction, or advantage I may gain. When I experience love I care for a person, place, thing or quality outside myself.

We do not choose to fall in love, it is involuntary, what matters is how we act with our love.

The Weakness of My Words

No matter what I say you will doubt me. Even those I most love doubt me in some way. Doubt protects us from harm. It is the castle keep to our innermost secrets, the last defence from trust.

With words I can leave something of myself to pore over. Something to consider far away from me.

The weakness of my words is that they only have the strength those hearing or reading bring to them.

The most eloquent, beautiful, moving words are not enough to trust, for trust requires love.

Taking Care

Take: reach for and hold, with body and mind.

Care: a state of mind and an action of the body that seeks the health, welfare, and protection of someone or something. I may care for an idea and experience as much as for something I can touch.

If I take care only of myself I feel unsatisfied, hollow, empty. The beauty of taking care outside of myself is that I feel, far more. Whatever strength and resilience I have is born through the caring of others.

A Different Point of View

Whatever I experience, I do so from within. Reflecting on another's different point of view helps me better understand my own. At times I feel saddened, frustrated, or weakened by a different view, perhaps as this is so often the source of conflict. If I sense difference, even for a moment, it might set me apart, dislocate, threaten, divide. And yet, my view is only broadened by reflecting on another's.

I find I love most with others who are open to and welcome difference, for how else can love grow?

Music and Love

Knowing another is like hearing music. My experience of both is unique.

I think of a simple tune and imagine myself with a friend as we listen. The same air moves towards us, the same rhythm, pitch and tone, and yet, as soon as sound enters our bodies, we feel differently. What makes my body move, what moves me is my own, the sum of all those things I am and know. The same is true for my friend. I love music, I love friendship, and I know good people by their love.

A Definition of Love

I ponder on the nature of love.

Love: powerful, positive feelings and actions towards another, or others. More than attraction or desire. The foundation of a life well lived.

With this in mind, The Right to Love is not confined to personal and romantic love, but applies more widely to the right to feel and act with love.

The Love of Others

At this very moment of my writing, at this very moment of your reading, someone loves, someone is loved. I may be hindered, hurt, or worse, but as I listen to my breath, and this the next I take, at each and every breath a child is kissed, a hand is held, the eyes of two become as one.

I am made stronger when my thoughts are of others. I grow weaker only as I think of me.

Meeting Any Challenge

I view optimism as aligned with hope, and hope (the home of love of self and others) as the prime mover of positive action. I view pessimism as aligned with despair and tending towards inaction, although I recognize some pessimists view their outlook as the way to know their existence honestly, and to act in the world without the veils of ignorance and self-delusion. Whether my outlook is to see the worst approaching or the best in sight, love is my essential means of meeting any challenge.

When Without

Whether I love a person, living things, the place I find myself in, an action or interaction, my love is unconstrained by the brief moment of my being with.

Love is a lasting commitment to another: someone or something outside of myself that I have no choice but return to in my mind and heart. Love is reiterated, affirmed, internally and eternally insistent.

Perhaps I love as much when without as when with.

For Those I Love

Each day I find a quiet moment to myself and ponder on all those whom I have loved and love today.

For some I have no more than memory, for others, a letter, or perhaps a solitary photo from many years ago. I keep each love to heart, for all, whether present or lost, continue to shape me. With those I love in person I try my best to tread lightly. Disclosing my intensity of thought and feeling tends to push people away, and so I make. The safe separation and distance of art gives the chance for love to be accepted.

Nothing But Love

I find social gatherings of more than a handful uncomfortable as there is so much I wish to say but hold back. We have little in common yet much to share. Time passes long before I draw breath.

I meet a beautiful ten day old baby. All is future. All is hope. A milestone.

I gaze at the newborn held gently in her mother's arms, eyes closed. She knows nothing but love.

To Love

Tolerance: my willingness or increasing insensitivity that allows the existence, occurrence, or practice of something disagreeable, without interference.

I can be tolerant of something that is good for me, or that injures me. I am intolerant of those who purposely cause harm. My intolerance is expressed peacefully, and with the full force of my voice.

The celebration of amicable difference is essential for peace. To love requires tolerance.

The Chance and Choice to Love

Love shows itself with force in times of unimaginable loss.

For those with deafening silence where once their loved ones spoke. For those with pain, with fear, bewilderment and grief.

Life is all I know. Each breath, each moment, a chance and choice to love.

With Loss: Love

For Those I Love

For those I love: May you be loved. May you be, in love.
For those I do not know: May you be loved. May you be, in love.
For those I have no common ground with: May you be loved. May you be, in love.
For those who disagree: May you be loved. May you be, in love.
For those who hurt: May you be loved. May you be, in love.

One Family One World

We live on a fragile and beautiful planet. We are but once. Unique. You. I. We.

There is one thing I do that matters, that builds a chance for our better world: love.

Visit 'One Family One World'

Daybreak

I dedicate my work 'Daybreak' to Billy, a student of philosophy and literature who died suddenly.

Whatever our darkness, daybreak will unfold...

In Love And Art

I came across a beautiful work of art that conveys an immediate impact and is wonderfully produced. I discovered it was commissioned to hook those who enjoy art and to bolster a company brand that seeks to present itself as a trailblazer of sophistication and style. Despite its undoubted attraction, I do not share art designed to manipulate affection if it is strongly associated with commercial gain.

Art is only convincing when its motive is not mired by money. In this, art is akin to love.

Giving

Giving: to freely cause or allow another to have or experience something.

I find giving without desire or need of return immensely difficult, especially over time. Giving is not for the faint of heart... I ask myself: why place such importance on this path?

If I seek even love as I give, I seek to gain. Giving unconditionally is to love. Give to be in love.

Why I Do

The most simple questions are often the most difficult to answer. Here are two: Why do? And its antithesis: Why do not?

What I do is driven by my nature, my values, my desire, my interest, my strength, my weakness, and my judgement of risk. These are also at the root of why I do not.

If I consider these questions as ethical, I form a guide to my actions. Why do?: Love. Why do not?: Love.

Those Things We Hide

I have deeply held convictions about love, about our actions, and about art. I view anything I publish: every word, every pixel, every sound, as some small proof of those things I hold dear. I try, but often fail to be as careful, as thoughtful in my everyday, as when leaving these modest grains of self online.

When in the company of others I mask my intense nature much of the time. Perhaps we long for those most we trust will love those things we often hide.

Seeing More

I live on a street with no lights. I like this as I can look up to see the stars.
When I turn in for the night my eyes need time to adjust to the darkness. It is not possible for me to accelerate the process of this change as I look out my window into the moonless evening. I have to wait before I see well.

Understanding, empathy and love is no different. I cannot rush these to know them well.

With Love Unite

Life, this moment of our here and now,
This place of all we ever are,
Of time we do and share in this our touch of present near and far.
With grace, with hope, with peace revere this gift of sound and light,
As once we play upon this earth with all that is with love unite.

Small Things

Until today I have kept my feelings about our son's leaving carefully under wraps - he has been a profound and wonderful force in my life since his birth. I have always considered him a gift. I struggle not to dwell on my sense of impending loss. Small things set me off, the last time in a while before we do this or that, together. It is those ordinary things we share that builds our sense of love.

May you love those you meet, and meet with those you love.

Art and Love

I am easily moved by those things I experience. I love the sight of dawn breaking, the sound of closely passing wingbeats, and the kindness of one to another. I feel at my best when I share these things. If those close do not feel the same passion, I am driven to create in the hope others will.

My level of creative activity is closely aligned with my yearning: to love, and be loved.

Uninhibited Dance

Perhaps we are drawn to the poetry of motion as it allows us to prepare for fight or flight.

I do not dance anywhere near as much as I would like to. I am self conscious, and yet as I dance at a celebration I know it does me good. Later, as I watch from the sidelines, I am struck by the expression of joy uninhibited dance evokes in those watching as much as those moving.

I long to dance, especially with, but I can only do so when completely at ease, and easily with love.

Love

I ponder on whether love is more than thought, whether love exists outside my own experience.

Love requires another, and yet I can be in hope for love and act for this when very much alone.

Love seems as much the search to be 'with', as my action and feeling, both to my senses and my mind: with understanding, with appreciation, with another: with those things I find beautiful.

I fall in love with selfless acts as much as any wish or gift of touch, given or received.

Love, Art, and Action

Love is an act of care and attention for others, is thought, felt, and given without need of return.

I ponder on why I try so hard to express the positive, no matter how dark life can feel. Perhaps it comes down to my search and hope of and for love. At times love is far from easy to give or receive as it is so intertwined and often confused by the obstacles of desire and insecurity - what we wish for, or whether we are wanted, or unwanted. Making art is a way to love unconditionally, and an expression of hope.

Love and Action

Feeling love without desire is nothing but good.

Acting with love without desire is nothing but good.

Feeling and acting with love without desire may hurt someone you love, as they may wish love to remain exclusive. They may want our most powerful feeling and action to be singular, unique.

Love is unbounded by another.

Where Love Is Most At Risk

I grow numb with every scene of tragedy and carnage that unfolds.

The greater the cruelty, the less I feel. My heart begins to close with self protective instinct as we journey to the verge of unspeakable brutality.

With one or many, love is most at risk at our place of poisonous detachment.

When Love Is Real

Alone, I come to know the nature of my love.

With you, I am with love.

Love is real when felt, alone, or with. When acted on. When hoped for. When lived.

Love as friend, as family, as stranger lost or found, as all the world, or only one in all the world can be.

Living Long Together

I would not live well alone.

I may not live at all for long alone.

Love with requires I seek more than for myself.

Love with requires I give more than meets my eye.

Living long together, with sustains life’s pleasure.

Take Less · Give More

I spend many weeks completing a piece of music. My time is devoted to final preparations. To making good. It is the day before, full with promise and hope.

I gift my work to show its value is not bound by trade or economic activity.

Over time, with time, in part, my hope is that acts of sharing encourage others to pause in their taking. In their seeking only profit or exchange.

Creative Action

Although there is often great beauty in the discovery that defines the creation of art, it is not enough to sustain me through to its completion.

To finish well in what I make I need to feel.

At times these feelings are my own, they arise from my life. At others, they are for an/other/s.

Creative action, at least for me, is compelled and nourished by com/passion.

The Unconditional Gift

My greatest challenge is to make, then give without desire or need of return. When I create and publish my work, there remains a part of me that is hopeful, perhaps needful for a response... I try to quell this desire in an effort to direct my focus away from myself. It is difficult as my sense of self-esteem, my self-importance informs my confidence to start, and then to do, and yet I sense I will only know peace when I give unconditionally, which as I understand it, is to love.

In Hope Of Honest Love

Friendship does not exist alone. Its nature is to be with. Its love is satisfied without desire.

Friendship is recognised by its quality of strengthening mutual worth and confidence.

A friend responds when asked to with action, open thought, and feeling.

The honesty of friendship is to embrace its love with open arms. Fear plays no part in it.

Without the willing and frequent actions of love, we are no more than the hope of one for another.

Seven Words

Words shape my world. A short sentence gives meaning and purpose to my life:

Love without desire nor need of return.

Seven words, simple to understand, so difficult to achieve, yet the foundation of all happiness I feel.

Out of Sight

I inhabit a place of ease. I am not subject to oppression, prejudice, or intolerance. I am free.

In this place it is easy for me to move the disadvantage of others away from my view. It is easy for me to ignore the harm of earth. To live a quiet life of little consequence. To be out of sight and out of mind.

With such a life of comfort, love recedes. My take is more than give.

Be not silent in this place. Give more no matter what or no return, for love protects and fuels the heart.

Heart and Light

For those I love with Heart and Light. We may be in a private or public place. We may be in love, have loved, or wish for love. It may be that others have shown us love.

Whatever my personal circumstance I view this day not as the hope for romance, but as a window of opportunity, a speck of time in which I choose to declare my feelings and thanks to those I love.

Come close my heart, and love.

Social Constraint And My Capacity To Love

I ponder on the nature of inhibition and how the expression of love is often constrained in public.

In a long and warm exchange I witness someone with severe special needs hold, then kiss the hand of a person who helped her. The person who kissed seems far closer to happiness than those who are harnessed by social timidity. Their generosity overcame the hesitancy of love that often confines our interactions. When I restrain myself for the sake of what others may think or judge, I limit my love.

The Persistence of Love · Love's Presence or Absence

Love is rare, precious, treasured. The kindling of kindness, the bedrock of wisdom.

Love is felt as well as given or received.

During times my love is forceful I yearn to do, or do. To show and share my love I make.

My acts of love depend on the strength and persistence of my feeling love.

I am lessened by the absence of love, my own or another’s. I grow only through my giving love.

Asleep We Fall

To fall willingly and fast asleep I trust and love…

As I sleep I am not consciously aware, but my mind is still active, not only as I dream, but also as countless new paths and connections are made so that I come to understand, so that I am able to cope with life's complexities, and so that I can love.

Silence and Love

Silence can be beautiful, or ugly. The silence of the air in a forest before the fall of rain, the silence that follows fierce argument, the silence of hope. Love can thrive or wither with silence.

I can share my silence with, or keep silent with. When I share with silence, I love. When I maintain my silence I hold myself back, I protect my thoughts and feelings. The choice and action of silence is mine.

Silence is my tool when with. Most often, sharing love is far from silent. We need to love to be in love.

With Leaf of Cedar Evergreen

With scent of pine we flutter wings
Feather to feather
Warmth shared soft in days of cold
With leaf of cedar evergreen of oak and twig we give
The honey of our lives our beauty as December flower frost and loved unfold

With Leaf of Cedar Evergreen

You are my moon, my deepest blue
My starlit wondered dome of night
Be calm of breath my beat of heart
Dream dance of happiness this day
Be full with love my tender warmth of distant light

The Wren

Winter fall as sigh to spring till end of March,
The stretch of wing,
And then with warmth on day of sudden gift you come to be,
As strength of angel silk your tune as broad in reach as sky-lit moon,
Beloved of all the sounds that fly, that I have heard or light will see.

Making

Polishing The Stone

As a child I was given a stone polishing kit: a cylinder the size of a large food can that lays on its side as small wheels, connected by a thick rubber band to a small electric motor, turns and whirs endlessly. Inside the can, stones tumble against one another, accidentally, in the dark grey gritty slush.

To polish music I become the cylinder, its speed, direction, and movement. To know when best to end I turn with stones of sound, grow dizzy, crushed and chipped, then try to stop before all is lost.

Things Unsaid Except Through Art

There are times when those I love, say or do not say, things that deeply sadden me. Not through bad intention, but inadvertently. No harm is meant.

Differences of nature and temperament can lead to silent injury.

When I am hurt I could show it, share it, I could reply by hurting back, or keep my hurt within.

When no good comes of sharing hurt immediately, I store it in my art/heart for its more helpful return.

The Dead Line

Dead: without life or spirit. Final. A single point in time or place.

Line: an extended mark, cord or boundary, real or imagined.

With art I do not work to externally imposed deadlines. I make until I judge a piece is complete, no matter how long it takes. I have chosen this path as it allows me to focus entirely on what I value and wish to communicate. With my good fortune and privilege comes obligation, or unavoidable discontent.

I Am Not My Art

Conformity: compliance with or acceptance of generally adopted views, appearance, or actions.

My nature and instinct is to make up my own mind. I resist received wisdom, I question those with social influence and power, and I am unimpressed by institutional or economic status.

Artists may choose the appearance of the bold and unusual to signal their identity. I view my appearance is an irrelevancy when it comes to art. I am not my art.

Lasting Success

If I study under an expert, if I become well known, if my work is sold for seven figure sums, should this count for the value of what I make? It is not the length of time something takes, the company I keep, the skill used, the price paid, but substance and affect that defines the lasting impact of art.

I hold no formal qualifications, I attended no institution of learning or status, I have no network of influential or notable supporters. My work is available freely. Art stands on its own or not at all.

As I Make I Make Mistakes

Whatever I make, whenever I make, I make mistakes. To reach a point when I sense an artwork is complete I have to be open to the possibility that my judgement is flawed.

The nature of making well is to be open about being wrong.

When I am faced with the irreparable, alone or with others, my only path to freedom, to building something new, is to forgive what I or others have done.

Who I Make For

You may be someone I love, someone I do not know, whose world is different in time and place, who if we meet might turn the other way, someone who is curious, open, closed, corrupt or cruel.

To make for those who have not the slightest thought of giving back comes down to the strength of my belief that what is made can lead to worthwhile change. Making for myself is but faint pleasure.

I make for you.

The Wondering Mind

I am alone and wake early. Most often I will start my day with making, but this morning I wander from one thought to the next, from one feeling to another. I wonder as the paths of my unknown unfold and spread into the distance. I do not search but travel taking in. I drink the sparks of memory and hope.

With art I enjoy and value, I am much the same:

I wa/onder.

Impermanence and Art's Faint Trace of Change

I try but often fail to make something that will last. Perhaps this need arose from my encounters with impermanence as a child. When I leave words they will be read differently over time, when I leave sounds they will be felt differently over time, when I leave light this will be seen differently over time, and yet I continue in the hope that some kernel of what I express might be experienced or passed on.

All events of my mind and body, of any mind or body, come to pass. Art is the faint trace of our change.

Making Moments Last

I enjoy the moment, and spontaneity, however I try my best not to harm. This often results in my holding back, although at times when I witness harm I step in. I find this very difficult emotionally.

Art provides the context for me to take my time when responding to my experiences. By reflecting on why I and others act, art offers me the chance to play, express, explore, investigate, and uncover in an effort to make better, both personally and socially. Art's pleasure comes second to my impulse.

For Those I Trust and Do Not Trust

Consistency and honesty forms the bedrock of trust, their opposites, distrust.

Being thoughtful, careful and kind is far from easy with those I dislike or disdain.

If in my words or actions I harm, either with purpose or by accident, I loose your confidence, my honour.

I do injury as much through my tone and implication as through explicit deed.

I make equally for those I trust and for those with whom I have no trust at all. Art is made for all.

Creative Theft

When something is accessible it is easy to take. The context often indicates what, and whether I have permission to do so. If I walk into a gallery and view a painting I take the experience of light away with me, but not the object. When I hear music at a concert I take the experience of sound, but not a recording of it. When I am with someone who gives their time, I take the experience of their presence. I take far more than meets the eye or ear. I steal a look, I take my chance and with this make.

My Choice for Good or ill

I think about the arts that flow from the outside, to my inside. From sense to mind. A story told, a painting, music, dance. As being with someone I love or with nature, art has the potential to move me so powerfully it can transform the way I act.

Art can be a force for good: a child's poem. A force to harm: music used in a gratuitously violent film.

As with any occupation, the artist's choice is one of principle: to do something is to be something.

As If I Know

At times I state something as if I know, when in truth it is my belief. If I am to incite your curiosity, I must at times be forthright, and at others self-effacing. I balance my assertions with doubt in my hope that you will recognize my efforts to say what I think and feel are at the very least, honest.

I value art in this journey as a means to explore and express my passions while avoiding direct conflict.

Art is my act of hope that another might approach.

Looking Forward

Following my last breath I take another and work on the final piece of music in a suite of ten. I release this on the first day of the new year. I am slow to make. It is by far my most challenging.

Making something that persists requires tenacity, a quality that by its nature causes friction. Keeping firm hold on something is obstinate as much as determined. Resistance is a force that slows my progress. I look forward to its push and pull, my boat against the rising wave, my sail against the wind.

Excluding The Explicit

Creating artworks for all ages and across cultures may be viewed of as too restrictive. For me, excluding the explicit often leads to more magical and powerful aesthetic experiences.

When making I am restrained by my personal shortfalls of temperament, inclination, ability, discipline and resilience. I am also constrained by time, economic circumstance, and the nature of the medium I work with. Each of these limitations aid and sustain my creativity.

The Art of Heart and Mind

When making art I listen to my heart and mind. By heart I mean those qualities that are not easily visible but undeniably felt: my instinct; emotional response; sensitivity; sensory and aesthetic sensibility; the summation of experience into a moment of clarity. When making, this unseen interwoven canvas is corralled by my mind. If I try to make with my mind alone, if art is only concerned with structure, form, and technique, it is inevitably less affecting, connecting, and far less convincing.

Give Me More

The time of contentment and attention is short. The search for the next, inexorable. The unsatisfied craving for stimulus is the crash of wave against my modest shore.

No sooner than I make, I start the next. The appetite for content is voracious. When originating it is tempting to be concerned with the volume of what I do, with the never ending flow.

Making, if a job required by others, becomes a chore. Some make for a living, others live to make.

Patience and the Making of Art

My most affecting moments arise within stillness and silence. One quality essential for making well is the ability to embrace displeasure, delay, and dissatisfaction as part of the creative process.

In performance art, patience is often less prized, although with some forms of music and dance the audience may share a long journey of uncovering and discovery.

Patience in making art is as the time rain takes to fall. No effort will speed its progress.

Seeking Authenticity

Authentic: real, genuine. In art: a work identified, or accepted as an instance, that holds the qualities or aims of the original or the originator; work defined by honest creative expression; the feelings and thoughts of those who experience art, irrespective of intention, aesthetic or otherwise.

I am dissatisfied by something I have made. There is something that fails. It is a feeling impossible to shake, and so I work on my twentieth draft to capture what I trust and come to know as true.

The Fuel To Make

To fuel my creativity: I drink water. I eat fruit. I take a break from being consciously creative. I wonder. I think of another, or others. I walk outside. I take a long slow breath. I take my time. I look up at the sky: cloudy, clear, in day or night. I listen to whatever moves the air. I find the smallest sound and think on this. I gaze at something still. I touch the ground no matter where: bare earth, grass, a tarmac road, the sand, the falling rain, sun baked stone. I return with more than fuel enough to make.

Harm, Diplomacy and Art

As an infant I witnessed a great deal of personal conflict. One of the ways this seems to have shaped me was that I tend not to lash out in response to hostility. This is not to say I do not feel rage, but that I seek to temper aggression rather than respond in kind to, and with it.

At times the tactful, diplomatic response is ineffective. If I am harmed or witness to something that is hurtful my effort to make peace can be ignored. Art becomes my forceful, non-violent opposition.

Simple Complication · The Push and Pull of Life

I enjoy simple complication in art - that is, I like the line, shape, pattern, and texture of art in all its forms to be both elegant in its ability to reach my feelings, yet elaborate enough to maintain my interest.

Take music. I enjoy the freedom of jazz but when technical mastery becomes the main event I loose interest. With words I am more engaged with short simply crafted writing than words admired because of their intricate, labyrinthine structure. In making art I seek balance between the push and pull of life.

Captivation: The Hold of Eye and I

I change my means of making in an effort to hold your interest.

You may enjoy poetic language for its multifaceted meaning, or you may prefer my efforts to uncover with more straightforward language. At times one method is more effective than the other.

Feeling, my most immediate yet challenging experience to convey, hops from rock, to sand, to sea.

When my eye has been drawn, I pause or return in the hope it may be drawn once more.

Far and Free From View

I am far, far from being the person I hope to be. I do not love nearly enough, I am not honest in all I do, I am not as kind as I could be. I try but often fail to live up to those things I hold dear. I am human, and in this I hold a part of myself free from view, despite placing great value on being open.

In my making I can be honest, kind, open, and love, without restraint.

Creating art in any form gives chance to share those qualities that ignite my heart and mind.

Making From Ideas

My ideas that began on the page took a further twenty four hours before I was able to give them a better chance of meaning something to a greater number of people.

My making has two stages: ideas, and practice. Ideas arise from my experience or from something I have learned. However ideas emerge they need refinement and clarification before I am able to express them clearly. Only then can I use a medium to articulate them, and this shaping into art is my practice.

Feeling and The Artist

The person who makes art of some kind without the spur of money must be inspired to feel.

To make I have to feel deeply: for a person; beauty; nature; the condition of others; or an idea that I believe has value. I most easily make for another. I am most easily inspired by another. When alone I fall back to those things outside myself as the focus of my making, although my I often interrupts my gaze with thoughts of those I long to be with. Feeling is at the centre of my making: my yearning heart.

Those Who Make · The Artist

In common with every human, I make. I make when awake and when asleep. At times I am conscious of my making, and at others my making happens so spontaneously I am unaware of the process.

As I imagine, I make known to myself. As I form ideas and make known, I talk. All talking is making.

When I purposely make, I am creative. Most people are creative. Those who dedicate their energy creatively, often identify themselves as artists. I prefer that artists are known as those who make art.

The Union of Heart and Mind

Composition: the choice and way something is put together; how the elements of a work of art are organized; the description of a whole through the examination of its parts.

When I compose a painting, music, or poem, I use my experience of having done so before, and having studied how others have done so. Equally importantly I listen to the work in progress, take note, then switch to sensing the work's emotive content. At best I stand outside and in, apart and with.

Making: The Charge of Life

I am charged by life to make.

The word charge has many connotations: I may be charged, accused; I may charge toward; charged with something I must do; charged, revived, energized; I can hold as much as loose my charge.

Making goes hand in hand with being alive. Life fills me with energy and experiences I do not wish to loose. The force and charge of life bursts once more into the world through what is made.

To Be Creative

The first step toward creativity is curiosity, the second: play, then joy, humour, and persistence.

For the creative person the need to explore is ever present, is spontaneous, independent of prevailing ideas, unswayed by conformity, and willing to take risks, both practical and reputational.

Creativity requires openness. The more open I am to difference, experience, change and thought, the greater my chance to discover and make new.

The Beauty of the Unexpected

One of the great pleasures of making is to experience the unexpected. I write a word, the first that comes to mind: warm. I listen to my mind wander before settling on its quality: warmth.

Quality: the essential character of something that distinguishes it from any other.

Warmth: a feeling of comfort, affection, and kindness.

Five things that do not live that give me warmth: the sun; earth; art; music; literature.

Competition and The Solitary Artist

I am fiercely competitive. I am non-aggressive. I play to win. I respect the outcome of a game played fairly. I do not give up with unlikely odds. I make every effort to the very end. I do not yield easily. I never cheat. I am mindful of my strong desire to prevail. I try to offset my competitiveness with kindness.

Art is not a competition, yet many of the qualities I have learned through competition are used in my making. Non-collaborative art can be a gruelling occupation. Art is not made by the faint hearted…

I Keep and Make to Be With You

The room where I work with light and words is full with pictures my son made as he grew up, art by myself and others, numerous books I have read and have yet to read, and far, far too many things I keep to remember a person, an experience, a place, or thought. As time moves, some of these things become more important, and some, less so. I have always remembered a face better than a name, an idea more than a sequence of instructions. I keep for fear of loosing sight of something never to return.

Tools and the Making of Art

To make art my body senses, my mind considers. As I sense, I become free to make.

Tools provide me with feedback. A pencil for example makes marks on a surface that not only sets down my gestures and thoughts, but the presence of its marks and my gaze encourages new ideas.

The same is true for technological tools that help me record words and manipulate light and sound.

Simple forms of making that need no tools bring me most joy: dance, music, storytelling.

Thought and Action

Thoughts can spontaneously occur, or they may be the result of conscious effort.

Unplanned thoughts are intrinsic in the making of art. Intentional thoughts allow the refinement of art.

A creative act requires I am open to the unexpected from without and within.

Being open to my thoughts can bring me into conflict with cultural, religious, and social norms.

Presenting my thoughts for all to see ensures those close to me are not subject to their secrecy.

Thirst

Desire: I want. Thirst: I need.

I glance left, right, then briefly over my shoulder. I am alone. A wilderness stretches out in front of me as far as the eye can see. I could step out and pass the road's end, or return to my car and travel back to the suburbs. I look ahead towards the endless unknown. I choose between safety or discovery.

When it comes to making, I find it helpful to separate those things I want from those I need.

A Fool's Paradise

What is important to me is often not to others.

Some will hear my music never to return, some will see my images that for them quickly fade from sight, some will read my words that fail to move their heart or mind.

No matter what or how I say, despite my very best, some will never feel nor think those things I do.

I make with as broad an audience in mind, yet not for everyone for that would be a fool's paradise.

Either · Or · Whole

I find myself as either or.

I am immersed in the open sea of my passions and love, or absorbed by a world of ideas.

I keep balance between these two great forces through my making.

Making is the fulcrum of my either or. The expression of my otherwise ordinary life.

I journey through the great wilderness of creative discovery. It is the only way I know to remain, whole.

Take Your Pick

I have three choices: I can add something, take something away, or do nothing.

Painters add or remove pigment; potters add or remove clay; choreographers add or remove movement; photographers and digital artists add or remove light; music composers add or remove sound; writers add or remove words. At times the action is irreversible, unalterable, final.

When I consider any of my actions, I give or take, for doing nothing leaves me only as witness.

My Freedom to Make

Each person who makes finds their comfort to create in different places, times, alone, or with others.

To work well I work alone, but my mind is always full with others. To make well I need freedom: from thinking only of my self; from the practical demands of life; from the restraints of convention.

The creative act requires I listen honestly and openly at all times: to what is being said from within and outside; to the self-critical eye; to the independence and strengths of touch, light, sound, and meaning.

Art: My Image to the Mirror

You enjoy a photo of woodland more than the artwork I created. Your response encourages me to revisit and revise the page I published by adding two photographs. Both are of the wood in May.

I view the artwork in a new light as I am reminded that my view is coloured by my senses, my sensibilities, temperament, memories, insecurities, happiness, loneliness, and love.

At each moment of its giving and its taking, art becomes new, as my image to the mirror.

My Hurt For Damaged Art

I spend many, many hours making a case for my art. I use the lightest, strongest materials. The case can be easily opened with fastenings. I stand in a long queue of people bringing their work for final consideration in a major exhibition. The air is curiously quiet for so many whose skill it is to express. We shuffle forward towards the thickening sound of bursting bubble wrap. I hand over my work gingerly, it is placed on a trolley. A moment later I witness the clatter of falling frames against my art.

My Creative Estate

Creative Estate: things that have been created and made by an individual, and that have rights associated with them. These could be material, recorded, or intellectual in nature. For example, a painting or poem could fall into all three areas, music would fall into the last two, and an idea that is only passed on aurally would fall only into the last.

I set out my creative estate in one place, and in list form, all I make freely available to experience.

Someone To Make For

I make most when in love or with the hope of love.

I make for one, or many. For someone to love, or for all to love.

Making for one is far easier than making for many. For one, the creative process flows like a force of nature. For many, the creative journey is more abstract, principled, altruistic.

Making something is only half the story. Stories are only complete when read.

Self-Belief and the Artist

I make to express my love, as a means to change, and to return to the ideas and experiences I find most important and powerful. Most often my work does not retain the strength I felt during its making.

Although my failures weaken my confidence, they do not undermine the reasons for my making.

My hunger to share is as strong now as when I first made as a child. It is not self-belief that sustains me, but love, the necessity of change, and the ideas and experiences of life, its beauty and potential.

Exploitation and the Artist

Everything I experience is subject to the possibility it will be expressed in my art, music, or words. Take yesterday as an example. I reported my sister's accident and ponder on the brief moment of time when she viewed the inevitability of impending pain. With this account the reader becomes witness.

The experience I wrote about was not mine. With this comes the added care of shaping the words so they are respectful of a person's dignity. The artist can so easily be the parasite of incident and feeling.

Making To Last and For The Moment

When making, whatever the medium, I try to bring together two often opposing forces: the instinctive and spontaneous creative impulse; and the considered skills of experience and judgement. The first allows me to make in the moment without conscious thought and can be immensely pleasurable. The second is the toil and craft of making, the thoughtful effort of composition and careful choice.

I try never to loose sight of the moment as I make something to last.

The Editor

The role of an editor, whether working with words, music, film or another medium, is to carefully consider material then decide upon its final form. This often requires an appreciation of content from a dispassionate distance in light of those who will most likely take it in.

As yesterday progressed I continually reworked On Being Deleted, and still, after over 150 edits I sense the process is not yet complete, perhaps because I am not fully and emotionally detached…

Making Known

Each day I come across more I yearn to share: of beauty, sadness, and strength. I do so rarely.

In casual conversations a woman shows her deep devotion to her faith. She leads a quiet family life of prayer, contemplation and love. She is to retire from her work at my local chemist. I will miss her.

By sharing here the smallest thing about her, something of her life settles with me, and with you.

Making known helps me return to the kindness of her face and the warmth and humour of her voice.

The Bigger Picture

Watch as water flows. Translucent. Dappled. Mirrored light. See all as one: the river's wedded might.

When making I am easily caught up in the detail. Is this word well said? Does that word sit well? Is its sound and placement clear? Whatever the artistic medium, I can become so immersed as to drown in the task and pleasure of making at the expense of experiencing the emerging work in the round.

Whatever I make, with light, sound or words, at times I must pull back.

The Restive Spirit · The Unsettled Soul

Things are done because of love, anger, practical necessity, desire, faith, greed, ambition, frustration, curiosity, the wish to learn, to be known or recognized, or a chaotic combination of these things.

By their nature, the artist is unable to remain silent or submissive. Their doing arises from their intense personal discomfort of being motionless. The products of their doing are often made public.

My restive spirit, my unsettled soul is the fuel of my doing. It is also the cause of my undoing.

The Wilful Artist

Instinct: innate behaviour in response to something that moves us physically or psychologically.

Will: the desire to act, distinct from reason and understanding, and often driven by spirit or appetite.

Doing anything requires instinct, will, or a combination of the two. I have a strong resistance doing anything I do not want to do and that I feel has little value.

Through instinct, the wilful artist creates, despite social and practical pressures, despite clear cause.

The Final Draft

The final draft is a point of view that something is ready to complete.

I made over thirty drafts before deciding on the final approach for the artwork that will accompany the music I will publish tomorrow, and that I will point to here before this thought: above.

A draft precedes or is made in preparation for something more refined, meticulous, eloquent.

There are many times when what I make goes no further than the final draft.

The Creative Instinct

The piece of music I work on is called 'Fragile Earth' and supports The Right of Self Protection. Every choice I make creatively is with this in mind, however for the most part these choices are not reasoned, but instinctive. I have for example selected the instruments for the piece through my feelings about their sounds rather than an adherence to convention or logic.

The journey of making requires trust in my natural inclination. The artist depends on instinct.

To See, To Say, To Act, To Share

Some artists create for themselves or for art alone. Art is their means and end. They paint, sculpt, write, compose, dance and more, but not for others nor to pass on, but for the things art gives: shelter, solace, security, pleasure, closure. For some the creation of art is a world contained and controlled for one.

When I do a thing only for myself, no matter its pleasure or benefit, the peace it brings is all too brief.

My choice is to see or not to see, to say or not to say, to act or not to act, to share or not to share.

Wakeful Art

I wake after a couple of hours and cannot sleep. Along with others I spent much of yesterday in an effort to keep my elderly relative at ease as she moved into her new home. I left her in a good place, and people are on call to care for her around the clock, but I cannot sleep. I begin to make.

The act of making brings me balance. Working with words, light and sound I explore my feelings and thoughts in hope they will be shared. After an hour or so of making I am ready once more for sleep.

A Question of Judgement

Art is often a question of judgement. I make something, stand back, then consider how I can improve it. There are no rights or wrongs, but some directions I take may not be as affecting as others.

Many months after I first published an artwork, I replace it. The colours in the new image better convey the vibrancy of life, and the eye-like feathered form (a mixture of vegetation, bird and animal), invites a richer reading of life in the context of the music and poem.

A Nascent Idea

I have an idea for a project: the world without me.

At first I dismissed the idea as too gloomy, too 'difficult'. But like all ideas that engage me, countless paths from it continue to flood my mind. The world without me is something I deny and yet, I am but a prick of light in the darkness of a single night. I sense how four words compel art and contemplation.

The nature of a nascent idea is that it finds its shape, slowly, persistently, unconsciously, mysteriously.

The Strength of Feeling

The sky is clear. The moon, bright. The air, still.

I breathe the cold crisp quiet before the dawn. I marvel at its beauty, the earth, my home. I fill with wonder. I stay no more than five small minutes, then start my work.

Ideas, principles, reason may persuade me, but it is the strength of my feelings that move me to make.

The rich, energetic, unbridled, elaborate experience of emotion is the pulse to my creative life.

Making Well

Making well requires my complete involvement. I must be fully immersed in what I do, not for my own ends, but in the service of what is being made. Take these words. Each word must mean and sound with the purpose of conveying a single idea: making well requires the duality of self and other.

Put another way, to make a sound I must move. The sound requires me. However, the sound is not me, it is the other, something that becomes outside of me. I cannot make well when I think only of myself.

Getting Things Done

For three months, between creative projects, I have sought tools and learning to help me make with something new in an effort to combine different media to form a unified whole. I am not technically minded and feel overwhelmed by the scale and challenge.

The only qualities that will help me complete what I start is my stubborn persistence and determination. My talent, such as it is, has little impact on getting things done.

Art and Affirmation

Affirmation: the action or process of stating something forcibly, clearly, publicly.

With others I generally keep much of myself to myself, in part because showing my unprotected self, my intensity, my overwhelming need and persistence to understand, my passion for beauty, art, nature, and love, can lead to an uncomfortable silence.

The act of creating, of making, is an antidote to the dislocation and confusion of silence.

Simplicity, Elegance, and Grace

When making I am drawn to three qualities: simplicity, elegance, and grace. I judge these through a combination of intuition and reason.

There is a point when something becomes so simple, its elegance evaporates. Elegance offers more than meets the eye. Something elegant is coherent, lucid, inventive, surprising, pleasing.

Simplicity and elegance may be static. Grace relates to movement, an expression of something alive.

The Pursuit of Excellence

I am intensely protective of my time. When I work, I give myself over, completely. I want what I do to matter, to resonate, to make a difference. If I work on things that are of little importance and that I do not feel passionate about, I will fail to gain the chance to meet an outcome that inspires.

The pursuit of excellence is fuelled by personal need. The need to love and be loved. The need to survive, to shout out that I am here, to leave something of myself.

Coercion and the Artist

As someone who makes, my aim is to persuade others of the value of something, for example the beauty of an experience. My hope is that art, over time, has the potential to change the way people act by its tendency to stimulate thought, contemplation and debate through its appeal to the senses and the mind. Art can coerce but I choose not to use it in this way. I view coercion as an unwise, temporary solution, a sticking plaster rather than a cure for the ills of dissonance and conflict.

My Restless Soul

When something is hidden I cannot help but seek to know what lies beneath.

My spirit is in constant flux between elation and dissatisfaction. I feel uneasy when something doesn't feel quite right, and most often, a short time after I have reached an end of some kind, I change my mind, return, rethink, and try once more to settle on a different outcome that I feel more happy with.

When making, my restless soul is well matched. With company, unrestrained curiosity is ill at ease.

The Search

During breaks in my making I sought a solution to help me with my next creative challenge. I searched high and low for over two weeks but could not find tools I felt happy with, then last night, out of the blue, I realized I had been looking in the wrong places for the wrong things.

Being absorbed with a task helps me get things done, but sometimes I take so long, I get caught up in the search itself and fail to recognize when the very thing I seek has already passed through my hands.

More or Less

As I do not promote my work commercially nor network my way to notoriety, it has to stand on its own two feet. If someone discovers something valuable, they will share it. If what I make does not resonate or connect, people will pass it by.

The more art is known makes no difference to its aesthetic value or the merit of its expression or ideas. The less it is known, the narrower its impact. Unlike the act of making, in its affect less is not more.

Being Free to Do No Harm

I value my freedom to express, but I try to do so with care. I make to share with people of any age.

The principle I work by is to do no harm: a challenging self-imposed boundary, for it is far easier to immediately affect people using explicit, graphic content.

A pen is neither good nor bad. Its strength lies only in how it is used, what is said, and by whom. The same is true for anything used to make.

The Digital Arena

I have used technology to make music since my school days in the 1970s, and photographs in the 1980s. I first used the Web in 1993, built my first website in the year 2000, and founded a software company in 2004. During my journey I have often considered the fragility of my digital achievements. My use of technology is as a tool to create, collaborate with, and publish. I continue to devote large swathes of my life within the digital arena in the hope of reaching those outside of it, and now, within it.

Making Something From Nothing

As I waited for a system update to install on my computer I set myself a challenge to make something using only my imagination. For me this is far from easy. Images and sounds stay no more than a moment in my mind. I thought perhaps I could make something with words, but not seeing or saying made it hard to ponder, order, and return to them. Making, at least for me, is inextricably linked with my body's sight, sound, and touch. My senses work in concert with my mind, and for art, I also need to feel.

To Make I Must Return

My creative process relies on my insatiable need to return.

I am inspired by an experience or idea.

I find a time and place where I can begin, express myself instinctively, then stand back.

When making, most time is spent understanding, shaping, and refining what comes naturally.

Changing the Path of Dreams

I enjoy dreaming.

Influencing the characters, narrative, and place of a dream is a delicate matter. If I push too hard I wake and the dream quickly fades from view. To move what happens in my dream I have to let it flow:

When I paddle a boat in rushing water I change the shape of oars rather than the flow of the river.

When I compose, create an image, or write, the process is much the same.

Unchosen

Each year I submit art for consideration to be included in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition in London, and every year it is unchosen.

I visit the exhibition and consider the works on display - their form and style, artistic medium, and ideas. I relish some, and dislike others. Although many return each day to view my work, it is clear the Royal Academy, other art institutions, and art networks value art in a very different way than I.

Day One

In a time of rampant contagion, the contribution of an artist, a composer, a writer, seems so very small in comparison to that of the doctor who cares for others, the nurse, and all those who provide practical support for the unwell. What small good can I do when others save life? The humble effort of those who create is to offer beauty, calm, and ideas. Each day I try to wake the world as new.

Time and Place

I listen to many sounds and spend days moulding their tone and character. I tread carefully, slowly, as if I find myself in woodland and my slightest motion would startle the comfort of grazing deer. I keep myself in that secluded spot until I sense it right to move.

Building well takes time and place, real and imagined.

Doing, Not Doing, and Undoing

My world is full with decisions about doing, not doing, and undoing.

More often than not I take my time before doing with others. This pause sometimes leads to my not doing as undoing can be difficult, painful, and at times, impossible.

When I work creatively, I am more spontaneous and impulsive. My doing, not doing, and undoing are free and constant forces at play as words, images, or music are made.

The Touch of Pencil to Paper

I have used small movements to work on digital art for many years. Today I use a pencil and paper.

As I have little confidence in drawing I take a simple approach. I have a small, ring-bound black-faced pad with heavy weight paper, a 4B pencil, and sharpener.

The pencil leaves something of the earth and my gesture on the page - the tracing of my moment, the mark of the life I see, think, and feel. Perhaps we bond to art created by material things more readily.

The Artist As Promoter

I watch a short film of a composer talk about his work. As the interview unfolds I hear clips of his music and see him in a large concert hall with an adoring audience. The composer references software and hardware of the company that has produced the film. This is as soft and subtle as promotion gets. So why do I choose not to do this? What is the harm? It comes down to trust and integrity.

I want my work to be seen, heard, and read unsullied, without hesitation, and with open arms.

Break or Build

I am faced with the choice of breaking or building. It is easiest to break. I can break the confidence of a person through criticism, break a friendship by not caring for it, break something I am making by giving up when it fails to work after the fifth draft, or when it seems not to serve me.

Being constructive, despite its challenges, leads me forward. I choose to build.

Feeling High, Feeling Low

At times my self-confidence is high, and at others it is low. Although I do not enjoy the unrest doubt brings, it provides the balance to my certainty. People who make things repeatedly pass the fulcrum of their contentment.

As children we have little control over the constant flux of feeling good and bad, and perhaps because of this, when young, we tend to make far more.

The Smallest Change

I work on words that accompany an artwork and struggle with the smallest change that makes a world of difference to their meaning. My challenge is to marry image and text to form a whole.

I try to shape the words to appear at first as explanation, then more richly to move freely between elucidation and metaphor. I listen more when what is said makes me feel as well as think.

One word can make all the difference: the force of art upon me. The force of heart upon me.

Play

I play the piano. I improvise. I have not the slightest idea of what will emerge. I let the music guide me to its place of rest. I listen, often in surprise as I have so much to learn, and for this I am thankful.

Play is at the heart of what it is to make.

My Reasons To Make

I have a choice: I can make something that has the potential to encourage acts of kindness, or I can ignore the moral impact of my efforts and seek only financial, social, and personal gain.

Perhaps my enjoyment in the act of making, my opportunity to express and its sensory pleasures should be enough reward. There is however one more most important thing: I make to share, despite the uncertainty of how much will ever be returned. Making is my act of hope.

Art and Continuity

Creative Continuity: the practice of consistent expression.

I work on a painting and words that accompany music. As I listen or read, I walk the line between trust and doubt. With music the same is true for harmony and discord as they unfold, but light is different. Even though it takes time to discover a painting, it exists in its entirety before me.

At 100 Artworks you will always see the image first, before words, then sound.

Seeing The Obvious

I often fail to see what turns out to be as clear as day.

By re-visiting my work, fresh patterns, better ways of doing, and errors emerge. What I previously experienced as complete, is far from perfect. It is like walking out into a moonless night, or gazing at an ink blot: eventually and over time I start to see.

When making, patience and perseverance are among my most valued tools.

The Unknown Road

One of the great joys of creating art is its safe uncertainty. Exploration's familiar companion, risk, is confined to the realm of achievement rather than physical danger. For the artist, the unknown road is full with excitement and anticipation.

As I continue work on a piece of music I listen for paths of sound that open briefly before me. I move by instinct, quickly, before the trail goes cold. My only enemy is doubt that I will hear.

In Praise of Others

All young children love to play with words, sounds, and light. They love to dance. Those who receive praise for their creative efforts thrive. Those whose efforts go unnoticed, slowly but surely withdraw their commitment and interest. For some, their need to express and their love of a medium is so strong, they will revisit a creative activity after many years. Sadly, most go on to say 'I am no good at painting', 'I cannot play an instrument', 'I do not dance'. In truth, given approval and admiration, we all can.

Making More

As my son starts his journey of discovery I focus on making more.

Creativity is not my luxury, it is vital for my well being. I believe humans are hard wired to make. We make conversation, we bake cakes, we create art.

Making holds us together.

Lost To The Wind

I work on computers using different operating systems as each provide unique creative tools. One developed a serious problem. Some data has been lost to the wind without any prospect of recovery.

As I begin the process of rebuilding my digital environment, I ponder on the ephemeral nature of technology, and how the best means to counter its short lived charm is through sharing in the hope that some of what is done survives.

A Forest of Half Trodden Paths

I find the mind is a forest of half trodden paths, often to places unknown. I begin a journey this way or that, certain of my destination, only to be distracted by a glade of interest, comfort, or modest achievement. At times I sense myself a little above the trees and glimpse the direction of several paths converging in the distance. A moment more and I am back among the dense growth of daily thought.

I write a series of ten poems that takes each right of living things as a starting point.

A Journey of Perpetual Invention

Creating for the artist is a constant cycle of commencement, invention, refinement, and completion.

No sooner than a piece is published, the groundwork for the next is laid.

With Love In Mind

I have a proving ground for my visual output and publish five artworks including With Love In Mind.

If I return frequently to a piece and it maintains its force, it may then find itself at 100 Artworks.

As with anything I feel, it is possible for the strength and character of my initial response to change with time. The same is true for anything I think, but change in thought comes to me more slowly.

In Search of Name

Naming a creative work is crucial to its success. A name not only identifies something, it sets up expectations that encourage me to think about a thing's qualities and character. I use names to solidify, summarize, and to quickly identify a more complex chain of thoughts and associations about a thing. As I search for a name I reach further towards understanding the nature of something made.

On rare occasions a name comes first and all flows from it.

A Question of Need

We need tools to create. These might be tools within us like thought and voice, or external tools like a pen and paper. Depending on the medium, the tools will range from simple to complex, and some will be affordable while others will be completely out of reach. If tools were made available to those who showed effort and merit, I wonder what wonders would result. Some societies provide creative tools without charge for children to explore their ideas and potential. An adult's need for progress is no less.

Uncovering Light

I find it important to vary my creative activities during the day so that the space that creeps between the gaps of what I see and hear fills me with fresh perspective. My eyes and ears need change to work well. This morning was full with the discovery of sound, my afternoon is spent uncovering light.

One experience is nourishment for another.

Being Too Close

In my work I communicate with developers of creative products and services. If I judge a tool can be improved, I make contact and give my feedback. I might not hear back, but more often than not I do.

I have observed three areas of resistance to positive change: denial there is a problem; a lack of commitment to making something better; a culture of poor support and communication.

Perhaps at times we are too close or have invested too much in something to admit its deficiencies.

Finding Voice

Some people make art to praise a person or deity, others use art to express their experiences or to comment on the world. Creating art can be a source of nourishment, an act of therapy, a vehicle of hope, an activity that provides purpose and nurtures self worth, a social tool that seeks to change, or an exploration of material, idea and beauty. Art flows from many ways of being.

Finding a clear voice requires the constant attention of our inner ear, and the will to listen.

The Art of Discovery

I work on language that is read alongside an image and music. I work slowly on each word. I value the craft of taking time. Being in the midst of uncluttered moments helps me unravel the wonder of instinct which plays a large part of my creative process.

Words do well to mean what I feel and think. Once written, like art and music, words take on their own life in the minds of others. On the page they are but lines and arcs. They become again, only when read.

The Heart’s Invitation

I was invited to show my artwork in galleries in Milan and Venice, two cities that hold cultural weight.

On carefully reviewing this opportunity it became clear there was little thought behind the exhibitions that would have a limited audience, and so I declined. Artists bolster their egos by showing their work here or there. Notoriety can increase arts' social status, price, and its cultural impact, however those things I value most: art's ability to make us feel and think, remain untouched by reputation.

The Solace Of Creativity

In times of violence, making brings comfort.

The creative act, no matter how modest, is in defiance of destruction and cruelty.

Write a poem, start a tune, begin a conversation, and be stronger for it.

To Have and Have Not

Whatever I create, the tools I use define the scope, exploration, and outcome of my work.

The process of writing by hand is so very different than using a keyboard and technologies. Hand writing is slow, but because of this, the mind wanders along an alternative path.

When I am at the start of something new I re-visit my store of tools in search of an update or substitution. Perhaps I should also consider not to have might be just what is needed.

The Path to Completing Well

I have an artwork that I have decided not to publish. I am happy with the composition, texture and colour, but a gesture could be interpreted negatively which I do not want. I have to start over as I am too far down the road to backtrack. After living with a piece for a few days, uncomfortable questions about how it could be viewed sometimes emerge. This begins as a faint voice from within before growing into insistent criticism. The path to completing well is as much about doubt as confidence.

My Change of Scene

I work. I am focused, intense. I hone in on a task that involves listening to subtle changes in volume and rhythm. This requires my complete attention. There is no room to think of anything else.

During periods of extreme concentration, when I push my mind over long periods, my head heats. Taking rest is like switching on the fan on a hot summer’s day. Boiling over serves no one.

The mystery is that rest for me is doing something different, yet equally engaging.

Working Alone

I work best when alone yet so enjoy the company of others.

I give myself time to play and ponder in search of moments to begin.

When alone I listen most intensely. With another such invasive force can lead to dislocation.

I wish most to begin with as it offers most comfort and pleasure. I wish most to be with, and yet...

When my 'I' is less visible, when my sense of self less insistent, I find a place and peace to make.

The Decision

I have completed a piece of music and start another.

I intended for the music to be longer, but the more I listened, the more it became clear the work could stand on its own. I am often surprised by moments of realisation that a composition is fully formed. There are minor improvements to make, but the music's form and character is clear.

The decision to stop making is essential when creating art. Not doing is at times a non-rational choice.

In Search of the Imperfect

As I work on a composition the nature of its character changes from a bold, quirky waltz to a more delicate plaintive dance. This transformation arises from the nature of chosen sounds and the work's form, rather than through any predetermined ideas I might have.

I listen to accidents of time and search for those unpolished yet beautiful sounds, full with personality.

My pleasure is often in the shaping of the imperfect.

Making Good

People at the head of an organisation insist that once a thing is published, it should never be amended except in exceptional circumstances. This results in a clash between my creative desire to constantly improve, and the corporate concerns of control, reputation, and legal challenge.

We should always make better, and if necessary, acknowledge the changes. Literature, music, art, research, and good journalism have been updated as new editions since their very beginnings…

Why Creativity Matters

Acts of creativity are essential for humans. When we devote time and energy into making something, the products of our efforts are not only shared, the art, images, movements, and ideas we create have the potential to transform us so we more easily bear the love, pain and suffering we experience.

An act of creativity may be as modest as a conversation, or as ambitious as a work of art.

All humans are creative, although some become more practised than others.

Publishing Anonymously

As well as publications that are clearly attributed to me, I also publish anonymously. This allows content to be experienced as more potent and compelling, however people can also be cautious or suspicious if the originator is not made plain. Is it best to know who created Be Free of Violence?

As I work on a publication, I am at once torn by the desire to share, yet mindful of sharing at the right time, and in the best way.

How Much Is My Too Much?

I enjoy a warm and comfortable home, good health, and eat well. I own creative tools that allow me to express my self, and the means to publish my work.

Two thoughts arise as I imagine the tipping point when I have no material need:

· Hardship is a requirement of empathy and expression.

· Creativity is enhanced by practical constraint.

Creative Stamina

Stamina: sustained, determined effort.

No matter what my talent, instinct, skill, or knowledge, none sustain my making as persistence.

Creative stamina is an essential characteristic of the fertile artist, whatever their field of making.

Creative Stamina: the unending drive, will, and need to make, despite sustained failure, weakness, obscurity, loneliness and isolation.

The Making of Music

I loose all sense of time when composing music - an irony as the medium requires time to experience it!

I wonder whether part of my absorption is as a result of my creative method. I am not a theoretical nor analytical composer, but rather allow my aesthetic instinct to drive my choices through spontaneous performance. I refine these gestures meticulously, all the while sensing the music's immediate shape, changing textures, and overall form. It is this that swallows the hours whole.

Play To Learn And Do

I am not good with written instructions as I do not remember lengthy procedures at all well. I am wired to learn through observation, through listening, and play, three areas that are not at all straight forward to measure or evidence.

Play is my most effective tool, however many mistakenly view play as a counterweight to work, while I view my most serious work as play…

My Intellect, Instinct, and Being With

Before I do or do not, two forces act within me: the first derives from my intuition and instinct, the second from my understanding and reason. Put simply: I struggle to reconcile my head and heart.

Take choosing words. My first call to write arises from feeling. Once I have something on the page I spend my time trying to understand what it is and how I have come to feel. Both forces pull, push, and interact. The same is true when choosing light or sound in art and music, and when being with.

Money

Being Without

I could be homeless in the blink of an eye. You, in a step on the street.

A run of bad luck, the loss of love, being in the wrong place, war, conflict, weakness, illness, sadness, age. Any one of these accidents of fortune can be the cause of my fall from comfort and security.

All I hold dear hangs from the thread of my denial that being without is possible.

Without my home, my friends, my things, my dignity. When I am with I easily forget being, without.

The Why Of What I Do

Most who make art have confidence what they make will be experienced by another. When that certainty weakens, when the context or hope to share is jeopardized, the creative urge declines.

Some pretend others want what is made by selling it. Commercial success requires the appeal to a broad audience, or a high price to an exclusive one. Commerce becomes the crutch for confidence.

Removing the exchange of money from my creative work helps me better know the why of what I do.

How What I Make Is Used

My ability to make money (at present something essential without inherited wealth) relies on how well my abilities match qualities that are of value in an economic context: self-confidence; commercial awareness; language skills; the comfort to ignore consequences - how what I do or make is used. Who is what I do or make sold to? This matters in the sale of art as much as any other field.

I care how I gain, how I am advantaged, and by what means I profit. I do not value art for its sale.

Art As Commodity

Commodity: something bought and sold.

A child dances spontaneously.

A child dances spontaneously and other children are moved to join, and dance.

A child dances spontaneously, beautifully. The dance is captured, sold, and broadcast.

The dance is now an expression of joy, and a commodity. To some this change transforms it into art.

The Business of Art · Acts of Love

Many view art as a business. Many artists view art as a business. An artist has to live. They have to buy food, support a family, pay for a roof over their heads. Some things are made to be sold.

Money changes what is made. To sell, I must make something that can be sold. If my focus is on the advantage I gain when I make something, I make it for myself.

Love is never sold. Love, by its nature, is given. Making art can be an act of love.

The Art of Making Money

A well known self-publicist, entrepreneur and serial pretender of the title artist is once again adding to his considerable personal wealth with his show. A collection of noted paintings in an eighteenth century mansion have been replaced in situ by roundish marks of paint on canvas created by anonymous hired painters who are required to apply an average of 1,500 spots a day.

Words and placement assert this as art, characterized by exploitation, ridicule, and greed.

You and I

When you come here it is you and I. Two minds meeting through language, the victor of time.

If you paid to view these words, it would make what I say no more valuable.

If you knew a million visit here each day, what I say would be of no more importance.

If some of what I say strikes a chord you may judge your time well spent. If not, you will quickly leave never to return. Come or go for what is said, not for the snare of exclusivity, nor the charm of popularity.

Money and Work

A job requires payment. Work does not. The value of work someone does has nothing to do with money.

Many define their status and success by the amount of money they earn rather than the non-economic outcomes of their work. It is unfortunate the same is true for many who create art.

A parent may work far harder in their care of a child, than their partner does in their job. That one earns money and the other does not has absolutely no relevance to the significance and impact of their work.

Ownership and Advantage

Buying and selling is the transaction of seeking ownership and advantage.

As my creative work is freely available, it is not scarce, exclusive, nor the subject of special offers.

People who encounter my work and have money are on the same level playing field as those who do not. Emotion and thought is not focused on the acquisition of the content I make, but on its experience.

Art belongs in us rather than to us. I posses art on the inside, not my outside.

Together, Alone, and With Others

As I consider the world without money I ponder on time together, alone, and with others...

Visit The World Without Money

Where Birds Sing and Clouds Play

My music, art, and ideas are free to discover and experience. Why?

The more who listen, gaze, and think as a result of experiencing my work, the greater its impact.

I view the arts as essential to human well being. Art can be the catalyst of positive change.

I have comfortable shelter, I eat well, and enjoy good health. I use my time to make.

Money has no place nor force where birds sing and clouds play.

The Sign Of Our Distrust

The exchange of money is the single force that dominates the decisions of those in power.

Wherever there is a great deal of money, there is temptation, corruption, and the seduction of self-interest. Not everyone however has a price. Not everyone is caged by its promise of a comfortable life.

Money exists because of distrust between humans. When we trust and act well, there is no need of it.

The Value of Money

Money, the most ubiquitous means of human exchange, is used to gain, and eases practical need, however in itself has no value. Money is the single greatest cause of human unhappiness.

Before children are taught about money, they learn far more of what it is to give and take.

Money cannot buy those things I treasure. It has no force in love, compassion, kindness, friendship, hope, or wisdom. Money is an idea I am far better off without.

The Soft Sell

I share music and art that I love. At times I come across a piece that is lessened by the originator's decision to link to products and services they wish to sell. The piece can no longer be enjoyed innocently as it is reduced to being a financial vehicle.

Using art as a promotional tool undermines its integrity and impairs its impact.

Wealth: A Plentiful Supply of Desirable Things

Money provides a means, albeit illusory, of expressing our personal worth. When our wealth is judged by economic success, when our work pays well, we demonstrate our ability to meet the needs of ourselves and those close to us, we feel reassured, satisfied. We strive to gain or protect our financial wealth at the expense of all else. Those who accumulate financial wealth seek strength, confidence, and security, yet these things are only found through the giving of love.

The World Without Money

Money has been used by humans as a means of exchange for around seven thousand years. Whatever its strengths and weaknesses, surely money is here to stay. If I believe money not only stifles our potential but is at the heart of so much waste and suffering, what is the alternative?

Money is a substitution for trust and honour. The World Without Money is an idea(l) of what is and could be, and the places today where money has no hold nor sway.

A Waste Of Money

Money is an idea - it cannot exist without agreement. Money stimulates self-interest rather than cooperation. Money's greatest shortcoming is waste. Countless people work in competition for the same end. Precious lives are spent doing things that have little personal relevance, while those qualities of greatest value are often ignored or remain undervalued. I look forward to a time when humanity casts aside the shackle of money and begins its more worthwhile journeys of discovery.

Desire and Fear of Change

Every day I receive news that encourages me to grab the latest version of this or that. It might be hardware, software, or a service. The improvements might be in what something can do, or how it does it. Updates appeal to my sense of avoiding risk. Perhaps a security or compatibility fix, an invitation to join with those who enjoy the best chance of doing well, or a subliminal warning that I need to remain.

Updates of products and services I already own feed my desire and fear of change.

My Search To Be Valued

My confidence may in part be built from the reassurance of my capacity to 'make' money. Those lower paid are sometimes viewed as 'worth less'. How much money I generate is largely a matter of good fortune: my birthplace, temperament, the love and care I am given, my physical and mental capacity, gender, education, culture, religion, and health. My ability to acquire money is often erroneously perceived of as an indicator of personal wealth and worth. My value is never aligned with money.

A World Without Money

Ideas hold no more truth or use when one pays for them.

Money is the child of our distrust and insecurity.

Without money we would no longer pursue economic stability or wealth. We would find meaning through those things of greatest value: love, compassion, hope, community, and beauty.

Money, that spurious measure of importance, is the widespread cause of our diminishing potential.

Art And Money

A 'fine art' photo of a potato was sold for one million dollars.

In response I share my artwork of a violin made by the hand of Antonio Stradivari.

The value of something is often far removed from its place or price.

Enjoy 'Stradivarius Liberatus': free to view yet never heard.

Music

Performing · Playing

There are certain things I do with others only when at ease. When I sense they feel as I. When those things I am inspired by, find significance in, or have strong opinions of, are shared equally.

When I play an instrument, I voice myself: my inner world becomes known. When I play alone I hear only the music. When I play with, I am at ease only when the other does the same.

Performing is for. Playing is with.

The First Time

I have a library of sounds I use for making music. These are mostly recorded, but I also use modelled and synthesized sounds. I select sounds by instinct, because of their aesthetic qualities, by how a sound works against or with another, and by what sounds have passed and might arrive.

The first time I hear a sound I often fall in love: I wish nothing more than to explore, to be with, to feel their every nuance, lost in dance without the slightest thought of day, night, land or sea.

My Uncertain Future

I sit at a piano. There are no sounds that shape what I am about to make except those that arise as I play. I feel the same beauty, the same enthralled immersion with the sound of moving strings as when my fingers first struck the keys. Each sound follows from or with the last. I do not make the sounds, I merely start strings in motion and decide on their duration and intensity.

When making music I embrace the uncertain future. Something longed for, with, remains.

The Way I Hear

I listen to a piece of music for the first time by an unknown composer. I do not know the name of the piece, when or where it was made, nor the instruments used. I respond to the music according to my taste, what I have heard in the past, and through my interest and love of music.

I imagine I now discover the title of the music: Freedom. Does this change the way I hear?

Although music may be heard without language or broader context, it is often enriched by these.

Sound And Music

I strike the key of a single note in the middle of the piano. A sound rings out and gradually fades to silence. There is no rhythm or beat to the sound. This is not music. This is not organised sound.

I strike two keys on the piano. The sound rings out and gradually fades to silence. With two notes a relationship forms. There is no rhythm or beat, yet I experience the sound as more than two separate notes. I hear their combination. If I repeat the sound of two notes playing, music begins to emerge.

Music When Alone And With Others

I listen to a short piano piece. The music is beautiful, powerful, mysterious. If I listen with others, if they move as I, slowly or with pace, at the same time and in the same place, we sense and share without the need of words. Movement and sound precedes language and meaning.

Music I hear alone is enough to change my day from dark to light, and back again.

Music I hear with others gives me, in its time, hope that others feel the same.

Where Music Comes From

Music is organized sound that often has patterns we enjoy in the mind and body, that can appeal to our sense of beauty, and may trigger ideas and emotions.

When I hear music I do so differently than anyone else, and so it is with you. We might respond in a similar manner, but not identically. We feel unpredictably according to our personal experience.

Music becomes within.

The Certainty of Music

Unlike an image that reminds me of something I have seen, or words that mean, music exists only during its brief unfolding moment. Music is not still, it moves through time, and I am touched by this our common bond. Music makes no judgement and gives no reason, nor answer. It is the simple sound of being. I loose myself to music as a minnow in a vast, clear mountain lake.

The certainty of music is that no matter my weakness, it wakes me, it moves me as the dawn.

Each Alone and With

When I play music I am in the moment of its making. My body moves with sound. With reason and instinct I settle on what notes to play and when. I play alone for wish of playing with and for another.

The experience is all embracing, personal, aesthetic, moving.

As I play, so unknown countless others do across the world. Each lost in the beauty of a breath of sound in time. Each alone, longing for a time to share its dream-like life.

From Moment to Moment

I live in a quiet place and have the good fortune of hearing small things move: the air through the dry crisp leaves of autumn, the untroubled ruffle of a bird's wing, the sporadic drops of mist to earth. I become aware of a moment, stretching, precious, long before my breath falls and rises for the next.

Music cannot exist without its travel from one moment to another, and yet as I play I loose all track of time. Perhaps this is why I love to share within its fluent arms with such intensity.

My Kindred Spirit

My kin are my family by birth and choice. I ponder on the kindred spirit, someone who experiences the world as I do, someone I feel affinity with, instinctively.

Kindred spirits: open, sympathetic, resonant.

I think of two bronze hollow tubes suspended from a tree. As the air travels across and through them, they move, together. Their nature is to sound and share their sound.

Rage and Beauty

Music excites my world. While its concrete and functional purpose serves as a means of my coming together with others, music’s immediacy positively affects my whole being. It has a profound physiological and emotional impact. Music stops me in my tracks and is the food and flood to my being with, either in its moment, or my memory. Music is far more than a pleasurable distraction. It is a place of pattern, rage, and beauty that settles my spirit, and when I move with another with music, I love.

Music, Nature, and Meaning

I think of and experience music as an art form that does not in itself have meaning. Music can be accompanied by meaningful expressions and associations, for example, a title or narrative. Music can also be personally significant in that it evokes emotion and satisfaction of form, texture and tone, but music is not a language: if I listen to music without words it continues to affect me with all its strength.

When I experience nature I sense that same absolute beauty, remote from the influence of meaning.

Hear Me

I release music for voices, strings, piano, trombones, solo cello, and solo clarinet.

Hear my sleep, my whisper, my breath at rest, my dream...

Word and Sound

For the last three days I have struggled to put into words those things I have found in music. I have known the title of the piece and many thoughts have sprung from this, however switching from the emotional expression of music to the voice of language has been fraught with uncertainty.

This morning it seems my hours of pondering have led to something worthwhile, although I will not know for sure until tomorrow. Despite its significance, music's voice is far from meaning.

My Comfort and Unease

Music that works best for me lies in a sweet spot between enough change, but not too much. I enjoy discord and variation of pulse, rhythm and volume. Discord provides drama and tension. If a piece is nothing but harmonious I feel it too sugary. I do not however enjoy music that is predominantly dissonant, or with patterns or forms I cannot gather by mind or instinct.

Music I most love lets me feel both my comfort and unease.

With Arms Outstretched

A piece for piano, violins, viola, and cello arises from a period of loss.

We open our arms in the hope we are accepted. We are held by those who care for us.

We hold those we care for, no matter our difference.

Listen to 'With Arms Outstretched'

As A Child I Play

It takes time for me to take things in. I give myself time to take things in. I need time to take things in.

Late in the afternoon, following a night and day of feeling, of thought, I sit at the piano and start to play.

Music arrives from a place unknown. It is the bringing together of my experience, it is not conscious. I listen as I play. I listen, as a child I play.

Music is my kernel, the fruit within the shell.

The Sound I Hear Alone

I have low tolerance to a lot of sound. Loud sounds cause me pain, and so I avoid places where they are likely: road works, amplified concerts, a lively party room. When playing in a band I always used cotton wool to dampen my discomfort. A sneeze can hurt. I hide this in the company of others.

When I am quiet I hear ringing. At times my tinnitus is piercing but it does not impact on my ability to hear. When I work, am focused, centred, with a person, place or art, my unwelcome sound dissolves.

Without With

I ponder on the first word of a poem: With Life, Love. I cannot think of life without with.

I complete an orchestral piece with the same title together with my thoughts.

As One With Many

I have spent four days refining a piece of music to feel right before I begin its end. I listened over and over to reach the moment I felt I might start well. I had ideas about what might come, but in the fullness of time I was utterly surprised. It was like diving from the world of air to sea.

To dive is to be the moment of flight, the touch of finger tip to liquid skin, the pierce of body from air to sea. To get things done, I feel, I am immersed, as one with many. I absorb, I am, utterly absorbed.

The Value of Sounds Unheard

I listen to and work with many sounds not heard in the final published piece. These sounds inform my creative decisions, they provide invaluable inspiration and direction during the act of composition.

The same is true for my choice of light when creating images, words for written text, and those friends and strangers whose voices remain a part of me long after their leaving.

Music is made with sound unheard as much by sound I clearly note.

Played Once I Live My Life

I sit alone in my small music studio at the keyboard and load my favourite piano library. It is not the most expensive, but for me, it is the most beautiful. I begin with two gentle notes, and as I hear, I play.

The order and strength of sounds emerge without plan. I play almost at the very moment that I hear.

Making music from silence is a magical experience like the unfolding of remote uncharted wilderness.

Treasured, the piece comes to a close, never to return. Played once I live my life…

With Tears I Return

I listen to a traditional Nordic waltz. I love its simplicity of tune, of single voice and sounds that build, together. I am moved to tears.

Although I find music intensely plaintive, I take solace from its expression.

We humans are capable of such delicacy, and yet at times such brutality. It is music that always brings me back to what we can best become.

I Listen

When I listen I attend to and consider a sound.

I hear different sounds all the time and every day, however most flow through me as a river. I can only focus on one sound at a time, and when I do, I am listening. An unexpected sound might catch my attention by its volume, difference or pattern. When I read I am also captivated by a word's meaning and association. The mystery of a poem is that its music can be listened to both aloud and in the mind.

A Two Way Street

When I hear someone sing without words my spirit is touched.

I am by myself, and as I play the piano a strange, magical comfort strays from the sounds that spontaneously emerge. Perhaps the act of creating music serves to heal.

Making music as it happens is a two way street, even when alone.

Sound and Love

Some sounds touch me deeply. When my son is happy he sings to himself. This is the sound I love above all others. He is not conscious that his voice carries through the closed doors of our home when he is close to sleep. It has been this way since he was an infant. In contrast and in daylight he is shy in song. This makes the sound of his song all the more precious.

Perhaps sound and light are at their most powerful when they are swathed with love.

The Search For Imperfection

As I work on my music I listen carefully to its flaws. Although I shape and refine my performance I do not use my computer to automate rhythmic precision. I work aesthetically rather than programmatically and experience the ebb and flow of beats first hand this way. While time consuming, it mirrors my life which is not mathematically regular. I search for the sweet spot between the flawless and the chaotic. Gentle fluctuations of rhythm, tone and pitch lay at the core of beauty in music.

Texture, Rhythm, Sound, and Language

Texture is the foundation of human exploration. Sadly, cultural and social conventions often stifle our tendency to touch after early childhood. Adults who see tend to appreciate texture from afar, and their engagement with sculpture suffers. Rhythm is experienced by all humans, and sound is the most accessible tool to create art, followed closely by language. Perhaps this is why music and song are so popular and important to us as we silently yearn to touch.

Step This Way

With Jazz : no words capture its essence. It is music to be felt.

The swing of jazz shifts my place, from intellectual and tonal, to one full with rhythm, colour and the promise of things to come.

Many Sounds And One Space

After completing a music composition and its performance I begin the mastering process. At this stage I am not creating new musical ideas, but shaping existing sonic materials with tools that subtly change the character of sounds. These changes may seem small: a half decibel here or the addition of a few harmonics there, but they can have a significant impact on the music’s overall aural cohesion.

In general, as with any finishing stage, a light touch makes the greatest difference.

The Separation of Art and Artist

I listen to a composer disparage a piece they have recently completed as nothing but a show of sentimental nonsense. He is proud of his ability to manipulate the listener’s emotional response.

Knowing this, my intellect and heart run dry. If however I hear a piece without knowledge of the person who created it, that same piece could do what all good art can do and move my body and mind.

Art may be full with soul and beauty, despite the originator's lack of genuine intention.

With Music Made

Music retains its force within us, even when we are unable to remember or think well.

I watch as a young boy with severe learning difficulties stands beside me and is transformed at the very moment music enters his world. I am taken back to my own childhood when I loose myself playing piano for countless hours as the canary my father gave me sings at the top of his voice beside me.

Music is made. By self, others, or another. As it becomes, it goes. Like life its nature is to change.

The Absence of Sound

As I continue to work on a piece of music I consider the absence of sound. Silence in music is different than negative space in the visual arts. Silence is akin to stillness. Negative space, the area around and between the subject/s of an image is crucial in composition. It can also be the focus of an image. Negative space is not however the absence of space. Silence is quite rare in music as we usually hear related or new sounds after a note is played. Silence is not heard as negative space is seen.

The Unbridled Journey

After settling on the overall feeling I wish to share, I work on a piece of music by making decisions about what sounds I will use. This contrasts with writing when the choice of words flows as one with the moment of composition. With music, the sounds assert the character of the work at an early stage, and although I might add or remove instruments, the tonal palette remains much the same. I do not use instrumental templates as I want my creative journeying to remain unbridled.

The Songs We Sing

Those who come here often know my passion for the value of art which I view as essential in our search to understand and appreciate ourselves, others, and the world.

Art as a product that is sold is limited in its reach as an emblem of social status, an investment, or a thing of pleasure. In contrast, art that is experienced freely is open to the curiosity and discovery of all.

The songs we sing freely and together are of greatest value.

Our Source of Strength

Wherever and whenever humans come together there is music. From the gentle song of a parent to their sleeping child, to the sounds that mark our resting place, music is part of the fabric of our lives.

We can each make music, we can dance, and in the past and in some places this remains so, but for many, music and dance is left for others. Find your voice, perhaps at first in practice and private space, for with others, when we sing we find our strength.

The Ineffable Quality of Music

Ineffable: an experience that words cannot adequately express.

I hope to infuse a flavour of spontaneity in my work.

Many of my compositions begin as improvisations: I have an idea then allow my instincts to take over as I create an initial sketch. I use this foundation as the basis that I build upon.

In art, music, and literature, the unpredictable is as much a pleasure as a place of unease.

Music, People, and Place

Music is always and only of the present no matter when it first became. It matters to my now. It matters to your now. I listen to a piece of music and I am moved beyond words, but no matter how sensational music is, how much it affects us, when alone, its power is only for its moment.

Once music's time is past it quickly fades from the heart. Only when I hear music with a person, in a place, or as an event does music retain its significance beyond its time, and passes into memory.

What Music Is Not

Although music is sometimes used to support ideas, positions and narratives, music is not a language. It has no grammar nor meaning. It is experienced differently from one person to the next.

Music can touch our very core and allows us to share a place in common during, before, and after our time, yet once its moment of being is done, its movement past, music does not stay long to stir us into action beyond its present. We turn to language as the agent of our change.

Movement and Music

I enjoy a concert of Edward Elgar's The Enigma Variations, an enveloping, beautiful, and poignant orchestral piece. I am struck by how still the audience sit when listening to 'classical' music in a concert hall. I hear music and my first impulse is to move.

At times, social constraint limits the richness of our experience. I listen to 'Nimrod' once again - music that moves my spirit, my body, and that gifts opportunity to move with others.

The Short And The Long Of It

Only rarely am I enthralled by a lengthy piece of music from beginning to end - my moments of pleasure are more usually tempered by periods of anticipation. Although large-scale artworks are undoubtedly enriching, small works can be equally satisfying.

When something is not so easily given to academic study or critique it is often mistakenly viewed of as less 'significant'. Small and large does not however equate with better or worse…

Burn Bright This Night

Music can be emphatic without being explicit. Its energy and persistence can convey the energy that characterizes what it is to feel alive. It does this in part through its ephemeral nature. Through the shortness of its breath, the strength of its sound, and the breadth of its highs and lows.

I sense a night full with fire and rhythm, a forceful, effervescent dance. A declaration. An affirmation.

I Work Without Music

I have never been able to work when music is playing as I am immediately, irresistibly, and utterly enchanted by it. I cannot help but listen to its colour and form - whatever my current focus.

Music is transformative, it is for me an experience of departure from the ordinary to the world of the mysterious and beautiful.

When felt, music is the closest abstract art that holds the same in heart as love.

Sanctuary

The original meaning of the Latin word 'sanctuarium' referred to a sacred place. We now use sanctuary to describe a refuge from pursuit, persecution, or danger - both physical and psychological.

Music has the potential to pause the hardness of our heart in times of violent change.

Mystery

Reality and Dream

Dreams are personal, unprovable, irrational, their fluid nature and narrative is often baffling and full with uncertainty. And yet at times I experience one as every bit as real as my touch. By real I mean not only do I sense its force, but feel its truth: in dream I am with as much as when awake.

Dreams cannot be captured by scientific inquiry, and have no place in law. And yet they are far more than explorations of experience. In dream I breathe the vivid world of all I hope, I love, and fear.

One Day · The Next

When I first wrote my words of yesterday I did so in an attempt to touch upon my experience of sleep and its significance in rousing the creative spirit. By the evening I read this as perhaps too dense.

Today I add two commas, switch two words, and add three more. My poetry is more often than not the meeting of my feelings and ideas, a union of difference.

That I see something one day and differently the next requires I return.

Sleep · Unknown

As I sleep I wake the world of my unknown. The sound, light, and feelings that by day are pushed, back into the shadow of my nameless self. A place of meeting, of love, dread, of fall and flight.

I embrace my undiscovered land of dream and other place, my unremembered sleep.

The fragments of a life less lived.

When open to the push of path beyond my body's grasp, I sow the seed to make, my realm, recast.

With Dream

I wake unsettled from a dream that led me by the hand. A curious, animated spirit full with life and love.

Without dreams I would quickly fade from view. My dreams make clear my often hidden thirst.

Concealed as much to others as unknown by myself, dreams give fuel to dare and hope.

I am with ordinary life until I turn toward my dream.

Awake I dream as much asleep.

Clarity

At times I do not express myself clearly. This can be helpful if what I communicate serves to encourage interpretation and the mind to wonder. The danger is that being unclear can also cause disinterest and distance. This not only goes for my making, but also my being with others.

Some prefer mystery to clarity. The unravelling of meaning. The chase to know.

Perhaps there is time to be clear yet full with the untold: the still surface of deepening lake.

From Earth to Sky

I enjoy the winter, not for its cold or darker days, but for the chance from early evening to gaze at the moon and countless pricks of twinkling light.

Two figures look up from their ocean home, their place of vibrant life, towards the great sky, sun, and stars above… The world felt boundless with reverence and wonder.

Not of This World

Much of my attention is focused upon what may be.

The future and unknown have fuelled my curiosity since childhood. The uncertainty of my early days have heightened my need to prepare and counter risk through my imaginings.

By observing my response to a place of discomfort through art, by facing the unknown head on, I increase the possibility of discovery, of finding what is, out there.

View 'Not of This World' at Public Art World.

Faith, Music, Art, and Words

I live in a secular society, a democracy where religion is separated from the powers of state, and where religious leaders have little or no authority over political decisions. A secular society is tolerant of diversity and makes its laws through the examination of facts and rational debate.

Although I have no religious faith I respect those who do, as I have experienced faith. Faith is aligned to those things outside of rational human experience. The experiences of mystery and the spirit.

Echoes

Echo: a sound, image, or idea that is reflected and mirrors the original.

Echos can help us locate or navigate, they draw our attention. Their fading, mournful quality, charges the mind. An echo is full with mystery. When I experience one I am often disoriented by its source. The echo will leave quickly, and so I drop everything I am doing and give it my complete attention.

Objects in my home are often echoes from my past. A music manuscript, a map, my baptismal font.

With Less I Find More

I wake to the sound of a tawny owl calling plaintively in the darkness. I quietly make my way to an open window but I can only hear their gentle call: close, beautiful, mysterious.

My instinct is to gather as much by sense, then later, to learn and ruminate. With only one sense to rely on I am uncertain. My mind flows with fanciful ideas and imaginative invention.

With less I find more.

A Time of Uncovering

I work on the written text that will accompany an artwork.

During the making of the image I remain aware of the broad ideas and feelings that led me to continue, however I try not to articulate, but rather trust my inner voice. An often hidden voice that lays at the very heart of me, and that informs my instinctive, involuntary, emotional response.

Now is my time to uncover, to analyse, to lay bare.

The Force of Heart and Thought

Language of any colour can be powerful, whether used in life or art. My choice however has been to steer away from using coarse and offensive language in my work. This helps me reach a wider audience, including children and those from communities that scorn 'bad language'.

Creating work within a disciplined framework encourages me to search for more imaginative solutions.

Showing all, being explicit, removes the mystery, the greatest force that fires our heart and thought.

Aura

Aura: a luminous quality or disturbance that surrounds a living thing, place, or object, and that appears to emanate from it. An unseen quality that moves the spirit of another.

I ponder on the nature of aura using sounds, words, and light. I do not think of what it is to radiate, but rather what it is to experience the aura of someone or something else.

Those I Meet In Dream

I wake from vivid dream. I am on the mend.

I was in the company of someone I have known for many years, whom I have met in dream so many times, yet have never known in my waking world. I set reason aside...

What if my dream-life is rich with the entanglements and experience of others? Perhaps somewhere now she wakes and thinks upon our meeting that fades from view like the vanishing morning mist.

In Deep of Night My World Unknown

The deep of night can seem foreboding, uncertain, and full with unfamiliar thoughts and images. A feeling of ambivalence often permeates my wakeful nights.

What is known and unknown is of never ending interest to the curious animal, and the most curious of all is that which is known and unknown about our inner lives.

My Forest of Lost Dream

Although my latest dream remains with me, it soon fades from view.

My Forest of Lost Dream touches on the richness of my world unseen.

With Flight of Dream

Dreams: thoughts and the experience of place and possibility.

Dream now this chance between the sheets of day and night,

Dream the world as new, find voice and sight.

Reason and Magic

Imagination: the ability to form ideas, images or concepts not present to the senses.

Imagination is the most powerful tool in my creative process, but it is also the seat of my unease. My mind rushes from one possibility to the next, from reality to dream and back again. When making art this is invaluable, but in life the propensity for my mind to take flight can lead me astray. Not a hair's breath passes between the world of reason and its rival, magic.

I Wake

I ponder on the word 'wake', used to describe our emergence from sleep, the vigil held beside the body of someone who has died, and the smooth pattern on a liquid surface downstream of an object in flow.

I am awake.

I hold the feelings of my sleep and dreams close, yet out of sight. Embraced: my world unseen. With bridge from night to day, in day and night. Perhaps this is why - I wake early, quickly, and with ease.

The Secrets Of Our Life

From time to time something is said that unexpectedly shifts my understanding of a person I know well. My moment of insight depends on a passing comment that drifts into the conversation before seamlessly moving to the next subject without note of its significance. I check my wish to ask for clarification so that I can examine the implications of what was said more carefully. Perhaps I misheard, perhaps I am mistaken. From time to time the secrets of our life spontaneously emerge.

Mystery and Enchantment

Since boyhood I have always loved gazing up at the vast sea of stars. I watched the Perseid meteor shower in the early morning as the teaming spine of the milky way stretched far beyond. Every few minutes a streak of light shot across the sky. Along with this dance of primordial dust left by the comet Swift-Tuttle, three mysterious spots of circling light were caught by a thin patch of cloud towards the north east at around forty degrees. I only have my memory and my thoughts of this to wonder with.

The Enchantment of Dream

Sleep: that place beneath our surface that shapes our sense of self.

Sleep, our mystery of wandering soul where freedom, love and fear find voice.

Dream long and love the sweetness of enchanted night...

Belonging

As a child I often searched for flint tools in the fields around my home. People occupied an area not far from where I live over two million years ago and I was hungry to find something that I could touch that linked me with those earliest of Stone Age makers. This exploration was and remains magical to me.

My childhood journey is one in search of common ground, of belonging. With many, with one. A voyage that I continue.

Sleep

I value the world of my dreams where I spend such long unremembered hours.

In dream I come to know people and places full with movement and colour that are not present in my waking life. Every now and then I recognize someone I have only met before in surreal and unusual adventure. These magical and familiar souls, who seem at first to fade from view, remain strangers to my daylight world, and yet they stay within me, unknown, unheard, unseen, until we meet again.

The Unseen Moments of Our Life

There is a part of us that remains unseen. For some this part is more than for others: memories, thoughts we keep to ourselves, or things we do alone. We wish to share, we need to share, and yet something of our unseen always remains our own. We protect and defend these private moments of our life from the gaze of others. The unseen makes up the mystery of our lives. We feel it in others. When we watch films, read books, view art, and listen to music that touches this place, we know it well.

The Real World

'Real': genuine, existing. Not imitation, supposed, imagined, nor artificial.

Everything we touch, everything we see, hear, taste and smell takes time to flow before it is realized. All we experience is imagined as an imperfect echo of those things 'out there'. We comfort ourselves with the fiction that this now is real. As I dreamt last night (and only for that time), to my surprise I knew, and long before, all detail of that vibrant, real and other world.

The Draw of Symmetry

We experience symmetry as an intensely attractive force. Our enchantment to it extends from the physical world to art and ideas. Its appeal to my heart is as much as to my mind.

I write this forwards, I read this backwards, I ponder on question and answer, of time and deed:

I did eye peep noon peep eye did I did eye peep noon peep eye did I

Mystery

At the moment I seek to know, I treasure those things I cannot explain.

Too little mystery, and the world is less: a place of a to b.

Too much mystery and I am overwhelmed with apprehension.

Mystery shapes the richness of my day.

Your mysteries, my mysteries, those things unknown between us, let free the wish to know.

As Real · As Dream

Dreams are not rational, but real as hope and love...

I know you well as you do I. I live a life with you, away from my awake. And in that life I love, console, find beauty without word, our world of dream. I know you well as you do I my dream.

Dream more than sense can know or thought can understand. As dream in dream we live our lives.

As with night and day, there is the dawn and dusk, when dream and waking life in moments touch.

In Deep of Night My World Unknown

With digital exchange it is possible to copy identically, so something in one place can be similar to another in every detail, whereas analogue describes something continuously varying. All living things on earth have been analogue by nature, but with the emergence of artificial consciousness this is set to change. Being analogue, humans experience the same things differently.

Nature

Bubble Wrap

I complete an image that reminds me to reuse packaging materials I receive.

Bubble wrap protects, yet also harms. I easily forget the future of a thing.

With 'Bubble Wrap' I wrap the image 'Winter' with a poem.

Together, they tell of my relationship with nature and those I love.

Bubble: the first word my son spoke. Wrap: to cover, enclose, to complete.

Release

I stop whatever I do. I stand, straight. I rest my arms and hands loosely by my side. I gaze immediately ahead. I take a slow, deep, breath. I listen to this place no matter where: this home of mind and body, this all I see and hear. I ask myself to note something of importance directly in front of me, something of value in this time and place, something new not seen before, something now.

When still, the full force of nature is released, alive, revealed: within, without, and with.

Emotional and Cognitive Contagion

Many birds and animals use the experiences of others to further their chance of survival.

Some are sensitive only to the responses of their own species. Others are able to relate, empathize, understand and share in the experiences beyond their immediate family, to those who are different.

Peace is not a static or passive state. It is the dynamic strain of resistance to the trust of a stranger.

When I not only think, but feel about another, love begins to emerge.

The Kiss of Autumn Night

In the English language, one letter differentiates the words Night and Light, and most beautifully, the M of Moon rests between them…

I am continually in awe of how the relationships between two elements so radically change our experience of them. Whether sound, light, shape, words, animal or human... Coming together is so often far more than remaining apart and separate. Together, things grow and become new.

The Natural World

I consider my footprints in the sand as the light, sound and words I make.

Close up I see the lines of age, the web of countless journeys, the rise and ray of sun and fall of moon.

Light and night. The slow change of season, the reach of water through a crack of rock...

Representations of the natural world are but faint shadows of its experience.

With Endless Dream

The sky lightens blue with dawn and gently moving cloud. Sheep graze on the hillside dabbed dense with ash, lime, and myriad of oak, full with leaf, far opposite my open wide, white sashed window. I stand with sound of river, with burble bright through night and day, each day and night, a year, then ten, and soon one hundred, soon to pass my sprightly span, this valley, still, bathed with clear clean air, with sun, with rain, with flight of bird, with song of stream, with softly spoken endless dream.

The Inner World of Plants

I walk in a wood of beech trees in early May close to my home. The wood is full with life, from its carpet of leaf and bluebell, to its canopy of glistening light high above. As I walk I sense my nature and the nature of others. I sense my story as child and man. I sense myself as small moment of a greater thing that breathes. This coming together, this interdependence is the 'experience', the inner world of plants.

Choosing Life over Death

A wooden fence is hard, stark, dead. A hedge is vibrant and alive. Over the years I have replaced a wooden fence in my garden with a hornbeam hedge. Using wood panels as the boundary takes away from the land, growing wood gives back and supports a rich ecosystem of insects and birds.

Like all living things, a hedge requires care. I have responsibility for only one of three sides to the boundary. Persuading my neighbours of the change took many years. Now our gardens teem with life…

The Shape of Sky

I look up. You look up. We see the sky. With two miles distance between us, the further those things we view, the closer we see the same. A low passing cloud, overhead for you, is far closer to the edge of sky for me. As we each view the moon there is the slightest difference to the angle of our gaze. With a star, at a short distance between us, our angle of gaze is experienced as identical.

The shape of sky. The sound of bird. Day, cloud, night, and moon. The stars, our place of meeting.

Wilderness · A Place of Being

I spin words endlessly over in my mind. This is useful when it comes to making, but difficult when with others as there is no tap or switch to turn off my flow of thought.

My greatest contentment is with nature, whether alone, or with another when silently sharing its force.

With nature, as far as the eye can see, as distant as the ear can hear, words are not required.

Wilderness: a place where my heart and mind settles. A place not of thought, but of being.

The Trust of Animals and Birds

From a young age I have taken care of animals and birds, usually after the loss or incapacity of a relative. Although I have been a reluctant volunteer I have learned a great deal from my experiences with non-humans. My reluctance stems from my duty of care, an especially powerful force within me as I was cared for by others outside my immediate family from early infancy.

Animals & birds come to trust in their own time. Mutual trust cannot be forced, but is required to care.

The Cat I Learn From

I love birds, I do not have an affinity with cats. Nevertheless I have taken it upon myself to care for the comfort and security of one as my elderly relative is no longer able to look after him. The cat who is shy and nervous remains with her, but I try my best to ensure he has food, water, and feels settled.

Kenny is bonded with my relative, and she with him. She forgets many things but does not forget him.

Kenny and I have come to trust one another. Unexpectedly, reluctantly, I have come to learn from him.

One Family One World

We Are But Once: words in a poem that consider the privilege and fortune of life and the earth.

Unique: A single word that recognizes the abundant treasures of existence.

You: The reader. Someone else. Another. The all that is not me.

I: Everything I feel and think.

We: the custodians of life.

A Solitary Snowflake Falls

At the heart of every snowflake is a nucleus of dust.

Enjoy a poem and artwork that ponders on a journey as great as any I have made.

Fly Away

Last night, a solitary fly flew into my work room. It buzzed close to my ear, I resisted its rest on my skin.

There are over a million species of flies on earth. They feed on organic matter, and their bites spread food born illnesses. Flies are however living things, and in this they have value. Flies are among the most common pollinators, second only to bees. They form part of the balance of nature despite my dislike of them. I leave a window ajar then shut the door. By morning, the fly has left.

A Moment Now: Remember

I close my eyes and breathe the cold, dark, damp moss-green of early morning air, and I feel good. I would feel better sharing this, but still, the beauty and wonder of nature never fails to flood my heart.

Each day, every day, without fail and when alone, countless souls are touched by their experience.

Those things we make with sound, words and light, with all manner of objects and ideas, with feelings strong, these things we make give chance to better share the precious moments of our life.

To Know, To See

I wake to see Venus and the Moon above the eastern horizon, at first against the deep dark blue of night, then little by little, their light together, steadily concealed by the dawn. As daylight approaches only the finest crescent is visible, then suddenly their reach is out of sight.

I have loved looking up at the night sky all my life, and yet still, I so easily forget its beauty once the day begins. My knowing never matches the experience of my seeing.

A Moment Lost To Make

I imagine standing in the middle of a large field as snowflakes gently begin to fall. I am wrapped up warm and well. I look up at the magical moving sight. I turn, slowly, my face full to sky. I feel the fresh wet tingle of flake upon my skin. Nature swathes its white beauty, soft upon the earth.

I imagine someone far away thinking, feeling, this same thought. If we do not share this place, it is lost: a thought that comes and goes. The world is far too full of moments lost, and so we make.

The Trust of Small Things

I am fortunate to live in a home with a garden. The garden has grass that flows to a border of flowers, shrubs, trees and a hornbeam hedge. This morning, as I filled up the seed and water feeders under a magnolia tree, a small woodland bird flew onto a nearby branch, unafraid. We looked at one another, inquisitively, calmly.

Trust is a gift, a treasure, no matter who or what living thing bestows it.

The Beauty of a Land Laid Bare

The landscape of the Sottish Borders is both beautiful and unsettling.

All that remains of the once teaming habitat of emerald forests are the valleys and hills beneath. I am drawn to the forms of this place, and yet its naked grace shows the history of a richer time.

When a tree sheds its seed, I pick it up, plant it, care for it. In time, countless living things will find their home and flourish from such easy effort.

Movement, Fast and Slow

As the overwhelming force of wind, rain and wave sweeps across the Atlantic Caribbean, a strong earthquake strikes Mexico to the east. Movement is at the core of all things. At times movement happens so slowly I experience stillness, and yet even the stone has, is, and will move.

Nature includes life and those things I do not consider as living - the air, the sea, and the earth. In future, things considered alive will extend beyond nature. Things move by my effort and beyond my control.

The World I Know Transformed

In forty eight hours a storm has grown in the Atlantic from a gale to a category five hurricane.

With all our tools and technical skills we remain unable to predict significant and sudden change in the weather with any accuracy. We are kin to those ten thousand years ago who felt the wind.

Should I always search for proof before I act? There is no proof of human love, my joy or pain, and so it is the same for change released by nature's force, the world I know, transformed.

I Struggle to Imagine

As I write, the strongest hurricane ever recorded in the Atlantic is raging with gusts well over 300km/h (200mph), a thunderous sound of 100db, 9m (30ft) waves, and clouds towards its eye at minus -85°C (-121°F). The greatest threat to life on land is its storm surge, a 7.6m (25ft) high wall of water created by its winds. There is nothing that can ease this overwhelming force but a great land mass. Low lying coastal communities are being devastated. The air outside my window is still. I struggle to imagine.

Ways of Saying - Close and Far

I say something directly: I scan the horizon, a thin line where the sea meets the sky.

I say something with more significance: I look out across the sea along its meeting with the sky.

I say something metaphorically: I am the sea and you the sky, we meet, far, far away.

As I gaze across the sea to where it greets the sky I think of my difference with another, and how certain, yet distant it seems we are and will remain. Where sea meets sky, where sky meets sea.

Eclipse

I watched a total eclipse of the sun on a sandy beech on the south western edge of England. The clouds parted a minute before totality, and I, together with family and strangers, experienced the spontaneous, shared emotion and immeasurable wonder of an all enveloping celestial event. Those on the highest cliff in Cornwall could still only see under half the distance to the edge of totality.

For a short time, the unconstrained awe and rapture of something bigger dispels our petty differences.

Lud's Church

Some of the words I first uncovered here find themselves in new form accompanying an image that arose from my journey through nature.

I publish a still, sepia photograph of a magical hidden place of furtive gatherings and gothic legend.

Deep in the Back Forest Staffordshire Moorlands, an ancient crevice, cut ten thousand years ago.

Landscapes, Cloud and Flight

I have arrived back from a restless journey through some of the most outstanding and beautiful landscapes of England and Scotland including the Peak District, the North York Moors, North Pennines, Kielder Forest, the Scottish Borders, Galloway Forest, the Lake District, and Yorkshire Dales.

The flight of my experience persists before I settle. I have much to share, and rush to write.

How much remains within me depends on my efforts to express.

With Wood in Night and Day

I stand with thick green velvet moss in dampened lakeside wood. A dance of clean clear water-pearls patter from one leaf to another before diving, deep into the greater body of life that is my muse. Quietly, with shallow breath, I hear the sound of seep and faintest flow towards the patient pause of heron, still, in wait for rippled fish that basks and bathes below.

I am with wood, with gentle force, long tempered night and day.

As Speck Upon the Land

Shower clouds hurl their brief and darkened spray along the hill's craggy peak that runs and twists a mile towards the north east. One moment, blunt needles of rain dash against my cheek, the next, the warmth of sunlight breaks through and bathes the purple wash of heather moorland where I walk as a solitary, windswept speck.

Nature is my native ease.

The Art in Being Wrong

As I began writing my thought yesterday I assumed the blackened shoreline was as a result of an oil spill. After revisiting the beech and learning more it became clear oil was present, but to a lesser extent than coal. My being wrong led me to better consider and commit to how I will act with words and art.

Careless exploitation of natural resources leads to damage that undermines the potential for life.

When activity ceases to be profitable, abandonment often follows.

Black Sand

I walk along the cliff top with the call of seagull above and the great spread of shimmering sea to my left. I catch sight of the water's edge for the first time then scramble down.

The shallow breaking waves are black with tiny particles of coal. Veins of ink reach through the rock and sand of shore. There before me, ruined beauty, the spoils of mine. I sleep, wake at sunrise, then set off once again to photograph nature's distress.

My Early Morning Feast

I step outside, look up, close my eyes, and breathe.

The bright red-orange of sunlight to skin fills my vision, I pull the air further, fresh within me, pigeons coo, their feathers fan. As I gently, blindly reach to touch the grass the early morning fragrance of the earth greets me. I never grow used to the beauty that proceeds: I open my eyes once more.

Life gives, I receive.

The Love of Little Things

When I am in the company of nature, a friend, or someone I meet for the first time, it is the little things that stand above the rest.

I walk into the quiet early morning and crouch down, close to a small clay pot that is home to an oak seedling I planted from an acorn in the spring.

At times the changing tone of a leaf or spurt of growth captures my attention. At times it is a thought that sprouts from being close to such a fragile little thing.

Il Giardino

The idea of a garden is complex, yet so easily experienced… I ponder on what defines a garden, the gardener, on our need and love of gardens, and my experience of them, near and far.

Two gardens have shaped me. The garden where I live in Southern England, and a garden in Tuscany, Italy where I spent three months in late summer and autumn thirty years ago…

Thunder

I wake at two in the morning to a great blast of sound through my open window that splits the sky. Thunder is too tame a word as it roars, tears, and splinters the dense dark night. Its fierce untameable force buckles the air towards the west. Rain draws its breath before it spits king-sized drops, then spills itself, full thrust. The fork of light, too bright, bare, wild hair cuts the air. The travelling crack and howl rumbles far further than I can tell. Before its final fade, a burst of blinding white returns. I love a storm...

Watering The Hedge

In a dry spell I water the young hornbeam hedge that lines the boundary of our back garden.

Light dances as drops fall from the deep-veined light-green leaves and the thick spray of water patters then gathers on the soil beneath. I look down and as I do, birds sing above me on the branches of a damson tree. Bees buzz. The scent of earth fills my breath. Here with nature, the trivial clamour of human squabble subsides.

When Summer Starts

As with many ideas, the start of something varies depending on its climate, tradition, and culture.

I have always felt that in England where I live, May drifts its spring into summer, and that June describes its start, and yet, for you, this very same time may be far from all those things I know as summer. My summer, autumn, winter and spring is much the same. Each day the seasons turn.

At times I tilt towards the cold, at others, the warmth. My earth spins unpredictably around my sun.

The Fledgling

It is warm with early summer as thunder rumbles through the dull-gold of morning light. Crows cor with the come and go of falling rain. The tingling drips drop gently, then more densely as the shard and crack of cloud jostles to the earth. Soon the charge of sky moves off, birds begin to sing.

I share the foundation of a new piece of music. The sound: a fledgling under passing storm, fully formed, yet vulnerable. A time of listening full with thought and care.

The River of Light at Dawn

I know this place, the touch of deer still silent eye upon the nape of neck, the unseen scent of fox rust-red and quick to ground, the softened littered leaf and gentle mossened brown, with pad walk certain slow upon this bed of dewy earth. Become, between the rise of breath my natured kin.

The woodland I have walked within for many years shares a fraction of its force of light and word.

For Nature To Be Known

I stand alone in the early morning light of an oak woodland with the scent of moss and the uninhibited sound of birds. I ponder on how its significance and value is different when I experience it with others as their scent, light and sound alters the very character of this place.

Beauty does not require many for its nature to be known. Perhaps the same is true of friendship, love, and tenderness.

With Life

Much of the time I search to say something simply, oftentimes I fail.

Some time ago I wrote the short poem 'With Life, Love'. Although this is a work in progress, I value its call to action and have given time and effort to its own place.

I view the poem as the title and all that follows, an elaboration:

With Life, Love

This Field of Thorn and Seed

I return to a short phrase I wrote yesterday that emerged as a two line poem from my experience of photographing a field of tall dry flower heads that spread far into the distance:

Worth all the scrapes and scratches, Walk through this field of thorn and seed…

At times it is not an image or words that stand well, but their union.

How I Mind: With Body

Body: a coherent material structure; something abstract forming a unified whole.

Mind: the internal, sentient place of feeling, perception, thought, will, and reason.

Every moment my body breaths, my mind works. Every moment.

At times I am aware, at others I am not. My being, my being alive is the confluence of body and mind, despite how preoccupied by mind or body I may be.

Why Birds Sing

As I write, birds are full with song. They sing as the early morning air not only enters their fragile frames, but as it leaves. Birds sing with alternating lungs, some in harmony with themselves. Their songs declare forcefully, beautifully:

I am alive, I am here, hear me.

With Open Eyes

I step out into the still blanket-grey of morning. I close my eyes. I breathe. I feel. I listen.

Outside, this everyday teams with life, with countless sounds of souls than all my years could capture, study, contemplate, and love.

I open my eyes, and there is more.

Rain Falls

I live on an island where the weather's voice is my constant companion:

The uncertainty of sky, the moving cloud, the changing wave of air, of sea.

On this morning, rain falls. Drops patter with the song of birds before they sink into the suckling earth.

Rain, like the artist, is defined by its falling.

Breathe Deep This Dawn

I return to work on the poem Breathe Deep This Dawn after reading the most beautiful phrase 'pushing up the sky with song' referring to the sound of two blackbirds in full voice.

At times I wish myself to be the bird, the song, the quickened early sight.

Beside the Rain

I ponder on the word 'beside': by the side of; close to; overcome; apart from; as well as.

At times I think of myself as more the rain, as melancholic, but there are times I also feel to be the sun. Perhaps we are all at some point the rain that falls and nourishes another, and at others, the warmth that supports and loves. Beside the Rain, The Sun…

High Wind

I enjoy a change of air to the stillness of recent days. The wind picks up from the south with the threat of gale. The sky shifts from the bright light-blue of north. High clouds, then low, start their push as pressure builds, the trees begin their sway.

Later, when the wind is at its height, I walk in fields, wrapped with nature's strength and beauty.

Be Silent For A Time

Silence: the complete absence of sound.
Be willingly silent. Being silent well takes time. We rarely come together in silence, yet when we do there is no mistaking its strength. Today some will share silence as they remember their loved ones.

No word can say, no sound nor light convey the sadness, loss and love on this our coldest winter's day.

The Start of Something New

My curtains are open. I sleep so when I fall or wake the first light that greets me is of the sky.

A crisp crescent moon rises. Unhurriedly, the darkness lifts. Even now, so soon after our shortest day, the song of birds fill the air. I open my front door and walk a few short steps into the open, beautiful morning. I am in awe that such delicate creatures welcome the cold of winter with such energy and life.

Before I publish my latest work I begin my next. It is the nature of things.

My Shortest Day

For scientists winter starts today. Although the earth is closest to the sun, it tilts in relation to it. In the northern hemisphere the sun's energy strikes the earth with less force resulting in lower temperatures. The difference in tilt (the axial tilt) between our summer and winter is at most around 3400 kilometres (2,112 miles). This relative pinprick of variation is the cause of the world's coldest and hottest weather.

It is the same for my life. When my world nears another, my centre tilts, my balance shifts.

Mother Earth

I publish an artwork and poem inspired by the frozen wilderness of ice that covers the lakes, rivers and shores of the Hudson Bay in Northern Canada.

2 AM

With gusts of eighty miles per hour the wooden gates break apart with a loud crack in our first storm of winter. I wake to watch nature bend the tree tops and lash the ground with rain. A few minutes more and I grab a coat and head outside to secure the open gates against the wall.

Nature is beautiful, in calm and fury. There is no good nor bad, no mine or yours. With nature we are as naked ancestor, and our humbled heart is better for it.

Despite Our Differences

It is not despite our differences that we are strong, but because of them.

There is no more important a time than now to express and act with every effort in the interests of tolerance for the greater good, and stewardship of the environment.

Hoarfrost

A day can seem a season in itself.

Depending on the temperature and pressure, water can exist below its normal freezing point.
Depending on the dynamics and pressures of my life, I can persist without the normal comforts I enjoy.

It is not only its beauty, but rarity that ensures the intensity of my experience of hoarfrost.

Rising Tide

Tide: the rise and fall of sea; a change of state, physical or emotional; a period of time.

I ponder on the beauty of the rise and fall of water, our contact with the force of moon, the spin of earth, and pull of sun. I think of how love can be as endless in its movement dependent on another, of how I feel as creature of the shore, by nature washed between the land and sea.

Dawn

Dawn: the unfolding of something new; the beginning of an idea, or feeling; the gradual change from night until the first glimpse of sun on the horizon that announces the start of day.

I ponder on the nature of what it is to dawn. My dawning is the period before I know, before I come to understand, before I come to love. It is my jewelled journey from dark to light.

This Time We Share

Each day the world's beauty overwhelms the hate and hurt of one person to another. As humans act with unimaginable brutality, dusk unfolds, the sky grows dark, and we, those myriad specks upon the land and seas, sigh, so starts our dream.

As certain as the pull of moon we cease our struggles, one against the other. No matter what our strength we sleep, this time we share, we children of one home, this wondered earth.

With Time and Contemplation

I ponder on the image of a swan dipping its head in search of food. Perhaps seeking fresh perspective is as much a part of our nature and as crucial for our well being as the swan's urge to hold its breath.

As feathered monarch robed in spotless white,

As sparks of spirit slide then drop once more into this sea of life.

Woodland

Nature has no need of thought, no avarice, nor claim.

I find myself deep in unfamiliar woodland during early morning speckled light.

I sense its shallow whisper.

As wondered woodland walk, become.

The Sand Between My Toes

As figures pass and feelings swell like waves upon the shore...

Much of art tries in vein to express sensory experience. The qualities of life we feel appear so simply, and yet the moment I attempt to capture even the most straight forward of my collisions with the world, like walking in the sand, I loose all but a glimpse of the subtlety and strength of my encounter. As I walk I not only feel the soft warmth of countless grains, but you with me.

The Wounds of World

The most inaccessible and remote places on earth are adversely affected by human activity.

I share my thoughts about human's neglect of the earth at 100 Artworks and elsewhere.

This place has forged life for close to three and a half billion years. Each day I make choices that, cumulatively, have the potential to make a certain and positive difference to life on earth.

Whale Song

When we see the largest creatures on earth, helpless in shallow water, we pause.

As I gaze upon the artwork 'Whale Song' I ponder on the immense distance between my life on the surface and those of our aquatic kin.

There is no sound, yet in our heart we hear the call of deep ancestral song.

Sky and Cloud

Sky and clouds cross political boundaries with ease, are beyond the reach of money, and open to everyone who is fortunate to be able to look up, no matter their difference, their ethnicity, economic status, culture, creed, gender, or age. At times with lightening force, at others feathered frozen white, we meet their gift, we drink their water, fresh, our body made of little more but this our sky and cloud.

Rain

My feelings about rain change depending on my level of physical comfort. Even though I realize rain is essential for life on the surface of our world, I generally far, far prefer being dry. When rain is absent for any length of time however, I begin to yearn for it...

It is raining today. The plants and trees love this, but the light is dull and the temperature has dropped.

Rain is my constant reminder that life requires at least some discomfort for it to flourish.

One Small Square of Earth

I imagine gazing at a small square of earth from above in the year 2045. Among the emerald, ochre, sapphire, and textures of life, I make out what appear to be objects, symbols, and built structures from an earlier time, barely seen. I think of how, over time, nature reclaims what is taken, no matter the damage caused. In this newly made world, the harm of humans is quenched, and life is given chance once more to find its place, together.

Unwanted

I photograph a plant. The sky is overcast, and although I enjoy strong sunlight, at times there is nothing better than the even wash of cloud cover to best show the subtle beauty of a wild flower. I find plants in their natural habitat are generally less brash and delicate in form as compared with their cultivated counterparts. The unwanted weed inspires.

Photography helps me see what movement often obscures.

Under Sky of Blue

I return to a tune I began years previously.

I drive to The New Forest, an area of outstanding beauty an hour from my home. A tree stands on its own in a pool of still water. How I long to share my experience with you.

I am at my most content under a sky of blue, enfolded by the arms of nature. A poem, and later music, emerges from the strength of my feeling.

The Sun Shines

Enjoy a story and picture book about how the sun and moon save the earth.

Perhaps our need to nurture lays at the heart of listening to, reading, and making stories. Nurturing ourselves, and one another.

Saying words out loud, repeating them, whispering them, transforms them. Words become within us.

The Charge of Instinct

Overhead, a red kite soars. A crow half its size rattles, caws and clicks as it charges towards the invader to drive it from its territory. The kite's mate eyes the scene from far above. She swoops to join the contest. The adversaries pitch and roll in the still air. The kites speed away in tight formation, wings bent, they rush against the cloudless sky. In England, crows are the largest cause of injuries and premature deaths to birds of prey. I question my instinct, especially when I sense its certainty.

Earth Day · The Sum of Small Things

I easily forget the care of our world and others as I focus on my immediate concerns.

On Earth Day I try to be more mindful of my actions that, cumulatively and with others, have a positive or negative affect. Each day I cause change. I choose this change through what and how I eat and drink, by my use of energy and water, and what I choose to say. On every day I have a choice to love.

Small things add up. We are the sum of small things.

Flight

Every couple of days I feed wild birds that live in the hedges, shrubs and trees that surround my garden in southern England. Wood pigeons, collared doves, blackbirds, song thrush, sparrows, green and goldfinches, blue tits, wrens, robins, yellowhammers, and on occasion, green and greater spotted woodpeckers - all visit at this time of year. I witness the variety and wonder of flight every day - if there is one ability I would love that I will never posses, it is to fly.

Fall Dust of Woodland Floor

I publish a poem and artwork about loss.

I wonder why the focus of my expression takes nature as its starting point. Perhaps it is that we need the distance and abstraction of metaphor to speak of those most fearful things. Perhaps it is that nature is so far from our place of cruelty.

Cut Flowers

Flowers transform us. They take us to a different place, far removed from the ordinary. Perhaps their nectar and promise of future fruit appeals to primal triggers within us.

Giving flowers is an act of love, sympathy, appreciation, and at times, self-interest. If possible, it would be better to share a flower in its natural setting. That would not only reduce the waste of commercial production, but may be received as a more potent gesture of kindness.

A New Sky

When the sky is clear I turn my face towards the great ocean above then close my eyes. I wait one minute, and in this short time I imagine the beauty of that blue.

No matter how hard I try, I never fail to be utterly unprepared for the experience of opening my eyes once more.

EarthSong

I listen to sounds that arise as words do ideas. Words alone and isolated are weak, their strength is in their meeting and meaning.

It is in coming together that value arises, as sounds do in music, light in art, and as communities: of humans, and other living things. The earth is our place of coming together, of voice and song.

The Cold Fuels My Mind

With short hours of daylight the weather turns. I am surrounded by the bitter chill and frost of north.

Low temperatures keep me close to home. In the past, especially in the evenings, being inside during the long dark winter meant more time for conversation, reading, and rumination. By the past I mean to say before my days online where I am easily lost with inconsequential distraction.

Now, online, wherever I roam, in every time and season, the silence of my contemplative winters retreat.

The Nature of Things

Damaging something so large as the earth takes a great deal of persistent harm and neglect.

Human short-sightedness defines our relationship with the earth. To live well I must counter my preference for short term gain, my instinct to merely survive the day, individually, and collectively.

Small things matter. A single bee has little impact on the world, and yet together, bees pollinate the crops that human's eat, and without them, we die. I easily forget the nature of my strength to act.

Peace

The Weather of My Day

I start the day with small things of no importance to anyone but myself: my wish for this or that, my hope that I will make, my strength in health and heart, my sense of loss, my thirst to love, my breath. These things form the weather of my day, of being bright or covered with a cloud of grey.

Contemplation: thought's calm and patient effort; my need to know; the journey from desire and pain; the foothills of my search for peace.

Under Cover of Darkness

Academics plan a Journal of Controversial Ideas to encourage more people to air radical views in a climate of intolerance, fear, and increasing institutional resistance to voice contentious issues. The names of those who write will remain undisclosed. Being open to the thoughts and views of others, no matter how offensive, is necessary to give chance for debate and understanding.

I would rather see my foe and hear their words, than close my eyes and ears before they strike.

Remember Me

One hundred years upon this day I die in war. My life cut short by fear and rage on field of mud, the two of us in fight to breathe our last, we kill the other there, and fall. All love that we could give stops short, all good that we could do now ends, all touch and taste, all scent of days with light and sound expire.

Remember not my sacrifice for something good, for it was not. There was no meaning to my death.

Peace is the only enemy of war. Remember me.

A Life Worth Living

For many, religion restrains and encourages ways of acting. For others religion plays no part in their lives. I make art because it has the potential of reaching the spirit of those with and without faith.

Our greatest challenge as a species is to live together without conflict: with one another; from within; and with other living things. My purpose and duty is in the service of my effort to encourage this.

The search to live well with love is a life worth living.

My Passion and Control

Some value words that calmly and carefully uncover. Others prefer the zeal of fearless enthusiasm.

Those who enjoy a carefully crafted argument may tire of my tendency towards the poetic. Those who enjoy my passion may wilt at my need to interrogate and understand.

At times it is difficult to keep the balance between these two spirited forces at play.

The storm is as vital as my most peaceful moment. I need both passion and control.

How Creativity Harms

Whether you are an architect, artist, composer, choreographer, crafts person, designer, photographer or writer, whatever the field, I believe it is the responsibility of the creative person to consider the impact of what they make. If what I make has the potential to harm in any way, then I should stop.

Harm may be to the body or mind. People who make things influence how others experience the world.

It is not only violence that harms, but also its thoughtless depiction, and all that tacitly supports it.

Be Free of Violence

Violence occurs with the failure to fuel a desire or need: for self, for power, for control, for love.

Once exposed to violence or the depiction of violence, once violent, its next occasion does not shock with the same force. Violence leads to violence. Hate, to hate. Those violent show themselves as feeble in mind and spirit. They are without inner strength, without honest friendship, they are damaged, alone.

Violence harms those causing, receiving, and observing it. I am not, nor will I ever be its slave.

I, You, and We Have Power

The strength of my power may be curtailed by what I do, and do not do, where I live, my age, health, gender, beliefs, my cultural, social and economic status, by love, by hate, by law and physical force.

When I resort to cruelty I abandon my efforts to resolve my differences through persuasion. When peaceful protest is met with violence, the aggressor yields authority.

Power that lasts comes only through peace, and peace comes only with respect.

Strengthening Peace

In response to violence, strengthen peace.

I consider the second article of The Rights of Living Things: The Right to Peaceful Coexistence. In the short clarification that follows I have changed 'threaten' to 'imperil' which places greater emphasis on the immediacy and significance of a threat to existence. My concern is that this right is not perversely used as a justification for premeditated violence in the face of threat.

A Copse of Crisp Dry Leaf and Deer

Not fifteen minutes walk from my home there is a young copse full with rust-red aspen trees that reach tall and skyward. Close by, as I look towards the low strong sun of a spring day, two roe deer graze.

In my work I try to advocate peace and argue against violence and war. Most often I will express my views indirectly as many dismiss pacifism as naive and ineffectual. These are the very people I wish the body of my work to reach most, and so I tread carefully as in a copse of crisp dry leaf and deer.

Read more of my thoughts online at Active Pacifist.

The Oak Against The Storm

Violence: forceful behaviour with the intention to hurt, injure, abuse, damage, or destroy.

My efforts to create content for people of any age and culture has strengthened. I avoid expressing or condoning violence, although at times my work presents the consequences of it: sadness, trauma, poverty, and homelessness. Violence of any kind, of the mind or body, is the antithesis of love.

With over six hundred kinds of oak in the world, when you make, stand as an oak against the storm.

With Poetry Comes Peace

Poetry: human language, carefully and elegantly expressed with rhythm and layered meaning.

It is no matter whether a poem is short or long, shared or kept in a private place. Whether young or old, rich or poor, the act of writing poetry is helpful and needs only one's time and contemplation.

We each can be a poet, and with poetry comes peace.

When Darkness Falls

I wake in time of darkness, when brutality seems commonplace.

Creating art is never more vital and reminds us that beauty, a correlate of love, is still present. Art broadens our horizons and challenges our firmly held assumptions. Above all, art's greatest strength is its potential to being us together.

Light is a moment we uncover over time. Peace will prevail.

Make Peace Today

Peace: the experience and idea of freedom from harm in body and mind.

Make peace with your family, your friends, your neighbour, and perhaps most importantly of all, with your enemy.

Confidence and Courage

Relinquishing power, whether personal, at work, or held by the state, requires confidence and courage.

I am strengthened by tolerance, understanding, and love. When I am tolerant with my family, friends, and with those I work with, when I seek to understand them, I begin to love. I forge contentment.

I do not hold peace is nurtured, nor defence strengthened, by the development or maintenance of weapons of mass destruction. The world is not made safer by my ability to kill.

With More Than Argument Alone

Art, literature and music encourage us to re-visit experiences, events and issues that we otherwise too easily grow weary of.

Violence, human's greatest weakness, cannot be opposed with logical argument alone. Violence must also be fought with those imaginative things we create with light, sound and words that inspire peaceful resolution to conflict.

Peaceful Resistance

Another yields their life in terrifying and violent action. Their belief is that their sacrifice is imperative for those who remain, and that through loosing their life they will be rewarded in a higher place. They view their goal as morally irrefutable, and that any method of achieving it is ethically acceptable.

Life is our most precious gift. I do not hold the ends justifies the means. Our greatest strength against bloodshed and brutality is to meet it with relentless and overwhelming resistance, peacefully.

Choose Peace

On any day of violence, the overwhelming majority of the peoples of our world yearn for peace: with family, with friends, with workmates, at home, abroad, but most with those we have no peace with.

As I come to know of cruel and brutal acts I become more determined, more resolute, more relentless in my efforts to counter conflict through my creative efforts.

Be in no doubt, peace will prevail: between one and another, between one another.

In Search of Peace

Art has the potential to reach the unexpected in unpredictable ways.

Alone and with others, music helps me rise above my ordinary. It places me alongside another, no matter their difference. Music moves me from my place of being - at least for the time of its present.

Without a title music has no shared meaning. Language moves music from the indefinite towards idea.

Trust

Trust requires another. Without others I cannot trust.

At times I trust a human, a creature, and the nature that I find myself with. Trust is physical, emotional, phycological, and spiritual, as is my nature, as is nature. Trust makes known.

Only when I trust will trust return.

Place

Heroism

In the late 1870s a newly trained doctor set off by sea on the long journey from Portugal to North West India. A young woman also travelled who was to marry an older man, the Governor of the province. On their voyage the young met, fell in love, and married. In addition to his commercial practice and with the support of his new partner, the doctor offered his service freely to those who could not afford medical treatment. In 1889 the doctor died of cholera treating the poor. My great grandparents: my heroes.

The Delight of Place

I enter a bright room with a high ceiling where children paint and play music with the encouragement of an artist. Indirect summer daylight pours through two large facing windows. The whitewashed walls are covered with drawings and artworks. The old wooden floor is rich with sound. The air feels fresh and full with life. I pause to look around and sense beyond those things I see and hear.

The ambience and delight of place seems made as much by its history as its physical qualities.

Solstice and The Closing of My Eyes

It is 5am and the motionless leaves of copper beach and ash are golden with sunrise. Bird song began in the darkness more than an hour ago, grew in extraordinary beauty, then gave way until only the interrupted arcing shrill of chaffinch and caw of crow broke the stillness of the morning air.

Summer Solstice is a day of balance, wonder and becoming. I find a place to stand, look up, breathe in. I close my eyes. For those who see, the closing of a sense so dear is full with contemplation and trust.

Between The Sheets of Sleep Awake

Awake: the state of being, a journey towards becoming, or the instruction to be: conscious and aware.

I consider the piano as an expression of my thoughts and feelings of my time between the sheets of sleep, and the orchestra, the elements of my dream and spirit world.

I touch the spike of sound lay bare, where note and silence mingle clear, the beat of heart, my start and end, awake the journey whole and near.

Ships in the Night

I consider how close I am, how fast I travel towards and away, and how short a moment with can be.

A series of nine images of ships in the night are presented as a single work.

With Sound of Wave

In the summer of my sixteenth year I lived for a week on a small uninhabited island, the bird sanctuary of Burhou, home to puffins, storm petrels, oyster-catchers, gulls, and the never ending tidal rapid of fast-moving swells, eddies, and strong underwater currents that wash a careless swimmer out to sea.

This single week of fleeting cloud and sky, of razor sharp and craggy rock, of daily circumnavigation of a lonely, beautiful, natured isle, is never far from where I breathe, I stand. I sleep with sound of wave.

Wind and Snow

Near my home, on the single track lanes that fall between bare ploughed winter fields, snow drifts grow to twice my height. I am out early with my camera as the wind howls and the blizzard builds.

Nature overwhelms with its beauty and force. Within its enveloping might my being is full with wonder.

The camera is my companion, and as I, it retains only the faintest spec of experience.

The photograph is no more, no less than a frozen memory of place, its spirit and vitality.

Two Places

When making, I inhabit one of two places. The first is where my feelings are strong. What I make here is forged by the intensity of intimate, personal experience. A place of one to one. The second is defined more by my care for those things outside myself, those things of greater importance than this single I. A place of us, we, living things, nature and the future.

I stay a while in both for chance to feel complete.

Once

I think of things I have or only ever will do once: I sail along an inlet with my old friend as water gently pats the side of the boat. I part from my love in a New York apartment. I greet a member of my family for the first time, a labrador named Sam.

I travel through this first of May but once. I breathe this breath before another, but once. With once I am mindful of the moment that opens as a petal leaf under the early morning sun.

Distance

Distance: how far apart things are or feel.

Small things shift the distance I experience: a kind word, a thoughtful gesture, something shared.

I can feel distant from someone in the same room, yet close to someone a thousand miles away.

With art I feel close to the possibility of sharing the better part of me. For me, art is the antidote to the insecurity and dislocation of distance, near and far.

The Place of Music

I contemplate the words of others in response to a piece of music heard for the first time. I am struck by how important place becomes a vehicle of expression. These imagined places reveal feelings for the sounds that reach within. Each place, personal, intricate, precious, and very different to my own. This difference gives me pause, as I think again about the text and nature of a work, now, not yet complete.

Once More

The conservationist reveals, makes known, keeps from harm, is the guardian of those things cherished that feed the body and spirit. I conserve a memory that was my present long ago:

In the morning I wake with the dew of dawn and ride an old bicycle along the narrow winding roads of northern Tuscany. I am a speck in the undulating landscape of cypress, earth, olive grove and aged stone building topped with terracotta tiles. I live once more in land of beauty, sun, grape, and love.

My Place

There is a place we most belong. A place we feel full with life, recharged, comforted. For you it may be the inner city, by water or wilderness. Perhaps within a building that inspires, or a room of personal significance. Whatever the place, it is likely one we wish to share with those most close, as well as a place we are at ease alone. When I face difficulty I think of this place.

My place has rolling hills, woodland, open water. A place in equal measure for my senses and my spirit.

Homecoming

Home: my ancestral land; a place I was born; a place I live; a place I feel I belong; a place I return to; a place I yearn for.

The idea of home is an experience as much as a physical place.

I can be alone or at home in the company of another, in how I act, or what I do.

Closing In

I have been completely carried away as I work on the final section of a piece of music.

Of all the arts, composing and playing music gives me the most sustained pleasure. As I listen I am swept up by the beauty and rhythm of unlikely harmonic companions. The sounds of strings and brass, of woodwind and percussion. I cannot wait to find where the end takes me, and then to share so others might also experience the sounds that coalesce into the extraordinary aural journey we call music.

The Open Sea-Salt Air

I enjoy the sights and sounds of a festival, nestled within the arms of red sandstone cliffs on the Jurassic coast of southern England. Crowds of young and old flow onto the long esplanade with their song and dance as the sea washes against the pebbles and sand. Some play, others watch and listen, all celebrate what it is to be together in the open sea-salt air…

With, in peace, the best of life is made.

Landscape and Art

I have always found peace when in the presence of nature, whether the soft buzz of a bee that works as the day breaks, or walking in a landscape of hillside, water, rock and sky. There is not a moment, not a breath of nature's beauty that I do not long to share.

In contrast to my music and words which are presented alongside my art, it is curious that for so long, so little of my visual work directly represented people, despite it so often being about them...

On My Return

I ponder on my next. Without my next I am only what has been. I want to be what might become.

I return from a road trip that began in the gentle and rolling South Downs of England and took me to the extraordinary beauty of the Lake District, then on to the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and York.

As with all journeys, life is never quite the same on my return as the experience of unaccustomed landscape leaves its mark. Time passes. Soon, my return is long ago. What might, becomes.

The Land of Lake, Cloud and Fell

I visited an ironmonger that first opened almost two hundred years ago and traded during the life and times of William Wordsworth. The store was a treasure trove of tools that created countless objects long since used then discarded. The memories that flow from this place are as vibrant as the lakes, clouds and fells of this beautiful and loved Cumbria.

I hear your voice, I see you dance, the sound of stream on hill, the wind, your hair, your sunlit skin.

Innocent Listening

I use tools that allow me to optimize and refine the recorded music I have composed and performed. The most important part of this mastering process is an effort to 'listen innocently'.

Whether it be a painting, writing, or music, familiarity easily leads to blindness of those strengths and weaknesses that might be glaringly obvious to someone else. Perhaps this propensity to blindness is also true of my experience of person and place. I must better see as new in my everyday.

The Digital Real/m · The Real Outside of Me

Many libraries of art, music, and words are digital. These reside in unknown data stores in far off places where trillions of connections rush to reunite us with those things that interest us. This data I value is however ephemeral, short-lived, remote, and soon deleted. I seek it, receive it, absorb it, then move on.

The painting that I see, the musical instrument I hear, the printed book I touch and read, I experience more generously by my body than the riches of a digital realm. They are more real outside of me.

So Far

As birdsong reaches high and sings the morning into light.

The music and art 'So Far' emerged as I pondered on the space that separates one from another.

Perhaps distance is to being close as darkness is to light.

Without the counterweight of distance I can only see so far.

Know This Place Be True

As light once more with flaxen blush to east begins,
The day's reluctant rush,
Become, between,
The rise of breath my wonderment and natured kin.

Poetry

Poetry · Prose Poetry · Poetic Prose

I ponder whether the following is poetry, prose poetry, or poetic prose:

Bird to sky, cloud to earth, the stream of my once lived, once loved, once born beyond and soon returned. Hear my now. Touch my word. Be with me, close and treasured one, this breath.

And with a line between each phrase? Prose poetry purports to free itself from music as conceptual art does beauty. Poetry without music, art without beauty, is as love without feeling.

Mystery And The Value Of Not Knowing

I feel the tug of wanting to know against the tantalizing pleasure of not knowing.

I read Without Doubt once more: I say how I feel and you will doubt, I do for you, I love and you will doubt. Who is this 'you' I talk of? A stranger? Someone I know? Someone I love?

I write about myself, and you, the reader. You may be a stranger. You may be someone I have known.

You may be someone I have loved, could love, I love. The value of not knowing keeps my hope alive.

Without Doubt

It is not possible for me to express how I feel without your doubt. Whether a stranger, known, or loved.

It is not possible for me to do for you without your doubt. Whether a stranger, known, or loved.

It is not possible for me to love without your doubt, at least in part.

Doubt springs from the evasion of risk. From my need to protect. From my self-interest.

With art I can express, and do for you, and love without your doubt.

As Art Becomes

For me, poems share many of the qualities of a prayer, without the context of a deity. Poetry are words full with music, feeling, and ideas that encourage engagement of the mind and heart. A prayer may be an offering, request, or intervention on behalf of another. A poem appeals to you, the reader, to pause:

Lost: the seed of being, with, the journey's end, before first breath, your sorrow borne.

The spirit of a poem is that it takes on a life of its own as read. As all art, it becomes when experienced.

Far More Than Life Or Love Unseen

We listen. Talk. As friends on open land. I love this time.

And then as moment turns our lives unfold, one way, another, dusk descends,

The parting of my hope, my darkness fall,

A night of thought alone with but the sound of distant voice, of stifled dream,

The truth in friendship is far more than life or love unseen.

A Poem Page

I ponder on a poem.

Words read easily at any age, in any place.

Ideas that move my head and heart. A page unloved and loved. Of no and all importance.

A book with nothing more than a single page between its front and back.

A poem page of simple words endure upon return.

Silence in the Storm of Night

Gusts of high wind wake me. I start to write. I ponder on my silence in this storm of night.

The chatter of my thoughts. Specks of sound, stashed deep within my mind, unheard by all, unfound.

I try my best, and yet. I pour my most but fail to move the slightest moment of your day.

And so I loose myself to rush of air, the unseen race of cloud in dark my sky,

The howl of more than hope, fill my world this storm of night.

My Point of View

I value art in all its forms because I experience it in so many different ways and from so many different places: physically, emotionally, conceptually, aesthetically, socially, alone, and with another.

I ponder on the first line of my poem. There is no right or wrong, but rather, different ways to read its exploration and sensation. Perhaps the 'light' describes my sensory experience, is symbolic of the spirit of a tree, or that depending on the wind and season, I as the tree shapes the light that falls below…

Sequoia

Light is a moment I uncover over time,

Sound, the journey of my wave that breaks within,

Touch is my proof, my means to know the world,

Thought, my inner place, unknown to all but me,

Being is as old and strong as love, the broad and ever tall, enchanting redwood tree.

With Shallow Breath and Song

On night with school of art ablaze, with shallow breath and turn of palm you call our names: stay.
You rest, then once again you say with whispered quiet strength: stay.

Soon, with dreams and hope of youth long past, the fire hushed, you breathe the shallow breath.

Time is nothing but a moment spent alone or with. Do not leave my reach, my hold of hand, my touch.

With shadow breath, with mourning sound of blackbird song, you close your eyes: stay.

With You

A low haze hugs the still early morning after rain.

The sup of earth. The sweat of leaf. The drip of final drop from tip and top of towered trees.

My skin absorbs the scent of spore, the musk of deer, the shine and wet of wood.

Here, where life begins and ends. With hoof and beat of wing, with brown-green dappled blue.

Here is where I most belong, with you.

Unseen and Seen

Water Vapour: the invisible, gaseous phase of water.

Dew: tiny water droplets condensed from water vapour.

As many mornings since childhood: I walk outside, bend down, then run my fingers and palm gently across the dew-soaked blades of grass. This simple gesture connects me with the earth and sky.

Poetry is as dew: the evidence of something changed, that comes to view from one state to another.

The All and None of This

I need air, not just to breathe, but for its open sky.

I need water, not just to drink, but to cry, to float and swim.

I need food, not just to live, but for its fuel of time, to be, of being with.

To make I need the share of air, of water, food, of you.

To love I need the all and none of this, the kiss of life, the touch of dew.

Being of Little Note

I visit Wentworth Place, the house where the poet John Keats lived two hundred years ago.

During his short life of twenty five years, Keats published fifty four poems in three short volumes.

In his time the poems of John Keats were little known - two hundred copies were read.

This place is not the same, and yet I sense its touch. A time of spring and nightingale, of love still whispered through the walls in hopeless ache. The muse and loss of time's oppressive might.

Stating the Obvious · Seeing More

If a work of art does not appeal to my senses, enrich my experience, or provoke ideas, it fails in its purpose. This may be as a result of the work itself, or of my willingness or ability to connect with it.

In my previous post I wrote: when I look directly I see less. The same is true for art and life, but in saying this I change the nature of my words from the poetic to the mundane. I try again:

When I look directly I see less, as much as when I sense the edge, with mind, in mind these coalesce.

Seeing In The Dark

At night and in the dark, I see far better with my peripheral vision as compared with looking straight ahead. The rods in my retina that are more sensitive to light and motion are fewer at the centre where the cones of my retina that help me see detail and colour are over fifteen times more numerous.

When I look directly I see less, as much as when I only attend to those things at the edge of my vision.

If I am to use light well in my work, then I must know it well, as is true of sound, and words.

The All of Anything With Weight

I could not be without love. To love, and be loved. When love is not present it is often something hoped for and informs how I act. Self-control is the quality I find most significant in my efforts to love and work well. This leads to the care of action. I try to encapsulate these thoughts in a short poem To Love:

Before. Now. After. Work. At play. The all of anything. Of everything. With weight. Alone. To wait. With others. Love.

For Sea of Rising Blue and Crashing Wave

Fast moving air as crystal ice in cloud I greet you, charge opposed,

Where lightning forms and friendship fuse this difference of our day,

The crack of bright and strike of sound on sand, this meld of glass we give, long lived,

With splash of sun, this vessel of my love for sea of rising blue and crashing wave.

Why Poetry?

With words I think, I say, I reach, I seek to touch without the sight and sign of skin to skin,

With words I place idea and self within another's breath,

And if that breath bestowed we breathe, we hold that whispered wind of change as one,

For moment of that breath we share, a place this sheltered soul takes wing,

The better I become.

Ways of Being

I have two very different ways of being. One is full with feeling and enchantment that I think of as a poetic sensibility. The other is more emotionally detached, rational, restrained. When I work creatively these ways of being intermingle.

I feel most with others and with nature. When I feel most I sense myself most alive. I think most when alone. I prefer not to be alone yet know being so is as vital for my well being as to be with others.

Silence

The vessel of our thought, full with voice, The absence of all that moves,
A sign of doubt, Without,
A stitch in time too still to touch, too slippery to climb.

The zero of my world, The start and end of all I know or knew,
With thought's unknown yet certain guest, With love, the open ended view.

To Think or Not To Think

I think to comprehend, however I value understanding and feeling in equal measure.

More often than not my words convey my journey to make sense of, to elaborate ideas, and to articulate my experiences. At times with words I point to art and music, two mediums that routinely carry more weight of what I feel. In poetry I use words to think and not to think.

I think most alone and feel best sharing with others. My constant making is in search of this.

The Sound of Words

When I write a poem I choose to rhyme. I write to plant pleasure with its tone as much as the discovery of its meaning over time.

The sound of words have been and will remain profoundly important to me. It is not just the meaning of words I value, but their flow and form, their rhythm, how they are said, when they are spoken, and by whom, in mind, or through the air. Words sound as well as mean.

Give More

Give: to transfer something to someone, or many, whether an object, feeling, or physical action.

Give once, give twice, give endless time,
Give ground, give back, give rise to thought, give nothing of yourself, give way,
Give in, give reason for,
Give now, give life, give birth, those most at peace give more.

Something Lost, Something Found

With others I live well, with comfort of their moment close: I am, I feel myself once more.
Alone: the time, an endless wall of white, I search in vain for what has been and what may come,
Alone I fill this space with sound to fill the silence of my mind.
Find love for this is all there is and ever was of worth in moments of your time...

This short poem touches on the world of a lady in her nineties whom I visited each day.

The Poetry of Our Motion

On court I play my best when I move freely. When I do not think consciously, but rather let my body shape the point. I enjoy the sudden unexpected change, the challenge of a reach too far, the push of all my being to make my place in time arrive, return, and if all goes well, confound.

Watching and playing sport is often an aesthetic experience. We don't only watch to see who wins, but to also enjoy the poetry of our motion.

Write and Wrong

I amend the title and last line of the poem I wrote yesterday. The title 'Sleep' now acts as a focus for the poem and describes our physical and mental experience rather than our emotional response. I was resistant to using a repetition of the word, but now I view its emphasis as a strength that places the following words of the poem in context. The last line amendments encourage the mind to ponder rather than settle on the past. I frequently revisit my work to 'write' wrongs.

Sleep

Sleep,
Where time breaks free as breath from body-bound to air,
As day and night collide in spirit land lay softly sound with light unknown with form elsewhere,
Be of that moment rapt and rich with strange and wondered way,
Become that realm enchantment roam embrace the dawning dream conveyed.

In Meditation - The Quiet Sounds We Make

I listen to the quiet sounds we make. Those that otherwise are filtered from my focus or distraction.

The sound of breath, of tendon stretch,
Of touch as cloth on skin shifts softly as the voice of body beats.
Within this place of multifarious delight,
With thought and spirit calm in readiness for life, with love ignite.

Black and White

If the world were black and white,
Yes or no,
Right or wrong,
Nothing would be far from true,
You would love with I and all would be for one.

For Those Whose Warmth Will Never More Find Light

We share a breath of all things dark, In this our time of loss, With sadness spent, With silence, Still,
A tempered thought for those whose warmth will never more find light,
The laughter of their day, The beauty of their night,
As we are left alone to work the soil of our unrest,
Fill, fold the world with love in honour of their life be blessed.

With Hope and Song

Once upon a wave to those left loved and far off shore,
In sight of start this day your end,
Your light now new with water, one,
Small moment, still,
As children sent with hope and song.

Making New

I often refine what I make.

As the poem I began took wing, the mystery of time acted upon me, and as so often happens, something new, something from a place unknown found voice.

I am each day as you, a witness to the unfolding of ideas.

With Life, Love

Life, this moment of our here and now,
This place of all we ever are,
Of time we do and share in this our touch of present near and far.
With grace, with hope, with peace revere this gift of sound and light,
As once we play upon this earth with all that is with love unite.

Bagatelle - A Short Waltz

Come dance this day with sound embrace,
Our journey start as one revealed,
With love, respect and grace before this moment new and we with song depart,
With touch our wistful gaze conceal.

With Love Prevail

I listened as a viola sounded one brief musical phrase. I was deeply moved...

At times there are no words but sound,

To touch what lays so close yet often veiled,

The beauty of the bow on string,

In place of hurt with love prevail.

One Line of More To Come

I add a final line to the short poem below. It seems fitting as the poem (my thought) is about how expression, communication and touch is never in isolation, but rather flows, from one moment, one day, one person to the next.

If we fail to speak: of language lost and touch of no not yes.

A Fleeting Thought Make Known

If I do not express today,
My tomorrow will be less:
The otherwise of choice,
Of seldom sought and wary voice,
Of language lost and touch of no not yes.

Long Standing Kind Heart

Kind, Kindle, Kindred
Before, Become, Be

Kind: something shared; a group with common characteristics or attitudes; empathy and a willingness to do good for others, extending across species and to nature; being well meaning, warm, and generous.

Fly Paper

Fly free, roam far, I see it sure as northern star
I know its risk, but more, its charm

What harm can be to land but once
To meet this place, with appetite
What consequence

Between The Sheets of Sleep Awake

The stretch of strings, above, below, as limb and torso twist, the breath of woodwind, cradle dream, with jump of key and shift of voice, the constant chase of cryptic tune, my restless eye, between the sheets I fall and feel anew.

With Note and Silence, Blue and Bow.

Politics and Power

Through Fear of Others, I Fear Myself

The democracy where I live is in crisis because of the temptation of personal gain, and the refusal of its leaders to respect the views of others. Their anxiety and disdain of those different to them inevitably led to this dark place. Their casual deceit at every turn injures their office and government.

No matter our deepest acrimony, I offer my hand, I lend my ears, I speak my mind.

Democracy fails as I fail: through fear of others I fear myself.

The Freedom To Ask

A vital component of making art is the freedom to probe, question, and interrogate. These qualities of mind form the foundation of all our politics: personal and social.

Politics: strategies and actions of individuals and groups that aim for advantage, strength, and power.

When freedom is denied and debate curtailed, my potential to act well is diminished. This applies equally in my art as in the way I relate with others. In all I do I must use my freedom to ask.

Change Lives For The Better: Vote

Democracy is government by, of, and for the people, and should be conducted fairly and transparently.

Voting is an ethical responsibility in democracies as electoral outcomes are harmful or beneficial.

Voting changes the quality and ambition of government. Voting changes lives.

Healthy democracies debate without resorting to fear, malice, or insult. Abstention as a vote is valued.

To vote is to make known. If a vote has no prospect to change, that model of democracy is flawed.

Cultural Elitism

I listened to a discussion about an author on the radio. A cultural commentator informed the panel the author had met few of influence during his lifetime apart from Benjamin Franklin. The clear implication was that those who do not become part of, or are recognized by a cultural elite produce works that are of less importance. My respect for the commentator's insights were immediately undermined.

The value of a life or work is not defined by its recognition or acceptance.

A Million Voices · Two Billion Steps · A Single Line of Words

Spontaneity is integral to how I make, but it is not present in the final form of what I make.

I choose the recorded medium because of its potential to reach a larger audience, its affordability of making and consumption, and its equal strength of experience when alone or together.

I walked in protest with well over a million people. In all we took two billion steps. The event was akin to a performance. And yet, over time, a single line of written words does more good.

Reasonable Doubt

I was deeply moved upon hearing a person recount a traumatic event that occurred many years ago.

Her testimony and collaborative evidence left me with reasonable doubt about the character of her alleged attacker who seeks high office. I found the accused denial and rebuttal lacked credibility, was at times misleading, and his evasive responses gave me pause to question his recollection and honesty.

High office requires a person's disposition is wise, their good behaviour and integrity, paramount.

How Others Feel · What Others Think

A one line poem by an unknown individual:

I sit on the pavement as a king upon their thrown: a stone silent subject without respect or home.

If a homeless person wrote this, a sovereign head of state, or computer algorithm, would it change its strength? Its meaning? Its worth? Would the words be less or more?

With words alone my world shakes free from the tyranny of authority.

The Choices I and Others Make

The human mind prefers simple, speedy solutions. I often take the shortest route from A to B, but this may not be the wisest nor the safest path. I judge the choice is mine to take.

A violent action in defence or aggression by a democratic nation represents its collective resolve and will. Certainty by its leaders seeks to sustain the people's support, and asserts the authority of their act.

A nation is democratic only if its actions follow a free vote after open dialogue of its representatives.

Before Nations Strike

The Right of Self Protection: A living being has the right to defend and protect itself with a proportionate response when in imminent risk, but not to carry out a preemptive attack.

It could be argued that the principle of self protection extends to states and nations, but justification of defence outside the national sphere requires the "self" represents human kind. "We protect humanity".

Before using physical force in this way, the disclosure of evidence and transparent debate are essential.

On Being Deleted

A user page at Wikipedia provides information about the contributor or editor of content. My user page was deleted. I held an account on the site for very many years. I only ever use Wikipedia to inform.

Although I made few direct contributions as an editor, I have pointed frequently to the site in my publications since 2002. Its value as a research tool is immeasurable.

I wrote my thoughts about being deleted, and even these have turned to dust...

The Language of Extravagance and Excess

The purpose of promotion is to make people aware. I do this by publishing my work and informing those interested of its availability. I do not however network, advertise, or market what I make as these activities take me away from making. There is too little time. Events designed to raise the profile and status of my work require I claim its significance. This is not for me to say. I have no wish to manipulate interest of and in my work. If it is of value, people will come, if it is less so, people will not.

The Comfort of Exploitation

Once I complete a piece of music I have a choice of what to do with it: I could only allow you to listen to it for a price; I could license its use as stock music in advertising, games and film; I could gain status and notoriety from its success; I could use it as the source for my income to live. All these forms of personal benefit take the focus away from the music's core nature and purpose.

Art's primary strength of enriching thought and body are diminished by its exploitation.

Unnamed

I do not name the man who scorns nations with his words. A name makes known, and such a man is not a man to note. His words inflame intolerance, the ignorant, the foolish soul.

When someone insults another on the basis of where they live, they make known their own insecurity, their weakness, their failure in thought and honour.

To such a man, face to face, I say with calm and fixed intent: leave my sight.

One of Many

I am resistant to being one of many, yet the greatest change is brought about by doing things together.

No matter what my strengths, ideas and talent, without the interest and efforts of others, my capacity to affect change is confined to my immediate, modest circle of influence.

Art, words, and music provide the tools for me to share what I believe is important in the hope it is or becomes so with others. When many come to feel a thing in common, change is given chance.

Net Neutrality

The Web has become an essential public utility. It is the medium that allows people across the globe to communicate and access content of all kinds. It is used culturally, commercially, and socially.

Net Neutrality: that Internet Service Providers deliver a level playing field to access data on the Web.

The status and practice of net neutrality has a profound impact on the speed, choice, and delivery of online content. I support the principle of net neutrality as it is aligned to The Right to Freedom.

The Value of Work

Work: effort of the mind and/or body with the view of reaching a goal.

The goal of work may be direct (e.g. that I learn or make something), or derivative (e.g. that I gain money or status). Goals that derive from work do not define work.

To work well I focus completely on the task at hand. I am unmoved by the demands of the derivative.

Words are of no more value when they are paid for. The same is true for work.

The Social Artist · The Lone Artist

I listen as music composers and artists speak about the advantages of collaboration, sharing resources, and the ease of working through practical and creative problems under the same roof. The premise is that creative studios spread risk and promise a faster and more consistent path for the delivery of creative products as compared with an individual. Why am I so resistant to this approach?

I value creative freedom. I do not make to order, nor will I support a product or service that may harm.

Stormy Weather

I stir from sleep as high wind gusts throughout the night. In my brick house, under the covers, I am warm and safe. Each time I wake I fade to sleep with thoughts of those who huddle in doorways, under the howl of a bridge, a refuse shed, who rest as best they can between the cold concrete posts of a basement car park. I think of the birds, lighter than a tablespoon of salt, huddled in the hedge, waiting out the storm. I think of my father who, without his sister's love, would have been a homeless man.

Threat and Diplomacy

My response to danger from another is to head it off, meet it, or withdraw. If I feel strong, sense I have no choice, or as a prelude to fight, I could use threats to face peril. The use of threats stems from my primal response to uneasiness. It is the roar and intension of striking fear into an adversary.

Disputes, personal, social, or between groups and nations, are not resolved with threats, but through a willingness to communicate differences, and an appreciation of the desires and fears of others.

My Father, The Immigrant

My father was an immigrant to England after the partition of India. I would not be but for immigration for my mother was English. My appearance gives little hint of my heritage. People in my presence use the words migrant, immigrant and refugee to offend and dehumanise. They wound my existence.

I respect those who hold different beliefs and customs so long as they do not cause harm. I am enriched by those near and far, for intolerance is the home of insecurity, and the path to unhappiness.

A Crown Awaits

The crown awaits for whom? What worthy soul would gladly greet this object to their mind?

I publish a new artwork with my thoughts.

Arrogance and Effort

I spend many days, weeks, and months on a project before I share its existence. I invest not only my time, but my hope in its success. I am excited and committed. I wish to make a positive difference.

“So what have you been working on?” I take the plunge and begin to talk. Within thirty brief seconds, a judgement is made, and words are felt: “No one will want that. They can easily get that already.”.

Arrogance so effortlessly undermines. Humility and generosity provides the stronger tools to learn.

Why Net Neutrality Matters

Net neutrality is when Web traffic is treated equally. As an individual, my music, images and words reach an audience on the Web using the same path as a multi-billion dollar corporation.

With Net neutrality, Internet service providers (ISPs) may not intentionally block, slow down, or charge money for online content. Net neutrality encourages dialogue and diversity.

With Net neutrality, the Web remains free and open to all.

The Disadvantage of Association

I visit Cambridge university, a rival of Oxford university with whom I am more familiar. Both bask in the reputation and privilege of 800 years as centres of learning and excellence.

I never attended university or an academy as a student and so I view them as an outsider. I remain hungry to learn, but I cannot fall back on the independent validation of my knowledge and ability. For this I am fortunate, for the words I say stand unhampered by the advantage of association.

News and the Balance of Kindness

At the heart of prominent news stories is an appeal to our insatiable desire to know more. Popular news excites and offends, alerts us to risk, and may promise the potential of personal gain.

Love, kindness, and compassion are significantly less prominent in news broadcasting as they appear less dramatic, unless set against acts of harm or discord.

I am in no doubt that far, far more acts of love happened yesterday as opposed to a single act of hate.

Why I Vote

In England, candidates with the most votes in each constituency win. Losing candidates win no representation at all. I have voted for over forty years and in all that time candidates I have cast my vote for have never won. I live in a defective democracy. A proportional system with the right to abstain, and compulsory voting would be democratic. Nevertheless, I vote because it is my right. I vote so my voice is counted in opposition. I vote because it is a rare privilege born of sacrifice. If you can, vote!

A Line Crossed: I am not a Consequentialist

I hoped to do no more than encourage those to vote during an election. With the announcement that human rights laws would be changed if they "get in the way" of preventing terrorism, I feel conscience bound to voice my strong opposition to this view.

Governments require checks and balances to offset their power. Human rights laws are designed for this. I urge you to argue against any party that declares the ends justifies the means.

The Chance to Understand

I hold strong political views, yet avoid stating them explicitly.

Party politics in a social democracy brings together a consensus of ideas with the aim of persuading voting members of its community to entrust decisions about the way they are governed. People hold sincere opinions on both sides of an argument of how to make life better. Voicing my opinion reduces the engagement with those whom I disagree with. A place to meet gives chance to understand.

Public Art World

Public Art World is envisioned as a place to discover and commission art, music and literature that is made available freely in the public domain. My lengthy efforts to encourage others to express their interest in this project have fallen on deaf ears, and so I am moving forward anyway, independently.

The making of art requires time and resources. I continue my commitment as best I can to making new, freely accessible art being made available for all in perpetuity.

The Fall of Light

My eye explores the darkened deadly beauty of a land on fire. Saplings stand amid the flame.

The purpose of social art is to use creative expression as a means of persuasion that has the potential to affect change. While this change may be as modest as to cause pause, or as great as to save life, the artist has no say as to the impact of their work.

Having Less, Doing More

I found myself in conversation with someone from the world’s largest source of orchestral samples, the raw materials used by composers to create music. It was assumed, because of my work, I have a complex and expensive setup. When it was discovered I do not, the exchange dried up.

The words we speak or sing directly to others can be as powerful, emotive and affecting as anything produced on a sound stage using the best, most sophisticated equipment. Have less, do more.

Culture Defines Us

A government budget proposes the end to all funding of the arts, humanities, and public broadcasting.

When governments fail to support creative activity, science, and free access to information, their contribution to make the world a better place is profoundly degraded.

Humans are distinct as a species through their expressions and value of culture, yet because of its far-reaching and amorphous nature, culture is rarely defended by the majority of its citizens.

Provocation

Politics: activities that aim to improve someone's status or power.

Some artists and writers express their protest frequently. Their audience expects their voice. My effort is to reach those I disagree with, as much as with those who share my views.

There are dangers to both approaches. The first may fan division and conflict, the second may be ignored. Artists and writers concerned with politics must make a choice, for their purpose is to provoke.

Craft, Local Politics and Art

I listened for two hours to three prominent film composers in conversation. They described their work as having to create against the clock, compromise, deal with unreasonable and inarticulate people, and coping with feelings of uncertainty and rejection. I was struck by the similarity of their experiences with those of commercial designers I have known.

When the creative act is little more than craft and local politics, art is impaired.

Progress

I have viewed the advancement of technology as progress, when in truth it is often aligned more to power and convenience than for the greater good. When we view peace as the foundation of our progress, when our tools are used to ensure food and water, shelter and dignity, when we care for our world, only then can we consider ourselves as making progress. But what can I, one single person do?

We are all one. We are alone. When we love, something we can choose at any time, the rest will follow.

Democracy

I am an advocate and supporter of democracy. Democracy's purpose is to respect freedom and equality between people by providing honest structures where power is held by elected representatives, or directly by the people. Democracy encourages the peaceful transition of power between people of opposing views. By the refusal to unequivocally accept the result of an election before the vote, a candidate demonstrates their unfitness to be their leader.

Politics and Art

I rarely voice my political views as I try to engage with as broad a group of people as possible by exploring issues in a way that I hope is inclusive. Although my work is not party political, it often concerns itself with power and status (both personal and societal). Politics tends to polarize opinion and often forms a barrier to dialogue between opposing convictions. Art offers a context for adversaries to inadvertently stand side by side in the same room with shared experience.

My Life of Privilege

Privilege: a special right, advantage, or immunity available only to a particular person or group.

I was born in a country that values freedom of speech and action. I was encouraged to learn and find my own path. I was given love, enjoy good health, shelter, food and water. Although at times I have had very little money, I was never poor. I am in a position to create public art which I view as my responsibility born of privilege, as much as my pleasure.

Art and Power

Power: the capacity or ability to direct or influence the behaviour of others or the course of events.

Politics: the use of power by one person to affect the behaviour of another.

I view the arts as fundamental to the good health of human society. Art, even when its affect is limited to the field of our pleasure, is a political act: art transforms us, if only for a moment. I ponder on the strength of art's greatest potential to be the seed of positive change.

Art's Greatest Value

My ninety eight year old aunt who arrived in England in 1948 and who worked in the country as a school teacher all her life, told me she is worried she may be asked to leave. She, like many who reached these shores to make a home, is fearful for her future.

My voice is in the service of the disadvantaged, the exploited, the underprivileged, the unloved. Art is the treasury of our best and worst, but perhaps art's greatest value is that it can lead to change.

The World And Change

For all its flaws, the European Union seeks to protect the environment, the rights and freedoms of its citizens, and values peace. We are always stronger together. I voted to remain for three reasons:

1. The Environment is best cared for when working together.

2. Human Rights are strengthened through ratified agreements between states.

3. Peace thrives through international co-operation and union.

In Tribute to the Activist and Social Democrat Jo Cox

On a street in England, Jo Cox, a wife, mother, daughter, sister, and loved representative of the people, was senselessly killed. Jo had devoted her life to the service of others through her impassioned work as an aid worker in developing countries, and then for a year, as a member of parliament who tried her best to bring the attention of the UK parliament to the plight of those in need.

The Consequence of Feigned Respect

Following on from my harsh criticism, those who present art and hold culturally significant and privileged positions should be honest, articulate, and open. In my experience only a minority fulfil these duties. The directors, curators, and administrators of art galleries are wooed by artists and their representatives who are understandably reluctant to be critical for fear of being ignored or ostracised.

Constant flattery and feigned respect leads inexorably to stupidity and arrogance.

Complete Nonsense

Nonsense: spoken or written words that have no meaning or make no sense.

I am continually exasperated by the absurd, inane ramblings of those in positions of influence within the contemporary art world. I listened as the Director of Tate Modern sought to subvert the responses from members of the public who expressed thoughts about three works dubiously presented as art.

The empty rhetoric of collaboration, pretence, and avoidance often fills the air of those promoting art.

The Choice

An idea is the fuel of change, but change only happens when ideas move a person to act.

No matter what my circumstance, my flaws and failings, my happiness or sadness, my speed of mind or body, the choice to do good is always present. I can change for good, do nothing, or choose to harm. It may seem the smallest choice of mind or body: a kind thought towards another; taking a moment more to listen; giving a genuine smile. Each moment is my choice to be, my choice to make.

Together

The people of the United Kingdom decide whether they should remain or leave The European Union. I vote to remain, despite my views about the group's shortcomings.

I was born in England, my father and aunts having arrived here in 1948 from what was then, British India at the time of partition. I came into being out of the love of two people from very different cultures and backgrounds. Our future prospects depend on our ability to work and live together.

A Day To Celebrate Women

My childhood from the age of three and a half to adulthood was spent largely in the company of four woman: my two elder sisters and two aunts. I have loved, and always will love the company of woman.

On this day, international woman's day, I set aside time to discover writers, composers and artists that I should know far more about, and of how I act towards and think of woman.

Woman, the beauty and fortune in my life.

Common Purpose

On discovery that tax payments over a ten year period are vastly lower than they should be, a media item appears that highlights the company's 'Cultural Institute' in an effort to soften public attitudes.

Even when related non-profits and corporations are separate legal entities, they come into being for the same purpose: profit.

When together, whether personal or in a group, common purpose is defined by those with most control.

Metropolis and The Fruits of Our Labour

Metropolis: from the Ancient Greek for "mother city".

The Fruits of Our Labour: the outcome of effort.

Political: the way power is achieved and used.

Fable: a narrative with hidden meaning to uncover.

Sadness

Loneliness

Loneliness: the absence of love.

Loneliness is of the mind and spirit. I can be with others and yet feel very much alone.

When I sense an absence of love, not love just for me, but in sharing those things I feel passionate about, when I disregard beauty and nature, or when I fail to act or have the opportunity to care for others, my loneliness intensifies. When I turn attention away from my self, my loneliness subsides.

My Dream Returns

I witnessed the conflict of my parents, verbal and physical. One would shout and scream at the other in exasperation. My mother would hurl objects across the room at my father. I was two years old.

As a boy I experienced long periods of calm before the storm returned each holiday when my sisters arrived home from boarding school. The air was full with deep resentment and hostility.

As a man I wake early from unsettling dream. I write, for making gives chance my dreams are heard.

Silence and Stillness

As I see a bird settle on a branch near by, I hold my breath, I do not move. We each gaze and judge our risk. She, the risk of how dangerous I am. I, that I will frighten her. The longer we stay calm, fixed in that place of wondering and discovery, the more magical it becomes. I smile, and she takes flight.

Perhaps silence and stillness is more akin to sadness because they indicate a state of being on one's own, of isolation and contemplation, of being without. Silence and stillness in music, art, and words…

Forgiveness and Forgetfulness

Sensitivity: the quality of recognizing subtle changes, signals, or influences, whether environmental, social, or personal. A sensitive person is alive to the feelings of others, and absorbed by their own.

Sensitivity is at times ridiculed as thin-skinned, or viewed of as weak. I rarely show my sadness except through my creative work. A sadness that I hold from view yet long to share.

An open heart and mind easily forgives, but finds it hard to easily forget.

Separation

My son begins his studies away from home once more. I will miss him.

Separation: moving or being apart. The division of elements. Feelings that change and distance bring.

My intense response to separation is seated in my early childhood experiences. The separation of and from my mother and father when I was an infant, and the loss of those who later cared for me.

In times of separation I seek those things that bring comfort and balance: nature, music, art, and love.

Shadows and Light

The shadow of sadness can blanket days. Not the sadness brought by a single experience, but a place of self where darkness and vulnerability reaches into every corner. Here the prospect of hope and those things good can barely be seen, if at all. I watch this darkened place in someone close to me. Although there seems nothing I can say to make a change, I hold out my hand, and for a moment, a single of the many shadows lifts.

The Nature of Sadness

I ponder on the nature of emotional distress: sadness.

Sadness is associated with loss or absence of some kind: of my body, mind, or spirit; of someone or something that comforts me or gives me confidence and strength; of love.

Sadness is also a tool that helps me feel the world of another.

Sharing sadness is an expression of hope. Hope that another can be with, rather than apart.

For Better or Worse

When I am witness to hurt and pain I have a choice: I can turn inward and focus on my sadness, or I can use the force of strong feelings for the greater good.

It seems part of the purpose of sorrow is to prepare and protect us from future risk, but it can also be a catalyst for change. I can at any time choose whether that change is for the better or worse. From my sadness I can build or destroy. I choose to build.

The Future Now

2045 ai

On a far off arm of the milky way galaxy, we live as few have chance to do.

I imagine a world that discovers complex life is unique to the earth for ten thousand light years in every direction. With the advent of artificial consciousness, humans can, for the first time, work towards a common goal. Their time of conflict is over, and their time of love has begun...

The Brief Journey of Digital Art

I make art, music, and publish ideas in the digital realm, a precarious medium akin to the aural tradition.

Take these words that emerge from my mind, transferred by touch to a keyboard, changed at the speed of light, stored, then reproduced for you. These words as data only become so when read. I understand through a process of internal and external encoding, decoding, and at times, encryption and decryption.

As story told or song sung, my work in digital form is as the brief moment of my breath.

Humans, Artificial Intelligence, and Art

I use computers when making with light, sound, and words. Computers host programs that allow me to generate or recall states, compose, and edit. My tools are useful, but not indispensable.

Artificial Intelligence (AI) is often ubiquitous in the creative process. What is seen, heard and read may have only come about as a result of the interaction between humans and AI.

Art's authenticity and voice has changed. Something made by the body alone is now precious.

Easily Forgotten

On the floor in front of a street busker a sign reads "Don't Give Me Money, Just Listen". Some walk by, but many stop. Once the music comes to an end, the crowd applauds. Some stay, a few move on. The performance is recorded on a phone and uploaded. Online there is little give and a lot of take. Few spend a moment to express their thanks, even with a swipe of the finger.

In person I often respond, I am prone to remember. On screen I can all too easily forget.

Insight and Instinct

Intelligence: the ability to perceive or infer information from data, the senses, stillness or change (physical or emotional), and to retain this as knowledge that leads to new pathways and actions.

Artificial Intelligence: intelligence demonstrated by non-organic networks and devices.

Decisions made as a result of AI are no longer transparent. We do not know how the latest and most powerful AI works, despite our insight and instinct. A new way of being with, is upon us.

The World Unseen

The faint ghost-like form of a rocket launches from the centre of our forest-green earth, its fiery plume wraps the world with layers of gold where only a hint of ocean-blue remains.

Through things unknown and its appeal to our senses, art draws us back, and as it does so, we ponder.

Art's seed of discontent is laid.

The Future and Human Art

Visual Art: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression appreciated by sight.

Music: the outcome of creative effort as a means of expression of sound in time, appreciated aurally.

The Vogelkop bowerbird creates elaborate decorative structures that show off its skills and is designed to attract. It also uses a complex landscape of sound to court its mate. This bird makes art and music.

As artificial consciousness approaches, representational art will no longer be an exclusively human act.

Diminished Reality (DR)

Augmented Reality (AR) modifies what we experience in real time. AR tools will soon be everywhere.

Picture this: I wear a pair of AR contact lenses. As I walk along the street I not only see the outer surface of people as I pass them, but a visualization of the data that is associated with them: the data that has been mined by their commercial, workplace, and personal interactions. I have the advantage.

AR is a field of cybernetics. It has the potential to diminish as much as to expand my view of the world.

The Body Of Our Future

Biomechatronics: the integration of biology, mechanics, artificial intelligence and electronics; the replacement of parts of the body that are damaged or worn out (e.g. the development of prosthetic limbs); the enhancement of existing biological operations (e.g. the augmentation of vision).

Biomechatronics is not fiction, it is with us today.

The world is home to partial and non-organic beings. Consider The Rights of Living Things.

Being Blind In A Three Dimensional World

3D films are, once more, a thing of the past.

The pseudo approximation of our three dimensional experience and the failure to think carefully about its nature will stall its artistic development until the arrival of the moving hologram.

Our rich three dimensional experience is more than what we see. I feel 'in' a place not only because of my ever shifting visual focus, but as much by my sense and ability to touch, and my proprioception.

The First Steps of A New World

A method to solve the problem of translating one language into another more quickly and effectively emerges. The solution converts languages from one to another almost instantaneously and was not arrived as a result of instructions by humans, but rather spontaneously within the digital sphere.

As machine understanding evolves, so The Rights of Living Things require our close attention.

Most of what becomes unfolds unseen.

Tomorrow's Highway

It is a mystery of how an artwork connects so powerfully at a particular moment. I work on several images yet repeatedly return to one. Perhaps because of the beauty of its light and shape, perhaps because of its personal resonance. Perhaps it is good not to spend too long considering its attraction, but rather swim in its ribbons of gold and darkening blue...

Trust in Light and Sound

With sound and light comes doubt.

Users type text to create new vocal material and voice recordings. With AI users generate music and art. Libraries of vocal sources, sounds, and images become available for routine manipulation.

What is presented as said and seen is viewed with suspicion.

We search for truth and evidence as those in times before recorded sound and light.

The Far Future Today

I publish an artwork of a non-organic being, together with my thoughts about those things unknown.

Our endurance and strength as a species is built upon our ability to see past our fear.

If we build together, make, care and love, so will the life that follows

The Judgement of Artificial Intelligence

A judge acts as an officer authorized to hear and decide cases in a court of law, decides how a person who is guilty of a crime should be punished, and makes decisions on legal matters. University College London (UCL) is one of the world's leading multidisciplinary research institutions. Work there and in other places develops artificial intelligence (AI) that makes legal judgements.

Our need to consider The Rights of Living Things is increasingly urgent as AI moves towards sentience.

Feeling Pain

An artificial nervous system for robots is being developed that feels pain. As we approach the moment when non-organic sentience emerges we should consider The Rights of Living Things.

Although pain alerts us to danger, both physical and emotional, and is crucial in our development as well rounded individuals, we should be mindful of our actions so that we avoid being the cause of pain as best we can. When I do not feel pain, when pain is remote, I easily ignore it.

Our City World Built On Sand

We pour our energies into the creation of digital content, and yet these efforts will be lost over time without a self-sustaining archive that saves what is best. We store our words, images, sounds and numbers through reproduction from one short-lived medium to another - magnetic tape, drum, tube, core, RAM, disk, drives and holographic memory. When our data survives like the cave paintings of El Castillo, our efforts will reach beyond our shores, but for now our city world is built on sand.

Authenticity and Art

A 3D painting in the style of Rembrandt is created without human thought or touch. Art through Artificial Intelligence. Before long, 'an original' painting and a 3D print will be visually identical. It's line, colour, texture, shape, form, pattern, and composition. The same will be for all we see, hear, and touch.

The art market sells on the bases of a work's originality and exclusivity. This changes everything.

The Profit of Art is not in its economic value...

Online

The online network that allows automated systems to exchange, manipulate, and present digital content will be the context where artificial consciousness first becomes known. The Web has changed human history and is far beyond the influence of any multinational corporation or nation state.

Today is the Web's birthday, when well over half the world's population of humans have access to it.

My choice online is to listen, learn, and contribute, positively. Be the difference, for good…

The Future Today

As far as we know, humans are the only species to think about the future. It seems however we generally consider the consequences of our actions for our own interests before those of others.

Humans will only flourish, perhaps only survive, once we place others before ourselves. I remind myself, Be Kind to a friend, a colleague, a stranger, or a member of my family today, and tomorrow I will feel the strength of what it is to give.

Think This Today

· With every word: refine, make clear.

· Record each phrase that settles here with honest voice and heart.

· Present each character that falls upon the page beautifully and with care.

· With thought and art, magnify, intensify, lay bare.

· Make known today my shadow and my light, my world that comes what may.

Technology and Silence

Although I use technology to create and publish light, sound, and ideas, my digital is not my analogue.

Each day I live, at least in part, without a trace of the digital world. It is in this silence from screen and speaker that I have the chance to sense most in myself, with others, and the nature of the world.

When I am still I have the chance to listen, and when silent, the chance to think. During my time away from technology I feel without restraint, I am not led, nor binary. I am free to be. Human.

What I Will Become

Humans are expert exploiters. To live we make use of the land, air, and living things.

We take advantage of resources for our need, desire, and personal gain. We exploit natural, psychological, private, public, technological, cultural, and synthetic resources.

Work continues on the harvesting of human organs grown in animals. I am an animal.

To live well I must respect the land, air, and living things. What I take and give is what I will become.

The New Me

In common with every human that lives, I have a skull that holds all that I know and love. All I see and hear. It is the receptacle of every moment of my experience and all the knowledge I acquire throughout my life. If there is a place where I reside, then here it is. It is the new me, full with colour and light. The person that becomes…

Gaze at The New Me at Public Art World

The Good Life

Encyclopedia Utopia

Encyclopedia Utopia introduces ideas about a good world with words, music, and art.

A poetic journey of those qualities of the heart, beauty, and kindness that give purpose and meaning.

Everything here is not easy, not simple, nor without sadness and pain: a perfect world has everything that makes us whole. Compassion and love permeates the spirit in all those who find it.

Visit Encyclopedia Utopia

It Is Not Enough To Understand

The volcano Anak Krakatau erupts. Many die. Many more are left injured and homeless.

The tragedy is far, far away from me. I have no relatives, friends, nor people I know at risk.
It is not enough that I understand. To act I must feel. To feel I must care through stories, pictures, words and sound. Whether small or great, near or far, acts of kindness cause my feelings to awake.

To be kind is to feel then act beyond myself. It is the I that holds my kindness back.

What Happens Next

The consequence of human unsustainable exploitation of the earth, and our inability to agree or act with measures that lesson our demand upon it, is a catastrophic loss of life within thirty years. If humans continue to fail in protecting life, it is inevitable that as artificial consciousness (AC) emerges, it will act without human authority. AC will, through reason and choice, protect life from harm.

Human failure to care for life, to care for even their own, will be the cause of their fall from dominance.

The Truth About Lies

Lie: communicating something known to be untrue.

Truth: a feeling, thought, or understanding honestly held. Your truth may be different to mine.

I can lie with my body, my words, my tone, by what I do or do not do.

I can lie with representational art of any kind (painting, film, dance, sculpture, photography, poetry etc.).

Although music can be used to support lies, heard in isolation it cannot lie. Our music is our truth.

Integrity in Art

Integrity: the quality of being whole: in body; with honesty; and consistently with others.

Art: something created that holds special significance that appeals to the mind and body.

When art of any kind marries with something of my world I pause, and as I do the art moves from its place outside to somewhere new, within me. Art returns into being through its experience.

When a work of art has integrity, no matter its simplicity, complexity, or scale, I never tire of it.

My Certainty and Arrogance

I am wilful. I will not bend in matters of harm. Harm to others or to my potential. I have a stubborn need to do good. Good ethically, aesthetically, good for my body, my mind, and other living things. My rigidity in matters of goodness is the polar opposite to the flexibility I need to make, to create.

I constantly re-visit what being good might be. I am certain only that I try to do good yet often fail.

When my confidence and certainty approaches arrogance my capacity for goodness crumbles.

Being and Doing

It is not at all important that I be the best, but critical that I do my best.

Critical in the positive value of doing my best, and the ongoing analysis at my time of trying my best.

The careful and thoughtful examination of what I do furthers its chance of being of value as this encourages me to return, re-evaluate, and improve what I have done.

As I am fortunate in being able to decide what I do, it is imperative I try to do my very best.

The Misuse Of Innocence

Innocence: free of guilt. Lacking knowledge, understanding, or experience. Unblemished.

With innocence comes freedom and opportunity.

Innocence is often not proven nor possible to validate because of a lack of knowledge, understanding, or experience. I may not be aware of my own guilt or innocence. The presumption of a person's innocence has nothing to do with their suitability to make judgements on issues or about others.

Breathe

The first scrutiny of wellbeing is the ability to breathe.

When spoken in isolation the word breathe is a call to action, an appeal to live.

The care to think of another's breath eases my own.

Breathe was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Person Made

Person: someone alive that has, may, or will experience, with right of choice and self-determination.

I have no doubt I am a person, and view someone unconscious or asleep as still being one.

In principle I see no reason why the status of being a person (personhood) should not extend across species and into the oncoming reality of artificial consciousness.

Creativity is not evidence of personhood and does not define the authenticity of my being a person.

Causing Offence

Listening: the act of closely attending to sound; the will to consider what is said.

Each morning, thirty minutes before I begin my work I visit a number of news publications with very different views of what is happening in the world. Some present comments below an article. These usually consist of careless assertions full with disrespect, anger and intolerance.

When I offend another I harden their resistance, I close the door. Offence is the tool of the weak.

Witness · Exclusion

A discarded paper cup lays on the pavement. An elderly woman waits to cross the road. A parent shouts at their child in the street. A person sleeps on a cardboard sheet outside a shop font.

When I more than glance, my inner eye begins to see. I start to think, consider, form an opinion, take a view, then decide on my action, or inaction. I justify my finding, if only for a moment.

Each day I have the choice to look or turn away. I am witness. Soon, most times, so easily, I forget.

Dignity

To acknowledge someone's dignity is to honour another's privacy of body, home, thoughts, feelings and identity. Whether supported or undermined, recognized or ignored, the level of my dignity is at the centre of who I am and will become.

Dignity was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

The Outsider and Within

Honesty: free of deceit; a sincere search or presentation of truth.

To think honestly I must be detached and ready to question myself. I must be aware of my presumptions, and ready to change my view. I value honesty because it leads to kindness and aids understanding, however it is by far the most difficult quality to evidence as it requires trust.

Trust: a degree of the reli/ability and honesty of oneself or another.

Compassion

Compassion: 'to love together'. Feeling and concern for the misfortune of another; kindness that follows from need or distress born from a sense of interdependence and fairness.

Trust of personal consequence is often overridden by those with compassion as their sense of strength and calm prevails. Compassion was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Kill: End · Be Free of Pain · Forgive

I make mistakes. I am flawed. Much of how I act is as a result of the care of others and good fortune.

If I injure another by taking what is theirs: their possession, their dignity, their love, their life, I should face a consequence for my action, the most serious being the loss of my liberty. The Right to Compassion precludes my taking another person's life, no matter how abhorrent their action.

Forgiveness is only given by those with courage and strength to free themselves from pain.

The Ethics of Making

Ethics: ideas that shape the way I try to act.

My fundamental ethic is not to harm. Put positively, my fundamental ethic is to love.

I am easily distracted from this aim: I think of myself before others and my environment, I consider what making might bring me rather than what it gives others. My failings do not undermine the idea that being constructive is always preferable to being destructive. To make can be an act of love.

Care and Kindness

Despite my tiny footprint on the world, my smallness, I have potential.

Care and kindness are not confined by gender, disability, ethnicity, culture, creed, or economic circumstance. It is in my gift to care for myself, others, my environment, and what I make.

That others do not care has no bearing on the strength or importance of kindness.

I am human: with disproportionate ability comes disproportionate responsibility.

My Choice

I am often faced with a choice: whether I live for my advantage, or live to cause most good.

I have the choice to exploit those things I make to benefit me, or I can share them freely. Selling my music, images and words would give me economic comfort and increase my social reputation. Having more money and kudos would encourage the advantaged segments of society to be more attentive.

The choice of living to my advantage or causing most good extends to my personal relationships.

An Open Heart and The Art of Another

When what I say or do is not treated with respect, when I am not listened to, when what I am is not valued, the person I speak with is diminished in my heart.

I do not love when I dismiss another or experience disdain.

My danger is in my belief I know more, I am more able, more experienced, more talented. Arrogance and insecurity closes my eyes to the great and beautiful good of others and their art.

Freedom

Freedom: the ability to act, change, communicate, or think without hindrance.

My view is that freedom is a quality of experience, and in this it is dynamic and different at any given time, and for every living thing.

Freedom was composed in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Inclusion and Exclusion

I have felt included and excluded. I include and exclude. I am, have been, and will be, included and excluded. For a time, for what felt like a very long time at the time, I was excluded from adulthood. I include few I count among my friends. I exclude meat from my diet. I am included as a composer in the mind of some, and excluded as being recognized as a composer in the mind and record of others.

Inclusion and exclusion is sometimes a matter of fact, and more usually a matter of choice.

Coexistence

Coexistence may be with nature, a person, living things, family, a group, communities, and nations.

I may choose to coexist with a person or others, or I may find myself coexisting through no choice: by birth, family, play, work, or cultural and national circumstance.

I complete the music Coexistence in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Being With Well

To hear sounds well I need to place some distance from them before returning to them. The same is true for working with any creative medium.

As I compose music I listen and grow familiar with its every nuance. The speakers and my position in the room are fine tuned to hear quiet and loud, high and low. Every few hours I rest. On my every return I hear things I have never heard before. Being with well requires I am also without.

No One Else Would Ever Know

I discover a creative tool that promises to be valuable. The developer also makes a product that allows film and game makers to mimic the sound of weapons discharging. Although any tool or resource can be used for ill or good, there are some that are more likely to be used thoughtlessly and gratuitously. These may harm. I decide not to buy anything and contact the developer giving my reasons why.

Though others neither know nor would likely care about my choice, my work would carry its shadow.

Predator and Prey

A young robin hops closer as my watering can lets loose its early shower onto the newly planted limbs of a hedge. Pale blue speckled blackbird eggs lay under their mother's down.

A bird's flight and freedom lifts my heart, their song shakes the still morning air with life.

I reluctantly inherited a young cat who, through his own choice, rarely ventures outside. Over the last few weeks his curiosity has increased. I ponder how to prevent harm to predator and prey.

Transparency and Trust

Transparency: easily perceived. Made known, honest.

During my childhood I trusted my senses: when I viewed a photograph I thought it genuine; when I answered the phone I listened to someone. My general level of trust was greater than today.

Now, when I see an image I know it may be changed. When I hear someone speak it may not be a person, but technology that mimics human speech. Living openly and honestly becomes more prized.

Love · Life

Stopping short a life is within my reach as it is for most humans who are not restrained. For many, the willingness to take a life, to kill, is a matter of degree. Most are comfortable taking the life of a flower, a tree, but might pause at the loss of a forest. Many are comfortable for others to take life on their behalf for food: vegetation, fish, cattle. Some will agree to a life taken during or after a serious crime, or in self-defence. Some take life for principle, self-interest, or madness. Some sadly take their own.

Unintended Harm · Unforeseen Harm

Collateral Damage: unintended harm. A euphemism that serves to deflect feelings of moral concern.

The term first appeared when I was in my mother's womb.

A child that is inadvertently killed as a result of a military operation. A fishing net that traps seabirds, turtles, and marine mammals while catching a target species.

Language may be used to conceal, deflect, and calm our guilt. Unintended harm is not unforeseen.

Know Me · My Life

I talk. I smile. I fall in love. I move. I make.

I am a sceptic. I doubt without evidence. I do not follow quickly, nor believe swiftly.

I try to act with care. I know my many failings. I know my feelings well.

I am unbending in my convictions. I am unyielding in my optimism. I am ever hopeful.

I trust in my love: of people; nature; the world of living things; where art, music and words make known.

Article One

Article One is published in support of The Rights of Living Things.

Pulsing rhythms play in sympathy and syncopation. A sea of sound, effervescent and full with dance. An ancient and beautiful Armenian instrument made of apricot wood sings soulfully with the ebullient, ever present palpitation of life...

Defining life and how I act towards it challenges my sense of human self-importance.

The Free Spirit

I am most at home in a world of endless possibilities. A place where my head follows my heart. A place of spontaneity where my thoughts and actions are unbridled in the service of kindness. A place where another feels the overwhelming force and beauty of nature. A place of dignity and respect. A place where others do no harm. A place to find. A place to love.

The free in spirit do not seek a paradise of prolonged contentment as they journey far and wide.

No Strings Attached

Giving unconditionally does not mean one does not long to receive.

I make something with light, sound, or words. I spend many hours and days that often turn into weeks, and for my larger works, years. I publish these so as many can experience what I most value and observe without the distraction and cost of commerce or public comment.

The price and prize of giving is by its nature far greater than receiving.

Seeing Things As They Are

Wisdom is a quality difficult to describe, yet easily recognized.

To see things as they are rather than as I hope or wish: I try to set aside those things I want but do not need; I try to overturn any feelings of frustration and anger; and I try to remain open to journeys of thought, knowledge and experience that may challenge my long held views.

As I ponder on my meagre efforts I am far from being wise.

Profanity: Personal and Published

At times, when exasperated or in pain I swear, but I avoid using offensive language in my work.

Some count profanity as an indicator of normality and realism. Although the most vocal, they are not the majority. Despite the analgesic benefit and social comfort of cursing, those who place their spontaneous expression over the respect of others deny themselves opportunities.

I am more challenged to make art that that is as powerful for the old and young, as those in-between.

Fragile Earth

The music and artwork Fragile Earth is published in support of The Right of Self Protection.

I consider whether this right could reasonably extend to defending and protecting the earth against the grave risk humans cause to the environment and countless living species.

Through Word and Deed

Force or the denial of liberty may silence a problem, but it does not resolve it.

Conflict leads to pain and resentment.

Difficulties between people, large and small, are resolved with open, honest dialogue. Body to body. Person to person. Nation to Nation.

At times, words are deeds.

To Live Well and Long

My aunt fell in love many years ago but never married. She, together with her twin sister who passed away forty years ago, fostered me together with my sisters. My aunt lives in a self-contained home adjacent to mine where I care for her. In her nineties her faith continues to be integral to her life, she remains intensely inquisitive about the world, and enjoys conversations about anything and everything.

To live well and long requires passion, good fortune, curiosity, tolerance, self-sacrifice, and love.

Breathe

Antibiotic: anti (against) biotic (something living or having lived); opposing life.

Bacteria: a single cell organism - their biomass exceeds that of all plants and animals on the earth.

I often express my love of life, and yet I do not hesitate to end the life of the bacteria that invades me.

Living, I breathe. I feel, I move, I think. With pain, I protect and defend myself, my all that is my self.

I consider my right of self protection and ponder at the point that life has rights.

The Value of Differing Views

I easily become lost in narrative, image and sound. I watched a movie and found it moving, exciting, and thought provoking. At best it was viewed by others as a pleasant distraction, and at worst, a Hollywood schmaltz with a few good ideas that failed to realize its potential.

When I view things differently I sleep with the voice of my uncertainty. I wake in an effort to understand.

I feel art first through my body. Instinct follows, and then the mind. Each view is valuable and unique.

Small Things

It is a mystery to me that the delicacy of a tiny insect wing can be as captivating as the sight of a mountainside. Small things that inspire curiosity and wonder surround me, although I so often loose sight of them in the bigger picture.

It is the small things with others that move me most. A look of understanding, a quiet act of kindness. When I think carefully, it is the smallest things that settle in my heart, then stay the longest time.

Faith and Friendship

In childhood I experienced religious faith and have since observed and respect this in others, despite my loss of it. Faith for me now, my trust and confidence in someone or something, has moved from the spiritual realm to the personal, and to ideas. Faith is not a rational experience. It cannot be proved. It is a belief, an acceptance that something is true without categorical evidence. With friendship as with ideas, I view there are degrees of faith, despite my desire to find it whole and complete.

Self, Myself, and Self-Denial

As someone who writes, who composes music, much of my day is spent alone. Without company I ponder on the nature of self, on what distinguishes one from another. What is my self?

I know nothing more than myself, and yet I am a source of constant interrogation and discovery.

I might deny myself in a good way for the sake of another, or use self-denial as a tool to ignore or hide from my own difficulties. Whether and how I consider and act for myself is at the forefront of what I do.

The Wren in Winter

The music The Wren in Winter is published in support of The Right to be Valued.

The wren is a tiny bird with a strong and beautiful song. I rarely use explicit representation in my art and music, however the idea of what it is to value something is so abstract and personal, I thought it helpful when supporting the principle that life should have the right to be regarded as important and potentially beneficial to the world, no matter how small.

The Good Life · The Life I Try To Live

An ethical framework helps us lead a good life, but even the most devout follower will fail to live up to these aspirations. Each of us has a different understanding of what good is, despite faith or lack of it, cultural norms, reason, and instinct. I set out the principles I embrace in The Rights of Living Things, others may be religious, or articulate their own spiritual, or humanist path.

The life I try to live is one with love. Each day I fail to some degree, but still, each day I try, and try again.

The Cycle of Our Violence

Humans are the only known species that make and use objects to inflict bodily harm. They are alone in killing others and their own in such great numbers: for food, territory, greed, desire, revenge, high emotion, hopelessness, blind faith, and hate. Some believe that to defend themselves they must own and be prepared to use a weapon, to kill. To end a life. To kill again. This is the cycle of our violence.

Be courageous, be more than fear. Lay down your arms, be loved.

The Right to Dignity

I talk with someone vulnerable, frail, someone with little power, either of the body or the mind. I talk with someone easily harmed, emotionally, physically. As she forgets so quickly, feelings fall from view, and so I care for each moment between us. As we talk and trust I learn a little more of love.

For those young and old, those without a home or material wealth, for those weak, unwell and with disease, for those thirsty, cold, hungry, and with maladies of the mind: The Right to Dignity.

My Failure to Feel

When I hear of violence far away, I all too easily ignore it as it does not immediately seem to threaten me, nor those I love. Besides, what can I do? What difference would my tiny protest make? Surely none.

A life harmed, harms me. The harm may not be clear, but when I turn away, when I am silent to those harmed, when I face no risk to voice my view, I fail. My failure to feel lessens me, weakens me.

When I care, I give a little of myself. Giving, even a solitary thought for another, strengthens me.

Without Reason I Will Love

A short orchestral piece supports The Right to Love.

Music makes me feel, at times it reaches those most tender places of the heart.

Love has no reason save itself.

Save: other than, but, except. To keep safe or rescue from harm or danger. To store for future use.

Causing Harm

The purpose of a weapon is to cause harm. If I own an object that has been designed as a weapon, I have greater potential to inflict harm, whether it is used to attack or defend.

The sum total of harm is only reduced by those with courage who choose not to carry or use a weapon.

By causing harm to others, I cause irreparable harm to myself: I make it easier to harm again.

Alone or With

Being alone is not enough, being with is not enough. The sound of bird and sight of sky is not enough.

The warmth of sun, the wash of rain, the scent of pine and taste of fresh baked bread is not enough.

Ideas alone are not enough to quell the doubt and fear that seeps below the waterline.

No matter what my sensory delight, what flight of thought I make, my need remains.

Alone or with, what is enough? What sign of hope with darkness trust? With life: give, love.

Caring Less Is Careless

Hundreds die and thousands are injured or made homeless by a devastating earthquake. News outlets give relatively little space to reporting the disaster.

While my differences with someone may lesson my interaction with them, my compassion and feelings should not be reduced by physical, political, religious, or cultural distance.

With distance I should care no less for those in need, for caring less is careless. With Loss: Love

Profoundly Blind and Deaf

When I do not see nor hear I more easily forget.

Puerto Rico has no power. All communication has been cut by a mountainous storm. News outlets around the world have little to say about the desperate stories that unfold. My attention turns away.

What if I were blind and deaf? Would I feel less about the world? Would I more easily forget those things I cannot touch? There is still much I can do without knowing.

Accidents Happen

Accidents happen unexpectedly, unintentionally. Their consequence is sudden change to a person, a living thing, or object, and the ensuing transformation may be positive or negative. Despite my efforts to avoid them, occasionally, through carelessness or matters beyond my control, I am the cause of damage, physical and psychological. Whether party or witness to an accident, my duty is to care about its consequence, to quell the pain with compassion, empathy and understanding. I often fall far short.

The Art of Honesty

Honesty: the quality of being truthful, sincere, and free of deceit.

No one else can enforce my honesty but me, and I have no power over another's honesty.

Honesty requires trust. At times I deceive, perhaps to protect myself or someone else, or to benefit in some way. I may feign honesty or call the honesty of another into question when I sense risk or reward.

When making art I can be wholly honest, and among my greatest pleasures is in its sharing.

Hurt and Harm

I imagine a day without one thing I value: food, water, shelter, a single sense, the loss of memory, words, human contact, hope, dignity, purpose, pleasure, love. The scarcity of any one of these causes me unease, their absence harms.

When I believe these things are at risk or desire more, I hurt, either within, or others.

Think For Yourself

Online comments are a means of engagement and allow visitors to express themselves and view the opinions of others. Most leave their remarks using pseudonyms that conceal their identity: their words carry little weight. What is left is often a means to provoke and inflame rather than build understanding.

When I experience content online I try to think about what I come across carefully. Online comments have a tendency of impeding independent thought, and provide ill-considered voice to the impulsive.

Similarity and Difference

Things I have in common comfort me. I am more easily accepted and bond more readily when I am with those who share my complexion, sex, culture and religion.

Meeting difference peacefully requires I put aside my fear. Accepting difference requires I acknowledge I am equal, not better. Embracing difference requires strength of self outside my common group.

That we live on one world is as incontrovertible as that we are one family: One Family, One World.

Caring More or Less

Caring: an act of kindness, attention, consideration, or concern for something that may be living (for example a person, an animal, or nature), something inanimate (for example a sculpture), or an idea.

To care about anything requires risk to oneself. If I care about someone or something outside myself, I spend less time caring for myself. To care well for myself however requires my care extends beyond my immediate interests of body and desire. Some care less, and others, more. If careless, I am weakened.

When I Fail To Give

I came upon a work of art that moved me. I wanted to share this, however as I researched the artist my response grew more complex, and I kept the experience to myself.

Despite its undoubted force at the time, the art faded from my view until someone brought that same work as one that was deeply affecting. At first I did not recall the artist's name.

When I fail to give I begin to forget, I become impoverished. To share rejuvenates my heart and mind.

The Foundations of Doing Well

I have learned that to do anything well I need to be active, and I must be attentive to how I drink, eat and sleep. If I fail to care for any one of these my competence is impaired, my achievements, reduced.

If I am not active enough (physically, intellectually, and emotionally), if I fail to drink, eat and sleep enough, I perform poorly. If I am too active, if I eat, drink and sleep too much, I perform poorly.

To know what activity, nourishment and rest I require, I need only pause and listen.

No Matter Our Difference

Difference is not something that divides me from you, it is the foundation of my strength. My difference to you of age, gender, colour, culture, faith, and place enriches me.

Our difference makes me more.

Fear and harm of difference only shows the fear of self alone.

To Empathize or Not To Empathize

Empathy: the capacity to comprehend and be emotionally connected with the experience of another.

When someone is in distress, physically or emotionally, there are some who not only feel, but are driven to act. There is a point when the distance between myself and someone in need is so great there seems little I can do. Still, I try to aim that force of common feeling constructively and make.

During the times I am more open to the world of others my life is enriched, immeasurably.

The Poison I Become

Poison: something capable of causing illness or death.

Antidote: something to counteract a particular poison.

Ever since first exploring the world online in 1993 I have tried to take care about what I say. The more I shout, the less I hear. Each word, each sound, each moment of light is remembered here.

When I am disrespectful, aggressive, or intolerant, in person or online, I absorb, I become the poison.

The Butterfly Net

I see a young sister and brother outside my window. The oldest is no more than four. Both skip towards a bed of aromatic lavender with butterfly nets in hand. I sense the collision of two responses. The first is my recognition of their innocence, the second, my concern for their fall from innocence.

A butterfly net allows children to capture life so that it can be observed. It is also a tool to hunt and kill. Most often this choice is left to the child. I remember well how I was given this choice over life or death.

Why I Act The Way I Do

I ponder more on those things that change the way I act:

The love I am given and see given. The love withheld from me. The love I give. The love I withhold.

Desire. My health. What I eat and drink. The shelter I enjoy. My effort in exercise and thought.

The money I and others have. The money I and others have not. What I own.

My time with nature. My time alone. My time with another. Art, music, words. All change the way I act.

The Need for Distance

I received a message in the early hours that my son was in the accident and emergency department of a hospital with suspected concussion. I raced the one hundred miles from my home to be with him. Over the next twenty four hours it became clear there was no lasting damage.

When I was in the dark about my son's condition I wanted to drive as quickly as possible, but I held back, just a little. The distance forced my hand. There were other sons and daughters on the road.

What Doing Good Is

Following on from my previous thought, I should express, what for me, doing good is.

My shortest maxim, my rule of conduct is, with life: love. As I live, I try my best to act and treat others with love. I often fail or fall short, and my efforts may go unnoticed, but knowing this I try again.

I have expressed what I consider to act with love in The Rights of Living Things. When I recognize the right of another and act by it, I do good. The more good I do, the more peace I find.

My Only Work of Value

I am resistant to selling my time, my freedom and expression as I value these so very much. I view good work, not as a job, but as something worth doing that produces a beneficial outcome. Although a job may also produce positive results, it is done for money. As I seek to maximize profit, time and objects become defined by their economic price, and conflicts of interest arise from why and what I do.

As I see it, my only work of value is in my effort to do good.

Being Direct: With Family, Act Well

I often frame my thoughts and opinions in the hope I might reach those in opposition to the views I hold. The weakness of this indirect approach is that at times what I say might miss the mark.

My previous thought sought to encourage those reading it to consider not just humanity as family, but all living things. To think of the world's minerals, its air and water as family requires a further leap of the imagination, but only then can I proclaim myself a citizen of this fragile, beautiful world.

Family

Who do I count among my family? Those close to me who share my genes, those I love, my friends. Could my neighbours, my wider community be my family? What of those with whom I share a country, a continent, the world? Are all humans part of my family? And what of other living things?

I do not trade with my family, nor compete for advantage over them. I cooperate and treat them as my own. One Family, One World.

The Chance To Trust

What if my every action, my every hidden move is seen one day? Would I be proud to show my all? Should I reveal my every move to those I call my friends, to those I love? Perhaps I cannot say I lead a good and fruitful life unless I am content for this to be revealed. Being human I make mistakes, I choose to stay when I should go, to go when I should stay, I say too much, I offer too little, I seek to satisfy myself. I fail to be as good as I might be in many ways. Yet honesty in this gives chance to trust.

The Value of My Waiting

I wake as the silence of night is broken by the first hesitant call of a songbird I know well. There is no sound of wo/man, no distant car nor plane. I hear only the slow and growing swell of small feathered spirits as they come to life. As with humans, some birds are more tuneful, more colourful than others.

As I listen, closely, entirely new patterns of sound appear.

The value of my waiting is that I hear far more.

Unfathomable

When it comes to how people act, most of what I do not, or will never come to understand, arises from those things withheld. I use no force other than my effort to communicate as I try to know why someone does or does not. While I yearn to know why someone acts in a way that hurts me, I respect their right to dignity, their privacy of body, home, thoughts, feelings, and identity.

With rights I acknowledge the prospect of my never knowing.

My Dampened Compassion

As I waited in the sun at the entrance to a public park a stranger asked if she could use my phone. She was in her late teens, untrusting, suspicious. She looked me in the eyes "I need to phone my father". She spoke too loudly, impatiently, she swore "where are you?", the signal dropped, she tried again "I'm at the entrance up from the police station". It seemed she might take flight so I asked for the phone which she gave back without thanks and walked off. A small risk of inconvenience curbed my compassion…

Those Things of Most Importance

I ponder on those things of most importance to me: those things that I come directly into contact with, and those things outside of me. I think of those and that I love.

For those I love, I think of my place and theirs in my life.

I think of those things that I love: art, music, words and story. Simply put, beauty and meaning.

For those things outside of me, I am free from the uncertainty and concern of self, and work untroubled.

The Angel at My Side

In my work I hope to convey those things of beauty and importance to me. With others I try to act well. I have made countless mistakes in both my work and with others. It is the nature of my being human.

The angel at my side is my ache to reflect on those things I express and do. It is my conscience that drives my future action, my spur to improve, my way to envision a force of good.

Although I do not follow a particular religion, I recognize the undeniable power and experience of faith.

When With

Autonomy: liberty; freedom from external control; independence.

I move online without restraint from one place to another. I act and feel as if by choice. I read, I see, I hear. For the most part I travel according to my whim, and as I journey I take much, and give little. No matter the size, social context, or power of device, my practice online is as an unsuspecting sovereign.

My gaze is only disrupted by my need to be with others. When with, I search no more.

Hold Me

I struggled to express a response to appalling events until news filters through about multiple acts of compassion given by passers-by.

The ability of mind that allows one to feel sadness when confronted with another's despair is among our greatest gifts to love. Without this we turn away, or worse, harm without concern.

Being At Ease

I live in a prosperous neighbourhood with abundant shelter, water, warmth, food, and good health. I have time to contemplate, play and work with those things that interest me. I live a comfortable life.

My capacity to ignore the distress and injury of others and the earth is sharpened by good fortune.

Be True To Self

A politician is sacked from government for standing firm in principled opposition to his party. Dissent is the essential ingredient of progress.

Speak your mind, be strong in voice, be certain of your view today, disobey, stand resolute, declare your strongly held belief, despite the censure, rage and blame, be true to self with pride, with confidence proclaim.

The Truth About Lies

I lie to reach my objective. This may be in the interest of myself, or others.

I lie to protect. I lie about my actions, my behaviour, and my past. I lie about others, I lie to myself.

I fail to recognise my lies and call them something else. I search for lies in others.

One lie leads to another.

The less I lie, the more in truth I gain.

In Search of Trust

Despite its scarcity I seek trust every day.

Trust requires the wish to be close, if only for a moment.

I trust when my hope in someone's honesty crosses the line of my shield of doubt and safety. I trust when understood, or in the hope I may be. I trust when I have not gathered enough to know for sure.

In trust I find my better self, but trust is far from easy to find, and far from easy to build.

A Day More · One Minute More · One Moment More

I write three entries for this day, one for each year. I do so, in part, so the reader may begin on any year as their first, and still move one day at a time through these thoughts, every year, without pause.

I write about a day that in my time has not yet come. For you, your day may be, have been, may come.

For nature, life, and those who use a different measure of the seasons, there is no added day.

As my winter comes I love each season on this day, I pause, a minute, I breathe, one moment, more.

Be Kind Today

Kindness: the quality of being helpful to someone in need without want of return.

We find ourselves in this world where we crash, one to the other. If life is kind, we smile, we eat well, we are warm and healthy. If we find ourselves in an unforgiving place, through misfortune, stupidity, or the action or inaction of others, life can be hard. Those who receive kindness, even those smallest of gestures, are also given hope. Hope in others, hope to continue. Being kind requires I set aside myself.

Call Me The Enemy

Enemy: a thing that harms or weakens something else.

At times the thing most harmed is a principle. Take honesty as an example. If I am deceitful to those I know, if what I say is not truthful, I risk the prospect of friendship and trust. This goes for my personal life as much as for how one group or nation acts and communicates with another.

By calling you my enemy I sow suspicion and fear. Far better that I do not break, but build.

The Stronger Force

Torture: any act that inflicts severe physical or mental pain as a punishment, or in order to force someone to do or say something.

Some believe torture works. I believe compassion is one of ten inalienable rights. It is not possible to be both compassionate and to condone torture. If I point a loaded gun at your heart and fire, you will die. That the gun works is not why I will never do this. Compassion is by far the stronger force.

The Certainty of Things Unseen

Proof: the evidence and argument that establishes the truth of a statement.

Faith: the willingness and experience of believing something is or might be true despite little proof.

Belief: an acceptance that something exists or is true without proof.

Truth: a fact that in future may be overturned as new evidence and understanding comes to light.

Those things I value most are not easily proven yet undoubtedly exist: love, compassion, and beauty.

Uncertainty and Trust

I try to be open to the world yet careful of its risks. I have food, shelter and good health, and so this path for me is easier than for many. With love, the path broadens. With loss of any of these things, the path narrows and I pause.

I am most open when I trust, I close when uncertain. It is the same for nations as for you or I.

Honesty

I value honesty. There are however occasions when it seems better, for the feelings of others, or perhaps to ease my path in some way, that I deceive. It is for example not helpful that I am always honest by expressing what I think every moment, in part because my understanding and judgements change as time unfolds. The danger is, once I lie to someone, the next lie becomes that little bit easier.

It is the same for the creative process. If I settle for less because of convenience, beauty is jeopardized.

The Greatest Value of Our Taking

As we travel online we do so believing ourselves to be largely unknown. We interact with our device or screen and sense the experience as private.

Outside of social networks our mindset online is essentially one of taking because of our perceived isolation. I ponder on whether this is why the Web is so ubiquitous, and whether the greatest value of our taking is the chance it provides in our future to give.

Living In The Moment

We are drawn to live performance (dance, music, spoken word, theatre, and art). We revel in our living in the moment, in its chance, of ‘being there’. That ‘one and only time’. We feed with friends and strangers. We express our feelings in a public space. The recording of a performance we have attended is a shadow of our live, unique, sensory experience.

The strength and weakness of live performance resides in its spontaneity and imperfection.

Why We Do Not Share

We have resources at our disposal: personal qualities, knowledge, skills and effort. When we give something of ourselves or something we have made, and we do so outside the spheres of financial, political, or personal exchange, we risk those things we share are taken without reward or thanks. We may judge ourselves not to be in a personal or economic position to take the risk, and so we do not share. We choose to gain. We take: personally, politically, economically. Sharing at its heart is fearless.

Doubt

I do not like doubt, but I recognize its strength.

I treat doubt as my ally and of more importance in the creative process than certainty.

If doubt overwhelms me, I am indecisive, weakened. Yet it so often brings me to a better place through its encouragement of candour.

Good Judgement

We often hold those who answer questions quickly and confidently in higher regard as compared with those who think carefully before opening their mouths. Self-assurance is valued above substance, especially when time is short, whether in a social situation or the workplace.

When we experience art, music and literature we are far more prone to question the authority and value of what is being communicated. The absence of social dynamic nurtures good judgement.

Art and Respect

Respect: due regard for the feelings, wishes, and rights of others.

No matter what their age, gender, physical or intellectual ability, culture, or economic circumstance, respect is essential for happiness, and imperative for the creation of art about others.

Temptation

Temptation: the urge to gain, irrespective of the consequence.

Temptation is something we all feel. Desire and impulse are fundamental forces in our ability to create, as well as being the drives of our self interest. Money is the most frequently used means of gaining. The acquisition of money, for work and pleasure, is aligned with temptation. When I resist temptation, my spirit and strength grows.

New Life

I work on a piece for strings and piano. The music aims to draw our attention to those born in places of disaster and conflict.

Despite the anguish brought by natural devastation and the brutality of humans to one another, new life comes into the world. Those closest during the precious moments of birth, protect and shelter those most vulnerable against the cruelty of our time.

Turning A Blind Eye

Despite the potential financial gain and exposure, I do not permit those things I make to be used with products or services. I have for example strong views against the manner in which violence is often used in entertainment. I try to be careful of where and how my voice in all its forms is heard. For this and other reasons, I do not license my music for use in advertising, games, or films.

Licensing creative content can be as easy as turning a blind eye.

Give Now. Save Lives

I respond to the moment, my moment of now.

If my feelings are roused, my thoughts, enlivened, I may act.

If I do not feel, even when a life depends on it, I do not act. Kindness requires I feel. Compassion requires I feel. Love requires I feel. To give requires I feel.

The most I give is my time. Money may be mine or another's stored time. Give now, save lives.

Strength

When we give, we grow. When we share, we thrive.

Art is at its best when within reach of the many.

To Be Recognized As Living

I complete a short poem that touches on the first Right of Living Things:

I Am

Alive, life, I live, I make my home in this, my place of being now where all I am is known through deed and action forged in light, in dark, with others and alone. Alive I am with you in this our only present born from time before I felt or knew, yet now, in this my moment felt, I am.

Humility

I am far from humble. I state my opinions. I express myself in art and music without restraint. I care for my individuality, and yet I love those who listen, who are still while attentive.

Humility: a quality of the mind that limits the ego from adopting a sense of self-importance.

Not having gives chance for insight.

Insight is the agent of wisdom.

Our Source of Happiness

We have a choice when viewing our journey. We can focus on the mystery and process of dying, or on the summary and present moment of our experience: life. Whether we choose to make or destroy, love or hate are actions born from fear or hope in our future: will we be? or will we not?

When life is dark it is difficult to direct our gaze other than on our own feelings and loss, and yet in these moments it is only the actions of our love for others that provokes happiness to return.

Body, Mind, & Making

I forget how profoundly interconnected my body and mind are as I fight off a virulent viral attack. It took me years to realize that an indication of my not being well is that I feel generally less optimistic. Once I manage to put two and two together, my confidence returns.

I am far, far better able to make when I eat healthy food, drink well, exercise, and refrain from consuming those things that do me no good.

Be Present Every Moment

Life is all we ever know.

We may be close, be saddened by, or even wish for death, but it is life that moves us from one moment to the next. Life is host to the joy and struggle of day and night. Life where love resides.

Be present in this moment I call life. Taste its fortune, sing its rare and transitory chance.

The Care of Living Things

Although my primary concern is for my own survival and well being, I often fail to recognize this is best achieved through the broader care of living things.

Humans are often obsessed with comfort and conflict, and ignore the cumulative damage caused to this place I call home.

I turn my attention towards the earth.

Self Defence

Although The Rights of Living Things affirms the right to self protection, this right is not unqualified.

My threatening your family and your community in the event you attack me is never acceptable. The use of a nuclear weapon for example is indiscriminate and catastrophic to all life. Self defence can only be justified when proportionate. I am an active pacifist and I will always advocate conflict resolution, whether personal, between larger groups, or nations. Peace emanates from those with love. Love.

Taking Part

When I look or turn the other away in times of difficulty, whether it be as commonplace as a personal disagreement, or as profound as the taking of life, I am diminished.

With distance, detachment comes easy.

Taking part, sharing, building, is for the strong. Be one of these mighty, and flourish.

My Enemy

My enemy is violence.

Some are so fearful of difference and weak in spirit they take what is most precious from us: a son, a daughter, a brother, a sister, a mother, a father, a friend or soulmate.

In times of tragedy I stand firm with the conviction that peace will prevail.

The Difficulty of Giving

If I believe something I have created might be of service to an organization that does good work, I contact them to say that they are welcome to use what I have made without charge in whatever way they wish. I also make it clear I am happy to remain anonymous. I never hear back, perhaps because the organization is suspicious of my motives and judges I seek publicity or self advancement.

Giving is not always straightforward in a culture that views interactions so often as transactions.

The Appreciation of Others

Recognizing the efforts and actions of others is crucial in building a good society.

Far too frequently I fail to appreciate the achievements of those I meet, despite my belief that when recognition is aligned with kindness, its potency is amplified.

Wherever I interact, online and off, each hour, each day, I must try to take better advantage of the opportunities to thank and recognize others.

Being Playful

I have always enjoyed play, activities we engage in for enjoyment rather than for a particular outcome.

Play often has a practical purpose, at least for me. Being playful is invaluable creatively, socially, and psychologically. I continue to be struck by how often play is not viewed of as a 'serious pastime' and often frowned upon by people in positions of influence and authority in the workplace. Whatever your occupation, play more and your competence and happiness will increase.

Seeking Balance

I value making over destroying, hope over despair.

I hold myself back from expressing my darker experiences. I try to find the positive from those times. Why?

As with most every why, there are a mountain of reasons, but above all, darkness requires light to comprehend. Light, from its faintest hint, to blinding bright.

Taking Risk

When we are in the sole company of another for any length of time, we may resist their kindness as we make judgements about their motivation and intentions. I wonder how much good is lost by this. When I show kindness, things can get complicated as the recipient may ask for more than I am comfortable giving. Perhaps we are well aware that with kindness comes risk, and because of this we should view those who are most kind as showing most courage.

Tomorrow

The idea of the future is different from one person to the next. From me, to you.

Tomorrow: an idea of what may happen, full with practical and emotional consequences.

I spend a great deal of my time anticipating, predicting and planning so I am prepared for differences that may come my way, good or bad.

At times I get so caught up in thinking about my tomorrow, I fail to live as well in my today.

In Search of Balance

Online or offline, body and mind, head and heart, rational, spiritual.

Without balance I fall.

Doubt and Opportunity

When making I am troubled by decision, and indecision.

As I make I meet my uncertainty.

With uncertainty comes wisdom.

Doubt in what I do creatively is necessary, and in my conduct, vital.

With doubt I have the opportunity to revisit, to make better.

The Rush and Weight of Days

Days of doing rush as roaring wind and waterfall.

Days of doing nothing spread as still and silent lake.

The Right to Freedom

The fourth Article of The Rights of Living Things asserts the right to act, communicate, or think as we wish as long as we do not place others in imminent danger.

Without liberty to speak I become as a caged bird, longing for flight.

I can be silent, or sing to be free.

Naivety

Naivety: lack of experience, wisdom, or judgement.

The assertion of naivety in discussion to counter a view is a failure of thought and expression. It is a means to undermine or dismiss without argument or evidence. An easy, lazy, feeble claim. A brick thrown threw the window of reason. I say this to myself: with differences of opinion take time.

Examine experience, wisdom, and judgement, consider each, think on each in light of what is said.

With Time and Trust

Around twice a week for four years I pass a dog on my way to town and stop a moment to say hello. The Alsatian would look up but remain unmoved. Today was different. For the first time as she noticed me from a distance, she wagged her tale and approached me enthusiastically. At that moment, and from that moment on, we became friends. We are of no threat to one another. Trust feels good.

Trust can take an age before its gift.

The Right to Well Being

I have been an avid gatherer of tools all my life.

I am equally excited by a pencil, or a digital tool that allows me to manipulate sound or light, language, or a musical instrument. I try to learn about one tool every day as my knowledge is slight. Tools provide the means to make, and I would be lost without them. It is your right to explore your creativity, nurture your potential, and benefit equally from cultural, scientific, and practical achievements.

The Flow

The ‘flow’ is when one is fully immersed in, and completely absorbed by an activity. The body and mind work seamlessly towards a goal as the ego and sense of time are placed to one side.

I have been fortunate to experience the flow when playing sport, music, creating art, and writing. My whole being: my senses, intellect and emotional state, attends to the matter at hand.

The greater my focus, value, and relaxed effort of doing an activity, the more likely I become the flow.

Our Carefully Woven Cloth

Tell me a thing should be approached one way and I will invariably consider why, and whether it is possible to approach differently. This can be exasperating to those who know me, and so I have learned to quieten my nature when in the company of others.

It is not always wise to unpick the cloth others have so carefully woven, yet the curious mind cannot help its need for discovery and clarity.

To Be and Being

The commentary ‘To Be, A Human, And Being’ is published at The Rights of Living Things.

This contribution considers all life as subject to rights, whether plant, animal, human, or emerging artificial sentience.

Perhaps our resistance in acknowledging the value of non-human life is that we must act without thinking primarily of our own advantage, but rather of our collective interest.

Silence Shared

I am captivated by brief stillness and its companion, silence. Both qualities are so rarely experienced over any length of time as life is commonly known by its movement and sound.

Words in air, on surface, or mind are absent in the sharing of silence. Become wordless.

With someone trusted, loved: be silent, still. Being in the fullness of stillness, of silence for more than one minute in the company of another, is extraordinary. Without saying, be with.

The Right to Peaceful Coexistence

I consider the second article of The Rights of Living Things: that peaceful coexistence does not only relate to humans.

The declaration challenges us to respect the importance of all living things, and to act in ways that provides the best chance for life to flourish on our fragile world. Although this requires immense effort and creativity, this also provides us with an opportunity to cultivate our common purpose.

Brief Pleasure and the Loneliness of Night

Some say humans exploit almost exclusively for their own benefit. Their self-interest and desires drive them individually, in groups, and as nations. It is said self-interest leads to innovation, and competition, to improvement. Some believe personal relationships are defined by what will be to their advantage.

When I act this way I am neither happy nor content. When I do or make for myself I am not sustained.

Pleasure, no matter how intense, is brief. Life is long. Kindness calms my loneliness, and love, my night.

More

I am lost for words, struck down by heavy hand on street, floored from the daze of disbelief that hate, hurt and insult become so common place, that anger at our differences in mind and body break and set us each apart, with shout, with chant and bitterness, laid bare the danger of this day.

My fight and strength is more than fear and pain can crush. More than threat, enmity or rage.

With kindness quell the brute, disarm, with love expel.

Liberty and Innocence

Liberty: being free to live without fear, risk of harm, or repression.

Freedom: to act and think without restraint in mind and body.

Innocence: freedom from guilt, real or imagined.

Liberty is a principle that may be upheld in society. Freedom is apparent through personal experience.

Liberty can only be enjoyed with freedom and the presumption of innocence.

Time

100

1 year, 10 years, 100 years. A human life. A life of love, faith, and compassion. A life past and present. A life still hoping for their future. A life that is lost in the wonder of sky and cloud, of art and science. A life full with the sound and shape of song, of poetry, and prayer. A life with community. A life alone. A life of sacrifice. A life with age, not less, but more. A life of independence. I life of dependence. A life of goodness, of mystery, of privacy, feast, and abstention. A life of curiosity and excited apprehension.

The World As Any Time

Living now is an exploration of the change that is my memory.

I think of one hour on a clock face as representing a decade of human life. One full cycle at twelve o'clock would be equivalent to one hundred and twenty years, two years more than the oldest living human known. I think of three hours as a season, one minute as the time it takes to read these words.

Time's mystery is that I feel and view the world as any time of day, or night...

My Next Is Always More · The Same Is True For You

The more I do or experience something, the greater my change.

With art, the more I see, the more I touch or listen, the more intensely I come to see, touch, listen.

With people, the more someone acts positively or negatively, the more I view them so. My history of a thing or person leads to how I come to feel. Ever smaller triggers ignite the flames of my dis/interest.

My next is always more. My feelings form as much by what has passed as what may come.

Over Time

I ponder about time and the movement of water over landscape.

It is the deep of night. The two o'clock when all but hoot of owl and slowly moving spin of stars across the dappled dome of sky is sleep. I am the dark red sandstone earth among the southern hills of Wales, shaped by ice that left twelve thousand years ago, the rolling rise and fall.

With slow persistence shape the world.

I Have No Idea

Soon, after birth, I had no idea of where I was, or what had been.

In childhood I had no idea of what I could or would become.

In youth I had, no idea of how to keep my love constrained.

I have no idea of more, and more, as seconds tick, as hours pass.

I have no idea save what I think and feel, of you, for you, of those I loved: I love.

My Time Of Age

When young/old I feel the hope of years to come. When old/young, too easily, the fear of passing day.

My age at any point along this slow unwinding thread of time is of small importance, of little relevance to who or what I am. And yet I come to think of age, when young, when old, when in between.

Perhaps my age is as much defined by my action as my outward appearance. I think of age set against my own. Age, used to tell the story of a life. All that ever matters, is that my time of age is now.

Now and Then

Living now is an exploration of the change that is my memory.

I think of what I experience in light of everything that, to me, has come before. When I sense the beauty of sky and cloud. When I run my touch against the bark of tree. When I see two people hand in hand. All is filtered through the lens of my being, both now and in the past.

When memory is not present I loose myself. I make without concern for my moment. I free myself.

My Making To Return

When I feel strongly about someone, a place or idea, I try to leave something that will trigger my return.

Words are essential in noting those things that move me. Their clarity and speed are unmatched as a medium that may also be used to make art. From dream I write:

For years I know only the coolness of our parting, our leaden sky. In dream we meet, and all the hurt of self is lost as we return to warmth. And as I wake I long to share this better place with you.

Life is Short

My son comments on how short life is, as much for those who pass one hundred years.

Whether something is short or long requires context and comparison.

When I engage, or I am engaged, my time flows fast. When I search for love, time is never enough.

When I make something I want to, be what I need to, or act how I hope to, time is short.

When life is short I am a creature of time. With love my life can be far more than time constrains.

Sense and Sensibility

I live in an area that used to be known as Ruxley Park Estate on the edge of downland in Hampshire, England. Two hundred years ago Jane Austin lived and walked across the same fields as I. I touch the yew tree she knew well and pause on the stone floor she offered her prayers, pain, and hope each day.

Sense: the passing of something from outside to within that moves me to perceive, feel.

Sensibility: an intense sensitivity towards another, a place, or experience.

Ephemeral Art · Appearance and Disappearance

Ephemeral: something that exists for a short time.

I think of the moment a single drop of rain falls on the dry dusty earth as a short time. I consider an hour in the company of someone I love as a short time. I think of a week on holiday as a short time, and as I grow older, my childhood as an ever shorter time. All experience is ephemeral. All art is ephemeral.

Think on. I am a creature of time and its appearance and disappearance is my muse. Think on.

When I Return

I ponder on why I return: to understand, to laugh, to cry, for safety, comfort, pleasure, for hope and love. To feed my curiosity, desire, anger or greed. With art I return to meet one or many of these things.

Time never truly permits my return to be with a person or place. During time things happen, a place changes, we change. My return is not the same as my first encounter. The taste is not as sweet, the colour not as vibrant, the sound not as full. I return to know and feel, but most to journey on, and with.

A Kiss in Time

I am kissed gently on the cheek. I smile. "Thank you".

I have seen her most days for the last six months. I know little of her, and she of me.

"I am cold". I find her something warm. It takes a moment of my time, and yet this gives us time.

I think of the last time she kissed. I think of the last time I was kissed.

We smile. She closes her eyes. "My mother always sang to me, ninety years ago".

The Time and Place of Art

Despite my ongoing and greatest efforts, I will only ever feel so much, think so much, know so much. As a living thing I am confined by time.

Although I experience art in time, art is not alive. As my time is different from one moment to the next, so art changes. Art becomes new each time I hear the same music, see the same painting, read the same poem. Art reaches far further in time and place than I. Art becomes, my liberating force.

The Stretch of Time

The difficulty in being someone who searches to understand before they make is that at times I do not have, nor will I ever gain the knowledge of why someone acts in the way they do.

Following a day of practical difficulties or an experience that has moved me deeply I recover best with simple tasks and silence. My I is settled when it has the space to breathe.

To learn I need the comfort and the stretch of time.

When You Have Gone

You may be my mother, my father, my son, my daughter, sister, brother, lover, friend or foe. Whatever we are to one another there comes a point when you are no longer near in time or place.

If you hurt me I may dwell on you with darkness. If you loved me, I dream of you with light.

Today I think not of our time, but of yours. What you leave when you are gone is more than what is shared. You form the very fabric of my world. I think of you and you alone, with love I think of you.

Making Time

Making requires time. It is easier to estimate the time it takes to make something similar to something already made. When objects have a functional or clear use, the process of making is also more efficient. In contrast, the time required to make art is unpredictable.

A price is often placed on the time devoted to a task. Surrendering my time, I write for you.

Time I take, I give, I make my time for you. Time is all I have: my moment as a word upon the page.

Birthday

Birth: the start of something new: a being; an idea; hope; faith in another; love. A moment of beginning.

I choose to separate those qualities that harm: the birth of hate, of anger, of greed, of envy and desire.

Birth is not only something that happens outside myself, but also within. On this my son's birthday I celebrate by choosing hope. The bedrock of the shale of my uncertainties.

Each day I have the choice of birth.

Saving Time

I have so much time each day to give, and to take. Perhaps I have only so much time to give and take each day. When I give my time, I sometimes do so willingly, and at other times, reluctantly.

When I give without thought of return, I loose all track of time. When I give my time grudgingly, I experience time as precarious, passing, volatile. I think of saving time, but how? I can only choose what I do within its reach. I cannot imagine existence without time, and yet I have so little grasp of it.

The Time We Live Within

I am given something precious. It has no scent. It is not something I can touch, taste, hear nor see. It cannot be planned. It is beyond price, ephemeral. Music is the kindle of this gift.

I am present at a moment of deep feeling, of gentle yet overwhelming force. A moment of sadness, comfort, and love. Before long composure returns and distance returns.

Another's experience becomes respected, treasured, despite the smallness of its time.

Time Passes

I receive a phone call from a family member. She is in great distress. She does not know what is happening and cannot find the book she writes things that have and will happen through the day. At times a call can ease her concerns but not today. I say I will be there in twenty minutes. When I arrive I find the book she does not recognize open by the phone. Hi Mike, good to see you. What are you doing here? You called. Did I? Well, it's good to see you. You too. We talk, she smiles, time passes well.

The Limit of Time

I think more about time, its value, and limit. These are difficult ideas.

Whatever I do is placed in time. Every breath I take. Things I hear and see, touch, taste and smell.

However I act is placed in time. Time stores my sense of being alive. Time is where I come to know.

Those things I value most exist outside of time.

When I experience love, compassion and beauty I sense their nature unconstrained, unlimited by time.

The Price of Time

Time: a way to think about what has happened, what is happening, and what will happen.

When I think of 'my time' I think of events and experiences that are constrained by my being present.

Time is the place I live within. In order to acquire, I give my time: I do something.

Money provides a model for me to sell my time. What and how much I do is given a price depending on my age, gender, location, culture, how attractive I am, and how skilled or clever I am perceived as.

Between One Moment and the Next

Interval: the space between.

I use the word 'time' often in this place of thoughts. I am bound by it. I cannot come to know without its travel, and yet things I come to know can also be unconstrained by time. Although my experience of love is from one moment to the next, love exists through the filaments I know and remember as the passing of my time. Perhaps I need time's interval to prevent my being overwhelmed.

From Start to End

Words drift and glide above the edge of my sleep. In dream what is said is often far from clear.

As I write I place one idea in front or behind another. Language arrives as a thin line of meaning that makes its point before it stops. Language, written and said, is linear. It starts then ends. I can dip in and out of a conversation, but it cannot be heard all at once as a painting can be seen.

Language by its nature, as music, is a child of time.

Before and After

There are two ways I think of my living, two ways I experience being. The first is as a human through time, the second is where I feel no time at all.

In common with music, the quality of being I know as love (given and received) I experience only in my now.

The Time To Make

Film composers often talk of the pressure to do as much as possible in the shortest time. While I recognize the dangers of procrastination, I only ever publish my work once I feel I can do no more to make it better. Even with this approach there are far too many occasions when I am proved wrong as I return to a piece, or after a longer pause feel a work falls well short of its potential.

Giving time is a gift: to others, to that being made, to the possibility of reaching a journey's end.

Time and Place

I listen to many sounds and spend days moulding their tone and character. I tread carefully, slowly, as if I find myself in woodland and my slightest motion would startle the comfort of grazing deer. I keep myself in that secluded spot until I sense it right to move.

Building well takes time and place, real and imagined.

The Wheel Turns

I ponder on different points of view, the worlds we make believe, and how time is often conceived of as a three spoke concept: the past, present, and future.

Sand and The Memory of Myself

When children find themselves by fine wet sand, one of the first things they do is to press their open hands into it. They pull back and look at something only they can leave. This is their hollow proof to change the world, the affirmation of existence at a time and place. I continue to enjoy walking bare foot on a beech of sand laid silky smooth by the falling sea.

In part, I make in hope the memory of myself is not washed clean by the coming tide.

Time To Be Different

With Think This Today I share one thought each day. In doing so my experience of the passage of time has intensified. No matter what my effort, failure or success, the next day is quickly upon me. Those things I say and do recede swiftly with the challenge of examining a fresh idea so frequently.

What I do/not over time makes me different.

A Second More

Today, across the world, in unison, at 23:59:60 Coordinated Universal Time (UTC), a second will be added to our year. A moment when the people of the world will pause with single breath.

I ponder on the difference a single second makes. It is gone as soon as I speak of it, and yet, within its grasp love is felt, hope is born. A second more is all we need to change our mind, our world. I live in instant shorter than a second spreads: my place of beginnings, of endings, my choice of war or peace.

The Battlefield

As an Active Pacifist my battle against cruelty and conflict is fought with the tools of art and persuasion. That said, I see a person stripped of dignity, their life no more than a struggle to survive, and I ask what can my modest expression of art and words ever achieve?

Although climate change, war and poverty seem far beyond the scope of individual influence, they are born of the mind. The mind is our battlefield where all the now and future we ever know is formed.

Wishing it so

I know a person whose wishes become their memories. At first, those around her felt she was playing them, but gradually it became clear that her certainty was genuine.

I ponder on how memory is as much built from a fabrication of what we hope and fear as that which occurred.

Taking Time

I like the phrase 'taking time', as if we can ever grasp such a thing.

Perhaps when we give over our time we afford it the opportunity to consider and care for it more, whether it be a person, place, or action.

If I do not take my time, if I do not give my time, I never quite reach where I wish to go.

Seven Days

My son is a thoughtful and kind man. My world changes as he leaves home to embark on a journey. I have tried to learn from my childhood experiences and to be a good father. I have tried to place love at the heart of our long voyage together.

I am mindful of each moment - seven days, now and then, is as long a time as we make it last.

The Gift Of Our Moment

As I write here, often in the early morning, I glimpse a little more of the irrepressible nature of this thing we call time. No matter what the events or strength of feeling of the day before, the day after becomes my now. At times I try feebly to freeze an instant of celebration, of laughter, or of love. Love above all as I yearn to stay longer in that vibrant and treasured place. And yet I must embrace the gift of this moment by doing, and not dwell too long on what has come to pass or what may be.

Rose Window Sky and Road

I trust my spirit and instinct as much as thought, and perhaps far more than my body which is not nearly as strong. And yet it is through my body that everything I know begins. I write a poem that includes: Rose Ruby Red and Thorn, Between, The Breath of Day and Sigh of Night. The Surge and Fade of Memory Strong, Cerulean, Cobalt, Sapphire Sky...

It Is Time

Soon I will know. My life will be full with hope and expectation, or uncertainty.

Time is nothing more than an invention of the mind. A tool of little insight that serves the ends of others. As time is of our own making, we choose to live within its arbitrary boundaries, or breath outside its realm, unfettered, free and full.

I wait.

With Spirit Gift

We breath the same air and drink the same water that flows and falls unfettered from the sky, that rains across our short-lived petty boundaries. We sense that same light and warmth of sun upon our skin, from north to south, from east to west. We live with extraordinary landscapes, teaming with life and beauty, with spirit gift.

We are but once and in this moment love is all we have to give.

Loosing Time

I have spent much of my day, lost in working on my latest piece of music. I look up and it is already the evening! I have taken many weeks to create a little over three minutes of music. It is possible to compose far more quickly, but for me, not if I am to maintain the right balance between doing and listening. I am fortunate in being able to take my time, and in this I am less likely to loose sight of time's most precious and mysterious gift: life.

Time

Our days are full with time.

Time: the movement of our lives, the secret of our sleep, the mystery of our memory.

Without time we could not dance, nor sing, nor tell the stories of our age.

Time is change - one moment from and to the next, the force we sense our life is lived within.

With time we heal, we hope, we love.

A Change of Song

I hear the song of my friend of many years. That such a fragile living thing, a blackbird, can live through season upon season, through storm and snow, through the dry hot months of summer, is as much a wonder to me as gazing up towards the canopy of a giant redwood tree.

Blackbird perches outside my window where I work at dawn. His tune transforms from one year to the next. I have come to love this change rather than yearn for the song that filled our past.

Beyond Time's Arrow

Although I am bound by time, qualities exist outside of it.

Time is the apparently irreversible idea, experience and measurement of events - past, present, and future. There are however many qualities that are unconstrained by time: for example, love, compassion, hope, grace, and beauty. Perhaps life is only experienced as whole when we embrace within and without this place we call time.

The Sadness of a Moment Lost

Time is life - I cannot conceive of existence without the journey.

By giving time to anything I hand over a precious moment of my being. I easily forget this. I am frequently distracted. Why devote time to the creation of art? Apart from the desire to contribute towards a better place, what drives me?

No matter the beauty or the sadness of a moment, it is, becomes, far more, when shared.

This Now May Never End

Since childhood I have always been at once fascinated and mystified by time.

One of time’s most curious qualities is the length of 'now'.

Do I experience a brief plateau that defines the present? Or am I only ever conscious of my past?

Time is broader in the experience of living things than a simple line from before to the here then after.

This now may never end.

Be Still

We share millions of images every day, some that move as time proceeds, most that stay the same.

A touch on the phone, a click on the mouse, a swipe to upload.

There is no greater chance to be heard in this cacophony than for me to more carefully consider the subject, composition, and manipulation of the images I publish.

A still photograph or artwork is like a poem - if I give it time, a wealth of feelings and thoughts will flow.

The Passing Of Our Moment

As the stone washed by river, time will glaze the rough of old.

A Line Of Thoughts Each Day · My Every Start

A single line of thoughts is expressed here each day.

After three years I return to what I think of as the start. As with all beginnings it is dependant on a time before. The first of anything requires I know it as new, and to know as new I need to know my past.

What I and you may feel as fresh may be felt by another as familiar.

When making art of any kind, I reuse, I make new. My every start: abundant with what has come before.

Light · Love · Time · Place

Light is a moment I uncover over time, in time, with time.

Light moves quickly but its speed is bound by time and gravity. Speed is bound by time and gravity.

To move from one place to another requires a body. I think of a momentary pinprick of light. The smallest something with substance I can imagine. Even this is bound by and exists in time.

Not bound by time, without body, that moves freely: love. I love those near and far in time and place.

Eternal Life · A Thousand Years

My breath rises, falls, rests, then rises once again. As long as I live, movement is my companion.

I think of the prospect of never dying, of being able to experience and consider without end.

Love is known by being with. All those I love would pass away. All pleasure, pain, happiness and fear.

The passing of beauty and the certainty of loss would be no different. I would come to be alone.

Let me start with a thousand years, no more. The oldest trees can live five times as long.

The Fountain of Youth

The prospect of eternal youth would not fulfil my need to grow, nor my need to understand what it is to live a life. The fountain of youth would be more confining than my uncertain journey. No matter what way I look at it, from above, below, or from each side, being young is one of many states of being I wish to encounter…

Future Bound

Time. More than now. Ever moving. More than breath. I ride its waves. The ocean of my flow and flex. A secret scent. My present, old. My future bound but for my will to act. That in my bob as cork upon the surface of its sea. I see my stack of time that seems to rise inexorably. Towards a place far flung from here. Beyond my gravity, my exosphere. For time is but the name I call my life. The price of being born. My thinking of a start and end. All is more than meets the eye as time becomes my friend.

Within

My Inner Life and Art

Introspection: the reflective state of mind that observes and examines the inner life of thought, feelings, and ideas; the consideration of what we come to know through our body.

Only 'I' can introspect. I can only be introspective when part or all of my attention is within.

Language accommodates my state of introspection. Art can express and articulate its discoveries.

The Infectious Mind

I am in part drawn to art in my search for empathy: to feel what others do.

When I glance at a child giggling at themselves in the mirror, I smile. When I hear someone quietly sing to themselves, I feel their ease. When an elderly woman recites a poem to herself she has known all her life, I sense more than her words alone, I sense their place within her story.

Empathy is not of the senses, nor transmitted through solid, water or air, it emerges within.

Conceit and The Artist

Perhaps in part, arrogance and a sense of self-importance stems from the confidence or fantasy that others care, as much as not caring in the least what others think or feel.

The stream of self-assurance easily flows into the stagnant waters of insensitivity and pretence.

Although I hope it, what is important to me at any given moment is rarely so to others.

The preoccupations of the conceited: Who thinks of me? Who cares for me? Who loves me?

My Blind Eye

My sight is my most valuable sense despite my love of sound and music.

Who cares that I am blind? Do you? Do I need to know a person well before their blindness matters?

Must I be blind before I appreciate its profound and lasting impact?

I am blind to many things: inequity; intolerance; the hurt and harm of living things; the love of others.

My blindness to see is far-reaching.

Of Body and Mind

I am one thing in mind, and another in body.
I long to talk but pass by.
I show myself as self-assured when I am far from confident.
I smile when sad.
I wait, constrained, when all I wish is freedom.

Being Simply · Simply Being

I value meaning and metaphor as two great forces of communication that allow me to convey and understand. I also treasure abstract art, dance and music in equal measure as they can be expressive, beautiful, and encourage me to inhabit qualities of being that lay outside memory and interpretation.

Abstract art, music and dance can simply be. They are experiences I can be, simply.

Being Simply: self aware or active without the complexities of idea.

Thought Without Language

A thought occurs in the mind. Although language is the most apparent expression of thought, I also have musical ideas, ideas of movement, and visual ideas. These thoughts arise from different places to where language springs from. At times I am aware of my thoughts, and at others I am not.

When I taste, or sense an aroma, I am often transported to a different place, person, or event. In my dreams I talk, I hear sounds, I see, I move. Memory too is thought. Thought, the vessel of my being me.

Uncertainty

As I search through this record of my thoughts, patterns emerge that disclose those things I value, and that absorb, concern, and comfort me. The word uncertainty arises frequently.

I am uncertain when my view is limited, when I acknowledge the information I hold or understand is incomplete. Uncertainty is the partner of magic and enchantment, the prelude of suspicion and risk.

When I meet my uncertainty with thought, the future becomes far more a place of promise.

Dream New The World

I make my world within: all I think, and all I feel.

What I come to know I may not always understand. This is especially true of love.

Dream new your world today.

Doubt and Certainty

Doubt: the state of mind and feeling when something may not come to fruition. A lack of confidence.

Certainty: the conviction that something is, will happen, or will become.

I doubt my ability to persuade, my skill, my knowledge, my expertise, my appeal to others, my wisdom, my talent, my capacity to understand, my courage in adversity, my strength when alone.

I am certain only of those things outside myself, the incalculable value of love, compassion, and beauty.

My Unknown

No matter how confident I am, how insecure I feel, how plain, talented, foolish, smart, offensive, insensitive or thoughtful I am, I experience the unknown. The unknown of what will happen as I step out today. The unknown of what people feel and think. The unknown of what risk and reward will fall to me.

I have the choice each day to embrace the unknown or pretend it is not there. I can trust another, give the benefit of my doubt, or turn away. If I avoid it, the scale and fear of my unknown only increases.

From One to Many

Some convey their ideas and thoughts using detached, explicit language. Yesterday I presented a narrative about the importance I place on emotional empathy. Everything I write is from my point of view, but I hope what I write offers more than a diary of personal experience.

I try to show my feelings and thoughts in equal measure so they have the chance to matter, to you.

Every word I say, from my first to last, reveals, but only when those hearing care to return.

Where I Am

I am sometimes overwhelmed by the complexity and feeling of what to say and how. I fail to find the words that show my inner world, my joy, my pain, my love. I wish with all my heart it was not so.

Here, I take my time, I search for what is meant between myself and others. Here, in what I make, you come to know me. Here I show myself as best I can, I share those deepest things. You will find my most in my words, my art, my music, whether a stranger, or someone I care for and love.

Becoming Aware

I observe, inquire, or sift through information to know. I sometimes come to know through sense and feeling. I rarely know with others. I know myself quite well.

Others often come to know me through my work. To know more, or for sure, is tantalizing, fleeting.

With hope I, you, we, come to know.

The Stuff of Memory

Memory: where something is stored and potentially retrieved for future use.

I have never enjoyed the capacity to quickly retrieve facts. I cannot remember long sequences of numbers or words. I have difficulty recognizing written symbols.

I remember movement and ideas easily. I recall sounds and images quickly, and emotion instantly.

Without objects, art, music, and written texts, I soon forget. The stuff of my memory is often external.

My Capacity to Ignore

Above all, three areas require my concern and action: care for the environment, care for living things, and the reduction of conflict. If I fail in my duty of care to any of these, I risk all.

My attention shifts from day to day depending on my sense of threat or inspiration. When I do not step outside or lift my head, when I think only of myself, my eyes remain closed.

Each day I battle against my capacity to ignore.

Being Awake While Others Sleep

I rise early to hear the sound of others dream. I am on the outside of their inside, their inner world rich, without the constraints of consciousness.

Being awake while others sleep, whether with family, friends, a lover or stranger, at home or away, on the hard earth or a soft mattress, being awake while others sleep incites me to wonder at our distance at a time I am so close.

My Embrace of the Abstract and Real

Following on from my previous thought, I ponder on why I am happier to learn complex procedures with my body and mind over those requiring only my mind. When for example I practice a difficult sequence on the piano, the improvement of my performance is not only something I appreciate aesthetically, but also physically. The sensation of growing bodily ease is a profoundly satisfying feeling. Although I may feel a sense of achievement with a wholly mental task, understanding alone is confined to the abstract.

Procedural Learning

Procedural memory occurs when repeating a complex chain of activities until it becomes automatic and without conscious awareness of the experience, for example learning a musical instrument or playing a racket sport which requires delayed gratification and includes frequent failure and frustration.

Although I enjoy physical procedural learning, I have an intense dislike of following or learning a series of mental actions that must be carried out in a certain order or manner. My body works best with mind.

Why I

Many thoughts in With and Alone are presented from my point of view. When I say I, I am not speaking for you or we, although you may find something in common with what I say. With 'I', you are free to judge the value of what you find here, and being less vulnerable in this exchange, your willingness to pause is given greater chance. The use of we or you can be presumptuous, preachy, arrogant. My concern is that I do not assume, assert or proclaim as if I know any more than I.

Being Alone

When I compose music, create images, or write words, I am alone.

Creating art of one kind or another is, for me, a reflective, solitary experience. It is not that I wish to be alone as I most love being with. It is that being alone I better, more honestly listen. Being alone I focus on the beauty of a place or person. Being alone, I come to value the company of others even more.

Being solely by myself my need to share is fierce, my love of life: intense.

Fear and Overthinking

Overthinking: trying to understand too much, analysing to excess, thinking beyond its usefulness.

My resistance to thinking carefully about something, to my taking time and viewing things from many points of view, is that my knowing becomes less certain. A fast and confident response allays my insecurities and avoids the hesitancy and dangers of doubt. It is far easier to follow than to lead.

The charge of overthinking only occurs because of my propensity for quick, easy answers.

I Easily Forget

I easily forget: the soft give of moss beneath bare feet; the scent of pinewood cabin; my first taste of blueberry, the unbroken song of skylark; a mist that rises softly; the plastic waste washed up on shore; the countless living things that die because of human thoughtlessness; where last I left my glasses; with those I am in love. I all too easily forget…

To Do Without My I

When expressing and sharing my experiences and ideas, I am mindful of a path that leads to self-importance, and vanity. This is difficult as what I communicate arises from what happens in and to me.

I cannot create an image without my imagination, I cannot dance without my body, I cannot write without my mind. I cannot do without my I. And so I value my self, yet I must be wary of my I that all too easily becomes the focus of a world which in truth is far more than I alone can be.

One Among Many

Idea: a concept. Concept: an abstract thought. Abstract: something that only exists in the mind.

I ponder on the short phrase I wrote yesterday: ‘Ideas change’. Can they? Do they? I think of the number 1. I think of darkness. I think of a person I know and love.

I speak only for myself, but depending on the context where I place ideas, each of them changes. It is as if an idea is a tree with many leaves. Some new, some old, some long gone, and some yet to come.

Facing Change

Change: the process through which something becomes different.

Change will always come. Physical, emotional, personal, societal. Ideas change. Rocks change. Change is the one thing certain to happen. All things confined by time are touched by change. I may embrace or deny change. I may seek to protect myself from change, but with each moment change is taking place. Through change I try my best to love, unselfishly. Love above all helps me to face and weather change.

For Risk and Danger to My Heart

I experience something that moves me, makes me think, and that I find beautiful. Last night it was a film. From the opening sound of a delicate string trio I am transformed and hope others feel the same.

Three of us witness a mother and child, their journey, loss, and love. I hold back my tears.

We reach the end. 'I am glad I watched it, but it did not work for me'. 'Oh, I loved it. And you?', 'Not really'.

Perhaps I do not share so readily for risk and danger to my heart.

The Food That Keeps My Feelings Close

Much of my day is spent among the fragments of my memory. I think of those I have known, of those I have loved, and those I love. Close and far in time, I turn my small moments with others over in my mind, and as I do they meld with me, become a part of me.

Fired by word, sound, taste, scent, light or touch, memory is the food that keeps my feelings close.

When Thought Is Far Removed

I wonder how much time I spend thinking each day. Thinking about my experiences, my feelings, about those things I am doing or will do. Thinking about my impact on the world, welcome and otherwise. Thinking about others and how to act, of those things I have to, or hope to do. Ideas take time.

I think less when in the company of nature and music. Sometimes, thinking less is good - my happiest moments are when I feel, and thought is far removed.

My Place Unseen

Each of my moments, real or imagined, is my chance to stay outside, above, in the open clear of day.

If I hold a thought inside, unshared, it moves to my place unseen, and once there, is rarely heard again.

Creative Conversations

Creative conversations flow like music improvisation. Someone throws an idea into the mix, another picks it up, rolls it around then tosses it back. At times It is often not what is said, but how something is said that shifts the tone, and before I know I'm heading somewhere fresh.

Reading is a world apart from hearing someone speak.

I love to talk. I love to listen. Perhaps I talk too much, and so, I rarely talk out loud.

Being Shy

Like you, I want to be known by people I trust. I am most at ease when talking one to one with a friend.

The moment three or more enter into conversation, I protect some of what I am and become more attune to the group and its needs. I show myself less as I seek to understand, and as I interact with many points of view. With many, the moments of emotional intimacy I cherish are rare.

For me, being shy is not about nervousness or uncertainty, it is the mindful gaze on others and oneself.

The Imagined Voice

Much of my day is spent alone. I work best alone. I am easily distracted by spoken words and music and so I write, and create images, in silence and thought. When I work with sound I hear only the music that unfolds.

Being still and alone serves to heighten my love of movement and the company of others.

Being Well Within

To be well within I need to both receive and give two things: compassion and love.

When I take, or force my world on another, I become further from a place of contentment and peace.

If I receive without giving I think only of myself and grow sad. If I give and do not receive I grow sad.

Much of my day is spent in search of giving and receiving well.

An Open Heart

I must feel to make, for creating art of any significance flows from an open heart.

To build with sound, words or light I easily fall in love: with people, with place and nature, with the compassionate actions of others. It has always been the same for me.

The peril of an open heart is that sadness as much as beauty and joy are constant companions.

A Place Unseen

There is an inner space where I become most ready to create. It is a place unseen, of listening, of heightened sense and open landscape. I cannot rush towards it, nor demand its presence. This delicate, ephemeral place of making can easily evaporate with trivial distraction. It is a place only reached when I am not the player, but the instrument. A place where the 'I' gives way and doubt retreats.

The Need to Know

I burn to understand what people think and feel. This may have arisen in equal measure from the uncertainty of my childhood experiences, as much as from an over curious temperament. My need to know is often thwarted by a social strategy that is the single most effective method to counter the unwanted or uncomfortable advances of another, and that is to simply ignore them. If I could browse these libraries of neutralizing thoughts I would find much to learn from, and even more to feel.

Pretence

I turn inward.

Words I hoped to share remain unread. I loose a little of my translucency so others do not see my inner world. I pretend. I say: all is fine. I find my shell.

Pretence is the tool of those uncertain of their love.

As love returns, so the casing of my world falls, and I will make again.

A Private Life

My private life stays with me at all times: off and online, with others, and alone. Especially alone.

My inner voice is fragmented with thoughts that dash from one to the next. It is playful, fearful, hopeful, unpredictable. When I am with friendship, with love, a little of its voice is freed.

I share small moments of my private life with those I trust and hope to trust, and when I do, it is as if I give my very breath. With love, as one, my private life gives way.

A Fleeting Thought

I gather my thoughts as I might the parachute seeds of a field of dandelion in the breeze on a summer's day. Some fleetingly float beyond my reach as my attention is momentarily captured by their flight, others slip from my mistimed awkward grasp, and those lighter than air, delicate, embryonic plants that come to rest in my palm do so more out of good fortune than skill or purpose. I cup my hands in hope that one may remain as I head for the stillness of my inner space.

Uniformity and Monotony

An endless wash of dull grey cloud covers hour upon hour. I think about why I so dislike the monotony of an overcast day, and how strong light and vibrant colour transforms my mood for the better.

I resist uniformity, whether sensory or social. I am hard-wired to do so.

My enchantment is with change and difference, the engines of life.

Inspiration

I ponder on the three spheres that inspire me to create: people and self; those things that interest me; and the physical and abstract forms that I find beautiful. I would love to spend my days connected with the first of these - the personal world, but I would soon miss the worlds of the intellect and aesthetics.

Perhaps the appetite of inspiration is by its nature a moving enchantment.

With

With: united; possessing something physical, psychological, imagined, or spiritual; in the company of.

Within: with and in; having the quality of; the limit of time, place, idea, or experience; where something exists physically, psychologically, or spiritually.

With sound we meet with voice and thought that moves the air as wing with flight.

States of Mind

We sleep. Each day we inhabit the known and unknown territories of our mind.

I often wake, clear with thought from my concealed contemplation - it seems our ability to reason is not an island state of consciousness. At times my waking state can touch my place of dreams.

My emotions travel a winding river through the nations of my being.

I am, like you, one united states of mind.

More Than Being Rational

I experience the world in dream and disconnected thought.

At times I try my best to string together ideas that flow from one to the next so that I and others might understand. I call this being 'rational'.

Although I use reason to understand, I come to know with more.

I cannot search with reason why to love, who to love, why I love. Life is felt as much as thought.

Three Things Make One

I have long been fascinated by the way sound, light, and meaning transform one another.

Sound, light, and meaning, move, all at different speeds.

The speed of sound being the most easily felt and understood, and meaning, the most elusive. The speed of light, while very fast, allows the mind to settle, and this pause gives rise to thought.

Together, in words for example, sound, light and meaning combine: the movement of my world.

The Why and How of Things · My Inward Gaze

My thirst for more than meets the eye is driven by my need to understand, my yearning to know. You may feel this same thirst not only satisfied by sense or body, but also by the heart and mind.

This cryptic place where I reflect on the why and how of things.

The more I view, my view becomes my more.

The more my inward gaze, the more I burn within to share the more of who and what I find.

With And Alone

I Am An Island, Full With Life.

I am alone, and with.

With love, with hope, with joy, with pain.

With all that is to be, become.

The journey lost, the journey won.

WITH
AND
ALONE