

Views from the  
Carr Hotel

See

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6/27/22







of the most / had a fairly  
morning together in  
the lodging. He got me  
up early to take me down  
to the East Star Court  
yard. Plants light  
up the city streets - early  
morning dog walkers  
very quiet. He was fairly  
We turned the kitchen  
and satag on a  
with coffee in  
Talking. I read him  
netajun  
practices













So a question I am  
wasting with is what makes  
art feed the soul. I would  
use the word 'healing' but  
that is not exactly what  
I mean when I say that.  
My mind conjures up images  
of butterflies and rainbows  
- and what actually feels  
respective art with depth,  
craft, maturity, almost  
regardless of subject matter.  
Beauty is important to  
the good art. Original.  
Well-done from a craft or  
execution perspective. 10/29/20









Noticing the doubt that  
artists and planners through  
regardles. The doctor gets  
piled by looking at the  
gallery but I think I need  
to get plan through - looking  
at other artists work is  
important and it feels very  
good too. The insecurity or  
voice that compares company  
company needs paper - so  
that will be being encouraged  
or fed. The importance of  
working. And the importance  
of not being yourself - under  
standing you're your own













If I have learned anything  
from the ups and downs of  
living with Joe's disease,  
it is how to live in the  
I don't know you... with some  
medicum of grace... The  
convulsion and authenticity  
of the mystery with Charlie  
would not have been so easy  
if we had put a lot of expert  
opinion, scribbles or preconceived  
ideas about it. There is a lot  
for so Joe's disease is  
asking the same questions  
for the moment again.













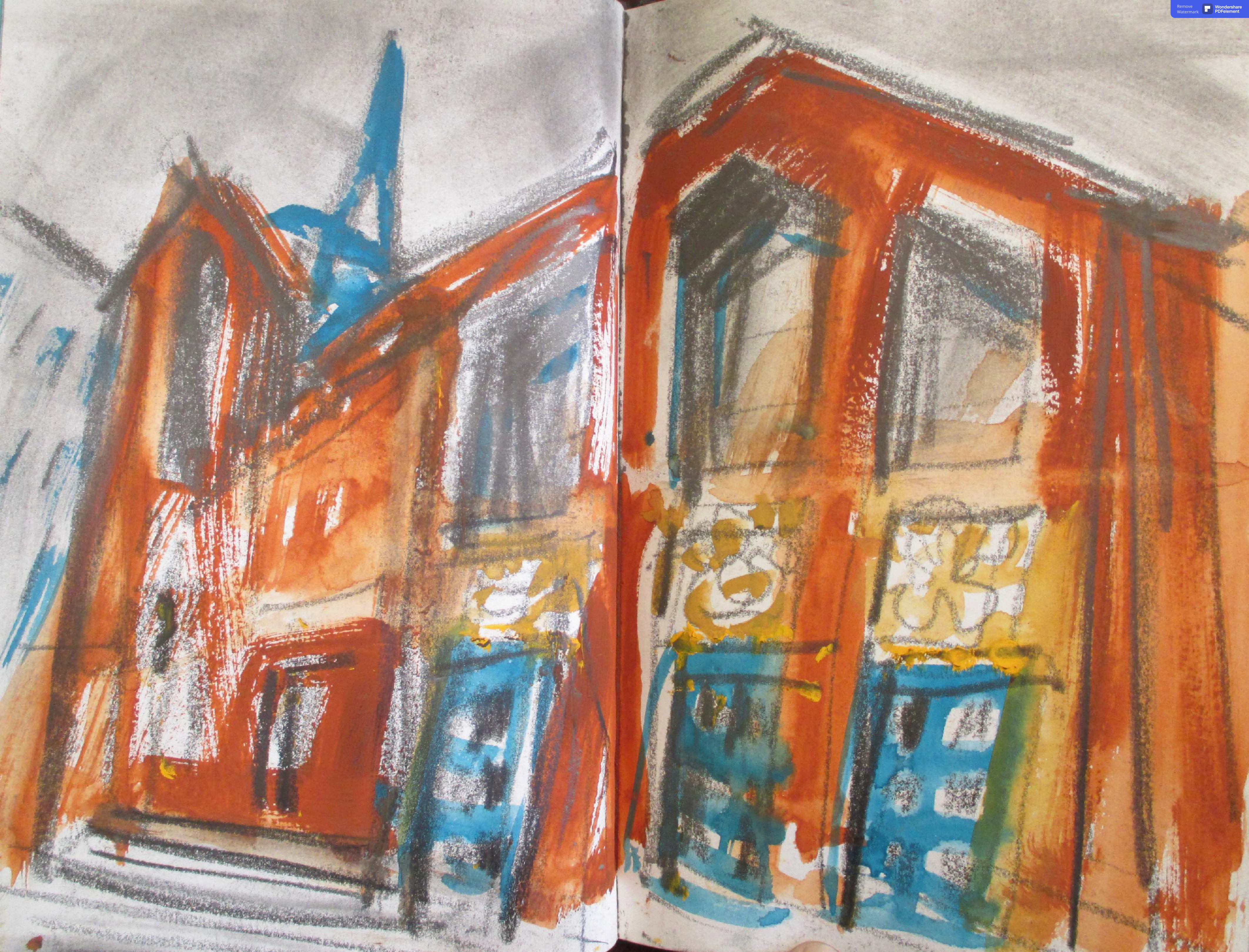
When I realize myself  
open the heart center, I  
find my breath slows and  
also becomes deeper. The  
instruction is not to force  
or effort on my way but  
rather to notice what is already  
there. I just notice and then  
which broadens my perspective.  
I see myself as part of a bigger  
picture. I move my attention  
to the heart center. This when  
a sense of relaxation and  
deeper breathing happens.  
More about interaction that place













Pain, weariness or just  
unending patience.  
When I see this I want to  
reach past the physical  
disobedience and acknowledge  
the single human individual  
the capacity of humans for  
survival, for grace and  
pain for endurance beyond  
understanding something that  
we live. The so-called lines  
water that means a lot  
our particular circumstances  
fully completely planning  
for the future which is





In the middle of this  
experience, how do I express  
this experience in a curious  
form the artist procedure!  
If I want my work to channel  
felt experience I am wondering  
how the urban landscape  
Sketches play up that ongoing  
use of this journal & artist  
in the - ment experience!  
But actually reflecting back  
is just as valid. Sometimes  
it takes a pause, a space  
to see we're filling the sketchbook





















Timelessness is a better  
description than "suspended  
animation" because with the  
Spring and the waiting and  
the resting and the energy it  
is actually an animation  
of love. Watching a movie  
together, playing cards, playing  
breaks - simplicity. I am  
not idealizing this, I am looking  
at it as if I was looking back  
seeing time as a luxurious  
unusual stopped bar of  
gold or predict













I realize I do make art  
for people, for the world -  
like a perfume, I want  
people to see it, to be moved/  
affected/frustrated by it and  
even when I am creating  
there is a third eye watching  
the eye of the outside viewer.  
It is difficult if not impossible  
to truly be dispassionate with  
that third eye, my own eye  
hand/heart so deeply connected  
to the work, how could an  
observing eye be neutral  
or objective?









I feel in my bones, my body  
viscerally the readjustment  
again of what this life practice  
asks. It aches. Just thinking  
of anything to do with my  
life trajectory fills me with an  
ache and a grief. Beyond  
simply the same - sketching,  
creating every day, listening and  
looking and simply living. So  
how does an artist set goals or  
a path? Answer: daily practice  
Alone is just talking to myself  
which is absolutely necessary  
of course









The priest comes. He is lovely.  
Quiet, listening, the occasional  
very direct comment. Joke jokes, my  
wife's a saint and Father Peter  
said something like - that's  
what you both agreed to, yes?  
Would you do the same for her?  
Used his energy, his self-  
commitment, his accent. He  
was kind. It all so meaningful  
and full of heart desire. That  
church feeling, saw it - then  
we met Dr Williams, an  
Ghanaian man. A doctor and  
priest what in the odd?

