

## *Two Who Are Bound Are Unbounded - Free*

**The Thoughts**, a visitation upon the process of intuitive making in visual art. The joys, triumphs, pitfalls and dangers of intuitive practice. The combination and merging of two – whatever they may be from two individuals in wedlock through to acid and base combinations. Explosions of love or explosions of the elements – all in their place, all in their time are either true or false. Without truth in visual art, there is no light to reflect upon the surface and create colour. Without all that is false, how do we know what to avoid like the proverbial plague? Without pain how can the poet see? Without pleasure how can we understand love? Do we need guile and deceit? Ask anyone who has been defrauded and listen carefully to the answer. Looking out the window to others after taking care of self. Often the best way to help oneself is to help another without expectation of a return in kind. Selflessness is not masochism, selfishness is.

**The Process**, first, there is an idea, just a thought, then there is one visual moment, and a mark is made, and another, and yet another. Sounds. Thoughts. Ideas turn to the hand, the hand to the page and the page to the realization. Once the thought has met the tangible reality the moment has arrived, a moment need not be more than 3.365 seconds for transference will occur.

**Transference**, to convey the thought. Once sent it will not return, once captured, it will not be let go of. The moment of realization, the moment of transference, is a shared moment – something to treasure, not to disdain.

**Letting go**, perhaps the most vital part of the puzzle. Once a ball is thrown, the pitcher has no control over the reaction. It is suspended in mid-air, defying gravity, hurtling, diving, and closing the gap between the two. If it is caught, the moment is not over, but it has just begun. Elation or loss may result. Can the pitcher take back the throw? Can the hands of time be wound back? Which is more reasonable? To pitch again or to try to take back the impossible.