

EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND THERE I AM

Someone sees them all, then a few, and then the one.

Someone whose insecurities fuel creativity.

Someone who discovers that agony and misery make such marvelous lovers.

Someone who hates the greedy liar but not the others who have lied but not for greed.

Someone has to catch one's breath before it dies.

Someone who loves the smell of the salty sea, a damp forest, the hypnotic fragrant of a flower, food that makes you close your eyes, and intense passionate sex.

Someone sucking for air on a fast traveling star.

Someone who finds it obscene selling weapons to the hungry in place of giving them food.

Someone has to be the Scribe.

Someone who feels *seven* is the number. No it's been *three* for so long. Still many believe it's *one*. Maybe, just maybe it's, it's, it's.

Someone who loves to create without thinking.

Someone who cherishes the art of a small child.

Someone who discovers that the box is as safe as it is dangerous.

WILL IT END?

(A day at the Holocaust Museum)

The whiteness of bleached bones is so universal. Dust is not too far away.

Can peace exist if there is greed?

There should be one God for every soul and all the souls should be family. It started out that way.

A prejudicially defined world is so wrong.

My God is better than your God. That's so ridiculous.

A journey in the desert for over forty years and some of the luggage still exists in a room on Ellis Island.

Live with dignity die of old age.

WAR

Hiding and secrecy - Killing of so many innocent people - Hunger for power - Abuse of power - Greed and Lust - Maimed and then abused - Hopelessness, starvation and corruption - Children left to fend for themselves. - Rape and pillage - No crops now nor later - The poor suffer the most - Blood, blood everywhere - Dancing with death - Loss of voice, loss of eyes, loss of hearing - How come it takes so long to get to the end of time? - Red is the color of love and Red is the color of war.

THE WONDERFUL MYSTERIES OF GOLF AND DRAWING

I have spent many years learning how to draw and very few years leaning how to play golf. During this time I have discovered that there are many areas where the learning process for both is the same. Please remember this discussion is extremely limited by my ability to play the game of golf.

I once heard a marvelous story about Miyamoto Musashi the great Samurai, Philosopher and Artist. At the end of his life while living in a cave he wrote down his philosophy on war. To truly understand Musashi one would have to read between the lines. There one finds the essence of what life is all about. In my own meek way I shall try to relate one aspect of Musashi's philosophy to golf.

One day Musashi was watching the water cascade down the mountain in a near by stream. Along both sides of the stream were reeds. He realized the stiff reeds fought the downward current and most of them broke off from their foundation and traveled down the river. Other reeds lay exhausted on the moving water faltering either to the left or to the right. Musashi noticed some reeds were thriving in the rushing water. These reeds were very flexible reeds. They followed the rhythm of the stream. When the water ran slowly the reeds gracefully swayed in the wind. As the water became more violent, the reeds pointed distinctly in the direction of the running water.

It is not too hard to make the transition that our bodies could respond like those reeds. If we are stiff while swinging the golf club and we fight to hit the ball with all our strength, we too could break. Instead we need to smoothly rotate our upper torso to the right, back to the front, and finally to the left. Our arms must be relaxed but poised. Our legs down to our feet should be at one with the ground. The end results are an effortless swing of the golf club and the accurate flight of the ball.

LETS TALK ABOUT YING AND YANG

(Inspired by Norman Lanes)

The line is my home.

I am usually lost on the right or the left. It's living on the line where I find my spirit.

The line has a real breath for me. Oh, to live and die there.

The left and the right are the results of the line. The line gives the right and the left its shape, its substance.

The line is where the action is.

Practically all people exist on the right or the left. Sometimes there is harmony. Other times harmony is nowhere to be found.

The line determines the physical and spiritual essence of everything.

LOVE LETTERS

Ah, the magic of reading your words again. I love even the small words that I would usually never stop to look at. My heart beats faster as I look for more. I touch your words that lovingly touch me.

Great images do
not move people.
They stop them
like a wild
animal caught
up in the head-
lights of an on
coming car.



IT'S FUTILE TO STOP

Until there is the birth of an idea that is as timeless as a masterly made tea bowl. It's new yet old, simple yet complex, born but not yet ashes. A work of art whose beginning and whose end can be seen in the mirror of one's eyes. No need to look forward or backward, just the need to look.

If one never knows

when **Death**is

COMING
ONE

SHOULD NOT

LIVE *////////* IN

f e a r

OF IT!

NOTES FROM THE STUDIO WALL

- Somewhere along the road everybody takes a bite.
- My car has a tank full of memories.
- The sound of the rain falling on the snow.
- Dead flowers live through so much.
- Go for the jugular. Make them passionately hate it or passionately love it.
- Live for the sunrises and the sunsets.
- It's time to cross the road again.

CLOUDY DAY MEMORIES

Tap dancing in a musical to “Marshmallow World.” - Sitting at the opened front door during a rainstorm and watching the screen door catch the raindrops. - Creating a snowman on Christmas morning while the neighborhood sleeps. - Loving fresh wonder bread dipped into hot Ovaltine.- The first school day and getting lost going home. - Hiding Bubie’s teeth. - The large rock in my backyard, my Island. - My first drums and train set. - The teachers I loved, Ms Green, Ms Cassidy. - Watching Dad dive from the high board. - Driving my Austin Healy along Mulholland Drive. - Watching the sunrise on the Island of Hydra. - The night ride with Richard in his Porsche. -The first visit to Howard and Peggy. - Toby on the swing with Max. - My first night in the 12th Street loft. - My last day in the 5th Ave loft. - Boat ride with Tar and Peggy. - Uncle telling me in his car that I will always be his nephew no matter how famous I become.

A

A touch so delicate it does not disturb the
dust on the wings of a butterfly.

A kiss so passionate her toes tingle.

A phrase refusing to go away.

A crackling song of dried yellow/red leaves.

A time for adventures still to come.