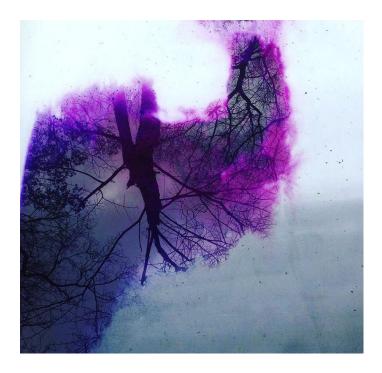
## **Broken Spirit Whole**



This painting began completely underwater, a lake of purple rain, spending late winter 2018 outside in my NJ studio on the edge of the forest

I was looking for the color between blue and violet, but knew that it would have to find me, a pure form, not the in between a pure blueviolet that had the voice I could hear Between heart and mind, a dream melody of chromatic correspondence like a Rothko Yesterday Every rain would completely erase everything I 'tried' to paint, until I stopped trying to paint, stopped trying to hold any image, just let it rain and added deep purple and blue dye, and watched the sky's indigo variations moving into dusk or cloud behind the trees in the reflection

The piece suddenly was about the trees, about that Springsteen invocation at the end of 'Born to Run' when he goes back to his childhood street in Freehold to find that the copper beech tree he climbed as a child had been cut down, then staring up into the starry night, sensing that the vanished tree was actually still there, full of souls, music levitating, voices, ancestors, reappearing fathers, legends, sea grit squalls of the gut, spirit reunion & the Big Man

And I recalled the first time I was in the forest of giant trees, alone staring into the night, I saw the purple behind the darkness, the empty sky fullness, some compassionate feel of space between the stars beyond the ideas of void and life

Winter of 17, I was learning the way of the glass artist from my father, who was in brilliant form, in a cabin on the river in Phoenicia and together, we constructed the Angel of Becoming, glacial blue womb of every potential

I was making glass River Spirits, looking where 2 Rivers merged and with a glint of light, like a aqualine naga jumping briefly from the river, I arrived at the form, an aspect of the eternal, differentiating just before returning to the River The last River Spirit I made, looking at the Esopus before going on a winter ride with my Dad to the source of the river, up Panther mountain, where gravity is lessened somehow due to a Devonian meteorite impact, with no gas, broke

The Esopus is a Circle, we realized, again

I placed one half of the broken river spirit into the circle and one half mysteriously ended up within one of my father's wildest assemblages, later when he started assemblaging everything in his new backyard in NJ and spray painting them ekto green, orange and lemon breeze yellow, like the Joker in Batman 1 listening to Prince and ACDC (It's still there)

The days got longer and the purple blue lake dried around the Broken Spirit, drawing it into the circle

But the color wasn't right anymore

Years went by, everything changed again

Z and I went to Red Hook just before Xmas 2021

I painted on the hill after the rain had loosed up the magenta dye into a pool of violet red, Z was deep in a prayer meditation outside facing the sun The trees that were there and vanished reflected in the pool, oak maple beech, and the image came to me like a long wave:

A tree of light grows from the center of the earth, through my heart and yours at once and through every multitude, growing through our crown into the sister stars and spirit whales of Love, in a correspondence of light and beauty, growing slowly into every growing, every softening and listening

The moon as we breathe and ingest its light teaches us to self illuminate, that the answers lie within and in a compassionate self-loving perception, of taking the blinding fire of life and shining a gold beholding light

every broken spirit in me is drawn in your Love to the circle, becoming some pantheon of light, of the color of our crown stained glass oculus, the violets and blue indigo into steady deep thin translucent eternity

Just before the full moon, we were in a goddess circle of ceremony, the fam of light chiming in to support our highest soul journeys, visions uttered were floating or deep within the violet waters, these colors inside the spirits and surrounding them were bridges, touches, wedding invitations of the infinite, like a gps for spiraling and dissolving into the Great Atman, like the Beloved's first heartbroken song, like reaching into the black hole while dozing off among swans on the Ananta Shesha

As I painted I realized how embedded all this history was into the texture, pigment and vanished reflection, how it was impossible to tell the whole story, but that each moment of the paintings evolution was contained in a potential enlightening, a seeing

I could paint without any expectation of an end and All would faintly deepen the violet for your eyes to delight

We talked later in the tub under the freezing stars of a myth, our story for the new earth, where a girl can see a color between violet and blue, and within this color an enlightened world building vision, one where every broken spirit fit













