

art-slap-upside.txt

THE MONEYMONK EZINE: MORPHS INTO: THE MONTHLY MESSAGE FOR ARTISTS JAN 09

I took an "altar" ego out for an artist date last week. My singer songwriter side goes by the name of Lucy D, for Diamond. She's written a few songs, and she can do a mean cover.

Well she got all inspired and mouthy. Wants to share a message with you all. Insisting that I give her the stage now and then.

So, let me know if it serves you - and we will hear from her (and other "altars") now and again, when the MoneyMonk eZine occasionally morphs into the MonthlyMessage for Artists.

Who is an artist? Lucy says, anyone alive on the planet now has a ton of artistry in their veins. Everyone qualifies. Try it and See.

Yours in the new One,

Denise Barnes, with guest artist Lucy D
Take it away Lucy!

[MoneyMonk/Monthly Message for Artists Article]
TIME FOR AN ART SLAP UP SIDE THE HEAD? by Lucy D

Artist or not, humans need to act like one. Just think about cave drawings. Remember how that just had to be done? We can't escape these primitive leanings.

Thankfully, they're good for us. Even better than chocolate. And red wine. And ... wait, I don't think ice cream's made the health benefits list yet. Probably not the potato chips either.

But what if my art sucks, many ask? What if I display myself as the true baboon I really am? Or simply embarrass and humiliate myself mightily?

Yes, it can be so easy to do. Even when we're not trying to play the fool. Well chile, there is still hope for you as long as you let yourself surrender. Did the cave artists care?

(btw chile is not the red/green kind, it's child without the hard consonant ending, a slang, southern-style affectionate endearment. With a long I sound if you will. And a silent E.)

Yep, ya gotta play the fool. Regularly. Well, you don't gotta do anything, I know. But you gotta be a fool sometimes, to keep your art side slap-happy.

An art slap is what ya need, so much of the time.

Slaps up side the head can range in intensity from love taps to car accidents. Yes, they come in many forms and colors. Designer slaps. Watch out, they cost a lot.

An art slap up side is like taking acid when it was good. You play with art - but you can find

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everything you need! It returns you to the days when a gorgeous, fragrant cup of tea with a side of orange slices was so aesthetically mesmerizing, it changed your entire f*ing life.

At least until morning.

Let Art Slap Some (non) Sense into You

Yeah what if it sucks etc etc What if everybody laughs etc etc What if even my good friends disown me etc etc What if people return from the other side to perform extended length critiques and naysays etc etc What if my Higher Self joins in, naming all the reasons it's so regrettable I incarnated etc etc

What if it's not any fun??? Uh oh!

What if they love it? OMG what if it's wildly successful?

Either way it don't matter, my peeps. You know this down deep. You remember this, after forgetting for a while, when art let you down.

Art ain't here to do what we want or need, alone. Art ain't always connected to success and/or money. Oh well. Not to say it can't be sometimes.

Sometimes cave drawings have to wait until the woolly mammoth stew is made and the kids are asleep.

But art always waits for you. Art will forgive any absence. Art was waiting in the wings, secretly smiling and blowing love bubbles at you. (Ever feel that otherworldly pink POP!?)

Art and play can slap you silly, and silly can be just the ticket. When you need to reorient - to earth and stars - art slap yourself.

What It IS Brothers

Art is laying on the floor with it's belly showing, waiting for your tongue. Or maybe a silly fart kiss.

Art is smiling so wide that every little worry is gonna be laughed away, silently, rambunctiously - in what ever fun-filled prescription you need in this moment. Take that pill.

Art ain't about what anyone else thinks though yeah, you may have to deal with that at some point. And forget about it. And deal ...

Art wants to make you feel like you've finally figured out the perfect diet. Your forever floundering hunger - your endless questions about what is right for you - completely quenched and satiated.

Art is sweetness without penalty.

Art makes you breathe. Deep into crunchy dark places that now expand in the light of day. That alone is worth the price of admission. That light of day can be night time too. Ahhhhh, whooooo.

Art is your long lost cousin finally catching up. Art is YOU catching up with your Self - and ALL your selves - in a ritual of sublime pleasure and appreciation.

Art notices and honors all this mess of life you've made. And says, "Oh damn goody! More more!"

Art wants you to know that what you'll find together could far surpass your most fun memory. Your NDE, your best trip. The best sex you ever had.

At least, that's the promise he makes with his come hither eyes.

Art is anything that would give you a bit of heeeaaaarrrrrrt CPR. When you need it most. Cosmic volunteer energies line up to give you mouth to mouth. Ahhhh, whoooooo MMMmmmmmm!

What it Ain't Sisters

So pretend you have never heard of any words that begin with "crit". Revisit your innocence when as a child you followed anything that caught your loving eye. Crit-? Oh, that language is from a different planet than mine, you can say. No know said root.

Nope, on our planet it's the playing through art that's our daily bread. Crunch that crust! Smear that olive oil!

I'm just here to _____ (your version of highest play), for God's sake.

Art For God's Sake

Okay, a slap sounds kind of unpleasant. It's really more of a Uranian (planet of surprises) wake up call. A whimsical Hellooo! to your heart. A jostling of your most essential core sections.

Yep, and lots of art that hits the spot gets God's attention. Have you had that feeling? A god / goddess/ all that is - visitation? Even when She's in the "I just like to watch" mode.

BTW - feel free to tell the Goddess, no feedback yet please. That's usually us anyway, but sometimes it can be hard to tell. You "made-in-the-likeness", you.

So if slap is too much, how about we think of it as an art Dunk? A kind of immersion, you know? A plop into a hot bath with scented oils - type of shift?

An art dunk up side the bum. Candles and everything ...

User Friendly Instructions: Dunk! Slap!

The Artist's Way by Julia Cameron helps many get back into the swang of the art thang. My friend and colleague Siddheshwari says it helped her:

^ Recognize how important fun is (life goes better when she is laughing and feeling bubbles of joy inside)

^ Set aside time to explore what brings joy - (often what she used to like doing when a child)

^ Make artist dates - making a time with her artist side - to go take in some art. Dedicated time for artsy nourishment and fun

Here are some ideas of favorite things one can 'art on' with:

Paint

Play a drum / pot

Lay on your belly/back on the floor - let spirit move you around

Play act in front of your mirror ("frankly my dear..." my 1st one)

Sing sing sing

Chant (cha cha cha hoo hoo haa, then improv)

deep breathe yourself quiet, panting and firebreathing on the way

Self massage, esp neck/shoulders, feet, hands, belly, bum

Shake yourself around

Do facial dancing (contemplative face making if slow)

Your favorite here _____

(Please! Email me other ideas - this list must be GIGANTIC to cover all delightful possibilities, and serve to remind us of the options.)

Just remember, art slaps are not violent usually. It's a playful shaking going on.

When in doubt, shake art out!

Foolfully yours,

Lucy D

That's Diamond

and I ain't the only one - so shine on, crazy jewel friends

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The MoneyMonk eZine

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