

## DREAM....GUNSHOT ART October 1999

I'm working on a big painting, using a medium that is not as thick as oil...more splashy and liquid. A long part of the dream is the actual painting. Working over the colors, the design. Growing excitement as I realize the kind of mastery of expression I'm reaching. I have been under some kind of duress in the household, a feeling of being criticized and restricted. In the painting I am breaking loose.

the last phase of it is creating a gunshot in the foreground. I realize I can paint it as an exploding nova, a kind of aura-level seeing, with splashing concentricities of brilliant white and hot colors. An epiphany comes over me, a rapture of color & creation.

When I finish I know it's a masterpiece. I'm bursting inside, I feel invincible. Now my situation is forever changed. "When they see this..." I'll never be a part-time artist again.

When I show it to people in the house I see it as a whole for the first time in the dream. This is what it looks like:

In the center of the background is a two headed man. He's gloomy and otherworldly. On the sides are people arranged almost as a chorus or frame, all looking towards the center of the picture where the flaring gunshot is taking up most of the space. But there is also an extreme Foreground, as if one were seeing someone's hands holding the camera along the edges of a photograph. It's the hands and nose ridge and forelock of the viewer, the painter...and he or you as the viewer..is just receiving the bullet! The two headed evil one is the assassin. It's a painting of the exact moment of the painter being killed. But the viewer feels it as if they are being shot as they first see the painting. It's phenomenal. When I show it to the others I'm feeling enlightened fire inside, I feel as if the burst of the gunshot paint is exploding inside me. It's the beginning of a new era. A terrible beauty is born.