

WHY DO I WHAT I DO

*'Cause when I do I am in touch with the beyond.
And when I don't, I feel like I am betraying my self.*

Foreword

From BIO Fri 29.08.2014 AM

'Was venting, after feeling totally drained 28/8 PM (/29 AM) and back of the head was hurting after another, long day pushing out the business plan, specifically; beginning to create the many web pages involved in our approach. Besides having foregone the evening meal again, in favor of singular focus, coped with it well; took a long shower and was of course immersed in deep, super-sleep; so able to wake after a mere five hours to continue. Turned into an essay, which I incorporated in the 'Why do I' series and decided to put online.'

Karen D. Russel de Corrales

One can appreciate why the vast majority of people hold on to a job. At the very least there is the steady, certain return at the end of the month and the security of knowing that one will be able to eat again, go out again, purchase all one does and doesn't need again. And once in a while, depending on who you work for and with, there is even a pat on the back.

The artist moves mountains of work, and yes; there is the huge gratification at the end of every emotional ride; of seeing oneself celebrated on canvas, on the airwaves, on paper. But it is such a pity that so many of us – who have elected to remain close to our true nature in what we do in life, who pour our very *soul* into our work – are not rewarded for it with at least *part* of the security the mass enjoys.

Then, the artist fighting to make it against all odds. Offering up a portion of the only 'return on investment' this path holds, by sacrificing production and rehearsal time and enjoyment;

indeed *halting one's own progress* as an artist, to immerse oneself in business matters, practical and commercial, to see if that may make a difference.

And if, after choosing this trying path – for matters practical and commercial are by no means simple for an artist – there is actual *reward* at the end of every uncomfortable task, remains to be seen.

And in the meantime, if there is anything such as a pat on the back, is also purely left to chance. Is one's circle appreciative, one's network understanding, one's home life loving? On a day to day basis, the artist's core is naturally toughened to mentally cope with factors like envy, incomprehension, competition and hype.

So why do we do it? For most of us (I suspect), because we have no choice. To sit at a desk all day, certainly if it is so faceless companies and others can thrive feels like being buried alive. Compare, imagine: the *thrill* of the idea, the *discipline* in pursuing its materialization, and the *bliss* and the *connectedness* with greatness, with the cosmos, the divine... in the process of *creating*.

If people would appreciate the depths of *resilience* involved in insisting in this path, if prizes would be dished out for sheer *spirit*; we would all be millionaires.