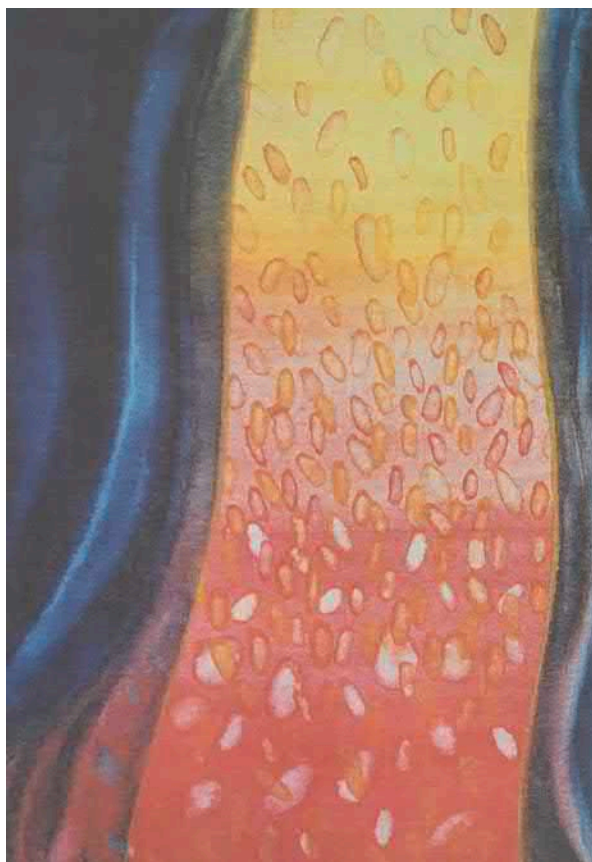


Getting to me Creatively.

A weekly series about my creative life leading up to the exhibition.



Part the veil. Watercolour. Skye Isaac

Hello again,

Have you ever had a monumental shift in perception that changed your ways of seeing, ever after? I have. I was newly married and in London with my husband....

Bandwidth

London, and especially my meeting with Rembrandt, changed my world view forever. It was the first weak sunshine for ages when Peter and I, newly married, walked Hampstead Heath. Numbed by the shock of London in Winter after an idyllic eight weeks of shipboard life, the sunshine, trees, space, up and downs, settled me and I started to feel human again.

“What’s that?” we wondered as the elegant glass building of St John’s wood, came into view. It was a beautiful building with a spacious, high, light foyer, tea rooms to the

right and a ... magnetic ... pulling sensation to my left. My arm slid out of Peter's arm as he went towards the tea and I, ... slowly, crablike, edged toward the magnetic pull. People strolled around with Sunday conversations. Some paused in front of brown painting in the corner.

Colour in all its subtleties and variations was my heart song. Not a brown painting of an old man. But what was happening in me? Wave-like sensations of energy flowed up and down my body. I started to sweat, salivate and tremble. My heart was going like mad. My hair seemed to rise up like cat fur and tears welled up. At that moment there was no observer as there is now while I tell you about what happened. It was like the 'I' had become an invisible movie of human evolution with all the sorrows, struggles, ignorances and small joys. All this came instantly with a compassion I had not known before. There were no words.

Now, I can say a mysterious inner knowing of our human predicament and ultimate purpose, was given to me. Much more than words can say.

People still walked about. When Peter had finished his cup of tea he stood beside me.

"It's a Rembrandt Self portrait." he said, as he read the information. His words hardly registered. I had met the Source, the nameless ONE - the Aliveness that I AM, the Holy One - through a material object made by a human being. The sun still shone weakly on Hampstead Heath outside. Dazed with expansiveness I - We - Us, walked on.

From that moment with Rembrandt I was more aware of energy and vibration. My teaching of art making and creative process changed. Art History became more of a visual record and transmission of the evolution of human consciousness.

Many years later I read that Dr Oscar Brunler had made a sensitive instrument, like a biofeedback mechanism. It could show that the written manuscripts, music and great works of art carry permanently, within their pigment, the radiations of the human eyes which poured over them lovingly during their creation. His instrument could measure the vibrational frequencies emanating from the ink or paint in '*degrees biometric.*' The average vibration is 350 degrees biometric.

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| Giotto | 654 |
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|-------------------|-----|
| Leonardo da Vinci | 725 |
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|-------------------|-----|
| Sir Francis Bacon | 640 |
| Michelangelo | 689 |
| Rembrandt | 538 |
| Napoleon | 598 |

His conclusion was that the artist, composer, writer, leader, received inspiration, - in spirit creation, through attunement with the Source, the Field. They had become a conduit able to transmit a unique vibrational frequency via heart- mind, hand, paint, ink etc, into their work. Here it was 'fixed' and continued to 'broadcast' as long as the medium lasted. Viewers, whose bandwidth could receive such a broadcast, could connect with, and be enriched by, that artist's expanded consciousness. Much later I discovered that this is also true of the radiant presence of evolved spiritual beings.

Could the main purpose of our physical body be to receive and transmit uplifting vibrational frequencies? For this, we do need to keep our bodies 'tuned-up' so they are sensitive to subtle vibrations.

My awakening through Rembrandt lit up my realisation that there were worlds within worlds I had yet to discover. I felt like Christopher Columbus setting off into the unknown, both certain of a new world, and uncertain as to whether I would fall off the edge. Regardless, my rational mind submitted to being open to this other dimension of intuitive vibrational awareness.

excerpt from Skye Memoir *'If I wake before I die'*