

*Extract of an essay on impressions*

Without impressions art would not exist; it enfolds its very essence, for it is required in both perceiving and creating art itself.

When a man walks in front of a painting, he gains access to the deepest aspects of his spirituality through impression. An impression is always subjective in its most absolute sense, it is what one receives when opening a pathway for an impulse to surge into the core of one's very being, from where a reaction will emerge. The subjectivity of an impression is like a door opening and suddenly revealing the otherwise vague 'I' as it rushes through us.

Once inside, the impression evokes an energy, demanding to be let out from the prison (that is 'I'). It is precisely this demand that sharpens our sense of the infinite within the finite around us, in the worlds around us - our intrinsic ability to sense eternal and create on the whole!

Unfortunately, this infinity is rather impossible to describe. To quote Andrey Tarkovsky, 'The idea of infinity cannot be expressed in words - - but it can be apprehended through art, which makes infinity tangible'. And once reached, the apprehension can lead to an understanding of the depth of one's own spirit - it is like getting to finally have a private encounter with that evading person, the soul, within us.

After the original pathway to a sensing self is established, the core can also flow out as art, as expression, as thoughts creating other impressions which then enter the self; the door is wide open for the senses to whirl expressions and impressions in and out. Thus, art is a mere outcome of an impression taking control over the artist until it becomes expressed.

*E. Lomy*