Idea Ownership

My idea belongs to me, I own it. It was grasped by my mind, I nurtured it, refined it, encouraged it along the way of its development from being a mere suggestion to becoming a complete work of art. An idea can change, be accepted, rejected, molded or altered but this can only take place within the control of the mind that brought it into existence.

The process of mentally sorting through and selecting ideas so the strong ones can begin to put down their roots, gain strength, substance and form can be hard work, but this is the fundamental fun and excitement found in any creative experience.

At first the ‘what’ or ‘how’ the fruits of a single fully grown idea will eventually appear may seem like a mystery. When I work closely with my ideas they expand until their invisible characteristics take form and become visible to me. This process involves a close connection between the two of us and for that reason the idea will always remain within me.

Others may attempt to give or force their own ideas into an artists thought processes but those ideas belong to them and can always be accepted or rejected by the artist. A mind with a fixed, established, well thought out idea will cherish and protect the expression of its idea and not be influenced, doubtful or fearful about its expression or ownership. Once an artist is inspired and motivated by their idea they are going to stick with it until it meets a certain standard of completeness. Although I have experienced times while an idea is being painted or written it will tell me that it is finished and as an intuitive artist I have no choice but to stop. We should be very alert to the danger that comes from a teacher or an authority figure who will attempt to stifle, direct or redirect a students creative process as this will often result in the collapse of any future inspirations that could emerge and blossom.

One of my paintings was accepted into an art exhibit held in the lobby of a theatre. The audience was invited to visit the gallery during intermission. I decided to stand next to my painting during that time and try to appear as just another disinterested bystander.
A couple approached my painting. I couldn’t help but notice the body language and feel the atmosphere of thoughts each one projected. The woman was the one who showed an obvious interest. The man, a perfect specimen of a dominant individual who knows everything, led the conversation.

The painting they were looking at was inspired by my idea of painting a bird nest sitting on a tree branch surrounded by a few leaves and nestled within it were 5 beautiful little blue egg. The primary substance of my idea was the viewpoint. It was not the usual view of a birds nest with unhatched eggs seen only from below or across from it. This view was from above looking down into the nest. The title “Birdseye View” explains my idea. I loved that painting because it not only represented the fulfillment of an idea I had watched develop in my thought but it was also appreciated artistically by others as worthy to be juried into the art show.

The conversation I overheard started as she moved in closer to get a better look. He confidently announced that he would tell her what the artist was thinking when she painted it. She listened with much interest, as did I. Fortunately I can’t recall exactly what he proudly spouted out to her but I do know I was completely surprised by his total off the wall, incompetent, irrational opinion of what he thought the artist was thinking.

That was way too much jabber for me. I became alive and stepped out of the woodwork and said, in a very assertive tone. ”That is not what the artist was thinking.” Challenging my authority and my intrusion his response was, ”Well, how would you know?” My always to be remembered answer was. ”Because I am the artist.” They almost tripped over each other as he abruptly turned and led his friend away.

I don’t have a picture of that painting because it was sold at a later time. The woman who purchased it was a precious loving mother of 4 happy energetic children. Her first born child had passed away at a very early age. She told me that when she first saw the painting it brought to her mind an idea she had held for a long time. She always could see that within her nest of mother love it would always have in it 5 babies. This painting brought out a far more expansive view of motherhood than my lower viewpoint of looking down at a nest with eggs in it. Here art was used to express a visible reminder of her own idea of everlasting caring love. As for the man at the art exhibit, he remained at
the level of his opinion about the artist since he definitely had no idea about the painting to share or lift him higher.

While pondering my painting and these experiences I began to realize much more about the development of this idea as it had taken its place in my mind. I knew the painting wasn’t just watercolor put on a piece of paper or an illustration of some eggs in a nest. I began to understand that the substance of this idea in my thinking was an inspiring idea telling me that by just changing the place where I mentally stood to look at something, someplace or someone can influence what I would see and experience. I realized this idea didn’t belong to me.

It obviously was available in the expressions of other similar ideas bringing clearer ideas to the surface of any thought prepared to receive it. This viewing point began to take me far beyond any mere objective realities outside of myself.

So I totally changed my perception and realized that the idea of having a different viewpoint also contained a fundamental principle teaching me that by selecting a particular mental point for my observations was essential if I wanted to recognize the subjective qualities inherent within the consciousness of all living beings. Such a reality always exists and is usually perceived as harmonious and peaceful. Choosing your viewpoint is similar to visiting the mountains and setting up your camp site so you can take in the beautiful exquisitely expansive mountain vista or choosing to pitch your tent in the middle of the cars in the busy parking lot. Your selected viewpoint also acts as an increased awareness of views that should be avoided. An outlook which would point you toward discord, conflict and unrest would be so uninspiring and depressing it should be rejected at the outset. Sometimes the invisible qualities of thought and character you are looking for, and are unnoticed by your five physical senses, just aren’t there in the subjective reality. An empty space is inexpressible and has no value.

With this turnaround I realized I never did own that idea. It wasn’t me that was nurturing, encouraging and developing my idea. My enlarged view began showing me this idea was developing me, encouraging me, presenting opportunities for me to learn and grow so I could better appreciate an ability to recognize a reality beyond that which
is visible to the physical senses and could begin to make the presence of those perceptions visible for others through the expression of art.

One could say the idea owned me but I feel that from an even higher viewing point I would see that because the idea and I had worked so closely together there was no feeling of any restrictive ownership, just a mutual supportive relationship taking place as an idea and its expression.

Then I began to think about ideas and about me filling the role of expressing those ideas through writing or art. What and where is the mind that really owns ideas and brings forward all ideas and all creation into existence? I could write more, but this article just told me to stop. NOW !!!