

Theo

There is a commonly used expression – “I am my brother’s keeper”. We say it and we only partially live it. You, Theo, lived it completely.

If there had been no Theo, there would have been no Mulberry Tree. There would have been no Sunflowers or Irises or Dr. Gaudet – what a circus that was!

Because of you, there was Vincent. I loved the way he signed his first name only – like he was a person without grounding, without a sense of where he came from. But he had family. He had you. I would be most honored if you would speak to us.

“Hello. Yes, all projects of the heart interest me as does this one. In Vincent’s work, I saw life. When Vincent died, a big part of me died also. I tried my hand at painting also but had not his talent. I had the means. Often it is that way. The impressionist painter with the talent – Monet or Renoir – had to paint to survive. The painter with the means – Caillebotte – bought their works and helped them pay their daily bread. Decades later Monet and Renoir are famous, but the man who helped them survive, is unknown. That is why I come to speak. Not to rewrite the past but to encourage the patrons of the future.

If not for your passion, great work will not be made. What is life if not art? Is it the drudgery of filth, of bills, of sickness, of sallow tastes Art lifts life to a plane of ecstatic discovery. Art transcends our mundane lives. It transcends the harshness of critics.

Vincent had many critics. I often thought it was better that he be sequestered away. The rashness, the viciousness of their scorn would have devastated him. I recognized his genius. They were looking only for the past. I saw the future.

Freedom means allowing the artist the liberty to offer his version of a tree, a flower, a haystack. The mortal immortalized. What better use for money, an object with no life of its own? If I had the talent, I would write about their obsession to paint. It was agony. It was ecstasy. Transcendence of the mind opens the way to total absorption in the heart. Genius emerges. One must be out of the mind to achieve that state.

Applaud your ‘out-of-their-minds-’ artists. They create from other realms not accessible when too much in the mind with its analysis and reasoning. Celebrate those that are out of mind. Protect them also. Allow them safe respite with decent food, clothing and shelter and allow them to create.

By today’s standards, Vincent would have lost all his talent in a mirasma of medicated stupor. Gone the intense instinct, squelched in a stupor of medicated comatose, partial collapse of the spirit and total collapse of the personality. Almost nothing left but an empty shell to feed and lodge, nothing more.

It is all a degree of ability to cope. People condemn a family that has placed a loved one in asylum. Precisely because they are loved, they are placed. These people are a danger to themselves. Left to their own devices, they will harm themselves and other potentially. An asylum is not internment. It is the only option for some who have exhausted all other courses of action.

Vincent boarded with friends, lived alone, lived with a woman, moved to different cities – many avenues were explored. In the end, he managed to do what he was preordained to do. Rise – Shine Brilliantly – Leave a Legacy that lights the way for others.

It is better to allow the manic to express his art in all its brilliance than to subdue him with drugs that kill his creative spirit. One must keep a watchful eye but in the end, you cannot save someone from themselves.

When Vincent's light faded in that brief life, mine did too. Fret not. He shines as glorious and brilliant in many artists living today, inspires many and will soon return to an even more brilliant career. Of the same soul group, we will be together on the earth plane soon, my role will be somewhat tweaked to broaden our life experience. Isn't it immense! Isn't it glorious! Isn't it the mystery of all mysteries without ending, without beginning, without rival. Live, live, live.

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Allow the artist his venture and you assume yours. This symbiosis propels creation. That is the use for money. To propel creation forward. No less.