

## WEEK 2

### Noticing....

A rhythm, a little deeper submerging, heightened sensory sensitivity. Still feeling a release of urban stress and toxins from pores. Feeling porous, seeing transparency & translucence – maybe art making can mirror the integration of external/internal.

Symphonic & polyrhythmic improve jazzy mornings/breakfast on the balcony: In the distance, dog & rooster voices, nearer are bees. Closer by in Dolby surround sound: Quail in abundance and entertaining with their variety of scat - worried, complainy, yacky. Their take off sounds are like rudders going from bass to high alto. Rabbits rustle then sprint. Not missing NPR mornings or iTunes. Dove wings glint white as the sun catches them gliding the hills over ravine. Jealous of their grace and not missing any type of man-made visual entertainment or distraction.

### The Studio

Looking lived in. My first home that is so accommodating – heats and cools on demand and so quickly.. First day of cold Santa Anna winds - not taking an outdoor shower today.

### The People

Chris Counts, reporter for the Carmel Pine Cone, called and I tried to explain the various projects I was undertaking and those I intended. He liked the fire truck idea (each resident artist leaving a fire truck rendition for the studio). When I told him about the foraging, he warned me about poisonous berries. If I see coyote scat, watch out. I forgot to ask him how to determine what was coyote scat. My sense was that I should be asking him questions, that he is likely a rich and encyclopedic resource person. I will try to schedule a ‘blog’ interview with him.

We surprised each other. The folks from the Carmel Valley Manor were on their Thursday walk, visiting the Mudd’s Glen Devon Ranch about every 6 months. Gave them a tour of the outdoor studio and they went off on their trek towards the ridge. Was invited to lunch with them, but by then I was up to “my kilts” as one gentleman put it.



Looking forward to the visit to the Hawthorne Gallery this Saturday (tonight will be last entry until next week's posting).

### **The Animals**

Virginia Mudd's horse finally made eye contact with me.

A visitor or an art critic?



Wondering why I don't hear them coming in advance, Jim's galumphing dogs make their happy greetings on top of whatever I am working on outside. Although surprised initially, I just incorporate their contributions.

### **The 4x4s**

Daily walks for foraging. Trying to simmer a batch of wildflowers and berries most eves. Soil samples have been wonderful. Mason jars work well for collecting, and then three layers of cheese cloth can be held by the rim without its top. Perfect for shaking onto medium for mixing. No need to purchase warm, light umber pigments ever again. Another earth sample was a lighter near sienna/gold.



- Pigments brought with me (Sinopia's from all over the globe).
- Collection starting of Glen Devon Ranch pigments.
- Sinopia and Big Sur pigments in a dead heat.

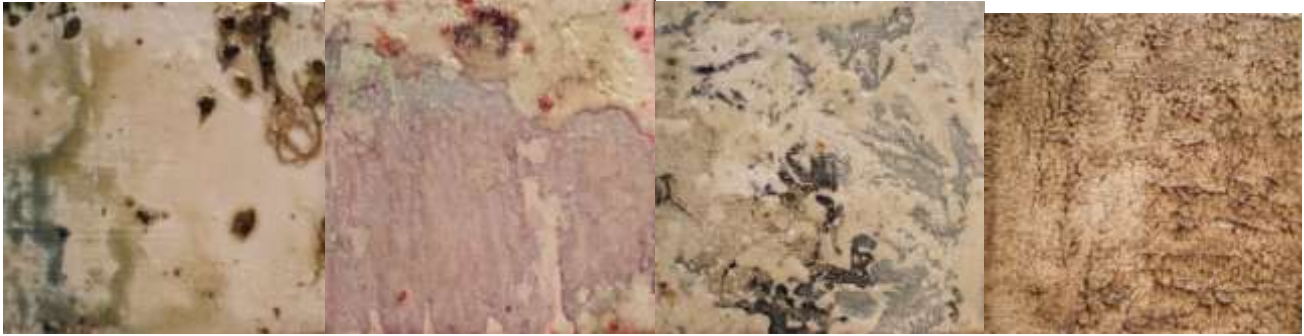
Batches of wildflowers included a separate simmering of Indian paint brush, helpfully pointed out to me by Will when we encountered each other on the ridge at dusk. Achieved a medium dark sap green that works nicely in crevices.

A cauldron of lichen proved disappointing. Need to Google what mordant is required to pop the color.

Have passed the trees for many days now and today noticed slim, honey colored icicles dripping from some trees. Sad (for the pine) and excited (for me) to find pine beetle resin. I've bought little scrapings of beetle resin from Douglas & Sturges in the past, but quit because I always thought it was made out of beetles. I melted it and received a beautiful amber. But ruined it half by trying to mix it with some medium to extend it.

Excited by the literal inclusion of the colors of Glen Devon. But my only guiltless

First layer of glazes:



Very disappointing to learn that even with an extra safety attachment with glue gun, the magnetic strips are pulling off the 4x4s when I play with repositioning them. With relief I had packed away the staples, canvas stretcher, and staplers. But now, the electric stapler is back in hand, cajoling it to work. Prepping

some more sheet metal. Drying in their makeshift tent (to prevent additions brought in the wind) made from the plastic bag for the bedding that was bought for the resident artist:



### **The Triptych**

In their makeshift Santa Anna winds harnesses.



Needed this wait time before engaging them. Now ready to interact. Feeling like moving into the sense of porous-ness, transparency, translucency mirroring the integration of the external into internal and the integration of everything that had to happen before I was able to arrive here in all forms of arriving.

First layer, palette similar to the wildflower & berry stains & soil pigments:



Two days later, linseed oil still drying. Concern about their delicacy not holding up to my usual amount of textures is now allayed. Will incorporate some if not all of the subtle textures brought in from Santa Anna. (The winds are like a cat – coming from all directions, running hot and cold).  
Examples of Glen Devon Ranch textures:



## The Fire Truck

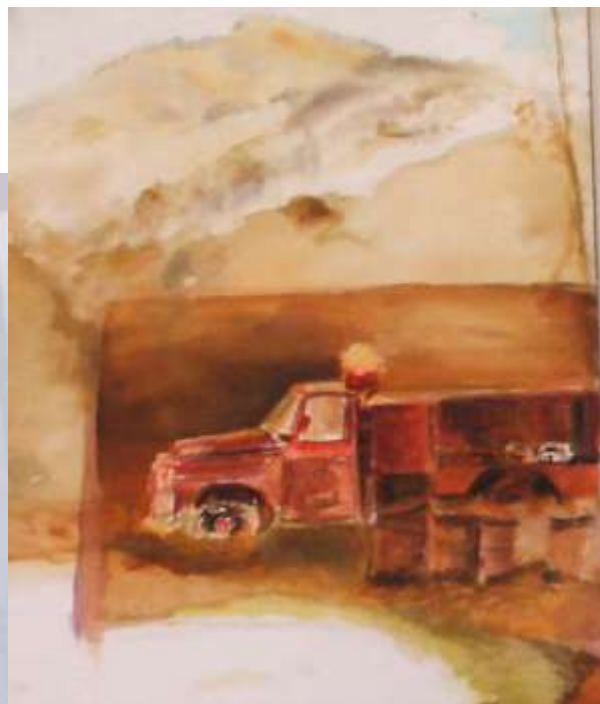
There is another fire south of Big Sur. Every time the winds come through I wonder how it can be contained. From SF I thought of the tragedy of the fires, but had no real sense of their extent and trauma and impact. From here in the fall, I can be concerned about rains and the mudslides, but have no real sense of them. Every day there is a reminder of the forces of nature, because of this unlikely majestic

hero:



BSAI artist residents' fire engine paintings left for the studio.

- Susan Thatcher '06
- Laura Diamondstone '08



I hope to make more fire truck watercolors and ask Jim to pick his favorite.

If I had to, I could pack up my entire world of art supplies and live off a little pocket of watercolors and Arches paper. A small dab can last all day, it can be reconstituted the next day, they can be transparent

or opaque - nothing else needs to be asked of them. Thank you Nancy Elliott for introducing me to what I previously considered a silly medium with limited potential. They can be silly, but their potential is magnificent. I don't know why, but the few watercolor landscapes I have done, I have not stopped soon enough and they begin to go surrealistically awry.

### **The Panorama**

Nothing more yet... I feel myself beginning to yearn for sketching structures so I know it will come soon.

### **The Scroll**

Experimenting with differing waxes and various applications. Looking for a translucent quality and a strengthening to the paper that won't splinter when rolled. Gathered several different types of sticks for hanging the paper from. Exploring treatments – sanding, varnishing, etc.

Evening drawing doesn't seem to be happening. I think that now with things set up, remembering where I put them, getting speedier with batch processing pics for the 'blog', drawing will begin to fill eves.

### **The Boxes**

Still collecting found objects. A live mouse in a crate of supplies of course scared me, but it left nibbled plastic bags that were holding bars of beeswax. The shreds will work well for one or two of the boxes:

### **Alas, The Dead Bird Drawing**

Found in the barn when searching for a site protected from the winds. Can see through the hole where there were once eyes. It will be perfect for the coffee stained Lenox paper that was waiting for its subject.

Next day - paper still waiting for its subject. The plastic bag was recovered in the bushes; the bird was gone with the wind, or whatever.

### **Concluding for the week, the remainder in Week 3**

Not journaling anymore, letting things sift.

I have given over to keeping dig camera at hand and making mental notes to chronicle this exceptionally extraordinary and treasured experience for anyone interested.