

Week 3

The Land

Down the canyon to the creek: Felled trees, fire singed trees, old growth redwood, grove of redwoods, pristine but shallow water, adorable bridge built by an Eagle Scout, Bay tree with hundreds of dollars of bay leaves , no blackberries. All the blackberries on the property wilted with the cold snap.

Learned: Redwoods drink 300,000 gallons of water per day; it is possible to supply water to all the Glen Devon residences with a small cylinder pipe going vertically up the ravine.

For my 2 week anniversary I took my own moonlight walk beginning at dusk 1 night before the full moon. A vision: The setting sun and rising full moon in tandem with nothing obstruct each other's view of the other, both emitting an extraordinary light. Distinct details on the moon from casting sun. Stood still long enough to realize all birds were silent, the ocean was like glass. I melted into the stillness.

Why my daily walks are usually at dusk:



I could see smoke from two fires in Big Sur and was anxious for all those who have been through enough fires. They were small and contained quickly enough.

The Animals

Buck eating apples from the Mudd's tree!

On one of my daily walks, I spotted a possible mountain lion track and scat.



A bear sighting up the canyon reported by Fish and Game.

A blue jay and the cat stared at each other, the cat blinked first.

The People

I didn't know there was such a thing until Lee showed me his tic remover.

Meet many of the Land Trust members on their moonlight walk on the ridge to the point (my front yard). Interesting encounters and a favorite story was from a hike leader about her encounters with a condor. Todd promises a hike for condor viewing.

Frank Peace is the beekeeper of Glen Devon. He has promised me 10 pounds of beeswax by the end of the month. I know exactly what I am going to do with it.

My very best friend, Reuben visits.



He is of course enraptured by the setting - and how I have settled into a calm but spirited state for a record length of time. The extras of being here is free therapy and eco-psychology and having the best outdoor art studio imaginable.

The Art Making

No more glimpses of works in progress to be shared, except for a few of the 4x4s I took inside to see how they looked on Virginia Mudd's bookshelves:



Everything else will have to wait until the closing reception - details soon.

Conceded to the winds and the dogs and left things to dry in the outdoor shower – a perfect storage option.

Paintings: Maybe it was the full moon, but had a very bad painting day. Fighting with new materials, not liking my color mixes, having to work quickly and still let things dry before next layers. I start attacking and being fearless, knowing (theoretically) that it is a necessary phase before a painting begins to ripen. Must push it too far, and then rein it in. It takes another 3 days before we (paintings and me) are in synch again. I can feel things beginning to emerge and can feel different directions they can go in. Choices! And having a triptych means being able to experiment differently on each. Interesting to see their colors change as the light and background (I move them around) changes. Also interesting that I

am still mimicking the plant-based colors. One has a sprinkling of Glen Devon earth. Another has the wings of moths and bugs that ventured to close to wet paint.

4x4s: Working outside into the night with 2 floodlights. My outdoor studio is shared with sonorous owls, continuous crickets, the rustling in the bushes, and dancing moths in the flood lights. Still loving the foraging, simmering, and glazing with beetle resin. I've ordered more of the little canvases.

Water colors: This week's fire truck looks goofy. Had to keep adjusting to wind and sun. My perspective was off. Yet, it is still the noble fire truck.

Drawing: Not only not 1 drawing a day, I have not been moved to draw since my dead bird vanished. I am still hopeful about the scrolls and believe the second half of my retreat will yield more to drawing.

My Process

Computer died and I was exhausted with frustration that wastes my precious time here. With tech problems resolved, I briefly begin to use it more. Now I have it under control with my priorities back on track. I am here to embrace everything I cannot have when home.

To be in this experience is to be the luckiest artist and person on earth.