

Short Week 4

Half Empty/Half Full

Having to leave for Open Studios and will be misplaced ~ ½ week.

When I return it will be my half way juncture here.

Return to presence by force whenever thinking about time here being half over.

Inevitable

- 4x4 flower colors fading
- Poison Oak
- Carpenter ants

The Land

Some of the wildflowers disappearing

Last walk before leaving - all of a sudden architects have created condos, ranch homes, high rises, FL

Wright contemporaries:

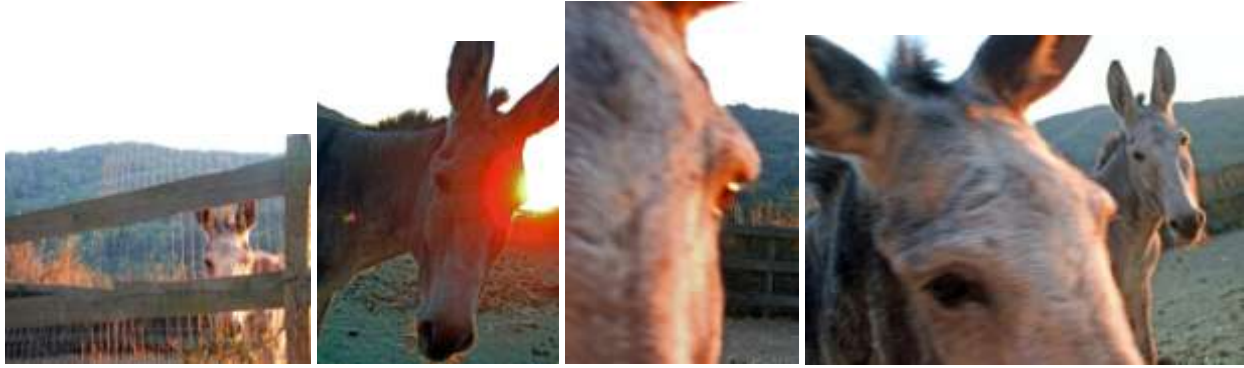


The Animals

Virginia's horse isn't feeling well. I learned horse physical assessment from Jim which is surprisingly similar to people except for places to look and feel. After some medicine, looking pastoral:



More portraits:



The People

Lee said the 4x4s are growing on him. He very much likes Susan's fire truck painting.

Lisa goes beyond the call of duty and finds a lovely cat sitter, sparing her from the cat a drive up and back. Knowing there is no mutuality in missing each other- she won't, I will.

More Art

Working on a small assemblage with found secrets. Faded, but will still work with 4x4s for earth tones and earth pigment incorporations. Only the 1 pre-ripe blackberry 4x4 has retained its pink. Scroll still lying in loft, prepped but I think I am saving it for a rainy day (or from Karen's promised ash). Hot today and beetle resin is dripping.

SF before

Already looking forward to the drive back up the canyon through redwoods and turning the corner (income). Will be back in the group studio scene – an overwhelming comparison with this ideal studio space. Can reframe it – there to also pick up supplies and for early voting.

SF during

Car alarms and drunken people vs. owls and crickets.

Lots of people, lots of talking, little sleep. My current favorite series of six excavations went to a good home. Always easier to release my painting/children when I have no concerns about their new home.

Return

In time for near sunset. The beauty overtakes me. Stand outside to take it in, inhale it, receive it. Say hello to the horses and mule. Then inside for a love fest with the cat.

Shocked and concerned that Jim had a serious issue while I was away. He is the epitome of endurance and accomplishments. A reminder about fragility and faltering. I get to help Lee haul horse feed and Jim can learn to take it easy.

Good day of returning to painting, but In early with a chill in the air. The fog is snake like and slo-mo thru the ravine. I can hear the doves' (I know they are pigeons) wings but their wings in the light are

obscured. Quail coming around for feeding. Everything except the fog looking golden. Its good to be 'home'.