

WHAT INSPIRES ME

Do I dare say “everything”?

PowerPoint Lecture given at Dunedin Fine Art Center for the Coffee and Conversation Series. December 13, 2018 12 noon.



Inspiration 48 x 30
oil on linen 2011

What Inspires me. Do I dare say “everything?” This painting is Called Inspiration. It seemed like a good place to begin this talk.

WHAT INSPIRES ME

THIS IS A SHORT LIST

Stars (the shape)

Stars (the ones above)

Apples

Seeds

Clouds

Flowers

People

Fabrics

Birds

Faces

The Ocean

Music

Shells

Weather

Cats

Pigments and Colors

Art and Artists

Dreams

Journeys

Fruit

THE NEXT QUESTION...

Where do my ideas come from?

Some of my ideas are so far out, and strange, I think I didn't think them.

I have a minor in psychology but that didn't help answer the question, even after years and years of scholarly books and articles about left brains and right brains, neurons, and synapses, and IQ and DNA I still don't know the answer

from Merriam-Webster
DEFINITION of INSPIRATION

1a: a divine influence or action on a person believed to qualify him or her to receive and communicate sacred revelation

b: the action or power of moving the intellect or emotions

c: the act of influencing or suggesting opinions

2: the act of drawing in *specifically* : the drawing of air into the lungs

3a: the quality or state of being inspired

b: something that is inspired

a scheme that was pure *inspiration*

4: an inspiring agent or influence

Definitions first. I have a degree in English Literature, not in Art, so this kind of thing was part of the brainwashing I had in school. "Look it up", they all said! I'm not going to read all of them to you, only the ones highlighted in red.

from Merriam-Webster DEFINITION of INSPIRATION

1a: a divine influence or action on a person believed to qualify him or her to receive and communicate sacred revelation. This First Definition blew me away. Who knew that it was divine influence, among other things, including less Divine sources such as a person, thing, or action that grabs you. And I immediately wondered if I was qualified to receive sacred revelations... How do you get qualified, and who does it? But I digress...

DEFINITION OF IMAGINATION

1: the act or power of forming a mental image of something not present to the senses or never before wholly perceived in reality

2a: creative ability

b: ability to confront and deal with a problem : RESOURCEFULNESS use your *imagination* and get us out of here

c: the thinking or active mind : INTEREST stories that fired the *imagination*

3a: a creation of the mind *especially* : an idealized or poetic creation

b: fanciful or empty assumption

DEFINITION OF CREATE OR CREATIVITY

1. to bring into existence...

God *created* the heaven and the earth.— Genesis 1:1 (King James Version)

2a: to invest with a new form, office, or rank

She was *created* a lieutenant.

b: to produce or bring about by a course of action or behavior

Her arrival *created* a terrible fuss.

create new jobs

3: CAUSE, OCCASION

Famine *creates* high food prices.

4a: to produce through imaginative skill

create a painting

b: DESIGN

creates dresses

Inspiration, Imagination, Creativity

My definitions;

Inspiration:

Getting those sudden revelations that says, “I gotta paint that”, or finding a glorious transcendence in art, music, dance, literature, or seeing an amazing cloud or sunset, landscape, or other event that hits that spot in the psyche.

Imagination:

Mentally manipulating the image

Creativity:

Doing the work



Rembrandt

The Storm on the Sea of Galilee

oil on canvas 1633



Monet

A Seascape, Shipping by Moonlight

Oil on Canvas 1864

In my world, inspiration comes when I view a Rembrandt or Monet painting, or I am suddenly clobbered with a jolt of juice from on high that says I gotta paint that...whatever "that" is.



Somewhere the Sun is Shining Pastel 18 x 24 2008 I didn't intend it when I did this pastel, but later people have said they think those white spots are angels.

MY EARLY YEARS

I won't bore you with my history, but there were a few things from my Early Years that seemed to be relevant to the subject of inspiration and my journey as an artist and creative person.

I was born and brought up in suburban Philadelphia. Mother was an Episcopalian and my Father was a Quaker. I got liberal doses of both sides of the theological divide in my family.



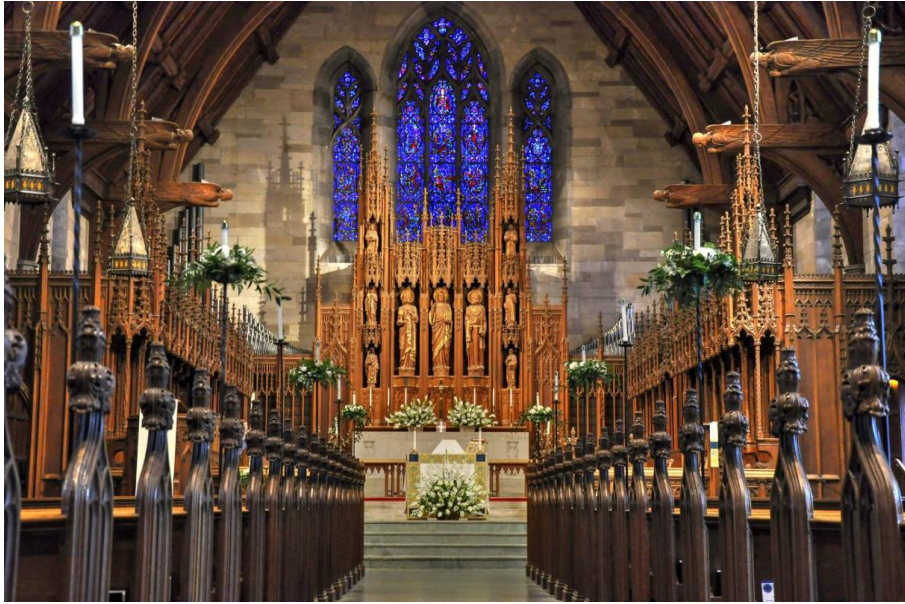
**St. Paul's Episcopal Church
Sundays**



**Germantown Monthly Meeting
School during the week**

For narration go to next slide

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St. Paul's Episcopal Church Sundays



Germantown Monthly Meeting School

I was born and brought up in suburban Philadelphia. Mother was an Episcopalian and my Father was a Quaker. I got liberal doses of both sides of the theological divide in my family.

On the left is St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chestnut Hill. There is amazing art inside this church; gorgeous stained glass and carvings. I loved just to be inside here to look at all the nooks and crannies. I sang in the choir and went Sunday school. Not much of Sunday school stuck with me, but the art did, and it is a rich and varied heritage. On the Right is a typical Quaker Meeting house. I attended Germantown Friends School in Philadelphia and this is a photo of the Germantown Monthly Meeting which is next to the school and we were required to attend Meeting (on 5th Day- that's Quakerspeak for Thursday.) The window blinds cast amazing shadows on the walls. It was here I learned to appreciate cast shadows, as I would gaze hypnotically at them which could be a spiritual adventure depending on your outlook on life and art!

The Philadelphia Museum of Art



Two views of the Greek Temple that was built to house amazing artworks. This is the Rocky Steps view and beside it is the River Side with the “waterworks” that is a Philadelphia landmark.

For narration go to next slide

The Philadelphia Museum of Art



Two views of the Greek Temple that was built to house amazing artworks. This is the Rocky Steps view and beside it is the River Side with the “waterworks” that is a Philadelphia landmark.

The Philadelphia Museum of Art. Here are Two views of the Greek Temple that was built to house amazing artworks. On the left is the Rocky Steps view and beside it is the River Side view with the “waterworks” that is a Philadelphia landmark. This was my Temple, my “church”; the place where I got overdoses of inspiration. I would play hooky from school when I could get my mother’s car. I’d sign myself into school, then sneak out and drive to the museum, and spend the day there wandering, looking, imagining, drinking it all in. I would leave in time to get back to school, sneak back in and be there when the after school sports stuff happened. Later in my life other museums became my temples of learning and inspiration. New York, Boston, Washington, and then even later trips to cities across America where I saw fantastic artworks by artists that I knew about and others that I had to look up. And of course there were those icons of inspiration in Europe. I’m not “religious” in that I am not affiliated with a formal denomination. But I do believe that there is definitely some divine activity in the act of making art and I am acutely aware of it when I am in my “temple/church”.

The Academy of Music



The Academy of Music was another “Temple”



Eugene Ormandy in a typical pose

The Academy of Music was Another Temple of Inspiration. On the left is the façade and on the right is Ormandy conducting I wonder how old I was when my dear Grandmother started taking me to the “old lady concerts” in the afternoon to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra led by Eugene Ormandy. Probably about 6 years old, my best guess. It was here that my adoration of music began, and it has stayed with me all my life. When people find out I’m from Philadelphia they want to know if I ever went to American Bandstand. I don’t need to tell you the answer to that one!

OBSESSION

I AM OBSESSED AND IT STARTED WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG

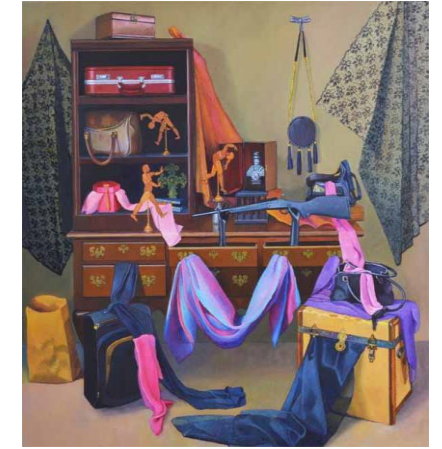


OBSESSION ... I am obsessed and it started when I was very young. On the left is Emmett Kelly, the sad circus clown, who spoke to me while I was sitting ringside at the circus, and the next day the obsession to make a painting of a sad clown didn't quiet down until I was finished with the painting. I was 9 or 10 years old.

THE LATER YEARS

Many paintings later, 8 years living on a 31-foot sailboat, another year in art school brings me to talking about the *Feeling Series* paintings.

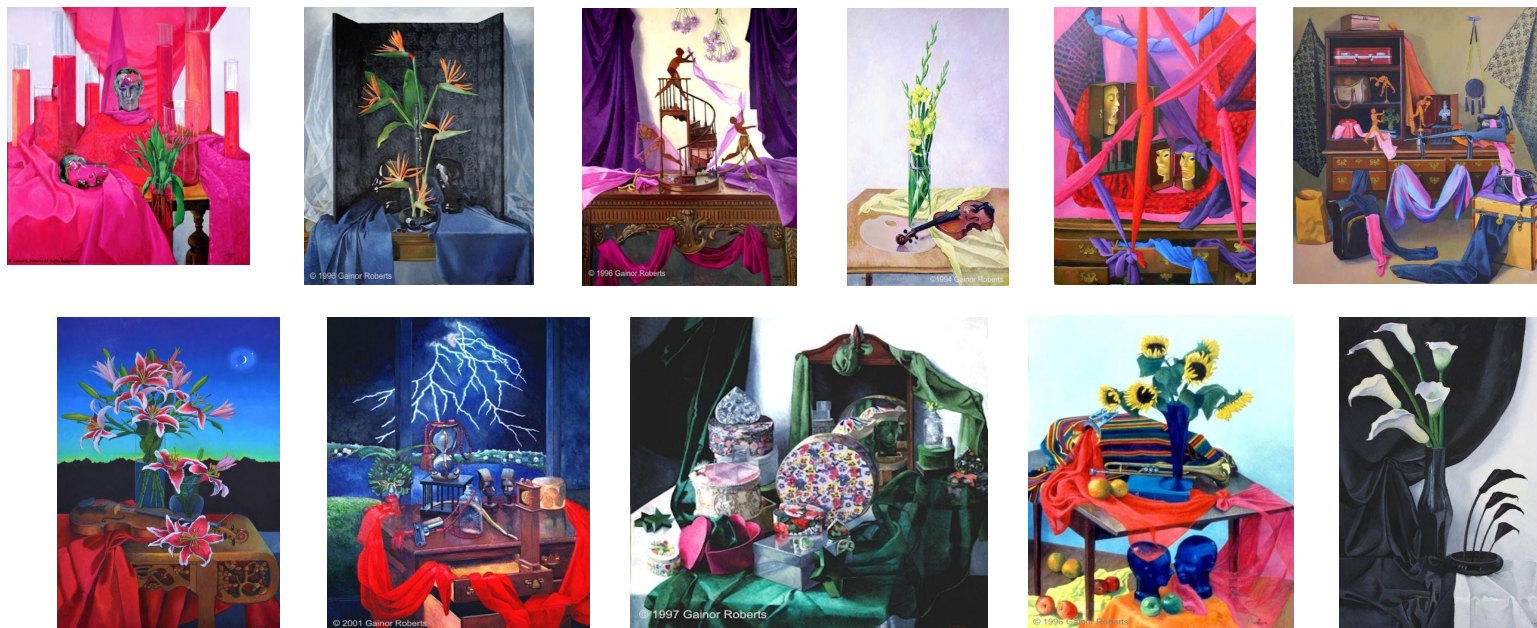
THE FEELING SERIES



**ANGER, GRIEF, JEALOUSY, JOY, SHAME, GUILT
AWE, FEAR, LONELINESS, LOVE, INSPIRATION**

For narration go to next slide

THE FEELING SERIES



ANGER, GRIEF, JEALOUSY, JOY, SHAME, GUILT AWE, FEAR, LONELINESS, LOVE, INSPIRATION

There they are, 11 of them, one more to go. Anger Grief Jealousy Joy Shame Guilt Awe Fear Loneliness Love Inspiration and eventually Laughter I joined a 12-step recovery program in 1973 and I listened to so many people talking about their feelings. One day the voice said, “Why don’t you paint those feelings you hear people talking about.” Then I said, “I want to paint my feelings not theirs”. Yes, sometimes I do hear voices. Maybe I shouldn’t tell you that! That thought, that little voice couldn’t be quieted. It grew to an obsession. I wondered how it would be possible to do such a project. I thought about it, imagined it, turned it over in my head for 20 years, until we moved ashore, and I knew it was time to get back into my artwork and especially into these paintings that had been cooking in me for all that time. Beside going to Art School I wanted to see a therapist to be able to access my own feelings. The therapist said, “What does your Anger look like” and I was off and running from then to now. I was inspired. I was obsessed. Was that divine influence? I don’t know about that one, but I do know that painting my feelings has been an amazing journey of self-discovery and healing. They may not be your feelings, but they definitely are mine!



Anger 48 x 48 Oil on Canvas 1994. This is where it started

I made a list

How many paintings in this series?

12 is a good number! It's Symbolic too.

So the list was made. People suggested other emotions for me, but my list was made, and it couldn't be changed. Was that divine intervention? I don't know, but it felt like a violation to the gods if I dared to change this list that I made out in 1993 or 1994.

So no, I'm not going to change it, but darned if I can get an image in the mind for Jealousy!

It was such an awful emotion. I thought I couldn't do it. How in the world can I paint that one?

Then magic happened.



It was instant! I knew it when I saw it in a Massachusetts antique store that it was my Jealousy painting. The “Why?” didn’t come until later.

I had to think about why this model spiral staircase had anything to do with the raw emotion of Jealousy.

Thinking...thinking...thinking
Then it came. Jealousy is a never-ending spiral of up or down, going nowhere. Then the rest came flooding in.



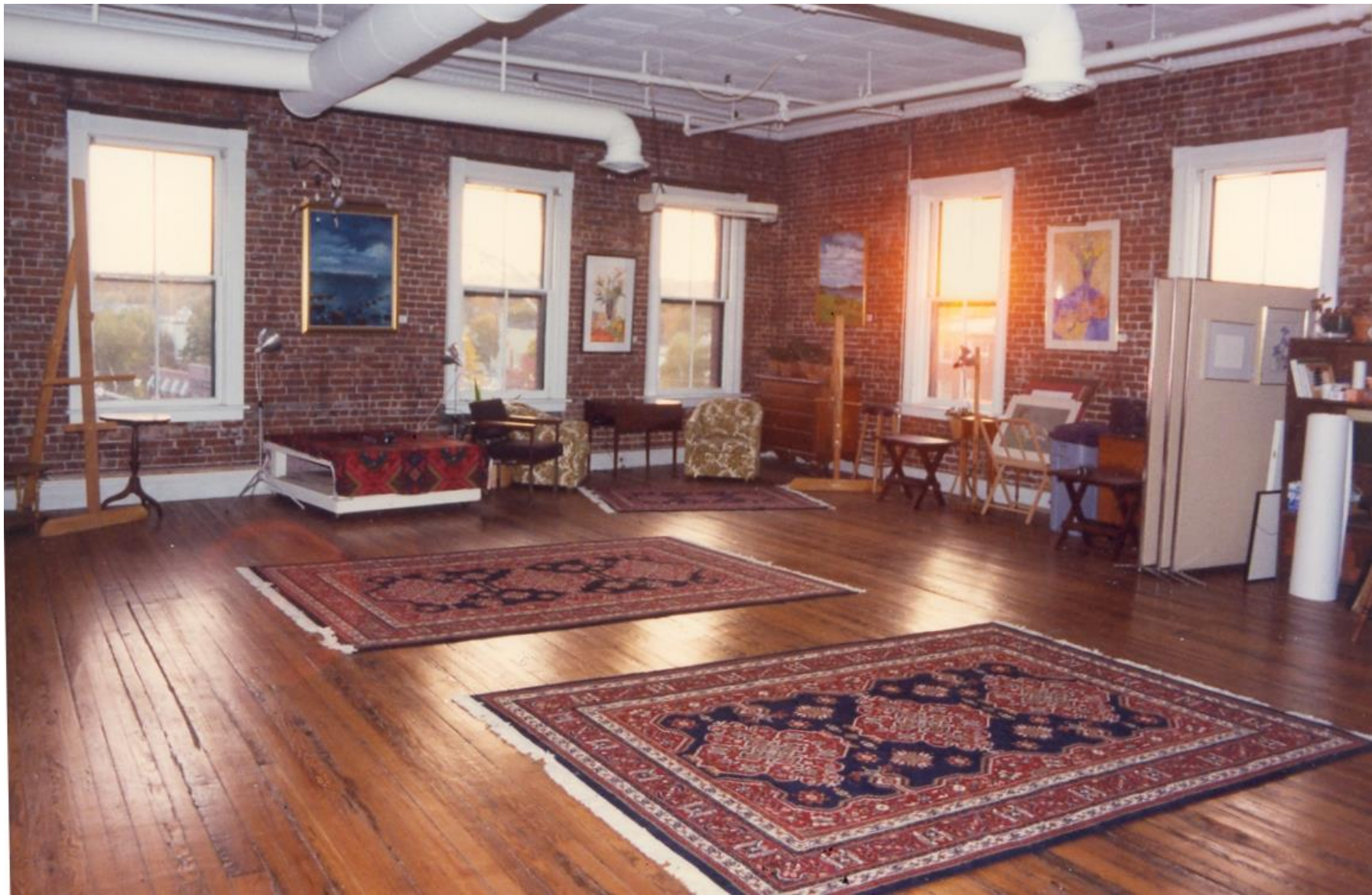
Jose Limon, choreographer of the Moor's Pavane, a fantastic modern dance that I saw 13 times, based on Shakespeare's Othello was the Inspiration. A triangle that traps everyone. A spiral that goes nowhere. A daisy with "he loves me, he loves me not" petals strewn around. The theater of passion. Was it divine intervention that I watched the OJ Simpson trial by night and painted Jealousy by day?

THEN CAME **FEAR**

I could name most of my fears but how to assemble all that into a still life?



This is the painting *Fear* Oil on Linen 52 x 40 2001



This was my studio in Westerly, Rhode Island; the third floor of an old department store. I knew I had to start on the Fear painting. I also knew it was to be a lightning storm at night, and so I realized I might have to paint it in this studio at night. How to deal with all those windows and street lights and get a lightning storm painted in this place? I couldn't figure it out.

and then I had to move. Studio not available any more. (cuss words)

THERE GOES MY FEAR PAINTING...I thought

My studio
window



I moved into the industrial section of town and shared space with some contractors who had their shop in the back.



There was an entrance hallway outside my studio. The door to my space was broken and the owner, the contractor, said he wanted to put in a sliding glass door. Was that OK with me? I didn't know it at the time that the gods of Inspiration were at work behind my back. I said yes.

So after being in this strange space for about 6 months the clouds parted, and I suddenly knew that this was the perfect place for *Fear*. I put up a blind over that big window, rigged up lights outside the sliding glass door and pointed them toward a table that I moved against the door, the side that didn't open. I started assembling the objects, each one with a meaning for me, and turned out the lights. WOW!!!



I put blue plastic on the door to try to get that bluish light that was so scary to me in a lightning storm. The set up was complete, with the landscape and the lightning painted from pictures and memory.

During these years I never worked from photographs. My training forbid it, and we didn't have the kind of sophistication in photography we have today.

I did most of this painting in the dark, using an open door to the bathroom to see my palette.

I am happy to say that it was purchased as a gift to the Corporate Collection of the Hazelden Publishing Company. They specialize publishing books about recovery as well as operating several treatment centers, and I learned that since the painting was sold, Hazelden had merged with the Betty Ford Center.

Now I am going to Digress into a story about my Mother

(definition #2)

Inspiration: the act of drawing in specifically : the drawing of air into the lungs

I would make a drawing or a dress for my doll, or a rudimentary painting, and bring it to my mother who always said “oh, what fun” when she viewed my creations. Even as a 5 or 6-year-old I felt irritated with her, but I never expressed it or addressed it even with myself. Years passed, and Mom’s answer to all of it was the same. Fun? No... not fun, I said to myself.

As years more passed and I learned that to *inspire* was to *breathe*, and suddenly I knew why I was so irritated with her. Didn’t she know that this creative thing with me was a matter of life and death? No, she didn’t know. My mother was sort of creative, somewhat shallow, and secretly jealous of my artistic ability.

I brought the painting *Fear* to my mother’s bedside as she lay dying, and she burst into tears. “Finally, you got it, Mom! Thank you.”



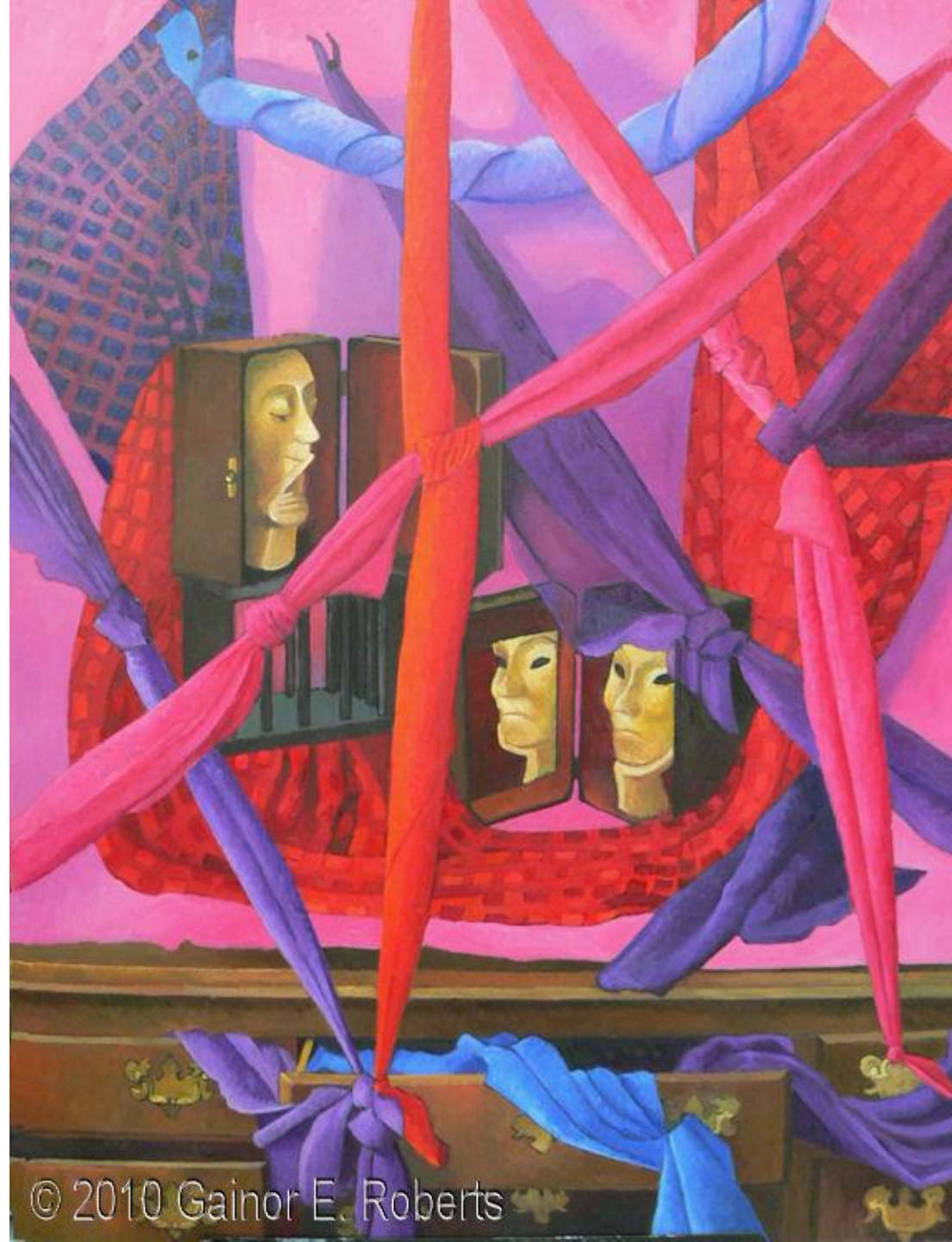
Fear 54 x 40 Oil on Linen
2001 Collection of Hazelden Publishing Co

THEN CAME SHAME

After Fear I was on a roll. The plan was to get all the awful feelings painted, and then we can move on to lighter emotions. Our best laid plans... It didn't work out that way. I was all set to tackle Shame. I had all the props and even the canvas, and then my world turned upside down.



The Masks. The one on the right isn't smiling in my painting. My vision of Shame came to me when I saw those masks which popped up at me on a trek through TJ Maxx in Westerly, Rhode Island. Odd how that happens when I least expect to map out a new painting in a department store, that's typical of this odd Inspiration journey.



© 2010 Gaior E. Roberts

Shame Oil on Linen 48 x 36
2010 For a long time I didn't want to do this painting, but it was on that list, and so I had to do it. As I said, I was all set to dive into it. But the Gods of Inspiration had other ideas for me.

But then “Life” happened



AKR Sewing 18 x 23 Graphite on Laid Paper

1. Mother died
2. The caregivers got control of mother
3. I was disinherited
4. Small trust fund came to me
5. we bought a home in Florida,
6. Spring 2001 we lost all our money in brokerage house grab
7. We moved to Florida, totally broke
8. George’s health began to decline and in 2002 he had his first of many near death experiences
9. My studio was the tiny spare bedroom where I tried to paint Shame.
10. Most of the time I felt that the canvas was attacking me



Shame languished in that tiny bedroom for years. I would try to get enthusiastic about going into that “studio” and I tried to spend an afternoon working on it, feeling awful about my life, and frankly filled with shame over all the setbacks, and how I was going nowhere; feeling that I was in a prison of my own making. I was living my painting. My dear husband died in May of 2009. and a crew of my wonderful friends came to my home and we tore up the living and dining room carpets and laid down a new floor. I sold all the furniture. I wish I had a video of the day we moved that still life from the tiny bedroom into my bedroom, and then again into the new studio. Yes, I had to set it up again, and make major changes to the painting in progress. At long last I could move to happier paintings. We left Westerly in the spring of 2001 and my painting was finally finished in 2010. I had a party to celebrate the End of Shame and we took the still life down while all my friends and associates clapped. A fitting end to Shame!

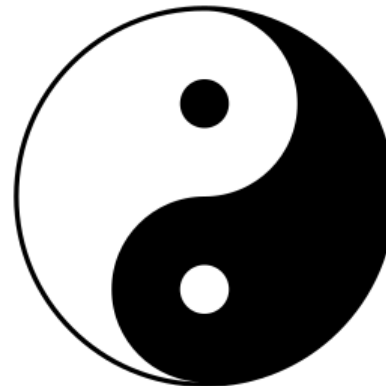
My therapist also said...

...that to experience joy and happiness I would have to embrace my dark side. So these paintings represent both dark and light sides. I was looking for balance in my life and in my art.

Then Inspiration. I thought about it daily for years. What would characterize Inspiration? I searched my mind for images.

Then the image came in a flash:

YIN/YANG

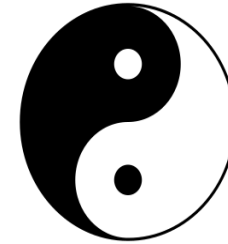




One of my friends said to me once “I guess I’m sort of inspired.” I thought how can you be sort of inspired? Its either/or, on or off, either you are, or you are not. Its like being sort of pregnant.

YIN and YANG

The painting was easy from then on, when all I had to do was set up the still life using the symbol as a guide.



In Chinese philosophy, yin and yang “dark-bright”, “negative-positive” describes how seemingly opposite or contrary forces may be complementary, interconnected, and interdependent in the natural world, and how they may give rise to each other as they interrelate to one another

Perfect for Inspiration!

**AND NOW, ONE MORE OF THE
FEELING SERIES PAINTINGS...**

AWE



Awe Oil on Linen 48 x 30 2014

When I made my list back in the 1990s the word Awesome was not used by everyone to express everything! I asked myself the question, “What is Awe?” and the voice said, “The Grand Canyon”. I said, “you have to be kidding me, that’s so corny, and besides we are making still life paintings not landscapes””. Voice said, “Well you could put some photos of the Grand Canyon into a still life and make a painting about your trip there”. Corny, corny, corny....shut up voice. And so it sat into the mental void for a long time. The house in Zephyrhills had a lovely west facing large window that showed me the sunset every night, and I kept thinking that I had never seen that stripe of green at the horizon as the sun had just gone down although I had seen the green flash while living on the boat. Suddenly, I realized I had my AWE painting. and that year the moon was dancing across the sky with Venus and Jupiter and I knew in my bones that Awe would have my beloved Stargazer Lilies gazing at that amazing, awesome nighttime dance across the sky.



I have often included instruments in my paintings and since I find both the music and the instrument of the violin totally Awesome, it had to be included. And many years ago I was commissioned to do a painting for a friend, and I wanted a special table, so the Chinese Altar turned up in a Connecticut antique store and is still with me today.

THE **GENESIS** SERIES



Some of you might have seen my Genesis Show at Dunedin Fine Art Center in September/October of this year. Each one of these is a small painting using Egg Tempera on a gesso panel. What's Egg Tempera you might ask?

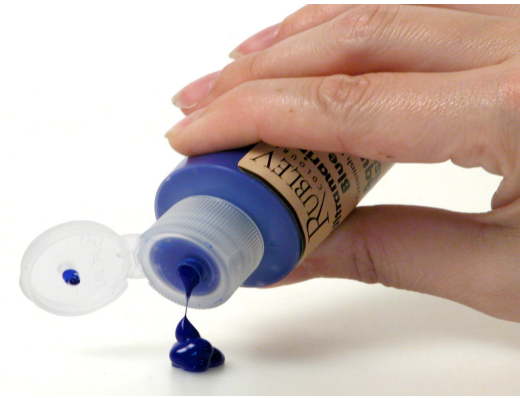
EGG TEMPERA



Mineral Deposits in the earth



Raw Pigments



Pigment Dispersions



Prepare an Egg Yolk



Add Water then shake to make emulsion



Add Egg medium to pigment

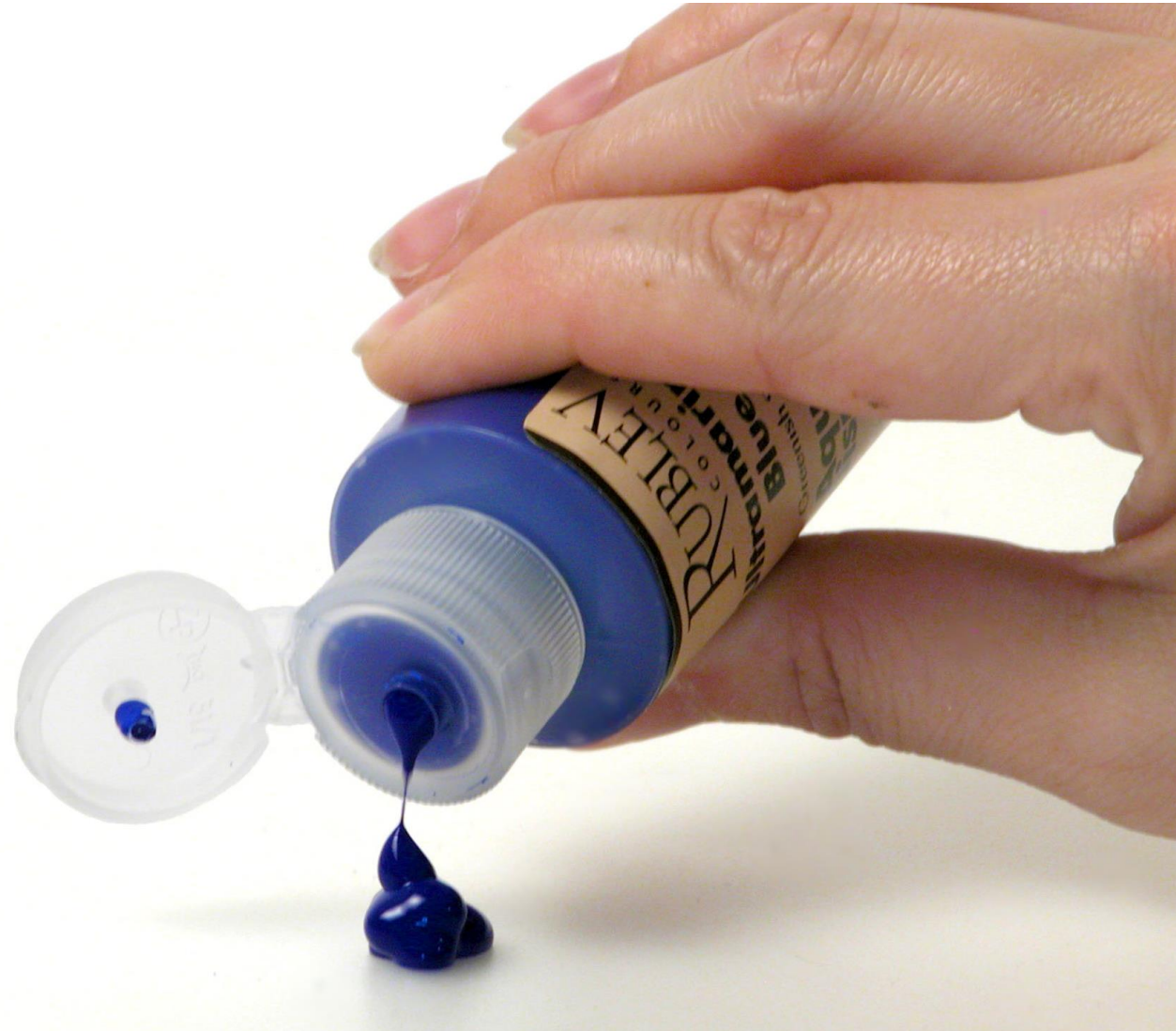
The act of making paint is an inspiration moment for me. It is so ancient. Colored dirt and a simple egg mixed together. How marvelous! Each time I am associated with those millions of unknown brethren who did the same, who made images on cave walls and later in churches and palaces and now with artists all over the world who have returned to this long forgotten medium. For those of you who might be interested Egg Tempera, I'll digress into a few slides that illustrate the process.



Pigments come from many sources but the most common is found in the earth. Various minerals leach into the soil, coloring it. This is where “earth colors” come from! They are the Siennas, Umbers, and various blacks. This photograph is in Southern France, in the Luberon Mountains where humans have been excavating for colored earths since Cro-Magnon men roamed this area looking for colors for their cave walls.



Today we have many sources of pigments, including various chemical processes to make these wonderful colors. We are lucky to have manufacturers of pigments that grind them into fine powders that we can use in making our paint, without a lot of prep work.



A wonderful alternative to using raw pigment is this bottle that contains pigment, water and secret ingredients to hold it in suspension. I use these all the time, as working with raw pigments can harm your lungs unless you use respirator masks.



Working with Pigments. This must be the most unflattering photo ever taken of me. Who took it? Oh I forgot, I did as a selfie.



Separate the egg yolk from the white. My preference is to do this by letting the white run through my fingers. We do break the yolks regularly. It is not for everyone, as some people hate that hands-on technique



There are several ways to get the egg yolk out of the yolk sac, and this one is the most delicate, as the yolk can easily break all over the counter. I use a toothpick to pierce the sac and let the egg yolk drip into the jar. I should add that there are other, easier ways to do this operation.



Add distilled or spring water, about the same amount as the egg yolk and shake it up. This creates an emulsion. Remember your high school chemistry?



The colors in the ceramic palette have been previously prepared with water to make what we call pigment pastes. These last indefinitely. A tiny amount is put into each well, and with an eye dropper an equal amount of egg emulsion is added and stirred. We have now made paint. The egg is the binder or glue to make the pigment molecules stick to each other and to the surface we are painting



Most Egg Temperas are worked on a rigid panel coated with real gesso, not acrylic gesso. The surface is smooth but absorbent. The paint is applied in very thin layers, sometimes as many as 40 to a painting. At this point it looks awful



After more layers it looks a bit better. In this painting I used a burnt sienna underpainting under the green. The complimentary colors set up a lovely fusion in the final painting. There are many more layers to go. Obsessives like me, love this process.



And finally, the painting *Green Bell Pepper Egg* Tempera 6 x 8 finished in 2007. This was the first painting that hooked me into painting 58 paintings (so far) of seeds of fruits and vegetables. I called it the "Seed Series" at first but that seemed lame, and so it was renamed the Genesis Series which is what it is about. One day I was cutting up this green pepper for dinner and I was astounded to look at it. A marvel of engineering. All those seeds, so neat, but not too orderly. I ran for the camera, delaying dinner, and shot quite a few pictures of this amazing sight.



Chinese Bitter Melon
Egg Tempera 6x8 2017



Okra Egg Tempera 6 x 8 2012.



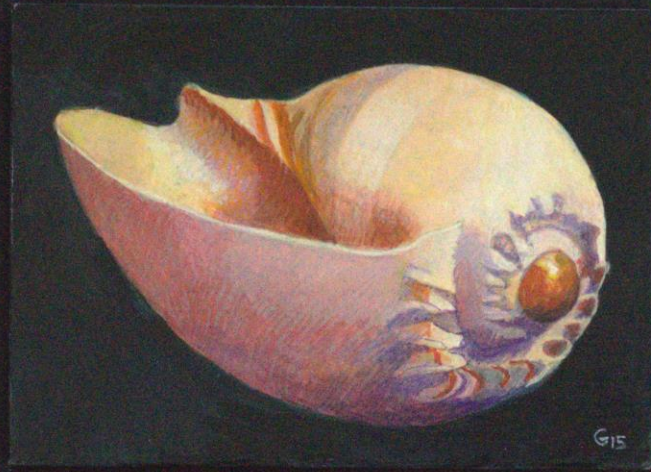
Cucumber Egg Tempera 6 x 8 2010 I didn't know when I painted that Green Pepper that this obsession would eventually take me all over Tampa, looking for exotic vegetables and fruits in ethnic markets that specialize in produce from exotic places. I ran through everything in my local Publix market, and I was astonished to realize that so much in the produce department was unknown to me. I would check on my cell phone what the interior looked like so I could visualize the seeds. Then at home, the magic was in the cut. Sometimes, in frustration, I had to ask the fruit what would be the best cut. And I always got the voice telling me, "cut me this way". Conventionally slicing the cucumber wasn't thrilling, and after at least 150 photographs of slices, I cut it the long way, and there was my painting!



Avocado Egg Tempera 6 x 8 2008
Cut me this way, said the voice!
Amazing. I was speechless when I
opened it up and saw the universe
in front of me.

SHELLS

In today's world we would say "Shells are Awesome!"



Divinum Spiralem Egg Tempera each 3x5 2014-2015.

Shells were another obsession that started in my childhood when my Grandmother took me and my mother to Sanibel each year for spring vacation. I was, maybe 10, when an older gentleman took me under his wing and introduced me to the magic of shells and a cup of coffee before we hit the beach at dawn. Finding something rare on those Sanibel beaches was something to live for year to year and I collected so many we finally had to let some of them go. Life has a way of forcing us to jettison sacred objects from our lives, but lucky me. I get to paint them and have them live forever.



The Divine Spiral Series Oil on Canvas each 12 x 16 2018 I am enthralled by these objects for their beauty, for their architecture and coloring, and for the unbelievable mathematical arrangement of the spiral.

AND THEN THERE ARE
APPLES

Apples? So what's with Apples?



1974



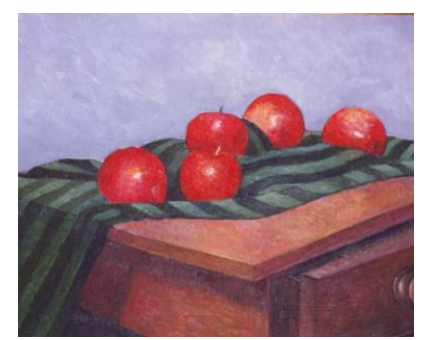
1974



1982



1999



1999



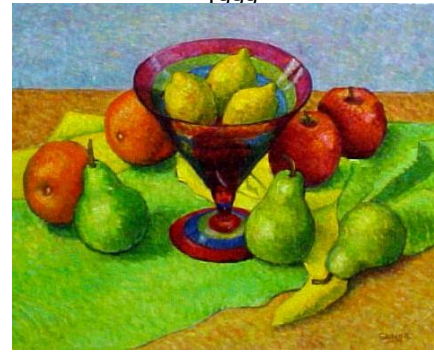
2001



2002



2003



2004



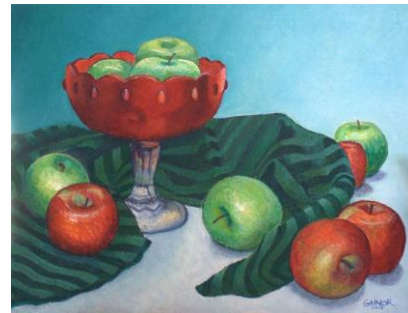
2005



2007



2011



2014



2017

I call this “A Retrospective of Apples”. I don’t know if it is true, but I recall someone reported, that Cézanne said, “if you can paint apples you can paint anything”! If its not true, he should have said it. And now I have said it!



Apples in a Red Glass Bowl Oil on Canvas 14 x 18 2014



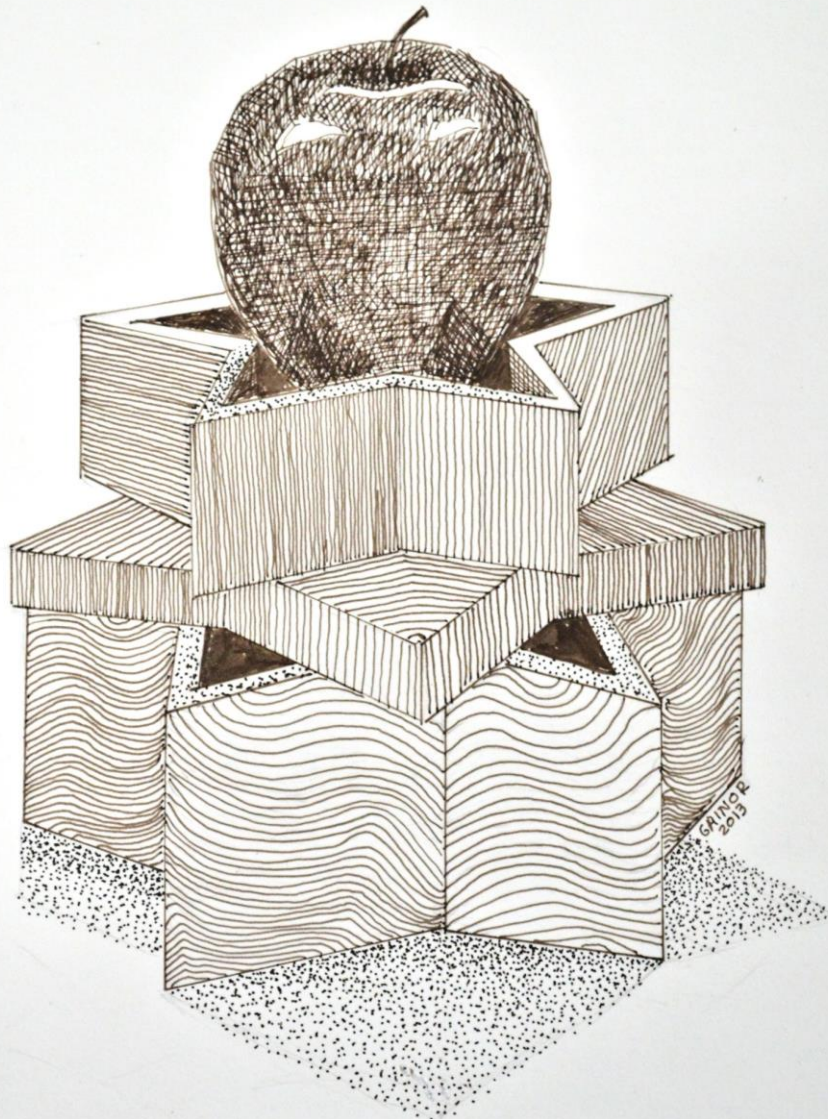
Three Yellow Apples Pastel 12 x 16 2005



Red and Green Still Life Oil on Canvas 12 x 24 2017 Apples are so earthy, so beautiful and simple, but fiendishly difficult to paint. They reflect, and they hide, and they have such a life of their own. They seem almost human. I love to paint apples because I can make a painting using complimentary colors of red and green, yellow and purple, and all that seems to be such a happy marriage of form, color, content, and shadows.



I don't know why the "star" shape is so thrilling to me. I have used it over and over in paintings and drawings. I will show you a few



An Apple a Day
Keeps The Stars In Line

*An Apple a Day keeps the Stars in
Line* Sepia Ink on Bristol Plate
16 x 20 2013



Pine Cone and the Stars Silverpoint on Plike Paper 11 x 7 2018. This paper is new to me, although it has been around for awhile, I couldn't find out when it was first introduced. It is very versatile and has amazing uses for all kinds of art projects. Plike is a name derived from "plastic-like," has a smooth touch evocative of both plastic and rubber and for silverpoint it is great because it doesn't require the application of a ground like gesso to make the silverpoint marks show up. I love working on it! Silverpoint is simply one of several metals that will make a mark on special paper and was used extensively by all artists before pencils showed up.



Stars! Graphite and chalk on blue laid paper 8 x 10 2008



Sweetreats Series: All three are Oil on Linen 16 x 20 2011



Candyfest



Cakefest



Muffinfest



It's not every artist that has a pet that wants to be your model. My Korat cat, Miss Puss just can not resist posing for me, even when I don't want her to. But the series was hatched when she took up quite a few poses with flower arrangements. And obsessive me, I couldn't stop bringing in the flowers to see what she would give me for a pose. Here are some of those paintings along with a few others that she gave me.



*Miss Puss and the Fallen
Flower*

oil on canvas
20 x 20 2012



Miss Puss and the Roses
Oil on Canvas 18 x 24 2013



Miss Puss and the Spider Mums
Oil on Canvas 20 x 20 2012



Miss Puss and the Sunflowers
Oil on Canvas 20 x 20 2012



Miss Puss thinks she is a Gift Graphite on Rives BFK paper 2013



*This is MY game and YOU are
My Pawn*

Oil on Canvas
20 x 20 2012

ERINOR
2012

**AND FINALLY THERE ARE
CLOUDS**



Thunderstorm Coming



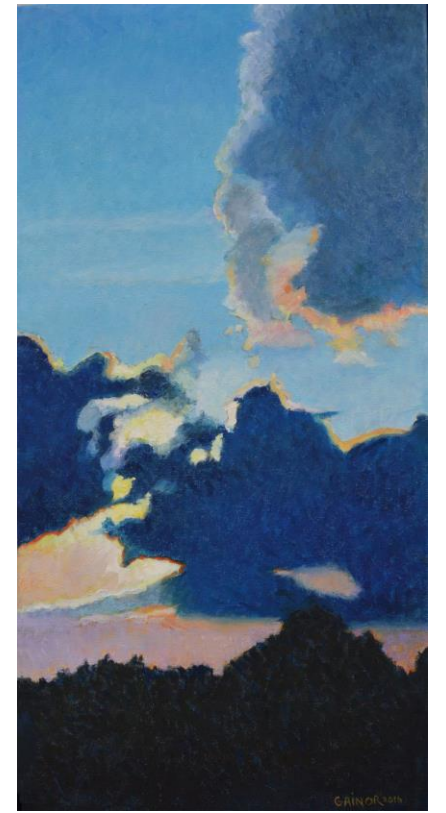
Silver Linings



Ominous Overhead



Early Moring Flight



Evening Drama

THE SKYSCAPE SERIES

I started watching clouds when I was a toddler. I can remember summers in Connecticut where the kids would gather on one of those warm boulders and we would all lie down watching the sky. It was totally amazing. There was a zoo of animals up there; elephants, monkeys, chickens. I don't lie down anymore but I'm not the safest driver on the road when the sky is filled with wonder. Now in my 70s I am a member of the Cloud Appreciation Society, a British website, and each day they send me a photo of a cloud. It is a luxury I can't do without.



A Patch of Blue Egg Tempera
on Panel 12 x 12 2016.

The BIG thrill of this painting
was the use of some beautiful
Lapis Lazuli pigment, given to
me by one of my students.
Lapis Lazuli is the gemstone
that is ground up to make the
pigment. It costs more than
gold!



THE ROCK



THE PIGMENT

A digression about Lapis. At the end of the Middle Ages, lapis lazuli began to be exported to Europe from mines in Afghanistan, where it was ground into powder and made into ultramarine, the finest and most expensive of all blue pigments. The process of extraction involved grinding the stone into a fine powder, infusing the deposits with melted wax, oils, and pine resin, and then kneading the product in a dilute lye solution. It was used by some of the most important artists of the Renaissance and Baroque, and it was often reserved for the clothing of the central figures of their paintings, especially the Virgin Mary. Ultramarine means “across the sea” or “beyond the sea”. Thanks to various brilliant chemists and physicists in the 19th century we have in our modern paint boxes Ultramarine that is made synthetically by complex chemical and physical means and it is now one of the cheaper pigments.



Back to Clouds Catching Ordinary Fish and Rare Clouds oil on canvas 24 x 29 2018 This was another obsession and it is too long to describe here but I will tell you that those clouds are called Kelvin Helmholtz and are very rare. I was beside myself when I saw them in Tavares Florida and nearly had a nervous breakdown trying to capture them on my cellphone. What you see in this painting is a composite of the clouds, a different landscape and some people in a dingy fishing, compliments of google images.



Palm at Dawn Monotype 8 x10 2007



Orange Clouds Watercolor 4 x 6 2002 I used watercolor to study the cross-hatched methods the Egg Tempera artists. I quickly tired of this approach and set myself up, that same year, with pigments, panels and a few books of instruction in Egg Tempera. I seldom do watercolors any more.



Eclipse of the Tides Oil on Canvas 24 x 30 1994 The title has to do with a very peculiar dream I had



Sky Oil size unknown 2002 The best part of Florida is the sky. I never get tired of it.



Evening Cloudscape I and II Oil on linen 16x20 2016

ARTIST STATEMENT

My biggest thrill as an artist is to evoke emotion from you. I love the drama of light raking across a vase, a face, a nude, the folds of cloth, or the peel of an orange. When I paint I want to stop time on the canvas and set before you a fleeting second that becomes transcendent and timeless. I see in the ever-changing landscape myriads of colors, shapes, folds, and these are breathtaking when looked upon closely. My paintings range across several subjects: landscapes, still life, portraits, but they all start at that same place, that moment when the flicker of light in a shadowed eye transmits a unique look in a portrait, or the way the way the fabric drapes into multiple folds, never to be that way again, or the clouds as they pile up on each other on a summer's day radiating the full spectrum of color through the prism of the atmosphere. I want to grab you with color and light and make you laugh, cry, or even get angry when you view one of my paintings. I am rooted in realism, both Impressionism and more academic painting as well, although I explore abstract themes in some of my paintings. I work in oil, watercolor, pastel and egg tempera, using traditional painting materials and methods. I am in love with color.

Once when I was applying for an Artist Residency, I was told that I had to have an Artist Statement. I asked, "What's That?" "Well, its what inspires you in your paintings", my friend said. OK, that shouldn't be too hard, I thought. However I didn't get the residency, and nothing was said about my Artist Statement. So here it is, illustrated with my paintings.



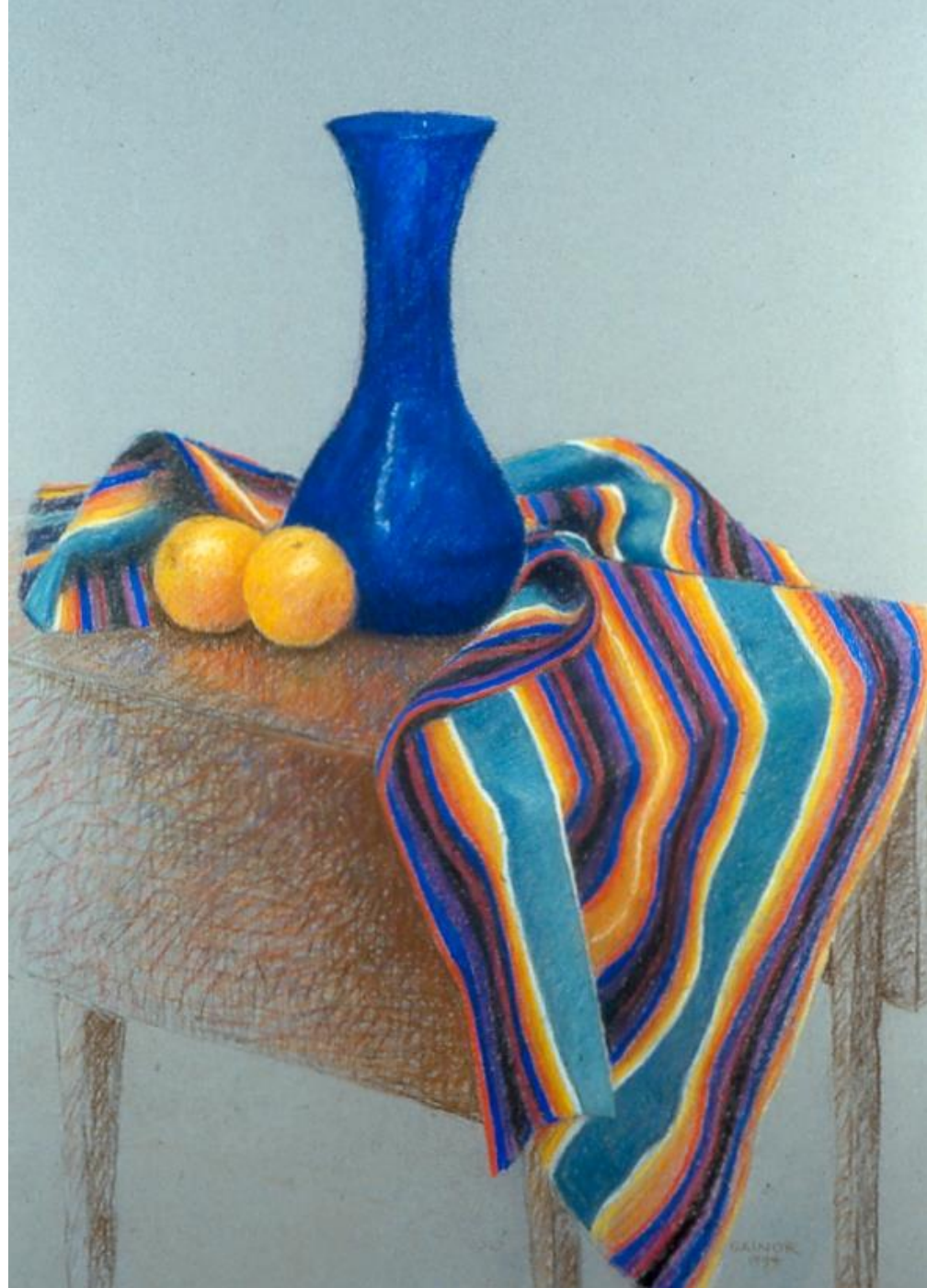
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a face



a nude



the folds of cloth



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A scenic view of a forested valley with a rainbow in the sky. The foreground is filled with lush green trees, and the background shows rolling hills covered in dense forest. A vibrant rainbow arches across the sky, adding a touch of magic to the landscape.

**THANK YOU FOR BEING WITH
ME ON THIS SPECIAL JOURNEY**
Gainor