

whatup

jun29-jul20 Brooklyn Watercolor Society Exhibit

Kingsborough Community College. 2001 Oriental Boulevard. Brooklyn. www.bws.org

jul15-aug28 Small Works Show

440 Gallery. 440 Sixth Avenue, Park Slope, Brooklyn. 718.788.2349

jul17,24,31,aug7 Sketchbook Journaling

Brooklyn Botanic Garden. www.bbg.org

jul16-aug20 Earth Art Show

BWAC. 499 Van Brunt Street, Red Hook, Brooklyn. www.bwac.com

sep11,18,25,oct9 Sunday Fall Watercolors

Brooklyn Botanic Garden. www.bbg.org

oct15 Make Your Own Nature Journal

Brooklyn Botanic Garden. www.bbg.org

oct16,23,nov13,20 Sketchbook Journaling

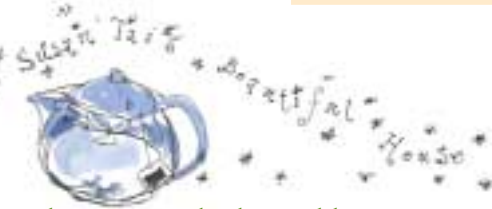
Brooklyn Botanic Garden. www.bbg.org

nov2,9,16,23 Fall Portraits

Brooklyn Botanic Garden. www.bbg.org

www.nancarey.com

Barbara hills, affords a view of the Channel Islands, lying dreamy and blue in the Pacific. . . Sally knew all the best spots (she's savvy in NYC, too), not just the well-known ones like Montecito, Los Olivos and Thousand Steps Beach, but D'Angelo's for morning lattes and Super Cuca's for a delicious, cheap lunch. . . Strolling in the Santa Barbara Botanical Garden, **NAN** watched as Patrick



Doherty created a house-like structure of willow branches, for his site-specific project *Where There's a Willow, There's a Way*. It rained of course. On the news every night houses slid down the California hills. . . Still, **NAN** longs to return west someday to California.

How **NAN Met SALLY or 1° of Separation*

NAN first met Sally at Monte Allen's Karate dojo where R goes. Her family is from West Hartford, where **NAN's** sister Joanie lives, and Sally's father George was Joanie's children's orthodontist . . . Sally and **NAN** both went to Rhode Island School of Design.



summer 2005 Each winter morning **NAN** walks to the skating rink in Prospect Park is different. The season starts out temperate, and hopes are high that it will stay that way (winter 2002 did). But the first frigid blast from Canada dashes those hopes. You get used to it. Anyway, by February, the red-winged blackbirds are back and trilling and Mary points out yellow-bellied sapsuckers in the trees around the rink. . . Spring, yes, well . . . And now it's summer (when **NAN** finally gets around to working on **NAN**). The rink is a platter of hot cement in the baking sun. The ice that was on the lake has melted; it's now coated with lime-green duckweed. It's time for a ride on the electric boat, but alas, there's no Captain Pierre to steer the ship this year — he's gone on to bluer waters (Shelter Island perhaps?). . . Back in February,

NAN traveled to Santa Barbara, staying with Sally Mara Sturman* and her family. Despite the fact that it rained torrentially the entire week, it was a good trip. Let **NAN** explain: when Sally and **NAN** drove up (that is Sally drove; **NAN** doesn't drive, or, at least, not lately) to Los Olivos (*Sideways* country) to paint in the California hills, it rained; cruising around Monecito (Oprah country), it rained. And yes, when they were painting at Thousand Steps (234 actually) Beach, it rained. But they didn't let it stop them from making some art. And to **NAN**, the rain only seemed to enhance Santa Barbara's tropical beauty. Imagine: gathering lemons from a backyard tree in winter! . . . Soon after **NAN** returned, a cat joined the household. Still unnamed, the little furball needs a moniker. (See page 7 for further details and a picture.)

and the Fall of Madame X Deborah Davis Louise Bourgeois Destruction of the Father, Reconstruction of the Father



Apple with a Heart.5.27.05

What **NAN** is reading **Strapless: John Singer Sargent**

Wednesdays, 6:30 - 9:30; \$10 members, \$12, non-members. 98 4th Street, Brooklyn. 718.858.9069. brooklyn artist gym.com. It's cool. You'll like it.

When spring brought warm weather at last, **NAN** and artist Martha Antaya went plein airing out in Prospect Park. Martha introduced **NAN** to a great spot — the Pier 44 Waterfront Garden, which adjoins the Waterfont Museum and Showboat Barge in Red Hook. The vista of New York Harbor is breathtaking and — look! over there! Lady Liberty is waving to you standing over here in Brooklyn . . . And say, if you're in the mood for pie (and who wouldn't be?), Steve's Real Key Lime Pie company makes and sells its wares right there on Pier 44. Yum.

of feline figure drawings. Incidentally, Cat is a very good model.

On the subject of figure drawing, BAG (Brooklyn Artists Gym) now offers sketching sessions on Mondays and

Be regular and orderly in your life so that you may be wild and original in your work.
Gustav Flaubert

nework

december-june

while teaching an Introduction to Watercolor class at the Botanic Garden in April, **NAN** discovered a new way to Make Art by experimenting with watercolor and collage. First, you try all the watercolor



Landscape. 10x7. watercolor collage. 10.30.03

techniques you know (wet-on-wet, dry-on-dry and variations in between) and some you don't (using textured materials and implements to apply, mask or scrub off color). After that, you tear the painted

paper into strips of varying sizes, then arrange them into interesting configurations. Finally, glue the painted strips onto boards. Some of the finished "paintings" wanted to be landscapes, while others

said, "put me into a patchwork quilt." Let the medium be your muse.

NAN has also been making daily ink drawings of her as-yet unnamed pet, on a rice paper scroll. It's a Cat-alog — a diary

name that cat

Cat has been living chez **NAN** since late March, but still has no definite name yet. Kitty Cat, Pretty Girl, Shorty, Smokey and Annette's suggestion, Rosie (because she like to chase rosehips) have been bandied about, but nothing has really stuck. Some facts: she was given to Joey by Janine, a girl from school; somehow, despite previous allergies, Joey has been able to tolerate this Cat in the house. She's about a year old. She likes to eat and chase things (in that order), like rose hips and little balls of aluminum foil. She has pretty amber eyes, white eyeliner, black lipstick, pearl gray striped pajamas, white knee sox and finger gloves (pretty hot in summer). She's affectionate, up to a point: she'll rub against your leg — when she



Cat and asparagus, 2005

wants to get fed — or keel over sideways on the floor for a full belly rub, but she won't sit in your lap or jump up on the bed to be with you. She's infatuated with Joey, and at night, when he goes to bed, she lies outside his bedroom, one beseeching paw under the door. And like most cats, she is very curious.

Santa Barbara

It's been a while since **NAN's** been to California (many moons, in fact, but **NAN** won't reveal the exact number of moons). It seemed more paradisaical than she'd remembered it. And how sublime it was to be there in February when the really cold northeast winter had just begun. Even LAX looked good — modern white architecture against a backdrop of blue sky and blazing flowers. From the airport, you take the bus to Santa Barbara. North of LA, round hills rise up green and close; at Ventura, the hills drop back to

reveal The Pacific, shimmering in the western sun. Summerland, San Ysidro, Cabrillo Beach. . . *Santa Barbara* at last. It rained that first day. It continued to rain, at varying strengths and lengths, throughout the week. But rain in Santa



Barbara — falling on palm, orange and lemon trees, birds of paradise, lilies, sunflowers, calla lilies and purple wisteria — was quite different from rain in will-spring-ever-come New York City. . . **NAN** stayed



with Sally and Sally's parents in a house overlooking Mission Santa Barbara. The Sturmans were very gracious: Sally's lovely parents Adrienne and George, brilliant brother Peter and sister-in-law Hui Shu (also both wonderful cooks) and their extraordinary children Leanne and O'O. **NAN** even got to meet the Los Angeles branch of the family, including fabulous cousin Penny. Susan Tai, a family friend, was utterly charming, too. She invited Sally and **NAN** out to lunch, and



afterwards, to see *Birds and Flowers: Japanese Woodblock Prints*, an exhibit she had curated at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. Susan also had Sally and **NAN** over for high tea. Her spectacular house, perched high in the Santa