



Wolfgang Busse • "Foggy Shore" • Oil on linen canvas • 18" x 24"

## Song to A Seagull

I REMEMBER ROWBOATS ... the one up at Fernwold, Aunt Kate's place in Antrim, New Hampshire. Every year when June rolled around, Dad took me up to Antrim, and we'd spend most of the weekend in the old garage as he painted the big white rowboat. He gave me a putty knife and a small paintbrush so I could repair some of the peeled spots. Next day, the boat was ready to launch. Mr. White showed up with his boat trailer attached to his pickup truck, and brought the boat down to the lake.

Dad put in the oarlocks, stashed our picnic lunch under the seat, and off we went across the lake, watching the mountain scene around us change with each stroke of the oars. The sun was warm on my skin, and the air was perfumed with the smell of the long-needle pines. E. B. White wrote about the sound that a rowboat makes ... "as the water chucks it under its chin".

Many years later, I moved to Cape Cod. I loved the charm of its towns and the wild beauty of its outer coast. But the salt water gave me pause. In Antrim, the lake water was crystal clear — so clean and sweet that no shower was needed after swimming. And there were never any birds trying to steal our picnic lunch!

The Cape was heaven for gulls. And I came to admire them. I sat on the sand in Wellfleet and watched them tapping at a clamshell as the waves tickled their feet. I rose at dawn and saw the fishing boats sail out from Chatham Harbor, followed by gulls looking for scraps. I walked along the unpeopled shore of Monomoy, and the gulls ignored me. Seals had begun to migrate to the island, and I decided to go on one of the new seal-watching jaunts. The boat was large enough for 15 passengers, but too big to fit into the narrow channels around Monomoy. So I had to remove

### GALLERY HOURS

WED THU FRI  
Noon to 4pm

SAT 11-2p.m.

or by appointment.  
Call 790-7003



Jamie Wyeth is probably the world's most famous painter of seagulls. See his incredible series "Seven Deadly Sins"



my shoes and socks to walk the few steps through icy ocean water to the rowboat that ferried me out to the seal watch boat. Several gulls followed us, floating effortlessly on the wind currents, hardly moving their wings. The sunbeams ricocheted off their wings, the feathers blinding white against the bright blue sky.



FERNWOLD, at the top of White Birch Point in Antrim, New Hampshire.

## ART WALK \* SAT., JULY 13 4-7 P.M.

Join us for a sip of wine and some fine little feasts and check out our artwork.

9 Friendship Road ■ Waldoboro ■ 790-1427  
www.mcgroryandwolf.com

WALKIN' THE DOG



**SADIE** lives right across the street from us. She is a rescue dog, and loves to visit our yard.



**MOO** is a handsome Cavalier King Spaniel who loves walking down our tree-lined street with Val.



**SAFFIE** is Jim's loyal companion. She looks like she's mostly Lab, and is very gentle.

...ALL OUR CANINE NEIGHBORS. MOST FOLKS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE DOGS. AND THEY WALK THEM FAITHFULLY EVERY DAY. AND THEY ALL KNOW OURS IS THE HOUSE WITH THE MILK-BONES.



Wolfgang Busse • "Cresting A Wave" • Oil on linen canvas • 18" x 24"

## Cresting A Wave

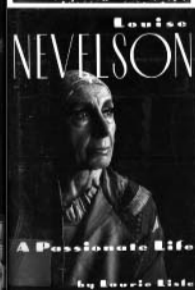
## Loving LOUISE

WORK IN PROGRESS



### THANKS!!

Thanks to all the folks who came to our June Art Walk. Best attendance ever. Do join us this Friday evening, July 13 from 4 to 7 p.m. for our tasty spread of hors d'oeuvres including Smoked Salmon Mini Phyllo Cups; Shrimp Cocktail, Gourmet Cheese and Carr's crisp crackers with sliced summer salami; crunchy pretzels; tortilla chips and salsa, and white and rosé wines. All of this, and smiling faces, soft music and nifty artwork. Perfect idea for a fun summer evening out!



I have always been a big fan of Louise Nevelson. Last fall, the Farnsworth Museum had a small exhibit of some of her sculptures, accompanied by wonderful photos of her work in a terrific video with Pedro Guerrero, her favorite photographer. I watched the video twice, entranced by the elegant shapes and the massive size of her installations. For years, she haunted the back alleys and dump sites of New York City, and patrolled the sidewalks on trash pickup days, collecting throwaways and turning them into fabulous sculptural arrangements that eventually wound up in art museums, and made her one of the most famous and esteemed artists of the twentieth century. She had an uncanny knack for placement — taking old chair legs, bannisters, spindles and bits of wood, and juxtaposing them into intricate designs with exquisite patterns of light and shadow.

Last year, I decided I'd like to do a portrait of her, and include samples of her sculptures framing the face. For months, I collected little twigs, interesting scraps of wood, and unusual little doodads here and there to mimic the shapeliness in her work. For a variety of spindles, bannisters and chair legs, I scoured dollhouse catalogs for furniture parts and decorative moldings. The project is about 60% done, and I hope to feature it for our August Art Walk. Stay tuned!