



Wolfgang's Latest Masterpiece *by Polly McGrory*



WALDOBORO — “I think my next painting is going to be of a sailboat at sunset.” Wolfgang is sitting at the kitchen table sketching on a small yellow legal pad. Straight line across the middle for the horizon line between sea and sky. Long strokes across the sky for dusky clouds. Circle in the middle for the sun and a triangle just below it for the sailboat. Straight dark lines at left for rigging of a larger vessel in the foreground. Simple composition, and yet another picture of the sea.

“That’s nice, dear,” I mumble, and get out the dog food with last night’s dinner scraps for Max’s breakfast. Mix them with a bit of kibble, some broth. Quick 15-second nuke in the microwave. Max dives in, his enthusiasm matched by his speed. For myself, a bowl of Cheerios. As I crunch away working on the daily crossword, Wolf heads for his computer. He spends hours looking at various boats, rigging and sunsets, and comes up with his plan.

“Do we have a 20 x 30 canvas?” he asks hopefully. “Yup,” I answer, pointing to the stack of canvases in the corner. I have noticed that his paintings are getting larger with each succeeding masterpiece. Before the day is done, he’s got the whole scene blocked in, from the smoky blue of

the clouds to the bright orangey gold of the sun’s rays.

A few days later, the scene is taking shape. Details bring out the golden glint of the setting sun as it lights up the sky and the sails, and bounces off the waves.

“What about the complementary blue-and-orange color scheme?” I inquire.

“A happy accident,” he chuckles.

“Oh, I thought you did that on purpose.”

“Of COURSE I did!” he blusters in his charmingly argumentative way.

For two weeks, he works on the new painting. Two hours in the morning. Back for an hour or two in the afternoon, maybe a few minutes after supper, one more go-round later in the evening. The schooner’s sails take on an ethereal glow. He uses the clever trick of a fine orange edge on the rigging, making it seem kissed by the sun’s flame. The sea’s twilight color is deepened. He titles it “The Homecoming”.

We decide to put it in the window of the Gallery, the first painting to have that prestigious spot. I tell him we should have him give a little talk on the creation of this beautiful, evocative painting.

He says, “Why don’t you just write a story about it instead?”

PARTY OF THE MONTH

WBA Meeting

January 31 @ M@G & W

Way back in October, we got a call from Jeff. “Hey, how would you like to host a meeting of the WBA?” he says.

Why, we’d just love it,” I reply. “What’s the WBA?” The Waldoboro Business Association, he informs me. Great group of folks, all business people in town, good for us to meet and greet. “And,” he says, “we can hold it at your gallery and I’ll do the food.” WOW! Now I *really* love the idea.

Get the floor back to gleaming by scrubbing away snowstorms’ salt. Install the ship model in the window. Set up folding chairs. Tables for the fabulous spread of bite-size gourmet delights from the Tavern’s staff. Everybody who is anybody showed up. Crystal was our glamorous Official Greeter, and brought her crew from sponsor Camden National Bank. Jeff was resplendent in his pale violet shirt and matching bow tie. The conversation was lively, and everybody was enthusiastic about our artwork. Official business of the meeting ensued at 6:30, lasting about 20 minutes, and everyone went back to enjoying the pleasure of the assembled company. A swell party indeed!

◆◆◆◆◆ Waldoboro’s Dynamic Duo ◆◆◆◆◆



A small note of BIG THANKS to Valerie G. for all her help.

at the Farnsworth



I love Louise. Spent 2 hours at the current show, and will go back again. Anyone else wanna come? Only a few large black sculptures, but lots of small pieces, and a knockout video. Photos by Pedro Guerrero. In a small intimate room. Runs through April 1st.



The Woodpile

WOODPILE

calls to me in September ... that’s that first chilly night, and I remember the sweet smell of the wood smoke curling from the chimney. We’ll have a fire tonight. In October, it’s a pleasant nightly ritual. By February, it stresses sense of survival even though it shrinks daily. The sculpture, like an ocean wave dying on the shore, disappears with the warmth of Spring.

CHRISTMAS 2017



Photo by DIANE KIMBALL

Finalist Award from Artist Magazine



CHINCOTEAGUE PONIES ON THE RUN ■ Oil on gessoed birch plywood panel
Size: 48" x 24" ■ Antique frame (outside measuring 54" x 30")

I've entered several art competitions over the years, and have never won anything. Those in the know tell me that the judges never pick an artist on the first try. 2017 was my **third** try at the Artist's Magazine Competition. And last year, I thought I might have a chance. My painting was big and bold and exciting. Four feet by 2 feet — the biggest canvas I had ever attempted. In sheer terror, I stood in front of this vast blank space, but I quickly discovered the joy of working large. I was crushed when a few of the summer galleries vetoed it because of their size limits. But then I heard from The Artist's magazine. "Congratulations on being a Finalist!" said the email. I can't wait till next year!

My friend Don Schroder took a spring-time trip down to Chincoteague Island on the Maryland/Virginia border. He sent me some riveting shots of the ponies cavorting around the offshore islands. One long shot caught my eye ... a small band of 12 horses trotting through the marsh grasses, their spotted coats a dazzling pattern of white and chocolate patches. The strongly horizontal composition intrigued me. This would have to be a LARGE painting — not only to catch the drama, but also to make sure the ponies were big enough that they weren't the size of little mice!

I had an old frame languishing in the attic. Found it years ago in a cleaning-out-the-cellar sale on Cape Cod for twenty bucks. Dragged it out. It was the right proportion. Hm-m-m what about the canvas? Looked in all the catalogs. Nope.

Nothing close to that size, and stretching my own is not one of my more noticeable talents.

Brainstorm! A birch panel cut to fit. One phone call later, it's E. L. Spear Building Supply to the rescue. Gorgeous smooth board, sized and 3 coats of gesso. Smoky blue underpainting, lacy abstract trees outlined in violet. Fields and bushes as backdrop. Then the fun part ... the wild ponies, manes flying, 12 different faces, and all those crazy patched coats. The grasses were dripped, scraped, knifed, washed, glazed sponged and stroked with a fine calligraphy brush. Done!

In December, when we opened our Gallery, it was the first painting to be hung, commanding the back wall. All those bright white patches on the ponies' coats caught the soft light filtering in through the tall windows.

SATURDAY
SATURDAY
SATURDAY
SATURDAY

*We love Saturdays!
It's our favorite day of the week.*

*Come celebrate Saturdays with us
and share some wine and cheese
and munchies.*

WINTER HOURS
Wed. - Sat.
Noon to 4p.m.
or by appointment
Call 790-7003
If it's snowing, please call
to make sure we're open.

BLUE HERON

This beautiful painting is by our friend Barbara Roberts, who frequently paints wildlife subjects. We remember her fabulous LARGE acrylic of a wide-eyed owl perched in a tree. It commanded an entire wall in a recent gallery exhibit. Barbara also does exceptional watercolor portraits, and we keep trying to convince her to hang some of her paintings on our walls. If you would like to see more of Barbara's work, send Wolf an email. wolfgang@pollyarts.com.



WANTED!!

Give me your tired, your poor, your old broken tables yearning to be repainted, and the wretched refuse of your teeming attic.

I'm always looking for SMALL TABLES with personality. I adore painted furniture, and I'm looking for a few potential discards. If you have any end tables, coffee tables or hallway tables that you no longer want and would like to get rid of, I'd love to have some to jazz up the gallery. I will pay up to \$20 for any candidates that strike my fancy.

