

Having trouble viewing this email? [Click here](#)



spring news from kate ::musings from the dehydrated::

May 2009

In This Issue

[getting lost](#)

[chelsea art walk](#)

[connective tissue](#)

Quick Links

[painting gallery](#)
[my blog](#)
[join my mailing list](#)

Dear Kate,

Well, here it is. The second quarterly email newsletter from yours truly to my friends, family and patrons who like me, enjoy the journey as much as the destination.

Links below allow you to forward, reply or unsubscribe.

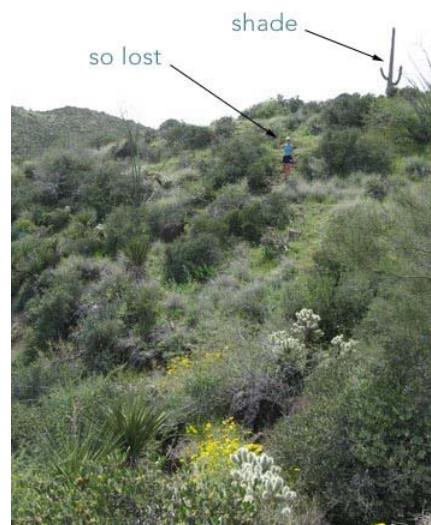
getting lost and dehydrated

...and realizing I'm on the right path.

A few months ago I got lost hiking Spur Cross Ranch Conservation Area in Cave Creek, Arizona. Today I got lost, metaphorically speaking, in my own neighborhood on a photo assignment. Both experiences were hot, a little nerve-wracking, and transformational.

In mid-March, my husband Skip and I began a simple hike in the middle of the day in 90 degree weather; each carrying a small bottle of water. Sounds like a recipe for disaster already, right?

A few miles into what was to be a 5 mile walk, we got bored with the broad horse trails and saying "hello" to other walkers and decided to venture onto the "primitive trail" -- an



alluring dotted line on the map that would take us out of the park, to the back side of a mountain, and into Tonto National Forest. I envisioned the cool, shaded forest of my East Coast childhood and a narrow, worn path.....

No. It turns out in Arizona, a dotted line on a map means "this is a path of small, ankle-twisting stones". And P.S. Kate; there is no "cool side" of a mountain at 1 pm in the desert. So, a simple 3 mile detour turned into a two hour tight rope walk.

After I'd run out of water, we'd wandered off the path for the third time, and we'd ceased joking about our predicament, I fell into a trance-like state. All I saw were circles! Rocks became the familiar bubbles and cell shapes of my paintings. The sky filled with water and I was moving underwater looking up at the mountains, as if they were ocean banks. My legs kept moving while my head went for a swim. Ah, the bliss of dehydration and physical exhaustion!

Today's walk, while certainly not as treacherous, similarly transported me out of my usual mindset and patterns. I took the roads less traveled on a loop from Chelsea to East Boston and back, making a conscious



decision to avoid my usual walking route and take every street I have never been on before. First off, I must admit I felt more out of place in my own neighborhood than any snake-infested desert. I was certainly the only white girl walking the streets with a camera and backpack. And I was the only person in the entire population of Chelsea/East Boston (and for that matter the United States) not patriotically grilling meat in honor of Memorial Day.

So a little out of my element and nervously downing a turbo-charged iced coffee, I scanned the sidewalks looking for cracks to photograph. (See my [blog posting](#) for images and explanation.) And then it happened. Like in the desert, I forgot about the dangers (yes, there was a man clearly strung out on drugs following me) and found my muse. Everything started relating to everything else. The cracks of the sidewalk in Eastie looked like the Levinthal map collection I'd studied the day before. The grass creeping up between the sidewalk and the side of a duplex was no different than the invasive multiflora rose returning again this spring to the barn, or the mother's persistence in finding a cure for her daughter's disease.

The power of life, the force of growth, change...they all continue no matter what. And those obstacles in our path? They're what make up living. It just takes a little getting lost to realize its all right here, on this path we're currently...Following that little dotted line on the map.





particle, pollen, spore #6 (detail) gouache on paper, 2009

chelsea art walk, may 30-31

Come get lost and see Chelsea in a whole new light. Nine sites including a few galleries, a synagogue and the New England Sculpture Service (a foundry) will be open this coming **Saturday and Sunday (May 30-31) from 12-6 pm** as part of Chelsea Art Walk. A free shuttle service is available so you don't get too lost. My newest oil on canvas painting, "Shhh, Blastulas" (detail top) is hanging in the **Gallery at Spencer Lofts**. Visit www.chelseartwalk.com for more information.

connective tissue, june 11 & 28

I'll be exhibiting a very tiny mixed-media piece/installation in the upcoming show Connective Tissue, a collaborative show of artists from East Boston and Chelsea. Join me at the closing or opening reception at the Gallery at Spencer Lofts. Or follow the progress of the piece on my [blog](#).

Opening reception: Thursday, June 11 6-9pm

Closing reception: Sunday, June 28 1-3pm

Gallery at Spencer Lofts

60 Dudley Street

Chelsea, MA 02150

www.galleryspencerlofts.com

new series and updated web pages

A new series of gouache paintings, "particle, pollen, spore", are now posted on the [painting gallery](#) of my website. New works are available for purchase through Paypal and many of the same paintings are also available as reproductions through my [ImageKind store](#).

May your water bottle always be half full.

~ Kate

info@kategilbertmiller.com

kategilbertmiller.com

[Forward email](#)

 **SafeUnsubscribe®**

This email was sent to info@kategilbertmiller.com by info@kategilbertmiller.com.
[Update Profile/Email Address](#) | Instant removal with [SafeUnsubscribe™](#) | [Privacy Policy](#).

Email Marketing by



Kate Gilbert Miller | 705 Al Harvey Road | Stonington | CT | 06378