

PETER BEARD
Fifty Years of Portraits

PETER



P.D. © Felix Palmer's 1900's Vermont house (1961)

BEARD

APRIL 19.20 →

JULY 4.20

2020

15 years of 29 Pieces.
The year of COVID-19.
Flourishing organization.
CDid I ever think I'd say
those words?

20 years since David
M. Multy was murdered
in front of our home.

And there's a loose end.
A loose end that I
can't stop thinking
about.

There's a fray in
the tight and beautiful
tapestry of 29 Pieces →

born in tragedy —
a death

The work of the
organization blossomed
& steadily, was
beautifully

But not all
those in roll call
had the particular
set of circumstances
to allow them to
rocket out of the
pain.

punctuate

By the grace of God,
the practice of deep
focus, in deep concen-
tration on sacred
passages came into
my life.

It renewed me,
gave me a rocket
burst, a big bang
of creative energy.
It gave me hope,
comfort, structure,
direction and peace.

But while I was
sorting through the

painful conclusions
of ONE Bullet
Human Nature
Lust for violence
Poverty
Racial Division
Socio-economic
division
Gun love
Mach. bullshit +
theatricality

and slowly discerning
a direction, with
the miraculous
blessing of a sacred

practice, others
in this chapter
had different
stories to tell.

Tom Huang —
the editor I worked with
on ONE BULLET,
has given me the go
ahead to see if
there's a story in
Brandon Woodward.

The shooter —
Diomedes Titus McNeal —
is out of jail + on
Facebook.

The other two —
Keith and — served

very short terms and
have been free for
years.

The McNulty family
moved on, sort of.
Gordon unmarried -

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Matt, Josh + Jacob
have careers.

Peter died of an
overdose while living
in NYC.

Jonathan - I've
written about. Still
the one who escaped

the family expectations,
I wrote about my
encounter with Jonathan
on Christmas night
at Toulouse. 2019.

But Brandon
Woodard pays
the price.

Matt
Josh
Peter
Josh
Jacob

David He is still
in prison.

If memory serves,
Brandon was
offered a 7 year
plea deal, would not
take it and insisted
he was innocent, went

to trial, and the jury didn't like him. By Texas law, he was party to a capital murder and he was sentenced to life in prison.

At the time of writing ONE Bullet, I remember thinking that's crazy. That's not right or fair.

About a year ago, I heard from Lagitt Woodard - Brandon's cousin.

Two times I've

offered to meet with her, and two times she's flaked out.

At the time of working on ONE Bullet and then the publication, I was DONE after the story published. I'd spent three years in the world of the theatrics of violence, the utter, authentic grief of family & loved ones of David McNulty, and the

pair of the Shooter's
mother.

It was dark. It
was heavy. It was
real.

And I wanted to
turn the page &
close all chapters
of that book.

But now — 20
years later — I find
myself curious about
this unwritten chapter.
This neglected
chapter.

I remember hearing
that Brandon came
from a chaotic home
life — couch surfing,

Is my ^{memory}
correct?

Neglected then,
Neglected now.

But — release

sentimentality

What are the questions?
Who was Brandon?
Who was the attorney?
What was the lead
up to trial?
Judge? Sentencing?

What has the family done?

What is current Texas law?

How do I find police + court records?

Why am I doing this?

Because of an unsettled feeling of a loose end a chapter of the story missing.

An unfinished chapter.

4.19.20.

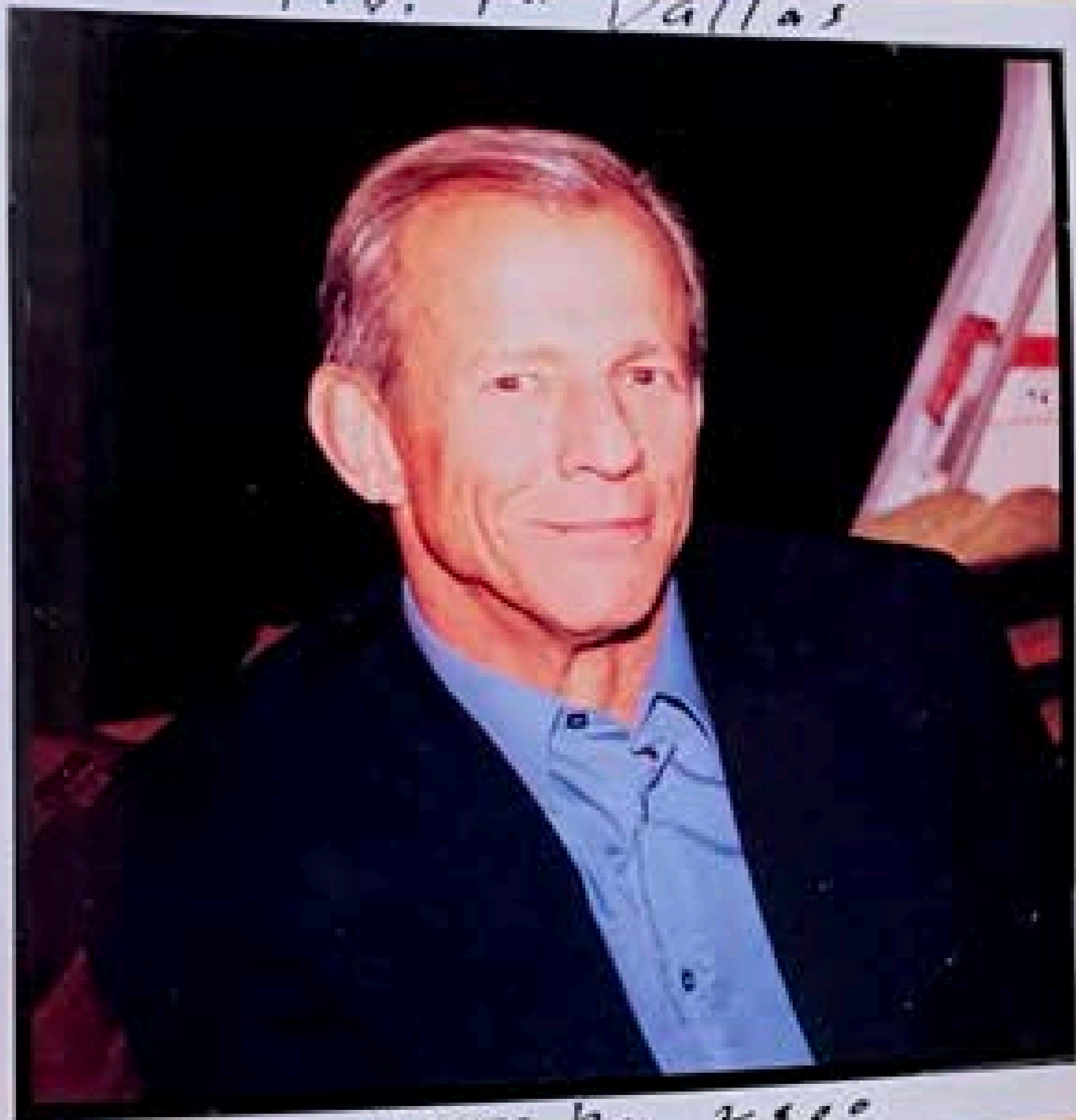
Finished the \$ Tips for Phoebe and sent them to her.

Worked on bullet points for the 5 people I've asked to do reference letters for the Purpose Prize from AARP.

Honoring P B

This journal began without a theme. It's been hijacked by the

P.B. in Dallas



November 2000

disappearance & death of Peter Beard. One of my artist heroes. Memories of my encounters with him came to life - the only artist here of mine that I ever met or spoke to. Now this journal

4.20.20

Peter Beard's body was found in a forest near Montauk, NY.

I've pitched a story idea to the DMN - to do a piece on meeting your hero. It's not always a disappointment. In PB's case - it was the opposite.

If it happens, I will have to shift gears quickly.

is about Peter Beard

Meeting our heroes can be a disappointment, but Peter Beard lived a life of his own invention before walking into the Beyond

On April 19, the celebrated artist and photographer Peter Beard was found dead in the woods near his home on Long Island. He had been missing for nearly three weeks. Beard, 82, suffered from dementia. In his prime, he was famous for his photographs (often presented in diary form with embellishments of paint and collage) of African wildlife and for capturing fashion's wild life for glossies such as *Vogue*.

His imagination was sparked early in life by the memoir *Out of Africa* by Karen Blixen, pen name Isak Dinesen, whom he would later photograph and befriend. He was also something of a playboy. He dated actress Candice Bergen, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' sister, Lee Radziwill, and had a brief marriage to model Cheryl Tiegs. But art was always his first love.

Beard was also a creative inspiration for Dallas artist and writer Karen Bleszen, a former *Dallas Morning News* journalist who in 1989 became the first graphic artist to win the Pulitzer Prize. In November 2000, Beard spent two days in Dallas for a screening of his film, *Hallelujah the Hills*, at the Inwood Theatre, as part of the Deep Ellum Film Festival, and for an exhibit of his work, "Fifty Years of Portraits," at the Boyd Gallery.

His death brought back memories of the three unexpected encounters Bleszen had with him in Dallas on that trip.

Christopher Wynn



Boyd Gallery

4.21.20

Lagita Woodard responded to me via Facebook messenger that the family is interested in working with me on Brandon's story.

It's good. I will need to be disciplined in working on it.

4.25.20

PB story is happening
Alchemical.

5.1.20 MAY DAY

In 1970 (fifty years ago)
I was a young college art
student in Nebraska.

In 1970, I was hungry
for a road map

In 1970, I was a
young art student in
Nebraska. A night out
was tomato beans + cheese
p. p. with friends

the
At end of March Peter
Beard disappeared from his
home in Montauk, NY. Peter
Beard - the artist, photographer,
impossibly handsome. His
talent, + life + energy
had always seemed super-
normal / supernatural to

me. I imagined that he
may have ascended,
been beamed up -
to the end, unlike us.

But that wasn't the
case. He too proved to
be mortal. He ~~was~~ was
82, and had walked
to woods near his home,
where his body was
found.

[] need to go deep
here.

Tom? observation.

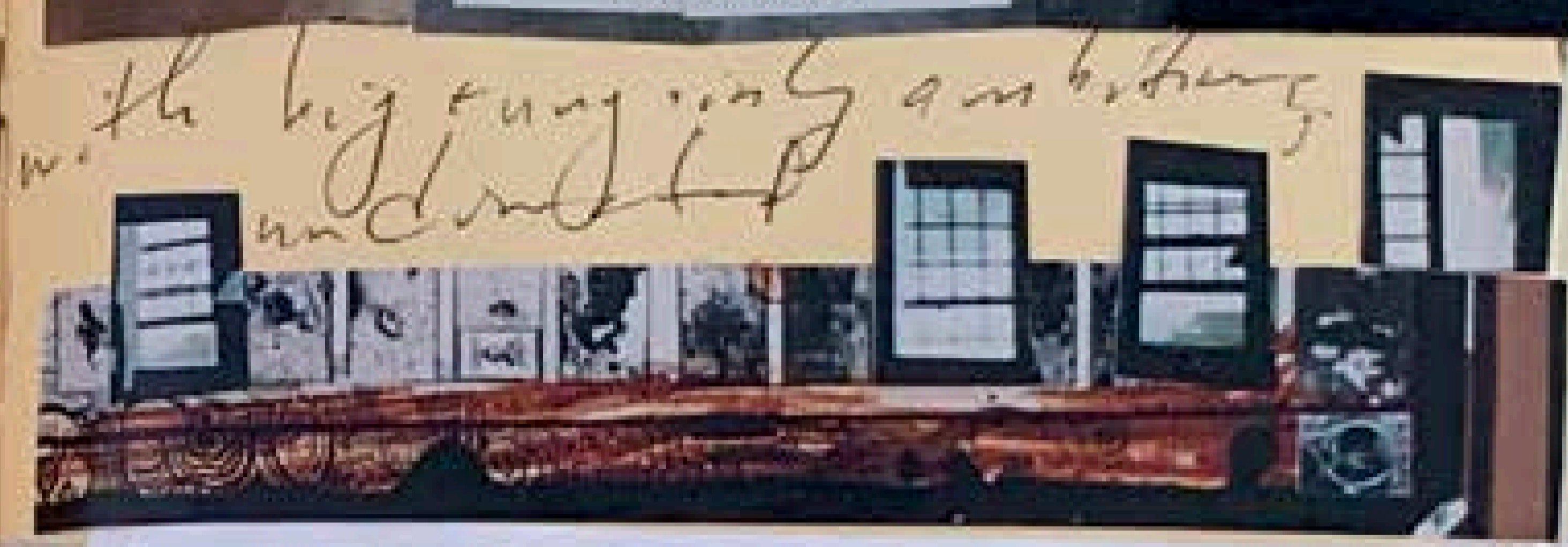
The artist + photographer
 Peter B. List captured
 my eye + imagination
 in 1970. (I know about
 never ^{know} ^{why} ^{it} ^{leeds} ^{to} ^{me}?)
 our ^{prob} ^{comp} ^{with} ^{his} ^{leeds} ^{to} ^{me}?
 was a young art
 student at UIC. A night
 out was fun to have +
 there popcorn at a bar.
 Once a month I'd get
 on a bus + glide past the
 corn + wheat fields to
 visit my parents in my
 small hometown.

rolling past the
 corn fields, cattle +
 pig lots.

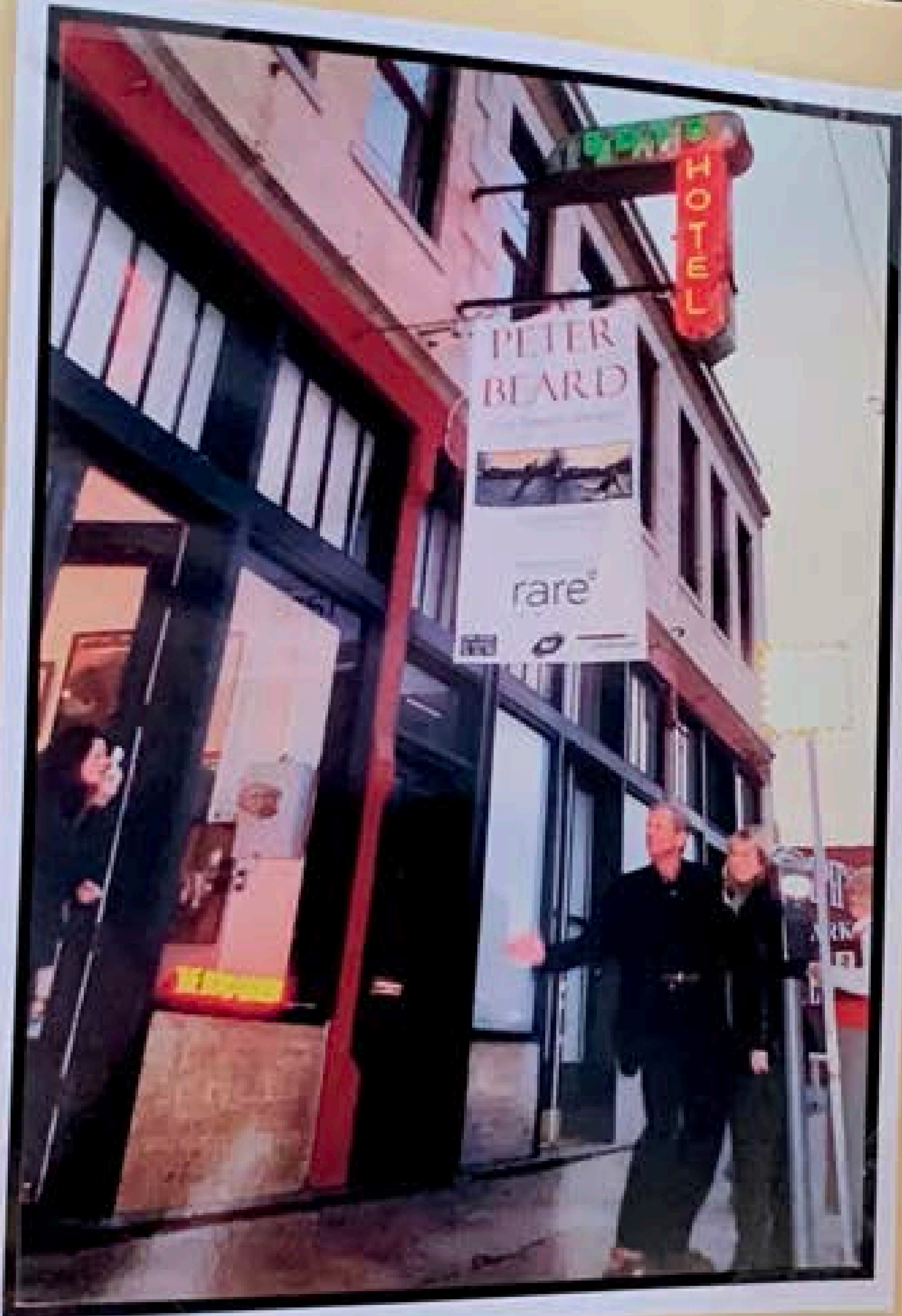
By KAREN BLESSEN
 Special Contributor

'Waking dream'

From the Journal of Karen Blessen,
 November 2000



"The Peter Beard exhibit at the Boyd Gallery. I Loved it. Loved his work. My mind has been captivated by his work, things he said — images of him — ever since. I find myself, in those waking dream moments before sleep — with elephants, the African plains, trying to imagine an angry mama elephant running toward me, or the heart-break of finding a wild animal that'd been poached, handfuls of paint, goopy footprints, and Karen Bliven's taut face floating past my inner eye."



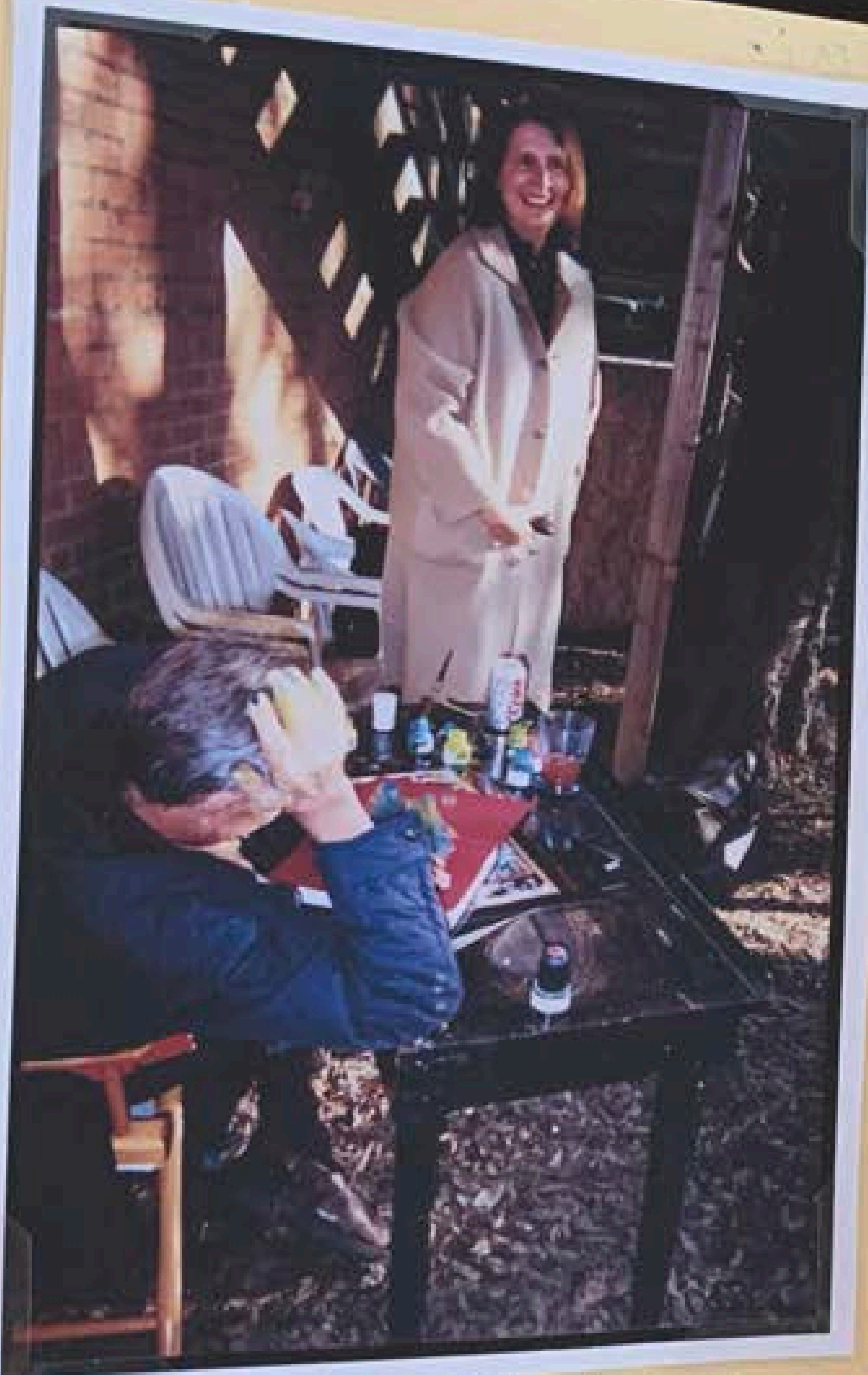
P. B. + CAROL CONSIDERING
BOYD GALLERY

Bio

Karen B is an artist
+ writer. In 1989,
she was the 1st,
etc.

In 2005 - the
direction of her
work changed when
she founded Z.P.

That same year -
she began a new
introduction to passage
med. In her, which
originated at B.M.M.
In that practice, she
begins each day with
the connection with
the vision of great
works such as -



P.B. and K.B.

May 2, 2020

Saturday 7:00 a.m.
Today I start the
actual writing on the
Peter Beard piece.

Story of hope of artists
so bold. So outspoken.

Leisurely pace of
interview.

My own words.

[Please help me.]

I pray that the
words come from the
deep. And in a heated
rush.



P.B. "SIGNING" BOOKS

He disappeared. Then his body was found.

Through the family was probably relieved. But I must admit some disappointment. I hoped he'd ascended, or vaporized, in the seemingly magical way he lived. Unlike us. To the ~~god~~ Peter I first became saw Peter Beard's work

big, ungainly body
hoarding big, ungainly &
undirected dreams.

How many matters?
How many uses of the
word escape.



MAY 3, 2020

Working on the Beard piece for the DMN again today. Yesterday went pretty well.

For the next two sections, I need to be sparing in words, concise in the storytelling.

MAY 4, 2020

Peter Beard - draft is done - now the fine tuning. I am like Lee Marvin in Cat Ballou. The old gunslinger coming back for another round.



The discovery

May 2020

I hoped his body wouldn't be found.

Peter Beard disappeared from his home in Montauk N.Y. on March 31. Police, volunteers, dogs and drones couldn't find him. Did he ascend? That's how magical he seemed to me. The unknown must've been painful for those close to him. I halfway hoped the mystery would become part of his legend — that once again, he'd escaped — this time to the Beyond.

He had been gone 19 days before his body was eventually found in the woods in Camp Hero State Park on Long Island, a 1-hour, 54-minute walk from his home. He caused a big fuss. That part would've made him smile. Major media covered it — *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *People*, *USA Today*, *The Guardian* and more. He'd walked to the woods. If his spirit did ascend, he left his body in a place he loved — with the creatures, trees, sun and stars of the natural world.

May 11, 2020

Day after Mother's Day - Mom died exactly 220 years ago on May 10, 1798 Mother's Day.

Beautiful weekend here - weather wise. The COVID-19 story expands with a variation striking children.

The Peter Beard story was turned in — and didn't run. With no explanation from anyone at the DMN. I felt my annoyance rise along with memories of the many frustrations



of deadline work.
The detour into writing
again was 70% fulfilling.
So I circle back to
29 Pipers. No one is doing
what we are doing here.
And there is much to
do.

Uplift Education is
interested in doing
the Sanctuary Lesson
with all students. I've
been asked to do a
short 'pitch' to
teachers. What do I
say?



'In your face' sadness

From the journal of Karen Blixen,
November 2000

"The photographs have an 'in your face' sadness, the diary work shows intense self-absorption. There's the supposition of charisma, since so many people are drawn to him. I'm struck by the romance of the idea of a young male artist being so inspired and influenced by the work and mind of a woman — Karen Blixen. A woman whose life intrigued me. His story possesses the powerful combination of talent, beauty, boldness and mystery."

I grew up in a large family — with 50 first cousins + 14 sets of aunts + uncles. As an introverted, quiet child, it was challenging to find my personal space to dream, read, do my art projects.

All of our lessons come from personal experiences.

Once in college, where I had a very small but private studio space, my mind + creativity were set free.

How can we all — students, teachers, parents,

The allure of the exotic

Karen Blesser's Introduction
to Beard's work, 1970



Fifty years ago, I was a young art student at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln. A night out then was to mato beer and cheese popcorn with friends at a local bar. Once a month, I'd get on a bus and roll past the cornfield and cattle back to my hometown. I was a tall, ungainly young woman with tall, ungainly, undirected dreams.

Isak Dinesen's classic book, *Out of Africa*, fell into my hands. I was transported on an incredible journey to Kenya. I found photographs of her by a good-looking young artist named Peter Beard. He was 32 years old in 1970. He used a combination of photography, handwriting, line-drawing, collage and paint in his diaries and imagery of African wildlife. The work was so bold and impossibly beautiful — supernormal even. I was hooked by the creatively unbridled work and adventurous life of Beard.

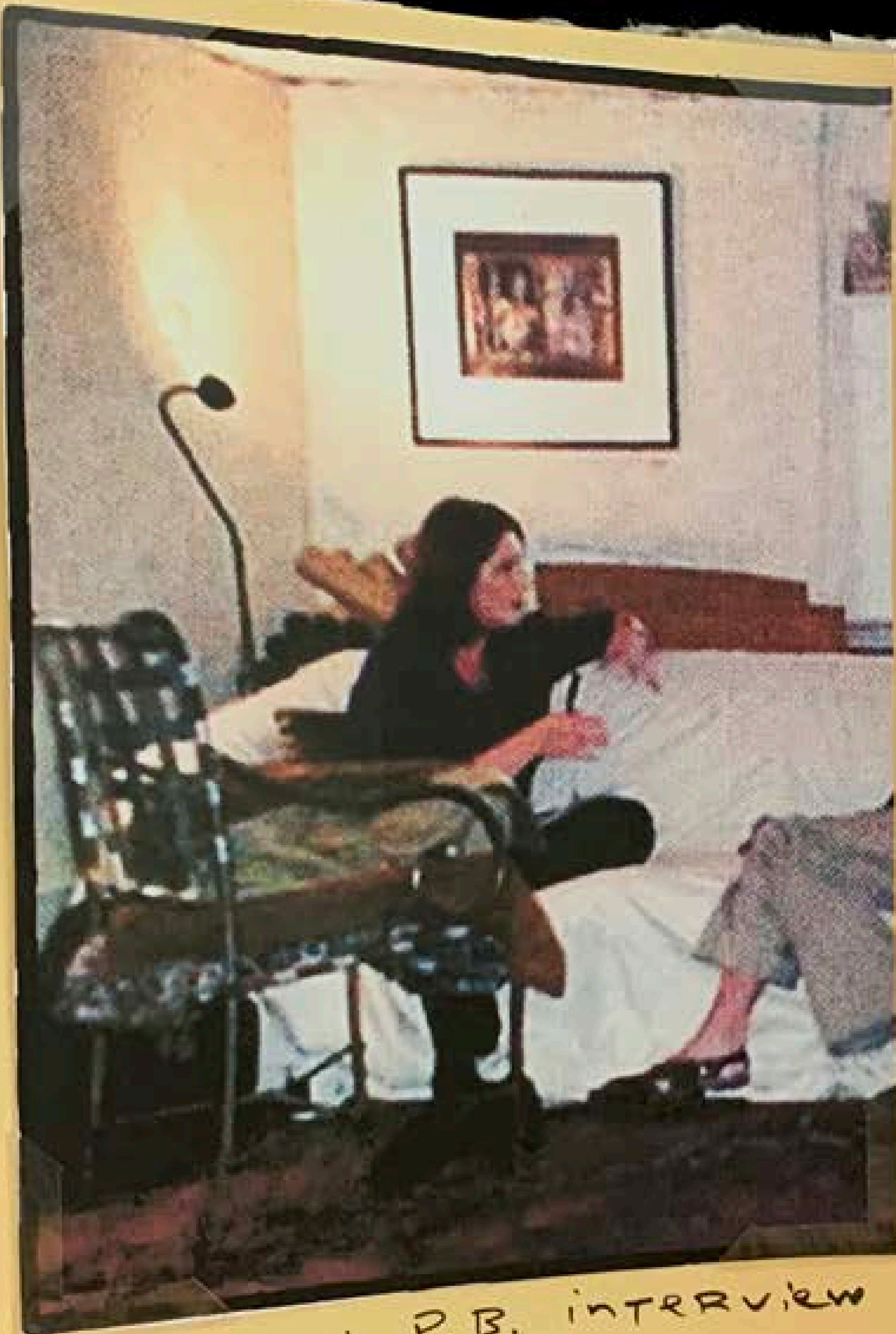
At that time in my life — when road maps for a young female artist in Nebraska felt constrictive — he offered a new way and the inkling of a possibility that I, too, could forge an interesting and brilliant career as an artist.

imagine +
create our safe place —
our sanctuary? It
can be humble — a space
under a table, a corner
of the kitchen, a closet,
the bathroom.

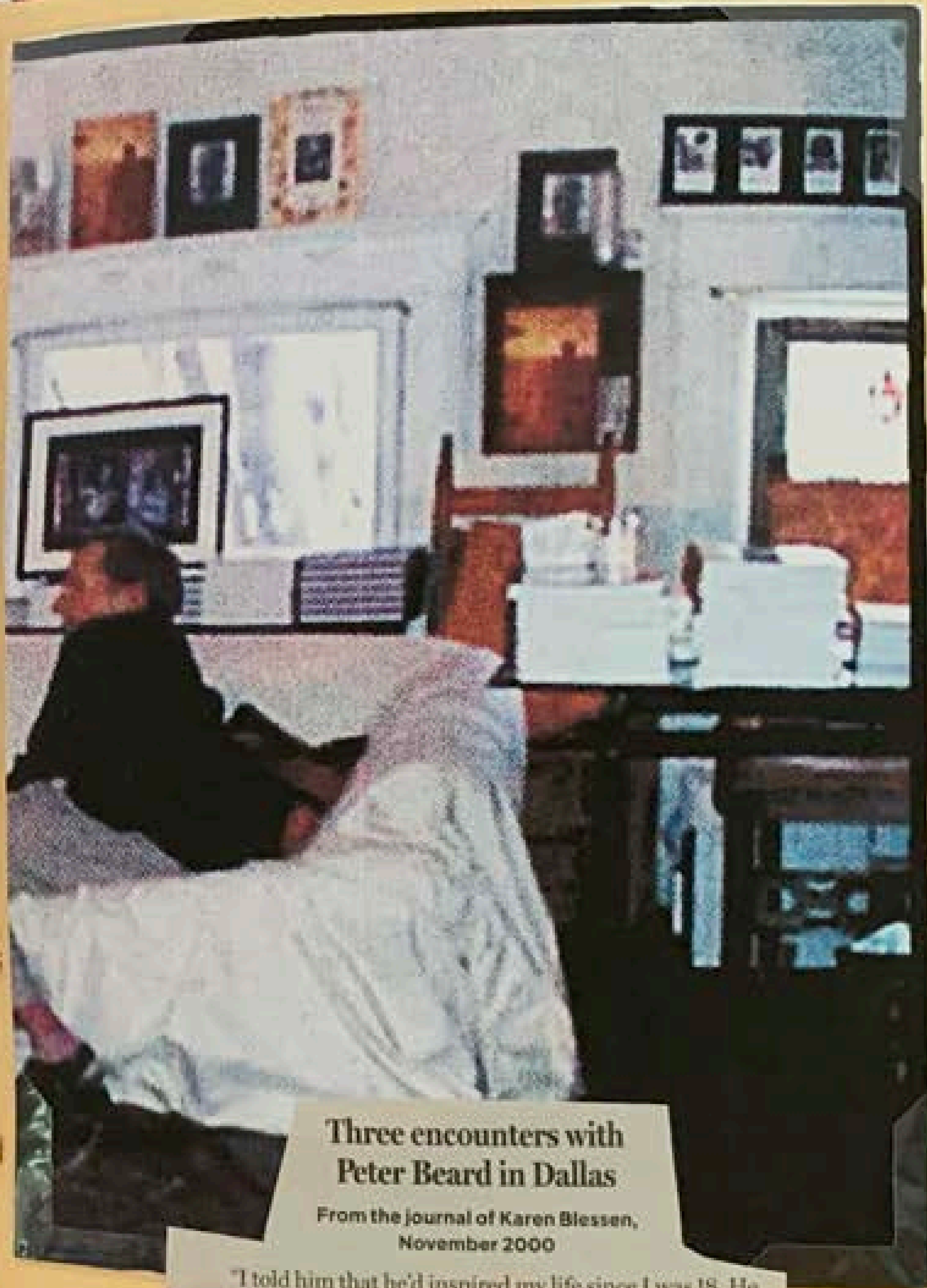
We all need a place
to safely free our minds
our creative activity.

Sanctuary

A place to gather
our strength. To find peace
of mind.



11.13 and P.B. interview



Three encounters with Peter Beard in Dallas

From the journal of Karen Blessen, November 2000

"I told him that he'd inspired my life since I was 18. He smiled and motioned to a chair next to him and said, 'Sit down for a bit.' I noticed that whenever anyone stood in the path of the light from the sun, he asked them to get out of his sun. His sun."

Dallas

TUES

NOVEMBER

14

2000



He filled his hand with blue and green paint, slid it across the endpapers, and then inscribed my book.

Dallas

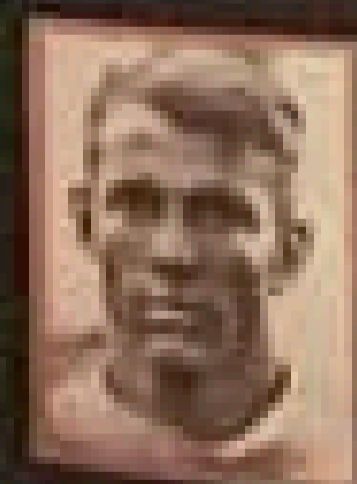
WED

NOVEMBER

15

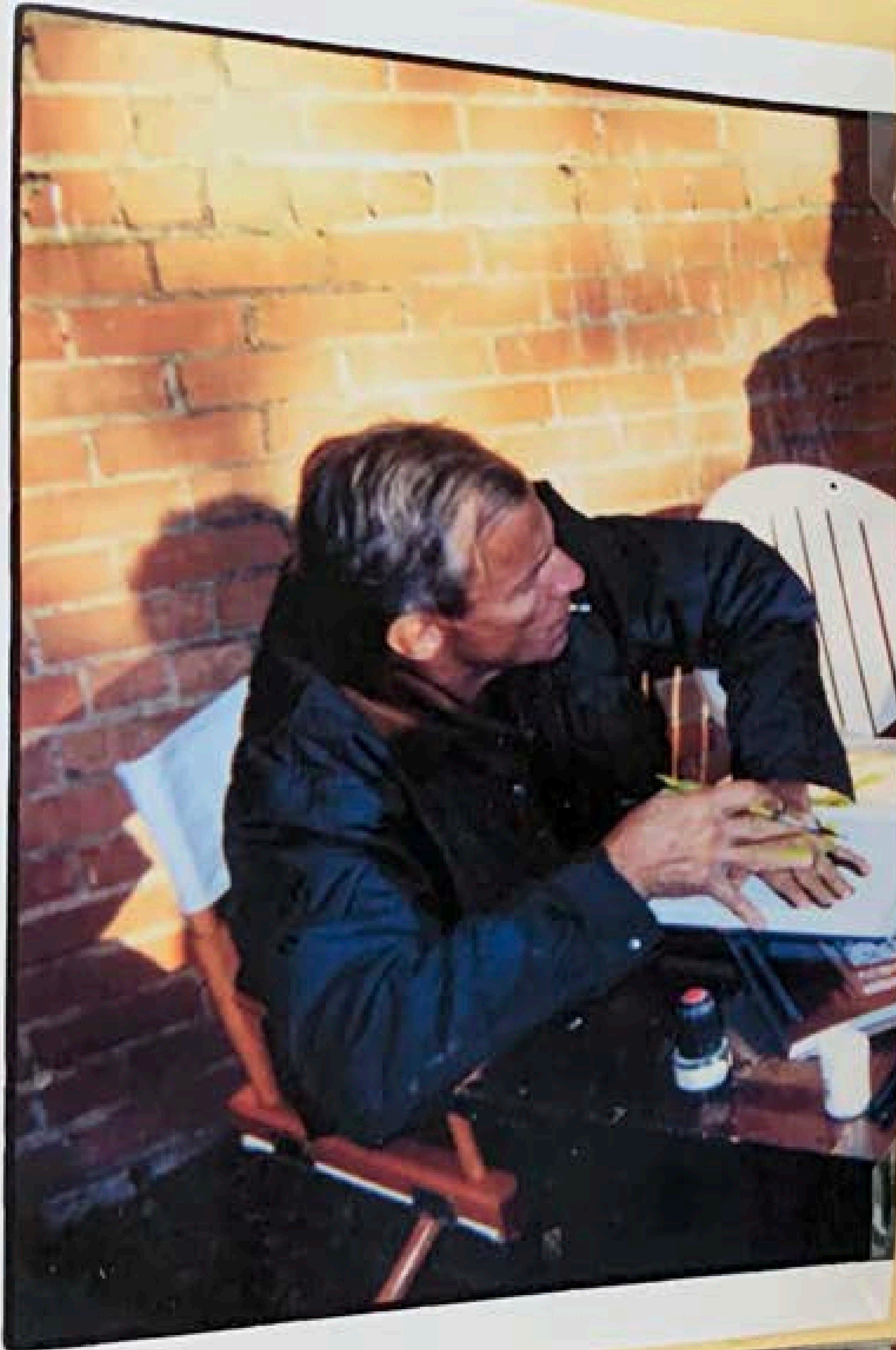
2000

TWO DAYS WITH PETER BEARD



"A diary is like a unit of time. You can see a year. You can capture the atmosphere. It's like sewing a tapestry - every stitch is a little bit extra, or like a coral reef - something that just grows and evolves like a bouquet."

- Peter Beard, November 15, 2000



Left: Karen Blessen admired Beard's creatively unbridled work and adventurous life. "Escapism is close to imagination, I suppose," Beard told her. "Einstein said that imagination is more important than knowledge. But that's very self-congratulatory. Escape is very important."



UNIVERSAL NO TO
HIGH CRIMES
EVERYWHERE.

MAY 14 2020

NO to so much that
is going on. Every day
the stories of people
in nightmarish situations
Mumbai, New York.

Innocent + black women
and men shot.

HIGH LEVEL crimes
misdemeanors, cruelty,
callousness, ego, greed,
power playing on display
from those who should
be LEADING - in the U.S,
U.K., India.

Dispicable,



The first encounter:
Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 14, 2000

The invitation said to come a day early to reserve a book. I did. The exhibit was at the Boyd Gallery in Deep Ellum, owned by my friends Debbie Bozeman-Zook and Carol Considine. Beard's photos, collages and iris prints hung from floor to ceiling. There were intense images of cheetahs, beautiful African women, Francis Bacon, a skinned lion and more. Some were shocking — like the photo of Peter coming out of the mouth of a crocodile.

Debbie asked if I'd like to meet him. I hadn't expected that he would be at the gallery so early. Curiosity beat self-consciousness. Unprepared, I'd come from the gym, not properly dressed or made-up. It was an exquisite November day and Beard was sitting outside on the patio. He invited me to sit with him, and we talked for an hour or so while he signed posters and books. He was 62 then, very thin and not as tall as I expected. Several years earlier, he'd suffered a terrifying, life-threatening attack by an elephant.

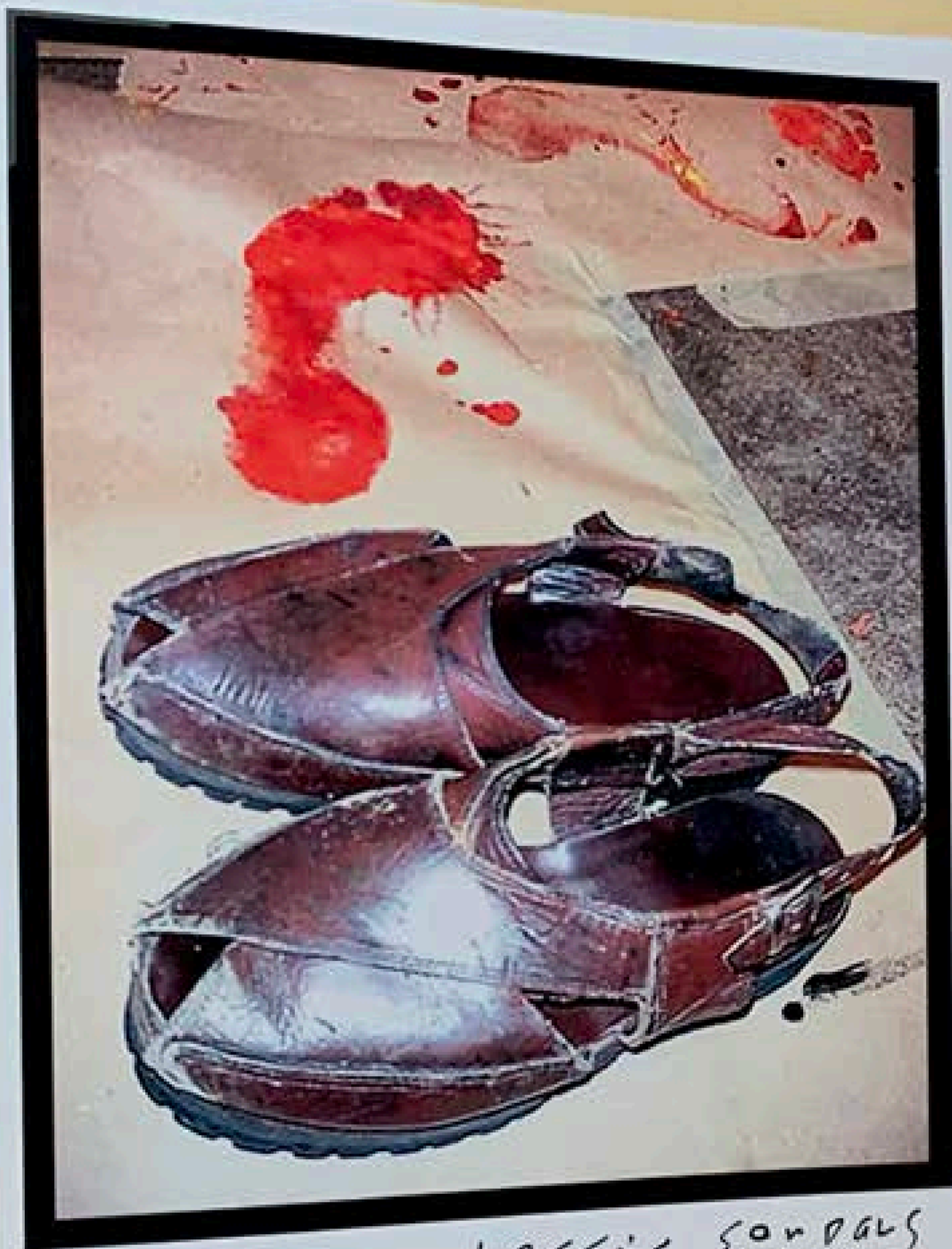
BEARD

GALLERY
THE BOYD

So there's that.
And on the other side of the scale there are so many selfless people helping others — the doctors, nurses risking their lives, the postman, the women at CVS, the teachers, for God's sake.

And Kelly is recovering. He looks strong. He, like so many, is caring, giving an elderly parent from a distance. But Jaquelle is tough 93+11 months.

Reading ambitious books, spanky. When will Kelly or I see her again? Go hard. People



P.B.'s classic sandals

in these cave facilities
are in total lockdown.

And 29 pieces.

We thrive. I am so
very, very, very grateful.

So much going on - all
good. 3 years ago at that
time was agony.

We were doubting
closing down. I will
include a report here
rather than recap.

It is so beautiful.
So radically beautiful.
So fulfilling.
So unexpected.
So grateful.



P. B. WITH ADMIRALS
AT BOYD GALLERY

Me? I am fat.
Look old.
But I walk without
a limp. I feel strong
compared to 2 years
ago.

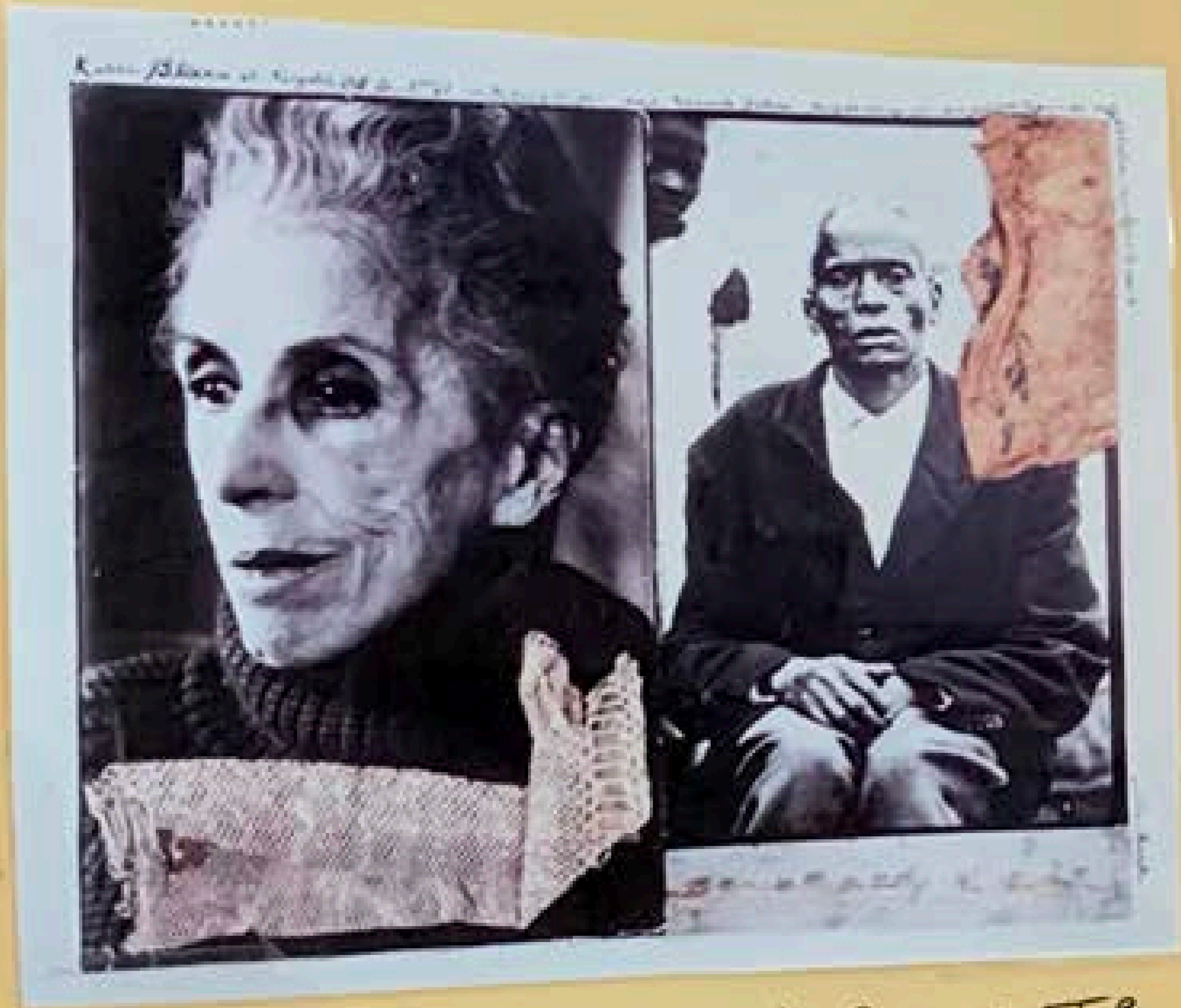
But then still.

The world.

Our exquisite world
in danger.

Animals/people in
danger.

And I tend the
flame. My flame to
keep going. To be
willing to do the work.



Karen Blixen : KAMANTE

He was drinking Clamato juice mixed with vodka. He asked one of the guys standing around to bring his smokes, and he started smoking pot. He asked for his purple pill. (Doctor prescribed? — I don't know.) I was dazzled by the beauty and styling of his inscriptions and signature. He was in no rush, present and focused for each. Our conversation between signings was circuitous and not recorded, ranging from the wide-set eyes of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis to the aftermath of the George W. Bush versus Al Gore election.

To sign the book I purchased, he filled his left hand with blue and green iridescent paint, slid his hand across the deep red endpapers, then with his right hand inscribed "Millennium Greetings to Karen Blixen from your pal Peter Beard, in Dallas + Beyond. Nov. 14, 2000 AD". I was moved by the special beauty of this, and his generosity in taking time to do something so personal, artistic and lovely. I was happy.

When Peter finished, I thanked him, stood to leave and said, "See you at your film this evening and the opening tomorrow."

On the way out, Debbie mentioned that no reporters from *The Dallas Morning News* were coming to interview Beard. I called an editor at *The News*, intending to ask him to send a reporter. But then I thought, "What the hell? Why am I suggesting that someone else interview Beard when I could do it?"

I asked. The editor said yes. And we were on for the next afternoon.



It was this combination of photo and drawing that first drew me to his work.



**The second encounter:
Tuesday evening, Nov. 14, 2000**

My husband and I went to the Inwood Theatre for Beard's film. We were standing in line, and out of the front door walked Beard. I waved my hand, and he came over to us.

He looked a bit lost, so I asked if he was alone. He said, "Oh, no, I have a drink inside."

We watched *Hallelujah the Hills*, which Beard did when he was very young. It was a little silly. My main memories of the movie are Beard's immense kinetic energy, and one image from the film — a tree with what appear to be young models perched or hanging on many of the branches.

**The third encounter:
Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 15, 2000**

Beard was on time and so was I. He was sober. And so was I. I was prepared. It was another beautiful November day.

I'd asked Debbie for a quiet place to talk, and she took us up to the inside balcony, where there was a big, soft, white couch, a warm and inviting atmosphere, and a suspension of time. He'd just gotten out of bed, and he curled up on the couch and made himself comfortable. I pulled up a straight-backed chair to sit facing him, but he patted the couch, and encouraged me to sit next to him. I sunk into the nest of the couch.

By 2000, I was accomplished in my career. I wanted to clarify that I was an artist, not a reporter by trade. I showed him one or two prints of mine that I had brought with me. He was dismissive. It may not have been the reaction I wanted, but I quickly told myself, "This is his show. He's the star of this show."

My questions were mostly about his creative life. The word "escape" came up at least nine times. He'd escaped a life prescribed for him. He worked on his diaries to escape.

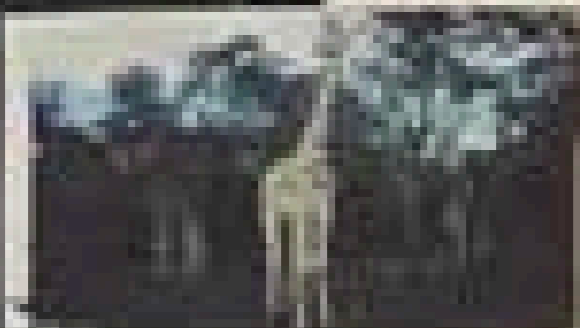
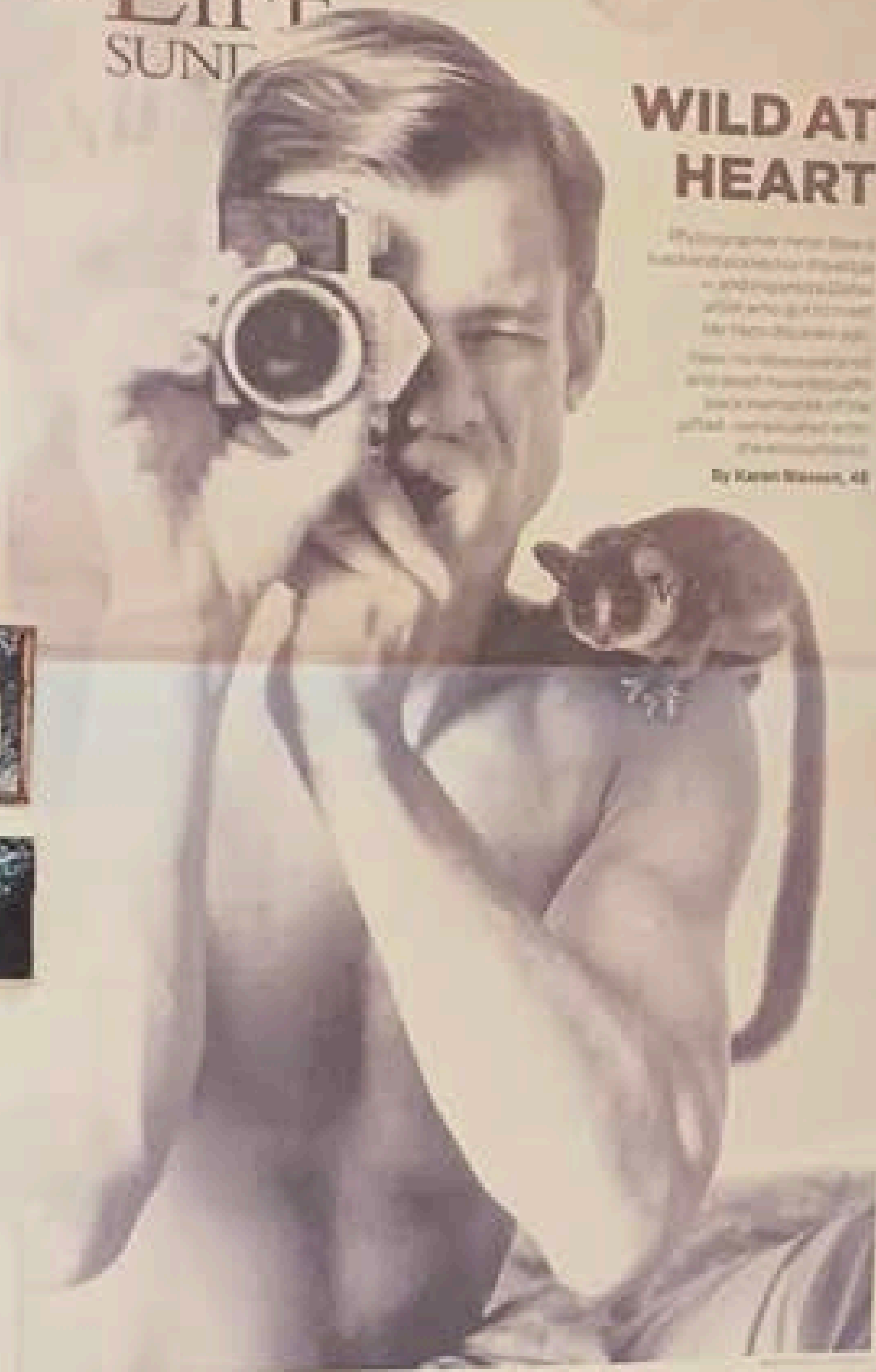
By David Laundy
**ARTS
& LIFE**
SUNDAY



WILD AT HEART

Photographer Peter Beard
has had a long career in
wildlife photography
and he's back in the
wild with a new book
of his work. It's a
beautiful collection of
his work, and it's
back in print.

By Karen Brown, 48



THEATRE
Theater
Theater
Theater



BOOKS

Books
Books
Books



VISUAL ART

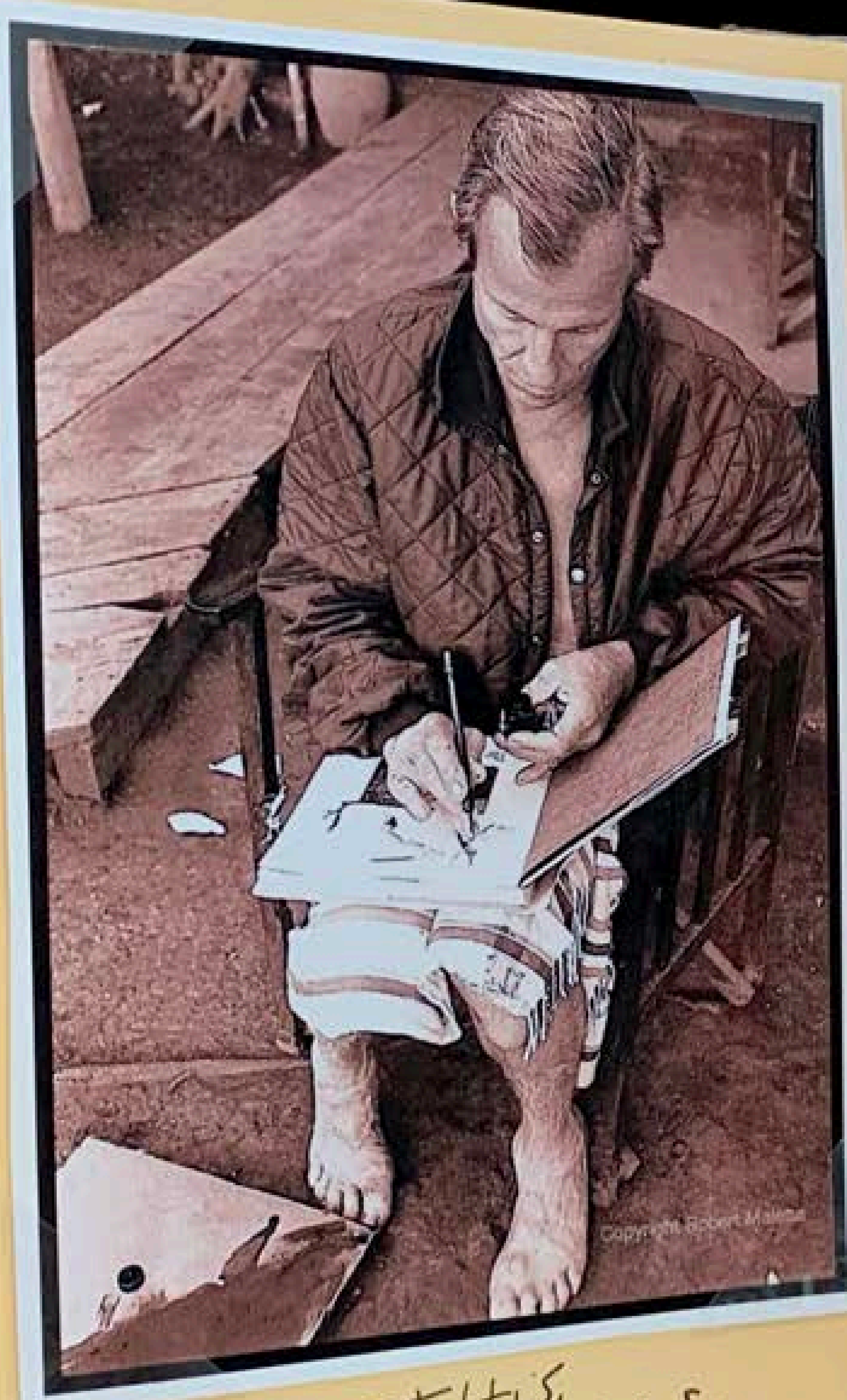
Visual Art
Visual Art
Visual Art

May 14, 2020
Peter Beard story is in
Sunday Art section. 3 full
pages. It is gorgeous.
I am very happy with it.

May 18, 2020

Whew.
Steve Cowley - Davy
Beck's husband + Poppy's
brother-in-law was killed
in a car accident tonight.
In Omaha - no one else
was hurt. He drove into
a pole. He may have had
a heart attack.

Meanwhile, I've
received a lot of nice
emails, phone calls +
messages about my Peter



THIS,
THIS FOCUS.

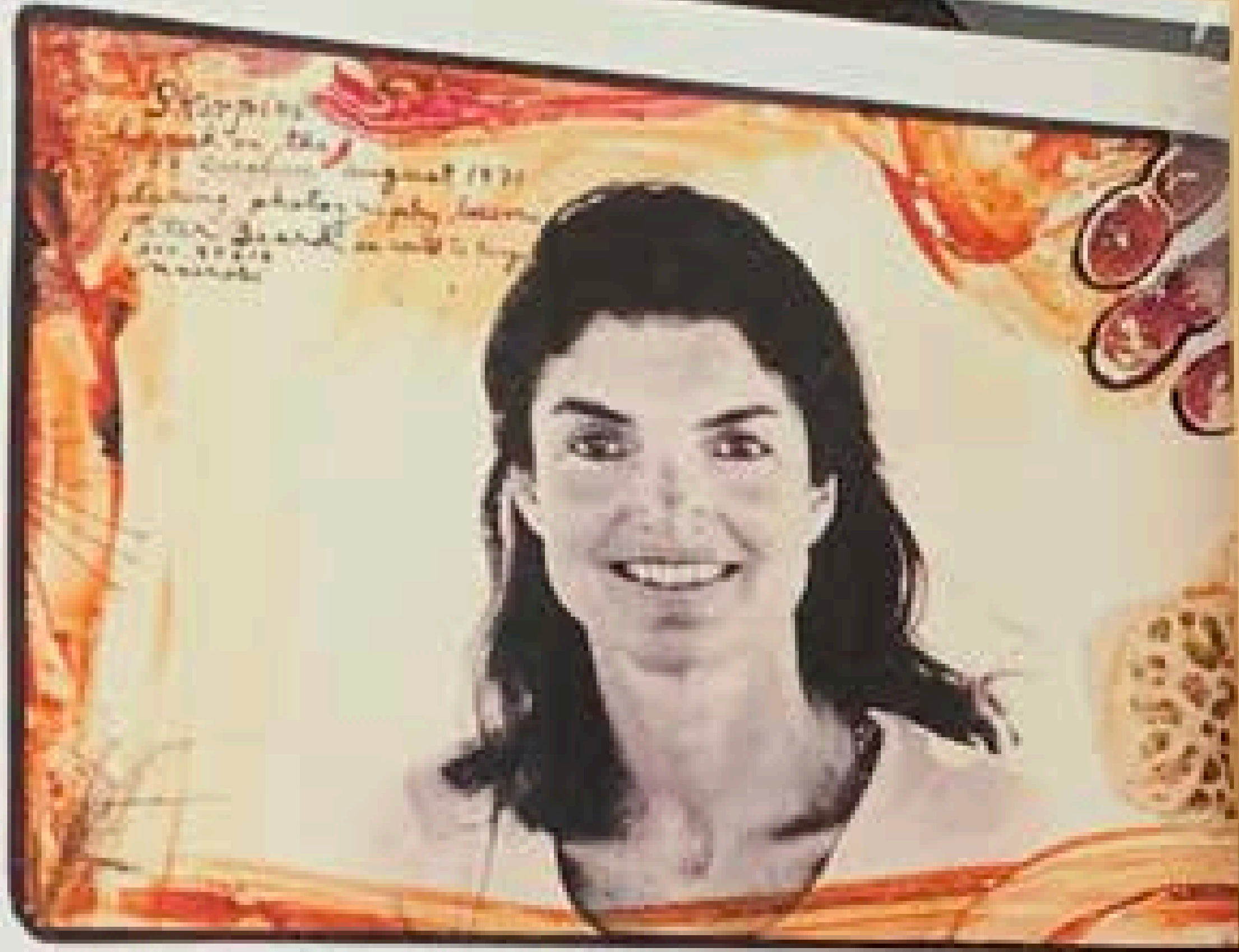
Beard story.
The commitments were
thoughtful. I'll print
them out.

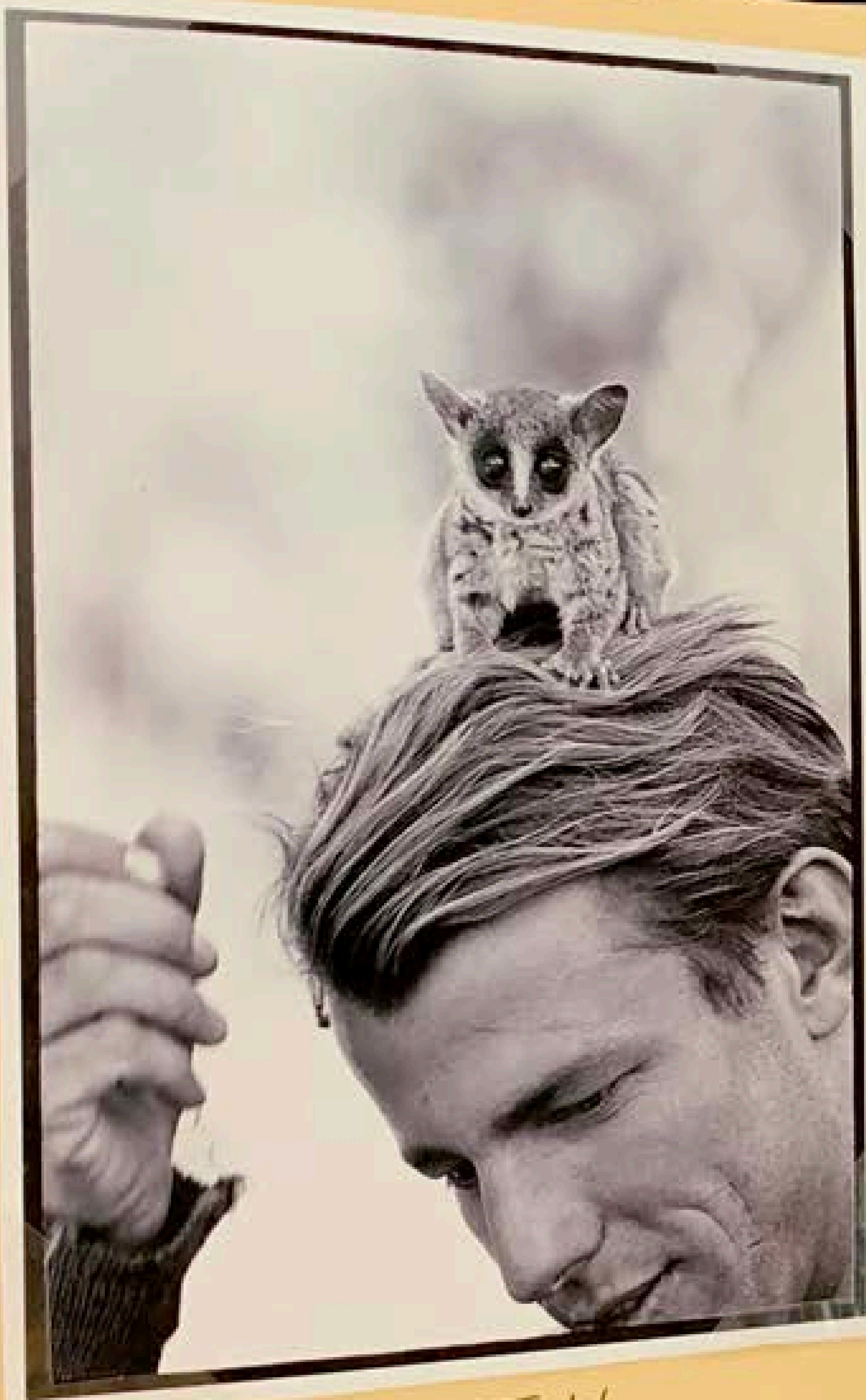
I received phone calls
from NY and from
Palestine, TX. The
positive feeling of
connection.

MAY 19, 2020

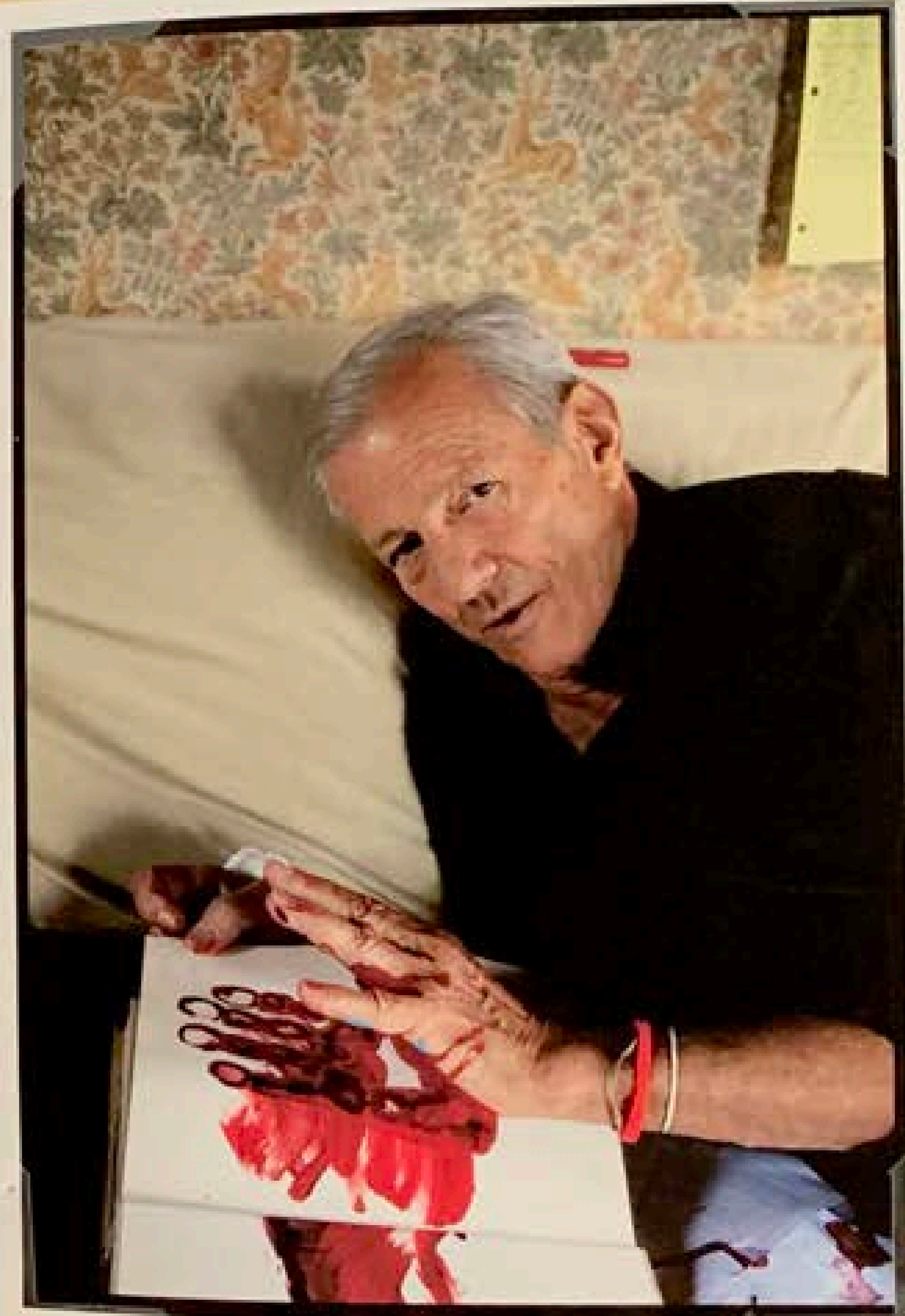
Puppy texted last night
that her brother in law
Steve - Duray's husband, was
killed in a car crash in
Omaha yesterday afternoon.
Horrendous news. We
spent our Thanksgivings
with them. 11 months
since Don died.

Who has the gift of
Time?

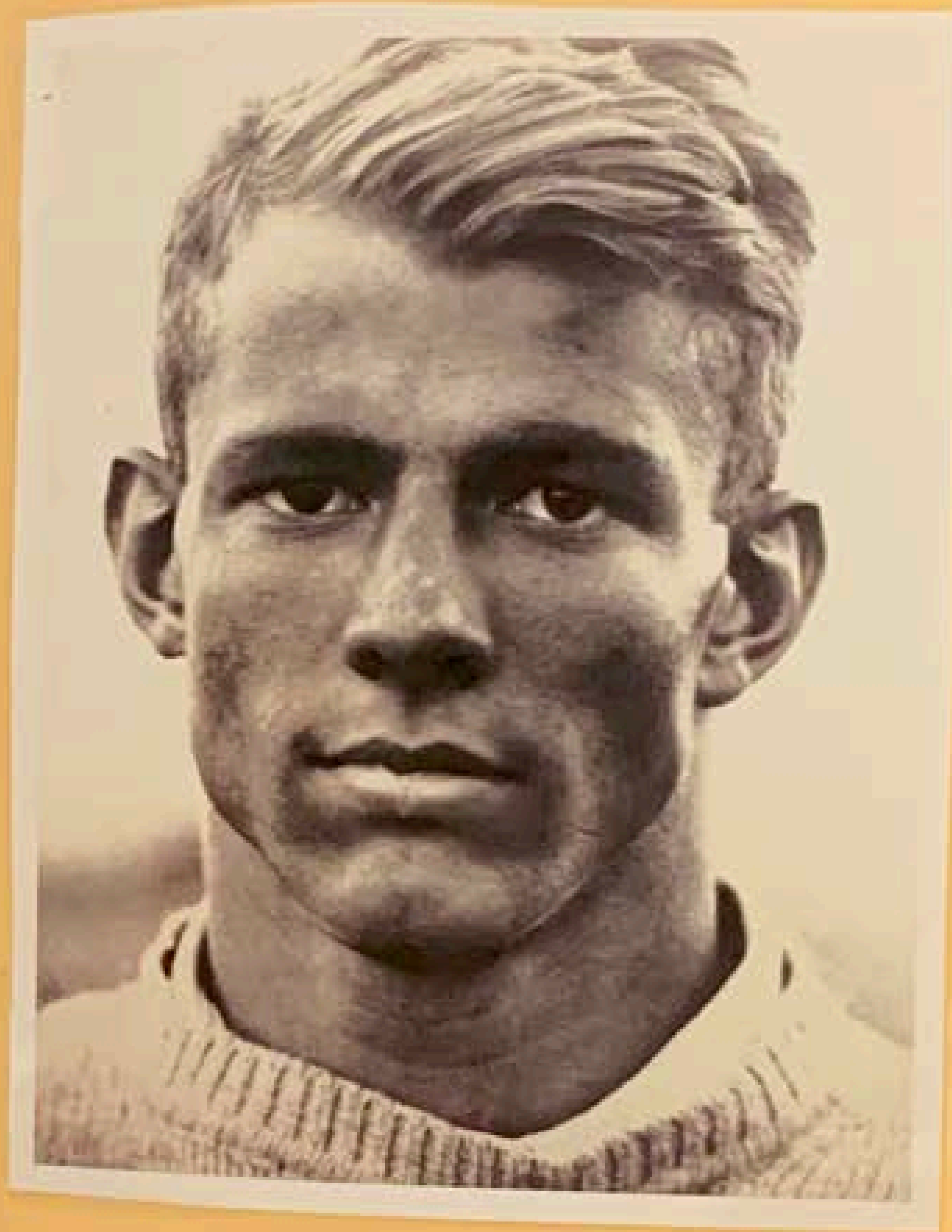
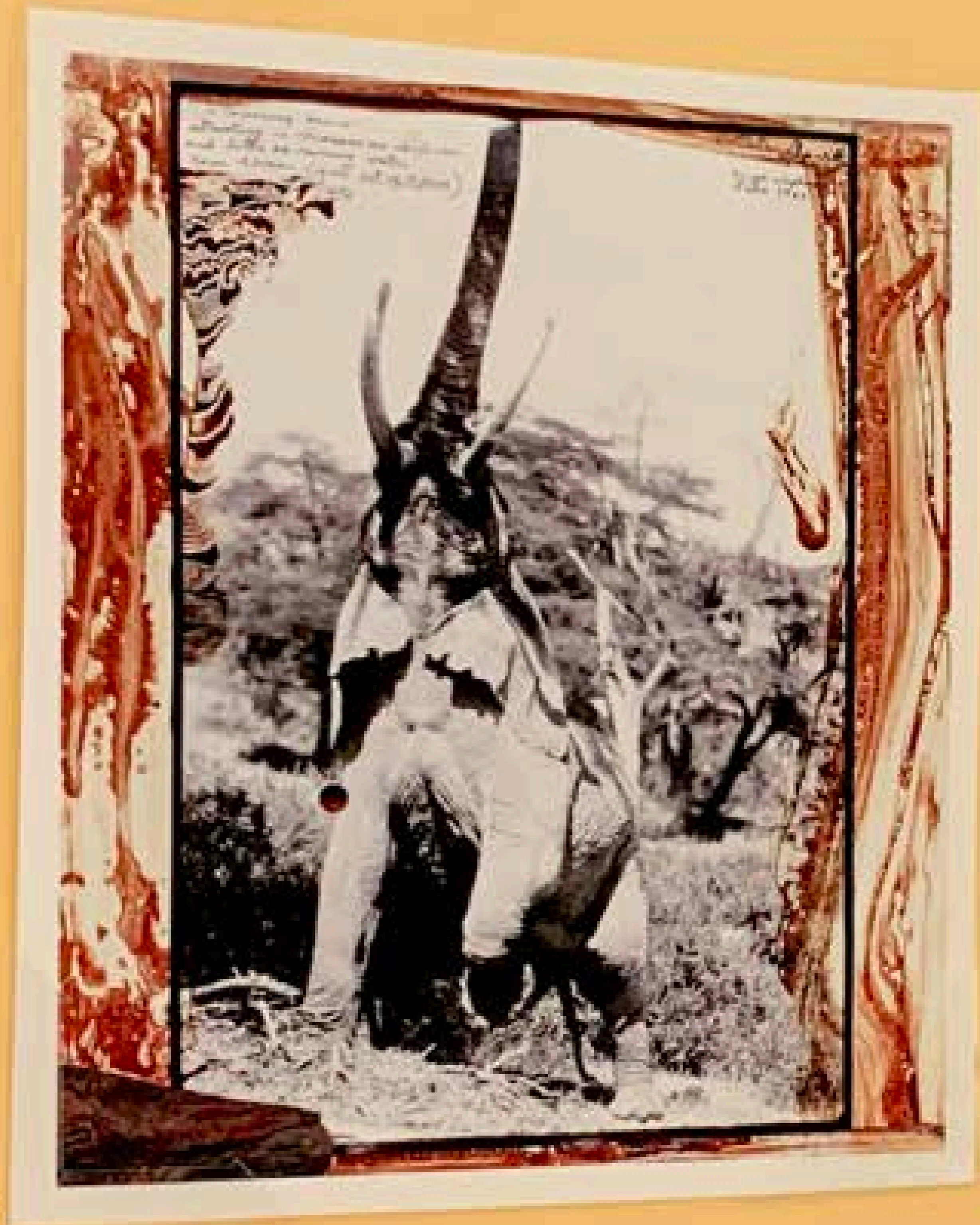


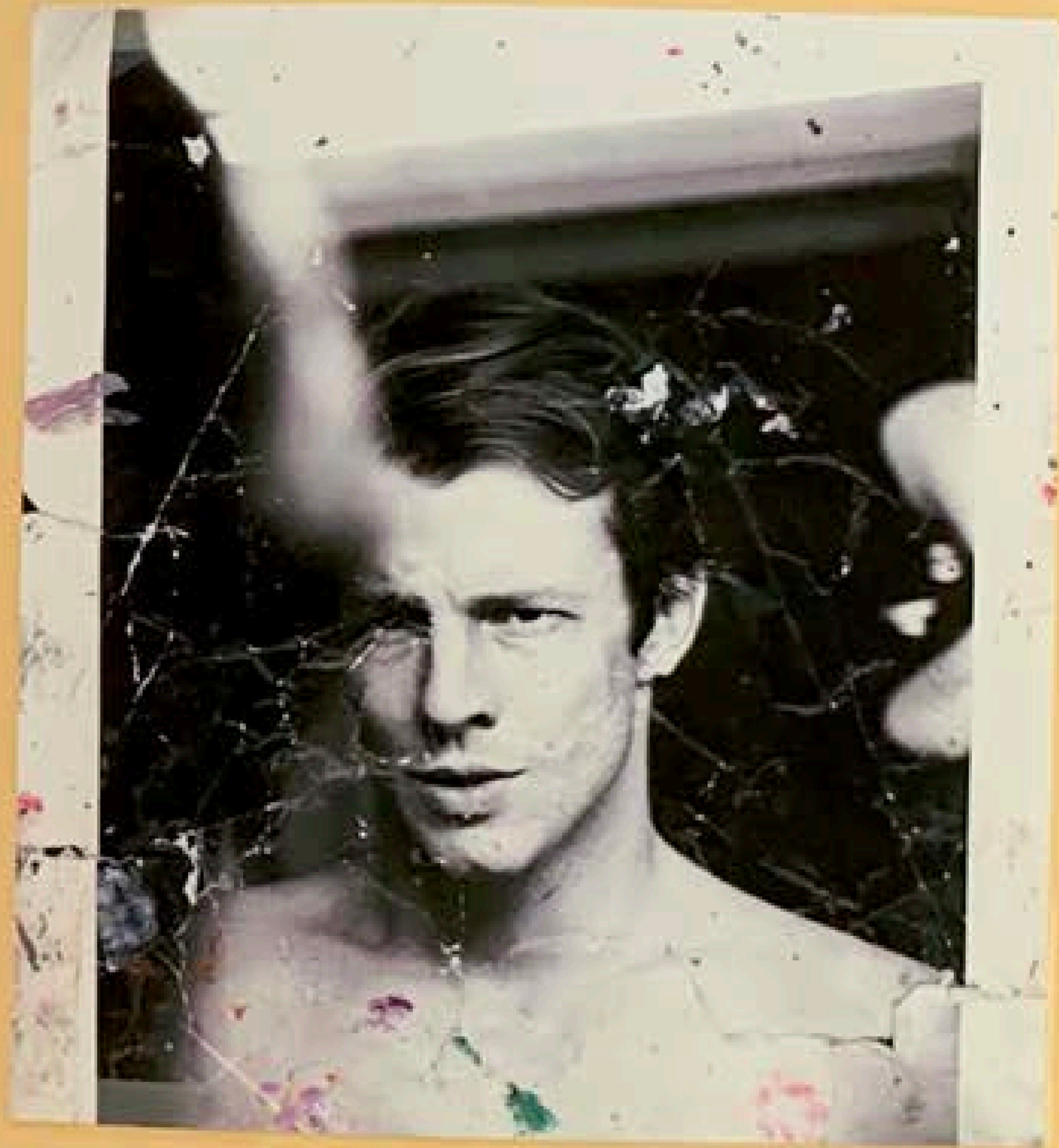


YOUTH



AGE







It says the scene they took
while they lay about the head
moving through long grass & brush, the
head at last they passed near the bank



then last seen
great the wonderful on
many the least of the
of lovely sea
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..



NOVEMBER 14 - 22 Years of Portraits

Video Post and Transfer, American
Taker Magazine, Bandera.com, Net

"Expressionism. Well, sometimes you do feel that you might as well express your own individuality because that's all you really own," Beard told me. "Escapism is close to imagination, I suppose. Einstein said that imagination is more important than knowledge. But that's very self-congratulatory. Escape is very important."

Deep Ellum Pictures, Inc., Marspop, C
Sony Music, Laser Tech Color, My

He looked to these artists for inspiration: Marcel Duchamp, Francis Bacon, Andy Warhol, Josef Albers, the Rolling Stones, Yves Klein, Salvador Dalí and Robert Rauschenberg. He quoted mottos he lived by from Albers, along with Blixen, Albert Einstein, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Berenson.

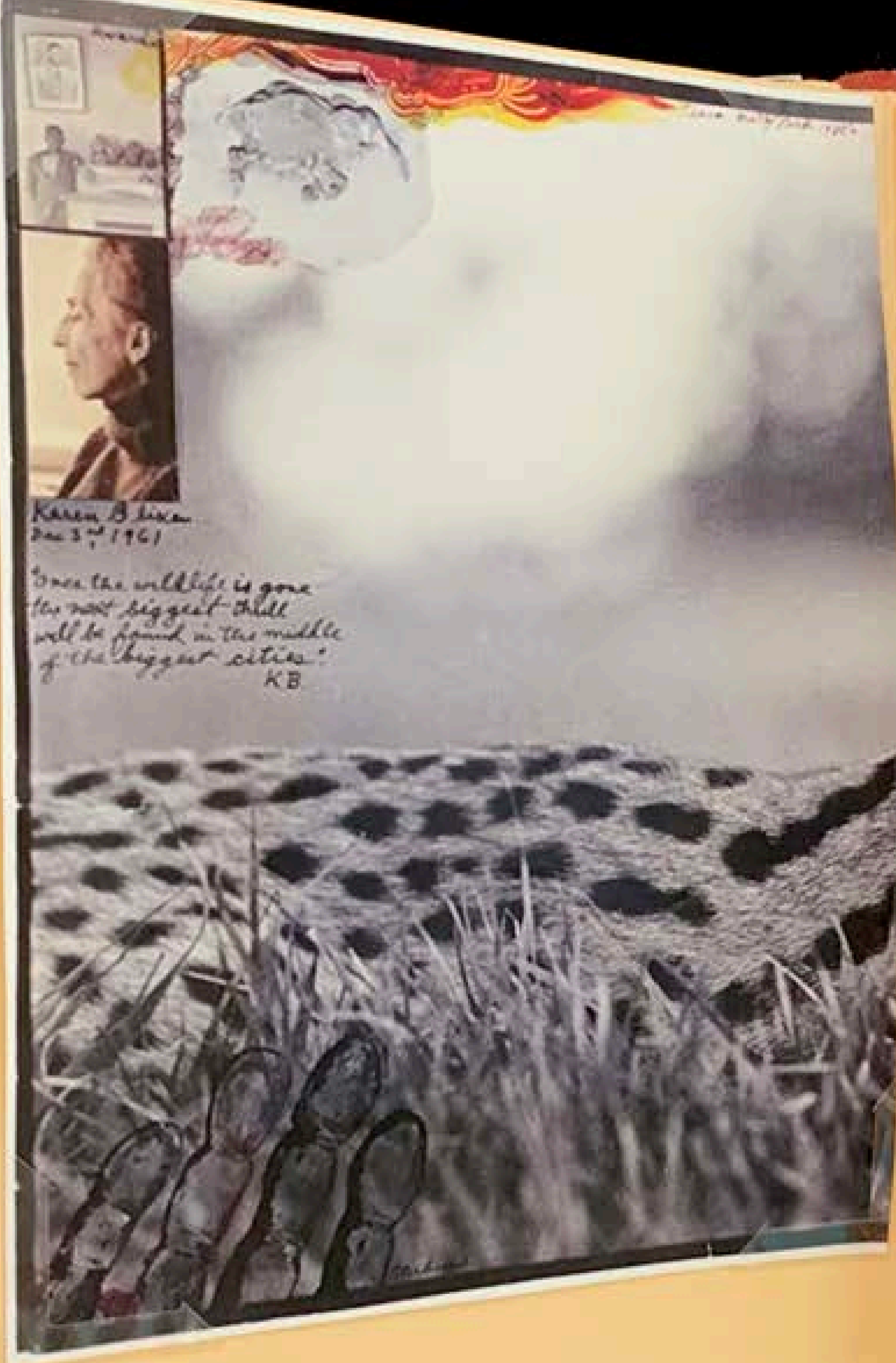
We talked for more than 90 minutes. He was relaxed, leisurely in his demeanor, thoughtful and funny in his responses. He laughed a lot. He was vulnerable.

2000

fty

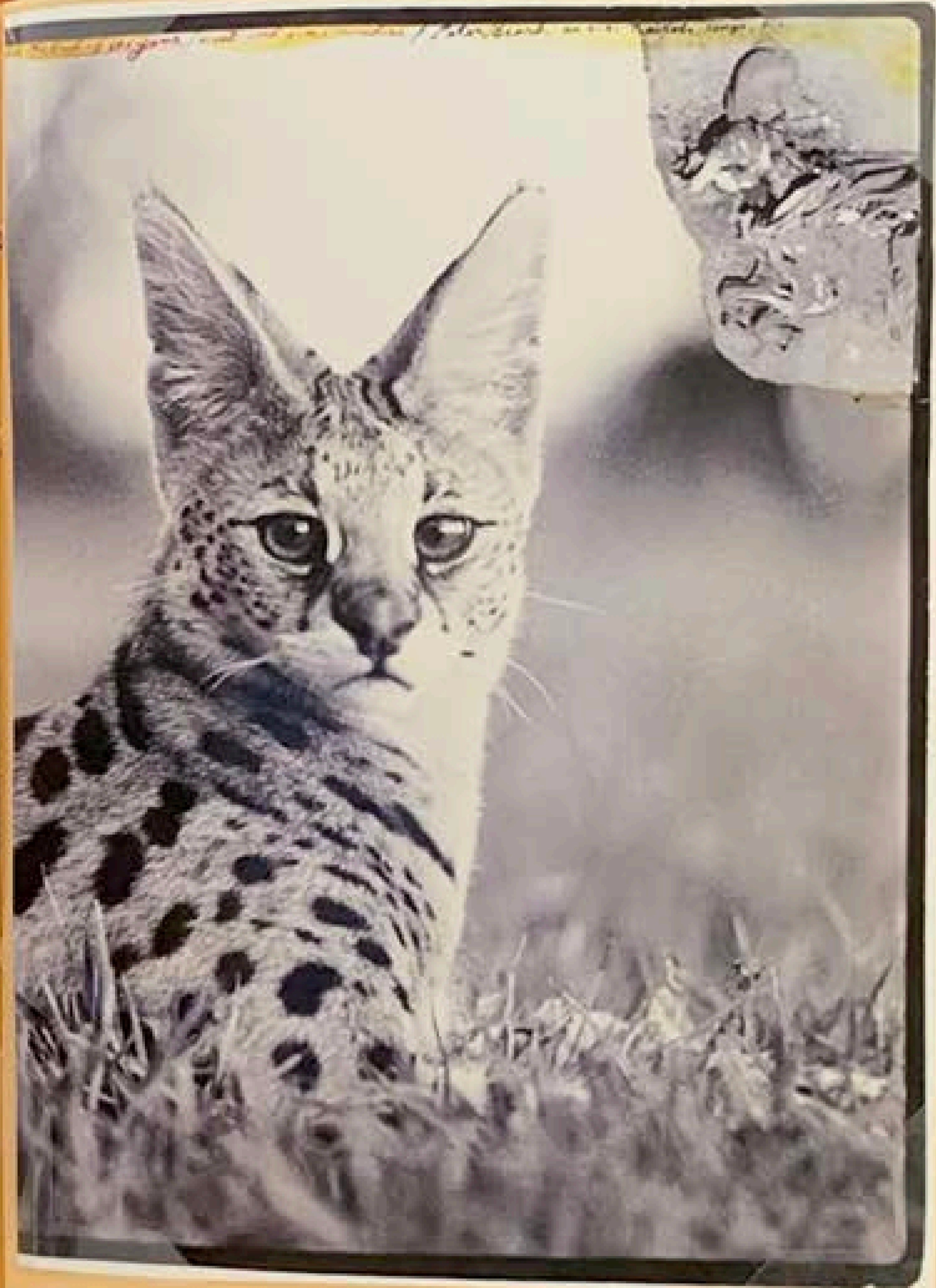
DALLAS, TEXAS

AT&T Broadband, Independent Film Channel, Nokia, Rare Medium, Hothaus Design, Mainline Releasing, Bell Company, Magnolia Hotel, DiNovi Pictures, First Order Productions, Padgett Printing, ReelFX, Raygun



Karen B. Livan
Jan 3, 1961

"Once the wildlife is gone
the next biggest thrill
will be found in the middle
of the biggest cities."
KB



Small cheetah, and its mother, in the middle of the savanna.



When asked about his driving motivation, he said, "Well, I'm sure a Freudian analyst would put it in a very uncomplimentary way, so you have to think about that first. Territory probably. Territory. Um, sex because I never had any sex. You know you get brought up in the '50s and you have a very different view of life."

He credited his "dislikes" for helping to form his artistic identity: "I was in the Buckley School Art Department in the 1940s. In fact, Michael Rockefeller and I were heads of the Buckley School Art Department. And we did get the art prize. I've always been interested in art, but of course I never knew what it was. I just instinctively headed that way — probably because I might be dyslexic. I'm not sure I am, but I think I might be because I'm such a bad reader. A form of dyslexia. Dislike of school. Dislike of job potentials. A lot of dislikes are very shaping."

We would've gone on talking, but Debbie announced it was time to sign books.

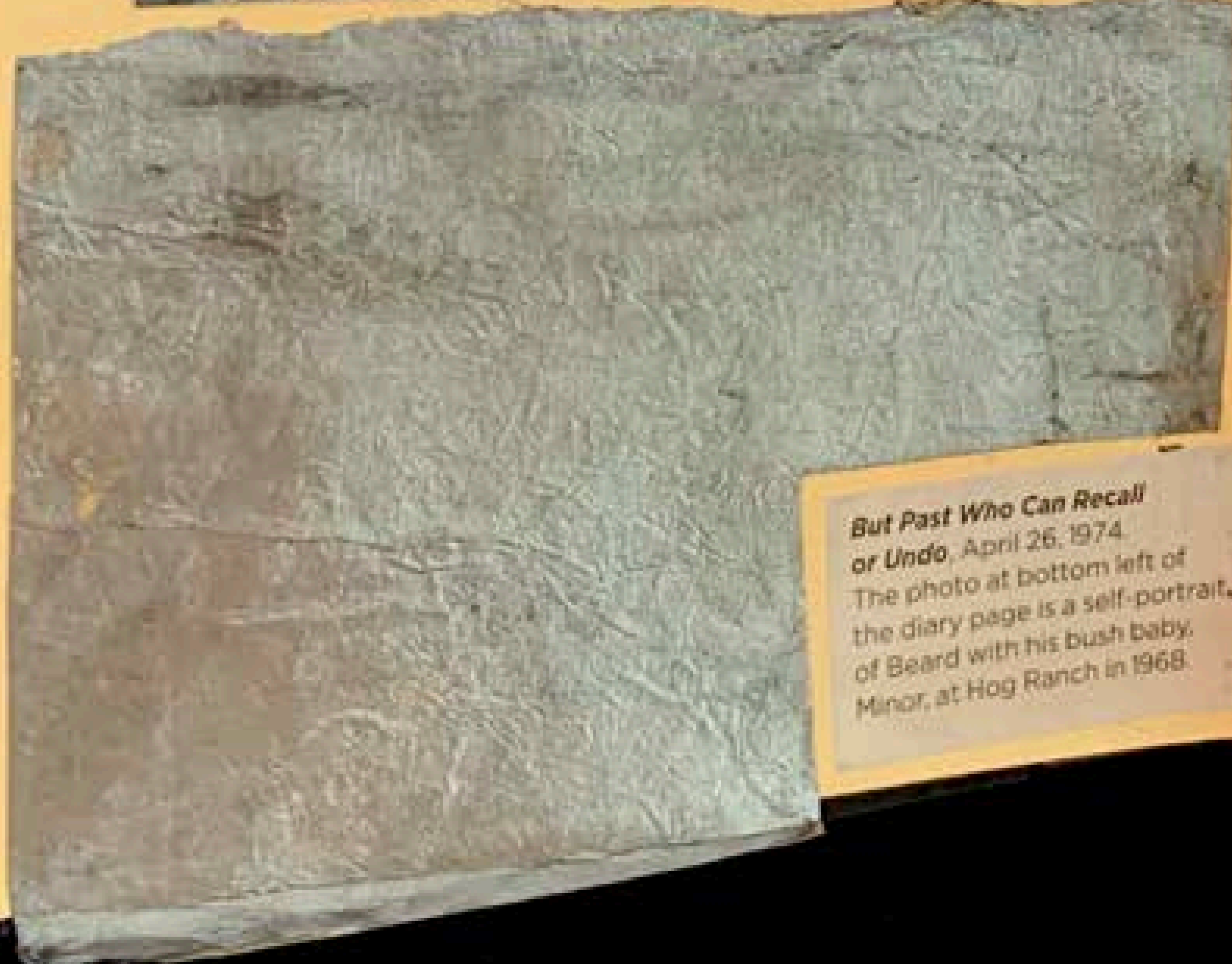
As I was leaving, Beard leaned over the balcony to say goodbye, smiled and told me that "Karen" is the name of the area where his property — Hog Ranch — is in Kenya, and noted that my name sounded like the name of Karen Blixen.

Beard spent the rest of the afternoon walking with painted feet on the endpapers of his books, then inscribing them. That night, the gallery was packed for the reception. I didn't see Beard. He came later.

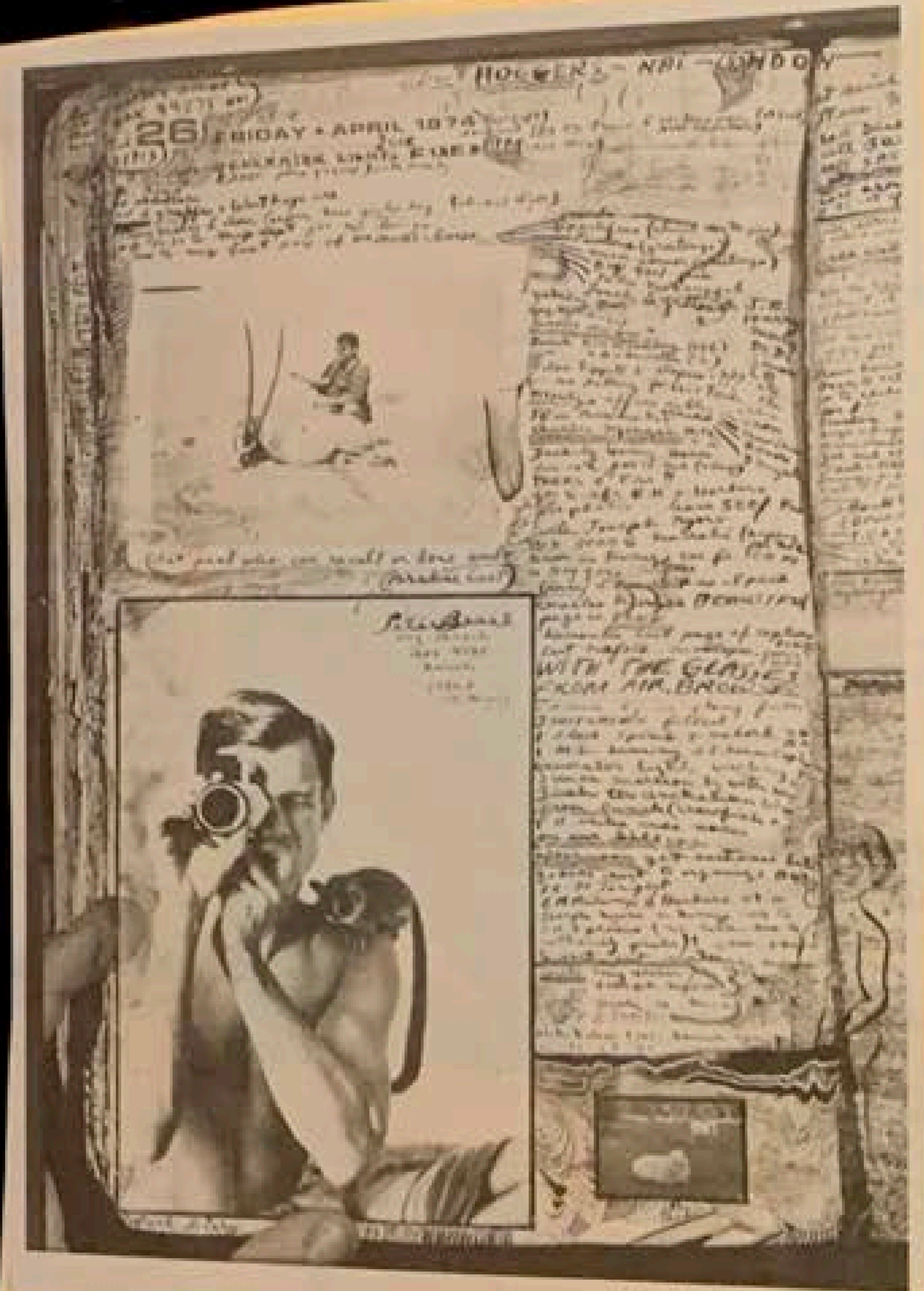
A short excerpt of my interview with Beard was published in *The News* on Nov. 19, 2000. I wrote a thank-you letter to him in New York, reinforcing my love for his work. I continued to follow his work, but never saw or spoke to him again.

His words, his voice recorded on my tape, linger with me still.

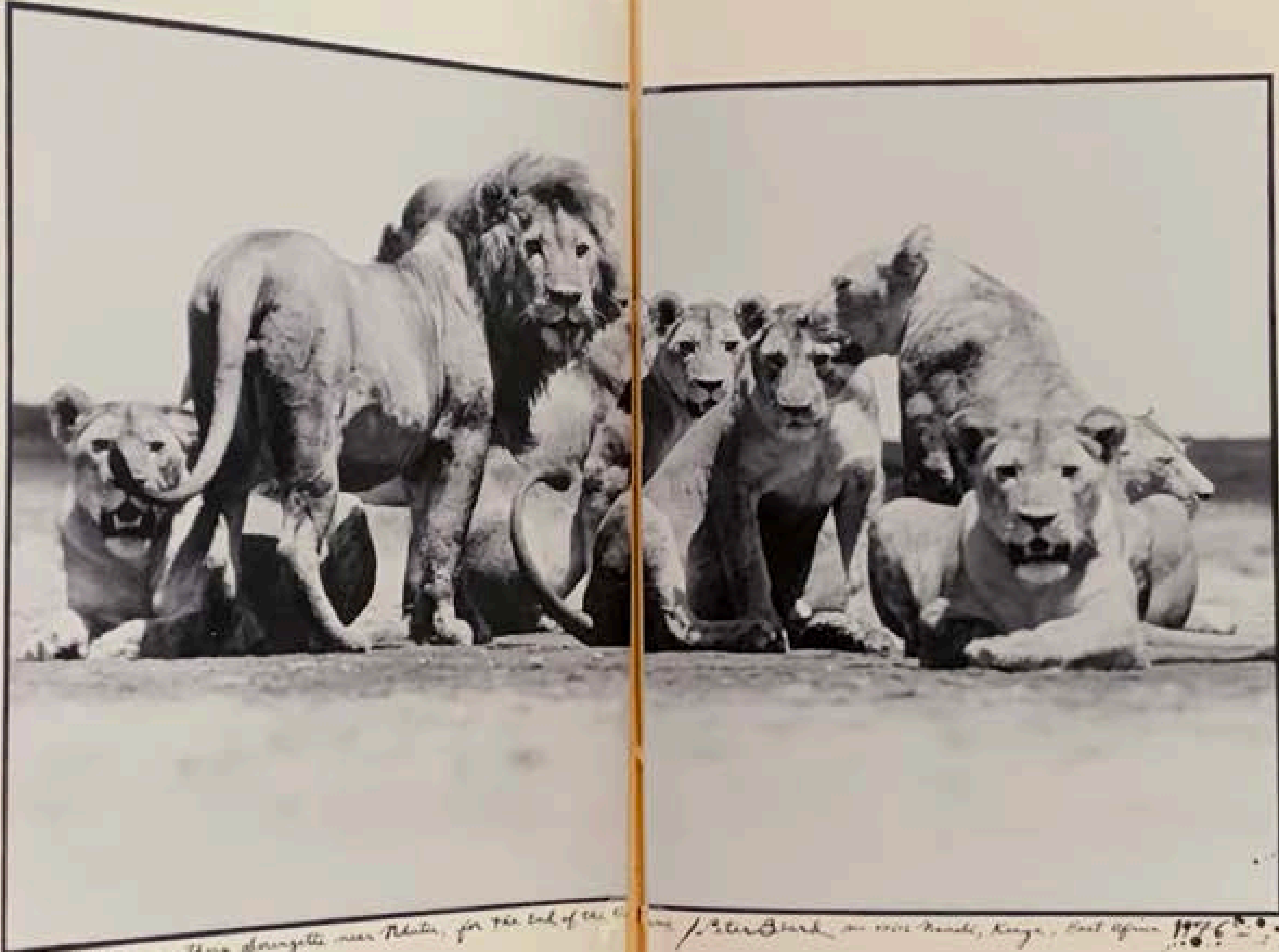
"I'm just happy to have escaped as much as I have," Beard told me in our interview. "That's my only happiness. Definitely not pride. Might be. [Laughter.] Because you escape by the skin of your teeth. Then you can, actually, in the end — if you're lucky enough to be around — you can say, I'm proud to still be around ... I've had lots of luck."



*But Past Who Can Recall
or Undo, April 26, 1974*
The photo at bottom left of
the diary page is a self-portrait
of Beard with his bush baby,
Minor, at Hog Ranch in 1968.



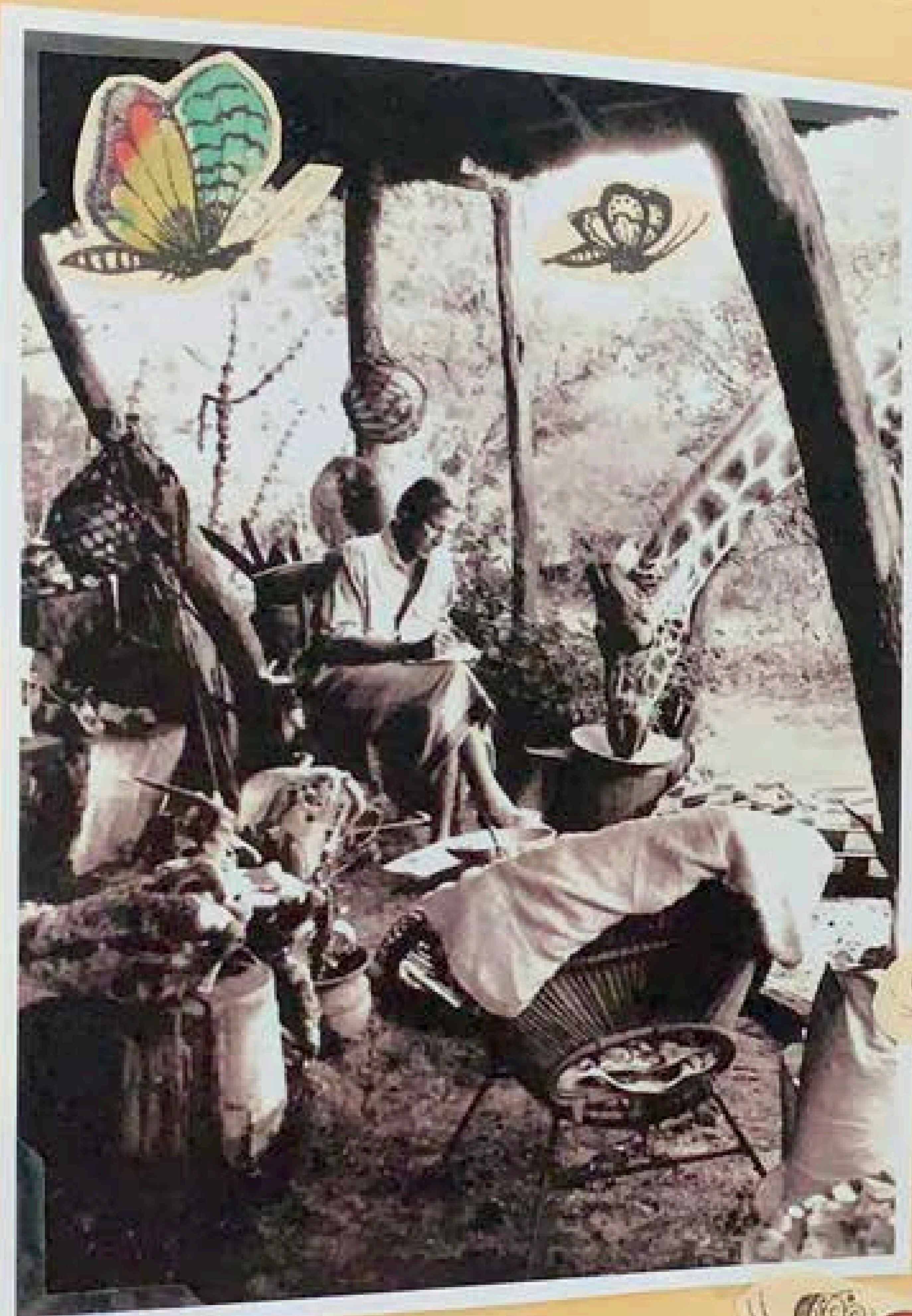
Peter Beard/Art + Commerce



Lion pride, southern savanna near Ndutu, for the last of the 1970s / Peter Beard, on 10000th Street, Kenya, East Africa 1976

And....

his handwriting.



PETER

The escape

Beard lived for 82 years and then made his final escape to the Beyond. Who do we look to as our heroes and what do we look to them for? Is "hero" even the right word? Archetype? Role model? HOPE comes to my mind when I think of Peter. He stood apart. He was a once-in-a-lifetime artist. He gave me hope and helped me understand that we set sail as an artist, and it's up to us to create our journey and navigate unexpected accidents along the way. He gave me faith in the hearts and potential of human beings — that there are things worth fighting for as an artist.

One might say that we risk disappointment when we meet our heroes. That wasn't my experience. My appreciation for his work has grown. He left a luminous, voluminous legacy and the exquisite record of a place, time, people and animals now gone.

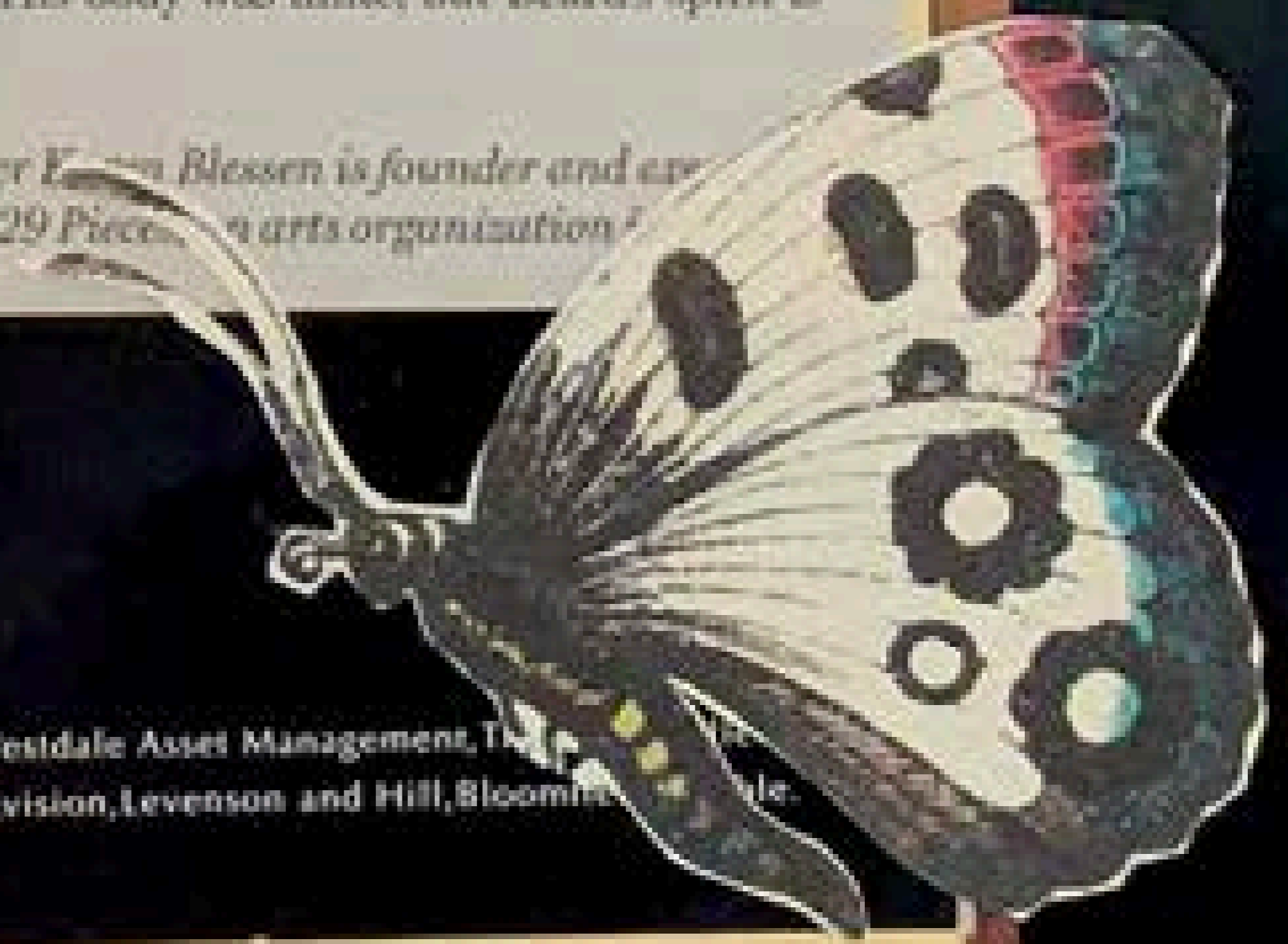
In my interview with Beard, I asked him what he loved. He recited this poem by Walter Savage Landor.

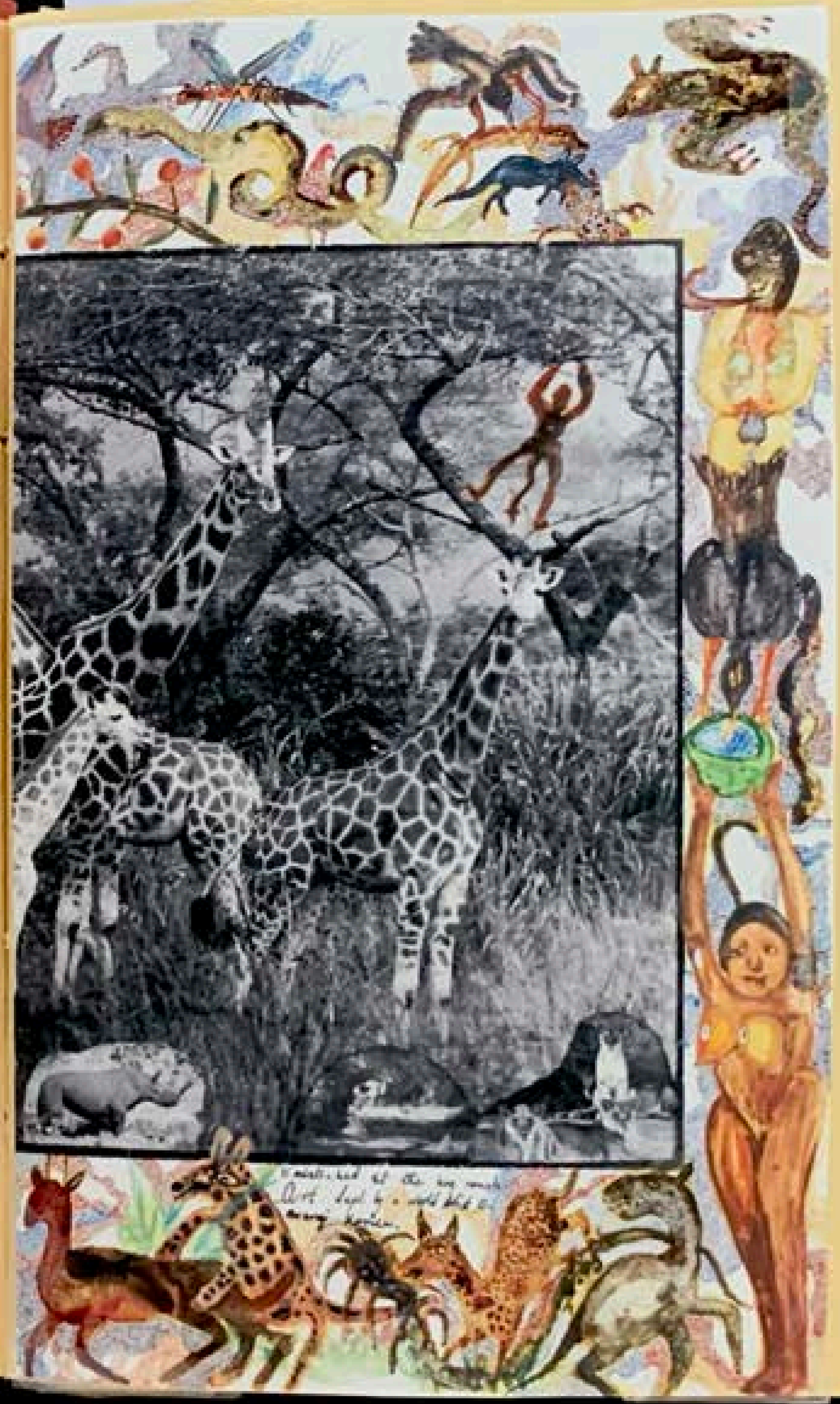
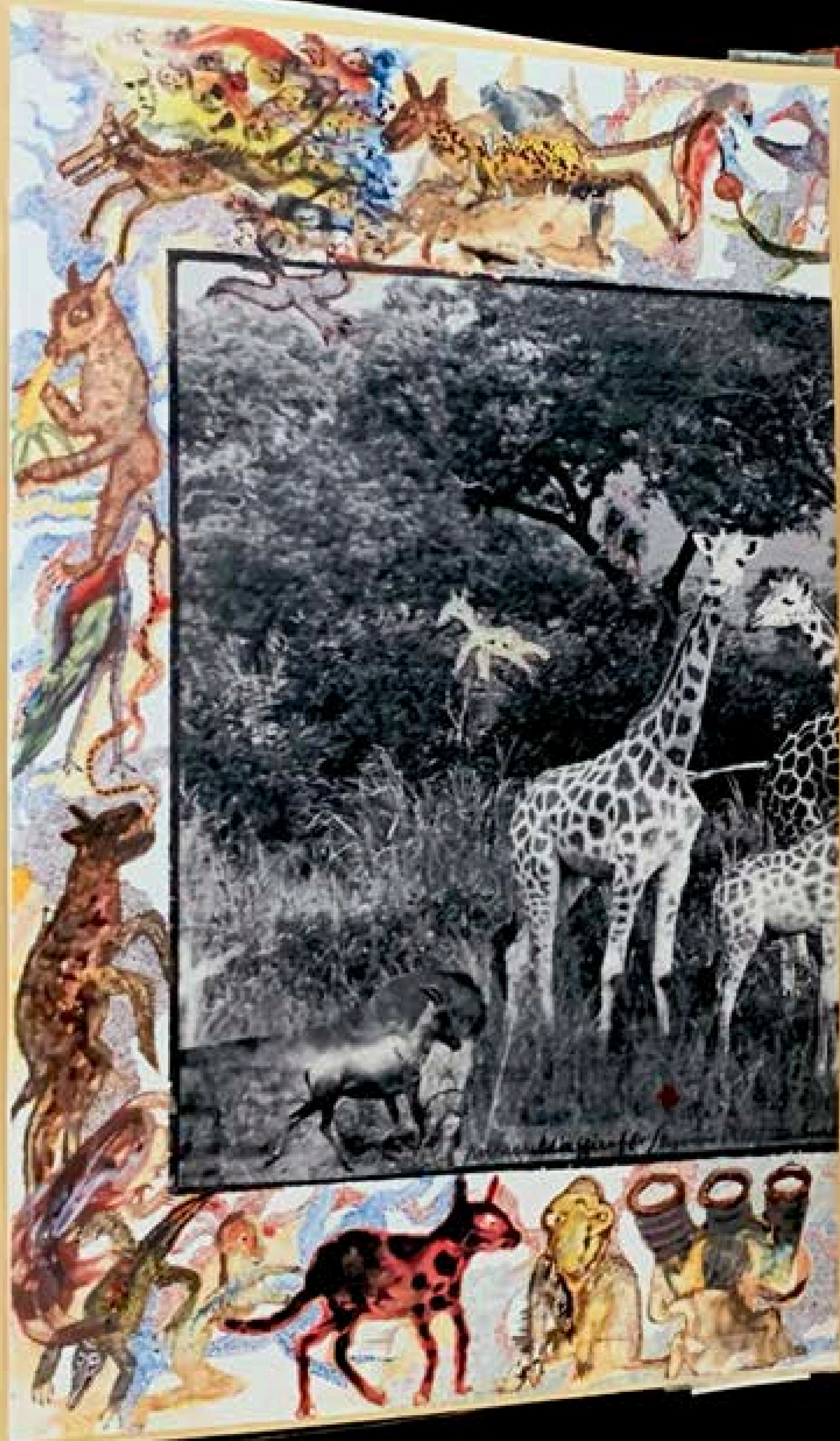
"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of Life;
It sinks; and I am ready to depart."

Depart he did. His body was finite, but Beard's spirit is boundless.

Artist and writer Emma Blesser is founder and executive artistic director of 29 Pieces, an arts organization.

er, American Airlines, Westdale Asset Management, The
bera.com, Net Salon, Panavision, Levenson and Hill, Bloomington, le.





Illustrated at the request of the
Dept. of Agriculture
Washington, D.C.



*The giraffe is a member of the family
The Giraffidae and is the tallest
living animal on land.*

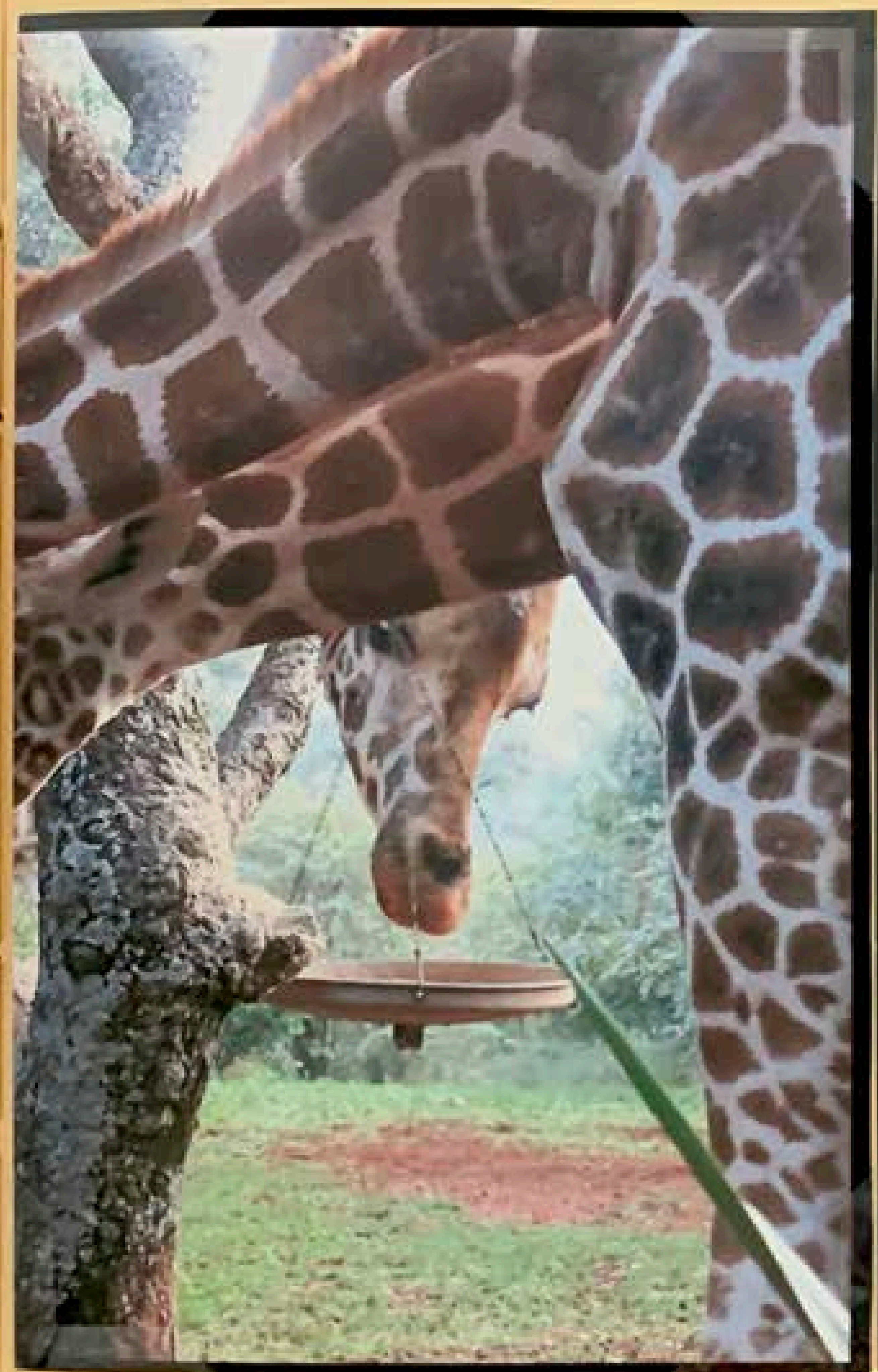
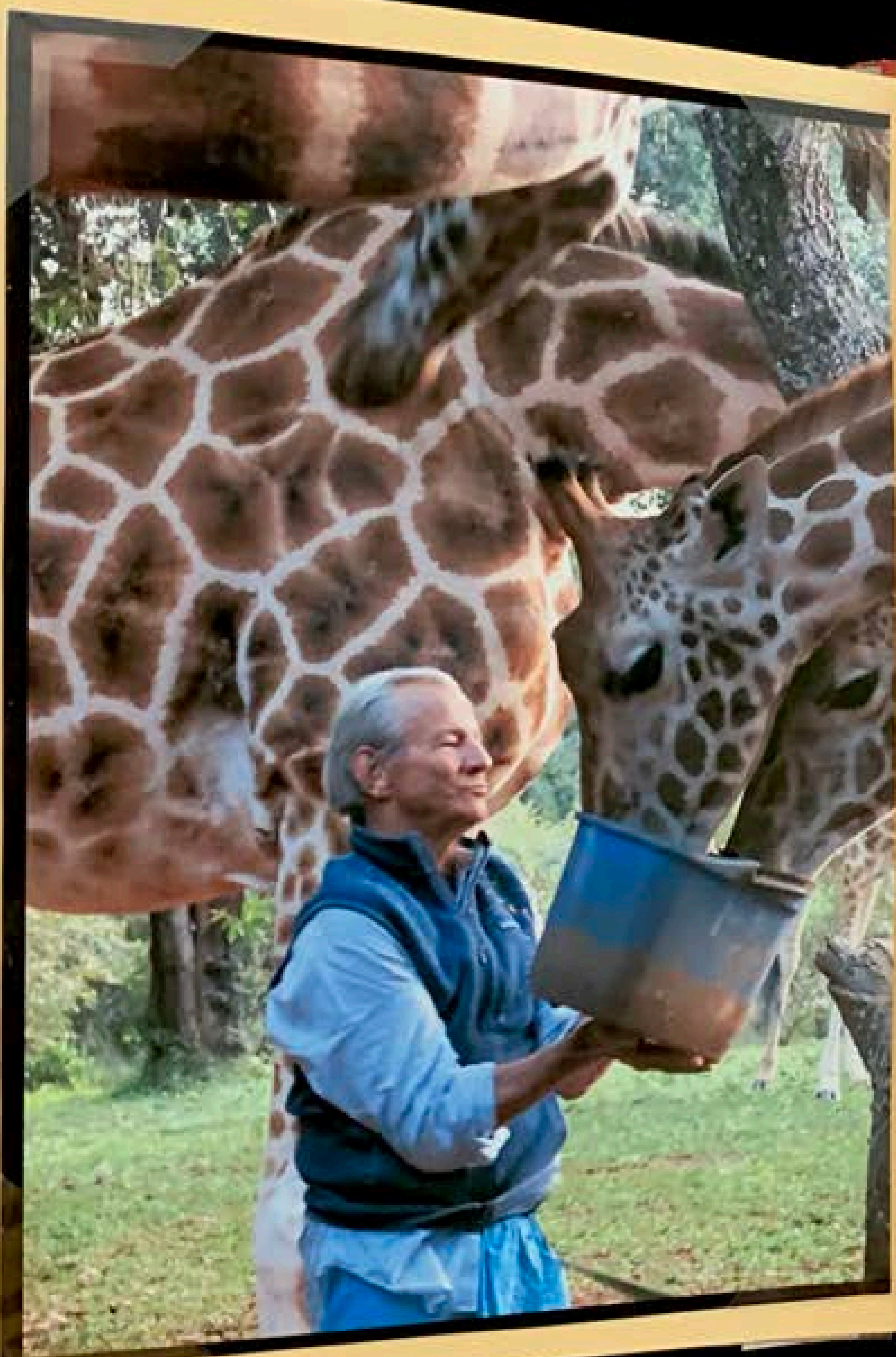
giraffe on the Tana Coast Kenya 1960. Photo by ...



*The giraffe is a member of the family
The Giraffidae and is the tallest
living animal on land.*

*The giraffe is a member of the family
The Giraffidae and is the tallest
living animal on land.*





"So soon as the young ones are hatched they fall instantly
or any other such thing fit for their meat, they do presently

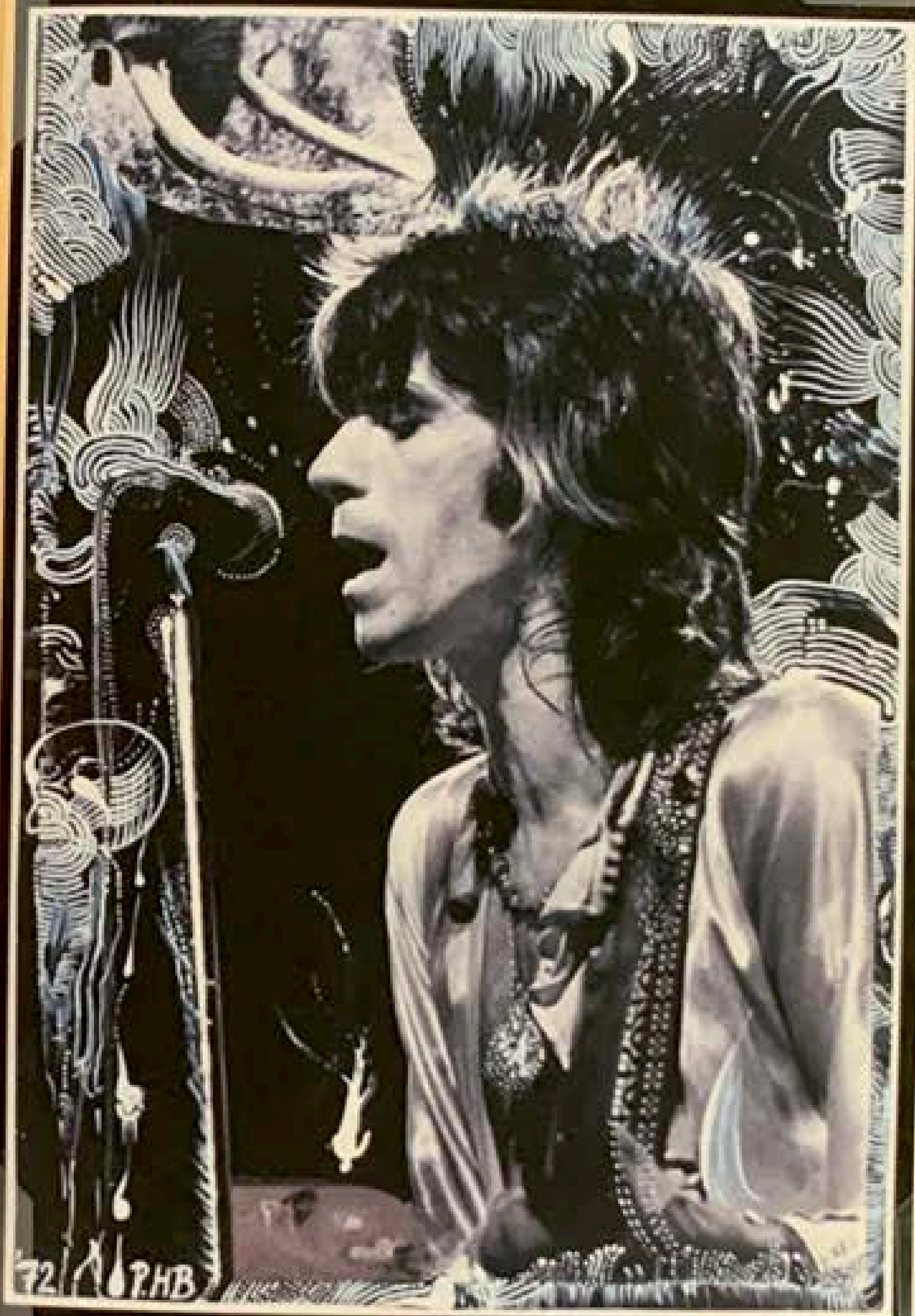
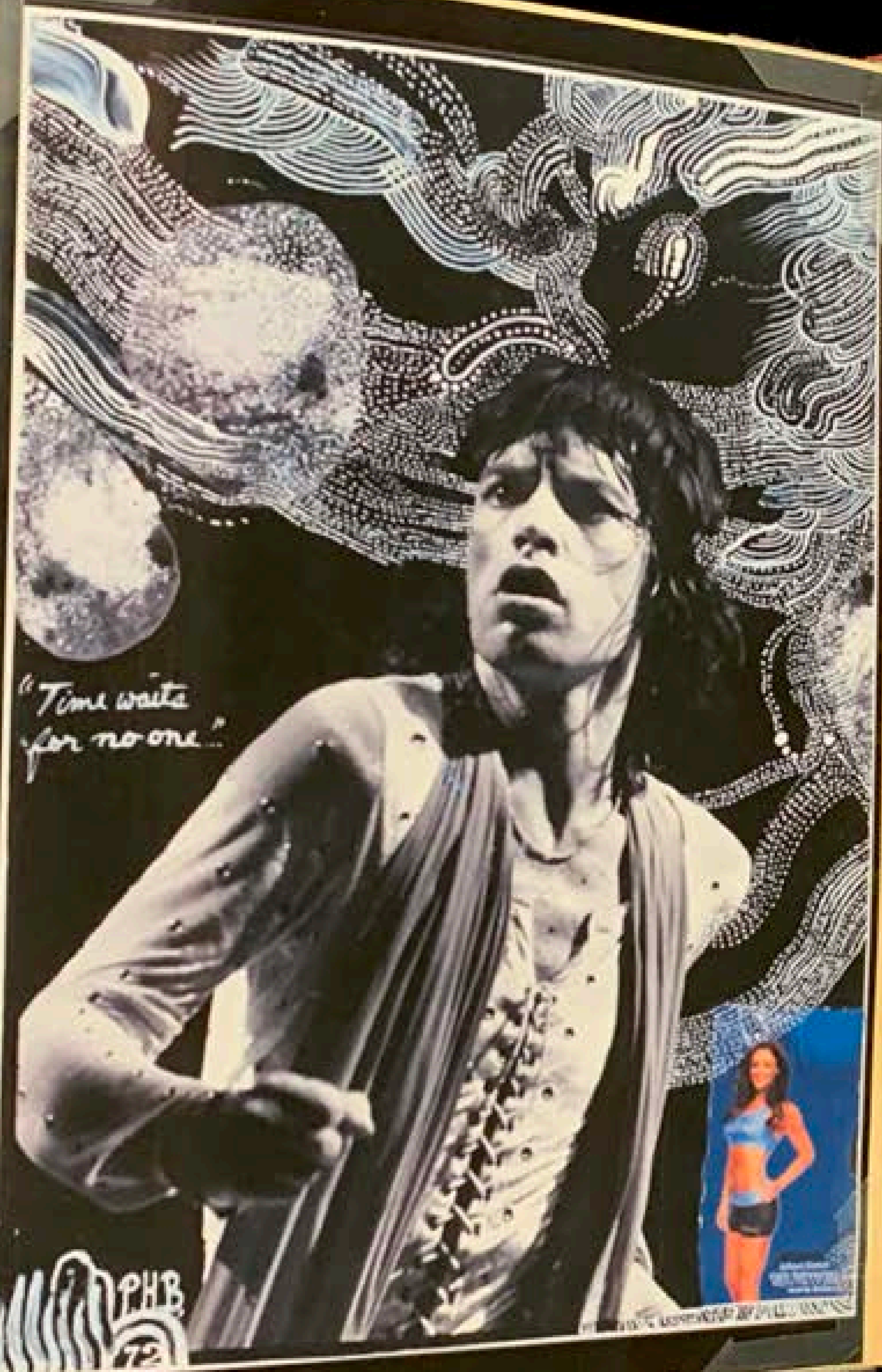


White Bay, Lake Rudolf; hatching crocs / P. 1

into the water; but if they meet with a frog, snail
leat it to pieces." (Sorehan) from *Journal of the British*
Association for the Advancement of Science



97616 NBI



The Dallas Morning News

ARTS & LIFE SUNDAY

SECTION E | MAY 17, 2020

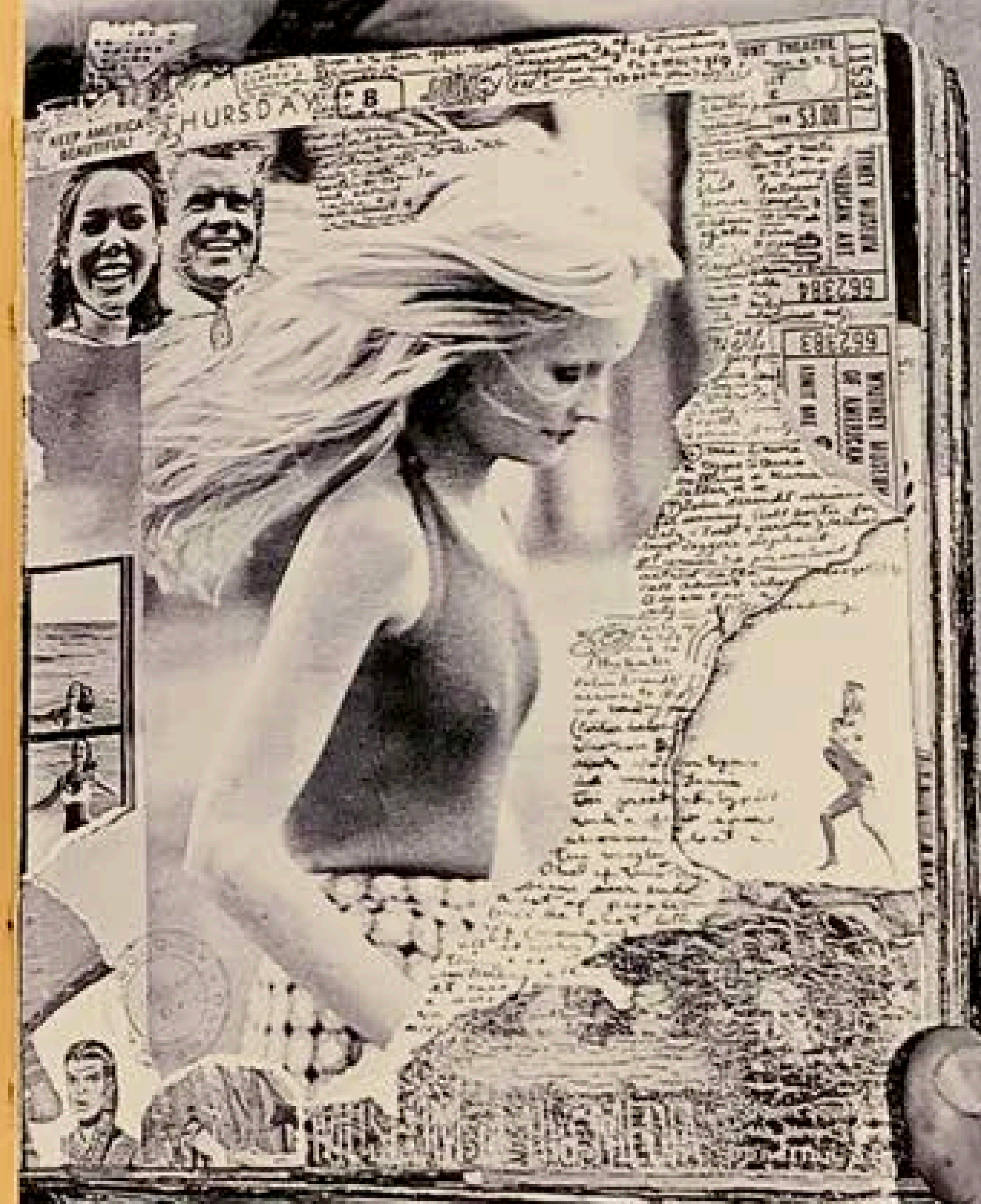
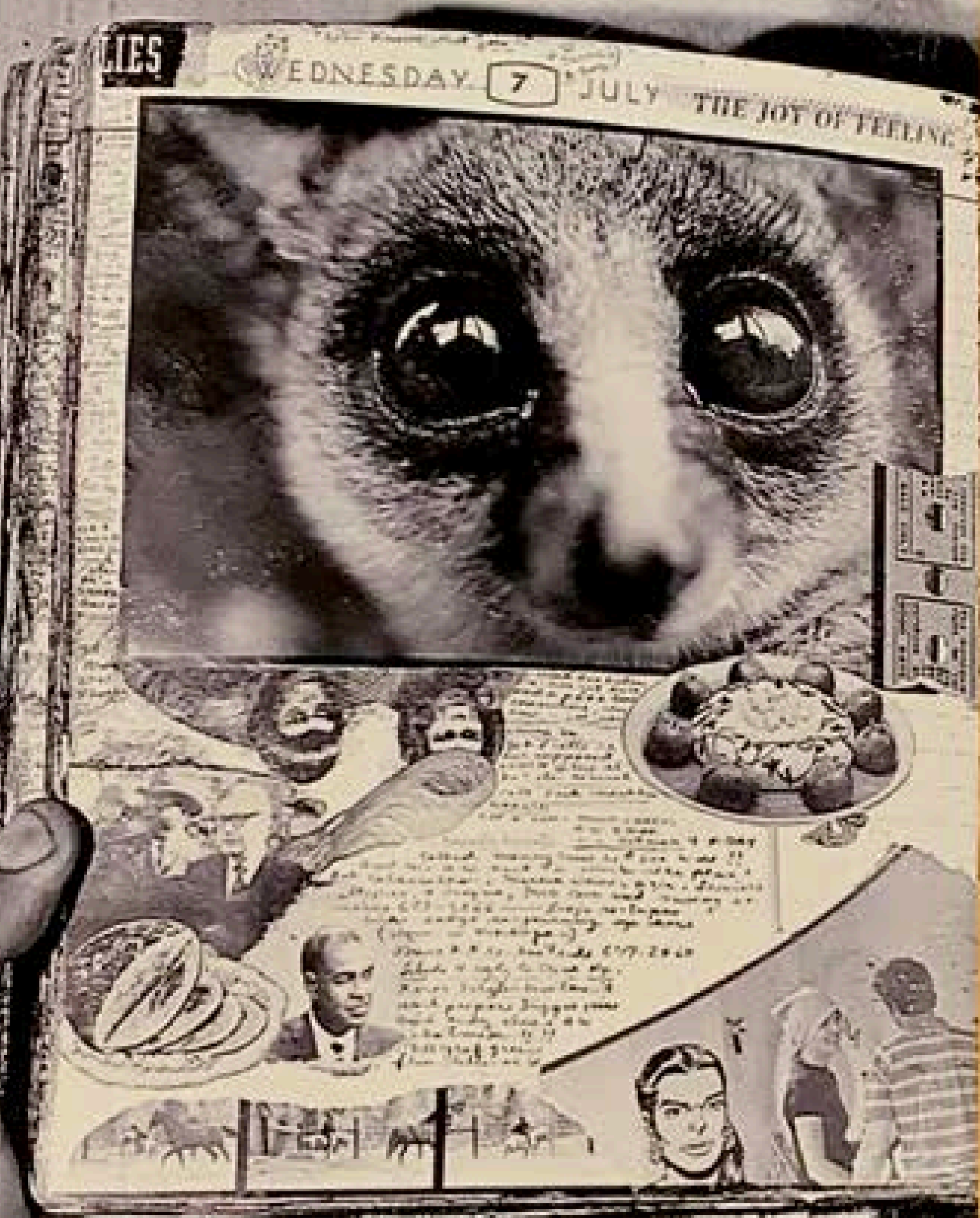
WILD AT HEART

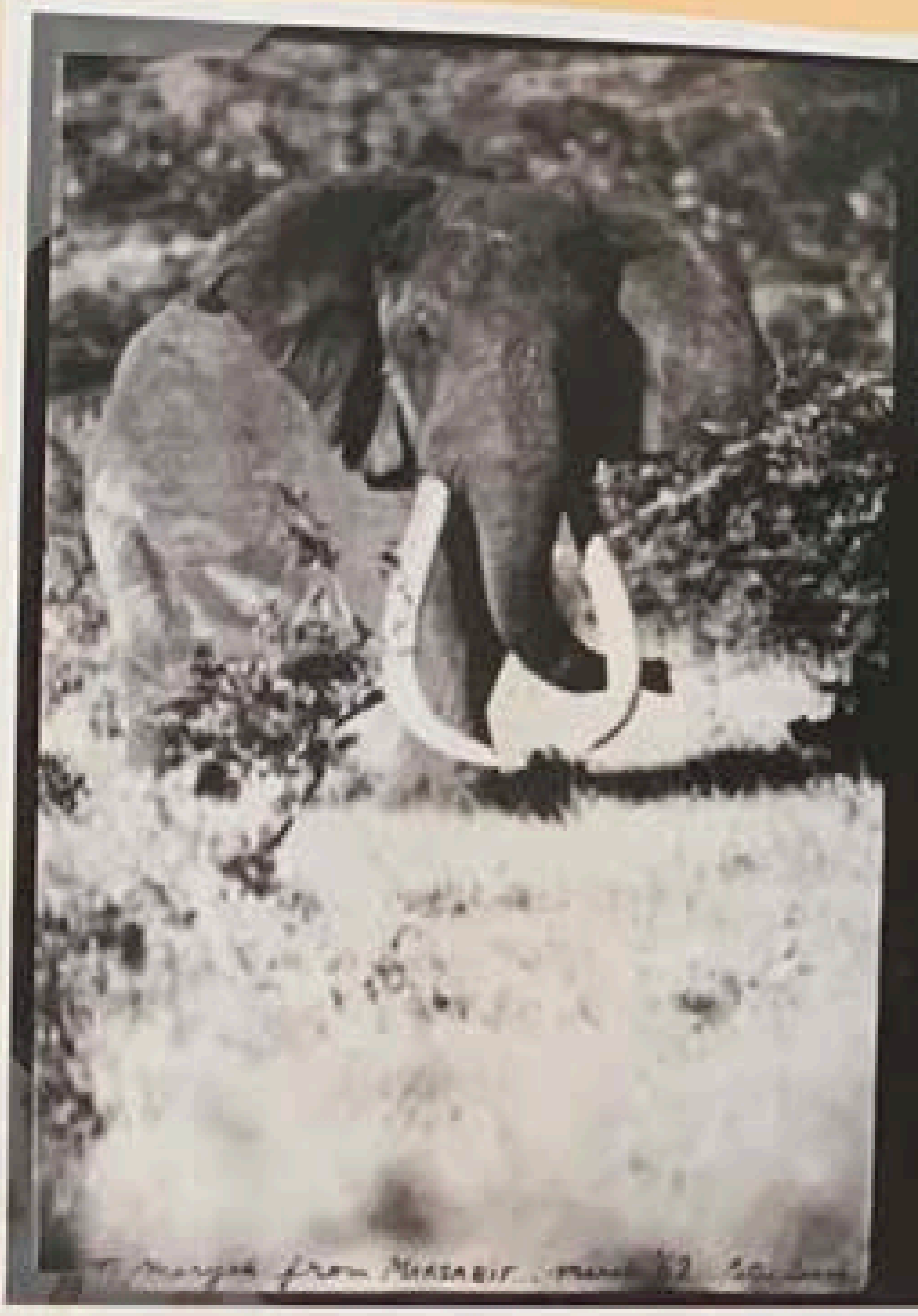
Photographer Peter Beard lived and worked on the edge — and inspired a Dallas artist who got to meet her hero decades ago.

Now, his disappearance and death have brought back memories of the gifted, complicated artist she encountered.

By Karen Blessen, 4E

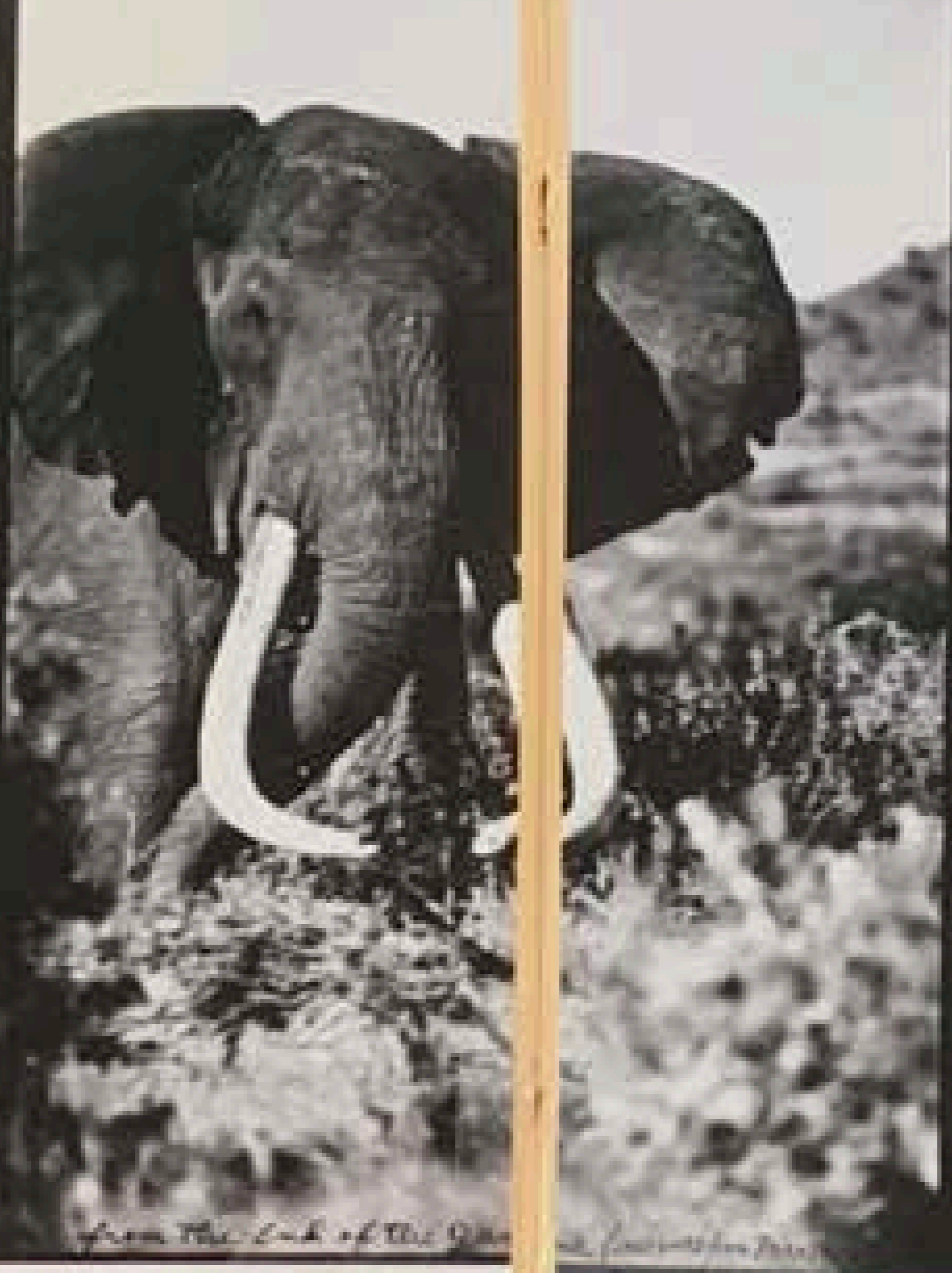






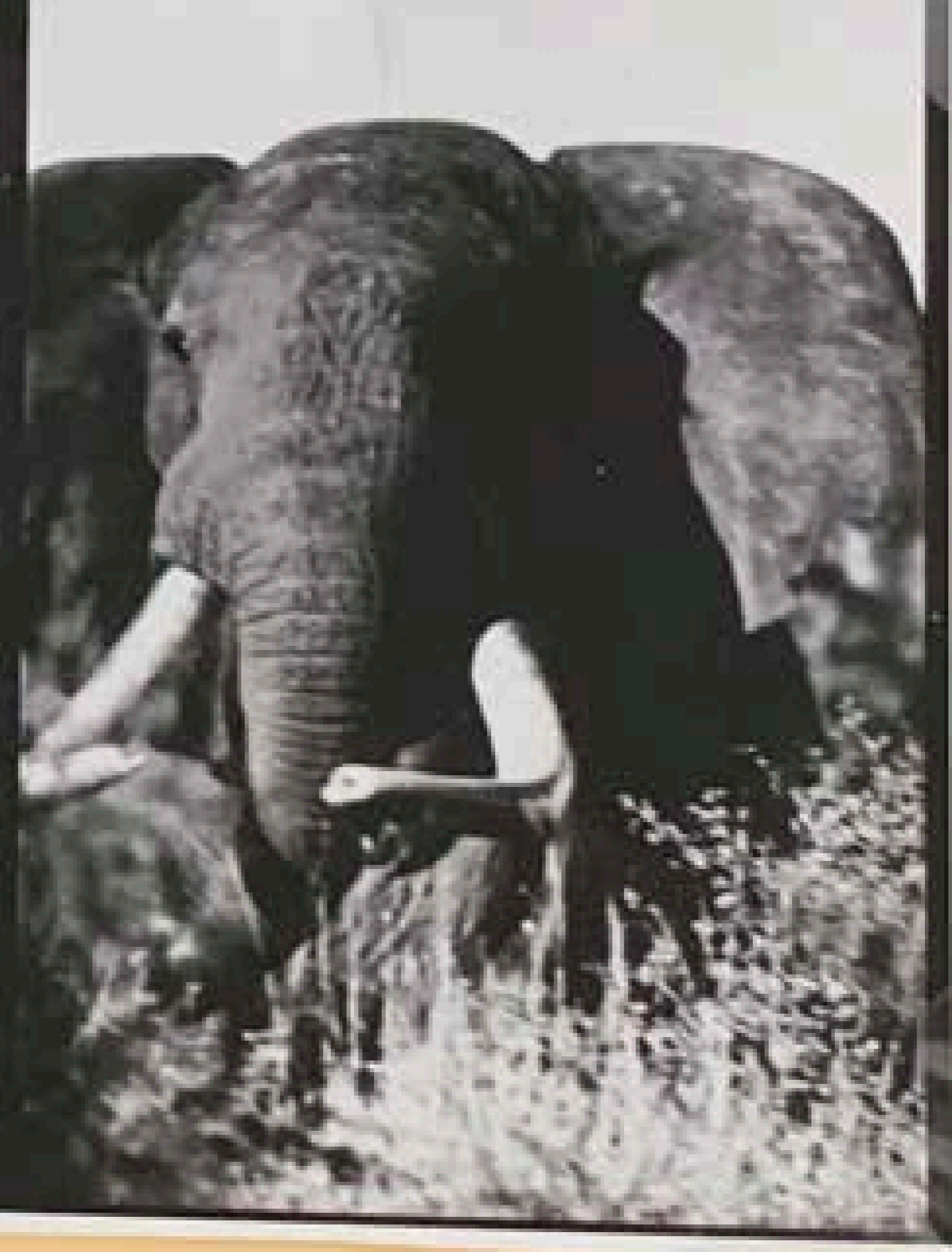
Young from Masabir. June 22. 1914

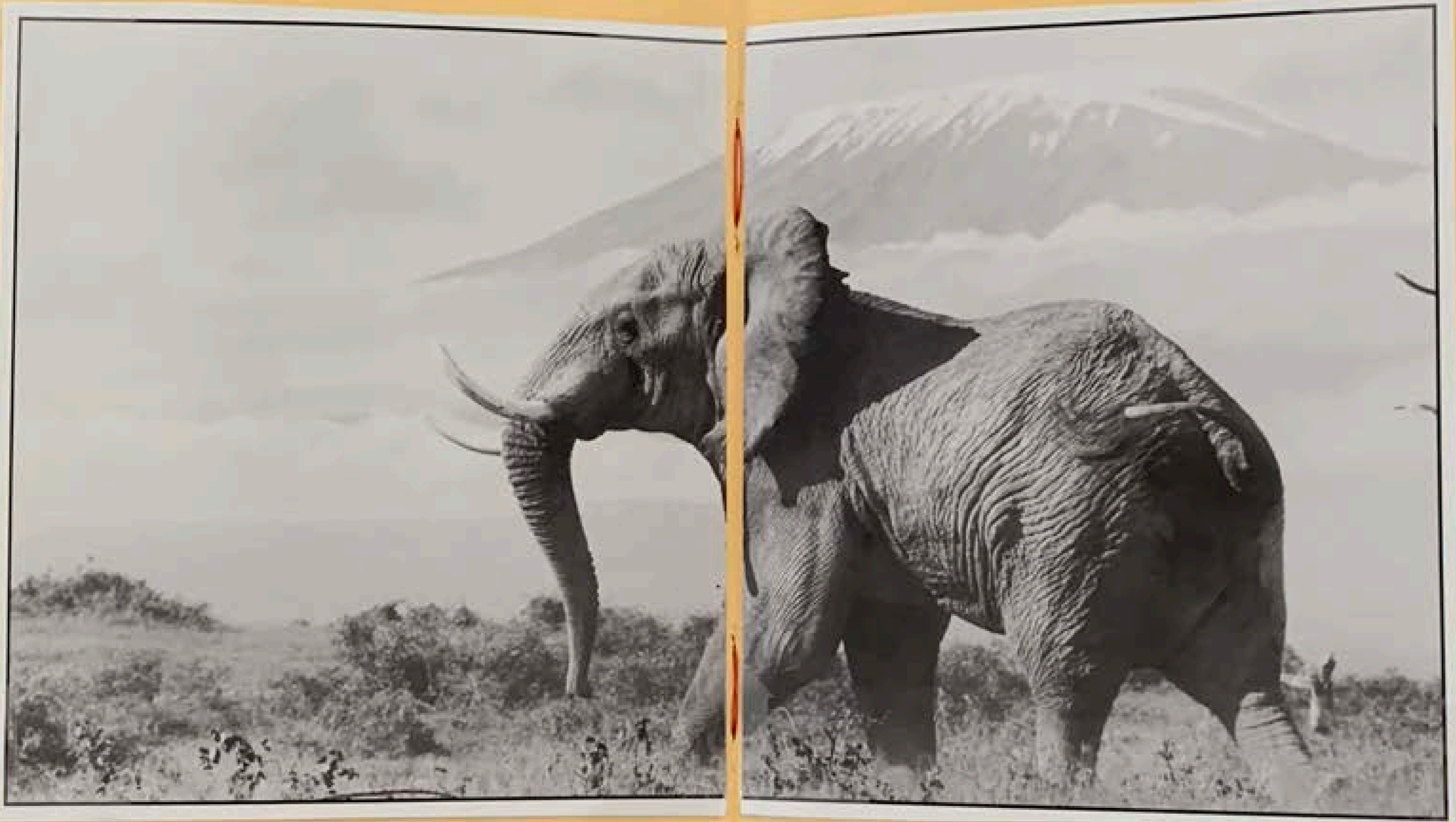
"Death follows the happy man like a shadow. He is a slave to his master, the unfortunate man like a slave to his servant."

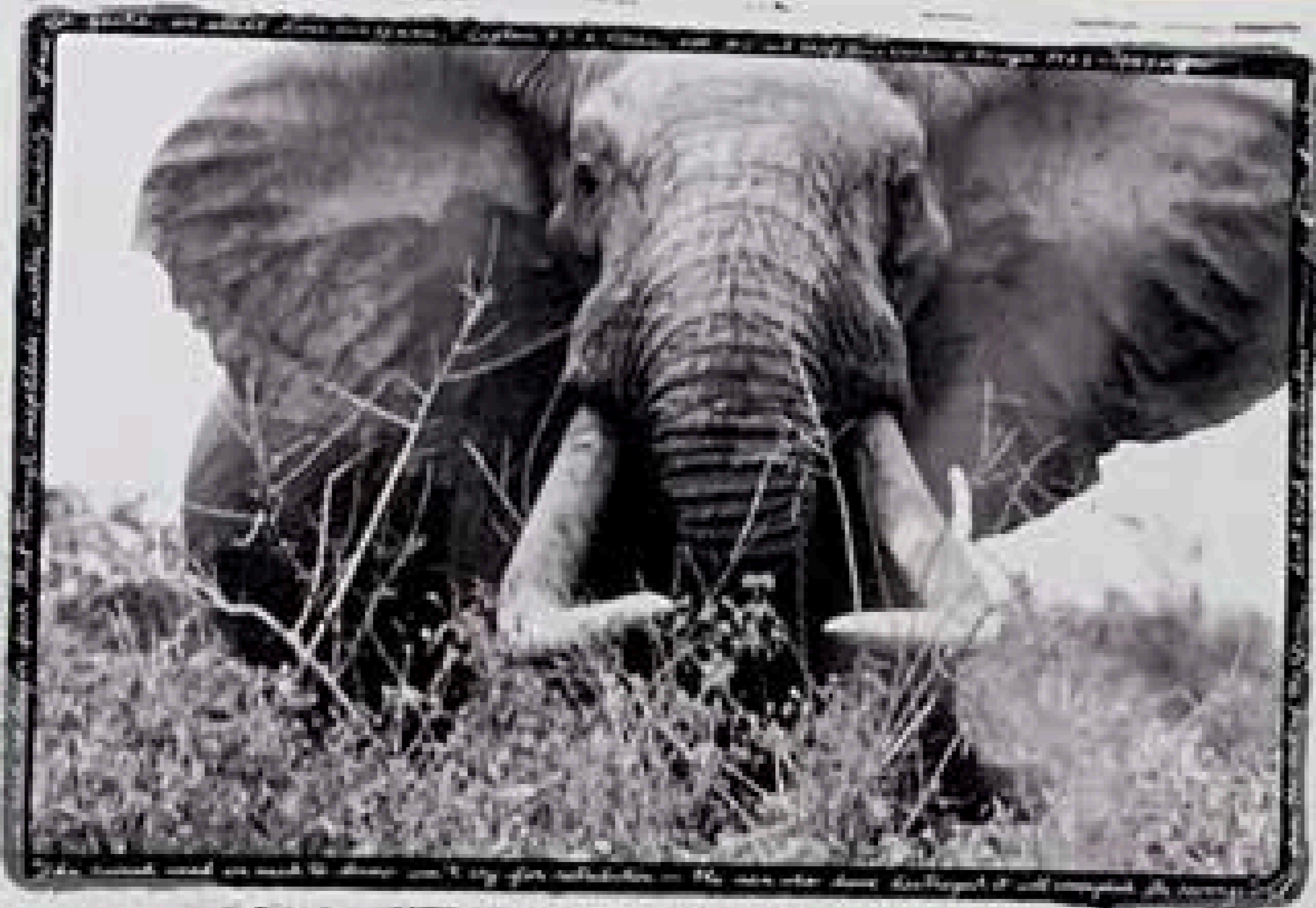


from the side of the ...

"Now all is done that could be done. And all is done in vain." *SUBJECTS IN THE GRASS*











I strove with none
for none was
worth my
strife.

Nature I loved,
and next to nature,
ART.

I warmed both hands
before the fire of LIFE.

It sinks.

And I am ready to depart.



May 25, 2020
Memorial Day, blow in
And memories from
From unexpected sources:
(1) An email from Dan
Cattan with a draft of
his memoir — including
scenes with Grandpa
Arche — and many
more. Scenes that
remind me of what/who
I've loved about Nebraska.
(2) Our neighbor Tim
Schlepponbach — from
NE — sends us a
song he's written
about driving the
highways of Nebraska.
I'm reminded that
Kelly and I hope to do
that one day.



Dad died on May 31, 1994.
The day after Memorial Day
Shelli's Birthday.
26 years ago now, I was
42 - Will's age.

PETER BEARD

FIFTY YEARS OF PORTRAITS

THE TIME IS ALWAYS NOW

476 Broome Street, Soho, N.Y.C. • 212-343-2424

FEEDBACK FROM PETER BEARD ARTICLE

From: Robert CAPRA <rcapra@me.com>
Subject: Thanks for the Peter Beard article...
Date: May 23, 2020 at 1:21:42 PM CDT
To: kblessen@sbcglobal.net

Karen,
I can't thank you enough for the wonderful article on Peter beard. My eyes filled with tears as I read it because I had a similar (though much shorter) experience with Peter. Back in 2004 when Peter was promoting "Zara's Tales" we met at a book signing. My wife Jennifer and I expected the bookstore to be packed to see the great artist Peter Beard. I'd followed Peter for decades ever since I was a young man dreaming of a career as a photographer. Surprisingly, the event at the bookstore was lightly attended. After everyone else left, a small group of hard core fans stayed and Peter was more than willing to take center stage and perform for us. During his talk and book signing, I had been taking some photographs of him using a Polaroid SX-70 camera... images that I then modified and abstracted using various burnishing tools to push, stretch and blur the print's emulsion. Peter was curious about what I was creating and wanted to see the images I had made. I gave him a few of the polaroids and he took each of my additional Peter Beard books and did beautiful, elaborate, personalized signings with handprints, ink smears and small illustrations. A group of 4 of us hung out with Peter until they closed the store and

how can I ever begin to describe how magic those moments were. And that is why your article moved me so much. You captured that incredible sense of adventure and experience that Peter gave to everyone he touched. I'll never travel or experience a fraction of the life he lived, but meeting him, speaking with him, knowing his art and reading his words gives me a feeling and appreciation of the world he knew in a deep and profound way.

Karen, your article is so beautiful because it is so personal. I know you were just as powerfully touched by Peter's art, creativity, his fearless approach to life and his incredible intelligence and wit as I was. And, as much as I loved the article you wrote for the paper, I would give anything to read your entire interview with Peter. Someday I hope you do a longer version of the article with a transcript of the interview and more of your memories of your time with Peter and how his life and work have affected and inspired you.

Sincerely,

Robert Capra
Walnut Creek CA

Sent from my iPad

From: Sarah van Riemsdijk
<sarah.p.vanriemsdijk@gmail.com>
Subject: Peter Beard article
Date: May 19, 2020 at 10:32:33 AM CDT
To: kblessen@sbcglobal.net

Hello,

I just wanted to take a moment to let you know how much I appreciated your Peter Beard article.

I've known PB and his family for decades/own several of his pieces, and I've found many recent articles disheartening, as they were essentially sensationalist and vulgar.

I thought your beautiful writing captured the essence of Peter and his work, as your admiration and respect for him were apparent. I would love to have a copy of your wonderful effort, and my address is:

Sarah van Riemsdijk
232 Compo Road South
Westport, CT 06880

My daughter, Laurie, grew up rollerblading to watch PB working on his collages (when we lived in France and he was in residence). She agrees with me the recent Artnet auction of his works — supposedly "celebrating" him (but roundly called out for what it is) — was beyond the pale. Laurie grew up in Europe but now is an art consultant in Manhattan. She and I had coffee with Peter's wife Nej at

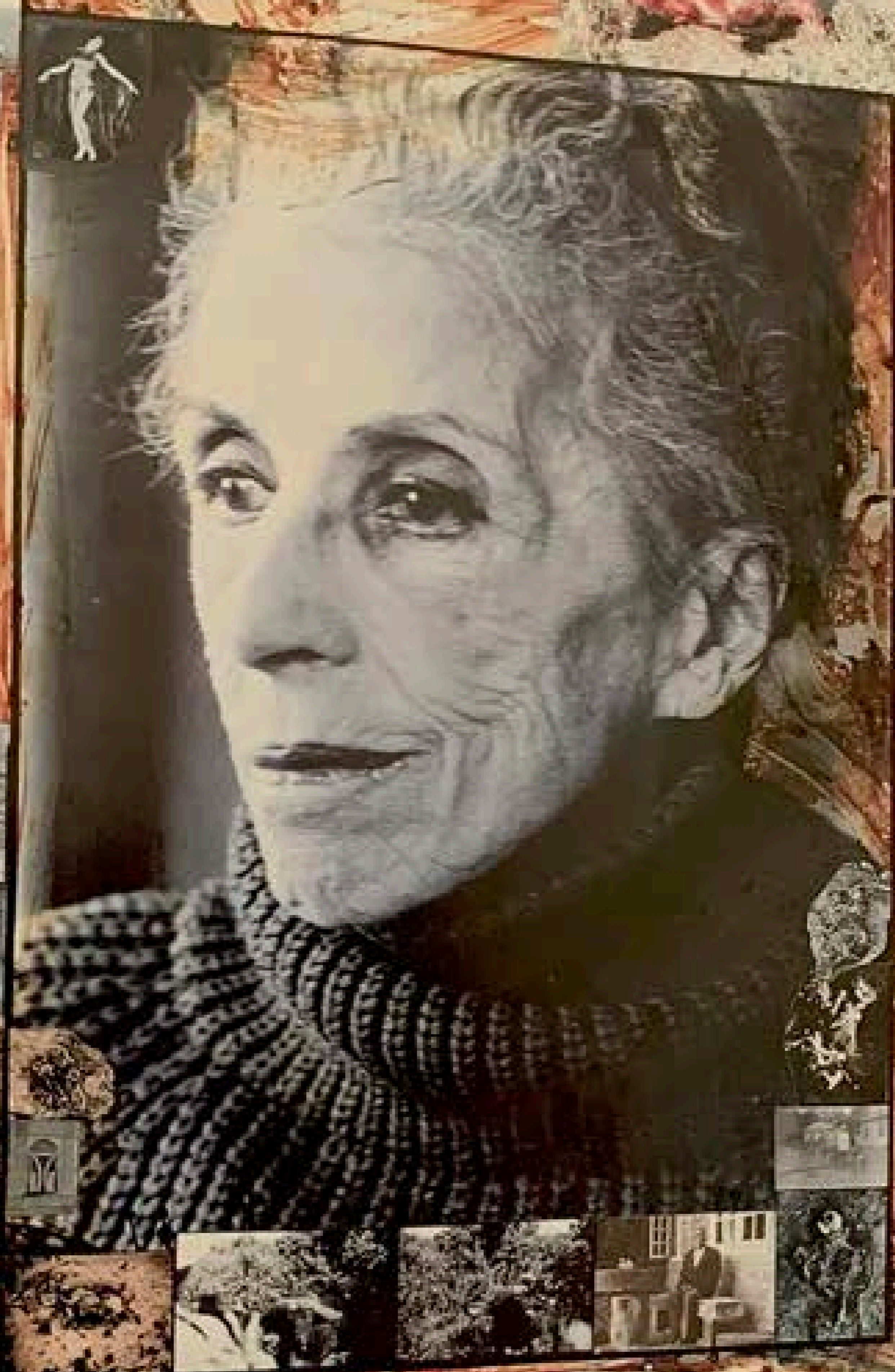
the studio in NY shortly before I left to spend the winter in London.

We spent those interminable weeks whilst he was missing awakening with our hearts in our throats and are still devastated, hoping he didn't suffer. I send Nej and Zara periodic little direct messages just to let them know we're sending them our love, but I haven't asked for information, as it's too soon. So if you'd like me to send Nej a copy of your article, I will happily do so.

I'm so pleased you're one of those who could love and appreciate Peter and his art exactly as they were. He was such a gentleman, and I hope he will be remembered for his unique talent, beautiful manners and joie de vivre. Thank you, again, for giving the world a glimpse of his genius.

Kindest regards,

Sarah van Riemsdijk
232 Compo Road South
Westport, CT 06880



From: dallrp@aol.com
Subject: Peter Beard in the DMN
Date: May 17, 2020 at 9:12:28 AM CDT
To: "karen@29pieces.org" <karen@29pieces.org>
Reply-To: dallrp@aol.com

Hey, Karen,
Larry Powell here, ex of the DMN....

I just finished reading your Peter Beard recollections — that's the most fascinating story of personal encounter that I've read in eons. It really shows the connection, the inspiration, the appreciation. What a great job (to use an old newsroom term!)

It's making me think -- not just admire the presentation. So, of course, I'm totally envious.

And very appreciative!

Thank you for writing it all!
Larry

From: dallrp@aol.com
Subject: Re: Peter Beard in the DMN
Date: May 17, 2020 at 9:45:51 PM CDT
To: "karen@29pieces.org" <karen@29pieces.org>
Reply-To: dallrp@aol.com

Hey, Karen,

What made me think -- it was the presentation of the personality and the behavior and the fact that he clearly lived life the way he wanted and still was able to be a remarkable creative force.

He didn't "color within the lines" -- he smeared freedom of expression all over them.

And there was a part that you had about the event being for him -- when you showed him your prints and he sort of ho-hummed them. That episode reminded me of how important it is to remember that artists/writers/actors, etc. are people and they work hard to deserve the spotlight at "their moment" in a day.

The whole piece reminded me to cherish whatever creativity I have and to not let it go to waste.

I may think of other things because I intend to re-read it all with great pleasure.

There is something special about seeing this guy in different

lights, then writing about each facet while keeping them strongly tethered by the guy's soul. I write about one-dimensional people (and dogs and cats!) all the time, but this treatment of Beard made me realize how I'm short-changing some of my subjects.

I really was a grateful reader this morning! And I still am tonight, too. I can't always say that about everything I've either read or written!!!

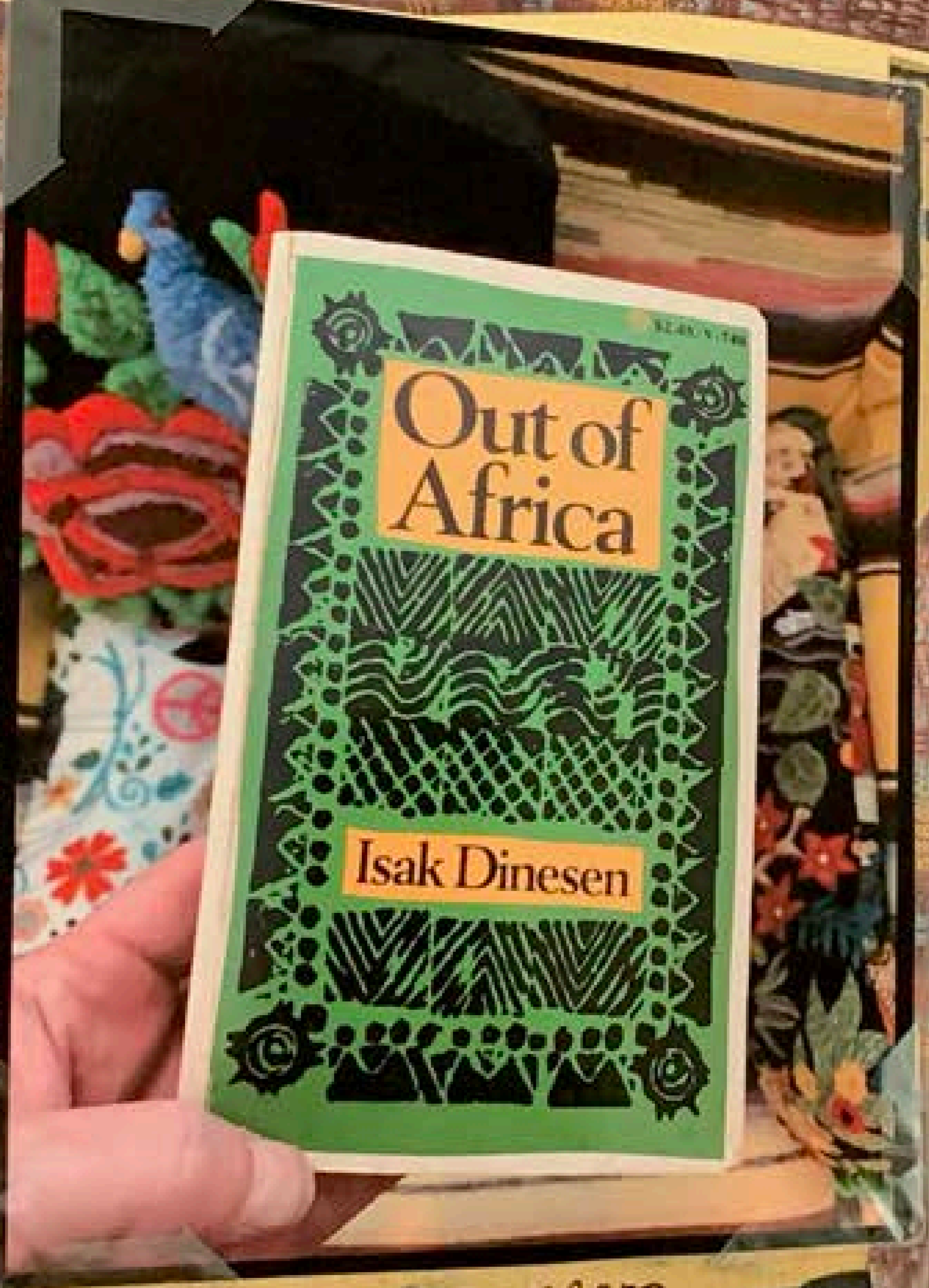
Thanks for letting me try to explain!
Larry

From: Gary Jacobson <garyjacobsonster@gmail.com>
Subject: Peter Beard
Date: May 17, 2020 at 11:36:39 AM CDT
To: kblessen@sbcglobal.net

Karen,

Just read your retrospective in the DMN about Peter Beard. Wonderful! Loved the mixture of your old journal entries and current commentary. Great observations throughout: "If his spirit did ascend, he left his body in a place he loved -- with the creatures, trees, sun and stars of the natural world."

Stay well,
Gary Jacobson



MY COPY - FROM
1967/70

From: cynfilm <cynfilm@mediaprojects.org>
Subject: Thank you
Date: May 17, 2020 at 11:36:46 AM CDT
To: Karen Blessen <Karen@29Pieces.org>

First, I hope you and your family are well. And then a big thank you for your piece on Peter Beard. I was reading it when my husband interrupted me with, "You have to read this article, and it was yours." It caught both our imaginations. It was real clear to me as I read your article how inspirational Peter Beard was to you and you obviously liked and respected him.

I loved you going back to your old journals. Landor's poem was a perfect close. I might have been to the gallery since I know Carol Considine. I wasn't at the film.

I hope you have been creative during this pandemic. I work hard every day - determined that the virus and Trump aren't going to get me down.
Hope to see you when we are able to socialize again.

Best,
Cynthia Mondell

P. Beard

From: Eye Lipson <eyelipson@gmail.com>
Subject: Very much
Date: May 17, 2020 at 11:26:02 AM CDT
To: Karen Blessen <kblessen@sbcglobal.net>

Very much enjoyed your diary story.

Tomato beer??

Ira "Eye" Lipson
Certified Media Hotshot
Dallas Texas USA
Eye@Lipson.com
<http://www.Lipsonworks.com>

Sent from my EyePad

From: Lou Michaels <loumichaels1@gmail.com>
Subject: Peter Beard
Date: May 18, 2020 at 11:17:29 AM CDT
To: "karen blessen (LinkedIn Invitations)" <kblessen@sbcglobal.net>

Thank you for sharing your journal entries about Peter and Africa. I love especially the entry questioning his disappearance and "ascending". Beautiful. And meeting him. I can't even imagine.

XO,
Lou Michaels

From: "Walker, Myra" <Myra.Walker@unt.edu>
Subject: Peter Beard article
Date: May 17, 2020 at 8:30:11 PM CDT
To: "karen@29Pieces.org" <karen@29Pieces.org>

Hello Karen,

I want to thank you for the thoughtful and stirring article today about Peter Beard today. Now that is a cherished memory. Each Sunday we get the NYTimes and the DMNews. I carefully deconstruct and scan each section, always the NYTimes first, keeping each of the stacks separated. When I saw the spread about Peter Beard, I thought it must have been a NYTimes section that got misfiled! You did a beautiful job of recreating your experience.

My first marriage was in 1974 (divorced in 1978) but during that time I bought "The End of the Game" and "Eyelids of Morning". Through all the moves, the men, the jobs, the bookshelves, the apartments and houses, I never let those two books get away. Your article reminded me to find them and study them to again experience the beauty of his work. Thank you.

Yes, it was sad to hear how Peter wandered off and died alone, like an injured elephant in the wild. But he was in his habitat. I always loved the Tarzan movies, (Johnny Weissmuller!) especially the ones about the elephant graveyard. It always loomed large in the imagination of my childhood. That must have somehow inspired me to need those books by Peter Beard.

So — thank you so much! I hope to meet you one day, Karen. I am an artist too, here in Dallas. I live near Brookhaven and have been enjoying art classes there. Now it's on hold — it's difficult to do printmaking online. Your article made my day!

Myra Walker

Sent from my iPhone

From: "Nancy S. Lipson" <nancyslipson@gmail.com>
Subject: Wonderful
Date: May 17, 2020 at 12:47:42 PM CDT
To: Karen Blessen <kblessen@sbcglobal.net>

Hi Karen,

I really enjoyed your article in today's DMN. How fortunate you both were to be in each other's life. Did he know of your local success and the tremendous influence he had on your life's work?

Best,
Nancy

Nancy S. Lipson
nancyslipson@gmail.com
972-788-1780 Home
214-415-7315 Cell

Sent from my iPad

P. Beard

From: Rebecca Covell <rscovell@me.com>
Subject: Peter Beard piece
Date: May 17, 2020 at 8:41:17 AM CDT
To: kblessen@sbcglobal.net

Hi Karen,
I just read your touching article in the Sunday DMN. I found it insightful and endearing. Clearly this man inspired you and you've motivated me to want to learn more about him. Well done!
Best regards,
Rebecca Covell

From: Vicki Morgan <vickierenzo@gmail.com>
Subject: Re: KB's story on Peter Beard
Date: May 17, 2020 at 4:28:15 PM CDT
To: Karen <karen@29pieces.org>

Karen...what a moving article. You portrayed him as an introspective, artistic, soulful person...and I always thought of him as a hedonistic talented playboy. You and he were artistic kindred spirits for sure. I would love to see his diaries with pictures and collage and observations and musings. My ex husband Bob Grossman and he were friendly...I recall he gave Bob his book back in the late 70s, very early 80s I think. I remember he told me that Peter was married to Cheryl Tiegs...why that stuck in my mind, I don't know.

I guess they may have attended Yale together.

Thank you,
Vicki Morgan Erenzo

Peter Beard

"Carnets Africains"
A Retrospective
(1955 - Present)

From: "Miller, Barbara H" <bhmiller@tamu.edu>
Subject: Fw: [EXTERNAL]Re: [EXTERNAL]Virtual
Yoga This Week: Please RSVP
Date: May 18, 2020 at 11:51:46 AM CDT
To: Karen <karen@29pieces.org>
Cc: Louise <louiseapple@att.net>

Dear Karen,
Loved your piece in the Dallas Morning News about Peter
Beard. Lovely! Also, Louise Applebome thought it was
beautiful too. Please see below. (I've copied her on this
email.)
Love & peace,
Barbara

From: Louise <louiseapple@att.net>
Sent: Sunday, May 17, 2020 6:42 PM
To: Miller, Barbara H
Subject: [EXTERNAL]Re: [EXTERNAL]Virtual Yoga
This Week: Please RSVP
Beautiful piece by Karen Blessen today.
How poignant was the life and death of Peter Beard.
We can only hope he went peacefully.
Xoxo
Louise Applebome
del norte yoga
www.delnorteyoga.squarespace.com

On Isak Dinesen's Land, Old Kenyan Reminisces

By ALAN COWELL

Special to The New York Times

HOG RANCH, Kenya — When Karen Blixen, better known as Isak Dinesen, drew her sketches and drawings, it revived his standing as Africa's most celebrated servant.

From: Bill Reece <bill.reece@nufoundation.org>
Subject: very cool...
Date: May 18, 2020 at 9:20:18 AM CDT
To: Karen <karen@29pieces.org>
Cc: Joye Fehringer <joye.fehringer@nufoundation.org>, Lisa Yoder <lisa.yoder@nufoundation.org>

Karen,
Joye shared your article and journal writings about Peter Beard. What a creative genius he was....

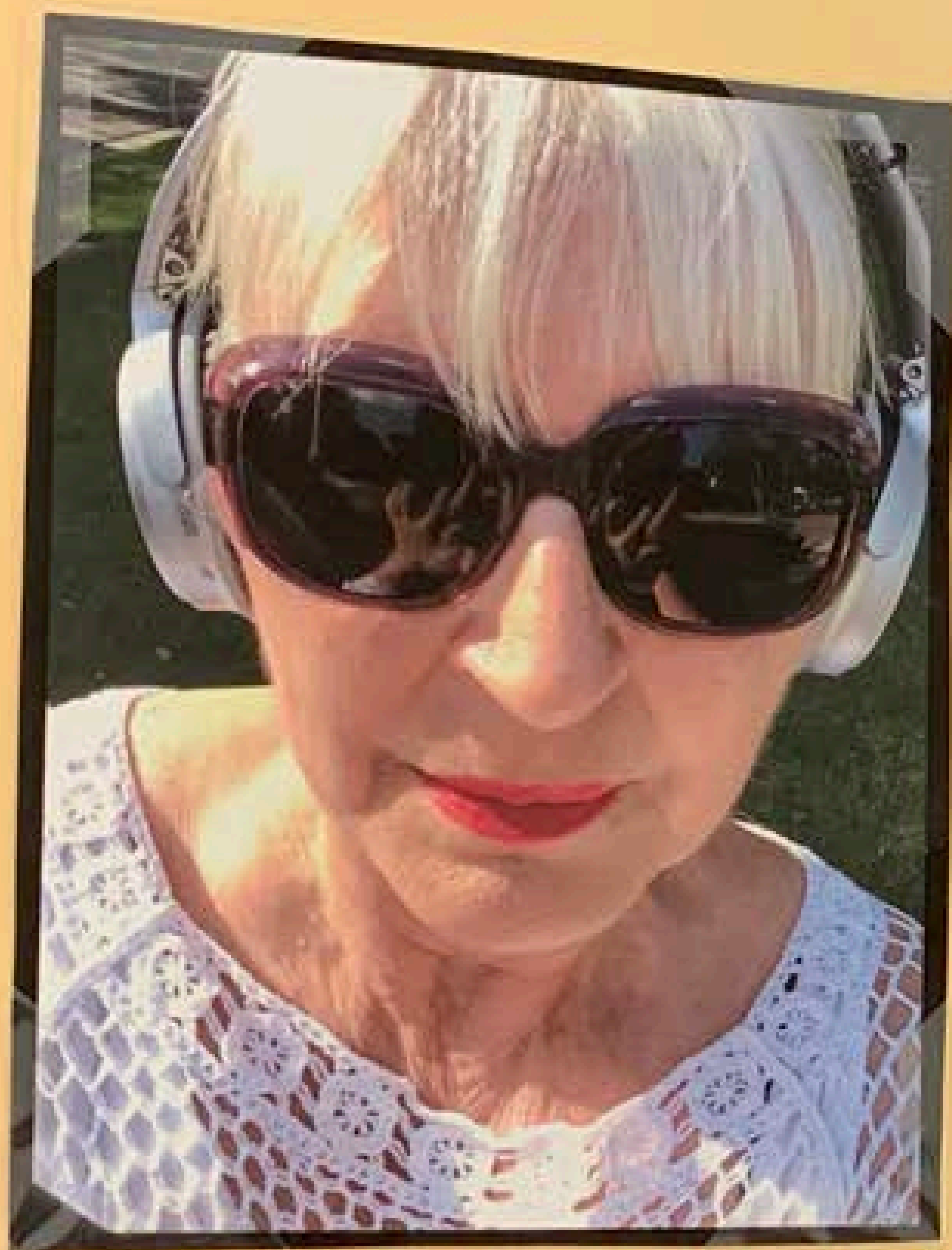
I love the way you write. You may claim to be an artist first, but your writing style is as artful as your graphic work. I love it when good prose, like yours inspires provocative and stimulating visual connections...

Have a great week.

Bill Reece Senior Director Gift Planning University of Nebraska Foundation 1010 Lincoln Mall, Suite 300 Lincoln, NE 68508 402-458-1157
402-416-5471 (Cell) bill.reece@nufoundation.org

From: Elmer Rivas <elmer_rivas211@yahoo.com>
Subject: Re: I wrote a Dallas Morning News article on artist hero of mine
Date: May 19, 2020 at 5:18:48 PM CDT
To: Karen <karen@29pieces.org>

It's unfortunate the way he passed, but he left a great impact and certainly inspired you. Love this article so much!



MAY 30, 2020

Covid-19 on one side.
Another murder of a black
man by police — and the
country, including Dallas, is
a tinderbox. Riots in
Minneapolis, Atlanta,
Dallas. Windows broken
out of downtown stores,
art defiled.

We aim to teach our
children to be kind.
There must be more —
29 Pieces teaches lives
in palatable bites —
commitment, sanctuary.
We aim for genuine,
positive social change.
What does that
look like? It speaks to

MY ESCAPE



THE JOURNALS
COME RUSHING
FORWARD DURING
THESE WEEKS.

escape
expression
processing
understanding

the core of why we do
this. Our country is in
a precarious slip slide to
a free fall of chaos.

The rule of division,
domination by one gender
one class, has gone on —
what — forever?

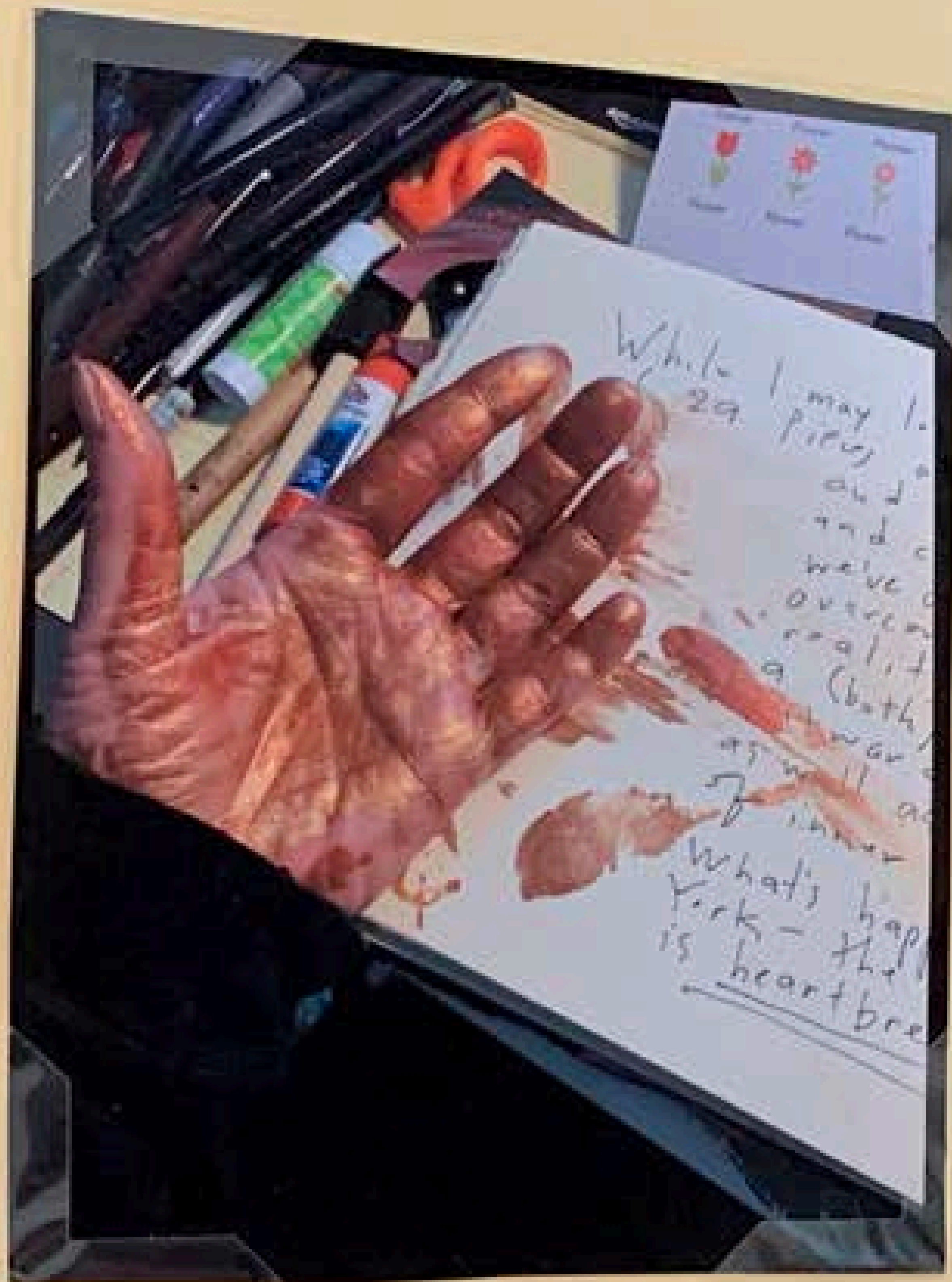
Self will. The bite
of the apple.

My body reacts with
heart palpitations.

MAY 31, 2020

And the nightmare of
America expands. Riots,
looting across the nation.

And I need to write
a short note thanking



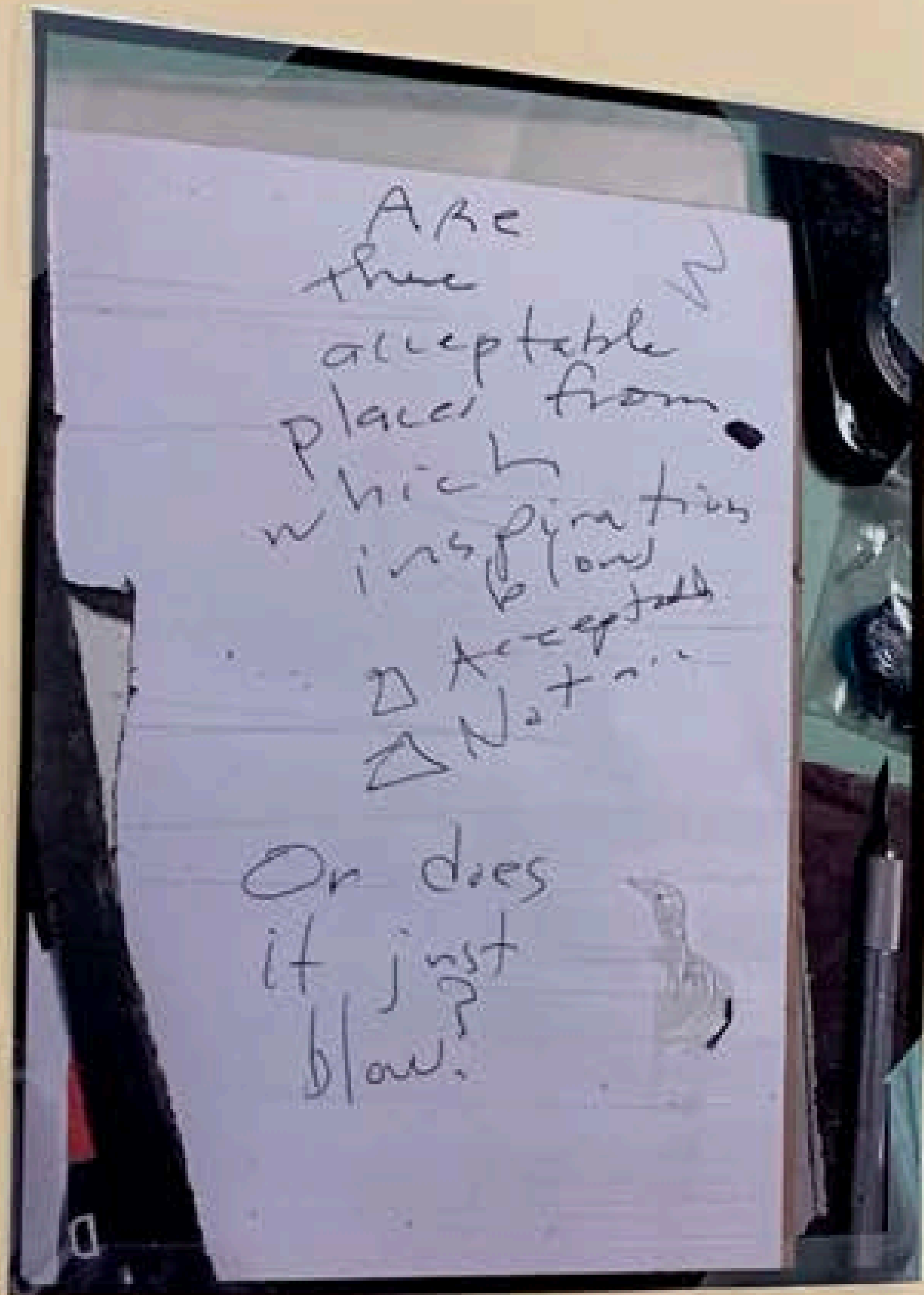
WHERE WILL THE
GOLD EMERGE FROM
MY/THE TIME OF
PANDEMIC + TRUMP?

donors, as we launch the
media strategy to let
people know about the
curriculum online.

Here — at a time
when once again the
question arises —
are humans capable of
justice and kindness —
or do we remain these
tragically flawed, small
blamed organisms?

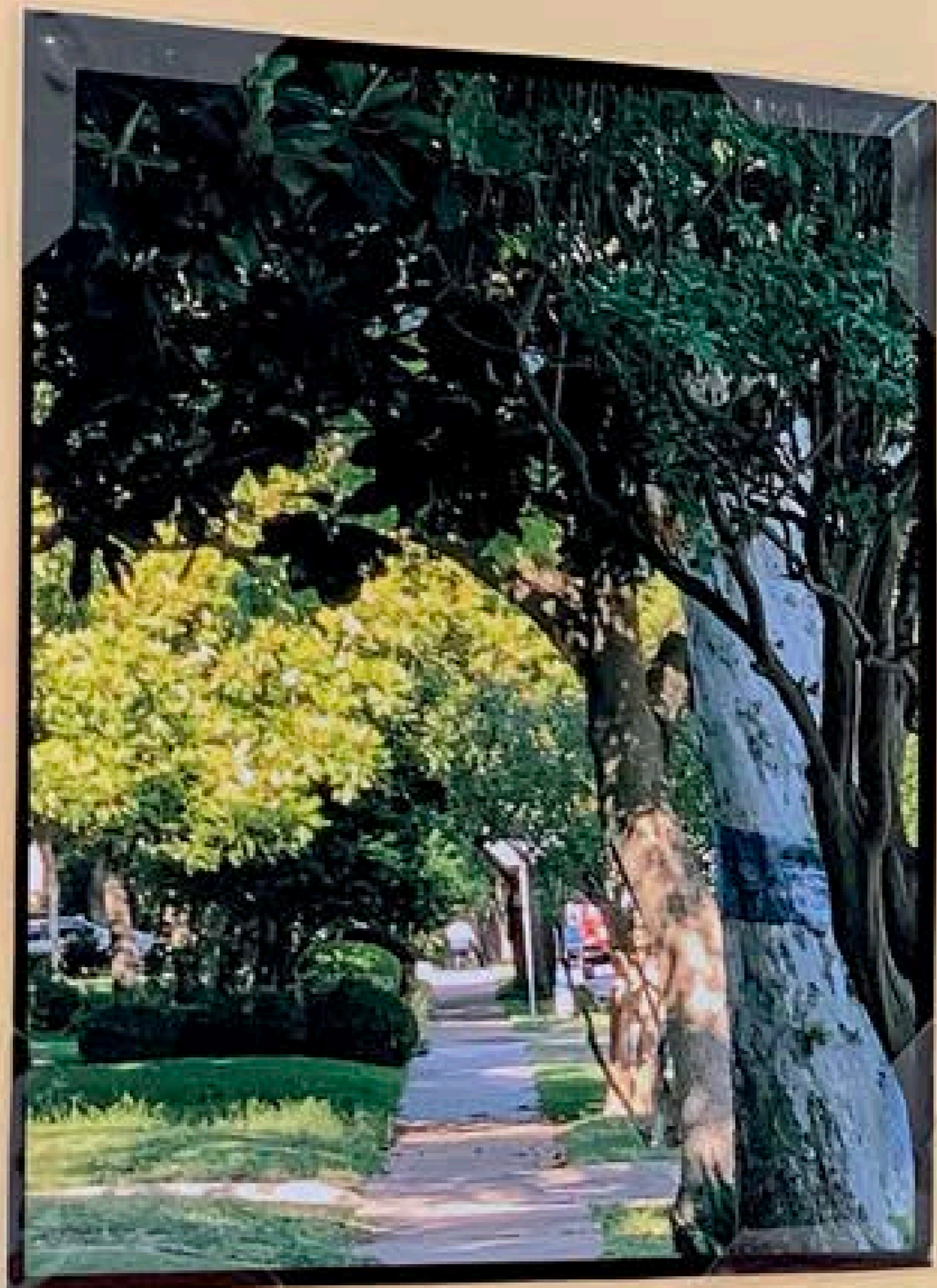
So.....

what to say?



SOME ART CRITICS
SCURN HILMA AF KLINT
DUE TO THE SPIRITUAL
INSPIRATION OF HER
WORK. NONSENSE.
MISOGYNY. 16th-RANCE.

make us instruments
of peace.
where there is hatred,
let us sow love,
where there is injury,
pardon,
where there is despair,
hope,
where there is doubt,
faith
where there is darkness,
light
where there is sadness,
joy.



THE STREET —
a daily walk on
VICKERY BLVD.

In 29 pieces, we come
back to garden metaphors
over and over. (about the
release)
- where there is hatred,
let us sow love.

where there is injury,
pardon.

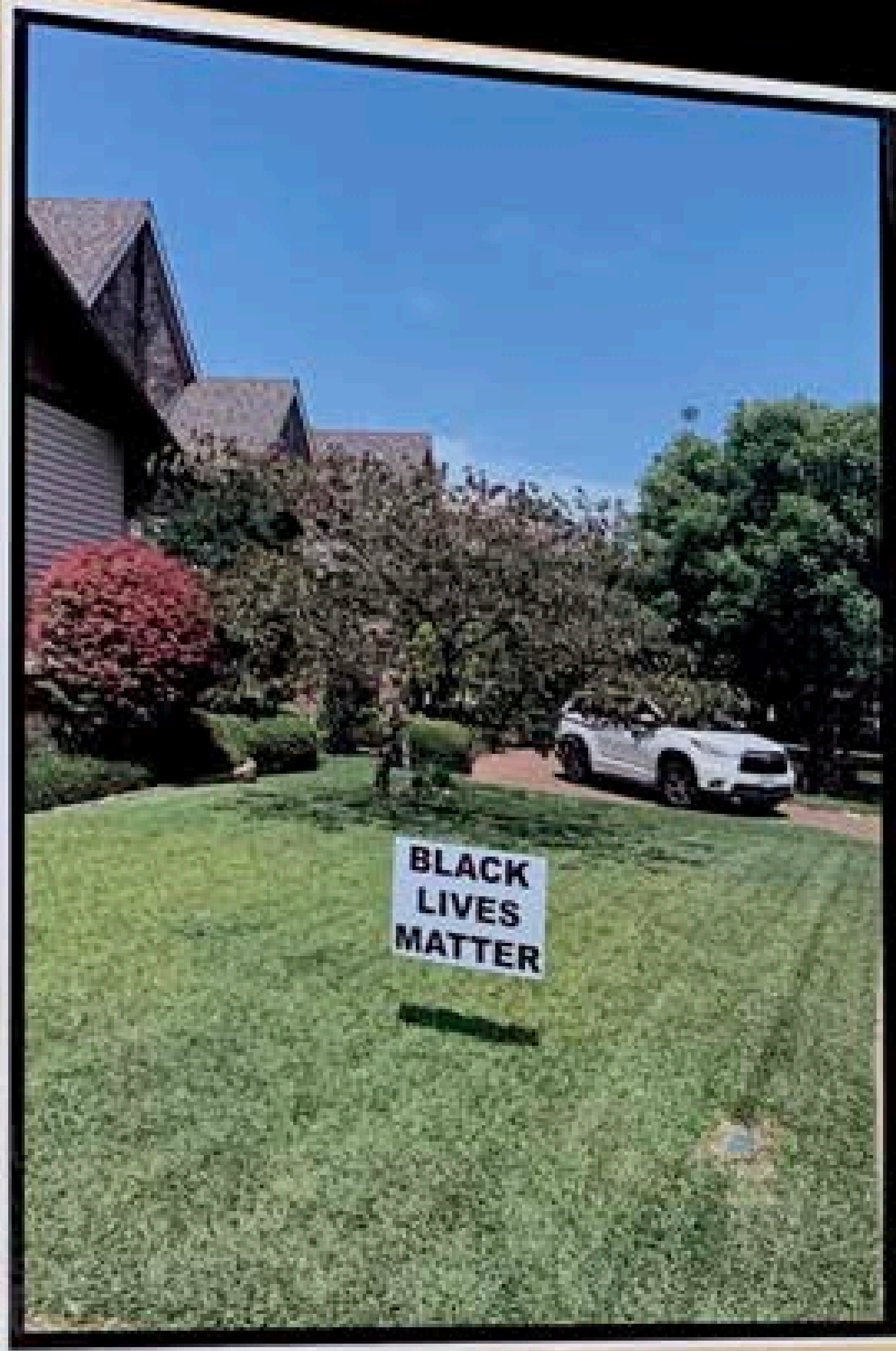
where there is despair,
hope.

where there is darkness,
light.

where there is sadness,
joy.

where there is injustice,
justice.

With the generous help
of our friends at the
M. R. & Evelyn Hudson Fdn,
and Lisa Simmins and the
late Sierra Simmins (only)



THE McMANSION EAST
OF US SPORTS A
BLM SIGN. AND
IT REMAINS. NO VANDALS.

our garden grows.

Help us expand this
garden of healing, color,
joy and LOVE for
one another.

We will focus on one
lesson each month. Please
use them spread the
message within the
lessons. Help us all in
our steps to heal each
other and our planet.

In ~~months~~ years, and freezes,
There have been hail storms,
~~destructive~~ winds, droughts,
and we continue — intent
on the vision of a ^{color-filled} joyful
blossoming garden.
where we all flourish.

Opinion

Call It What It Is: Anti-Blackness

When black people are killed by the police, "racism" isn't the right word.

By **Kelana Miraya Ross**
Dr. Ross is a professor of African American studies.
June 4, 2020



Opinion

The Police Are Rioting. We Need to Talk About It.

SAY HIS NAME

It is an attack on civil society and democratic accountability.

By **Jamelle Bouie**
Column Columnist

June 8, 2020



New York Times Says Senator's Op-Ed Did Not Meet Standards

After a staff uproar, The Times says the editing process was "rushed." Senator Tom Cotton's "Send In the Troops" essay is now under review.

Where there is hatred, love.
Injury, pardon
Despair, hope
Darkness, light

Opinion

I Don't Need 'Love' Texts From My White Friends

I need them to fight anti-blackness.



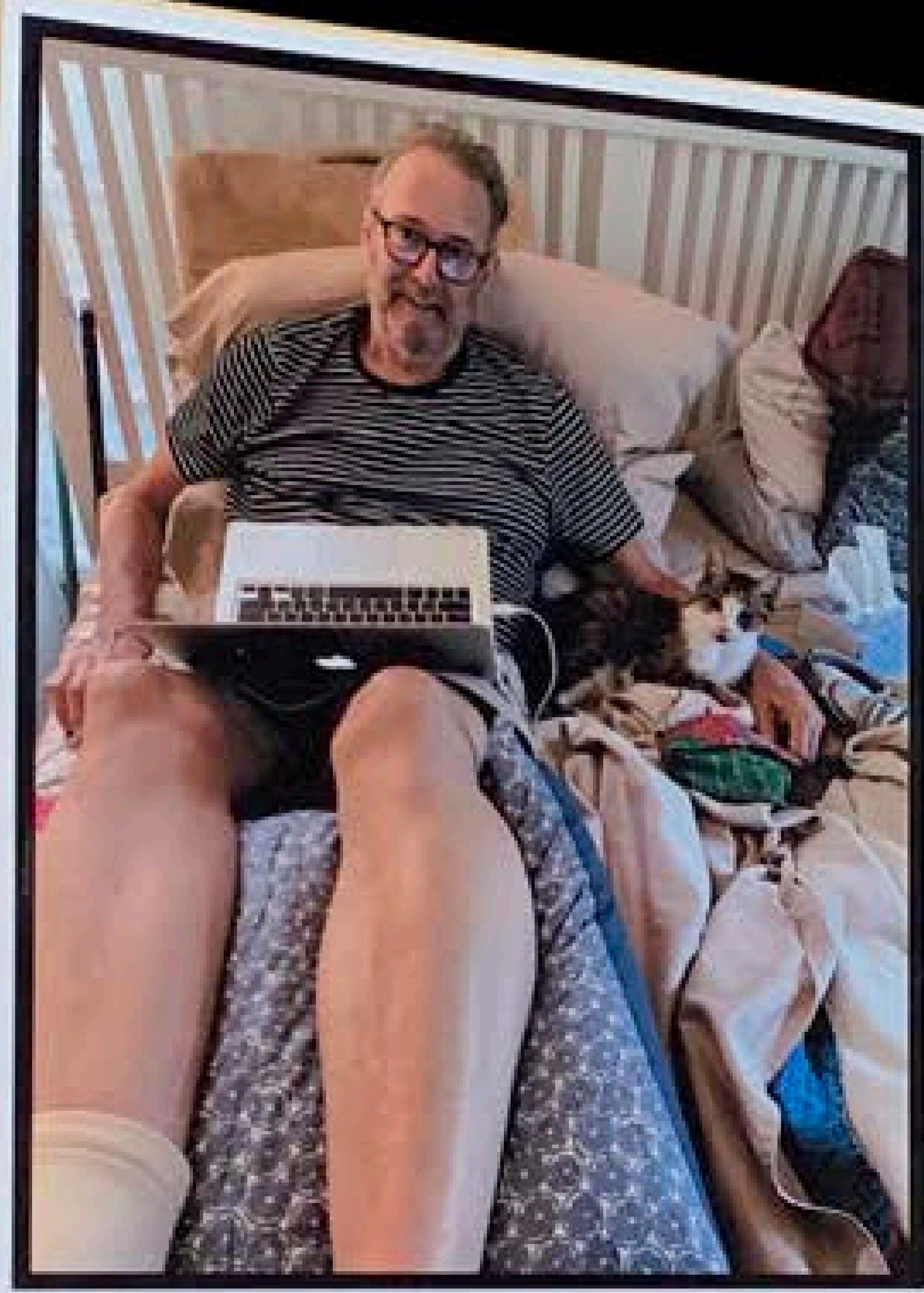
JUNE 1, 2020

Fourth or fifth day now of demonstrations, violence in Dallas + in cities all over the world.

The TERRIBLE LESSONS of Life

We witness horrors, domination by the cruel



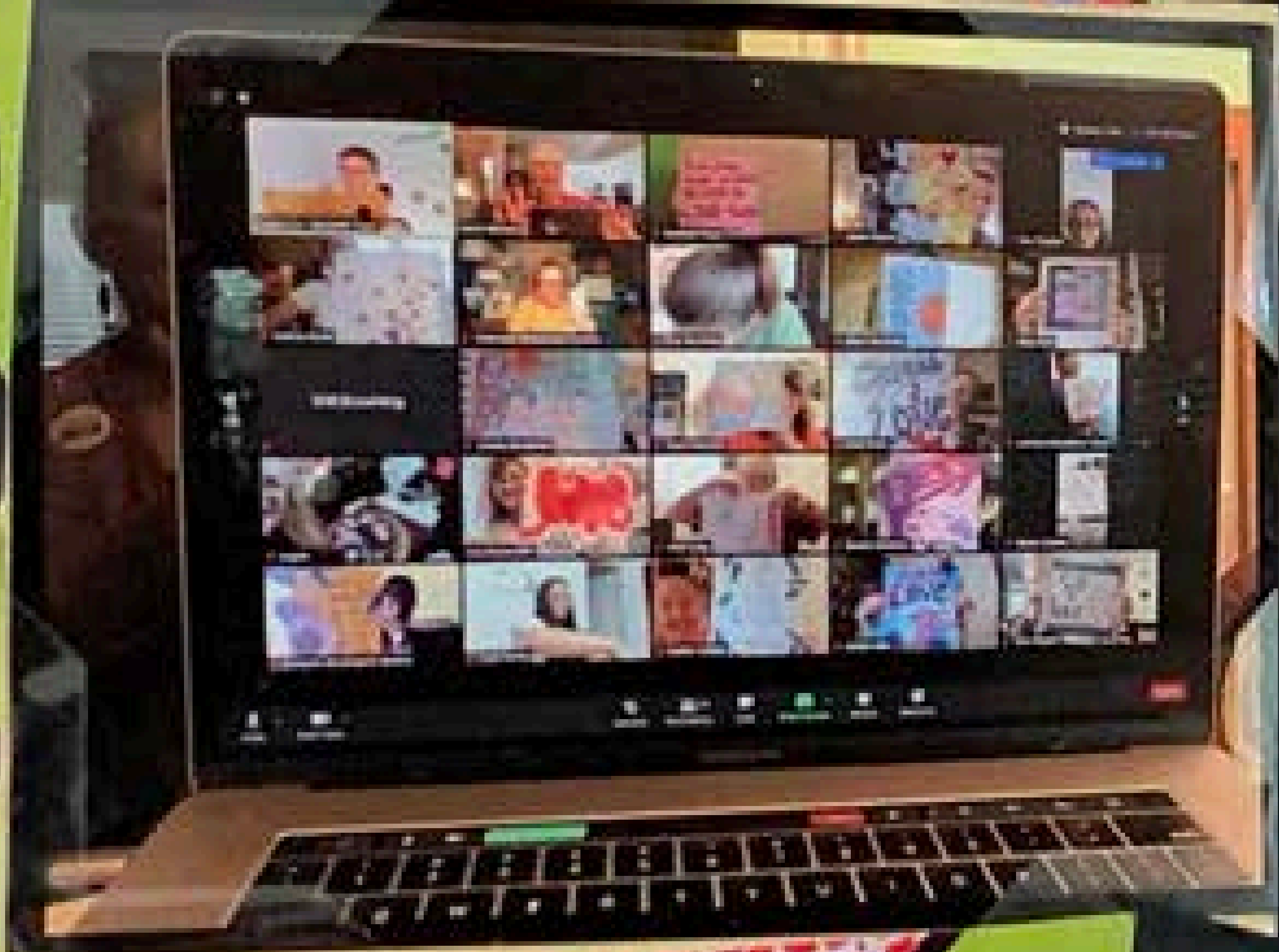
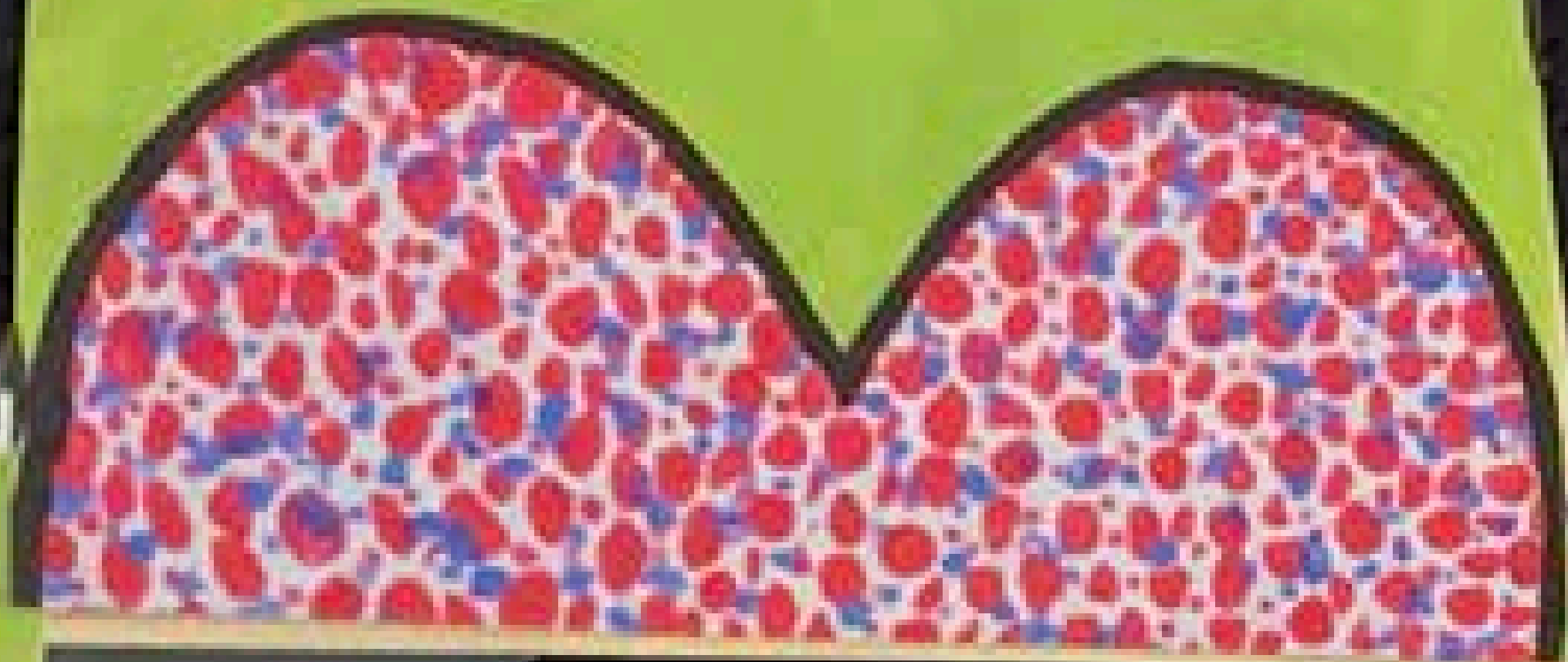


Quotidian moments,
HELPING KELLY,
GIVING ATTENTION
TO KELLY/SLARAY
tender moments.
Quiet times.

brothers of the world, and
we simply have no control.
We hold steady in our
care, love those we can,
do the work. We try
to help those in need
Would white haired
grannies in the march
help? Or just as Mary
Wollstonecraft found out -
would it be a foolish
walk into chaos and
rioting? The less demon-
strative but possibly more
effective method. It is the
personal, the small.

Spoke with Danny
Fulgencio today. He
photographed two of
the demonstrations
yesterday. He said the

DALLAS **LOVE**
PROJECT



L
O
V
E



public were aggressive and violent. He feared for his life. He was traumatized.

How is true change achieved?

Is it possible to have evolutionary growth with so many revolving minds?

June 4, 2020

This morning, I do the Love Project presentation to the Region 10 group. I pray that I connect.

The lamp for better lighting doesn't work.

29 ANNIVERSARY™
15
2005
PIECES
Monumental Change
Monumental Art


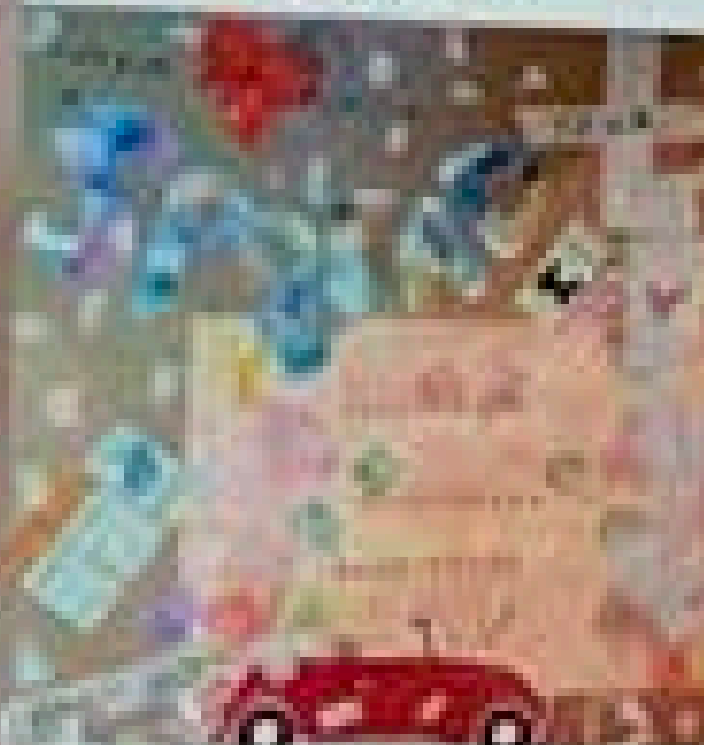
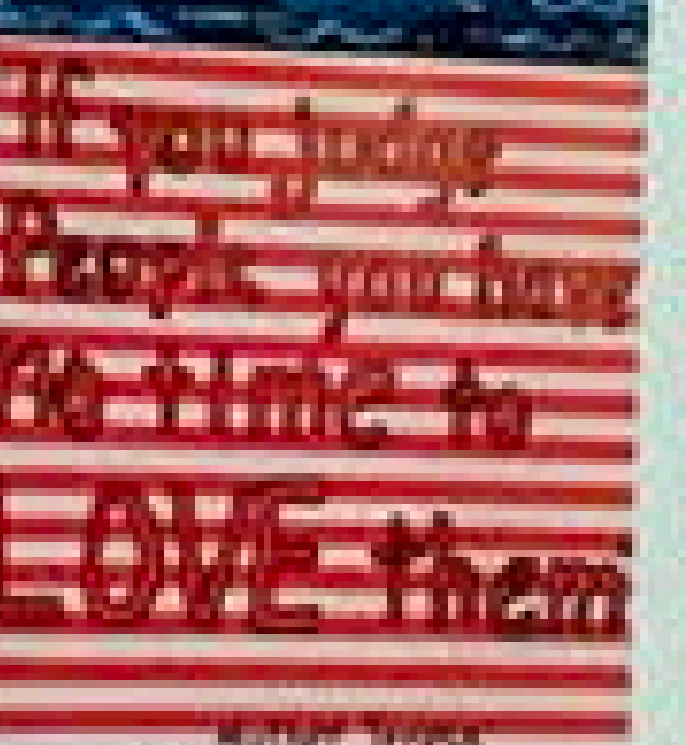


All you need is **ARTISTS**
Love
MAKING A KINDER WORLD





Love
Original
ALL
If you judge
People you have
No time to
LOVE them

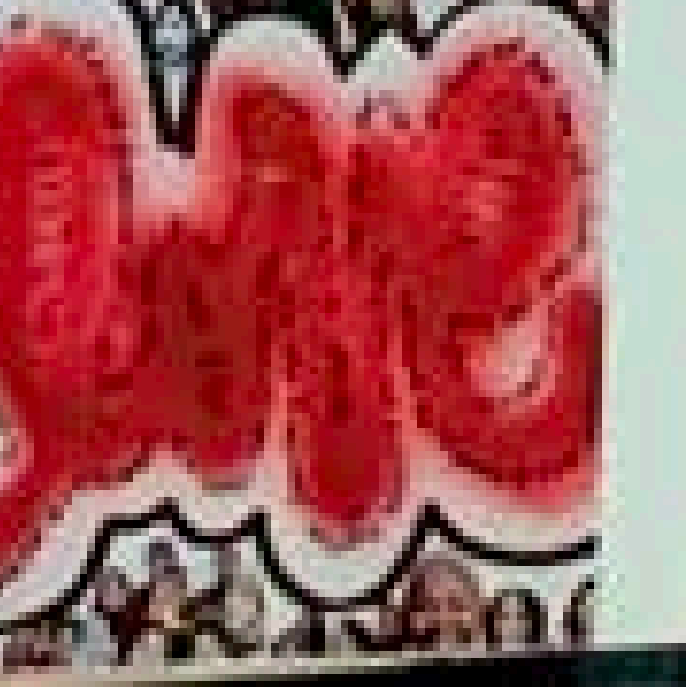




all you need is
Love all you
need is love all
you need is love
with a
little bit of
love




LOVE



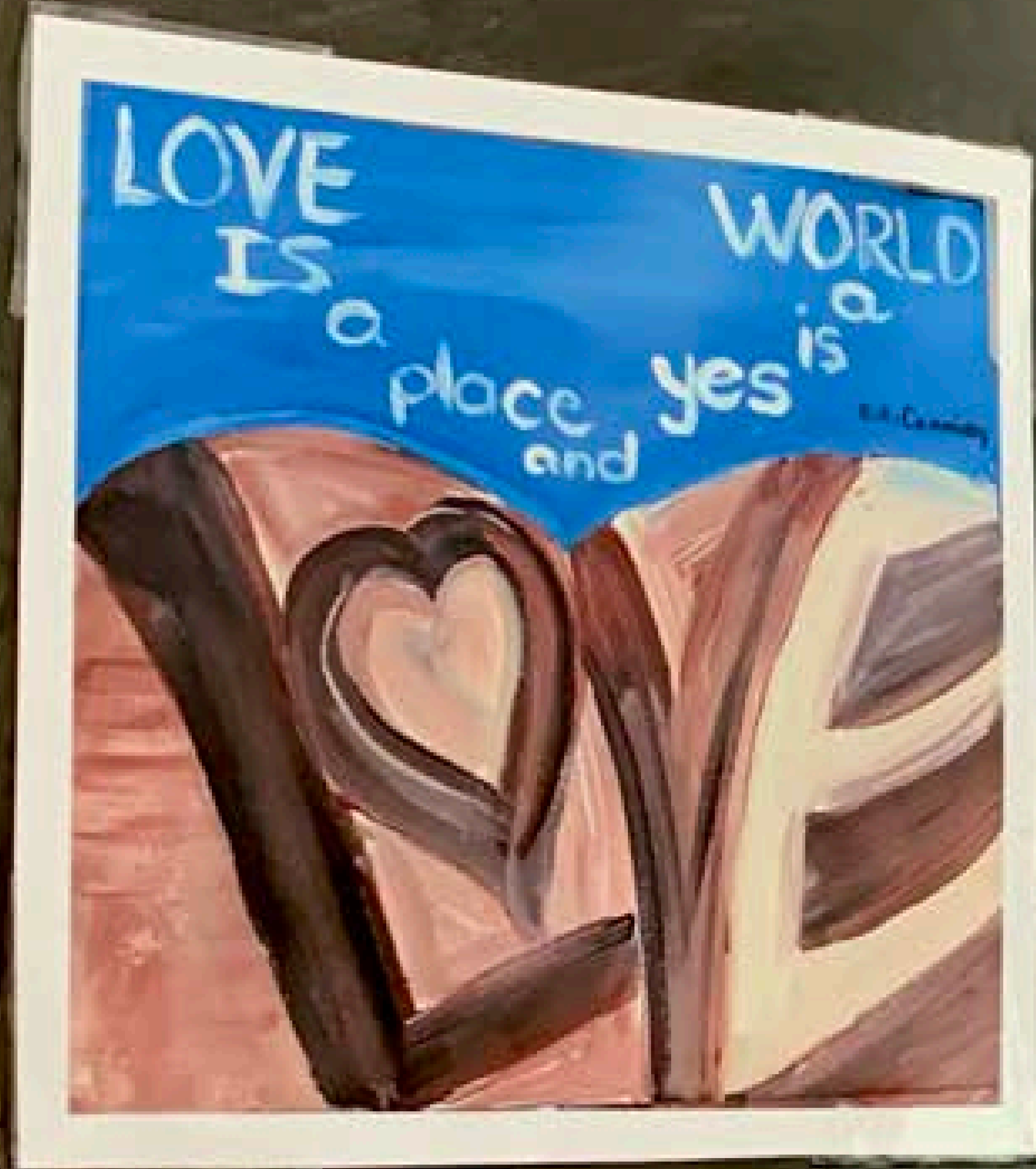


Internet does seem to
be ago.

Inspiration
Friendly.
Peace

JUNE 6, 2020

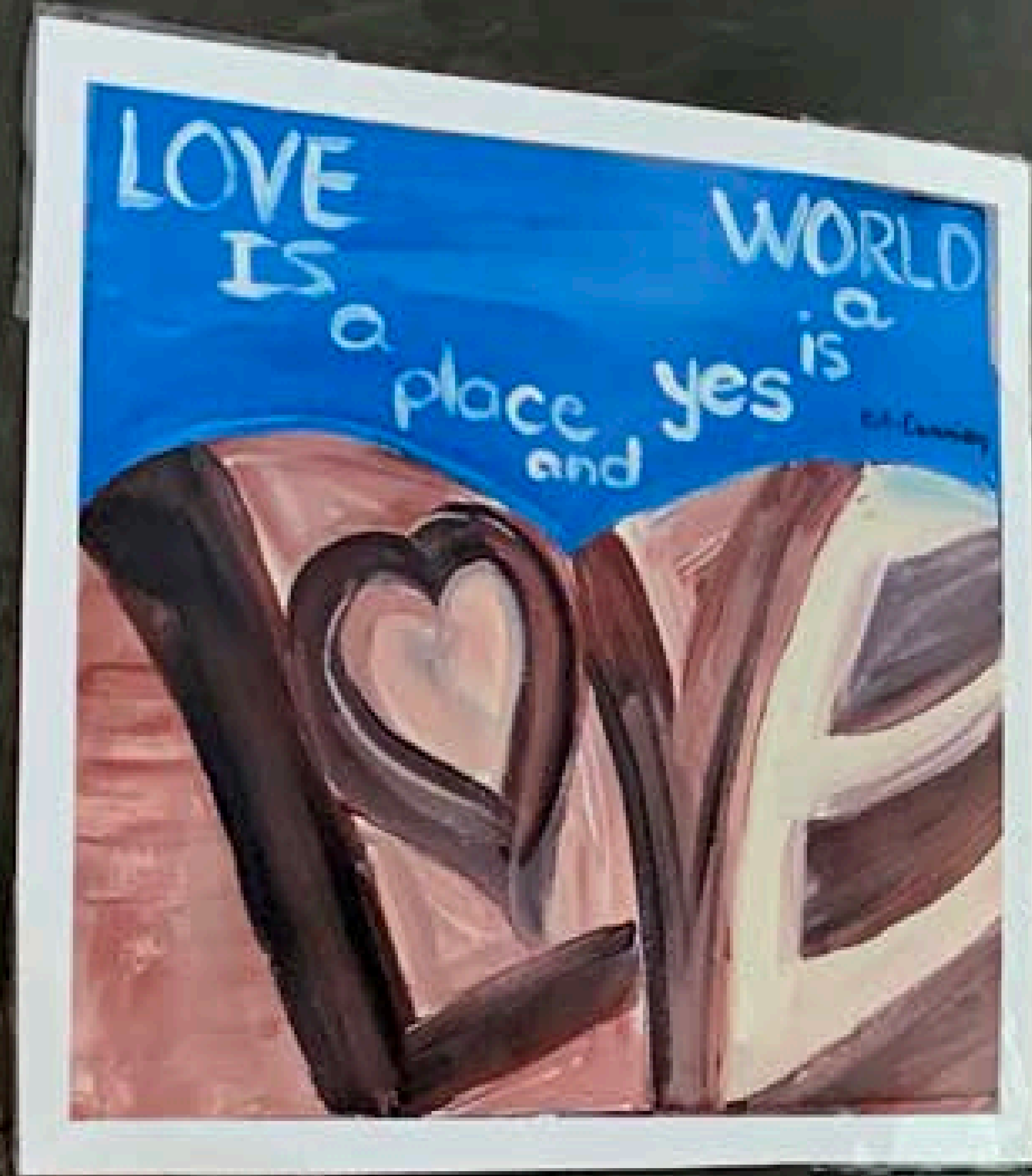
The Region 10 Five
Art Summit (online)
went well. Internet held
out. Presentation
worked. Participant
comments that I saw
were positive.



FROM REGION 10
ART TEACHERS



allowed.



FROM REGION 10
ART TEACHERS

This style of presentation
is a boon. No schlepping
of heavy boxes. No
set up. No clean up.
No purchasing supplies.

This could allow me/
us to continue to do
workshops into the
future — longer
than ~~aging~~ joints
might previously have
allowed.

"If you judge
People, you have
no time to
LOVE them"

Mother Teresa

Region 10
Teacher

This year - that
was going to be rocky
anyway with the
up coming election -
was been upended
by first the COVID-
19 chaos, and now
the volcanic eruption
throughout the world
of opposition to
racism & police
brutality. The big
payback - but the
real payback - were
it tit for tat -

LITTLE QUOTIDIAN TOYS



POTATO
CHIP
OMLETTE

would be so destructive,
so unimaginable to us
white folks. We would
have to brutally lose
every thing — the way
our ancestors robbed
indigenous peoples +
peoples of color of
EVERYTHING — homes,
land, their families,
their bodies.

If God were a
vengeful God. Whoa baby,
white ~~folks~~ ^{folks} would be in
for a big whupping.

LITTLE QUOTIDIAN TOYS



POTATO
CHIP
OMELETTE

would be so destructive,
so unimaginable to us
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EVERYTHING — homes,

land, their families,
their bodies.

If God were a
vengeful God. Whoa baby,
white ~~folks~~ ^{folks} would be in
for a big whupping.

Diverse Lounge



Lord Jesus
CHRIST SON of
GOD HAVE
MERCY on
U.S.

So what does one do
upon walking up in
the morning?

Go to the core,
who am I?

Sean - where are
the racist
attitudes in me?

Am I now conducting
myself with
fairness?

Do I tolerate racist
comments? NEVER

Meanwhile, Trump
weakens environmental
laws,

Amendment 13

Abolition of slavery

Section 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce these article by appropriate legislation.

TA-NEHISI
COATES
—
BETWEEN
THE WORLD
AND ME

"This is required reading" - Paul Morrison

NETFLIX

A NETFLIX ORIGINAL DOCUMENTARY

FROM AVA DUVERNAY
DIRECTOR OF SELMA

FROM SLAVE TO CRIMINAL WITH ONE AMENDMENT



13TH



OCTOBER 7

The capitalist monsters
gally + pillage onward.
Truly a clusterfuck
shits storm
firestorm
2020.

Again, will we learn?
TAKE less? Act? ?
Be better?

Or will the lessons
become increasingly
more + more harsh
+ unforgiving?

Amendment 13

Abol

Secki

the p

to the

Secki

"This is required reading" - Toni Morrison

JUNE 10, 2020

I need one of those feeling charts — or one of those charts that shows facial expressions to help a person hone in on what's cooking inside.

Anger

@ white people.
white men mostly
but women too

@ hypocrisy

Sorrow

@ the pain + fear
@ the knowledge that we may never get this figured out before we've destroyed the planet.

Frustration

@ the constant borderlines.
Between + within
↓ colors ↓ colors

@ will we ever learn?

Peace

In: nature
the work
friendship
small domestic tasks,
art
my practice

Puzzlement

I loved Doris Day +
James Brown
at the same time.
And later found out
that Doris Day's
private life was

defiled by domestic
abuse +
And James Brown
was not always a cool
cat.

So what do I do?
Strike them both out
of my personal galaxy?
As though their ^{lives} were a ^{person} ^{at front?}
Or look at them
everyone — with
a little more kindness
+ forgiveness?

@ Changing perception
of MLK.
Why?

FEELINGS go OVER-
LAPPING, I MUST
RESORT TO THE
Feeling words
List +
for HELP.

HURT
anxious
DISTRESSED
pained
SUFFERING
heartbroken
despair

SAD
SORROWFUL
SOMBER
QUIET
COMPASSIONATE

A | enraged
N | frustrated
G | boiling
R | bewildered
Y |
F |
R |
D | DETERMINED
L | LOYAL

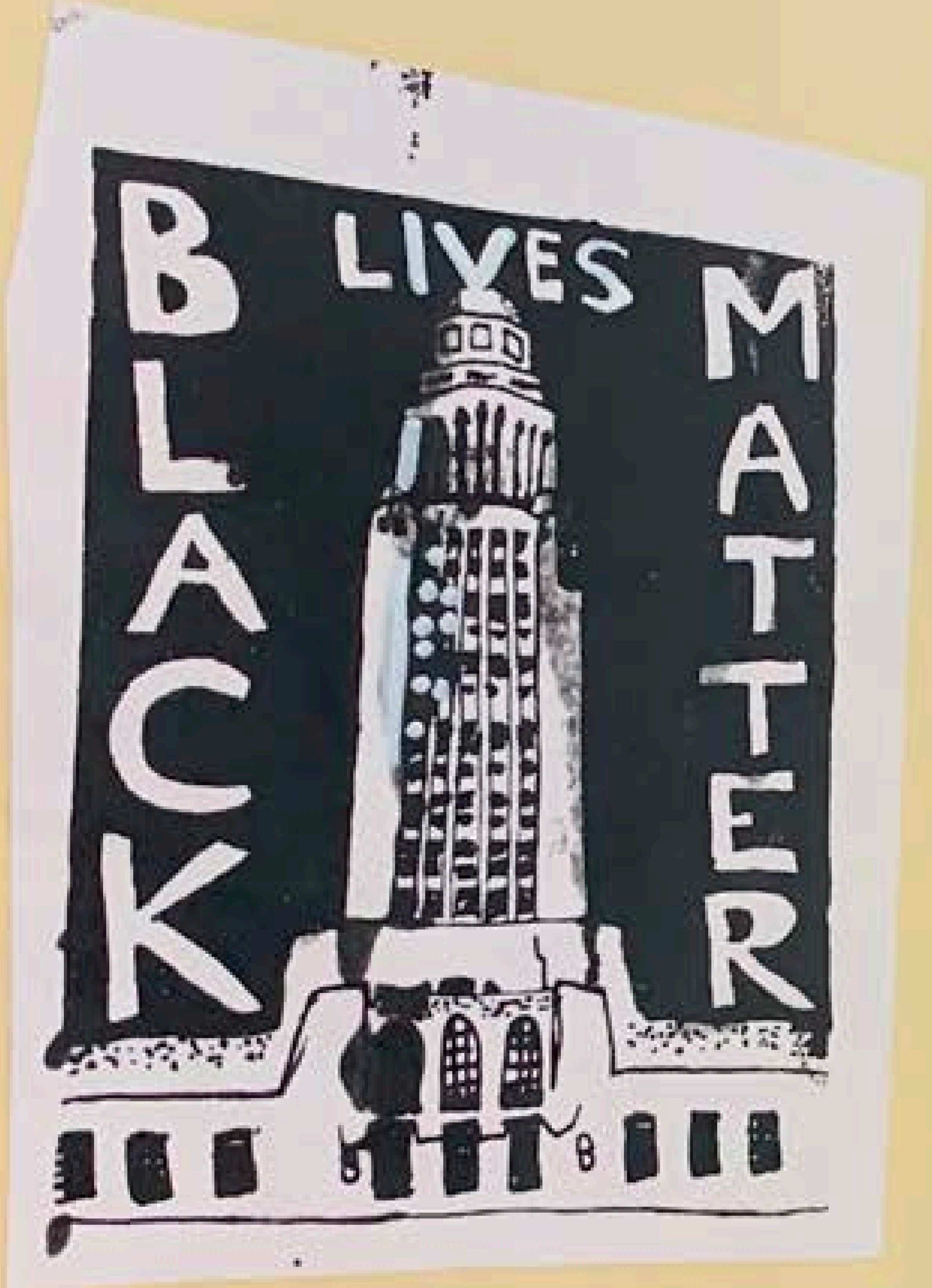
curious
sincere

interested
concerned
engrossed
curious
inquisitive
creative
sincere
Happy
pleased
inspired
grateful
unbelieving
skeptical
distrustful
uncertain
perplexed
hopeless
pessimistic

physical tense
nauseated
TOTAL
Hopeful
Negative
close
loving
tender
warm
open
passionate

OVERLOAD.

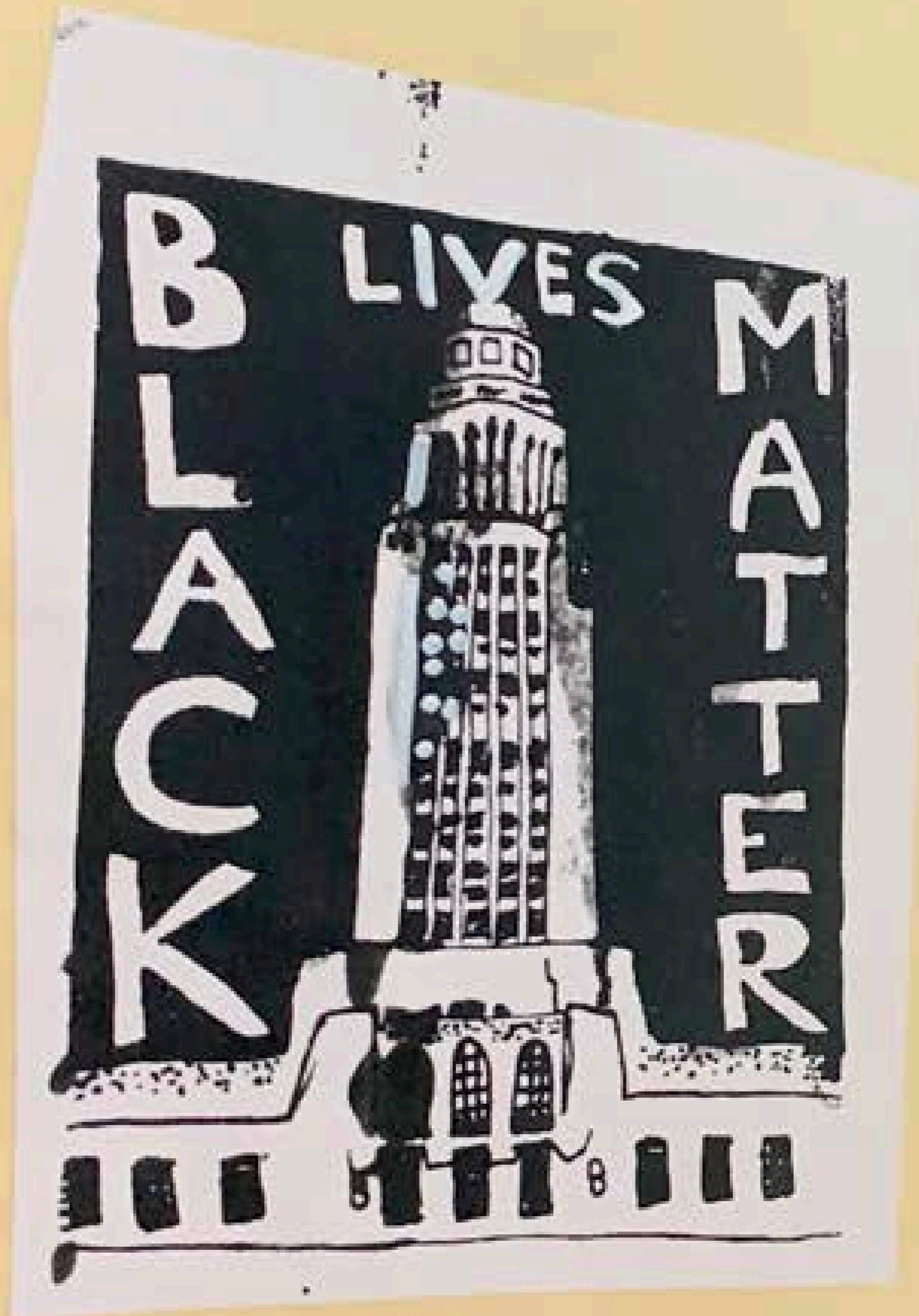
afraid fearful
frightened
timid alarmed
shaky apprehensive
panicky
nervous
anxious
fragile
dimmed
edgy



June 13, 2020

will put together a round table conversation yesterday at Life in Day Elland — for virtual DaVerse lounge. Precious people. Will, A.P., Corina Perez, ^{DARRYL} Alvin Amanti, Takij, Jade, ... do, ... nna,

Karen B.
from your friend
Jan



June 13, 2020

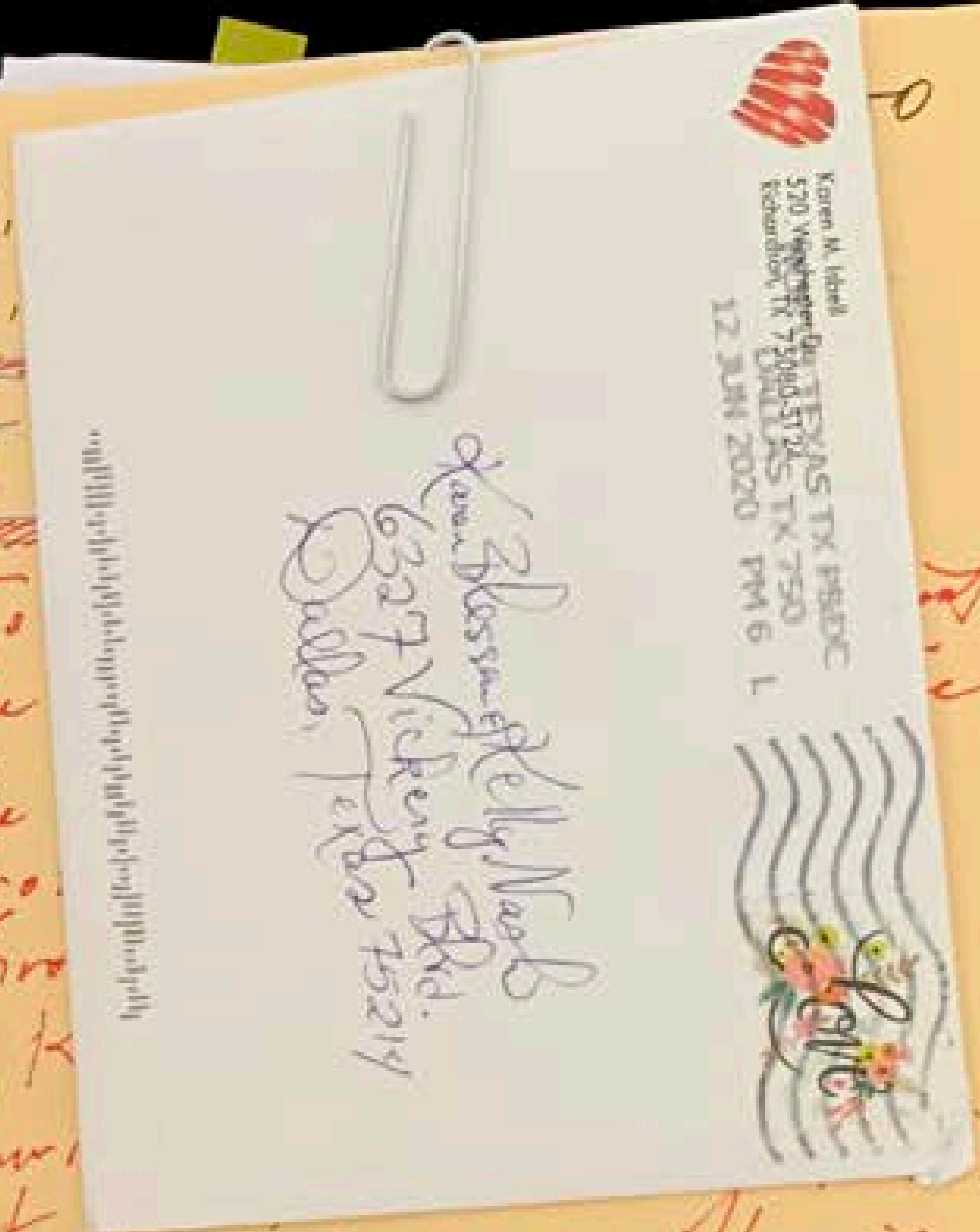
will put together a round table conversation yesterday at Life in Dept Hill — for virtual DaVerse lounge. Precious people: Will, A.P., Conna Perez, ^{DARRYL} Alv Amenti, Taki, Jade, Niccie, Armando, Joe Powell, Merredonna, Mohammed, and a few whose names I don't remember. Will is half white/half P.R. I was the only 'white' person — and I'd



TOP: WILL + DARIUS
@ MY DART STATION
BELOW: DIVERSE CREW

d
r
J
To
the
The
cro
thro
it

as we know it is
gone, some of it needs
to go. Yet will the
human race make it
to redemption before



Karen M. Nash
570 Westchester Dr. TEXAS TX 75202
Richardson TX 75080-5702
DALLAS TX 75201
12 JUN 2020 PM 6 1

Karen Blossom Kelly Nash
6327 Nickery Blvd.
Dallas, Texas 75214





TOP: WILL + DARIUS
@ MY DART STATION



BELOW: DIVERSE CREW

dispute about a \$4500
ring. The irony.

JUNE 18, 2020

Tomorrow we begin
the BMCM Seth Retreat,
The Bridge. How to die,
cross the bridge, go
through the veil.

Kelly and I do this
during those days when
it feels as though life
as we know it is
gone. Some of it needs
to go. Yet will the
human race make it
to redemption before

what? Evolution +
climate change +
too many people
destroy life on earth?

Everyone I know is
in a mash up of
TOO MUCH. If it

didn't feel redundant
I'd paste some headlines

in here. But seeing
the names of our
evil leaders in the

papers online is enough.

The ignorance, the
smallty — mindboggling.

JUNE 20, 2020

We are in the middle
of the 3MCM soft
retreat. Enjoying it,
and the PAUSE in

life as usual —
and connection + directed

energy to what is
sacred. PAUSE button

also on Social Media, TV.
And I enjoy 60-90 minutes

of TV. RANDOM DREAM

So I had a dream last
night — a vivid



dream which unfortunately
didn't get finished to
because P. Nat bumped
me on the shoulder.

Characters:

Betsy

Me

Guy (Young) running a
"Mad Max" style

dunebuggy ride in
the desert.

Young Girl who took
our money.

Setting:

California desert -
very Mad Max:

Fury Road looking.



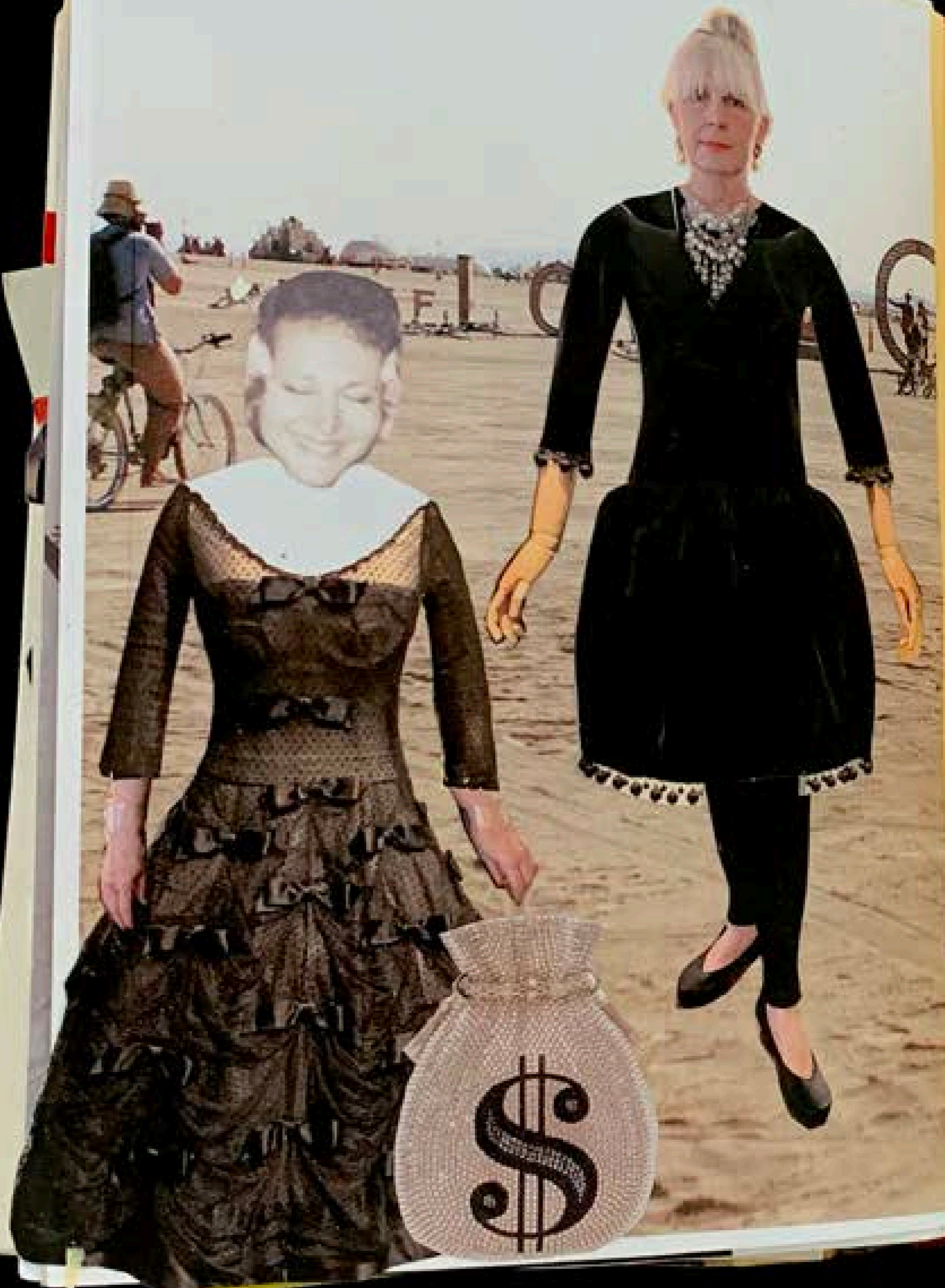
VE The souped up dune buggies were shooting out in a straight line across the desert + turning ground + coming back.



Wardrobe:

LO Betsy + I were in very fancy cocktail dresses - we looked stunning. The young folks were in Mad Max - Mel Gibson + Charlize + Theron gear



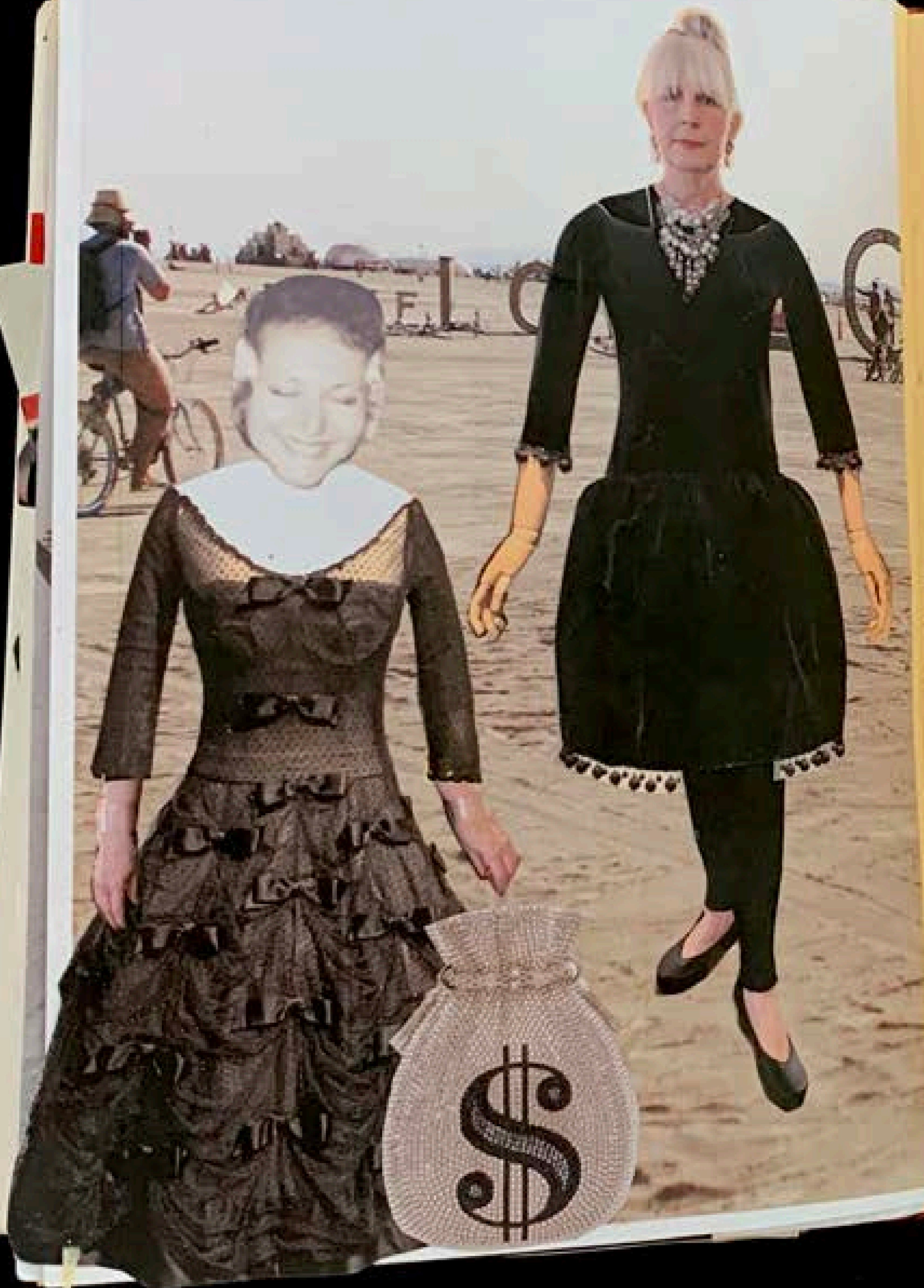


Action

Betsy & I decided we wanted to rent one of the dune buggies + drive across the desert.

The guy told me it'd be \$14, but I couldn't find my purse, but then my small, bejeweled Judith Leiber couture purse dropped out of my coat.

The young woman asked where we were from. I said

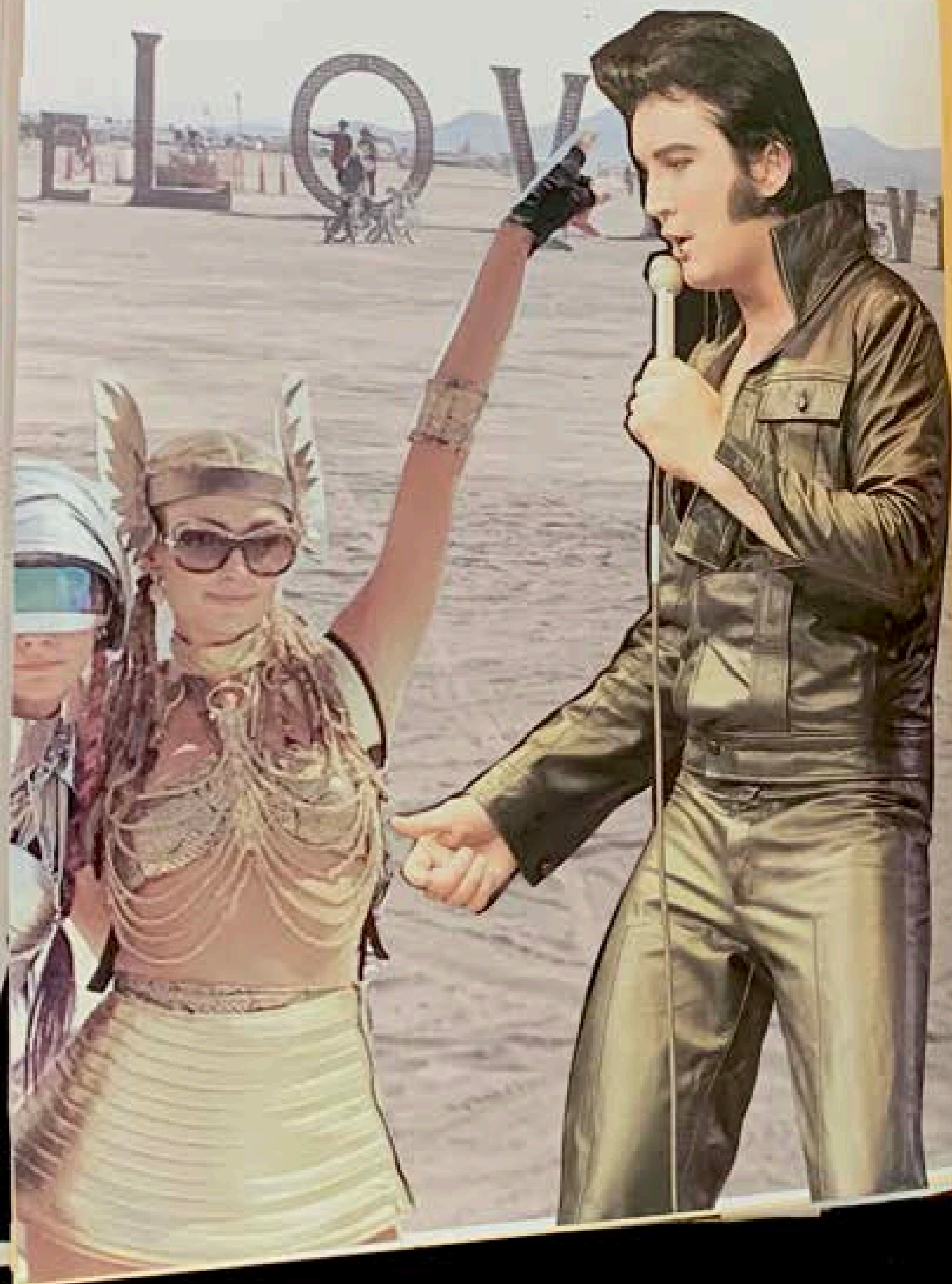


Action

Betsy & I decided we wanted to rent one of the dune buggies & drive across the desert.

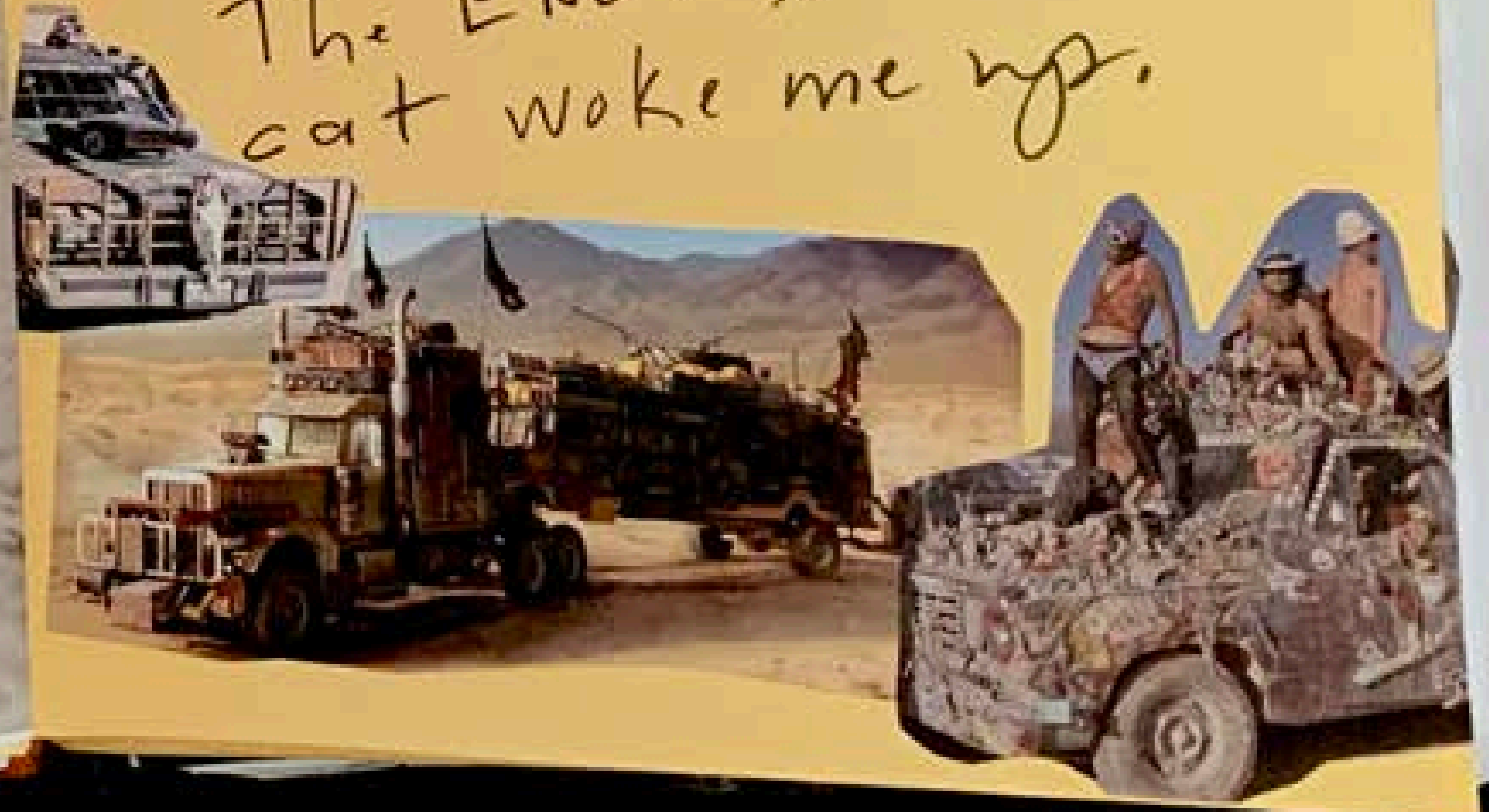
The guy told me it'd be \$14, but I couldn't find my purse, but then my small, beautiful Judith Leiber couture purse dropped out of my coat.

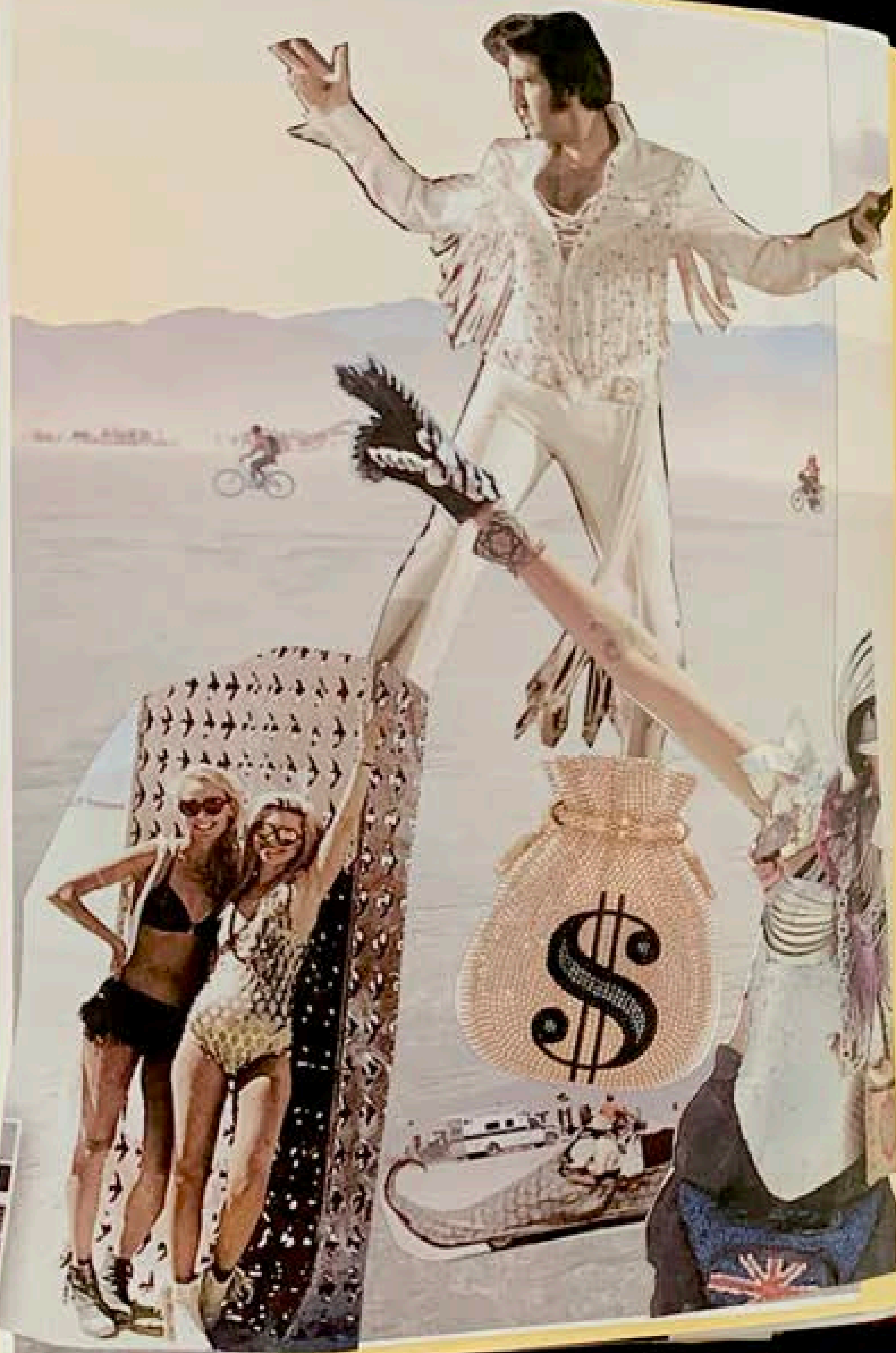
The young woman asked where we were from. I said



'Dallas' and she asked
if we had Elvis im-
personators in Dallas.
I said 'Yes, we do —
very good ones.'

The girls lit up and
she said "Oh, I think
Elvis impersonators are
the closest people to God."
The END. Because the
cat wake me up.

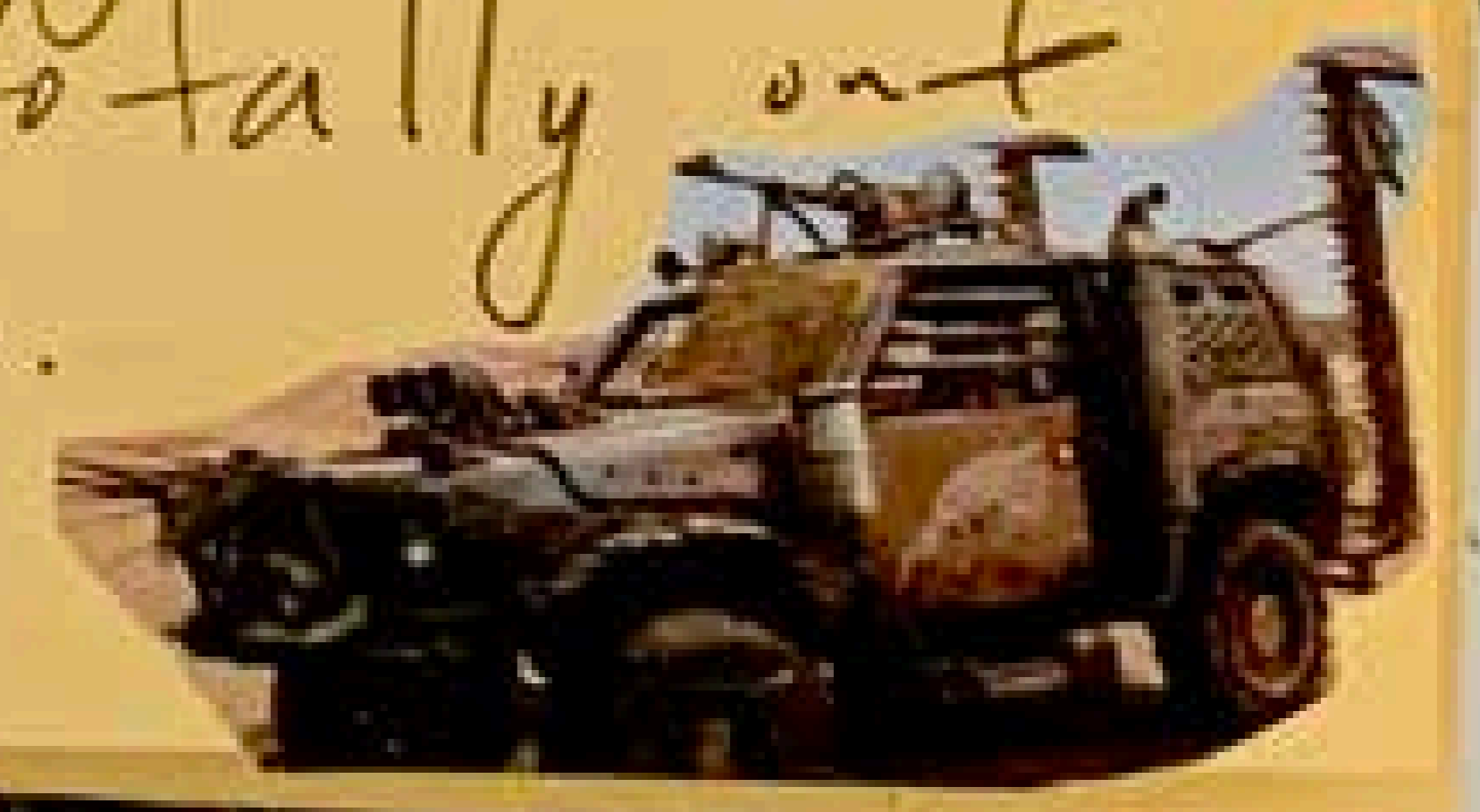


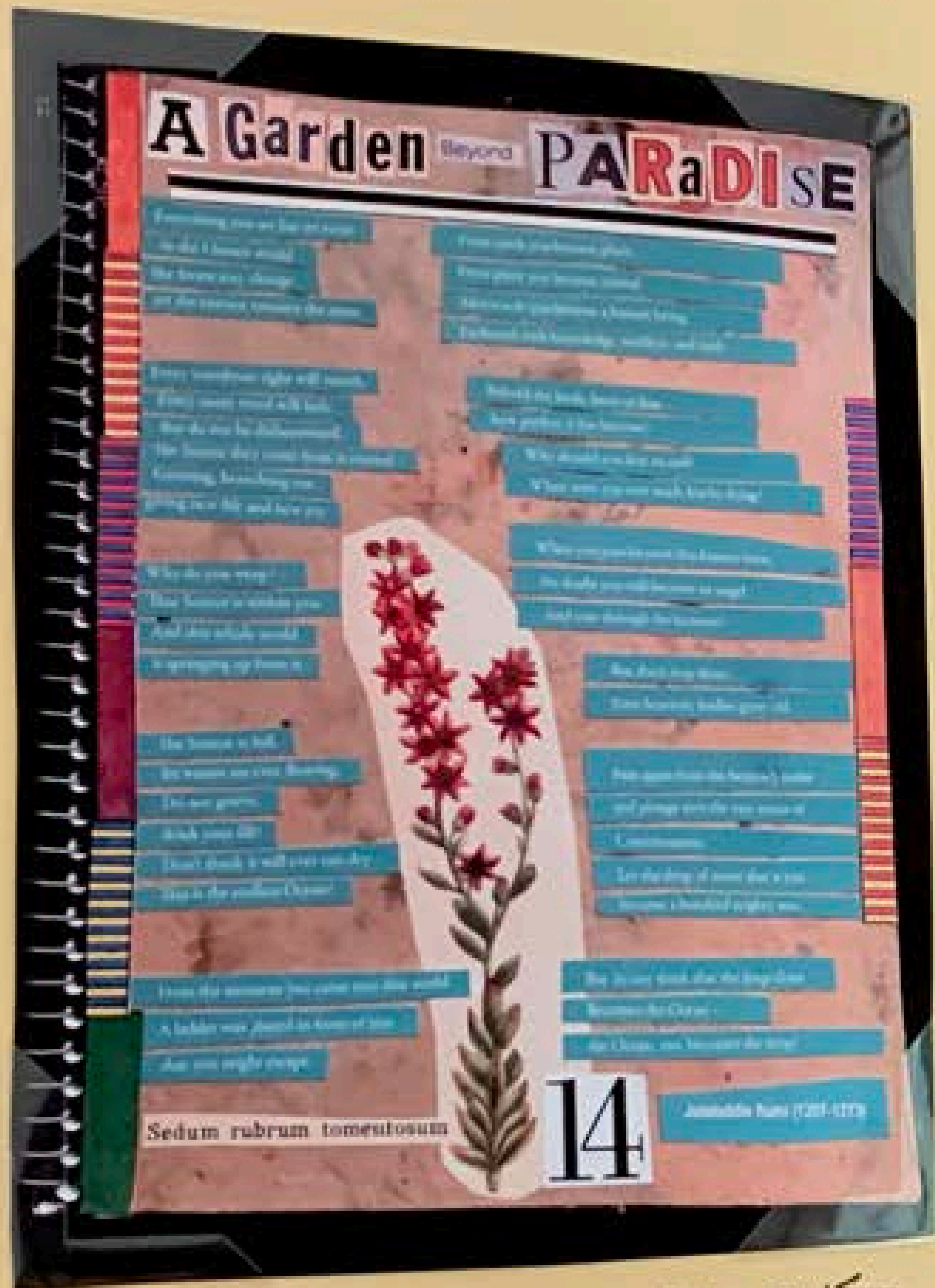


Random Themes

California
Desert
Mad Max type setting
Fancy cocktail attire
Judith Lieber purse
\$14.⁰⁰

Elvis impersonators
Dallas
Amusement park
Purse falling out of coat.
Dune Buggies
2 women totally out
of place.





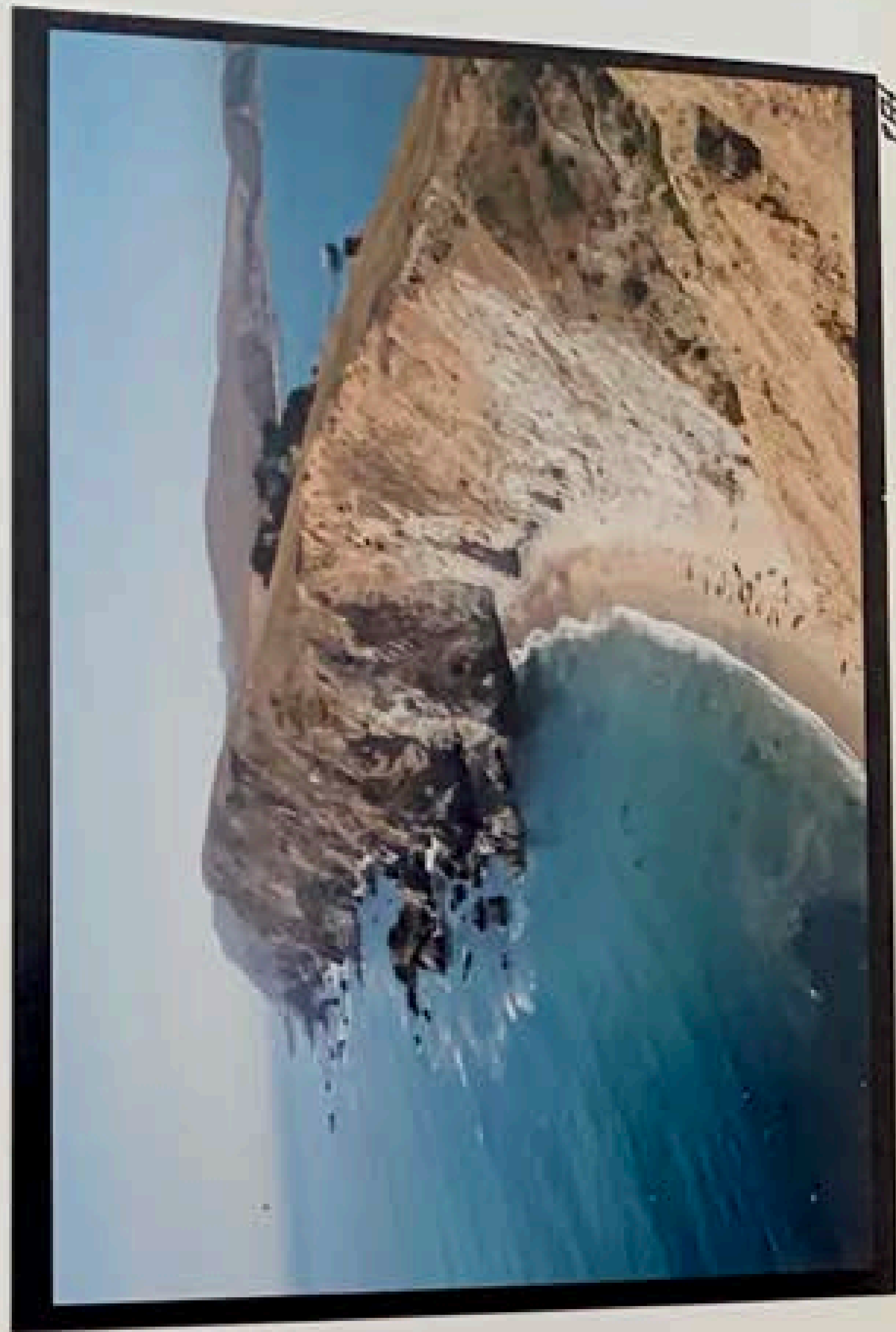
MANTRAM BOOK
STARTED FOR
SETH RETREAT

June 23, 2020

Don Sundeen died a year ago yesterday, I spiked with Puppy and she said she'd been reliving those last days of Don's life.

These days have been hard, but the welcome presence of a new dog in the household - Sasha - helped.

Our SETU retreat - "Death Camp" - was far from morbid.



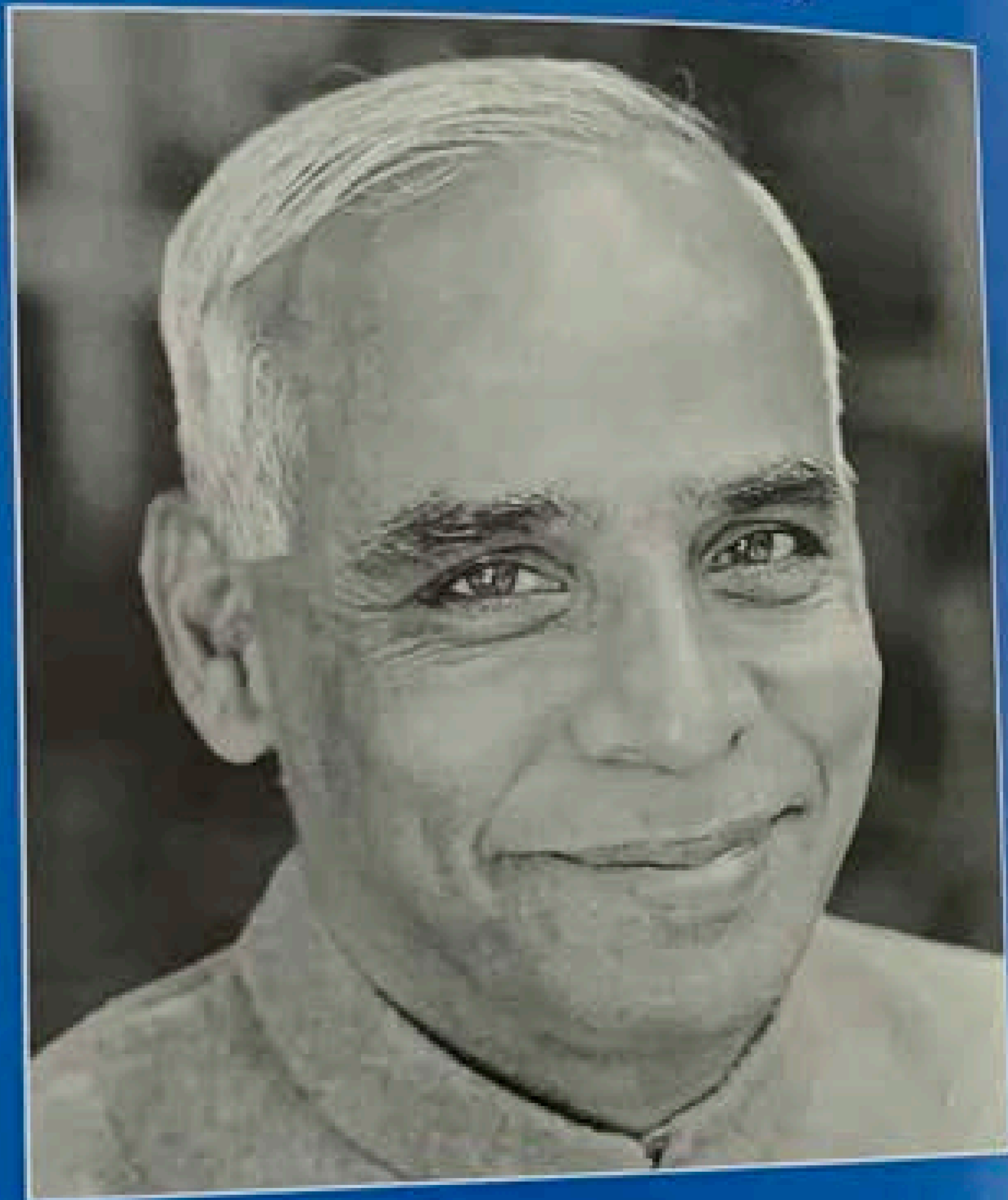
California Dreamin'
During Sethu Retreat

It was uplifting. And
rich. Endowed with
inspiration to make
this chapter of life
urgent, creative and
loving.

We were given tools
such as the SETU by,
the encouragement
to transform our
home into a retreat
house, specific passages
and videos.

Curiously, the final
video was of E.E.,

Ekknath Easwaran's
Blue Mountain Journal
Meditation and Spiritual Living



Winter 2015

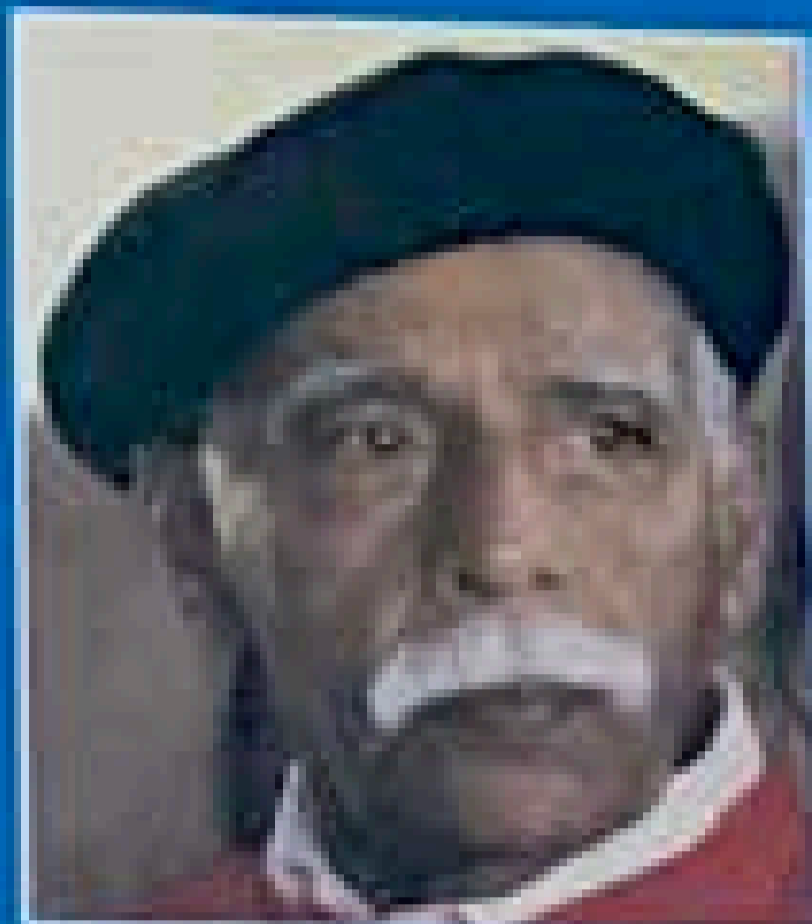
**The Challenge
of Choosing to Be Kind**

and attended with
E.E. saying that students
often asked when he
taught Milton's 'Paradise
Lost!

That question is -
"Who is the hero of
Paradise Lost?"

And E.E.'s final words
in the video, which were
also the final words
of the retreat, were -
'Satan is the hero.'

Peculiar - I was left
with questions.



Anger is power, and we can learn to harness this power by putting each other first. Whatever the flavor of our anger—irritability, rage, stubbornness, belligerence, or sullen silence—it can all be transformed into compassion and understanding. Those we live with will certainly benefit from that, and so will we.

The
Secret

Blue Mountain Center of Meditation
P. O. Box 256
Tomales, CA 94971
www.easwaran.org

Why did E.S. include that in the talk?

And why did BMCM end the retreat with those words?

It leaves me curious about Paradise Lost.

And BMCM always makes choices purposefully, not carelessly.

Why this?



G.D. and K.B. in
Mexico City -
stormed by the Coke
swat team.

June 28, 2020

How did we get half-
way through this?
G-d-forsaken year.

Friday evening -
the 26th - Gretchen
heard from her
surgeon that she has
breast cancer -
maybe in both breasts.

She is leaning
towards a double

Betsy Katz, Diana Horry,
Kathy LaTour

mastectomy. She
sounds calm — in
the assimilating
mode — + not wanting
advice or drama
from friends.

I feel sad —
that another friend
will go through this.

She will be OK. But
my mind goes to Barbara,
to Debby, Lorraine, Lea
Marshall, Susan Noell.

Prayer one moment
then silent screams



A RECONNECTION WITH
LIZI BOYD - AFTER
30+ YEARS. 2 HR. CALL.

of FUCK!!.

Another woman in the grind of knives, amputations, death rays and poison drugs. Yes, the prognosis is good. And the treatment remains barbaric.

I hate thinking of Gretchen going through this.

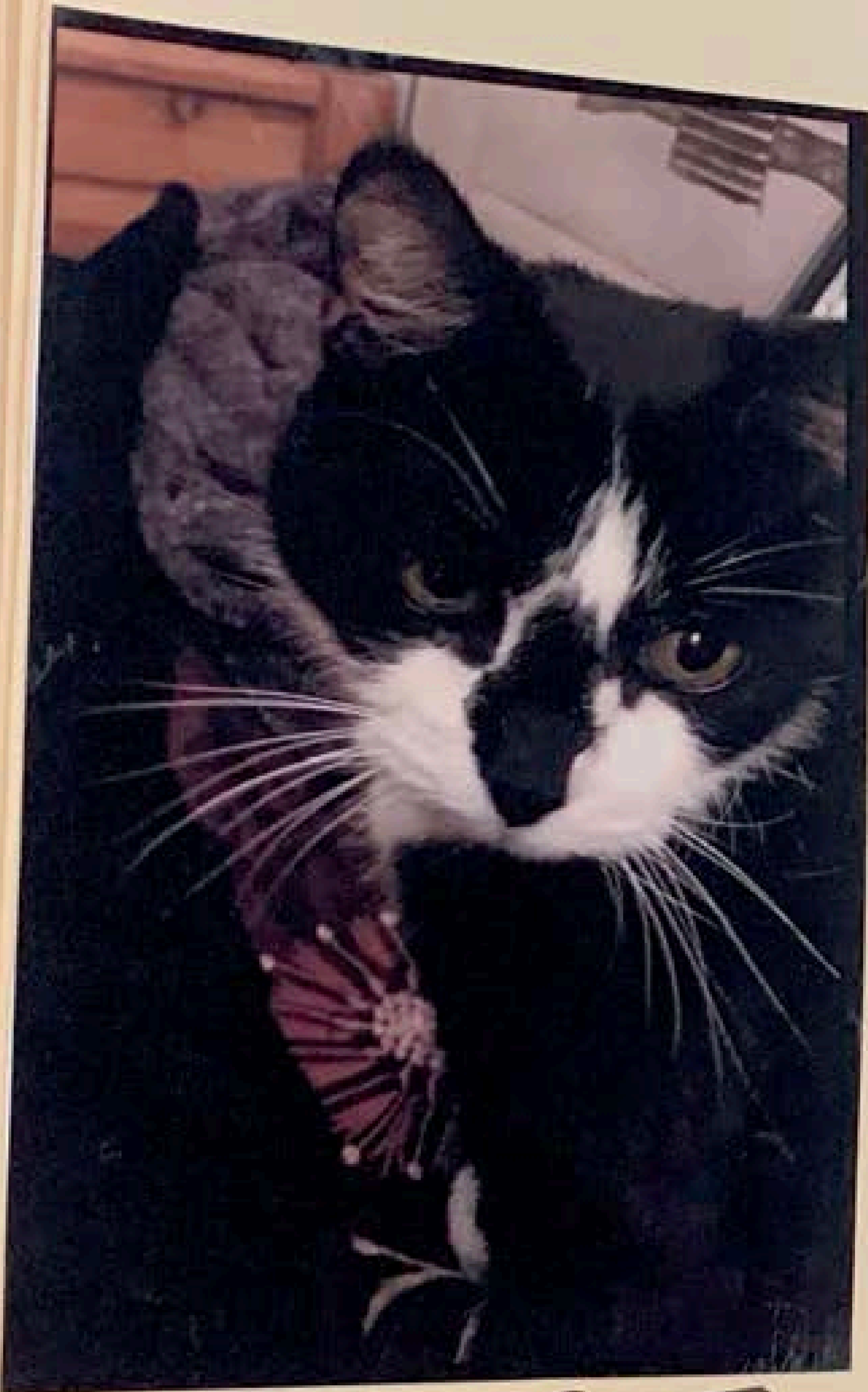
What else?



Left: [Name], [Name], and [Name] at [Location].

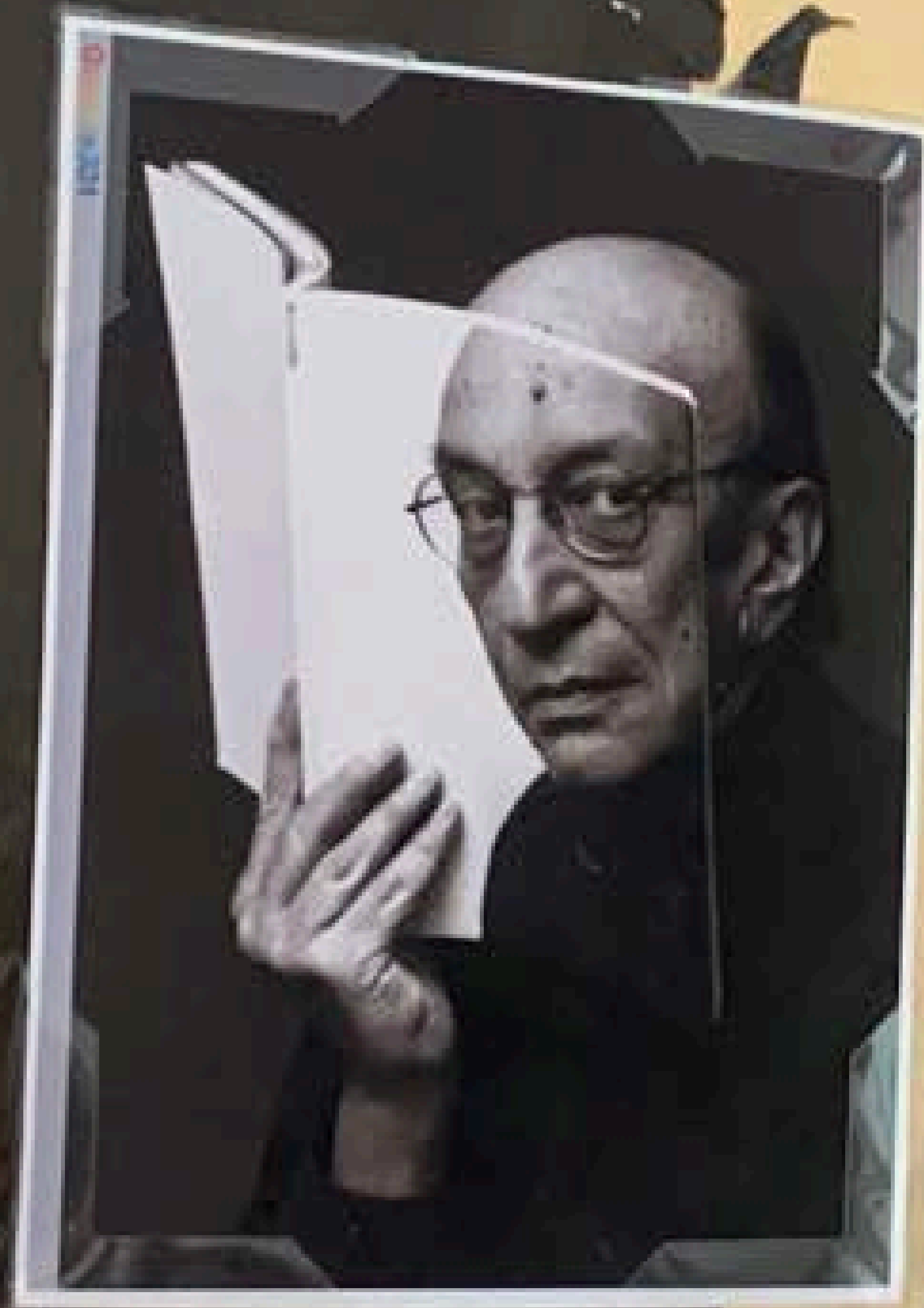
- [Faded handwritten text]
- [Faded handwritten text]

[Redacted text]




MY SWEET P. MUT.
20 YEARS OLD NOW.

- Joe Biden is fishing for a running mate
- The DeVos Lounge III online is fantastic. The young people are bound to fail. The conversation is important. The production is really really good.
- I feel tired. It is hot, sticky, and the ~~the~~ news, weather make for overwhelming and general feeling of too much.



Milton Glaser died. The
one and only I met
him in NYC shortly
after moving there.
I was amazed to get
to see him. I took
my work portfolio.
The work really
didn't feel all
that strong to me.
But he surprised
me. He looked at it
and said, "You draw
beautifully. You're
going to be very
successful."

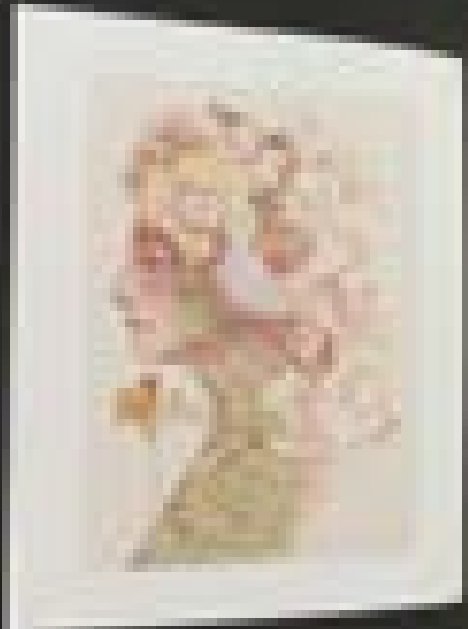


And that day I received
the blessing of  "You draw
beautifully.
You will
be very
successful."
-M.G.

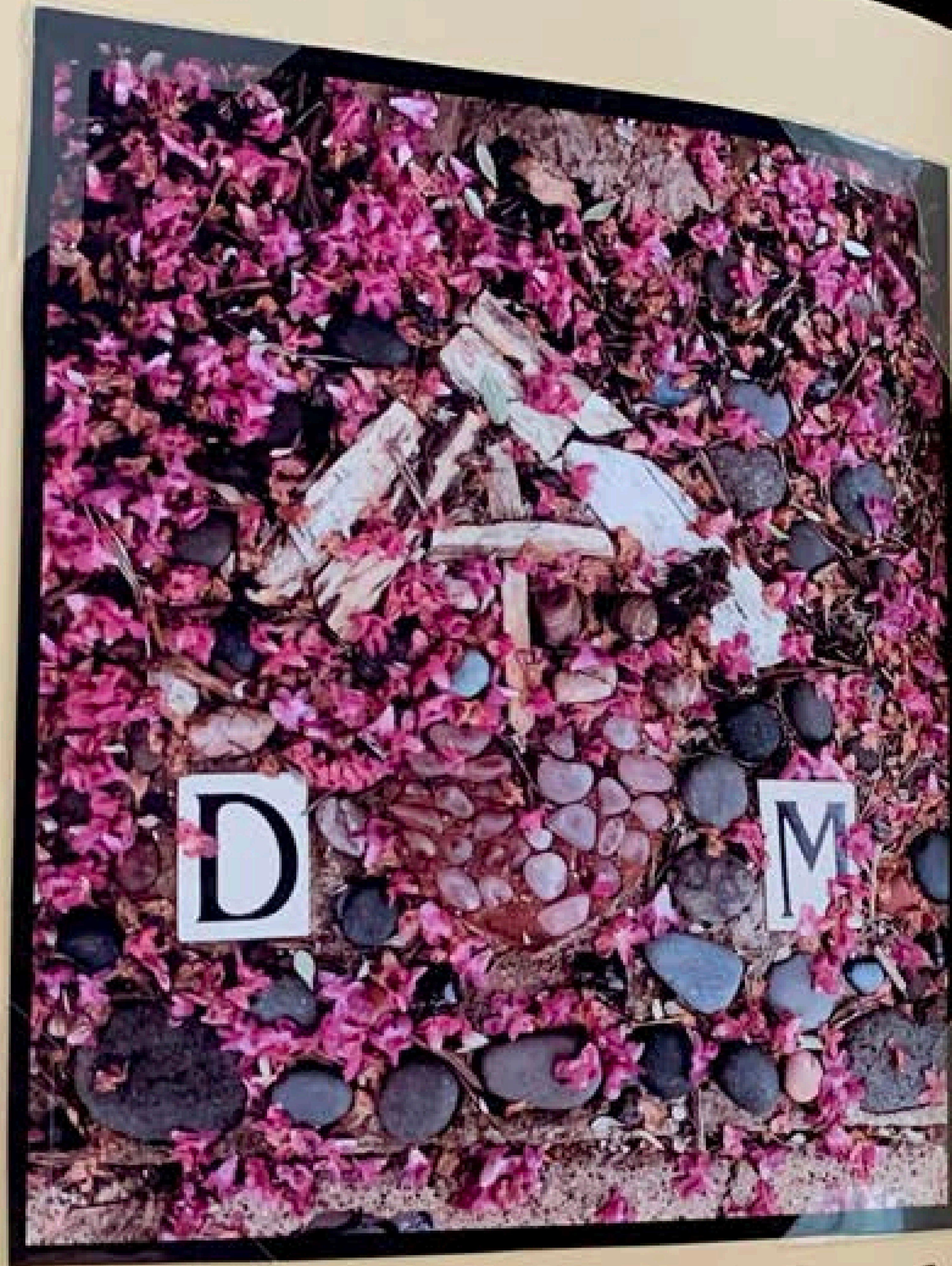
I should draw to me
again. But how
would I draw?

JUNE 29, 2020

I went to bed and
woke up feeling dread
about the Brandon
Woodard story. I am
considering pulling



She is a very
sweet little girl
and very happy
I am always
happy to see her
and she is very
kind and friendly
to everyone
I love her very
much and she
loves me very
much
I hope she
will be a
nurse like
her mother
I love her very
much
I hope she
will be a
nurse like
her mother



WHAT - IF ANYTHING -
IS MY CONTINUING
ROLE?

not reflect well on
her.

3. With Covid-19,
I will not be able
to interview Brandon
in person.

4. Most importantly -
this story will most
likely just come +
go. Brandon needs
advocacy - a united
family who wants
him out. And a
smart attorney.

5. Brandon may not
come off sympathetically.



SKY over VICKERY

WEDNESDAY JULY 1, 2020

Mom's Birthday. She would've been 114 years old. Born in 1907.

If she were alive - or magically appeared, what would we talk about? I have trouble imagining.

Gretchen went to see the surgeon at Mt. Sinai in NYC, and she is going to have a double mastectomy on July 14. She sounds upbeat and relieved to have a



G.D. in THE amazing
HOTEL in JORDHAR.

plan that appeals for
her. Breasts. Be gone.
And all the trouble
thru my cause in the
future.

As this is the 2nd
anniversary of Barbara's
death on July 4, I
on the talk of breast
cancer, remember my
raw grief at Barbara's
passing, and can't even
think about losing
G.D. then right now.

So I hope and pray
that this is the
solution — and will
keep her cancer free.

LORD JESUS
CHRIST SON OF
GOD HAVE ME
RCY ON US. LORD
JESUS CHRIST SON OF
GOD HAVE MERCY ON
US. G.D.

LORD JESUS
CHRIST SON OF
GOD HAVE MERCY
ON US. LORD JESUS
CHRIST SON OF
GOD HAVE MERCY
ON US. LORD
JESUS CHRIST
SON OF GOD
HAVE MERCY ON US.
G.D.

mantram pages, G.D.

JULY 3, 2020

Tomorrow is the 4th of
July - celebration of the
birth of this nation.
What country do I
live in? The one described
in the Declaration of
Independence, the Pledge
of Allegiance.

That's feeling like
living on a piece of
paper, wrapped in a
flag.
Or a book of bizness
stranger than fiction
characters? Living in
fiction, on a piece



vicki milligan's
mantra page for G.D.

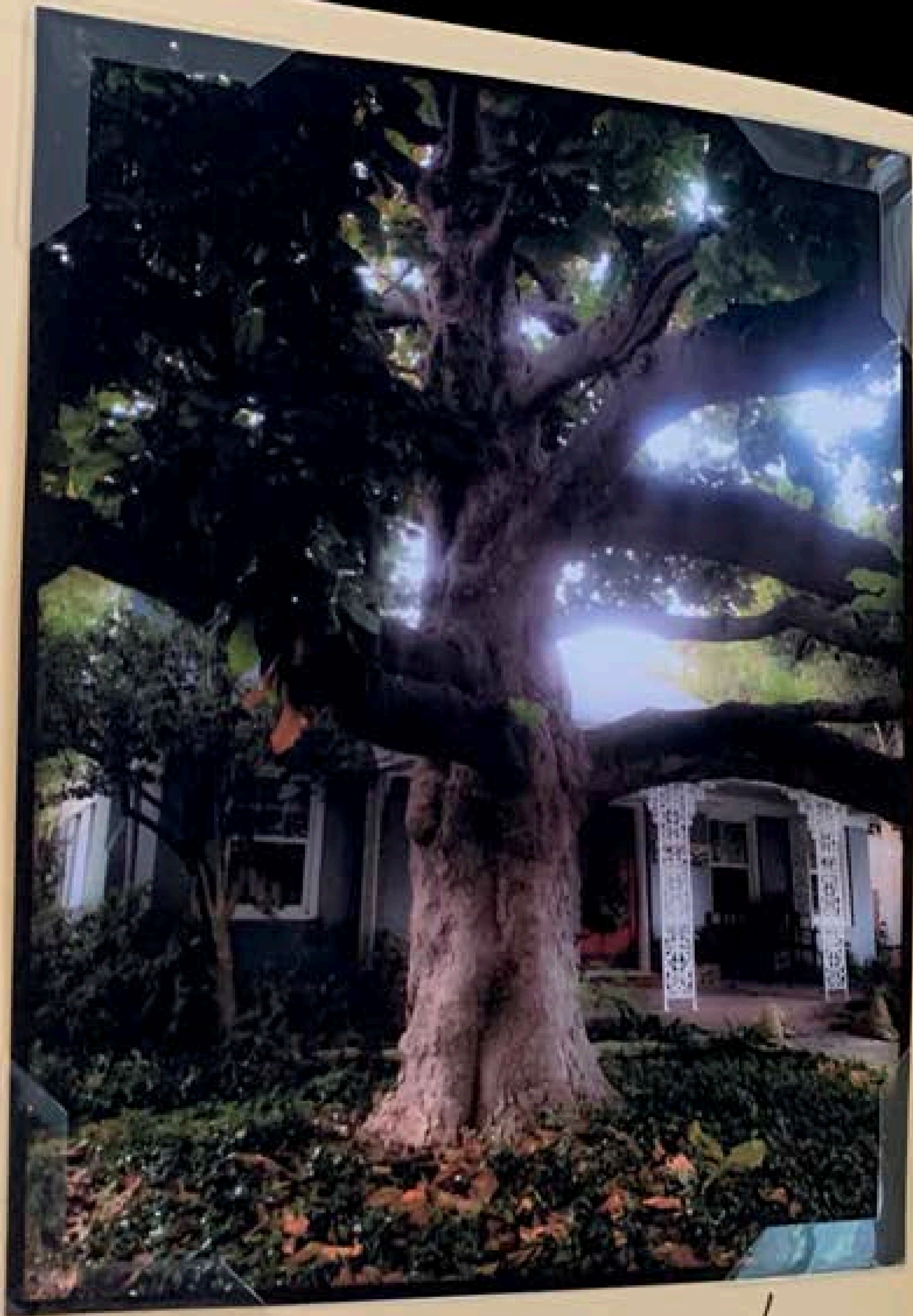
of paper ~~at~~ or page
in a book, wrapped in
red, white + blue.

And I don't live
in the country at
vacants.

July 3 morning,

Poppy texted that
her sister Darcy was
in ICU in Omaha -
with cardiomyopathy -

"Broken Heart Syndrome"
Her husband died in



Betsy's memory loss
• seems to be getting
worse. Today, I had
to explain email addresses.

a car wreck in
Omaha about 6 weeks
ago.

• Gretchen will have
a double mastectomy
on July 14.

• Lorraine sent a long
letter about her prog-
nosis - which does not
sound good. Now Stage 3
metastatic breast
cancer.

• And right about
now - Barbara
Boston died on
July 4, 2013. 7 years



B.B. Early '80s, WITH
TANIA'S LUNCH.
AT THEIR HOME
IN UNIVERSITY PARK.

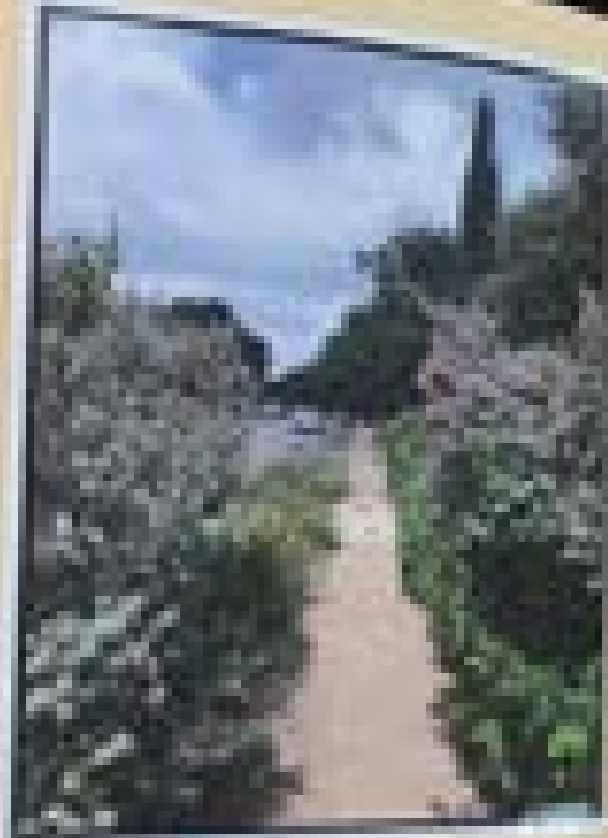
ago. It's due to 1:30 am
on the 4th now.
So much bad news.

July 4, 2020

Ant what a loaded
date.

o Barbara's passing
o Les Nash's massive
stroke in 1988 or '89.

o I first saw 705 YSt.
at a 4th of JULY
party at Kelly's
in 1974.



at the entrance to the park
at the entrance to the park
at the entrance to the park

at the entrance to the park
at the entrance to the park
at the entrance to the park
at the entrance to the park
at the entrance to the park

[REDACTED]

at the entrance to the park
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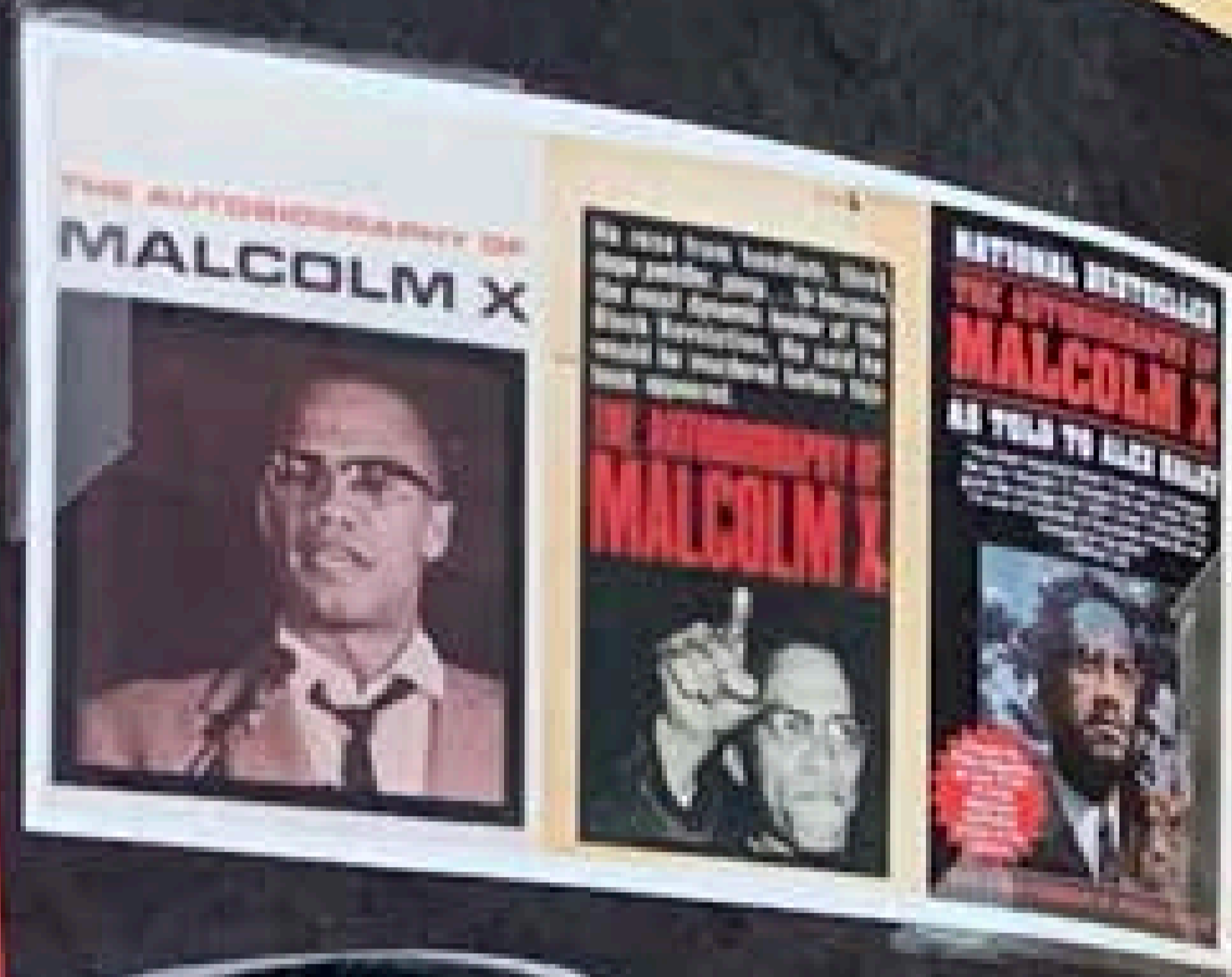
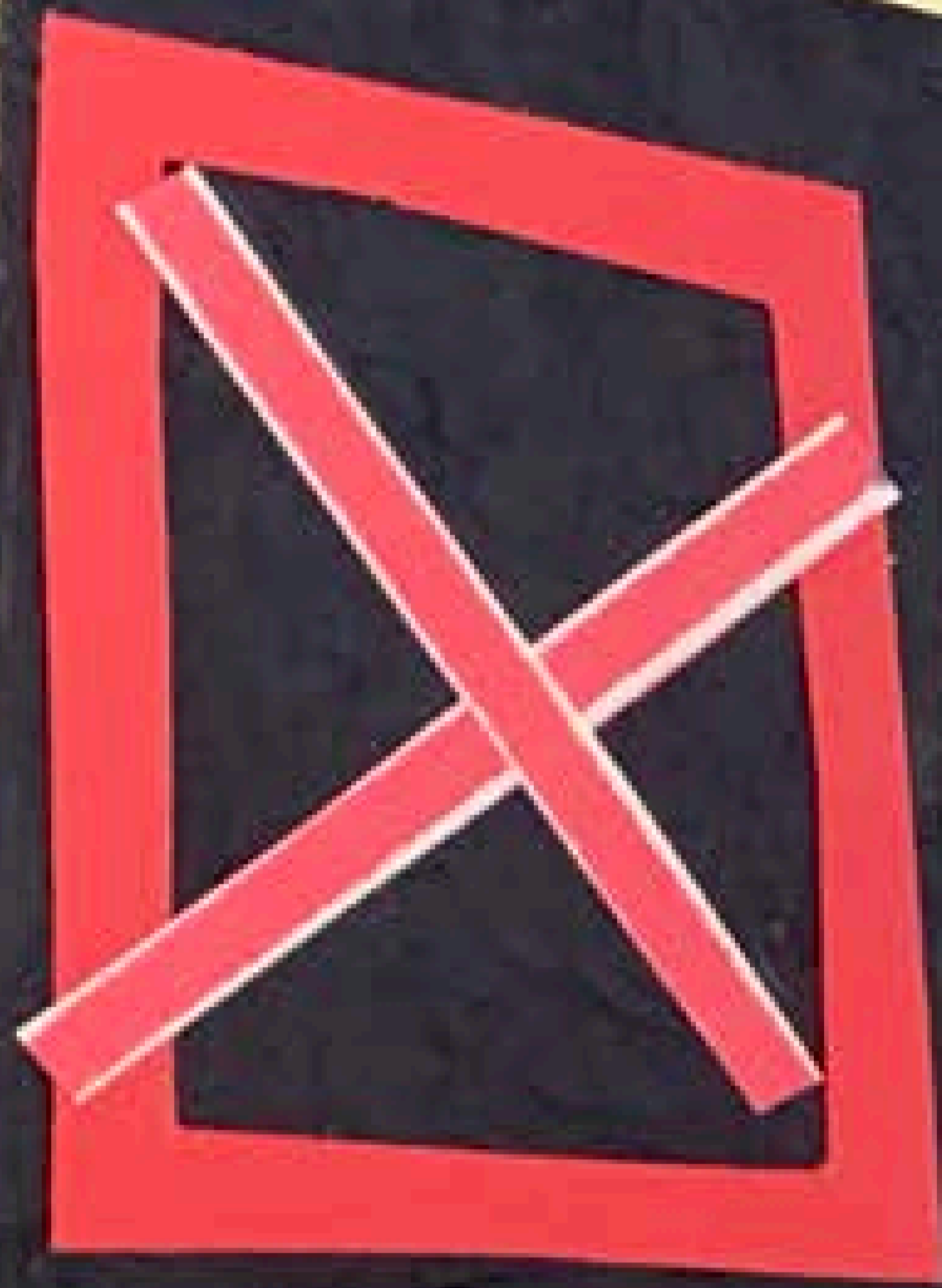
VICKERY BLVD.
MAGNOLIA ROOTS

South Dakota in front
of the travesty of
Mt. Rushmore.

I don't wish ill on
anyone. But this man
would benefit from a
spiritual intervention.

If not that, a
lightning hit to just
remove him.

And now, there's a
quiet weekend ahead.
Writing, journal work,
maybe put my bicycle
tent up. Maybe ride
the bicycle.



I told Peter Wood I'd write something about the 4th of July. Now that I'm thinking, my thoughts are negative and not optimistic. The ~~pieces~~ pieces of paper upon which this country is built are frail, meaningless - or as much meaning as a work of fiction, unless they truly serve as the guiding vision of an endeavor. They did not. They are works,



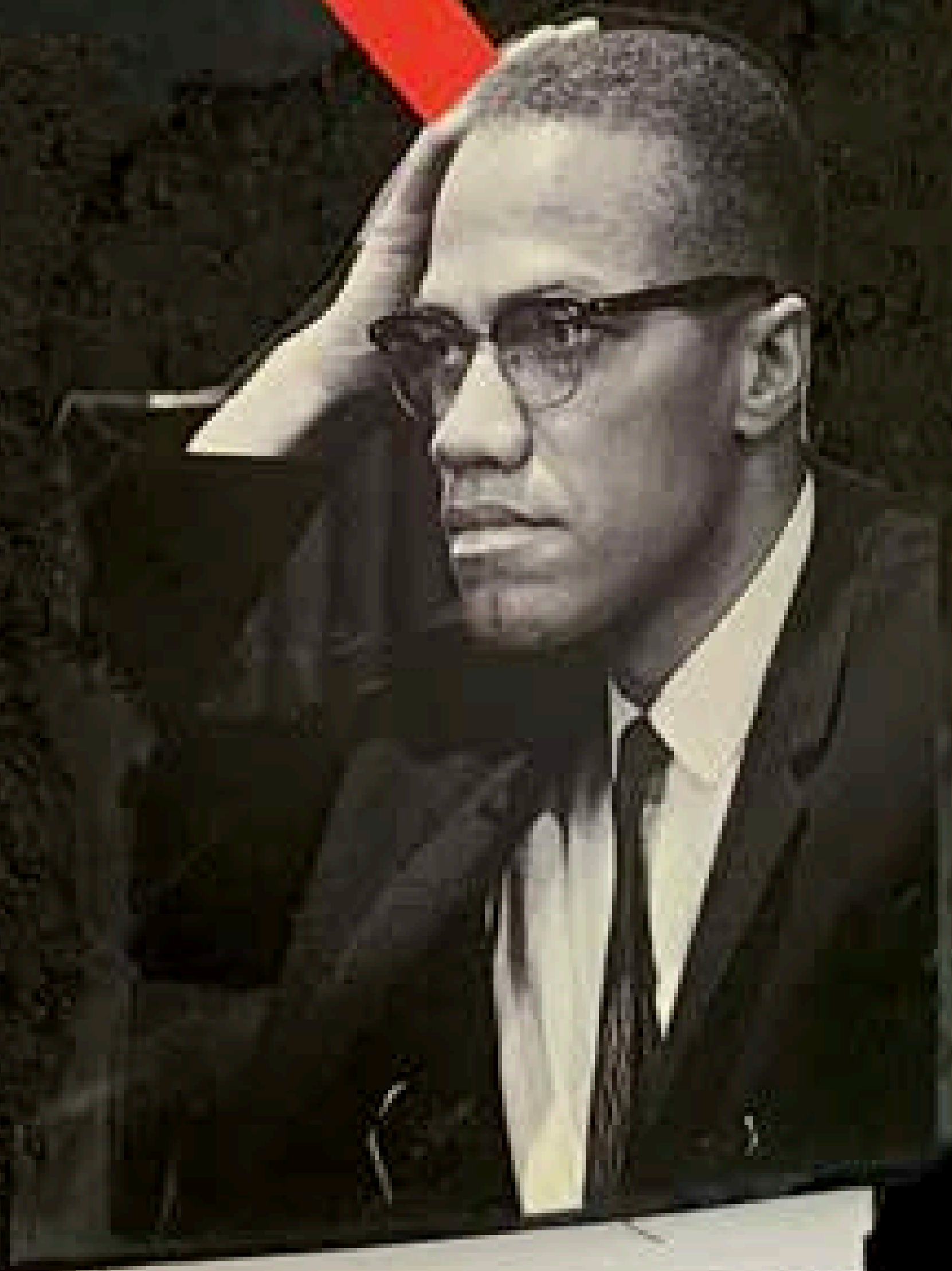
of fiction. A dream.
They did not guide our
decisions or actions.

In 29 pieces, we
filter decisions, actions
money spent through
the North Star. ~~to~~
our mission. ^{if we didn't} do that, it'd

There are pieces of
paper

just be words on a piece
of paper — a fiction.

I FIRST READ THE AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY IN 1969 -
A FRESH COLLEGE STUDENT
IN HONORS ENGLISH.
NOW - A 2ND
READING +
HIS WORDS
STILL
LIVE.



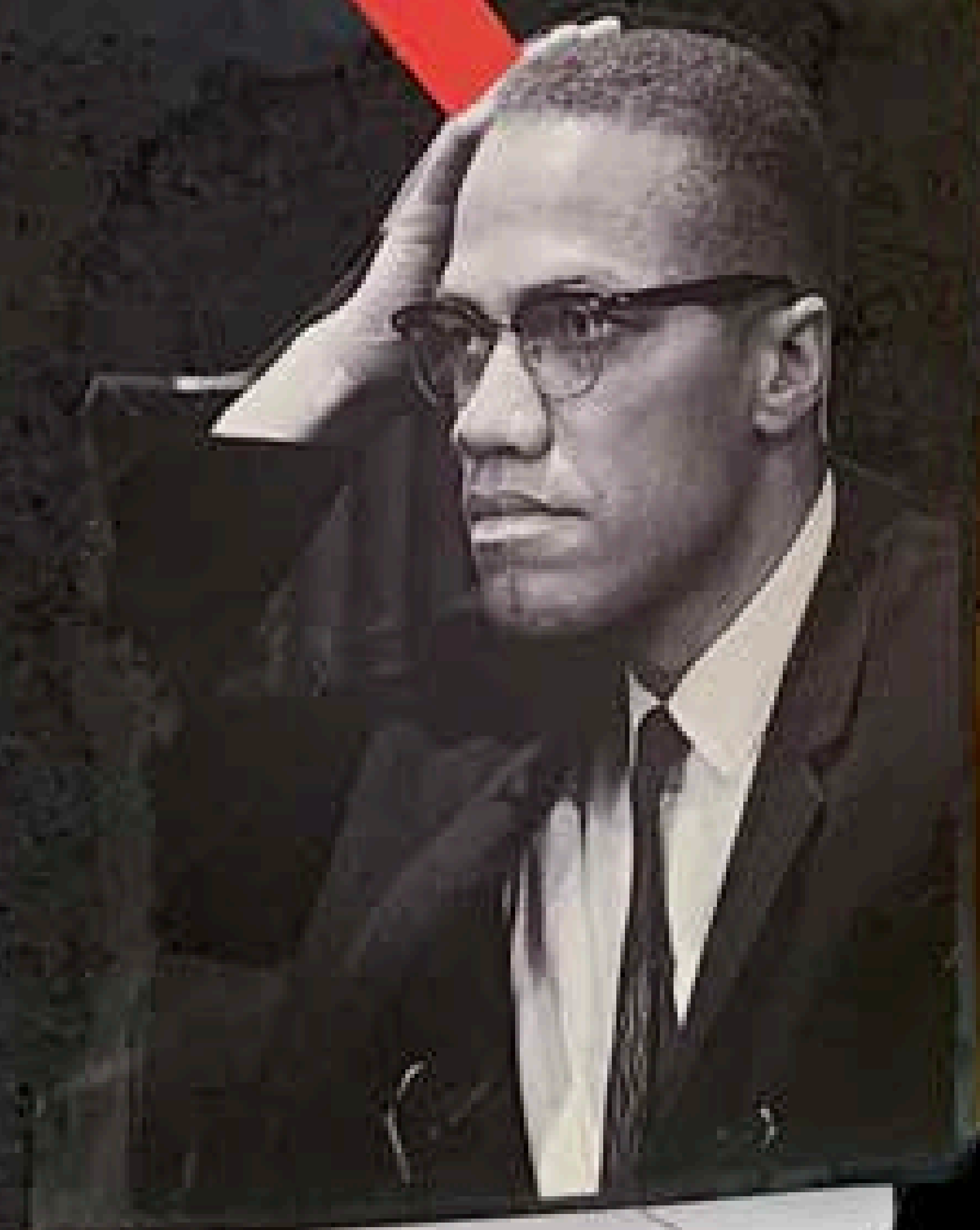
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In Congress, July 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America, When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. - That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. - That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to

I FIRST READ THE AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY in 1969 -
A FRESH COLLEGE STUDENT
in HONORS ENGLISH.
Now - a 2nd
READING +
HIS WORDS
STILL
LIVE.



Today we celebrate the
day that the U.S.
Declaration of Independence
was adopted by the
Continental Congress.
It's a piece of paper
with Thomas Jefferson's
idealistic words
"Quote".

"Quote".
Did our founding father's
live & enforce the mission,
No. They were in the
process of demolishing the
cultures of Native Americans.
T.J. + Washington & others

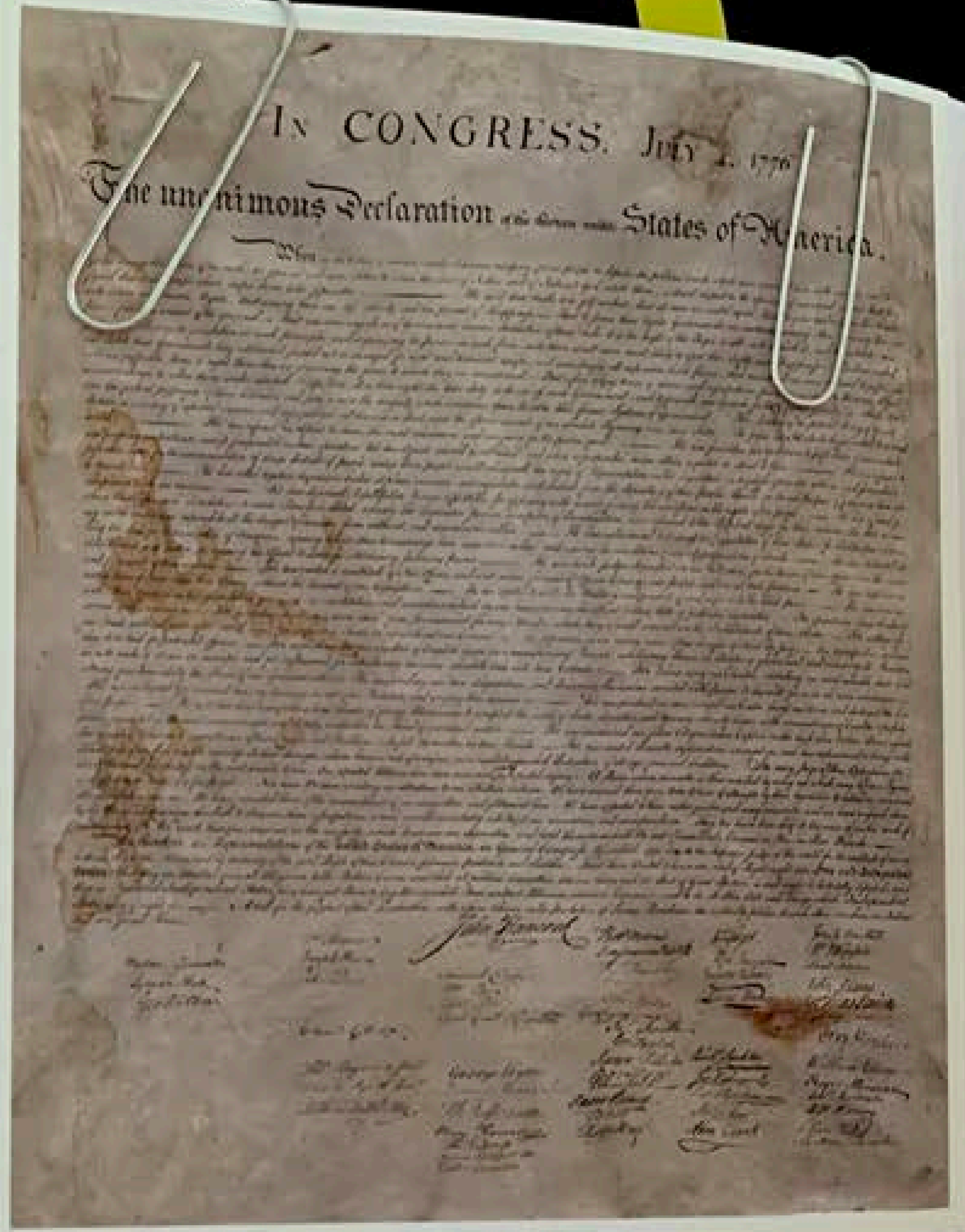
July 4, 2020

Today we celebrate a piece of paper and the beginning of a war.

depended on the barbarians
institution of slavery to
make money / their fortunes.
- money not given vote till 1920.
The beautiful picture
of a country of liberty
and justice for all
has yet to leap from
words on a piece of
paper.

Women were considered
so inconsequential that
they were not "given" the
vote till 1920.

The beautiful ideals



Star of our mission
human spirit to grow
paper — a fiction.
Continental Congress.
cond paragraph:

set forth in the P.O.I.
are not that com-
plicated. Think of
others. Don't destroy.
Create. Be kind. Be kind.
Be kind.

If we are truly
people of our words,
it's very simple.
Be kind. Be kind.
Be kind.

Today we celebrate a
piece of paper and the
beginning of a war.

JULY 5, 2020

Candy called @ 9:30pm.
Her Mom is entering hospice
in Columbus. Candy
had been on my mind
today. She sounded strong & accepting.

set forth in the P.O.I.
are not that com-
plicated. Think of
others. Don't destroy.
Create. Be kind. Be kind.
Be kind.

If we are truly
people of our words,
it's very simple.
Be kind. Be kind.
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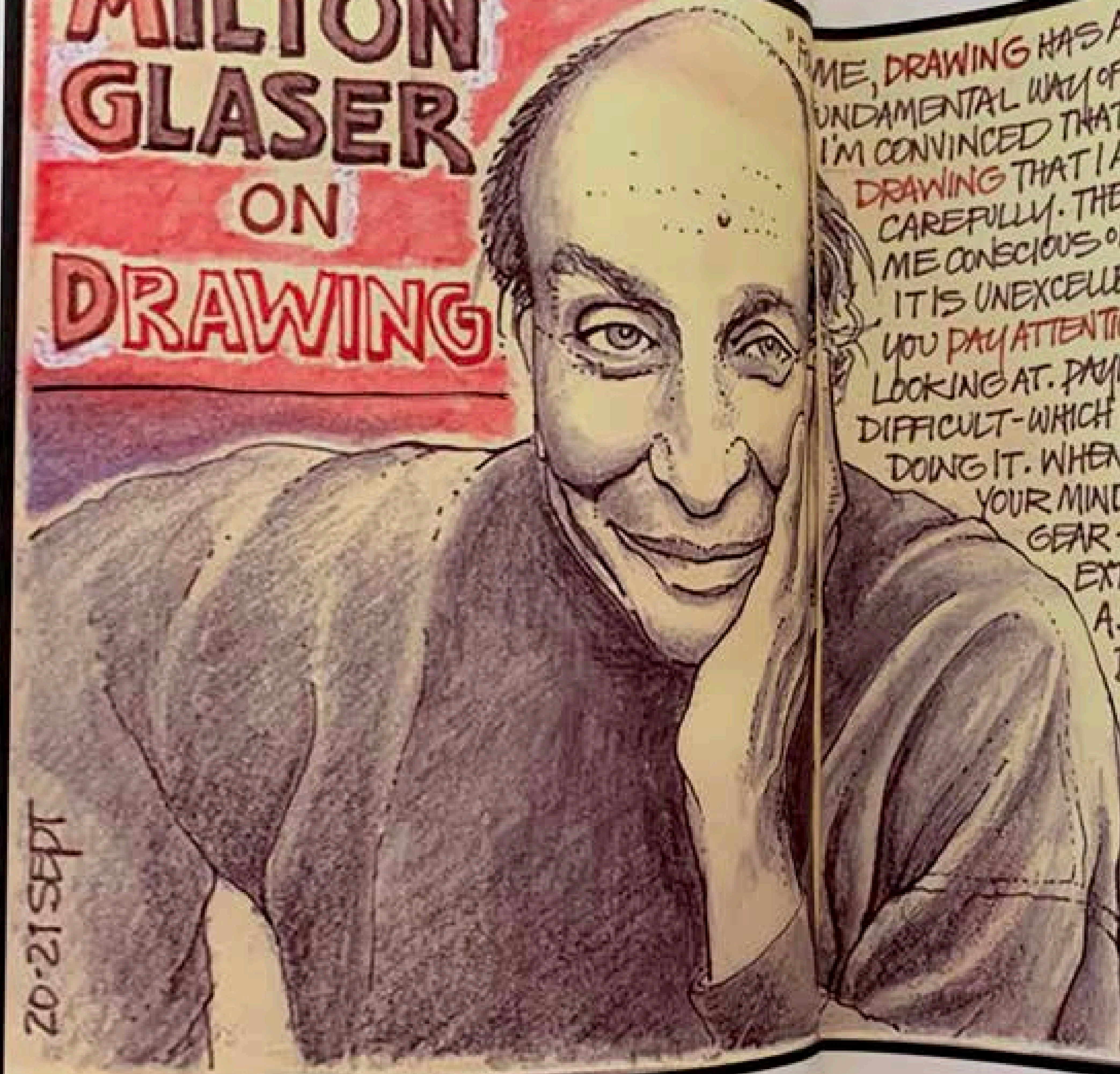
Today we celebrate a
piece of paper and the
beginning of a war.

NOT M.G. ART

DRAWING

MILTON GLASER ON DRAWING

20-21 SEPT

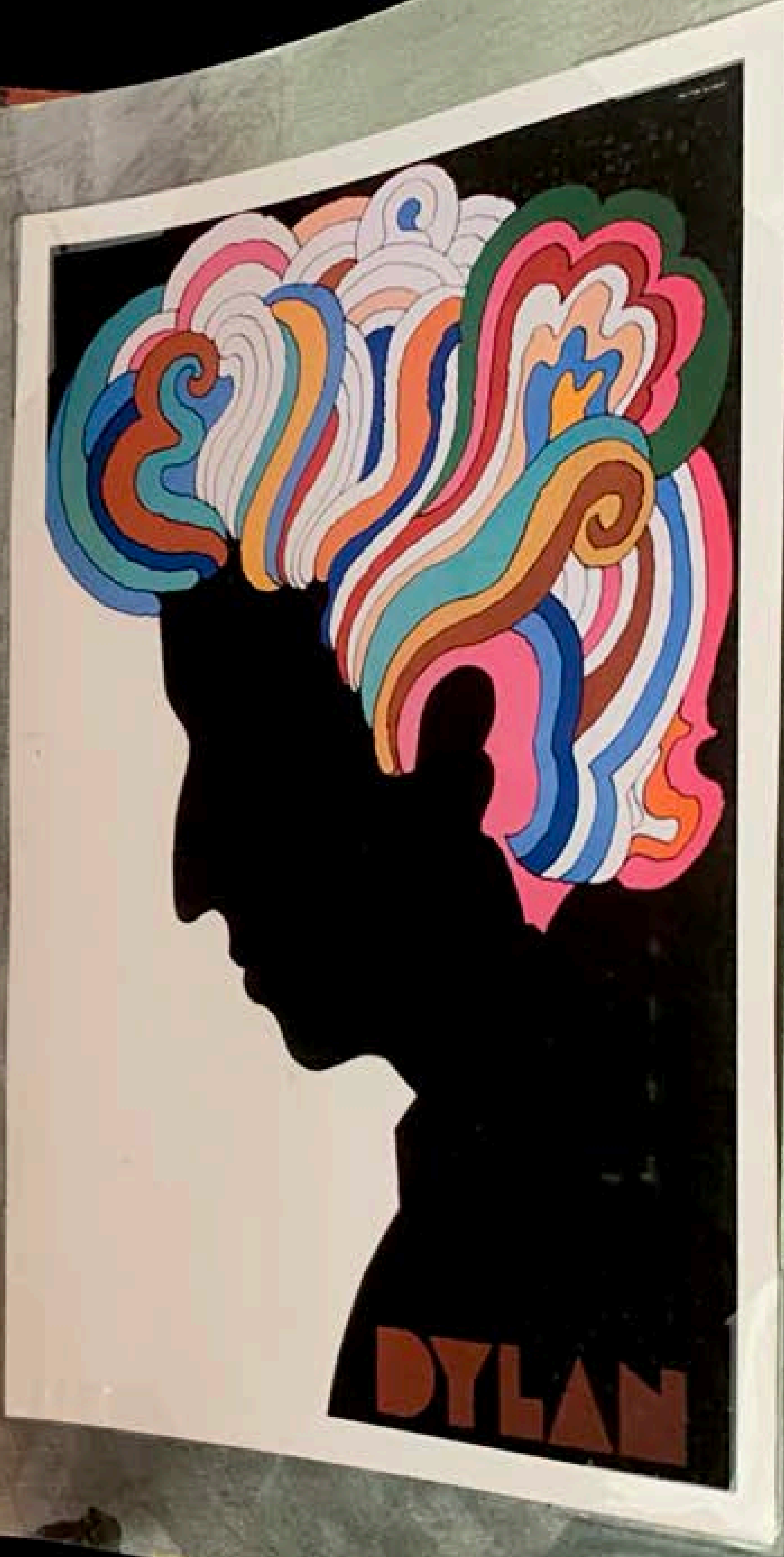
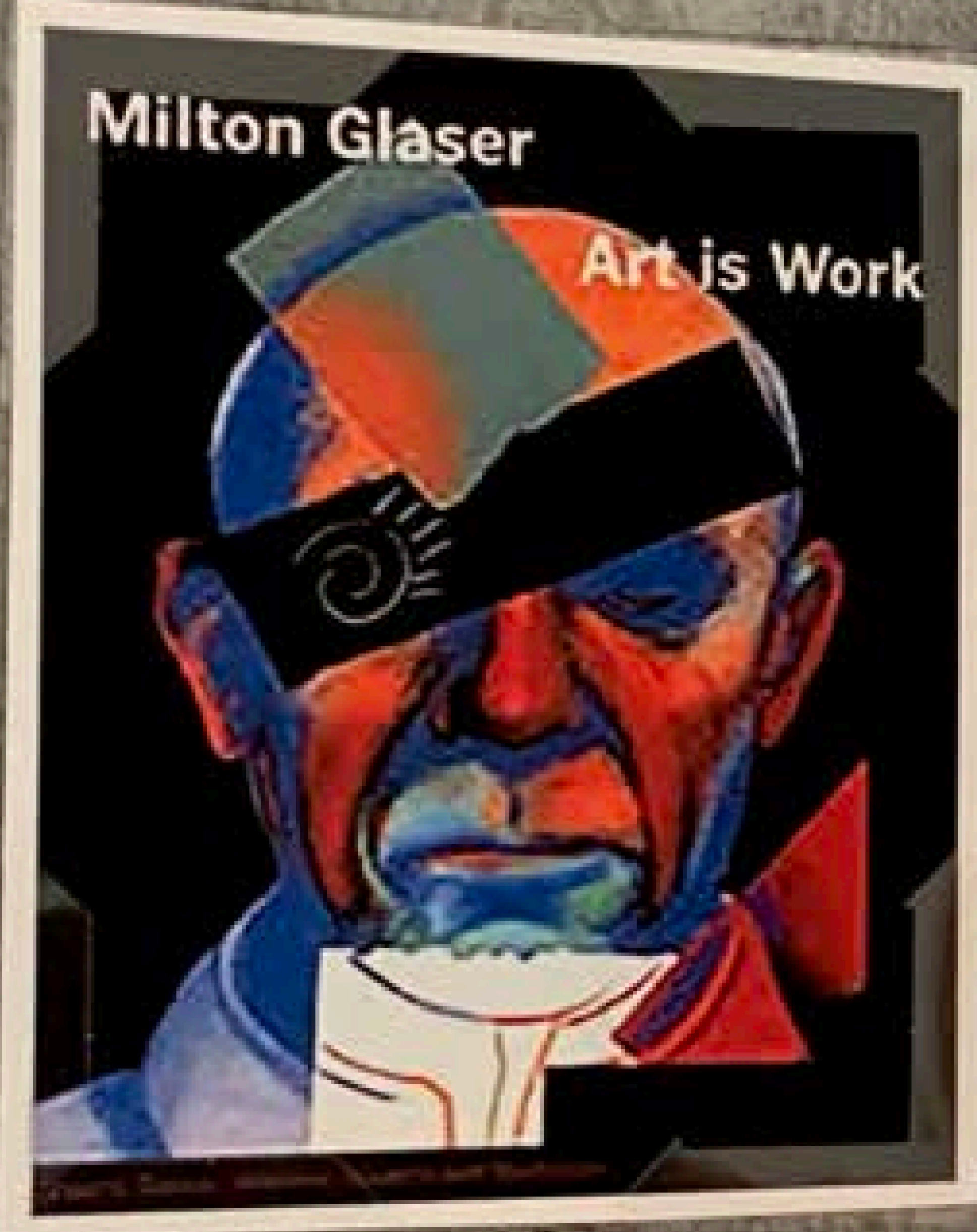


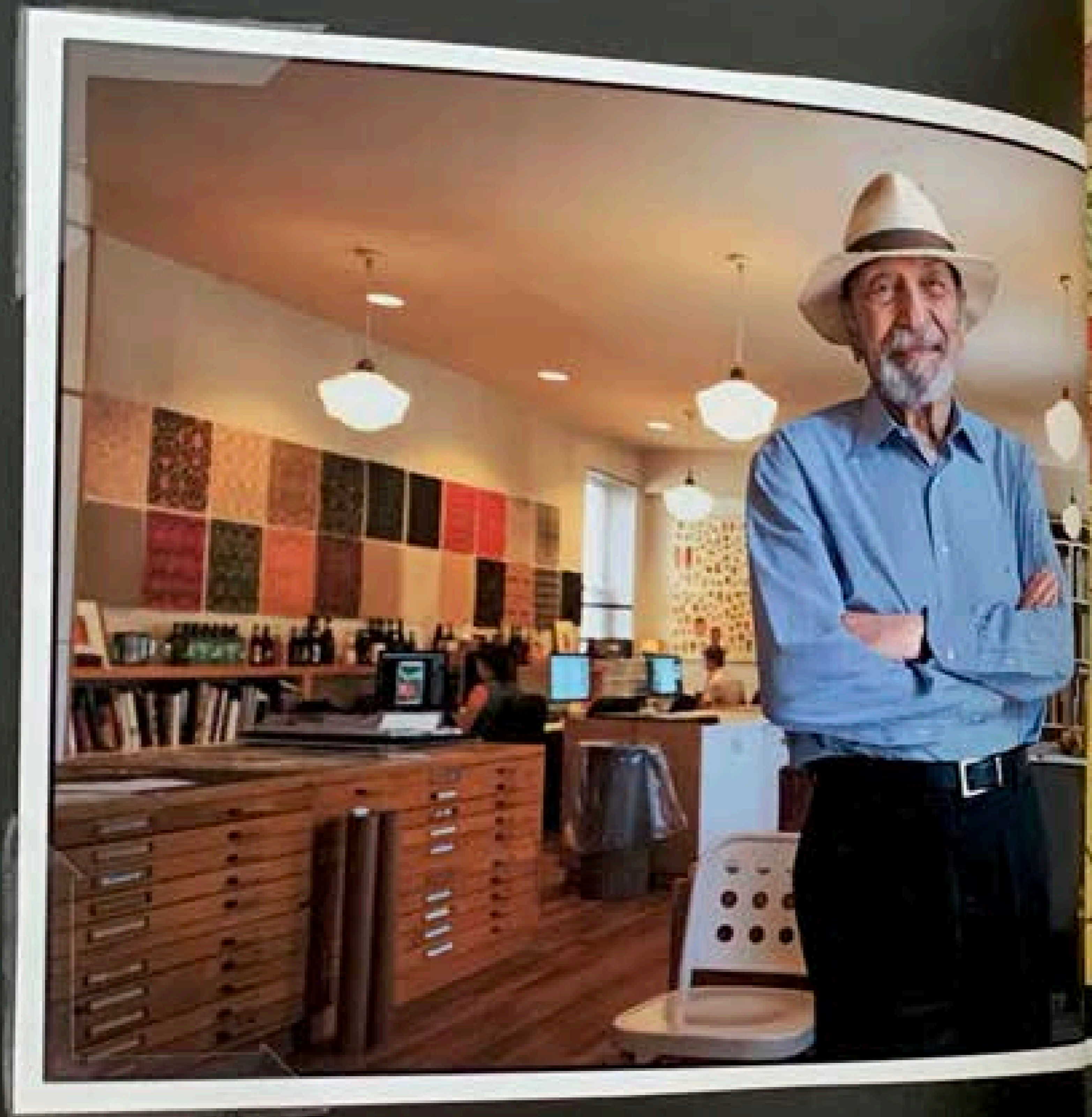
FOR ME, DRAWING HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST FUNDAMENTAL WAY OF ENGAGING THE WORLD. I'M CONVINCED THAT IT IS ONLY THROUGH DRAWING THAT I ACTUALLY LOOK AT THINGS CAREFULLY. THE ART OF DRAWING MAKES ME CONSCIOUS OF WHAT I'M LOOKING AT - IT IS UNEXCELLED AS A MEANS OF MAKING YOU PAY ATTENTION TO WHATEVER YOU'RE LOOKING AT. PAYING ATTENTION IS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT - WHICH IS WHY WE MOSTLY AVOID DOING IT. WHEN YOU DRAW SOMETHING, YOUR MIND SHIFTS INTO ANOTHER GEAR - YOU ACKNOWLEDGE THE EXTRAORDINARY NATURE OF A SUBJECT & ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE IT.

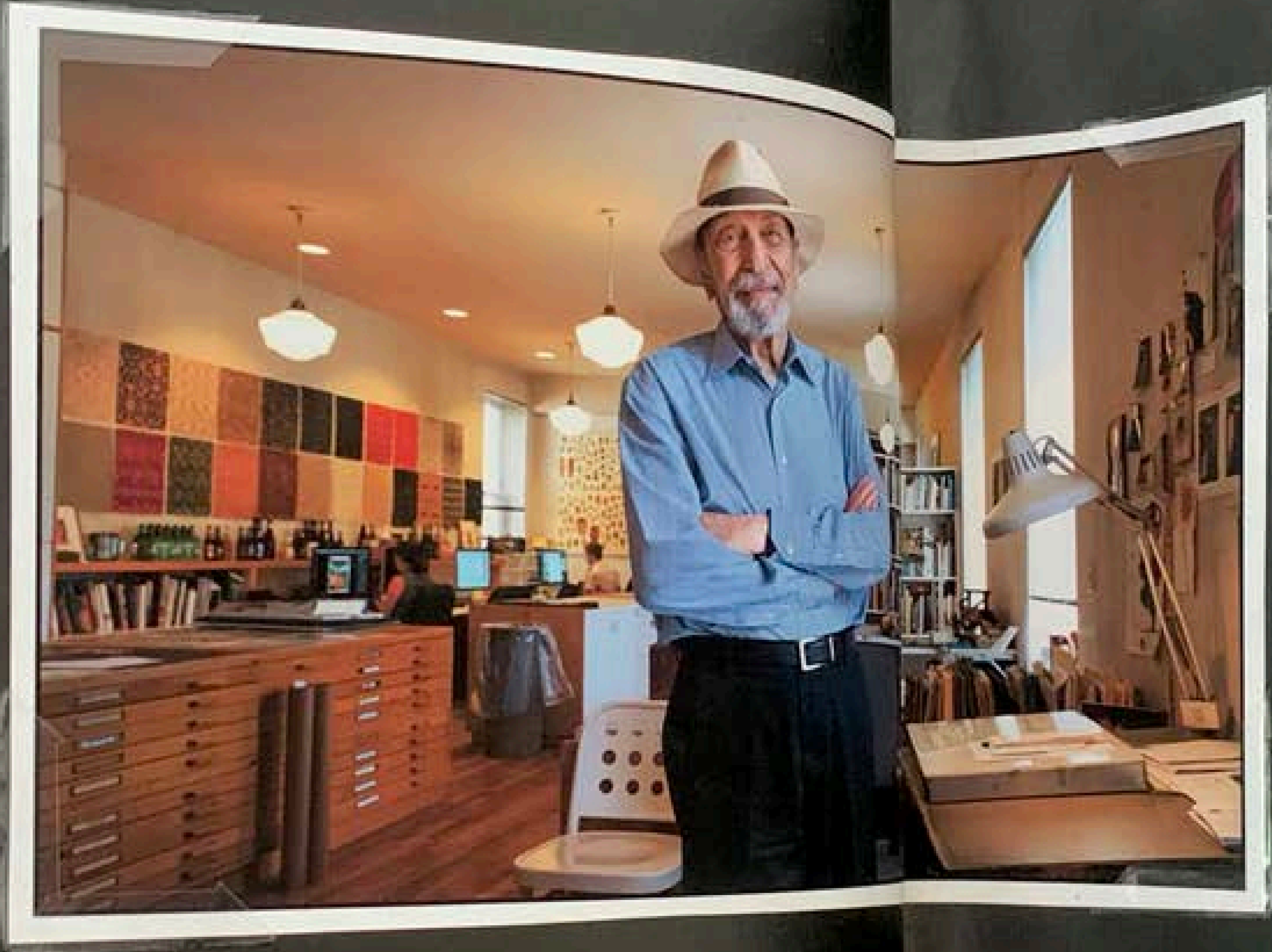
SO FOR ME, DRAWING HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN ABSOLUTE PRIMARY WAY OF ENCOUNTERING REALITY. I'M ASTONISHED BY DRAWING - IT IS A KIND OF MIRACULOUS OCCURRENCE!"

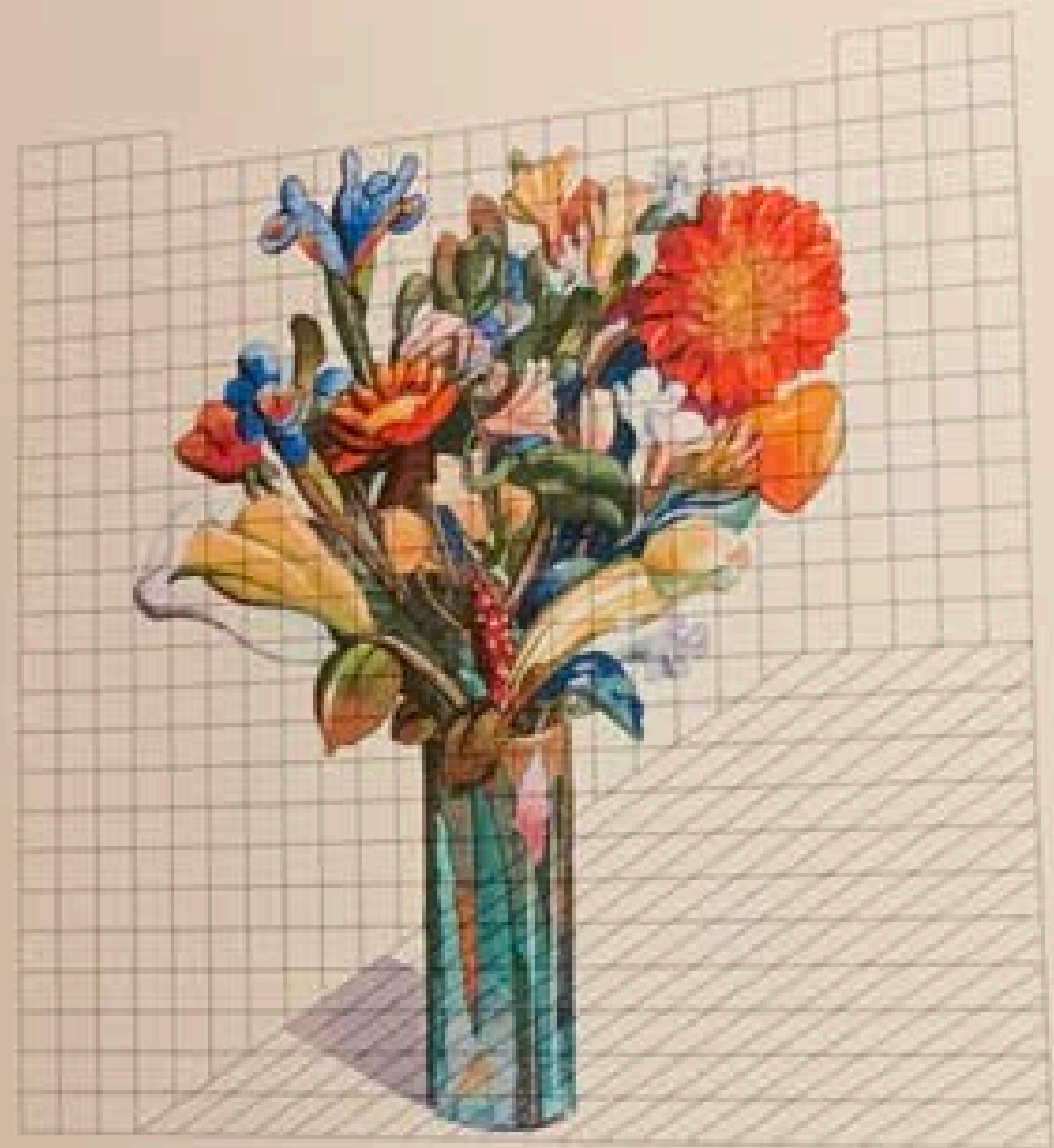
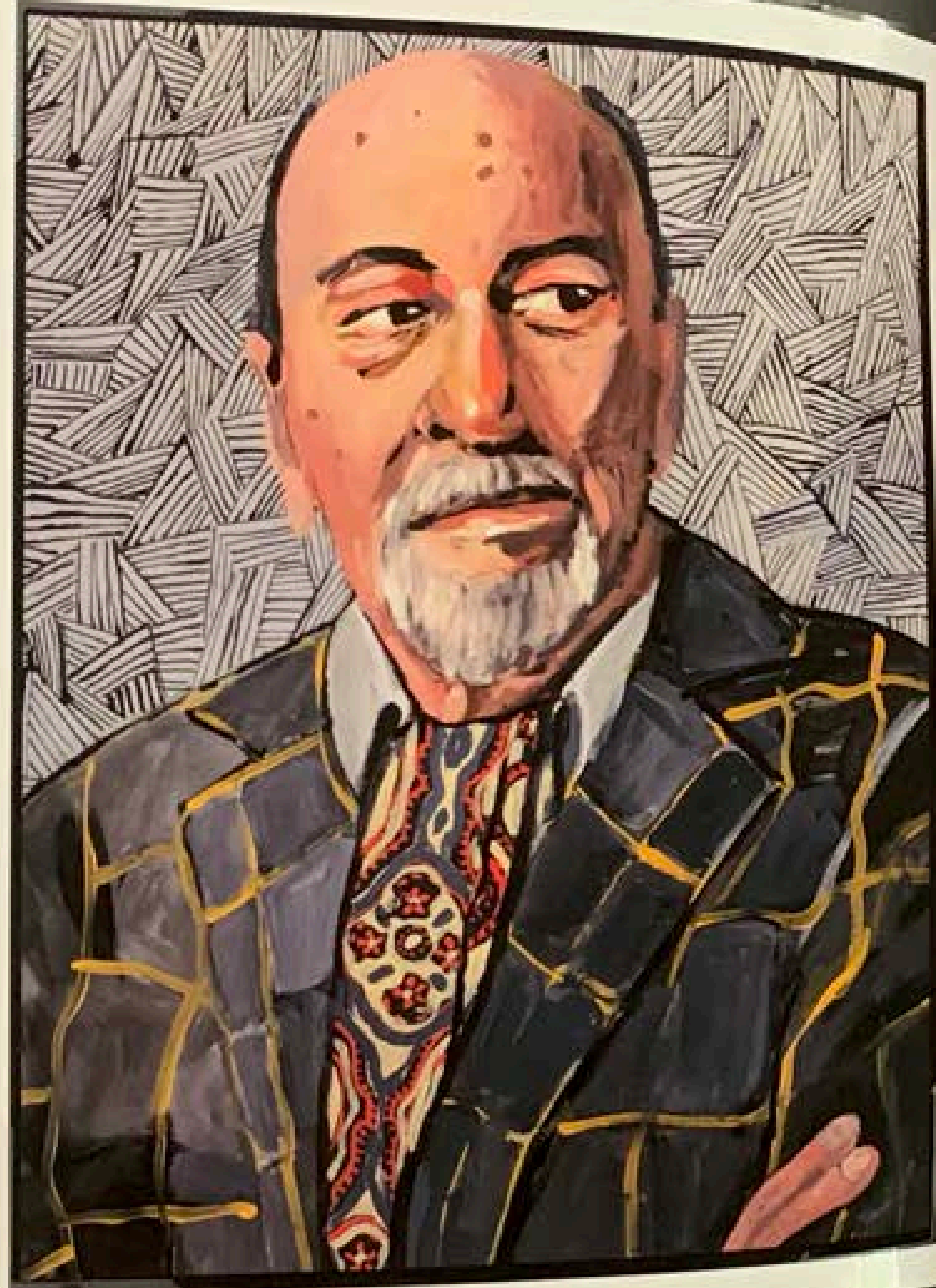
not Milton Glaser art

Milton Glaser Quote

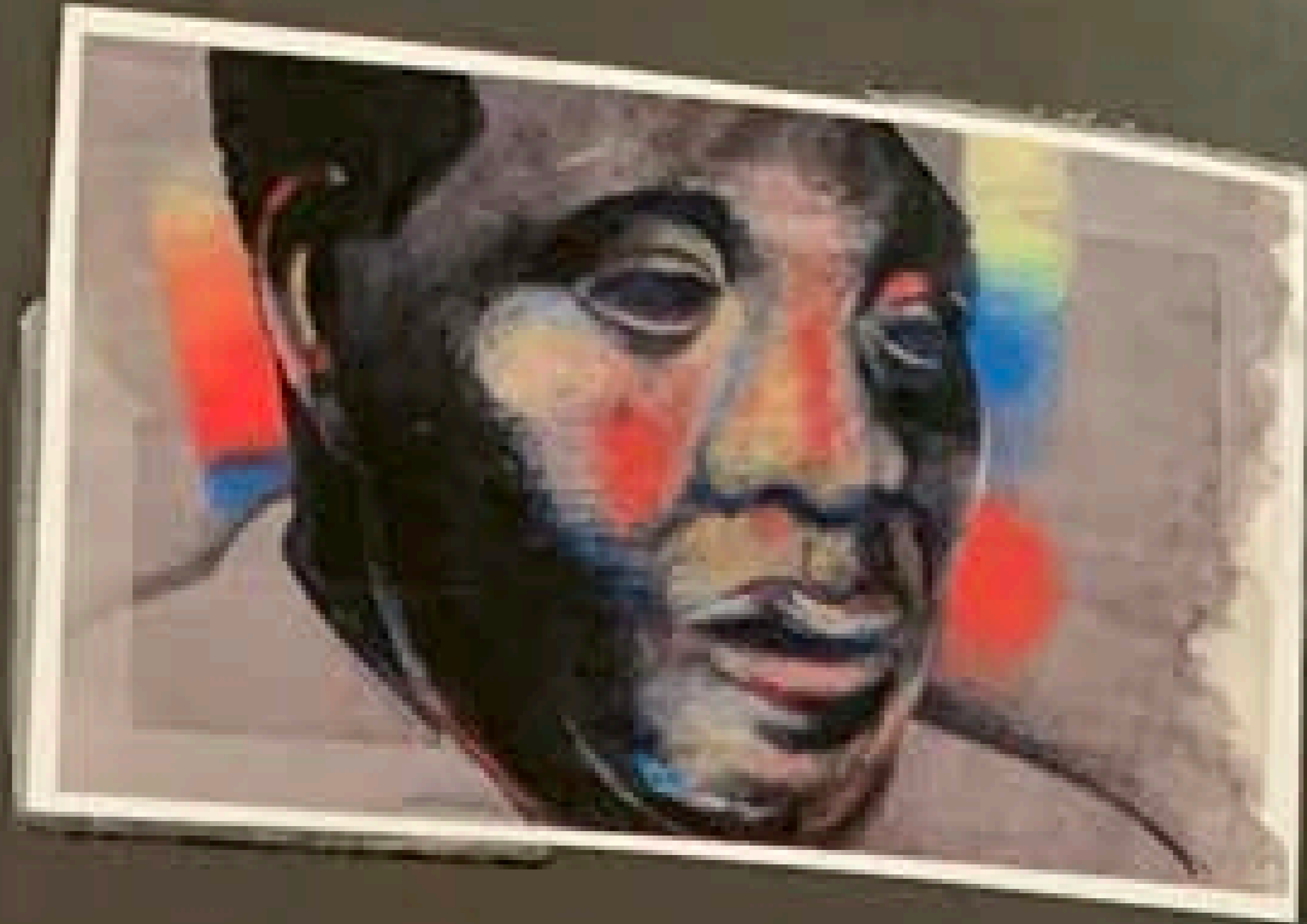








Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, located below the still life painting.

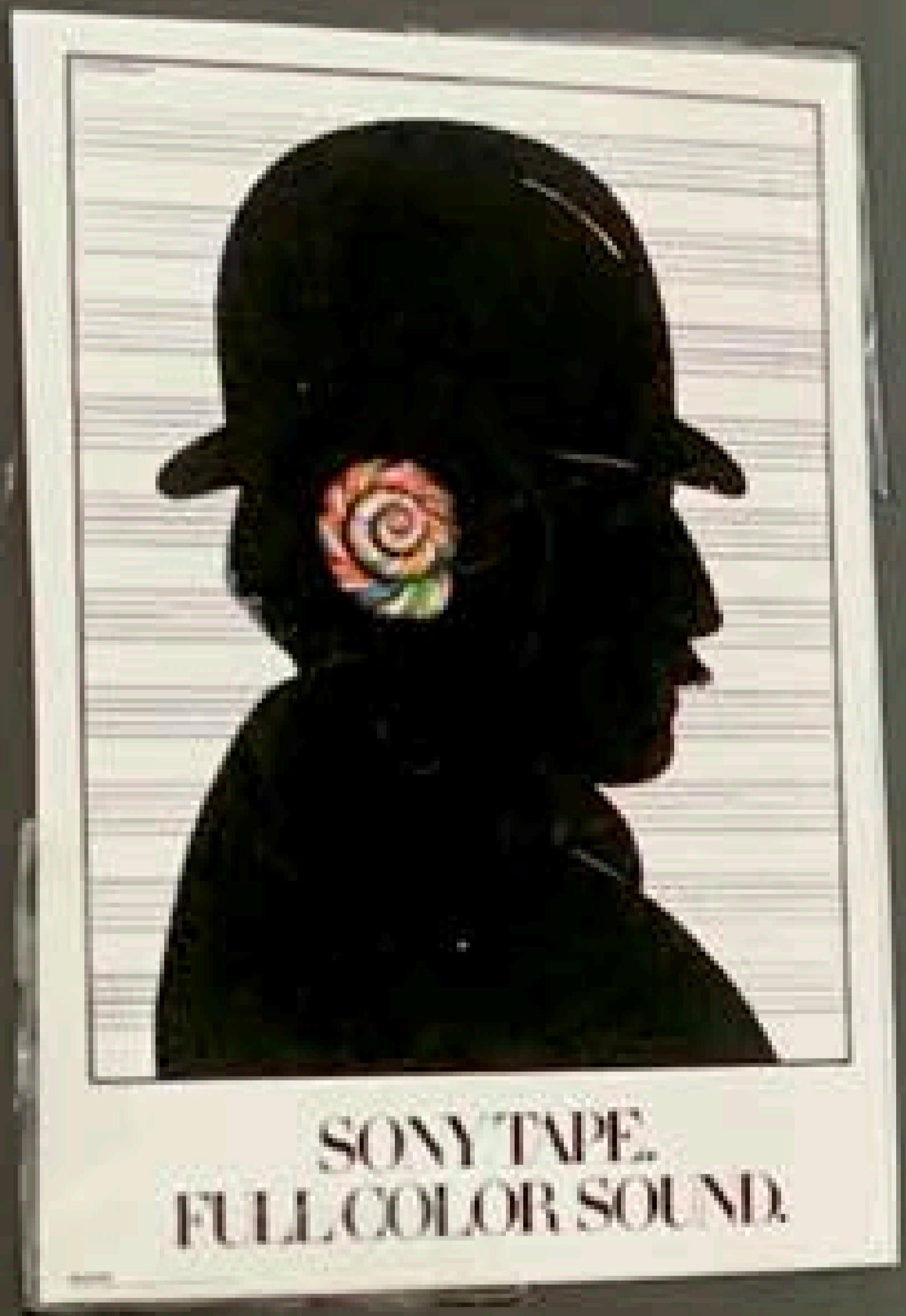


I ♥ NY

Creatures Large and Small



For the Benefit of ARF Animal Rescue Fund of New York Elaine Benson Gallery Bridgehampton New York



POPPY GIVES THANKS
DICK GREGORY
TOWNIES VAN ZANDT
THE MANDRAKE
MEMORIAL
CARNEGIE HALL
WED., NOV. 26
8.30 FIRST COME.
FIRST SERVED... \$2.50

A poster for a performance at Carnegie Hall. The text is arranged in two columns. The left column reads 'POPPY GIVES THANKS'. The right column reads 'DICK GREGORY', 'TOWNIES VAN ZANDT', 'THE MANDRAKE MEMORIAL', 'CARNEGIE HALL', 'WED., NOV. 26', '8.30 FIRST COME.', and 'FIRST SERVED... \$2.50'. Below the text is a stylized illustration of a blue and black bird with a large red flower growing from its neck. The bird is standing on a green textured ground.



TOGETHER

DANDELION



The gentle spread of



seeds



Peter Beard

Milton Glazer

Me

I am a Dandelion

