

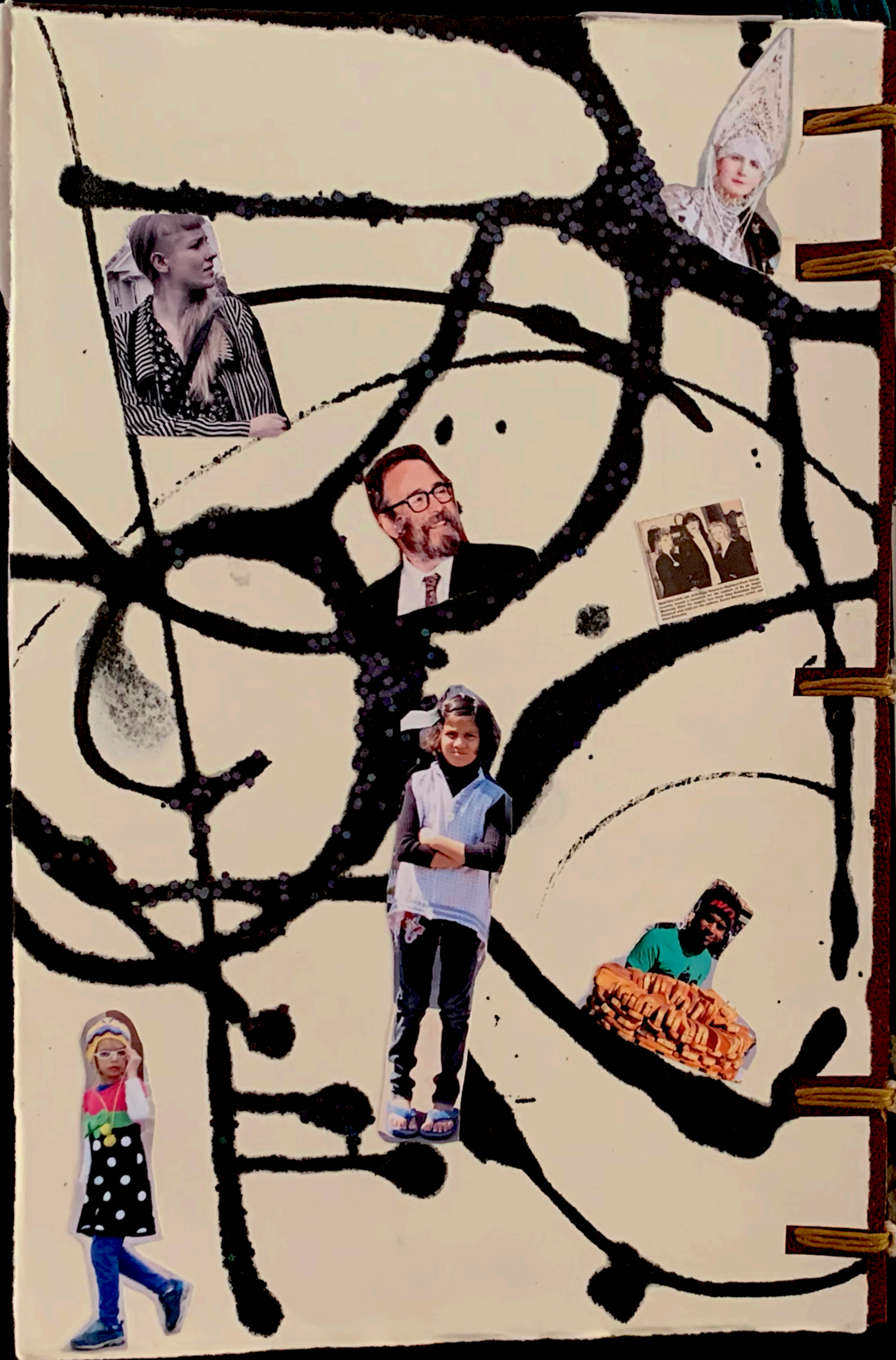


● Recognition ● ●

September 16, 2019
to
December 26, 2019

THE

Recognition
Journal



Sept. 16, 2019

Evening. Still considering
8 baby elephants. Would I
do I want them. Yes?

No?

What happens to them
if I don't patiently,
willingly, creatively take
care of them?

A new journal.

One of the things on
my mind is RECOGNITION.

The deep, mysterious
recognition of history
and connection with
someone or someplace.

It's happened a handful
of times in my life.

Some are people who've
remained close in my
life.

Others were caught
in a glance. One is in
a historic photo from
the last era of the
Romanov dynasty.

All have caught me
off guard - with no
expectation or search.

Kelly

Dana

Phoebe

Ed K.

A little girl in India

A vendor in India

Countess Kellen in a
photo of the
last costume ball
of the Romanovs.

I've said:

"I know you."

"We were together."

"I will spend this
life with you."

"That's me."

"Who are you?"

I remember you."

And I've felt:

An inexplicable
opening of the heart
when someone I've known -
like Phoebe - is at a
particular age - or
with Phoebe - walked
up the steps of the store.

"I know you."

"I remember you."

"We've been together before."

"I loved you before."

With Kelly - the
inexplicable recognition
of the person I'd spend
my life with.

Many - or all of us
have these experiences.

A dream of a life
that would be outside
of Columbus, Nebraska,
while still holding it
close.

Certain things happen:
Interesting work
A Pulitzer



Tsar Nicholas II and Empress Alexandra.

Colorization by Olga Shirnina

Vicki Morgan
Times Square
A murder in the
front yard.
A transformation
29 Pieces

All our lives have these
landmarks of opportunity
on safety. Destiny or
safety. Known or unknown.
We either say 'yes'
and agree to raise that
Baby Elephant, or we
stick with what's been
prescribed — or what the
realities of family or
circumstances demand
of us.



Last night, Kelly and I watched
the new Ken Burns documentary
series on Country Music.
Some of the focus was on
the Carter family and
Jimmie Rodgers, who was a
superstar, and pioneer of
American music. He lived to
his mid 30's, with T.B., and
proclaimed his desire to
"die with his boots on," not
in a hospital, like the
many, many Americans who
suffered from T.B.

Jimmie Rodgers raised
the baby elephants, And
side-lined his pain and
disease in order to keep
creating.



October 5, 2019

Still in recovery mode
from knee replacement.

Saw Dr. Banning on
Wednesday — all looks
good but then he said,

"What do you want to
do about the other knee?
Other knee? He'd said it

was good. Well that —

for the first time in
this 14 months of "BODY
SHOP", left me cranky
and close to tears.

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK,

Strangely, in the 2 hours
after the appointment, I
heard from Candy, Dana,
Lorraine, Linda M. Dunn, and



Princess Olga Orlova.

sadly, from Gretchen, in tears, because her Mother died. At 99. Gretchen is 71, and she was in straight on grief.

The Trump impeachment talk is in full uproar, the Amber Guyger shooting of an unarmed black man jury found her guilty of murder. Uproar ensued there, too. Constant conflict. And it's too much.

Bodily limitations, aging, fear of where this will inevitably lead, plus the atmosphere of red hot conflict - it's all so saddening and outright grief engendering.



The last two surgeries -
I declared a news monog-
torium, and I think that
helped in healing. This
time, the news, and Trump's
name, have been part
of every day. Mistake.

Jo Lorraine encouraged me
to take the challenge of
combining cranky with
humor.

I approach this from
two angles, maybe three,
maybe more.

1. There's the dull facts.
A body. A 6' tall, 67 year
old body. The mechanism
is old and much used.
The trips to the Body Shop will
be frequent.



The Countess Fersen, born Princess Dolgoruky.

2. Try humor. Humor makes any thing bearable. Can you make a joke about it? Can you laugh? If you can, you've defeated it.

If I were a Labrador, a big fluffy Labrador my person would be weeping and lamenting, "I think I need to have her put down."

She's in pain. These surgeries are so expensive."

But then my person would weigh the decision. "She's been such a good dog. She still loves her treats, she can still make it outside to go potty. She still looks at me with those big brown eyes."

Mademoiselle Anastasiya Korsakova.



But, she ain't no miniature
middle. She's big, and I
can't handle her.
Maybe I should do this
before things get too bad."
Boom. Call the vet.
Karen goes over the Rainbow
Bridge, looking back briefly
at her person with those
big brown eyes, thinking, "But
when will I see you again."

3. There's the more spiritually
evolved approach.

Dr Baer of Mezhirech,

"The human body is finite:
the Spirit is Boundless.

Before you begin to pray.
Cast aside what limits you



Grand Duchess Ksenia Alexandrovna.

and enter into the world
of the infinite.

Turn to God alone
and have no thought of
self at all.

Nothing but God exists & you,
when self has ceased
to be."

And here's the long view,
the ultimate big picture.
Our bodies are inevitably
finite, but, with wisdom,
and rejection of boundaries,
our spirit is boundless
and infinite.

I know what limits
me - I know the fears,
the blame, the resentments.



The Tsar's wife Empress Alexandra Feodorovna Romanov.

And I also know the path
to the infinite through
earnest prayer, endeavors
that serve, generosity of
spirit, connection with
divine, creativity and
forgiveness. Withdrawal
from the minutiae of conflicts,
open communication, love
and kindness.

Jump to today, Nov. 14, 2019.
Galveston, TX! The knee was
healed enough to drive to
Galveston, hang out for dinner
with the crew, and get
back to the hotel for a
very good night's sleep. Record
cold in Galveston today
oops →

Oct. 6, 2019

The idea to do a journal with a meaningful theme of RECOGNITION came from a recent experience of seeing photos from the last great costume ball of the Romanov dynasty.

Kelly shared an article with one of photos of the attendees, colored by a contemporary Russian artist. The costumes were extraordinary — magnificent. Nicolai, his family, and the...
Conn fess Kellor. My comment wasn't "I kind of look like her!" It was "That's me."





It was unlike any experience of seeing a relative I resembled my mom.

I literally felt that it was me standing there. I shared the photo with friends, and put her face on my body using Photoshop. It is eerie.

What does this mean? Who knows? My background is German and Swiss, but does blood background matter? Just an interesting coincidence? Maybe. But it was the feeling. Of Recognition. A genuine experience of Recognition.

Russian history has



held little history for me.
Or German history for that
matter. But this sparked
an interest in the Romanovs
I read the Robert Massie bio
of Catherine the Great.

What that showed me
was that one country's inter-
ference in another country's
power structure goes way
way back. And women were
used as tools for political
alliances. Well, not just
women.

There's the biological
material that passes down
from the mother line and
the father line. But the
soul / the spirit, I believe, is
a time traveler, part of
the mystery beyond under-
standing.

Texas ART EDUCATION CONF.



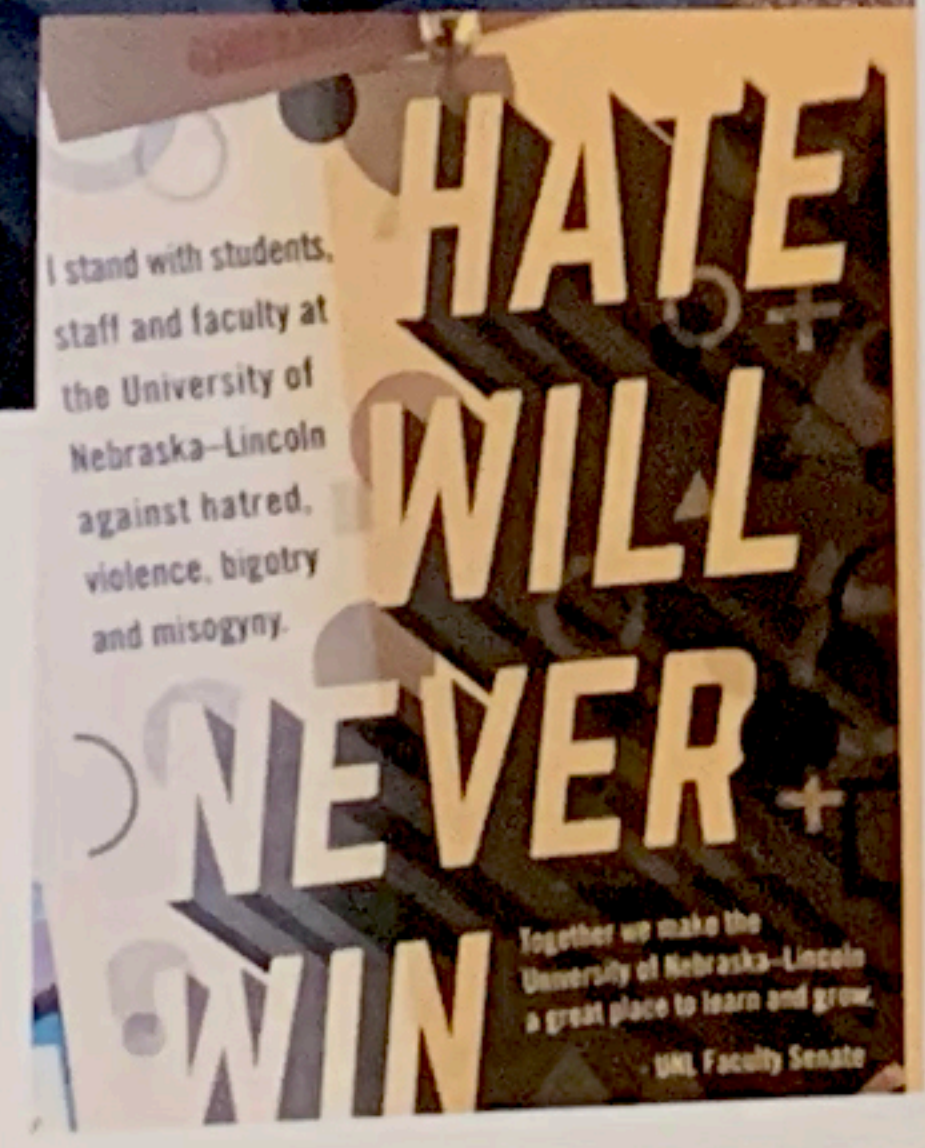
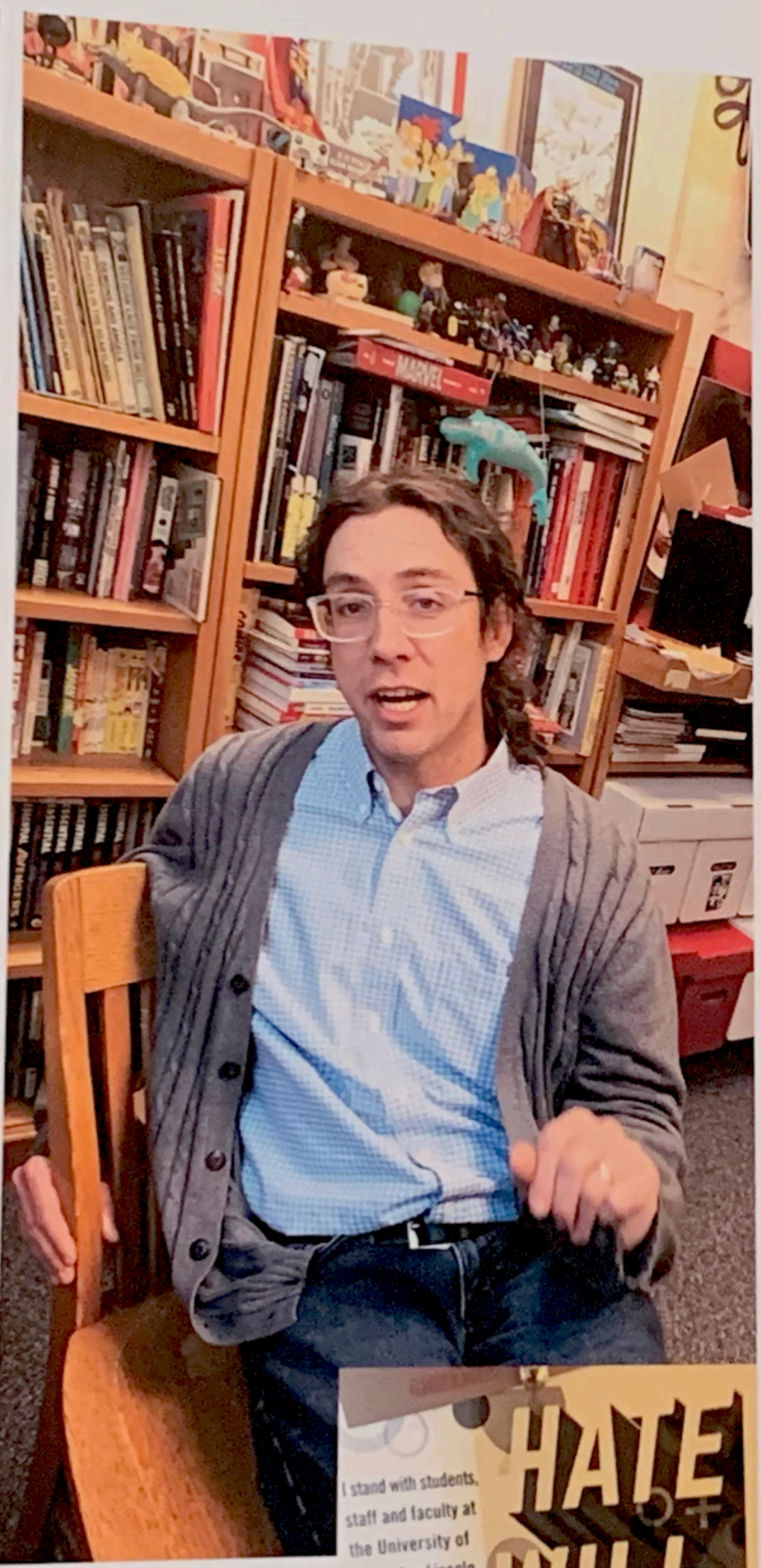
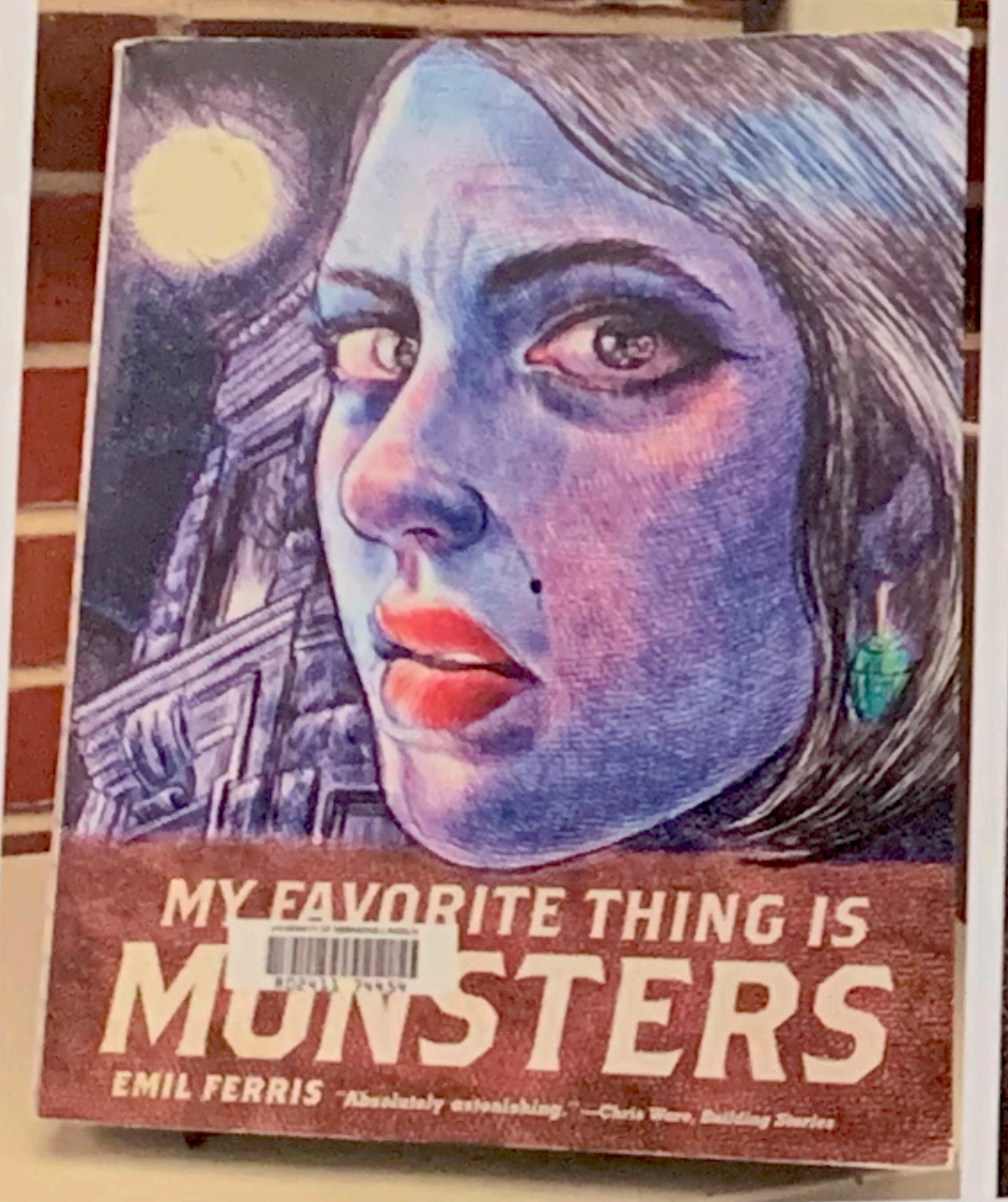
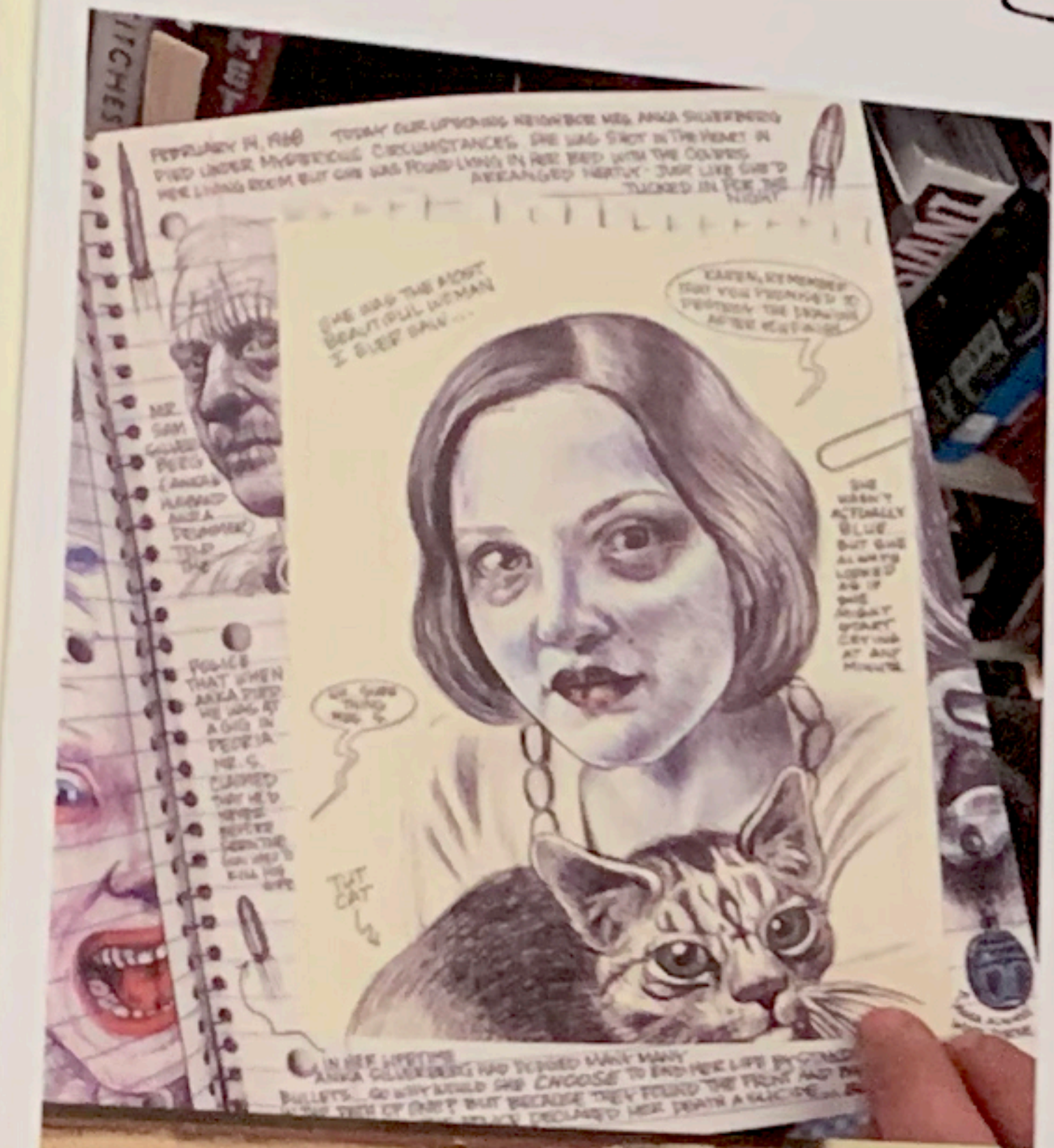
Galveston
NOV. 2019

This evening, 10.10.19.
A meeting with teachers
We need their help.
10.15.19. The knee continues to
feel achy and does not feel
strong.

Nov. 2019
"oops continued. Nov. 14. 2019
Galveston.
So we're here for the Texas
Art Educators conference.

12.2.2019 Lincoln, NE.
Sitting at Cultiva
near East Campus.
Sunny, beautiful day.
Just finished lunch
with Richard Graham
and Bill Reece from
UNL. What to say.
Deep gratitude. There

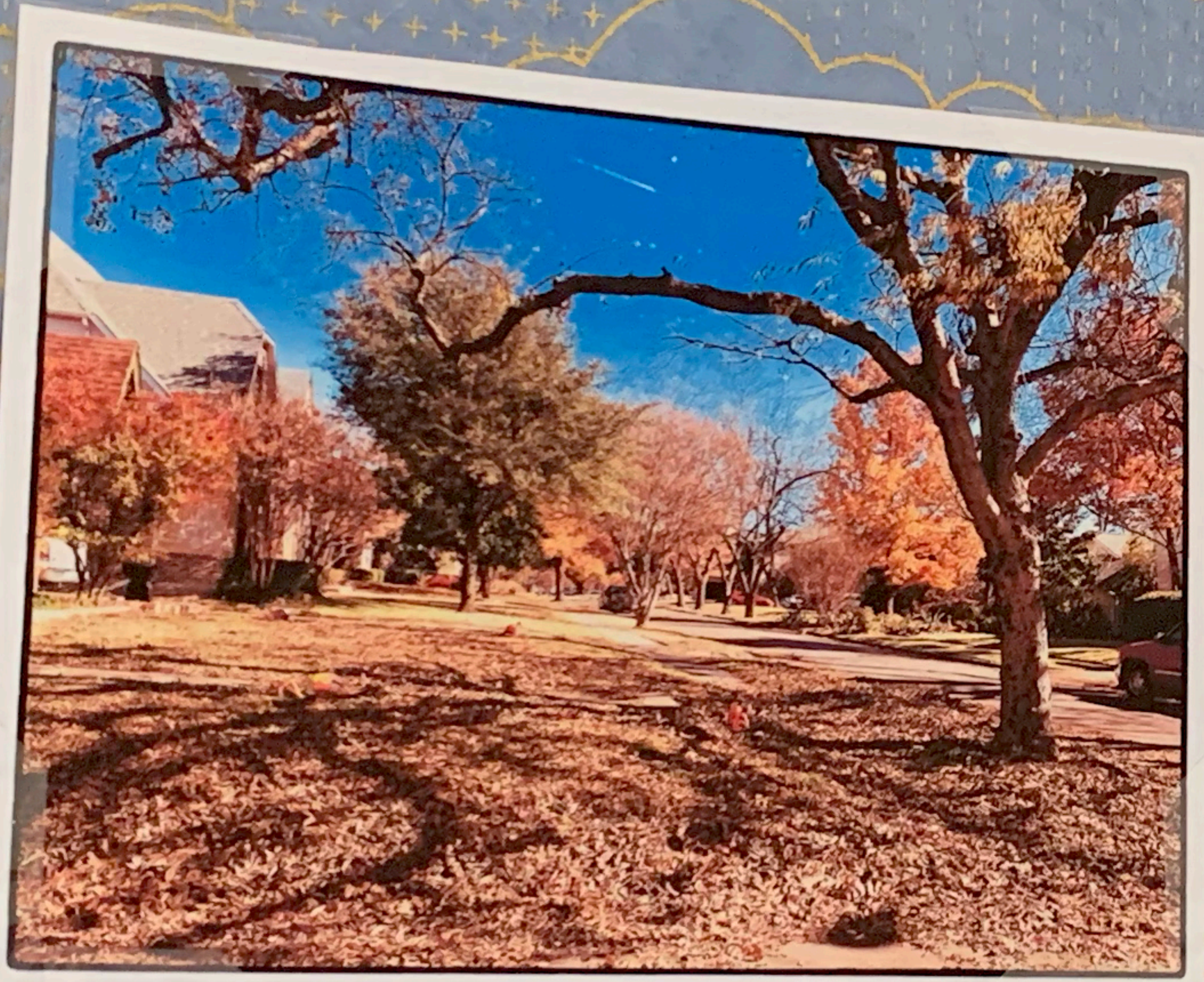
Richard Graham
at
UML Love LIBRARY



early
December 2019

will be a home for this long outpouring of a life. It leaves me deeply happy to see the recognition from Richard and Bill that there is value in UML having and protecting this work. I responded to and loved Richard's spirit, enthusiasm and suggestions.

A new chapter opens. Not the last chapter. But a new, and rich chapter. Possibility unfolds - for the protection of this work, and also for connection with



neighborhood Autumn
2019

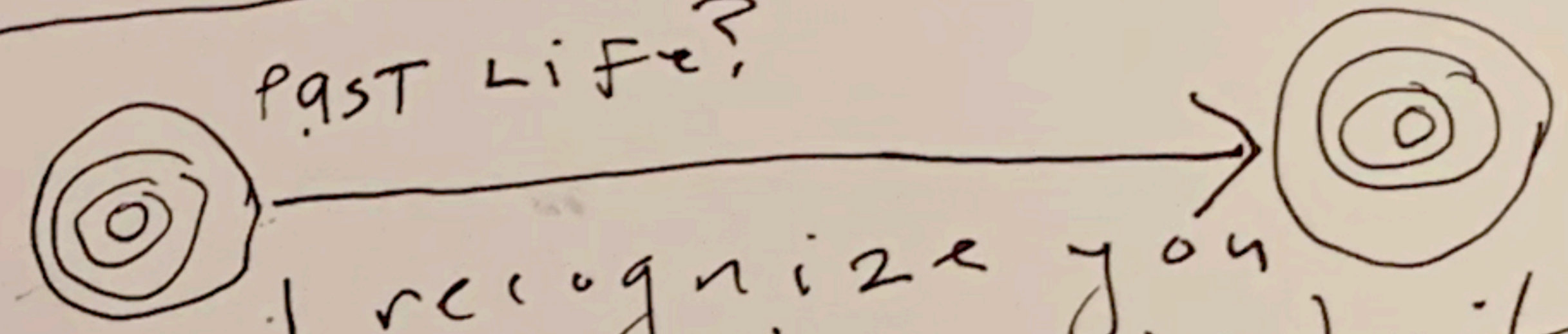
Someone in the future
Who will he or she
be?

Dec 5, 2019
Dallas. Flight was good.
God! Airports. So much
schlepping at Eppley and
again at Love. [redacted]
doesn't do well with
the long walks and
is too proud to be pushed
around in a wheelchair.

In Lincoln, the topic
of Recognition came
up several times in con-
versations with Richard
Graham.

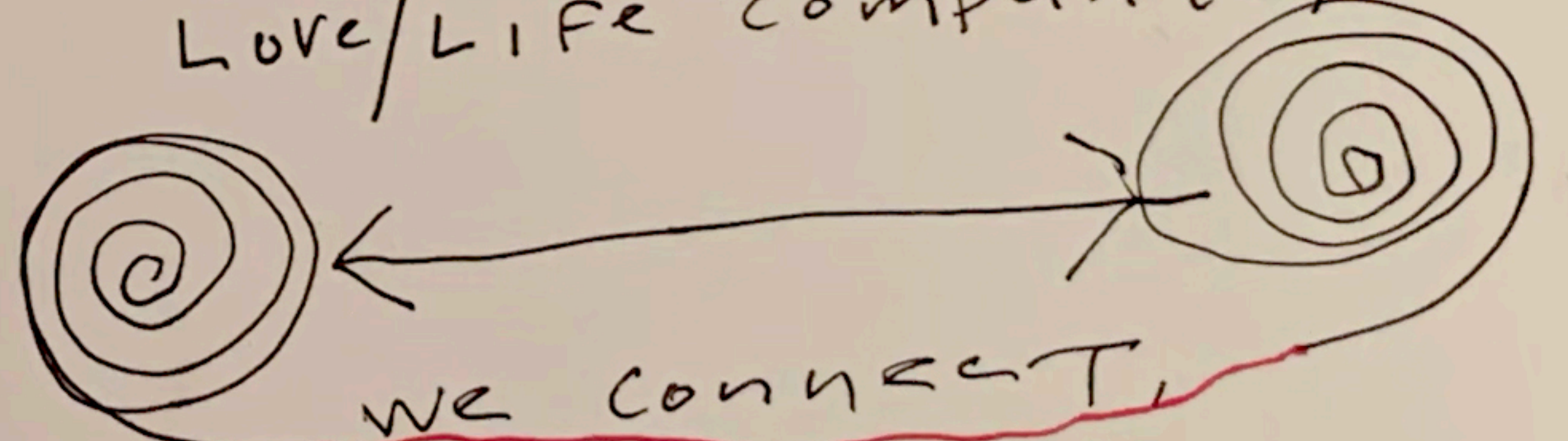
Types of Recognition

Past Life?



I recognize you
in some deep intuitive
way. I remember you -
I know you. You still
something deep inside
and I don't know why
mysterious

Love/Life companion



we connect,

we compliment one
another somehow, we
recognize one another
powerful, inexplicable,

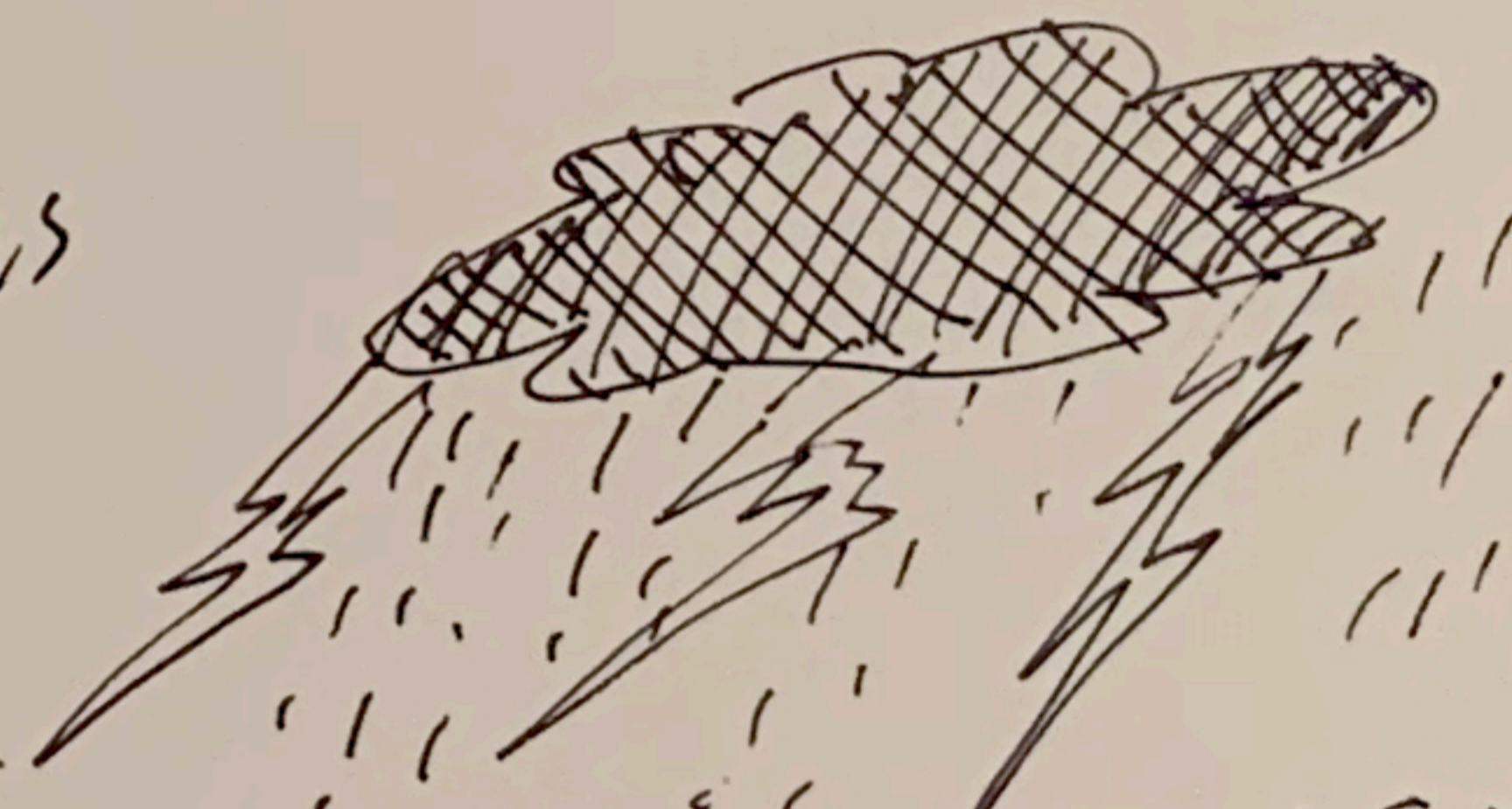
You
are
unique.



Types
of
Recognition

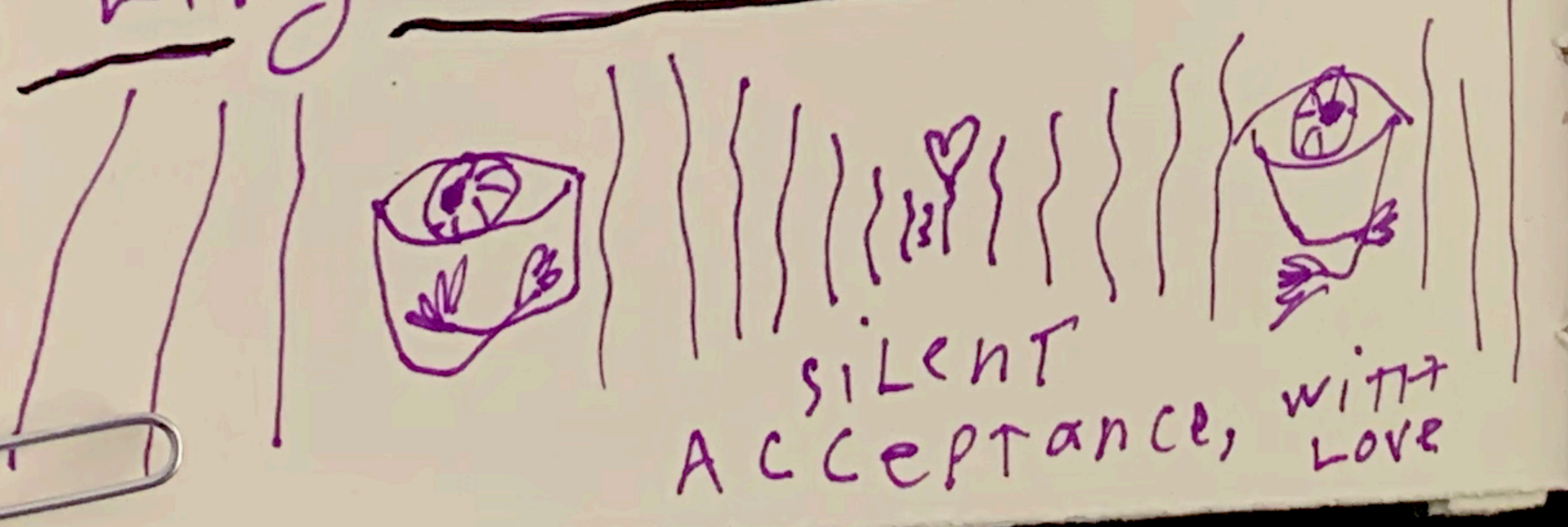
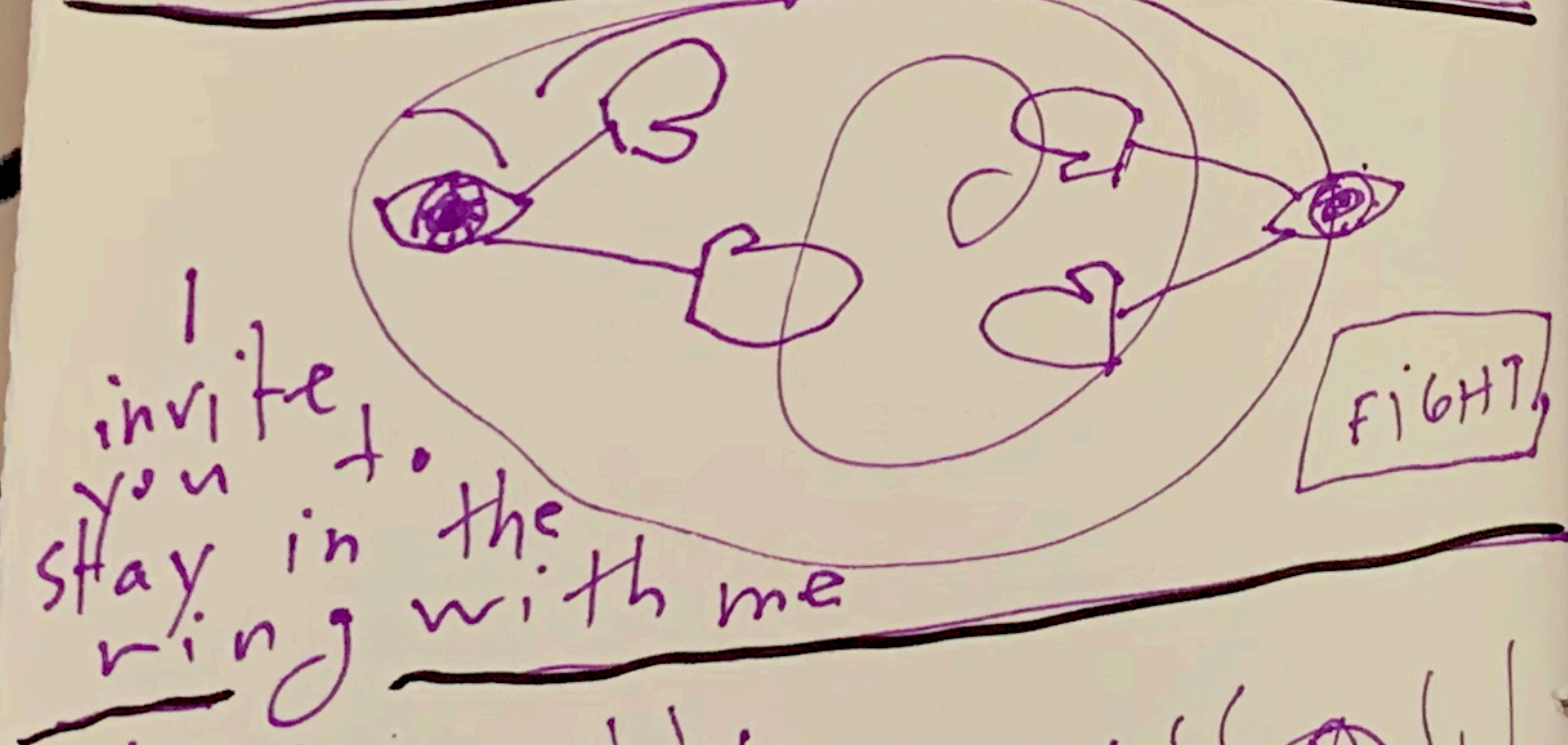
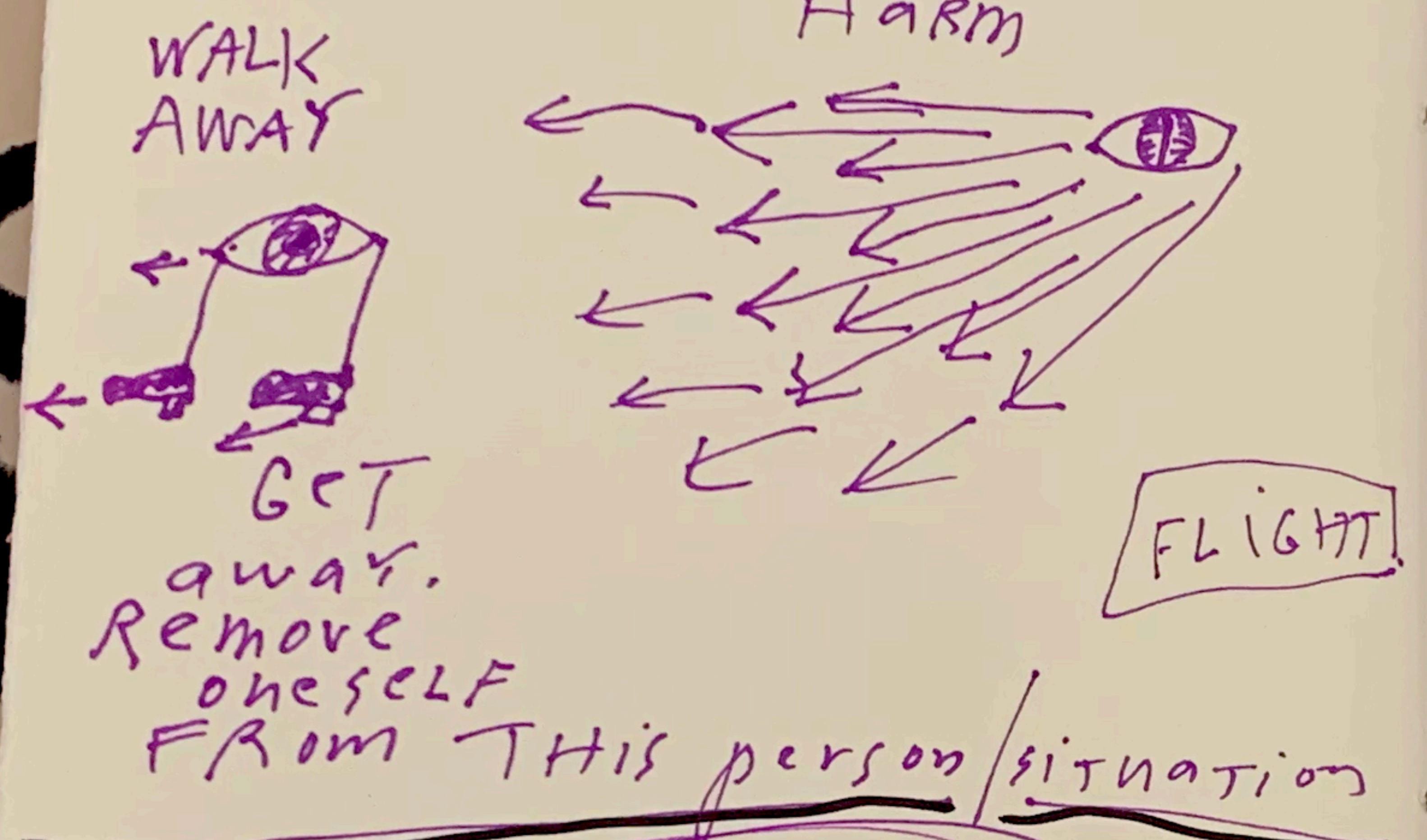
I/we recognize your unique
and special qualities /
facets / talents / traits.

You
are
Dangerous

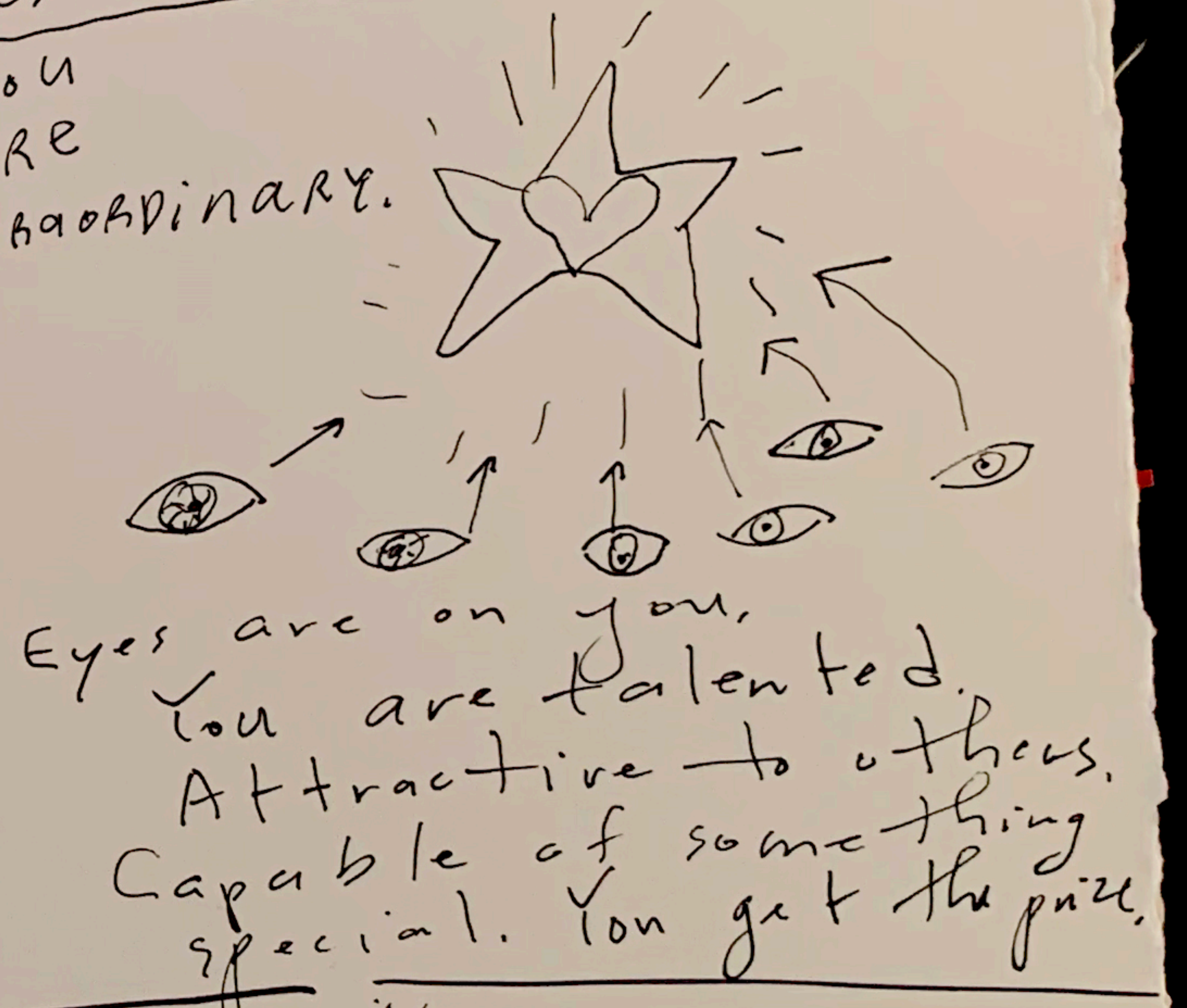


I recognize your capacity
to do harm. What happened
to you? Caution? Walk away?
Approach + spread love,
knowingly?

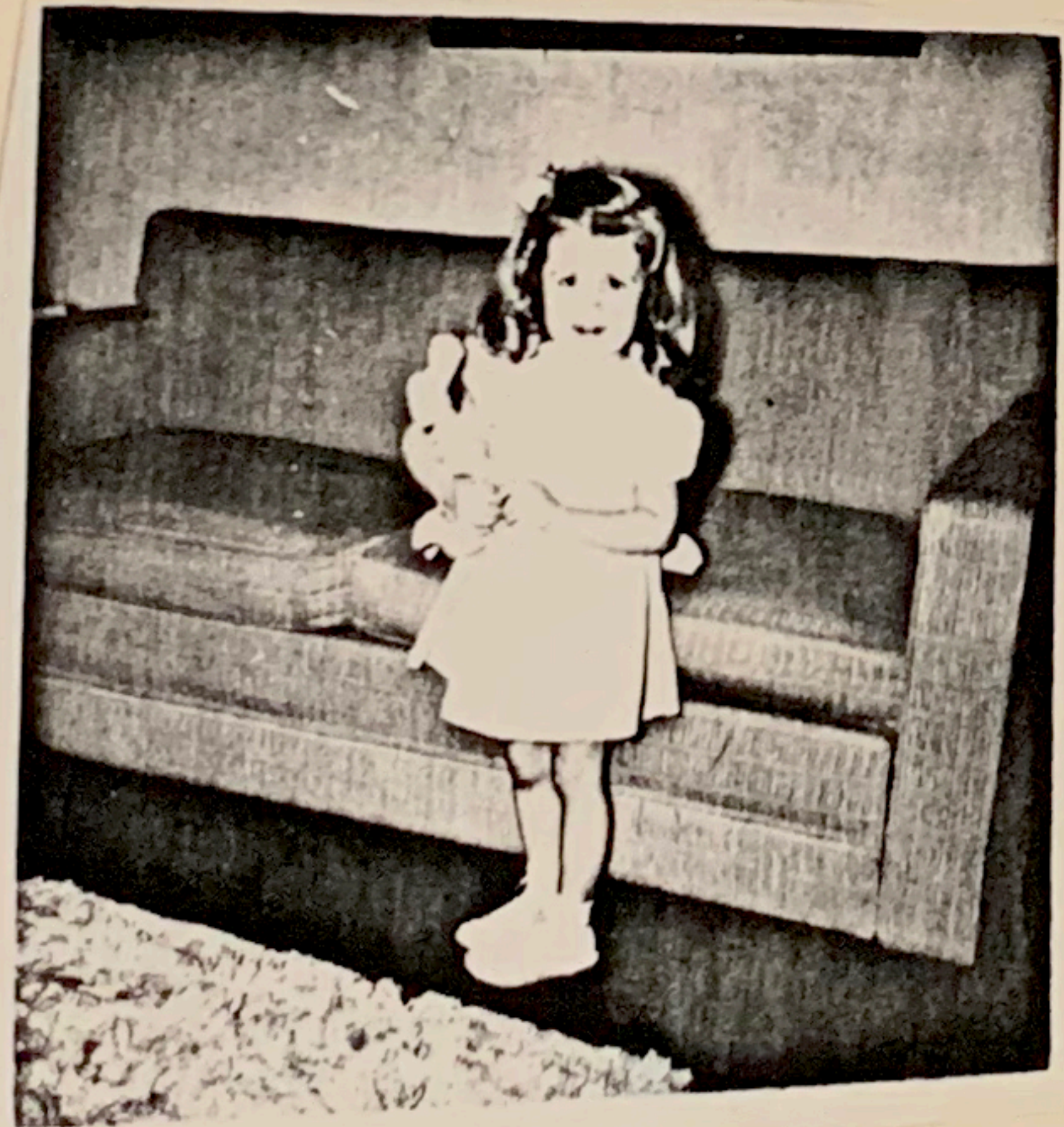
TYPES of RECOGNITION
WHERE DO WE GO
YOU FROM HERE?
 YOU INTEND HARM



TYPES of RECOGNITION
 YOU ARE EXTRAORDINARY.



Here, I can grow. The sun shines here. There is opportunity to grow and expand.



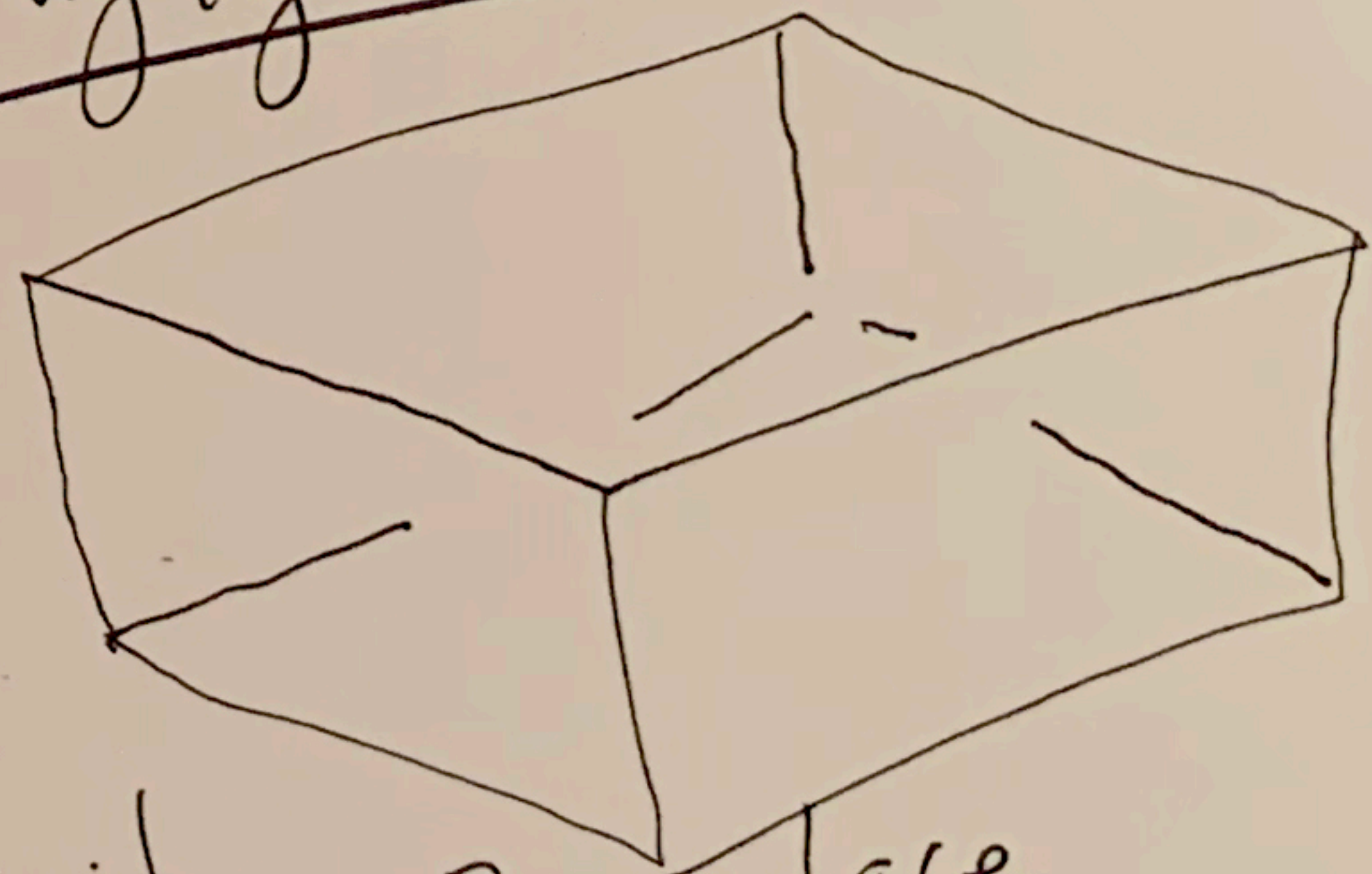
You
MIRROR
ME



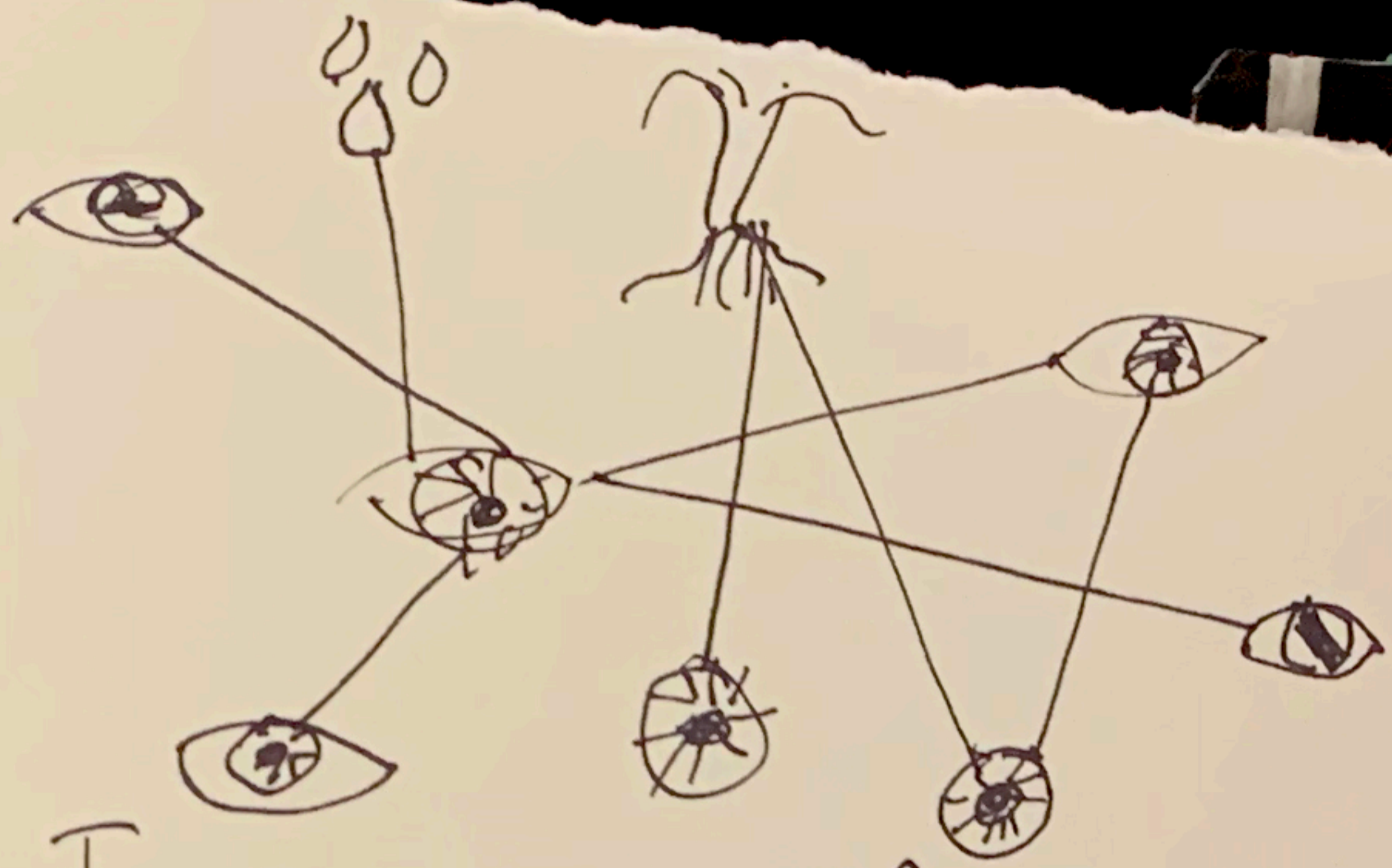
- I
recognize
unity.

I recognize myself
in you. Human, Animal,
Plant, I see myself. I see
you. I see something of
myself in everyone.

Or I recognize a
behavior in you that reflects
something in me. Good, bad,
or ugly.



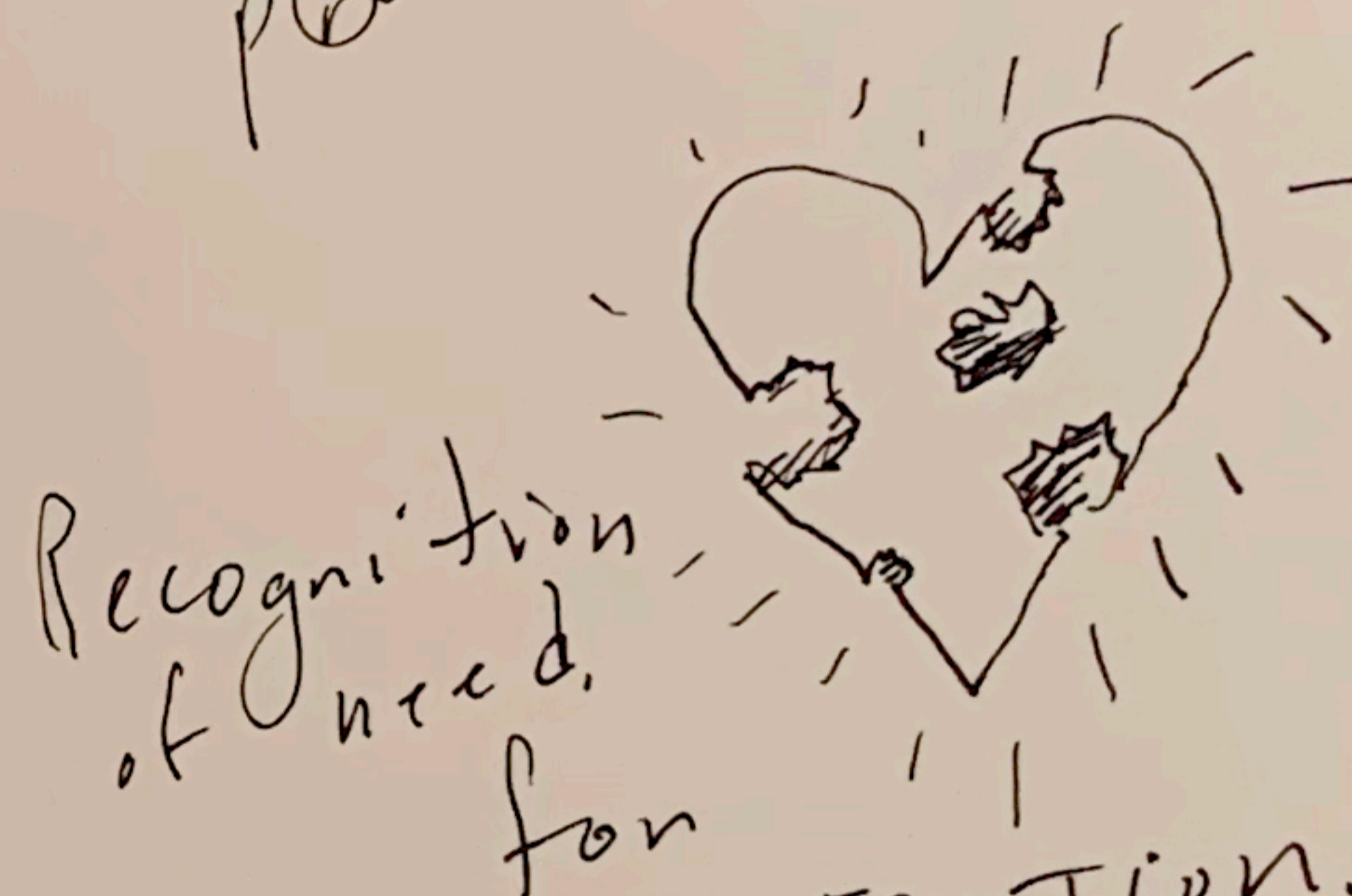
Recognition of place.
This place is healthy. Or not.



I see myself in everyone. I recognize myself in everyone.
 unity
 communion of ALL

Types of Recognition

I've met you before and I recognize you from a previous encounter.

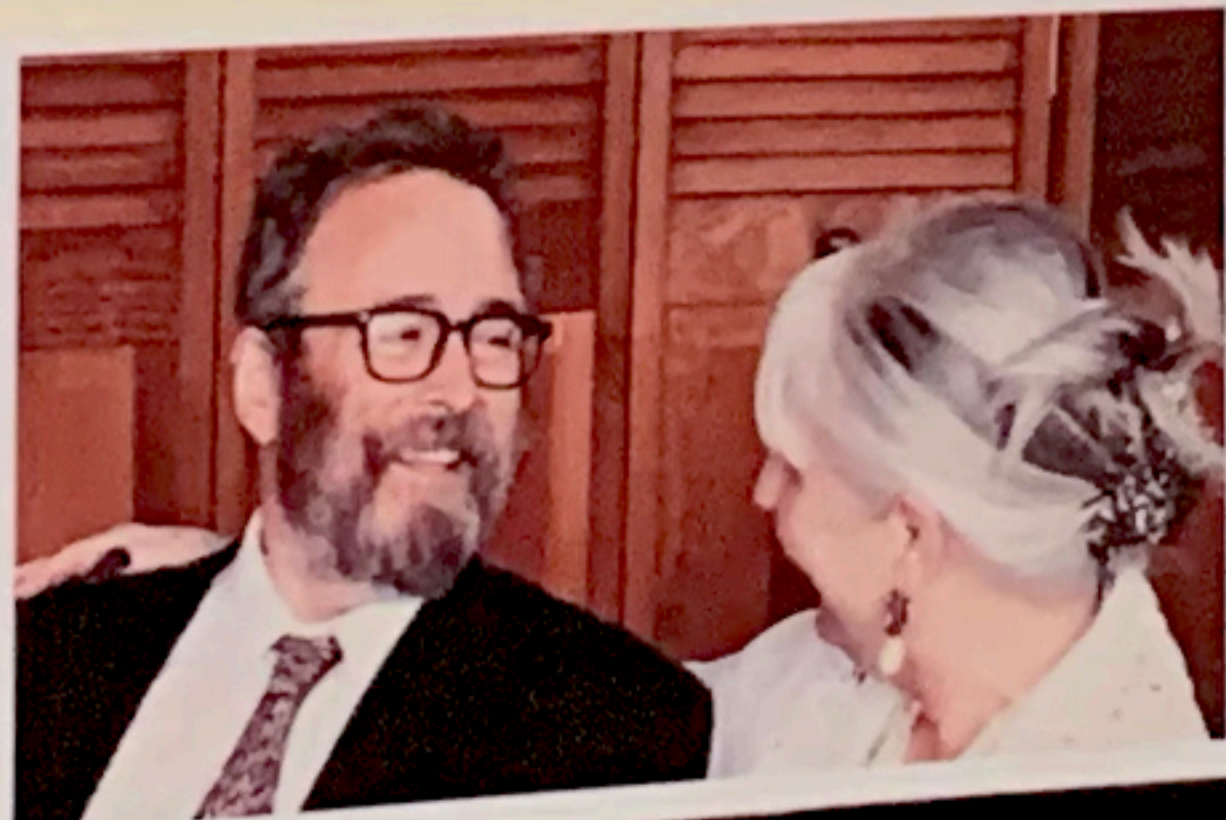


Recognition of need for
 HELP, LOVE, ATTENTION, RESOURCES,
 KNOWLEDGE, SAFETY, MEDICAL CARE,
 Nourishment, JOY, FULFILLMENT

FULFILLINGNESS: Second Finale,



MARTHA LIHR, left, at Bottega Veneta in Highland Park Village, recently issued a reception for the authors of Be an Angel: Heavenly Hints for Angelic Acts from Your Guardian Spirit. Pictured with Lihr are the authors, Karen Stassen, center, and Dana Reynolds.



Dec. 9, 2019.

There've been conversations these past 3 days about next steps in 29 Pieces.

On Friday - the 7th - Peter Wood, Jennifer Hancock, Maria Patiño and we met to begin brainstorm about: (1) follow up to TAEQ conference, (2) next year is our 15th anniversary / Quinceañera, birthday.

Silliness followed about can-cans, Quinceañera dresses, etc., (3) how to make money as we move

forward, (4) do we want a 15 yr. party? (5) do we want a book commemorating these 15 years?, (6) How can we maintain interest for a year in 29 Pieces? Monthly emails of photos of me in various red costumes? Rose, ball gown, Queen of Hearts, a cardinal, fire extinguisher, Moulin Rouge and on and on., (7) Color for 15 is Ruby Red. Material is Crystal. (8) people donate to 29 Pieces largely because ⁱⁿ not trust me.

The Board then discussed this on Saturday. By then, I began to have second thoughts about how to do a 'RED' photo series without appearing wasteful of resources + megalomaniacal.

Is there a way to do the above, which sounds fun and playful, while also expressing gratitude, a review of what we're given, etc?

Board Likes!

- 1) Party
- 2) Photo series if it strikes the chord of playful, grateful, mission related.
- 3) Book
- 4) Board helping with donations.

Cooking

All these ideas are cooking in my head + body.

And once again, it feels like!

"Here she goes again."

What is it about taking
on a lot that appeals
to me, stimulates me?

DNA? Enthusiasm?

Still feeling - at 67 - that
I have something to prove?

Service? True Love for
29 Pieces and the 'family'
surrounding it?

But then today I wake
up with that old familiar
feeling - PREAD and ANXIETY,

Discern.

What is just right?
What best serves -
the organization + the
mission?

What am I capable of?
What does the budget
allow?

How are our resources
best used?

As I think through
all this, I realize how
far things have come for
me with the organization.
I now recognize that
this has been my great
teacher in Love, a long
with marriage. I recog-
nize how much we've
accomplished, how many lives
we've touched, the gifts we've
given to the City.

Our way of doing things
is not by the book - but
it works. We get things
done.

It's been a deep personal
struggle to arrive at a
place of peace in seeing
what works, what powers
us (how deep is the love?)
and what set-up is
efficient and joyful.

The prospects that engage
me when I wake up are
29 pieces prospects - like
this new opportunity at
at 6 DISD schools with

the Trust for Public Land.
We should find out if that
will happen. ^{this week.}

What if none of this
was still going on?

What if we weren't still
receiving financial support?

\$40,000 from Simmons ^{district}

\$50,000 from [redacted] ^{this year.}

20,000 from [redacted]

10,000 from Jane Johnson

3,000 from Querbes

We do a lot with a
comparably small amount of
money. A LOT.

Would I really rather

be adding to the noise
of either the art INDUSTRY/
WORLD or JOURNALISM?

There is a cacophony already,
so much.

And who does what we do?
No one? Who in their right
mind would take it on?

Who has the experience,
heart, vision, connections
to do this? I can't think
of anyone.

So - HERE - my purpose
is real. I'm not adding
to conflict or the artifice
of the art industry.

We are doing
something, something

real and earnest. And
beautiful.

OK.

Now back to DISCERNMENT.

This requires more info -
an honest look at hard
facts: money, time needed,
who the teams would
be, how much would fall
on me.

MARRIAGE STORY

we watched it last
night. Directed by Noah
Baumbach, with Adam Driver
and Scarlett Johansen.

There was a lot of
truth in it about the
good, bad, and many ugly

emotions + responses that marriage taps into: deep resentments, deep connections, questions of loyalty and support, how far gone is too far gone?

The characters voiced the raw truths that erupt between two connected people. "I can't stand to look at you." "Every day I wish you were dead." "You only think of yourself."

There was a child involved - torn between two people who loved him.

Where does a couple go after all the ugliness has been thrown out in the open?

Should the ugliness be thrown into the open?

What is gained? Two people... in the ring with one another... pounding away, injuring, devaluing, demeaning, near lethal wounds, falling to the floor because one gets knocked out first.

Why?

Can we not all admit

that in the depth of every human heart lies the capacity to kill?

If not life - the spirit of and self esteem of another? And/or our own?

Can we not redirect our energies to build, grow, restore, unite?

What is TRUE LOVE in any relationship?

When each person truly wishes the best - health, safety, joy, prosperity, spiritual growth - for each other.

And if:

if there is an unbalanced relationship - where one is able to wish the best for the other - but that is not returned -

then the first must discern the viability of maintaining their own joy - using their own resources of creativity, deep well of love, and confident, earnest spiritual life, within a situation that may not - on the surface - appear healthy. I think ^{many} ~~most~~ couples give up way too soon -

before the deep ^{pen} knowledge
+ love blossoms.

I think all of this
is mysterious beyond our
superficial understanding.

What are we here to
learn from one another?

What are we here
to give?

What are we here to
be awed by? This world,
this world.

What are we here to be
humbled by?

“

HABITATION

by Margaret Atwood

Marriage is not

a house or even a tent
it is before that, and colder:
the edge of the forest, the edge
of the desert

the unpainted stairs

at the back where we squat

outside, eating popcorn
the edge of the receding glacier
where painfully and with wonder

at having survived even

this far
we are learning to make fire

Sunny Summers.
Red.

Red is a fading sunset on the horizon.
It's a burst of flame;
A spray of the fire leaping towards us.
It's the heat of the warm afternoon.
It's the face of an angry teacher.
It can also be an embarrassed pupil.
It's a flickering flame of a tiny candle.
It's the spark able to spread the wildfire of love.
Red is the color of heat.
It's full of passion.
It's bold.
Red won't tolerate injustice.
It's hard and unfortunately stubborn.
Red will never give in.
Even when it needs to.
Red has the brawn of an ox.
The skill of a pride of lions,
And even the diligence of a colony of fire ants.
It does not back down or grow weary.
Red stands his ground firmly.
It's charming and romantic.
Red is like a harvest of fresh raspberries:
Satisfyingly and deliciously juicy.
Red is optimistic.
Red is the color of a rising dawn that glides across the
morning sky and through the misty white clouds.
It's the hot July sun, beating down on your entire body,
and filling you with warmth.
It's the thorn that gets to prick your fingers when you
choose to hold it.
But it's also a precious rose, that will always smell sweeter
and sweeter than before.
Red, by any other name, would still remain red.

Sunday, Dec. 15, 2019
Last night, Kelly and I went to DOT - a new play produced by Soul Rep at the South Dallas Cultural Center.

It is on the themes of Alzheimers / family / imbalance of responsibility / Christmas / lost lore / partnership. With a theme of an understanding Kazakstani care taker woven in.

There were brochures on Alzheimers and dementia. We are dealing with

diminished mental capacities in [redacted] in [redacted]. I read the "signs" and [redacted] has a number of them. Do I? The statistics are stark. Prevention measures such as healthy heart/healthy diet / good genes are noted. But who the hell really knows?

Will this be our future? It could be. I already see it in [redacted]. She sees it in herself. It's so poignant. It

feels like yesterday when I first met [redacted]. Yesterday, in some ways, when [redacted] first came through my door carrying a Christmas tree. What remnants do we leave?

CHILDREN?

A BODY OF WORK?

THOSE we've encouraged?

PROPERTY endowed?

A LEGACY of kindness and love?

GIFTS?

NO BIG messes
HOPEFULLY!

Red is the blood pulsing through my veins
 Red is the phone ringing, it drives me insane
 Red is the anger when people do not hear my voice
 Red is the danger that lingers in a choice
 Red is the adrenaline when I dive off a 50-foot cliff
 Red is the annoyance when I fall or trip
 Red is the confusion with nowhere else to go
 Red is the side of myself I like to show
 Red is the loudness of a shout, of a scream
 Red is the dance in the fire of the sea
 Red is the color that I see as true
 Red is the love that I could feel for you
 Red is the daytime, red is the night
 Red is the strength you need in a fight
 Red is the beauty of a star that has shon
 Red is the confidence I always have on

2019 - 2020
 Dec 16 - Jan 5.
 This holiday season.
 Slowing down my schedule.
 What needs to be done?
 Personal
 o Wrap and send packages
 o Order for Janelle Lea
 o Holiday letter
 o Read "old news"
 o Read "Brain Pickings"
 o Contract with UNL
 o Donation - UNL
 o proposal → UNL's CDR
 o Type up ideas for CDR conversation

season.
 my schedule.
 to be done?
 29 pieces
 o Cards → donors
 o Email → database
 o meet w. Peter
 o Plan red photos?
 o Budget 2020
 o Wanda's 4 meetings w. Lynda
 o Judy Poppy
 o Thom Brown site
 o GE - Advisors



The
House.
Holiday
2019.



TRIFLE →

12.18.19

Tomorrow is my birthday
No. 68,

Today began calmly - lunch
with [redacted], I like

[redacted], Like most conversations
with many men - the con-
versation was about him.

Friendly. No questions, no
curiosity about me. The
only time anything about
me came up is when I
brought something up.

So many people are
conversational narcissists.
Person A speaks. Person B
listens. Person A speaks again.
Person B listens + mentions
something about themselves.



Birthday
morning.
From
KELLY
NIKE
GEAR



FROM
GRETCHEN
—
Kimono
from
her
family.

Redirect. Person A brings
conversation back to him
or herself. So little
curiosity.

So much self-interest.
A gentle level of curiosity
is such a gesture of
respect & care, as long
as it doesn't veer into
control/subversion.

Be curious to learn,
acknowledge, recognize,
create unity with some-
one.

Not with ulterior
motives of one-upping, or
exposing flaws or neurosis.
I never responded
well to teasing—unless
the aim was to expose

Dear Karen —

From my grandmother
to my mother to me
to you with love,
Aetmen

Do whatever you want
with it



stupidity or hypocrisy.
Teasing someone because
they have red hair, or
a big ass, or clothes
that don't match always
makes me uneasy. Someone
is throwing darts mas-
querading as a tease.

But then. Others are
different. For some, teasing
is an act of affection
and recognition.

To each his own.

Dec. 26, 2019

The birthday was sweet.
Kelly wrote the card on
the next page. There
are such sweet and
tender moments in this

45th year of life
together.

Gretchen sent a
stunning Japanese
kimono that had
belonged to her grand-
mother, her mother, and
now me. I was moved.

Last night - Christmas

night - we went to
Toulouse for dinner
with Lynda, Gaege,
Poppy and Kirk. Kelly
and I arrived first, and
were seated at a nice
round table by the
hostess - a young woman

2019/2020

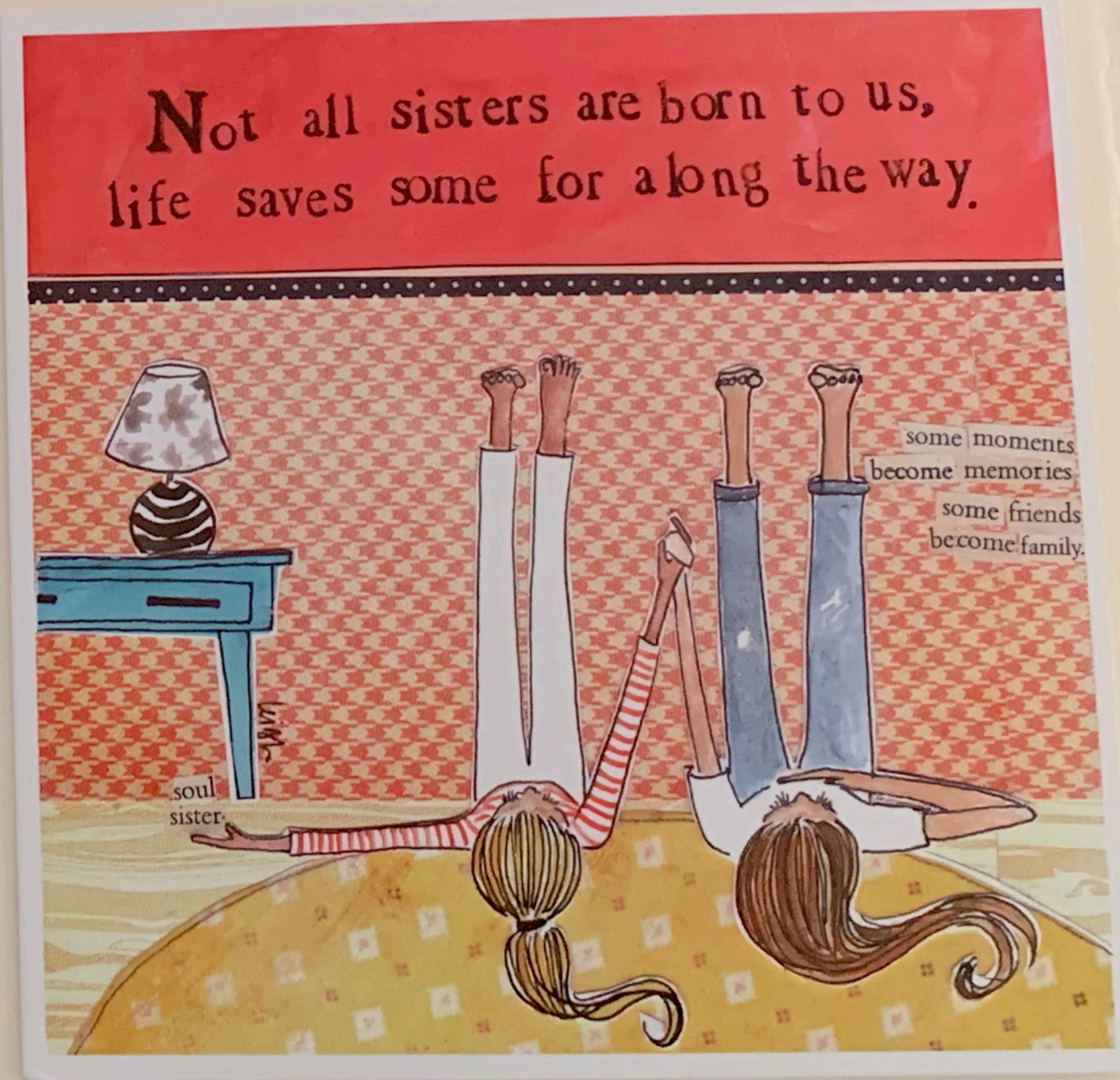
Karen

it was still daylight

dressed in a red satin cocktail dress + with rhinestone covered high platform shoes.

The waiter came over and said to me "You and I know each other." He was standing with his back to a window so I couldn't see more than a silhouette of his face. He could see I was struggling to recognize him. He said "I'm Jon McNulty." I stood up and we embraced like a mother and child

who hadn't seen each other in 16 years - which we hadn't. He was our waiter. He is nearly 50 now - still tall and handsome like




it was still daylight

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Happy blessed birthday, dear
soul sister —
I'm ever so grateful you and I
crossed paths so many years ago.
You continue to inspire me
and I pray that your bright
shining light continues to
radiate for many years to
come.

I love you dearly,
Sibbee 
XII. 2019

all the McNulty boys,
I interviewed Jonathan
in successive interviews
over the three year
period after David was
murdered in our front
yard. He said that
life continues to be
rocky for the McNulty
family. His brother Peter
died two years ago. Peter
was the artistic brother.
He'd lived in NYC for
10 years and died of
a drug overdose.

Jonathan said he
and Peter felt more
like twins than he

and David - the actual
twins, and that Peter's
death was very hard ^{for} ^{Levin} ^{bro} ^{to} find
him.

Gordon - the father of the
six boys - is now 73
and deep in to dementia.
He remarried after Linda
Beth's death in 2003.

The new wife is evi-
dently immensely disliked
by the boys. She had not
been a friend of Linda
Beth's. But Jonathan
said she was "around" even
before Linda Beth died.
What does that mean?

When I heard this
I said, "Your Mom was
a tough act to follow."

I asked Jonathan if he knew what I'd been doing since the murder. He did not. I told him 15 seconds of what 29 Pieces is - and how it was born from his brother's murder, and working on one bullet.

He said "Maybe I can work with you." And I said "Maybe you can."

Here he is. The Golden Son of the 6 McNulty boys. The smartest, the most gifted, the seminary student who quit and asked his religiously

devout and conservative parents not to talk to him about it again.

He looks healthy - still youthful and vibrant, at what - 47 or 48? (46)



ABOVE: Jonathan McNulty in 2002 or 2003.

We agreed to meet. He has my card, and I trust he will call or email.

This all put me immediately back into the focused frame of mind I was in during the three years of conversations and interviews for ONE BUCKET. The outpouring of grief from all concerned. The colossal wounds, the redirection of the lives of all concerned, including mine.

All this work these past 15 years - this

intense outpouring of purpose, idealism and hope has been my response to the tragedy. Meanwhile - this family - the Mullys, with whom I am now forever entwined - has gone on. Without David, without Linda Beth, now without Peter, and essentially without Gordon.

Jonathan was the one I interviewed - the one I got to know well, the one who wants to buy this house when we are ready to sell.

Johathan was open, honest,
unguarded with me.

And now, in this journal
started because of a
seemingly random 'recognition'
of myself in a Romanov
Countess, concludes with
Jonathan McNulty. I
almost hear Linda Beth
speaking to me again. "Please
talk to each other."

When David was killed,
I felt deeply - the recognition
that his death - in my
front yard - was going
to be grappled with.

Now, 19 years after
the murder, here's Jon.
What do I recognize?



We agreed to meet. He has my card, and I trust he will email.

This all back into - of mind I w the three ye tions and in one BULLET of grief - cerned. The the redirect of all con mine.

All this past 15 years - this

Saturday Jan. 18, 2020
Just now, I want to the downstairs studio to open the ONE BULLET box for the first time since August 2003. I wanted to find a photo of Jonathan. I put the box on the picnic table, began flipping through films, and had an over-whelming urge to vomit. I stopped away, but the 'PANDORA'S BOX' was open.

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