



Iceberg, 1974
acrylic and aluminum on plywood,
90" x 96"

that looks like weather. A little yellow square that looks like a piece of weather, and another orange colored square that looks like a piece of earth, and then an expanse of metal that is just space and then a heavy rusty chain and you pick up the chain and drop it and it makes a sound like thunder. This is where I began to use metal, and then it became radiation in paintings showing the curve of the earth, and then it was lightning in thunderstorm paintings.

Remembering those early paintings of U-shaped lines on regions of color. Strong basic painting, all its own rules of its own, full of the rising forming power of the artist. An "outer space" gathering of strength as Ewen said. There was fertile ambiguity in those down dipping lines that seemed traces of something, premonitions of down pulling gravity and earth and

this seemed to take over. First phenomena and then weather and for the sake of these happenings and having fun doing them art seemed unimportant for a while. Back to beginnings, all kinds of beginnings and how urgently and concretely Ewen took this on, dealing with, clarifying primitive realities through weather. One piece of plywood to be like weather, another for earth, some steel for space, an old chain for thunder. Chain, cut-out iron, wood, paint, linoleum, saws, hammers, nails, rough gouging writing - lists of first words, basic poetry. The configuration too of these stormy storm paintings, Storm Over the Prairies, City Storm with Chain Lightning. Power bundles of weather in middles of dark skies, ambivalently afflicting or fertilizing down on small hills, toy city skylines. Such handmade weather, earth finding weather. Icons of weather.