

## May 1, 2002 Issue

I have been thinking about the month of May. It is extremely popular among poets, song writers, artists and dreamers. And why not? The earth releases its wintry hold and new life begins. The days warm gradually and the nights are still crisp. Flowers are bursting into bloom everywhere. The "art show" season has also begun. It is the time to mount and frame the creations composed, sketched, drawn and painted; to send slides to the appropriate venues for possible inclusion in juried and/or judged shows; and to get the originals out to the fairs and galleries. This time of year finds the post office box filled with show invitations from around the area, and some from far-away communities that have grabbed my name from the internet. It is exciting! All winter, through downpour or snowfall, grey damp mornings and chilly dark afternoons, I have been busy with brushes and pastel sticks. The joy of creation resulted in numerous pieces of art waiting to be exposed to the eager public. So, the last two weeks have been filled with the work of cataloging, scanning, color correcting, printing, shrink-wrapping, and pricing to get ready to distribute the prints to various galleries, gift shops and frame shops that carry my work on the West Coast. It has been a monumental task, and quite fulfilling. I am ready! Besides the personal production, I managed to find time to judge two youth art exhibitions, and will be demonstrating an oil painting to the members and guests of an art league the second Thursday of May. Yes, the month of May is the beginning. The season promises to be a nearly non-stop merry-go-round of activity with little time for the leisurely pace of the winter just past. However, the Spring will not speed by un-noticed. My nature is to gather small nuggets of beauty between the rush-and-go. So, come on, May! Inspire me! And, continue to inspire artists, dreamers, poets and song writers  
t h e   w o r l d   o v e r .

## Kites In Flight

When our two boys were young, and I had begun to distribute my prints on the Oregon Coast, my family and I had ample time in the afternoons to visit the beaches of the Northwest. It was there that we first saw the two-line kites that were becoming quite popular among adults and children alike. The kites were diamond shaped (like the ones we built in our youth), but they were plastic and had long plastic tails. There were two lines coming from the kites which enabled the flyer to maneuver them into all manner of breathtaking dives and circles in the air. The bright colorful tails followed after them, making rhythmic patterns against the clear icy blue sky. I was enchanted! I took pictures of them as they swooped low and soared aloft. My husband, too, was quite taken by the kites, and spoke with the persons who were so deftly controlling their movements. It was a matter of mere minutes until we found a kite shop and purchased our first TRLBY® kite. It was great fun learning to launch it, and send it fluttering into flight.

**“It was a matter of mere minutes until we found a kite shop”**

Ah!, but one was not enough! We saw the kites being joined together in sets of three. (Don't you know that this was a challenge for us as well?) Soon we had our own set of three kites in three different colors. Then four, five, six and seven. (One of each color available at the time.) I photographed and sketched my three "men" on the warm sunny beach. (My husband was flying the stack and the boys were waiting their turns) I later painted the scene and called it "Summer Kites". It has become one of my best loved pieces.

As we visited with more kite flying enthusiasts on our trips to the beaches, we discovered that kite clubs were forming, and festivals were being organized, not only on the West Coast, but all around the United States, Europe, Australia, The Far East and of course Japan. The kite clubs were great places to meet with fellow kite flyers and to see what was new under the sun. We also began to acquire different kinds of kites. Some of the new kites were dual-line acrobatic ones and there were some four line (quad) kites that had

unbelievable maneuverability. Of course, I was enthralled by the brilliant colorful show put on at the festivals. On a perfect day, the world was an umbrella of softly rustling fabric, with vivid colors dancing on the breezes. The hustle-bustle of daily life went away at the end of a kite string. I had total control of the kite as it gracefully danced on high (well, almost total control). Some of the larger kites had so much "sail" area, that they could fly me!

I began to paint kites in oil. I started a series of paintings sized 17" X 24" for a line of note cards. Other paintings in various sizes were soon printed as limited editions and distributed up and down the coast, and in kite shops around the country.

Wherever we went, we took our kites and found the time to fly them. This often attracted people to the beach to inquire about the kind of kites we were flying, where to purchase them and how to fly them. We became quite knowledgeable concerning the care and repair of kites!

**“Wherever we went, we took our kites and found the time to fly them.”**

As time went on, we attended a kite function in Miami Beach, Florida and a convention in Honolulu, Hawaii. I started to display my cards and prints at festivals. We have made friends from around the world and had exciting adventures all because of the sport of kite flying.

I have joined in kite making workshops where I was privileged to watch a Japanese Kite Master paint traditional scenes on rice paper kites. I have marveled at the skill of teams performing flawless sky ballets with multiple line kites in Reno, Nevada and Orlando, Florida, and Honolulu, Hawaii as well as up and down the coast of Washington, Oregon, and California. I never tire of seeing kites in flight, and I am always ready to capture them on canvas to keep the thrill of the colorful action alive for all to enjoy.

*Carol Thompson*

## Featured Artwork

**Sunset Hawaiian**



"As the sun sets on a perfect day of flying, you take a few final sweeps across the sky, challenging the brilliant sunset to compete with the stunning colors of your 'Hawaiian Team' kite."

**Kite Festival**



"The sun rises early on a summer day to find the sky already full of billowing kites and eager participants tethered to them along the sandy beach. It is a 'kite festival' weekend in Lincoln City, Oregon, with good wind, clear skies, happy people, and colorful creations of light weight fabric and frames."

**TRLBY's Three**



"A lone seagull is silent witness to a quiet practice session in which a person unknown puts three glistening TRLBY kites through a series of circles and swoops. The reflection on the wet sand speaks of the skill of the flyer of these 'TRLBY's Three'."