

links

Realmscapes:

<https://realmscapes.world>

The blog:

<https://realmscapes.world/rants-and-ramblings-blog/>

Making a place with art:

<https://realmscapes.world/making-a-place-with-art/>

How I Learned Not to Belong:

<https://realmscapes.world/how-i-learned-not-to-belong/>

What makes a place mine?:

<https://realmscapes.world/what-makes-a-place-mine/>

Patreon:

<https://www.patreon.com/cw/annettezimmerman>

Sketches and Scrubs: <https://www.youtube.com/@SketchesnScrubs>

Instagram: @annette.zimmerman.artist

Merci!



Gracias!

Thanks for reading!

I appreciate it!

Realmscapes

Dispatch 10.26

Belonging



The Footnote

Dear Friends,

In August, I began asking myself what I wanted my artwork to say. I wanted the pictures to carry something about how I feel about the places I paint.

That question followed me through September. I began wondering what makes a place feel like ours — and whether belonging grows from our relationship with a place or with the people. With the things we make or ourselves.

I've only had a few times in my life when I felt like I belonged to a place. I've never had strong ties with people outside my family. Things that I own are easy to replace after a lifetime of having to get rid of them. So I've thought a lot about this. And this month I tried to express it, through the painting of the Oak Hill Schoolhouse and via my blog posts.

What does it mean to belong? What might grow when we give ourselves to a place or a community? Is that what it takes to find belonging?

Maybe you've thought about these things, too.

I hope October gives you a chance to experience belonging in the way you define it, and to offer that feeling to someone else.

Happy Creating,
Amin



The Quest Ahead



October opens with the Storytelling Festival. My display at the Jonesborough Visitor Center is stocked for curious storytelling lovers, and I'm eager to see which stickers catch their eyes.

Work is getting busy again, but I'm looking forward to continuing Sketch Season with Sketches and Scrubs and meeting up with the local artists at FADE. I plan to keep drafting *A Key for a Broken Song*, too. And if I can make room at the art table, I'd love to begin another whimsical print.



Lessons from the Road



← I made these.
They're nice. But it
was a lot of work.



Things I noticed in September:

- I  love drawing lines. That was my favorite part of both the schoolhouse print and the new stickers
- I don't dislike color across the board but it's not as much fun as lines. Coloring in Procreate was fun; painting the schoolhouse in watercolor was much harder to enjoy.
-  I'm proud of the two new sketchbooks I made. I'm also quite content to let  someone else make the next ones.
- Making art and preparing it for sale take different kinds of energy. Scanning, editing, and printing rarely feel like the fun part.

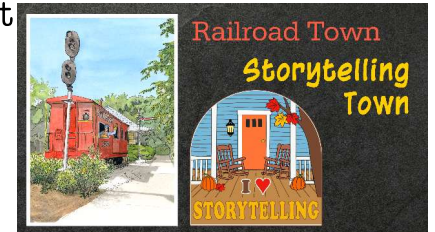


A month can be full of art even when I have trouble naming what I finished. I'd like to remember more of the making.

Recent Adventures

Making a place with art

A post I wrote about making art that isn't copying what everyone else has made. On the blog and on Patreon.



How I Learned Not to Belong

In this post I talk about growing up in so many places that I never belonged anywhere. Part 1 of a 2 part series.



What makes a place mine?

Part 2 of my talk about belonging. What exactly does it mean and how do we find it?



Finished Artwork



The Quest

I attended my fourth-grade school for only three months, from September through November, yet I remember walking home kicking leaves along the sidewalk. At Halloween, we paraded through the neighborhood in costume. I invited friends to a party at my house featuring a homemade theater production of It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. I'd drawn up pictures from the book, and me and my sister held them up from behind the sofa while telling the story to our friends.

For that brief autumn, I felt I belonged: to the school, my neighborhood and my family.

I tried to capture that feeling in this month's painting of the Oak Hill Schoolhouse. It's a historical building, moved here from Knob Hill and reconstructed in the 1990s, and far older than any school I ever attended. But I wanted the picture to hold some of what I remember feeling: fun, spooky evenings with crisp leaves and warmly lit buildings.



This month, I took a chance on joining a new group. FADE, a local art initiative, was meeting just down the street from my workplace, so I drove over during a break. I'd found other local gatherings awkward, but this one was welcoming, the group was small, and the conversation was entirely about art. I've been back twice already and plan on continuing to meet with them. It's another kind of belonging I hadn't realized I missed.

I also joined Sketch Season, a hundred days of focused creativity held by by Sketches and Scrubs online. I enjoy hearing what everyone is making during the daily Zoom or live YouTube sessions. The menu of ideas helps, but there's no pressure to keep a perfect streak. It feels like joining a project together, like before I retired and worked on projects in groups.

It's early days with both groups, but I'm already enjoying them and the opportunity to be part of something larger.