

Lowell's Blog Issue # 5 – February 1, 2015

My World of Selfies – Part 5

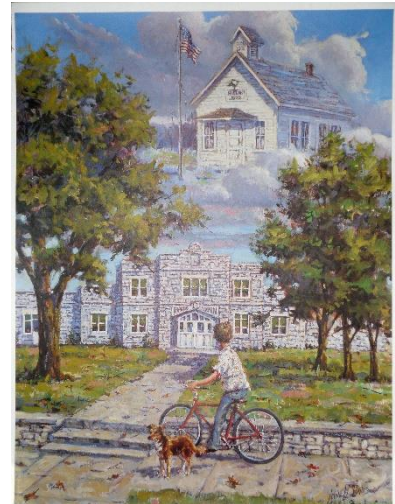
My Early Selfies



**Lowell with John Maxwell
raccoon hunting**
Original Oil Painting

As a kid, my neighbor John Maxwell was a raccoon hunter and on occasion he would let me tag along which is captured in the selfie on the left.

I had been going to a one room country school house until I started the 5th grade, when my parents moved into Carthage Missouri. I'll never forget the first time I rode my bike over to my new school, Mark Twain Elementary. The selfie on the right is of me on my \$8 bike in my home made clothes and my dog Rusty staring at my new school and adventure. I never knew that I was poor until they told me I was!



"Spark of Talent"
Original Oil Painting

After my parents moved to Carthage, the farm was still my love! Luckily I had lots of aunts and uncles who lived on surrounding farms so I tried to spend my summer vacations on their farms. I would spend 3 or 4 days at one aunt's and uncle's farm until they got sick of me and then I would just thank them and go to another aunt's and uncle's farm. "Long, Hot Summer" is a selfie of me using the animals' drinking water tank at one of my relative's farm to cool off.



"Long, Hot Summer"
Porcelain Figurine (Ltd Ed of 1,950)

When I was a kid, our Sunday afternoon family thing was to wash our family car at a ford on White Oak Creek. "Pollywogs" is a selfie with me, my sister Evelyn and our parents on such a Sunday morning outing. While our parents washed the car, Evelyn and I would try to catch pollywogs (tadpoles) and minnows in the creek using nets and put them in fruit jars to take home.



"Pollywogs"

Porcelain Figurine (Ltd Ed of 750)

My Childhood Memories

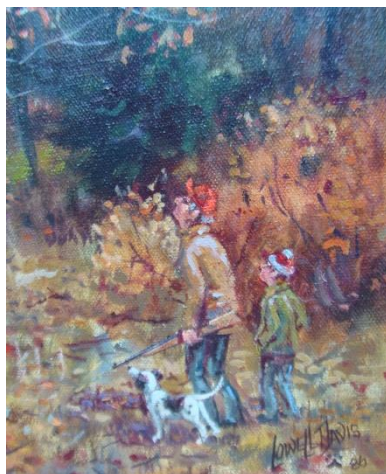
There are two types of artists – the purists who rely strictly on paint application and then there are the story telling artists. I definitely fall under the story telling artist category. My art is my life, either in my growing up years or now out my back door.

When we were children, my sister Evelyn and I used to help around the farm. One of my favorite chores was to look after the cows. "My Favorite Chores" is a selfie with me, Evelyn and our family dog rounding up our cows.



"My Favorite Chores"

Porcelain Figurine (Ltd Ed of 1,500)



"Crow Days"

Original Oil Painting

My favorite memories growing up would have to be either in the woods or on a river bank. My painting "Crow Days" shows my dad and me with our dog walking through the woods on a grey autumn day. Dad said to me "Son, these grey days are called crow days!"

I tried to capture a couple of vignettes of my youth while living in the original town of Red Oak Missouri using several different media.



"Country Wedding"
Collectors Plate
(Ltd Ed of 7,500)

I did a limited edition plate series of my memories in the original town of Red Oak. "Country Wedding" depicts my cousin Stanley and me the time we didn't get invited to a wedding which we were glad of. This way we had a chance to tie tin cans on the bride and groom's car bumper and used white shoe polish to write all kinds of cool sayings on their car.

During the Second World War, we lived in the rear of the ole General Store in Red Oak. One hot summer afternoon, dog days of summer is what we called such days, a couple of ole timers were sitting on the front porch talking about the war and watching the world pass by. A city slicker pulled up in his shiny red convertible and an ole coon hound crawled out from under the porch, strolled over and took a whiz on his new white wall tires. It didn't take much to entertain us back in those days.



"Red Oak General Store"
Collectors Plate
(Ltd Ed of 7,500)



"My Favorite Christmas Present"
Pewter Sculpture (Ltd Ed of 750)

I have very fond memories of my first Red Rider Daisy BB Rifle that I received one Christmas. "My Favorite Christmas Present" is a pewter sculpture on me with that rifle. You can see how happy I was to have received this gift.



“Late for Chores”
Original Oil Painting

“Late for Chores” is a selfie of me with my cousin Stanley. We had been running his rabbit box traps and got side tracked so by the time we got back to his parent’s farm, we noticed the lights were on in the barn which meant Uncle Eddie had already started milkin’ and that we were going to be in a heck of trouble as we were late for chores.

While I was still living in the Dallas / Fort Worth metroplex, one day as I was in my studio working on a painting of my cousin Stanley and me walking in the woods at night when we came across a possum up in a tree. My daughter Heather who was about 12 at that time looked at my painting and asked me “Daddy, what does that painting mean?” I was always telling her stories about growing up in Red Oak. After I told her the story behind the painting, she said “You have so many wonderful stories to tell!” I looked at her and asked “What do you mean? Don’t you have any childhood memories like mine?” She said “Daddy, I was raised with a swing set and television set.” It was then and there that I decided that we were going to get out of this city life. When we moved back to Missouri and bought a farm, I threw our television set in the pond. I swore that from then on my kids and my grandkids were going to have lots of memories. Thinking back on those years in Dallas / Fort Worth, I can’t remember any subject matter in city life that would have made good selfies.



Original Oil Painting
A very early selfie that I painted when living in Dallas – Fort Worth, dreaming that I was back in good ole Missouri