



Jo Bertini  
*Mountain of the Watchful Heart*

**Jo Bertini**

***Mountain of the Watchful Heart***

**May 27th- July 31, 2023**

**Ernest L. Blumenschein Home and Museum**

**222 Ledoux St. Taos, New Mexico**

*I am sitting on a cushion in the hot sun—against the kitchen wall—the big tree towers above me—rushing into a very blue sky. The sacred mountain is gold & red & orange & the bears are coming down for acorns. The coyotes howl in the night—& porcupines abound...The desert swings around me in a great curve like the sea & the magpies will soon be here. To come out of the house at dawn is like plunging into a cold sea, & last night in a pale grey sky with the glowing sunset hung the New Moon.*

Dorothy Brett to Alfred Stieglitz. 5 October 1929



*Taken by the Sky 36x36" oil on Belgian linen*



## **About the Exhibition**

The high desert lands of Taos and the American Southwest have long attracted indigenous peoples, explorers, pilgrims and artists. The historical version of deserts as harsh, inhospitable places to be conquered or exploited is well chronicled in the Western canon. Yet there is another mostly underrepresented version which interests me. There is a gentle benevolence to these lands, a feminine quality and an atmosphere of acceptance. There is a peacefulness and serenity in their beauty, a sense of openness and nurturing that lives in the wildness here.

The Taos community has long been one of dwellers within a small circle of high desert mountain light, surrounded by immense mystery, where sound trails off into silence, time disappears into timelessness and the known world is lost to re-enchantment. These desert landscapes are recognized as spiritually charged and sacred. But rather than a nostalgic approach, I am interested in the intimate and personal experience of wild desert places. My works contribute a contemporary feminine perspective to the historical archive where artists have long adopted a reverent eye in their interpretations of these deserts. At once familiar, yet strange to me, the high desert landscapes and people of northern New Mexico continue to attract the ‘artist eye’, offering alternative inspirations, not only beautiful and unique to the world, but which can contribute to a deeper understanding of global desert environments. My paintings are a type of alchemy, turning the contemporary complexities of environmental, scientific and human concerns into the poetry of art.

## **About the Artist**

**Jo Bertini** is an award winning, established Australian artist. She is a painter, art educator, lecturer and writer, known internationally for her paintings and drawings of desert landscapes, people and animals. Her work is the focus of the publication ‘Fieldwork - Jo Bertini’, celebrating her long and intimate engagement with the Australian deserts. She continues to focus her artistic interests on desert people and places, painting and working in some of the most remote and inaccessible desert regions of the world such as Kutchch in the far north west of India. Bertini was the first female Expedition Artist in Australia, spending ten years working on scientific and ecological survey expeditions in the most remote and inaccessible desert regions. Her international exhibition record is extensive and her art is in numerous private and public collections, including museums and institutions.

Artworks by Jo Bertini ©2023

Photography and design Thomas Studer ©2023



### *Reading a Fathom of Sand*

The deserts of New Mexico are scarified by many dry arroyos (gullies). They are important sources of hidden water and nurseries for seeds and microhabitats for organisms. When the rains come they are suddenly awash and run fast, sweeping the desert floor with unpredictable floods that uncover myriad treasures, archeological deposits, unknown plants and animals. Life bursts forth almost instantly and secrets flourish, springing into bloom before being concealed again. Dry or soaked they offer a source of hope and longevity in what can often seem an inhospitable landscape. They seem to me to be in a perpetual state of expectancy, incubators of wonder. They represent an internal, imaginative landscape that takes the role of faith.

*Reading a Fathom of Sand* 36x34" oil on Belgian linen



*Taken by the Sky*

I thought the earth  
remembered me, she  
took me back so tenderly, arranging  
her dark skirts, her pockets  
full of lichens and seeds. I slept  
as never before, a stone  
on the riverbed, nothing  
between me and the white fire of the stars  
but my thoughts, and they floated  
light as moths among the branches  
of the perfect trees. All night  
I heard the small kingdoms breathing  
around me, the insects, and the birds  
who do their work in the darkness. All night  
I rose and fell, as if in water, grappling  
with a luminous doom. By morning  
I had vanished at least a dozen times  
into something better.

(Sleeping in the Forest by Mary Oliver)



*Taken by the Sky* 36x36" oil on Belgian linen









*Keeper of the Land Thrice Trodden (Taos Pueblo man from the H. Blumenschein archive)*

Among the Blumenschein archives I found several photos of this man from Taos pueblo who was a friend of the family and obviously spent much time with Helen. His image has the direct inscrutable gaze of a prophet or a seer. The figure of this man in traditional pueblo dress appears as a visionary or mystic, a bringer of revelations, traveling between worlds across the desert. His gaze is directed to existence and also the realms of the human spirit in its restless, incessant, endless searching, a kindred spirit who knows well the mystery and magic of the desert.

bearded black beetles  
shuffle across sand—  
ponderous, wondrous

ceremoniously, they smile  
benign smiles, smiles without guile  
men of the cloth, men in robes  
men in dresses cut out of the night

exercises in restraint  
exorcisms of the spirit  
bodies without organs  
organs without bodies.

—Yahia Lababidi

*Keeper of Land Thrice Trodden*  
(Taos Pueblo man from the H. Blumenschein archive)  
38x26" oil on French polyester canvas



*Valley of Wind Rifts & Wittering Songbirds*

“We need the tonic of wildness, to wade sometimes marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, un-surveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of nature”.

—Henry David Thoreau



*Valley of Wind Rifts and Wittering Songbirds* 38x40" oil on Belgian linen





### *Stirring Wind Incantations*

The White-tailed Kite is bonded to certain landscapes and is non-migratory. It may travel far outside its range after prey and can be spotted all year in New Mexico but they are not very common. This small graceful, solitary raptor was once considered rare and endangered in North America. When hunting, mostly at twilight they are noted for 'kiting', their hovering motion in one position by facing into the wind and fluttering their wings before they swoop to grab their prey. A bird circling several times against the bright lowering light on the mountain range, solitary, flying like a falcon, it is its own migration in reverse. Phantom-like on a shallow circular glide it is intent above the deep canyon as if the gorge were the heart of the world and the bird was creating a whirlpool of dreams or spells above. The only sound at the days end the urgent sharp thrum and ripple of beating wings against rising air currents. The only noise in the entire mountainous landscape contained in this single simple beat, like breath.

*Stirring Wind Incantations* 38x40" oil on French polyester canvas



## *The Dark Unfolding*

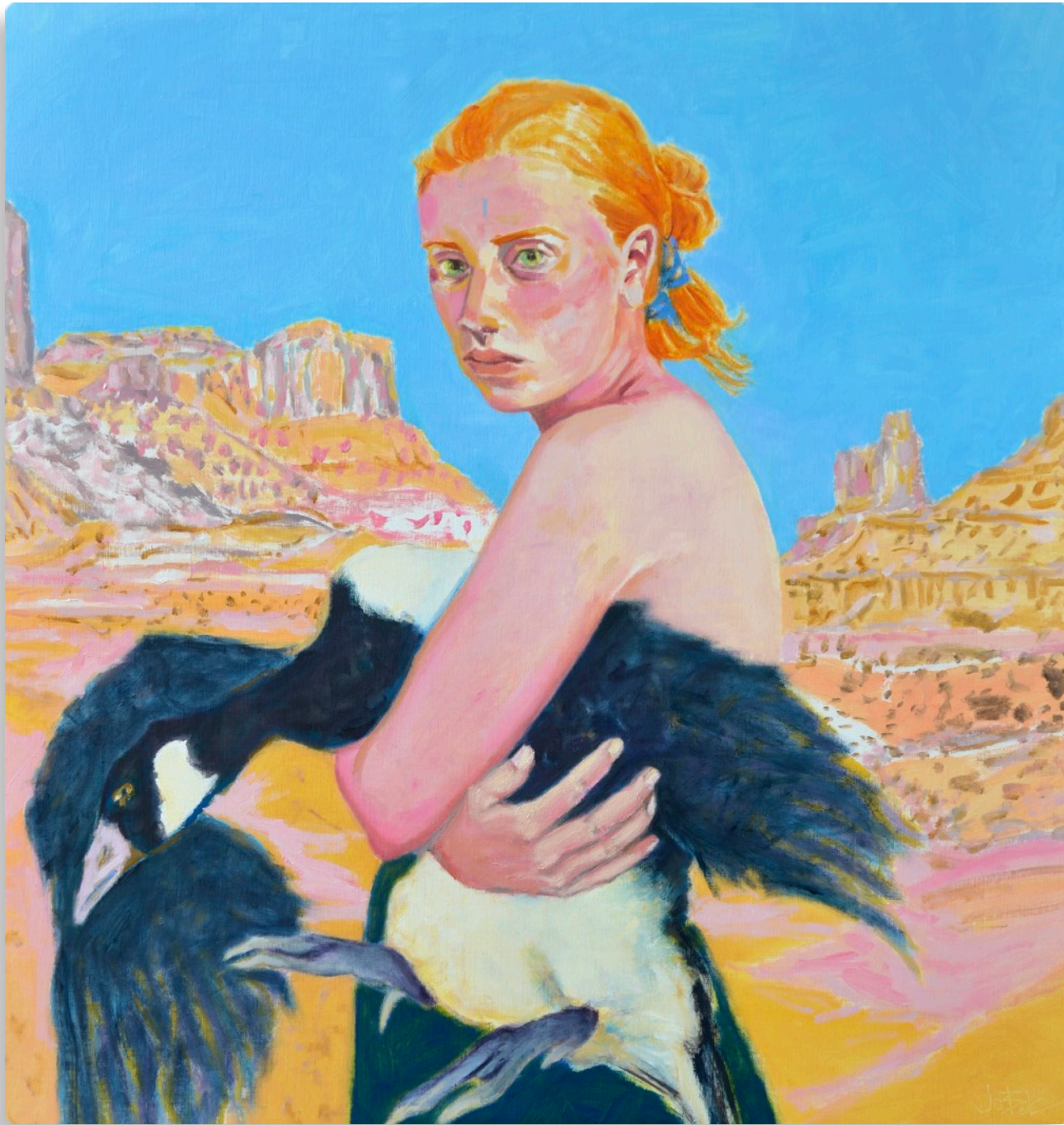
There is an old Lakota (Native American tribe) saying about respect for the sacred and losing the human ego that starts ‘I am a hollow bone, help me be a hollow bone’. The desert allows moments of private, undistracted reflection and an emptying out of the self which returns glimpses of a great mystery. It ‘right sizes’ you. It is where hermits and mystics, prophets and seers have their visions. It’s an extreme environment which can grant those who embrace it's extremities a vision of truth. The rumblings of Eternity are there, if one is still enough, quiet enough and indifferent enough to your own ego. The desert is outside space and time, and solitariness is a prerequisite for its revelations or epiphanies. This elemental aloneness—becoming one with the sand, the rock, the stars—allows a purity of perception so to become a better witness to other life around you. These are more than just private moments of introspection, these are the moments closest to the sacred.

’As though it were your own Twilight.  
As though it were your own vanishing song’. (Mary Oliver)



*The Dark Unfolding* 36x36" oil on French polyester canvas





### *Foreigners and Misfits*

This is a counterintuitive scene. The girl and Canada goose are so obviously outsiders, misfits, out of place and unexpected in a desert environment- yet, here they are. This work is all about our expectations and prejudices, particularly around deserts, women and biodiversity. As our planet's environments change, species are learning to adapt. Scientists are now frequently finding that plants and animals are often either disoriented by the changes in climate and environment or adapting to new and unexpected habitats to survive. Animal migration routes change due to changing weather patterns and environmental stresses. New human migrations have been triggered by climate change causing people to risk incredible suffering to survive. Unexpected and unsuitable species are being regularly found in aberrant habitats.

*Foreigners and Misfits* 38x36" oil on Belgian linen



## *Below the Listening Mountain*

Nature challenges life with many obstacles. But life has an immense greediness and tenacity, determined to take absolute possession of all terrain. In the Rio Chama waters below the steep sided stoney cliffs I watch two elk fight to the death, pushing through the river, ploughing one into the other, locked in testosterone fueled rage. The surrounding rocky mountains, glowing with the last rays of a days light, are peaceful, silent and unburdened by these earthly disputes. These ancient hills are guardians of the desert valleys and hold the memories of past territories, homelands, echos of wars waged, lives fought and lost, countless seasons of disputes. High above the earthly realm these mountains soar, witnessing still and caring less. Theses timeless lands have no interest in our conflicts. The earth plays 'the long game' and our time here does not even register as sediment in its geologic layer. The defeated dead elk floats in the river for days. The victor returns and pushes the drowned rival around for a while, through the mud, purposelessly, occasionally stopping to stand and look forlornly into the mountain. It is as if all that adrenaline is still present and its intensity is missed. Life gone, the terrain is now silent and empty. These undisputed territories belong again to the mountains.



*Below the Listening Mountain* 50x50" oil on Belgian linen





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### *Holding the Numinous Moment*

A Navajo girl and her painted Indian pony from the deserts of Northern New Mexico. This pose of lying back on a bareback horse-ride is a very familiar one to many young girls across cultures and countries. Often children or our younger selves are more instinctively a-tuned to the spiritual quality, supernatural, mysterious world around us. There are moments where we find ourselves free of ego, of empty mind, in a place of pure peace and an experience of quietude, where our senses and instincts are heightened and uncorrupted. These are the moments when we are most linked to the natural and our natural state. These are truly sacred moments that can act as a portal to enlightenment and creativity.

*Holding the Numinous Moment* 36x36" oil on French polyester canvas



## *Red Willow Gorge*

Here is ageless land, where the world is quiet, here where all trouble seems exhausted and spent. In the dry airy solitude we are walled out, separated from our indispensable selves. Instead stretches a maze of dreams, a shadowed dark stone basin of possibility and imagination. In the clarity of the high mountain air the sun burns sere and storm clouds crack the land further, the sound of whistling winds rings through the earth. And only a bird call or a bighorn hoof-fall rings the ancient caverns. Its hard passage is a crawl track in the land, profound and stifled, that none other turn to climb to the low last edge of the long lone land. If another step should sound or a word be spoken the spell is gone. Caverns of complex geometries, blue depths that fold and unfold the sides and chasms, indecipherable labyrinths. Carved stony shapes fall from grace, passing into shadow and then back into illumination again. Human cares are like chimera on the surface of that underworld and fall into the deep green water of its rosy heart.



*Red Willow Gorge* 50x50" oil on Belgian linen





### *Walking Rain*

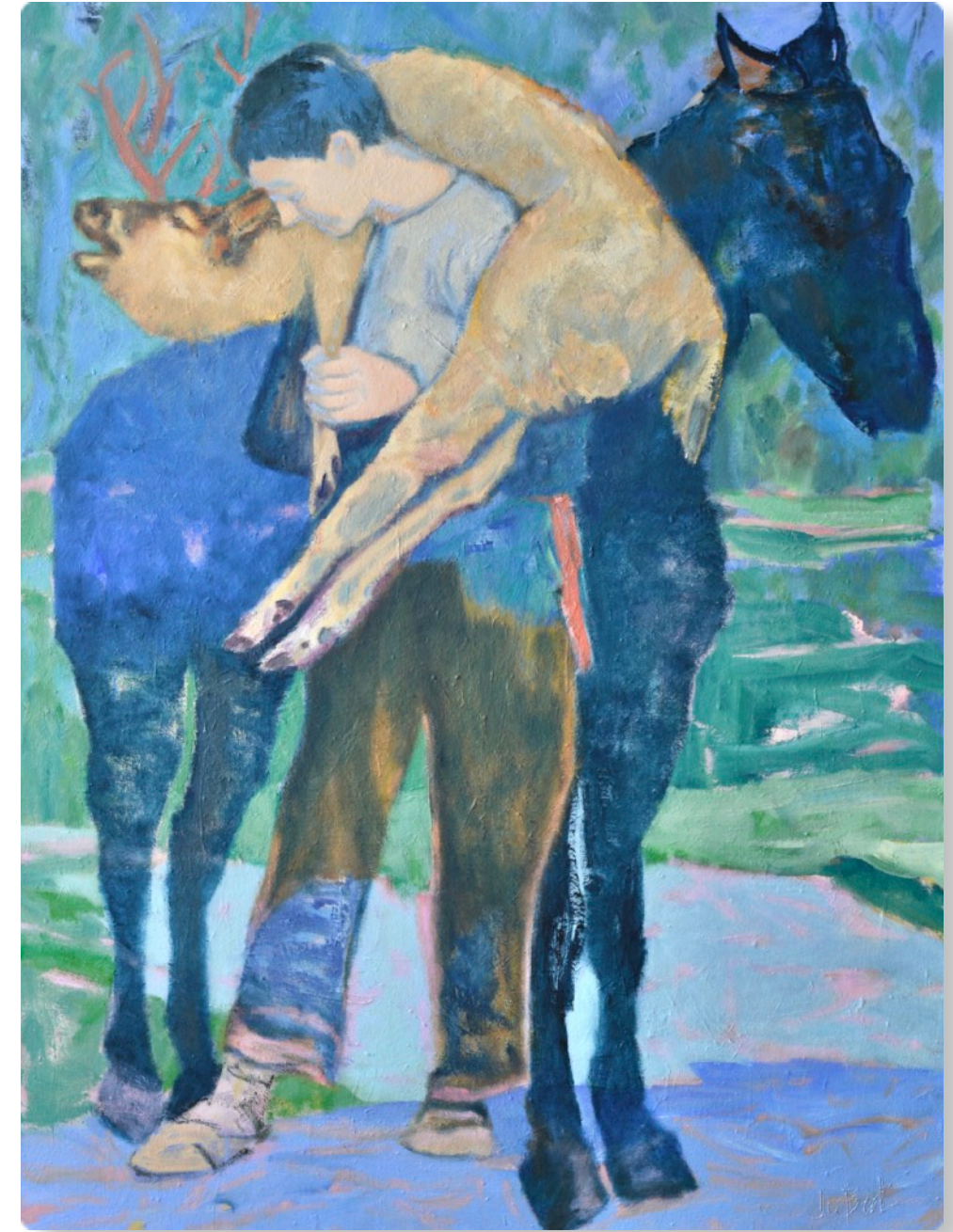
The deep shadowed hills and ridges encircling the Taos Valley are pinyon pines, spruce and juniper trees, intermingled and juxtaposed with the backlit changing colors of oak, maples, locust and honey mesquite. Below in the lowland blue sage, greasewood shrubs are adorned with golden seeds that cascade and scatter amongst shrouded fish springs. The clouds walk the sky, promising rain, yet perhaps only a few drops may ever reach these plants. Thunder bursts sound high above the mountains, dry virga storms whose waters evaporate from the rising heat before they hit the desert sands. Streaks of precipitation cast shadows, flushing the leaves a rich golden-green. In the interspaces, there is a sudden splendor of counterchanges with diamond-patterning of dark and bright. The smell of rain kindles the myriad of undiscovered, unsprung hopefuls, lying deep in many a shadowed and checkered swale.

*Walking Rain* 38x38" oil on Belgian linen



*Years Amongst the Sage (Helen and the Foundling)*

While researching the Blumenschein archive I came across a series of photographs taken over many years of Helen Blumenschein with various animals. Helen had many pets and often rescued animals she found while hiking, hunting or fishing in the high mountains and river valleys around Taos . There are images of rescued baby bear cubs, burros, dogs, birds and deer. Much to her mother Mary's distress, she never married but rather lived an independent life, became an artist, historian, amateur archaeologist, environmentalist, and an avid camper, hiker, horse back rider, mountain woman. There are images of hunter Helen with a dead deer hoisted into the trunk of her converted hearse and savior Helen rescuing an abandoned fawn. Helen's first love were the wilds of northern New Mexico, the frontier life in which her father also found endless inspiration. She moved from girl to woman amongst the prairie sages and blue grama grasses, the bobcats and the fawn foundlings - their cries like rough bells hanging in the mountain mists for all her days.



*Years Amongst the Sage (Helen Blumenschein and the Foundling)*  
oil on French polyester canvas 48x36"





*The Forever Moon* 38x40" oil on Belgian linen

### *The Forever Moon*

In Navajo culture the sun controls and regulates the universe, while the moon controls and regulates the earth. The Moon is a guide, a protector, a guardian spirit, a timekeeper, and is associated with transformation. The world is recreated during the night and there are certain, early pre-dawn mornings, when 'the world seems to begin anew, beyond which memory need not go' —H.D Thoreau.

It is the moon that calls us back to our real selves.



*Measuring Stories (Taos Jicarilla Apache- after the H Blumenschein archive)*

Ancient indigenous cultures have maintained and remembered so much information about thousands of species of plants and animals, without the use of writing. Aboriginal songlines are key to a powerful memory technique and used by indigenous people around the world who are intricately tied to the landscape. Indigenous memory practices have various ways of recalling and conveying vast numbers of specific details of plants, animals, birds, insects, geography, stars and how to navigating land, complex genealogies etc. Place and music play a vital role in the human memory and indigenous cultures use singing and dancing associated with 'country' to strengthen their memories and store information. They sing their knowledge throughout their lives and associate it with place. Songlines are full of places where dances or ceremonies are performed, which are ways of conveying information, and recalling it and connecting with the land. That information includes laws, expectations and respect as well as practical location guides to waterholes, what plants and their uses, what animals are likely to be found, astronomical information, all stored and intermeshed and linked together together. The same methods are used by different cultures around the world because they have the methods to store their information on which their physical and cultural survival depend. The materiality of native American tribal cultures also included narrative artworks, pottery, weaving, paintings, jewelry and dress which convey plants, birds, animals and mostly stories. This art is not decorative but the vessel and repository used to transfer cultural stories, knowledge and meaning.



*Measuring Stories (Taos Jicarilla Apache after the H. Blumenschein archive) 32x24" oil on Belgian linen*





*Mist Net in Furnace Creek* 38x40" oil on Belgian linen

*Mist Net in Furnace Creek*

Low lying cloud and mist is often a surprising phenomena in arid desert places. It is common in certain seasons and times of day in the high deserts of Northern New Mexico. Sometimes a cold fog descends from the rocky peaks to the desert floor, the sands and grasses are wet and the cold foggy air in the deep creek gullies trap the normally unseen and invisible ephemera of insects and floating seeds. Cobwebs strung across micro landscapes are thick with dew, little gossamer veils. There is a singularly sweet scent in this heavy air. In this phantom evening light each detail, blade and serrate leaf looks painted and unfamiliar.







*The Sand Walkers (Taos Jicarilla girl)*

This painting was inspired by true stories of young Apache girls in 1800's New Mexico. Legacies of warrior woman revered for their courage live on in Apache oral history. Like many indigenous cultures, when reaching the age of puberty and after their womanhood ceremony, girls are eligible for marriage. Yet some Apache girls let it be known that they would never marry. Instead, they undertook and succeeded at the hardship in becoming a warrior and prophet. They also studied medicine and became renowned medicine women with extensive knowledge of the medicinal properties of plants and minerals. They were able to use their powers in battle to learn the movements of the enemy. While researching these histories I was struck by the incredible courage and spirit of determination these young girls must have had, mostly to defy their own cultural feminine roles and traditions. When Geronimo, the famous Apache warrior and medicine man, fighting Mexican and US military forces surrendered in 1886, his band and other Indians, were sent as prisoners of war to Florida. They weren't accustomed to the swampy, tropical climate and humidity. Many died of tuberculosis, typhoid and other contagious diseases. The U.S. Government transferred hundreds of Apache children from their San Carlos reservation to an Indian School in Pennsylvania, where more than a third of them died from tuberculosis within a year. The U.S. government held them as prisoners of war for 27 years. Most never returned to their homelands.



*The Sand Walkers (Taos Jicarilla girl) 32x26" oil on Belgian linen*





### *Night Vision*

I have always been interested in the different ways we see. I have spent many decades of my life sitting out in the sand, observing and recording remote desert regions alongside scientists, specialists in their fields of ornithology, botany, archeology, ecology, and anthropology. Each of us is trained by our education but also our socialization, our childhood of prejudices, likes and dislikes. This painting is about looking. Artists have a very distinct, individual and selective way of seeing or looking at a subject. With our shared interest in the unique and fragile beauty of the world's most isolated desert landscapes and environment, I am not interested in a scientific description but rather an experiential, poetic one, particularly dedicated to introducing a feminine perspective into the archived historical context of these lands. The 'essential nature of these places turns us inside out'- they are places of extraordinary intrinsic value and interconnectedness that allow us our own transformations. Often scientist that I work alongside ask me what I am looking at and I ask them the same question. We inform each other and our experiences of these desert lands through our different interests, knowledge and perceptions.

*Night Vision* 22x20" oil on French polyester canvas



### *Fight Like a Girl*

There is a young teenage girl who lives in the old pueblo village of Abiquiu, which is an important Genizaro village of the Spanish colonies. Genizaro were typically indigenous people who had been captured and enslaved by other Indian tribes and who were taken into Hispano and Puebloan villages as slaves. This girl dresses androgynously, preferring boots, oversized pants and baggy jackets or shirts. Yet it is her hair that is so recognizable. She has very natural thick curls which she dyes different colors, sometimes pink or blue and also golden yellow. From an ancient, often dry and barren land, and born in a village with a deep history of indigenous peoples, traders and slaves, European colonizers and settlers, the village land is closely guarded and the families of the village have learnt to protect themselves from outsiders and 'intruders'. She is a child of this desert village and wilderness, uncompromising, unapologetically herself, strong, fearless, capable and independent. She represents the feminine power of this place. In the fall the cottonwood trees along the Chama river turn electric yellows catching the sunlight, starkly backlit and contrasted against the surrounding hills. Her hair frames her personality with the same golden halo as the native trees.



*Fight Like a Girl (Graesin from Abiquiu) 60x54"*  
oil on French polyester canvas





### *Storm Birds*

All plants and animals, especially birds ('canary in the coal mine') are so highly sensitive and vulnerable to changes in their environments that they are used as signifiers to changes in the natural world. Rainbirds or Stormbirds, are those whose call is usually more prevalent before or during stormy weather. Places of wilderness are last refuges and preserves for many species that we depend upon for knowledge and guidance. Indigenous desert nomads and dwellers have long learnt to observe the changes, to read the signs of the natural world. When ants and termites change their nesting insulation (sticks in summer, stones in winter) from one side of the nest or mound to another, then weather is imminent. Often when walking with indigenous elders, birds of a certain species will circle and call. When I have asked the meaning I have been told to watch, listen- I must find the answer for myself.

*Storm Birds* 35.5x35" oil on French polyester canvas on board



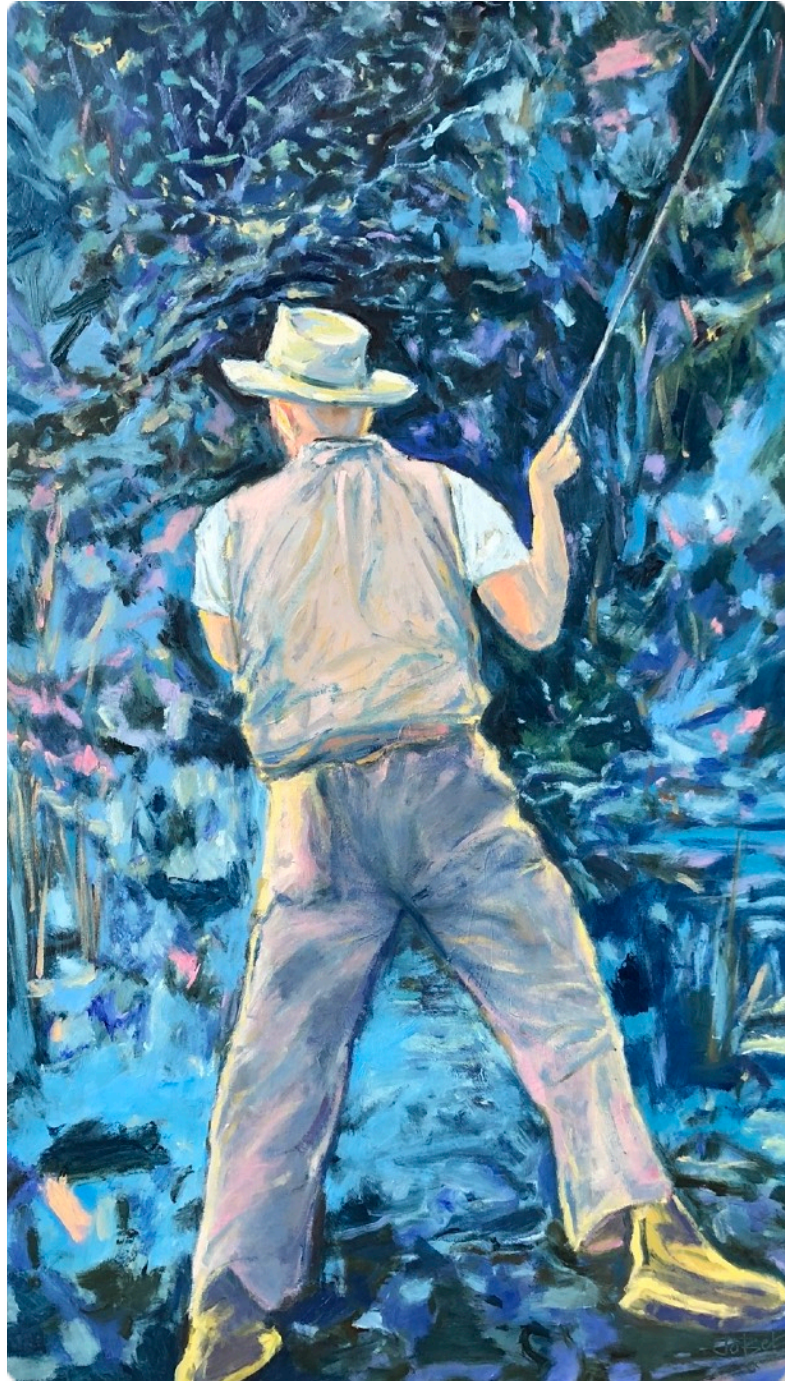
*A Ceremony of Silence (Garry Blackchild Taos musician)*

Garry Blackchild is an Indie Rebel-Folk singer/songwriter based in Taos NM. His paternal grandmother is Choctaw and black, so he identifies as black Native American. His grandmother's nickname for him was "lusa alla," which is a Choctaw word meaning "my little black child." He says "I always kept that with me". He fell in love with the Native cultures of northern New Mexico over two decades ago and feels nurtured by the land and people, free of prejudices common in other places. Garry agreed to sit for me as a fellow artist drawn to the isolated high desert regions of New Mexico and its conducive offer of solitude and freedom to develop artistically. He mentioned that he feels he has received a blessing of a new life in Taos and that his music is his prayer to the land and culture. It was obvious to me how necessary this environment is to Garry's sense of well being and his artistic journey. He has found that benevolent place of inspiration and the 'source' that artists seek. The experience of watching him play in the dry, hilly land where the clouds played with the light behind him made it even more obvious to me that here, this 'Blackchild', has found a state of grace.



*A Ceremony of Silence (Garry Blackchild- Taos musician) 46x36"*  
oil on Belgian linen





*Night Fishing-Casting into the Law of the Stars (after E & H Blumenschein archive).*

Throughout the Blumenschein archives there are many photos and letters that refer to fishing in the high mountain streams and rivers around Taos. Ernest and Helen were both avid ‘fishermen’ as much for the reflective and silent time spent watching and listening in the high desert wilderness, as for the sport itself. Northern New Mexico is still renowned for attracting keen fishermen from far flung places. We also often spend our evenings by the rivers where I paint and watch Thomas continue the tradition, fishing.

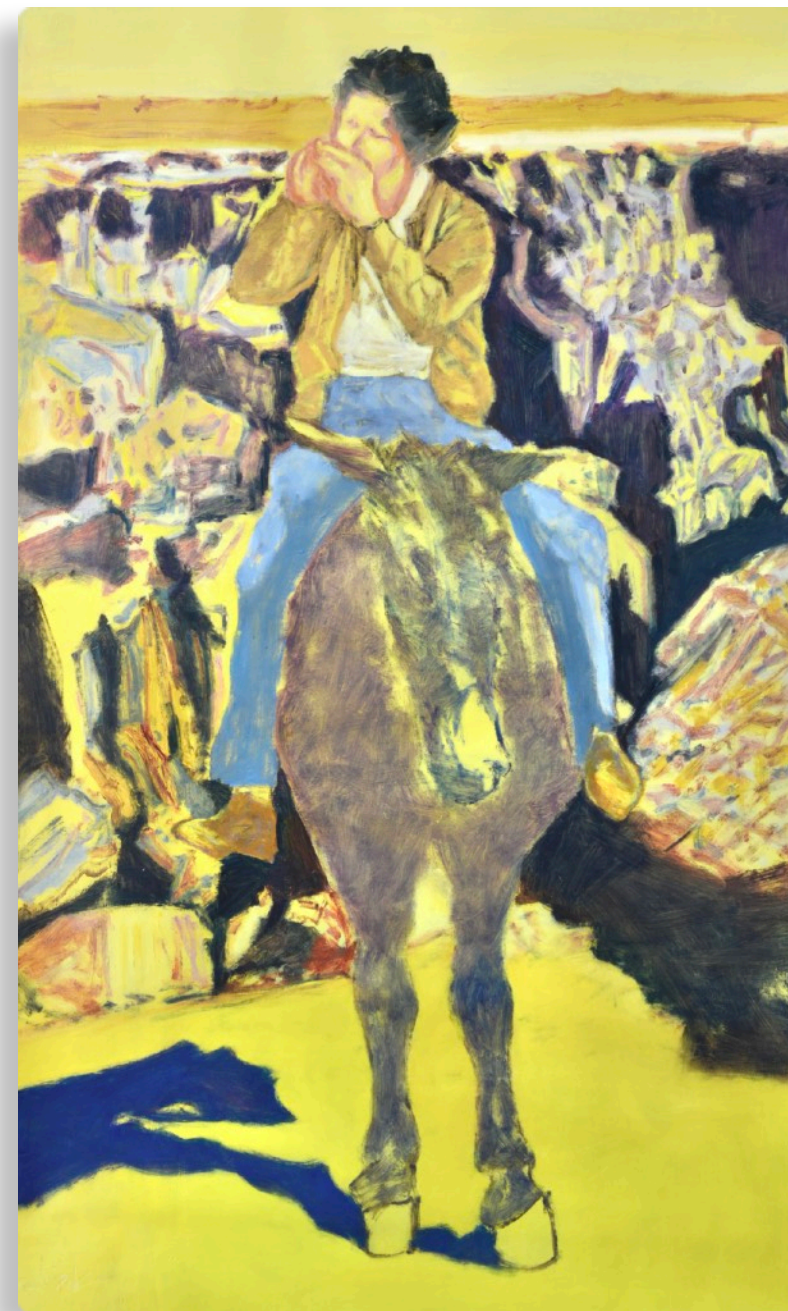
Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. —H.D. Thoreau

*Night Fishing (after E & H Blumenschein archive) 40x24 oil on Belgian linen 2023*



*Call and Response (after the H. Blumenschein archive)*

Like most children of the area, Helen Blumenschein was riding burros and horses in Taos from an early age. She was an intrepid explorer, an amateur archeologist combing the southwest for petroglyphs and dig sites. She was a woman completely comfortable sleeping out under the stars, taking solitary pilgrimages into the heart of arid lands. Documenting finds, cataloguing visions. Like those traversing the country before her, the land spoke to her and she spoke to the land. There is an indigenous belief that if you show respect to country and ask the desert for what you seek, the desert will answer you, but it is your responsibility to hear or see the answer.



*Call and Response (after the Helen Blumenschein archive) 40x24"*  
oil on Belgian linen





*Jonathan Warm Day Coming & the River Hawk Between Worlds*

*‘In my work... I hope to help preserve a record of the traditional life of our people and to educate those who know little of us, desiring that increased knowledge and understanding will help all of us to live better with one another and with the natural world ‘ —JWDC.*

When I asked Jonathan if he would be interested in sitting for a portrait for me, he was naturally circumspect. Jonathan is a much sought after subject as he has the strong, authentic ‘Indian’ look of his family, especially his father and grandfather. Pedro Mirabal, Jonathan’s maternal grandfather, worked as a model for the Taos Society of artists and for those of Mabel Dodge Luhan’s circle. Several other members of his family were models for the TSA artists. Jonathan’s paternal grandfather, Geronimo Gomez (Star Road), was a notorious figure within Taos pueblo and a model for TSA painters. Taos Pueblo artists who posed for Anglo artists were aware they were “playing Indian” ...their representations were of the “noble not the the ‘savage’ kind”. Ernest Blumenschein’s famous 1920 painting ‘Star Road and White Sun’ features his grandfather’s assertive, non-conformist persona” (Lois P. Rudnick).

*Between Worlds (Jonathan Warm Day Coming and the River Hawk) 48x60” oil on Belgian linen*



*Jonathan Warm Day Coming & the River Hawk Between Worlds*

cont.

When I told Jonathan I intended to paint him as a fellow artist with a close connection to the deserts of northern New Mexico, he agreed. I asked him to choose a desert place particularly meaningful to him as I wanted to place him within the landscape that has been such an influence on his life and work. We decided on the special meeting place of the two important Taos rivers, where the Rio Pueblo de Taos and the Rio Grande meet. From its source, the Rio Pueblo de Taos originates at the Pueblo's sacred Blue Lake and the highest mountains in New Mexico, the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. It flows south and west through the Taos Pueblo to join the Rio Grande in the Rio Grande Gorge. Jonathan asked what I would like him to wear and I said anything he would normally wear. I thought it an odd question. Over the course of time and while Jonathan and I came to know each other through the portrait process I came to understand how he had become accustomed to being objectified as an Indian model like his grandfathers. Jonathan told me that of all the many times he had posed for other artists it was the first time he had not been "wrapped in a blanket " or wearing something "Indian & ceremonial" but been asked to simply be himself. He mentioned to me that just like other members of his family and particularly his grandfathers he disliked "playing Indian".

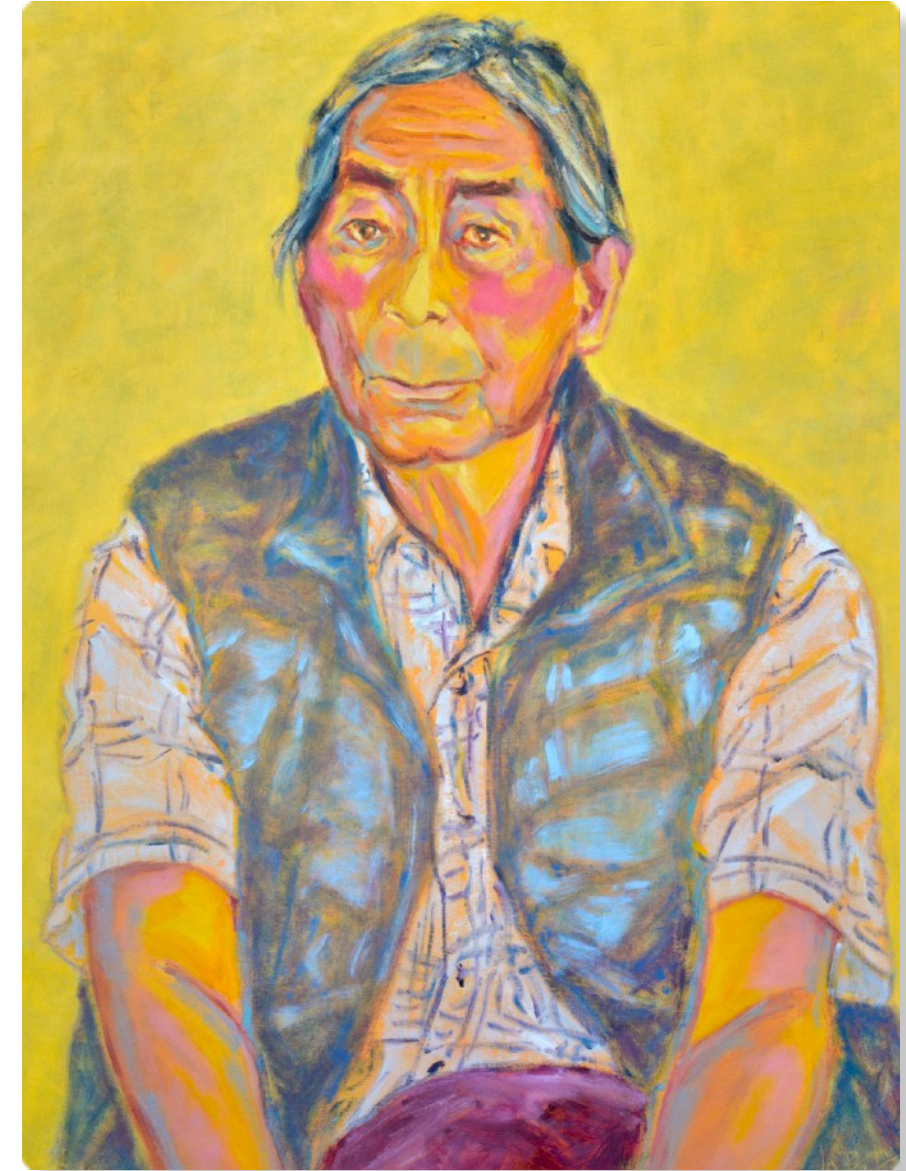
Although we come from vastly different worlds we found we have so much in common. Aside from both being artists, whose mothers were both very well respected and established artists, we come from a long legacy of artistic diversity. We also both know what it is to be patronized and to try to straddle two very different worlds. We have had many discussions about the difficulty of the solitary nature of the artistic studio process and the necessity of time and space living with your subject, isolated in the desert environment to develop paintings of meaning and integrity. Yet an artist must also be present in the contemporary world of technology, marketing and commerce, a world which seems an anathema to poetry. Jonathan feels bound to the traditions of the old ways of the Pueblo but also wants the next generation of native artists to have the benefits of modern education and science. The preservation of desert lands, ecology and biodiversity and its people are the recurring themes and concerns in both our work from vastly different perspectives.



*Artist Jonathan WDC portrait study*

Jonathan Warm Day Coming (from Taos Pueblo) is a well-known Native American painter, illustrator and published author who grew up on the Taos Pueblo. Jonathan began woodcarving as a child, and was introduced to painting by his mother, Eva Mirabal, who was also a well known artist. His paintings have been exhibited in many galleries, and are included in several important collections. When writing, he draws inspiration from his personal experiences and his family's native, oral traditions.

This is a smaller oil study for the larger portrait I did of Jonathan 'in the field' by the confluence of the Rio Pueblo & Rio Grande.



*Artist Jonathan Warm Day Coming portrait study 32x24"*  
oil on Belgian linen



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Jean Pulos

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