

The background of the entire image is a close-up, vertical view of the fore-edge of a very thick, antique book. The pages are numerous, thin, and have a yellowish-cream color, showing signs of age. They are bound together using a traditional East Asian stab-binding technique. Colored threads, including red, blue, green, and purple, are visible as they pass through the pages in a regular, repeating pattern, creating a textured, woven appearance. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the paper and the vibrant colors of the threads.

Reveries

JOURNALING IN PLACE

SUSAN NEWBOLD

REVERIE

rev·er·ie

/rev(ə)rē/

noun

A state where you are lost in thoughts and daydreams.

An extravagant conceit of the imagination; a vision.

A state of abstracted musing; daydreaming.

A daydream.

Dreamy thinking or imagining, esp. of agreeable things; fanciful musing; daydreaming.

A dreamy, fanciful, or visionary notion or daydream.

Reveries

JOURNALING IN PLACE



Reveries

JOURNALING IN PLACE

SUSAN NEWBOLD

FOREWORD BY
PATRICIA MIRANDA

october
works

NORTH HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to three people who have been my loyal cheerleaders over many years and in so many ways. My late husband and best friend, Ernst, who made this book possible with his generosity and infinite support. My daughter, Christina, who has been my faithful editor. And my daughter, Brooke, who provided such valuable advice and enthusiasm just when I needed it most.



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FOREWORD

Inscribing the Landscape

PATRICIA MIRANDA

NEWBOLD is a *pellegrina* of landscape, a seeker tracing a winding path of purpose across the world. Her hand-bound sketchbooks, a small selection of which are represented here, record her peripatetic travel, over years and continents, from place to paper. They are situated within a tradition of travel journals and guides, from the ancient pilgrim's guide Liber Sancti Jacobi, to Eugène Delacroix's travel journals, Françoise Gilot's travel sketchbooks published at age 96, to the recent work of José Naranja. The books draw a map across the terra of our round planet in pencil, pen, ink, and watery color. We walk beside her, fellow travelers, as she narrates her encounters with soil, sky, rock, and always, water.

In the intensity of her gaze all is found equal, the diminutive pictorial space built from attentive observation, inch by inch, moment by moment, the crack between a branch as fundamental as the volume of a tree. The kinetic of her lines move over a terrain like strokes of rapid eye movement. Lines alternately describe a form, or coalesce into text in a diaristic micrography that wraps around, retitles, recounts, and ruminates on place before dissolving again into a path, a building, a bank of trees. Images stream from the page in animated polychrome motion. The books are akin to personal illuminated manuscripts, tiny text encircling, enclosing, interweaving image.

At times the drawings describe vivid detail, at others they are dreamlike floating forms, felt more than seen, reflecting location in geography, temperature, and atmosphere. Books from Maine are big sea and sky, craggy rock, jagged sharp trees; California is watery and open, colors airy and light, vegetation lush and precise. Colorado is stern and wintry, lines of bare trees cutting shapes into the sky. France reflects the ancient tilled

soil, geometric shapes of farmland and baroque houses in pale ochres and curled lines, while Egypt is a record of objects in sharp focus, photos and drawings a taxonomy of pattern.

Richard Long made a line by walking, treading a thought through a field, a temporal diary left in the grass. He inscribed a path, as if to locate himself on the planet through the bottom of his feet. Looking at his work the curve of the earth is made visible, while still tethered to the dirt underneath, evidenced by his small footprints placed upon its roundness.

Susan Newbold inscribes her footprint in the intimacy of the handheld, the handmade book. She tethers our feet through the interiority of a diary, a private form that unfolds and re-forms with each encounter. To observe requires permission and participation; we are voyeurs and collaborators as pages unfurl under our hands, close to our body, near to our heart. Meandering through these pages, our feet touch earth in a rhythmic path, pace by pace, dreaming.



INTRODUCTION

Artistic Pathways

SUSAN NEWBOLD

WHEN I REFLECT on my twenty years of illuminated journaling four themes emerge: trees, plants, water and landscape. They ground me in a place and inspire flights of imagination. They're tactile but also metaphysical. Each theme has a unique origin.

I grew up in land-locked Richmond, Virginia. The first time I saw the ocean as a child, I knew that I belonged near water. My whole life I've sought out the opportunity to be near it. Oceans/lakes/rivers are my artistic muse. I find bodies of water to be an infinite resource of line, patterns, organic

movement, serenity, exhilaration and joy. I hope these pages reflect the devotion that water inspires.

Landscape both invites me in and sends me inside myself. It can feel like home or an alien land, depending upon the physical conditions. Cold, heat, wind, fog, rain and sunshine frame an artistic moment that I capture with watercolor, ink and other mixed media.

After spending time in a location – attempting to capture it, to make it one's own – it BELONGS to you. You are the interpreter for the viewer and express a unique vision. Looking at an image transports the viewer there through texture, color and energy. I find the most elusive dimension is the light and how it refracts through color.

After these years of observation with pen and color I am acutely aware that I have only just begun. The extraordinary beauty of a place enlarges

the spirit, and trees, plants, water and landscape are just the beginning. I record what I see as visual feasts for enjoyment but, more importantly, I want to inspire others to take on their own adventure through illuminated journals.

The places in this book have been most influential to my process — Maine, California, New Zealand, France, Costa Rica, Colorado, Egypt and India. Each is unique and extraordinary in its own way. I look forward to your discoveries!



New Zealand

NEW ZEALAND IS SUCH A BREATH of fresh air. The richness and variety of the landscape were a daily inspiration, from the fauna and flora to the incredible majesty of the fjords of Milford Sound with breathtaking waterfalls. With so much beauty, it was hard to focus! I started each morning outside my studio with a small 6 x 6 inch watercolor or sketch of something that caught my eye. This amazing location sent me in so many new directions because of its splendid variety.

I loved meeting the locals and learning about what made them proud of their country. A great deal had been done to restore the lush environment

from a history of cutting down trees indiscriminately. There were still stumps everywhere, sometimes with new trees growing out of them. I was enthralled with these stumps – so organic and twisted.

My life was simple in New Zealand, and as a consequence, it heightened my awareness of the surroundings. I rose early and was greeted by members of the extensive rabbit population. I had a special appreciation of the Red Hot Poker flower because of how it lit up the landscape. Every walk was a reverie.



NEW PACIFIC
STUDIO
NEW ZEALAND
FEBRUARY
2008

Alan
Jacobsen



Summer
in NZ
with many
flowers, bees
birds singing
lovely sounds,
smells, stars,
nights that
don't quit
fresh fruit.
green hills, beach, photo
I'm here w/ Loretta, Lolo
& Ray and I'm staying
in a lovely cottage w/
views of the mountains.
hunk beds, outdoor shower,
outdoor toilet, nice kitchen
and bathroom. Very
magical and peaceful.
February 1, 2008



the trail from the house

these plants have been on the property for many years. I think there are only a few of them left. They are so old.

There are so many of these fences. They are made of wire and posts. They are so old.

There is a tree / Hill / Mountain in the distance

It is very warm and they've been having a serious drought in NZ. The ground is all dry leaves and decaying flowers. it looks like dryness. The farmers are very concerned.

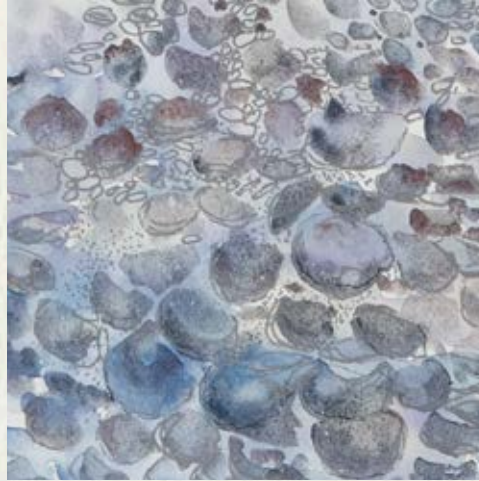
The ground is all dry leaves and decaying flowers. it looks like dryness.

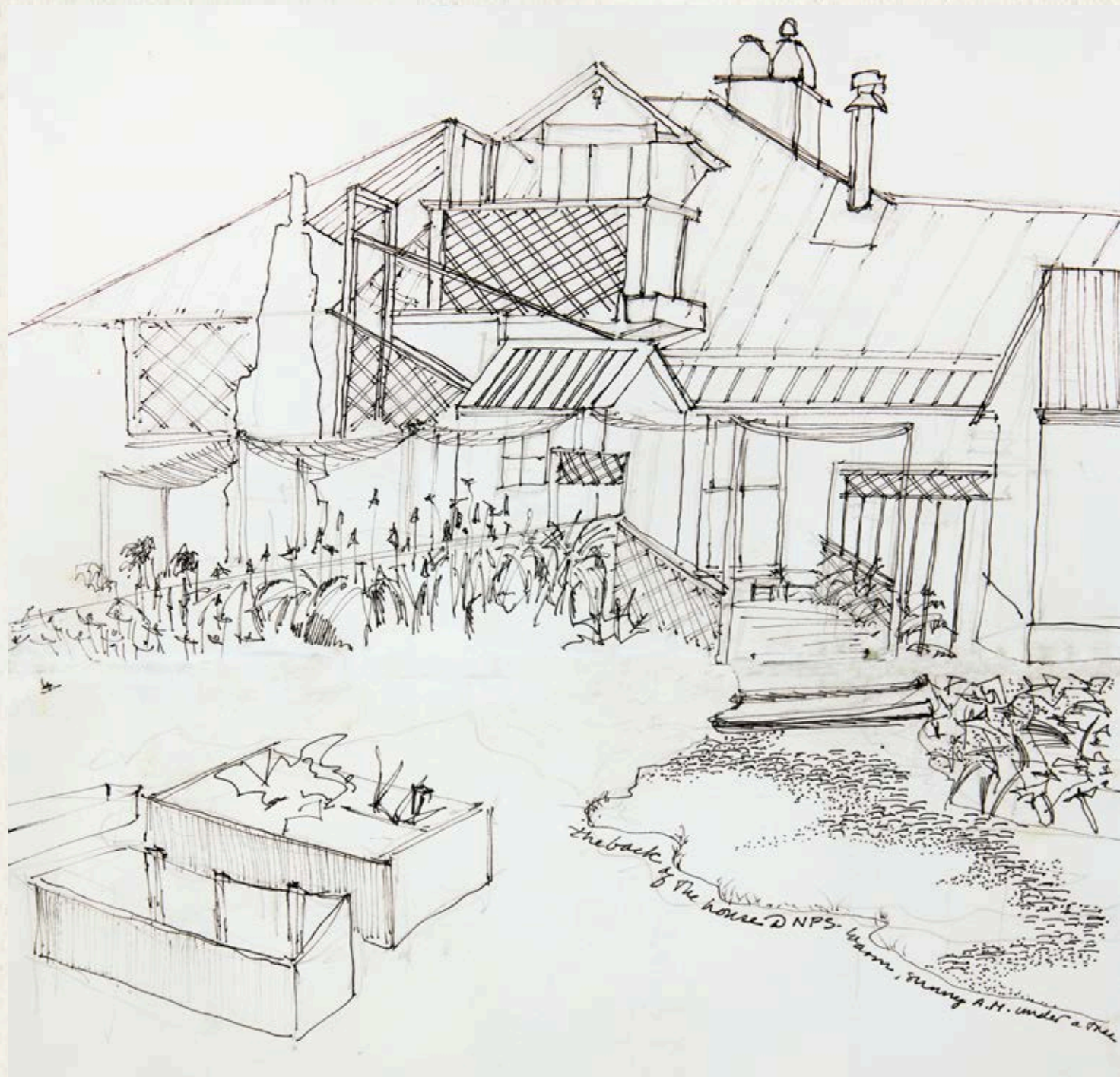
The fern tree is unique to NZ it reminds you that you are in a very different place altogether













schouwen 3rd de Mol hot poker





Lake Tekapo







california

FIRST FELL FOR California as a college student when I traveled with friends from the Midwest to get jobs by the beach. Having grown up on the East Coast, California was a dream. I loved the sun, fun, landscape and, of course, the magnificent Pacific Ocean.

So it was the fulfillment of a lifetime wish to move to Santa Barbara with my husband and two teenage daughters. Santa Barbara is known for its infinite variety of trees and plants – “The American Riviera” they call it. The organic line quality of this remarkable growth and the ocean with its famous surf offered an endless artistic challenge.

The move nourished all of my artistic aspirations and ultimately inspired me to return to graduate school. Along the way, I attended the University of California at Santa Barbara, which helped me to think more critically about my work. I began to view the process of making art differently.

The casual California lifestyle was very freeing, and I found my work reflected this abstract freedom through line that was both organic and complex. I dropped my New England reserve and adopted more openness. As a consequence both line and color in my work took on new energy, particularly with respect to water imagery.

I didn't have a studio while living there and, this forced me to work outside most of the time. These were memorable art-making days. I've always found that working directly from nature adds a freshness to the subject matter.





Bella Vista
1129



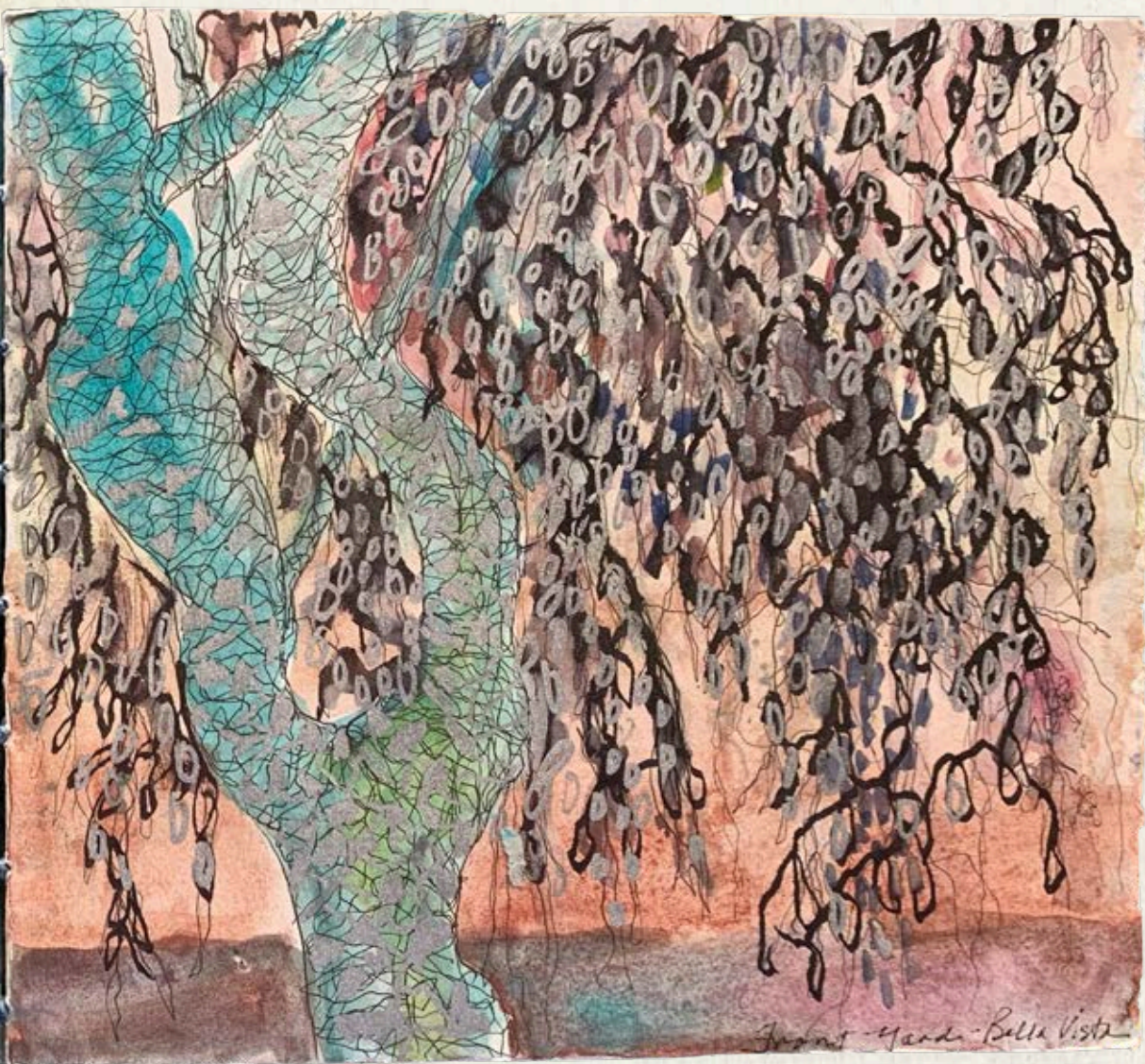


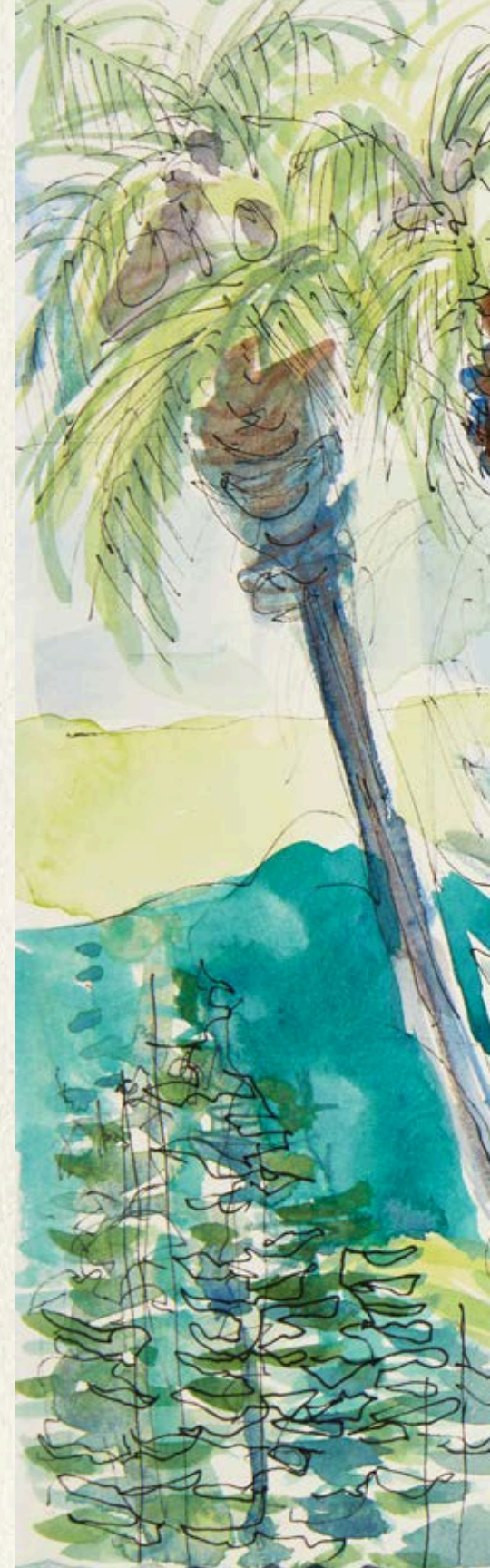
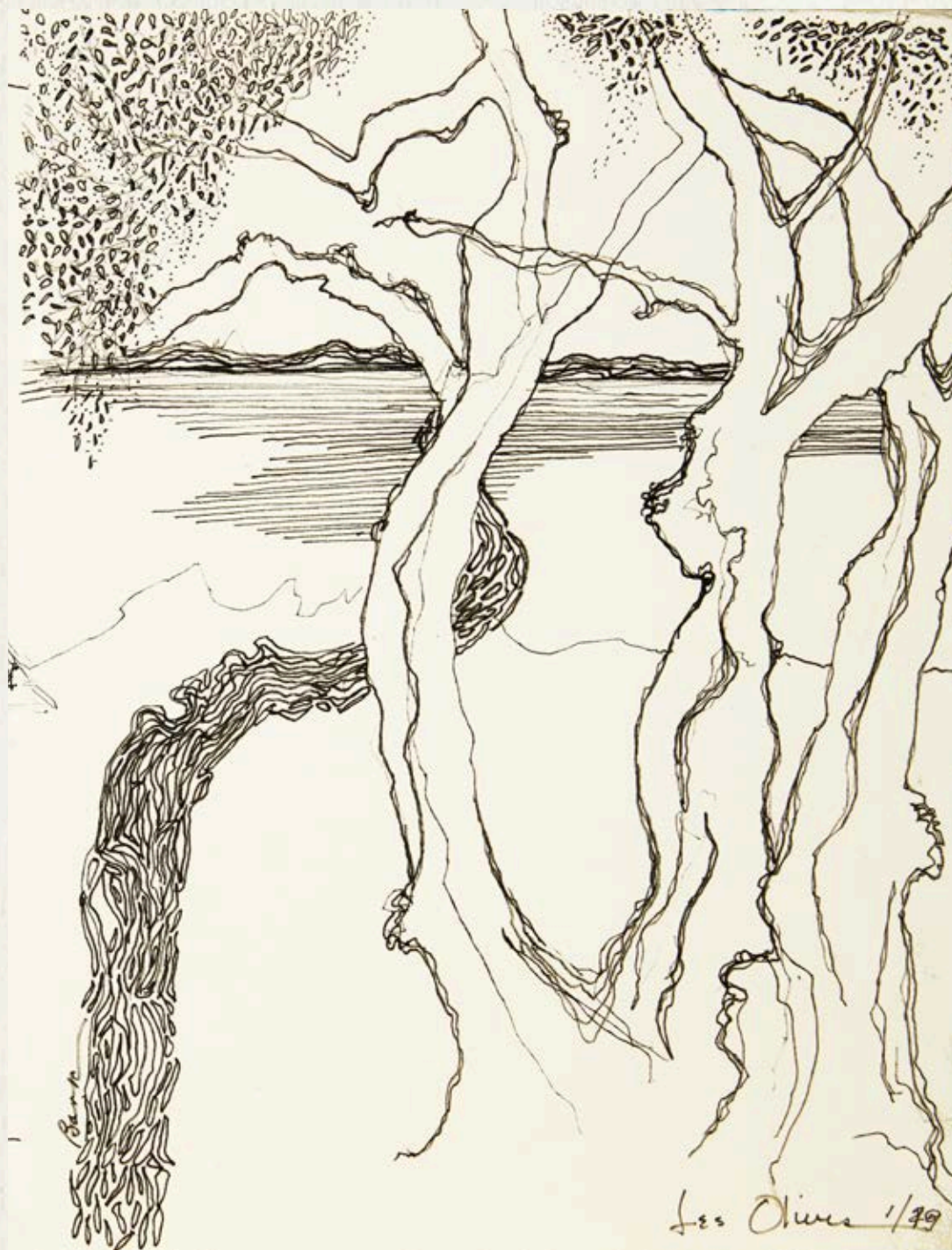
Niraman Beach 2/1/13



Nice Ketch
OK. - S.P. 1/22

















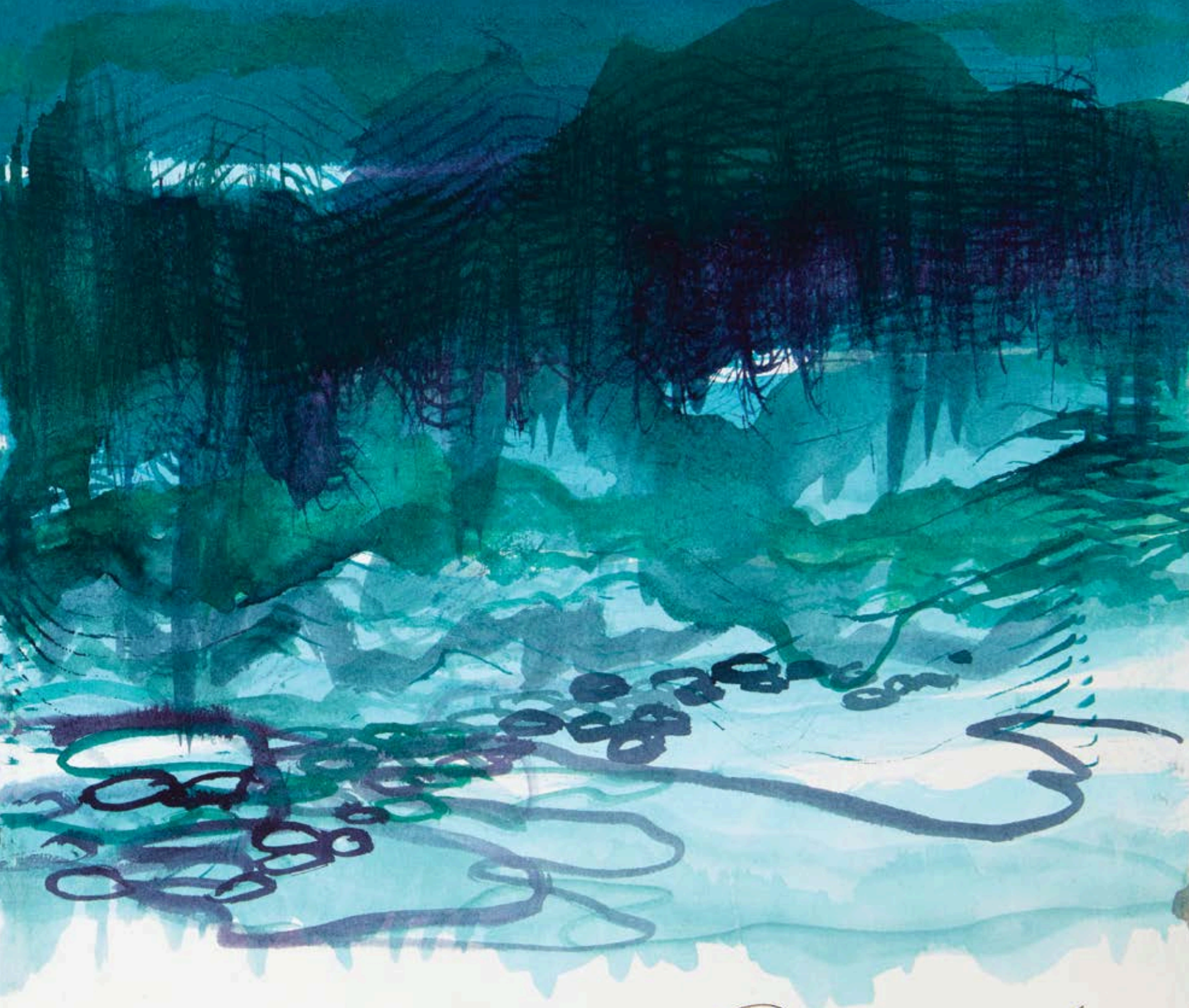












Padaro - 2/4/13





Nissamar Beach 2/6/06



olorado

A SPEN, COLORADO IN JANUARY is a winter wonderland. New England winters are beautiful but the mountains of Colorado are an entirely different level of snowy, glacial beauty. My residency at Anderson Ranch Arts Center in Snowmass, Colorado allowed me to engage with an artist community in an interdisciplinary program in the arts. Highly skilled instructors guided our work but residents designed their own experience. I signed up for the printmaking discipline in the morning and explored other mediums in the afternoon. Printmaking on steel one afternoon in the welding studio was a particularly exciting experience.

Watching skilled professionals (which many of the students and instructors were) lifted my standards to a higher level. There was a lot of valuable sharing which was educational and inspirational. Each day my appreciation of the level of competence became greater. I felt myself stretching in many new directions.

In the early morning before class, I went for long walks or cross-country skied in the gorgeous landscape around Anderson Ranch. The photos that I took were silvery and blue with accents of the pines' deep evergreen – a new palette which I enjoyed transforming into prints. The landscape revealed itself in tree forms, and my drawings reflect this framework. The richness of my experience combined with the natural beauty of the winter landscape has been a lasting inspiration.

Jan. 9-1st week D Henderson Ranch Can. Intensive - HIGHLIGHTS
 Pure - week! A rough start w/ a plane ride that didn't go well, but made
 all okay. The May 9 made it after a hitch. Ride from airport to the Ranch in a
 sunny rental car. Great people. Warm w/ corny, led to bed. 12:30 P.M. Much
 better. Very nice warm and decent but crazy sleep. Then, snap a fantasy, some time!
 only 4:30 w/ Ranch. Morning/piggles, piggles. Settled in. Trip to Yukon for supplies.
 very w/... lunch. Painting workshop - Self portrait! Loved it! Pairing
 again! Holistic workshop - fun/day-like being in kindergarten. All of it enlightening. The
 you want to get good to all of it. Beautiful demo by Japanese resident painter on
 throwing pots. Very zen-like w/ adorable Japanese translator. Fun evenings setting
 around table/learning people's stories. Wed. last 10:15 yoga class! Had just ended
 and wasn't sure if the way but so happy! Went to... connect their nts.
 Thurs. 5 P.M. Water aerobics w/ Zai & Sean. Magical w/ first rising, connect their nts.
 Great workout. Fri. P.M. 7 A.M. walk w/ Joan/Linda/Mary - gorgeous - across golf
 course w/ sun coming up. Learned "Rainbow Pull-up" a print studio. Did a bunch
 of backgrounds - had an amazing time w/ this. Great to be waited AT LAST. Saturday trip to
 Aspen to see the sculptures. Saw Nancy/Dawn - wall around adorable. Yarn/kaffers/great
 lunch &... Henderson. D. Aspen Museum/dinner & Annie's. All great! Wonderful
 sharing ab...



Anderson Ranch - 1/11/12







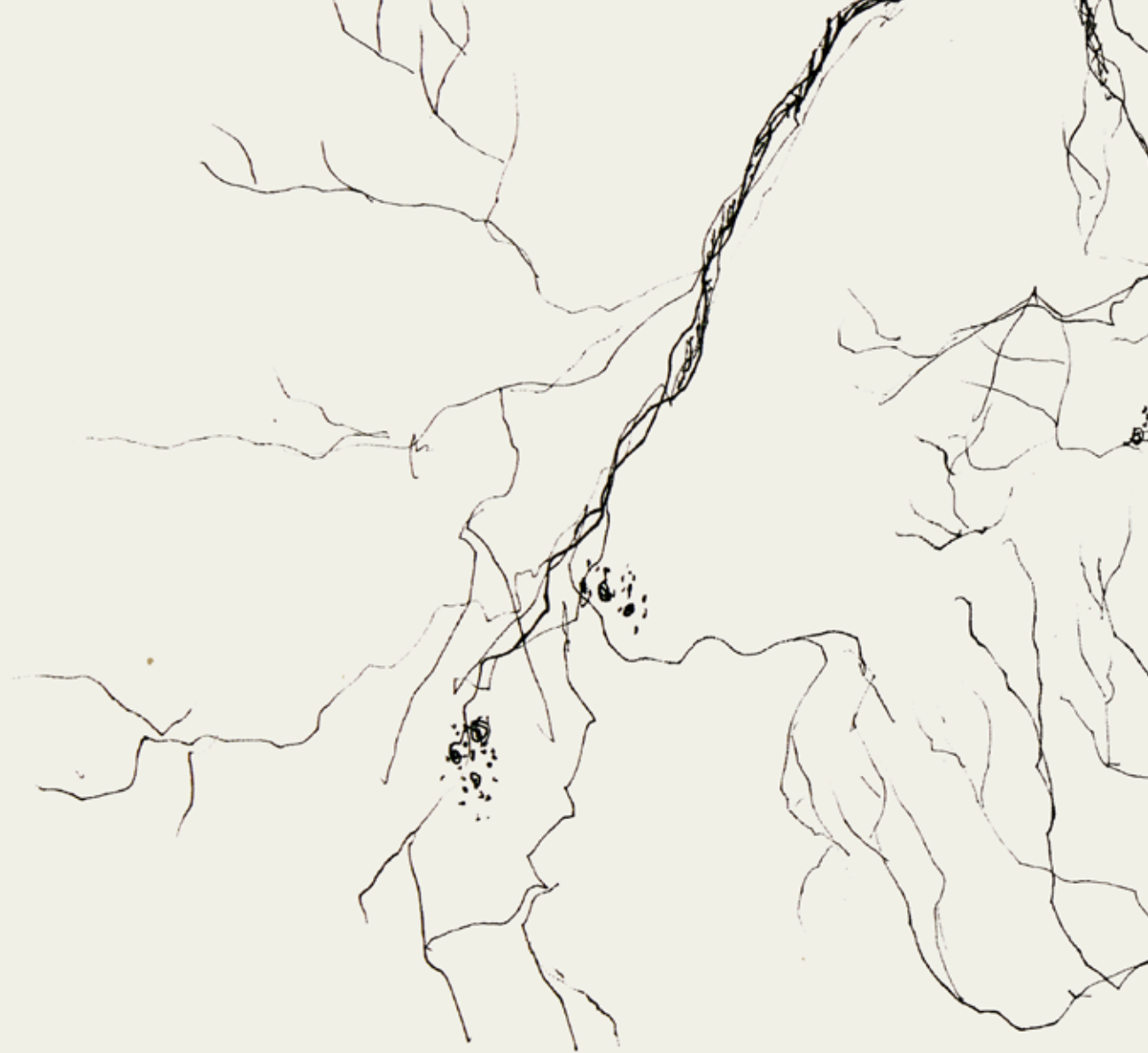


Jan. 20th

Evergreens - so complex and
difficult to capture. Saw "Bill
of Dragon River" last night - struck
by its magnificent pines / gnarled /
dramatic.











Costa

Rica

IN 2013 MY BELOVED yoga teacher and I came up with a plan to have a week-long retreat where we would offer both my Illuminated Journal class and her yoga class in Costa Rica together. She was living in Costa Rica at the time. We found a unique resort on Lake Arsenal that was a perfect fit.

This spectacular country offered such variety, lushness and tranquility – all qualities that were instrumental to our purpose. My husband and I had explored the country on a previous visit and had been enthralled with the amazing rain forest region as well as the dramatic coast which had rocks that soar way above the water line. It sent me in search of new materials to

reflect this inspirational new environment. Costa Rica in all its variety has a fierce beauty.

In particular, the birds and plants that were in Costa Rica were extraordinarily colorful and abundant wherever we went. Each day I found myself working on entirely different subject matter. The country has a tropical beauty which is very different from other similar climates that I have loved exploring. The colors were vibrant, the lines complex.

There is a spiritual quality which I felt as soon as I arrived. Life seemed more simple and uncluttered. This country is not just a place but a lifestyle that energizes. People like my dear friend go there on vacation and end up staying forever.



amazing bathroom/beautiful
woods/furniture. Juan/Minotcha/
a family w/ 3 kids from Toronto -
all so kind & interesting. We spent
a lot of time in the pool and in
our beach chair. Spoiled beyond
measure! Nonkemp (not our favorite)
wake us up in the A.M. We are
sad to leave. Last dinner in Santa
Teresa & Ciello Viejo - not a very good
restaurant but great Yoga display
& some live music. A highlight

of Latitude is going to a joint Yoga
class w/ Jill. Ernst did well for
to share. We came home Wed. night
from dinner and learned airport
had been closed so we scheduled
trip on ferry to get to our next hotel -
"El Silencio" in the rain forest. March 14th

very long day - 1st ride to ferry / then 1.5 hrs
on ferry (slipped in step getting off! - not good!)
then new driver for 3 hr - lovely ride over
mountains to "El Silencio" - lovely lodge in the
misty rain forest. Our own bungalow.
Long walk / hot tent / then 1st dinner in great
living room w/ other people - jarring after
"Latitude"! March 15th Morning hike w/
wide Andre & another young honeymoon
couple - beautiful waterfalls / huge plants /
fascinating / lush / dense. A hard hike -
lots of ups / downs. Afternoon a

phenomenal Swedish massage &
Spa - very Zen like. Really
important to slow down - take
care of one's self. Then
talk on coffee by Verisimo
w/ 2 other couples - Kite / Laurie
Jill / Rick. Funny / interesting

in Glen
Tico Sala
natione
we some
in our c
As it the
on nature
@ "El Silencio" -
breakfast / packing
drawing / then de
for lunch. A bea
apparently! Tanga
bird walk w/ 2 cou
before. & Verisimo. Di
many birds out fun
ing. Early a.m. Magi cal m
glorious day. Left "El Sil
A shorter / steeper ride do
mountain to Xandorri - a c
colorful, lush hotel near the
Done by a CA architect & his
wife (her work all over
Hotel is so much fun & i
inspired. (The creators own
& "Surfaces" - good design)
went for a great late
in the pool / then a
to capture foie
over the top go
in the very
overlooking
of the city
jarring
into
tra
+

any room - anion to us /
ed / skew. Again waiter,
e, & the rest / @ hospitable
ot be more kind & caring,
country. Why haven't we?
pace / not the emphasis
March 16th Last day
a quiet morning of delicious
ing / sitting on porch /
own on lodge deck
utiful day (rare
T early 6:30 a.m.
sies of day of
idn't see too
looking / listen-
r such a
encis "saddy.
wn the
razy, fun,
e airport.
antist
) this
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in "Forms
store.) /
aft. swim
n attempt
ge (which is
recons!) Dinner
inspiring restaurant
wonderful lights
g. (Civilization a bit
after such submergence
nature of the last days
re phenomenal stars
then an amazing morning
walk around the grounds
we loved it All I seen, not
perve / fruit abundant



Freibold











aine

MAINE HAS MORE COASTLINE than any state in America. This offers an artist a variety of water objects – bold rocks, pristine islands, and crashing waves. There is a primordial aspect to the Maine landscape that I’ve spent many hours trying to capture.

The colors – deep greens, steel blue water, the rainbow color of the granite rocks, the diaphanous hue of seaweed – all express its unique character. The volatile weather contributes another “wild card”. Each time I arrive in Maine for the last forty-three summers, I’m stunned by the landscape’s purity. The minute I cross over the Maine border, my faith

is renewed in the power of nature and its ability to lift one above any earthly weight.

In 2001 I attended a workshop at The Haystack Mountain School of Crafts in Deer Isle, Maine called “The Illuminated Journal” and taught by two inspired artists, Siri Beckman and Hannah Hinchman. In this course I learned how to create pages for an artist book, and then make it into a volume with handmade covers and Coptic binding. I went back to my students and shared my own version of this experience more than fifty times with students young and old. Watching students learn more about “seeing” has been one of the most satisfying aspects of my artistic practice. Being in Maine is a vacation for my soul.



This seaweed is amorphous and uncontrollable. No one is ordering its life or goes where it wants. There are no preconceived ideas about it.

The seaweed is so translucent & beautiful. I wonder why I didn't notice it before. The colors are very illusive & one wonders if they will ever be achievable. The rocks everywhere offer a beautiful backdrop for all the other objects of beauty. We have much to admire for & will continue to admire these kinds of things.

There is a nostalgic feeling here, heavy w/ time past / times loved / times suffered. These places are far & far between in one's life. This is what makes them ideal for you can't hold on to this.

Life settles in at sundown and I don't even realize that there's no phone / t.v. / distractions. This makes one want to read, paint, write and get in touch with all in nature.

We are in Clouds Islands enjoying our last days at the Beach house which C. has owned for 30 years. All of our four kids have grown up here and so many big events in their lives and our own have taken place in this funny little house. It's such a simple house but the purity of it all - sand / wind / sea / sky is what is so immediately obvious.

July 28, 2004 - R.I.

Haystack 2005. Always an ending and a beginning - end of summer / beginning of a new journey / a new year.



Haystack
Another beautiful, delicious, challenging, enlightening time at Haystack! This time a very demanding book course (the mad 4 books!) during the course of which I felt so much successful, unsuccessful, happy, irritated, exhausted, loved, Bonnie, an amazing, superbly organized teacher. The class w/ quite a cast of characters. Marie is, I in a geriatric room w/ 2 others.

Bella sadly having to drop out. Beautiful / extraordinary HE fall weather And I heard of my acceptance to The French program!!

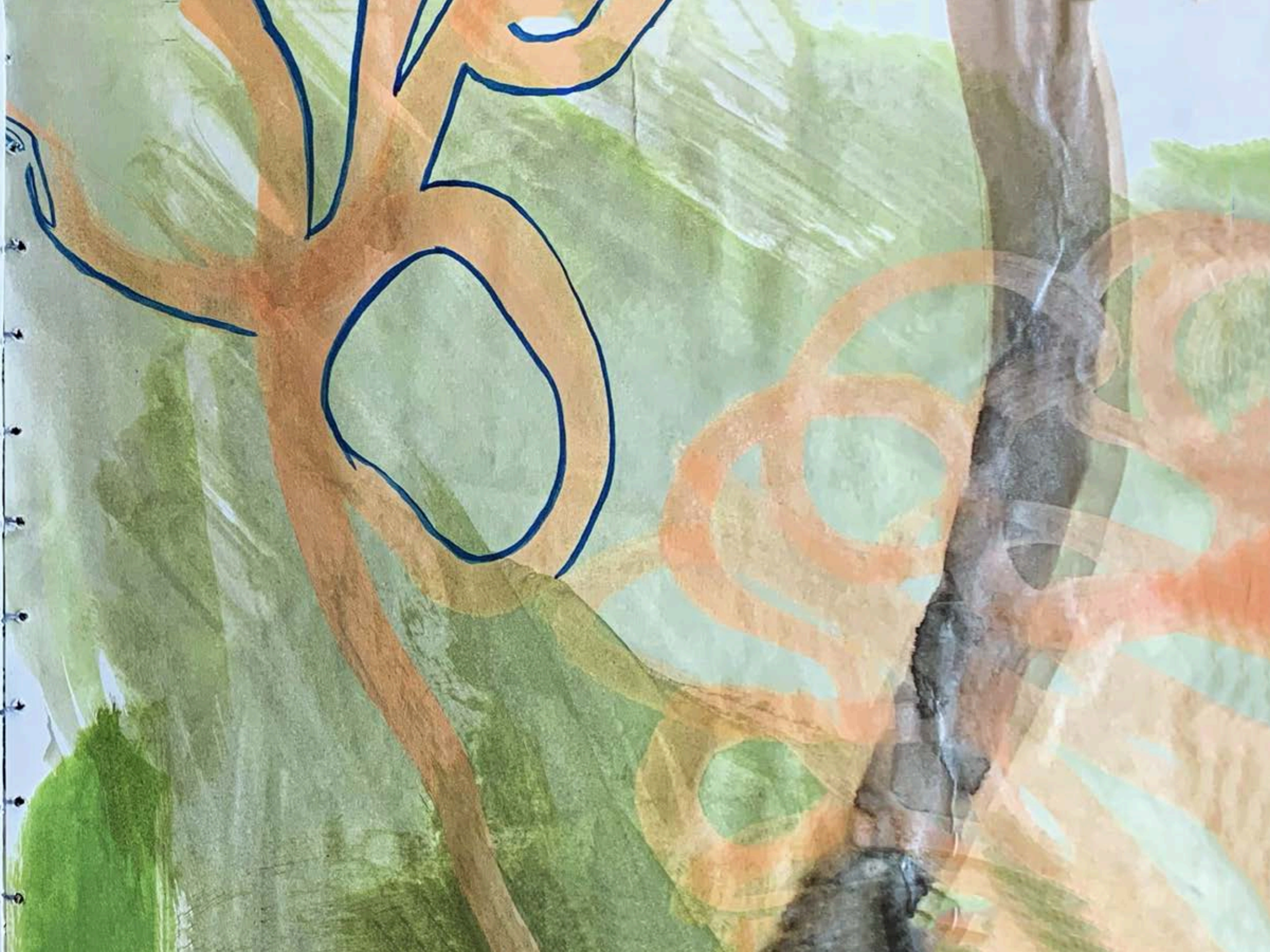
How did I get so lucky?

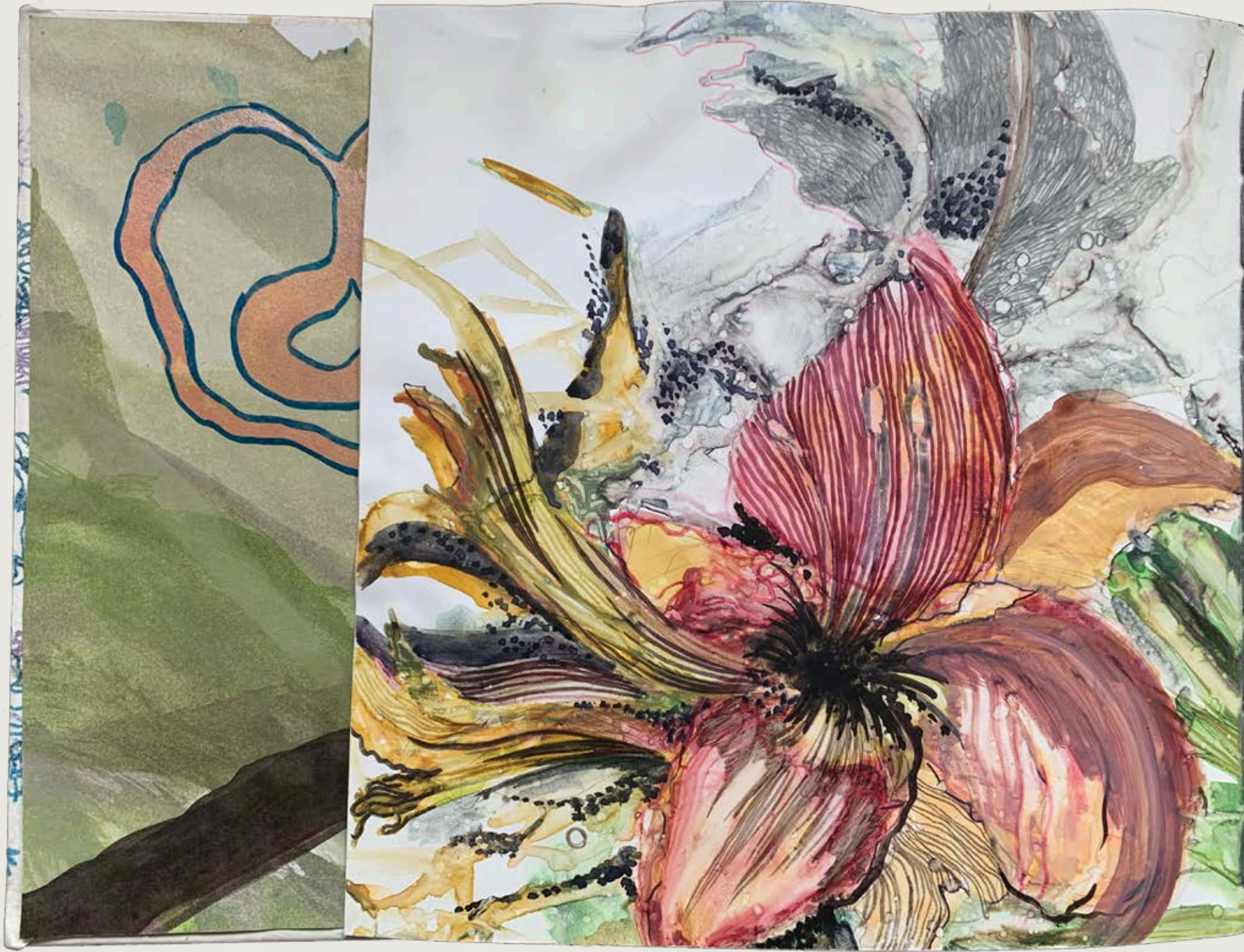
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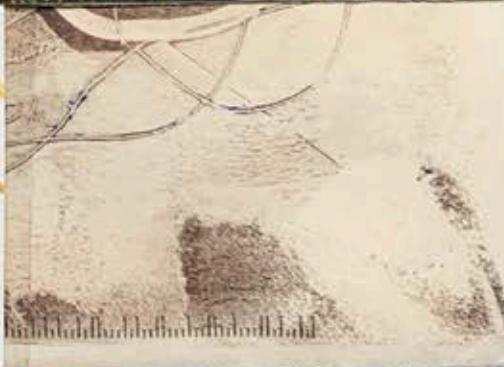


Family Tree - Maine - 1/12/02









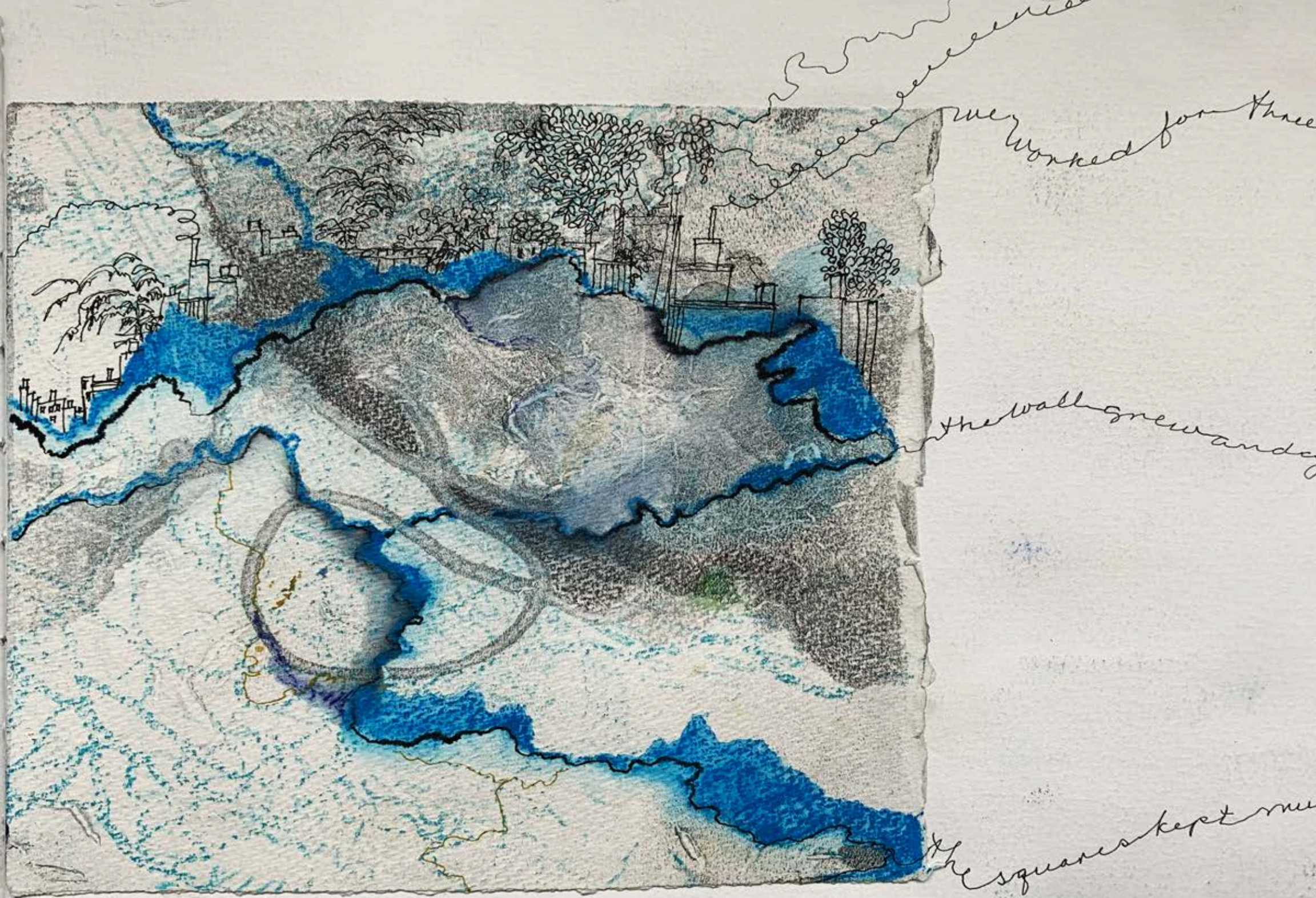


the coast. this book is about the healing beauty of the ocean.
Proximity to the water is the greatest gift of all no matter
where you are. or what time of year there is a solace that
comes with having water in your life that can't be
crushed.



Oliver Newbold






we worked for three

the wall grew and

the squares kept me



October 4, 2007 St. Michael's Island



Creative art week
- a time to reflect
- a time to laugh
- a time to learn
- a time to pray
- a time to reminisce

The end of Summer - off on an island - 74° trying to "fill up" on Maine beauty that might sustain one till the next Summer - Squirrel Island - a step back in time where one might reflect on a "gentler time" when perhaps people took more time to do what we're doing today - just sitting/drawing/painting - drinking in the peacefulness of Maine with a good friend by your side (Lueti's) We are so very loved to be able to enjoy such a day.





Chaine Seaweed - Lincoln Day

this Coral piece depicts
 description as it
 is amorphous,
 mysterious,
 colossal,
 with ins and
 outs that animate
 it in a way that
 one would swear
 that it was alive.
 The fractal patterns
 make its flow
 indelible.
 I want to know
 what went on
 to form it.
 Did animals
 live inside of
 it? Next to it?
 When was it
 "born"? Why?
 Who saw it first?
 Why does the sea
 constantly take
 us things that
 we forget so
 easily when
 we're land
 locked? How
 can there be
 such an infinite
 supply of sea
 "moderate"?
 Where are
 the architects?
 Who are the
 manufacturers?
 How did I get
 so lucky to
 spend so much
 time next to the
 sea? How can
 I make this
 time last for-
 ever? Why
 do things always
 have an ending?
 Why do people
 come & go? Why
 does the ocean
 give us these
 things & then
 take them away?
 How is it at night
 in the ocean when
 the sun has died?

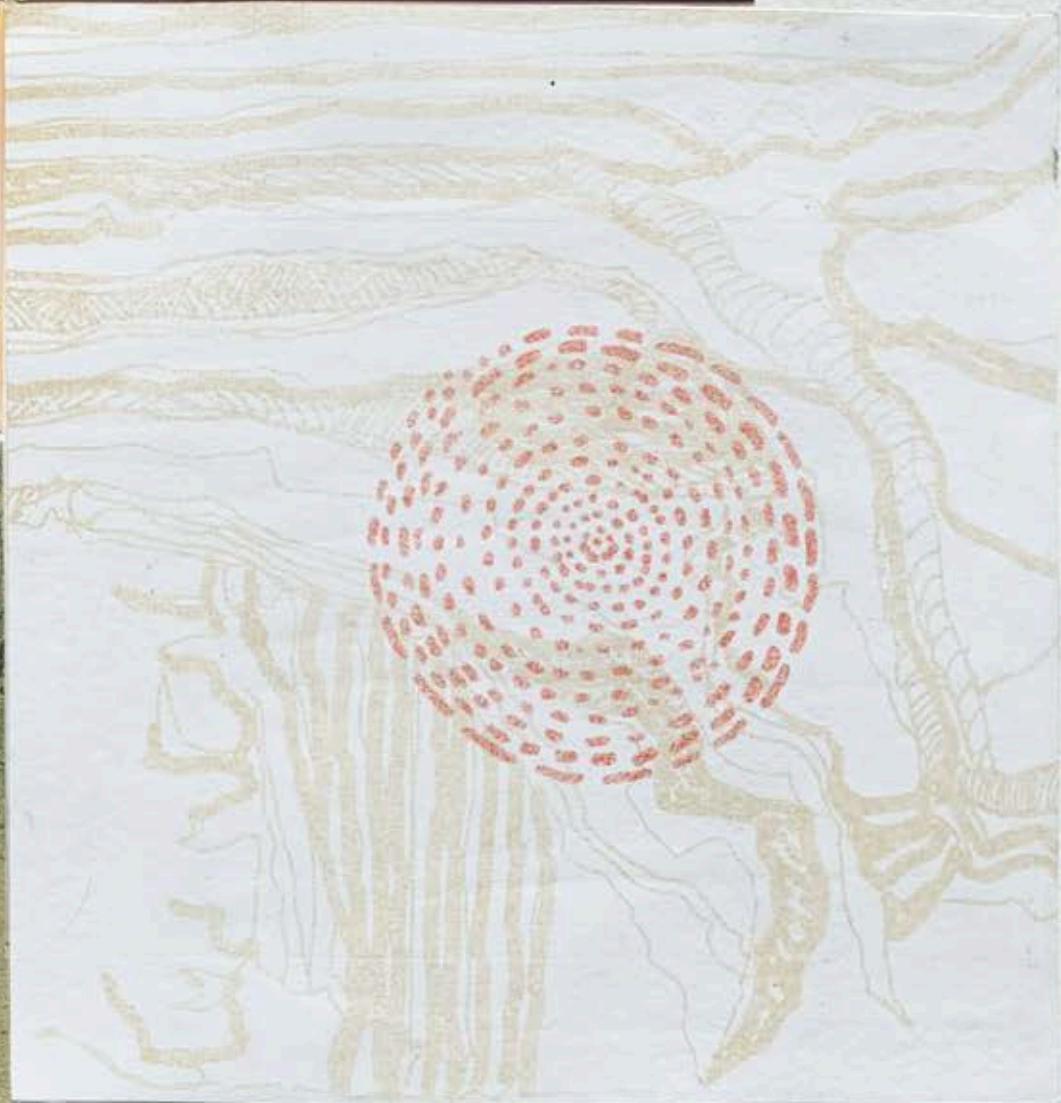














O - rance

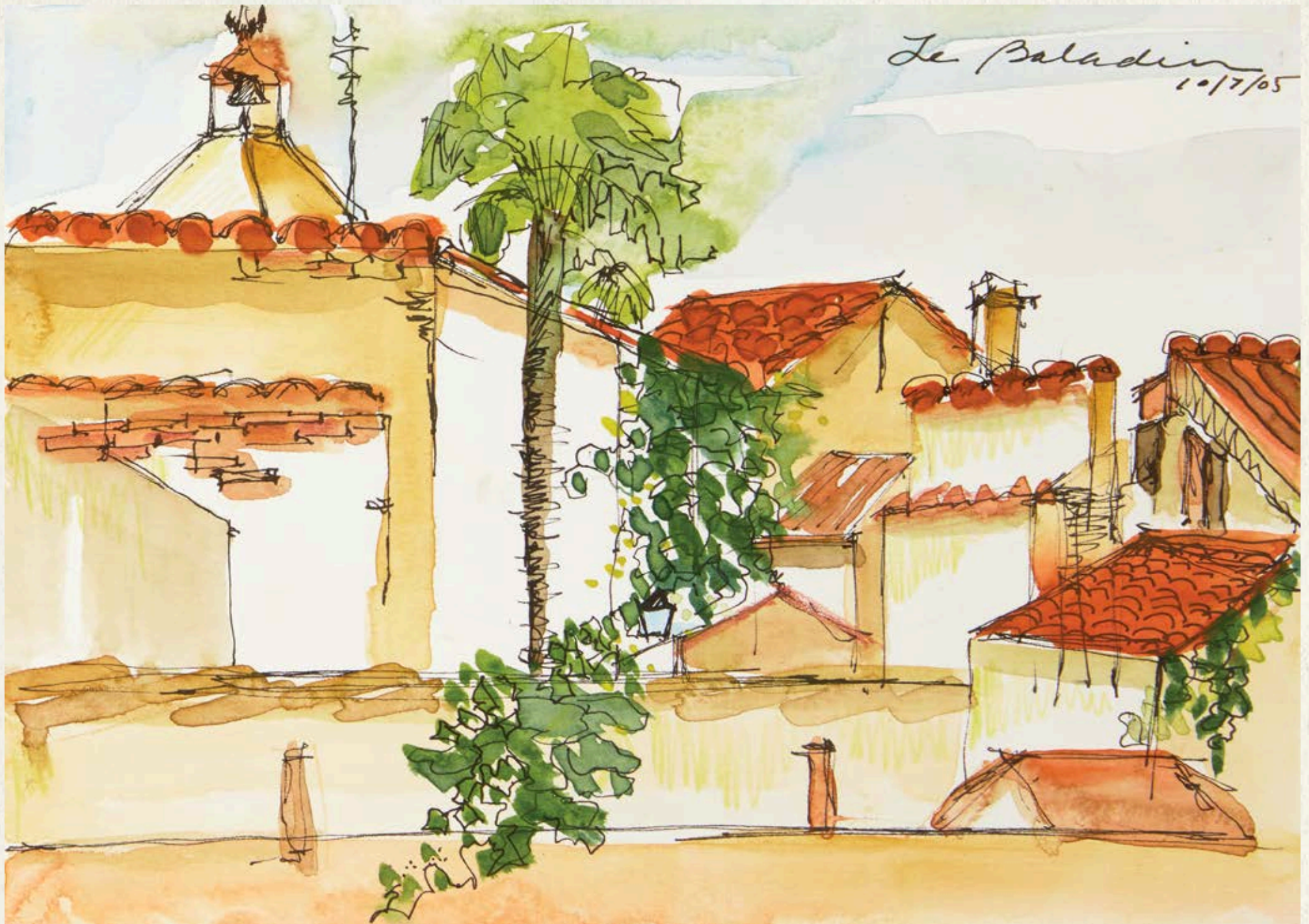
HOW DOES ONE BEGIN to capture the aesthetic of France which pervades every aspect of the country – the food, the architecture, the style, the clothes, the language? Each of these dimensions contributes to an unbelievable whole that has inspired artists for centuries.

We lived as a young family outside of Paris for three years. Never have I been so inspired. Each day offered a lesson in how to do things right.

The palette of France includes blues/grays/subtle pinks, and I found it everywhere from the smallest village to the most elegant quarters of Paris.

My three residencies through the Virginia Center of the Creative Arts in Auvillar were life-changing. This 12th century village in the southwest was founded by the Romans. I would sit atop a stone wall in the center of town, looking down at the French countryside, completely charmed by the river and rolling countryside. It was one of the most wonderful spots that I've ever experienced. I tried painting other scenes but I always returned to this spot! I wanted to make it my "own", and I hope that I finally captured it. I was also fortunate to attend a residency through the Maryland Institute and College of Art in Rochefort-en-Terre. This chateau in Brittany, France offered an entirely different experience, also with an exquisite view of the countryside.

France, and particularly Paris, are forever in my heart.





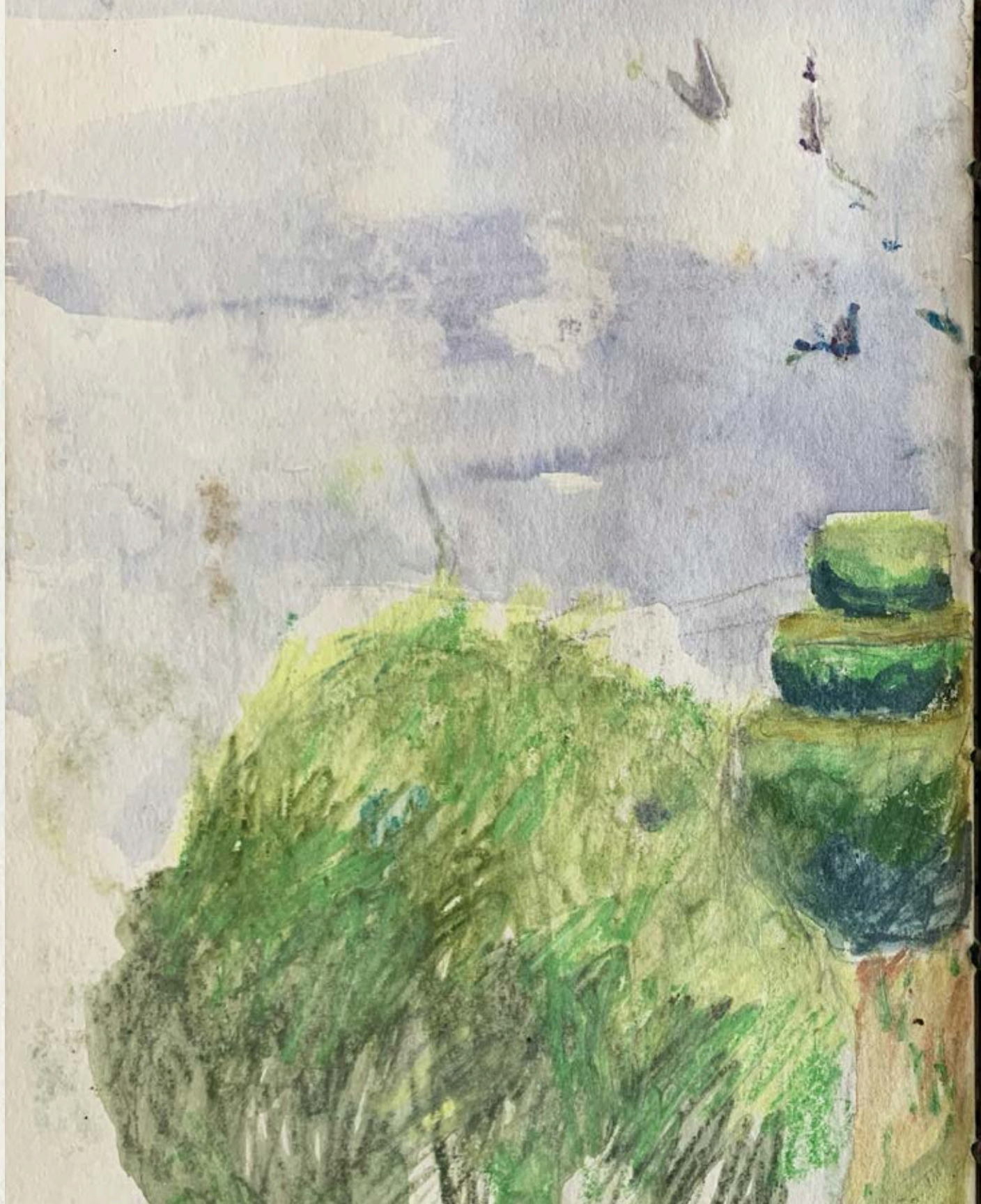


Juliet's Louse - 6/15/06






a beautiful autumn day - lovely butterfly - kids - clarinet concert
View from the wall @ Auvillar - October 6th





October 7th - Saturday Afternoon

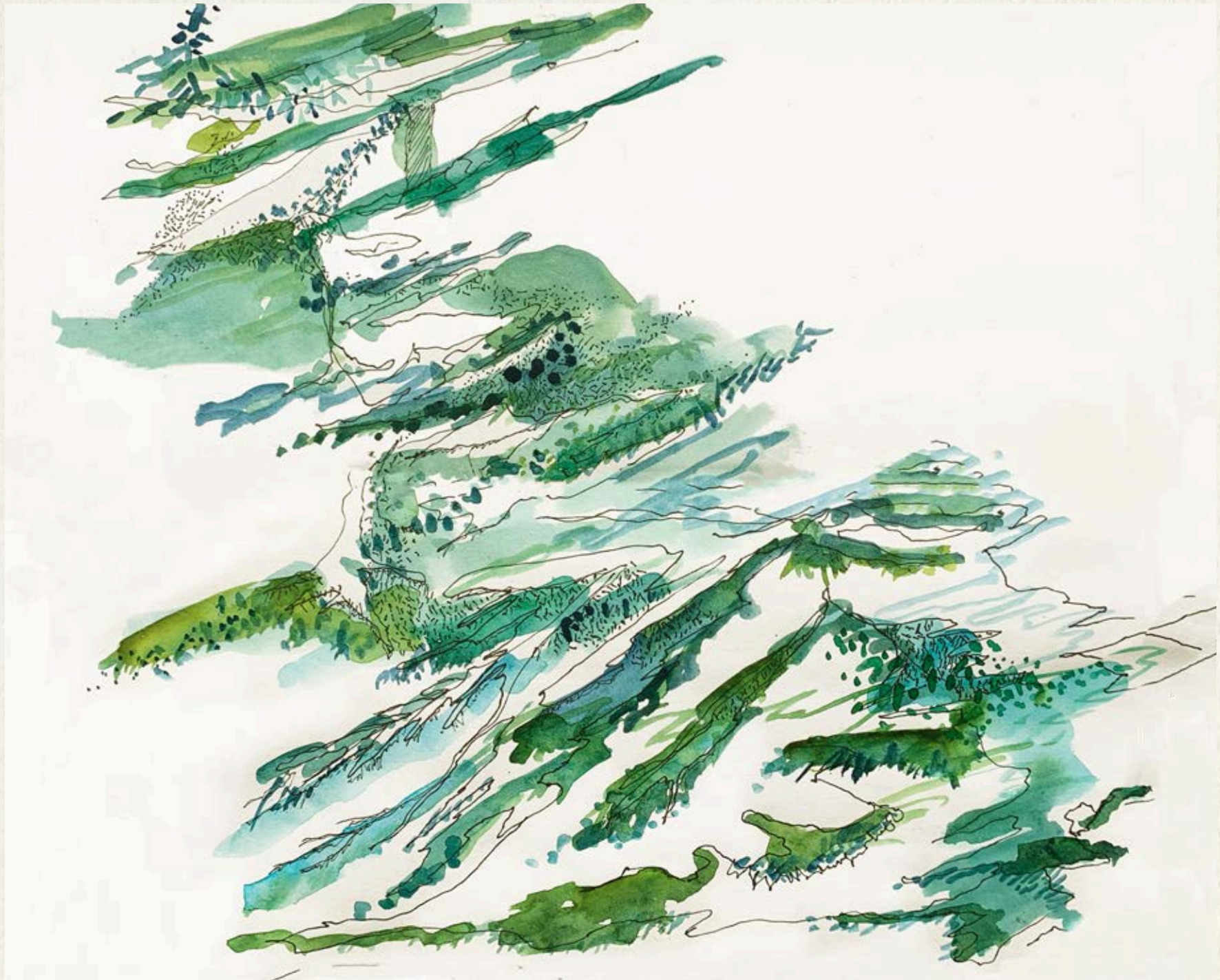
This is a puzzle - men create one piece and slowly, over time it comes together. I'm sitting in a lawn that comes from the 12th C. There have been so many additions over time. I feel privileged to see it all from this vantage point. I wonder how many people have sat on this wall & admired this spot. A month ago I knew so little about Arellano and now here I am. Do we think in terms of totally different vistas? Or we continually push back our boundaries

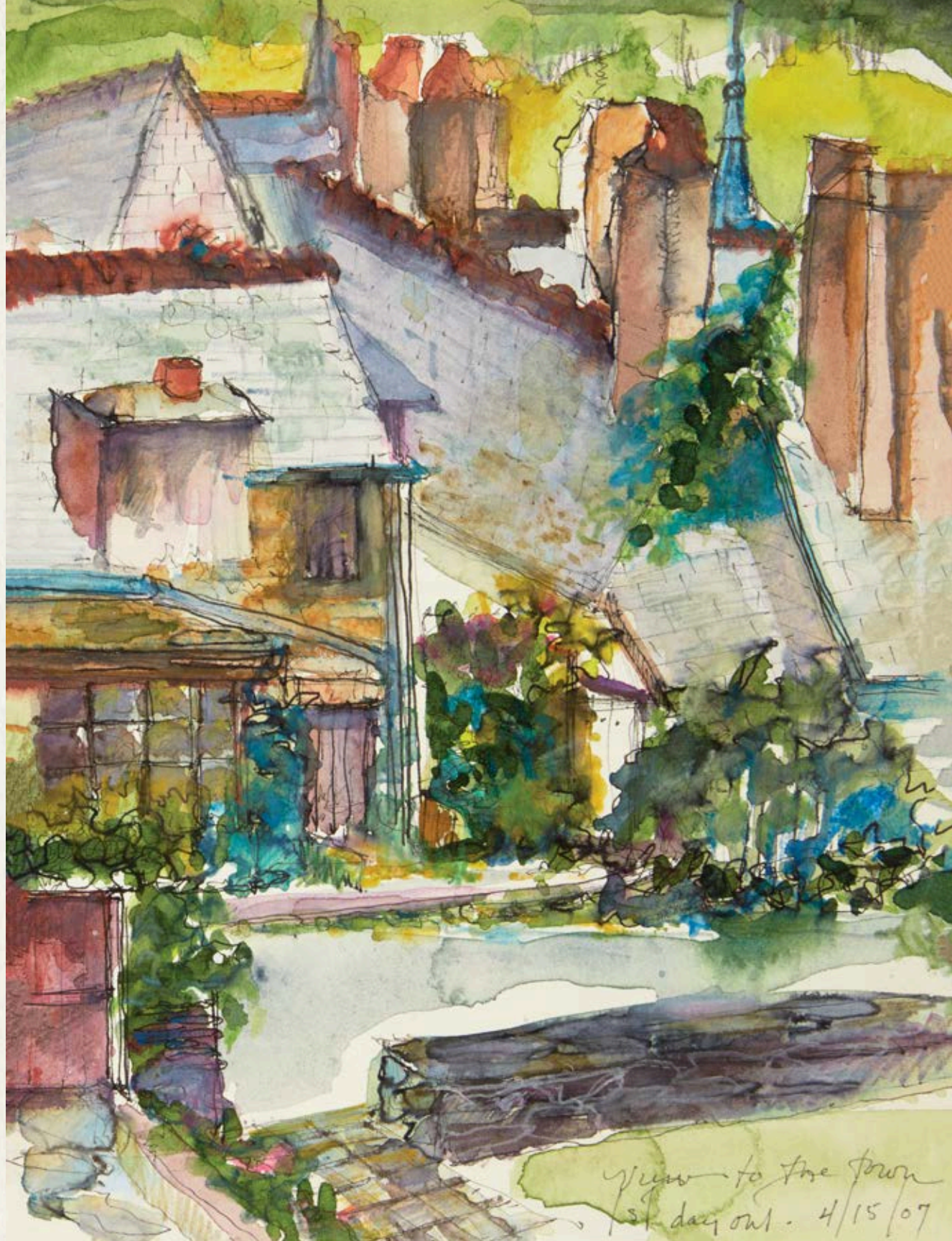
An abstract watercolor painting featuring broad, overlapping washes of color. The palette is dominated by various shades of green, from light lime to deep forest green, and blues, ranging from teal to dark navy. There are also significant areas of brown and ochre, particularly on the right side and bottom. The brushstrokes are visible, creating a textured, layered effect. The composition is horizontal, with the colors blending and bleeding into each other.



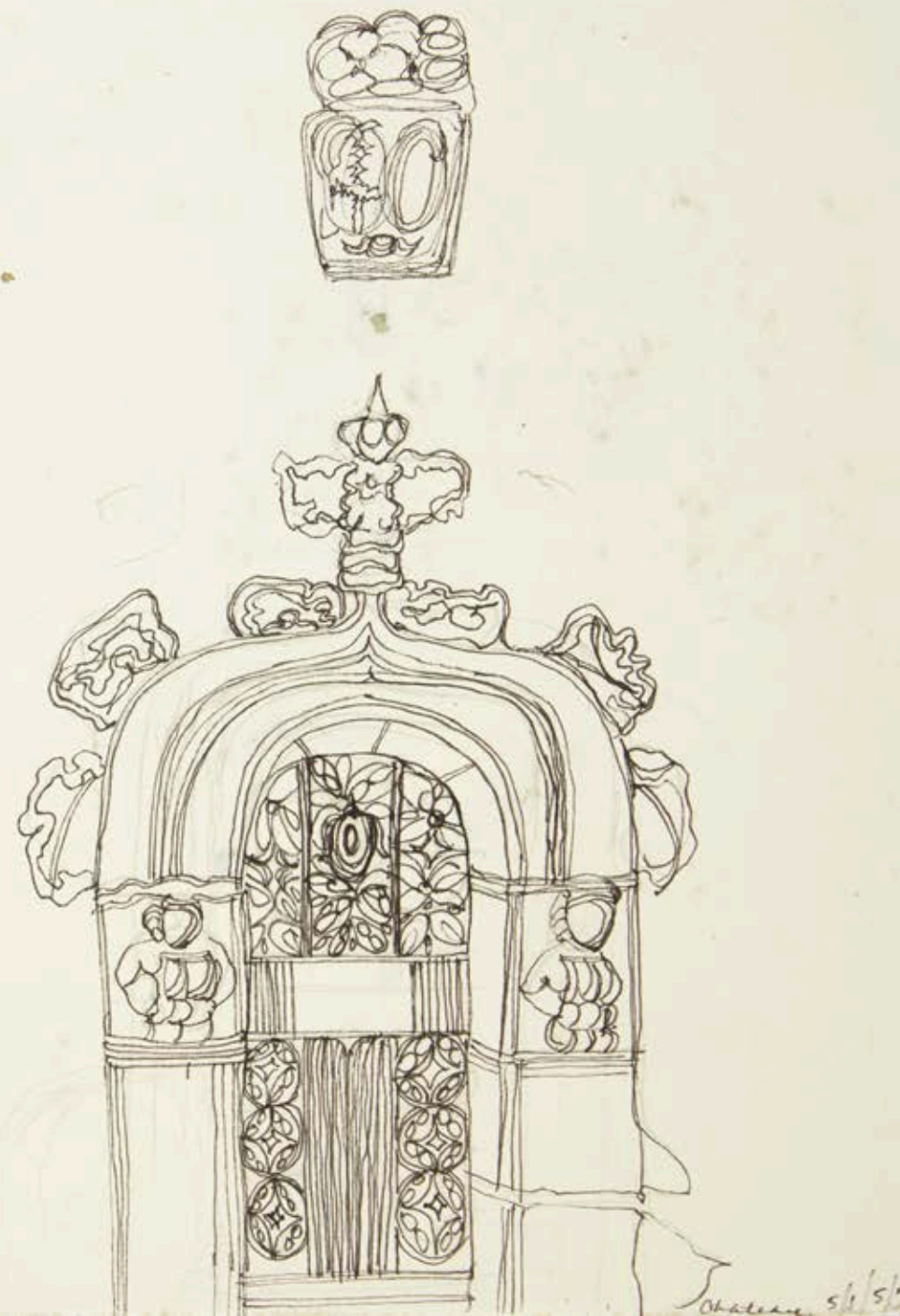
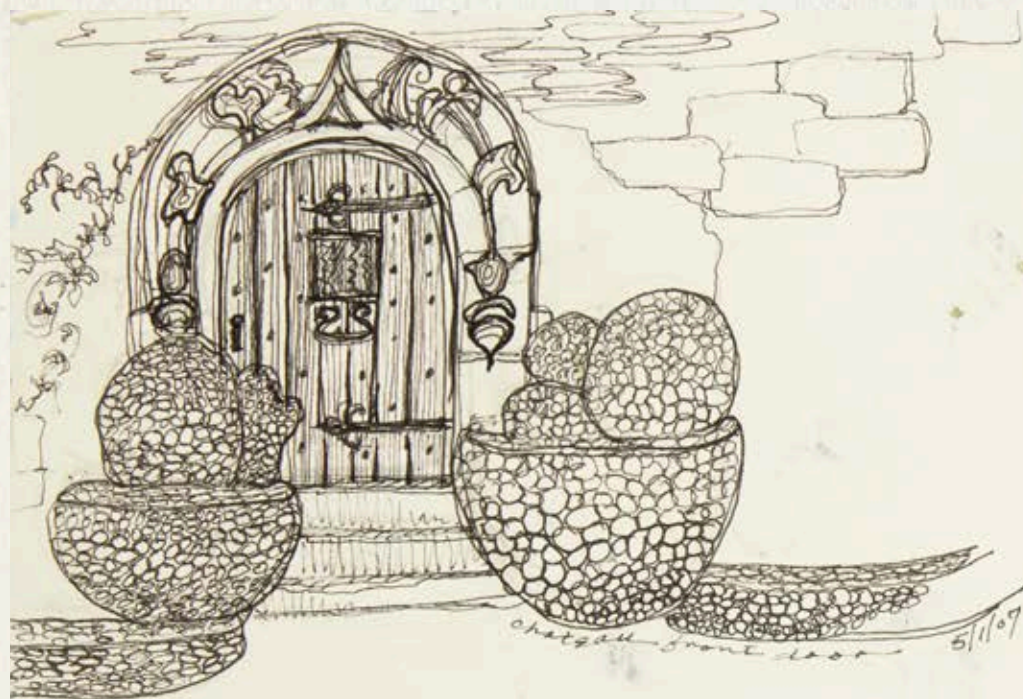








view to the town
1st day out. 4/15/07



Madame Hlotz's Dressing Table - 5/6/68







the house next door. June 21st / June 25th



Turkey

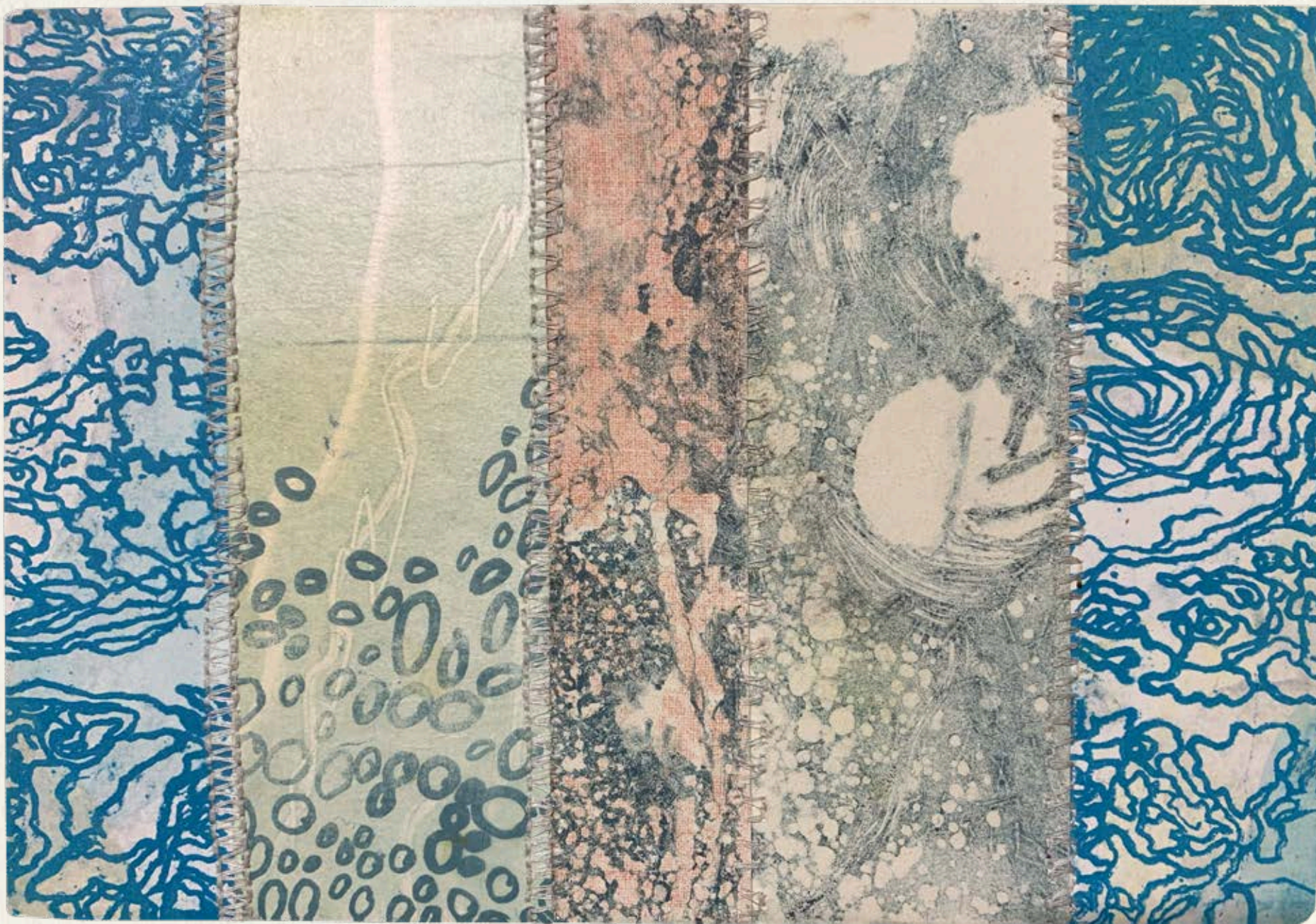
THERE'S SO MUCH of my trip to Turkey that has stayed with me for years now: the haunting sound of the call to prayer, the exquisite carved calligraphy adorning the architecture, the unique cuisine – to identify, just a few things.

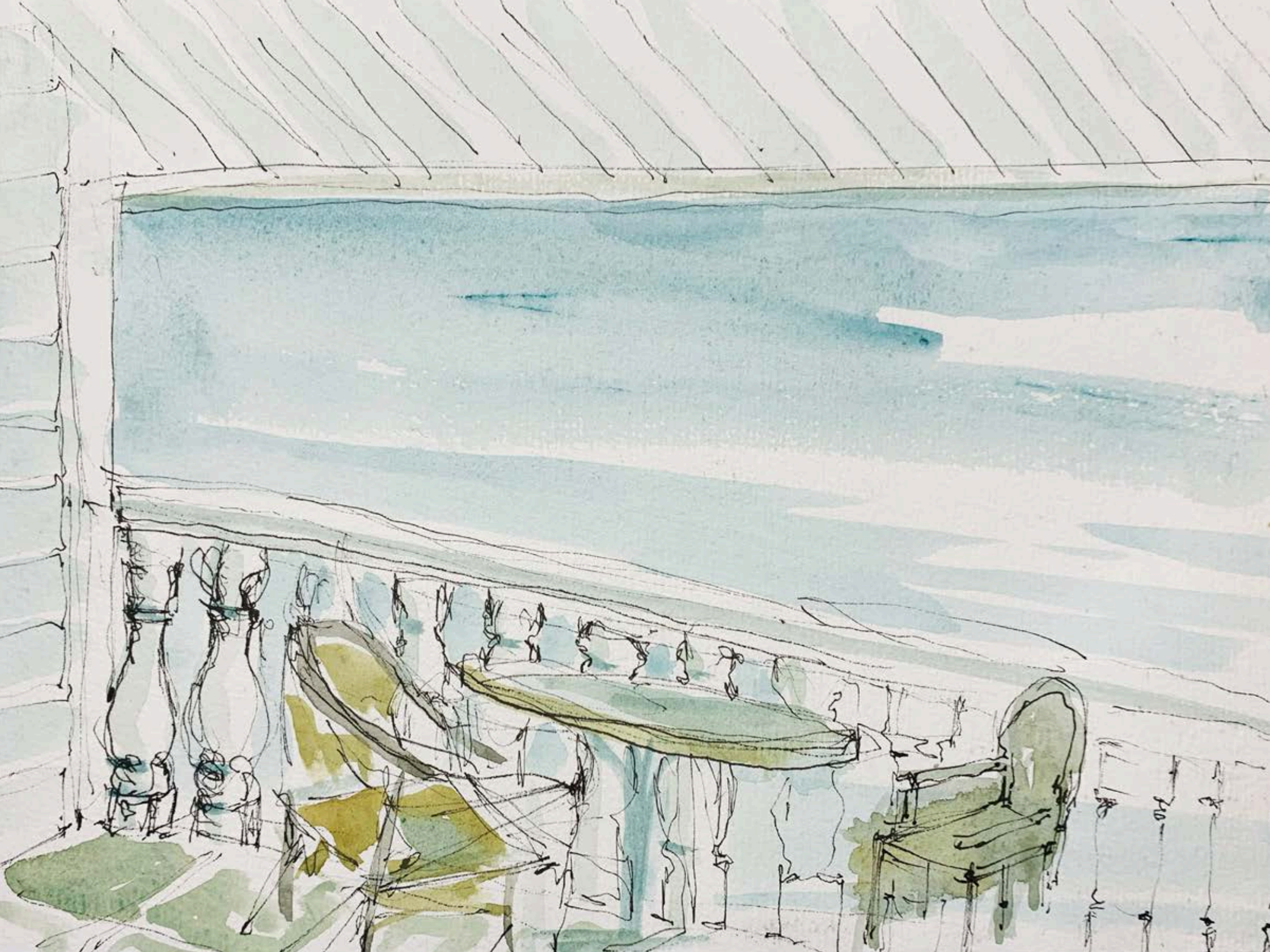
My daughter and I explored the complicated, rich city of Istanbul together. We stayed at a small hotel close to the Hagia Sophia and the Blue Mosque – magnificent sites. The sprawling city was both overwhelming, and at the same time, intimate and friendly. The Bosphorus River divides the Asian and European sides of Istanbul and winds its way through the city center,

lending an ethereal charm. Southern Turkey was spiritually moving in a different way. We visited Ephesus, where early Christianity flourished and the olive trees and the landscape transported us into Biblical times. We felt the impact of this formative history.

I photographed a lot of mark-making that one finds everywhere in Turkey and reproduced it with print transfer techniques when I returned to my studio. It enriched many of my created images. The nature of the individual strokes is organic and graceful and offers unusual intricacy. The reproduction of the patterns in marble also added a new dimension to my work. Turkey is indeed a printmaker's delight.







Susan Jewbold



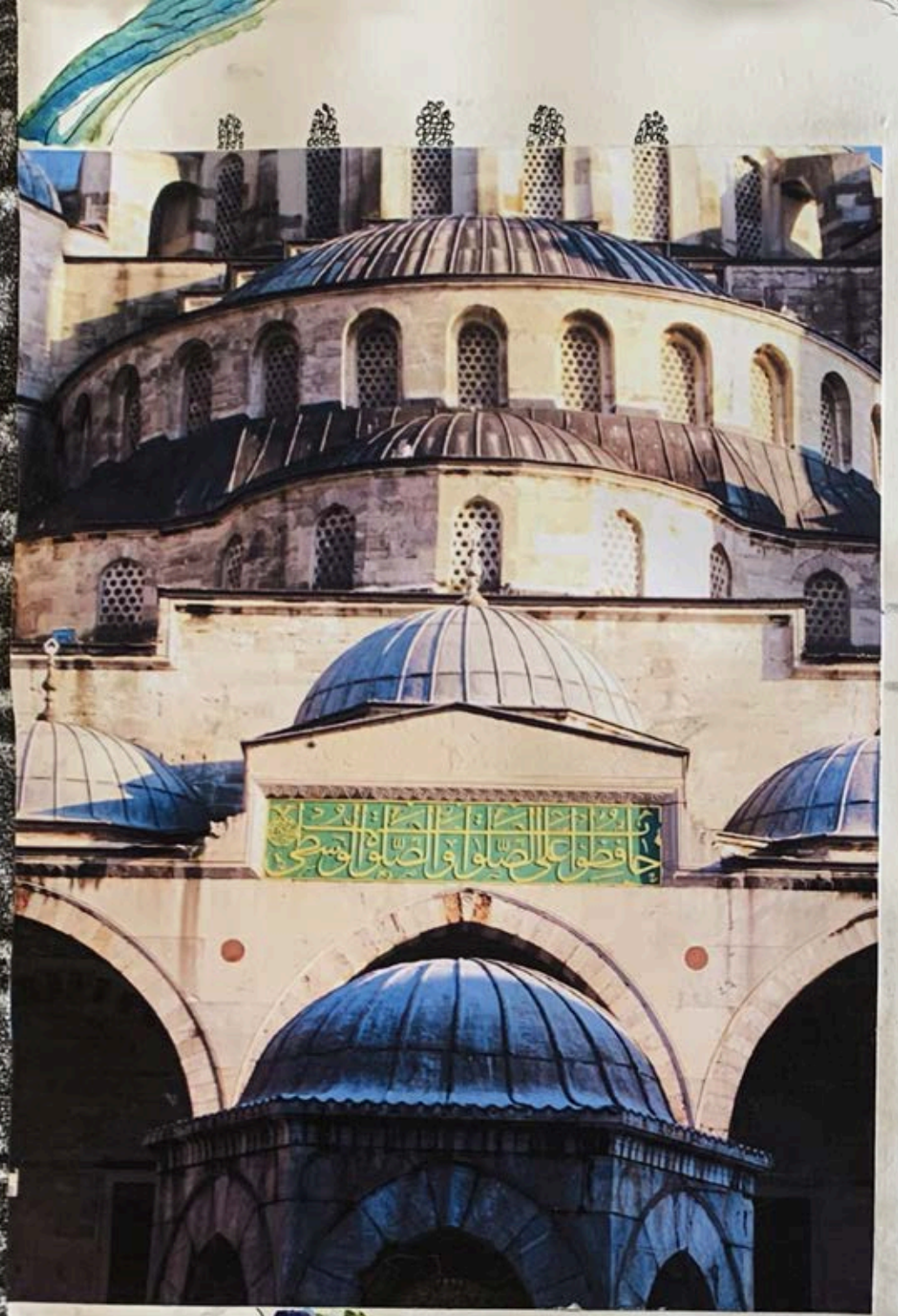
Blue Mosque
On The Roof of Hotel
Ibrahim Pasa - Istanbul

Oct. 24th, '10

Day 1 - We arrived, a bit of the worst for wear, after our 9 hr. flt. & not enough sleep either on the plane nor the night before. Ibrahim Pasa hotel is perfect. low. Key / well located / our room a delight w/ a little outdoor terrace / great bath / shower set up etc. Best is the view from the roof terrace which we love - terrific vista of sea / Blue Mosque / incredible (roof tops!) - we walked a bit in our area (The Sultanahmet) and then had coffee & baklava at a cafe outside Hagia Sophia after a (short nap / drinks on our terrace / shower, we headed to drinks @ the Seven Seas Hotel roof terrace / beautiful sunset over Hagia Sophia) and then dinner @ a fish restaurant (Balikci Sabahattin. There were fish jumping in the case (live!) in the foyer of the restaurant! Waiters all so friendly and very handsome. There is a lot of soliciting to get people to come to shops / restaurants! (Many rugs / scarves / jewelry / pottery.) Not to absorb, and we are grateful to have been able to arrange to stay a couple of extra days after changing our plane flt. to Izmir. Thank you, "Kamran" - the name of the receptionist @ our hotel!)





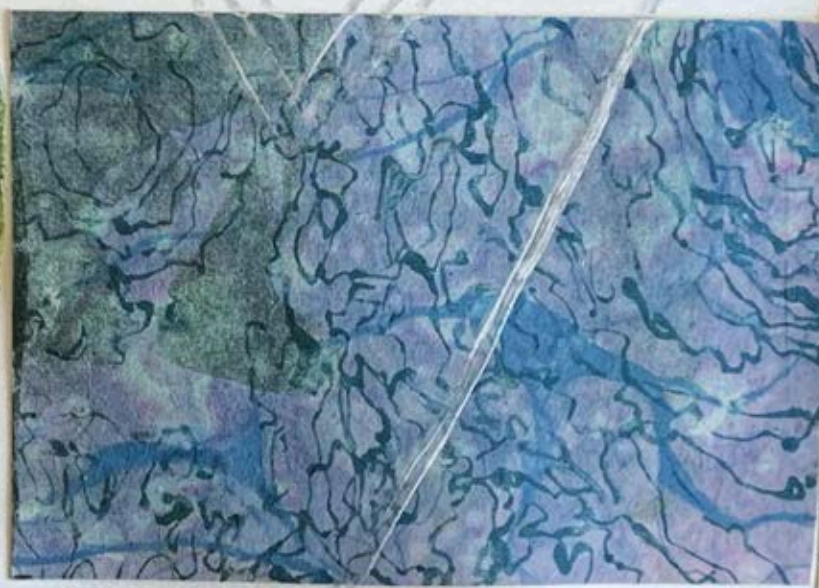


کتابخانه ابن ابی عمیر

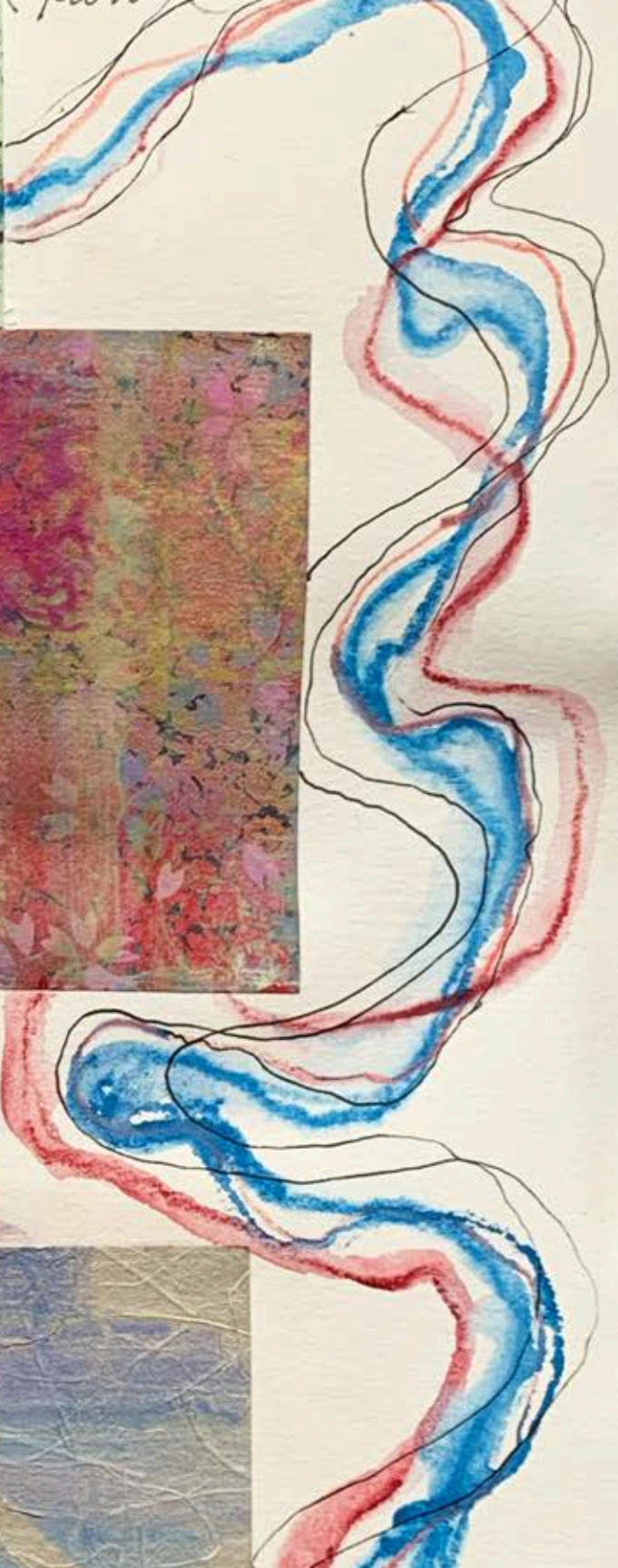
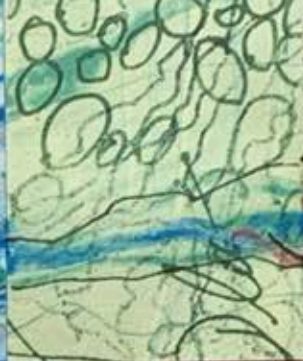
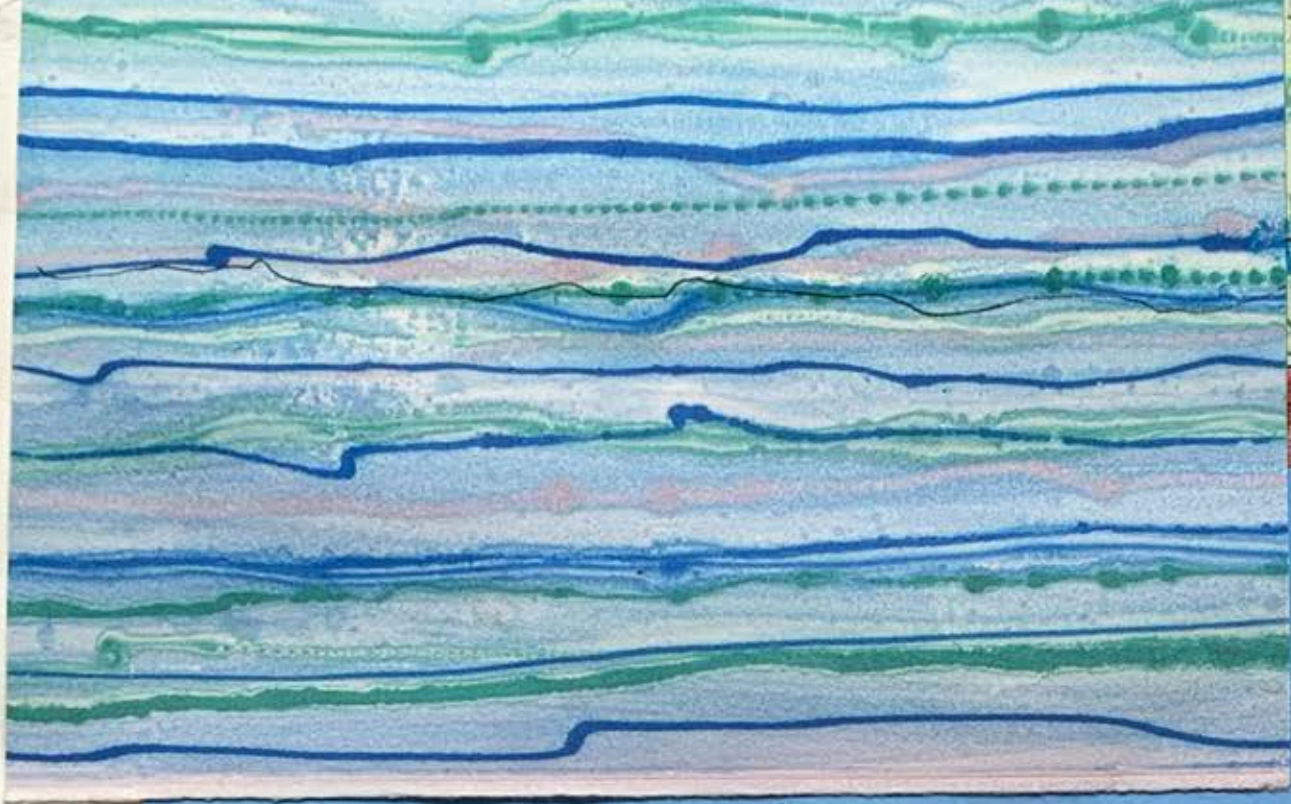
و هر که بداند که
فراستایان را
چراغی برافروخته
ست نه آن که
ناله ای که از
وینا و زخمی
و بوی که
از غمت می
ناله ای که
ناله ای که
ناله ای که



و اینست که
تو گفتی که
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A large, elegant calligraphic flourish in black ink, starting from the left edge, looping upwards and to the right, then curving back down and to the left, framing the text on the right.

Egypt

EVERYTHING THAT I'D LEARNED about Egypt since school came into fabulous living color on a tour that I joined in early 2020.

Most amazing of all was the enormous scale of these monuments and the great care that the country takes to preserve them. The Valley of the Kings is a masterpiece in restoration. Seeing King Tut's actual tomb fulfilled a lifelong dream, and I gained a better understanding of the ancient Egyptian view of the afterlife with all the preparation that came before it.

We cruised down the Nile for several days. Lush in many parts with crystal clear water and intriguing temples, we experienced a lovely and peaceful journey through history. This restful voyage with stops to visit meaningful sites afforded a great opportunity to record watercolor “snapshots”. I also provided instruction to fellow travelers eager to do the same. It’s always satisfying to introduce others to the joys of illuminated journaling.

I spent my first weeks of the isolation of the pandemic at home “recreating” the trip in my journal. It was a wonderful way to revisit and reflect on the trip.

18th March - Luxor and Entanation on the Nile
 Day 1 - Visit to the extraordinary temple of Hatshepsut, one of the few female pharaohs.
 This is a temple named by massive line of stone cliffs, is notable for its precise architectural features. Then we boarded our dahabiya for the next four nights.



Window in our room



Abnail Temple of Thoth - in the town of
 the most complete & best preserved temple
 in Egypt. Thoth - god of alms, justice, law, & order
 his father Osiris, murdered by his brother Set.
 Tradition Pharaoh's arch

This Egyptian adventure - the
was an amazing experience - we saw
the wonders of the people, the
having many; many Ellen also
get to. We had planned
that it would come
we left March
about 20th
the extent of
have. The world
different place
throughout the whole
an apprehensive sense
Being with a group of like
people made all the difference
were blessed to not be in the
of the mass hysteria that was going
back in the States. In many
inspiration carried us through
I had 3 different sets of
the airlines were beginning
were closing night flights
departures. Egypt at
was relatively unknown
palpable. Also last
ended up leaving
out of Cairo. My flight
grateful for this and
turn in the road. Both
as my flight to JFK. Getting
never thought! Home has much
all the anxiety we experienced in
forever. The magnitude of what the
to these many years was something
grateful to have been so fortunate to do
trip to Paris which was a spiritual high
never fails to deliver - so many whom
inspiration from their phenomenal
the shape - all part of a delicious
to an understatement!

scale of
the warmth of the
ability of the participants are lasting memories
first made it all wonderful from the
trip for two years - little knowing
and with the Covid pandemic.
4th knowing something major was
pin but little knowing
influence it would
would be quite a
and we returned.
trip there was
of the unknown
minded
and we
midst
on
was the trip's
the weeks to come.
plane reservations as
to shut down and borders
until last night of
this point in time (March 18th)
had but the fact of it all was
right together was a bit hectic as I
early on Egyptair - the last flight
went Embassy and I'll be eternally
for the wonderful help I had at every
Dulles and JFK were empty as well
back to 95 Subright was a joy I'll
looked so good! The trip was so worth
the end - a memory will all treasure
Egyptians have been able to create
everyone should experience. I'm so
so, Henry and I had an amazing side
light of it all. The French style just
ones and yet there is always new
adventure. The museums, the restaurants
passage. To say I am grateful

Day 12 March 17th - Aswan - Elephantine Island & ride
through one of Nile's Cataracts

Elephantine Island, just across from our wonderful grand finale hotel (the Sofitel Legend Cataract) was an important trading center is the only ongoing excavation site that is open to tourists. Afterwards a peaceful ride through one of the Nile's cataracts, a rocky passageway that prevented boats from sailing the river from Equatorial Africa to Egypt. Lunch at a Nubian restaurant beautiful day & end.







Shores of the Nile



India

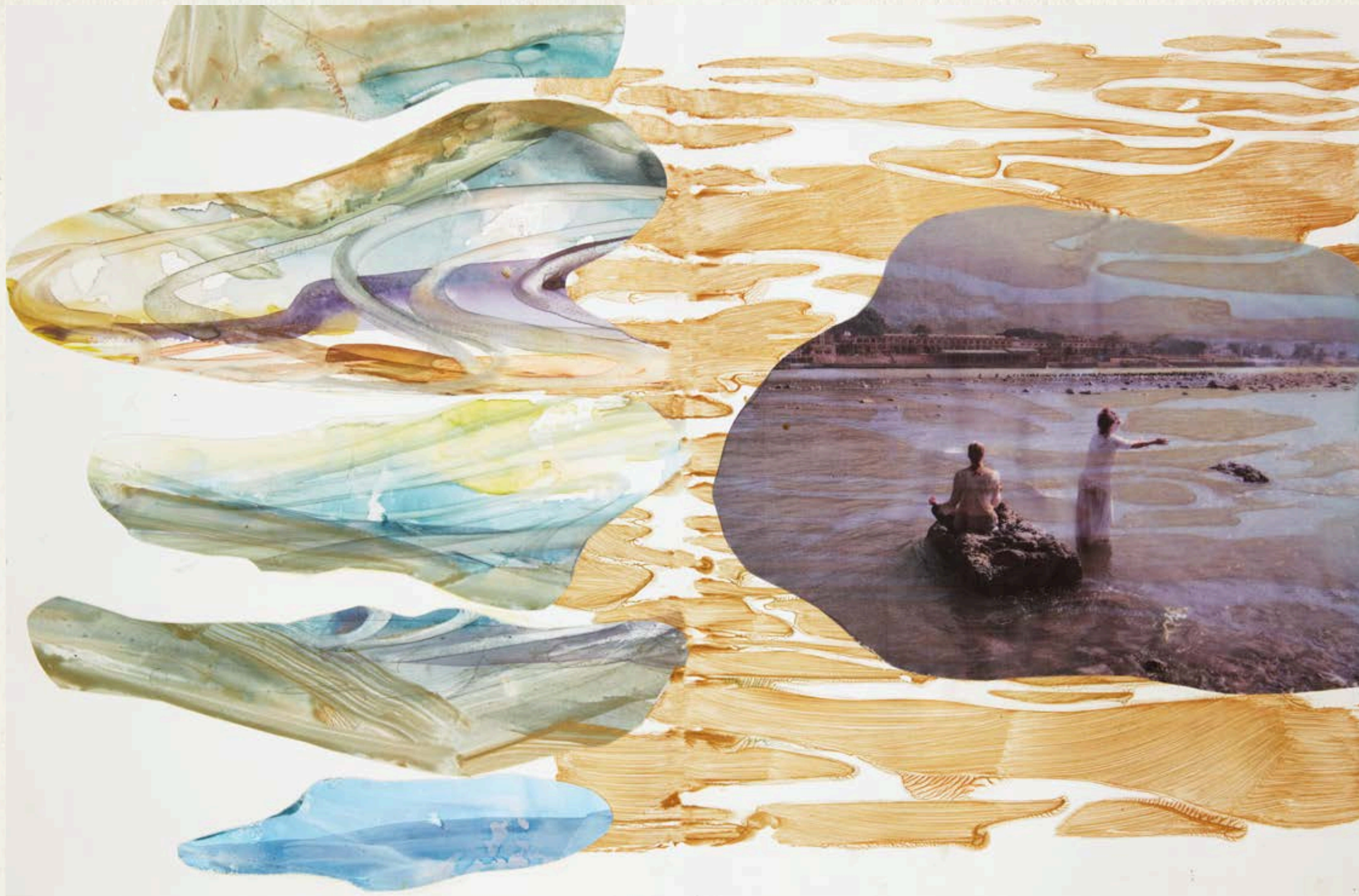
ONE OF MY LIFELONG DREAMS had been to travel to India. Its art, food, culture, color palette, music and religions fascinated me. I'm grateful to the artist residency, Sanskriti, in New Delhi for my introduction to the country. Tucked in a park-like setting within the city, it had its own wonderful museums on the grounds. India is not for the faint of heart but approaching it in the context of making art made the passage easier. Indeed, making art is part of India's daily life, and its people seem to bring art to everything they do while holding space for their ancient culture.

Art in India is a meditation.

The spiritual life is central to India. Whenever I met someone, one of the first questions they asked was, “What is your spiritual practice?” My traveling companion and I also went to a spiritual retreat with a guru in the Himalayas outside of Rishikesh. She was extraordinary, and we came away feeling enlightened by her teachings.

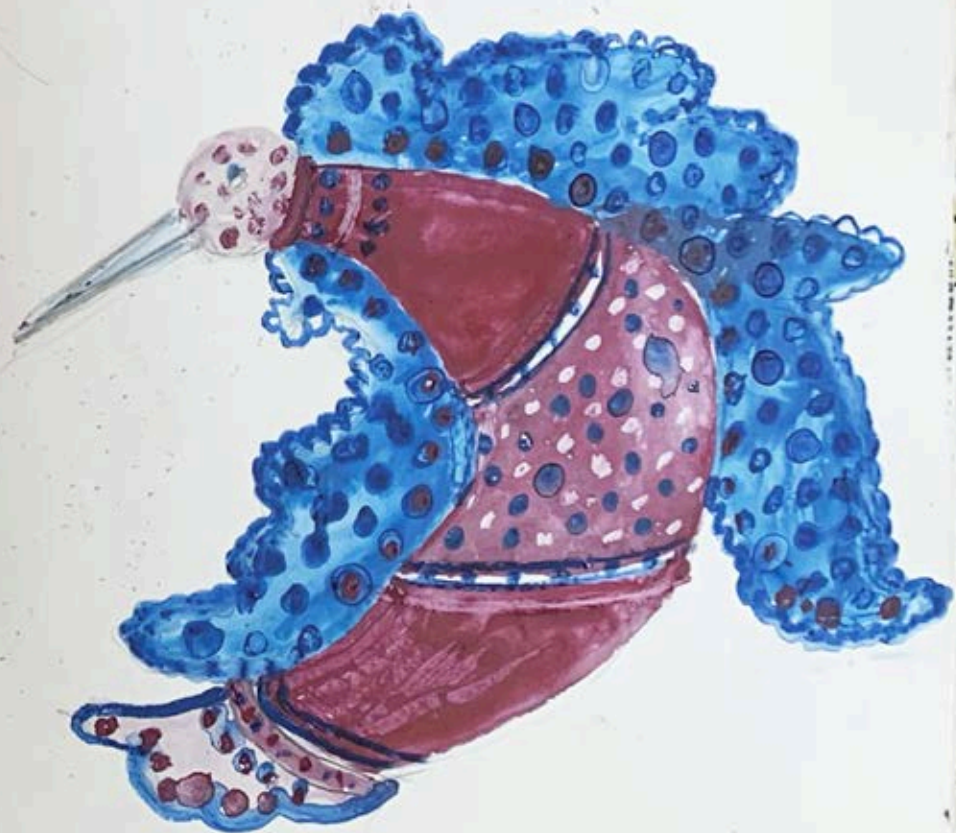
Another remarkable layer of experience was a tour of Rajasthan and the palaces of the emperors. The fabulous patterns and attention to detail reflect a dual nature – both complex and simplistic. The work that I did after this trip was multi-layered and reflected these two sensibilities. I turned to collage and applied décor gathered in the various markets. The wedding market with its many appliques was a particularly rich resource.



















These beautiful ladies were on their way
 to the "Arty" - the evening service to
 honor the close of the day. They
 were such a vision in pink
 and I felt blessed to witness
 such a color extravaganza. There
 is beautiful chanting at these
 Arty's and sitar music.
 They happen every night
 in many locations
 on the banks of the
 sacred Ganges.





About the Artist

SUSAN GREW UP in Richmond, Virginia. Her father was a painter and her mother an interior designer. They encouraged creativity in many ways – art lessons, museums and cultural events. She left the South for college, earned a BA in studio art at Principia and her MFA at the Vermont College of Fine Arts.

For twenty-seven years, she ran her own interior design business, including both commercial and residential design projects. She attended the Post Bac program at The School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston to prepare for an MFA program. While attending the MFA program at Vermont College,

a professor advised Susan when she was feeling “blocked” she should create a small artist book to work out ideas on “a less threatening scale.” This was the beginning of a very important part of her practice – creating artist books. A book made for her final graduate show was acquired by The Chicago Art Institute for their Joan Flasch Artists Book Collection.

Since graduating she has been a studio artist represented by City Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut and Silvermine, New Canaan, Connecticut where she has participated in numerous group and solo shows. Teaching art is also a rewarding part of her career. She leads workshops in painting, printmaking and bookmaking internationally, at art centers around the country and in her studio.

Susan’s practice has also benefited from fellowships and attendance at artist residencies. These include The Virginia Center for the Creative Arts at several sites including Amherst, Virginia and three visits to Auvillar, France.





She has also had residencies in New Zealand – The New Pacific Studio in Masterton – and The Maryland Institute and College of Art’s residency at the Chateau Rochefort in Brittany, France. She attended the residencies at The Vermont Studio Center in Johnson, Vermont three times as well. In 2022 she will attend a residency at the Tyrone Guthrie Center in Ireland. All of these experiences, in addition to living in Maine, Santa Barbara and Connecticut and traveling widely have afforded rich material. She has created twenty-five journals. This book, *Reveries: Journaling in Place*, includes highlights from these journals to inspire others in their own journaling practice.



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COLOPHON

SPECIAL THANKS

JEANNE CRISCOLA, CRISCOLA DESIGN

Who has a brilliant eye, endless successful ideas, and indefatigable enthusiasm

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My photographer of many years who has endless patience with me

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Who did a miraculous job of photographing me and my studio

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With whom I collaborated and who generously supplied her photographs

BRUCE CAMPBELL

Who trusted me with his valuable camera which started me initially on my image selection journey

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To order *Reveries: Journaling in Place*: <https://octoberworks.com/reveries>

“The attempt to capture the extraordinary wonder of a place enlarges the spirit.”

— SUSAN NEWBOLD, AUTHOR AND ARTIST

The dictionary definition of *reverie* is a state of being pleasantly lost in one's thoughts. This book *Reveries: Journaling in Place* is the result of careful editing of Susan Newbold's twenty-five artist journals containing images which were an attempt to capture her reveries which she wanted to share. These images come from international and national locales where the author has lived or traveled, and each have unique qualities. Newbold teaches a course called “The Illuminated Journal” — a workshop which combines painting, printmaking, drawing and writing and ends in a handmade journal which the students each create. The practice of journaling has been an important part of her artmaking which she is eager to share with the readers of this book.

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