

Nolan Winkler

I was a Dorland resident back in the day. Back before the big fire. It was then owned by the Nature Conservancy and I was a 3 month caretaker in lieu of paying the cost to attend.

I recall gathering up fallen oak limbs to saw for firewood for the other artists in residence and was told NOT to move anything that fell on the ground as that is where nature wanted it to be. I disagreed, but it was not my call. Fire hazard.

I woke up most mornings with either the sound of scratching in my have-a-heart trap or else a frozen rat/mouse. When still alive, I would walk said trap to the bottom of the hill which provided the sweet critter with exercise to make it back to my cabin, probably faster than I did.

Those memories are not all I had. Memories of meeting wonderful poets and writers are dominant. A few of us stayed in contact for years. And the main reason I was there; to paint my heart out onto canvas, was front and center and did not disappoint.

Dorland was one of the first art residencies I applied for and received. It spurred this painter into other residencies around the country and out of country. Spending a little time with strangers in different arts was so enlightening, it helped me to expand my thinking processes and work.

I will be forever grateful.



M. Nolan Winkler

nolanwinkler.com

