Tributes for Trieble: A Diary

Lucas R. Blanco

Western Michigan University, lblanco1@mdc.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/honors_theses

Part of the Fine Arts Commons, and the Illustration Commons

Recommended Citation

Lucas Blanco, having been admitted to the Carl and Winifred Lee Honors College in Fall 1997 successfully presented the Lee Honors College Thesis as an Art Exhibit during the 2001-2002 Academic Year.

The title of the paper is:

"Tributes for Trieble"
(Drawings from Poland)

Professor John Link, Art Department

Professor John Kollig, Art Department

Professor Vince Torano, Art Department
"Tributes for Trieble"

A Diary

Lucas R. Blanco

04. 04. 02

Thesis Chair: Prof. John Link
Member: Prof. Vince Torano
Member: Inst. John Kollig

The Carl and Winifred Lee Honors College
September 3rd, 1999
I'm just now getting back from the Gomka's who in effect saved my ass. Luckily, Tomak Gomka moved here last week. This English teacher is either gullible or a great friend. Up until the moment of my own salvation this backpack that held everything that I'm now surround by was such a burden. It held my drawing supplies, clothes, even the worry of not being able to find a place to pitch this tent. What gets me is why he trusts a complete stranger to camp in his backyard, so close to his wife and newborn boy. It's beginning now. It's starting to sink in. This town winding down as my heart is cranked up a notch. My grandparents may not have had the chance to hitch a ride from the last train stop up to the village limits but I did. I am elated to be.

September 8th, 1999
This Garden, even now, is collecting dew around the clothesline and everything. Just a while ago I heard the single lady from up stairs rummaging around out there again. Her clothespins are pushing that dew and dirt away from her kids and around the bend for a couple more days.

September 9th, 1999
The Polish are warmest when I laugh with them. I have not become a part of their daily life, so much as I have become this guy who seems to know what he is doing, but draws pictures instead. Their glances seem to say, "Meet you soon maybe". If contact remains after I leave is the true test. I can't imagine that these new faces will become address book tombstones. Will they ever receive even a postcard from me with one line of assurance on it? These new faces are already becoming address book epitaphs.

September 13th 1999
Micha knows my coordinates better than I do most the time. To reach me, call Micha. I blame him for caring about me. I try to look after him, but more often I think he sees me as a big brother. So he looks up to me and I unfortunately look down on him. I don't want him to make the same mistakes as I have. I did not care about him before I met him.

September 17th 1999
Sleeping next to apple trees in the fall makes for interesting nights. First one hears a twig snap until the thud reassures that all is well. A thud or snap alone might just be cause for alarm, but together they sing a song with the leaves as Newtons rush by.

September 18th 1999
21st birthday presents to think about: Kaska baked a cake, Katarzyna came with paper thin socks, Micha's mom - a Beer mug. I came here to see and be part of my family's history, never did it cross my mind that it might forever change my life. Things are developing here that might either mean the world to me or another lost opportunity. My first day began with the realization that I was content and that I could see all around me and not the normal 37%. Drawing here has been easy because of this awakened perception. I can't really explain why or how this change occurred, except that it has left me with a growing sense of satisfaction. The sunny weeks are now over the rain is pissing on my tent and the calendar looms over everything I do.
September 19th 1999
Micha showed me the Devil’s rock today. I drew it, possessed by the same spirit that cast the
dammed thing on the farmer and his harem of seven daughters, whom the Devil wanted to exploit
in the fullest sense of the word. My grandfather knew this rock had the Devil's finger prints
screwed and twisted into both sides. His palms must have been the size of a queen-sized bed.

September 20th 1999
This month has made me ambitious enough never again to waste the time I do have. One hour a
day used to seem like quite a lot to draw in, now four is not enough. I was fairly productive here
and I want my momentum to pick up to even greater speeds. I also noticed in the last couple of
drawings how it has become much easier to finish, or work out compositionally light and dark
though I have not nearly come close to where I should be. But I have however, made a successful
leap into unknown waters, and that is one of the advantages of moving out of a zone of comfort
for the sake of one’s art. The goal to achieve serenity, movement, and grace are a long way off.
Cornerstones and chalk-lines have been cast.

September 24th, 1999
One of the strangest things that has ever happened to me, happened on Sunday. It was time for
celebration here for the end of the harvest. Micha and I were walking to the open-air concert/Fest
and I distinctly remember saying to myself how I was going to meet my wife tonight. I chuckled
it off. Laughter is a great way to take the edge off a sword or a too serious mind.
I had a drink or three and met Annja. Well, we communicated in some form to each other
anyway. My nonexistent Polish and her honest attempt at English clicked somehow. Now it’s
been a strange week, my 21st birthday, the start of rain, my drunken meanderings back to
Germany in the search for more camping gas, several drawings. This whole time Annja, Annja
crowding my mind like a bunch of balloons will in a car. She said I was in her dream and that we
were bound by marriage. It does not sound strange until one considers the fact that she had that
dream the day before we met. Thoughts of normalcy are leaving.

September Full moon, 1999
Saw Annja briefly tonight. She was with her friend and I with mine. Those twenty minuets will
definitely scar up my opinion of myself. I am one of those ass-holes I always hated in high
school tonight. Out there, between the birth houses of my grandparents she yearns.
Annja, I hear you. I feel you. I do not care for coercion, sad girl I am leaving you.
What is sacred anyhow? Sex? What responsible man could have kept the fire out of that scene?
At bay now, in the comfort of familiar things I reflect upon what was said.
"Why Monday?" was the most potent and expected thing I heard. Referring of course to the date
on which I have chosen to leave Trieble. Annja was using tactics both demeaning and cheap.
The conversation wanting to be controlled by both, was controlled more by the moon's rays that
smashed throughout the sky with such force, that they sliced the clouds in the same way the sun
will a few hours before it sets. No orange and pinks though, but dark dark blues and pale grays.
Craving those seconds of attention that the other can't give.
Why does the wind always seem to know more than I do? Why do I do the things I do? My feet
seem to know this one, but I'm having a difficult time with my ear to the ground. Hunched, I
stand in confusion. Honestly, right off the bat we both thought we knew what we were getting
into, only we fell short and never contemplated the outcome long enough. We did neglect to think
about that. Just as a hangover forgets to remind you not to drink because it dissipates in the
evening, right before that party. I forgot what I stand for which is something I found anyhow.
September 27th 1999
All round a good day. Micha's dad got his wild boar. Went with Annja to a concert in a larger town then Trieble, compromised to stay a day later, found an ATM machine, and found some good people related to Annja, mainly her brother. Quite a pleasant fellow.
Annja was no longer speaking in tongues either. This made space for me to care for her more. She smashed up her one-hitter in front of me to show me how I was to give up cigarettes. It is her birthday tomorrow and I have two sheets of paper to create something for her. Time? Besides the fact that I want more of it, it has become a friend here. The moon tells my body things I think. I also notice how the days grow shorter from my tent a lot easier then from my indoor living days.

September 28th 1999
Found a snail today in the stems of wild flowers that I picked for Annja. Snails fascinate me to no end. On one hand they have little in the way of future, but there infinite shells hold a grain of God in them. It stayed with the dead flowers and avoided the green ones. I think it’s part of a strict diet that they hold very personal. I once watched a much larger snail in Weissenburg devour an entire leaf. What I thought was going to take days lasted only a few five-minute segments. My little buddy must be somewhere in my tent. I hope I don't crush God, when I stumble for nicotine and a strongly caffeinated beverage tomorrow morning. He&She must likely be near that jug of water that is so poised to spill. This water is the same water that's being thirsted for by the flowers. What was the name of that Dutch Baroque painter of still lives? Her paintings were so full of symbolic iconography. Had her snails tagged a ride from the fields to the studio? Historians want there to be some symbolism in those snails, be it eternal life, or holiness or love. The former seems more likely today.
Slide List
Lucas R. Blanco
Tributes to Trieble
Drawings from Poland
All works 12” X 18”
Either pencil or pastel on paper accordingly

1.) Church
2.) Downtown Triebel
3.) Field
4.) Friends-Martha and Olga
5.) Friends-Justina and Kate
6.) Gallows
7.) Jakob
8.) Kate
9.) Catherine
10.) Matthew I
11.) Matthew II
12.) Michael
13.) Grandmother’s House
14.) First Sunset
15.) Devil’s Rock
16.) Wooded
17.) Wind / Work
18.) Grandfather’s House