

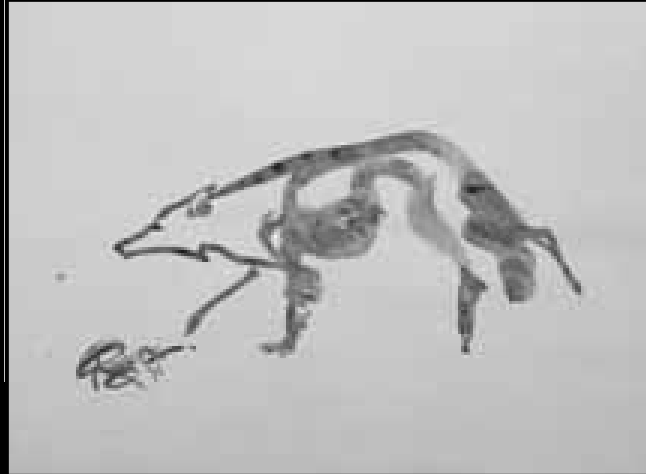
When I stayed a while in California lately I enjoyed the plentiful population of coyotes in the adjacent hills. Their vocalizing was wide in expressive range, screaming to crooning to laughing as individually and as a community they would sing the night away. I cannot recollect that I ever heard one give out the conventionally expected “ow-ow-owooo”, rather they were far more complex, articulated, distinctive sounds. Physically the coyotes were so elusive that it sometimes took considerable patience for me just to catch a fleeting glimpse of them but sometimes, for no apparent reason, they could be almost alarmingly close and bold. Their antics gave me renewed appreciation for Chuck Jones’ “Wiley”. I used a big old calligraphy brush and watered my ink so I could obtain varying tones. I would watch intently awhile then let what my eyes perceived go unmodified through my system and onto paper in a few heartbeats. When I look at them now I smile.
I will never forget the coyotes of California.

Brush & ink on natural white paper, 18” x 24”

Originals \$300

Prints \$50

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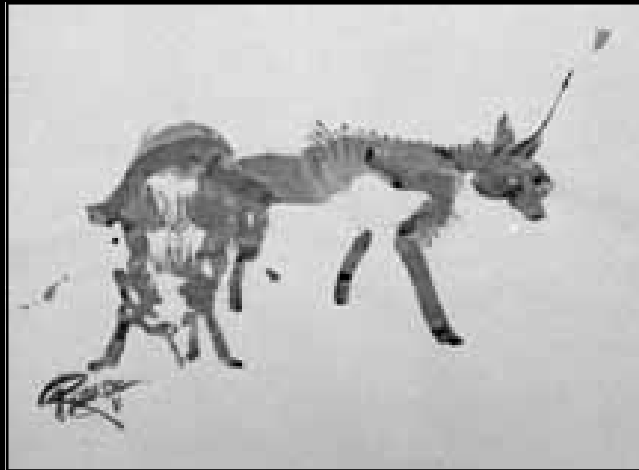
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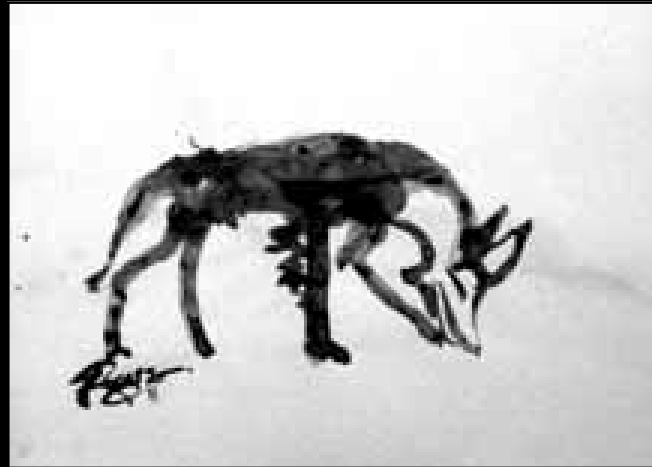
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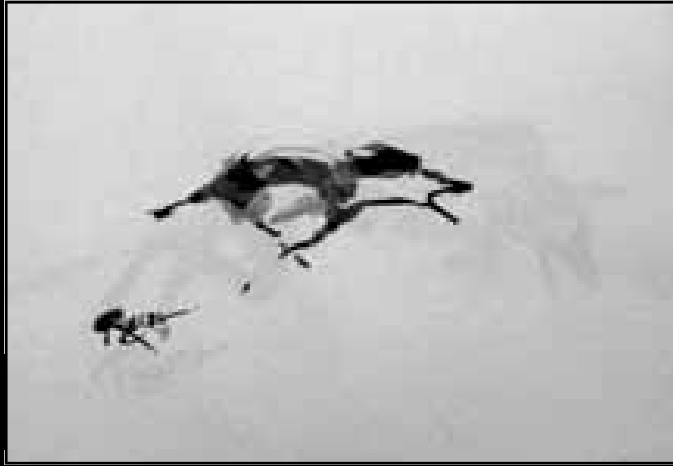


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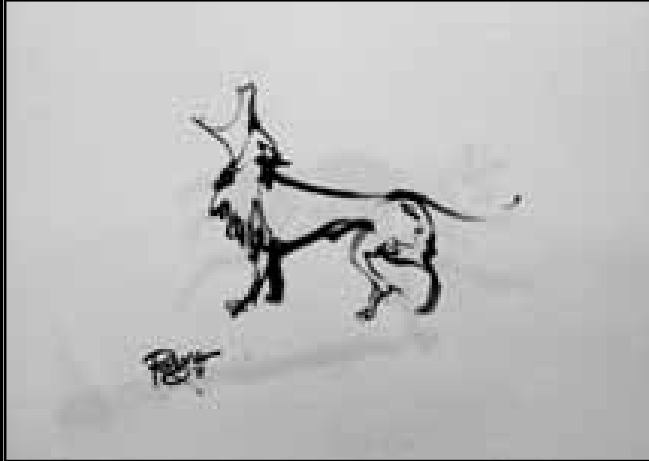


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