

November 2, 2015

I'm mucking about in the year 1934 - from the shores of Loch Ness. That's when the whole *monster* thing got started in the press and became a household name (though Roland Watson presents an solid argument that the locals had always taken note of something big and strange in their loch).

The era comes down to me in yellowed pulp and black and white. My source material, from print and other media, are in various moldering states and faded colors. I peer into that stuff and try to grasp something of the time. I also wonder what sort of yellowing patina will obscure our time (perhaps it's holography that will make us seem primitive and backward?).



I'm continuing to work from The Daily Mail expedition of Marmaduke Wetherell. What a flamboyant figure he cut. Can't find anything decisive on whether his hunt for the monster was completely cynical or if it had a shred of integrity. That's what makes him so compelling to me. And such a great cypher for my daily experience of belief and of faith.

