

## A SERIES OF MISTAKES

### SUSANNA IZARD | LAKE TEKAPO

The main subject is Mistake Peak and nearby. Mistake Run was called this when the original owner realized his mistake in picking an inhospitable tract of land in the 1860s.

My painting is often a series of mistakes but I do choose the colours according to the day and how I feel driving out there.

The lake can turn pale yellow, which is then reflected in the skyline. Sometimes as I drive home Lake Tekapo has turned into a luminous pearl with a rich navy blue sky.

It can also be deep clear sea green then days later, becomes the classic silt laden turquoise blue. The wind can quickly churn it into menacing white capped dullness.

The clouds over Lake Pukaki take on the aqua reflected from the lake. The mountains can be red, purple, crimson, blue, black, big then small depending on the atmosphere.

Mistake Peak has some crimson red rocks at the top that, I have been told, sometimes roll down the long shutes. I suspected there was red up there.

The series ended this autumn in a cloud of pale ochre and soft caramels, the landscape washed out and burned by the wind, light and rain.

When the snow comes, in my mind, it is turquoise, soft pink, blue, neon green, brown, ochre, silted grey...and sometimes white. Late in the winter it leaves patterns of bones as it retreats.

10 years ago, I spent 2 weeks as a hut warden at the Mueller Hut near Aoraki Mt Cook and this is where my interest in painting the mountains and high country evolved.

I mainly paint outside and enjoy the freedom and physicality of it. The changing light and shade during the day gives vitality to the work.

I usually make notes and draw the landscape in my book before I paint. I complete about 3/4 of a painting outside.

Some are fully completed outside if the weather is ok and I'm not too flustered.



Apart from other artists, I think I may be the only living thing staying still in the massive landscape, I see everything during my hours of painting and through my binoculars.

This photo is taken on my iPhone turned on to “selfie” and is of some tourists playing sneak up Granny. Moving closer when I painted, stopping when I stopped!



I am visited by bugs, birds, animals and various people.  
Some interesting and some irritating.





A nanny Tahr came down from Forks Stream Valley to look at my painting. Hawks were circling and the military were sneaking round the hills.

Lines have always featured in my art, my work a blurring between painting a drawing and drawing with paint. ....a fine line between painting and drawing. I like light, colour, and land forms wrenched into shapes by New Zealand's violent nature.

I travel with contour maps, lines and more lines, fault lines, time lines. Lines on my face, lines on peoples faces, lines on mountain faces.



