



April 2008

Beacon Soul
The Beacon Art Salon

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It was the light that brought me to the Hudson valley 20 years ago. It was described to me by a painter in 1985 in such a way that inspired me to visit soon afterwards. It was as she described—reflected light from the river moving throughout the valleys of the mountains... a painter's luminous paradise. I was further seduced by the white, quartz crystal rock (Shawangunk conglomerate), moss-green lichen, apple orchards, pumpkin and sunflower fields and the sound of waterfalls. I was told a Native American story that once you laid eyes on this crystal rock, you would stay forever. And...the one hour and 15 minute commute to the George Washington Bridge made it a perfect distance from the city. I bought a barn on one acre of land with no electricity and running water; built a house and two studios. I wasn't alone. There were artists all over the Hudson Valley doing the same: making the separation from the urban, and surviving the culture shock. In 1999, Dia Art Foundation had a similar inclination and moved its permanent collection to Beacon in 2003. Again, I fell in love with the light. The naturally lit industrial space of Dia combined with its exhibition philosophy of contextualizing art into its surroundings compelled me to apply for a job. I commute to Beacon five days a week. Beacon for me represents a kind of flow, like the river, the bridge, the train and the continuous stream of people visiting the largest contemporary art museum in the world.



