

Kathy Oliver sharing a rare moment of rest with Zoomer and Zeda on her mystical patio, while her newest sculpture looks on

seedlings out of the ground. Still, all coexist in this idyllic haven, which she keeps lush with the output from 10 compost heaps.

One of her latest pet projects is a wheat

field that is temporarily replacing a raspberry patch while the soil recovers from a disease. Why wheat? "I just wanted to look out over a sea of grass," she explains, admiring the breeze-stirred grain, a scene worthy of van Gogh.

Another new passion is timber bamboo, which she says is growing a foot a day. (It must be the compost!) She harvests the poles to make trellises for herself and her friends. In return, friends give her their broken pottery, which she embeds in her cement sculptures, adding color and whimsy to her work.

But her favorite part of the garden is the spacious patio she constructed from dyed concrete bricks. Before the bricks dried, she incised them with a wild array of mystical symbols, plus the occasional paw prints from her four-legged helpers. The effect is hieroglyphic, which is not surprising, since she admits to a love of things Egyptian and has even painted a large mural of an Egyptian scene in her house.

Arching over the patio is a very tall singlespan arbor that supports vigorous kiwi vines that, like the transcontinental railroad, will eventually meet. Gracing a nearby flower bed



is Oliver's newest sculpture, a life-size female form made from cement and copper pipes. "I love curves—all the figures I've done are female," she says.

Many of her sculptures have an ancient feel, as if they are really fragments remaining from an earlier civilization. That, combined with the many mature trees and shrubs, creates a very serene environment. Which is exactly what Oliver needs. She calls gardening her therapy: "I have an incredibly stressful job, and it helps to come home and dig in the dirt."

It was regrouting her original patio that first interested Oliver in the properties of cement. "I wondered if I could make it round," she recalls—which she could and did, using a friend's barbecue to mold her first sphere.

"It was so heavy and dense. Then I started embedding light, airy, fragile porcelain cups. If I could embed bubbles in cement, I would," she adds earnestly.

Her works seem to be a metaphor for the human spirit—inherently strong yet vulnerable—which is how Kathy Oliver strikes me as well. She is tall and fit, with the strength to lug 100-pound sculptures, yet her face is a study in softness—one hopes from years of smiles.

In winter while her garden rests, Oliver busies herself with quilting. "I just love creating with color—it has nothing to do with people," she says. "Given my job, I need to have things

that have nothing to do with people."

That may be true, but her creations have everything to do with providing habitat for animals and, yes, with making art.

Continued on Page 24



