

# The Artists' Colony at Monterey

by Harriett Quimby



STUDIO OF CHARLES DICKMAN



STUDIO OF L. P. LATIMER



MISS E. WILSON'S STUDIO

MONTEREY is being immortalized! Slowly but surely the quaint old adobes, with their tiny barred windows, through which many a pair of bright eyes have flashed a message to the soulful orbs of Don Amourio, waiting below—the tumble-down ruins, half-hidden by the growth of jessamine; the old patio, with carpet of grass more luxuriant for the soaking of blood from the defeated toros, who ingloriously breathed their last within those four stone walls while cheers of the enthusiastic assembly echoed and re-echoed, swelling with pride the breast of the triumphant toreador—all these are with soft brushes and skilled fingers being transferred to canvas, for here in this little Venice of America can be found a genuine colony of artists. Generations may come and generations may go, the quaint old adobes may be replaced with modern structures, but the Monterey of to-day will live on forever. Dear, sleepy, picturesque old capital, with its stretch of blue waters unequalled save by beautiful Naples. It is small wonder that every nook and corner, every rock and tree, is being reproduced, in black and white, in water color and in oil. The ardent rays of old Sol are tempered by the salty breeze spiced with that indescribable smell of the pines that creates an atmospheric something which in Monterey idiom spells inspiration.

Those who do not know may search through France, Italy or Switzerland, but when they return they will find the attractions of all three rolled into one in Monterey. The field is inexhaustible, from the fisher folk by the sea to the heart of the forest—adobe, sand dunes, cypress, oaks, pines, sea or wood and color. No where will you find the iridescent lights, now purple, now gray, that gleam through the mist in the soft tone so wonderfully beautiful as are found here. In this region of solemnity and peace, as well as exceptional historic interest, the permanent homes of many of our artists are located.

Nestled cozily in the midst of the fragrant pines can be found the home and studio of one of our best known artists, Charles Rollo Peters. It would be difficult to find a more thoroughly delightful studio than this roomy place, with its natural wood rafters, its almost priceless collection of drapery, its old-fashioned fireplace with the inscription in bold letters, "Don't worry." Good philosophy, but unnecessary here, for worry is an obsolete word in this part of the world.

arranged, the clay bank wine cellar is unlocked and under the flickering light of Chinese lanterns roast duck and "extra dry" is dispensed to the accompaniment of impromptu music and song.

Camp Daniel O'Connell, with Mr. Peters as host, is a very popular place and the Del Monteans vie for invitations to these Bohemian outdoor gatherings. It has often been asked if Mr. Peters paints at night, for the marvelous fidelity with which he produces that cold, steady atmosphere of gleaming moonlight warrants the query. He does not paint, but the night owls are familiar with the sight of this artist wandering about, making a study sketch here, jotting down certain tones or details and studying the different phases of light. Then, when these are still fresh in the memory, Mr. Peters bars his studio door, hangs out the "My busy day" sign and sits to his canvas until every shadow is faithfully repeated in oil, and it is this study from nature that has made this name Peters famous and his signature an important addition to a gallery.

Everywhere, scattered along the road from Del Monte to Pacific Grove, in the fields and along the shore, one can see easels, and under the huge umbrellas sunbonneted and airy-gowned figures sit oblivious to all except the particular rock or tree or patch of sky that is trying to evade their brush. Teachers with classes of ten or fifteen, some of the pupils being silver-crowned matrons, sit under the



INTERIOR OF CHARLES ROLLO PETERS



MISS MCCORMICK'S STUDIO IN THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE



MISS FONDA PAINTING THE OLD HOLLYHOCK HOUSE

shade of the cypress, busy and happy, for there is nothing like communing with nature, even though she does refuse to look like some of the water colors or pastels of the first few lessons.

In the first place this cottage has some