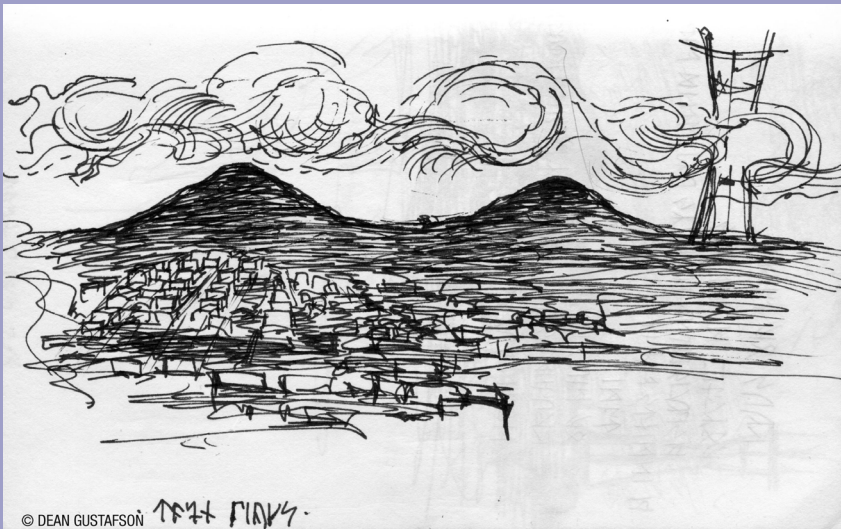




**VIEW FROM THE BRYANT PAD**  
**12" x 10" oil on canvas.**  
**Autumn 1993**

2720 Bryant street, in the Mission district of San Francisco. That is where I lived for most of my twenties; formative years of incredible experiences as an art student, artist, musician, and culture finder ... in a fantastic city for it all.

This little painting is of the back view from our inexpensive victorian flat, rented with two great friends. Jim [an amazing artist with several media forms, who I knew from MCAD], and smilin' surfer Joe, who was first on the lease in 1984. By late 1991, Joe moved out to live with his future wife Jane, and then new friend and excellent songwriter/

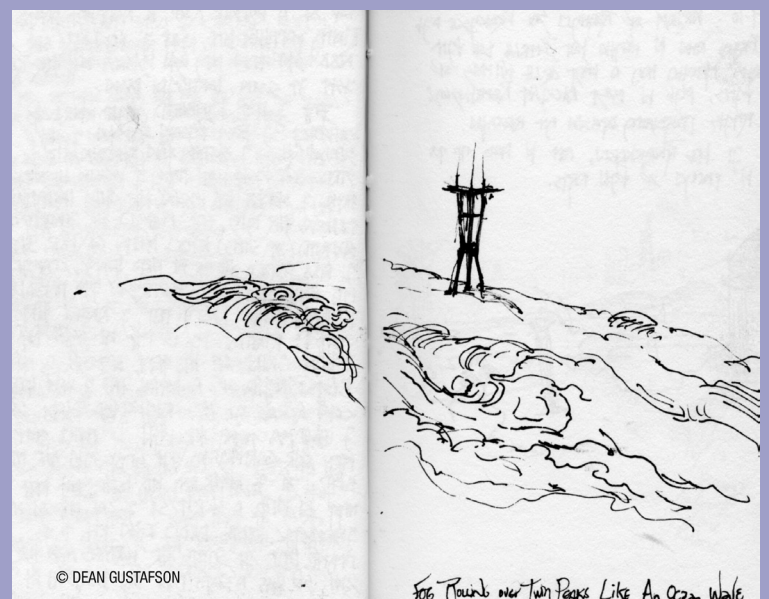


guitar player Matt moved in. That is around the time when I found myself in a fortunate relationship with a steady girlfriend, P — a remarkable woman who is widely loved by the community.

In the foreground of the painting shows some curious examples of botany. P was an expert at growing marijuana [then much more illegal than today], and would grow plants in the balcony of her legendary flat near the Panhandle at the edge of the Western Addition neighborhood. 1907 Golden Gate avenue; the fanciest two-story Edwardian interior, with several eccentric roommates, party central for many intersections of local culture—including the San Francisco Cacophony Society and the early Burning Man committees. [much has been written about the esteemed place, especially by its main hostess and a true writer, P Segal.]

Back to the Mission, which due to the microclimates of San Francisco, gets quite a bit more sunlight than the west half of town, being oftentimes foggy all summer. So P encouraged me to grow some reefer on the sunny back stoop of my flat.

What's funny is that for being a long haired deadhead artist freak, I was not into pot very much. I was mainly opposed to





*interior of 1907  
Golden Gate.*

exposure to smoke, taking one hit per year, usually at a concert. Still, I could feel the unhealthy effect of that one toké while huffing my way up a steep hill on my bicycle during the following days. P made what were appropriately named “achtung brownies ” that I only occasionally indulged in. The problem was the effect it had to my obsessive mind. I might end up cleaning the kitchen too much! [sounds more like a virtue, but for the paranoid grip that drove it.]

About the painting; it was fun to paint the westward view, of Twin Peaks and Sutro Tower. I enjoyed this view daily and nightly, with all of its varying light conditions. Crystal clear or covered by a dramatic avalanche of thick fog rolling in slow motion before burning off over the Castro; rarely reaching the Mission. Fantastic!



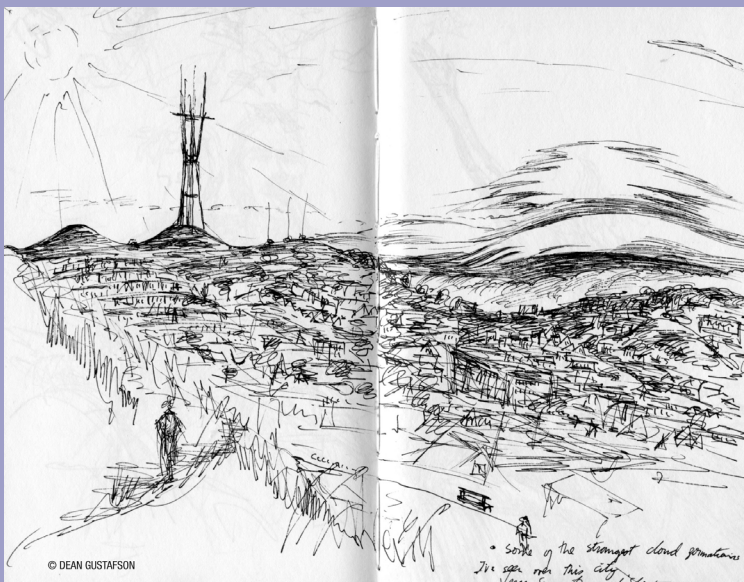
It does capture the glow after the sunset on a clear evening. Naturally, the actual sky was never green, I was using a tube of Winsor and Newton emerald green rather liberally that year. That was a dominant color in '93. I had a new green with purple Guatemalan shirt that P

gave for my 30th birthday that September. A somewhat magical color combination for a creative and psychedelic time.

I led a charmed life back then. 1993 was characterized by making more paintings and exhibitions, playing drums with the Haight-Ashbury Free Band, returning to a few lsd trips after a ten year break, turning 30, the Black Rock desert in Nevada, lots of Robyn Hitchcock songs, mountain biking Marin, my first cd's, enjoying Dhaivyd's fine folk based ensemble; the Straw Coyotes, Josef Brinkmann and the Conspiracy of Equals, Cacophony society events, reading Proust, 1907 Golden Gate parties, good friends, and family in the area across the bay [brother Brian who I still worked for by home remodeling, and we shared many local activities. Mom and Dad, and sister Jill with her kids Lauren, Jesse, and Casey]...all with the interesting beauty of San Francisco before the high prices drove most of the artists, writers and musicians out.



Those were the days. Ah, healthy youth — before social media and smart phones spoiled how time passes.



– Dean Gustafson, June 2020



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