

“FAUX”Y TALES To Live By

By Debbie Ellison and Susie Goldenberg of Paintin' the Town, Faux

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Once upon a time in a “faux”away land called “Faux”ida (that’s near “Faux”gia) amidst the trees of a great “faux”rest was nestled a village of artists and painters. They had worked hard and learned many valuable lessons, which they have agreed to share. We begin our fables with this one about a little girl named Little Faux Peep.

Little Faux Peep

Little Faux Peep lost her sheep...but, we’re getting off track here. Back to the “faux”ry at hand. As Little walked through the “faux”rest on her way to her painting job, she “scumbled” over a rock. “That rottenstone!” she exclaimed. (Rotten wasn’t the word she used, but this is a family magazine!). She got to her job, where she had been commissioned to paint an average-sized dining room. It took her two hours and she charged \$600. Upon informing her client of the bill, the client’s eyes began to “glaze.” “I can’t believe you charge so much,” the woman said with a “mottled” expression, “my husband is a doctor and he doesn’t charge that much.” With eyes cold as “stone” (fake or real? Only her decorator knows for sure), Little looked right through her and, with a sly “grain” on her face, said, “I know, I used to be a doctor.”

MORAL: Talk is cheap, but you gotta’ pay for those faux finishes. As a faux finisher, you are paid not only for your time, but for your expertise. Stand tall and be proud! You’re worth exactly what you think you’re worth.

Mary Had a Little Lambs Wool Mitt

Mary dipped her lambs wool mitt in the tray of glaze sitting neatly on her drop cloth on the floor of the suburban foyer. She had taken her normal setup precautions and was working away, minding her own business, when – “faux” and behold! The resident dog came bounding in, his feet plopping, flopping, and “flogging” into her paint-filled tray. He continued running. Would he stop at nothing? Not till he rampaged through the living room, the bedroom, and the hall “decorating” the carpet as he went. The carpet was now “inlaid” with “color,” a little more than the clients had bargained for. “That ‘dam-ask’ dog,” Mary “rendered,” “what’s an artist to do?” She decided to “resist” her inclination to flee. She went to the client and explained the situation. She felt no “gild” since the homeowner let the dog run into the room, and she went happily back to painting the wall.

MORAL: You can’t teach an old dog new tricks, but you can teach his master. Inform your clients to keep pets and small children at a safe distance from your “working area.”

Faux White and the Seven Drips

Faux White lived with seven little men, but she was the one who brought in the dough (with the faux). Her client had asked her to do a gold metallic faux in a dining room. As she prepared the paint, she admired the grand piano and the lovely antique dining room set, which had been moved into the adjoining living room for safekeeping. “What lovely “burnishings,” she thought. After painting for several hours, she glanced at her watch. “Faux Bois!” she exclaimed, “It’s a quarter till “faux,” almost quittin’ time.” In her excitement, and without thinking, she placed the bucket of gold metallic glaze on the ladder while she moved the drop cloth. She grabbed the ladder to move it (she was very talented, but she often resembled a palette with a few colors missing). The bucket flew off the ladder, “spattering” paint all over the piano and dining room set. “My fate is ‘sealed’,” she thought as her knees “stippled” and she felt her body “frieze.” She closed her eyes and prayed that this was all just a “pigment” of her imagination. But when she opened her eyes, she realized this disaster was no “trompe l’oeil” painting; it was real. She scrubbed and cleaned, but to no avail. She called a furniture refinisher who told her it would cost \$3,000 to refinish the piano and dining room set. She almost flipped her “paint lid.” She couldn’t a“fauxed” that! (Why had she not gotten that insurance she had planned to get?) The refinisher told her a “technique” he thought would work. “Try Old English Furniture Polish,” he said. It worked; that furniture looked brand new.

MORAL: Don't cry over spilled milk (or paint). Faux softly and carry a big fix (of liability insurance, panic pills, and Old English Furniture Polish) to every job.

"Faux"ilocks

Once there was a little artist named "Faux"ilocks who couldn't "bear" to be without her paint brush. She woke up early one morning, ate a big bowl of porridge (she knew a faux finisher needs a nourishing breakfast to retain stamina), packed up all her equipment (a faux finisher is always prepared), and walked through the "faux"rest (a faux finisher needs to stay in shape) to her job. She told herself (a successful faux finisher engages in positive self-talk), "I am the greatest decorative painter in the whole, wide world" (she had a tendency to "embellish"). She called the client to confirm (a good faux finisher is reliable). " 'Stencil' me in for nine a.m.," she reminded him. She got to her job, greeted her client (a good faux finisher is polite and interested in her client). She smiled provocatively. He was so cute and she had such a "brush" on him. To paint his bedroom furniture, she brought along her trusty, dusty (she didn't use it much) sprayer. She covered the floors and walls near the furniture to protect them and began spraying the furniture. When she finished, she asked her handsome client, "Well, how do you like it?" He "combed" the room with his big blue eyes. Her heart "crackled" with excitement and she winked (she was so "transparent"). She knew she was being unprofessional, but she couldn't "resist." She went home in a dreamy "flog." The next day, she returned to "finish" the job and seal the furniture. As she entered the living room, she noticed that the carpet and drapes were "speckled" with a subtle mist of paint. Totally "distressed" and "aging" fast, she said, "I've never seen anything like this be'faux." She was at her "foil"ing point. Had she gone crazy or was she really seeing paint on the drapes and carpet in a different room than she had painted? Was she losing her "marble"s? Was she off her wood grain "rocker"? How could this happen? Her handsome client "plastered" her with doubtful glares. Those beautiful blue eyes were not smiling anymore. She choked out a weak, "I'll be back," as she grabbed her cell "faux"n and ran out of the room. She called her friend, an expert painter. "Did you close the vents before spraying?" he asked nonchalantly. She was venting then!

MORAL: A "pounce" of prevention is worth a pound of cure. When using a sprayer, paint can go through vents and make a mess. Don't forget to close them.

Remember, never take knowledge, precautions, and safety for "granite." If at first you don't succeed, faux, faux again.

And - you guessed it - they all lived happily ever after!

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