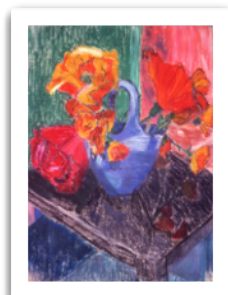




My life in art, so far, in 40 artworks or fewer.

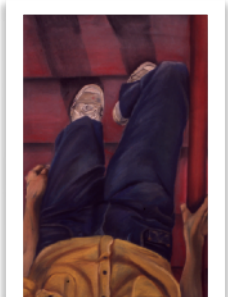
(click on images to be linked to webpages)

When I was little, I heard that I was born with a crayon in my hand. I don't recall who said it. My mother was an artist, among other endeavors. Both she and my father encouraged my artistic explorations. At about 10 years old, they enrolled me in night classes given by a local artist. He guided me along my path for about 4 years, concentrating on charcoal and pastel. This may have been the origin of my first and most enduring art-making love, drawing.



Meanwhile in school, I was exploring other media. Here I made my second print, *Zebras*, a linocut. I acknowledged to the teacher that, yes, it would take quite a while to cut. I also remember the pride I felt when I printed it. (My first print was a smaller linocut, no photo or print available.)

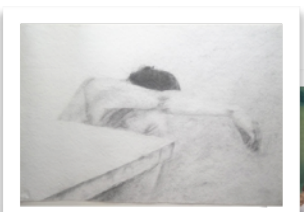
At university, after a few semesters struggling with acrylic paint and stretching canvas, I declared myself a drawing major (there was no such major, as painting and sculpture were the reigning monarchs). As before, I was working figuratively.



Simultaneously, I took an introductory course in etching. There was no looking back. within the single category. satisfied my sculptural or carving couple years of ceramics, in relief are the only media I know of processes to produce 2-dimensional products. Again, I had an encouraging guide, my intaglio teacher.



Etching is really multi-media. Endless possibilities. I think it also desires, after having left behind a which I minored. Etching and that have 3-dimensional



Spending vast amount of time in separate studios, drawing and etching, echoed the first split in my imagery, between figurative and abstract. Senior year saw me engaged in large figurative pastels and in a single, extremely large, abstract, sculptural etching (viscosity no less). My *White on*

White drawings foreshadowed black and white abstract artworks to come, including a lifelong interest in playing with (3-dimensional) space on a 2-dimensional surface. A virtual type of carving or sculpting.

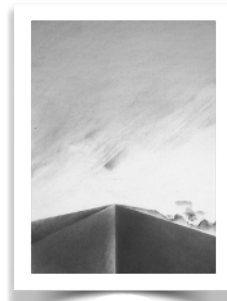


Changing coasts from East to West, in the Bay Area (where the printmaking renaissance was concentrated), I joined Kala Institute shortly after getting a full-time job in one of two essential artist's jobs, food service. (The other essential job, in art supplies, would happen in 1.5 years). Drawing in my apartment and etching at Kala, (different location than today) my imagery continued merging.

My etchings were still of my perspective of the *Drifts* was printed in an all-then jamming into the wee paper-thin mutual wall a few to Kala and my imagery fused



abstract, including *Drifts*. This was a continuation elements, beginning with *Cumulus Numbulus* (air). night session with Chick Corea doing a few sets, hours at Mapenzi, the club next door which had a feet from the press. Six months later I moved close completely into all abstract.



While waiting for etching grounds to dry, I experimented with printing monotypes on black paper using metallic inks rolled onto the Similar experiments endured over decades, evolving into the series, *prima verde* (horizontal) and *Archaeology* into the *Butterflies* series, using deep black very seductive, yet black

surfaces of tarletan, papers, mylar. These two series then melded iridescent inks. As a printmaker, I find paper challenging to print on.

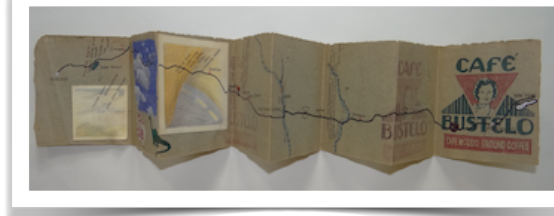


Changing coasts again, imagery was paused while I transitioned into the career I wanted, a printer working with or for other artists. I was jobless in a small, smelly upper East Side apartment, looking at my hands and said to myself, "These hands have a skill. They know how to print." I got out the 2" thick yellow pages (aka a phone book) and looked up Print Publishers, after seeing nothing listed as Print Studios. One publisher gave me the names of some fine art limited-edition printers. Some calls, some schlepping of my portfolio and I not only met many etchers-printers, I had the first of many jobs.

During these years I did few of my own artworks, one being an artist's book, *des voyages*.



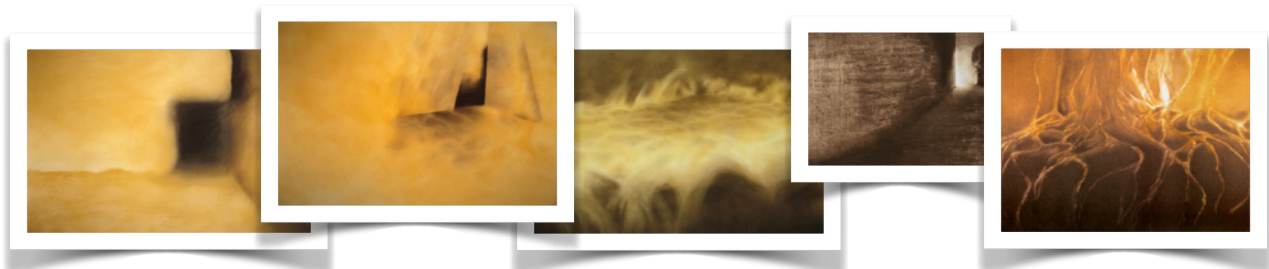
After crossing the country a couple of more times in a brief span, documented in another artist's book, *East to West*, I became a New Yorker. I was working 7-days-a-week at various studios.



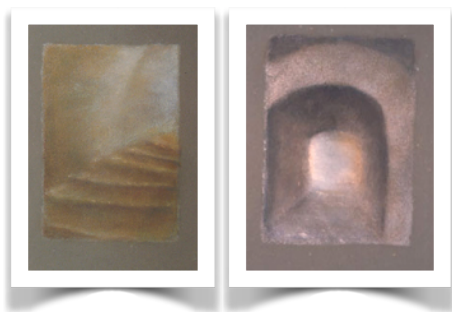
Drawing started again in the late 1980s, when I could find no other way to express myself. This was an honesty which I had been searching for previously, an honesty of emotions. That search caused me to pause earlier in the decade. Now, it came unstoppably. I got out the graphite and drew *Night/Dawn*. And drew more regularly, sticking to a schedule of sorts, printing other artists' works at my newly established shop, Yama Prints, and drawing for myself at home.



When I moved the print studio and bought my own press, I toggled my time between collaborative printing projects and my imagery. I began the *Meditation* series, furthering organic minimalism, which occupied my easel for about eight years.



My coined term, “organic minimalist”, I define as using a very limited palette with forms somewhat indistinct &/or edged. Other examples are *snowrocks* & *Beaches* series.



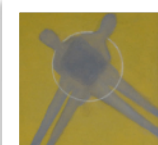
My palette evolved into a more varied one, inspired by travels abroad to different places in Italy and Peru. These and other locations inspired both series, *Passages* and *Butterflies*.



Meanwhile, politics at home led me to draw and print some *Blocked Passages*.

Soon into the new century, while maintaining my printshop, I taught printmaking as an adjunct and at workshops. This was concurrent with increased volatility of the art market, leading to declining printing jobs, combined with steadily increasing costs of rent and materials.

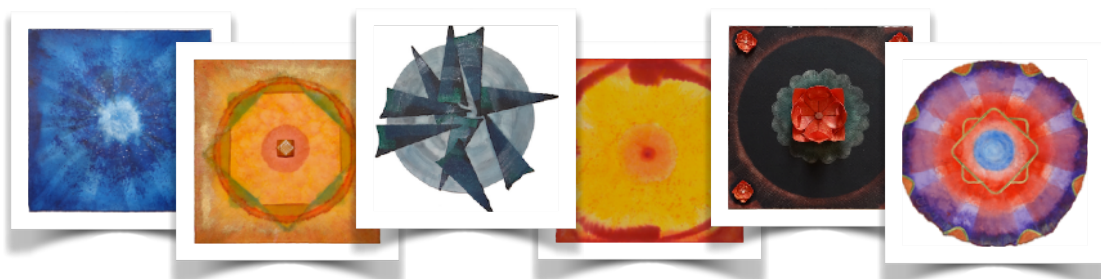
After casting about trying to find an activity to sustain my interests and income to sustain my printshop, I realized I didn't want to do the latter. I knew that visual art has value beyond home, gallery or museum walls, I decided to change careers by training to be an Art Therapist. I went back to school, got the needed credentials and a job, meeting more wondrous guides along my path. During my first year of the Masters program, I was still teaching and printing, then closed Yama during the second, final year.



It was while working in an acute psychiatric ward that I started seriously painting mandalas, a common symbol and directive (project) for patients and clients, representing wholeness and calming the mind. I started with *Be*, using watercolor. The making of these outpatient clinic within the same provided some relief from the raw administrative pressures of my job. impetus and mandala format size was for immediacy and loosen mind and body. It is another as all my art-making has been.



colored pencils and, for the first time, Mandalas crossed into my transfer to an facility. This outside-of-work art-making emotions, the traumas, the unrelenting The size and tightness changed, but the continued throughout my tenure. The smaller efficiency of time; the looser painting, to truly marriage between the materials and me, just



With retirement, the pressures that led to my Mandalas would seem to be gone. Yet I felt lingering vicarious trauma combined with continued humility and a sense of honor for those who trusted me to know them at profound levels. In the early days of retirement, I had image-ideas which compelled me to create the collaged, composite portraits, *Endurance Mandalas*, again combining 2- and 3-dimensionality, this time literally.

