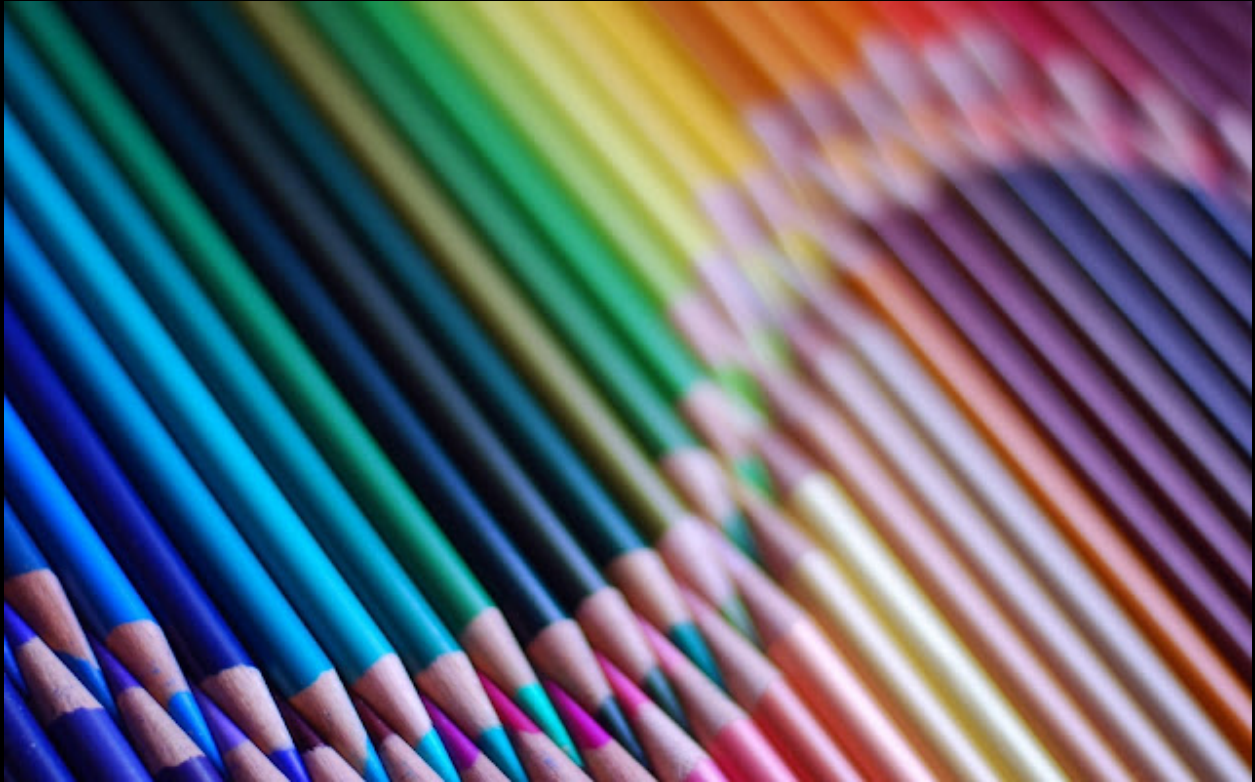


The Passionate Pursuit Part 01



A Passionate Pursuit

In 1978 I had learned to draw Charcoal portraits very well... I had done so well at it that my art teacher decided to enter one in the scholastic arts show in our city. I was very proud...

In 1978 was the first time I didn't even get an honorable mention at an art show... It really pissed me off. In fact it pissed me off so bad, I had to go downtown to see the show just to find out what beat me...

It seems an art teacher at our rival school had discovered a brand new media called colored pencils... Ok, colored pencils themselves were not new they had been around most of a century, but all I had ever seen were these chalky brittle things that laid color out like chicken scratch... These pencils they were using were rich lush colors went on almost as smoothly as paint but with infinitely more detail ability... Yah, it took me about 10 minutes to get my silent cursing out... The skill his students demonstrated wasn't any better than mine among the best of them... but the brilliance of the color was undeniable.

I had to move into this media, I just had to figure it out. God I wanted to cuss at school districting lines. I never in my life wanted to go to a specific school in my life, but I was denied, so it looked like I would have to learn on my own. Then came my lucky break... The summer school catalog came out. There under art classes was the teacher from the other school

teaching 4 hours of lab every day for both semesters that summer. I think my dad nearly fainted when I told him I had to go to a full schedule of summer school.

YES the teacher brought boxes upon boxes of colored pencils with him... Beautiful lush Berol Prismacolors. I grabbed a box the first day and began drawing and drawing and drawing... The teacher and his assistants came by to offer tips and advice, It was all welcome, and by the time summer school was letting out that year I was drawing at a higher caliber than I ever had before... and my love and use of color had blown off the charts...

I pretty much lived at my drawing table in my spare time through 1990. I was an artist in a media there was no awareness of, let alone a market for. In a world where oil was king, Watercolor was for Creative homemakers, and acrylics for armatures... there wasn't room for colored pencils anywhere in site. It was crushing. I took Commercial art classes because they taught airbrush and used colored pencils... but even there the skills were secondary to cut and past copy... My Dad was trying to convince me to move on...But the stuff I was creating was amazing to everyone who saw it. Besides, this wasn't my career, it was my passion... this stuff was coming from that weird thing they call your heart. not my brain.

In the late 80's I landed a job as a graphic designer in LA... I couldn't imagine it getting any better... but a year later... the commercial art world was over taken by Photoshop and Illustrator... my career was over... or was it???