



A LIFE IN LINE

Expression, is a gift?

To be able to pour emotion into paper, canvas, wood, glass, leather, whatever. To make something like a simple line, mean so much, say so much (without words), express so much...

I often wonder what happens to the works I create, and send out into the world. To join the works of others and live within the world of art or homes. To be framed, or not framed.

To be framed *properly* with a mat board?

Recently I've been doing works as 9x12 on 11x14 paper. It's just the right size for professional hanging, but not too big. Although, I do like the larger works, it's just that not everyone has such empty wall space ... or frame price to spare. A good mat and frame setup can be as pricy as the art sometimes - but worth it.

I go through phases.

Draw for a while. Write for a while.

Do nothing but read for days at a time.

All the while, existentialism weighing in at every chance.

It's never a question of *how* to do it; because, I find the *how* to be irrelevant. It's *what* to do, that slows me at times. Trying to decide what is worth devoting the time to, and what my mind is going to want to devote energy to, that is worth the effort.

Time is such a precious commodity.

When mine is gone, I want my works to speak my heart.