*The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes. – Marcel Proust*

***The Creative Journey: The Girl on a Bench***

***Sees Visions of Butterflies***

*(Self Portrait of the Artist as a Child in 1950)*

*The time comes when we reflect on the creative journey.*

*It’s found in the small impulses and fleeting moments of our own past; it’s found in a place where memory begins.*

My own creative journey has not been a straight path. Instead, it’s a  
twisting, turning, multi-layered, complex inner landscape - a labyrinth. To  
begin to see that imaginative path requires new eyes. Images and motifs have been revealed to me very slowly as I look backwards to the past. At the same time, I am moving forward with a slender thread in my hand, into the mist of the unclear and uncharted present.  
  
 The landscape I present through my mixed media fiber works and hand thrown pottery can be found through memory. I embrace the idea of a collective unconscious. I allow the work of my hands to share the ancient memories. My voyage is an inner panorama. Art works you see in this exhibition are not the finished product, but they reflect a creative journey I have taken in the process of conception. What you catch a glimpse of are the tracks that my passage has left behind.

  In the fiber and bead work, ***Girl on a Bench Sees Visions of Butterflies***, I am the young girl who sits on a bench, beneath the walnut tree in late summer. From this sacred place, I see visions of butterflies.

The central image of this work was once a photograph of me that my mother had laminated into a pocket mirror. It is from the early 1950s – black and white. In her final years, she gave it to me as a keepsake. I have made this portrait into an Icon honoring my own childhood.

(Note: Put with Girl on a Bench Sees Visions of Butterflies (fiber work)