

I've come full circle.

When I was a toddler living in Brooklyn, my mom would sit me on the floor with scrap paper and crayons and "I'd keep myself busy for hours", she'd say. When I was a bit older, I loved playing with my Colorforms or I'd draw or I'd be in our basement, painting. Really, I was just making a mess because I had no idea about color theory, color values, composition. Any of that stuff. But I was having fun. Lots o' fun!

When I was 9 years old, my mom took me to oil painting classes at the home of Ann Basilico. I will never forget that woman's name, my first mentor, and I will always be so grateful to my mom, single at the time, who sacrificed things she likely wanted to buy for herself in order to afford those classes for me.

Right about that same time, mom also encouraged me to get out of the house to meet and play with the girls down the block. But I was reluctant.

You see, I was a loner. I truly enjoyed my time alone, creating.

But I did as Mom asked and since then I have made lots and lots of friends.

As the years passed, having that eclectic soul, I dabbled in many mediums, e.g., oils, acrylics, watercolors, alcohol inks, charcoal drawings, broken glass art, scratchboard, ceramics, assemblage, porcelain dolls, paper dolls, carved eggs, Washi eggs.

Alas, I seem to always return to oils. The smell takes me back to Brooklyn, to my basement and Ann Basilico's basement where I would paint. Good memories. I love how oils blend and flow. I love the feel of my brush on the canvas. Having finally learned how, I love mixing the colors to arrive at the exact color I need. Believe it or not, I even love cleaning my brushes! Yes, I know - that's kinda' weird, right? But I'm an artist. I'm entitled to be weird. :)

Painting with oils is what I'm doing right now in 2020. Eight to ten hours a day when I'm not working my day job, you'll find me in my studio. Alone. Creating.

Full circle.

Thank you for reading my story.

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