

1948 *Born* Both of my parents were industrial designers, and faculty at the Rhode Island School of Design. They didn't have to coax, the materials at home were plentiful. I was naturally inspired as a kid. I was encouraged to be expressive and be figurative equally, as the event called for.

1966 Senior in high school, it was no surprise when a RI School of Design scholarship was offered, and I selected a major in sculpture and a minor in filmmaking. I also took courses in ethnomusicology at Brown University. As a Rhode Islander, I had already worked many factory jobs, and RISD had just installed a pro foundry. I already was facile in blue collar foundry skills - I was pouring pewter in the garage, and the revolution of 'plastics' caught my interest. At the same time the realm of music exploded for me in high school when I attended the debut Newport jazz festivals, music from all cultures. Jazz remains an avocation to this day, and I from time to time compose, and am found leading jazz ensembles.

1970 Upon graduation with a BFA, I headed west to Colorado, responding to an artist residency offered me by The Mobile Arts Foundation. For the two next summers I was given a cabin studio up on Buttermilk Mountain in Aspen, by the Living Arts Institute. I experimented in clay, wax, and woodcarving. When this concluded I moved to Boulder, and had foundry access at the University of Colorado. I worked in metallurgy and jazz ensemble simultaneously for two years.

1974 Was a fertile year of choices and surprise. Disneyland producers flew into snowy Boulder unannounced to see a jazz pageant I had written, produced, and staged in the brand new planetarium at the University of Colorado at Boulder. They were wowed, and greeted us naive hippies with an offer. They shipped us out to California and I succeeded to innovate how they could approach and mount a multimedia show in the theme park. After that showbiz exposure, I was tossed into no-holds-barred freefall called show business. I could build and create things, but just how do I prove myself to a blue collar industry like filmmaking?

1976 I was puzzled just how or where I was going to look for a job, when I was asked "can you make a robot?" when I went to bid for a remodel job "to keep the doors open." *Unbeknownst to me it was a fabrication shop* that proved to be the Star Wars model shop, the birth of George Lucas's Industrial Light and Magic. Science fiction was not a passion for me, but the materials! And my hands woke up, and I was making large spaceships and eccentric shapes. That stretched to 25 years of saying "yes I can built it," then figuring just *how*. My calling card read "sculptural fabrication for motion pictures" and eventually broadened to "production designer." I learned to protect myself as a freelance business in a ruthless environment, after some bruises.

I kept working in clay with portraiture, and executed 12 commissions in bronze in 1978, but the emphasis was in film work. It blossomed to a career as production designer, which requires "big picture." Responsible for "the look," yet also the details. "Working for the camera." I typically directed as many as 80 artisans on a film, from sets to props to wardrobe, the color palette of the titling, to *everything*. I still sculpted the more important creations, the most select of the props. The director directs the talent, the art director directs everything else. Thriving, successful career. With brutal pressure. A balance of finding solutions, and sculptural fabrication on a stopwatch. I also learned "theme parks technology" from collaborations with Disney Imagineering veterans who were my peers on the Disney and Universal back lots.

1983 This worked, but I was homesick, and I returned home to Colorado. I based out from there, but jumped on a lot of planes to stay in the action. "You're as only as good as your latest movie" the actors would say.

2003 Then everything flew into space. Suddenly a major stroke and a brain operation. ICU unit for 30 days. Almost didn't make it. It took two years to regain my sight, regain speech, adjust to paralysis on my entire left side, and to get my brain working. The nation's economics severely tanked, divorce and its lessons and scars, I tackled them one at a time. I tried all therapies, featuring a no nonsense level of acupuncture, with extra big needles. It was step by step.

2006 It was suggested that I go back to school as a way to get my brain working again, after the hemorrhagic stroke and subsequent brain operation. I achieved a Masters degree in Urban Design. I organized a support group at the hospital that had helped me, and there was many a time they called me in to counsel a despondent stroke patient. I interned with 3 different rural communities, with urban renewal projects. They were all three heartfelt, but the recession of 2008 and Wall Street wouldn't shake any grants for the farmers. I left drawings and text in my wake, and I hear one project is now finally got a green light with the feds. Artistic drawing was more therapy than anything, and it didn't connect with much for me til I changed to very large 4'x4' sheets and turned the music way up. I had not wanted to hear any music for a year, but one year later the floodgate opened again. Strength and resolve melded with realistic goals, but I got plenty firepower back. But always willing *to time out*, always.

2012 I was offered a studio space, and I climbed into clay. It was not until after 2 months that it even dawned to me that I was working with one hand! Kin urged me to come up to the Northwest, for the waters, the fellowship, and a fresh start. I packed my shop in the end of 2013. The move to the Northwest has already served me well, a fresh start.

Bronzeworks has returned as my roost, my perch, and sculpting. Materials technology, 40 years sculpting and motion pictures, opens up my approach. I am very motivated