Finding the artist within| A discovery of meaning within teaching, painting, yoga and sculpting

Margaret Ann Jensen

The University of Montana

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FINDING THE ARTIST WITHIN

A DISCOVERY OF MEANING WITHIN
TEACHING, PAINTING, YOGA AND SCULPTING

By

Margaret Ann Jensen


Presented in partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the degree of
Masters of Arts
In Fine Arts
Integrated Arts and Education
The University of Montana

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Date
After completing a summer in the graduate program, I decided my field project would be “the discovery of meaning in my art.” What makes an artist’s and teacher’s spirit run free, like the poem in the “Surf Dancer?”

Where golden skies meets shimmering waters,
and gentle tides caress the shores—that’s where you’ll find him,
a beautiful wild stallion dancing in the surf.
A free spirit possessing both grace and abandon,
he looks at you with a gleam in his eye
and invites you to let your spirit free.

In a computer-sophisticated world where society is grounded in technology, and our schools are standardized-test dominated, it is the artist/ teacher who allows the viewer and the student the opportunity to let the spirit be free.

My spirit becomes free as I work on my art. In my final creative project I explored finding meaning in my art. The project allowed me the freedom to examine why I make and teach art. I began by studying calligraphy and incorporating words into my painting and the use of symbol. I started to realize the importance of yoga in finding meaning in my art. My project allowed me to come to accept and appreciate my family’s background in the arts. My father is a sculptor and it has been in my life since I was young. My project would lead me into many different expressions, culminating with my family’s first art show at the Art Center in Lewistown, Montana. It inspired my teaching by allowing more spontaneity and individual differences into my student’s art projects. It made me realize the importance of art in my life, my family and as a teacher.
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The reason why I chose my project was I questioned why did I create art and feel it was meaningful to teach it? Did I express any meaning in my art or instill the importance of meaning to my students?

I had read about Margaret “Mardy” Murie, a leading conservationist from Wyoming, who had recently died. Mardy recruited former Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas to help persuade President Eisenhower to set aside eight million acres between the Brooks Range and the Beaufort Sea, in remote northeast Alaska, as a wildlife range. The area was named a refuge in 1960. Decades later, the land became the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (Meridith 15). The war in Iraq, depletion of the ozone, overpopulation and possible drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife refuge are all issues we face today. Following Murie’s example of activism inspired me to make a positive impact with my art by adding words on my paintings to reinforce meaning. The Buddhist term, “right livelihood,” is involved. Right livelihood has evolved to refer more broadly to any meaningful, fulfilling work that makes a positive contribution to the world and expresses a compassionate or sacred intent (Bodian 84).

I decided my first step to finding meaning in my art was the study of calligraphy and the use of literal words in my paintings. Calligraphy is a beautiful or elegant handwriting, which originated about 2,000 years ago. The western alphabet has two forms of calligraphy, formal and informal. Formal script was used for authority and informal showed curves and was written for everyday use. The writing instruments were a reed pen, quill, calligraphy pen, felt tip marker and brushes. In my project I practiced different calligraphy styles. I had to write the alphabet over and over again to achieve a calligraphy style. I even tried changing a type of calligraphy and inventing my own style
on my Christmas cards (Appendix A). While I was learning about calligraphy, my high school students began practicing and learning calligraphy with me.

I then began incorporating words with calligraphy into my oil paintings. I started doing this with Imperial Capitals, a type of calligraphy done with a flat brush. I applied calligraphy to two paintings, initially intending to make a statement in my art. My statement in my art was to use a word to make a difference or persuade the viewer a certain way. I wanted to start small, deciding that world problems were issues too big to confront at this time. In my first painting I used the word “memories.” I painted a picture that conveyed the idea of time forgotten, reminiscing the past (Appendix B). I then did a second painting of two welsh corgis we were given over Christmas with the words “friends.” The picture was originally painted for the people who gave us the corgis who because of financial problems had to give away their pets. I wanted to paint a picture about the importance of animal friends in our lives. We had recently lost two dogs in our family who had been there for over ten years. Their loss as part of my family was immense.

In my journal, on December 3, 2004 I noted: “I am starting to incorporate words or calligraphy into my paintings. I finished a painting that I was commissioned to do for the parents of some close friends. They wanted a truck and an old building. I decided to paint the Mule Shoe Ranch, a historical ranch that is on my mother’s mail route. I tried to capture the light and the shadows of the trees to symbolize veins. I wanted to paint the idea of the past in this painting because it was a commission for some old friends I have known since I was a small child (Appendix B).
After the completion of two paintings with calligraphy, it began to bother me that by combining words into my painting, the viewer would fixate on the words and not really see the artwork. I did not like the way words diminished the mystery and imagination of a painting. People who viewed my paintings with words began to be stuck by only the words. The words were very similar to when an artist places a fancy frame on their painting. A fancy frame has the potential of overpowering a picture so much that all the viewer can see is the frame. As I explored the reaction to words in my paintings I began to think maybe I approached the placement of words in my paintings wrong. I could use words as Bev Doolittle did the image of the horse. She is an artist who takes the image of the horse and camouflages it in her paintings making her art like a puzzle. I noticed the restlessness in my high school students when I taught them calligraphy. They became tired of the repetitive use of calligraphy and wanted to create their own style, or own writing.

I then began to think about the use of symbols in art. Could they be used instead of calligraphy to place meaning in my art? I had the opportunity to move from literal words into symbols in jewelry making. My sister, Emily and I attended a workshop in Denver on silver clay, a type of cooked clay used in jewelry making. I had always wanted to learn how to make jewelry. I was unsatisfied with only making beaded jewelry and wanted to make pendants using silver clay. Silver clay is a type of clay that turns to real silver when baked in a small kiln. The price of the clay was about $50.00 for a small sample with the consistency of chewing gum. It would dry out rapidly so your symbol or image had to be made relatively quickly. Many of the people in the class made imprints of shells, coins and buttons because of the fast drying effect of the clay. I wanted to make
a universal symbol. I made an imprint of the inside of a shell for mine. I decided to make my pendant similar to the labyrinth symbol, or circle of life.

I was stimulated by an article, I found in Yoga Journal titled “Take This Job and Love It.” It spoke about how many of us take our careers so seriously that we identify ourselves by what we do at work only as teachers. You often hear people talk about how an art teacher couldn’t make it as a professional. As an art teacher, I often struggle between wanting to help my students and wanting to work on my own art. One of the most stirring experiences of a teacher is to walk into a classroom for the first meeting and sense within that room so much life, so many hopes and fears and dreams and worldly innocence. I bow my head and my heart to those students. To speak to five, twenty, forty or two hundred people, with the continuous sensation of their unique realities humming like super energy-systems in a room, with their lives at stake, shivers my timbers every time (Richards 23).

Justin Willis Toms, of New Dimensions Broadcasting Network stated, “It’s important to give our passion priority,” he says. ‘If we can’t do it in our work, we can begin outside the work place, and it will gradually grow. Sometimes a passion leads to income-productivity activity, sometimes not. Often it may be necessary to subsidize your passion, as we did for years with New Dimensions as the Buddhist taught, the secret to happiness is to want what we already have instead of wanting what we don’t have” (Bodian 135).

My secretary at Chugwater, Wyoming commissioned me to paint a soda fountain picture this year (Appendix D, lower painting.) My principal at Glendo, Wyoming asked me to donate a painted boot for the high school rodeo association, for a money making
project for her daughter who is the high school rodeo queen for Wyoming (Appendix F).

These art projects were meaningful to me because I was able to paint the reality in which I live. I teach in Chugwater and often go to the soda fountain. The boot was important because I was raised on a farm and ranch and was able to paint the environment in which I live.

I am continuing to learn sculpture with my father. As I age and am a teacher myself, I am beginning to see my father as my mentor and friend. He is someone who wants to see his daughter progress in the art world and is willing to share his knowledge. Throughout my project I have learned many aspects in the field of sculpture. I have learned how to make life molds of models (Appendix C), and negotiate with a foundry, where sculpture is bronzed. I have begun to understand how to check raw bronze sculpture for imperfections or cheap metal. I used to argue with my father’s artistic ideas and struggle against his interests with realism (Appendix G). I have begun to listen to his ideas, using the ideas that work for me.

You need a teacher so that you can become independent. Then you will have the skills and the knowledge to go into the world with your natural abilities. If you are attached to him, the teacher will show you the way to yourself. You have a teacher for yourself, not for the teacher (Suzuki 77). They teach to pass on their knowledge.

It has not been easy to continue my passion for oil painting and learn sculpture from my father. In my journal on February 8, 2004 I wrote about some of my dilemmas. “I stretched a canvas—rather small one, though. I have to get some more stretchers. I keep wondering if it’s okay to spend all this time on my paintings. My dad has been sick, should I be learning more about sculpture? I enjoy it. He needs some help, but today he
was sick. There are so many different things, items to do. It seems hard to stay focused. I sometime feel pulled in different ways wanting to make it on my own and fighting the realization that my father is ill and needs my help. I often want to escape my reality where I have lived since I was a small child in the shadows of my father who is a well-known sculptor.”

Life and its impermanence has cast shadows over my ability to step out into a foreign place on my own. The spring before I entered the Creative Pulse my father was diagnosed with prostate cancer. After going to different doctors, researching it, and questioning his options, he chose to live with it and have it monitored periodically. A person can live with cancer. Every person has cancer cells in their body. It is how rapid they grow that becomes the problem.

In my journal on February 29, 2004, I wrote about some of my personal issues. “I guess I had been fighting liking sculpture and following in my Dad’s footsteps. His illness brought a new perspective. Shouldn’t I learn all I can about sculpture? Isn’t that meaningful art? I can still go back to my paintings. I guess it has become a struggle finding my own authentic art. His illness requires me to work more on the sculpture. He has taught me many aspects involved in making a life-size sculpture. I worked on the sculpture from 9 to 4. The other leg is ½ finished. It was a nice day outside, kind of hard to work on the sculpture. But I did! I didn’t work an evening this week. I was so tired after teaching. Dad made me mad yesterday, he told a lady he needed help with the sculpture. What did he think I was doing? I was trying to help him as much as I could. It’s so much easier to do the painting. Every time I begin to spend more time doing
something other than sculpture my father seems to threaten me about hiring someone else. He knows what strings to pull to get a reaction out of me.”

Journal on April 25, 2004: “wow, what happened to April? I was swamped at school. I worked on the sculpture today. We are smoothing out the imperfections. I will work again tomorrow; hopefully Dad can take it to Berthoud, Colorado to the foundry. This is the first time Dad and I worked together at the same time on the sculpture. Before, I always felt like he was ‘nit-picking.’ I was willing to take his pointers. Although, this morning he wanted to hire someone to help him. He, Emily (my sister) and I had a disagreement this morning. It’s hard sometimes to be different from the norm” (Appendix C).

My sister and mom have begun to help my father with sculpture. It is becoming a family operation. They are helping to lighten the load of the sculpture. I guess finding meaning in my art has made my only sister realize the importance in her life as well. She has been a middle school art teacher in Douglas, Wyoming for the last eleven years and is also a potter.

After my second summer in the Creative Pulse, I began my Final Creative Project. At the end of July, I spoke to the Art Center in Lewistown, Montana about having a family art show the following summer. My dad, sister and I wanted to have a family art exhibit. I was going to become certified as a yoga teacher and study movement in sculpture from my father. I wanted to study yoga because I had begun to realize it was an art form. During my two summers in the Creative Pulse I began to realize the importance of movement in art. Several of the students in my program gave a presentation on sculpture around Missoula. During this presentation they included yoga and movement as a form
of sculpture. I had never thought about how well they worked together. I have been
doing yoga for the last ten years and sculpture had been in my life since I was a small
child. I thought to myself is yoga part of finding my art? I decided then I would try to
become certified in yoga.

My final creative project started out really bumpy. It was a struggle to find a good
yoga-teaching program in my area that could accommodate my work schedule. I began
to look into yoga workshops in the surrounding area. My sister wanted to attend the
workshops with me. She was my first student in yoga. I had installed in her the belief
in learning from many different yoga instructors. I felt it was good for Emily to go to the
workshops with me. It was also easier and comforting to have her go, easing the
discomfort of being alone.

My sister and I enrolled in a yoga workshop at the YMCA camp in Estes Park,
Colorado on October 8 and 9, 2004. This workshop was advertised as having the biggest
names in yoga teaching in the United States. It was hard to enroll in many of the classes
as several of the classes were already closed. Finally, I was able to enroll into three
classes with instructors I had seen in yoga videos. Our first course was “Looking for the
Good” with John Friend. It was okay although I felt many of the items he spoke about I
already practiced. I try to keep a good attitude laughing about many of my challenging
times after they are over. I feel as a visual artist a person can use their art as therapy. I
can take my emotions and place them in my painting’s often making them a better piece
of art.

The most important thing I learned from this course was the meaning of the chant
OM, a foreign chant people often mock or don’t understand its meaning. I never knew its
meaning. It is mocked because sometimes people make fun of things they don’t understand. The chant OM is important in yoga or meditation because it centers a person. It takes away the distractions, chaos or problems of the day. The chant awakens the person to the good of life and wellness. I say this chant silently to myself when I am about to take off and land in an airplane. I am terribly afraid to fly, almost going into panic attacks because of my fear. I do fly knowing the limitations it makes in your life if you are unable to fly. The OM chant helps me center my mind. It helps me to relax and work on my art.

**OM**

*Namah Shivah Gurave*
I offer myself to the Light, the Auspicious Lord,
Who is the True Teacher within and without,
*Saccidananda Murtaye*
Who assumes the forms of Reality, Consciousness and Bliss,
*Nisprapancaya Shataya*
Who is never absent and is full of peace,
*Niralambaya Tejasa*
Independent in His existence,
He is the vital essence of illumination.
**OM**

The second class we took was “Fluid Power: Wave Motion within Hatha Yoga,” with Shiva Rea. This class wasn’t very good. She was this super thin teacher who had long stringy hair she which she did not bother to pull back for teaching. She was really into her appearance and seemed to be trying to impress her audience with how flexible she was. She focused more on her mirror image of herself then individual students. Shiva Rea was very flexible, and unique to watch with her yoga postures. In my experience with yoga it is not about competing to see who can stretch the farthest but finding your center. I was in the class to learn and participate, not watch. This class related to finding meaning in my art because I began to realize if she could teach why couldn’t I. I thought
about how I could relate sculpture and painting with yoga and become marketable. The music was the best part of the class as it was played by an extremely handsome man.

The third class was our best; it was “Earth Foundation: Grounding through the Legs and Feet” with Rodney Yee. It was a great course and I couldn’t believe my instructor was Rodney Yee. He took time to walk through the class helping each student individually. Rodney Yee realized the importance of form. He has been my idol since I started yoga eleven years ago! He stated during his class “stretching is the same as stretching a canvas because you are getting the body ready to create.” I had never thought about this before. He was right; yoga with our body was an art form. Our body reflects who we are. It is a live work of art. At the workshop I learned about various yoga programs to become certified. I began to realize I was going to need a yoga program like the Creative Pulse, which took place in the summer with individual study on your own in the winter. It would be too hard to go every weekend to Colorado for a yoga class. My art would suffer with this kind of commitment. The article “real joy, right now” stated about yoga, practice yoga for contentment give up wanting what you don’t already have, and learn how to accept what you cannot change (Kempton 64).

There were many challenges I faced trying to become certified in yoga. First, I live in a small town in rural Wyoming. The nearest yoga program, I found I would have to drive about three hours away. Next how would I find time to study yoga and do my art too. I was teaching full time. I would need to sleep and it was winter with icy and snowy roads. Then I asked myself; do I really want to teach yoga and art both. Wasn’t that too much teaching? After a while you become drained as a teacher. Would I really have the time to practice for myself yoga program if I taught? I had begun to notice how a teacher
in yoga just walked through their students making sure they were doing the posture correctly. I was unsure if I wanted to become a yoga instructor or just be a yogi. Although, I do not believe I should never limit my options. A person never knows where the road will take them. I will become certified in yoga in the future. I realized yoga was part of my art.

While deciding if I wanted to pursue a yoga certificate I returned to my painting. I painted two Soda Fountain pictures (Appendix D). The soda fountain was a place where on Fridays we sometimes have drinks as a teaching staff. I started to place movement with people in my paintings. It was the first time I had placed people in my paintings. I became aware of the importance of movement in my pictures by trying to find meaning in my art and study movement with yoga. The project made me realize the importance of making a story or focusing on an idea in my art.

Then I found an Ashtanga and Meditation Retreat at the Shambhala Mountain Center, a Buddhist, meditation, yoga retreat in the Colorado Rockies. I was not very familiar with Ashtanga Yoga or meditation so this workshop intrigued me. It was only two hours away from where I lived. I was also curious about how meditation could help me find my center and meaning within my art. My sister Emily and I went to the Ashtanga class on November 5-8, 2004. We drove into Shambhala Mountain Center and were late. The lady told us we had to leave our vehicle to walk not drive. It was dark outside and we had forgotten a flashlight. The center was located in the mountains with a trail lightened by the moon or other people’s flashlights. We listened to the rules of the place; talk about rules! We were not allowed to drive anywhere at the center. The center was vast stretching over several acres in the mountains.
You couldn’t wear shoes in any of the buildings. They didn’t even want you to flush the toilet very much to conserve water. Then we walked and ate supper. Needless to say, my sister and I had to do “rotto” right off. Rotto was a house keeping duty you had to do with the center. In Buddhism they feel you are equal to everyone else. This duty was to make you feel the same and give thanks for what you had. Emily and I had to clean the table, wash dishes and take care of the trash. I really couldn’t believe we had this duty because we had paid a considerable amount for the workshop and were not informed about rotto! Later, that evening it was sitting, learning about Buddhism, doing yoga and more sitting. I really didn’t understand the sitting at this time, nor did I really understand Buddhism a strange foreign religion acquainted with yoga. The place was strange. It had a giant Stupa a place of worship for Buddhism. It resembled an alien ship that landed in the middle of the mountain, with a giant clay Buddha (Appendix E).

In the workshop I found I was able to do the yoga section along with the other students in class. My home practice through the years had been very effective. The most important thing I have found in yoga is physical posture breathing. It is not so concerned about a deep understanding of Buddhism. As a philosophy, Buddhism is a deep, wide, and firm system of thought, but Zen is not concerned about philosophical understanding. (Suzuki 99). I learned things about myself at this workshop. I felt just sitting was crazy and a waste of time. As an artist I sit and do my art work. Drawing or painting is finding my center. Zen is being aware of my surroundings and when I do a sketch I am analyzing minute detail of an object.

I also learned in my reading about Zen Buddhism that they must have rules to have freedom. Rules make you aware of your freedom. I am used to moving, sitting in front
of a television or working on my artwork. When a Buddhist sits in the cross-legged posture, they resume their fundamental activity of creation. There are perhaps three kinds of creation. The first is to be aware of ourselves after we finish zazen. When we sit we are nothing. We do not even realize what we are; we just sit. But when we stand up, we are there! That is the first step in creation. When you are there, everything else is there; everything is created all at once. The second kind of creation is when you act, or produce or prepare something like food or tea. The third kind is to create something within yourself, such as education, or culture, or art, or some system of our society (Suzuki 67).

A wonderful painting is the result of the feeling in your fingers. If you have the feeling of the thickness of the ink in your brush, the painting is already there before you paint. When you dip your brush into the ink you already know the result of your drawing, or else you cannot paint. So before you do something, “being” is there, the result is there. Even though you look as if you were sitting quietly, all your activity, past and present is included; and the result of your sitting is already there. You are not resting at all. All the activity is within you. That is your being. So all results of your practice are included in your sitting. This is our practice, our zazen (Suzuki 107). I have found I am following Zen. I don’t have a thorough knowledge of Buddhism. My artwork and yoga are my meditation. Yoga allows me to focus on my body while doing my art and with teaching I use my mind to communicate with students.

One of my books said that a thorough knowledge of Buddhism practice is not needed. Nor do I wish to devote my life to it. I have begun placing people and dogs into my paintings. I began reading and using the knowledge from Jack Hammis’s Drawing The
Head and the Figure. I now realize in finding meaning in my art I need to place human figures into some of my paintings. They humanize and tell a story with a painting as the artist Norman Rockwell did. I am capturing rural life in Wyoming and Montana in my paintings. I enjoy painting old trucks and run down shacks. They tell a story of life past. I like to make vivid color paintings because they are different from a photo.

I am continuing to help my father work on the sculpture. Finding meaning in my art was realizing and accepting sculpture in my life. I enjoy the feel of it in my hands and the ability to mold and create a three dimensional structure with touch. It is a path I am taking in my art. My father’s realism has made me a better artist (Appendix G). I have begun to understand how sculpture is the next step in my artistic development. When a person becomes restless with only two-dimensional surfaces they go to sculpture. Yoga and dance are a living form of three-dimensional art.

I started teaching some yoga classes to two old friends whose bodies were beginning to ache with age. Teaching them made me realize how satisfying teaching yoga could be. They were so excited to learn; it was amazing how they needed yoga and the ability to stretch. They are in their late 50’s and arthritis and the aches and pains of life was setting in. It affected my personal practice by making me more aware of the names of the postures and doing more precise routine postures. It also made me aware of different types of bodies, how some people are more flexible than others. I found a good illustrated I recommend, called Yoga for Beginners by Mark Ansuri and Liz Lark.

Teaching yoga was a good experience for myself. I have extra vertebrae and am unable to do some of the postures. It makes me more aware of the limitations in peoples bodies. When I taught, I did have time to practice my own yoga postures. My sister, my

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first student was always a willing participant in going to yoga workshops and learning yoga from me. Her presence and encouragement has given me the courage and push to become a certified teacher.

In the future, I still plan to become certified in yoga. I will continue teaching art and working on my painting and sculpting. I believe a person should never limit their abilities or aspirations. People are only given one chance in this life. I completed my final creative project with a cowboy boot for the Wyoming High school Rodeo Association (Appendix F) a project, I felt fitting for the life I have lived in rural Wyoming. I painted the boot with the landscapes I find meaningful in my life.

I concluded my final creative project with a family art show at the Lewistown Art Center. I never realized the time and thought that went into an art show. I had to write bibliographies, buy boxes for my paintings and send out invitations. I drove a vehicle that would carry all our artwork and had to pack as to not damage any artwork. I have sold most of my paintings and had to call people to borrow my paintings to have an exhibit of my work.

I decided to have my sister and father exhibit with me because finding my art was realizing my family’s history in the arts. It was important to have my art show in Lewistown for several reasons. We have a home in Lewistown. Next my father lost a commission for military sculptures at the memorial park in Lewistown. He didn’t place them on a contract and they hired a different artist. The sculpture committee did not like the feet on the sculpture. I was the one who worked on the feet. I felt responsible to show them what they had lost. Last I had left Lewistown approximately ten years ago when I was a graphic artist. I wanted to display my artwork in an exhibit. My sister
needed a show to confirm her place in our family. It is a struggle for me to find my own path living in a family of artists.

When I saw all of our artwork together, I found meaning in my art. I saw the importance of nature in my paintings with my birds and flowers the vivid colors and brush strokes in my old trucks and run down shacks. I saw in my father’s art the same realism (Appendix G). The sculptures had themes about horses, birds, agriculture and rural life. My sister had the love of birds and flowers in her batik watercolors. We filled two rooms with color and nature (Appendix H). At first I didn’t think anyone would come to our reception. It was scary placing my soul out there in an art exhibit. I never realized how personal art was to me. It reflects who I am and what is important in my life. All art has meaning whether it is for healing, remembering or just for decorating. There is a meaning and an artist behind each piece of art.

Yoga is centering for me. It makes me relax from the tensions and anxiety of life. It allows me the freedom to relax my body and mind and it is healing. In my teaching I have began to realize the differences in each student. Many students need as a release from academic; a place where they can relax and let the spirit run free. In my master’s program I began to realize the importance an environment has when learning. A student needs to be able to walk around, go outside and be free. Students need some guidance but they also need freedom of expression. I have begun to teach my classes less structured. I bring in speakers, draw outside and realize students are small people with their own troubles and worries.

I have grown through my process of finding my art. I recognize my family’s importance and influence in my life. It was important for me to have a family exhibit. I
used to think it would be easier to be an orphan. I would not get home sick and could travel the world. Now I realize I am grounded in the arts. Yoga has helped me get through many set backs in my life. I would be happy to share its benefits with other people and will become a certified yoga instructor in the near future. While I have been learning and practicing yoga I have began learning about Zen Buddhism. I was raised in a family without religion. Death used to scare me in its finality. Through yoga I have learned about Zen Buddhism. Zen Buddhism is about finding the good in life and accepting your place in the moment. It explains how life is a cycle and death is another part of the cycle. A person should not worry about the past they should live in the moment. In learning yoga I am finding out about a different religion, which is adding a new dimension into my art projects. Art and yoga will always have its place in my world.
Appendix

Appendix A: Christmas Cards 2003-2004

Appendix B: Mule Shoe Ranch painting

Appendix C: Dad and I working on sculptures.

Appendix D: Soda Fountain in Chugwater, Wyoming paintings.

Appendix E: Buddhist Stupa at the Shahbala Mountain Center outside of Fort Collins, Colorado. A clay Buddha found inside the sputa.

Appendix F: Cowboy boot painting

Appendix G: Carl E Jensen (my father) working on a realistic cat

Appendix H: Pictures at the art exhibit at the Lewistown Art Center
Appendix A: Christmas cards I made with calligraphy in 2003 and 2004. These cards were made in black and white only. I do not place color in my cards. I may use color paper or inks to create a better quality in printing.
Appendix B: Mule Shoe ranch painting where I placed calligraphy in my art. In my paintings I change some of the scenes by adding a different road or an old truck as seen below.
Appendix C. Dad and I working on the navy sculpture. The sculpture is one of six military figures to be placed at a veteran’s memorial in Thermopolis, Wyoming (4/6/04). Dad and I making a life-mask (6/7/04). The model was a former student I taught at Glendo, Wyoming. A life-mask is an exact replica of the model’s face. A life-mask is used in replacement of having the model sit for long periods of time.
Appendix D: Chugwater, Wyoming soda fountain paintings. The soda fountain is in downtown Chugwater. In both paintings I am trying to capture the idea of a story and show movement with a person.
Appendix E: Buddhist stupa at the Shambhala Mountain Center. (below) A giant clay Buddha inside the stupa.
Appendix F: Cowboy boot painting to be raffled for the Wyoming high school rodeo association. I painted both sides similar to landscapes a person would see in or near Wheatland, Wyoming.
Appendix G: Carl E Jensen (my father) working on a life-size cat sculpture to be placed at the Fred Meijer sculpture garden in Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Appendix H: A man at the art exhibit in Lewistown, Montana pointing at his favorite painting of mine. Emily (at the right) and myself standing by my paintings at the art show.
Bibliography


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