



Rayder
art

BY NICHOLAS RAYDER

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ISBN: 978-0-9994882-0-1

First Printing, 2017

Layout and Design by
Black Iron Creative
www.BlackIronCreative.com



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OPENING WORDS & DEDICATION

I wanted to share my art and show how it tagged along with me throughout my life, so I compiled this book. I'm not sure where my ability to express the various ideas, design, and content I sketched and painted came from. The art gene was probably passed on to me from my maternal grandmother Francis Caruso. After my grandfather died in 1953, and her seven children moved out of the Caruso coop, after her daily attendance at mass, frequent Novenas, and preparing delicious pots of pasta, she took an art class at the local High School.

Here are two of her first oil paintings:



Thanks for the gene, Gram! So, I dedicate this book to the memories of my grandmother Francis Salvatore Caruso, and also to her daughter, Mary, my wonderful mother, who never lost faith in me and when I showed her my art, always smiled and said, "That's nice Nicky!" Also, thanks to my daughter, Tara, who was patient and super receptive as I tried to excite her art talent using my experimental teaching techniques and especially for the joy her life and art gives me daily. And thanks to my friend Connie Vance. When she traveled throughout the world she would visit major art museums and send me postcards and books on the artist and exhibitions that would excite and fuel the art spark in me!

I was born Nicholas Frank Rayder in 1940 in North Plainfield, New Jersey, a small town twenty-two miles from the Holland Tunnel to New York City. Growing up and living so close to Manhattan, and traveling there frequently, I was deeply influenced by the sights of the city. I enjoyed drawing and painting buildings. They seemed to provide a sense of stability in my life. I would render them in all sorts of styles, using a variety of media.

My love of buildings and city scenes was reinforced by artists I admired known as “The Eight” or “The Ashcan School.” Artists like Henri, Sloan, Glackens and others. They were something of a rebel group, rejected by the existing art critics and society because they painted the back streets of the city, showing buildings with lines of laundry hanging between them, children playing in the streets and back alleys, populated with the pervasive ash (garbage) cans. They wanted to portray life in the city as is really was. To show their work they had to rent their own space in an armory, and titled their first show “The Salon de Refuse.” During the summer between my junior and senior year in High School, my grandparents provided funds for me to attend The Bowery Barber College so I could develop an employable skill. I became more interested in the city’s culture and the characters who lived there. I became my own “Ashcan Artist” enjoying drawing different city scenes, and I could also cut hair! My art would transition through different periods of my life as did my signature at the bottom of each piece I finished!



ART IN THE ELEMENTARY GRADES

When I was in elementary school, the local schools held daily playground programs all summer long where kids could come to spend hours in the sand box, fall off the sea-saw (when the person at the other end bailed when you were up in the air) or slide on the giant metal slides (sitting on a piece of waxed paper to slide faster). A lot of materials were provided that allowed you to draw and color. That is, if the crayons weren't left out in the sun!

Here's a picture of "the gang" in the neighborhood where I grew up. We were about ten years old. I'm the one in the front row holding that sort of mandala. I remember that someone showed me how to use a protractor so I created a circular design. I think this was my first piece of art.

During the 1950's "art time" in public school was usually taught by the regular classroom teacher. It would only last one-half-hour. The teacher would distribute some paper, pull out a bucket of crayons, pass it around, and let you go at it! In later grades, an "art teacher" (usually a substitute part-time teacher with little or no training in art), would come to class to "teach art," allowing the regular teacher to go on break, maybe to smoke a Lucky Strike in the teacher's lounge. The "art" teacher would frequently give the class a lame art project like coloring in a pumpkin, if it was Halloween. "Stay within the lines!" Or she would provide colored construction paper and scissors for you to cut out feathers to paste on a headband for you to become an Indian in the upcoming Thanksgiving Day performance. I would complete the assignment as fast as I could then come up with my own "creative" project. Like the time I surreptitiously took extra white paste from the large jar that was passed around and formed



globs of the paste into balls. Then, when the teacher turned her back, using a tongue depressor, or better yet a wooden ruler, I launched, catapult style, the paste balls 15 feet into the air where they stuck to the ceiling. Then, at random times throughout the day, a paste glob dried, release it's grip, and fell with a loud thump on a desk or on the head of an unsuspecting student! The class would roar with laughter, return to the lesson, and wait expectantly for another paste glob to make its journey to earth. It must have been tough teaching during a "glob-drop" day!

In my later grades, when art and music were recognized as important parts of a child's education, well-trained teachers came to class to teach art. Yea! I looked forward to art during those years. Art became my friend. I could do it well and finally received acclaim and recognition for my work (without having to break some rule or create some funny, disruptive prank). Further, while I was engaged in an art project, I could relax and be myself.

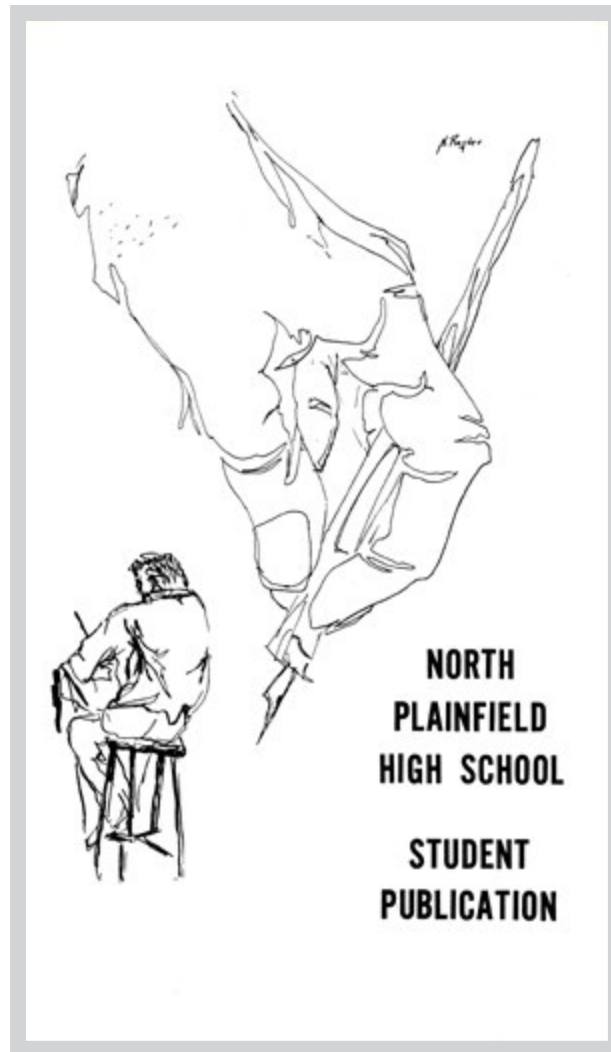
Throughout my life my art seemed to prove to me, and others, that I had some talent and value. That I could express my feelings in design and color is a gift that continues to excite and surprise me. My art just seems to naturally flow onto paper. When I'm creating, it's like having a respected friend or a personal counselor validate my life with continuous pats on the back!

1955-1958 NORTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

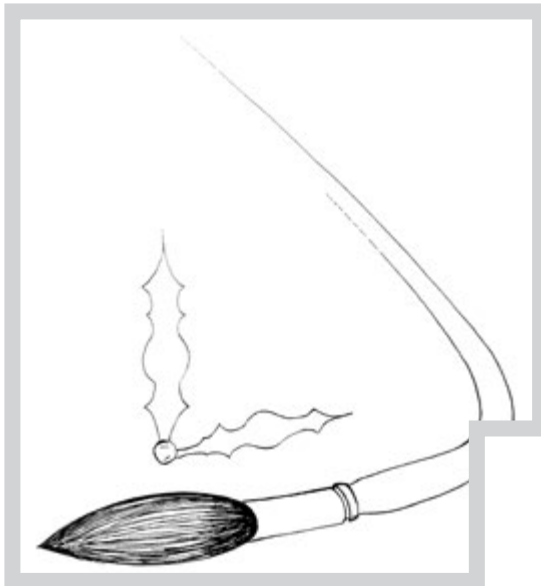
Toward the end of my senior year in high school, several student authors produced a “literary” book called “The Canuckling.” I was asked to help illustrate it. I designed a cover and a memorial piece (the fading art brush) in recognition of our art teacher who had recently died. Other drawings illustrated student poems and stories. Obviously one story had to do with the atomic bomb (“duck and cover!”). Another with rain and one was about a house. The house drawing depicts a style that seemed to take hold.

I was a poor student, so, between my Junior and Senior year my grandparents wanted me to have a skill and so provided funds for me to attend Barber College in the NYC Bowery. I would take time out from learning to shave and cut hair to sketch some of the street derelicts who were our customers.

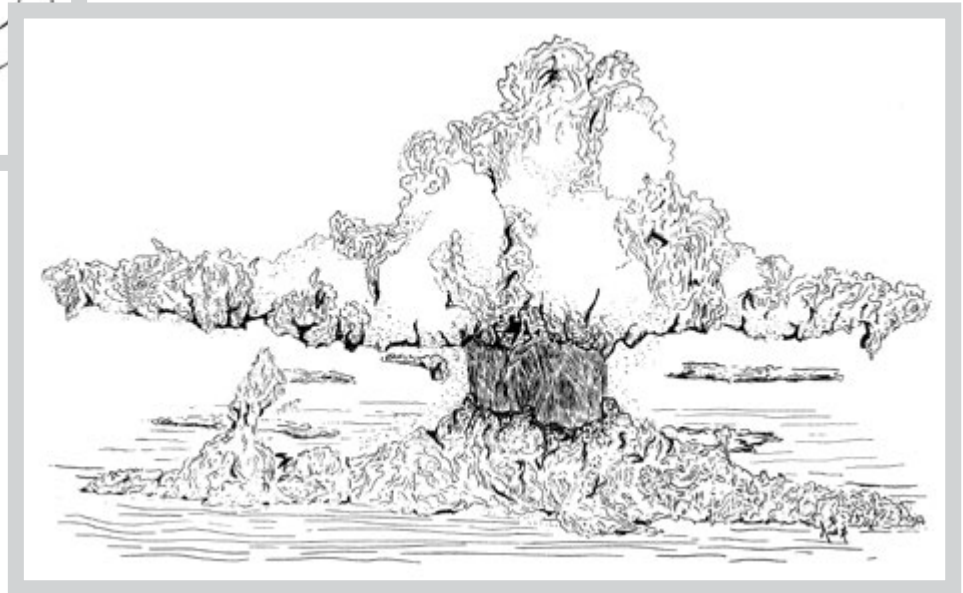
At the Senior Awards Night I was recognized for my artistic talent and received the \$25 Slotnik art award! I was also recognized by my classmates who voted me “Class Clown.” Throughout my schooling I continued to be infamous for designing and pulling off all sorts of pranks to get laughs. I didn’t study much and my acting-out and frequent delinquent behavior resulted in me flunking U.S. History. It was a required course, and thus kept me from graduating. This was a serious blow to my ego and self-esteem which haunted me for some time. I made-up the failing grade the following summer and, pushed by my sister Rose Marie, tried to get into college.



THE CANUCKLING - INK



MEMORIAL - INK



THE BOMB - INK



TEAR DROPS - INK



SUN & RAIN - INK



HOUSE ON FRANKLIN STREET - INK

1958 -1962 WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

One school, Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, took the chance to admit me as a new student. My high school grades were awful and I felt stupid. I didn't think I could pass most classes, so when I picked my schedule I took as many art classes as I could. I also took Introduction to Psychology to find out what makes me tick and was forced to schedule "Dumbbell English" to get my language skills up to par. I started college as a below average student but excelled in art class under the guidance of John Chandler, Ian James and at times John Mennihen of Rochester, NY. These three mentors not only offered me training in technique and color, but more important, **they encouraged me and validated the promise of my art.**

This is where I first learned about the "Ash Can Artists" also known as "The Eight". I also studied the art of many artists and remember reading a quote by Van Loom, the music critic. He said that, "All art, not performed by the artist to release some degree of an emotional burden, is just a piece of craftsmanship." Boy, did I have emotional burdens to release!

Mr. James was a great teacher. He actually let me clean out a small music practice room that had two windows for my own private studio (photo). I would paint there on my own and he would critique my work weekly.

I was now becoming an "Ashcan Artist" releasing a lot of emotion in my own studio! Art became my major with Psychology as my minor. When other students learn that you are majoring in art, you get all sorts of requests to draw- like the French Horn Christmas card and the "Adventures in Paradise" cover.

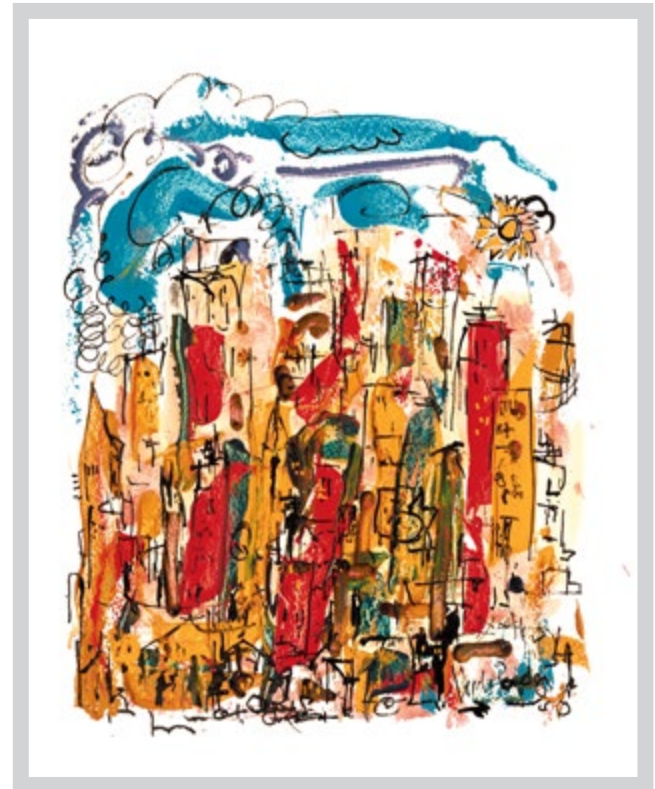




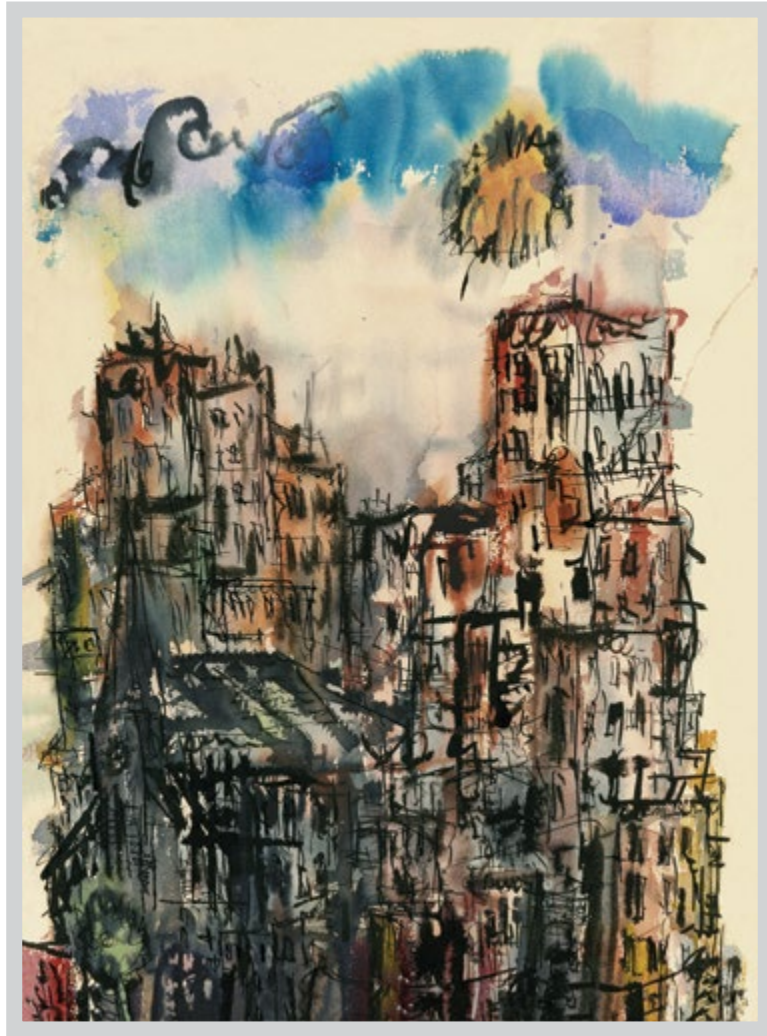
NY ASHCAN SCENE - WATERCOLOR & INK



NYC SKYLINE - WATERCOLOR & INK



PAINTING NYC RED- WATERCOLOR & INK



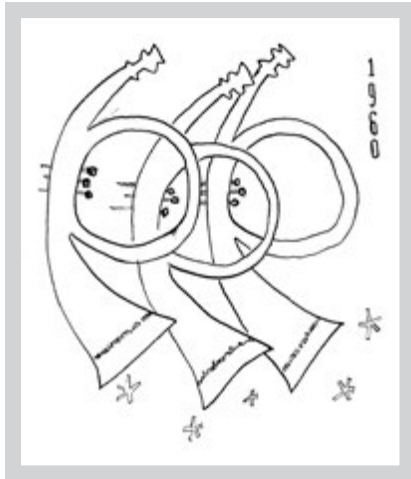
NYC CHURCH - WATERCOLOR & INK



RED BLUE BUILDINGS - WATERCOLOR & INK



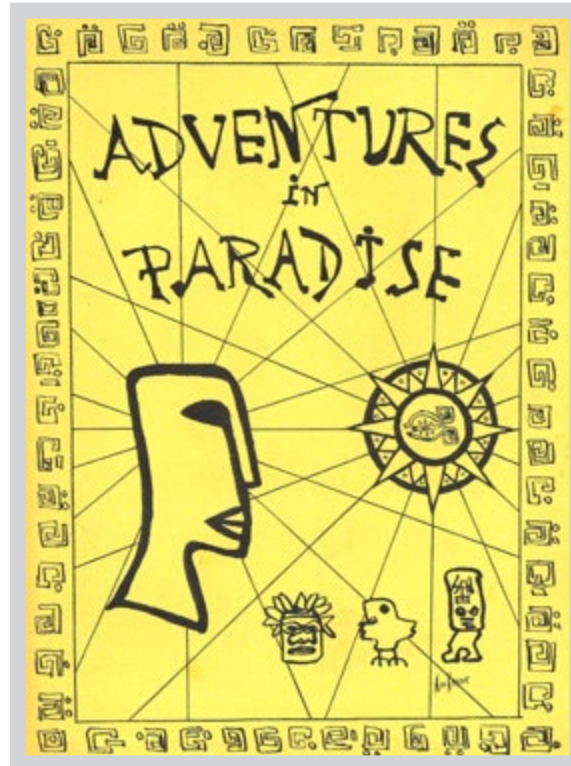
A CITY'S NIGHT BRILLIANCE - WATERCOLOR & INK



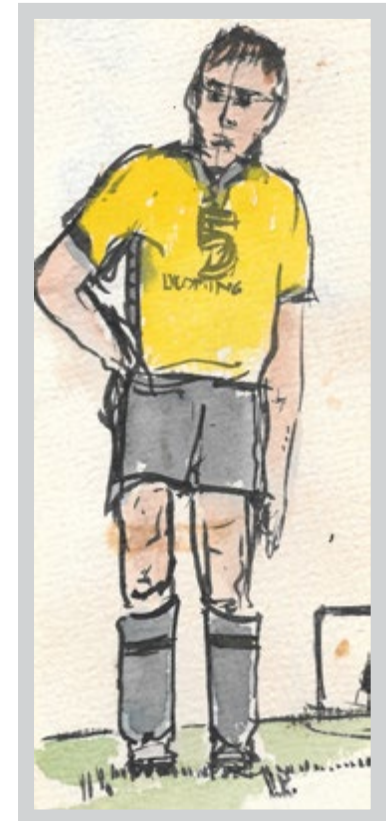
CHRISTMAS CARD - INK



SKETCHES - INK



PROGRAM COVER - INK



SOCCER ME - WATERCOLOR & INK

1962 -1965 FORT COLLINS, COLORADO

For me, Lycoming College was a great transformer. I learned that I could learn! With small classes and the support, encouragement and fine personalized teaching and mentoring I blossomed into a real student. My social life also boomed. I began to enjoy and appreciate my life and who I was becoming. I wanted to continue learning and see other parts of our country. I wanted to see the Rockies and applied to and was accepted at Colorado State University (CSU) in a master's program in Industrial Psychology. Wow, the Rocky Mountains and Cowboys.

At CSU I studied hard yet continued to draw and paint. Art seemed to become integrated into my life and would always provide a quiet, peaceful and joyous place to retreat, or really to advance! I did a couple of self-portraits a psych professor told me depicted the "emerging me". I was using a stick to draw with in the style of Ben Shahn, an innovative artist. Then I did a piece of two rather grumpy cowboys. I pasted a bunch of S&H Green Stamps for their shirts. With the stamps I pasted one of the cowboy's mouth shut to keep him from spitting; and put a big "10" value stamp on the "ten gallon" hat. His belt buckle and his profile reminded me of a longhorn cow. This composition became a signature piece.



COLORADO ROCKIES - MARKER & ACRYLIC



BLEEDING HAND - STICK DRAWING & WATERCOLOR



PONDERING - STICK DRAWING & WATERCOLOR



TWO COWBOYZ - STICK DRAWING & S&H STAMPS



GRAIN ELEVATOR FT. COLLINS COLORADO - WATERCOLOR & INK



FORT COLLINS, COLORADO - WATERCOLOR & INK

1965 - 1967 GREELEY, COLORADO

After I graduated from CSU, I signed up to join the U.S. Air Force, passed a series of tests and qualified for a direct commission stationed in San Diego. However, our country was becoming involved in the Vietnam War and I couldn't see myself as part of that horrible situation. Besides, I wanted to become part of the college scene, as a professor or, better yet, a dean of students where I could help students like me learn and grow. At the last minute I chose to continue my education and was admitted to a doctoral program in at the University of Northern Colorado in Greeley, Colorado.

I started out majoring in Student Personnel and later changed to Psychological Measurement and Statistics. I changed majors to study under men I respected. I guess I was looking for a father figure and a mentor. To pay for my education I was hired as a research assistant by Dr. Glen Nimnicht, a dynamic educator working in childhood education.

While working on my doctoral degree, I would frequently escape to the mountains to get away from it all. It's not that I didn't enjoy studying and figuring out rather complex statistical formulas, but I also needed to paint old Victorian buildings in Central City, or the old Windsor Hotel. I enjoyed rendering buildings with different line and style, using different media. I needed art to charge my batteries and my psyche.

After three years of study, I finally finished my dissertation, and walked across the stage to receive a PhD diploma. I couldn't believe it! Not too long ago I was sitting in an auditorium, crying, watching my High School classmates cross the stage to graduate. The failure I experienced then continued to shadow me but now became blurred with my new degree. I was a Doctor of Philosophy! Unbelievable!

Another important and beautiful change in my life also happened. I married a wonderful women, Janet Sneddon. Together we chose to move to Michigan where I accepted a faculty position at Michigan State University and Jan was hired to teach elementary education in the local schools.



CENTRAL CITY COLORADO - WATERCOLOR & INK ON RICE PAPER



WINSOR HOTEL, COLORADO - WATERCOLOR & INK ON RICE PAPER



CITY OF LINES - WATERCOLOR TEMpra & INK



CHURCH STEEPLE 1960 - WATERCOLOR TEMPERA & INK



NYC JAZZ CLUB - WATERCOLOR & INK



NYC AUTOS - WATERCOLOR

1967 - 1968 EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN

I spent almost all my time at Michigan State University (MSU) doing research and teaching. I also volunteered in Lansing to lead an inner-city 4-H group, the first in the country, made up of several inner city African American youth. Jan really helped me. We also spent exciting times attending MSU football games and canoing down the Red Cedar River to a bar in an adjacent town. After we purchased a new 1969 Pontiac GTO, with a four-on-the-floor Hurst tranny, we were frequently out throwing shifts and peeling around the state! Jan learned to throw a mean shift! We both worked hard and enjoyed our life together.

I did manage to squeak in several works of art. On a return trip visiting Jan's parents in Tennessee we passed through Cincinnati and I did two paintings of "four houses" that were about to be torn down to make space for a shopping mall. Also, when I was assigned to be on a committee to help promote a University-wide conference titled, "The America City- Milestone or Millstone," I used the small advertising budget to create silk screen posters. When I hung the silk screened posters around campus, several quickly disappeared - I guess to decorate dorm rooms!



THE AMERICAN CITY SUN - SILKSCREEN & INK



THE AMERICAN CITY 2 - SILKSCREEN & INK



ORANGE CINCINNATI HOUSE - TISSUE PAPER & INK



4 CINCINNATI HOMES - WATERCOLOR & INK



4 LARGE CINCINNATI HOUSES - CUT PAPER & INK

1969 - 1985 BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

One day, during the second year Jan and I moved to Michigan, I received a call from Dr. Glen Nimnicht, for whom I worked in Greeley. He was setting up a national early childhood program in Berkeley, California, and needed someone to direct his research program. The position would allow me to hire and direct a research staff, teach part time at the University of California, and work with Stanford Research Institute. What a great opportunity. Jan could teach in the progressive Berkeley schools. The move was a no-brainer.

We roared into Bezerkeley in our new 350 horse power '69 Pontiac GTO convertible, Jan smoothly down-shifting the slick Hurst four-on-the-floor tranny... (Oops, another story).

Moving from Lansing Michigan to Berkeley was like moving to another country! We soon learned of socialist politics and witnessed the tail end of the "Free Speech Movement" and the "People's Park" protests. We rented a house and I went to work. I set up a research group and immersed myself in programs to improve the quality of education for children, especially those living in poverty. I spent considerable time traveling to Washington, D.C., and to various inner city school sites around the country like Watts, Harlem, and 15 other towns. I also began teaching at The University of California and consulted as a part of a fellowship at Stanford Research Institute in Palo Alto. I had "arrived" at the pinnacle of success in the educational world! Whoa!... and double Whoa! I spent almost no time painting but did a drawing of San Francisco's "Houses Made of Ticky Tacky".

I did spend considerable art time with our new daughter, Tara Zoe, born in 1971. She was as a beautiful flower. As soon as she could grasp a marker, I taped paper on the floor and we had great times scribbling, fooling around with color and exploring the art world. I would buy large books of good art paper, work on one side and Tara would draw on the other side. When a "teachable moment" occurred, I would take the opportunity to share a lesson with her on color, shading or perspective. We had a ball. I used four of her early horse drawings to illustrate a paper I wrote on problems conducting research in classrooms.

Jan and I maintained a consistency in our parenting with Tara that allowed her to develop her unique personality, and in art to explore and create freely using her own style. She was so "well trained" that when someone asked her to tell them specifically what she was drawing, when nothing she was drawing was discernible, she would often respond with confidence and a smile and say: "Oh, it's just a nice design."



SAN FRANCISCO TICKY-TACKY HOUSES - INK

I incorporated the different types of horses Tara drew in a report to emphasize the need to use different evaluation models in education.

METHODOLOGICAL AND ETHICAL PROBLEMS OF RESEARCH IN EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

The absurdity of what is being done in the Fellow through evaluation was brought home to me by my daughter's drawings, and I thought it appropriate to show them here. My daughter is 5 years old and is crazy about horses. They enjoy a large part of her thought and creative talent. She drew some horses I would like to show you and discuss as they relate to the Horse Race paradigms.



Here's a horse that might do exceptionally well in a horse race. It's slim and peppy and could get a good jump on the pack. It probably runs short races best and may have trouble with a race over six furlongs.



Here is another horse. It has long legs and looks strong. From the feather on its legs you can tell it's probably a Clydesdale. It could pull heavy loads and might overcome obstacles that would be insurmountable for horse #1. Speed is not one of this horse's characteristics, but where brute strength and endurance were required this horse would probably do very well.

70



This neat horse likes to graze in the fields, to romp around, and to deliver gifts to others. This horse likes to be touched and feels good with others around. This horse certainly doesn't look competitive and, if he had his choice, would not race against others. This horse seems independent but is tough with himself. He is a self starter and would probably never be found in a mechanical starting gate.



Rove is another horse, with her foal. The mother/foal interaction is more important for both of these horses than horseracing.

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ART BY TARA ZOE

Tara's development in art was incredible and the art she created still brings me all sorts of warm feelings, joy, laughter, smiles and considerable happiness when I look at several of her childhood art pieces I have hanging in my house. So, for your enjoyment and to celebrate and share her talent, I included some of her art in this book. Here are some of the pieces she did when she was just four years old!



A PATTERN - MARKERS



TIPPY TOES TIPPY TOES - MARKERS



KIDS SWINGING ON A ROPE - MARKERS



CARS - MARKERS



Tara loved playing with horses.

At times I would show Tara art by famous artists such as Paul Klee, Picasso, Miró and many others. By showing her the wide range of art in color and design, I was trying to “open” her art and validate any scratch, scribble or color combination she would choose. Sometimes we would produce a piece of art together.



SQUARES AND CIRCLES (ABSTRACT WE DID TOGETHER) - MARKERS

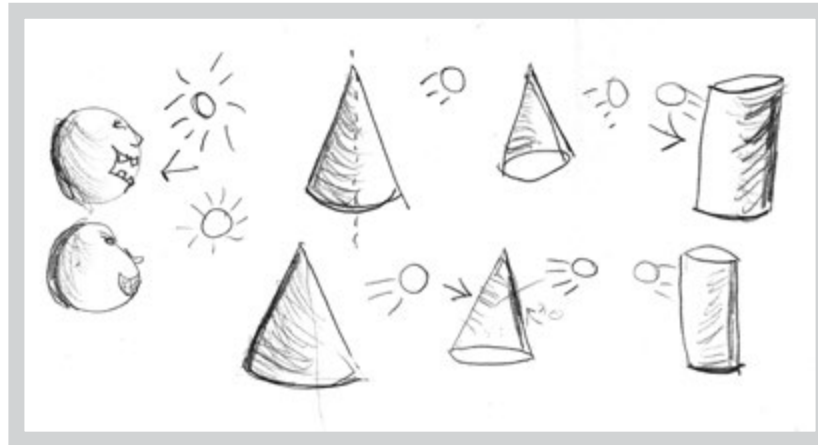
At age 5 she started drawing little girls and horses. She would spend hours drawing in her room at her desk with Boopie, her dog, resting at her feet.



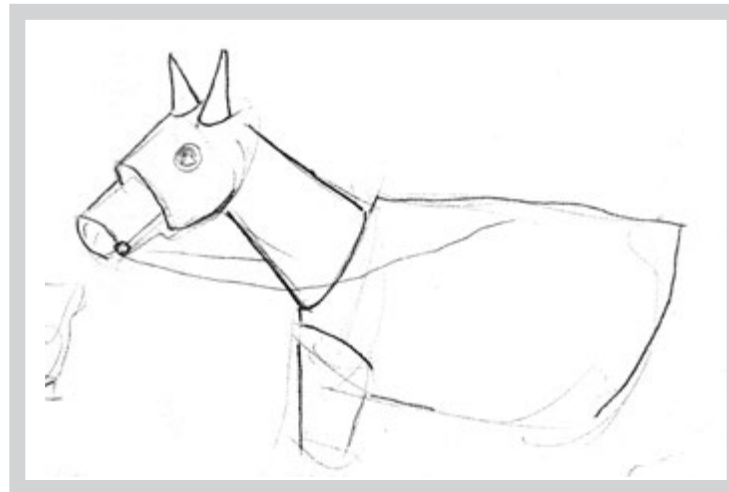
Then she drew a "Carousel Magical Horse" - a signature piece



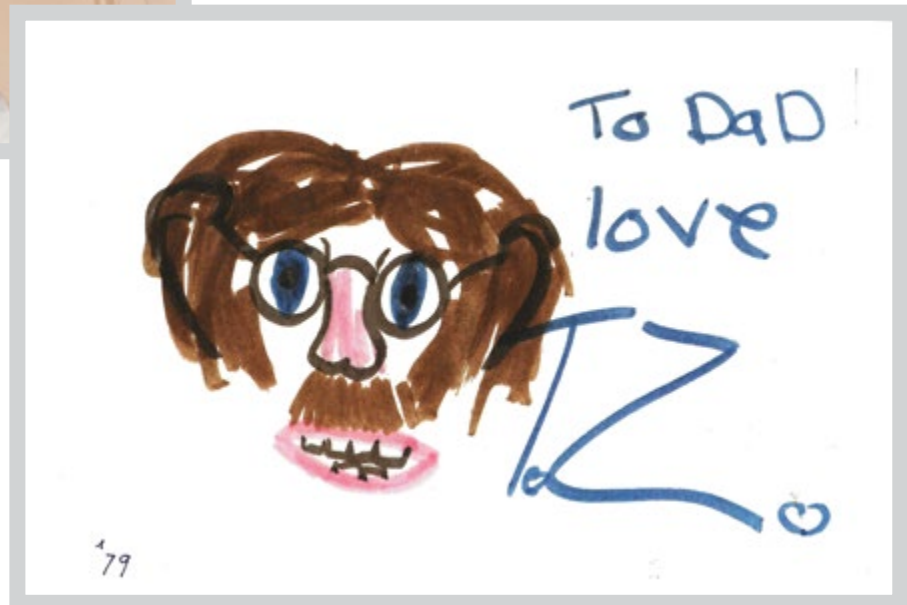
When Tara and I worked together, her on one side of a large art pad, me on the other, and a teachable moment came up, I would interrupt her and give her a lesson on such topics as perspective and shading.



... or seeing a horse as a combination of cones and tubes.



At age 8 Tara drew a picture of me, a Christmas tree, the fairy princess and other wonderful pictures. She sketched the horses on a napkin as we waited for food at Jean's restaurant.





CHRISTMAS TREE WITH PRESENTS - MARKERS



FAIRY PRINCESS - PENCIL & MARKERS



YOUNG GIRLS WITH QUESTIONS - MARKERS



FAIRY PRINCESS - MARKERS



DANCING GIRLS - PENCIL



HORSES DRAWN ON A NAPKIN - PEN

When Tara entered kindergarten she was recognized for the advanced art she was creating and was asked to become part of a study of the artistic development in children. In the book the author wrote that, "One parent gave his daughter a pen as soon as she could hold one at 11 months." That would be me! Go Tara!

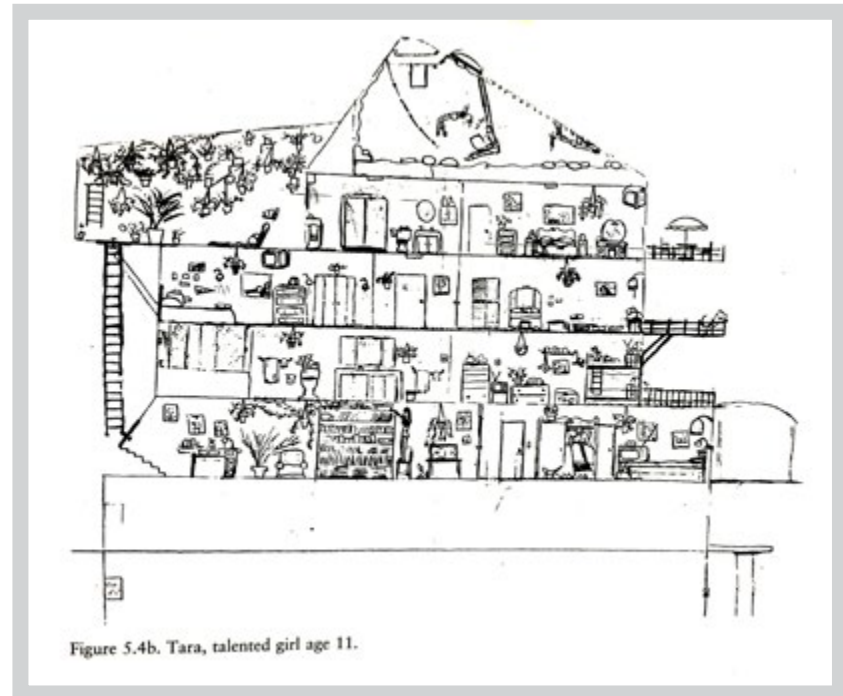
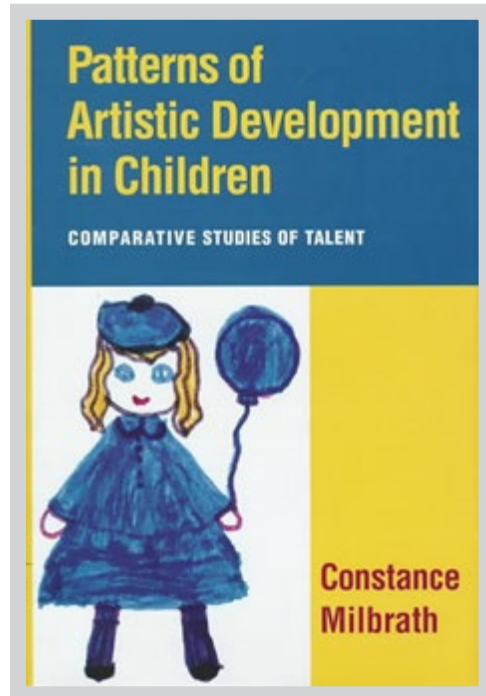
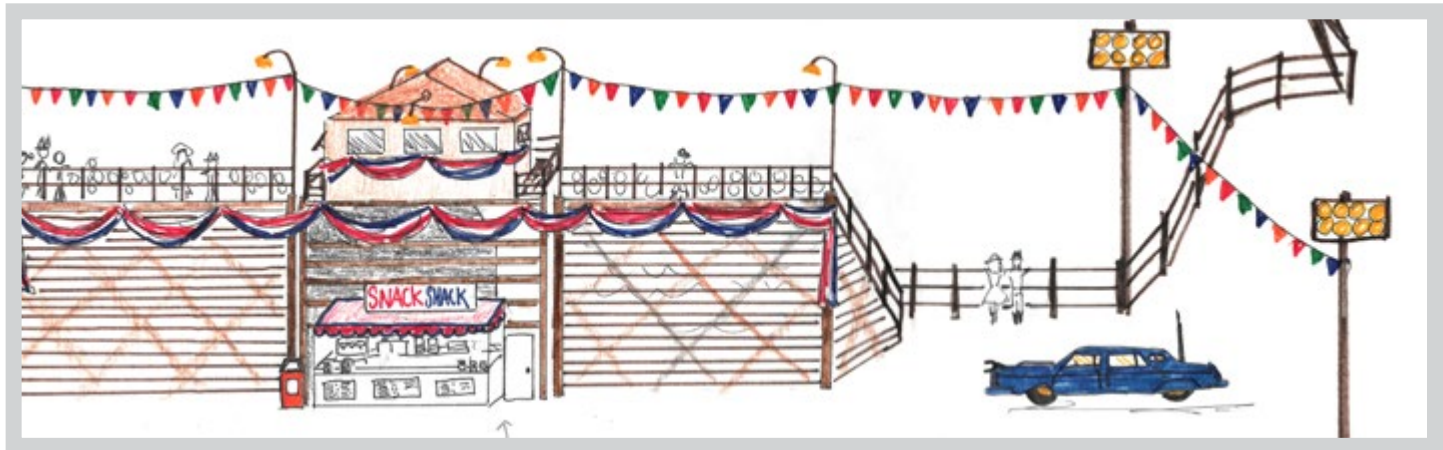


Figure 5.4b. Tara, talented girl age 11.

Notice the three dimensional objects in the picture. The child at the top is swinging on a trapeze. One room in our home in Berkeley had a 15' beamed ceiling. I tied a climbing rope and a trapeze on the beams and Tara had a ball swinging in her living room.

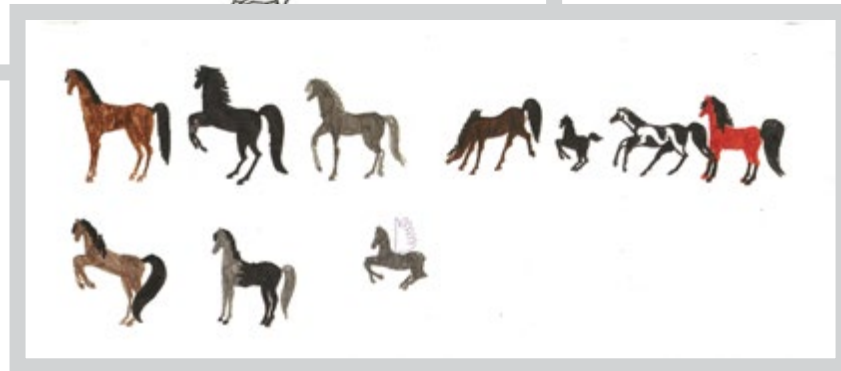
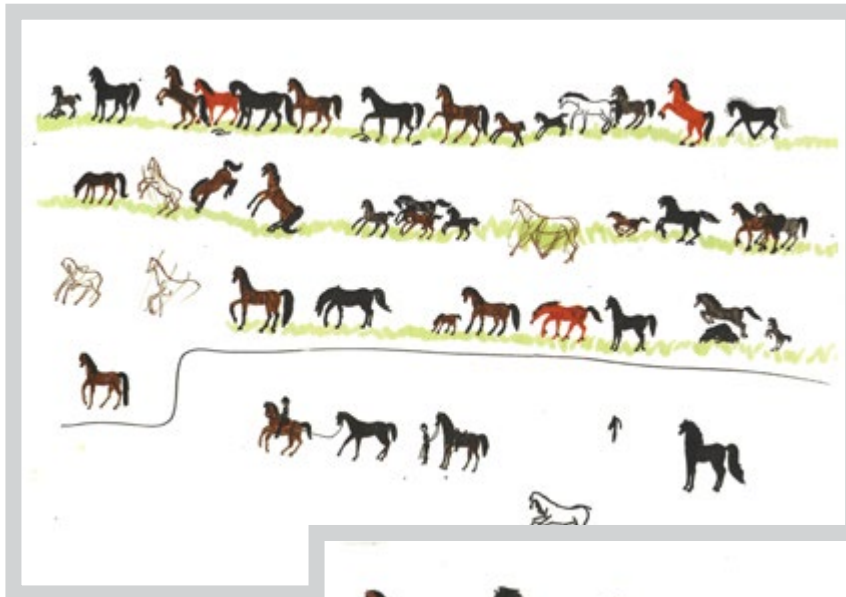
I was sure Tara was part horse in a previous life! She loved to play on the rocking horse “Rocky”, we gave her and really fell in love with the beautiful carousel horses in Tilden Park. She would prance around the house on her hands and knees, whinnying, trotting and rearing up just like a new born filly. It was beautiful and even daunting to witness. I think she actually “became a horse”! Her high pitch whinny, even today, would make you turn to see if you were about to be run over by a stallion!

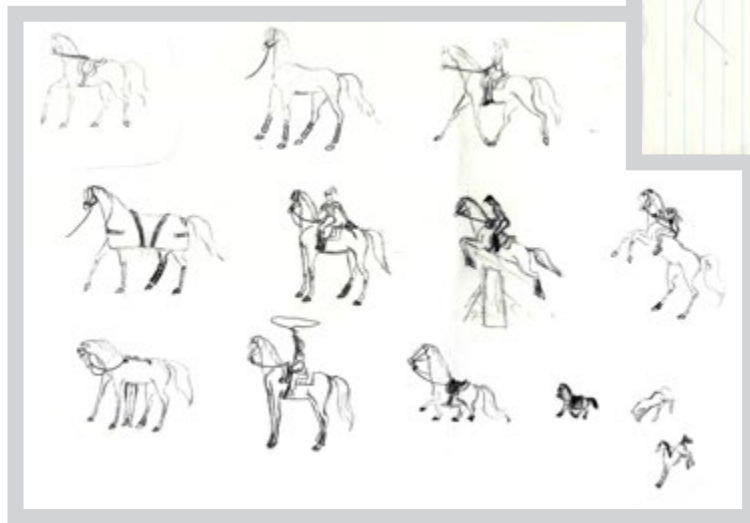
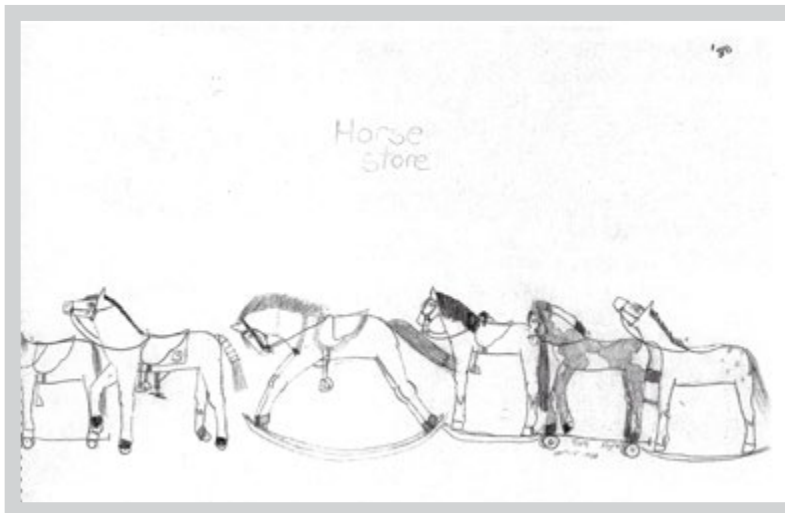
Well, I came up with a horse game based from watching calf roping at a rodeo. We named it “Horse & Kid & Cow.” I was on my hands and knees as the horse with Tara, the “kid” on my back. Boopie, our dog, would be the “cow,” located between my legs (in a starting stall) ready to get away from my hold on him. And when I pinched his butt and he bolted off, all hell and laughter would fill the house! Tara and I would go charging after Boopie trying to catch him. Boopie would round the dining room table and come back our way, where we’d inevitably attempt to tackle him and all end up in a heap on the floor. What a blast! “Horse & Kid & Cow” was one of my all-time favorites. Even today I tear with laughter over the memories.



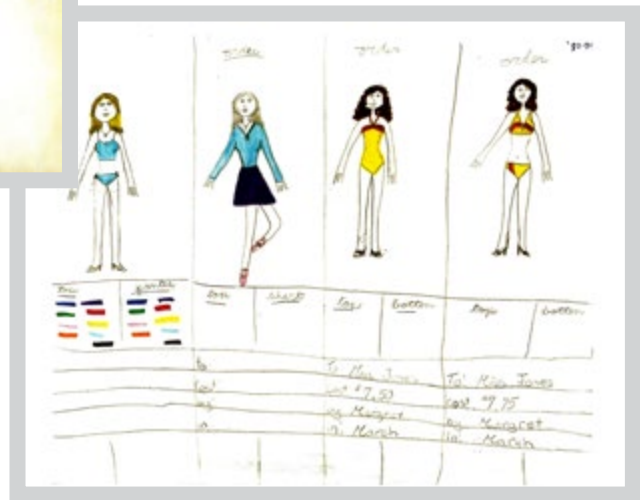
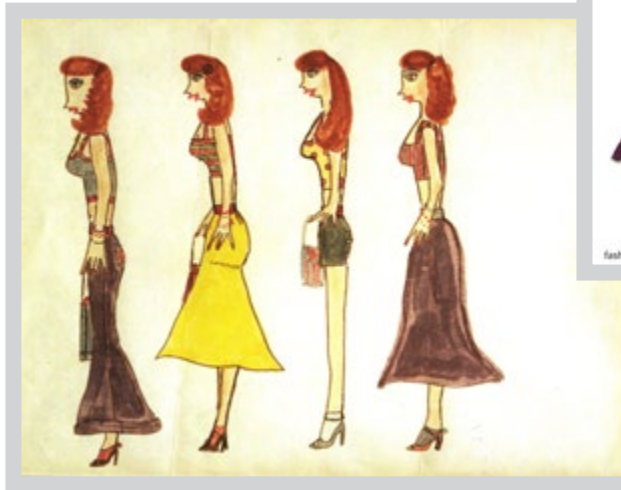
RODEO ARENA - PEN

By 1979 at age 8 her art her art jumped ahead into a wonderful, happy world of color and content. She continued drawing horses, lots of horses! Prancing, galloping, jumping and wearing all sorts of regalia. She loved drawing them like Degas did. When I asked her today about her art she told me that she would draw from “stories she had in her head.” Here are some of her early art “stories” of horses and little girls in long dresses.





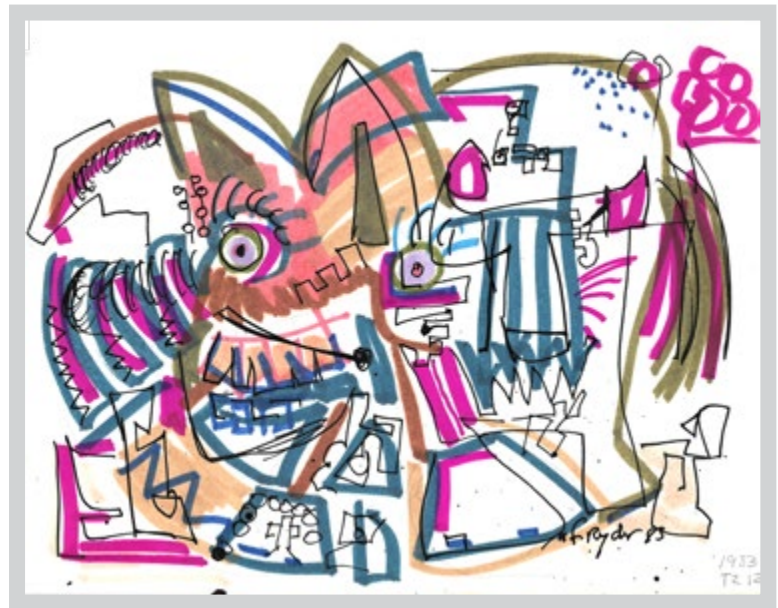
Girls in Fashion Dresses



When Tara started piano lessons in 1981, I did a quick sketch of her. We would do abstracts together to both open her mind to abstract art done by such artists as Picasso and also because I couldn't draw horses.



AT PIANO - INK



ABSTRACT WE DID TOGETHER - MARKERS & INK

During the summers, Tara spent time with me in Crested Butte, Colorado. I had her meet Becky Barkman, an incredible horsewoman, and learn how to care for horses. Tara became an avid rider and got a hands-on appreciation for the beauty and strength of the animal. I always rented a horse for her to feed, groom and enjoy. In the 70's most of the streets in Crested Butte were dirt and Tara would ride all over the town, decorate her horse and ride in the Forth of July parade and show her horse in the local rodeo. Part of the deal to have her own horse meant that she had to work to earn money for the hay and grain and she had to shovel out the stall daily. Not always to her liking!

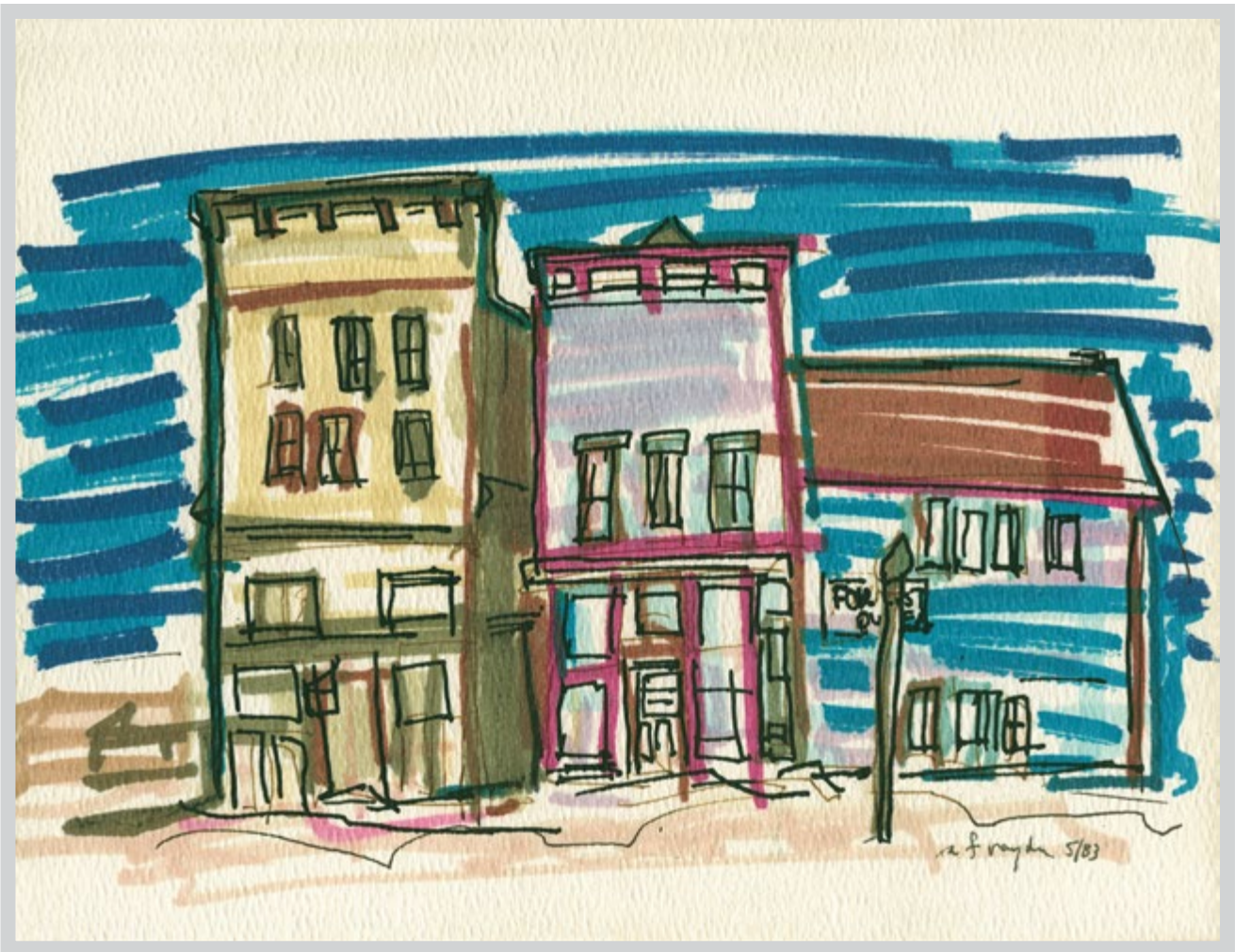




Who's the clown?

1985 - PRESENT CRESTED BUTTE, COLORADO

I was pushing the limits in Berkeley, becoming a workaholic and not attending to the important parts of my life. Consequently, in 1985, I self-destructed, came down with multiple sclerosis and went through a very sad and personally disruptive divorce. It was the saddest time of my life. I moved to Crested Butte, Colorado to heal and get my life back in order. I began to pray and meditate, (chop wood and carry water) and frequently visited a monastery in Snowmass. My health returned and I began to do paintings of the old Victorian buildings in town, mountain scenes and caricature of my Colorado poker friends. I had my first art show at the Center for the Arts (www.nicholasrayder.com) and received considerable acclaim for my talent. I also taught art to several children in my small studio shack behind my house.



ELK AVE. CRESTED BUTTE - MARKERS & INK



3RD STREET CRESTED BUTTE - ACRYLIC & INK



OLD TOWN HALL CRESTED BUTTE 07 - ACRYLIC & INK



CRESTED BUTTE SENIOR CENTER
- ACRYLIC & INK



THE GRUBSTAKE CRESTED BUTTE - PAPER & ACRYLIC



CRESTED BUTTE PARADISE DIVIDE - MARKER & INK



ROCKIES - MARKER



TRANSITION - ACRYLIC



COLORADO - MARKERS & ACRYLIC



TWO COWBUDS - INK & ACRYLIC



POKER BOYS - INK & ACRYLIC



CRESTED BUTTE-ELDO DECK - PAINT COLOR SAMPLES & ACRYLIC



1999- PRESENT SCOTTSDALE ARIZONA - MY ART STUDIO

Crested Butte is beautiful in the summer and cold in the winter. The snows come frequently and often result in ice jams on the roof that need immediate early morning attention. My skiing days ended with a knee injury so I began to look for a warmer place to spend the winters. After going on a pilgrimage through the southwest, I picked Scottsdale as a winter home. Art in Scottsdale is rampant and the town is filled with galleries and all sorts of cultural events. I would spend six months enjoying the Colorado summers and the other six months in Scottsdale.

During my first two years in Scottsdale I rented a small garden apartment near "Old Town." One day while exploring the area I came upon an old adobe mission church that was in considerable disrepair. I learned that it was in the process of either being leveled or sold by the Catholic Church. It was the first Catholic Church in Scottsdale built by people of the Hispanic and Yaqui cultures. I felt it was a sacred site, a "pearl of great price" and made a personal pledge to save and restore this important building. Over the next ten years, I did just that. (Another interesting story).

I purchased a house in 2001 with an old garage which was used to repair cars. I remodeled it into an art studio. Boy did my art explode! I threw paint like Pollock. I did a series of patterns on rather large sheets of paper, did character studies, used pastels and explored any media that interested me. I currently use paint color chips (provided free and generously by Lowes and Home Depot) in various ways and compositions. I think it's some of my best work!



What a blessing it is to be able to, whatever the time, go into your own studio and slap some color onto paper. Then, come back from time to time to review your work and make changes as you desire, working on several pieces simultaneously. At times I invite children to visit in the studio (only one at a time and with an adult present) and work with them as I did with Tara, to explore the wonders of art and color. Sometimes my two grand kids, Rawley and Jake, both extremely talented and creative, visit and we “blast off” in the studio doing all kinds of art! Wait until you see their art ... the gene lives on!



OLD ADOBE MISSION - MARKER & INK



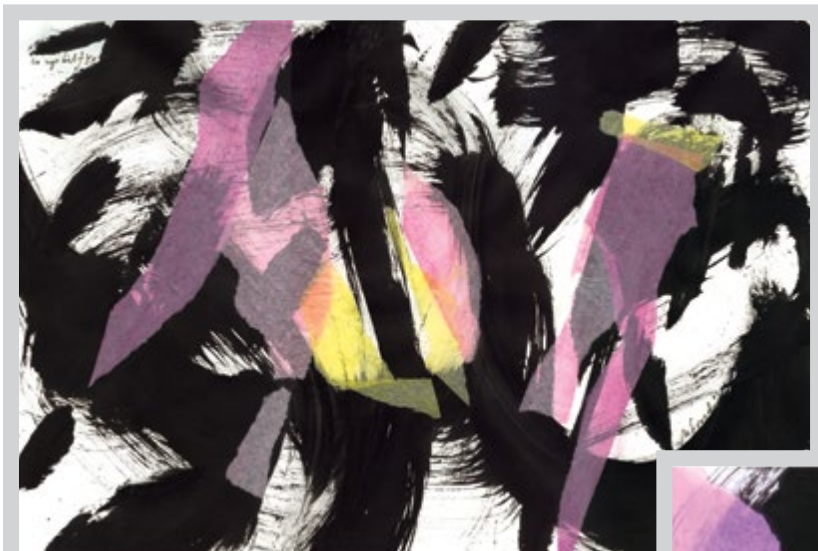
CELERY ROSES - CELERY STAMP & ACRYLIC



COLORADO MOUNTAINS
- ROLLER WITH SPLASHED ACRYLIC



PURPLE MAZE - ROLLER, DRIP AND SPLASHED ACRYLIC



COLOR ACTION 2001 - INK & TISSUE PAPER



YELLOW SUN - INK & TISSUE PAPER



GREEN PATTERN - ACRYLIC



ARIZONA WINTER - ACRYLIC



GREY PATTERN - ACRYLIC



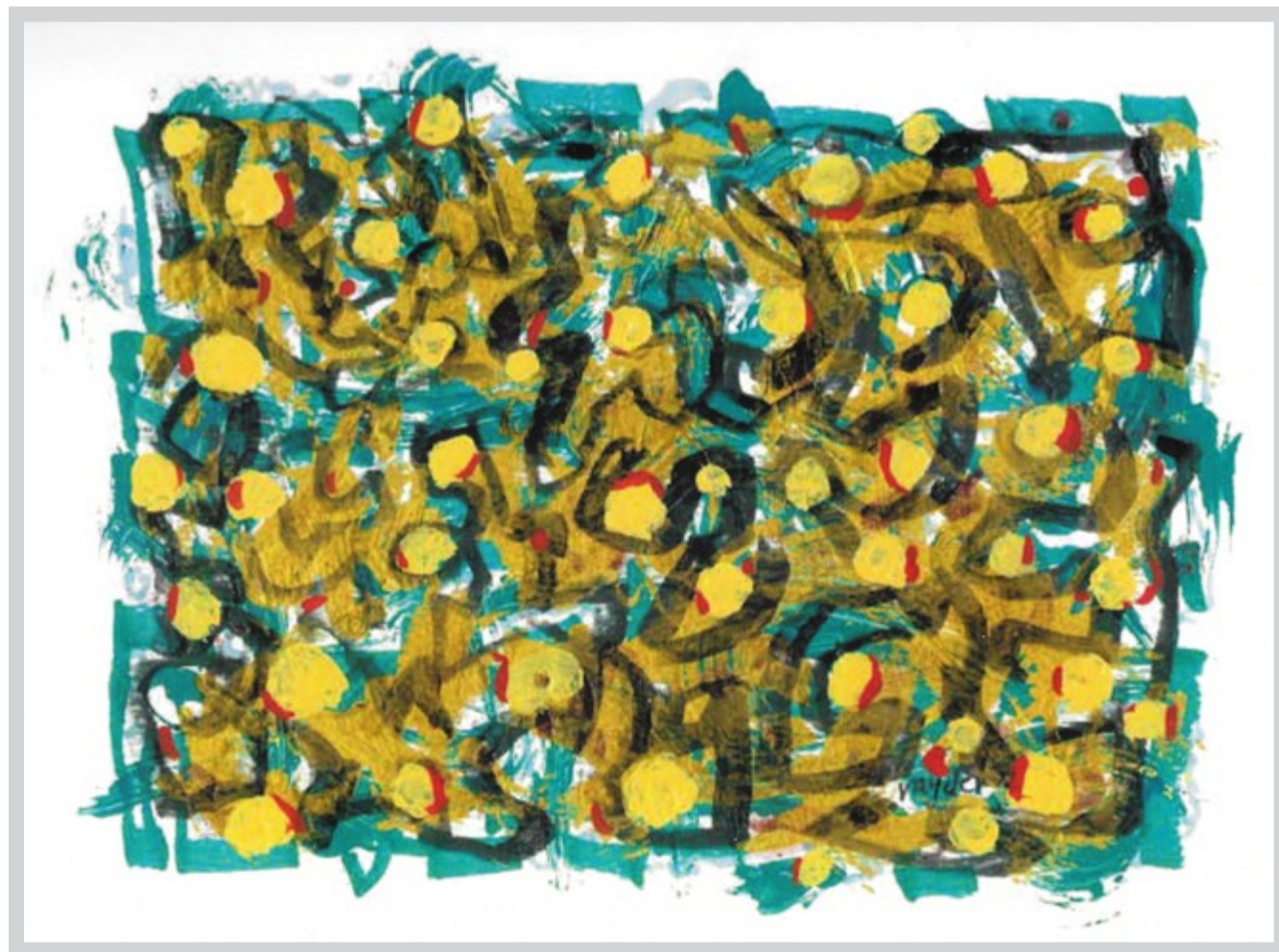
SWIRLS - INK & ACRYLIC



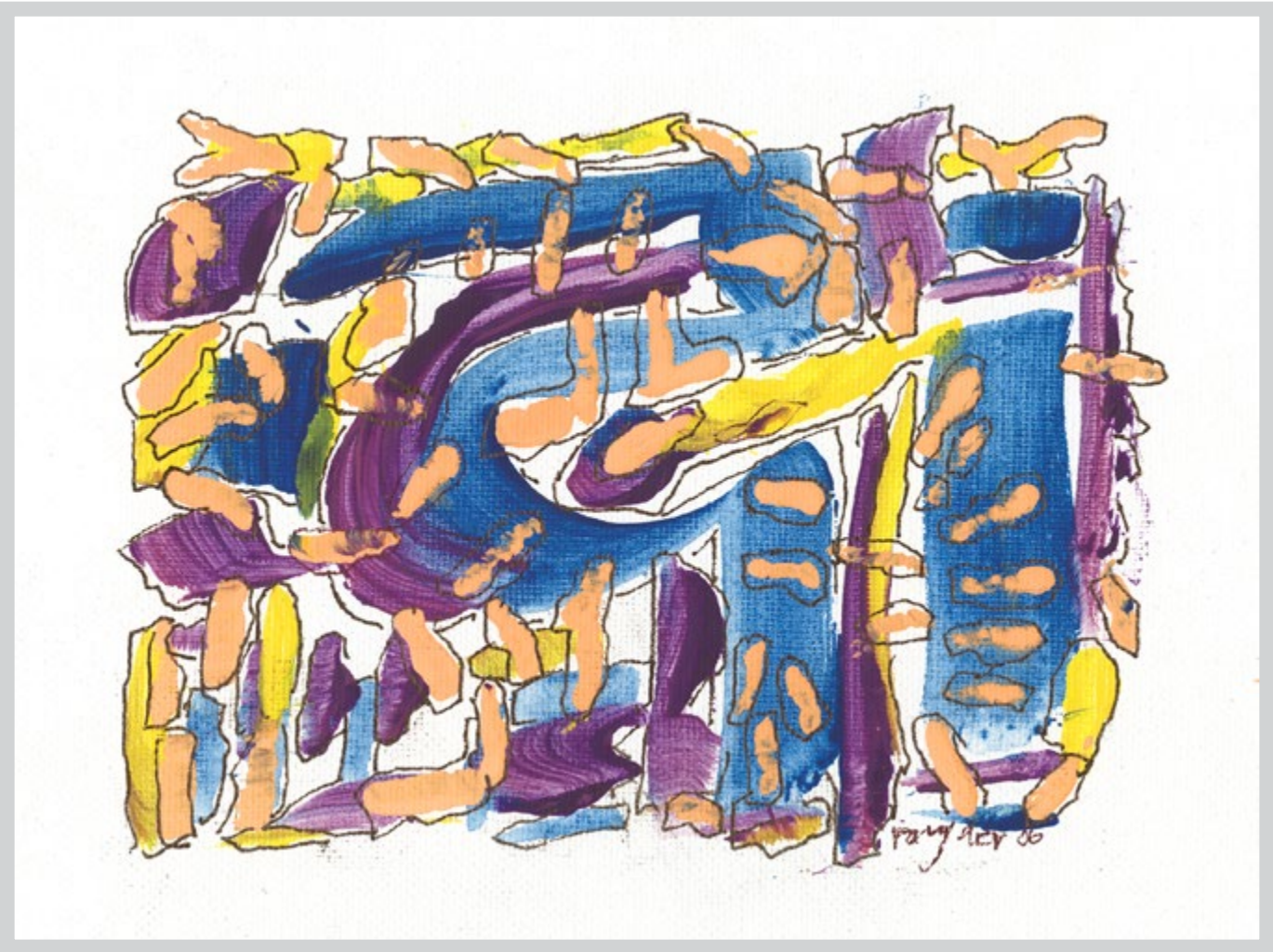
MASKS - ACRYLIC & INK



BLACK DROPS 2006 - ACRYLIC



MY STARRY NIGHT - ACRYLIC



FEETPRINTS - ACRYLIC & INK



GREENING 2009 - ACRYLIC



MATISSE COLOR 2009 - ACRYLIC



KLEEISH - ACRYLIC



CAVE PAINTING - ACRYLIC & COLORED PENS



FINE LINES - PASTEL ON BLACK BOARD



NATIVE TRIBAL - PASTEL ON INK



FLIGHT - PASTEL



MAN & WOMAN & RELIGION - PASTEL



TWO GUYS ABOUT TO MEET - INK



A LITTLE HOUSE WITH VISITORS - INK & ACRYLIC

I first used paint color chip samples in 1971. At various time throughout my life I would also incorporate paper in my compositions. The idea of using paint color samples surfaced again in part because the samples were bigger with large displays and all kinds of colors to excite the eye!



TWO WINDOWS IN CRESTED BUTTE - PAINT SAMPLES & INK



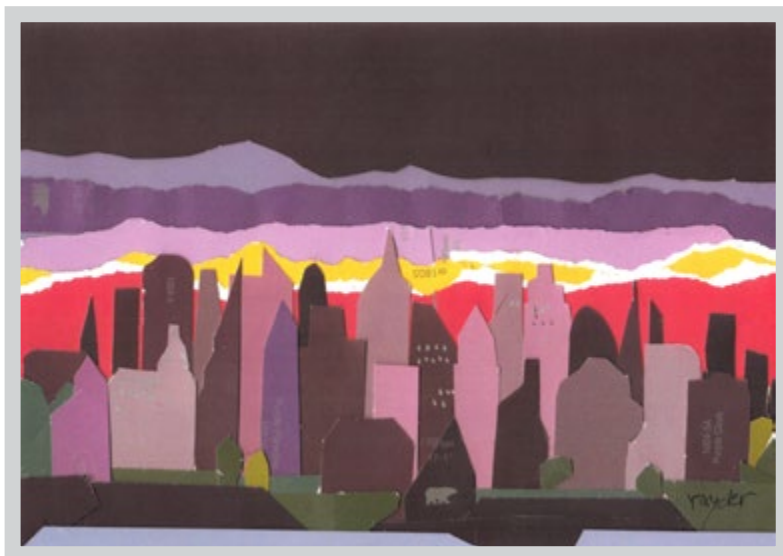
WATER COLOR SAMPLES - PAINT SAMPLES & INK



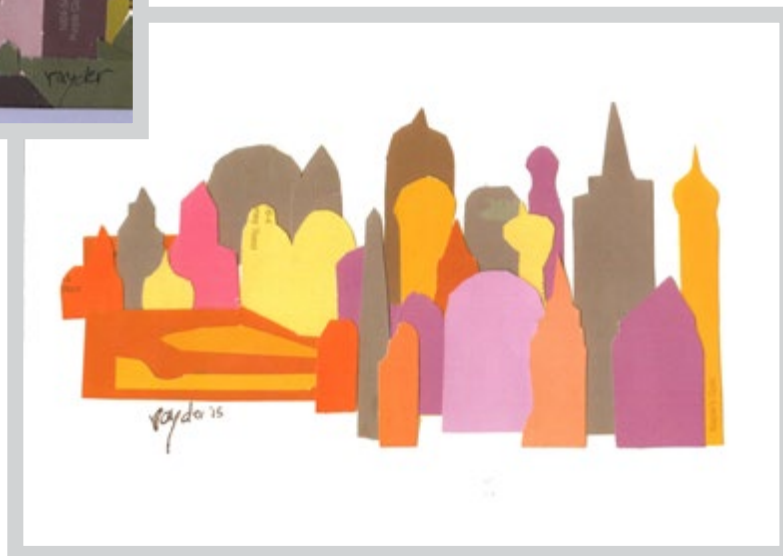
WAVES OF CLOUDS - TORN COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



NYC IN COLOR - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



STORM - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



DOMED CITY - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



#1805 LIGHT RAIL - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES & INK



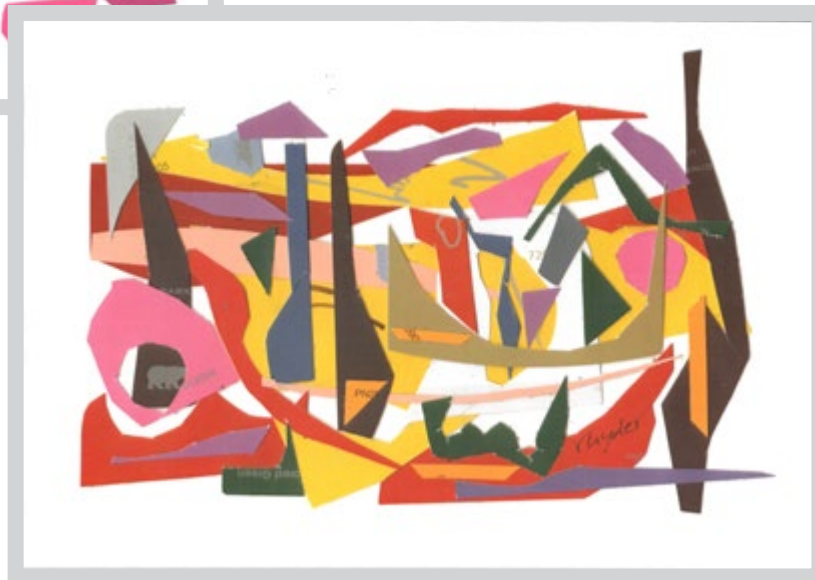
ABSTRACT - TORN COLORED PAINT SAMPLES & MAT BOARD STRIPS



UP - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



ABSTRACT - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



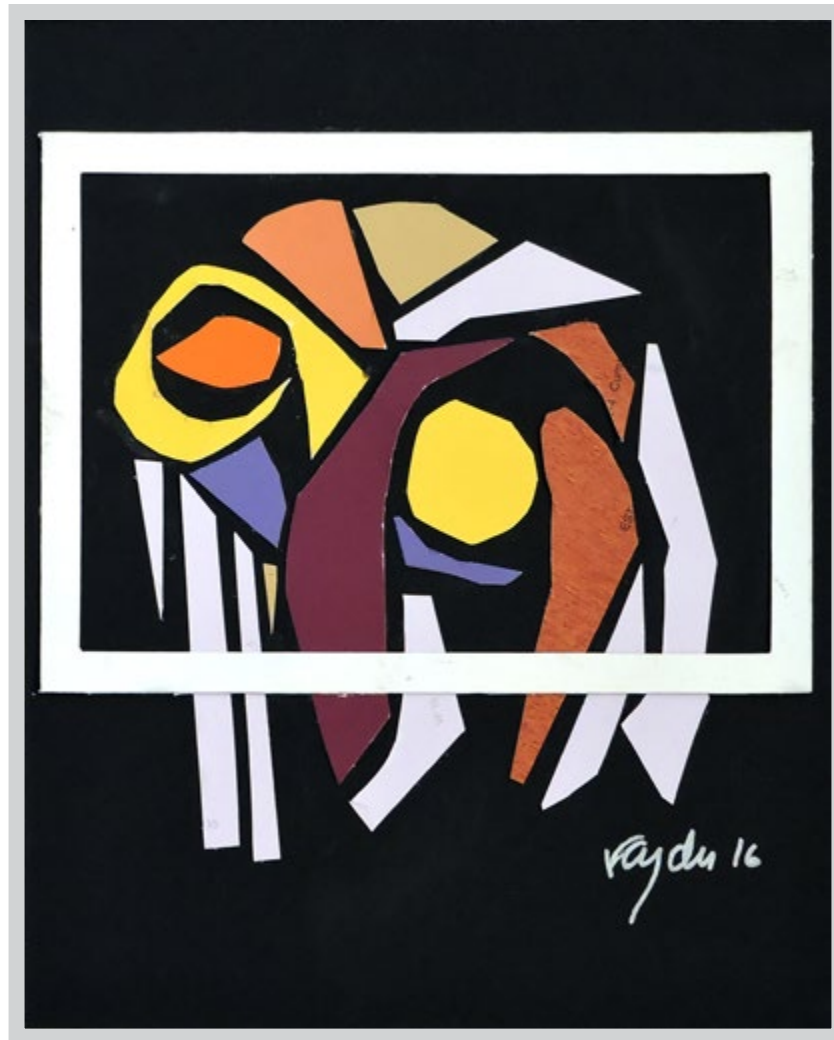
ABSTRACT - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



CIRCUS - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES & ACRYLIC



SMILING JACK - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



ABSTRACT MASK - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES & PAPER FRAME



THE FACTORY - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



SPHINX - COLORED PAINT SAMPLES



THREE DOTS - DRIPPED ACRYLIC & COLORED PAINT SAMPLES

THE ART GENE

Here are some pieces by my brother Edward. His art, creative ideas, and inventions are incredible as is his cooking. Ask him to prepare his famous “Caruso” spaghetti dish with meat-balls-with-rasins!



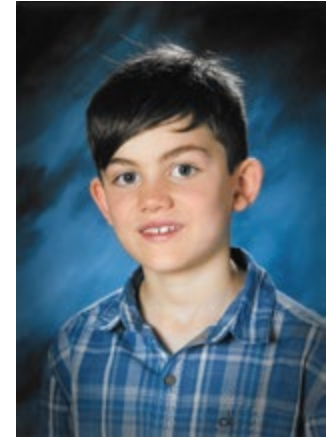
KARL - MIXED MEDIA



DESERT CODES - COLORED INK



My grand kids have the gene. Tara and her husband, Chris Baker, have two children Jake and Rawley. With their parent's encouragement and guidance... and a big chunk from their grandpa in his studio when they visit, these two kids have and continue to produce wonderful art.

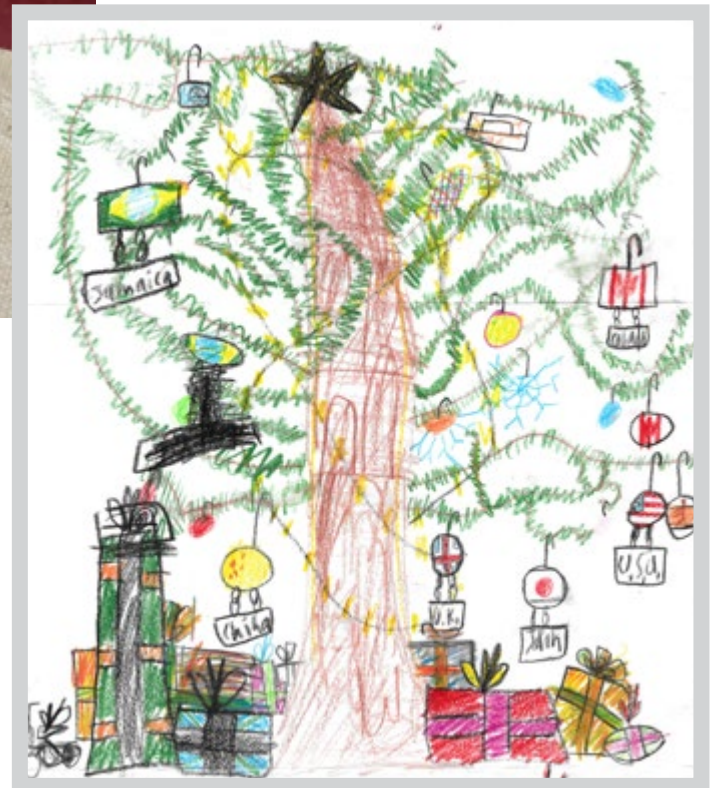


Rawley Baker (at age 8) drew a BOTANIST and a 'MANTODILE'- a cross between a mantis and a crocodile.



Jake Baker (at age 10) and his “Jake-son Pollock”!

Here is Rawley and Jake’s Christmas Card to gramps.

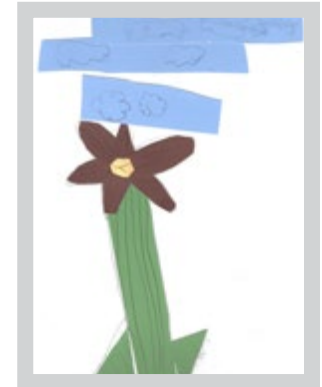
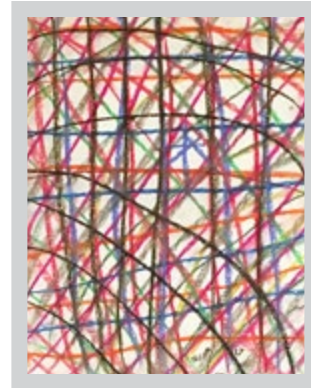


Here is Jake’s Dragon





The gene lives in the family. My sister's son, Robb and his wife Holly have two daughters, Nicole and Megan. Nicole and her parents Visited me in Arizona, and Nicole (at age 6) and I hung out in the studio. Here is some of her neat art. The children's art hanging on the wall is by Sebastain, my niece Elizabeth and her husband Milos' child.



When she was 5 years old, I met a young girl at a cafe managed by her parents. She is Cambodian and super precocious. She is now ten and we continue to spend time there Saturday mornings reading the NY Times, exploring concepts and puzzles like the Raven's Progressive Matrices, playing chess and doing art projects.



An art lesson with pastels



Like I did with Tara and other children, when a “teachable moment” occurs, I don’t hesitate to branch off and offer a lesson on shading, perspective or other art concepts.

Another child Tara and I worked with in my studio named Phoenix, has a serious disability. He has difficulty speaking, moving his hands and arms and holding objects. We first showed him pictures in a book of abstract art done by famous artists. He seemed to be especially interested in art done by Kandinsky. He couldn't wait to grab a brush to paint. I told him to have some fun and to "throw some paint like Kandinsky"!

When he finished and was about to leave, he blurted out with words that were unusually clear: "I'M KANDINSKY"!!!! His mother, Tara and I were quite surprised. We all shared his joy in our hearts. That's what it's all about!



During the summers, in my small studio behind my house in Crested Butte, 9 year old Max and his 7 year old sister Cecilia frequently visit to explore and learn about different art media and create art. We have a blast!

Here is art they did with cut paint color samples when they were 9 & 7 years old:

These two kids, grandchildren of my dear friends Nina and Jim, are parented by Luisa and Eric. Like their mom and dad, they have incredible creative talent. They are not only creative and so fun to be with, but are caring, kind and giving. Boy am I proud of them.

When I teach and mentor children, I try to **encourage them and validate the promise of their art.**



So, everyone has the art gene ... which takes all form of creativity. Bro Edward creates good art but, like many, finds creativity in cooking and problem solving. During holidays like Christmas many people create all kinds of lighted structures in their yards to celebrate and display their decorating talent. I must admit, some of the displays I've seen bend the mind and cause me stomach cramps! But, art for art's sake!

Coloring Easter eggs is another example of people using their creative talent. While most just buy the PAAS decorating package and follow the simple directions, some go at length to create intricate colored eggs.

My father grew up in the Austria/Ukraine part of Russia. Their family was poor but talented. When Easter came they spent hours coloring eggs, using simple tools like pencils or wooden sticks with straight pins stuck in the ends to apply heated beeswax to scribe the eggs. The waxed egg would then be dipped into a color, removed, dried and ready for another scribing of wax to “hold” the color. The process would be repeated several times to reveal a wonderful “Ukrainian egg”! My dad taught me the technique they used and I taught it to Tara.

Here are some of the eggs Tara and I did one Easter:



Sometimes I go “on the road” and promote art with children I randomly meet.

One Easter Jim Miller, Al Baxter and I brought fruit, furniture, and yes, eggs to color, to the Apache families on the San Carlos, AZ reservation. I saw this young Apache princess starting to color an egg. I slyly sat next to her and played a “game” called RESPONDO, announcing every step she was taking. It’s a process to acknowledge, recognize, and celebrate a child’s behavior and helps build self-esteem. Kids love it.

Well she would carefully color the egg... pause... gently lay down her marker... take a bite out of a donut. ... give the donut to me to hold... pick up her marker to color a bit... pause... put down her pen... look at me to give her the donut... take a bite... hand over the donut for me to hold... pick up her pen... This went on until the egg was done. I was laughing inside throughout the process, which lasted about 1/2 hour, and couldn't believe what had just happened. No words were spoken between us. It was one of the highlights of my life! I smile every time I see these pictures and relive the feelings I had in my heart.



OK! You get it! Everybody has the art gene! So, pick up a pencil and scribble, or get some paint and splash it on to paper (buy good paper). Or better yet, visit the paint department at Lowe's or Home Depot and pick out a pile of color samples that excite you (they're free). Buy a bottle of Elmer's Rubber Cement, get a pair of scissors and cut and paste like crazy. Frame what you created and you'll be surprised and even marvel at your talent! Or, better yet, come visit me and Raoul in my studio and we can do some art together!



Thanks for your time glancing through this book. Write me about your experiences working in art with children or about any paintings I did you especially like. Be sure to let me know if I can help with any project or idea sketched in the ADDENDUM.

Be well, do random acts of kindness and have a deep belly laugh at least twice a day.

Nick Rosen my raoul ryan

Winter months:
3611 N. Kalarama Ave.
Scottsdale, AZ 85251
480-949-6630

Summer months:
PO # 543
Crested Butte, CO 81224
970-349-6586

All months email:
nikorayder@yahoo.com
Cell: 480-540-8878

ADDENDUM - SEVERAL OTHER FRUITS OF MY LABOR THAT MAY INTEREST YOU:



1. **San Carlos Apache Reservation, Fr. Gino Piccoli, OFM by Nick Rayder (ISBN 3978-1-61956-016-1 0)** In 2011 I interviewed the priest there, Fr. Gino Piccoli, who served the Apache community for over 15 years and incorporated Apache art and culture into the Catholic church and mass. This precious booklet with text and art by Fr. Gino can be purchased at TauPublishing LLC, 4727 N. 12th Street, Phoenix, AZ 85014. Or write me and I'll send you a copy.



2. **The Leap of Faith The Dance of Change-The Life-Planning Workbook**, I wrote this 178 page workbook with Sandy Fails about a process that I developed and used with individual clients, and in workshops. The process guides individuals to discover their life goals and “true self” (as per Thomas Merton OFM), helps them identify contributing and distracting forces affecting their journey, then designs specific activities that satisfy their life goals. It is empowering and especially helpful for individuals in transition.

Go to www.danceofchange.org to download a copy.



3. **The Diagnosis and Treatment of an Organization's Work Climate** by Nicholas F. Rayder, PhD, 6/2015 revision. This paper reports on the Work Climate Questionnaire, a simple and valid (published research) instrument and process to measure the impact of forces in the employee's work environment. “Force field” charts are developed from employee ratings of forces affecting their performance. Charts allow the evaluator to diagnose specific supporting and stressful conditions and to plan specific treatments. I want people to use this technique for the rational, humane, and effective use of people and give the rights freely. Write me to request a copy.



4. The Old Adobe Mission, Scottsdale, Arizona at First Street and Brown Ave.

This beautiful adobe building, the first Catholic church in Scottsdale, was built by the Hispanic and Yaqui people in 1933. I first came upon the Mission in 2000 when I moved to Scottsdale and discovered that it was basically abandoned and was in serious disrepair! To me it represented a sacred “still point in a turning world” and “a pearl of great price”! Acting with haste, in 2001 me and Jose’ Burrueal wrote and presented a proposal for its restoration and use. For the next ten years, along with a small group of people, I actively participated in securing grants from the AZ Historical Society, and continued implementing its restoration. Go there, enjoy the quiet and beauty within and marvel at the history of the people who built it.



5. Saint Mary's Garage, Crested Butte, Colorado. Go to www.stmarysgarage.org to learn about this program that several people and I started in 2004 to provide free clothing for those in need. Today, in the hands of a wonderful team of volunteers, St. Mary's Garage has become part of the local culture and has significantly expanded its “caring through sharing” state-wide and internationally. Start one in your community!



6. More Spring Chicken Cartoons (in progress) Includes past cartoons printed larger and with clearer type. Plus the latest cartoons including several that depict the continuing saga of the flamboyant “Eddie Two Shoes” as he tries to dance with Sally and avoid Rachael. Reading it may knock your socks off. Or better yet, will give you one or more of those ‘belly laughs’ I recommended. Write me for a copy.

***“Art enables us to find ourselves
and to lose ourselves ...
at the same time!”***

- Thomas Merton

