EVAC:

Experiencing Veterans and Artists Collaboration

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Curated by Professor Lee Fearnside,
Professor Joe Van Kerkhove, Dr. John Schupp

designed by Nikka Wolfenbarger,
edited by Dale Triplett, with an essay by Dr. Edgardo Padin.

TIFFIN UNIVERSITY

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design by Nikka Wolfenbarger
editing by Dale Triplett

Editors note: the interviews have been edited for clarity and length.

CONTENTS

Introduction 7
by Lee Fearnside

Understanding *EVAC* 8
by Edgardo Padin

WWII 10–17
Joe, *Army* | Artist Andrew Polk 13
Bill, *Marine* | Artist Denise Bookwalter 15
Lewis, *Marine* | Artist Noel Anderson 17

Korea 18–21
Ken, *Marine* | Artist Akemi Ohira 21

Vietnam 22–41
Thomas, *Marine* | Artist Sydney Webb 24
Bill, *Army* | Artist Joyce Collier Fearnside 27
Bob, *Army* | Artist Joe Van Kerkhove 29
Edgardo, *Army* | Artist Erin Holscher-Almazan 31
Jim, *Army* | Artist Keith Lopez 33
Lauren, *Army* | Artist James Ehlers 34
Mitch, *Army* | Artist Yuji Hiratsuka 37
Robert, *Army* | Artist Holly Hey 39
Tim, *Air Force* | Artist Lee Fearnside 41

1980s/90s Peace time 42–53
Dale, *Coast Guard* | Artist Lyell Castonguay 45
Dan, *Marine* | Artist Maggie Denk-Leigh 47
Mike, *Navy* | Artist Johanna Mueller 51
Sherri, *Air Force* | Artist Kathy McGhee 53

Desert Storm 54–59
Christy, *Army* | Artist Susan Doyle 57
James, *Army* | Artist Teresa Larsen 59

Iraq/Afghanistan 60–65
Terry, *Air Force* | Artist Chris Daniggelis 62
James, *Army* | Artist Michelle Rozic 65

Gold Star Parent 66–69
Cathleen | Artist Margot Ecke 69

References 70

Glossary 71–73

Biographies of Curators and Artists 74-79

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INTRODUCTION

by Lee Fearnside

Mental health providers are losing the battle with helping veterans in part because veterans feel isolated and don't want to ask for help. Veterans commit suicide at a rate of 20 per day (US Department of Veterans Affairs, 2016). Deployed veterans who served between 2001-2007 had a 41% higher suicide rate than the general population (Kang et al., 2015). Studies show veterans who share their stories may help with PTSD recovery (Bunnell et al., 2017; Erbes, Stillman, Wieling, Bera & Leskela, 2014; Hassall, 2013).

Experiencing Veterans and Artists Collaborations (EVAC) brings together veterans and artists. Veterans from all branches of the military, with service during WWII through Iraq and Afghanistan, were interviewed about their experiences. These veterans and their stories were paired with artists who made an edition of prints based on their interpretation of what they heard. Excerpts from the interviews are displayed with the art. With EVAC, veterans have an opportunity to share their stories one time, and to have that story impact many people.

EVAC is about the art of interpretation. Veterans tell their life experiences as a series of stories and responses to prompted questions. Artists distill interviews from 30 minutes to 4 hours down to a single image. Viewers see the image and excerpts from the interviews side by side. Through this process of interpretation, EVAC works to combat the isolation common to veterans, and to bridge the sometimes precarious gap between military and civilian life. EVAC gives veterans agency.

By providing a glimpse into a veteran's personal experiences, EVAC creates an environment for viewers that invites understanding and engagement. Art offers a unique opportunity to foster empathy, as it uses the senses to suggest feelings, stretches the imagination and invites understanding (Peloquin, 1996). Empathy can create an emotional reasoning process to allow people to experience someone else's reality (Degarrod, 2013). A frequently-cited 2011 analysis of 72 empathy studies of 14,000 U.S. college students since 1979 indicates there is a 48% decline in emotional empathy, or emotional concern, within our culture (as cited in Merritt, 2017). Empathy is critical to fostering a society that places value on human dignity for all (Merritt, 2017). The process of storytelling and interpretation central to EVAC makes it a project uniquely positioned to promote empathy from multiple groups – the artist and viewer for the veteran's experience, and the veteran for the artist's interpretation of their stories.

UNDERSTANDING EVAC

by Edgardo Padin

In this project, veterans collaborated with visual artists to give meaning to the experience of combat and military service. One of the identified difficulties among veterans returning from combat is their perception that civilians without military or combat experience do not and are not able to understand the meaning and consequences of exposure to war and military life. Returning combat veterans consider this comprehension divide between veterans' experiences as soldiers, airmen, sailors and marines, and the understanding of those experiences by civilians never exposed to combat or the military, as an insurmountable obstacle to reintegrating fully into civilian life. Many veterans find themselves avoiding discussions about their service, even with old friends; and some have experienced difficulty communicating and connecting with college and work colleagues. They admit to having fears of not being understood, of being stereotyped, or worse, having their experiences somehow made irrelevant.

In modern America we have disconnected the consequences of war from the American public, and so the connections between military personnel and the broad civilian population appear to be growing more distant. Most of the country has experienced little, if any, personal impact from the longest era of war in U.S. history. But those in uniform have seen their lives upended by repeated deployments, felt the pain of seeing comrades killed and maimed, and endured psychological trauma that many will carry forever, often invisible to their civilian neighbors. As a nation, we have slowly learned to separate the warrior from the war; but we still have much to learn about how to connect the warrior to the citizen, and how to develop ways to help reintegrate service members into communities whose understanding of war is too often gleaned from television and movie dramatizations.

In an effort to bridge the gap, EVAC brings together a group of veterans from multiple eras of combat with a group of artists with little or no military experience. This project asks what occurs when these combat veterans and artists develop a dialogue, in an endeavor to understand how the war experience has shaped the life of those called to battle. Each participating combat veteran verbally relates experiences of their choice of life in a combat zone. The story was recorded and then distributed to one of the visual artists who created their interpretation of the veteran's experiences as they hear it. EVAC hopes to add to our understanding of the ways we can lessen barriers to connection among combat veterans experiencing isolation and their civilian communities, and utilizes an artistic bridge to create a lasting, visual testament of the experiences borne by a few of America's service men and women.

Andrew Polk, *Paris—When the War Ended* 12
Digital print, 24"x16", 2017

Denise Bookwalter, *'I was a good typist. I just wasn't a very damned good rifle guy.' Paris Island 1946* 14
Letterpress, screen print on laser cut fabric, 17"x14", 2017

Noel Anderson, *Lewis' Luxury Liner* 16
Serigraph, 16"x15", 2017

Akemi Ohira, *Forgotten Action* 20
Mezzotint, 11 ½"x8", 2017

Sydney Webb, *Decorum and Valor* 24
Letterpress, 11 ½"x17 ¼", 2017

Joyce Collier Fearnside, *EVAC* 26
Monotype, collagraph , 16"x10 ¾", 2017

Joe Van Kerkhove, *Demolition Expert, Cu Chi, 10:200* 28
Intaglio, 8 ¼" x 13", 2017

Erin Holscher-Almazan, *The Letter Writer* 30
Relief, 18 ½"x15", 2017

Keith Lopez, *Untitled* 32
Block print with handmade ink, 6"x6", 2017

James Ehlers, *Vietnam Veteran Homecoming* 34
Engraving and spit bite, 9" x 11 ¼", 2017

Yuji Hiratsuka, *GSW* 36
Etching, 9 ¼" x 12", 2017

Holly Hey, *Wire Dreams I* 38
Digital print, mixed media, 10 ⅞" x 8 ⅜", 2017

Lee Fearnside, *Crash* 40
Relief, 5 ¾" x 9", 2017

Lyell Castonguay, *Forging Ahead* 44
Relief, 11"x14", 2017

Maggie Denk-Leigh, *EVAC: Looking Back, Looking Forward* 46
Relief, 18"x24", 2017

Johanna Mueller, *M.L.: Seaman, Country Before Self* 50
Relief Engraving with Hand Color, 11 ¼" x 14 ¾", 2017

Kathy McGhee, *Games* 52
Serigraph, 13 ½"x 19 ⅛", 2017

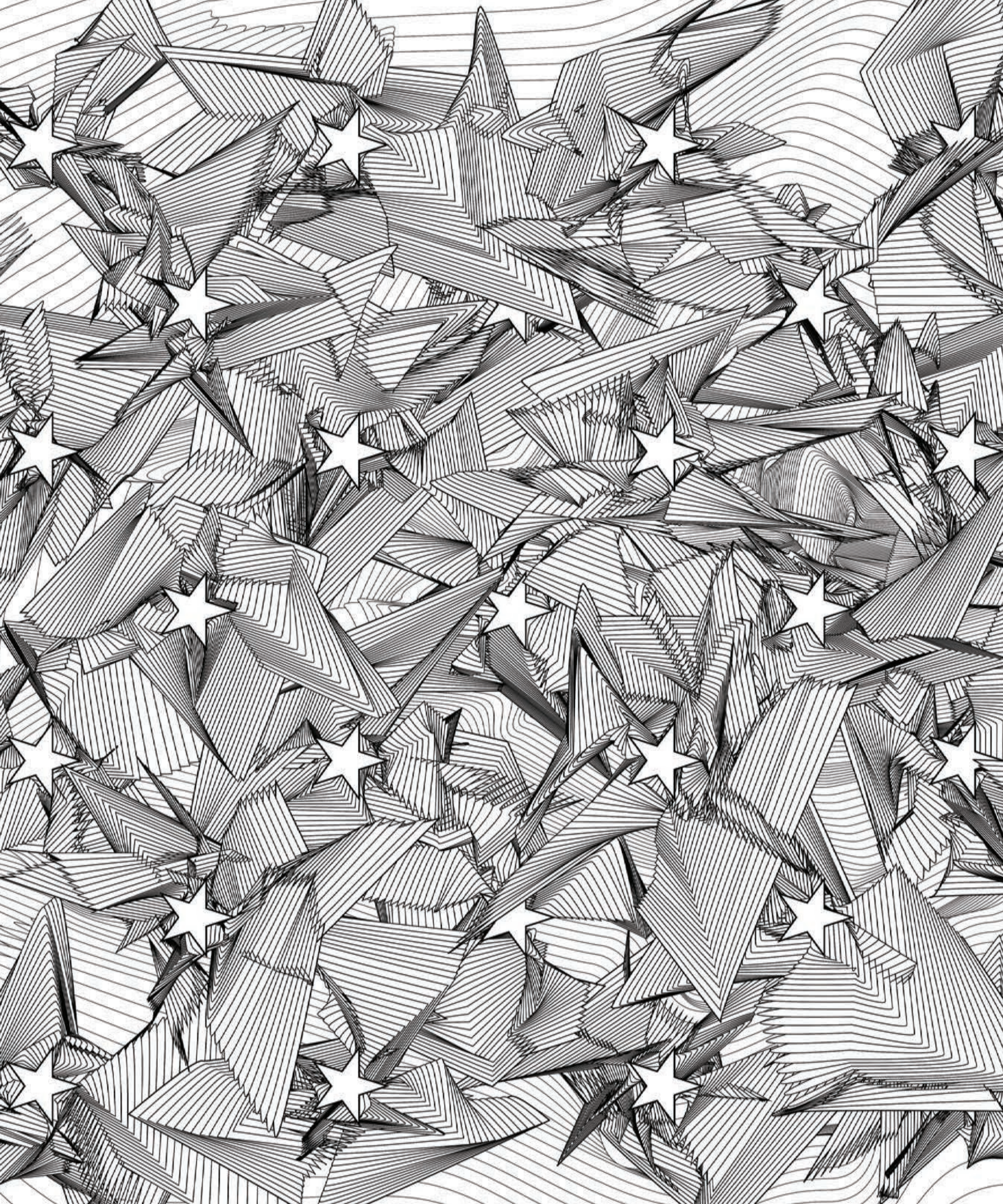
Susan Doyle, *Untitled* 56
Lithograph, 15"x13", 2017

Teresa Larsen, *Operation Desert Storm* 58
Photogravure, 11" x 10 ¾", 2017

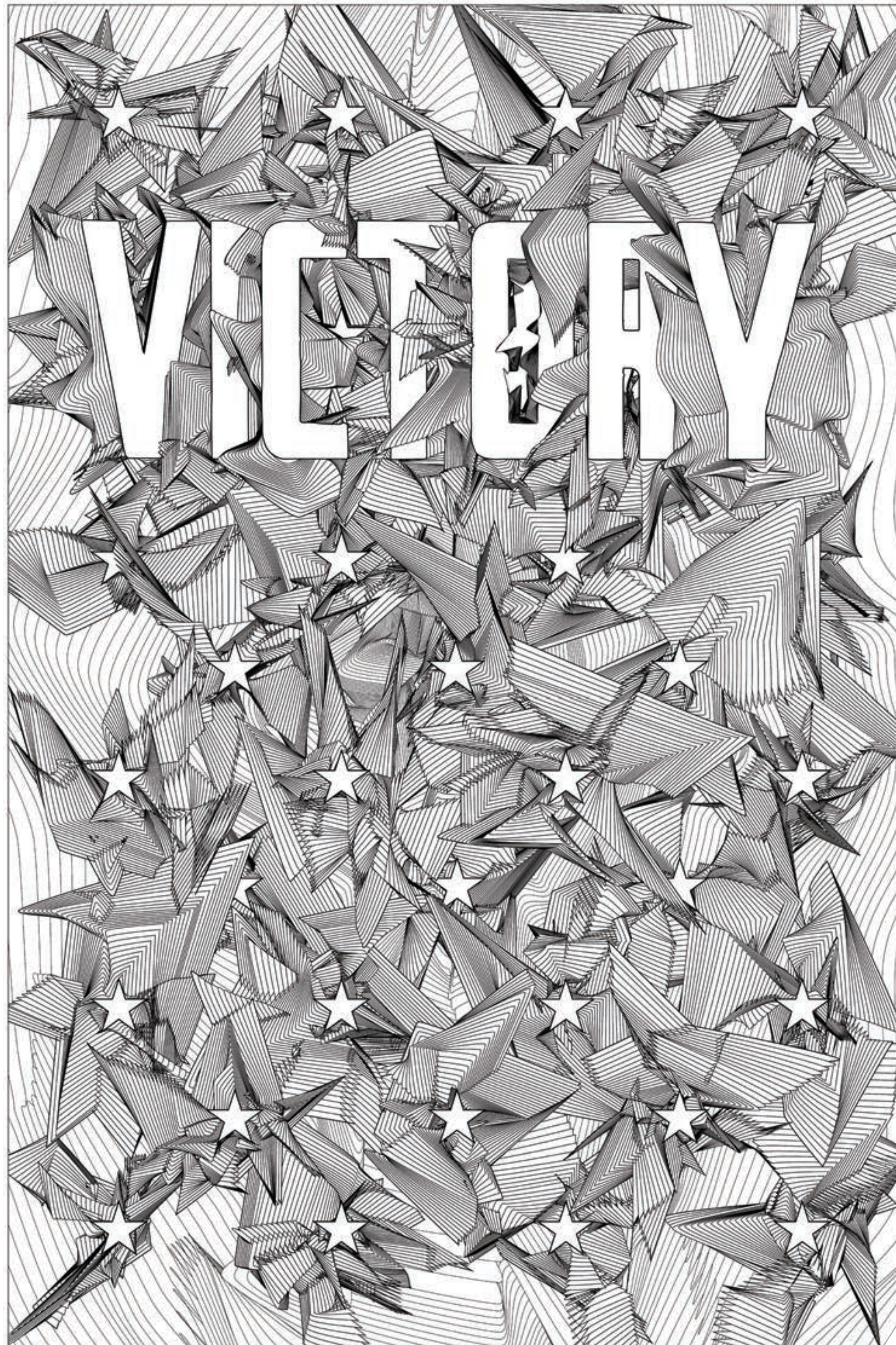
Chris Daniggelis, *E.V.A.C. (IV):TD/SAT:206x P.I./S.H. (W.O.S.)-A.S.R.S.* 62
Relief collagraph and digital laser engraved image, digital serigraphy, 24" x 29", 2017

Michelle Rozic, *The Battle of BIAP,* 64
Intaglio, 20" x 26", 2017

Margot Ecke, *Guardian SPC ARJ* 68
letterpress, 5"x7", 2017



WWII

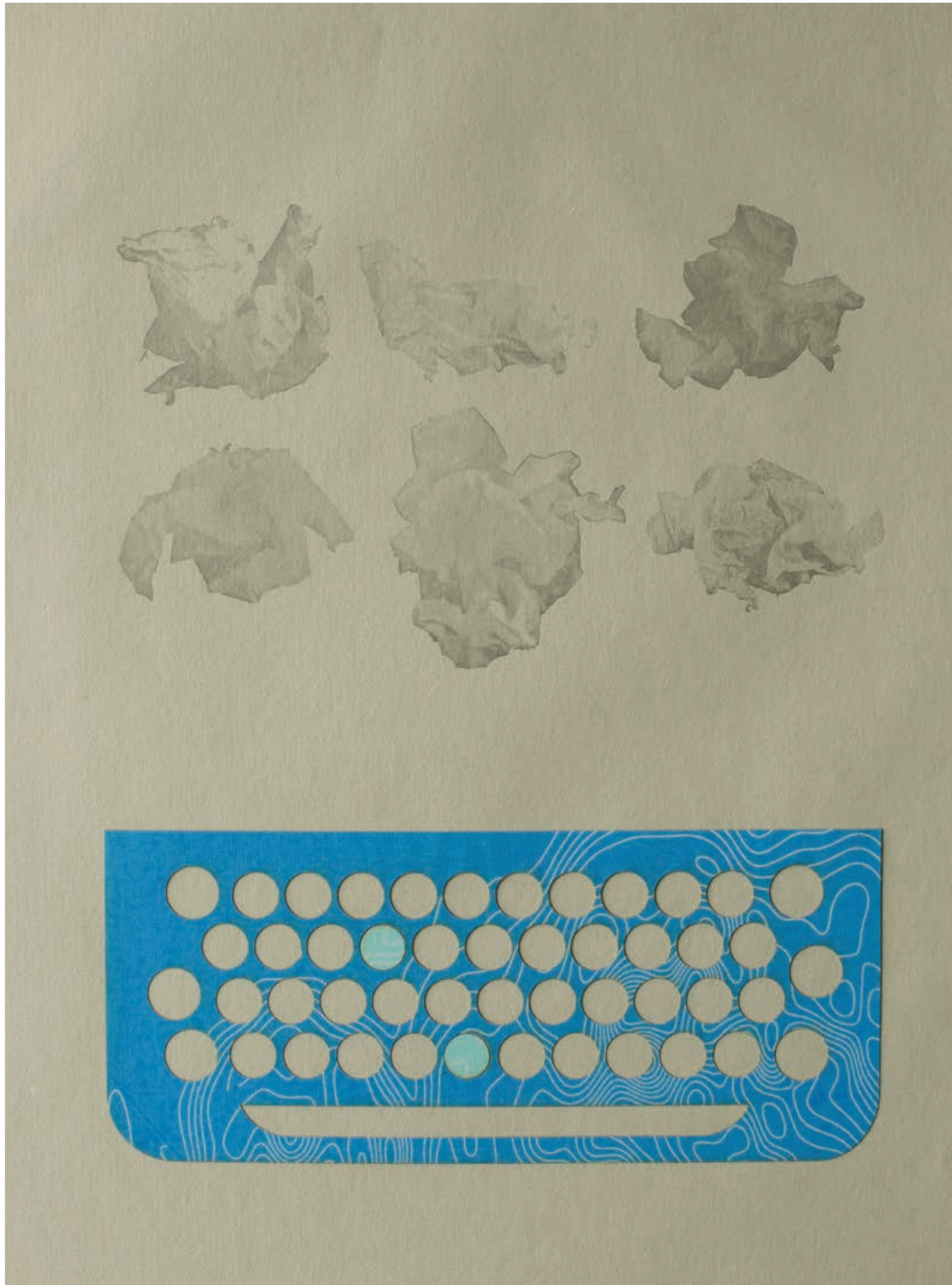


Andrew Polk, *Paris—When the War Ended*
Digital print, 24"x16", 2017

Joe | Army

My job was to get up in the morning, have breakfast, and go to the motor pool, and stay there until about 6 o'clock and go to sleep. That was my basic training. I did that for a period of time. From England we went to Belgium. We were going to build an airfield in a little town. We took over a tremendous cabbage patch. There was cabbage as far as the eye could see. Our job was to strip that and make runways out of it.

It took us 5 days to get there by boat. Once we landed we boarded a train. When we got there the train was attacked. Fortunately we had gotten off the train and were a few miles away when the train was bombed, so fortunately we got away from that.



Denise Bookwalter, *'I was a good typist. I just wasn't a very damned good rifle guy.' Paris Island 1946*
Letterpress, screen print on laser cut fabric, 17"x14", 2017

Bill | Marine

Back in those days they didn't have all the restrictions you got now. We had to pass a swimming test that I never did, and we had to pass a rifle test that I never did. I was a good typist and stuff, but I wasn't a very damn good rifleman.

When I went in you did what you were told. You didn't have any say so over anything. I really thought I was being shipped out 'cause I told my mother "I'm going to Korea or somewhere." I didn't know where the hell I was going, then I didn't go anywhere - and I was right there in the 3rd Battalion, right across from the drive-in theatre, so I went to a movie every night.

When I got out I was Corporal. I was proud of my rating so I joined the Reserves. When I went back I was in charge of the personal affairs for the Battalion. After I was in the Battalion for awhile the CEO said to me "you gotta be a Sergeant to be in charge of all this stuff" so they made me a Sergeant. I was in charge of the entire Battalion for the personal affairs, so some insurance stuff and more. When a broad got knocked up she wrote a letter in to the main offices, and I had to call the guy in and have an allotment set up for him to pay her for having a kid.

Noel Anderson, *Lewis' Luxury Liner*
Serigraph, 16"x15", 2017

Lewis | Marine

Guadalcanal was a big island, and we only used part of it for the airfield. I spent the majority of the first few months with all the others trying to get rid of coconuts. There were millions of them. We tried burning them, but they wouldn't burn, so we eventually just tossed them all into the ocean. Lots and lots of coconuts—I still won't eat them.

I recall going down to what we called "Iron Bottom Bay," an area where the Japanese would frequently attack or try to land, but we always shot them down or kept them off the island. It was a good spot for picking up souvenirs of the war, but whatever I picked up I lost a long time ago. Used to be a song we'd sing about it, but I can't remember the words.

I remember going into the jungle to find bananas. The plane I was assigned to work on got shot down, so I had a lot of free time on my hands to explore. Lots of the guys would go off into the jungle looking, it wasn't uncommon. I came across an area marked with red and blue wires sticking up from the ground, all over the place, and I walked straight through it. I found out later it was an active mine field, some of the mines had been removed, but not all of them. I was lucky I didn't get blown up. And I never did find any bananas.

Editor's Note: I have done every effort to consolidate his words and intent to the best of my ability in the above account. Any errors are completely my own.

KOREA

Akemi Ohira, *Forgotten Action*
Mezzotint, 11 ½"x8", 2017

Ken | Marine

I was on the switch board. We had these switchboards every ten miles, they had to. I had it fixed up when that telegram came into headquarters I was to get a quick phone call. The next day I went up to the headquarters to pick up the telegram and while I was there the headquarters was calling back for me to come up because I had a telegram. The telegram said "you're a father." So I passed out the cigars I'd been collecting to some of the guys that I was in with. I think I sent one to the big cheese back in communication headquarters. And of course George got one, George Burns, not George Burns and Gracie, but George Burns the guy from Michigan, he was the cook.

The next day he was cooking the stew. All I know is the next time I seen him, he said he was smoking it and it came up missing and he could never find it. "I was making stew, and I was smoking the cigar while I was making stew" and he couldn't find the cigar. He told me that the next time I seen him, after everybody's eaten it. Nobody else knew about it.

VIETNAM

Thomas | Marine

They had what they called "dusters," actually antiaircraft guns, chassis-mounted, cute little things. The NVA and the VC absolutely hated 'em. I hated 'em 'cause they were just horrible. Why would you use antiaircraft guns on human beings? Well they did and they worked like a million bucks. The dusters started up and we're thinking "Oh this is a holy fuck moment, the dusters are starting." That meant they could literally see 'em eyeball to eyeball. These people were just being chopped up, 'cause you could see the rounds firing downhill off the fire base across the valley at these guys.

We were shot at, "Pop Pop" you know, slow and accurate and even, and the training worked. Slow, accurate, pick your target, hit it, then go to the next one. I'd just finished engaging a couple of fellows who were laying in a sort of row on the ground, and that's when I got shot. I got shot through my lower right leg. Got clipped by two more, and of course the bummer is that then they hit the armor so it bounced right back. About the same time an RPG went underneath the track into the side of the duster and it blew out. And then another one went in under, thank God for me I guess. I went under the track further towards the front. The thing just rolled to a stop. I'd been shot though, you know. I'm trying to hold on, to keep from falling off.

Sydney Webb, *Decorum and Valor*
Letterpress, 11 ½"x17 ¼", 2017

The other two guys had been shot as well, and one guy over here he ain't there anymore, I don't know where he went. I never saw him again. I pushed myself off and landed on my face and the other two guys had just rolled off or fallen off - whatever - they were on the ground. One had crawled around to the front and tried to crawl underneath the track. The other one was just laying there. I don't even know what their names were, just the other two new guys.

I just knew I had to get away from the armor so I started pulling myself on my elbows and my hands, and the duster, well, the duster was stopped. The driver was gone, just gone, but the gun crew slewed the thing around and lit 'em up. Only six to eight feet in the air he started to light 'em up. I needed to get off the road, "this ain't gonna last, this ain't gonna last," so I just started. They gave one hundred round cardboard boxes of gun ammunition for the squad's machine gun to the new guys to get to hump. They either got to hump a can of ammo or three antitank rockets or mortar rounds if they attached mortars. The new guys always got to hump the heavy shit, and we were all new guys. I lucked out, I had anti-tanks. I had those strung over me with all this other crap and I got my grenade pouch hangin' off my flak jacket. I can't move. Everything stopped working. The only weapon I had left was my knife. I just remember pulling it off my side and running it upside my flak jacket, cutting the stuff loose, and by then I could pull myself around. So I had my flak jacket on, but I didn't have all this other crap dragging on the ground beside me and went for the ditch.

I remember getting in the ditch and I flopped myself over as a third RPG hit the duster, just below the left gun right about where Mr. Bugeye was sitting. He just started screaming like a madman. Another RPG came in and skidded off the face plate, I think it went in front of the turret. The turret was cocked around sideways. "Wham-o!" and he just disappeared - he just disappeared. We were there about another three hours after that. I pulled off my belt and put it above my the wound on my upper right leg and just yanked it tight and thought "fuck. Now what?" I know my squad had a grenadier attached, I can't remember his name, Loag maybe, or Black Loag or Black. He saved my ass and the other two guys. They lived as well.

Joyce Collier Fearnside, *EVAC*
Monotype, collagraph , 16"x10 ¾", 2017

Bill | Army

We were taking a very steep landing approach and as we got closer, some of the guys sitting near the windows could actually see the fighting going on. The flight attendants were all very calm and acted like we were landing in a vacation spot or something. This cute little flight attendant gets on the PA system and said, "Okay, gentlemen, we want to thank you for flying Continental Airlines," like we had any choice. And then she said "We'll see you all again in about a year." Because back then, if you went to Vietnam, the tour-duty was one year, unless you signed on for more or you didn't make it back or were wounded. I was real anxious, you know, and then I thought, "Man, you're not going to see all of us in a year."

They took us to another part of the airport where we got on a cargo plane. There were only a few seats available along the sides of the cargo bay, the rest of the seating just straps on the floor. We sat there and held onto the straps as we took off. Off we went and we flew to... I think it was Long Binh, a pretty basic camp. There were all these cranky veterans who were just a year or two older than us, but they looked much older. Their uniforms were all tanner, sun-bleached and worn, and here we were in our shiny, new plates, and these guys started giving it to us. They go, "Hey, there's my replacement. How you doing, boy?" And they had a lot of fun with it, you know.

There was this very small cane that a few of them carried. The thing was probably between a foot and eighteen inches long and had a little dragon's head on it. It was made of bamboo, carved very nicely and stained. A real pretty little thing. It was what they called a short timer's stick. You started carrying it around when you had less than six months to go on your tour, less time than you'd already put in. It was kind of a, you know, a badge of honor when you carried that thing around.

Joe Van Kerkhove, *Demolition Expert, Cu Chi, 10:200*
Intaglio, 8 ¼" x 13", 2017

Bob | Army

We had to build a base for the whole battalion, so for at least a thousand people. It was an ongoing process, and they were still building when I left, and unbeknownst to me at that time we were building the battalion overtop of tunnels —Viet Kong tunnels. Yeah we were having guys going out for guard duty at night and getting their throats cut because the guys would come up from their tunnels and slit someone's throat and climb back down in the tunnel, and no one knew where they were at.

They would hide in the tunnels, and they had trap doors leading off them. They had rooms as big as our cafeteria so they could hide a whole company of soldiers underground. It's a swamp, it's not like you can dig anything hard out of the ground because if you dig more than a couple of feet in Vietnam you're going to hit water.

I was assigned to an engineering company. I went as a truck driver and when I hit a land line and blew my truck up I volunteered to work in demolitions. I had never worked in demolitions before. Well that and I didn't want to spend time on base because of some problems I had, so that's how I got to be in the tunnels. I got to be in the tunnels to actually blow them up.

I was amazed, I mean you figure you go from here to the next building away, like I said the longest one was about 200 yards. The way I used to set my charges is I would go through and then I would time myself from the back coming out, and then I would cut timed fuse at different lengths to cover the time from the back to the front, and I would set them all going in and light them all going out. I was out by the time they went off and one time, one time I had to go back and they were gone, the charges were gone. So I settled for throwing a hand grenade as far back as I could get it.

Erin Holscher-Almazan, *The Letter Writer*
Relief, 18 ½"x15", 2017

Edgardo | Army

The war was really scaling up and so I can't tell you how many letters of condolences I had to write because I was the letter writer. You know, "Your son was blah, blah, blah. Dear Mrs." The Colonel would sign off on them. But that was my job, to write them.

I had to, like, sometimes, make up how they died because I didn't know it all the time. I had to talk to a lot of guys to tell me exactly what went on. You had to, like, note-take everything that happened. That went on in battle and this is what happened. These guys were involved. Just in case in somebody needed a bronze star, you had to write all that stuff. So, I was, like, I was the scribe. I was the narrator for all that stuff.

We had to do body counts - both of our guys and their guys. Sometimes we would double the body count of the Vietnamese. This was not us enlisted guys, we didn't care, but the captains and the colonels wanted to look good. They would just double the body count. You know, "Eh, that doesn't sound like enough. Add another 80 to that."

The count was left up to the infantry guys and people that were actually in battle. They would count them in the aftermath of the battle. I would only go out there to get the stuff and bring it back to the main company area. I would just go out on the helicopter and they would give me the body counts to take back.

I'll tell you this story, which is kind of a funny story 'cause I remember a lot of that stuff in Vietnam. I like to think that war is, war's got everything - it's got blood, it's got terror, it's got guts, it's got sadness, it's got a lot of happiness and a lot of laughter and a lot of stupid shit that happens to you. One of the things it brings out is people's survival will. And you meet the craziest characters.

Keith Lopez, *Untitled*
Block print with handmade ink, 6″x6″, 2017

Jim | Army

When I was in Japan I was the barracks Sergeant. It was open barracks, with hundreds of guys in there. The bathroom was just a row of open stools, and the urinal was one long trough. There was no privacy. The real advantage with being Sergeant is that you had a private little room at the end of the barracks. I remember as a present for my mother, I thought it would be nice to have an oil painting done of myself, and I had it in my room. Well one night the guys came in, and it was gone, I was off having a Coke or something. They got to my painting and hung it up in a tree, right along the row of toilets.

Lauren | Army

When I got back from Vietnam... and I'd like to talk a little bit about that because I think you know I'm not sure how much people really appreciate man's inhumanity to man...as it was vested in or against the returning Vietnam veterans. When we first started talking I think I mentioned as a WWII baby there were certain expectations. We had a house in Stamford, Connecticut before we moved to Cleveland that had a second floor airing porch, and you could look out over a main street and that was where all the parades took place. I have vivid memories of those parades and the high school players and the fire engines and the mounted policeman and the military, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the everything. At the end of that the veterans - their camaraderie, their brotherhood, as they walked very proudly. and those that could did walk and those who couldn't were pushed in the ugliest, big, wooden wheelchairs and they were scary to a little child. But there was something sacred about what was going on out there on the street, and that really struck me, and I think that is what formed me to who I became as a patriot.

James Ehlers, *Vietnam Veteran Homecoming*
Engraving and spit bite, 9" x 11 ¼", 2017

When I got back from Vietnam, I think when all of us got back, there was a certain hollowness in the return. Now maybe I should say I came back knowing I was going to be discharged, others came back knowing they were going to another duty station, and going to that duty station provided them with a support network again. I expected a welcome. I thought that's what it was all about. When our plane landed there was a gaggle of women on the other side of the chain link fence, and I thought wow this is great, a welcome. Well it was welcome in terms of jeers, accusations of baby killer, of spitting. Being gone one month short of four years, I hadn't had any knowledge of the animis that existed against Vietnam, U.S. involvement in Vietnam, and directed at the Vietnam veterans. It was exceedingly painful. I got off the plane, they shuttled us on the buses as quickly as they could get us on, and took us to the replacement center and issued us uniforms, then handed us a plane ticket and said Good luck! And I flew home and the flight crew absolutely ignored me. I don't know what I expected they should have done. People around me acted like I had leprosy.

I think that if there is one piece of advice that I can give young people today it is this: you don't have to agree. But it's fine to hate the war but you have to love the warrior. And that's the piece that was missing. I landed at Hopkins and I took the Rapid from Hopkins to University Circle. And I got off the Rapid and went down the platform to the bus station and I stood there for a couple of minutes. I had my duffel bag and was in a class A uniform with my beret on my head and I didn't have enough money to take a bus. So I did what I'd always done as a kid, I jumped up and stuck my thumb out. The problem was that the first several cars that came by responded with a different finger.

Finally, a cab pulled up and I said I don't have any money. He said "I don't care, get in. Where do you want to go?" I gave him the address and he said he would take me there. And he pulled away from the bus station at University Circle then turned around and looked at me with steely eyes and said "Listen up Mac, get out of that monkey suit and don't put it back on." It was probably the best advice I got.

Obviously I looked military but taking my uniform off didn't change it, my haircut, my bearing... You couldn't get a job and as soon as they knew, as soon as they knew you were a Vietnam veteran they wouldn't hire you. It was pretty blatant. So I took a job for the sake of having a job and it was a very, very lonely time.

Yuji Hiratsuka, *GSW*
Etching, 9 1/4" x 12", 2017

Mitch | Army

There was a truck in front of us that got hit and I heard a bunch of guys that were wounded. I stopped our tank and ran up to see if l could help and do anything. Nobody was firing, so I ran up there firing and I got hit. I started heading back to the tank - my tank. When I got to it, they had to help me up on it. I got up there and started getting out a .50 cal and then got hit in the other arm. I got hit within the first five minutes, in both arms, my right leg, and my stomach. I got a ricochet bullet in the stomach. Thank God it was a ricochet or I'd be dead. 'Cause it only went in about two and a half inches so it didn't penetrate the stomach itself.

There was a bunch of dead Vietnamese alongside the road from previous ambushes. I had one of the guys go over and take a sample - scoop up all the maggots he could find. He brought the maggots back and I put them on my arms and legs. And they started eating dead tissue, which stopped the bleeding. That lasted until the evacuation helicopters came and got us - everybody that was wounded.

They got put in the chopper and the medic looked at me and seen the maggots and thought I was already dead.

I looked up and said, "What the hell is wrong with you?" Scared the shit out of him.

The first guy at the hospital that I talked to, he says "Who put them on you?" I said, "I had one of the guys do it." He says, "Smart move," then says "We gotta start getting the rest of the guys doing this shit."

They took me into the triage. Put me to sleep. And that's the last thing I remember. I do remember, I woke up for a little bit. They were talking about my leg and taking it off. I said, "give me an M16." He says, "Why? You not going to shoot it in here." I said, "Well, if you try to take my leg off, I'm gonna start shooting." And they forgot the idea right there.

So, it's good to be an American Indian. You learn a lot.

Holly Hey, *Wire Dreams I*
*D*igital print, mixed media, 10 7/8" x 8 3/8", 2017

Robert | Army

I have a real problem remembering some events, I don't know why. To this day there's things I just can't remember. I can't figure out why.

In boot camp at Fort Knox, there were three meals: misery, agony and pain. But I wasn't afraid; that's the only part that was real. It was strange, it wasn't like I was scared and shaking in my boots or anything like that. But then they started handing out duties, and that's when I got afraid.

My first MOS was wire work. The reason being I had worked for Ohio Bell. I listened to Morse code and typed it. Then we had to climb poles. It was a lot better than boot camp.

Lee Fearnside, *Crash*
Relief, 5 ¾" x 9", 2017

Tim | Air Force

We got a call from the control tower saying that an American plane from the nearby base had gone down not too far from us. We got out to the crash site, and the only thing you could see was the tail section, it actually went straight into the ground like a log.

The F-111 crew had bailed out in the ejection module before impact. They don't bail out like you normally see in other military planes, where the individual aircrew members are hanging from a parachute, they instead ride the cockpit module all the way back to the ground under it's own parachutes.

We approached the crash site in pitch darkness through a wooded area with hardly any light at all. We had our individual spotlights but they don't give you the illumination that the portable light carts used on the flight line do, so that made the retrieval operation kind of difficult. There were tree limbs scattered all over the ground, and at first you couldn't even tell which direction the downed aircraft was facing, because of how much fire suppressing foam was put on it, covering everything. Once we got the foam washed off you could read the letters on it and say "oh okay, now it's pointed this way."

We figured the wings were buried as we couldn't see any remnants of them. We never did see any other remains of any other part of the aircraft except for the module and the tail section.

1980s/90s PEACE TIME

Lyell Castonguay, *Forging Ahead*
Relief, 11"x14", 2017

Dale | Coast Guard

My first assignment was aboard a Coast Guard Ice Breaker, and I spent a couple of years on board, both in the ice and in the open ocean, between the Arctic and the Antarctic. We made two or three trips to the Arctic and three trips to the Antarctic in those two years.

It was very, very desolate up there. Just a lot of ice, not much to see, you can't really get close enough to the land to be able to see much because it's very shallow. We had three Coast Guard ships, ours and two smaller ones - and we spent a fair amount of time keeping the other two out of trouble because the ice would get so thick, they would get stuck, and we'd have to go break them out, that sort of thing.

Our ship was big, it was broad-beamed, but it had very little free-board, meaning there's not a lot of it above the water line. It was close to the water and close to the ice on the sides. Sometimes we would see polar bears looking along besides the ship, following us, and it would've been very easy for one of them to have just jumped up on the side of the ship. Fortunately, it never happened.

Maggie Denk-Leigh, *EVAC: Looking Back, Looking Forward*
Relief, 18"x24", 2017

Dan | Marine

I was over in Panama and had a platoon - an infantry platoon - and we were tasked with being the opposing force for against one of the battalions out of the 101st Airborne Infantry Unit from the US Army. They were down there doing counterinsurgency training. My platoon of 32 Marines were supposed to pretend like we were guerrilla infiltrators who had come on and blown up a bunch of stuff, and then we'd run back through the jungle, and they were supposed to try and find us. They had helicopters and were totally supported, along with boat support; I had 32 people and they had close to 1500.

We were supposed to get in these rubber boats they had hidden for us, row across the river and then occupy an urban fortification. The next day the army was supposed to come in and kill us. We waited there a couple of hours. Coming down this trail comes this army soldier. I have no idea where he was from, but you could tell he was tired, he was worn out, and he wasn't necessarily alert or anything. He was walking by himself and he walks up to within a foot of me. By this time I had already scrunched down, halfway in the bush. It's twilight, so it's not real bright, and we're in the jungle. He looks around, drops his weapon, drops his goose gear, drops his trousers, and starts going to the bathroom right there in front of me.

As I'm sitting there, all of a sudden I hear this helicopter coming in and it's like it's landing right on top of us, 'cause all this rotor blast just starts blowing everything away. And I'm sitting there thinking, "Aw, hell. This helicopter's going to get us." And just as I had thought that, it took back off again. Of course there's dust and everything and that army soldier looked me right dead in the eye and that's when I jumped on him and captured him and said, "You're mine. I captured you." He started screaming, so we dragged him back with his trousers still down around his ankles.

I told him, "I don't think you understand, we're not the enemy. We're Marines and we're going to eat you if you don't start talking." The kid

spilled his guts. “Oh, I’m with this unit and we’re here and there’s a LPOP [Listening Post] sitting up there, and there’s about twenty people.”

We moved on up. I got about fifteen of my Marines to sneak up, kind of get around, and there’s twenty soldiers there. They’re all laid out, exhausted. I stood up and said, “Fire!” And we all walked to them, firing our blanks at them and killing them. I got on the radio, used their call signs, called in artillery strikes on three of their main units, and killed them all.

Well, we get back, and we’re there at the Panama Base on the Atlantic side. As we get back to the Mess Hall at Fort Sherman it’s about lunchtime, so I get my Marines in and get them all fed. I’m in the chow line, the last guy in the chow line, and I’ve got this jungle filth all over me and my Marines say “Hey Sergeant West, all these Army guys are here and they’re all clean.” This Army Lieutenant comes up to me and says, “Are you Sergeant West?” I said, “Yeah, I am.” He said, “Well, our Colonel wants to see you.” I hadn’t eaten anything and replied, “I’m not going to go report to some damn Army Colonel. I’m not in his chain of command and I’m starving.” After I ate I went over to the Army Full Bird and said, “Colonel, I understand you want to see me.” He said, “You’re an insubordinate son of a bitch, aren’t you?” And I replied, “Well, I killed all of your troops last night, Sir, so how insubordinate do you want me to be?”

There’s several things I learned from my time in the Corps. First one is that teamwork works, as long as everybody’s committed to doing what they’re doing. I would say that my service gave me a lot of valuable life lessons I needed to learn and, fortunately, I learned them without getting killed. But, I think the main thing the service taught me that I still use to this day and that I impart to my own kids and anybody that’ll listen is, do your research and plan if you want to do something, don’t just say, “Hell, I’m gonna climb Mount Everest.” Everybody says that, but doing it is different. You gotta go climb smaller mountains first, you gotta get your equipment together, you gotta know what you’re doing, you gotta talk to people who have done it before. You know, I call it the seven P’s - Prior Proper Planning Prevents Pitifully Piss Poor Performance. But, that’s kind of the main thing, and I have stories to tell my kids and my grandkids, you know? There are some stories I’ll never tell them, just ‘cause there’s only three people that need to know about them - and that’s the enemy, me, and my God.

Johanna Mueller, *M.L.: Seaman, Country Before Self*
Relief Engraving with Hand Color, 11 1/4" x 14 3/4", 2017

Mike | Navy

After months and months at sea and finally coming home, it's bigger than life to see land coming in and see the base. I had no idea that all the family and stuff would be there—I mean, I guess I did — but I didn't think about the enormity of how that event would be. All hands are on deck at parade rest and we were cruising into port. It was really neat seeing land and seeing people back at home. To see the flags waving and the band playing was a good experience, a really good experience.

And I knew for me, it was kind of bittersweet, because I knew I was pretty much done with active duty, but again, I stayed in the Reserves and was based in Cleveland and transferred into the Starcraft Unit, which was kind of called the brown water Navy back when John F. Kennedy was on the PT boats. Kind of a newer variation of that. But I knew I wanted to stay in and I knew I could do good. And it was fun, it was a good time.

Kathy McGhee, *Games*
Serigraph, 13 1/2"x 19 1/8", 2017

Sherri | Air Force

They just saw us coming. My first sergeant, well he told me he "didn't believe women should be in. Women are only good for one thing and one thing only." My second sergeant, because they switched me after I complained about him, this guy brought me into his office and shut the door. That should have been clue number one. But I was so young. I was 20, but I was a really naive 20. He pulled me in there and he said, "I'm gonna show you something, and I just want to see if you're okay with it." And I'm like, "Okay, no problem. Yeah." I'm just sitting, you know what I mean? It was a TDY (Temporary Duty) station, so it was a lot of traveling, world traveling, and they liked their world traveling and strip clubs and all that kind of stuff. He pulls out a picture. It was a woman, a naked Asian woman in a sea of men, a sea of military men, and one's going down on her. The Sergeant says, "What do you think?" At the time I went, "Oh, so what? It's a naked woman. No biggie. I've seen it." He looked at me and says, "Airman, you're gonna go a long way here," or something like that. That was my introduction.

Temporary Duty, it's kind of like you get to travel because it's almost like photojournalism. Everybody wanted to go to Thailand, you know what I mean? They wanted to see the world. So it was kind of like if you fight us, if you argue with us, or if you call us out on what we're doing, then you won't go. They pretty much said you won't go anywhere. So I got stuck in the dungeon, me and a couple of the other female sergeants that didn't play by their rules. The dungeon was the archive room where we archived all the photos and slides. Anybody who instead played their game got to travel.

But I was happy in the dungeon because I'm the kind of person that's like, "Fine. Stick me in the dungeon. I'd rather be here." But I don't blame the females. I mean, to this day I tell people I don't blame the females who played the game. I get it. They were young. They wanted to get training. They wanted to see the world. I don't blame them for that. But I sometimes wondered what happened to them, what happened to the other women. I think every woman has come across sexual harassment at some point, no matter if it's military or not military, you know?

DESERT STORM

Susan Doyle, *Untitled*
Lithograph, 15"x13", 2017

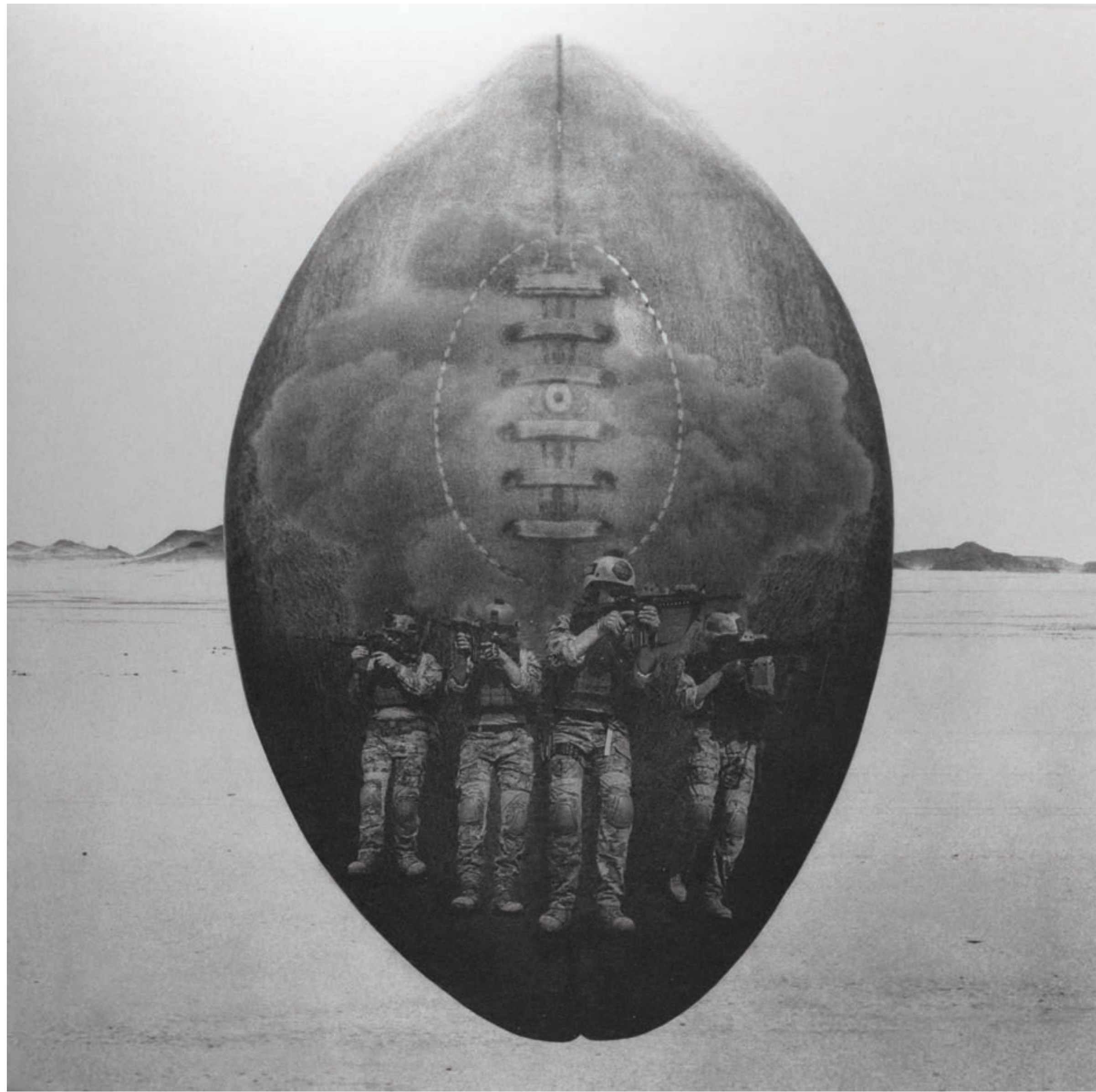
Christy | Army

I became a Sergeant during the Gulf War, and then it was other people I had to be concerned about. We got alerted, but I was in denial. "Oh, we're not going to go anywhere. You know Saddam Hussein is just going to go away." But it went on for weeks and weeks, preparing and remaining on alert. I remember one call came in and it just felt like the "Final Call." Okay, now we're really heading out. One of the guys I was supervising didn't show up, and I had to go out to his house and his wife answered the door and they were both fearful. I was fearful, too, but I just had to swallow that down and realize that this is what it is. This is how NCO's help you out, and this is what I'm supposed to do. From then on it was kind of a turning point for me, because I began to feel like "I like this" you know? A sort of "I want to make a career out of this" feeling. You have to learn to swallow your fear, even though I remained in denial. That was one of my most memorable moments, and not everything is a happy memory, but helping that soldier face his fear is one thing that always sticks out to me. That was what kind of changed me from 'Private Benjamin' to an NCO and leader.

I had a squad at the field hospital in Desert Storm, about eight to ten people. Some of them knew me; some of them didn't. You have to earn that respect. When you're just becoming a new leader, people want to challenge you. You grow up very fast.

And to this day it is still a man's Army. Even when I progressed through the ranks and became a Sergeant Major - the highest enlisted rank - you still felt the differences between men and women. You always felt you had to test yourself better than a man. Physical training was one way that I always proved myself. Not that I wanted to be equal, and I'm not saying I wanted to be a Navy SEAL. That's something that never appealed to me. But it got rid of some of those people with the idea that "women shouldn't be in the service," or "women aren't as good as men." I was always dealing with that constantly - you know, like the old days when guys would call women "Sweetie" and "Honey." Sometimes you had to have a thick skin, and sometimes you had to put them in their place.

In Desert Storm I remember the smell of oil burning and smoke. Plumes of it daily... You'd blow your nose and it was black from all the oil burning. That's the way I remember it. Really hot. Never a break from the air or from the heat. Sweaty. Sticky sand. Those are things I recall - short, descriptive words, but that's what it was like. There are also some things that kind of trigger me that I don't like. Rubber – I can't stand the smell of rubber anymore from having to wear my protective gas mask all the time. We were constantly on alert for the gas, so your mask went with you everywhere. And I can drink water warm now. It doesn't bother me anymore.



Teresa Larsen, *Operation Desert Storm*
Photogravure, 11" x 10 3/4", 2017

James | Army

We took a team and we snuck across the border and got within a reasonable distance. He had this, I don't even know what it was, it looked like something out of a Star Wars movie, he sets this thing up. I'm looking with my night vision goggles and as I'm looking at a little building over there you could see the guns sticking up. And then I see this red bright light and I'm thinking "what is that?" and it's a guy smoking a cigarette.

We get on the radio and say the target's painted and a couple of Apaches come in, we didn't even hear them until "Boom! Boom!" And then everything explodes, and then you start seeing the secondary explosions from the ammo on this thing.

We sat there, sat still, and then we went to go do a BDA, Battle Damage Assessment. It was starting to get daylight and the Iraqi flag was still flying. Everybody was dead, there was a dog that was dead. Whatever this missile was that they fired killed everything. The people inside the tank were just dust.

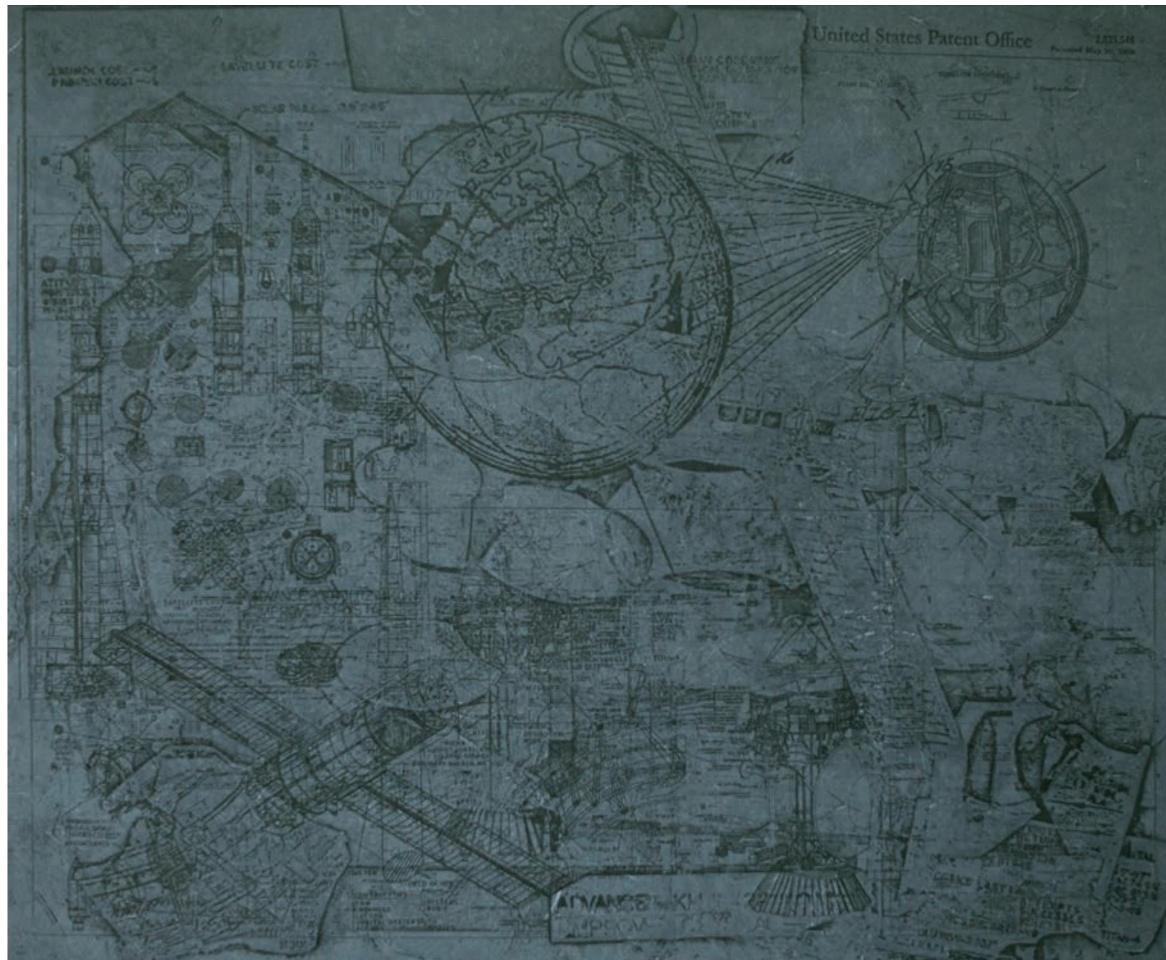
I took the flag, rolled it up and shoved it in my shirt. I remember the guy smoking the cigarette, and he was in there. The cigarettes were called Summer Eves. I took the cigarette pack out of his pocket. I was looking death in the face for the first time. It was crazy. These people didn't just die, they died bad. It was horrible.

IRAQ/ AFGHANISTAN

Terry | Air Force

We did things where we had to measure POL, which is petroleum, so in oil fields, we'd have to gauge and measure how much they could store there, or even on airfields, or any type of military instillation. Defensive missiles, offensive missiles, navy, submarine, aircraft, uh... what else, army units, tanks, army personnel carriers - we had to know everything about NATO and about Soviet aircraft and so on back in those days.

I was put on the Soviet Aviation Team, so that was all we did all day. I used to work the night shifts so 11 o clock until 7 o clock in the morning. As the imagery would roll in at night that was all we would do, look at Soviet Air Fields and write reports all night long and let management know what the bad guys were up to.



Chris Daniggelis, *E.V.A.C. (IV):TD/SAT:206x P.I./S.H. (W.O.S.)-A.S.R.S.*
Relief collagraph and digital laser engraved image, digital serigraphy, 24" x 29", 2017

The digital computers were the worst stations, at that point there were only three in the world that existed, and two were at the CIA and one was at SAC, Strategic Air Command, a big player, and back in those days they had a huge budget. We had one station that was so large it had 200 hundred people, so you didn't get to look at the computer for long. We had one copy that was the old style roll of satellite imagery and we had light tables. We'd lay them on there and you'd look with the optics and microscope. The film was on the satellite itself and they would take it and literally drop it off the satellite down to Earth. A parachute would come out and the team out in Hawaii would go and capture that film and bring it back and ship it off to D.C., process the imagery and make copies and send it all around the world so analysts could do their exploitation.

Those satellites were launched by the National Reconnaissance Office and it was a classified organization back in those days. It was hidden under the Air Force chain of command, beneath the Under Secretary of Research and Development, so the Air Force had the oversight - but keep in mind, too, that all the other national agencies used the information - it wasn't just the Air Force or even just the military, so really it was a joint endeavor. CIA had a lot of say in what was imaged and how those images were analyzed, but again there were a lot of players involved.

I think one thing I learned was that it taught me to concentrate for a really long time; for example, if you're looking at a high risk target and upper management is really concerned about this particular installation or what's happening there, or something's going down —you had to really focus —because you didn't want to be the guy that missed something. It was very intense, very intense work, so again, when looking through those scopes you had to sweep the area and as you would go through, you would have to stop and focus on specific areas, and really look at equipment and focus on what was happening. Were they loading bombs onto this thing or was the plane under repair? You were trying to gather and figure out as much as you could, and what was happening at that point and time when the image was taken.

Michelle Rozic, *The Battle of BIAP,*
Intaglio, 20" x 26", 2017

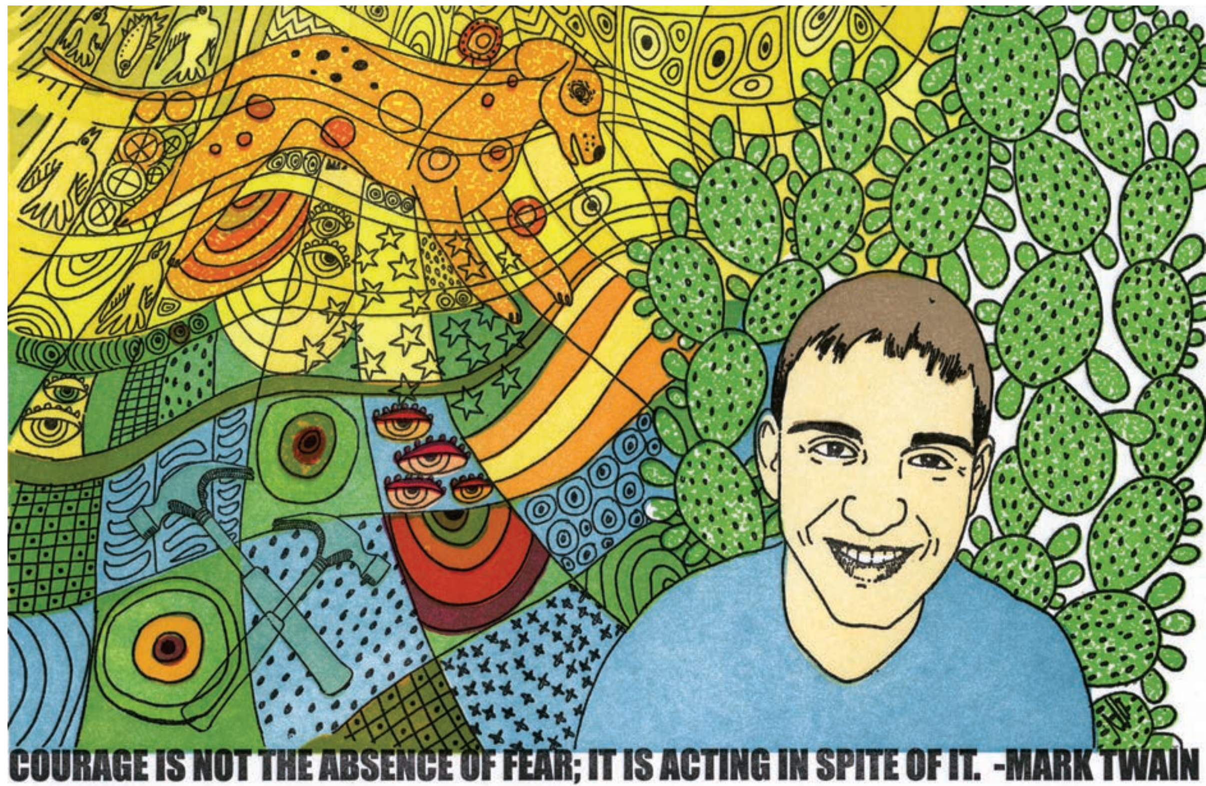
James | Army

At that point they were starting to concentrate their fire on the wall, right where we were at, and they were hitting it with RPGs. You'd be sitting there and all of a sudden cinder blocks would fly everywhere. We've got small arms fire going out and small arms fire coming in, I'm on the radio trying to get some soldiers up here to defend this perimeter. And nobody was coming. People were taking cover because there was so much fire coming in. These guys had launched this Hellfire on this one area. So for the first five or ten minutes we're the only ones there and we're pushing them back. Once again we're at the apex.

I have to hand it to them, they were pretty darned courageous. They would get up and move even though they knew we were going to cut them down every time they would move, and my guys were good at it. They went into a house, and there were probably 10 kids that came running out. I told my guys cease fire because we didn't want to be shooting no kids. The insurgents were still firing over the kids' heads. I remember seeing one little boy's face and he was terrified. They did kill one kid.

I can see this terror on his face and I'm watching thinking, "find some cover! find some cover!" Well they did, there was a big mound of dirt, and these kids all huddled behind the dirt and they stayed there. These kids were smart. And of course we just unleashed all hell on those guys after that.

GOLD STAR PARENT



Margot Ecke, *Guardian SPC ARJ*
letterpress, 5"x7", 2017

Cathleen

I was at the computer, talking to a friend in Texas, trying to figure out why we couldn't get him on the computer. Something's up. We heard a knock, but I couldn't see the front door from where I was. My husband said "Cath, you'd better come here."

When they came in the door, my husband didn't quite understand why the first guy came in. The second guy had the Chaplain's Cross, and then he knew right away. This is not good because they're sending the Chaplain.

I'll never forget those words, "your son has been killed."

My two younger kids were already in bed, but they heard the door and came down. They were crying. My husband called my oldest daughter. I couldn't physically get on the phone and call her. I didn't cry until later that night.

That night I had a dream. As a mom, as a parent, whenever you're sleeping and one of your children is sick and makes a noise, you're up out of bed right away. That night, I had a dream, and one of my kids' voice screamed "mom" really loud. I popped straight up in bed and listened for the second scream, but the house is silent.

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GLOSSARY

Traditional Printmaking Techniques

Traditional printmaking techniques fall into four categories: relief printing, where the image is created by carving from a flat plane those areas which will not be part of the image and applying ink to the raised area (e.g., woodblock); intaglio, where the image is created by removing surface and forcing ink into the negative spaces (e.g., etching); stenciling, where the negative image is affixed to a fine-mesh screen and ink then forced through the screen (screenprinting or serigraphy); and planographic printing, where the image and negative area are both on the same plane (e.g., lithography).

RELIEF

Woodcut

The woodcut is the art of engraving on wood by hollowing out with chisels areas of a wooden plank of primarily cherry, pear, apple or boxwood, then leaving a design on the surface. Inking the surface and applying pressure with a press achieve the transfer of this design onto paper.

Linocut

The linocut is a printmaking technique similar to that of the woodcut, the difference being that the image is engraved on linoleum instead of wood. Since linoleum offers an easier surface for working, linocuts offer more precision and a greater variety of effects than woodcuts.

INTAGLIO

Etching

Etching is a method of making prints from a metal plate, usually copper or zinc, which has been bitten with acid. The plate is first coated with an acid-resistant substance (etching ground or varnish) through which the design is drawn with a sharp tool (burin or other). The acid eats the plate through the exposed lines; the more time the plate is left in the acid, the coarser the lines. When the plate is inked and its surface rubbed clean, and it is covered with paper and passed (between the cylinders of an etching press under high pressure) under a cylindrical press, the ink captured in the lines is transferred to the paper.

Drypoint

Drypoint is an engraving method in which the design is scratched directly onto the (usually copper) plate with a sharp pointed instrument. Lines in a drypoint print are characterized by a soft fuzziness caused by ink printed from the burr, or rough metal edge lifted up on each side of the furrow made by the etching

(drypoint) tool. Drypoint is most often used in combination with other etching techniques, frequently to insert dark areas in an almost-finished print.

Mezzotint

Mezzotint or "black manner" is the technique that, contrary to other methods in use, works from black to white rather than white to black. This is achieved by laying down a texture on a plate by means of a pointed roulette wheel or a sharp rocker. The burrs thus created trap a large quantity of ink and give a rich black. The mezzotint artist then scrapes away the burr in areas he wants to be gray or white. The process produces soft, subtle gradations and is usually combined with etching or engraving, which lends clean-lined definition.

Aquatint

This technique is so called because its finished prints often resemble watercolors or wash drawings. It is a favorite method of printmakers to achieve a wide range of tonal values. The technique consists of exposing the plate to acid through a layer (or sometimes successive layers) of resin or sugar. The acid bites the plate only in the spaces between the resin particles, achieving a finely and evenly pitted surface that yields broad areas of tone when the grains are washed off and the plate is inked and printed. A great many tones can be achieved on a single plate by exposing different areas to different acid concentrations or different exposure times. Aquatint techniques are generally used in combination with etching or engraving to achieve linear definition.

In sugar aquatint, also called "sugar lift," the artist uses a sugar-ink mixture to draw with pen or pencil on a surface treated with resin. When dry the drawing is covered with a layer of varnish and when dry introduced into a hot-water bath that exposes the drawing in the resin. The plate is then bitten in the acid bath and the resulting print has a soft, painterly look.

Embossing

Strictly speaking not an intaglio process, embossing is a process developed by Japanese printmakers, who first printed etching plates without ink, creating a relief, white-on-white image, a process that quickly found favor in the west. In Spain it is referred to as "golpe en blanco."

STENCIL

Silk Screen or Serigraphy

Silk screen, or "serigraphy" as it prefers to be known in fine-art circles, originated in China and found its way to the West in the 15th century. It's a stencil process based on the porosity of silk (nylon or other fabric) that allows ink to pass through the areas that are not "stopped" with glue or varnish. One or more layers of ink are applied with a squeegee, each one covering the open areas of succeeding screens until the final composite image is achieved. Photographic transfers, both in-line and halftone, can also be fixed to the screen with a light-sensitive emulsion.

PLANOGRAPHIC

Lithography

This is the printmaking technique invented by Senefelder in Germany in 1796 that takes advantage of the repulsion between oil and water to transfer an image from a smooth limestone surface to a sheet of paper. It is considered one of the most authentic means of artistic reproduction as it prints directly the touch of the artist's hand. On the other hand, sheer production numbers detract somewhat from its appeal to collectors, as the method permits practically unlimited editions.

MONOTYPE

Monotype

Monotype is a one-off technique in which a flat surface on copper, zinc or glass is painted with oil colors or ink and then passed through the etching press. The process permits only one copy; thus "monotype." Modern monotypes take advantage of a wide variety of materials including perspex, cardboard, etc., with artists creating veritable collages on the surface, then printing them for surprising results. The term monoprint is often used interchangeably, but in actual fact a monoprint is a unique image where part of the image is repeatable on a fixed matrix and part is not. Digital prints onto film transferred to a receptor paper are monoprints.

Published by the Digital Art Practices & Terminology Task Force (DAPTTF), 2005
http://www.bermangraphics.com/dapttf/techs.html

BIOGRAPHIES OF CURATORS AND ARTISTS

CURATORS

Lee Fearnside (Luckey, Ohio), Associate Professor of Art, is also the Director of the Diane Kidd Gallery at Tiffin University. As Gallery Director, she has curated group exhibitions around themes of sustainability, diversity, food systems and art from Ohio prisons, funded in part by grants from the Ohio Arts Council and the Ohio Humanities Council. Her photographic work has been exhibited in galleries in New England, the Midwest and in national juried shows. Fearnside earned an M.F.A in Photography from the Rhode Island School of Design, and a M.S. in Arts Administration from Drexel University.

Joseph Van Kerkhove (Toledo, Ohio) is an Assistant Professor of Art at Tiffin University in Tiffin, OH. He holds an M.F.A. in Printmaking from Indiana University and a B.F.A. from The Columbus College of Art and Design. Joseph's work incorporates various printmaking techniques, both traditional and experimental, that express his personal experiences. He manipulates familiar images into complex compositions that allow the viewer to reflect and relate the images to their memories and personal experiences. Joseph's artworks have been exhibited in a variety of venues nationally and internationally. He is represented by Harris-Stanton Gallery in Cleveland and Akron.

Dr. John Schupp (Tiffin, Ohio) is Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Tiffin University. He has twenty-five years experience in the synthetic crystal industry, from 1980 to 2005, and he received four patents in 2002. Dr. Schupp started a student veteran program at Cleveland State in Fall 2006, and since 2009, he has spoken to over 1,000 campuses nationwide regarding veteran education. He helped write, pass and fund legislation for FIPSE grants in 2010 and 2014, which provided $20M in grants to over twenty campuses nationwide for veteran education. Dr. Schupp is the winner of the Zachary Fisher Humanitarian of the Year award from the Department of Defense, and his name is on a plaque in the Pentagon for this honor.

ARTISTS

Noel Anderson (Brooklyn, NY) is an Assistant Professor at NYU's Art and Art Professions Department in Print Media. He holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts from Ohio Wesleyan University, a Master of Fine Arts from Indiana University in Printmaking, and a Master of Fine Arts from Yale University in Sculpture. Anderson was recently included in the Studio Museum of Harlem's exhibition Speaking of People: Ebony, Jet, and Contemporary Art, which included an internationally published book. Represented by Tilton Gallery in NYC, Anderson exhibits his research both nationally and internationally through such venues as Art Basel Miami and the Armory Show.

Denise Bookwalter (Tallahassee, FL) works in a range of print media including traditional and digital processes, artist's books, installations and dimensional prints. Her work has been exhibited in a variety of venues nationally as well as internationally. She received her BA from Northwestern University and her MFA from Indiana University in Printmaking. Denise currently lives in Tallahassee, Florida and is an Assistant Professor of Art at Florida State University where she teaches printmaking and is Area Head of the Printmaking Department. She is the director and a founding member of Florida State University's new artists' book press, Small Craft Advisory Press.

Lyell Castonguay (Easthampton, MA) teaches woodcut at print studios throughout New England. He is also the director of BIG INK, a collaborative project that encourages other artists to practice large woodcut. Castonguay received his BFA from the New Hampshire Institute of Art in 2010 and resides in Easthampton, MA. Forthcoming exhibits include Dedee Shattuck Gallery, Westport, MA; and Castle Agliè, Turin, Italy. Past exhibits include the Seoul Museum of Art, Seoul, South Korea; Fine Art Works Center, Provincetown, MA; Western New England University, Springfield, MA; Bromfield Gallery, Boston, MA; and the D'Amour Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, MA.

Chris Daniggelis (Columbia, MO) makes elaborate one-of-a-kind prints using shapes from a simple template, subverting both the purpose of printmaking as a way to make multiples and also the romance of the expressive artist's hand. He has exhibited his work with Aminha Robinson, has been included in exhibitions juried by Donna DeSalvo (Chief Curator of the Whitney Musuem), Helen Molesworth (Chief Curator of the ICA, in Boston). He received an international residency from the Ohio Arts Council to research in Dresden, Germany and will return in 2013 as an International Fulbright Scholar. He printed for Jonathan Hammer of Matthew Marks Gallery, NYC, for Richard Serra with Master Printer Luther Davis, of Noblet Serigraphie, NYC and printed for Dard Hunter III. Before coming to the University of Missouri he taught at Columbus College of Art & Design as an Associate Professor and at Ohio State University.

Maggie Denk-Leigh (Independence, OH) is an Associate Professor and Printmaking Department Chair at the Cleveland Institute of Art. She serves as the President of the Board at the Morgan Conservatory, a hand paper-making and book arts center in Cleveland, Ohio. She received her BA from Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio and MFA in Printmaking from Clemson University, South Carolina. Denk-Leigh's work has recently been exhibited at the Museum of Natural History and Culture, Knoxville, Tennessee; the Shaker Historical Museum, Shaker, Ohio; and a participant in two invitational exhibitions in 2016, Confluence: Twelve Collaborations between Paper and Print Artists, at the Morgan Conservatory, Cleveland, Ohio and Things That Fly, at Heights Arts, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Susan Doyle (Providence, RI) is an associate professor at Rhode Island School of Design and the chairman of the Illustration Department, as well as a former critic in the RISD European Honors Program in Rome, Italy. With a BFA in Illustration, Doyle spent the first decade of her career as an award-winning art director and creative director before earning a duel MFA in Painting and Printmaking. Her studio practice currently centers on narrative oil painting and plate lithography. She has been engrossed in the study of illustration history since 2007 and teaches a survey course on the subject at RISD.

Margot Ecke (Athens, GA) is the owner of Smokey Road Press. She received her MFA from the Rhode Island School of Design and her BFA from Cornell University. She received a Professional Printing Certificate from the Tamarind Institute at the University of New Mexico and completed her training by earning her Diploma in Bookbinding at the North Bennett Street School in Boston. Margot was the Victor Hammer Fellow in the Book Arts at Wells College in Aurora, New York from 2004-2006, and has taught workshops at the Penland School of Crafts, the Atlanta Printmakers Studio, the North Bennet Street School and the Ink Shop. She was an Assistant Professor of Book Arts and Printmaking at the University of Georgia from 2006-2009. Her work is exhibited both nationally and internationally.

James Ehlers (Emporia, KS) was born and raised in Lake Charles, LA. He earned his MFA from the University of Florida and is currently the Don and Mary Glaser Distinguished Professor of Engraving Arts at Emporia State University in Kansas — the only school in the nation to offer a BFA in Engraving Arts. Since 2007, he has given numerous engraving workshops at various events including the Frogman's Printmaking Workshop (South Dakota), IMPACT Printmaking Conferences (Dundee, Scotland and Bristol, England), MAPC (Minnesota), and universities around the country. He has participated in group exhibitions in Bulgaria, Canada, Denmark, Poland, Portugal, Norway, Romania, The Republic of Macedonia, Turkey, and across the United States. He is also recognized as a Master Engraver by the Firearms Engraving Guild of America.

Joyce Collier Fearnside (Peterborough, NH) has taught art to university students, preschoolers, and to the blind for more than forty years. Fearnside studied with Donald Stoltenberg and Vivian Berman at DeCordova Museum, MA and with Ron Pagrasso of Santa Fe, NM. She continues to use a variety of printing presses including the hand press and the car tire. Sharing what she has learned in her own printmaking helps incite new adventures for others.

Holly Hey (Luckey, OH) is currently an Associate Professor of film and video production within the Department of Theatre and Film at The University of Toledo. She is also the current head of the Film program. Professor Hey holds an MFA in filmmaking from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and a BFA in photography from Ohio University. Her work has screened at professionally recognized festivals including The Aesthetica Short Film Festival – York, UK, the Ann Arbor Film Festival –Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Athens International Film and Video Festival – Athens, Ohio, the Mix Festival -New York, the Onion City Film Festival -Chicago, the Denver International Film Festival, the Vancouver Queer Film and Video Festival, among other national and international venues. In addition Professor Hey has also had her short documentary Rat Stories distributed through The National Educational Television Association (NETA).

Yuji Hiratsuka (Corvallis, OR) was born in Osaka, Japan. He has a B.S. in Art Education from Tokyo Gakugei University, and degrees in printmaking from New Mexico State University (MA) and Indiana University (MFA). He currently is a professor of printmaking at Oregon State University. Hiratsuka has received numerous international awards. Since 2010 he has had 13 solo shows in the US, as well as in Korea, Canada and Northern Ireland. Some of the public collections that include Hiratsuka's art are The British Museum, Tokyo Central Museum, Panstwowe Museum in Poland; The House of Humor and Satire in Bulgaria, Cincinnati Art Museum, Cleveland Art Museum, Portland Art Museum, New York Public Library, The Library of Congress and The Smithsonian's Museum of Asian Art.

Erin Holscher Almazan (Dayton, OH) is an Associate Professor of Printmaking and Drawing at the University of Dayton in Dayton, OH. Erin is a native of North Dakota. She received her BFA in Fine Arts from Minnesota State University Moorhead and her MFA in Printmaking from Rochester Institute of Technology, in Rochester, New York. She taught as an Adjunct Instructor in Foundations at Rochester Institute of Technology prior to teaching at the University of Dayton. She has completed two printmaking residencies at the Frans Masereel Centrum in Kasterlee, Belgium. Erin's work has been exhibited nationally and internationally and has recently been included in exhibitions in connection with the Southern Graphics Printmaking Council and the Mid-America Print Council, both of which she is a member. Erin is also an active member of the Dayton art and printmaking community. She resides in Dayton with her husband and two sons.

Teresa Larsen (Odense, Denmark) has worked with printmaking for more than 6 years at Funen Printmaking workshop. The workshop has more than 300 members from more than 20 different countries. Larsen teaches photogravure at the workshop. In 2013, she received the Bodil Award (Bodil prisen) from Funen Printmaking Workshop. She is also a member of SAKs Printmaking Workshop, and Danish Printmakers. Her work is shown at The Studio Gallery in Odense, Denmark.

Keith Lopez (Odense, Denmark) has a Master of Fine Arts from Rhode Island School of Design and a Bachelor of Arts from College of Charleston. He has worked and taught in different studios and schools in the United States, and currently lives in Denmark.

Kathy L. McGhee (Galloway, OH) works at the Columbus College of Art and Design. There she is an associate professor in fine arts, and area coordinator of printmaking.

She teaches introductory, intermediate and advanced printmaking. These include relief, serigraphy, lithography, and intaglio. McGhee, who has shown her work both nationally and internationally, is a practicing printmaker who has had her work published in Printmakers Today. McGhee received the Greater Columbus Arts Council's International Residency Award in 2005 and traveled to Germany. In 2010, she was a participant in the Xi'an International Printmaking Workshop held at Xi'an Academy of Fine Arts in China, and in 2012, she received an international residency through the Ohio Arts Council.

Johanna Mueller (Fort Collins, CO) is a printmaker, artist and entrepreneur, from Denver, CO, and believes firmly that she was put on this earth to make prints. She earned a BFA in printmaking from The Metropolitan University of Denver and an MFA in printmaking from George Mason University in Fairfax, VA. After her MFA, Johanna was set on becoming a full time artist, and so began traveling to sell her work at art fairs across the country, earning over 7 Best in Show awards and over 16 place awards since 2011. She has had the opportunity to speak to students about her work, the business of art, as well as demonstrate engraving methods at institutions including: Vanderbilt University, Bowling Green State University, Bethel College, Texas A&M University of Corpus Christi, and many more. In 2015, she was the recipient of the Laila Twigg Smith Artist Residency Program at the Donkey Mill Arts Center, in Kona, HI, and was an Artist in Residence at Anderson Ranch in 2010. She co-owns and operates The Lion's Nest Gallery and Printshop in Austin, TX, while living and maintaining a personal print studio in Fort Collins, CO.

Akemi Ohira (Charlottesville, VA) specializes in intaglio, lithography and relief printmaking practices, as well as egg tempera paintings. She received a Bachelor of Fine Arts with Printmaking and Drawing Concentrations from Cornell University, and Master of Fine Arts from Carnegie Mellon University. She is a recipient of numerous awards and fellowships, including SECAC and Professional Fellowship from the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. Her work has been featured in solo and group exhibitions in North America, Europe, Australia and Asia. She teaches Printmaking and Drawing at the University of Virginia where she is an Associate Professor of Studio Art.

Andrew Polk (Tucson, AZ) has a BFA from Memphis State University and an MFA from Indiana University. He teaches at the University of Arizona, School of Art. Polk's paintings and works on paper have been exhibited throughout the United States, and internationally in Australia, India, New Zealand, Slovakia, China and Bulgaria. As an artist, Polk works in a wide range of media that includes lithography, digital imaging, painting, and drawing.

Michelle Rozic (Northridge, CA) is an Associate Professor of Art, Printmaking Coordinator and Graduate Coordinator at California State University, Northridge, with an MFA in printmaking from Indiana University, Bloomington, and BFA in fine art from the Columbus College of Art & Design. She served as president of the Los Angeles Printmaking Society from 2013–2015. Michelle's work is held in national and international collections, and her work has been featured in over one hundred national, international and traveling exhibitions. Projects include curating Edge of Life: Forest Pathology Art, a collaborative, invitational, art and forestry exhibit and accompanying catalog.

Sydney Webb (Kaufman, TX) graduated with a BFA in printmaking from Herron School of Art and Design in 2010. After earning her BFA she opened Wake Press & Gallery, her first endeavor at a custom print shop. During this time, she worked as a studio assistant to Walter Knabe. Returning to academia, Syd earned her MFA degree from the University of Texas Arlington in 2014. In 2012 she interned at the infamous Hatch Show Print in Nashville, TN. It was this experience that became the catalyst for Syd's role in the entrepreneurial endeavor Wild Pony Editions on the UTA campus. Syd's shop 4 ACRE PRESS is her private letterpress studio in Kaufman, TX. She is currently Interim Printmaking Area Coordinator at the University of North Texas.

CONSULTANTANTS

Nikka Wolfenbarger received her BFA from the University of Toledo in 2016. She currently works as a freelance graphic designer and illustrator in Toledo, OH. Working with the Diane Kidd Gallery she creates catalogs and promotional materials for its various exhibitions. Her artwork spans many mediums including collage, installation art, drawing and photography.

Dr. Edgardo Padin, Ph.D., is a clinical psychologist who has recently retired as Chief of Psychological Services and Coordinator of Mental Health Programs at the Cleveland VA Medical Center after more than 28 years. He is an Army combat veteran, with a tour in Vietnam in 1967. Dr. Padin received his Doctorate in Clinical Psychology from Vanderbilt University. Since then, he has been involved with Veteran's mental health issues with a focus on PTSD. His recent work includes integrating mental health and primary care treatment, incorporating marital and family services into PTSD treatment, and researching the positive effects of exercise activities on mental health problems. In 2005, he was honored with the Ohio Governor's Commendation Medal for his work with Ohio National Guardsmen, their families and the Ohio Cares Network.

Arbra Dale Triplett is an author, journalist, copywriter, veteran and editor. He's been writing fiction, advertising, marketing and UFO-related content for almost twenty years. Born in Springfield, Missouri to an Air Force family, he grew up in Texas, Colorado and Illinois before spending thirteen years in Germany. He studied English and History at Oklahoma Christian University, Harding University and Lubbock Christian. He served abroad in the Marine Corps for 4 years, drove semi trucks from coast to coast hauling anything from live bees to oversized freight, and flew in the Air Force as a Loadmaster on a C-130 cargo transport. He's hung his hat from Alaska to Florida and a lot of places in between. He's currently on Table Rock Lake in Kimberling City, Missouri.

ABOUT THE DIANE KIDD GALLERY

Through the leadership and vision of Diane Kidd, the Tiffin University Art Gallery is located on the first floor of the Hayes Center for the Arts, 191 Miami Street on TU's campus. It is one of the finest exhibition spaces in the area – a drawing card for art lovers in northwest Ohio and beyond.

ABOUT TIFFIN UNIVERSITY

Established in 1888, Tiffin University is a global, private university located within 90 miles of Columbus, Cleveland and Detroit in northwest Ohio, and it offers its students – from more than thirty different countries – rigorous undergraduate and graduate curricula in business, arts and sciences, and criminal justice and social sciences; as well as nationally ranked Division II athletics and more than 1,000 student activities every year. Rated as one of the 10 best small town universities and one of the best in online education, more information about TU can be found at *www.tiffin.edu.*