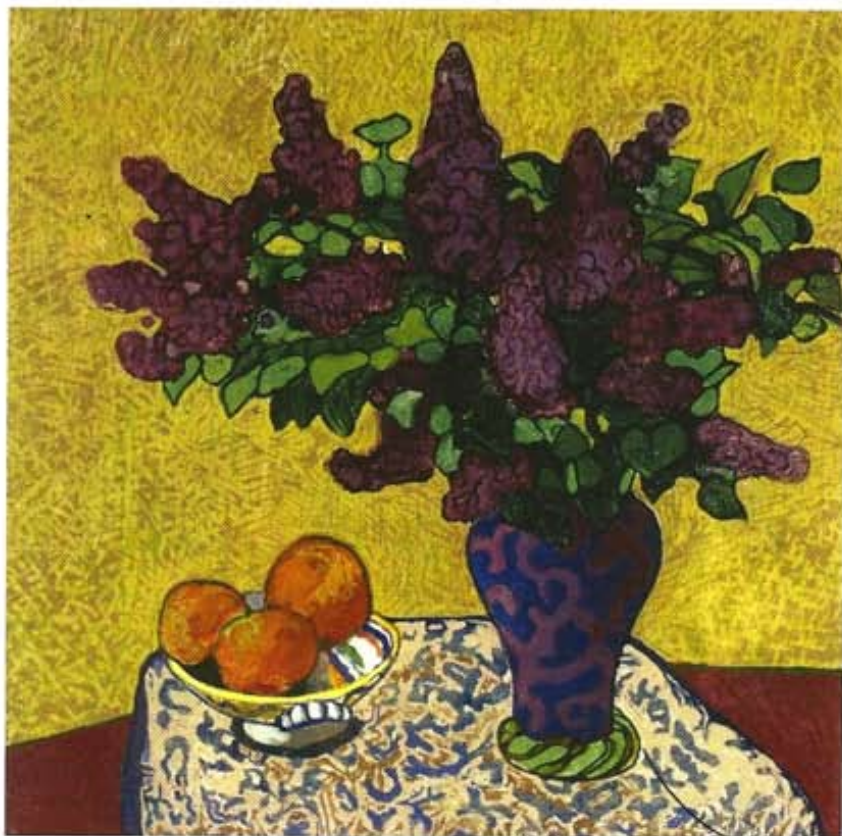
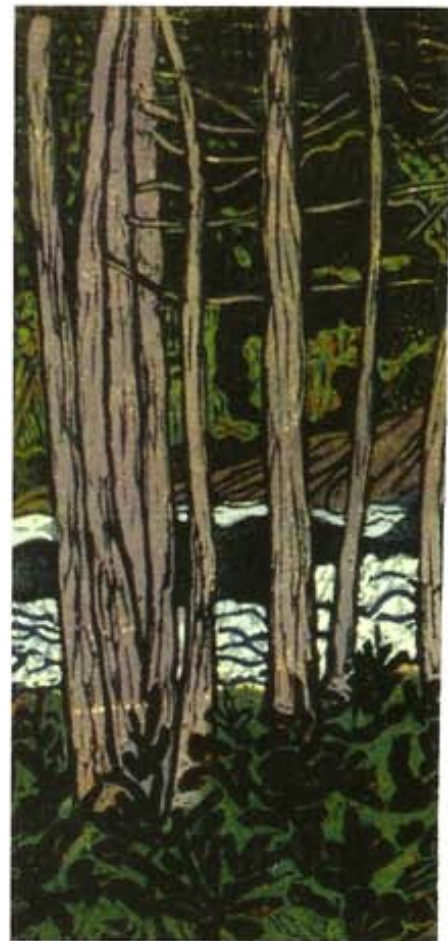


Ruth Kirchmeier



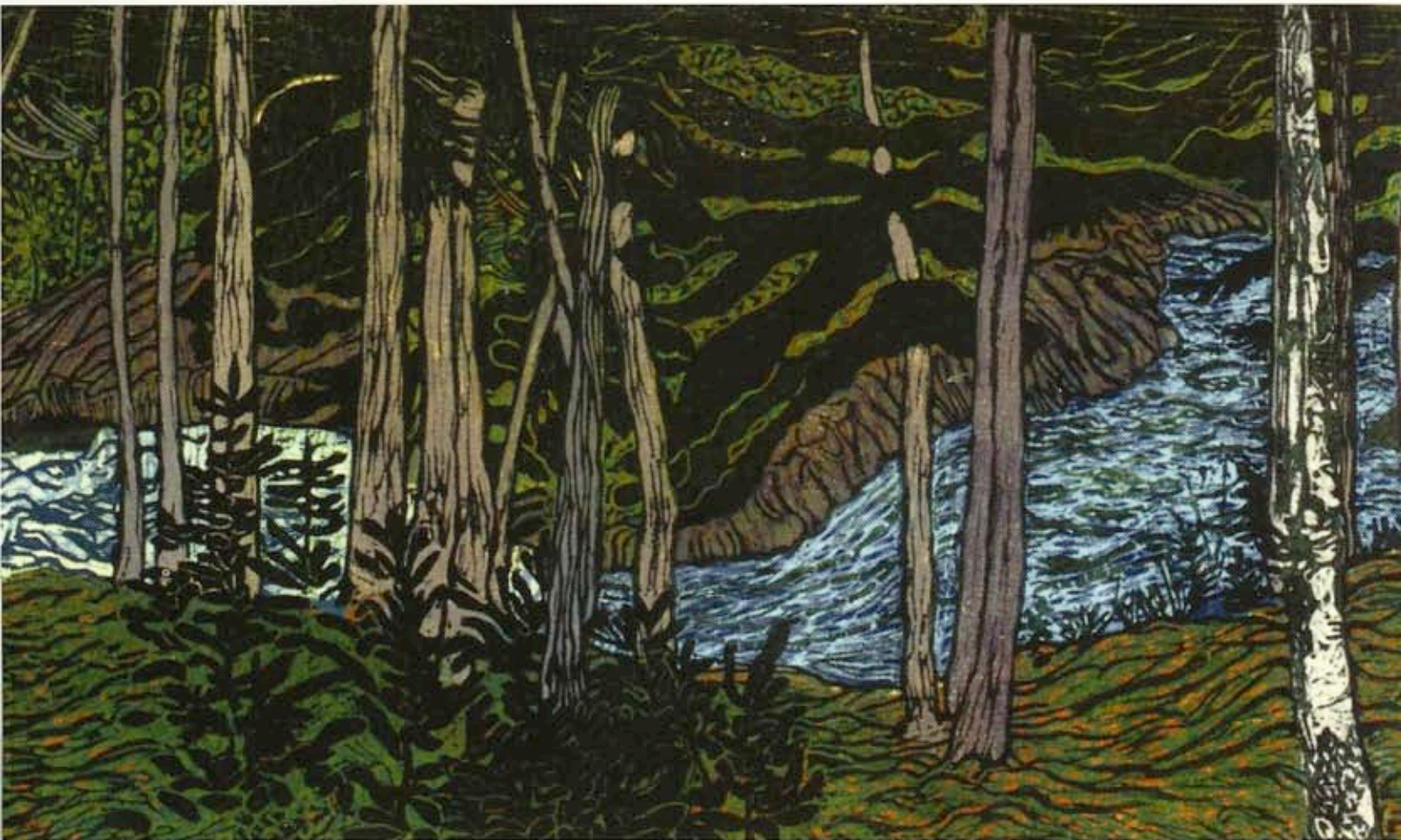
Homestead Lilacs 1



I'VE ALWAYS HAD GREAT REVERENCE FOR NATURE. I'm very nourished by the natural world—I grew up in a rural community in New Jersey. It was almost a territory. We didn't have water or electricity.

Part of the reason why I love wood cuts is my father was a cabinet maker. I used to hang out in his shop a lot. He would also carve beautiful carvings. He had to learn calligraphy. He had to endure an apprenticeship that was Dickensian in nature.

One of father's friends was Josef Scharl. When he visited I felt like I was among Olympians. I was terrified. Now, I would not be ashamed to show my prints to Josef Scharl.



Hellgate Gorge, Dartmouth Grant

WOODCUTTING IS AN EXERCISE IN INSANITY. It's so exacting and time consuming. It can take half a year to make an edition. Often, for each woodcut there are three blocks carved on both sides. The blocks are then registered, and you have to figure out all of the color sequences. You have 6 sides, and you can't fail.... So I push it and push it and push it.

I'm very fearful when I start a big one. I feel it's overwhelming. I do tracing, planning. Some of the prints have hundreds of colors in them. And, so I feel I'm obsessed.

WOODCUTS TRANSCEND THE ORDINARY. I can look at these, and I can't believe I did them. It seems that through the wood cuts I have transcended myself. It's so extraordinary. It sounds so self-satisfied. But, the printing medium is so surprising and permits me to do things I was never able to do that with painting.

I feel that living on this earth is justified. I feel I have reached a point where I'm pleased with what I've done. I've gone as far as I can go.



Dunes, Tisbury Great Pond, MA