

Gallery 101 presents...



Diminutive Fables

Oct. 8 - Nov. 30, 2018

Linoleum prints by Lea Goldman, printed in a limited edition of 20 by Allan Larkin, *Professor Emeritus*, Indiana University South Bend.





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Lea Goldman

Lea Goldman, a full-time painter and printmaker, was born in Romania and raised in Russia and the Middle East. She immigrated to the US in 1975, resided in New York City, Los Angeles, and Chicago. At the present time, she lives and works in South Bend, Ind.

Goldman earned a
Master of Arts in Art
and Education from
Columbia University
Teachers College, NYC,
and an MFA in Studio
Arts from California State
University, Los Angeles.

Narrative in nature, her works pay close attention to abstract elements such as composition, texture,

and form. Her interest in multi-cultural traditions, legends, and folklore has evolved into a constantly developing personal mythology and is expressed in an array of art images and materials.

Her award-winning prints and paintings have been exhibited in museums, galleries, and in numerous solo shows throughout the country. Goldman has participated in a great number of art exhibits and received many awards. Published in a variety of newspapers and magazines, Goldman's work has been featured in the *George Washington University Literary Review*, *In Michiana*, the *Chicago BAC Journal*, and

Indigo 2009 Anthology, to name just a few.

Her painting *Raven* appeared on the cover of the 2009 summer issue of *Ink Filled Page* magazine. Recently, an article about her life and work, skillfully written by Elkhart's own community blogger Steve Gruber, appeared in *The Elkhart Truth*.

In artist presentations describing her artwork, research, and creative ideas, Goldman has spoken at the Midwest Museum of American Art, Elkhart, Ind., at the NIA at the South Bend Museum of Art, at Penn High School, Mishawaka, Ind., and at Manchester University, North Manchester, Ind.





You

Artist Statement by Lea Goldman

You look in amazement at your body that keeps you alive and you ask who is "you" that goes on living? Who delights in the sights your eyes can see, listens to the sounds you hear, and understands there is no understanding beyond the names of things? Who won't allow your breath to stop from breathing your thoughts to discontinue thinking? Once you tried earnestly to comprehend it all. You used familiar terms: you sat yourself in ashes bled tragedies declared protests, voiced cynicism. But the world went on as it does over the limits of your mind. So when you grew old and came close to the edge the spotlight of your knowing grew deep into yourself where there was joy and you were free to be the clown they never wanted you to be; to fill your lungs with laughter, and dance as far as you could dance

on top of hills.