

**MY ART STORY****Written September 12, 2008****by  
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I have never graduated from kindergarten. My favorite things were crayons which were so beautiful I was afraid to use them--they might break, and books with pictures. Through school my "pedestal toppers" were friends who could draw. My stick figures were no match. My first job was secretary/treasurer with a tool and die school and engineering firm, and at night I was being trained to be the first lady tool and die designer in the U.S. It was all pencils and rulers. It was my first taste of art and I was go-o-o-d. It all ended with marrying one of the students, the war, 3 children and waiting until retirement before getting into the art world. It started at the Washington Adult Center in the 70's. With a motorhome we traveled the U.S. and I plein air painted watercolors wherever we would stop. It was glorious. Then came Mexico, Hawaii, Canada and Switzerland.

Switzerland was a whole other story. Taking off from dirty, congested, noisy JFK airport, we landed in Zurich, (from night to day) gleaming, large, beautiful, gorgeous terminal. We had one bag each with half of my art supplies in each, but only one followed us. It was a tricky three days. Clothes don't dry as fast as Arizona. The other bag went to Brussels. First was a 10-day workshop with James Godwin Scott and following--16 days traveling through all the numerous boroughs and languages that make up Switzerland. In a nutshell my memories of Switzerland include painting at the foot of the Matterhorn with three layers of clothing and gloves, mountains so high it took 3 lifts to get us up one, and miles tunneling through another; it was hard to put it all on the paper-size that we could handle; cheese; open-face sandwiches all in art form, beautiful chateaus, and no fences. If it were to be my only overseas trip, I'm glad it was Switzerland.