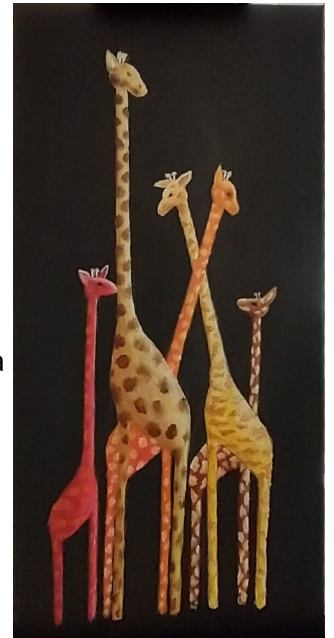


Artist of the Month—Elinor Leshinski



I can thank my parents for my relationship with art. As a kid, I was quite the klutz. It seems I broke a different bone every summer. My parents told me to sit and read and handed me paper and pencil. I would doodle and draw characters or scenes from books. I moved on to colored pencils and tried watercolor. My first career was in cardiac rehab where the director wanted to start a learning center for patients. It was there I learned to take and develop Kodalith film for slides. Printed words and line drawings would come out clear with a black background and I would hand-paint them with transparent watercolors. Eventually, computers would make this business obsolete. One year, the doctor had me for Christmas Polyana with a \$5 limit, and he gave me my first oil painting set.



I paint for personal satisfaction. I watched and was impressed by Bill Alexander and Bob Ross on PBS. Never took a class or studied art. I have no studio. I paint in a corner of the master bedroom in our villa in Soulliere. I like to paint fantasy landscapes where the winter is never cold, the woods have no pesky bugs and enjoy those ocean views I wish I could see from my window. Oils are my medium of choice, although, occasionally, I take a little license and paint fun animals that are not anatomically correct with acrylics.

