

## Autobiography

One's life is marked by the impressions that the person collects in his life. They could stay vivid more or less all the time in the cycle of life, from the very early age to the late adulthood. Although not in chronological order, they define some chronology in his mind and life, depending on his acceptance or rejection of things. Nuanced with particular depth of feelings, they grow new branches in hope of a better fruit. Such impressions, mixed with person's and life historical order bring the rhythm in our life.

My life is tragedy. My life is loneliness, pain and concentration. I am in constant seeking of answers like why this, why that, why me, why us. I am trying to look for explanation in every possible way, from different perspectives. Similarly to a mathematical question I could find some philosophical answers but no practical solution for relieving the tangle in my soul.

I grew up in Bulgaria and after my graduation from the University Of Veliko Tarnovo, I moved to the USA. To this day, the atmosphere under which the city was build years after years and in terrace after terrace above a meandering river, always stayed like mirror image, even when I was so far away. The impressionistic paintings from the river forever have filled the desire to be an artist. I don't know whether a town with so many artists or young people, did make my soul so soaring and dreaming.

Everybody has a particular sensitivity about constructing or delivering a piece of art, a piece of his soul. It is a process of giving everything, opening in a more intimate way, a conversation first with yourself. I was raised with the idea always to seek what is the meaning of life, what is the most important in every living situation. My hard work since the beginning of my artistic education taught me about the most positive and important steps for building as an artist and finding yourself as a person. I was very much concentrated on working on portraits and nudes in pencil and charcoal and studies in oil.

Later, the life road decided to check my strength and raised in front of me many obstacles. Along with familiarising myself with new techniques on the other continent, I was dealing with motherhood and family life. Everything was quite new for me and far away. Here I discovered my passion for pure water and the natural patterns and rhythm that the technique of suminagashi shows. Papermaking and art bookmaking extended my collection of knowledge.

Moveing, travels, family grabed my attention and eventually the destiny sended me to a printmaking center in upstate New York. I followed my father's steps. I became a printmaker for awhile. I made drawings and prints. In the drawings, I was mastering my representation of three-dimensional form and was fascinated by the huge animal skeletons from the past. In my prints I wanted to express the ever connected forces in nature, ever changing life and the cosmic beginning. I prefered a freely-flying-objects composition. Infinity on my paper.

A little bit later I experimented with suminagashi technique and collage on canvas, as well as installation and its resemblance of wood patterns. This approach for seeking the natural flow of things and their simple beauty guided my artistic endeavour. The simplicity of Brancusi's works or a little bit toward Zen philosophy inclination, constant desire for purity leaded me to more exact style and aesthetic vision in my late big charcoals. After being sick for a long time, I rediscovered music in my life and thus I have found a natural healing companion. I became really passionate for the music theme and in my last works I pour it from my soul.

