

ROBERT EPSTEIN

Milwaukee, WI. Born. In Sunday school, learned to talk like Donald Duck. In regular school, consistently responded to teacher as Donald Duck. Was justifiably punished.

Chicago, IL. Raised. Learned to mix epoxy glue with my own two hands. Punished yet again.



Photo by Rosaline Chow

San Jose, CA. Ceramics. First photographic experience... "Damn it, Kim, either take my photos (of clay pieces for M.A. Thesis book) or don't take my photos, but stop trying to tell me about those damn shutter speeds and F-stops."

Washington, DC. After beginning to take my own photographs of my clay work, my second camera purchased was a Widelux. Still have it, am on my fourth one.

After a photo job for The National Park Service, volunteered at the N.P.S. trailer during Cherry Blossom Festival. Inevitably, but right on schedule, I became a photographer of cherry blossoms. Every spring since then I've photographed cherry blossoms, or magnolia blossoms, or lilacs, or azaleas, or any other brightly colored objects that don't move...very much.

"It may come as little surprise, but composition, color, texture, quality and direction of light, movement, background, and sharpness/softness are key concerns. I bracket all of the above copiously, and stop making pictures when I begin to repeat myself.

The process is a combination of concentration and organic response.

If there is a self-portrait aspect to this work, it lays in the sharpness/softness/blurry realm of things.

I never thought that I'd be making these pictures."

Robert Epstein



Pink Blossoms I

Fuji Crystal Archive Lustre Print facemounted to 1/8" Acrylic



Pink Blossoms II

Epson printed Satin Canvas wrapped print