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To Life Again

A bird cries aloud in pain.
From the depth of her soul,
The hurt and anguish comes in song.
The sadness leaves her cold;
The loneliness and sorrow in tune.
She trembles as she sings,
The pain almost too hard to bear;
She folds her broken wings.
But from pain a sweet song is sung,
A song gentle to the ear;
It heals each heartbreak,
And touches those who hear.
So sing, let your songs be heard.
Cry little bird, cry!
Through your pain others will heal,
And one day you will fly.

A beautiful flower is picked
In perfect youthful bloom.
But then is crushed, the blood is squeezed;
She cries out in painful gloom.
Her velvet petals are no more;
Her stem is thrown aside.
She cries until no tears are left,
'Til there's no place to hide.
But from her death perfume is made;
The fragrance enraptures all.
Bringing smiles to saddened hearts,
Though the perfume droplet be small.
So let your fragrance spill,
Weep pretty flower, weep!
Through your death others will love.
So just quietly sleep!

—Anonymous



From

NYX (10).

Philippines

I FOUND THAT I
HAD GROWN TO
BE SKEPTICAL...
THAT IS, UNTIL I
STARTED
EXPERIENCING
SOME SUPERNATURAL
PHENOMENA
FOR MYSELF

DREAMS AND WONDERS

Unexplainable, mystical, spiritual ... real! Spooky stories? No, I don't have any of those to grab your attention. I'm not big on courage, and most of the time, I'm the one spooked by other people's tales—tall or true.

As a little girl I can remember haunting myself with: "What's under the bed?" I never looked under the bed, afraid something might be lurking in the darkness. When I grew up, and realized that nothing would ever emerge from under the darkness of a low lying bed, I started to wish that I really would get my chance to see something: an angel perhaps, a spirit, a vision—anything good. But nothing ever showed itself.

And so I found that I had grown to be skeptical about stories of people having seen some passed-away Family member, accounts of an incredible spirit trip, the stories that make the listeners shiver with goosebumps and exclaim, "Oh, that is too cool!" Stories, which to me, were unbelievably unbelievable.

That is, until I started experiencing some supernatural phenomena for myself. The accounts I'm going to relate to you are pure fact, not fiction. Ok, granted I am a typical absent-minded artist and "trippy" most of the time, but I do have a big chunk of carnality in my brain. It's that level-headed side of me that wants to question whether or not these things be so, but I can't deny that they happened.

They did.

noT jUst MY iMAGinAtion

We all know what spirit trips are. They're those group things that happen during a Loving Jesus inspiration where everyone gets in a circle and closes their eyes and imagines being "beamed off" in a Heaven's Magic-poster-inspired-UFO headed by Michael the Archangel, and each person takes a turn describing what part of whatever they're seeing. You have to be in tune, or, as with my dad, you have to "hold on to the magic carpet," which is actually the breakfast table. Whenever people say they see things, I peer into the blackness of my own shut eyes, trying hard to see it too—whatever "it" is. But all I get are those floating red dots in my vision, nothing spectacular.

One time it was different, however, and though I didn't actually see anything, I got a strong feeling about the place in Heaven I was touring. The impression I got was that I was walking in front of somebody that I knew real well, one of the teens in my Home. We were following a tour guide, whom to me felt like Grandpa. Since the feeling was so intense that someone else was there with me, I waited to hear of any others giving their

accounts and description of the place I was “visiting.” I decided that if someone else did start describing the same place, it would convince me of the realness of this spirit trip.

Nobody did, but I plucked up the courage to say some stuff anyway. I talked about what I felt was happening. Apparently I was in the presence of Jesus and I thought about trying to describe Him, but then it seemed that whoever else was with me was about to describe Him, so I wanted to let them describe Him instead.

“And now,” I said, “someone else is going to describe Jesus.” I stopped, waiting for someone to pick it up. But nobody did. I felt like a fool.

One teen said they were in the art gallery and I thought it seemed odd that I wasn’t there. Others were eating fruits by the River of Life and I wished I could taste the delicacies there, too. On and on the others went, describing to the very last detail all the corners of Heaven they had roamed, but no one ever described the Lord.

By the end of the trip, I got to thinking that I was stupid, that it was all stupid, that it was just a game we played to feel spiritual and good about ourselves. But before everyone in the session split up, the shepherd said, “One of the younger teens was also praying in her room just now, and writing down the prophecies she was receiving. They seem in line with our little spirit trip here, so I’ll read to you what she wrote.”

If I had harbored any previous doubts concerning the authenticity of the events of that night, they disappeared when he started to read about the places I went—identical to the way I had “felt” them. And, most importantly, she began to describe Jesus, just the way I felt I had seen Him.

Whoever gave the prophecy (to the girl I was apparently with) seemed to be the tour guide, and before signing off his message, he left his name: Grandpa.

Go figure.

THE PRAYER AND THE DREAM

The first time I saw her was inside the glossy pages of a fashion magazine. She was named as one of the top ten models in the country: Tall, dark hair, with Barbie measurements. Mariel was the embodiment of every young girl’s dream—to become a TV star, beauty queen, have a rock star boyfriend, and travel the world. If that was the life, she was living it.

And yet, when I studied her picture, something else said to me that she had tried so many things and still lacked the most essential one. I didn’t know her problems; I didn’t know her at all. But I did know that God loved her and that maybe He wanted to use me to witness to her. And so I shot up a simple prayer that petitioned the Lord to please let me meet her in His time, if it was His will.

One day, much later on, I was sitting in a coffee shop, sketching a portrait of one of my friends, a fashion designer. When I had finished, I walked a figure that made everyone’s heads turn in approval. It was Mariel. I had to grab the opportunity, however foolishly I did it. Approaching her, I hemmed and hawed a bit, and finally asked her if she wouldn’t mind sitting for a quick sketch. She was flattered by the idea and agreed to do so in the most obliging way.

As I sketched, I witnessed to her. She was impressed with my missionary lifestyle and wanted to know more. When I was done with the portrait, I showed it to her and apologized that the only clean space in my sketchpad was beside the picture of the guy I had just drawn (she knew him well from the business). Looking at it for a moment, she said slowly, “Oh my God! I’m having a *déjà vu!*”

“Why do you say that?” I asked.

She looked back at me and said, “I saw this picture in a dream! I saw myself drawn exactly like that, with him on the other side!”

“When did you have that dream?”

MARIEL



“Three months ago,” she replied.

The first thing I did when I got home was excitedly research in my diary to find out when I had logged my prayer to meet her. Yep, the calculations added up. It was exactly three months before.

Does God answer prayer? Yes, and He does His math, too.

THE PHONE CALL

Mariel eventually got saved and we kept in touch over the months that followed. Most of the time she was out of town, shooting on location, and it was difficult to track her immediately. One night, I just *had* to contact her. It had been over a month since we had spoken. I felt that feeling again, that she needed spiritual help, or prayer, or words from a friend.

So I got on the phone and dialed her house number. She wasn’t home. I tried her cell phone. That irritating computerized voice said, “Your number cannot be reached at this time.” I spoke to the operator at the paging company, who informed me that Mariel’s pager was out of service. Frustrated, I went to bed.

It was then that Someone reminded me I hadn’t used up all of the communication resources. *Of course!* Quickly, I wrote something down in my diary, something like a written prayer. And then I dozed off into blissful sleep.

At 3:00 AM, the phone rang. I ignored it. It rang again. It kept ringing persistently until my conscience told me it was just good etiquette to answer the phone.



Groggily, I stumbled down the stairs and gripped the receiver angrily. "Nikki?" said a female voice on the other side.

"Mariel?" My senses were alerted. "Where are you?"

"Sorry I'm calling so late," she apologized, "I had a late shoot today. Were you trying to call me earlier?"

"Well, yeah, I tried your house number and your cell and your pager—they were all out."

"That's weird," she said matter-of-factly, "I just got this feeling that someone was trying to contact me. Of all the people I know, something told me it was you."

We talked for the next hour, some memorable, some forgettable. But the words I will never forget, though, were the words written in my diary, the undeniable evidence and proof of the experience: *Mariel, please call me.*

The GHOSTWRITER

I used to laugh mockingly when people would relate with wide eyes how they saw some departed spirit helper hovering over them, or felt their presence. But I don't laugh anymore. Those strange things do happen, and they happened to me.

I was lying on my bed, praying about some personal problems I was facing, and I decided to hear from Heaven on the subject matter. Out came the prophecy notebook and pen, and the words started to flow.

Then it happened. It was as if something, or someone, had taken complete control over my hand and I was powerless to stop it. I watched my hand form messy, wide-spaced letters over the lines and I could feel a kind of warm, tingling, positive energy heating

up my body.

Obviously, that wasn't my handwriting, and I don't know what God's handwriting looks like. But the handwriting on the pages was all too familiar—and I knew whose it was. It belonged to my old teacher, Uncle Jo, who had passed away years before. It kept flowing, fast and uninterrupted, over the space of five or six pages. My sister called from the living room. But nothing could pull me away from the moment. I stayed glued to that spot, glued to the words on the page that spelled themselves out.

I don't blame you for not believing this story. It sounds way crazy. I'll admit that I have, since then, tried to duplicate on my own what took place that night. Impossible. 'Cause you see, it wasn't me doing the writing; it was someone in the spirit.

And in the spirit, impossible things are the norm.

I can't drink because I'm allergic to alcohol, and I don't do drugs, but I can

experience spiritual highs sans their aid. In all honesty, I was sober when these events happened, and I'm sober right now. I never considered myself gifted with intuition or a third eye, or a sixth sense. But what I do know is that it's not necessary to light candles and contort myself into a human pretzel in order to be connected with "my inner self" and get a grip on another dimension. Jesus' disciples were lazing on the mountain dirt when they saw Moses and Elijah. Balaam was in a very carnal state when his donkey made conversation. And the mother of the Immaculate Conception was most likely not sitting yoga-position when the angel appeared.

The connection between this world and the next will forever remain a mystery. We are intrigued by the unexplainable, entertained by the mystical. But let's face it, we will always remain just a little bit skeptical ... until those stories become our own.



CRIES IN THE WILDERNESS

AS DIAMOND TEARS

From Erika Sky (19), Kosovo

Kosovo ... the land and its people—broken, desperate, living the bittersweet reality of survival through immense loss. A brief encounter is far too little to stand on when trying to depict its state; a lifetime would not be long enough to spend experiencing the complex beauty of this land. Historically oppressed, their “heritage of heartbreak” has worked its way into the structure of life, and past pain is now taken for granted with bitter resignation. Quiet tears are shed for lost loved ones, ruined houses are stoically rebuilt, and broken hearts are covered with a valiant attempt to smile.

This is Kosovo. This is the courage, the life, and the heartbreak I have marveled at since my arrival, and which I am continually amazed by.

The people, exposed to the most horrific crimes of humanity, are striving on in an attempt to recapture the beauty and magic hoped for in every life. Faces smile, laughter rings out in amusement at every day occurrences; life on the surface resembles the typical picture of simple existence. Work continues; their perseverance astounds those viewing it.

But when you form a friendship with them, when they open their hearts and reveal the still fresh wounds of war, the tears fall. The masquerade is abruptly brought to an end, and the façade is removed to show the shattered dreams, the loves lost, the barely surviving will to live.

Then I’m reminded why I’ve chosen to remain. Why, beyond my own heartaches, I’ve found a reason far greater to cry for. Any form of pain I’ve ever experienced, or will yet, pales in comparison to what they have gone through.

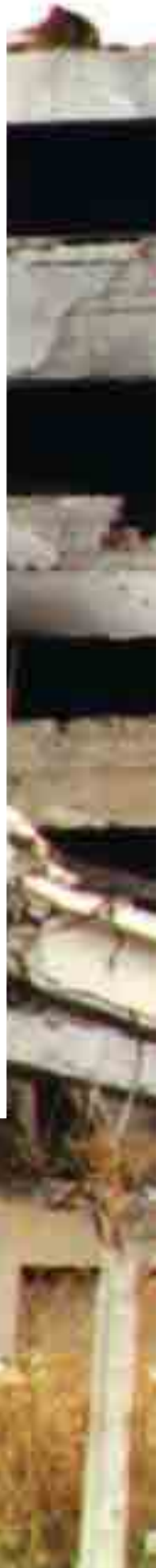
In prophecy, Jesus states it far better than I ever could, so I’ll leave it in His Own Words:

(Jesus speaking:) Kosovo is ready and waiting for My Spirit to sweep through and reap a mighty harvest. Their hearts are ripe, bursting forth with a hunger and desire for Me and My love. They have seen the fruits of the heart of man, the pain stemming from the selfishness of man, and they seek a new thing. They seek freedom, love, joy, and peace. They seek the fruits of the Spirit.

My Spirit longs to burn free, to rip through that land and set many hearts free with its breath of love. I seek to bind up the broken hearts, to set at liberty them that are bound, to proclaim the year of My love. And I seek those who will be willing to be My mouth to shout My liberty from the rooftops, and to whisper life into the hearts of those who are dying. I need those who are willing to be My hands, to hold those who weep, to wipe away their tears and carry them into My light. I search for those who are willing to die so that these ones may find life eternal.

I need you to forsake yourself so that these ones may come to know that I love them. You know that I love you. You know that My love knows no bounds, that I will always be there for you, that My love will live on in spite of the wickedness of this world. You know that there is hope. But these, My unborn children in Kosovo, in this war-torn land, where greed and envy have ruled for so long, know nothing of My tender love. They know nothing of the joy that abides for those that partake of My gift of eternal life and love. They know nothing of Me.

Feel their pain. Understand their heartache. See beyond the outward appearance, see beyond the physical pain they have gone through. The bodily pain is hard enough, but





oh, the soul cries all the louder! Can you hear My children crying out in darkness, crying out for the Light they have never experienced?

They know not that there is Light. They think they must abide forever in this blackness, this dense darkness and heaviness of heart. They know nothing else. I cry, I weep, I shed endless tears for their need.

Go now. I need you to go and live your life within their death. I need you now to see beyond your own heartache, your own need, your own trial, and feel the desperate tears they cry. Then you will see that your own heart knows no pain. You will see that the tears you cry are as diamonds, as drops of perfume, as tears of rejoicing compared to the suffering and the density which clouds their eyes with darkness.

Trust in Me, without tears. My will, not thine. I will be a voice behind you, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I will instruct you and teach you in the way that you will go; I will guide you with My eyes. Look into My eyes and see the reflection of My Love shining there, then go and carry the reflection in your own, as together we revive these dying souls with the breath of My life, alive again in you. *(End of message from Jesus.)*

I love Kosovo so much. No field has yet held—or, I believe, will ever be able to hold—the place it has in my heart.

With its ups and downs, its battles and triumphs, I will always love this field. It has, by far, been the most fulfilling field of service I've ever been a part of, and I will be forever grateful for the privilege of taking part in the pioneering of its beautiful heart.

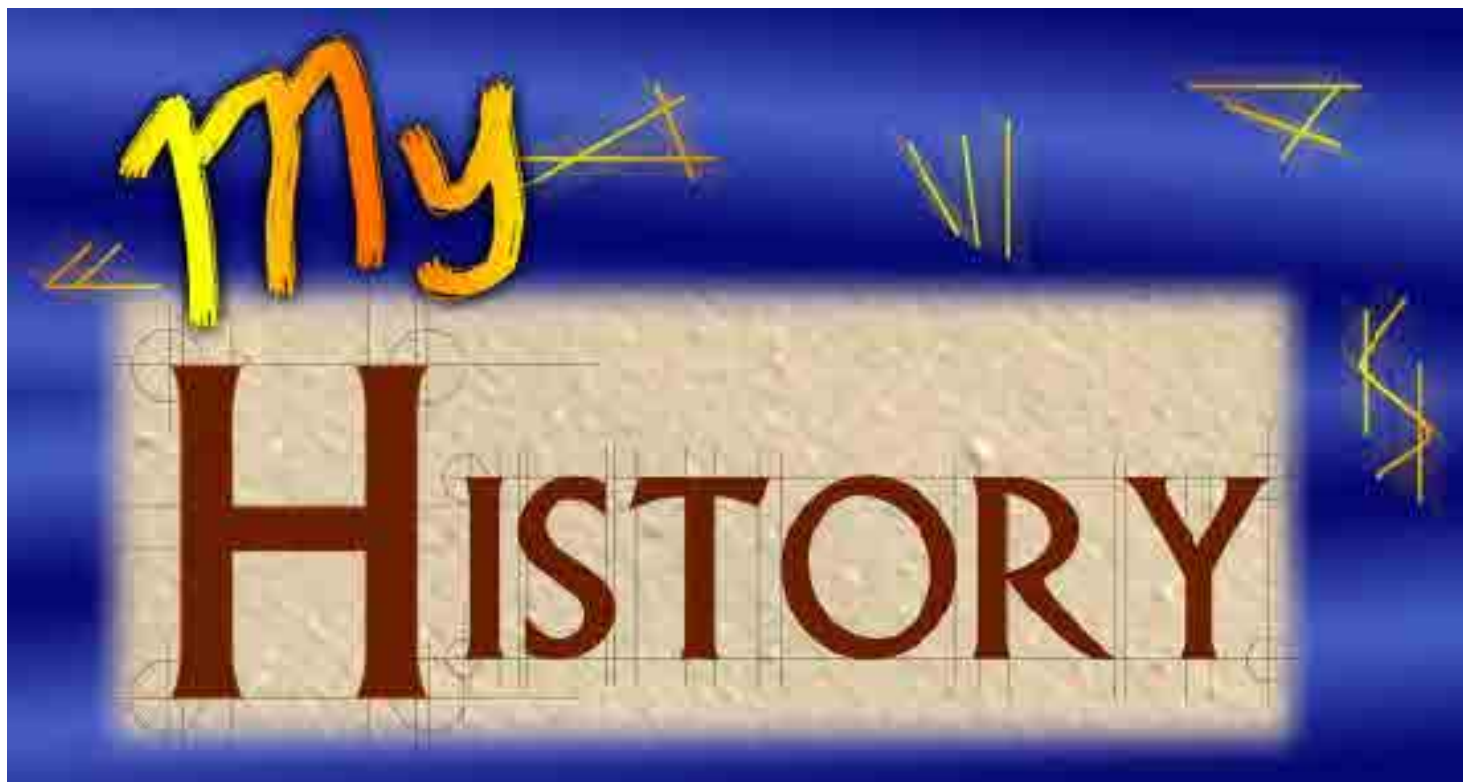
Likewise, it has also been, by far, the most difficult field I have ever encountered. It definitely falls under the category of "frontlines" and "over the top," as in "the Devil never starts fighting (at least as hard) until you go *over the top.*" For the same reason I am very thankful, because I've never had such an intensive training course in fighting the ol' boy as I've received working here.

I've soared over mountaintops, and I've hit rock bottom depths. I've seen the beauties of surrendering all and letting the Lord give His strength, and I've experienced the futility of pressing on in my own strength and finding that it is, indeed, insufficient.

Living and working here has greatly shaped my perspective on life. I've heard and seen for myself that the heart of man, deluded by sin, is truly desperately wicked. I've experienced it time and again: the senses are numbed as the mind shuts down in its effort to grasp atrocities committed. "Incomprehensible," is all I can assess in response to the seemingly duplicated accounts poured out from weeping eyes and broken hearts.

And then, from somewhere deep within, the words come again. Whispering through the torrent, I hear the dove singing its quiet song of serenity. In the midst of the storm, the Prince of Peace proves that He is still the Master of the sea. He was there all the time, and He is still here for this nation in need. He, and He alone, can wipe away their tears and set their hearts free to love again. His plea for hands, hearts, and lives willing to touch them is a blessing I'm both unworthy and proud to partake of. Any cross, no matter how heavy or uncomfortable to bear, will be carried in gratitude if these dispirited souls find that His love is forever, that His yoke is easy and His burden light, that Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal, and that in the world of tomorrow they will never know tears again.

But for now, the cry of Kosovo echoes in my ears, whispering its bittersweet ballad in the chambers of my heart. I believe it will for a while yet. It may never leave me. I don't mind—I've come to love its melody.



By Rain

(FZ: This testimony was originally a letter to a wannabe-artist friend, who forwarded it to us. Thanks for allowing it to be published in the Zine, Rain.)

I'm not really sure where to start. When people ask me about art I usually don't reply, as I don't feel I have much to say. But here goes.

My history in drawing

I was in Belgium when my interest in art began. I wanted to help the Russian work in some way, so I asked and was told there was a need to make thank-you cards for the Russian Mail Ministry team [in Hungary]. At that time there was no other way for me to help the work there, so I agreed. One problem: I couldn't draw!

So I started tracing *Rhyme Book* pictures. All of my free time was dedicated to learning how to draw. I was thirteen.

I copied *Daily Might* pictures, colored them and wrote out verses in Russian from a little Russian New Testament someone had given me.

I sent in 15-20 thank-you cards every month for a year-and-a-half. I recall sometime during that time praying for the Lord to give me the gift of art so I could help the Russian work more, because I couldn't draw for the life of me! I tried and tried. It was pathetic.

When I was in Europe, French Abi and I made the picket signs for our demonstrations in Holland and Belgium. I happened to be living in the Media Home for France, Belgium and Holland during the French persecution. Basically, I just grabbed every opportunity to practice art on real projects. I never had any art classes and I didn't study from books. I just copied what I saw, and the only reason I used pencils was 'cause I didn't have anything else. It shows the Lord can use anything!

Then we moved to North America and it was inconvenient to continue to do the cards for Russia, so I stopped.

When I was 15, a few of my

friends signed up for correspondent college courses, and my mom wanted me to take one and get a diploma. My only trouble was that they were expensive, so I didn't want to, as I was saving every cent to go to Russia. However, she said I couldn't go till I got my diploma. It was a two-year college course and there was no way I was going to wait that long for Russia. So, I tackled first things first ... money. I needed \$750 more than what I already had.

I prayed for a miracle, and three days later an FM FGA called our Home and asked for me. I'd never met him before, but he was looking for someone to paint some backdrops for his puppet show and had been referred to me. Wow!

He paid \$500 for five backdrops one meter by two. Then, by a miracle I got a \$200 discount on the course. Great! Now I needed \$50.

While out one day my mom picked up a brochure for an annual art contest held in Ottawa. The first prize was \$50, you'd have your winning art put up in the gallery, receive four free art classes, and your name engraved on a huge gold cup. You also get this gold trophy cup, and it's a big deal. There were newspaper reporters there and all that.

So I entered.

We had a paper placed in front of us and one hour to do anything we wished. The judges walk around grading how we construct the picture and everything. Oh, it was so noisy in there and all these unidentified people hovering over me. I was praying real hard and the Lord did it! I won first prize. I never



did get to take those art classes 'cause we moved. Sob. But I took the college course and finished it in four months. TTL!

I kept up drawing, using it for everything and anything. Then when I was 16 I started officially raising funds for Russia. I was living with my parents at the time and there wasn't much opportunity to get out, so when I did, I wanted to make it count. I was already clowning for our Home and I didn't want to do extra for myself.

When I was 15 I had done a portrait from a photo for a neighbor lady as a gift, and figured there wasn't anything to it. After all, you're just copying what you see—it's not like you have to make something up. So, I put together a PR album and included a few art samples at the back. I went shop-to-shop and instead of asking for a donation, I asked if they'd be interested in having a portrait of themselves or someone they know. That way they'd be getting a portrait and helping a missionary go to Russia. I'd say it was for a donation, but most people had no idea of what to give, so they'd ask what the average donation was for what they requested. (If they only knew! No, I'm kidding!) I'd ask about \$50 for an A4 single portrait and more for any bigger or any more faces. As I progressed, I started doing more variety and more things that required imagination. Many people just gave me a wallet size picture of a baby head and wanted a full A4 portrait studio type thing. I did one for \$125 that had 5 babies (4 in color and 1 in black and white)!

Another one I did, that had a neat

experience to go with it, was a picture of a young man sitting in a high-back marble throne holding a baby, and behind the throne was Jesus with His arms outstretched. The man I drew it for was particular as to how Jesus looked. He had no picture of the baby, but described her to me and had only one shot of the young guy, and he wasn't smiling. He was so difficult, but I prayed and went ahead.

When it was done I brought it to his house and he looked at it and cried. He was this big guy in his fifties, tough-looking, but when he looked at it he cried out loud and left the room. I was a little taken back, but then he came back in and explained that what he had

asked me to draw was a vision he had and that it was exactly how he saw it. TYJ! The guy and baby in the picture were his niece and nephew who had just died two weeks previously. The day I came by his shop where he worked he had only just come back from attending the funeral.

There were lots and lots of sweet people that the Lord led me to, but I won't go into all that or I'll lose you. But portraits are how I raised my funds for Russia.

At that time we moved to Seattle and my parents wanted to put together a puppet show. My dad knew this professional puppeteer who'd made ten puppet sets for the Family, most of which went to India, and some are still being used. We got in contact with him and he agreed to make us a puppet theatre and three sets of characters for different shows if we'd help him—as he was quite old, in his seventies. We got along well, and in six days we finished everything. I learned how to make puppets and how to paint a theatre, and basically had a blast! He liked me and said it was the first time he got the help of an artist, and that it made it so much easier. TTL! I'd put on his paint suit and he'd tell me what to do. It was great!

Then, the Lord worked it out for me to work with SGA Martin to raise funds. We moved to another Home and based out of there. He is an extremely talented guy and we had so much fun doing unconventional things. One of the fundraising means we started was "Seasonal Window Painting." It was Christmas time and we'd go shop-to-



shop and present our work and ask if they'd like their window painted for Christmas.

We put together different ideas of window designs that we could do and we'd let them choose. Of course, certain designs were more expensive than others. (I got the idea of the designs catalogue from a guy I did a portrait for. He was a tattoo artist and wanted me to work there: \$150 an hour. Instead I decided to raise funds rather than get a system job.)

I only did that for the month of December (1996), and for the rest of the year I continued to do portraits up until the week before I left.

On July 16, 1997, I finally made it to Russia! I was 17.

During my first two months there I was pretty involved in the Home where I was and I didn't do any art. Then, the Lord worked it out for me to jump on a boat and join a road team traveling up the Volga River. They had provisioned the cabin on the boat, but food wasn't included. The restaurant on board had agreed to give one meal a day, which I might add was hardly substantial.

So, we were in need of food, but our main concern was witnessing. So we trusted the Lord for daily miracles. The day I joined the team we all got together and I told them a little about myself. Someone had the great idea that I could do a portrait for their friend, one of the cooks that brought them some soup. We didn't have any paper or pencils, so I asked this little girl if I could use her pencil and we asked the cook for a piece of paper.

When we gave her the portrait she was so touched that she brought us a watermelon. So sweet!

Word spread, and slowly but surely people came wanting portraits. Of course I'd have to do it for free, but they always felt indebted and would give us something. Watermelon was the favorite, but some gave us apples. One lady said that we could have fresh coffee for as long as it took to draw her husband. So I went in and drew him while everyone had coffee. Ha!

There were about 150 people on the boat, so we were busy witnessing fulltime. There were a couple of people who we wanted to get saved but who were tough. One was a Muslim and her husband was an atheist. Another

couple were agnostic. When we saw how the ones who we did portraits for felt all indebted to us, we thought we'd try a little con-artistry. I would go and offer to draw their portraits and one of the Russian nationals would accompany me to translate. We'd witness to them the entire time I was drawing them, and it's not like they could go anywhere. They had to sit still, looking at me, and in the end they all prayed and received the Lord. I ended up doing 22 portraits on that trip.

Anyway, the reason I told you that was because I used art to witness. I was only on the second part of their trip, and that was seven days. When we finished the boat trip and went to their Home in the Urals I was then busy drawing all the Family people—it was my payment for room and board. I also did a big Daniel 2 image for their Bible classes, which was fun.

Then it was back to my Home—a three-day train trip. While on the train I did three portraits of people I witnessed to.

How I learned—What's helped me?

I didn't really "learn" per se, I just kind of did it and saw what mistakes I made and tried to improve the next time round. One thing that's really helped me is that I'm always trying to improve, so I ask for constructive criticism and I accept it. Not the "I don't know, it just doesn't look right!" kind, but a specific critic who tells me exactly what he doesn't like and why. Also I like to ask people for ideas and get input on how they see things and what they like. For a while, just for fun, I'd ask someone to



describe a fantasy and I'd try to draw it. That's one of the most challenging things for me—to look into another's mind and see what they see and try and put that on paper.

Another thing that's helped me is to have a sketchbook, so I can draw different people around me. It gives art more character and helps people not to look too "samey."

How I do my portraits

I usually use a photo when doing a portrait of someone in particular, but I've also done portraits live. When I do portrait style pictures, sometimes I get an idea from a picture, an ad, a magazine, and occasionally I free-lance and simply do what comes to mind. I don't use reference for everything, but for the most part I do. Authenticity is the main reason. For the *Called to Love* cover I had to research an old English style town and the clothes children wore during that time. I had to get them right so I used reference, but for the girl, I just drew her from the description given.

For the *Two Tests and a Wish* cover I looked up what deserts are like in that area, whether they're dunes or flat rippled sand, and what colors the sand is as well. But the camp in the distance I just drew. For Abraham, I copied an older man from that region, but the man didn't have that patriarchic look, so I had to adapt it accordingly. The caravan on the back was from a photo, but it wasn't so detailed and was modern, so I had to do a few minor adjustments when I copied it.

When I color I don't think about what I'm drawing, I look more at what color goes

where and what combinations of colors make up certain objects.

One thing that's really helped me, and that I've learned through trial and error, is about the way I look at things. When doing portraits I rely on my perception as to how it looks. Well, if I'm working from a photo, I don't look at the picture as a person, but look at it as an object. It puts me at ease and helps me to get it more accurate.

Shading is what I love best about portraits, and is the main reason I prefer black and white portraits over color ones. Making something have body, shape and look real is so neat.

When doing portraits I try not to get finicky and use the eraser more than the pencil. What I did for a while was put my eraser away and

learned to draw without it.

I usually start out with lines so light that a rub from your finger will erase it. With those I build the face. Then I put the deep shadows in and gradate the areas in between. I use a lot of contrast—dark blacks and stark white areas. Too much tone, or in between shades, makes it look all the same and somewhat murky. It's good to get dark with your black and make some strong contrast; it also helps for reproduction sake.

I use my fingers a lot for the shading, but if they're hot or sweaty then it leaves dark spots and looks blotchy, so I use tissue and smudge the shadows from dark to light instead. For the really fine areas I sometimes wrap tissue around the tip of my pencil and use the pressure of the pencil to shade the fine areas.

When drawing faces I normally do the eyes last, otherwise they'll stare at me and distract me from the other details. To me the eyes are the most important, so I spend a good amount of time on them. If you look in the mirror, noting all the detail in your eyes, the creases, the shadows, the direction of the lashes, the brow shape and everything, it can help as practice.

Before I start a picture I look for the things that give the person character and I try to emphasize those points. I try to make it as realistic as possible without it being *too* realistic. People want to be flattered, so I try to make them look a little better.—Not to totally change them, but just embellish the truth.

I don't know exactly what kind of tips people look for, so I hope this is a help. Lots of love,

Rain

Lisa, Africa



Photo Page



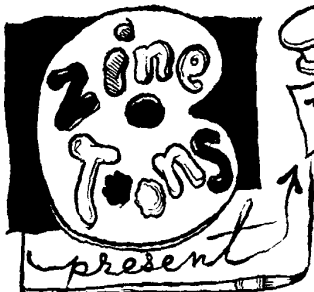
Marianne, U.S.A



Marianne, U.S.A



Karina, ME



The → All-Purpose → Instant

A-Z OF ART

by David Komic

For All Artists [Budding, Budded & yet to Bud] in The Family!

A hem, hem... (OK THAT'S 'A' TAKEN CARE OF)

Whether you're a BUDDING ARTIST...

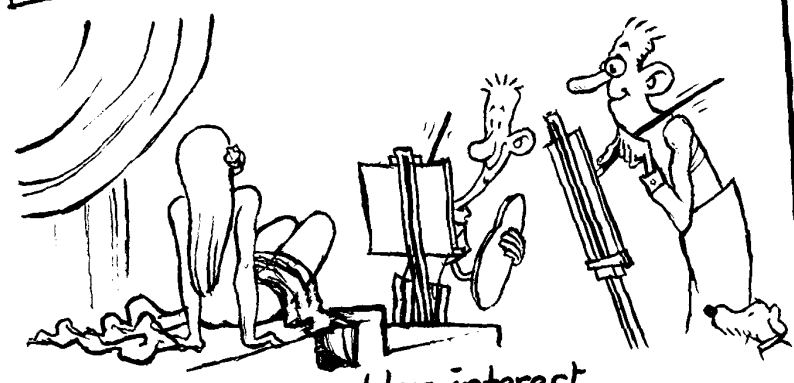
Oops... OVERPID
Or you've already FULLY BUDDED, one thing's for sure:
For you, as an artist, ART is a source of...

alrighty then!
... great stimulation.

But even if you're the kind of person who'd rather visit the dentist...

BAAAD Doggie!
Or give someone a STERN CORRECTION ...

NOODD!!!
than DRAW A PICTURE, we STILL urge you to read this comic.
One day you may change your mind...



... and develop a sudden interest in, for want of a better word, 'ART'

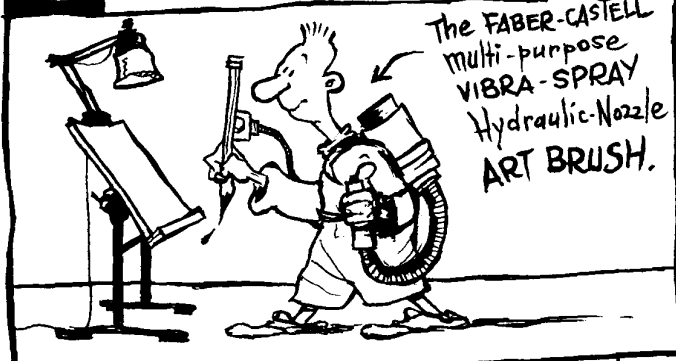
NOW THAT WE HAVE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT YOU MAY OR MAY NOT CONSIDER YOURSELF TO BE AN ARTIST, YOU WILL NOW WANT TO FIND OUT ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT...

Boy, oh boy. What was it again? oh yes!

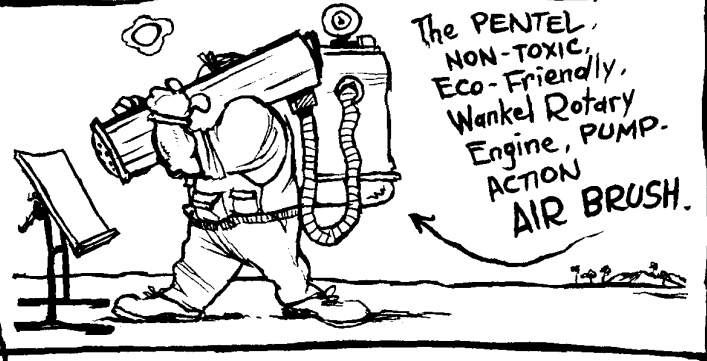
Art Equipment & Supplies.

To Do ART Here's What You'll Need:

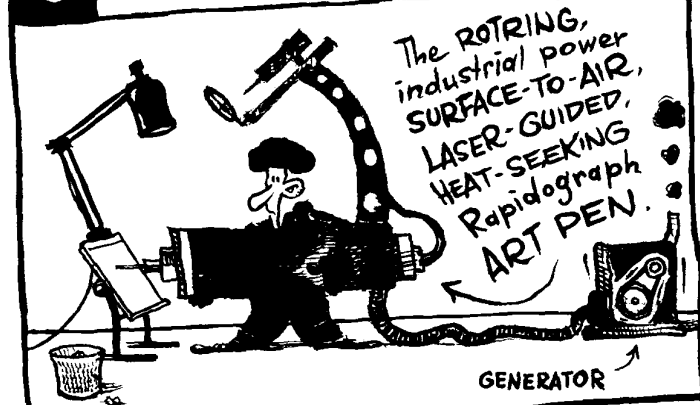
1 For PORTRAITS, FIGURES:



2 For LANDSCAPES, STILL LIFE:



3 For HEAVY-DUTY CARTOONING:



IMPORTANT NOTE:

If you are NOT able to afford any of this ART EQUIPMENT, which frankly wouldn't surprise me seeing that it costs the SAME AMOUNT AS YOUR HOME'S HER FUND for one of the INK-REFILL cartridges alone, then I suggest you get:



a pencil.
Works just as well.

A MORE IMPORTANT NOTE: If you are NOT able to afford a PENCIL, I would suggest that a REP ALERT Finance Meeting ASAP would not be a bad idea for your Home



But you don't know the answer!
A contact friend has gotten tickets for the Teens and the Iowa Invertebrates and the Arizona Advarks to go and see the GAME between the Arizona Advarks and the Iowa Invertebrates and the Arizona Advarks agrees for you to go as a Shiner Prize for all you Teens for having reached your goal of 5 CLE pages for the month AS WELL AS for having broken the WORLD RECORD FOR THE LONGEST EXTENDED CHIT-CHAT DURING SCHOLASTICS TIME. It would also be a great opportunity to WITNESS, this added blessing for YOU of relieving the boredom having the added blessing for YOU of watching a BASKETBALL GAME ALL THE WAY THROUGH, right? (Like who'd want to watch a BASKETBALL GAME ALL THE WAY THROUGH, right?) At the game you have seats in the very front row "AVIARY BIRD CAGE" (7'10" realize you're sitting next to AVIARY BIRD CAGE of the defensive Rebound Linbacker of the Aardvarks. As you're preparing to give him a tract, he turns to you, takes a deep breath (his increasing his height to 8'3" still sitting down) and asks you...

A SOBERING Art-Related Scenario Which COULD Happen to YOU!

This brings us to: (Excuse me!) us to: (Excuse me!) us to: This brings us to:

IT IS NOW TIME TO TURN YOUR ZINE UPSIDE-DOWN.

... Central America. you thought Velazquez played for Real Madrid. → → →
 → CRASH-COURSE IN IDENTIFYING & APPRECIATING GREAT WORKS of ART, with...

TAHITI GREAT MASTERS

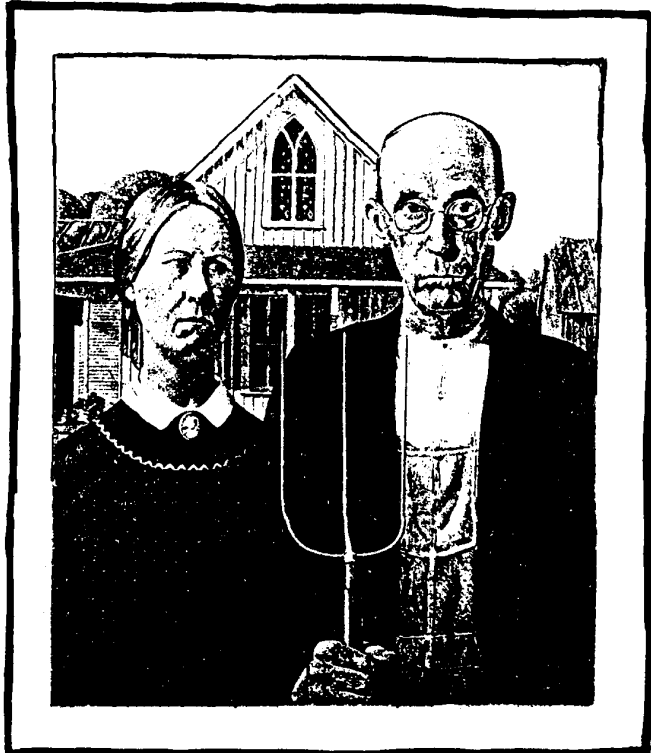
Check THESE paintings out!

Well, young person, to ensure that this will NEVER happen to you [again] we bring you a major NBA megaStar. Well, I can tell you -- from bitter personal experience -- there is NOTHING more embarrassing than not being able to answer a simple Art History question.

Well, Zinereader, I can tell you -- from bitter personal experience -- there is NOTHING more embarrassing than not being able to answer a simple Art History question.



↖ 'The Hat Shop'
 (or 'The Hat I Like -- I'm Just Not So Sure About The Feather.')
 by Rembrandt Van Rijn (16??)



↗ Grant Woods' 'Praise Time HELLO?!?'
 (or 'C'mon Guys, Lighten UP!!!')
 (1930)



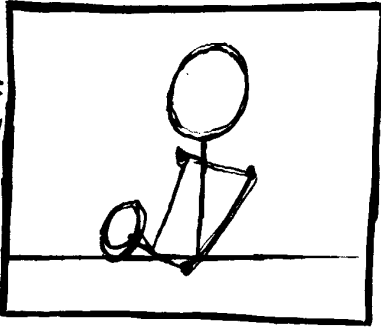
↙ Edouard Manet's
 "Non Non, Cherie!" --
 I said "You'll be more comfortable if you take off your SHOES!" (1863)

NOTE: You the reader MAY have found yourself in a slight chuckle at this page, yet it will not have escaped your attention that these PAINTERS REALLY knew how to, like, PAINT yo!

FOR A REAL GUT-WRENCHING, SIDE-SPLITTING LEG-SLAPPING, ROLL-ON-THE FLOOR BELLY-LAUGH you can't beat MODERN ART (defined as: Any 'ART' that an 'ARTIST' is able to SELL but for which 'ART' the 'ARTIST' would have been given special medical care 100 years ago.)

AND NOW: **D**raw Your OWN Masterpiece.

1 Begin with your basic lines for body and arms. Add oval shapes for head and hands.



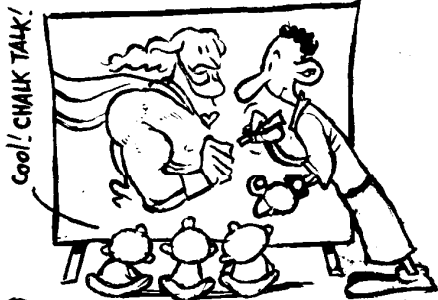
2 Then add sketched outlines for torso and arms. Add rough outlines of hat, hair and coat.



3 Fill in the details.

Well Done!!! Good for YOU!!! -- even though you did "borrow" a bit from a 1639 Rembrandt self-portrait.

zzzz [wakes up] And now for:
10 Pointers for Family Artists

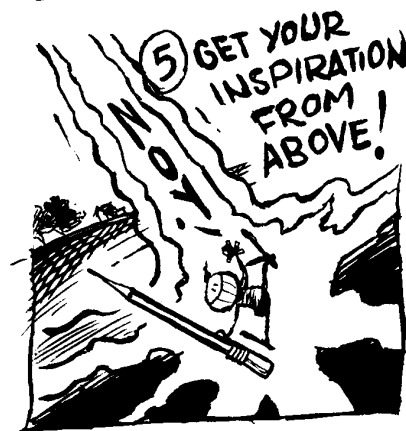


1. DRAW TO SOMEBODY.

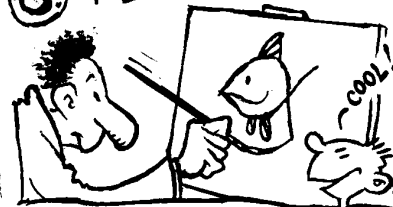


3. PRACTICE MAKES BETTER.

NEVER USE A PENCIL THAT WEIGHS MORE THAN YOU DO.



6. KEEP IT SIMPLE.

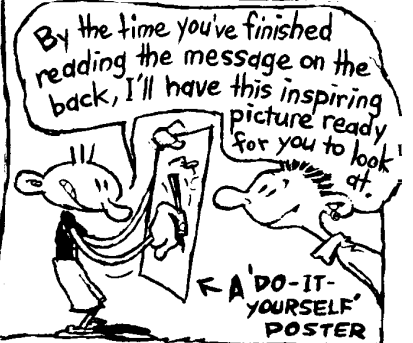


7. BRUSH YOUR TEETH AFTER MEALS.

8. USE A STYLE YOU'RE COMFORTABLE WITH.



9. MAKE IT A WITNESS.



10. REVIEW POINTS 1-9 REGULARLY.

Ed: you, the observant Zine Reader will by now have noticed that this 'A-Z of ART' is in fact missing the letters/ sections E-Y. You will be overjoyed therefore to learn that these will be covered in the upcoming 'Zinetoon's E-Y of ART' (mid-Millennium issue.)