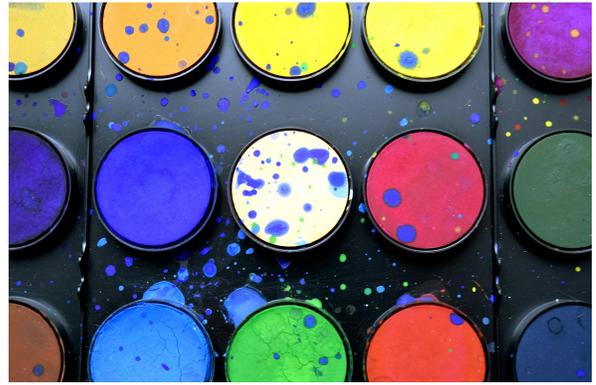


What age were you
when you can recall
being “you”?



A backward series of
my short thoughts . . .

Jacque Dorazio .

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Paint Me A Picture

Five years young
and the beginning
of a life blooms into
a series of life
paintings . . .

Some graphic, some
abstract, an intrinsic
collection of a work
in progress . . .

It was Spring 1957 in my kindergarten class when I remember my first “me” moment. Going each day to a large room filled with a bunch of new faces was certainly a new adventure! There was this woman my Mom said was the teacher that had a radiating smile with an equally hearty laugh but quickly turned with the ongoing antics of the Marshall twins! Hmmm, the teacher could discipline any kid out of line with a quick “look” much like my parents! The feature of my new environment that remains with me was the sun drenched corner in the back of the room with a grand easel and those wonderful, smelly, paint pots!

At home we always did artsy things. Our paints were the little metal trays of watercolors that came with the scrawny hair brushes that after time usually fell off in mid brush stroke on my work of art! The paints were shallow and seemed to wear down fairly quickly if you were trying to paint some big masterpiece! At school, as if by magic, I could get the special paint powder, mix in some water, and have a never ending supply of whatever color I chose! Beside the smell of these paints which I uncannily enjoyed, the brushes were elegant! They were thick, bushy tops with fat handles that in my small hands moved the brush strokes with little effort over the large butcher paper. Fortunately for me I was usually the only one that spent time in the paint corner. Perhaps more gratifying was my teacher allowed it! After several “masterpieces” she came to the corner and shared there was a school art contest and maybe I’d like to submit a painting. I did my first competitive artwork piece, a fire truck!

I did win a blue ribbon for that painting! Unknowingly, at that time, it was a nice gentle nudge to continue along an artsy life path. I realize in retrospect how this simple event influenced my direction along many diverse life paths.... I continued along my artsy path exploring a range of art forms- clay, drawing, print making. In junior high I was introduced to architecture and was captured with the concept of design and function. Ahhh yes, form follows function. It was with this new interest I also became aware of a new found pot hole along my life path, girls don't belong in the world of architecture! Now this came as a huge surprise as in my early years I was the only girl that raced a quarter midget. This was a real race car, based on early Indy car design complete with an engine! But, I'll leave more to this story for another time.... There was a career day toward the end of the school year. I manned my best conceptual drawings of modern style homes to show the professionals and hear their views on my efforts. In a matter of fact manner I was told by the three men who were heading the event that women are rare in the field of architecture. One ass added, most just sleep with the boss to get accepted!!! Yeowzer!!!! I gathered up my things and left the event. I ended my interest with architecture and quit taking art classes for a couple years!

I placed that moment in the back of my mind and assimilated into the pseudo assumption girls needed to be girls and do girl things. I never told my teacher nor my parents about that career day. The next year my friends were trying out for cheerleaders. I joined them in the practice clinics without much excitement. It was something to do after school. It was something girls do.... the joke was on me when I tried out and made the squad! I felt bad for some of the girls that didn't make it. Over the morning PA announcements the winners were known. A couple girls in my room broke out in tears learning they were out. I even felt a bit guilty I had made the cut. This was the beginning of a new path on which I would learn many new aspects of life. In time, with subsequent chapters, the variety of my life lessons will be revealed... but with this chapter it was all about the initial discovery of being a female in a man's world. This lesson lasted for years regardless of how I fought this reality.

Maybe you are a young woman just heading out in the world or, a woman that has endured this same path as I have. While it has gotten a tad better for women in a man's world I just hope you always take a stand for your self, your soul, to maintain your strength of character along all your paths in life!

I think back on that fire truck painting.... ha! Maybe it was a prophetic image indicating the impending fires in life that we face and how important it is to find ways to extinguish them!

