



audrey ANASTASI

ana BIANCHI

ramona CANDY

mary CHANG

susan FATEH

tami GOLD

robert GOLDEN

sheila GOLOBOROTKO

kathleen HAYEK

agnes MURRAY

pearl ROSEN

gg STANKIEWICZ

harold WORTSMAN



Goloborotko's Studio 20th Anniversary Edition

Established in Brooklyn in 1989, Goloborotko's Studio is a center for production and diffusion of printmaking whose principal goal is to encourage the voice and vision of individual artists in a nurturing environment that supports the creation of works that push the boundaries of printmaking. Located in DUMBO from 1989 – 2009, the studio relocated to expanded space in the prominent neighborhood of Red Hook, Brooklyn in early 2009.

Founded and run by artist Sheila Goloborotko, Goloborotko's Studio celebrates its 20th year in Brooklyn through the creation of a portfolio, Goloborotko's Studio 20th Anniversary Edition. It is a limited signed edition of 40 portfolios showcasing the work of 13 artists of diverse artistic and ethnic background who have worked in the studio over the years.

Goloborotko's Studio specializes in intaglio, relief and monotype printmaking forms including photo etching, color viscosity and Chine-collé, techniques that have allowed numerous artists working in a range of media to explore their work in printmaking form.



Hovering Sparrow, Photo Etching and Chine-collé, 16" x 20", 2009

audrey **ANASTASI**



ana **BIANCHI**

El Sueno de la Razon Produce Monstruos, Drypoint and Photo Etching, 20" x 16", 2009



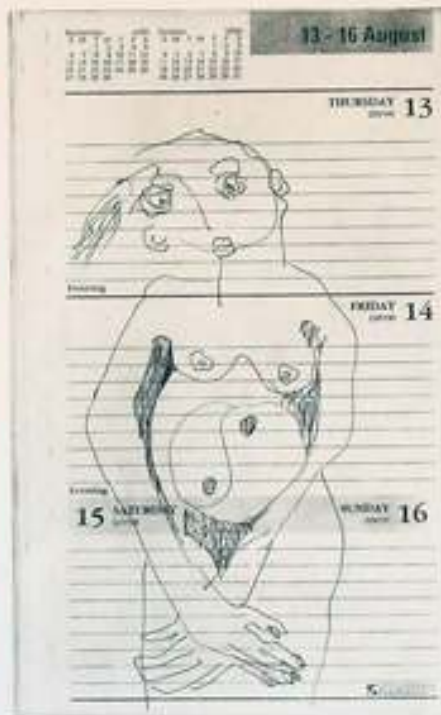
In the Language of Angels, Photo Etching and Chine-collé, 16" x 20", 2009



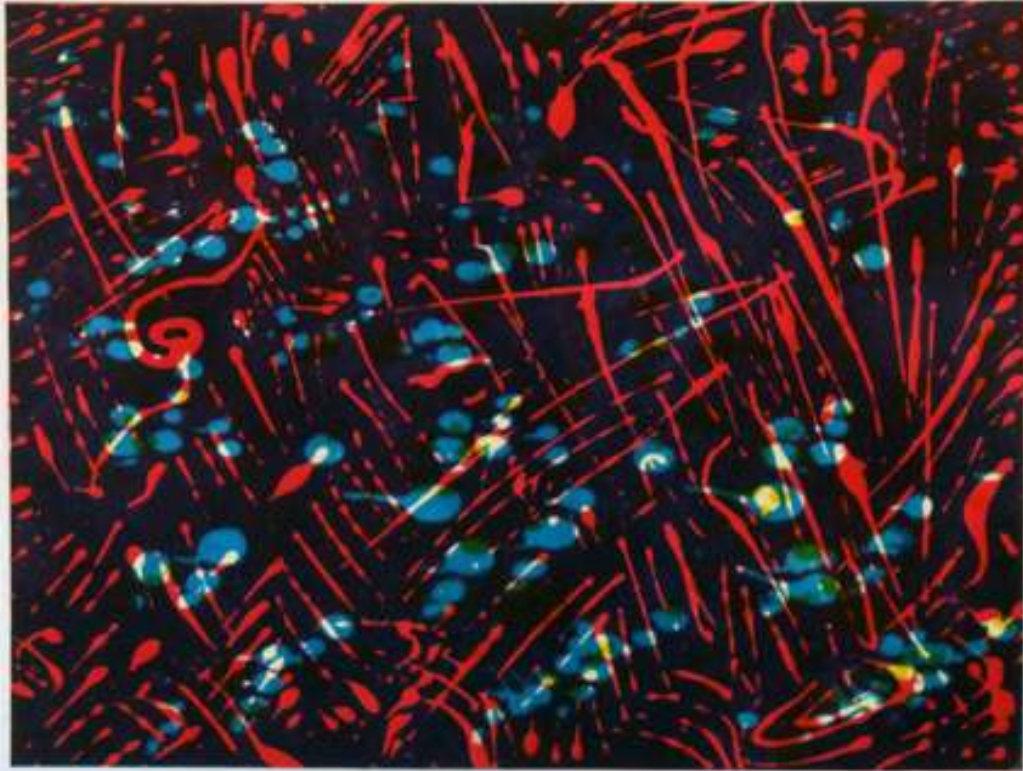
Whispering Wind, Photo Etching and Chine-collé, 16" x 20", 2009



Zeffiro Etrusco, Photo Etching, 16" x 20", 2009

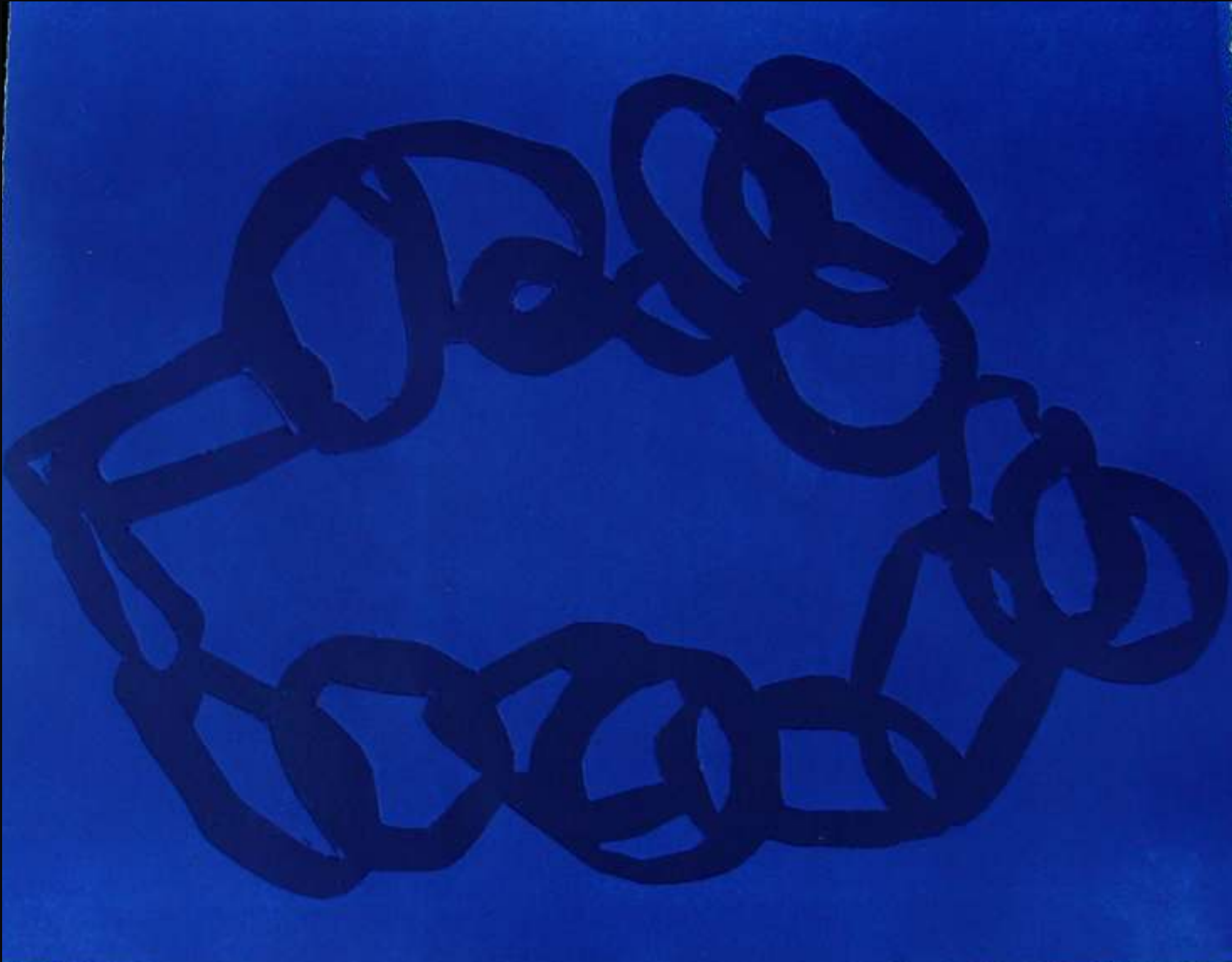


Always on Sundays, Photo Etching, 16" x 20", 2009



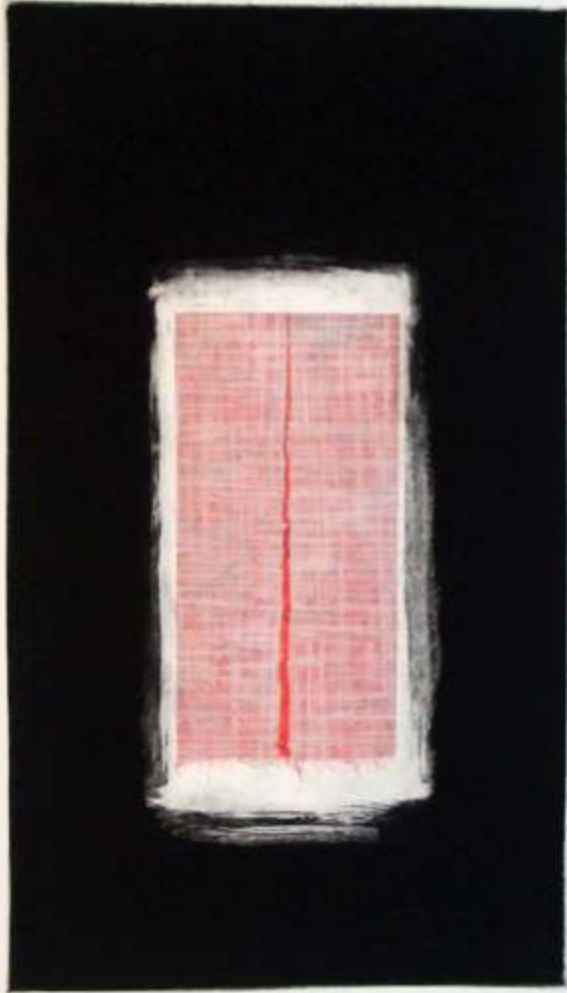
Primordia, Photo Etching, 16" x 20", 2009

robert GOLDEN



The Way We Connect, Relief, 16" x 20", 2009

sheila **GOLOBOROTKO**



Revelation, Etching and Chine-collé, 20" x 16", 2009

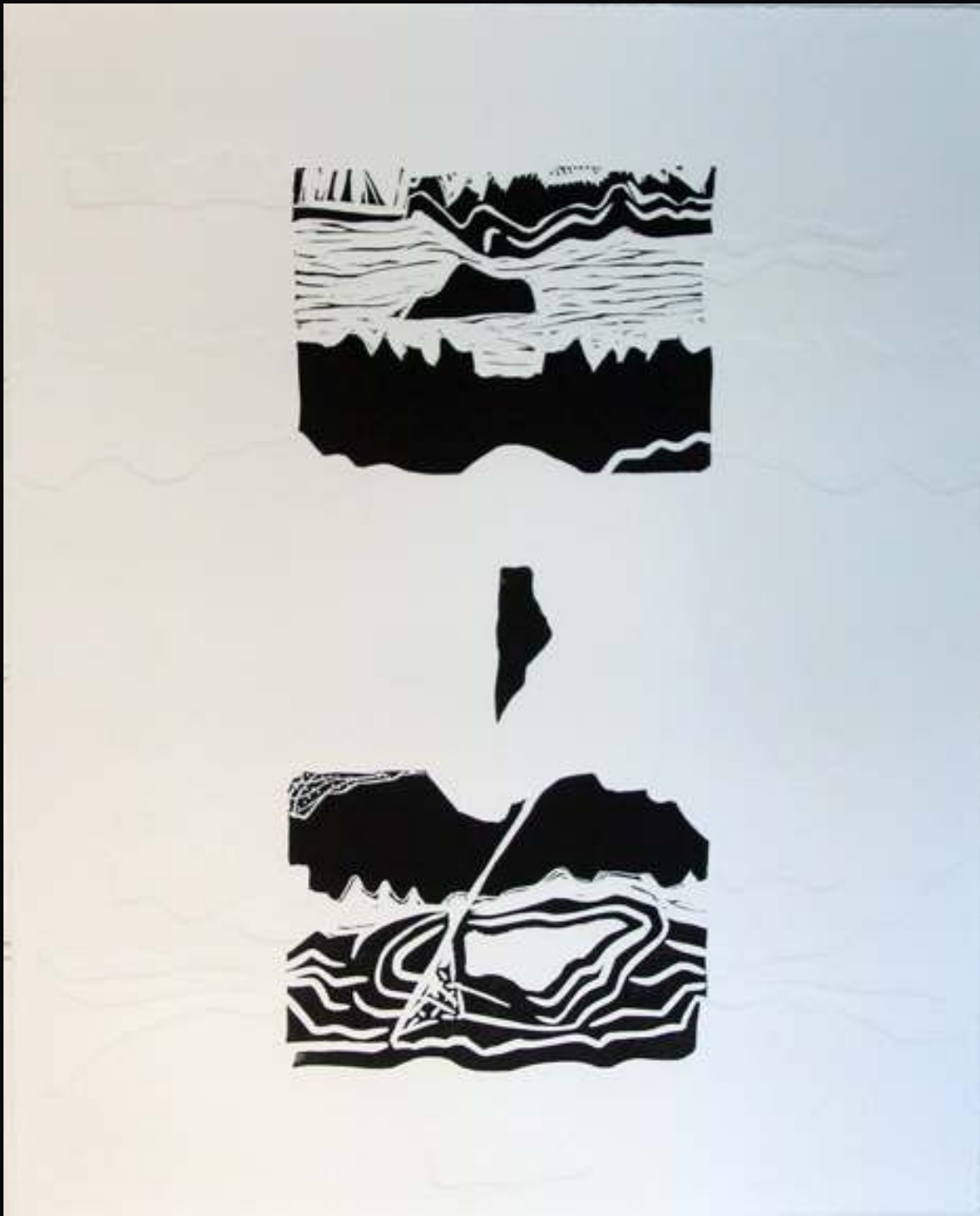


Among the Ruins, Lithograph, 20" x 16", 2009

agnes **MURRAY**



Dark Sky and Jetty, Photo Etching, 16" x 20" , 2009



Land, Water, Sky, Linocut and Embossing, 20" x 16", 2009



Lacandon Song, Relief, 20" x 16", 2009

harold WORTSMAN



An Essay by
Lori Anderson Moseman

Goloborotko's Studio is not a place: it is a practice. Artists who have worked beside master printer Sheila Goloborotko know this in their bones. Whether her body is in Dumbo or São Paulo, in Mexico City or DC, in Red Hook or at the Cedar Farmhouse, Goloborotko gathers creative souls about her then guides them closer to their own genius. You can credit her keen eye or her kind heart or her karma for her giftedness. But her giving is plain hard work—twenty years of meticulous attention to detail. Her gift is not just a mastery of materials or technique but is an awareness of how to teach, how to tap other's talent, how to enter la frontera. Some artists of her caliber would be content to globetrot, basking in the international success for their work. Not Goloborotko. She is committed to community building, as are the artists that gravitate to her. SONYA, High Watermark Salo[o]n and the Brooklyn Arts Council are vibrant artistic communities that pulse with/from the Goloborotko bloodline. Here are moments that still resonate for me—a writer/curator who has the great fortune of collaborating with Sheila Goloborotko.



I am carrying a half-eaten deer carcass (antlers, head, spine). It is a gift for Goloborotko. Maybe she will make it into a flute, a plate, a ladder, a map of some borderland I have yet to visit. It is all potential. She meets me at the door of Goloborotko's Studio in Sherman, Pennsylvania. She has agreed to accept this gift but is not ready to touch it. So I hand it to her soul mate Alma who, without thinking, immediately arches her back. My god, her spine is an exact replica of the deer's! So, this is how a yogi sees. An object, a gesture, an image are pressed into service; she's made the curve of rigor mortis into a dance move. A car swerves in



the road but not wide enough to spare a four-point buck. Somehow in this tragedy, beauty emerges in a later moment of exchange. Mythic. Mimetic. The stuff art is made of. Inside at the window, Goloborotko watches. She is always watching. Behind her, GG Stankiewicz pushes ink on a plate: the mark a continuous curve, a Möbius strip that will become an American cross-continent road trip. GG is making a plate that, once pressed in paper, will be folded in a way no roadmap of this country has ever been. GG is working to rearticulate the American Dream. I do not know this until the scavenged road kill carcass is safely left to dry in an unused rabbit hutch. Once in the studio, I find myself in the thick of a conversation. GG and Goloborotko are practicing language: GG is composing aloud for a grant application; Goloborotko is crafting a statement of pedagogy. I am interrupting to ask GG about dressage: how her horse's path affects how her hand now moves. Before I know it, Goloborotko has given me a plate, and I am inking it. Because I have worked in her studio (via hands-on workshops open to novices like myself), I fall into the rhythm. The conversation widens: two lanes going west now. A deep gorge. A spectacular sunset. Synergy. There is always room for one more at the worktable, one more at the press, one more in the conversation. Goloborotko's door is always open: come in, create. Everyone in the room will help you. We're working the same ink, reshaping our own limits. Voilà! There is now a new print in your hand. See, right there, that curve you did not know you had in you. From your very spine.



I have a house that once filled with water—four feet in the first floor. Every time it rained after that, I would move all my furniture upstairs. Until... Kathleen Hayek's Mudline series (created at Goloborotko's Studio) came to visit. With Goloborotko's help, Kathleen hung her stunning monotypes on top our home's literal mudline. "The water came this high," I would say at every High Watermark Salo[o]n. I could speak without trembling because Hayek's houses, floating in ink, bobbing amid Katrina, calmed me. "After pain, a formal feeling comes," says Emily



Dickinson. Hayek knows that in her bones. It is February. Outside the window, you can see the meadow cover with snow—the same white as the paper harboring Hayek’s mudflats. The dried grass in our meadow is her marsh, carefully crafted to be the resiliency after water recedes. A magenta—residual terror—streaks across the land. Still, it is contained. Hayek restrains us, helps us witness. The local, the global, the archetypical reverberate thanks to a trained eye and a spontaneous hand. I had not endured the ravages of Katrina, but I had to rip out the walls of my home, pull out moldy insulation, heap it in a dumpster, bleach and dry the studs. The entrails of my home exposed for months. To be able to display Hayek’s exquisite prints was a saving grace. I do not use those words lightly. Had you heard Kirah Haubrich from New Orleans weeping in the audience for the High Watermark Salo[o]n, you would know this too. That night the room was anchored with a pot of gumbo and a pile of chapbooks: full color plates of Hayek’s work alongside poems by Mary Greene and Druis Beasley. Grief made material. Without Sheila Goloborotko, who guided me through the book-making process, this part of healing ritual would not have materialized. I knew I had to gather artists and writers about me to make my home safe. I was not sure how I would do that, but I was certain from the moment I first stepped in Goloborotko’s Studio I had found a gathering of gifted and generous visionaries who could usher me to higher ground art-making and exhibition.



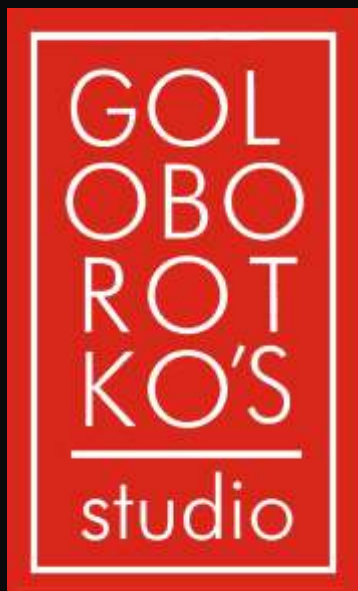
Sheila Goloborotko is turning pages: eyes and fishes. Her brother almost went blind before he died of AIDS. She is showing this series of prints to my husband whose brother is blind. Dare I say the word healing again? My husband, who has just had three eye surgeries, is enraptured. It is no coincidence that Goloborotko makes a tower of eyes/boats/spaceships for our summer solstice at the High Watermark Salo[o]n. Call it intuition, call it attentiveness. I call it a practice honed over twenty years: images are magnets, calling to themselves echoes. This is a gathering



in as well as a reaching out. Reverb. Goloborotko's Studio is like that: a pull, a portal beckoning many a talent. I thought I had walked in to the inner sanctum of my secret aspiration. There on display in Goloborotko's Studio was a collaboration of poems and monotypes. To me they were temple windows: the green of Harold Wortsman's ink, the shape (stone piled on stone to be an i) transported me to Kyoto where a monk serves me matcha. And the words in his brother's poems! I can't repeat them. It was a sacred text, sonnets to be savored in solitude. I wanted my walls lined with the whole folio. it-t=i. That is it. That is what I want to do, to see, to be. Sculpt in ink, oh vowel. Anyone who has never been swept away by shape, by the mystery that emerges from collaboration should come to Goloborotko's Studio. Sit down on a stool next to Ramona Candy, watch the choreography of her fingers, how she gardens color: greens so orange you will be envious then radiant. This is how Goloborotko has established a sustainable model for mentoring: she is a magnet luring magicians. So much flourishes in her presence.



Master printer Sheila Marbain has died. I get the news in Goloborotko's Studio in Pennsylvania. Sheila Goloborotko is arranging prints on the floor. Interlocking circles. A chain. Her mentor, now dead, is linked inexorably with this practice. Mentor. Mentor. It is how it goes. All is passed through hands. On one press is a plate that Marbain watched Sheila Goloborotko cut. Punch a portal. Again. Again. Suddenly a constellation swirls, gathering stars. This press, ballast for the whole studio, is one Marbain helped her move here. What hadn't she helped move here? What we do with our grief is what we do with our joy. Make work. Share it. Teach others to do the same. Here are my tools, use them. Link one year's lessons with the next and the next and the next. Twenty years, now. Wow! Goloborotko's Studio, and the artists therein, practice a chain of life: one curve cuts into the other. Your life, mine. That is how those who went before remain with us. Namaste.



Goloborotko's Studio: 20th Anniversary Edition

Edition of forty numbered and signed 20" x 16" prints on Rives BFK, 300 gsm. Unbound and housed in a clamshell box. Printed by Sheila Goloborotko at Goloborotko's Studio, in 2009. Among the Ruins, Lithograph, printed by Agnes Murray. Zeffiro Etrusco, Photo Etching, printed by Susan Fateh.

Presentation text by Lori Anderson Moseman.. Title page, dedication page and colophon printed by Peter Kruty at Peter Kruty Editions utilizing Garamond type electronically formatted and printed utilizing photopolymer plates. Chopped with Goloborotko's Studio editions seal.

Audrey Anastasi, Ana Bianchi, Ramona Candy, Mary Chang, Susan Fateh, Tami Gold, Robert Golden, Sheila Goloborotko, Kathleen Hayek, Agnes Murray, Pearl Rosen, GG Stankiewicz, and Harold Wortsman



Goloborotko's Studio 20th Anniversary Edition
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