



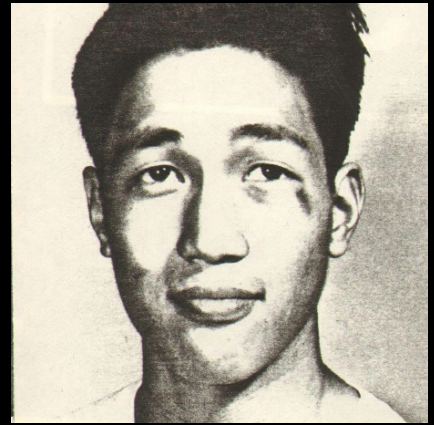
1. Ken's paternal great-grandmother. 2. His mother's father, a Chinese importer and manufacturer of textiles. 3. The grandmother. She immigrated to China to be with her husband.



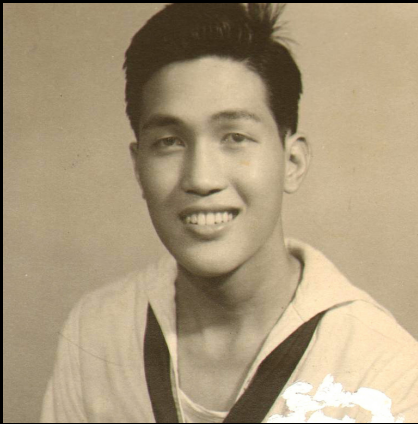
1. His mother, the oldest of six children, sits in the front. 2. Mother holding her golden child. 3. Ken as a newborn.



1. Showing off his big spirit as a toddler. 2. Sporting his signature smile. 3. Ken is on the far right in this orphanage photo.



1. Posing for the camera on a ship. 2. An early passport photo taken at age three or four. 3. As an adolescent, approximately seventeen of age.

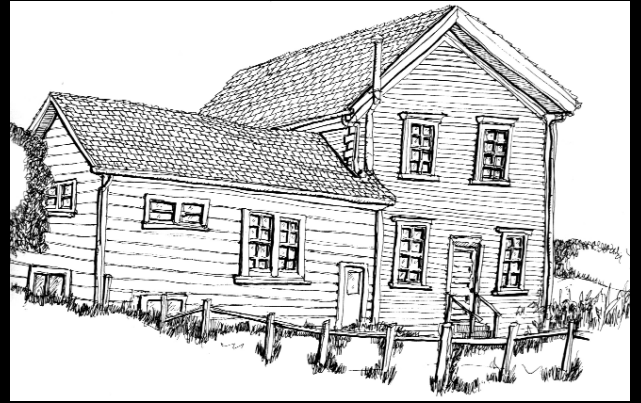
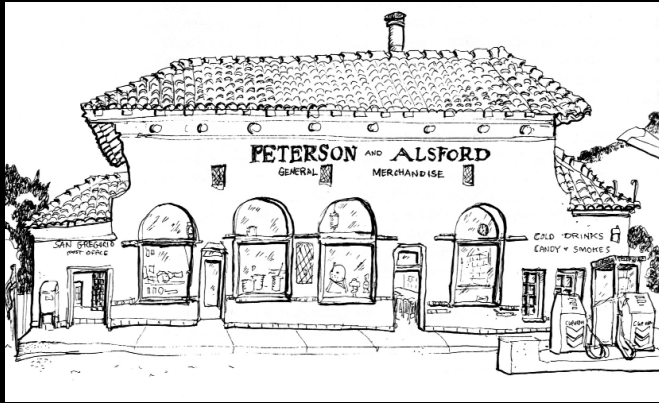


1. In the Navy, at age eighteen. 2. Proudly displaying his King James Bible after graduating from missionary school at the age twenty-four. 3. As a three-year old.



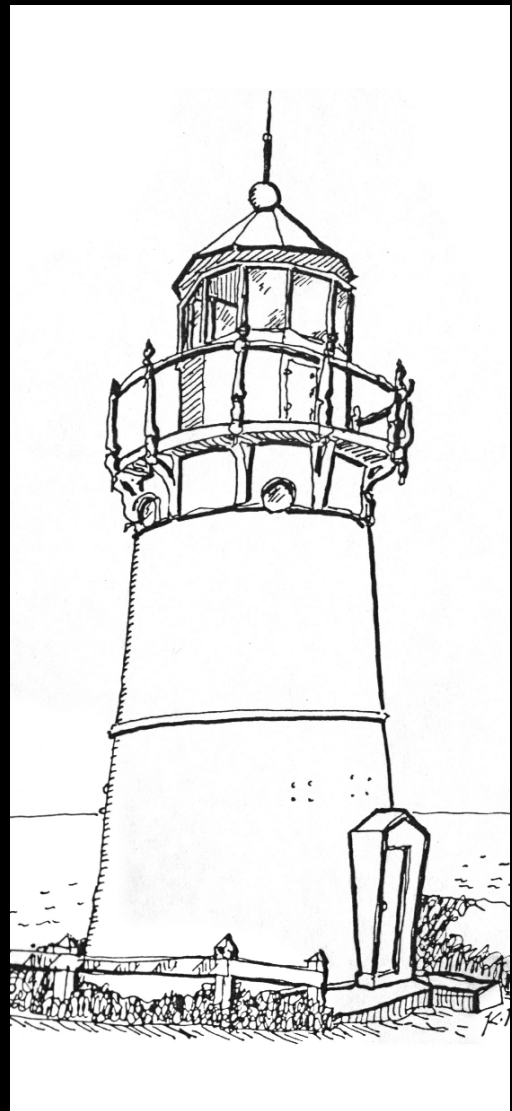
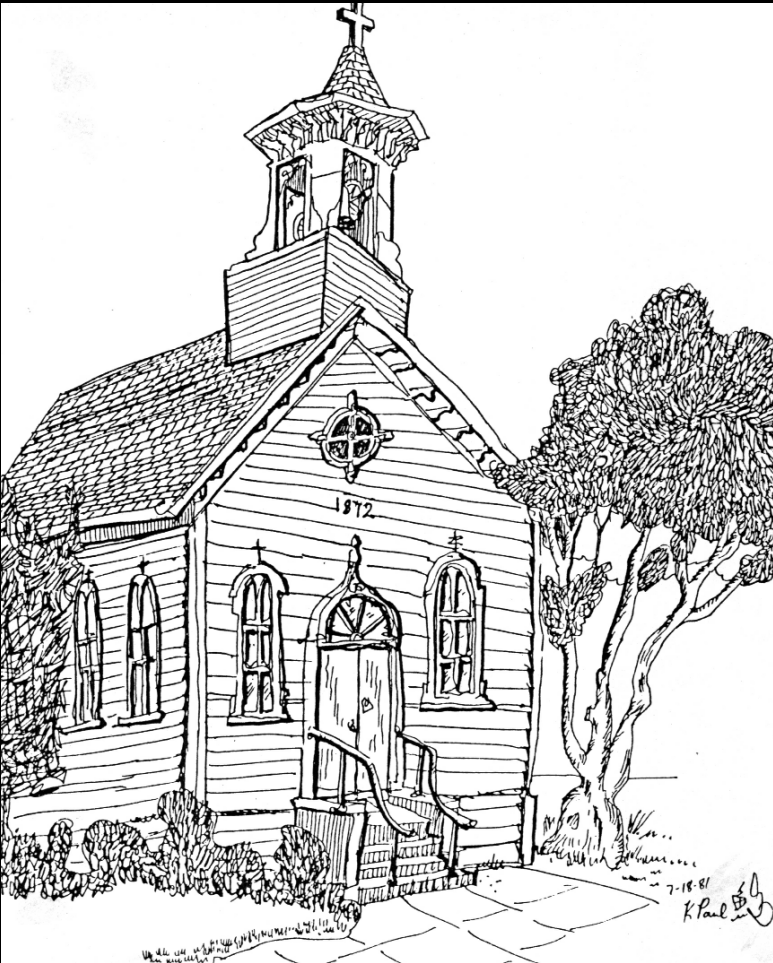
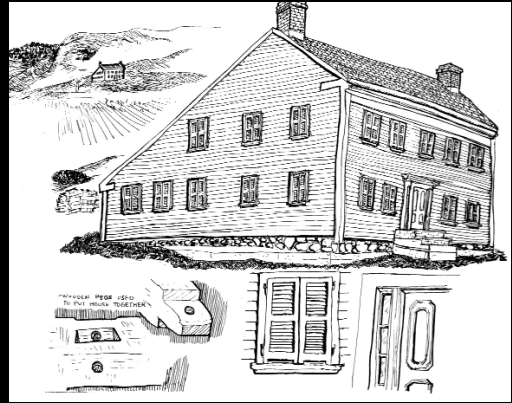
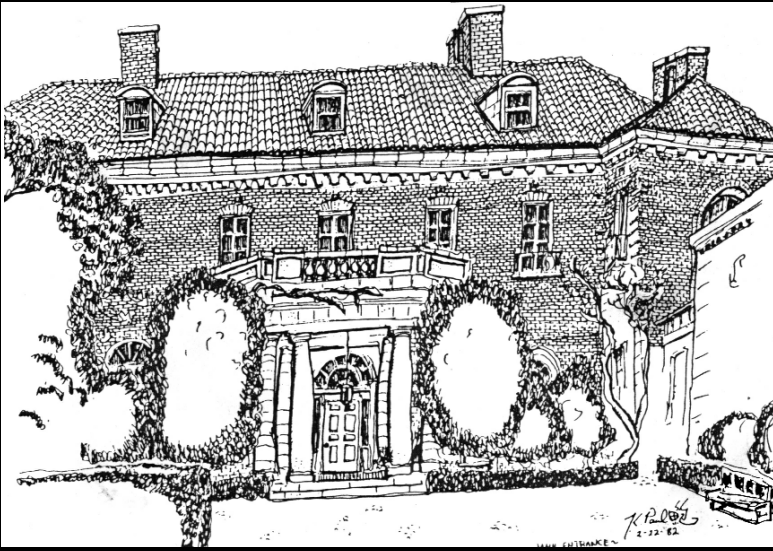
1. At age forty-five. 2. As the acting head of the College of San Mateo art department, at the approximate age of sixty.

Ken has created hundreds of pen-and-ink drawings of landmarks and Victorian houses, in towns around the San Francisco Bay Area. In his countour-style drawings he focuses on space between the lines, then lets his eyes tell the hand what to do while only sometimes looking down.



Ken 1977 "CASCADE RANCH" - CATTLE & ARTICHOKE  
 FORMER STEELE BROS. RANCH, 1860'S  
 CYPRESS AND PINE TREES ALONG SAN MATEO  
 ON THE '61 COUNTY COASTSIDE

1. San Gregorio general store. Half Moon Bay: 2. Zeballa house. 3. Cascade Ranch, a.k.a. Steele Brothers Dairy Farm.



1. Villa Filoli, Woodside. In Half Moon Bay: 2. Johnston House. 3. Methodist-Episcopal church. 3. Montara lighthouse.

## **Tree Sculptures of the Unconscious**

*by Ken Paul*

A major part of the material composing the sculptural display comes from the San Francisco Watershed that covers more than 20,000 acres in San Mateo County. The rest of the trees are like a mini history on a part of my life that covers Hawaii, Calistoga, Half Moon Bay, San Mateo, La Honda and the place of my birth, San Francisco... As human beings we all have hands and fingers, but what separates everyone from each other is the distinct print formed on each person's fingers from birth. In that sense I visualize each tree and sculpture to have a different story to share and tell us. Sometimes that story is clearly told and other times it becomes vague and ambiguous... I wrote in the year of 1992 on April 26th, these words: "A time of reflection and wonder at so much that has taken place in the past twelve months with the work of sculpting. Almost fifty pieces are in some process of completion or finished and waiting to be displayed in a public place. These are symbols of the unconscious life that seems to reside in every human being, no matter what their culture or status in life and where they might have come from in this world. I'm excited at what seems to be happening in my life and the increase of intensity."

## **The Seven Treasures of Life**

October 26th, 1996: If someone said to me, "Place all your experiences into a tiny bag and keep only what you treasure. What would you choose to keep as treasures for life?" This question stirred a personal response so the "Seven Treasures of Life" emerged. The following treasured experiences were not bought with money or influence. They were given as I gave up my right to myself and accepted them freely and wholly. What more could I ask of life but to freely give these experiences to another person to treasure?

1. The sense of awe and joy in conversation with another person's spirit and soul.
2. The thrill of risk-taking ventures in stepping out into the unknown, but still certain of myself.

3. A sense of well-being in tune with the universe no matter what the situation may be.
4. The freedom to share and give my thoughts to another without expecting something
5. The thrill of accomplishment after many failures.
6. The sensation of quiet reflection over a book that engrosses me.
7. The comfort of knowing I am a child of God through no effort of my own, but a simple accepting of faith.

Who am I? I am many persons wrapped into one. I walk the streets of any town. I run the hills and mountains of any country. I listen to the sounds of people and machines. I am allowed to see the exceptional in common objects and scenes. I taste many sensations and feel with the outer surface of my body limitless objects. I smell a vast array of odors that range from fresh to musty, pungent to sickening, pleasant to obnoxious, and the many undefinable scents that blend to make a distinct odor and aroma. I am these, yet more. I am an illusion that hits back and forth between the now you know me, now you don't world. I will smile and I will scowl. I will exude loving endearments and I will bristle with anger and hate in my eyes. I will walk humbly and I will strut proudly until I fall. I will offer forgiveness and remember to keep forgiving and to forgetting. I will embarrass the high and mighty ones who deign to stoop to the lowly ones they serve. Is there more? Probably, but that's enough for now.

On January 8th, 1994, I began dialogues with my sculptures. I began to channel automatic writings on January 28th, 1994, on a regular daily basis. This is a sample of that kind of writing. Let your heart and mind be receptive to this means of communication and you'll find a sense of peace.

*Ken Paul Lozada* 龍