Reflections on Mr. Bill Harris and Coming of Age at Duke Ellington

By Maya Cunningham

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On Monday evening, October 15th, I attended a Celebration of Life in honor of my teacher Bill Harris, who recently passed away. We all go through life with many teachers. But there are always the two or three that stand out; that gave us extra care and who had the most impact on our young lives. Bill Harris was that teacher for me. I am writing this to honor Mr. Harris, his legacy and his memory. However, in order to do so, I must engage in autobiography, reflective ethnography, cultural analysis, and even spirituality. Please bear with me.

William Harris III, who was known to his peers as Billy, and to his students as simply Mr. Harris, was a visual arts department faculty member at Duke Ellington School of the Arts. Now, having lived in, and having traveled to many places, the name of this high school does not ring familiar, nor does it connote an immediate respect, for those who live outside of Washington DC. However, and a big however, for those who live in the DMV area, Duke Ellington School of the Arts garners immediate respect and even reverence. It is the premier arts high school in the area, made even more so by the fact that students must audition to gain admission. And so here I reflect on the power of an institution such as this to bestow identity upon its progeny. When I first visited the school, it was the winter of my eighth-grade year. When I walked into the gallery from the cold of that blustery afternoon, the warmth of the building enveloped me. I felt instantly comfortable and I knew instantly that I belonged there. It was not only the wonderful heat that greeted me, it was the atmosphere. This was an arts school, and I was destined to be an artist. My mother and I, along with other parents and students, took a tour of the Visual Arts Department. There I saw eclectically dressed students (mostly boys) in jeans, tees, pumas and headphones, drawing. I also saw my childhood friend, Charlene Mills, who I had met at the Corcoran Junior Studio Saturday classes several years before. What stood out for me was the climate of the school gave each student permission to be himself or herself. A kind of freedom was in the air. Before then, I had attended two PG County public schools that were fraught with horrible issues. Children were teased mercilessly for not wearing the latest brand-named jeans, or sneakers, or hair style or skirt. My entire middle school existence was dictated by trying to be first to wear the newest and latest fashions of the season. Layer that pressure onto bullying, fights, and the plain monotonity of an entire population of suburban black folks who were painfully similar - everyone lived in the same kind of house (down to replicated townhouse and single-family models), wore the same hair styles, worked in similar professions, attended similar churches, spoke the same language and seemed to have the same values. Now
compare that environment to the excitement of a vibrant school located in the heart of Georgetown in the center of a colorful city. Just getting to the school presented a new world a discovery for me.

I auditioned for Visual Arts and Vocal Music and got in for both. I made the decision to go in for art. Once I became an Ellington student, everyone I interacted with automatically assumed that I was talented (and I was) and that all of the school’s students were the crème de la crème of the city. We were. In fact, the best high schools in DC, the schools whose students were in all of the leadership programs and other special things going on in the city, were Duke Ellington, School Without Walls and Wilson, or one of the private prep schools, like Georgetown Day. Once students enrolled, and continued at Ellington, a certain trajectory of success was set for them (if they went along with the program.) Our status as Ellington students, and our artistic discipline, became a part of our identity.

Freshman Year (1993-1994)
There I was on my first day of high school, dressed in the 1993 style of the day - a fitted, ankle length, short sleeved sea-green dress (we called them tube dresses - the latest fashion of that summer), clog mules with three-inch stacked wooden heels (the seventies had ‘come back’ in full force, bell bottoms and all) with my hair done up in finger waves (also a mid-90s thing). Mr. Harris was my freshman drawing teacher. The school was a maze to figure out, with large, beautiful paintings on the walls. The Visual Arts Department was in the basement. The truth is that the details of those early days have become hazy in my memory, but I remember that drawing class of my first year specifically. Ellington structured its day, at that time, in a wonderful way that allowed for students to receive the most intensive training.

From 8 am (or 8:45?) to 2 pm we had our academic classes. Freshman English, math (algebra for me that year), biology (all sciences were held in another building called ‘Gordon’ a little ways down the street from the main building.) There was an hour for lunch. We had permission to go off campus to purchase our sandwiches, pizza or whatever. Attending Duke Ellington came with a great deal of freedom. Then from 2 to 5 pm we had our arts classes. Imagine training three hours per day, every day, for four years in a specific discipline. The school presented to its students a wonderful opportunity. Every day that year, for three hours a day, I studied freshman drawing with Mr. Harris. The freshmen were divided into two drawing classes. One taught by Michael Auld, with whom I took sculpture 101, and one by Mr. Harris. The first assignment that Mr. Harris gave us was to create a design using our hand prints. Then we got into figure drawing. Yikes. Now - there I was a talkative, opinionated, beautiful (and voluptuous) thirteen-year-old girl in a classroom full of boys. Inner city Black boys. My freshman drawing class was dominated by young black men and led by an older black man. Other than one white girl named Stephanie and a black girl named Christina (who both had the sense enough to stay quiet), one Japanese boy, and one boy named Libre who was oddly enough from Uruguay, everyone else was an African American teenage male - all from different areas of the city. I now think of them as my “art brothers.” But not then. Now, if one of you is reading this, you are welcome to write your own memoir and tell things from your perspective. But this is my memoir, so I am going to tell my side of the story. I will start with the good things.
We were a class full of personalities. And what is interesting is that each of our personalities was reflected in our drawing style. Most of our assignments were figure drawings. Sometimes, they were timed. Sometimes, we had the whole class to complete the drawing. One of the students always served as a model. For some reason I remember a boy named Vernon Williams who always was the model. The boys in my class were very familiar with drawing the human figure because most were deeply into drawing comics. I did not come to art that way. I had worked with a private instructor to develop my portfolio with collages, and quick gesture drawings, in addition to my still life drawings and other projects from the Corcoran Junior Studio course. Let me just say, therefore, that I found figure drawing to be quite difficult. I had never done it before. I was the worst, or felt like the worst, student in the class. After we completed a drawing, we had to post them all up and Mr. Harris would critique them. And about Mr. Harris....

Mr. Harris was a man who was as blunt as iron. He was honest and forthright. He was a short man, as I recall, with very light brown skin and straight-to-wavy gray-mixed-with-black hair that was cut short. If you know anything about native African American Washingtonians (people who did not migrate from North Carolina), then you will know that many of them tend to be on the lighter-skinned side of the Black American skin-tone spectrum (reference the school's namesake, Duke Ellington). Mr. Harris was classic DC in that way. He was also classic Black DC in another way. Mr. Harris loved Frankie Beverly and Maze (or "Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly") who are huge, I mean extremely popular in DC. He often played their music during our class, until one day he announced that the tape had gone missing (I cannot imagine that anyone would actually steal from Mr. Harris.) He wore jeans and sweatshirts, with a large bundle of keys that always hung from his right-side pants pocket. He often wore a blue apron, as I recall. At that time, he was a widower and often talked about his first wife, who had died some years before from cancer. During those critiques, the full weight of Mr. Harris' personality would come forth. If your drawing was out of proportion - he would say it. If your drawing lacked the full spectrum of values (dark to light shading) he would say it. He was unapologetic and did not mind hurting feelings. He always chose a few 'best' drawings to discuss and told us why they were good. I am very grateful for his brutal honesty because his blunt commentary trained our eyes. You know how someone who has a habit of singing off-key does so because they cannot hear themselves? They are unaware of their mistakes and will not be able to correct it until an instructor honestly and
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Persistently points out their errors. The student must know the difference in sound between accurate pitches and inaccurate pitches in order to hit the targeted notes correctly. The same is true for drawing. How would we know that we drew the figure's head too big for the body if Mr. Harris did not tell us that our drawing was “out of proportion?” How would we learn the language of the visual arts if he did not use it to correct us? Eventually, with consistent practice under Mr. Harris’ guidance, everyone in the class improved. Even me. It also got to the point where we each developed our own drawing styles - and we could recognize each other’s work, just by the way we sketched. No names were necessary. In a sense, we became a family.

Now for other aspects of the class. Mr. Harris seemed to always take a little extra time giving me guidance beyond the coursework. I guess this was because I really needed it. The truth is that my ninth-grade year at Duke Ellington was one of the worst years of my life. My parents were getting a divorce and my father had left our family for another woman. Driving into the heart of the city so that my mother could get to her six am meetings with the surgeons at Children’s Hospital, where she practiced pediatric medicine, was extremely stressful. My sister was six years old, and the stress of my parent’s separation caused her hair to fall out in the back. To top it off, my way of coping with my father’s abandonment was to have a boyfriend. These were my bad choices and I am not blaming him. I, of course, wanted too much emotional attention, especially after my father left, which my boyfriend at the time (from my PG county life) could not, and would not, deliver. Therefore, the relationship ended shortly after the school year began and my heart was broken. I had found out about several other girlfriends that he had, and I was crushed. After this, another boyfriend relationship at the school was also a horrible experience. I was an emotional mess. Later that school year, I was in therapy and it came out that I had been abused when I was twelve. The men who did this were arrested, charged and prosecuted that year. I remember having to work with the detective, so he could ID them. (They had previous criminal records for the same crime) …. As I look back at that time, on the life of thirteen and fourteen-year-old Maya, I cannot believe the amount of stress that I was dealing with. I had a very difficult childhood. I will never forget how I felt that year - it was as if I had been scattered in pieces or run over by a train. The devil did all he could that year to make sure that I would struggle with resulting issues from this time for the rest of my life. I am thankful that the Lord Jesus Christ is a Healer. If I, Maya, was torn apart that year, then the Lord has put me back together again.

The social dynamics of my freshman drawing class did not make it any better. If our drawing class was like a family, then I was definitely regarded as the bratty little sister and treated as such. Now, yes, I did call a lot of negative attention to myself because I was so talkative. However, take a talkative, and probably obnoxious, emotionally troubled, shapely, pretty, yet seriously intelligent, middle-class teenage black girl with a wide vocabulary, a love for reading and strong opinions, mixed in with a roomful of testosterone-full, teasing DC boys with their own problems and issues, and it is a recipe for disaster. I will take the high road and name no names...

The boys teased me unmercifully and played jokes on me. Those who did not tease, laughed at the joshing and ridicule. This often happened when Mr. Harris was not in the room. Also, to be fair, they also sometimes teased each other. Well, perhaps it was the stronger, louder and “roug...
with muscles...that sort of thing) who teased the shorter, quieter and skinnier boys. But they all teased me at one point or another. I remember that one day my shoe went missing. I complained to Mr. Harris that someone had taken it as I limped around on one foot adorned with only a sock. I turned my back and then out of nowhere it appeared on the ledge of the blackboard. One day, a tall light skinned boy with green eyes and a pock marked face had found a dark brown, plastic bottle of very stinky cologne in the bathroom of the Gordon building. He was going around spraying people with the cologne. Our row of lockers was just outside of the drawing room. When I went to get my coat and bookbag out of mine to leave for the day, the knob had been saturated with the cologne. I touched it before I realized where the smell was coming from, much to the delight of the other boys in the room who thought this prank was extraordinarily funny. Things like this happened often. In hindsight, now that this was twenty-five years ago, incidents like this were kind of funny. But there were some things that were definitely not funny. One boy, a middle-class, honey-brown colored young man who had an older brother also in the department, told me that I had “no common sense.” I became the target of jokes and also the target of what could probably be considered sexual harassment. Many days were like a verbal sexual assault. The boys discussed and commented on every part of my body- my legs, breasts, arms, hair texture and especially my very round bottom. We know that in African cultures, a large, round female backside is a symbol of beauty. But corrupt that beauty standard through the Western colonial gaze, hundreds of years of sexual objectification of the black female body, including the way black women were objectified in the hip hop videos of the day (the number one video on the Jukebox cable channel that year was “Pop That Coochie” by the infamous 2 Live Crew) and filter all of that through the lustful and mean-spirited hearts of a roomful of DC boys, some of whom were very “rough around the edges” to speak, and imagine how it felt to have all of that energy, more often than not, focused on me. One boy, the one who was tall and light-skinned with green eyes, even started to physically bully me. He would walk past me at least three to four times in an afternoon, look me in the eyes and intentionally brush up against me. Thank God for Mr. Harris. I told my mother about him (he got put out of the school that next year) and she had a conference with Mr. Harris about it. I don’t know what he and the other teachers said to him, but his behavior towards me stopped. Anyway, I suppose Mr. Harris observed all of this and made assessments about the state that I was in from the perspective of a mature adult. He would often pull me to the side and give me advice, which was often blunt directions - do this, don’t do that. On one rainy day, I walked into the drawing room wearing a two-piece crushed velvet outfit with my four-inch platforms and he said “velvet in the rain - sharp as a tack” with a good-natured smile on his face. (I did not know then that velvet is not supposed to be worn in the rain). At another conference with my parents to discuss my grades, which were mediocre that year (because of the stress maybe?), he was blunt again. He told my parents that I took too long to start my assignments, that he did not have time then to tell me to mix more colors into my self-portraits, and I should stop wearing ‘those crazy shoes’ referring to my many pairs of four inched, stacked platforms (Although one person in the room, my mother, was buying them for me!) At the end of the year, he pulled me to the side and advised me on the kinds of clothes I should wear that summer (shorts and lace up canvas tennis shoes like Keds). I want to say that he was like a father figure in a way. Although my home life, and even my social life at school, was crazy that year, Mr. Harris was a steady and consistent presence in my life, who would continue to offer me support, direction and tough-love for the rest of my years at Duke Ellington.
Although I took Mr. Harris’ sculpture 102 class, I think his printmaking class had the most impact on me. The one project I remember in his sculpture class during my sophomore year, was an assignment where we had to use chicken wire to make a figure. The stuff had sharp edges and we had to wear gloves and use wire cutters to handle it. I hated it. I don’t think I finished mine. What I did learn from him through that assignment was how to think outside of the box. If that unyielding chicken wire could be fashioned into human figures that were positioned into dramatic poses, and some students did achieve this, then I learned that anything can be used to make anything. I still apply that lesson today in everything that I do. Unfortunately, this class was a platform for more sexual harassment from those same black boys. One class, they all had a good laugh comparing my bottom to different kinds of meat. It was horrible. During one class, one of the boys, who I will not name, pulled out a vial of crack that I think he was selling. He told some crazy story about running for his life through a cemetery from some other boys who were trying to kill him. Another young man from Puerto Rico in our freshman drawing class left the school, and the country, in the middle of the year. He had been accused of killing someone and the police were after him. There were all kinds in the Visual Arts Department.

That second part of freshman year, and sophomore year, I, along with my art brothers from Freshman Drawing, took a class called 2-D Concepts (short for two dimensional concepts) and Painting I with Cathy Conn. I just learned that Ms. Conn passed away about two years ago. She and Mr. Harris were best friends and ate lunch together every day. In 2D Concepts we did projects that allowed us to explore acrylic paint, oil pastels, watercolors and other mediums. My family of art brothers expanded to the boys who had been in Mr. Auld’s Freshman Drawing class. It was in Ms. Conn’s class that I began to think of my art as expressing something of myself. Before this, I thought I wanted to be a fashion designer (the truth was I just liked clothes, and my aspirations changed when I found out how little fashion designers made per year). Also, just in case you do not know, painting from life, as we call it, with water colors is extremely relaxing. I would walk into the room with a splitting headache, full of fifteen-year-old worries. After a session of painting, my body and my mind would be completely relaxed. But it was in Mr. Harris’ printing making class that I really began to explore my artistic voice.

I remember when Mr. Harris set up the printmaking shop. Mr. Harris was ingenious and resourceful. I later found out why. He found two printing presses that had been lodged in the back of a closet of an unused room, probably for years. He put them both in the center of the room, found or purchased some brayers, ink, linoleum and wood, overlaid the work counters with plexiglass and registered Ellington’s first printmaking course. Mr. Harris gathered old phone books for the workshop. We used the pages to wipe the oil-based ink off of our plates with turpentine. In his life as a professional artist, Mr. Harris was a printmaker. He made beautiful images with his own symbology. He created images using eagles, eagles wings and profiles of men and women. He used acid to eat into plexiglass that he would then cut into different shapes, ink and then print.
them, creating spectacular textures. His work was beautiful, and he set up this shop to teach us his craft. I studied printmaking with him for two years. He gave assignments and expected us to problem solve to get them done. He gave us deadlines. In this class my family of art brothers expanded to boys in other grades. I guess you can tell that the Visual Arts Department at Duke Ellington School of the Arts was dominated by boys. The department probably had the highest number of black boys enrolled in the entire school. If we all talked too much, Mr. Harris gruffly told us to get back to work. One time when he had surgery that disabled his speech for a while, he wrote us a brusk note that said “Stop jawing and get to work!” He made sure that we tried to solve problems with the assignments on our own. It was in his class that I made a print of Duke Ellington that won some sort of award at the Duke Ellington Festival at the National Museum of American History. I ended up being interviewed on the news, and the museum used my image as its logo for years after that. Mr. Harris was practical - he always told me things like ‘sign into your plate’ (which I unfortunately did not do for the Ellington piece, and the plate was stolen during my summer at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.) He also advised us on how to make money from our work. Printmaking, he instructed, was a gift that kept on giving because with one plate, we could make multiple images and sell them. He was right. Mr. Harris was very, very practical.

Spring break of my junior year brought another opportunity to expand. Duke Ellington as an institution provided many opportunities for its students. Ellington art students were invited to take a Saturday morning figure drawing course at the Washington Studio school. I took advantage of that. We were taken on an overnight trip to Pennsylvania with the Museum Studies Department
to a famous museum and then a tour of Lincoln University. At the end of my senior year I traveled to Europe (the Netherlands) to sing with the jazz band. (I started singing in the jazz department at the end of my sophomore year). The spring break of my junior year, Ellington’s art students were invited to a weeklong workshop at Pyramid Atlantic printmaking workshop. We made art books. I had never heard of such a thing. We made paper and printed on it. We learned how to silk screen and to make intaglio prints. (Intaglio prints are made by coating a wood plate with gel gesso. The image is cut into the coated plate. Wet paper is laid over the plate and rolled through the press, covered by two or three blankets that press the paper into the grooves of the lines. The printed lines that are raised above the paper - kind of like an embossed look.)

We each constructed an art book using the paper we made and our silkscreen and intaglio images. We had an exhibition at the end of that week at a professional gallery where we each presented our work. I loved the process from beginning to end. It opened up a whole new world for me in terms of making new artistic statements. By the time senior year rolled around, I decided to take on an ambitious printmaking project - a series of art books. And guess who opened his home studio to me to allow me to have the time to complete the work. Mr. Harris…

Mr. Harris had taught me how to use cutting tools to make images in linoleum. He taught me how to use an electric tool to cut into wood. I used these tools to make the intaglio plates at home. And looking back, I now I understand why Mr. Harris was so resourceful and why he was a printmaker anyway. He loved to work with his hands. Mr. Harris was not only a printmaker, he was a wood turner. He made beautiful wooden bowls and vessels. For several Saturdays in a row, my mother took me to Mr. Harris' house to work in his home studio. He lived in Kettering, Maryland and had transformed his garage into a printmaking and woodturning factory. Tools were everywhere. He had set up work tables and had a huge printing press. Being an artist is a gift. And an older artist helping a younger one to develop, is one of the most wonderful gifts that can be given. Making those plates in my room at home and bringing them to life in Mr. Harris' studio was when I first experienced a creative energy that flows through me each time I draw, quilt, write, compose, scat, improvise on a melody, listen to certain kinds of music, make sound documentaries for my radio show, collage, direct, and make my glass work. I worked in Mr. Harris' studio for hours. These were cold autumn days and he brought me peppermint tea with honey to keep warm and turned on a space heater for me. He was a wonderful man and a wonderful teacher.
Under Mr. Harris’ guidance, I went from being a freshman who struggled with figure drawing, to the one senior in our graduating class chosen to receive the Most Outstanding Senior Visual Artist award. When they called my name for the award, I was shocked. It was the highest honor to receive in our department. With help from many teachers, those at Duke Ellington, Pratt Institute’s summer program, the Washington Studio School and Pyramid Atlantic, I became adept at figure drawing, printmaking and painting. But leave it to good old Mr. Harris to keep it level with some truths. He told me, and all of us, that our classes at Duke Ellington were just a beginning - just introductory courses. We had to go to art school to develop into professional printmakers, painters, photographers and sculptures. My final memory of Mr. Harris was at our 1997 graduation. When it was my turn to walk across the stage, I blanked out. When I came to, I was crying, and when I opened my eyes, I saw Mr. Harris’ smiling and encouraging face. I only saw him one time after that when I came back to the school to visit in the mid-2000s.

As I look back on this special time with mature, adult vision, I can see how invested Mr. Harris was in all of us. He loved us and cared for us. All of our art teachers were invested in us. They helped us with our college applications and took every opportunity to give us the exposure and honest feedback that would make us better. And their work has been fruitful. When I saw my “art bothers” at Mr. Harris’ Celebration of Life memorial this past Monday, I saw the true impact of his work. They have become men. Creative, thriving, black men. It is hard to see those fifteen-year-old boys that I knew as a husbands and fathers. When I see them, most look the exact same as they did when we were young, in terms of their faces. It is hard to imagine that a woman could actually take them seriously (no offense intended ya’ll). I suppose however, my own husband’s female classmates might have a similar perspective towards him. But they are men. Men who went onto art school, who became professional painters, sculptures, photographers and printmakers. Men who have fathered beautiful children. (Ironically, most of their children are little girls.) Men who have chosen beautiful, vibrant, successful, grounded and intelligent black women to be their wives and life partners. I would like to mention a few of my “art brothers” who are Mr. Harris’ “art sons”, and report on the successful men that they have become.

Chinedu Felix Osuchukwu began painting while we were at Duke Ellington and has become a professional painter. He graduated from the Corcoran School of Art. His paintings are absolutely beautiful. He has a beautiful, sweet and gracious wife, and beautiful, princess of a little girl. He and his wife just had another baby, he is teaching art and making and showing his work.
Stanley Squirewell has achieved a brilliant career in New York City’s art world. He is represented by the Rush Arts Gallery and has paintings in the Reginald F. Lewis Museum and the National Museum of African American History and Culture. He also taught at Duke Ellington for many years. He is married to a beautiful, sophisticated and intelligent woman who is a gifted artist in her own right (and who is ironically my friend from NYC). They have a beautiful daughter.

Shaunté Gates was one of the most talented and advanced in our freshman drawing class. After graduation, he began making art and showing his work on the DC Black arts scene. His work has been featured in exhibitions in Washington DC and New York, and he too is represented by the Rush Arts Gallery. He and Stanley were childhood best friends and are still friends to this day.
Khalil Gil is a professional photographer and graphic designer. I remember him as a grounded, well raised young man, who was musical, had a rap group, made beats and was originally from New York City. He graduated from the Maryland Institute College of Art in Baltimore and has established a good life and thriving career in the DC area.

There are many more young black men who Mr. Harris helped to develop. All that I ran into at his memorial still carry the visual artist identity that we received as Duke Ellington students during those early days. Imagine what would have happened to the boy who pulled out the vial of crack, let’s say, had it not been for strong black men teachers like Mr. Harris, who gave him another identity, and who guided him along the right life path. Today, that boy has grown into a kind man who has two beautiful daughters. He is still painting.

As for Maya, the “little sister” to the “art brothers” who is writing this memoir...

Maya Cunningham has become an ethnomusicologist, a Fulbright scholar, an educator, a jazz vocalist and is still a visual artist. She graduated from Howard University with a bachelor’s degree in jazz studies and a minor in art. She studied painting and textile art in Ghana, West Africa and has a MA in jazz performance. She is pursuing a PhD in ethnomusicology at the University of Maryland, College Park. After a Fulbright research fellowship in Botswana, she launched Ethnomusicology in Action, a project that publishes curricula, with her own children’s books, for African American students that empowers them with teaching about their traditional culture. She also has a radio show on WOWD 94.3 called Music In Culture: Sounds of the Black Experience. She found her fine arts mediums in fused glass, monoprints and textile art. She has an interactive jazz/art show called The Grandmother Project that features her art quilts. She is also the wife of a loving husband.
The seeds of all that we are doing now were planted, nurtured and began to sprout at Duke Ellington. Ellington was a Black arts school, staffed by conscious, world-wise black artists, who were producing their own work, and who were dedicated to giving us an excellent foundation and start in life. This includes Mr. Harris…

I am sure that I am not the only one of Mr. Harris’ students who still carries the lessons that he taught, and who follows the example that he modeled. In a way, his work, heart and legacy are carried forth by all of us, the art brothers and the little sister, who he helped to fashion in our early teens. The eagle’s wings that were so frequently a theme in Mr. Harris’ own symbology are the wings, the lessons, that he gave us to help us to fly towards our success. He was a printmaker, and a wood turner, who made beautiful, complex and intricate wooden vessels. Even though he is now gone, we, my art brothers and I, are the vessels who carry his legacy. The printmaker has made his imprint on us.

Mr. Harris, your work and your time, your heart and your mission, your honesty and tough love lives on in us. We miss you and we love you.