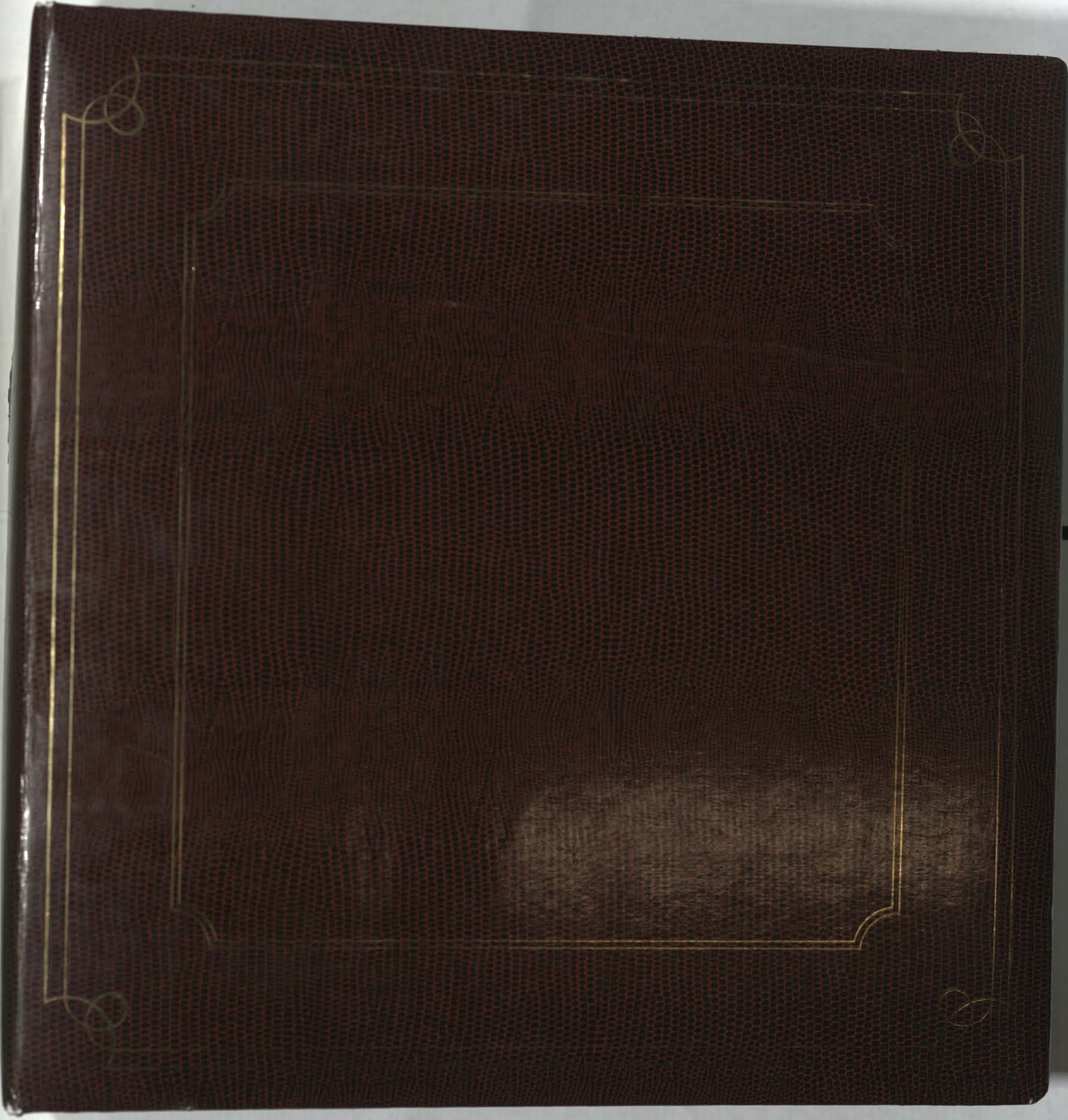




10 CM EAS
AMIS 210E

♦♦The Artist's Works♦♦



*'A World Divided'
Oil on Canvas*

*In a world divided, with focus of untruth,
there is a deceiving mission aimed at the youth.
From ship to shore, it was a mistake, with
scores of culture up for the take.*

*Divide and conquer seems to be the plan,
in this God forbidden place,
called the new land.*

*But the answer to the question, the one and
only truth, can be retained for the future,
through the eyes of the youth.*

*So lift your shoulders up, and hold your head
high, and wipe the tear of injustice from your
flood filled eye.*

*For like the mighty waters of the Nile, and the
roaring winds of the Sahara, keep your
thoughts pure and on the straight and narrow.
For in a world divided we all lose.*



Dino Sandifer

Art Philosophy

My philosophy of art is composed of the systematic union of body, soul and mind toward a creative expression or response of condition, tradition, religion, cultural belief or superstition. Traditionally art and its many forms evolved from early forms of religion, folk life, slavery, migration, and the deep dark struggle for equality. Art to me is a universal language, which represents the Universe and every thing therein. The never ending and forever growing root of art evokes the majestic self-expression which is embedded deeply within the spirit, soul, mind, emotion, structure, or culture of a person, place or thing. Art is a conscious or visionary production, reproduction or arrangement of sounds, colors, forms, movements, or other elements in a manner that affects the sense of beauty. One of the primary forces of art is creativity, which represents the transformation of a mental force into a physical force or form.

My goal and ambition in the many various areas of the arts is to create a modern day school of the arts, with its primary focus being in the area of cultural awareness and self-motivation. I envision presenting traditional aspects of the arts in a non-traditional, and thought provoking manner.

My primary point of focus will be the educationally forgotten inner city youths, between the ages of 7-18 years of age.

My reason for this focus is because our society and its educational system have directly and indirectly created barriers and pit-falls which are leading to the educational ruin of a large segment of our population.

The evidence of this truth, can be seen by monitoring the large number of dropouts, illiterate graduates and the illicit war aimed at the black male.

The method which I propose is that of creative thing and reasoning, coupled with the disciplines associated with contemporary art: patience, endurance, tolerance, confidence, and the skills of communicative expression.

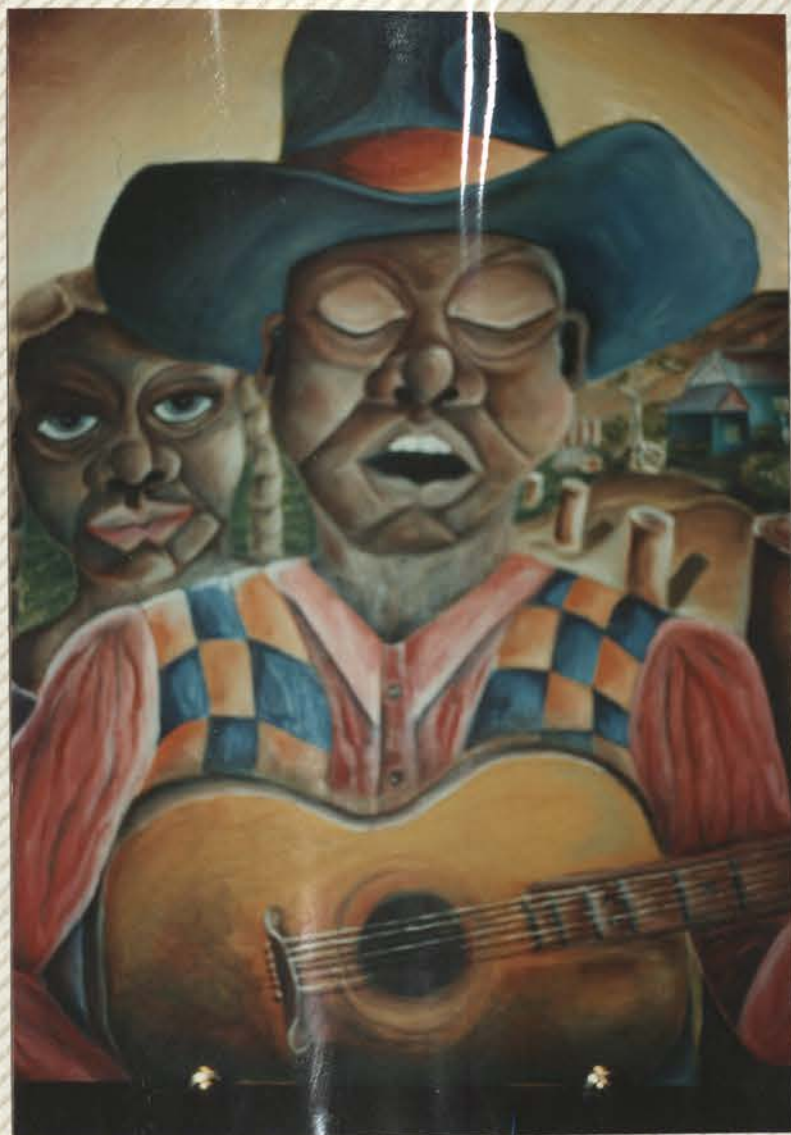
It is my belief that through the arts all people can be reached, because the arts are truly a universal form of communication.

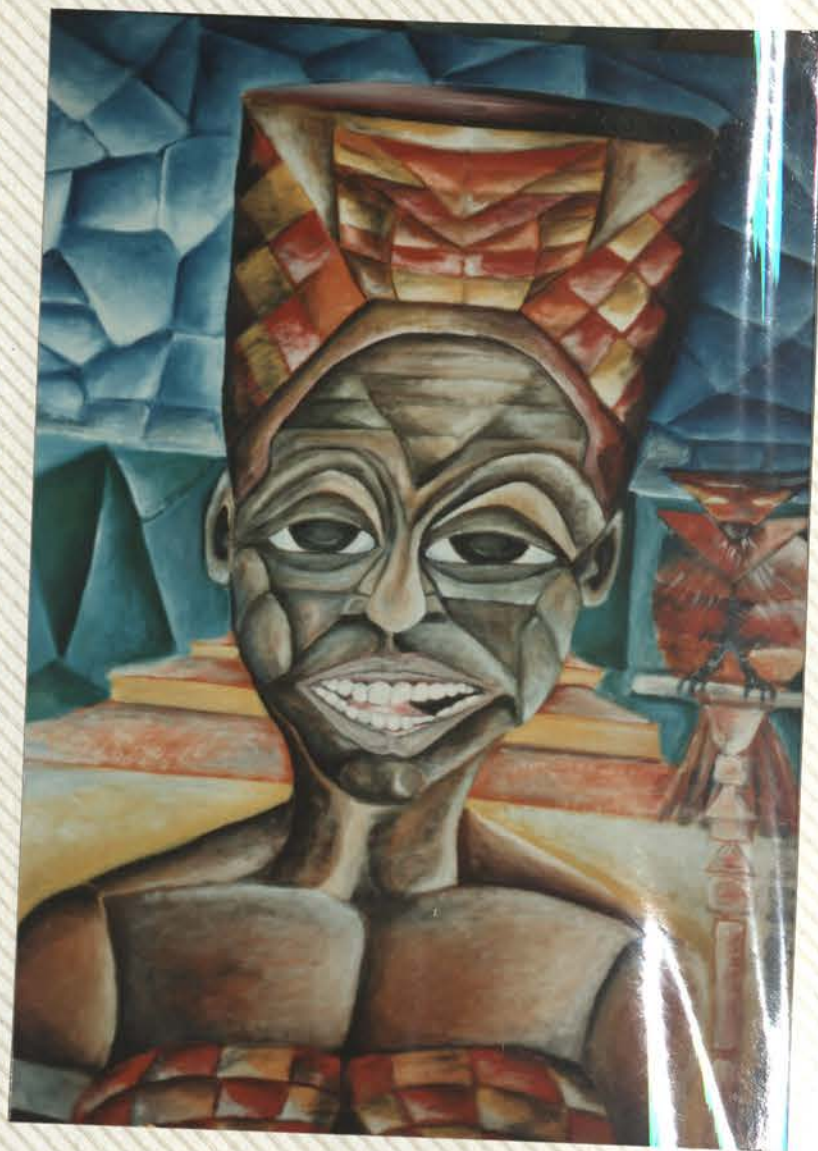
My influence in the area of art stems from an intrinsic need of self expression. A need to express with vigor, the emotions of : love, hate, fear, despair, happiness, sadness, strength and ethnicity. My motivation in art comes from my Mother, Grand Mother, and Sister.

My inspiration in the area of art has been from the art work of Dr. John Biggers and art instruction from Mr. Corroll Simms, Mr. Harry Vital, Mr. Harvey Johnson, Mr. Leon Renfro, Ms. Alvia Wardlaw, and Dr. Sarah Trotty.

In this day and time, our society is crying out for a badly needed stimulus or incentive toward societal equilibrium and individual self esteem. We must fully understand the notion that schools are mirrors of society, and if a society becomes ill filled, the reflection of that society will be one of distortion and deceit. This is why, there is a true and definite need for an innovative approach in teaching methods, if our society is to progress as a whole.

Paintings







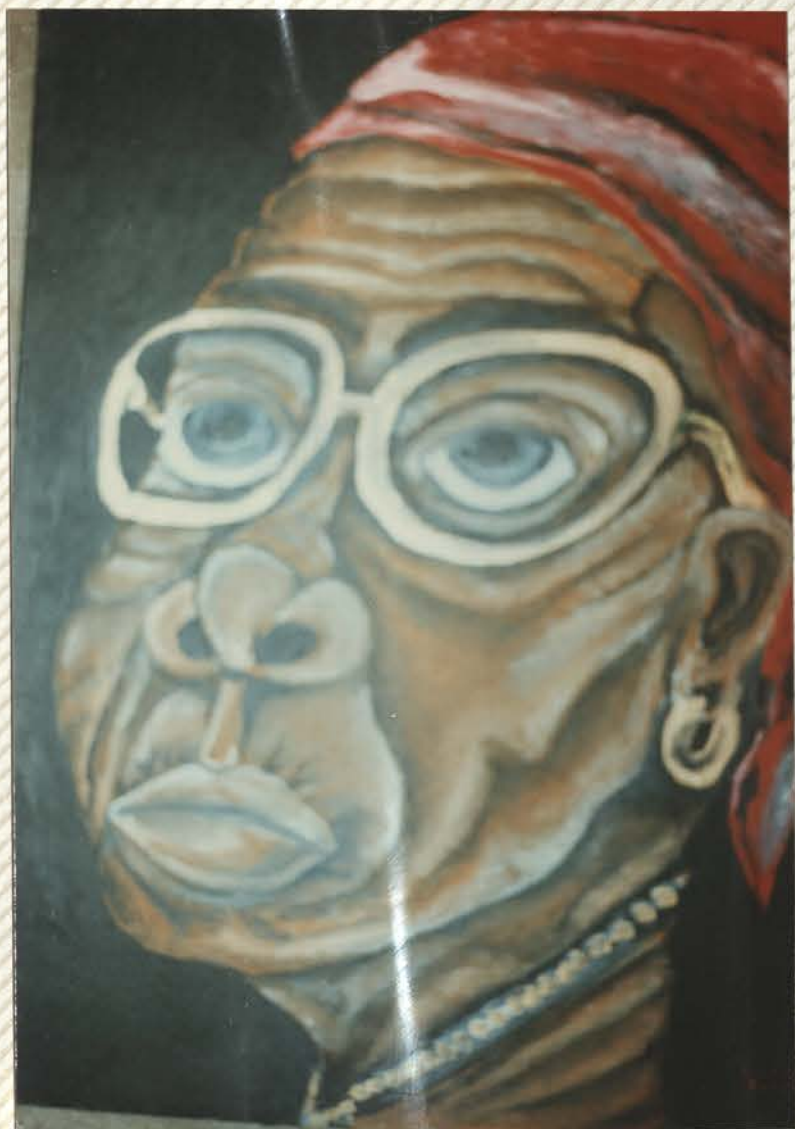
















Ceramics



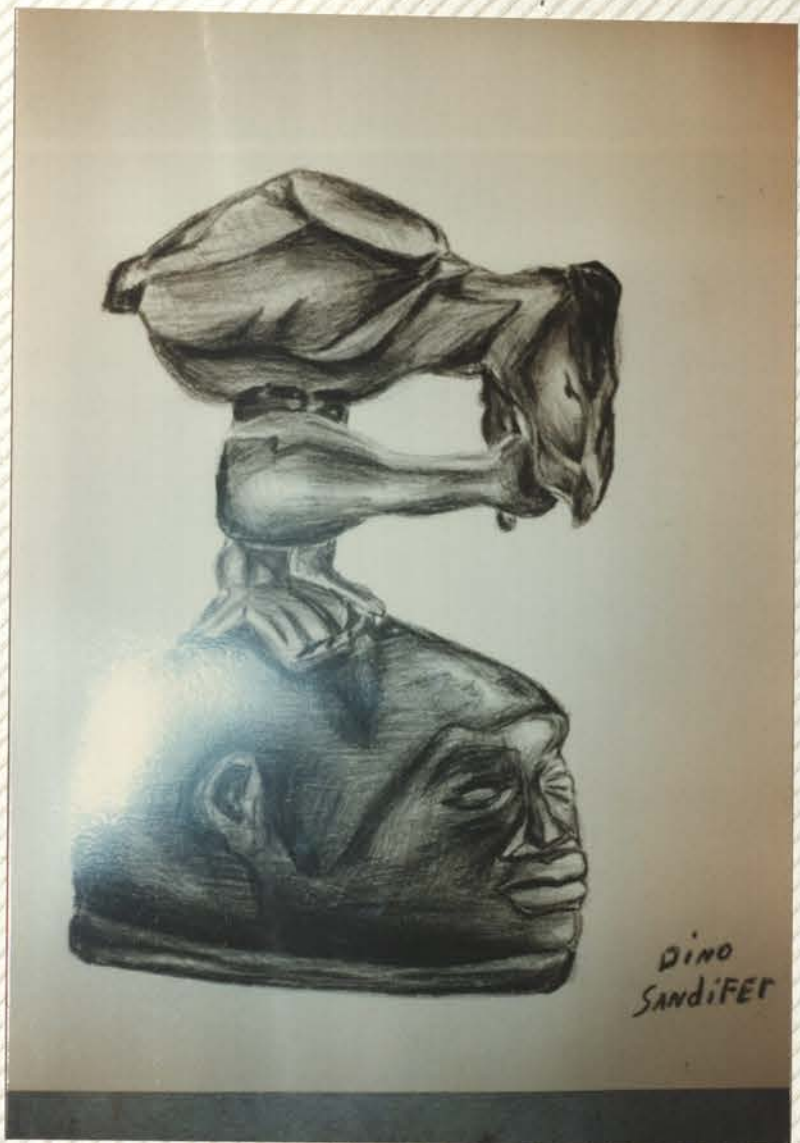






Drawings





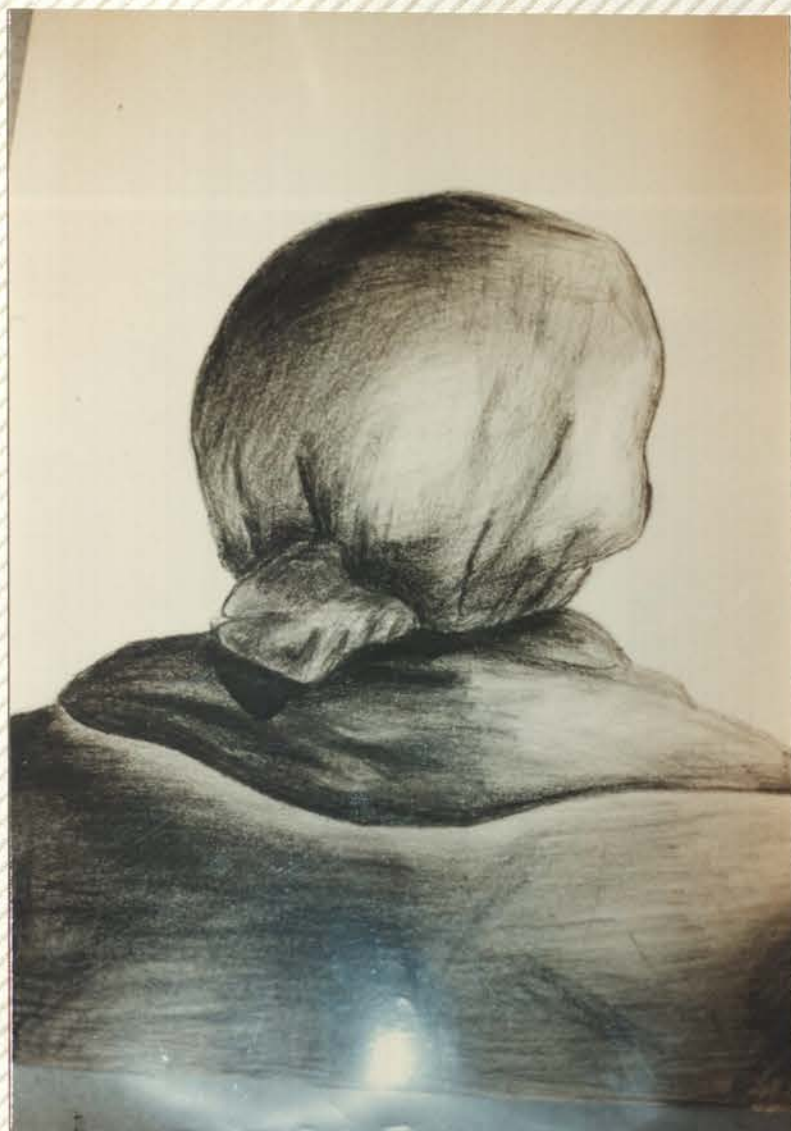


DIND SANDIFET

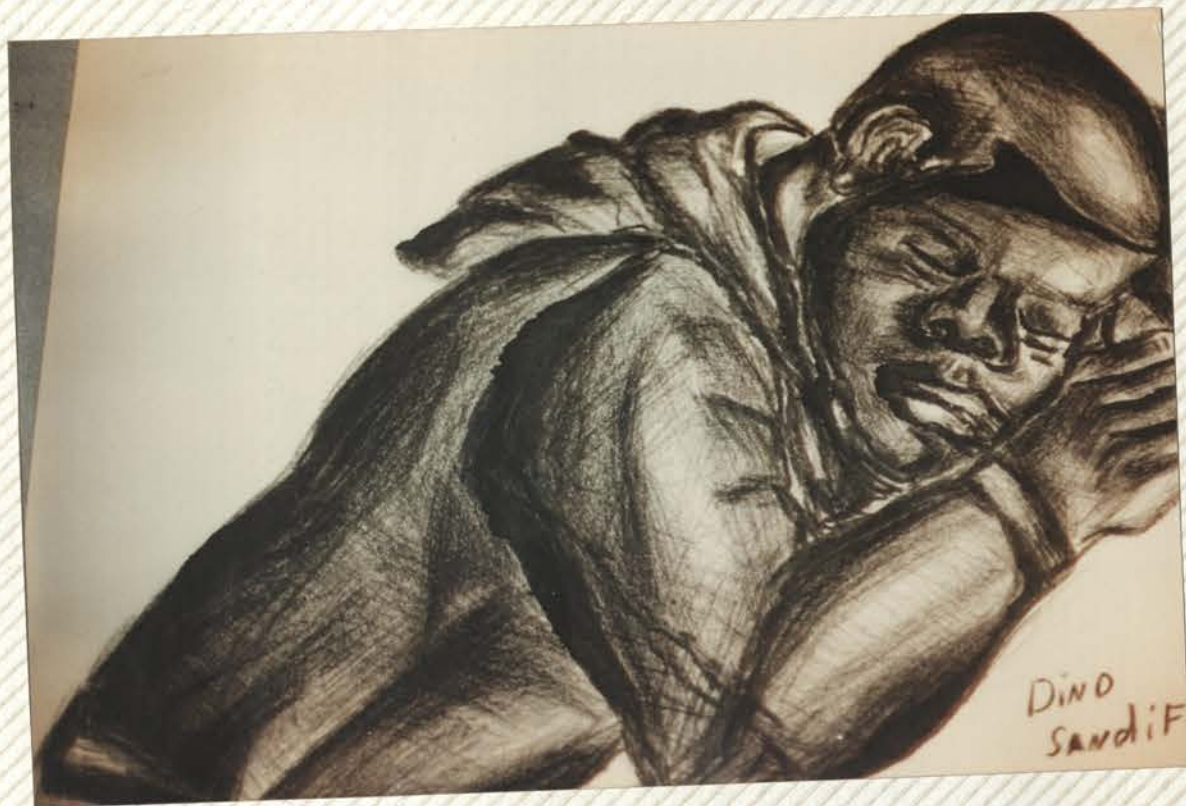


DINO
sand ifet







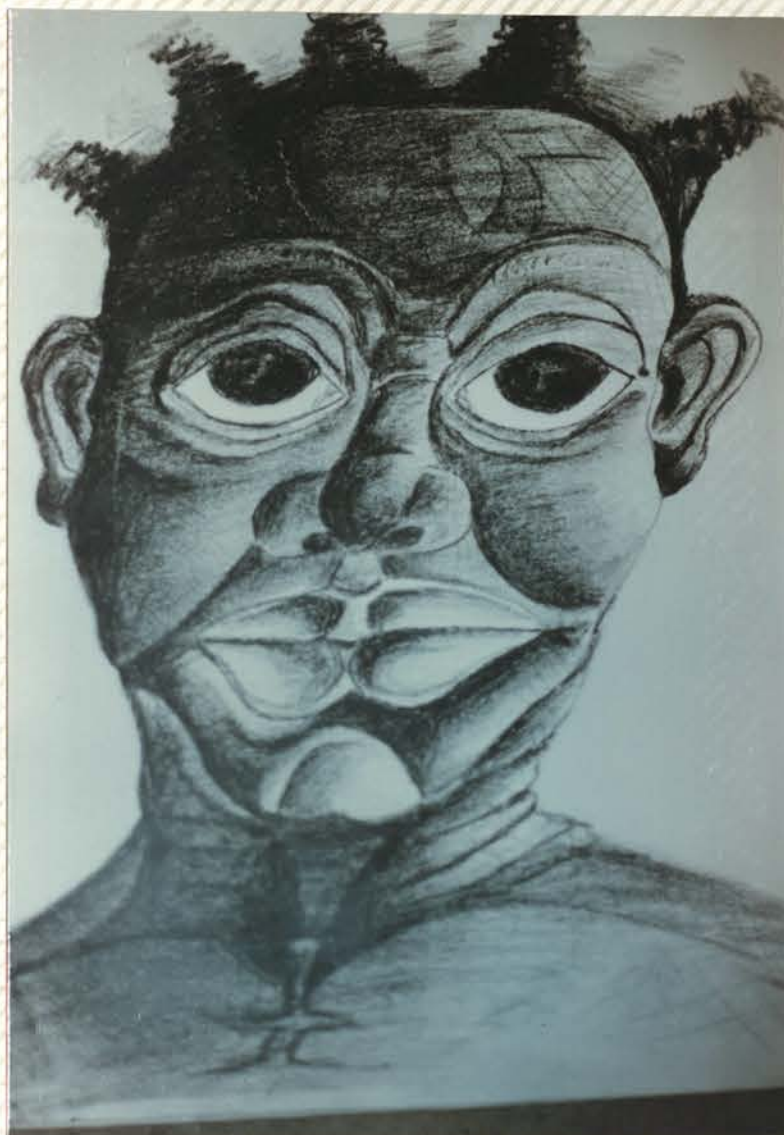






MADE IN CHINA



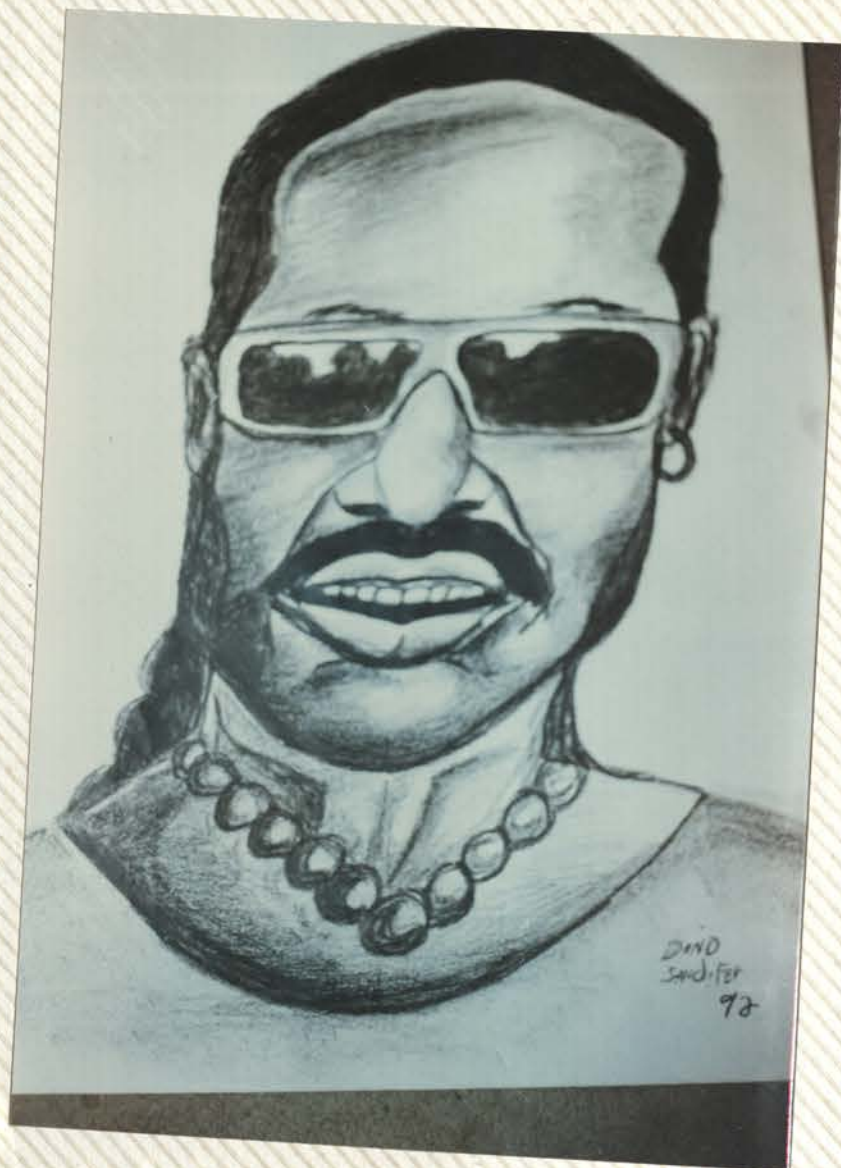


MADE IN CHINA





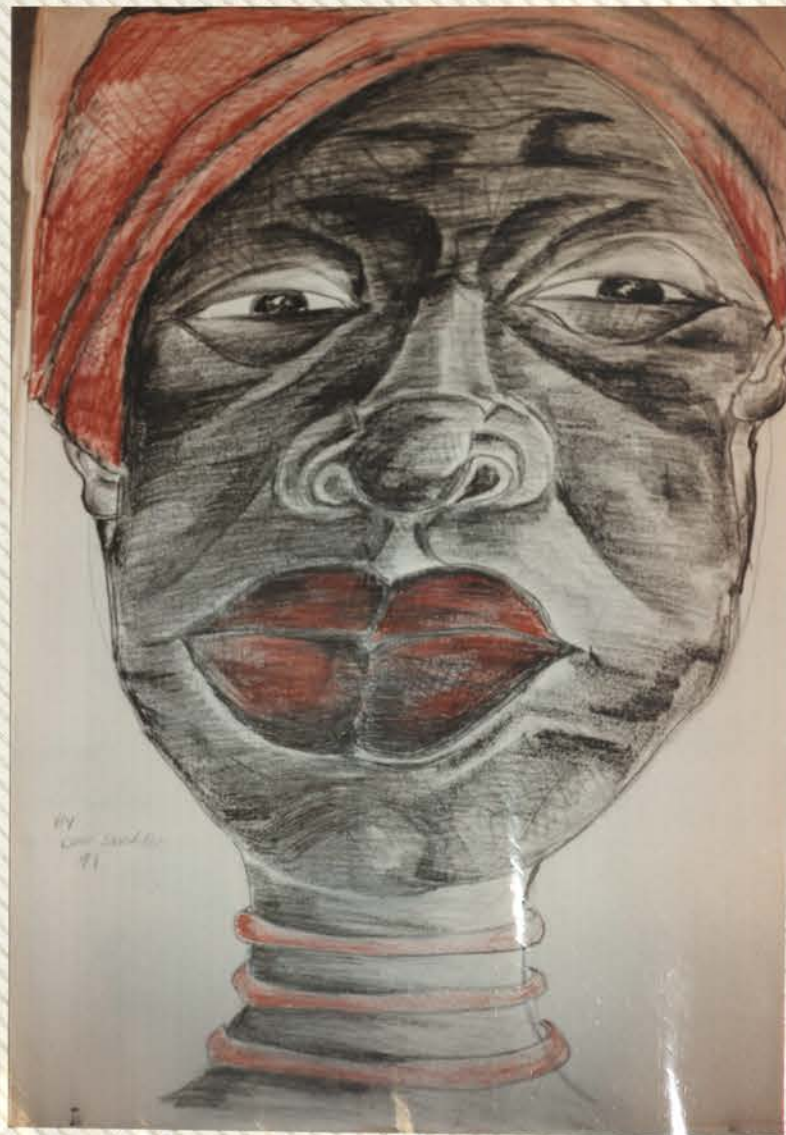
MADE IN CHINA





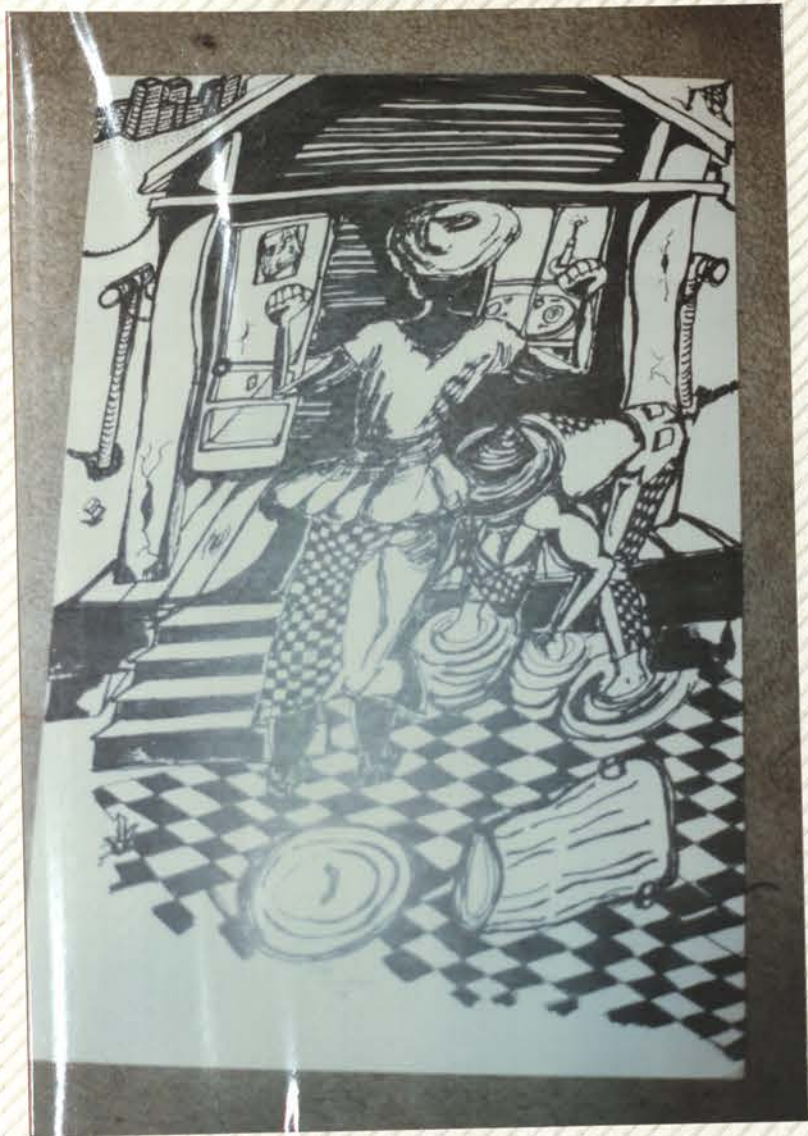












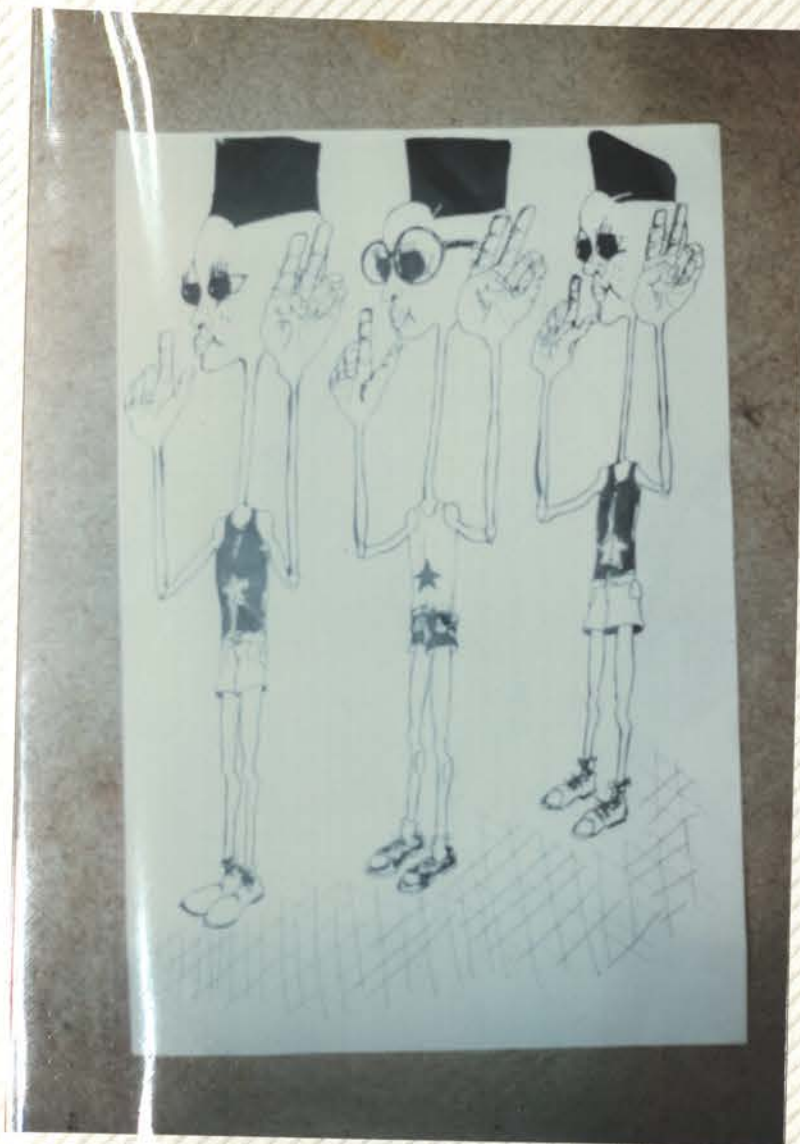




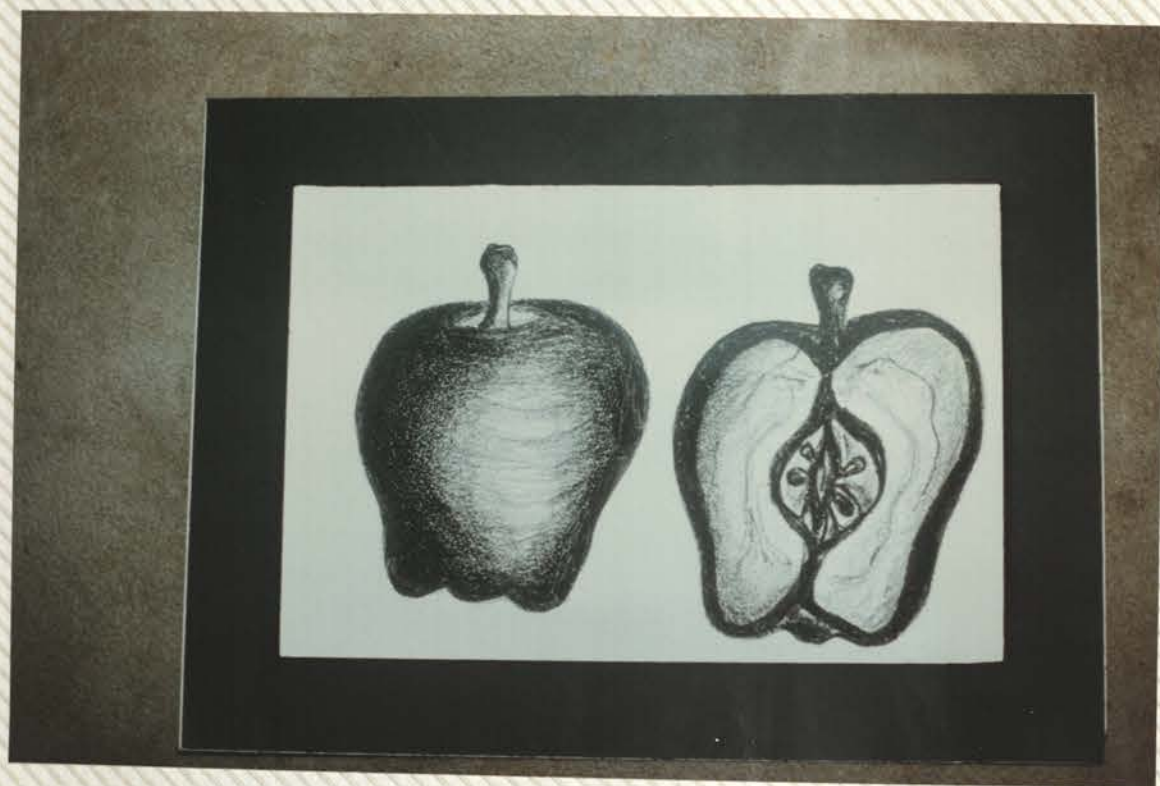








MADE IN CHINA





MADE IN CHINA

Poetry

ANY DREAM IS POSSIBLE

A dream in the mist, of the mystic
simplicity of life.

A dream often rich, concurred and
filled with sugar and spice.

A dream shows vision, which spreads
as wide and as deep as the

ocean's shores.

A dream expresses life, both
mine and yours.

So reach for your dreams, and
hold tight,

like ice sheets on a building,
on a winter's night.

So have faith and believe in all
your wishes to come.

As long as the rains fall and
the rivers of knowledge run.

Let nothing stop your dreams,
for they can come true.

Remember most of all, your dreams
depend on you:

By. Dino Sandifer

EDUCATIONAL POEM

A teacher's knowledge, should always be strong, and
teaching should take place in the school, church,
community and home.

A teacher's touch should be as pure as the movement
of the earth, as it slowly turns, so that all of our
nation's children can have an equal opportunity, to
grow, love and learn.

So the ball of education is now in our hands, shall
we take it and run, or shall we yield to the ills
of society and go out half cocked-- as a loaded gun.
So let us say, that the vision is ever so cloudy,
and reality is unseen, and our educational system
is slowly turning into a political machine.

Yet, let us not give up, and not throw in the towel.
Let us use our ability to think and reason as is
the vitality of a wilderness owl.

Survive! Survive!, is a true task indeed, but let
us remember that the mighty oak tree grew up amongst
dirt, mud and weed.

Therefore the future belongs to those who protect
their nation's seeds, so we must live the truth and
not live a lie, for politically, economically and
educationally together we'll stand and separated
we'll die.

BY: DINO R. SANDIFER

GHETTO EYES

By Dino R. Sandifer



Dear ghetto, dear ghetto land of my mother's mother's mother.

Home of my father's father's father.

Trap of my poor body's dwelling.

Seek not the truth, for in this web of life,

delusion and despair is forever swelling.

Though my body and soul now forever seeks the comfort
of the secret passage door.

And the eyes of truth have become

flood filled, red and sore.

I still stand strong, and strong I will always

stand, through the midst of the storm,

and the stint of man.

For the root of my life's tree has been

split, decapitated, castrated, distorted and disguised.

Yet you can't hide the truth from

my ghetto eyes.

Though my name is dirt and my skin color

often despised;

You can't hide the truth from

my ghetto eyes, my ghetto eyes.

The Ancestral Drummer

The beat of a drum, from a land so far, but yet so near.

The loneliness of an eye, drowning, in sorrows tear.

The echoing vibration, often calms, the enter most yerning
of my hearts desire.

Caressing the spirit deep within, the hollows, of my souls true
fire.

Beat on mighty drum, praise be it, that thee show us the way.

For the fog is thick, and blurs the light of day.

Ole my father, from what land do you dwell.

So much was lost, on the journey to the new world.

Send me your message, send it loud and clear.

Make it known, throughout the rhythms of an ancestral ear.

Lift my spirit, my body, and my soul.

Ensuring wisdom, for days of old.

So that thou might see, that the drummer, indeed still lives.

And through his drums, heritage he gives.

And if you don't believe it, for you, there's only one test.

Simply place your hand upon your chest.

(The rhythm in which your feeling, lets you know, that the spirit
is alive, and shows you that the drummer is deep inside)

By: Dino Sandifer

THE FINAL MEASURE

Lavish winds of early morning dawn,
enhancing rays of a mid-winter's sun.
Mountain valley, ole what peace you shed,
upon pooling rivers and flower beds.
Ole Lord, how I love life and cherish it all,
as long as valley's are deep and mountains are tall.
As long as fluids run, with crimson colors, through
my body's pure existence.
For the travel of life, offers an inconclusion
of distance.
Love I wish, but not for all,
for the end result might offer, a tear filled waterfall.
Life is sweet, yet not always kind,
as the tenderizing motion of an ocean of wine.
So let us live our lives to its fullest spiritual pleasure,
fo when the church bells ring, PEACE is the final measure.

By. Dino Sandifer

BEAUTY IN THE EYE

Silky smooth brown chocolate, delightful
to the eye.

Silky smooth brown chocolate, the cream of
moms apple pie.

So sweet, but yet mystical, in each and
every way.

Like the sensuous motion of a river, on
a warm summer"s day.

As tender as the bowl of cotton, and as dreamful as a
first time love, of which is never forgotten.

Yet when I reach out with all of my heart, the
vision of beauty falls spontaneously apart,
and the truth of reality seems to be but a festive disguise,
dark and bleak, only beauty in my eyes.

By: Dino Sandifer

LOVE STOLE MY HEART

Love stole my heart last night, the thief

I know not who.

Love stole my heart last night, I'm broken
chilled and blue.

The flood of water often threatens to violate the innocence
of my tender eye muscle.

While the thump of my chilling heart beat grows,
with the quickness of a modern day hustle and bustle.

Be still my heart, be still my heart, for another love will
soon come.

Be still my heart, be still my heart, while I swim this
tantalizing sea of rum.

Love stole my heart last night, yet tonight I'll feel
no sorrow.

Love stole my heart last night, the memories will soon
fade tomorrow.

By: Dino Sandifer

WHO DRAWS THE LINE

Who draws the line, in a conceptual world of peace,
with the fears of hatred, and blood spilled wars in
the East.

With time expeditiously passing, and the blinding,
stunning essence of ignorance raining tall.

In the pool of life, our off-spring viciously takes
the fall.

Will the signs of time, direct misdirection, and fade the
purest of family affection.

In a world bleak, mained and plagued by the winged spirit
of rejection.

Fly, fly away, you evil spirit of wrong, and be replaced
by the pure tranquillity of a song.

For in this confusious state of time, STOP TAPE, I
draw the line.

By: Dino Sandifer

FOREVER BLIND ARE WE SO

Through the mist of mystical water flow,
ole how the anguish strains upon unknown doors.
Matters not if it be mythically true or false,
the blood of man still drips from the cross.
Ole my son, father of thee I am,
I bow my head and close my eyes, dam, dam, dam.
With hands dipped in crimson color sorrow,
will the night give birth to a crimson colored tomorrow.
Thy eyes have seen the glory, we sometimes say,
with fearful cheerful eyes, leading the way.
The way to where, it seems no one knows,
deceitful as cotton and sentful as a rose.
Forever blind are we so.

By: Dino Sandifer

MY BROTHER, MY BROTHER

Dark is the night, when time stands still.
A lonely tear drops, upon a casket's seal.
Cry's from the crowd filled with anger, pain and sorrow.
With the wisk of the wind, it seems there's no tomorrow.
My brother, my brother, where have you gone.
With the wines of life spilled, and changing color tones.
My brother, my brother, why did you do this.
Yet I forgive this deed, sealed with a kiss.
For who can say, in this life's joys and pains.
My brother, my brother memories remain.
Yet the pain slowly passes, and is replaced with peace.
For at the table of life, we'll meet with a feast.
Until that day comes, let the rivers of life run and
the warmth of the winds, embelished, endlessly by
the sun.

By; Dino Sandifer

DINO R. SANDIFER BIOGRAPHY

Dino Sandifer is a multi-talented artist. His artistry reflects years of hard work and dedication. His paintings are compassionate and honest interpretations of the African-American way of life. He seeks to motivate, educate and empower those Americans who view his works.

This native Houstonian received his Bachelor's Degree in Music Education from Texas Southern University in 1985. He was an honor student and selected as a Who's Who recipient in American Colleges and Universities.

Dino's talents are unlimited. He is a songwriter and leader of a band. His award winning group has been featured in select cities throughout the state of Texas. Dino is currently simultaneously pursuing a Bachelor of Arts and Master of Science in Education Administration from Texas Southern University.

PAINTINGS

1. COWBOY ROOTS
2. CUBIC QUEEN
3. THE LOST COWBOY
4. EGYPTIAN CUBE
5. SELF PORTRAIT
6. KEEPER OF THE NILE
7. LOVERS OF THE NILE
8. KING OF THE NILE
9. GRANDMA HANDS
10. DANCE OF DEATH
11. A WORLD DIVIDED

CERAMICS/ WOOD SCULPTURE

1. BLACK JESUS
2. VODOO QUEEN
3. RULER WITHIN
4. SINGING KING

DRAWINGS

1. LADY OF THE BAG
2. BIRD OF HEAD
3. BLACK ESSENCE
4. BLACK ESSENCE
5. SHOT GUN
6. BACK TO COTTON
7. TREE OF LIFE
8. PEACE AT REST
9. LAND OF COTTON
10. GHETTO SMILE

11. lady of the nile
12. FORGOTTEN MAN
13. SELF PORTRAIT
14. LONELY ROOT
15. SOUL MAN
16. DR. KING
17. BROTHERS OF THE NILE
18. SMILE OF IRON
19. LADY IN RED
20. DR. BIGGERS
21. ROOT TO COTTON #1

22. " " " #2
23. " " " ##3
24. " " " #4
25. " " " #5
26. " " " #6
27. FUNNY TOON # 1

28. FUNNY TOON #2
29. APPLE OF MY EYE
30. HONEY BEE

POETRY

1. any dream is possible
2. EDUCATIONAL POEM
3. GHETTO EYES
4. THE ANCESTRAL DRUMMER
5. THE FINAL MEASURE
6. BEAUTY IN THE EYE
7. WHO DRAWS THE LINE
8. FOREVER BLIND ARE WE SO
9. MY BROTHER, MY BROTHER
10. LOVE STOLE MY HEART

THIS SIDE
TO SHEETS

100-1000

