YELLOWBRICK[SM]

Tenth Anniversary Art Book

Healing the Brain, Transforming Lives

YELLOWBRICK[SM]

FIND YOUR WAY HOME ™

Yellowbrick Art Shows for Emerging Adults
Tenth Anniversary Edition

2006 - 2016

Introduction

On the road of life, there are many obstacles to overcome. For the emerging adult, these challenges can be especially trying. Some struggle to put one foot in front of the other. Many have a hard time creating a home for themselves – not a physical place, but a feeling…a sense of safety, comfort and strength that they can take with them no matter where they go. And as the road approaches the horizon, some lose sight of their hopes and dreams, while a few forget they ever had any in the first place. It is for these young men and women that we have created Yellowbrick. It is to these individuals and their families that we offer hope. Yellowbrick recognizes and addresses the unique challenges of the emerging adult population through programs that emphasize multi-specialty evaluation, therapeutic residences, research-based strategies and life-skills interventions.

Yellowbrick is a private, physician-owned and -operated psychiatric healthcare organization whose mission is to provide a full-spectrum, specialized approach to the emotional, psychological and developmental challenges of emerging adults. Our treatment philosophy is guided by research findings that show that enduring success is facilitated by working alongside emerging adults who are coping with actual life experiences in "real time," with a professional presence supporting the development of skills required to navigate the challenges of life.

By combining treatment with active participation in the community, Yellowbrick sustains and strengthens personal confidence and familial support systems, and establishes educational and vocational accomplishments that anchor the emerging adult. Our community of peers and professionals, along with the neighboring community of Evanston, unite in a commitment to assist individuals in discovering their inner strengths, motivations and goals on which the foundation for a productive and satisfying life can be built. Yellowbrick offers emerging adults the opportunity to better understand themselves, access their strengths, develop necessary competence and actualize life goals.

The Emerging Adult Art Show is one of the many Yellowbrick activities that combine treatment with community participation. Self-expression through involvement in the creative process, self-observation facilitated through the writing of an artist statement, and self-fulfillment experienced through the presentation of artistic creations combine with collaborative participation in a community of emerging adults, family members, treatment professionals, and for this activity, a local art gallery. The words and images on the pages of this publication are testament to the power of providing emerging adults an opportunity to access their strengths, develop competence and actualize goals.

Jesse Viner, MD
Founder and Chief Medical Officer, Yellowbrick

Core Enactment

The construct of "core enactment" is at the heart of Yellowbrick's model of transformative treatment. It integrates established findings from neuroscience, developmental psychology, self-psychology, and psychodynamic relationship theories. Core enactment, and its neural substrate, consists of the set of central, deep, underlying psychological convictions about oneself, relationships, and the world that organize experience and perpetuate self-defeating, self-damaging behavior patterns and attitudes. An individual's core enactment encompasses the emotions, motivation, attachment style, behavior patterns and defensive adaptations that are bound up in the underlying, "non-conscious", fixed, maladaptive beliefs about oneself, others and the larger world. It is the internalization of the genetic, neuro- biologic, developmental and experiential reality of the emerging adult's life narrative which subsequently shapes their relationship to self, others and reality.

The core enactment determines how a person absorbs and processes internal and external information and responds to it. The elements of the core enactment have corresponding brain systems and feedback loops, which maintain a relatively fixed, closed-circuit neural system that is self-perpetuating. This is why the core enactment is so entrenched, pervasive and difficult to change. Paradoxically, these brain systems often re-create and re-enact the same negative thought and behavior patterns that were meant to be protective adaptations but ultimately become their own worst enemy.

Avoidant and isolative behavior, for example, often begins as an attempt to protect the person from some perceived or real threat but itself endangers and threatens the person's life functioning. Such patterns are self-perpetuating and often ferociously resistant to change. This is why, at Yellowbrick, we developed a treatment model directed at understanding and addressing all the elements of the emerging adult's core enactment, and the brain systems that maintain them. At the core of this model is the principle that within community relationships crucial aspects of self are displaced into the experience of and with others such that the challenge is to recognize, harvest and integrate the entirety of the experience in the service of self-knowing and acceptance.

The experience of art therapy provides an opportunity to symbolically express a core enactment. Both the creative process and the artistic product serve to facilitate a more complete understanding of the artist's core enactment by bringing the motivations, emotions, attachment styles and defensive adaptations that exist in the "non-conscious" realm into greater awareness. The following pages contain images created by emerging adults in treatment at Yellowbrick coupled with excerpts from the original artist statements that included the construct of core enactment. These statements reflect the evolving nature of self-awareness that is typically present when an emerging adult invests in the transformative experience of art therapy and treatment at Yellowbrick.

The Brain

The brain is a painting I created to represent the difference between my thoughts, feelings, and impulses. The top black area represents the prefrontal cortex, in which wires symbolize connection and practicality. This is the part of me that thinks rationally and intellectually. However, the intellectual part of my brain is not always the most significant – the middle part of the brain shows four different emotions: anger, sadness, contentment, and fear. This represents the limbic system, in which emotions dominate. Very often do I feel those four core emotions, which is why I represent them in detail. Lastly, the heart in the core of the brain represents my impulses. The brainstem is responsible for impulses that I cannot control, like a beating heart and breathing lungs. But I painted the heart to also represent certain aspects of my behavior, like my urges to binge and vomit, that I feel like I have no control over.

The brain relates to my core enactment in several ways. I may use my intellectual knowledge to think logically and make practical connections, but I cannot ignore my feelings or impulses. Feelings and involuntary actions play a huge role in my core enactment. When I feel lonely or depressed, I am more likely to binge and vomit. I am continuously trying to integrate all aspects of my brain – emotional, intellectual, and biochemical – in an attempt to be self-compassionate towards strong urges or feelings.

I work as a substance abuse intern with adolescents. under the care of DCFS who have not been successful in previous traditional foster placements so they are residing at a therapeutic residential facility.

This drawing was done as a response piece to a session with a client of mine in which they verbally expressed intense rage stemming from severe parent-child relational problems. I was going to draw the client's emotions, as I perceived them, on one side and mine on the other, as I was overjoyed at the "breakthrough" they had made. As I started to work on the piece it came out quickly and I could feel myself starting to breathe again. My entire body relaxed. It felt like I had been holding my breath and clenching my muscles for a week. That was how long ago the particular session took place. All of a sudden I had nothing to draw on "my side" and just colored it all in red. I laughed to myself when I realized that I had been "holding" my client's anger! Just as Yellowbrick has taught me healing occurs in the context of relationships. With that insight I was able to recognize where my core enactment was possibly being triggered by my client and not only protect them from my core enactment but assist them in untangling their own.

I wouldn't be here at all today if it wasn't for Yellowbrick. There are lots of slow, painful and terrible ways to die and mental illness is one of them. My greatest desire is to get to return that gift of a life worth living as many times as I possibly can.

Someone told me once that you need to treat yourself like you are your own child. So I thought about that and I decided to paint what I felt like my mother-child relationship with myself would be.

I wanted the mother and child to look tranquil and holy at first, as if everything were fine, but then you look closer and the baby is a demon child. Mostly the baby represents the turmoil inside of me at the time.

A sort of energy exudes from this painting. It may seem different to others, but to me it's all very dark and tempestuous.

Most of my work focuses on single or multiple boys or men, and this was no exception. I began to cut out many shirtless, sometimes fully naked men to paste onto the canvas, and then sanded them off leaving the cloud like texture and whispers of skin, like floating torsos. The original idea was to incorporate the skin tones and the texture into a painting using a very light painting technique (using mostly oil). Again there was a change in direction.

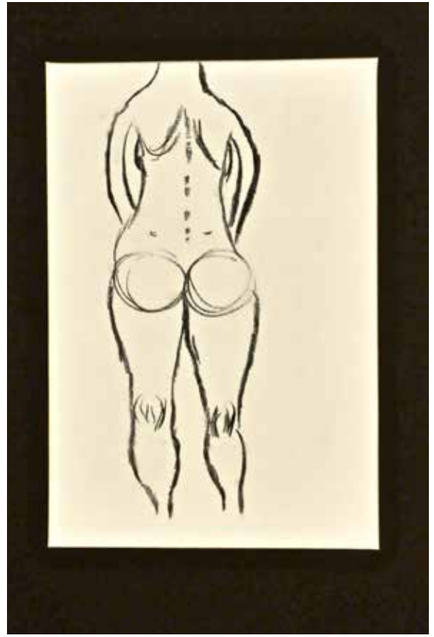
Slowly the painting became a storm, the bodies became almost completely covered by thick strokes of paint and black became the prominent color.

This piece has great meaning in my treatment, and in exploring sexuality. The men are covered, kept secret from the viewer like my sexuality was kept from the world. But in the end, the painting means many things. Whatever the case is, it goes great in my living room.

I took up knitting my first day at the hospital this past spring. It provided a calming distraction during groups, helped me bond with my roommate who was my knitting mentor, and gave me tangible signs of progress when treatment seemed to be falling to pieces. Knitting gives me a sense of accomplishment and self-worth from being able to make useful and not so useful pieces of art. The tactile sensation of working with yarn is very soothing and keeps my hands occupied while my mind is spinning. Knitting is a constant challenge to my perfectionism as well; with every mistake I make, I must decide whether it is worth unraveling or ignoring.

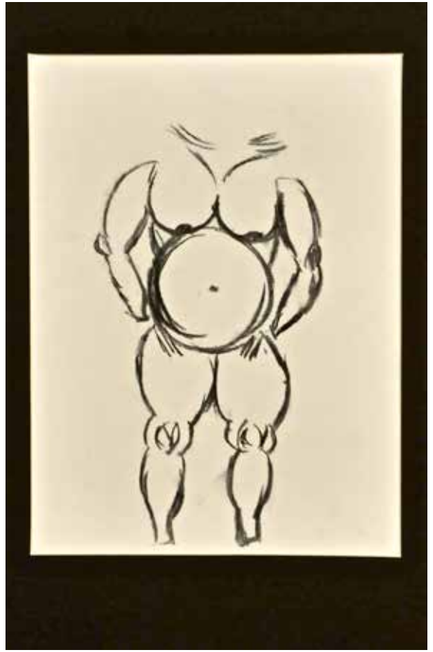
This piece took me a few months to complete and seems to be a perfect example of some principles I am wrestling with in treatment. It was originally a blanket design but it did not turn out the way I wanted it to be so I stripped a hula hoop and mounted it as a wall hanging.

Plans and dreams are constantly having to be modified to fit your reality.



Mirrors

I have an eating disorder, and as such, mirrors have become strange objects for me. They are magnetically attractive to me and at the same time terrify and repel me. What for some provides a simple way of checking physical appearance or putting on makeup is, for me, a lens through which to view my world. In a given day I encounter my reflection numerous times: in dressing rooms; in front of bathroom sinks; in the shiny sides of cars; appliances, and store front windows. From one encounter with my reflection to the next, it can change dramatically. All of these images have been my body at one point or another.



I could not tell you how many times I have tried to write and re-write this very statement you are reading. It is hard for me to just let myself write what I am thinking and be finished with it. I seek some sort of perfection that does not even really exist. It drives me crazy. If it is not exactly how I think it should be, I simply will not move on.

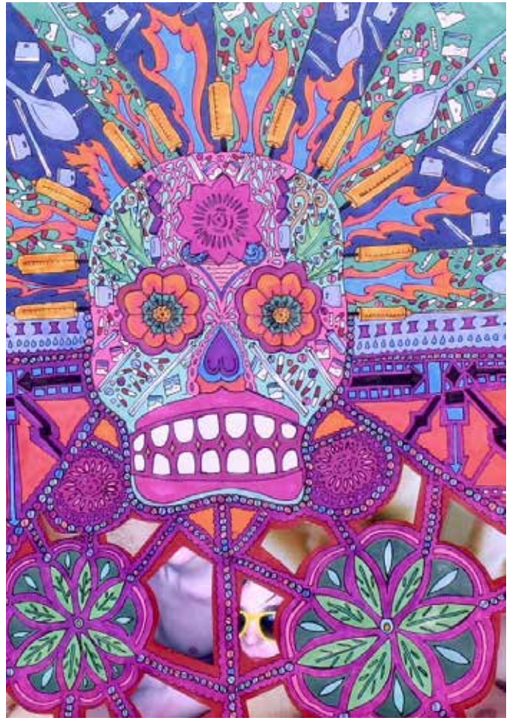
It's funny that I have found the most comfort with using gouache on Yupo paper. Basically, it is like trying to control water on a sheet of plastic so nothing can ever be that precise. Yes, I find peace in it. I know the colors will run together, and I will probably end up with something completely different than the idea I started with. It is somewhat like my life to me. Things happen that I cannot change, lines are blurred, and I don't have any idea what the results will be.

When I feel as if I lose control of my life, I start to panic. I was in that state when I made this piece. I could not just let things be. I am not exactly sure why I ended up painting this scene, but in that moment of panic, I was able to just let it go. I do not have a better explanation to give. It is what it is.

It has long been my interpretation of the two that rationality is the function of strength, the emotions the product of weakness. While I may know that there is strength in emotion, I have not yet been able to believe it. My rational and emotional minds operate on two entirely separate planes; that I can recall there has never been a point in time in which the two crossed paths, or “agreed” on anything. When I feel an emotion, my mind finds a way to invalidate it, push it aside, and store it. When I come to a rational conclusion, my emotions tell me that it is not “true” to my nature. Much like today’s scientists who know more about what lies outside our Earth than what lies in it’s oceans, I understand the world around me infinitely more than I understand myself.

There was a time when I was more in tune with my emotions. I could cry, I could be angry. I might not have expressed them in the most productive fashions, but I could express them. I have since been desensitized, reprogrammed to desperately leap away from vulnerability, in trying to shield myself away from the pain of betrayal. I allied strength with avoidance, while in fact every instance made me weaker.

The man in my sculpture is crying, weeping, for me. My eyes have been dry for too long now, creating a well of tears and rage that I am trying, but as of yet been unable, to draw from. It was the best I could do.



It's all very "Dia de las Muertos". In colors that are bold and crayola-esque reminiscent of the bright sheets of light that are familiar to any of us who have partaken in club-life. Below the skull I cut up pictures including one that was particularly hard for me to part with of my ex in his neon yellow sun-glasses that we stole from urban outfitters – memories not of joy or love but a mildly fulfilled lust for glamour and the chase for things that seemed faster and sexier and more fun that in fact were things I could never obtain without sacrificing my health, my safety and even my life. I was dead for years. My mind was full of bright colors and drug induced emotions. This picture is about temptation. It is about a toxic culture that looks so exotic and chic that I could no more rip my heart right out of my chest than avoid its embrace. But it is also about my journey. To express this on paper is no longer to chase it. To share it is to leave it behind.

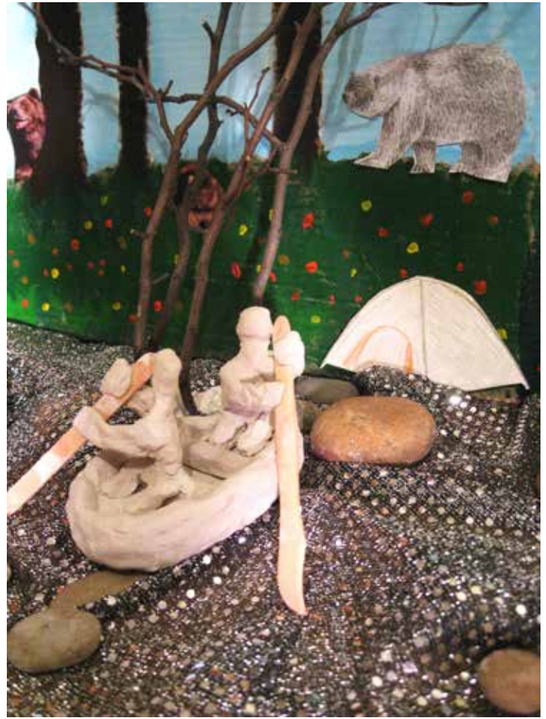
In drawing the skull I was unaware that I was emulating something very much in the style of the Mexican holiday "El Dia de los Muertos" (The Day of the Dead) in which the common symbol is a skull (colloquially called calavera), and relevant to the piece – the idea that is is an illusion, a false promise of grandeur – that under this mask is something very dark.

I am the dragon. I am many things. I started off as a CD rack, paper, tape, and a robe. It took a while to build me up, it took a while for my creator to see me for what I am. I am to represent my creator's anger, but when I was started my creator did not know what I was. My creator was frustrated with me, and tired of me, but I stood the test of time. Not only am I her anger, but I am her whimsical and light-hearted side. My creator learned to accept me for what I am. I am what you see. What do I evoke in you?

When I was making this piece I was feeling very torn. Torn between living a happy, fulfilling life, as depicted on the left, or on the other hand, going down a path towards despair and possibly even suicide, as shown on the right.

I had the central figure walking on a balance beam because I felt my life was always in danger of being thrown off course, and that it was an effort and an act to even stay in between the worlds of joy and death.

I don't like going out of my comfort zone – when things start feeling uncomfortable or scary, I usually back off and avoid. This lovely diorama represents a shift for me in a couple ways. It depicts a rafting trip that I went on at Yellowbrick, and if there's one thing bound to make me uneasy, it's flying down rapids in the middle-of-nowhere Wisconsin with a group of people that I've only known a short while. Instead of being in a constant state of terror, however, the trip was actually amazingly fun. I got to joke around, make friends, and take on some pretty intense rapids – we even encountered some elusive water bears, but thankfully they were friendly. The process of making the diorama also reflects this experience, as I am typically intimidated my making art. I started playing around with clay and made a raft, and from there I just had a lot of fun making the scene. It's still hard for me to keep in mind that the things I'm scared of can provide amazing experiences, but my art serves as a playful reminder.

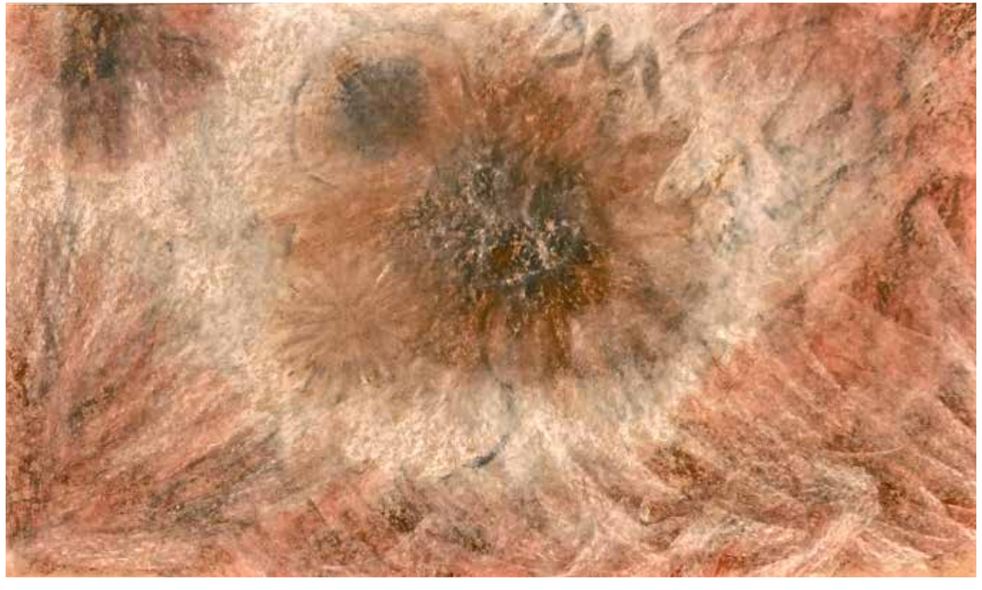


This dress and the form it is draped over symbolizes an array of emotions for me: anger, hurt, shame, and sadness – an empty vessel trapped in a pretty container. Half of her is at her fingertips: courage, strength, joy and the thriving potential to be something great. The other half dominates and consumes her, a raging beast of bloodlust for carnage. The beast feeds off her loneliness – the empty vessel wrapped in a pretty container. And she can't stop feeding the one that's killing her. How can she be so beautiful yet so horridly disgusting at once?

She wants power, power to stop something horrific from happening. The power would bring a rush of a temporary high, right before it happens. Afterwards she would be left irreversibly vacant. Empty, utterly alone. She is always searching, lurking, trying to fix.

She owes her beauty to everyone. And yet she hates the idea of it all ending, everything stopping, time standing still. Not a single thing moves and the breath terminates mid-exhale. It brings a strange sense of peace, of calmness.

I don't want this peace because without it, there would be no justice. I want to be alive, for once. I want to live. She symbolizes something new! A new chapter of my life – hope, compassion for my own being, self-discovery and the thriving potential to be something great.



The expression of self through art has been a learning process in the acceptance of many parts of myself that have remained hidden. I have never thought of myself as an angry person, or even, in any respects, an artist. Through the experience of drawing, either abstract or otherwise, I have discovered a wonderful side of myself by drawing without inhibition. While in the moment I might not see the bigger picture, and even at times wonder if I am doing this right, I have felt the power of my art. In the end it is a true expression of myself, all parts included, in a way that words could never do justice. Allowing myself to feel and take away any reservations of criticism while the process is at work has helped me find solace and connect to what, to me, is so unspeakable. There is a type of excitement that comes with this newly found freedom in that an hour a week, there is no right or wrong, it just is. It is a process. The enlightenment that I have gained by working through that process is what makes me who I am today, and the acceptance of all parts has led me to acquire perspective on not only my relationship to myself but those who are important to me. To deny that I am an angry person or that I struggle with anger denies my being that I have begun to express through art.

Self-Compassion

I created this piece after an episode of bingeing and vomiting. I felt a significant burden of shame and self-hatred. I thought, what is wrong with me? Why don't I have any self-control? Then I remembered all that I had been working on in Yellow Brick – most of my work surrounds self-compassion and forgiveness. I thought the only way I'll ever be able to overcome my demons is if I forgive myself and advocate for myself. I must be my own best friend. I must feel compassion towards the child within me that went through so much pain when she endured sexual abuse.

This painting is a current version of me hugging the child me. While the child is scared and unsure, the present me is tranquil, understanding, and loving. I embrace this young child and my face says, "everything will be ok." I do not shame her like I sometimes shame myself for my behaviors. I hold her and support her and assure her that I am here for her.

In life, all we really have are ourselves. We have to live with ourselves for the rest of our lives, so it's important that we practice self-compassion. When I feel shameful, I look at this painting and remind myself to love all parts of me.

Many Faces

Though most of us spend much of our time showing our best, most calm selves, there is often quite a bit of internal struggle we choose to hide. What would it look like if we could show all of feelings and express ourselves in all of these ways at once?

Feeling Silenced

I was working on accessing anger. Before treatment, I couldn't remember ever feeling viscerally angry at another person. I had a lot of trouble expressing myself, or taking up space or attention in most settings. In my family, anger was seen as a purely destructive force. The few times I had tried to express it (usually in a passive aggressive form), I had felt shut down or ridiculed.

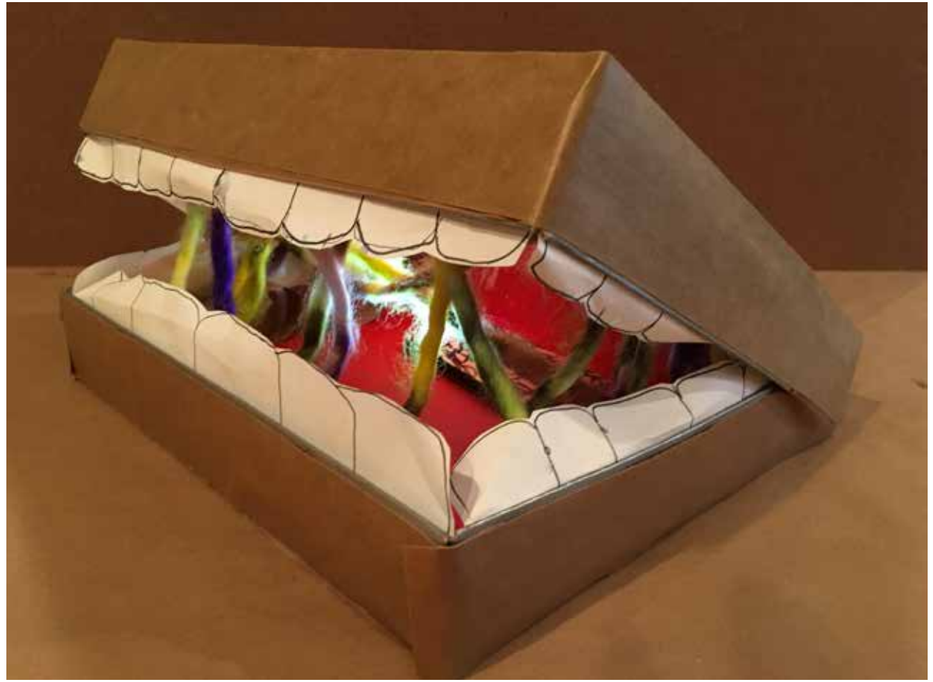
Then, in a process group, I started to explain why a particular issue had made me angry. I wasn't feeling very connected with the anger at the time, but I thought explaining it would help. Before I could give any detail, the group leader raised her hand to me to signal "stop." When I tried to continue, she said "we're not getting into that now."

I immediately went from irritated to furious. I was silenced, in the place where I had been told my emotions would be welcomed. I experienced the interaction as saying "there's no space here for your words, for your anger, for you."

When I tried to express this in art therapy, I started by drawing the hand that was raised to silence me. I then started to violently scribble on the page. I wanted to take all of the space and overshadow the hand. This is my space, how dare someone tell me I can't use it? That hand is only there because I allow it to be. I can destroy the whole space, and I will. Just try me.

It felt exhilarating. It was also disturbing.

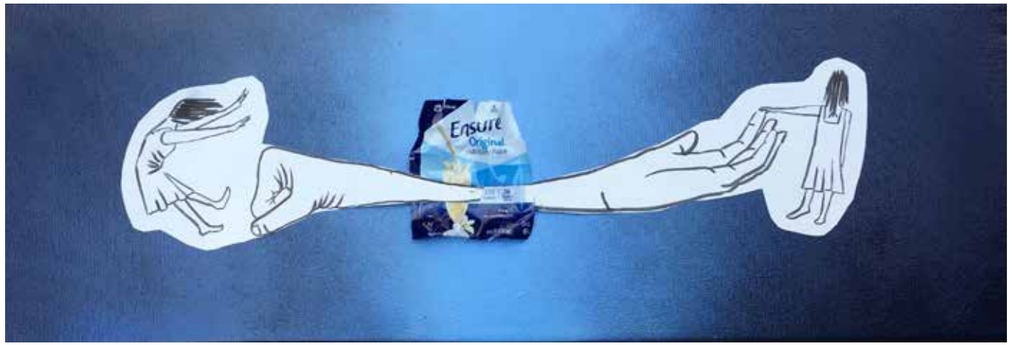
One of my biggest challenges is not letting past struggles consume my future. I have become overly invested in trying to keep it together, convincing myself my immense grief didn't exist. I have learned to protect myself from negative emotions. That doesn't allow me to experience the totality of situations. I have begun using watercolor on Yupo which is a plastic coated paper which makes it extremely difficult to control the paint. Watercolor involves the act of letting go and actually mimics the act of crying. Practicing with Yupo allowed me to move past some of my internal barriers and into my true experience, hoping to integrate all aspects of myself so that my actions coincide with my values.



"Don't Eat"

I crafted this box in order to process the difficulties I've been facing with my eating disorder. I've been fighting urges to restrict food intake. These urges are symbolized in this piece through the yarn clamping the mouth box shut as it struggles to open.

Depression has grabbed a hold of my heart. When the flowers grow around the hooks in my heart, it makes the sad times seem less dark. It shows me that maybe one day the hooks will be released and I will live a full life again. For now, I live for more flowers to grow and brighter days ahead.



This is an unusual piece for me. I tend toward perfectionism in art, and in life.

In art therapy here at Yellowbrick I have been encouraged to “play” and express, to approach art-making as a process, not just a product.

I have struggled with anorexia for a long time. This piece represents my ambivalence toward treatment, specifically to the process of weight restoration and the weight-gain supplement Ensure. My eating disorder-mind is terrified to gain weight; at the same time, my more rational, pro-treatment mind understands the importance of nourishing my body and brain. Yes, I understand the vitality of treatment and what it can provide if I’m willing to reach out and accept it. And, still, the fear and frustration of losing an old habit, of losing control, can really feel like a punch in the gut.

The Doorway

Throughout my art from Yellowbrick, the blue angel and the pink woman are recurring figures. The blue angel came to represent me, and the pink woman, my therapist. This piece is the last one I made at Yellowbrick. It was made relating to the difficult and painful transition of my discharge. There was a lot of sadness and an enormous sense of loss around leaving and that is what this piece is about. It also relates to a feeling of loneliness and disconnection. Saying goodbye to my therapist was incredibly painful and left me feeling very alone.

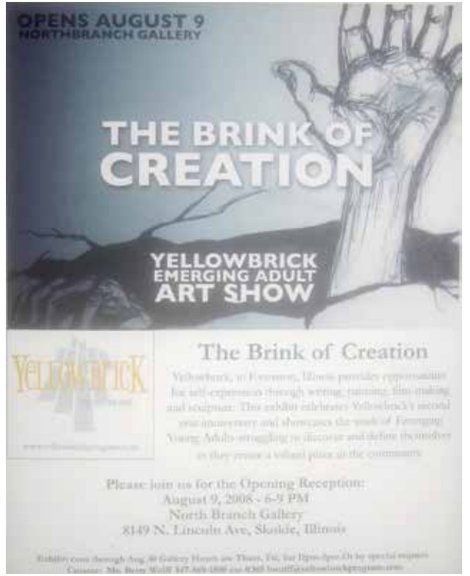
For this piece, I had no idea what I wanted to do with it in the beginning. I knew it was going to be focusing on my anger, but that was it. It started with many interesting lines that I randomly drew in wide swaths (with black oil pastel) all across the brown paper and off of the page in different direction. After staring at this chaotic scene for a while, I noticed a few places on the page where there was a kind of uniformity that I thought was cool. There were some large, sweeping structures where the lines happened to intersect at a fine point. They looked “sharp” to the eye, which I thought was appropriate given the theme. I decided I’d focus on filling-in the most obvious structures with color, one-by-one, and go from there. I kept most of the original black lines extending all across the piece because I wanted to preserve that chaotic starting point. I also worked very hard to keep the angles “sharp” throughout. The red and blue oil pastel colors, while cliché in the emotions they represent (anger and sadness), are striking and deep. I know both of these emotions very well, and I hope this piece can speak to that in a way. This is one of the first art projects that I’ve really been invested in, and I’m thankful for the experience of seeing this through to completion. I’m proud of how it’s turned out.

I am a perfectionist. That not only affects my daily life but comes out in my art as well. All of my creations are highly detailed and take me eons to finish. So you can imagine when Betty handed me only a palette knife and said, “go” what I must have been thinking. I was terrified. I didn’t know where to start…just slapping some paint on the canvas with a giant palette knife was a foreign idea. I had to start somewhere though and I did. I found it to be the most peaceful thing I had done in ages. For once I didn’t care where my paint was going and it looked better that way. Instead of spending my time worrying about the latest detail I was trying to perfect I was just painting. For once I didn’t care about the outcome of the piece was going to be I was just having fun during the process. It is something I wish I could do in my life a little more often.

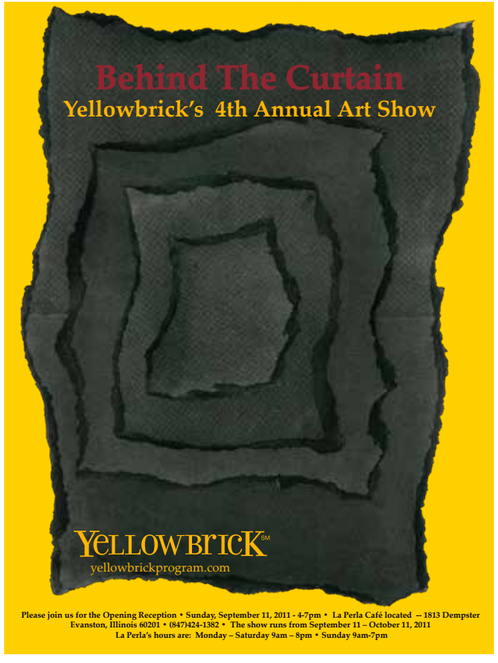
When I first started art therapy I pretended like I couldn't draw. I would goof off and draw cartoons, complaining about Betty and art to my therapist. I was full of rage but never knew how to express it. I had never expressed it my whole life. I was bullied in school and never shared my anger about that. Months into my treatment I encountered a part of my self that scared the shit out of me. It was the anger that lived in me. I began to use substances and harm myself turning my anger and rage into self-destruct mode. I found drawing self-portraits of myself was addicting. I was drawing how I felt but without the anger. One day I came into Trauma Recovery Group and I was the only one there. I was pissed. Betty used that to tap into my anger. I created a piece using my whole body and all the rage inside of it. I felt like I was about to get violent and I was scared of myself. After that I went to process group and discussed it with my therapist. I have never been more in touch with my inner rage than I am now. When I look at this piece I get scared because I see the darkest parts of myself but I also feel some relief.

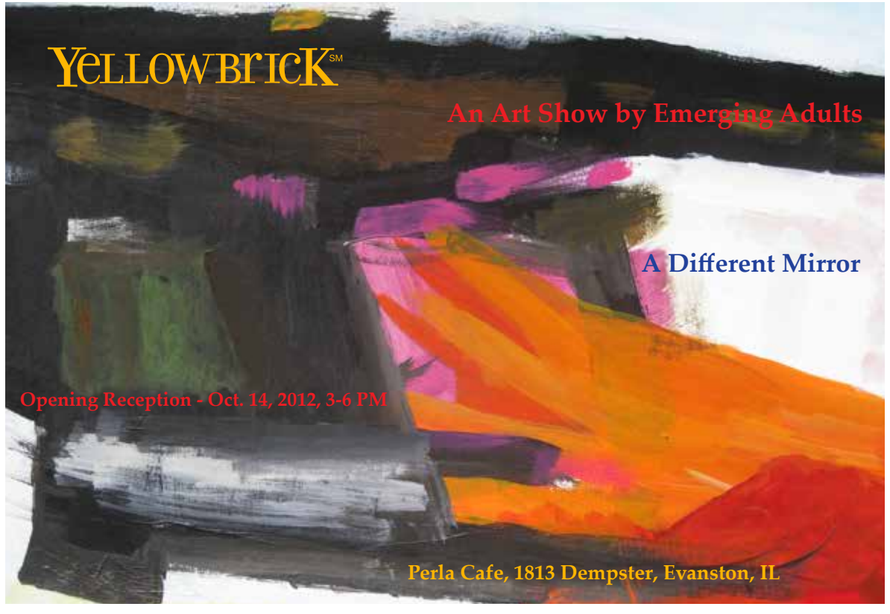
The Yellowbrick Emerging Adult Art Shows

2008 – “The Brink of Creation”	North Branch Gallery
2009 – “Bitter Creations”	Evanston Gallery
2010 – “Silhouettes of the Mind”	Boocoo
2011 – “Behind the Curtain”	Perla Café
2012 – “A Different Mirror”	Perla Café
2013 – “Pigments of Imagination”	Perla Café
2014 – “Patina of Youth”	Space 900
2015 – “Mindscapes”	Noyes Cultural Center
2016 – “Beautiful Minds”	Space 900



Silhouettes of the Mind
November 14—26, 2010
Art Show Opening
November 14, 5-8 PM
1823 Church Street • Evanston
YELLOWBRICK℠


Behind The Curtain
Yellowbrick's 4th Annual Art Show
YELLOWBRICK℠
yellowbrickprogram.com
Please join us for the Opening Reception • Sunday, September 11, 2011 - 4-7pm • La Perla Café located -- 1813 Dempster
Evanston, Illinois 60201 • (847)424-1302 • The show runs from September 11 – October 11, 2011
La Perla's hours are: Monday – Saturday 9am – 8pm • Sunday 9am-7pm


YELLOWBRICK℠
An Art Show by Emerging Adults
A Different Mirror
Opening Reception - Oct. 14, 2012, 3-6 PM
Perla Cafe, 1813 Dempster, Evanston, IL

Pigments of the Imagination

Yellowbrick 2013 Sixth Annual Art Show
Opening Reception Sunday, October 13, 2013 3-6pm
Perla Cafe | 1813 Dempster | Evanston, IL 60602

Patina of Youth

Yellowbrick Seventh Annual Art Show
Opening Reception Saturday, November 8, 2014 3-6 PM
Space 900 1042 Wesley Ave, Evanston, IL
Viewing Hours:
Tuesday, Nov 11 & 18, 5-7 PM, Thursday Nov 13 & 20, 5-7 PM
Saturday Nov 15, 3-5 PM
yellowbrickprogram.com Curator Betty Wolff 847-869-1500

Mindscapes

Yellowbrick Eighth Annual Art Show
Opening Reception Sunday, November 15, 2015 2-5 PM
Noyes Cultural Arts Center
927 Noyes Street, Evanston, IL
Viewing Hours:
Monday-Friday - 8:30 am - 11:00 pm
Saturday - 7:30 am - 11 pm
Sunday - 10:00 am - 6:00 pm

yellowbrickprogram.com | Curator Betty Wolff 847-869-1500

Beautiful Minds

The Yellowbrick Annual Art Show

An Art Show by Emerging Adults
Opening Reception Sunday, December 11, 2016 3-6 pm
Space 900
1042 Wesley, Evanston, IL
Additional Gallery Hours:
December 9, 3:30 - 6:30 pm
December 10, Noon - 5:00 pm

yellowbrickprogram.com
Curators Betty Wolff and Meg South - 847-804-4569

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Yellowbrick Founder & Chief Medical Officer
Jesse Viner, MD

Vice President of Clinical Operations
Dale Monroe-Cook, Ph.D.

Creative Arts Coordinator
Betty Wolff, MA, AFT

Artists
The Emerging Adults of Yellowbrick

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Photographers

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Kimberly Thurston Art Wise Evelina Jagminaite

Venues

North Branch Gallery (2008)
Evanston Gallery (2009)
Perla Café (2010, 2012, 2013)
bOOcOO (2011)
Space 900 (2014, 2016)
Noyes Cultural Center (2015)

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FIND YOUR WAY HOME

Yellowbrick Art Shows for Emerging Adults

2006 - 2016