

Rob Drexel

Way back in that innocent time 'bout 1955, Rob was born to the quintessential middle-class post-WW II American family in Phila, PA. Rob grew up in the emotional devastation of a normal, nice family where the only really decent thing for him to have done with his life was be a doctor, lawyer or corporate magnate (political incorrectness deferred).

Despite this severe handicap in pursuing a "real" artist's life, & without the necessary years of psychotherapy, drugs & anti-social behavior (ok - well, just a little of this), his artistic urges survived. In college Rob "delighted" his parents by switching majors from doctor-bound premed to unemployment-bound theatre arts. After 15 years as an entrepreneur, he scraped his face off the pavement yet again, sat down at a potter's wheel for the first time in 1991 & frustrated the hell out his fellow students in his only formal ceramic instruction - 8 beginning throwing classes.

Apparently meant to wallow in the mud, Rob researched & taught himself about firing, glazes, built his own kilns & uncovered his obsession with fire - perfect for PIT FIRE. Finally suffering & struggling at something he likes, Rob is contemplating past-life therapy to see if he was a potter, or perhaps, just a piece of mud in a previous life.

Well, now it's 2008 (soon 9!) & after almost 18 years of pottery, some interesting years living in Europe & a short stint in Costa Rica, Rob & his Swiss partner Nikola are back in the states finishing their own mostly-green home in central New Mexico & enjoying the new Kiara(!) Rob's

work is again finding it's info fine, upscale galleries from sea to shining sea (CA, NJ, CO, KT, AZ, NM, and.....).



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