[Working Paper] The Spark of Joy in Sumi-e

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To enter a tea room, a guest first walked through the meditative garden path, called the *roji*, shuffling over pine needles or treading on moss or balancing across uneven stepping-stones. Silently, the guest approached the sanctuary of the tea room. If a samurai, the guest would leave his sword on a rack beneath the eaves to respect the tea room as a place of peace. Then the guest bent low and crept through a door three feet high, finally entering the sacred tea room. No one was exempt from this stooping and crouching. As one scholar of tea and art wrote, "this proceeding was incumbent on all guests,—high and low alike,—and was intended to inculcate humility" (Kakuzo 1956/2018, 85).[1]

In September I was painting *sumi-e*, Japanese black-ink painting, for the first time. The subject was an eggplant. My instructor showed the proper placement of ink dishes and *fude* brushes on a white felt mat, to the right of the *washi* paper, which she secured to the felt with pins. Our video chat froze as the concrete wall in my basement intercepted my internet signal. So there I was, balancing my laptop on two hands, lifting high and sinking low to find that most precious of all signals. I finally recovered Wi-Fi when I placed my laptop on a filing cabinet. I moved all my painting materials next to it. The partially mixed ink dripped from its dish as I rearranged, leaving some permanent ink-splotch tattoos on the carpet. I forgot to bring pins, so my paper slipped as I tried to paint. Although I did not creep through a door half my height to enter this creative space, learning sumi-e on Zoom with a spotty internet connection was also a sure way to inculcate humility.

This was a gift. In my first moments of putting fude to washi, I had already begun to experience one of the foundations of Japanese artistic practices: humility. The author Okakura, who described the low doors of traditional tea rooms, wrote in 1906. Another author, reflecting on Okakura's work today, wrote: "The message of Okakura, of Zen and the tea ceremony, is a message of humility and finding joy in simplicity that remains as important today as when the book was first written" (Juniper 2018, 13). In my experience, humility came quickly, but joy took much longer to cultivate. This research is the story of how humility gave way to joy as the pandemic opened new opportunities for digital ethnographic research. Conducting ethnographic arts research during

[1] Although the author's name on this edition, and many others, is Okakura Kakuzo, the author's surname is Okakura. In addition, Okakura Kakuzo used the pen name of Okakura Tenshin.

the COVID-19 pandemic provided unprecedented possibilities and mutually encouraging interactions during a dark, cloistered time.

Preconceptions and Positionality

I began my ethnographic research in August 2020 expecting a challenging experience with subpar results. Much has been written about the difficulties of conducting ethnographic research during the COVID-19 pandemic. There are ethical questions about access and "the value of non-life-saving research" when people are enduring one of the most stressful periods of history (Chan et. al 2020, 175). Shouldn't we as arts researchers step aside so that essential researchers can step in? There are also questions about the quality of the research produced under such circumstances. Although valuable, digital fieldwork from home is thought to be at its best when it is a "choice" not a "necessity" (Góralska 2020, 50–51). This is because "much of the quality associated with anthropological enquiry comes from the time spent on a particular topic, in a particular place, amongst particular people" (Góralska 2020, 50–51). Through my experience, I did not find easy responses to any of these dilemmas; but my experience proved to be much different than I expected.

In addition to my questions about researching ethnographically during a pandemic, I brought to this endeavor many personal attributes that no doubt influenced its results: my Caucasian ethnicity, my American nationality, my membership in the millennial cohort, my female gender, and my Christian faith, to name a few. These isolated demographic characteristics also worked together in an intersectional way and formed an "ethnographic toolkit" of "visible" and "invisible" qualities that I could use "strategically" (Reyes 2020, 220–221). Of particular note: most of my prior experiences related to Japanese culture have been filtered through the lenses of colonialism and capitalism.

Regarding the mindset of colonialism, Western stereotypes of Easterners rooted in colonialism have long been damaging. One Japanese author balked at Western notions of the East's "quaintness" and "childishness" (Kakuzo 1956/2018, 37). These stereotypes also permeated the Orientalist art done by Westerners, which portrayed the East as exotic, childish, uniform, and romantic. The images fed imperialism (Meagher 2004). To further describe:

> The early discoverers and the traders sought a land never to inhabit, ever to see as different—a perfect "other," warranting Western supremacy and segregation, and vested with exotic mystery. The allure of the East has been, in part, based on its impenetrability to the West. The inscrutability attributed to the East is, in fact, the West's failure to achieve full comprehension. (Koda and Martin 2004)

Although Japan was not colonized, the broad stereotypes that Westerners hold of the East, which are heavily influenced by colonialism, remain important to recognize. I tried to dismantle these stereotypes in my own work by getting to know my sumi-e instructor as an individual rather than an other. Still, I am sure the past shaped this research in profound ways.

Regarding capitalism, I grew up in a company town. As a child I visited my neighbor, who taught me origami, gave me child-sized chopsticks, and imparted to me a love of rice vinegar and

Hello Kitty that endure to this day. She and her husband came from Japan so that he could work in the company headquarters before returning to business there. As an adult, I eventually worked for that same company. When relationships trickle down to a community through business, there are always transactional undertones and challenging power dynamics. I tried to remain aware of my history and these dynamics in my research.

To do this research well required extensive reflection and investigation into history. I found history and identity markers to be just as influential, if not more, in virtual research. I was interacting with one person, rather than with a community while surrounded by the culture, so I had to be especially careful not to generalize my limited interactions into stereotypes. I did not feel that the more neutral, digital setting removed me from my identity markers or deemphasized them.

Foundations

It was in this spirit—skeptical of digital research in a pandemic and straining toward self-awareness—that I searched for a teacher of sumi-e. Self-defeat gave way to a burst of excitement as I perused the art of Tamayo Samejima online. I viewed her paintings of tigers on kimono coats, night landscapes mounted on hanging scrolls, and surfing cats on white oxford shirts (Etsy). They all shared a loose, expressive, energetic use of line. While at university, Tamayo became fascinated with the art of Kaō, a fourteenth-century monk painter, and began training under the sumi-e master Sōu Meguro. Tamayo earned degrees in art studies and art history at Gakushuin University, with additional studies at Camberwell College of Arts, United Kingdom. She also has Japan's national qualifications for an art curator. Tamayo has made art museum audio guides, written art columns, and translated art books, all while continuing to paint sumi-e and chairing an ink wash school. I felt honored for the opportunity to take online sumi-e lessons with her.

With painting materials unpacked from Amazon shipments, time zones coordinated, and the lesson prepaid in yen on PayPal, I logged in for my first Zoom class. It was Tuesday night for me, Wednesday morning for Tamayo. She was suspended against a virtual backdrop of pink flowers. I was set against beige curtains meant to conceal shelves of office supplies and books in my basement. From there, she introduced sumi-e, starting with its characteristic materials.

The word *sumi* means black ink. It is made of soot and the animal glue called *nikawa*. Manufacturers produce it by burning oil, kneading it with glue, shaping it, and drying it thoroughly, then adding calligraphy to the outside. They sometimes infuse the ink with incense, and monks bless it. The artist then transforms the ink stick into a dark, creamy liquid. To do this, the artist first puts a spoonful of water in a black *suzuri* stone, which is cut from mountain rock. The stone has a lip and a slight incline, so water pools in the "ocean" at one end. Then the artist draws circles with the ink stick on the flat "land" part of the stone, pressing down lightly, until the water is a rich black. In separate dishes, the artist next adds water to the dark ink to create a medium tone and finally adds water to the medium tone to create a light tone.

Then there are brushes to select. High-quality fude brushes are made from the furs of deer, horses, goats, or other animals, and the handles are made from bamboo. Artists choose soft brushes, such as ones made with racoon's or dog's hair, for supple, flexible subjects, such as flower petals or leaves. My instructor showed a painting of a delicate, swimming goldfish that had been made with soft brushes. Artists use hard brushes to paint sturdy, formidable objects such as tree trunks, rocks, and mountains.

The foundation for a painting can be silk *eginu* canvas or washi paper, which is made from wood fiber. Water spreads quickly on thin washi paper, making it ideal for gradation. It spreads slowly on thick washi paper, making it ideal for detail.

Next, Tamayo discussed history. In the ninth to twelfth centuries, esoteric Buddhism flourished in China. Japanese monks traveled to China to study the Buddhist way of life. There they sketched complicated images of multiarmed, multiheaded gods. When they returned to Japan, they continued to paint these gods, as well as what my instructor called "fun" illustrations of animals who were running, sumo wrestling, and so on.

In the fourteenth century, Buddhism developed in Zen temples. These temples were what Tamayo called "meccas of culture," including painting, tea ceremonies, and calligraphy. Sumi-e was integral to training monks in the temples. "It's like a meditation," my instructor said of how monks practiced the art in this time. Some of their paintings, of smiling, content monks, expressed enlightenment and Zen thinking.

In the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, Zen monks who were not professional painters made casual and sometimes even comical paintings that helped people easily understand the essence of Zen teachings. At the same time, professional painters emerged and formed five famous schools. One of the schools, the Nanga school, drew influence from the "soft ink style of the Chinese Southern School" (Ono 2005, 13). From there, Japanese artists formed their own style, as they "combined the calligraphy of *haiku* poetry with simple but precise brush painting" (Ono 2005, 14). These works are also known as *literati paintings*.

One major Nanga artist was Yosa Buson. His late *Autumn Landscape* (1780) painting shows "soft tones of ink and color against luminous satin" and "exhibits a lyrical, personal expression" (The Metropolitan Museum n.d.). Yosa Buson influenced the art of Izan Shimomura (1865–1949), who also did calligraphy for poems. His art influenced Ukai Uchiyama (1907–1983), who then influenced the sumi-e paintings of Sōu Meguro. My teacher showed me a book of Sōu Meguro's paintings, including a rendition of sunflowers bursting with "dynamism and emotion," in Tamayo's words. Then Sōu Meguro taught sumi-e to Tamayo Samejima. And Tamayo Samejima was there, on Zoom, teaching me. Thinking of this connecting thread, this lineage of artists, filled me with gratitude. I could learn not only from my teacher, but from all who had gone before her.

Tamayo finished the lesson with further discussion of sumi-e in the Edo period, with its influences from European studies of perspective and anatomy, as well as a description of painting techniques: gradation, energetic brush stroke, grading and faded lines, resistance, drawing hairs and furs, moving with the spread of water, and nontraditional fude pen.

The Search for Context

My initial burst of excitement faded with the increasing challenges of my second lesson. The eggplant I brought to class was big, round, and fat. The one my teacher brought was small, cylindrical, and thin. Eggplants in America and Japan are quite different. Still, I sketched my eggplant's contours, then practiced painting its volume. As I shared at the start of this article, I made a mess as my internet cut in and out, but somehow by the end of class I could put a large swath of ink on the page that faded from dark to medium value. I felt delighted—and of course humbled—after this lesson. It was the most fun I had had in the hazy blur of pandemic life. Yet I also felt disillusioned with the virtual experience and the lack of context. If the right type of eggplant was not even available in my context, could I really learn the art form here?

Ethnographic arts researchers have long stressed the importance of context. One ethnomusicologist wrote, "It is correct that the training in a foreign music will remain necessarily limited if it is not matched with a good knowledge of its context, and possibly its language or one of its operative languages" (Aubert 2007, 69). Another wrote, "I came to understand that no expressive behavior exists in isolation from its cultural context and therefore that the shortest route toward real understanding is still the long way around—that I needed to see the forest as well as the trees" (Beaudry 2008, 229).

My whole experience felt more "trees" than "forest," or maybe like looking at a picture of the forest (Beaudry 2008, 229). The trees were enjoyable, as was the photo, but neither could replicate the experience of entering the forest. I was experiencing a sense of dislocation, like my learning was taking place in a strange void. I wished that my teacher and I occupied some shared space, a common ground other than a Zoom room. The only context I had was what my teacher told me or what I researched outside of class through books, articles, or videos. My lack of Japanese language skills prevented me from accessing many resources. I found myself pondering: Is the joy of catching a glimpse of a few trees in the proverbial forest worth the confusion of learning in a contextless vacuum?

I received my certificate for the eggplant level of the curriculum and graduated to the next level: painting roses. One Sunday evening, I sat in my basement to practice painting the leaves of the roses. In the previous lesson, my instructor had fluidly demonstrated the technique. The tips of the leaves she painted formed a circle, each one containing a gradient in a different direction. Eight leaves, radiating outward at 45-degree angles. Even in size, but with enough variation to seem alive. Watching my instructor paint reminded me of watching a gymnast. Tamayo moved the brush in every direction with ease, moving in directions that I knew were hard, but I was so caught up in the grace and beauty of it that for a moment, I forgot all about the years of training and effort required.

Sitting in my basement, I painted leaves that were lumpy and long. They had tails that did not look like stems, and even if they did, they weren't supposed to be there. I remembered what my teacher said: Controlling the flow of water is the hardest part of learning sumi-e.

During the next lesson, my instructor asked me to put several flowers on the page. I froze. I had no idea where the flowers belonged on the blank space in front of me, within the context of sumi-e.

Looking Carefully

To unfreeze, I asked Tamayo: What are the guidelines for composition in sumi-e? A painting needs a center, a main point, she said. Do not paint entirely in the same tone. My instructor grabbed a stack of papers and a pen. She drew three evenly spaced circles, of the same size, with parallel lines to represent stems. This was a bad composition. She began to turn it into a better composition. She changed the heights of some of the circles and the angles of the stems. She added darker leaves to denote a center of interest. On another paper, she drew three more circles with angled, but still parallel, stems. This was also bad, because it would be strange to see flowers growing like this in real life. She brought a book into view and showed me sumi-e paintings, pointing to the white spaces around important areas. "There are no rules," she said about composition. Tamayo advised me to look at famous sumi-e art and observe carefully. "It takes time to capture the sense of composition," she said.

Her response reminded me of ethnomusicologist Mantle Hood's reflection on *bi-musicality*, or competence in the music of another culture. He wrote, "These [rules of improvisation in the foreign music genre] can be consciously learned but can be artistically used only when the whole tradition has been assimilated" (Hood 1960, 58). I needed to learn the guidelines, observe sumi-e art, and let everything sink in to be able to reexpress it intuitively in my own compositions.

I took Tamayo's advice, and one of the most striking compositions I encountered was *Pine Trees* by Hasegawa Tohaku (Tokyo National Museum). It is considered a national treasure in Japan (Tokyo National Museum). When I flipped the pages of a book about the history of sumi-e, I saw a print of this painting stretching fully across two open pages. It seemed to transport me to a forest. I could feel damp air on my skin, soak in the quiet, and breathe the scent of pine. It helped me to let go of looking to portray reality as I saw it with my eyes, but instead to seek to paint the feeling it gave me.

That week, I bought a yellow rose plant from the grocery store. I was supposed to bring roses to the prior class but had forgotten. In class, I asked my instructor. "Where do you look when you paint? At the flowers or at the paper?" Both, she said. She uses creativity to make the composition but studies the shapes of the flowers. "If you don't observe the roses, you can't capture the essence," she said. The essence includes the shape, how the plant grows. To further demonstrate, she held one rose closer to the camera. She pointed to how three leaves grew in one group. Although we often see roses in gardens, we don't always stop to observe them closely, to notice the way their leaves grow in groups of three. These are the small features that we need to capture in sumi-e, Tamayo said.

I tried to envision a whole painting of roses, but nothing came, so I just painted one flower, then another, then another, continuing until it felt right. I added leaves, but not enough. Tamayo

suggested I add more, especially some extending off the bottom of the page, where plants are often dense with leaves. These adjustments continued for a while. Eventually, she asked me how it felt to make a whole painting. Well, terrifying with a touch of exhilaration.

Around this time, I asked my instructor for recommended reading. I was getting bogged down in a seemingly endless supply of articles, videos, and books. One recommendation, *In Praise of Shadows*, explained Japanese aesthetics through a comparison of Japanese and Western architecture. It contrasted Western cultures' preferences for what is shiny, bright, and electric with Japanese culture's appreciation of patina and dimly lit spaces. The author quoted an old poem: "A luminous bead, if placed in the dark, will give off brilliance, but just as a gemstone loses its charm if it is exposed to the bright sun, there is no beauty apart from the effects of shade" (Tanizaki 1977, 22).

Her second recommendation was *The Book of Tea* by Okakura Kakuzo. He wrote in 1906, when Japan was introducing Western cultures and social systems to grow its economy and national power. In the preceding fifty years, inexpensive Japanese art objects, such as fans, had flooded Europe and other markets. Western artists imitated their style, sparking the Japonisme movement in art history. Although intended for a Western audience, Okakura's writing helped revive Japanese people's interest in their own arts. The book has been called "a philosophical treatise about a cultural state of mind deeply influenced by Zen Buddhism" (Dalby 2000, 24). I could not embrace its worship of relativity (Kakuzo 1956/2018, 72), based on my Christian worldview. Nevertheless, I appreciated the principle of finding contentment in ordinary circumstances and enjoying quiet moments, such as noticing the way three leaves connect on a rose plant (Kakuzo 1956/2018, 74). It reminded me of Jesus's instruction to his followers to notice the birds and flowers and not worry, in Matthew chapter six. Just as God has provided all that the birds and flowers need, so he will provide for us. Instead of chasing what is temporary, we are to seek something different and eternal: the kingdom of God. In this worldview, joy ultimately comes not through relativity but through a saving relationship with Jesus Christ.

Overall, I began to stop and observe, to notice, to be humble, and to break through to joyful contentment in this circumstance of doing research in the pandemic. No, I did not have all the context of traditional ethnographic research. I did, however, have the opportunity to document the field of virtual art instruction spaces, which were being created in response to the pandemic. I began to appreciate the experience for what it was, a chance to document arts instruction at a critical moment in history, rather than what it was not, a traditional ethnographic project.

On Walking through Pine Forests

I did eventually learn to paint freely enough to adequately compose my own rose painting (but certainly not to master sumi-e composition). I graduated to the next level of my instructor's curriculum: painting a pine branch.

For this lesson, I knew to make my ink dark. I had been mixing ink with less water in the stone to get a creamier, richer tone. I had read that it is important to use only as much water as the stone

can hold (Ono 2005, 28). After painting the branches, we moved to pine needles. Each cluster of needles was to form a fan shape, with an angle of 240 degrees. My instructor reminded me to move slowly and from the arm. "Pine needles should have strength in the end," she said. If you paint from your arm, it will be stronger, she added.

Next, we added texture to the bark, in a pattern resembling a turtle shell. With a small brush and black ink, Tamayo outlined the bark on her example painting with loose strokes. I started to slowly and methodically outline my bark. Tamayo stopped me. "It's not about drawing the shape," she said. "It's more about expressing your energy." My outlines needed to give the impression of strength. Go touch a pine tree and feel its strength, she encouraged me. "You can reflect what you feel from the pine tree in the paper."

Overall, my teacher said she was quite satisfied with my pine tree painting. She liked the depth and told me I should sign it and hang it on my wall. I felt so happy.

On Sunday, November 8, I walked through a pine forest on an unusually warm day in Upstate New York; it was warm enough that I wore a short-sleeved t-shirt. In a pine forest, everything looks dead. At eye level, it's all leafless, snapped-off branches. Then you look up. You see the green needles, clustered high on the trees, and you realize things are very much alive. I noticed the bark was more organized than I had thought. It formed long, vertical strips that could be traced up the tree for at least six to eight inches. I noticed the quiet. The dense carpet of brown pine needles absorbed the chirping and rustling of the forest, as a blanket of snow muffles sound. The needles cushioned my footsteps like a plush carpet. The smell of pine hit my nostrils. Everything felt upright, sturdy, and strong.

On Wednesday, a heavy morning rain brought many of the fall leaves to the ground for winter. Where there had been vibrant colors outside my window a few days ago, now there were only the curled and craggy silhouettes of trees, looking like bare roots stretching toward the sky. It was another day for hiking through pine forests. I still couldn't understand why my teacher talked about the strength of the needles. They seemed soft, delicate, and fluffy to me. The more I looked, though, the more I noticed a new kind of strength. To be so thin and so small, yet to grow so straight and last through every season, is strength indeed.

In the forest, I hopped a few inches to pull off part of a branch. I studied how the needles joined with their supporting twig. The needles also varied more than I had realized in length, size, and angle of intersection. And there were so many needles. Once home, I counted 131 in one cluster. I had put only five or six needles in each cluster of my painting the prior week. I pulled the cluster apart to do the counting. It came apart in little sections—two, four, or five needles stuck together—and filled the room with the aroma of the forest.

Lingering Questions

My research became a journey of joy, but I also wanted to understand more of my instructor's view on the quality of this research experience. After all, she had learned sumi-e under the premise "you will learn from your master's back." There was no set curriculum or sample paintings. Instead,

eight to ten students knelt in the *seiza* posture in a room in the master's house. One large felt mat covered the floor, and each student put their washi paper on it. They brought subjects, such as flowers, or sketches from which to paint. The master sometimes offered ideas, such as adding a leaf here or flower there, that transformed the composition into something much more beautiful. The students also stopped for tea midway through class. Masters typically give their students names as artists after about ten years of training, to recognize them. Tamayo's teacher passed away before giving her a name.

Tamayo wanted to make sumi-e more accessible to ensure it is passed on to more people. So she designed a curriculum with sample paintings to teach various techniques and certificates that recognize progress. The whole curriculum would also take a student about ten years to finish. Sumi-e instruction with sample paintings has become more common in Japan. Due to the pandemic, Tamayo made sumi-e accessible to even more people globally through virtual instruction. Did she feel she was able to teach sumi-e adequately through virtual instruction?

Okakura, the author of *The Book of Tea*, wrote of the limitations of teaching aspects of Japanese culture through other languages:

> It is to be regretted that as yet there appears to be no adequate presentation of the Taoist and Zen doctrines in any foreign language, though we have had several laudable attempts. Translation is always a treason, and as a Ming author observes, can at its best be only the reverse side of a brocade,—all the threads are there, but not the subtlety of color or design. (Kakuzo 1956/2018, 63)

Was my experience of learning sumi-e over Zoom like looking at the reverse side of a tapestry? Tamayo said she hoped she could show her students both sides of the tapestry. This might be impossible in online group settings, but in general, seeing the tapestry's face is not related to whether the instruction is in person or virtual, she said. Some students are not interested in learning the face of the cloth. Others are. It has more to do with the students and how respectful they are of other cultures.

Beyond it simply being *possible* to teach this way, Tamayo said it could be *beneficial*. For her local students who could no longer gather in person, it offered encouragement and something to do during a state of emergency. She hoped that the virtual interactions with students in other parts of the world would provide a space for cultural connections. She referenced an art column she wrote about cultural interactions that stretched back to ancient times. "If people know the deep interactions from ancient times," she said, "people would understand or accept the diversity in the world, and I hope the world becomes peaceful." Tamayo said she planned to continue virtual instruction to global students after the pandemic.

Closing Thoughts

Overall, ethnographic researchers have always struggled with implications of instructional methods. Instructors residing in their researcher's home country may have adapted their arts or teaching style during years in that environment. On the other hand, traveling to a community for

research can be disruptive to that community or pose ethical concerns. Virtual instruction brings a separate set of issues, particularly around finding necessary context, but it can be a choice as sound as other methods. Furthermore, it opens possibilities for research when budgets are strained or travel is limited to short bursts, which is often the case. A person could strengthen field research with Zoom sessions before or after an immersive stay. Before 2020, virtual arts instruction may have seemed awkward or impractical, with few instructors used to teaching this way. Now an increasing number of artists, including my instructor, have embraced it. Virtual art instruction rooms are a field setting equally as ripe for research as any other.

In conclusion, performing ethnographic research about arts during a crisis can be methodologically sound and mutually beneficial for researchers and communities. I was documenting and participating in the phenomenon of teachers taking their art lessons online due to a pandemic as it was unfolding in real time. I was researching an art no longer bound to a specific place, although its cultural background was clear. Instead, its new setting was virtual and its participants could be anywhere. We have access to a growing field of virtual, global arts instruction. It is important to document the arts created there as well as how they are being taught. Plus, art can be essential, as a therapeutic resource for weathering challenging times, such as a pandemic (Malchiodi 2005, 14). Ethnographic researchers can amplify its benefits by sharing information about it through their distribution networks. Sumi-e has long been a balm to the technologically weary. One sumi-e instructor wrote, years ago:

> I am aware that in the West, too, people long for quiet, freedom, harmony, and beauty as antidotes to the alienation so prevalent in our technological society. In spite of the fact that our cultural backgrounds are different and that you approach art from a different viewpoint, you, too, are fascinated by the clear forms that are created, in the emptiness of space, conveying the presence of eternal quiet. (Okamoto 1996, 6)

In our pandemic-weary, isolated state, society needs these antidotes to alienation, whether through lessons, research, or enjoying art. Ethnographic arts research during a pandemic is possible, it's ethical, it's beneficial, and it's necessary. It can be a catalyst for joy.[2]

[2] To learn more about Tamayo Samejima, her art, and her lessons, visit:

https://www.tamayosamejima.com/en/sumie-painting-class/

https://www.etsy.com/shop/tamayoinkception/

https://tamayosamejima.medium.com/

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