

Timothy Horn

Homecoming presentation

The Little Art Theatre, April 18, 2019



I just want to say how great it is to see that The Little Art is alive and well and looking better than ever, thanks to Jenny and her ongoing efforts to preserve and polish this little gem.



Life for me began on Ridgecrest drive, at the north end of town off of Fairfield Road, where we lived until I was about 6.



A starter home in a start up neighborhood. I remember it as a carnival of families and little kids, happily swarming around those two short blocks, with cornfields visible in the distance.



We played in the culvert under King Street, climbed a fence to play hide and seek in the cemetery behind our house, and had birthday parties on the back porch.



Amy Mullins

AUG • 65

Rachel Weatherup

Tricycles, sand boxes, swing sets and rain puddles. Running barefoot through the front yards, oblivious to property lines, dandelions stuck between my toes. If we got too ornery, our baby sitter Mrs. Thompson would send us out the back door saying “Go outside and blow the stink off ya!”.



There were neighborhood block parties in the summer, with the Wingards, Weatherups, Holsters, Mullins and Metcalfs.



Gayla Jones and Janet Murie

Kids running loose, everyone dressed like it was the 60's, card tables covered with potluck dishes, and Kool-Aid in paper Dixie cups. We all drank the Kool-Aid of this little utopia.

In 1967 we moved to the other side of town, down by the IGA, where we built a new house on Spillan Road. Our next door neighbors were the Turners - classmates of my parents at Antioch. They had three young boys, and my brother and I were in heaven. There was a big yard for baseball, tag and catching lightning bugs, and a tree house out back. We all learned to ride bikes as soon as we could reach the pedals, gaining our tickets to freedom and adventure. We rode all over town on our bikes in packs of boys with names like Campbell, Rowlinson, Kennedy, Weatherup, Seeley and Petrolhis.





We caught tad poles in the glen, shot off rockets on the golf course, made sling shots, went fishing in the toxic pond behind Morris Bean, climbed around construction sites of half built new houses. We lit firecrackers, stayed out past our bed time, played capture the flag in the Rowlinsons back yard. Each night we rode home in the dark, dirty, happy and exhausted, watching the bats swoop for bugs in the streetlight.



There were swimming lessons on frigid Saturday mornings, Hannah Northway teaching a whole generation to swim. We picked apples at Orchard Lane, with fresh cider and bonfires on the corner at Halloween. There was a lilac bush next to third base in the Turners front yard, that scent now a lifelong trigger for that moment.



Family hikes in the Glen, soccer before it went nationwide, and Little League games in the summer. Soft ice cream at the Tastee Freeze, candy from Erbaugh's, the smell of sawdust at the lumber company, big metal bins of nails by the pound at Deaton's. The Miami Deposit bank with its spinning clock out front, and free lollipops with little plastic farm implements on the sticks from the drive through window. A glass of Coke at a booth in Dick and Tom's, discovering gum covering the underside of the table when I dropped something on the floor.



A paper route on Wednesdays, eating fresh doughnuts from the bakery next door, while we waited in the cramped office for the papers to come off the press, the clackity sound of machinery, typewriters and ringing phones, Don Wallis and Mrs. Switzer behind the counter. Cutting grass with my brother, dragging our sorry ass lawnmower behind our bikes to customers around the neighborhood.

We went sledding at Gaunt Park, played ice hockey in figure skates – climbing the fence at Dewine's pond. We threw snowballs from behind the bushes in the Malone's front yard, hitting trucks as they sped into town on 68. I shoveled snow door to door with Jonathan Pyles, when it was deep enough to close school.





Soccer practice, hot, humid, laps around the track, coach Bonderant with his brown '78 Thunderbird. During games Jonas Bender, always on the sidelines, tearing up the grass, offering his support calling out “brother Campbell, brother Williams, brother Nickoson” uniting us all with one powerful word.

The pack of boys on bikes graduated to cruising around town in the family Ford, listening to loud music, equal parts Led Zeppelin and Stevie Wonder, avoiding the cops, hoping for girls, playing frisbee in the Grotes parking lot, with late night runs to McDonalds in Xenia. It was a joyful, unburdened time, but I always knew it wouldn't last, and that I would leave after high school.

I remember it as a dream of a childhood. Everything was accessible, and anything felt possible in this safe little community where everyone seemed to openly care.

I grew up in a do-it-yourselfer household, born in part, out of thriftiness. If somebody in our family wanted something, before buying it, we'd first see if we could figure out how to make it. That included food. My dad had a huge vegetable garden and a half dozen fruit trees. He built stuff around the house, and fixed just about anything that broke. He also had strong artistic abilities and took drawing and painting classes from time to time. He showed me not only a world beyond crayons and construction paper, but that it was okay to take classes at any age.





My mother was crafty. Not sneaky crafty, but always-making-stuff-all-the-time crafty. She cooked and sewed and made stuff out of magazines. She grew bean sprouts in the cupboard, picked up yogurt culture from a friend across town, kept bee hives at the Outdoor Education Center, and baked from scratch every single birthday cake we ever had.

My brother and I built countless model cars, airplanes and rockets in our basement workshop. I still today feel like I can make anything, as long as I have decent directions. And that do-it-yourselfer, I'm-gonna-make-my-own damn-pot-holder spirit has stuck with me throughout my life.



Other early experiences shaped me in ways I wouldn't fully understand or appreciate until years later.

When I was about 9, I was at camp Kern for a week and had made friends with a skinny kid in my cabin named Danny. Danny had dark curly hair, John Lennon glasses and a silver necklace. One day a boy from another cabin came up to me and asked me if I was Jewish. I said, what? He said are you Jewish? I replied yes, and he walked away. A few days later my parents picked me up and on the drive

home, I asked them, what's Jewish? I didn't explain why I was asking, and it took years of turning this over and over in my head to understand what had happened that day. It was like a little one act play in the span of 12 seconds.



Many years later in college I became close friends with Emily, a nice Jewish girl from Yonkers. A short while into our friendship she asked me, so what are you? You know, are you Italian, a wasp, Irish, or what? I didn't know, so I called my mom, saying, Mom, what am I? They want to know! Turns out that I'm not Jewish after all.



Wendy Hillman



Timothy Holp



Daron Friedman



Robin Hubbach



Clark Hotaling



Jane Hubschman



Orlando Jackson



Edwina Garner



Aaron King



Jennifer Koerlin



Lisa Kontonickas



Stuart Kristensen



Gary Lawson



Lisa Leighty



Tom Letson



Diane Lewis



Mark Lipsitt



Joyce Looney



Ross Looney



Walter Mayne



Robert Miller



Jeff Muterspaw

The encounter at camp Kern and later with Emily, made me think of all the kids I had grown up with, many of whom had skin tones different than mine, and others with mothers or fathers that spoke with an accent. I had no idea What they Were. Should I have known? Should I have paid more attention? Part of the beauty of growing up in YS is exactly that we didn't pay much attention to it.



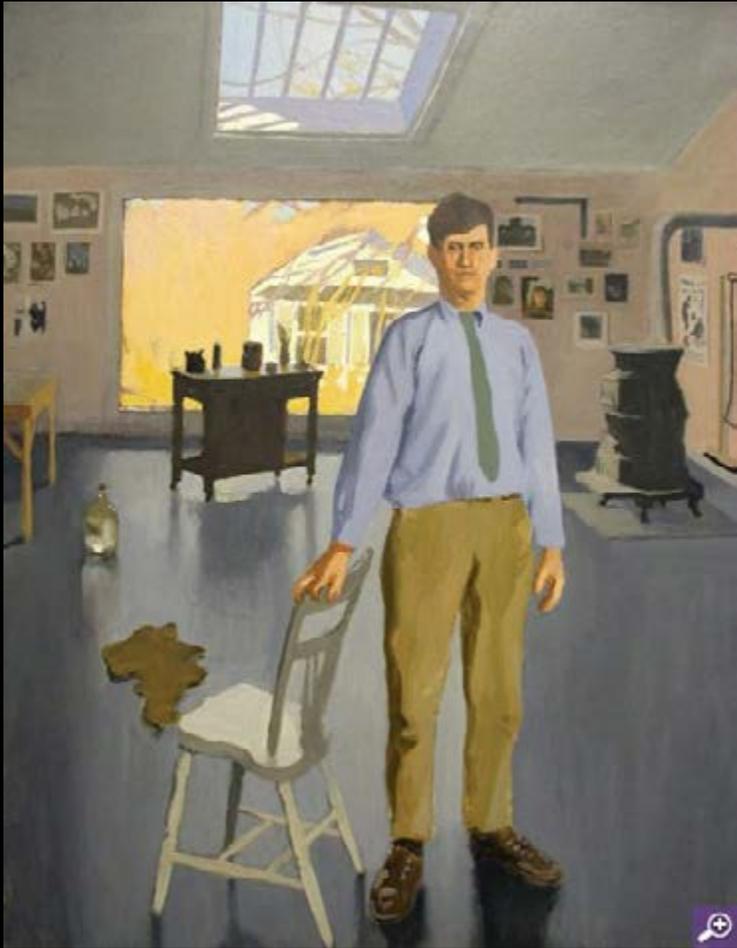
My wife saw this photo recently and said “wow, that never happens.” In Yellow Springs it felt like we all grew up on the same side of the tracks. As I entered my late teen years, some of the experiences of my childhood, made me start to think that there was something different about the place where I had grown up. It wasn't until I ventured out in the larger world beyond my hometown that I fully understood how unusual my experiences were. And as anyone who grew up in Yellow Springs can tell you, discovering how uncommon our childhood was, was sometimes a blunt and disturbing discovery.

That's how I grew up, but how did I become a painter? My parent's can-do, exploratory spirit certainly gave me a love for making things. And while I can't say the exact aspect of my hometown that influenced my path to painting, there were a few other people who also played a part: Dorothy Zopf, Dan Schiff, and Bob Bingenheimer, to name a few.

Mrs. Zopf was my art teacher during middle school and high school. She managed to keep her instruction fresh, never repeating a lesson in all those years.



Mrs. Dorothy Zoph
Skidmore College, B.S., Department
Head



One time she took us on a field trip to the Dayton Art Institute. Most painters can cite a specific painting from their early years that sparked their interest in painting and sometimes serves as inspiration for years. For me, it was this painting by Fairfield Porter, I saw while on that field trip. I don't know what it was about this painting, but it lodged in my brain permanently.



Dorothy Zopf's influence and support were huge, and an invaluable asset on my artistic journey. She and I would reconnect many years later when she was living in New Mexico and I was living in California showing at a gallery in Santa Fe. I sent her post cards and announcements of my upcoming shows and she responded with note cards and sketches of her own. In 2009 I had the great joy of inviting Dorothy to the opening reception of my solo show on Canyon Road, a street in Santa Fe lined with dozens of galleries.

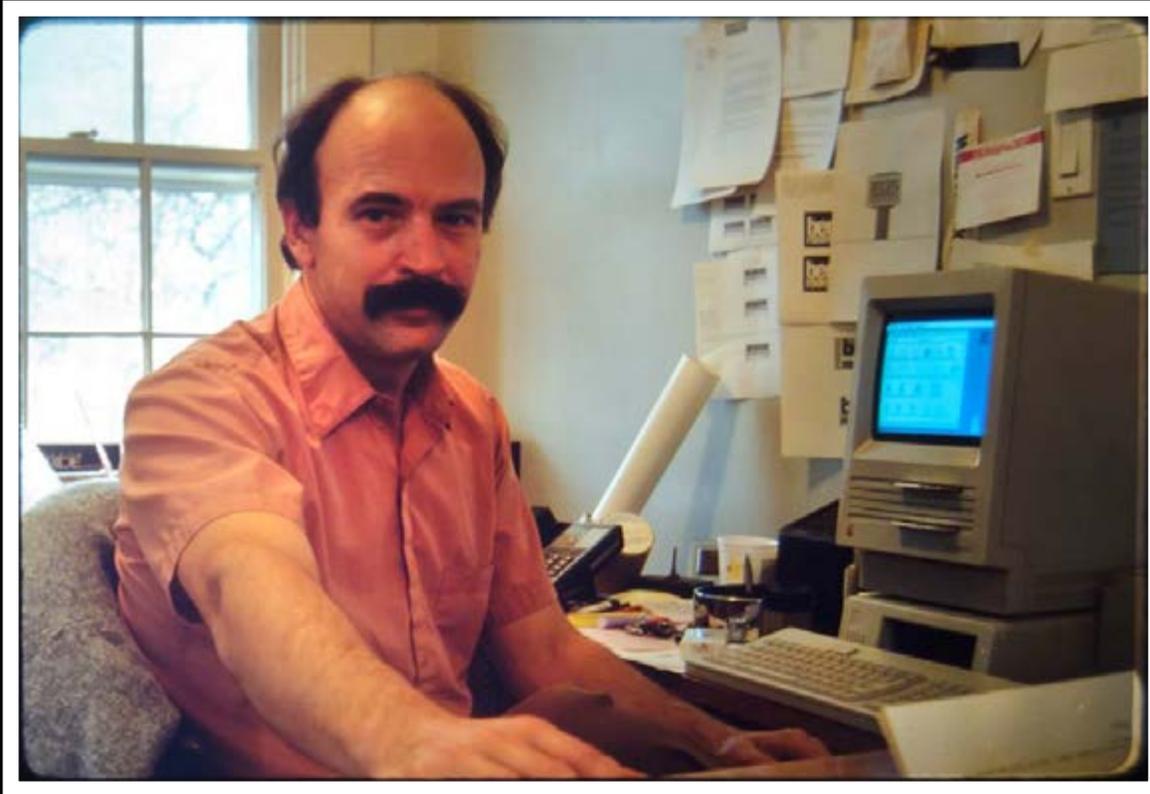


DANIEL JOSEPH SCHIFF

When I was a sophomore in high school, there was another guy that spent a lot of time in the art room, a cool cat named Dan Schiff. He was a year older than me and had just completed a summer program at Parsons school of design in New York City. He'd returned ecstatic about his experience, and I desperately wanted to try it for myself.



My dad talked to his dad to get the scoop, and in the summer of 1978 my parents delivered me to the NYU dormitory on Union Square with all its drug dealers, pigeons and homeless. I too had a fabulous summer experience, and decided then and there that I would absolutely, somehow, somewhere, go to an art school. I wasn't sure what direction a career in art would take me, but as a placeholder, I figured I could become an art teacher like Mrs. Zopf.



During my senior year of high school Bob Bingenheimer visited our art class on Career Day. He talked about being a graphic designer. He showed us his portfolio of brochures and logos and posters and book covers that he had designed. That was all it took. I knew immediately that I would be a graphic designer.



Two years after high school, through mysterious, inexplicable circumstances, somehow I was admitted as a sophomore transfer student to the Cooper Union School of Art, a tuition free institution on the lower east side of Manhattan. By that point I had already done a year at OU, and taken art classes at Wright State, Antioch, and Parsons, and I immediately got the sense that Cooper Union was on a whole other level.



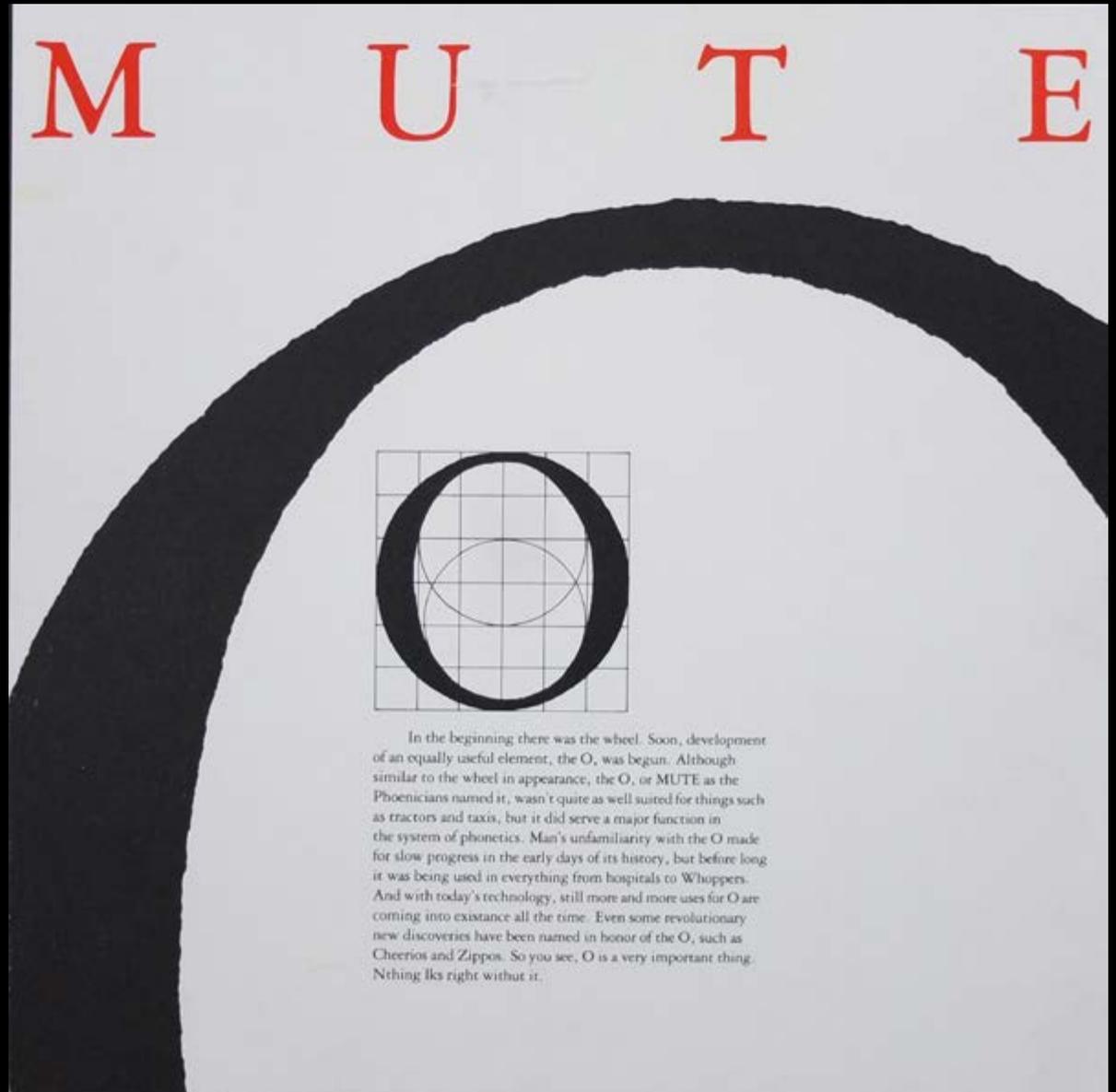
I took drawing, photography, silk screening, sculpture, and every design and typography class they offered.



package design

I took my one required painting class with only moderate interest, I was so laser focused on graphic design. Our art history classes were held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, enough to make anybody dream of painting, but even that would not sway me from design.

I remember those years as intense, difficult and relentless. But I loved doing different kinds of art, all day, everyday, surrounded by like-minded students and faculty.





home

My first apartment in Manhattan while attending art school was a little rough. It was on the edge of Spanish Harlem and I didn't dare walk any further north the whole time I lived there. My roommate drank too much and the place was infested with cockroaches. I rode the subway 90 blocks to school every day.

A year later I moved to the east village to be closer to school, but the neighborhood was no improvement. In my new apartment the woman next door was a prostitute, a candy store across the street sold pot through a little window, there was a chop shop next to that where stolen cars were dismembered, and right outside my place were a couple guys that sold crack. The 80's are now considered to have been dark times for NY, with lots of crime, filth and a growing homeless problem. But for me it was just an everyday part of attending this great school.



home

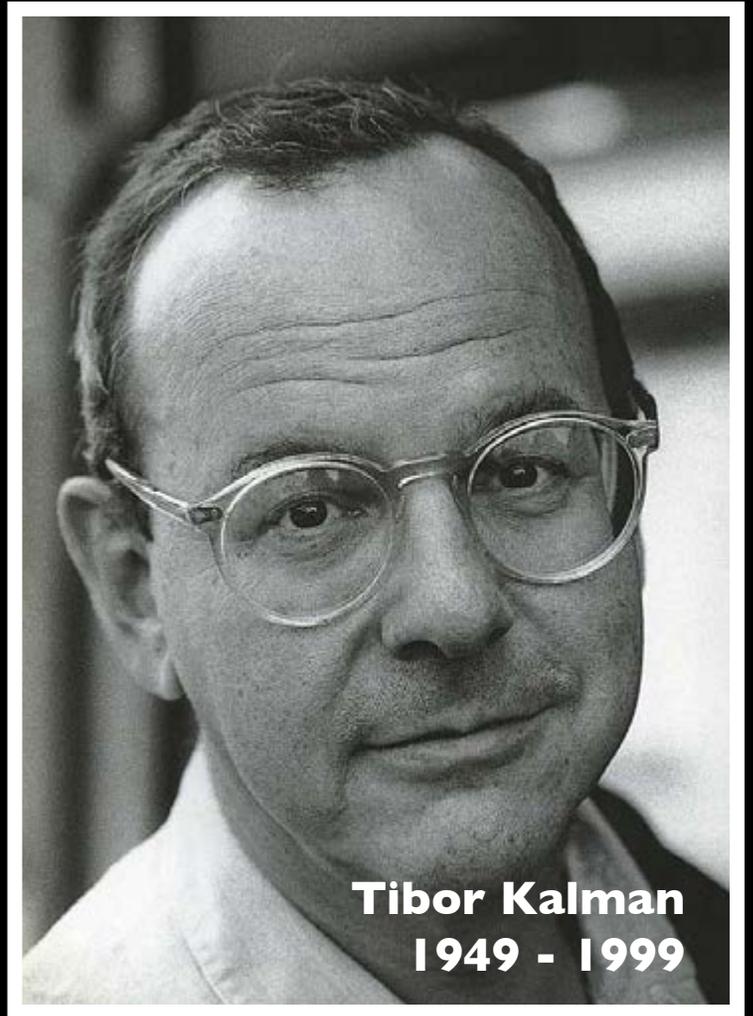


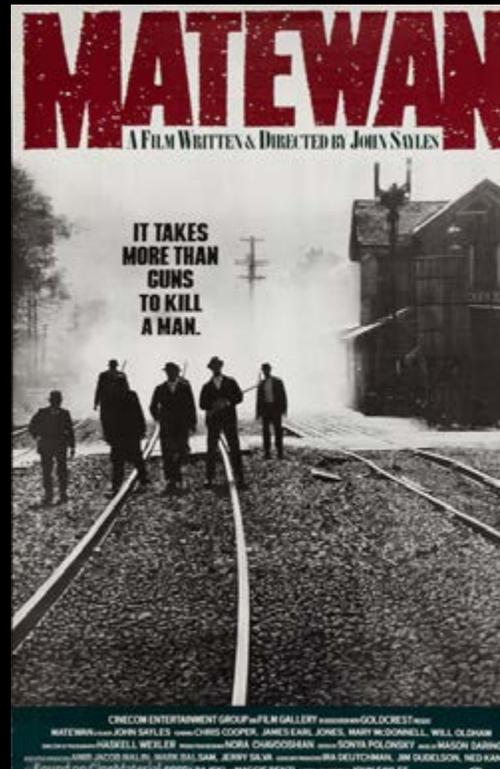
I graduated in 1984 and began freelancing, doing production work at a few of the top firms in NY. Freelancing provided flexibility, and a chance to experience a handful of design firms without having to commit to a full time job. At the end of a year I suddenly had money in the bank, and plenty of work, but I really missed my art school days. So I applied to Yale's summer design program in Brissago, Switzerland.

The idea was not to further my career, but more a way to get back to an intensive art school experience, with a little travel and adventure thrown in. That five week program was incredibly rich in so many ways, and is one of the best things I've ever done. After it was over, instead of returning to work, I met up with a friend from NY and we traveled all over Europe, living out of our backpacks until our money ran out five months later. Finally, gaining a larger perspective on the world.

After returning to NY I landed what would be my only long term, full time job, ever. It was with a small design firm run by a creatively brilliant Hungarian named Tibor Kalman.

We designed album covers and posters for a band called the Talking Heads, and movie titles for films by John Sayles and Jonathan Demme, among other projects.

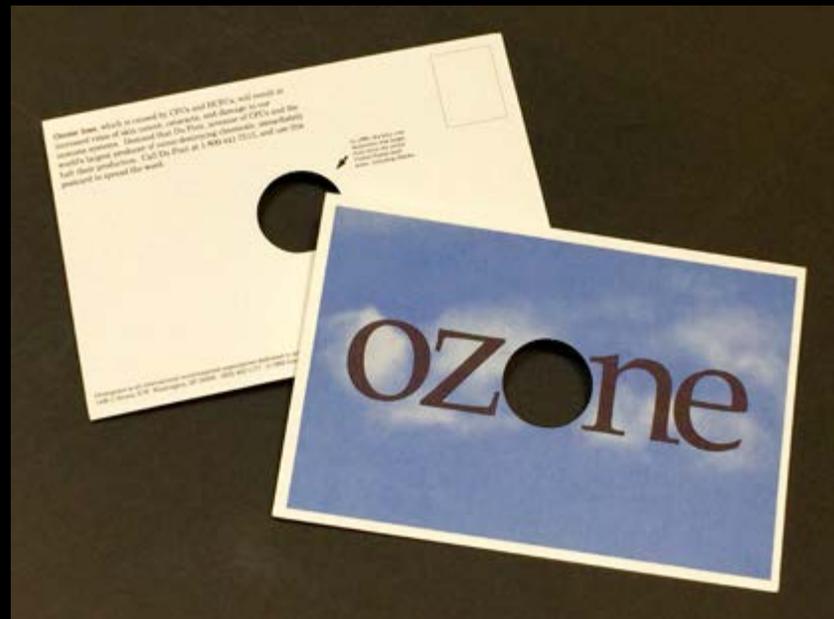




It was a fun, exciting place to work, and I felt lucky to be there, and to have witnessed the genius of Tibor Kalman -- now a legend in the design world. But I missed the flexibility of the freelance lifestyle, and being my own boss – something I developed a taste for way back when I was mowing lawns and delivering newspapers. So after two years, I went out on my own, and began doing design for a small list of clients. It dawned on me that now, I was basically doing what Bob Bingenheimer had been doing when I first met him.



On a visit back to Yellow Springs for my ten year high school reunion, I ran into a former classmate, Lisa Goldberg, who shared with me that she was working at Greenpeace in Washington. Once she uttered the word Greenpeace, I don't think I heard anything else she said. I was very familiar with the image of Greenpeace activists in Zodiacs, chasing down whaling ships on the open oceans. And though that looked thrilling to me, I was thinking more along the lines of how cool it would be to do design work for Greenpeace.



A few months later, with Lisa's connection, I met with the communications director at Greenpeace, and began what would become a two-year working relationship, among the most fulfilling of my design career. I designed posters and postcards, t-shirts, banners, book covers and even a subway poster. I rode Amtrak down to Washington every couple of months for meetings, to learn about their latest campaigns to save the planet.



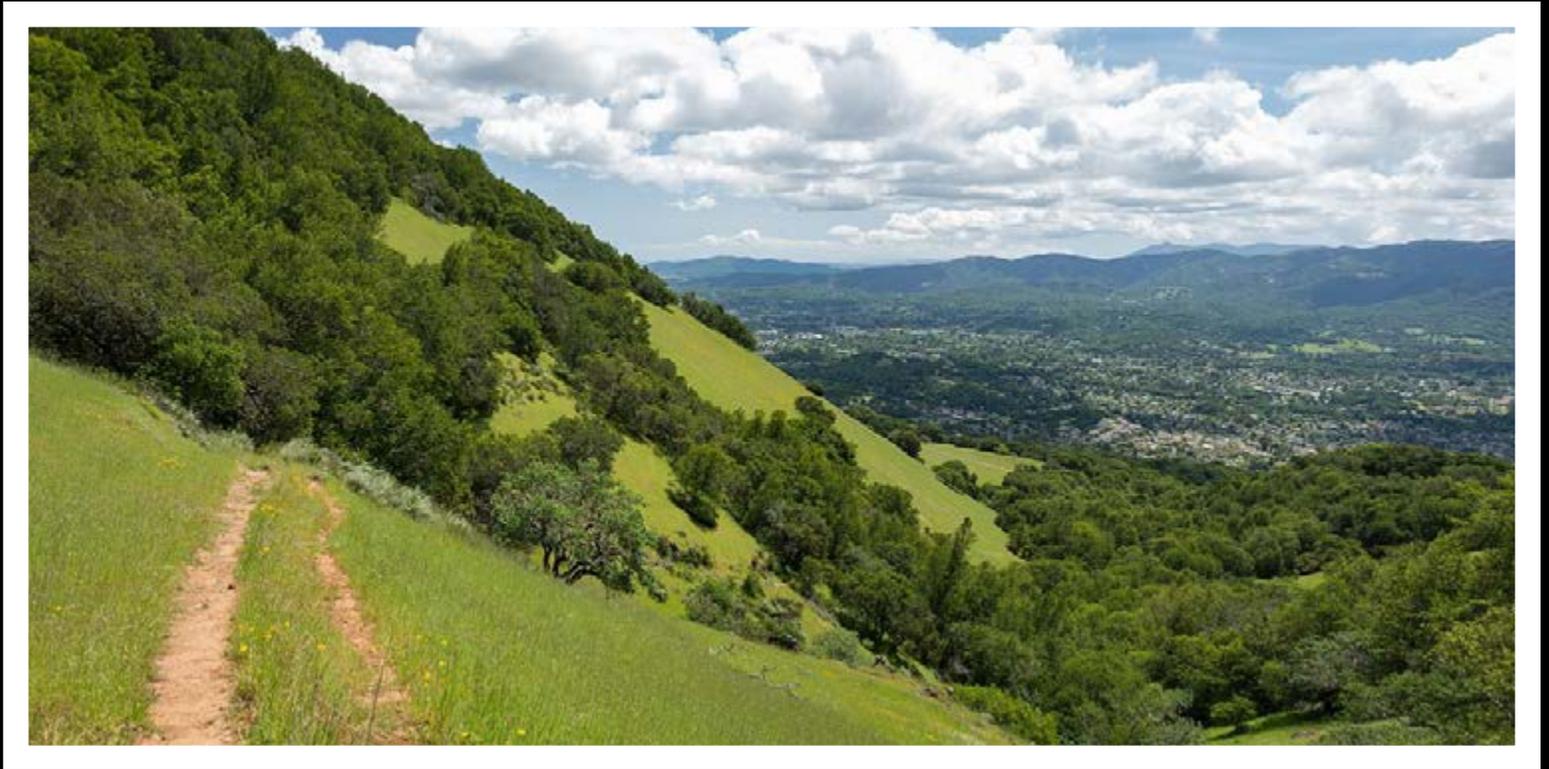
Meanwhile, life in the East village hadn't really improved much. When my landlord died, the tenants in our building went on rent strike for lack of basic services, and we were in and out of housing court every six months to argue against our eviction notices. After five years of this, I finally bailed on my apartment and fellow rent strikers, and took a small loft just above Houston St. with a view of CBGB's back door -- a grungy nightclub known as a proving ground for young bands.



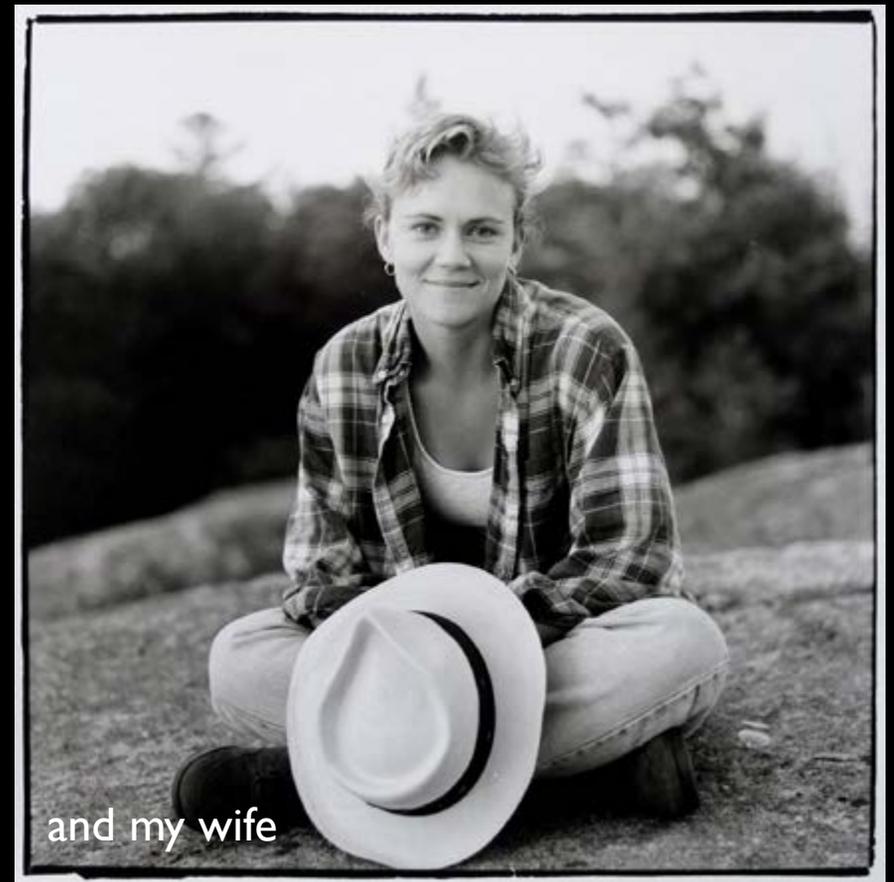
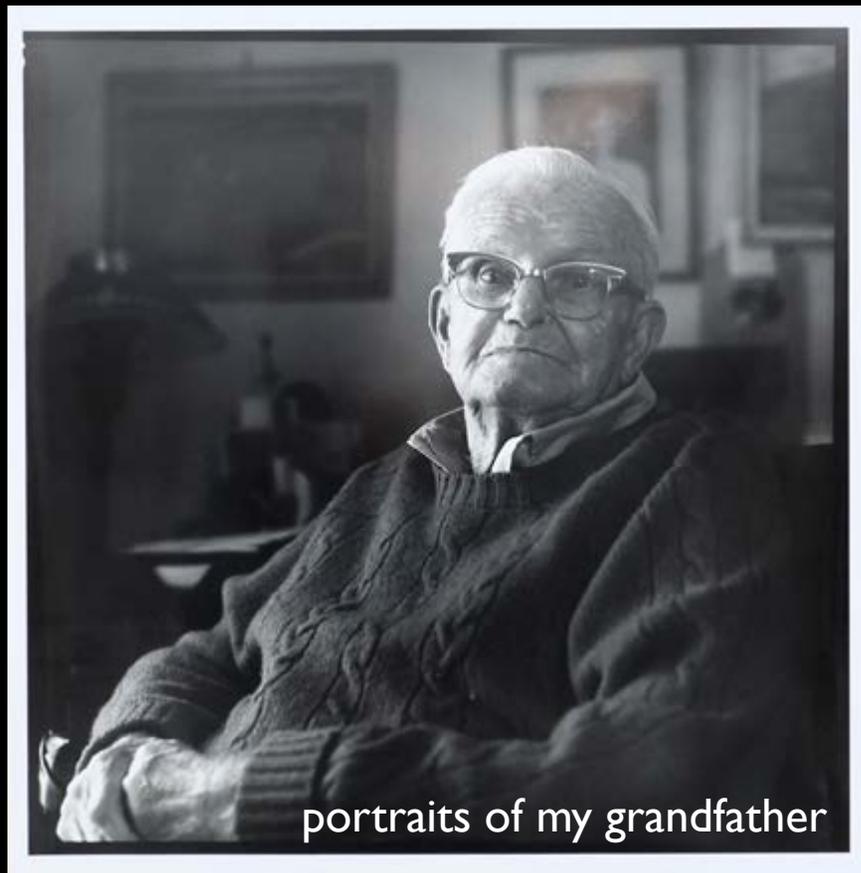
Around this time, with a really good set of directions, I built a boat in my apartment -- a 15 foot rowing skiff with a sliding seat and 8 foot oars. Overall, I really loved the experience of living in NY, but after eleven years, I was beginning to grow weary of the general noise, chaos and struggle of living there. I found myself trying to get out of town more often. My friends began moving away. And then there was the boat. When you start building boats in your Manhattan apartment, you know it's time to leave.



So I did what anyone would do, I bought a shiny, red, Italian convertible and stored it in a lot around the corner as I planned my escape. When I closed my eyes and spun the globe, my finger landed on San Francisco.



And after two months of meandering the back roads of America, I crossed the Golden Gate Bridge and settled into an apartment in the Haight Ashbury neighborhood. I immediately loved SF and California. It was clean, and so fast and easy to get out of town, with spectacularly beautiful countryside to explore, just minutes away. Hooked on my self-employed lifestyle, I managed to continue working on my own as a designer.

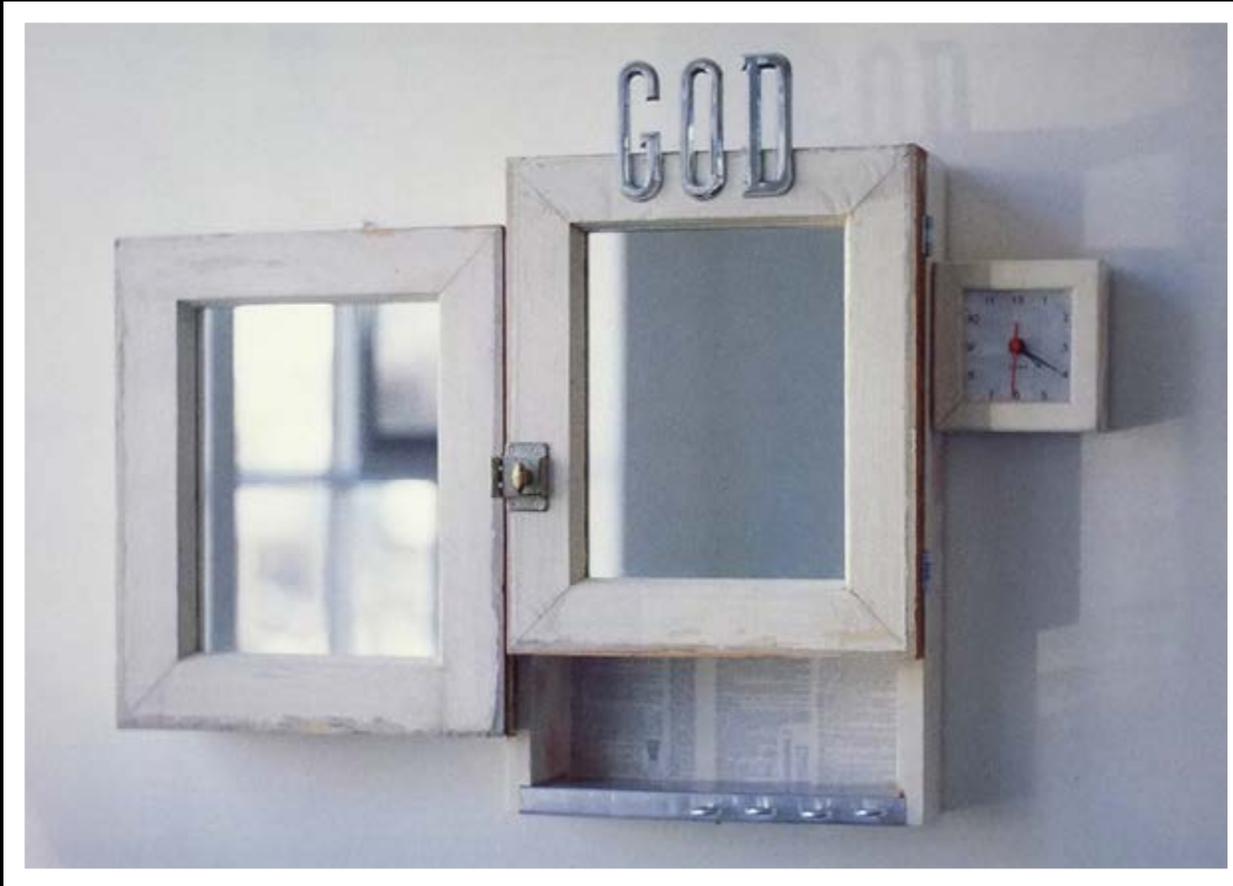


Throughout my years of working in design, I found myself unfulfilled creatively. The clients, computers and business of it all, took the joyful creativity out of what I had so loved in art school.

I had taken a few night classes back in NY, in all kinds of art, and I continued that in SF, this time studying black and white portrait photography, and furniture making.



The furniture making grew to be a big part of my life, taking classes two nights a week for six and a half years, filling my apartment with hand made furniture. To help support my habit, I did design work for the lumberyard in Berkeley where I got my wood.



The furniture making morphed into using salvaged materials to make clocks and medicine cabinets that I sold in a couple of artsy furniture stores.



To find my building material I wandered along railroad tracks and through abandoned lots on the scrappy edges of the city.

Dumpster diving in San Francisco's Pacific Heights neighborhood was particularly fruitful, where there were always some old Victorian homes being remodeled.

After so much time in the wood shop, I was ready for something a little quieter and less dusty. On a whim, I decided to take a landscape painting class. I enjoyed the class, but felt a little lost and didn't get much from the instructor.



Around that time, I had started to ride my bike on weekends north of the city in Marin County, where it was ridiculously beautiful with lots of country roads perfect for biking. On one of my rides, I came across a group of artists scattered around this little church, all painting the landscape. I stopped and got the name of the instructor.



About six months later I
joined a weekly painting class
taught by Stanley Goldstein.



We met once a week at a small beach in Marin, with a half dozen ramshackle buildings leftover from a Chinese fishing settlement. Stan was a fabulous instructor and I painted with him for about a year, growing by leaps and bounds. Soon I became absolutely, completely obsessed with painting.

The most addictive
type of behavior is
that which is only
occasionally rewarded



Hello, my name is Tim and I'm a painter. It's precisely because it's so hard that it is so engaging. When I do a painting that I'm happy with, I get a wonderful internal glow. When I do a bad painting, it really brings me down. Sometimes I'll do as many as four or five failed paintings in a row, but I'm always happy to go back to the easel, because I know with every bad painting I do, the chances that the next one will be good, improve exponentially.



When you paint outside on location, it's called "plein air" painting, which is a French term meaning "open air". Though it's easier to see colors and values when you're painting from life, in general, I think plein air painting is more difficult than painting from photos.

Hard as it is, it can be wonderfully meditative to stand out on a hillside for a couple of hours, observing everything around you.

There are times though when the wind, fog, animals, police, farmers, tourists, cold, heat or disappointment gets the best of me and I drive home defeated. It happens all the time, even after doing it for twenty years.



I painted for two years outside before doing my first painting from a photograph. I'm really glad I got my start painting outdoors, but now I do most of my work in the studio from photos. It's more efficient, I can work larger, and I don't have to rely on the weather.



As I got more and more into painting, I was still working full time as a designer. After a few years of painting, I got my work into a local gallery, and began selling. I gradually added a couple more galleries and a couple of annual group shows, and eventually I was spending half my time working as a designer and half my time painting. It felt like a crazy idea to let go of my design career -- something I had worked so hard for. But the painting was more lucrative, more fun, and continually presenting me with new opportunities.



So I did what anyone would do, I shut down my only source of reliable income to become a full time fine artist. It was thrilling to suddenly be doing this wonderfully creative thing, all day long. No office, no clients, no sawdust, no need to update the latest software or call tech support. It all went surprisingly well. I continued to add events and galleries, and started teaching small groups of beginning students, as I slowly stumbled down this new career path.



PAINTING 101

Part of what makes painting so challenging is that there are so many things to consider, or try and solve, in every painting. Composition, focal point, color temperature, color harmony, edges, drawing, brushwork -- they all play a part. And one instructional book will contradict another. One artist might suggest you limit your pallet to six colors, while another artist will insist on using 20 colors.



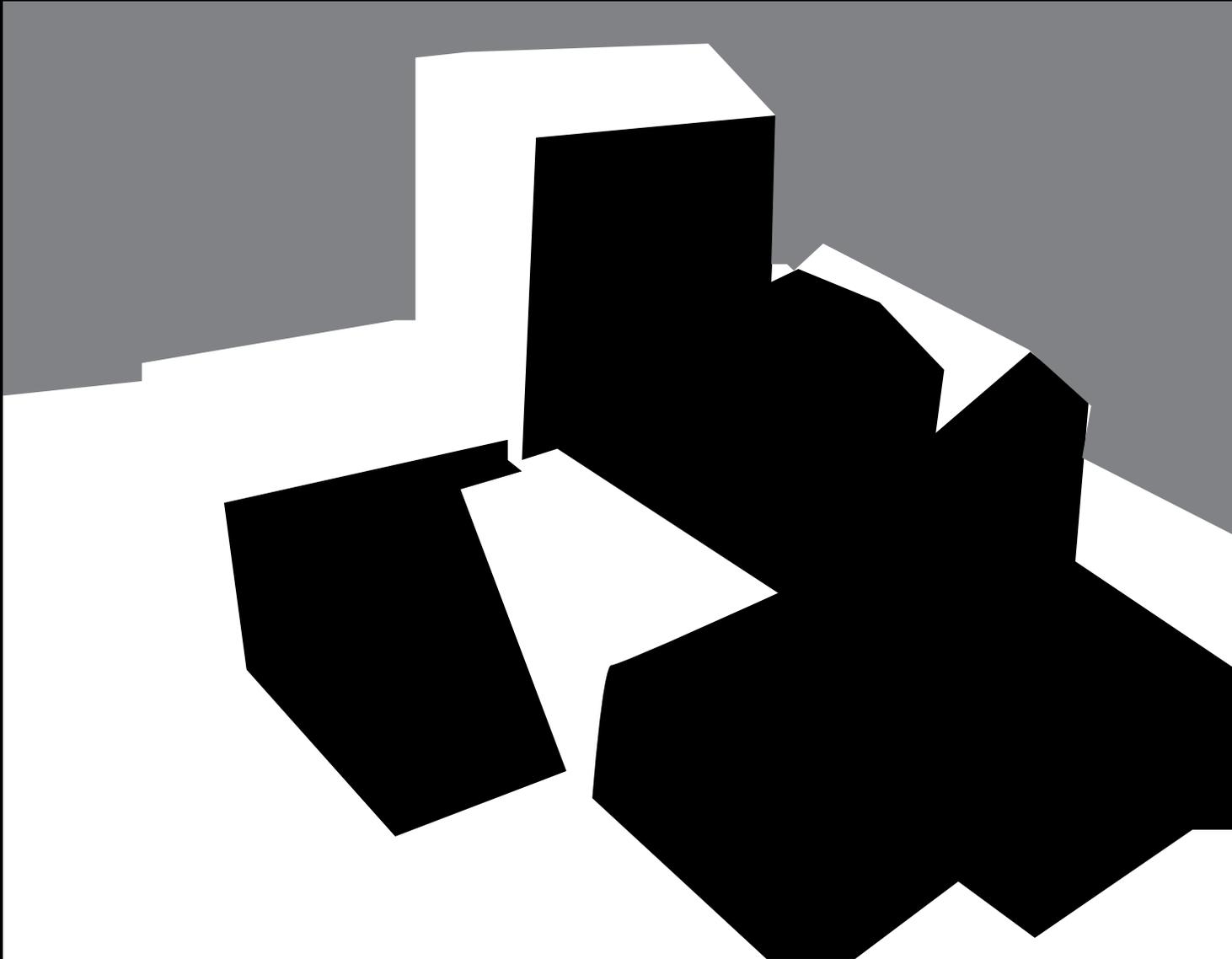
I am usually looking for what I call a Value Pattern. An abstract design created by areas in light, and areas in shadow.



Because of that, I avoid painting on foggy or overcast days whenever possible.



The world is so much more interesting when it's sunny, because of all the things that happen with light. The 'value pattern' for this image ...



... would look like this.

When working with students on this strategy, I have them do little marker sketches called Notans, which is a Japanese term that means 'dark light harmony'. So in the Notan, everything in sun goes white, and everything in shadow goes black. This helps them start to see the world in terms of areas in light and areas in shadow.

Often times it's the dramatic light, in a scene that makes me want to paint it. So I spend a tremendous amount of effort trying to accurately depict the value relationships in a painting.





Composition is commonly considered the most important principle, and I agree. I developed my sense of composition in part from doing graphic design for so many years. Now it's fairly intuitive and I don't have to think very hard about it. Most of my paintings are composed of big shapes. A sky shape, a tree shape, a road shape or building shape. I think of it as a puzzle of shapes that all fit together.



In my early years of painting, I used to think having a clear focal point in a painting was not important. I figured that as long as I could accurately capture the scene in front of me, then everything would just take care of itself.



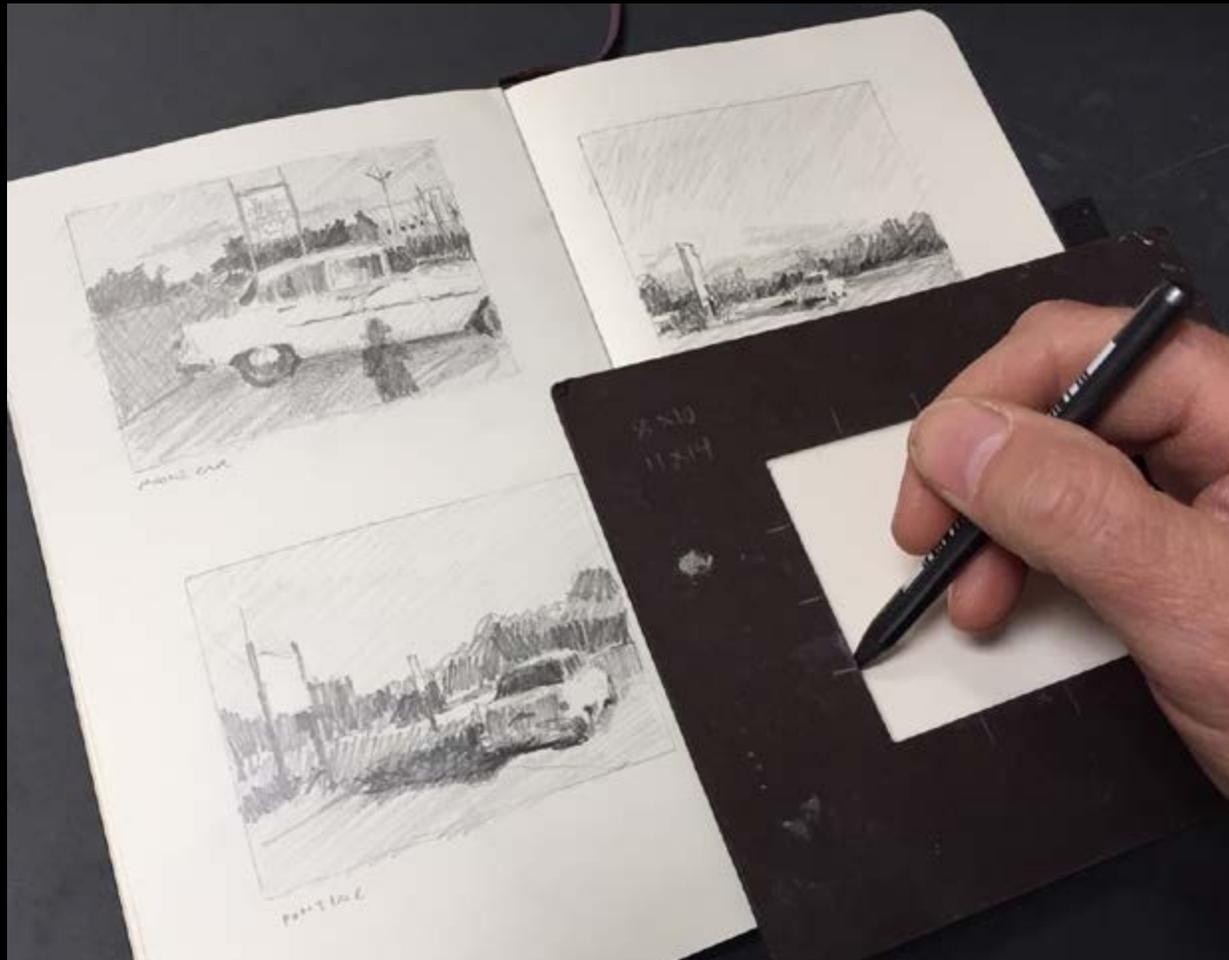
I now believe having a clear focal point in most paintings is critical. In fact, I am happiest if I have three areas of interest in a painting. One is usually dominant, and the other two keep your eyes moving around the painting, making it more engaging. In this painting, the little car is the primary focal point, and these two areas also draw your attention.



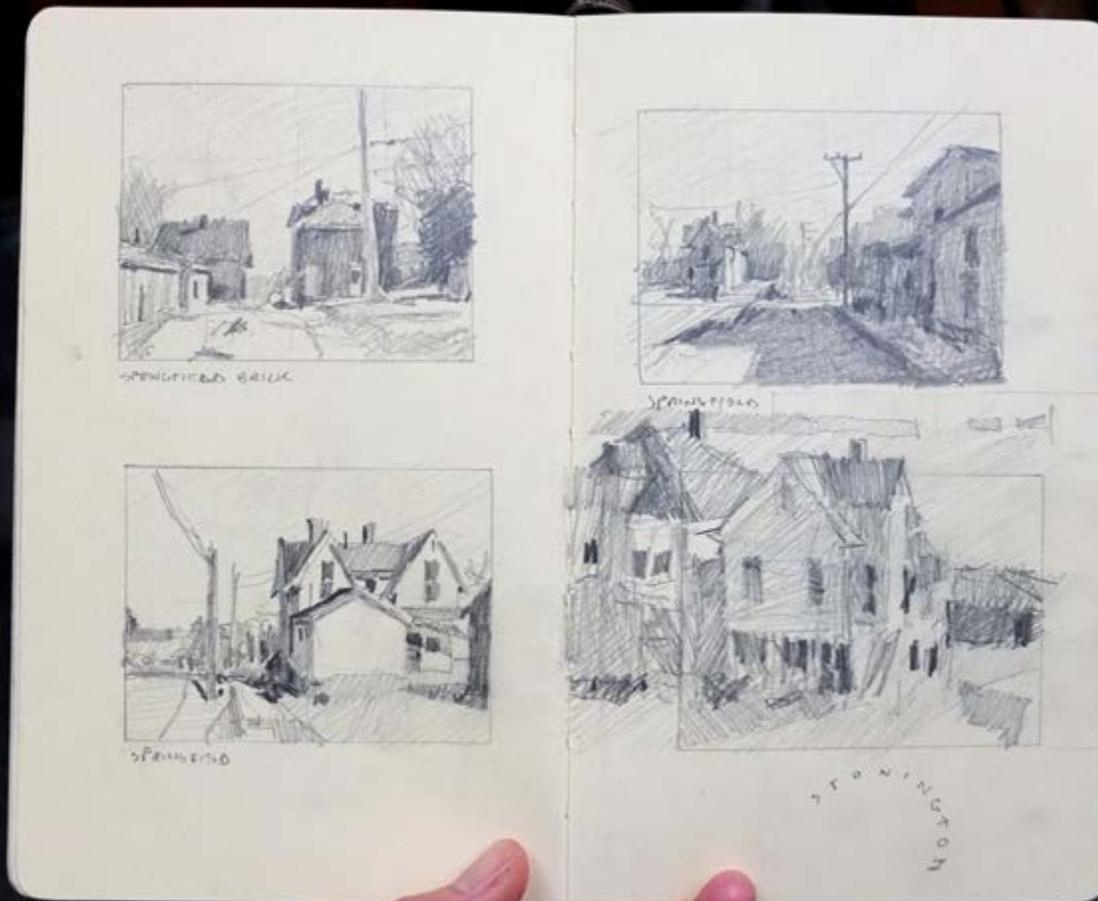
When you are at a new painting location, it can be a little overwhelming wandering around trying to figure out what to paint.



But if you look at the scene in front of you through a viewfinder, it crops it down to a manageable size, and helps you see it in terms of shapes.



Then using the viewfinder, I'll draw a box in my sketchbook and do a little 10 or 15 minute pencil drawing.



And what always surprises me, is that no matter how long I look at a photo or walk around a particular scene, I don't really see it completely, until I start to record it with a pencil. Then almost immediately, I'll start to notice one thing after another, that I hadn't seen before. Drawing is an act of recording and also an act of seeing.

There's a common saying in the painting world "first you learn how to paint, then you figure out what you want to say." On his deathbed, the painter, Toulous Le Treque said, "and I was just starting to get it".



I've been painting for just over 20 years now, and in the last few years, I have spent much more effort trying to find my voice, and what I want to say. What is it about my experience, my aesthetic, my view of the world, that is somehow a little different than anybody else's? And how do I capture those things in paint?



I've had to squash all the other voices in my head, the one's asking "will people like it, and will it sell?" Instead, I try to listen closely and catch a little whisper of the very quietest voice.

The only way to really get at my core voice is to not care what anyone else thinks. I have to muster confidence and follow my own instincts, despite what the response might be. As a one painter said, "Don't cater to the audience, inspire them!"



In trying to discover my voice, I've noticed a recurring subject matter in my paintings that I can only describe as the "scrappy edge". There's something about the less polished places that appeals to me. They feel authentic and personal and real and are often ignored. It's like convincing dialog in a movie. Not made up, not too perfect, just honest and real.



For all of my eleven years in New York I felt like I lived on the scrappy edge. The bodega across the street, my subway line, the corner news stand, my favorite dive bar, and the pool hall I frequented, all shared the same, run down, honest, unadorned character. I now try to embrace this quality in my work, without hesitation.



After you've been painting for a while, you naturally begin to create bodies of work. You discover a particular subject or theme that interests you, and you explore it in depth, creating a series of paintings. Sometimes I'll start a series of paintings, and I'll lose interest after a dozen paintings. Other times, I feel like I could work on it for years.



There's one series of paintings that I started about 15 years ago, which I'm still adding to. Since 2004, I've been participating in an annual show called "Ranches and Rolling Hills". This show benefits the Marin Agricultural Land Trust, which is the oldest land trust west of the Mississippi, that has preserved over 53,000 acres of agricultural land in Marin County.



As one of 30 painters invited into this show I have access to paint on about a dozen ranches in West Marin. Most ranches are either beef cattle, dairy cattle or sheep. Once I learn where the bulls are I'm able to roam around ranches of 200 - 1,200 acres, looking in old barns, meeting some of the workers and trying to find an interesting scene to paint.



Being limited to what you can see and paint from the side of the road can be challenging. So being able to get onto some of these properties has opened up a whole new world of possibilities, and has been a wonderful experience.



While painting for one of my earliest Ranches and Rolling Hills shows, I met a rancher named Richard Respini.



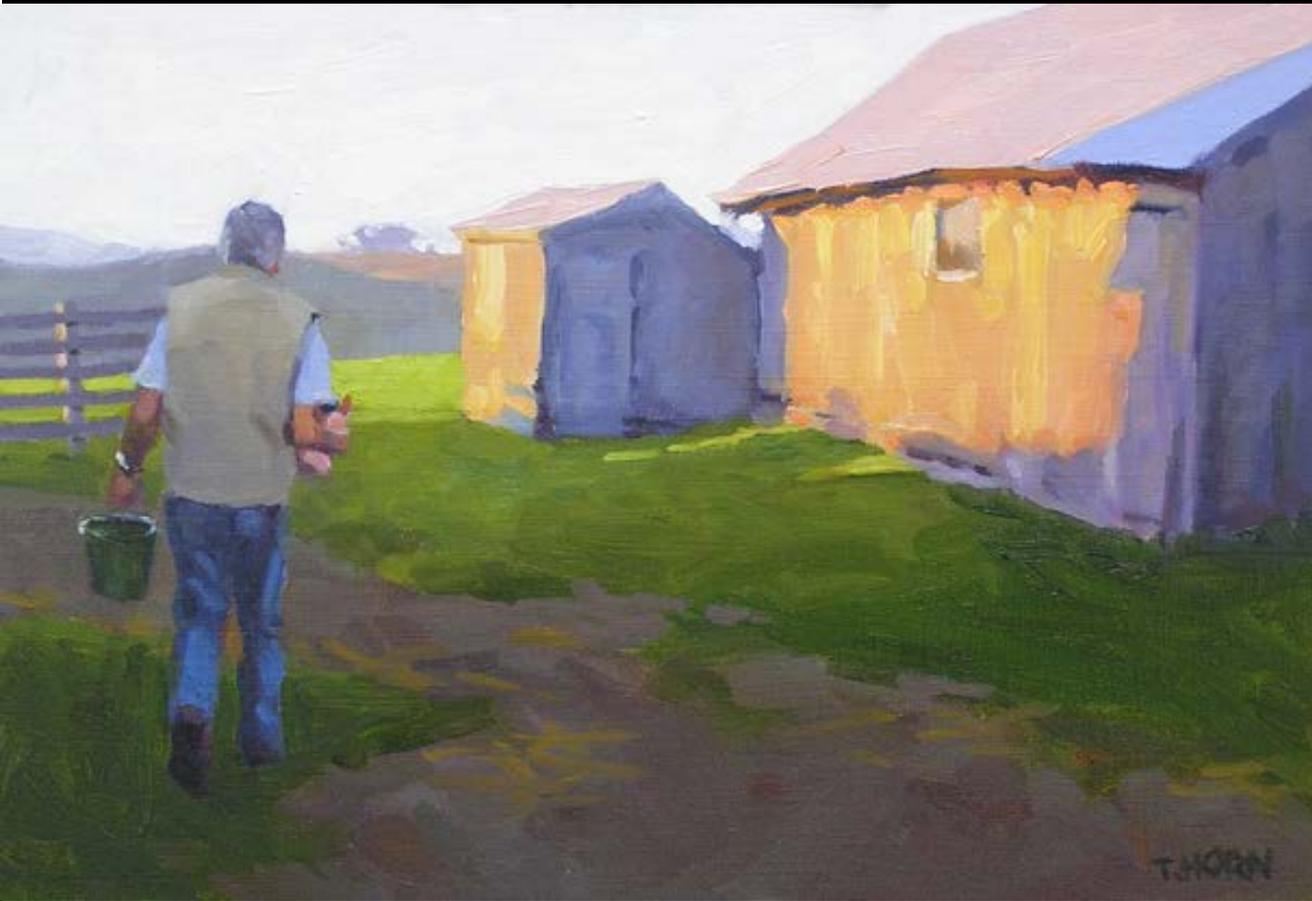
He's got a 1,200 acre ranch, with a huge redwood barn, a few old trucks, some beef cattle, some sheep and two border collies. At first I did paintings of his buildings and the landscape, but quickly saw that the story of the land was in the man himself, so I started doing paintings of him.



During a typical visit, I'd spend about two or three hours following him around the property as he did his work. His work might be mixing formula for an orphaned calf, inoculating his sheep, mending fences, or cleaning out the troughs.



Sometimes we'd ride around in his old red truck with his two dogs squished between us on the front seat. Now that we've been doing this for 15 years, he's gotten more comfortable having me pose him, and he knows to wear blue jeans, cowboy boots and a cowboy hat whenever I'm coming out to take photos.



After about 40 paintings, I considered ending the series, but decided there was still more to be said. He had a stroke about 7 years ago, his two dogs have passed on, he gave away his old blue Chevy, and his old red truck hasn't moved since his stroke.



I've now done about 70 paintings of him around his property, and this has forced me to dig deeper and work harder to come up with new ideas and new points of view. I continue to visit once or twice a year, to see what else there is to say.

T. MOON



As any of you familiar with my work already know, I paint a lot of Airstream trailers. I did my first Airstream painting in 2006 after coming across a freshly polished trailer parked in a residential neighborhood in San Francisco.



It was the reflective quality of the shiny aluminum that first caught my attention and continues to entrance me and viewers.



I have probably painted close to 100 by now, and I still really enjoy painting them, and have begun to explore some new directions with them.



Some of my recent works have introduced figures, like this one with my son.



And in other paintings, I've cropped out the edges of the trailer along with the background, making the reflection itself the subject matter.



Another series I've enjoyed painting began in 2016 when I put together a trip to Cuba with 18 painter friends of mine. I managed to find an entire country on the Scrappy Edge, and with all the old cars, I was in heaven!



We spent most of our time touring, as required by the government, but scheduled three to four hours at the end of every day to paint. Since returning home, I've done about 25 paintings from photos I took in Cuba.



One of my favorites is this one of an old car in front of the imperfect hotel where we stayed.



Each series develops its own spirit and personality. There's one series that surprised me with how strong the response has been from viewers. Beginning when I was eleven, I spent summers at our family cottage in Canada, on a slow wide river, which was wonderful.



It seems like an obvious choice for a series -- a familiar and beautiful setting -- but for years I couldn't see the paintings in my mind. But after I did one, the rest just kind of came off the brush easily.



This whole series has felt more personal than my others, almost private. Painting each one has felt cathartic, like getting some things off my mind that have been there for many years. I'm sure there will be more paintings in this series, now that I've gotten started down this road.



I've gone to Maine a lot in the last 15 years or so, both to teach and sometimes just to paint on my own. I love the simple, classic architecture of the buildings, the views down to the ocean, the lobster boats swinging on their moorings, and the authenticity of the people who live there.

I've taught workshops on Monhegan Island, which has a long history as a painters mecca. Edward Hopper, Rockwell Kent, and Jamie Wyeth have all painted there.





It's truly a magical place, and as I paint around the island, I imagine that it wasn't much different 50 - 70 years ago when those guys were painting there.



Another more recent series I've started are what I call the "shadow selfies". I take lots of photos of old cars, and sometimes as I walk around one of these cars, I notice that I cast a shadow onto the hood or the door, and it's always a little bit of a surprise to see my silhouette imposed onto these old beastly machines.

One thing led to another, and now I've done about a dozen of these, including this one of an old Renault I found in France.





Another subject that has developed into a series is that of my two boys, who are now 14 and 18.



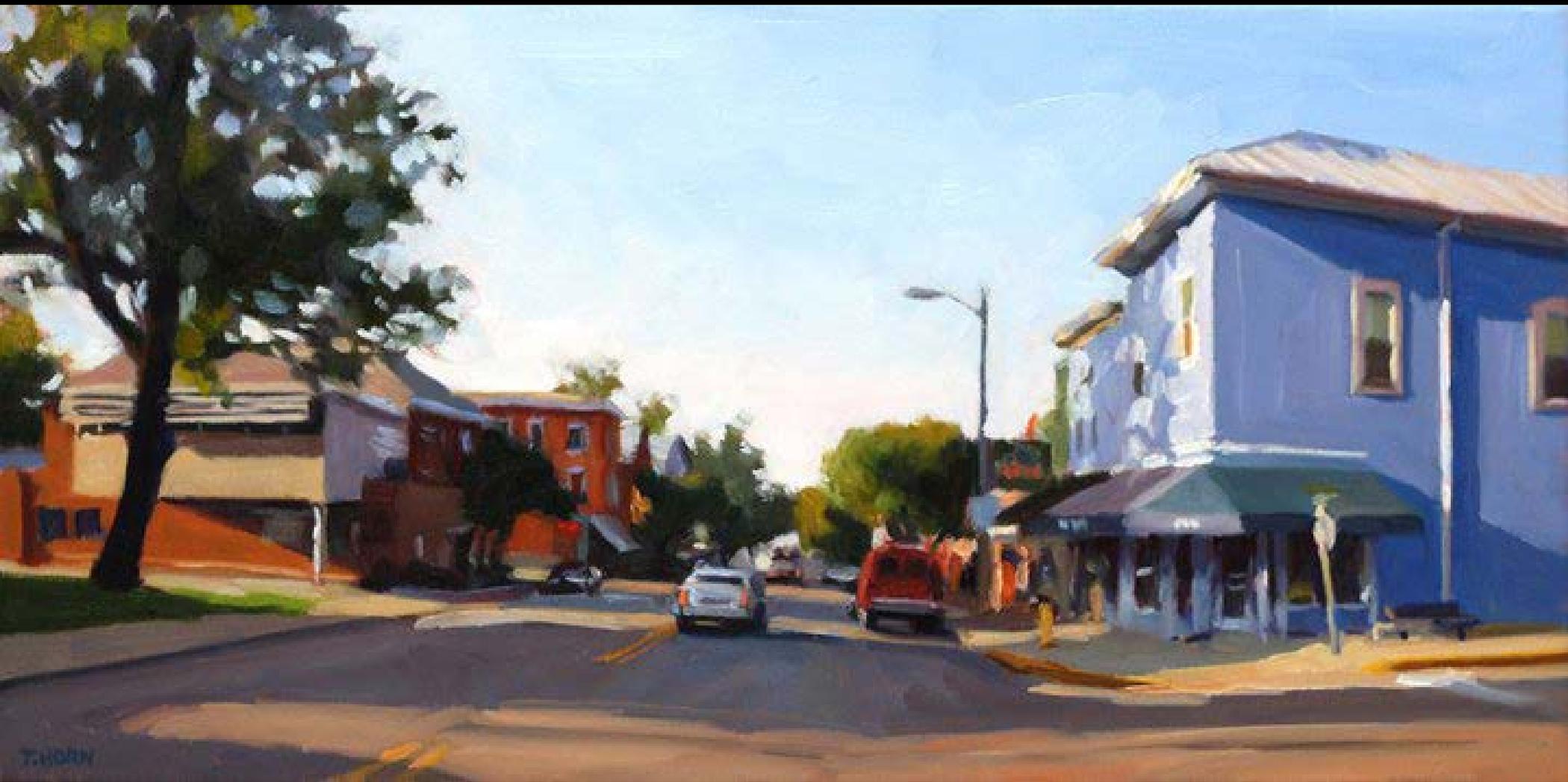
The paintings started when they were young and mostly naked, and have continued to capture various moments in time as they've grown.



And with no intention of ever selling them, it has allowed me to paint more freely, without considering what the response might be or if they will sell.



THORN



Recently when I've come back to visit, I've done some paintings of YS. There are a few that I'm very happy with, but it's been difficult. Some of the iconic views of the town that I first gravitated toward, don't really have the makings for a good painting.



I either can't find a scene with good, big shapes, or there's no focal point, or there's too much detail, or there's no value pattern to hold it together.



But the bigger problem is that every building, every street, every view triggers some memory from my former life in YS. Not necessarily good or bad memories, it's just a bunch of mental baggage that prevents me from seeing things objectively.



But SPRINGFIELD, is PERFECT! My childhood wasn't there. Aside from regular trips to the dentist, and the Upper valley Mall, or Rinks, I have very little baggage that pops up for me anywhere in Springfield.



It's an odd combination. It's somehow very familiar since it's so close to where I grew up, with the same visual language and the same cultural elements, but it's also completely unknown to me, like a foreign land, which allows me to see it with fresh eyes.



So now whenever I come home, I set aside some quality time to wander around Springfield, taking photos for painting reference for this new series.



That's one of the greatest things about painting. It gives me a reason to slow down, wherever I am, to stop and carefully observe things for the detail that makes them interesting to me.

I take those moments, try to interpret them in a thoughtful and interesting way, and share them with the world, in my own voice.

Thank you



www.timhornart.com