

Well, maybe four out of 100 will understand my art. For those four, they will be led by whatever force to find me and my art. It's a long walk to an unknown destination. I have no idea what I am doing ... I am ashamed of my obsession and beauty is impossible to define accurately. Still, I guess I know what I'm doing and compare it with what I could have done, but didn't.

I understand art; I don't understand art. Do we really know why we are alive or what death is? Who needs all the answers? Settle for a mystery. If words could say it all, who needs pictures?

My work is created on impulse. Symbols and shapes take form without a clear path. Rhythm, repetition and design take shape as I fill my drawings and sculptures with my surroundings ... trees, structures, bicycles. Life, eternity and death become my work. Why live, why die, why try?

Have fun trying to figure me out and I can perhaps explain it a little better if I try. For more, I will sound like a fool.

Born: 1937 Santa Fe, NM

Degrees: BA, MFA Southern Illinois University 1962

Work accepted at various museums internationally from 1955-1986

Long time not caring if I was ever recognized; can't be sure why, honestly.

Date today: March 2010

72 years old and don't have any good explanation for how I lived or why.

Tim West