

Tim Weldon



And so it goes...The story of a dreamer in focus, the "little man" larger than life, a metamorphosis of sorts, the juxtaposition of color that lives in the fiesta, echoes of music ranging from a bordello virus spilling into the backstreets of our minds, an ethereal world groove laced with American roots and the raw tap-tap of the dancer...and the word.

Before I touch upon the word it is necessary to address my subconscious instinct and the evolution of being a self-taught painter. Jean Dubuffet might refer to it as art brut, others would say outsider art, to me it is this.... A word spawns an image, the image dances across the canvas to the beat of it's own drummer and colors lead the way to new discovery.

My journey of discovery began some years ago within the confines of a chaotic environment. I was born in New York, the fifth child in a family of what came to be nine children. To some, being one in a large family might be overwhelming. For me, it was truly an amazing experience and to this day, I feel blessed to be so fortunate. When I was a teenager, my family uplifted to a small town in New Mexico. The move was quite an adjustment, and at first, New Mexico didn't agree with me. Ironically, that changed when I moved away. Since then, the colors of *The Land of Enchantment* have haunted me. My palette was born in New Mexico.... It invokes the color of life, a photomontage of a primitive spirit.

The encouraging support of my parents and just the right dose of imagination allowed me to explore some of my wildest dreams, no matter how crazy they seemed at the time. From cartoonist to theatrical dancer to music producer to painter with many odd jobs in between, I've come full circle after a long absence from the visual art world - my first true love.

This re-awakening to my first love started with a Bill Traylor painting I saw for the first time called *Runaway Goat Cart*. I'll never forget it - simple yet complex, raw yet graceful, childlike yet mature. It was a revelation for me and a day that changed my life forever. You could say that I felt the spirit move as the hair raised on my arms, tears fell from my eyes, and a chill ran down my spine. Cliché? Perhaps - but most definitely, the truth.

The message was clear.... It's okay to paint from your inner child! Why not? The happiest times of my life were when I didn't have a care in the world - pure and unblemished, wide-eyed and curious. *Real life* moved me into an illogical orbit that took me away from that innocence. Was that Bill Traylor sighting fate or chance? Probably both.

To find that inner child, I embarked on a therapeutic adventure in painting. It was time. Fifteen years had passed since I last held a brush in my hand. All the other creative endeavors I had experienced left me with an insatiable appetite to bring the beauty of a musical landscape to life on canvas. Now it was time to start on the road to my release...but where would it come from? Since our consciousness is just a vehicle for our subconscious, one can never tell where this journey will lead.

Without looking, my muse came to me - Kitty. *In our garden of dreams whose beginning is at the surface of an infinite tenderness*. She inspired me to painting, became my muse, my love, my wife. Everything became brighter and more in focus than ever before. I finally let love in completely and was dying to express the way I felt. The canvas became a documentary of my life - past and present, as well as a look into my secret world.

Three years after this adventure began, my wife and I gave birth to our son Finn. The Little Man...*breast fed for life in the wind and the spaces in between*. Now, as I strive to see life through his eyes, I feel compelled to dive deeper into my inner child, shed my adult skin one layer at a time and live in the moment. Everything around me appears new and exciting if only for a minute longer...oh, but what a wonderful minute! Is this reality or just a dream? Probably both.

These paintings have been a part of me for some time but have now come to live a life of their own. While bending imaginary curiosity into a visible reality, I unleash the transformation of my spirit.

Welcome to Emotional Rescue: A Scrapyard Lullaby...this is your invitation to the dance.