

Dear Art World Collectors and Dealers:

I am the Director of an art gallery in San Francisco, in business for 30 years. We specialize in classic modern master works by Picasso, Chagall, Miró, Dalí, et al.

Although my personal art collection in San Francisco comprises many fine talents, I am an especially avid supporter of Timothy Williams, an L.A.-based painter/sculptor whose recycled compositions utilizing old doors and windows from California's citrus-grove past seem to conjure views out to sea, into space, into self: surfer, astronaut, sage.

I admire modern and contemporary art of all sorts, but in collecting I seek out a balance that, for lack of a better term, one could call radical-classic. You are not going to find a pile of foil-wrapped candy in the corner of my house or gallery as installation. Just right for me, Williams' tortured found objects, painted á la baroque and stained like junkyard dogs, work a good line between advanced contemporary ideas and classic object worthiness. Put another way, what could be cooler than a tremendously hip old door or window from the '30s – ravaged, revised, processed, painted just so – hanging over your head in the dining room?

They open up the space, giving vistas into/onto scenes of contemplative potential, sometimes creature-from-the-black-lagoon, sometimes ultra-marine, sometimes planet x's gassy atmospheres.

Then again, they hang onto their hinges, denying a "work of art."

Withal, this is a talent, stubbornly committed. *He is not suitable for other employment.* He is paying, has paid, will pay his dues, and we should support him now. Let more good stuff build out of his studio. Save old L.A!

Regards,



Michael J. Miller
Director