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People become artists when they realize that they like to make stuff. Making things is a way of looking at and thinking about the world. This is me, thinking about the world on a dark night in Dover-Foxcroft:



My work grows out the fundamental modern drawing practice of making marks of some kind on a surface of some kind. It tends to be two dimensional, but lately I've been making wall-hung pieces in which found objects that have been painted are used as if they are brushstrokes. And every now and then a free-standing sculpture emerges.

I grew up in a small Maine town and attended rural schools where there was no formal art education. Consequently I believed that people who could draw had some special secret talent. What a fool I was. Later on I went to college in another state and learned something. Then I worked in the public sector for 30 years: proof that I had not learned much. I have a spouse, Sara Hayes, who is a much nicer person than I am, and two grown children, Ethan and Bethany Hayes-Chute, who are much more talented than I am. Below are images of an installation from 2005 and a painting from 2008.



Adirondack Lemmings



Black Arc