



ARTIST BIO
Allen Turk

OIL PAINTINGS
Signature: ATurk



My “art style” started at an early age when somehow I acquired a paint by numbers kit using oils that came in tiny bottles and numbered slots equal to small areas of the printed image. It didn’t take long for me to get bored with coloring inside the lines. So I started experimenting with mixing to see how it would turn out. I had fun with that, and I learned a lot about (not) following the rules. The finished product suffered somewhat, but all in all, my first abstract.

My formative years were spent growing up on a small dirt farm in deep South Texas. Everything out there seemed to come equipped with thorns, fangs or stingers. Making a living was the main objective, and I went from being a high voltage lineman, right out of high school, to Master Electrician. Then, Uncle Sam found me, and I became a heavy equipment operator.

Fast forward thru all aspects of the daily turns of family, mortgages and continuing to grow up. Even at my age now, I’m still progressing on the “growing up” part. I evolved from working in the electrical trade to an electrical engineering position. The last 15 years, before I retired, was nothing but heavy petrochemical and refinery design/construction, which evolved into project management.

I like to say that I sleep indoors, but I live outside. My company had a difficult time keeping me behind a desk, as I preferred being at the jobsites, working alongside master craftsmen to accomplish the overall project. For me, that’s the fun part.

Now I have the luxury of being able to go to beautiful areas like Yellowstone and the Tetons, enjoying the outdoors with photography and the challenge of wildlife videos. I’ve travelled the world, from Australia to Italy and a lot of stops in between. The Texas Hill Country, Arizona, and the Rockies are still my favorite places, but Yellowstone is a magnet for me. I consider it a privilege to experiment with oils on canvas to see if I can capture the light as it fades during a sunset on Mt Rainier or the shoreline of Acadia in Maine. The landscapes I work on, offer up the difficulties of doing it “my way”.... but when a landscape simply refuses to cooperate, suddenly, a new abstract comes to life. I’m still amazed how it turns out sometimes.

View available artwork at www.westerngalleries.com