

I have a problem. I am an imagery junkie. Rather than apply for the job, show up to the doctor's appointment, or go to bed at a decent hour, I choose to troll museums, collections, websites, books, blogs, and magazines for hours upon end looking for pictures, illustrations, photographs, prints, and other visual nuggets that catch my fancy. I am always on the hunt for the next big score. Nothing is safe: painting, fashion, industrial design, pornography, landscapes, toys, architecture, portraiture; all are fair game. These images and objects are fuel – saved, cataloged, and digested for a later date.

My sculptures are the consequences of my addiction. Images and experiences come in. Mulled and digested, mashed, mixed, combined, melded hybrid objects come out. Some works are direct references. Others are vague allusions. Conceived and born during my visual explorations, the pieces are soon orphaned as I search for my next fix.

As an artist, I see my role as cocktail party host: I introduce the viewer to the work then gracefully remove myself, leaving them talking while I make sure we are not running out of party punch. Once the loose parameters for the discussion between the viewer and the work are established, it is the job of the viewer to make judgments, ask questions, and bring their own history and views to the table. I can only define Z and Y. It is up to the viewer to create their own equation and solve for X.

-- Nathan Prouty  
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