

Cindy Blakeslee

My art primarily arises from the inspiration of that which is abandoned by my fellow homo sapiens: materials cast off are caught, mid-air, to be reformed into something of beauty or perhaps simply an almost unrecognizable restatement of itself.

To me something, almost anything, is more valuable if it contains or issues from the reuse of materials deemed useless by others. Thus my art is a subliminal (or perhaps not so) political statement which I hope will seep into the consciousness (or even unconsciousness) of those who admire it's form, function, humor or beauty. It's also just plain fun to make and to look at. Occasionally I break the rules and use virgin materials, but only occasionally and with great guilt.

I am all about form and texture produced in different ways and with different (and often disparate) materials. My sculptures contains myriad found objects: vcr tape, bowl turning remnants, copper, nails, post/beam scraps, horsehair, musical instruments, maps, plywood scraps, tools and others.

I am autodidactic and late-blooming having been many things other than an artist over the years (technical editor, political worker, trade association executive director, non-profit director, food writer). The consistent motivator is that I have been a very active environmentalist for over forty years and that world view feeds (actually dictates) my work with found objects.

This piece, #141, is what happens when I stumble into a wealth of nails waiting to be something more than their parents thought they would/could/should be.

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