

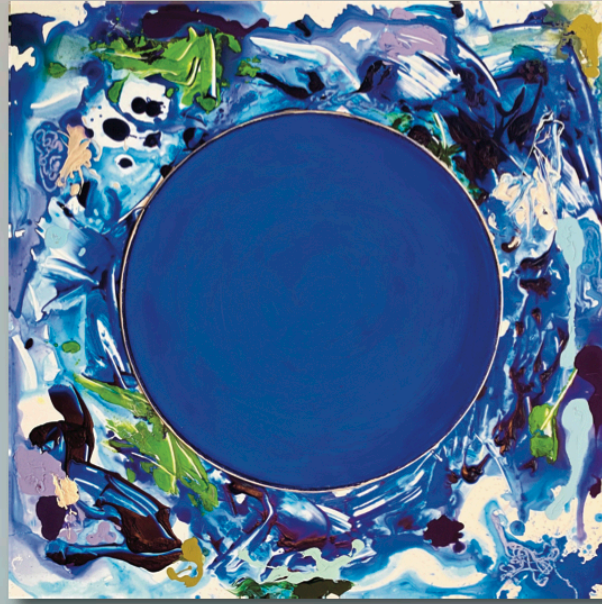
BRYAN CHADWICK

HOSTS

Tempera, acrylics and metallics on plexiglass
with drip tray | 36" X 36"



"The Blue Host"



"The Blue Host" approximate unframed scale view

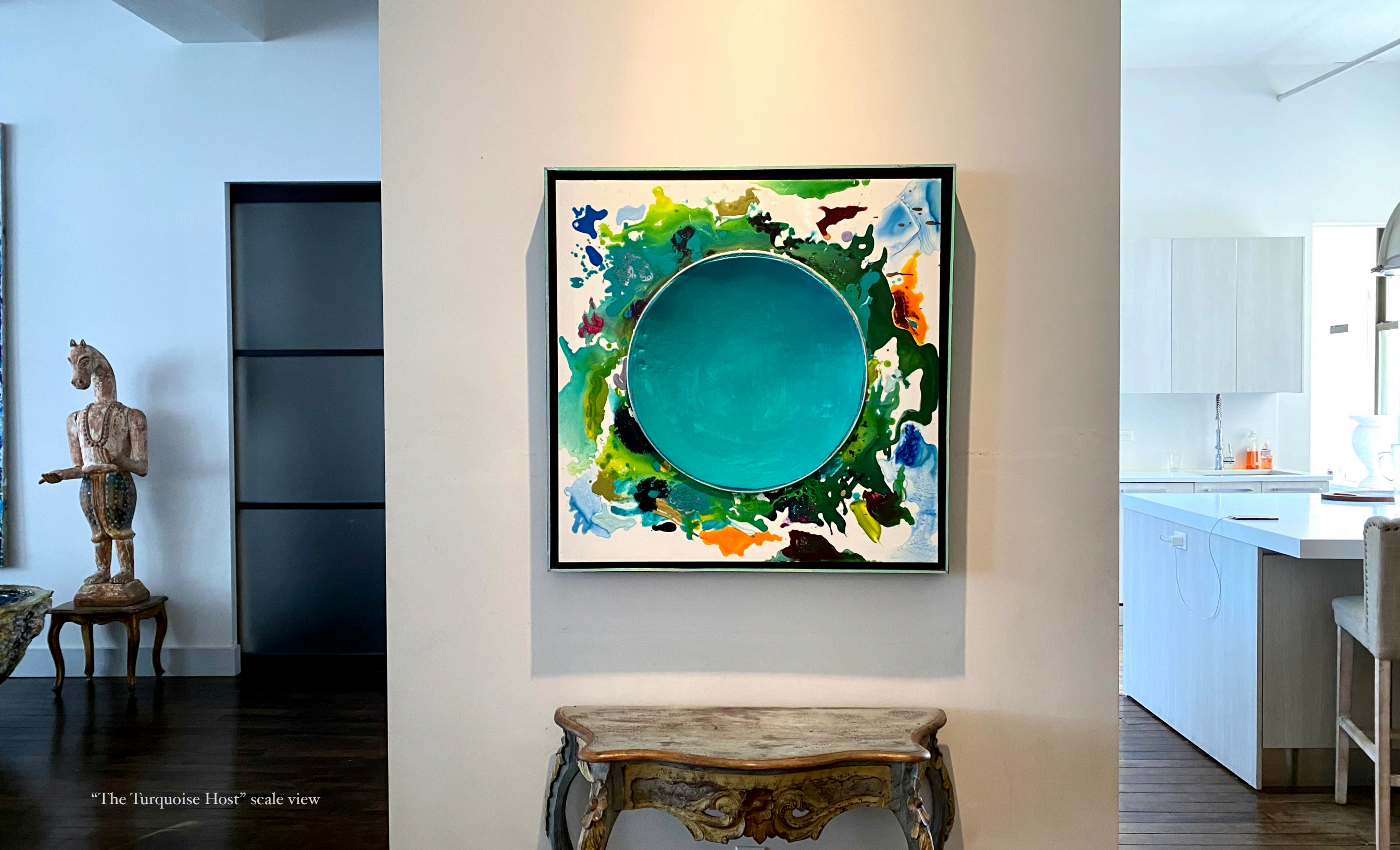


“The Purple Host”

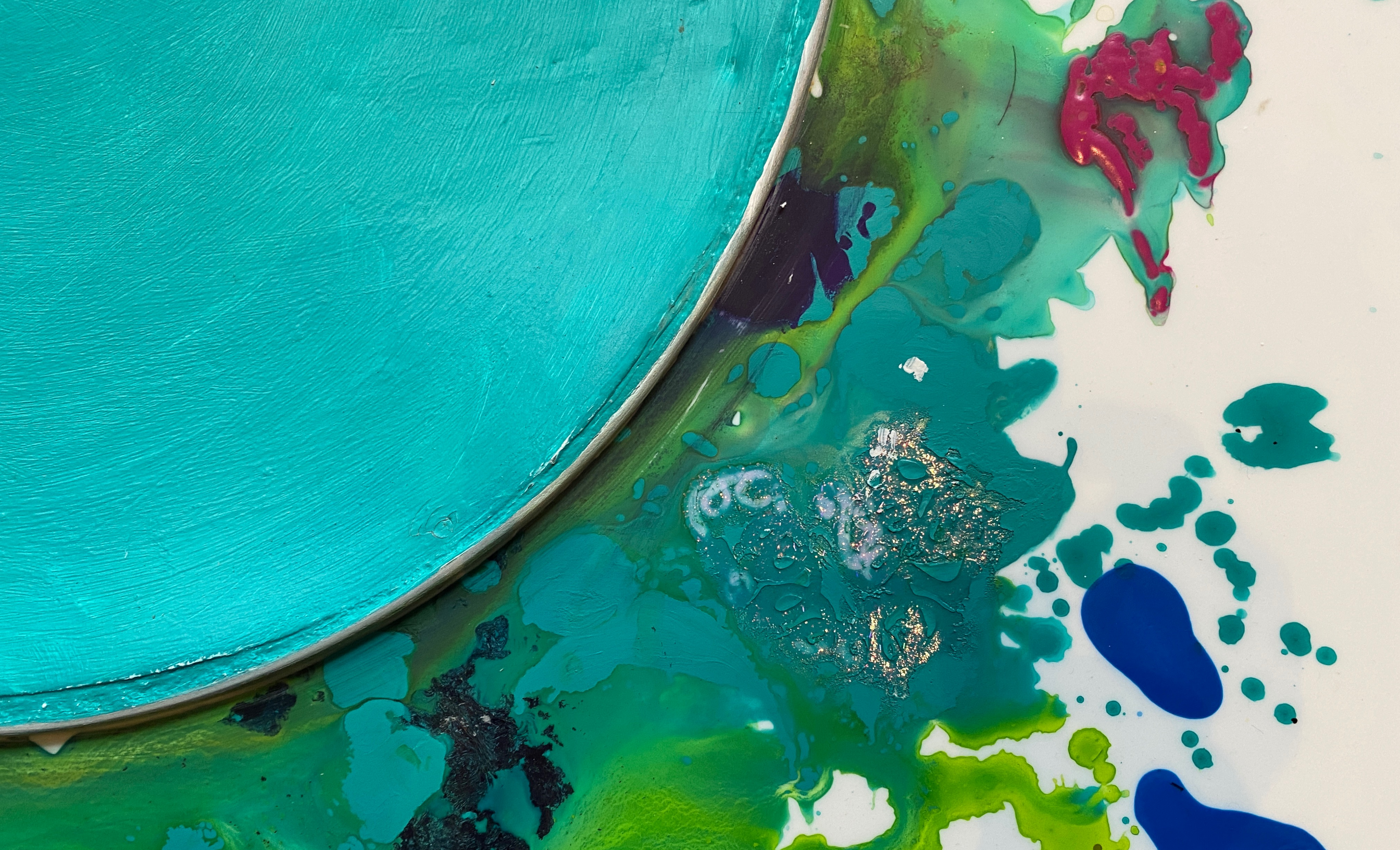




“The Purple Host” approximate unframed scale view



"The Turquoise Host" scale view



WHEN I WAS ABOUT 5, I was given my first ever water color paint set, and I was utterly transfixed. I loved the little, round tablets of color, but most of all, I was fascinated by how the colors spilt out of their dishes to swirl around and merge with other neighboring colors, creating fantastical art smudges on the white tray without any help from me. I'm trying to capture that in these works, the happenstance beauty of our childhood paint sets, the vivid scream of a single, circular color with its surrounding overflow, and how I felt art 'emerging' in me with little effort of my own. But also something more visceral. I must have been taken to church around the same time and seen worshipers receiving the Eucharist because I came to assume that my paint tablets must be just like those little, circular, sacred wafers people were eating at the alter. "Hosts" they were called. My paint tablets must have God inside them, too, I decided. That's how come they can create art on their own with me just a bystander, I believed. So... trying to emulate what I'd seen at church, I chiseled the nice, deep red one out of its tray, put it on the edge of my tongue, and snarfed it. Of course, I spit the thing out seconds later, creating a small, bubbly abstract color field surrounding a wet disc of radiant red. But—Wow!—I loved it. That was my first, formative artistic experience. I embodied it. And, I confess, I'm still a believer.



"The Violet Host"



"The Spring Green Host"



“The Orange Host”

“The Orange Host” approximate unframed scale view





“The Gold Host”



“The Silver Host”



“The Silver Host” approximate unframed scale view



“The Yellow Host”



"The Yellow Host" scale view



“The Rose Host”



“The Light Green Host”





“The Black Host”



"The Magenta Host"

PICASSO SAID ARTISTS do things to find out why they did them. That couldn't be more more true in my case. My art is an attempt to find out, understand, codify, and express what is causing it to emerge.

As far back as I can remember, I worried the creative 'nudges' I was getting were coming from a source outside of myself. Many artists feel that, and perhaps I was just especially attuned to it. By my teens, I figured these nudges must either be some kind of mental illness, or some kind of 'gift'. I didn't know which was more frightening. So I keep my creative life secret. Which is why few people have ever seen it before.

What I knew, though, was to document everything. Not just in diaries but in the veiled languages of art and music—hiding it in plain sight—so that, if I ever got the nudge to share my story, I'd have a beautiful, verifiable, time-stamped way of expressing it.

All of this wants to culminate in a multi-media codex—a single work combining visual art, music, and a work of literary non-fiction. All three elements of this life work are at various stages of completion. The different series shared here form visual parts of that larger whole.

Ultimately, my work is about what it feels like to tread the alarmingly thin line between giftedness and mental illness, spirituality and creativity, and the fear of falling off on one side or the other.

For more, visit <https://www.bryanhamiltonchadwick.com/>

Contact: 212-945-8953 | bryanhchadwick@yahoo.com