

# Kathryn Hart

## Statement

Kathryn Hart is an artist inspired by the tenacity of the human spirit as she has seen and experienced it. Underpinned in Humanism and Feminism, her work is rooted in my personal history of witnessing human renewal and decay and gives form to the hope that urges one forward through adversity. She makes works bigger than their physicality using shadow, reflection, light, dimension, gesture, line and space.

Her scientist parents and career in organ transplantation research fostered a fascination with the unseen intricacies underneath the skin and the relationship of each integral part to the physical, emotional and psychic whole. The shapes she creates are figurative from the inside-out. Her artworks combine both abstracted gesture and meticulous labor. Precise surgical knots become synapses within chaotic webs of connections. Built up in three dimensions with line, space, movement and shadow, her sculptures and wall reliefs interact with their environments and to viewers moving around them, altering the surrounding light and air. They pulse and breathe with energy and do not flinch from the viscera that makes that life possible, embodying the tension between renewal and entropy, growth and decay, life and death. The diseases and deaths of her loved ones have taught her to honor the processes of life, and to honor as well, the privilege of bearing witness.

As a plastic surgeon's daughter, slicing and suturing come naturally after frequently observing surgeries. Yet Hart's work strives toward truth rather than prettiness; she aims to reveal the underbelly, not veil it. Her sculptural materials are twisted, stretched, pressured, tied, and trapped; they push and bulge and occasionally burst out, representing the reinventions, renewals, struggles, strategies, and capitulations of women operating in a world designed by men. She seeks the lasting core that survives the white noise from society, family and personal experience to value the uniqueness of the individual and shared humanity. It is not beautiful, it is life.