

Scrap

12 x 12 x 36 inches

Sculpture

Warren McCombs

Bio

I'm a sculptor in Greenland, Arkansas: a small, rural town rife with abandoned, roadside scenes of industries past, now defunct and rusted over. I grew up watching my dad make veritable mandalas out of natural objects around our yard. I work primarily in found metals and love building things with "junk," as well as objects that emit light and sound. Living here, I have easy access to Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art, where, in spring of 2018, I saw the *Soul of a Nation* exhibit, featuring junk sculptures by artists such as Noah Purifoy. I'd never seen anything of the kind, and checked out a book of Purifoy's work, which I found so inspiring. I've been making all kinds of art for a long time – from film to graphite to performance art – but it is just these last three years that I have tried my hand at sculpture, and I've fallen in love with it. I spend most of my free time out in a little corner of my garage and tinker with woods, metals and plastics, sometimes completely losing track of time. For me, making beautiful things out of discarded objects is a way to process my grief about abandoned houses and things being thrown away. Waste wounds my soul, and I believe beauty can come of anything.

Artist Statement

Scrap incorporates many of the motifs that I believe are central in all my work. After crafting tiny broken-down cars out of sheet metal, googly-eye plastic and clay, I lined the headlights with yellowed, flickering lights, and took on the structural challenge of stacking the cars on top of one another. The cars, each of which is based on a real vehicle with personal significance to me, seem to be flashing their lights as a last cry for help before the weighted pulley is lowered upon them by the skeletal green wire man in the back. I had a dream about junk cars driven by the dead following along in a funeral procession lead by an old school bus with the words "Happy Hearts Preschool" etched on the side. The miniature version of this dream bus was constructed so it serves as a mysteriously levitating base to the giant stack of junk vehicles – as it seemed to do in my dream.

