

## **DOUG JECK**

### **Bio**

Doug Jeck was born in 1963. He grew up in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. He studied music as a trumpet major at Tennessee Tech University from 1981 – 1983. In 1983, he began working with clay at the Appalachian Center for Arts and Crafts in Smithville, Tennessee and received his BFA in 1986. He attended The School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 1987 and received his MFA in 1989. He left Chicago in 1994 to teach ceramic sculpture at the New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred University. In 1996, he began teaching at the University of Washington, where he is currently an Associate Professor and the chair of Ceramic Art.

He has received awards and grants from the Illinois Arts Council, two National Endowment for the Arts Visual Arts Fellowships, the Virginia A. Groot Foundation, and an NEA travel grant to the La Napoule Foundation, La Napoule, France.

His work is included in numerous private and public collections. Selected collections include: The Johnson Wax Collection, The Los Angeles County Museum, The Smithsonian Renwick Gallery of American Art, The Mint Museum, The Tacoma Art Museum, The Seattle Art Museum, The Gardiner Museum of Art, and the Virginia A. Groot Foundation.

His work has been reviewed in numerous publications including: ART IN AMERICA, AMERICAN CERAMICS, NEW ART EXAMINER, FLASH ART, SCULPTURE MAGAZINE, CERAMICS MONTHLY, CERAMICS ART AND PERCEPTION

His work has been viewed in significant national and international group and solo exhibitions and is represented by Gasser and Grunert Gallery, New York and William Traver Gallery, Seattle

### **Statement**

Initially, the title for this show was going to be “Ego.”

This intriguing definition of Ego: “ a transcendental unity with one’s apperception” implies that the sense of identity I live with today is an amalgam of all of my previous “perceived truths” in synch with whom I understand myself to be right now. So, this “unity” is the active construct for my present, projected self. Yep, I concur.

While all of that is sensible analytically, it doesn’t address the very real impact that various orders of “internal fiction” have in forming us, especially we artists—most especially those who engage the human object.

I'm convinced the thing that truly distinguishes visual artists from civilians has to do with the degree to which we truly believe in "so-called" fictions (and not just our own, by the way). I've made some of mine, mostly through clay, and I know they're real, physically.

Oddly, when I look at the human objects I made thirty, or fifteen, or eight years ago, they don't seem fictitious anymore. They still exist and (unlike us, I insist) their meaning becomes more concrete as time passes.

The ideas and impulses regarding psyche and soul that I've attempted to engage through these works here today are remarkably vivid to me. I can only know this because I began each piece so seemingly emphatic in concept, but through process, they alter so radically as to appear almost foreign to me. It's gloriously humbling.

I suppose my reason to continue to fabricate persona through clay is to receive (and perhaps provide) actual evidence to decipher or, at least, to study.

These works are dedicated to the memory of my mentors,  
Stephen DeStaebler and Tom Rippon.