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Which is Not One

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Specific yet anonymous, my paintings allow the viewer to sit within what would normally be a fleeting moment of intimacy. The paintings depict fragments of figures and items of clothing emerging from raw canvas. Like our relationships to each other, the fragments of figure are at times familiar but disorienting, fluid but with passages of awkwardness.

The figures are anonymous, allowing the viewer to focus on the experience of intimately observing, but they also suggest that all figures are anonymous, or at least defy description. In a very literal sense, when someone is at a certain distance to us, we can see their whole figure. Once they get closer, we can no longer absorb them all in one glance. We piece them together through fleeting pieces of imagery. My paintings use this physical experience as an analogy for the less tangible experience of constructing another's identity.

The raw canvas is a blank space in which the viewer's mind is free to imagine the subject. The viewer uses the painted information as clues with which to construct a theoretical whole. The juicy scraps of flesh and fabric are all that can be known, yet as cryptic or minimal as the images may be, the subject remains present somewhere in the cloth. This is similar to the process by which we relate to the individuals around us on a daily basis.

Though the other may be impossible to accurately construct, the boundaries between individuals are equally difficult to define. To reflect this, my images exist between transience and presence, sliding between thickly painted areas, and untouched canvas.

Rather than depictions of identifiable individuals, the paintings question the notion of individuality while asserting the importance of the specific. Just as our identities both shape and are shaped by the consumer goods that surround us, the fleshy masses in my paintings emerge from mass produced clothing that obscures but yet gives form to the figure. We are lumps of flesh who are constantly molding and being molded by ideas of gender and culture carried through the garments we encase ourselves in. The interplay between the raw canvas and the thick fleshy oil paint blurs the boundary between surfaces and thus between figure and external influences. However the process of painting asserts the importance of that particular moment, that particular sock or that particular hand clasp. In the face of our own mass production, it is in the details that we carve out a niche to exist within.