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Le Corps Propre

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Meaty, Beaty, Big, & Bouncy

In my MFA thesis show, *Le Corpse Propre*, I am presenting a series of large scaled paintings; performative archaeological stripteases through which layers of material stratigraphy reveal themselves through a deliberate process of revealing and concealing.

They are decidedly handmade, composed over time, deliberately considered, amended and revised. They are where granola-pop, cyberpunk, futurism, and science fiction aesthetics collide. Composed of explosive gestures, garish colors, acidic overtones, and gritty surfaces, they are dark and moody like the night but radiant and brilliant like the blood orange moon. Where polarized mediums converse, conflict, and engage; leaving vigorously smeared, scrapped, smashed, sprayed, meaty, beaty, and diverse organizational messes.

The goal is transparency- to make work that explains how it came to be. There are visible scars in the surface. Hints of abstract features where formal spray painted lines emerge as pigmented propellant explodes from its shielding. Strategically scraping away the topmost layer with a metal scraper, a comb, or other improvised implement. The displaced oil is scraped to the sides, leaving detailed records of moments before. The tracks left by the tool give the viewer an instant grasp of both process and effect. The lines/patterns are placed carefully to ignite light, and space, presenting at times a vibrating glow of a complex prism of color. Scrapes and swashes of oil intersect with desecrated remnants of a surface sheened by the synthetic soft of spray paint. And yet, these different territorial markings do not necessarily invalidate and cancel each other out. They reveal and conceal within their vibrations the underlying mark making and material. Through spraying and scrapping you can see the choreography of the movement across the painting's surface- you can trace the steps.

The brilliant moments of color several layers deep revealed by the systematic erosion might seem like outpourings of improvisational expressionistic art, but they aren't. These abstract paintings rely heavily on discipline, structure, and improvisation to tease and provoke a powerful liminal space that exists between the natural divides of tradition (i.e. over and under-worked, minimal and maximal, gestural and mechanical). I do this by purposefully giving each painting a proposal and work through the limitations, but at the same time, invite moments of chaotic slippage and fragility into the process, always embracing internal tensions and contradictions- as much as I like rules, I also love to break them.

Still, these paintings always manifest themselves into what some may say looks like nothing but a mucky mess, a "crime scene" where some sort of foul play has occurred. The closer the viewer gets, the more the viewer's expectations get played. Up close, the impersonal mess reveals itself as an organized system of some sort. An archeological dig where colors begin to disclose themselves and the work begins to show its hidden depth. Each painting a map of its own time travel before. Through this up close looking one can engage with marks left and start to get a clearer picture of the work's rewarding moments. I want my viewers in these subtle shifts to become surprised and excited leaving the scene suspect to ways *all* paintings are made, not just mine. I want the reveal, the time travel forward to shake the past right into the present. I want the skepticism of paintings' tropes and clichés to find themselves bare naked, staring head on at the past, pulling from all moments, striving to understand the mystery of the weight that came with it. To me there are no limitations in this, just endless amount of possibility.

