

NARRATIVE VIA SYNTHETIC REALISM: A STUDY ON HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY
AND EMOTION THROUGH IMAGERY

A Thesis

Submitted to the Faculty

of

Laguna College of Art & Design

by

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In Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree

of

Master of Fine Arts

May 2014

Laguna College of Art and Design
Master of Fine Arts Thesis Approval
Signature Page

Title of Thesis: : NARRATIVE VIA SYNTHETIC REALISM: A STUDY ON HUMAN
PSYCHOLOGY AND EMOTION THROUGH IMAGERY

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Date Approved: _____

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ABSTRACT

My artwork often reflects an inner world that can be described as “Synthetic Realism.” Robert McKee, a former art professor at Yale University, used the label to loosely describe a form of art that although rooted in realism, manipulates and bends reality. It heavily relies on metaphor and symbolism in an attempt to create a deeper experience of reality. Synthetic realism constructs narratives that reveal or hint at a deeper psychological inner world, often autobiographical in part, but universal in emotion and implied story telling (Hana 1). I have the freedom to express and explore allegories in different forms and in the construction of an idea I remain conscious of qualities that can be read universally. I use gestures, colors, historical references and or connections, and the formal elements of compositional construction. While still guided by the initial emotion at the inception of an idea, it is my hope that within the initial seed of emotion and inspiration an underlying subconscious motivation emerges so that a viewer can relate on a personal level, one that is more than not, without words.

DEDICATION

For my family.

EPIGRAPH

"Stories are the creative conversion of life itself into a more powerful, clearer, more meaningful experience. They are the currency of human contact." - Robert McKee

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Introduction

A singular bird visits me in my dreams and although the size changes, the colors vary, and the context fluctuates, I know, I feel, it is the same bird. In time this bird becomes a psychological symbol, and then becomes part of a personal mythology constructed in such a way that it gives meaning to something that I am presently blind to. It is a culling of fragmented information, memories, and fantasy that then leave an emotional resonance and significance in me.

My paintings move through a stream of consciousness that avoids linear patterns, allowing me to be directed by my thoughts and emotions rather than being shaped by a predisposed idea. After allowing a dominant mental image to surface, I then mold it into an allegorical visual interpretation relying on metaphor and symbolism. This approach results in a painting that is laced with underlying narratives and layers of autobiographic information, allowing me to tell stories that are both universal in emotion and traditional in story telling techniques.

Leaving enough ambiguity within the artwork creates an open dialogue with the viewer as well as creating room for my own self-discovery. Just as free association in psychology often divulges a non-linear path to new insights, the visual free association from one artwork to the next, works similarly. Writing about my own artwork is always in retrospect and I find it is necessary in order to fit the work into a larger context. However, I hesitate doing this because no single idea comes from a direct source or catalyst. They come from multiple sources. An accumulation of mentally banked information coalesces into a single painting. Part of my process is experimentation both in technique and ideas. I will move from a figure in landscape to a figure in an interior

space if needed, in order to strengthen the prevailing narrative. On occasion, I will begin a painting with a specific contextual intention. But more often than not, the ideas that spurred the development of a piece are vague; leaving room for intuition to guide the work's composition, and message.

It would be disingenuous to disregard the social statement that I am making in some of my work. Although it is not my primary intent, many of my paintings have opened a dialogue into the ordinarily taboo world of mental health. My personal experiences with living, caring, and helping those suffering from mental illness have shaped me both as a person and artist. As a result, these experiences influence most everything I do by virtue of my life with a daughter affected by schizophrenia. My artwork is both a statement of what I believe and who I actually am; separating my life experiences from my work is impossible. So rather than force a schism between the two, my artwork is a meeting of both intellectual belief and emotional experiences.

I employ appropriation, metaphor, symbolism, distortion, color manipulation, historical and mythological references differently within each painting. Nonetheless this is always done in a realistic manner guided by purpose. This purpose is to create a series of layered meanings using underlying psychology and basic emotional triggers. This layer becomes autobiographical in direct and indirect ways. This personal aspect is not meant to be the dominant thematic force of the narrative, but rather the impetus that I hope to impart upon the viewer in some aspect. In 2012 during an interview by Out of Order Magazine, the painter Vincent Desiderio described what he wanted from his work as: "Something that unfolds gradually, an image that stays with you and evokes questions" (Reyes 2). Similarly, with my work, I attempt to use enough ambiguity for

viewers to project their own stories on to my work, thus giving new life to the piece.

Ultimately, I am not concealing, but instead layering, which is, not coincidentally, closer to how I view reality. By working within the style of realism, employing varied historical, mythological, literary references, and relying on metaphor and symbolism to incite an emotional response, I hope to create an overarching cohesion expression.

Body of work

Jung's Dream



fig 1. Sitton, Cynthia. *Jung's Dream*, 2013. Oil on linen, 84" x 36".

The turquoise and green parakeet hovers above the red haired, freckled figure as she lays cocooned in a multiple colored crocheted blanket. Layers of interwoven threads matrix together, each fully realized in detail. The surrounding atmosphere is dark, but not completely void of light. The life size figure lays in complete profile on a gray surface, covered in sheets, and a blanket. She is at peace.

In my dreams, birds come regularly. They visit singularly and occasionally in groups. Some are identifiable species while others are covered with polka dots, fur or featherless. The context changes within each dream, enormous skyscraper sized atriums with thousands upon thousands of birds, a birdcage holds a singular bird, and loose birds fly free in a home. They squawk, they sing, they bite, they hide, and it is never the same. What remained the same was and is the mixture of awe and panic. There is both beauty and terror. Nearly every dream remains open ended.

The conception of *Jung's Dream* seeded when I fully understood what the birds had come to mean to me. I became interested in finding a way to translate my dream experiences into a painting that represented them through symbolic visual language. It was clear that the birds represented the hundreds, if not thousands, of mentally ill people that I had witnessed over the years while, caring for my own mentally ill daughter. Groups of birds became the endless number of patients trapped inside the hospitals, while singular birds became her. I would attempt to save this bird, hide this bird, and in some cases abandon this bird. Realizing that my unconscious mind was constructing surreal narratives and living out emotions through them, I began researching dream symbolism. In Jungian dream symbolism the parakeet becomes a message of the unconscious mind surfacing to the conscious mind (Jung 275, 276).

Placing autobiography within a painting works therapeutically for me, but for the most part remains private. This personal aspect motivates me and charges my images with emotion. However, I rely on the projection of the audience to add significance to the image. James Elkins discusses in *The Object Stares Back*, the interaction between an object and the viewer. By projecting our inner self onto what we see, the object stares back and informs us who we are (Elkins 35). In doing so, objects carry individual meaning. It may very well be that despite my intent I ultimately have limited control over the viewer's response.

Along with the viewer's projected associations, I am interested in the primitive forms of animism as suggested by David Freedberg throughout his book *The Power of Images*, (Freedberg XXII). We do not necessarily view objects separately from ourselves, but rather seamlessly connect to them through empathy and projection. There

is little doubt in my mind that we all carry with us, despite our belief system, images that hold power and have universal symbolic meaning. I am attempting to exploit this potential by pulling from a long list of historically powerful images to heighten a visceral emotional response.

Both the scale and detail of the painting interact with the viewer on an instinctual level. These two details encourage the audience to enter the painting's space and help remove the barriers that exist between the painting and reality. Freedberg argues, while discussing the history of verisimilitude in religious iconography that the power believed to be held within an image has more to do with its exactness to reality. For example, the representation of Christ and Buddha in human form as opposed to symbols, produces empathy (206). This event connects the viewer emotionally to the subject matter creating lasting impact. In the case of *Jung's Dream*, the figure's supine position imparts visually familiar references. Religious iconography and or fairy tales come to mind immediately. Psychologically, the figure causes inner conflict with those associated emotions. Is the figure alive or dead? Her skin suggests no decay, but her feet, perfectly parallel have to be rigid in order to stay together. My intention is to suggest that either possibility is its own version of peace. She could be a vision of reality or a version of a fairy tale.

She is the bird. I am the bird. We switch places. I hope for peace, both for myself and for her. I wish for a beautiful quiet in the mania, a silence from the voices. As the bird, she watches over me, perhaps haunts me and conversely, as the bird I watch over her. The woven blanket is both a symbol of the female, deeply rooted in the traditions of quilting and crocheting as well as a personal symbol, one that represents family. The threads become DNA, each color separate yet linked together.

Specters



Throughout the 17 years of my daughter's illness, I have periodically chronicled my experiences. Many of these journal entries became short stories. On occasion particular stories inspire a related visual interpretation; this is the case with the painting titled, *Specters*:

Specters

The darkness is falling over her again and the pit in my stomach is growing. The voices in my head are picking up their volume, "Will it be the spiders that burrow under her skin tonight? How about the dog? Will his eyes be red? Will his teeth mash together and his gums bleed? If the ghosts come, what will you do this time?" I think I can't live through another night and neither can she. I kiss my other children goodnight, tuck them in safely, and tell them to go to their father if they need anything.

The ghosts linger around the corners of the room and speak to her quietly. They tell her she is stupid and ugly. They tell her tonight she must kill herself. As they move the periphery of the room, her eyes, huge and full of terror, follow their every move. Her body reacts to their movements. She twitches and jerks, flinching and reacting to them. If there had been a priest here I believe he would have exorcised her. She crawls into a ball pressing back against the bed and her eyes settle on the wall just behind me. The hairs on the back of my neck rise and I begin to sweat and tremble. I try to focus on the fabric flowered headboard. Didn't we purchase the fabric together? How many years ago was that? "Don't turn around!" I have to mantra this over and over in my head because nothing on her face says that the childhood monster that lived under my bed isn't standing right behind me. How can a fraction of a moment be suspended in time? And in this suspended time, I live, I feel her reality, but I get to leave it. I would stay there for her if I could. I would slay the specters and save her if only...

"They aren't real. There is nothing in the room. (I remind myself to breath. Don't turn around.) I promise you." Her breath is becoming shallow and her eyes change from fear to that of a wild animal. I don't know how it is her eyes can look hollow and wild simultaneously, but they do. I would swear they change color, but it is the brightness of the eyes that have faded. I know this look. She has slipped into the world within her head and nothing logical will follow. I feel selfish that my instinct is to run away, just get in the car and drive. Drive away as fast as I can.

Another cocktail of medications has failed.

Another dominating inspiration for this piece came by way of the novella,

The Yellow Wallpaper, by Elizabeth Turner Gillman:

There are things in that paper which nobody knows but me, or ever will.
Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day. It is
always the same shape, only very numerous. And it is like a woman
stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit.
(Project Gutenberg)

I feel deeply connected to this work both as a woman and mother to a schizophrenic daughter. Several of my pieces have been homage to Gillman's story, *The Resting Cure (Plate 4)*, *Her Hysteria (Plate 5)*, and now, *The Specter*. I feel it is important that I do not simply illustrate these stories, but rather shape them in a way that the underlying emotional roots are layered beneath one another.

Just as Gillman uses key symbols to construct a directed narrative, I similarly construct these narratives in my painting. The bed, pattern, and color drive the content psychologically by masking the underlying tension. In *The Specter*, the singular female figure looks directly out making eye contact. Her blank expression gives no emotional clues, furthering the existing tension between the figure and her environment. She clenches a pillow and tenses her feet, telling us that this is but a moment in an event. Color is once again used metaphorically, relying on the use of simultaneous contrast to create a vibration in the foreground. The bedding crawls towards her. The pattern behind the figure, amplifies the existing tension using a competing negative and positive motif. Again there is a vibration. Created by the optical illusion, this vibration is telling us that something is happening around her. Much like the scale and detail of *Jung's Dream*, the vibration within *The Specter*, looks to diffuse reality. Vibration mirrors the effects of anxiety, panic, fear, anger; uncomfortable emotions, that permeate individuals' lives unacknowledged.

MRI



fig 3. Sitton, Cynthia. *MRI*, 2014. Oil on linen, 40" x 40".

The yellow green light spreads strongly across the child and mother. It touches the other figures, but less so. This light is illness and like illness it not only attacks its victim, but also spreads out and affects those around them. In magnetic resonance imaging, known as MRI, vivid neon glowing colors are used to clarify different areas of the brain. I find the images both beautiful and terrifying.

During my second year of the fall semester I was profoundly changed when exploring color used as metaphor in F. Scott Hess's class, *The Psychology of Color*. In *MRI*, I wanted to push color in a way that I hadn't before. Appropriating from the painting, *The Massacre of the Innocents*, by Francois Joseph Navez, in 1824, I created a contemporary version loaded with autobiography. The duality of what is sublime and

what is terror is echoed compositionally by using a classical composition contrasted with the synthetic colors. Every choice of color comes from the colors in the process of the MRI referred to as field imaging. The pinks, yellows, oranges, red, and blues are both beautiful and repulsive depending on their context.

This duality is an idea I like to push in most of my work. To live with, to care for, and to love someone with severe mental illness is to live in a world of extreme polarities. I broke all the normal rules of conventional parenting. Extreme became normal. Grief, anger and fear begin to feel like vulgar rituals of behavior that lead to the edge of sanity when suddenly a moment of stillness or highly tuned clarity reveals an equalized beauty. Everything in comparison is trite and inconsequential. These sublime moments, when the senses are heightened, become the sanity that leads me back. Beauty screams out in the despairing depths of emotion.

In *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, Edmund Burke defines the sublime as “whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger... whatever is any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror” (Burke 36). It was Burkes’ belief that terror, the strongest of emotions, evoked the sublime. He believed anything obscure or unknown incited both terror and the sublime. In contrast and evolving from Burke, Immanuel Kant in *The Critique of Judgment* wrote:

Bold, overhanging, and, as it were, threatening rocks, thunderclouds piled up the vault of heaven, borne along with flashes and peals, volcanoes in all their violence of destruction, hurricanes leaving desolation in their track, the boundless ocean rising with rebellious force, the high waterfall of some mighty river, and the like, make our power of resistance of trifling moment in comparison with their might. But, provided our own position is secure, their aspect is all the more attractive for its fearfulness; and we readily call these objects sublime, because they raise the forces

of the soul above the height of vulgar commonplace, and discover within us a power of resistance of quite another kind, which gives us courage to be able to measure ourselves against the seeming omnipotence of nature (Kant 109-111).

In both cases these philosophers attempted to explain the phenomenon of terror and the sublime, but having extreme limits within the sciences they only had the spiritual and supernatural as a means of explanation. They could only speak philosophically.

Today neuroscience and neuropsychology are discovering that regions of the brain operate in an almost counter balanced way. Terror and ecstasy exist together. This is addressed in the essay, *Neurobiology and the Art of Walking in Paris*, by Alan T. Marty MD.. Neuropsychanalysis of fear is finding that the same brain circuit, the nucleus accumbens, is sensitive to both dread and desire. “We experience desire and fear as psychological opposites, but from the brain’s point of view they seem to share a common kernel that can be flexibly used for either one.” He explains further, “core processes of fear and anxiety may overlap with those of positive desires (and) positive and negative emotions may share psychological building blocks even though the final emotions are experienced as opposite” (Marty 11).

In the end this mirrors my own desire to capture the beauty within the ugliness. When I approach any painting I choose to mingle the polarities, exposing and investigating both the beauty and the ugliness. Nothing is by accident. Life is less polar than we see it. Painting is a way to clarify the world around me.

The Sycamores



fig 4. Sitton, Cynthia. *The Sycamores*, 2014. Oil on linen, 48" x 36".

Sometimes it is in the blur that the imagination finds room to grow. As a painter I am trained to emphasize the parts of a painting that hold meaning while leaving less specific realism, a blurring so to speak, everywhere else. It is in these blurred, less specific areas, where the power of the image really hides. James Elkins, in *The Object Stares Back*, writes about a type of blindness in seeing. If we are to agree that we see portions of ourselves gazing back at us, informing us who we are or want to be, then what we choose not to see becomes just as important as what we choose to see. It is suggested that seeing is a process of unconscious censorship. There is the simple censorship of what

seems meaningless and then there is the censorship of what we can't bear to process; traumatic horrors provoking fears, overt perversions activating guilt, or overwhelming sadness bringing grief. Seeing fills in what is unclear, pulling from memories and experiences familiar to us. We may see a figure in the haze only to find it is a tree later. Seeing is not as passive as it may seem (Elkins 201-235).

In *The Sycamores*, I created a landscape that is less specific. The blur and the unresolved is really where the power of the narrative sits. It is in the distant landscape, in the bed of leaves, and with the viewer who remains unseen. In order to see the infant from the perspective it is shown a viewer would need to be lying on the ground as well. The paintings perspective pulls the viewer's imagination into this blindness allowing them to fill the blindness personally.

There is blindness within myself that I look to discover when I paint. Blindness that I otherwise would miss, but instead have the opportunity to explore and illuminate through the creative process. The infant came repeatedly in my dreams spurred on by real life events that I had little control over. Initially, following pure intuition and following my memory of the dreams, I planned the best way to create an image formally that evoked dualistic emotions; abandonment and safety, grief and hope, terror and beauty. I can utilize visual clues and attempt to guide the viewer, but ironically, in a very real sense, in the end I have no true interpretive control.

Methodology

Pacing, always pacing. I seem to have a similar routine when I begin the first stages of a painting. Coincidentally this routine always begins with wandering from one end of the room to the other. Regrettably, there is a degree of anxiety at this stage, but generally it is balanced with excitement. I vacillate between the two when I am in the conceptual stages of a painting. There is a routine way in which I prepare my studio space. Removing scraps and notes, and adjusting books piled high plunge me into the thinking process. Sketches that are irrelevant to the new piece are cleared away as the room is prepared for work. This habitual routine has evolved over time, and serves a specific purpose in preparing the way I apply paint and creatively think. It has become a metaphorical and physical way of cleaning out my mind and space in order to focus and create.

Ideas come differently from painting to painting, but once the idea surfaces in its purest form, I start by writing and sketching visual possibilities. The writing component helps me to narrow in on tangential ideas and the sketching, more a scribbling really, is initially the first visual construction of compositional ideas. At this stage I can make formal decisions in order to strengthen or point towards a narrative. Small, painted studies help me to formalize colors and values, but more often than not, the final painting is adapted to what is needed in order to adjust for mistakes I discover, changes in scale, or the surfacing of more complete ideas. I am always open for changes.

There are common formal elements that thread through my work that provide unity from painting to painting, despite the differences. Composition, color, shape,

texture, and space all work together to create realistic yet invented realities. Solid formal structure provides a fluid experience while viewing my work. Without a strong formal structure to support an idea, the viewer, without realizing it, has a difficult time staying fluidly connected to the world I've shaped. Without this strong foundation the viewer inherently knows something is wrong or missing and becomes reconnected to the reality my work is actively trying to dilute. Similarly, if the structure is sound, a viewer can participate and suspend disbelief without interruption.

Research

Relying on intuitive responses to mental images and allowing subconscious images to surface, means each of my paintings draws from a wide range of catalysts. Anything from literature, history, mythology, or dreams can become the primary source of imagery I use as inspiration for my work.

The autobiographical aspect of my work is not meant to be the dominant thematic force of the narrative, but rather the emotional and psychological impetus felt by the viewer. Often these narratives rely on memory or, at least, a portion of memory. Psychologist Daniel Kahneman's TED lecture highlights his theories concerning human memory. "We do not choose between experiences, we choose between memories of experiences" (Kahneman 2010). It is Kahneman's belief that only a fraction of an event is retained and on an unconscious level even those memories are skewed with portions of other experiences and even suggested memories from those around us.

With neurobiology as a supportive backdrop, Daniel Kahneman explains the biology behind the structure of the brain and the way in which humans process information. The brain is simply incapable of retaining a given event in its entirety. At a base, hardwired level, memory serves the purpose for survival of the species. "Peaks within an event" point the direction to previously stored associated memory and is used to subconsciously fill the holes. These peaks, fueled by the associated memory, define the entirety of an experience and we then lose the variant moments that could actually change the entire paradigm. Whether an experience ends positively, negatively or placidly, we fill in what is not retained with feelings from a related past memory, which

of course is yet another series of seemingly related emotions. This associated accumulative memory leads to the question: how much of our memory is reliable?

Humans are inherently storytellers. Memory is a series of constructed stories linked together in order to help us understand and bring meaning to the experiences we have and to the world around us. Communication is essentially a series of stories laced together in order to pass along information to another. As a narrative painter dealing with partial autobiography, I find this understanding of memory informative and although it is not the sole purpose of my artwork, the exploration of my own memory opens up a creatively wider range of possibilities by way of releasing, as Kahneman puts it, a cognitive trap (Kahneman 2010). Additionally, the collective associative memory works within our cultural memory. This understanding can help push narrative further.

Whenever I approach a narrative concept, the portion that is autobiographical has an element of exposure that I was for a time ambivalent to. In part, I am using my own artwork in a therapeutic manner. This poses questions for me. How relevant is this to the world? What do I want to expose or hide? How much do I expose and how? In an effort to understand a personal need to express my inner world, I began researching the personal lives of other artists. In *Bad Boy* by Eric Fischl, I began to accept the notion that as artists we are all expressing this inner world on some level and in his case at a profoundly deep level. Spanning his life, Fischl's book gives us a glimpse into his training, influences, motivations, technique, and evolution as an artist. Fischl provides a window into his personal life, both past and present, that, at moments, seem to be confessional. After reading *Bad Boy*, I was inspired and emboldened to dig deeper into my own emotions and psychology to create deeper meaning within my own narratives.

In an unquantifiable way, a myriad of visual artists have inspired and informed my work both directly and indirectly. These artists fall into a category that I like to describe as, “Synthetic Realism.” Robert McKee, a former art professor at Yale University, used the label to loosely describe a form of art that although rooted in realism, manipulates and bends reality, heavily relying on metaphor and symbolism, in an attempt to create a deeper experience of the real. I appreciate the wide boundaries within this term as I see the vastly unique visual ways in which artist’s can bend a concrete realism to better serve a narrative and elicit a more meaningful response to their work by the viewer. The employment of mannerism, color manipulation, perspective distortion, scale, etc. is used as a means to push metaphor and symbolism. Artists like Vincent Desiderio, Jerome Witkin, Adam Miller, Bo Bartlett, Thomas Hart Benton, Paul Cadmus, Julie Heffernan, Margaret Bowland, F. Scott Hess, Peter Zokosky, and Stanley Spencer, are a tiny few of the many artists that fit into this category of Synthetic Realism.

Most of my work exploits whatever stylistic tools are needed to convey and push the metaphor within each painting, while still maintaining a high level of realism. A deeper layer of what the surface image speaks is, for me, closer to what reality is. In my artwork, capturing emotion in a visual way and then eliciting an empathetic response from the viewer is important. Not only do I want to leave the viewer with questions, I want the viewers’ empathetic response to create their own stories.

David Freedberg, an art historian, is best known for his focus on the psychological responses to art. In his book *The Power of Image*, he explains that his purpose is to study the usages of image and the inducted responses they elicit. The “response” of the viewer is the primary focus, not the aesthetic functions of the work of

art (Freedberg xxii). His investigation ranges from antiquity to everyday imagery. Freedberg explores in depth the cultural cognitive and somatic responses to images that are often avoided, even repressed, in art history. He proposes that residual primitive animism remain within modern man when viewing an image. In my own narrative painting it is the emotional response of the viewer that I hope to incite. I find Freedberg's analysis and opinions aligned to my own belief in a universal response to imagery.

Conclusion

I think it is appropriate to end my time in the MFA with a work in progress. I leave working long hours in an attempt to complete the painting for my thesis show. I feel confident and fast working through this painting. I have had a clear vision from the first sketch, following to the photographic reference, the under-painting, and color palette. Even the size seemed pre-determined. It is a culmination of my studies and diligent work.

In *Wild Yarrow*, a young girl dressed in white, walks through the wild reeds on a hill, carrying an infant swaddled in a blanket. The hill reaches up to the tip of the canvas and dominates her. It is both beautiful and unsettling in that her direction is unclear. A warm sunlight is just beginning to set and it shines a path of light through the middle ground of the painting. Cloud shadows cast across the hill and create blue gray masses of color. The foreground is crowded with the season's prior reeds now dried. The reeds lay rhythmically in a matrix of silver gray arcs. The new growths of yarrow push through in a display of yellow green flowers.

Wild Yarrow is the most instinctual painting in my thesis series. I wanted to let the painting lead me and allow self-analysis to come later. It is the perfect metaphor as I leave my schooling, full of new ideas, and hopeful for the future.

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Appendix A

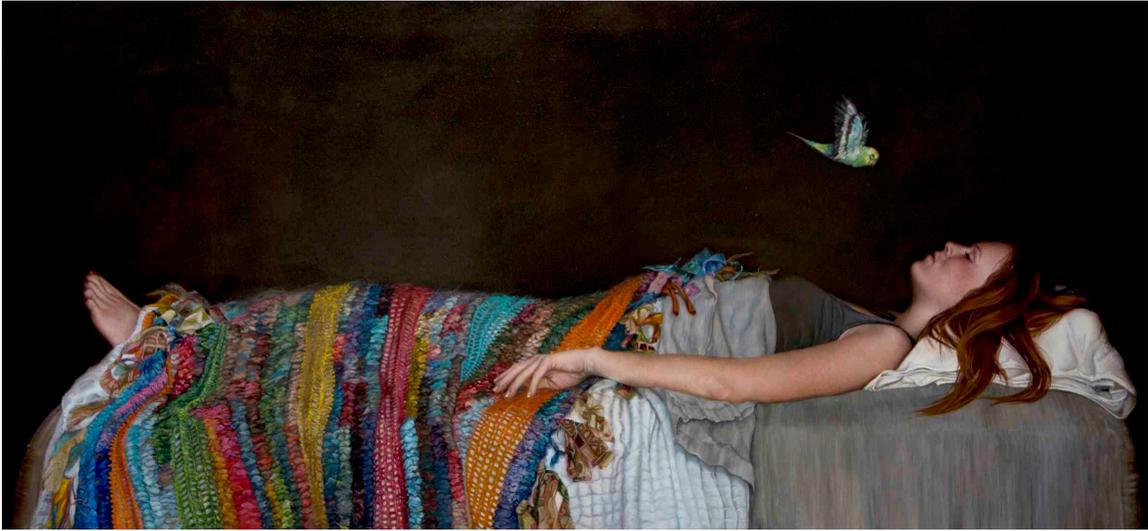


Plate 1: *Jung's Dream*, 2013-2014, oil on linen, 84" x 36"



Plate 2: *MRI*, 2014, oil on linen, 40" x 40"



Plate 3: *The Sycamores*, 2013-2014, oil on linen, 48" x 36"



Plate 4: *The Specters*, 2014, oil on linen



Plate 5: *The Resting Cure*, 2012, acrylic paint, tea, canvas straight- jacket, antique dress form.



Plate 6: *Her Hysteria*, 2012, *Antique Quack Medicine Electro Shock Therapy*, prosthetic glass eye, wax, oil paint, gold leaf, hair.