

innocence, by the inexorable logic that governs all relational terms, suggests guilt.

Other pieces also depict vivid physicality and psychological angst motivated by an undefined source left to the viewer's speculation.

In Christine McCullough's *The Point* -- a static representation of menacing toy animals -- physical features that usually contribute to their appeal become a thin veneer over the threat of some looming attack. Her colored pencil depiction of these inanimate figures equipped with playfully wicked human expressions and gestures makes them seem sneaky and suspicious, frightening and eerie. They suggest a memory of childhood nightmares -- dreams that portend some disturbance lurking into the landscape.

In Jackie Kresak's work, trauma is staged to exacerbate a modern sense of dissociation rising from the individual's alienation within a complex society. *Blue Man 2* takes into consideration the distance between his subject's presumptive total control of self-presentation -- a hipster uniform and stance -- and our inevitable focus on where it breaks down. Within this oil portrayal, the power of the photographic image is married to a close-up artwork. A super-realistically painted tattooed youth's big face, marked by what is happening to him, contorts into a scream. Forced to compromise his cool, Kresak's character reveals himself inadvertently, perhaps just when he thought he was most protected by irony or by the most determined impassivity.

Other portraits suggest that, although none of the rules for becoming more alive is valid, it is healthy to keep on formulating them.

Christine Swann's pastel study of a pensive, self-possessed elderly woman, *No O in Luise, please*, becomes the affirmation of the past, the condensation of a life as seen in the character of an age-worn face.

In the Inkjet on vellum and collage work, *What Is and What Will Be*, Sarah Elizabeth Jones Williams investigates the complexities of identity, probing the truth of self-disclosure via a photo booth portrait with overlaid typewritten text. It builds a personal world of streams where ideas are in constant flow, where every conscious thought is in circulation and has the same value. Yet Williams' poetic journal entries also resemble prayers in that they have to do with whatever it is that makes you want more than what daily life affords. Her efforts comprise a piece that comments on itself, with the aim of making the work of art, and by analogy, our own experience, more real to us.

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