

The strong lingering effects of American Puritanism and the prevalent misogyny in contemporary American society have gotten me down. I examine the woman as an object in art and in mass consumed pornography of the 1960's and 1970's by delicately depicting these tableaux through egg tempera paintings. There stands a woman as a sex object. Trying to pluck out an emotion from the vacant eyes of the model or muse. Is the beauty of a female's naked body too lush? Does it confront the objectification in mass produced/consumed pornography enough? It always confronts the viewer's inherent prudeness. The works vacillate between what's there and what is missing. Working from the same source material, sometimes the audience no longer has the pleasure of looking at the beauty of a woman's naked body. In it's stead, the empty room. There is a couch with dented cushions. The couch where she bared herself for the male gaze and profits. The rug where she faked a coy look over her shoulder. The wicker chair where she stared down the camera, legs just so. A room, furniture, fruit, and flowers: perhaps the viewer might be able to conjure up what is missing and why. When you explore a room of my paintings or flip through them on a screen I imagine the "Caged Bird" Thaumatrope Disk. A bird on one side of the disk, an empty cage on the both. Spin them fast enough and they blur together and the bird is trapped in the cage.

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