



CONCENTRATION

COMMENTARY

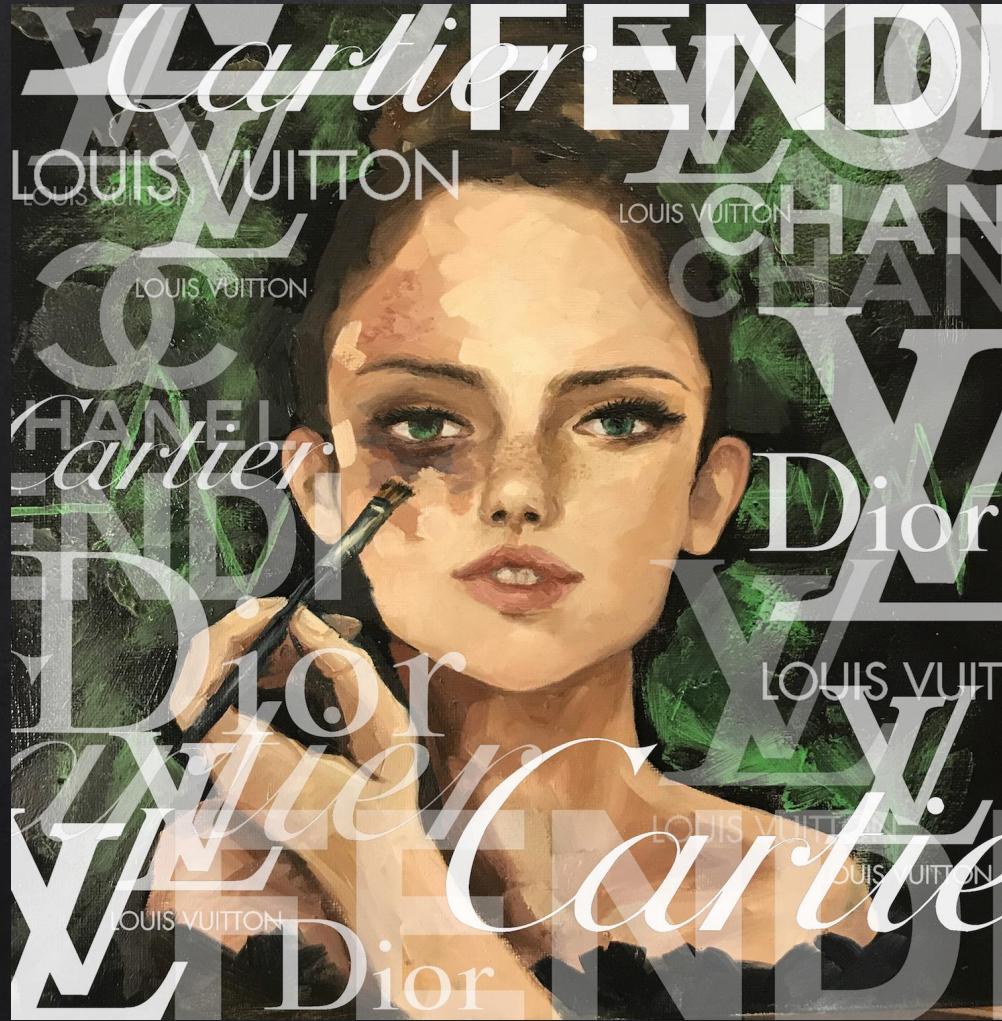
My concentration theme is the multitudinous pleasures and pains of growing up. I sought to capture the universal emotions that come with the roller coaster of life by depicting the life of a girl named Sara. While not autobiographical, by giving the character a name, she became human. Rather than being an ambiguous character, Sara is a friend that people can connect with.

When I began this series, I focused on facial expressions and realistically portraying Sara's emotions. I emphasized the bliss and vulnerability of childhood in image 1 and the anger and frustration in image 11. I switched my focus to a more abstract approach and a deeper exploration of colors to indirectly address the subject. For example, in image 3 the sentiments of failure are embodied in an illustration of the story of Icarus and a more muted palette, and in image 10, the contrast of the blue and pink represents Sara's child increasingly absorbing her life. I also investigated various methods of paint application. In image 2, the thick paint application in the background helps communicate the rigidity of the world around her and her lack of control. Additionally, I experimented with a more illustrative approach. In images 8 and 9 the scenes are painted in a more fairytale-like manner, with the focus being on storytelling rather than realistic rendering which adds to the fairytale aspects of the pieces and how these feelings can be described as magical. I worked to ensure that each piece can evoke sentiments in the viewer that she can relate to.



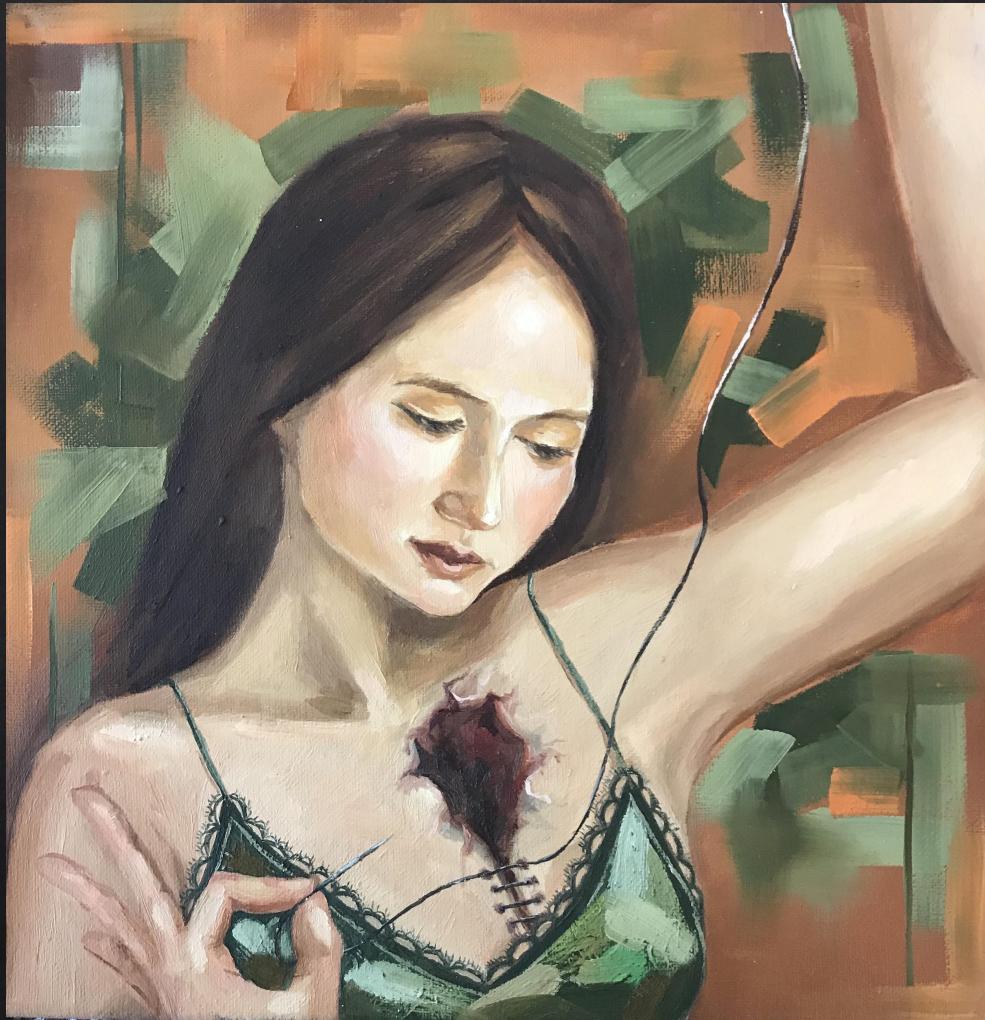
























BREADTH





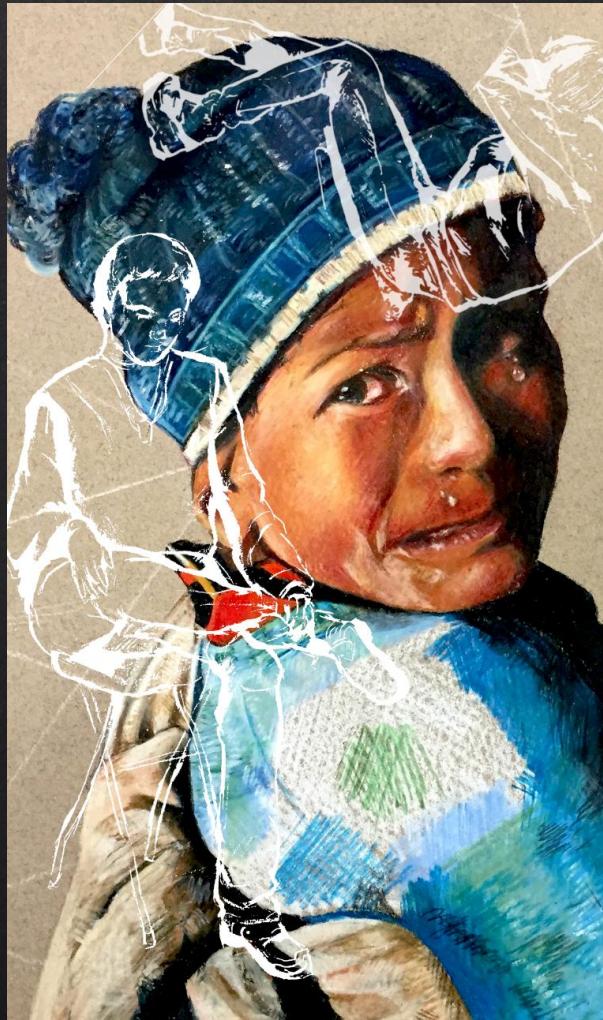


















directions, you could neither pick Pilgrim's among them nor know which way he or any other horse had gone.

The brothers split up, Tom taking the right and Frank the lower one left. About twenty yards up, Tom found Pilgrim's prints. But they were heading down, not up. A little farther up was another great churning of earth and he was about to inspect it when he heard Frank call out.

When he reined up next to him, Frank told him to listen. For a few moments there was nothing. Then Tom heard it too, another frenzied call of horses.

"Where does this come from?" Tom asked.

"I don't know. And I don't care," Frank said. Tom put his heels in his horse's sides and urged him into a gallop.

The trail went up then down through a series of ledges, winding and narrow and the trees so close together on either side that they seemed to be pushing each other away with a motion of rage. Tom saw no one had fallen across the trail, but he saw many tracks and others jumping. Rimrock's hooves were now measured his stride and cleared the ledges with a single branch.

After maybe half a mile of this, the trail became a path, then opened up under a spreading pine tree, the place to which the trail had either led or been led. It was silent. Below it, the ground fell away. Below it, a mere six feet, to a dark netherworld where the horses had gone.

The trail led to what appeared to be some vast and ancient quarry carved into the limestone like a giant's cauldron that had cracked and spilled its contents down the mountain. From this place now, above the hammering of Rimrock's hooves, Tom heard again the scream of horses. Then he heard another and knew, with a sudden sickening, that it was Grace. It wasn't until he

times now, when she didn't know she was being watched, you could catch a glimpse in her eyes of something that was more than merely adult. Twice gone to hell and twice returned, She had seen what she had seen and from it gleaned some sad and stilling wisdom that was as old as time itself.

In the fall Grace went back to school and the welcome she got there from her friends was worth a thousand sessions with her new therapist, whom nonetheless, even now, she still visited every week. When at last, with great trepidation, Annie had told her about the baby, Grace was overjoyed. She had never once, to the day, asked who the father was.

Neither had Robert. No test had established the fact, nor had he sought one. It seemed to him that he preferred the possibility of the unknown to the certainty that it wasn't.

Annie had told him everything. And just as guilty of variant cause and inaction were etched forever in her own and Grace's faces. This was as far as she had wrought in his.

For Grace's sake, they had adjoined all decision on what future, if any, their marriage might have. Annie stayed in Chatham, Robert in New York. Grace commuted between them like some healing shuttle, restoring strand by strand the torn fabric of their lives. Once school had started, she came up to Chatham every weekend, usually by train. Sometimes however, Robert would drive her.

At first he would drop her off, kiss her good-bye and after a few formal words with Annie, drive all the way back to the city. One rain-soaked Friday night in late October, Grace prevailed on him to stay over. The three of them ate supper together. With Grace, he was as funny and loving as ever. With Annie he was reserved,

:)