

Emily Cueto

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The two images I've chose to write about and discuss are from the artists Josef Albers and Sandy Skogland. Josef's artistic vision consists of multiple works with squares that would be virtually identical if not for their differences in color scheme. Sandy, on the other hand, prefers to create fanciful abstract photographs with rich bright colors and hidden themes. I was born at the Toledo Hospital on August 28th 1997. I've lived in Blissfield, Michigan almost my entire life and have three cats and a small dog. I'm the only child of my parents Andrea and Miguel (who is from northern Spain) Cueto and we're rocking the lower middle class in our 100+ year old brick house. My biggest gateway to mass exposure of art was through the internet. I joined Deviantart almost immediately after I turned 13 and quickly became engulfed in the various communities of fan-artists that caught my interest. I was soon aware of several different forms of art that I had known very little about prior to selling my soul to my computer such as; hyper realistic stuffed animals, digital painting, and embroidered fanny packs. Astonished by all of the talent I'd discovered on this site I quickly posted some of my own work, which surprisingly enough earned me some fans of my own. (This is also how I met my girlfriend of 2 years) My past life experiences have vastly impacted the way I view art and art has impacted my life in ways that I could not have previously imagined.

The illustration I liked the least would have to be any of the four images of different colored squares layered on top of each other by Josef Albers. To me this isn't "Art", and though I realize I am in no place to be dictating what can and cannot be considered "Art", I feel like this is just a lazy portrayal of the creative process. It could be very easily replicated on Adobe Illustrator or with a ruler, scissors, and some construction paper. It's very hard for me to

appreciate works that don't seem to have any uniqueness or individuality or don't seem to have required any amount of real talent to have created. When I was younger, I had a friend who liked to draw as much as I did, and we would often compare characters we'd made up or even just see who could replicate already existent characters the best. We were pretty evenly matched in our abilities, however, she liked to trace images and claim she had drawn them freehanded, which ultimately got her more attention than me when it came to showing others our art. My elementary art teacher also would jump down my throat if I ever strayed even slightly from the given instructions, ultimately prohibiting any creative freedom. These limitations I had when I was younger may have contributed to my tendency for appreciating things that seem to break the mold, or in this case, step out of the box. For this reason, I really don't find any enjoyment or satisfaction from these colored squares that look like cheap back to school folder printouts.

The piece that I liked the most out of all the linked images was the photograph of two people in a bedroom with everything painted like a marbled blue jawbreaker and vibrant goldfish floating around them by artist Sandy Skogland. I feel like I connected to this piece because of its whimsical nature and its simple yet eye-catching colors. The craftsmanship of the fish themselves was also very impressive to me. When I was a kid I used to spend a lot of my free time making clay figurines, mainly replicas of my favorite Pokémon and videogame characters. The flowing quality of the fish's fins really caught my attention and made me feel like they were actually swimming throughout this little room. I've been a frequent daydreamer for as long as I can remember, and this image reminds me of something I would have thought up during a particularly long day at school. The blue walls make me think that this image could also be a visual representation of depression, in a way. The person sitting on the side of the bed seems less than content, and the solid blue walls seem to close in on them. With depression in mind, the fish

and their warm orange glow could represent good memories that are just swimming out of reach, offering no solace to the troubled soul perched on the edge of the mattress. A lot of the people I care about have been dealing with depression throughout the past year, so it's a topic that hits really close to home for me. I know what it's like to be aware of all the wonderful and beautiful things going on around you, but not being able to gather the strength to care about or be comforted by any of them.