

SUSAN L. PULEO..... GLIMPING WHAT'S LEFT OF THE ARTIST'S MIND

I call this show "Faces of Color".....with Faces, or what appear to be faces, being translated into their broader meanings of language, image, script, texture, light, color, line, humor, story, emotion... My L.A. psychologist friend wrote... these entities result in "works that are very powerful and cause an immediate reaction. There is much in it that you don't recognize, but the gestalt is obvious in many of the pieces." (I had to stop here and look up "gestalt") She went on to say, "The work is original, creative, powerful, and expressive. It is primitive in its strength but not manipulative or amateurish."

In our global village of tribes, families, peoples, stories (or histories as some call it) ... I see Language in broader context to express the human emotions in our minds and hearts that leap out to connect us. My travels around the world designing yachts taught me more about our similarities than our differences.

I label my pieces with common words, but they are applied to alert the viewer to see the piece in the cross-dressing of words. Language is how you interpret its meaning to YOU....In other languages, they may not have a word or symbol for what we know: or a word we think we know. The ability to understand each other is compromised. I became very aware of these nuances when a translator would explain what I wanted to do in design or aesthetics or wanted to eat!.. to non-English speaking people,or people whose first language was not English.....or, hey, even to people whose first language WAS English! (i.e. translated by a Russian to English: "Accident on the Pond"in English: "Swan Lake").

So we come now to the "Artist's Statement".....What IS that exactly? For me?... It keeps changing.....like my mind. One day I see things one way and the next day I see them another...and another.....There are always so many voices in my mind's discussions!

I put my hand to the clay or color or line with a small idea of what I want to see and along the way, what appears, I have not seen at all...until it is finished... AhHah! That word "finished". Nothing is ever "finished".....in my case, it just leaves my space, or sits there as is...or in the case of the yachts I designed....the object leaves the dock. So now you say, ahah! The artist is speaking in tongues... Actually, I would say...more talking in hands, trying to translate the language my mind and the material are battling about.

The material I am working with has its own voice and I am the medium who takes it from the abstract to the physical. This ride may not be explained well to one's father, but it has always been this wayongoing conversations with different materials that express their own will through me... (Oh! Good, you say...This is a great wacked artist....HaH!)

My pieces are art and artifact of the timelessness of memory, story, and symbol. This interconnectivity seeks to alter the viewers' perspective of and interaction with..."what you see, may not be what you see". This crossing of cultures is relevant now in our 21st century as before and after it.

My work blips me fragmented glimpses of inner thoughts that... LIGHT UP. ..then... GO DARK... Messages: "ON"..."OFF"..."ON"..."OFF" ...in spaghetti roadmaps of non- MapQuest journeys asking ..."What am I saying here?".....usually more than I am aware of until I see the piece and realize it has its own personalities to project to the viewer and his mind receptors.

Our minds are a virtual deli-sandwich scrapbook of compilations of billions of image blips and my work signals these blips: evoking associations, memories, imagination, and recognition of something inside us that transcends our own-self and belongs to a universal culture of beings.

Of course, I have always been "my own best illusion", so what's left of my mind may not be receiving.....and no one out there may hear the tree fall.....But, as I always say.....NEVER SAY NEVER.