



They were on their honeymoon and she was standing in the parking lot in front of the motel, waiting for him to go back to the room and get the camera. She watched him climb the blue wrought iron stairs, which seemed to cling, leechlike, to the side of the building. He was wearing black watch plaid bermudas and the light hair on his legs shone like spun gold against his tanned skin. She followed his figure to the blue door and watched it disappear. Her eyes scanned the building. It was a light peach stucco trimmed with aqua, which was almost the same color as the sky, but faded, like the wooden posts they used to tie horses up to in westerns. It was getting warmer out. She could feel the sun settle on the top of her head and penetrate the exposed line of skin which parted her hair and a small fly had landed on her calf.

BARBARA KRUGER (b. 1945)

Picture/Readings

text and photograph

15 1/2 x 39 in. (16 3/8 x 40 x 1 1/2)

1978

28392

Barbara Kruger is an American artist who challenged cultural assumptions by manipulating images and text in her photographic compositions.

Kruger attended Syracuse (New York) University and continued her training in 1966 at New York City's Parsons School of Design. For a time she pursued a career as a graphic designer, eventually becoming chief designer at Mademoiselle magazine in New York. In the 1960s and '70s she also explored an interest in poetry. During these years she moved from a concentration on soft sculpture to painting to photography.

By the late 1970s Kruger had developed her trademark style: large-scale photographic works that appropriate anonymous cultural images and text and juxtapose them in unexpected ways. In her 1989 work *Untitled (Your Body Is a Battleground)*, for example, she employed an oversized image of a model's face and divided it into sections. Placed across the image is the phrase "Your body is a battleground," by which she called into question the objectification of women and raised the issue of women's reproductive rights. Such work embodied the deconstructivist concerns of much feminist art from the 1980s and '90s. By manipulating and recontextualizing imagery, Kruger sought to question the way accepted sources of power, in this case the mass media, present female identity. Her grounding in the theoretical connects her with contemporary developments in conceptual art.

Kruger's work appears in the permanent collections of several major museums, including the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Museum of Modern Art, both in New York City.

(Britannica)

The information and material herein represents Gallery's best efforts and understanding of the current history and scholarship with respect to the provenance of the Work(s) of Art described and is not part of any warranty.



They were on their honeymoon and she was standing in the parking lot in front of the motel, waiting for him to go back to the room and get the camera. She watched him climb the blue wrought iron stairs, which seemed to cling, leechlike, to the side of the building. He was wearing black watch plaid bermudas and the light hair on his legs shone like spun gold against his tanned skin. She followed his figure to the blue door and watched it disappear. Her eyes scanned the building. It was a light peach stucco trimmed with aqua, which was almost the same color as the sky, but faded, like the wooden posts they used to tie horses up to in westerns. It was getting warmer out. She could feel the sun settle on the top of her head and penetrate the exposed line of skin which parted her hair and a small fly had landed on her calf.





They were on their honeymoon and she was standing in the parking lot in front of the motel, waiting for him to go back to the room and get the camera. She watched him climb the blue wrought iron stairs, which seemed to cling, insectlike, to the side of the building. He was wearing some gold against his tanned skin. She followed his figure to the blue door and watched it disappear. Her eyes scanned the building. It was a light wash, stone framed with white, which was almost the same color as the sky, but faded, like the wooden posts they used to tie horses up to in westerns. It was getting warmer out. She could feel the sun settle on the top of her head and protrude the exposed line of skin which parted her hair and a small fly had landed on her calf.



