

Krista Wright Artist Statement

Krista Wright is a Bay Area artist who uses her work to transport viewers into the world of her imagination. Through multiple mediums such as painting, printmaking and sculpture, the worlds expand and mutate from pure imagination to surreal experience.

While her screen prints act as a direct portal into fantastically colorful landscapes inhabited by impossible creatures, her paintings push the perception of what's pretend and what's real, but stay within the possible. The character's handmade masked appearances are all inspired by characters from her own mythology. The strangeness of these otherwise human figures, combined with the scenes' heightened color and lighting distort this reality into something strange and different. All of the presented characters, with such big teeth and eyes or no real facial expression available, create a tension wherein the viewer teeters on the edge of whether they should trust these creatures. Context clues suggest that not everything is what it seems and that these eccentric figures are in fact amiable and a source of comfort.

I invite the inquisitive viewer to join in this wondrous party, where the artist simultaneously escapes from and confronts reality. The monotonous and stressful thoughts, feelings and emotions of the 'adult world' appear in traditional, dimensional, painterly, representation and coexist with a colorful world of fantastical imaginaria.

The Thing of it is Mija:

In many stories about my great grandma Margret she would start her sentences with "The Thing of it is Mija..." Grandma Margret was born in Southern California after her parents migrated from San Juan de los Lagos, Jalisco in the late 1800's. The 1920s and 30s was a time of segregation and racism against Mexican people. Although Margret was a lighter skinned person, growing up she saw how Mexican culture was looked down upon and never wanted her children to go through the same bullying and ridiculing that she endured. Her children-my grandma Rainy and 3 siblings-were not allowed to speak Spanish in the home and Margret worked her butt off to buy a house in the "good" part of town. She was able to assimilate into the hegemony of whiteness in ways others could not. When I talked to my grandma Rainy about this she said that grandma Margret later regretted not passing down more of her Mexican culture to her children and grandchildren.

The destruction of this past year has further emphasized the loss and erasure of culture and life in non-white communities that has continued to today and began long before grandma Margret was born.

Dia de los Muertos is a beautiful holiday honoring and grieving for loved ones who have passed. In this year of immense loss and pain I paint this ofrenda for anyone to mourn and celebrate their friends, family members, and cultures that were taken too soon.