

Good essay on cindy sherman

[Design](#), [Photography](#)



Cindy Sherman, born in 1954, is a widely acknowledged artist in the field of contemporary art whose work has caused great admiration on behalf of both her audience and her critics who seem to have found in the pieces of her work the person who has managed to enter the secrets hiding in the nature of human identity. Sherman appears to have devoted most of her work in unrevealing the invisible layers lying in people's identity which is well - hidden behind their fear and / or hesitation to show who they really are or to accept for themselves their true selves.

The photo book ' Cindy Sherman' published by the Museum of Modern Art in February 2012 by Eva Respini is an effort to capture the magic of Sherman's work which has been captivating people's eyes and hearts during the last 15 years of her ongoing performance in the United States. There are approximately 180 photographs of Sherman in this volume which is devoted in approaching the nature of her work and in making people a bit more familiar with the personality of this photograph and her thoughts when exploring with her lenses the process of representation. All these photographs are highlighted moments of her work performance throughout all the years she has been working and even include some new works which have never been published before.

Looking at a photo book of a widely known artist can be either a pathetic process during which the eye goes from one photo to the other just admiring momentarily the power of art or can be an engaging procedure within which the eye captures the breath of each photo is decides to stand upon.

I myself listen to me talking to these photos. I myself let my inner soul speak up as she enters the labyrinth of myriads thoughts and reflections born by

these photos. ' Look at me, look at me' my soul whispers. And then the voice gets stronger. ' Look at me' the soul cries. ' I indulge in the costumes, the wigs, the makeup, and the prosthetics. I indulge in all these which are all part of my mystification process. I enter the magic world of ' who one is supposed to be'' I turn the pages and I find my soul swimming in the ocean of my thoughts. Who am I? Who are these ones in these photos? No one knows, not even the person himself / herself. The others are the mirror to our soul. Each photo is a reflection of me. It is a breath of fear. Then an air of surprise and just on the other page a breeze of hope captivates my mind. So many pictures, so many moments. Pictures of thoughts which leave to open their wings in the unknown universe of one's travel to find his / her identity. A photo of a woman touching her right cheek with her right hand. A grey stripe dividing her face in two parts. She is staring at the truth. She is staring at her personal truth. She is expecting nothing. Or is she expecting everything?

Another woman with her face looking at me having just turned towards my part. A face divided in two parts so different from one other. The nice normal side and the freaking side of the face. Is it freaking really? How can the face of a clown be freaky? The same face holding two identities, two sides of a woman's soul, a human's soul. A photo on the depiction of the dark and bright side of one's soul. What is dark and what is light really? Clown is the dark one. Clown is the most tragic figure of all, always condemned in managing to make people laugh despite the horror the clown himself carries in his soul. Dark and light go hand in hand and now it is time this darkness came to light. Why should it hide itself? It is there, always ready to appear on

the proper stimulation. It is there and whether one can accept it or one it co exists with the bright one. Good and evil the two cores of our existence. Fighting against evil is not the key. Accepting evil and becoming familiar with it without losing the good part of one's self is the key. This the key to becoming familiar with the controversy defining human identity. There is always a hidden clown somewhere in the deepest part of our soul. A clown waiting to become sarcastic or ironic when witnessing our first failure, our first agony, and our first fear. I am meeting my clown face to face. I am meeting my ; evil' side and I put my arms around it. I sit down and I cry. And then I make me smile. Again and again. I travel backwards and forward to the land of laughter and cry. I travel and then I suddenly stop. The moment has come. The moment to look at all my moments of my travels. Moments of human soul as it grows up to become familiar with all its aspects. Does it really? When does the moment come when one can say that he / she does really know himself / herself?

Works cited

Respini, Eva, Burton, Johanna (2012), ' Cindy Sherman', The Museum of Modern Art, New York