

Blue McRight at Samuel Freeman by Greg Stacy for ArtSlant, June 8, 2009

The first thing you notice is the trailer, parked right there in the center of the gallery. "Holly Mascott" looks homey and inviting, perhaps reminding you of childhood camping trips, or visits to grandma in the trailer park. But then once you step inside the trailer, something is very wrong. The proportions are way off, everything's too small and you can't fit yourself between the fridge and the stove. It's that feeling you get when you revisit old childhood spaces and find that everything shrank by about 40% while you were gone, only here the effect is even more extreme. You feel overgrown,



clumsy, tired and old, and as you stagger out of the trailer there's still so much to see. The walls are filled with Blue McRight's paintings on spiral-bound paper, eerie little things where suburban America is made surreal and unsettling with just the gentlest tweak. Trailers lurk everywhere. Couples listlessly wrestle. Things catch on fire and nobody seems that concerned. Dogs couple with hogs. People stand in the wrong place so their heads are cut out of the picture, or they have no heads at all. One misplaced head stares at you from the branches of a tree, like a baleful owl on the prowl. It's as if you fell asleep going through old family snapshots, and now all those green lawns and vaguely-recalled relations have become the stuff of still, sad dreams. If all that's not too much for you, venture into McRight's hall of birds wrapped in black string. That ought to finish you.

-Greg Stacy