



There will be time, there will be time / To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create, / And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate; / Time for you and time for me, / And time yet for a hundred indecisions, / And for a
hundred visions and revisions, / Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go / Talking of Michelangelo.

Excerpt from T.S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*

“Prepare A Face”

In an effort to unite abstracted textual and visual elements in a cohesive collection informed by T.S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*--equating the application of one's makeup to the act of 'preparing a face' to interact with the world-- I am exploring the concept of presentation as a public masquerade, investigated extensively in his work (see the second strophe of *Preludes*: stanza two, line one). My stylized, textual rendition of Eliot's verse flows into figurations and painterly marks inspired by Instagram's briefly viral “string face” makeup trend, where string, effectively acting as a mask, creates a conventionally attractive ‘shield’, subsequently ripped off to reveal raw, bare skin. This process, timely and redundant, subjects one to pain in the name of beauty-- a mask marking the inevitable irritation of maintaining appearances.

On the surface, exploring themes of femininity, identity, and self-expression, *Prepare a Face* indirectly examines the ‘palette’ through which we present ourselves in addition to the role social media-- and, subsequently, its rapidly shifting cycle of trends-- plays in one's expression. These trends wield the power to influence and alter one's natural, genuine palette, prompting the question: What truth lies dormant beneath your meticulously prepared mask?