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REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS

by

DIANA ELIZABETH RUTHERS

B.F.A., University of Alaska, Anchorage, 1994

University of Colorado Libraries-Boulder

A thesis submitted to the faculty of the Graduate School of the
University of Colorado in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts
Department of Fine Arts, Creative Art
1997

University of Colorado at Boulder



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This Thesis for the Masters of Fine Arts Degree by

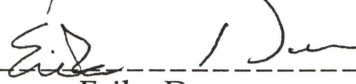
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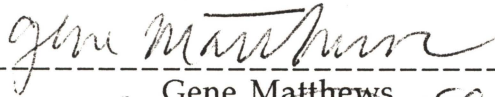
Antonette Rosato



Erika Doss



Jim Johnson




Gene Matthews



Tom Potter



Garrison Roots



Timothy Weaver

April 29, 1997

Date

Ruthers, Diana Elizabeth (M.F.A., Sculpture)

Rehumanizing Constructs

Thesis Directed by Associate Professor Antonette Rosato

Art must engage in an active social life and not be solely contained by the sterility of a gallery or museum. Drawing on historical and cultural references to "myth" and "parade," this thesis attempts to redefine who I make art for and why.

The exploration of Folk Art, Myth, and the Theory of Complexity carries mythopoeic possibilities of hope that an individual can affect change within her culture. This requires a new language, a new thought collective, and the polishing of my visual language.

I would like to dedicate this thesis exhibition to my mother, Elizabeth Marie Keller, and my undergraduate mentor, Ken Gray.

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My dearest Diana,

I am having some trouble trying to figure out just what you want in the way of a "forward" to your thesis paper. Darling, you are going off the deep end of this creativity thing. Do you really suppose that it will make you stand out as particularly creative because you have asked a virtually unknown personage to create an introduction to your work? Shouldn't what you create stand on its own merit?

My, oh my...Now, isn't that just like you to do something so contrary to expectation? Where do you get your ideas? It sounds as if you want me to convince others that you are making such powerful work that it transcends normal expectations. (...Well, to be truthful -- there are certainly some very uncomfortable aspects to the work.) In reality however, Diana, you must face the fact that you are just an object maker making things that illustrate what YOU believe (and possibly only you) to be self-evident truths. Obviously, darling, you do not have a clue!

I think it is your lower middle-class, white, military upbringing. Now I ask you how could anyone from that conglomeration of influences gain any sense of socially relevant, indeed *PROPER*, mores?

Diana, dear, you are what Huizinga in Homo Ludens calls a "spoilsport." And I quote:

"The player who trespasses against the rules or ignores them is a "spoil sport". The spoil-sport is not the same as the false player, the cheat; for the latter pretends to be playing the game and, on the face of it, still acknowledges the magic circle. ...The spoil-sport shatters the play-world itself. By withdrawing from the game he reveals the relativity and fragility of the play-world...."(p. 11.)

And, indeed, you never play by the rules that custom and social structure dictate as fair and equitable. I grant you that it is not a willful breaking of the codified systems that the rest of us live by. It is simply that you truly do not understand them. It is not for lack of trying. Your whole life has been spent studying the behavior and mores of others. It is just that your attempts to follow the intricate patterns of a normal social dance has been a clumsy parody -- awkward and out of step.

You realize, of course, that I am saying all this for your own good, don't you? You know I would never willingly be so crass.

Yours,

Ruthie D

Wednesday

Dearest Ruthie D,

When I asked you to write a forward to my thesis paper, I thought that you, better than anyone else understood who I am and where my influences lie. How can you say that I do not know what I am doing? That my whole life is a parody? Consider please, that my whole exhibit and CAROUSE'lle involves a well thought out articulated treatise on the survival of a culture.

In considering "Community" as a base for implementation of social change, I have taken my work to the streets to poke fun, as a clown might, to open a dialog about issues of power, transnational corporations and disease.

I have used the human body because it's a quick read. Historically, the human figure has been often used as an allegorical device. Look at Delacroix's "Liberty Leading the People," or the statue of "Blind Justice," or the image of Progress as a Utopian vision trailing telegraph wires across an expanding West.

I have modeled my "toys" on images reminiscent of wooden folk art, such as, whirli-gigs and weather vanes, precisely because these images deny "high art." They are instantly recognized as funny toys. This is very important to me because I believe very strongly that art must engage in an active social life that transcends the elitist notions of a modernist perspective OK, OK, I admit my sculpture is informed by "fine art." What can I say? I am caught in a paradox.

My masqueraders, gorgeously attired, are living elements of social satire. Their uproarious, clown-like behavior seduces the viewer into accepting the carnivalesque atmosphere in which social inhibitions can be loosened. Under the guise of humor, unpalatable truths can be viewed with detachment. (At least I hope my audience can detach. I do not want to get mobbed and hung!)

Even the "parade" (I prefer "CAROUSE'lle," a made up word, because no societal expectations are inherent in the word.) is a community event that harkens back to the origins of most parades as community oriented, spontaneous events.

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

Perplexedly Yours,

Diana

Friday

Dearest Friend,

My poor innocent, Diana,

This is precisely what I mean. A couple of wooden toys are not going to significantly effect public awareness on issues of such scope and complexity. Are you really expecting this "CAROUSE'lle" of yours to change the world???

I can understand and sympathize with your values -- but -- really Diana -- what are you talking about?

I am completely and forever

Sincerely Yours,

Ruthie D

Saturday

My Dear Ruthie D,

I don't expect to "change the world"! Don't you understand? I am trying to hold on to the belief that a life, -- particularly, my life -- even if it is just one out of 6,000,000,000 (a lot of zeroes in a billion), can make discreet changes that alter perceptions, just enough, to make some kind of mark to increase human values.

Look. I will try to make it easy for you. The science of complexity argues that simple dynamic emergent systems can adapt their surroundings to foster their own development. As their atmospheres become more supportive, the system becomes more complex. As the system grows (We are talking here of a natural growth.), it can affect greater changes on the atmosphere it survives in.

This idea of simple dynamic systems (You have called me "simple" often enough. The dynamic is debatable.) effecting global systems has given me hope that an individual's efforts can promote change. If I add my research into mythology to my understanding of Complexity Theory, I feel a kind of purpose to my existence.

The mythology of the ancient Earth Goddess, -- spurred by the popular vision of a long lost time predating patriarchy and hierarchical social structures -- presents us with a mystical era when nurturing and peace were strongly held values developed from a deep respect of the

earth as principle life source. In case you were wondering why I have been reading all those "damn Goddess books," (as you so colorfully call them), it has been to understand the populist base of the Goddess myths.

Myths blossom from what some believe to be the collective unconscious, (good Ole C. J. Jung !), when they are needed to explain changes developing in the body politic. They start as simple (That word again!) stories that are passed from person to person, gaining complexity and meaning in the telling. (I am sorry that I am preaching but...)

What I am trying to do is use the "Goddess" to rewrite the hero myths of our culture (such as Rambo, Indiana Jones, the Terminator... Robin Hood for that matter.) that glorify the warrior male and denigrate anything that resembles a child, a female, or the earth. My new myths equate world survival with the nurturing of the earth and our children. How does one illustrate such a story with a visual language? Start with items that our material culture can relate to. Hence, folk art - parade - clown.

Come on, Ruthie D. You must understand this sense of world crisis that I carry on my back (Don't start calling me Atlas, OK?) is getting larger and larger. I am beginning to lose the hope that my grandchildren (and yours too, Dearie!) will have the quality of life that will allow for the most rudimentary needs to be met -- water, food, shelter, warmth. When it comes down to the very basics, visions of a

world catastrophe are almost overwhelming me. Try to understand and help me articulate this fear, please?

Sincerely, I Remain,
A Very Needy, Diana

Tuesday

My Poor Dear, Diana,

I feel that perhaps you are courting madness. (It does run in your family, doesn't it, darling?) In this world those of us with SOLID ROOTS know that technology is, even as we speak, working on those very problems. Get a grip, girl!

Now. You talk about your Visual Language -- I feel that lights and sirens should come on when you say it -- try it. VISUAL LANGUAGE! Sorry, I digress...I know you are working on this with great conscious effort. It just seems that it is one of those little intellectual games that you like to play. OK?

You use scrap wood that is formed into grotesque figures in such a manner that a certain style is carried throughout your constructions. You religiously use recycled materials wherever you can, ala Duchamp. (Your hero. Am I right?) Your hunks of junk have developed a "common" look that becomes a good basis for a solid oeuvre. Now.

The quirky figures on the thesis pieces have enough characteristics of the human body to attract close examination. Much more closely, in fact, than most of us would ever be able to inspect a real person. I mean when was the last time you were able to examine a penis and testicles (in public I mean) by jiggling them together as I have seen people do with your figures.

Why are most of your figures male? The AIDS man in "Sometimes My Feet Go Numb" obviously alludes to Wayne Corbitt, a dancer and performance artist. I mean, you put his poem of his struggle with AIDS right on the piece. I can quickly, without any thought whatsoever, figure out the reason for a male figure. In fact, that is much too easy to read. I am going to give you the benefit of a doubt (surprise!) that you had more in mind when you made that toy.

I am going to give you that same benefit in your piece called, "Sucking Cock and Shining Shoes." I always think of fellatio as an action generally performed by a woman on the body of a man. You've obviously considered that the issues of power are inherent in this act in which the male might be seen as the puissant figure. You have exposed a usually private act to public scrutiny. If you are not at least a little bit worried about how this will be received by your viewers, you should be. We are talking about claims (probably heated) of PORNOGRAPHY here, Diana.

Be that as it may... I see the woman, herself, in a posture that suggests to me multiple meanings. Kneeling, for example, can be read as a position of worship. She kneels in apparent complicity, supporting the man by his buttocks with her hands. Her hands are also in an attitude of supplication. Is she praying to the man? And for what?

Furthermore, the act of suckling carries with it the connotation of gaining nourishment. Is she suckling the object of power? What kind

of nourishment does she derive from her actions? Any? And why does she shine that ridiculous shoe? Excuse me?

And then there is that piece in which a man rides on top of the boy. There are issues here that hint of pedophilia, especially given the sexual overtones of the other two pieces. "Our Comfort Is supported on the Backs of Hungry Children." Hmm. It is a good thing your title is self-explanatory. It may save your silly ass.

Darlin', really! You must realize how naughty your images are! How can you bear to exhibit them? Are you really ready for this?

Just wondering,

Ruthie D

Thursday

Wondering are you? Ruthie D,

What do you want? Me to follow my audience around with an answer book? Questions such as the kneeling and suckling must be answered by the viewer. This is where the dialogue *with* the *pieces* comes in. Your other questions concerning the use of the male figure are really rather simple to resolve. The answer? For a variety of reasons.

Seriously, however, (I do not mean to get cute with you) consider for a moment, that our present day white culture, bound up as it is in warrior worship, regards the male as the most important member of society. Consider, also, that we have a Patriarchal society. I have not found a word that better describes the basic foundation of our culture (another word that is highly overused), than Patriarchy. Male bodies are a symbol of the Patriarchy that has come under scrutiny by those who can not participate in the perks of the system. So it follows that it is Patriarchy that is on display here. Hence, I use the male figure. No, I do not have an ax to grind on the male psyche. (I anticipate your questions.)

On an art historical note-- and, of course, I naturally mean, a European Art Historical note -- for centuries, art was made for "THE GAZE" of the affluent male. It was a reflection of a man's possessions, whether woman, animal or land. While a woman's nude body was splayed out (and usually hairless so as not to cover any part of her) for the male's eyes to

feast on, her own eyes were averted to reinforce her lack of ownership of her own body. Although I have used the female body as an object of possession, I have not set it up for only the male gaze. I am redefining who my art is made for.

I am looking at the penis and reassessing Freud's concept of penis envy which I feel is more the envy of power that having a penis guarantees. Can you not imagine why it usually remains covered up? Think about it. But I digress...

Oh So Lovingly Yours,

Diana

PS... She shines the ridiculous shoe as a token of her servitude.

Sunday

Dear Diana,

Thank you, Darlin'... but your anger is getting the better of you. I have just asked some basic pertinent questions. Do not get so defensive. By the way, are you absolutely sure you are not out to grind your ax on the male psyche? Think about it.

So you have explained some about why you have built the pieces i.e., the "adult pull toys." Why do you insist on walking the streets dressed as part of some deranged form of carnival? Why do you insist on calling it a CAROUSE'lle? What do you and your little community (Where did you get the unlikely [unlikeable] name of Albatross? Oh of course, -- ungainly on the ground but soaring beautifully when it flies. I answer my own questions. Possibly I do not need to dialog with you anymore. I think you are rubbing off on me.) hope to accomplish? Surely, you do not believe you are a magnificent hero using a soap box to convert the down trodden masses of Boulder? Or do you?

Ruthie D

Monday afternoon

Ruthie D

I, of all people, do not want to be a GRAND HERO. There are those (and you seem to be among that number) who assume when one talks about the distortions that Patriarchy has caused to the human condition that it automatically means one is anti-male. Not so. Men can be victims of this system also. Surely, that is apparent?

Of course, part of the problem with discourse concerning "Patriarchy" is that it is too easy to plunge into anti-male vs. pro-male discussion. When that happens, the dialectic can get stuck and not really get to the issues involving the white dominant culture that places the male, the father, in a ruling position. If you want to see what our culture thinks is important, look at the Washington Memorial -- the great white penis dedicated to the Father of Our Country. The opposite of patriarchy is partnership. It's not the "patri;" I am against, it is the "archy."

Anyway....Back to Business. You asked why the word 'CAROUSE'lle" I will enlighten you. I do want to carouse a bit. I always feel like dancing in the streets when I finish a piece. This "piece" is a culmination of my whole academic experience. So a dance in the street as a celebration seems appropriate.

I know your question had more to do with the word CAROUSE'lle itself. I did not want to call it a carousel, parade, processional, or carnival because each of those words carries a whole load of history and context that are really inappropriate for my use. I was looking for roots and meanings of words and came across the origin of the word carousel. Its root is "carouse." (Surprise!) It came from a grand party that royalty would host. The guests would dress themselves and their horses in extravagant costumes and ride up and down the stairs and around and around the castles and its grounds. Since I too want to meander through the streets in extravagant costume, I borrowed the word and bent it a little to fit.

I want, furthermore, to reach a larger audience than just my peers. It seems necessary for me to bridge my academic life to my civilian one. The parade closes a communication loop -- from those who know me to those who don't. Communication will go beyond the academic setting to the people on the street, the public if you will. My sculpture will go one step further -- from just an art object in a gallery setting to a real object in a real setting. The pieces SAY and the CAROUSE'lle DOES.

I further think of this as a healing ritual, of sorts. Those in my CAROUSE'lle will clown their way through the ritual with me. As we bring to the surface the hidden (and denied) aspects of our society that are endorsed through action, we are enacting the first stage of healing: that of awareness of the problem.

I also, as you well know, feel that I don't really exist. That I have given no meaning back to the world. Yes, I know I am a real flesh and blood person. (Always anticipating your response.) But where is the residue of my spirit? I need to try out my viability in the civilian world, to face my fear of failure and/or success, and to abide with the outcome.

I am always, as ever,

Diana

PS. I am enclosing a bibliography that should aid in your understanding of my work...that is if you care to use it...love, diana

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APPENDIX ONE

TAGS

One hundred fifty small round tags were hung around the Pearl Street Mall. There was a saying on one side of the small tag and on the other, a promise of the exchange of a dollar upon bringing the tag back to the gallery within the appropriate time frame.

Contextual Theory of Community Involvement

- a. Enlightenment training is directed to the privileged. Only they can afford it.
- b. Our comfort is supported on the backs of hungry children.
- c. Power needs serfs but do serfs need bondage?
- d. The World Health Organization has determined that we will lose one- third of the world's population to the AIDS epidemic.
- e. Self-actualization can only come when the basic needs of life -- food, water, shelter, warmth and safety -- are satisfied.
- f. CHILDREN are our most important product.
- g. Three-fifths of the people on welfare are children.
- h. Eighty per cent of "teen pregnancies" -- have teenage mothers and ADULT (over 21) fathers.
- i. Juan Valdez is 10 years old and works fifteen hours a day picking coffee beans.
- j. Juan Valdez is a 75 year old woman who picks coffee beans and hauls them to the scales on her back.
- k. The opposite of patriarchy is partnership.
- l. THE PRESENCE OF SIGNS SIGNIFIES THE LACK OF WHATEVER THEY REFER TO.
- m. How do ideas of enlightenment play into the corporate structure of transnationals?

- n. Public space is rapidly becoming corporate space.
- o. Everything is connected -- EVERYTHING.
- p. Healthy decadence is an oxymoron.
- q. Welfare reform is a racist shuck.
- r. Any form of transgressive discourse of anti-language implies an alternative reality.
- s. If you want to be happy, don't analyze.
- t. AIDS is changing the face of the world as we know it.
- u. Art must engage in an active social life.
- v. We are ALL Homo Sapiens Sapiens.
- w. Anger is your most productive emotion.
- x. This is not it.
- y. You are IT!
- z. If you are a white, middle-class, heterosexual with a cuisinart, you will not get AIDS.
- aa. Use your anger well.
- bb. Maybe we should be ashamed of our affluence.
- cc. Love is the only engine of survival.

APPENDIX TWO

SOMETIMES MY FEET GO NUMB
by Wayne Corbitt

SOMETIMES MY FEET GO NUMB
Written by WAYNE CORBITT

Sometimes my feet go numb.

I sleep a lot.

*Most of my old fag buddies are dead.
My doctor treated my lover, too.*

I feel guilty being alive.

Sometimes my feet go numb.

*In people of color, the skin is ashy dry.
Coffee and tea don't go well with my medication.*

I remember sexual freedom.

Sometimes my feet go numb.

*It takes one to two days to get a prescription filled at
San Francisco General.*

Bruises that don't heal quickly worry me.

Sometimes my feet go numb.

*My sweat smells medicinal.
My urine stinks.*

*Television commercials make me cry.
The news makes me angry.*

I'm tired all the time.

Sometimes my feet go numb.

*I take an anti-depressant and other drugs,
to scare my voices away.*

I hate pity.

The very idea of wearing diapers is humiliating.

I wonder if the acupuncture is doing any good.

*Sometimes my feet go numb.
And I don't notice until I try to walk
and I stumble,
swear,
shake them awake
and move on.*

"Sometimes My Feet Go Numb" was written by Wayne Corbitt who has since died of AIDS. He was a performance artist and dancer.

He recited the poem in 1995 for Independent Television Service (KQED Video) in the program "POSITIVE: Life with HIV," Program Three (in a series of four), entitled CARE.

Wayne Corbitt's segment was directed and produced by Lourdes Portillo.

Appendix 3

The Announcer's Patter

The performance part of this work, the CAROUSE'lle, required an announcer to introduce Albatross, the troupe of players, to the crowd.

The idea of the CAROUSE'lle comes from the 15th-16th centuries when the nobles would costume themselves and decorate their horses and CAROUSE through their palaces, up and down the stairs, and through the streets of their provinces. That is where the word carousel comes from.

1. The Jingling Johnny with her staff.

Her ancestors used to make way for royalty in the crowded streets of Europe. The origination of the "Jingling Johnny" was Persia. There, the staff was called a Turkish Crescent. You wouldn't want to get in their way, the staff was a weapon also.

The present day drum majorette has come down from the Jingling Johnny.

Words of introduction:

"Any CAROUSE'lle worth its salt is led by a jingling johnny to clear the way. Carrying her staff of power that jingles and signaling the approach of the CAROUSE'lle, she sets the pace and directs the action.. Her modern day counterpart would be the drum Majorette with a baton."

2. Szyper.

Words of Intro.:

"No CAROUSE'lle would be complete without a Grand Marshal. Szyper pulls the Grand Marshal's Float. Szyper, the chicken/horse, is a schizophrenic who believes in turning swords into plowshares, or in her case, German Army Boots into winged vessels that ironically are rooted in the Earth. She is Hermes, Ares and Aphrodite."

3. The Grand Marshal's Float.

Purely fun. A table with a chair on a giant scooter. The Grand Marshal is Sam. Sam is Szyper's real life three year old son.

Words of Intro.:

"On the Grand Marshal's Float sits Sam who is a little overwhelmed by his position as grand marshal. "

4. Vinet.

A mad woman who reflects the earth and us.

Words of Intro.:

"Vinet follows after Szyper because she instinctively understands, in her mad vision, that Szyper will protect others from turning into stone when they look into Vinet's face."

5. John Galm.

John is a ethno-musicologist at CU. He is providing the beat for our CAROUSE'lle.

Words of Intro:

"Give a big welcome to John Galm, the incomparable Musicologist and all-around good guy!"

6. Miguel Peenie Weenie.

He is the character that pulls "Sucking Cock and Shining Shoes."

Words of Intro:

"Miguel Peenie Weenie is decked out in tutu and flowers. He supports a huge hard on that reminds us that he is a real he-man unafraid of exploring his feminine side. His parasol protects his complexion from the sun -- but can double as a nasty little weapon."

7. Sucking Cock and Shining Shoes. Toy #2.

Words of Intro:

"The toy is called "Sucking Cock and Shining Shoes." It gives us a reminder what power is all about."

8. Rhinestone Cowgirl.

She is a dominatrix character that whips up on M. Peenie Weenie.

Words of Intro:

The Rhinestone Cowgirl, colorful and sparkly, is Miguel's sidekick. Part kitten and part dominatrix she is the perfect woman for Miguel.

Her cat of nine tails is particularly useful for keeping his peenie weenie in line."

9. Flinkle, the Carrion Crow.

Cosmic jester and picker of carnage. Familiar to the Death Fairy.

Words of Intro:

"No Death Fairy would be caught dead without her carrion crow. Here we have Flinkle. She escorts the death Fairy on her missions of carnage. Circling and Cawing, she is the reminder that death lurks and leers at us, just out of sight. Flinkle awaits death to pick at our bones."

10. "Sometimes My Feet Go Numb." Toy #3.

This one really looks at the cultural phenomenon of AIDS and other diseases and death.

Words of Intro:

"Sometimes My Feet Go Numb honors and remembers victims of the AIDS epidemic. It shows the inexorable journey of death."

11. Hegetha, The Death Fairy.

also known as Kali.

Words of Intro:

"Hegetha is probably better known by the moniker, The Death Fairy. She wears the triple crown of the triple goddess -- that of virgin, mother, and crone. Encircling her waist is her chastity belt with each cone dedicated to the Father, Son, Holy Ghost, the Virgin Mary and Mother Theresa."

12. Mr. Clean.

Words of Intro:

"Another traveling Musician, this is Mr. Clean. Although he is a terribly good sport, we think he joined the parade just to pick up girls."

13. Lord and Lady Thug-Money.

Words of Intro:

"Ladies and Gentleman, I am proud and honored to present to this humble crowd, Lord and Lady Thug-Money! This pair is dressed for success. In clear vinyl, Lady Thug-Money is the queen of bartering and trade offs, while her mate, Lord Thug-Money plays down his great wealth by dressing modestly in dollar bills. To show that he is a man of the people, he mirrors the faceless masses that he employs. He is undaunted in facing the future with its profits, deals and marginalizations."


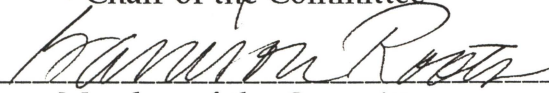
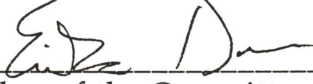


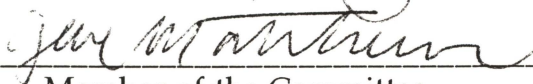
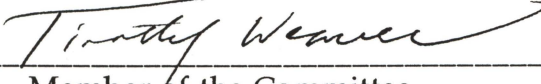

14. Our Comfort Is Supported on the Backs of Hungry Children. Toy #4.

Words of Intro:

"This final toy is called, Our Comfort Is Supported on the Backs of Hungry Children. It calls into question the way we treat our children and others around the globe. Nobody wants to touch this guy with anything shorter than a ten foot pole."

THANK YOU LADIES and Gentleman for your participation in our CAROUSE'lle tonight. If you would like you may follow the CAROUSE'lle to its final conclusion.

In partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Masters of Fine Arts
Diana Elizabeth Ruthers
has submitted this written thesis
as a supplement to the creative
and 29 slides
which are in the permanent possession of the
University of Colorado and recorded with the
Department of Fine Arts.

Approved by 
Chair of the Committee

Member of the Committee

Member of the Committee

Member of the Committee

Member of the Committee

Member of the Committee

Member of the Committee

Chair, Department of Fine Arts

Slide List for MFA Thesis Show
Diana Ruthers
Spring, 1997
Rehumanizing Constructs

TOYS:

- A1. Toy Series #2. "Grand Marshal's Scooter." University of Colorado, Boulder. 84" x 37" x 55." July 1996. Wood and Steel, treated.
- A2. Toy Series #1. "Sucking Cock and Shining Shoes." University of Colorado, Boulder. 89" x 35.5" x 37". June 1996. Wood and Steel, painted.
- A3. Toy Series #3: Collapsible Doll. "Sometimes My feet Go Numb." University of Colorado, Boulder. 70" x 40" x 88." December 1996. Wood and Steel, painted.
- A4. Toy Series #4: "Our Comfort Is Supported on the Backs of Hungry Children." University of Colorado, Boulder. 91" x 35" x 52." November, 1996. Wood and Steel, painted.

INSTALLATION:

- B1. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- overall. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B2. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Our Comfort Is Supported on the Backs of Hungry Children" and "Sometimes My Feet Go Numb" with costumes. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B3. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Sucking Cock and Shining Shoes" with costumes. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B4. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Grand Marshal's Scooter" with costumes. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B5. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Sometimes My Feet Go Numb" with costume of Flinkle, The Carrion Crow by Sarah Bauer. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.

- B6. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View of "Tags". CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B7. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View of Crone at entrance to exhibit. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B8. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Jingling Johnnie" costume by Phuong-Lan Nguyen. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B9. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Szyper" costume by MJ Andersen. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B10. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Vinet" costume by Paula Diehl. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B11. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Miquel Peenie Weenie" costume by Diana Ruthers. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B12. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Hegetha, the Death Fairy" costume by Diana Ruthers. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.
- B13. REHUMANIZING CONSTRUCTS: Installation View -- "Lord and Lady Thug-Money" costumes by Richard Armendariz. CU Art Galleries, University of Colorado, Boulder. April, 1997.

CAROUSE'lle

- C1. "Jingling Johnnie." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C2. "Grand Marshal's Scooter" with "Szyper" and Sons. CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C3. "Szyper" and "Vinet." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C4. Musicologist, John Galm. CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.

- C5. CAROUSE'lle View. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C6. "Miquel Peenie Weenie." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C7. "Miquel Peenie Weenie," "The Rhinestone Cowgirl," and "Sucking Cock and Shining Shoes." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C8. "Flinkle, the Carrion Crow" and "Sometimes My Feet Go Numb." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C9. "Hegetha, the Death Fairy." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C10. The Music Man, "Mr. Clean." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C11. "Lord and Lady Thug-Money." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.
- C12. "Lord Thug-Money" and "Our Comfort Is Supported on the Backs of Hungry Children." CAROUSE'lle. Pearl Street Mall, Boulder, Colorado. April 1, 1997.

