WRAPPINGS
(SMALL CHANGES)

A Thesis
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree Master of Fine Arts in the
Graduate School of The Ohio State University

By
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The Ohio State University
2006

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ABSTRACT

When a tornado hits the ground, its path is unpredictable. One never knows which way it will turn, or the outcome of its visit. Within a split second, lives can be forever changed. Like the changes that occur with the formation of a tornado, I have found these same changes within the creation of my work.

I built a form using chicken wire as a base and then wrapped that in paper mache. The form sits six feet high and is about two feet across at its base. It gradually becomes smaller as it twists and bends to the tip, which usually points to the ceiling. The form is cylindrical but not perfectly; there are many bumps, bends and abnormalities. The form for me is whimsical and bizarre in its movements. It is liquid and flowing and seems to dance no matter how I wrap it.

In the beginning this shape was right side up and meant to be a tornado. It came from a bleak story I wanted to explore. The shape changed to no longer be the form of a tornado, although there are still strong connections between a tornado and this new form. They both revolve around the concept of change. When a tornado hits the ground, its path is undetermined, and within a split second, lives can be forever changed. This form has had a huge affect on the way that I create art; my process has unexpectedly changed completely. Like the previously owned clothing I use as wrappings and the small journey I take each time I create a drawing, the end result is undetermined and the change that
occurs is often unpredictable. Like the tornado I feel that this shape has created a path for me that I could never have predicted. It is constantly in a state of change, and each time I wrap it, the form becomes something or someone new to me. In the beginning I believed I had complete control over each piece of art that I created. In the end I have realized that like a tornado the path and effect of any art that is created is unpredictable.
Dedicated to my family, without you there would be no tornados.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank my committee, Charles Massey Jr., Ed Valentine, and Carmel Buckley.

Charles, thank you for the constant push to strive for more. You and I will always share an appreciation for the process.

Ed, without you I don’t know if these drawings would have ever happened. Thank you for your constant support and encouragement, and especially for the paper!

Carmel, your honesty has made me a better artist, thank you.

Jung, through your quiet persistence you have taught me so much. Thank you for being such a wonderful studio-mate.

Mike, Andy, and Luis, the best bunch of printmakers ever! How lucky I am to know the three of you.

My work comes from the experiences I have shared with my family, you inspire me more than anyone, thank you.
VITA

October 26, 1980.......................... Born- Canton, Ohio

2001....................................... Undergraduate Art League Annual Show
                                    Seigfred Gallery, Athens, Ohio

2002....................................... Southern Graphics Council Printmaking Show,
                                    New Orleans, Louisiana
                                    Undergraduate Art League Annual Show
                                    Seigfred Gallery, Athens, Ohio
                                    Precious Books Collection Ohio University
                                    Athens, Ohio
                                    Southern Graphics Council Trade Print New
                                    Orleans, Louisiana

2003....................................... B.F.A. Ohio University
                                    Bachelor of Fine Arts Printmaking Show,
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                                    Massachusetts

2004....................................... Graduate Teaching Associate,
                                    The Ohio State University
                                    Ohio State University Graduate Show, Hopkins
                                    Gallery, Columbus, Ohio
                                    Ohio State University Print Show, Silver Image
                                    Gallery, Columbus, Ohio
2005................................Printmaking Show, Ohio State University, Marion, Ohio  
Ohio State University Print Show, Silver Image Gallery, Columbus, Ohio  
Off the Press Ohio State University, Newark Ohio  
Ohio University Grad and Alumni Trade Portfolio Athens, Ohio  
Ohio State University Trade Collections Columbus, Ohio  

2006................................Ohio State University Graduate Show, Hopkins Gallery, Columbus, Ohio  
Mid America Print Conference Trade Print Athens, Ohio  
Precious Book Collections Ohio State University Columbus, Ohio

FIELDS OF STUDY

Major Field: Fine Arts
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abstract</td>
<td>ii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td>iv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acknowledgments</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vita</td>
<td>vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>List of images</td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Chapters:

1. Introduction..................1
2. Thought Process................6
3. The Drawing Process...........9
4. The Form........................11
5. The Form as Body..............14
6. Gender..........................17
7. Evolution of the Form.........19
8. Conclusion.....................23

Appendix..........................26
# LIST OF IMAGES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Image</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 “He Ran to the Window” sketch</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 “24 Twisters” Lithograph</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 “Untitled” Lithograph</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Photograph of Max</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 “Lillian”</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 “Felix”</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 “Sylvia”</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 “Untitled” Mixed Print Media</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 “Vivian”</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 “Melvin”</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 “Rose Selavy”</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 “Sam”</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 “Max”</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 “Bob”</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 “Stockings” Charcoal and Conte on Paper</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 “Tony”</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 “Larry”</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER 1

INTRODUCTION

The form that I have created and chosen to use as the primary focus of my work, shown in my Master of Fine Arts thesis exhibition, is something that I needed to exist. It came from two years of thinking and working with a story, one single image in my head that I could not shake. Like the changes that occurred in the creation of these drawings, small changes also occurred in how I feel and now portray the idea of this story. To fully understand my drawings I feel I need to start at the beginning so to inform my audience of where this form comes from and the story of how it has changed.

A story that helps describe the form that I have used and its source follows:

“As long as I have known my father he has been afraid. He is afraid of tomorrow and then the next day and all the days that follow. He does not know it, but what keeps him up at night is the feeling of having no control. He fears that it will all end too quickly, and he will be taken from the earth or even worse be left behind. Yet when the sky darkens he is the last to run. As long as I can remember my father has been unafraid of Tornados. They draw him outside and he always looks up instead of down. They possess a power over life that is uncontrollable. They reach their arms down from the sky and take only what they want from the earth. This power over life is what captivates my father because it is this power over life that he does not have.” (Image 1)
My father, in the story, is fascinated with tornadoes because they possess a power over life that he will never be able to attain. He lives his everyday life with the greatest of caution and yet there is one moment when he throws caution to the wind, literally. There is an odd duality here. He strives to see a tornado and yet just being in their presence forfeits any control over the life that he has. When I began working with this story I believed that my father was being consumed by a destructive force of nature. Therefore my portrayal of this story was dark and ominous. I could not see anything good from the actions of my father, but as my work evolved so did my ideas about this story.

In the beginning, I also was looking for total control, control over the work that I was creating. I did this by using printmaking as my process. There is very little room for error when working this way. At first this story was something that was heavy and intense and my prints reflected that. I almost always used an ominous black background with a white tornado cutting through it, as seen in the work titled “24 Twisters” (Image 2). The printmaking process is obvious here. The image is of a tornado in the distance moving closer: the darkness and uneasy feeling one gets before a storm was one thing I was trying to accomplish. I was also trying to show a passage of time with this edition by removing one of the twenty-four prints. Twenty-four is easily thought of as representing the hours in the day. The one print that is missing represents the time within an hour.
when the tornado finally reaches the viewer. What happens in that hour can be looked at as disastrous or in the way that my father sees it.

Soon after the creation of this piece a funny thing happened to the shape of the tornado; it started to change. The form changed from simply a curved line that cut through the page to a tangled mess as seen in the Intaglio print “Untitled” (Image 3). Instead of threatening it became odd and instead of intense it seemed to have a certain humor about it. I tried so hard to continue working with this story that was so important to me, and yet the simple shape of the tornado started to take on a life of its own. The prints that dealt with the story became redundant and boring because no matter what I drew on the stone the prints were not enough for the change that was occurring. One day right in the middle of working on a lithograph I just stopped. The story was there, it had formed the idea of the tornado but my work was no longer about the story, it was about the form. My early work dealt with the internal workings of the body, the structure of the interior of the body versus the exterior. How and why a body stays living and how it functions is something that has always interested me. The tornado is a form that represents a force, an unknown, an uncontrollable presence that has enormous power as well as mystery. Much like the human heart that beats our entire lives without one moment of rest. It has a power over our existence that is hard to control.
This shape of the tornado was so interesting to me and I had to find out why, so I built it. At first I strung it from the ceiling like an actual tornado and it hung there for a long time. Then because it was in the way, I took it down and turned it upside down. This way it could sit on its own. This small change in the positioning of the form is when I had a breakthrough. It was not something I had planned, but it had changed its form on me again, and this time I was more willing to work with it. I started to wrap it and then draw it. The story about my father was about a fear of having no control, and ironically, like my father, letting go of the control was what made these drawings what they are. I gave up on a concept that I felt needed to be intense and complex and gave into playing with fabric and this crazy shape. The form comes from this story, it is hard for me to ignore that, although my work has become about the shape. I have become fascinated with this form. It attracts me for some reason just like a tower of pancakes or a beautiful pile of mismatched dishes or even a mountain of dirty clothes. There is a weird order about it that I like, and it may be much closer to what has intrigued me about the tornado than I could represent using the actual tornado form. It now is always stable at the ground level and safe from uncontrolled movement, but as the shape twists and changes, moving upward, it becomes thin and very vulnerable. From the beginning this shape has had its own life. It changed and evolved almost without my help. It became art about intuitive experimentation. No matter what definition I give to this shape, this form, I feel that it is
wrong because, in my mind, giving it a definition would confine it and enable it from change. An absolute answer would stop the evolution and force this form to fit a mold instead of slowly building its own. Instead it is about the process of drawing and how a simple sheet of paper can be molded into an image. It is about the ability to simply react to what is seen and create something either consciously or subconsciously as a direct result of that reaction. It is about letting go of control and allowing the art making to surprise me. I now understand that maybe my father needed a tornado to help him let go of control, for maybe just a moment. Maybe this allows for a moment of clarity or to open oneself to an unexpected event. Either way these are the lessons I have learned from the form that was once an upside-down tornado. Now, with a better understanding of the creation of this shape, I will show how I considered the possibilities and looked at it from different angles to find new discoveries that I have made while studying this shape.
CHAPTER 2

THOUGHT PROCESS

Someone once asked me “Where are you when you draw?” Not physically like if I am drawing a tree, I am probably outside, but where am I mentally? I spend a lot of time in front of a piece of paper in a small room with no windows. What I think about is usually about what I am drawing. My mind is constantly working to figure out and translate what is in front of me. I am trying to make something that is three dimensional, into something two dimensional. I have put about a weeks worth of time into each piece of paper. During that time I would constantly think about each movement I would make and about how each line would affect the whole drawing. My art became intensely about the process and each part of the shape I was seeing, so when I stepped back and looked at the images, I saw charcoal marks and smudges. I can tell anyone to this day how and why I made any mark on any one of those drawings. For example, in the image of “Bob” (Image 14) the background was the first one were I started allowing the paper to show through. I simply began by throwing a dirty cloth that was covered in charcoal, at the clean sheet of paper. One can see places at the top of the drawing where the cloth has left a mark.
I constantly challenge myself with what I wrap the form. What I choose usually comes from something that I want to try and draw. Then when it is in front of me, I think about what it is made of, how it is put together. I think about each thread and how it is woven to the thread next to it and how a million of these pieces of thread were woven and sewn together by a machine somewhere far from here. I usually buy these fabrics at thrift stores, so I think about the lifetime of this article of clothing and about the person who owned it before I did. For instance, I bought a second-hand leather jacket because I was going to use the leather in one of my wrappings. When I got it home, I started cutting it apart and realized that there were a few small items in the pocket. There was a rubber band, a couple of torn pieces of paper, and an uneaten mint. This jacket had a life before I bought it. It was like finding a little detail from a person’s life that they had disregarded and forgotten about. Once I started cutting the lining out of the jacket, I started to find markings on the inside of the leather. There were letters and numbers, handwritten in a permanent marker, probably a code to help piece together the jacket when it was time to be sewn. This adds a whole new chapter to this clothing’s story; who were the people that cut the leather and marked it? Who sewed it together and shipped it off? Not to mention, this was real leather so at one point in time, it was a cow walking around without any idea that one day it would be cut, marked, and sewn together. It would be worn and then cut apart again so that it could be drawn and then written about. This leather jacket had an
intended purpose, probably from the moment the cow was born, and now it no longer
exists in the world for that purpose. Its path has been changed not only by me but by a
series of people. I like to think that the drawings I have made do not start with me; they
have a history that I have only added to and documented.
CHAPTER 3

THE DRAWING PROCESS

What I have created are drawings: charcoal on paper, and that is all. It is so basic and familiar that I had forgotten the joy of it. A drawing done with charcoal allows for no worry of permanence. The paper is so fragile, and yet it is strong enough to hold together any image imaginable. But the charcoal, that is my favorite. Much better than conte, it crumbles easily to pressure and creates a dust that has settled everywhere in my studio. I am unable to leave anything in one place for long or it will be covered in a sheet of black snow. It leaves the tips of my fingers a smoke color and makes me feel like an artist. Putting a mark on an empty white page is both intimidating and exhilarating. It is the beginning, and the very beginning of anything has that affect on a person. It is like the feeling right before getting out of bed in the morning or hearing the phone ring when waiting for important news. I am anxious, and yet I hesitate because I never know what lies ahead. The end is never certain, and yet getting there, the small changes that happen in the process, are what make a drawing interesting. It is about how the end result came to be, the movement from eye to brain to hand to charcoal. I have total control over this small piece of black soot, and yet sometimes I feel that it draws in a way that I had not
planned. I try to save every last bit of it because the smaller pieces are best for detail, while the large pieces I use to cover the page in a transparent gray. Once that is done, I lay down a basic contour line structure of my form. Many times I have considered leaving just this ghost image. The curving and quick nature of the line allows for a certain feeling of gesture and movement that the finished drawing does not always contain. I continue onward though; the line is still there, only it becomes the skeleton. I build on these lines and create the body around them. I think about every fold and consider every square inch of the page. I am molding a drawing, putting down black, and then lifting it off again with my eraser. I push and scrape and draw; then I erase and do it all again. I am obsessed with the medium, and every time I finish a drawing, I do not hesitate to do it all again. It is about having a relationship with the paper and breathing in the charcoal. It is about starting with an empty cream colored rectangle and changing the surface so much that now a whimsical form dances on the page.
CHAPTER 4

THE FORM

I built the form using chicken wire as a base and then wrapped that in paper mache. The form sits six feet high and is about two feet across at its base. It gradually becomes smaller as it twists and bends to the tip, which usually points to the ceiling. The form is cylindrical but not perfectly; there are many bumps, bends and abnormalities. The form for me is whimsical and bizarre in its movements. It is liquid and flowing and seems to dance no matter how I wrap it.

In the beginning this shape was right side up and meant to be a tornado. It came from a bleak story I wanted to explore. The shape changed to no longer be the form of a tornado, as seen in “Photograph of Max” (Image 4), although there are still strong connections between a tornado and this new form. They both revolve around the concept of change. When a tornado hits the ground, its path is undetermined, and within a split second, lives can be forever changed. This form has had a huge affect on the way that I create art; my process has unexpectedly changed completely. Like the leather jacket and its unexpected path and the small journey I take each time I create a drawing, the end is undetermined and the change that occurs is often unpredictable. Like the tornado I feel
that this shape has created a path for me that I could never have predicted. It is constantly in a state of change, and each time I wrap it, the form becomes something or someone new to me. Another similarity this form shares with a tornado is that it has forced me to give up control. Each time I wrap the form, I start with a basic idea of what I want to use to dress it. Such as in “Lillian”, (Image 5) I started with the concept of working with glass. I wanted to see if I could create spikes or pedais using glass and attaching it to the sculpture. I did have control over the materials used, but how I placed the spikes depended heavily on balance and support. In the end where the glass was placed was out of my control. This can also be seen in “Felix” (Image 6). I was very interested in working with plastic tubing although I wasn’t quite sure how it would come to sit on the form. I ended up dressing and undressing this form four or five times because the tubing refused to stay twisted around the form. In the end the tubing around the waist of the form is in a different spot from where it was originally placed. Even though the tubing moved, I am happy with the finished result. The form looks to have a very large horn protruding from the top, and the strange tubing and tentacle like cloth give it the feel of not being from this planet. I looked at this drawing when it was finished and felt that Felix was a proper name for such a creature.

More than any other drawing, I gave up most control to “Sylvia” (Image 7). Every object and piece of clothing I placed in each of these drawings, I was able to draw.
I have discovered, unfortunately, that I am unable to draw foil. In the original under drawing of *Sylvia*, I had about five pieces of foil placed around the form. I struggled over the one piece seen in the bottom right hand corner of the image and then retired the concept. Most of the control found in these images resides in my ability to manipulate the charcoal. This was probably the hardest loss of control, to not draw something because I could not. In the end this just makes me more determined and maybe one day I will cover the form in nothing but foil, but not quite yet. I named this image *Sylvia* because the plastic wrap I used to cover the top of the form reminded me of an old woman’s grey hair. The gap in the covering gives the impression of deterioration because the viewer is able to see the structure or the skeleton of the form. There are also bags wadded up and placed at the elbow of the form, like a growth or a formation of warts. All of these things make me think of old age or characteristics that appear over time. *Sylvia* to me is an old name, and when I hear it, I think of someone that has a greater history than myself.
CHAPTER 5

THE FORM AS BODY

We cannot choose our bodies, but we can choose how we define them through clothing. Each person seems to have related to a different drawing; they saw an aspect of themselves reflected in particular ones. I had people telling me stories about how a piece of clothing in the image reminded them of a jacket they owned or a tie that their uncle used to wear. There was a personal connection each person was making to the shape because of the clothing and how it defined the shape. It has always been obvious to me that the form is reminiscent of the human figure, but after an audience came in contact with these images, it really started me thinking about how they were connected and why. The shape is closer to that of a woman’s silhouette with all of its twists, turns and curvy lines. However, it is not specifically female because it does not hold the common characteristics that would make it a woman. Yet, in a way, I feel connected to this shape because it is not perfect; it is not symmetrical and is a little strange. The form I have built is reminiscent of the body and yet it is lumpy, twisted and bizarre. These are all things that most people would find ugly in a human figure and cover up with clothing and makeup. Yet no matter how I dress this form, the twisted shape is always seen and
despite that fact, the form is not ugly. In fact this bizarre form is beautiful. I often work with the idea of the interior versus the exterior and how one affects the other. It is amazing to me to study the human structure and see the magnificence of what goes on underneath the skin. This is the part that keeps us breathing and existing and yet we never see it. We only come in contact with what is on the exterior. I created an early image that dealt with this very concept titled “Untitled” (Image 8). I was working with the idea of presenting the interior first and leaving the exterior unseen. This is the view of a tornado from the inside looking down. It is made from a series of intaglio prints, cut and pasted onto a large board. I wanted each person to realize they were looking inside of something, then to realize that there must be an outside to this strange tunnel. Getting an audience to imagine what the outside could look like was my goal but also the most interesting part. Showing the inside of something that a viewer is not familiar opens up their minds to possibilities because the answer is not obvious. Much like the form I am working with now, even though I show the outside first, the form is unfamiliar so it opens up possibilities of what it could be. Each time I change the wrapping, I change those possibilities.

These drawings are very much reflections of a person that I am unable to change easily. So I have created an ambiguous character that is organic and could easily come from the shape of an intestine or a twisted spine. Yet I can mold and shape it using
clothing and charcoal. This shape helps me to address some of the insecurities, anxieties and phobias that I hold about myself and in a way make fun of them. From the beginning working with this shape, I was sewing and stuffing pillows, and then adding them to the structure for fat rolls as seen in “Vivian” (Image 9). In this image I used the leather I mentioned earlier to create a fat roll that is actually made from the skin of a cow. I was subconsciously giving the structure things about myself that I did not like, but at the same time without the fat rolls, I would not have enjoyed the form as much as I do. It became familiar, and I put the fat rolls in almost every drawing; the shape almost seemed too thin without them. I would then dress the shape, not to cover and hide the form but to define it and emphasize those lumps and sometimes place them outside of the clothing. I wanted to make them beautiful or humorous or interesting despite what they were. This form is organic and human-like because of its imperfections, and I will always be attracted to this form and feel connected to it for those reasons.
CHAPTER 6

GENDER

The shape I have created is reminiscent of the female figure, only it is void of any certain sexuality. The only sexuality I give to them is with a name, although sometimes that is not always clear. The twelfth drawing adorns a mesh tutu with a silk bow and ribbons hanging from its neck. For those reasons I titled it “Melvin” (Image 10). The name I give to each drawing comes only when the image is completed. I have already mentioned some of the drawings and why I have named them the way I have. I do not name them purely because they resemble the human figure; actually I began naming them to tell them apart. Around the same time, I realized that the opposite of a tornado, which is land based, is a hurricane, which is water based. All hurricanes have names so that they can easily be identified. I also learned that hurricanes off the coast of Korea are given female names in hopes that they will be more kind to the land and the people living there. Originally, I was giving all of my drawings male names, but when I learned this I started to use female names as well. When the image is completely finished is when I give the drawing its name. The image changes throughout its creation, and it is not until the end that the personality and gender present itself.
All the drawings come from the same form, but the way I wrap them lends itself to creating different personalities, which represent both genders. I am fascinated with Duchamp and his creation of “Rose Selavy” (Image 11). This idea of easily being able to change who one is, and become someone else, simply by changing their wrapping is something I feel I have been doing in a less obvious way through my drawings. Changing ones appearance changes how the world perceives that person. The interior remains the same, but the exterior perception is simply changed by the clothing and makeup that is chosen to be worn. Rose was Duchamps readymade or possibly alter ego. My drawings are an extension of myself, a way to easily change my personality using charcoal and a piece of paper.
CHAPTER 7

EVOLUTION OF THE FORM

Although it may seem subtle, this form has gone through a series of changes. These changes have caused the form and the way that I draw it to evolve. In the first two drawings, titled “Sam” (Image 12) and “Max” (Image 13), I wanted to capture the entire shape. My view of the form is abstracted in the way that it is farther away from the object than I really was. This was partly because I was working on a flat surface so I was working horizontally over a piece of paper. I was forced to look from a vertical form to a horizontal surface, which was both straining and difficult. This also put a distance between the object and the viewer that I had not intended. By moving farther away from the shape, I was allowing for a larger area of negative space in the background, which I made completely black. This creates an illusion of being in a confined space with the form, and it becomes intimidating and very stiff. In the third drawing, there is a huge breakthrough when I go from working horizontally to vertically, as you can see in “Bob” (Image 14). Just from standing the page up, I started to move closer into the form, allowing for less negative space, which I begin to not fill in completely. The background becomes more airy and less confined, and because of this the shape begins to move. With
Bob came the idea of actually sewing clothing for the form to wear. The first outfit I made came from a quick charcoal sketch of stockings seen in “Stockings” (Image 15). This sketch was based on the idea of creating actual stockings that would act as a covering for my body. The stockings came from the idea of pantyhose. This article of clothing is considered to be feminine and when worn leaves very little to the imagination. They fit almost like a second skin, accentuating what a woman already has. This was the same idea I wanted to explore in this work. I wanted to create a second skin to accentuate and even emphasize a part of my body about which I have always been self-conscious. I would create the stockings with many different materials and wrap them in the way that one would envision a mummy to be wrapped. Although I never did create the stockings for myself, I did create a stocking for Bob. The clothing seen in this image is all connected and fits over the form like pantyhose over a leg. After the creation of Bob I created “Sylvia” (Image 7), whom I have already discussed. Then came “Tony” (Image 16). In this work, I really wanted to make obvious that I was wrapping this form. I wanted the material to visually encircle the structure, so I cut thin strips of fabric then wrapped and pinned each one individually. Unexpectedly, the pinned ends of the fabric became almost like a vertebrae that move and turn as they go up the side of the form.

With “Larry” (Image17), comes a very dull drawing. This wrapping was almost completely white and I think that one is able to sense this even though it is drawn in black
and white. This is my least favorite image, and with its completion, I knew right away that I needed to change the way I was working. I decided to work with different textures and patterns and not to create a wrapping that was so lacking in color. This is when I created “Vivian” (Image 9). “Vivian” was the only drawing that I had a theme in mind when I started wrapping. She was either a very rich woman or a hooker. I gave her a fur wrap, a large flower broach, some jewelry, and pantyhose. Next came “Frank” (Image 18). He consists of mostly vintage neckties; I found that if I wrapped the form in different layers of pattern, it kept me more interested in the drawing because I wasn’t continually drawing the same surface. Also, I believe this was more visually interesting and caused the viewer to take a closer look. Another huge step that I made was adding a light source to the form. This added more depth to the image and gave one a sense of the form sharing the space with them instead of being forced into a confined area with the shape. This is easily seen in “Lillian” (Image 5). In this drawing I used a silky fabric to really accentuate the light hitting the surface. One of the last drawings and one of my favorites is “Judi” (Image19). Here I am using a lot of the elements that helped to bring these images together. What I am most interested in, is the unraveling of the materials. The wrappings seem to be coming loose, and the material I used was colorful and covered in patterns. This drawing is almost the complete opposite of “Tony” (Image 9.16). I did not plan this, and it was not until I had them finished and hanging next to each other
that I saw the similarities through their differences. In the last few drawings, I started to let go of the control that I had shown in the beginning. All of these steps were a reaction to what was happening from one drawing to the next. I was never quite sure if each adjustment was going to positively or negatively affect each drawing. Like each new mark I placed on the page, it was a chance that I was taking.
CHAPTER 8

CONCLUSION

When an artist looks at an object, they see beyond the initial purpose. As a person who has been drawing for a long time, I will often sit at the kitchen table in the morning and look at my coffee cup, and I do not always see a coffee cup. Instead, I see lines, value and depth. I do not just think of it as a coffee cup but as a vessel that has an outside that can be held and an inside that can hold something. I think of how it was made and the hands and minds that came together to build this object so that I could drink from it. I guess this is a little bit of what art making is about, the ability to see something a little bit differently than maybe the rest of the world. Then, in one way or another, to shine a light on what you have discovered. I always liked the idea of creating something as an artist that I wanted to see. Maybe it is something that did not exist before, such as the shape I am working with, or maybe it is a reconfiguration of what we all see everyday and just bypass, like the clothing I use. An artist must also have a drive to create something. I believe the most pure form of art is something that is created, in some cases, not even to be seen but just as a form of expression. When I initially built the form it was for no other reason except that I wanted to be able to look at a tornado every day. It was something
that needed to exist physically so that I could grab hold of it, but not necessarily to be shown in a gallery. I do not think art must change the world or answer big questions only. I think an artwork is successful if it creates a few new questions for the artist or anyone else that sees it.

In conclusion, I would like to define where these drawings will go from here, but I am unable to do so for sure. I can say that I plan on continuing to do these drawings, but the form will be in a new environment so this will affect the image immensely. Color is also an option that I am considering, although I see these images as already containing hundreds of values and colors created from just black, white and the cream of the paper. Experimenting with the actual colors found in the clothing will most definitely create an interesting outcome. My research of this shape is what has driven the making of these drawings, and not having a definite answer or a confirmed definition of what the form must be allows me to continue its evolution. I am not finished with this shape; in fact I feel like I am at the very beginning of my research. Each new experiment will help to add a new question to what this shape is and will help it to continually evolve. Like my father, I wanted to have total control over the art I was making. Having total control would allow me to never make an error. Except in doing it that way, I left no room for experimentation and the surprises that come with mistakes. Like my father, I have
realized that there are moments when one has to let go and lean into the wind. Moments of clarity only occur when one closes their eyes and places the charcoal on the page.

Lately, I have grown quiet. I am listening. I am listening for a distant rumble or the sound of hail hitting the window ledge. I no longer wish the skies to stay clear, but instead, I wait to dance in the rain. I wait with anticipation for clouds to gather and then to fall so that for a moment, I can chase tornados.
APPENDIX

IMAGES
Image 1: “He Ran to the Window” sketch
Image 2: “24 Twisters” Lithographs
Image 3: “Untitled” Lithograph
Image 4: Photograph of Max

30
Image 5: “Lillian” Charcoal on paper
Image 6: “Felix” Charcoal on paper
Image 7: “Sylvia” Charcoal on paper
Image 8: “Untitled” Mixed Print Media
Image 9: “Vivian” Charcoal on Paper
Image 10: “Melvin” Charcoal on Paper
Image 11: “Rose Selavy”
Image 12: “Sam” Charcoal on paper
Image 13: “Max” Charcoal on paper
Image 14: "Bob" Charcoal on paper
Image 15: “Stockings” Charcoal and Conte on Paper
Image 16: “Tony” Charcoal on paper
Image 17: “Larry” Charcoal on paper
Image 18: “Frank” Charcoal on paper
Image 19: “Judi” Charcoal on paper