

THESIS

rites of mine

Submitted by
Cindy Warnock
Department of Art

In partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Degree of Master of Fine Arts
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WE HEREBY RECOMMEND THAT THE THESIS PREPARED UNDER OUR SUPERVISION BY CINDY WARNOCK ENTITLED rites of mine BE ACCEPTED AS FULFILLING IN PART REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF FINE ARTS.

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ABSTRACT OF THESIS

rites of mine

Molding memories,
Tomorrow's memories.

Then, now, when;

We see them

Equally.

Guarding our memories;

Our then,

Dealing with our now

As best we can,

And

Fantasizing our when

In misty daydreams.

As I work, I find myself wandering through memories of my grandmother's junk drawers strewn with what were treasures in my six-year-old eyes; of a certain September day when aspen leaves glowed as if illuminated by electrical charges of neon, fluttering magically in the breeze; of travels and treasures awaiting me in days to come. Memories such as these allow thoughts of my past and my future to entangle and overlap, charging with a certain potential the materials that lie in front of me -- sticks, bark, reeds, weeds, and pods. Manipulating these materials, structures develop that allow a glimpse of many and varied levels of consciousness. The

nature of these materials connotes very basic, intuitive, pre-rationalistic feelings -- a knowledge of the heart verses the head, the felt verses the known.

Rotting leaves,
Wood, weeds;
Fertilizing;
Ashes to ashes.
Scarring the earth;
Removing ores;
Conception begins
When seeds are planted.
Growth,
Then death,
Then life again,
Through those same ores
Death helped create.
Is it a game
In all its permanence and
Temporality?
In death is life.
Cycles continue,
As babies and mourners cry
Each day.

The structures that develop allude to a sense of sacred space; spaces that draw us up, around, under, and inside;

spaces that make us wonder how close is too close, how much can be touched. Forms are elevated, placed protectively, tied securely, wrapped and encircled in an attempt to embody them with preciousness. Many of these pieces allude to the archetypal image of the house/home/dwelling which has served as a metaphor of the self throughout history. We see it here as it sits quietly; covers; hovers; surrounds, and is surrounded; guards, and is guarded. Multiplicities exist that remind us of the many roles we experience daily. The natural materials are reminiscent of the growth that is reflected in our own personal journeys.

What are we guarding?
Past, present, future.
A shell of ourselves;
Protecting, sheltering
The inside;
Made from earth
On the outside.
External guarding internal.
Nature protecting
Our souls.
Surrounded, I am minute;
Surrounding, I dominate.
Like the mountain
Above me now,
I'll climb it

And

Look down.

The transformation into bronze allows a bridge to the sculptural tradition of casting and enables me to unite the pieces physically and psychologically. In turn, this allows seemingly disparate elements -- specific memories, physical materials, and internalized feelings -- to be coalesced into one visual realization.

Space, place;

I sit alone

And tilt my face

To the sun.

It warms and wisens

And dapples the ground

Through the trees,

Showing preference

To those leaves

That reach

For its rays.

Cindy Warnock
Art Department
Colorado State University
Fort Collins, CO 80523
Summer 1993

DEDICATION

To my husband Yancey,
For caring enough
To be apart;
This is yours too.

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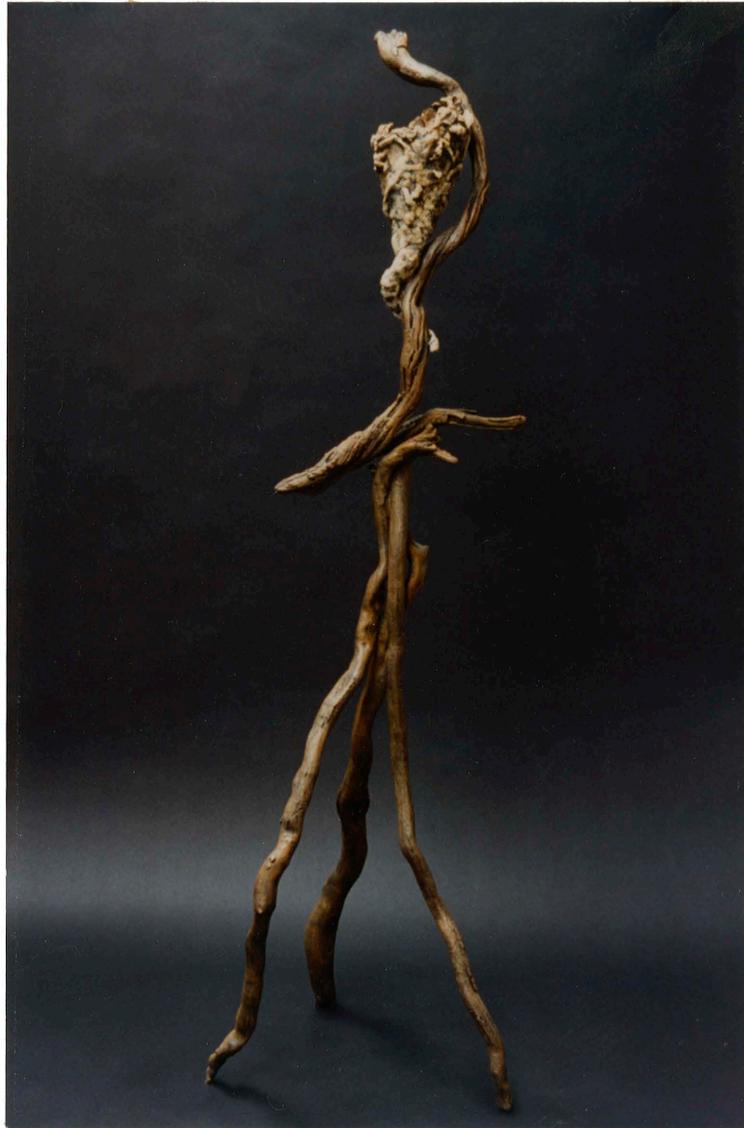


PLATE I: Holding On; Letting Go
Bronze
54"x 12"x 13"



PLATE II: Holding On: Letting Go, Detail



PLATE III: Forbidden Fruit
Bronze
35"x 15"x 15"



PLATE IV: Forbidden Fruit, Detail



PLATE V: I Hear the Unknown
Bronze
73"x 12"x 13"



PLATE VI: I Hear the Unknown, Detail



PLATE VII: Sanctuary
Bronze
49"x 10"x 13"



PLATE VIII: Sanctuary, Detail



PLATE IX: Somewhere in Between
Bronze
66"x 14"x 10"



PLATE X: Somewhere in Between, Detail



PLATE XI: Taken for Granted
Bronze
53"x 11"x 9"

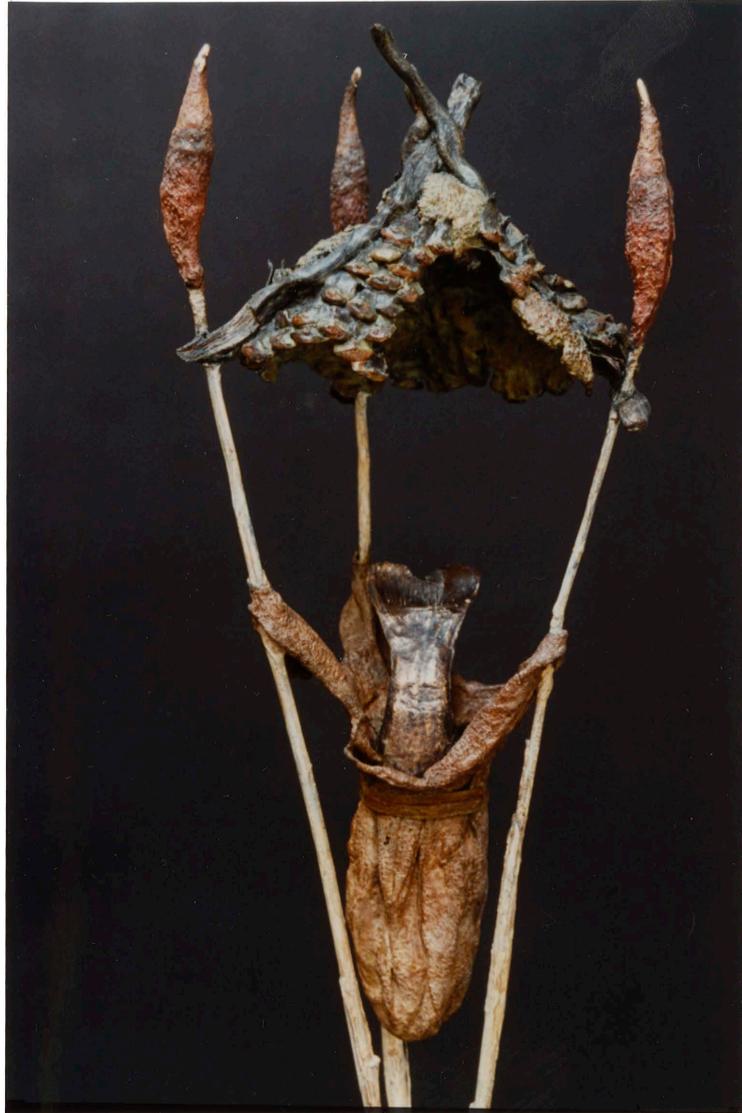


PLATE XII: Taken for Granted, Detail



PLATE XIII: Untouchable; Touchable
Bronze
48"x 11"x 12"



PLATE XIV: Untouchable; Touchable, Detail