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Told, Retold, and Repo'd

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TOLD, RETOLD, AND REPO'D

by

Jason Tanner Young

A Thesis

Presented to the Faculty of
The Graduate College at the University of Nebraska
In Partial Fulfillment of Requirements
For the Degree of Master of Arts

Major: Art

Under the Supervision of Professor Santiago Cal

Lincoln, Nebraska

April, 2011

TOLD, RETOLD, AND REPO'D

Jason Tanner Young, M.F.A

University of Nebraska, 2011

Adviser: Santiago Cal

With a voice comes a story. Stories morph with each retelling. This relates to sculpture; these objects operate as markers. They tell a loose story, but function more as a description of an environment, an attitude or perception. They mark a certain place in time, a feeling. Objects hold a presence. A reminder of when and where, how and how much, and why is that there?

Because Ty left it there, now help me move it.

The work presented is composed of raw beliefs and curious fixations. These truths open memories and start a stumbling internal dialogue. Stories and lived events surface in the form of objects and installations. "Told, Retold, and Repo'd" is the culmination of these thoughts as well as a catalyst to help spawn fresh perspectives and new ideas.

Navarro County: a bread truck shows up at people's houses and takes all their tools and four wheelers. It doesn't even leave a screw driver.

The truck is intriguing, and is a blunt force that plainly does wrong. It operates without a set of directions. Satellites and google maps aren't needed here. It is like the storm that blows through doing its damage, and the next day everyone drives around to see what happened.

I remember perfecting the low sweeping motion. Extensive searches were carried out with that white and green metal detector. Those childhood discoveries of artifacts and rusty hinges allowed for a new interpretation of the backyard.

A pair of pliers and a dinosaur are the same thing, except for one being smaller than the other.

Stories such as this fit a need, and give insight about the person telling them, about a time period, people, and their lifestyles. Sculpture is in itself an absurdity, but makes the most sense. Physically and lyrically, it allows experiences to be recalled, our realities to merge, and for the routine and familiar to become new again.

A voice is truly unique and individual. Sculpture functions in this realm. It is an entity that feels alive, and here. The physical can be owned, but the environment, spark, and charisma cannot; it is public domain. The memory of the experience is the true ownership.