



A book and myth
by Barbara Eileen Stiff

A thesis submitted to the Graduate Faculty in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
MASTER OF APPLIED ART
Montana State University
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Abstract:

My ideas are evoked by landscapes, combinations of what I see, feel, know consciously and subconsciously. I learned logic and rationality as one learns a foreign language. My native tongue is intuitive emotional inner-feeling. These drawings come from both. I see objects, extensions of objects, their skeletal essence, their connections, growth, history and movement. Each is an aspect of reality, combinations of several evoke reality.

Art is never reality, perhaps ones responses are.

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Signature

Date

Robert Hiff
May 22, 1973

A BOOK AND MYTH

by


Barbara Eileen Stiff

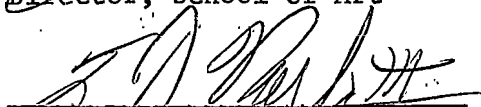
A thesis submitted to the Graduate Faculty in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree

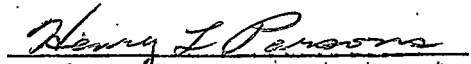
of

MASTER OF APPLIED ART

Approved:


Director, School of Art


Chairman, Examining Committee


Graduate Dean

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY
Bozeman, Montana

June, 1973

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

My ideas are evoked by landscapes, combinations of what I see, feel, know consciously and subconsciously. I learned logic and rationality as one learns a foreign language. My native tongue is intuitive emotional inner-feeling. These drawings come from both. I see objects, extensions of objects, their skeletal essence, their connections, growth, history and movement. Each is an aspect of reality, combinations of several evoke reality.

Art is never reality, perhaps ones responses are.

If the potential is inherent in the world
If the creative force is within the mediator/artist
Where is the fecundator, the implantor?
And if the non-answers, if the all is in the void,
the spaces, Who is the causer of the void?

The Earth will be the female potential, half of a whole
The Sun will be the fecundator; the other half of the whole
The Moon is the interceder, dancer, mediator
The Magical Hunter the causer, although both Sun and Earth
are at times the hunter and hunted.
The answer is the paradox of causer giving first
energy and being born out of that initial energy.

THE CREATION MYTH

In the shadow before the sun
Earth lay in sleep
In the deepest darkness
Dreamt of the magical hunter
Causer of spaces
Causer of silences
Giver of life, of joy.

Her dream stirred her
In rocky crevices seed became
Restless knowing the dream
Fearing the cold
Fearing the dark

Waking from tormented sleep
Seeing Moon, her heart went out.

Moon felt her need
Then seeing Sun, was all happy

Taking music from silence
Taking step from spaces
Moon began dancing life-dance
Singing the life-song
Luring Sun from shadow.

As Moon danced, footsteps became
Rain, torrents, rivers, seas
As Moon moved, path became
Grass, fields, hills, mountains
Making Earth beautiful
Trapping dawning Sun.

Seeing Earth all beautiful
Sun blazed forth
Caught in step
By Earth's new music.

Then Sun touched Earth
Warming the cold
Lighting the dark
And Seed came forth.

In joy Earth moved
From the deepest darkness
Came forth the dream
Came forth the magical hunter.

MYTH VARIATION

Earth longs for awakening:

Dawn is close, I am calling
Heightened awareness, waiting without anxiety
Relaxation in my circulation, cells restoring
I've waited so long for birth.
Now it is the way
Each time exploring
It simplifies
Becomes Universal
The history within forms it in myriad ways

The Seed within, knowing the dream:

It is dark, hidden I in rocky crevices
Safe, fearing to be found
In the Day
Of Death, in light
Dancing with my Death.

Mr. Bones, you and I
Will dance the two-step
Foot in foot, hand in hand
Snuffing stuffing shuffling
Now, frenzy, fury
Cycling higher and higher
We'll dance to the quick
'Till death do we part.

Earth cries out:

Screaming are my innards, as I
Hungriily shred myself of backbone and skin
Guzzling the flesh, over heated
And this torment
Lifting the spirit
Completely out
Of range, gone forever
One night, reason and logic.

STIFFT

Suns union with Earth

Bent as a bow
Stretched out taught to break, now
Relaxed with movement
The sound and trembling die to peace
Warm smelling musk and fur
Of animal, now stained white
By red blood still warm
To be the prey and weapon each
Day by this magical gold-skinned hunter.

Earth realizes the creation

Fingers playing on nuble bone, oiled skin
Loose of its seed. Music vibrating from
Solid recorder. Ears straining to hear
No sound
Hearing silence in my bones
Bone on bone
Nerves still
Tracing sound of silent
Old-world scattering music.
This body lost to reason
Fuses in sight the mythic hunter.

The fog came in, Rolling in swells, feeling it as
the dancer does, in tune with your body.
Breathing in the arcs and curves, the light greyness
The spaces between the grey dust particals.
Concaved and convexed forms -- as curves discribing
the model, the object, the landscape carved into spaces
internal, external.

Pressing your body into the hollows
Stretching legs over mountains
Breathing slowly; mountain-time.

Ants tiptoeing across your back are my
agents. These hands still knowing the
mounds caverns and hair, coarse than
silky smooth; conducting the pen the
clay, the eye, still following the
contoured ant-path.. Now quiet with
their new diversion.

STIFFT

Dancing around with deamons of the unconscious

Fear blocking the doors

Step by step

Colder descending

Crumbling stone

Numb I glide down

Bodyless

Give me back my body death

Seeing Storms-over-my-head

Brilliant against moldy black prison walls

Comforting wings.

I know not anger frustration
Yours is incomprehensible
You are the blackboard for my moody hand
Logic and reason trigger my hidden side
In storms I torture
Then withdraw
Proud possessor, god-like
I will teach your human side.

Solemnly I perform the last rite
Nights as witness, burying the dead
There is no more to do.

Walking away footsteps traced in damp fields
Wondering only if I honor the grass.

Your pain is older than anything I know
Dreading your dark approach
Fear of your black descending body on mine
Shreading out sound
And guilt
You teach evil by goodness

Only your eyes can save you
From my destruction
And your pain that only I can
Understand not knowing

Animal dark entreating
Violence bringing same
Two wishes becoming one
Rehearsed to perfection
Pain gnashes its teeth.

TO THE DRAWINGS

Loose lady frills dancing with
pretentious learned steps turn to
awkward footed inner feeling
swaying movement stripped of ease
stripped to even marrow of cross-section
becoming inherently more real-like-structure.

The real link of what we are to the whole
of what we are is found in inner feeling
and the subconscious.

I do left-handed drawings to teach my
more controlled right hand how to draw.

Magical drawings are done for magical purposes.

Stretched out muscles relaxed wallowing
In warm pleasure between
Bricks of ice
Skin cold to touch
No one is here but something is not gone yet.

Sleep comes on hairy scented paws
Footprinting back
And thigh with bright frantic dreams.

On objects
Hands grasping out to touch
Its hidden voice
Clamping down on its momentary reality
As it trickles, laughing through my fingers.

LIST OF SLIDES

1. Book Folio, closed
2. Book Folio, open
3. Color lithograph page 2 of book
4. Page 3
5. Page 4
6. Page 5
7. Page 6
8. Page 9
9. Drawing, Montana series
10. Drawing, Montana series
11. Magical drawing series
12. Magical drawing series
13. Magical drawing series
14. Watercolor
15. Montana drawing
16. Magical drawing
17. Poem drawing
18. Poem drawing
19. Ceramic piece
20. Ceramic piece

BOOK FOLIO TOP
CLOTH + PAPER
14 · 10 1/2"



B. STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

1

13 1/2 · 10 1/2" TOP
LITHOGRAPH Book 95



BOBBY STIFFT 73

MADE IN U.S.A.

71

6

11 · 13 TOP
Magical Drawing Series



BOBBY STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

11

17 1/2 · 15" TOP
Magical Drawing



BOBBY STIFFT '73

MADE IN U.S.A.

7

16

BOOK FOLIO TOP
CLOTH + PAPER
14 · 10 1/2"



B. STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

2

13 1/2 · 10 1/2" TOP
LITHOGRAPH Book 96



BOBBY STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

7

14 · 12" TOP
Magical Drawing Series



BOBBY STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

12

20 · 15" TOP
Poem Drawing



BOBBY STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

17

73

13 1/2 · 10 1/2" TOP
LITHOGRAPH Book 97



BOBBY STIFFT

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73

3

13 1/2 · 10 1/2" TOP
LITHOGRAPH Book 99



BOBBY STIFFT

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73

8

18 · 16" TOP
Magical Drawing Series



BOBBY STIFFT 73

MADE IN U.S.A.

91

13

20 · 15" TOP
Poem Drawing



BOBBY STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

18

73

13 1/2 · 10 1/2" TOP
LITHOGRAPH Book 93



BOBBY STIFFT

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73

4

17 1/2 · 15" TOP
Drawing



BARBARA STIFFT '73

MADE IN U.S.A.

71

9

18 · 15" TOP
Watercolor



BARBARA STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

14

MADE IN U.S.A.
15 · 34 · 18 · 9" TOP
CERAMICS + LEATHER



BOBBY STIFFT

73

19

13 1/2 · 10 1/2" TOP
LITHOGRAPH Book 94



BOBBY STIFFT

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73

5

12 · 16" TOP
WATER COLOR



BOBBY STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

10

17 1/2 · 15" TOP
Montana Drawing



BOBBY STIFFT

MADE IN U.S.A.

73

15

MADE IN U.S.A.
14 · 18 · 34 · 9" TOP
CERAMICS + LEATHER



BOBBY STIFFT

73

20

212







1

























THE LIFE OF A



COME

I WANT
TO KNOW

THE HEEL
FEEL THE SILENT
CARDS
THE FEAR, FRIGHT +

BEING DRAGGED
BY THE DEATH

504

SUN
GOD

TURNING
GLORIOUS
LOVER

TO BE

SIX & SEVEN

SIEVE MAKER
IN THIS INNER
SPACE







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