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My Flesh is Your Pasture

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Noot, Dakota, "My Flesh is Your Pasture" (2017). *CGU MFA Theses*. 144.

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MFA Degree Candidate:	Dakota Noot
MFA Show Title:	My Flesh is Your Pasture
MFA Show Dates:	20 – 24 March 2017
Final Review:	21 March 2017
Committee Chair:	Rachel Lachowicz
Committee Member:	Carmine Iannaccone
Committee Member:	Julian Hoerber
Committee Alternate:	Michael Reafsnyder
Signer:	David Pagel

Dakota Noot

Artist Statement

Own my male flesh.

My work plays with conventions dominated by straight men whether they originate from my rural background, painting history, or popular culture. All of these could have been used to make myself just as dominant and as masculine as other men. I could have claimed their power. Instead, I twist those conventions to make my body into an object to be sold, watched, and enjoyed. I want to be submissive.

I exaggerate my body's objectification through violence. I am beaten and eaten, humped and killed, burned and mutated. I become less recognizably human and male throughout my work. Instead of tragedy, pain transforms me. I am like a science experiment to be mutated for a viewer's pleasure. My joy and humor increases just as much as the abuse to my body does.

That humor is important to my work. No matter how much I blend and butcher body parts, I want my depictions to be self-deprecating. Cartoon imagery allows my paintings to both taunt and tease viewers, begging for more violence. They glorify my ability to receive. I'm bruised, used, and ready for round two. The rounds just keep going through each painting.

I push my body into the extremes of radioactive color. My location is irrelevant. All that matters is my body and the others that use it. I am like a cartoon to watch or a toy to be played with. Through painting, I can make myself into an object that isn't as disposable as the consumer products I reference. I am an object that forces the viewer to reckon with it.

Painting my body frees it from the limits of reality. My body exists in a collaged state between man and woman, human and animal, abstract and figurative. By embracing my body's power as an object, it isn't limited to being a representation of myself. My painted body can be owned or identified with. It can be feared, hated, and lusted after. I submit my body, blasting it with horror, humor, and a sheer sense of enjoyment.