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Over the top and Under the Surface: Always a lot of detail. Always a lot of undercurrent/backstory. Sculpture always my main medium, since discovering the 3-d world at age 18, carving a bar of ivory soap with a nail file. I've managed to be self-supporting, self employed since 1978, always by making something you could loosely call art. I've exhibited and sold art in galleries, museums, shops, art festivals, retail, wholesale, online, offline. An email newsletter. (Resume at www.krtins.com)

I like to work on several things at once, use a lot of different materials. These pages describe three recent/current series:

TINSCAPES: NO ONE IS AN ISLAND



After I'm done with them, cookie tins no longer resemble cookie tins. Sona tubes/ plaster/ spray-foam insulation are no longer hardware store inventory. Cloth is no longer cloth. It all speaks now of forest/village/global communities and environments, with a highly detailed colourful imprecision.

I wonder if the world is surprised at where human evolution has led. Who would have thought that something as beautiful and brilliant as human beings could turn against the very ingredients of our own existence? Each of us has just borrowed a set of molecules from the universe's available supply. And we will need to give it all back one of these days, like returning a book to the library.

So how do we manage to see ourselves as NOT part of the world? We are made out of exactly the same stuff.

MUSICAL CHAIRS WITH ENOUGH CHAIRS



In this version of **Musical Chairs**, there are enough for everybody, extra chairs even for the smallest, slowest, most mild-mannered of us.

The question is: If there really are not enough chairs to go around, how do we want to deal with this? By forcing the smallest to fight each other for a seat at the table? Notice the Bigs seem to have enough chairs. Do we like to live in a world in which the Littles don't?

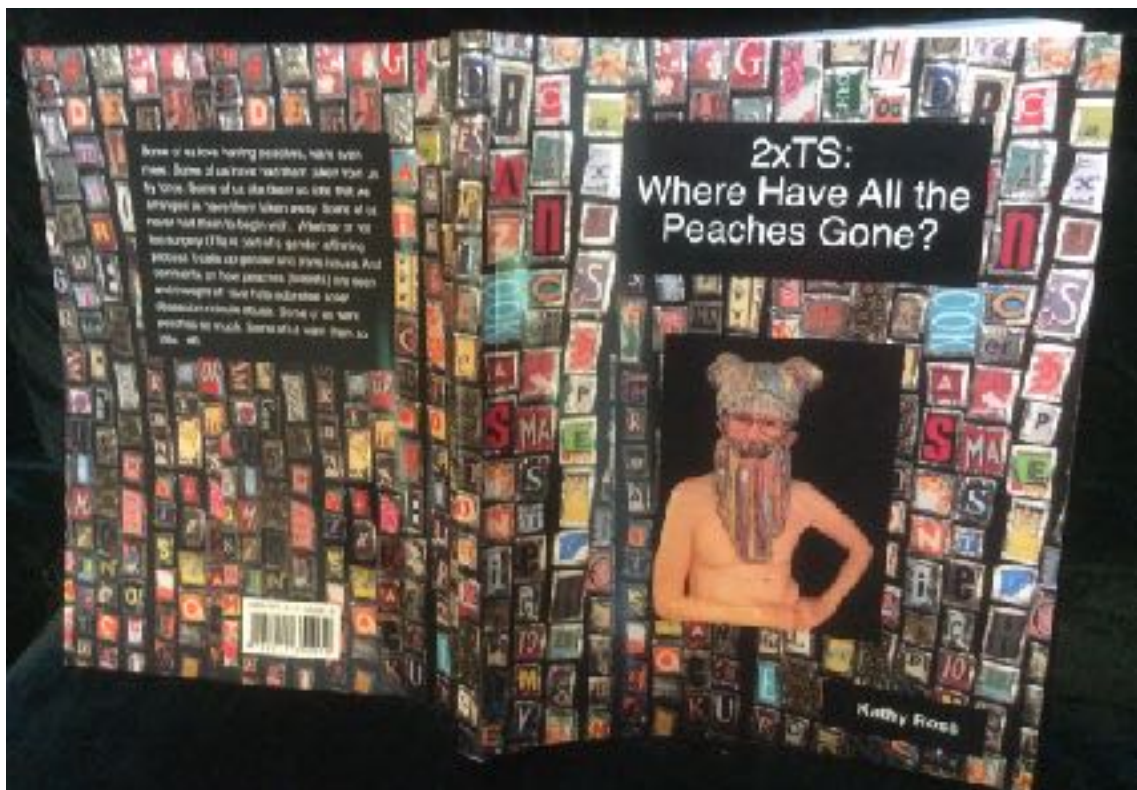
(The free standing pieces are set up on turntables. Every half minute, the ragtime music and rotating turntables pause for 5 second. Just as in the children's game. But not so mean.)



2xTS: WHERE HAVE ALL THE PEACHES GONE?

Some of us love having peaches (breasts), want even more. Some of us have had them taken away by force. Some of us like them so little that we arranged to have them taken away. Some of us never had them to begin with. Whether or not top surgery (TS) is part of a gender-affirming process, it calls up gender and trans issues, and comments on perceptions of peaches (ie breasts) in current culture: love hate adoration scorn obsession ridicule abuse. Some of us want peaches so much. Some of us want peaches so little.

This ongoing series includes peach costumes, a book (journal and photos), life-sized figures, a Peach Liberation Front March/rally diorama.



Why I like art: Art is by its nature free and equal. Even if the culture tries to pretend only some people can make art (based on class race and gender bias). No matter what ridiculous hoops you have to jump through to exhibit or sell your art, and when you peel back all the bias, all the commercial transactions, you can just know that art at its centre is a free and equal zone where no rules apply. And how utterly rude to cram hierarchy and judgment and exclusion on top of this creative energy. Which is some of the best, most healing, most rewarding energy in the universe. So if somebody is knocking at your front door with a sales pitch about promoting your brand, you can just slam the door in their face and go right out your back door into the limitless free wilderness of your imagination.

