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# HUMANOID BOOGY



# THE WORKS OF WILLIAM S. DUTTERER

Dr. Rosemary Wright, Ph. D.

Ingrid Pimsner

Jamie Johnson-Dutterer

Lou Joseph

Caitlin Tucker-Melvin

This catalog was published on the occasion of the exhibition *Humanoid Boogy: The Works of William S. Dutterer*. The exhibition was curated by Caitlin Tucker-Melvin for the Institute of Contemporary Art Baltimore in partnership with the Estate of William S. Dutterer for Tucker-Melvin's graduate thesis project at the Maryland Institute College of Art Curatorial Practice MFA program.

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*HOMMAGE to Von Dutts*

© January, 2014

Dr. Rosemary Wright, Ph.D.

The Corcoran School of Art, Washington, D.C., 1974–1984, Chair of 3rd Year Fine Art  
The Cooper Union School of Art, New York, Assistant Dean

The Kawasaki University, Okayama, Japan, College of Clinical Psychology, Professor

Cover:

Dutterer dancing in Afghanistan, 2004

Photograph by Jamie Johnson

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## Looking & Seeing

# HOMMAGE TO VON DUTTS

**Dr. Rosemary Wright, Ph.D.**

***Art Historian, Friend of Artist***

William Sherman Dutterer (1943–2007), an American artist, leaves us an interdisciplinary body of images which track his investment in a wry dialogue with the good, the bad, and the ugly. This author culls from 30 years of dialogue with him, privately and as we team-taught at the Corcoran School of Art; from his journals, as well as his finished pieces, to track the evolving images, symbols, and themes which are revealed in his decades of research into his personal lexicon; a population of images which is shot through with a rigorous inventiveness and, best of all, his serious sense of humor—an art form in and of itself.

In the visual world created by Bill Dutterer (a.k.a. Dutts, von Dutts, Dutterererer, and Billiam), throughout the four decades of his work, the time is always now and the space is invariably rational. A richly animated vocabulary, visual and verbal, is often zany, if not wicked, and tweaked with skillful double—sometimes triple—entendre.

*The more layers of meaning and interpretation that a work has, the better.  
Fuck facts. I want some good fiction, because good fiction is just as real as a  
block of concrete.* (WSD, interview with Mary Swift, 1979)

Symbols, icons, and narratives report out his discoveries in the nature of sometimes opposing personal realities. We see them in numbers throughout his life work—molded, remodeled and groomed by a relentless teasing of the surface as well as “deep dives” for the treasures to be found within his psychic seas / sees. Good friend Anthony Cafritz offers:

*Bill ... is a true sage ... very much aware [of] how seemingly opposing beliefs dovetail.* (To the author, Spring 2007)

Along with the formal presentation of bodies of work, research into his personal iconography is ever ongoing, decade after decade in numbers of journals, sketchbooks, and notations, as well as multitudes of tiny drawings on found objects: a napkin; a paper matchbook;



*Untitled*, c. 2005; Private Collection

...in the margins of loft-meeting agendas and on the notes posted in the elevator advising fellow tenants of the health and well-being of the irritable boiler, which only he could coddle into cooperation. He often gifted these little treasures to friends.

“Back-burner work” he called it, for his students at the Corcoran. One potent form, the “Heads” seen in the sketchbooks of the ’90s, would be drawn hundreds and hundreds of times, each time coaxing a bit more from the line, the form, the possibilities for allusion; animation; narration; and for the content available in every variety of face-to-face interaction.

Dialogue. Conversation. Interfacements. The space between Self and Other, the triangulation between the I, the Thou, and the Image are all intensely explored in the lifetime of this artist. Of their frequent, impromptu breakfasts, friend Mon Levinson says, “We had no agenda... you talk with Bill, intimately, about everything!” Dutts maintained years and years of direct conversation with a wide circle of friends as well as an array of e-buddies. He talked about music, dance, animals, and anything where the rubber meets the road. Cars and motorcycles were a passion. Barry Brown, a close friend since their student days at the Maryland Institute College of Art (fondly referred to as “The Tute”) informs us that Bill’s favored email handle, von Dutts, actually comes from the famous Von Dutch, a sparkplug in California’s hot-rod “Kustom Kulture” from the 1950s onward.



*Untitled, c. 1995*

*They built the Hagerstown [MD]  
Speedway across from our house  
in 46 / 47... I've been racing ever  
since. (WSD, journal, 1976-78)*

Bill’s passionate engagement with the elements of connection around him was contagious. He loved his life and said so. A sketchbook from 1978 shows a tiny, circular line drawing: a tire? Doughnut? Ouroboros? A tattoo design? Concentric circles are bisected at 10 o’clock and again at 4 o’clock. Off-center, inside one half of the resulting “tube,” we see the word “love,” and in the other half, “life”. (*Love Life, 1980*)

He literally wore some of his most cherished interfacements—tattoos—and regarded his first tattoo in '73, as a right of passage. Later, with friend Mike Bakaty, a tattoo artist in New York City, he designed images for a “vest” of tattoos. Several of the themes to preoccupy him for years appear: a small rose on his right shoulder—an anima—which also has special significance in military heraldry: Mars was born from a rose. Next, a fish—a symbol of endurance, as well as a gatekeeper for the denizens of the watery underworld. Then, peonies—“the roses without thorns”—protectors against storms at sea, from the traditions of the Samurai, followed by the attacking falcon or sea eagle. War, water, and other symbolic interfacements, functioning both as “connections” as well as “masking,” become a working vocabulary. Dutts once led a third-year Fine Art unit where he assigned the students the task of designing a full body tattoo, and prepped them for the effort with his insights on the psychology of the tattoo as well as mini-lectures on the significance of image / scale relationships to the body—an iconographic phenomenon which he understood profoundly.

*Bill and Jamie in their unfinished loft, 1976, Photograph by John Wyatt*

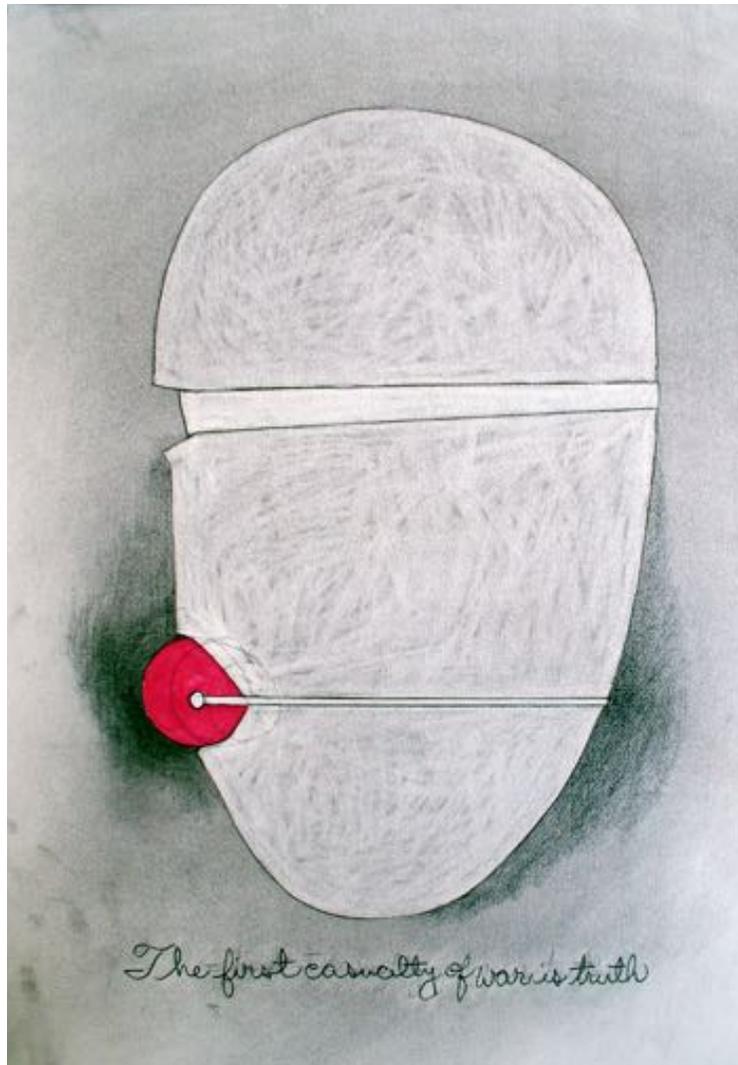




*Untitled (Live Life, Love Life), c. 1978*

Psychic armor. Woven into Dutterer's themes, imagery, and embedded mythology are references to social injustice, violence, and war. There are helmets of the knights and crusaders. We read a list of 19 items that "Joe Diver" (hero in a series of paintings from the '80s) might find under the sea / sea waves: cannonballs, shell casings, swords, bombs, skeletons. Dutt's produced a number of ovoid hooded Heads with ball-gagged mouths (awaiting execution?). Between 2002 and 2004, Dutterer gives us these disarming images, exploring the idea that "the first casualty of war is the truth," in which we see an almost cartoon-like execution in jarring contrast with the dreaded message—a Dutterer trademark.

Over the years, Dutterer's articulation of "the space between"—that area of contact between himself and the viewer—finds a progression of forms and themes, becoming ever more embedded with meaning over the years. In the earliest body of professional imagery—metallic silver, formalist paintings from the late '70s—we see central, flat fields of reflective surface—voids—articulated only by contrasting borders at the edges of the canvas (*Silver Progress*, 1976).



*Interlocutor*, 2002

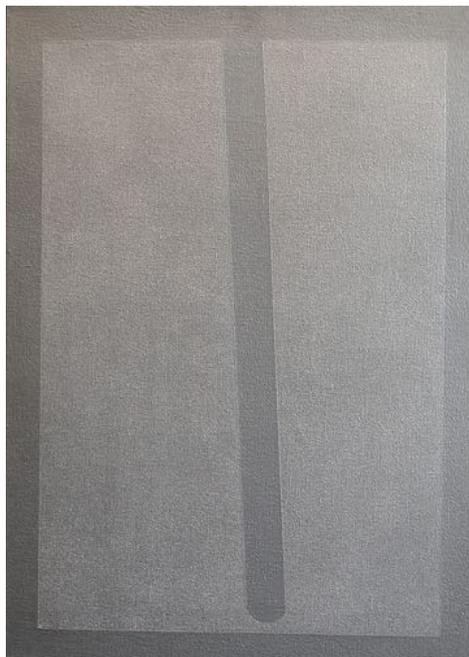
No touch of the hand is evident. Aesthetic evolution in American visual culture at this time was searching for forms that avoided the spatial organization of the “Renaissance window.” Of this approach to the surface, Gene Baro wrote: “We are teased by our physical relation to these paintings—by their object quality—for we receive them not as hulking forms or ponderous weights, but as optical sensations.” (GB, 1969)

The character of that particular kind of space, that point of contact between Dutterer and the viewer, was an inherited idiom—a vocabulary at hand in the visual culture he was born to, and vigorous at the time he entered the field of discourse. The bodies of Bill’s work evolving from that base are eloquent testimony to the fact that in the visual culture of America, an artist can be born into any cultural time, adopt the current vocabulary, and proceed to track the changing character of a uniquely evolving Self, that special charge of the American artist, generating images as signposts along that journey.

*I love to change.* (WSD, biography, c. 1980)

*I never know where it is going to come from, where a piece of information is going to appear from and clobber me . . .* (WSD, interview with Mary Swift, 1978)

*Like Tom Green says: I retain the right to change my work any time it’s necessary.* (WSD, journal, 1983)



*Sivers Progress #2, 1967*

Surprising transition-markers appear in sketchbooks, in small studies as well as the larger formal pieces. Moving on from the early body of silver canvas-as-object work—the *Light Surfaces*, characterized by a severe reduction of iconographic visual information—Dutterer, both the poet and the plumber, cuts a path in the unstretched silvered canvas, by hand, toward the central void (*Silver Splits*, 1971). In 1974, he writes:

*The painting I am working on has an opening cut in the center... standing in it... painting it from the center out is a strange feeling... Is it bringing me closer to "The Center"...*

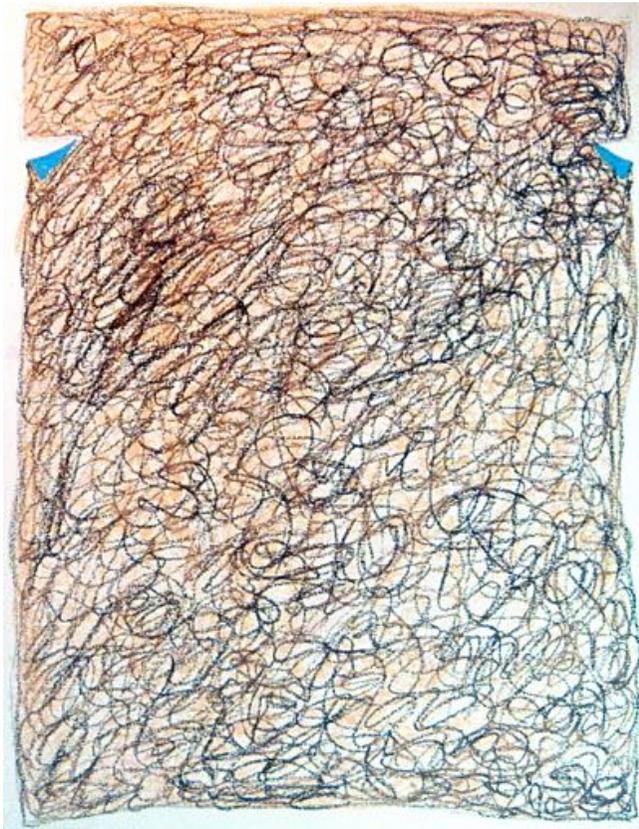
The early "silver voids" morph into a related body of work called the *Moorefield Paintings* (1970–75), which further explore dualities in the object quality of pictorial presentation: back / front, inside / outside, horizontal / vertical, which are played against the polarities of object / illusion by a process of folding and cutting the unstretched canvas. For example, the corners of the canvas might be folded inward or a section folded forward from a slit in the side of the canvas fabric, bringing the back to the front, teasing the viewer with questions about the possibility of inaccessible pictorial information. The facing surface of the painting becomes the interfacement to that secretive behind—and the whole becomes as literal as sculpture.

*If Gertrude Stein's "a rose is a rose is a rose" is clear, then it seems reasonable to me that the same is true for squares, triangles, circles, etc. To my mind, the visual art of the last decade, in particular the work of the minimalists, is as literal as Stein's rose. In other words, my work is as abstract as any work I know and simultaneously as literal.* (WSD, interview with Mary Swift, 1978)

The cuts and folds in some of the *Moorefield Paintings*, such as *Peaches Makes Herself* (1974), suggest garments, implying that the surface is covering an invisible, living form underneath.

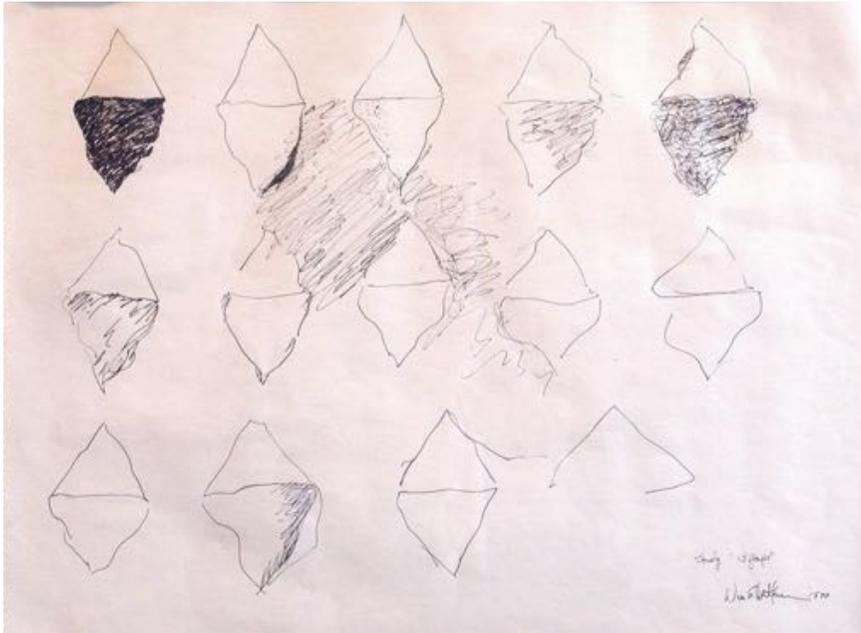
*What I'm dealing with is what "The Bachelors" found when they "Stripped the Bride." [ref. Marcel Duchamp, The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, 1923] They found a hermaphrodite in the person of "Peaches," "Peaches in Regalia" ... "Peaches in a Funk" depressed about the state of art & the world "Peaches Broadside" optimistic bellowing showing length and breadth... "Peaches Winks because she knows" "Peaches Makes Herself" hermaphroditic self generating sometimes as slow as her natural counterpart the snail but seedy & self generative... no one but me & art... one snail & all of a sudden 10 then 20 ad infinitum ...*

(Quote and sketch: WSD journal, May 1974)



*Peaches in Regalia III, 1972*

w“Back-burner” images at this time are very direct and matter-of-fact: small, hand-held paper studies exploring the implications of scale in the fold, the puncture, the tear, and the cut. These comparatively tiny pieces are early examples of Dutterer’s mastery of scale—intimate, due to their size, but carrying implications of much larger dimensions. In this visual vocabulary, “fact” again can flip into “illusion” at any time, as in the small line drawing of several rows of drawn triangular “holes” in the paper, made illusory by “hanging chads.” (*Study, 15 Flaps*, 1970).



Study "15 Flaps", 1970

*One thing I'm certain about...scale is the unifying factor in all the stuff I've done the last couple of years... That formal element is the hardest to define verbally ... it's one element that I'm sure is the closest to being purely visual ... it's at the heart, the core of the work everything seems to spin off that element ...*

(WSD journal, 20 May 1974)

And on August 12, 1974, he observes:

*Color decisions are the hardest formal considerations—*

During the mid-to-late '70s, Dutterer explored an interactive vocabulary of symbols, signs, and icons in a series of "word paintings" on paper—"my own kind of library" (WSD to Mary Swift, 1979). Certain themes—Helmet, Bystander, and Garment—emerge intensely. In works such as *Scratching the Surface* (1976), von Dutts incises the image into delicious areas of paint, and frequently pairs it with highly embedded word combinations.



*Humanoid Boogy, 1976*

Incisements carry over from the previous cut and folded pieces, but they also relate to the history of tattooing, scarification being the earliest form.

*Getting tattooed the first time... in 1972 [Studio of Madame La Zonga, Seattle]... kicked this whole batch of work off... that's where the very earliest drawings started.* (WSD to Mary Swift, 1979)

With this body of work Bill affirms his “painterly hand” as a part of his visual vocabulary, which runs a rich scale in his life’s work—from the commercial to the sumptuous to the deliberately crude, according to his chosen “visual voice” at the time.

*Bob Stackhouse opened my mind about drawing...* (WSD, Journal, 1979)

Incised symbols, icons, and phrases are centered, with the word or phrase hovering above in poetic relationship to an image. A forked dowsing rod appears, wrapped in the same funereal manner as are the mummified forms of humans, cats, and a bull’s head. Works in this series—*Humanoid Boogy*, *Ibis*, *Ibis*, *Ibis*, and *To Gaudi* (1976)—signal the formal emergence of Bill’s witty tamperings with language and skillful layerings of meaning as they hover in his journals as well as within lush, layered patches of paint. A sarcophagus appears, as do bones and a reliquary.



HA HA HA AHHA, a journal sketch from 1976.

*[My images come from] ... Memory and invention. I'm involved with memory. I like all its idiosyncrasies.* (To Mary Swift, 1979, sic)

Strong transitional images are characteristic of Dutterer's creative process. From the late '70s, we see an important milestone in an effort to bridge his early formality and his growing personal "library" of images...many of them archetypal. Displaying his characteristic candor, *I Don't Know What to Put in This Space* (1978), we see a large canvas with a dark cruciform, on a light background—rather like the crosses worn over the chests of the crusaders—centered on and bleeding over the edges of the stretched canvas. In each corner of the light background, simple line incisions of crusader helmets occupy the negative space. Then, smudged across the central horizontal of the cruciform, the handwritten words *I don't know what to put in this space*—an interrogation, both literal and figurative. Dutterer challenged his own center to reveal itself.

Becoming comfortable and confident with his chosen vocabulary—with one hand on his "library," the other skilled in the tools of the trade and sparked by his ready wit—von Dutts circles backward in his creative process and, coming forward again, gives us a beauty of a small canvas: *Picture Eater* (1979).



*Picture Eater*, 1979, Private Collection

Its mottled silver surface references the earlier *Light Surfaces*, but now the paint is thickly layered and surfaced with the marks of Dutterer's "hand." Lines are incised rather than applied, as earlier, and define the border edges. But this border is dynamic, turning inward, from the middle left edge, moving through the erstwhile void, and directly into the open mouth of a right-of-center mask seen in left-facing profile! Horizontally, from the (uninhabited) back of the mask, float its two "tie-strings," which create a parallel with the edges, a kind of double-image. The ties also morph into a 'tube' through which the mask is being blown up like a balloon! The mask seems to be nibbling toward the center, intent on gobbling up the "frame" as well as redefining the "space between." A "straight-ahead painting", as Dutts might say!

Masks and "The Waters" appear strongly in Dutterer's 1979 solo at the Jack Rasmussen Gallery in Washington, D.C. The powerful, mythic presence of *Grrrrr* (1979), possibly Dutterer's most classic piece, is haunting in its implied paradox of danger and pure, visual beauty. We see single-line incisions outlining a simple mask located above the center of the format—drawn in real size—its two ties floating horizontally, right and left. Suggesting a Gorgon, it has round, empty eyes and mouth—and no nose. Its intimate size nevertheless commands the vast space of this museum-scale canvas, layered with lush, watery, grayed pastel—liquid and active with the mark of Dutterer's hand.



*Grrrrr*, 1979

Are we seeing this image through the eyes of a frustrated tiger, emitting a low growl as he slinks well behind the wise Javan hunter who moves through a density, wearing this protective mask on backward to avoid an ambush?

*The surfaces of my paintings, I think, have a liquid quality in them that I like a lot, the play of light on the surface, the multiple layers. You can see the surface and you can see underneath as well.* (WSD to Mary Swift, 1979)

Masking is the most ancient, primordial interfacement between the psyche and the cosmos. It signals a change of identity, an evolving persona. The individual “I,” hidden, enters the “We” consciousness of traditional cultures, which see events in human experience as buffeted by chaotic forces. In a polytheistic worldview, spirits and people interact unpredictably. So, masking signals a distress with regard to the certainty of ethics and control of the struggle between good and evil. How can we value “order” and “justice” and be responsible to them, if cause and effect shifts, arbitrarily, from plane to plane?



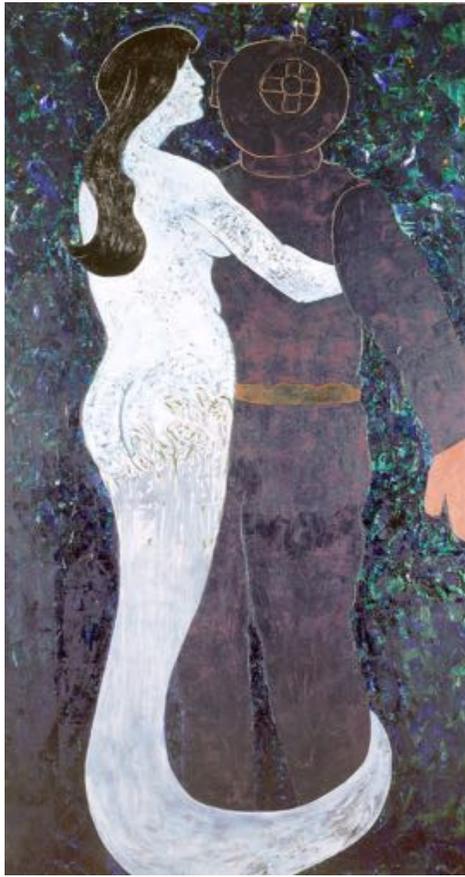
*I Saw Spots Before My Eyes*, 1979; Private Collection

The ancient mask, the veil, the hood, and the helmet carry an ambiguity, if not an anxiety, about the future of the Self. As these archetypal images have migrated through cultural time, they have been reframed by later monotheistic world views, which intend to mitigate the angst of unstable existence by assigning to the “Higher Powers” a positivistic intention that can be secured by observing “spiritual rules,” or “laws,” promising to bring some governance to willy-nilly cause and effect. The cultural psychology then changes from a base in the collective *We* to an *I*-driven awareness. Morality becomes the responsibility of the individual and the guiding moral and ethical touchstones grounding the evolving Self must be searched out and internalized. *The Saga of Joe Diver*, a 1980s body of work seen at the Frank Marino Gallery in New York City in 1982, can be seen as a symbolic narrative detailing a “search,” a classic “quest” presented in the vernacular of present time.

A charming alter-ego, Joe Diver, appears in antique rubber diving suits, peering through the glass portal of a metal diving helmet as he plumbs Dutterer’s psychic seas / sees, shining a beam of light into the painter’s void. Dutterer’s notes on the symbolism in the painting *Here’s Looking at You* (c. 1982):

*Diver’s helmet as eye Air line—umbilical cord The water—isn’t that where we came from? ... all the more apparent that “looking” is hard enough wether it is inward or outward & that “Seeing” is almost impossible.*

Other paintings in the series—*Deep See*, *Joe Diver: Always Ready with the Everready*, *Eye Contact*, *The Pursuit of Wisdom and Knowledge*, *Flicker of Recognition*—show that the search is wide and discoveries surprising. In *Daddy Diver Takes a Peek*, Joe Diver (Everyman?) is working underwater with a torch, cutting a hole in the bow of a ship, the symbol for a life in which an individual must choose a goal and steer a course in search of the Self and its guiding values. Taking the classic risk, Joe Diver is willing to sink the ship in order to find his “treasure.”



*Tango, 1986–87*

As mentioned prior, Dutterer had listed 19 things that might be found in the watery depths—all of them inanimate objects (WSD journal, 1982). But what the Search actually discovered were *living* things: a giant octopus, a turtle and a ray, a snail, crocodiles, an eel, and dinosaurs—chthonian creatures; gatekeepers of the primordial waters; familiars of the Hero on a Quest.

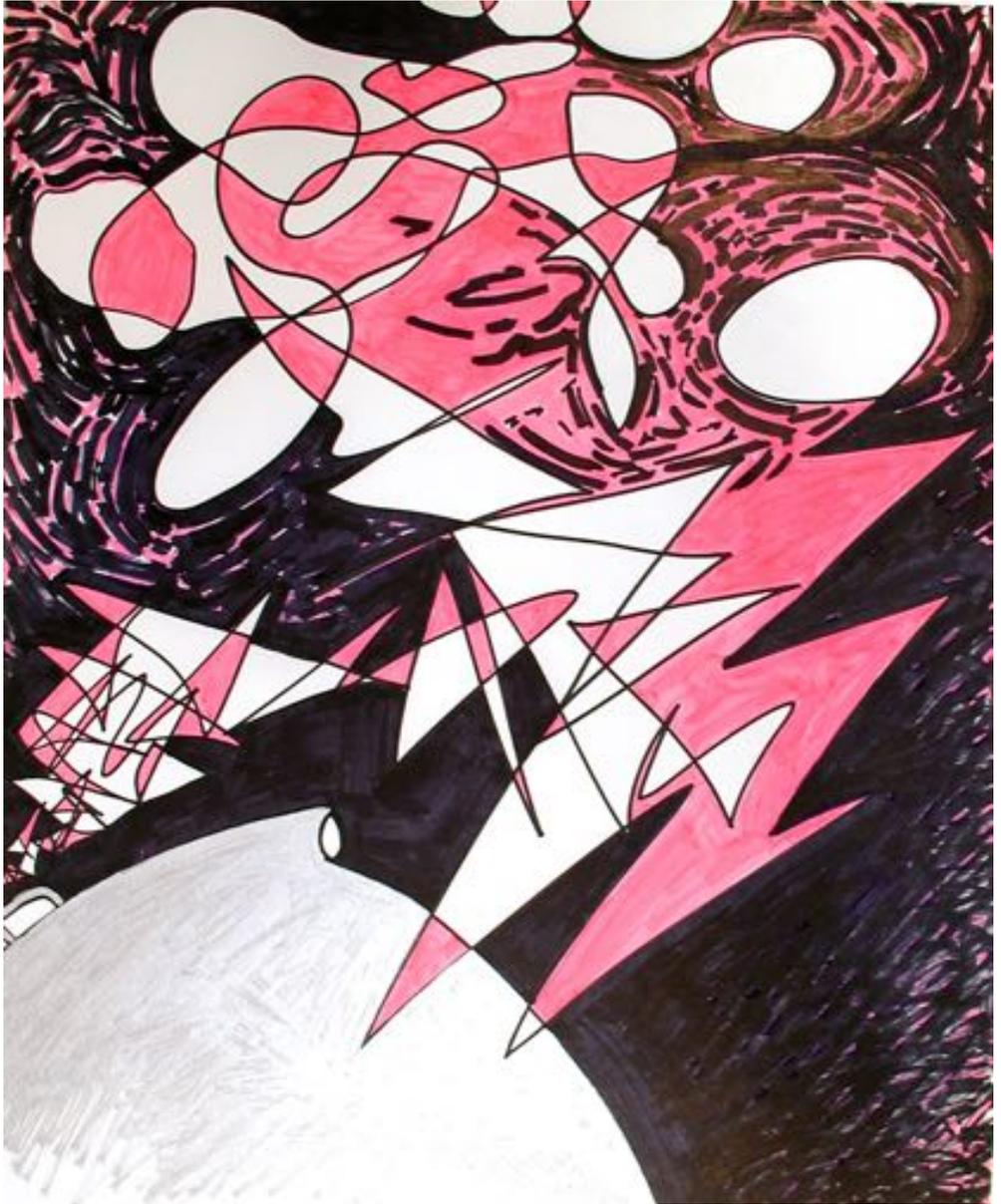
These large, magnificent narratives are executed with a wide visual vocabulary. Courageous and celebratory is the hand of this artist pouring himself out in generous paint to inventory the liquid havens, searching for aspects of a Self in its grottos. Joe Diver shows himself modeled in light and shade as well as in flat outline. Sometimes he is small and obscured in the murky depths, only to reappear in another piece, present and glowing with color. Joe is seen whole or in part, dominant in the frame—or diminutive in the face of some stunning apparition. His reactions range from the studied and bemused to awestruck. In one spectacular scene, Joe's final appearance, he is embraced by a splendid spangled mermaid, the mythological counterpart of his chosen life muse, Jamie Johnson.

Dutts continues his focus on water creatures—reptiles and amphibians—following the Joe Diver series. But these are presented more simply, appearing at rest (or slowly sneaking up on a target?). One is stretched out long on the surface of still waters—half in and half out of the water, with the reflected profile joining its body at the surface—a reptilian Janus? A diver is profoundly aware of the surface tension broken as the body passes from air into water, sending ripples of ancient memory through the remnants of our own reptilian brain. Dutterer renders, now more simply, the eerie light, moist air (smells? sounds?) of a dense, primal watershed. The paintings conjure creepy associations of slimy swamp-water on skin and a sense of an unseen, stealthy, cold-blooded threat, as in *Als Ik Kan* (1990). We recoil at this blade-like creature, slashed from one corner of the canvas to the other in two colors only. Then, we just have to laugh. There goes Dutts, again—tampering with a classic tenet of art-school teaching: don't slice the composition in two with a strong diagonal! (*Mud Puppy*, 1989)

Prophetic, without a doubt. In 1990, Bill's own resident reptilian remnant—his appendix—attacked, burst, and laid him up for months! Recuperating alone at Enid Sanford's upstate country house, Dutterer filled a little "Get Well" sketchbook—gifted by Enid—with images of train engines, flying through the night, projecting strong beams of light ahead, recalling the "Everready" lights of the *Joe Diver* series. As he rested, he could hear the nearby Amtrak and Conrail trains passing nearby . . . and we remember that Dutterer's father, William Nelson Dutterer, had worked on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was killed in a car accident when Bill was 19 years old and, in his biography, Bill writes that this event was the reason for his major commitment to art.

The sounds of the nearby trains were all Bill could "see" of them, but sound, in all its forms, had always been one of Dutts's greatest pleasures—from his years playing clarinet in high school to his lifelong love (and huge collection) of all kinds of music, which he shared with his close friend, musician Bill Holland. In hundreds of tiny drawings of trains steaming along their tracks, Dutterer exercised his powers of invention to represent the *sounds* of the trains visually—in endless variety.

Three years later, Bill stepped off a New York City curb. The street caved in, and both legs were badly broken. He spent the next year in a wheelchair, and 10 more sketchbooks of trains, running on track with light and "sound," were produced. Dutterer developed a staggering lexicon in this collection. Every bit of visual vocabulary imaginable was applied to animate the engines and give sight to their sound. Bill's ability to explore (exhaust?) the possibilities of an image is relentlessly exercised in these sketchbooks, and reveals another skill—the ability to "morph" from one image to another, with "memory" layered, embedded and carried forward in the process. Looking back, it is possible to see crocodiles morph into an ouroboros and then into the train engines. Later,



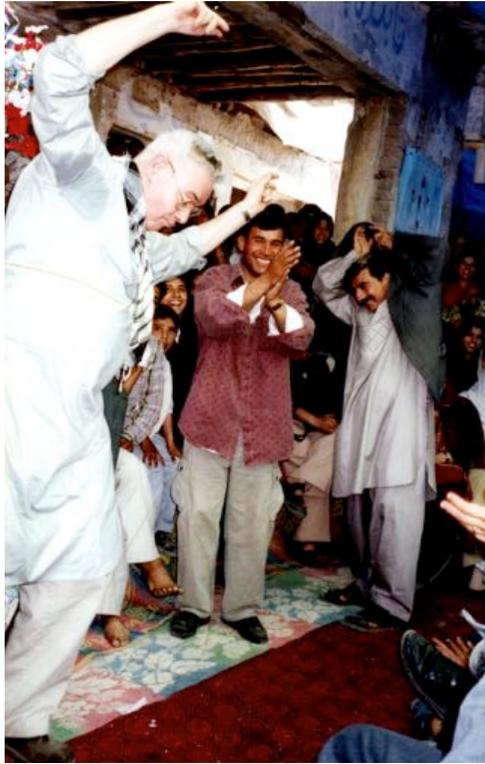
*Untitled, c. 1993*

we can see the “faces” of the engines turn into a variety of masks. The Gorgon mask evolves into a veil, a skull, a gas mask, and on into the androgynous Heads of the mid-1990s. Many look like capsules or Mexican Jumping Beans. They carry references to factory whistles, metal helmets, clowns, and even the eyes / windows and nose / headlights of the train engines.

In the early '90s, von Dutts pursued an array of other interests, and amassed a few cherished collections—Mission furniture, American Arts and Crafts pottery—and he added to the collection of masks, always to be seen hanging in a group in the loft, which he and Jamie had started in the mid-1970s. But he seemed most excited about his job “ranching rugs” in a SoHo store owned by his close Afghan friend, Rahim, who he called “brother.” Bill absorbed Afghan aesthetics through his study of tribal rugs, enriching his visual senses, and firsthand exposure to the history and cultural condition of Afghanistan focused his longtime concern for social justice and personal responsibility. After Bill and Jamie made a humanitarian trip to Afghanistan in 2004, he sent an essay to several friends, *Letters from Kabul*, (2005). An excerpt:

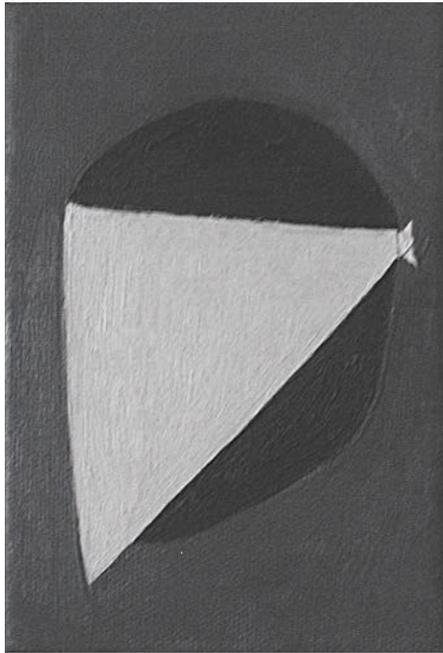
Dust, everywhere dust, a smell on the afternoon wind as bitter as the tension in the air ... Baghram Air Base interrogation center and Blackhawks whap whap whap at tree top—heavy weapons and smiling boy-men in camo everywhere ... Dutterer captures potent images from his encounter with Afghanistan, but one event is a standout. Dutts describes being received in the playground of a school in Rahim’s hometown. The townspeople had gathered and the men danced a traditional welcome for Bill and Jamie. Bill was then asked to return a dance, to be proper. There is only one photo of his performance, but knowing how Bill loved to dance, the writer imagines this display to be some deeply felt synthesis of Michael Jackson and Zorba the Greek!

Returning to the studio in the mid-1990s, Dutterer launched into an extended period of risk-taking, expansion, and exploration. He searched for further possibilities in the expressive potential of the Heads using a wide range of materials: tempera, gouache, hardware cloth, plaster, particle board, found items, and papier-mâché. A number of these pieces are deliberately rough and rude, albeit charming (*Nelson and Jeannette*, 1995). He also produced a suite of computer-generated images during this period that are visually gorgeous.



Dutterer dancing in Afghanistan,  
photograph by Jamie Johnson, 2004

In Dutterer's huge body of Heads the variety seems endless—but they are, in the main, androgynous. Some have stubby beards but Dutterer just called them "it" or "heads." (Jamie Johnson to the author, 2007). They are seen without necks nor ears and, aside from *Picture Eater*, there are only a couple of bulbous clown noses and one Pinocchio nose. In the sketchbooks, Crusader helmets reappear and morph into an expanding "mask" vocabulary. There are the familiar costume masks on apron-like "veils"—which later become the burkha. Masks become Heads, displaying every position and expression imaginable. Seen alone as well as in groups, the Heads converse, sing, scream, pout, whistle, kiss and spout invectives.



*Morning / Mourning Drawings #2, 2002-03*

Whole Heads are born from the mouths of others and stacked as totem poles or seen whirling in dervish-circles. We see a Head in Brancusi recline; as an island; as a landscape; and morphing into a flaming planet streaking across the sky. Later in the '90s, the Heads appear often as the Janus, and we see a Brancusi pair in a highly embellished lip-lock. They are most often bald, hatless, and, curiously, earless, with heavy emphasis on eyes and mouths (sight and voice?). Teeth appear infrequently and when they do, they are human, not fangs, as often seen in masks from traditional cultures. Dutterer's vocabulary becomes as packed and reduced as Giacometti's figures, which had captured Bill's admiration during an exhibition in New York.

Dutterer's images morph back and forth between head, mask, and helmet, becoming highly reduced with a single line describing a roundish "head / mask" with empty, rounded eyes and a simple circle for a mouth. This icon becomes the late-1990s Screaming Venus paintings, referencing the Venus of Willendorf (c. 24-22,000 B.C.) and calling to mind the classic Gorgon masks of Greek mythology, as well. Jamie Johnson sees the breasts of the Venus as the eyes of the Heads—and the belly as their mouths.



*Screaming Venus, Belaklava, 1998*

This researcher, in reviewing the literature for other precedents, was surprised to find one contemporary mask to be most similar to Bill's icon. Gorgon-like, it is crafted of Kevlar, metal, and polyester resin by American Body Armor and Equipment, and is favored by SWAT teams. The makers assert that this mask has the same psychological impact as the ancient ones of myth and legend: intending to intimidate and mystify the target. They also transform the warrior's affect—altogether lending a primal confidence as well as the element of surprise.

In Bill's "autobiography" of 1976–78, he shares that he hated to read until he was 27 years old. But after that, Bill read voraciously, and confounded the Corcoran students with his "ersatz reading lists." Most certainly he read in mythology, so it is possible to interpret his themes and the development of his iconography in terms of the hero, Perseus, set adrift on the waters in a small boat to endure and surmount an archetypal transmigrational death and rebirth.

Dutterer's work, from the mid-1970s onward, is full of references to mythology—tales recount the growling sound of the Gorgon (ref: *Grrrrr*, 1979), and we read that nymphs (is the mermaid embracing Joe Diver one of the oceanic nymphs?) gifted Perseus with magical implements, such as the sickle with which he decapitated the Gorgon (ref: Dutterer's drawing, to scale, of large axe handle, c. 2005, with wrapped Head in the place of the axe head). To accomplish this, Perseus donned a "helmet of invisibility" which allowed him to escape after dealing the deathblow. To slay the Gorgon Medusa, which must not be gazed upon directly, the Hero aimed his weapon by focusing on the Gorgon's reflection in the "silver void" of Athena's battle shield. The Gorgon's disembodied face, centered in that silvered mirror (ref: *Light Surfaces*, 1969) becomes an apotropaic talisman with a power so dangerous and ambivalent that it can only be confronted by a warrior who is guided by a strong moral code, to be used in the service of the general welfare. Indeed, a "mask" becomes a "third eye", a concrete plane of conscious contact between the Observer and the Hidden, which shares with the observer an awareness of the unseen powers. This kind of conceptual "interfacement" exists as a point of direct communication between the artist and the viewer. From this point, we see another related theme in Dutterer's work appearing periodically as early as the mid-1970s: the wrapped / bound "isolated entities." They are also iconic and ambivalent. He saw them as both a mummy and a chrysalis—for example, *Let Me Out*, (1979).



*Let Me Out*, 1979

Among the Head paintings, drawings, and monoprints appearing early in the first decade of this millennium, we find ovoids, isolated within the frame, egg-like, neckless, but strongly suggestive of heads. We see them in series, completely wrapped in narrow strips of cloth, in full-front and profile, with subtle tilts of pose. Bill saw one of them as the inclined head of the dead Christ (WSD to the author, April 2006). The Janus reappears. There are diptychs and triptychs. A very simple mouth can be discerned under the wrappings, and sometimes a subtle indentation in the silhouette suggests an eye, but no other features are suggested among the hooded, blindfolded, and variously gagged ovoids.

In 2006, Dutterer briefly set aside this series to explore a variation. Rather than completely wrapped, mummy-style, the egg-like ovoids were tied about with a triangular kerchief or bandana covering every feature except the crown and the back of the “head.” Passive, seeming to be devoid of angst, this image is, paradoxically, alarming. Is this the blindfold of the captive, stripped of identity, awaiting interrogation, torture and the firing squad? Or are these just Everyday Everybodies, blind to greater realities? A pair of them is kissing (one of several *homages* to Brancusi)—“Hello” or “Goodbye”?

Shortly, Dutterer returns to the wrapped ovoids, producing his last body of work: the *Soto Voce* series, which continues his interest in suggesting “sound” in visual imagery. Some of the ovoids are wrapped softly, as though bandages have been applied in mercy, to protect a wound. Others are bound so tightly across the flesh that they cut and torture—blood seeps through the wrappings. The agony is palpable. Clearly, the bindings of some heads, as they force open the silent mouth, signal a need to scream, but it is muffled. Only a low growling escapes ... *Grrrrr*.

These icons are relatively small in size, and they have huge implications as to scale, but Dutterer knows they don't need to be any bigger than they are. He puts them in our personal space, and we feel the compassion surrounding them. The space between the I, the Thou, and the Image has been brought to heart. We are welcome to approach. To his teacher, friend, and mentor Grace Hartigan, Dutterer writes:

*If, as you once said, "the diver paintings are symphonic (I always thought they were operatic) the new paintings are chamber music, etudes, Quartets & duos ... at once intimate but in your face because one can only hear / see them up close. Like chamber music they can be sensed from a distance, but it's the intimacy of nuance that really counts, I'm even having one of them put in a proper frame! My hope is that setting it off—isolating it—will enhance its intimacy. Even the title of the series, Soto Voce, is an act of intimacy. The irony of an image, a screaming / shouting, head, bound in such a way as to reduce the scream / shout to a muffled growl.* (WSD to Grace Hartigan, 17 February 2005)

In the *Soto Voce* series, Dutterer circles about, one last time, to conceptually reframe the early silver void. The person, the nominal subject of these images—as throughout Dutterer's work—remains hidden, just under the surface. But we are struck by these potent icons, hanging between the artist and the observer, profoundly engaging, inviting our projections, and we come to understand that the "subject" of these paintings is not the image presented—but the consciousness of the being from whom the Heads are projected.

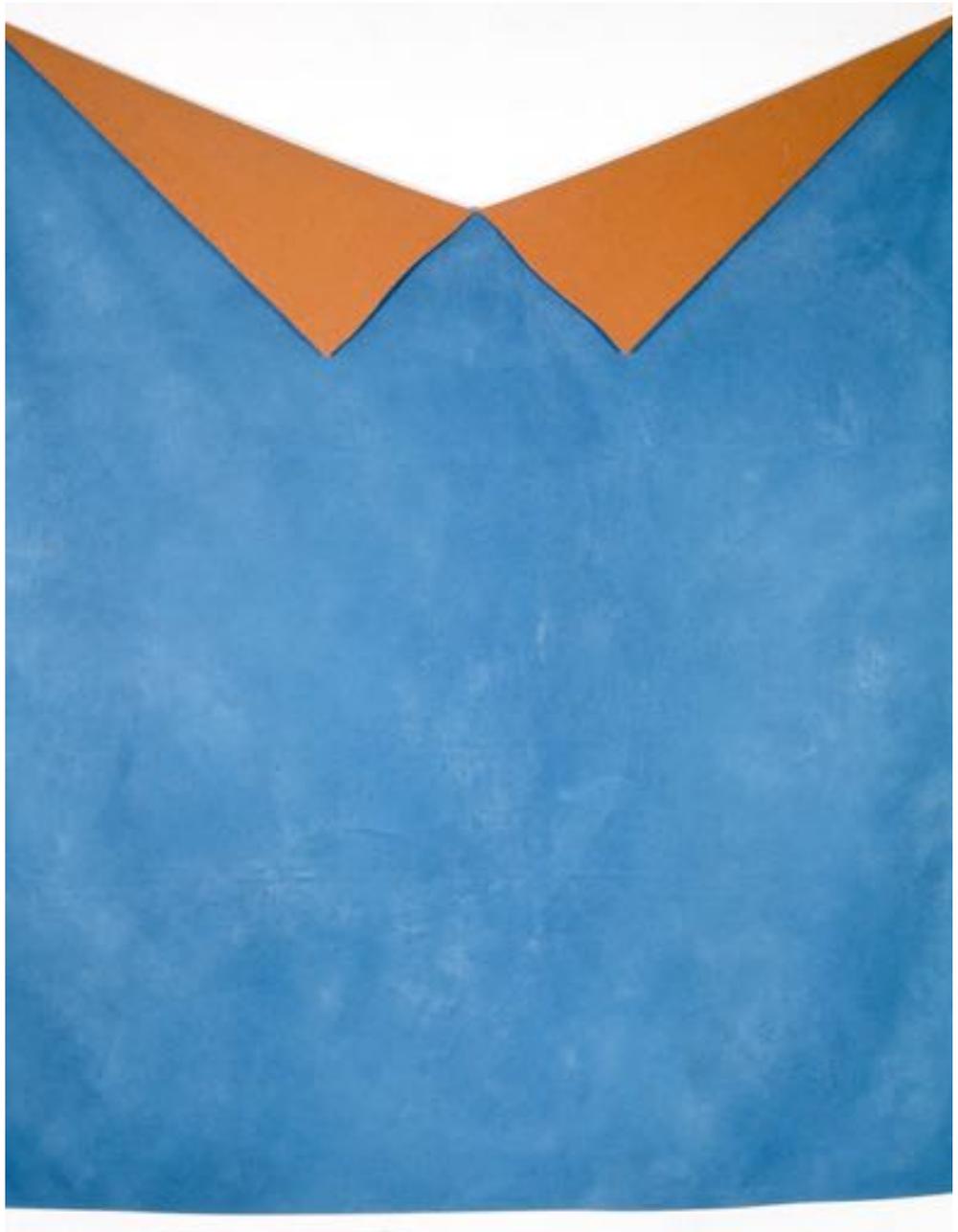
In Dutterer's body of work, we have never apprehended that person, face-to-face and eye-to-eye. Rather, von Dutts invites us all to meet him in the ultimate interfacement, on the plane of shared experience, in the collective awareness of contemporary culture, its icons, history, and aesthetics. There, we can continue our conversations with him. And so, as he often closed in an email: "...*Moron all this later...*"



*Doodle, c. 2004-5*



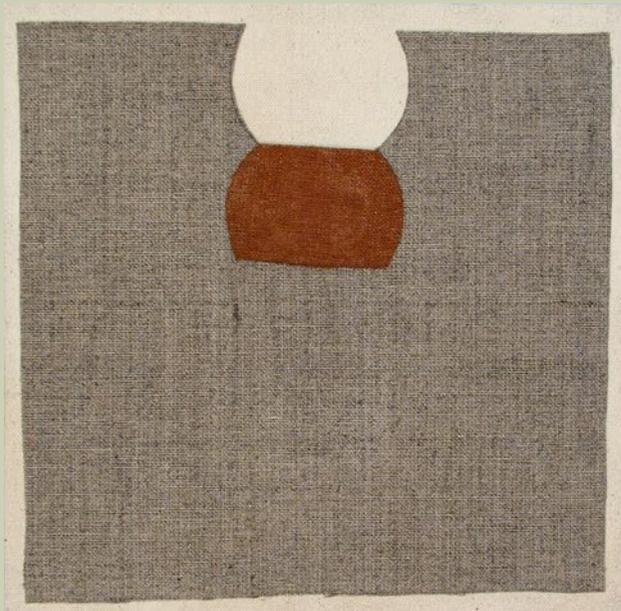
*Equal, No. 2, 1968*



*M.K. (M.K.'s Diddy), 1971*



Untitled, 1971



*Chop Top, 1973*



above: *Humanoid Boogy*, 1976; below: *Mortise* (detail), 1976

## 58 DRAWINGS

**Ingrid Pimsner**

**Art Historian, Graduate of MICA Critical Studies MA**

In 1976, William Dutterer created a collection of 58 drawings on 26" × 40" standard print-making paper, most of which follow a similar compositional conceit: They depict a thickly smeared, loosely constrained square of paint hovering in the center of an otherwise empty sheet of paper. Dutterer etched simple line drawings in many of these painted squares, and, above each of them, he scrawled phrases that double as the drawings' titles.

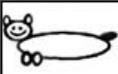
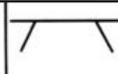
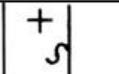
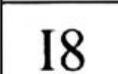
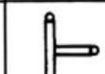
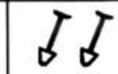
So, for example, *Red Coffin* presents an outline of two coffins drawn inside a square field of red paint with the words "Red Coffin" running across the top of the drawing, while *Confetti* presents a cornucopia of rainbow flakes speckled over a square field of gold paint under the word "Confetti." The accompanying words unpack the drawings' subject matter to such an extent that Jamie Johnson, Dutterer's wife, refers to them (and to the other drawings like them) as "word paintings" on paper (Mary Swift, 1979). Similarly, the label-like quality of the artworks' titles, as well as their pictogram-like qualities, paint the collection as a kind of "A is for Apple" picture book for the art-loving set—less inappropriate than one might think, as Dutterer rejoiced in rejecting erudite art dialogues in favor of the everyday people and places that made life rich.

The drawing *Blaze Star*, as an example, is comprised of a thickly smeared square of black paint through which Dutterer has scratched the outlines of a star with flames emanating from it. The etched lines reveal red and yellow underpainting, and the words "Blaze Star" soar above the illustration in crayon. The drawing refers to Blaze Starr, a well-known stripper who owned the Two O'Clock Club on what was referred to as "The Block," in Baltimore.

Similarly, while a viewer invested in critical theory might understand *Mortise* as a commentary on the artist as worker, the drawing also honors the everyday usefulness of a piece of wood that serves an actual function. It is worth noting that Jamie refers to the scratching into paint in drawings such as *Mortise* as mimicking the scratching of the tattoo needle into the skin of the body, and if the viewer understands the scratched illustration as tattoo incisions, the thickness of the paint in *Mortise* might echo calloused skin—pride in hard, practical work.

In *Dagger of Death*, *Rose of Love*, the peach-colored paint even more readily transforms into skin. Along with *Death before Dishonor*, this drawing is perhaps the most directly tattoo-inspired of Dutterer’s drawings. *Death before Dishonor* shows the epitome of classic tattoo art imagery, a dagger through the heart, and *Dagger of Death*, *Rose of Love* is an illustration of a dagger piercing a rose. However, as Jamie herself notes, in these drawings, as well as others, “[y]ou can see the surface and you can see underneath as well,” (Mary Swift 1979) which complicates any simplistic relationship between Dutterer’s mark-making and tattooing. One cannot see underneath the lines of a tattoo, but Dutterer’s etchings often show an intentional revealing of surprising, hidden colors. With this in mind, one could view the scratches within these drawings as a more mature manifestation of the same joyful impulse that children find in craft-store scratch-art papers.

And though science and its oft requisite rationality is infinitely removed from the humanity of these drawings, insofar as they are composed of easily recognizable symbols enclosed within squares, the collection even recalls chemistry’s periodic table, since the manner in which the drawings share formal qualities with one another suggest that they are deeply related. Or, as my colleague Jesse Harding noted, these drawings could also recall American railroading hobo symbols, which were also illustrations scratched into surfaces—though they were scratched into the posts of fenceposts, railroad sidings and on the edges of towns rather than layers of paint on paper.

 KINDHEARTED LADY	 KIND WOMAN	 WOMAN	 WILL TRADE FOOD FOR CHORES	 SIT DOWN FEED	 FOOD FOR WORK
 FOOD FOR WORK	 TALK RELIGION GET FOOD	 BREAD	 GOOD FOR A HANDOUT	 GENTLEMAN	 WEALTHY
 I ATE	 ALLRIGHT	 EASY MARK	 TELL PITIFUL STORY	 WORK AVAILABLE	 TELL A HARD LUCK STORY HERE

However, perhaps the most significant formal characteristic shared by these drawings is the way in which they hang in varied states of balance. First, they waver between the medium of painting and drawing. Then, their free and easy brush strokes celebrate excitement and abandon, though they are forever constrained by aestheticism: Splatters might escape the confines of the squares, but each painted square still lives within the precise amount of emptiness needed for its enclosed image to breathe across the page.

Furthermore, these drawings perform a careful choreography between chaos and control in their displays of repetition. Dutterer had prolific work habits in general, but in these drawings in particular, his decision to work on paper allowed for even greater spontaneity and ease. On the one hand, this means that he created these drawings quickly and impulsively, yet his decision to use and reuse the square, his use of the centered image as template, and the gesture of thickly smeared paint and similarly executed handwriting, all betray purposeful forethought.

Finally, there is a more complicated conceptual balance between raw subject matter and lyrical art object that should be acknowledged in this collection. Drawings like *Poison*, *Mudslide*, *Eight Ball*, and *Bury You* have gritty themes, but their symmetrical, carefully composed layouts communicate a delicate charm. This is also true for Dutterer's drawings of skulls, bones, and dollar signs. Referencing the American political turmoil of the 1970s, these works draw from the period's problematic politics while transmuting this content into lyrical, even beautiful, illustrations.

Revealing a slice of time in 1970s, these works mark a departure from Dutterer's early minimal work (paintings on canvas with colored flaps) to Dutterer's later *Joe Diver* pieces. Taken in the context of Dutterer's artistic development, each drawing's symbol can be viewed as a signpost along the path Dutterer took to a more personal imagery. How strange to think of contemporaneous artworks—say, Vito Acconci's performance pieces or Robert Ryman's monochrome minimalism—and realize how differently they communicate:

The former pose questions regarding what art can or should be, while Dutterer's drawings share his lived experiences with others. Like that most basic of graffiti—a simple “I was here” scribbled across the bathroom stall—Dutterer's drawings are proud marks that a particular person and place existed, and a promise that those people and places are worth remembering due to that simple fact alone.



Brute

above: *Brute* (detail), 1976; right: *Old Favorite* (detail), 1976

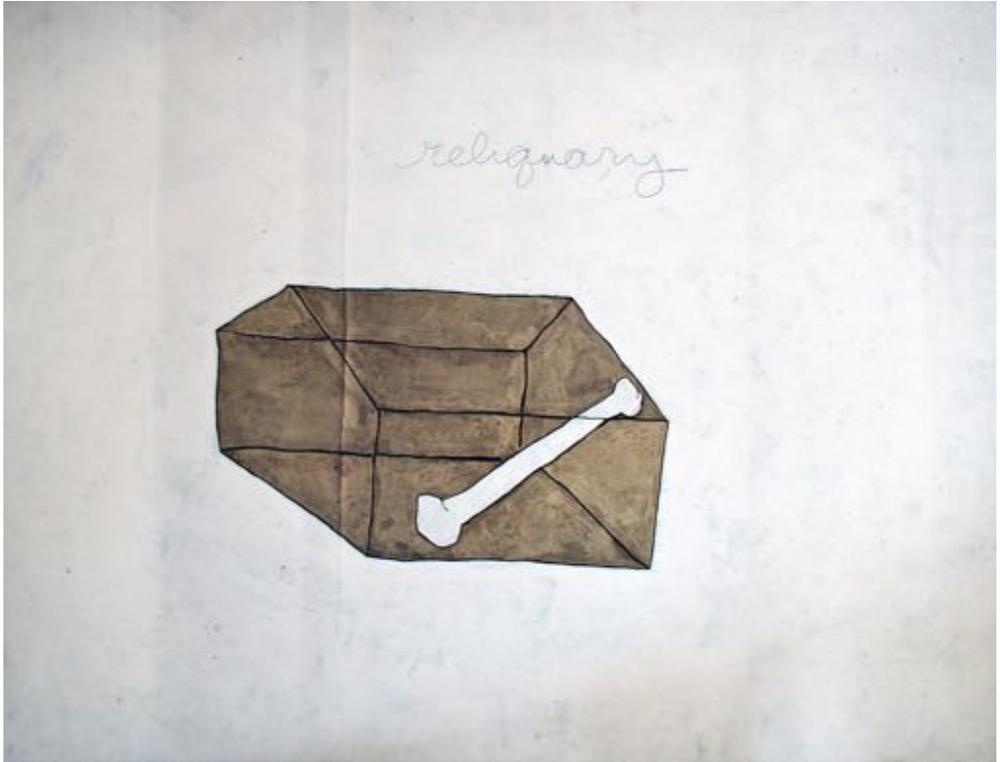
Old Favorite



Ibis



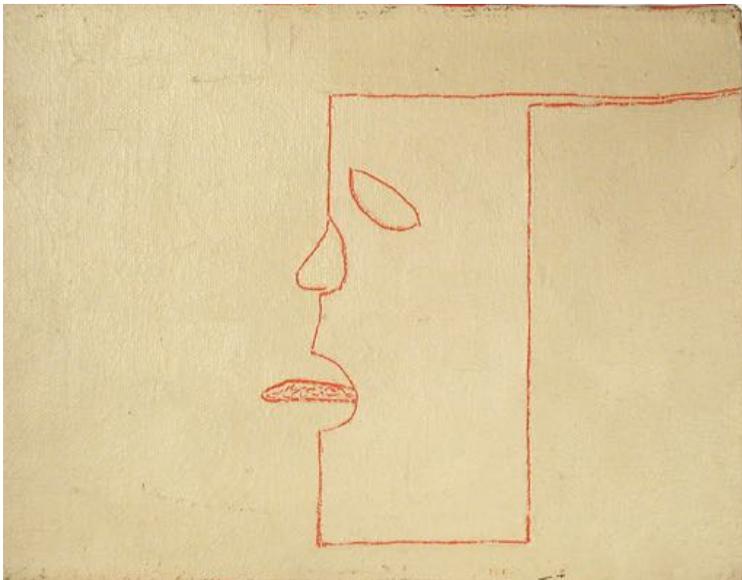
*Ibis*, 1976



*Reliquary, 1976*



*Garment, 1979*



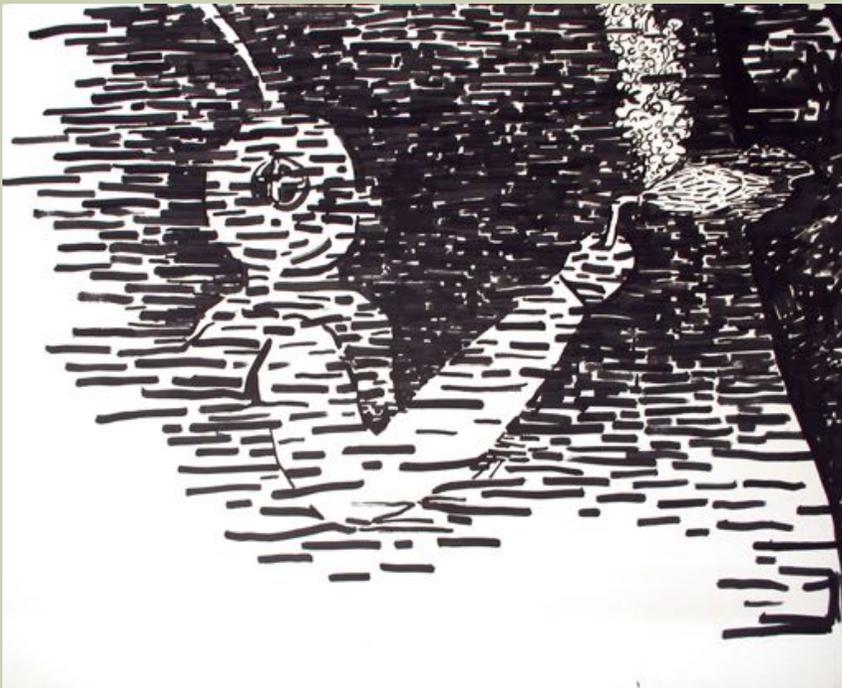
above: *Dream Mask*, 1980; below: *Mask with Nose & Tongue*, 1981



*Untitled, 1981*



*Untitled, 1981*



above: *Untitled*, 1981; below: *Untitled*, 1982



*Now Alive Diver, 1981*



*Portrait of Joe Diver, 1982*



*Untitled, 1982*



*Joe Diver Finds Fat Boy, (left panel), 1982*

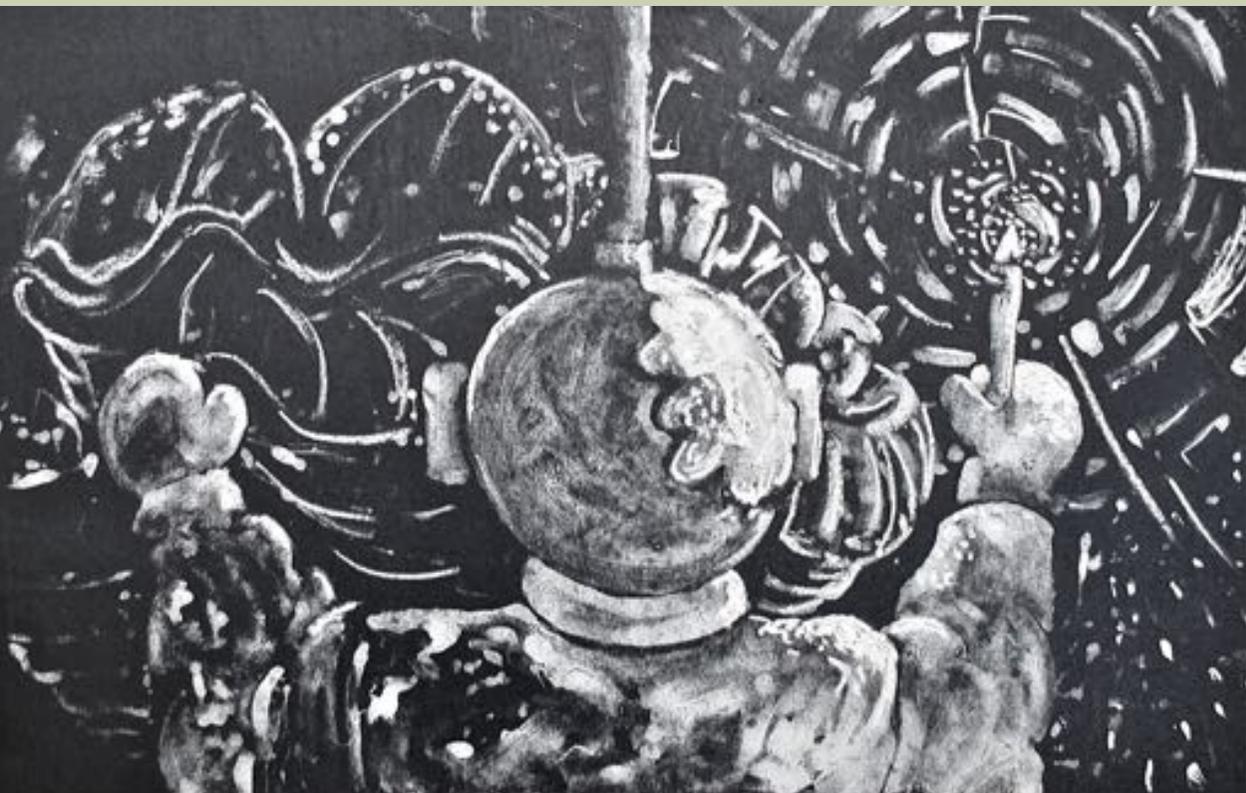


*Joe Diver Finds Fat Boy*, (right panel), 1982



above: *Wise Summer*, 1983; below: *Double*, 1983; right: *Northern Stingray*, 1983





*Untitled, c. 1982*



*Untitled, 1984*





## Cataloging

# IDENTIFYING HUMANOID BOOGY'S CONTENT

**Jamie Johnson-Dutterer**

*Executor of the Estate of William S. Dutterer*

I have never had a question about the value of the work of William S. Dutterer. Even if I'd not made the decision to spend my life with him, I'd still be a stalwart supporter of the work: beautiful painting wrapped around strenuous intellectual exercise informed by great humor and humanity. But all too soon, there was no more.

On December 1, 2006, Dutterer was told he had cancer. He commented that day on how he hated to consider his own mortality, either theoretically or literally. By December 15 he could no longer walk. Barely a month after the diagnosis, on January 5, 2007, he died. Throughout his adult life, Dutterer defined and believed in himself solely as an artist. That day, he left behind a deadly serious, funny, intellectual, quirky, deeply unique oeuvre. And he left no indication of what he'd like done with it.

Aside from grieving, I very much wanted to find a way to honor Dutterer's life and work. That meant some critical decisions were needed—immediately. His studio, still as he'd left it in early December, was now “the estate of William S. Dutterer.” It was a room filled with finished and unfinished canvases, a palette of wet paint, plaster ready for carving, walls lined with drawings, and flat files filled to bursting with work.

Artist friends, as shocked by Dutterer's death as I was, immediately began agitating for a public exhibition—something large; something significant. And they made it happen: a retrospective at the Katzen Center, curated by Robert Stackhouse and myself under

the direction of Jack Rasmussen, the Katzen's director and chief curator. But to make an exhibition possible, work had to be identified and prepared to travel to Washington, D.C. Thus I began facing Dutterer's legacy head-on. It was my first realization that, as his "executor," I needed to understand exactly what comprised this "body of work," and what I should do with it. A process, this started with simply identifying the "body of work"—how much existed, beyond just "a lot." An initial inventory, giving each piece an identifying number, counted something in the neighborhood of 3,000 pieces in the studio: paintings, drawings, prints, reliefs, photographs, print blocks, and books. Dutterer sold very little work during his lifetime, because he refused to participate in the commercial art world. A simple inventory, however, was not enough to make exhibiting the work possible. So that it could be moved and shown in public spaces—in this retrospective as well as future opportunities—each piece had to be both specifically identified and valued for insurance purposes. In other words, a catalog had to be created that would identify every piece by number and also description. Each had to be individually photographed, valued, and wrapped.

An expert valued the work and, to begin the cataloging process, a spreadsheet was created to record each piece and a "working" photograph was taken of each. This record, created for a specific exhibition, was the beginning of cataloging the entire oeuvre.

The full cataloging project took months to complete. Using a database designed specifically to track visual artwork, the cataloging team carefully examined each piece, recording its assigned number, title, type, series (if any), size, medium, condition, value, date of creation, and location, and including an identifying or "working" photograph with each entry. At the same time, each piece was cleaned as needed, and wrapped.

Because cataloging had not been done during Dutterer's lifetime, the process was long and painstaking. At the same time, it proved a marvelous journey of re-discovery, or sometimes new discovery, and a trip that sometimes presented intriguing puzzles. In the process, the sweep of Dutterer's work, its expanse and, in spite of wildly varied imagery, its consistency, became obvious, and its value as a teaching tool surfaced. Most importantly, the resulting catalog made it possible for Dutterer's life work to be made available to the public.



*Snake*, 1985



*Trilobites for Bruce, c. 1987*

## Exhibiting

# SHOWING A CAREER

**Lou Joseph**

*Director, ICA Baltimore*

The ICA was founded in 2011 with the express goal of producing solo artist exhibitions in Baltimore. We have, in general, given full artistic control to the artists we work with, and as a nomadic institution, we've paired with venues that work best with the projects the artists are working on. We have also hosted several artist-directed retrospectives: artists working with their entire back catalog—everything they've made that they still own or still have access to—in an attempt to make sense of their oeuvre. The ICA encourages artists to take control of the presentation of their work, deciding how best to show it, rather than leaving it to curators and institutions to decide what is worth covering. This process does not inherently produce what some might view as the best possible exhibition, but it produces the most interesting results; The artist has no excuses, no reason not to produce something they feel is closest to their original vision. The ICA does not view this way of producing shows as revolutionary, nor do we make a claim of originality. It is simply that the singular voice of an artist, and featuring that voice in an exhibition, is what excites us most.

When presented with the opportunity to work with Caitlin Tucker-Melvin on her thesis project for her MFA in Curatorial Practice at the Maryland Institute College of Art, I was unsure about the prospect of working with a curator, without the artist being present at all. The more I thought about it, however, the prospect of working with an artist's entire output (or at least everything he left behind) was too enticing to pass up.

Of particular interest to the ICA and me is the idea of what to make of an artist's career, especially one not particularly focused on a gallery- or museum-based definition of

success. It is also clear to me, especially given his teaching at the Corcoran, that Bill Dutterer was not an art martyr—he was not defiantly creating art in rejection of market forces, nor was he an outsider artist with an insane world view. In fact, the ordinariness of Dutterer’s concerns and the consistency of his work could, in an alternate world, have been more traditionally (and financially) successfully. Does choosing a non-traditional definition of success impact the viewer’s perception of the quality of the work? Either way, then, what does this show add up to? What should the viewer take away from this show?

The questions that continually bubbled to the surface in thinking over this show are also the thread tying this work together, and to all the other artists we have worked with and will work with. And while this exhibition certainly has enough visual interest for the casual viewer to enjoy, to me the main audience is other artists and students, who have already put in what seems to them a lot of time: five, ten, fifteen years. How do you look forward to 50 or 60 years, a lifetime, of producing art?

Dutterer’s work in this retrospective presents a complex narrative: many bodies of work and occasional dead ends; differing styles and tastes—some with staying power, others with perseverance and imagination. Approaching this as an artist, I think the main takeaway would be to consider your own practice, considering all your inputs and outputs and what they can all add up to, and considering the marathon of an artistic life without getting lost in all the sprints. A meaningful interior life does not have to be mutually exclusive of material success and accolades, but I think there are definite, concrete examples to learn from Dutterer’s constant curiosity and his intense, life-long pursuit of trying to make sense of the world.



above: *Untitled*, 1982; below: *Double Trouble #III*, 1984



above: *Pursuit*, 1982; below: *Ruin*, 1982



above: *From An 18th Century Engraving*, 1983; below: *Untitled*, 1987



*Wisdom Bites the Ugly Neck of Ignorance, 1983*



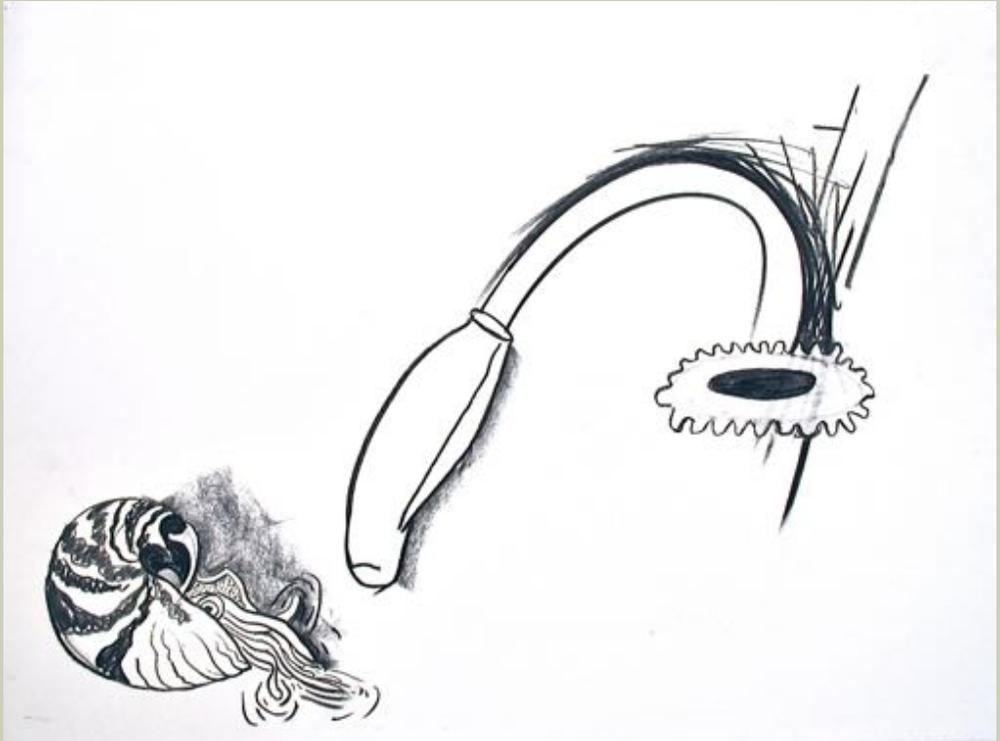
*Wisdom Grinning, 1983*



*Looking at the Sharp Teeth of Wisdom, c. 1983*



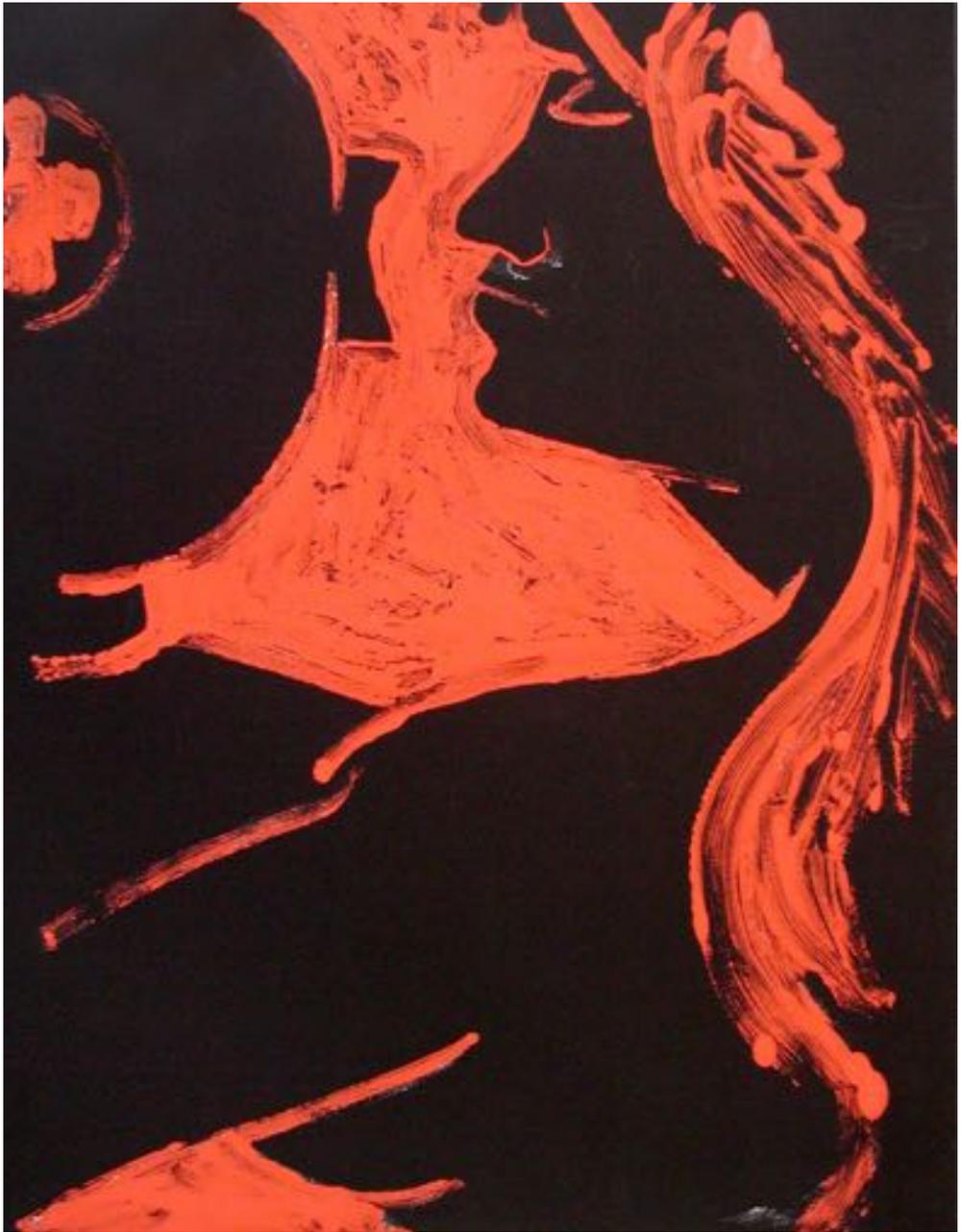
above: *Untitled*, 1983; below: *Meeting of the Minds*, 1983



above: *Untitled*, 1986; below: *Proof of Night*, 1983



*Untitled, 1983*



*Kiss*, 1986; next page: *Embrace*, 1983





## Curating

# LOGIC + ASURDITY = HUMANOID BOOGY

**Caitlin Tucker-Melvin**

***Curator, Humanoid Boogy***

When I arrived to study in Baltimore in 2012, it was not with the intention of taking on a project as traditional as a retrospective. Soon, however, I realized that doing so would provide me with a space to explore my deepest curatorial questions about painting and institutional critique. *Humanoid Boogy* is the result of nearly two years' worth of exploration, relationship-building, and figuring-things-out.

The Curatorial Practice MFA (CP) program at Maryland Institute College of Art (MICA) is audience-focused, which means that from conception to end each student-curator must continuously answer the question: How are you building a space where deeper connections can be made between viewer and artwork?

Students in CP are given several options as to how to fulfill their thesis obligations. One is the traditional partner model, in which students seek local Baltimore partners to help them develop their ideas. Another is the non-traditional site-specific model, for students who find inspiration in public or improvised spaces. Finally, there is the partner-driven model: each fall a variety of outside organizations pitch their projects to first-year students. No matter which model is chosen, audience engagement is achieved through personal connections brokered by contemporary art.

Jamie Johnson, Dutterer's widow, visited CP on a rainy fall day in 2012 to present her late husband's estate to the 2014 cohort. Immediately, I was attracted to the project,

because of my own background as a painter and my interest in working with collections. After several lengthy conversations determining how close our common goals and intent were, it was decided that I would curate a retrospective from the Dutterer estate.

Lou Joseph of the Institute of Contemporary Art Baltimore (ICA) also presented to my cohort that year. ICA's mission is to give artists the opportunity for a solo show that they have total control over—usually there are no curators involved. Working with an estate would be a brand new challenge for the ICA, and without Dutterer here to make decisions about the work, it has been my prerogative to tease out what a show of his work might look like were he still alive today.

With partners chosen, I embarked on my first week of research at the Dutterer-Johnson loft in SoHo, New York City. During that visit, I saw the work in the studio where it was made, took long walks around the neighborhood, spent evenings with Dutterer's friends, and listened as Jamie generously shared stories that gave me a picture of not just an artist wholly dedicated to painting, but also of a man who approached life with fervor. Frequent visits to SoHo throughout the spring of 2013 acquainted me with the various series that make up Dutterer's entire body of work. I soaked in early works, made up of insignias and words carved into fast-drying acrylic, followed by the character Joe Diver searching through deep, murky waters to find mermaids, dinosaurs, and atomic bombs. Paintings of alligators gliding by while casting an appraising eye gave way to drawings of trains that employ color to describe sound. I saw disembodied heads that spent the 1990s cavorting and playing transition into a bound, mummy-like state post-9/11. My first *a-ha!* moment came when poring over Dutterer's undergraduate sketchbooks. The curved gesture that makes up the wrapped heads, the mermaid's tail, the jaunty trains, even the bones and mummies, all came from this early place.

Dutterer was as prolific a writer, doodler, and collector as he was a painter. His copious notes are at once clever, perceptive, honest, and ultimately, very human. They express fears common to any artist, and share inspirations, worries, and every-day minutiae. Curating is a process built almost entirely upon coming up with and answering questions; Dutterer left behind an amazing resource to feed such a process.

It became clear from spending time with the objects that the curatorial task at hand was to develop an exhibition that allowed a picture of the whole artist to shine through. Re-introducing Dutterer to Baltimore as the experienced, full-fledged artist he grew to be would bring his 40-year career arc full circle. Thus, *Humanoid Boogy*, a retrospective organized thematically out of Dutterer's oeuvre, came to be.

From the beginning of this project, I have asked myself what a retrospective means, what it can provide an audience with, and how one might be built to better connect with both experienced art lovers and those who feel less comfortable in an art space. In my reading and research for the exhibition, I came upon a quote that summed up my intent. From an interview with the young curator Scott Rothkopf, who has curated retrospectives of Wade Guyton and Glenn Ligon:

*The goal is not to rush to be first, but to choose artists who one believes have made real contributions to the field . . . You have to be able to see the arc of the work in your mind and see it in a space. Of course, no one knows who will be important 25 or 50 years from now, but I believe that museums devoted to contemporary art should muster conviction about what's worthwhile in our moment, frame it in a serious way, and share it with the public as best they can.*

Traditionally, the retrospective model of exhibition-making has been a treatment reserved for artists who have reached a certain career apex. It can also be a tool for posthumously recognizing an under-recognized artist, as with Paul Cézanne or El Greco. In many cases a retrospective is what firmly installs an artist within the Western art historical canon. Curated by scholars who devote years to studying individual artists or artistic movements, a particular story is crafted that fits into the larger narrative of art history. Museum retrospectives highlight particular moments in an artist's career and provide historical context for when and how the work was created. Sometimes, retrospectives are blockbuster events for museums, using household names to bring in visitors who might not otherwise visit. Many retrospectives are held in vast white-cube galleries that demand quiet contemplation from visitors, in keeping with the tradition of art museum as temple.

Looking to major museum retrospectives to understand what would and would not work for *Humanoid Boogy*, my guiding lights have been both positive and negative personal memories of exhibitions seen in the last five years. I contemplated the Frida Kahlo exhibition in 2008 that felt astoundingly claustrophobic—despite being in one of the largest exhibition spaces at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Fondly, I remembered the Arshile Gorky show that delved into the artist's many methods of making artwork. More recently, the Jeremy Deller and Jason Rhoades retrospectives at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia challenged my senses by filling the space with loud, boisterous installations. My prior experiences as an undergraduate student at Moore College of Art and Design, working with the Estate of Gordon Matta-Clark and assisting the artist Abigail DeVille with her first solo exhibition, also informed my decision-making. What we can

learn from the display of a single artist's work, besides what we learn about that artist, are ways to engage with other objects and artworks. Given the chance to see a single artist's development, we can then look at other artworks and imagine their maker in a similar way: as a person with an entire practice behind that single piece.

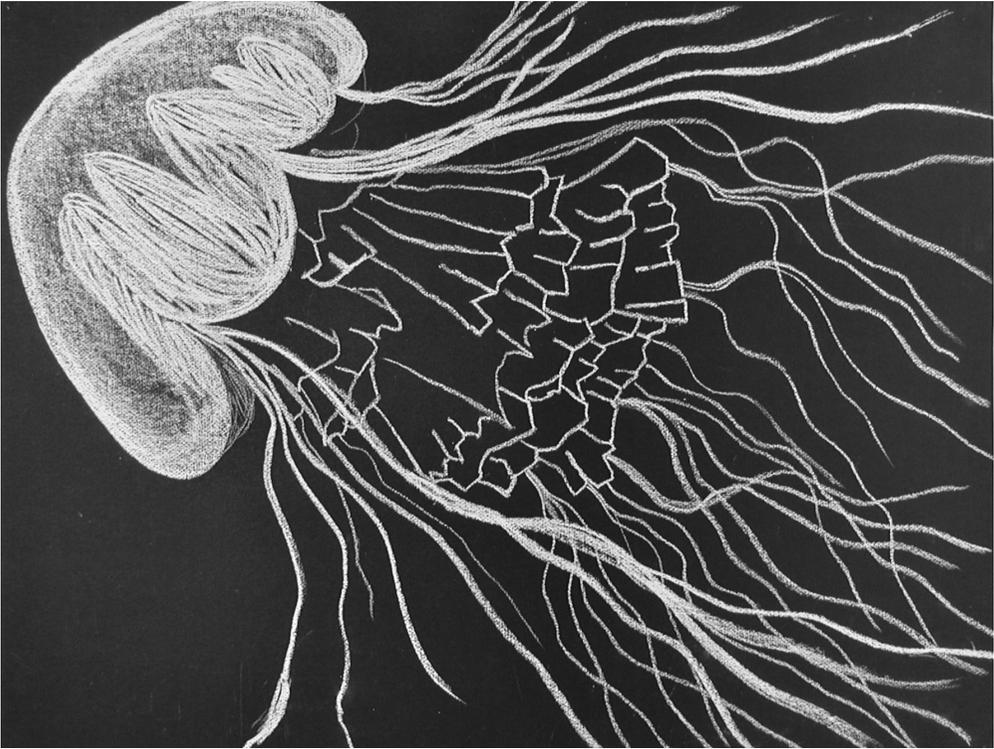
As my professor and mentor Jeffry Cudlin likes to say, curators are in this field because we love artists. This project has become more than the sum of its parts—more than research, planning, scheduling, selecting. *Humanoid Boogy* has been the beginning of my relationship with an artist I respect and admire, and whose work I hope to share with many others. Dutterer always maintained that his job as an artist was simply to make the work, and it was someone else's job to do something with it. It has been an honor and a privilege to “do something” with Bill's work.

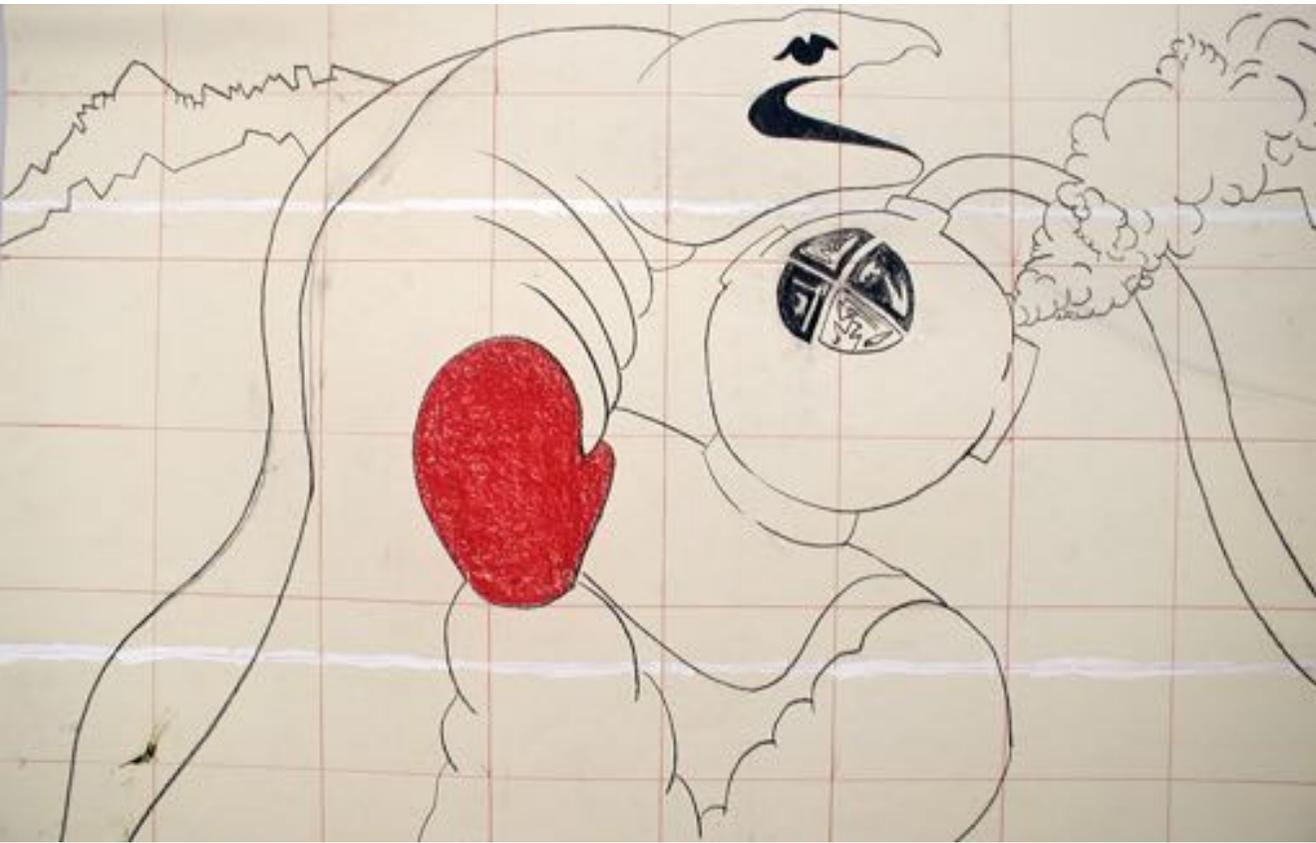
<http://www.artnet.com/magazineus/features/yablonsky/midcareer-question-10-17-11.asp>





left above: *Untitled*, c. 1986; left below: *Untitled*, c. 1984; above: *Untitled*, c. 1987





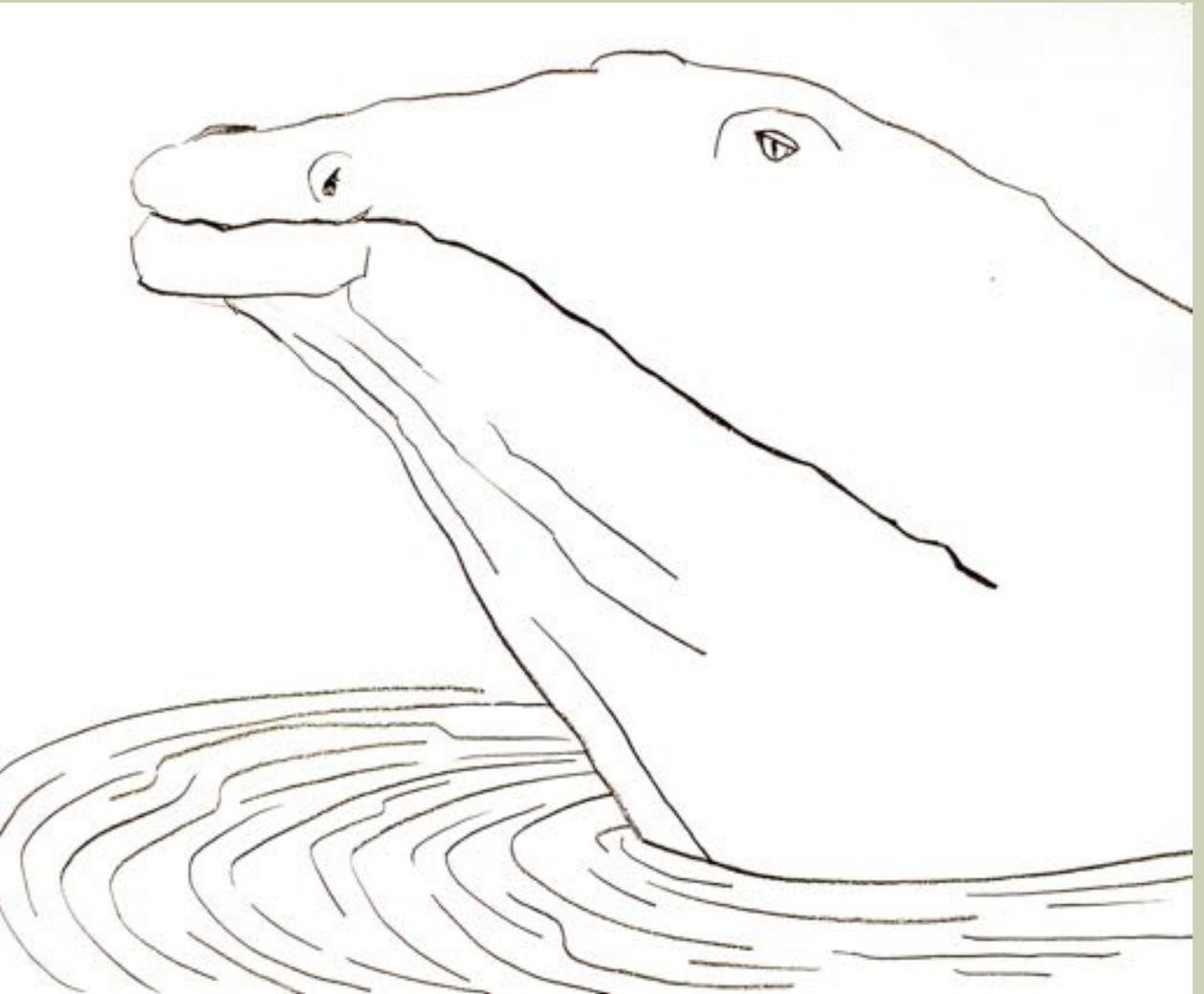
left above: *Untitled*, c. 1987; left below: *Untitled*, c. 1987; above: *Untitled*, c. 1987



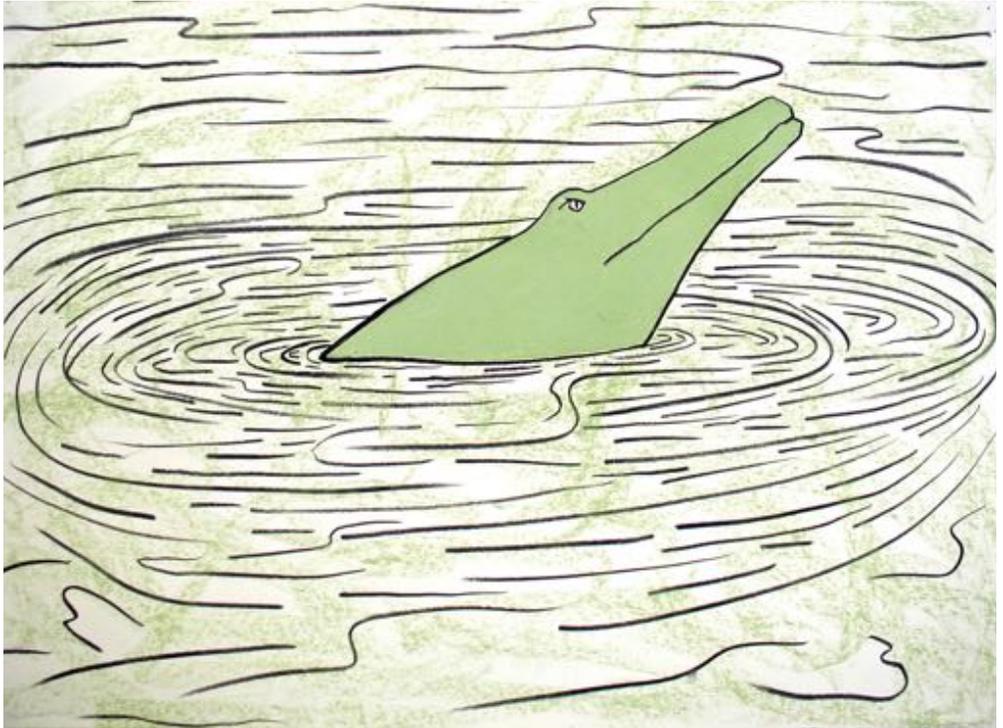
*Untitled, c. 1987*



*Untitled, c. 1995*



*Untitled, 1986*



*Untitled, 1986*



*Untitled, 1987*



*Riding the Swells, 1987*



*Untitled, 1989*



*Life Swirl, 1989*



*In Days When Earth was Flat, 1989*



*Untitled, 1990*





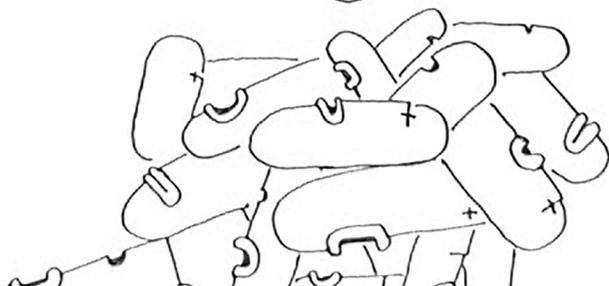
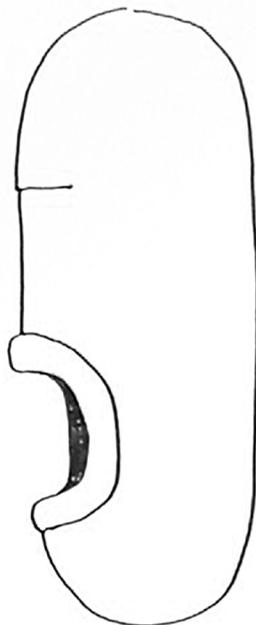
left above; *Untitled*, 1993; left below: *Untitled*, 1993; above; *Untitled*, 1993

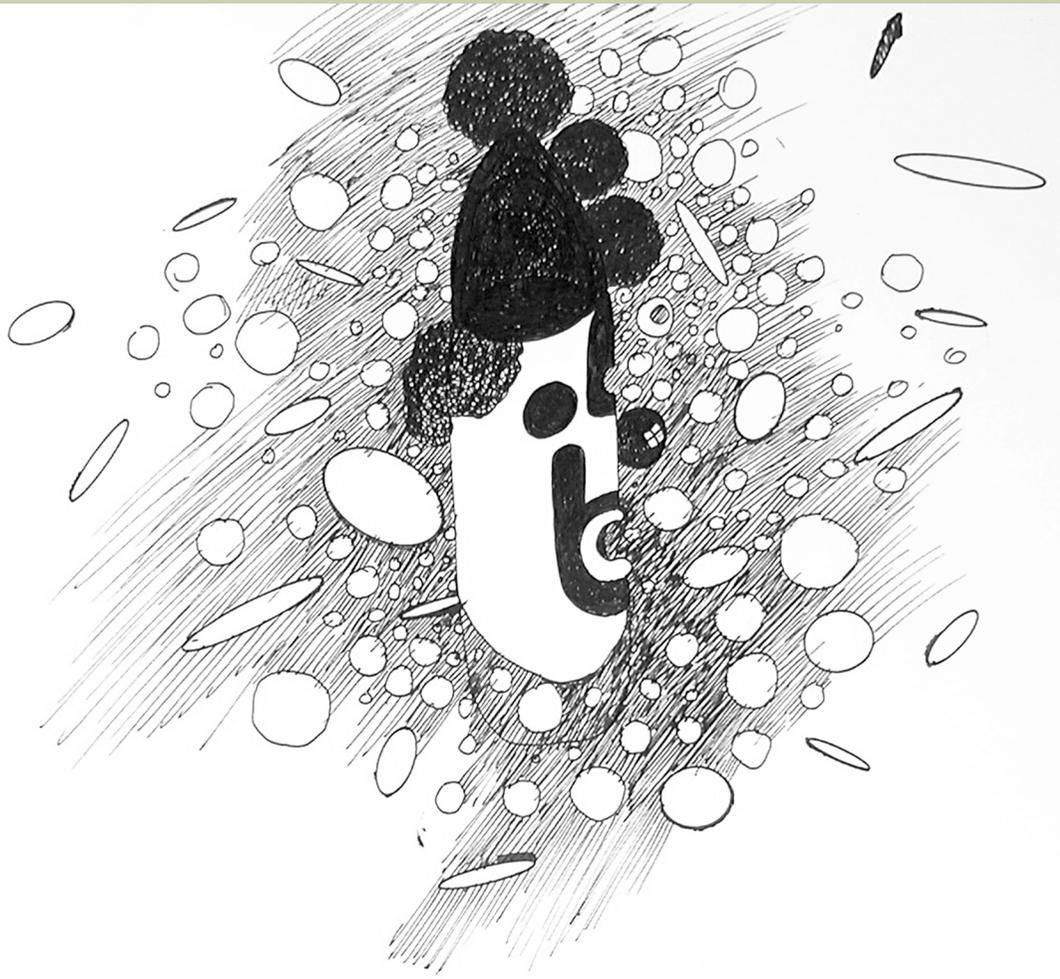


*Untitled, 1993*

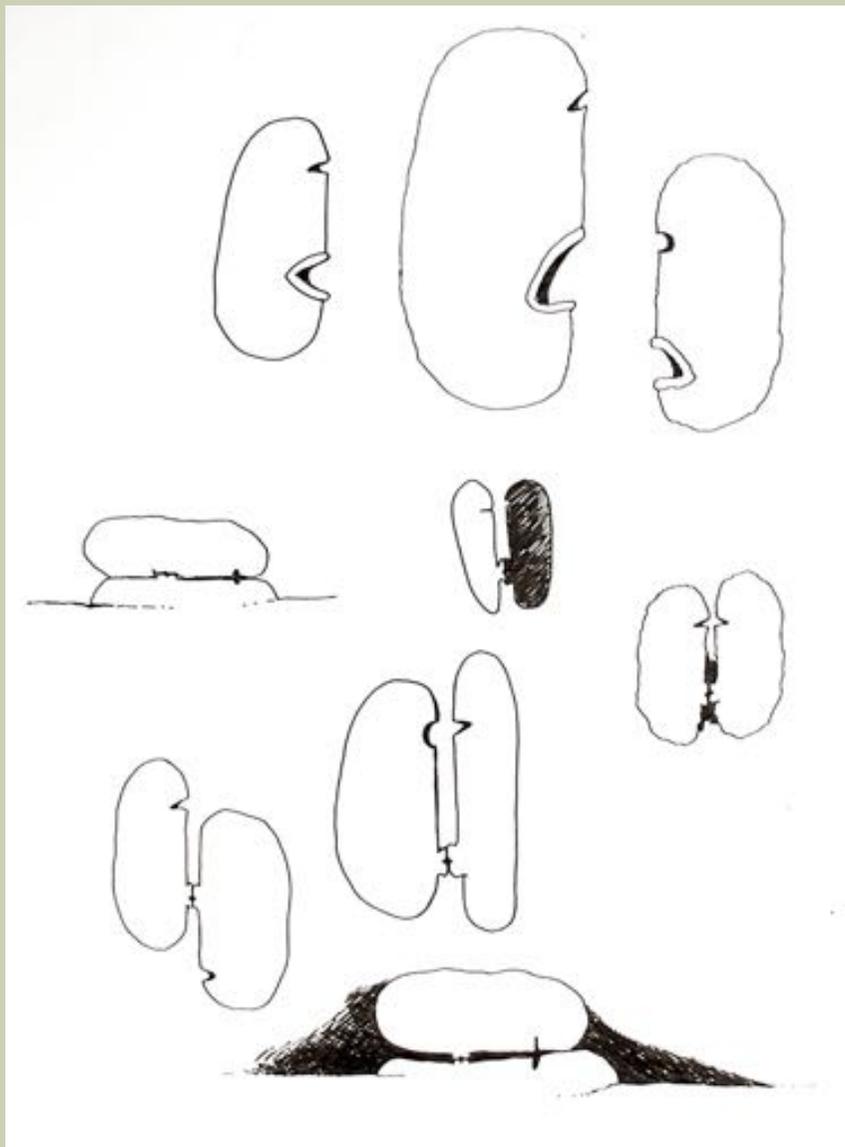


*Untitled, 1993*

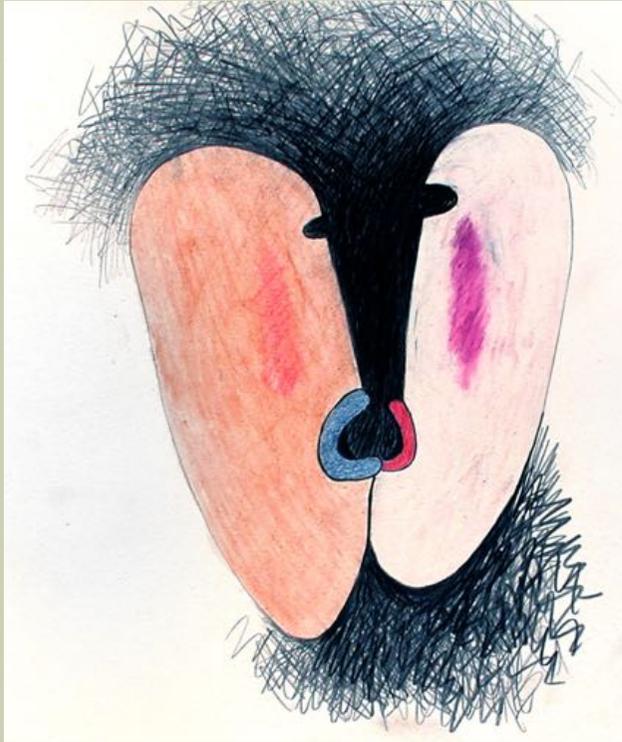




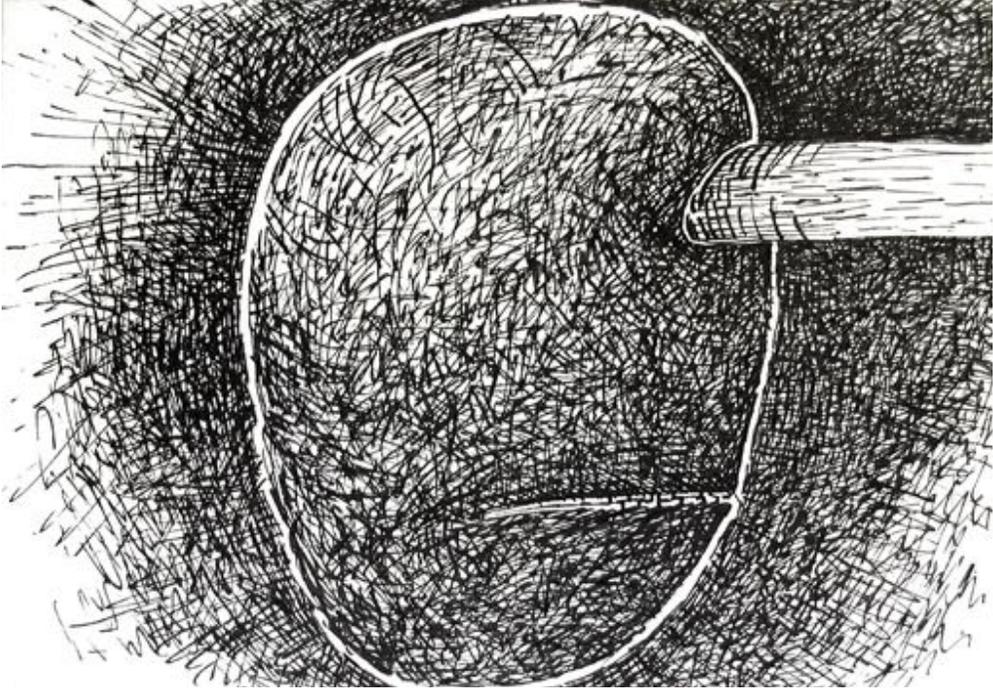
left: *Untitled*, c. 1995; above: *Untitled*, c. 1995



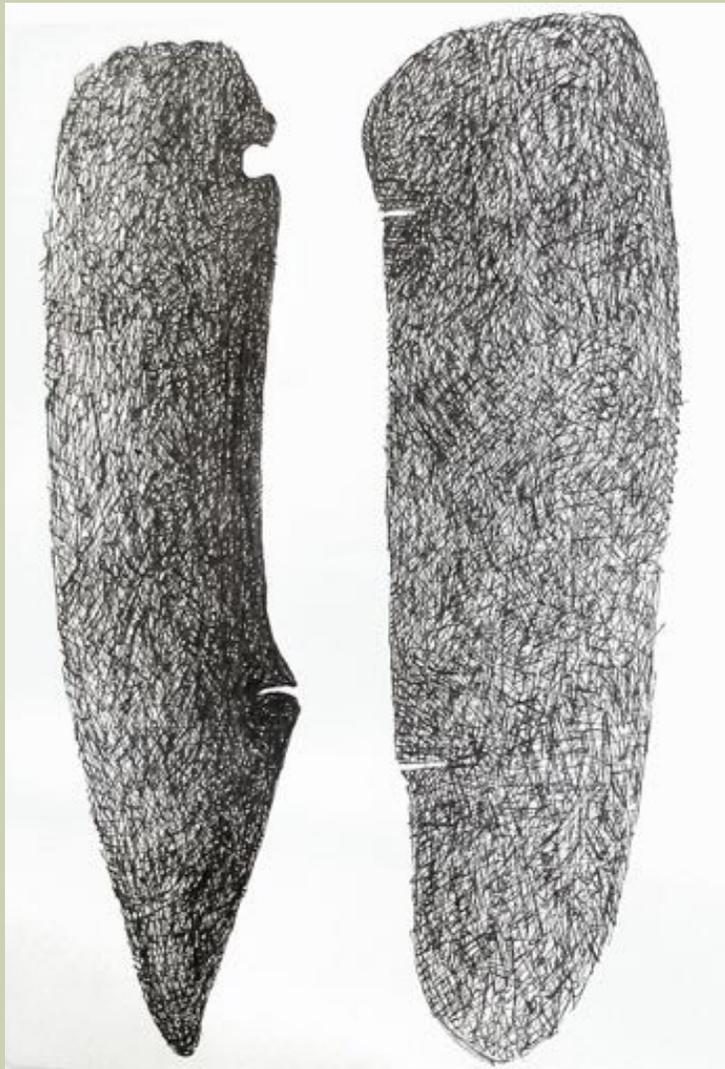
*Untitled, c. 1995*



*Untitled, c. 1995*



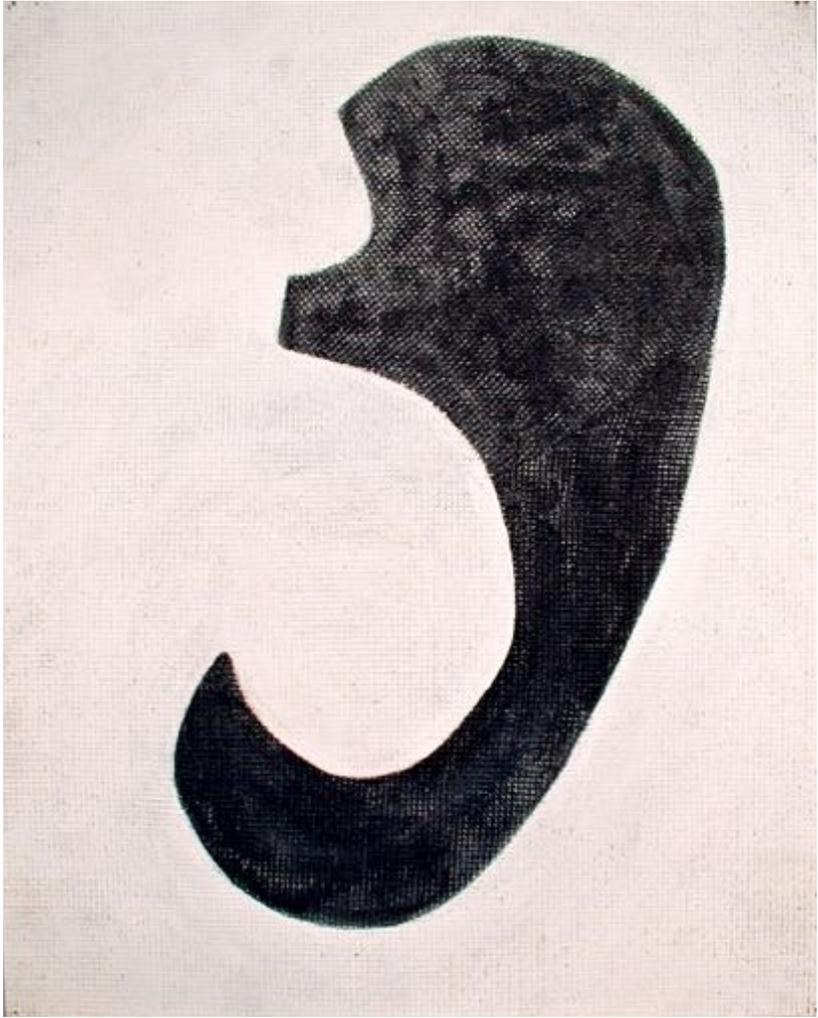
*Untitled, c. 1995*



*Trinidad & Tobago, 1995*



*Front to Back, 1997*



*Finch, 1997*



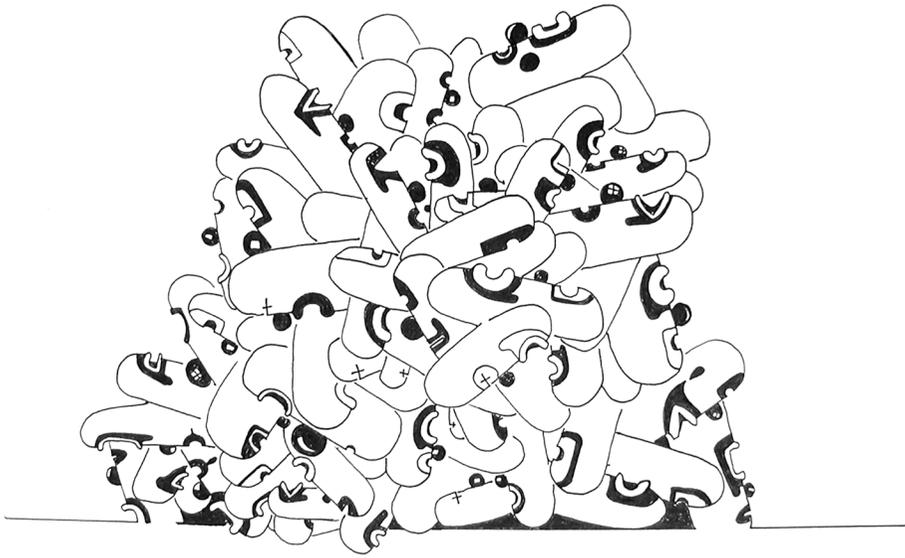
*Blush, 1997*



*Diagonal Lust, 1997*







previous page: *Untitled*, 1998; above: *Untitled*, c. 2001



*Untitled, 2001*



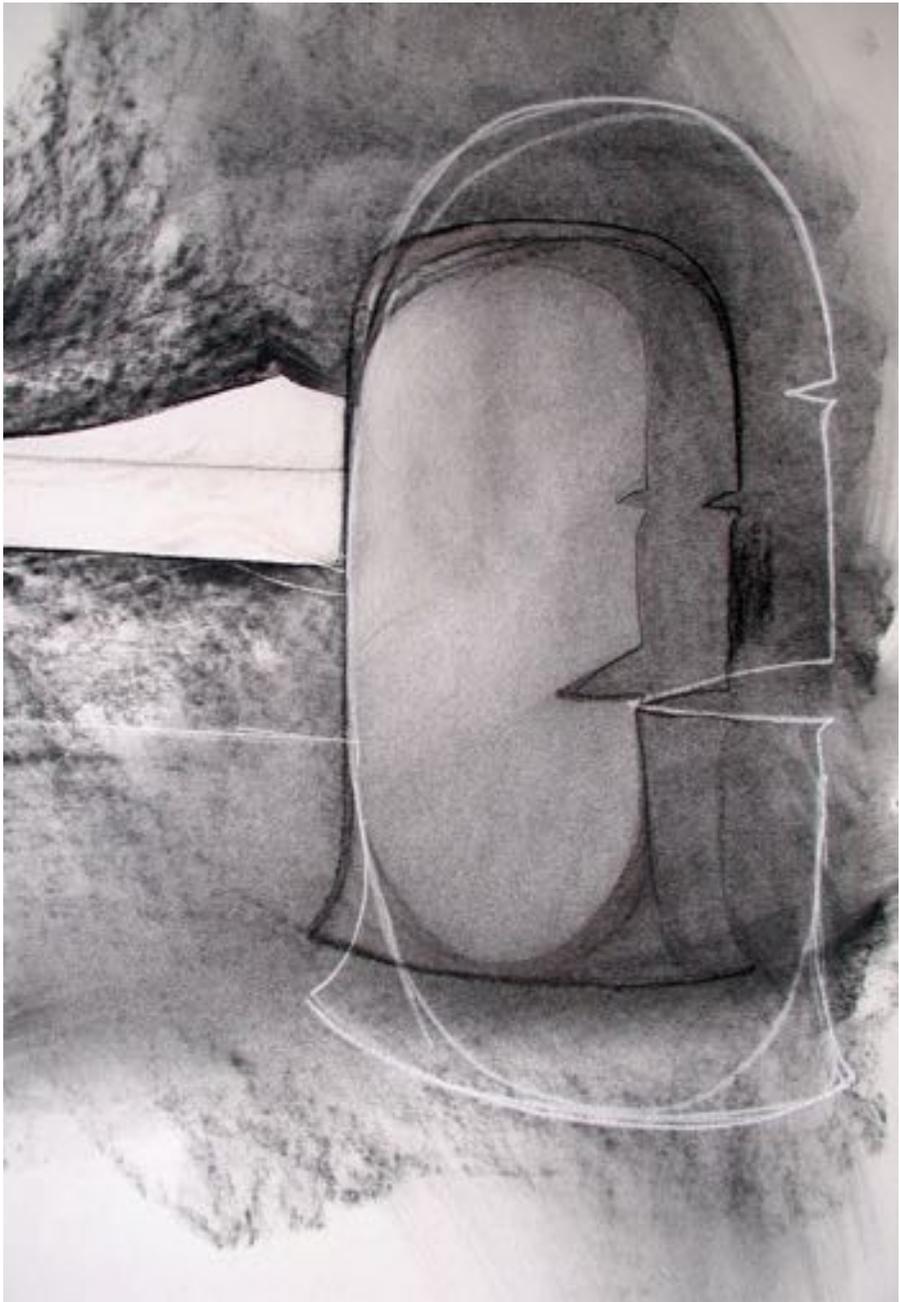
*Thanksgiving Day 2000, 2000*



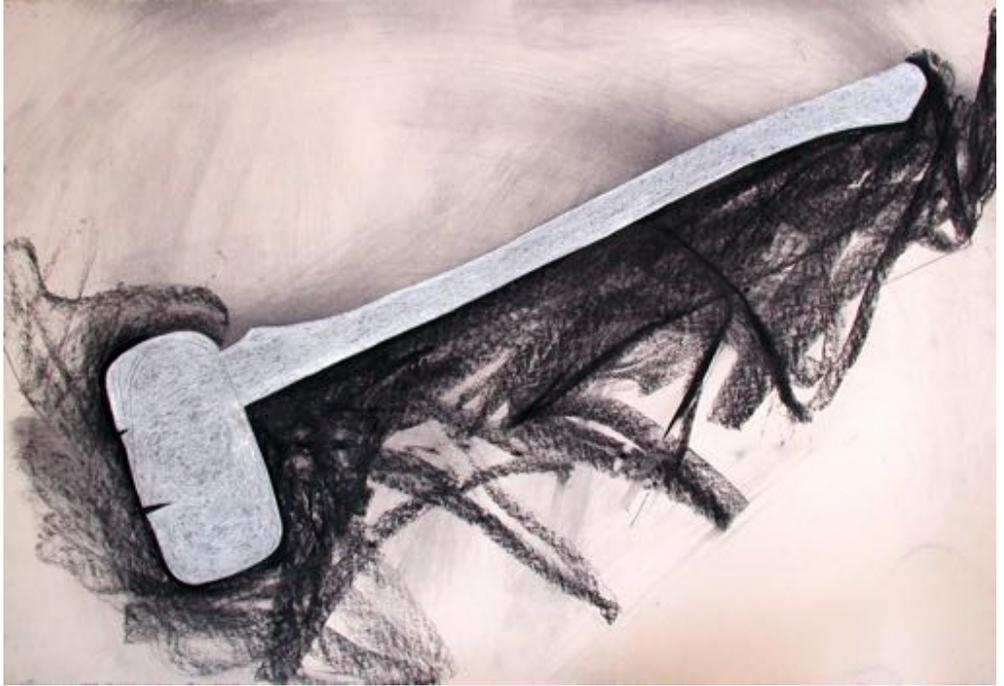
*Untitled, c.2005*



*The Optic Nerve Activates The Hand (#7), 2000*



*Axe A Ghost* (detail), 2001



*Axe Head, 2001*



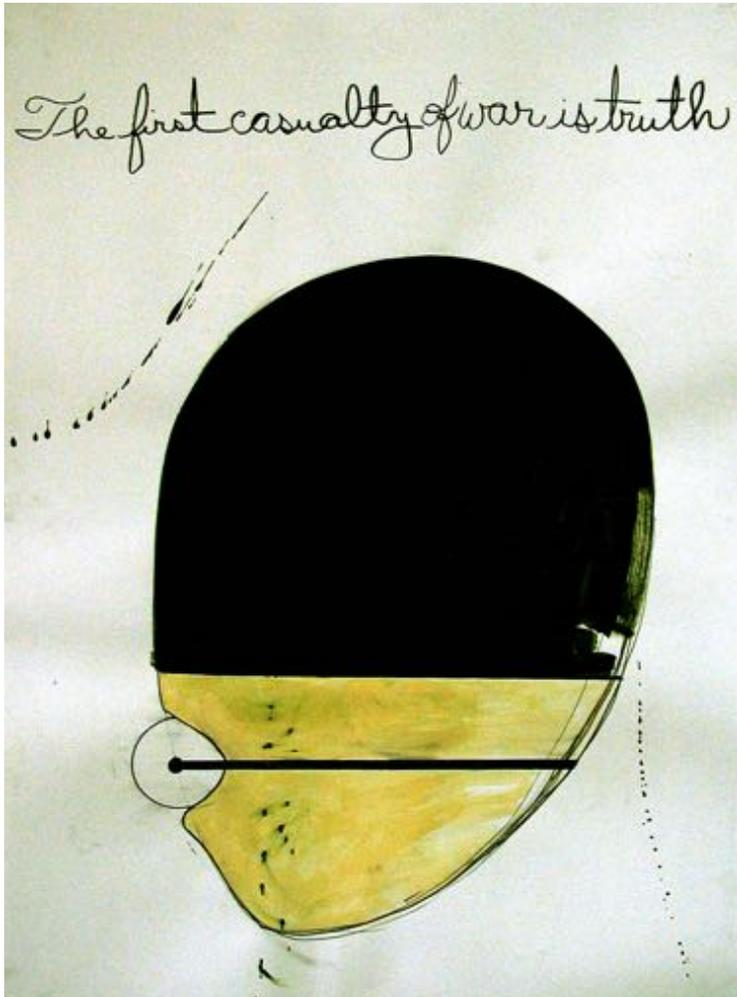
*Shadow Axe, 2001*



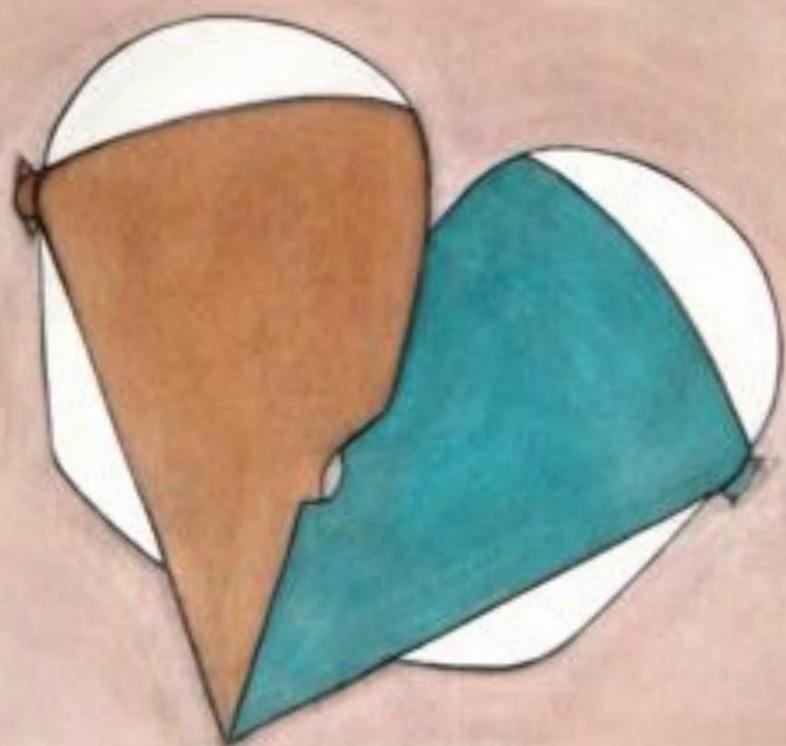
*Hammer from Hell, 2001*

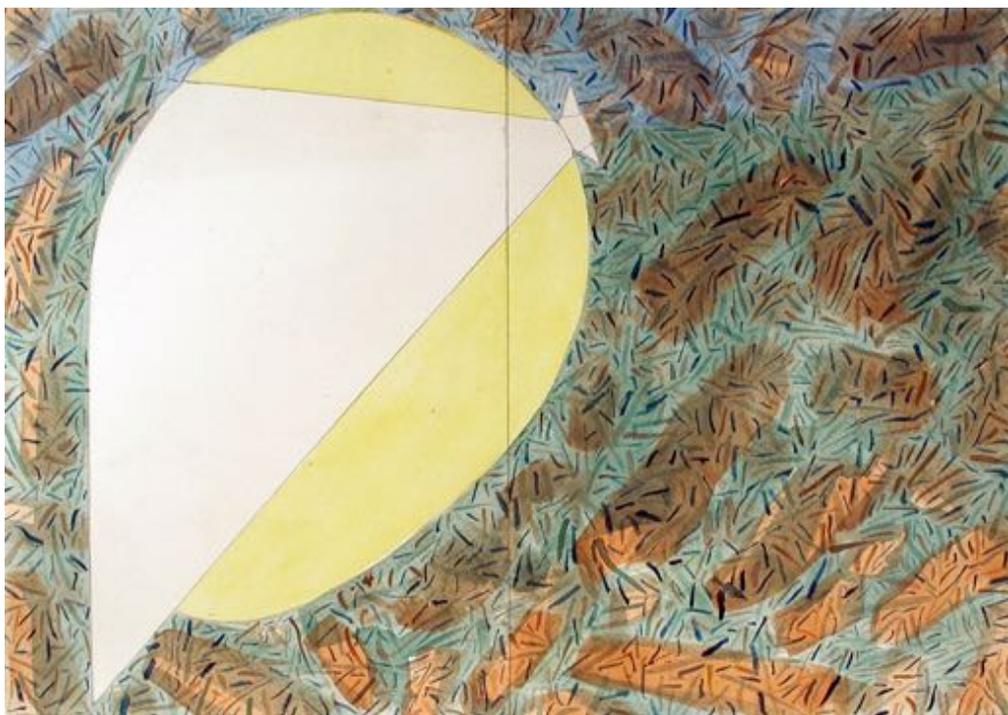


*Sept. 11, 2001, 2001*



above: *The First Casualty of War is the Truth*, c. 2001; right: *Bye-Bye Kabul*, 2004 ;

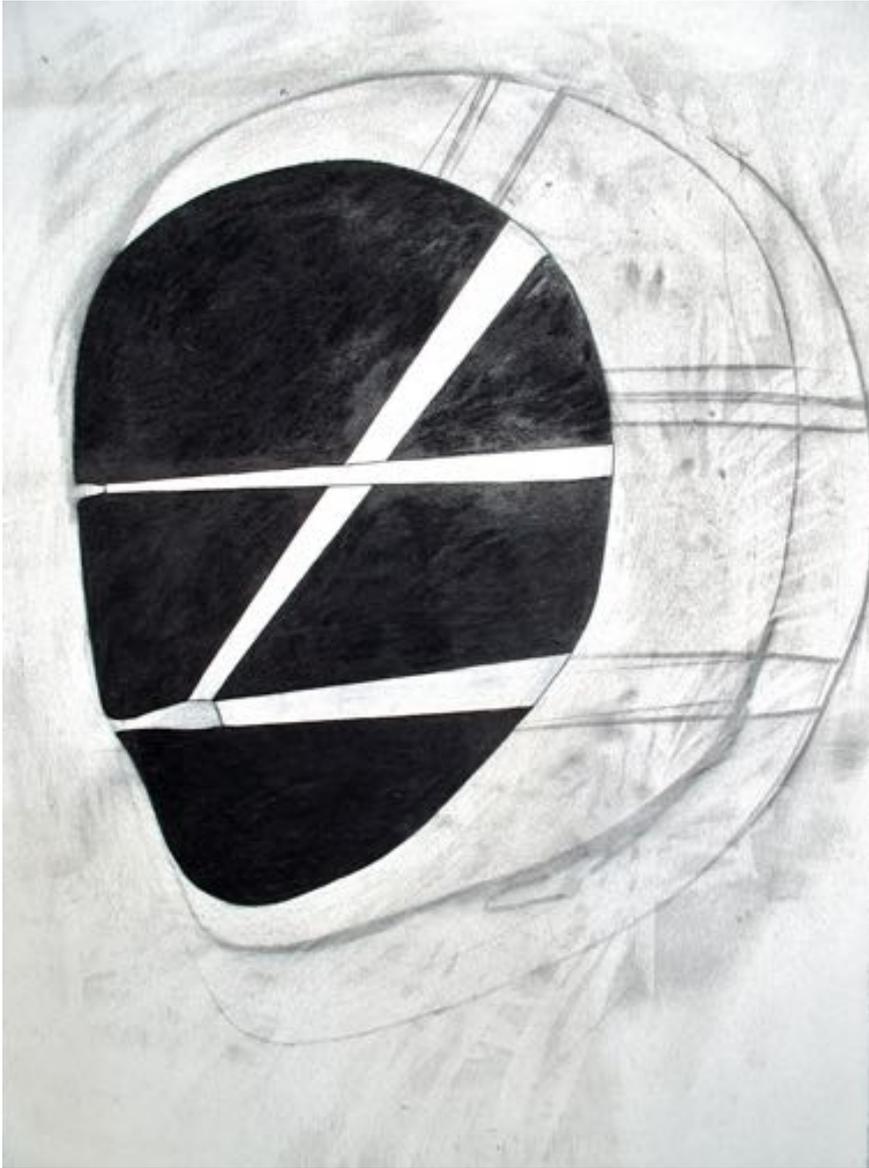




*Untitled, c. 2002*



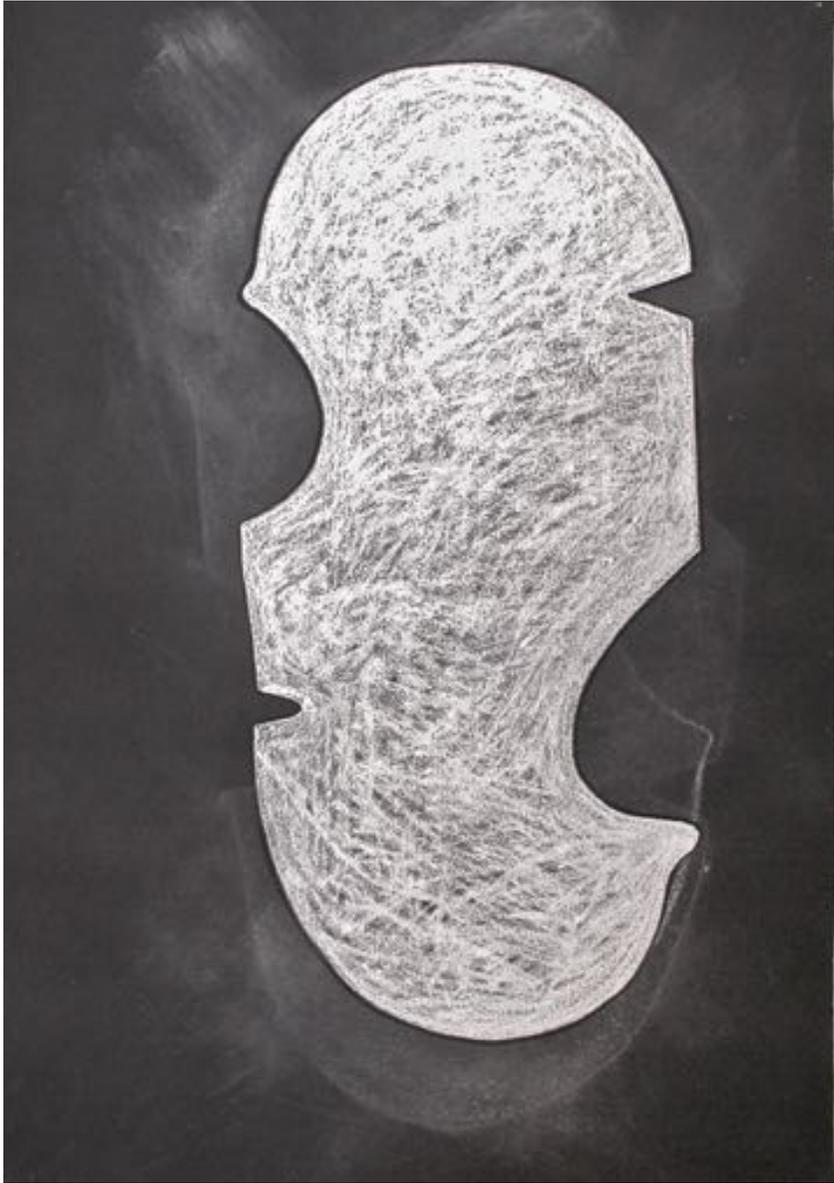
*Pericles' End, 2002*



*Untitled, c. 2002*



*Untitled, c. 2002*



*Untitled, c. 2002*



*Untitled, c. 2002*



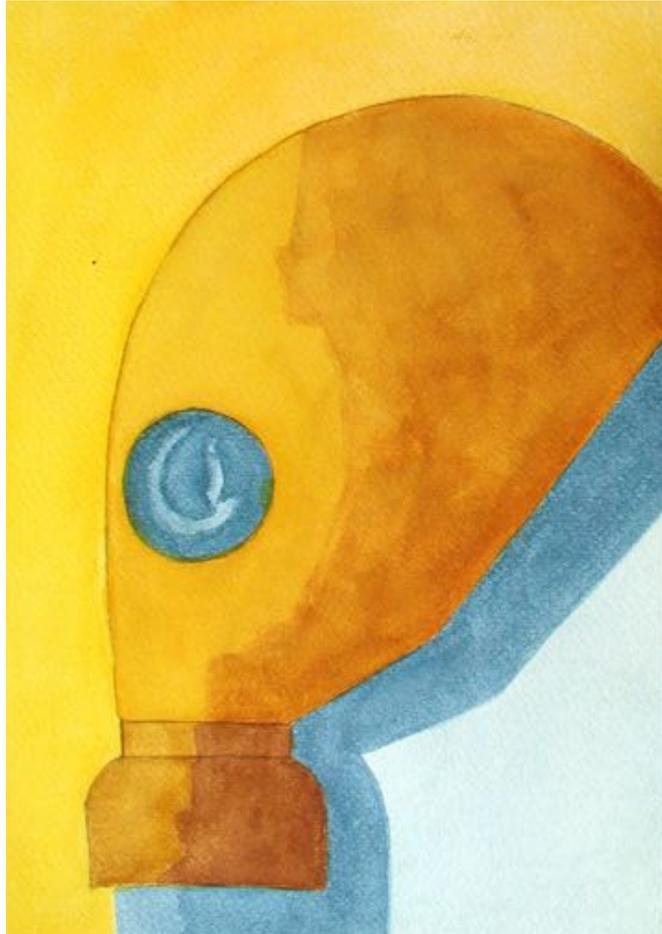
*21st Century Chador, 2002*



*Untitled, c.2005*



above: *Berka*, 2002; below: *Untitled*, c. 2005



*Untitled c. 2005*



*Rembrandt's Lobe, 2003*



*Dome of Silence, 2005*



*Revelation-Lamentation, 2005*



*Soto Voce #6, 2005*



Studio installation shot of heads

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1976  
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29" × 23.125"  
1976

43	50	57
Catalog 10667	Catalog 10551	Catalog 10475
<i>Old Favorite</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Northern Stingray</i>
Acrylic and crayon on paper	Acrylic on paper	Charcoal on paper
1976	31" × 38"	22.25" × 30"
26" × 40"	1981	1983
—	—	—
44	50	58
Catalog 11195	Catalog 10654	Catalog 10280
<i>Ibis</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Acrylic and colored pencil on paper	Gouache on paper	Monoprint on blue paper
50" × 38"	24.5" × 30"	38.5" × 25.75"
1976	1982	c. 1982
—	—	—
45	51	59
Catalog 11226	Catalog 10552	Catalog 10495
<i>Reliquary</i>	<i>Now Alive Diver</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Acrylic on paper	Acrylic on paper	Charcoal on paper
38" × 50"	31" × 38"	11.15" × 30"
1976	1981	c. 1985
—	—	—
46	52	60–61
Catalog 10183	Catalog 10297.1	Catalog 10089
<i>Garment</i>	<i>Portrait of Joe Diver</i>	<i>Guide</i>
Acrylic on canvas	Monoprint on paper	Oil on canvas
48" × 72" × 1.25"	19.75" × 25.5"	68" × 4.5" × 1.5"
1979	1982	1984–85
—	—	—
47	53	65
Catalog 10138	Catalog 10758	Catalog 10303
<i>Dream Mask</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Trilobites for Bruce</i>
Acrylic on canvas	Gouache, crayon, and graphite on paper	Charcoal on paper
5" × 7"	26" × 40.25"	40" × 26"
1980	1982	c. 1987
—	—	—
47	54–55	68
Catalog 10139	Catalog 11873 & 11874	Catalog 10284
<i>Mask with Nose &amp; Tongue</i>	<i>Joe Diver Finds Fat Boy</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Acrylic on canvas	(left & right panel)	Graphite and charcoal on paper
7" × 9"	Oil on canvas	26" × 40"
1981	82.5" × 100.875"	1982
—	1982	—
48	—	68
Catalog 10548	56	Catalog 11322
<i>Untitled</i>	Catalog 10476	<i>Double Trouble III</i>
Oil on paper	<i>Double</i>	Monoprint with white chalk on paper
19" × 16"	Charcoal on paper	29" × 37"
1981	22.25" × 30"	1984
—	1983	—
49	—	69
Catalog 10549	56	Catalog 10298.1
<i>Untitled</i>	Catalog 10274	<i>Pursuit</i>
Oil on paper	<i>Wise Summer</i>	Monoprint on paper
19" × 16"	Charcoal on paper	28.25" × 40"
1981	40" × 25.75"	1982
—	1983	—

69	75	86
Catalog 10291.2	Catalog 10483	Catalog 10302
<i>Ruin</i>	<i>Proof of Night</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Monoprint on paper	Monoprint on paper	Monoprint on paper
26" × 40"	25.5" × 49.75"	38" × 25.5"
1982	1983	c. 1987
—	—	—
70	75	86
Catalog 10508	Catalog 10457	Catalog 10278
<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Monoprint on paper	Charcoal on paper	Chalk on black paper
40.25" × 25.5"	22.25" × 30"	20" × 25"
c. 1987	1986	c. 1987
—	—	—
70	76	87
Catalog 10481	Catalog 10487	Catalog 10448
<i>From an 18th Century Engraving</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Charcoal and crayon on paper	Oil and pastel on paper	Charcoal and pastel on paper
25.75" × 40"	26" × 40.25"	24" × 36"
1983	1983	c. 1987
—	—	—
71	77	88
Catalog 10477	Catalog 10507	Catalog 10282
<i>Wisdom Bites the Ugly Neck</i>	<i>Kiss</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
<i>of Ignorance</i>	Gouache on paper	Charcoal on paper
Colored pencil and graphite on paper	25.25" × 30.75"	40" × 26"
19.25" × 24"	1986	c. 1987
1983	—	—
—	78–79	89
72	Catalog 11397	Catalog 10441
Catalog 11400	<i>Embrace</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
<i>Wisdom Grinning</i>	Oil stick and pastel on paper	Ink on paper
Oil stick on paper	38" × 50"	14" × 11"
35.5" × 40"	1983	c. 1995
1983	—	—
—	84	90
73	Catalog 10550	Catalog 10327
Catalog 10485	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
<i>Looking at the Sharp Teeth of Wisdom</i>	Acrylic on paper	Charcoal on paper
Pastel and charcoal on paper	19" × 25"	14" × 17"
40" × 26"	c. 1986	1986
c. 1983	—	—
—	84	91
74	Catalog 11092	Catalog 10456
Catalog 10497	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
<i>Untitled</i>	Acrylic on paper	Pastel and charcoal on paper
Charcoal on paper	19" × 25"	22.25" × 30"
26" × 40"	c. 1984	1986
1983	—	—
—	85	92
74	Catalog 11243	Catalog 10081
Catalog 10502	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
<i>Meeting of the Minds</i>	Ink and tempera on paper	Oil on canvas
Monoprint on paper	30" × 44.5"	49.75" × 74.5" × 1.75"
29.75" × 39"	c. 1987	1987
1983		

93	100	108
Catalog 10091	Catalog 10587	Catalog 10710
<i>Riding the Swells</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Front to Back</i>
Oil on canvas	Marker and tempera on paper	Tempera on paper
87.5" × 64" × 1.5"	17" × 11"	40" × 26"
1987	c. 1993	1997
—	—	—
94	101	109
Catalog 10152	Catalog 10601	Catalog 10702
<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Finch</i>
Oil on canvas	Marker on paper	Oil on mesh on paper
11" × 14.25"	14" × 11"	20" × 16"
1989	c. 1993	1997
—	—	—
95	102	110
Catalog 10174	Catalog 10364	Catalog 10711
<i>Life Swirl</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Blush</i>
Oil on canvas	Ink on paper	Tempera on paper
12" tondo	12" × 9"	39" × 10.25"
1989	c. 1995	1997
—	—	—
96	103	111
Catalog 10229	Catalog 10362	Catalog 11254
<i>In the Days When Earth was Flat</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Diagonal Lust</i>
Oil on canvas	Ink on paper	Oil on paper
36.9375" × 18.9375"	12" × 9"	31.5" × 47.5"
1989	c. 1995	1997
—	—	—
97	104	112–113
Catalog 11339	Catalog 10365	Catalog 10445
<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Charcoal on paper	Ink on paper	Ink and marker on paper
26" × 40"	12" × 9"	9" × 12"
1990	c. 1995	c. 1998
—	—	—
98	105	114
Catalog 10621	Catalog 10356	Catalog 10344
<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Marker, colored pencil and ink on paper	Colored pencil on paper	Ink on paper
9" × 12"	9" × 12"	9.125" × 12"
1993	c. 1995	c. 2001
—	—	—
98	106	115
Catalog 10594	Catalog 10433	Catalog 11093
<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Marker and tempera on paper	Ink on watercolor paper	Oil and gouache on paper
11" × 14"	5" × 7"	18.75" × 26"
1993	c. 1995	2001
—	—	—
99	107	116
Catalog 10607	Catalog 10435	Catalog 10545
<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Trinidad and Tobago</i>	<i>Thanksgiving Day 2000</i>
Ink and metallic marker on paper	Ink on paper	Chalk on paper
14" × 1"	7" × 5.125"	40" × 26"
1993	1995	2000

117	125	133
Catalog 10281	Catalog 11578	Catalog 10635
<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Bye Bye Kabul</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Graphite and colored pencil on paper	Oil on canvas	Gouache and graphite on paper
40" × 26"	49" × 79.5" × 1.5"	9.875" × 7"
c. 1987	2004	c. 2005
—	—	—
118	126	134
Catalog 10040	Catalog 11240	Catalog 10635
<i>The OptiNerve Activates the Hand (#7)</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
Tempera, gouache, acrylic, papier	Gouache on paper	Watercolor and graphite on paper
mache, hardware cloth on wood panel	9.25" × 14"	9.875" × 7"
24.5" × 11.5"	c. 2000	c. 2005
2000	—	—
—	127	134
119	Catalog 11235	Catalog 11231
Catalog 11223	<i>Pericles' End</i>	<i>Berka</i>
<i>Axe a Ghost</i> (detail)	Gouache on paper	Gouache on paper
Charcoal on paper	22.25" × 30"	30" × 22.25"
30.5" × 44"	2002	2002
2001	—	—
—	128	135
120	Catalog 11201	Catalog 10634
Catalog 11220	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Untitled</i>
<i>Axe Head</i>	Gouache and charcoal on paper	Gouache and graphite on paper
Charcoal on paper	22.25" × 30"	9.875" × 7"
30.5" × 44"	c. 2006	c. 2005
2001	—	—
—	129	136
121	Catalog 10532	Catalog 10110
Catalog 11221	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Rembrandt's Lobe</i>
<i>Shadow Axe</i>	Chalk on black paper	Plaster and plastic
Oil stick on paper	26" × 21.5"	6.75" × 4.125"
44" × 30.5"	c. 2002	2003
2001	—	—
—	130	137
122	Catalog 10534	Catalog 10067
Catalog 11241	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Dome of Silence</i>
<i>Hammer from Hell</i>	Chalk on black paper	Plaster, glass beads, glass vase in wood
Oil stick on paper	39" × 27.5"	2005
38.5" × 50"	c. 2002	6" × 11.1875"
2001	—	—
—	131	138
123	Catalog 10536	Catalog 10018
Catalog 11242	<i>Untitled</i>	<i>Soto Voce #6</i>
<i>September 11, 2001</i>	Chalk and charcoal on black paper	Oil and charcoal on linen
Charcoal and tempera on paper	39" × 27.5"	2005
50" × 38.5"	c. 2002	28" × 22"
2001	—	—
—	132	139
124	Catalog 11211	Catalog 10019
Catalog 11815	<i>21st Century Chador</i>	<i>Revelation-Lamentation</i>
<i>The First Casualty of War is Truth</i>	Charcoal and gouache on paper	Oil and charcoal on canvas
Gouache on paper	19.5" × 27.5"	2005
19.5" × 22"	2002	20" × 24"
c. 2001		

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I feel fortunate to say that many people are owed thanks for helping to make *Humanoid Boogy* a reality.

First and foremost, my deepest appreciation goes to Jamie Johnson, without whom, this project would never have been. Her unending determination to honor Dutterer's legacy has been an inspiration, and her patience and gentle guidance has taught me much about being a collaborator. I look forward to our continued adventure of bringing Dutterer to the people! Next, thanks go to Lou Joseph of the ICA Baltimore for providing me with support through the logistic and philosophical quandaries we came upon. His belief in artists has shone through and served as a guiding light while his determination to find solutions instead of compromising has helped me realize my goals.

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