The Museum of Man
25,000 A.D.

by

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Approved:

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Introduction:

I was born on 13 January 1979 in Athens, Georgia. My parents hail from Wisconsin so I do not claim to be a southerner. I have a well-developed automatic drawing habit. This drawing habit helped me overcome a difficult struggle with depression. Drawing is the foundation of my art practice. Making work gives my life direction and meaning.

Hopefully I will enjoy a long life that allows me to continue to make a wide variety of work. I am a bit obsessed with death so I enjoy the thought of my work continuing to exist long after my flesh has rotted away and my bones turned to dust beneath the inexorable wheel of time. I have recently acquired a basic knowledge of mig welding so I have been able to seal some of my work inside steel caskets. I imagine a time far in the future where my work is displayed in some sort of important repository of ancient Human culture. This Museum of Man will most likely be located on Mars or maybe one of the moons of Jupiter.

My thesis report contains two bodies of work. The Bathtub Buddy Deployment Modules and my Dick Crosses. The Dick Crosses were censored from a satellite MFA show held in Atlanta. The organizers of that event failed to see the humor in my work. Humor is important because life is absurd. The bottom line is that I make work to effect a positive transformation in my brain. That is why I am not afraid to destroy work or seal it up in steel caskets. I am trying to make a better ME.
Bathtub Buddy Deployment Modules (BTBDMs)

The inspiration for my Bathtub Buddy Deployment Module comes from two sources. A trip to the Mississippi River and a weapon system I was introduced to when I was in the United States Army. The weapon system I am referring to is of course the M131 Modular Pack Mine System (MOPMS). The MOPM is a plastic box that propels anti-personnel and anti-tank mines into a specific pattern onto the battlefield. You can see a video of this weapon system on the YouTube if you search for MOPMS. Years later I was casting some of my Bathtub Buddies into the Mississippi River and I was thinking of how to delay their release into the flow of the water. Once I signed up for the metal fabrication class last year the idea clicked in my head and the Bathtub Buddy Deployment Module was born.

So the basic concept is a sealed steel casket filled with Bathtub Buddies. Bathtub Buddies are hollow ceramic spheres that float when placed in a body of water. Once the casket is filled and welded shut the module is placed in the designated body of water. Over time the steel will rust away and the Bathtub Buddies will be released. I am uncertain of how long this will take. This does not concern me because ideally you and I will both be dead. Maybe in one hundred years some stranger will pluck a Bathtub Buddy from the Oconee River and wonder just what the hell is happening.

One Bathtub Buddy Deployment Module has been placed in the Oconee River. I have provided a series of photographs documenting this event. The seven foot steel column that was displayed at the Georgia Museum of Art presents some very special problems. I do not have the means to place it into a body of water. It contains approximately one thousand Bathtub Buddies and weighs close to one thousand pounds. Ideally I would like to see it sunk into a body of water but I think for now that will have to wait.
The Dick Crosses

The greatest Jesus image I have ever seen was a life-size plaster statue at a church on the Zocalo, the main square in Mexico City. Jesus is on all fours with his back flayed open to the bone. You can see the white of his rib bones. As a Catholic boy I love gory images of crucified Christs. Human beings contain the strangest combination of twisted horror and beauty. I love us and I hate us.

The Dick Crosses began as black and white line drawings of Jesus crucified on the Cross with a hard-on. Jesus has a hard-on because he likes it. My drawings evolve as I repeat them again and again. Eventually the Crucified Jesus became simply a cross with a face and a hard-on. You can imagine the Cross fucking you as you die and whispering in your ear or giving you a tender kiss behind the ear.