



David Glover

BFA Thesis

Art of The Mudsuckle Ritual

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A Trip to the Library

One day I picked up some books about Alaska, including Freeze Frame, which is how I learned about the BFA program.



Freeze Frame by Jamie Smith
From the North Pole Library



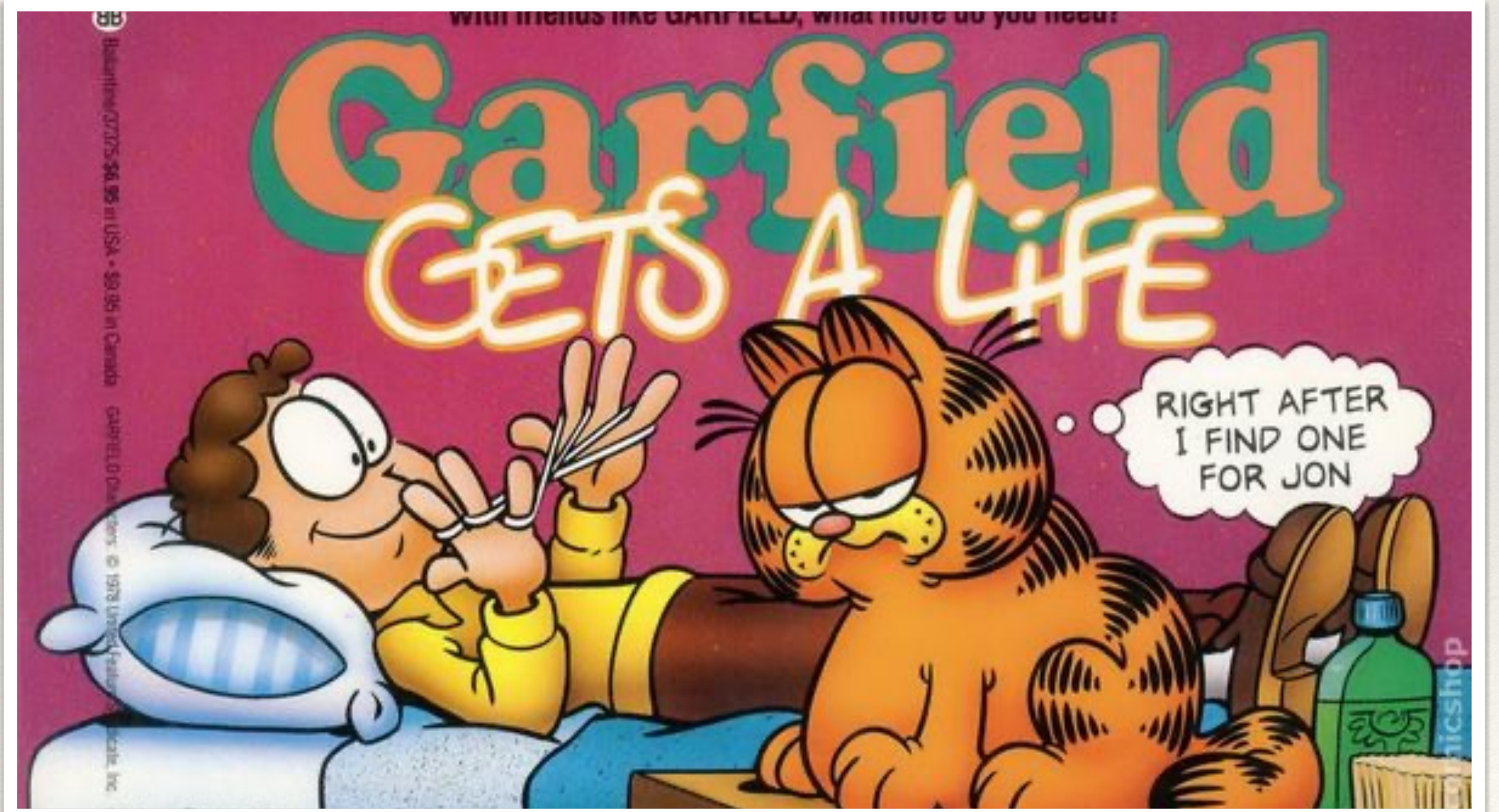
Peanuts by Charles Schulz

<https://4.bp.blogspot.com/-7DrHh8RS8J0/URGBriVJQeI/AAAAAAAAAMA/bw8QYSc8tUY/s1600/peanuts-v2-no5-cover.jpg>



Calvin and Hobbes by Bill Watterson

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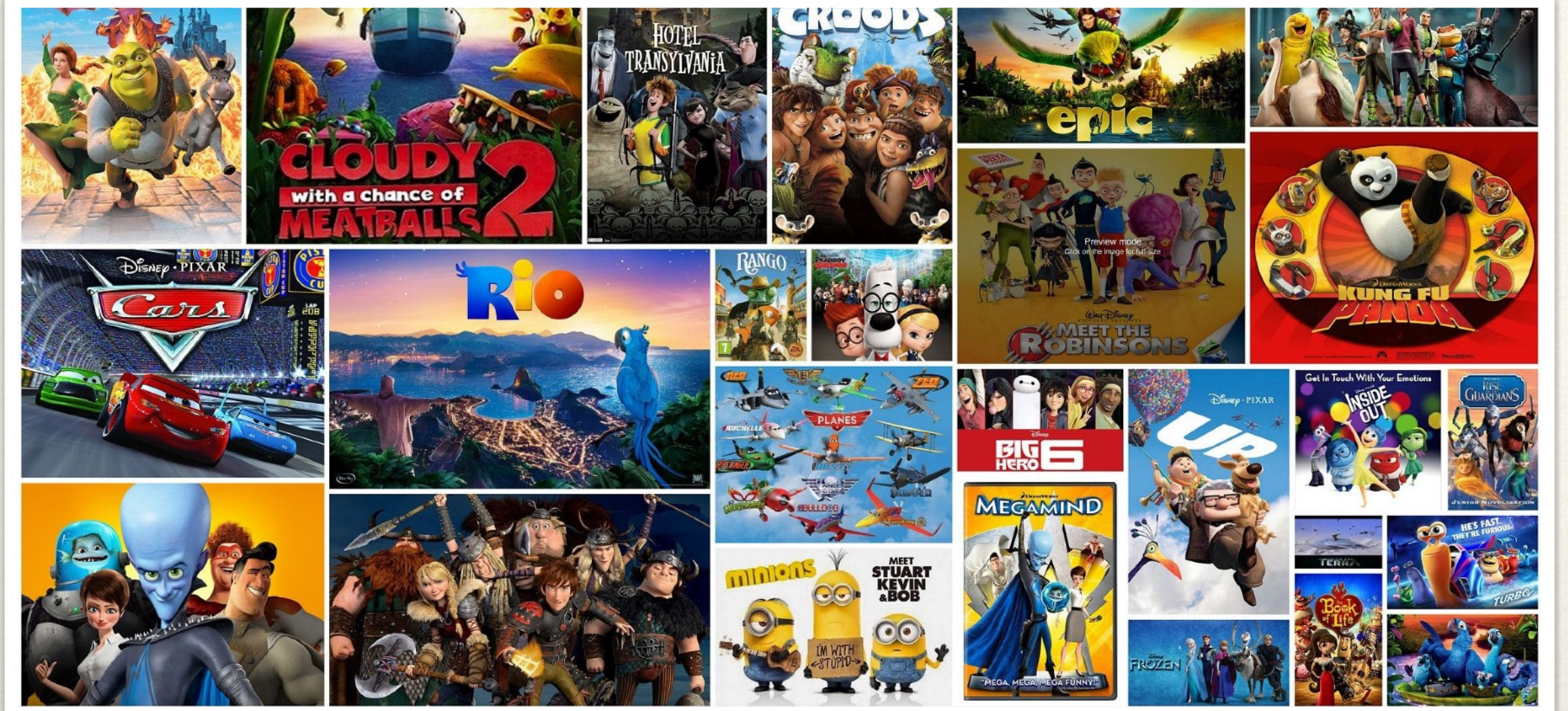


Garfield by Jim Davis

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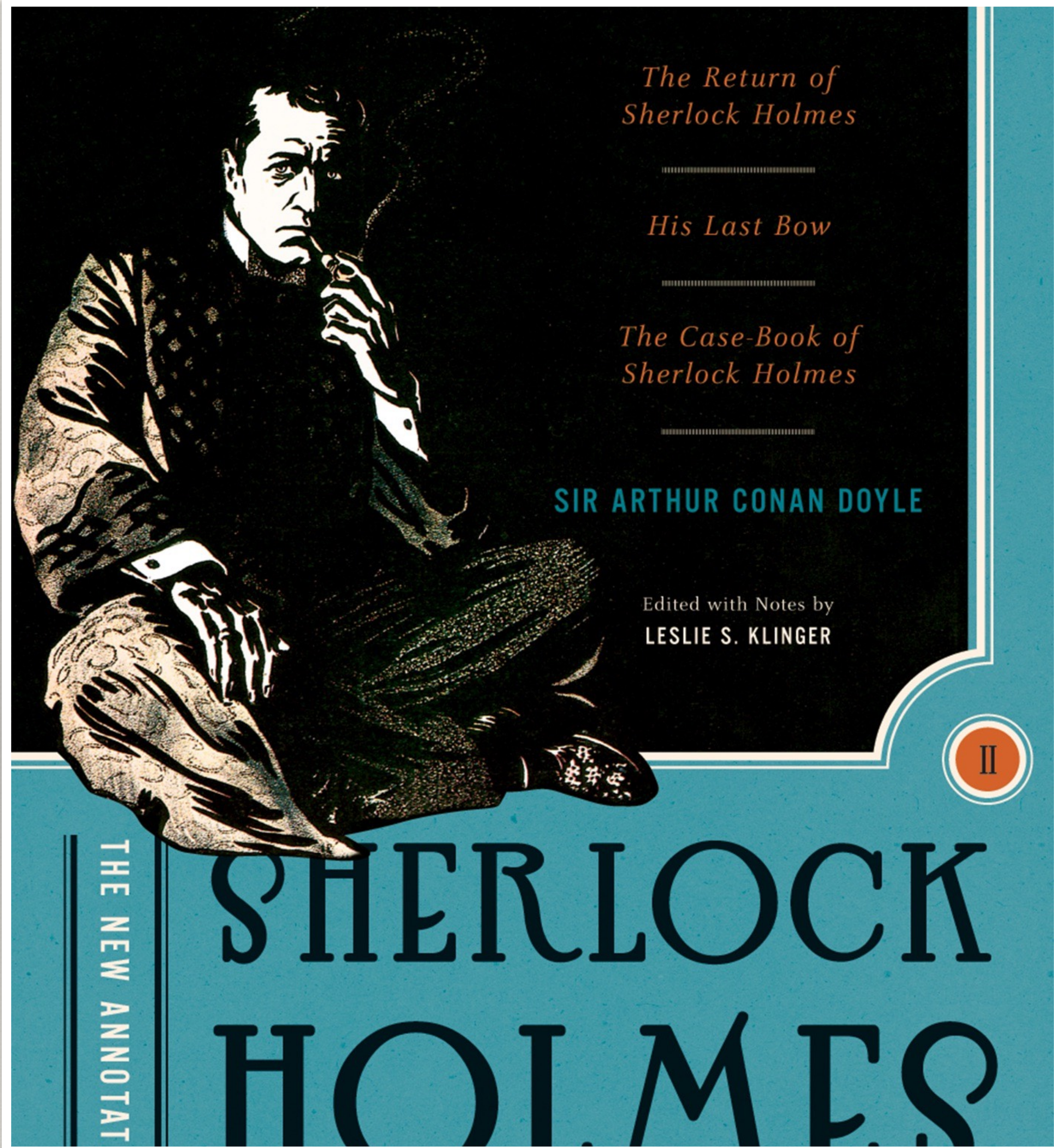
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<https://www.disneytouristblog.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/08/art-disney-pixar-marvel-books-259-620x414.jpg>



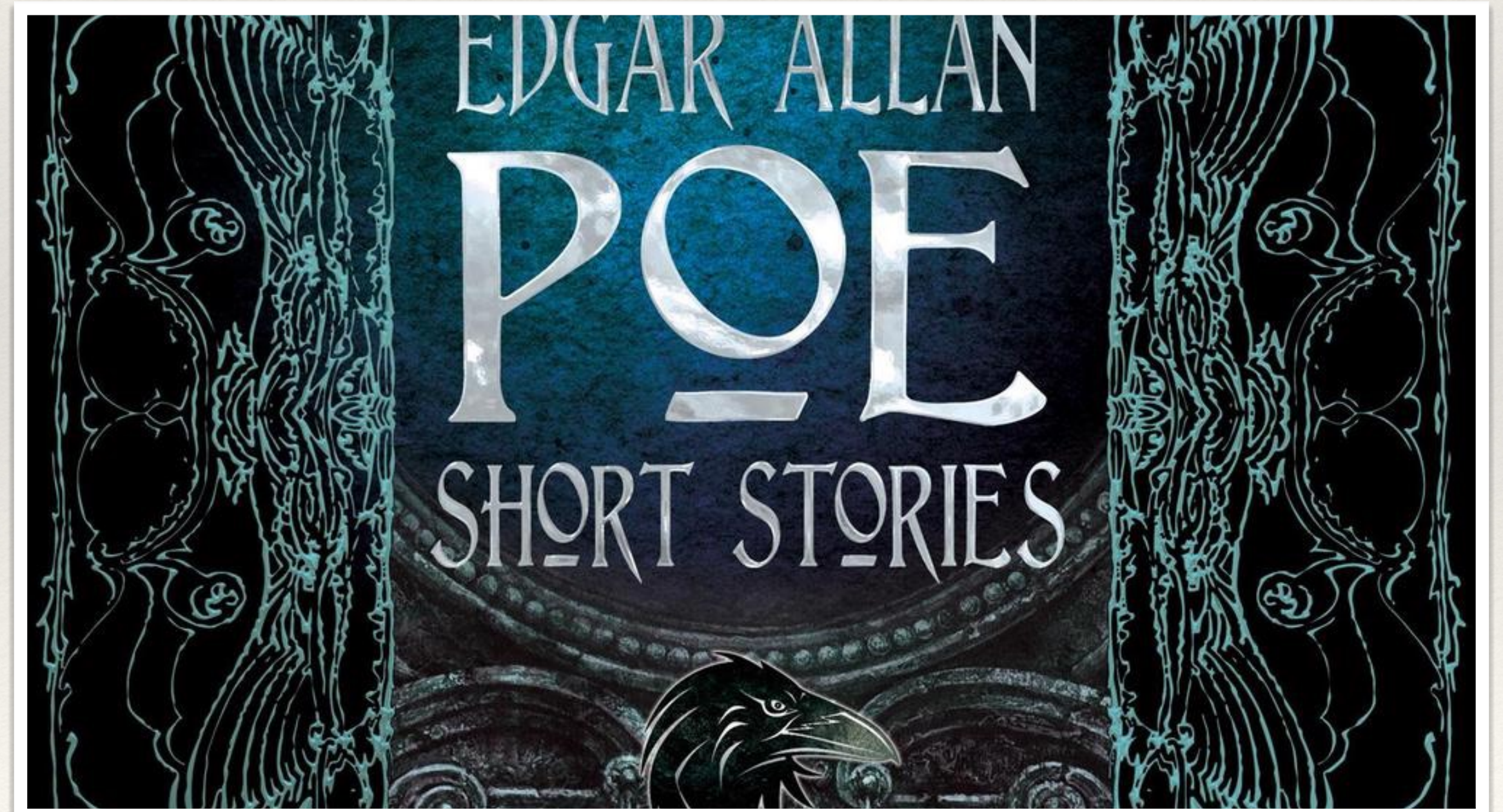
Sherlock Holmes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

<http://is1.mzstatic.com/image/thumb/Publication6/v4/b3/f7/ce/b3f7ceab-f813-8dec-851a-87c2bc3c75ac/source/1400x1663sr.jpg>



The Works of H.P. Lovecraft

<https://images-na.ssl-images-amazon.com/images/I/81sKiHr6RrL.jpg>



The Works of Edgar Allan Poe

<https://i.thenile.io/r1000/9781786645456.jpg?r=5ea87dbf4c6b6>

A Bonehead Detectives Mystery

The Mudsuckle Ritual

A storybook about a group of young detectives and their dog who embark upon a case to find a person who has vanished from the Mudsuckle community.



Book Cover

Art of The Mudsuckle Ritual

The Beaver Pond Reinterpreted

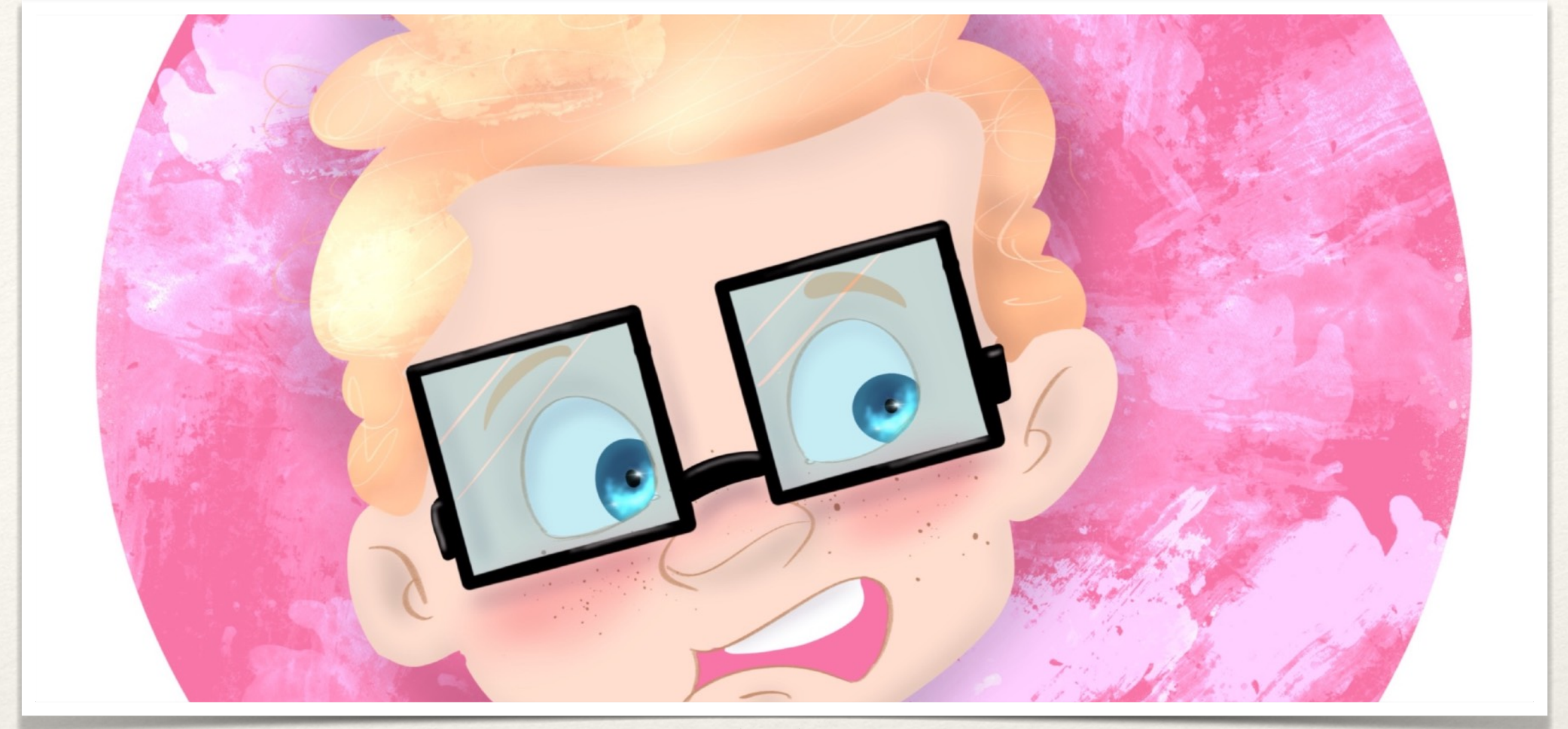
One of the earliest pieces for the storybook. Inspired by many childhood trips on the pond.



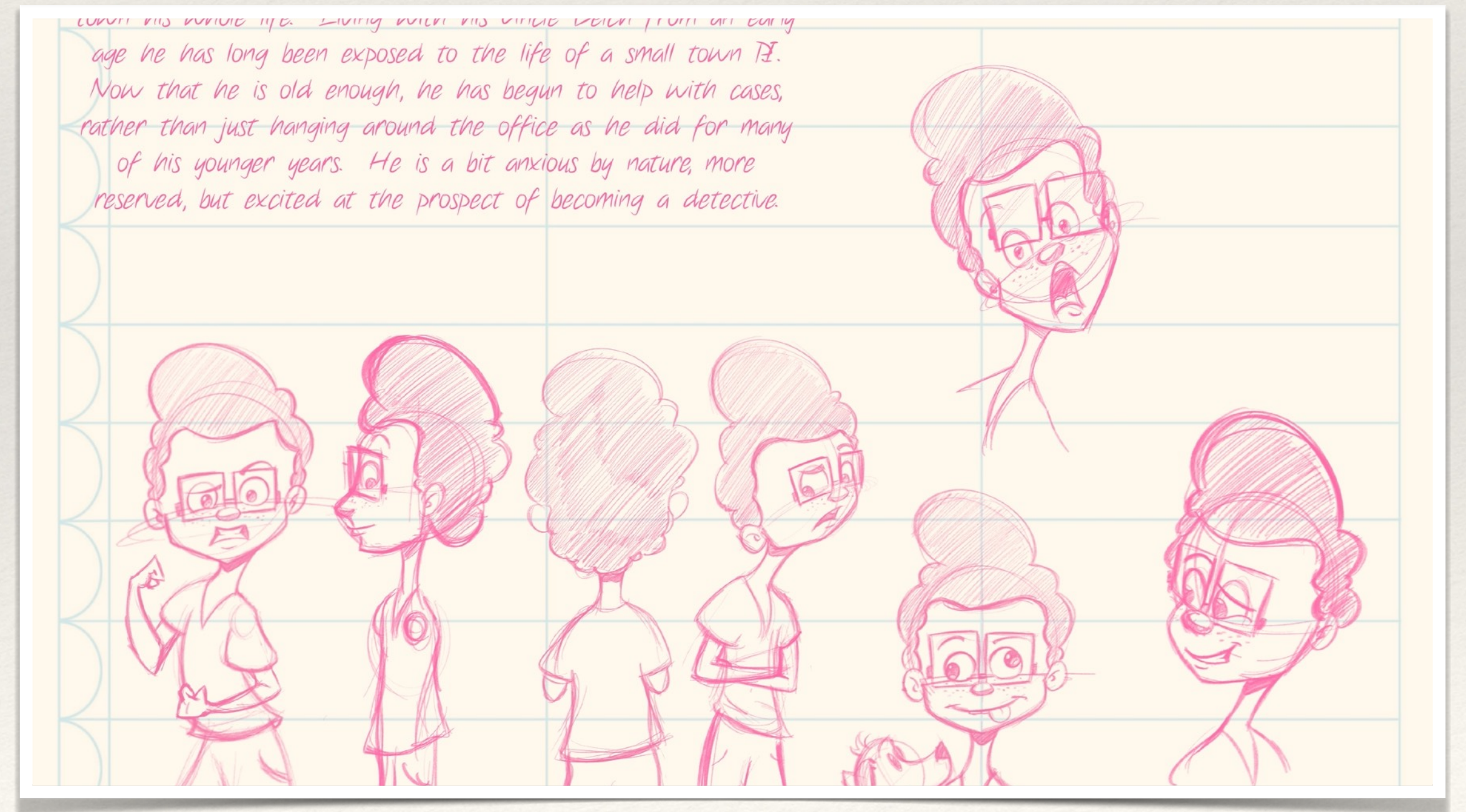
The Art of the Mudsuckle Ritual

Axel

A character inspired by a childhood friend.



Finished character



Concept sketches

THE
MUDSUCKLE
RITUAL



Table resembling a workspace



Ballpoint pen sketches

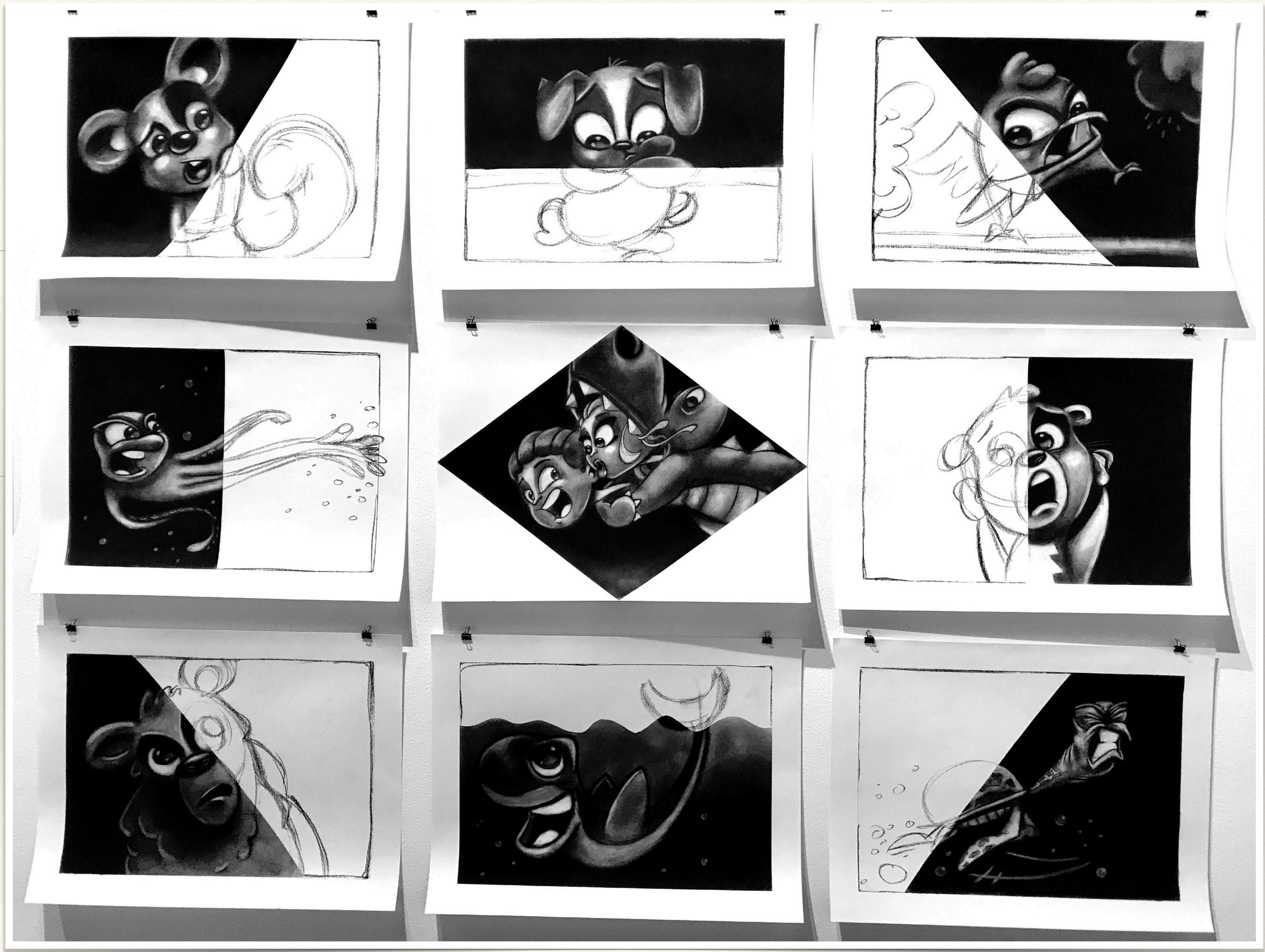


Early character designs and layout for the storybook

Art of The Mudsuckle Ritual

The Wabi Sabi Series

1. Nothing is finished
2. Nothing is perfect
3. Nothing is everlasting

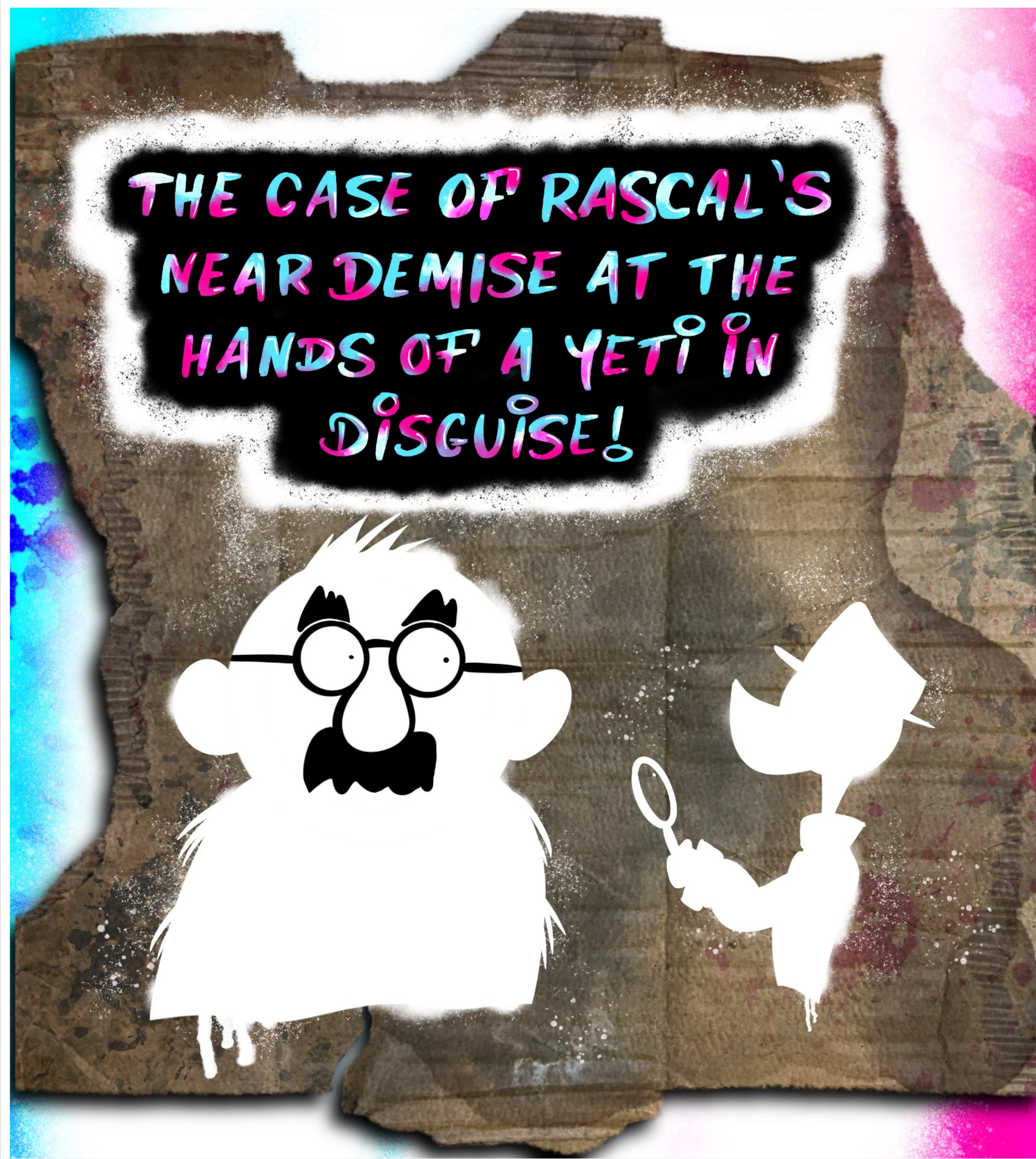




Framed charcoal pieces



Framed charcoal pieces



Mini Mysteries that will be printed on foam board



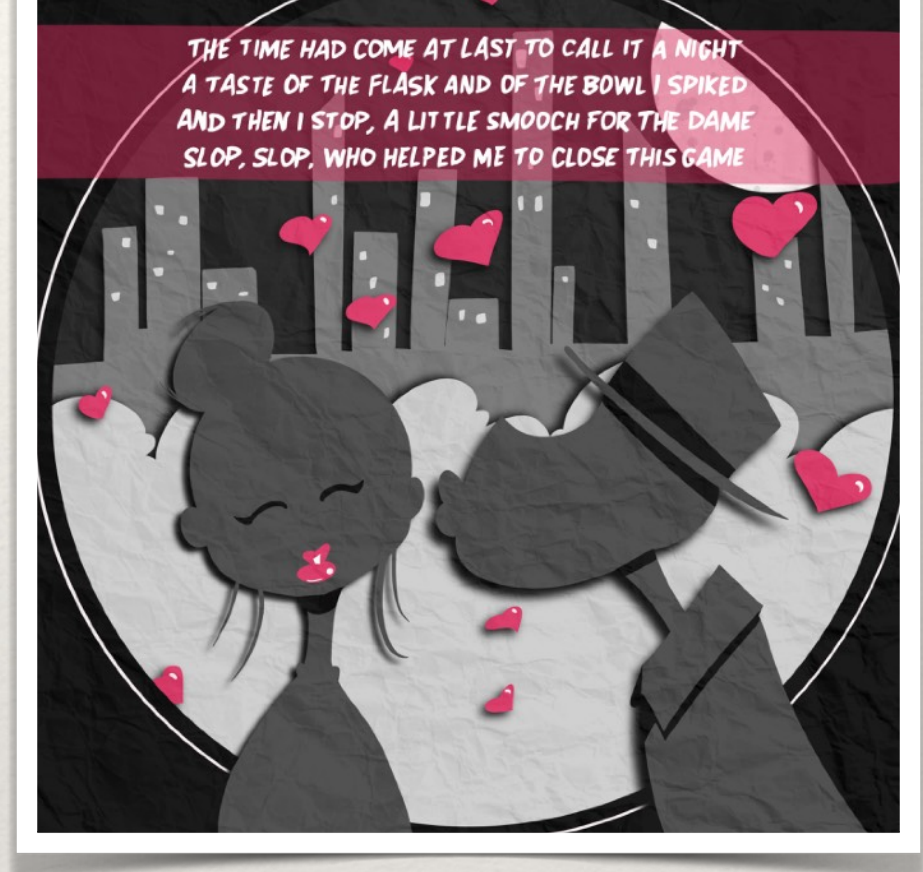
Audio versions are available for those interested



THE DOOR FLEW OPEN, CLUTTERED AND CRASHED
RAIN POURING IN AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHED
THE THUNDER ROARED SOMETHING UNTOWARD
THEN MR MUDSUCKLE FLOATED THROUGH THE DOOR

HE SPOKE WITH THE VOICE OF ONE
WHO'D EXPIRED
"I AM JEREMIAH MUDSUCKLE, THE
THIRD, ESQUIRE"
JERRY RELAYED THE STORY,
BIZARRE, AND SUCCINCT
OF HIS MISSING COUSIN AND NEVER
EVEN BLINKED

"I SAW ZADOCK, THREE DAYS
PAST, IN THE MORNING
RECITING THE RITUAL LIKE SOME
KIND OF WARNING
HE GAVE A WINK AND A SMILE
SAD NOW HE KNEW
WHAT TO DO AND RAN OUT WITH
A BOWL FULL OF STEW"



MY NAME IS RASCAL BONEHEAD AND I'M A P.I.
A RUGGED POOCH INDEED, A PUP WITH AN EYE
FOR ALL KINDS OF CRIME, SNIFFING OUT MYSTERIES
THIS GAME SMELT FINE, LIKE A BOWL FULL OF TREATS

IT WAS A TOUGH CASE TO CRACK, BUT I'M A TOUGH HOUND
FIRST CRACK MY BACK AND GET MY NOSE TO THE GROUND
SNIFF THAT TREE, THE SINKHOLE, AND SOME RANDOM LEAVES
A NEST OF BEES! FORGET IT, HEADING HOME TO WATCH TV.

THE TIME HAD COME AT LAST TO CALL IT A NIGHT
A TASTE OF THE FLASK AND OF THE BOWL I SPIKED
AND THEN I STOP, A LITTLE SMOOCH FOR THE DAME
SLOP, SLOP, WHO HELPED ME TO CLOSE THIS GAME



"WHAT WAS THAT?" AXEL SAID, "THE
SEASHORE?"
SONGS OF A BIRD WE'D NEVER EVER
HEARD BEFORE
HIGH AND SWEET, WE EXCLAIMED, "THE
SIRENS!"
TWEET TWEET, GRIN, GIANT
MUSHROOMS, THE TWINS!

OPEN UP THE TIME TRAVELING CAN, WITH A MESSAGE
LIKE A BOTTLE ON THE SAND IT SURVIVED IT'S PASSAGE
A LETTER FROM ZADOCK TO HIS FAMILY IN THIS DIMENSION
HANDED IT TO JERRY AND HE READ WITHOUT INFLECTION

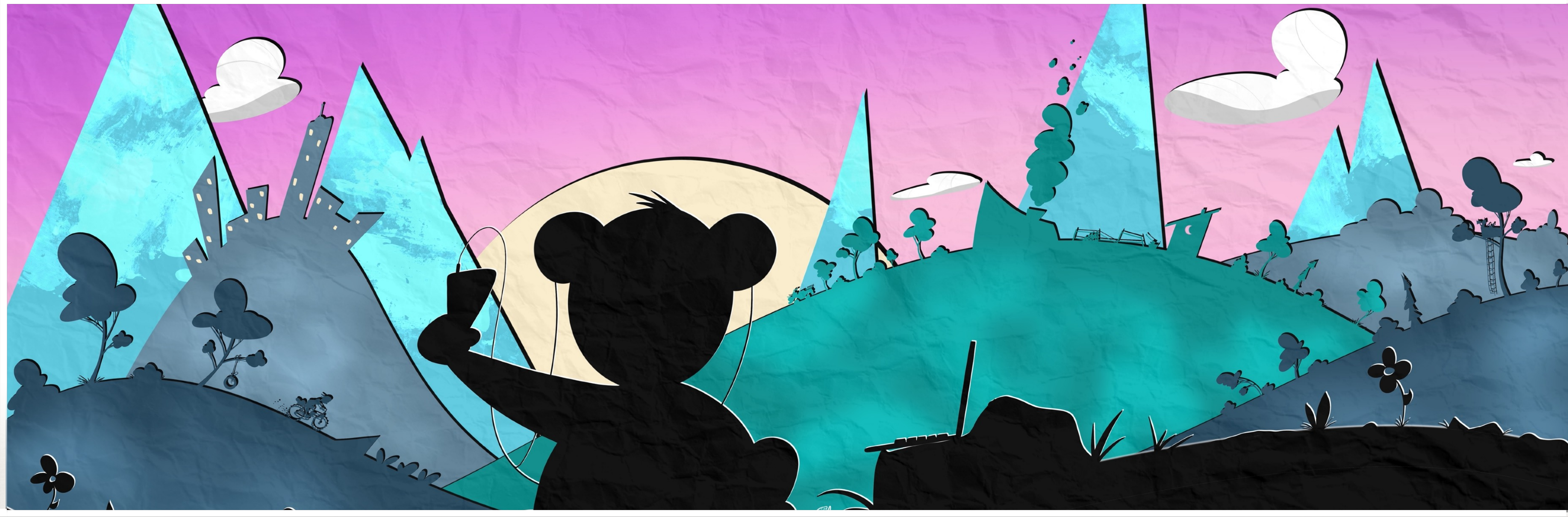
"RASCAL! YOU DIRTY DOG! STOP LICKING MY FACE
AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, YOU CAN GET OFF MY LEGS!"



Landscape



Show Table



The Art of the Mudsuckle Ritual

Thank You



A big thank you to all who supported my creative endeavors while a part of the BFA program! To the instructors who served on my committee, encouraged my creativity, provided resources, tools, and time to help provide a greater understanding of the arts. To my junior high school art teacher who first mentioned drawing with the shoulder, even though it took me far too long to figure out what that meant. For the high school art teachers who put up with my endless attendance, year after year to retake the same class again and again. To the dogs who never ceased to need to take a trip outside at the most inconvenient times and who kept me company by sleeping soundly while I plodded along through countless homework assignments. For those who enriched my childhood camping trips by falling in the campfire, chasing moose, locking us out of the car while a bear ransacked the campsite, sailing the beaver pond, and burning their sock over the flames mere feet from the s'mores. Those who stayed up late into the night listening to stories of UFO's and all events bizarre and unexplainable. Those who enriched my childhood by running into parked cars, sharing music recommendations, exploring abandoned cabins, and sharing their thoughts on the perfect triangle. Those unforgettable trips to old trap cabins and the chain smoking fiend, the nights of hot cocoa and mornings of bacon and eggs and days of fishing for supper. For the nights by the creek and the afternoon by the hay shed, the long walks to nowhere, and the winter night we walked home through the snow because you forgot your sleeping bag. That frozen Slim Jim was the most tasteless treat I've ever enjoyed. For the adults who provided guidance in my formative years by taking us kids out on road trips, camping trips, sleepovers, and the winter time Monday morning breakfasts. I don't know what possessed you to give so much time to such an undesirable group of kids, but I'll never forget it. Those many days of giving your time and attention were not wasted...well, maybe they were, but in the best way! For all this and far more than I can list, thank you all, it's been unforgettable.