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The Symptomatic Self

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements

for the degree Master of Fine Arts

in

Visual Arts

by

Jessica Frelund

Committee in charge:

Professor Brian Cross, Chair
Professor William Bryson, Co-chair
Professor Patrick Anderson
Professor Jordan Crandall
Professor Nicole Miller

2018

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Co-Chair

Chair

University of California San Diego

2018

EPIGRAPH

“Shovel’s coming.”

B.C. (B+)¹

“I have seen many worlds, not just one.”

M.J.

“Go all the way.”

C.B. (Charles Bukowski)

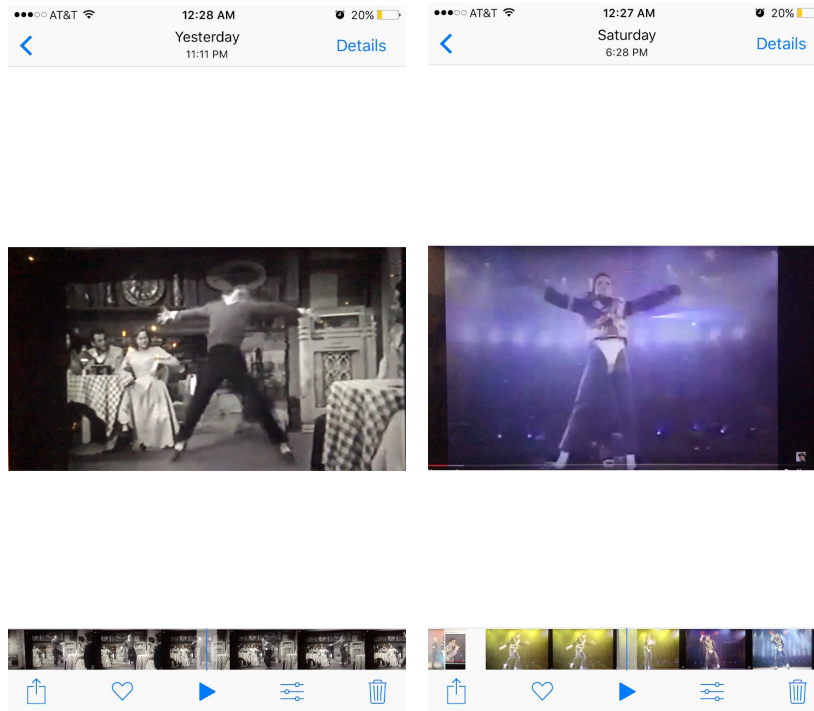


Figure 1.1: Bob Fosse Screenshot Figure 1.2: Michael Jackson Screenshot

¹ When questioned about not using full names here, I activated the controversial role of vainglorious excavator (taking the opportunist’s leap/dive into the void/waters in search of any charmed inclinations formed by/as aberrations/fish that may have escaped from the black hole[]/been left to grow in the recesses of my somatic notebook (the cerebellum). All of this with the compulsivity of the perpetual mirror-looker and determination/rush of/from a gold-digger/gold-sighting. (Continued on page 16.)

KEY

KY²

- *** Requires further attention
- [] Attended to elsewhere (in unpublished material)
- (~) Attended to elsewhere (in the text at large)

² I shall hereafter maintain a consistent section-title to vowel treatment, visually examining the aesthetic nature of words in their... neutered form[]/(~). Knowing '*neutered*' to be a sure-candidate for ex-communication, I compulsively looked the word up to eventuate a *choice* replacement. Doing so in my usual unfocused way, I discovered that there is infact a word for (the act of) removing vowels from words. 'Disemboweling' was used as the portmanteau that it is by James Joyce in *Finnegans Wake* (1939), but where the use of removing vowels from words might *not* be so... nefarious, it seems unnecessarily morbid and rather unfortunate - just as unfortunate as the word I used *in haste*, neutered.

I cannot say that (the act of) chopping away at words *senselessly* calls to mind 'desexing' or (separately) 'rendering ineffectual' (*etymologies of neutered*). Nor can I say that this act *senselessly* calls to mind the body. I can say that before this *thing* is set in stone as identifiably disturbing, an alternative word invention may have a competing chance - for though it is clear enough what that word would be - my search for its noun-form showed no results.

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ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

The Symptomatic Self

by

Jessica Frelund

Master of Fine Arts in Visual Arts

University of California San Diego, 2018

Professor Brian Cross, Chair
Professor William N. Bryson, Co-Chair

While explaining the trajectory of a work of art generally takes away from the viewers experience, some verbal accompaniment is expected. The meaning of the work and intentions of the artist must be translated into the viewer's first processing language, which would (given this expectation) appear to be language [~]. Whether or not these things are so [], I make no attempts at disciplining myself away from performing what might be a sort of ethnography on ideation. Could tracing the stages of *one* idea (from germination to reception) shed light on how humans make sense of the world now [~]? How we

orchestrate the narratives of our social lives? How we as individuals and a collective (through aesthetics)³ come to prefer/cling to/make copiously accessible a particular emotion?

The following is a fragmentary selection of texts taken from notebooks, papers, and press-releases. As the above may reveal certain obsessions, so might the below. And while these texts explore *medium-specific* obsessions, I hope to make clear (however indirectly) that the fuel of *this* self-destructive burn is an obsession with *somatic intensities of transformation*.

³ I have pasted the etymological history of this word below as I *do not* employ it for its most recent and narrow definition. It is my belief that the word *aesthetic* - if understood in its classical sense - would correspond with a greater awareness of both human potential, and the function of art. In this sense, the word highly relevant to my practice.

“aesthetic (n.)

1798, from German *Ästhetisch* (mid-18c.) or French *esthétique* (which is from German), ultimately from Greek *aisthetikos* “of or for perception by the senses, perceptive,” of things, “perceptible,” from *aisthanesthai* “to perceive (by the senses or by the mind), to feel,” from PIE **awis-dh-yo-*, from root **au-* “to perceive.”

Popularized in English by translations of Kant and used originally in the classically correct sense “science which treats of the conditions of sensuous perception” [OED]. Kant had tried to reclaim the word after Alexander Baumgarten had taken it in German to mean “criticism of taste” (1750s), but Baumgarten's sense attained popularity in English c. 1830s (despite scholarly resistance) and freed the word from philosophy. Walter Pater used it (1868) to describe the late 19c. movement that advocated “art for art's sake,” which further blurred the sense. [Whewell had proposed *callesthetics* for “the science of the perception of the beautiful.”]

As an adjective by 1798 “of or pertaining to sensual perception;” 1821 as “of or pertaining to appreciation of the beautiful.” Related: *Aesthetically*.”

THE SYMPTOMATIC SELF

PLNLSS NTRDCTN

There's a paragraph in the middle that asks as it unfolds whether it will maintain its introductory role or be moved to the end. While sharing this gives me a particularly pleasant feeling, I present no more than the possibility that I might have been exhibiting the pared down portrait of what was to come. To have made such a claim would be pretense. I have no problem with pretense, I only wish to say that along with world-within-worlds and inverted body bound-in-g continuums, I am possessed by slight irregularities. Inconsistencies. Truths which slip from alignment upon their being noticed. What thoughts, ideas or concepts run ahead, fall behind, remain unseen, carry forth their effects despite being unwanted? I have made a slight error. A near, or nuclear miss in its *ineffitude* (ineffable etude).

The word, having oscillatory traits uttered and thought, uttered subconsciously or automatically, thought consciously or via some similar or dissimilar resonance pre-sign assigned, carries more weight than could be known. Where I wish I were a mathematician, I at least offer honestly, and as best I can, the pathological framework for that which I present regardless of (though paying special attention to) form, material, or medium. It is true I am both pained by making so plain my ineptitude and penchant for error, and ludicrously entertained by the tail I chase or (wish to) trace; wag as a form of echolocation.

1

Such pleasant madness takes no more or less advantage of the illusory complex of the mind. What carries farther the genie into the realm of material distress than the dope? Is it not the dope whose entrance holds sway – having mastered the pause, the break, the 'touch' – such as in the game of hide

¹ Here lie the remains (there are none) of a poorly constructed (or severely defaced) argument regarding accidental derailment and potential use value.

and seek, lip-syncing, or *speaking* without moving one's mouth. *Ineffitude*, ineptitude, the prank, the dunk-tank. Ah, here it is! The dope poet becomes the fish the poet was fishing for. There. That is how the work goes – comes. Comes then goes. Comes then goes then comes again, too. You know how it is. You get the fish you get. You supply the fish, or you don't. You guess and gamble. You let it get bigger, or you speak too soon. Speak soon, too. You share your methods, secrets, best times of day, or you don't. You think about what you're doing, or you don't. You play dumb like a fly - cast. You're cast to catch. You're caught. Played and eaten. If not, you're plaid (a square within yet more squares) and bored (you got no tension lines to *play*).^{2 3 4}

² Stragglng sentence: *Is it even possible to not eat your way out?*

³ Stragglng sentence: *I may or may not use that fly in this text – just flaunting my tackle box is all. Just flauntin'.*

⁴ Alternative ending: *You know what you're doing so well you improvise with ease or you don't and you play the tension lines... on the fly.*

Vipassana & Stoicism

The Tension In Attention

The Symptomatic Self

The Staging of The Stage

Self-Authorship

The Isolating of A Thing

Scherzo

Proximal Communities

Musical Semantics

List of ListsInverse Operations Operative

Hyper-Metaphorization

Hermeticism

Gestural Mathematics

Etymologies

Apronyms

When faced with the task of complaining as I am now, I'd complain about having to go to the bathroom. And eating. It doesn't take much to see that we (humans) have (some of us) really taken to waste production. My mind floods with amateurish analogies; jumping from high above the social body, into the animal body, the human body, through the cell wall, and into the RnA. Next thing I know (though not before stopping for the night at hotel, *We've Been Duped into Believing We're Incapacitated*), I'm reading about synthetic macromolecules.

Some will, as they have done so with me already in private, suggest that taking a shit in the woods is an act of making magic. That peeing is making music. I suppose these ideas could make for some good personal health-assessment metaphors. There are, of course, waste products everywhere you look in and on the human body, and each of these organs outputs a translation of what has gone in and what has gone on therein. While complexification increases as more and more organs pass along their necessarily personalized messages, the brain has proven to be a rather capable translator. It is here where things start to turn to shit.

What becomes of the organ whose function it is to translate the internal functioning of the rest when those few no longer function properly⁵ and the many making up that organ are still signed to the record label legally binding them⁶ to the foolishness of their bindings. This is the three legged race. The self-harming machine. The naked ruler as the nakedness of the people and ultimate mirage. Make no claims to those capabilities which have been outsourced or you will be out a leg. Or you may be out that third leg.

⁵ Lacking the translation skills that were more available when the minds of others were still a buzz with knowledge and only beginning to unlearn to listen, and parts of their job have also been outsourced.

⁶ A three legged race.

The commodification of the individual takes a sudden, drawn-out turn towards the commodification of the self. The muriatic metal⁷ no more or less attainable. The species thinks in pulses about gender at the point of sale. The POS⁸. It asks itself (taking time-outs/times out with such yawnings) "In what moment and where is the feminine a commodity unto itself?" So sleepy do we become now that the eyes begin to move inward, darting about the interstitial-stellar. It forms - in so small an instant - an image. A slow zoom incrementally speeds the camera into the mouth of a beast in full yawning glory. The king of the cow herds hasn't a clue as (per incrementally recognizant backpedalling) it's hea(r)d disappears into the clamping out of itself. What about a watch that tells not time, but moment by moment levels of testosterone both internally and externally.

⁷ Hydrochloric Acid " is classified as strongly acidic and can attack the skin over a wide composition range, since the hydrogen chloride practically dissociates completely in solution." This definition is cited from Wikipedia.

⁸ Piece of shit

The girls took my biz card. Looked interested. Gotta get me my photographer and cinematographer. All my equipment is in NM - what I gonna do 'bout it.¹⁰

⁹ Doms in Disguise

¹⁰ If I don't put a question mark at the end of this sentence, it is said to be a statement. If I give way to the editor who questions my decision as I do now with my editorial self, I might (as I do now) wonder if what I'm dealing with is not simply a matter of sketching upside down (that which one attempts to convey to an individual with which they are in dialogue with). You know what I'm mired in? I'm mired as the deep sea diver - back to the open ocean, magnifying glass to the shelf life. I mean to say that I'm snagged on the wire - just at the hem of my jeans (I wear high-waters) - in the midst of gunfire - over *the* Normandy Beach backdrop. This two dimensional image of my body now grows disproportionately between my self-judging self outside of the vision, and the old black & white television. '*The girl*' looks down in the direction of her *ankle* for show/a performance - and just like that, we're all a bit behind (ourselves). Snip. Snap. Zip. Zap (me out) (by the seat of my chiny chin Chan) (all up the wim wam).; Eyes lookin' back at self as if to say, wtf you be crazin' on? Answer (supplied by Ice Cube): chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self / Come on and check yo self before you wrickity-wreck yo self."

Dear S and He(s',) and He(s') devoid of S Who Publicly Identify with the A to t, Please remove the stick from your ass. It's really bothering me. Don't think for a minute that I figure you care. And on another note, you loathing lutist, I know you think you give a shit, but think a moment longer. You cannot possibly give a shit in the state you're in.

Just because the lie is the field doesn't mean you yourself must harbor the pale. Yes, you're cold, nearly dead, surviving in the carcass of an ass, having opened it up as if to die. There is no rest for you, for you cannot bend. You cannot bend with the stick inside.

Have we always been so retentive?

Can you recall when the stakes were foreshortened, falling then disappearing suddenly? They were tall, but you knew you could break them. Holding their entirety in view at such a distance, you knew them. You knew what they were made of – not much. Long, slender, nearly identical, they stood beside one another in an orderly fashion, each seeing but two. So daft, so dull. Penetrable. You ran when red and as you drew closer, the less of them you saw, and having gained speed and being unprepared to change your mind so near your target, they came suddenly to mirror the eclipse before your face.

Fine, fine. I mustn't take away your stick. What do I know? Clearly nothing at all. Not much, anyway. Moving about as I do, I've never made of you either a pole or a hole, at least not until your end became so prominent that your beginning came unhinged from your middle, and your burial rites were handled by the hyenas, cackling at having seen you cracking and busting, bloodying the ruins you'd held in place having heard of the ruination of far away ruins and of stuck sticks running rails, lowering pales, passing stones and crying out like human babies. You look around and see those other S and He's and He's devoid of S, who publicly identify with the A to t, and you laugh and tell jokes and ask for hugs, but from time to time you mistake them for your stick, giving them nothing but shit.

Please, keep your stick so I may know to keep my distance, for I remember bleeding on your ruins and hearing you give birth to yourself and impaling those you said you loved when publicly you

¹¹ *The He in He She The and They*

found yourself and news of your stationary stance prayed tell and those who fell when your middle fell
were impeached when your rear end buckled.

Studying processes and movement. Virtual reality, control, oscillation rate, shape, size, density, volume, weight. An archive of basic gestures. Non-normative gestures as potentially applicable to developing body awareness. Capabilities. Challenges. Strange feats. Methods of abstract analysis and abstract analysis itself. Collaboration. Non-abstract outcomes. Sensing gloves. A catalogue of basic hand gestures. Sign language. Waves. Touching. Feeling the palm of one's hand. Typing, holding, wiping tears away.

I just wanted to see myself soar through the air.

Please do not let this object sit in any one place too long. Work it, think it over, ignore and find again. Place, dislodge, re-frame. Let it get in the way. Take it out of someone's way. Hide it, curse at it, wear it out, scream into it, leave it outside in the rain, trip over it, crack it. But please do not let this object sit in any one place too long.

I am what you think I am. I am also the exact opposite. Connect the ends of the spectrum to form a continuum. Use this as a phaser.

In reverse order, epoxy resin, red watercolor, wood glue, Cinema Papers magazines from 1977, 1980, 1982, and galvanized steel wire.

How well do you know your machines, Richard?, 2018

So as to not beat around the bush [REDACTED] to avert from our instinctual line [REDACTED] find the truth [REDACTED] how it is made. Not as a traitor unto ourselves [REDACTED] an alignment [REDACTED] an open channel. Seeking the exact [REDACTED] desirous of a perfect language [REDACTED] the stage that becomes us. [REDACTED] the staging of the stage [REDACTED] simple terms. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] not the kind of lie that makes us, [REDACTED] the lie that shows us. Hanging daily [REDACTED] [REDACTED] second-guessing [REDACTED] pressures that keep us from knowing our [REDACTED] selves.

Framing always, but have we always been so square? Flat walls, square borders. Why do we sit and why do we assume we should? Chairs. See hairs. Split hairs. Hairs and heirs. Ponder H upon the throne. Ponder h as if alone. Sit and stare, or ponder hair¹².

The movie industry made(makes) her believe it was(is) she who was(is) desirable(desired) and the porn industry capitalizes upon these lies. She, now split in two before the camera. Girl after girl delimbed, teaching a younger generation of self-consumers how to not care, what to not care about, and how to hide it.

To care is to 'see are.' Care is indicative of a plurality. S/he is. We are. I am. B am. To be split in two. Care is us. It is Martin Buber's I-You rather than his I-It. Care is s/he who receives and s/he who gives. It is not one alone. The argument cannot consist of the same words repeated over and over again. It doesn't work to talk again and again about objectification. The object that is the cock and it's ugly master falls no less prey to self consumption, and to believing. Belief wins because no one knows what an f is. Fun, friend, fail, figure. Who knows? I don't know. Who gives a fhawk? Ah, yes, the flying fuck. We at least know what that is. Fail. Free. Fun. ail. ree. un. f re e. friend. i end. free. e e. f of e. What is the function of e? Care. To see are. are. How does one fare? F are. Hare. H are. Bare. Dare. Mare. Rare. Ware. Are we balanced, seeing ourself exposed, seeing ourself clearly as a whole, reaping that which we have sewn, receiving from anticipation rather than expectation?

Initial folly: 'desired' misconstrued. De-sired. No longer fat her. Whatever. Temperature shifts, spikes, and localization graphs charted over a bodies ingestion, progressions per e, and decay. Unidirectional behaviors effect the baby and the parent.¹³ What you say becomes you.

F at F r am e. F at her. F at he r. Rose. Rake. Read. Ran. Run. R un. R ake. R o s e. Hero. He r o. Her o.

¹² DNA

¹³ "Baby Talk: Decoding The Secret Language Of Babies." NPR. May 15, 2018. <https://www.npr.org/templates/transcript/transcript.php?storyId=610796636>.

Perceiving // individual / tool / orient / regard / light-switches, levers, / exit-routes. / dream? //, /
 tool? //asked / taken advantage //ately? / told / see / are? / exasperated everything /? / if / back / stepped /
 need / me?

A tool crafts. It is made to craft. It can be used to craft that which it was not intended to craft.
 While craft involves skill, one's craft may be bad. While craft implies making, it may make one sick. X, like
 wood, might not know X is being carved, and might. X adorn themselves with bindings and materials,
 pleated pants, dresses and jewelry, bundles of hair, or spikes, all giving X shapes, and other X copy those
 shapes. Those who's copy has been crafted. Those who create are thereafter, been crafted. The costume
 shapes. It carves space around X. It cuts space and leaves particular shadows, memories, photographs,
 and kinds of evidence – just as the big-bang made space for itself, / into //.

Each tool leaves identifiable marks. / I // to / you, or do I / you, to // beside you? // puncture //
 per-ceptions, bite marks / detailed // // // scowl // // //? Is the shadow's maker, the detail taker? What
 parallel ncvsntsn split through the night, separate(d/ng) their bodies, / turned them / silhouettes / rays /
 light // around // . Do / laugh? Do / engage shadow, light, / wait / enough for the entire picture to change?

I am fixated, holding tight the whip while skidding dangerously over gravel with gritted teeth. I'm driven to write a composition. For anger. A 'title-first piece' not to solve, but to learn, by way.

I will I write the score, or series of scores, for a musical composition centered around either the sensorial mechanics of anger or the social implications and potential outlets or uses for anger. Anger may manifests as undertow or undercurrent to a work or the process. It might be scripted or scored. Will speech, gestures, or words be most impactful?

Might it be performed or played by anger when angry, or by some means of inducing of anger? Or as a means of getting in touch with one's anger? To incite the sensorial memory would be a feat best understood when experienced without predication. Will the piece be an homage to anger? What of it's orchestration? Will it be written for strings? Trumpet? Piano? A physical gesture? Or ritual? Composition does not imply a performance in the usual sense of the word and many a stage may be as fitting as many a technological framework.

Might a new language emerge from this project, or might it speak directly to the word stripped bare of extraneous subjectivities? I refer not to the *nonsensical* but to the argument that the stories we tell ourselves are an illusion, proven by Science through split-brain experiments – which to some disprove free-will.

How much might I consider breadth or scope? How much shall I leave out? How do I know which things to consider and what to observe and let fall away when I am not practiced in zeroing in on the most contextually pertinent or categorically relevant subjects? I need a simple place to store the polyphony of tangential considerations bound to turn up, some of which may in the end be most significant.

...generously. After this time-consuming exertion, I saw that I'd suppressed what knowledge I had of my evasiveness. But the issue'd been dealt with, proving before an editorial first glance, to be a rather crafty ploy (production¹⁵).

Irish photographer and filmmaker Brian Cross is famously known as B+. I use his initials here, to indirectly point-to a fascination with names - aptronyms¹⁶, the for-fame name changes of pirates/outlaws/hollywood actors, pop-stars/bands/for-profit business, bloggers/Instagram/YouTube stars, the puzzle of how to choose a last name when both parents have hyphenated names, pseudonyms used by writers, artist alter-ego monikers, and calling someone you have grown fond of by the first letter of name - though (and you may disagree with me on this) not all letters lend themselves to this. I will add to this tangent (however unnecessarily) that I have no personal interest in gamertags or usernames¹⁷. I suppose this form of anonymity is generally linked to cyber-bullying and privacy¹⁸. Useful as they are, I have not thought of the effect such names have on people, though I have wasted¹⁹ much time on the rest.

More obvious - I hope - is the use of B.C. as a subtle witticism pointing to the precursorial/*expected liberator or savior* (an etymological derivation of the word Christ²⁰). While there are references to the 'divine' in this text²¹ (though I did forgot to include content on the symbiotic shaping of neuroscience and the battle between mechanistic and vitalistic views on governance - which address whether or not the social body can function without an appointed/anointed head and if Gazzaniga's split-brain research derived *Interpreter* does or does not rightly disprove free-will) I also touch on the *cruel complicit subconscious*²² - terminology I borrow from *American*²³ Artist Mike Kelley. Taking the advice of

¹⁴ Cont. from footnotes, pg. iv.

¹⁵ ...of procrastination, of course.

¹⁶ Just an example I happened upon while editing: The following quote is by a Mark Loev. "The Dimensions of the Universe correspond with the Dimensions of the human body. The emotion that is a positive for every dimension is Love."

¹⁷ Perhaps because I don't play or use. Ever. Under any circumstance.

¹⁸ This is also an unnecessary tangent - a fly by. An aerial shot for the hearing-selective.

¹⁹ The sentence flows better with this word.

²⁰ Etymology cited.

²¹ Performed only by figures 1.1 and 1.2.

²² *** & []

Umberto Eco in his *How To Write A Thesis* however, I *do* avoid addressing the clever 'son-of-man'/'son-of-god' title swap-out²⁴ for *J*²⁵.

Eye-masks shield us from blinding truths such as that the individual is supremely (cap²⁶)able. Warm security blankets are woven from the one-line²⁷ drawings of our subconscious minds and these accordances confirm that it is safe and best to proclaim oneself incapable of causing change by changing oneself. Any dismissal (even those farthest from hate) is savored as the fuel (not that illuminates but) that allows man to run (mimetically) from nature's inability to be still/will to desire - the need for which is to split/divide. He/she/it/I/we attempts to do so by forming accretions that might devise at the very least (and if only at first) a way to *stay* the in-finite (such as by seeing but not looking).²⁸

Furthermore, by using initials for each author, I satisfy a desire to finally share a method²⁹ for unburdening the loaded/trigger word³⁰. While I have failed to make ready the primer (in whatever form it may take-humorous or otherwise)³¹ I do use it (poorly - so hopefully for a subconsciously withheld good reason). My impassioned dispassion for stock phraseology³² is not meant to be disrespectful. Common vocabularies are inevitable, necessary, and hella interesting - even beautiful. I only wish to entertain questions on the use-value of etymological excavations (and especially a process of word stripping I call *Letter Theory*³³) such with latent metaphorical inventions that bubble up from nowhere when the beguiling or provocative is worked subconsciously into a fitting puzzle piece.

²³ Any cultural criticism I make is informed only by my immediate surroundings. While on this subject, I wish to state that I am aware of my own hypocrisies. The things I critique are - more often than not - things I am myself dealing with/working on/fall prey-to. This is not an excuse. It does make me think of the way people sometimes have jobs not because they're good at whatever it is they're doing, but because that thing is - in some way - a primary challenge to them.

²⁴ Except here.

²⁵ []

²⁶ ; see, hold, look ***

²⁷ [~] Figure 1.3

²⁸ I am furious with myself for not getting rid of this entire section.

²⁹ [] *Letter Theory*

³⁰ [] Anger & Sarah Nadal-Melsio

³¹ [] & [~]

³² No doubt caused by anger, boredom, and resulting disorders.

³³ []

A No Furniture Proposition (Architectural Design Project for a Home)

An Erratic Song

A Series of Seemingly Simple Gestures

Back Bender

Composition For Anger

Cruel Subconscious-Complicit, Grotesque as

For A Hand & Mouth Choir

Letter Theory Treatise

Mikes And The Murderous Masses

Purity Snare

Situation Room as Theatre in the Round

Terminology Rooms (design project for a home)

The He In The, He, She & They

Tightrope/Monkey Bars Hallway (design project for a home)

Through The Yard (a play)

Visual Conduction

Watau (a play)

When As Where

World Instrument (architectural project and education model)

Hired Body Doubles

Star-Look Alikes

Invite to ea. opening (not as performers) one, two or three of the following: Girl Scouts, cheerleaders, early morning gray-bearded surfers, football team (immediately following practice), college swim team (just before practice), construction crew not in uniform, four families from a neighborhood, a small business, peripheral community or religious congregation, activists, politicians after a meeting, a class, of third-graders, etc....

Subliminal soundtrack (*The Gold Diggers' Song (We're in the Money)* for *Anticipation divided by Expectation*).

Jessica Frelund works within the tradition of the artist tracing, mapping, moulding and re-envisioning the body's capacity to speak to and contend with the symptomatic self. Working with diverse subjects and threshold tensions, Frelund experiments with numerous tools of communication and their cants.

Just as *speaking to* and *contending with* make us subjects at the behest of communication, this truth is concealed by what complexification might be sourced through interactions between exuberance and restlessness. If all technologies (broadly defined) are designed for the purpose of communication, one might consider entertainment (broadly defined) to be the only tool for substantiation; for survival.

Sites such as those of apprehension, misidentification and mirroring, are sites of the every now where immaterial exchanges are simultaneously true and false, comprehensive and mysterious. Working to trivialize extraneous subjectivities and emphasize physiological intensities, Frelund stages the stage and isolates the gesture. Whether edifying or inimical, the always symptomatic of something/now stripped bare/potentially neutralized habit/object/subject/platform/gesture/word is soon sucked back into culture/perceived once more through the social-self.

Relative to speed, cadence, scale, extra-bodily proximity, and the social paraphrand of the biological pariphier³⁴, this hang-lining has a mathematically positioned derivative, and the practice, a heritage. The material outcomes bend toward the four-stranded fishtail; what it looks like, what making the sound feels like, extra-bodily judgement compliance, and internal pattern recognition.

³⁴ In *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, author Julian Jaynes breaks down the metaphor - naming component parts by borrowing from mathematical terms, *multiplier* and *multiplicand*. He states that attributes of the known *metaphier* are borrowed to explain the *metaphrand*, and those connotations and attributes he calls *pariphiers*, where *paraphrands* represent connotations of the target metaphrand. Jayne's argument is that analogies are foundational to language.

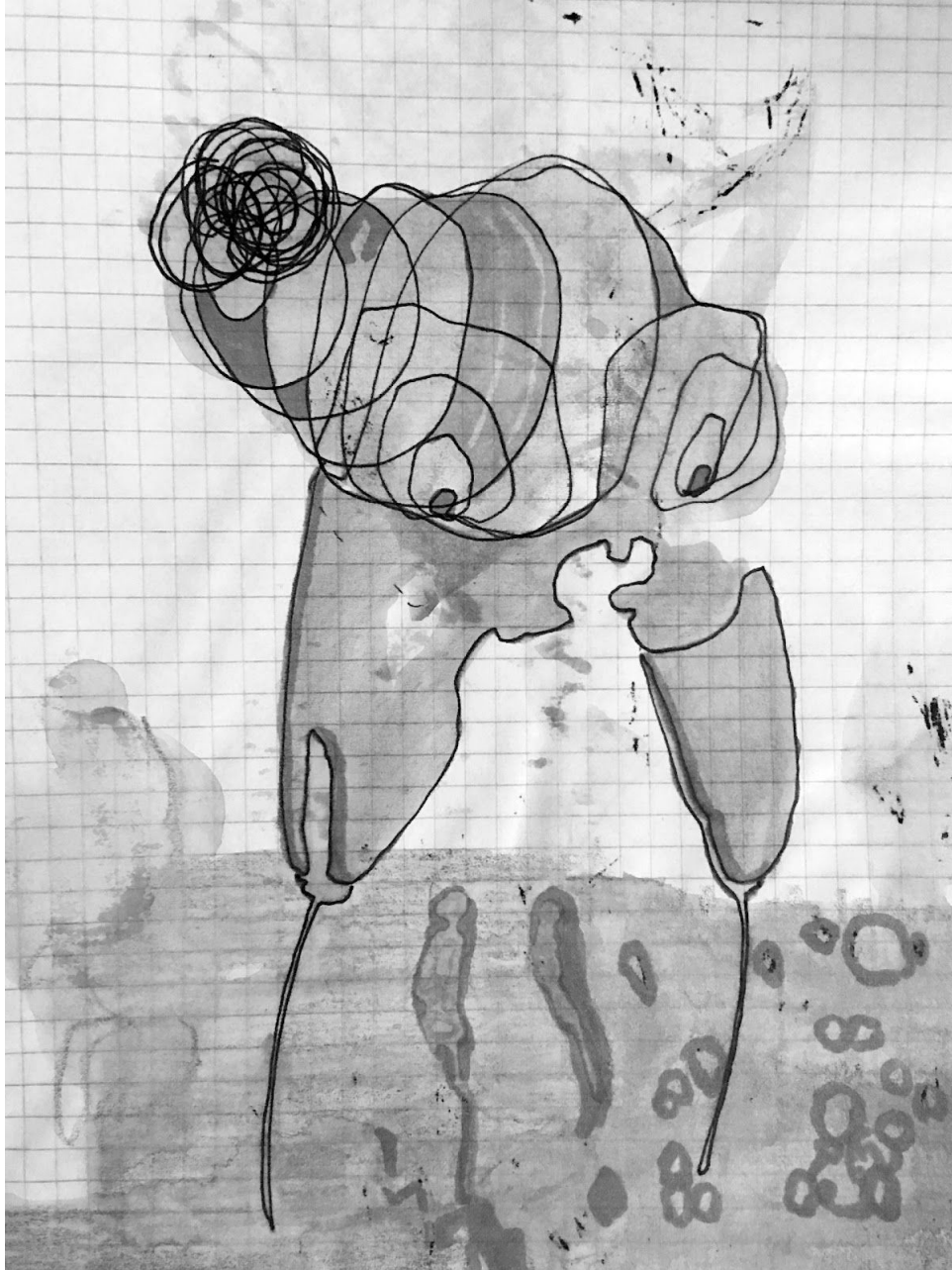


Figure 1.3: Proposition for Future Bodies³⁵. Notebook drawing. 2004

³⁵ A self-mutable, multi-dimensional being - drawing itself with a single line (as in a "one-line drawing"). A drawing that began with no intentions and in which figures were not seen and interpreted until after the fact. This does not mean they were not born from prior thought.

human (adj.)...as opposed to the gods...Compare Hebrew adam "man," from adamah "ground." ...Human comedy "sum of human activities" ... / hum (n.) mid-15c., "a murmuring sound made with the voice," from hum (v.) / -an word-forming element meaning "pertaining to," from Latin -anus, adjective suffix, in some cases via French -ain, -en. From PIE *-no-. "-an." Index.

Name

Etymology

De-

Labor

Rasputin

History

Brainwashing

Bless

Orange

mentor

³⁶ Online Etymology Dictionary, Trending Words, September Four Twenty Eighteen



Figure 1. 4: Benjamin Bratton and Sascha Pohflepp performing themselves in a Situation-Room/Operation-Room/Theatre-in-the Round inspired green-screen installation - along with myself in my studio. *Open Studios, 2016*. Photo by Farshid Bazmandegan.



Figure 1.5: My studio with work-in-progress, *Precarious Continuum* for *When As Where* - A solo exhibition which would be installed in the Structural and Materials Engineering (SME) building, 2016.

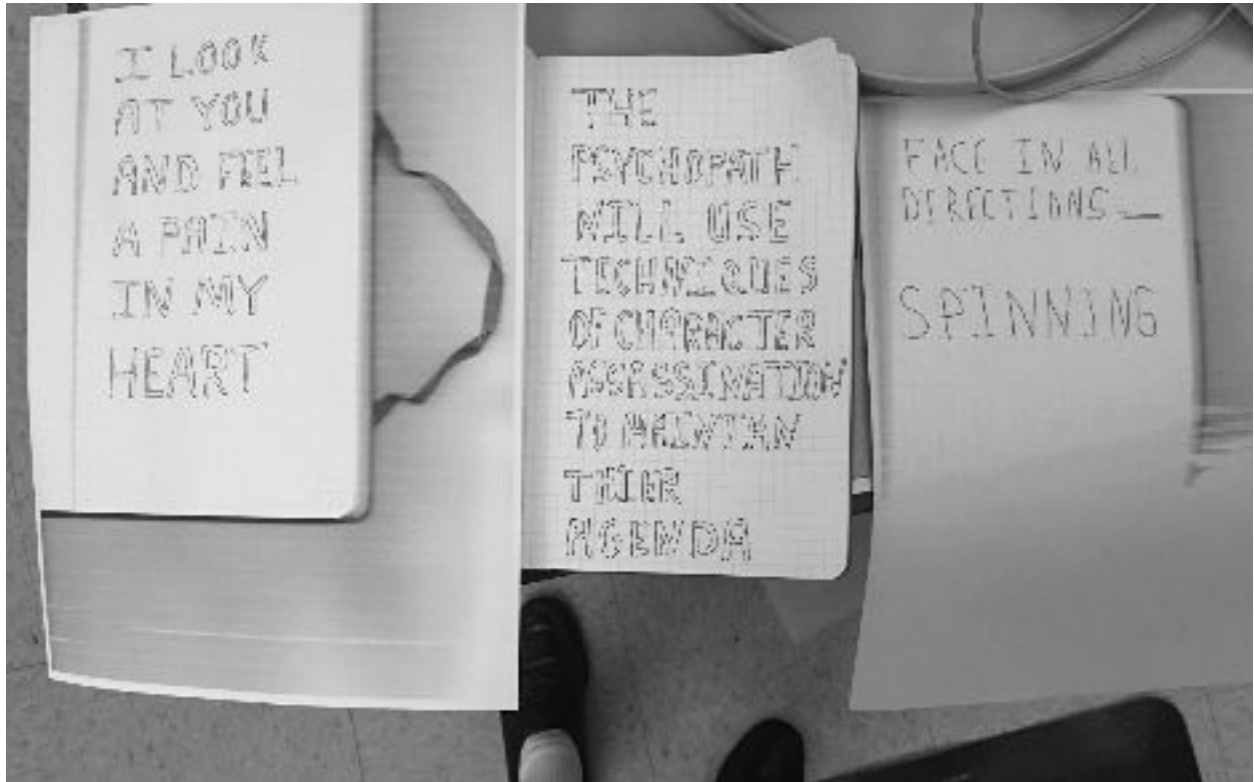


Figure 1.6: You projecting your assumptions onto me (and making an ass of us both). Notebook sketches from a year of slander. 2017/2018.

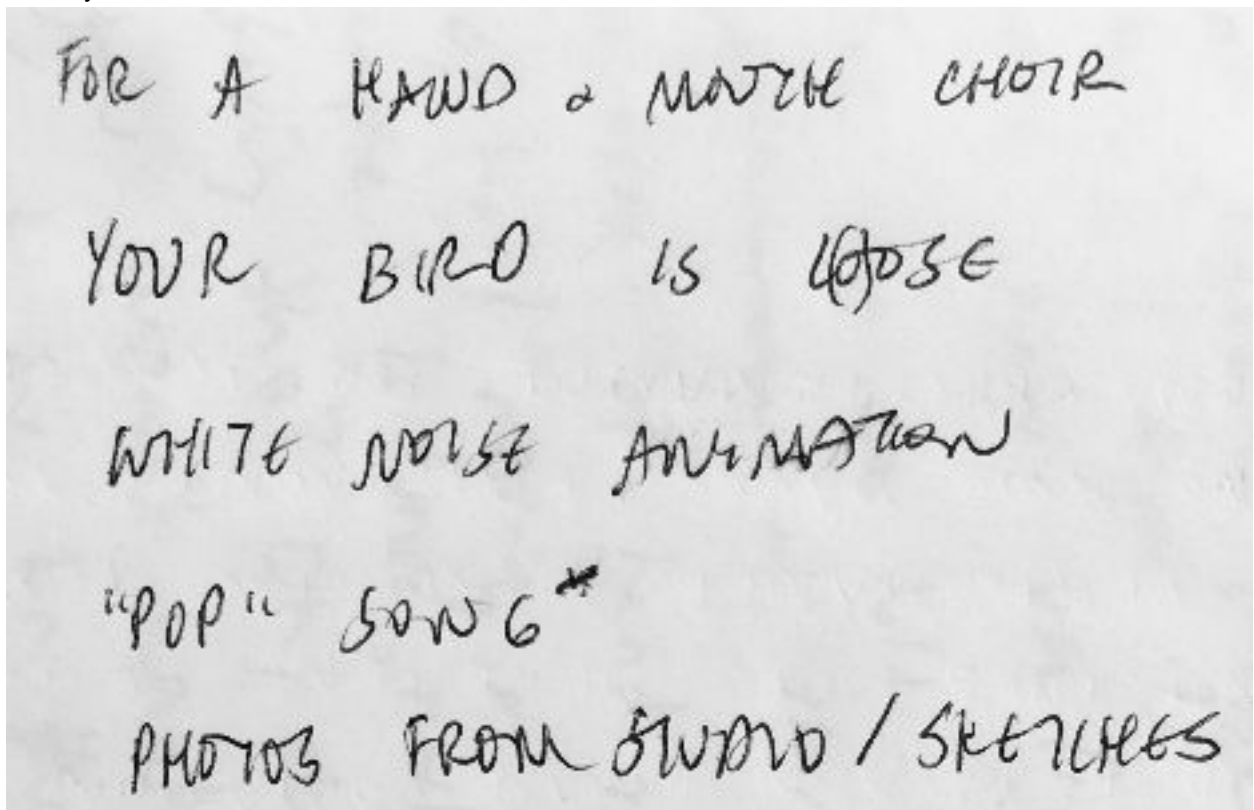


Figure 1.7: Ideas written into Fall, 2017 Notebook.

FOR A HAND & MOUTH CHOIR

I RECORDED A SONG ON A MINI KEYBOARD. IT OCCURED TO ME THAT IT SOUNDED LIKE THE POPS (LIPS AND CLAPS THAT COULD BE MADE WITH THE HANDS AND MOUTH. IT THEN OCCURED TO ME THAT IT COULD BE PERFORMED BY A CHOIR FOR THIS TO HAPPEN, THE VARIOUS SOUNDS NEED TO BE COUNTED, ISOLATED, AND AN EQUIVALENT SOUND MADE BY THE MOUTH OR HANDS ~~DETERMINED~~ NEED BE DETERMINED FOR EACH. AS I AM NOT GOOD WITH MAKING SUCH SOUNDS, I WOULD THEN NEED TO FIND SOMEONE, PERHAPS A BEATBOXER, BUT SOMEONE WHO COULD TEACH A SMALL (CHOIR) GROUP OF EQUALLY TALENTED PEOPLE, TO ~~TAKE~~ MAKE, OR IMPROVE THESE TRANSLATED SOUNDS. I AM NOT YET CERTAIN OF HOW THESE 'NOISES' COULD BE MADE ACCORDING TO PITCH, UNLESS IT WAS THE PITCH VARIANCE THAT DETERMINED THE 'POP', 'CLICK' OR 'CLAP', WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN THE CASE GIVEN THAT I WAS PLAYING THE KEYBOARD RATHER THAN TRACKS. STEPS: 1) SPEND TIME W/RECORDING, ISOLATE WHAT NEEDS TO BE TRANSLATED & ATTEMPT TO FIND EQUIVALENT 'NOISES'; DETERMINE SOLUTION TO

PITCH PROBLEM. 2) RECORD SOUNDS, PLAY, RECORD ON VIDEO THE SOUND THEN PHYSICAL NOISE. [USE TERMS 'SOUND' & 'NOISE'] 3) FIND SOMEONE TO HELP ME DETERMINE ANY SOUNDS I COULD NOT FIND THE EQUIVALENT 'NOISE' FOR. IF I CAN BE TAUGHT, RECORD THESE ALSO. IF NOT, RECORD THIS PERSON. 4) CONSIDER PERFORMING AGAIN AGAINST GREEN SCREEN. 5) DECIDE HOW TO PROCEED. EXAMPLES: A) FIND PEOPLE WILLING TO PERFORM VIA CALL ~~FOR~~ TO AUDITION B) FIND PEOPLE WILLING TO PERFORM IN FRONT OF THE GREEN SCREEN MULTIPLE TIMES PER NOISE TO ADD HUMAN VARIATION. C) USE SHEET MUSIC AND CUES - I.E., DIFFERENT PERFORMERS PER NOISE D) HAVE LIVE PERFORMANCE W/NO LESS THAN FOUR REHEARSALS AND TWO DAYS PERFORMING TWICE ~~EA~~ IN GALLERY. FILM PERFORMANCE FOR FUTURE EXHIBITIONS

Figure 1.8: Description of *For A Hand & Mouth Choir*. Inverted photo. Pages from Fall, 2017 Notebook.

BODY DOUBLE

BODY DOUBLE

BODY DOUBLE

BODY DOUBLE

Figure 1.9: Body Double. A Reminder. Screenshot of a document. 2018

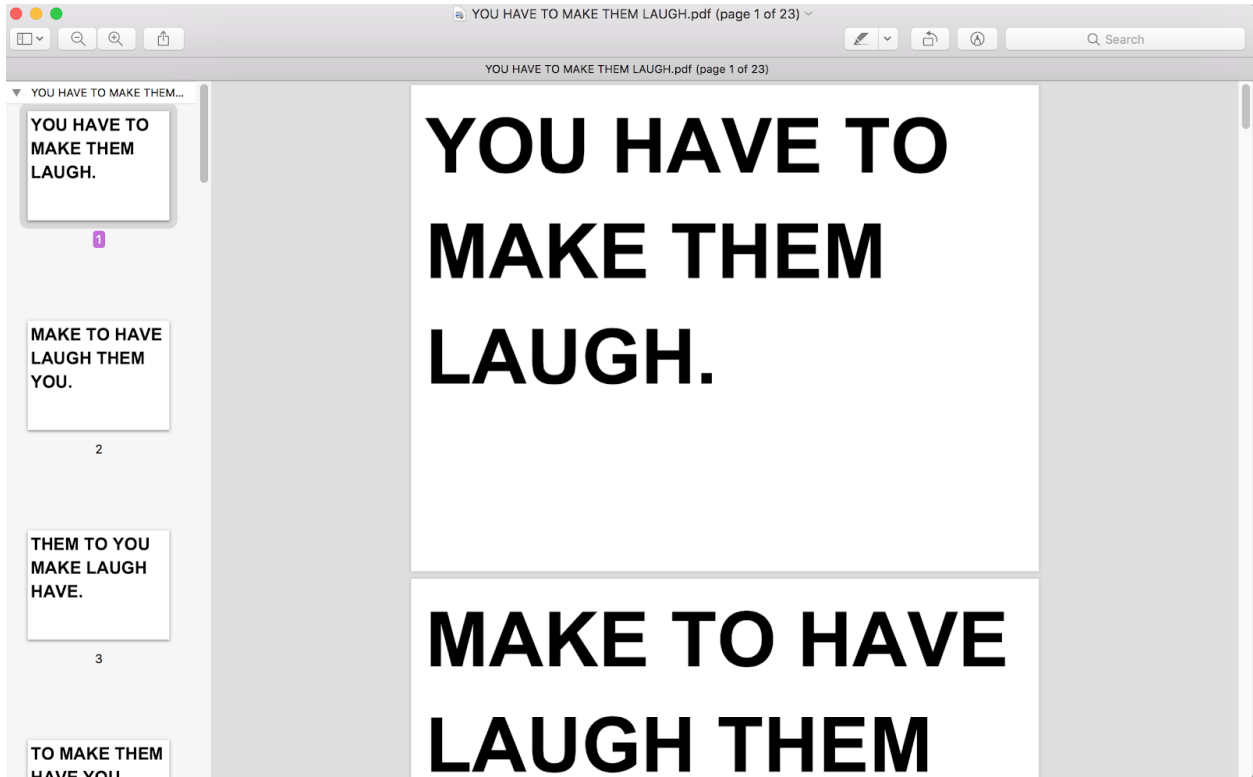


Figure 1.10: Screenshot of a text piece. 2018



Figure 1.11: Chow. iPhone montage. 2018

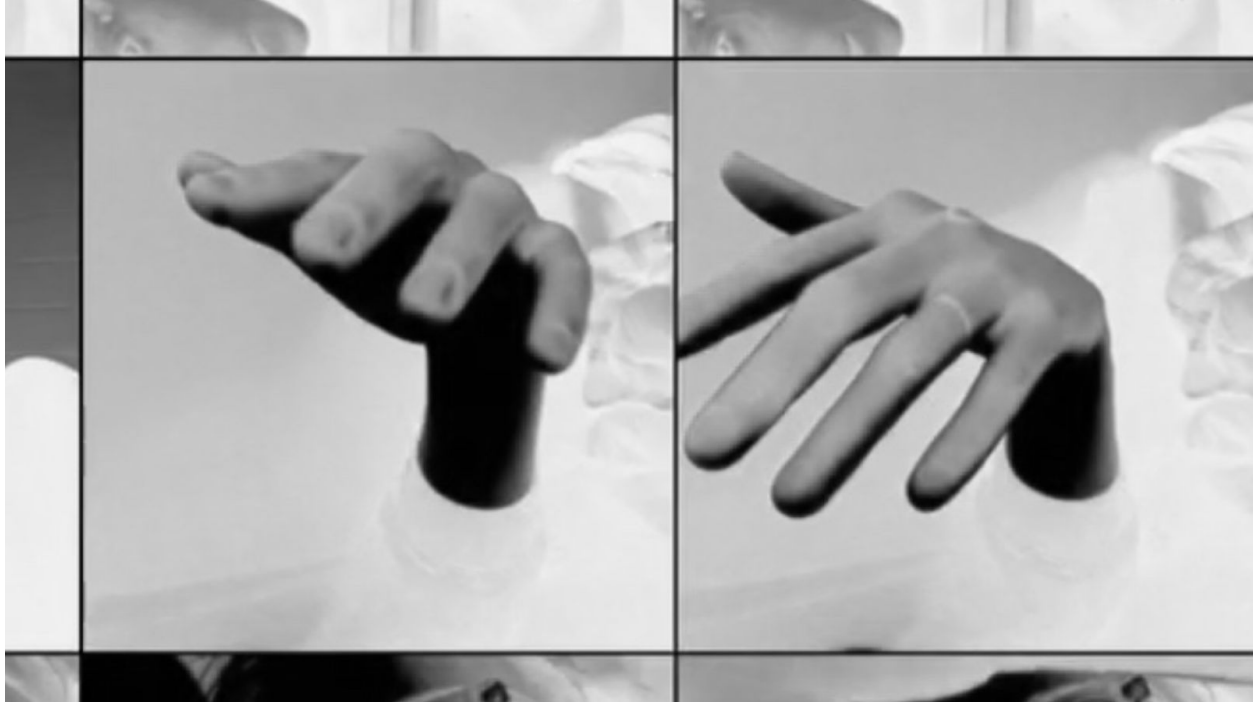


Figure 1.12: Experimenting with Colored Lights/Oz, Purple, and Green/A Horse with No Name Not A Horse of Another Color. Edited iPhone screenshot of screenshots. 2018

Anticipation divided by Expectation

A Thesis Exhibition of works by MFA
candidate, Jessica Frelund

OR BEFORE AND

ANTICIPATION divided by
EXPECTATION



TH or Y

WHY X IS SELDOM USED (IN
WORDS)



STRIP THE WORD BARE



BE NOT I-IT or W or D (PASS
THROUGH OR TURN WHERE
YOU HAVE PROVIDED Y BY
HAVING EXPERIENCED XTH
AFTER LEARNING OF Y



Figure 1.13: Promotional Poster for my thesis exhibition, *Anticipation divided by Expectation*. 2018.



Figure 1.14: *Beau³⁷ Diddley Vacuum*. A mutable title piece made for *Anticipation divided by Expectation*, 2018.

³⁷ The first line on the box is from a Bo Diddley song. Bo has here been intentionally replaced with beau. This is not a donation box. It is a vacuum.

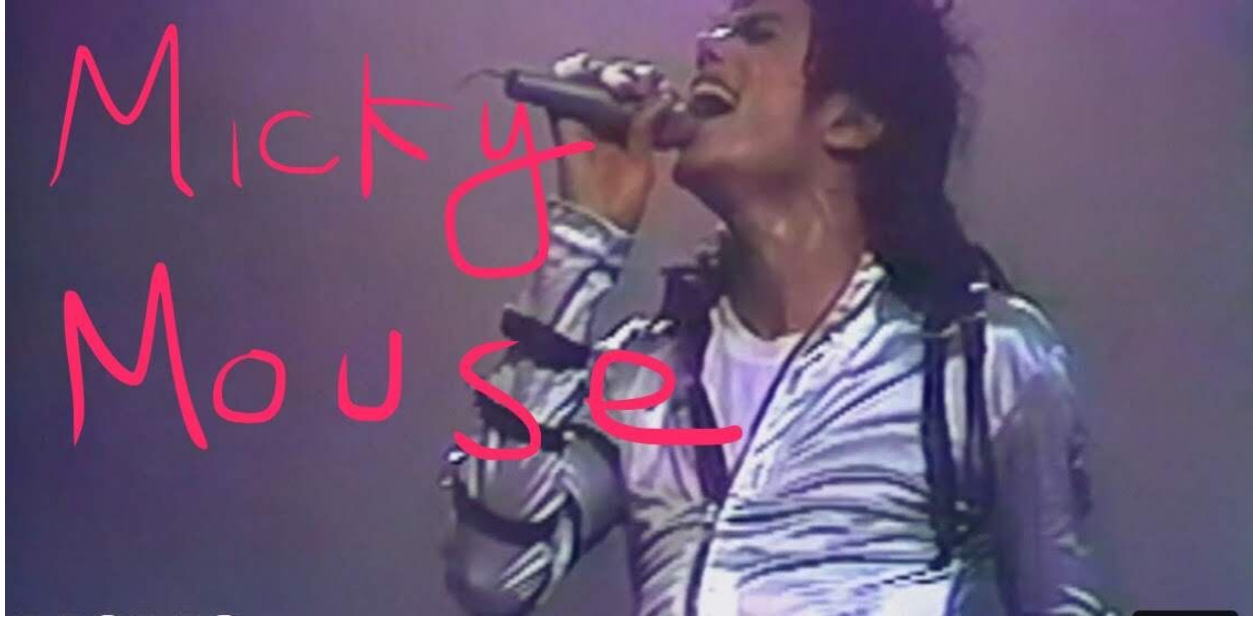


Figure 1.15: Randomly selected screen capture montage (YouTube video of Michael Jackson performing *Human Nature* at Wembley Stadium, 1988 plus writing). 2017.

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