

Exuberance to Disturbance: Stories

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Abstract:

Exuberance to Disturbance is a selection of personal anecdotes, lists, and short stories, a verbal articulation to one way of working visually. The purpose of this research is to establish different ways of generating ideas around and for making. The writing is an exploration in combating the notion of running everything in life down narrow channels of attention, depicting loosely guided pulses of emotions and reactions. Research draws upon personal experience and inner monologue, essentially laying the foundation for any form of eager making and focuses on different levels of reality and internal insecurities.

I.

Are you a good girl or a bad girl? I'm really good but I was just misguided. Are you feeling good or are you feeling bad? I just want to be neutral. I want to be girl is good.

II.

Sitting in the boat looking up
High rock ledges that cant be reached
Covered in swallow and wasp nests
Why is nothing is considered unfair in the wild

III.

He put the good deodorant on this morning He might be out of town from Thursday morning to Saturday afternoon He says the peppers might be too cold outside this time of year He says we'll smoke chicken tonight He asks if I've seen his other red striped sock He says that's why he chose me He asked what time I was getting up He rubbed his hand up my thigh during the car ride He asked me to measure his chest He can't buy the medium sized jacket He said his coworker asked him to do peyote with him He asked if Id be his babysitter He watched a couple youtube videos about it

IV.

F-I-N-E
Freaked out
Insecure
Neurotic
Emotional.

Desire is bounding
Desire isn't always mutual.

V.

Don't tell me you know me because you only know the identity that I have fabricated to present you so you will think I'm everything you want and need to fulfill the rest of your time on this planet because not many people want to spend that time alone and I'm sure we try to find other people that we think we have a lot in common with but I think that it might just be the opposite and I know you agree with me now but in the back of your mind someday you're going to say you wished I did this or you wish I could participate in that and I will remind you that you said you knew me.

VI.

Plucked from a vine.

What can be added is just as soon taken away.

Wild hair, no slick chick.

I want more freckles so I draw them on.

A small indentation where an end would be.

A five o'clock shadow because
she doesn't shave her legs at night.

I have an instinct to pick each pimple right out of its place.

Exposing the insides.

Pink and fleshy in all of its glory.

The stuff you're not supposed to see.

The dog would never eat it.

She might be considered more desirable than others but can just

As easily be forgotten.

Super wet, and glossy.

Juicy and dripping, full of blood.

Just like me.

VII.

I wish I could demonstrate the eagerness to show an excitement for a willingness to surrender, compiled lists of reasons to love and equal lists of failures. To show my inabilities to entirely concede, a back and forth really. Its beautiful, really something to brag about because there is no way to replicate it publicly. There will always be a hidden life no matter what you say or who you tell, just be sure to keep it provisional.

VIII.

Extraterrestrial Highway
Goodbye sun
Heaven is a cold ass mountain
Pee bottles roaming freely
Gatorade bottles full of pee, all over the side of the road
Is that a dead animal?
No it's just a t-shirt
Shady Lady, Wildcat
Can brothels be bed and breakfasts?
Joshua Trees, Death Valley
I wish we could see Yosemite from the highway
Where is General Sherman again?
I want my ashes violently thrown around there

IX.

Reaction To Giving Up Control (or) A MILD Existential Crisis

I. Embodiment

Someone or something that is a perfect representation of a certain quality that you find appealing. This is not necessarily explainable, and is not necessary to explain. Stand in, manifestation, symbol, personification. Like when something is hard to explain, but you know it when you see it and it is relative to your own specific taste and once you see it you can point to it in order for it to make sense to someone else but they might not get it either.

II. The Unknown

An exploration in which I have no final desire to absolutely know. Existing within an in between because knowing might be more terrifying. A desire to elude definition, fear of not fitting into the place that you rightfully exist because you already don't fit in to just one box like I've never been able to tick the right box like I cant check the "white" box and I cant check the "brown" box so who the hell am I.

III. Obfuscation

In things remaining unclear, there is power. But there can also be chaos, which is something that I don't usually deal well with. I haven't yet decided if the chaos is worth the lack of clarity.

IV. Chaos

In everyday terms, chaos implies that you do not have your shit together. That your control over the situation is slipping. But in studio terms, I am giving up control to accept the outcome. Positive or negative because either is just fine it's okay.

V. Preciousness

Nothing shall ever remain precious. Nothing lasts forever and anything or anyone precious eventually becomes a piece of shit anyway, degrading with time or lack of moral value and possibly intelligence, which might be a contradiction. You're supposed to get "better" with age.

VI. Contradiction

Keep people confused and guessing and never let anyone on to believe that you have answers, keep people off of your trail. On the surface it doesn't seem intelligent and maybe it's not.

VII. Intelligence

This is not just about mental capacity to retain, but to apply knowledge through a skill or to have a set of skills to begin with. These skills are really important and they will never leave you. They rot with you like your secrets do.

VIII. Retention

Is important in the case of guarding what needs to be guarded. Not everyone should know everything. Believe me its better this way. Give them a taste and they become overwhelmed with the need to know more, or they care less but you didn't need them anyway. I am not talking about retention in terms of parading a level of intelligence by reciting bullshit. I can't stand people who don't know how to be quiet. Like, let me sit here and look at the moon in peace, please.

X.

Flesh pink

Foot and leg receding in last year's pantone colors of the year

Something where the bottom has fallen out marks like fur

Bad painted picture of a dog Take out all the good parts joining ten together

Massive black hole insincere but vulnerable

A bad painted picture of a mountain (or) many bad painted pictures of mountains and dogs masculinity

Woman in a wheelchair wearing a ski mask and a cross necklace

Casper white on red

A fat white rat there is nothing in the desert

Things I see in the desert

Coyotes, campfire remnants, flashfloods, shotgun shells, rusty cans, peccary skull with fur still on it, once I found an old sun-bleached dildo in the side hole of a twenty foot saguaro.

There is something squishy, you cut it open and find one hundred one dollar bills

You were very large and personable, couldn't even get my arms around your upper body.

Superstitions of the institutions

Missionary positions in other countries make something while thinking about the mistakes you've made

Muddy, fleshy, and thick

Butt cheek, foot and leg, toenail, and small face reclining back.

XI.

What creates exuberance?

Well I know its not preoccupation

And its not considering your own attractiveness

It could be money but that's probably not it either

Its wild wind in my face so hard I can't breathe

Its skin to fingertip

Its domestic life perverted

XII.

How to have an original thought in twenty nineteen:
Throw your phone away, close your eyes, pretend you aren't the person you think you are and do not think about anyone ever again.

XIII.

I woke up at four a.m. I could hear the coyotes howling on the other side of the mountain and my stomach was in some sort of upheaval. I didn't want to get out of the tent but I was going to shit myself. I put my shoes on and walked about one hundred feet from the car, dug a small hole with a medium sized rock, and crouched for about five minutes. Feeling mildly relieved, I sat in the car with the dog and googled sunrise time.

XIV.

People say that if you can't trust yourself, who can you trust?
People say that if there are no rules, then run free.
People say that you have to learn the rules to break the rules.
People have said if its not broken, don't fix it.
People tell you not to beat a dead horse.
People tell you not to put the cart before the horse.
People say "Don't kick me while I'm down".
People say that you catch more bees with honey.
People have said the times are changing.

XV.

It should be genuine / but based on previous scholarship
It should be provocative / so it should be shocking
It should make people feel something / so it should make you care
Who cares lets get wasted / so who cares lets get wasted

XVI.

I got up to pin my hair back so that I could concentrate because it was feeling overwhelming on my face. Coming out of the bathroom I noticed the area rug was crooked so I straightened it. I noticed a clod of dirt that came off of his boot so I had to grab the vacuum but as I vacuumed found smaller pieces of dirt so I vacuumed them too. As I was vacuuming I noticed there was a teacup on the table outside on the patio so I grabbed that and hand washed it and put it in the dish rack to dry. I pushed in the dining room chair. Milk sounded good so I ate the rest of the granola in it. I washed the bowl and the spoon and stuck it in the dish rack to dry. I just ate dinner I shouldn't be hungry. The cat was sitting next to the door so I sat down at the dining room table and petted him for a few minutes. My shoes were next to the door but too close to the trash can so I moved them a foot towards the dining room table. They looked more natural there.

XVII.

Examining the role of an Artist, anxiety immemorial

Generating culture though not explicitly to quiet the voices inside and yes its never ending

We don't concern ourselves with every day things, we do actually but we wont admit it

Identity is bifurcating

So what! It's what we're here to do so who gives a fuck, we sit at the top of the "culture cake"

We produce it, this material culture, we revel in it, and we talk shit all day, that's our job!

Also, none of us want to stand around in a gallery unless we're drunk and with friends.

What does the term millennial even mean?

XVIII.

I'm here because my last job sucked and I was tired of being the only woman in the studio and getting paid less than everyone else and being harassed every day. But I did like drinking on the clock and sitting around doing nothing when I felt like it, exploiting the system when I could. And I am here because my relationship was failing and I saw it as a possible fresh start and if nothing else, as a means to an end. I'm also here because all of my friends moved away and I needed to find a new set of friends for support who were like-minded and free to discuss what they wanted. I'm here because I genuinely felt that there was more to experience than what I was already experiencing and that I would never feel fulfilled if I didn't come here. I'm here for a piece of paper that says that I am qualified to do the thing I say I am qualified to do. I'm here for breathing room and I'm here because twelve years ago I told myself I would be. I'm also here because I told a lot of people that I would be here and I should follow through with what I tell people. I'm here because I wanted to prove my parents wrong. I'm here because I've ascribed to being an "Artist". Mostly though I'm here because I suck at algebra and nothing else would have facilitated the conversations that I want to have with the world. Otherwise I would have been a geologist, which would have been fine for having the conversations that I want to have with the natural world and can do in my own free time.

XIX.

One may seem to be a reaction to an unskilled decision and you could consider another as a sort of warm blanket in which to comfortably reside under but both can produce an interesting black and white photographic image. The foreground becomes sharp and dialectical while the other fades into the background and blurs just enough to avoid the conversation completely. Neither can be a postproduction of logic, denouncing it all together. One might be innocent and the other an evil, both becoming cathartic. Both creating embedded confessions and revelations and quiet sounds and emotional truth.

XX.

All the same, tame as can be pt. 1

I'm spending a lot of time laying around staring at the ceiling probably due to my bad habit of giving in to anxieties but once I get in my car and hop on the freeway it feels so exceptional. I go twenty over the speed limit to feel a little rush. And I spend more time than I should thinking about how people really see me vs. how I see myself because you know you see photos of yourself and you're like super fucking embarrassed by that bad angle of your body and you're like how could anyone love me or want to be with me because I look like a saggy titted gorilla but sometimes when you look at yourself in the mirror you're like damn girl you're a goddess. Sometimes I think about how delicate my situation can feel and the heaviness of mortality sets in but then I look at people standing in line at the grocery store or at a crosswalk and looking at them makes me feel like we're all ok because we're all here suffering together. We all sometimes hate ourselves and our families and sometimes our partners hurt us or leave us and sometimes we get sick or loved ones get sick and die and we all die. But I only feel at peace with that when I look at other people. When I look at myself in the mirror and think about those things they become crippling and then I just end up lying around all day staring at the ceiling. If you told everyone what was going on in your head no one would want to be near you and you'd end up spending even more time lying around staring at the ceiling.

XI.

Is it not punk rock to think you are punk rock?

A1: Freak in the sheets, norm-core in the streets. This is considered acceptable.

A2: Put on those nicely pressed black shorts with the black striped boyfriend t and that wine colored cardigan paired with your caramel leather mule slip ons and your carefully coordinated silver bracelets, we're going to the "brew pub". This is considered ideal.

XXII.

No

I've decided to wait

I'm not ready

It's getting late

I want my first time to be special

You're crazy

I want to be art, not make art

I don't do art

I don't love art

I have to go now

You're just using me

I can't support a child

I'm scared

This isn't what I had in mind

I know your reputation!

School comes before art

I might get caught

Is that all you think about?

I'm allergic

You'll tell everyone

I have a sunburn

It's not worth it

Let me think about it

My parents will be let down

I just got my hair done

I think I hear my dad

We can find other ways to express ourselves

My parents are waiting up

I don't know you well enough

I just want to hold you

I want you to leave

Id rather watch the game
Have you thought about the consequences?
I think my mothers calling
I don't want to
People will think I'm "artsy"
Maybe later
I love you too much
Ill find my own way to the door
Art isn't just about art
It's not what I want to do
My favorite show is on now
I thought you were different
The coach said not to
I have to go to the bathroom
It's past my curfew
Lets get something to eat instead
I don't feel comfortable
Art can be more trouble than it's worth
Not everybody's doing it, I'm not
Don't make me laugh
It's against my religion
I just want to be friends
It's against my values
I'm too busy
Ask me again in five years
I want to have a career
Lets ask my parents
I have to get up early
I'm not sure you're right for me
I don't want that kind of pressure
My friends will be here any minute
I don't want our relationship to just be about art

XXIII.

Thinking about identity strictly as an exercise with no intention to be correct in any way about anything to anyone ever because is anyone ever correct in telling you what you mean or how you feel or who you are? My perception is my reality and its my world, the same can be said for you, the person reading this right now.

Growing up, my Dad really wanted to be like Clint Eastwood or John Wayne or Willie Nelson. He can tell you the end of every western movie. The black cowboy hat and boots come out on very special occasions. On road trips every summer we listened to Waylon Jennings, John Denver, Simon and Garfunkel, Johnny Cash, list goes on. He loves old trucker songs and I remember him always trying to say "aight" like a "red neck" when we lived in Texas because all of his redneck coworkers said it but his accent always came through. They couldn't pronounce his name, Fawad, so they called him Fred. I feel like his deep desire to be entirely westernized is the equivalency of white people and yoga culture/ like namastay... in bed/ or like the overused bindi and henna at Coachella and it's so over the top.

We all want to be what we aren't because it's an exotic costume that gives us some sort of power over our former selves because being yourself is boring and we don't know how to understand ourselves without putting on that costume. I like to think about the costumes I wear and the costumes other people wear but aren't willing to admit to.

Where did my Dad's desire to fully assimilate and my childhood desire to have a white Father overlap? Did I see his desires and negotiate them with my own self? I grew up in America but was not having the same experiences as my peers, it was different. All of my friend's parents were American and why did I have to come to school smelling like coriander and cumin all the time? Why didn't my dad host backyard BBQ's on July fourth? Why did our house have so many weird lamps? What made me so ashamed of my identity?

Of course I revel in what sets my experience apart now and have never stopped loving my Dad though his identity was and has remained in question.

XXIV.

My five fears and me

1. The body attacks
2. A love doesn't last
3. Car runs out of gas
4. Hostile visitor shows up uninvited at 3:30am
5. Everyone thinks I'm super ugly but no one ever tells me

XXV.

The possible outcomes in producing a center: In a way I am the center, but only in my own reality. In a more real sense without our lens of reality, where is the center? Are there many centers on the way to the one real center, or is there just one. Could there be different types of centers? I like to think a lot about the center because I'm not sure anyone will ever know where it is and I like to feel small.

(Ex: Stand under gigantic rocks, sit in the desert expanse, and staring into the sky at night)

Can you point to the middle on a thing that is forever expanding? Unless it is expanding equally, then maybe the center would just stay where it is.

More importantly, how would I personally define a center? Is it a birthplace or an origin, a placeholder, a self-containing bubble, an overconfident state of mind?

XXVI.

They are generous and kind, producing the cleanest of colors. Things like mountains and oceans seem untouched, creating the illusion of purity. A large expanse creates a smaller chance of noticing imperfections. I would like to move to a fresh city soon.

XXVII.

Invisible acts

Manage the heart no one else will

Throw your hands up abandon walk away no one will force you

Continue to maintain daily upkeep going unnoticed

It hurts exhausts causes malice

Emotional labor

Transferrable labor

Expected labor

Physical labor

Magical labor

How'd the floor get so clean? I didn't clean it

XXVIII.

It is mine // no one can ever see it // no matter what happens // I will never express it // sometimes I don't even recognize // it these memories // the most ephemeral // experiences from the very beginning to the day // I'm dead

XXIX.

Things have not been running smoothly
You are shocked that an opposition exists?
Do all artists live in the counter culture?
I don't think so

So, what makes you eligible to exist in the counter culture?
Is it knowledge of previous counter cultures?
Acknowledging that you will never be as cool as [insert name of artist who you
hold a deep admiration for]
Understanding that your work may not hold up to the test of time
Understanding that you may be called a fraud, but I suppose that's with
anything
Can you just be angry enough to exist in the counter culture?
Does our understanding of current counter culture have a certain aesthetic?
I don't think so

It is about a mentality, an attitude, a framework that may not be easily
articulated and an ethos for how you live your daily life
A "fuck your constructs" mentality that might feel foolish at times but persists
It is a questioning of frameworks, of formats, of questioning "suggested ways of
existing" [as an artist and as a person living every day]

XXX.

A time to come, a time ahead, thinking forward to a time that will come after the present time and reflecting on the time spent being institutionalized, what is the work I should be doing? Feeling further away from answering that question I can't help but think I've done this to myself on purpose in the hopes of further investigating the importance of being multidimensional and perpetually confused just like every other human being.

