

# SPOOKY UNDERSTANDS

George Conde' Jenne

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Approved by: Roxana Perez Mendez, Jeff Whetstone, Cary Levine, Hong-An Truong

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Spooky Understands that a word is a picture, that video is sculptural and that objects propel a story. That the image at stake is not necessarily the image at hand, and that fiction is a mere screen for the narrative of its own making - or maker.

Spooky knows. Even the most crystalline pictures are indefinite in this liminal space, where polarities coalesce and allow unseen images to bubble to the surface. There is a poltergeist in the room, but her rumblings are subdued. She speaks in a child's whisper from behind a partition of exposed pine studs. Something is slightly off. The voice behind her adorable enthusiasm and dainty pitch sounds for a moment, like that of a man.

*"He feels silly. He senses me. A flutter. The smell of burning toast. The sensation is intolerable and he longs for a stiff drink, a cigarette and a taste of Strange. I long for Cheetos."*

Here, the the gothic and the humorous are intertwined in two high definition videos. An eight year old guardian angel reveals to us in a discrete whisper, an infatuation with her subject - a failed man whose guilt is getting the better of him. Separately, that same man predicts the entirety of his life in a compressed and deranged soliloquy to his lover.

In the aftermath of these videos, the residue of their creation becomes sculpture, an amalgam of unconsidered parts. It is the artist's own naked logic, not meant to escape the confines of the studio but asserted with pathological care.

*"I want to tell him that I'm sorry...For watching him from afar while a radio blaring House of the Rising Sun*

*cloaks unfamiliar sounds before they escape through the seams of these unfinished walls."*

Video, text and sculpture converge into a single voice that spans multiple ages, places and narrative modes. Disparate realities merge and a character becomes enmeshed with the artist. The minute is monumental, the intimate is cosmic. Solid material revises audible words while moving pictures illuminate inanimate objects. Text, in book form, expands the tale beyond face value and a latent image materializes. Resolution for those involved seems imminent, but as with any obsession, it never manifests. It is clear that the ghost is still in the room.



GEORGE JENNE









































































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