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Hardcore Frivolity

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Dixie Lyn Boswell

MFA Thesis Statement, part 1

Spring 2017

E y e s (pupilsdilate) w i d e n
skin tingles the hairs stand on end reaching out of their cozy follicles
goosebumps everyrollofmyfoot waiting

for the floor to give way
nose is cold as it's involuntarily searching for something
some thing. some. thing.

some point of reference

eyes s c a n n i n g the space around in front
(oh if only i had eyes in the back of my head)

body scans itself

over and over and over and

keep missing a target that may or may not be there

it changes again. it was just there.

What was?

that! that. ...that?

What? shape? color? where-?

i don't know it was bright and terrible and beautiful...i think. pretty sure. maybe.

yes was definitely *here* but

not.

It

vanished as soon as i moved. wait. but i didn't move. It did. or something/some thing else did.

busted this drifty-fluttery-sneaky move

and then disappeared (blink!) only to be chased by a chaos of ghostly carnivalesque wisps
drowning in each other.

There and gone.

Where am i?

:in my body.

joy? joy. joyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoyjoy. saythatfivetimesfast. joy!

oh god i'm deliriously **TOTALLY** *here*

no. nonono, not happy. well, no. i am.

but that's not what i'm feeling. not why i'm laughing.

it's so simple. low tech. dumb. silly. playfully
frivolous.

but so necessary.

light and color....like a familiar _____ . ?

that's so hard to name. I feel like i grew wings. and/or 4 inches in year like i did when i was 11.

Just painful in a different way.

my nose is cold.

as if it's trying to smell light and color.

my arm hairs are trying to jump off to go swimming like tiny fields of river grass...feeling the air
like water that's not wet.

Dixie Lyn Boswell

MFA Thesis Statement, part 2

Spring 2017

Keep moving toward anything and it will nearly always shift, change, or disappear. If you are not fully aware of the world around you, you'll run into yourself or a wall. (same thing?)

Adapting to being in my body and being led by not just my eyes, but all the senses provided a path to experiencing the world purely and thoroughly. In an art gallery, walking down the street, tromping around in the wilderness- I began the practice of emptying my mind of language and filling it with light and air.

Here is an ever-changing space made to encourage movement and a heightened use of the senses, predominantly vision and touch. There are no images to look at, only almost-shapes to see as they effuse over indeterminately shaped space, morphing into and out of each other. There is nothing specifically to touch, only to feel the rippling air from transparent surfaces fluttering as they are activated by bodies maneuvering around and under them.

The environment: real and collaged sensations my memory has stored when I have allowed my senses to become saturated. Sensations for which there are no words provide me joy and reminders of *what a life is* when I'm lost in the superficial.