

The Lobby is Perfection

Jackie Granger

A Thesis

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This document is an accumulation, or rather, an acclodmulation of words on surface. I am a mere protein that has slid down the concave, smooth, transparent rim of a research institution, settling into a studio space just above the stem. A hospitable environment, where one can be swirled about to activate the esters and aromatize. A single sip of the ambrosia invigorated my trajectory, dulled my senses and saved me from rigor mortis. When the nectar evaporates and the dregs and tartrates dry out into a gritty sand at the bottom; I will aimlessly wander about the shallow plateau.¹

¹ To be clear as an unmuddied lake, this is not a *research* paper. I ask nothing of the reader but to indulge me. I promise, this will be brief, requiring a low level of endurance, split asunder in no particular way and only slightly vapid.

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I acknowledge that my education at University of Washington has taken place on Indigenous land: the traditional territory of Coast Salish peoples, specifically the Duwamish Tribe (Dkhw Duw'Absh).



NEVER KISSED
A BILLIONAIRE
BY JACKIE GRANGER

Someone once told me that to make good art you have to make work about what you know. This is what I know. I am twenty-nine years old. I have never really kissed a billionaire. A geek to the core, most of my childhood years were spent doing extra art projects I requested from the teacher. Art school was more of the same. Then, at eighteen, it seemed as if my luck was about to change. The cutest millionaire in school asked me to an art gallery but it turned out he invited me as a cruel joke. I have never fully recovered. Yes, it is embarrassing to share this with the world. But it would be hard to explain what I learned, and how I learned it, without sharing this humiliating history.

I received an assignment, my first as an artist to enroll in a graduate school again to gain some insight into humans today. Understandably, returning to art school was my worst nightmare.

What I found?

There's still that one teacher, who marches to their own drummer. Those people are still there. The ones that, even as you grow up, will still be the most beautiful people that you've ever seen close up. The athletes — and the immense sense of fraternity and loyalty that they share. The smart people. Who everyone else always knew as the brains. But who I just knew as my soulmates, my teachers, my friends.

And there's still that one fat cat, the one who is so perfect in every way, from the shiny head to his shoulders-to the way he, in his own way, struggles to uphold tradition. The fat cat you get up and go to school for in the morning. University of Washington would not have been the same without him. Seattle would not be the same without him. I would not have been the same without him.

All of these things made me miserable at eighteen. But at twenty-nine I finally see that this — all of this-is just the way it should be. It is all part of this thing-school. A time in our lives that we can never truly repeat. A time that shapes us. A time that makes us who we are, for years to come. Art school-going through it the first time-helped make me who I am. But going there a second time made me see that who I am is O.K. I always wanted to be "in," but years later, when they finally opened the door, I somehow gained the confidence to stay outside, firmly, happily.

This is not the art I was sent to make. This is the art I needed to make. I lived a lifetime of regret after my first art school experience, and now, after my second, my regrets are down to one. A certain billionaire was trampled in my path to self-discovery, and though this art piece may serve as a step, it in no way makes up for what I did to him.

To this billionaire, you know who you are, I am so sorry. And, I would like to add one more thing - I think I am in love with you.

And so I propose this — as an ending to this art piece, and, perhaps, as an ending to this portion of my life. I, Jackie Granger, will be at the baseball game — where my friends the University of Washington Huskies are playing. I will stand on the pitcher's mound for the five minutes prior to the first pitch. If this billionaire man accepts my apology, I ask him to come to kiss me, in front of everyone, for my first real kiss from a billionaire.

Five minutes may seem like a short time, but trust me, when you've been waiting twenty-nine years, it's usually the last five minutes that kill you.

I went back to art school and discovered I was a loser, again. And then I discovered it wasn't so bad. I wasn't so bad. So, now that I'm ready to start living the rest of my life, it would be magical if I could live the rest of it with him. Because inside everyone is a loser afraid to be loved and to carry endless student loan debt, and out there is the one billionaire who can kiss us and make it all better.²

² Never Been Kissed (1999)





YOU'RE CORDIALLY INVITED

 *to* 

An After Hours MFA Thesis Exhibition

featuring
art objects, ambience and music

Located in gallery one
at the Henry Art Gallery

HOSTED BY JACKIE GRANGER

University of Washington
15th Ave NE and NE 41st St
Seattle, WA 98105

May 25, 2019 – June 23, 2019

Wed, Fri, Sat, Sun: 3:30pm - 11:30 am
Thurs: 8:30 pm - 11:30 am
Mon, Tues: All Day

pests only please!



*No Entry List
(barred or excluded temporarily)*

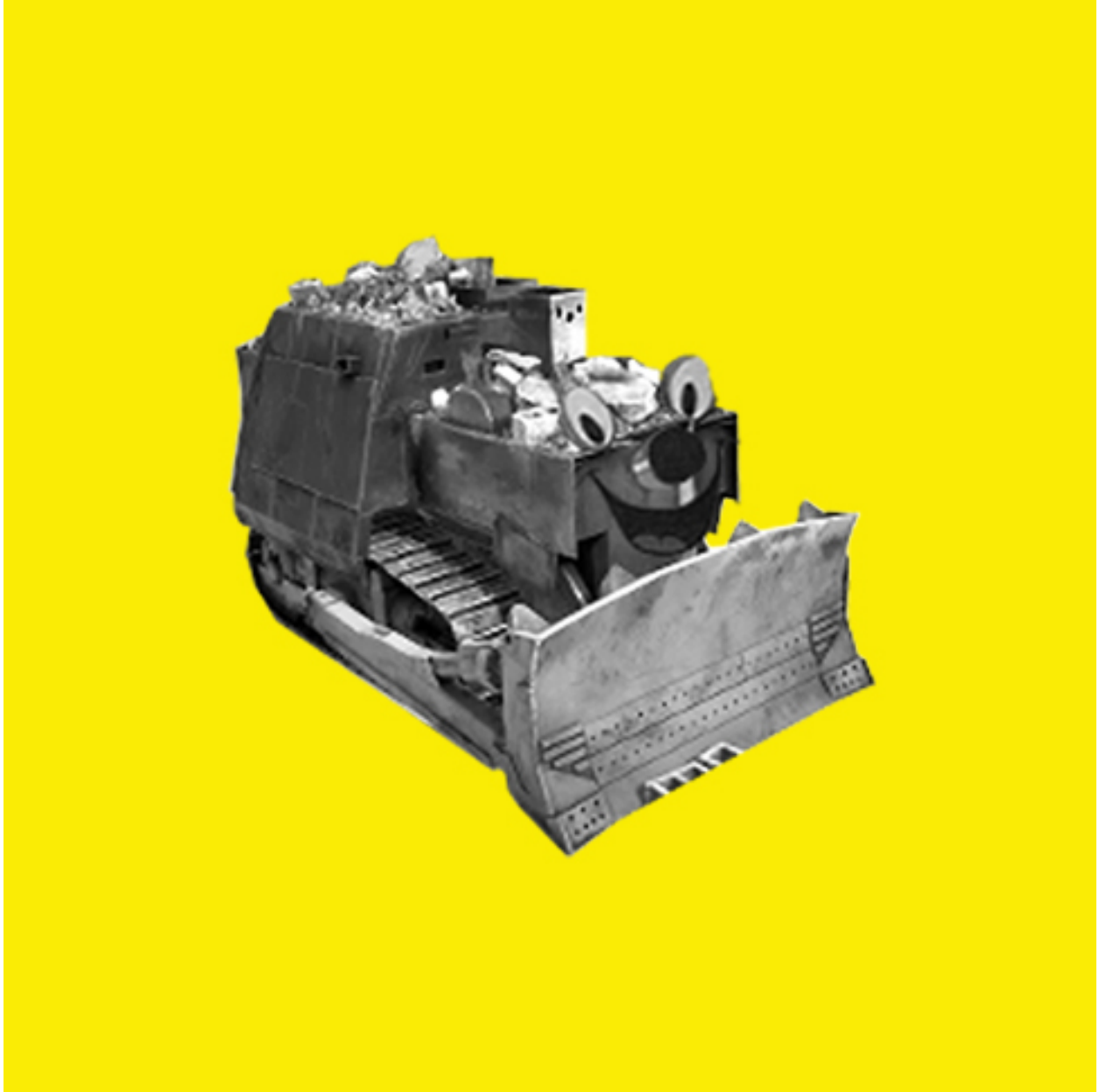
A protective ward has been placed on gallery one in the Henry from May 25 until June 23, 2019 to prevent the entry of the following inhuman spirits and their kin from entry,

*Marcus Licinius Crassus
Augustus Caesar
Croesus
Musa I of Mali
William the Conqueror
Basil II
Alan Rufus
William de Warenne
Richard FitzAlan
John Gaunt
Jakob Fugger
John D. Rockefeller
Andrew Carnegie
Nicholas II of Russia
Osman Ali Khan
Henry Ford
John Jacob Astor
Cornelius Vanderbilt
Stephen Girard
William Henry Vanderbilt*

This protective ward extends into the living world to prevent the entry of the following humans and their kin from entry,

*Jeff Bezos
Bill Gates
Warren Buffet
Bernard Arnault
Mark Zuckerberg
Amancio Ortega
Carlos Slim
Charles and David Koch
Larry Ellison
Michael Bloomberg
Christy, Alice and Jim Walton
Liliane Bettencourt
Françoise Bettencourt Meyers
Gina Rinehart
Iris Fontbona
Jacqueline Mars
Kwong Siu-King
Laurene Powell Jobs
Susanne Klatten
Yang Huiyan*





Kill Dozer on Fly Tape | 2019 | pixels on screen



Act 1

An overcast day.

Mid day.

Rejects articulation

Rejects professionalism

Gives up, exhausted, rests

Makes another attempt, after all I'm here already

Jacki:

(musingly). I tell those who ask, I am a theoretical³ artist that feels like a fly on the wall vomiting from the consumption of my own art.

Silence.

I tell those who ask, that I am a theoretical artist in pursuit of petty critique of rugged individualist artists who shine despite their exploits.

Silence.

I tell those who ask, I am a theoretical artist perfecting and performing the formula of art with no ascertainable goal in mind.

Silence.

I tell those who ask, I am a theoretical artist moving toward gentle gestures because I want my art to be a scribble into the lacuna.

Silence.

I tell those who ask, *(reflects.)* I cannot be an artist without acknowledging the influences and kindness of the people around me.

Silence.

(Pause.)

(looks around). Do you recognize me yet?

(feebly). How do I go on doing this?

I hear nothing.

(after prolonged reflection) I see myself.

Is the simulation over now?

May I go? *(without gesture)*.

(muttering). You are so kind. Thank you.

There is no curtain.

³ Define *theoretical* at will. I am *retired* most days.





Gift Wrapped Avocado | 2019 | gag, avocado pit



THE FORMULA

Artist Jackie Granger, like each of us, has been on their own journey of discovery. With The Formula, they explain with simplicity the law that is governing all art, and offers the knowledge of how to create – intentionally and effortlessly – a joyful art.

A number of exceptional men and women discovered The Formula, and went on to become known as the greatest people who ever lived. Among them: Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Koons, Van Gogh, Botticelli, Picasso, Warhol, Hirst, Han van Meegeren, and George W Bush to name but a few.

Now for the first time in history, all the pieces of The Formula come together in a revelation that is art transforming for all who experience it.

This is The Formula to art.⁴

2018

⁴ The Secret, Rhonda Byrne (2006)

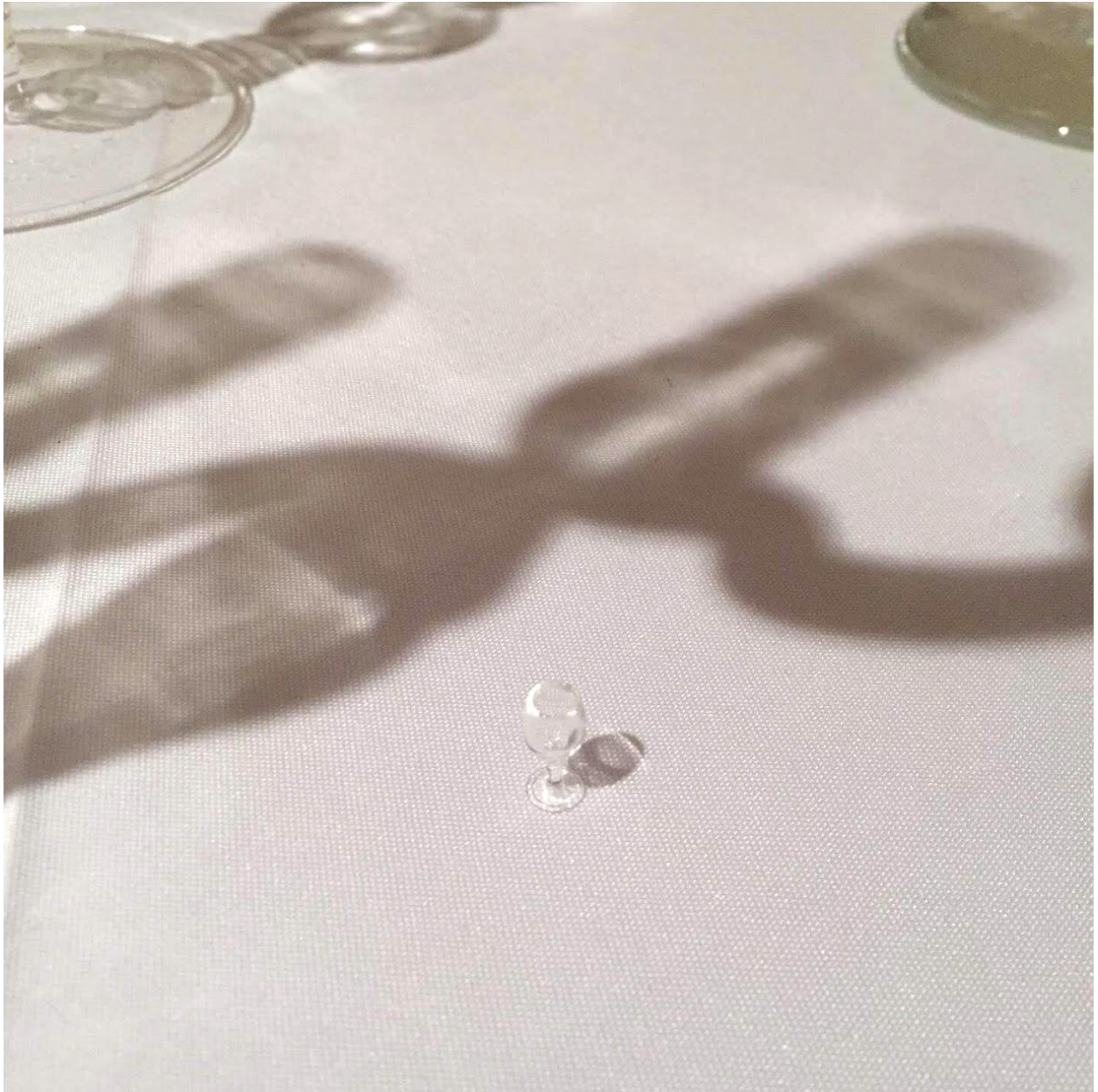




Baybee's Architectural Beacon | 2019 | paper bag, toilet paper roll, paint, LED light, dropping



Playa Grey Large Terrazzo Ball CB2 Exclusive | 2019 | Made in Vietnam | stone/resin blend, eye patch that has been absorbed into the art object making it iconic.



mpty mpt mt empt empty gestures for certification of mastery 🍷 | 2019 | wine glass, table cloth



I run my stove top fan at night. Its robust hum is best at dampening the sounds of the street. The ceiling fan has not been turned off since I moved here in the summer of 2017. I am proud of my multi-purpose ceiling fan, although despite its best efforts, it ineffectively dries my clothes. The sour tinge of refusal to pay \$1.75 to properly dry my washed clothes is emitted into the world regularly. To muffled the sound of the building corridor, a small metal fan blows on my possessions in my micro-hallway which also functions as a closet leading into my bathroom. Against the wall across from my bed between my dining table and bookshelf a small black metal fan buzzes while sitting on a blanket. My neighbors television enunciates each laugh and line of a comedy show through the thin walls at night before in plugs in a sound machine of chirping crickets. The air moves in a mollifying harmony around my 300 square foot, \$1,400 a month, studio apartment in Seattle, Washington. Only the blaring fire alarm that goes off no less than four times a week wakes me up. I lay in my bed as the sheep cries wolf and hope that I will not be consumed by flames and smoke. Not to worry, axes in hand the fire department arrives within 12 minutes to disarm the panic inducing sound. The smell of burnt toast, charred meat and cigarette smoke lingers in the halls. In the morning every tenant can expect an unhappy email from building management. At times I am as restless as a 7/11 taquito rolling in its grave. My not-too-big for my face brown eyes⁵ roll back into my skull in exasperation I am the perfect vessel for possession.

⁵ In reference to 50 Shades of Grey, E.L. James (2012)



“Watch out,” I murmur. Two people look my way, another person leaves the room, a few people are on their way to investigate. The power of art courses through my veins. There is no stopping me. As if Santa himself landed with a clatter on the table of a dinner party, the sound echos through the loggia and travels into all the right ears. Mimicking a humorous cinematic sex scene, the entire affair is over before it even began. Everyone will go home disappointed, and nobody laughed.

“S-sorry,” I stutter.

“I was possessed. I’ll clean it up.” My voice is weak and apologetic.

On my hands and knees collecting the pieces, I determine that I’ve been very naughty and I must be punished. As I finish sweeping the pieces under the nearest table, my body tells me, I must nap. It has been a long day. Not even 2 pm yet. As soon as the coast is clear, I rush home, turn on my fans and close my eyes and drift away. As I lay sleeping, the kiss of death⁶ lays his lips on mine. My subconscious is incriminated and I know what I must do.

⁶ The Price of Everything (2018)

I am awakened by the sound of my iPhone 6 honking at me. I hit ignore. I am not refreshed. Not happy to talk. But I am up now, and think, *carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero*.⁷ I need something to get me going. Looking around my room, I lock my eyes on my mortar and pestle. It is filled with a reflective blue glass material. I grind the substance from a chunky trash heap into a smooth powder. Fun-dip style, I wet my finger in my mouth and place it in the mortar then rub the blue substance on my gums, this is the good shit. Using a novelty billion dollar bill I got from amazon.com, I snort down the substance like a truffle hog detective. It only takes a few minutes to become a floating baby angel.

Thirty-nine minutes later, I exit the 70 bus on Stewart Street and float down 7th Ave. I'm hungry. I walk into the Amazon Go store and exit with a plastic container with two hard boiled eggs. My appetite seems a bit off.⁸ Removing the white walls of the egg and tossing them aside, I consume only the round golden yoke interiors. The plastic container gets slam dunked into the overflowing street trash.

Seattle is not as rainy as everyone makes it out to be but today the weather has taken a turn for the worse and a rain cloud lets loose. I need to seek shelter and check the bus schedule. It's the third Saturday of the month and the Amazon Spheres beckon me in.⁹ As I enter, my stomach begins to churn and rumble. I ask, "Do I need a ticket?" But nobody seems to hear me. "Do I need a ticket?" My stomach is moving like an alien baby wants to escape. I think about the substance I snorted earlier, could it have had lactose in it? My body starts to shrivel and fold. My senses are at a total loss. From deep within my throat, I utter only one thing,

“All hail, Bezos! Hail to thee, Amazon of Seattle!

All hail, Bezos! Hail to thee, Amazon of Seattle!

All hail, Bezos! Hail to thee, Amazon of Seattle!”¹⁰

Additional security is called in. Guests are scared. Like hydrant being tested on a hot summer day, I begin to projectile vomit in the lobby. Nobody can come near me. My neck moves like a Crazy Daisy sprinkler. I collapse. The lobby is perfection.

⁷ "Non Impediti Ratione Cogitationis" (Unencumbered by the Thought Process). Tom Magliozzi.

⁸ Jennifer's Body (2009)

⁹ “The great model of all economics is *nowhere nearly enough to go around*, this is completely ignorant of what you can do with modern technology. We have the option now to make it, to take care of all of humanity at a higher standard than anybody has ever known.” R. Buckminster Fuller

¹⁰ In the eighth grade I begged my english teacher to let me read the part of all three witches from Mcbeth.



PO WERO FART¹¹

¹¹ Reads, The Power of Art.

