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YONCE

By Jess Arndt and Litia Perta

Tuesday, March 4, 7:48pm

Do you think Kid Ink's talking about a past life connection?
"Mami you remind me of something I don't know what it is" ...?

I had to just put it on to think about that and the very
beginning vibes melody sound does have a certain
memory-displaced feel to it...Now yer just making me laugh
though... "I don't know what it is but you just my type everything
just right" is kinda how it feels when you're remembering
lifetimes ago and that refrain always snags me...
what if you're right???????

[smiley face emoji with a wink]

I'm banking on it

How you? I'm contemplating grading papers in Seattle airport

Of course listening to this song on repeat sounds waaaaay better

[image of an office with books behind a desk and papers laid out on top]

I'm here in my office (that always feels a little grim to be in after 8ish) trying to convince myself to go through the pile of papers I didn't grade over the weekend but am very easily distracted...

And just played my students "pretty hurts" after three hours of cuckoo light-footed lecturing...

Woah that sounds good (the lecture, the song)...I have that same stack as you glaring at me. I'm going to make myself a deal: 1 song after every paper as long as I go straight through.

Fair right??

[image of a wooden slat-backed chair against a dark window with a rollie suitcase handle leaning in]

Pretty good...straight through without stopping in the middle of a paper??? Stopping how, like gazing out the window or like text-stopping? A guy wants rules, nahmean?

Window=ok, text has to wait until after the paper.
Same w email, Instagram etc... Tough! Rewards...

I wish there could be a beverage thrown in there somewhere...
but ok, I got it and I like your plan...

Oh I forgot the other part...

Grade 5 and get a margarita

[emoji of a cocktail with paper umbrella sticking out]

I just listened to jealous and it was goood but airports always pull me into their bars especially if i can watch the planes.

airports pulling you into their bars sounds nice...
did you forego songs for sips? i'm copying your songs...

tequila after the next one.
now it's: it won't stop

Ha ha ha

One thing that feels really especially lucky about this last weekend
is that somehow, in addition to everything else I came away with, there is
such a definitive soundtrack...

I think you should leave the office...Right? I'm at
gate and realizing I'm in a middle seat to Detroit. Isn't that
the name of some B movie? Or should be

I left

Good

It's punishing enough to take the red eye...I can't believe you have
a stopover too!!!

And a middle seat...?

That's terrible dood!!!

And heading straight to Rutgers
No home

Oh gees yer killing me...

Trying for calm vibes. Slight tequila buzz. Jams
Raining out the window

You're going to be just that kind of loopy lucid I love...
I wish I could be one of your students for a couple hours...

Ha it will be the no brain edit game for sure
 Where you headed?
 Wait I have a “slight” edit to the Rihanna/Beyonce
 debate... I do think B’s sexy in “jealous”...Maybe because of
 subject or “troubled” vibe?

I’m nearing home and debating...
 Tea and then likely quick to the pillow...
 Or dark bar drink and more work...?
 My brain’s a little tired...

Dark bar 1 drink no work
 Then home bed

Hmmm...

Or bed is good if actually sleepy not just brain

As for Rihanna/Beyonce...that’s the thing...it’s not that B isn’t
 sexy—that would be an insane claim...it’s that given similarish material,
 Rihanna is sexiER...

Like I like me some jealousy too—and I’ve been listening to pretty
 hurts on repeat in my mind all day...but consider: if Rihanna was singing
 jealousy...what would that look like?

Yes AGREED it’s about undertow

Ok well actually...

I think I have to turn this thing off

I don't think Rihanna could do such a sweet job of it because there's something kind of innocent in B's delivery/admitting/tantrum... are you watching the video? I cooked this meal for you nekkid...then the smashing to the ground...it's all sort of oddly innocent...

Ha totally, bc she's playing at it I think??
It's like she's imagining it

Yeah...
Or making it up in her mind like a rubberband so she can swing wide to snap back...

Which she does at the end of the video because she winds up running into his arms, relieved to be out of her head or her negative fantasy...or something...

Well said. She wants to be out of the song she made up!
That's kind of twisted

except we all do it...

Ugh
Touché

you know it's not so bad

Funny given all out power of manifestation what we choose to make up

"Our" not out

if teenage viewers would read really carefully or have help reading...I think that video could be actually weirdly instructive...

I mean, no doubt some of it's real...but the refrain is "I'm just jealous"...
like she knows there's an indulgence...

I think jealous is a foil for some other feeling at least in
the song

Some other thing she's singing about she doesn't know how to name

(I do like how it seems like she's running in heels as fast as a car)

But I don't like the end

I guess I should turn off my phone so we don't "crash"

Did you decide about the bar/home

Turning off...

Ok...fly safe...

You'll turn back on to pop music musings no doubt...
warning you in advance...

I like this idea that what she's calling jealous is a foil for something
else—something she doesn't know how to name, you said—but I think
we're back to our first night's musings because I think it's not that she can't
name it but that she isn't sure she's felt it...

There's some troubled quality,
a graspy adult woman cum jealous child
quality that makes her weirdly
hot in this video...

I just lay in bed and the
warmth made me dip into sleep
for a minute but now maybe I think
I see something...

What if jealous opens up a
space where she can lean into that
feeling where you look to the other
person to fill you up, to love on you so

hard you don't have to do it on
 your own or look at the hole that can
 devastate you if you face it, hold it,
 allow it to be there...

But the other person can't fill her up—that will never work
 because that's not what other people do
 or are for or can offer—and the tantrum
 comes from wanting it so bad and not
 getting it, stomping your feet because
 you want it like a kid...but you're
 right, the jealousy's a foil...it's a ruse
 that allows her to still cast her person
 in the role of being able to fill her up
 inside, give her what she wants...

The jealousy has a certain
 pleasure in it (painful pleasure) that
 still distracts from having to look at
 that hole ...

So you're right again that the
 end is tricky because running back
 into her lover's arms—relieved,
 happy, tender, clutching (literally), it's
 like the flirting hovering over the
 abyss that jealousy opens up
 snaps shut.

And she's back in the "reality"
 (which is illusion) that her boo fills her
 up inside, that working on the
 relationship with him allows her not
 to have to look at her relationship
 with herself...bla bla bla...and she's
 relieved
 (that figuring out yourself shit
 is scary)...what if...?

now I'm going to sleep...I
 hope you're somehow there already.
 Goodnight

Wed, Mar 5, 3:43am

Hahaha maybe we're
writing a book? I love this.

I'm in Detroit now, it's daybreak.
You're in LA and Beyonce never had a therapist so good.
[emoji of ✨ going diagonally from small to bigger next to twinkling stars]

But one last question. Why did she cook naked and then put
on some clothes to be half naked? I mean I know half
naked is kind of sexier but was she really all the way naked when she
cooked? Or is she just into rhyming naked and naked?

I like what you said: "that's not what other people do
or are for or can offer"

ha ha ha ha ha...I've been in deep text convo with H.
(who is a primary ally in this life I live with such unruly sleep)...
and love that you've landed, at least for a little while...

The nekkid thing I'm not sure about...imma have to think about it...

but also...

What's with the Marie Antoinette and sculpture caressing in
the very beginning...?

Hahaha is that her penthouse or did she start in France?
She kind of looks like Kate Winslet there

And now I think the nekkid thing and the drink/broken glass
thing "one more drink left in this glass don't make me break it" is
kinda preposterous...like, for real, someone's going to try to tell
me Beyonce cooked a meal (naked or clothed), bought flowers and
set up a candlelight dinner and had a no-show...?!?
I mean come on...I think that's the first clue that something's not

as it seems...and maybe the weird initial imagery that doesn't really
 recur lends itself to the dreamlike quality that can happen—
 and so ornately—when you're that deep in your head or in that hole...?
 Maybe?

Yeah ...And put some more drink in that glass...
 Don't throw it!

It does seem like she's playing dressup and maybe her dude
 never even knew there was dinner to begin with
 Alice in wonderland quality

You know, that happens in real life...it's happened to me a couple
 times before...never the dinner thing but where you get dressed in
 the morning or evening or whenever you're going to see your person
 and you have some kind of surprise beneath all your street clothes
 and for whatever reason (fights, disappointments, usually fights...)
 you wear it all day excited for the moment you get found out
 and that moment doesn't come, never comes...it's a
 really weird, deflating feeling—and totally a place where this latch
 you've linked into the other person comes undone in the worst way
 where you can see you've roped them into something where they failed
 you and they have NO IDEA...

So yeah, I like this notion that her person never even knew there was
 a dinner and the dress up and hope to be appreciated thing folds
 back into our assessment number one about that hole...

And yes, we're writing a textbook.

heh.

Yeah I guess I've had my own versions of that. For
 me the pain always comes from thinking back to that
 person (self) hours earlier making some kind of prediction or
 plan and wondering if the intention is somehow what crashed
 the future moment...

intention/hooky-need...that kinda non-neutral
notice-me/need-me I think is always a sinkhole...

this is seriously a favourite pastime...I mean these strange
three minute movies are so dense...!

Where are you now?

My flight's delayed

Watching sunrise

It's lighting up a girl's pink
hair across from me

awesome

We never even got to Pink
We will

Or "flawless"
whaaaaaaaaaaaaaat...???

I haven't listened to "drunk in love" once. Too
scared of its imprinting power!

yeah don't do it!

ok imma try and be held by this night time again
for a minute, while it's still around me...

I hope your next everything
is easy and safe and
maybe even illuminating...

Thanks. You too. Glad you
still have cozy dark. Go to
it...

† Jess Arndt lives in Brooklyn and likes listening to Hot 97 at very loud volumes while driving around. Sometimes she bartends or teaches fiction at Rutgers University. Always she writes and co-edits the prose experiment New Herring Press. She has new work in Fence, Aufgabe and on Bomb.org.

‡ Litia Perta is a writer who lives in Los Angeles and teaches at UC Irvine. She likes snapping turtles and succulents and her recent work has appeared in Randy and in Capricious magazines as well as in the inaugural edition of the Laurie Weeks Institute journal entitled: Doing Something to Someone.

Together they are writing a textbook.

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