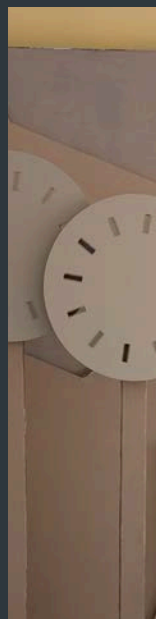
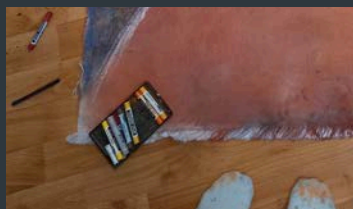


# dis- communication

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AUR  
CAPSTONE  
EXHIBITION

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Via Angelo Masina 07

The Oxford English Dictionary defines the prefix “dis-” as “with privative sense, implying removal, aversion, negation, reversal of action”.

Growing up, I was slow to pick up on language. I remember being small, listening to talk shows on the radio, and hearing the way consonants would bump and crack in my ears meaninglessly. Understandably, this got me in trouble at times, leaving me misunderstood or misunderstanding.

As the years went by, I turned to imitation. I wanted to be socially involved and accepted. I slowly picked up on what words got what reactions, and found that more important than their "real" meanings. I was parroting whatever was around me, especially characters on TV. This slowly infected every part of my life. I was living in the third person, always double checking to see the way I presented.

My work started as an anthropological research into community. I began intensely observing my relationships. Familial, romantic, friendly or otherwise. Many of my art pieces became relational. Sculptures with two sides, or that require interaction, and that somehow always centered around communication. I wanted to understand what it was that I was missing.

Eventually my research returned inconclusive. The more I studied, the more obvious it became how individual and unreasonable every relationship is. There is no perfect answer; no scientific solution that would make me feel a part of instead of apart from.

Most of all, I had reached a block I couldn't pass: the masks people wear- myself included. I couldn't get that deep connection I had wanted. I also realized that I had spent much of my life pretending to be someone else in hopes of finding that togetherness. I couldn't tell where my role-playing ended and where I started.

In my final year I shifted my focus from observation of the world around me, to the world within me. I started digging inward and began redeveloping my language, finding sound in that once-silence.

While “miscommunication” is the accidental failure of relaying information, I introduce “discommunication” as a more intentional separation from old patterns, in looking for new means of communication. To invent one's own language.

Walking through the space, you'll find structures made of cardboard. Each impermanent, movable, and fragile. They live in a fantasy world, constructed and mutable. They sit at odd angles, stretching reality, the pieces themselves in motion and breathing; uncertain.

For my social research, I offer the wheels. One can see a figure dancing on the wheels' faces but only when two people choose to play together. I invite the viewers to work together and spin them to see. I wanted to capture the magic of connection. When I made the work, I was thinking about masking and unmasking within relationships, and understanding coming from immersion.

The biggest installation is a structure meant to imitate a space from life. Painted surfaces reveal sensations brought on by one's experiences. The video element gives evidence of observation, the passage of time, brief instances of presence and breaks from the performance. This installation gives one the sense of life's theatricality contrasted by individual interpretation; expression versus impression. One could see a playhouse, a stage set, a studio... In some ways the space traps, and in other ways it protects.

The portraits and various sculptures are a part of my personal research. In some ways, they serve as many shed skins. In other ways, they're an attempt at a compromise between being defined and defining self. Finally, the works almost entirely manifests from searching for sensation, the desire for an itch to be scratched. Scraping, ripping, scribbling, dribbling, splattering, cutting, swiping and biting. When language is not enough, expression manifests in picking, playing, throwing and other expulsions.

# Discommunication