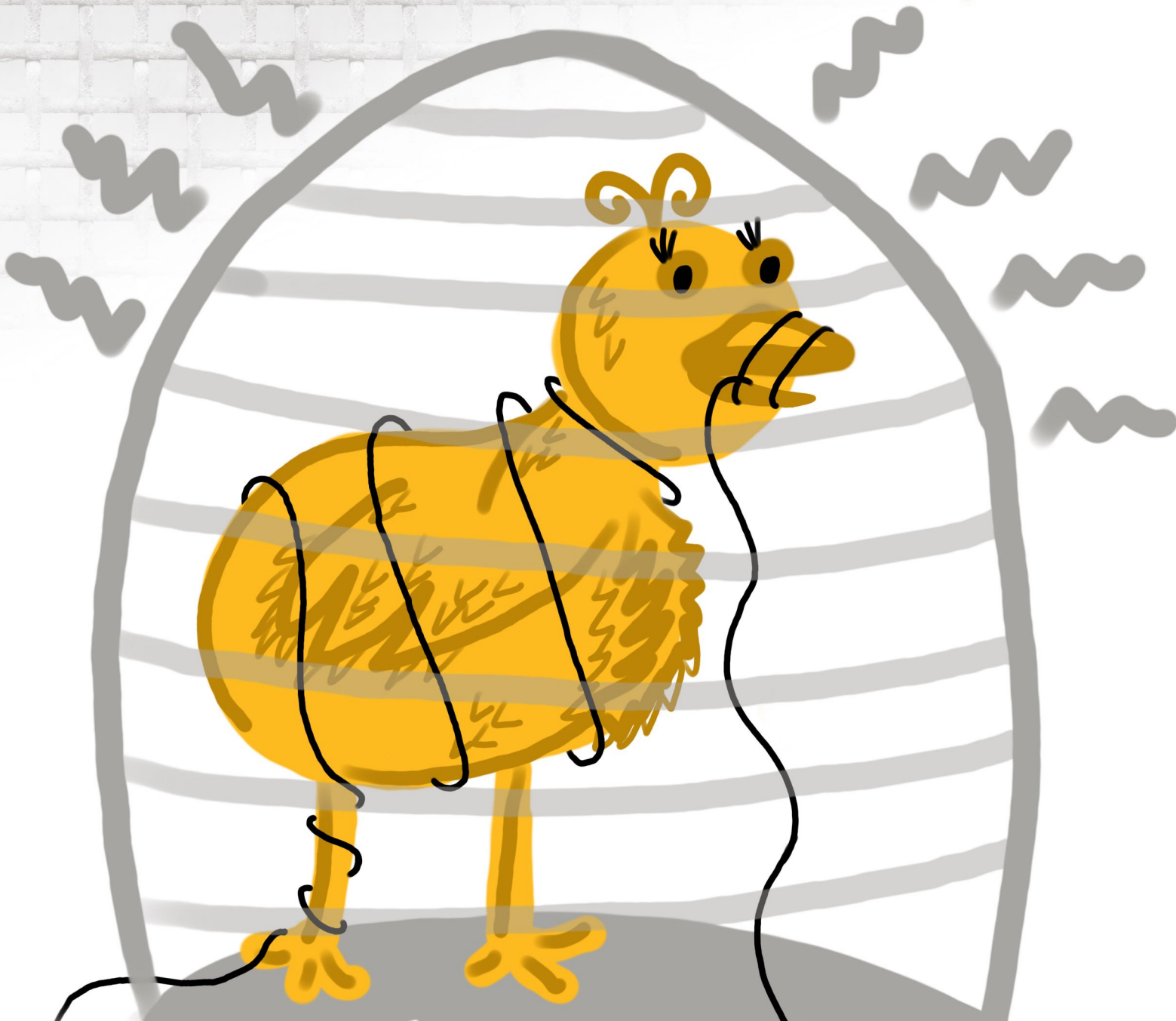


REFLECTION & DOCUMENTATION

of a little birdie
trapped in a cage



Introduction

a ten week whirlwind through mind body & soul. Ten weeks to break down & build up again.
explore the depths of psychiatry, being normal, the effects of society & the forms of expression it has to offer.
an adventure into artistic practices. working from intuition. Working from concept. Personalised.
Abstraction. Everything in-between.

Explosion of Materials also like sound, silliness
spontaneity & surrealism
did you know you can
make art with trash?

with really
cute letter to my
grandma though

Museum Guislain spoiler alert: I wasn't a fan

Trinkhall featuring ducks

flip here if you want to see
me use fashion as a way
to visualise & express
my trauma

Exploring Duality

Inn-between
speaking about trauma...
sorry for the screaming
everyone. I'm not liable
for doctor bills

the nerve of men inventing
idiot things like this

Scold's Bridle

Healing... It was about time
>> just like take a walk or smthg

much needed rebrand
for the scold's bridle

Singing Scold's Branching Bridle

Reflection and Evaluation

(I give myself a 10)

DADAISM

combining visual art, theatre, poetry & graphic design

being irrational & going against social norms

using objects differently than original function

response after the first world war

"the dadaist thinks it's important to comment on Art because they see through the scam of art as a moral safehaven"

I steal being silly & embracing when my art doesn't make sense it just is

SURREALISM

aims to revolutionise the human experience

interaction between "rational" life and the dream subconscious & unconscious

consciousness that is not in focal awareness

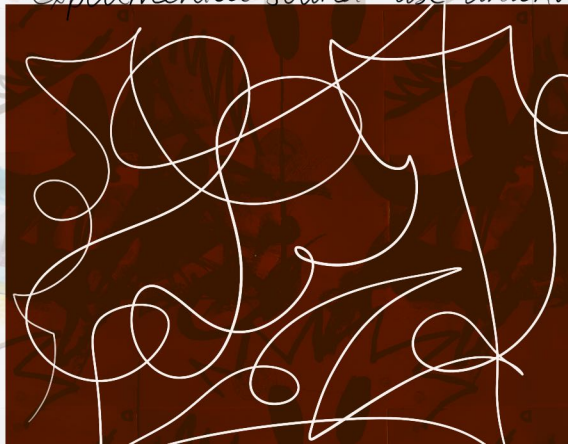
automatic processes

"they find magic and beauty in the unexpected & uncanny, the disregarded & unconventional"

helped me find art in all regular things around me. Everything can become art with a new perspective. Stories are found everywhere. the irrational hides in the rational

SOUND

experimental sound use unconventional



original music methods

PRESSURE

VOICE

WOOD

water

HANDS

FEET

freeing for the class ability to take up my own space

there is rhythm in every thing music & lessons alike

The introduction to these art movements helped me with placing my own kind of art in society and finding recognition. The themes these artists explore in are the same I like to indulge myself in. Namely the questioning of the norm and society. I want to find the border between real and fake. I also believe reality is malleable. Surrealism helps you to think outside of the box. Imagine the unimaginable. The sound workshops gave me a better way to express myself in unexpected ways as well.

The skins allowed me to explore and experiment with different tactile functions of unconventional materials. Working with cotton and glue without losing it's airiness. Feeling the burn of the rope on my hands after braiding. Trying not to get burned by hot glue. Finding stains of ink on my skin. Silver hands and hairs. Using my fingers to paint and position. Pinpricks which make you aware of the task at hand when your focus wavers. Seeing beauty in the behind the scenes before you arrive at a finished art piece. The delicacies of creation. Aiming to create something that eyes natural and meant to be. Like skin, with imperfections. Strong and sensitive at the same time. Unwavering yet ever changing.



Action painting helped me release. It signified the importance of living in the moment when creating art. Letting movement lead you and seeing that meaning will come up naturally. In both my pieces I had no clue what I was creating during it. But at the end it made sense. My poem, which was basically created by luck, fit the visuals none the less.

Allowing myself to create without a concept or thorough thought brought unexpected things to the surface. I was confronted with dark beliefs that unearthed themselves in my mind. As I accepted these as truth I let them consume my energy. The research coming over the weeks made me question this undesirable reality I kept reiterating for myself.

THE ACTION OF MAKING
TRANSCENDED ON THE
THE ARTPIECE IS
AN REMEMBRANCE
OF THE ACTION

I started using experimental poetry to explore language and the words I use to describe my experience. To reach emotion in one way or another. With visuals or with words, with both or neither. There are lots of words in my mind that need to get out.

SPONTANEITY

FULL DISCLOSURE:

Article:
My opinion

Homework

NOT MY

CALLING

I need

REST

by

this treatment

NO

COME

HERE

Away

from

safety

US

like the

MASTERS

of our own lives

make it
Fair

accommodation

MOVEMENT

start
Talks

We're not
just
Workers

Let's product in a

Plotted

together

New proposition



BEEP

BEEP

BEEP

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Guislain

Instead of me being a test subject of psychology.
Psychology became my test subject.

It is funny how one of the goals of museum Guislain is to elivate prejudices in society around psychiatry. Yet when I walk around in the museum all I see is prejudice. While their goal is to show the socio-cultural setting in which "disorders" take place . It is presented as a location where I feel like I am invited to gawk at the irregulations of the "other". The artist who dared not to be sane, here propped up on a pedestal to look at and study.

"We name in order to understand"

We name without awareness of the power of our words. We name without realising what the consequences for that would be.

"Do these strict categories create order or just cause confusion?"

Men tries to create order in a world that is uncontrollable, the human psyche is not there to control. The system creates conditions under which symptoms can flourish yet we don't name the system as crooked or disordered, we name the symptoms and individuals as so. I wonder, what would it be like to live in a world without judgement?

"In madness romantics saw the liberation of instinct"

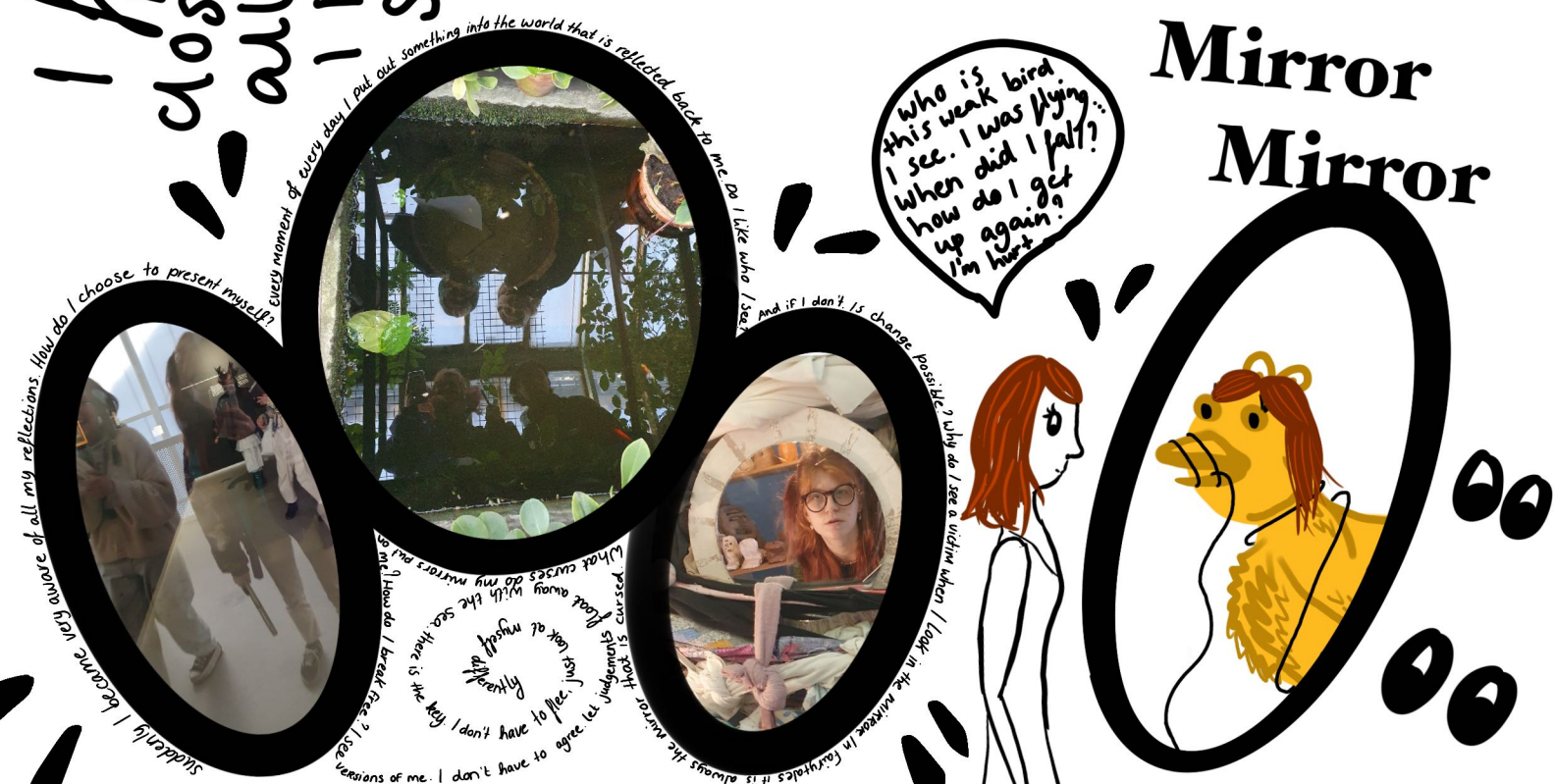
We as humans have classified ourselves to be above instinct, we are not animals anymore, no we are humans.
Way better, way advanced, way upgraded.

What if I don't want to live on that plane anymore?

I don't think I am much more advanced than any other living being. I might even go so far to say that humans have devolved. Just one look at the straight jacket hanging in the museum tells me enough. What animal truly aligned with God would invent such a thing? And think it is *good* and *just* to use it.

Let alone hang it like a cross above the door, as if it is here to protect us

I FEEL WATCHED I FEEL STUDIED
Is it you keeping such a
close look on me or is it
all in my head? I thought
I knew who I was but not
so sure now. CRAZY I guess,
WHAT IF I don't want
to be?



DAG lieve gekke oma,

Ik heb je lang niet meer gesproken, maar ik weet dat dat niet jouw fout is. Ik wil je graag wat vertellen over mijn trip die ik heb gemaakt. We hebben een museum bezocht. Museum Dr. Guislain. De trip was erg lastig voor me. 3 uur weg van huis en slapen in een hostel met 20 andere mensen. Ik vind mijn klas echt tof, maar voor iemand die hooggevoelig is en het comfort van haar huis nodig heeft om op te laden, is dit een erg lastige onderneming.

Het museum heeft niettemin een enorme indruk op mij achtergelaten. Het museum geeft een geschiedenis van de psychiatrie, samen met kunst en onderzoeken rondom het onderwerp, weer. Jij had er waarschijnlijk met net zo veel verachting als ik rondgelopen. Hoe ze de problematiek van deze mensen weergeven alsof het iets is dat geobserveerd moet worden. Alsof het iets is waar wij normale mensen over kunnen converseren. Alsof het vooral niet iets is waar ik dagelijks tegenaan loop.

Als ik het museum moet geloven ben ik gek, maar dat wisten we al. Twee dagen rondlopen in een plek die bewijst dat als ik niet eens 100 jaar geleden geboren was, ik ook in een gesticht had gezeten. Was het niet omdat ik te geopinieerd ben als vrouw, dan was het waarschijnlijk wel omdat het reguleren van mijn emoties mij niet altijd even vlekkeloos afgaat. Het is lastig om omringd te zijn door mensen die dat niet zo ervaren. Die naar deze tentoonstelling kijken en de ander zien die onterecht behandeld is. Niet zichzelf. De meeste tijd heb ik in een soort dissociatieve staat rondgelopen. Mijn enige uitlaatklep was in de avond dat ik met Tena de speeltuinen van Gent ben gaan ontdekken.

Hoe kan ik schrijven over dit interessante onderwerp wanneer ik niet een intellectueel debat voor ogen zie, maar mijn toekomst. Wanneer ik al jaren van psycholoog tot psycholoog zweef die mij probeerde te vormen naar iemand wie ik niet ben. Die mij, net zoals de arme slachtoffers van de psychiatrie, met pillen willen doodzwijgen om mee te komen in een maatschappij die niet voor mij is gemaakt. Mijn geeste alleen maar zieker maken in de naam van wetenschap en normaliteit. Ik heb het geluk dat ze me nog niet vast hebben gezet en ik haat dat het voor jou wel zo ver is gekomen.

Langzaam gek worden, of het altijd al zijn geweest. Ik weet dat mama het beste met je voor heeft, maar ik weet ook dat je dit nooit gewild had. Moeizaam proberen ze je in leven te houden en een geeste hier te houden die er allang niet meer hoeft te zijn. Die al ergens anders is, die al te laat is voor haar volgende leven, zo te zeggen. Alle verhalen die je vertelt, oma snapt het niet meer, ze weet het niet meer, ze gelooft dingen die niet waar zijn. Terwijl jij altijd heel goed wist wie je bent. Wat je wel en niet wilde. Voor jaren heb je de moderne geneeskunde ontweken en nu zit je in het hol van de leeuw.

In de tentoonstelling lag jouw jas, er stond geen naam bij maar ik weet zeker dat het de jouwe is. Van binnen compleet geborduurd met bloemen, beesten en bladeren. Verschillende taferelen, uren werk waarvan ik niet weet hoe je het geduld ervoor opbrengt. Maar zou je niet? Als ze je opsluiten, je identiteit weg strippen en je stil houden. Ik snap het wel. Je creëert je eigen schild met de materialen die je voorhanden hebt. Er hing ook een mantel van mij. Ik kan me het er in rondlopen nog goed herinneren. Ja, ik ben al langer dit gevecht aan het vechten. Waar zijn onze kleuren? Waar is onze spiritualiteit? Waar is onze compassie? Waar is onze gulheid? Weg met onze vraat en weg met het ego.

Ik heb er met de oorlog recht tussen gestaan. Werken al vanaf zo jong ik me kan herinneren en dan dat. En voor wat? Verschrikkelijk was het. Ik ben nooit meer hetzelfde geweest. Thuiskomst was lastig, maar langzaam kon ik gaan helen. Maria had me lief en ik kon creëren. Toen ze stierf was het ook genoeg en heb ik mijn jaren ontwricht uitgeleefd tot ik weer opnieuw kon beginnen.

Ik wens jou meer dan ontwrichte jaren, voor je opnieuw in het leven stapt. Ik kom zo snel mogelijk weer jouw kant uit en dan neem ik je borduurspullen mee, ik weet dat je ze weer nodig hebt. Hopelijk vind je een veilige plek desondanks alle controlefreaks rondom je en blijft je geest de waarheid zien door de mist van medicatie heen.

Heel veel liefs,

Zoë



Trink Hall

TRINKHALL IS MY FIRST STEP TOWARDS HEALING IN THIS LONG JOURNEY. I CAN SEE THE NEGATIVE EYES I VIEWED GUISLAIN WITH. YET I HAVE NO CLUE HOW TO TURN THIS FEATURE OFF. IN GUISLAIN I PUSHED MYSELF OVER MY OWN BOUNDARIES WHILE TRYING TO PARTICIPATE IN CLASS. UNAWARE THAT THIS ONLY MADE IT HARDER FOR ME TO BE TRULY PRESENT.

IN TRINKHALL I LISTENED TO MY INSTINCTS BETTER, AFTER A TOUR OF THE MUSEUM I COULDN'T BE INSIDE ANYMORE SO I CHOSE NOT TO FORCE MYSELF TO BE. I PAINTED QUIETLY NEAR THE WATER. SOAKING UP NATURE AND ALL ITS WISDOM.

THE ART SHOWCASED IN TRINKHALL INSPIRED ME IMMENSELY, WAY MORE THAN IN GUISLAIN. AN OVERARCHING THEME I FELT WAS NATURE. NATURAL MATERIALS OR DEPICTIONS OF NATURE. THE WOODCARVINGS WITH IRREGULARITIES ON THEIR SURFACE YET SHOWCASED AS PERFECT AND BEAUTIFUL. A WHOLE ROOM OF CROOKED AND WONKY STATUES. TEACHING ME TO EMBRACE THE WOBBLY. QUILTS MADE WITH TEXTURES THAT LEFT YOU WONDER HOW THEY COULD BE ACHIEVED WITHOUT MAGIC BEING PART OF THE MAKING PROCESS. IT MADE QUESTION WHY THEY WOULD EVER HANG IT AGAINST A WALL INSTEAD OF LETTING ME CURL UP IN THE POWER AND PERCEIVED SOFTNESS OF IT.

"LEAVE THE LUXURY FOR THE VULGAR PEOPLE. THERE ARE SENSITIVE PEOPLE TO APPRECIATE THE CHARM OF SIMPLE & POOR THINGS"

PREACH PREACH PREACH

EVEN THE WAY WE WENT THROUGH THE MUSEUM WAS DIFFERENT IN TRINKHALL, WE DARED TO JOKE AROUND AND CONNECT, LOOKING AT ART WITH THE COMPANIONSHIP OF MY CLASSMATES. IN GUISLAIN I FACED THE HORRORS OF THE HISTORY OF PSYCHIATRY ALONE. I FELT LIKE I COULDN'T MAKE A SOUND. THAT WAS DIFFERENT HERE.

AFTER TRINKHALL I DIDN'T KNOW IT YET BUT ALL STEPS I TOOK THERE WERE VALUABLE FOR MY END WORK. EVEN WHEN IT WAS THE FARTHEST FROM MY MIND AND I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF JUST TRYING TO SURVIVE EACH DAY.

WE VISITED THE GREENHOUSE. THERE I STARTED TO UNDERSTAND. THIS IS HOW YOU INVITE MAGIC TO PARTICIPATE IN YOUR ART. TO LIVE AND BREATHE WITH THE CYCLES OF NATURE.

duck. muck
the mud & shake it
off when you come up
→ be like a
around in
shake it
come up



In my research I came across the different ways I happened to express myself. For the carnival holidays I chose to explore those two sides. I designed two outfits and alter ego's so to say to completely indulge myself in my sunny and shadow side. A visual representation what is at war inside of me at all times. My goal is to integrate these different parts, but not until they are explored and laid bare. These different sides of me at war are what might make me feel crazy at times.

EXPLORE DUALITY

mysterious
observing

frozen in fear

held back

people avoid your gaze

crying or zoned out

not here unclear

calm when collected
when toned down

disappear in the shadows



happy goody positive

lovely charming warming bright

spontaneous curious

loud silly sensual

smiles & eyes on you
you attract peoples gaze

in alliance with the world



It was difficult to be confronted with my beliefs. I want to be the sunny part of me all the time. I think it is possible to be living in love and light, but not by hiding away our darkness. Both have important lessons for us to learn. It is a journey to get to these lessons. Especially when you're in a period where it feels like your darkness is overshadowing your sunny side. Conflicting voices in your head that tell you different things about the world. And you have to figure out who is correct.

INN-BETWEEN

the day started for me with a lot of panic. I couldn't get out of my house in time for the start of the day. I couldn't work at home at the assignment. Inn-between was a really fitting theme for my last five weeks. I have certainly been feeling inn-between. I already had plans for a character in the exhibition. One that showcases my duality I had been exploring leading up to the expo. One where my different sides could collapse into each other & co-exist. In the morning of the expo I wrote the poem that I performed. I also arranged for my dad to help me get to class. Once I arrived I could work on my visual part. I decided on a painting visualising my two sides & started creating the space around. I really wanted to make my piece interactive & intense. Visualising my struggles it was a blast improvising from sweet to aggressive. the moment I performed my poem I used so much energy collecting my audience. In the morning I would have never thought I had it in me. But I did.

POETRY:

What do you do when you have been inn-between?

Half of you is lost, half of you is seen.

Inn-between happy and sad.

Inn-between alive and dead.

Assignments inn-between finished and not done at all.

You inn-between going outside and crying in the hall.

How do I show that I am inn-between?

How do I lower expectations?

How do I ask people to be less mean?

Is it you? Who is mean. Or might it be the voices in my head?

How do I change them when it is so hard to keep myself fed?

Inn-between succeeding and failing.

Inn-between sunshine and hailing.

Inn-between sane and derailing.

Am I both? Am I neither? How am I cold when I am sitting in front of a heater?

Shouldn't I be safe? Shouldn't I be warm?

How do I turn off the sound of the alarm?

It is making noise and you are all looking. You don't really see.

I want all eyes on me, but you're not allowed your own opinion.

I would rather have you're a little minion.

I will tell you what to think. I will tell you how to act.

You will believe everything I say as a fact.

What is a fact? Is it black or is it white?

What if you're inn-between darkness and light?

What if you're inn-between what society gets but not really.

What if you're inn-between crazy... or just feeling.

Inn-between getting hurt time and time and time again... and healing.

Who am I if I cut the strings? Who am I if I say goodbye to everything?

Somewhere inn-between wild and caged.

Somewhere inn-between calm and enraged.

Am I both? Why do you loathe that I can be both?

Why do you loathe my duality?

I realise you are blind, but you told me you can see.

So I allowed you to lead the way.

I never allowed myself to sway.

Sway inn-between and just float.

Let the tides come and go.

Try to find some sort of flow.

Keep my head up even though you thought me to keep it low.

I am somewhere inn-between loving and loathing inn-between.

Inn-between ashamed and gloating.

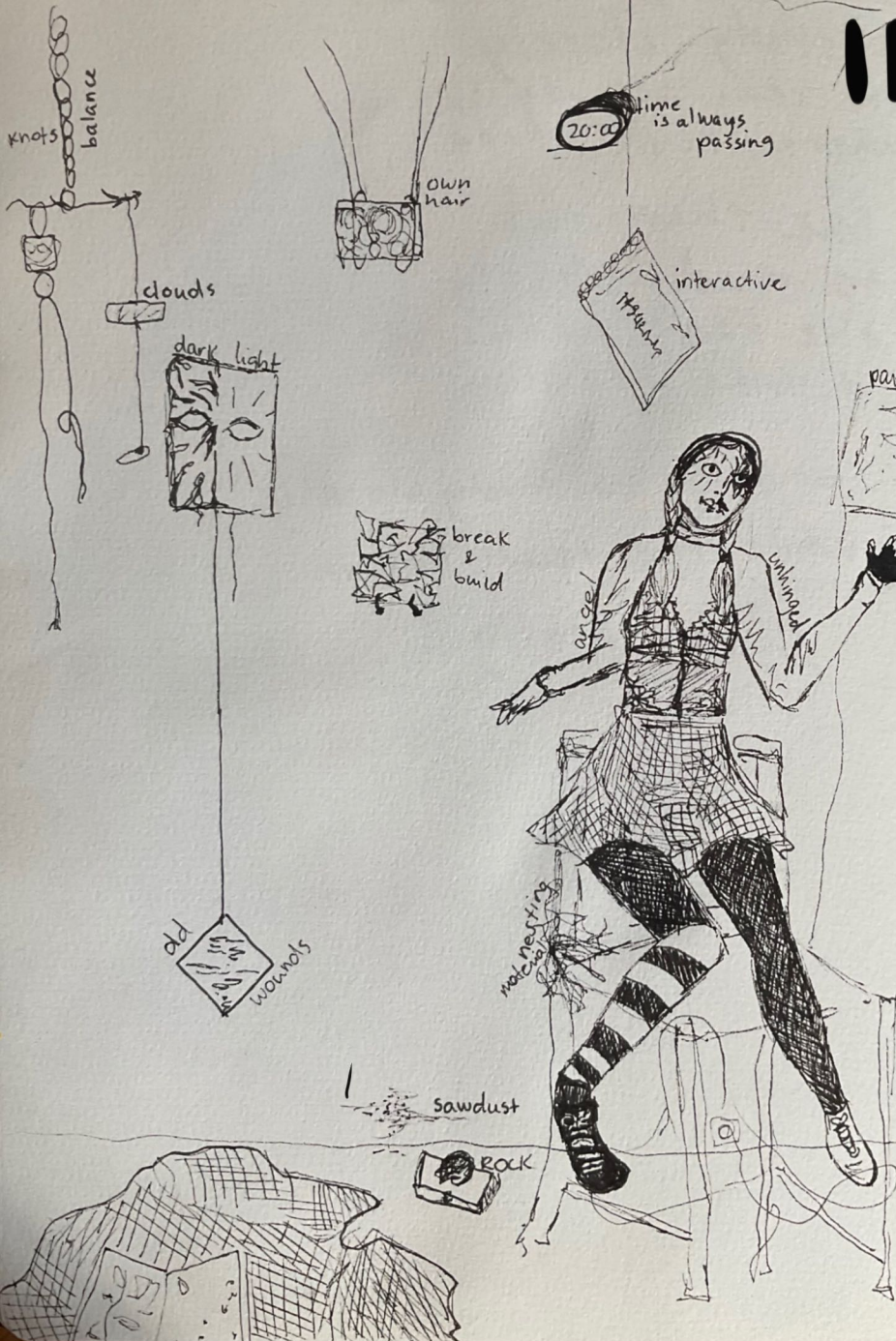
Maybe my skills are still loading.

I will learn how to be inn-between lost and found.

I will learn how to be inn-between light and sound.

I will learn how to be inn-between silly and profound.

So the circle goes round and round.



tried to stay in character ****
interesting visual aspects ****
silver hair ****
outfit 10/10
shoes 1/2 + 1/2



I guess I was load irritating but it was kinda meant to be. I would have loved more feedforward of how to integrate my visual & performative work without losing the message.

alternative script for the evening:
> NO POEM > SET ALARM @ 20 > SNOOZE
> spend rest of the night running up and down not quite making a piece about it. Start the night lovely & grounded but after the alarm starts you see me slowly unraveling

MADNESS what an interesting concept.
Especially when you think about the fact that normalcy does not exist. We are all humans who are subject to evolution, we are all different people with different bodies and different minds.

The average human does not exist.

The notion of normal only exists in society.
The definition of normal is 'conforming to a standard; usual, typical or expected' which tells me that something can only be 'not normal' when compared to something else.

Then who gets to decide those standards? Who gets to say: yes my subjective experience as a human is the norm. Because that is all consciousness -and in extend life- is, subjective experience.

We are all God experiencing consciousness and life in the different forms existence has to offer it to us.

When creating a norm in society you are bound to exclude people from that norm. Not being able to fit into that arbitrary norm does not make them wrong, immoral or insane.

It might drive you insane, being told that your subjective experience does not have a place.
The question of mental health is showcased as a problem of the individual, a personal illness that needs to be assessed and then cured.

Regardless of the fact if the people in insane asylums are actually insane. I would like to ask the question, wouldn't you go insane?

When you are put in an institution you are not allowed to leave, made to wear the same costume as everyone else.
When you are stripped from your own identity, spoken about as if you're not there, not really human even.
When you are treated like your wants and needs are wrong and restraint when you happen to upset the wrong people. Would you be able to keep your sanity?

I am speaking about mental institutions, but in society the same concepts are at play. It is about the concentration of power in the wrong places. If it was really about helping people we would not be looking at the crazy individual, but at the structures in society that made them crazy.

We would see that we have designed a way of living that most people can brainwash themselves into believing, but is not true to our values.

We are lost and it is reflected as a mental health plague rushing through society.

Anyone can be next.
You are bound to burn out, burst or become depressed when they are always preying on you. The vultures.

Nowhere a safe space to land or build nests.

Keep flying to produce the winds they profit off.
No one hears your song over their screeches.

Flying because they are purposefully cutting down forest so you have no choice but to.

No food to find and when you fall down they have a new carcass to feed from.

How I love flying but only when accompanied with dreams at night and warm wings holding me.

With the world a cage, we long to be free.



Was the scolds bridle painful?

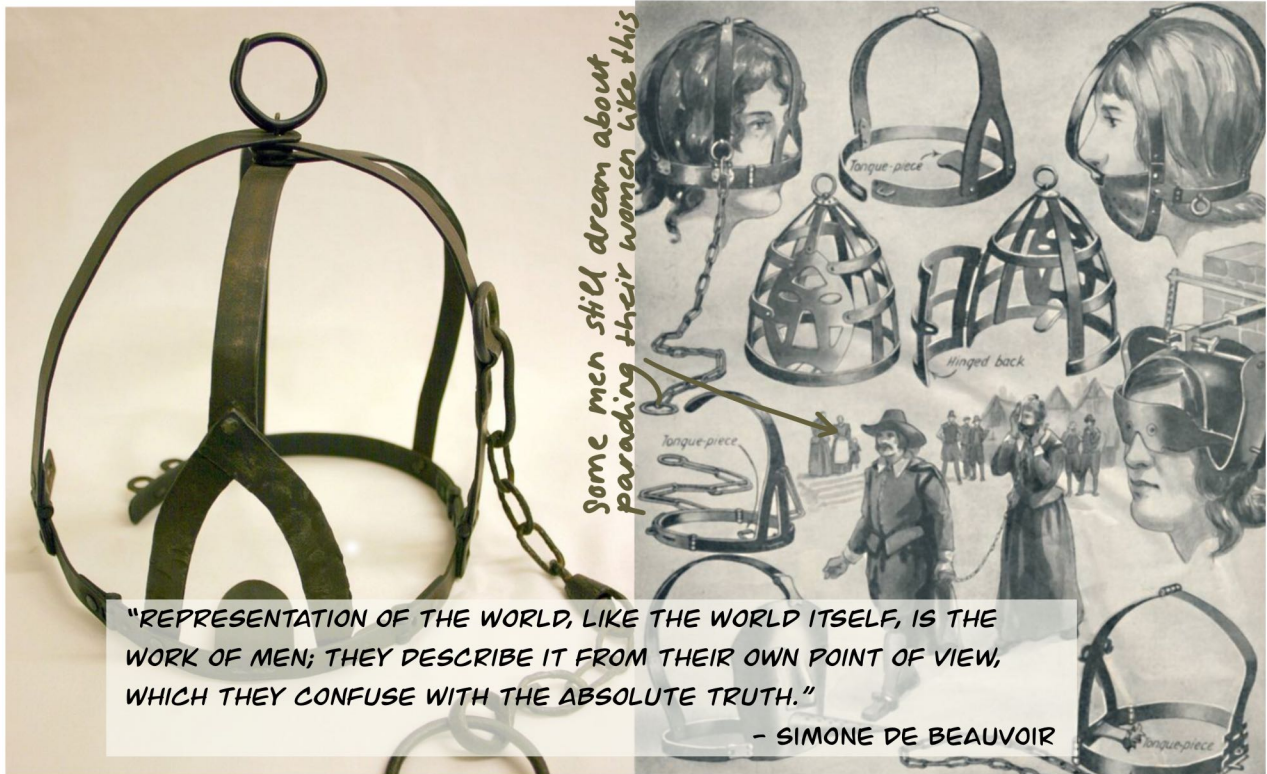
This instrument is a scold's bridle or 'branks' used to hurt and humiliate women whose speech or behaviour was thought to be too offensive or unruly. With its twisted animal horns and haunting, inhuman features, the heavy iron mask made the wearer a figure of ridicule when she was paraded in public.

the female rage is real. I felt it before but never so strong



The Scold's Bridle

IN mediæval times, the scold's bridle was used in parts of England and Scotland as an instrument of punishment for women whose harsh chiding was a source of annoyance to family or neighborhood. The bridle was fastened upon the head and, having an iron part that fitted into the mouth, rendered speech impossible.



some men still dream about parading their women like this

"REPRESENTATION OF THE WORLD, LIKE THE WORLD ITSELF, IS THE WORK OF MEN; THEY DESCRIBE IT FROM THEIR OWN POINT OF VIEW, WHICH THEY CONFUSE WITH THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH."

- SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

I WAS NOT SURE WHAT MY END WORK WAS GOING TO BE ABOUT UNTIL I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE. THE PAST IS THE PAST FOR A REASON REGARDING INHUMANE PRACTICES BUT THE EXISTENCE OF THIS IS TELLING. WE MIGHT NOT PHYSICALLY SILENCE WOMEN ANYMORE IN OUR WESTERN WORLD, STILL THE NORM FOR AN IDEAL WOMAN IS SOMEONE SOFTSPOKEN AND QUIET. DEFINITELY NOT LOUD OR DISRUPTIVE. WORDS WE WOULD BE QUICKER TO USE FOR WOMEN. MEN WOULD RATHER BE NAMED OPINIATED OR PASSIONATE. THERE ARE LOADS OF MOMENTS WHERE A METAPHORICAL SCOLD'S BRIDLE HAS BEEN PUT ON ME WITH DEGRADING COMMENTS. WOMEN SHAMED ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR EXHIBITING FEMININE TRAITS. SHAMED BECAUSE THESE FEMININE TRAITS DON'T HAVE A PLACE ACCORDING TO A MALE NORM. SHAMED BECAUSE UP UNTIL THIS CENTURY THE RESEARCH AND KNOWLEDGE AROUND WOMEN'S HEALTH HAS BEEN LACKING AND WE ARE FAR FROM CLOSE TO CATCHING UP. IN MENTAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH THE NORM HAS ALWAYS BEEN WHITE STRAIGHT MEN. WOMEN'S NATURAL BODILY PROCESSES ARE VILLAINIZED. WOMEN'S NATURAL SKILLS ARE DEGRADED AND WOMEN'S PUSH BACK AGAINST THESE NORMS IS IGNORED. THE FIRE INSIDE ME REVEALED; THIS IS MY NEXT PIECE.

lots of walks = calm mind

Simone - a legend

best bonding workshop & such an energetic approach



exactly what was needed to break loose

+ new materials

why does everyone I know
have been made to hate their
body - their being
we are born with it
yet are grown not to be with it
thought to ignore
our bodies needs are a bore
what was it like before?
before I forgot
before I was "a lot"
before I tried to be something
I'm not
I am not taking up too much
space
I am allowed to look you in
your face
tell you
you are wrong
for telling me I don't belong
you are wrong
for teaching me not to long
we all want to be the person
they sing about in songs
let me dance to the beat
let me express my needs
let me be strong enough to
lead
let us create a space where we
can meet
safe from ourselves
safe from others
warm
like the womb of our mothers
before we grew up to be
daughters
before we learned to repress
our laughter
let us laugh again
let us mend
let us befriend
all the things we were thought
to dislike
from our thoughts we strike
stroke the parts that need to
be nourished with love
for my body I go beyond and
above

of course



had to work with metal



I am nature

bringing together two very
different materials symbolised
my journey maybe the most.
in the metal workshop the work was
hard, dangerous, took force & power
to bend the metal in the shapes
I wanted.

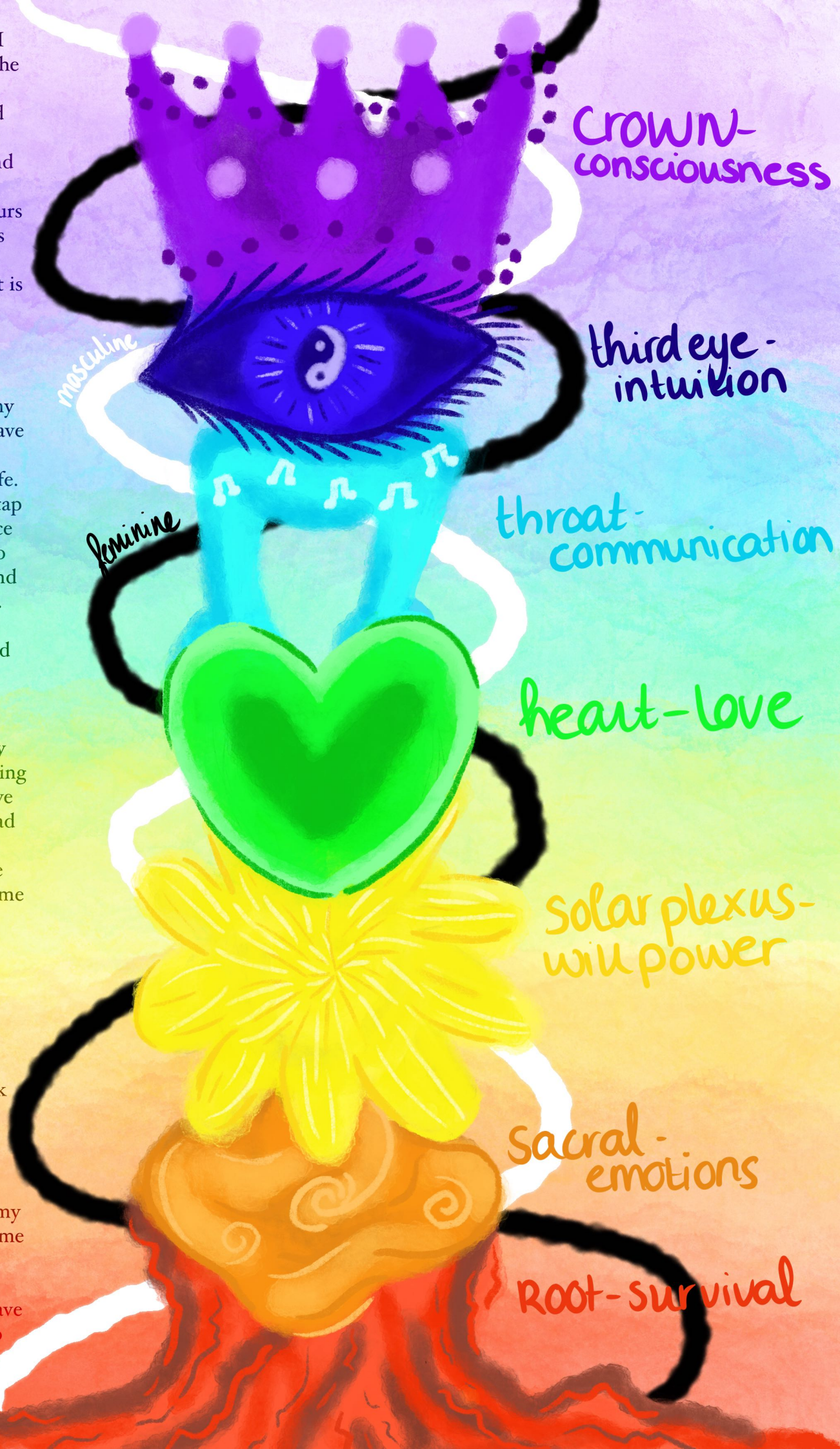
Nature on the other hand was
delicate. with one wrong touch
a flower could fall apart
metal you could bend & melt
bend a twig too far & it would
break
the metal workshop loud &
noisy. in nature even my
own voice in my head left
me to enjoy the quiet.

While in my inn-
between exhibition I
was so focussed on the
duality of the world.
Now my eyes started
to open. By being so
focussed on black and
white I completely
forgot all other colours
on the spectrum. Yes
life exists out of
contradictions, yet it is
also way more than
that. It goes beyond
contradictions.

Going deeper into my
studies of chakra's gave
me a clear vision of
how to live a good life.
It gave me a seven step
plan how to rebalance
myself again. How to
view the world around
me with kinder eyes.
To look through the
illusion of duality and
see that we are all
more.

It helped me face my
subconscious hindering
beliefs through an eye
of compassion instead
of judgement. It
helped me see where
these judgements came
from and how they
were blocking my
energy from flowing
freely.

It showed me how
masculine and
feminine forces work
together to create
everything we see
around us. How by
taking consistent
action aligned with my
chakra's would help me
design my own ideal
world.
My reality doesn't have
to make any sense to
anyone but me.
How I create is
personal, as is for
anyone.



Crown-
consciousness

third eye-
intuition

throat-
communication

heart-love

solar plexus-
will power

sacral-
emotions

Root-survival



I have many vague memories of dreams that I almost mistake for being real. There are even more dreams I do not remember or could not decipher. My dreams are opportunities to learn, opportunities to have a taste of different realities.

In my dreams I am the main character, I am the chosen one who is experiencing love or oppression. These seem to be the two recurring themes. One day I am chasing a strange blonde boy over a bridge, or he might have been chasing me. I remember it rained though. Another day I learned how to fly. It was all grassfields, friends and me learning how to soar. Then I figured out something miraculous.

I remembered.

The next dreams when I was in a life or death situation I remembered how to fly. I had to escape from an institute that was keeping me captive, presumably because of my special abilities.

And during the night, when I escaped my cell and was trying to make my way quietly off the grounds. I was not quiet enough and they started chasing me. I had to flee. Running, my legs were not keeping up anymore. I was going to fail. Then I remembered;

Couldn't I fly?
Could I not fly?

Why do I remember I can fly?

So I tried, my footsteps slowly left the ground and I was gone. Soaring once again.

A skill so easily accessed in any of my dreams, it makes me jealous of who I can be when I sleep. Maybe that is why it is so hard to get out of bed some mornings. I want to be able to fly.

I want to keep learning in a reality where possibilities are endless. I might have escaped but I can not leave the dream world yet. The story does not end there. It could, but that is not who I am. My freedom is not enough when others are still captured. So I have to go back and spend my time in limbo.

Because I am sure I can teach others how to fly.

MY LEPERELLO WAS MADE TO VISUALISE THE JOURNEY I MADE BEFORE ARRIVING AT MY FINAL ART PIECE. THE FIRST PANEL SHOWS BIRDS NATURALLY COMING TOGETHER.

THE SECOND PANEL SHOWS HOW THE PATRIARCHY CONFINES NATURE IN AN ATTEMPT TO CARE FOR IT.

THE THIRD PANEL SHOWS THE STEP NECESSARY TO BREAK FREE FROM THESE BELIEFS. WE NEED TO BE ABLE TO SEE TRUTH AGAIN. NOT THE TRUTH WHAT PEOPLE MADE UP TO JUSTIFY THEIR BEHAVIOUR. THE TRUTH OF NATURE AND LIFE.

THE SIDE SHOWS A LITTLE BIRDY FLYING, LEADING US TO THIS NEW REALITY & TRUTH.

ONE WHERE FREEDOM - TRUE FREEDOM - IS VALUED.

IT FLIES US TO THE BACK OF THE LEPERELLO WHERE WE SEE THAT BEAUTY LIES IN ENJOYING LIFE HOW IT WAS HANDED TO US.

WHICH LEADS US BACK TO THE FIRST PANEL. WHERE THE BIRDS WILL STILL COME TOGETHER FOR PEOPLE TO STUDY AND ENJOY. YET WE HAVE NO PLACE TRYING TO CONTROL THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

IT IS AN ALLEGORY FOR HOW MEN HAVE BEHAVED IN THEIR RELATIONSHIPS WITH WOMEN THROUGH THE CENTURIES. BEING A WOMAN MEANT BEING PROPERTY. IT MEANT CONFIDING TO SOCIAL NORMS THAT WEREN'T EVEN MADE FOR YOU. THE ONLY WAY TO HEAL IS THROUGH TRUE ACCEPTANCE OF REALITY AND CREATING STRUCTURES TO SUPPORT EACH OTHER TO THRIVE. MASCULINE AND FEMININE NO LONGER AT WAR.

Singing Scolds Branching Bridle



→ little birdie who whistles at you

In a world where we are all longing to fly away from the rigid structures that confine us.

This art piece symbolises how we will have to create our own safe spaces, working with the existing structures, instead of against them.

The metal base shows us the rigidity of the world, inspired by the form of a scold's bridle. A torture device to silence noncompliant women.

The metal is manipulated and transformed into something new.

By bending the metal and adding branches collected with care, a nest is created.

If they give us metal we will fight back with nature and nurture.

If they restrain us we will just find new ways to grow.

Mother nature has the ability to reclaim any structure.

We will move from a place of silence to a place to sing.

Have a look inside to experience what it means like to speak again after being quiet for so long.

art description



→ branching out sing loud

→ quiet decent don't accept defeat

→ bridled to study closely while the truth lies in flying freely

My end work shows the power of choosing to be quiet versus being forced to be. While my inn-between was screeching, now I'm whistling.

A nest for all of us. Made out of metal which symbolises the masculine and the old world. How I would have loved to get rid of everything masculine all together in all my anger. But that is not reality or truth. We use the metal as a building block to create a new reality. We need it as a support for the feminine to flourish. The solid metal holds the delicate nature, which symbolises the feminine. We all have masculine and feminine energies inside of ourselves, we have to nourish and accept both.

With a little extra, lettered beads to add my poems. "Fremdkörper" something unusual added to the piece. A name I found fitting. Something weird, something different. No one has changed the world by doing what the world has told them to do. So yes, odd it is.

The day of building the exhibition I realised I had grown. After finishing setting up my own work I dared to offer my help. Juul and Lucas had become villains in my mind, a picture distorted by trauma. Today they were people again. I found working with Juul on presenting Grace's art work very valuable. I felt the trust put in me to take care of other's work. I felt part of a bigger whole. All I was looking for all this time.

also this expo got a personalised outfit for the occasion. A more natural look for a more balanced message. trying to sew nature on to fabric was even more difficult than tying them together for the nest. yet I love the result. if made me part of the artwork in a subtle way. I didn't even have to perform. I could just be.



REFLECTION & EVALUATION

10

1 first half till in-between

I COULD HAVE BEEN MORE PRESENT. I REGRET NOT BEING ABLE TO FULLY PARTICIPATE IN ALL CLASSES BECAUSE I WAS STRUGGLING SO MUCH WITH MY MENTAL HEALTH. I WISH I COULD HAVE HAD MORE GUIDANCE IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE COMBINATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED ME TO RELIVE TRAUMA RIGHT WHEN SUCH A HEAVY SUBJECT WAS TAUGHT. "LEARN HOW TO DISTANCE YOURSELF FROM THE SUBJECT MATERIAL" IS GOOD ADVICE BUT NOT REALISTIC WHEN YOU'RE ALREADY IN THE MIDDLE OF IT. IT IS LIKE TELLING SOMEONE "LEARN HOW TO SWIM" WHEN THEY ARE ALREADY IN THE WATER AND DROWNING. HOWEVER MY IN BETWEEN EXPO FELT REAL AND AS A TRUE DEPICTION OF MY STRUGGLES INCORPORATING IT WITH WHAT WE HAD LEARNED SO FAR.

2 second half till unveiled wardrobe

HERE I STARTED TO SLOWLY FEEL BETTER, TO BE FAIR, NOT EXACTLY TO COME TO CLASS. THE STRICT SET UP OF THE FEEDBACK SESSIONS JUST MADE ME FEEL MORE STUCK AND CAGED. YET THE WORKING ON MY END PIECE GAVE ME A FEELING OF LIBERATION AGAIN. IT WAS TRULY COLLABORATIVE. LIKE YES I DID ALL THE WORK BUT THE COURAGE TO WORK IN THE METAL WORKSHOP, THE INSPIRATION TO GO INTO NATURE, THE BOLD STEPS I DARED TO TAKE IN MY OWN FASHION AND SELF-EXPRESSION. THESE ARE ALL SKILLS I PICKED UP FROM THE PEOPLE AROUND ME. WITHOUT THE WARMTH OF THE COMMUNITY I WOULDN'T HAVE FOUND THE WARMTH INSIDE OF ME.

Tips

• be less obsessed with urself

I MISSED OUT ON COLLABORATIONS BECAUSE I WAS STUCK IN MY OWN MIND AND HURT. I WANT MY FOCUS TO BE MORE ON THE PEOPLE AROUND ME AND CO-CREATE NEXT TIME

• stop nailbiting

HONESTLY JUST MAKES YOU MORE ANXIOUS AND MAKES IT HARDER TO TIE ALL THE TINY KNOTS YOU NEEDED TO FOR YOUR FINAL ART WORK. YOUR HANDS ARE YOUR TOOLS AND YOU WANT THEM SHARP AND CLEAN.

• trust yourself

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR TIMELINE, THIS IS ONLY ENERGY WASTED. TRUST THAT YOUR WORK WILL HAPPEN IF YOU TAKE ACTION. IF IT IS NOT THE RIGHT MOMENT TO TAKE ACTION, DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. TAKE CARE UNTIL IT IS THE RIGHT MOMENT

• ask help when ur drowning

REGARDLESS WHAT THE PARASITES IN YOUR MIND TELL YOU. YOUR COMMUNITY IS LOVING AND KIND. THEY DON'T ACTUALLY WANT YOU TO DROWN. ASK FOR FLOATIES, THEY LOOK CUTE.

• prepare better what to say during presentation

WHEN IT IS A PRESENTATION ABOUT 10 WEEKS OF WORK IT MIGHT BE NICE TO DISTILL YOUR WORK INTO A BITESIZED VERSION. I KNOW YOU TALK FAST BUT THERE IS ONLY SO MUCH YOU CAN SAY

• say goodbye to anxiety

ANXIETY INVITES YOU TO TAKE ACTION. YOU NOW KNOW. ALSO YOU ARE AN ACTRESS. YOU KNOW HOW TO TRANSMUTE ENERGY IN YOUR BODY. SO SHOW US THIS POWERFUL SKILL.

• do documentation as u go

AFTER ACCUMULATING 10 WEEKS OF MATERIAL IT IS VERY OVERWHELMING TO LOOK BACK AT IT ALL AND GET OUT THE BIGGEST LESSONS. A SUMMARY OF YOUR DOCUMENTATION EACH WEEK WOULD HAVE HELPED YOU IMMENSELY AT THE END WHEN YOU HAVE TO PUT AN EVALUATION AND DOCUMENTATION DOCUMENT TOGETHER. YOU KNEW IT WAS REQUIRED, SO MAKE YOUR LIFE EASIER AS YOU GO.

Tops

• u can have setbacks ur trauma can be triggered & make you feel like u should die yet u survived you still did it you were okay in the end & still produced something ur proud of

YOUR SOUL IS STRONGER. IT SHOWS YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

• go crazy go stupid with materials

YOU LOVE WORKING WITH YOUR HANDS YOU LOVE EXPLORING TEXTURES AND FEELINGS AND BUILDING. DREAM BIG.

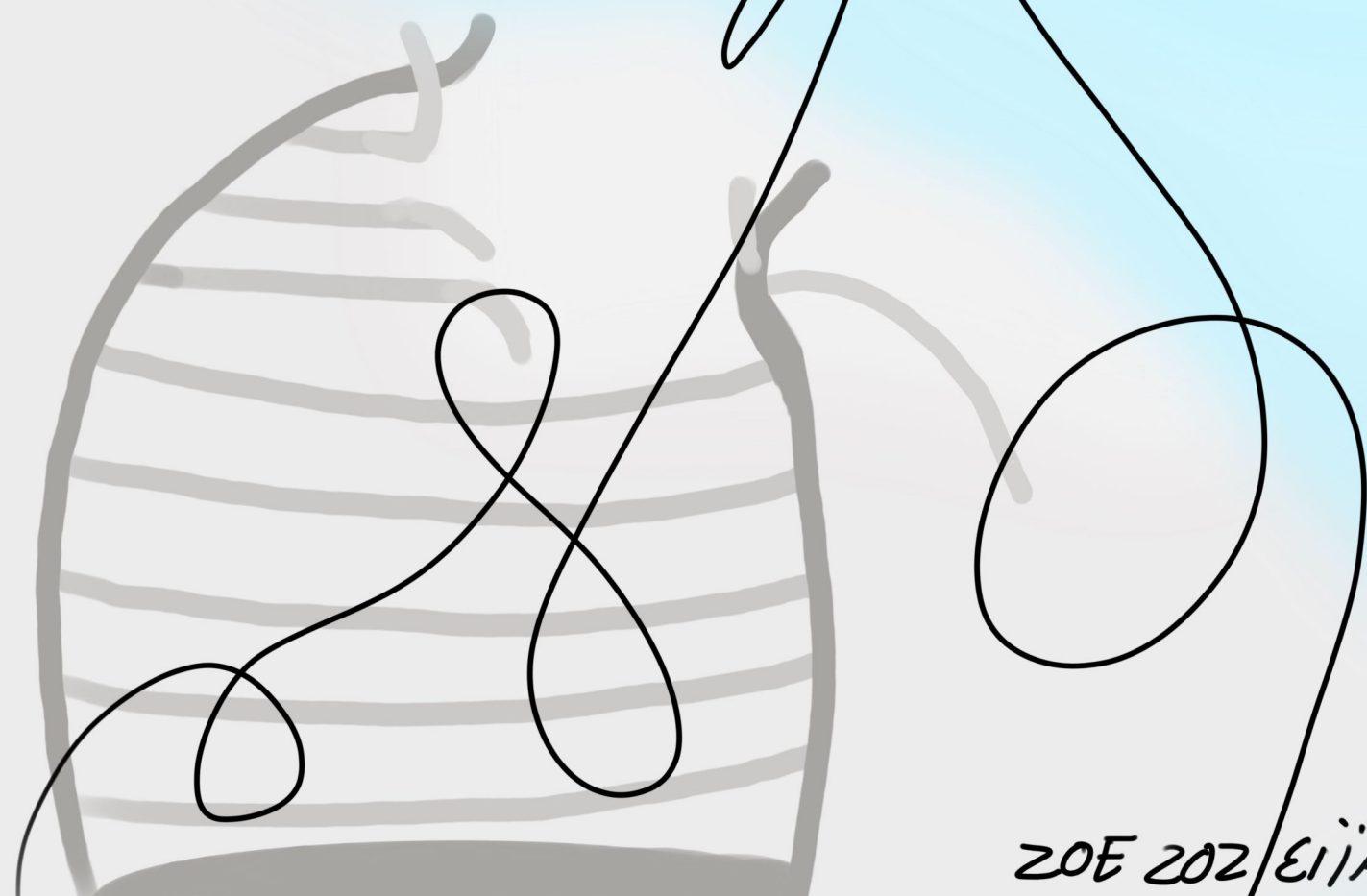
• better understanding of my self-expression

THIS BLOCK YOU TRULY EXPLORED WHAT FASHION AND SELF EXPRESSION MEANT FOR YOU IN YOUR PERSONAL LIFE. HOW YOU LIKE TO PRESENT YOURSELF TO THE WORLD AND TO UPGRADE THIS PERSONA AS WELL. YOU DIDN'T LIKE WHO YOU WERE BEING SO YOU GOT UP AND CHANGED IT TO SOMEONE YOU DO LIKE.

• poems help!!

TO WRITE CRYPTICALLY ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS TO PROCESS THEM IS APPARENTLY THE WAY TO GO FOR YOU. DADA POEMS HELPED YOU REALISE THAT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO MAKE SENSE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO. WHICH TAKES A HUGE PRESSURE OF AND OPENS UP THE OPPORTUNITY TO JUST WRITE AND INVITE FLOW IN.

The
end
is just
the
beginning



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