

FA 245: Identity, Agency, and the Self Workbook

For Friday 19/07/24



The Immaculate and Suffering Self (2024)

Words on right work from Jenny Holzer's *INFLAMMATORY ESSAYS 5*. Collaged images on left work from the Listener.

"A Roman Catholic devotion which refers to the view of the interior life of Mary, her joys and sorrows, her virtues and hidden perfections, and ... her ... love."
[Wikipedia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Immaculate_and_Suffering_Self)

These works contain themes that could be said to have defined my

high school experience. All the pieces used in these two works have been collected since the start of this year because they spoke to me in some way. In both of these ways, these pieces are a form of self portrait; if a retrospective one.

Catholic imagery. Key part of growing up. Catholic highschool didn't help things, but a net positive. Transition- life to death, gender, everything abt life is a transition, a slow sliding of one thing into the next. Pain, both physical and emotional.

FEEDBACK

do my ocs as parts of the self
held hostage- random note vibes

Jenny Holzer one feels conclusive, other is open to continuation:
FIND MORE contemporary magazines
physical collage, breaking the frame
multiple images for one work. wall as the frame
like magnetic poetry. come into studio to use the wall.

extract words and phrases alongside images
poem !! images as poem !

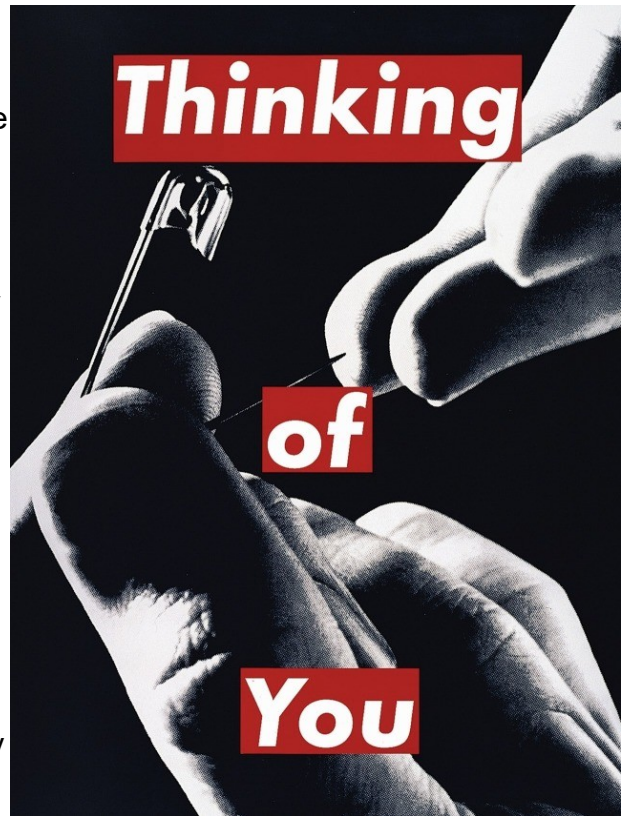
Barbara Kruger
Untitled (Thinking of you) (1999–2000)

This was the basic idea behind my first couple of works; combining image and text together to create something new and compelling.

There is more strength in her choice of colour palette. I could take this road with my work by scanning and editing it. This would also help in creating a greater sense of scale whilst still using found images (which are often very small).

The strength of her works are through their simplicity- something I could take into consideration if I choose this route after critique.

Extending my work from this I was inspired by the idea of blackout poetry: using an existing page of text to create new meaning. An example of this can be seen to the right in Tyler Knott Gregson's untitled [work](#).



Kathy Acker's writing, 1970s-80s

"Her writing incorporates pastiche and the cut-up technique, involving cutting-up and scrambling passages and sentences."

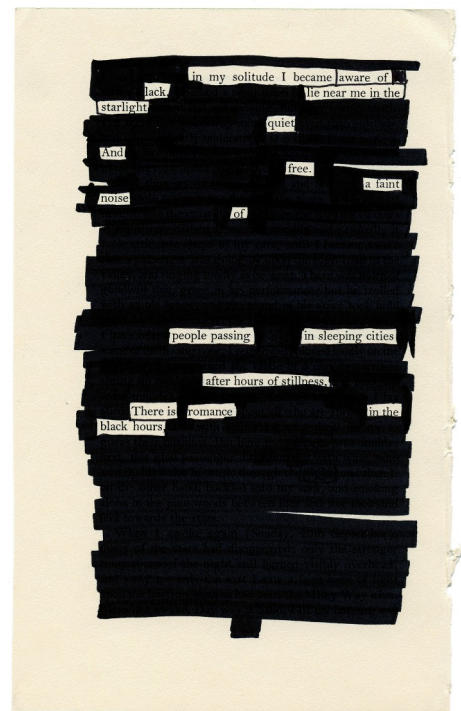
"In her texts, she combines biographical elements, power, sex and violence." [Wikipedia](#)

I use this "cut up" technique in my works over page, instead of taking them from novels, however, I selected words and phrases I enjoyed/liked the look or sound of when I was reading through magazines. In this way I treated the words the same as the images within my collage.

Her works come from a punk background- somewhere where collage was a key part of art and communication.

Her writing brings up questions as to where the line is with plagiarism v. repurposing in art, and other media. I feel like it is a bigger deal to the literary world than the art world, especially in terms of repurposing parts of 'the image' and not the whole thing. There is a history in the art world of copying others' work, and reworking similar images to create new meaning and experiences.

The copying would be a key part of experiencing the work, and finding it's intended and received interpretations.



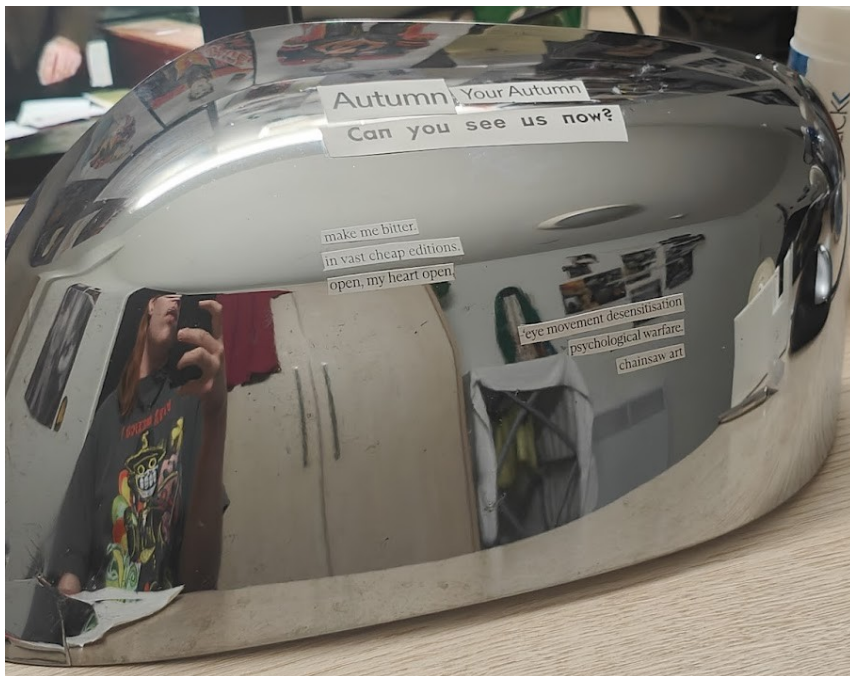


For Monday 29/07/24

*My throat
coiling around the trusses
of the
red serial fetish
of his adolescence.*

*Nostalgia.
Sensations,
several on view.*

*a cruelly small window,
an image,
the closing act.*



*Autumn Your Autumn
can you see us now?*

*Make me bitter,
in vast cheap editions.
open, my heart open*

*eye movement
desensitisation,
psychological warfare.
chainsaw art.*



*A life attachment
Critical Child*

*inflicted pain and grief
surrendering to it
distressing experience*

I'm still growing

*bullets.
sensory, lead bullets.
cheerfully transgressed*

I focused on what words called to me when going through a magazine, then re-arranged them like fridge magnets. After finalising my poems, I looked through my collection of images for collage & also picked out what called to me/ what went with the poems.

I created little bits, with a focus on disrupting the square. I could have pushed this further, especially with the work on the left here, as the top three bits are Just Squares. I could also cut words out in different shapes perhaps next time (instead of more squares).

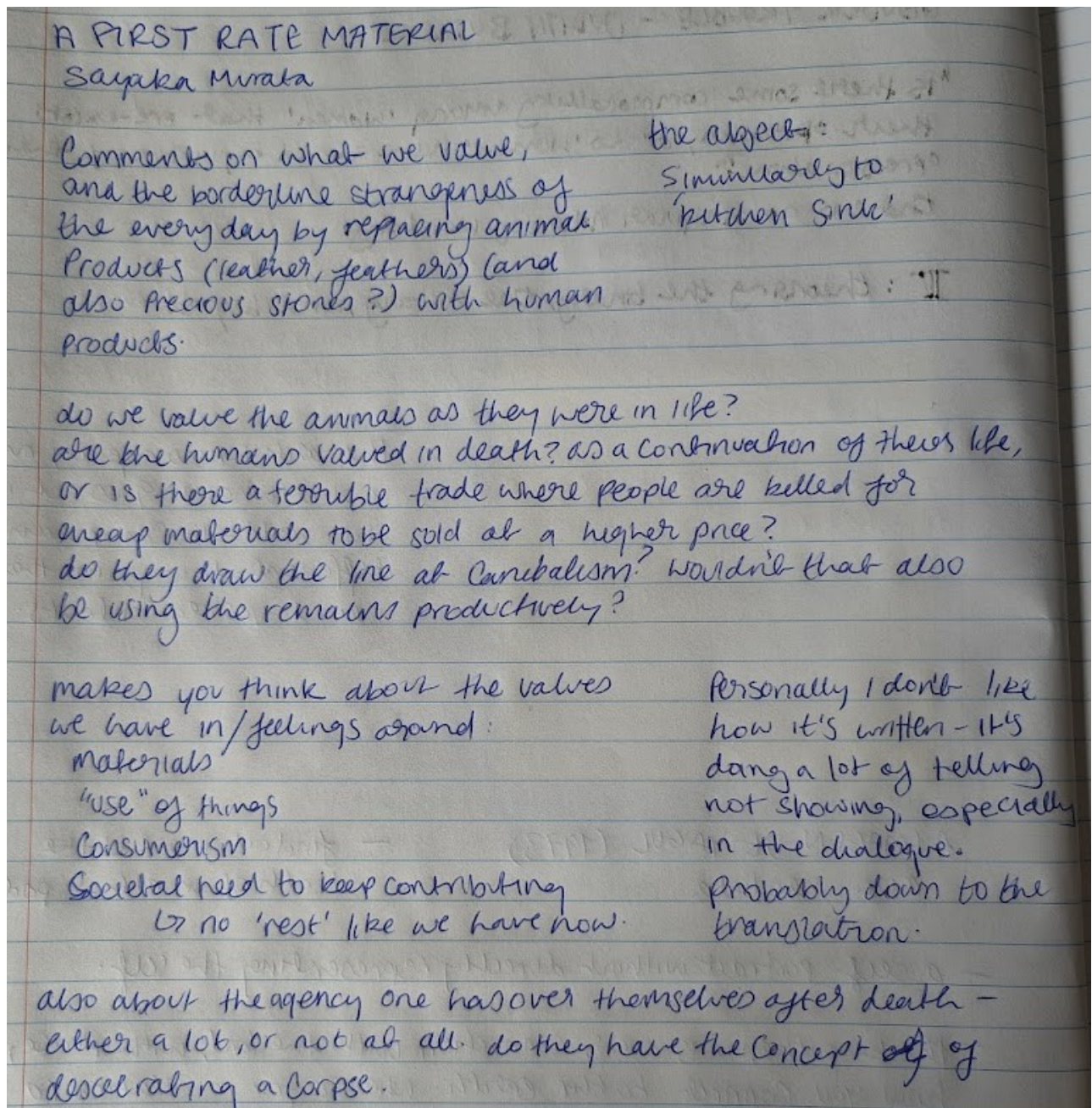
It is tempting to glue words straight to the wall, but it would probably be a mess to clean up.

You Are Now Entering The Human Heart (1983) Janet Frame

- difference between identity and embodiment
- the feeling of being you
- self v the other; what is the artists history?
- awareness of others' interpretation of you & everything you project
- purpose of the artist: to frame and make things digestible
- about the everyday & the self

Research a fable/myth that helps you comprehend the self

A First Rate Material (2019)



The Kitchen Sink (1989)

Alison Maclean

↳ other similar films by the same director:
crush (1992)
the piano (1993)

↳ other NZ Gothic films
housebound (2014)
the treekeeper (2014)
heavenly creatures

key themes

the self against/in opposition to the other
the two sided coin of desire and revulsion/fear

gender plays a large role

↳ creation/birth/transformation

↳ life stages: growing each time after being thrown out

↳ shaving (feminine association) to make one desirable

↳ power dynamics in the struggle, but also in how
he's forced his way into her life & house

↳ the entire film takes place in the domestic
sphere, the home. a place generally/historically
associated with women or couples/families

↳ all the tasks she does are expected of women

↳ especially as the setting & dressing evokes
a not-terribly-far-off past.

↳ setting is very kiwi, the sounds, the accent
morbid curiosity - (it's what sparks this thing in the first place)
Solomon - the woman rejects the girl guide and does not
attempt conversation with the caller on the phone

↳ this is a key part of NZ gothic.

→ also plays into the Abject
matter out of place is horrifying.
eg. hair.

POWERS OF HORROR Julia Kristeva

the abject is the human reaction of horror to a potential breakdown in meaning caused by a loss indistinction between subject & object, or self & other.

eg. a corpse, open wound, bodily fluids/excrement or other similar

exists in contrast with Lacan's "object of Desire".

the abject is a collapse in meaning where the "object of desire" allows creation of symbolic order.

"by way of abjection, primitive societies have marked out a precise area of their culture in order to remove it from the threatening world of animals or animality, which were imagined as representatives of sex and murder."

boundaries between "me" and "(m)other"

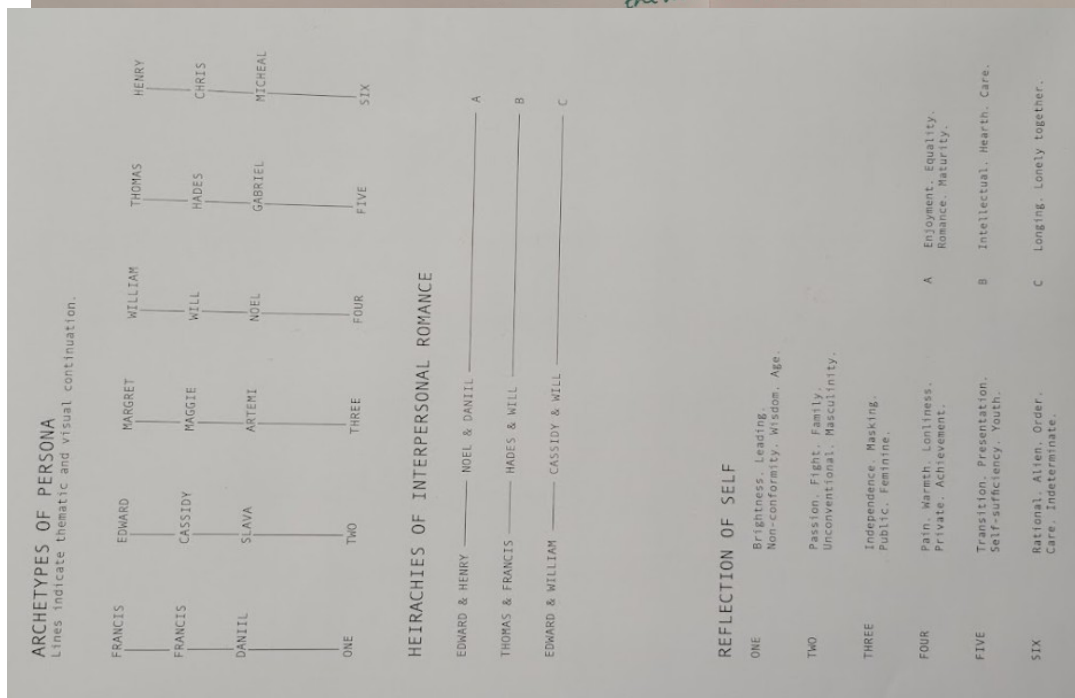
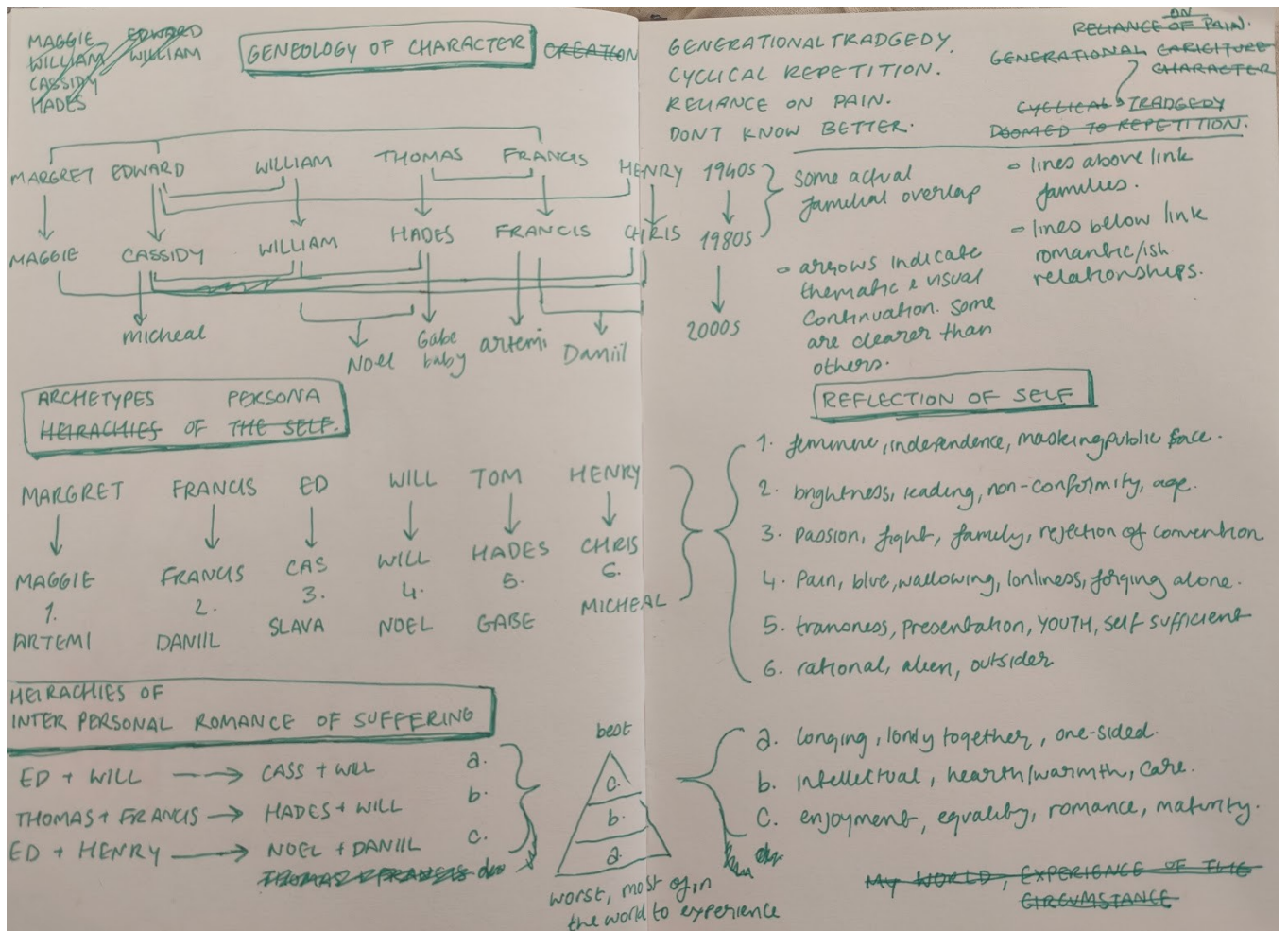
~~Corpses~~ a corpse is a subject-become-object that confronts us with our own

we are repeatedly drawn to the abject despite fearing it and not desiring it. (see Freud's "repetition compulsion")

Kristeva associates this aesthetic experience of the abject, rather, with emotional catharsis.

ORIGINAL CHARACTERS AS A REFLECTION OF MYSELF

The characters of my three latest writing projects seem to have a sort of lineage of personality and appearance. Some of them are direct continuations. I tried to make a bit of a diagram about it (see below). This was then developed into an A3 poster (very bottom).



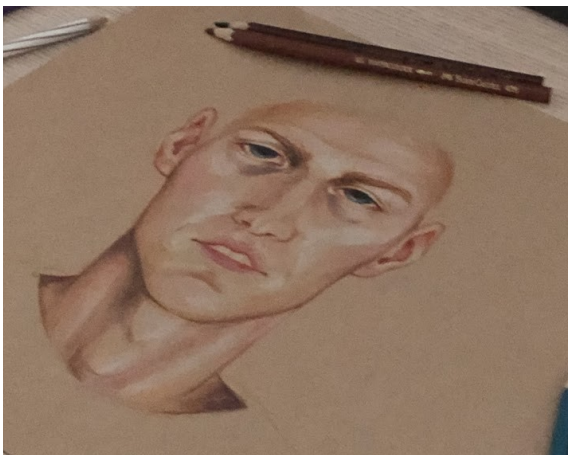
ARTIST MODEL

Paul Cadmus

Top to bottom: *Sailors and Floosies* (1938)
Summer: Preliminary Study #1 (1978)
Dancers Back Stage #1

- idealised
- somewhat realistic if illustrative
- erotic, the male form is depicted as something for looking at (instead of the female form as has been more prevalent. This can be seen especially in *Sailors and Floosies*).

Something in this style would work well for my second approach to the self portrait- via my original characters. I have done some work in a similar style prior (see below), however it would be good to push further than this.



Cadmus was a queer illustrator who did commercial illustration before committing to fine arts. In the 1930s “Cadmus was one of the first artists to be employed by The New Deal art programs, painting murals at post offices.” ([Wikipedia](#))

His paintings had a reputation of being taken down for being too erotic/not representing what institutions stood for. For example, the Navy did not like the stereotype/reputation *The Fleet's In!* (1934), *Sailors and Floozies* (1938), and *Seeing the New Year In* (1939?) perpetuated. Some of his especially stylised stuff reminds me of Tom of Finland, and the more realistic of J.C. Leyendecker's work- similarly queer art.



Jared French

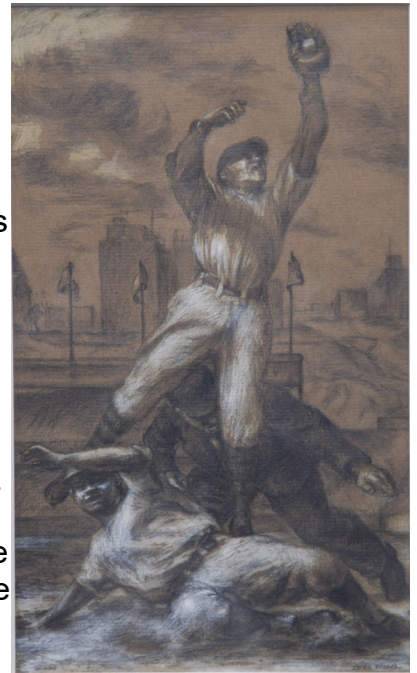
Top to bottom: *Three Male Figures* (unknown), *Safe* (c. 1937),
Cavalrymen Crossing a River (1939)

“He was one of the artists attributed to the style of art known as magic realism along with contemporaries George Tooker and Paul Cadmus.” [Wikipedia](#)

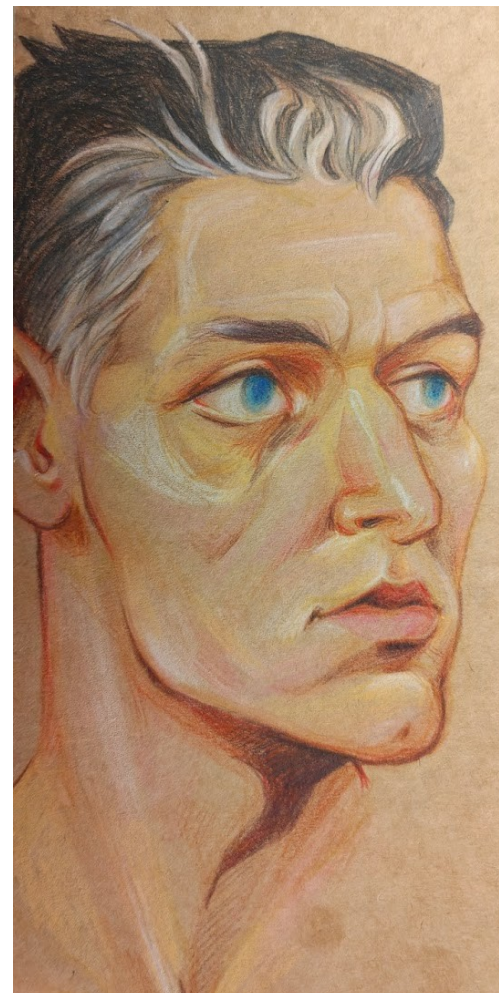
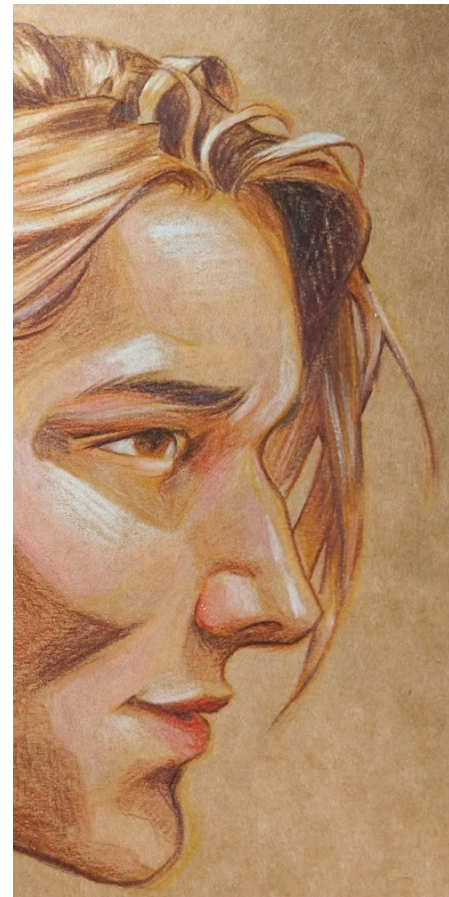
He made one statement about his work: “My work has long been concerned with the representation of diverse aspects of man and his universe. At first it was mainly concerned with his physical aspect and his physical universe. Gradually I began to represent aspects of his psyche, until in *The Sea* (1946) and *Evasion* (1947), I showed quite clearly my interest in man's inner reality.”

- focus on the body/form
- the works I've picked are sports themed, but not all his works are. They are representative of “man and his universe” at his time, which included sports I suppose.
- slightly similar stylistically to Cadmus: highlighting muscles and the male form, the figures are often half dressed. Definitely less stylised than Cadmus.
- less erotic than Cadmus, slightly more serious.
- compositions are not terribly complex, but are well executed.

Could challenge myself to just use two pencils on my mid-tone paper as in *Safe*. If I take this direction after critique, a multiple figure composition like in *Cavalrymen Crossing a River* may be the way to go.



Presented 02/08/24. Continuation of pencil drawings. Accompanying poster contextualising them over page.



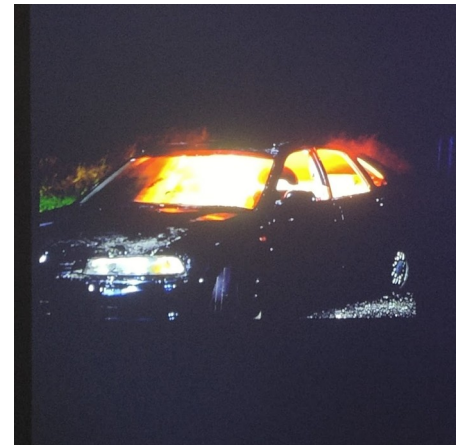
Chris Ulutupu
hidden amongst the clouds (2021)
two channel video

stillness/movement contrast: both within each shot, and with the shot against the content. Eg. Still camera, man fishes & moves around.
water as a metaphor for cycle
diegetic sound !!
fish motif
smoke
light & flame
relationship between reality and the spiritual
muse by the river stereotype
traditional composition evokes history of painting
authenticity of using people you know; relationality
traditionally theatrical- spoken word



what's the worst you could do (2021) two channel video

dark/light
fire motif
watching/performing: generally women performing
music & title



The duality present in both of these pieces works very effectively. This can be seen in multiple aspects: (the fact that they're two channel makes this inherent), the stillness of the shot contrast against the moving subject, the contrast in subject from one channel to the other.

This helps thematically in both works. In *hidden amongst the clouds* there is a contrast between then natural and things associated with modern life, between reality and the spiritual. In what's the worst you could do the duality & contrast in between performing and watching, light/day and dark/night. The use of two channel makes this incredibly effective.

While we the viewer are given these contrasts and things in pairs, we are never given a straightforward way to interpret them, especially without having read a blurb about each of them. This relates to Glissant's idea of opacity: we should not be under any obligation to reveal all our meanings to everyone, as no two people's understandings of those meanings would be the same.

The titles, however, draw some attention to certain parts of the songs used, indicating that they must be of some importance. *Hidden amongst the clouds* is not a mentioned lyric, however it does draw the viewer's attention to the spiritual themes within the work. *What's the worst you could do* is a framing question to the visuals given in the work. Smashing someone's car is arguably bad, and the watching of the men and performing of women is not immediately bad, but arguably harmful in the long run. The title is somewhat passive, allowing things to go on in a similar way like this last element.

Both works also include interesting sound design, and great incorporation of music. This is my favourite part of Ulutupu's work, and serves as a good example as to how I could include music in my own work without it dominating the piece. The music used is arguably diegetic in both- people sing it and you can tell they're singing it without a track overlayed in post, allowing the work a little more agency in using it, rather than being dominated by it. The sound is hidden amongst the clouds goes hand in hand with the nature and stillness aspects, further drawing the audience into the environments presented, inviting them to investigate further, listen harder than would be comfortable than if there was music overlayed.

Édouard Glissant *Poetics of Relation* (1990)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KZarAvlzIjk>

Notes from class: *mutually liberated opacity; words mean different concepts to everyone. What do you hide from the viewer, in your work?*

Notes from video:
theoretical model of the landscape of the French Caribbean.
Relation within the whole

impossibility of communication in his language- a problem seen a lot post-colonially.

Opacity- subsistence within an irreproducible singularity. Everyone has a right to opacity, a right to differences. Not everything has to be comfortably transparent and comparable.

Western thought perceives people as a "link in the chain of affiliation", as having roots. Hidden violence of affiliation. Affiliation allows you to be comprehended, comprehension allows for violence.
Beneficiaries of legitimacy – royals etc. Legitimacy given by comprehension, by affiliation.

Don't have to generalise either (comfortable trap).
Caribbean has a past of displacement (void of slave ship). They don't have a history of tracing affiliation (family etc.), but a knowledge of relation in the whole, a relational identity.

Poetic relation- means for free boundless cultural multiplicity.



Inspired by the idea of opacity/not telling the audience everything. It has personal meaning to me but it's up to you the viewer to really find out what that is/what it means to you.

Sweet Mourning Lamb



Contains music from *Ptolemaea* by Ethel Cain

More of a sketch than anything. I only used one compilation to find my clips, so variety was hard to come by. I am satisfied with some moments, however the pacing with the black gaps is a bit iffy, and makes the work overall rely on the music too much. This reliance would matter a lot less if I had made the music.



The clips are very foreign, both from a NZ and western perspective. This adds to the semi uncanny valley feel I wanted to go for. This feeling is also why I chose the song- it's

haunting. The Russian visuals and American song contrast with each other, however I am still up in the air as to if this is a good thing.

New techniques:

I played around with balancing out the temperature of the clips, as some of them are very cold/blue, and others are streetlight-warm. The warmer colour also goes to match the feel of the song more (and the album art). This was easier than properly colour grading the whole thing.

I also figured out how to slow down the speed of clips, in order to maximise the eerie feeling. Cars look like they should be going slow on snowy roads, but the splashes into snow banks are still dramatic. It also gives a slow build to the 'oh fuck' feeling: the audience is trapped within the car as terrible things happen outside of their control. Some bits are a little too choppy due to a combination of frame rate and how slow I made them.

Going on from this work/ideas for the future:

Record myself reading some of my own poetry & fiddle around with the audio to get a similar haunting feel. Ideally I would also find long boring videos of snowy, creepy, dark roads.

Other things I was thinking about making this were:

The phenomena where a shot setup is so cliché you expect a certain thing to occur. Eg. parallel to a road, one character is in the road, the other is watching; you expect the first character to be hit by a bus.

My first approach to this video was to do that but with car crashes. This can be seen in the first couple clips, where a lump will appear in the distance, coming closer, but not crash. However with the latter part of the video the music changes and so does my pacing, requiring faster clips. And I enjoy watching the spray of snow.

Alan Clarke *Elephant* (1989)

I watched this video essay about this film a couple weeks ago and it stuck with me.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7AjjXSEZ0VI>

The film has way more of a point to it than my work, but the kinda boring-ness of it contrasted with the sudden brutality of the killings is very compelling, and has that ominous feeling I wanted to convey.

It makes the viewer ask themselves why they're watching it, which is in turn a prompt to ask why people are killed in real life. The film is about the Troubles and sheds light on the uncomfortable truth that neither side really want to think about; that people are dying because of something arbitrary, that people have accepted it as mundane.

Most compelling story to me yet

- gender
- who's allowed to push people's boundaries?
 - what are we ~~allowed to want?~~ ^{we allowed to want?}
 - who has power over us?
 - ↳ do we give them that power, or are they given it by society?

- sexuality
- Again, what are we allowed to want? / what are our partners telling (consciously, unconsciously) us to want?
 - what does consent actually look like?

- body horror / bodily autonomy.
- Consent & also applies here.
 - being born a certain way means that our bodies will never be ours alone.
 - People will always look & wonder
 - people will change you without your consultation because of how you are.
 - the ribbon is the ultimate metaphor for womanhood & how it interacts with autonomy & mens expectations/wants.

↳ she "allows" her husband to finally get what he wants - her ribbon - after she has suffered & completed the usefulness of her life under him.

- what is a mother without her kids, a wife without the ability to have another child? (in the world the story sets out.)

- this is the last use she has to her husband, and society has told her that his pleasure in all aspects comes ahead of her own. we can see this esp in the first time she has sex with him.

"It isn't that I don't have choices. I am beautiful, I have a pretty mouth. I have a breast that heaves out of my dresses in a way that seems innocent and perverse at the same time."

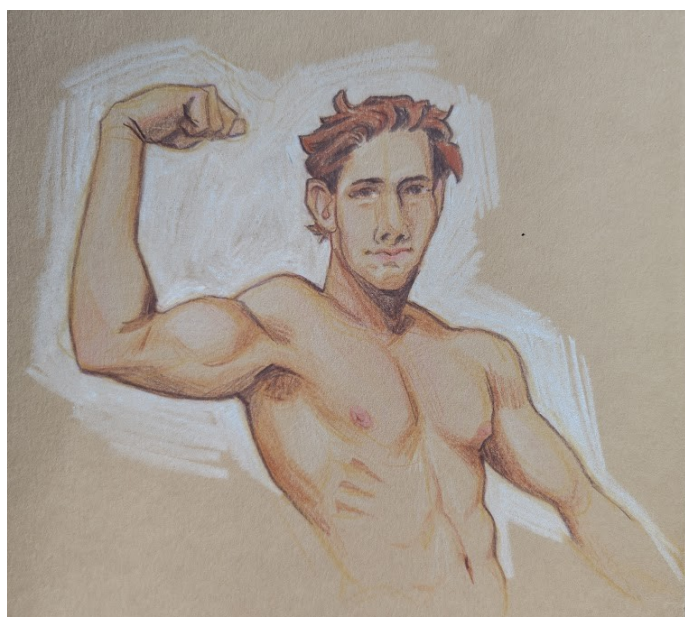
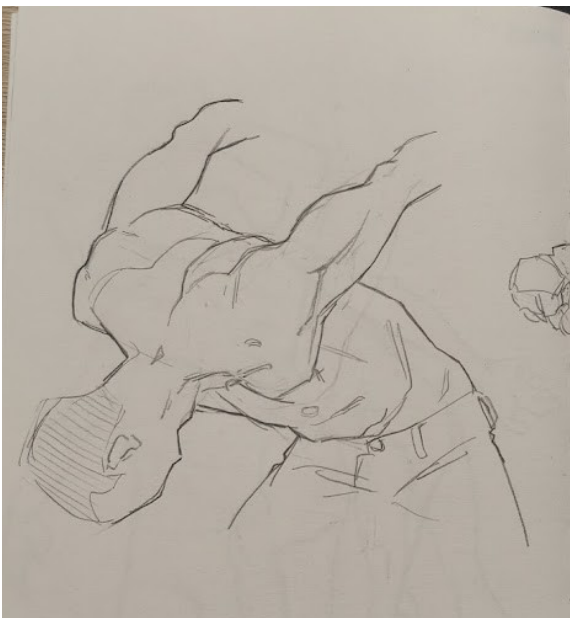
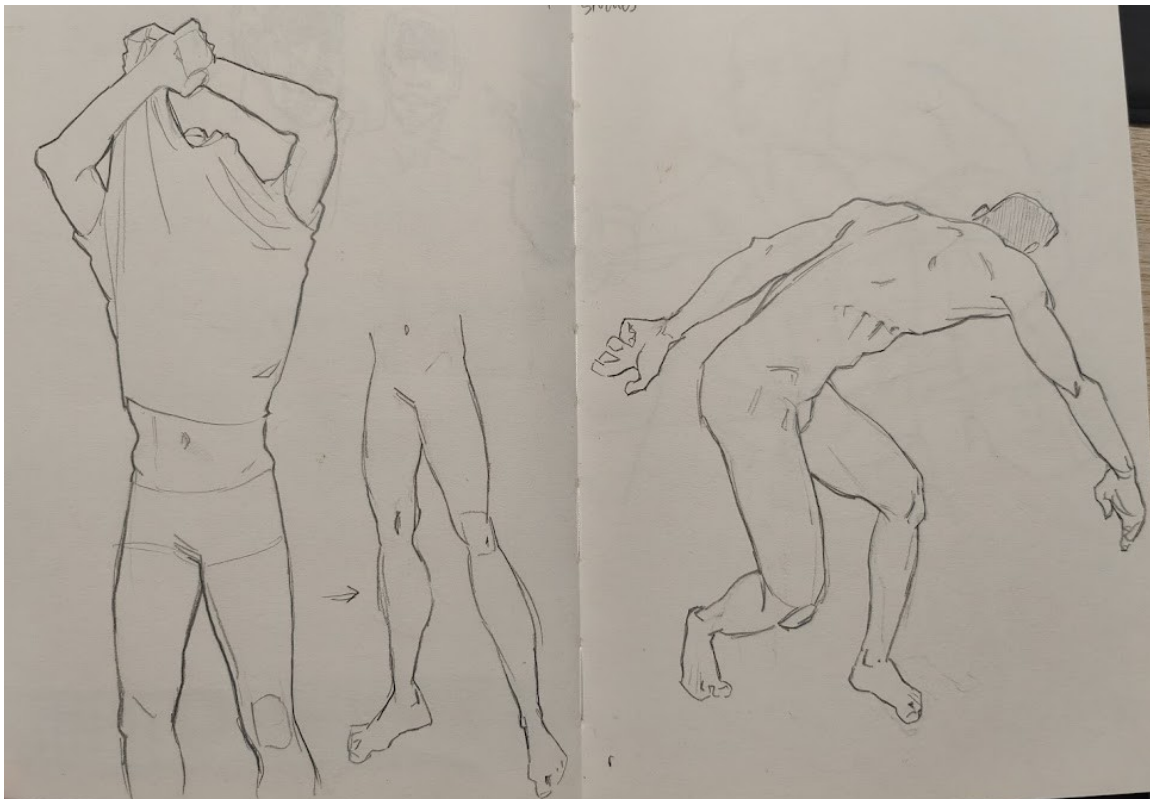
the composition of the story is interesting - a compilation of shorter stories guided by and supporting the main story. It is told from a 1st person perspective, giving a reader the feeling that it is being spoken directly to them.

It also gives instructions for reading out loud - arguably a whole different art form from the written. The speaking of a story creates a greater sense of realness & ~~that~~ sticks the story in the mind of the listener better. This can be seen within the story where the narrator picks & chooses which stories she tells her son, reflecting what she wants to be manifest in his world - something softer, less violent, less fearful than her own.

the only true moment of clear fear I get from this story is when her husband could have taken her ribbon without her permission but doesn't. The rest is heavily resigned to the world being a certain way.

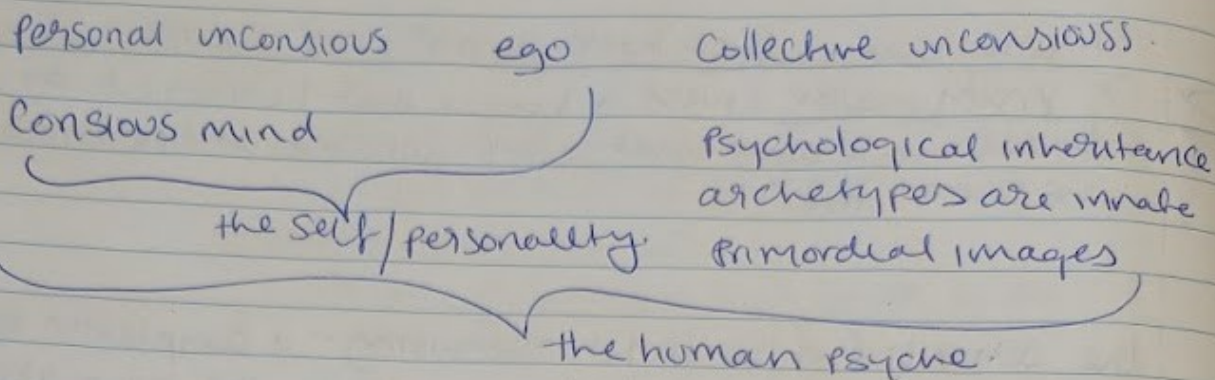
nothing is done to change this, just little things to make it more bearable - eg: not talking about the red-ribbon lady's marriage or daughter.

My first reaction to Cadmus as an artist model was to focus on the male figure as something to look at (as the female figure too often is), so I did a couple of studies. The focus here is far from my character concept. However, I got a little carried away with the portraits (as on previous pages), and did not return to this concept.



After some feedback and research, the focus of the drawings will be more on character & archetype. The portraits by themselves are difficult to parse as to who fits what (from the poster) without my prior knowledge. The question now is how that can be better conveyed through object, pose, symbol, interaction with other characters, etc. Thus we come back to full body drawings.

Karl Jung's Archetypes



Four main archetypes:

- The Persona / mask** - Portraying the mask can result in forgetting the self.
- The shadow** - sex/life instincts. Repressed desires.
 - Can appear in dreams & visions.
- The Anima/Animus** - feminine part of the male psyche
 - masculine part of the female psyche
 - ↳ archetypes based on collective unconscious. eg. Anima contains notions of how women should behave from a man's perspective vice versa.
 - ↳ plays a role in developing a gender identity.
 - Primary source of connection to the collective unconscious.

Combination of Anima & Animus is the *syzygy* or the divine couple. Completion, unification & wholeness.

The Self



- the unified conscious & unconscious of someone.
- represented as circle, square or mandala.
- disharmony between conscious & unconscious is not good for the psyche.
- self is centre of personality, not ego.

Karl Jung's Archetypes

how can I represent these archetypes in pose, symbols, etc?

Archetypal Figures (1964)

#	Archetype	#	See list to see which apply where
-	Creator/artist	1	Seeks enduring value, fears mediocrity
-	Sage	2	Seeks truth, fears being misled/ignorant
-	Innocent	3	Purity, optimism, desire to be happy
-	Explorer	4	Seeks freedom & authenticity, fears inner emptiness
-	Rebel	5	Yearns for change, fears uselessness
-	Hero	6	Seeks to prove worth, fears vulnerability
-	Wizard/magician	7	Tries to achieve dreams, fears negative consequences
-	Jester	8	Embraces joy/humor, fears boring others
-	Everyman	9	Loyal friend, fears inequality (?)
-	Lover	10	Desires intimacy/connection, fears loneliness/rejection
-	Caregiver	11	Desires to protect, fears selfishness
-	The orphan	12	Desires connection & belonging
-	Ruler	13	Desires control & prosperity, fears chaos

Criticism of Jung's ideas:
 - overly stereotyped
 - reductionistic
 - culturally based

The Persona

Margaret
 Cassidy Francis
 Michael

The Shadow

William
 Cassidy
 Artemi

the Anima ♀

Edward
 William
 Daniel

The Self

Henry
 Chris
 Noel

Syzygy

Francis
 Margaret
 Slava

the Animus ♂

Thomas
 Hades
 Michael Cabrel

I think they differ based on narrative purpose in the story.
 different archetypes are emphasised to tell differing stories. also the changing eras have changing expectations, eg. for women (Margaret/Maggie).

Thomas/Hades/Gabe are all the animus because he is transmasc.

Francis & Maggie exchange importance between stories - the more important being the more "complete".

ARCHETYPES - PORTRAYING THROUGH IMAGE

1940s Henry: creator - seeks to create enduring value
fears mediocrity

the self.



serious, traditional



cockpit



ancient greek symbols of value?

Kleos. valhalla.

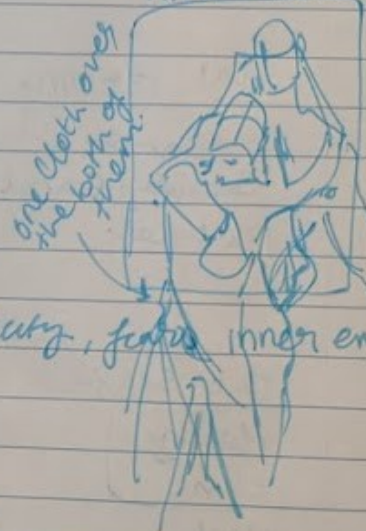
180s Hades: caregiver - desires to protect, fears selfishness *

Animus

40s/80s William: lover - desires intimacy/connection, fears
loneliness/rejection.

Shadow/
(Anima)

HIM - HADES



one cloth over the both of them

1980s Cassidy: explorer - seeks freedom/authenticity, fears inner emptiness

the shadow ← the erotic

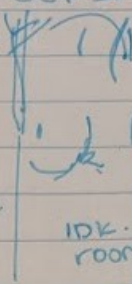


this is supposed to be a looking glass

2000s

Daniil: the orphan - desires connection & belonging, fears being left out or standing out.

anima

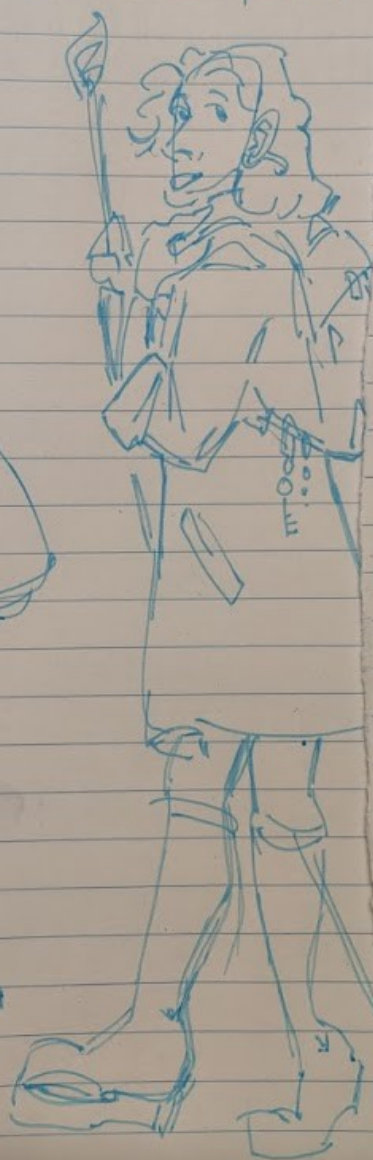


10K. alone in a room full of people.

1980s

Margret: Magician - Wants to make people achieve their dreams, fears unexpected negative consequences.

5/2/194



ARCHETYPAL FIGURES.

Edward #6

Margret #11

William #10

Thomas #13

Francis #2

Henry #1

Francis #9

Maggie #7

Cassidy #4

Will #5

Hades #11

Chris #12

Artemi #13

Daniil #12

Noel #6

Gabe #7

Michael #9

Slava #4

⊗
1940s

⊙
1980s

⊕
2000s

Nicole Eisenman

In order: *Morning Studio* (2016), *Destiny riding her bike* (2020), *Beer Garden with A.K.* (2009). She works in a variety of mediums; focusing on her paintings here.

Like Cudahy below, the richness and explicit choice of colour really makes these paintings beautiful and eye catching.

Is there some significance to the colour yellow to Eisenman? It feels like perhaps the yellow character is the main one to focus on.



I enjoy the lack of much expression on the faces of the figures, despite the situations they are in. This is especially seen to the right. This goes hand in hand with how the poses the figures are in are somewhat stilted and unnatural. The figures come across as somewhat awkward and hesitant in body language, more especially in the bottom two works. Despite this slight awkwardness the lack of expression challenges the viewer, especially so in *Morning Studio*, where we are met by the challenging gaze of the figure depicted. Why are we looking in on such an intimate moment? Similarly in *Beer Garden with A.K.* the yellow figure gazes at us: the one figure our attention is drawn to, reflects our attention back at us.



The observation of the everyday, the mundane, (as in article below) is a concept that I feel could be incorporated into my own work. The way people engage with the world and their daily lives can tell the viewer a lot about them as characters. For example, *Morning Studio* tells us a lot about the figures: from what they choose to wear, to the fact that their room is furnished with milk crates, to the fact they have a projector not a TV, to the fact that their mattress is on the floor.

[Forbes](#): she's always turning an eye to contemporary life, she's an observer of everyday life," Collingwood told Forbes.com. "(These artworks) are explorations of the human condition."



Pierre Guyotat

From top to bottom:
Unknown title, from *LA MATIÈRE DE NOS ŒUVRES* book (2016),
Untitled (2016).



Article

“The brutality he witnessed in North Africa compelled Guyotat to refuse the conflation of literature with civilisation. Instead, he treated language as physical matter through deformed words, verbal onslaughts and obscene imagery. This led him to the concept of the *matière écrite*, a sort of ‘secretion’ to be perceived orally, visually and architecturally”

“The artworks on view demonstrate his extremely complex yet direct language, which stems from memory and symbolism while presenting scenes of sexuality, freedom, joy and exploitation.”

While these ideological approaches are very different to my own, this would be a good exercise to do in preparation of further two-or-more person drawings- leaning away from relying on reference images and ‘perfect’ proportions/figures. It would also allow for greater creative control and help capture more of the characters and their relationships. It also has potential for becoming a larger series due to these kinds of drawings taking less time.



Anthony Cudahy

From top to bottom: *Rest (past)* (2021), *The painter (Jenna Gribbon pointing to Freidrich)* (2022), *Anti-bausor tree (protected sleepers, wolf's-bane and spider around)* (2021)

This is definitely a look I would like to try out in further works (potentially not just coloured pencil again?) after critique. The saturation and colour are incredibly beautiful, and are making me contemplate changing mediums. Out of the mediums I have, oils would give a similarly rich colour, however acrylics would be quicker. This is something to explore in the future.

The elements of symbolism with what are presented with each figure are also something I should include.

Having the figures be lying down also gives a calm, sleepy feeling to the paintings that makes me want to just sit back and look at them.

Having the figures in green fields also appeals to me, as that seems easier than dealing with perspective for indoor backgrounds. There is a lot of potential for symbolism in plants and flowers, as Cudahy has done in *Anti-bausor tree (protected sleepers, wolf's-bane and spider around)*. The lying element also lends itself towards depicting relationships.

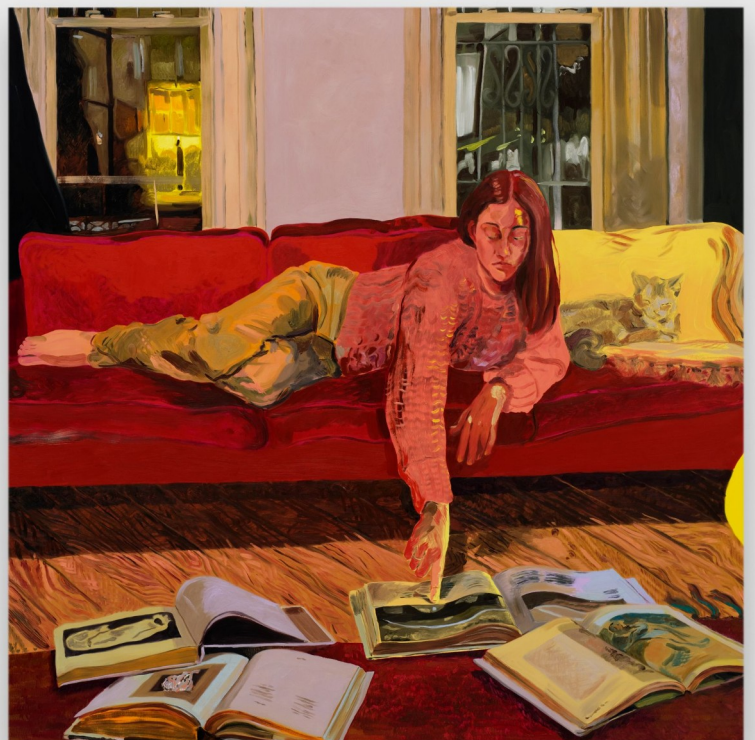
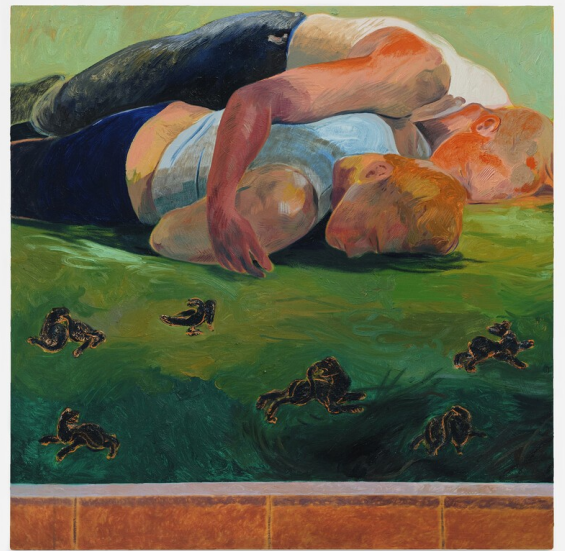
There is a definite focus on the way the figure interacts with it's environment as opposed to the face- a reflex I need to temper in my own works.

From article:

"If I render something too accurately or it just becomes about the likeness, I'll wipe it or distress it and then start over."

"I became a lot less afraid to be romantic with the colors and images."

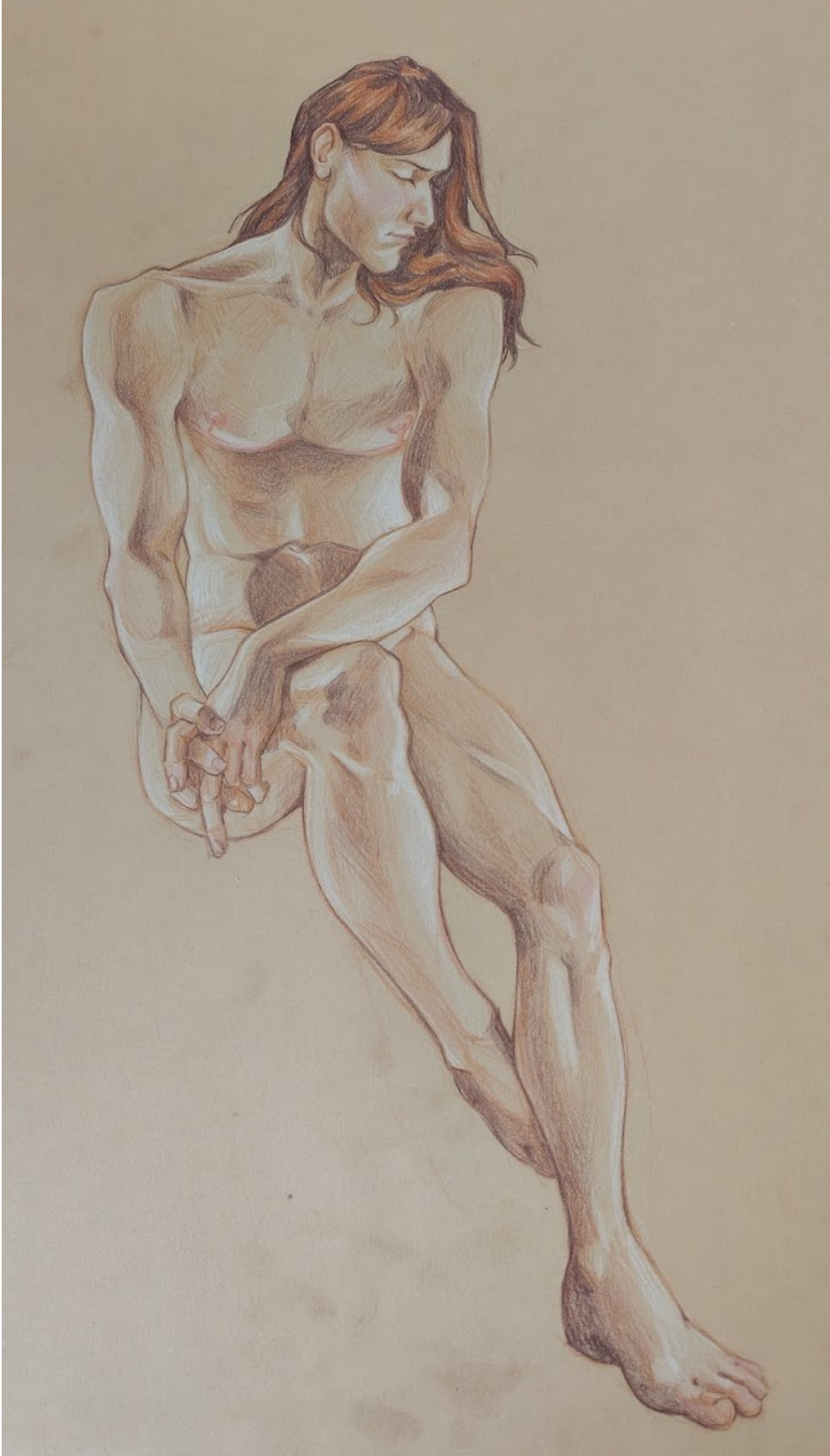
"it's not necessarily that I'm illustrating queerness or actively trying to flip things onto a queer lens. But I also feel like it's so intrinsic that it doesn't have to be explicitly about it to be inflected by it; it inflects everything,"

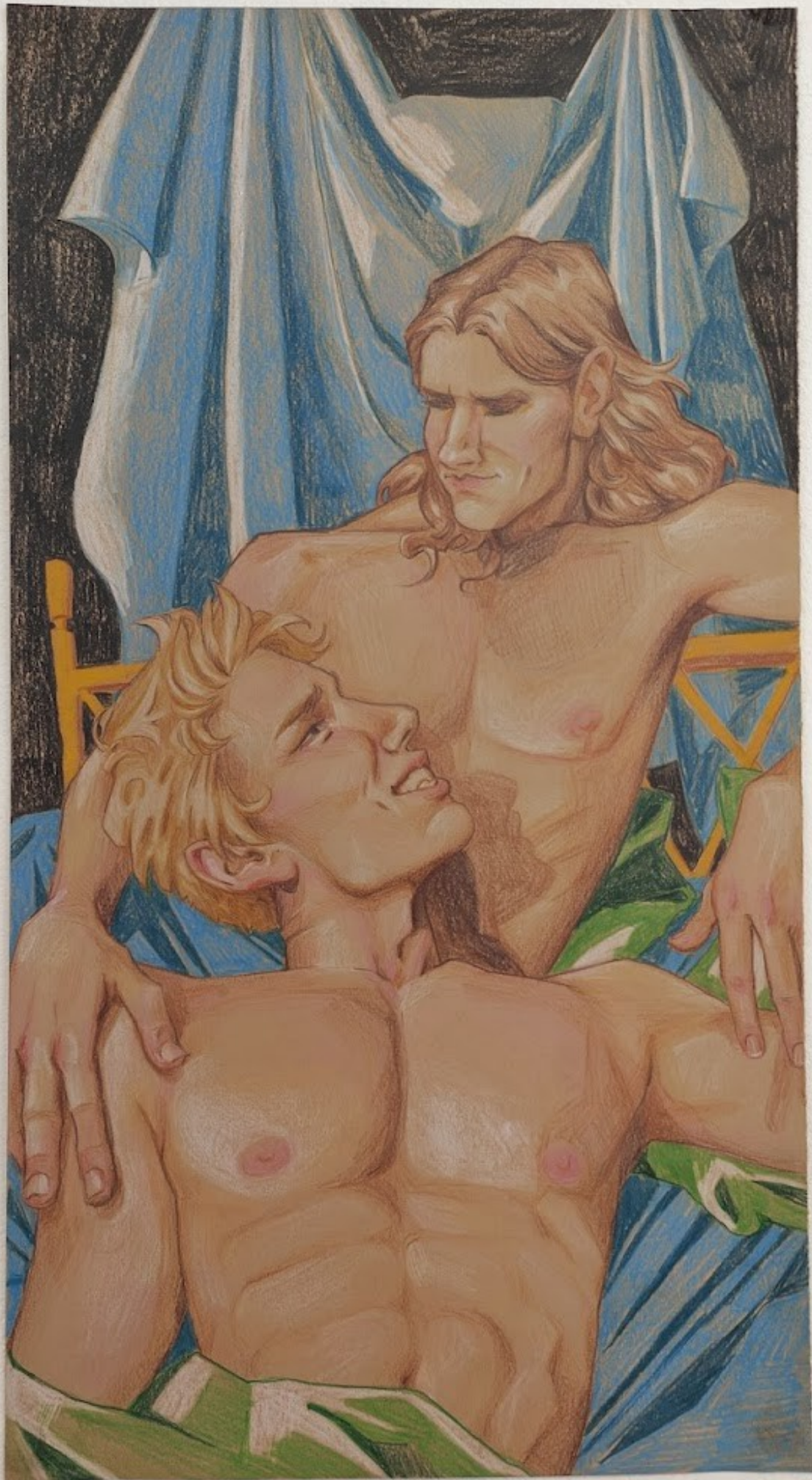


Presentation for critiques on Tues 13/08/24, Friday 16/08/24.
Progress on the series as of Friday 09/08/24.

The Syzygy (hades lounges)

This was mostly just focusing on getting the whole body in there, as well as getting a balance between the masculine and feminine. Mainly inspired by Paul Cadmus' style. Potentially could go back in on this one and add a chair/background/etc.





Critique notes:

Gay vibes so heavy

Both very queer vibes??? Looks like a gentle man, pose is also gay, renaissance vibes.

Made through a queer lens? An erotism of the body??

Inclined to gender these figures, and give them a sexuality, but really is the lens they're being created through

Feels like a fantasy/dream, the perfect person

Like them formally, brown background successful, adds undertones, brings warmth to the works

Context is important maybe??

The posing in the first one can tell a lot but background is needed? But a different background to the one you have

Current background gives intimate narrative, building the scene

Very intimate gaze is really beautiful and successful, less lust more heartfelt intimacy, comfortability

Gentleness and fragility is sooooo beautiful

Like the floating of the bottom one, existing in lack of space

Want to see it on wood?

Larger paper with is existing in more space?

Drawing medium is very important

Feels of it's time, vintage gay porn?

Elongation is interesting

More depth in higher piece, pushed it back

Break ratio, keep elongated videos

Habit with scale, because of using material that are available

Texture of pencil good, more natural, like how see through they are, makes them more textile

Try different paper type, lighter tone?

Pastels???

Try big???

Multiple figures, try lots of different things

Look at history of drawing, coming from narrative spaces

These feel like windows into a narrative, windows running next to eachother?

Hannah Quinlan & Rosy Hastings

<https://the-editorialmagazine.com/hannah-quinlan-rosie-hastings/>

"I went to their opening and my friend Stefan, who's very strong, told me that he liked how strong everybody looks in the drawings. Everybody's broad and muscular."

<https://www.hauserwirth.com/viewing-room/hannah-quinlan-and-rosie-hastings/>

"Their work examines the behaviors, history, politics and artefacts of LGBTQ+ culture in the western context, exploring how this culture is reflective of broader societal structures."

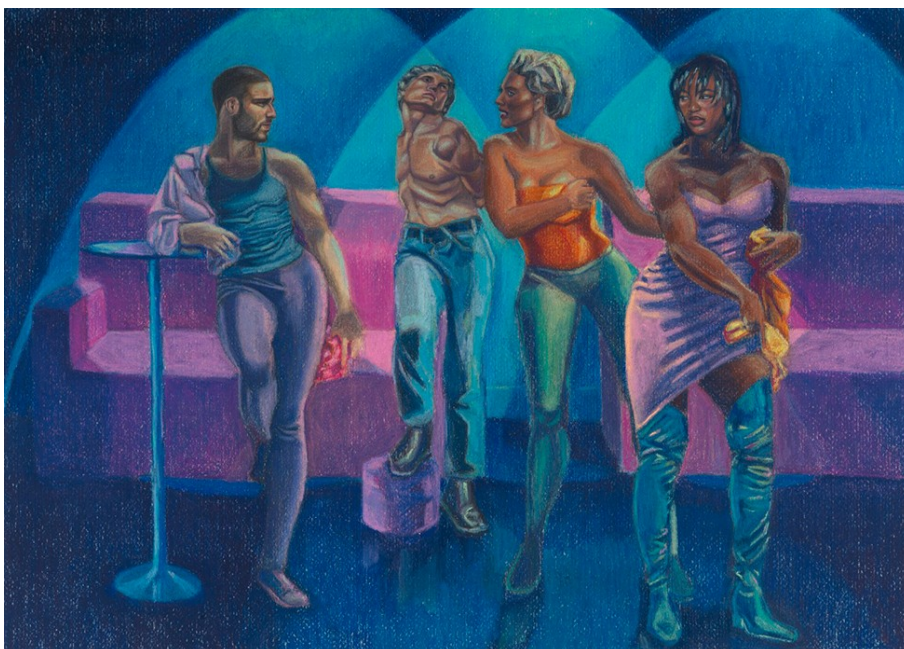
<https://www.tate.org.uk/tate-etc/issue-56-autumn-2022/hannah-quinlan-rosie-hastings>



"Traditionally, frescos depict scenes loaded with ideology and symbolism while presenting themselves as neutral or universal. A fresco often represents the moral code of the time within which it is painted, intended as an instructional and educational medium that reinforces dominant perceptions."

"To prepare for painting the frescos, we make full-scale preparatory drawings called cartoons. We plan each detail down to who will paint what, the colours that we will use and the size of each day's painting, which is known in the fresco world as a giornata, or a 'day'."

- interaction of community, interpersonal dynamics: storytelling through that
- representation of the community (people, fashions, etc.)
- a focus on the body (as in first quote: strong)
- strong lighting, natural yet bold choices of colour
- simple backgrounds in some of them
- simple composition in pencil/pastel works here
- using a traditionally dominant-culture material to make counter (??) culture work.



Louis Fratino

<https://www.artbasel.com/stories/louis-fratino-sikkema-jenkins-co>

"For some, the gay male figure and the sexuality attached to it will always be deemed a threat. Fratino presents his paintings in a way that is an invitation to the intimate, private moments remembered, in turn making him, and the viewer, a voyeur of time spent."

"Drawing has always been the cornerstone of his practice ... 'Not necessarily something from life, more a notation of memory'."

paintings

- simple backgrounds
- voyeuristic viewer, also viewer as the partner
- simple colour scheme
- lighting (backlit)
- simplified figure
- straightforward composition

carving

- single material implies two are one, as does the tangle of limbs
- interesting shape, pushes bounds of canvas



Yasmin Nair *Against Gay Marriage, Against Equality*

I read this but not a lot of it i felt was relevant to my work. But I did read it, so it goes in the workbook.

“ignored the fact that much of gay liberation was founded on leftist and feminist principles, which included a strong materialist critique of marriage. Or that AIDS activism in the 1980s called for universal health care, the demand for which has been abandoned by the gay mainstream in favor of the idea that gays should simply be given health care via marriage.”

Critique is a must
why should you default to others' defaults?

“it remains the neoliberal state's most efficient way to corral the family as a source of revenue, and to place upon it the ultimate responsibility for guaranteeing basic benefits like health care.”

Bit american, but it is an easy way of coralling people

“Liberals and lefties alike, straight and gay, look at gay marriage in countries like Spain and Argentina as the ultimate mark of civilization”

“ignores the fact that the U.S. is the only major industrialized nation to tie so many basic benefits like health care to marriage.”

Healthcare a strong need in the queer community for a while, in america (which exports culture) this healthcare-marriage association is made & justified differently (full citizenship rights) in order to not acknowledge any deeper part of the queer experience, but to assimilate people for them, if this is their only shot at healthcare.

Hence gay marriage becoming a key sticking point in other western places & then in how 'civilised' we see other countries as being, forgetting the other aspects of being queer.

“move beyond the idea that marriage could ever be part of a radical vision for change.”

marriage, the most traditional of institutions can never be radical. its possibly the least queer thing??

“When queers criticize the State's emphasis on the normative family, we do so because we know only too well the violence of exclusion and because, for many of us, our identities as queer people have been marked and shaped, not always in unproductive ways, by that violence”

“the family is the best way to advance capitalism, as the base unit through which capitalism distributes benefits”

“In other words, a queer radical critique of the family is not simply the celebration of an outsider status, although it is often that, but an economic critique. A queer radical critique of gay marriage exposes how capitalism structures our notion of “family” and the privatization of the social relationships we depend on to survive.”

“In a neoliberal economy, gay identity becomes a way to further capitalist exploitation.”

“capitalism does not seek to exclude gays and lesbians—instead, it seeks to integrate them into its structure of exploitation as long as they don’t upset the status quo.”

My take-aways:

While the essay is America-focused (mentions of healthcare, etc.), it’s points can still widely applied. It argues that marriage is inherently linked to the control the state has over it’s citizens. Marriage and the family is a way to enforce the beliefs and mechanisms of the society, namely capitalism. We should not be fighting for something that wants to tell us how to be.

Assimilation means exploitation under capitalism. We (queer people) should not seek to maintain the status quo but strive for the radical. We have strived for better in the past (universal healthcare in America post-AIDs, etc). Unconventional relationships and family structures

Written assignment inspiration

Photographs from Dani Yourukova's book *Transposium* (2023)



anonymoustxt

...

**all my friends are drunk on the deck and you
have not replied to my new years text even
though logically i know you are probably still
on the road.**

the fireworks paint the sky tonight
and keep the stars company.
i am watching replays of your
game tape by the screen door
while I wait for you to respond.

the stars have found an intimacy of their own
and i do not wish on them for fear of disturbing.
the crowd screams at the world and i look up at
the eve and fold my arms across the chair and
pulse jealousy for a night that
lets himself be embraced
even though i know he is in no better place than i.

the fireworks paint the sky tonight and
onscreen your goal horn blares true
and i know that
if to be loved is to be kissed
for one single hour for once single moment,
if to be loved is to be held
by a light that is not just your galaxy's own,
if to be loved is a new years evening
where your scream in my ear everything except recorded,

then i will gladly take tomorrow's sulfur burns.

While I was inspired thematically by the above poems, I was going for a similar approach to the series of vignettes in *The Husband Stitch*, as well as the mundane/everyday encounter as seen in *You are now entering the Human Heart*.

A key element of these poems is the normalcy/integration of queerness into one's everyday experiences. I wanted this to come across in my own writing; being queer isn't something that is experienced separately. I also wanted to represent the ache that is so well crafted in the top two poems.

I was heavily inspired by the subjects of [anonymoustxt](#)'s work, as well as the style of language used. This is most prevalently the I/you, speaking to the reader element, but also the lack of capitalisation. The long and convoluted style of title used for this particular poem I also used.

Text the girl you've been thinking about

Hey sorry it's me haha / I want you /
to pay attention to me / please god /

I'm just / on my way to this party / and I sound like a
nerd in an Uber / which I am / I hope the writing is going

well / mine isn't / I keep thinking about the line / of your brow /
in the slant of morning / and how you like to type with your whole body /

feet flexing / shoulders furious / and how I like to type next to you /
in silence / usually I can't stand empty spaces /

empty pages / I know I said I'd wait / and see /
unfortunately / I didn't wait /

if this message had alt text / it would be in sonnet form/ if my fractal self /
couldn't pretend confidence for one night / what would be the point / lmao

just to let you know / I look hot / I'm covered in glitter /
and I wanna kiss you / again

Date idea: you commit a crime and then I hunt you
relentlessly for seventeen years in the single-minded pursuit
of bringing you to justice

we pound the pavements of the nineteenth century
and I collect catches of you in long lit shadows
in fragments of song
across the faces of clocks

I want to ruin you in the Rue Montmartre
throw you against the wall of some institution
and cover your throat with my hands
the lambent glow of barely repressed homoeroticism

alight in our every move, and
this I swear by the stars I will find you in a moment of vulnerability
(announcing myself via musical motif linked melodically to
your trauma)
in order to most effectively degrade
your humanity, I will take your name from you
replacing it with the swallowed hiss
of cold mathematics

you can threaten me with violence in return,
reluctantly at first, then with feeling
all the whispered promise of your superior physical presence
welling through the string section

and then
when the horns come in

I'll know you really mean it
God

Written assignment formative submission: 13/09/24

Just began writing thinking about similar themes as work I've previously made for this course in terms of fantasy/reality and it's intersection with queerness. It explores some of my experiences through the guise of someone else's, lending me a layer of removal from what's depicted in the work; some opacity.

You get the internal monologue of someone who has a bit of a fantasy that they cling to in order to get through what they both feel like they have to/are obliged to do as well as what they love. They acknowledge that this is a fantasy, but how could they keep going forward without it? I think this can be part of the queer experience, at least for a short time in ones life (in my and my friends' experience); hanging onto the idea that there is always potential for good things even if it doesn't seem like it right now or if it hasn't for a while.

I think more minorly it also comments on how masculinity can be just as caging with gender roles/expectation as femininity, though in different ways & with different effects. It makes the point that you can still love something and someone while it not being particularly correct or good, and that in itself is not a bad thing.

**I LOVE YOUR SOFT RED INSIDES WITH ALL THE CARE YOU
WOULD NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF TO FEEL NOT EVEN FOR
YOUR SEMI-SERIOUS GIRLFRIEND YOU ONLY SEE AT PARTIES**

the bump bump bump of stitches inside your lip, the ragged open hole of a lost tooth. your mouth is so so red, your stained tongue darting out, in out, in. testing, feeling out the new shape of your mouth. there's a little lisp when you tell me you still can't feel the left side, and your mouth doesn't pull all the way when you laugh and smile at what i say. but your eyes squish closed, and for a minute i can look, really look, at the gap. still stained a little, the tooth i'd run my tongue over out the back of someone's house on new years is gone, as is your selective memory of that night and now the gap between us yaws wide and i can't even remember what it was like to be that close. but you open your eyes and continue the conversation, and you tell me it doesn't hurt not at all bud, and i'm o.k. with it. it's o.k. we're in the back room of the rink, of what is ostensibly a trainers room, a first aid room. the doctor who was doing your stitches has left for a moment, and we are knee to knee, shin guards knocking each other through socks, giggling under the naked lightbulb like children. but it's not forever, and he's back and you're serious again, nodding at his orders to take care of it. you're going to be back here in a few days to get the stitches out because they're not the ones that dissolve. you're going to be back and then you're not, you're going to take your gummy gap toothed smile all the way to the show, eyes squishing shut when you're chirped good, when you're at some bar with expensive drinks and picking up. but they won't have now, won't have seen the stitches and the red of your naked flesh inside your mouth, the things that make you up, tied together after being broken and chipped. they won't have now, and i will. i'm the one carrying your helmet and your gloves and your stick back out into the cinder block hallway, back to the bright and noisy locker room. your soft polite thank you and your changed smile is enough.

**I'M ALWAYS WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING AND I SHOULD
KNOW THIS BY NOW BUT I'D RATHER DELUDE MYSELF NOW
AND FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT IT LATER THAN CHANGE
ANYTHING**

is it wishful thinking to see myself in everyone i like or am i just narcissistic enough to think anyone hot is like me in some way? you're there every practice earlier than me somehow and i say hello. there's nothing worse than a quiet awkward lockerroom, but it's not quiet for long not at all. conversation is always easy with you my heart thumps and i stutter through words my mouth can't keep up with but you don't bring it up and at every turn it's revealed that we're not so different after all. you like *gran turismo*, *prince of persia: the sands of time* (the movie of course) and *skrillex*. we must be the same in some profound way. but i always read too deep into your character and forget that you're just your father's son, a carbon copy that he's smudged into shape with his callous meaty hands. you're just a boy and i should know better, but when you say all that when the rest of the guys are in the room it shocks me leaves me reeling 'cause the room isn't in shock and they're all laughing, laughing at this poor kid you're gossiping about. faggot faggot faggot. i sit there with my elbow pads in my hands just staring at them as you throw your scrunched up ball of tape into the bin in the middle of the lockerroom with another snide comment, king of your godawful castle. i'm standing in the cold lake that is the melting puddle of ice off my skate blades and i should be disgusted at the bone you throw to me pulling me into the conversation but i lunge for it eager eager eager and they love my performance eat it right up. maybe you're just hamming it up for the boys. maybe you wouldn't mind so much my being a faggot if we were proper friends and you knew me and knew i wasn't like that. maybe i like you better when you're not opening your mouth to speak just look me in the eye and i'll know you don't mind not at all because you're just like me just hamming it up for the boys give them what they expect and don't stand out. it sickens me that i'm sad you're leaving this coming spring. we'll only have this one season together and i'm greedy and willing to forget a great deal and want more of you more more please god more. i'll take any bone you throw i'll fetch retrieve sit beg heel anything being left alone here when summer starts with just the memories of us will be punishment enough for my gluttony. none of the things you say wont make us any less friends than it did before. even if they hurt just a bit.

**THAT NIGHT LAST SPRING YOU SAY YOU DON'T REMEMBER
BUT I CAN SEE IN YOUR EYES THAT YOU DO YOU DO YOU DO
YOU DO AND YOU HATE IT YOU HATE ME BUT WE'RE STILL
FRIENDS EITHER SIDE OF THIS CANYON**

there are three hundred things happening at once and they're all nothing. it's quiet and it's loud, there's the crash of someone going head over heels over the back of the sofa with a trayful of drinks, and everyone laughs like a laugh track before it returns to a murmur. the house is bright, glowing like the back of your hand when you put your palm over one of those superpowered flashlights. the yard is dark. it's cold. my one drunk cigarette i've allowed myself glows too; my lungs are warmed with smoke, my belly is warmed with spirits. there's another burst of ringing laughter from the house, exploding out onto the patio when you swing the door open. you slur at me about how its too hot in there, and set down the bottle you're holding a little too hard on the concrete pavers and struggle against your sweatshirt. i let myself look at your flushed red cheeks, your red mouth and the ripple of muscles under your rank sweaty white tee. it's so good in this moment, everything is warm and sharp and crisp at the edges. i can see the little white reflection of the moon in your dilated pupils and i feel like you're looking right into me and the only thing between us is your sweatshirt hanging between us. i'm kissing you. i'm kissing you and you're not kissing back. my tongue is in your unmoving mouth but we were having a moment so i give you a moment for it to register, for you to react and kiss back but you still don't move i open my eyes and your eyes are still open and i realise you were just looking through me and i should never have presumed we were anything alike and i take it all back i'm so so sorry, it'll never happen again man, i dunno what was that dude haha. and you keep saying nothing, but something shutters closed in your eyes, the moon doesn't reflect so strongly, and the house glows too bright to see the stars. we're miles from each other, so far that i may as well be the moon i saw reflected back at me. the spirits in my stomach revolt my lungs burn my eyes tear desperately and i reach out like an idiot as you leave blank-faced, back into the light and warmth of the house but my hand could never cross the distance to catch at yours not at all.

**YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST TEAMMATE I'VE DRIVEN TO THE
AIRPORT BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I GOT A TICKET FOR
CRYING IN MY UGLY 2002 CAR OVER**

you gotta love something if you're willing to let it hurt you this much. i console myself after every hit with that thought. i love the feeling of the stick in my hand, the perfect tape job from years of practice and a nice quiet moment in the room to do. i love freshly resurfaced ice and that first warmup lap, nothing in front of me before i sweep back to pick up a puck and begin my routine. i love the burn of my lungs, of my muscles, of my eyes against the cold rink air. i love my worn in gloves. i love my concussion-preventing helmet. i love spending all evening reviewing tape. i love studying plays while coach yells at us. i love never seeing my family. i love having everyone in my life replaced every year. i love seeing my friends do better than me and leave me behind for the show. i love seeing other friends crash and burn with injuries, never able to play again. how could i love anything that wasn't this? you're so synonymous with the game its difficult to separate the two in my mind. six months have never been so fast before in my life and i'm looking over at you sitting in my passenger seat in that fraction of a second before you snap to and jump out of my ugly orange mazda6 to grab your bag out the back. we're in the drop offs lane at the airport and soon someone will be coming up to tap on the window to tell me to move along if no-one was getting out but i take every sliver of time from that moment to memorise you. you're looking out the window and the morninglight from the sky shines through your hair and falls crisply against your cheek right down to your scarred loathsome pretty red mouth. i like the look of the team hoodie on you. technically your contract is up and you're not on the same team anymore but i'm glad you're taking something of it of us of me with you. i've done so many of these six month seasons that i mark my life by them. there will be before this moment and there will be after, a decisive split, i will never be the same as right now again and there's nothing i can do about it. the moments will carry you away from me on swift wings. back at the house we promised to keep in touch with each other. my heart is hollow at that, echoing each beat terribly lonely. you never went back on any of your promises but time will fade me in your mind and i'm sure i was never as vivid to you as you were to me.

Paul B Preciado *Testo Junkie*

1. *I'm not taking testosterone to change myself into a man or as a physical strategy of transexualism; I take it to foil what society wanted to make of me, so that I can write, fuck, feel a form of pleasure that is postpornographic, add a molecular prostheses to my low-tech transgender identity composed of dildos, texts, and moving images; I do it to avenge your death.*
2. *You're the only one who could read this book. In front of this camera, "for the first time I'm tempted to make a self-portrait for you." Design an image of myself as if I were you. Do you in drag. Cross-dress into you. Bring you back to life with this image.*
3. *From this moment on, all of you are dead. Amelia, Herve, Michel, Karen, Jackie, Teo, and You. Do I belong more to your world than I do to the world of the living? Isn't my politics yours; my house, my body, yours? Reincarnate yourselves in me, take over my body like extraterrestrials ... Reincarnate yourself in me; possess my tongue, arms, sex, organs, dildos, blood, molecules; possess my girlfriend, dog; inhabit me, live in me. Come. Ven. Please don't leave. Vuelve a la vida. Come back to life. Hold onto my sex. Low, down, dirty. Stay with me.*
4. *We are consumers of air, dreams, identity, relation, things of the mind.*
5. *I am reading the testogel package insert, realising I am holding a manual for microfascism, at the same time as I am worrying about the possible immediate or side effects of the molecule on my body.*
6. *Clinical masculinity does not exist without synthetic testosterone.*
7. *I say: I'm a boy, get it? --and I lift my shirt, show her my nipples that dot a still flat chest-- and I deserve the same respect my father gets.*
8. *I'm always the little guy they knew at the school for girls. ... but in a certain way, within a temporary rift they are still my little girls, my bitches.*

While reading this book I was more drawn to the storytelling rather than essay writing aspects, though the points being made were compelling. For the purposes of time, after a certain point I stopped reading the essay elements. I paused reading to get a taste for other writing styles/ideas, but I'm definitely going to come back and finish it (at least the story aspects) at some point.

The themes are incredibly relatable, as a trans guy. The idea of being reliant on a system that could rip everything out from under you if it felt like it is often hovering over my own shoulder, and the way Preciado frames it here makes a compelling case for getting out from under that system. The essay parts I did read about this (eg. Line 5, 6 above) give a comprehensive view into a whole part of how my own identity interacts with the world in a way I'd never contemplated before.

The last two lines (7, 8) above resonated with some of my personal experiences. The interaction of perception, gender and power is an interesting mix; demanding acknowledgement of what you know you are.

The other relatable themes are of obsession and longing (lines 2, 3). This is also seen in other parts of the book, and often have an aggressive edge, rather than the pathetic wallowing of obsession/longing in my own work. This is reflective of the demanding presence of Preciado, and his willingness to just do things, which to me has only really become a thing to me in the past year as my social anxiety has receded. The way he describes them is also very compelling and different than nearly anything else I've read.

Others' experiences of gender can often be alien to me, and that is here to an extent but I think Preciado's approach is uniquely compelling (line 1). I enjoy that he can sum it all up in a nice little paragraph. It frames the rest of the work well to understand where he's coming from with the rest of it. His ideological approach to identity is interesting to me.

The writing style is also captivating, and uses the same I/you that I enjoy writing in, but in a different way to other writer's I've looked at. The concepts are drawn out longer, and involves the 'you' person in something that they aren't present in. Having a range to look at improves my own ability and range.

Eden Eden Eden Pierre Guyotat

"Khemissa letting saliva mixed with licorice overflow from lips, run out of wide-open mouth, over chin : neck, sticky collar of denim jacket, shining wet"

I did not read all of it, but the first few pages to get a feel for the style of writing. The subject was rather repetitive after a while, though that may be the point. To start with it was very effective in conveying the effects of war. Through the repetition of motifs, the lack of much humanisation of the soldiers (the lack of focus on faces, but on actions), etc.

While I had basically finished my writing by the point I had read this, however it is very conducive to the style I enjoy writing it, though a bit more conceptual and less exact with it's purpose or storyline. It's a very graphic, bodily way of writing and I enjoy it for that. The things that are chosen to be described give the effect of being given close ups. The present tense of the writing also gives the viewer the feeling they're in it, they're the one looking up close and personal.

If I had more time it would be interesting to really dig into how Guyotat uses punctuation. On my couple skims through there seemed to be a system though I didn't really know how he wanted me to read them, as they weren't used quite the same as usual. It disrupts the text and the viewer with it's unconvention.



This work was an extension on my smaller two-guys-in-bed drawing, informed by my crit with that work. I also decided to experiment with flowers as symbols: the top ones are pansies, and there is lavender bottom left. This was just to further emphasise that they're gay not just snuggling as friends.

Critique:

readings of it from others:

- agency in other ways
- a queer utopia

could go for in future works:

- triptych religious-type thing. buy more wood, hinges. Extending on the panelling.
- use masking tape for cleaner edges (was distracting)
- could have an accompanying pamphlet with close up details of works
- not do so literal backgrounds (eg. left panel)

- probably will draw more drapery in these instead of backgrounds.
- going for a slightly more repressed, sad version of my previous work.

1 2 3

3 Panels

2 or 3 papers taped together

5 Panels

1 2 3 4 5

Words written or printed on fabric

3 Panels

1 2 3

4 5

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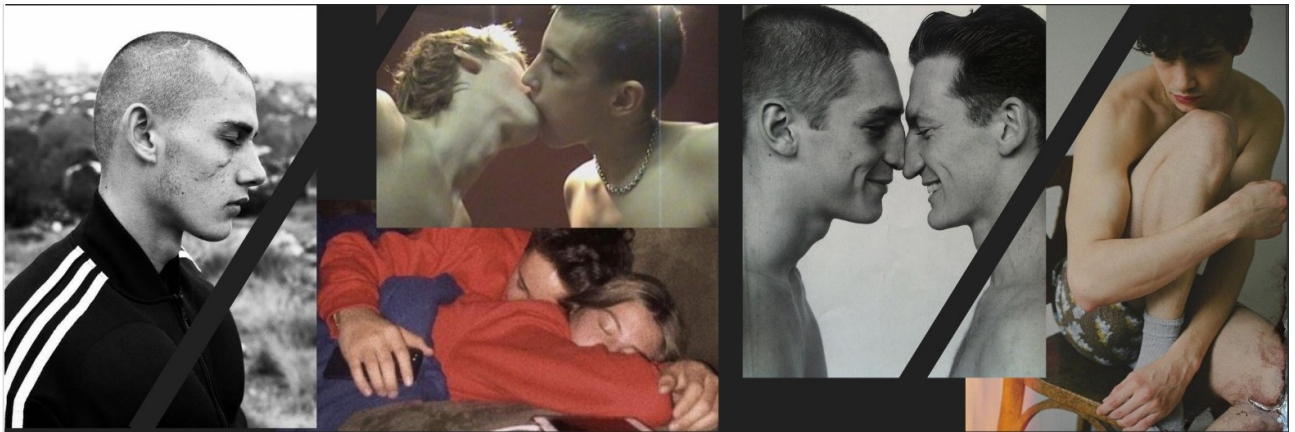
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How does that kind of writing get presented in a drawing form? Could extend the panelling into a filmic sort of thing, a long series across the wall, lots of close ups (demonstrating the bodily-ness of the writing and the intimacy).

Sebastiène (1976) directed by Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress, written by Jarman, Humfress, and James Whaley.



Watching this film provided a lens through which I could see and approach the tail end of my work for this class. It also less relevantly inspired my work for Publication, but that in turn also helped inspire my final work.

Interesting/favourite elements when watching:

- link drawn between religious persecution and homophobia, & therefore also:
- implication of god as a lover (very interesting)
- suffering in multiple contexts, in a bad one, in a good one, self imposed, imposed by others, etc.
- drawing attention to the beauty of the male form

I also read an essay about this film: *Reading the Image of Saint Sebastian in the Art of Derek Jarman and Robert Mapplethorpe in the Queer Context* by Seçkin Tercan

“representation of his self-admiration as an erotic figure is created”

This has a relation to my own work, as what I was originally doing with the characters was using them as elements of myself, as their own little archetypes. This speaks to my own representation within my work (plans for last painting related).

“it also show us that pain and lust go hand in hand. In the movie, we witness sexuality as much as we witness pain”

I think there is a sort of link in this vein between my writing and drawing.

Though the writing is of a more mental pain, the reality of life is still painful at times, and on the flip side the drawings are the lust element, though more of a wanting than lust at this point.

“Having lied on hot sands this time, the saint tells about his love in his hallucinations, but it is not known if it is for God or a lover. Jarman depicts the young male figure in the saint’s hallucinations as a holy dream: What the saint mutters are the words full of lust and admiration for a man / for what is divine.”

My reaction to this part of the film and the essay was that I wanted to take a similar approach for my last work.



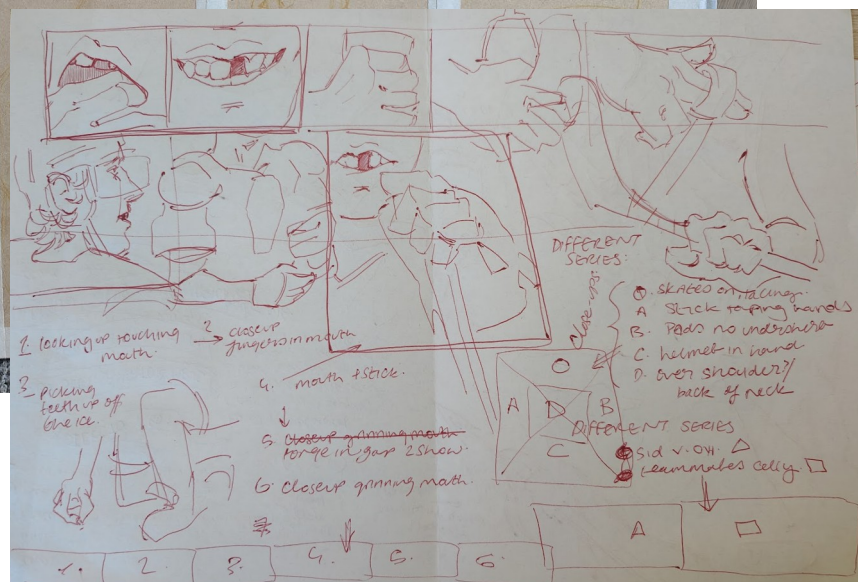
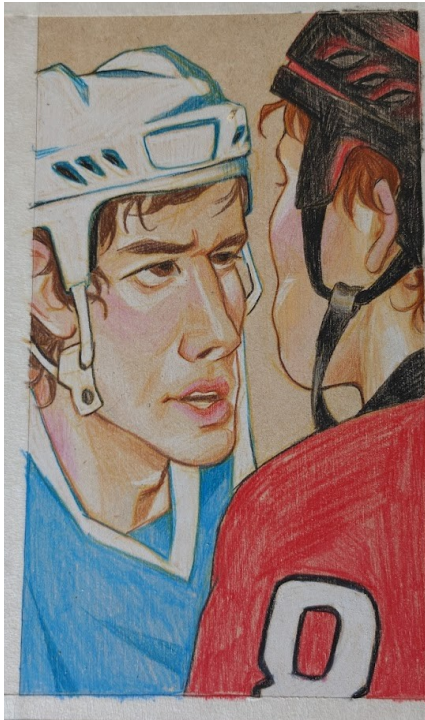
Initial response to crit:

- taped to get clean edges
- experimented with less realistic background
- more than two people, leaning a little more away from the usual monogamy.
- experimented with the folding element introduced in the crit, figuring out if it would be multi panel or one long big thing over seams.

The going over the seam works well enough here, however there are no hinges and i think those would get in the way, so probably sticking with the panel idea.

- beginning to lean into a bit of a religious theme, the person in red's pose reminds me of some depictions of Jesus.
- different scale people thought was cute but overall consensus for continuing the large scale works

Connections between my writing & drawings: converting writing to drawing experiment.
Notes over page.



Connections between my writing & drawings: converting writing to drawing experiment (cont.)

The layout was intended for the work to be cut in half horizontally along the middle, and installed around a corner in two pieces.

The exact images invoked in my writing are very hazy to me, so I didn't end up doing a direct translation but something parallel. As someone who watches ice hockey the fighting comes off as very gay, like a way to be close to another dude without it being 'gay'. Instead of the slightly more long-term aftermath of the fight/injury, these drawings are the event and immediate aftermath.

- I feel this work is overall unsuccessful in that it requires some prior knowledge of hockey in order to kinda get what's going on here; that a fight has occurred and he's picking up the pieces.
- The colour scheme is also doing bad things somehow- to samey-samey from frame to frame.
- Trying to do close ups in these little rectangles without drawing the whole thing has somehow made me subconsciously stretch some of these drawings vertically to fit.
- vibes of it are so much worse than previous drawings & are not what I was going for at all

Hockey could also be the wrong sport for this type of thing. I feel this idea would be more easily communicated with people (no matter how much they know about sports) via something like wrestling.

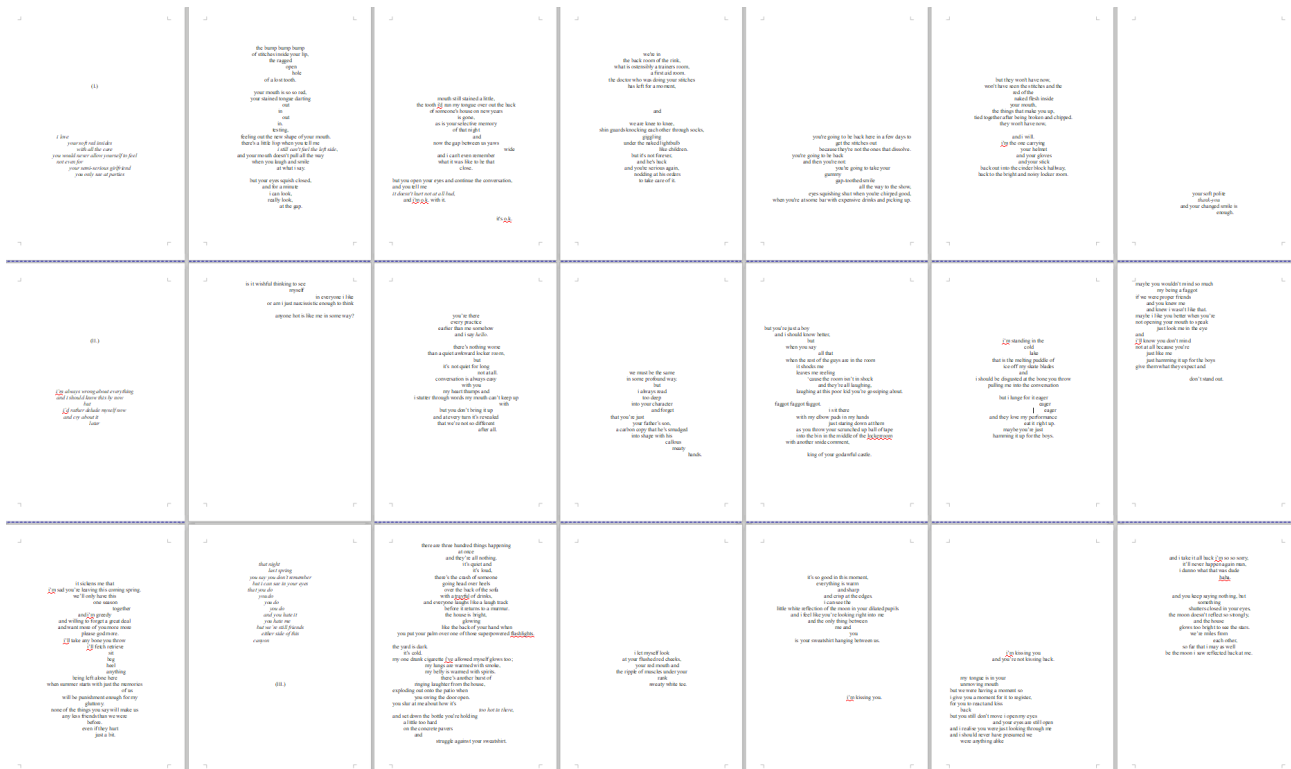
I think this concept would work better in video form, which would be a little more understandable to the general public, and include context within the actual work. I have made some previous work in my own time on this topic (which I think could also be improved upon).

Decided to give up on it halfway through as it was taking too long and I wanted to make one more thing I'm happy with before final presentation.

Post feedback work on writing assignment (final handed in version)

feedback elements improved upon:

- more readable/approachable than the block of text from before
- more meaning put onto certain words/concepts based on whether they stand out/where they're placed
- I looked closer at formatting of artist model writers (as opposed to just theme and style, & tried my hand at tidalectics (in this context; how words flow across a page).



<http://stefaniehessler.com/entries/tidalectics>

“Tidalectics is an experiment to formulate an oceanic worldview, a different way of engaging with the oceans and the world we inhabit. Unbound by land-based modes of thinking and living, the exhibition is reflective of the rhythmic fluidity of water and the incessant swelling and receding of the tides.”

This concept was introduced to me via someone presenting their work in a different class. There are essays & articles written about this concept, as well as an exhibition (as in above link). It is also a way of approaching a variety of things, including in an art context, eg. curating.

I have tried to get the words to flow in a way that makes sense. While rhythm seems to be an important aspect of tidalectics I leaned more into the fluid aspect of it, as unpredictability I feel lends itself better to this than a structured rhythm.

This visual style can also be seen in one of my original artist models for writing above: Dani Yourukova's *Date idea: you commit a crime and then I hunt you relentlessly for seventeen years in the single-minded pursuit of bringing you to justice*

Planning for final piece

The starting point for this was exploring the ways in which panelling can be a more practical feature to work, rather than just dividing one piece of wood into multiple.



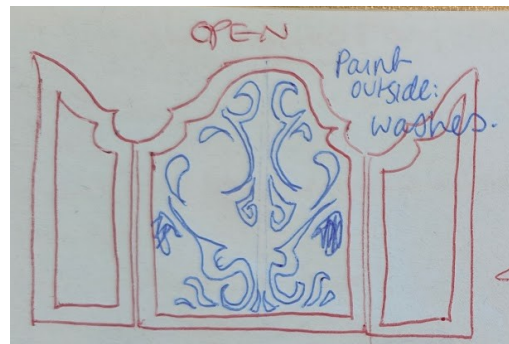
Circle of Pieter Coecke van Aelst
A triptych: *The Adoration of the Magi*
<https://www.sothebys.com/en/buy/auction/2022/old-masters-day-auction/a-triptych-the-adoration-of-the-magi>

Initially investigated the variety of shapes religious triptych altarpieces come in. I decided on this general shape being the most appealing. By deciding on this shape I also decided on incorporating religious themes, as I felt using tropes common to the format would make the work more compelling.

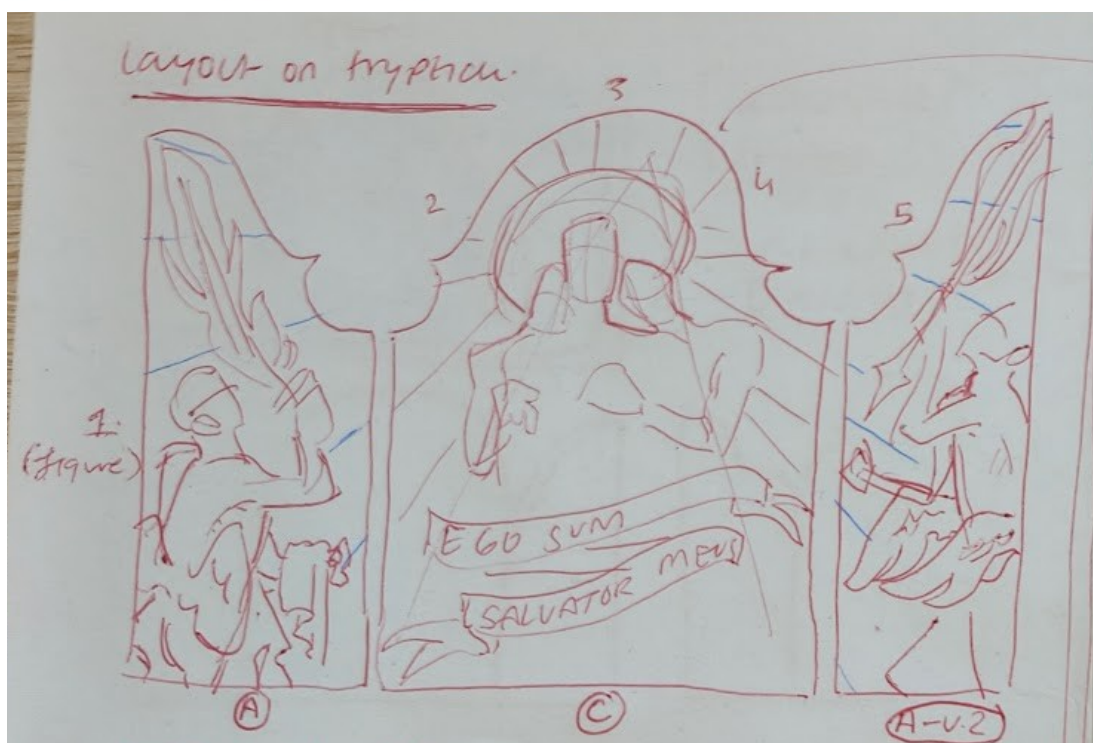


Decided if I have time to paint/draw on the front of the flaps that my design will be simple enough.

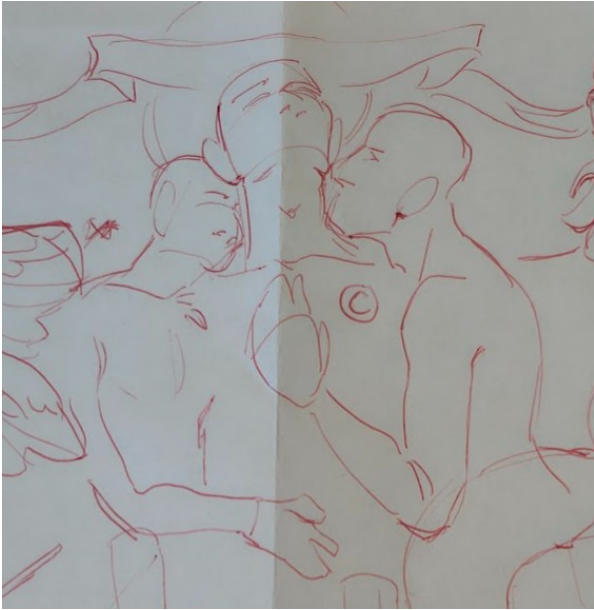
The borders for each of the sections seem like an important feature of the style. They will definitely be included on the



back, but perhaps just the outer outline on the inside? (not on the two splits).



Main panel



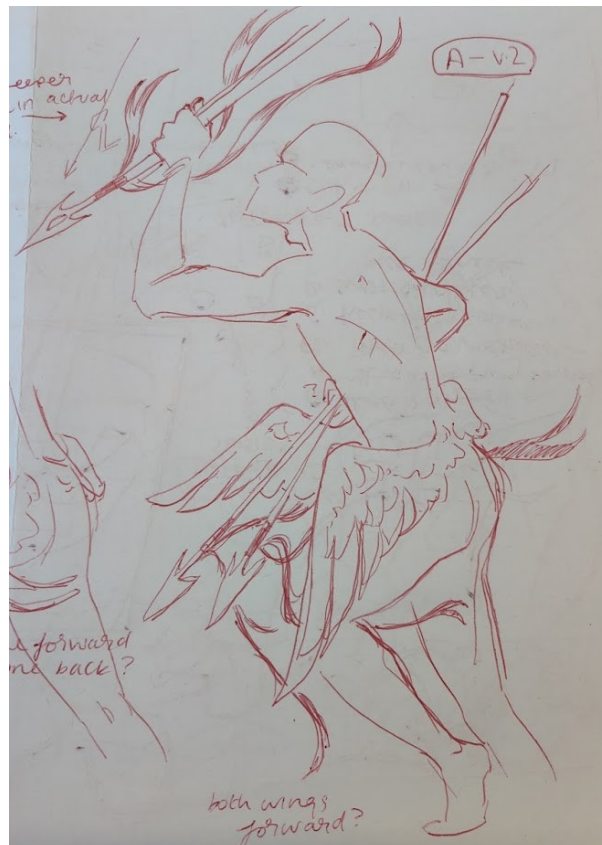
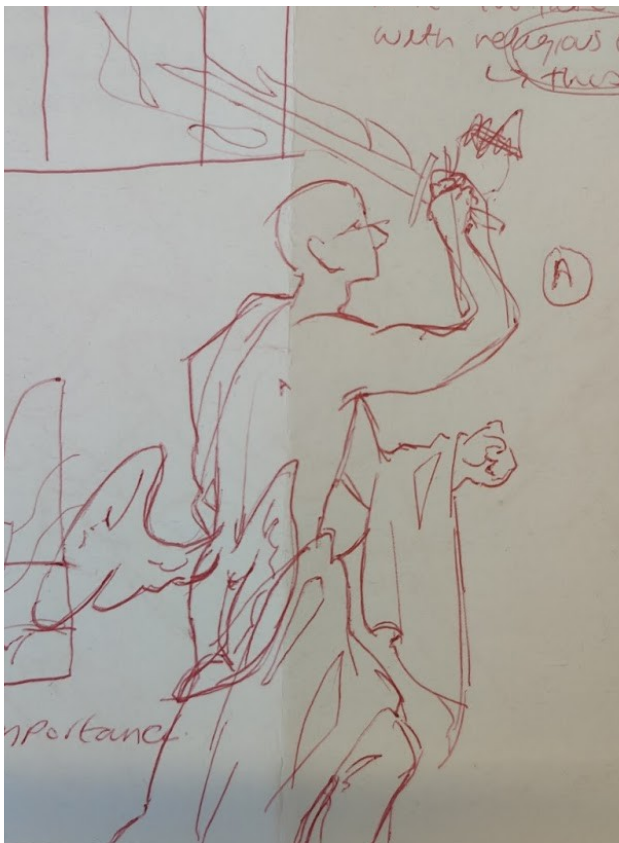
Include words on a drawn ribbon in Latin:

“Dilectus meus ego sum salvator meus, sed adorabo templum tuum, quamdiu corpus meum patietur.” (Translation: My beloved: I am my own saviour, but I will worship at your temple, as long as my body will allow me.)

I chose Latin because it is the language in which all Christian stuff was done in (including words on paintings) for centuries, and it allows for the viewer to take in the rest of the work without initially comprehending the words. It allows for the viewer to investigate a little. The translation back is a little iffy but you get the gist.

I think this decision was also slightly influenced by the Sebastiene movie being in Latin.

Side panels



Final install/presentation





As someone raised Catholic, religion has been a factor in my life whether I liked it or not, and so I am well versed in the imagery that goes with it. I have had an interest in religious iconography since high school, and while I thought it would be cool to paint religious icons, I never actually did anything of the sort until now.

(Discussion continued over page.)

This work is also thematically inspired by work I've been doing in the Publication course; how queerness relates to religion and the complexities/parallels that come with that. The two books described below are companion books to each other.

Just know that I love you: links between pain & pleasure, queerness & suffering and sex & religion. the doubt [the Church] brings; god as a lover/a lover as god; the holiness of love. Through line on St Sebastian [unofficial patron saint of queer people.

One thousand years with you: sin in relation to queerness through the metaphor of a couple stuck in my version of purgatory; a place where they've been put to be away from others, but also somewhere they can be themselves. [would] heaven would be worth giving up a key part of yourself, or is heaven our experiences with each other?

I wanted to convey a similar thing in my drawing: that queerness doesn't have to be distinct from religion, but can be it's own version of it, one where the power is in your own hands, not in others/god's. It also takes the Christian idea of love being important, and taking it for itself, for queer people, who have historically not been allowed to love or be loved by the Church.

I attempted to convey this through appropriating some of the conventions of religious art, theological and spiritual symbolism. Artist models are over page, and over page from that is a list of all my notes on relevant symbolism. I tried not to make up any of my own symbols, but to make use of ones people may already be familiar with.

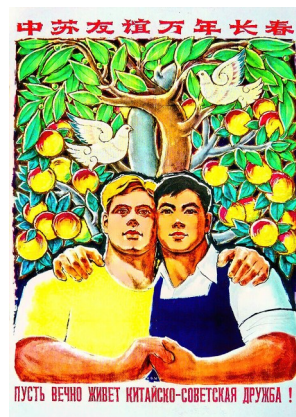
The choice of what characters get to be the main three was that it was a continuation of the little two-part drawing from previously. At that stage I chose those characters as they were all extensions of myself. This is more applicable to the little one, as having three versions of myself making out in the big drawing is more funny than it is helpful to the meaning I want to create.

On reflection I think one of the similarities between my writing and drawing work is a wanting/longing. In the writing you get a direct line into this, but with the drawings you have to know that they are a fantasy, something that somebody wants but doesn't have. The utopia aspect of this fantasy speaks slightly to the lack thereof/dystopian reality of the fantasiser. This links to the catholic want to go to heaven after death, I think, as most religions have a utopia they provide a structure for getting to.

Religion also provides a rationalisation as to why we can't have it right now. I think my final work argues for creating a utopia while we're alive, rather than waiting for something perfect to come along (or for the afterlife). It gives the viewer/fantasiser a bit more agency in their wanting, especially through the chosen words.

Some notes from final presentation:

- strong like propaganda posters (see right) both in homoeroticism and colour (?)
- it is a move away from the softness of previous work
- camp but not kitsch: symbols, Latin, etc.

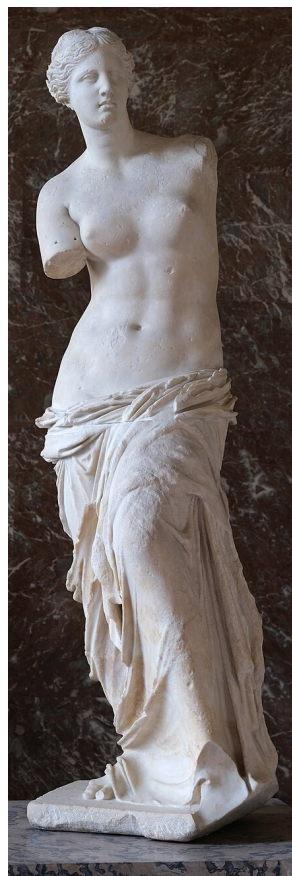




Artist models/inspirations.

Byzantine:

I was inspired by and included elements/conventions of the Byzantine style, such as the prominent halo, and some elongation/stylisation of the figure. While I have not copied the exact style, I have used the mechanics by which they convey things to the viewer.



The style originated from the Eastern Roman Empire: a "Christianized Greek culture" (Wikipedia, which explains the combination of Christian and Greek religious figures. Most commonly it takes mosaic or fresco form to my knowledge. For example the above mosaic (c. 2nd Century, Tunisia) depicts Apollo, though with a halo which is most associated with Christianity. It is a continued practice/style today within/by the Eastern Orthodox Church.

Their elongation of figures was to demonstrate the grace and divinity of the person pictured, often a saint or other holy figure. We can see this especially in the hands and nose of Mary in the top left image. The purpose of this abstraction within the style was to provide a religious representation, not a realistic portrait.

Ancient Greek:

Elements I included that were inspired by Ancient Greek art were the classical figures

standing in contrapposto (where the shoulders and hips are angled opposite; a naturalistic stance where the weight is on one leg) and with drapery (as seen on the *Venus de Milo* bottom right). The choice for spears also was inspired by this, especially by the *Doryphoros* by Polykleitos (left), which is known to have originally held a bronze spear.

Photos on this page (in order from left top to right bottom):

[Madonna and Child](#), [Apollo with a radiant halo](#), [Doryphorors](#), [Venus de Milo](#)

Element	Symbolic meaning
Ivy	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • everlasting life, devotion, fidelity and loyalty. The Greeks also used it to make a crown for Liber, the God of Fertility • adopted by the Christian faith, when it became a symbol of love, friendship, immortality and death. https://www.nrscotland.gov.uk/research/archivists-garden/index-by-plant-name/rock-ivy • The thyrsus, a staff topped with a pinecone and wrapped in ivy or grapevines, symbolizes the Bacchus god' connection to nature, fertility, and wine-making. https://www.winbirri.com/bacchus-god/
Halos	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Homer describes a more-than-natural light around the heads of heroes in battle. • The halo represents an aura or the glow of sanctity which was conventionally drawn encircling the head. It first appeared in the culture of Hellenistic Greece and Rome, possibly related to the Zoroastrian hvarena – "glory" or "divine lustre" • Plain round haloes [in Christian art] are typically used to signify saints, the Virgin Mary, Old Testament prophets, angels, symbols of the Four Evangelists • A more Catholic interpretation is that the halo represents the light of divine grace suffusing the soul, which is perfectly united and in harmony with the physical body. • In the theology of the Eastern Orthodox Church, an icon is a "window into heaven" through which Christ and the Saints in heaven can be seen and communicated with. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Halo_(religious_iconography)
Spears	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Spear can stand for courage, decisiveness, and even aggression. At the same time, it can symbolize power, victory https://www.zenbusiness.com/how-to-create-spear-logo/
Blue Jay wings	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Blue jays are symbols of communication, curiosity, and confidence. A sighting may be an omen urging you to speak up, be bold, and chase your goals. https://www.wikihow.com/Blue-Jay-Spiritual-Meaning • In my notes i wrote down 'taking control' but I don't know where I got that from.
Blue (in ribbons/words)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • A new theology of light began to develop, first beginning in the late Carolingian (10th cent) period but fully developing in the twelfth, which favoured blue. Blue became the colour of heaven, and, most significantly, the Virgin Mary. https://www.theschooloftheology.org/posts/essay/christian-symbolism-colour-blue
Green (in drapery)	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • [In christian theology] A color associated with spring, green was used to represent new life, regeneration, and hope. https://aleteia.org/2017/09/25/5-colors-and-their-symbolism-in-art
Angels	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • a messenger or intermediary between God (the transcendent) and humanity (the profane) in various traditions like the Abrahamic religions. Other roles include protectors and guides for humans, such as guardian angels https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Angel

Substitute symbols I didn't go with but considered:

Raven: new beginnings, the divine.

Eagle: power, pride.

Flaming sword: held by angel (or is just floating there) at the gate of the garden of Eden so humanity can't get back in.