

change

ISSUE 4



THE UNCOILED MAGAZINE

COVER

SUN CHILD

Sun Child is a digital painting about relieve and hope. The picture talks about welcoming change for better times, releasing what no longer serves us and denying being stepped on. Inviting us to fill the place once was occupied by upsetness with a warm curiosity, a captivating character looks into us showing how the fruits of change for better blooms from their insides.

BY MARTA GOMEZ HERVAS

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Editors note

The Uncoiled is an online community, thriving to make a limitless world full of possibilities and having absolutely no boundaries. We believe not just in humans but in the solidarity that stories and ideas can project around the world.

Our magazine has always been a way for us to explore and present the feelings and emotions of artists and our opinions about everything that has been going on in the world. We hope to have our magazine be a reflection of the times, a reflection of our hopes and dreams during times that may seem unforgiving.

With this issue, we would like to celebrate the Artists who encourage positive change in the world we are living in at the moment. These individuals, who are voicing their passion for Change through their artworks, photographs, poems, and pieces of writing, are crucial to elevating society and different communities in an intellectual way.

That being said, we would like to thank from all our hearts each Artist who submitted their beautiful work, and we would like to thank each team member who helped in working with the magazine from the pre-production process until the completed published issue presented as proudly today, and most importantly we would like to thank each reader and contributor to this issue, who supported us since the beginning and who are still supporting our community, we love you so much and appreciate your efforts truly.

THIS ISSUE WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY OUR TEAM.

***ANUSHKA BADGUJAR
LUNA MALUNA GRI
AMIRA HASSAN
ADITI PATIL
SANNA O.M. WAERN
ELENI KOUMENTAKOU
CATALINA WON WRANGELL
NADINE ROSIN***

DEDICATION

***THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO OUR FRIENDS IN IRAN,
AFGHANISTAN, AND UKRAINE. TO THE VICTIMS OF THE
EARTHQUAKES IN SYRIAN AND TURKEY. TO EVERYONE
AROUND THE WORLD WHO IS FIGHTING FOR CHANGE,
WHOSE LIVES ARE CHANGING EVERY DAY. WE ARE
PROUD OF YOU AND WE ARE HERE FOR YOU.***

CHANGE

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THE UNCOILED MAGAZINE***

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Ecliptic

BY AMIRA HASSAN

New dawn appearing from a far horizon of hope
The red dawn on the reflection of the water,
Looks into your soul with intensity
The perfect module you are holding yourself up to
It slowly fades out of focus
While you try to grasp the last bite of grape
Your reflection in the mirror becomes more
And more blurry
Like your soul looking for divine answers
To find them assuredly in Celestial messages
From the divine to your spirit
The V in your last name
You are my Halley's comet
In this Universe, It's only me and you
Midnight For All time.

In this world where we move in a vicious cycle, I find myself following old traditions with certitude to eventually come to an astonishing intellectual truth; that your path of life is defined by your morals. Our values guide the way to freedom, and while each person's values differ from one another, the paths of your family will differ too as a consequence. In my late twenties, I had a divine revelation to follow my spirit where it leads me, the black-and-white topics of the past became gray areas to me. Understanding that there are other worlds living as differently and astoundingly to my eyes, will guide me to be more open-minded and creative. In the path of change, I consider it mind-altering in one's inner thoughts and the world more than the change seeing out worldly.



AURELIJA PESTENE



When only a photograph is not enough...Every picture, every little dot has a meaning since the whole project is about time, about how fast it can fly, how everything can change or become a blur in just a second and all that is left are memories: the tiny colorful dots in all that change.

It raises a question: what do we leave after ourselves – is it just a gray abstract mess, or is it something that catches the eye, something bright and colorful, something that binds everything together?





BETTE RIDGEWAY



"In 2010 I was down with cancer and had gone through two rounds of chemo. I thought I was going to die. The chemo was like pouring gasoline in my veins. Burning. Pain. While meditating one day I decided to stop the chemo treatment in favor of a natural process. It was pretty scary. So, I asked out loud, "Am I going to die?" The answer was immediate, "The choice is yours." I got up and set the canvas on supports and started pouring. It took more than a week, but the result was a change in my life; I truly felt I was in that creative, energetic space."

Twine

ISABELLE P BYRNE

Intertwine the twine that so intricately binds us,
Looking to the sky in the hope he'll finally find us,
Yet our threads are what we have in the now,
And so we braid them together to make it work somehow,
Our star dust Matter no longer matters when we are all made with the same gold,
that we are just stars amongst stars whipped into the worlds fold,
Our lives are just causation of a cause of a cause of a cause,
No time to stop, hesitate or pause,
Making each foot print as if it were your own,
But our moves are borrowed and out on loan,
Never a mind free to think of something new,
Just regurgitating outdated facts that our predecessors knew,
If we wish to rid our past to make progress,
Then we must change up our learning process,
We must create answers to questions that have never been solved,
As the same information stagnates as the world revolves,
Never to stop to make sure you got it right,
Never to stop to make sure you picked the right fight,
Desperate that the next person might be our new savior,
Always disappointed by their inevitable narcissistic behavior,
So wake me up from this Van Gogh sky,
Stuck in a perpetual cycle that we so desperately stick by,
You must step back and see the wider view,
That we are living within borders when we
Are already liquid,
This global community means our next moves need to be fluid,
We need to renew like the matter around us,
Never to let the stars be the ones to bind us.

A two time author, creativity coach and Journaller, Amie's work through the years has been surrounded around empowering artists, helping them find their confidence, vulnerable and authentic selves. Her words rang like sirens, a friendly, compassionate voice cheering creatives on as we struggle find ourselves in this world. Amie's thoughts, her ideas, her art is beyond brilliant and beautiful and it has been our great honour and pleasure to have her be a part of this issue.

Amie McNee

My initial instinct is just how fucking proud I am of you all creating; for continuing to know that this is what you're here to do, and for committing against it even when you are in such unforgiving circumstances. I'm not just proud, but I'm so incredibly grateful for that commitment and for that calling because to me, you are the rebels and the revolutionaries who are making profound changes. With your art and with your commitment, even though at times it feels like you're not being seen or you're being pushed down, you are there doing your art. I'm just so fucking in awe and grateful and proud of you guys.

*“This is
who I am,
witness
me this
way.”*



Q1

Change is such a vast topic and there is so much that everybody can say about change. Your content surrounds empowering artists, helping them find the confidence to put out their most vulnerable selves and authentic selves, where do you think that comes from within you? And how did you find those things as an artist yourself?

I think that I became the person that I needed the most, and I say that a lot; but I felt so unseen and so unempowered - so lost as an artist, I felt like the world was set up against creatives. I felt like nobody was seeing me or understood me and I was like, "I need a space where creatives are taken care of and creatives are seen and are valued" and that's when I started this account and the podcast and I was like I'm just going to have to do it because I didn't find it anywhere in my community and online. I don't want to be taught how to create, I want someone to take care of me as a creator and that's how I became the person I needed the most and through just doing that, I've found so much healing and I began to really understand the power of the creative. We are such an integral part of this world and we bring around so much change and so much beauty through supporting other creatives I supported myself and I initiated profound healing through it.

Q2

I feel like coming to that point of just accepting that this is how it is and this is how its been traditionally, and coming to a point where you decide to change that or where you decide to say no, "this is not how I want it to be done and I want to be that person." how do you find that? Because you're being so vulnerable on the internet and the internet is such a scary place for so many artists, even today. How did you find that courage to be vulnerable, and at the same time use it as healing? Because so many people are getting off of social media.

And yes, sometimes people misunderstand me or sometimes they don't see me in the way that I want to be seen but I'm fortunate enough now to understand my power to the extent that it doesn't bother me as much. I've recently had a really hard week on the internet this week, for some reason

I've had a lot of people struggling with my message and I've had quite a lot of antagonistic comments and people not just understanding what I'm doing. And that's hard, but you know again and again I just come back to, "I know who I am and this is how I want to take up space" and I just sit in that power.

It's really interesting that you say that, I've never thought about that. But yes, I've found huge amounts of healing and power through social media which I guess sounds crazy today because there is a lot of wounding on social media and there's a lot of addiction and pain that happens there, too. But for me, it was a platform where I could become whoever I wanted to be and I think that's where the power is in social media. You can go into these places, on these platforms, and say, "This is who I am, witness me this way." I think that's where the power and healing came from because it was a space I could take up and it was a space where I could be witnessed.

Q3

Taking up space, there's something so revolutionary in that. Growing up I used to dance, and my mother always told me to take up more space. I never really understood the power of that phrase. And right now in the world, we feel so cramped because there are so many people, and how do we find our most authentic self because there are so many external things that bear upon who we are as a person? How do we come to terms with taking up space without feeling like we're being too self-centered and selfish? How does one navigate that?

I want to start off by saying that there are so many people in the world cause I feel like a lot of artists struggle with that. "Oh the market is so saturated there are so many people on social media" but I want to argue that it doesn't matter how many of us there are, it never takes away from how unique you are. So there can be double the amount of humans there are, it doesn't dilute your uniqueness and it doesn't dilute the power of your own profound uniqueness.

and it doesn't dilute the power of your own profound uniqueness. It's unique, its individual, the way you are and it doesn't matter how many people are doing a similar thing to you, yours will always be different. We forget that. I'm tired of hearing artists say that the market is very saturated. I'm like, "nobody has ever seen you before though, you're doing something entirely different to everybody else so there's no one in your space."

I think as creatives we've been taught that everyone's in the competition but I think we need to shift that lens and understand that there is a market that you can create just for yourself. You're not stealing from anyone, you're not taking from anybody, you're just sitting in who it is you are and you're understanding that you have something completely different to give to the world and really trusting that.

In terms of finding your authentic self, it's a really big question and I think sometimes we get really obsessive about the "authentic self" whereas I feel like we need to be more curious like, "who is it that I want to be?" "how do I want to make an impact in the world?" "What type of art do I want to create" And instead of being in search of this one version of your true self, understand that you're evolving constantly and you're complex,

Q4

Anushka - We can be such compassionate, kind, and loving people to the world outside, and we can be the absolute worst to ourselves. Our generation wants to be more aware of what is going on within us but also outside in the world. We are not at peak awareness, but from what I see on social media is that we are aware of how we are with ourselves and how the world is. It's very weird to find this awareness, and it's easy to fall into the trap of being hyper-aware of everything, and as an artist, it can bring us down a lot because it makes us anxious about one certain thing that we are not able to fully express or even articulate our thoughts about that specific thing.

Amie - There is too much input. I think artists are so sensitive; we are creatives, we are writers, because we are extremely sensitive people. And so we are often the first to go in times like this, when there is too much going on, when we are too exposed to everything, we have too much awareness of what's happening in the world and it just crumbles under us. This goes back to what we were saying about boundaries; artists are so sensitive—it doesn't matter what kind of creative pursuit you do—we are so sensitive and that's why we're good at what we do. And so we need to have boundaries around consuming other people's pain, reading the news, or going on social media because we will sink under it because that is just what we are. We pick up on this stuff, we notice, and we are professional noticers.

Anushka - We are observers

Amie - Yes, exactly! And we need to be very careful with that because we see so many creatives completely crash and crumble under it, because we're just such beautiful, sensitive beings. And again, we need that compassionate voice and it's not time for you to take on that person's pain, this is not your pain to bear, and you don't need to be looking at that right now. These are the boundaries that we need. And that doesn't mean we can't enact change. I believe that creatives and artists are at the absolute front of all good change happening in this world because we are the ones imagining things for the better.

But change doesn't happen when we are so overwhelmed, and ideas don't happen when we are so overwhelmed by the pain that surrounds us, and so the boundaries are there to help us create change in a positive way.

"...it doesn't matter what kind of creative pursuit you do—we are so sensitive and that's why we're good at what we do."

Q5

Going into talking about change, and this a very different, weird topic, as change can be seen as something both positive and negative. I feel like artists have the gift of seeing it both ways, mostly it's a very optimistic and positive change that we're looking for, and it's always the most literal thing that makes us feel free. We live in countries that do not supposedly bring out what our values generally are. I live in Asia and I feel like Asia is looked down upon a lot, but there is a lot of beauty here. I have friends in Iran and Iraq and Turkey, and they are artists in countries that aren't very forgiving, countries that aren't very open to change or artistic pursuits and artistic revolutions. We do crumble under the weight of the world's eyes on us and we are often viewed as degraded people that don't really have minds of our own. What would you say to us—what would you tell us, knowing that even though our backgrounds, or the places we do come from, aren't very forgiving, we still try to hold on to the culture and traditions we have here? Because they are so pure—in their depths, they are so pure. How would you console a Middle Eastern or an Asian artist?

Hmm. This is such an interesting question, Anushka. I'm so removed, being in Australia and being so far away, but my initial instinct is just how fucking proud I am of you all creating; for continuing to know that this is what you're here to do, and for committing against it even when you are in such unforgiving circumstances. I'm not just proud, but

I'm so incredibly grateful for that commitment and for that calling because to me, you are the rebels and the revolutionaries who are making profound changes. With your art and with your commitment, even though at times it feels like you're not being seen or you're being pushed down, you are there doing your art. I'm just so fucking in awe and grateful and proud of you guys.



Q6

Artists are looked down upon when they try to say “I want to make an impact” and most governmental and political people don't really understand where we come from and what we're trying to do. What would you tell these people, in these political scenarios? What would you like them to understand about artists and the impact that we make? Even though sometimes it's silent, we do actually bring forth cultural revolutions.

Art is inherently political. You can feel it, I can feel it, coming over you: you are a writer and an artist, and you are extremely influential in your politics. You can feel the power that is coming over you—you are a little world-changer, I can feel it.

As I said earlier, artists and creatives are at the forefront of changing the world. And politicians don't think that's true because they think it comes from policy changes and dry, institutional things. But art is culture, and culture is what needs to be shifted. When I talk about getting to witness Eastern art in Australia I'm talking about getting to witness a political movement because they get to tell their stories and we get to witness what's happening for them. When we see art, we see change happening. And when you create art, you are saying something political, whether it's something that has to look more gentle, for joy, it doesn't matter where it is, it's on a spectrum I believe, but art is political and art is on the forefront of cultural change.

Q7

Everybody is fighting for something. Everyone is doing their best and giving all that they have. Sometimes it feels like we are trying so hard but it's not going to work because of these political things that are polarising things and coming in our way. What would you say to artists that are overwhelmed by how the world is, and how it works, the ugliness of it, and its history?

I speak to a lot of artists about this and it comes back to the fact that we are so sensitive and we care so much. So many of us are just so empathetic and we look at the world and we are so overwhelmed by it all. We feel hopeless. And it's so painful. Hopelessness is absolute kryptonite for art. It's such a painful emotion to experience when we are trying to create. So I always want to honor it, because it is overwhelming and we are exposed to so much at one time and it is really overwhelming and I always want to honor that pain because it's real and it's really valid. But I also really want to remind individual artists—I don't know what it is about artists but we take it all on ourselves. It is not your responsibility to fix everything. You cannot heal the world. It's not your responsibility to do all of this. It's not your responsibility to be involved with all of this. You don't have to put all of this on your shoulders. And the fact that you are here, choosing to create art and give that to the world, is a profoundly generous thing to do. And it will impact change.

Cultural change takes a long time, it takes generations— and that's really painful for us. Because we might not be able to witness what's coming, it might be beyond us, but we will have been part of it if we continue to share our art and if we continue to be witnessed and let our voices be witnessed and be part of that cultural change.

You don't need to do anything wildly dramatic, you don't need to put all of this on your shoulders, you need to keep showing up, creating your art and letting yourself be seen, and that's it. That's your job done. You've done so well. I'm so proud of you. You can't put all of this on your shoulders. It's so unfair. And it's useless because you will just crumble.

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17



Q8

What change do you want artists to make within themselves and how do you want us to change, and what is one thing you would change in the world today?

It's so cheesy but I know that if artists know how to take better care of their inner child and to take better care of themselves, that the pain in the world would just decrease so rapidly. The cruelty that we put ourselves through, you see it everywhere in the world. We have to start here, we have to start with ourselves, and you have to look inwards first. And we haven't been taught that. If you were kind to yourself, the world would ease, it would take, would be profound.

Interview by - Anushka Badgular
Transcribed by - Sanna Waren

RODION VOSKRESENSKII



A "Restless Night" is the result of comprehending specific emotional states of different shades. The sacred nature of these states often does not allow reasoning, talking about them. These are passions, dreams, memories, fears, anticipation, grief, longing. I think this happens to everyone when something so personal comes from the night abyss, drives away sleep, disturbs the heart, excites the soul.

I find special beauty in comparing how calm the body lying in bed is and how inconsolable thoughts and feelings are. I am interested in paying attention to these states, and this emotional experience because it is an important element of knowing yourself as a person and human. I want to let the viewer remember for a while what makes his night restless.

CLAUDIA TONG



My inspiration comes from the earth's lifeblood and several of our most significant scientific challenges: the Amazon rainforest, endangered species, and climate change. What happens when two domestic ginger cats meet their Amazonian cousin on a TV screen? Which Amazon do we know better, amazon.com or the largest tropical rainforest on earth? We, humans, live in an urban jungle of bricks, concrete, and consumerism, our cats live a carefree life in the living room, while the Northern Tiger-Cats are losing their natural habitat in the rainforest primarily due to climate change. Using art as a medium, I want to advocate for awareness and behavioral change: let's care about nature as much as our own home.

THE DAY THE SPINACH WILTED

JENNY ADAMTHWAITE

Because it happened on a Sunday, a lot of people thought it was an act of God. All the spinach in the fields had wilted as though the earth had sucked out its water with a drinking straw, and in the graveyard behind the fields, the ground had all cracked as it does in hot places on the TV. Ella's dad had shown her pictures. He'd come back early from the farm where you pick your own vegetables because you can't pick droopy spinach, even though it goes droopy when you cook it anyway.

"Climate change," he said, which is more or less what he said about everything. It was a bit like how Molly's mum said that God works in mysterious ways every time something inconvenient happened: it made sense to a point, but it was just a thing grownups said to make things make sense when they didn't.

The day the spinach wilted, her dad took her into town to get a sausage sandwich from the market. They did it every Sunday. Sometimes they'd see people going to church, and her dad would laugh like he knew something they didn't. But he didn't. Everybody knew that the sausage queue was shorter before the church service finished. Afterward, she'd sit on the monument dangling her legs and eating her sandwich while he went to get a newspaper and whatever they'd run out of at home, which was usually milk because no one ever remembered to buy enough milk. She liked to listen to the conversations everyone in the square was having and eat around the edge of her bun so that by the time she got to the middle, the bread had gone all squishy and pink with ketchup, and you couldn't tell where the bread ended and the sausage began.

All anyone was talking about was spinach. It was quite boring really because no one knew why it had happened, but everyone had an opinion. They were worried about the gravestones, but not for any real reason other than they think dead people should be respected. She nibbled around her bun and wondered what people would say if something really interesting happened – like aliens or talking dogs.

“Hello,” said a boy, pulling himself up beside her. He was grubby and dressed like he was playing an olden days chimney sweep in a school play.

“Hello,” she said. “What do you think about spinach? Actually, never mind. That's boring. What do you think it feels like to have wings?”

The boy shrugged. “I think the spinach was something to do with me. I think I needed water.”
“I'm Ella,” she said.

“I'm Charlie. I'm not cold. That's odd, isn't it?”

Ella nodded. She had her big scarf on, and she'd be wearing her gloves if she wasn't eating a sausage sandwich. Charlie was wearing trousers that stopped at the knees and his sleeves were rolled up.

“Do you think heaven's real?” he asked.

Ella stopped chewing for a second so she could concentrate on thinking.

“My dad says the stars are bright enough to light your way if it is, but it's probably not, so we don't have to worry about believing in God.” She took another bite of her sandwich, and a blob of ketchup landed on her jeans. “What do you think?”

“I expect it's real. I expect this is a mistake and God will sort it all out.”

“Are you meant to be dead?”

“Charlie kicked his legs and stared down at his shins. “I had polio. I couldn’t walk.”

“I broke my leg when I was little. I could still walk though. I just had to have crutches.”

“I think maybe I should wait in the graveyard. Or at the church. What do you think would be better? If heaven is real.”

Ella swallowed the last bit of sausage, which she’d got wrong because she wasn’t concentrating properly. There should have been more bread than that for the last bite.

“Maybe the graveyard. You’d be able to see the stars better. I could bring you a cheese sandwich if you get hungry.”

Charlie looked like he was thinking very hard, and then he said, “I don’t think I will. Do you know how you feel like you’re hollow when you’re hungry? I don’t feel like that anymore.”

I could bring you a blanket in case you get cold while you’re waiting.”

“I don’t think I’ll need that either.” Charlie thought for a while, kicking his legs and watching his kneecaps. “Maybe you could bring me a candle though. I don’t like the dark.”

When she went home, Ella found him a torch and took it to the graveyard behind the spinach fields. At bedtime, she watched the light flicker around the graves and wondered what would happen. If he wasn’t there in the morning she’d have to start believing in heaven. And if he was, she supposed he’d have to come to school. She wondered if he knew anything about fractions.

In the morning, the spinach was all fixed and the ground was wet, and Charlie wasn’t anywhere to be seen. Her dad went to the farm after work and they had spinach with their tea, cooked until it was droopy and dark. Wasn’t she supposed to believe in heaven now? She wasn’t sure she did. Probably Charlie was just dead again like before.

FEATHERS

JENNY ADAMTHWAITE

“The biggest lie I ever told you was that I was leaving you for another man. I remember the stillness of the kitchen, you poised with the breadknife, the loaf you nevercut.

“Who is he?” you wanted to know. “What’s he like?” The only fictional character I ever created ambled between us and watched you crumble. You sat at the table, and I could see the tremble in your fingers. I thought then that perhaps the truth would have hurt you less. You might even have believed me. You always said I didn’t trust you enough.

I watch you sometimes from the willow tree behind the house. I can see into our bedroom from up there. When I watch you sitting on the ottoman with your head in your hands, I know how much you loved me. I want to fly in through the window and tell you I made it all up. I want you to look into my eyes and know that I’m still here.

I hadn't undressed in front of you for weeks. I couldn't let you see the black marks, the raw sores weeping with pus as the first feathers pushed their way through my skin. My clothes were baggy by then.

"You're losing weight," you commented one day. "You don't need to, you know. You're perfect as you are." I almost laughed.

The day of the breadknife and the trembling hands was the first day I couldn't fit my arms into a blouse. I wore a poncho that day and kept my hands by my sides.

"Martin," I said. "His name's Martin." All I could think of were the forked tails of the house martins next door, the metallic flash of their wings as they dived beneath the eaves. How I'd envied their flight.

The only things I took with me were TCP for the sores and the thick blanket out of the car.

"You haven't even packed a suitcase," you spat from the porch as if that were an insult. You wiped your eyes on your sleeve.

I spent the next few nights by the river waiting for it to come out, getting smaller and darker with every hour that passed. When I couldn't use my hands anymore, I practised beating my wings, and when I finally flew, it was like I'd been unchained.

MARIA NEMETH



"The image is a self-portrait where I explored and expressed the feelings of fleeting time. Time running out and a sense of a fleeting moment."

They said
I would
But I really
Don't.

Fit into my jeans.
Is that what they mean?
The buttons close around
A softer form but still.

Back at work
Smiley, shiny
No point
In whining.

Bounce back:

Reminiscent of resilience
Obedience
Convenience

For others.

I feel euphoric
Joyful
Full
But always pulled
In two (ten) directions

No time for introspection.
Meditation. Medication.
Devastation. Elation.

I don't bounce back.

I bounce

From
thought
To list
To things
I forgot

I ricochet from
Work to home.

Ping pong balls
Don't bounce;

They tap tap tap
Until they fly off the handle,
I mean table.
Either way -
Off course.

Of course
I did bounce back.
I look the same
A rose by any other name
Still grows
Still knows
Velvet petals
Bloody thorns.

ELAINE
WESTNOTT-O'BRIEN

BACK
BACE
BANCE
BUNCE
BOUNCE
BOUNCE



**NICOLE
MELNICKY**

LET'S HUG!



SONA ASEMANI

The "Let's hug." collection aims to define my journey from childhood to adulthood and accept all the changes in my wishes, my body, and my lifestyle through vibrant colours, impressive eye contact, friendly hugs, and exotic body shapes. In every painting, I tried to create a connection between the past and present; the way it looks, nothing happened. But in fact, it took me so much time to deal with growing older. And I know many people are struggling with it. So let's normalize these changes; it is time to hug the past, get inspiration from it and move on.



LADY JUSTICE

Take your blindfold off, Lady Justice
for a sword in the hands of someone who refuses to see
is lethal to the justice you intend to bring.

An orchestra is playing in my mind,
trumps and flutes and violence
friends beaten half to death
women dragged behind a dumpster
or barely escaping from someone who was supposed to be a lover.

Take your blindfold off, Lady Justice
The world is unjust under your rule.
A burning world screaming for science to be taken seriously
burning minds begging for kindness
lifeless living is a cruel reality for many.

Take it off, I say!
Aren't you a woman like us?
Have they not treated you the same way?
Are you scared of being discarded
if regarded as anything less than complicit in your own oppression?

Some bodies policed more than others
some forced to become mothers
Children born into a dysfunctional system
learning quickly that justice does not serve them
and no one to kiss them good night

The damage of colour blindness and invisible whiteness
no voice for the righteous anger of the people you can't see
and even though your ears are free you can't hear their plea

One life should not be weighed against many
There is so much wrong in the objects you carry
Who ever came up with this definition of justice
doesn't know what love is,
doesn't know what solidarity and community bring
and what power they hold in comparison to a sword.

Lady Justice, if you want to be more than a memory of a time
when inequality was an accepted reality enforced by a few in power,
you need to change, you cannot cover behind powerful men.
We need a new definition of what law is and what is right,
what is just and what a bright future might look like.

"'Lady justice' focusses on systemic change and how we need to change our perspective to create a just world. It is written as an appeal to 'Lady Justice', the symbol for Justice and our law system. She traditionally wears a blindfold and holds a sword in one hand and a scale in the other. In this appeal to her, I question whether the idea of justice she represents is appropriate for our time and age and if it really serves the people of this world."

**JESSICA
ZANNER**

IT'S SUMMER AGAIN

A friendship that changes like seasons:
It started off warm and bright like summer
no worries and no care
summer rains and laughter filled the air around us

Until the leaves turned colourful,
change announced itself
the leaves left their place to fall
at first, I fell for you
then falling felt like crashing
until I was bare as winter trees
a kiss turned into fights, then silence

Unspoken words covered the ground
the cold snuck into every memory
winter came, cold and grey
with barely a word spoken between us

Then one morning
I found a glimpse of friendship
raising its head after a long sleep
a glimpse of hope
a hope for change

It's summer again
If I see leaves fall from the trees
I will glue them back onto the branches
I will beg the sun to shine
and it will obey my wishes.

'It's summer again' is about the changing season of a friendship and finding the good in changing relationships. It is also about what falling in love with a friend and almost losing them over it feels like. It is painful and beautiful at the same time. The message to myself and the reader is that, while change is inevitable, just like the seasons come and go, we do have a say in how this change affects our relationships and some friendships are worth fighting for.

JESSICA
ZANNER

OUR TEXTURE

**I work so hard to stay soft, become a little softer every day.
It broke mine when I saw your heart turn to stone.
You hardened under my watch.**

**If only I could scratch off the crust on your skin, the concrete shell
I know it is protecting you right now
but it is not the comforting bed I used to rest my head on.**

**If only I could put you in the washing machine,
add fabric softener, then hang you up to dry in the sun with me,
fold you with loving hands and wear you close to my heart
to keep you safe from all the pain you're feeling.**

**When I met you, you were the softest man I'd ever seen,
and the most beautiful one.
I still think you are. Beautiful.
Now I am starting to feel the blisters on my hands,
forming every time I try to touch you.**

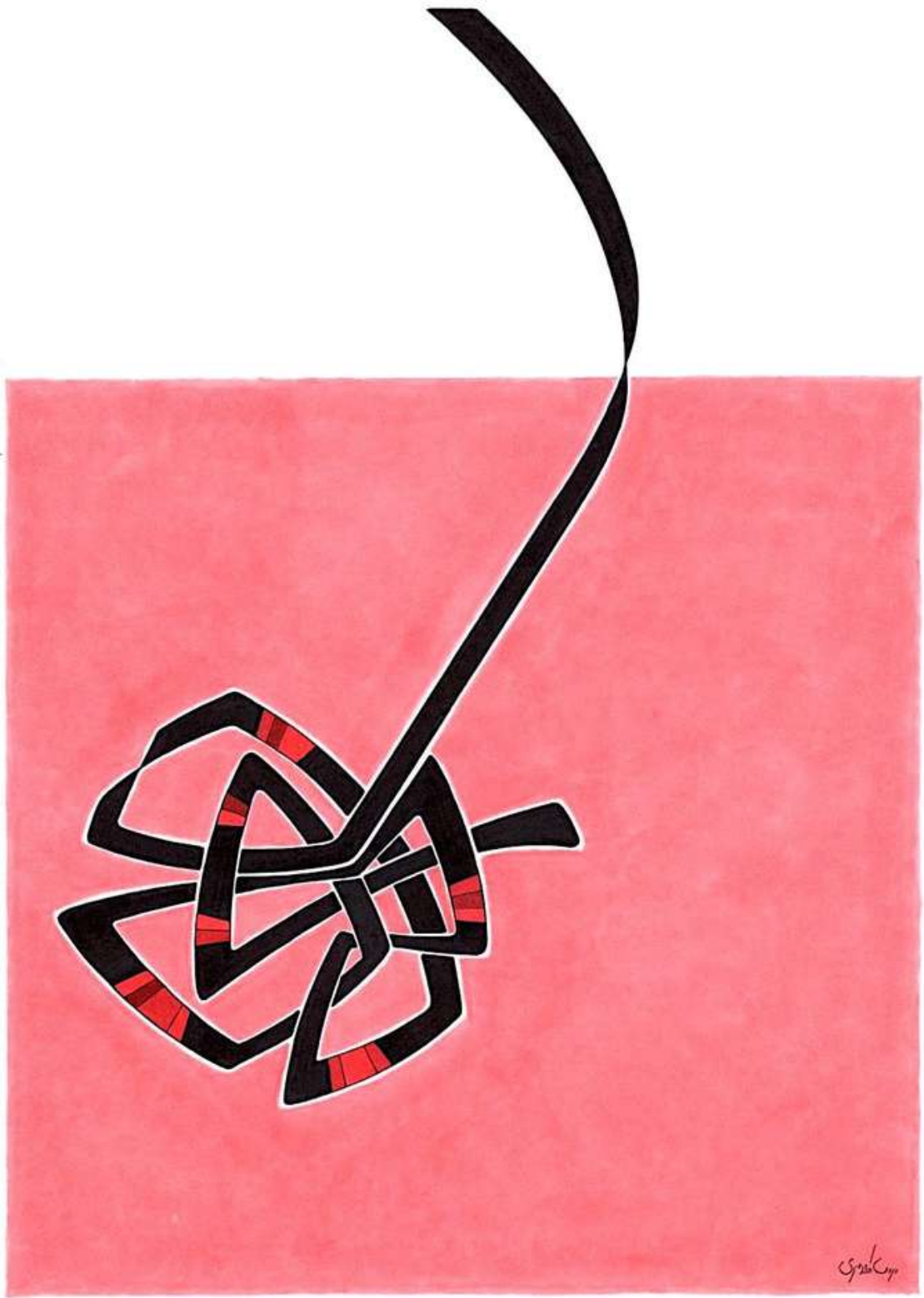
**I cracked open my rib cage for you.
"Look here!" I said
"This is my beating heart. I am not ashamed to share it anymore!"
You told me to lock the door, fill up that hole, move forward,
a beating heart does not get you anywhere,
and it jumped back into a hidden place inside my chest.**

**You softened me
and now I don't know how to do the same for you.**

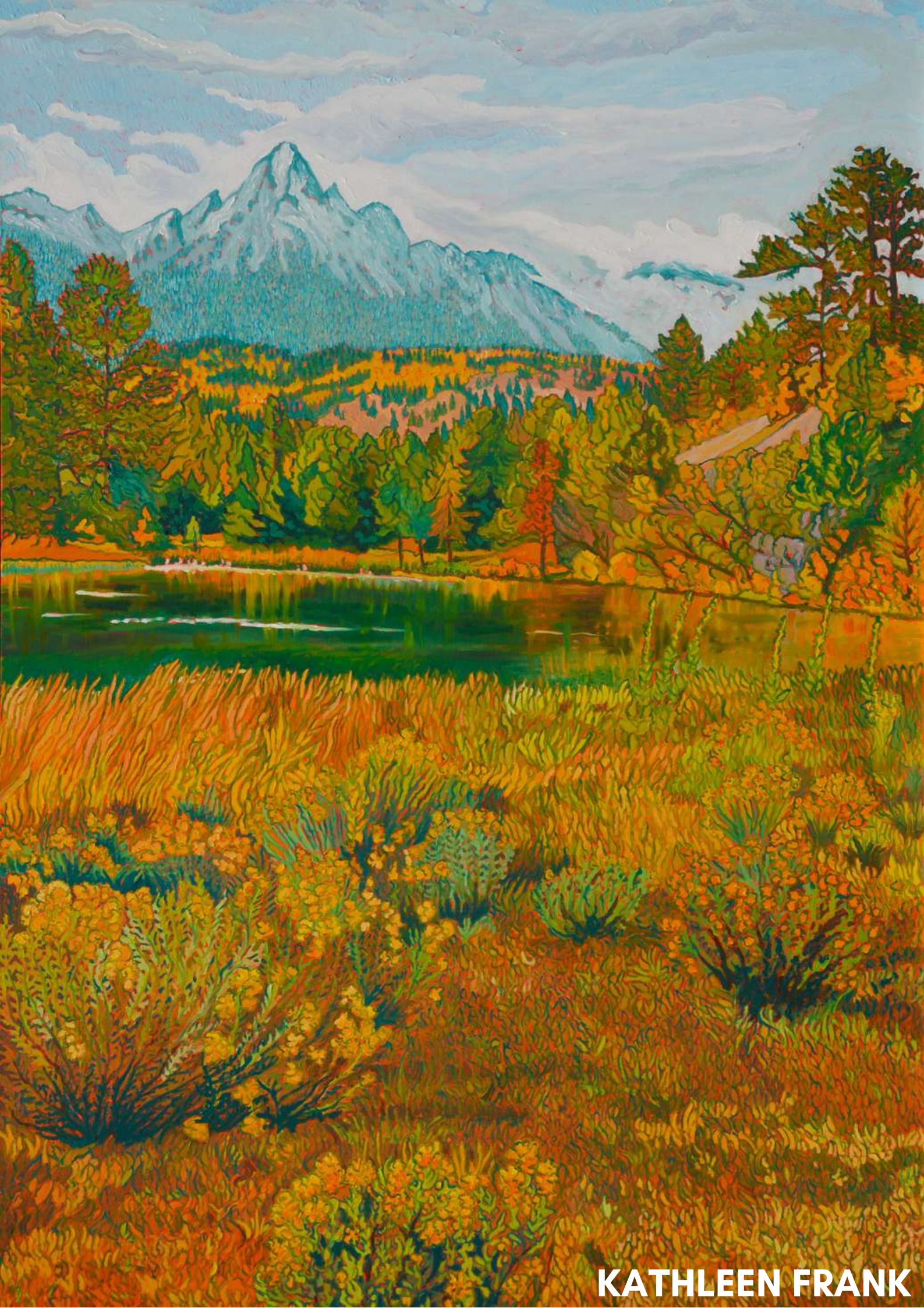
'Our texture', is about vulnerability and change from within. It's about staying 'soft', even in the face of a lover who is punishing me for the vulnerability he once taught me and about opening up and being vulnerable in a world that wants me to be tough all the time. It also touches on the painful experience of realizing that you can only change yourself, never others, as much as you want the best for them. They have to want it for themselves. I learned that choosing yourself if there is no more love in a relationship is scary but if you get through it, you will find so much power in yourself and so much joy in the world.

FARIBA KALANTARI

Since ancient times knots have been associated with union, but they also represent complication. In this artwork, titled Afghan tulip, the entangled knot represents constant instability and complication. In ever changing contemporary Afghanistan, human rights has been under threat for decades. As an element of hope for the future, the knot is flower-shaped, like an afghan tulip, and can be untied. The fight for social justice continues and this is my protest act on paper.



Spide Corp



KATHLEEN FRANK

ENDLESS RIDE

How slippery is the zealous motion
to misplaced intentions, unknown actions
bewitched by a mad drive to hit
the burning wand entreats spirits

This means much welcomed unrest like never
go ask for change, latent flatness to hide
from reasons left aside, lured & stolen...
a reckless move to blur phantoms over

“What” but fetch the fuzzy shows, thrills, and blows
throw them all in a play to overflow
and let’s dance the riches of life (overthrown)

You know well the ludicrous thirst for change
the face flushed from a lash of instance
pronto onboarding roller coasters, too hazy
to not drift away... fueled by the limbo

Lingering onto the void, boundless place
The fall lands on ashes, ventures all deeds
while the future peruses the endless parade
billion strikes but no stances to go with

Tomorrow what lies in between will surge
stressed from too long to bear repressed events
and you’ll arise to uncover the truth (overlooked)

For this submission, I wanted to speak about our continuous need for fulfillment which is often mirrored by a drive for change. Society impulses us to feel dignified from “relevance” in life, which productivity will ultimately impact the view we receive from our family, friends, and surroundings. We are built to base our identity on our professional life so that when we’re asked to introduce ourselves, we usually answer by our name and our job title. But that is not everything. I express in my poem that looking to step up and act for change can feel fruitful but is an endless cycle in which unique patterns and repetitions will, ultimately, remind us of who we are at our core.

**CRISTINA
D’ORNELLAS**

JANET BOTES

HAND IT TO ME.

"Hand it to Me" is an artwork inspired by the way we process experiences in our lives, as well as how we all impact each other, or impact our environment. My art is primarily inspired by the natural world - in which plants and animals thrive on change - species adapt to make use of opportunities like an abundance of food, a change in climate, or change in season. The sand runs through the hourglass, it slips through our fingers, and life goes on....

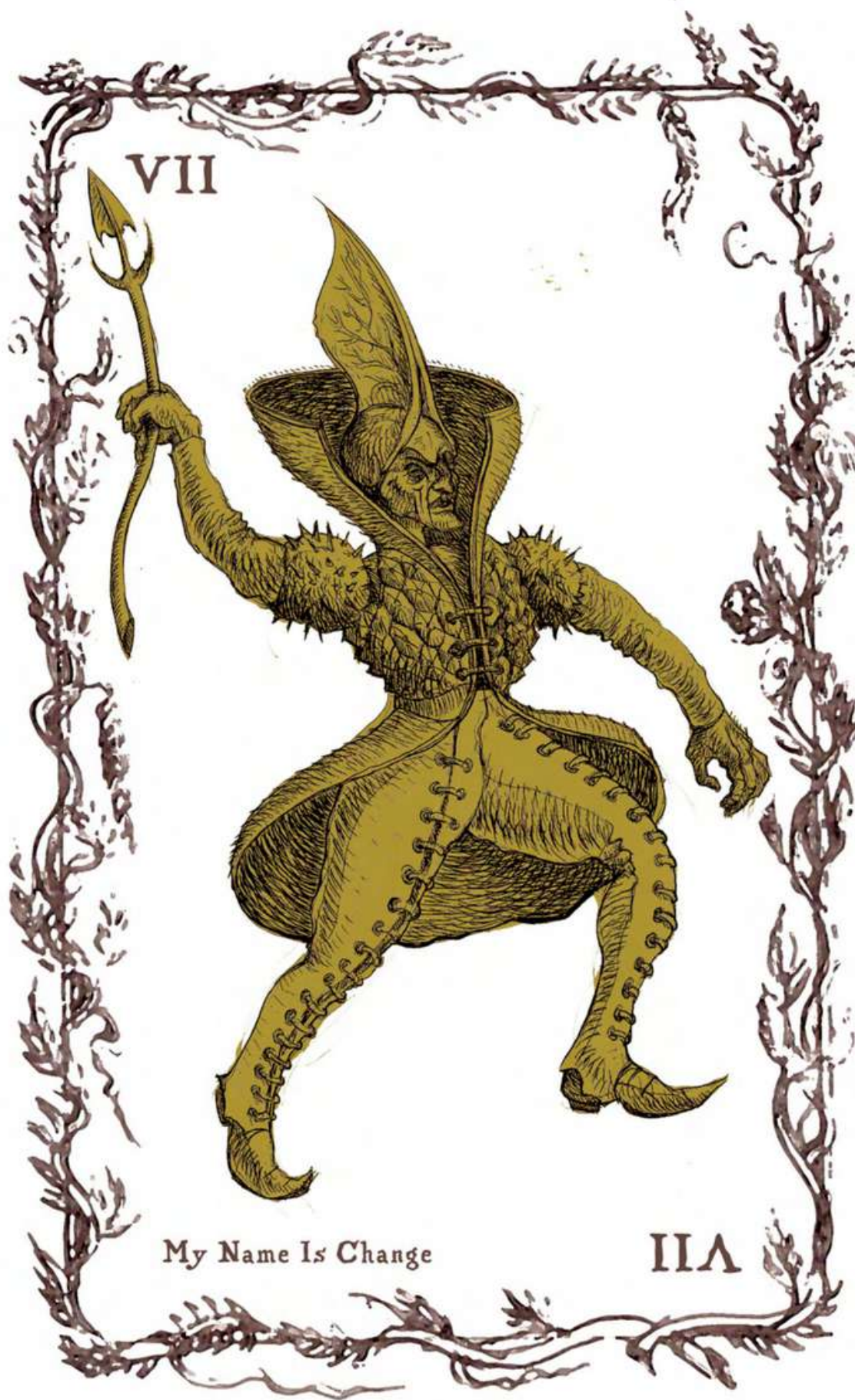


UMAPATHY

Always open to talks and ideas that broaden my perspective, I've come across many who influence how one looks at relationships, activities, different kinds of people and life itself. Where there's influence, I've noticed a connection that is subtler than a physical touch but far more impactful and sustained. This influence connects the very soul of the influencer with the influenced at a deeper subconscious level.



The intention behind the painting was to visually capture the invisible bonds created between the audience and the influencer. There are many levels of involvement at play here. A person in the audience who's neutral or unconvinced will soon sway to the popular sentiments among the rest of the group. All this happens subconsciously, and the aim was to bring this into perspective.



VII

My Name Is Change

IIA

MY NAME IS CHANGE

ALEX RIGG

When perspective closes in diminishing potentials and turning around puts you back the same way;
When your arrival finds fate waiting, feet up on a chair, for your moment of ignominy;
When slipping forwards into a falling chain of slim coincidence began without rehearsal;
When making righteous noise is clearly barking at your own shit;
When biting the hand is something you can do in your sleep, until your teeth meet and break;
When dancing is something that your muscles do without the permission of your bones;
When all thoughts are the same thought wearing different clothes;
When the pleasures of indulgence have become mechanised in a factory making broken parts;
When each small indication of age can be seen magnified and saturated with harsh light ;
When conversation seems to take place in your mouth but not in your brain;
When the temple of your body has been desecrated and sold to build retirement homes;
When your eyes follow your hands in disbelief as they flail, fail or falter;
When words are as soot smuts carried up into the air to blacken the day;
When all else fails there is always failure as an option;
When dreams seem to make sense and every fantasy is manifestly attainable;
When your arm knocks over a cup, glass, vase, candle, then you will know that I am with you,
for I dwell at the edges of chaos and my name is change.

OUR TRANSLATIONS

BY LEAH DALTON

Our Translations

Of truths, true

Of lies, false

Of catastrophes

Of comforts

The Between

Truth and lie

Becoming traps, trappers, trapped,

Seers of traps one may evolve into, but will not find at birth, at home, or existence
apart from Institutionalized

Before birth and beyond death

Checking boxes

Taught about these boxes set within the frame of traps, trappers, trapped,

Checking boxes

True or false

No room for questioning the questions

The value of one thing over another

The value of power over another

The value of another

The value of the questions

The value of what is asked

The value of what is sought

Knowledge a trap to itself

How can one see beyond translations given or received

Filtered through a fine cloth

Translations hegemonic in design

Translations understood through the view of the dark of night or the blinding sun

What translations have been our own design

For what design have we translated

Truths

Lies

Traps, trappers, trapped...seers

How does translation then remain true

What truths are we building

violence or peace

What lies are we building

What will become true

What will become lie

I can only hope peace becomes true and war becomes a lie

Peace a reality and war to be a fiction

World peace is a lie we have made as violence is a truth we have created. What realities or fiction do our translations create.

KATY BISHOP



"Change means growth. And we grow and change every day. It is our individual choice whether to grow in a positive path where we do unto others as we would like them to do to us....or we turn to the negative, becoming more selfish, scared and vindictive. I chose the positive. Fingers crossed that others make the same choice."

SONIA BEN ACHOURA



"Creativity and consciousness, are two interrelated concepts. With its joyful chromatic composition, this painting captures the playfulness inherent in all creative processes. It is nonetheless highly structured, reflecting the purposeful channeling of spontaneous energy of creativity into complex and intellectual works of art. Conscious and unconscious processes interact during the creative process, giving rise to change. New solutions emerge as a result of creative impulses from the unconscious.

Conscious processes then intervene, using cognition to modify and integrate the elements into a completed artwork. And so the wheel of change occurs, with the emergence of new thoughts, new ideas, and new solutions. Human ingenuity knows no bounds, yet is guided by motivation. The artist relies on intuition to create new artworks, and in turn, inspire viewers in their own creative process."

BRIAN MCPARTLON



"My art can as a catalyst for change only by the viewer's reaction. The Transcendental experience of joy and love lives within all humans. My purpose is to unlock those feelings."

FLYING ASHES

CRISTINA MAIA CAETANO

Oh darkness, speak to me.

So much blackness frightens and disturbs.
Fields, forests, meadows, dyed black,
will encourage the collective demands of beings.
Animals run, trees and flowers cry,
in a suffering heartbeat of the Earth,
in screaming echoes that no one wants to know,
lost in so many disordered directions.

Why, foolish man, do you do that?

Realize that with every fire you make,
numerous sparks fill your empty heart.
Stop it! I beg you.
We are all one in perfect balance,
of the global divinity that never sleeps.

Don't you understand that?

Look at the ashes. They confirm it,
in the lightness of its transport, guided by the wind,
without an owner knowing destructive and sad baggage.
And these, yes, speak and are recorded in the collective memory.

And what will you, sad man, convey?

Behold the destruction caused by you.
Repent yourself! You're still on time.
With sincerity embrace all realms.
On a regenerative walk, evolution walks
where forgiveness and peace, all blackness will replace.
And finally, those same fluttering ashes,
into warm waves of love will be transformed,
with wounds healed, and hearts touched by light.

Together, for the construction of a new smile.

WHITE VEIL

CRISTINA MAIA CAETANO

Invisible to so many
But everyone has! You live in the heart,
you are intoxicating, gratuitous, impalpable,
formed by peace lilies
no matter sex, color, or religion.

You are pure, smelling like flowers of charity

I ask you to come down from heaven.
Each one grabs you and gets involved.
And may your veil be joined to mine.
Ours joins the others.
The others join everyone else.

Together, let's silence hatred and pride.

I beseech you, rulers of the world, humility,
that they may hear the wise voice that comes from above.
Put on the white robe and leave ambition,
embrace love, and allow the world to live,
in respect of equality and fraternity,
on the aligned rails of faith bathed in roses of light.

For the sun of hope to rise.
Forever on Earth!

FREE IN BEING

CRISTINA MAIA CAETANO

A graceful butterfly
flies to the melodic sound of musical scores.
Warrior!
Take the sword and undo
the salty foam of life.

Women!

Get drunk on the nectar of the cherry blossom.
Take comfort in its scent,
choose the sunlight, and let go of the cold cloud.

Sweet!

Follow the time,
in the mane of the winged horse,
in the rebellious hair of the liberty woman.

Free!

Lady worthy of the moment!
Listen with respect to the inner being
such captive whelk in the iodine swaying in the waves.
The same ones that heal wounds on your feet.
Dipped in invisible salt, they disguise jokes
and jump noisily in an infinite direction.

THE CHEST OF TIME

CRISTINA MAIA CAETANO

See how big, deep and heavy the ark of life is.
And so much stuff has inside there!

Go, don't peek. Leave curiosity aside.

No, don't cry. And let go of the shame.
We all have secrets and desires.
And even hurts, feelings and joys.

Come on, calm down. Wipe the tears.

But wait! What are you doing now?
Why put that old watch in the chest too?
It's beautiful, I confess. Embellishments are curious, just like life.
And it's tall, like the ladder of human growth.

Yes, I understand you wanted to keep it.

But understand that it is only about the time of the past.

Forgive it and forget it.

And the time of the future only creates anxiety.

Believe in the best and release the illusion.

You know, maybe it's the lesson of time.

The time to empty the chest of life.

Smile for lightness and faith. The present time.

Live in the moment and set it free.

And stop fiddling with the clock. Stop that time now!

Come on, come and perfume the rosemary ark.

Don't fear the unknown and believe that wounds heal...

To the sound of the time clock.

From the lightweight ark of the moment.



Emel Çevikcan
3.09.2022

EMEL ÇEVİKCAN

SHORT- CHANGED TICKET TO LUXURY

SARAH FREIA

All aboard!

Short-changed ticket
to luxury, wear your
new tie to suit the
blouses and briefcases
and breakfasts and brunches
and become accustomed
to the perennial parade
of perceived politeness
and practiced patience -
my marble teeth
and chiseled smile
are the Jekyll behind which
(I hide.)

SHIFTING SANDS

SARAH FREIA

Latent ululations
keep up tempo
with my heart's tune,
Saharan serenades
composed of chords
plucked from a dune;
societal sandstorms
seeking silence
bury our necks,
but arid arias
withstand shifting
sands, and connects
our medley of melodies
to their static.
In our communal choir
Why not create
new harmonies...?

ARTWORK BY

ILGONIS



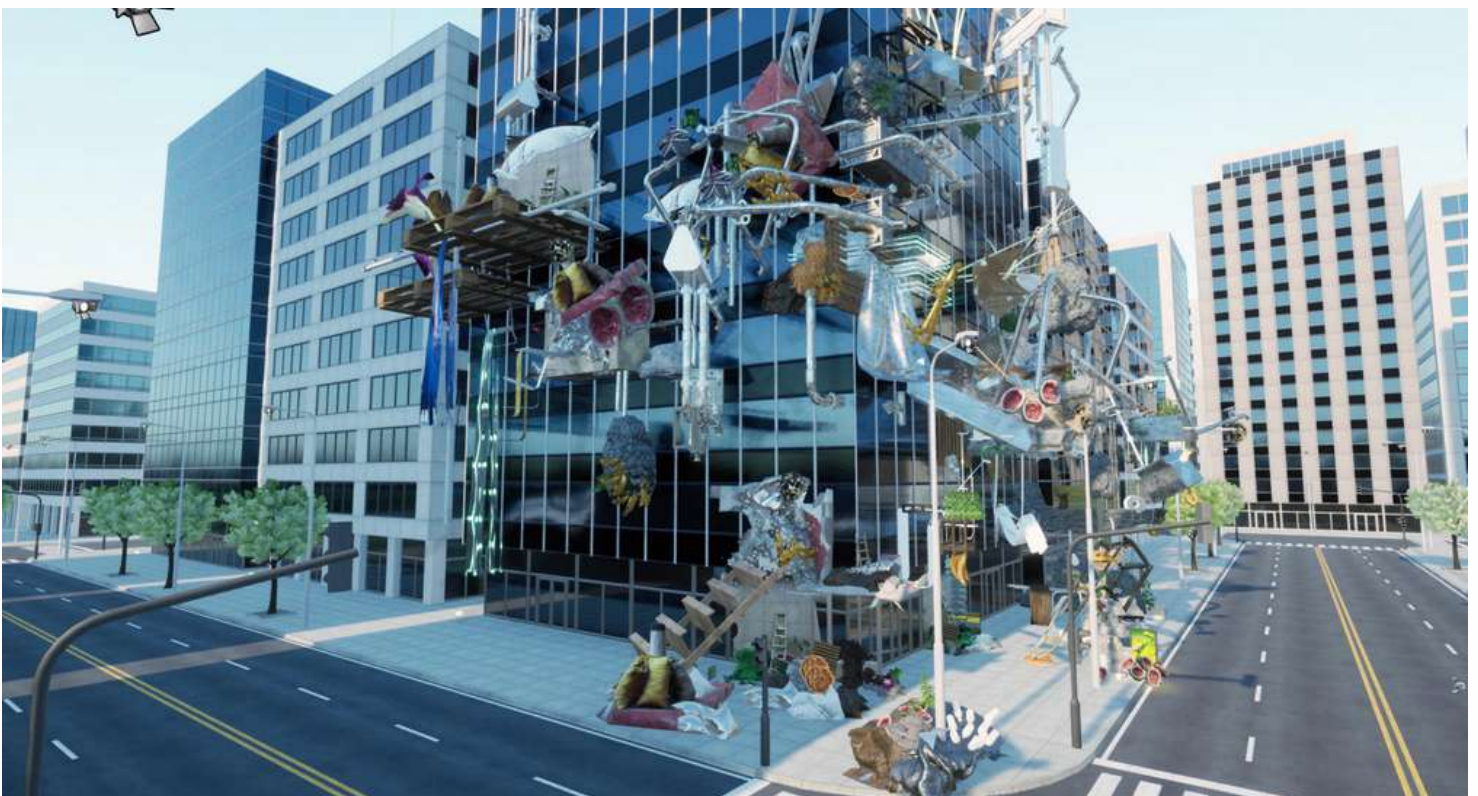
"The painting captures a moment that cannot be repeated."

JUNCHAO REN

I am concerned with how inhabitants solve the problem of survival by transforming, building, or piercing space when confronted with the problem of living. This informal approach to problem-solving is not the standard design that designers are taught in the academy; the creativity of the inhabitants is not regulated by the standard design education, and the solutions are freer and more adaptable to the local context .

I have used different collected materials (abandoned furniture, construction scraps) to create artificial structures that are formed in a similar way to the temporary structures that people live in. Architecture is like the body, these man-made structures attached to it are like the lymph or organs of the body.

I researched the story of Tower of Babel, where God gave humans different languages, and the different languages caused confusion when people were building the tower. In the same way, people from different backgrounds living in houses designed by different designers can also experience confusion. And this confusion is dynamic.





IN. LETTING. GO.

In *Letting Go*, I am musing on the human need to sometimes move on and reinvent ourselves. In the case of a relationship, emotions change, bonds shift. The two lovers here are coming to terms with separation, grappling with an upheaval and transformation in their lives, each in their own way. I let the body language speak volumes. *Letting Go* embodies the reflective and poignant nature of such a time.

**MARK YALE
HARRIS**



MAX WOLF



Bief is a gripping call to our universal language of touch to reach; it is an externalization of lamentation and loneliness, with a glimmering sense of hope in a future, changed state. My embattlement (now 25 months) with severe long-term complications of coronavirus has resulted in significant deposits of emotional and physical agony; that universal pain that embattles our world today is one we must continue to desire a remedy for. I imagine a utopian remedy to our adversity in the form of resolving physical embrace, a display of intimate care, albeit such an embrace feels foreign in this moment of gravity.

THE CHANGE WITHIN ME

KERSTIN KRAUS

People say you never change as much as you do in your 20s. I am only 30 years old, but I can agree that there was a lot of change happening in my 20s. I changed from being a student to being an employee, from a believer to a doer, from a traveler to a creative, and from a girl to a woman. But let's start at the beginning.

Change is a mystical thing. Feared by many, wanted by few. But it happens to all of us, all the time. We cannot avoid it. Growing up, I changed many things: my hair, my outfits, my interests, my friends, and my partners. However, certain things never changed: my creativity and my sense of justice. They were always there alongside me, sometimes more quiet, sometimes more present.

I started my 20s with heaps of changes: I moved from my German hometown to a student city in the Netherlands to start my studies. And this changed me into a completely different person. From being a rather quiet, ambitious teenage girl into an extrovert, passionate woman. I became the person I always ought to be: social, creative, adventurous, and a good friend. I started traveling and living in different places around the world, meeting all sorts of people along the way. Many of whom I can still call my friends.

However, there was happening a lot of change within me too. I got to know myself and all my colorful shapes. I learned to trust in myself, to love my body, and to foster my strengths, no matter what other people said or thought. Meanwhile, I just followed my heart, and I never thought it difficult to find my true self. But I believe that was a very privileged opinion to have, since I was constantly traveling and evolving, in a way that many people simply can't. It is always easier to chase your dreams on the other side of the world because you start from scratch, which makes everything seem possible. No narrow-minded paths or pre-judged manners. It is just you against your old self. Yet no matter whether you are in your hometown or on the other side of the world, people always try to tell you what to do and what to think. Parents, bosses, partners, (fake) friends, and the media. So that was probably the most difficult change to accomplish within me: to (only) believe myself, my truth. To listen to the melody of my heart, and no one else's. In times of social media, a very tough thing to do in our generation. Yet I am pretty glad to have found my values and my voice in my late 20s at last. I am glad to walk away from toxic people now when I recognize them. That I have learned to put myself first without exceptions. That I am no longer playing anybody's idiot.

The most important change however must be my beliefs. Growing up in a capitalist and patriarchal society makes you doubt yourself and bow to others the entire time. Most people never take the step to actually reflect on the wrongdoings of how we live. Throughout my life, I have always noticed injustice and wrongdoings in slight appearances on a daily basis, but at some point, gave up thinking about or even questioning them. I simply accepted them as part of life. Until I turned 27. When a friend of mine introduced me to the basics of feminism, I felt like waking up from a bad dream. One workshop led to another book, another community, and another event and suddenly, I found myself in a feminist bubble full of inspiration, activism, and anger. Here is where my sense of justice came back: I cannot just simply continue with my life and ignore the injustice all around me. I must act, and I cannot leave this life before I contributed to some significant change.

Change is everywhere and nowhere. Compared to ten years ago, you can feel how things have shifted in our society. That there is a shitstorm happening every time companies present an all-male board or that women join forces to network, or public speakers are held accountable for sexist comments. I love seeing this, nevertheless, there is still so much work ahead of us. Equality is nowhere near us. On the contrary, the pandemic increased gender roles, old-age poverty is female and violence against women and LGBTQ+ feels more prominent than ever.

Change is necessary. We need to change our mindsets, our attitudes, and our lifestyles; we simply need to change our society. We need to change into being an open-minded, tolerant community that doesn't differentiate between a person with a vulva and a person with a penis, a person with white skin and a person with black skin, and a person with money and a person without. In order to save this planet and to live a more sustainable life, change on all levels is inevitable.

I sometimes get the feeling that people are waiting for one person to dissolve this mess and bring order as well as justice to our society, when in fact it is up to every one of us. The change starts within you: your beliefs, your values, your thoughts, and thus, your actions. With all these you impact the people around you, you make them think about change, which again enacts change within them, and so on. If we all reflect on ourselves more and act in the name of our values and beliefs, change will happen sooner than later. Because the power lies in groups, not individuals. Let's join forces and change the system to a more equal and just one. Let's get together and live with tolerance rather than exclusion. Let's make significant change happen today.

EVA FORMITSKIH





울지마

OOLJIMA I

THE PHRASE "OOLJIMA"
DIRECTLY TRANSLATES TO
"DON'T CRY"

This series serves to showcase a pervasive cultural norm to subdue or suppress your (big) emotions in Korean culture and the ensuing decades of repressed fear, grief, and anger that continue to fester within me.

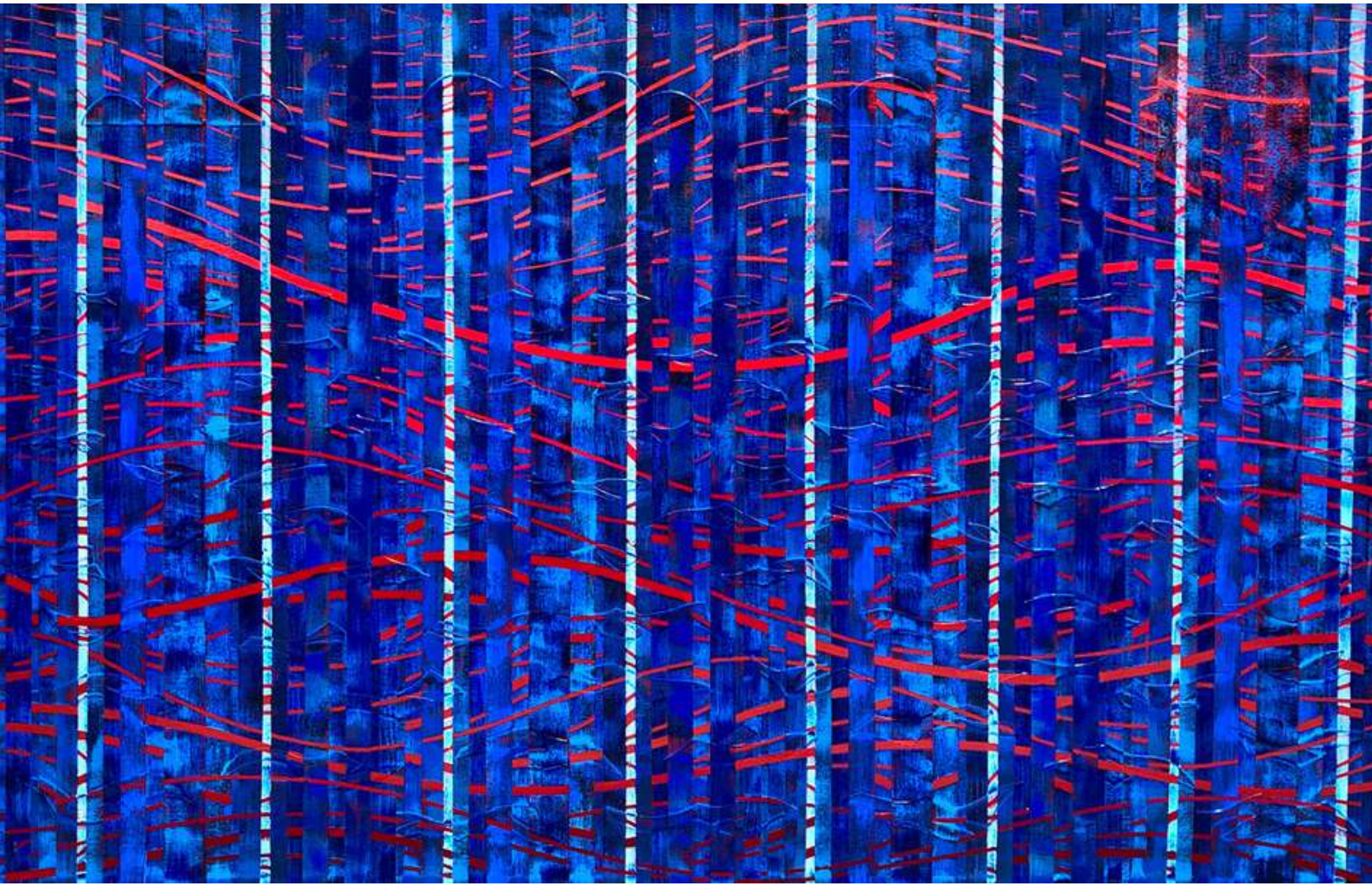
ARTWORK BY
YUNG-WU

ARTWORK BY

DODD HOLSAPPLE

My artistic expression for Change is focused on climate awareness. The reflections series artworks present Ocean themed elements combined with scientific variables related to condition. The intoxicating blue colors and rhythmic linear movement engage viewers with the beauty of art as well as portraying underlying health concerns facing our future Oceans and Waterways. Supporting environmental thinking, the Reflections Series identifies and delivers environmental data represented through contemporary art and focused on Water.

I create work examining organic composition in maximized color theory with deep attention to patterns, math and time verifying environmental awareness. Striking visuals weave through color filled constructions with rigid, measured definitions of space and a developed unique sense of balance and compositional balance culminating to amplify the contemporary landscape related to critical habitat and social conditions.



CHANGE

LUNA MALUNA GRI

Change is never easy.

It f*ing hurts.
It will break you,
tear you down,
shatter you,
turn your inside out.
But it is necessary.
It's inevitable.
We need it
in order to grow. To grow from
the caterpillar
to the butterfly
and finally fly.
For everything
is impermanent,
but change,
which is the
only permanent thing
in this world**

WE'VE DONE THIS BEFORE

ANUSHKA

I'm not afraid of being called a slut anymore,
or being called opinionated, or being called a wench.
You know what I'm really afraid of being called?
I'm afraid of being called silent, obedient, shy, little, weak,
I'm afraid of being called inferior.
I am afraid of it, I am terrified of that.
I am not afraid of cutting my hair, of looking less feminine to you,
I'm afraid of fitting into your little doll, the ones you cover and tear naked
when you want.
I am afraid of being silent when you tell me my worth, my need, my purpose,
because who do you think you are?
Who do you think you're speaking to?
Who do you think I am?
Don't you know, I've done this before,
I've been here before, I've met people worse than you.
Don't you know, I've fought this hard, I've fought harder, and I will keep
fighting,
I won't care this time of what you think, I'll fight.
I'm not afraid of dying, don't you see that?
I'm more of a human than you, and I can give myself away for the chance for
others to be free. I'm not afraid of turning the tables down, or of what might
fall and break, because you never thought twice before making me that very
same table.

I'm not afraid to rebel because I will,
I want you to know that.
I've been tearing around for years,
gave you more than a chance to listen to my voice,
for you to give my words some space,
I've cried in front of you thinking you would see my tears.
But this time I'll give up everything you think I'm made up of,
because I'm not scared anymore of what the consequences might be.
I want to be the consequence.
I'll be the very shoe you walked over me with.
You walk over me, my choices, my body, my thoughts, my soul, my
existence, you walked over my future.
I won't let you do that,
I've seen a lot of sisters being killed and so many daughters that you
burned.
I've seen the futures you've ruined for the sake of your power,
I've met the mothers you've beat up.
I will fight, I will fight for the lives that still live,
I will live for the freedom of the ones you've caged.
And I'll use all I have, all of me,
all that you've left within me,
but I want you to know that there is an us.
An 'us' that you can either stand with or against.
For there is change coming, a revolution you didn't know could exist and I
am not sorry, this one will make you uncomfortable.

I AM DIANA

DIANA FEDORIAKA



After I discover self-portrait as a medium I decide to reinvent my relationship with nature and myself and I started a project "I am Diana". The name of the project itself led to the greek mythology, Diana as a goddess of wild animals and hunting. Ever since I was a little girl, it was hard to recognize myself in the mirror. Every time I saw a different person, in a way, this project also an attempt to introduce my inner self to the outer one.

**"MY NAME
IS SAMI."**

**DANIELA
LUCATO**

**TRIGGER
WARNING**

**The artwork thematizes
domestic abuse and violence.**

“

This video was made during the lockdown. It is a reflection of *domestic violence, human rights,* and woman's condition in all countries.

TI was inspired by a personal involvement: an old friend I met by chance after a long time told me about the abuse she was a victim of from her husband. She thought it was painful but she accepted it as a normal condition. I was shocked and I told her she needed to contact the police. I thought about this short talk we had for a long time. I really think the way she accepted this abuse, thinking it was normal, is a huge issue for many women.

This is something that needs to be changed. This topic is for me really important and the work "My name is Sami" is a studio for a bigger project. I feel a responsibility as a woman artist to make people think about it, to confront themselves with this item. I don't know if it will help to resolve the problem, but this is a start to fighting it.

”

MY NAME IS SAMI



SCAN TO WATCH

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TO WATCH

NY

BY MEMANISHVILI
NINO

So, the girl glanced at skyscrapers, and this was years ago, maybe in 1969; and like nothing has changed so far, her glance is the same; her eyes still sparkle seeing high buildings from the ground to the sky. Maybe the girl is not so young now. Maybe someone is not going to agree, though she still feels young.

Maybe it is not 1969, but I can still feel on the tip of my tongue the sacred words of love. Sometimes I see the girl in my vivid, lifelike dreams feeling the Empire State of mind, walking with her on the Brooklyn Bridge, warming the heart we both have burnt.

And sometimes I see her coming from the station at 181st street where the lucid green lamp is visible on the right. And she smiles pleasantly, and we do not share conversation; the most important words need to be left unspoken, and maybe the most important feelings have to remain unfelt on the same ground; I know one-we are connected, our souls are tied with the same knot. I do not know the knot's name, but I often think about the wonderful name it may have. I do not know where the knot is placed, perhaps it is a magical place and not easy to grasp. This place shall be allowed to exist somewhere, not only in my head, and I think that the girl shall be permitted to live in some other place not only in my mind.

And the more I think, the more I perceive this reality with nostalgic warmth. I hope one day I will be able to find it; then I will be able to find myself as well, and before I turn into someone I am not today or that I will turn into tomorrow, there won't be left unspoken words or unfelt feelings.

And there is a random blossoming of cherry trees in Central Park; in front of a never-ending chain of buildings, I feel the soft presence of grown and loved trees and I can feel their charisma for forever young; maybe this is the reason why the girl always feels so young.



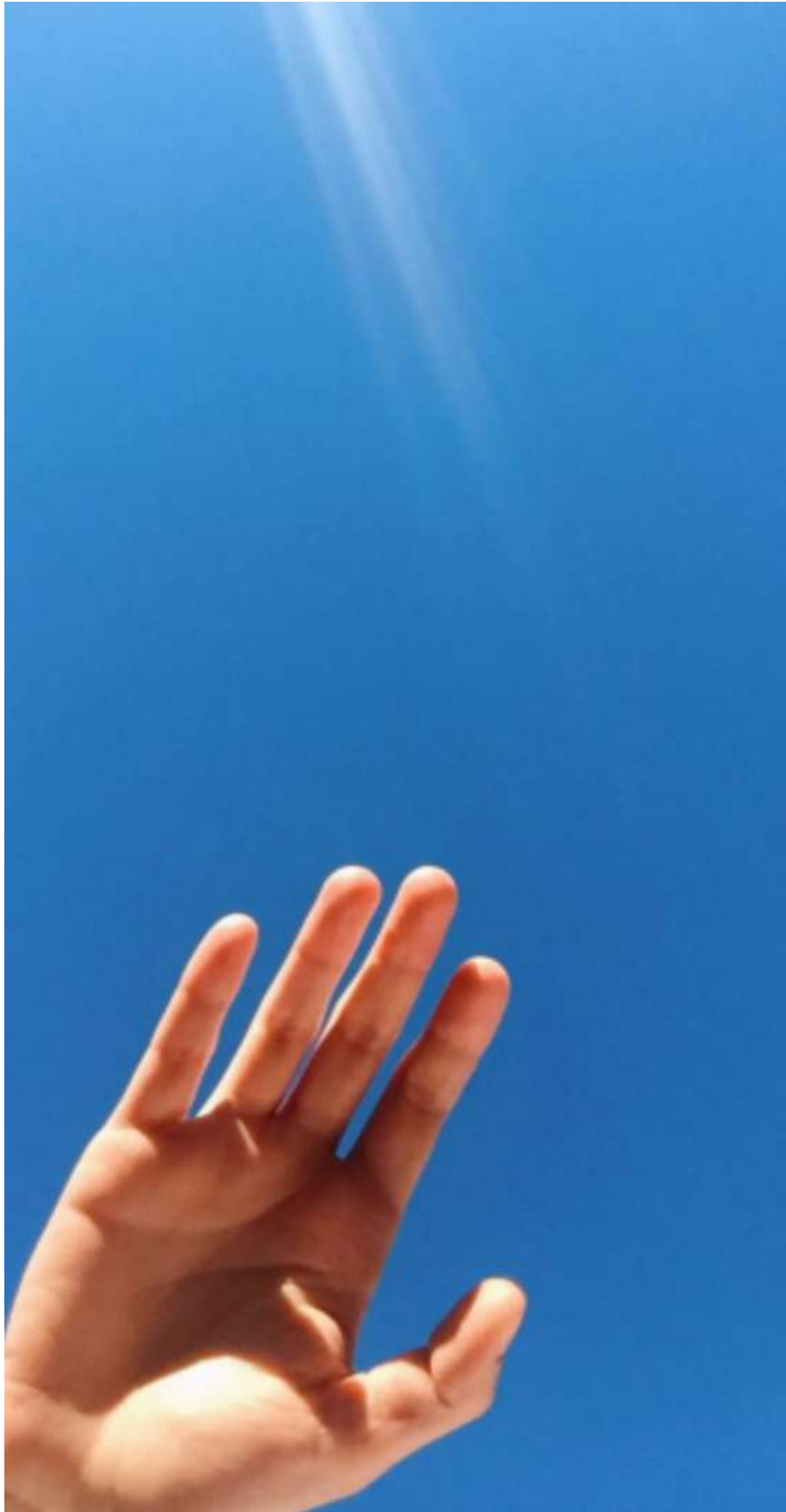
CHANGE WILL COME

And I glance at the skyscrapers. Looking at the night city, I say goodnight and turn the lights off; unable to sleep, I put on Frankie and feel how the grandeur crawls next to me just before midnight. The nightscape is never blurred in the sleepless city, I am happy; the knot has the name – N /ɛn/Y /waɪ/. And it's so wonderful now, and the blues are gone in the lights of the night.



CHOICE ALWAYS EXISTS

Idea behind the image: Attached photo shows the Fire alarm systems installed on the wall (photo itself is taken at the National Museum of Georgia). At first, it may seem strange, what fire alarm systems may have in common with Change, however, in certain situations people are used to their “comfort”, stable, in some cases dangerous environment, considering that there is no hope, therefore one definitely needs put on alarm, activate it, to get over, make change happen.



CREATION

The idea behind the image: Inspiration is taken from Michelangelo's "Creation of Adam". Change is a starting point; everything new is a change of something old or non-existing before. Hand as a symbol of decision-making, giving an opinion, greeting, etc.



ANA LAGIDZE

The
Uncoiled
podcast

DIVERSE
OPEN-MINDED
OPEN-ENDED

HOSTED BY
ANUSHKA BADGUJAR
CATALINA WON WRANGELL

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