

*no beast is there without glimmer of infinity*

in seclusion, behind shut eyelids or curtains, the loose thread of a story unfolds, a fragmentary narrative, that is spun in the warm but sometimes spiky nests of solitude. the miniature that appears before her, freed from all obligations to dimension and representation, provides refuge and allows the ambiguous to emerge, that which saturates the borders of ostensible normalcy: abjection, shame, perversion and madness. exploring the fabric of (hidden?) memory, trauma and desire, the grotesque and the ambiguous become means to indicate that etiquette and conventional social behaviours subserve prevailing conditions in their disdain for agitation. through the medium of drawing, a process that is inherently corporeal, thought is brought into matter. where language fails, we witness a loss of distinction between subject and object or self and other, and enter a place from which communication is only possible through images. wading the swamps of ambivalence, of volatility, attraction and repulsion, we gradually learn to become intimate with discomfort in order to defy stereotypical representation whilst not shying away from being present and taking position in the real world.

*eros – a measure between the beginnings of our sense of self and the chaos of our strongest feelings*

diving deep into the waters of our inner psychological and emotional worlds, it becomes clear that the wrinkleless image of a Greek youth reflected in a quiet fountain is nowhere to be found in real life. the conflict that arises from our deepest cravings that cannot be integrated into a given system of signs muddle its bed, cloud its waters. what is there to be found behind the misty depth? here, on paper and not in water, interwoven spaces are created through the layering and blurring of colours. slightly estranged depictions of the female body, contemplated from different perspectives, oppose a determined, consumable image of female sexuality. in an attempt to live from within outward, the quest to find a closer connection to one's intimate and sometimes opaque feelings, becomes an act of resisting oppressive structures that are grounded on the separation of the spiritual from the political and the erotic. the phrase *it feels right to me*, beyond the superficial, acknowledges the profound trust in the emotional as a nurturer of our knowledge. to touch on our sensual inside becomes a self-affirming stance in the face of a conformist, anti-erotic society and makes it possible to joyfully subvert restricting notions of gender, identity and sexuality.

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