

1/ *Internet, the outgrowth of a century.*

1.1/ *A disenchanting society*

1.11 *God, Science and Gender.*

1.12 *"If you want to fuck the system, you might end up making love to it"*

1.13 *The glorious ease of fatality and Garbage guilt.*

1.2/ *We teach who we are more than what we know.*

### *Random Rambling Recollection 1: The Miracle and Misery of subjectivity in photography teaching*

*Learning can be a very tedious process in itself sometimes but what makes it harder is often, we tend to forget that a teacher doesn't very often teach what he knows to a student but what he is. It is easy to slip the slope and if no teacher would ever tell "I think your pictures suck because I myself do landscapes and am insensitive to anything else", it could make they would favour students who are into landscapes and in the most extreme cases, classify as "bad" anything else. In my bachelor's first year, I had no personal relationship with photography else that touristic, I ended up not very landscapy, so left behind. I stopped photo as soon as it wasn't compulsory anymore because I could never make my teachers happy. I feel it can happen to many students. And this type of chance can make us trust we are better at this than that. Because it takes time to make the difference between our art, the core of it, what it really means to us, and what people think about it which is in my opinion an entirely different thing.*

*I am mostly insensitive to abstract painting so I tell it beforehand anytime my opinion is asked on such a matter. Indeed, I used to tell "yuk, it sucks!" but then grew to understand that such an opinion on a younger even very talented abstract painter could be very obnoxious if I would ever grow a teacher, what I dearly hope, one day.*

*But if I got also convinced that I was very bad at pictures it could be because the teacher was criticising my work without letting me a clue on how I could improve it. What led me to procrastinate the next photo deadline to the despair point. The last day, as I thought a shitty outcome was better than coming to class empty-handed, I just carelessly took pictures of whatever I could find thinking I would have the worst feedback ever. Something absolutely puzzling happened.*

*He lavished praise on my work saying it was obvious I worked much harder than the last time. He picked a random picture (a landscape) and started to analyse it in front of the class unraveling what he thought was the whole process, how there were three distinct parts and layers, how it was obvious I pondered everything and more artsy bollocks than I can recall. I basically nodded and agreed to whatever he said the whole time thinking the party surrealistically funny.*

*What is a good picture? I never could figure out before I saw in Leipzig this*

student whose name I very sadly forgot, who won a photo award or something. I tried to find her back emailing the place I thought I saw her work but it wasn't there. I watched each and every one of her pictures and thought if I would have been in front of the thing at the same time as her, there is no way I could have unraveled to the audience the specific beauty she captured. A good picture, in my opinion, is one that not everyone can make out of how expensive a camera can be. The angle she chose and the way she orientated was genius to me.

I spend all my bachelor thinking video wasn't my thing either because I am quite a caveman and not having any ease with computers, editing and softwares the teacher was always ending having me to follow with a classmate. Funny to think I mostly do video now.

The interesting point here is about how one person can lead us to think something about ourselves that either blocks us or pushes us forward.

1.21/ *We complain we are served the same soup everyday but refuse anything else to eat*

*ThanksCaptainObviousAshtag1: It can look like a strong statement but It is how I feel through what I see.*

1.22/ *Main challenges with current teaching for personal artistic development, the need for a more global perspective.*

*Random Rambling Recollection 2: The deadly sin of comic drawings in French Art schools which are not Angoulême.*

During my second year, I stopped drawing. One teacher indeed told me something I understood as "well, your drawings are too figurative, or too much full of Vikings and dragons, you should do something more abstract. More about "shape" and "Matter". I tried but it felt so lame. I just didn't like it and I thought if I have to draw things I don't like, I'd rather not draw at all. Then I started back but stopped to show them to the teachers and lived very happy that way till This same teacher found a roll of them on my table. She surprisingly liked it. When I asked, "how?" She kind of stated that she never said that, that the problem wasn't Viking and dragons but just my way of drawing them that reminded her too much of comics or something already existing. One thing I owe her in a way is that maybe they were somehow better than the firsts because I found new freedom from the fact I didn't plan to show them and because I tried and disregarded abstraction. I got a newfound strength for I knew why I wanted to draw the way I do. It was still "comic like" but my supports were those "Scrolls" like the one you read now starting from end to beginning, It was quite "original" to them. I think it was the only way they could swallow the "Viking and dragon" pill. Also, I shifted to draw more violins than dragons which look maybe more "artsy". It was a turning point regarding the way I draw today. They were not yet bichromic and ambidextrous but I was already sticking more

and more to ballpoint pen. Even though I am not as good with it as my ballpoint pen hero, master Yoda and former bachelor classmate Stefan Ferreira. As a conclusion, if this would have happened only to me, I could have thought she just had a bad day but with other teachers as well, 3 of my classmates got evicted because they were drawing comics. So the two last left, another guy and I, grew slightly affraid. What could also have had an influence on my desire to hide the terrible object of my sins.

### **Random Rambling Recollection 3: "The Possible Sad Idleness of what made us produce art at first" or "The typewriter art student story"**

Once, When I brought the topic, of teachers trying too much to "shape" students in my former French art school, one teacher burst out with anger and told something like "But I don't understand! We do our best to push students to do what they really like! Look at this one, he was going entangled in a dead-end and unhappy with some typewriters sculptures and now he is finally doing what he wanted: figurative painting!" My brain cells didn't connect at the right moment of course, but with further thought, I wondered "What on earth brought this guy in this typewriter trap?" Or I'd rather say "Who?" The average student doesn't have a clear idea yet of what they are going to find starting their bachelor. Innocently, they like to do art and think it is what they are going to do. But I know so many of them who stopped, ending up in disgust and for whom the only thing they learned is how to hate something they previously cherished. It turns out that as most of my family is involved in art and in art teaching, unlike most students, I already had an idea on how teachers would behave there and what I had to do and avoid to do to please them or not make them angry about me. It is quite sad but most of my bachelor years felt reduced to it. And if it helped through my 3 years, when the diploma chime rang, we were assessed by teachers from other art schools and even though I was among the "bests" students, the "Outstanding" mention came to a girl who struggled all her time there with average/bad grades because she stuck to figurative painting and was seeing teachers as little as possible not to have to do what they say when about 20 years ago, a student got kicked out of school for the same figurative painting motive. Moral of the story, it doesn't make sense.

### **1.23/ The need for a teacher and a learning companion.**

### **Random Rambling Recollection 4: By choice or by chance, sometimes you learn alone**

I used to have a friend in France, I remember her wondering how I was able to do things alone. Then I found out most people, need someone to push them. I would need it too but often ended up in a situation where no one could teach me what I wanted to learn and/or no one else had a will to learn that with me. I tried to bring her in my dance and music adventures, she never felt a knack for it. So I was always trying and giving up because it looked too hard. And too lonely. To never be at the right place at the right time. To be refused the

entrance to this music school making rock bands with teens in my dull little town. I couldn't attend circus school because it was too far. I also got discouraged from learning an instrument in the conservatory for I was already having theater there and constantly leaving class crying while another friend had the same misfortune from her harp class.

Either I couldn't find anyone to teach me or the way the knowledge would be transmitted wasn't matching my abilities to learn. During my 3-year theater conservatory degree as a teenager, the teacher was obviously looking into me for something I didn't know how to produce, and his only strategy, as far as I remember, was to have me try my best till I would burst into tears and leave. With some students, it might work. With me, no. I just ended up after 3 years thinking I had 0 talent with dramatic interpretation. This is an interesting thing to think about as I use "dramatic interpretation" in *TarinaT*. Then, I grew to understand maybe his way was neither bad nor good, it just wasn't mine to handle. I also had to play mostly female papers so my problem with theater might not entirely come from his method. Learning is a tough process. Before we have mastery over the theory and practice enough to enjoy ourselves, long hours of dedication must be spent.

### **Random Rambling Recollection 5: The bad violin and bow hold adventures**

To learn music self-taught is amazing for I can basically sing and play whatever piece I want. If it is too hard, I just give up but no one tells me I can't. Also, I can play *The Real McKenzies* or "Rocky road to Dublin" or any crap I hear without anyone thinking I should learn something more classical the same way I could entirely skip music theory. If I was really happy to do so at first, I feel now the lack of it. And it is the type of very tedious thing for which someone to push you can be really useful. Also, a teacher can help a lot through the bow and chords positions. We might mess up if not corrected and lose quite a lot of time. For example, I was thinking after a tutorial the neck of the violin was resting too much in my hand so misunderstanding, I twisted my wrist to the point the neck would only rest over my thumb which was unsteady and brought a lot of useless tension on my neck for I was still playing with the shoulder rest. Thinking, as I sing and play simultaneously, that it could be nice to get rid of this device, watching another tutorial, I understood I had to hold the neck between my thumb's first knuckle and the forefinger's base knuckle. It was surprisingly hard to find clear information about that online where you see everything in 2D. It would have been dead obvious for a teacher, where my issues came from. Same for the bow hold, different positions are possible but the fingers need to be relaxed and slightly bent while mines stayed tense and with a stiff straight thumb and pinkie for ages,.

1.3/ *The disinterest for skill and the myth of Talent.*

1. 31/ *the slippery slope to laze and suck*

ThanksCaptainObviousAshtag2: I feel it sounds lame but needs to be reminded. Some drink, pee, stink, and fart more than others and it might come from your food or lifestyle but it also just can be, and be ok.

1.32/ Trigger warning culture, we tend towards a disempowerment promoting society

Random Rambling Recollection 6: Disempowerment in the medical field.

One of the reasons the prosecution for transgender people is so absurdly long in Finland is that no doctor ever wants to take the responsibility to help someone. I thought it was what doctors were there for in the first place. I guess it might be because in case that person would suffer from some mental illness, they could then blame the doctor stating they were "too mentally sick to realise it wasn't the right thing for them". Or something. There must be a reason for I can't see why they are fussy beyond logic on the sake of "it has to be a team decision" or "You had depression as a teen". I really advise anyone seeking gender reassignment here to just lie and say they are as healthy and average they can pretend.

I am now already a "transsexual" for I underwent a double mastectomy in the private sector as well as Hormone Reassignment Therapy from France for more than half a year. The facts are: it does help me. I feel there is nothing to double-check as I am entitled to get my medicine in another country. Even knowing those facts and with all the French paperwork in order and translated, they still are pondering whether or not I should be allowed to get hormone treatment here. They keep asking me, the way they did for the past three years, how I eat, sleep, fuck and socialise, alongside whether or not I want to kill myself or have a penis. Going through that would give fits of anxiety to anyone. Furthermore, a lot of "sane" people had depression at some point in their life. Whether Cisgender or Transgender. It seems their fear of taking any sort of decision here could even borderline pass as a case of non-provision of assistance to an endangered person for it forces me to travel back and forth in this Covid 19 situation every six months to renew my prescription with all the insurance hassle it involves. I dearly hope diabetics don't have to go through all that for an insulin prescription.

1.33 the myth of Talent

ThanksCaptainObviousAshtag3: I am also aware that if I would be a blind poor trans woman of color immigrant from or living in a country destroyed by war it would be harder. I am from the "rich" part of this world, My body works more or less properly and I am white. So yes, there is a huge load of struggles I know shit about. The type of people I often refer to are most of the time people who are having not much more struggles and not much less money than me, people I met every day or every now and then through existence.

ThanksCaptainObviousAshtag4: I am aware and not denying that some have more abilities for some things than others but I feel sometimes it is more complex than just "I am not made for it".

2/ Society is a binary lie, art is energy in between.

2.1 One vs the other

2.11 Nature vs culture

2.12 Female vs Male

ThanksCaptainObviousAshtag5: I know all trans people don't have to look as "gender conforming" I just found that this meme was perfect to illustrate the idleness of the restroom ban.

Random Rambling Recollection 7: I used to spend entire nights outside in the woods as a female teen and no one ever raped me.

I grew up in Aix-les-Bains, a small town in the east of France near Switzerland (28,585 inhabitants somewhere between Nokia and Savonlinna in terms of population) I started to have insomnia at age 10, and around age 13 I started to be allowed something like one hour alone in the woods. One hour was never enough even if more than when I was younger, and I was all the time trying and run as fast as possible the way back to be able to explore as far as possible. Our house was near the Corsuet Forest. My mother was repeatedly telling me that I could be raped and I was repeatedly answering that were I go, humans generally don't go. I was reckless but afraid of humans. I would behave like an animal and hide as soon as I would see anyone. But there was no way I could stay in the woods as long as I wanted. I had never enough time to follow the rivers or climb the trees so as, at night, I couldn't sleep and my window was only one floor above ground floor, I could climb down. I was running wild from 12 am to 6 am and going back to bed, then to secondary and later high school just pretending I slept. I met boars once but if you climb a tree they don't follow. I never got raped. I haven't been in clubs as much as in woods but in quite many bars and went back home very late also from friend's parties many times, nothing happened either. I am aware that I might just have been very lucky all those years. Also when I was coming back from the suburbs of Puebla, Mexico on late evenings where my boyfriend was in a short skirt nothing happened or following two unknown men in their house to have a drink, it turned out they just wanted to have a drink. Lot of men are assholes but there are also a couple of nice guys in the lot. I feel I did most of the stuff people say that "women can't do because it is dangerous" and yet I am still alive. However, I have been in danger. A few times. The longest I walked was 14 hours because no one ever had the smart idea to tell me that to walk was tiring. I never experienced it in my body before. I used to carry with me only my phone and a handkerchief to blow my nose who has been permanently leaky way before korona times. Once I grew really really thirsty. More than the usual I was able to manage till I would be

back. It was very early morning, still dark I saw some people going to work and taking care of not looking threatening because I was already aware I would look edgy or suspicious, I asked if they could bring me water that I would drink outside (for them to feel safe I wouldn't come in) I got help. Also on the time, I lost my phone in the dark, a lady let me come in to call my boyfriend. When I said I could use her cellphone outside she made me come in straightaway. I was at this time 21. As a man, no one would ever have let me in around 22 pm-midnight after telling I need to give a phone call. I feel no one would have trusted my being in need for help. A 20 years old man asking to come in your house looks like a dangerous trap anyway.

**Random Rambling Recollection 8: Some still can see the family cell as a "monarchy by divine right" with the father as a king.**

I was telling about my father's inappropriate reaction towards my being transgender to some friends in France who then defended him against me, one through his own father's point of view about the family cell being a "monarchy by divine right" (those were really his words) and that I should just be grateful to my father because he allowed me to live in his presence one week before I had to leave after him telling me he doesn't agree with my choice to be transgender even though he wants to help me. We were 4 and I was the only one with a different opinion. When telling that to people here, as mainstream mentalities look a bit more advanced on LGBTGI ideas, it was odd to them that some still could think like those French friends. Odd, yet it happens. Also people often deny how little we tend to have opinions of our own and how much the people with whom we are and the situation we got in are going to make us say a thing we could have said differently or not at all in another context.

### 1.13 Good vs Evil

**Random Rambling Recollection 9: Highly subjective temporary definition: Reaction/Response video.**

Just in case you are not so familiar with Youtube, by "reaction/response video" I meant the ones going with titles as "Cousins reacts to Blackpink (A Kpop band)" "Ballet dancer reviews Tiny pretty things from Netflix" "Montana guys reacts to Stef Sanjati" Often I feel they are just a mixture between being aggressively mean with something they don't relate with, and being overly kind and concerning with all shades in between. I range them from beyond terrible, to sometimes surprisingly good. They can be an excellent double check tool but also very obnoxious when Targeting a minority group like Blaire White did against the Therian community with very little understanding or data.

ThanksCaptainObviousAhtag6: for all those parts on top of not claiming objectivity, I do not claim exhaustivity.

## *Random Rambling recollection 10: Privacy, Stef Sanjati and FTM trans support.*

*In publications, works and life, it seems we are not allowed to use the names of "private persons", however, we use the ones of the "public" people.*

*My first tendency being to try at a maximum to stand for what I say, was to use them anyway and it is the reason why I got kicked out of the FTM Trans Support Facebook group. Indeed, no one wants to be targeted. My reaction after the hassle was to think I have been indeed "wrong" and "disrespectful" of other people's privacy. That it is not because I don't care that others can't. Care. Still, it bothers me that we are not allowed to "out" Mr or Mrs. Anyone as a transgender person for being an asshole with a smaller part of the community, but when a public figure like Stef Sanjati, talks about a non-trans-related disorder in a non-trans-related debate on a non-trans-related TV show, the very same community poured hatred on her as if they knew better than her she was miserable because of her transness out of her Waardenburg Syndrome. It seems it was her duty to not have privacy anymore. To be constantly outed and labeled as a transgender person.*

*If people would find a general agreement one way or another, I might buy what they say and think the way they want me to. I feel the facts are: I don't put private names anymore because I don't want to be in trouble for no one would stand for me if I end up having issues.*

*Then, I could think about one use around keeping names private. When I got bullied in KuVA, I didn't want to target the student in particular after I found him and we discussed what happened. When a teacher asked me who it was I explained I'd rather not answer because I feel then, this person would be labeled as "evil". Nevertheless, I feel the issue was his behavior, which in my opinion could have been perpetuated by many others. By making him a scapegoat, all the others could feel the "black sheep" is identified and stop thinking there might be something wrong with the whole lot of us.*

*2.2/ In between stages.*

*2.21/ About art background*

*2.22/ Moving on from "self portrait stage"*

## *Random Rambling Recollection 11: My first "successful" self-portrait*

*A classmate from my Bachelor's years in France, seeing one drawing I made of a dark-haired guy with a goatee and a long plait dancing and playing violin on a table said "It is you!" I mean, earnestly, not in an artsy-philosophical-explaining-the-work manner because when I said "No, he's a guy" she said "ah, well... yes" as if she didn't really notice at first or it didn't matter that much. Maybe it was indeed so "me" that it didn't matter what I looked like at that moment. It wasn't obvious from my side because I was seeing myself a very different way than others*



were seeing me. I just thought "I don't have a beard, I am very bad with violin (it was 4 months since I started)" I am a girl, isn't she blind?" But the guy had the same lean shapes, the same shoulders, the same kind of plait, the same vibe, and the same army boots I had then.

2.23/ A few years ago, upside down flip.

2.3/ In the midst and towards.

2.31/ Grow skill as a mind broadener and a coping mechanism about fear of Time

2.32/ How to grow skill as an animal could mean going against "animality"?

2.33/ Body and soul as a field for experiments

3/ An alternative to mankind.

3.1/ An hypothesis on the existence of "average"

3.12 The group can lead the individual to bullshit to mingle and align.

3.13 A potential horizontality

3.2 : "Am I or the others crazy?"

3.21/ Climate change and Donald Trump Houston, we've got a problem.

3.22 How the world is already more diverse than we imagine

3.23 How children show society could be "one" way but not "the" way.

3.3/ ShaeKIND

3.31: What does "ShaeK" means?

## **Random Rambling Recollection 12: from "Fleet against the whip-wind" by L.Llorcaw"**

Grandma is missing. Her real name is Hanek. It means: "The weight of snow on tree branches just the second before the moment when there is too much weight and the branch breaks." It is a powerful name.

His name is Elamyp. He is tall. Very skinny. With a lot of very thick fur on the forearms. His tail is swishing away his traces in the snow. It is useless with the storm. He knows but he can't help it. His mind is restless. Grandma is nowhere to be found and they can't leave. He knows it is dangerous. But she takes the decisions for the caravan. If she dies, it is him. But he doesn't want to go without her. One day maybe but not now. He is not ready. A bell rings.

They are coming now and then in the forbidden zone. Not a lot of people dare. And sometimes, there is a nice reward. No hunger for ages. Something to sell. But the rule is the following one: If the alarm bell rings, they have to be off at once.

With or without grandma. He knows the rules. He is a wise Nalk.

He starts to run till he knocks hard against something, well someone. He is thrown backward.

Hanek is standing. Her tail is high. The first thing Elamyp smells is blood. He smells where grandma smells. Her hand is a claw towards back. It means wound atrocity. It lasts a second.

There is a lad on the ground. On the snow. Ragged over white. Ragged with blood.

He looks young and very old.

He is very skinny too but not the same skinniness as Elamyp's.

There is a violin.

### 3.32 ShaeK as a way of creation

The birth of Shaekieli:

## **Random Rambling recollection 13: The Firsts of the Lasts dragons.**

"After the fall of the first and last dragons, the ones whose wisdom and knowledge had them to trick their own raw material, the DreamsellerS have been reduced to silence. Forbidden to share knowledge, to help them from speaking, their tongues have been cut down. They have been surprised to sign language, the JoyseekerS cut their arms, same went with their toes, later. so they kept quiet. Head down, to help their knowledge of the Path from dying with them individually. Then they started to dance. The JoyseekerS didn't saw the trap, they kept some as entertainers, left the others as beggars. It was a very dark era. Then, things have been leveled out till today and the dragons became somewhat of a legend.

They say our kind, not race because we are many, will rise again when the Firsts of the Lasts dragons will rise again.

### 3.33/ ShaeK as a way of life

*Random rambling recollection 14: From "The Heart off pipes" Weik up, Book 1*

*"What do you need to be a good fighter?"*

*"..." I did not know what to answer.*

*"Okay so what do you need to be a good dancer?" as usual, I could not see the point he was trying to make me reach.*

*"Er... Strength, balance and... flexibility, well, I think..."*

*"In that very order?"*

*"Er... I don't know, well, wait, no. For me there is no point more important than another. If you are only strong, you cannot raise your leg the right angle and spin straight. If you are only flexible you cannot hold the position. They are like three forces you have to master as much as you can an equal degree."*

*"Good" "Now I repeat my first question. What do you need to be a good fighter?"*

*I stood abashed. I was just on the edge of understanding.*

*"Strength, balance, and flexibility?"*

*"why?"*

*I took a pause to think.*

*If you are only strong, you cannot reach the jaw you want to shatter with your foot, if only flexible, you cannot break a bone. If you are only strong and flexible, you won't fall the right way at the right time."*

*I saw a broad smile spread on his face.*

*"You got it" "Dancing and fighting are like the two faces of the very same coin.*

*He faced me in an on-guard position.*

*"Again"*