

Final Creative Experiment

Make something with the semester-long collection or from inspiration
derived from the collection.

Must be conceptual and presented in a way that is experimental and
unpredictable.

Final Creative Experiment

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Fall 2020
Conceptual Practices



The Physical Impression of Seasonal Depression

2020 holiday season

1 hour endurance-based performance

The artist covered herself in seasonal gift wrap and bow, sat in stillness, sightlessness and silence for 1 hour to remember past holidays and to honor her grandmother's passing.



The Physical Impression of Seasonal Depression is the embodiment of my grief during this holiday time. For this project, I wrapped myself in gift wrap and sat in silence for an extended period of time. This was a test of my mental endurance, which only lasted for 60 minutes and 39 seconds. Besides the overwhelming increase of my senses other than, I concentrated on memories from past holiday events. As this is my first Christmas season without my grandma, I am experiencing various emotions. I wanted to express that in a subtle way that excluded my collection, yet brought the theme of it (i.e. her) into it.





Inspiration: Nick Cave's *Soundsuits*

Nick Cave's use of random objects to create *Soundsuits* inspired me the most for this project. While my piece doesn't incorporate sound, it brings up elements he uses; faceless figures, objects, and irregular forms.

The person who wears the *Soundsuits* becomes the art piece. They showcase the suit, regardless of whether they are making noise or not. It's about what aspect Cave is trying to create. I wanted to do that for my piece.



My Grandmother's Jewelry...

My grandma had an aerie of jewelry. Since she grew up in rural Boone back in the 30-40s, her family couldn't afford such things. Yet, as decades went by, she would collect several necklaces, rings, and bracelets.

- There are many more pieces I wish to share (ones I bought her) yet unfortunately, I do not have them in my possession yet. These are what remain.



<This bracelet is one I made for her when I was younger. She wore it for many years, especially around Christmas.



<This bracelet was one she wore often, regardless of her outfit. One of the last days she lived in NC, she took it off and gave it to me. I haven't worn it, but I look at it fondly everyday.



Her Various Knick-Knacks...

Below are a couple objects she had above her oven. The turtle and toothpick holder are from me. The tiny Webster was one she had since she was 10.



Here are some pot holders she made. My grandma was known for creating many works of art from watercolor paintings to these crochet pieces. Her works echoed that of the 1930-40s era.



Grandma loved the seasons. She had many fall and winter themed items around her home. She never skipped out on decorating each year, even while she was sick.





Conclusion

This project is about my mourning and where I am at with handling it. My grandma has been gone for half a year at this point. Everyday continues to be a new challenge and obstacles arise that remind me of her. While I believe I am getting better, there are moments I find myself completely submerged in thought and memories concerning her. Her legacy has left an impression on me.

While I understand and know how to keep moving forward and handling grief, it takes time. As one who suffers from other mental illnesses, death can cause a great rift to form. Mentally moving on is harder. The gift wrap represents this. You are an entangled mess inside, yet calm and unchanged on the outside. Opening yourself up can seem dangerous, yet it can be the biggest relief when it comes to talking about our problems. One can only hold so much in. It's better to let it out.

With my my collection over the semester, I have been able to revisit items that fondly remind me of my grandma. This project has also allowed me to think and process my grief with her passing. I hope that when anyone views this, they can deeply think about the conceptual presentation while also understanding the performance aspect of it. I want others to know I didn't just snap photos. I was able to sit down and breathe for an hour, even if aspects of it mentally made me unsettled.