

Heartless portrait

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.....

podpis autora

ABSTRAKT

Smyslem mé práce je rozšířit povědomí o generačních traumatizačních řetězcích. Pomoci lidem si uvědomit, že tyto řetězce algoritmů myšlenek nevědomě spoutávají celé generace v destruktivních symbiózách vztahů mezi lidmi. Předávaná bolest a zkušenosti způsobují, že z obětí se pak stávají jejich pachatelé a tím se vytváří nekonečný cyklus nadále opakujících se chyb a neustále přibývajících bolesti. Svou praktickou částí chci dát na vědomí, že dosažení pocitu vnitřního uklidnění je možné, беру tak samu sebe v příklad a nabízím tím možnost procesu ku pomoci i ostatním.

Klíčová slova: psychoanalýza, čas, zkušenost, vize, odpor, bolest, uzdravení

ABSTRACT

The purpose of my work is to spread awareness of generational trauma chains. To help people realize that these chains of thought algorithms unconsciously bind entire generations in destructive symbioses of human relationships. The pain and experiences passed on then cause victims to become perpetrators, creating an endless cycle of continuing mistakes and ever-increasing pain. With my practical part I want to make it known that achieving a sense of inner peace is possible, taking myself as an example and thus offering the possibility of a process to help others.

Keywords: psychoanalysis, time, experience, vision, resistance, pain, recovery

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Prohlašuji, že odevzdaná verze bakalářské/diplomové práce a verze elektronická nahraná do IS/STAG jsou totožné.

Ve Zlíně, dne 23.5. 2025

Karolína Manová

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INTRODUCTION

*I had this experience and I have to stay loyal to it. I have to tell you about it, or you wouldn't understand my behavior. I must be truthful to this vision and act on it.*¹⁵

The mind is a gravitational singularity beyond the time and space of the outer world.

We are devoured within its cycles if its algorithmic fractal evolutions.

I would love to give my own mind a rest, but I need to solve quite a bit of the questions first as a part of a healing process. I keep searching for my piece of inner truth so I can put my mind at ease. It is holding me back, not giving me the freedom for my future actions. But artworks like this are helping me to sort my thoughts and find right the way in life to walk on more easily.

These little cycled thoughts of mine are dedicated to all who feel lost rather too deep within themselves, I hope that my humble opinion of thoughts and the world would help them as much as it keeps helping me.

I THEORETICAL PART

1 THESIS OF TIME AND ILLUSIONS

What is the importance of time for a human well-being?

It is important to ask at first because, that answer gives us the idea of how the mind works, without the time being a thing. We continuously keep traveling within the time and space through our memories, we keep processing them, saving them, denying them, allowing them to be felt. Meanwhile our shells slowly keep withering from the moment we were born, our mind is able to learn and grow instead.

It is an illusion of summary of the numbers of experiences we gathered, and we created a vision of our portrait within our still so tired minds.

For me, it was my record of the process of displacing and suppressing memories and thoughts for long time. In the moments when I did applied these new healing thinking principles, I felt that I was getting closer to my answers, but in practice they keep slipping away through m fingers. These thoughts tends to be rather fluid. Like running on the orbit of a black hole where reality is distorted and time dilates. In these moments we may no longer have control over our perception of reality, if we try to penetrate beyond this boundary – to the hypothetically pure truth about ourselves - we find that the stable idea of ourselves ceases to exist. The illusions we have created have served to protect us from this decay.

So is giving up the need to create illusions really the path to healing? To liberation?

The mind itself is constantly searching for apparently stable moments in time in the form of memories, emotions, events or thoughts, where we build a surreal image of our personality based on these segments and tell ourselves how real it is. Yet every day, we become someone else again.

These trains of thoughts, even ourselves as we are in nature, we all are a part of this enourmous timelapsing illusion, cycled, full of connections and relationships with both, mind and action.

It is a fact that most of us are half asleep while we believe ourselves to be awake.¹

2 SELF-PSYCHOANALYSIS

2.1 What is psychoanalysis?

What is the purpose of the psychoanalysis?

It's a very simple question and there is also a very simple answer: To know thyself. ¹

The idea of self-understanding is also the basis of understanding of the world. Process of gaining new experiences through good and bad life events, and our inner decision if we will whether will our heart listen to it or not.

Psychoanalytic technique or the art of listening, both to others and to ourselves. It claims that self-knowledge leads to healing.

Yet sometimes it is easier to slip into the so questionable world of illusions, because the state of ignorance is giving us an opportunity to live more carelessly. Maybe helps us to enjoy life a bit more, but this state will make us crumble inside as much as we will use it.

Therefore, the optimal competence of living beings depends on the level of self-knowledge as orientation in the world and decision-making. The better we know ourselves, the better our decisions turn out to be. The less we know ourselves, the more confused the decisions we will make. ¹

2.2 Illusion

The demand to give up the illusion of our condition is a demand to give up a condition that needs illusion. ¹³

Sometimes, however, I wonder if it is really necessary to give up on all illusions in general... sometimes it is easier to use illusion as the most logical sounding judgment at the moment to save drama and time spent on the topic and just move on. I have a lot of unanswerable questions in my mind that are fun to ask, but frustrating not to know the answer to.

In my humble opinion, every issue plaguing human begins in the development of a child's mind. Due to the substantial environmental influences and the child's own experiences in which he is raised, he builds his own little illusion of how the world and people around him

work. Perhaps rather than an illusion, it could be called just learning and developing, but often with a lack of true reality in its knowledge.

We are also limited by ourselves from the start. By learning how to use critical thinking and logical reasoning to correctly deduce at least sufficiently workable paths across life. Subsequently, however, we realists are automatically identified as negative in the conventional world when we begin to abuse this thinking more over time. Reality often hurts, as the saying goes... but perhaps, at once upon a right time, there is nothing wrong with taking even the grimmest reality as a given.

*Critical thinking is not a hobby, but a skill. ... Critical thinking is a quality, an ability, an approach to life, to everything; critical does not mean in any way hostile, negative, nihilistic; on the contrary, critical thinking stands in the service of life, helps to remove obstacles to individual and social.*¹

2.3 Self-application

The purpose of using the artwork as a part of my self-psychoanalysis is quite simple. The artwork making me to ask questions. More specifically, the artwork is asking me questions.

And I love to ask more of them back and making a lot of possible answers, then choose the most fitting, depending on the base thesis and purpose of the artwork and then create it with my own hands. It is a therapeutical process when every answered question is an answer even for me, not even for the viewer. These answers, if I will let them, can form my mind and influence my future self-decisions.

But the main reason why I even started so being interested in it is because I sensed that something is wrong with me. Well, I always did consider myself as a very mentally stable person, until recently when I accidentally touched a personal experience of mine with one of my new theses, then even before I started talking about it, my eyes were pouring tears like they never did before.

It was an artwork, where we were supposed to design glass cups and I wanted to create a reference of a singer of a heavy metal band, who was recently diagnosed with lung cancer at that time and is very dear to me. A memory.

It was not his illness which saddened me to that unstoppably crying point, but the fact I was supposed to go on his concert with my family member, but then I was suddenly unable to, with the possibility of not being ever able to, due to the fatal state of his illness.

The point why I was crying was because the music is one of the very little languages I have with that family member and it saddened me, that I was unable to share more memories with him. Even though I never recognized my craving for it that big.

I very much appreciate these possibilities of good making memories with them, because I never felt like I was a person worthy of an attention. As the time went by from my childhood, some of us know very well that times when little kids get the more attention than the elder only because of their youth and cuteness, but this was quite surprising kind of loneliness I felt from the start of it happening. It was not like I was ignored, more likely there was no bond built being developed from the very beginning.

Things tended to be taken as automatic thing to happen, but not for me. I probably had not enough of information to process that moment of reality.

In the course of this, person creates a so-called „illusion “, which he builds based on his own childhood experience. ²

Then I was always more likely told that I am irresponsible, how independent and reckless child am I so often that I fell for it and I felt often guilty for trying to be myself in front of them. Even thought- I did never drink alcohol, never smoked, never was even nearby any drug... I was on a tight leash, unable to taste even a bit of more freedom as the others so I tended to be independent due to the lack of gained freedom. I also tended to be very nervous because I was so afraid that the world what were said to me were true, so I didn't even go outside by myself to face it. To risk it.

I ended up mostly alone, due to my lack of understanding myself and the surroundings, I never was fitting in any puzzles. Nor school nor even home.

But even though there was the lingering loneliness in the back of my head, I often more likely thought that it is due to the lack of being understood and acknowledged as an equal to my kin.

There were times when I tried to confront them of course. When I felt strong sense of unfairness or just thought that it could be a right time, there was no point in it. Somewhat

demaned what I believed I had right for to gain. Only now I found a perfect description of my state how I felt and how it went:

*I noticed that the well-mentioned words of the other participants, who observed and commented on my process, reached my ears, but they mainly revealed that they did not understand my condition. I tried to concentrate the stabbing pain even harder. After a while, my right eye began to fill with tears, while my left eye remained dry. I became aware of a line dividing my body into two halves.*¹²

The reaction was very unwelcomed, because it was a word against a word. And our shared genetic says that I was meant to happen regardless. Due to our similarity, but also due to the lack of our communication, we were practically unable to develop something deeper withing than something what is rather regular.

The sense of obligation to protect our kin from the others when needed but also the lingering sense of obsession with power and right in this kind of protection tends to be rather dangerous to the parent like relationship with the descendants.

But simply put, I was able to feel enough of a neutral thanks to the very fatal habit I developed to do. I tended to deny it. Just simply deny it. Push it. When the sadness came, I let it devour me for a glimpse of a moment- and then it disappeared. But it did not, it was more likely transferred from my mind, from my tear upping eyes somewhere else, somewhere unseen.

I thought that I made myself stronger and felt proud of that, so I could easily share the thoughts with the others later and give them my advice but with this lack of experience in actually let the feelings to be felt, I kind of lost a bit of my empathy for a time being.

*„ It had to happen, and it probably did, and because it did, I'm this way or that way. “This approach is of no use, no benefit. If one is drowning and knows the law of attraction, one will drown anyway. Experiences from childhood or the past are only important if they are re-experienced and re-created.*⁴

It is not healthy at all, this kind of habit. Person can feel like a heartless monster when situations became tense. A manipulator of the others feelings when allowed. When there is lack of feeling what needs to be felt, instead of loneliness, it transmutes into emptiness. And when there is emptiness... there is a cruel greediness.

*If someone is drowning and yet knows the law of gravitation, one will still drown...*¹⁴

It is a matter of the construct of inner self-destructivity. I believe that if I would let it continue, I wouldn't be able to become the person I am now. Yet, one needs to learn to swim, to use one's past experiences both good and bad for benefit and progress of his mind.

That is why I am glad that I was able halt myself at time, I stopped midway of going somewhere darker, and made myself reconsider my past decisions.

But what now? I recognized the problem, made a brief analysis and also managed to halt. But that is not a key feel better yet. It is just a start of the process. It is only a flicker of a vision of how it could be in the moment, and we cannot stop yet, even though it will probably become more and more painful. It is always just a part of the process and the more we allow ourselves this kindness, this sense of fairness... to allow ourselves to be weak for a bit of the moment. Bit by bit we will become actually stronger thanks to it.

I made myself feel the present a bit more. I recognized this as a progress, but never really continued until recently at this studio of Glass Design, where I was introduced to the existence of conceptual artworks. So yes, I was starting to drown in it again. It was pretty much accurate for it to be likely how the surface under my feet began to rot, slowly pulling me down with the water around becoming heavier again. Swallowing me deeper into my lagoon of dark thoughts.

But even though that it was rather unexpected, the me, slowly approaching the more and more sensitive topics to make an artwork of it helped. And bit by bit, I felt how the tension in my mind eased, the more answers I have got, the more my mind was free of the ringing which was like voices screaming the flaws of my personality and actions into my ears daily.

How does Freud justify the aims of psychoanalysis? Simply put, what needs to be treated is related to events in early childhood. This event is repressed, and because it is repressed, it continues to act. The so-called repetition compulsion ties the person to this early event in such a way that it not only acts by its own inertia, because it is there and never ceases to act, but also because the repetition compulsion forces the person to repeat the same pattern of behaviour over and over again. If this pattern is brought into consciousness, then its energy is fully experienced, so to speak, not affectively; if what is called „durcharbeiten“(processing) occurs, the force of this trauma is broken, and the person is freed from this repressive influence.¹

I would like to agree with Erich Fromm on disapproval about the so fancy said effectivity of this theory a bit. Most likely, from it would make sense, but I think that the unit of time is

forgotten to be mentioned in this theory. And that is essential for it to even work. The acknowledging the fact of its future pain and time what it will take to get there. Because if we won't, there is a lingering possibility of some whispers saying that it is an illusion again. False hope. It is not something so easy to do, to remember the cores of our sorrows, the very details which could easily solve them, no.

Neurosis is therefore a defence against the objective inner activity of the soul or a somewhat dearly paid attempt to escape the inner voice and thus the mission. For this rest is the objective activity of the soul, not dependent on the consciousness, the activity which wanted to speak to consciousness with the inner voice and thus bring man to wholeness .¹¹

Important facts remain hidden.

Even though I was able to find out some of it, it was primarily thanks to the deduction and looking into it for years. It was like a playing a strategy game with my own subconsciousness. Whenever I thought that I made a smart move enough, I had lost a figure.

But I was able to manage it thanks to the comparisons of my own questions with the artwork questions asked, then I practically modified the thesis and then it became my solution of problem.

3 CORE PATTERN – GENERATION TRAUMA

3.1 Algorithms

I see the glimpse of the beginning, or rather, the core of my probably traumatic problem somewhere deep within the time of my childhood.

The characteristics of evolving systems are growth, by which we mean increasing complexity over time. because these systems are in tune harmony with their environment, they adapt to its changes. ... The result is a new more complex arrangement of system organization that simplifies the complex web of previous adaptations and therein lies the principle of growth.⁹

I don't blame anyone, I mean, it is something what exist in a time loop of the automatically generated algorithms of actions and reactions, which comes out of our very inner nature.

And the decision of my actions and reactions are also my own mistake to begin with, because I am the one who makes the final decisions in my mind, I was the one who locked myself in this room and demanded from the others to find the keys to open them and help me. That is why I am glad that I managed to realise things and was able to react quickly and now I am on my own route of inner healing.

Or to be more accurate, my own deliverance from this magic circle. I simply refuse to apply my own mistakes on the new generations which are going to be on this world. I would love to help them to find their own peace of their minds, but I refuse the stereotype.

It is rather a „symbiosis and autonomy “thesis to acknowledge.

3.2 Symbiosis and autonomy

Symbiosis is a term for a concept of harmony used both in biology but also even in psychology. And autonomy, from a biological point of view, we have almost ingrained in our genes a kinship with other people.⁵

Every action in education, every expressed feeling towards the child have its consequences. It can become being destructive equally for the parent and for the child. It is rather needed to found a right balance of symbiosis, autonomy and also with the sence of freedom we all care.

Too much attention can create addiction. But too little attention creates anxiety and loneliness.

3.3 Unfairness of the stereotypes

The main core if this thesis practically is, the thesis of the main frame of this canvas of still devouring and pouring, time lapsed push and pull of the information through and through the human mind...

The view how I see the thoughts transforming but also being tied so strongly between each other, rather kinship relationships. That's why I tend to use the stereotype of relationship between the child and a parent, along with my thought generation algorithm.

It acts the same in my eyes, it is connected within its loops and fractals within so many possibilities of doings yet, we tend to make still the same and same mistakes across the generations.

*The basic insight of trauma theory is that people who have had traumatic experiences are almost incapable of establishing healthy, uninhibited relationships with other people.*⁵

And I agree, as I said before, I don't blame, I can't blame people for being traumatized by the other ones and that is why they look at the world, at us through a crooked mirror. Yet that doesn't mean that I will ever forget what was said to me. Because the consequences of it was nothing nice to endure.

I take into consideration even that there's a stereotype of free forgiveness, when it lies somehow between the lines of being a family.

*But how far does the need for contact go? To what extent do we have to be available to each other? Where does the right to autonomy begin? ... Where are the limits of the common „we“? Where does the irreplaceable „self“ begin? When is the symbiotic need constructive and when does it become destructive? Because man clings to others and lets them determine his own life?*⁵

I am not planning in continuing this cycle, at least, not with the genes of mine. Because I know that if a child would inherit my thoughts, I cannot simply imagine, even if possible or not, the imagination of failing him as not a mother, but kin, person with so similar mind

which would corrupt and possibly destroy its own because of my influence... my fails... I, as its kin which is supposed to understand and help.

Also, my trust in future humanity mindsets is starting to be unreliable and I know that even though if I would not fail as a parent, as its kin, there's still a high chance that that I won't even have a chance to influence it, but it's going to happen anyway. The possibility of its own suffering due to the effects of the outer world, but with me, unable to help? I cannot imagine the feelings I would have at that moment.

It is rather, unanswered ending of my thesis, is I will be ever able to reconsider this thought or if I shall remain without an heir. Because I simply refuse to bring our world, to this flesh of unfairness and unrivalled cruelty, I refuse to be a part of it and bring another victim on this world and then only watch him suffer in silence.

That is why, the inner ninth figure is a moreover extra addiction, trying to reach out for its own way out of the circle, its own way.

Might be seemed as a loner way but, being out of the circle is not a bad thing nor a lonely thing even. Never was. The stereotype and traditions are teaching us to be a part of some inheritance process, even though we mostly never actually consider why is that.

The frame I designed is a frame of reference. Reference to the no ending cycle of still the same mistakes which are given to us generation after generation like preselected cards to dealt with.

It is a frame, feminine, as the thoughts are giving birth one to each other, keeps mixing its genes, cycling, changing its shape... tends to be viewed as an unwanted deformation from the very start. Negatively, then tends to be resented over the smallest things like we should be able bear the whole weight of the world.

I am supposed to be that unwanted extra deformation but, I don't see myself like that anymore.

II PRACTICAL PART

4 CONCEPT

4.1 Development

4.1.1 Vision

The basic conception of my artwork was, from the very beginning, the point when my mind paused, and became blank for days. I was so struggling and desperate to create something from nothing that my thoughts transformed from chaos, into instant emptiness. And then, there, behind my closed tired eyes, somewhere between the flickers of the light, vision appeared.

A dream is like the dreamers viewed wish, and who could deny that wishes are mostly directed towards the future? ⁴

I took it as a signal from my subconsciousness, which I was longing for so long to come. I took an advantage of it right away and started studying it deeper and deeper, so sometimes I have got carried away so much that it felt like it was close to the event horizon of this black hole, that I was nearly permanently consumed by its gravitation of sudden loneliness.

This way of thinking is rather a lone way, when we need to just dig deep within our memories only with ourselves to solve what needs to be solved, answer the right asked questions to gain the best result of state of well-being afterwards.

4.1.2 Thesis construction

So, I had begun to study my vision with research by applying a little by little of the self-psychoanalysis on myself. I started to ask questions frequently, then was trying to answer them with the most accurate and logical answer. And because I simply cannot stand the state of unfairness and silence when it comes to solving these types of questions, sometimes when situation tended to be rough, the echoing screams of these thoughts began to be quite loud, and it was hard to concentrate on sketches.

It's easy to guess the nature of the humour, when it determines the difference in the listener's reaction to it. ³

This sentence was lingering in my head while I was constructing this thesis, while being exposed to the piercing eye pain. Like a joker who was trying blindly to find his own bells by only the sound, even though it was already a part of his suit.

Then I decided to split my vision into two main questions. The Canvas and the Frame.

4.1.3 Canvas

On specifically this thesis, I made a separated artwork named *Gloss of the Psyché*.

Back then, I didn't even realise that I did answer this question and that there's no need of continuing deeper within. I did successfully heal myself a bit, even though, the realisation of this artwork did not end up as I imagined, the sketches for its final design were the answer itself.

I did create a thesis, based purely on the vision, when the canvas which was appearing to be deeply black as some kind of void. The whole point was that it was not any kind of a surface, it wasn't supposed to be a flat screen to view me an image, that wouldn't be enough to let me know what is wrong.

It was a portal, within the time and space when I was not even sure on which side I am standing on when looking into its darkness. Was it the subconsciousness looking at me from the depths of long time ago denied memories? Or I was in the side of the lost subconscious land, while the reality was pouring at me new and new thoughts, questions to deal with?

Is the subconsciousness a place full of light where things might be blurry and barely visible yet still being able to be found again? Or is it rather a dark place where the light gets devoured by its powerful gravitation deeper and deeper within ourselves?

Later, it was making more sense to be a dark place, where even the light cannot survive. Because it is rather a blind wandering, the searching of the information we crave at the moment. And no, it is not our mind which is failing us, it is not. It is us. We are the ones who were always pulling for the strings and made those decisions.

Even though it is rather hilarious how we tend to blame everyone else but not us, and if us, then never someone else. That were always the rather darker thoughts of mine in the past, which were defining my personality and decisions. My own cold, raw logic without any sense of empathy towards myself was my own curse and I feel it still somehow is.

And yet I decide to fight, because I am tired of being in this state. And for that, there are piles of denied past feeling which are in need to be felt through.

The Canva thesis was practically based on this state of mind of mine, when I was rather often ignoring my own feelings and needs, denying my own cravings to fit my greedy, so greedy myself into this world's gameplay puzzles. I was always trying to be a perfect piece, rather universal, due to my endless loneliness. But I never realized how this way of thinking made me like that.

Simply enough, whenever I felt like I was getting weaker with my thoughts, I did bite myself briefly, lightly into my inner lips or hand, or just smacked the back of my hand into something nearby. Always tried it to be the most less visible as I could. It as a just a little thing which I thought is normal, but I was never aware of the possible consequences.

It does sounds rather drastic, but it was never something I would consider as a self-harm. The point of it was only a quick way to distract myself, never to make myself feel relieved from pain. Just a quick shock for my brain to snap back into reality.

But now I see it as a great mistake, the consequences still do feel rather heavy now.

I felt, even as a child, that there was something deep inside me. The holden back tears were pilling up. Or rather, I prefer to say, with my heart as its core, it was like a small little gravitation anomaly was made. I called it a Barrier. As the time went, it was never a problem, it was just there, and I did accept it as a part of my inner self as a regular thing I thought that everyone has. I took it as a part of my living and thanks to it I felt freed from the unnecessary bigger amount of sadness than needed to be expressed.

So, I began a rather separate project, where I combined this matter of a fact of my inner self, my experience with it and combined it with my light sensitivity.

Simply because I found it poetical. The way I was trying to find the thoughts and memories deep within myself, it was like the barrier had its net made from straight strings, from circles orbiting around the deeply buried heart. I have found... not images but, deformations on its surface. Sculptures like deformations. It was like a time stopped moment of some revelation tried to push itself back outside, like something had triggered it while I was weak, enough to leave a mark on it.

Despite the sad topic, it was a beautiful view. The strings were unnoticeably pulsing some source of its own light but I, my present consciousness was the one who was able to shine it brightly for few moments of its discovering.

So, I tried to paint, while forcefully triggering these visions by artificially inflicted pain of my eyes, when I exposed them to a sudden bright flash of light. I found this procedure necessary as a required part of the process, because from my point of view, there was no way that I would be able to see deeper without a push.

It was a combination of physical pain and mental relief.

But not to ease it, make myself drunk from pain, but to see it clearly as a bright day and solve it properly with my eyes widely opened. And I think it was successful. It at least triggered the start which did required some rough push.

It was like a therapeutic experiment. It is not a done thing, I feel that there is still lots of work to do, about healing myself, of course it was just a rather painful start, but I believe that I opened a new door to myself.

And that's how I decided to close this thesis as it is, not to continue in it in this artwork any further, but it is still an important part of it. It is still a part of its design.

4.1.4 Frame

As I have already written, the half of my vision was completed. Before, I solved the question of the void and happened to discover its purpose for this vision.

But this time, I felt like something is missing from the very start. And that was a form. I have seen the glimpse of the canvas before, but never its details.

I felt, as the time went, that there is something more needed to possibly solve this part of the question. And it was an example. I needed to use a proper example as a medium for it, to communicate it. I was intentionally avoiding it, because it didn't feel right to talk about it nor even think about it. For a long time, until I have consulted it with my dear friends, it made me reconsider it. Because it is hard to try to talk about these theses in general when I don't have proper studies and research, and also, I am simply not qualified enough to talk about it as it is a thing meant in general.

There was a personal experience needed, and it was there, ignored and pushed into the corner of my mind and heart again. The eldest story of ours all. The process of symbiosis and autonomy of our adolescence. Education.

Later then, I have made up my mind and started to pick up one sherd of the memory after another, until I solved another one of puzzles of mine. Or rather, the puzzles were very much solved even before, because I have it in front of my eyes my whole life and I see it as clearly as I always did. But it seemed to be too unfair to say it out loud, like I never had right to do it.

But then, it felt even more unfair to lie to myself than just swallow this bitter pill and take the risk.

Bit by bit, I had found this thesis very fitting to the core base of the vision, because it is what made me who I am.

So, I have started to design the frame. Not based on the vision only anymore, I was not trying to blindly force my mind to design it by drawing it in the still same shapes. The shape transformed from a square into a circle. The shapes before thin and blurry gained mass and curves of the humanoid anatomy.

4.2 Visualization

4.2.1 Canvas thesis

These are the previously mentioned sketches from the Gloss of the Psyché.

It was a process of painting with slightly coloured water with an acrylic paint, then drawing into it afterwards with white pencil on black paper.

The glimpses of the strings are supposed to be triggered by lingering pain to glow brighter. These four selected pictures represent the main four torturing pain of mine.

Unstoppable subconscious urge to scratch my shoulders and trapezes, due stress.

The ringing in my ears is like a flashbacks singing way too high melody about my flaws.

The silenced scream, unable to speak, yet able to mark my mind with its sharp teeth.

And the last, Pain of the pupil, which represents the scorching pain while exposed to the unexpected and bright flash of light.



Pic. 1: Scratching urge



Pic. 2: Ringing voices



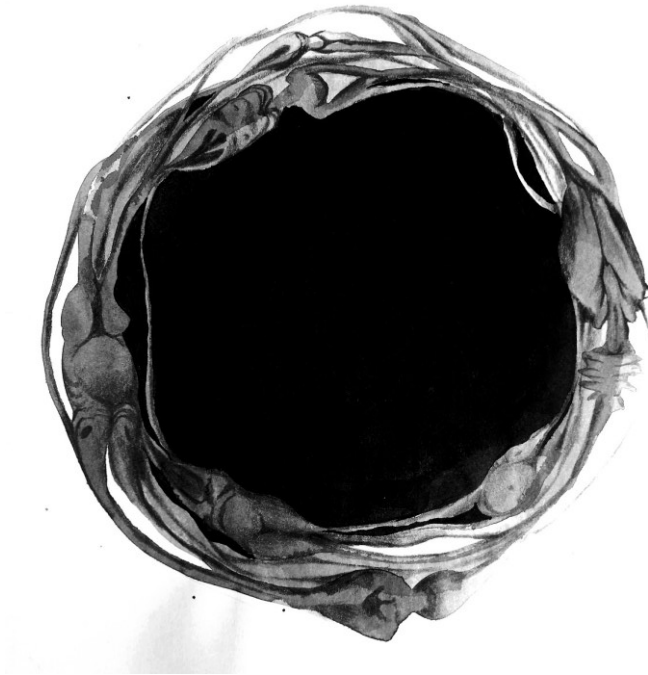
Pic. 3: Silenced scream



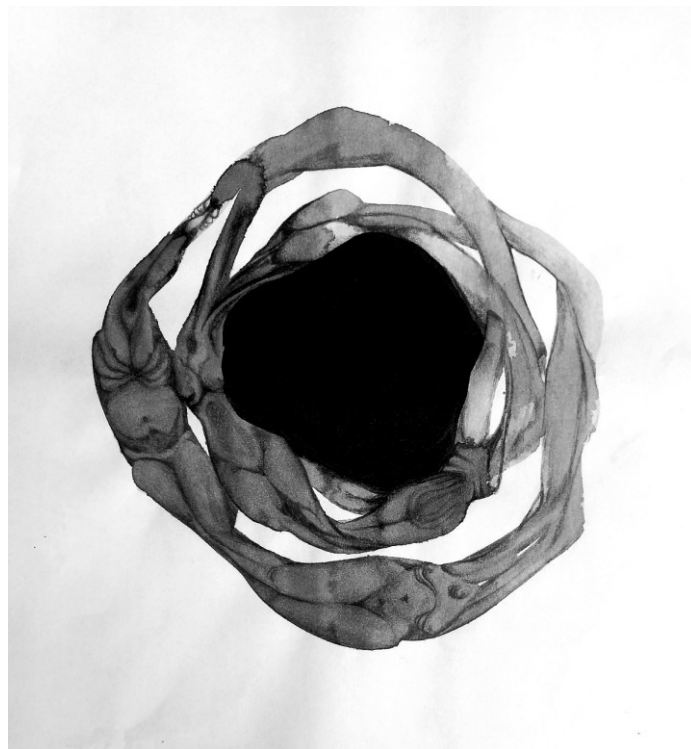
Pic. 4: Pain of the pupil

4.2.2 Frame thesis

On these pictures are hand painted sketches and blender visualisations of the whole sculpture.



Pic. 5: Thin portal



Pic. 6: Massive portal



Pic. 7: Linear figures



Pic. 8: Linear portals

The selected sketches are just a record of possible mass shapes of the bodies and portal thickness.

At first, I sculpted a first base figure, then made the variations of the deformations from the first base one, so I didn't need to sculpt every each of them from scratch.

Then I made them lean to their right side and designed various possible combinations of the compositions to create a circle.

It is problematic to consider reality, which is basically based on the perception of the external concrete world, a reality that we assume that we all perceive equally - which is not always true - as real.⁸

My own sense of blind belief in my own assume was, in the design of the characters, designing them and deforming them on the core of the problematic itself. Sometimes it is rather unbearable squeeze in the chest so you can feel it pressured like the ribs were swallowed from the inside and sometimes... we can feel so much unworthy of being able to become a parent so there is practically no sense of the vision being fertile even.

4.3 Result

4.3.1 Realization

The process of realization has a rather slow development, because it was the very first time, when I ever used Blender to model virtual sculptures. I was learning in the whole process new and new things every day and then had a problem with the artwork realization to solve.

It is an artwork, but also still an ongoing project of mine, which am I planning on continuing in the post-graduate studies. It is a very fascinating way of application of my inner thoughts and I find it very exciting, because I did always hold them back instead of expressing them with honesty. I feel that this work deserves more future attention to its perfection.

So, these realisations are models, models for its future possible appearance in 3D print and Plexi glass with other small glass models from melted glass into plaster molds. The negative technique is made with only making plaster mold with the imprints in the modelling material.

Another technique to create a glass sculpture version is to print a mold on a 3D printer with HIPS filament, which have good heat resistance so we can pour a melted wax into it, remove

the plastic with the help of acetone and then create a melting mold with the just created wax sculpt.

I was trying to find my way how to materialize a 3D PC sculpted statues in either relief or a sculpture in glass and I found out that it needs rather more time to develop this technique, but I am very satisfied with the negative reliefs in glass, when the natural light is permeating the glass and practically, the light brightens the print as its glowing. I made these reliefs by imprinting the 3D models into a modelling material. The positives are made by pouring wax onto the imprints and then making a plaster and silica mold for melting.

Also, not only that I decided to print a model through 3D printing to transfer a virtual object into reality, but I also very much like the raw printed surface of the prints, when the cascades of the perimeters of the translucent filament are creating another new possibility of light reflection which I happen to be able to create only through 3D printing.

It itself creates a pearlescent like surface thanks to the light reflection but also it has the glass like translucency at the same time, and that's something what fascinates me.

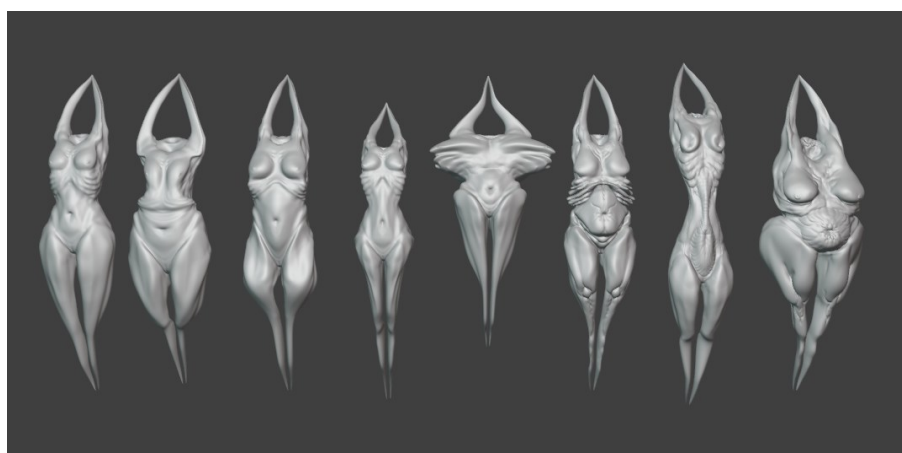
It also resembles me a bit of the melted glass sculptures, in which material and technique I am planning to realize the project in the future.

I have chosen specific translucent Smoke Black filament, to achieve the greyish colours of the sculptures. I tend to use rather not exactly pure bright colours; I do find it unnecessary at most of the times. In this example, I found the greyish or blueish colours fitting the most, because it is not a matter which should be deserving being pure.

I do find my inner thoughts rather filthy, like pure, transparent and clear sense of hope for a better tomorrow but suddenly smoked by the painful reality day by day. So, I rather love to use the dirty colours or simple clear, black or white. I am often trying to avoid the unnecessary unwanted associations which are naturally bonded with colours, so I choose neutral ones. And if, then I need a deep meaning for the different colour to use. As for the blueish, it is most likely because it does resemble me the dark clouds on the sky, when the heavy rain is coming. But not for its melancholic meaning, but its rather purifying effect with water which is poured from them on us from the sky. Sometimes it is loud as the echoing thunders, and sometimes rather hypnotizing when we get lost in thoughts between the gaps of falling rain drops.



Pic. 9: Model



Pic. 10: Sample figures



Pic. 11: Final

4.3.2 Installation

Installation is meant to be hanging from the ceiling, to make us look up, maybe feel a bit dizzy from the sudden movement and then get lost in these thoughts and curves of shapes a bit more easily. But it is a rather a thought for the future because I believe that the more enormous size would help the viewer to be literally devoured by this portal.

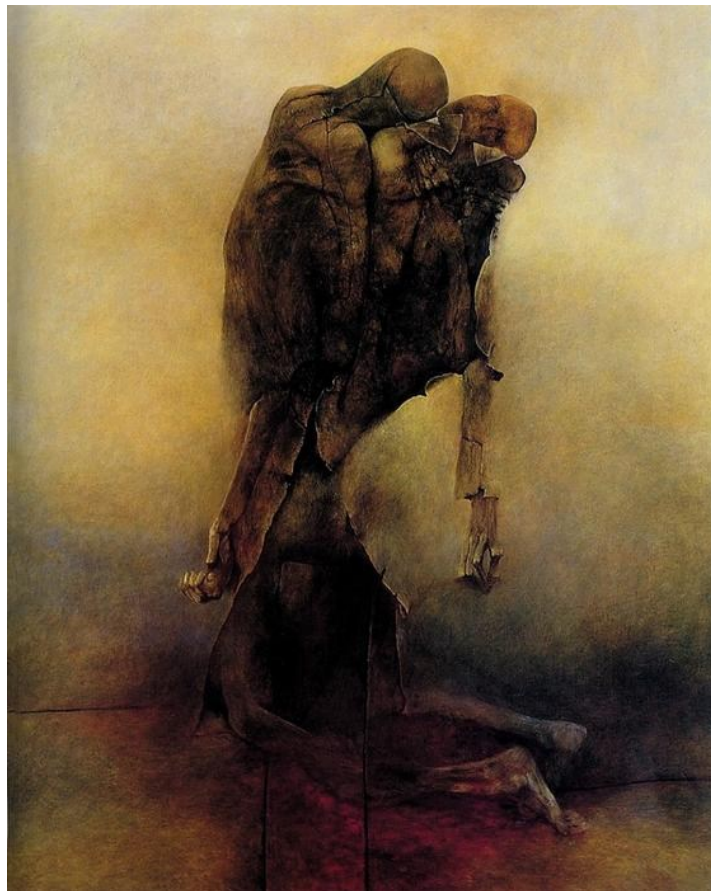
And yet still possibly, when hanged on a wall, to create an illusion of a mirror to see the glimpses of our thoughts somewhere between the process of these still self-generating thoughts.

My models are supposed to represent these possibilities and to work as they are.

5 RESEARCH

5.1 Zdzisław Beksiński

Beksinski, known for his unique style combining surrealism with elements of fantasy, created works that captivate with their depth and mystery. He wanted people to face the weight of this postapocalyptic surreal view of worlds painted on his canvas.



Pic. 12: Untitled (154)



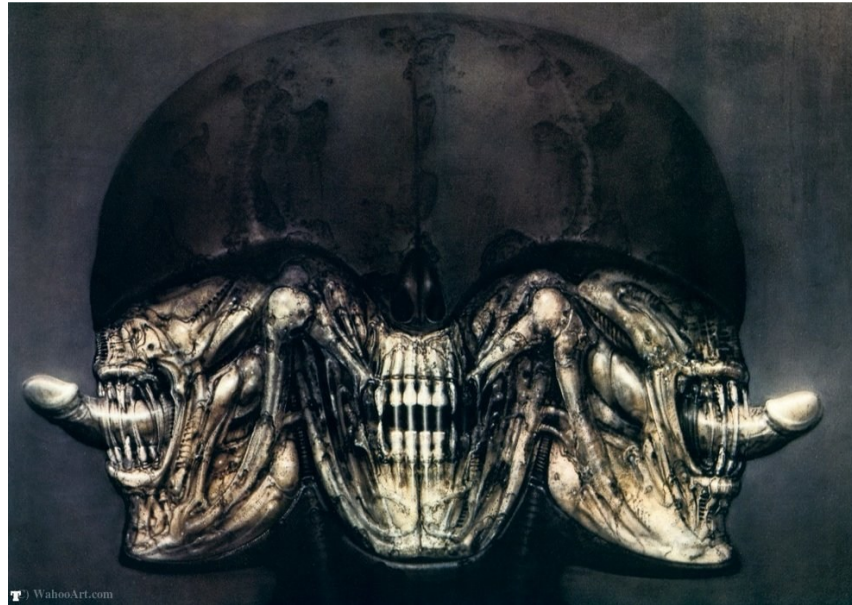
Pic. 13: Untitled (29)

5.2 H. R. Giger

Hans Rudolf "Ruedi" Giger was a Swiss painter, sculptor and designer, best known as the creator of the artistic movement called biomechanical surrealism and the creator of the Hollywood monster Alien. Playing with the topic of the metamorphosis his whole life, managing to always design and draw something new and unique. His fuse of the organics and mechanics were always very much interesting for me.



Pic. 14: Giger and the Alien



Pic. 15: Painting of Giger

CONCLUSION

Every unpurity in thoughts deserves to be purified.

Every feeling deserves to be felt. Without feeling our emotions, we tend to become only shells full of more and more unbearable pain. And that is the unfairness which we are creating for ourselves. For what? Mostly, for the most wanted played game in the world, cards that are dealt to us with the possibilities of realisation of what we owe each other as being a part of the society and what do we not. Sad truth mostly is, that we are doing it willingly. To please each other to feel wanted and appreciated.

These thoughts of mine are why; I used to see the world not in black and white but simply enough in the shades of grey. I had my mind closed to the colours for a very long time, because my urge to see the world in raw logic was stronger. Always tried to not to see the predict of the cards of the others, because I felt the painful outcome, regardless of any hope I ever had for relief.

I feel the tight grip of this thesis about me, my femineity, my own right to make my own decisions and my responsibility around my heart, but I feel how it slowly eses.

These rays of light that suddenly fallen on my skin are making me to feel warmer. Not to feel alone anymore. For me, it was this process of accepting myself as I am, and a person who made me reconsider my trains of thoughts, or just simply made it disappear. For everyone it is always something or someone different, something or someone they will choose or will have the fortune to meet, like me.

I was able to have the big fortune to meet even more great people in my life, which are am so grateful for and they do make my world brighter.

With these last sentences, I am again solving some more of raised questions, but that doesn't mean that it ends with these words. Life is a still ongoing process same as the process of our progress and self-care, and my self-care is also my artwork.

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

- A pic. - picture
- B cm - centimetres
- C etc. - et cetera

