

NIONIS'S

UNFINISHED JOURNEY

SELF-TRANSFORMATION THROUGH COMPOSITION

ONIONIS'S UNFINISHED JOURNEY

Self-Transformation through Composition

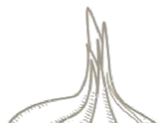
This one's for you. With you know
what, and you probably know why.

Onionis

/onyoneese; uhn-yu-naise:/

Onionis is a pseudonym that Khairranis invented. Perhaps it conveys an impression of amatuerism or an obsession of onions, however it is actually the resemblance of discarding thing, people or self that binds one tight into a monotonous cycle of misery, negativity, blaming convictions and behaviors. By discarding those, would you peel back the new or would you be unchanged?

O N I O N I S



DESIRE

DECLARATION



DEBRIEF



DIRECTION

DEVELOPMENT



DEFINITIVE



I will tear down the strongholds that kept me hostage
and in-prisoned me. I will be open to meet new
possibilities. I will forgive.

Even more, I will transform.

Yes, forgiveness helps and recuperates me.
Pardoning and letting go changes the route I define
myself, others and perhaps, the world around me.

- Onionis

1.1 Artist Biography

1.2 Artist Statement

Artist/ Art Educator
Khairranis Abdul Ghani

khartsy.wix.com/info



1.1 Biography

Khairranis Abdul Ghani (b.1997) is a Singapore interdisciplinary artist who strives to maximise her potential in art. Her inquisitiveness of contemporary issues surrounding art making and unfamiliar social dilemmas prompted her to explore in a combination media that demonstrates her artistic repertoire. Khairranis has a few notable achievements that involve her artistry and interests. Together with her entrepreneur team, Insane Artists, they work on the idea of reshaping mind-sets with art as a mode to unwind. In 2012, she did installations for Intra-School Dreams & Reality Masterpieces of Painting, Drawing & Photography from the Musee d'Orsay Paris. Her educational visit to Shanghai and Wuzhen in 2016 developed the Colors, Shapes, Images exhibition that was held in 2017. That year, she collaborated with Central Singapore Community Development Council for Painting Smiles project at Bras Basah Complex and went for an interdisciplinary expedition to Cambodia that sees her participation in The Flagship Genius Exhibition 2018 featuring Angkor Wat in Ngee Ann Kongsi Gallery. In commemoration of NAFA's Art and Soul 80th Anniversary, she was selected to design the book cover and also worked jointly with National Environment Agency and Mandarin Oriental to construct AMAZE, a group installation exhibited at the compounds of Nanyang Academy of Fine Arts. Her educational visit to University of Central Lancashire in 2018 had prompted her to exhibit pictorial landscapes based on mind-full art at Hanover Gallery, UK.

Unfinished Journey

Self transformation through composing

1.2. Artist Statement

If you had the opportunity to write to your old self, what would you say? Would you console, warn or thank your old self? Unfinished Journey is a collective and a sincere therapeutic record of self, based on introspection re-requested of the public.

I will attempt to tackle the subject on self-transformation through composition. I truly believe writing is a useful and integral part of therapy as there are numerous advantages to composing, including ‘getting it out of our head’ or seeing things from another point of view.

Compositions are composed in response to the responders of Unfinished Journey. This chance of heartfelt confession to the Dear Old Me allows viewers to witness an interactive self-transformation somewhere between the realms of legal exhibit and time capsule.

- 2.1 Research Methodology
- 2.2 Essay

2.1 Research Methodology: Seminal studies and Observation

Both primary and secondary research is utilized to take on the subject of self-transformation. Observations are recorded and not limited to the basis of drawings and penning down thoughts.

Research goes beyond reaching out to the public, speaking and writing to people who have transform lives or have themselves make a mark of change. Letters are collated, with the deliberate choice of exhibiting personal recollections of one's old self, an act of introspection/ small scale level: self-transformation. In return, I would respond to my own composition of each response

This project aims to outreach the audience to introspect as a way to improve and grow as an individual.

After all, how often does one positively transform?

2.2 Essay

This essay will discuss words as a powerful tool and artists I have selected who have either harness the power of words in art or have garnered my attention. I will also share their strategies and inspirations I have acquired to execute my works.

My Heart Be Upon You



My Heart

Preface

Joseph Addison once said, “Words, when well chosen, have so great a force in them that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves.”

I like this statement since it demonstrates the significance of words and how capable and compelling they can be. Words are utilized a similar way, they hold the attention of perus-es, impart content of information, and give knowledge of a specific occasion.

Sometime before I even started, words existed. Indeed, even in my early stages, I babbled indistinct jargon to empty air. As a little child, my parents addressed me and urged me onward as I attempted to coerce meaning into form. With awesome effort, I studied the shape of their mouths and endeavored to recreate the sounds myself. Through training, frustrations, and disappointment, I learned words.

Every introduction of words excites, jumbles, and humiliates me all in one breath. When I shy away, they beckon me to get it. Gratefully, the words are gracious to individuals who delight in their discovery. I live to experience them; to be engaged by them.

At some point or another, I began to regard the words as my slaves. I made them toil on my behalf. Beneath my whip, they labored without rest. Though they were exhausted, I trafficked them through the night and forgot to feed them breakfast in the morning. I believed their usefulness to me fulfilled their purpose.

I considered them as nothing more than a spoken sound, a written conglomeration of lines and curves and dots, exist-ing only to serve me, the benefactor and my appetites. But today I realized I will soon be dead – be it in sixty years or in the morning – and the words will live on without me just as they did before me for the word and the Word cannot die.

Body

It is often said that actions speak louder than words, but I argue that without words, actions have no value. Words bear the responsibility of starting wars, genocides, and famines. They can spread hate, distrust and slander. However, words also have the power to start both marriages and families. They can help us mourn, as well as express our joy. They also have the ability to save lives, and raise hopes. Think about for a moment because it is truly an Earth-mov-ing proclamation – to change your life.

Words undeniably have a powerful overwhelming implication on us, for good and, at times, for bad. The words “I love you” or “I loathe you” have majorly different meanings behind them, in addition, the most powerful force in the human psyche is how we word ourselves to our-self and others.

People give us labels, “you’re too short, you’re too tall, you’re too quiet” and we tend to take those labels and wear them like it’s our persona. Allowing ourselves to live into them like a role that were given in life. We can rewrite it. We can make it whatever we want.

I am...

Guided. Gifted. Graceful. Powerful. Passionate.
Playful. Blessed. Onions. Onionis

What are we exactly?
Who do we want to be?

Because I believe the words that follow I
am... follows me.

Onions. Do words not bear some resemblance to an onion? Onions are similar to humans and the words they formed, they act as unfinished inventories of fragments: objects, writings and spoken words. Beneath each skin, lies another skin. You peel the first layer, you reveal a little of your inner self. Onions can be mild or strong, bitter or sweet. It stings the eye but it makes a savoury dish. But, one should peel back the onion and pay little mind to whether it makes one cry or not. It can be beneficial and might enlighten another person as you remain in your light, giving them a push to do likewise.



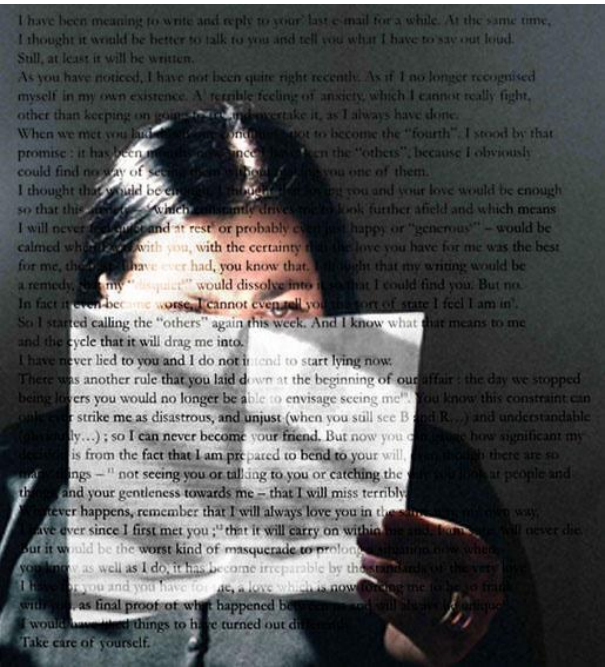
3 Artist References

3. Artist Reference: Sophie Calle



It would be hard to find clearer confirmation of Federico Fellini's aphorism that all art is autobiographical than the work of Sophie Calle. For more than three decades the French conceptual artist has plucked events out of her life, and the lives of others, to use directly as material for her work. The 61-year-old documents uncensored, raw moments, blurring the boundaries of life and art.

When the french conceptual artist was left by her then-boyfriend, she took his letter of good-bye and sent it to 107 women. These very different women all treated the letter in their own personal ways- a lawyer for exam-ple highlighted all the arguments listed within the letter, a children's book author wrote a fairy tale. The results photographed by Calle are all part of the cycle "Take Care of Yourself."



I have been meaning to write and reply to your last e-mail for a while. At the same time, I thought it would be better to talk to you and tell you what I have to say out loud. Still, at least it will be written.

As you have noticed, I have not been quite right recently. As if I no longer recognised myself in my own existence. A terrible feeling of anxiety, which I cannot really fight, other than keeping on going to bed and undertake it, as I always have done.

When we met you laid down some conditions not to become the "fourth". I stood by that promise: it has been impossible since I have been the "others", because I obviously could find no way of seeing them as being anything but you one of them.

I thought that would be enough. I thought that seeing you and your love would be enough so that this "disquiet" - which constantly drives me to look further afield and which means I will never feel quiet and at rest or probably even just happy or "generous" - would be calmed when I was with you, with the certainty that the love you have for me was the best for me, the best I have ever had, you know that. I thought that my writing would be a remedy, that my "disquiet" would dissolve into it so that I could find you. But no. In fact it even became worse, I cannot even tell you the sort of state I feel I am in. So I started calling the "others" again this week. And I know what that means to me and the cycle that it will drag me into.

I have never lied to you and I do not intend to start lying now.

There was another rule that you laid down at the beginning of our affair: the day we stopped being lovers you would no longer be able to envisage seeing me¹. You know this constraint can only ever strike me as disastrous, and unjust (when you still see B and R...) and understandable (personally...); so I can never become your friend. But now you can imagine how significant my decision is from the fact that I am prepared to bend to your will, even though there are so many things - ² not seeing you or talking to you or catching the way you look at people and things - and your gentleness towards me - that I will miss terribly.

Whatever happens, remember that I will always love you in the same way and mean way, I have ever since I first met you; ³ that it will carry on within me and, from now, will never die. But it would be the worst kind of masquerade to prolong a situation now when, as you know as well as I do, it has become irreparable by the standards of the very love I have for you and you have for me, a love which is now forcing me to be so frank with you as final proof of what happened between me and still always to apologise. I would have liked things to have turned out differently.

Take care of yourself.

Ponctuation: je n'y ai
touché que si nécessaire.

Sophie,

Changer toutes les apostrophes ' : => " ^{FR}
Changer tous les guillemets " : => " " ^{SS}

Cela fait un moment que je veux vous écrire et répondre à votre dernier mail. En même temps, il me semblait préférable de vous parler et de dire ce que j'ai à vous dire de vive voix. Mais du moins, cela sera-t-il écrit.

Comme vous l'avez vu, j'allais mal pendant ces derniers temps. Comme je ne me retrouvais plus dans ma propre existence, une sorte d'angoisse terrible contre laquelle je ne peux pas grand-chose, sinon aller de l'avant pour tenter de la prendre de vitesse. Comme j'ai toujours fait. Lorsque nous nous sommes rencontrés, vous aviez posé une condition : ne pas devenir la "quatrième". J'ai tenu cet engagement : cela fait des mois que j'ai cessé de voir les autres, ne trouvant évidemment aucun moyen de les voir sans faire de vous l'une d'elles.

Je croyais que cela suffirait. Je croyais que vous aimeriez et que votre amour suffirait pour me rassurer. J'ai tenu cet engagement : cela fait des mois que j'ai cessé de voir les autres, sans doute simplement heureux et sereins. Je n'ai pas votre contact et dans ce monde, l'amour que vous me portez était le plus bénéfique pour moi, le plus bénéfique que j'ai jamais connu, vous le savez. J'ai cru que l'écriture serait un remède, moi, intranquille, s'y dissolvant pour vous retrouver. Mais non. Ceci même devenait encore pire : je ne pouvais me pas vous dire dans quel état je me sentais. Alors, cela devenait, j'ai commencé à rappeler les autres. Et je me disais que cela vous dirait pour moi et dans quel état cela m'entraîner.

Je ne voulais jamais mentir et ce n'est pas aujourd'hui que je vais commencer. Il y avait une autre règle que vous aviez posée au début de notre histoire : le jour où nous cesserions d'être amoureux, une voie ne serait plus envisageable pour vous. Vous savez, cette contrainte ne peut que paraître désastreuse, injuste (alors que vous voyez toujours B., R., ...) et compréhensible évidemment ; ainsi je ne pourrais jamais devenir votre ami.

Mais aujourd'hui, vous pouvez mesurer l'importance de ma décision au fait que je sois prêt à me plier à votre volonté, alors que ne plus vous voir ni vous parler ni saisir votre regard sur les choses et les êtres et votre douceur sur moi me manqueraient infiniment.

Quoi qu'il arrive, je ne cesserai de vous aimer de cette manière que fut la mienne dès que je vous ai connue et que ne prolongera en moi et, je le sais, ne mourra pas.

Mais aujourd'hui, ce serait la pire des masarades. Je maintiens une situation que vous savez aussi bien que moi devenue irrémédiable au regard même de cet amour que je vous porte et de celui que vous me portez et que m'oblige encore cette franchise envers vous, comme dernier gage de ce qui fut entre nous et restera unique.

J'aurais aimé que ces choses tournent autrement.

Prenez soin de vous.

X J'aligne
au fer à
dents

Texte court et répétitif : j'ai relié
entre elles les répétitions et quelques
en orange les occurrences conjuguées
du verbe "savoir" et en jaune celles
du verbe "dire"

Take Care of Yourself- Sophie Calle

3. Artist Reference: Paloma Wool



Paloma Wool is a multidisciplinary creative project that brings together artists to collaborate on the making of each collection. Founded by artist and designer Paloma Lanna, they create timeless pieces that are produced locally in Barcelona and remain detached from the seasons of the fashion industry.



About getting dressed and about the space or ideas that are created around the act of getting dressed. Inspired by a painted scene of nude women by Émile Bernard, Paloma asked friend and illustrator Tana Latorre to draw a scene of feminine figures bathing in a river, these drawings were later printed on 7 linen pieces which were later represented and photographed by herself. This limited linen collection tributes the role of woman in 20th century art.



3. Artist Reference: Marina Abramovic

Marina Abramović is a Serbian performance art-ist. Her work explores the relationship between performer and audience, the limits of the body, and the possibilities of the mind.





Marina Abramovic's, *The Artist Is Present*.

The work was inspired by her belief that stretching the length of a performance beyond expectations serves to alter our perception of time and foster a deeper engagement in the experience. Seated silently at a wooden table across from an empty chair, she waited as people took turns sitting in the chair and locking eyes with her. Over the course of nearly three months, for eight hours a day, she met the gaze of 1000 strangers, many of whom were moved to tears.

I'm taken with this performance because she is a blank slate, like a giant canvas of projections onto which the audiences can assign their own meaning to her work. Whether or not it's a work of art or not is up to the view-er, but one thing is certain: It is work. Her works usually puts herself at her most vulnerable state which is the only authentic state to be on.

Now, although my works are not similar to such anarchic movements, I am inspired to integrate this interdisciplinary of art that may be spontaneous or orchestrated. This can be observed from my previous works displayed.

4 Previous Works

DIRECTION



Honey modelling Mark My Thoughts, 2017



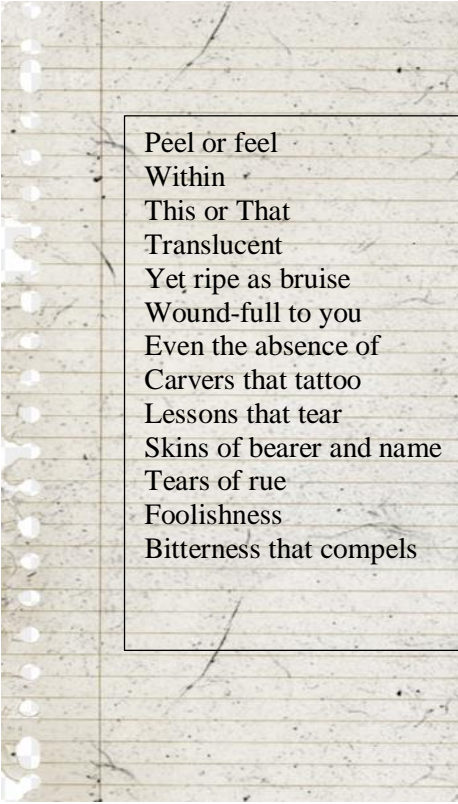
Eunice posing with Mark My Thoughts, 2017



Hafizah in her element with Mark My Thoughts, 2017







Peel or feel
Within
This or That
Translucent
Yet ripe as bruise
Wound-full to you
Even the absence of
Carvers that tattoo
Lessons that tear
Skins of bearer and name
Tears of rue
Foolishness
Bitterness that compels

5 Conclusion

DEFINITIVE

Conclusion

The artists that I have mentioned have distinct techniques and understanding of how words can be composed. In the case of Marina Abramovic, no words were needed because she has mastered her own primary presence. Her presence was a word itself.

Paloma Wool projected her interest through a collaboration by incorporating designs into each of her pieces.

Transforming space and ideas to create the act of getting dressed.

Sophie Calle questions the absence of an ongoing relationship and desiring some form of permanence to remain. The letter from her ex-partner was impersonally delivered, no voice, no postmark nor presence of the hand, thus it becomes her consummate art.

The self- transformation through composposition comes in various forms yet be able to materialize effectively. I will attempt to borrow intrinsic parts to translate my own concept of self- transformation.

Just like how it is natural
for your feet to find
gravity. It is natural for
you to let go. And find
your true purpose in life
again.

- Onionis

