

Cups of Tears & Walking Towards Soma Tropika

Guided by consultations from Aimée Dawn Robinson,
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Who is the boss of my dreams? Anne Sexton

Excerpts from diaries, bills, calendars.

*Imagine these stanzas as parallel realities, beat matching and
mixing a patched up future.*

Avatar: life drawing doll with a bucket on its head.

1?

I asked u: what do you say when someone asks u what your 10
year plan is?

U told me that you bought a watering can recently
u put a lot of thought into it before buying it.

U said u only imagine
3 months into the future

and when u buy an object, u visualize
how u will move it and this determines
the acquisition.

2?

September 6, 2021

It's another trash lettuce new moon poem
& it lands on labour day
& this one is really hard.

There are not enough cups to catch all the lacrimal.

Walk away with me
towards the water.

Will you hold my hand?
I want to hold yours.

There are 8 cups on my bedside table
filled with water and tea.

For most of my life
I would only drink

when my mouth was parched.

I really believed that:

only drink when thirsty.
Night time = water time.

Sleepsipping

Sipsleeping

Water me?

Did we both fall asleep to a tramp stamp?

DIAPHANOUS EARTH, MUSHROOM

HEALERS, PROFFEROLE,

JRL FRIENDSHIP, STRAWBERRIES,

LOVE,

TERRA COTTA, TERRA VERDE, TER-

RA CELESTE, SLEEP,

CONFIDENCE

ROCCO OR RUST

JOY

EMOTIONAL DREAMS,

THE PATH OF VULNERABILITY

Sometimes you doll
with a bucket on your head.

You doll so clearly
you sensory deprivation float tank operator.

You swan, to feel
the connects clearly.

3?

What will nurture us?

Text is the trick
to cut fantasy with dirt
wing tipped creatures,
reading in the clouds.

We are almost on earth
holding figs in the kitchen.
Sgraffito intersections of material
and verse

mix the colours of the earth.
We are flighty, ether-kitey.

She said that in a past life
whatever puppies passed between us
as litter mates

or married or as grandparents sharing a child
whatever we did before, it's kinda coming up now.

In the deepness
shiver away.

PatchWork Soma Release

4?

What we identify
will not come into
the text or be revealed.

5?

Password: What colour is the fabled sky?
spookyblue

6?

August 20, 2021/ September 6, 2018
I borrowed your question and also asked:
What will cause me great embarrassment?

Money-making; more of it or less of it.

How will I be valued?
Will we redistribute it?

Wait, the only reason why you think it's good
is because somebody bought it?

Is it monastic to paint, to poem when it's to make money?
(Do you want it to be?)

(Ace of Pentacles, upright)

If I appear before you
but I am not here

I'm sitting on a star
or what you might call poem dust.

She wanted to interact with the architecture
that was named after insects.

She wrote that she felt at times like a silky carapace.

Everything fell silent.

It was an effort from this point, unclear.
Looking at the sunset through a cup of tea

a slice of lemon was enough of a moon.
We were finding a way to return to the sun

only this was based on the speedy
teetering of buff men who

sealed themselves off from the dust world.
It was as though their blood

gushed with DDT.

Did her comportment repulse the girl
though she was certainly her true ally?

They were both kind of rough and
lived in multiple temporal registers

in front of a night sky. Prior to sky and darker than sky.

Sepia, sepia into sepia.

Counterentropy

7?

IS THE RAINBOW ALIVE?

8?

If you don't cry, what happens to all of your tears?

USE DADA TO LET GO OF papa?
or pump up the animas
& beginner's mind.

Hardened tears = duct rust?

SOME PEOPLE BLOCK YOU IF YOU CRY

Stress hormones come out in tears.

TEARS = CORTISOL RELEASE

It's part of the adrenal system.

TRY IT.

Cortisol is one of the main ingredients in our tears and it's one of
the only ways that shit comes out (if kept in the body/the body will
say no, eventually).

Different cries produce different chemical tears.

The cries of grief have a different chemical compound
than stress/ than sadness/ than happiness/ than glitter tears.
Please juice.

It's ok for us to be on the planet.

For her first solo exhibition at Galerie Noah Klink in Berlin, Alison Yip approached a neo-shaman and a psychic with an identical set of questions. She inquired about her future, her relationship with the gallerist hosting the exhibition, the title and the techniques or material she should use. Following multiple in-person and remote sessions including a stone oracle, two shamanic divination journeys, several card decks, and a coffee grind reading, Yip obtained some answers. These answers became part of a chain of interpretation as they turned into her medium to produce meaningful images, prefiguring paintings' own process of mediation.

Two distinct and contradictory scenarios emerged and gave rise to two series of small oil paintings envisioning parallel futures. In accordance with the respective readings, Yip painted one series on various pieces of metal, and another one on marble-print laminate floor tiles layered with collaged scraps of paper from her daily life. A marionette-like figure representing the artist is seen in Milan or in her hometown of Calgary — she is writing her first novel or working at a swan boat rental, marrying a rich Italian man of fashion instead of the woman she truly loves, or reluctantly unpacking a special edition scarf for an upcoming exhibition.

Yip's pictures exert a plasticity reminiscent of Northern Renaissance paintings and their nonlinear approach to perspective. In her genre scenes, figures are incongruously contained within the pictorial space allotted to their bodies and the objects that surround them, while the thin membrane of the vignettes allow the predicted scenarios to bleed onto the more tangible reality of the substrate. Pinned to the plastic covered walls of the gallery in mid-renovation, these scenarios belong to a wide array of provisional narratives — the kind we all construct to bridge our way forward.

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