

Jade

MAGAZINE

Volume One



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Liminality

The Liminal Space – Embracing the Mystery and Power of Transition from What Has Been to What Will Be. The word “liminal” comes from the Latin root, *limen*, which means “threshold.” The liminal space is the “crossing over” space – a space where you have left something behind, yet you are not yet fully in something else.

Liminality is the transitional period or phase of a rite of passage, during which the participant lacks social status or rank, remains anonymous, shows obedience and humility, and follows prescribed forms of conduct, dress, etc.

*The idea of liminality was introduced into the field of anthropology in 1909 by Arnold Van Gennep in his work *Les Rites de Passage*. Van Gennep described the rites of passage, such as coming of age rituals and marriage, as having the following three-part structure: separation; liminal period*

In this publication liminality is introduced in the way of loss and heartbreak, in the way of style and androgyny , and in the way of living and how one is stuck between his two different culture identities.

I am here but, I am also there.





LOOKING PINK

BUT

FEELING

BLUE

Some time ago I suffered a horrible break up. Sometimes the camera of my mind replays the scene of my self, lying on the bedroom floor, sobbing uncontrollably in devastation. I didn't want it to end, but I couldn't let that unhealthy relationship continue. My body shattered, and I could do nothing but fall to pieces on the floor. We broke up. I broke down, and somehow I had to find a way to live without this man that I loved.

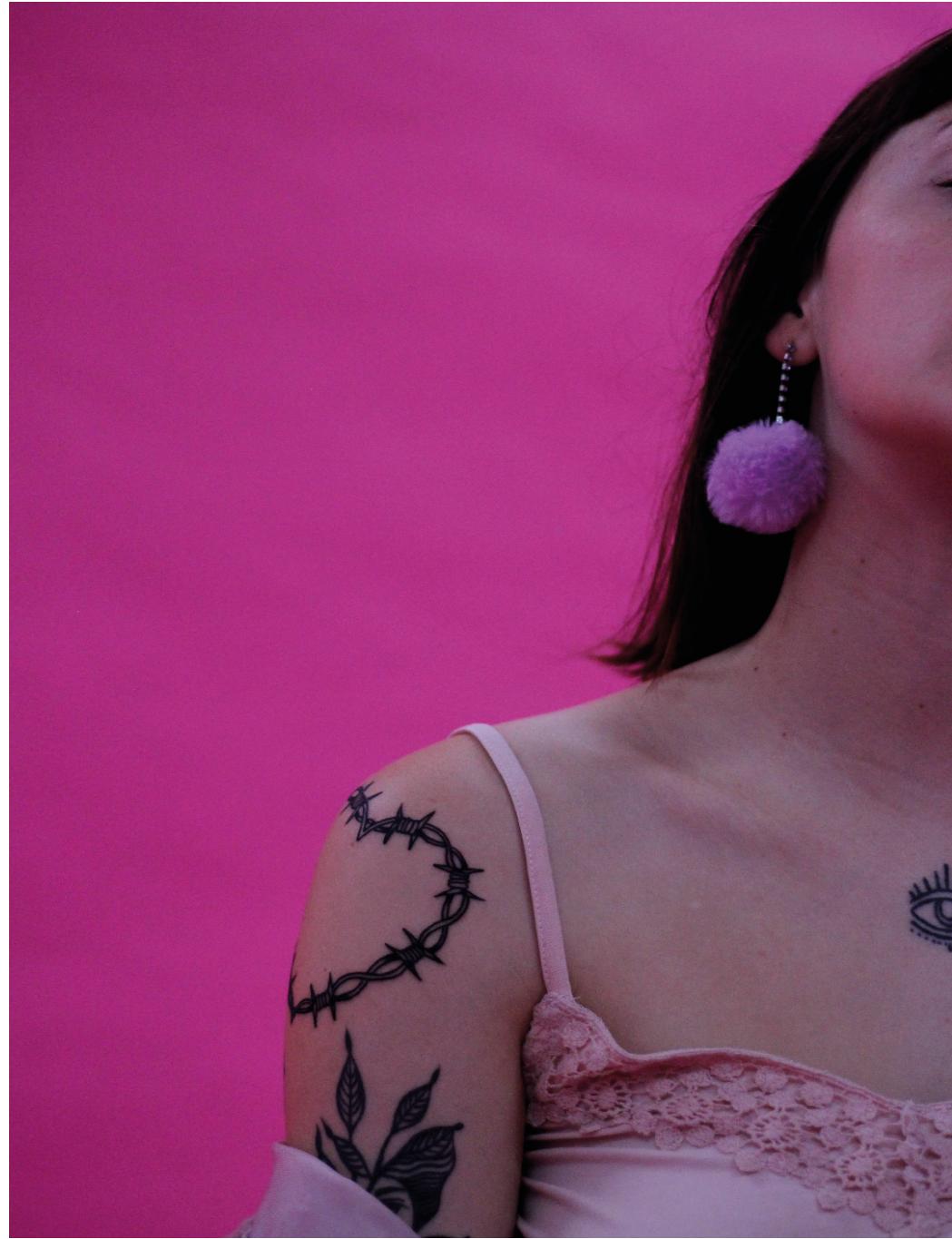
While there is no accurate description of what a broken heart feels like, there are emotional reactions and behaviors that many who've suffered a broken heart have experienced. They are not pretty. Part of the pain of a broken heart comes not only from the fear of being alone but also from the fear of feeling alone—as if no one could possibly understand what

When we invest ourselves, our time, our emotions, and our hearts into building a life with a partner, we are feeding our hope, nurturing our happiness. A break up cannot only destroy that happiness but also diminish or even rob us of any hope of ever finding love again.

“There is a lot of grief, and people often feel like ‘I’m not lovable,’

“It’s not only losing the person you were with, but also the life you thought you might have,”





” If breakups were easy, they would have a more accurate name—like a “filter” or “cleanse”—but what if we approached a break up as an experience to learn about ourselves? Ali said, “even though broken hearts are painful, there are lessons we learn if we honor the feelings of grief. Surf through the feelings and there is a lot of wisdom that can come.” The process of moving on from a relationship that has run its course can be an opportunity for growth and self-betterment.

While this advice might seem like an oversimplification of healing, prioritizing happiness takes a lot of work, and Norrington teaches that eliminating expectations is the first step in healing a broken heart. “People with broken hearts have one thing in common—having expectations of other people.

Having expectations of how someone else is supposed to act, feel, think, speak and behave. If you never want to experience a broken heart,” Norrington said, “eliminate all expectations from your relationships.”

More than anything, people who are pained need to learn strategies for coping with the pain. Because people can sometimes, “unrealistically expect or hope that life is all unicorns and roses,” said Marter. Finding the strength to search for the wisdom embedded in the hurt can be daunting though. Recognizing that healing is a process helped me to try to focus on living my new life one day at a time.





IN BETWEEN

Androgyny is the combination of masculine and feminine characteristics. Usually used to describe characters or people who have no specific gender, gender ambiguity may also be found in fashion, gender identity, sexual identity, or sexual lifestyle.

Personal style to me is less of the pieces you wear and more of a reflection of yourself, As a strong believer in being a product of your environment so is you outwardly appearance . As someone who always stood fast in not regarding the opinions as others as foundation of your own lifestyle this so to speak unlocked a sense of freedom in my style .

From my tattoo's and piercings to badly applied eyeliner, both things that are generally found taboo

for someone such as myself from the view of anyone who isn't me. Tattoo's are something I've been infatuated with from a child , I feel people tend to leap upon tattoo's when making a first impression on someone which at face value leads people to many assumptions. To me they reflect different periods in my life not for the artwork it self but the memories that surround it I have two tattoos that are an ode to love . One from a period in my life in which I disregarded the very notion of it to now where I feel love can be had in a mature an non intense context that I once believed it could only exist in , if it existed . This to me is the beauty in tattoos and just seeing my own change in character and belief in the space of a few years . Neither of these pieces were made to represent this change







in notion but lead to the realisation of it.

Some mornings I wake up and put eyeliner on a habit that started about a year ago as a 20 year old man this new take upon my own style slowly creped on me it started with getting my girlfriend to apply it on me for a party quickly I realised I liked how this looked and could make it work and over time I integrated this as a norm of my style if you were to look at my hands you would see I wear long painted nails another choice in a plethora of small things which to me make my look.

This diverge of what is considered normal enthrals me , others not so much... but this is what gives us so many options and why I feel people waste so much self discovery and pleasure in abiding to what they feel is expected of them in their choice of self presentation.

“I feel people waste so much self discovery and pleasure in abiding to what they feel is expected of them in their choice of self presentation.”



EVERYTHING

E

NOTHING

I'm a woman. I'm a woman in a country where the creative art scene is seen as nothing but a hobby. Hold on, though. This does not mean I shy away from demanding what I am certain I deserve. I'm a woman in a country where creative individuals are laughed at and deemed to be unsuccessful. I'm a woman in a world where women are constantly objectified. Why is it that we are perceived as too passionate, too controlling or too emotional in our art? Why is it that my artistic talent means nothing to the men who understand not the art itself but rather my body? Why is it that they know me not for what I create but rather for what I appear to be? Why are we, as women artists, constantly told we're not good enough when we know we are? I'm an artist but to them, I'm a female. Why can't I be both? I should be judged for my creativity not for my gender.

“I deem myself as an artist, but to them I am just a woman.”

“Do Women Have to Be Naked to Get into the Metropolitan Museum?” This question is posed by the Gorilla Girls most famous poster (1989), which notes the number of female artists compared with how many female nudes there are on exhibit at New York’s Metropolitan Museum of Art. The image riffs on Ingres’ Grande Odalisque (1814).

Artistic creativity has historically been considered a masculine attribute. In the Renaissance, women couldn’t purchase their own paints, but relied on a male relative or art instructor to obtain them. Still, women’s contributions to visual culture remain neglected and female spectators of art see less that is representative of their intimate experience and daily life. How does this influence the mind of a female artist?

Time has passed. Times have changed. But -

I am still seen as an object in a man’s world. I do not get comments on the work that I present. I get comments on the way I dress, the way I look, the way I feel.

I will always remember the day an established artist used my creativity as an excuse to meet up and discuss how I would be of help to him, but in reality he just wanted to meet me to touch my hair and feed me cheap wine. The heartbreaking truth is that I almost fell for it, again and again, the feeling of hope that someday someone will actually regard me as an artist rather than a body to be taken advantage of.

You must get my point now. You must understand when I say I’m a woman in a man’s world. You must understand that I am not weak, however. I’m a woman. I’m strong. I should not be ashamed of saying so.





By Adreana Gravino