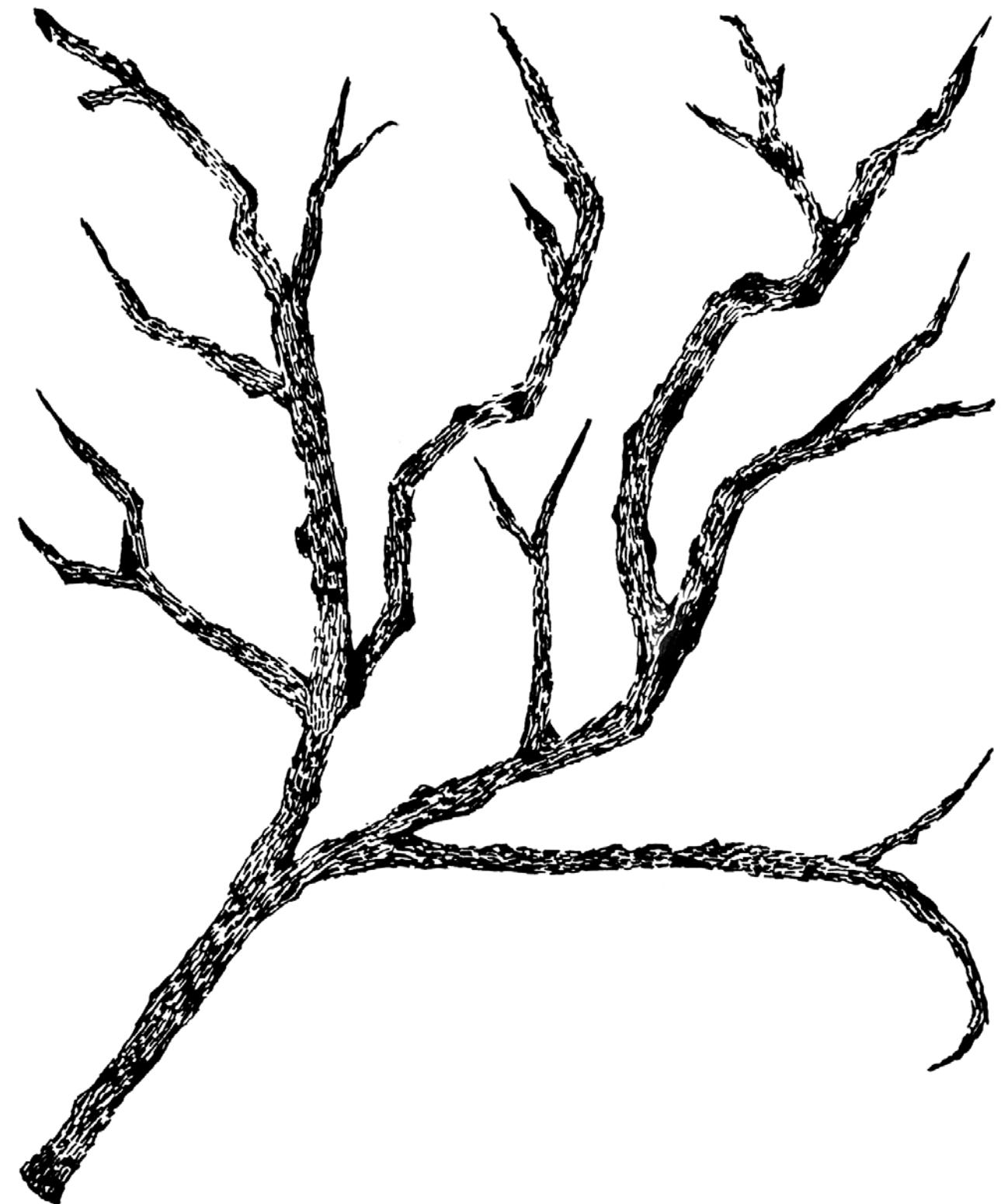
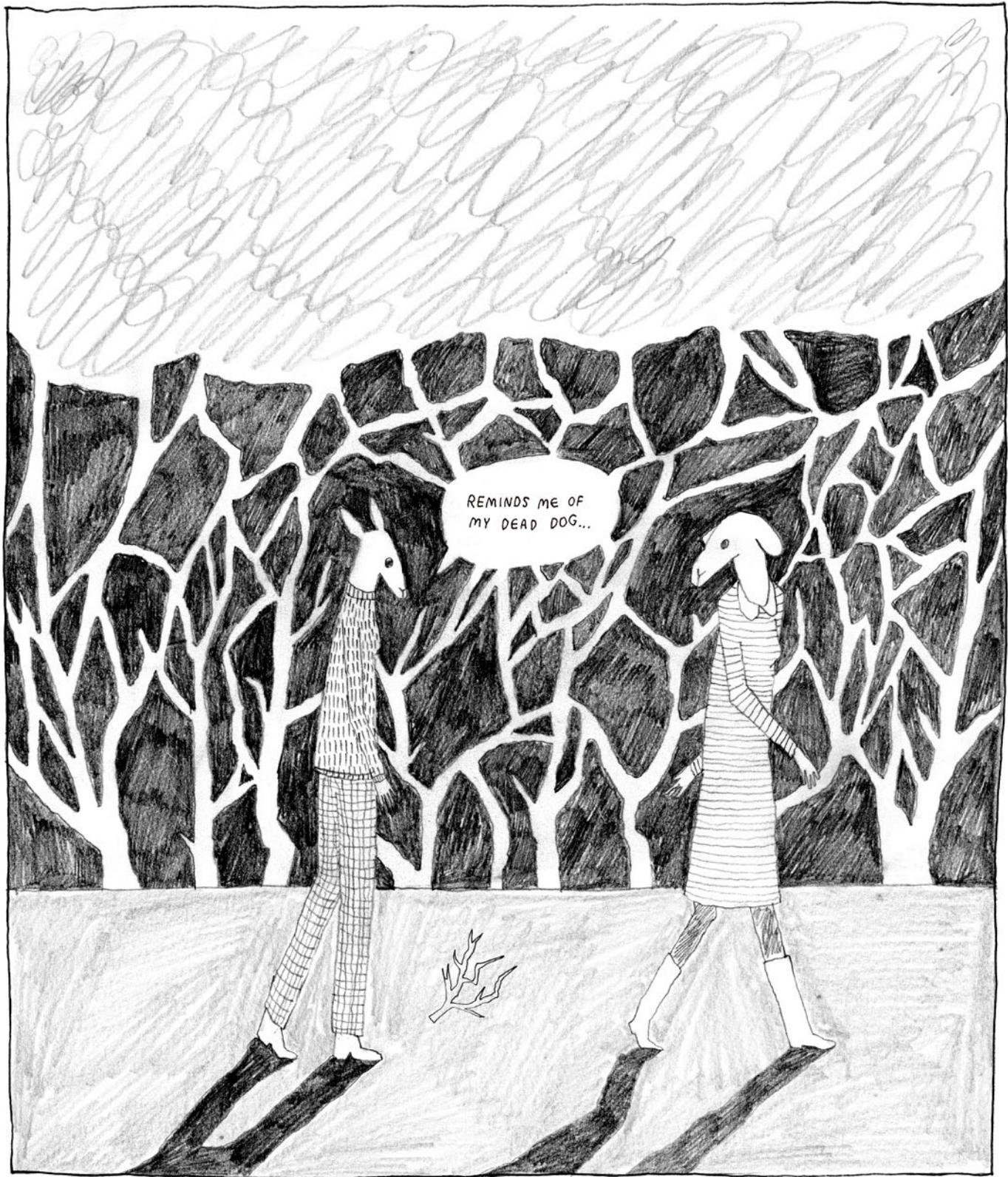




AT THE
HEART
OF THE
DEAR



SHE WAS VERY PROUD OF HER HOME. IT MADE HER FEEL IN CONTROL.



SHE NEVER THOUGHT OF HERSELF AS A HOARDER, NOR A COLLECTOR.
PERHAPS SHE WAS A CURATOR.



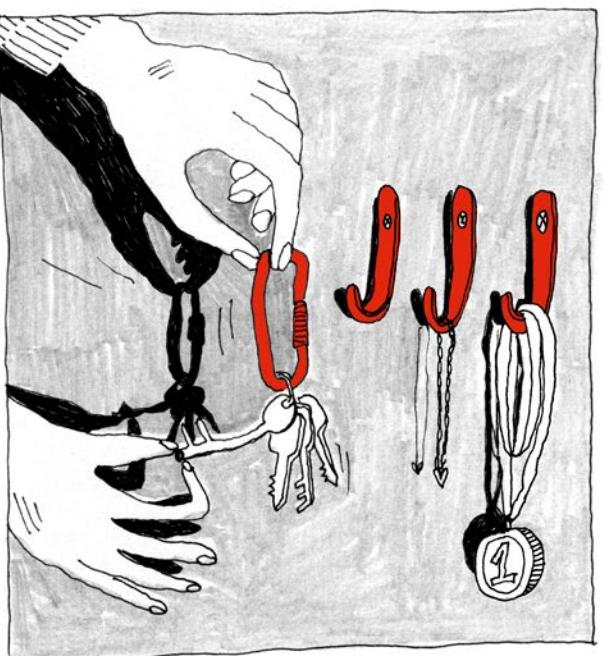
HER HOME WAS A REALIZATION OF HER IDEAS, HER THOUGHTS, HER OPINIONS,
HER SPIRIT...

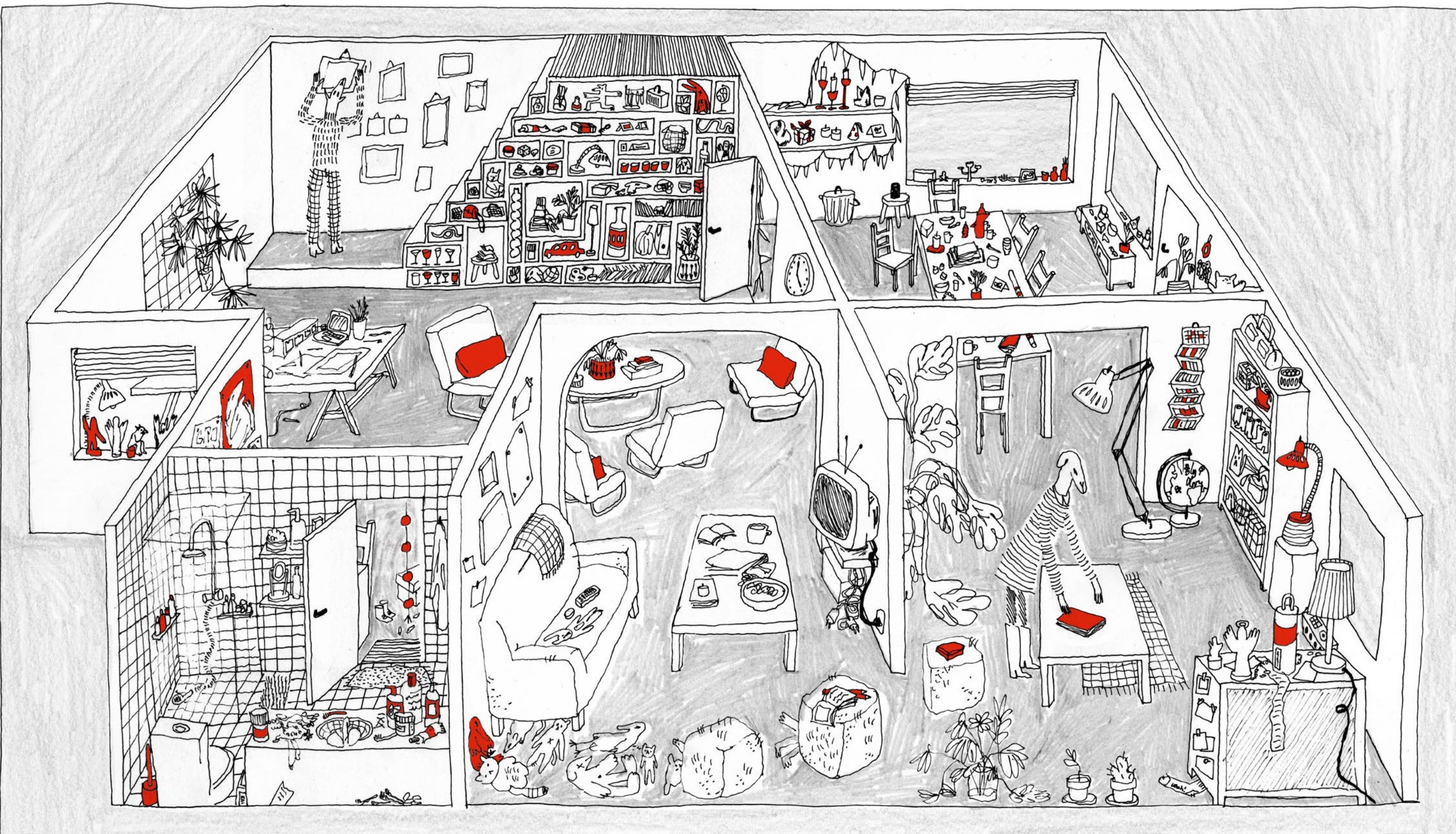


EVERY OBJECT WAS PICKED OUT IN A PRECISE MANNER IN ORDER TO MATERIALIZE A SPECIFIC ASPECT OF HER PERSONALITY.



SHE DID NOT ONLY CURATE HER LIFE FOR HER OWN SATISFACTION, BUT ALSO FOR OTHERS WHO VISITED HER HOME.





IT WAS A MUSEUM OF HER OWN PSYCHE.

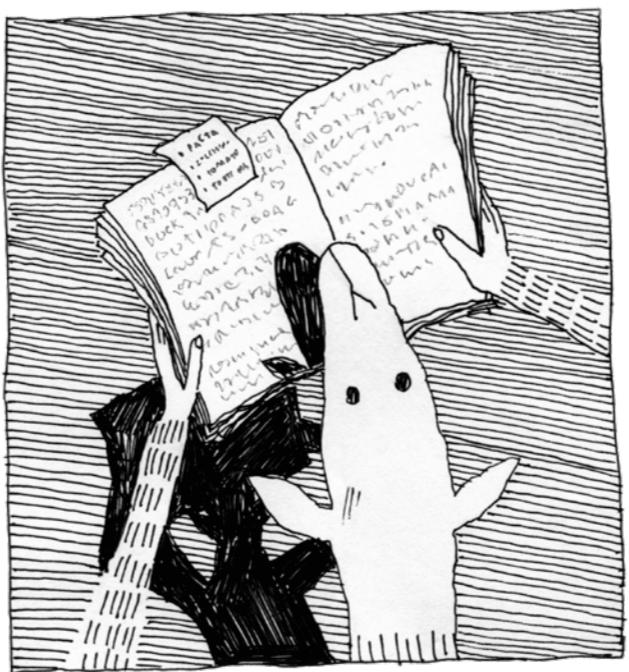
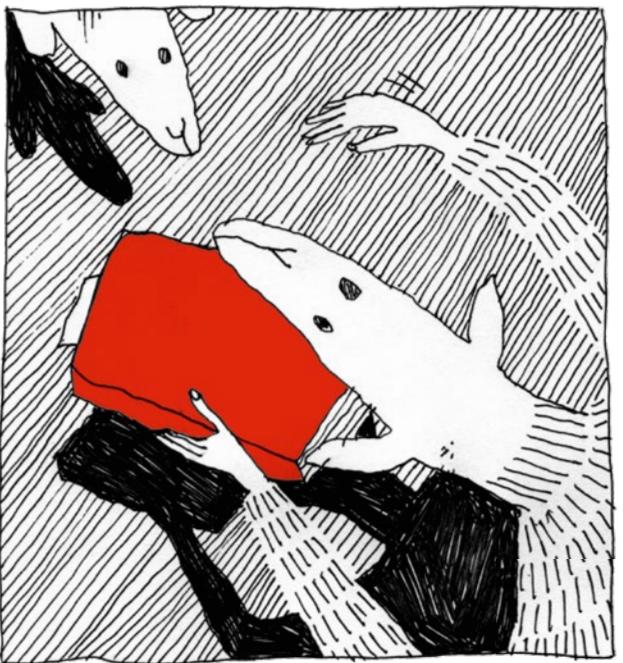
(AND SHE MUST GIVE AN ACCURATE PORTRAYAL OF IT.)



AS TIME PASSED, SHE WOULD ACCUMULATE MORE AND MORE THINGS.



AND AS MORE AND MORE THINGS PILED UP, THE PRECIOUSNESS OF THOSE THINGS INCREASED.



SOME SHE EVENTUALLY FORCED HERSELF TO THROW OUT — ONES THAT NO LONGER ALIGNED WITH HER TASTE.



BUT MOST SHE WOULD KEEP, EVEN IF THEY DID NOT ACCURATELY PORTRAY HER CURRENT PERSONA.



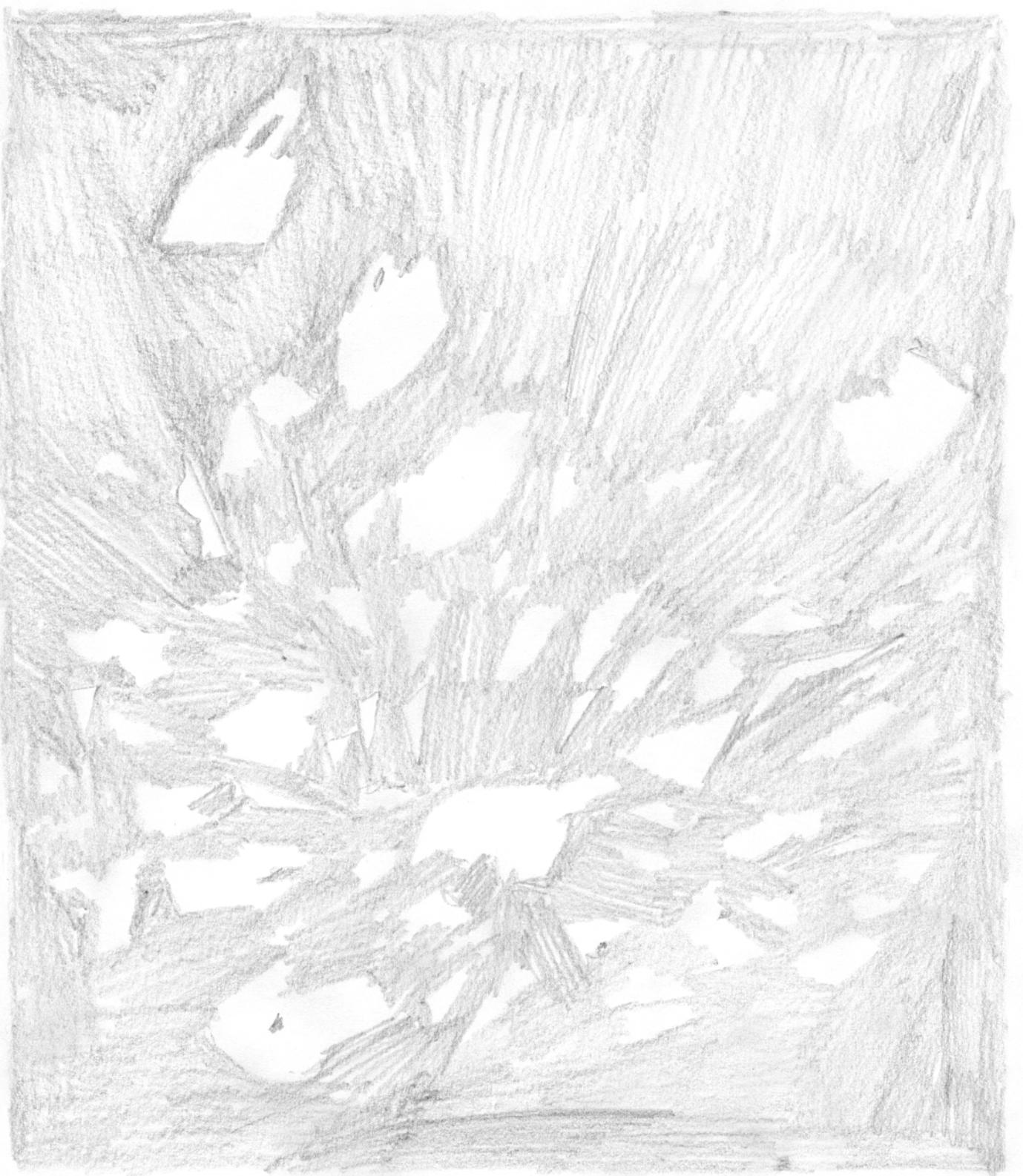
THEY ALL SIGNIFIED A PART OF HER LIFE AND IT WAS OF BIG IMPORTANCE TO HER TO KEEP THE MEMORIES ALIVE.



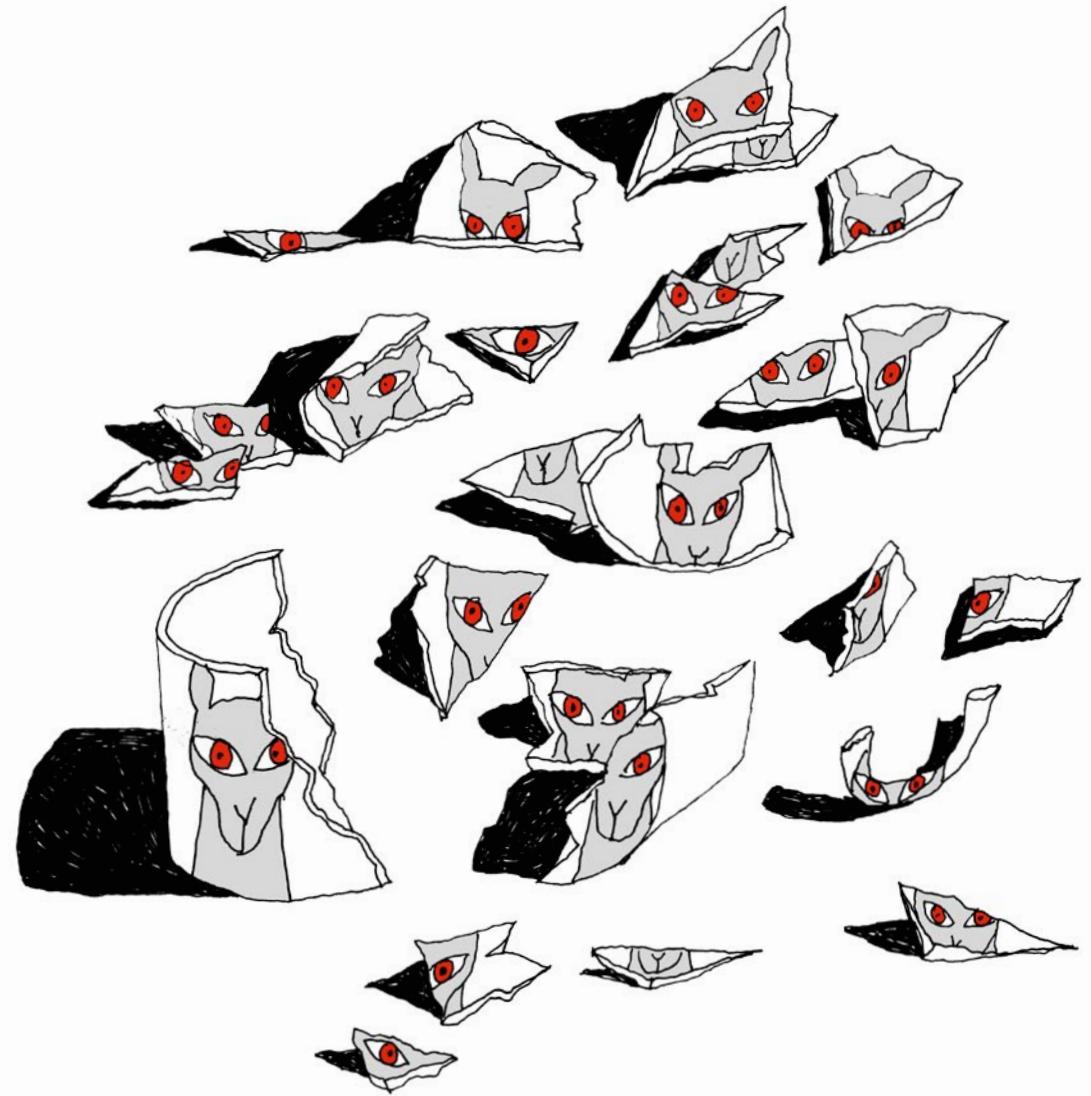
BUT QUICKLY THE IMPORTANCE BECAME OBSESSIVE.



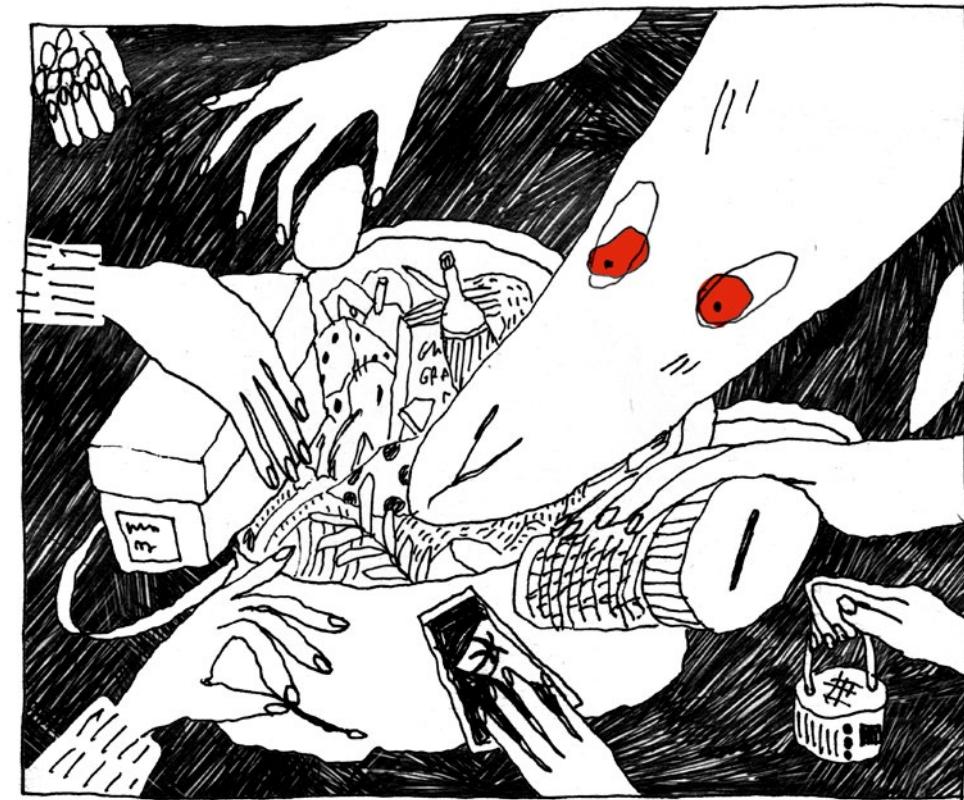
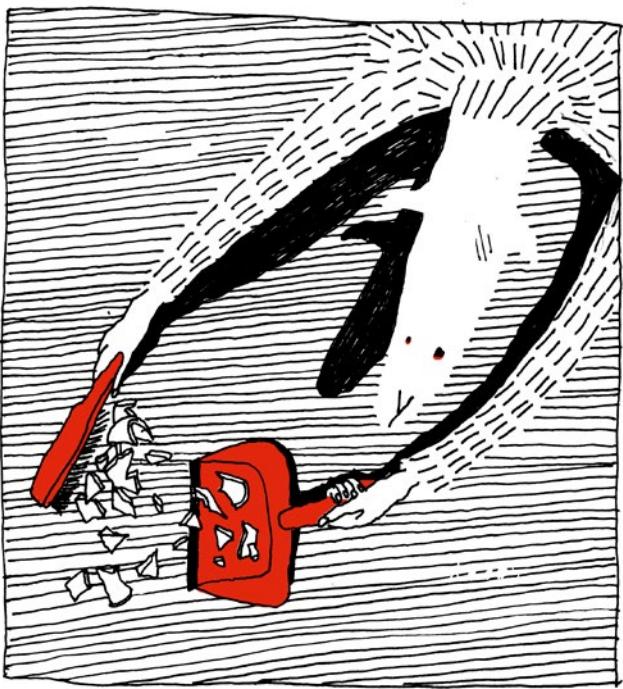
HER GRANDFATHER'S OLD MUG HAD AS MUCH SIGNIFICANCE TO HER IDENTITY AS HER PASSPORT.



THE MOMENT SHE TOOK POSSESSION OF AN ITEM IT BECAME A PART OF HER.



HER BELONGINGS WERE INFUSED WITH HER IDENTITY.



STILL, SOMEHOW, THE MORE OBJECTS SHE HAD, THE LESS CONTROL SHE FELT.

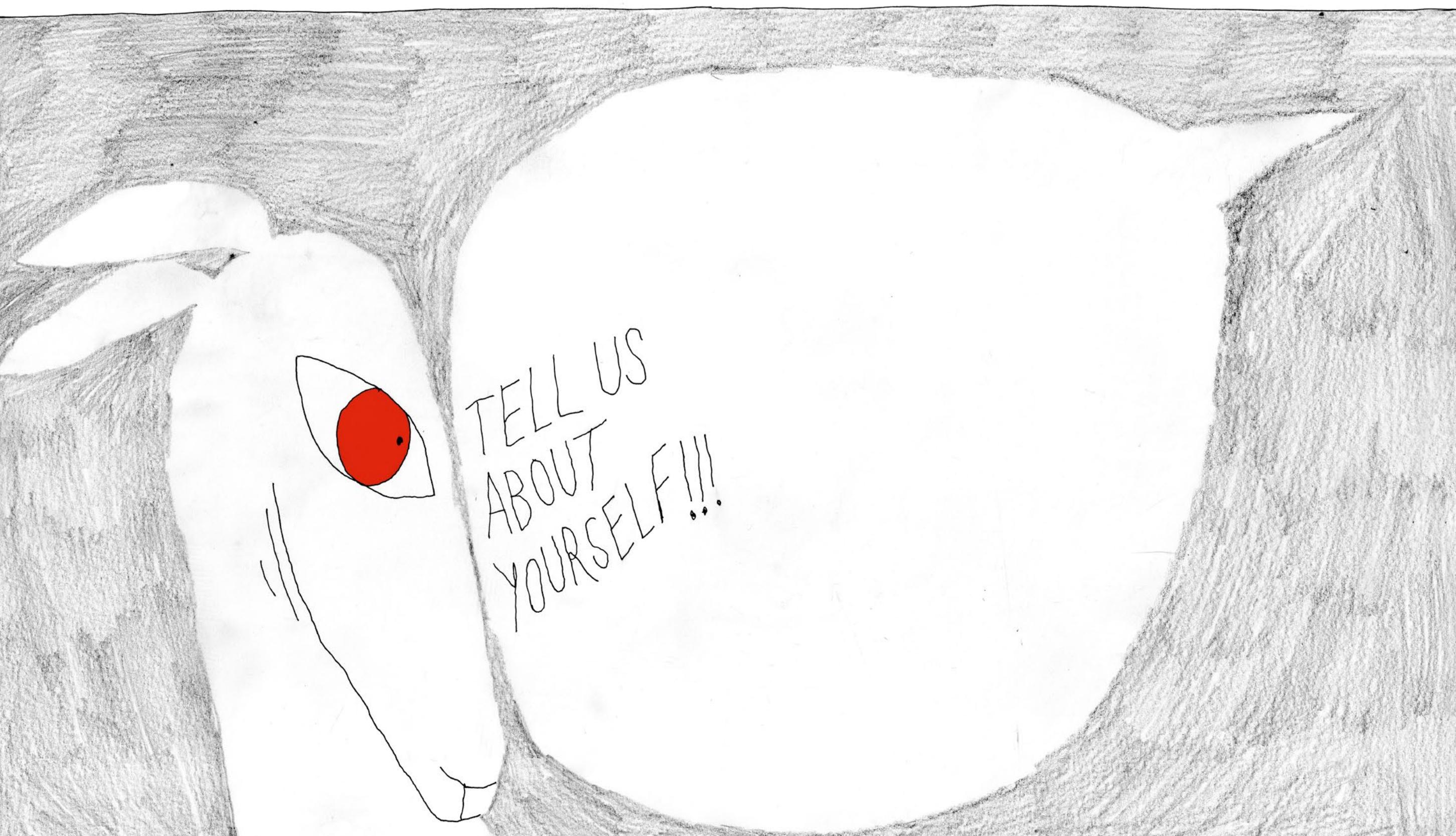


ON DAYS SPENT OUTSIDE, HER BAGS AND POCKETS WERE FILLED WITH ANXIETY AND HER MOST VALUED BELONGINGS.



AND AS SHE TRAVELED FURTHER AWAY FROM HOME, SHE BEGAN TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE IDENTITY SHE HAD CREATED FOR HERSELF.





A black and white photograph of a swan's head and neck. The swan has a white body and a long, dark neck. Its eye is covered by a bright red, oval-shaped patch. The swan is looking slightly to the left. The background is a soft-focus landscape.

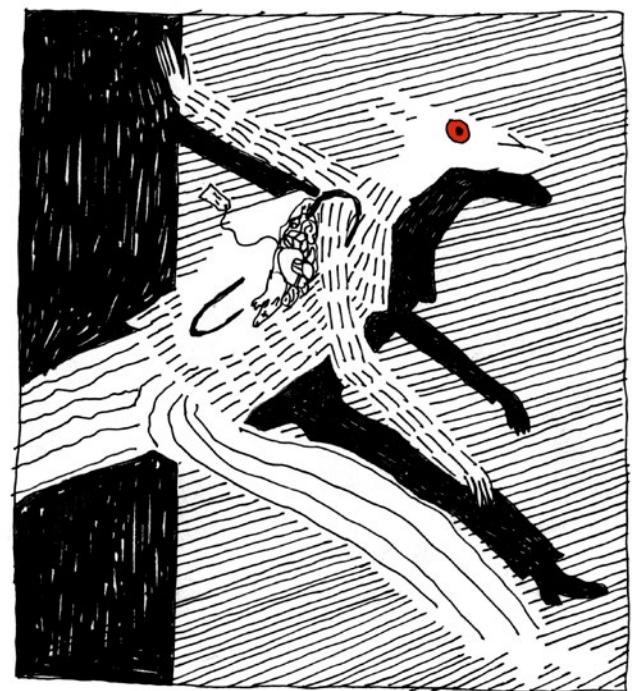
TELL US
ABOUT
YOURSELF!!!



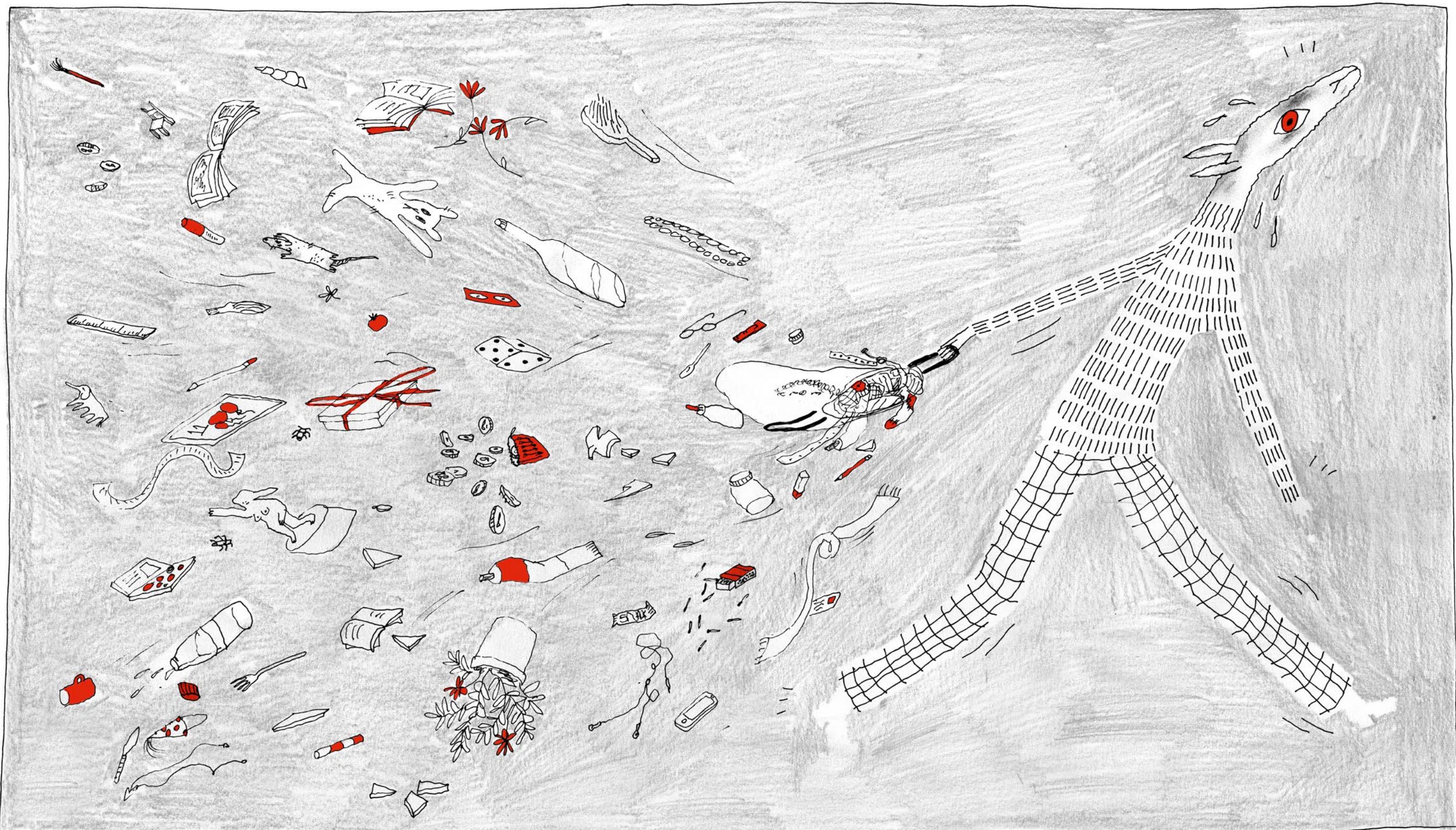
SHE FELT UNEASY BEING AWAY FROM HOME.



SOMETHING AS SMALL AS A STOVE KNOB TURNED 25 DEGREES COULD ERASE HER WHOLE LIFE.







FIRE! FLOOD! HURRICANES! BUGS! THIEVES! VANDALIZERS!

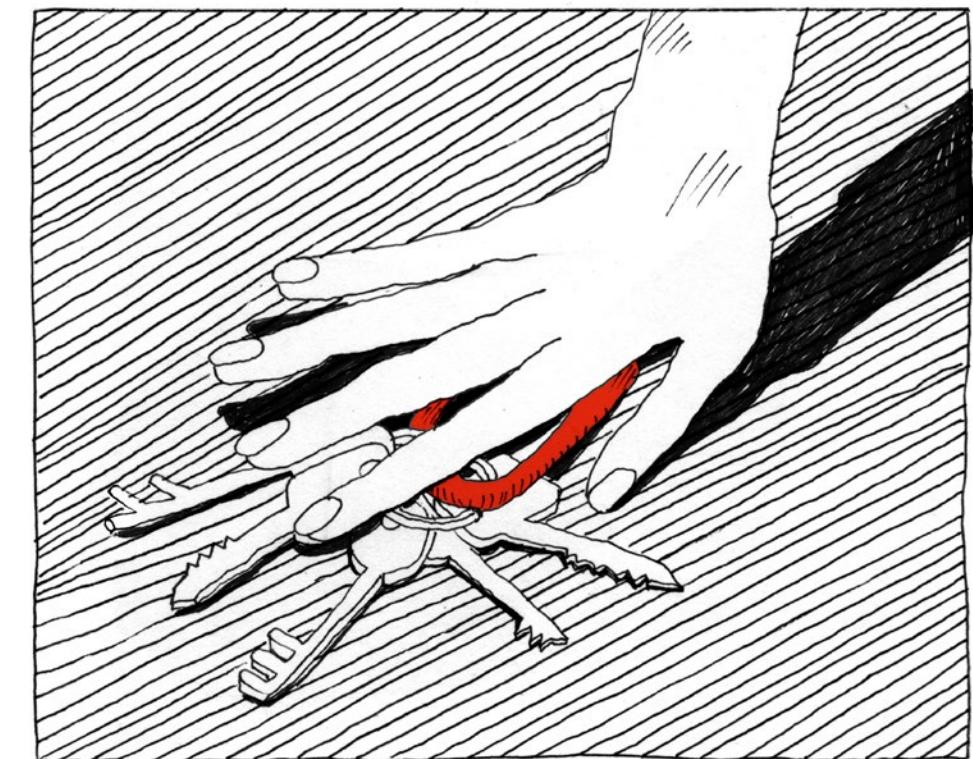
HER WHOLE PERSONA COULD BE GONE BY THE TIME SHE ARRIVED HOME!



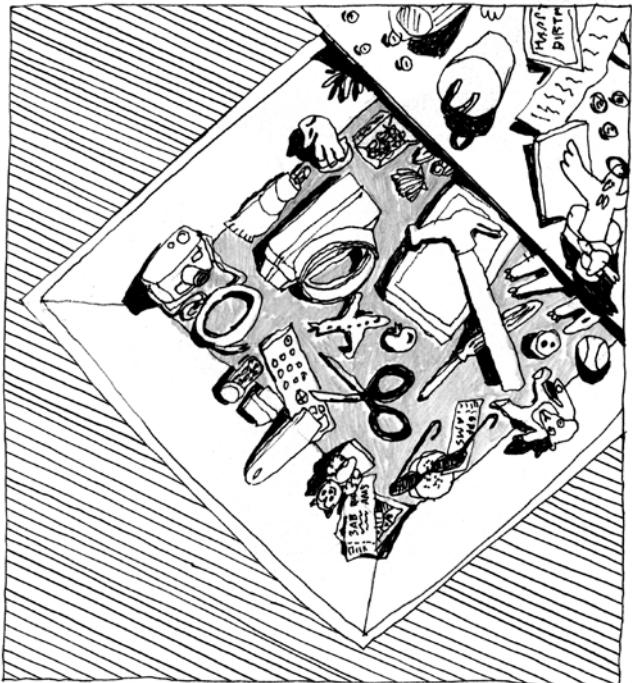
HOME WASN'T JUST A FEELING OF FAMILIARITY...



IT WAS MORE OF A PERFORMANCE... A MATERIAL EXPRESSION OF AN
IDENTITY SHE LONGED FOR...



...HOMESICKNESS.



IN FACT, WHEN SHE REALLY LOOKED AROUND HER HOME IT ACTUALLY
DIDN'T FEEL FAMILIAR AT ALL.



HER BELONGINGS WERE JUST THINGS, TAKEN BY HER AND FORCED INTO THE CONTEXT OF HER HOME.



DOMESTICATED OBJECTS.





THERE WAS NO REAL INDICATOR OF WHO THEY BELONGED TO,
BESIDES MAYBE A NAME SCRIBBLED ON THE BACK OR SEWN ON THE INSIDE.

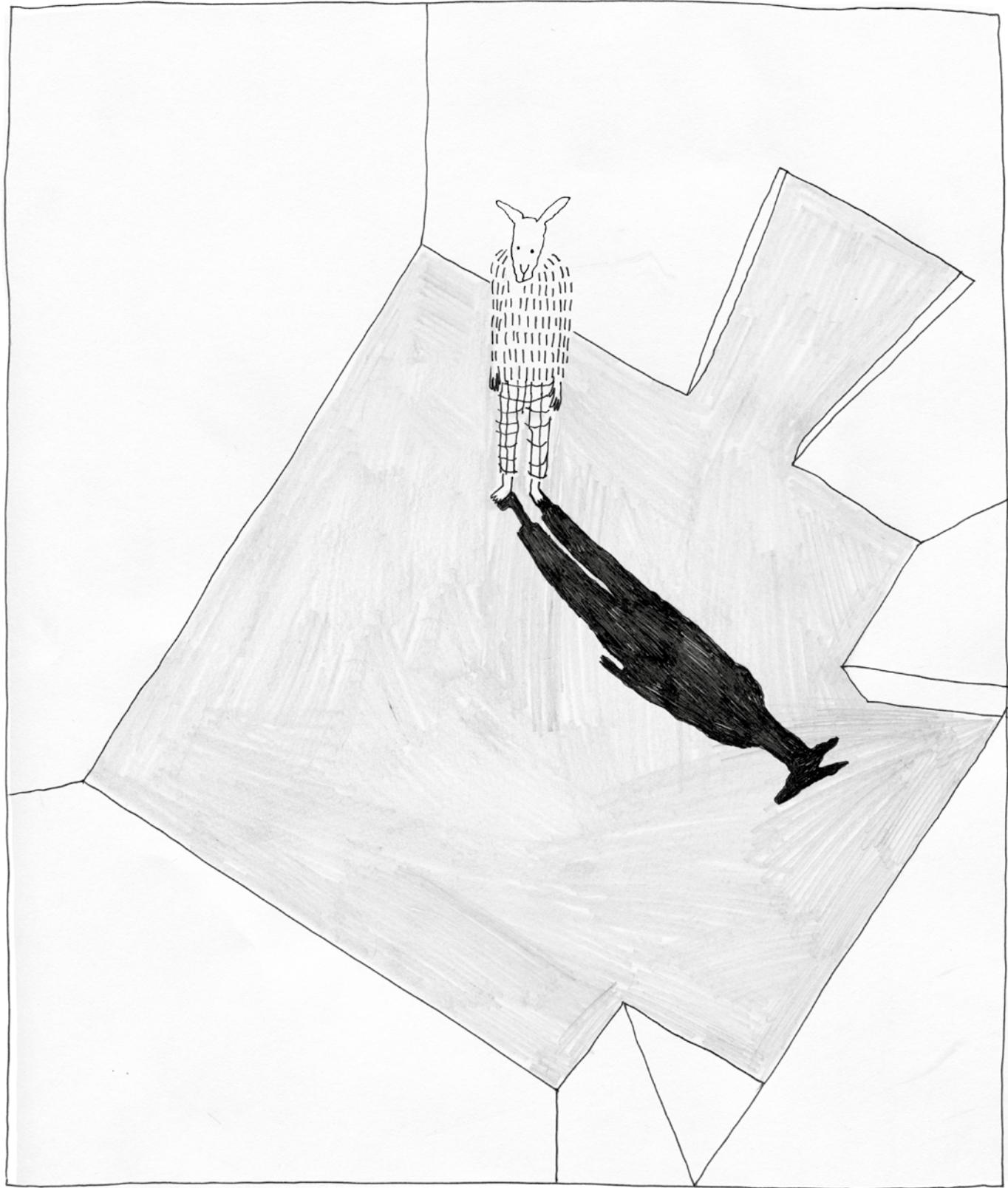


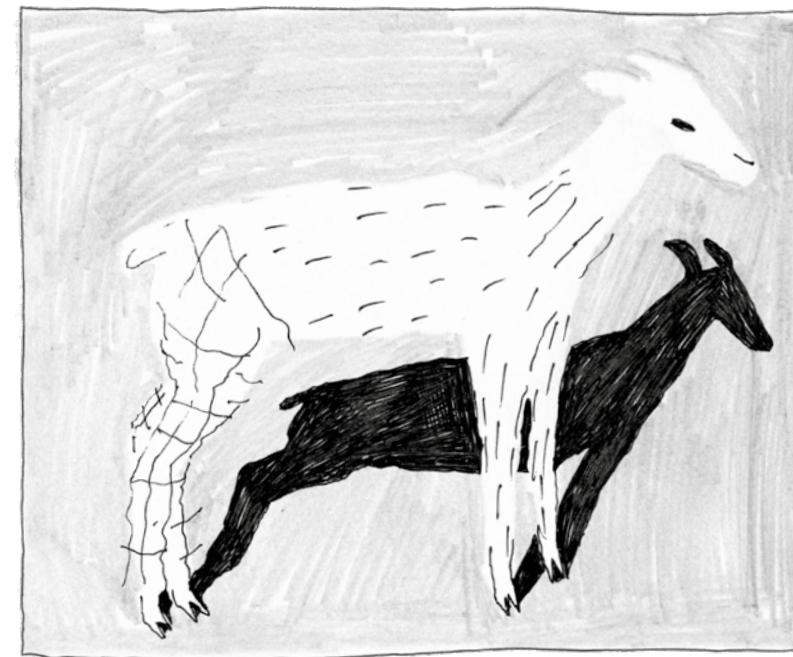
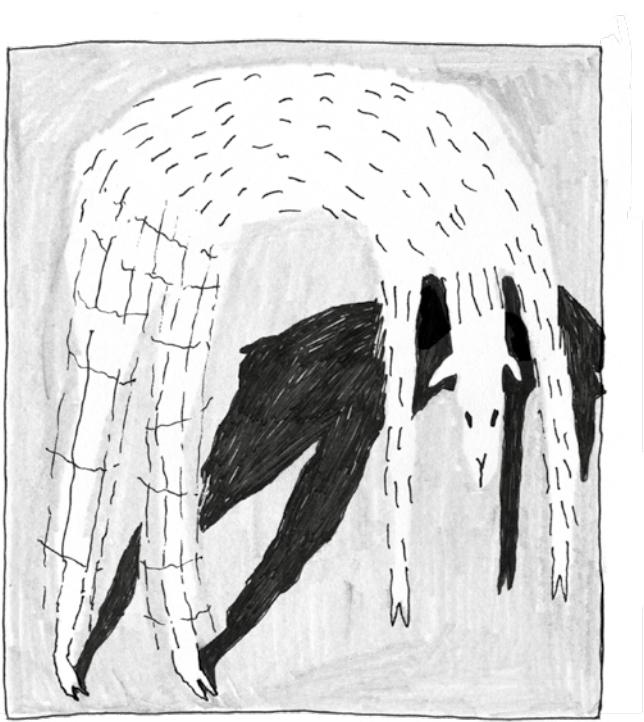
HOW DID THEY END UP IN HER POSSESSION? WHERE HAD THEY COME FROM?
WHERE HAD THEY BEEN? WHOSE HANDS HAD TOUCHED THEM BEFORE?

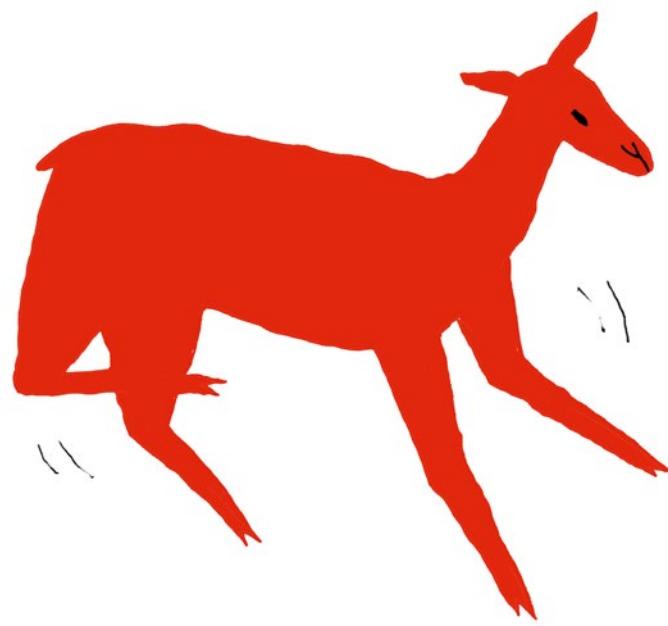


FOR ALL SHE KNEW, THESE OBJECTS OWNED THEMSELVES.

AND THE ABSENCE OF THEM WOULD NOT AFFECT HER TRUE IDENTITY.







AT THE HEART OF THE DEAR

FIRST EDITION: 2022

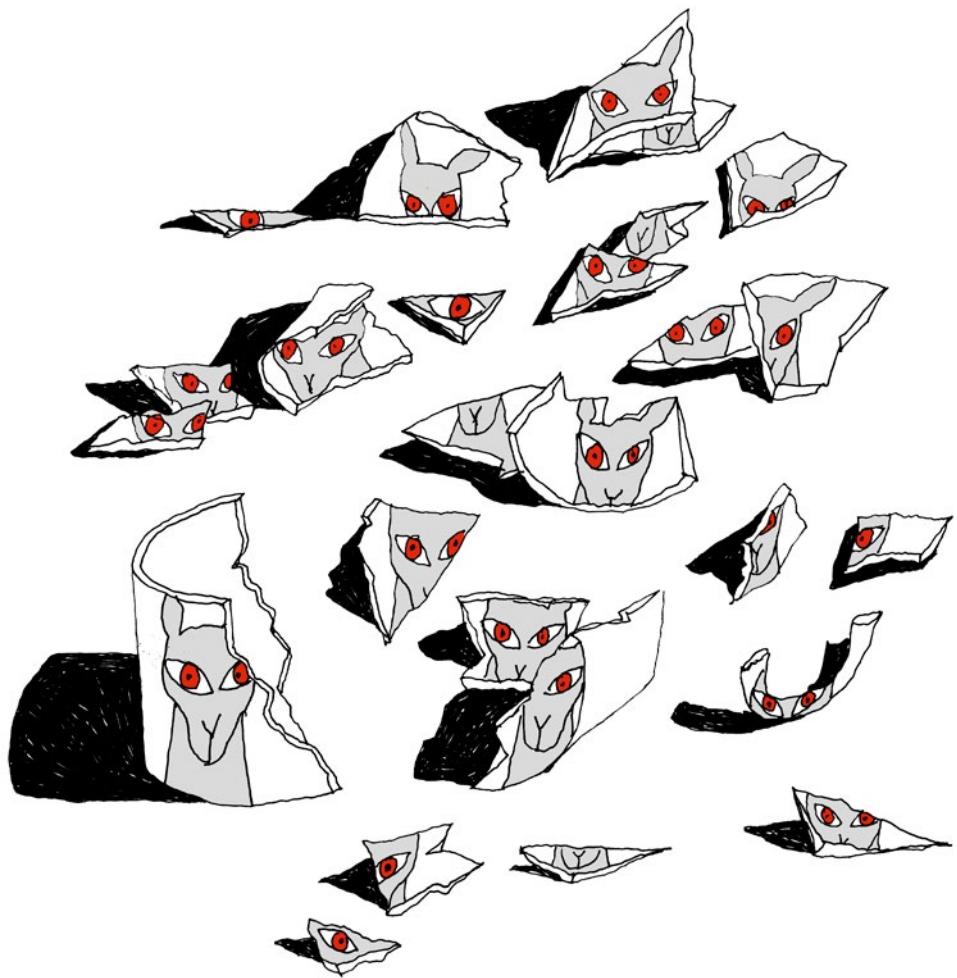
SECOND EDITION: 2024

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HOME WAS THE FAMILIAR, THE COZY, THE DEAR.
IT WAS THE CENTRE OF HER IDENTITY AND HAD
THE IMPORTANT ROLE OF REPRESENTING HER
TASTE AND VALUES. BUT OVER TIME, IT BECAME
A BURDEN – A PRECIOUS MUSEUM TO UPKEEP,
CURATE AND PROTECT. WHO WAS SHE IN THE
ABSENCE OF HER BELONGINGS?