

Remember, Record, Resist:

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For those who endured.

For those forgotten.

May remembrance outlast us all.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my parents, who gave me life and strength.

Thank you to my beloved, who brings stillness in my torrential storm.

Thank you to those who have endured—the fallen, the widowed, the forgotten—whose stories deserve to be remembered and retold. May this work stand as a small act of remembrance—an offering to those who came before us, and a reminder for those who follow.

Thank you to my doctors for treating me and trusting that I was “fit for school.” You have shown me that healing doesn’t always look stable, and that chaos can still create something beautiful.

And finally, to those living with Bipolar Disorder—who have ever thought, “I can’t do this anymore,” who have dropped out, started again, collapsed, and kept breathing anyway: you are seen, you are needed, you are not alone.

Thank you for being alive. We survive, together.

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Preface

This research began not as a formal study, but as a coping mechanism. I live with Bipolar I disorder, a condition that can be both ecstatic and devastating, what I often call *"Ecstatic Despair"*. It brings moments of boundless energy and creativity, followed by periods of deep melancholy. Alongside it comes bouts of paranoia about loss—loss of memory (such as family pictures and obscure technical documentation); loss of meaning (the fear of things being completely lost to void); loss of identity (how to live after having amnesia); and, at times, visions of a total technological collapse where all digital traces vanish.

"Ecstatic Despair: Euphoric Cackling, Wailing Collapse"—of which this thesis forms a part—is a collection of artworks, essays, and reflections that explore my lived experiences with Bipolar I Disorder.

I have lost countless files over the years through carelessness and accident, and each loss felt like a small death: moments, creations, and fragments of self, gone forever. Out of that grief came the impulse to preserve—to find a way to make memory tangible again.

Two months into exploring this idea, I realized it wasn't just a side project anymore. It was a statement—a resistance to loss, not only personal but collective. In a country where archives are burned, histories are rewritten, and memories of war, dictatorship, and abuse are brushed aside, the act of preserving data becomes an act of defiance.

This study is for those who remember when they are told to forget; for those who lost their voices to erasure—whether through the silence of the dead, the neglect of the living, or the convenience of indifference. This research is dedicated to the archivists, historians, churches, and survivors who keep fragments of truth alive in fragile paper and fading ink. To them, and to anyone who has ever feared that everything might one day be lost—this is my small resistance.

Mabuhay ang katotohanan! Mabuhay ang mga alaala ng kahapon!

Mabuhay ang paghihimagsik ng alaala laban sa pagkalimot!

