

MY FANTASY BODY

- a search for perfection -

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ABSTRACT

The book, *My Fantasy Body* is an artistic reflection on a research on the female's body perfect image. In this research the artist uses her own body as material and a way to gather experience. In this story she leads us through her own visualization and imagination of seven different performances. She uses the scenario of her final exhibition, where a single center object from each performance were present as a installation in a Gallery. In this work the performances take are presented as fairytales. The artist uses that type of narration to explore the core of the artwork and to pose the question: what is reality and what fantasy? Is the female body itself a fantasy?

Key words: Female body, perfection, fantasy, reality, beauty, youth, social obligations.

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*I'll take you to the candy shop
I'll let you lick the lollipop
Go 'head girl, don't you stop
Keep going 'til you hit the spot (woah)*

*I'll take you to the candy shop
Boy one taste of what I got
I'll have you spending all you got
Keep going 'til you hit the spot (woah)¹*

I was finally ready and I walked out of my apartment on to the streets. I stopped under the door eaves as it was pouring rain. Unfortunately my umbrella got stolen last Saturday. I stood under the eaves trying to avoid the rain but not quite succeeding. Should I walk or take a taxi?

It was not a long walk to The Gallery but I knew I would be soaking wet by the time I would finally arrive there on foot. I did not have so much money left to spare for a taxi so I stepped out and walked bravely into the rain.

It was only a ten minutes walk. I lived downtown and most venues are nearby. I was on my way to see the exhibition that everybody was talking about. If I remembered correctly the name of the show was “Candyshop”. Everybody was talking about how amazing the exhibition was but no one could really pinpoint what made it so good. I had never heard of the artist before but was kind of hoping to get to know her and that we would become friends. That would make me a friend with the new hip artist in town and then hopefully someone would finally notice me.

I continued walking. There was no sign of the rain stopping. I had a some kind of a raincoat on but I felt how my dress became wet in my shoulder area. My shoes were soaking and with every step I took, every puddle I could not avoid, my socks got wetter and wetter. I looked up from the streets and saw that the sun was setting. Soon it would be totally dark. I love the darkness but during this time of year I am always longing for the sun, the heat and for the rain to stop.

That awful song was still playing on repeat in my head, over and over again. The only part of the song I remember was the chorus. I remember when that song was in fashion and was played at every radio station and at every club I visited. From the first time I heard it I hated it. This song is so discriminating and the music video is even worse. I had never been so offended in my live as when I saw the video, I remember this like it was yesterday.

¹ Song: Candy shop, 50 cent.

*I'll take you to the candy shop
I'll let you lick the lollipop
Go 'head girl, don't you stop
Keep going 'til you hit the spot (woah)²*

Why is it playing in my head?

Trying to avoid more puddle with this song going on and on in my head I thought I was going mad. Of course it came up as this song has the same name as the exhibition. I was almost there, just through the gate and then in. I almost ran the last steps before I finally got in.

I stepped in to the building, walked up some stairs and found myself standing outside of The Gallery. I looked in and studied all the people that were there talking and laughing. The Gallery was crowded. I took off my wet coat, shook it in the hope of getting it dry before I hung it. I looked around in the entrance hall for a toilet, I was in a dire need of checking my make up and did not want to do it in front of everybody. Before I went out I spent hours on my looks just to go out and let it rain away. I know I should not put so much time and effort in my looks, but somehow I always find myself in front of the mirror again. I feel like it is expected of me as a female body³. I don't feel worthy or comparable to the others, if I do not have make up on. I feel like I'm naked, ugly and disposed.

There were no signs pointing to a restroom in the building but I had to take a look at my face in the mirror. My mascara was probably down to my chin and my hair was all wet. I found a quiet, hidden spot in the corner behind all the wet coats. I put my big bag down on a chair and started to search with my hand for the things I needed. After some while I finally found the mirror.

Just like I thought. I looked like a panda with black stripes leaking from my eyes. My hair was not so bad, just needed to dry. Hiding between coats and fixing my makeup without being seen was a difficult task. I had always been embarrassed about putting on make up. I know I should not have to hide to do that but I have the feeling that if someone saw me they would know I was fake. We are not supposed to help my body to look good, we are supposed to wake up looking beautiful and perfect. I finished up, all perfect again.

I walked into the bright, white Gallery and looked around. I was not sure if I would say that this was more amazing than other installations I had seen but somehow I felt that this journey was going to be special. I noticed that The Gallery was divided into two smaller spaces, by a wall right in the middle. I stared by walking into the room on my right side, the other one was too crowded at

² Song: Candy shop, 50 cent.

³ <http://www.upworthy.com/this-woman-stripped-her-dress-off-while-onstage-in-the-name-of-feminism-point-well-made?c=hpstream>

the moment so I walked to the space on my right. Here hung three different dresses, fabrics, from the ceiling. One was right in the corner in front of me. A big white veil⁴ that people walked into, doing something that I could not figure out and then hung up a note in the fabric.

How interesting! The artist is offering us to take part in the work, to make a mark on it. That kind of works are my favorites as it is always interesting to see what other people come up with.

On my right hand side there was a dress made of glossy magazine pictures of young girls. Beside it, on the floor below the dress were headphones whose cords came out of the dress like an umbilical cord⁵. A person bent down, took up the headphones and placed them on her head. Clever. I went towards the dress hanging on the left and began my journey.

Chapter I - Frosting.

I walked to the wall where I saw a small pice of paper taped, with a transparent tape.

“Frosting 2012 – 2013”, it stood on the note.

It must be the name of this piece, I thought.

I walked closer to the artwork, though I did not need to. It was a big white skirt, hanging from the ceiling⁶. It could never belonged to a normal person and the though struck to me.

Maybe, maybe it was a troll dress, as the dress was so giant. I could not think of any woman that could wear so big skirt. I had always been admired for my smallness, still I was not petite at all. I know plenty of women that are even smaller, thinner than me.

I walked around the skirt, admiring it, the handwork, the fabric and the glow it radiated⁷. Such beauty could not belong to a big, ugly, smelly troll that lived in the mountains. The story of the troll Gilitrutt came to my mind. That story was about a female troll living in the mountains and how she tricked a young farm lady. But when the farm lady knew her name she disappeared and was never seen again. This story was often told to me when I was kid. Gilitrutt was trying to reach out, she was just trying to make friends but nobody wanted to be friends with such and ugly looking creature. She was lonely up in her mountain alone and when a new lady came along she tried to reach out in her way.

My imagination was flowing by now. I started to form made up story about how Gilitrutt the troll lady, longed for beauty and to wear something as beautiful as this dress. The dress had some

⁴ Illustration 10. Page 3 in My seven art works.

⁵ Illustration 17. Page 5 in My seven art works.

⁶ Illustration 5. Page 3 in My seven art works.

⁷ Illustration 5. Page 3 in My seven art works.

magical effect on my body and I just kept on walking around it. I was really dragged to it and I saw myself in it but it was not my real body it was my imaginary body. I really like when my imagination start to flow and I find myself brought to places that are so far from my real live. Where everything becomes so surrealistic and fairytale like that I wish that I would never leave that place.

Giltrutt must had have the need to be acknowledge just as any other woman needs to. But if not for her beauty or her looks what could she be acknowledged for? How could she reach out for acknowledgment?

“Giltrutt

Once there was a young farmer living out in the east, at the foot of Eyjafjoll; he was most energetic, hard-working man. There as good grazing round where he lived, and he had many sheep. He had recently married at the time when this story takes place. His wife was young, but lazy and good-for-nothing; she had no liking for work of any kind, and took little part in running the farm. Her husband was very annoyed about it, but there was nothing he could do.

One autumn he brought her a lot of wool, and told her to make it up into cloth in the course of the winter, but she was in no hurry to set about it. So the winter wore on and the young woman never touched the wool, though the farmer often made a point of mentioning it.

One day some old woman, rather massively build, comes to the farmer’s wife and asks her to give her a little help.

‘Could you do some work for me in return?’ Says the wife.

‘Very good.’ says the old woman, ‘and what am I to work at?’

‘Make some wool up into cloth,’ says she.

‘Give it me, then,’ says the old woman.

The farmer’s wife picks up a huge great sack of wool and gives it to her.

The old woman takes hold of the sack, slings it over her shoulder, and says: ‘I’ll come back with the cloth on the first day of summer.’

‘What payment will you want?’ says the wife.

‘Nothing much,’ says the old woman. ‘You must tell me my name in three guesses, and then we’ll be quits.’

She agreed, and nor the old woman goes off.

Now the winter wears on, and the farmer often asks her where the wool is, but she tells him not to worry over that, and that he’ll get it on the first day of summer. The farmer showed that he was none too pleased, and so time went by and winter was drawing to a close. Then the farmer’s wife starts wondering about the old woman’s name, but she can’t see any way to discover it, and she grew very anxious

and miserable about it. The farmer sees how she has changed, and asks her to tell him what was the matter with her. She then told him the whole story. Then the farmer grew frightened, and says that she has done wrong, for this must be a troll which meant to carry her off.

One day after this, the farmer had to go up into the mountains, and came upon a large cave. He was thinking of his troubles, and hardly knew where he was. Then he hears the sound of heavy flows inside the cave; he goes nearer to listen, comes upon a peep-hole, and there he sees a woman of massive size sitting weaving. She has the web between her legs and is thumping it heartily.

She muttered between her teeth: 'Ha ha, ho ho! The housewife doesn't know what my name is, ha ha and ho ho! My name's Gilitrutt, ha ha and ho ho! My name's Gilitrutt, ha ha and ho ho!

She went on and on like this, and thumped the web vigorously. The farmer was glad, and felt sure that this must be the old woman who had visited his wife in the autumn. So then she goes home and writes down a note of the name Gilitrutt, but does not tell his wife about it.

Now 24 April, last day of winter, had come; the housewife was wretched, and would not even dress that day. Then the farmer comes to her and asks whether she knows the name of the woman working for her. She said no, and that she thought her heart would break. The farmer said there was not need for that, handed her the paper with the name on it, and told her the whole story. She took the paper, shaking with terror, she was so afraid the name might be wrong. She asks her husband to be with her when the old woman comes, but he says: 'No, you acted on your own when you gave her the wool, so you had better settle the payment alone.' Then off he goes.

Now the first day of summer comes, and the housewife was lying alone in her bed, and there was nobody else in the house. She then hears a great din and rumbling noise, and in comes the old woman, and she looks far from pleasant now. She flings a huge roll of cloth across the floor, and says: 'Now then, what's my name? What's my name?'

The wife, more dead than alive with fright, says: 'Signy?'

'That's my name, is it? That's my name, is it? Guess again, mistress!' say the old woman.

'Asa?' says she.

'That's my name, is it? That's my name, is it? Guess again, mistress!'

'I don't suppose,' says she then, 'that your name is Gilitrutt?'

The old woman was so startled that she fell flat on her bum on the floor, and a might crash that was! Then she got up and went off, and was never seen again. The farmer's wife was happier than I can say that she was lucky enough to give this monster the slip, and from now on she was quite a different person; she became hard-

working, ran her house properly, and from then on always wove her own wool.”⁸

Giltrutt was really just trying to make friends. She just had another approach to how that happens and this was her way to drag someone with her up to her mountain. I knew that feeling and I felt bad for Giltrutt.

I was getting dizzy from all the walking around the dress. I stopped and stood still starring at the shiny, white, beautiful dress. I really hoped that one day Giltrutt would come across this dress and finally feel beautiful, hopefully she will be acknowledged by someone, somebody. Every woman deserves to feel beautiful and what is better then a beautiful dress to make you feel the most special girl in the universe. I wanted Giltrutt to have that feeling.

No, no. I laughed with myself. Giltrutt would never be beautiful. Trying to picture that happening, made me just laugh harder. I shook my head to get that image out of my mind and to snap out of my imagination, the fairytale. I was here to see some art works, not to forget myself inside my imaginary world.

I stepped backwards, away from the beautiful, mysterious dress.

‘Ouch! my thigh!’ I was not paying attention where I was walking.

I needed to snap out of the day dreaming, I had to grow up and start to act like an adult.

I turned around and I found a table placed up against the wall that I had walked into. On the table stood a white bowl, in the bowl were a white fluid. Next to the bowl are a pile of napkins, for what I did not understand. On the table was a big note, just as the note on the wall but quite bigger, taped down. I had to move my hands aside to see what it said:

*“Wash yourself in the pool of beauty”*⁹

I walked to the bowl as it was on the other side of the table. I would easily fit my head in it but with that mystery fluid I was not about to try that trick out.

Out of curiosity I move my head closer to the bowl to take a better look at the fluid, to try to figure out what it substance was.

It was not water, it was not milk.

Closer.

And closer.

And closer.

⁸Jacqueline Simpson, Jón Árnason (1972). *Icelandic folktales and legends*. Berkeley, University of California Press.

⁹ Illustration 6. Page 3 in My seven art works.

I was not about to touch that thing until I knew what it was. I had my nose almost in it, the smell was sweet but still I could not find out what it was made of. I dipped my little finger in it. How soft and smooth it was. Before I knew it my whole hand was deep down in the fluid and I was playing around with that thick, smooth fluid. Then I started to feel dizzy again and everything around me became blurry. It felt like the bowl was swallowing me, like the liquid was covering The Gallery and surrounded my body. I felt how I was lifted up from the ground and I started to float. I felt the soft and smooth fluid fill up my clothes and the nice touch when it brushed against my skin. I really felt like my body was changing like it was changing to the body I always imagined myself to have.

‘I was really in the pool of beauty!’ I thought.

The fluid was all around me but somehow I could breathe and keep my eyes open. Everything around me was whitish. My skin got softer and softer and my body was really changing. Even my hair was getting bright blond.

‘How wonderful!’ I screamed up.

I felt like I was in heaven, floating around, surrounded by fluid that made me look more beautiful with every second. There was no need for make up or hair dyes anymore.

Then I felt how my feet touch a ground, a floor. I had stopped floating around, instead I stood there still with the fluid all around. Bit by bit the fluid substance changes into mist, fog and I knew I could now walk through the space but I did not dare. I stood still, did not even see my outstretched hands.

What is this place, where am I?

My clothes got wet, heavy and sticky. I felt how my skin started to itch.

‘What is going on, what is happening?’

‘Is this the world beyond the pool of beauty?’ I called out in desperation.

The Blue Caterpillar came across my mind. I’m probably standing in the middle of his smoke. I must have shrank together. I felt how he blew his smoke to my face, this time I loved it¹⁰.

‘No stupid girl,’ I said to myself, ‘it is impossible for you to be inside a movie or a fantasy story right now. This was real! It must have been real! It felt real.’

The liquid, the soft and smooth liquid that felt so good before, had now solidified and was not as smooth or nice any longer. My clothes were stiff and my skin was so itchy. I did not realize it until I tried to move that I was stuck and I could not move at all. I was a white statue, like the one I kept on my shelf when I was younger. My statues were beautiful, smooth and shiny, just like I was now but only on the surface. I imagined my life as a statue on my own shelf. No, that would be a

¹⁰ Carroll, Lewis. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 33-41. Alice in Wonderland [Movie] (2010).

boring live but at least I cleaned my statues.

I was a statue now. A white, beautiful looking, statue that belongs to someone else?

I was stuck for some while. .

“However, everything is so queer to-day”¹¹

“Everything is so out-of-the-way down here,”¹²

“No, I’ve made up my mind about it. If I’m a statue, I’ll stay down here! It’ll be no use their putting their heads down and saying ‘Come up again, dear!’ I shall only look up and say ‘Who am I, then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that, I’ll come up: if not, I’ll stay down here till I’m somebody else’-

- but, oh dear!”¹³ I was not a object, I do not belong to someone. I was a girl, a stiff, white looking little girl. This was not my destiny. With that thought I started moving. Shaking my body in all directions I could think of. Trying to make space and push the white, beautiful material further away from my skin. I shook my ass, twisted feet, my wrists and my shoulders. I was sweating, moving, shaking and little by little the material started to loosen up until I was finally free to move around. The only part of my body that was still stiff were my fingers. So I used my mouth and my salvia to melt it away.

Ohhh, the taste was sweet. So sweet that I almost took a bite of myself. Better than any cake I had tasted. How wonderful. This must be sugar. Or something even better. Frosting! The sugar mass that makes every cake look beautiful and shiny. That makes every cake taste so great. And to think that you can put it on your own body to make it look just as beautiful as the cakes, something I had never thought of. I knew the secret, I knew the secret to eternal and everlasting beauty.

Now that I was free and could move around, I needed to find the way out of here. A way that lead to the Gallery, or was I in the Gallery? My skin was still itching but I tried not to scratch.

I walked in the thick fog to find out where I was. I walked slowly, so slowly, I was afraid of hit something that would be in my way. I walked until I saw a glare, a glare of light. There was some light flickering in the distance. I immediately started to walk a bit faster but still slow compare to normal phase.

The light turned out to be an image, a moving image, that was projected on to the fog and seemed to float in the air like a balloon. To see what the image was of, what was really moving in the picture I took few careful steps backwards, thought not too far as it would disappear into the fog again.

¹¹ Carroll, Lewies. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 13

¹² Carroll, Lewies. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 13

¹³ Carroll, Lewies. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 11

The image was of a shaking body¹⁴. Slow motion, female body shaking around. The camera took close up of different areas of the body. The thought of this being my body from the shaking I did to get out of the statue figure stiffness, struck my mind. It could not be, that was impossible. My body was not this perfectly shaped and definitely had not as great, white skin. There was no option that this could be me. Still that thought did not leave my mind while I watched the image with admiration.

Then the image grew fainter and fainter until it vanished in to the fog, like it went somewhere else. As soon as the image was gone a voice started to talk. I could not locate from where the voice came, just as I could not see or know from where that image came. The voice was a female voice and I imagined someone really beautiful that had that voice. It was not a scary voice. The voice said:

*“A long long long long long long long long long long loooooooooong time ago there was a
body.*

A female body. It was naked.

And no part of the body were hidden.

It was naked and had nothing to hide from.

The body had toes, ankles and knees.

It had fingers, elbows and shoulders.

The body had a head, and on the body's head it grew hair, and the face, aaah the face!

Ears, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, cheeks and perfect teeth inside the mouth.

Below the head were a neck, a chest and firm and big breasts: good for breastfeeding.

Perfectly shaped waist, stomach, navel, thick and good size ass.

It had two wide hips with some layers of fat upon them: good for childbearing.

The body had thighs, crotch, groin and a hairy cunt.

-It had nothing to be a shamed of and there for it was naked-”

Then I figured the sound was coming from behind me. I turned around and walked, walked slowly in the fog, until I saw the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life. She was just too beautiful to be a normal being, a human being. So tall and slender, gliding in the air. Her skin was so white, her hair grew all the way to the floor, also white. On top of all she was wearing a beautiful white dress¹⁵. She glided, she did not touch the floor, I did not even see her feet where she glided around, softly and gracefully, radiating beauty. Everything about her was breathtaking, until I

¹⁴ Illustration 23. Page 6 in My seven art works.

¹⁵ Illustration 24. Page 6 in My seven art works.

noticed that she had no face. She was faceless. Still she managed to speak.

*“Time went by and the body met other similar bodies.
But nobody was the same, each and everyone was unique, beautiful and perfect in there own way
of being.*

*Some bodies were a shamed of themselves.
They tried to hide themselves behind layers and layers of fabric.
But most body’s where jealous of other body’s.
They wanted the shape and size they imagined others had. Yet nobody had them.*

*Then somebodies decided to do something about it.
The bodies started use iron and steal to shape their body’s.
To look more like they wished to look like.
Then to hide the iron and steal many layers of fabric where used.
This changed everything and the jealousy increased.”*

I stood there watching her glide with grace. My longing to be like her, to be her, drew me closer and closer to her. I recognized the dress, it was the white skirt that I just saw at The Gallery.

*As time went by the bodies developed many shapes of body perfection.
But for each period only one shape was allowed, only one shape was considered perfection.
It was never perfect. They always changed what was perfect so that nobody could follow.*

*“Iron and steal were heavy and hard to bear.
It was painful to move with it.
It scratched the skin and sometimes crushed the bones.
The bodies were bruised and aching all the time.*

*They reached a breaking point. They had to find another way.
A change of diet perhaps? No!
Surgery.
The bodies found another way to fulfill their perfect image.
Surgeries.*

*Blood and plastic, silicon.
Botox in the face and lips. Never grow old.
To be perfect, beautiful and young for once and for all.
For eternity...”*

I listened carefully to her. I took in every word that she said as a wisdom of beauty.

'For eternity!' I said to her, 'I would like that!'

She did not answer.

She just continued to glide in the air, gracefully as ever.

'What a beauty! How could I ever dream of her looks.'

I could not take my eyes of her. I just could not. It was impossible for me. Then suddenly, just out of the blue, she dropped. She dropped though the dress and down to the ground. The dress was still in the air, gliding, beautiful as ever, with no body in it. The body was on the laying on the ground, if I could call that a body. It looked more like a pile of skin. Like all the bones and muscles had disappeared for a instant. It was like a pile of skin lying on the floor and leaking all around. Then the pile started to move. It crawled along the floor, like a caterpillar.

Up, down.

Up, down.

Up, down.

This was the most disgusting sight I had ever seen. I was on the verge of puking. I walked with it I wanted to see what she would do, where she was crawling to. I watched that disgusting pile of skin, crawl its way to a nearby pond. I recognized the fluid, the same fluid as in the white bowl in The Gallery. This was the eternal pool of beauty, filled with the delicious material of frosting.

The skin pile continued crawling, up, down, up, down, until it came to the pool edge. Then with out hesitation, it rolled itself into the pool. The splashing was quite great and the frosting were leaking all around the pool. I took step back I was not going to let that touch me again. The pool sat for a while, like nothing was in there. Not even an air bubble came up.

I waited and waited and waited to see what would happen. I took another step back and had a considerable distance between myself and the pool, I was not going to be dragged in there.

Then the pool started to move.

Up, down.

Up, down.

Up, down

It became more and more vulgar.

Up, down.

Up, down.

Up, down

Faster and faster it went.

Until the surface bursted and up she rose, more beautiful, more perfect than before. As the frosting leaked down her body she rose from the pool, stepped up on to the bank and walked slowly,

gracefully to her gliding dress. She was not naked, she was dressed in the frosting and it covered her whole body.

I did not see how she managed to dress up and start gliding again but somehow she managed. There she was up in the air gliding, radiating beauty and perfection.

In all this I had forgotten about my own body, I was so dragged to her body, her beauty that I had forgotten about my itchy skin. My skin was so red and had rushes all over. I scratched and scratched but I just could not stop. My skin was burning. I saw how big and ugly pimples started to grow out and were ready to burst in only couple of seconds. They erupted like volcanoes and the lava was green, leaking from inside of my body. I continued scratching, I could not stop myself. More and more pimples appeared. With every eruption my body started so shrink together. Like the green stuff was the one holding me up.

Was I the caterpillar...

“...everything is so queer to-day”¹⁶

“Everything is so out-of-the-way down here,”¹⁷

From a distance I hard the White Queen started speaking again. It was the same story as before.

*“A long long long long long long long long long long loooooooooong time ago there was a
body.*

A female body. It was naked.

And no part of the body were hidden.

It was naked and had nothing to hide from.”

I closed my eyes ready for my death. The sound of her speaking faded away and the sound of chattering became louder and louder.

‘What was happening?’ I did not dare to move, nor open my eyes until I knew it. I was back in the Gallery. Standing at the same spot with my whole right hand in the “pool of beauty”. I pulled it quickly out of the bowl still with the image of my green lava body fresh in my memory. I took up a some napkins that where on the table and tried to dry of the frosting on my hand. That did not work so well as the paper got stuck to my hand, that was now all sticky and disgusting.

What a strange imagination that was, so vivid and so real. I shook my head, hoping I would snap into reality. I really need to grow up and stop falling into my imagination. Adults are not

¹⁶ Carroll, Lewies. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 13

¹⁷ Carroll, Lewies. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 13

supposed to just wonder of to their dreams of wonderlands, everywhere and at every time. I should have never followed that rabbit to begin with. I was a child, I could not have known better, but still. I put the napkins on the table, as there was no trash around, looked around The Gallery.

Chapter II -Princess diary.

I saw some booklets on a window shelf near by. Two chairs placed on each end of the shelf like a reading chairs. I walked over to the window and sat down on one of the chairs, placing my elbows on my knees, bury my head into my palms. Trying to hold on to the anger towards myself and stop the tears from bursting out, I look up from the floor and over to the window shelf. There were five booklets, with a plastic cover. Each booklet had it's own title and was marked with number from one to five, probably so we, the readers, would knew in what order they were.

1. *"Greasy, Wheezy, Bellyful"*
2. *"Disorder"*
3. *"Believe"*
4. *"Cheating Bitch"*
5. *"Perfection"*¹⁸

I thought these name were strange as they did not even seem to connect with each other. I did not know what I was about to read, experience but I felt ready to face this art work. I was afraid that I would fall again into my imaginary world. I was afraid that I would never grow up and act like a normal person at a exhibition would to.

No! It was not happening again. I was not letting myself go there again. These are just plain books that needs to be read, that is all. That was it! I reach my hand out to the book marked 1. Greasy, wheezy bellyful, but just as I grabbed the hold on the book I was knocked out...

I woke up in a dark room, laying on a hard wooden bench.

'What happened?'

'Where am I?'

I heard water drops that fell down on to the ground. I could not see, the room I was in was pitch black. With a pounding head I sat up. The headache just increased by that movement, I needed to find a way out of here. I was quite angry with myself again but this time I was really scared. I sat there in the dark, on the bench until my ass started to hurt. I needed to go out of here, there was no

¹⁸ Illustration 7&8. Page 3 in My seven art works.

time for being scared. As soon as I put my feet on the ground I felt movements. Lot of little things brushing against my feet. I immediately put my feet back up on to the bench.

Mice! Disgusting!

I do not hate mice. I just dislike when they are running along on the floor. Then I heard some noises from a distance and forgot all about the mice. I sat still and quite, holding my breath down. I heard someone walking and as it came closer and closer it became brighter and brighter in my room. The light came closer and closer I saw the outline of a door in front of me and the outline of that tiny dirty room I was in. Was I a prisoner?

As the light became closer and closer I both wished that the person was not looking for me and at the same time I wanted to get out of here and I knew the light bearer was my only hope out of here. It happened just as I wanted and just as I feared the most, it stopped right in front of my door. A tiny hole opened up in the middle of the door and I saw a eye, not an happy eye. I was so scared, my body was shaking and my heart was pounding so loud that was the only thing I heard. The door opened and a dressed fish walked in. I was in shock. How strange! But I had no time think. After the fish short speech, which I did not hear from the pounding in my head, he took me by arm and pulled me out of the small cell.

I had no time to think or ask. It was all so surrealistic. The fish pulled me across a dark hall which contained many, if not thousands of other doors just like the one that lead to my room. They where cells, I was a prisoner. It all happened so quickly, before I knew it I was left alone locked in side a big room. I ran to the door, my head still pounding and screamed as loud as I could for help, for someone to tell me what was going on.

When I had drained all my energy by screaming sat down and I cried silently by the door with my head on my knees. I cried until there were no tears left to cry. I looked up, the headache was not as heavy as before, pulled myself up on my feet and walked around in the room. It was so big and amazing, even the ceiling was high up in the air. It had red and purple fabric all over the walls and the ceiling. The windows at the end took the whole wall, from ceiling to the floor. I had my own king sized bed and a toilet with a big bathtub. I walked towards the window on the other side of the room. I opened them up and took a deep, look breath of a fresh air just as I walked out to the balcony. This was wonderful and the view was amazing.

The sun was going down, everything was so quiet, until my door opened up and in came a group of heart-cards with big trumpets. They cards placed themselves in two lines, facing each other and started blow into their trumpets, out of tune, not any specific tones. As soon as the noise trumpet playing was over a three dressed fishes walked in, they were just like the fish that dragged my out of my cell into this room earlier. I was not sure if that fish was one of these three but one of them took up a note from it's pocket. Stepped forward as it rolled the note out and started to read:

'You, what ever you are, are here by NOT', -it looked up, and down again, 'sentenced to loose your head. You will though have to pay for your crimes by...'

'My crimes!' I screamed out and ran towards it. The cards put up their trumpets and I saw it could also be used as a spike. I backed away. 'I don't even know what I did!'

'You will pay for your crimes by serving The Queen as her personal taster. This is your last meal before you start the tasting so this is your last free meal', it finished while he rolled his paper up again.

'My last free meal? What do you mean?' I said.

'What is this? Where am I? What Queen?'

'The Queen of England?' I laughed with myself.

The fish did not answer me, they where not amused. As soon as the fishes had walked out the dishes came in. At first I though they were flying by themselves, but then I noticed they were carried by little monkeys. When all this was over, my last free meal was on the table, the monkeys gone and the cards had left, the doors was closed and locked by the fishes, I walked to the food table. This was a true feast, I thought, looking at all the plates with all the different delicious food. As I turned around to pull one of the chairs to me I saw a small creature with a large hat standing in front of me. I opened my mouth, but closed it again as I had nothing to say. I was empty and angry. I opened my mouth again to greet it and be polite.

'Shhh', it said sharp, and pointed the chair to me. I sat down and the big hat creature climbed to the chair aside me and looked at the locked door.

'Alright they are truly gone', the creature whispered.

'You eat, while I talk, understand', it said.

'Understand', I said.

'No you don't, you eat not talk', it said.

I started to eat so the creature would start to talk, I was curious what it had to say. I was not really eating, I just nibbling the food for compromise. I had no appetite after a crazy day.

'I am not sure how much you remember since The Queen knocked you out the day before yesterday', it said.

'The knock she gave you was quite heavy but what you did was', the creature stopped itself took a deep breath and then continued.

'You won the cricket, you won The Queen.' It sight.

I hesitated but then it just came out of me.

'Whoa, I won The Queen!' I said. 'Great!'

'No! No! No! You do not win The Queen. You should be lucky to keep her head on. If it had not been for her Kings good heart your head would be off by now. The King saved you.'

'Saved me', I said.

'Shhh', it said harsh. 'Not so loud. Yes! The Queen was not going to let you go off so easy, she was furious. Now, you need to be good girl and obey what ever they tell you to do. In one week time I will be able to get us both out of here. You have to be obedient, no fuss, no screaming.

'Behave!' The creature whispered, jumped down from the chair and started to walk towards one of the walls. When it grabbed the red curtain that covered the wall it turned back towards me.

'And yes, no one may know we spoke. Just so they do not take both of our head's off. Bon appetite,' it said and disappeared out of the room.

I was in a shocked. I was so confused and had no longing for all the food that was waiting for me at the table. I walked towards the king sized bed that was placed in the middle of the room up to one side of the walls. I was still puzzled by the madness and this surrealistic place I was in. I laid down on the bed, my thought going on like a tornado in my head. I need to get out of here, I do not belong here. If I fall a sleep I hopefully will wake up sitting in the chair in The Gallery again.

Day 1:

I woke up when the door to my room was pushed up with a fuss and loud noise. Inn stormed the same group as yesterday evening. The cards with the noisy trumpets and the three up dressed fishes. Again one of the fishes walked forward and took up a note, rolled it out and read:

'You now work as a personal taster for The Queen. Today The Queen has chosen a the diet Atkins and your breakfast menu is as said':

“Dish 1: 2 eggs, 1/2 avocado, 1/2 tomato.

Dish 2: Turkey sausage, slices cheese, medium tomato slices.

Dish 3: 2 bacon slices, 1 large tomato, sliced, shredded Cheddar.

Dish 4: Omelet with: 2 bacon slices, 1/2 cup chopped zucchini, 1/2 medium tomato, 2 eggs, cheddar.

Dish 5: 2 large eggs, 1/3 medium tomato, 1 ounce-weight cheese, 1/2 avocado.

Dish 6: 5 diet shakes and 5 diet bars'.”¹⁹

While the fish talked the monkeys came running in with one dish at the time. The food from yesterday was already gone from the dining table. Then the monkeys ran out of the room one by one, the cards followed but the fishes stayed behind. I stood put, still sitting in my bed, I did not dare to move a limp.

'What are you waiting for'? One of the fish shouted at me.

'Eat!'

'Eat!' the other fish shouted.

'Eat!' the third fish shouted.

¹⁹ Illustration 27. Page 7 in My seven art works.

'EAT!' they all shouted.

I was quite startled and scared. They did not take their eyes off me, stared at me so timidly. I stood up and walked slowly to the dining table. Looking over the dishes, this is way too much for me. Too much meat so early in the morning, too much protein for my small body. I looked at all the food with no appetite.

'Go on, EAT!' The fish screamed again, even louder this time.

I turned around facing them, all three of them.

'Do I really have to eat all this', I said almost whispering, so frightened I was.

'I am such a small body, I will never be able to eat all of this', I begged with my sweetest, softest voice.

'You better eat it all,' one of the fish replied.

'Otherwise your head will come off,' another one said.

Shocked and scared to death, I turned around and sat down on one of the chairs. I was not sure if they really meant what they said but I was not going to try them.

One, two, three, tears fell on the table before I started to eat.

After the first bite I understood how hungry I was. I finished three dishes in no time, it felt like I had not had anything to eat in years. When I started on the fourth dish the sick feeling came over me but I forced the food through my mouth and down to my stomach.

I must not fail, I must not.

I finished all the dishes and drank the whole five diet shakes. How full one body can be I had never witnessed before now. I was exploding. How I managed to eat all this I do not know.

'Great! The Queen will be pleased by your performance,' the fish said and they all three turned around and walked out, not forgetting to lock the door carefully behind them.

I moved the chair and tried to stand up but I just fell back to it again. I felt like the wolf in the story of Little Red Riding Hood, I had at least six stones in my stomach, one for each dish I ate. Somehow I made it to the bed. I laid down, I could not stay awake one minute longer. The heaviness of the food in my stomach made me tired. I laid, dizzy, sweaty and heavy, on my bed, with the last bit still rolling around in my mouth.

At lunch time the same circus entered, woke me up and the fish read the menu:

"Dish 1: Shrimps-salad with tomato, avocado in a Italian dressing.

Dish 2: 170gr roast beef with 1cup green-salad, 1/2cup alfalfa-sprouts, 10 olives and 1/2 avocado.

Dish 3: Salmon salad (4 ounce salmon, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, celery stalks, 5 black olives).

Dish 4: 6 ounce ham with 1/2 avocado, 1 medium tomato and creamy italian dressing.

Dish 5: 6 ounce chicken breast with 2 cups fresh spinach, 1 small tomato and creamy italian dressing.

Dish 6: 6 Diet Bars."²⁰

²⁰ Illustration 28. Page 7 in My seven art works.

The monkeys and the cards went out but the fishes stood by as before and watched me eat. Now I did not complain. I just walked to the table sat down and ate. I ate until I had finished all the food. It took me some time but I managed to finish but then again I was left alone in the room. My body was overloaded with food. I could barely rise up from the chair. Sweating meat, smelly, heavy and out of energy. I could not keep myself awake. I tottered along in my bed and fell a sleep like before.

I woke up alone in the room. I had slept the whole day and it was already dark outside. I did not quite understand what my job was here. This was not what taster does. I was eating all the food, not tasting it. I felt so awful, full and heavy. I started to walk around in the room trying to loosen up the food inside me to be able to eat the dinner. I could not walk on a normal phase, I was too out of breath and my muscles were shaking and cramping. The rest of the evening I laid on the floor.

The door opened up again and while the circus was making their performance I just laid there thinking of how I just could not eat more. I laid there through the trumpet noises and while the fish read up the menu for this evening:

“Dish 1: 6 ounce top sirloin with olive oil, mushrooms, baby spinach, and a creamy italian dressing

Dish 2: 6 ounce pork with fresh broccoli, mixed greens, avocado, and a pepper cheese dressing.

Dish 3: Cheese burger, with avocado, tomato and cole laws.

Dish 4: 6 Ounce chicken breast with mixed greens, avocado, cheese, tomato and Italian Dressing.

Dish 5: 5 ounce Italian sausage with red bell peppers, yellow onion, mixed greens and italian dressing.

Dish 6: 6 ounce salmon filet with brussels sprout, mixed greens, avocado, black olives, alfalfa sprouts and garlic dressing.”²¹

I stood up walked to the table as the monkeys were running one by one with each dish. I sat down and started to eat.

No! Not more, not more! My body screamed but I kept on eating. Dish by dish I finished the food. Not thinking about what would happen after the meal or how much I wanted to puke. The fishes stood there watching me, documenting every movement I made with their eyes. I was not going to break my promise to the creature. I had to finish.

By the time I finished the last dish and I could not think of more food or even just see food. I was too heavy to speak or even walk. I sat in the chair for some time after the meal. The fishes were long gone when I finally stood up and tottered to my bed. The bed was my only friend in this world, my savior in this horror, this terror. I felt the meat leak out of my pores, especially my face and my armpits. I smelled awfully but I did not mind, I did not care. I could not move. This was the worst day of my life.

²¹ Illustration 29. Page 7 in My seven art works.

Day 2.

That morning I was woken up by a monkey. He stood by my bed holding a tray with 4 green pills, glass of water and a note. The monkey lifted the tray towards me and held it high over his head so I could easily reach it. I took up the note quite curious and read.

'The Queen is changing diets. Today it is a cleanse, a detox. She asks you to take these laxative pills in order to clean your insides'.

Laxative pills²². I lightened up. I will finally get rid of the heaviness and the pounding headache. I took all of the pills in my hand and swallowed them with just one sip of water. Put the glass on the tray again just as the monkey left. I laid down on the bed and fell asleep with a big smile on my face. That smile did not last for long. Just a few hours later I woke up in a bad need to go to the bathroom. What I thought was just an innocent pee ended up being the most violent diarrhea I had ever experienced. This was out of hands. I pooped everything I ate yesterday, in a form of liquid. I do not know how long I stayed in the toilet but when the explosions were over I was too weak to even stand up straight. Somehow I managed to crawl myself back to the bed where I fell asleep, shivering like a small tree on a stormy night.

I did not wake up again until around noon. I wondered where my meals were or was I just supposed to have laxative pills today, that would be alright for me.

I rose up from under the blanket and slide out of bed. My ass was sore from the violent toilet visit this morning and my body was so weak I felt like I had turned ninety year old just over a night. I was hungry, there was nothing left in my intestines. On my way to the bathroom to get some water my eyes glanced over to the dining table. There was a note on the table. Next to the note was a pitcher full of water and an empty glass turned up side down. I walked over to the table. Tired after the walk I sat down to catch my breath while I read the note. The fishes's voices sounded in my head:

'Today The Queen is detoxing. She has chosen the Master cleanse detox that are supposed to clean out your whole system, even your blood. On the table is all the things you need for today's meals.'

I stopped reading and looked at the table. There was one full pitcher of water, 2 detox teabags and a boiler. Is that really all I will be eating today, part of me felt relief not having another day full of meals but I was already hungry. I continued reading.

'In the pitcher are 2 liters of lemonade water made from 4 freshly squeezed lemons, 8 tablespoons of non sugar-added maple syrup and 2 teaspoons of cayenne pepper²³. The lemons are to balance your system, the syrup is the energy source you will need today and the pepper is to

²² Illustration 30. Page 8 in My seven art works.

²³ Illustration 30. Page 8 in My seven art works.

cleanse your blood. Have a nice day and see you tomorrow,' the note ended.

How clean and fresh will I be after this day, I thought to myself ironically. I do not believe in detox, I always thought it was kind of silly. I was hungry so I took up the glass, poured the lemonade in it and drank. It tasted funky, not sweet not sour and the strong after taste of the pepper was not pleasant. I finished the glass and stood up. My body shivered and I had to grab the table to hinder a fall. I needed a fresh air. I walked slowly, supporting myself by different kinds of furniture, across the room to the big window. It took some time and effort to open up the door to the balcony but in the end I managed. I stood there, letting the air brush my hair away, gazing up to the blue sky.

Somehow the day passed by. I was extremely tired the whole day but forbid myself to sleep. In the afternoon I started to get pain in my intestines. I had to change my position quite often, since soon as they got some pressure I felt an ache. Sitting was not an option, or at least not for a long. Neither was lying down an option as I would have fallen asleep really quickly. The best was to walk around but I did not have so much energy for that either. I ended up cleaning the room up and down to keep myself busy and afterwards I took a long and hot bath. I watched the sunset and waited for a while until I closed the balcony door and finally laid on my bed, tired, weak and aching all over.

Day 3.

Nobody came in and woke me this morning either, but then I had gone so early to bed that I might have woken up before the circus arrived. I walked to the window and took the curtains away. The greatest part of waking up early is to see the sun rise up between the hills and fill the day with light. I stood by the window and watched the sun rise higher and higher on the blue sky. What a wonderful morning. I felt better today, almost normal. No heaviness, not as weak as yesterday and no headache. I went to the bathroom to freshen up, brush my teeth and to pee. When I came out in to the room again the dining table was filled with food. There was a note just like yesterday that said:

'Today The Queen has chosen Fruitarian for a diet, as she is eating by a new rule. Nothing on her plate may have died for her sake, so everything on the menu has fallen down by itself and volunteered for eating.

Enjoy'.

On the table where glass of orange juice, berry smoothie and 6 strawberries. Chopped orange, banana, apple and pear, all on separate dishes. Then a date, raisins and dried apricot were mixed in a bowl, like a snack. I immediately started to eat that wonderful breakfast but only half way through I started to feel dizzy and tired. Everything around me was shaken. I had to finish, I had to finish. They will take my head off. I can not fail. I tried to stay awake and eat but I fell

asleep, as if the fruits were poisoned with sleeping potion.

I woke up when one of the monkeys pulled my arm. I was so startled that I almost knocked him over. How I understood him I do not know but they were coming with my lunch and I had not even finished my breakfast. Quickly the monkey helped me piling all my leftovers from the breakfast on to one plate. Then I ran with it to the toilet where I flushed it all down. We could not have been more on time just as I had put the plate on the table again the door opened and in stormed the cards with their trumpets and the fishes with their note. I saw the monkey run out of the window. That was a close call. The fish started to read the menu.

‘Dish 1: Fruit salad: 1/5 cucumber, 1/2 red bell pepper, chilly, cashew nuts, 1/2 tomato, kidney beans, tofu, 6 black olives, and eggplant. With honey as a dressing.

Dish 2: Orange, mango, papaya, avocado, 4 strawberries.

Dish 3: A mix of raisins, nuts, seeds and dried fruits.

Dish 4: Half a liter orange juice and half a liter fruit juice’,²⁴ he finished off.

I was still quite hungry since I did not finish my breakfast. I ate all the food quickly and easily. The fishes went out as usual and locked the door behind them. Just few minutes after the meal I started to feel dizzy again, just like this morning. Instead of laying down on the bed I made a fluffy pillow bed on the floor and laid there for the rest of the day. I started to feel how the food got stuck in my intestines again. Felt how the stone came slowly back and how my body got heavier, out of breath and hurting all over. By dinner time I did not feel good at all. The circus came in like before but I did not mind, I just laid there on my nice pillow bed while the fish took up his note and read.

‘The Queen is tired of the Fruitarian diet, as she is not feeling good she has switched to Vegan diet and the menu for the dinner is’:

“Dish 1: Bread with jam and soya cheese, bread with peanut butter and bread with hummus. Soya berry yogurt.

Dish 2: Black beans with rice and a chocolate bunch.

Dish 3: Vegan burger, fries and soda.

Dish 4: Bread with peanut butter and jam, bread with hummus, Sorbet, chocolate bunches. Glass of coke.

Dish 5: Pizza with tomatoes, olives, mushrooms, pineapple, yellow bell pepper, garlic.

Dish 6: Sweet potatoes, zucchini, onion, garlic, peanuts and curry sauce.’²⁵

I stood up and walked slowly to the table. I had no appetite at all, my intestines were sore and aching. I had no other option so I sat down at the table. I ate. I ate everything that was on these

²⁴ Illustration 31. Page 8 in My seven art works.

²⁵ Illustration 32. Page 8 in My seven art works.

six plates. I enjoyed. Finally I got a normal food. All the chocolate, the burger and the fries but nothing topped the pizza, it was the best. I felt the energy fill up to every cell in my body.

'What a meal!' I screamed up to the ceiling.

Then I heard the door slam and lock behind me.

The happy, energized feeling did not last for long. Soon as I stood up from the table I started to feel full, heavy and all the different pains came back in just a few hours. Too much food too soon. What was The Queen thinking?

I had no more energy left to finish that thought. I had to lie down all in pain and out of energy, I fell asleep.

Day 4.

I was woken up early by the circus storming into my room with trumpet noises and new meal plans. It felt as if the fish was screaming in to my ears. I pulled my blanket over my head as the fish spoke.

'Today The Queen has got special advice from a diet specialist that recommended the diet plan "Eat yourself small". Everything on the menu has been carefully measured and weight to fit your body for today. You should eat as much variety but still not too much of carbohydrates nor fat. Your breakfast is':

"Dish 1: 2dl yogurt, 30gr bread whit low fat butter and low fat cheese, Orange juice.

Dish 2: Egg, 2 crackers with butter, cheese, cucumber and tomatoes.

Dish 3: Orange juice, yogurt and muesli, 2 crackers with cottage cheese, cucumber and tomatoes.

Dish 4: 2 crackers with cottage cheese and cucumber. Yogurt with kiwi apple and jam.

Dish 5: Oatmeal with cinnamon and bread with jam. Orange juice.

Dish 6: 2dl yogurt, 30g bread, 1 egg, 2 slices tomatoes, 4 slices cucumber and Orange juice'."²⁶

Silence.

'Up, up, up you go now. You have duties to serve,' the fish said.

I did not move, somehow hoping the fish had not noticed me when they came in. It was silly, I know, but I just was not in the mood to eat more. I felt tired, feeling lonely and depressed, I just wanted to be in bed the whole day with my blanket over my head.

'Not today,' I said. 'Please dear fish, leave me alone.'

Silence...

...and then.

'Well, if that is what you want,' the fish said and I thought it was leaving. Instead my blankets were pulled down and the fish took me up by the arm.

'Off with her head, off with her head', the fish screamed loudly.

²⁶ Illustration 33. Page 8 in My seven art works.

'Off with her head', the other fish said.

'Off with her head', the third fish said.

I was being pulled out of my room.

'No! No! I will eat it. I will EAT IT!' I screamed as loud as I could.

I pulled myself free from the fish as it was very slippery, like fishes usually are. I ran to the dining table and started to eat. I did not think, I did not stop until every little bit of food was finished and the dishes looked like they were clean again. The fishes went away and locked behind them as always.

Stupid girl, I thought to myself. What were you thinking?

Time went slowly by this day. I had nothing to do as I had already cleaned the whole room and was not up for a long bath. I ended up just laying in my bed with the blanket over my head until lunch time, when the loud trumpet cards, fish, money circus stormed into my room again. I was getting used to this craziness, it was part of my normal routine now.

'Your lunch menu is:

"Dish 1: 200gr vegetables, 1 can of tuna, 30gr bread with butter and cheese and some mozzarella.

Dish 2: 300gr vegetables, 120gr ground beef 30gr pasta and tomato souse.

Dish 3: 2 fried eggs, fried vegetables, 1 bread with butter. Tomatoes and mozzarella. Orange juice.

Dish 4: 200gr Salad, 80gr chicken, 30gr pasta and olive oil salt and pepper.

Dish 5: 200gr salad, 120gr salmon, 30gr pasta and olive oil salt and pepper.

Dish 6: Stuffed red bell pepper baked. Bread with jam'.²⁷

I ate, like a nice little girl would do. I did not complain, I did not scream. I obeyed and ate.

Was I hungry. NO! But I kept on eating. I ate though I did not like the food. I ate even though hunger had not arrived. I ate just to eat, to keep myself alive for one more day.

The fishes left. I was again alone in the room, again I crawled up to my bed. There I was alone in the darkness under my blanket when I heard that someone walking around in the room. I stayed still hoping they did not see me and would not take my head off, not today.

Then something climbed it's way up to my bed and starting to pull the blanket down my face. It was the little creature with the hat. I flung myself at it in a huge hug. I almost suffocated it with my body.

'Oh I am so, so sorry', I said.

It sat up, coughed. 'Well that is alright my flower, how are you holding up?'

'Well I am quite lonely here all by myself', I answered. 'Otherwise I am fine, but there is always either too much food or too little'.

It laughed. 'Yes, that is how the The Queen is. She is abnormal and always in search of her

²⁷ Illustration 34. Page 9 in My seven art works.

true perfection. She has some trouble finding her right diet. If it does not work immediately, she will change it. You will probably have some detox tomorrow, I know she is getting desperate,' said the little creature with the hat, grinning.

I had not been thinking about this before but somehow the question just came out by itself.

'Does The Queen have a name or is her name just The Queen? There must be other Queens so she must have to have her own name to stand out'.

'Well, yes.' The little creature with the hat said, 'But no one is sure what her name is exactly. She has ruled for so long time that the generations that knew it all passed away. We are not allowed to leave this kingdom so we cannot seek outside this realm for answers.'

'How awful,' I said.

'Yes. Somewhere I heard The Queens name was The Red Queen but other say it was The Queen of Hearts²⁸. Nobody can know for sure as everything here in this kingdom is either red or heart shaped. I mean even the cards are hearts not diamonds,' he finished.

'Yes but everybody know that the diamonds are little bit orange not completely red,' I added, enjoying the conversation.

The little creature with the hat thought about that for a moment and replied.

'Well no one can know as there are no diamond cards around here.'

'But, this was not why I came. I came to tell you that we will leave tomorrow night. You just have one more day left and I have the feeling it is going to be an easy day,' he said with a smile on his face.

Suddenly the door opened up and the trumpet playing cards came in with their noise. I acted quickly and rolled the little creature with the hat in my blanket, stood up and moved away from my bed, so the fishes would not pay it too much of attention. The fishes came walking in and one of them took up the note, rolled it out and started to read the menu:

“Dish 1: 100gr salad, 70gr green beans, 20gr onion. 160gr fish, 100gr potatoes. Butter and oil and a glass of milk.

Dish 2: Spinach lasagna: 150g spinach, 150g onion, red bell pepper and tomatoes, 100gr cottage cheese, 50gr low fat cheese.

Dish 3. Satay chicken: 120gr chicken, 200gr vegetables and 100gr spinet. 15gr nuts, 2 tbsp satay sauces and 2 tbsp cream fresh.

Dish 4: Fish soup. 300gr vegetables, 160gr fish, 1 vegetables bouillon, ginger garlic chilly and water

Dish 5: Beefsteak, green beans, fried vegetables and pepper cream cheese sauce.

Dish 6: 125g Salmon, 150g fried vegetables, 100g green beans and 70g rice'.”²⁹ I finished.

Then it rolled the paper together and started to stare at me. I looked over to the bed hoping

²⁸ [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Queen_of_Hearts_\(Alice's_Adventures_in_Wonderland\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Queen_of_Hearts_(Alice's_Adventures_in_Wonderland))

²⁹ Illustration 36. Page 9 in My seven art works.

that the little creature was alright rolled up like that. I sat down at the table, looked at all this food.

Now this is it, I will never be able to finish this meal. I looked again at the fishes, hoping they had left already, but they stood still with their vulgar gaze.

I started to eat.

I ate and ate and ate.

I ate and ate and ate.

One bite here and one bite there. I had stopped feeling the taste of the food. It was more of a mission for me. Eat to keep my head on. I had no sense of hunger or replete anymore.

I ate and ate and ate.

I ate and ate and ate.

This was it, now I am sure going to explode. When I finished I stood up noticing that the fishes had already left.

God damn it! I did not have to eat all of this. I could have flushed some of the food down. Then a idea struck me, I will just puke it.

I ran to the bathroom, lifted the toilet seat and stack my finger up my throat. Nothing came out. I grabbed my toothbrush and forced it down my throat. Still nothing. I did not puke. I was there for a while trying again and again and again. I did not stop until the muscles in my neck were starting to cramp. Irritated I plunked myself on to the bed. Then I realized that I had rolled the little creature in the blanket. It was not there. It had gotten away. I looked under the bed, I tried to call out for it. Nothing.

I went back to the bed, not feeling so good. My whole body was shivering by now. I was starting to sweat and the pain in my insides was something I could never describe. I laid there on my bed and I felt like I laid there forever before I finally fell asleep.

Day 5.

No trumpets nor talking fish did woke me up this morning. How strange that I had really got used to the cards with the trumpets, the fishes walking and talking and even the little monkey servants.

What a strange world I was in, nothing seems right at all. I had been so occupied trying to keep my head on that I had not been thinking about how odd everything was here. Looking over to the dining table I saw that it was a detox day. I walked to the table curious of what insane diet The Queen had chosen for us today. On the table were a bunch of bottles what I guessed contained juices. I took the note up and read.

'Today's diet is the detox Juice Fast. You will only drink juices. This is your breakfast:

Bottle 1: Mix of orange juice, apple juice and carrot juice.

Bottle 2: Pineapple, banana and coconut juice.

Bottle 3: Red orange juice mixed with blackberry/blueberry juice.

Bottle 4: Peach juice and raspberry juice mix.

Bottle 5: Mix of orange juice, peach juice and strawberry juice.

Bottle 6: Peach and orange mix. Hot.³⁰

This was not so difficult task to finish and it took me only couple of minute to finish them all. When I realized that nobody was here, watching me. But it was not so bad, I felt good after the juices.

During the day I went frequently to the toilet, feeling lighter and more energized after each trip. At lunchtime I was on the top of the world, feeling so good, the depression had gone away. I wanted to go out and run or just talk to people.

I was locked inside so I entertained myself by jumping around on the bed, singing and dancing. Until my lunch suddenly appeared. I ran to the table, eager to have some more juices. The note said.

Lunch menu:

Bottle 1: Apple, carrot and tomato juice.

Bottle 2: Orange, carrot and apple juice mix.

Bottle 3: Coconut, banana, pineapple juice.

Bottle 4: Blueberry and Strawberry juice mix.

Bottle 5: Tomato and carrot juice.

Bottle 6: Strawberry, peach and blueberry juice mix and Orange juice.³¹

I felt so happy after the lunch. I jumped around some more the room, sang to the birds flying around outside of my window. I was high on juices. Finally my body felt good, not the horrifying pains at all times.

Just as before, the happy, energetic feeling did not stay a whole day and just half an hour after the lunch the pounding headache started. Then the symptoms came up one after the other. I had trouble focusing and my brain was not functioning right. I started to sing the songs wrong, even the text sounded odd from the beginning to the end³². I felt strange and my body started to weaken again, until I had pain all over. I was restless and the only thing I could manage to do was walking slowly around the room or laying down. By the time that the sun went down I felt so awful that I crawled under my blanket in my bed.

There I laid for some time. I was tired but I could not fall asleep. It was more like my eyes felt tired not my body. My body was weak but the cells were energetic. It was a strange feeling. I was not myself. I felt like the world I was in were just a dream. I felt that I was floating around.

³⁰ Illustration 37. Page 9 in My seven art works.

³¹ Illustration 38. Page 9 in My seven art works.

³² Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Chapter VII (p52).

What happened next I can not explain but then I felt someone pushing my shoulder. I was not about to wake up I was so tired. Then there came a good, hard push and my eyes sprung open.

I was back in The white, bright Gallery. I was still sitting in the same chair next to the window. A person stood over me and asked something, I did not hear what she said, I was still coming back from my... from my... from what ever that was. She stared at me so intensively that it reminded me of the fishes. I shock my head.

'Sorry what did you say'? I asked her.

'I was asking you if you were finished reading all the books?' She answered.

I looked down at my lap and saw that I had all five books lying in my hands that where placed on my thighs. What had happened? I do not understand how they all ended up there.

'Yes,' I said quickly in response, shock my head again trying to get back to reality. I took the books together and handed them over to her. She looked at me strangely but I did not seem to mind. I was trying to figure out what had happened and where I was. I was still not completely awaken yet. I sat still for a while, trying to regain my balance and my vision, which was very blurry. It was going to save me, the little creature with the hat. I was so rude, I did not even ask it for it's name. All the time I was thinking about myself, it must had have been prisoned by The Queen also. How stupid of me, why has it always has to be this way. I can never stop talking or thinking about myself. This is my main fault as a person. I should show more interest in others. I honestly think everybody are more interesting then I am.

I was ready to stand up. Just when I was moving the chair closer to the wall I saw a piece of paper taped to the wall. On it stood,

"Princess diary - 2012".

I was puzzled. Which princess? I just remembered The Queen. Was there some misunderstanding?

Chapter III - White Walker.

In the corner was a veil hanging from the ceiling³³. People were going one by one behind the veil doing some task, probably set out by the artist. The veil was a white tulle fabric so the ones that were not inside could easily see what the persons were doing. They walked in and turned to their head to the corner while they where doing something, I supposed they where writing something.

³³ Illustration 10. Page 2 in My seven art works.

Then they turned around with a note in their hands and pinned it on the veil. I liked watching the visitors one after each other go in and out. This became so holy and graceful, like a ceremony.

I walked towards the veil, to indicate that I was going to go in next. While I waited for the person still inside, I tried to read what was already hanging. Most of them were fairly sealed by their owners and it was no way for me to read but some were open for others to read. It was like peaking into someones live, being the fly on the wall. I liked that feeling and I read.

*“You make feel special in
every way, you make feel
like a true beauty.*

*I wish I could feel the same
when we're not together.
Not in the same spot, place
or room. But it's hard.*

*It's hard to feel good, seen
or important when I'm
on my own.*

*But you motivates me
to be a better human
You are my favorite human.*

*To my dearest,
You have brought so
much happiness into my life
that I am not sure if I will
ever be able to repay you the
same amount of love and
joy. You are the only one
for me, and I will always
be yours. Forever in love.
Yours truly.*

*I don't dare to love you
I love you secretly.*

*Loving you is like
having cake and eating it too.*

*Dear X
They say it's love when
holding her hand feels as good as
holder her boob. Despite the
lack of romantically inherent in
such a statement I feel that
really more words are
unnecessary. Our acton speak
stronger. And "love" has been
tainted by overuse. So hold my
hand like you hold my boob.*

Without you my live just feels empty :(³⁴

*Then there are some drawings and notes in other languages
that I can not read nor write nor understand.
Still I know what they are about.*

Ah, Love letters. How lovely and beautiful but at the same time so sad. Some people spend so much time and effort to find their one true love. Wait and wait for love to come by, for someone to acknowledge them and then finally be happy.

I become more and more curious of what stands in the letters that I could not read. There must be some secret or something in there that writers do not want the rest of the exhibition visitors to see. The more I thought about the closed letters the more curious I became and before I knew it I had twisted up my body in the hope of seeing what it contains.

"You make me feel..." ³⁵

³⁴ Unknown others. Audiences that visited the exhibition Candyshop.

³⁵ Unknown others. Audiences that visited the exhibition Candyshop.

That was the only thing I could see, how disappointing. I was hoping for some name or just something, gossip, I was after gossip. To have had some dirt on someone, anyone. It did not matter though I even did not know that person. That was awful of me, just awful to think like that.

The person standing inside the veil finally turned around, pinned her note to the fabric and as she stepped out through the fabric I imagined that now love will find her. I wanted it to be some kind of magic. I was really hoping that this veil would have some kind of a love spell, that everyone that had been in there and wrote a letter would finally find love. Snap out of it, this was just just a piece of art not a fairy world nor magical fabric. Here was no fairytale this was the real world with it's trouble and grayness. I saw through the veil a note taped to the wall in the corner saying,

“Write me a love letter and hang it up in the dress”³⁶

It was my turn. I walked to the entrance of the veil, ready to find love, for love to come to me. I walked in through the fabric, walked into the veil and I walked straight into a bright light that blinded me. While my eyes were adapting and gaining vision I stood still holding my hand before my eyes. I felt how drops of sweat leaked down my back. It must had be around 40°C. I knew for sure I was not at The Gallery anymore. Where I was I could not say, I was still blinded by the bright light. It was the sun, she shined right on me. All I knew was that I had ended up in a warm place. I was drenched with sweat, dizzy and probably on my way to dehydration. The drops were leaking form my scalp, down my face and my neck where they found more drops and gain in size and speed. They continued down my back meeting more drops and gained more speed. Ending in my underwear that were so wet at this point that it felt like I had just peed myself.

My eyes were starting to adapt to the brightness little by little. I saw faintly that I was standing outside, on something that looked like a square. There were houses all around and on the square were people walking. They were all in groups, small like three or four people or bigger, like ten or more, but all in groups. I did not dare to move. I was standing higher up, like I was watching down onto the square. I was definitely in some european city, southern european city.

Dannngggg

Ding

Dong

Dannngggg

Dang

Ding

Dong

³⁶ Illustration 9. Page 3 in My seven art works.

Dannngggg

I turned around. The bells were still clinging as I looked at them. I saw that I was standing in front of a church, a huge cathedral. It was so big, so beautiful, must have been hundreds of years old. What an architecture. These churches are all the same. Crazy big and extremely powerful, especially when you stand so up close. I had to bend my back to see the top as it towered over me. I could never tell in what town I was just by seeing this church. My vision was becoming clearer and clearer, I saw that I was in a quite old town with an awfully lot of people. People walking around in their groups up into the church. Then it hit me, they were tourists. There was nothing else that could explain their outfit and their behavior. I was already irritated by their presence but they must had knew what place this is and I decided to ask the family standing in the shadow of the church. When I took a step something pulled my hair, quite hard.

‘What the fuck is that?’ I scream out loud and turn around furious ready for a fight, but there was no one standing there. Instead I saw a awful lot of white tulle fabric laying all around, leading towards me. I was all dressed up, no wonder that they were all staring at me. I was wearing a white, fancy looking dress and the tulle fabric was attached to my head. It was my veil, the veil from The Gallery was on my head³⁷. I was wearing a full wedding outfit. It seemed like I was waiting for the groom to show up.

I was waiting, waiting for love. Waiting for love to come to me. I looked around trying to find some answers to this. There must have been some misunderstanding. Or was this The Queen, punishing me since I got away last time? Was she letting me die a slow painful death, in the boiling heat while waiting for love to come. What if love would not come? Would I die or just end up with no love at all? My body shivered with that thought. I could not give up on love.

Then there was nothing else to do but wait. Wait for love to come and take me away from The Queen. I took my place again. I did not need to know where I was, I was fighting for my freedom and I needed to win. Fixing my dress and putting the veil in the right position for love, I found out my hair was long and blond. I was just like the princesses in the fairytales. I took the hair in my hands admiring it’s beauty. But I had a long wait ahead and I needed to focus. It was so warm I was literally leaking down.

Focus.

Focus.

Waiting

Waiting

Waiting

³⁷ Illustration 41. Page 10 in My seven art works.

Waiting

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The shoes were hurting me. I felt blisters starting to appear. I should had had socks upon.

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Waiting

I felt so dizzy. I needed water, just something to drink. I could not waste that time.

I sat down dizzy. I walked towards the stairs and I sat on the top one, dizzy³⁸. Still focusing, still waiting. Still dizzy.

This was better, I felt how my feet were sore, numb after the waiting, the standing.

I wanted to take my shoes of, no not yet, not until love had arrived.

I waited some more.³⁹

Waiting

Waiting

Waiting

Waiting

³⁸ Illustration 44. Page 11 in My seven art works.

³⁹ Illustration 43. Page 11 in My seven art works.

like I had always pictured it. Trying to get the foggy feeling away, this moment was something that I wanted to remember, forever and ever. I rose up. I was standing at the top of the stairs while it walked towards me. It was like in the stories, in the fairytales.

'My dear Queen, my fair maid,' it said and bent it's knee all the way down to the ground in a big bow.

I look at it from above on it's knee, saying that I was it's queen, it's fair lady.

'I was a Queen? What was going on, what was happening? I thought The Queen did this to me, that this was my punishment. Could I really be a Queen? Was I it's Queen? I could be the White Queen, just as she was the Red Queen?' I thought with myself

It looked up to me, still with it's one knee on the ground. 'My Queen, you have been waiting, waiting for my return,' it spoke.

I just stood there puzzled looking down at it. White Queen. White Queen. I knew it I was I The White Queen, the Red Queens sister.⁴¹ It was her fault after all. She tricked me, tricked me into waiting. So now I need to trick her. I looked around, looked for her. Then I looked at it, innocent on it's knee.

'Yes', I said, as it stood up.

*"O, speak again, bright angel! -for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnéd wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy, puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of air'."*⁴² it spoke.

I had to admit that I did not quite understand what it said. I was not sure what it meant by this, or if it meant what it said⁴³. Now I had got it all wrong. If it was really love speaking and I was ready for love, then I should have understood what it said. Again I was puzzled, now by my own thoughts. I really needed water!

I was still up there, it was still down there. This was the perfect moment, the perfect love.

*"O Romeo, Romeo! -wherefore art thou Romeo?"*⁴⁴ I spoke. Something had come over me I was in no control over my doings.

*"Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?"*⁴⁵ It said back.

I got scared. I felt how my heartbeat raised and my breath shortened, just I saw another

⁴¹ Alice in Wonderland (2010) [Movie].

⁴² Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

⁴³ Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Page 54 – 55.

⁴⁴ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

⁴⁵ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

coming. It walked towards me, over the square. It stopped in front of me and bowed, just like the first one had done. It spoke the same words.

*“O, speak again, bright angel! -for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o’er my head,
As is a wingéd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy, puffing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of air’.”⁴⁶ it spoke.*

I saw how more and more came walking to me, over the square. Bowed to me, standing up there. No this was not right, they where not supposed to be these many. I wanted to run away but they had surrounded me. It was like I could not find other words and I started to cream hysterically over and over:

“O Romeo, Romeo! -wherefore art thou Romeo? ”⁴⁷

“O Romeo, Romeo! -wherefore art thou Romeo? ”⁴⁸

There came more and more of them walking, bowing, staring. They came closer and closer as the square filled up with them. I kept on screaming:

“O Romeo, Romeo! -wherefore art thou Romeo? ”⁴⁹

“O Romeo, Romeo! -wherefore art thou Romeo? ”⁵⁰

They where suffocating me with their gaze, with their pressure. My screams drowned in their bodies. Nobody could hear me, nobody would save me. I looked up to the sky, knowing this was it, this was the end. I did not find love, love never came, only hungry eyes and eager bodies. Their touch hurt, like they where stabbing me with knives. No! not the dress I thought, still screaming out.

“O Romeo, Romeo! -wherefore art thou Romeo? ”⁵¹

over and over again, as there was no other sentence I knew.

More pain, more stabbing, more of IT, IT’S pressure and IT’S beauty. The drops leaking down my body where now red and my once white dress was not so white anymore.

No one came, no one saved me.

I was no longer the White Queen, I had become the Red Queen, I was her, her evilness, her hatred. More stabbing, more blood. I was drifting away, slowly dying. Love was death. I had

⁴⁶ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

⁴⁷ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

⁴⁸ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

⁴⁹ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

⁵⁰ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

⁵¹ Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2 scene 2, bls 85

mistaken love.

“If you’re looking for love.

Get a heart made of steal ‘cause you know that love kills.

Don’t go messing with love

It’ll hurt you for real, don’t you know that love kills”⁵²

I opened my eyes and there I was back in the Gallery, just as drenched in sweat as I was in the dream. I stood by the fabric, pinning my note to the veil. I had some trouble with it. There was blood leaking from my finger tips, it had already colored the fabric. I managed to pin the note up and I walked through the fabric heading out. I needed fresh air, I needed to cool my body down.

What was happening to me? Why do I keep dropping in my imagination like that? Why can I not be normal and experience these artwork like normal person, by looking not experiencing?

I was quite irritated when I stepped outside and felt the cool winter air brush against me, lift my hair up. How fresh, how cool. I took a deep breath and I leaned against the wall right next to the door. On moments like this I wished that I did smoke, then I would have a reason to stand out here by myself, or at least something to do. I looked up to the sky and felt how soft, small raindrops fall on my face. It was nice and cold, my body was still quite warm after the last vision, last performance experience. There I stood alone outside of The Gallery, my clothes wet with sweat and now rain. When I looked down someone stood before me. It offered me a cigarette. I shook my head.

‘I don’t smoke,’ I said, kind of hoping it would leave me alone, walk away. Of course it did not. I looked up to the sky again to avoid his eyes, his hungry gaze. The sky was getting clearer and the rain had stopped. I took a deep breath all the way down to my stomach just like I do in my yoga classes, and closed my eyes. I stood there for a while. Cooling down in the silence, or until I heard odd noises. I opened my eyes and looked down. I was startled. There where hundreds and hundreds of children all around me, sitting there and staring at me. They where all dressed in white clothing, damped white or off white, and had a strange glow, radiation, coming from them. They looked just like ghosts in the movies, but I knew they where not ghosts. From them came also a strange sound, some kind of melody that I should had have know but I could not put my finger on it.

I stood there and watched them, just as they watched me. I felt hypnotized by them, their glow. I felt a strange connection, like I was part of them. That we were one, me and them. I could never offer them what they wanted, what they needed of me. This moment was so peaceful, just me and them, nothing else bothering us. I wanted to be there forever. By there presence I felt more like myself again, I felt ready to go inside and face the other art pieces. Somehow it was important for

⁵² Song: Love kills, Robyn.

them I saw them, so that made it important for me also.

Slowly they started to fade away. I watched them leave, just as they watch me still standing there, leaning against the wall. Their melody got silent and I started to hear the chatter within The Gallery again. I felt so peaceful, so quiet. Just as they vanished I pushed myself off the wall on to my balance, and walked in again. Slowly, step by step. The melody was still with me, still singing in my head. I knew it, it was our song.

Chapter IV - Candyshop

I walked up the stairs to the Gallery. The crowd had split up and moved around in The Gallery. It was not standing in front of the door anymore.

‘Welcome to the Candyshop’, a young lady greeted me.

‘Please come in, I am making cakes,’ she said just as she stuck her hand down a sugar bag on the table she stood by and threw an hand full of sugar over the crowd standing on her right. Nobody seemed to notice or even feel the sugar flying over their heads.

‘Do you want me to make you a cake?’ She asked and took an handful of sugar that she threw over herself like confetti. She stood still for a moment with her head up to the ceiling and her hands straight down her body. It looked like she had won something and was celebrating. I laughed with myself as I walked closer to her. I liked her.

She was a small girl, woman, probably my age, with a strange and short purple hair. She had a lot of makeup on, pink cheeks, pink lips, glitter eye lashes and smokey black eyes. She was wearing black leggings, pink thick bottomed shoes and a quite big, white, t-shirt. On the t-shirt was written big and noticeable black ink, FOR SALE⁵³. That made me curious.

‘For sale, what are you selling? The cakes?’ I asked her, now standing on the other side of the table just in front of her.

‘No, not selling the cakes,’ she replied while getting more sugar, ‘just myself, my body and all my works.’ She turned herself in a circle with her hand outside to indicate that by the works she meant the installations. ‘Everything here is for sale, you know!’ She continued while she took up another handful of sugar and threw it on to the wall. Seeing the sugar glittering in the light was beautiful. It seemed somewhere between fairydust and snowfall.

‘Selling yourself, what do you mean?’, I asked again, quite shocked by her answer. I was quite angry that any woman would sell her body.

⁵³ Illustration 45. Page 11 in My seven art works.

'I'm selling myself, my body, my identity', she said and giggled, took up some more sugar and threw it over the table. It went all over me as well, I did not mind. I was more interested in the idea of how she was going to sell herself and shook the sugar out of my hair and continued.

'What!' I said quite angrily. 'What are you selling you for?'

'It is yours to decide,' she replied. 'It is the costumer that chooses the price. You have to make me an offer, I do not have anything to say in the agreement.' She smiled at me and put handful of sugar into her mouth. How disgusting, I thought. I felt like I was in the Duchess house⁵⁴ and instead of pepper, dishes and pans that are thrown around it was sugar. It was a bit too sweet for me.

'So do you want me to make you a cake?' She asked and blinked her big, pretty eyes. Sugar fell from her eyelashes.

'What kind of cake are you making?' I asked while examining the ingredients on the table. She had wheat, milk, oil, baking power and of course sugar⁵⁵. She mixed the dough in a blue bowl. There were 8 white plastic glasses lined in a row, each one half full with strange fluid and a plastic spoon standing out of it⁵⁶.

'Well what kind of cake to you want me to make?' She answered back and looked straight into my eyes.

'I am making a microwaved baked cupcakes and you can choose your own flavor and own color as you like.'

On the other end of the table was a microwave-oven. I felt like I was in the sand box and we were two children playing the shop game, I was the costumer and she was the shop lady. How funny.

'That's sounds nice,' I said back.

She took up a new plastic glass poured 3 tablespoons of dough into the glass, took up a small white plastic spoon and put it to the dough in the glass. She looked up at me again and said,

'I have four different flavors that you can choose from,' she pointed at the first four plastic glasses with the different fluids.

'Mango! Peppermint! Raspberry! and Banana!' She said with a screechy voice, while pointing at the first four glasses one at the time⁵⁷.

'Which flavor would you like?'

It took some time deciding what flavor I would like to have. Peppermint would be to weird, raspberry was something I would normally choose and I was not so found of banana.

⁵⁴ Carroll, Lewies. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Chapter VI, page 42.

⁵⁵ Illustration 47. Page 12 in My seven art works.

⁵⁶ Illustration 46. Page 11 in My seven art works.

⁵⁷ Illustration 46. Page 11 in My seven art works.

'Mango!' I said loud and clear, really happy with my choice.

She giggled.

'Why, what is wrong with Mango?' I asked.

'Nothing,' she said. 'It is just the most popular flavor tonight, I am surprised,' she giggled again. 'Honestly I did not think that mango would be the hip flavor.'

I felt insecure. Was I just like everybody else, not special at all. Then it occurred to me that most of the people at this exhibition were not "normal" persons either. I was one of them, I was one of the artist and the art lovers. In here I was just like everybody else, out on the streets I was unique. I laughed.

'Yes how strange,' I replied to her.

She took up the spoon in the mango cup and poured 2 spoonfuls of them into the glass with the dough.

'Which is your favorite color? Green, yellow, red or blue?'⁵⁸

It was as if someone else answered for me,

'Green!' I said.

I don't even like green or not as much as I like yellow. But the decision was made and before I could change my mind she had poured 2 spoons of green food color into my dough. She stirred this all together as she spoke,

'Then just one last thing, which cup do you prefer? Pink or White.

'White,' I answered. 'It matches the green color.'

I was happy with my choices, though I would had like yellow better but now the color is in juxtaposition to the flavor and I liked that uniqueness.

She poured the fabulous green colored dough into the white cup that had black dots on it. When she had half filled the cup she stopped, turned around and threw the plastic glass into the trash behind her. Then she took the white cup up carefully like it was her own baby, opened the microwave, placed the cake carefully in it (I could just see it on her face as the microwave was turning towards her) and closed. Turned the timer and said:

'Now we just wait for one minute.'

I nodded with a smile and leaned on the wall, waiting. She turned her focus to her next customer.

I looked at all the people that were gathered in The Gallery. So interesting how different we are from each other.

PLING! The microwave dinged.

'The cake is ready,' the girl yelled and threw sugar at the microwave. Then she opened it up,

⁵⁸ Illustration 46. Page 11 in My seven art works.

reached out for a note (that was lying between the microwave and the wall), grabbed my cake out and placed in on the note. She handed the cake to me.

'Be careful, the cake is really warm'.⁵⁹

I thanked her, grabbed a napkin that was laying in front of the microwave as a shower of sugar came over me. It went all the way into my cloth and as I raised up I felt it ran down my back, down into my underpants. There she stood in front of me, giggling and smiling so cute.

'Thank you,' I said.

'It was my pleasure,' she replied and bowed gracefully, like they did in the old days with a hand wave and everything. I placed the cake on the napkin to avoid burning my fingers, took the note up and read:

Green

You are a practical, down-to-earth person. You are kind, generous and compassionate.

*You are intelligent and love to learn,
you are quick to understand new concepts.*

*You have a great need to love and to be loved and you tend to wear your heart
on your sleeve.*

*You have a need to belong, you are at
home in any social situation and you
can have a tendency to gossip.*

*You have high moral standards and
doing the right thing is important to you.*

You like to be accepted, appreciated and admired for the good you do.

*You are a loyal friend and a faithful
partner.*

*You are strong-willed and do not like to be told what to do by others. You
do like to win arguments and do not concede defeat easily.*

*You love food and find it hard to lose weight. You are not a risk-taker and not action
orientated, you love to sit in a café and watch the world go by.*

*You are business orientated and love to work in your own business. Money is important to
you but you are generous.*

*The ability to put yourself in the shoes of others is one of your true talents, but you need to
be careful you don't become so involved in others lives that you become
a martyr.⁶⁰*

I was amazed how well this description fitted me and my characteristics. I felt that I had been tricked, tricked into something that I was not quite ready for. Tricked by my own choice and my own thinking. I bet the notes for the other colors would have fitted me just as well as the green note. That did not matter, I thought this was funny and clever. I really hope she will be able to sell some of her work. I looked around, still not eating the cake as it was so warm. I was quite sure that nobody notices that all the things in The Gallery were for sale. Everybody so occupied by mingling and being noticed that nobody pays the artwork any attention.

⁵⁹ Illustration 49. Page 12 in My seven art works.

⁶⁰ Illustration 50. Page 12 in My seven art works.

Chapter V - International Vagina

I walked towards the next piece while I let my cake cool down. No one noticed me squeezing through the crowd, they were all too busy talking, drinking and being noticed by others. Nobody moved or made room for me, I had to squeeze between them like I was going through thinned bushes. Finally I was standing in front of the piece, quite angry and irritated for this ignorant people. But I came here for the art pieces and the next one was quite different from the rest. Eight painted pictures hung on the wall. Black and white on a white fabric. What the paintings were of I was not sure but I could see that the same method was used for them all, a strange and unfamiliar method.⁶¹

My cake was finally eatable, not too hot but still not cold yet. I lifted the cake to my mouth. The mango flavor filled my nostrils when I brought it closer to my mouth. It was a nice and exotic smell. The difference between color and smell amazed me as mangoes are not green, they are supposed to be yellow. I took a bite. The mango flavor rolled around in my mouth and the cake melted with my saliva. Amazing cake, quite good for a microwave-cake at least. I took another bite, quite big one and again the mango taste filled me inside. I stood looking at these strange pieces of paintings while letting the cake roll around in my mouth. Three of the paintings were black in the background with white shapes on top but five were the opposite, white with black shapes on top. I finished my cake just holding the paper cup, still not figuring out what the shape was on the pictures. I found it so familiar.

“What a curious feeling!”⁶² What was happening in my body?

Everything was slowly growing bigger and bigger. The room, the tables and even the people around me, but nobody seems to find these changes odd. They were still talking, laughing and begging for each other's attention. Meanwhile everything grew bigger and bigger. I saw how the paintings got further and further away. Up, up in the air.

It was me! I was shrinking!

Down, down I went towards the floor. The white cup in my hand was too big to hold in just one hand now and it just continued growing. Then I could not hold it up any longer so I dropped it. I did not know how to behave. I did not call out for help as it might mean they would all think that I was crazy or something. I felt quite nervous about me shrinking “for it might end, you know, in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what should happen then?”⁶³ Fortunately that did not happen and at some point it all stopped. I stopped shrinking. By then I was already somewhere way

⁶¹ Illustration 13&14. Page 4 in My seven art works.

⁶² Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Page 6.

⁶³ Carroll, Lewis. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Page 6.

under my pile of clothes, laying in total darkness.

I was getting quite used to these imaginative worlds by now, knowing that at some point I would open my eyes to find myself again in The Gallery. Find that nothing had really happen, it was all just a dream. Quite angry with myself, that I could not grow up once and for all I decided to not be tricked by myself this time. I decided to wait this one off. Try to fall asleep in order to wake up in the reality live, normal sized.

So tiny and naked, I laid there in the darkness on my still warm cloths. It was pitch black so I closed my eyes, trying to fall asleep. There I was for some time until I knew I could not fall asleep and was getting quite bored. Out of curiosity I stood up and started to walk in the soft clothes, hoping to find a way out of here. It was quite nice walk, everything was so soft and nice. I imagined that I was climbing in the clouds. My feet sunk deep down in the fabric in each step. In a distance I saw something, a glimpse of light, flickering. After all there was a way out of here. I knew it. I started to walk faster, towards the light.

It was a difficult walk as the clothes gave so much in with every step. It was like walking in as loose sand, or a deep snow. It seemed like the walked forever and when I came closer I saw that the light came from inside of a half open door. I walked slowly, as silently as I could, towards the door and peeked around it with my naked body hidden behind the door. I was was not about to run through that door incase I would run naked into The Gallery. I liked attention but I did not seek out for this type of attention. It took some time for my eyes to get used to the bright light in the room and when my eyes had finally adapted I saw a rounded, white room and before I walked in I made sure that there was no one in there. The room was empty, white and round, like half a bowl. The room was warm and soft, though the floor did not give as much in as it did outside of the door. On the wall hung picture all the circle around. It was the same ones as I just saw in The Gallery.

'I knew it! I knew it had something to do with the art work!'

Just that moment the door I just walked through slammed shut behind me. I was startled and turned around and saw that the door I just walked through was just one of the pictures. It was one of the smaller white pictures with the black painting on.

'The paintings where doors!'

I walked towards it hoping I could open it again. It did not open. The must be a way out of here I just had to find the one that lead to The Gallery again. I walked around the room, observing the paintings carefully.

'Which of them was the one?'

'Who would lead me out of this?'

I walked and walked and walked around in the room until I became dizzy and had to sit

down. There I sat with my head between my knees, giving it a little pressure with my hands, I had learned that trick once when I was almost fainting once. I closed my eyes.

‘Help me and lead my way out of here’ I said aloud.

‘Help me and lead my way out of here’ I said again.

Somehow I was hoping one of them would open up and lead me the way out. But I am not a princess in a fairytale with fairy dust. I am just a regular girl, tiny and naked. I could not wait for magic to start happening. I had to start somewhere. I stood up and started to pick out:

“Eeny, meeny, miny, moe,

Catch a tiger by the toe.

If he hollers, let him go,

Eeny, meeny, miny, moe”⁶⁴.

I ended up pointing at a big white picture with black paint on it. It was the only one that was really different from the others.⁶⁵ With the hope that this was the one I walked to it and tried to open it up but I could not find any knob. There was no knob, nothing that could help me open it up. I started to touch the painting all over in the hope of finding something, knob, button, whatever that would help me open it up. Nothing! In a desperation I started to push. I pushed at the middle of the painting, I pushed at the ends of the painting, I pushed and pushed and pushed. I leaned my whole body, my whole weight into it, gave it all the pressure I had. Until finally the picture gave in and with a big loud sighing-sound the pressure was gone and the door opened up easily. The door was thick and heavy. Just as I stepped through the frame I could not hold it any longer and the painting slammed behind me. I had to hope that I could somehow get out.

I was in a passage, a big, wide tunnel, dark and moist. There was nothing to do but to start walking. It was so dark that I could not see where it led but I walked. It was a long walk, an endless walk. The tunnel grew wider and wider with every step. Little by little the ceiling started to disappear into the darkness and the walls went further and further away. Still I could not see the end of the tunnel. I walked and walked and walked. For my own pleasure and to let time pass I started to sing.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!

How I wonder what you’re at!

Up above the world you fly,

Like a tea-tray in the sky.

*Twinkle, twinkle-’”*⁶⁶

⁶⁴ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eeny,_meeny,_miny,_moe

⁶⁵ Illustration 56. Page 14 in My seven art works.

⁶⁶ Carroll, Lewis. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 56 & 57.

After a long while singing the same song over and over again since there was no other song that came into mind, I finally found it. The end. It was a great wall. I could not see where it ended at the top or on each side but it was the end, I knew it. I found the door quite easily, surprisingly for such a great wall.

This is it.

I opened it up. A bright white light came towards me. I hid my naked body behind the door like before while my eyes were adapting to brightness. When I had finally gained my vision back I realized I was back to the white rounded room with the paintings. How disappointing. I walked in and a white painting with three splashes⁶⁷ closed slowly behind me. I was standing in front of the painting I had just walked through earlier. I had gone in a circle around the room. I was so angry and irritated I could scream. I walked straight to the next painting on my left side a small black painting with a white splash⁶⁸ on it.

‘At least this one had a knob!’

I opened it up and walked in. So irritated and angry that I was not thinking. I just strolled in to another tunnel but before I took a good look I hit the painting frame with my toes and fell straight down on my face. I was lucky and did not hurt myself. This tunnel was filled with something soft and thick. I was covered with it from head to toe and my face sank deep in it. I had to push myself from the ground to catch breath. The matter grabbed on to my face, huge honeylike drops ran slowly from my nose and hair to the ground again. It was not really fluid but still not solid. It was not like rubber even though the thickness was similar but it smelled awful. I was lucky again as my feet kept the door open. So I pushed myself up to my knees and rose up, holding the door with my hands and opened it up to let the light from the white room shine in to the tunnel. Then I saw what it was, what this stuff was.

Blood!

It was Blood!

Blood!

The tunnel was covered with blood. It was all over the ground and even leaking from the walls and the ceiling. I screamed a little on my in breath. How disgusting ... and the smell was so bad. The worse part was that I was all covered with it from my head to my toes. I had someones blood all over my body and my face.

I almost threw up. I let the painting go and started to roll around on the white room floor to get the blood of my body. The floor quickly turned red but I did not mind. It took me a while to get rid of all of my body. I finished off by using the walls for my face and my hair but the hair parts was quite difficult as the blood started to solidified. The smell of blood was now all over, not as heavy

⁶⁷ Illustration 57. Page 14 in My seven art works.

⁶⁸ Illustration 54. Page 13 in My seven art works.

as in the last tunnel but still there. It made me sick.

Now desperately needing to find the way out I walked to the next painting, the one closest to me. It was a long black painting with a white picture on it.⁶⁹ It took me sometime to find the knob as it was so small and high up, but I was lucky enough that it had one. I pulled it open and the painting swung up light as a feather and closed back. I really thought would be heavier like the others had been. I tried again, now putting little bit less force than before. Behind the painting was yet another tunnel. This one was too narrow for me. I was small but not this tiny. I might have been able to force myself through, but I did not have the energy nor the strength to do so. I saw a light glimmer at the end.

'I take this one if no other leads to The Gallery,' I thought with myself and with a sigh I closed the painting back. The irritation and anger had left my body, now I felt sad and disappointed, like I knew I would never get out of here. Every painting is some trick. A dead end, too small or bloody.

With no hope I walked to the next picture, a small white one but with little bit less black⁷⁰ on it than the other small white one. I had already given up before I even tried to open it. There was no knob, nothing that could help me. I had to push. It was easy to open but it was rusty and little by little it opened with a rusty, squeaky noise. It creaked so loud it hurt my ears and I felt it also in my teeth. I pushed and pushed until the door stood wide open.

Another tunnel of course, at least this one was clean and just the right size for me. After I had examined the tunnel quite well, knowing there was nothing disgusting in there nor a strange smell, I walked in and let the painting close behind me. It only took me few steps to get to the other end.

'This one was short.' I could almost reach out to the other end were I came in. I tried to find a knob, handle or what ever to open it up. Nothing. Again it took me a while to find something to help me open it up. I was not going to go back, I needed to go through this tunnel. It did not open so I used the pushing like before. I turned my back to the wall and pushed with my feet. Slowly, bit by bit the door opened and when it finally opened up I found myself standing in the white, rounded room, again. I got furious. I jumped around, screaming. I rolled around on the floor and I kicked the wall. The pain in my toe brought me back from my fury. I knelt down and grabbed my toes. There was only one painting left to open. It may also be leading to nowhere. I stood up and limped to the last painting, big and black one⁷¹. I might have broken my toes the pain was so heavy.

Luckily the painting had a normal sized knob right in the middle of it. I turned the knob and

⁶⁹ Illustration 57. Page 14 in My seven art works.

⁷⁰ Illustration 55. Page 13 in My seven art works.

⁷¹ Illustration 57. Page 14 in My seven art works.

pulled the painting until it the light of the room was shining into a tunnel. There was water all over, even leaking from the walls but I did not mind getting wet, I was naked. I walked in and let go of the painting, watched it close behind me. I hoped this was the last time I would see the white rounded room. It closed lightly with almost no sound at all.

I turned around facing the tunnel. I was determined to get out of here. This time I was not going to end up in the white room again. I started to walk. It was dark but somehow I could see where I was going. It was a normal-sized tunnel, for me and I could see the top, the walls and it was not tight at all. The further I walked the higher the water level went. I did not mind since I was naked and the water cleared of the blood stains that sat fast on my body

When the water reached my breasts I was getting quite nervous. I might had to swim my way out of here. The water level grew higher and higher until a wave swiped me off my feet and I started to float with it. It was going downwards, faster and faster. I had some trouble keeping my head above the water level. I was so scared that this would be my death. I would drown alone in a dark tunnel. Still going further down, down, down and falling endlessly in some sort of a underground water stream. When I was sure that I was going to drown I fell with the water through some bushes and landed down on the ground, straight on my feet. It was all so bright around me and it took me a few seconds to realize I was back in the Gallery. Still tiny and naked.

I walked back to my clothing pile to bury myself in the soft fabric, trying dry myself on the dress and walked towards my bra to fall asleep in. The moment I entered through the sleeve I felt a tingling in my stomach. A moment later I had nearly doubled in size.

“I am growing” I thought and hurried up into my dress. Few seconds later I nearly filled my sweater, I stretched my arms and legs so that they would fit back in the clothes. When I was finally in my real, regular size I only had to adjust the sweater and re-attach my bra. Just when I was growing my head back through the neck hole I heard someone addressing me.

‘I did not expect so see you here’.

It was my friend from school, standing just in front of me. That was close I thought and smiled to her as I pulled out each of my arm.

‘What changed you mind?’, she ask me.

Not quite with myself yet I answered,

‘I do not know. I just had the feeling that I would not want to miss this’.

Trying to gain my full vision and my full awareness, she continued the conversation,

‘Well, you must be delighted now, that you decided to come. What a amazing exhibition. I am so inspired by all these different art works. And the cakes, the analyze. How cool was that?’

‘What color did you choose?’ she continued.

'Green', I answered. Just getting the sense of the Gallery again.

'Oh, me too', she replied. 'Have you seen the children's picture dress yet?'

I was standing just in the same steps as when I started to shrink. It made me happy.

'Mmm, No!' I answered not quite paying attention to our conversation.

'You have to! You must! It's fantastic', she replied, 'And the soundtrack. Oh, god. I can not tell you more. I must not spoil it for you'.

'Where is it?' I asked, just to be polite.

'In the other room', she answered. 'Well, I'm going out for a smoke. I am little tipsy after all the free wine they are offering here', she whispers to my ear.

'But some of us are going to a bar later, you want to join? She finished.

'Well. I'm not sure. I'll have to see'. I answered back.

'You have my number! Just call me', and she strolled out of the Gallery like she owned the place, like she always does.

I stood there, in front of the eight paintings, still gaining sense of the Gallery. When I saw a note, little note taped to the wall. It said,

"International Vagina".

Well so that is what it was, the tunnels, the blood, the liquid. God! I felt disgusted and used but amazed by how different they could be. But this really has to stop now, I have had enough of being thrown around for art's sake.

Chapter VI - Beautiful beast.

I walked along the wall, to see the next piece. There was a plastic, transparent, dress hanging from the ceiling⁷². It was not big, rather small. For a small, elegant body. Coming closer to the work I could see that on the floor, beneath the dress, were a shining silver shoes and long, blond wig. I walked closer as I saw the instructions lying on the floor, next to the shoes and the wig. Similar note as for the other art works, just taped to the floor. There stood.

*"Try to fit my beauty"*⁷³.

Ah, Cinderella game? -try to fit my beauty. Like the shoe fitting from the Cinderella story. I was a huge fan of that story, I loved every bit of it. To be a normal girl but end up living your dream, something I will aim at.

⁷² Illustration 16. Page 4 in My seven art works.

⁷³ Illustration 15. Page 4 in My seven art works.

Since the shoes were there, so shiny and silvery, I had to try them on, just to see if they fitted. I took up one of the glittery, shiny shoes. It was very small, way too small for me and my big feet. I took my shoes off and tried to squeeze my heel into the shoe but I did not succeed. In order to fit the shoe I would have had to take both my toes and my heel off. I was not the one the prince was looking for. I could never fit this beauty. It was too small, just like the white skirt from the earlier piece, was way too big. Nothing is normal in there.

These shoes must belong to a child. I can not imagine that a grown woman could have so tiny feet. It could belong to one of the children I met earlier outside. I took up the wig. The wig was different, it was easy to fit, one size fits all. I put it on my head and let the blond hair spread over my shoulder, down my back and over my breasts. How beautiful I must have looked. There was no mirror, so I closed my eyes to imagine how I must look. I was a true beauty.

'Cindy!'

'Cindy!'

Someone called out and I opened my eyes.

I was standing in front of a big mirror. Where it came from was not on my mind as I was occupied with my reflection. I was finally beautiful, I was finally the girl that I had always picture myself. I was not only wearing the wig I was also wearing the silver shoes and the dress. It all fitted perfectly. Either my body had gotten smaller or the dress and the shoes gotten bigger. I turned around admiring myself in the mirror. My elegance, beautiful body and what it was wearing.

'Cindy!'

'Cindy!'

'Tea!'

'Cindy!'⁷⁴

Who was yelling so loudly?

I turned around and was surprised when I saw that I was not The Gallery any longer. I was in a nice bedroom, not so bright but nice. It was a bit messy, but that was normal, I think. The door to the room stood open and in between the shouts for Cindy and tea I heard chatter, just like the one in The Gallery. There were great many people on the other side of that door. I walked through the door and out to a hall. Slowly and lightly, trying to make as little noise as I possibly could thought I found that difficult as the shoes I was wearing made a lot of noise.

'Cindy! You have to bring the tea!'

The shouting continued as I walk down the hall. I came to a staircase that lead down where the chatter and the shouting came from. Slowly, as quietly as I could, I walked down the steps one

⁷⁴ Grimm, Jacob & Wilhelm. The complete Grimm's Fairy tales (Cinderella).

at the time, hoping no one would notice me.

'There you are!'

'Cindy, my dear, can you bring us the tea now?'

Who was talking and to whom? I bent down and peaked between the ceiling and the stairs down to a room filled with people. Or maybe not exactly people. There were only three real persons, human looking, the rest were all kinds of animals and birds. They were all seated by a large dining table that was in the middle of the room. The table was filled with cakes and biscuits, the smell made me hungry.

'Stop hiding.'

'I can see you.'

'Come down and fetch the TEA!' The voice said again. I had no clue who was talking or to whom. I sat there in the stairs, looking at the circus at the table that had already started to eat. I had never before seen animals eaten from such a fine crockery, saying please and thank you to each others.

'What is going on? Animals talking!' Was I mad?

A Hare sitting at the end of the table and was definitely the host of this strange party. She stood up and skipped towards the stairs. I moved slowly up step by step so the Hare would not see me sitting there and hid behind the wall next to the stair. I heard the Hare jumped up the stair one step at the time.

What should I do, the Hare will see me?

My body froze up and I did not move. I heard the Hare's jump.

Jump and jump and jump until she was standing over me. By then I had closed my eyes and truly hoped by some trick that I was invisible for her.

'Hello! Is someone home,' the Hare said and knocked on my head.

I opened my eyes.

'Well there you are. Great, now the tea dear. Run down and get it.'

I looked around, seeing if she was really talking to me.

'What?' I said whispering.

'Who?'

'Me?'

'What?'

'Well off you go, down to the kitchen where you belong. Everything is on the table, the guests are already here. The only thing left to serve is the tea.'

'You made it, did you not?' the Hare said now quite angrily.

'I hope you have not been too occupied with your little beauty play to make the tea. Can you

not stop for once acting like a child for once and do what I tell you?’

I was getting afraid of the Hare like my body new I should be frightened of her. She skipped around me, angrily and shaking her head muttering something to herself.

Then she stopped and looked me straight in the eyes.

‘GO!’

‘GO!’

‘GO!’ She screamed at me so loud that her white hair, rose up and got read.

‘NOW!’ she finished almost deep purple by now.

I stood quickly up and started walk down the stairs. The Hare came right behind me. When I was standing at the little platform in the middle of the stairs I saw that the strange party at the big dinner table had all stopped talking, easting and starred at me. I looked down to avoid their gaze but in horror I realized that I was still wearing the plastic dress and that everyone could see my naked skin. So embarrassed I froze up and I stood still for a moment, looked down at the silvery shining shoes. I felt the tears start running down my cheeks.

The Hare skipped down to the floor, turned around facing me.

‘Tea!’, she screamed and pointed her finger to a door in the corner of the room, like she was pointing me to the tea. I walked down the stairs, not looking up. I heard the two girls sitting at the table, giggle and whisper something to each other. The tears started to flow and I ran. I opened the door in the corner were the she pointed at and ran down a yet another stairs. I ran so fast that I could not stop myself and in the end I fell down to the floor, where I laid and cried my eyes out.

I shred all my tears that I had in my body and when there was no tears left I started to sob until there were no more sobs left. There I laid in the pond of my own tears, wet all over, when I heard something walk towards me. I did not care. I just wanted to lie here with my face barred down in my arms. The thought of bringing that tea to that mad party upstairs, made me sick. That something was still walking towards me and stopped right next to me. I felt how it brushed against me, softly and caring. This was not a human touch. Out of curiosity I peaked with one eye, with my face all wet and my eyes red and swollen. All I saw was a smile. Smile that made made me look up, away from my hands. It was a cat. A big cat, standing over me and smiling. I sat up.

”I didn’t know that cats could grin.”⁷⁵ I said, accidentally aloud.

‘No one knows. Please do not tell anyone’, the Cat whispered back.

I smiled back. Her eyes where filled with happiness. In this world she was my friend, that I knew. I looked at her face and all my worries disappeared. Then she snapped me back to reality.

‘The tea you have to make! You will not escape the Hare. You have tried to escape that

⁷⁵ Carroll, Lewies. Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland. Page 45.

before, that did not end well.’ The Cat said.

She poked her nose under my hand helping me to rise up.

‘Off you go then,’ she said and nicked her head to the stove in the other end of the room.

I started to walk, barely holding my own balance as my eyes were still swollen after the tears and my dress was all wet.

It was like I had done this many times before as I did not need to think. I took up a bucket and went outside to get a water. Then I poured the water into the pot and placed it over the fire. Mean while the Cat sat on the table watching me work.

‘I would help you out, if it would not had be for the horror you went through the last time I did helped you,’ she said.

‘That is alright, I am almost done’, I replied and smiled to her.

We waited together and ate some cookies while the tea was getting ready. Then she called out.

‘It is ready!’

‘The tea is ready!’

I jumped up to my feet and poured the the into a proper tea pot. When I was about to lift the teapot up it did not move. I tried over and over again but the teapot would not budge. What can be wrong, I just managed to lift the tea up. This is not making any sense. Irritated I sat down on the floor with no hope of getting that tea up stair.

‘You know, you have to ask her to help’. The Cat advised me and smiled. Then she turned around, lifted her tail up and walked outside.

‘Ask the teapot’, I said. ‘What a crazy idea!’ Sitting there hopeless I looked at the teapot and said.

‘Dear...

... Teapot.’

‘Could you be so nice...

...so lovely to help me carry you up the stairs and to the mad party?’

‘Please, please, I beg you!’

Silence.

Now I had gone mad. I leaned my back on to the wall feeling hopeless.

I looked at the teapot again, thinking,

“Please please, help me. Please, please, help me. Please, please, help me.”⁷⁶

I sighed. The Hare will kill me for this. Then strange things happened. A face stared to form on the teapot and it coughed loudly and said,

⁷⁶ Song: Please Please me, The Beatles.

'I am to old.'

'Too much soot on me,' and she coughed again.

My eyes became big and my brain was overloaded. Not only that the animals talk but also the crockery. Now I had definitely lost it, that was for sure.

'So, what are we waiting for?' Miss Teapot said. 'I thought we where going upstairs, to the Mad Tea Party?'

My eyes where so big at this moment that I thought they would just roll out of my eye socket.

'Stop staring and start working, I can not to this by myself.' Miss Teapot continued.

I shook my head, stood up and asked.

'What to do then?

'Just grab my handle and lift me softly and steadily,' she said in a soft, mild voice now.

'On my count.'

'One!'

'Two!'

'Three!'

'LIFT!'

I pulled, lightly but steadily just as she said. I was not going to spill one drop down. I did not want the Hare to get the pleasure to moan about that and I had cried enough for one day.

One step at the time we managed to carrie the tea over to the kitchen, up the small wooden stairs and into the dining room. It was easy now that we were helping each other.

I whispered to Miss Teapot.

'Thank you, I can not thank you enough for your help'.

'Thank me when we are there, safely at the table,' she whispered back.

At that moment I slipped and...

Drop!

Drop!

Drop!

The whole party became silent and turned their heads to me, like before. The girls giggled and whispered again. I looked up with shame, all red from head to toes.

This was it. This was my end. Now she will kill me. The Hare was going to kill me.

The Hare jumped out of her chair and skipped towards us.

'What ARE You doing?',' she whispered/screamed angrily in my ear.

'You have spilled and when the guests are gone, the tea time is over, you will be sorry for this. I will make sure of that', she finished and skipped to her seat, sat down and screamed.

'TEA!'

'Serve us some tea.'

The rest of the party took under and screamed in choir.

'TEA!'

'TEA!'

'TEA!'

The tears were streaming down my cheeks again but luckily I had Miss Teapot help and we served everyone at the party a tea in their cup. The best part was there was plenty left for another round.

'See, now we do not have get more.' Miss Teapot said and smiled but nothing could make me happy now. I knew that in a few hours I would be wishing I had never been born. This was not the first time I was punished and I knew the Hare would not go so easy on me.

When Miss Teapot was on her spot I was going to go down to the kitchen again. That was not about to happen as the Hare pointed me to a tiny table and chair next to her. The chair was so small my knees came all the way up to my chin. I did not mind at least I was out of everyone's side, under the big dining table.

On my right side sat a strange looking creature. It was almost a human but still not quite. The strange creature had a large hat upon.

'Wait! I had seen that creature before somewhere.' I thought with myself.

It was awfully alike someone I knew. I racked my brain about it for some time but I did not figure it out until the creature looked down at me and whispered,

'I have already tried to save you once,' it said and blinked me.

'I see I have to try again.'

The moment I heard the voice I realized who it was. It was the little creature with the hat from the big red velvet room. It was not so small any longer, it was quite big compare to me and handsome. The creature reached its hand down to its west pocket, took up something small and shiny and placed it on my tiny table.

'What was that?' I took it up, but made sure that the Hare sitting next to me did not see.

'Scissors, it was scissors.'

'What to do with scissors?'

I looked up at the creature again trying to get some answers. Then it took off its hat and started to pull its hair, madly.

'Well, it is mad now,' I thought.

'The creature is mad now and was not about to help me anymore.'

I sat there with the scissors in my cleansed fist.

Hair.

Hair.

Hair.

'Why did it pull his hair?'

It was like the answer flew to my mind and my body finally understood what was going on.

'My hair!'

'It was my hair. My long blond hair that kept me in her service.'

'My beautiful, blond hair was my chain.'

I did not think, I did not hesitate.

I opened my fist, placed the scissors in my finger, took a piece of hair in my palm and started to cut as close to the scalp as I could⁷⁷.

I cut and cut and cut.

Piece by piece it all came off⁷⁸.

Some said I went mad, others said that I was under allot of pressure and was trying to call out for a help. It was a desperate move, for being noticed as a real person.

I took it all off, there was not a piece left.

I knew I would miss it. I knew I would never feel beautiful again. But that did not matter to me. When I had finished cutting in all off I looked up to the creature with the big hat and smiled to it. It smiled back. Then I took all my fallen hair in my hand, stood up and threw it up in the air like a confetti. I raised my hands with it and closed my eyes, felt how the off cut hair glided over my face and down to the ground.

I was free.

Free at last

When I opened them again I was back in the Gallery.

I was standing next to the window shelve there the books laid. I put my hand was on the shelve to supporting my dizzy and confused body. I realized I had gone from one side of the Gallery to other.

'What had happened?'

All around me laid sugar. I still had the blond wig on and I was half wearing the silver, shining shoes. I did not even fit them, my toes where hurting and my heels did not make it in side. I took the shoes off, aching in my feet when they touched the floor. I walked to the other side where I found my shoes laying underneath the plastic dress just where the silver shoes had laid before. The Gallery was not as crowded now, many had left or were outside.

⁷⁷ Illustration 60&61. Page 14&15 in My seven art works.

⁷⁸ Illustration 64. Page 15 in My seven art works.

I put the silver shoes back on the floor and I took off the wig and placed it beside the shoes. Then I put on my socks and my regular shoes on. Just as I had finished lacing them up my friend came walking to me.

'Are you alright?' She asked, quietly, almost whispering.

Still not quite with myself I answered

'Mmm. Yes, why would I not be?'

'Well,' she she continued, 'you made a little performance here earlier.'

'Shit!' I said and started to feel embarrassed.

'Did you see what I did?' I asked her.

'Well, yes. You were in a good mood,' she answered, 'have you been taking something else with that free wine?' she asked excited.

'No, not at all. I explain later.' I said. 'Please tell me, what did I need to know!' I begged.

'Right. Well it was not that much, nothing too crazy at least.' She laughed. 'You were there in the corner crying and talking to yourself.' She pointed at the corner behind the plastic dress. 'Then you walked, in these shoes,' pointing towards the silver shoes, 'which was quite hilarious to see, all away to the other side of the Gallery.' She finished off.

'Oh, great. Then it was not that bad.' I said.

'Well, yes. You took some sugar from the Candyshop. You were crying, talking to someone and then you screamed, "I am Free" and threw the sugar over yourself.' She continued. 'That was on the other side I think. I just went outside as most of the visitors did and then I saw you here. Are you sure you are alright?'

'Yes, I am fine. Just having one of my weird days, you remember.'

'Ahhh', she said. 'I hope it is not too bad.'

'It is bad, really bad.'

Chapter VII – Glossy.

I had only one piece left to see then I was going home. Everybody was looking at me just like the group in the mad tea party looked at me. People that had come back into The Gallery took big steps away from me, to avoid me. I did not mind. I was on a mission. One piece left then I was out of here.

I walked again to the other side of The Gallery. The last piece was a dress made out of

pictures from a glossy magazine. The pictures there were only off young girls posing⁷⁹. The paper dress hung from the ceiling like the others dresses did. Out from underneath it came a wire that lead to headphones that were lying on the floor. Next to the headphones were a big instruction note taped to the floor. On it stood.

*“Listen to their voices”*⁸⁰

I looked up again and examined the dress. I was at the same time repelled by the dress just as I admired it also. A strange feeling, mixed feelings, were floating underneath my skin. I felt this artwork was sharp and touched up on a really delicate subject that is so present in the society. I felt how the dress was political and it fascinated me in some strange way.

‘This was the ultimate beauty!’ I thought as I looked up and over to the big white skirt hanging in the same room. They connect with each other. All the works are connected.

Trying to gain the perfection of your body by using different methods to gain some look. The look of a young body. In the mean time reaching out for love, waiting and waiting while trying to make the body more appealing. Then when captured in love, you become prisoned by it and in the end had to sacrifice something valuable, important, something so close to your identity. Always trying to please others but really forgetting about the one true happiness.

I saw it now. I understood it now. Why the artist was carrying out a shop. Shop where you can choose your own candy, your own sweet taste. I understood her need to sell herself, her works, her identity.

I continued walking around the strange dress with all these different eyes watching me. I felt the same connection to these faces as I felt towards the children I saw outside earlier this evening. It can not be the same children. I saw also boys out there but here were only faces of girls.

I bent down and took up the headphones. I could hear just by holding them in my hand that there were young voices speaking. The girls on the dress where speaking to me through this headphones. I thought of placing them on my head but I did not dare. I knew what would happen, I would pulled into their world, my imagination and I would had to struggle to out again. By now I was to tired to face one more of these strange worlds. I had visited several of them already this evening and they had drained out all my energy. I needed some strength to get home again. The voices in the headphones spoke to me, different poems. I felt like I knew the poems, still I could not know way or from were.

“All you people look at me like I'm a little girl.
Well did you ever think it be okay for me to step into this world.

⁷⁹ Illustration 17. Page 5 in My seven art works.

⁸⁰ Illustration 18. Page 5 in My seven art works.

Always saying little girl don't step into the club.
Well I'm just tryin' to find out why cause dancing's what I love.
I'm a slave for you. I cannot hold it; I cannot control it.
I'm a slave for you. I won't deny it; I'm not trying to hide it.
Baby, don't you wanna, dance upon me,
To another time and place.
Baby, don't you wanna, dance upon me,
Leaving behind my name, my age."⁸¹

It was spoken with so soft and soothing voice. I got all relaxed but still curious why I new these poems.

I am so fab
Check out,
I'm blonde,
I'm skinny,
I'm rich,
and I'm a little bit of a bitch
Walk down the runway, but don't puke, It's okay
You just had a salad today, Boulangerie
Just ask your gay friends their advice, before you
Get a spray tan on Holiday, in Taipei
Check it out, take it in
Who's that bitch, she's so thin
She's so rich, and so Blonde
She so fab, it's beyond"⁸²

It was so disgusting. Hearing these seductive text, read by a sort of sexy voice and watching these innocent eyes of these girls on the dress. This was touching a delicate line with in myself and anger stared to accrue in my body. Not against the girls nor the artwork but against something else.

"I love to love you baby
I love to love you baby.
I'm feelin' sexy
I wanna hear you say my name boy
If you can reach me
You can feel my burning flame
I'm feelin kind of n-a-s-t-y
I just might take you home with me
Baby the minute i feel your energy
Your vibe's just taken over me
Start feelin so crazy babe
Lately, I feel the funk coming over me
I don't know what's gotten into me
The rhythm's got me feeling so crazy babe
Tonight i'll be your naughty girl
I'm callin all my girls
We're gonna turn this party out
I know you want my body

⁸¹ Song: I'm a slave, Britney Spears.

⁸² Song: Donatella, Lady GaGa.

Tonight i'll be your naughty girl
I'm calling all my girls
I see you look me up and down
And i came to party”⁸³

I finally understood why I knew these poems, why this texts were so connected to something I knew by my heart.

Pop songs.

So easy but still so powerful. I was surprised how long it took me to really get why I felt so strong connection with these poems, to get that these where actual pop song that were read to me. In my daily live there is no way to avoid pop song. They are alway there around everywhere I go. Though I do not listen to them I know their lyrics and I know their melodies. These songs are printed in my mind, my body, printed in my unconscious. I forgot myself and my curiosity lead me to finally put the headphones on.

The change started immediately. Everything became white and foggy, like in the pool of beauty. I felt like I was traveling but I was standing still. The fog was all around me and I could not even see my nose. When the fog started slowly to get lighter and vanish I found myself standing naked, only wearing black high heels. I was in a white room but it was quite dark in here, like someone forgot to turn on the lights.

Everything around me was white. Even the curtains were white. I felt a strange feeling like I was backstage, just about to step out. I was not going to stand naked in front of some crowd. I stood still in the middle of this strange white room, I did not dare to move. Maybe hoping that I would not had to participate and for once being the audience of what was about to happen. In front of me were white curtains, I could hear chattering coming from the other side of them. I stood there alone in the darkness, in my high heels. There were no one else behind the curtain accept me. I felt the strange feeling like the one's on the other side where waiting for me, waiting for me to start something. Out of curiosity I walked towards the curtains and made a little hole with my hands so I could see what was behind there. Only thing I managed to see was another white room, bigger room a huge one. Then a face appeared right in front of my hole, just 10cm away from my face. I was startled and dropped the curtain and took a step back from whom was there.

‘Are you ready miss?’ that someone spoke.

I held my breath down. I did not answer as I was still hoping no one would see me.

Then the curtains moved and a head came through.

⁸³ Song: Naughty girl, Beyonce Knowls.

I could not see who it was or how it looked a like, the room was so dark.

'Are you ready?' it spoke again.

'Everyone is waiting. Are you getting cold feet?'

I hesitated but then was like I was not myself anymore. Like something came over me and I answered.

'Yes I think I am ready.'

'That is close enough.' It said and went away.

I did not know what was happening but it was like my body knew. I walked to the middle of the room, to the same spot as before, and waited.

The music started and the curtain lifted up to each side. I walked slowly forward, butt naked in high heels⁸⁴. It was the strangest thing I had ever done in my live.

I continued walking tough I was blinded by the light in this bigger and whiter room.

This could not be The Gallery, I hoped, and it was not small enough to be the white, rounded room.

I followed the carped that was lined out on the floor, also white as everything in this world. It turned left and then I saw what was about to happen. I was on the catwalk. There where people waiting for my appearance on both side further down the carpet. Somehow I knew what I was doing and I was not afraid at all, continued walking slowly and as gracefully I could, with the beat from the music.

Everything was white in this world. Wherever I looked there was endless white space. The floor was white, the wall was white, the ceiling was white. Even the chairs were white and the people sitting in them were also white. Their skin was white, their hair was white and their cloths were white. On top they all had that strange glow of them, like the children I met outside of The Gallery. The closer I got the more I realized. There were no people sitting in these white chairs, still and quiet. My audiences where the children, they were the children that I saw outside of The Gallery. They all sat still, white and radiating. Somehow I felt save. I recognized the song I was walking with. It was the same melody as the children had when I met them before. This time it was on full speed and not as slow and watery like.

I continued walking, slowly but steadily. It was hard to walk so slow on so high heels. My ankles where tired and my legs where shaking. I slipped and looked down to gain balance again. At that moment I found out that my own body was out of context. It was my normal body, old compare to the youths in the audiences and I was not white as the rest of this world. Maybe they have painted their skin white like when we painted the white roses red⁸⁵. I was so confused by now. I did not

⁸⁴ Illustration 66. Page 16 in My seven artworks.

⁸⁵ Carroll, Lewies. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Page 62.

understand what was going on, why my old and unclean body was on a display.

I had no time to think. I had to focus on my task here. I was not used to wearing high heels so walking to some effort. I walked to the edge of the catwalk, made a little spin and stared to the white emptiness. There was nothing there, not even a floor below the catwalk. I felt unsecured as I did not know what would happen to me if I would slip and fall off the catwalk platform. No time to think and I turned around, started to walk back. The song was almost out now and the chorus was on constant repeat.

“Do what you want
What you want with my body
Do what you want
Don't stop, let's party
Do what you want
What you want with my body
Do what you want
What you want with my body
You can't have my heart
And you won't use my mind but
Do what you want with my body
Do what you want with my body
You can't stop my voice cause
You don't own my life but
Do what you want with my body
Do what you want with my body”⁸⁶

I was getting so tired in my legs and could not control my feet any longer. To avoid me falling into the deep whiteness I decided to stop. I was placed in the middle of the catwalk, in the middle of the audiences. I stood tall and upright, just as I had learned in my ballet training. I was not breaking down, this was part of the show. The children just sat there and stared at me. I did not dare to look at them so I kept my focus straightforward along the white carpet.

Trying not to think of my bare naked body standing in front of young children I heard some sounds like paper flickering coming from above. It was the dress with the glossy magazine pictures on but here there were no pictures only empty white paper. The dress came flying from the air and before I knew it I was dressed in it, with the hat and all. I felt relieved as now I was not naked any longer and on top they could not even see my face. The hat blocked my side. There were two tiny holes in the paper that let me see some but not so much. Now everything was white again in the room, including me.

I stood still and the next song started. Just then I felt how the floor under me started to move. I felt how it was rising up slowly, bit by bit, but also turning around. I lost my balance as my outfit blocked my side and there was nothing in the space that I could focus on. I rose higher and higher

⁸⁶ Song: Do what U want, Lady GaGa.

up and with every second I felt more afraid of falling. I had a real trouble holding my balance. I was not sure how high it as rose up by now but at some point it had stop rising but it did not stop turning. It only gain some speed in it's turns and the moment balance I though I had was now gone. I did not dare to move my feet and I used all my muscles to keep standing on my feet. I turned around and around, at some point I gain balance and I was steady⁸⁷. It seemed like endless turning, I wondered if it was ever going to stop. I felt like the ballerina in my jewelry box from I was a kid. It turned round and a round every time I opened the box. I often wondered if she would ever get sick of just turning but I did not feel sick. It was now so natural to stand up there turning. I had no time to think about something else than to keeping my focus and my balance. I did not have a moment to spear my attention to the children in the audience group nor listen to the song that was playing over me turning. All my energy and attention went to focus on not falling.

Just when I thought I could not hold myself up there any longer the platform slowly stopped spinning around and lowered itself slowly down. I was quite happy as I did not like the feeling of free falling down from this platform. When I had landed at the catwalk it took some time to get my regular balance. I had finally could move my feet to feel conferrable. Mean while a unfamiliar song was finishing off.

*OK now he was close, tried to domesticate you
But you're an animal, baby it's in your nature
Just let me liberate you
Hey, hey, hey
You don't need no papers
Hey, hey, hey
That man is not your maker
Hey, hey, hey*

*And that's why I'm gon' take a good girl
I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it
You're a good girl
Can't let it get past me
You're far from plastic
Talk about getting blasted
Everybody get up
I hate these blurred lines
I know you want it
I hate them lines
I know you want it
I hate them lines
I know you want it
But you're a good girl
The way you grab me
Must wanna get nasty
Go ahead, get at me.⁸⁸*

⁸⁷ Illustration 69. Page 16 in My seven artworks.

⁸⁸ Song: Blurred lines, Robin Thicke.

The strange feeling like something big was about to happen came over me. The feeling that I was about to do something big, like a grand final. I felt like it was about to affect the innocent children that sat there watching me. They did not know what was about to happen and I could not stop it.

The next song started and I had no control over my body. I felt like a puppet under somebody else's control. Someone with bad intentions wanted to control these children from the very start of their life. My body was dancing like it had never danced before. I did not have to think, nor focus as it was doing it all by itself and I had time too take a look at my audiences while the song was on.

*You wanna
You wanna*

*You wanna hot body
You wanna Bugatti
You wanna Maserati
You better work bitch
You wanna Lamborghini
Sip Martinis
Look hot in a bikini
You better work bitch
You wanna live fancy
Live in a big mansion
Party in France*

*You better work bitch
Now get to work bitch
Now get to work bitch⁸⁹*

This feeling of having no control over one's own body was not good. I also just knew that there was something else in it than that. The children were not moving at all and I felt like they were all hypnotized by me or my movement. They were not in control either.

I kept on dancing around on the catwalk⁹⁰. Front and back, front and back. The dress was difficult to move with in and it ribbed under my armpits. I moved my hips. I moved my hands. I moved my head. It was really sexual, provocative movements but no one could see them as they were hidden under the dress. My pants were working, these children were now under my control.

'NO!' These were not my thoughts.

What was happening? What had I become?

I wanted to stop dancing but I could not. I had no control over my body. This was going to be my death. I was bound to dance my feet off until I fall down to the floor and die.⁹¹

Then I felt like something hit me in my stomach. I did not know what it was and I could not think of anything. I looked around me. The children sat still and there was nothing laying on the

⁸⁹ Song: Work Bitch, Britney Spears.

⁹⁰ Illustration 70&71. Page 16 in My seven art works.

⁹¹ Grimm, Jacob & Wilhelm. The complete Grimm's Fairy tales (Snow White).

floor. The option of that someone had trowed something at me was not available. Everything was still shiny white.

Kept on dancing.

It happened again.

'Whats going on?' I screamed out, still dancing my feet of. Sexy, irresistible for my audience.

No one in the room had a conscios to answer me.

I had to find a way to stop this. To stop dancing.

I felt it again and again and again, like something was throned at me.

I felt it in my side, my thigh, my shoulders. It happening more frequently almost every 3 seconds.

I looked around me. It seemed like everything was normal. The children did not show any reaction. I looked at the sad and beautiful face of a young girl sitting near me.⁹² It was like all her will her personality had been drawn out of her.

Then I saw what was happening. It was like she was pulled towards me. Her body transformed into a light beam that stretched out, flew up and hit me in my chest head first. I stared at the place where she sat until my body turned around still dancing. I looked down at my chest were the girl had hit me an I almost went out of my body I was so shocked. The girl was now a picture on my dress. A white picture.

I felt sick. I wanted to leave this cruel world. I felt sick that children where seduced with sexuality and empowered by nasty pop songs and irresistible body.

In my anger I went into some kind of coma. It was like I was in any world still I was somewhere. I was still dancing though I was not moving at all.

More and more children where pulled into the dress I was wearing. It was quite painful when they hit my body.

I was somewhere in between, somewhere in the whiteness. Not at the catwalk, nor at The Gallery. I was somewhere else and drifting away. I did not mind were I was heading, just that I was going away.

Then suddenly I was brought back on the stage, to the catwalk. That world was not my reality but it felt even more real than before. Soon I noticed that the song had stopped and my dress where filled with pictures. It was time to walk the same way back as I came in.

I walked out again just as slowly as when I walked in. The song was long finished and I was so tired in my feet that the walk was endless and super slow. Everything was so real. Every ache, in my body, in my heart, was so real. I felt like all my energy was out. As soon as the white curtains

⁹² Illustration 74. Page 17 in My seven art works.

where closed behind my back I fell down on my stomach. Empty of everything I could not move. I closed my eyes, drifting away. Far, far away. As far as possible.

The next thing I remember was that I came back to The Gallery. I was lying on the floor next to the glossy dress installation with my face up to the ceiling. Everything was blurry. I saw the outlines of faces, many faces that stood over me, like they where trying to save me or something.

'What is real anymore?' I felt more like myself in the other realities that I had visited tonight.

'Who am I?' I was not sure. Other characters I felt more natural to me then my own.

I was not acting like child. This was my live, my way of living and I could see the real world we live in.

Finally I had opened my eyes to my reality. I need to stop listen to the rules of this world of this society. I need to stop taking chronicle thinking so seriously and listen to myself and what I believe in.

I stood up. Everyone backed away. I needed to get out of here. I needed some space for myself to think this over. I did not mind the others, maybe that was ignorant of me but I did not mind. They did not experience what I had experienced this last hours. I started to walk to the entrance, that was also the exit, as the group disperse and everything seemed normal again.

On my way out I came across a table that stood just next to the exit. I felt it was strange that I had not noticed that table before, I had been passing that table so often during this evening. On the table stood 3 one-use camera, each marked with number from one to three. With each camera was a list taped to the table. On the list you were supposed to fill in your full name and you full address⁹³. On the wall above the table was a big instruction note taped to the wall,

Explore your delicious artistic flavor.
- show the artist your view -

1. Choose one camera. Take care as they are numbered.
2. Take picture of the artwork, the visitors or what you think is important in the artistic area.
3. Remember your pictures number, you can see that on the top of the camera
4. Write down your name and contact on the paper be careful that the camera number matches and

⁹³ Illustration 19. Page 5 in My seven art works.

the pictures number also, so the artist will know exactly what pictures you took.⁹⁴

So the cameras were for the visitors. Everybody was offered to take picture of the artwork or what ever they thought was worth taking picture of in The Gallery, around The Gallery. Why the address?

It was like she heard what I was thinking.

'The pictures you take will be send to you by mail when the show is over.' The cute girl making cakes said.

I was not in the mood for taking pictures but I felt knew this Gallery, this exhibition was something I would like to remember. I took up camera number 3. The camera was fixed on picture number 23. I walked into the middle of the space and took four picture while I turned around the space. Then I walked to the other side of the Gallery and did the same thing. After my little performance I went back to the table, put the camera down and signed my name and my address on the list. I was filled with excitement of how the picture would look and if I would ever see them. I had to wait, be patient.

'Thanks for coming', the girl said the giggling and tried to throw sugar towards me but this time she did not reach me. She was still standing behind the desk in the Candyshop.⁹⁵ The sugar did not even reach half way. I was kind of glad, I was still all sticky after the last time she threw sugar over me.

'Thank you too,' I replied. 'This has been a really strange but I liked it.'

She smiled back and put some sugar in her mouth. I felt how the sweet taste of sugar filled up in my mouth, not good feeling. I smiled back to her, turned around and walked out, down the stairs and out to the fresh air.

I was pleased by this exhibition. She got me. She was like me. I understood her and I finally understood myself.

I walked out to the streets still not sure where I was heading.

I needed some time alone. A time by myself to think about what happened this evening. I needed to process this information. I was not going to call my friend, I was not going to the bar. I had to have time for my own now.

I continued walking along the street. The tram went by and lot of drunk people walked by me screaming, enjoying. The rain had finally stopped and people were out on the streets singing and dancing. It was nice and warm now, I was too well dressed. I walked, walked along the street with my eyes on the ground, thinking. I was not heading anywhere.

I looked up after a while, I felt like I had to. Surprised I found the children again, standing

⁹⁴ Illustration 19. Page 5 in My seven art works.

⁹⁵ Illustration 48. Page 12 in My seven art works.

on my left side, shiny and white like before. There was the children, even the girls. I felt relieved. I stood and watched them. I looked deeply into their eyes, all of them. I must have stood there for a long time. People were passing by but I did not care. I was again in this in between state and I felt like these people did not notice me. I was not really real in the reality.

Then the children started to walk away, they wanted me to following them. This was it. I had to make a decision. Was I going to go with them or staying here. They waved their hands asking me to follow.

I stood still. Still making up my mind. I was not sure if I was ready for this. I still had things to figure out here.

They walked further away waving, telling me to join.

I knew I would like to go with them. I knew I would have a good life with them, but I was not ready yet.

I stood still, indicating that I was not going along. My time was here now, I had work to do.

They stopped moving, they stopped waving. A small group of children came walking towards me. I felt how much I would miss them. They came all the way up to me. One of them was holding a package. It was tiny package but in their hands it was huge. They lifted up the package, up over their head towards me, they remained me of the monkey. I took the package up, examine it and finally placed it in my bag. I would open it later, I would open it when I was alone.

'Thank you.'

'Thank you,' I said to them.

'Thank you,' they said back.

We knew this was not the end. We were always together, always near each other, just not in the same reality.

They started to walk away. One at the time they turned their back to me and walked into the darkness, fading away to their world. I followed each and every one of them. I even stood still in the middle of the walking path sometime after they had all vanished. I was happy with my decision. I was happy that I finally faced my reality and that I did not go with them.

I walked onwards, into the dark night.

The End

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- Beyonce Knowles (2004). *Naughty Girl*. [CD] Miami, Florida: Columbia.
- Britney Spears (2001). *I'm a slave*. [CD] USA: Jive.
- Britney Spears (1999). *I was born to make you happy*. [CD] USA: Jive.
- Britney Spears (2013). *Work bitch*. [CD] USA: RCA.
- Lady Gaga (2012). *Donatella*. [CD] USA: Zedd.
- Lady Gaga (2013). *Do what U want*. [CD] USA: Streamline, Interscope.
- Madonna (1984). *Like a virgin*. [CD] USA: Sire, Warner Bros.
- Robyn (2010). *Love kills*. [CD] Sweden: Konichiwa.
- Spice Girls (1996). *Naked*. [CD] London: Virgin.
- Spice Girls (1996). *Two become one*. [CD] London: Virgin.
- The Beatles (1963). *Please please me*. [Record] London: Parlophone.

Videos:

- Alice in Wonderland* (2010) [DVD]. Directed by Tim Burton.
- This woman stripped her dress of while onstage in the name of feminism, point well made*. (2014) [Online]. Available from: <http://www.upworthy.com/this-woman-stripped-her-dress-off-while-onstage-in-the-name-of-feminism-point-well-made?c=hpstream>. [Accessed 10. March 2014].
- Body shake*. (2014). [Online]. Available from: <https://vimeo.com/62353060>. [Accessed 24. March, 2014].

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- Wikipedia (2014). *Queen of Hearts (Alice's Adventures in Wonderland)*. [Online]. Available from:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Queen_of_Hearts_\(Alice's_Adventures_in_Wonderland\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Queen_of_Hearts_(Alice's_Adventures_in_Wonderland)). [Accessed 6. March, 2014].

Wikipedia (2014). *Eeny, meeny, miny, moe*. [Online]. Available from:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eeny,_meeny,_miny,_moe. [Accessed 28. March, 2014].

Other:

Love letters from unknown others, audiences that visited the exhibition Candyshop.