Scream

Valerie Moran
Roger Williams University

Follow this and additional works at: https://docs.rwu.edu/nadi

Part of the Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons, Civic and Community Engagement Commons, Gender and Sexuality Commons, Higher Education Commons, Race and Ethnicity Commons, and the Sociology of Culture Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://docs.rwu.edu/nadi/vol1/iss1/16

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at DOCS@RWU. It has been accepted for inclusion in New and Dangerous Ideas by an authorized editor of DOCS@RWU. For more information, please contact mwu@rwu.edu.
Scream: Artist Statement

My personal history was my inspiration for these photos. I spent an entire semester doing self-portraits and really dug down into some of the hardest moments of my life. This came through in my writing and photography. It became a process of figuring out who I am as a person, or who I used to be, and that was a total deconstruction of my state of mind, allowing me to come up with my concept for these photos. My sense of self had been lost for years. I was starting at rock bottom and began building up my self-worth again. I had lost all sense of power and had no idea what I was doing or where to even begin. This artwork shows exactly that. Those moments where I had felt lost, missing, unworthy, powerless, hopeless, and ultimately alone.

SCREAM (include with images)

I had found nothing but drawers of junk that meant nothing to me. I sank. As if someone was trying to pull me down below the ground’s surface. The tears streamed instantly down my cheeks. I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t think straight. I screamed. But the black room was still. My voice, silent. I re-collected myself just long enough to remember where I put it. I crawled across the floor to the top drawer of my desk. All the way in the back, wrapped in a small tissue package was my first. It was important to me in ways that most wouldn’t understand. It was a force that called my name when I needed a smoke break. The tissues surrounding contained remains from last weeks trial. I’ve been told about cleanliness, but what was the point in cleaning? I mean, don't worry, this wasn’t a mistake that just kept happening. I didn't keep falling into it or some bullshit. I was hurt. Nobody knew. Nobody was going to know. So I hid it. And I bled scars. And then I did it again. And again. Until the tears ran out. Not the first, not the last, but quite possibly the loneliest. I want to talk about it like how I remember it. Cold. Dark. Frustrating. It was an amount of pain that would be unbearable to many people. Somehow I managed to come out alive, but with my eyes still shut. Maybe there was a plan for what had happened. Maybe there was some reason that my life at that specific time changed dramatically. I still have yet to figure out this reason. All I know is that what has happened is done.