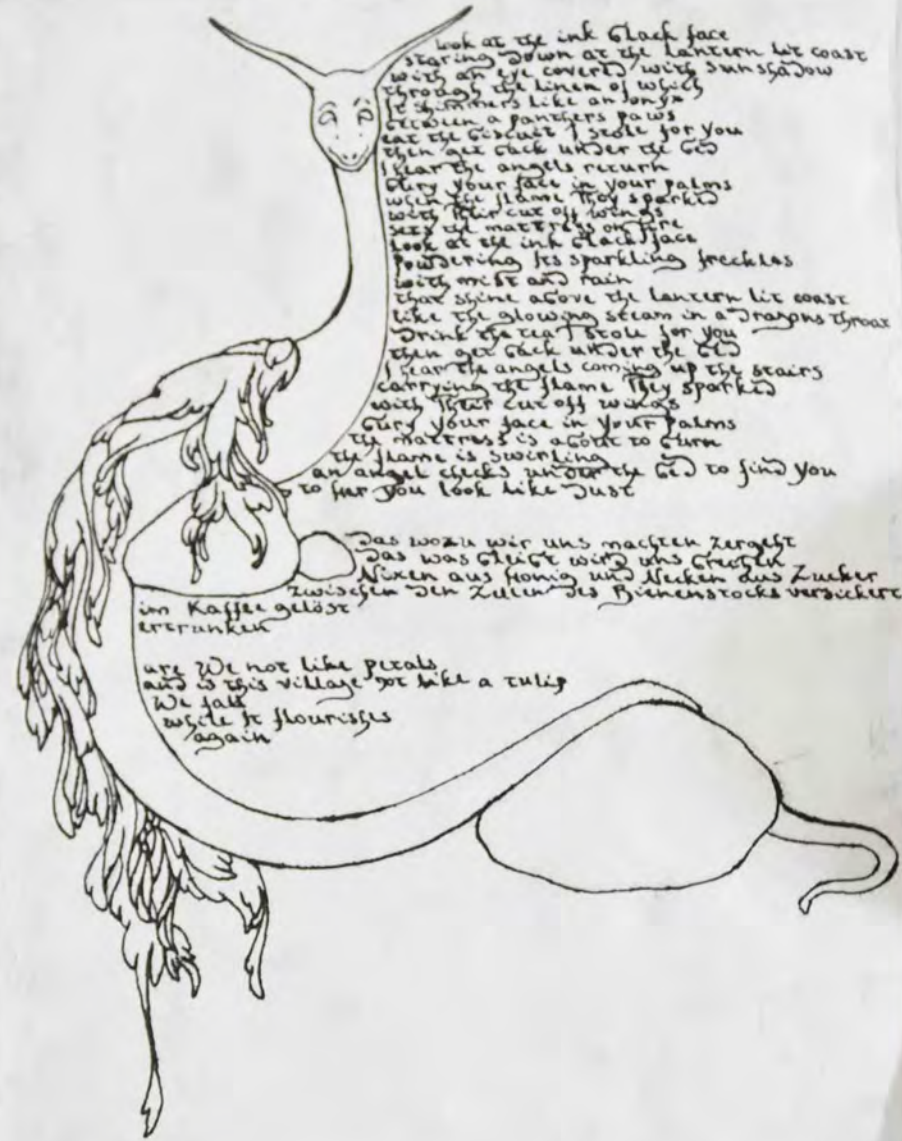


Portfolio Myléne Seck 2022



Curriculum Vitae And Artist Statement

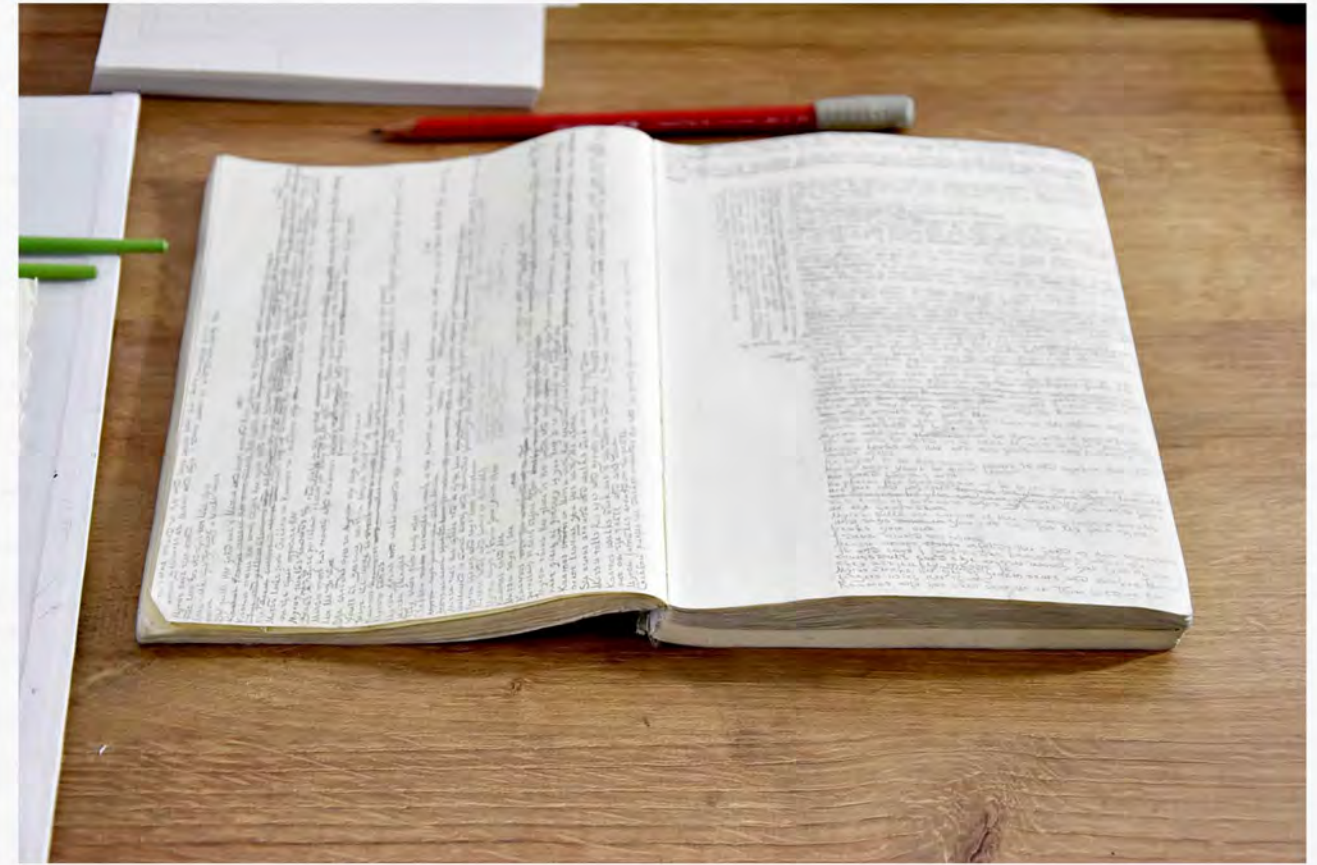
Born 12 May 1997

Graduation from Kantonsschule Zürich Nord 2015

Bachelor Kunst Und Medien Zürcher Hochschule Der Künste 2020

Beginning Master Fine Arts Zürcher Hochschule Der Künste 2020

I write and draw by hand. These two activities mostly happen in conjunction. I invent stories of around two hundred pages which I like to refer to as fairy tales which deal with the everyday lives and inner lives of the inhabitants of magical realms modelled on planet earth. Apart from storytelling and the detailed portrayals of my characters my focus lies with syntax, orthography, formulation, the organization of lines, imagery, the evocation of emotion, atmosphere, geography, history, language, given names, the wilderness and its creatures, craftsmanship, architecture and dress. I also occasionally write short stories and poetry. The languages of my choosing are English, German and Swiss German. My drawings tend to be portraits of my characters and I have also ventured into illuminating and bookbinding. My preferred materials are black ink and paper of all kinds.



Dragon Of Scale And Cardamom Skin

A tale of a city born from a living creature's body the oldest elements contained within which date back thirteen years and which has been written, rewritten and revised multiple times. This is the latest completed handwritten version and typed out comes to two hundred and twenty pages. The portraits which follow the handwritten pieces in this portfolio also belong to Dragon Of Scale And Cardamom Skin. Graphite pen on paper. A5. Portraits A4 and A5.



Flames To Flesh What Teeth To Apples

The title of this story refers to the way in which dragon children, people with dragon like features, amongst whom the main characters are counted, die, namely by burning to a cinder. In that situation the flames which consume them do to their flesh what teeth do to apples, they reduce them to next to nothing. Graphite pen on paper. A5 doubled, up and quartered.

Since you see has ventured
much further outside the city walls.
The light in the water and
and from the forest Lily's songs rang out.
Alan Walker, Lily



[Handwritten text in cursive script, mostly illegible due to blurring and angle.]



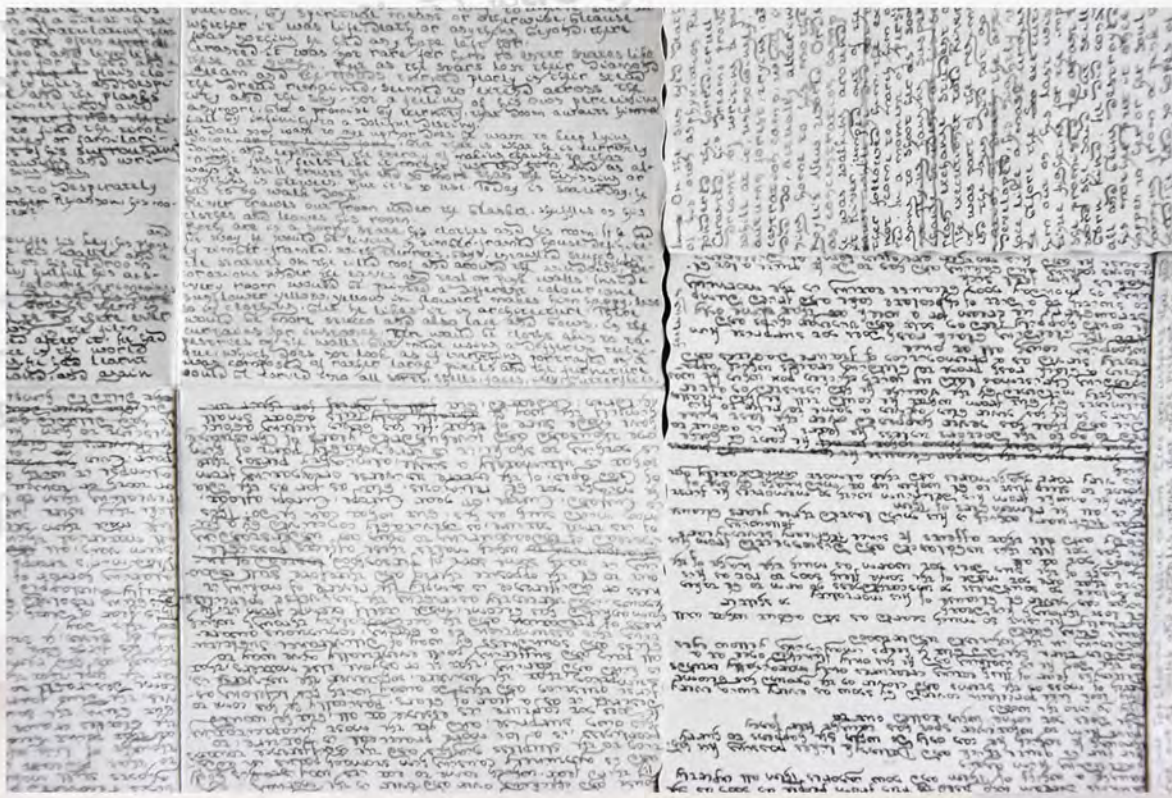
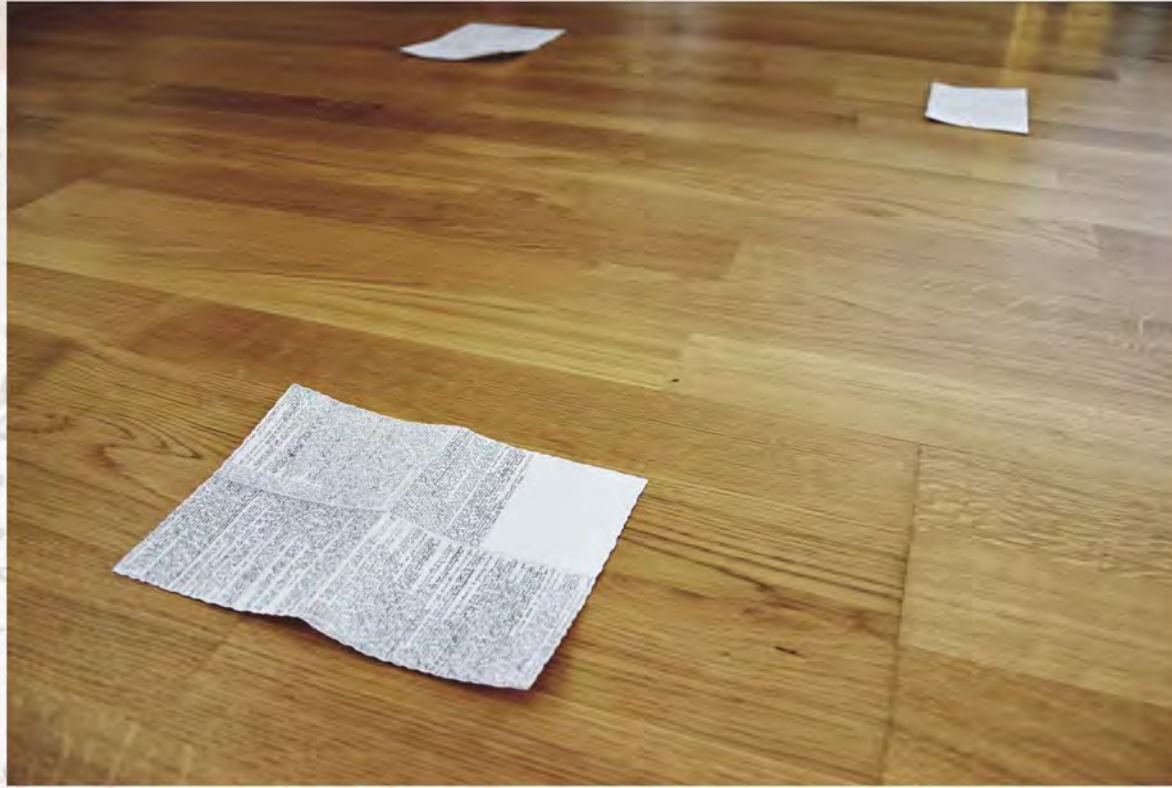
Wem Wir Unsere Jugend Gossen (Whom Our Youth We Poured)

A story in which it remains unclear both to the characters and the reader whether the circumstances under which the characters operate are actually known to them and whether the assumptions they have made about themselves and their surroundings might be grounded in lies. Graphite pen on paper. Several formats, mostly A4 and A5.



Das Glitzern Des Abschieds (The Glitter Of Parting)

A story written in German with Swiss German dialogues and with a readership of of approximately eleven years of age in mind. Graphite pen on paper. A5, partly doubled up and quartered.



Apart Like Stars

This story started out as a confession booth in paper or a a mental diary, however my thoughts and feelings were contained within a character referred to in third person and I let him develop into his own person. Graphite pen on paper. A5, mostly quartered.







Snippet Dragon Of Scale And Cardamom Skin

one night the hatch to the stairs to the cave opened and Gwenynan crawled out
Nikkei whom the creaking had woken up sat up and said Gwen
Gwenynan reeled towards Him and Her knees crashed into the rammed clay ground before Him
He flinched
Gwenynan croaked Youll have to go
Nikkei said what
Gwenynan said that heart of Yours I told You about when We first met
do You remember
It is made of ice after all
You didnt try to argue when I told You that
and what if that ice has been fully chipped away at
and there is no flowing water to fill It back up with
and what if that means what happened with the dormouse happens again
maybe even with My child
She shook Her head and said Youll have to go
She snatched at Nikkeis jaw
Nikkei dodged her hand and gasped Gwen
wait
Gwenynan grabbed Him by the wrists and wrestled Him down to the mat
Nikkei threw Himself to and fro under Her and shouted why
what did I do
please tell Me
Gwenynan grabbed His jaw ripped It open spat in His mouth and slammed It shut
the spit slid down Nikkeis tongue and into His throat
His limbs cramped and twisted
Gwenynan climbed off Him and stood up
black feathers grew from Nikkeis skin a beak from His face and He reshaped to a chicken
Gwenynan said lets never see each other again
She clenched Her hand and held It up over Her head
Nikkei dashed up crashed into the ceiling fluttered about between the curved stone walls whirling up dust and ash the embers in the hearth had fallen to and which caught the starlight shining in through the window
Gwenynan drew Her fist through the air and pointed It at the window
Nikkei rose from the floor he was lying on cheeping and tousled and burst through Its glass
behind Him the starlight settled with the dust and ash
He flew off the glade and through the dales sprinkling Their birches and then the heather of the hills with the crystalline smithereens falling from His wings
beyond Their heathergrown peaks wooded ones rose and beyond those the sea stretched
Nikkei passed by cliff after beach after cliff
between Their grey and green two rivers flowed together glittering in the dawnlight and pooled in a bay by which the stone houses of a coastal haven stood
Nikkei tilted and fell down beside the vaulting wooden bridge spanning one of the rivers
His snapped feathers merged to bruised skin and the wounds in It stretched with His limbs
His feet hit the mud of the rivershore and He tripped caught Himself and sucked in the air through the squashed and torn lips His scratched beak had softened to again
rain seeped into His eyes washing the leaden grey of the river to silver and flowed down His chest and back tickling Him until He cried
His knees buckled and His head blurred the reflections on the puddle It fell into
like wilted cherry blossoms with the juice of Their burst fruit His arms lay on the ground unstirring splattered with Their own blood
His eyes closed His muscles slackened and the throbbing and aching of His wounds and bruises stilled
a pinch of the cheek a flutter of the lash and the rain dimmed cloudlight was back in His eyes and the pull of torn flesh at cracked bone and the push of ground joint through ripped skin back in His limbs
He blinked up at Noushigs maple syrup coloured nectarine pit shaped face grinning down at Him shook off Her hand tugging at His cheek turned away from her and groaned dont touch Me
fluffy white fur rustled where He had turned and a rosy snouted silver eyed fox with three tails rolled over
Noushig scuttled over to Him and said why not
Nikkei said just dont
Noushig said if You say so
She knelt down
Nikkei flinched
Noushig raised Her hands and said Im not going to touch You
I just
She slipped off Her rose red hooded cape to the sleeves of which jasmine blossoms were sewn embroidered with the yellow shade of Their own petals and draped It over Nikkei who was lying before Her unclad
It smelled of earth smoke and resin
She said or is not freezing one of those dislikes of Yours too
She snickered

Snippet Flames To Flesh What Teeth To Apples

Neifion takes the plate and Huitzilin says You havent eaten yet aye
Neifion nods and says no because I didnt want to
but as I said I was asleep
Huitzilin who has stuck a spoonful of grain in Her mouth munches aye I know
They eat until Huitzilin says the ships from the mediterranean have arrived
Neifion says You mean those
Huitzilin says those that shouldve been here four days ago aye
there was a storm so They were held up in some harbour on the sunset end of the continent
Neifion says I see
Huitzilin says They brought chestnuts and olive oil
also wine
dead dark
and quite bitter
Nemu and I had a cup durin break time
Neifion says how is He
havent gone around to His in a while
Huitzilin says spirited enough
gettin more spirited over the next couple of days no doubt
Hes taken a wee barrel of the dark wine into the lighthouse
They empty Their plates and Huitzilin pours each of Them a mug of apple juice
Neifion waits for Her to have sat down again before He says do You remember what You told Me about My teeth last night
Huitzilin takes a sip from Her juice and says no
what
Neifion says You were very drunk
Huitzilin says aye I know
what did I say
Neifion says You told Me My teeth are so white They look like someones knocked Them out taken the teeth of someone with whiter teeth and put Them in My mouth
Huitzilin snorts into Her juice and chokes
Neifion fumbles for Her lays His hand on Her shoulder and says Hana
Huitzilin coughs dont worry
just swallowed too quickly
She thumps Her chest with Her fist while Neifion rubs Her back then They empty Their mugs and Huitzilin asks if Neifion is sleeping over at Hers again and Neifion says He is
Huitzilin washes Their dishes puts another log of wood in the fire snuffs out the lamp and puts a chemise on and They lie down together and talk until Huitzilin has fallen asleep
Neifion rests His face against Her shoulder
His lids glide open and shut while the light of the fire and the moon looming before the broken shutters shine through ever brighter
He sits up and looks around the room
He sees again
the chair over the backrest of which His shirt lies thrown wine stained stands dark by the table
above the trousers He has been wearing since the day He strolled along the quay with Huitzilin silvery carp scales glint and black tattoos of a violet a lily a lily of the valley a rose a pine cone a snail shell nettles sage a ruddock a shrew
a bunch of lavender and a branch of apricot blossoms strewn His skin
He found the apricot branch painted on one of His mothers fans and thought She would not be back before He would have gone to bed so He stayed in Her room while He tattooed It on His ribs with ink from a drawer
She walked right in on Him
covered over and over in carp scales as She is She does not have the skin for tattoos on Her arms where She wants Them and is glad at least Neifion who is so sad about the sparseness of His own scales which only grow scattered around
His hips can
still seeing Her child puncture His own skin with a needle pained Her so after promising His mother that It did not hurt and that for all the red specks on the fan which had not been there before He was not losing too much blood either
Neifion went to the forest to tattoo what He saw there on His body unwatched
what He does not see in this dimly lit room however much He quints are His scars
as He lied to His mother about It hurts when He pushes an awl or scissors or a knife through His skin and It fascinates Him how little He cares
when Neifion and Huitzilin first met six snowfalls ago when Neifion was thirteen and Huitzilin seventeen and Huitzilin saw Neifions bleeding scabby arms Her voice kept trembling while She was talking to Him and He turned away every
now and again as if watching the boats bob up and down the river or the fay skip in and reel out of the tavern against the wall of which He was leaning to give Her a heartbeat or two to gasp for air or wipe the tears from Her eyes
They were already visiting each others homes and trudging up the hills at night to watch the ghostlights in the dales when one day She lay Her hand on a cut on His wrist still wet with blood lightly so as not to touch It and told Him
that watching Him hurt Himself was like watching a baby chick rip out His own feathers with His beak
Neifion has tattooed quite a few more flowers on His skin since but He never put an awl or scissors or a knife to It again

Ausschnitt Wem Wir Unsere Jugend Gossen (Snippet Whom Our Youth We Poured)

Die Deckenlampe im weiss bemalten Speisesaal flackert und erlösch
Delling schaut hoch legt seine Gabel und sein Messer ab und sagt die Sonne ist schon wieder ausgegangen
Chelsea der ihm gegenüber mit von der Apfelholzbank baumelnden Beinen sitzt brummt und sagt schon ein paar Mal in den letzten Tagen
Seine Augen sind bläulich grün
bläulich grün wie was
Delling weiss es nicht
Sie kratzen den übrigen Haferschleim aus ihren Schüsseln
die Deckenlampe leuchtet auf
sie stehen auf und gehen aus dem Speisesaal in den grauen Zementgang und auf eine Tür zu
eine Schulter knallt gegen Dellings
er stolpert und Iskra der an ihm vorbeigerannt ist springt vor ihm hoch streift mit den Fingern die Decke und ruft hab den Himmel berührt
seine Augen sind braun
braun wie was
nichts das Delling in diesen grauen Gängen und weissen Räumen je gesehen hat gleicht ihnen
Agim und Kagayou traben Iskra nach und Chelsea und der mit gerunzelter Stirn den Kopf schüttelnde Delling gehen hinter ihnen durch eine Türe setzen sich mit den anderen weiss Gekleideten auf die vor ihnen aufgereihten
Apfelholzstühle und lassen sich von den dahinter stehenden blau Gekleideten Klingen über die geschorenen Köpfe ziehen
Delling wischt sich die niedergerieselten abgeschabten Stoppeln von den Schultern und steht auf läuft hinaus und den Gang zurück in ein anderes Zimmer und setzt sich auf das dort an der Wand stehende mit weissen Laken
bedeckte Stahlbett
blau Gekleidete treten hinter ihm ein und fühlen seinen Puls schauen ihm in den Mund und mit einem Lämpchen in die Augen und stecken ihm eine Spritze in den Arm
Schreie dringen durch die Wand an sein Ohr
er wankt zurück in den Speisesaal wo Chelsea mit papierweissem Gesicht an einem der Apfelholztische sitzt
ihm wurde Blut abgesaugt
die Schreie waren nicht seine
sie schlürfen ihre Zwiebelsuppe aus essen ihre Scheibe Brot und gehen aus dem Speisesaal
Chelsea Spritzen waschen und Delling die Gänge wischen
er schrubbt einen Blutspritzer vom Boden vor Iskra der Agim der zitternd zusammengekauert bei der Wand sitzt die Hand auf den Rücken gelegt hält
Agim wurde Strom durch die Glieder gejagt
die Schreie waren seine
seine Augen sind grau
das sind auch die Wände die Decke und der Boden aber die glänzen nicht so
das tut dafür das Besteck aber nicht so sanft
mit was könnte Delling diese halb gläserne halb metallene Farbe sonst noch vergleichen
es gibt nichts
nicht in diesen weissen Räumen und grauen Gängen
und ausser diesen weissen Räumen und grauen Gängen gibt es nichts
Agim tritt nach ihm
er schrubbt weiter und verstaubt dann Bürste Lappen Seife und Wassereimer wischt sich den Schweiß mit dem Hemd vom Gesicht und läuft zum Speisesaal zurück
Kartoffeln mit Salz und einigen nicht zu schmeckenden Pfefferkörnern
die weiss Gekleideten schlurfen aus dem Speisesaal und in den Schlafsaal in dem mit weissen Laken bedeckte Betten stählerner Pfosten an stählernem Pfosten stehen ziehen sich ihre Kleidung aus und zerknittertere wieder an
Delling legt sich auf seinem Bett hin und deckt sich zu und Iskra klettert die Leiter hoch auf das über ihm
die Deckenlampe erlösch die blau Gekleideten schliessen die Türe und das Schloss klickt
eine weitere Türe schlägt auf ihrem Rahmen auf
es wird gemunkelt unter ihnen
unter den weiss Gekleideten
den Instrumenten
es wird gemunkelt die blau gekleideten Götter gingen bei Tagesende durch die Stahltüre und hinunter ins Jenseits
Delling gönnt es ihnen
sie haben immerhin diese Welt aus weissen Räumen und grauen Gängen gemacht und kümmern sich mit mehr Hingabe um ihre Schöpfung als um sich selbst
diese kurze Auszeit zwischen den Tagen haben sie sich da mehr als verdient
er gönnt es ihnen
aber er würde es sich auch selbst gönnen
als Instrument kann er aber nicht mitkommen
das wäre der Tod
nicht nur darum trägt er es ihnen auch nicht nach
wenn dann trägt er es sich selbst nach es sich auch zu gönnen
sich doch ein wenig am Ziepen zu stören das die Spritze die er nach der Rasur verabreicht bekam hinterlassen hat sich um Chleseas Blässe Sorgen zu machen sich über Iskra und Agim zu ärgern
er ist dankbar aber nicht dankbar genug
aber vielleicht morgen
er zieht die Decke hoch zum Kinn und schliesst die Augen

Ausschnitt Das Glitzern Des Abschieds (Snippet The Glitter Of Parting)

Das Krachen des Sturms ist verhallt und der Wind bläst die blindschleichen grauen Wolken mit sich fort. Die Nacht hat die verschneiten, in der Dämmerung aprikosen- und honigfarbenen leuchtenden Berghänge noch nicht verdunkelt, doch entzündet sie bereits ihre ersten Sterne.

Pfläumchen steht auf einem aus dem Schnee aufragenden Felsen, ein Schatten gegen das Gleissen der bereits untergegangenen Sonne, und blickt in die Tiefe des Tales. Fünf Herzschläge hat er vor dem Sturm vom Waldrand aus leicht die Erde erzittern lassen gespürt, jetzt nur noch einen und kaum merklich, was allerdings, wie Pfläumchen glaubt, mehr mit der Grösse des Herzens zu tun hat, als mit seiner Kraft. Auch die Schreie, die um ihn herum widerhallen, kommen aus nur einem Mund.

Pfläumchen hüpfte vom Felsen und huschte auf den Waldrand zu. Seine Füsse hinterlassen keine Spuren im Schnee. Er langt unter den Tannen an, durch die wenige, nur noch matt schimmernde Sonnenstrahlen fallen und in deren Schatten vier Frauen zugeschnitten aneinandergeschmiegt kauern.

Zwei von ihnen haben kupfernes Haar und eine hellbraunes, bestimmt gefärbt, denn ihr Gesicht ist faltig und ihre Hände fleckig. Die vierte hat dunkles Haar, von dem, anders als bei den restlichen drei Frauen, mehr zu sehen ist, als nur einige Strähnen, da sie zwar auch eine Mütze trägt, aber keine Jacke, deren Kapuze sie hätte hochziehen können. Das Geschrei kommt aus ihrer Mitte, doch sie rühren sich nicht.

Pfläumchen legt einer nach der anderen die Hand auf die Wange. Eiskalt, allesamt. Tot.

Er reicht zwischen die dunkelhaarige Frau und eine der rothaarigen, schlingt die Arme um das Säuglingsmädchen, das zwischen ihnen in die Jacke eingewickelt liegt, die die dunkelhaarige Frau abgelegt hat, und hebt es hoch.

Es hat schwalbenschwarzes, krauses Haar und braune, um einiges dunklere Haut als die vier um es herum kauern den Frauen, etwa wie Muskatnuss. Die Farbe seiner Augen hätte Pfläumchen auch nicht errahnen können, hätte die Mittagssonne auf es hinuntergeschienen, denn die drückt es ihm beim Weinen zu.

Pfläumchen seufzt, legt die Stirn auf die des Mädchens und murmelt: "Ich fang jetzt denn au grad aa brüele."

Dabei fällt eine Träne von seinem Auge auf die Wange des Mädchens. Er wirft den vier erfroren am Boden kauern den Frauen noch einen letzten Blick zu, dann zwingt er sich, sich abzuwenden und steigt wieder den Hang hoch, hinein in die sternenfunkelnd über dem Tal liegende Nacht.

Snippet Apart Like Stars

the third fear which has been eating Its way into His body and is genuinely causing Him stomach aches in addition to restless nights and indifference to His own recent poorliness is to His own surprise a lot more practical in nature than the other two and yet the most incapacitating one

He would describe It as a fear of bears

He has come to first question and then do away with the assumption that at Its core the universe whatever the universe and Its core ultimately are cares and that He and everyone and everything else matter

that pain will give way to pleasure injury to healing and that if the body cannot be saved that the soul will be

replacing this assumption is a continuous oppressive awareness of predation and the accidentality through which humans have exempted Themselves from It

He knows ascribing the universe mercilessness or indifference is endowing It with the same personhood which these affects stem from assuming It to care does instead of striving to gain an understanding of Its true nature as far as achievable and inevitably conceived in a human mind such as His but what can He do

this is Europe

or almost that

Europe afloat

approximately one thousand and five hundred years of Christianity have made sure that heathen as He has spent much of His life and irreligious as He now considers Himself He can only think of the universe as in some way originating from a person whether He calls that person God or not

this fear of bears has made Delennyk feel for Himself the way He usually only feels for small children and animals

endearment and sorry to the point of suffocation that He will not remain sound and unscathed for ever

not that He can remember ever having been sound and unscathed but there is so much more carnage to be possibly ravaged by than He ever has been

and by all the knowledge and imagination He can muster there have been and will be too many occasions on which He was not and will not be able to protect Himself or find something that would

and knowledge and imagination really are all keeping a creature as thin skinned and feeble as a human from freezing to death in this cold climate or dying from an infected wound

He wants to fold Himself in velvet and keep Himself in a bejewelled box

but a bear can bite through a box and He is sure His blood is tasty enough to try

He unlocks the door goes downstairs and outside

He has not packed any food

He rarely eats during the day when out

the next night He does not sleep at all but still feels as if He had yet to wake up from whatever is happening to Him in the morning

never mind that Hermes punched Him in the face the day before

for once after this night suffused with sweat and dread there is nothing left Delennyk wants anymore be It life death or salvation because there is nothing He has any hope left for or expects to find happiness in

He does not remember happiness clearly enough to recreate It in Himself anyway

there is only one thing that He does not want and that is suffering but He does not know how to exit the doorless room of Its ubiquity

It is not rare for Him to experience states like these at night but as the stars lose Their gleam and the clouds turn pearly in Their stead the dread remains and seems to extend across the sky not a feeling of His anymore but the skys shade of blue least gentle on the eye

He does not want to get up nor does He want to keep lying down but that is what He is currently doing and It has not ended Him yet whereas getting up feels like It might

and while He does not trust the end any more than the beginning or anything in between He at least lived to be able to gauge how much the latter two hurt

but It is no use

today is Saturday

He has to go walk dogs

He gets out of bed puts on His clothes brushes His teeth and then desperately searches for all the things He might or might not need because He forgot to put Them in the pocket of His jacket the evening before

His mother Bryn sticks Her head out of the kitchen door and says morning

Delennyk falteringly turns towards Her

He spent the night contemplating His own edibility yet the sun and His mother rose unchanged from how He parted with Them shining in through the window and smiling at Him from the kitchen

It is only Him finding It difficult looking at Them as if He had to do It while blinking blood from His eyes

He says morning

Bryn says do You want a glass of water

Delennyk nods and says aye

Bryn says or hot chocolate

Delennyk says no just water

It does not feel as if He were actually speaking but as if He were believing Himself to be having lost the ability to do so without realizing

like a tin nutcracker who thinks He is walking through fire when He has already molten trying to take the first step