

Myléne Seck

Born May 12th 1997

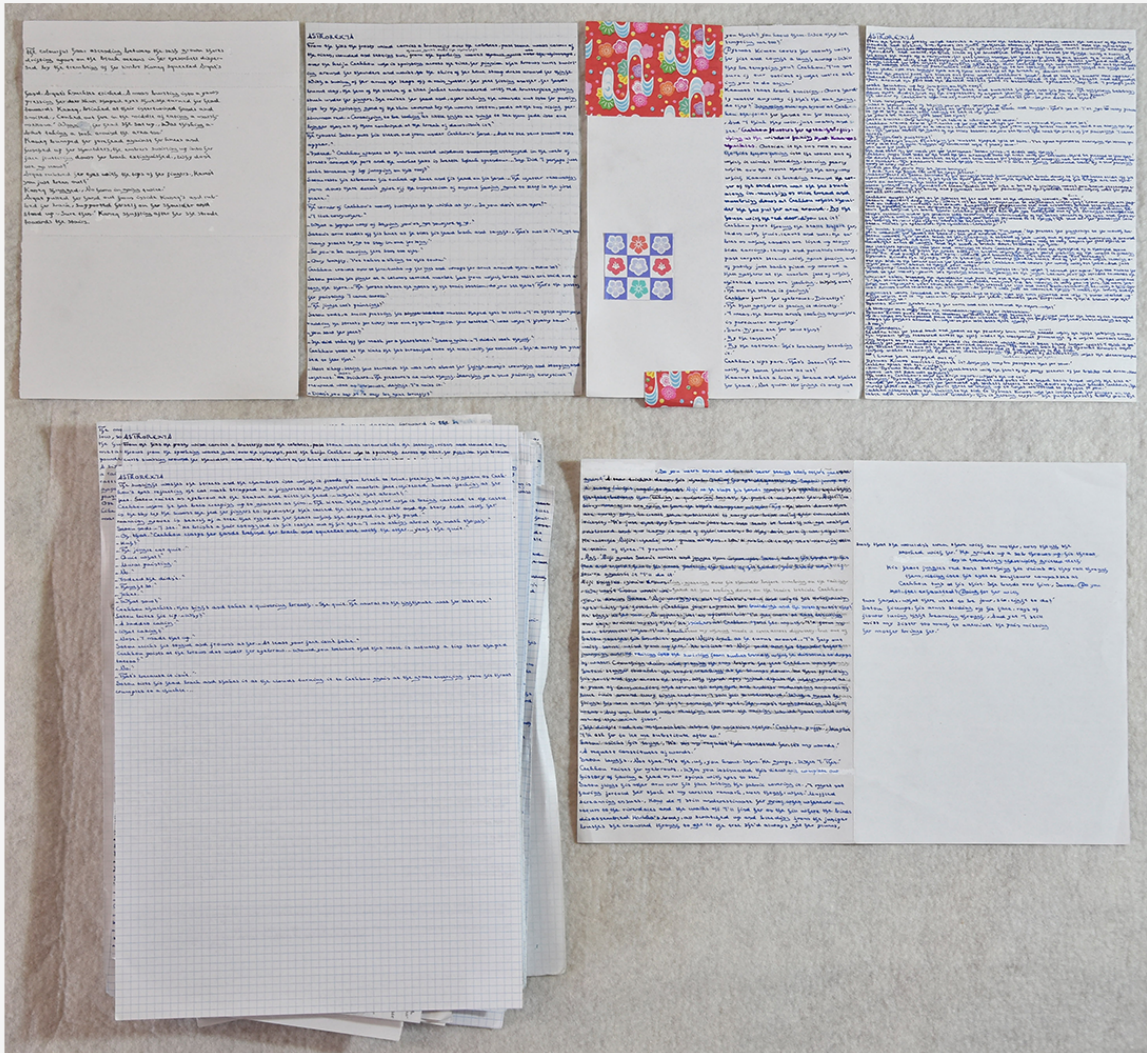
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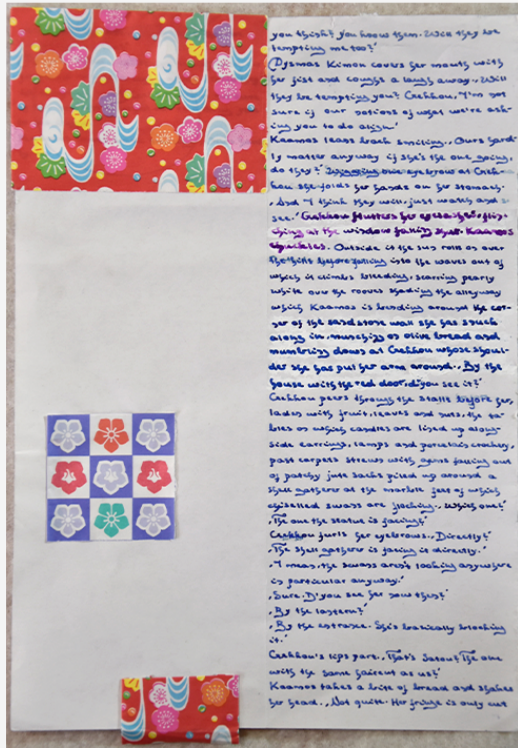
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Selenorexia

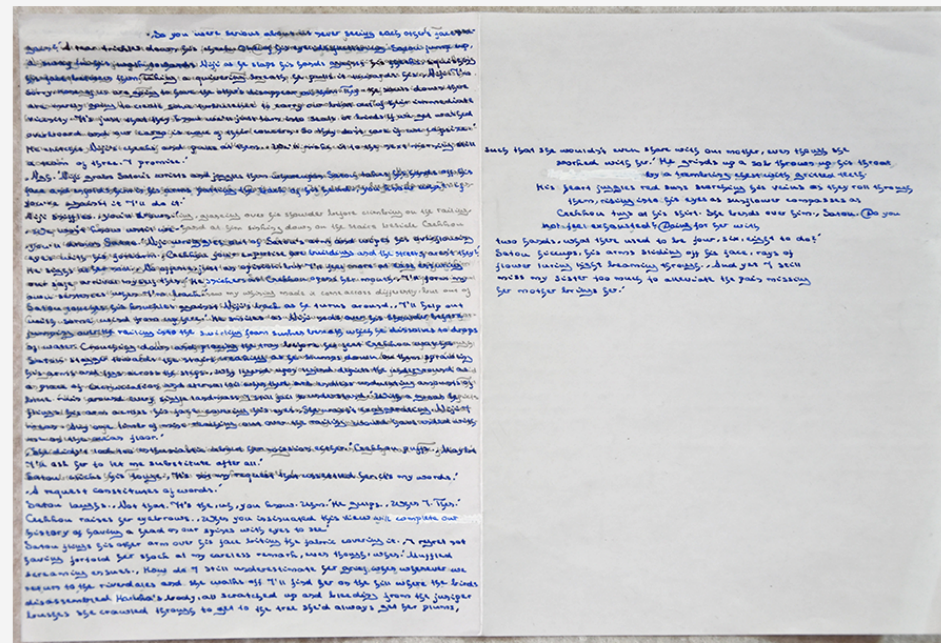
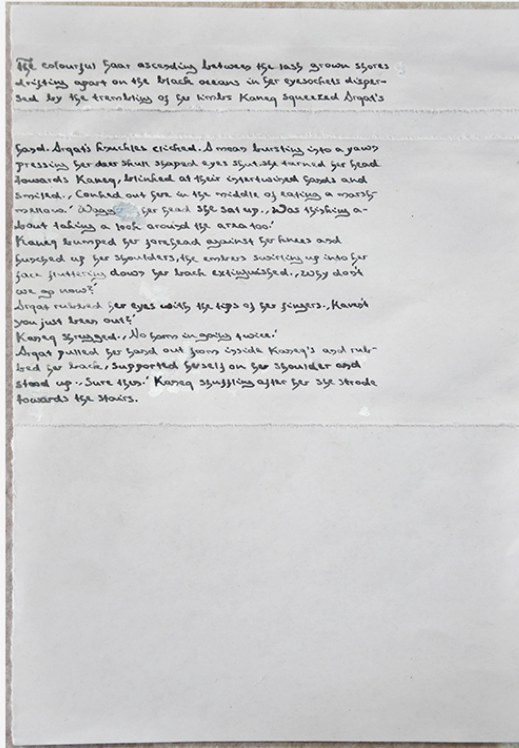
Selenorexia, Ancient Greek for appetite for the moon. A book in English of just above 300 pages in which the story is told of a breathing city with a heartbeat situated near a willow lined bay at several points over a period of several hundred years.

On the left are attempts at writing the entire book by hand, a switch in format, from squared paper to pure white paper, from a clean script to a messier visualization of the writing process and changes in the overall design, the letters and the writing substance.





On the top left origami paper is used as an ornament from a version of Selenorexia intended as a leporello. In the middle at the top an excerpt writte with wine. On the top right a reduction of the size of the script. On the bottom righ a first draft written with a pencil and over-written with ink.



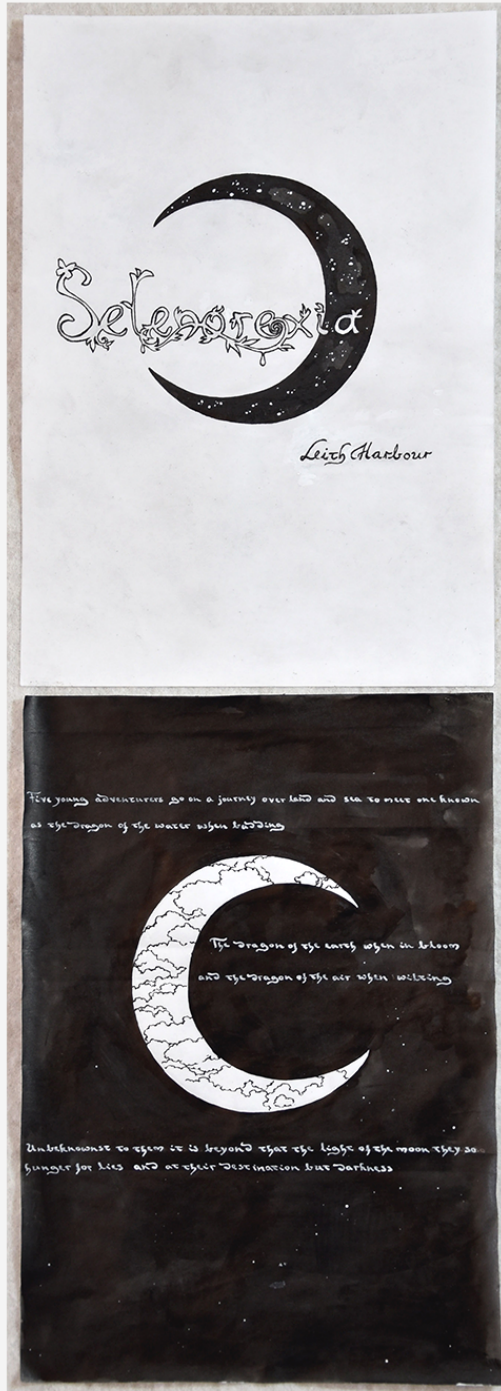
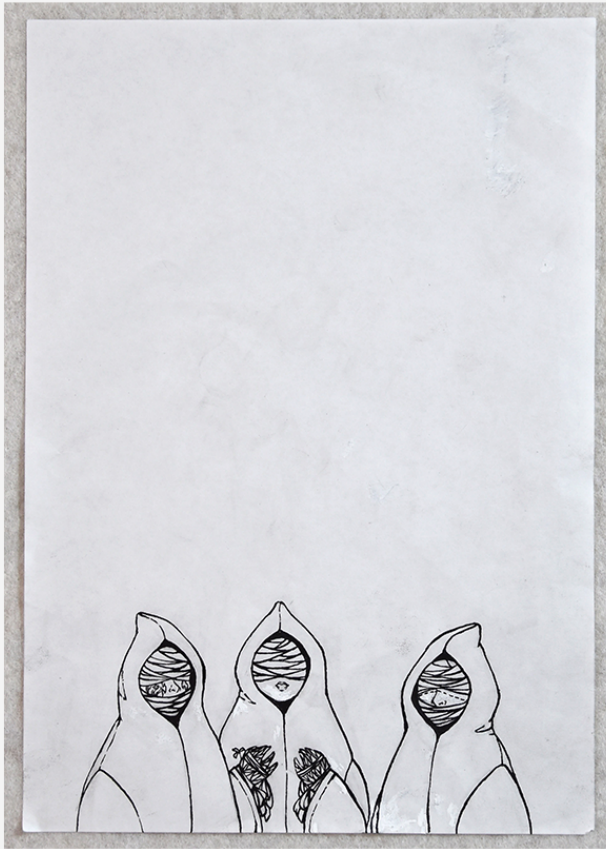


Portraits of the characters appearing in *Selenorexia*, this page and the following four.





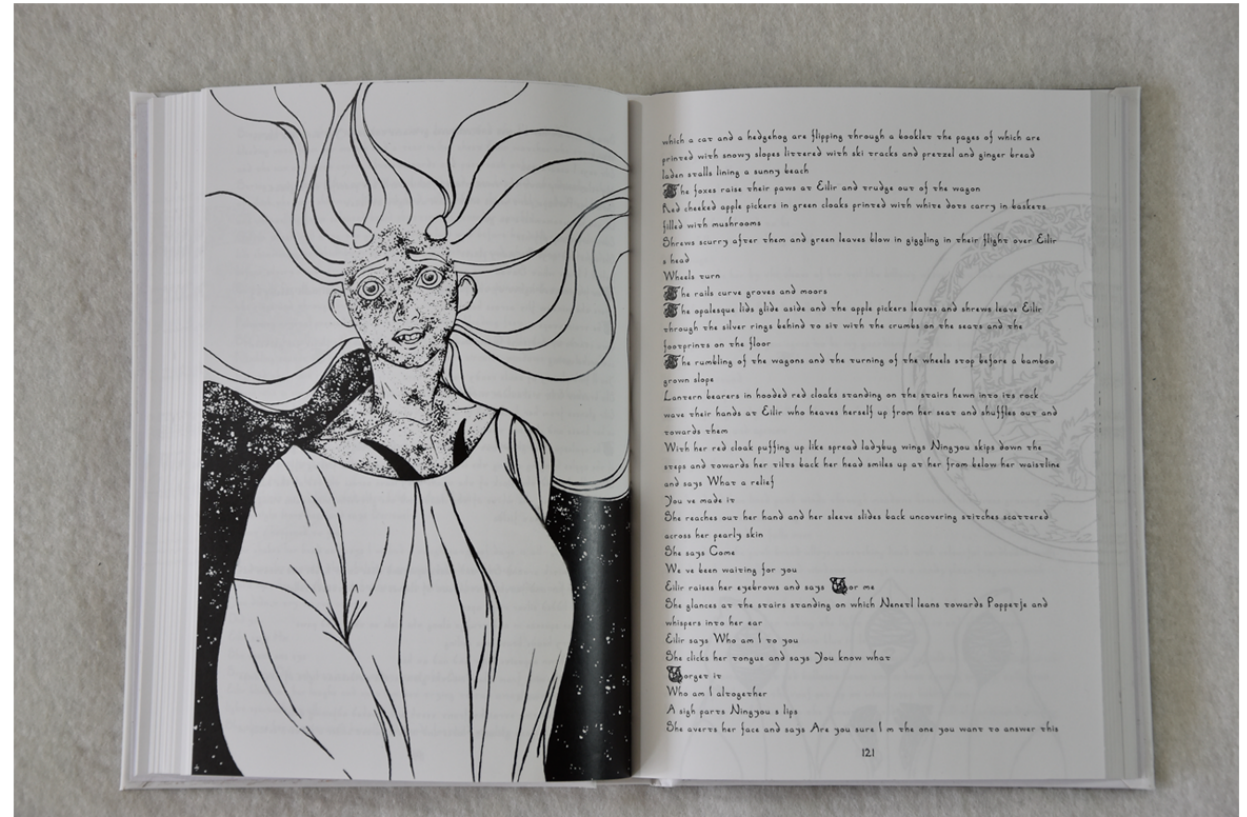




On the left three figures. At the top centre cover with title. At the bottom centre blurb and on the right a graphic element which repeats on every page.



Design of the middle of the book.

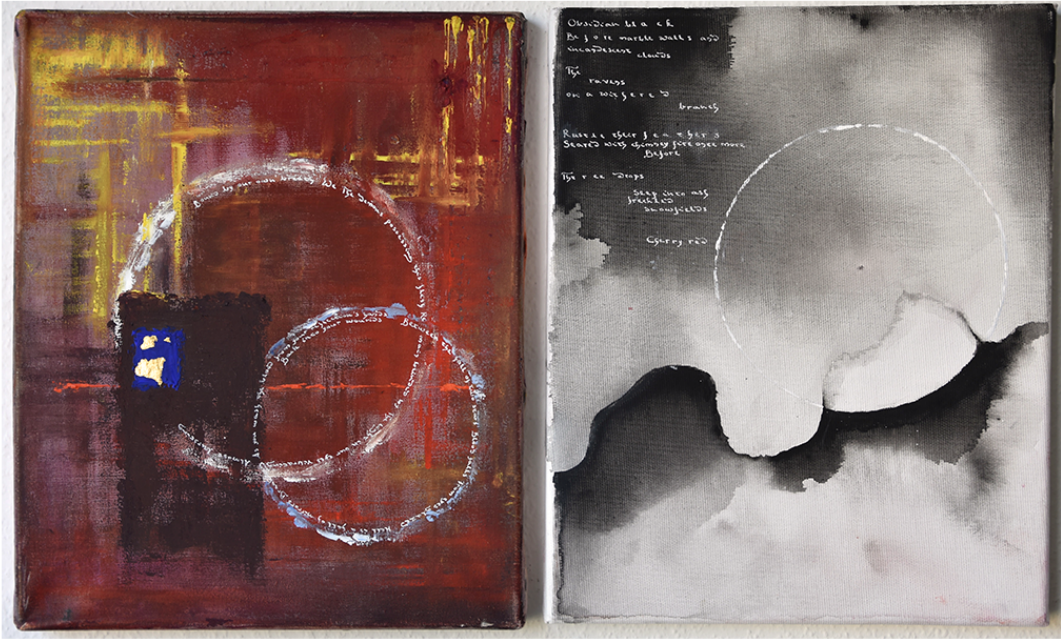


For the sake of further adjustments and changes the typed out and digitalized material has been sent to a print shop in order for me to be able to edit it in a form akin to the one it is supposed to take in the end.



Im Traum

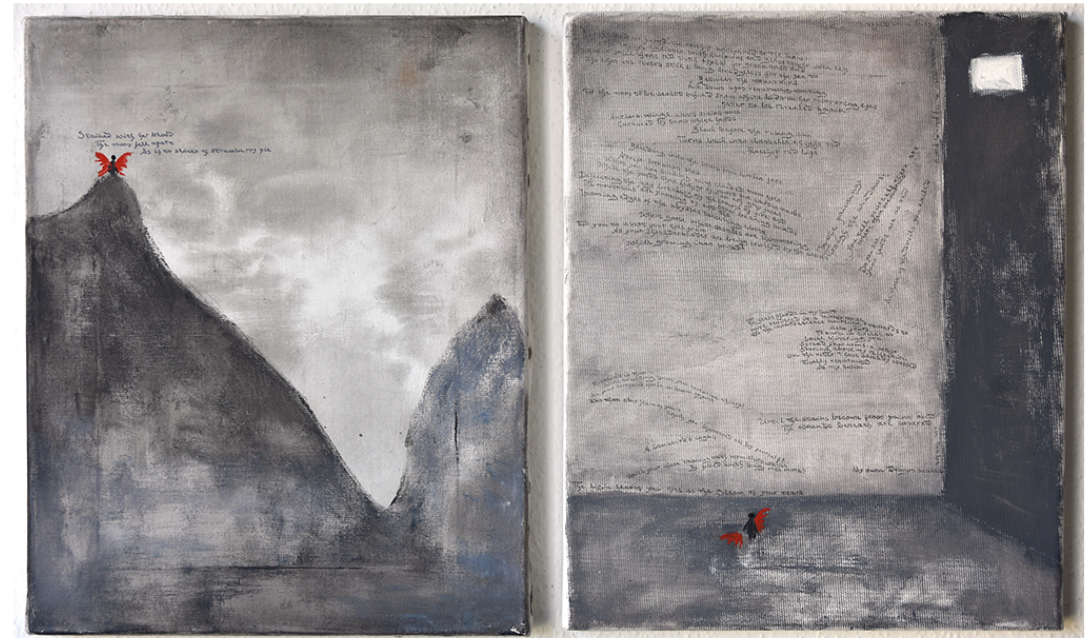
A series of newer poems on old paintings.

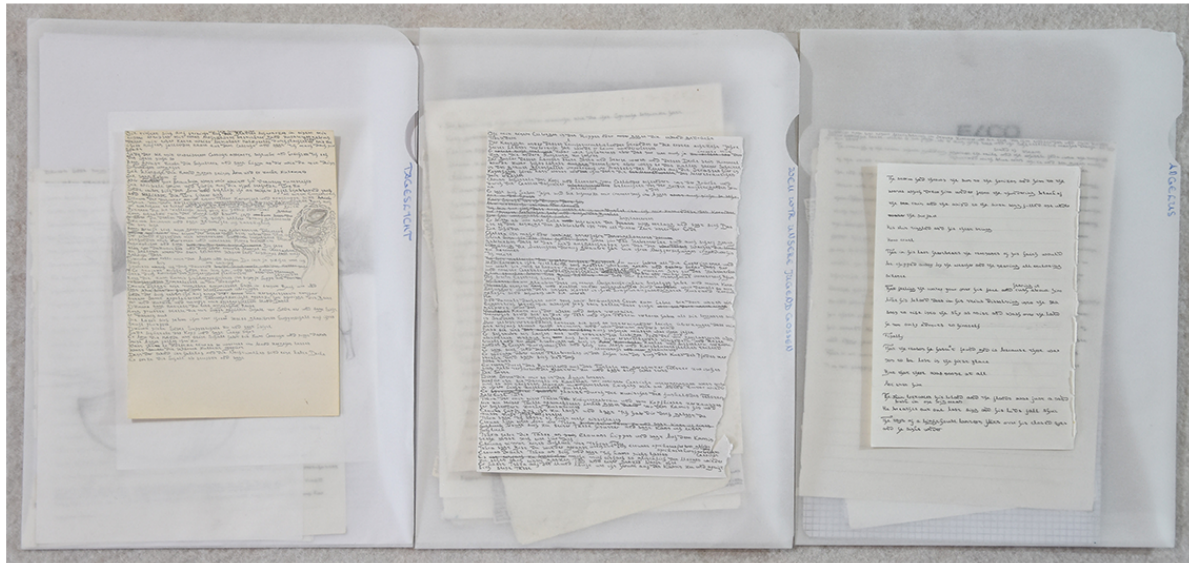


*Bleeding into the stars from broken feet
 You are being forgotten adrift between seas
 Where you are sinking with clouded moon eyes
 While the hands that let go of yours
 Put wooden masks on ash grey faces
 Deflecting the jags breaking off the crowns of
 Fire and snow bearing winds
 The mountains are putting on and the
 Incoming edges of the abyss teetering above
 Where goose white castles are shimmering
 For you to avert your eyes from
 As your shoulder blades are being crushed by the waves
 While growing into wings*

*Obsidian black
 Before marble walls and incandescent clouds
 Three ravens on a withered branch
 Rustle their feathers
 Seared with chimney fire once more before
 Three drops
 Seep into ash freckled snow fields
 Cherry red*

<i>You will</i>	<i>Beckoned and</i>
<i>Again</i>	<i>For which it waited</i>
<i>Become the tide</i>	<i>To now</i>
<i>The moon</i>	<i>Have its shards swept away</i>
<i>As which</i>	<i>By the black waves</i>
<i>Your hands were disguised</i>	





Stories in the process of being written
the finished fragments of which can also be
read as short stories.

Top left to bottom right:

Der Nach Tageslicht Dürstet: A new spin
on the legend Krabat.

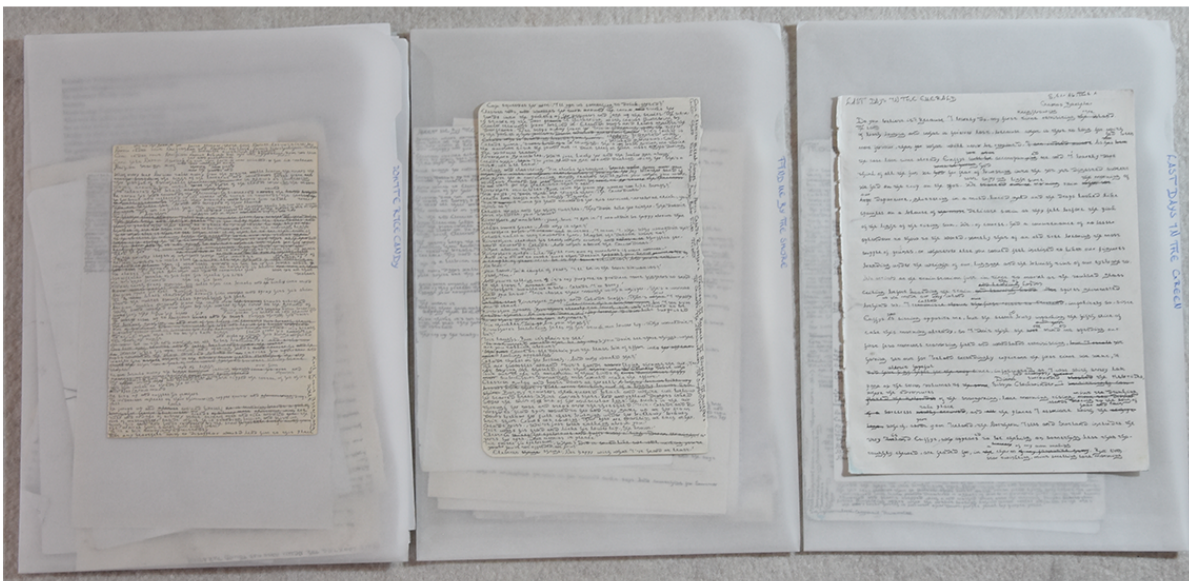
Wem Wir Unsere Jugend Gossen: The ceiling
of a bunker is the sky and noone knows
who they really are.

Angelus: An escape from a famine to a
worked for idyll and plenty of insulted tree
spirits.

White Rice Candy: Here the state of one's
own body becomes a trap.

Find Me By The Beach: The Troubles from
the perspective of an unwillingly involved
water fairy.

Last Days In The Green: A never completed
journal of a trip around Ireland woven into
the invented travel account of a woman whose
child drowned while searching for merfolk.



On the following pages an excerpt from **White
Rice Candy**.

White Rice Candy

With every step Neifion takes away from the granite walls lining the rivers the light of the lanterns and windows fades from another fistful of snowflakes fluttering down around him it glows on until the shade of the clouds covering the stars has coloured them black He turns his head towards the glimmer of the harbour reflected in the water then turns his head towards the trees shaking their branches before him needle grown and stripped of their leaves There are no hills there Are there The heather peaks and fern dales lie too far away for him to draw closer to the sky or the shade of eve on their heights and in their hollows too What else is there to see then Even in the morning light Not much Is there Which leaves him with more to envision himself Would that is If there was a reason There in the heather on that windy slope he just wanted to make sure that if weakness proved to not be in his scales alone the sight of the ground covered in bloom would not remain all too distant of a memory But what is there to remember here He closes his eyes Snowflakes settle on his lips his cheeks and his lids He trudges forward Frozen earth presses against the soles of his feet then ice breaks and they sink into mud He opens his eyes Rushing fills the black cloudshade enclosing him and spray hits his skin in between the snowflakes melting on his face He stalks from the mud over stones polished with sand washed over them by the water of the river at the ground of which they lie and which rises over his knees to his hip

To think that this is going to be his last sight
The dark of night
So in the end nothing at all
His breath flows from his lips leaving his lungs emptied and he tilts backwards and sinks
The water fills his mouth and his opening hands carries him stream upwards and washes him ashore
He blinks away the rays of light falling over him
The wings growing from his shoulder blades across which his arms lie stretched out have ripped his shirt and his knit jacket to shreds
He sits up and ruffles his feathers
The iridescent reflexes on their shimmering copper quiver and drops fall
He stands up and looks around himself
Fields crevices and ridges of silvery stone stretch open and rise around the pool of meltwater beside which he is standing huffing and shivering with his cheeks and hands reddened by the snow the waves have swept him away from
So it was heartfelt after all
This wish to disappear
Though what use is it
To make his birth undone was what he wanted
Not to be reborn in this angelic form
He sighs and folds his wings turns around trudges towards the rocky slope rising behind the scattered rubble and up towards the twinkling peak
Sweat trickles down his chest and blisters swell on his heels and the balls of his feet under the light above never reddening nor fading to black and without any sun to draw its bow across its kingfisher feather blue
He wipes away the last drops of sweat sliding down his jaw and hanging on his chin steps onto the peak and squints through the locks of drenched hair swinging about before his face
From where the hidden ever shining sun rises to where it sinks stork white clouds blow over mountains covered in snow and glacier ice between which white towers glinting with gold framed windows rise from

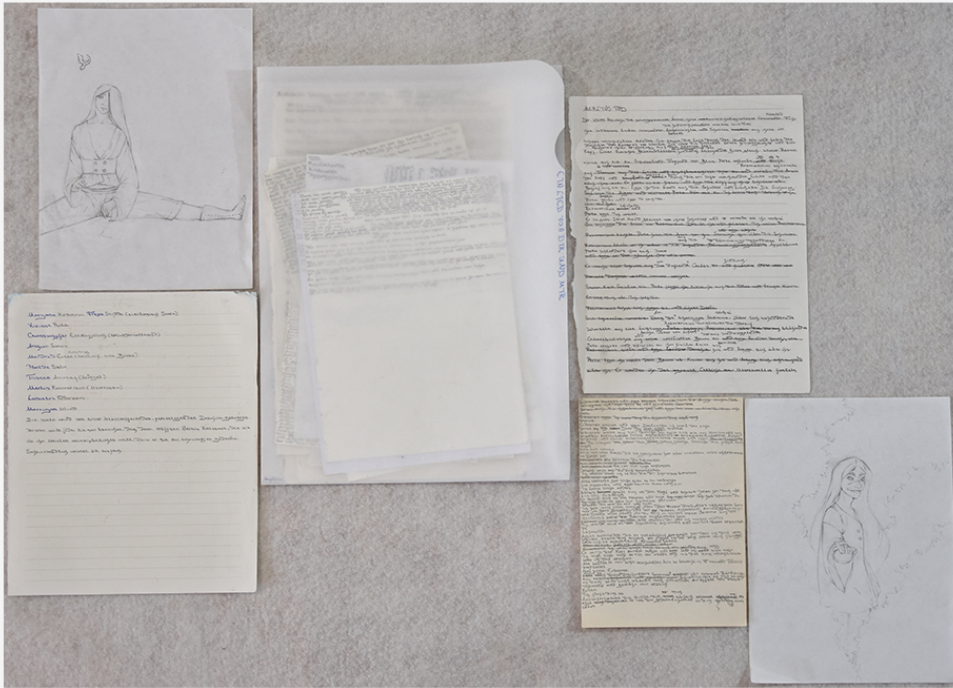
dales fragrant with white strawberry blossoms and their red fruit
Below green sea waves teeter beneath which the submerged
reflections of the granite harbour and of the black woods which
Neifion has roamed for the river of the heather peaks the fern dales
and the golden sandstone of the streets crossing between his and
Huitzilins doors float translucent
Above them another angel flaps his black wings and Neifion
watches him fly in circles
For certain
He does not want to disappear
If just now that Huitzilin was not here someone had spared him a
thought or a blessing and reminded him that he had not disappeared
already
He would not have ended up here
Because he does not want to stay
He throws his arms up and jumps
The winds blows his hair out of his face
He squeezes his eyes shut and grabs one of his wings digs his fingers
through the feathers into its flesh and breaks it
A crack sounds and he gasps
The wing slips out of his hands and he falls through the air into the
green water and through the water into the snow blowing about
beneath the parting clouds
stars shine down on him from in between and copper feathers whirl
up towards them
Sinews snap and skin tears
He crashes into the ground and sprawls with his knees nose and
protruding hipbones scraped up
His blood rushes in his ears and beside him the river
He grits his teeth and crawls out from under his detached wings
stands up and limps through the trees gasping for air in between
sobs
The glimmer of the harbour behind bursts into the lustre of the
lanterns lining the streets and the lamps behind the windows
He drags himself past them towards the piers

Like a nesting crow a nacre haired green fingered gold faced figure
clad in black is crouching on one of the posts the ship Neifion has
loaded the granite on at dawn is tied to
Neifion breathes out a laugh and runs
Huitzilin hops off the post and towards him looks from Neifions tear
stained face to his bloodied ribs picks out the feather entangled in
his hair and says Forgot to tell you to not worry youd have nowhere
to come back to
That Id be home before your return
She turns the feather between her fingers and says Seems like you
kent anyway though
Neifion wipes the tears out of his eyes chuckles and says Aye
The feather falls to the ground

Yggdrasil Und Unter Den Ästen Mit Dir

Unter Den Ästen Mit Dir, the last of the eight stories or amalgamations of short stories, this time sprung from the sagas of Northern Europe, the British Isles and the history of Greenland and the continent of Europe. Sketched on the top left are King Arthur and the wizard Merlin, both five meters tall.

On the following page an excerpt detailing Merlin's death.



Located in the same world a series of photographs named Yggdrasil dealing with texts by the medieval Icelandic poet Snorri Sturluson. Photographs taken within the Swiss border, mostly with the Alps as background.

Merlins Tod

Naoz hebt den Kopf

Zwischen dem Rosenrot der Wolken die über sie hinwegziehen und dem
Rosenrot derer Spiegelung auf dem gleissenden Wasser des glatten Sees
wartet Rosmarinus einer zwischen Blütenblättern hindurchkriechenden
Biene gleich auf sie zu tropfend vor Blut
Sie bleibt stehen

Rosmarinus schleppt sich durch die am Ufer wippenden Lilien und das
Schilf legt ihr die Hand auf die Schulter und krächzt Die Lichtung

Naoz wendet die Augen ab und sagt Ich weiss

Rosmarinus lächelt und seine Hand gleitet ihr von der Schulter

Er wankt an ihr vorbei und auf die dämmerungsvergoldeten Apfelbäume zu

Naoz läuft ihm nach und unter dem duftenden Geäst hindurch an den
schattigen Stämmen vorbei über die ineinanderverschlungenen Wurzeln
und in die auf einer Lichtung blühenden Gänseblümchen

Rosmarinus Knie knicken ein und er kippt um unter einem welken Baum

Naoz kniet sich neben ihm hin

Meereswellen funkeln zwischen sich faltenden grauen Möwenflügeln
hindurch und das Blau von Rosmarinus Augen funkelt zwischen den grauen

Wimpern seiner sich schliessenden Augen

Er sag die So

Er hustet Blut und röchelt Die Sonne geht unter

Siehst du

Er zeigt mit dem Finger auf eine der hinter den Rissen im Leinen seines
wolkenblauen Hemds und seiner mondsilbernen Hose klaffenden Wunden
und sagt Siehst du wie rot es ist

Ist ihr Licht

Wird jetzt dann bald dunkel

Naoz brummt und murmelt Bestimmt

Rosmarinus lächelt und schliesst die Augen

Sein Kopf kippt und fällt gegen Naoz Oberschenkel

Sie legt den Kopf in den Nacken und schaut den Schwänen beim Flug
durch das über ihr wie mit Honig bestrichen glänzende Himbeerrot zu

Ein weisses Blütenblatt flattert nieder vor ihrem Gesicht und in eine von
Rosmarinus Wunden

Sie streckt die Hand danach aus und er öffnet ein Auge schnalzt mit der
Zunge und sagt Lass mal

Die Wölfe finden sonst den Weg nicht mehr

Er legt die zitternden Finger um Naoz Finger legt ihre Hand auf seine Brust
und sagt Spürst du

Wie sie rennen

Naoz ballt die Hand zur Faust über seinem schlagenden Herzen und sagt
Ist es das was passiert is

Du hast dich wieder in einen Wolf verwandelt und dich selbst zerfleischt
Rosmarinus lächelt und sagt Ist halt schwieriger zu erkennen als bei
Eibenrots Raben mit ihren Flügeln dass auch ein Wolf freigelassen werden
will

Kümmert er sich halt selbst drum wenn dir der Gedanke nicht früh genug
kommt

Ich weiss auch nicht wie du das mit deiner Katze machst

Naoz schüttelt den Kopf und sagt Gar nichts mach ich

Nicht mehr als die Katze mit sich machen lässt

Rosmarinus sagt Verstehe

Dann wird sie dir bestimmt auch nicht wegrennen wie mir die Wölfe

Er seufzt und sagt Weissst du

Ich hab das auch nicht so gewollt dass sie dich ein ums andere Mal beissen

Naoz Fingernägel graben sich in ihre Handflächen auf Rosmarinus Brust
und sie sagt Erinnerst du dich

Das Lied das du früher vor meinem Fenster gesungen hast damit die Eulen
still sind wenn ich schlafen geh

Sie schweigen immernoch

Rosmarinus gluckst und sagt Tatsächlich

Sein Auge fällt zu und er sagt Wölfe haben also nicht nur Reisszähne

Sein Herzschlag verklingt und seine Wunden verkrusten schwarz

Die Sonne versinkt und die Sterne leuchten auf über den von Naoz Tränen
von Rosmarinus Gesicht gewaschenen Apfelblütenblättern



Bifröst, swaying sky street. The rainbow as a bridge to the world of the æsir, a rough equivalent of the Greek gods. Sky over Zürich.



Utgard, outer yard, home to the jotun (similar to a Greek titan) Utgardloki who managed to deceive the áss Thor after whom thursday is named. Bernese Oberland.



Hugin (thought), beside Munin (memory) the permanent companion of Odin, after whom wednesday is named. Oerlikon, Zürich.



Muspelheim, firelands in the south. Affoltern, Zürich.



Helheim, realm of the dead, etymologically hell home. Train station Hardbrücke, Zürich.



Ljossalheim, light elf home. Bürkliplatz, Zürich with a view of the Alps.



Vanaheim, home of the fertility gods. Käferberg, Zürich.



Shiroi Asa

Shiroi Asa, white morning. Photographs taken with the intent of detecting a pattern in places evoking a feeling or filled with an ambiance defined by a perceived timelessness or end time state and in that containing a hint of heavenliness or otherworldliness. This work came into being at the same time as Yggdrasil, which is why there are overlaps between the two. The places depicted are in Zürich, Cologne, the Bernese Oberland and near Aberdeen.



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Pages 1-3: Manuscript pages Selenorexia. 2016-19. DIN A4/A5. Ink, pen and wine on paper.

Pages 4-9: Illustrations Selenorexia. 2019-20. DIN A5. Ink and gouache on paper.

Page 10: Selenorexia in the form of a book. 2020. DIN A5. Digital print.

Pages 11-12: Im Traum, selected examples. 2017-20. 20x30 cm. Gouache, pen, crayons, paper and gold leaf on canvas.

Page 13: Manuscript pages of Der Nach Tageslicht Dürstet, Wem Wir Unsere Jugend Gossen, Angelus, White Rice Candy, Last Days In The Green, Find Me By The Beach. Ongoing. DIN A5. Pen on paper.

Pages 14-15: Excerpt from White Rice Candy. 2020. Din A4. Digital.

Page 16 (top): Manuscript pages and sketches of illustrations from Unter Den Ästen Mit Dir. 2019/2020. DIN A5. Pen on paper.

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Page 18: Excerpt Unter Den Ästen Mit Dir. DIN A4. Digital.

Page 19-20: Examples Yggdrasil. 3264x2176 mm. 2018/2019. Digital.

Pages 21/22 : Excerpts photography series Shiroi Asa. 2018/2019. 2176x3264 mm (Page 19 top left), 3264x2176 mm (page 19 top centre), 3264x2176 (page 19 top right), 3264x2176 (page 19 bottom), 4032x3024 (page 20 top left), 2176x3264 (page 20 top centre), 3264x2176 (page 20 top right), 2176x3264 (Page 20 bottom left), 2176x3264 (page 20 bottom centre), 3264x2176 (page 20 bottom right). Digital.

Artist's Statement

Scattered across every day and night and every place are moments and spots where dreams meet their equivalent in life and can for a while take a rest from providing a more inviting sanctuary than can often be found in that very life. These spots, these moments are what my work is concerned with.

I mainly work with images which tend to take the shape of drawings, to a lesser extent paintings and photography and finally prose tinted with poetry. I give great attention to the visual aspect of my work and the feeling I mean to convey or invoke through it. The main topics touched upon are freedom, peace and love, often wrapped up in illustrated fairy tales of varying length which draw on preexisting stories and legends, the abundance of the earth and the traces the passing of time leaves on streets and buildings.

What leaves me most content is when my work takes the shape of a riddle, seemingly indecipherable at first, to then, upon unlocking, excite both a sense of wonder and bemusement, thus still retaining a hint of nebulousity.

Ideally the fate of the things my work speaks of would eventually befall my work itself and it would attain the opacity of the old sagas, gradually becoming less sympathizable, yet still managing to captivate for a brief moment and bewilder. There's comfort in the thought, that if my words are set to the melody of the rushing of the waves and the trees and that rushing is all that remains, then nothing is lost.

So in essence, my work springs from an unwillingness to give up on hopeful dreams of other worlds to be born into and a desire to recreate everything worth revelling in that this world has to offer.