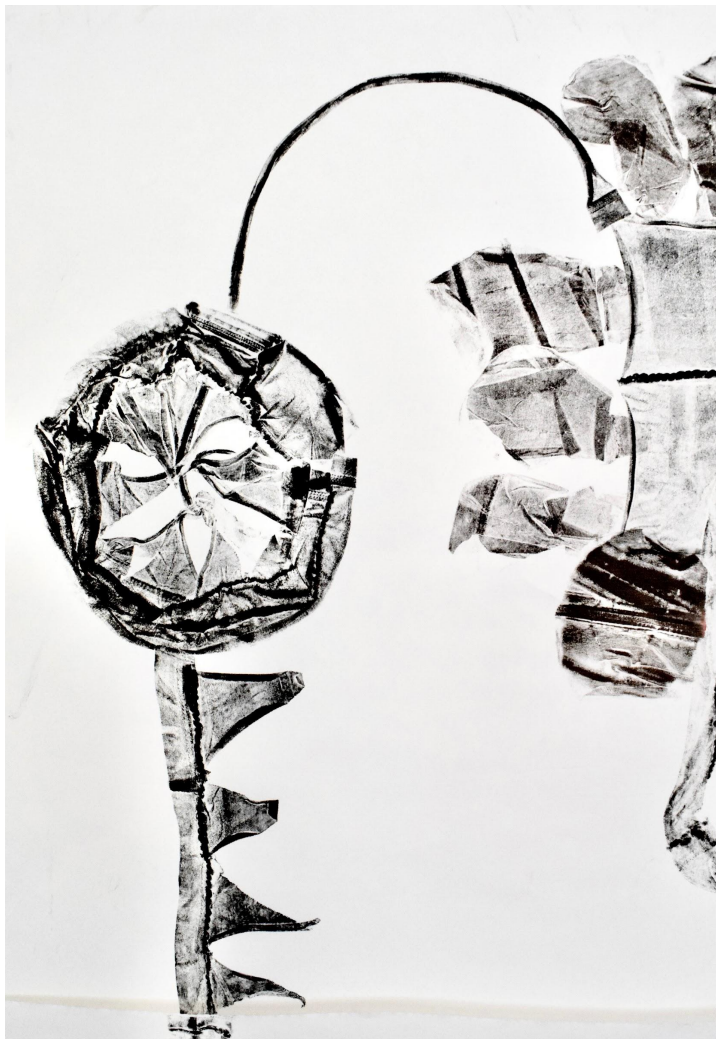


Through printmaking techniques, ***feral fragment*** shows the reconfiguration of an object (my own clothes) into textile fragments. By using personal items like my pants and my shirt, I wanted to find a material that revealed subjective elements of the object that are equally wild and absurd in its reconfiguration. This desire came from the dichotomy of using limited materials and the philosophy that we can never use all the information given to us—We can only make more of it. There is an aspect of nothingness and change that is determined. This made me interested in how my art practice using my own clothes is based on the personal relationship I share with my materials, the limitation of resources, the heightening of sensitivity, and the transformative role that reduction plays in how I approach making an artwork. I wanted my shirt and pants (materials I normally use to make sculptures) to shape to whatever process it took. I cut the clothing into pieces and hand-sewed them into a futile form that I used for printing. As the sculpture was then turned into monoprint copies that eliminated the object's functionality, resemblance, and time; the fracture of an experience became something of personal use turned feral or unknown. The monoprints question whether the minute details of the textile sculpture are able to incorporate its identity as a reconstructed item of clothing.

Image 1 Link: https://drive.google.com/file/d/1EhGdmc5sWl2y-f5faohzuldT_xysoB8_/view?usp=sharing



slice/reveal/fracture (detail), 2025, monoprint using ink, hand-sewn reused clothing (cotton shirt and leggings) on paper, 154 x 132.5 cm.

Image 2 Link:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1-8qMrDTcS0aAEgiDvj3MguJ7pv7McZHe/view?usp=sharing>



Regeneration, 2025, monoprint using textile on paper, 25 x 38 in.

Purple Hair is a hand-bound, self-published book of short stories. Each of the 10 short stories are told from the liminal perspective of a fictional, female protagonist whose self image is in process. Her name is not given, but instead her appearance is known in some stories indicative of her purple hair. Mysticism evolves from her poetic questioning of what else is there; leading her to reveal dark truths about herself to discover the stories/illusions that exist within her that insight judgement, delusion, fear, humour, fantasy, and love. The stories in ***Purple Hair*** are stream-of-consciousness dreamscapes with small town settings in Atlantic Canada. The book is a combination of New Weird and Slipstream fiction due to some short stories having an unsettling, distorted, and experimental, narrative style. It contains adult topics around sex, violence, and other triggering themes.

The following text is from the short story titled “Leon”, from Sarah Noonan’s self-published book called *Purple Hair*. The book was hand-bound by Sarah Noonan as part of their residency project at Canserrat in May 2025.

[...]
The grasshopper had a careless
smile, a silly expression,
the commonality of blunder.
This is what it is like to be kissed
by a grazing animal;
I was unkempt and for that I grew
in unknown ways.
I did not picture the bloom
or the covering of winter.
I saw only blades, and leaves, and
friends; and all of it being gently,
mutably, and flexibly tangled.
What the grasshopper had needed
to tell me so urgently,
to intercept and stride into focus,
my discipline lifted by the idleness
of nature,
was there to tell me that I have
always been a good dancer.

This place has captured time and made everything that once stood tall and green bend and lay. The water is beeing sent to me; a little bee buzzes as it searches around me. Bees were in the ripening weeds searching for whatever juice might have fruited in them. I had never seen such acrobatic efforts, such disparity hopping from one flower to the next: A head on a pillow nuzzling to find comfort; Hanging on for dear life it seemed! As sacred as pollen is to bees, were places for me to hide from the world. To explore or to be a creature set free. I sit in the dry marsh grass. This bee is so languid it seems to be adventuring. There are no flowers near, only the sun that cracks the ground. I can feel it hardening my face, that is what it has done to everything here.

This place has captured time and here I am, blending in. Water spreads through the grass and I find a place where once it was probably soaked, but now is dry. The trees that have fallen look beautifully damaged, warped from their struggle with deterioration. The bee behind me cannot seem to find what it is looking for. No flowers. (Noonan, 18-19)