

New and Dangerous Ideas

Volume 1


Article 16

5-2018

Scream

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Recommended Citation

Moran, Valerie (2018) "Scream," *New and Dangerous Ideas*: Vol. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: <https://docs.rwu.edu/nadi/vol1/iss1/16>

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- Hala: Warmer tones ones are taken in candle light and they are two pairs of images from a semester long series which is why they have different lighting
- If you only want to include matching pairs of the images just email her and talk to her about it, she is flexible on this idea

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 week's 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.