Practices of Looking

SPECTACLE OF FASHION PRACTICE.

This seeing is an act of choice and often comes before words.

Figure 1. Gentility.

My practice is symbolic of a social statement of meaning and cultural etiquette which were synonymous during the Victorian period. Through my practice I have deconstructed a code of transactional values and emotional sentiment abstracted through the visualisation and translation of the meanings and memoirs assumed of the Language and poetry of Flowers.

My work engages with the fashion aesthetic through a series of closely spaced and uninterrupted assessments of line and form and a seeing of what is. Points of reference the floral anatomies pose as portraits narrated of a storytelling experience. Of this floral grammar the visualities of my practice are born out of intuitive and instinctive happenings that describe a cultured and literary landscape that was cognisant of new histories being made.

This voice of the practitioner as provocative visual communicator, as editor of meaning and message, as writer of cultural interpretation and as curator of a lived reality of practice is concerned with interpretation of what is seen, what is known and what is meant of practice.

This voice is me.
EXHIBITION

This e-Exhibition engages with beyond what is seen to what is meant and acknowledges that seeing is an act of choice and often comes before words. The evocative Victorian art of the Language of Flowers leads the narrative as the practitioner voice invites a way of seeing as an interpretation of what is. The spectacle of fashion practice questions the misconception of glory that is often associated with the fashion image and de-constructs a way of seeing the spectacle that fashion practice has, or needs, to become.

A flower said to have nymphs that hid mischievously amongst its petals. The elegant creatures with harmless intentions indulge the emotions of others to their delight. Out of sight but influencing their environment with outward emotion and tease.

A floral motif of heartfelt emotion, feminine in form with references to the intent of requited love and passion. Floral notations of fragmented torment proclaim the sentiment rejected by another.
The Voice of the Practitioner

This Voice is Me.

Sometimes I move outside of myself and I am left wondering if this moment will endure.

I am the
Sometimes I move outside of me
My practitioner self
Me, the self I am
The me that craves
Addicted to me
Me, my self, I and the other
The Other of me
I am alone with the Other of me
Who is the Other of me?
A Floral Code


Mo Tussie-Mussie

My heart pours
Fixed on Love
Emotions break
Requite no more
Gifted gaze
Intent
Passion
A suer for the hand
Touched my soul
Awkward echo
Yours

Figure 8. This Voice is Me.

Figure 9. This Voice is Me.

A Floral Code

This engagement with florigraphy augments my sense of journey
A Way of Seeing

The language of flowers is said to be as old as the world, and the antiquity of floral emblems as great as that of love itself, and by whom it is supposed to have invented, since it is a kind of parable which speaks to the eye, and through that medium is transmitted to the heart.

Henry Phillips, Floral Emblems, 1825

The composition of story is to create the spectacle of my practice.
Gifted Gaze

What if this dwindling tradition is echoed through fashion practice?
The Peony, with provocative emotion and tease said to have mischievous nymphs hidden amongst its blooms, and the floral notations of the Tussie-Mussie, explore the requited love of a suitor for a hand of love.

Figure 14. Morning’s Infancy.

Figure 15. Immortality of Sentiment, Image courtesy of Southampton Solent University 2012.

Image.
The Practitioner captures a truth to what is known at the time of knowing.

Floral Notes

Figure 16. Sketchbook Entry.
Mnemonics of What Might Be?

Every line that is drawn has a nuance of immediate thought that becomes meaningful at the time of knowing.
What is it that is Seen?

[Figure 1.8. Of Liberty]

To be the truths of my practice
A Deep Engagement

See Inside How I Feel
Feel how I Feel
See how I See
Touch how I Touch
Hear how I Hear
Share my Drama
Sense my Senses
See Inside How I Feel

Figure.19. The Fashion Shoot

Figure.20. Sketch Book Entry.

My innermost fear is to be caught out, in fact found out, that I am not who I claim to be.
Spectacle of Practice

This misconception of glory.
See How I See

EXTENDING THE NARRATIVE BEYOND PRACTICE ITSELF
Gaze of Practice

For a moment I ponder the vulnerability

Figure 25. Love's Symphony
Figure 26. Gentleness
Figure 27. Desire to Please
Emotion and Tease

With Outward Emotion and Tease

Shame and bashful
Nymphs that hide
Of youthful bloom
Pistilous be
Of early shine
Indulge delight.

Elegant flower of early morn
Curvaceous be unFine
This early bud
Yet to bloom
Translucence of skin
Delight and tempt.

Nymphs do peek
Others delight
Out of sight
Young buds of flower
Suitor’s attention
Entangled away.

Blushing and teasing
Shadow is where
Hidden their folds.
Sun’s rays
Silken slopes
Cheeks fed by the light.

Heart pulses.
Day closes
Petals weep
Night falls
Brings the blush
Tease of you.

Bashful bask
Curvaceous be
Love want and lust
Be of you
And I of me
My Peony.

I get so many thoughts,
Thoughts that rush through my mind,
Sometimes I forget them just as quickly.
I am disturbed, provoked and charged by the revealing honesty and confessional vulnerability that I see.
Abstract Moments

I am conscious of not thinking too deeply or I may lose myself in a non-reality.
This Language of Flowers

Figure 39. Concealed.

Figure 40. Consumed.

Figure 41. Afterimage: My Peony in Shrouded Glory.

These voices as truth, as pleasure, as obscure meanings and message
The very depth of my practice is to be reflected in the words that I write.

I am to keep this forgotten language and etiquette alive.

Figure 42. Lasting Pleasures.
This Journey of Seeing

Intrigue beyond what is seen to what is meant

Figure 43. Passions Writhe
Figure 44. Symphonies Rise
Figure 45. This Path We Tread
Figure 46. Wend our Way
Figure 47. This Unknown Journey
Figure 48. Walk Together
Figure 49. This Journey is Ours
A composition of story constructs the spectacle that my fashion practice is to become.
Still More to Say

Yet through the language of my practice I feel there is more that can be said.
I experience moments of a deep and conscious seeing as knowing.

Maybe it has already been said, but I am compelled to speak of my practice in both visual and literary terms.
With Voices Divine

Out of the dark comes the light
Aught of Love

Truth to what is as a moment of knowing

Figure 61. Aught of Love.

Figure 62. The Window.
Lasting Pleasures Speak

Am I to prompt the perception of others to see how I see
Mild Whispers

Figure 65. Mild Whispers

These brief yet intimate exposures construct a perception of what is...
Charms Withhold

Figure 66. This Heart Belongs.

Figure 67. Empower Me.

This sense of deep engagement is empowering.
This is when I am most content.
As Silent Preachers

Figure 68: There Lurk I.
Figure 69: As Silent Preachers (1).
Figure 70: As Silent Preachers (2).

The endless possibilities are provocative and compelling.
Of Wildering Charms

Figure 71. Of Wildering Charms [1]

Figure 72. Of Wildering Charms [2]

Figure 73. Of Wildering Charms [3]

Figure 74. Of Wildering Charms [4]

Figure 75. Of Distant Memory

Something inside me translates the complexity and then practice happens
As I critique my early reflections it is evident that I look to the arts for comparables, understandings or even associations with it.

Am I searching for a justification of my practice or a cultural measure and value beyond its intended function or purpose.
Borrowed Memories

having unearthed this borrowed memory I feel a sense of responsibility

the afterimage endures

Figure 77. Borrowed Memories (1).
Requite No More

Figure 78. The Wilted Flora Falls.

Figure 79. Requite.

My sense of anticipation heightens.
A deep engagement that is winding, some-times dark and difficult and at other times light and unending.
A narrative of absolute engagement with my practice for others to engage with is emerging.
The voice of the fashion practitioner as provocative visual communicator, as editor of meaning and message, as writer of cultural interpretation and as mediator of the lived reality of practice is emerging out of the twenty-first century amidst uncertainty. This voice concerned with what fashion practitioners know and do through, in, and of fashion practice now needs to be heard. This voice of my practitioner-self moves outside of me. I am connected to this voice that is no longer me for it is the other of me. I am no longer singular to the telling of my practice. The other of me is emerging amid the telling of a knowing of a doing of my practice. I am addicted to the other of me.

**"These Voices as Interpretation of What is seen Becomes a Way of Seeing"**

Figure 81. Norris-Reeves, S. (2013). What is Meant? [poster]. School of Materials Work in Progress Show edn, Royal College of Art, London.
Precious Thought

Figure 83. Knowing in Time.
Figure 84. Shadows of Me.
Figure 85. Drops of Red.

I notice a randomness of looking.
The exhilaration of this seeing as knowing can be momentary and fleeting.
Of Faithful Memories

Inquisitive as to the breadth of the discovery.
CONSTRUCTING A NARRATIVE OF FASHION PRACTICE AS INQUIRY

This requires an aptitude in me for a deeper engagement beyond my doing of practice.
This Voice as Interpretation

A line of communication...something to say

I wonder why I am not in command of what might be

Figure 91. Norris-Reeves, S. (2013), “Interface: This Voice as Interpretation...”, Milano Design PhD Festival: Design & Users, Design & Interfaces and Design & Social Interaction, eds. A. Biamonti & L. Guerini, Politecnico di Milano University, Department of Design, Milan, 19/03/2013, pp. Video. (Research Activity A 9i).
What of Beauty?

Figure 9.2. What of Beauty?

There is beauty to this ugliness.
This Voice as Interpretation

So Many Thoughts
Thoughts that rush through the mind,
Sometimes forgotten just as quickly,
Cutting, pinning, sewing,
Cutting, pinning, sewing,
Cutting, pinning, sewing,
More thoughts,
More thoughts,
Quick,
Else they might be no more.

Figure 93. So Many Thoughts (Audio Recording).

WHAT IS IT THAT IS SEEN, KNOWN AND MEANT
Looking for Hours and Hours

Figure 9.4: Of Looking and Looking.

I just can’t stop looking.
Line Drawing?

My fashion practice performs a dual role as the determining functions serve both practice as research and practice as aesthetic.
A Continuum of Seeing

The other of me speaks a truth to what is seen, known and meant of my practice.
This Voice

Figure 96. Collection: Immortality of Sentiment. Outfit 6: Calico Dress with Text. Front View.

Image courtesy of Southampton Solent University, 2012.

This voice as interpretation of what is.
What is it that is Seen?

My practice moves outside of me to become an extension of me.

Looking becomes what is.
Seeing comes before Words

Figure 101. Thought Collides.

Figure 100. Sketchbook Entry.

THIS SEEING IS AN ACT OF CHOICE

See
See how the wilted flora falls
See how the down trodden bouquet
See how the heartfelt emotion that is requited
See how the heart that is charmed and broken
See how I See

[Image of two models]
What is it that is Meant?

BEYOND THE AESTHETIC MY PRACTICE HAS A VOICE

VIEWED IN THIS WAY MY FASHION PRACTICE NO LONGER INVITES CRITIQUE OF PRACTICE BUT BECOMES AN OBJECT OF STUDY
What is it that is Known?

Figure 103. Collection: Immortality of Sentiment, Outfit 1 and 2, with Cape, Front View.

The immortality of Sentiment
Never Forget

Don't worry dear I will never forget you for I think of you by day and dream of you by night for you are the flower of my heart and I feel sure that you would not feel at all a love in this life as I will be a dear friend to you.

W.M. Jones circa 1905

Figure: 104. Shrouded Glory.
The Immortality of Sentiment

The Immortality of Sentiment

The petal wilts,
The backbone is weak,
Saddened and bewildered by the love lost,
My floral bouquet is down trodden,
My rose is no longer in bloom,
See how my heart bleeds.

A SYMPHONY COMPOSED OF AN AESTHETIC TUNE
My Peony

My Peony

Mischief Nymphs hidden amongst the flower’s bloom
Carefully placed to tantalize the suitor and gift freedom to his lust
Hypnotic charm displays the journey of love that is placed
The gesture of an admirer, masculine and ritualistic, as solicited
Prowess softens as the nymphs find their place and succumb to true love

This language of My Peony

I waver about any measure that might be

My practice is my truth and is more able to speak of me than
This Language of Flowers

Maybe that is why I am often lost for words when speaking of my practice.
This Voice is My Voice

When I set out on this journey I had no idea that I would get drawn this way.
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There is so much more thinking and doing to be done