

## When I Make Myself Oatmeal It Feels Like Self-Help

The title of this installation is a quote from my memoir, *A Jar of Hair: a collection of adolescence*. In my book, I have compiled the formative experiences of my adolescence thus far, from the major moments to the smallest of memories. Each piece of this installation represents pieces from my memoir; pieces from my life.

Synecdoche - a figure of speech in which a part is made to represent the whole.

Adolescence today is stained with the ever-growing demands of formal education and new pressures of technology. The art of blocking out perspective and truly living in the moment is a dying one. A phrase from a Sartre describes this perfectly: “martyr of youth.” A patron of living life. This piece is my story as a martyr of youth.

Just as writing and sharing my memoir has been a cathartic exercise (in literally becoming an open book), creating paintings with personal connections and displaying them for public scrutiny holds an equal sensation of uncomfortable freedom. Throughout this process, I’ve trained myself to lean into the feelings of unease that come with facing certain topics. In embracing vulnerability, I’ve discovered new power. I am writing and illustrating my story before someone else does. Here, I address times of love and loss and all the over-saturated feelings of dreamy adolescence. While each painting has a direct correlation to moments from my memoir, I’d rather the audience create their own narrative and connection. There is no real truth.

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