

***BOUND***

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<https://cindygaboury.opened.ca/2020/08/03/fin-210-unit-2/>

BOUND, was for me a creative journey in exploring memory, sadness, remorse, transitioning and rebirth. When something is bound it is set in place meant to stay as is. With curiosity I explored the parts of my being that I have put away like precious objects on a shelf not to be touched. I wrapped objects that physically represent this part of me then set out on a creative journey of psychologically unwrapping the objects as I drew them. All my adult life it has been with great remorse that chose not follow the path of my creative journey. With this exercise I have been able to unravel the memories, unwrap the bound, and embrace myself in all my worried and wondrous creative sparks.

Bound; being held unable to change, develop, move. This BOUND defines the part of me that I have kept buried for far too long. My creative spark, I have kept inside, wrapped close to my heart never truly allowing it to shine. It is with great sadness that I have continued to live without it.

## The unravelling journey: My creative process

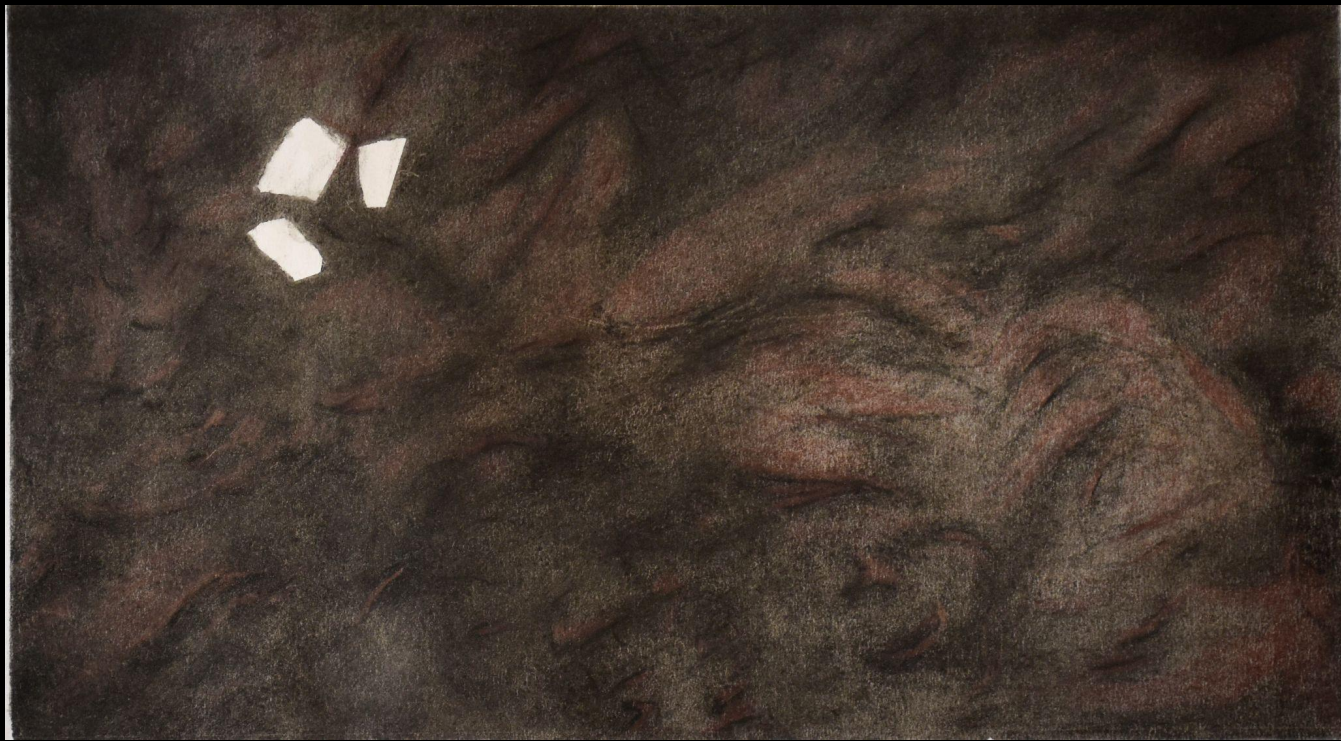
Wrapping an object shrouds and conceals its features. There are many reasons why we would wrap things; Perhaps to intently conceal from view; hide away; maybe to keep the contents safe, under wraps; to store away; for cleaning purposes; fumigation; perhaps out of respect: privacy; funerary: for growth; Whatever the reason shrouding, wrapping represents a kind of armor or cover in our minds. I wrapped objects in cloth. On paper I drew with charcoal, chalk and pencil crayons the shrouded objects. I used charcoal and black, brown, and gray pencil crayon to produce shadow effects. I used blue, grey and silver pencil crayons to draw the wire that bound the wrapped books and chains that bound the wrapped braziers, implying the cold, harsh bindings of a masculinity. I used red chalk, red and brown pencil crayons to imply the organic nature of the objects and represent the life force that was bound within the objects themselves. The red also represents the blood, the life force, of these bound objects weeping through the cloth seeping its way out.



I have wrapped my mandolin in a blanket. I used a large sheet that is soft and implies warmth. However, I bound the sheet with ties that create an “X” across the body, as if to say do not enter, not allowed, hands off. The blanket covers the mandolin though the shape is familiar the object is out of sight and now out of mind pushed back to the subconscious while other things like daily life of being a parent and having to work take dominance. As the blanket hides away my mandolin, keeping my memory safe, my happiness safe it also muffles the sound. Not played, the melody unheard the sheet dampens the music pushing the object to the back of my subconscious mind.



I often hear the phrase “In another life”, this applies to my piano. I have not played her for years and I wonder if I still can. I’m not sure I remember how. When I moved into Courtenay, I moved the piano with me. It stands in the living room against a wall and has settled into being a what- not shelf. Plants, books, paintings, papers a calculator pill bottles, and a Kleenex box adorn it. My piano is another part of me that I put away while be responsible.



I tried an experiment one night in bed. I lay with my knees bent upward holding the blanket away from my face. There, under the covers, I opened my eyes and waited for my sight to adjust. The room was dark, so no light filtered through the layers of blankets. But I believe I could see a faint opaque shadow cross before my eyes as I waved my hand. I stayed there and just looked around in the dark viewing the interior of my blanket cocoon. There was variations of darkness and my eyes kept focusing on a bright spot that I knew was not there. But my minds eye wanted to see it, a small a flash. It was interesting.



I wrapped my paintbrushes in cloth. Without the tools to implement my ideas my creative voice is muted.

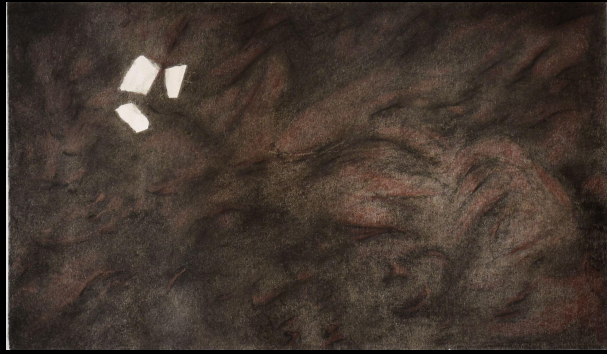
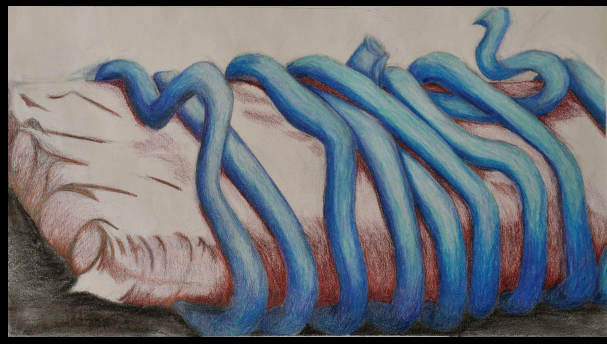
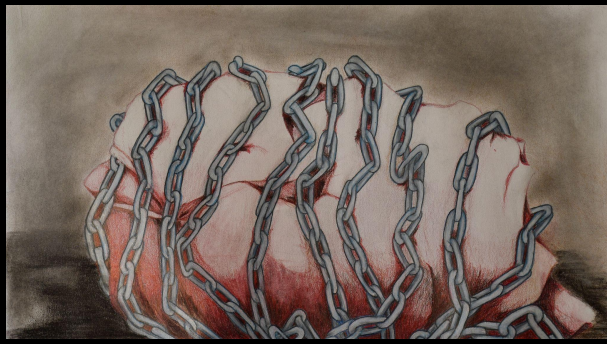
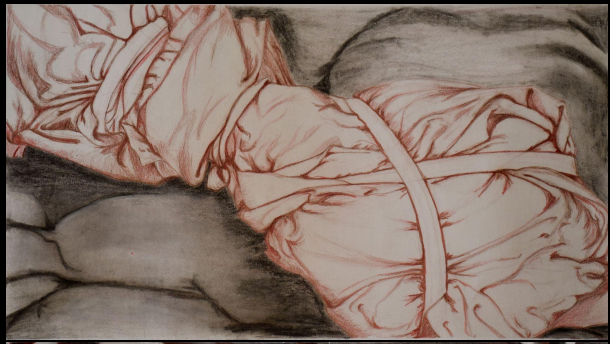


I wrapped my books in cloth and bound them with wire implying the cold, harsh bindings of a masculinity. My books, the gateways to my creative self.





Implied responsibility has driven me far from my true self. Influenced in a patriarchal dominated society I was conditioned to behave, to be responsible, bind my feminine creativity and perform appropriately. Bras are so uncomfortable and for me represent the confines of that conditioning. I put a sheet around my bra's then wrapped them in chain and drew them.



All these objects have me bonded to them in some way. The musical, piano and mandolin, instruments of a passion of mine, but I have put them away kept them safe while I be responsible. The books and paint brushes are a moment of contemplation and memory. Investigations under the sheets a warm memory shrouded in darkness. The bras, conditions I can live without. These discoveries that unraveled throughout this exploration were very Cathartic. While wrapping things that are precious to me indicating the putting away for safekeeping, I realized my creative originality.