I came to the Masters quite freshly off from another study program and with an artistic trajectory which was pretty much homogenous in its' approach and work methodology. My interest primarily laid in a sort of romantic interpretation of loss, echo and noise, and I've tackled it from the fields of music and on-location performance (a more abstract-intuitive approach) as well as from critical video essays, writings and lectures (an approach more akin to academics). It was something that first sprung from my interest in the kind of art I was consuming in my late teenage years. And as time went on I found myself more and more identified with this world I was creating without ever questioning or reflecting upon it. I got relatively successful with what I did, especially considering the country I came from and how very young I was, and if met with harsh critique I quickly tried to hush it away like a bug on the windshield to keep on going.

It looked like the 6-7 years invested in before joining the Netherlands Film Academy were but one single body of work that I was constantly chewing upon, rearranging, dissecting, repackaging. And even though since 2012 I had multiple epiphanies telling me that I might have outgrown my artistic path that I was on, I didn't change much of my approach or ever took time to get things a bit clearer. Mostly because I didn't know better, but also my teachers and peers were always satisfied with what I produced, which of course fed my delusion that everything is going the right way.

Looking back now I see that my works that sprung out of my idea of romantics formerly outlined culminated in the end of 2012 with my project 'Suns', a failed mission to retreat on a small island just below the Arctic Circle, using solitude, darkness and the merciless winter as my muses and creating a complex, yet majestic musical work. When the whole quest didn't turn out the way I imagined I still could make a video diary which somehow gave the impression to the people at home that some work with such depth did indeed exist, but it's essence was so tied to the moment of creation in space and time that understanding of reliving it is almost impossible. I got away with admitting failure, but felt that that the certain escapism that comes from romantic longing is not manifested in the journeys I take into the desolate emptiness, but in a fear and denial to engage myself in works that would challenge my comfort zone and rather spend my time daydreaming about works I never made.

I found myself investing more time into making my projects presentable than on their actual realizations, spending countless hours finding the best visual and rhetorical environment that would somehow make it pass certain qualitative criteria while maintaining and feeding my image as an artist. This tiring process became more and more difficult to stomach and from 2013 the volume of my artistic output dropped radically. I went from playing multiple shows each month while working on 2-3 project simultaneously to doing 3-4 shows a year and occasionally creating half-assed artworks for my school assignments. I didn't have new ideas and the ones that were there barely interested me anymore. It lead to a deep downwards slope resulting in a lot of changes in my life, both private and social.

During this time was when I applied to the Master of Film program. I realized that in order to get out of this rut I need to radically reform not only the way I approach and conduct my artistic practice but also my greater everyday self. I had to find an environment from which on I can safely develop a new perspective and methodology that would somehow lift the anomaly I had between myself and my work.

The crucial moment was when during the re-evaluation of my former output I started paying attention to the internal impressions when asked to talk about them. My focus was not necessarily on how my message was delivered, but rather on how I felt during the time when I was telling what I do or did.

First of all I'd almost never mention to strangers that I have an artistic practice, let alone going into detail with what I'm focused on or produced. Sometimes I found myself going through all sorts of layered diversion tactics in order to keep myself from being asked the ominous question: 'What do I do?' Once put into the role of having to talk about my work I had no difficulty since my deliverance was usually quite adequately formulated, coherent and entertaining, so in all no harm was done. On the other hand I found myself usually swinging in an emotional 'fight or flight' rollercoaster trying not to throw up and get through the conversation as soon as possible. It was the feeling of fear of being caught. Of being revealed as a liar of charlatan. And it's not like my works were plagiarized, empty, unsuccessful, or overly exaggerated. It was the way I felt when looking back at my works which at the end of the day left me with a bad taste in my mouth. I didn't feel close to them even though they did reflect my interest and a considerable amount of time which I've invested in creating them. I felt that I had to make up compensation narratives to myself in order to make peace with what I do.

To put it short I was suffering from an Impostor Syndrome towards my on CV. And this feeling barred me from that certain feeling of cool confidence that, at least how I imagined, comes with being a professional in any given field. I felt as if my works were just below the level of being 'whole' and would only need one tiny but indispensible leap in order to become something I could make peace with. In that point came the realisation that my time at the Masters' might not end up with me expanding my knowledge in a (literally) external direction, but at least first I must dig back through the facades I built throughout the years to find the quintessential core of my drive and use that as a starting point. With that I'd be able to convey substance, weight and dynamics, or in other words body for my work.

This required me to put aside my initial plan of diving straight into my proposed ideas and dedicate the semester to re-examine my position without worrying about my process not yielding impressive outputs or other tangible marks that would showcase my practice to the outside world. It was a step not easy to make and I still find myself sometimes looking at my current progress as really elaborate procrastination from really starting doing the 'thing', but of course these are only my fears of the project not working out in the long run.

For these reasons I found Jellichje's course 'Drive View Quest' the utmost liberating from all the programs so far. It offered a radically different perspective on how to tackle my progress for these two years and allowed me some time of off-angle glance on my position right now. I can't stress the importance of these moments, for if not for courses like Jellichje's I'd easily find myself hellbent on whatever narrow viewpoint I end up with when indulging into a given research path.

I found that if I kept on running the same circles of directions and bumping into the obstacles, and as a feedback loop the constant internal reflection (one lacking any external evaluation or pause) barred me from realizing some foundational faults in my process. Breaking this loop is something that is very difficult for me, especially seeing the years I vested into getting used to it, but what did become clear to me in this past few months is that i'm very much capable of doing it, even though I'm still not sure about the exact method that would be fit.

In the past I tried to exclude the direct interplay between my personal and artistic development even though the back-and-forth reflection among the two was always very present - and in some way this forced exclusion is what lead me to a lot of difficulties in understanding myself as a creator. This is why I now decided to explicitly tie these two paths together for my process. I find it beneficial not only from the viewpoint that it saves time from leading two distinct lives, but also as a change from the role of the analytical background person that a lot of artist-researchers (including myself) position themselves in.

I came in with the proposal to investigate liminality: phases and moments of transitionary experience, and this change in my perspective allowed me not to stay outside the core of my drive, dissecting, judging, but actually embodying my research. This is an entirely different approach compared to the research through forensics or discourse and I expect it to provide me with a new plane of understanding of how these processes can be conducted.

Understanding the notion of 'embodied research' is my current focal point in my process, and it gives such energy that I have a hard time finding a moment in the past 4-5 years when I felt something even close to it. It's an extremely liberating process with all its' obstacles. Starting with the fact that usage of traditional sources of information (academic and critical literature, works of art) usually prove to be counter-intuitive by their provision of external theories and ideas that lift the process back to a discourse culturally more bound. I find myself still trying to get around some difficulties by inserting my old methods of working, but fortunately as soon as that happens, it starts to look so artificial compared to the rest of my current process that it needs to be removed almost instantly.

The other obstacle I ran into is when I started detaching myself from the idea of thinking about my body as a vessel for my head and actually set out to develop a different understanding of my work through 'body-intelligence'. I found that I'm so used to using my head and digital technology (an extension of my head) for almost everything I do that changing this framework around is almost like learning to walk for the first time.

I also noticed how much my thought patterns are vested into keeping me 'safe' and was soon confronted with a incestant neurotic chatter in my head that kept bombarding me with a never-ending list of excuses of why I shouldn't make this leap out of my comfort zone. What I'm focusing on at the moment is not necessarily to counteract this chatter but rather to label it, demystify it. With that I found myself capable of overcoming borders that I thought would be near impossible to do, and that counts especially for my artistic practice.

In the past months I've taken up dancing, intensive sporting and movement performance as a way to exercise myself into this new mindset and methodology. I try to do of my current outputs as impulsive, no-brainer hits, works that take almost no time between intention, execution and documentation. Their quality is measured in their overall number not in its' conceptual backdrop. In a way I'm using the same approach as building muscle and this analogy makes the dos and don'ts instantly clear when in doubt about how I should go on working. I went from not moving at all to doing some sort of movement practice at least an hour every single day, with varying intensity, and found that I quickly got addicted to the mental and physical states it allows me to be in. These activities I document in a logbook next to a growing list of different practices and exercises I get from the workshops I'm taking.

It's a development curve quite difficult to come judge on a day to day basis but looking back to where and with what I started out with in September the results are extremely pleasing.

Besides this I started using one-to-one conversations as my main source of external inspiration and reflection, mainly to counteract the lack of input caused by my decision to throw literature and other theoretical sources straight out the window. I've made a second logbook similar to the one documenting the development of my movement practice, this one for transcribing conversations I'm having with my mentor, peers and other artists. I found that rigorous documentation of every exchange of ideas helps me track my thought back a lot easier than expected, even though I do feel like an accountant constantly keeping records of everything.

I'm very much looking forward to diving into whatever the next few months will bring and even though I have absolutely no idea to what form or substance my works will take, the fact that the program allowed me to use the first months as a time to dismantle some of the vestiges that were barring my path makes me go onwards without a single thread of doubt that I'm on the right track.