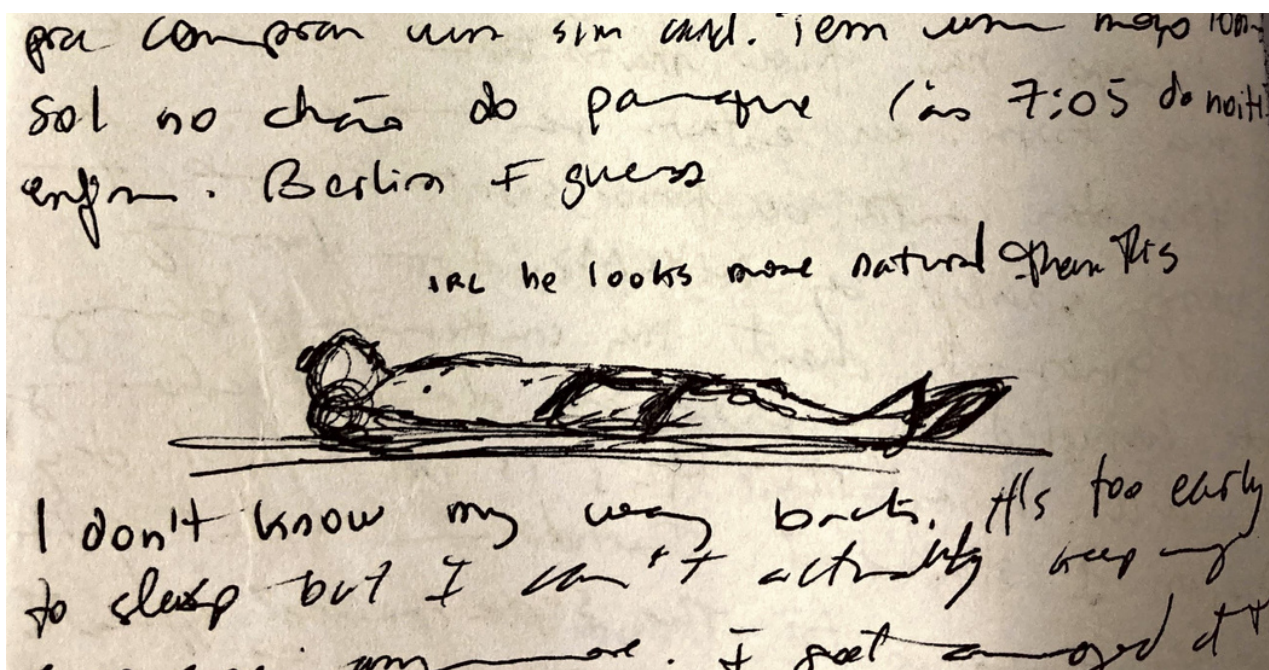


Bruna Araujo Pereira, Final Journal, Creating, 2023



Introduction

I noticed that I journaled more than usual in these past three weeks. My blog posts and written projects also look like journal entries, which may be because while writing I kind of imagine that I am having a conversation with you, Professor Aaron. I guess this final “paper” is yet another journaling session, as a cohesive essay did not sound very suitable for my line(s) of thought. I hope that counts as a lateral thinking approach in a way!



my very first journal entry in Berlin

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Body



[I'll] travel this whole world / so everyone smells the fragrance of the sewage
[...] / no longer pay for water, now be the owner of the fountain / or better, be
the fountain / turn myself into the water that passes through the fountain

Our readings and activities in class made me more aware of my mind. How am I limiting my creativity? What “why’s” am I not asking? What do I find absurd? Meanwhile the meditation sessions and the format of the class, with discussions and visits around the city, made me more aware of my body.

I remember parts of the books that I read while sitting at the tram on my way home. Or bending over at a random street to collect plants from the floor. In class I could feel a weird tension building up when the speaker was not engaging. An overflowing excitement took over my chest when I *really* wanted to say something in the discussion. When Ming started to talk about the politics and ethics in his work my heartbeat increased as if I was about to cry. And of course I felt a deep fulfillment when talking about and seeing cool art.



Body

I don't really know how to make sense of all of this, or why I mentioned it in the first place. In a way it relates to the introspection that, in my opinion, is essential to the goal of the class to rewire our brains in a more creative fashion. Surprisingly for me, this happened not only to my brain, but also to my body. Perhaps creativity is not only about lateral thinking and innovative thoughts, but also an enhanced consciousness of how we experience the world in general.



getting lost in the city was one of the most inspiring and exciting (and annoying) experiences in Berlin.

Art with capital A



a samba that talks about things of the world / a samba that no one has to explain / must come with the simplicity / of any love / of any sweat / of any pain, the real ones

Last week a German friend from work was surprised to know that I am *only* 20 years old and already attending college. I found out that you can make art with a laser projector beamer. A local was telling me how German undergraduates can take many leaves of absence to work or chill, while still receiving support from the government. There is something called Weed Principle that, as I realized embarrassingly late, is not related to the one people smoke. You can work for some of the biggest companies in the world and still cook lunch with your friends everyday. My NYUAD peers who were in Berlin for the semester said that they finally felt like they had a life outside of university. And apparently there is an artistic and thought-provoking way of taking a stranger's clothes off.



Art with capital A

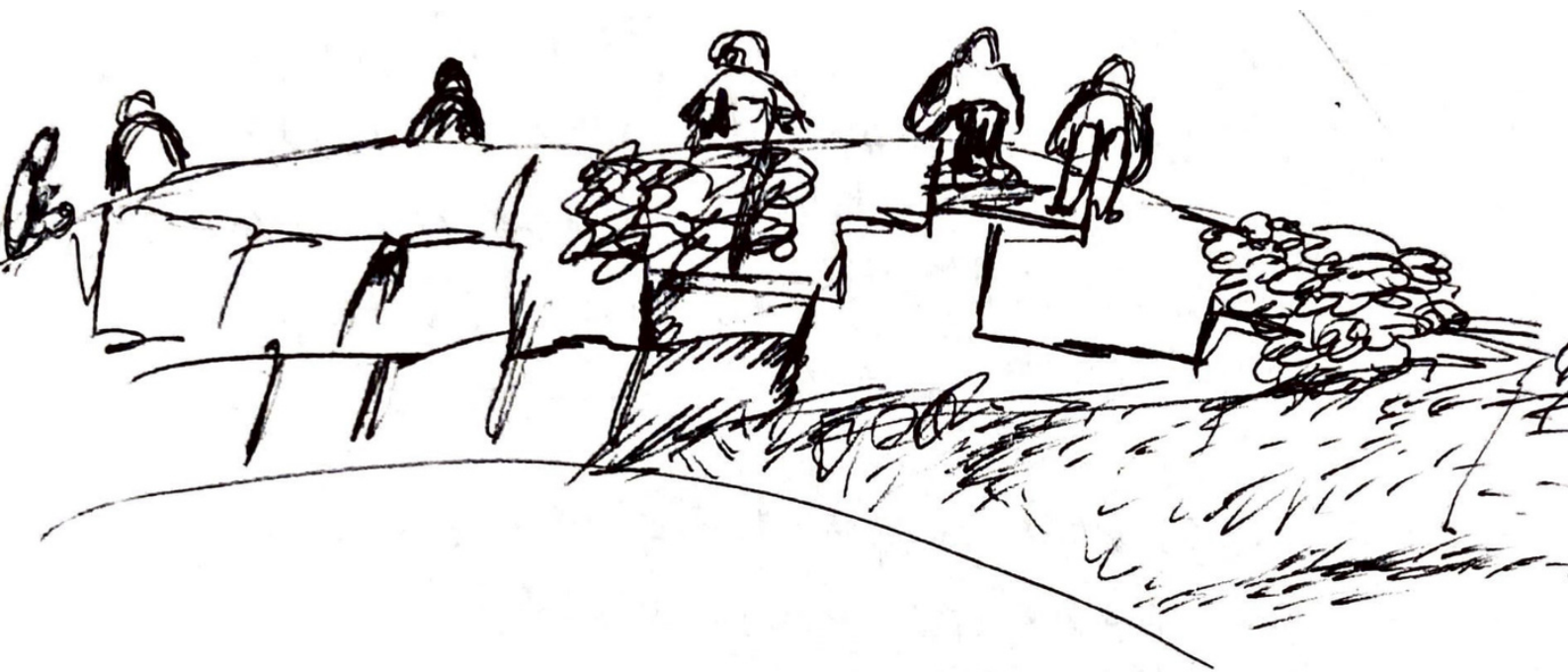
What I am trying to say is that, through the city and our class/studio visits, I saw different ways of living and making art. Discovering less traditional types of art(ists) made me hopeful that, even though I am still scared of my future, I will probably figure something out, whether it will be in music, performance, design, installation, or an *office job*. After all, there is always a new, lateral way of seeing things. Of course I am aware that conditions differ, and an European passport, governmental welfare and the privilege to choose not to work/study are not readily available for me. But who knows what I can do with the dream?



kollage kollektiv was one of my favorite visits

Art with capital A

Art always reminds me that there is more to life than our routines, something that the city&people of Berlin highlighted even more. I appreciate the opportunity to simply create stuff, talk about my feelings and thoughts, and meet new people who are not constantly overwhelmed with their academic lives. This was especially necessary after a (usual) stressful semester at NYUAD. As I write this sitting at a park on a Tuesday afternoon, I feel grateful for finally having the time to do the small things that mean a lot to me.



finally taking flight / I know you don't think it's right / I know that you think it's fake / maybe fake's what I like

The city map, the stunning fallen tree trunks at parks, the onion I slice every day for lunch, and even the way my skin looks different under the summer sun: all of these and many more were (im)directly correlated with my class projects.

More than before, I began to see the artistic potential in random things in my daily routine. (Maybe that is what internet people mean by "romanticize your life"?) The novelty of being in a new city, the inspiring green landscapes and our daily assignments made me constantly ask myself:

WHAT CAN I

CREATE?

