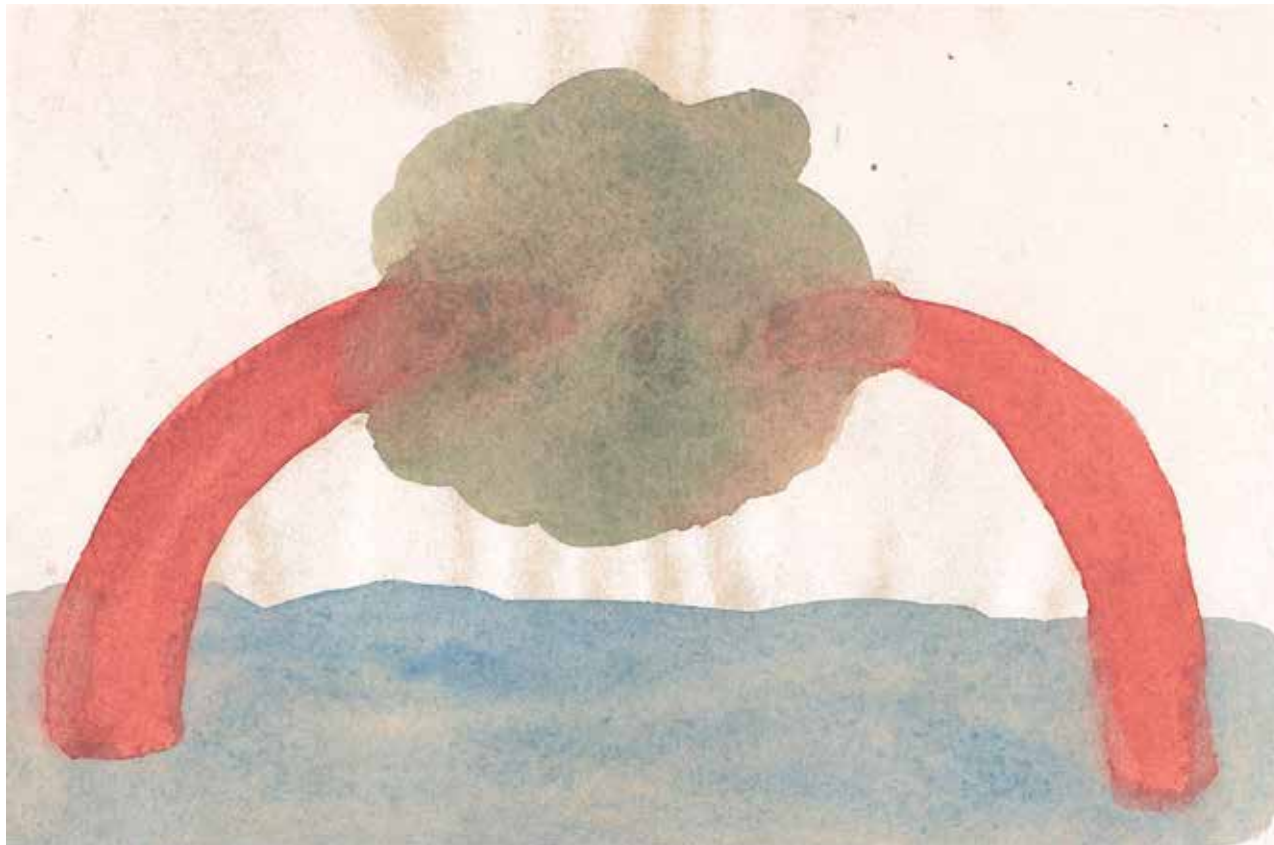


Learning not to control memories - Accepting memories

(True, false, fantasy, read material, heard material and finally, collective subconscious)

In the Baltic Finnish mythology the world is created, when a sea bird that flies over the sea of nothingness drops its eggs while looking for a good nesting place. The eggs fall from high above to the sea and are shattered in its surface. From the shells of the eggs the earth and the lid of the sky are formed. From the yolk rises the sun, from whites the moon, the stars from the dots on the shells. All other matter is formed from other parts of the eggs.



In other stories from ancient Finnish and Karelian mythologies the North Star is a pin that is holding the blanket of the sky from falling down on us.



Idea: spaces where the collective consciousness takes back to the stories of our ancient mothers and fathers.





To go away from western colonial thinking, to find a heritage not bound to capitalism - a tool for healing.

Placing memories next to the stories of Baltic Finnic and Karelian mythology

A dog house from the house where I grew up in that wasn't lived by a dog

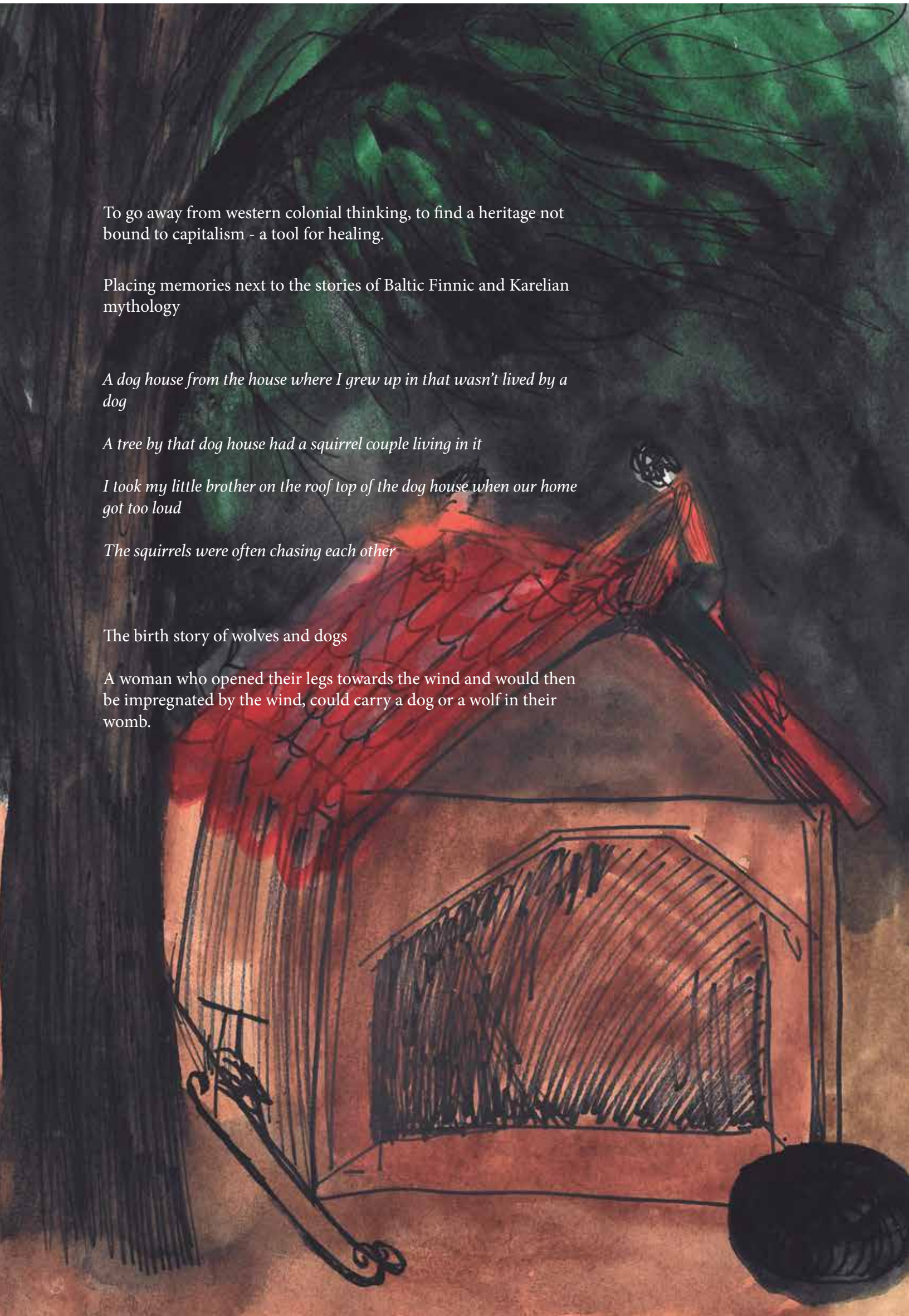
A tree by that dog house had a squirrel couple living in it

I took my little brother on the roof top of the dog house when our home got too loud

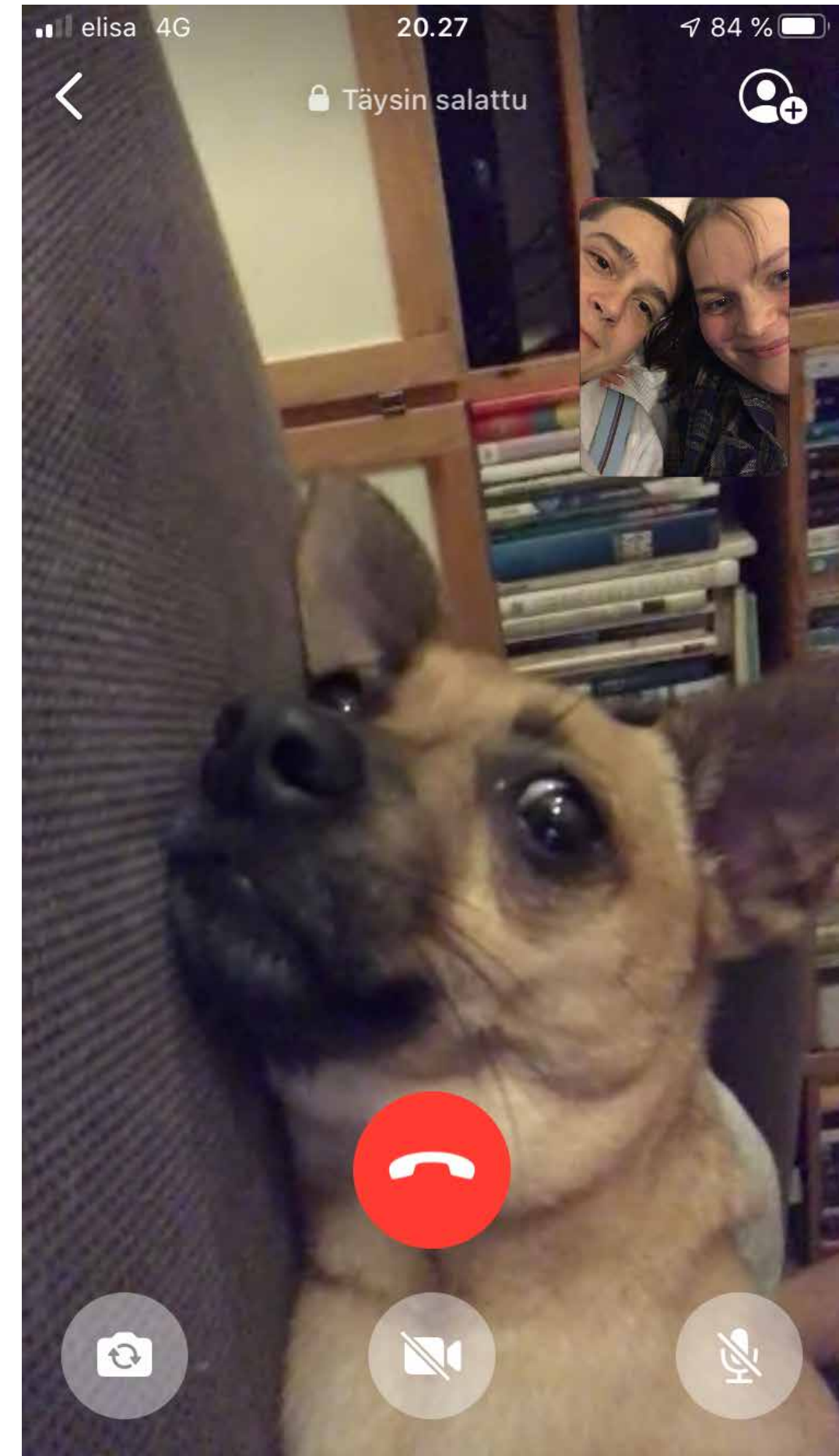
The squirrels were often chasing each other

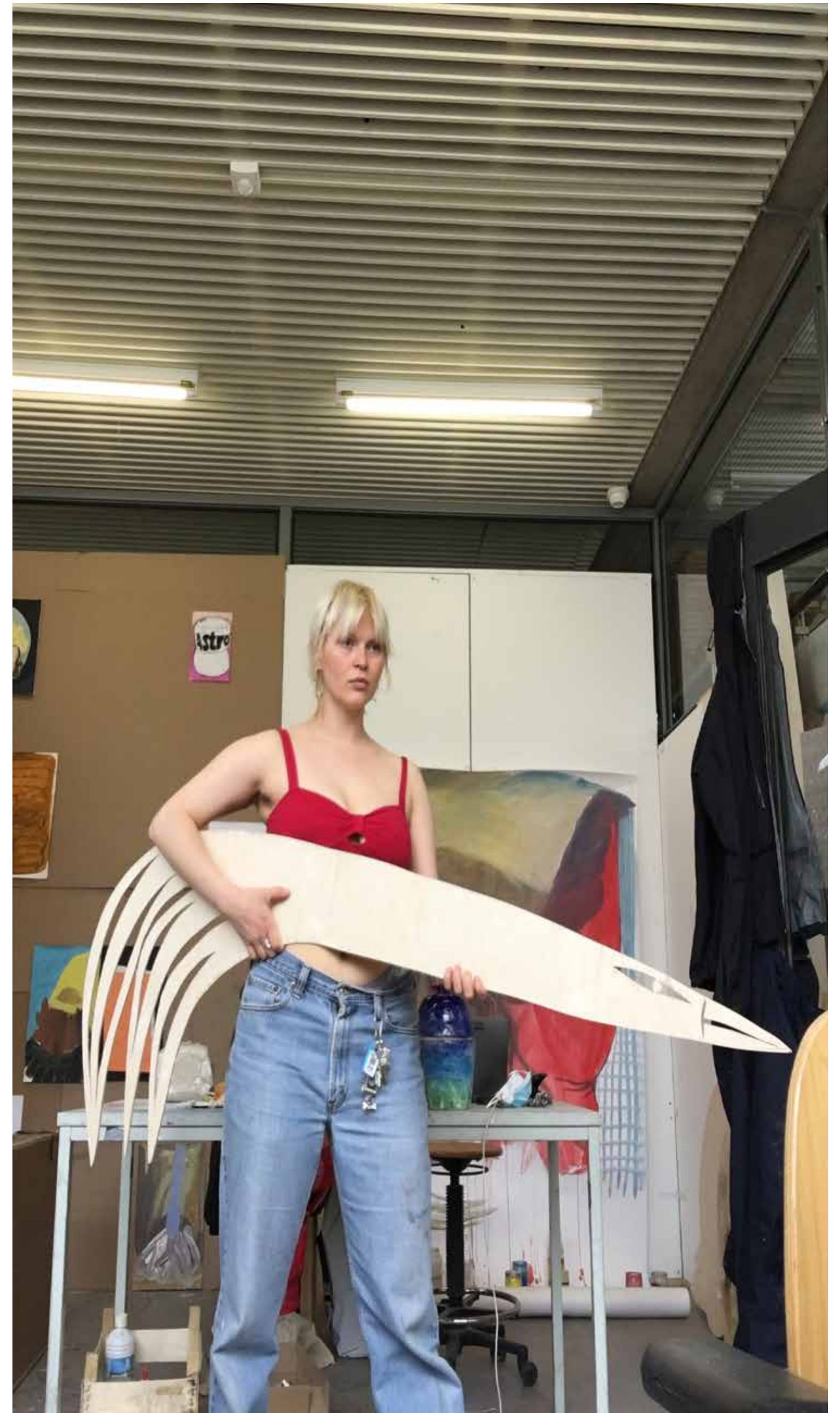
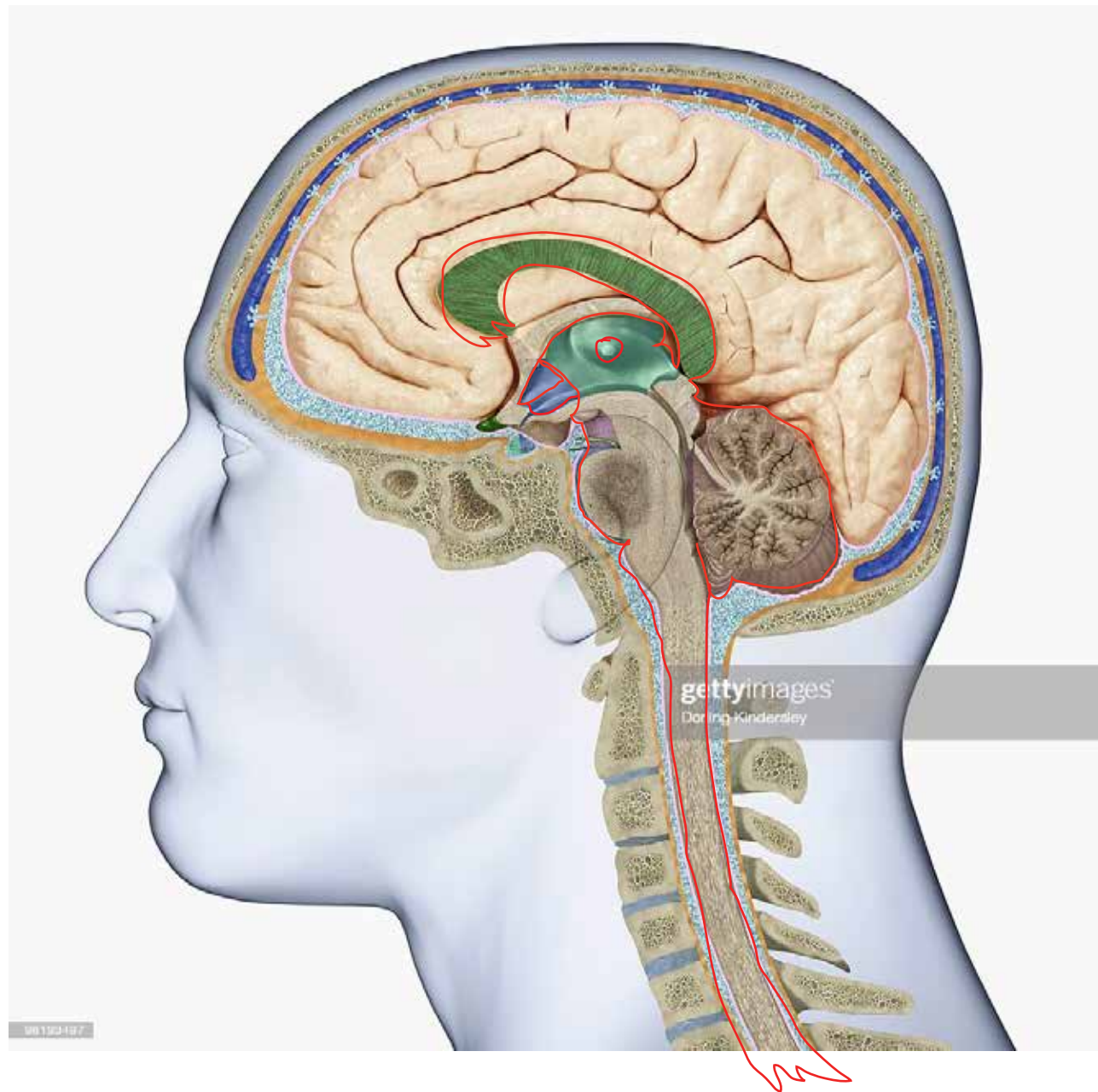
The birth story of wolves and dogs

A woman who opened their legs towards the wind and would then be impregnated by the wind, could carry a dog or a wolf in their womb.



Many of the tales in Finnish mythology and heritage help people to connect with the animals and the nature that surrounds them. The stories help people to co-exist with the land and protect the Animalia. How is a human living in this age relating to the nature surrounding them? Could mythology help a modern human to be more wary of the nature surrounding them?



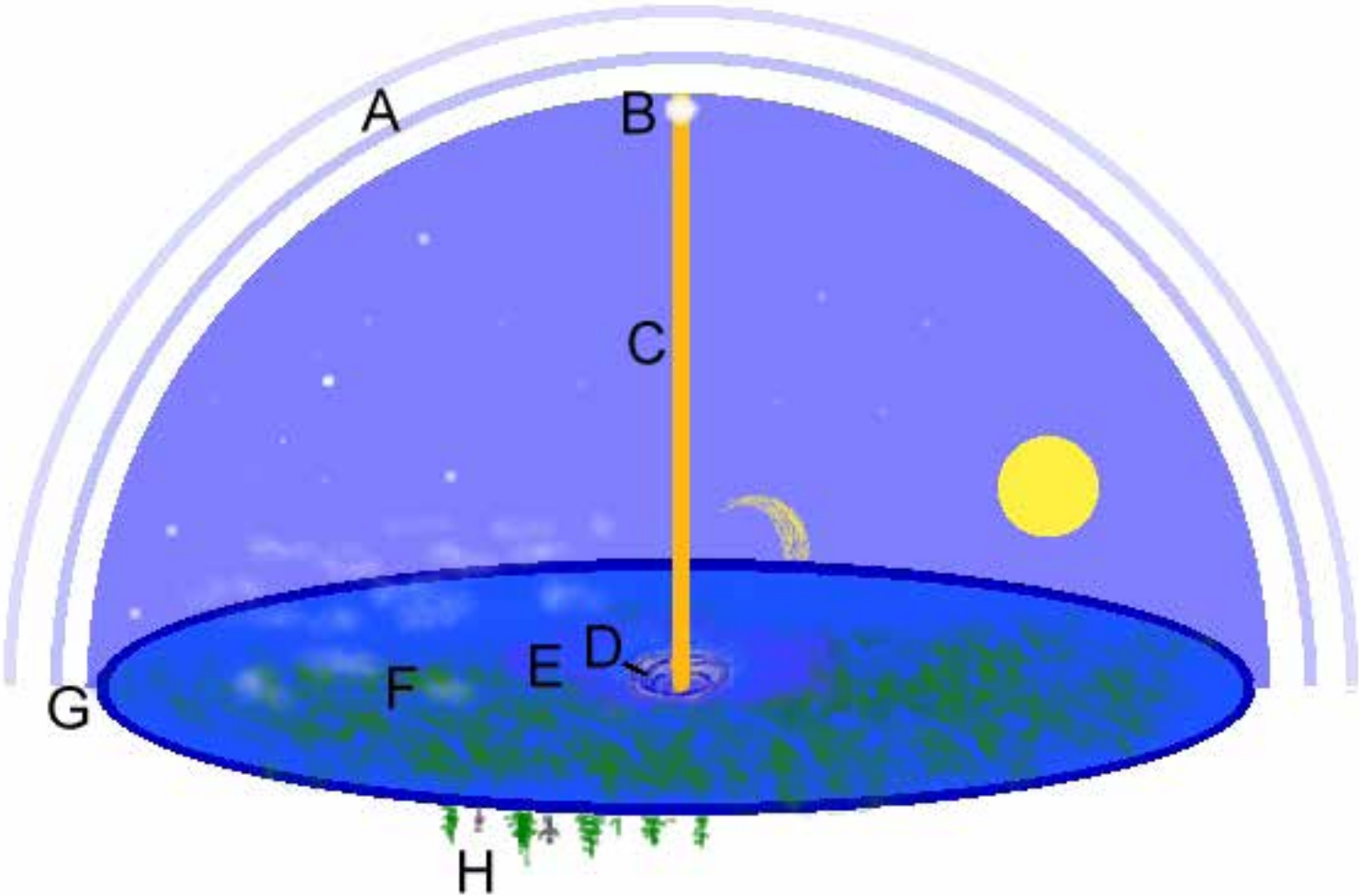


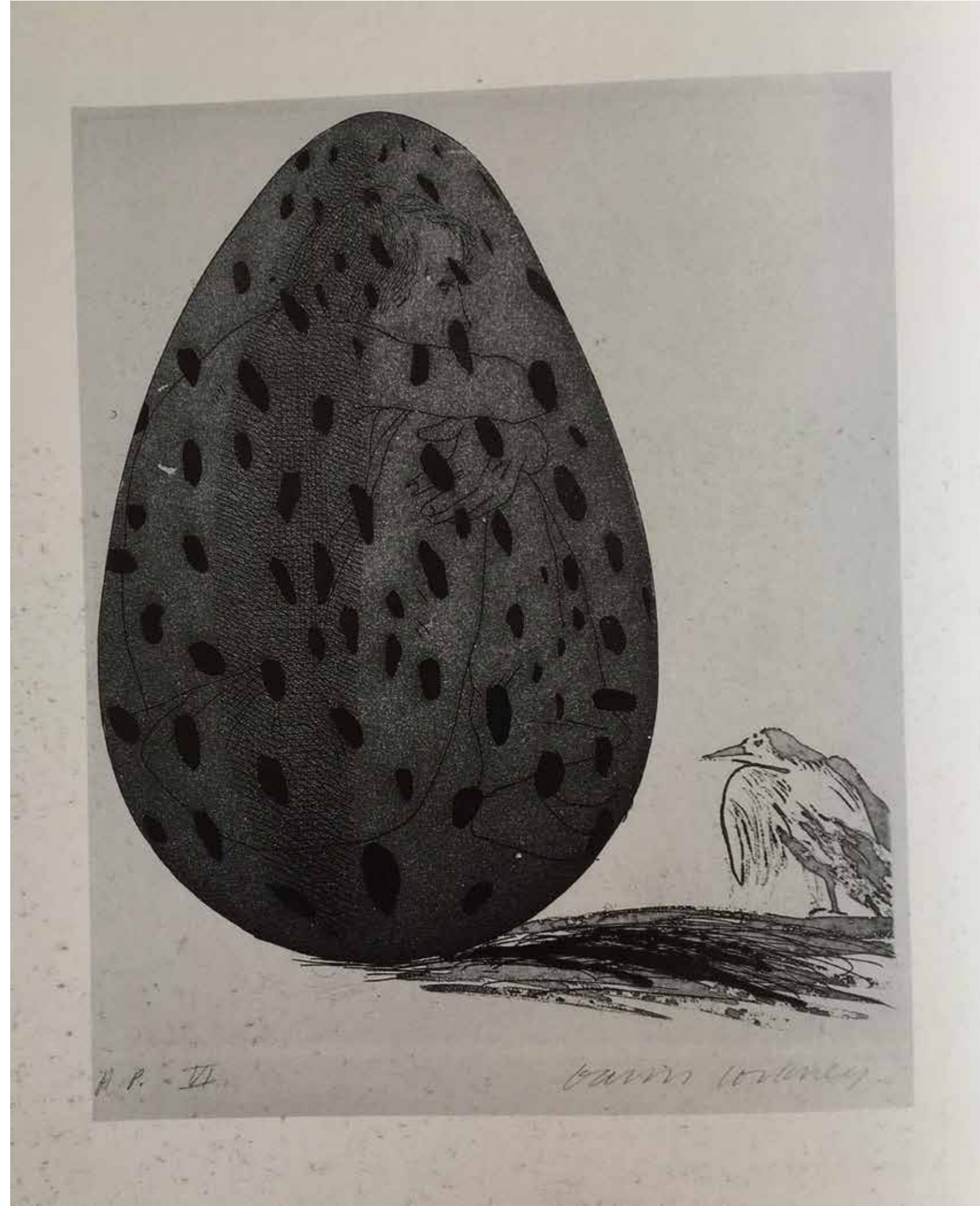
There was a checkered tiling on the curb next to our house

I was flying one meter from high from the ground, slow like a snail

My body posture was like I was a four legged

There is a birds nest located on the edge of the earth, where all the water birds move to in formations across the sky for the winter.





When these stories were gathered and told to children and they told them to their children, it was not a fantasy, but a part of reality. For many of us today it is something ungraspable to see the world as they saw it, and we have grown to not see connections with spirits or transcendental places in our lives. This has partly made us intertwined with things/concepts such as material ownership, possession, social material success, money etc. (this is an unfinished thought)





Accepting memories: truthful and fictive, all the information your brain holds from stories to colours, shapes, images, sounds etc. can help to restore the “collective subconscious” (let’s call it that while in search of a better word). When the memory and mind is uncontrolled and anything is let out, we shape and stir it into something unknown.

For me what came out of it was strongly connected with my Karelian heritage, which I only learned afterwards. By this I mean that as I was making paintings and other artistic work, digging my mind and memory with no primary control of what would come out, I was not aware of the ancient Karelian mythologies and folklore knowledge that I later read about. When I placed my paintings and images next to the mythological histories I was reading, it seemed like this knowledge had been present inside of me when I made the work. I played with the thought that maybe I had managed to un-control so well, that I had tuned into a frequency that was not familiar to me in my every day, but still felt known to me.



A swan mother with six children was feeding on weeds that grow on the water level of a stone wall

A rat came out from a dent on the stone wall and grabbed one of the children out from the water

The swan child disappeared to the hollow dent with the rats claw

The mother cried, trying to push her neck to the depths of the dent

She stayed there, waiting with the remaining five

Warden of the Northland, Louhi has daughters that many men try to come to marry and take away from her. She protects her daughters and refuses to give them away. In one tale she protects her daughter from a man by transforming the sides of her boat into wings and so morphs into a bird.



Birds that fly high above and dive to the deep waters are seen as messengers between humans and gods, flying through the layers of the universe to the transcendental and back. If a bird flies to a window or into your house, this is a message from the life beyond.



SCALE OF SOME EMOTIONS WITH DIFFERENT ENERGIES

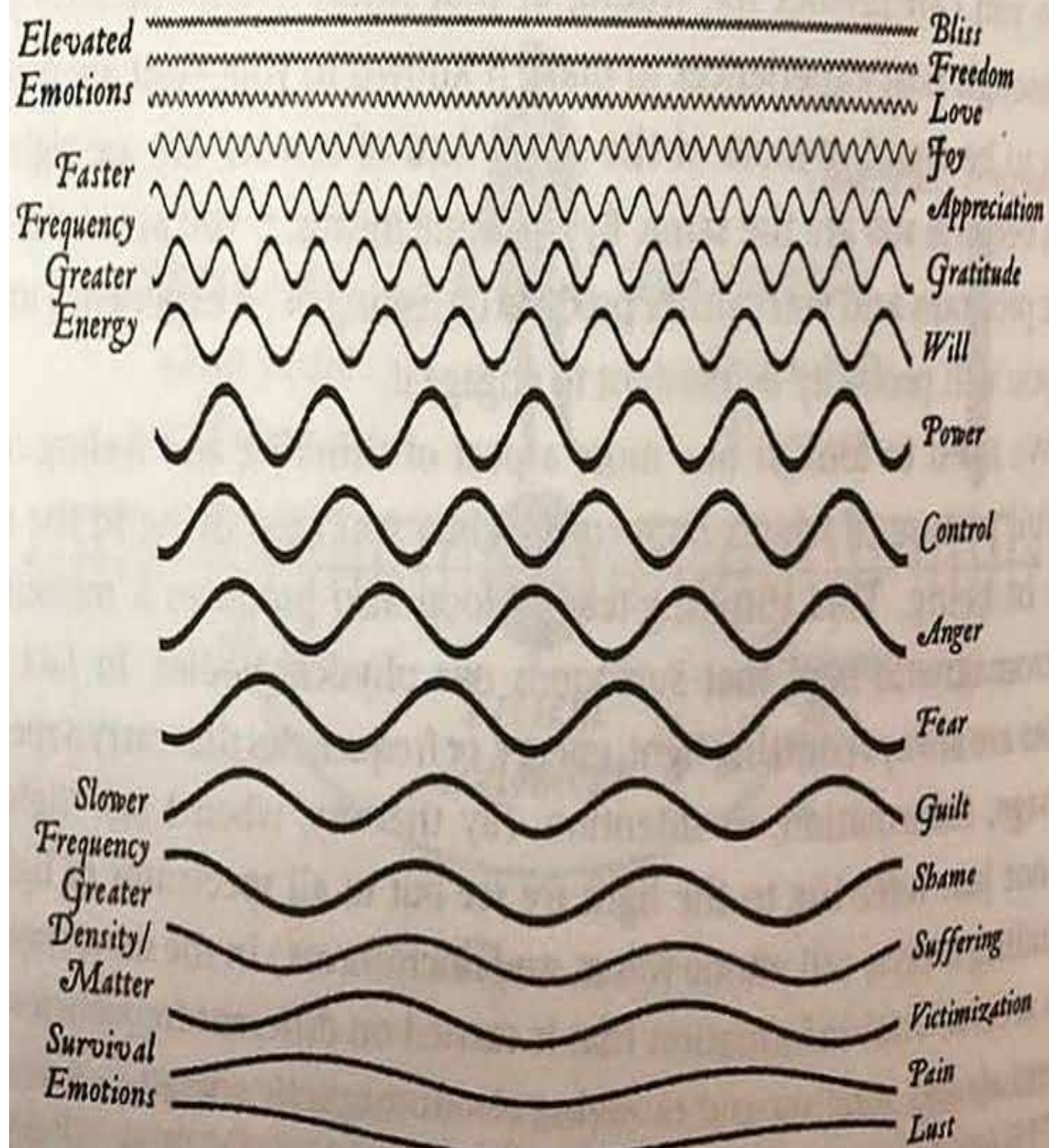
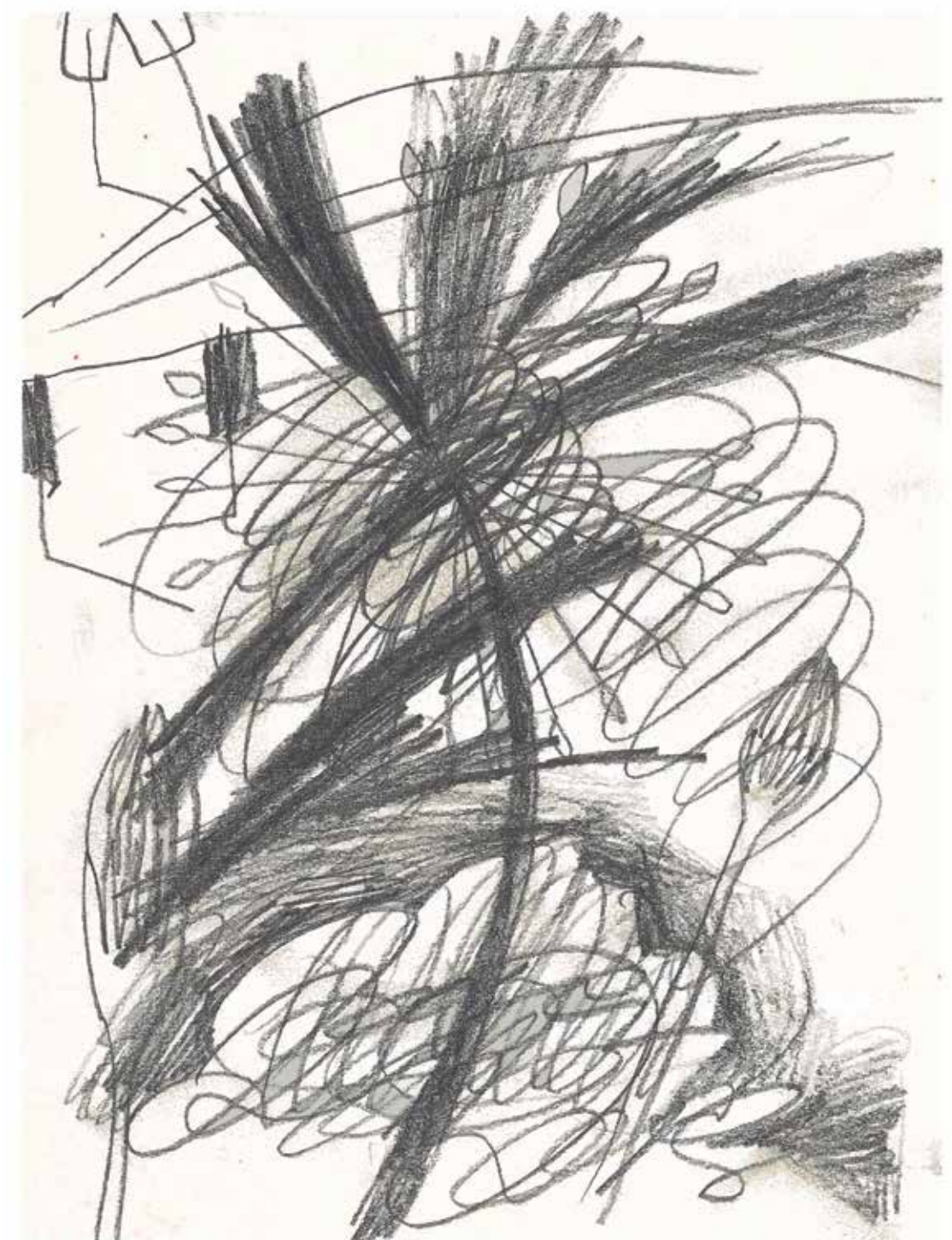


Figure 2.2



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Finally having the reference and language for what I was doing feels supernatural. Yet, I understand that these kinds of connections and revelations are nothing but natural. The leap of not being in control consciously took me to the unknown, which then became unexpectedly known beyond my everyday reality.

