

**Veronica Zhang**

Age: 13, Grade: 7

School Name: Louis Pizitz Middle School, Vestavia, AL

Educator: Stratton Brock

Category: Humor

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## My Portfolio

### My Art Portfolio Submission

#### Piece 1 out of 10

**Title:** The Fragmentation of the Human Experience

**Your Name:** Becky Beckerson

**Date of Completion:** 7/4/2021

**Category:** Digital Art

**Time Spent on Piece (Optional):** 76 hours

**Please attach a high-quality image of your piece here:**



### Description (Optional):

*The Fragmentation of the Human Experience* is my interpretation of the embodiment of the human spirit and how it inevitably morphs with the flow of time, and splits across contradicting feelings and recovers from loss.

In the piece you will note the abstraction of the left arm and right leg. They are reduced to but a scribble on the paper, a fitting image of how society and the universe sees us, as not living, deserving flesh, but as mere insignificant additions to the insanity of an already insane world.

You will also notice a slight detachment of the right arm from the torso. When I was 7, I broke my shoulder on the monkey bars at school and was transported to the hospital. I felt unimaginable suffering and a detachment from reality, like floating in a dream, as if the me that had fallen from those cursed red bars wasn't *actually* me, and this artistic liberty represents that experience.

The left leg is realistically rendered, except for the gruesome inkblot at the knee. Here, I employed a special technique called "I accidentally shook my pen too hard and it exploded." This blot is a representation of the time when I was 9 and my 5 year old cousin shoved me to the ground and told me "You stink bro." This ordeal left me with an aching physical and emotional bruise; I felt deeply cut by his words, and unlike the bruise, the soreness never went away.

In the background, if you squint closely, you might notice some flowers blooming in erratic, cascading patterns. Last week, my Mom took me to Hobby Lobby and I was heavily inspired by the fake flowers in the Craft Section. For some reason I do not know, the gorgeous frayed, stiff, neon fabric dazzled me. I decided to depict these in an impressionistic style similar to that of Picasso. The meaning of the flowers, however, remains ambiguous. They could be a cruel symbol of distraction and deceit as they try to distance the reader from the horrifying, mutilated figure in the foreground, or perhaps they could be a comforting motif that represents recovery and the gradual disappearance of pain. You decide.

In conclusion, *The Fragmentation of the Human Experience* is my magnum opus, a beautiful harmony of the disharmony of life, a manifestation of my experiences and my twelve-year old wisdom. The painting has vague aspects about it and perhaps hidden symbols, but the real reason why this masterpiece is so subversive is because of the expertly executed detail and love put into every inch of the canvas.

I hope you will consider this piece as well as the rest of my portfolio for acceptance.