

INSIDE



AT
PASSAGES

OUTSIDE

2013

Acknowledgements

Inside/Outside recognizes the staff at Talbert House for working with us to bring the program to Passages. The artist team also thanks the residents of Passages who fully participated in our 15th session. Special thanks goes out to our friends and families for supporting the work of this project, and Harold Leist of North Presbyterian Church for technical support for our performance.

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The Tomcinoh Fund of the Greater Cincinnati Foundation

and *Individual Donors*

If you would like to help Inside/Outside continue its programming,
please consider making a contribution to:

Inside/Outside

*c/o Jefferson James, Contemporary Dance Theater
1805 Larch Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45224-2982.*

CDT is a 501(c)3 organization and donations are fully tax-deductible.

Check out our website at
<http://insideoutsidearts.org>

Contact: Jefferson James about Inside Outside, jefferson@cdt-dance.org

About Inside/Outside

Inside/Outside is collaboration among artists and organizations (community, public and arts) designed to take hands-on programming to people and communities who may not otherwise have the opportunity to enjoy and make art. The Inside/Outside collaboration was founded on the premise that the arts can contribute positively, creatively and economically to complex social problems when put in the hands of the people most affected. Inside/Outside uses a unique shared leadership model which develops and uses the skills, talents and knowledge of all involved. This model was created and piloted in 2001, thanks to a strategic collaboration grant from the Cincinnati Fine Arts Fund.

This is the fifteenth time Inside/Outside has provided its unique arts collaboration to participants in Cincinnati. Over eight weeks, an interdisciplinary team of artists has conducted creative workshops in writing, visual art, and theater with participants of Passages at Talbert House. We individually and collectively explored the power of story and storytelling to help us make meaning with our lives' journey. Through sharing these writings and the original cover art with you, the reader, it is our intent that the gap between those on the inside and those on the outside is narrowed in both literal and figurative ways.

Vision Statement, Spring 2013

In the spirit of exploration, the artist team's vision is to share the joy of writing, movement, drama, and visual art with the participants of Inside/Outside. Our hope is that participants will embark on a journey of self-discovery, finding their own voices and mapping their own course. Using the past and future to shape the present, we each tap into our inner wisdom and are empowered by the warmth of community we make together. Expressing ourselves in new ways gives us comfort and insight so that from this time on, the arts can be a refuge and a beacon for a healthy future.

Artist Team

Bet Stewart, Theatre Artist (Intuition Theatre)

C. Pic Michel, Visual Artist

Carolyn Brookbank, Writer

Jefferson James, Coordinator (Contemporary Dance Theater)

What Participants Say About Inside/Outside

Gifts

We are working hard on the performance and I love how it (is) turning out in every art!

I liked acting out; doing all the fun silly things we were doing: interacting with everyone made me feel like we were all a family.

Stress relief, having fun, getting back into writing.

A new and open understanding about the many forms of art. And I am so happy to be doing it because I can grow from this.

A new and open understanding about the many forms of art. And I am so happy to be doing it because I can grow from this.

Challenges:

My challenge is my leaving and not seeing some of you again

Speaking in front of others.

Being so shy is a problem for me. I wish I could be more confident in myself. I believe this program might help me with being too shy.

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WHAT MY MASK REVEALS/WHAT MY MASK CONCEALS

My mask, subtle but a little revealing, I am bright filled with many colors but surrounded by thick walls. Accepted for my differences, I dream a lot, I fear a lot that someone might remove my mask to find a scared but sure person. Something or someone may tear away the beautiful clouds within my walls. I don't like hiding. I am worth something. That cold front is now gone but the weather never stops.



I REMEMBER

*I remember
laughing with you,
putting a smile
on your face was
my favorite
thing to do.*

*I remember
crying with you.
Anytime you need me
I'm there, I come through.*

*I remember
the ups and downs,
hard times and best times,
any time I have time for you.*

*And anytime I think,
I am thinking about you*



WHAT MY MASK REVEALS/WHAT MY MASK CONCEALS

*My mask shows
a little girl,
with orange colors,
a face that shows
I am sad.
Always my mask shows sadness.*

*What my mask hides,
I am sometimes happy,
I am shy,
nice,
loving,
and kind to others
that is what my mask hides.*



WHAT MY MASK REVEALS/WHAT MY MASK CONCEALS

My mask reveals sophistication with sadness, the strawberries represent the bright juicy person I was, the person the world just ate up!

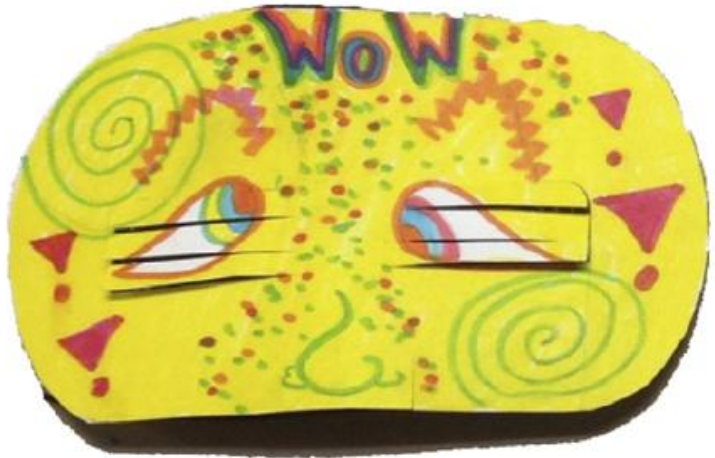
My mask conceals, well, I don't have to tell you, my life and my pain, struggles, and insecurities. The positive things but God knows what they are? And that's fine. I'm not trying to be Natalie hiding from myself, hiding myself from you.

Look and see...

Don't touch, I'm art...

I am my own...

I am beautiful.



WHERE I AM FROM

*I am from air freshener,
from Febreze and scented warmers.
I am from the gravel under the back porch
that formed into a fire pit.
I am from my cat's worst enemy,
the cacti that sat in front
of the kitchen window
the fine needles glistening in the sunlight.
I am from pancakes
and painkillers
from Joyce and Joann.
I'm from the "keep it down"
and "keep it quiet,"
from shut out or talked bad about.
I'm from "He has Risen"
and Love One another,
from Forgiving/Forgiveness.
I guess I am lucky.*

WHAT MY MASK REVEALS/WHAT MY MASK CONCEALS

My mask reveals how I love. When I do I stay true to whoever that might be. It shows what hard times I have been through in my 17 years of life.

My mask conceals how sometimes I am weak because some of the things I have been through were too hard for me to forget or let go. Sometimes I cry. Sometimes I may be happy about it because it has made me who I am today. I have learned from my mistakes.

But in my opinion, my mask shows when I love and it is not meant to be just let it go. Find someone who is worth my love. Even when it hurts, I still have to let go...there is a reason for everything.



THE MOUSE WITH MAGIC POWER

When my mom told me to go and clean up the attic I saw a little pink and white mouse that scared me. I thought it was real. I ran down and told my mom. She laughed at me. She told me it was one of her dancing mice that love to come out of the box because the box she put him in has a hole. I said to my mom, "How do you use it in your life?" She said, "I use it to dance, my dear child, and his name is Nutcracker!"



I REMEMBER

*I remember my back being scratched until I fell asleep,
I remember smelling my dad's cooking every night,
I remember seeing my sister and being filled with joy,
I remember walking down the hall to see my father in hospice,
I remember touching my dad's cold hand, just wondering why,
I remember lying with my mom one night and being told I was
adopted,
I remember crying a lot,
But I also remember all of the good times like playing outside just
being a kid,
I remember everything.*



PERSONAL RAINBOW POEM

This is my personal rainbow.

The red reminds me of roses.

The orange looks like flowers.

The blue is the same as the Blue Jay.

The indigo is a magic color like the blue sea.

The violet stands for the butterflies.

This is my personal rainbow.



I REMEMBER

I remember when it all started getting bad. I remember thinking it's never going to get better. I remember 2010 when my dad left me and moved to Utah. I remember moving, and saying it's going to get better this time. I remember having no friends. I remember June 18th, 2011, when I got a call saying my dad was arrested. I remember not knowing what to do. I remember when I started to have no confidence. I remember looking in the mirror crying, noticing every single imperfection. I remember being confused about everything. I remember going to church, trying to find out what I believed in. I remember trying to hide my weight, and putting on tons of makeup, horrified. I remember faking smiles and saying I've never been better. I remember being hospitalized, three times. I remember looking at my arms hoping the cuts would not scar. I remember wearing hoodies, lots of them. I remember having one friend in the seventh grade. I remember the bullies. I remember dreading lunch because I did not have anyone to sit with. I remember giving up at Walnut Hills even though I had the intelligence to get passing grades. I remember switching back to Mt. Washington hoping it would be better this time. I remember smoking my first cigarette. I remember saying one or two hits, nothing would hurt me. I remember considering ditching my church youth group, to go and get high. I remember being called an ugly whore, even though I never had a boyfriend. I remember being called a druggie, even though I had never done drugs. I

remember being told, “ you’re just an extra on this earth, and you’re unwanted.” I remember making a noose. I remember my caseworker saying that I am going to a residential facility. I remember March 12, 2013, when I walked through those double doors, no turning back. I remember my “true friends” disappearing. I remember everything.



I REMEMBER

I remember...

*feeling the bright green grass at
great grandma's house in Kentucky.
We went to visit for the summer.*

I remember...

*Sunday dinner, smelling fried chicken,
fresh corn bread right out of the oven,
steaming hot greens boiling with
a ham hock, Mac and cheese baking
in the oven, seeing the cheese bubble and brown.*

I remember...

*going through 10 hours of labor,
seeing my beautiful daughter, Shelync Elizabeth
Latouah Mitchell-Staley, holding her
in my arms, feeling that baby soft skin.*

I, also, remember

*getting the news that my hazel eyed
light complexioned baby had passed after
only two years of life.*

I, also, remember...

fighting day in and day out

with my baby's father

trying to protect me

and my child from a 6'

athletic man and seeing rage and hurt in his eyes.

But one thing I will always

remember and never forget is

my child is in a great place

looking down on her mother

with those bright hazel

eyes and she's proud that

I'm her mom.



MY EYES

*My eyes are the pathway to my soul.
Hazel, they change from
green to brown to gray.
You can tell a lot about me
just by looking at my eyes.
You can tell what mood I am in
just by seeing my eyes.
You can see through me
into my soul.*



OUR PERSONAL RAINBOW POEM

This is our personal rainbow poem.
The red of the rainbow reminds me
of fire,
of the cherries on top of ice cream with that little shine to them,
of the anger on my face after an argument.
The color orange looks
like koolaid, so sweet, the kind my mother made,
like the bright intoxicating sun,
like construction workers' shirts when the light hits them.
The blue is the same
as the blue jay,
as tears, rainy days, and fears,
as the beautiful ocean water washing up on the shore.
Indigo is a magic color
like the dark night sky with a million stars glowing,
like the rain forest quiet with only nature noises,
like a dream I had about you.
The violet stands
for the sad times in my life,
for my personality,
for all the lonely people, where do they all come from.
This is our personal rainbow poem.

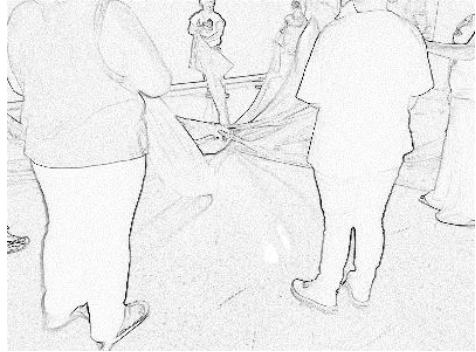
The words of the young women of Passages, ISOS 2013

Compiled by Carolyn BrookBank

“WHAT’S A GIRL TO DO?” Song Lyrics

When she’s feeling blue
Tired as I can be
When will people see
The strength I see in you

I cried all my tears
Push away my fears
Feel like it rained all day
You act like it’s okay
I wish that you were here



(CHORUS): THE RIGHT ROAD TAKES SOME TIME
YOU’RE ALWAYS ON MY MIND
MY SPIRT IS ON FIRE
I’M HANGIN’ OFF A WIRE
MY STRENGTH IS WHAT I’LL FIND

When you cry, I cry too...
When I’m tender so are you
We all share the same pain
But the sun follows the rain
So what’s a girl to do?

CHORUS (SEE ABOVE)
When you cry, I cry too...
When I’m tender so are you
 See I’ve been down that road
 I’m taking back control
 My life could feel so new
We all share the same pain
But the sun follows the rain
So what’s a girl to do?

Written by participants with Bet Stewart

Layered mask project, anthology and cover design, C.Pic Michel