

## UNDERNEATH HER SKIN

Marguerite Moon

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*There is an internal landscape, a geography of the soul; we search for its outlines all our lives.*

**Josephine Hart**

*When we are documenting our world through a homogenous lens... we are teaching our audience to see and understand the world through a westernised and masculine perspective.*

**Daniella Zalcman**

*Remembering is an ethical act, has ethical value in and of itself.*

**Susan Sontag**

Imagine a society where we – womxn – are valued for our strength, our complexity, our perseverance, our survival and our contributions (unpaid as well as paid, emotional, physical and mental). We are not measured, weighed and ranked according to physical attributes and age. We do not try to adjust to the borders of a patriarchal society, we expunge them and make our own shapes. We challenge how we look and what we look at. We are allowed fluidity and therefore to be imperfectly ourselves.

This is an everchanging portrait of my mother. A visual exploration interested in her internal landscape. A look at how she was and is put together. When I was little she was the stars and the moon, my queen and my safe place. She was my most important person.

She's far from perfect, however, as we all are. She's often pushy, ignores my boundaries and sometimes tries to mold me into uncomfortable shapes that are not mine. She was my first example of a womxn. Today I look at her as a human and fellow mother trying her best and often not getting it quite right, but occasionally more right than anybody else. I admire her journey as a womxn navigating this world that wasn't built for a fiercely intelligent womxn born into an apartheid South Africa suffused in patriarchy, marrying the wrong man and giving up a scholarship to study in Paris. She has navigated the hell out of this world.

These portraits reflect many iterations of her. It tells her stories of dreams, hopes, worries, insecurities, cheek, awkwardness, talent, messiness, questionable decisions, kindness, fierce intelligence, complexities, ridicule, heartache and pain. This is her ever-changing shape.

I project my mother's photographs onto fabrics and clothing from our lives (her daughter's and granddaughters). Our lives are intermingled, we come from her, but also shape her. Her journey is extended by ours.