

# \*FrockQWerks\*

Created by Helene Markstein

\*FrockQWerks\* are not worn but are born, from the need to find beauty and novelty beyond what we know or understand. Based on human impracticability, wishful embodiment, enrichment and the overwhelming need to rise above the ordinary.

When the ground drops beneath your feet....

What does it mean to be an artist practising in a new uncertainty?

All artistic works should be portals, gateways between one world and another. They help us imagine a different world. One that we have 'hope' for.

Above:  
True Blue Lagoon

She stands alone. Elegant, tall, knee-deep in the Blue Lagoon. An almost blue ideal, a suspended ideal that reaches far beyond its island's shores.

An azure that reflects the skies above, questioning the very birth of the hue. Is it real? The value of the query, dipping in and out of her stone ... is truth.

Left:  
Skin Fins

Flesh coloured – tight. Flesh coloured, wee fins appear at random points ... as big as hands ... like small wings they flutter; their pale bluish veins pulsating with the effort. Their hard work is not enough to elevate, they can only mesmerize the viewer into thinking they may have missed something.



birthing through the floor to disappearing through the ceiling. Rules are suspended.

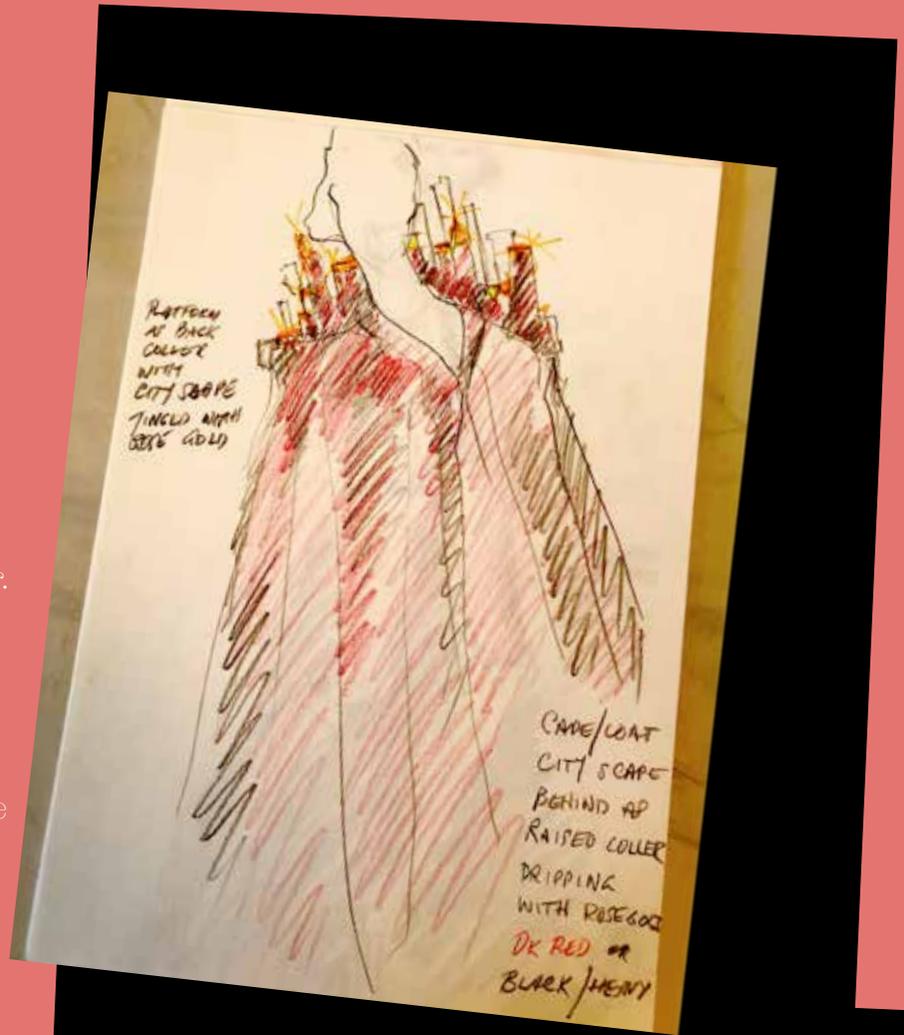
Traveling through a high-ceilinged gallery. Elongated, vertical FrockQs of varying heights stagger behind each other. Climb up steps inside a FrockQ to look out towards a screened seascape. Separate rooms contain performances, dancers assist in illustrating their FrockQ. Some have their own complex landscape that they stand in. One FrockQ goes through the ceiling. What's up there? We crane our necks ... we arch our backs ... we squint with mouths agape ... the strain of looking up ... extending necks. Backs will go out! Do we peer through veiled eyes? Up? Can we maintain our gaze into the future?

Top:  
Golden Hour City Cloak

She stands aloof. She wears the weight of the city across broad shoulders. The city frames her face. It's the Golden Hour and the city glimmers with rose-gold strips along its edges. Its fleeting beauty gone in minutes ... the Cloak is deep red and thick ... she will need it.

Right:  
Underwater Breach

I always promised an ephemeral gown that captured a day's pleasure in waters that lay at the base of the mountain. A Warning ... Barely a ripple, eyes glued up with watery lashes, sublime encounters, memories made of the wet kind:



Top: Steel Rain

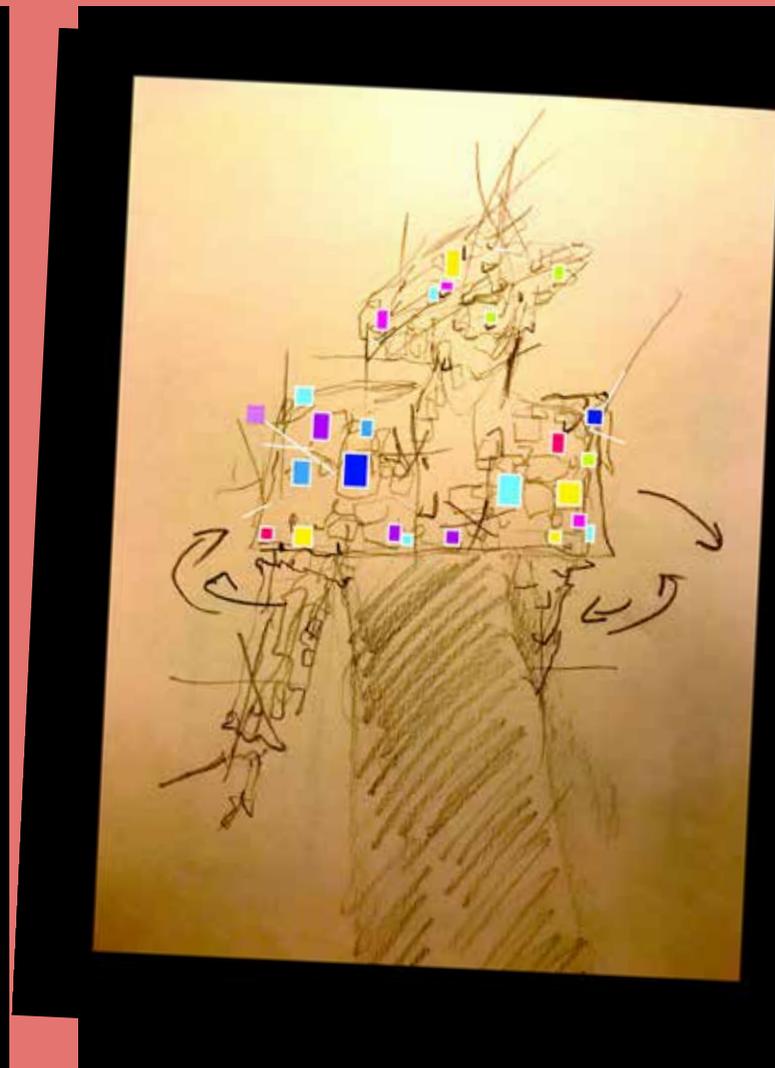
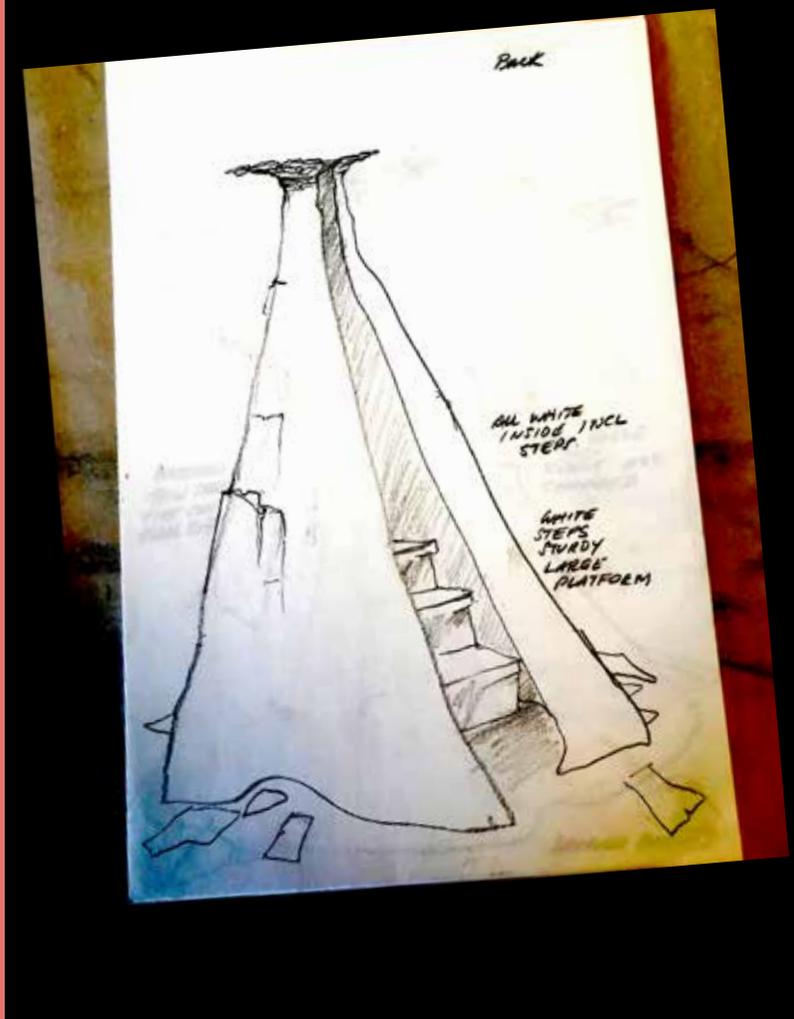
Dark clouds backing up as high as you can see. She holds the clouds tight. Only the rain as measured sheets escapes in directional slabs, it glitters and cuts the atmosphere as a steel trap.

Below left: Honeycomb-cliffs (Back)

The edge worn from thousands of years of beating waves ... worn smooth, but like honeycomb, great slabs fall, they slip off ... to no witnesses. Our colours hang there at the very edge. We try our best to stay the bleaching of the relentless sun. Climb in and look out ... the horizon is yours.

Below: Men's pixelated crystal 'Hero Bolero'

Our man stands dazzling the eye. It's all about the Bolero as mask. It clickety clacks as it swivels this way and that, urgently eyeing its surrounds. Pixels are clamouring for attention, all sizes and all colours of a rainbow. The cap, head, wide neck and manicured shaped beard, set upon wide shoulders, all jerk as one. A multi-coloured extravaganza to be worn over - over nondescript.  
*(Clickety clack, Clickety clack, Clickety clack, don't talk back!)*



\*FrockQWerks\*

\*Sketches from a vertical scenographic journey\*



P A X Cloaks of Prayers

Three figures pull together. They hold each other for strength, barely raising a step forward. Their cloaks are transparent and are loaded with stones and Covid skulls ... all prayers, both big and small, prayers for peace, prayers for what? That which lies between the pulsing red veins. They strain and try ... but the mission proves too difficult.