

The

DODO



WHAT'S
UNDER

YOUR SKIN?

On the lip of winter, I sometimes tug on an extra coat, only to find myself sweating in the poorly ventilated tube.

My tropical mind does not yet know how to decipher the caprices of London's weather.

The t-shirts I brought from home now sleep in my drawers, untouched since that first week of September.

I have folded away parts of myself to be here.

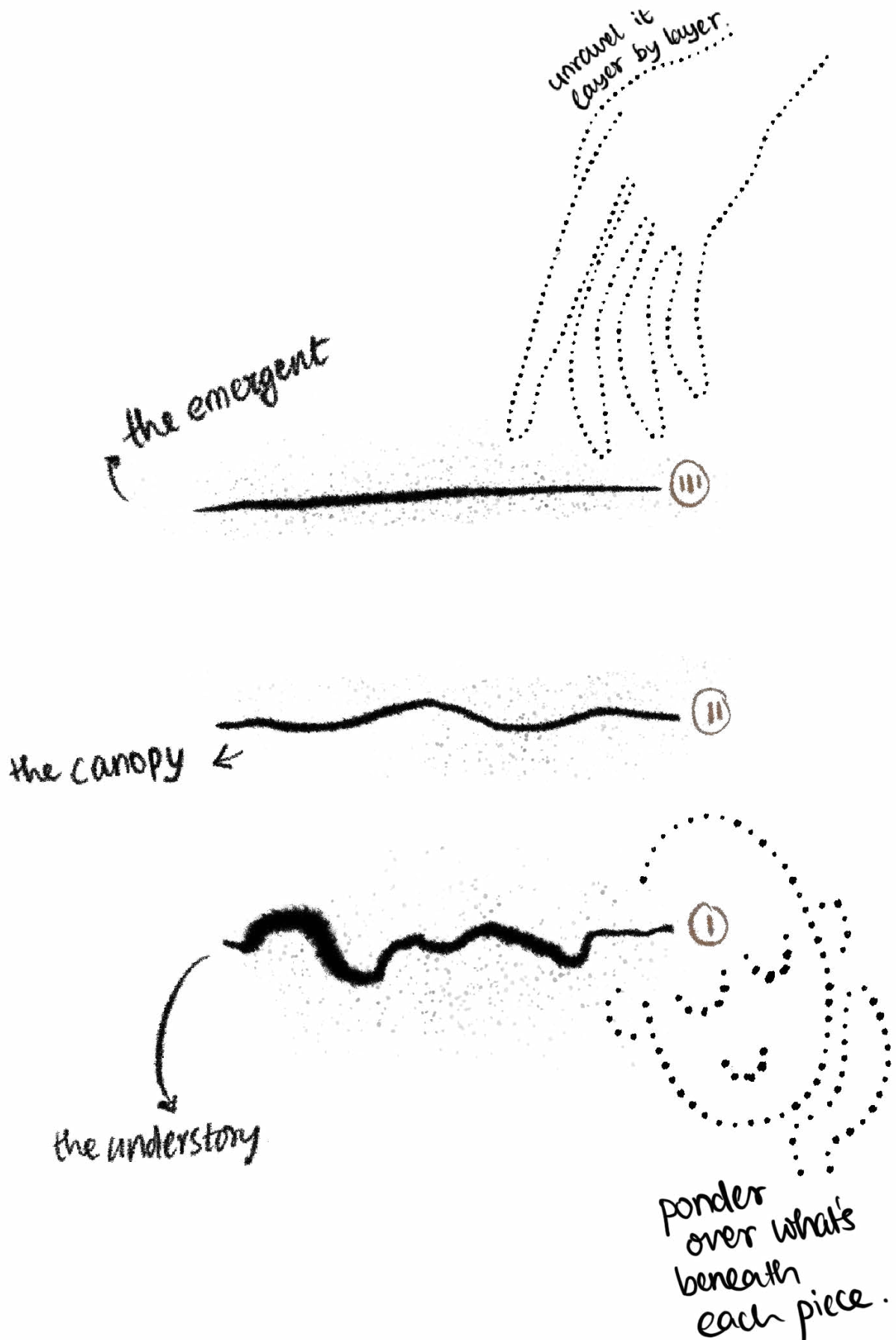
We have all arrived with different skins, different masks, and different worldviews.

Which parts of yourselves have you shed to step into this place? What is the skin you're wearing now?

We invite you to unpeel your layers and loosen your seams.

A word of caution: *don't look too closely*
~Z

How to Read this issue of The DODO



The Understory

Between the forest floor
and the green ceiling lies
the understory.

Shadowed, damp and
unmoving, here
is where the air holds
its breath.

Young trees extend
tender limbs towards
dappled light, and
soft-stemmed plants
whisper secrets
of the forest.

In this layer,
truth bends
at the edges.

Blooms mimic rot, exhaling
the musk of meat
to summon bats,
or expel syrupy sweetness
to lure hawkmoths.

Leaves become cloaks
and creatures shapeshift
into the foliage.

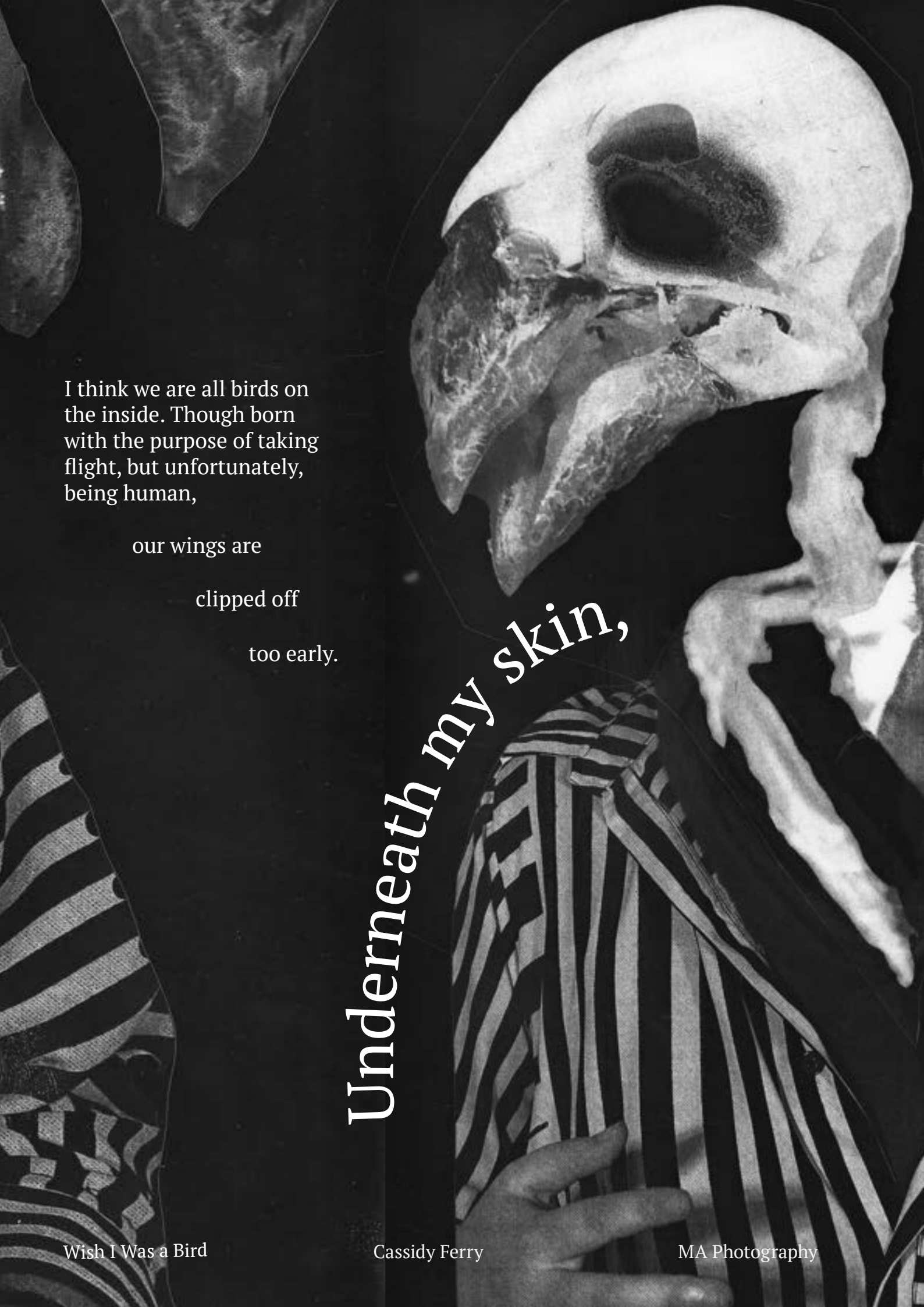


These ceramics embody the surface and its vulnerabilities and the skin as a container of the self.

Within their texture, is a holding; a cartography of telling. Thus, we remain, in contact; in dialogue with terrains that sense our every touch.



This is a **body** of ceramic works that explores the surface of terrains. Above are four works of varying dimensions. Their surfaces act like skin as they weather the maker's touch.



I think we are all birds on
the inside. Though born
with the purpose of taking
flight, but unfortunately,
being human,

our wings are

clipped off

too early.

Underneath my skin,

A black and white photograph of a person wearing a bird mask. The mask is light-colored with a large, dark, textured beak and a single large eye. The person is wearing a shirt with bold horizontal stripes. The text "I am a bird." is written in a white, sans-serif font, slanted upwards, across the person's chest and the mask's beak.

I am a bird.

Our feathers, ripped
and torn, display the
free spirited selves we
have lost. Down to our
bare bones, we feel
disconnection from the
nature within us.

The question now is,

who are we
truly meant
to be?

I tried this time
To be seen in public
As an absolute
Idiot

Looking for a tree
Thick-barked,
Ten times fatter than
me,
Hiding deep in the
forest

My hands already naked,
Palms dry,
The more sensitive feet
In flat contact with the
ground

I - return myself,
Build a circle,
Connecting the tree and
the earth,
With my body as a
thread

The magnetic field
vibrates
Before I awake,
After I rest -
Those trees standing
here

What am I to their eyes?
Will the fruit be a bit
sweeter?
One unconscious being
Enlightens one
conscious

Passengers and dogs
walking by -
One idiot with one tree -
I unplug my hands from
it,
The connection has
been seeded

Images credit to Yilu Zhang

Tree Hug

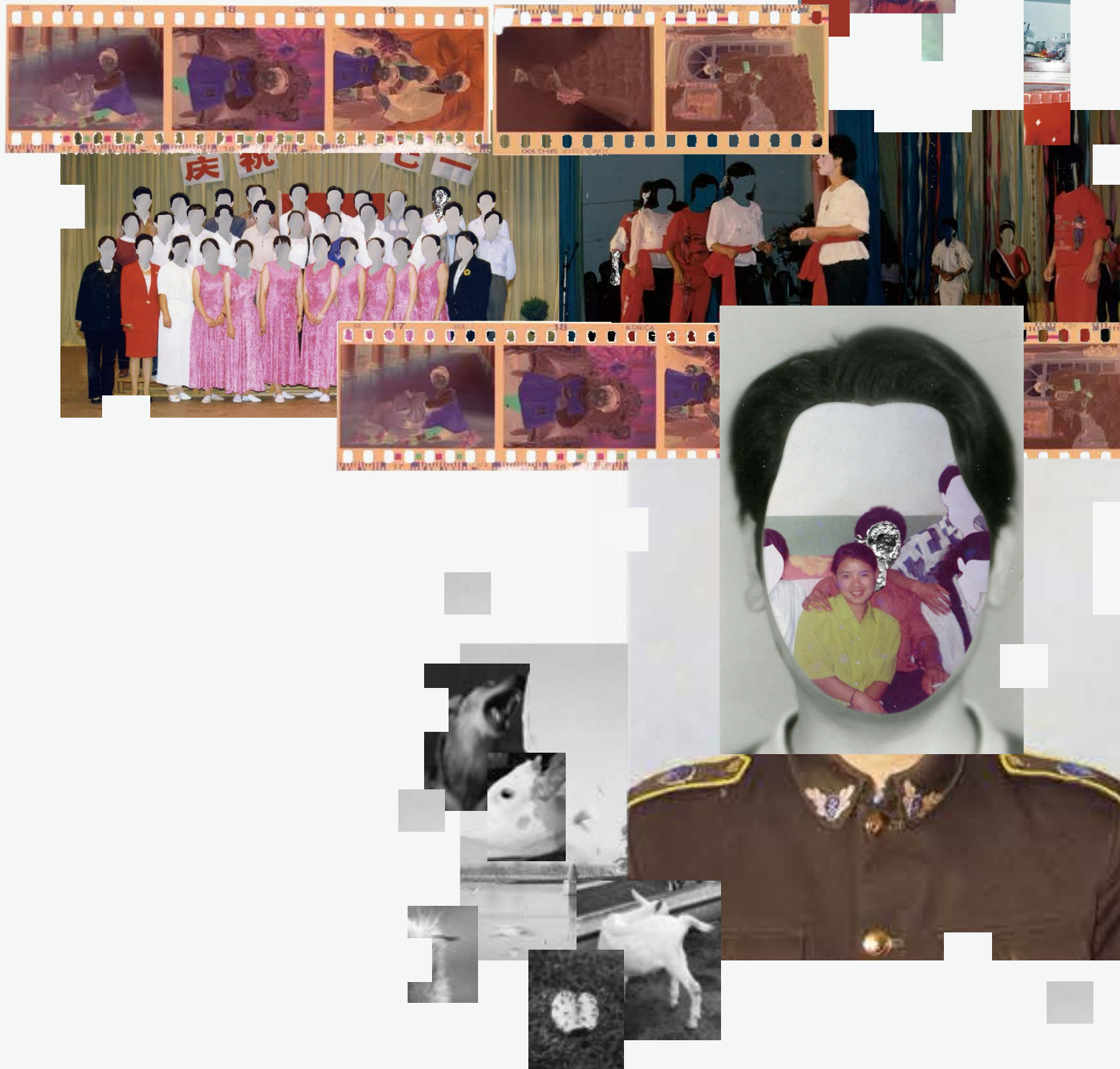
Jin Tian

MA Painting



Sacred Bond, Broken

Sacred Bond, Broken explores what stays beneath the skin—the traces of memory, pain and attachment. Rooted in a childhood trauma, it reconstructs the past through collage, performance and moving images. Memories rise like quiet wounds, resurfacing through the body long after the events have passed. Beneath the calm surface lies a subtle mourning, and with it, the decision to remember.



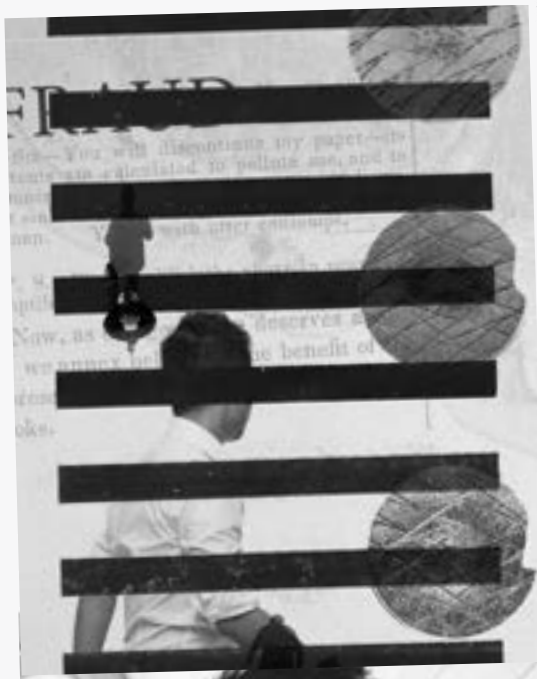
Self Portrait

Self Portrait is a collage-based exploration of identity and emotional fragmentation.

In response to the theme “What’s under your skin?”, the three selected images—Existence, Memories and Lies—reveal layers of psychological tension and personal distortion.

Through fading forms, cut-up faces and evasive gestures, the work confronts the instability of self-image, the violence of memory and the quiet performance of denial.

Each piece peels back a surface to expose what is often hidden beneath.



If you were a bird, what would
your self-portrait look like?



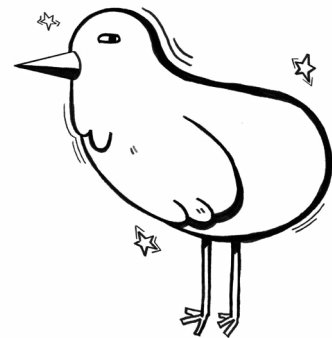
YIN



ZIOEDY



ANUSHKA



CHINA

Team Dodo's self-portraits as birds!



The Canopy

High above, the canopy swells
like a roof. A cathedral
of leaves deflects sun and
rain before they can touch
the forest's depths.

Dense, layered and teeming
with life, the swirl of action
belies strange creatures that lurk
beneath. Here, life is
a colourful feast in motion.

Monkeys and bright-beaked
birds browse an ever-changing
banquet of fruit, nectar and seeds.



Mother's Back

Usoa Garcia

MA Textiles

45

KODAK PORTRA 800-2

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KODAK PORT





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KODAK PORTRA 800-2

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KODAK PORT

It is a privilege to grow old.

My work addresses
the societal pressures
women face to resist ageing

and

to mould

and

to bend

themselves in
pursuit of youthfulness.

Through portraits of my
93-year-old grandmother
whose skin shows the beauty
of natural ageing,

I aim to challenge this idea and instead
celebrate ageing as a privilege.

Humanness

have you ever been struck, by
your own humanness?

you cannot be right all the
time,
you will crash and learn and
grow,
your ego will be torn down,
it'd be the surrender of your
control,

and you will wash away,
into a different state and
rebuild,
until that is torn down all over
again,


no matter what you do,
you will and are the same skin
and flesh,

heart
 and
 soul,
 only just
evolving.

have you ever been struck, by
your own humanness?

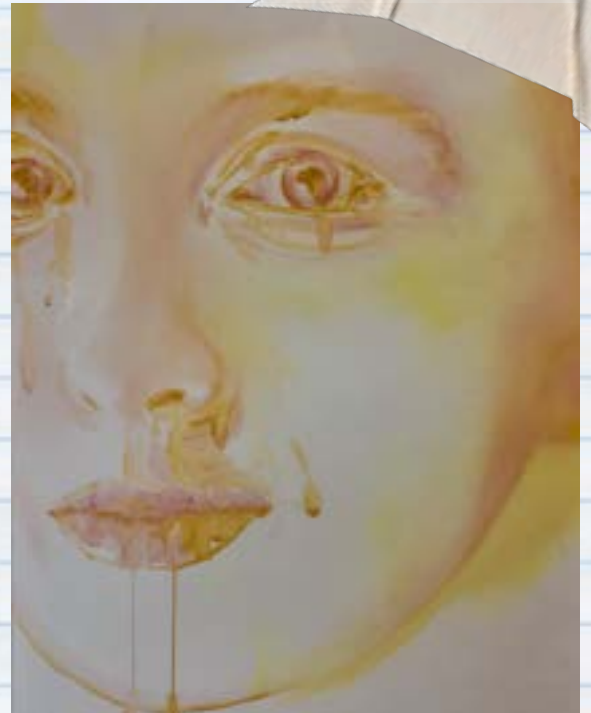
- Sanjeevini Punitha, MA Service Design





*the light at the end of that
dark tunnel was death*

Each piece is painted in glazed layers.



The skin is simply an
armature for emotion
- a conduit of the
inner world - and our
internal weather.

Skin Deep Triptych

Zelga Milker

MA Painting

✧ A Page for You ♡

Today, I felt most myself when

Draw your
self-portrait here

Three words that describe my mood today are...



The Emergent

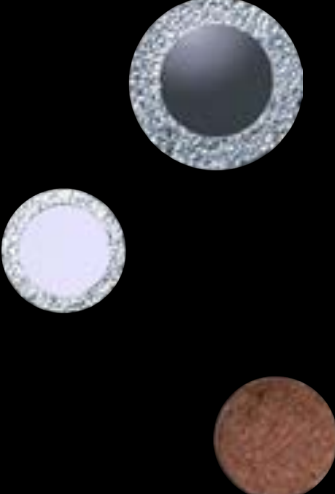
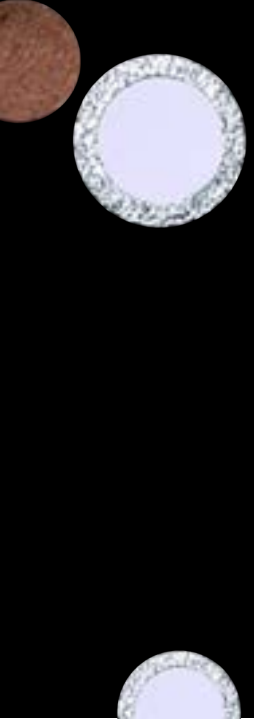
At the emergent layer, trees
spear upwards like dark nails
piercing through clouds.

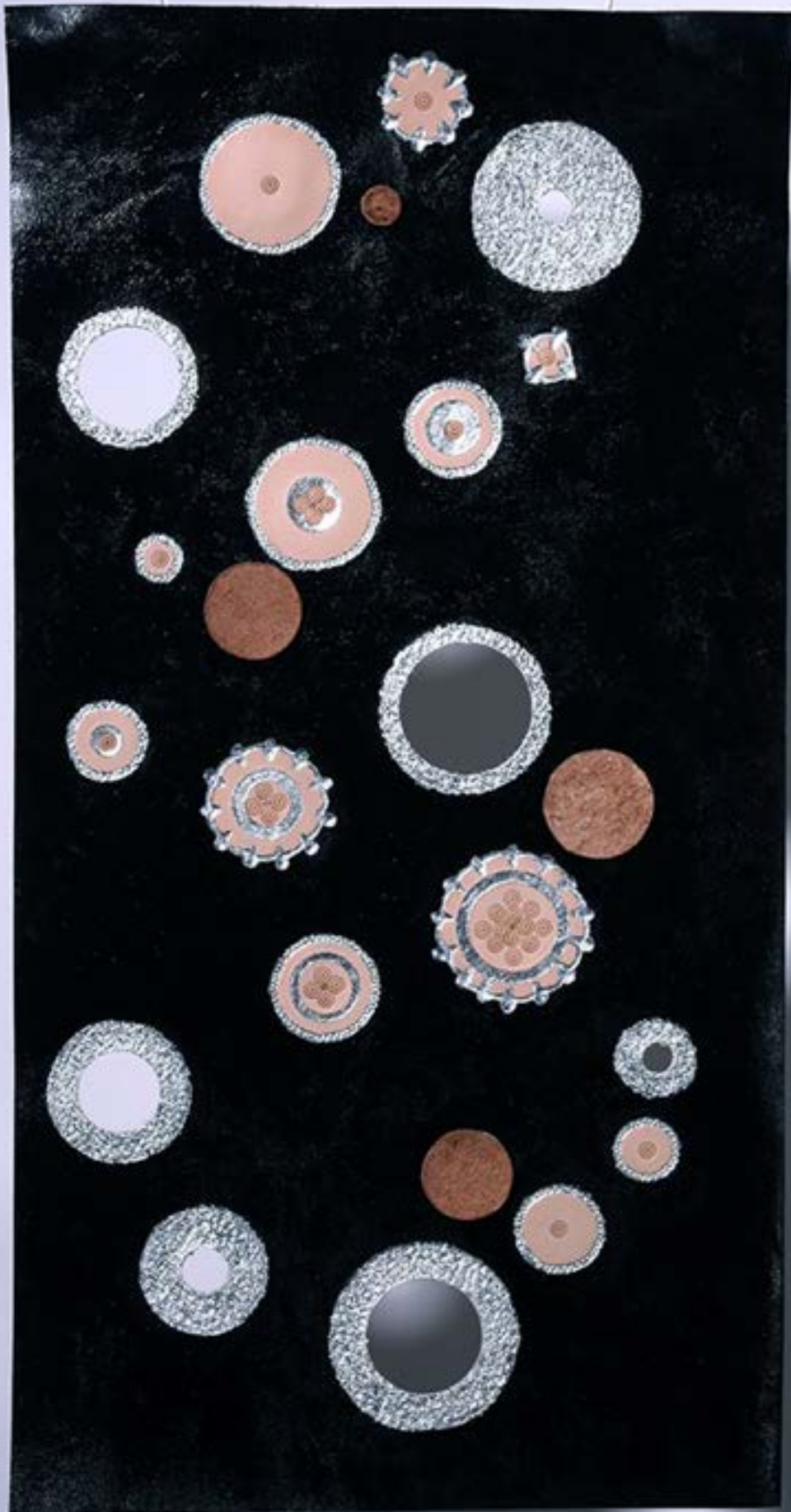
Temperatures shift
from hot noons
to cool nights.

In this realm of exposure,
everything must bend
or break.

Winds howl through top branches,
sunlight burns untempered
and rain arrives like a drumbeat
upon the forest's tallest shoulders.

To survive here is to meet
the elements
head-on.





Drop

A red drop falls - plop.
붉은 방울이 똑- 하고 떨어진다.

I am wounded. First drop, second drop, blood begins to flow.
I gently wipe it with my finger. On my dry fingertip, the reddish tint seeps in, moistening fine crevices between my fingerprints.
The blood keeps dripping. To prevent red stains, I take out a piece of pure white cotton and wipe again. That deep, dense color soaks the pristine white, leaving an indelible trace.

Why did I get this wound?
Without time to think, I begin to treat it.
왜 상처가 났지? 2
생각할 겨를도 없이 일단 치료부터 시작한다.

If it's an external injury, it's simple - I place the wound on the operating table, shine a focused light so it becomes clearly visible. I locate the exact point to inspect, tracing cause and effect down to every detail. An experienced doctor's hands operate. Even amid trembling, the needle, knowing exactly where to pierce, sharply punctures the skin. With thread finer than a strand of hair through the needle's eye, it penetrates the skin carefully and repeatedly, stitch by stitch. The bleeding stops; healing begins.

If it's internal, it's not simple - Nothing is visible, no right timing, method of treatment, or known cause and effect. Yet waiting for the bleeding to stop isn't an option, so I place the wound on the operating table anyway. The light highlights the wrong place, while the true wound hides in darkness. This time, my trembling hands operate. The needle in my grasp is unrefined. Clumsily stabbing where I shouldn't, I brutally tear open the wound even more. Blood pours out; the injury deepens.

Where exactly? And how?
I do not know the answer.
오대세 어디에, 어떻게?
답을 알지 못한다.

I turn pale.
참백해진다.

The turbulent surge of blood calms down. The vivid red once clinging to my fingertips soon ages into brown. Lips that were once scarlet lose their life and wither blue. Under the overwhelming pallor, the color that seemed eternal disappears.

Only flow is felt. I feel that I am alive.
Only time is felt. I feel that I am dying.
오직 흐름이 느껴진다. 내가 살아있음이 느껴진다.
오직 시간이 느껴진다. 죽어가고 있음이 느껴진다.

A sudden silence. I briefly close and open my eyes - time has passed me by, leaping far ahead. A gap has opened between me and time. That gap swallows all sounds of this world; a silence as if nothing can be felt arrives. The warmth that should have flowed has spilled out, leaving only coldness within me.
Without knowing when I lay down, I find myself moved onto a bed. The ceiling light flickers and brightens my darkened sight. Soon I see the wrinkled blanket covering me. It's like crumpled paper - sharp enough to cut if brushed wrong. Why does a blanket so light as paper feel so heavy? To shake off its painfully pressing weight, I wiggle my powerless toes at the ends of my cold feet.

It rustles.
바스락거린다.

It is not cozy at all - like sharp fragments of a wound ready to cut. No softness, no comfort, only the rough texture of paper. This cloth cannot warm me. Then what can? With my cold legs, I push the blanket away.

It rustles again.
또 바스락거린다.

Ironically, this sound makes me feel alive. My trembling legs slowly regain sensation. I take a new breath, and transparent air begins to fill my body emptied of redness. With this new strength inhabiting me, I struggle fiercely. The once still bed shakes. Kicking off the heavy blanket, light air brushes my skin. I breathe again.

I feel the flow inside me once more.
흐름이 다시 내 안에 느껴진다.

A red drop falls - plop.
붉은 땀방울이 뚝- 하고 떨어진다.

A tear is the clearest kind of internal wound. I do not know where the wound is, for a tear always springs from the eyes - a wound surfacing from some deeper source. This invisible, transparent drop soon hides its trace instantly. Wiped away a few times with hands, it evaporates as if it never existed. Yet the wound it carries does not vanish. It is as deep and vivid as blood. Perhaps it is an even harder trace to erase.

Where does this wound flow, and how does it heal?
이 상처는 어디로 흘러가고 어떻게 낫는 걸까.

A few drops gather, tracing the contours of the face, then settle on the lips. The salty taste of a drop is as intense as the bloody taste of red. Not wanting to taste it again, I wipe it away, but it's not enough to stop the endless flow of tears. My hands, now soaked, touch my face, only spreading them further.

My crying breaks the silence of the deadly silent room. Drops fall one after another, unstoppable now. The tears I had held back burst forth. I clutch the rustling tissue-like duvet tightly. What was once smooth is now crumpled like my broken heart. The widened tear paths on my face send stronger tears down, soaking the duvet along with my wet hands. The rustling duvet gradually softens. Into that softness, I deeply sink. Endless tears flow further down, finally gathering deep within.

Thus, my sea is made.
그렇게 나의 바다가 만들어진다.

Tears born of wounds eventually embrace me. Like the rustling duvet that fully absorbs my tears and softens, the sharp branches called wounds weave together into a cozy nest called the sea within me. In that nest, I cradle new hope and live again. Tears create such a new space inside me - not disappearing after leaving scars, but wholly embracing and protecting them. Each drop carries its own salty taste, and each drop dissolves a unique story. The more tears I shed, the more memories they hold.

Gathering those traces, I become wider and deeper.
그 흔적들이 모여 나는 더 넓어지고 깊어진다.

My sea has the power to heal.
나의 바다는 상처를 다스리는 힘을 가진다.

It cools my heart shattered by burning heat, like scorched earth burnt in the blazing sunlight. It rests the weary ground and fills the cracked places. It is the recovery that cleanses every red trace.

My sea is transparent.
나의 바다는 투명하다.

However deep it may be, when seen from the side only a surface stretches like a horizon. No one but the sea itself can know its depth beneath the ground. But from above, it reveals itself unfiltered. How vast it is, how deep it is, and what lives dwell within. Only the sky always exists above the sea, seeing through its surface, its floor, fully understanding its depth.

My sea reflects the sky.
나의 바다는 하늘을 비춘다.

It lifts the air more transparent than itself. It strives to contain the endlessly high, endlessly wide sky. To do that, the sea must be even more transparent, so it can reflect the clean air. The boundless sky always looks down upon the sea - whether new tear drops are falling, and whether it remains clear after embracing new memory. The sky hopes the sea resembles itself. The sky shines light to better see the sea that mirrors it. The sea embraces that light to better reflect the sky above it.

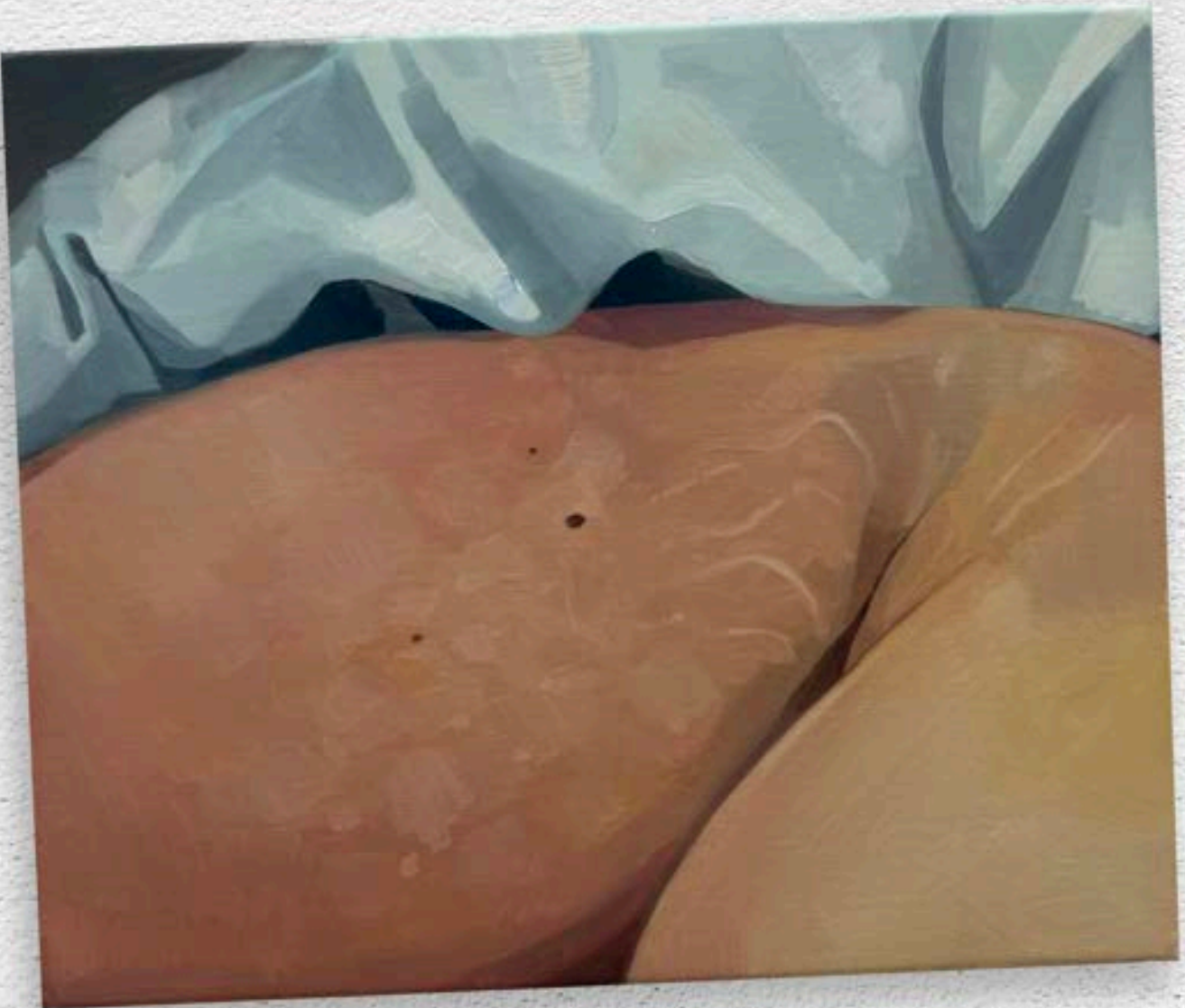
Thus, the sea grows warm.
그렇게 바다는 따스해진다.

Beneath the skin, there are traces of
time, emotions, memories
and quiet strength.

Each printed piece of my skin records
moments I've lived through and the
feelings that remain

By layering them on my body, I rebuild
what lies within the space between the
visible and the unseen, where the body
continues to breathe and remember.





This painting is a representation of the weight I've gained and lost and the sun I've been exposed to. It is a reminder of past insecurities that I have grown to love because of my partner.

This painting shows the white birthmark I've had on my leg since childhood and the stretch marks and freckles I have developed while growing into an adult. Our skin is a direct representation of the paths we have taken in life.

RCA EVENTS

