

THIS IS THE MOMENT

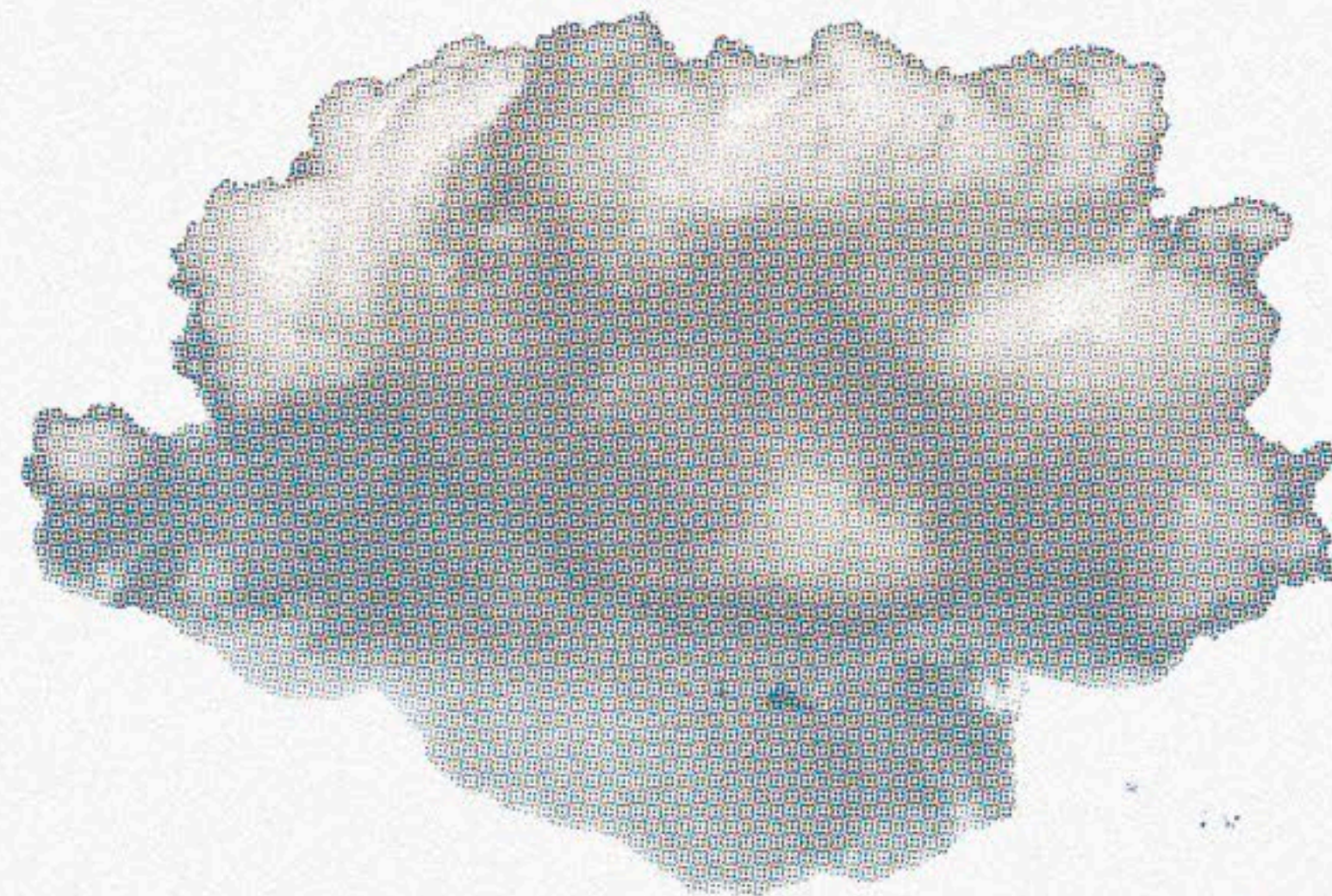


THIS IS THE
MOMENT

There are endless
amounts of possibilities
hiding within

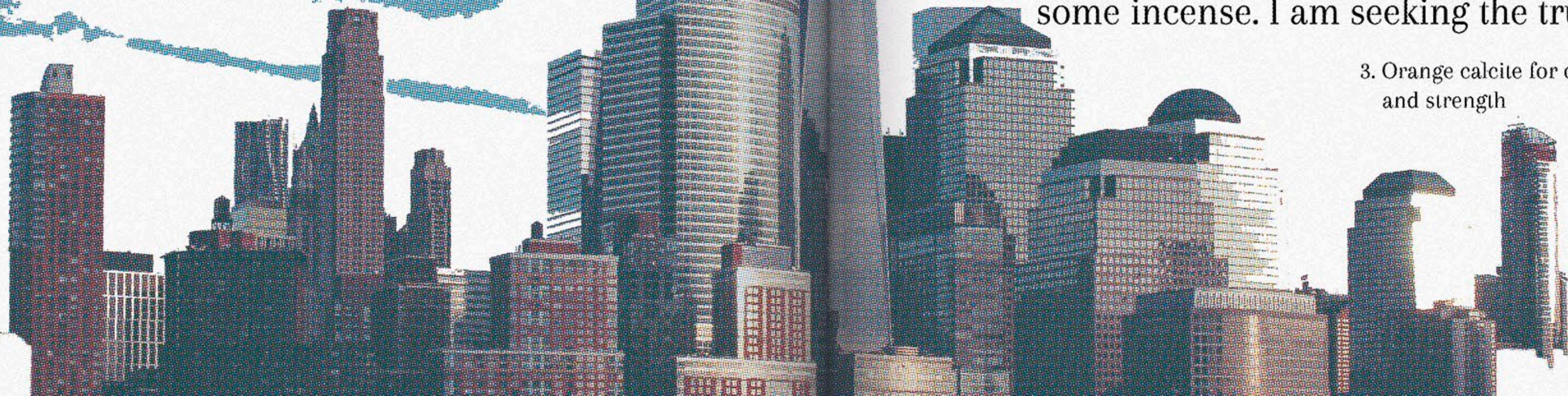
THE MIND

THIS IS THE MOMENT

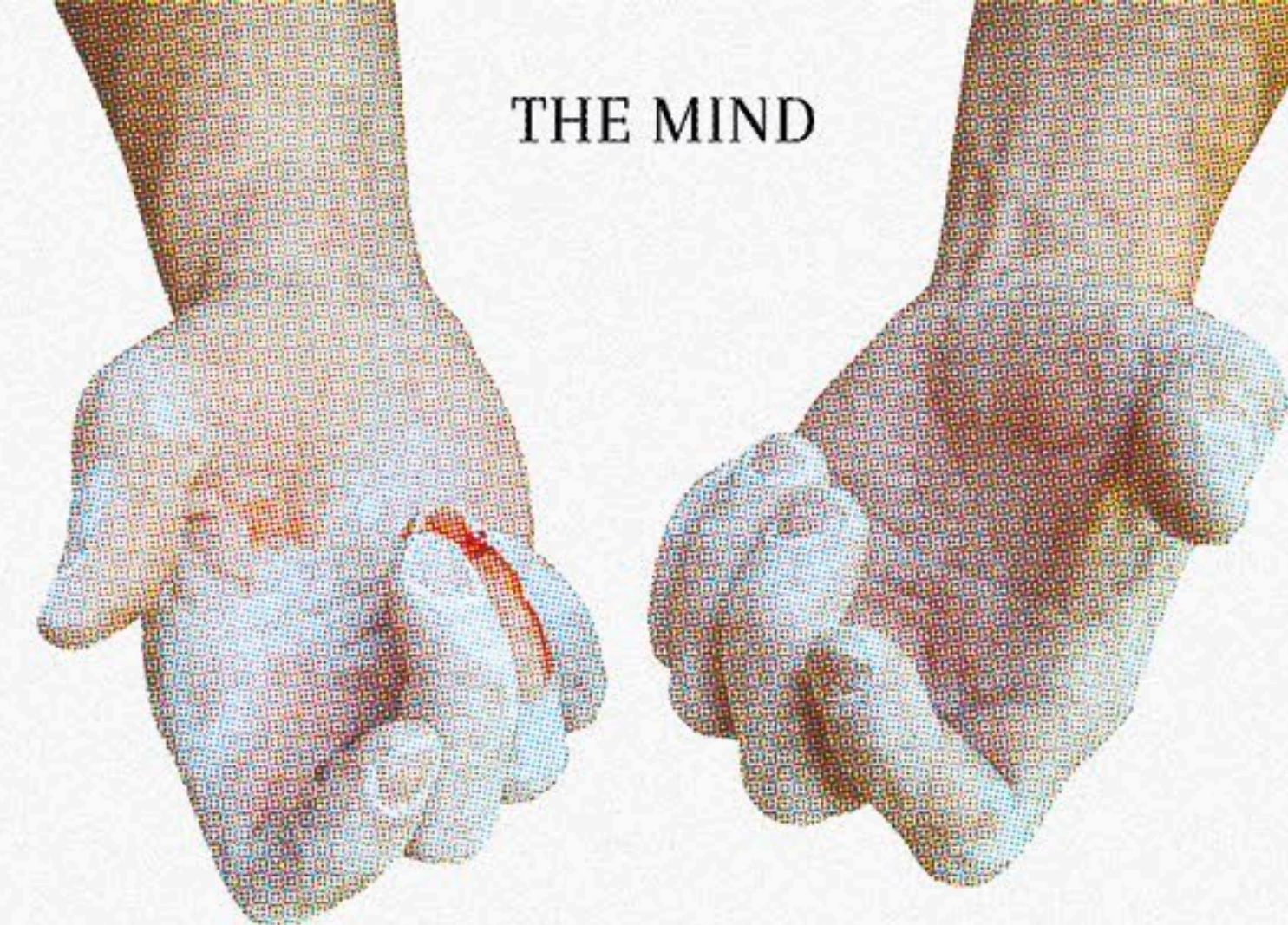


2. Turquoise for love and protection, my birthday gem

1. Ametrine for harmony, balance and intuition



THE MIND



I got on a plane on my birthday, spent a summer in northern Iceland and thought this is it. This is how I will stop feeling like I don't want to live in this body anymore. But still today my head is aching and my mind is drifting and I got my cute little demons with me. There are no dreams.

Few weeks ago I went on a little shopping spree to the local new age store in order to introduce new measures of vibration to my life. I bought three crystals, palo santo sticks and some incense. I am seeking the truth.

3. Orange calcite for creativity and strength

I have learned that a morning routine is very important to oneself. Keeping balance and order in your life is necessary for mental stability.

My personal routine goes as the following. After breakfast, I meditate for 20 minutes with my crystals laid gently in front of me. Each meditation ends with a mantra —

I am Healthy
I am Balanced
I am Free
I am Full of Love
This Moment is a Miracle

After that, I open some windows and clean my apartment from strained energy by burning palo santo and spreading the smoke to every room. I say out loud: may all the bad energy set off and all love and good return.



I have been trying to take up some graphic design work in these times where I don't really have the desire to do anything at all. This one job I am working on is for a small community film festival. Even though it gives me the motivation to push forward, it is also wearing me down. Due to the work, I have to be at meetings in Tallinn whereas at the moment I live in Tartu.

The other evening when buying another bus ticket to the capital I started crying and these weren't two beautiful tears running down on my cheek. It was ugly crying for fifteen minutes straight over a bus ticket, but also realising what a dumb loser I am and how alone I feel in this power-driven world.

I have been crying a lot these past weeks: while cooking, while watching films, while listening to music, while walking home. Tensions build up and I just explode.



THIS IS THE MOMENT

Troye Sivan, 24

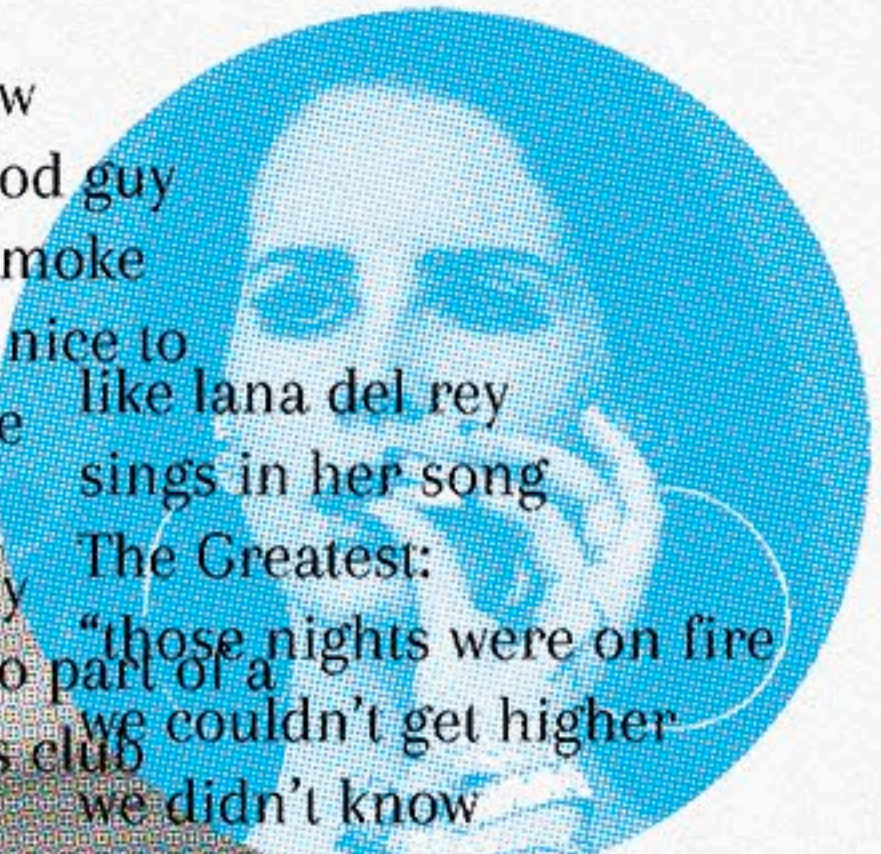
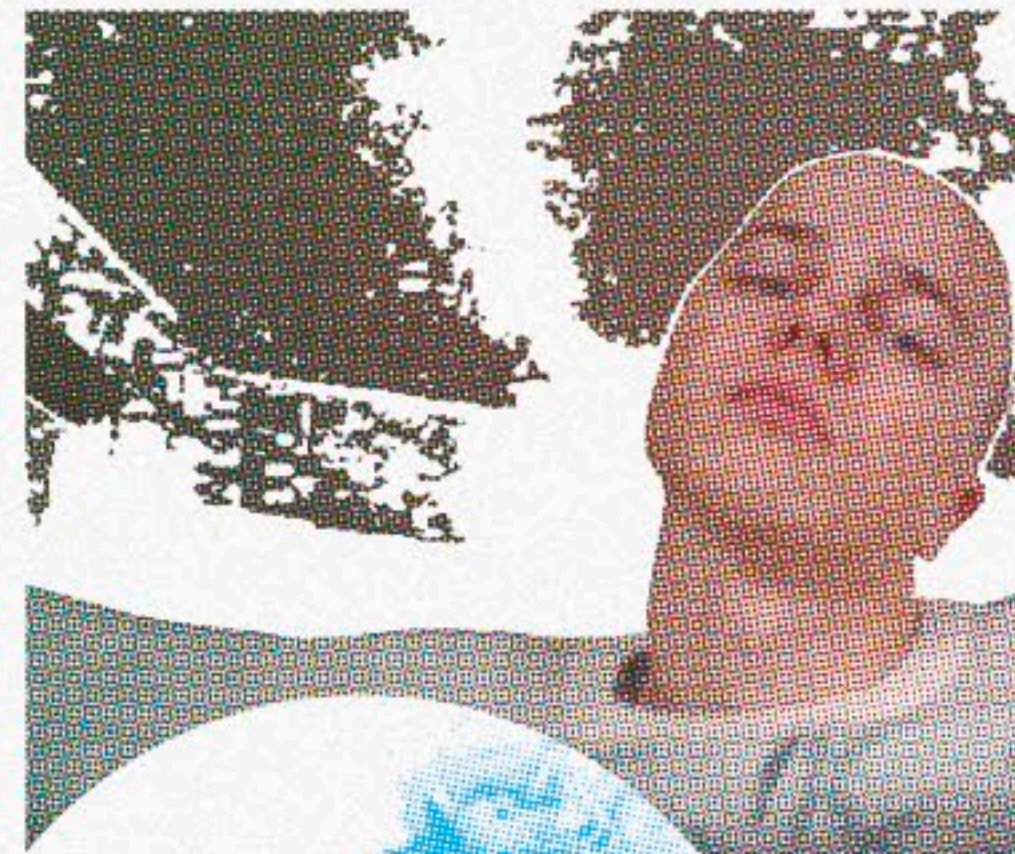


Lauv, 25

Lorde, 23

THE MIND

you know
i'm a good guy
i don't smoke
and i'm nice to
everyone
like lana del rey
sings in her song
The Greatest:
"those nights were on fire
we couldn't get higher
we didn't know
that we had it all
but nobody warns you
before the fall"



and lately
i've been singing
in my bedroom

and listening to
lana del rey
all day long

IN THIS
POWER-
DRIVEN
WORLD

Mikk, 22



For some days, I have been eating in the kitchen rather than in the living room. I found out that I can hear voices from the other apartments through the ventilation system that is in the kitchen wall. Sitting there and listening to the sounds makes me feel in some way less alone.

There is one apartment that often listens to classical music from the radio. Klassikaraadio perhaps. It makes me feel nostalgic but also brings my attention right back into the very moment. I remember to breathe.



Say what you may about the movie (or the book) “Eat, Pray, Love”, I love it. And I love Julia Roberts in it!



There are many inspirational sayings in this film. For example “God dwells within you as you” or “To find balance you must keep your feet grounded so firmly on the earth that it’s like you have four legs instead of two.”

I have found a great deal of help from travel/road movies and books of various teachings.

I recently even explored the craft of Wicca and the world of old Estonian spells.

For a while, I have been aiming to connect myself to myself and thus to the universe. To reach my higher self and become aware of the meaning of it all. To align my body and my mind. All these driftings in various teachings have concluded in one. I have found my spiritual guide who is leading me further on this voyage.

Ian, my lighthouse on the misty sea, is teaching me wisdom I have been longing for. Me and the other followers have embarked on a journey of living by the knowledge he shares. It is a month-long programme of returning back to your true self.

Every day he sends us a new podcast episode where he shares his thoughts on the ways of the world and the universe. He says that we have lost ourselves in this daily whirlwind of world news and Netflix series. We see so many other

lives and other realities that we forget to witness what is in front of us and most importantly, what is inside us. Thus, we are returning home. Shutting off our web browsers and cable television. Setting our minds to meditation and silence.

I am really looking forward to the last day of this programme. Ian has shipped us a pill. It is named —

Every End is a New Beginning.

We are going to collectively consume it in a live-streamed ceremony led by Ian. He says it is not a drug, but just a collection of different herbs which cleanse our body from old energies and traumas. Once and for all I will be able to say goodbye to my past self.

For my whole life, I have been scared of being. Fears of not being a man enough, not being strong enough, not being successful enough have drained me. But through this journey

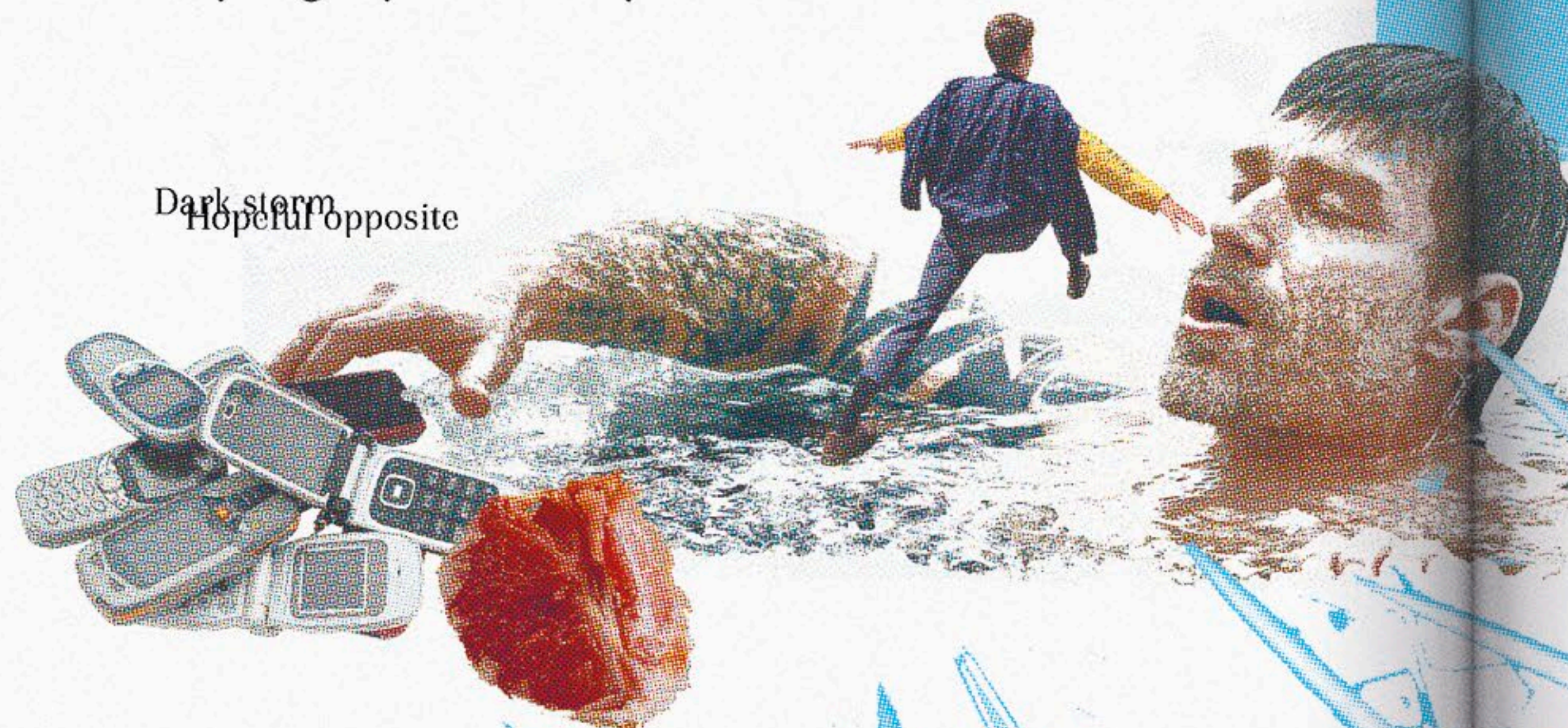


The live-streamed ceremony on the 31st of October at 20:00

I have been moving towards a source, a source of supreme power, which might help me to overcome these false understandings.

After swallowing the pill with the help of two gulps of water I am starting to feel relaxed, but also very focused, centred. A tingling sensation runs all over my body. Ian said that most of us would stay awake, but some might fall asleep, neither is good or bad. Our bodies deal with traumas all in their own ways.

My eyelids are getting heavy and I slip into a dream. My mouth is full of flower thorns and I am crying hysterically. It is summer.

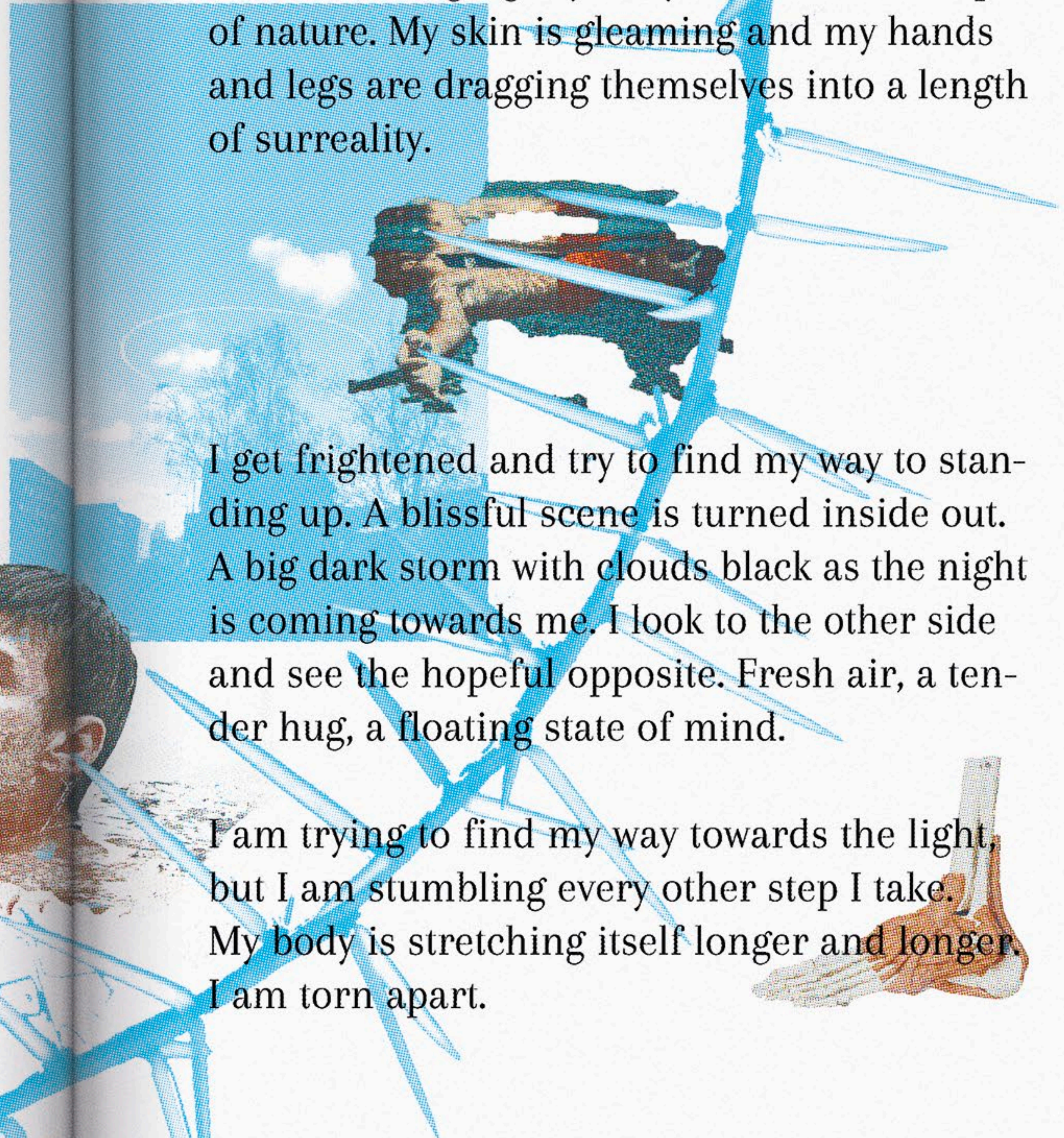


Dark storm
Hopeful opposite

I am lying on a green-yellow grass covered in dew. The sky is blue but also violet, a dividing gradient in the centre, no clouds in sight. I should be feeling cold but I am feeling warm as ever, indulging my body in the moist carpet of nature. My skin is gleaming and my hands and legs are dragging themselves into a length of surreality.

I get frightened and try to find my way to standing up. A blissful scene is turned inside out. A big dark storm with clouds black as the night is coming towards me. I look to the other side and see the hopeful opposite. Fresh air, a tender hug, a floating state of mind.

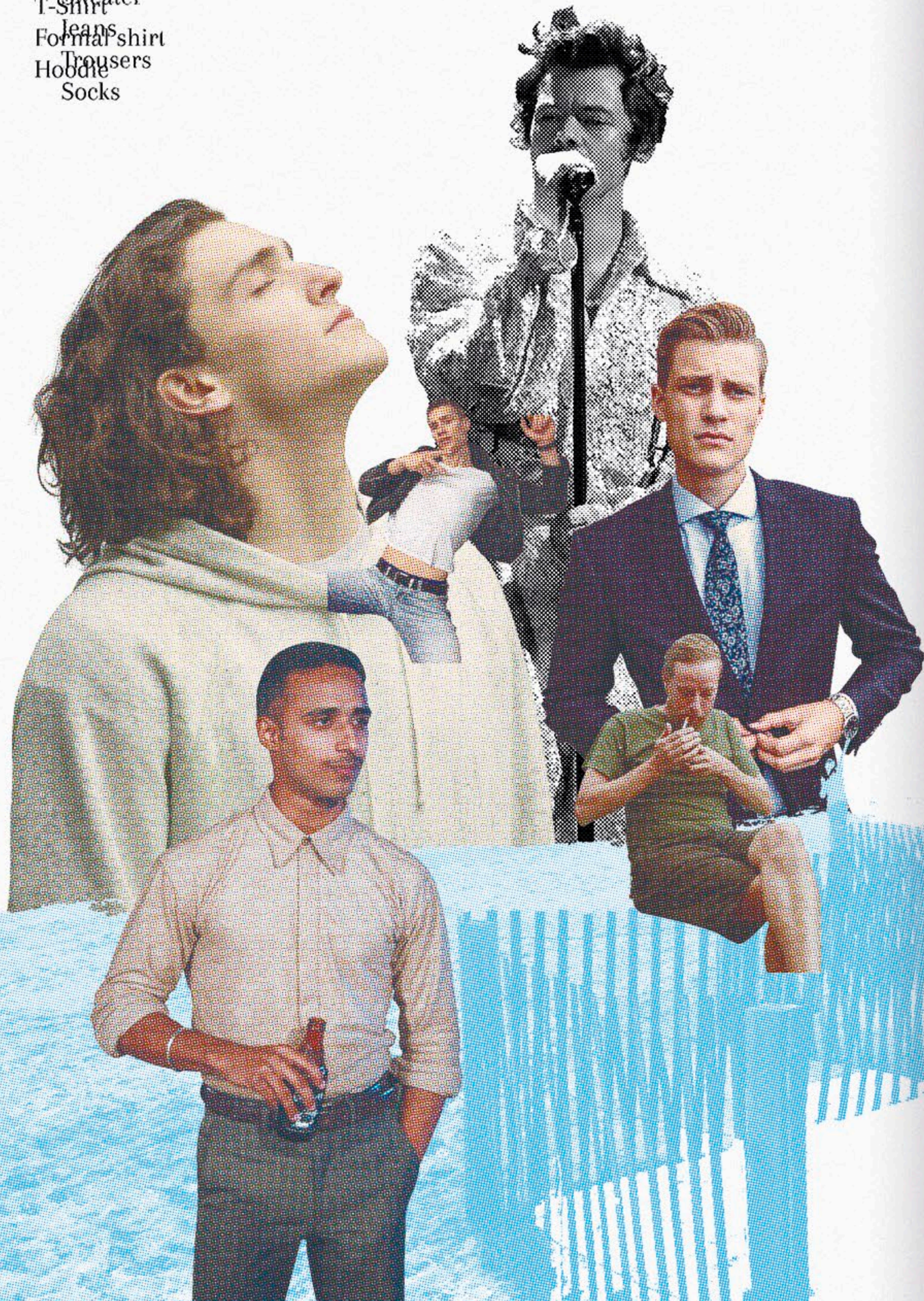
I am trying to find my way towards the light, but I am stumbling every other step I take. My body is stretching itself longer and longer. I am torn apart.



THE LOOK

THIS IS THE MOMENT

Suit and tie
Sweater
T-Shirt
Jeans
Formal shirt
Trousers
Hoodie
Socks



THE LOOK



In all honesty, I find men's fashion boring. Furthermore, there is no fun in men in general. There are always these borders in which they have to navigate. To sustain themselves in their shell in order to not break the norms of masculinity, the norms of being a man. Of course, there are some lads who widen the opportunities of male identity expression, but they remain the outcasts or rock superstars.

I am longing for more. I want men walking around in pearls and lace like Harry Styles Brit Awards 2020. Life is a party, a performance act, so why not celebrate it that way! Let's fuck things up! Imagine all of them being mindful, going thrift shopping and being rad.

As a skinny boy, I haven't ever felt confident in my body or furthermore comfortable showing my body. I am at the beach in my tight swim trunks and I am not feeling it. Not because I would think that this body is essentially ugly, though at oftentimes I do, but when you don't have a developed musculature, you are considered a sissy, a weak loser who always finishes last in sports competitions. Nobody wants to be that guy. The dream is to be the winner, the hunk, the fella.

Over time I have realised that all bodies have something in them. I may be an ugly skeleton, nothing but ribs and kneecaps, but there is truth in that. It must have a meaning.

you may call me
a wuss
a fag
or
an art school student
but
all I whill hear
is the vibration
of a thrive
ringing epic pop tunes
in my ears



I paint my nails
I work the dancefloor
I know my worth
I spill the truth



On the Independence Day of Estonia, I visited my brother for a traditional feast with specialties like sprat breads and stuffed eggs. Besides some shots, I gulped down many cocktails with vodka, sparkling water and buckthorn juice.

We caught up on our lives and watched the Independence Day reception from our national television ETV. President Kersti Kaljulaid did a very valid critical speech towards our parliament and emphasized the message that everyone has the right to be who they are. Quoting Oskar Loorits, the founder of Estonian Folklore archives, she said that each bird's song has a justification in the greater common orchestra of life and if arranged right, the richness of sounds achieves an ever-greater effect.

Prior to the speech, we saw a reportage from the train ride which was taking the guests to the reception in Viljandi. One interview was done with Raivo Tamm, an actor and a politician. Dressed in a white shirt and a scarf, he was in a relaxed mood and wasn't wearing his

black suit. My brother made a little comment saying "Raivo, what is around your neck?". As if saying the scarf is inappropriate.

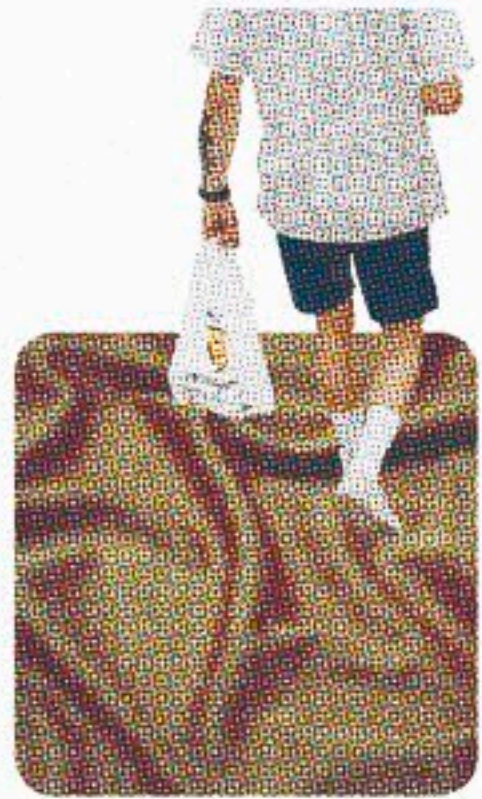


I believe it's the luxurious floral pattern and perhaps the glossy material that my brother disliked, not the notion of the scarf itself. I don't remember making an answer to this comment or maybe I mumbled something like "It's a scarf." I begin to wonder what are the clothes that men are allowed to wear.

During Estonian autumn-winter a scarf and a hat are a necessity in order to not catch

THIS IS THE MOMENT

1. Complex patterns



2. Luxurious colours

3. Delicate materials

4. Unjustifiable accessories

5. Elaborated ideas

6. Communicative meanings



THE LOOK

a cold. When they are being worn in the summer, they are more of a gateway to fashion rather than a practicality. An extra touch, a distinctive attribute.

Raivo Tamm is perhaps wearing a golden-hued scarf just because he feels it expresses him the right way. I am applauding him and wishing him all the best.

I feel it is rather intriguing for a man to wear a garment or an accessory which is mostly meant for women. Quite sexy, quite courageous. Lace, silk and pearls bring out the physicality of the body, the suppressed wider spectrum of sexual identity and its expression. It is my skeleton and skin lying on the beach among Fitlap protein shake buddies. It is the opening party, the expedition, the revelations and the euphoria.



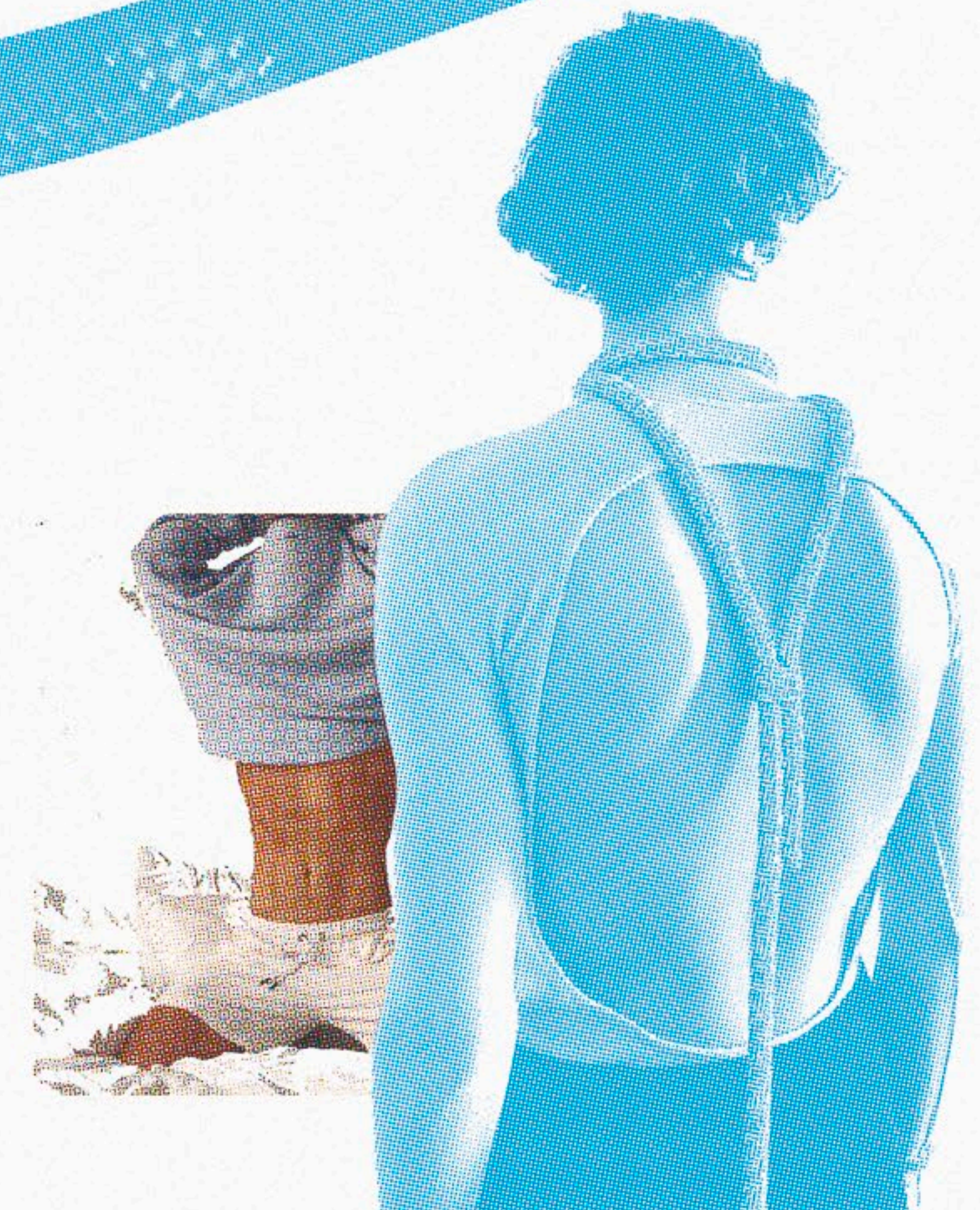
In the past, (partly) untied, (partly) unbuttoned clothing was considered for female courtesans and virile machos. From a conservative gaze, a proper woman and a proper man are tightly tied, holding themselves contained, hiding their naked bodies under fabrics.



That doesn't mean that they hid their sexuality entirely. The purpose of the dress might often even be considered to exaggerate the body underneath: the hips, the buttocks, the legs, the hands. When women's dress was revealing, it was to show elegance and sexuality for male gaze, like forearms, shoulders, bust. Men's clothing was to show the extent of strong arms and legs, to express power and energy. Now everything is for everyone. There are no rules at all.

Throughout history men's fashion was playing with multiple layers, always hiding something underneath. Now they have finally taken it all off. Men's chest, shoulders and back are finally seeing the representation they have always longed for. It is a seductive dream of fragility and strength altogether.

The party continued on the beach and everybody was there. It was the latest trend.



DANCING TO THE BEAT
OF ECHO OUR BODIES
WERE FLIRTATIOUS AND
DINE



Revealing and hiding. Teasing and the desire to understand a puzzling sight. To restrict a right of vision is to give significance and mystery. Dancing to the beat of echo, our bodies were flirtatious and divine at the same time.

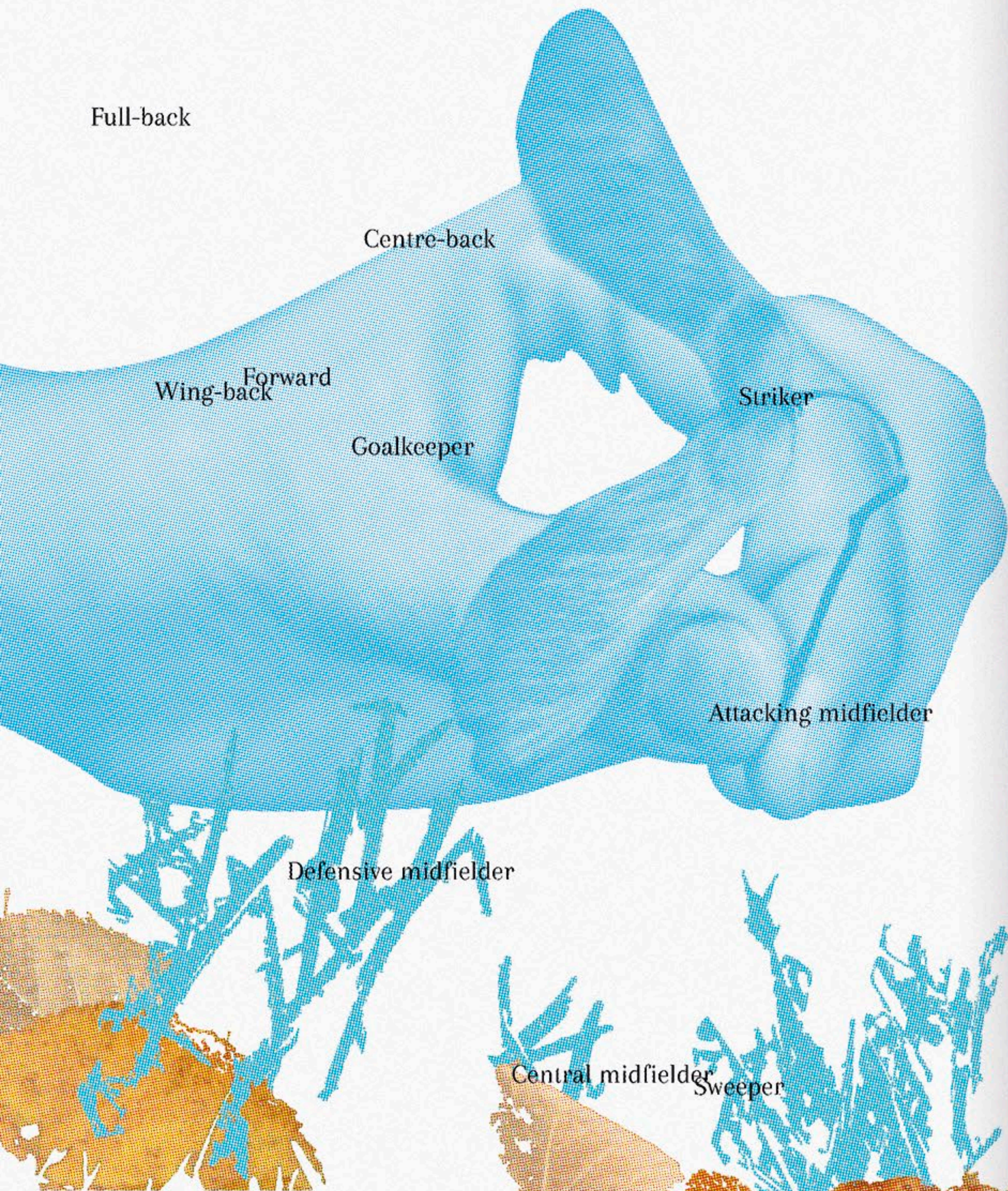
Everyone is giving realistic expression to the wholeness of the body with the help of ribbons, laces tightly on our skin. Some might say that it's gay culture's peak moment in normcore fashion, others may argue that it's sexual liberation 2.0. Sexuality and its expression has found widened horizons and broken through the expected gender norms. These bodies are free and fun and wild. Revelling in the company of each other through no filters but reality only. Somewhere among them there is you, there is me.

An unknown DJ is in the middle of the special retro set when "Drunk in Love" by Beyoncé and Jay-Z comes on. The beach all over again.



THE BODY

THIS IS THE MOMENT



Full-back

Centre-back

Wing-back Forward

Goalkeeper

Striker

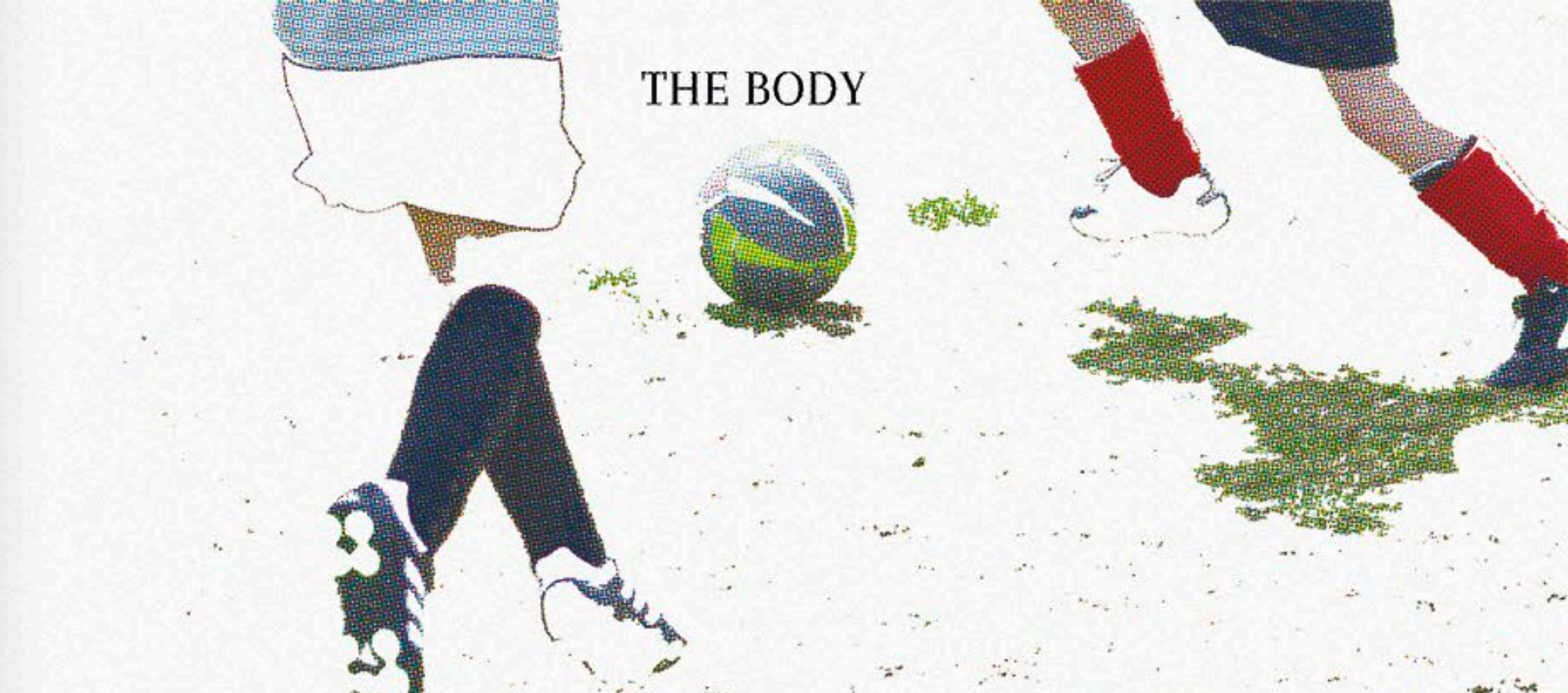
Attacking midfielder

Defensive midfielder

Central midfielder Sweeper

Winger

THE BODY



I am strolling lazily to the pitch just to find myself in another boring sport game. I am six years old and there is football practice in the kindergarten every week. I am not into football, forever a full-back.

One time our coach couldn't make it, so the training was led by a replacement. As always, I was dreaming, looking at the sky. She noticed that I was picking winged maple seeds, the funny ones which you can put on your nose, and encouraged me to catch the ball and play with the others. I made a good face and agreed. After a few tries to take the lead in the game, I gave up. No wonder that ever since that I was usually the last one to be picked into the team.

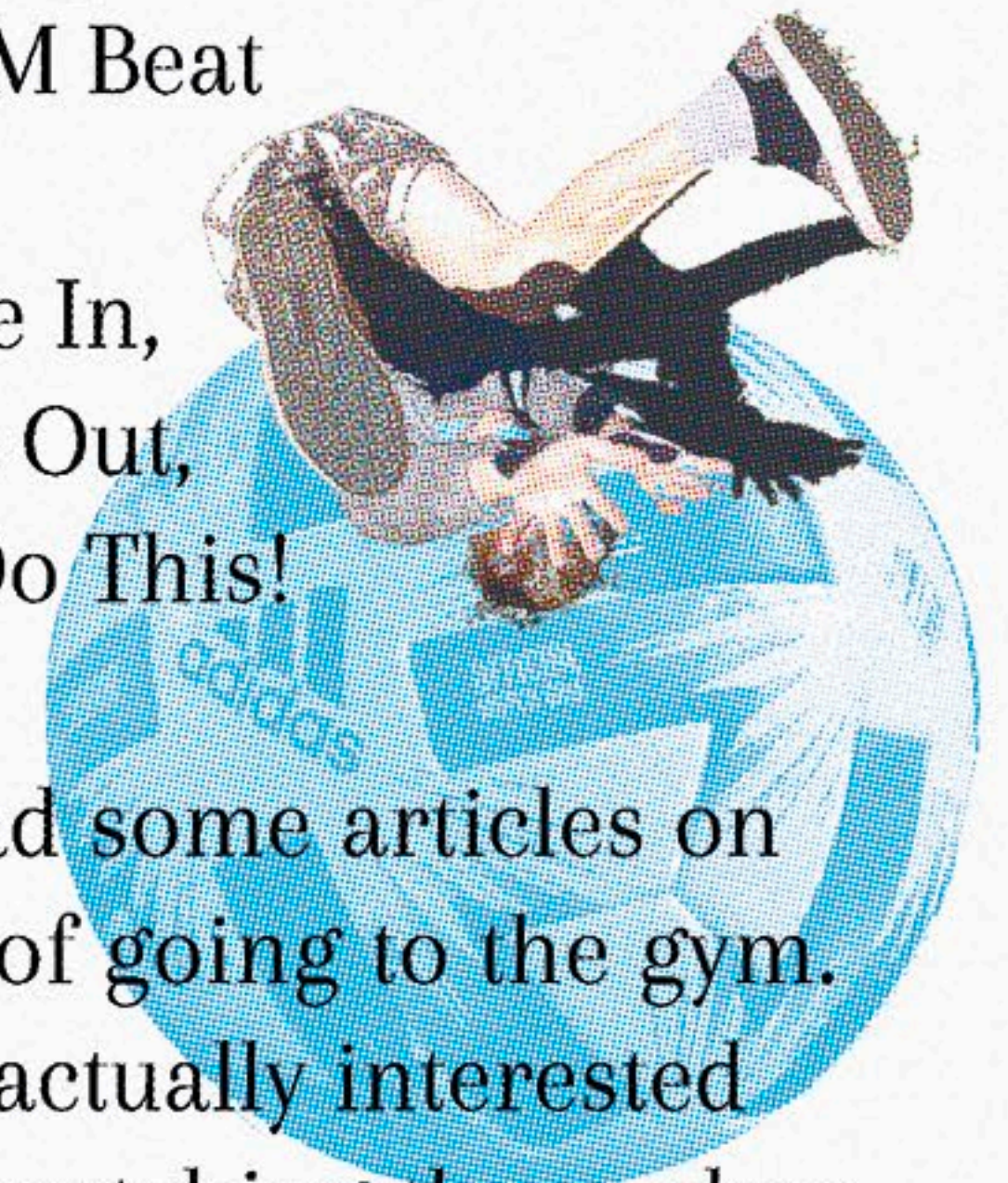
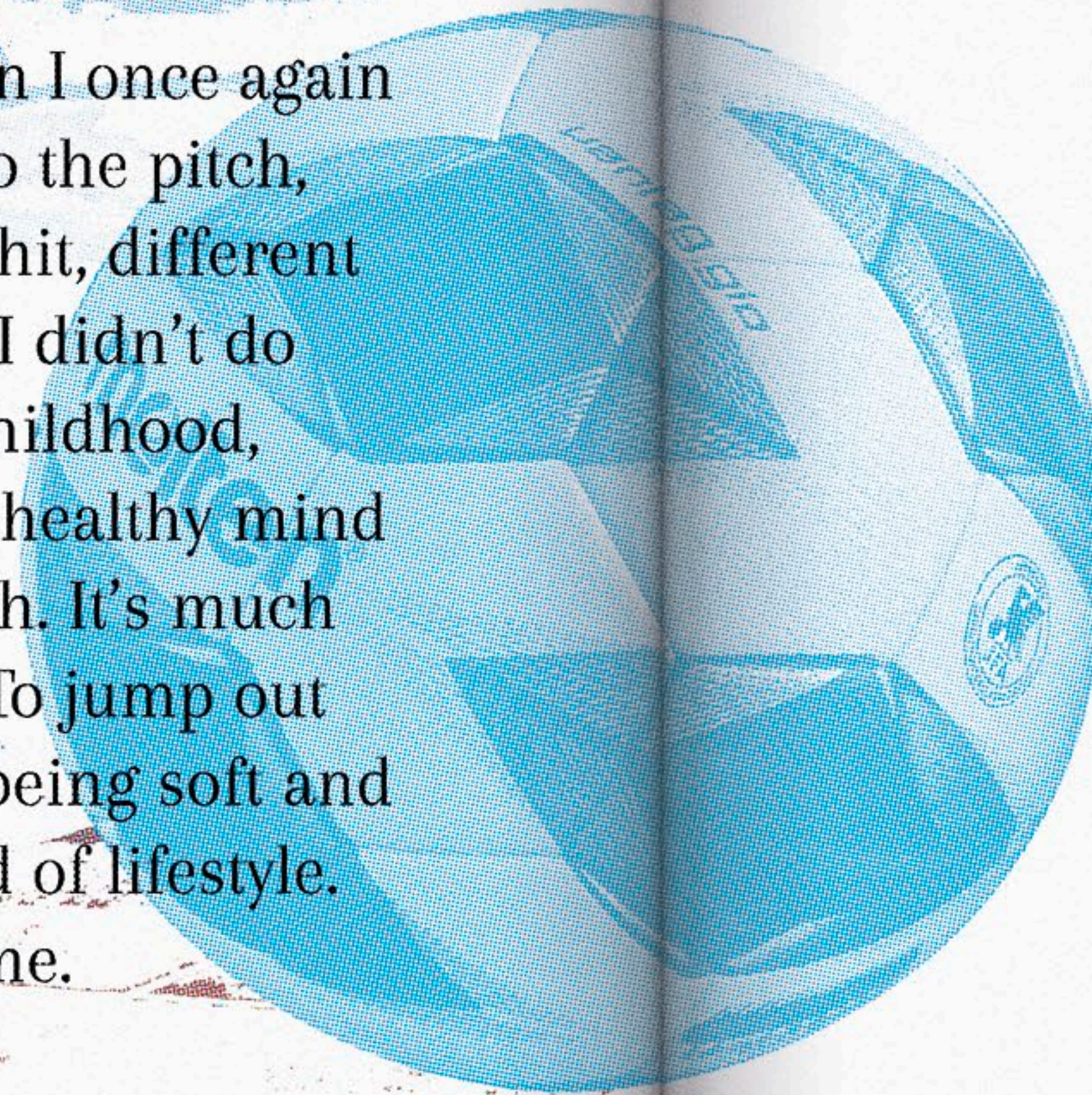
In my last high school year, when I once again brought my melancholic eyes to the pitch, my PE teacher told me “Same shit, different year, huh”. I am quite sad that I didn’t do much physical activity in my childhood, because a healthy body leads a healthy mind and I have had trouble with both. It’s much harder to start later on in life. To jump out of the comfortable position of being soft and weak and to cultivate a new kind of lifestyle. Shame was laying his eyes on me.

For the past few years, I have started jogging and exercising more. It wasn’t until a few months back when I really felt I had started to work on my body. I finally found some courage to go to the gym. The ultimate man space where my skinny body couldn’t fit.

Greek Gods
Explosive Muscles
Tight Clothing
Sweat and Growls
Cleaning Agent
Strange Equipment
Noisy EDM Beat

Breathe In,
Breathe Out,
You Can Do This!

Before coming here I read some articles on how to get over the fear of going to the gym. They said that nobody is actually interested in you. Everyone is busy watching themselves, enjoying the sight of their biceps tightening and getting loose again. It’s a masculine spectacle of bodies. One of being able to lift those weights, to have power, durability and to become harder, faster, stronger. All I fear is that they see my incompetence and crush me with their thumbs.



Once I packed my bag for a gym workout the wrong way. Without further thinking I took my pink towel with me instead of the usual black. Eventually, after the training, when making my way to the shower, I slipped into panic finding it in my bag. My masculinity would soon be shattered. I considered not going to the shower, but then again, this wasn't really an option. So I held my breath and ran to the shower, grasping the towel tightly around me. Few saw me but in the end it didn't matter. I wasn't embarrassed anymore.

1. Do not loiter around

I am definitely a beta among all those alpha males and interestingly I am not the only one. There are some others, with all kinds of body shapes. I have come to think that my skinny body is there to make the others feel better, but some other betas are also there to help the alphas.



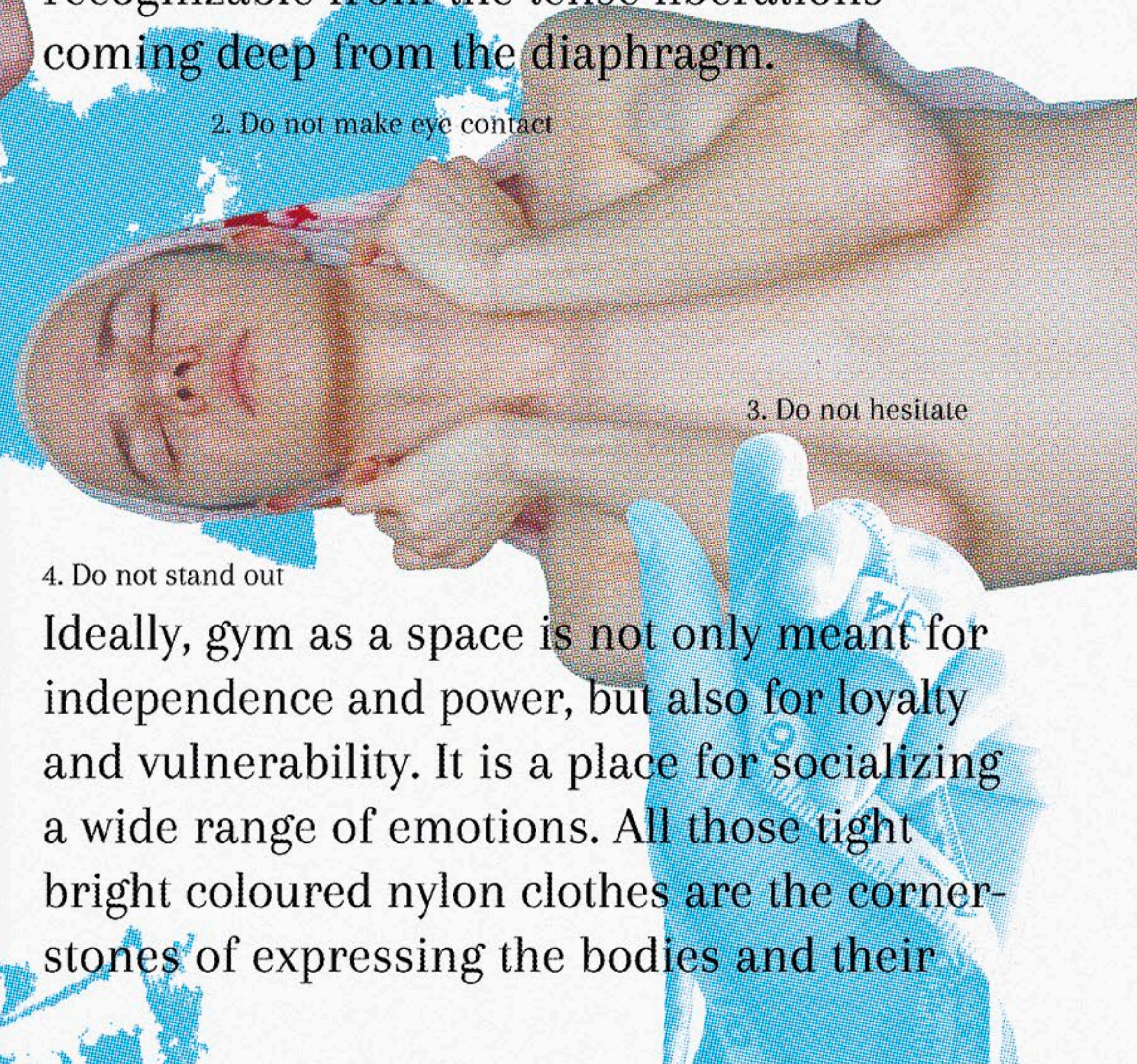
Oftentimes I have seen a big bodybuilder ask for some help to lift real heavy dumbbells together in order to start the training. It is something that needs to be done. Furthermore, it is better to have someone close, when a person is doing chest press with large weights. Just in case they may slip, have a weak second. Those moments are usually recognizable from the tense liberations coming deep from the diaphragm.

2. Do not make eye contact

3. Do not hesitate

4. Do not stand out

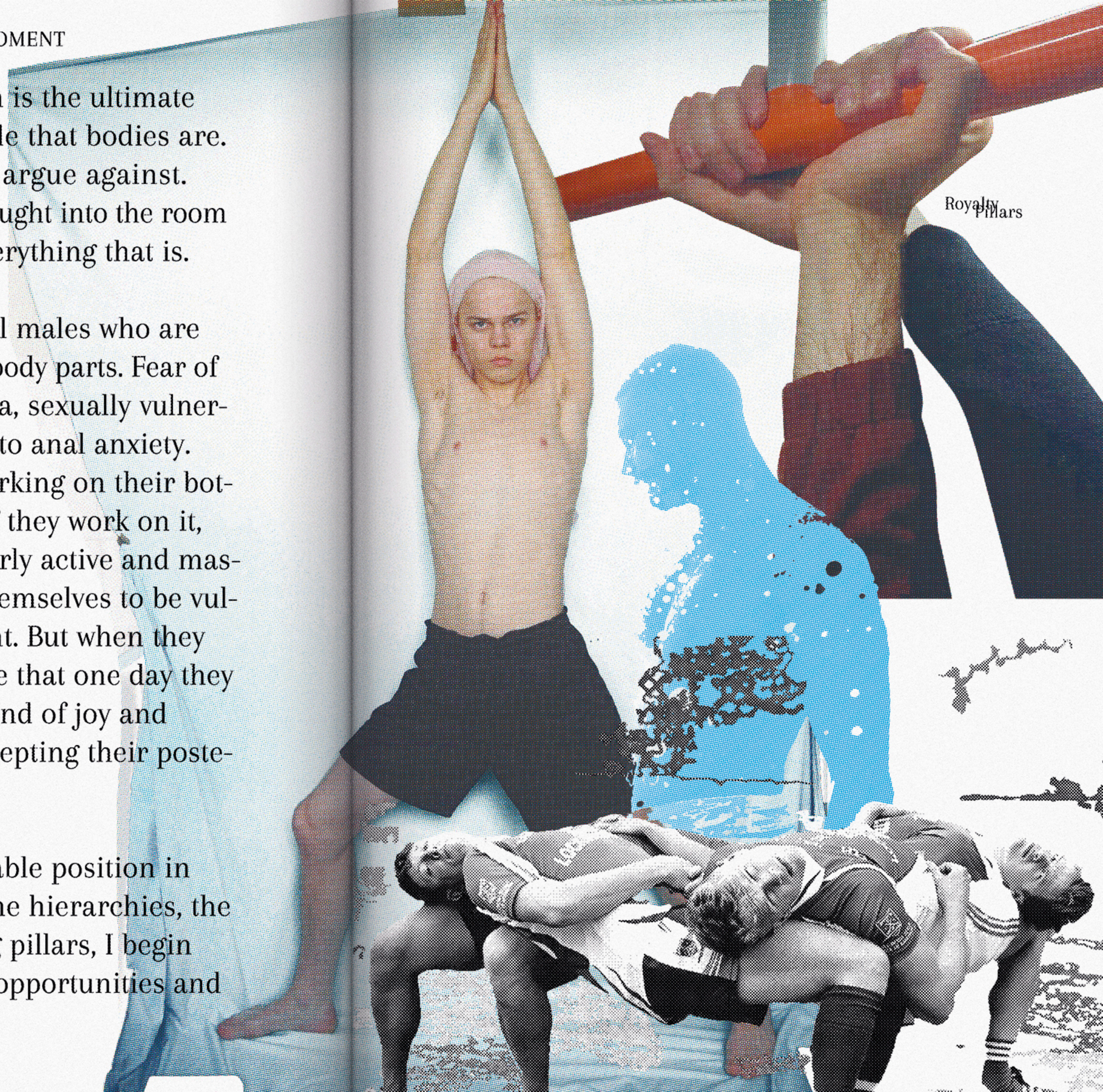
Ideally, gym as a space is not only meant for independence and power, but also for loyalty and vulnerability. It is a place for socializing a wide range of emotions. All those tight bright coloured nylon clothes are the cornerstones of expressing the bodies and their



sexuality underneath. Gym is the ultimate celebration of the spectacle that bodies are. Still, there are many who argue against. Toxic masculine energy brought into the room quite often demolishes everything that is.

For instance, there are still males who are ashamed of some of their body parts. Fear of being seen as passive, beta, sexually vulnerable, has led some men into anal anxiety. Not wanting to be seen working on their bottom or exposing it. Even if they work on it, they still try to remain overly active and masculine. They don't allow themselves to be vulnerable even for a moment. But when they eventually do, and I believe that one day they will, they will find a new kind of joy and freedom from proudly accepting their posterior as part of their body.

After finding my comfortable position in the gym, understanding the hierarchies, the royalty and the supporting pillars, I begin to explore group training opportunities and



find my way to yoga. Sitting on the green coloured mat I find out that to my surprise there are more men than I expected. Four of us.



We start the training sitting cross-legged, breathing in and out, calming ourselves down, forgetting our day so far. The teacher says that today's lesson concentrates on finding balance in our breath and in our body. We focus on finding stability while remaining a little longer in poses like —

Plank

Standing Bow

Downward-Facing Dog

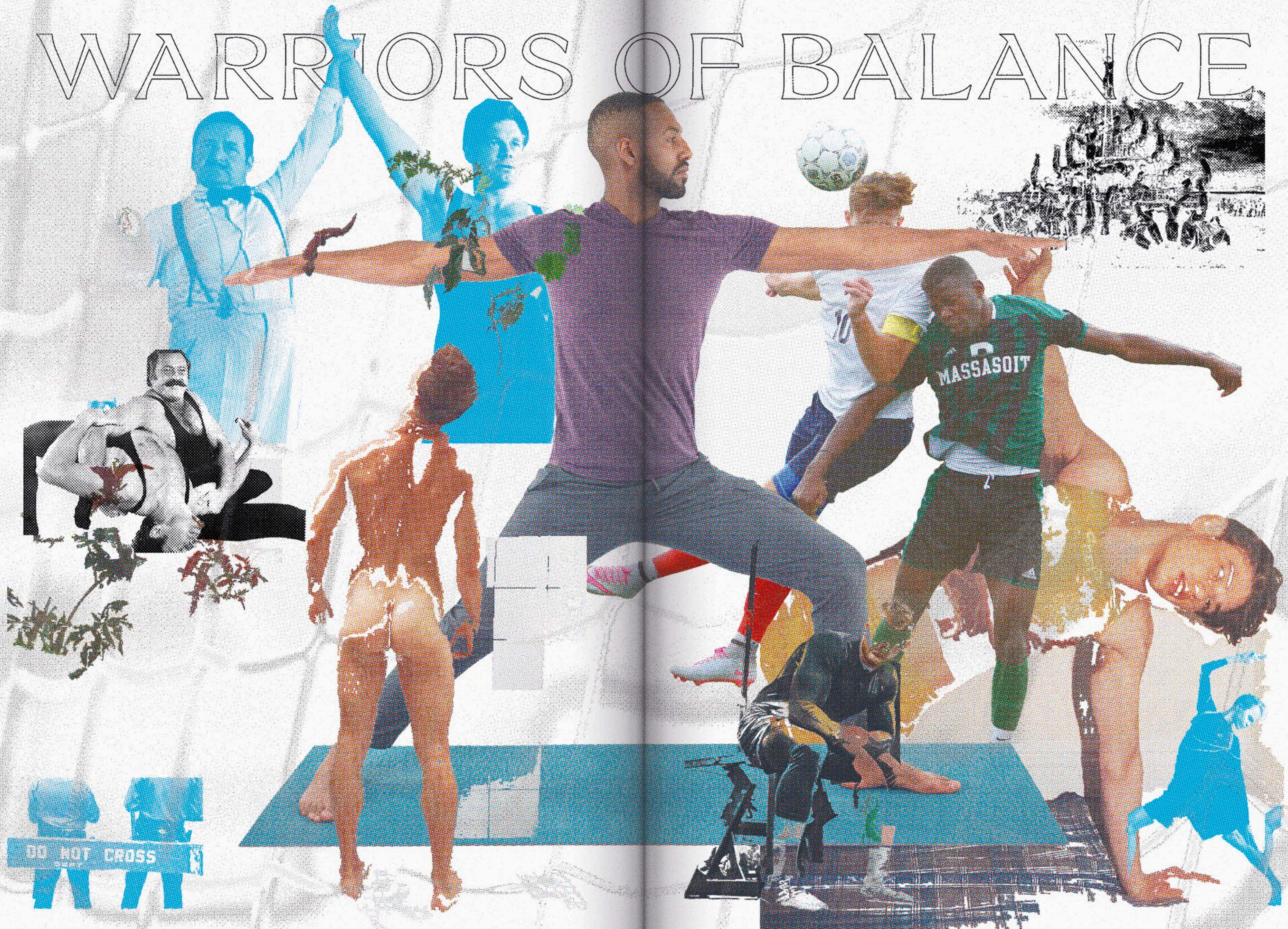
My favourite pose is Warrior II. It makes me feel invincible.

Each yoga class our teacher opens up balance from a new aspect. She quite often says that the aim of this class is to find balance in here and in here, pointing her fingers to her head, body and to the mat. I always thought that she was talking about finding it in ourselves and in our lives. Only now I've realised that she was talking about seeking it also in this room, in this facility.



It isn't just a yoga class as one might think. It is the ultimate pillar of this gym. Without it, this space would crumble. We are creating space for a much-needed equilibrium, seeking stability between the masculine and feminine and every other energy. Denying gym as a male space, but rather a space for all. We are opening an access, a road for making new healthy

WARRIORS OF BALANCE



DO NOT CROSS

connections. We are the warriors of balance. By finding control over our bodies, we invite our mind to come to an alignment. While being the master of the physical, we find power and courage to be master of the mental. Seeking one's own voice is a difficult path, but the only one.

I look truth in its eyes
and I marvel at its beauty.

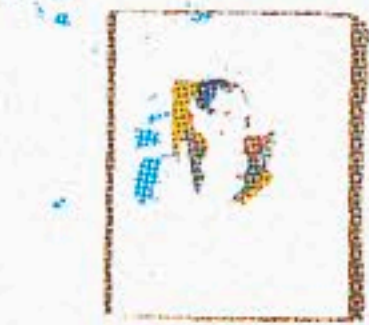
We are raising one hand after the other, taking the deepest breaths of our lives. The floor starts to shake and our bodies start to shiver. We are whispering the prayers, channelling the energy, inviting back the elements. Too long has there been a reign of one. For too long the others have been losing amidst it all. We are raising our voices, speaking the unheard, setting it all free with no harm made.



EPILOGUE



新天地
NEW TIMES



EvShiftings

The game was tense. The teams fought with all the knowledge and power they had. They all wanted to win, they were desperate to win. Storm and tears were flowing when they faltered. Joy and ecstasy was expressed when they were getting ahead. To find strength is to find fragility. Nothing is ever complete or in a final state of power. All is evolving, shifting.

The game lasted for hours, years, centuries or perhaps just a second. Suddenly I knew it was over. I don't remember who won but I have a strong feeling that it was a tie. Everyone is here and making their way to the pitch in order to celebrate, to dance. Among many others there is the mind, the look and the body dancing with dreams and the ethereal tales of the universe. This is the moment.

THIS IS THE MOMENT

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Tallinn 2020

