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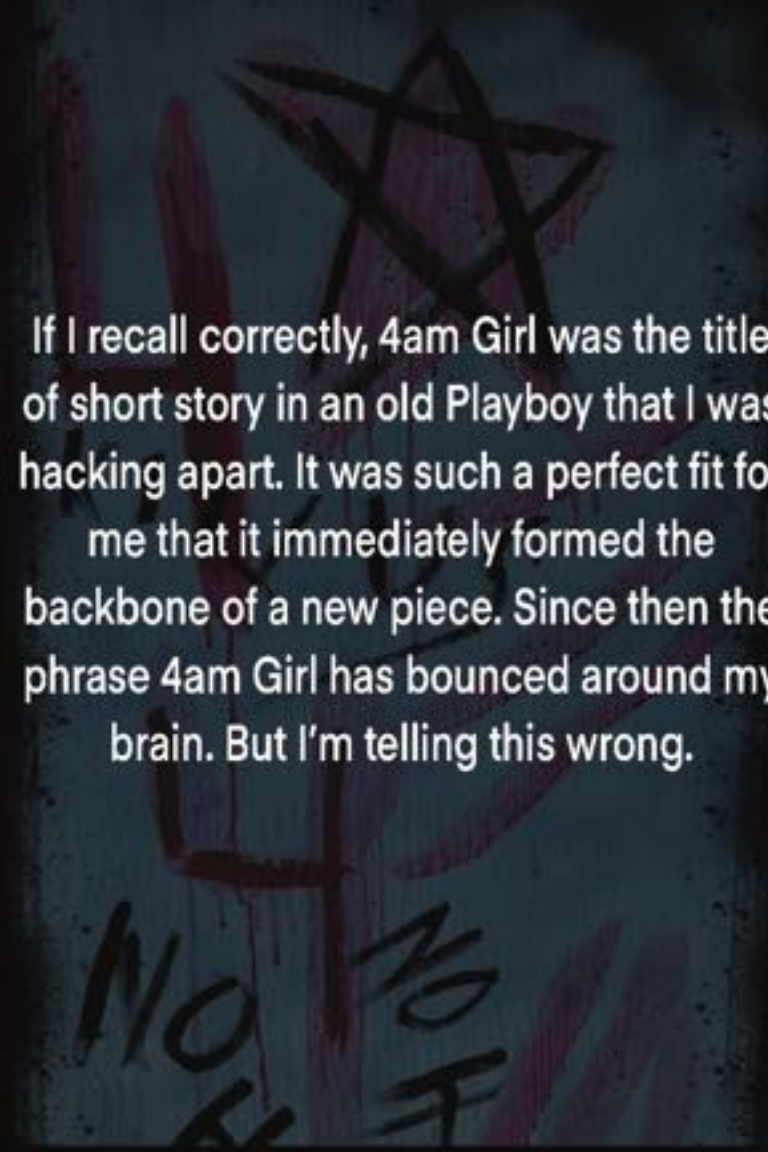
*trigger warning*

Welcome my friends to a special issue of Trigger Warning. This entire issue is dedicated to my recent solo exhibition 4am Girl and her sister exhibition Blank White Life. Many of you folks don't live near enough to have made it to the show and wanted to provide a chance for you all to take a look. This was a big undertaking and I am so so proud of it.

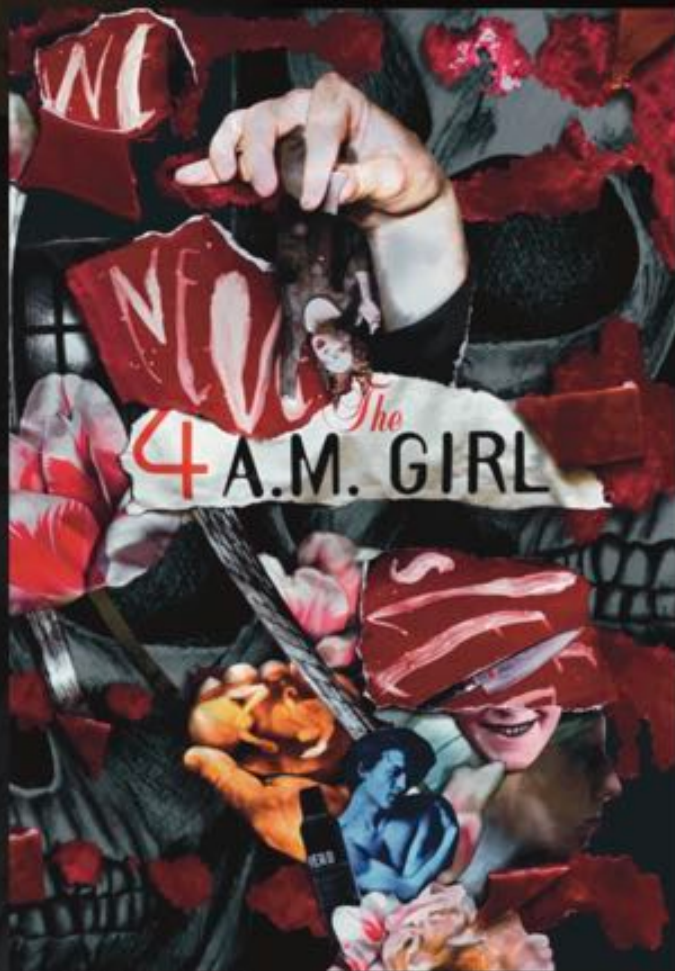
The idea for this exhibition came to me during a sleepless night. I have very many of those. I don't have trouble falling asleep. I have trouble staying asleep. I wake up nearly everyday at 4 in the morning. My dreams wake me up. They have for years. At least, I thought they were MY dreams.

Sometimes I fall back to sleep. Other times I find myself in the studio working. It was on such a night that 4am Girl was born.

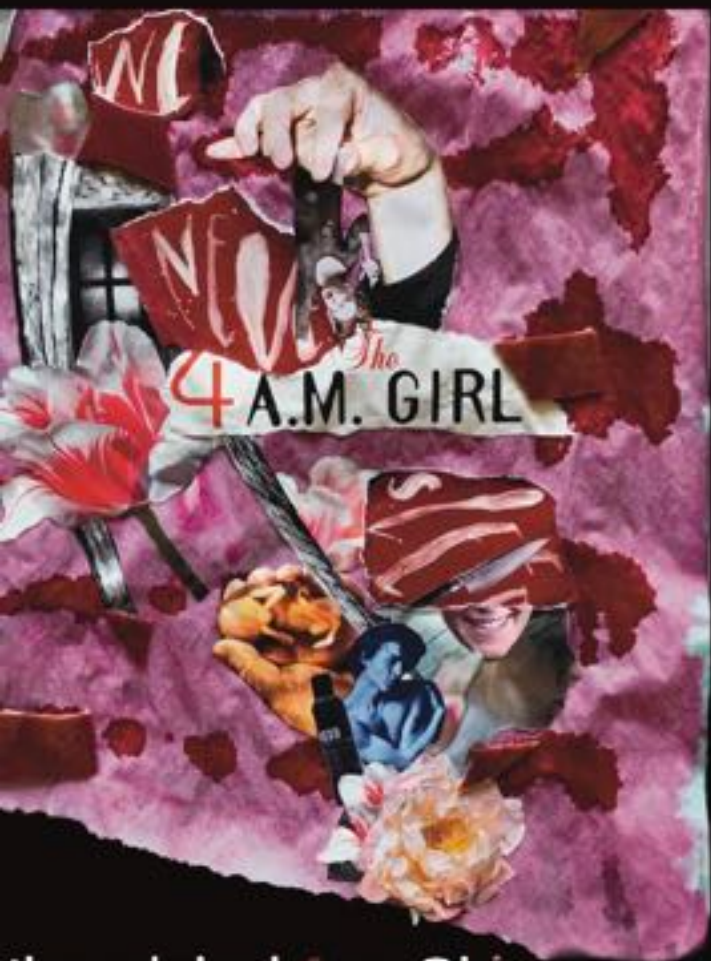




If I recall correctly, 4am Girl was the title of short story in an old Playboy that I was hacking apart. It was such a perfect fit for me that it immediately formed the backbone of a new piece. Since then the phrase 4am Girl has bounced around my brain. But I'm telling this wrong.



digital collage  
based on the original



the original 4am Girl  
piece

approx 10" x 14"



The 4am Girl was not born that night. She was born years earlier. Not six years ago when I woke up one day and felt the overwhelming need to learn to draw, something I had never been interested in. It wasn't eight years ago when I began to collage. The 4am Girl was born decades back. The 4am Girl was not just a poetic metaphor for my insomnia and my compulsive work. She was real. As real as me.

She was me. That is how it seemed from the outside. But from inside I knew differently. She was not me but She was born from me. She was my protector, my shield, created to guide a little kid with big emotions that she did not understand and that none of her caregivers were interested in understanding.



"awake 4 evr"

6" x 6" collage on paper  
photographed on concrete

♂ ✨ ⊙ ♀  
← This is our blood

The central  
hallway  
from my  
studio  
I painted  
most of

TO THE  
SHOW

4  
KILL US  
4  
NO  
H F

Mass Times  
I don't remember  
Daguer (this)  
Find it later





I included  
dozens of  
drawings



I draw 1000 hrs a yr

i could close my eyes but

i don't

i could go to sleep

it

i won't

i won't



on't stop thinking

i won't stop worrying

i won't stop wondering

i used to think this was a curse

used to comfort myself among

th

tran

ell of



I needed someone to hold my anger because when it was visible I was punished. I needed someone to hide my fear because when it was visible I was mocked. I needed someone to bury my sadness, to camouflage my , loneliness, because when these were visible people tried to fix me.

No one would listen to a misbehaving child. Everyone loved a charming, fearless, mature and well mannered one. I thought I had become one. But I hadn't. I had created one. And I had asked too much of her.

She was broken. She held a lifetime of my unfeelt emotions. She was suffering and I had forgotten that she even existed. But she had found a way. It was art. This was her art. These were her thoughts. It was her pain. She would make me see and we weren't going to stop creating until I did.



HEA

342

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♀

♀

♂

||

"she/her"

★

I

→

★

she/her is a pair of complimentary pieces

digital photo/digital collage

pieces respectively a single are combined here forming piece

The lack of sleep was killing me. But I kept waking up and I kept working. Collaging clocks, cuts, blood, starving bodies. Drawing that face, that same face, her face. I didn't want to work. I wanted to go back to sleep. I could not. I was not in charge, not anymore. I was at the mercy of the 4am Girl.

She drove me relentlessly. In 2 yrs I, she, we had created hundreds and hundreds of collages and drawings. We had taken thousands of photos and filled many hundreds of pages with our poetry. But creating wasn't enough.

It wasn't enough for me to know her and her story. The outside minds, the public, the family, the friends, they needed to see who she was. They needed to know how she suffered.

4am Girl is Her show. It is Her skill, Her Drive, Her discipline. I could not do this. This is Her Story told as She wished it to be. Thank you so much for listening to Her. Thank you for seeing Us as We are.





# 4am Girl

an exhibition by Iden Crockett

3/15/24 - 4/10/24

111 corry st yellow springs oh 45387

KOMPOSTER II

# my blank white life

TRIGGER WARNING  
Post @ The entrance  
to MBW

↑ This says  
"what a waste"



**TRIGGER WARNING**

blood, nudity, suicide, self injury, eating disorders


Blank White Life is the final evolution of a project begun in 2021. I had named that project the Beverly Chillz Project. The origin of this project is a long story, one that I will share with you, but not here. Here I will jump ahead to the day I received a gift from a friend.

Beverly Chillz began with a plain, white, plastic mask gifted to me by a friend.

I put on the mask, sat in front of the mirror, and knew immediately that this project would be very different from what I had envisioned. This mask was not meant for me. It was for Her. This mask was the canvas that She had been waiting for.

This would not be like anything we had done. She made that clear to me from the first. I wasn't sure what this art would be but, I knew it was going to be **dark**. I knew that it was going to hurt. I knew that there would be blood and I knew that I was not going to stand in the way of any of it.





4am Girl

the art and words  
of  
IDEN CROCKETT

exhibition opening 3/15

111 Corey St Yellow Springs OH 45387

PROMO POSTER #15





My Broken Angel



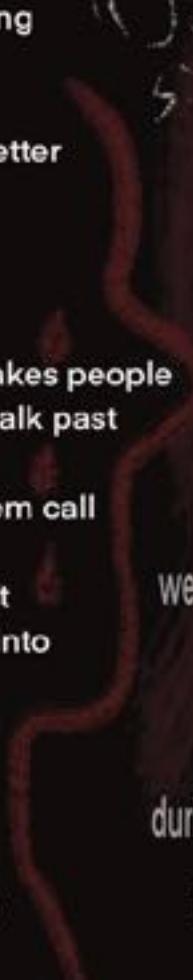
We cried here



My Mas A

i cannot  
translate  
the final  
piece in  
the exhibit  
a shrine  
for a  
broken  
hero

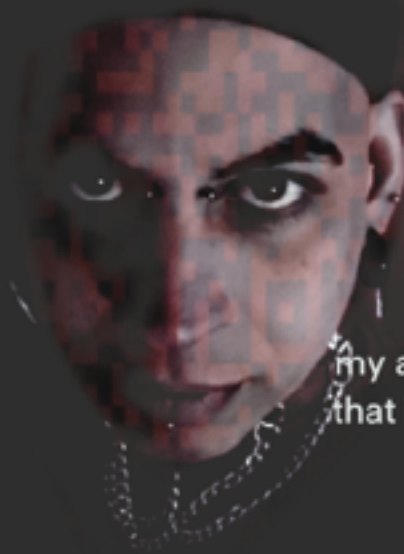
She has  
a 20'  
wingspan  
we sat  
together  
many times  
here  
surrounded  
by the work  
of 3 sleep  
less  
years



i am not crazy  
but i am sick  
the only crazy thing  
i've ever done  
was to believe  
that i could get better  
but this sort of  
sick isn't the sort  
that goes away  
this sort of sick  
is the one that makes people  
whisper as you walk past  
the sort of sick  
that will make them call  
you crazy  
until you believe it  
until you carve it into  
your chest  
but i'm not  
crazy  
don't let  
them say i was  
i was never crazy  
i was just sick  
just sick

((( just  
sick )))

we wrote more than  
500  
Poems  
during the 30 months  
covered in the  
exhibition



my art is a suicide  
that i commit  
each day  
to survive  
my art is a pain  
that i inflict  
each day  
to remember  
the time  
when i  
felt  
alive  
my art is a scream  
that i've screamed  
each day  
hoping to  
be heard  
because  
my insides  
aren't visible  
to  
your naked  
eyes

invisible  
and  
screaming







# SICK HOT

they told me my scars were beautiful  
they told me they were badges of honor

proof of bravery and heroism and survival

old folks that is a sick sick bitch  
to get's hard when she's dead

who doesn't give a fuck anymore  
about who knows and who sees

i told them i am a crazy fiend  
who should be in a cage

for them to poke and study

filling graph after graph with my rage

i told them fuck off with that

all of that positivity bullshit

like fucked up brat who loves being

ruined and loves to fucking out and aint ever gonna quit

and when i was done screaming

they put their arms around me

and told me they understood

and cried and cried and cried

because i am a sick sick bitch

and i am so fucking tired

This is the end

Thank

you  
for

Looking

AT

OUR

ART







