

**FINAL PROJECT
SUBMITTED TO
ZOONA KUNDI**

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CRITICAL PEDAGOGY IN ART EDUCATION
2020**

1. PROPOSAL FOR A VIDEO PROJECT.

Title: The Three Musketeers

Length of video: 5 min

Objective:

To create a thought provoking video that addresses the relationships of individuals that are not highlighted in the usual run of life. A critical, post-modernist approach aimed at analyzing the established conventional norms of our society through absurd satire.

Concept:

Stimulating critical consciousness by highlighting the complex social issues of race, gender, sexism, and conformity. Challenging the social injustice, socio-political ideology and fixated mindsets in a subliminal fashion. Playing around with the thin line between sane and insane.

Synopsis:

Three apparently progressive characters: a Racist, a Conformist and a Feminist deep in conversation at a psychiatrist's clinic awaiting their turn. The fourth is an absentee character; that of the psychiatrist. All three are successful activist in their own fields but do not want the fact that they are also psychological patients to be disclosed. What ensues is a battle of words each proving him/herself sane and the other insane. As the plot develops a phone is used at different intervals as 'cue' to register the presence of the doctor already attending to a patient. That invisible patient is the only registered "patient" as far as those three are concerned. Each maintains their worldly self-image but also keeps acting out of character defying the projected image of sanity. Until one by one they exit the area tired of waiting but more apprehensive of what the other might think.

Target audience:

This video is intended for a varied demographic. The varied age groups will be able to connect to the characters at a personal level. The scenarios projected will be realistic hence, relatable. The viewer will be invoked to analyze their pre-conceived notions of 'self' as a vital part of a primary unit (family) and a bigger secondary unit (community).

2 .PERSONAL NARRATIVE 1: SHORT STORY

A conversation between 2 characters- the YOUNG Rabia (Y) and the OLD Rabia (O). A gap of 20 years between them.

The conversation between them is a direct and indirect influence of this and many other courses I have attended in the MA AE so far. It has connotative references but the translation will be different for each reader. Both characters analyze their own views on life based on the experience they have had with it.

JUMP

Y: This wall is sooo high... the view from up here is amazing.

O ... HALOOO...

U down there!

O: ARE YOU CRAZY!! It is too high. What are you doing up there.

Y: HIGH ... humph. What do you know? I will jump as well.

O: You fool! You will break your bones.

Y: Naa... I will get a few scratches. I know how to land.

O: What if you fracture a bone!

Y: HAHA... These are not OLD bones. They are young and supple. God! You're such a scardy-cat!

O: A WISE OWL thank you very much! Certainly not a fool playing dare-devil. Youth is illusive. Experience is gold. My 'jumps' are not mere gestures of changing a 'place'. I have waded through fire, treaded thorn-ridden paths to understand the meaning of life... love...!

Y: U mean FEAR. All I see is fear. So in all these years you have come to love –fear! You talk about life and love. To be un-bound and unchained! To be full of zest and zeal. What is life without adventure? Seeking the unknown not fearing it! I 'might' make a mistake. So what! It will teach me something.

O: 'Mistakes' are not easily forgiven nor forgotten. That is a rule of life. You want to go to uncharted territories then you will need caution and patience. Seems like you have evolved from 'apes'. I was born human. CAREFUL! You might fall off your 'high' wall.

Y: Look it's not that high. Just 10 feet. I have the body and agility of an athlete. Gymnastics are the current love of my life. Swinging from one rope to the other. Have you ever done that-before you became an old moron. Do you know what it feels like to be up in the air with nothing holding you? The feel of the wind rushing against your face. Striking the air as you soar towards goal. Absolutely sure that you will hit the mark.

O: AAA yes... your misguided sense of adventure. What is the purpose of this reckless adventure? All the junkies started off on an adventure with some substance or the other. Frankly, you seem to be as deranged as them perched on that high wall trying to sound all 'high and mighty'.

Y: humph! Isn't life a series of highs and lows? But how would you know... crawling ... as if glued to the ground. When was the last time you imagined yourself flying in the air? Huh!! To be free.... Unchained....life needs to be LIVED! Breathe-smell-touch-taste-hear and thought will flow as naturally as a river running down the mountain.

O: O... I love flying. I am not at all against flying. But we are not birds. Birds were made so, that they can fly. We are 'different'. We need not become a bird to fly. Technology has enabled us to fly-safely! Do you forget we learn to walk and talk before we can do anything else!

Y: ENOUGH with your philosophies! Last time I jumped from an 8 feet wall. Now I jump from a 10 feet wall.

.....HERE.....

.....I.....

.....GO.....

O: NO WAIT STOP.... U IDIOT!!!

Y: Hey... Relax... Nothing will happen!

O: you don't know that.

Y: I DO know!!! I have done this before.

O: THIS ... is dangerous.

Y: NO... it isn't.

O: is the ground soft or hard??

Y: OMG ... THERE R STONES ...ALL I SEE ARE STONES >> HAHAHA

O: you should use a ladder to climb down. The point is to get to the other side. Please use a ladder.

Y: OOO ... Will you stop with your fears and suspicions... you are ridiculous this is not such a high wall...

.....YUPPEEEEE.....

THUMP!

O: NOO ... SHIT ... ARE U OK... ARE YOU HURT.....? IS EVERYTHING OK?

CAN YOU HEAR ME...?

PLEASE REPLY ...

PLEASE...

Y: BO ...hahahahaha

O: It's YOU... no wonder you sounded so familiar..... You're OK? ... Thank god!

Y: see ... I told you... nothing will happen to me.

O: I'm glad. How are you?

Y: I'm sooo excited. I broke my own record. Jumped a 10 feet wall.

O: Oo the wall... where is it? I can't see it ... there is no wall ... you were probably day dreaming.

Y: No ... I was not day dreaming ... I jumped from this wall... it was right behind you!

O: ok... ok... enough of the wall business let's go and chat

Y: GO WHERE!!! We are surrounded with walls. Looks like you live in a box!

O: there are no walls ... it's an open space... I guess you are tired and daydreaming.

Y: humph!! You old hag you must be as blind as a bat! How can you not see these walls?

O: forget the walls just start walking...

Y: Whoa... do you want me to bang my head against a wall.

O: NO... NO ... listen to me ... just walk and keep walking Let's go already!!

Y: stop I will get hurt... stop ... YOU FOOL....

PAUSE

O: SEE ... Did you bang your head? Are you hurt? I told you... you will be fine... open your eyes.

Y: WOOOOWWW!!!! I can't believe it....I actually walked through a wall!! This is the greatest adventure of my life!! I have been dreaming to do this for a long time.

O: O GODDD!!! You and your walls ... you're so stuck on walls. How can on walk through walls. I guess you must be really tired and hallucinating. You rest now. We will talk more when you have rested!

The End.

3. PERSONAL NARRATIVE: INTERVIEW

I record the interview with Rubab Said an Electronics engineer – graduate of GIKI a straight “A” student and her challenges through the academic part of her life. I will focus on the part of her life that formed her as a person -the formal (institutions/academic) and informal (home/personal).An introvert by nature, born and raised in a unique system where her father’s first and second wife lived in the same space as a single unit. She is the second born out of a total of five siblings. She shares her experiences of the most significant formative years of her life by far.

Formal

Schooling

- Primary:

My primary education was in Sudan, in an American school. My first memory of school; learning new things, competing against others. I was not fond of second place, however it was different in primary education where there was no pressure to perform, and a serene and wholesome time. They provided education without any grading system. This left you to set your own goals and to reach them on your own accord. I was quite interested in non-academic activities as well, however the pressure to perform in those fields was too intimidating for me. Whichever field/subject that I felt I had an upper hand in automatically made me more confident and gave me enough courage to take charge and enjoy. Working with people who were less skilled than me made me comfortable because I could control the dynamic but working with people who were on par or more skilled than me was intimidating to say the least.

- Middle:

We had returned to Pakistan. In grade 5 the grading system was introduced; you were labelled first, second and third based on your academic skills, how well you performed on the specified subject. This did not present itself as a problem until I started getting extreme reactions from teachers who taught the subjects in which my performance dropped below average. I handled this by choosing to repeat grade 7, my parents were supportive and this relieved those academic pressures. At this point I was content with everything except my extracurricular activities that I yearned to participate in but never did because I felt that the instructors weren’t interested in teaching me. My performance in academic subjects very heavily depend on the type of teacher I ended up with.

- O levels:

In my O levels I was surrounded by underdogs. The same system now highlighted me as a high achiever solely based on the fact that I was being compared to those who achieved less than me. The entire focus was grades.

- A levels:

In A levels I changed to a different school system. I was much more relaxed. This administration relieved me of the pressure of achieving grades however as an 'activity based' format; networking and social skills were a necessary component- where I lacked. Despite the fact that I went down grade-wise but due to various excellent instructors I was able to turn it around in the second year leading up to the selection of my undergraduate field.

- **Undergraduate Degree:**

Ever since the first time my father taught me how to change a light bulb, I was always curious about how things worked. I choose electronics engineering. The first year was a breeze because A-levels had set me up for it. My confidence and social skills flourished perhaps due to the demographics-it was community not just an institute. I lived with my peers and instructors within the same area for 4months at a stretch with the breaks in between semesters for 4 years. Perhaps due to my age I brought a certain level of maturity which helped boost my confidence in dealing with my peers. I had cracked my shell. Networking and socializing my newfound skills. I was an active member of the student activities and a spokesperson for the student body throughout my time there. I participated in all the extracurricular activities except for public speaking. I walked away with a "lady of the batch" award!

Informal

My childhood was spent in a very carefree manner with no pressures visive educational performance from ALL three parents. This attitude was maintained all through my academic years. The domestic environment was relatively peaceful and free of conflicts. Having a self-image of being more mature than my siblings thus perceiving them as underdogs at an intellectual and physical level I was able to take charge at home despite being an introvert. There is not much to add here because regardless of my age, institute, location, performance the environment at home remained consistently supportive towards my personal goals. On social events and gatherings- we had a sociable and outgoing lifestyle- I was not bound to perform or participate if I did not want to. I maintained a normal healthy relationship with my siblings. Playing, fighting, and crying making-up and repeat. Anticipating the expectations of my elders was my hallmark. Inadvertently I was perceived as a star-child at home and elsewhere.

Sadly the educational system I had at my disposal was lacking in providing support in areas where my ambitions lied. And unfortunately now when my children also enter school I see no change between then to now!