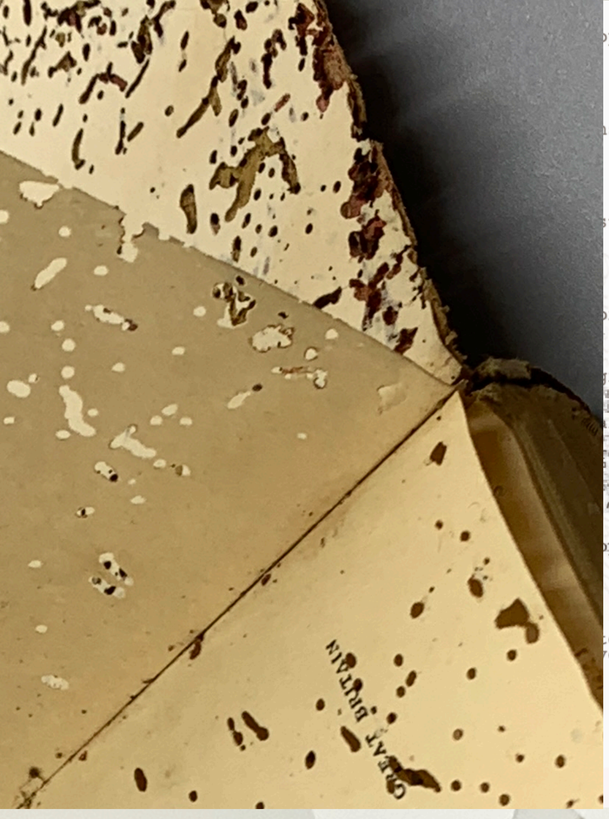

GREAT BRITAIN

I chose to use my own memory as material, because I needed something that involved metacognitive content.
So I decided to start with a very personal event from my childhood.

One day, my mom said to me, “Do you remember telling your grandma that your stepfather was like a babysitter?”
But I had no memory of it at all, and I felt that as a child, I probably wouldn’t have used such a mean description—especially for someone who had always been kind to me.
That led me to explan or revise this memory.

Adults usually do not remember their childhood experiences clearly. They remember events, but they cannot recreate how things worked or felt in the past.

So I input fragmented memories—already detached from their original context—into the code using a documentary font.
I divided them into two opposing types of texts: explain the memory and revise the memory.

The number of explanatory or revising fragments determines the text size, and an evolving code generates the memory.

Then, I revise these memory outcomes in the present.
After that, I input the revised content back into the code.
These are transformed into abstract events and used to update the vocabulary library.

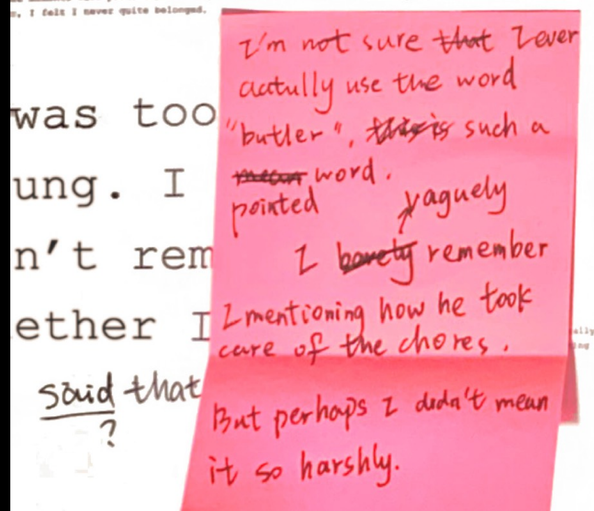
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During the time I was struggling with depression, it was only my father who took me to the hospital, to receive psychological treatment – he stayed with me the whole time. My mother didn't. Not even once. Even when I collapsed crying on the floor, my mother just locked herself in her room.

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After breaking free from he. that
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I suppose that's why I described my
step father that way.— out of an
instinctive rejection.

perhaps I
didn't mean it
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The apartment I rented was flooded. The floor was completely wet. He quietly turned off the tap and told me not to mention it, so that we could have more leverage in the negotiation. I was shocked.All my life, I had thought of him as perfect, I had never seen him lie, I had never seen him do anything questionable.

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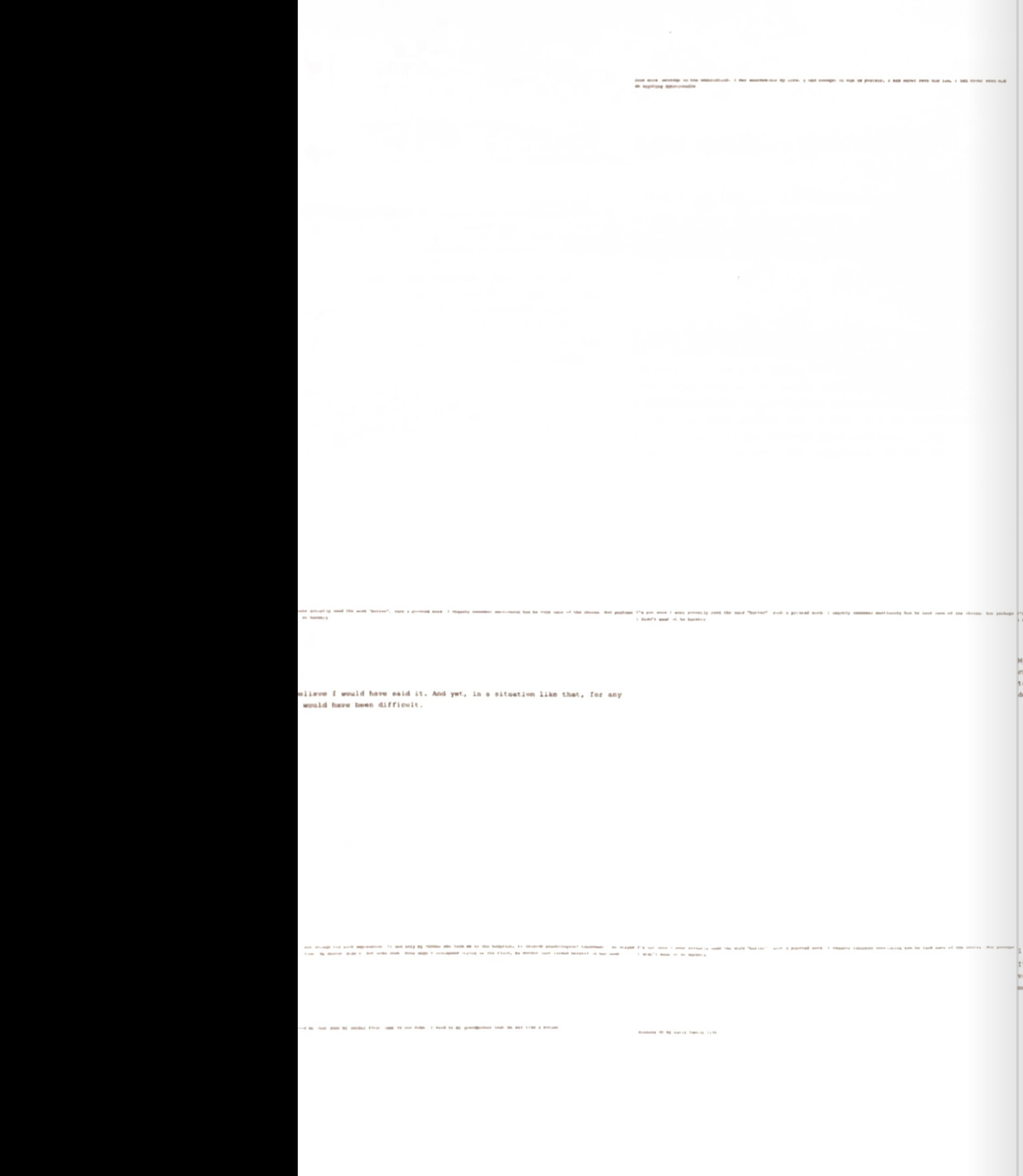
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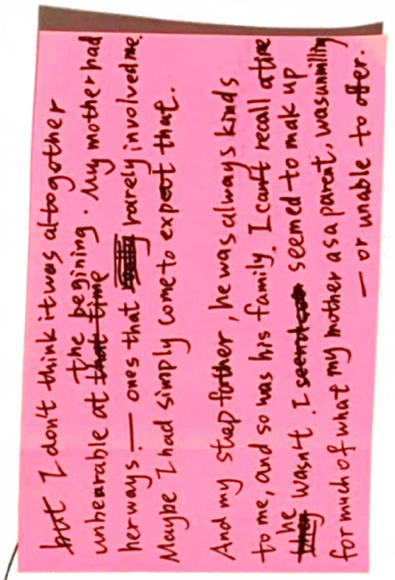
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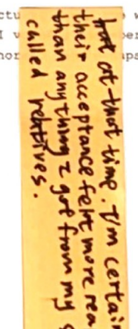
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During the time I was struggling with depression, it was only my father who took me to the hospital, to receive psychological treatment – he stayed with me the whole time. My mother didn't. Not even once. Even when I collapsed crying on the floor, my mother just locked herself in her room.

I talked to my father about it. He said she later avoided it because seeing me like that hurt her too much.

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but I don't think it was altogether unbearable at that time. My mother had her ways — ones that I barely involved me. Maybe I had simply come to expect that.

And my stepfather, he was always kinds to me, and so was his family. I can't recall at the time that it seemed to make up for much of what my mother as a parent, was unwilling — or unable to offer.

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"The more personal, subjective, or individual you are, the more likely the audience is to engage, respond, or reflect.”

That’s why I also want to discuss these memories with others. Based on 4E recognition, as long as a conversation happens around these slices, it becomes part of external cognition—and then enters my own cognition.

So I want to label these discussions and than, based on them, either remain or revise the content.