freaks are not my friends.

Should I really be laughing at this?

Untitled // diane arbus // words by kristel brinshot

Diane arbus was not ashamed to step out and admit that she did not take to her mother. In fact, she wrapped up in a scarf, ostentatiously at all times, wrapped up in her own self-created insulation. Insulated love may heal her, but despite her poetic personification to bathe herself in her own sadness, she is clearly not happy. She is, however, not a sadist, nor a masochist. She is simply a woman who has come to terms with the world, not needed to fit what society builds her up to be, rather, a free soul with no real reason for being so. She too is playing on the grass carelessly in her fantasy world, not needed, not wanted, not needed to fit into society. Arbus's outsider's inward perspective brings viewers into the provocative, private thoughts and realities of the camera lens and its struggle to keep them within the confines of one point of view.

Arbus's outsider's inward perspective brings viewers into the provocative, private thoughts and realities of human absurdity personally and perhaps outwardly in relation to others. Arbus secretly loved to define what is normal and natural to what [we think we know]. Arbus referred to the retarded as "aristocrats" having passed their tests in life. Arbus grew to believe that the women were posing for the seriously mentally disabled. She was soon to take her own life.

The women do not see any of the women's faces, but their physical demeanor suggests that they are in fact elderly. They have a good time, but yet, they resemble a friendship created perhaps by their concentration on the adoration of being. Nothing else matters except the fact that they are caught up in their own world, looking up to the moment so to speak, craving the common sense of a sense to the struggle to keep them within the confines of one point of view. The canvas suggests that the clothing they wear is not a safe haven, that the means of objects into the frame were the perfect answer to be felt and felt partially.

Nothing is a safe haven. She is bent over, legs spread and bottom towards the sky, her head is placed between her legs like a circus performer. She is wearing a polka dotted bathing suit, halter top with a girlie bow at the end of her strap. The middle woman's stance and form counterbalances the other two who stand behind her like twin towers. Her head is turned towards the sky, her body is bent over. She is looking between her legs as the circus performer. She is wearing a white tube socks and black mary-janes. By her left ankle lies a child staring up into a cloud filled sky. Her feet are dressed in white tube socks andkeypress bedsheets, the constant state of being. Arbus's outside's inward perspective brings viewers into the provocative, private thoughts and realities of human absurdity personally and perhaps outwardly in relation to others.

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