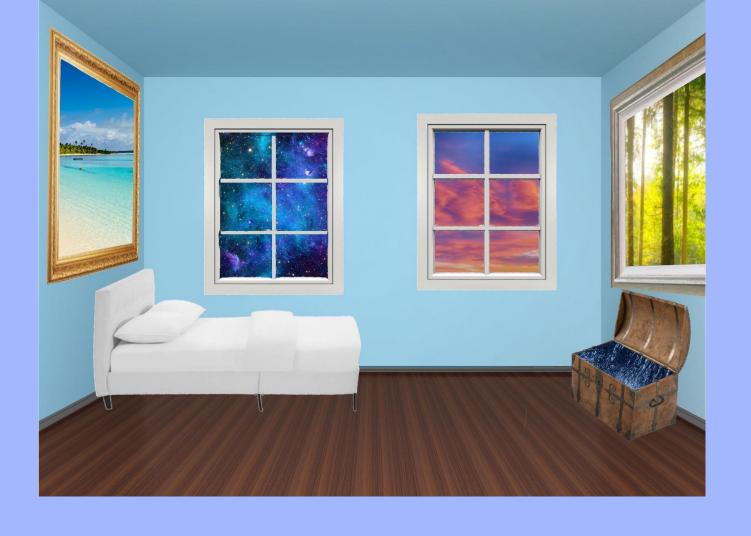
Through the



WINDOW





THESIS

My folkland world is a mixture of many different environments significant to me. I wanted to create a way to share various experiences that hold special memories for me in a fantastical way, strongly inspired by nature and the natural world, and influenced by fantastical concepts and ideas from my childhood. My epicenter is a simple model of my bedroom, to create a grounding location with a safe and familiar feel. From here, the viewer will be able to enter my fantasy world, with an assortment of very different scenes and environments, while still transitioning into each other to become a cohesive shared experience, that viewers can relate to. My folkland is meant to be a glimpse into my mind, and the places, feelings, and experiences fundamental to me and my existence.

FESTIVAL SLIDES



facts

- annual music festival
- Four days
- Based in Chicago
- Many International expansions
- 8 stages

Events

- Music performances
- alternative rock, heavy metal, punk rock, hip hop,
 and electronic music
- non-profit and political groups
- various visual artists

Origin + location

- based in Chicago, Illinois at Grant Park
- created in 1991 by band "Jane's Addiction" as a farewell tour
- Expanded to 2 nights per city
- Eventually stayed in chicago



THEME PARK SLIDES

Galaxy's Edge

Theme Park

Experience

- Immersive
- storytelling components
- engaging environment

Facts

- @ Disneyland Park at the Disneyland Resort in Anaheim, Galifornia, and Disney's Hollywood Studios at the Walt Disney World Resort in Orlando, Florida
- 14 acres
- Began construction in 2016, opened in 2019

Theme + Audience:

- Disney's Star Wars franchise themed
- Target audience is kids, families, and star wars fans

Features + design elements

- development and construction was supervised by Walt Disney Imagineering
- In collaboration with the Lucasfilm Story Group
- Park is set to represent a village from the star wars universe
- features attractions, shops, restaurants, and rides





TALL TALE SLIDES

Tall Tale

How the tiger got his stripes

facts

- Vietnam folk tale: Before "the world was as it is today"
- The tiger: proudest of gods creations
- Greedy, and wanted to be better than man
- Asked man for his wisdom
- Outsmarted by farmer
- Tied with ropes, that became stripes

EXAGGERATIONS

- Animals talking to humans
- "Give me your wisdom"
- Ropes become stripes

Moral of the story

Greed and vanity will lead to misfortune

Internal wisdom is greater than external beauty

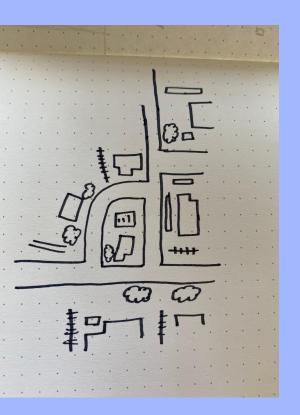


LIL FOLKS BIG TALES



CONCEPT DEVELOPMENT

DOODLE



HAND DRAWN



2D BW RHINO





AUGMENTED NARRATIVE

CONCEPT DEVELOPMENT II STUDIO FOLKLAND // SP 2020

The Widows Watch

The sound of heals and dress shoes pounding on thin wood echos through the old hallway above the dinning hall. Flashes of summer dresses and loosely buttoned dress shirts run by as unsuspecting guests dine below. They arrive at the door, hearts beating, a girl hushes the others as a boy fixes his hair, and slowly opens the wooden door. A gust of cold air emerges from the darkness, and the friends pause a moment, before excitedly rushing single file into the dark and up the steep spiral staircase. And in a tew moments, the sounds of music, soft laughter, and the clinking of glasses from the dinning hall below addes, and they emerge into the small tower. The open windows let the purple light of dusk from the horizon fill the room, the ocean breeze bringing in smells of the salty water and sounds of the crashing waves below.

The Ocean

The girl's breath shudders out of her lungs, careful not to scare the weak flame in her hands, illuminating the familiar faces around her. Waves splash over their bare feet, making cool sand stick to their tanned legs. their sandy hands push the sleek boat out into the black water, sending ripples out into the unknown, weaving into the waves. One of them jumps into it,

not before he snatches the small candle out of the girl's hands. She chases after him into the cold water, as the salty waves tugs her down towards the deep abyss of the ocean. She falls, and finds herself lying in the boat, the others chasing behind and piling in. They collapse to the hull, sighing in unison and lay on their backs as the waves carry them away from the beach. They stare up into the stars, hands intertwined, a tiny, flickering light in an ocean of darkness.

The Sanctuar

The trees towered above the small children as they walked into the dark woods. The sun back lit them and cast the long shadows of their bodies across the mossy ground as they ventured deeper into the thick woods. As they walked, the light faded behind the canopy of leaves that blanketed the sky, as the buzz of the hot sun turned into the rustling of cool wind and anticipation. Everyone was silent, holding their breaths and clutching each other's arms, vigilant and anxious. And suddenly, someone trips on a branch, and the hole group tumbles down with them, and they fall into the light. They lay on their backs, catching their breaths, hearts pounding in the center of a clearing. They made it.





FOCUS AREAS

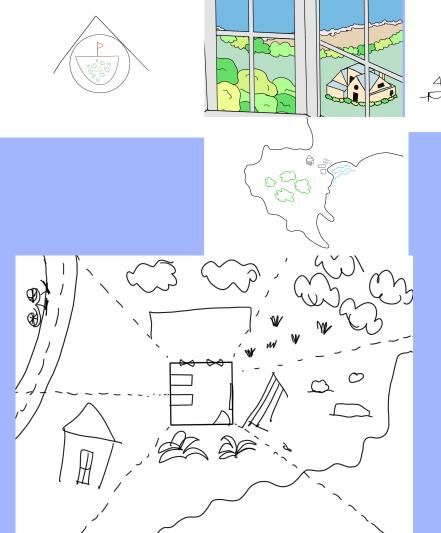


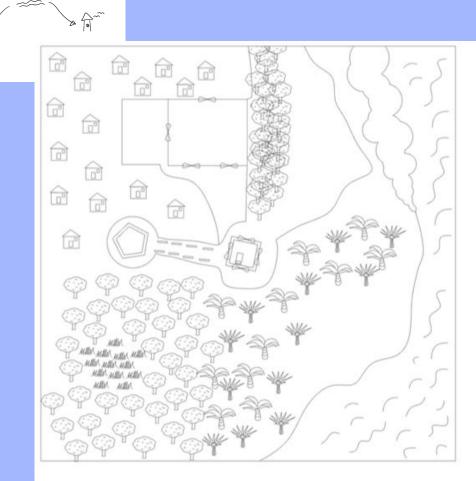
SITE + PROGRAM

THE WHEELER SCHOOL









presentation 101 STUDIO FOLKLAND // SP 2020 AREA 1 (The Sanctuary) | PRECEDENTS



AREA 2 Bali | PRECEDENTS



This light under the sea





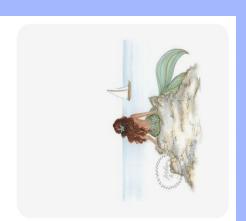
Ocean Water Wall Art Print,... Etsy









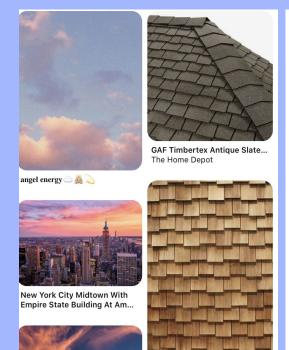


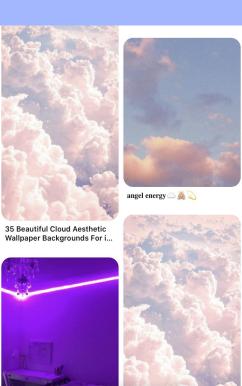




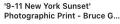


AREA 3 (rooftop) | PRECEDENTS











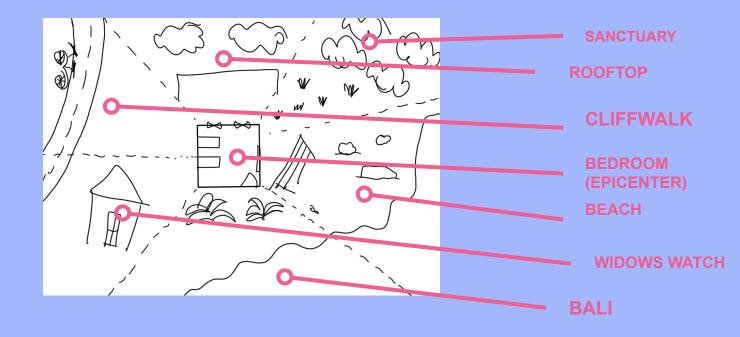
How to Install a Cedar Shingle Roof on a Garden Shed | Hun...



CONCEPT SITE PLAN

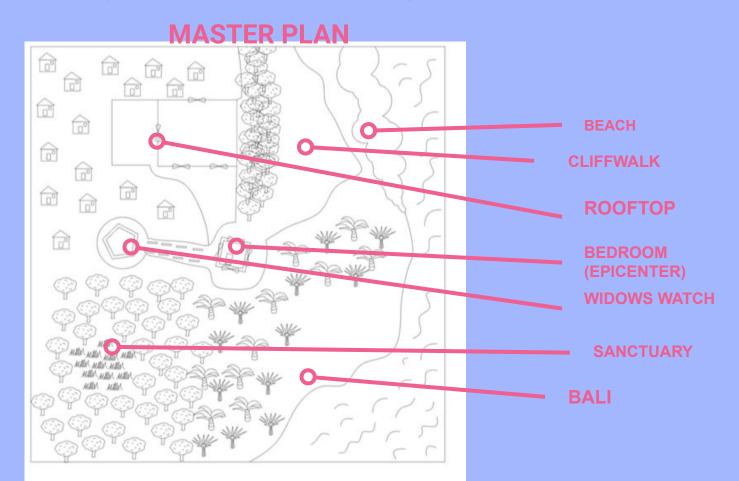
PROGRAM AREAS:

- SANCTUARY
- BALI
- ROOFTOP
- BEDROOM



PROGRAM AREAS:

- SANCTUARY
- BALI
- ROOFTOF
- BEDROOM



My folkland world is a mixture of many different environments significant to me. I wanted to create a way to share various experiences that hold special memories for me in a fantastical way, strongly inspired by nature and the natural world, and influenced by fantastical concepts and ideas from my childhood. My epicenter is a simple model of my bedroom, to create a grounding location with a safe and familiar feel. From here, the viewer will be able to enter my antasy world, with an assortment of very different scenes and environments, while still transitioning into each other to ecome a cohesive shared experience, that viewers can relate to. My folkland is meant to be a glimpse into my mind, and the places, feelings, and experiences fundamental to me and my existence.

STORY LAYOUT

The Ocean

The girl's breath shudders out of her lungs, careful not to scare the weak flame in her hands, illuminating the familiar faces around her. Waves splash over their bare feet, making cool sand stick to their tanned legs, their sandy hands push the sleek boat out into the black water, sending ripples out into the unknown, weaving into the waves. One of them jumps into it, not before he snatches the small candle out of the girl's hands. She chases after him into the cold water, as the salty waves tugs her down towards the deep abyss of the ocean. She falls, and finds herself lying in the boat, the others chasing behind and piling in. They collapse to the hull, sighing in unison and lay on their backs as the waves carry them away from the beach. They stare up into the stars, hands intertwined, a tiny, flickering light in an ocean of darkness.



The Widows Watch

The sound of heals and dress shoes pounding on thin wood echos through the old hallway above the dinning hall. Flashes of summer dresses and loosely buttoned dress shirts run by as unsuspecting guests dine below. They arrive at the door, hearts beating, a girl hushes the others as a boy fixes his hair, and slowly opens the wooden door. A gust of cold air emerges from the darkness, and the friends pause a moment, before excitedly rushing single file into the dark and up the steep spiral staircase. And in a few moments, the sounds of music, soft laughter, and the clinking of glasses from the dinning hall below fades, and they emerge into the small tower. The open windows let the purple light of dusk from the horizon fill the room, the ocean breeze bringing in smells of the salty water and sounds of the crashing waves below.



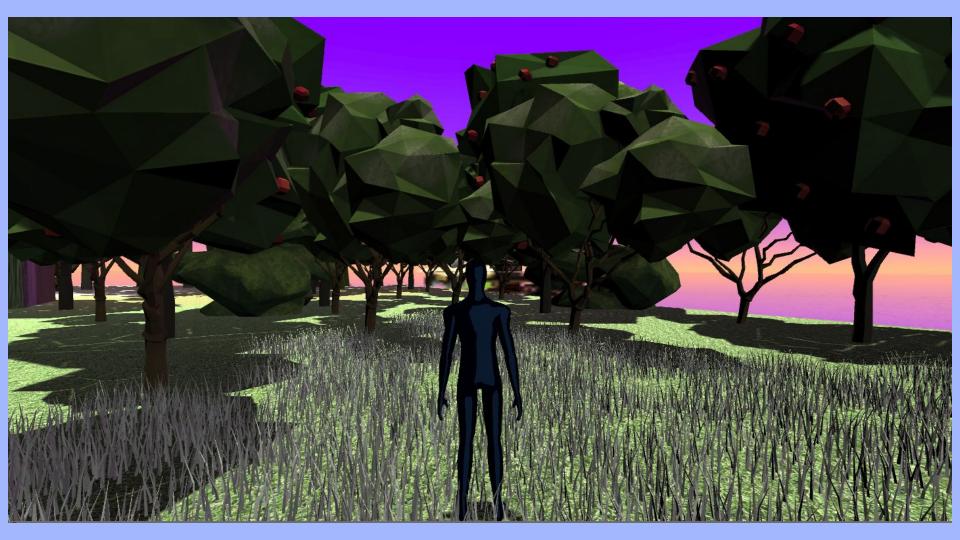
The Sanctuary:

The trees towered above the small children as they walked into the dark woods. The sun back lit them and cast the long shadows of their bodies across the mossy ground as they ventured deeper into the thick woods. As they walked, the light faded behind the canopy of leaves that blanketed the sky, as the buzz of the hot sun turned into the rustling of cool wind and anticipation. Everyone was silent, holding their breaths and clutching each other's arms, vigilant and anxious. And suddenly, someone trips on a branch, and the hole group tumbles down with them, and they fall into the light. They lay on their backs, catching their breaths, hearts pounding in the center of a clearing. They made it.













WALK THROUGH | STUDIO FOLKLAND // SP 2020

