

Handshake 3

Contemporary New Zealand jewellers and their collaborators

Objectspace 2016

READER

Amelia Pascoe / Ruudt Peters

Becky Bliss / Fabrizio Tridenti

Debbie Adamson / Nichola Shanley

Kelly McDonald / Kirsten Haydon

Nadene Carr / Fran Allison

Sarah Walker-Holt / Helen Britton

Raewyn Walsh / Henriette Schuster

Neke Moa / Karl Fritsch

Renee Bevan / Harrell Fletcher

Sarah Read / Liesbeth den Besten

Kathryn Yeats / Ben Pearce

Sharon Fitness / Lisa Walker

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Amelia Pascoe and Ruudt Peters

On the origin of species, 2016

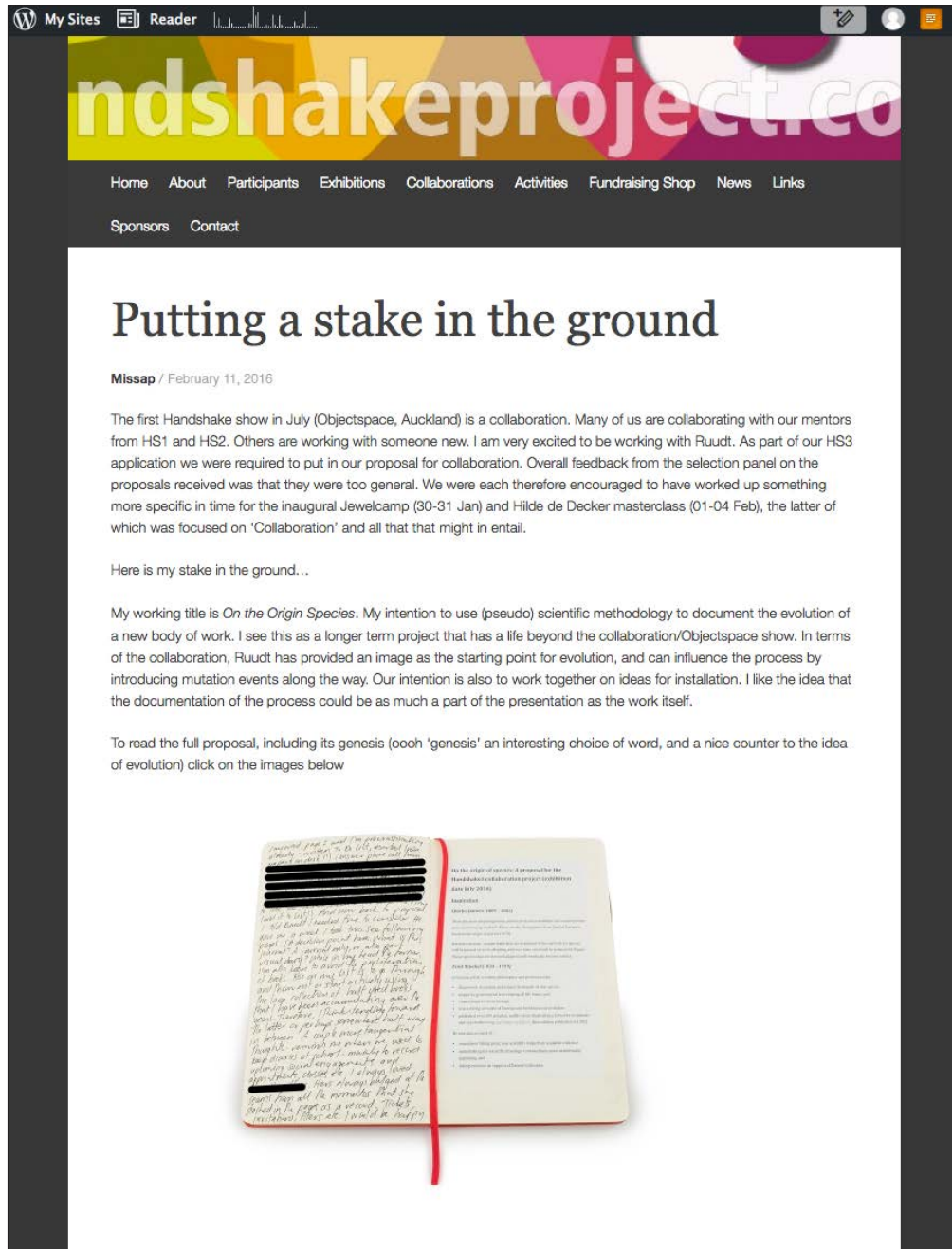
Process

Working drawings

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Ruudt Peters

To: Amelia Pascoe

stencil

11 January 2016 10:23 PM

Hide Details

Inbox - ameliapascoe.co.nz

1 Attachment, 23 KB

Save

Quick Look

Mutation event No.1

THE INSTRUCTION (Amelia)

Pick a piece, any piece and direct a mutation.

THE EVENT (Ruudt)

Take the aluminium shadow pieces and make them 3D

29 April 2016

Mutation event No.2

THE INSTRUCTION (Amelia)

Pick one or two of the black aluminium pieces, and state its niche

THE EVENT (Ruudt)

0064 for the face
0067 for the foot

31 May 2016




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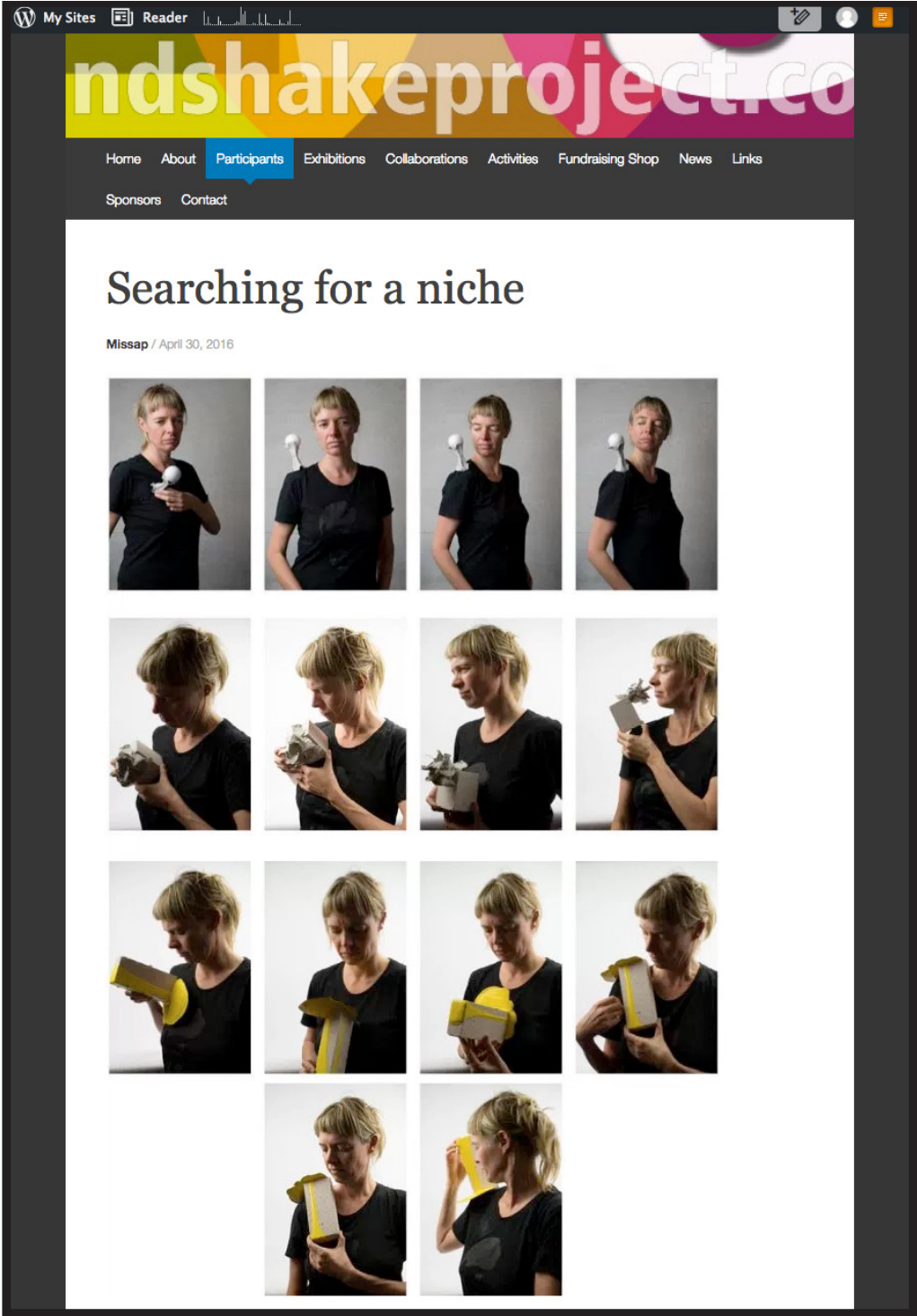
A science lesson

Missap / April 29, 2016

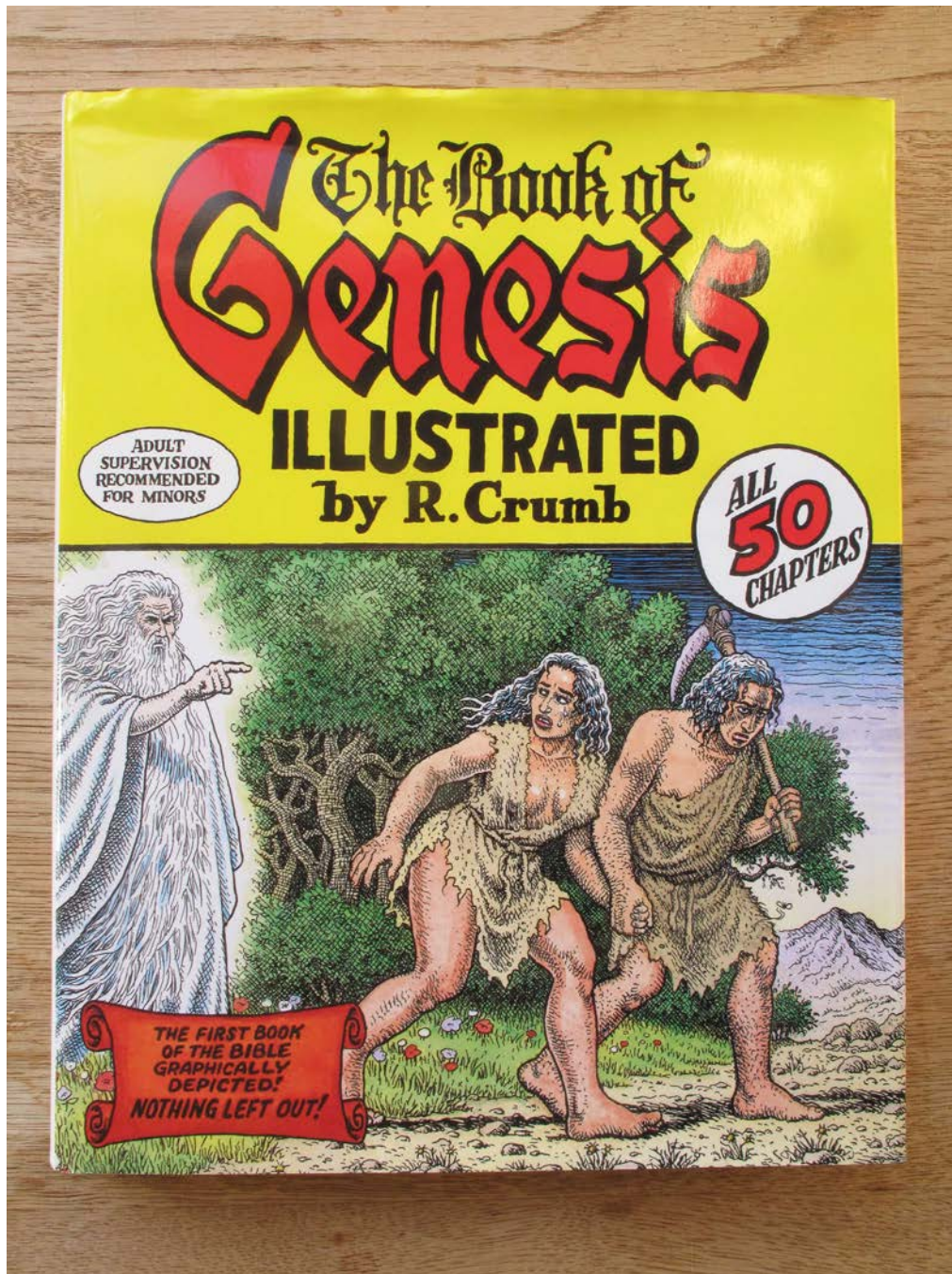
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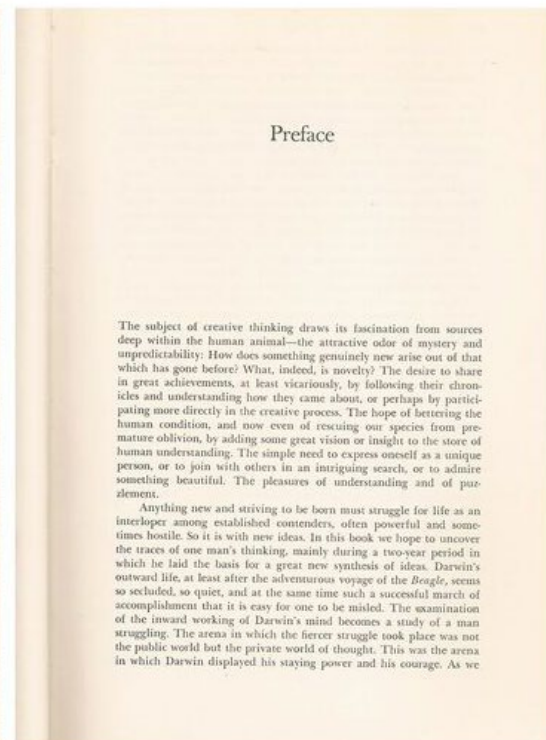
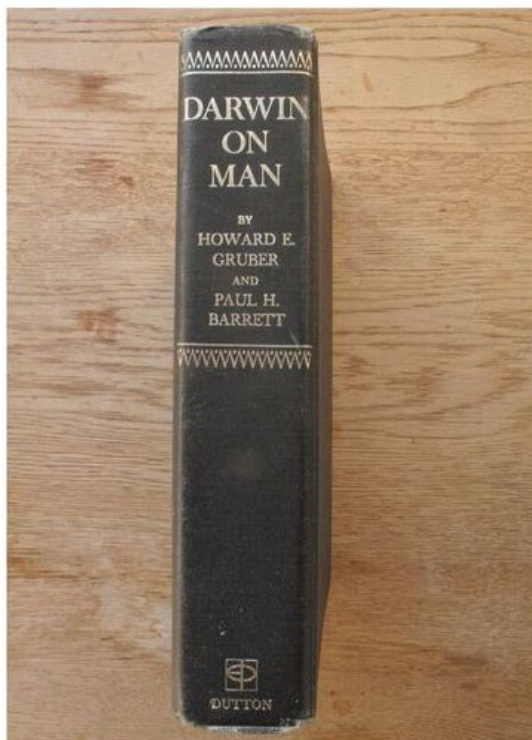
ScienceLesson2 - Broadband.m4v

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consider the growth of Darwin's thought, the inner intellectual difficulties he faced help us to understand his outer hesitations and compromises. The complexities of this relation remain urgent in our easy and public courage raise questions that remain urgent in our time. Is there not some set of social arrangements that would welcome the fresh productions of every generation of minds? Is there not some social order that would place less reliance on individual force of character and the chance privilege of speaking from protected sanctuaries in winning a hearing for the really new vision?

The structure of this book—an essay on scientific creativity coupled with the presentation of some early and previously inaccessible Darwin manuscripts—reflects the collaborative effort of two individuals who had been independently drawn to protracted study of the Darwin materials and who met, as it were, across the library table. Gradually it became clear to us that Darwin's achievement was real, tied not in a golden moment of insight but in the slower process of constructing an original point of view. Still more gradually, we understood that Darwin's notebooks on man, mind, and materialism—the M and N notebooks which he himself had seemingly dismissed as "full of Metaphysics on Morals and Speculations on Expression"—held the key to understanding the essential role of his ideas about man and mind in his thinking about evolution.

In these M and N notebooks and associated documents, published for the first time in the present volume, can be seen Darwin's struggle toward the materialist philosophy of biology which he thought he needed to support his theory of evolution. Moreover, continued reflection on the relation between the two parallel sets of notes—the transmutation notebooks and the notebooks on man and mind—suggests what has become one of the major themes of this book: Darwin's motives for his long delay in publication. His fear of persecution and ridicule was based not only on the unpopularity of evolutionary theory, but on the fiercer retribution meted out against proponents of materialism. It was then widely believed in Christian circles that philosophical materialism led straight to atheism.

Darwin's notebooks of 1837-39 offer an unsurpassed opportunity for the detailed tracing of a scientific thought process. In the period immediately preceding these notebooks he had arrived at the firm intention of making once more the attempt at which others had failed, to construct a persuasive, coherent, factually supported theory of evolution. As the notebooks open, we find his thinking governed by this purpose, but his accomplishments were a long way from his goal. In the notebooks we can read an almost day-by-day record of a young man's struggle to construct the theory that became one of the great advances in human thought, transforming not only the world of science but humanity's conception of itself.

In spite of their obvious importance, these notebooks have been little studied and less written about. Darwin's difficult handwriting, his excision of many pages, his kaleidoscopic sequences and often telegraphic style—all conspire to make the reader's task a difficult one. There are difficulties of a more general nature. The lack of a well-developed theory of the psychology of creative thinking defeats any effort to map fragmentary data into a clearly worked-out scheme: the data must be used to develop the theory. This is a painful process, since at first there is no alternative but to proceed one case at a time. Darwin was only one man, which fact forbids any confident psychological generalizations from the study of his thought processes. For a psychologist interested in constructing a theory of creative thinking, the years of labor needed to study one case well might understandably be viewed as a poor risk. At the same time, the biographer and the historian of science might well find the narrow focus on a two-year period in one long life restrictive or unrewarding. Indeed, those biographers and historians who have dipped into the Darwin manuscripts have tended to use the 1837-39 notebooks only as supplementary evidences, basing their main efforts on Darwin's published work and the more generally available public record. Darwin's letters, of course, have been widely printed and used as source material, but they are in principle more public and more finished in character than the private notebooks, in which we can, if we look carefully, almost catch his thought on the wing.

We have not begrudged our share in the effort to piece together Darwin's manuscripts, to transcribe them, and to use them as a basis for reconstructing one of the great thought processes of all time. Our collaboration has been a fortunate one, and we have been lucky in finding each other. To one of us, Barrett, a biologist, has fallen the major responsibility for assembling and transcribing the manuscript material, deciphering Darwin's handwriting, and tracking down his bibliographic references in the new manuscripts presented in this volume. To the other, Gruber, a psychologist, has fallen the task of using the manuscripts in an effort to understand the nature of creative scientific thought, and in working out the historical background of Darwin's thought, not as a matter of general history but viewing the historical scene as a personal experience in the life of a working scientist. In these efforts, of course, we have each become steeped in Darwin's thought and in each other's problems. In transcribing a difficult specimen of handwriting, in deciphering the meaning of an obscure passage, in searching out previously neglected manuscripts, we have shared each other's work and enjoyed the sharing.

Of the manuscripts transcribed in this volume, most have never been printed before and have consequently been accessible only to the

PREFACE

privileged few able to use the libraries in which they were kept, and able to spend many months poring over handwritten notes; these are the M and N notebooks, the "Odd and Useful Notes," the "Essay on Theology and Natural Selection," the fragment from the minutes of the Plinian Society, the biographical sketch of Robert Waring Darwin, the questions for Mr. Wynne, and Darwin's marginalia.

From the transmutation notebooks, which have been previously printed, we have selected passages relevant either to Darwin's first theory of evolution or to his views on man and related matters (such as God). Passages bearing on the same topics written during the *Beagle* voyage, 1831-36, have been selected from *The Beagle Diary* as transcribed by Charles Darwin's granddaughter, Nora Barlow.

If the experimental psychologist chooses to study some one topic related to creative thinking, such as visual imagery, free association, or problem solving, no one suggests that his work is faulty because he did not study the other topics. The power of experimental sciences depends on our ability to play a narrow but intense beam on a restricted conceptual target. As compared with such laboratory studies of psychological processes, the case-study method has one very important characteristic: it draws attention to the whole person.

This is a mixed blessing. On the one hand, it leads to fruitful consideration of factors and relationships that might otherwise be neglected. On the other hand, a case study must inevitably suffer from many sins of omission. No one can really study the whole person even as he stands at one moment in time, much less in his total development. Even a case study must have a few foci. We have chosen the inner development of Darwin's thinking about evolution during a two-year period, and the interplay between his evolutionary ideas and his ideas about man, mind, and materialism.

The history of molecular biology in the last decades shows how complex must be the study of the structure of one interesting molecule, DNA, how many scientists must collaborate, and how slow scientific progress seems, even when it is really very fast! Everyone will agree that the structure of a single human mind is at least as complex as the structure of one complex molecule. We need therefore make no apologies for bringing out another book about Darwin, who had a very interesting mind.

We do, however, have a few regrets about omitted topics. Most of these stem from our choice of focus. We have not attempted a study of Darwin's personality, although we have grown skeptical of a common

¹ See the very interesting articles by Gauthier S. Stern, Robert Olby, and Linna Pauling in *The Making of Modern Science: Biographical Studies*, edited by Gerald Holton, Dordrecht, Vol. 99, 1979, as well as James D. Watson's account, *The Double Helix* (New York: Atheneum, 1968).

PREFACE

pretations only to suggest the approximate month in which a passage was written. Even in the B and C notebooks, where there are so few dated entries, it is extremely unlikely that any estimate is off by more than a few weeks, and the errors would be much smaller for the later notebooks. While greater precision is always desirable, there is enough information to establish an accurate sequence of thoughts, even when the actual date of a particular event is not known. More exact dates would be especially useful in estimating the rate of change of Darwin's thinking, particularly in the earlier notebooks. It would be interesting to know how long it took him to formulate and then discard his first theory of evolution.

Among the Darwin manuscripts, an invaluable document is his *Journal*, a synopsis of his personal and scientific life, which he kept as a running record. He probably began it in August 1838, but he completed it retrospectively back to his childhood. In his *Journal* entry for 1837, he wrote, "In July opened first note book on 'Transmutation of Species'." At the head of the first page of the first notebook, he wrote the title *Zoonomia*, in homage to his grandfather's evolutionary treatise of that name. To avoid confusion, we avoid that title for Charles' notebooks. We refer to them either as the "transmutation notebooks" or by the letters he used—B, C, D, and E for the first, second, third, and fourth notebooks, respectively.

In his *Journal* entry for 1838, he wrote, "Opened note book connected with metaphysical enquiries." These are M and N, which we will refer to either by those letters or as the "notebooks on man, mind, and materialism."

January, 1975

H.E.G.
P.H.B.

Introduction

Sept 21st Was witty in a dream in a confused manner. Thought that a person was hung & came to life, & then made many jokes about not having run away & having faced death like a hero, & then I had some confused idea of showing war behind (instead of fronts) (having changed hanging into his head cut off) instead of showing he had honourable wounds, all this was kind of wit—I changed I believe from hanging to head cut off as kind of wit—experiment about hanging because the whole train of Dr. Monro's person recovering from hanging came before me showing impossibility of ideas came out after other, without ever comparing them. I neither doubted them or believed them.—Believing consists in the comparison of ideas connected with judgment.

What is the Philosophy of Shame & Blushing? [M 143-144]

So runs one of Darwin's entries in a notebook he kept in 1898. A person is being executed, perhaps for his ideas. He entertains the thought of running away, but stands fast. The dreamer wants to live or return to life, so he changes the method of his execution from hanging to decapitation, which in the dream seems less final. The dream contains a recollected scrap of Darwin's medical education to the effect that hanging is irreversible. In recording the dream Darwin adds a remark about the nature of belief, and in a comment added later raises a question about shame.

In this passage we catch a glimpse of a man thinking. We see the

INTRODUCTION

4 interplay of social and intellectual forces in Darwin's fear of dire punishment for thinking. We see the rapid, easy movement between different kinds of thought: a fragment of a physiology lecture heard long ago, a psychological remark on the distinction between dreams and rational beliefs, and the dream itself. We see, in the change from hanging to decapitation, and the meaning Darwin ascribes to it, the dreamer's wish for immortality; perhaps Darwin would have been satisfied to know that the ideas for which the dreamer was executed would endure a century and more.

The aim of this study of creativity is to describe the growth of thought in a real, thinking, feeling, dreaming person. As in the dream, thinking is not a straightforward advance. From the thinker's own point of view, there are doubts, retreats, detours, and impasses; there are also impulsive moments of decision, leaps into the dark from points of no return. From the standpoint of one hundred years of historical hindsight there are reasonable mistakes, non-essentials, and foolish blunders.

The reader may be disappointed if he approaches the subject expecting a tale leading up to one climactic moment of great insight, like the dubious stories of Archimedes' bath and Newton's apple. Although the progress of Darwin's thought is punctuated by many vital moments of insight, each one filling him with the joy of discovery, it is hard to find any single insight which in the living moment really seemed more vital than the others to the thinker himself.

The search for a moment of truth is probably misguided. Perhaps the concept of a single, crucial, sudden insight is suitable for describing someone solving a single well-defined problem. But we are dealing here with a different sort of thinking: a person striving to construct a new synthesis, a new way of looking at many problems, a *new point of view*.

On the time scale of the life history, the classic topics of the psychology of thinking—problem solving, concept formation, and imagery—are not only processes to be explained; beyond that, they take their places in a longer process of growth, the formation of a point of view. As Thomas Kuhn has urged, the established point of view, the scientists' "paradigm," provides the shared framework within which problems will be recognized as significant and solutions accepted as valid.¹ But in the psychology of thinking, little has been done to study the growth of a new point of view, although the work of Jean Piaget and his collaborators on the development of thinking in

¹ Thomas Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1964).

children has done much to show how we might proceed in a study of adult thinking.

As for problem solving, it takes place in a diverse train of activities: reading and observation, imagination and memory, argument and discussion. For all we really know of it, focused problem solving may be a comparatively rare event. The very act of taking up a problem crystallizes a long history of development.

Given a problem-solving process, we may find reflection, sudden insights, and gradual improvement through trial and error. Even the groping trials are not blind or random: they emerge from the problem solver's perception of the structure of the problem, as he has come to recognize and understand it from his own particular vantage point. Thus, the sudden insight in which a problem is solved, when it is solved suddenly, may represent only a minor nodal point, like the crest of a wave, in a long and very slow process—the development of a point of view.

All this is not to say that problem solving is an unimportant part of the creative process. Indeed, Darwin's notebooks show how he attacked and solved a number of problems. But the total creative process of constructing a novel point of view is so complex that it is impossible to identify the solution of some one problem as a step more crucial than any other. The quest for one such step violates the character of thinking as an organic whole, as would a debate on the relative importance of the heart, the brain, and the liver. Without any one of a number of vital organs, the individual dies; without any one of a number of vital components, an argument fails.

In a case study of creativity one might well expect to find an analysis of the subject's personality and its roots. Although that is not the aim of this study, a description of a man's thinking involves so much of the man that it must reflect something of his personality. For example, in examining Darwin's method of work we find that he is not afraid to examine his own mental processes, including their non-rational components, and something of his own psychosexual life. In the interest of exploring the mind-body problem, Darwin took his evidence where he could find it, and what better place to look than at his own inner world?

Similarly, we learn something about Darwin as a person by studying the pattern of hesitation and delay which grew out of the purely intellectual difficulties of constructing a theory of evolution when these were multiplied by theological problems and by his fear of persecution and ridicule. A discussion of creativity and personality really ought to deal with the kinds of courage necessary for creative work. While there is no such separate discussion in the present study, the

INTRODUCTION

very human, cautious, vacillating yet persistent courage of Charles Darwin will become quite apparent.²

The fact that the formation of a new synthesis must be seen as a creative process rather than as a sudden creative act³ has a deep significance for the relation between the thinker and the intellectual and social milieu in which he works. An isolated and sudden act might conceivably be thought of as occurring out of all time and place. But a long growth process must be seen as rooted in its total human context. There is plenty of time for the individual thinker to see the implications of his developing work for those around him, to test out colleagues and potential allies, to suffer in private the fear of ridicule and then to recover himself and persevere, to shape his argument so that he presents the smallest possible target to his critics and produces the largest possible impact on the general movement of public thought.

Rather than establish the context in which Darwin worked by retelling the general history of the period, in a study of an individual's thought it seems more directly relevant to consider the personal side of that context. Impersonal historical and social forces have no meaning for the individual until they are brought to bear directly on his life. In the present work I approach this matter by examining the points of view to which Darwin was exposed in his university education and in his family circle.

Darwin's notes are rich in useful facts garnered from his omnivorous reading, bibliographic references, and private dialogues with contemporaries whom he met either in person or through their writings. If there were some single specific idea which was central to Darwin's thought, we might hope to discover in his notebooks a clue as to when and from whom he had borrowed this golden key. But, as I have already proposed, preoccupation with the search for the initial appearance of single ideas may obscure more fundamental aspects of intellectual growth. It matters little whether the crucial idea is sought in a study of external influences upon the creative person, or whether the "golden moment" is sought in that person's inner thinking. While of course I am on the lookout for origins, sources, and early appearances, my main concern is the changing structure of an argument. Each idea is to be seen as taking its significance from the structure of ideas, or argument, of which it is a part. The ways in which such structures change will be my central concern.

² Courage is rarely discussed in the literature of academic psychology. "Risk-taking," i.e., gambling, is usually the subject, hardly the same thing. See my chapter, "Learning and Cognitive Growth in Children and Scientists," in *Play in the Classroom*, edited by Milton Shwartz and Jane Raph (New York: Basic Books, 1972).

³ Compare Arthur Koestler's treatment of this subject in *The Act of Creation* (New York: Macmillan, 1964).

Becky Bliss and Fabrizio Tridenti

Fabrizio Tridenti, Untitled, 2016

Becky Bliss and Fabrizio Tridenti, Silent Conversation, 2016

Process

Facebook image selections

Word stream

Skype conversations

Reference

Wood grain German Occupation bunker concrete, 2008.

Retrieved from: [https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Wood_grain_German_Occupation_bunker_concrete_3.jpg)

Wood_grain_German_Occupation_bunker_concrete_3.jpg License CC0

Khufu Pyramid Casing Stone at the British Museum, 2008.

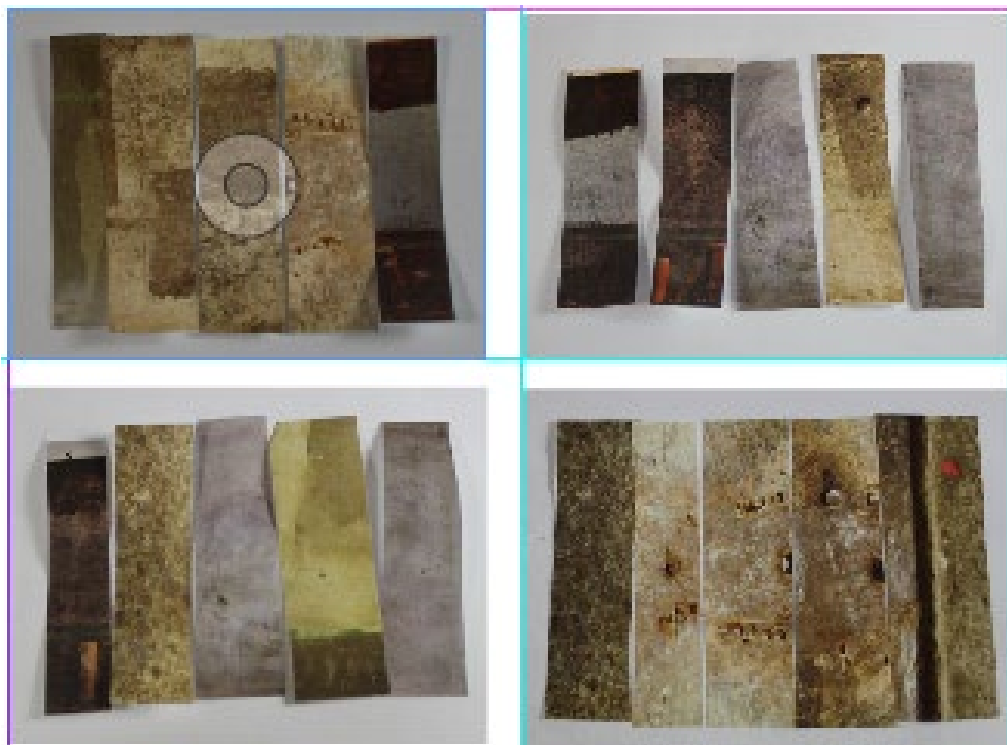
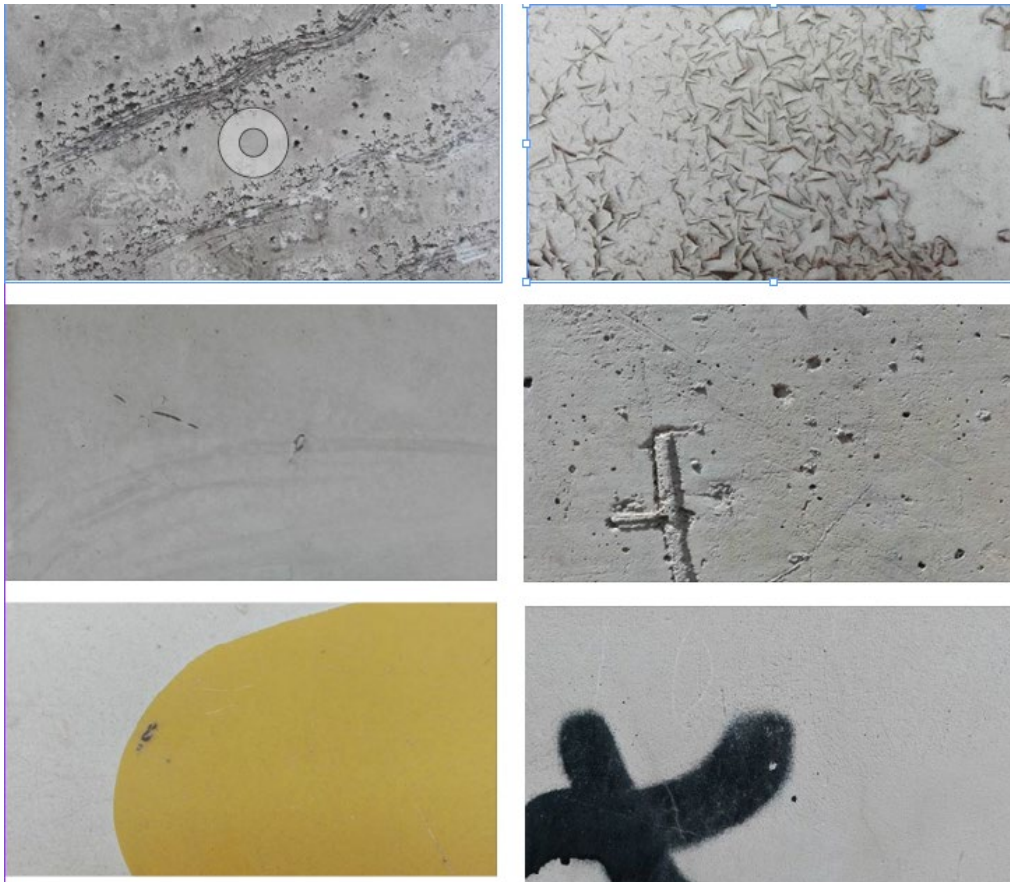
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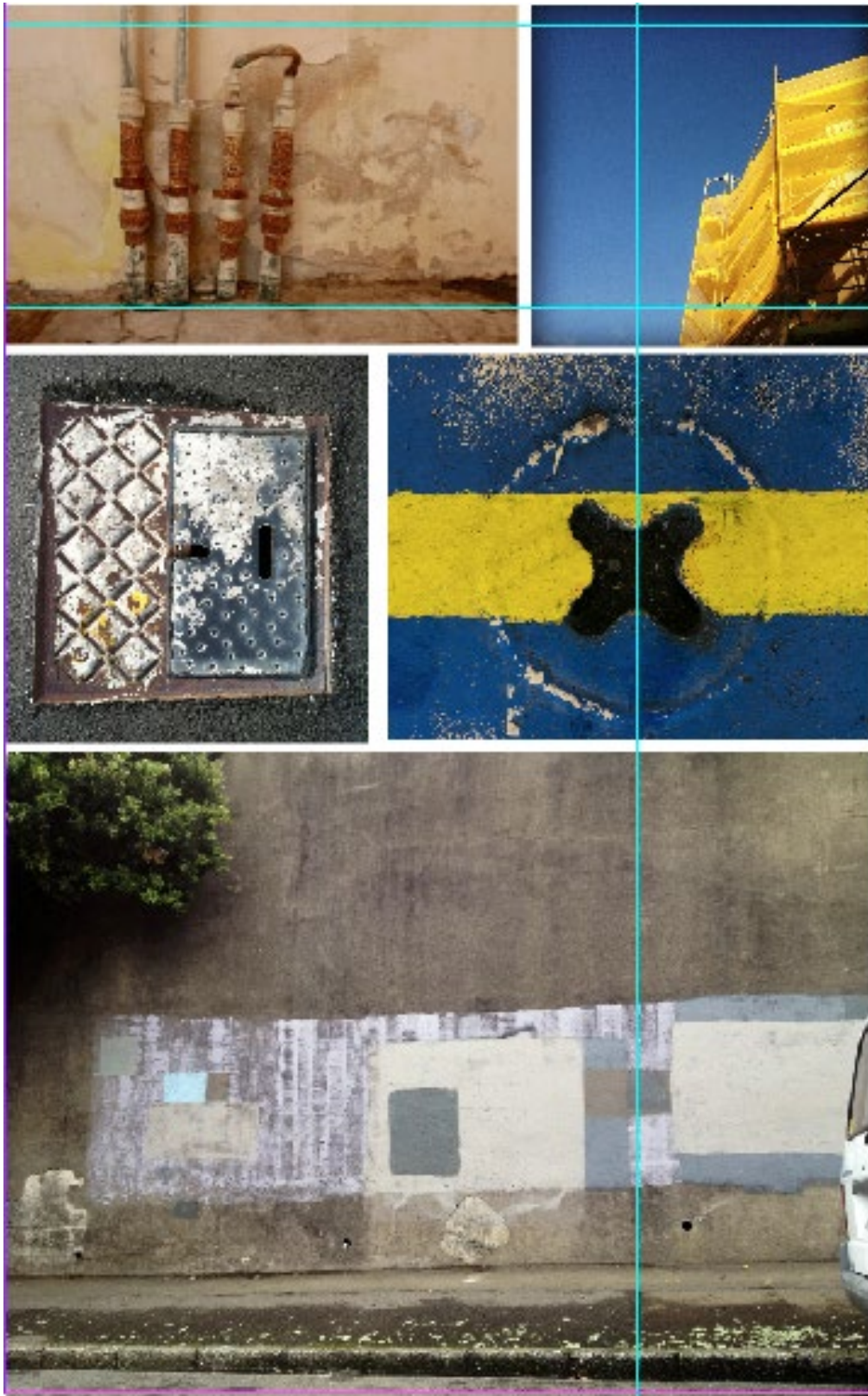
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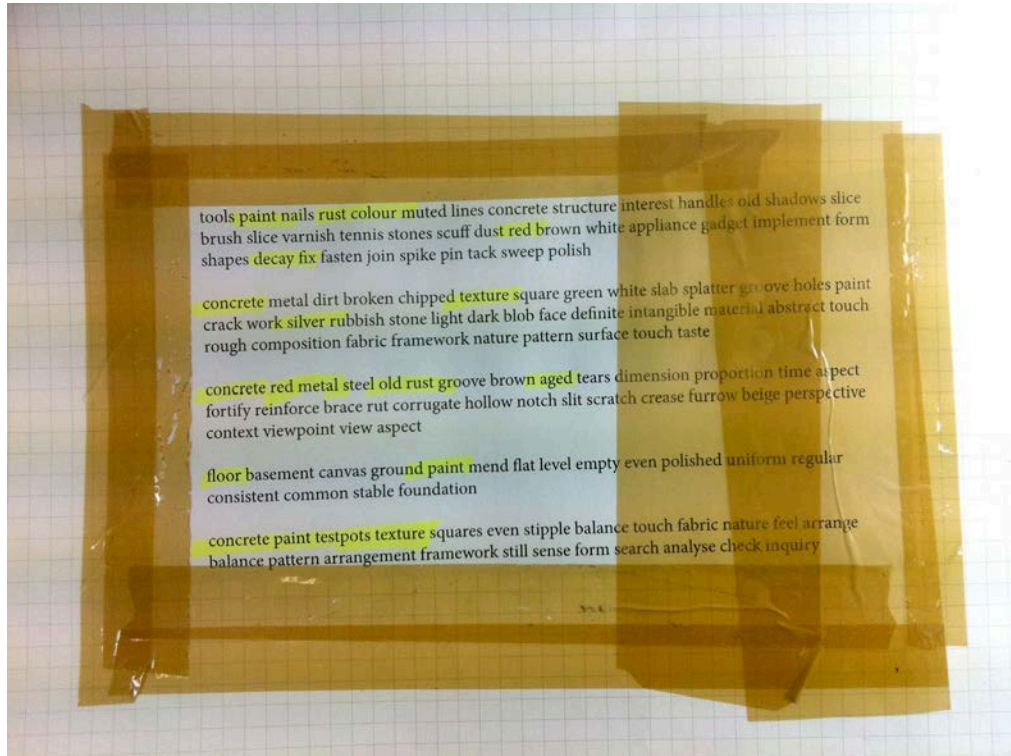
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On 11 May we had our first conversation.

We talked of our process so far.

It was kind of spooky, because we'd used a very similar process to date - looking at sections of the images and experimenting with permutations of that. Both of us are looking at either pendants or brooches.

Looking at materials. At this point he hadn't decided what materials to use, whether or not to use colour, what any details will be, whether it's a pendant or a brooch.

Fabrizio has posted images of concrete on Facebook with the idea of seeing how many likes each one gets, and to see what overlap there was between the Facebook visitor selections and my images.

A continuation of the silence.

Sentences from my conversation from Fabrizio...

Sensibilities without words.

"when I surrender, it's a river of ideas" Fabrizio Tridenti

Trust in perception.

An infinite energy.

In the object I can perceive the energy, but its finite.

Feel something that goes beyond the object. Stop the mind, stay in the emotion

On 4 June:

"Dear Becky,

the works are ready and posted towards New Zealand this morning, they will arrive in ten-twelve days.

For us is good Monday night.

Best,

Sahaja"

On 7 June (Monday night) we talked again.

The conversation was about detail - a combined artist statement, installation (he's leaving it to me), materials he has used.

A short conversation.

I've made many experiments on the way. That's how I work — hands on and visually.

My studio looks like a building site. Which is not surprising given my research has turned to the use of concrete, in particular in construction and architecture.

I hadn't appreciated that concrete and cement can be traced back as far as 12,000BC. In 3,000BC, the Egyptians used a gypsum mortar in the pyramids. There's no shortage of inspiration, as today it's one of the most widely used materials in the world.

Brutalism is a logical place to go to next. The brutal beauty of concrete. Modernism meets raw function.

a stark style of functionalist architecture, especially of the 1950s and 1960s, characterized by the use of steel and concrete in massive blocks. "The long, low, concrete-faced buildings were remarkable solely for their brutalism".

British Dictionary definitions for brutalism

noun

1.

an austere style of architecture characterized by emphasis on such structural materials as undressed concrete and unconcealed service pipes Also called new brutalism

Derived Forms

brutalist, noun, adjective

<http://www.dictionary.com/browse/brutalism>

noun

1.

(in modern architecture) the aesthetic use of basic building processes with no apparent concern for visual amenity.

It seemed natural to add (unconcealed) steel to my concrete.

Concrete structures give a whole lifespan, from new to a state of disuse and decay. For me, it's an endless source of inspiration for making works.





Debbie Adamson and Nichola Shanley

Proof that we exist, 2016

Process

Conversations

Reference

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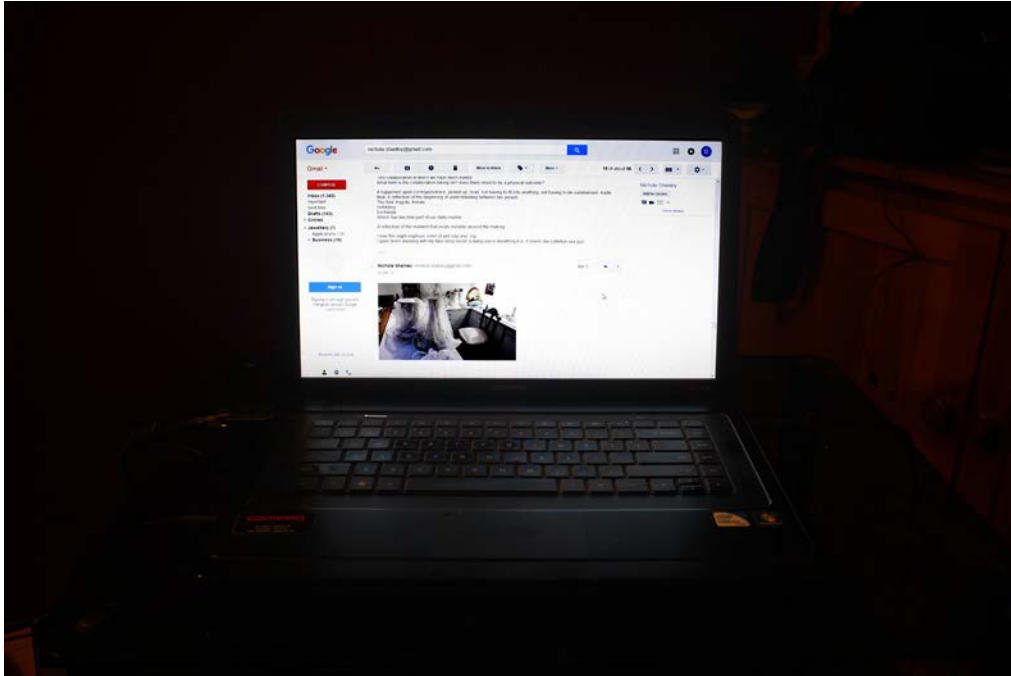
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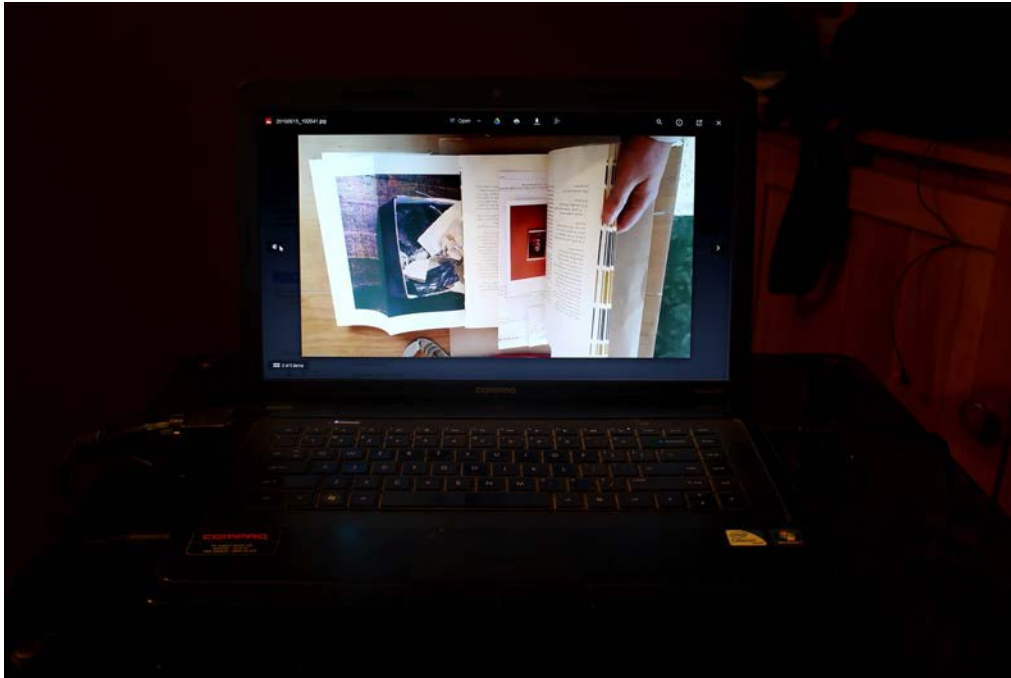
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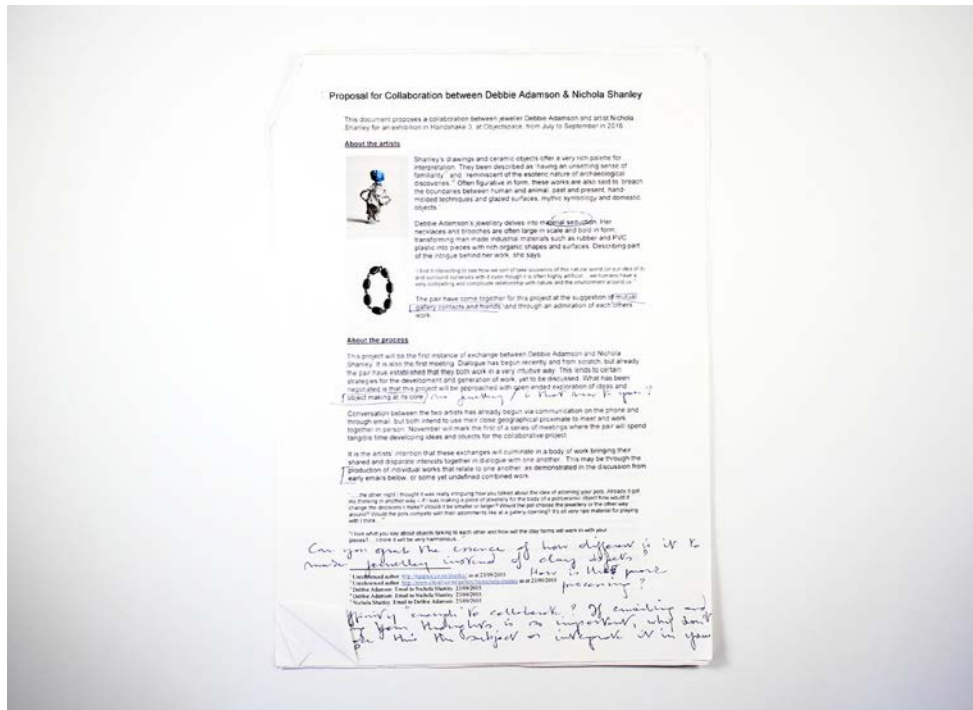
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Excerpt from Found Treasures. Hermann Junger and the art of Jewellery. Edited by Florian Hufnagl, published by Thames and Hudson, 2003.

Nick Cave, 20 000 days on earth. Directed by Iain Forsyth and Jane Pollard, Jane Pollard, Iain Forsyth, 2014.









Simryn Gill, from the series Dalam 2001, type C photograph

'As sociologists attest, we are individuated in the production and consumption of infinite differences..... Identity is the accretion of this detail, the array of choices, the intricate web and careful arrangement of one's stuff, the stories we tell, the things we make, the words we choose. But equally, what we choose to discard and what's left unsaid or edited out - a word out of context, the subject removed from his or her home or workplace - might tell a similar story, only in stark contrast, in the space (or absence) left behind.'

Unknown author



WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE (detail), 2011-12, ink on paper, 105 × 189 cm.

"Everything has its specificity," says Gill, "like those words that I tore out from those books. In its own place each 'because,' for instance, sits in a very particular constellation of words, but when you take it out and it's all by itself, what is it? Is there a normal, common-or-garden, generic 'because'? Which typeface would generic be? What kind of paper? Black ink, blue ink, grey ink? What point size? What is generic? And that desire in itself is curious . . . There's no such thing as blankness. And that very idea comes from power. It comes from a kind of white centralization of the world." (Simryn Gill)

"I really love things that finish up in domestic spaces," says Gill, "and how they grow and shrink and break and get stained and thrown away or become precious. Putting your own patina on the things that you own is like an act of love." (Simryn Gill)

"What are we doing as artists? And of course there isn't an answer, but the doing is that."

Simryn Gill



"your trying to intellectualize something, desperately and your wasting your time, that is not a way of understanding.....don't try and turn it into an intellectual game, it is not, it is a visual world, which is different"

Leonora Carrington

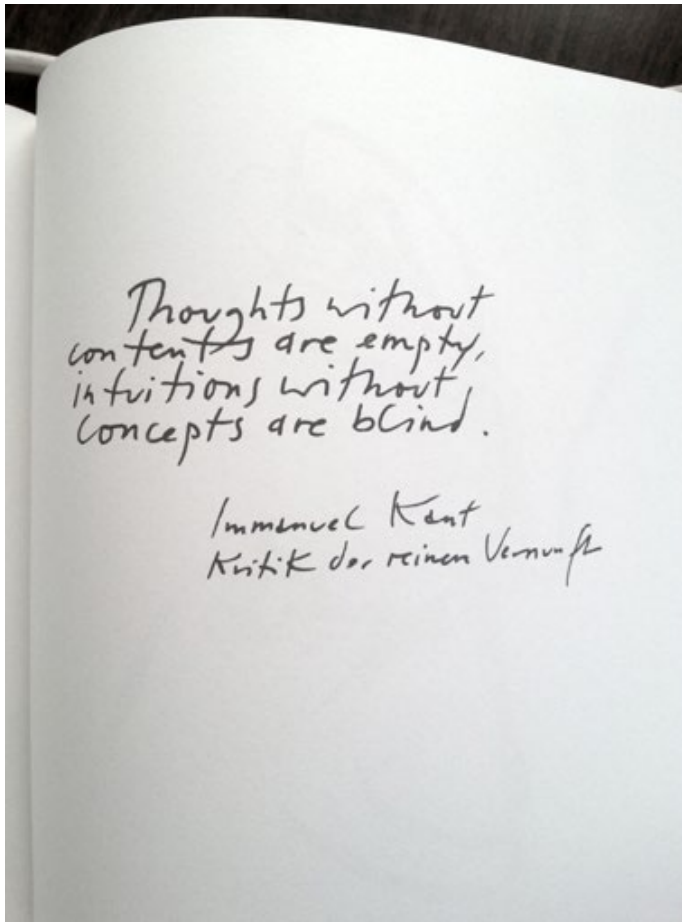


Current Obsession, An interview with Warwick Freeman

"...as a maker you have to create your own narrative associated with the role of the artist you choose for yourself and that's where theory hold or folds - in the quality of your own narrative.....

You should always ask yourself the question - why make this? There are a lot of ways to answer that question. I tend to start with the premise the world doesn't need another piece of my jewellery so I have to create some sort of convincing narrative around why I make the things that I do. That narrative can be a simple or complex justification but we do it around food, clothing, architecture, etc. to find meaning in the way we live. Jewellery is just another conversation that takes place within the bigger narrative of being an artist, a citizen etc."

Warwick Freeman



Herman Junger / Immanuel Kant

'In the end, I'm not interested in that which I fully understand. The words I have written over the years are just a veneer. There are truths that lie beneath the surface of words. Truths that rise up without warning like the humps of a sea monster, and then disappear. What performance and song is to me is finding a way to tempt the monster to the surface. To create a space where the creature can break through what is real and what is known to us. This shimmering space - where imagination and reality intersect - this is where all love, and tears, and joy exists. This is the place. This is where we live.'

Nick Cave

Kathryn Yeats and Ben Pearce

Transplant, 2016

Process

Kathryn Yeats, Found chair

Ben Pearce, Found chair

Kathryn Yeats, Graft, 2016

Ben Pearce, Graft, 2016

Reference

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CINDY NEMSER Do you think there's anything obsessive in your work?

EVA HESSE I guess repetition feels obsessive, and that box—not that I think it's an important work --- where I had 4,500 holes ...

C.N. Which box was that?

E.H. That huge box. It was called Accession. I first did it in metal, then in fibreglass. That's obsessive repetition but the form it takes is a square and it's a perfect square. Then the outside is very, very, very clear and by necessity it just works that way. The inside looks amazingly chaotic although it's the same piece of hose going through so it's the same thing but as different as it can possibly be.

C.N. It's a kind of inner-outer dichotomy.

E.H. In that sense the piece is one of the best examples, but it becomes a little too precious, at least from where I stand now, and too right and too beautiful. It's like a gem, like a diamond. I think I'd rather do cat's eyes now, or even less than cat's eyes, dirt or rock. I'm giving it an analogy or metaphor. It's too right. I'd like to do a little more wrong at this point.

C.N. It's a very tactile work. My experience of it was that I wanted to get inside it.

E.H. I lost one of the pieces because people got inside of it in a museum and the piece came back wrecked. It was promised to someone and I had to repeat it. And there's great irony and absurdity-----the day that I finished that piece was the day I collapsed.

C.N. All your work is extremely tactile. One wants to touch it, handle it.

E.H. I see everybody does. I'm not aware of it. I'm not asking everybody to, but every time I've been in a place where I've seen my work there were hands on it. I guess it was a greater involvement but I'm not aware of it. I don't intentionally do it. I really feel that the most truth is that it just happens.

C.N. I feel there is so much of the unconscious in your work, things that are coming out of you that you don't even realize. I guess that's true of every artist, but your work seems to have a release in it that some art doesn't have.

E.H. I let it. I want that release. I can't go on a sheer program. At times I thought "the more thought the greater the art," but I wonder about that and I do have to admit there's a lot that I'll just let happen and maybe it will come out the better for it. I used to plan a lot and do everything myself and then I started to take a chance. I needed help. It was a little difficult at first. I worked with two people but then we got to know each other well enough and I got confident enough and just prior to when I was sick I would not state the problem or plan the day. I would let more happen and let myself be used in a freer way. They also - their participation was more their own, more flexible. I wanted to see within a day's work or within three day's work what we would do together with a general focus but not on anything specified. I really would like, when I start working again, to go further into this whole process. That doesn't mean total chance or freedom or openness.

C.N. It seems to me that kind of working together has something to do with expanding art to include other people as participants—not mere spectators. It's as if the artist incorporates others and makes other people part of the art. Did working with others, this new openness, change your art?

E.H. I can think of one thing it changed. The process of my work prior to that had taken a long time. First, because I did most of it myself and then when I planned the larger pieces and worked with someone they were more formalistic. When we started working less formalistically or with greater chance, the whole process was speeded up and we did one of the pieces at the Whitney that I love the most, the ladder piece [Vinculum II], in a very short time. It was a complex piece, but the whole attitude was different and that is the attitude that I want to work with now in fact, even increased, even more exaggerated...

C.N. But you are concerned with the idea of lasting?

E.H. Well, I am confused about that as I am about life. I have a two-fold problem. I'm not working now, but I know I'm going to get to the problem once I start working with fiberglass because from what I understand it's toxic and I've been too sick to really take a chance. I don't take precautions. I don't know how to handle precautions. I can't wear a mask over my head. And then the rubber only lasts a short while. I am not sure where I stand on that. At this point I feel a little guilty when people want to buy it. I think they know but I want to write them a letter and say it's not going to last. I am not sure what my stand on lasting really is. Part of me feels that it's superfluous and if I need to use rubber that is more important. Life doesn't last; art doesn't last. It doesn't matter. Then I have that other thing that I should use—I can't even say it because I believe it less—but maybe that is a cop-out...

C.N. I think you said it was the first time you did a sketch for a sculpture.

E.H. I did a whole group at one time—in one or two weeks. I did ten sketches and I think I worked them all out or they are being worked out—every one of them.

C.N. That was unusual for you because previously the drawings were separate.

E.H. Yes. I always did drawings but they were separate from the sculpture or the paintings. I don't mean in a different style but they weren't connected as an object, a transference. They were related because they were mine but they weren't related in one completing the other. And these weren't either. They were just sketches. It is also not wanting to have such a definite plan. It is a sketch—just a quickie to develop it in the process rather than working out a whole small model and following it. That doesn't interest me. I am not even interested in casting. The materials I use are really casting materials. I don't want to use them as casting materials. I want to use them directly, eliminating making molds but making them directly at the moment out of some material. In that sense I'm interested in process.

Kelly McDonald and Kirsten Haydon

Tool as a Jewel – The Evolutionary Pinch, 2016

Catalogue by: Kelly McDonald, Kirsten Haydon, Sondra Bacharach, Kirsten McDougall, Mary-Jane Duffy and Juliet Black

Process

Kelly McDonald, Slot, Big Bolter, Facey Lock Plate, Tool, Untitled, Bent, 2015/16

Kelly McDonald, The Evolutionary Pinch, 2016

Kirsten McDougall's words

Binary conversion of words – Desire hath no rest

Kelly McDonald, Works in Progress, 2016

Yallourn W Power Station, Victoria, Australia. Malcolm Paterson, 1981

Reference

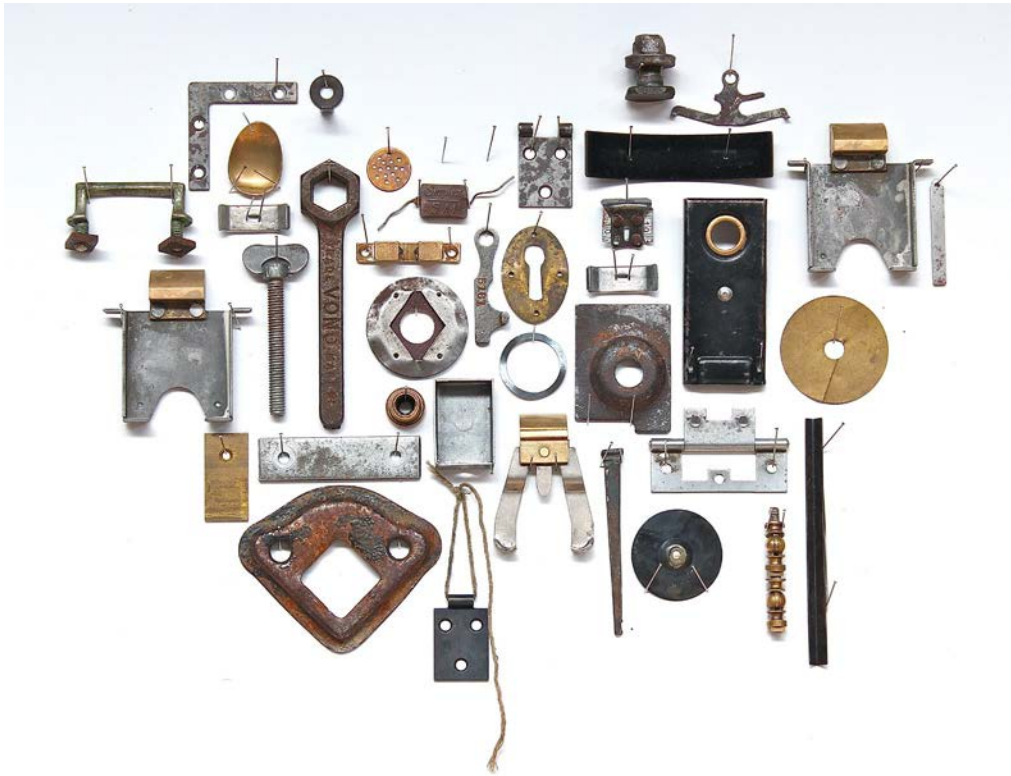
Holes by Kirsten McDougall

Tools by Sondra Bacharach





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SONDRA BACHARACH

TOOLS.

Tools let us adapt our environment to suit our needs, to transform it to our desires, to mark out territory, to assert power and imprint identity, to express character. "The most satisfactory definition of man from the scientific point of view is probably Man the Tool-maker."¹

FINGERS.

The opposable finger and thumb enables manual dexterity. That manual dexterity, in turn, allows us to make and manipulate. Fingers mark us out as unique agents in the world, and tools mark our identity and place onto the world—literally. We see the success of humans in the evolution of the tool: they are the material evidence and the means to imprint ourselves onto the world. To paraphrase Kenneth Oakley, tools are detachable extensions not of our forelimbs but of ourselves.²

THE PROMPT.

Tools retain their centrality in our story of evolutionary success. They used to be essential, but now we no longer need them to define ourselves in relation to the external world. So where does that leave us in relation to them? What happens in the future if we don't know how to use them? What have we become now that we have tooled ourselves out of one of our defining features as humans? Although these questions are imbued with existential angst, Kelly's answers are surprisingly hopeful. Her work is an homage to tools and their aesthetic, an antidote to mass production, 3-D printing, to technology. It speaks of their weight, their sensibility, the action, the usage, the heft of a tool in the hand. Tools are her prompt. But they are also ours.

TOOLS FOR MAKING MORE TOOLS.

With tools, we make more tools and this separates us from all other living things. With more tools, we are more evolved, sophisticated, powerful. Our houses, sheds, workshops, garages, overflow with them. Tools in drawers, on walls, on benches, in toolboxes. We own them, we showcase them, and we prize them. But we have also stopped using them. We don't need them. We live in a world full of complex machines that we don't understand or need to understand. It's complicated and multi-layered and when things break down we usually don't fix them with our tools—we throw them away. And the machines make us another one, which we buy. We've tooled ourselves out of tools. They have become relics that embody a past in which tools were essential for survival—a life that is no longer ours.

THE EVOLUTIONARY PINCH.

What role do tools play now? Kelly's work explores answers to that question. Her work reflects that ultimate irony: the very skill that enabled our success – tool-making – is also unwittingly bringing us trouble. The progressive development of our tool-making skills has resulted in our progressive loss of the need to know how to use tools. Like objects in a museum, they are evidence of history and of knowledge. We look at them with intrigue.

EXISTENTIAL OPTIMISM.

And yet despite the optimism there is still something sad. We have replaced the reality of tools with the image of tools; we have traded their utility for their aesthetics; we have given up the knowledge of tools for the display of tools. But Kelly's work reminds us that the ways we define our identity ultimately lead us back to tools—for making, for refining, tools for being human. And this is of course an existential question for jewellers who use tools. In a mechanized, automated, manufactured world, how do the users of tools, the makers of things, position themselves? What is their place? This new and strange world no longer values or validates makers, but with this work Kelly repositions the key elements of making—the hands and the tools. For her tools are beautiful, tools are jewels.

1. Oakley, K. P. (1962) *Man the Toolmaker*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press
2. Oakley, K. P. (1962) *Man the Toolmaker*. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press

Holes

Outside, the grey street was empty, clouds sulking in the sky. On a fine day there'd be kids on scooters and bikes, babies in prams, adults walking with a take-away coffee cup in one hand, a dog leash in the other, runners plugged into devices that monitor your heart rate so you can calculate your physical state and forecast the approximate age of your death. In the time Kelly and I have known each other the suburb has changed from a stronghold of Greek and Italian elders who congregate with their cigarettes by their beloved seawall, or on the buses with their shopping bags and ancient language of gossip, into the realm of liberal white families with black SUVs and renovations, overly busy lives. It changed before our helpless eyes, and we were part of it. A friend, who knows such things, told me it was the best neighbourhood in the country to buy cocaine and aubergine in the 80s. What a thing, the human zoo.

Kelly and I always head seawards past the houses of women we've seen at their worst, who've seen us at our worst when our babies were small and we were so tired and had no idea what to do with any of it. There was one mother, a woman of infinite kindness, who witnessed me shout-crying at my two year old when he lay down in the sugar aisle at the supermarket to display his heartfelt rage at the injustices done to the under-sized. This Janet, an angel, helped me through the checkout and out to the car, my hiccupping astonished son under one of her arms, her other capable hand on my back while I wept at my own ineptitude.

None of us are immune to tragedies big and small—depressions, alcoholic toxicity, infidelity, cancer, our own deflated aspirations. But Kelly and I are heiresses of nothing much, we're going against the rising tide of the neighbourhood's affluence. We're a pair of un-professionals who've voted against the greatest con known to humankind—common sense. We did this so we might pursue our obsessions with art. This leaves us with rotting bathrooms but time for friendship. We know we're lucky.

This particular heavy day we pulled our hoods up against the wind that was coming off the melting Antarctic. We were women of malcontent, walking away with only a slim chance of returning. All week the sea had been wild, throwing up rocks and shells and fish onto the road in an Old Testament fashion that had everyone talking about climate change. No one knew what to do about it. What were we against the giants of industry, against the rising tide of the ocean? On the other side of the world families were drowning trying to escape from their shitty war-torn homes. Babies like my own, found dead on the beaches.

Kelly stopped to bend and pick something up. 'You know what this is?' She held up a thin blackened piece of flat wire.

Our walks are littered with bits of crap that Kelly picks up and pockets.

Sometimes I help her, but my attention is unreliable and it's an unspoken rule that she gets the outside of the footpath, the junk-spotting side.

'I've been collecting them for years.' She is a woman who sees usefulness where I see rubbish, and didn't wait for me to guess. 'It's a bristle off a street cleaning truck.'

'What are going to do with it?'

'I don't know yet.'

'Then you're just like those guys who put used car parts on their front lawns, thinking one day they'll use them.'

'Nope. With me, it's okay because they're stored in a labeled box, which means I'm not crazy.'

Kelly is a jeweler, although lately that word seems inequitable. Her work has been morphing into something else—an object history of her childhood in an Australian mining town, rows of useful discarded pieces of metal, bakelite, stone, wood. She finds this stuff everywhere and takes it back to her shed to enamel, polish and drill holes through. When she's happy with her work she arranges the objects into a very specific order on a white background. Because I lack imagination, I think of these rows like lines in a paragraph. I have no words for what she does, and only understand it a little. What I understand is that she's trying to show us something about usefulness. She's tapped into some old form of communication, hieroglyphic.

We walked on. The sea was loud, washing hard on the rocks.

'Oh shit, he's at it again.'

Kelly pointed out the bent figure of a man on the beach who was carrying an enormous log on one shoulder, moving about in an unsteady manner due his load, the rocks underfoot and, it would be fair to observe, his disposition. His work was known locally, he covered the waterfront in all weather, creating and adjusting his particular arrangements; logs balanced on boulders, shrines of greywacke

and shells. I had christened him balancing-stick-guy. Not original, but you immediately know the guy I mean. Kelly and I had talked about these arrangements, which irritated her. I was ambivalent.

'Hey you!' she called out, 'leave the beach alone!'

'Let him be,' I said.

'Why should I? You know I heard the definition of a planet on The Panel the other day—to take up all the space in your local galaxy. That's what a planet does and that's what this guy does, he spits everything else out of his orbit so his own needs are met.'

'I hate The Panel. The Panel is much worse than what this guy does,' I said.

We watched him. Balancing-stick-guy kept on with his uneven progress, moving his giant trunk of driftwood closer to his unique vision. He didn't appear to hear the irate woman who was shouting at him nor did he seem to notice us watching him. He ignored us.

'He's just moving a miniscule piece of the beach, it's a grain of rice,' I said.

'It's visual pollution. Why do I have to look at his obsessions everyday?' said Kelly.

'He's doing his art.'

'It's not art, it's therapy.'

To some extent I could see she was right and I did not wish to begin defending the aesthetic value of a piece of driftwood on a rock. Art shares its wuncertain boundaries with our ever-expanding universe. Long may it remain unaccountable.

For a moment I thought she was going to veer off the path and grapple the log off the guy, maybe go for his balls. She's the sort of woman I admire and don't have the guts to be, a woman who can pick a fight and see it through to its bloody-nosed finale or tearful reconciliation.

But she stayed beside me and I looked at her and saw her eyes had softened, gone past the guy to the rough-hewn headland out over the cold high sea. The air was very cold in the late afternoon of winter.

'You know, after ten years I haven't stopped being amazed by how beautiful this place is.'

I nodded and stood beside her watching in silence. Beauty should be acknowledged.

We passed by Sarah's house. I've known her since we were fifteen and making rocket-fuel from our parent's liquor cabinets. Those cabinets were so ubiquitous in our childhood—wooden sideboards stuffed with all types of flavoured alcohol—cherry, anise, almond, coffee—but no one I know has them anymore. Tastes change. We both try to drink less these days, with varying degrees of success. To anyone, I would describe Sarah's constitution as ox-like. Rarely does she suffer illness. She is smart and tough-minded, and has always had a job. If anyone is going to lead the planet through the next century, it's Sarah and Kelly. Not me.

We started up the hill track, sludgy with the heavy rain. Parts of the country had gone missing underwater in the recent weather, raw sewage leaking into drinking water, rivers flowing down main streets. Angry residents were caught trespassing no-go zones to get into their soggy houses. Your home is where you want to be in any kind of apocalypse. Above it all our political leaders pressed their grave faces to the glass windows of helicopters that hovered above the wreckage and gazed upon the newly formed lakes of our fair country. What did their eyes see from that height? A friend, a fine woman who conducts research into poverty's growing clientele, told me how regional mayors had to halt their civil emergency work to greet the backlog of concerned politicians for photo ops. I liked hearing this absurd piece of inside knowledge, this small anecdote from the grand charade. If nothing else it affirms my decision to remain in the un-professional sector.

Although, this seen-to-be-acting had been getting to me.

'Lately,' I told Kelly, 'I've been having trouble breathing.'

I told her of the missing oxygen in my lungs, the despair clamping my heart and making it impossible to run uphill, when running up hills is how I'd kept myself sane for the last few years. Hills were important for my outmoded idea of progress. At what point did my decline begin, did my progress become regress? On top of this I'd started breaking out into hives, red splotches over my wrists and thighs, which appeared in the morning and disappeared by mid-afternoon. Kelly is also trained as a nurse, so I don't mind telling her these things. Like many, I prefer something diagnosable, lactose intolerance if you must.

'The thing with you is you keep a lid on your emotions. You just bam,' she clapped her hands together with force, 'and you squash it down flat so nothing leaks out. But I tell you, it always leaks out, in some way.'

If it wasn't for her Australian accent, I would have denied what she was saying and quickly forgotten she'd ever said it. But I was astonished by this explanation made in broad vowels, brash consonants, and although I wouldn't admit it until much, much later, I knew she was right. Sometimes

you recognise the truth by how queasy it makes you feel.
 Still I denied it. 'Me?' I said, 'I'm an open book.'
 At this she burst out laughing. 'That's a good one,' she said.
 We were on a narrow footpath now, which took us back down the hill. We were passing through the mall of the suburb, its heart, where men worked on their backs under dripping motors in the weekend, listening to those radio shows where people ring in and give their opinions on anything. I don't understand how anyone can listen to those shows. Most people's voices are not made for radio and whatever comes out of their mouths is rubbish, yet we live in a time where everyone's got their own broadcasting channel. It makes me want to puke.
 'I feel like puking,' I said to Kelly, but she wasn't listening. I turned back and she'd stopped twenty metres behind me and had her phone out, photographing some minute proof of human genius on the side of a wooden garage door. I jogged back to her, to test out if I really meant it about being sick. My stomach is one of my points of weakness.
 'Check this out,' she said.
 It was a perfect hole in the side of a wooden panel on an old garage door. It was a hole for a finger to pull on, a hole through which a rusty chain was looped. The hole's sides were smoothed down to round soft edges, sanded by time and weather, by fingers. There was something about the wornness of it that soothed me, made my nausea dissolve. I kept my eyes on it while Kelly took photos.
 'I've got to get about twenty shots before I get it right,' she said. 'I've got an Instagram especially for these.'
 'Huh,' I said, feeling gloomy. 'The future belongs to you and your pictures of holes. We're living in the time of pictures. Written stories are finished. I heard that on the radio recently. It made me want to cry.'
 We started to walk again, down the hill.
 'Pictures are just stories,' said Kelly. 'Someone's got to tell stories.'
 She pointed out the holes in the lampposts, concrete holes through which steel tape was wound. I think she was doing it to distract me, the way she'd learned to do with her kids when they were grouchy.
 'Aren't they incredible?' she said.
 'I've never given them any attention before.'
 But I looked around. They were everywhere these holes. I mean, everywhere. I couldn't walk three metres without meeting another one, in a post or a retaining wall. I looked up. Even the sky had holes in it. Just then, as if to distract us both at a crucial moment of awakening, a pimped white ute with mirrored windows drove past us. As it passed we could hear the full glory of the subwoofer, an invention that rivals the caveman for grunt. The ute was low at the back, like pants worn half way down a backside. The driver did a fast u-turn and drove back, slowing down as it passed us again. Two young men in oversized caps and sunglasses to shield their baby eyes from the dark afternoon peered out at what they now would have recognised as two middle-aged women in walking gear. It must have been a slow day for cruising.
 I turned to offer a remark that would puncture the earth-burning tyres off their ridiculous automobile, a payback for interrupting the peace between two friends, a word to force these boy-men to see the worldly resources they were wasting, the reckless debt they were accruing against their precious twenty-year-old lives. But my mouth was empty, my lips pursed in a great big O. Sometimes it's better to let these scenes play out with no dialogue.
 The sub-woofer woofed from the bowels of the renovated ute and we stared at each other across a moment that stretched longer than time will account for. What, in that specious present, did we see in each other? I cannot begin to speak for a twenty-year-old man, not even in fiction. But Kelly and I, both mothers of boys, were looking for the looking glass through which we might glimpse a peel of hope that our babies would grow up to be nothing like these ones. What choice do we have in such matters? It pulled up a resolve to be more patient with ourselves and with our sons, with their under-age right to be confused in a confusing world.
 The wheels of their ute turned away, slowly into the future, taking their pale acned faces into town, to more fertile ground. Our heads swiveled on our respective necks back to the scene before us, our feet kept stride beneath our strong bodies. Naked, we are all soft beasts craving love.

Nadene Carr and Fran Allison

Things that might one day be jewellery, 2016

Process

Challenges and exchange

Reference

Ed. ATOP05 cvc, Zidiankis, V. (2011). Not a Toy: Fashioning Radical Characters. Berlin, Pictoplasma Publishing (pp 14 - 19)

Richard Serra. Verb List. 1967-68. Graphite on paper, 2 sheets, each 10 x 8 (25.4 x 20.3cm). The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of the artist in honor of Wynn

Kramarsky. © 2011 Richard Serra/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

Martino Gamper, 100 Chairs in 100 Days and its 100 ways.

Our first question was 'How do we do this and make it work for both of us? Tricky things collaborations.....so many different ways they can happen... artistic collaboration raises some interesting questions about the nature of authorship (does it need to be precisely outlined), authenticity and the artists relationships to their works and audiences that question the image of the artist as a solitary self-sufficient figure.

We are both busy...we steal the essential time to continue our practices so retaining some autonomy over our individual practices we agreed was important for us, at the same time we both agreed that we would like to use this platform to challenge each other and experiment freely. Each meeting has created an exciting energy and a whole lot of 'possibilities', creating energy, creating ideas.

We found differences

Nadene: Why?...just because I can

intuitive making

Fran: Find a meaning or make a meaning

reflective making

And uncomfortable spaces

Nadene: use words and be monochromatic

Fran: colour

We decided to work in uncomfortable spaces

There is jewellery and there is clothing/fabric and there is the uncomfortable space in between. We decided to work in that space choosing the t shirt as our starting point (limitless, political, so close to jewellery when using slogans, a loaded but slipping beneath the radar object)

We launched into:

1. the t shirt challenge (our thread)
2. the recipe challenge
3. the donated recipe challenge (painter Frances Hansen from Keepsakes)
4. the slogan/text challenge
5. the palimpsest challenge
6. the bead challenge
7. the 10 things we like about t shirts challenge
8. the response challenge

Here is a recipe: (I found it in an old old sketch book)

How to: make a lei from an old frock and recipe book

Cut patterns from the fabric, cut recipe book for stiffened backing, sew the two together. Form, plait, or slot. Place fittings on, use something interesting from the kitchen or the house (e.g. brushes, toothbrushes) for the flower stamens, thread on stainless steel fishing line (or any other thread).

Hi, a bit late but all good, do you want to meet this Friday?

Beetroot & berry chocolate cake

Grate a cup of Beetroot , 1/2 cup of berries (any type) 1/2 cup coconut oil- melted, 2 cups ground almonds, 1 cup coconut sugar, 4 free range eggs, 1 cup cocoa , 1 1/2 tsp baking soda.

Add all ingredients into a good size bowl. Using a good mixing spoon carefully mix all together. You can use loaf tin, muffin tin, or cake tin. Bake in moderate oven , keep an eye on them ,time depends on which baking tin you have a used, when skewer comes out clean it's ready .

Hi Nadene,

here is the recipe from Frances, it is from a book she has published called Keepsakes - Recipes Mementos Miscellany and she has given me a copy for you

Happy making!

I will e mail through some photos

F



10 things I like about t-shirts (FA)

I like the stretch
I like that t shirts are a wardrobe staple
I like that people don't really notice t shirts much (unless they have slogans)
I like that slogans on t shirts are SOOOO like wearing jewellery...many of the same reasons...
I like that t shirts have different necklines
more to come....
I like they are comfy
I like they can be unisex
I like they are cotton (though cottons a political no no)
I like the way they fade
specially black... goes all different colours.....

Things I like about t-shirts (NC)

Fits all shapes
Cheap or designer
Doesn't need ironing
Easy to fit into a community ie a group
You have your worn favourites , maybe you sleep in it
Vivian Westwood " punk"
New designers start (I love ugly)
T- shirt is the norm
Good for rags once finished with

BEYOND THE INDIVIDUAL:
FASHION AND IDENTITY RESEARCH

It is remarkable how many artists and fashion designers are currently researching the human form – transforming the body into a sculpture, turning it into a cartoon Character, or having it become an integral part of a space or environment. These developments can be seen on Paris catwalks, coming from famous fashion designers like Alexander McQueen, Martin Margiela and Viktor & Rolf, but also from up-and-coming talents like Alithia Spuri-Zampetti and Craig Green. At the same time, performance artists such as Andrey Bartenev, LucyandBart, Nick Cave and Urban Camouflage have long been occupied with this theme. From avant-garde to catwalk, from Russia to America, it is clear that many artists and designers have seized on the same subject. Instead of beautifying the body and clothing it with identity and personality, they are searching for the ominous, unsettling fantasies and meanings that the clothed human figure can also communicate.

BODY AND IDENTITY

In today's daily life nothing has become as confusing or confrontational as a naturist beach. With no clothing to go by we suddenly find it difficult to place people or to know what kind of person we are dealing with. In our everyday lives we communicate identity and social position primarily by means of our clothing. It is effectively through clothing that we make our tastes and ideas clear in a non-verbal way – and always in combination with body language, because it is also in the body's physical appearance and the 'fashionableness' of its postures that we can read the personality of the wearer. A rapper in baseball cap and sagging pants and a dandy in an impeccable suit, hat and walking stick are obviously wearing different clothes – but their body language and poses are also completely different. Still, fashion and clothing are more than just communication media. 'Dress', as Anne Hollander points out in *Seeing Through Clothes*, 'is a form of visual art, a creation of images with the self as its medium'.² By this she means that we should regard clothing and fashion not solely as an applied art or a communication system, but also as a visual art form and a performance art whose focus is an expression of the self and the relationship of the individual to the world. It is exactly this focus which characterises contemporary (avant-garde) fashion and performance art in its research into the body, its relationship to 'the individual',

¹ Tunnissen, 194

² Hollander, 311

to the world around it, and the experiments with which it is attempting to reinterpret and redefine this relationship.

FASHION AS PERFORMANCE ART

Ever since the 1960s we have been able to decide more or less for ourselves which groups we belong to and who we are as individuals. Democratization and the rise of youth culture brought about profound changes in society. People were no longer automatically lifelong members of a particular social class, nor did they stay where they were born; from the 1960s on, people were free – up to a point – to chart their own course in life. For fashion this meant that the newest trends were no longer dictated from Paris, but came from the street and from youth culture, and every group expressed itself with its own style of clothing. The result was that fashion was no longer dominated by a single style; different fashion styles existed side by side. More than ever, people could decide for themselves what kind of ideas they wanted to express and which groups they wanted to belong to. The 'individual me' could be fully expressed in one's personal clothing style. Fashion and clothing therefore helped to shape the far-reaching democratisation of a society in constant change. Fashion and clothing became the expression and symbol of modernity, of mobile individuals with ever-changing personality and taste.³

³ Lipovetsky, 197

THE BODY AS A SOURCE OF EXPERIENCES, INTIMATE THOUGHTS AND FANTASIES

Now that the world lies so open for us, however, it has become an inescapable duty to be an individual and to express who we are through our body and clothes. But is this actually possible today? We now have so much more freedom than in recent decades that we have started to ask ourselves what *else* our bodies and clothing can mean.

In 1997 the Japanese Rei Kawakubo was one of the first fashion designers to push the limits of 'good fashion taste'. The clothes in her Spring/Summer 1997 collection, which came to be known as *Lumps and Bumps*, had bulk and volumes in unusual places. The models had Quasimodo-style humps on their backs and hips and the public reacted with bewilderment and dismay. Kawakubo had broken the iron rule of contemporary fashion that demands a slim, perfect



Ungepfeilte,
Grow On Your Feet! No, 2008
Fig. 1

body. She demonstrated that volume in unexpected places has an interesting sculptural effect – and also that deviant bodies speak directly to our fears and our most bizarre fantasies. By undermining the idea of the eternally perfect fashion body she forced her viewers to undergo a profound experience.

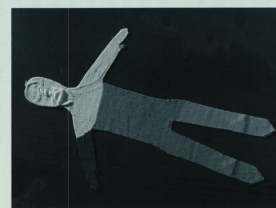
Around the same time, other designers started undoing the fashion straitjacket by concealing their models' heads. Walter Van Beirendonck had his models wear latex masks. Martin Margiela covered them with nylon stockings. Viktor & Rolf dyed them black and Bas Kosters put cheerful masks over them. The face, as the most important part of human communication, the mirror of the soul, had suddenly been erased. This, too, had a dislocating effect. How are we supposed to read a body without a face? Is it even human? And if it isn't human, what is it – a doll, a robot, an alien, a cartoon character, or merely a sculptural form? And what does this form have to say? Here, too, as viewers our imaginations are stimulated and doorways to imaginary worlds, full of fears and colourful fantasies, are opened wide. These designers have opened an entirely new universe, one which addresses matters of fashion, clothing and the body in relation to the world and our internal 'I'. Here, fashion is not so much about 'who I am' (the impression I make with what I wear), but 'what I experience' (the effects that this body and appearance have on my brain).

FROM VISUAL TO DIRECT EXPERIENCE

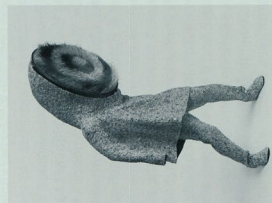
We explore the space between the body and the near environment by conceiving dresses that blush and shiver, and breathe. We draw on the work of two artists: the fashion designer, explain Lucy McRae and Bart Hess (LucyandBart), talking about the Skin Pro Dress they developed for Phillips.² This artistic duo is fascinated by genetic manipulation and the mutated human body, and they experiment with the material human body, and they experiment with the relationship with its environment.³ Like Rei Kawakubo, but from an entirely different perspective, they are researching the body as sculpture and the effect this approach has on our perception. Freddie Robins uses knitting to explore pertinent contemporary issues of the domestic, gender, and human conditions: 'I find knitting to be a powerful medium for self-expression and communication because of the cultural preconceptions surrounding it'.⁴ Robins uses knitting, long automatically associated with domesticity and clothing, to ride the borderline between the normal and the abnormal – with unsettling results.⁵ Both artists are concerned principally not with the aesthetic form of their work, but with its dislocating, emotional effect on the viewer.

McRae and Hess

Robins



Freddie Robins,
The Perfect: Alex, 2007



Nick Cave,
Soundsuit (Untitled), 2008

For the performance artist Nick Cave, who trained as a dancer and textile artist, a small miracle occurred when he first put on his own textile objects and started to move. In combining his expertise in both areas he discovered he could show how a human figure – however strange its appearance – can convey not just elegance or glamour, but also pure energy, ecstasy and rhythm. Fig. 3

**BODY AND CLOTHES:
GATEWAY TO THE UNCONSCIOUS**

In short, these days both avant-garde fashion designers and performance artists are searching for primary experiences. What lies hidden behind a person or an identity? And what constitutes identity in a globalised, secularised society in which we see ourselves both as citizens of the world and members of a local community? Besides our real lives we now also lead virtual, digital lives on the internet. And who do we become when we look within ourselves and give free rein to our fears and fantasies? These are the issues and uncertainties addressed by designers and artists in the book *Not A Toy*.

The result is that today we no longer see fashion as the post-modern, non-committal game that Jean Paul Gaultier introduced in the 1980s and in which every known historical style is shuffled together. In 2011 we are trying to fashion deeper meanings of the body and clothing. At this point we have realised that the idea that the body and clothing can communicate 'individuality' is an illusion; how unique can we really be in a branded world, with our G-Star jeans, Gucci glasses and Louis Vuitton bags? But if we no longer wish to communicate our identity through our clothing, what are we actually communicating?

Avant-garde fashion, like art, is increasingly becoming a reflection of the repressed tensions and discrepancies that mark contemporary culture. As Richard Martin puts it, since the 1960s fashion has actually become the ideal medium for expressing our relationship with ourselves and with the world around us.²

Anne Hollander, *Seeing Through Clothes* (New York: Avon, 1975) | Gillies Lipovetsky, *The Empire of Fashion. Dressing Modern Democracy* (Oxford: Princeton University Press, 1994) | Richard Martin, 'Voortje! Schijn en gewoonte in *Fashion and Imagination*, eds. Jan Brand and Joaze Nunes, (Amsterdam: Zwitser: ARTEZ Press, d'jonge Hout), 26–42 | Lucy McRae and Bart Hess, *Icyandromed*, <http://aham-pendancor.wordpress.com/2008/05/12/lucymcrae-and-bart-hess-icyandromed/> (last accessed: March 2011) | Joaze Nunes, *Imagined Bodies* (last accessed March 2011) | Joaze Nunes, 'Van Dandy tot Calais: The Power of Fashion', eds. Joaze Nunes and Jan Brand, (Amsterdam: ARTEZ Press, Tunes, 2006) 194–222.

JOSÉ TEUNISSEN



Richard Serra. Verb List. 1967-68. Graphite on paper, 2 sheets, each 10 x 8" (25.4 x 20.3 cm). The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of the artist in honor of Wynn Kramarsky. © 2011 Richard Serra/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

"When I first started, what was very, very important to me was dealing with the nature of process," Richard Serra said. "So what I had done is I'd written a verb list: to roll, to fold, to cut, to dangle, to twist...and I really just worked out pieces in relation to the verb list physically in a space." A sort of linguistic laying out of possible artistic options, this work on paper functioned for the artist "as a way of applying various activities to unspecified materials."

Serra described the list as a series of "actions to relate to oneself, material, place, and process," and employed it as a kind of guide for his subsequent practice in multiple mediums.

Martino Gamper
100 Chairs in 100 Days and its 100 ways

A recalled dialogue from some time ago:

Martino: I will make 100 chairs

Åbäke: What, the same one 100 times?

M: No, they will be different. They'll be actual size 3D sketching, somehow, you know, instead of drawing on a piece of paper.

Å: Sounds great. Do it in 100 days then.

Neke Moa and Karl Fritsch

Legend of the Pounamu Fish, 2016

Process

Legend of the Pounamu Fish, film stills

Reference

Best, Eldon. Myths Pertaining to Pounamu or Greenstone. Retrieved from:
<http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/tm/scholarly/tei-Bes02Reli-t1-body-d4-d5-d14.html>









Myths Pertaining to Pounamu or Greenstone
By Elsdon Best

The various kinds of stone grouped under the name of pounamu by the Maori, and under that of greenstone by us, were prized by the Maori in former times. In the case of nephrite one may say that this mineral was viewed much as precious stones are by us; it was highly esteemed as material whereupon to fashion implements, and also ornaments. Coming from the isles of Polynesia, where no such stone was available, where, in some cases, adzes had to be fashioned from shell, the discovery of nephrite in New Zealand must have been looked upon as a matter of great importance. Under these circumstances we may expect to find that there were beliefs and myths connected with pounamu, and that expectation is realised in the following pages.

The origin of greenstone, sayeth the Maori, lies far back in the night of time, close to the beginning of things. In tracing that origin we have to seek it under the name of Poutini, who is looked upon as the origin or personified form of greenstone. Now Poutini was one of the offspring of Tangaroa, who was, as we have seen, one of the very numerous sons of Rangi and Papa, or Sky and Earth. Here then we find the source of greenstone, and that source was of the progeny of Tangaroa, who represents all fish. It is interesting to note that, in olden folk tales, greenstone is alluded to as a fish (ika), and it was this description that so puzzled Captain Cook. In the account of his third voyage he alludes to the trade in greenstone that was carried on throughout the North Island. Later he remarks "...we were told a hundred fabulous stories about this stone, not one of which carried with it the least probability of truth, though some of their most sensible men would have us believe them. One of these stories is, that this stone is originally a fish, which they strike with a gig in the water, tie a rope to it, and drag it to the shore, to which they fasten it, and it afterwards becomes stone. As they all agree that it is fished out of a large lake, or collection of waters, the most probable conjecture is, that it is brought from the mountains, and PAGE 449deposited in the water, by the torrents." (See Cook—A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean, vol. 1, pp. 139-140, Dublin, 1786). Cook's conjecture was a good one, inasmuch as the Maori was wont to seek float pieces in stream beds, and all the old, unworked, family heirloom blocks I have seen were waterworn.

In one recital we meet with the peculiar statement that greenstone was originally a stone, but later became a fish, possibly this was when it crossed the seas to New Zealand. Another statement is to the effect that, when obtained, greenstone is soft, but gradually hardens. A similar popular belief is met with in China, (see Journal of the Polynesian Society, Vol. 13, p. 193). One quaint old folk lore repository of Matatua district told me that Poutini the origin of greenstone is one and the same as Poutini the star. His people are the greenstone folk, a people who descended from the heavens and dwelt at Hawaiki, but in later times came to New Zealand. These greenstone folk were persons of importance and they had many chiefs. They were attacked here and lost a number of their people, who were slain, which was a benefit to the Maori people. These slain and captured greenstone folk represent blocks of greenstone acquired by the Maori and famous greenstone artifacts. Greenstone is often alluded to as the whatu o Poutini or "stone of Poutini", also as the ika a Ngahue, or "fish of Ngahue". One old tale speaks of greenstone as having been alive, and, when caught it was cooked in an oven, possibly with a view to hardening it.

Another old dictum is that greenstone originated with, or belonged to, one Hine-tuapapa, who has already been referred to in these pages. In a recital of these myths occurs the expression "Na Hine-tuapapa te ika nei a te pounamu"—This fish, the pounamu, originated with Hine-tuapapa. This dame is evidently such another as Rakahore, a personified form of rock.

Tutaku of Tuhoë gave Poutini as a descendant of that Whaitiri whom we have lately discussed.

A kind of greenstone known as pungapunga is unknown to the writer, but, like the tahakura stone, it was held to possess certain supernormal attributes. Auguries were, in some way, derived from these stones; they foretold future mishaps, disasters, dangers.

There is another source of greenstone that should be mentioned here, and it is to be found in the story of Hina or Hine-te-iwaiwa and Tinirau. When the two wives of Tinirau maltreated Hine, she retaliated by destroying them, in one version she effects her purpose by means of black magic, but in another she slew them by throwing stones at them. At the same time the stone missiles had been rendered effective by a certain charm that Hine had recited over them. Now when these stones

struck the two women their bodies at once broke open, to disclose the interesting fact that both were full of greenstone. One marvels as to how this tale originated; perchance it may hinge upon the two beliefs that greenstone was originally a fish, and that Tinirau was a master or lord of fish; his task was the breeding or preservation of fish in ponds, and his very name carries the meaning of "numberless" or "multitude".

We must now see how greenstone came to this land of Aotearoa, for, as the Maori will tell you, it did not originally exist here. It seems that trouble arose in the home of Tinirau in far Hawaiki, where the greenstone fish, that is to say Poutini, dwelt. Several causes of dissension are given, but the principle one seems to have been that constant antagonism existed between Poutini (greenstone) and Hine-tuahoanga. This enmity seems to have been inevitable, inasmuch as the task of the Sandstone Maid is to lacerate, rasp and dis sever the body of Poutini. So it was that Poutini fled from Hawaiki to seek a refuge in far lands, and the following narrative tells us how the Sandstone folk followed him and forestalled him in occupying certain places at Aotea.

"Pounamu is a stone of a supernatural nature; at one time it was a stone, at another time a fish. It is said that a quarrel was the cause of the greenstone (pounamu) migrating hither from the Moana-Kura, which is situated across the great ocean, and the quarrel was over that sea or lake itself. Tutunui was endeavouring to gain possession of it as an abiding place for his offspring, for the kuku (mussel), the paua (Haliotis) and other such fish; which act angered Poutini, Tauri-karapa, Kahotea and Whatukura, chiefs of the greenstone people. Then Tutaua assembled the multitudes of Hine-tuahoanga and Whatuaho (all varieties of PAGE 451sandstone), and by these were the greenstone folk defeated at Te Auiti. Hence they fled, and were pursued right across the ocean to this land. On arriving at Tuhua (Mayor Island) in the Bay of Plenty, they found it already occupied by the offspring of Whatuaho, that is by tuhua (obsidian). Now the fleeing greenstone folk pressed on southward by way of the East Coast. At Waiapu they intended to proceed inland and settle at Hukurangi (a variant form of the name of Mt. Hikurangi), but found already located there the offspring of Tuahoanga and Whatuaho, that is sandstone and waiapu (a form of chert found in the Waiapu district). Again the pounamu fled, and, on arriving off Waipiro, made survey of that part, but found the offspring of Tuahoanga dwelling at Pokurukuru. When they arrived at Uawa, they found the offspring of Tuahoanga and Whatuaho at Tieke-tangaroa, where they were detected on account of their skins gleaming redly in the sunlight. The fugitives then came right on to Turanga without halting, but when proposing to rest there they saw Tuahoanga dwelling at Te Oikarewa and Waimata. Edging away from here they came to Nukutaurua, which they examined, but saw one Takamaitahu there, one of the offspring of Whatuaho. They came on to Heretaunga, and cautiously lay offshore; but Takamaitahu and Tongarire, sons of Whatuaho were seen abiding on Te Poho o Ruahine, hence they came on, still by sea, only to find on reaching Whareama, the offspring of Tuahoanga lying at Oruhi (the sandstone of Oruhi supplied the natives of Wairarapa in former times with their grinding stones, cutters, rasps, etc.). Again the fugitives fled, and now passed over to the South Island. Poutini scoured the land and noted the pleasant and healthful odour thereof; whereupon he remarked-'We will abide here.'

"Just as these greenstone folk were landing, the hostile force of Ngahue, Rongokahi and Tutaua arrived and attacked them, whereupon they fled and became scattered in their flight. The party with Poutini, Raparapa-te-uira, Kahotea and Koukoumatua pressed on, but some were slain as they fled, and, on reaching Arahura, they fled for shelter to a cascade, where no one could get at them. The guardian of the cascade, the moa, was slain (by Ngahue) and Ngahue and his party returned to the other island and never came back hither.

"A chief of the greenstone folk, named Te Rama-apakura, was slain by Whironui with a spear. When Whironui saw Te Rama-apakura in flight, he seized his spear named Te Pae-irirangi and performed the ceremony calledhoa over it. Having first soaked PAGE 452his spear in water, he took it up in his left hand and with his right hand dipped up water and sprinkled it on the point of the spear, while chanting the following ritual:

"Taku rakau nei ko Te Pae-irirangi
He tipua, he tahito, he akuanga (?akonga) nau, e Tane-irihia
Taku rakau he atua toro nau, e Tane-whirikaha
He ngatoro nau, a Tane-matua
Oi whiwhia, oi rawea
Taku ika a Te Rama-apakura e ki tenei atua

Ngatata o kauwae, ngatata o niho
 Haruru mai ki tenei atua
 Tu mauri ora ki tenei atua

Then the spear was cast and Te Rama-apakura was slain, while this slaying of the greenstone folk became known as Te Mataaho. Many of them are said to have been destroyed or seriously injured by the Fire of Huhi through the agency of Taranga-kahutai, hence the peculiar appearance of some kinds of greenstone, light coloured marks and dark spots like charcoal; this occurred at Reporoa.

"Ngahue attempted to spear some of the greenstone folk; but his weapon was powerless, as the hoa charm had not been recited over it, hence Poutini kept diving under water and was not wounded. Then Poutini irritated thewheke of Maturangi and the waters became turbid so that Ngahue could see nought therein. Then Tutaua lunged with his spear, as he quoted his saying:—"Haere te ika a Ngahue, kapakapa te ika a Tu", and thus perished Pungapunga, said to be a light coloured kind of greenstone, the wife of Poutini."

The name Tuahoanga, mentioned above, is an abbreviated form of Hine-tuahoanga. The fleeing greenstone found sandstone and other enemies already residing at places whereat it desired to settle down, and so it was compelled to move on to the South Island. In other versions Ngahue is said to have conducted Poutini to these shores and then returned to Hawaiki. The greenstone refugees eventually found a haven at Arahura, on the western coast of the South Island. The so-called chiefs of the greenstone folk said to have been slain bear the names of certain famed heirlooms, greenstone implements and ornaments. Ngahue is said to have slain a moaat a cascade up the Arahura River, and to have taken some of its flesh, and pieces of greenstone back to Hawaiki. This item really belongs, not to the above myth, but to the tradition of the coming of Kupe and Ngahue to this land and their discovery of greenstone at Arahura. We are told that Ngahue, on his return to Hawaiki, that is to the isles of Polynesia, informed the people of those parts that greenstone and the moawere the most remarkable products of this island of Aotea.

In several accounts Ngahue is spoken of as the enemy of Tuahoanga and guardian of the greenstone folk. In some published versions Ngahue is said to have killed the moa at a place named Te Wairere, but our best native authorities claim that it is not a place name, that Ngahue killed the moa at awai rere (cascade or waterfall) up the Arahura river. This story has been transferred to Whakatane (by us) because there is a waterfall thereat known as Te Wairere.

The Tutunui mentioned in the above story was a tame whale under the protection of Tinirau, it appears in the story of Kae. Tauira-karapa and Kahotea are names of two kinds of greenstone. Whatukura is a term used to denote highly prized or tapu stones. This concept of sandstone assailing greenstone is of course based on the fact that sandstone was used by man to reduce pieces of greenstone to desired forms. To make a thorough job of his myth the Maori has personified the various kinds of stone. A force of the Sandstone Folk was raised to attack Poutini, greenstone, and so Poutini fled hither to Aotearoa, but on arriving here Poutini found that Tuahoanga, Tuhua, Mata, and Waiapu (i.e., sandstone, obsidian and chert) had already arrived and settled at Mayor Island (Tuhua) and many places on the coastline. Thus greenstone was unable to find a resting place at Waiapu, Waipiro, Uawa, Turanga, Nukutaurua, Heretaunga, and Whareama. In the South Island the greenstone refugees were attacked and some of them were slain, this was the cause of their taking refuge in the turbulent waters and rough bed of the Arahura river on the west coast. In some versions it is Ngahue who conducts Poutini, the greenstone, to these shores, but in the one given above Poutini conducts the greenstone refugees hither, while Ngahue pursues and attacks them.

The Hine-huhi mentioned in the fabulous chronicle is the personified form of swamps; fabulous with a vengeance, for we are told that the greenstone tikimade from the captured or slain greenstone pertained to the time of Tane. Moreover from this same greenstone of New Zealand was made the famous adze Awhiorangi, used in cutting the props used to support Rangi when sky and earth were separated in the days when the world was young. We thus see that little Aotearoa was well to the front PAGE 454 in the stirring times of hoary antiquity, when mighty forces rent the world asunder, and fame was any god's!

As for the greenstone that got burnt in those fierce conflicts of the misty past, it is known by its appearance, by the black and light-coloured patches in it.

Another brief recital states that greenstone, Hine-tuahoanga, and Te Whatu-tongarere (a stone name) were all offspring of Tanga-roa. Whatu-tongarere was a female who was taken to wife by Paretao (a stone name), an arrangement objected to by her brothers Tauira-karapa, Te Rama-apakura and Whakarewa-tahuna, because they feared the eyes of Paretao. Then Paretao enlisted the services of Ngahue and Tunui (?Tutunui) and so strife began.

In a brief sketch which I collected, the Sandstone Maid follows Ngahue and his greenstone charge to Aotearoa, and leaves Tuhua (obsidian) at Mayor Island, and Waiapu (chert) at the district of that name. We are also told that, when Ngahue returned to Tawhiti, he took the best greenstone with him and left here the inferior kinds. Tools were fashioned from greenstone taken overseas by Ngahue wherewith were hewn out the vessels by which the later immigrants came to New Zealand. Yet again the greenstone 'chief' Poutini is said to have taken refuge in the poho o Tuaropaki at Arahura, whatever that may be, possibly a hill name.

Perhaps the first account of this myth that was published was that contributed by Colenso to the *Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science* of 1846. The writer tells us that natives maintained that greenstone was formerly a fish and that it possessed supernatural attributes; one is inclined to place some faith in this statement when told that it came hither from the isles of Polynesia. We are also told that a number of charms and ceremonial performances pertained to the seeking and taking of greenstone in stream beds of the Arahura district. Wild tales have been told of the dangers encountered in such activities. Natives told Colenso that, when that fish, the greenstone, reached Tuhua island it saw the paretao stone there showing its teeth, and so passed on southward. Again, at Takiritane, between Whareama and Motuairaka (?), it saw the takiritane form of sandstone showing its teeth, hence it moved on to Arahura (*Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science*, vol. 2, p. 215).

The version given in Grey's *Mythology and Traditions* pp. 68-9 gives us nothing new of any note, save that it makes Waiapu (representing chert) a prominent enemy of Poutini. The Ngati-Porou folk tell us that Hine-waiapii (the Flint Maid) is the name of a block of waiapu stone lying at the mouth of the Waiapu river; it was placed there by Hine-tuahoanga in order to prevent Poutini settling in those parts. For Poutini had fled hither from Pikopiko-i-whiti pursued by Hine-tuahoanga, patron of the two "fish", Tuhua and Waiapu. Te ika a Ngahue, "the fish of Ngahue", is a name for Poutini, that is to say for greenstone. Poutini came to Whangaparaoa, but was still pursued, and so came to Te Araroa, whereat is a place where he lay, and that place is yet known at Kopua-pounamu. Hine-tuahoanga came on to Waipiro, where there is a block of hoanga (sandstone used as a grinding stone), called Pokurukuru. It was this stone that the greenstone feared, and so fled southward. The boulder named Hine-waiapu was viewed as the tino of the district, the river was named after it.

The late Aporo Te Kumeroa of Greytown obtained from the Arahura natives their version of the story of Poutini. In this recital Poutini appears as a woman, who, in olden times, lived at Tuhua island. She quarreled with her people there and so left the place, also leaving her brother Tama behind her. Curiously enough the quarrel is said to have been concerned with greenstone in some way. She landed at Kotore-pi, some twenty miles north of Greymouth. The canoe was baled out there—so greenstone is found at that place. The party then ascended the Arahura river, and at a waterfall under the Tara-o-Tama peak more greenstone was deposited.

Tama decided to go in search of his sister Poutini and used his magic dart in the quest; in this case he is credited with having cast it by means of a whip, as the tarerare or kopere spear was thrown. In the first cast the dart descended at D'Urville Island, a long flight, the second carried it to Kotorepi, the third to Maitahi, at which place greenstone is also found. The flying dart at length led Tama up the Arahura river to his sister. His slave attendant here left a kokako bird cooking so long in an oven that it was quite charred, hence, we are told, the tutaekoka or black marks seen in some greenstone. This valued stone is found at a place where a deep pool lies below a waterfall, and those seeking to procure pieces of the stone have to swim across the pool. It was here also that the canoe of Poutini capsized and here that his companions were drowned.

The Tama referred to above is probably that Tama-ahua who is said to have made an expedition to the South Island to obtain greenstone. This story is one of confusion, when one scans the PAGE 456 different tribal versions thereof. Tama-ahua was an immigrant from Polynesia, who came, we are told, in the vessel Kurahaupo and settled at Oakura, Taranaki, apparently about seven centuries ago. He and his party set off in three canoes named Otairua, Potaka, and Whatupurangi; Tama and his two wives, or two of his wives, Hineahu and Aotea being in the first mentioned vessel. Hineahu had come from Hawaiki with Tama, she was so named because she was a native of the island of Ahu. On reaching Arakura the treasure seekers concealed their vessels and went up the river in search of greenstone. Tama and Hineahu had some disagreement over an attendant named Tuhua, the result being that the latter was slain by Tama. Pieces of the desired greenstone were found by Hineahu, and the various kinds were given distinctive names, the tangiwai kind was so named in remembrance of her crying, the kahurangi betokened her high rank, while the kawakawa commemorated Hine's wearing a chaplet of kawakawa leaves. We shall see that this naming of the various kinds of greenstone is also credited to the party of Kupe.

When Tama kindled a fire at Arahura that fire spread and burned a variety of greenstone known as kahotea, the light coloured patches in which are ashes from the fire kindled by Tama. Such is a brief account given by a Takitimu pundit., but the following story differs somewhat, and contains more detail.

"Hineahua represents the kahurangi variety of greenstone; she was a wife of Tama-ahua. The party went up the Arahura river, Tama-ahua, the principal man with his wife Hineahua from across the ocean; and Tuhua, the latter was slain by Tama-ahua, the cause being jealousy toward Hine-ahua. This was the woman who discovered the tangi-wai, Kahurangi, auhunga and kawakawa-rewa varieties of greenstone, and the huka-a-tai, and named them after herself, hence they were styled by her Hine-tangiwai, Hine-auhunga, Hine-kaurangi and Hine-kawakawa. She was the first woman who had neck pendants and ear pendants made to her order. The tangiwai was so named because Hineahua wept for her old home at Hawaiki; as she sat there, her tears flowed to the earth, hence the tangiwai was called Hine-tangiwai by Hine-ahua. The spotted appearance of the kahotea and kawakawa is owing to Tama-ahua generating fire, the sparks of the firestick fell on the rephina grass, the fire spread up Arahura and that district was devastated by fire, hence the kahotea and kawakawa were damaged, for those two were inland. Tangiwai was lying under the cascade, and Auhunga was piled up in the current of rushing waters, while Huka-a-tai was lying where those waters flowed into the sea of Arahura; the auhunga was also found in a deep pool.

"The greenstone was discovered through Hine-ahua going to bathe, when lumps of stone were seen by her. The auhunga and huka-a-tai were so found by her. The Kahotea was found by Kupe, that is by his daughter Makaro, at the same place. She went to examine the appearance of the forest up the river and climbed up the bank, with her elder sisters Matiu and Matangihau, when the stone was found. Makaro cried: "O! My light coloured (kaho) stone." This kaho means the kakaho or culm of the toetoe [*Arundo conspicua*] which in later times came to be called kakaho, but was formerly termed kaho. As to the full name of that greenstone it is connected with its discovery by Makaro, hence the name of that greenstone is kahotea. At that time it was a fine variety of greenstone, partly light coloured and partly green, the colours blending, a desirable stone.

"Matangihau discovered the kawakawa as exposed in the river bed. The chaplet of Matangihau was composed of kawakawa leaves [*Macropiper excelsum*]; she exclaimed: "My stone; I will carry it to the canoe." She did so, and on reaching the camp, Kupe said: "Let it bear the name of your kawakawa chaplet."—hence the name of kawakawa by which it is called. Well now, after Kupe had returned to Rarotonga and Hawaiki, Toi-te-huatahi migrated hither, and after that Whatonga and others came. Now when burned by the fire of the fire stick of Tama-ahua, the kahotea and kawakawa were spoiled, they became spotted with cinders."

In the above account the name of Tama-ahua's wife is changed to Hineahua, and we see how greenstone was personified and assigned the female sex. A long period of time is supposed to have elapsed between the coming of Kupe and Tama-ahua.

A South Island version of the above story collected by Martin makes the female personifications wives of Tama-ahua, their names being given as Hina-ahuka, Hina-kawakawa, Hina-aotea, and Hine-tangiwai. These folk came to this land in a vessel named Tairea, while Tama followed them and endeavoured to find them by casting a magic dart. He so found Hina-tangiwai. Tama quarrelled with his attendant,

one Tumuaki, alias Tuhua, and slew him, whereupon the earth was convulsed and a hill, now known as Tuhua, was found, from the top of which Tama saw the vessel Tairea and his other three wives all turned into stone. So we are told, but why should his wives suffer for their husband's PAGE 458 misdeeds; these Polynesian gods seem to have been but a haphazard lot in administering justice.

Another note on Tumuaki tells us that he perished not by the hand of man, but by those of the eccentric gods of the Maori. When engaged in breaking a boulder of greenstone he chanced to wound his finger, and then, in order to alleviate the pain of the wound, he thrust his finger into his mouth. That simple act sealed the fate of Tumuaki, who was transformed into a rock, which yet stands at that place, by his atua, Hauparoa, who was a brother of Maru. So it was that Tumuaki died as men die, albeit he yet endures, and so a hill up the Arahura river represents Tumuaki. It was the blood flowing from his wounded finger on to the stone that brought about the petrification of the heedless Tumuaki, all tapu objects call for extreme caution on the part of those who approach them, or touch them.

In a South Island narrative given by White our Tama-ahua is confused with one Tama-nui-a-rangi of the time of Rukutia and Tu-te-koropanga, who pertain to an old, old Polynesian tale. This Tama is said to have reached the Poutini district where greenstone exists, where he transformed one Timuaki into a hill. He then found some greenstone, which, in those days, possessed life, it was a living creature; he cooked some of it, and, on being heated, it exploded and so became scattered over the surrounding district.

In another version of this tale of Tama-ahua published in the Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 5, pp. 233-236, Tama-ahua is said to have gone south in search of his two wives, who had been taken away by Poutini, and Poutini had gone south owing to his dread of Tuhua. Here again Tama found the direction in which to travel by means of casting a magic dart, which, when thrown in the right direction, produced a loud sound. So he came to Arahura, where he found that his wives were dead, hence he decided to make an offering of cooked food to his gods as an act of placation, and so try to induce them to restore his wives to life. Here his attendant ruined the ceremony by interfering with tapu conditions, the burned finger episode, and so the hapless cook was slain and was himself cooked, and Tama's wives never regained life, they remained dead. Tama-ahua went to Taranaki, where he is now represented by a stone in a cave at Putakoura.

The Ngahue who appears in the foregoing recitals as a companion, or guardian, or enemy of the Greenstone Folk and other weird supernormal creatures, is the Ngahue of popular folk PAGE 459 tales; but in the superior version of the story of Ngahue, as preserved by the Takitimu people, he simply appears as a Polynesian voyager. When Kupe the voyager came to Aotearoa Ngahue came with him, but in a different vessel. Kupe is said to have been the first person to find greenstone here, and he probably flourished not less than twelve generations before the time of Tama-ahua. The following is a brief account of Kupe's visit to Arahura.

"Now Kupe set out to examine the South Island and to see if it was inhabited by man. So he arrived at Arahura; that place was so named by Kupe on account of his voyage of discovery, his looking for inhabitants, such was the origin of the name Arahura. Kupe was the first person to find the prized greenstone, and the first variety found by him was the inanga; which was so found through his seeing some inanga fish in the stream. They set about netting some of the fish, and Hine-te-uira stretched out her hand and picked a stone out of the water to serve as a sinker for the net, when it was seen to be a peculiar kind of stone. So that kind of stone was called inanga, and the name of Arahura was adopted for the river. That is sufficient explanation regarding the greenstone.

"The reason why I recited this part of the story was, lest any persons should falsely declare that greenstone is found in their islands, it is not so; this thing greenstone is the prized, much coveted stone of this island. It is called the whatu kaiponu because greenstone was held to be a special perquisite of highborn folk of both sexes, they alone might wear it; it was not meet that ordinary folk should possess that valued stone; such was the whatu kaiponu.

"Tutauru and Koukomatua are said to have been two adzes fashioned from the greenstone found by Kupe, the latter being a ceremonial implement that was 'waved' before the gods during certain rites."

Raewyn Walsh and Henriette Schuster

Gold im mund (gold in mouth), 2015/16

Verse by Henriette Schuster, Munich, Germany

Jewellery by Raewyn Walsh, Auckland, New Zealand

Process

Image exchange, Raewyn Walsh and Henriette Schuster

Reference

Rocks, Stones and Grandfathers by David Garneau. Originally published at rocksstonesdust.com as part of the project. Rocks, Stone and Dust, 2015, curated by John G. Hampton for the Justina M. Barnicke Gallery and University of Toronto Art Centre. Retrieved from: <http://rocksstonesdust.com/#landing>



Henriette

Raewyn



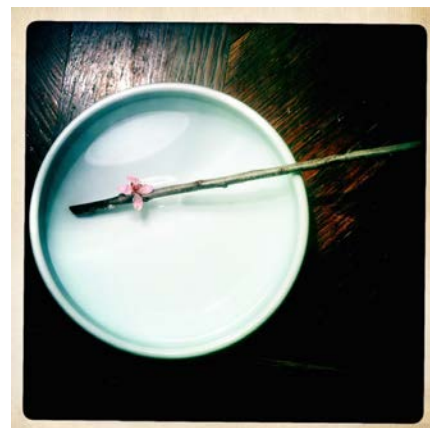
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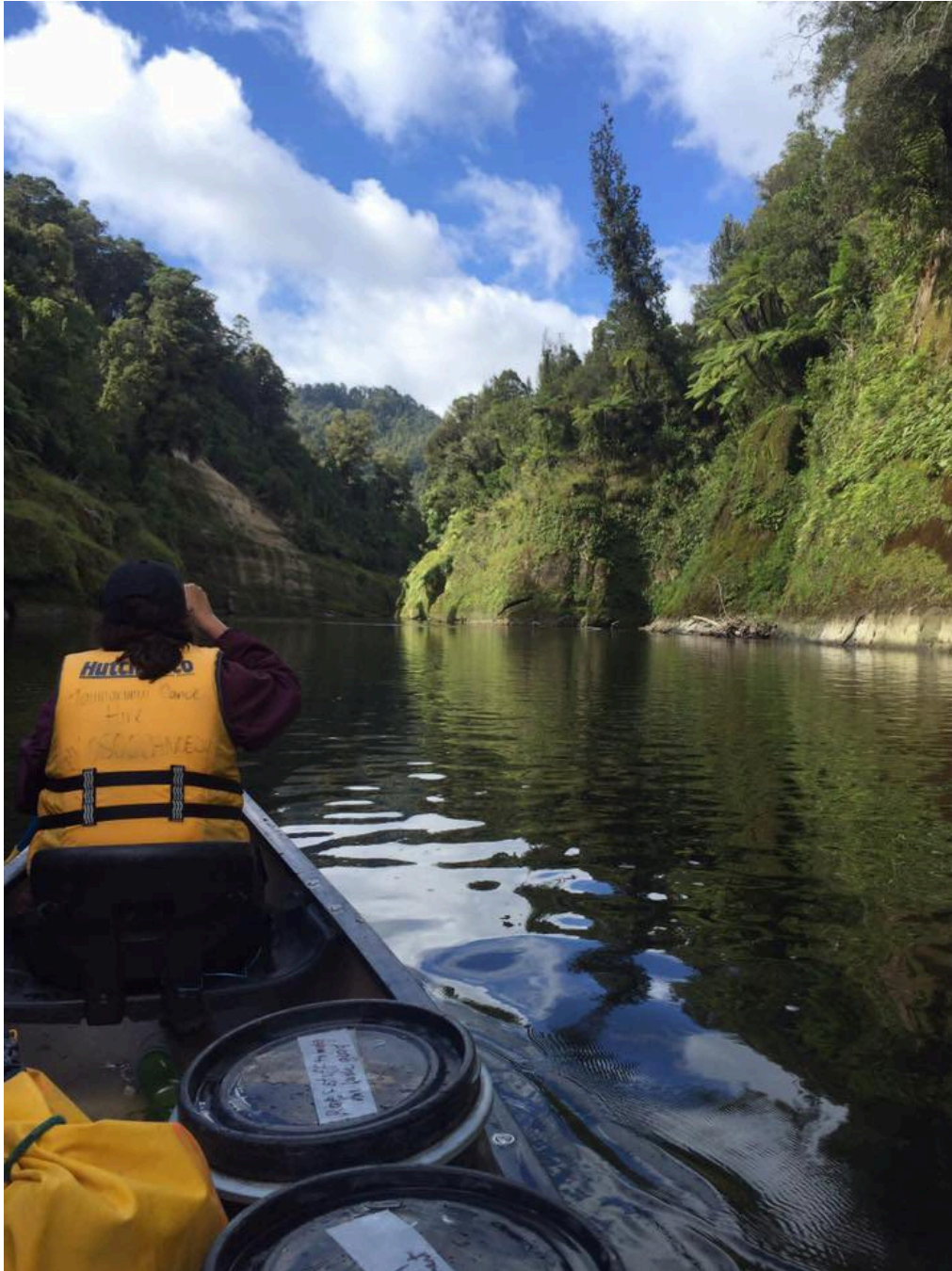
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HS-26-05-16



HS-02-06-16



RW-14-01-16



RW-20-01-16



RW-07-04-16

Rocks, Stones, and Grandfathers
David Garneau



rock/stone/grandfather (near Head Smashed in Buffalo Jump,
Blackfoot Confederacy territory/Alberta. Photo: David Garneau

My body rests in a boulder. Depending on your worldview, the rock was split by frost or by legend. For geologists, it is a “glacial erratic,” one of thousands of quartzite blocks cleaved from the Rocky Mountains,¹ carried by centuries of ice action hundreds of kilometers, then deposited across southern Alberta in what they call the Foothills Erratics Train. The rocks range in size from little more than a hand span across to the Big Rock, near Okotoks, which is bigger than a house. This one, the size of a large shed, rests near the Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump. A plaque explains that, according to the Blackfoot, upon whose territory it rests, this rock chased Napi, the trickster, who cheated the sentient rock out of a gifted buffalo robe. Before it could crush him, a cloud of bats took mercy and battered it with their heads—which is why the rock split and some bats have flat faces.²

Both stories are marvelous; as I am wedged in this margin, my mind oscillates between the narratives. While nested in this rock, rather than considering them as mere stories, I consider both to be equally credible. This boulder and its cousins inspire uncanny feelings. They disrupt the otherwise flat prairie like lost strangers and unletter our minds. Bison, wanting to rub off their winter coats or just relieve an itch, trek to them. For human travelers stones such

as this one were navigation tools. For me, it is a site of ontological reflection. Picture the object. It is an attractive anomaly. You cannot help but touch it, story it, remember it—its presence exceeds inanimacy.

Much of the USA-Canada border is an unnatural division, not marked, for example, by a river or geologic divide. It is mostly performed by human agreement: math, treaty, mapping, and behaviour. “Parallel 45 N” features rocks collected by Marcelo Moscheta as he travelled 150 km of this invisible seam. In the field, the rocks are neutral, mute, ignorant of their geopolitical status. Collected, removed, and arranged in the gallery, they become heterotrophic. No longer fully natural nor cultural, no longer there but not quite here; domesticated nature, they are not quite themselves. The installation uses real portions of the landscape to represent itself. It condenses 150 km of border into just a few paces, transforming these rocks-become-stones into a map of their own territory.

In general usage, a stone is a small rock. But geologists consider a rock to be a mineral aggregate existing in nature. Stones are that same material but altered by people.³ Stone walls are made from rocks. This distinction is important to anthropologists trying to determine whether the mineral aggregates found in sites of ancient habitation are mere rocks or stone tools. Stones are rocks altered by human hands and intention. We refer to the Stone Age rather than the Rock Age as a way of indicating a tool-making era. For the same reason, rocks pressed into human service become Stonehenge rather than Rockhenge. A rock garden is made of stones trying to pass for nature.

Philosopher Arthur Danto famously tried to explain the difference between works of art and mere real things that look exactly like them. Puzzling over Warhol’s Brillo boxes and Duchamp’s Ready-Mades, he noted that works of art had titles, while mere things did not; art is treated specially, in purpose-built institutions, and mere real things are not accorded such respect.⁴ Just as stones can look like rocks, art can also be mere real things—both are transformed by human use and meaning. But there is a third order of mineral aggregate being. According to Indigenous experience, rocks are also grandfathers.⁵ They are animate. Not alive in the biological sense but as repositories of experience. Some say they are animated by human desire, by anthropomorphic projection.

Lindsay Lawson's "The Real Smiling Rock" tells the story of a sliced and polished agate that was offered on eBay for a million dollars, and Lawson's subsequent work was inspired by this posting, including her feature-length film "The Smiling Rock," a fictionalized account of a woman who fell in love with the stone. Like the asking price for the geode, this body of work engages us through hyperbole but hooks and troubles us by revealing how irrational (or extra-rational) our desires and sense of value can be. Our materialist minds know that there is no face in the rock, no communication broadcast through its random pattern, no author behind the minerals. And yet something in us wants to believe; it rebels at the idea that there is no magic in the world. Pareidolia is the name psychologists give to the projection of meaning into random forms, for example, seeing pictures in clouds. It is at once thrilling and disturbing to witness yourself caught between belief and awareness that it is a trick of the mind.

Lucy Tasseor Tutsweetok's sculptures are barely carved carvings and nearly natural ready-mades. It is as if the artist saw human forms in the rock and simply presented it for our recognition and pleasure. Well, she touched them up a little, not so much to impress us with her skill as to help us along with seeing what she sees. Her work is reminiscent of Michelangelo's claim that the figure was already in the stone and simply needed to be released by the artist. Tutsweetok releases not the figure but our imaginations.

Recognizing that rocks are also grandfathers is not pareidolia. We do not see beings in the form but being formed. From an Indigenous point of view, these are not projections but, rather, receptivity to the object's special being. This is not an Indigenous sense alone. Whether it is called awe, the sublime, the uncanny, beauty, and so on, most everyone experiences it. It is just that materialist ideologies discourage recognition of the numinous. This repression is recent and has not quite taken hold of us entirely. We seek out and respond to unusual natural objects and events *as if* they had a presence and/or were shaped by intentions beyond materialist *nature*, are informed by *Nature* itself. We do something similar with some works of art; we ascribe a being to these mere things that exceeds their material form. Michael Belmore's "Smoulder," for example, re-enchants the world. It is a fiction posing as a truth. Our literal mind knows those stones are cool, but our imagination recognizes these rock-

become-stones as always grandfathers.⁶ The artist helps us to see the animation he knows.

Art is the space, in a secular materialist society, where the metaphysical is entertained, or at least whispered about, without being captured by religion. Spring Hurlbut's "Deuil I: Galen #4" is a photograph of a drawing made from the ashes of the artist's friend's cremated body. It could be an honouring or a provocative taboo breaker. Like Andres Serrano's work, the image plays with photography's peculiar ability to make present an absent thing. This is not the drawing but its pristine facsimile, not the ruined body, only its representation. If we were only materialists, this would not move us at all.

For "A World Undone," Nicholas Mangan took a 4.4 billion-year-old zircon, ground it to dust, then recorded the particles being released into the air at 1/100 speed. This may evoke the ancient skeptics, the atomists, and offer an illustration of their claim that because everything can be reduced to particles there is no metaphysical realm: the universe is made up only of things and their relations. Or, it could evoke the idea popularized by Carl Sagan that we're all made of star dust. Both readings offer a materialist sublime without the need for the mystery of metaphysics. Jason de Haan's aerosol-ed ammonite fossil also echoes the atomist's creed. However, because its destruction is accelerated by a human hand, the work also suggests a sinister science, a dark side of creativity. Kelly Jazvac makes art from a rock she co-discovered and named plastiglomerate. It is an aggregate of sedimentary stone and plastic found near Kamilo, Hawaii. This could be an artifact from a future world-without-people where natural forces (re)claim human cultural artifacts for themselves.

The works of Hurlbut, Mangan, de Haan, and Jazvac may seem strictly materialist, but in each is the desire to animate or reanimate the seeming dead matter of the universe. Hurlbut gives the dust that once was her friend new life as a work of art. Mangan plays God and replicates the Big Bang in miniature. De Haan plays nature to accelerate erosion. And Jazvac finds a reversal of the usual nature-to-culture trajectory that hints at the possibility of an invisible hand of Nature (Gaia). All art attempts to animate mere matter with meaning. Art that exceeds illustration opens a crack for metaphor and meta-

physics to enter. Tight between the halved boulder, I know Napi is a myth and the rock inert, and also know they are not. 🤖

Endnotes

¹ This one probably came from Mount Edith Cavell, near Jasper, AB.
http://www.albertawow.com/hikes/head_smashed_in_buffalo_jump/buffalo_jump.htm

² http://www.olsn.ca/fnplw/content/2015/The_Legend_of_Napi_and_the_Rock.pdf I asked permission of Adrian Stimson (Siksika/Blackfoot) to share this story. He confirmed permission with community elders.

³ Whitten, D. G. A., & Brooks, J. R. V. *The Penguin Dictionary of Geology*. London: Penguin, 1987. Print.

“Rock. (1) To the geologist any mass of mineral matter, whether consolidated or not, which forms part of the Earth’s crust ... (2) The civil engineer regards rock as something hard, consolidated, and/or load bearing, which, where necessary, has to be removed by blasting. This concept also accords with the popular idea of the meaning of the word.”

“Stone. In geology the word ‘stone’ is admissible only in combinations such as limestone, sandstone, etc., or where it is used as the name for extracted material—building stone, stone road. It should not be used as a synonym for rock or pebble.”

⁴ Danto, Arthur C. *Transfiguration of the Commonplace: A Philosophy of Art*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1981. Print.

⁵ For an account of rocks as grandfathers compared with a scientific account by a sympathetic non-Indigenous geologist, see http://www.wawataynews.ca/archive/all/2014/5/2/talking-earth-first-nation-teachings-and-science_25564

⁶ Editor’s note: Garneau’s argument here is not that Belmore’s stones are “grandfather rocks” in the traditional sense, nor that they are sweat lodge stones (Belmore has directly rejected both of these notions), but that they act as both rock and stone, in line with Garneau’s grandfather stone ontology.

Renee Bevan and Harrell Fletcher

What the moon looked like the evening she was born, 2016

Process

Reflections on a collaborative relationship

Bevan Fletcher skype 1

Bevan Fletcher skype 2

Neighborhood approach

Reference

Paul Thek's Teaching Notes retrieved from <http://whof.blogspot.com/2010/11/paul-theks-teaching-notes.html?m=1>

A chess game of sorts

Likening our relationship to joining for 'a game of chess' in reflecting on our experience in Handshake2 Harrell says;

'It has that kind of same mental stimulation for me. But here it is a particular kind of game that I happen to just have been involved with for a long time; a kind of strange obscure one but its an interesting one to play. Its not like we have been playing in any sort of competitive way but its an interesting process of you serving me some stuff and I get to respond to it and you get to respond back and we have this game back and forth. This back and forth becomes a volleying development of an idea and thinking of conceptual aspects as well as the real aspects like what's going to happen with it and how does that manifest. Its been a fun and satisfying experience.'

Back for another game in Handshake3, this time the game took on a different focus: collaboration.

Renee responds:

'Instead of the chess pieces on both sides forming 'my' work; where I choose the direction the plays continued/developed, and I resolve where the game ends; this time the game forms 'our' work; this time the game sees Harrell's starts, his big moves and the work carries much more strongly his own interests as much as mine, a kind of sharing of interests... its been a fun process to watch this game unfold.

And different still, after kicking it off we got other players involved. A few we knew and had a feeling how they might play but most we had never meet - how they might contribute was unknown. Towards the end Harrell and I had almost completely stepped out of the game, it was the participants who finished it. They each offering a final arrangement of pieces on the board.'

Request...

'We ask that you to loan a jewellery item/object to the Gallery for the duration of the exhibition. We also ask that you share a small story pertaining to the piece. The story could be a small narrative/experience relating to the piece, its history, how you received it, its personal significance... this would be entirely up to you.'

Response...

Some stories I heard years ago; like that of Mary's and the locket belonging to her grandfather. Its a story I have never forgotten.

Others I discovered in the process; unknown to me who I may encounter, what I may find, what stories would be given.

Then there were those stories partly known but not wanted to be talked about. "The Prime Minister will not be available to participate, however he wishes you well with the project." This turned into a story in itself.

And those we will never know. Sir Michael Hill: No reply. Mobil, Ponsonby Rd: "No, sorry I don't think anyone here is really interested".

And what about the stories that continue to walk the streets, sit on our mantelpiece, decorate our homes; the ones we did not encounter. Stories that sit with you the reader now, the objects and stories belonging to the people in the room ...

a series of Conversations ...
one from 1/4/16: curating/gathering...

1/4/16, Transcript from skype conversation ...

R to H: 'I am wondering how we go about getting the pieces and the stories, there are a few options like, would it all come from one family? different generations of one family? Or could it be completely random? Or cover a cross section of the community?'

H to R: 'I think it could go a number of different ways, like a single family sounds kind of interesting, a cross section of people could be good, it could also just be one person with multiple pieces / stories; it could go any of those ways. It could also be some building that is in relationship to the gallery, so if there was a school and you just asked teachers and administrators ... or a factory and its factory workers. It could be anything like that. Or should it have a broader Auckland connection?'

5/4/16, Reflecting back on and channelling advice during Handshake2, Email from H to R, 1/7/15...

'R, ... Any of your versions seem like they will work. I wouldn't worry about it too much, select an approach and see how it goes. H.'

13/4/16, Email R to H...

'Regarding the selection of actual pieces ... At the last skype we talked through a range of different/possible scenarios/approaches but yesterday I thought why choose one, why not look at them all/a number of these? - ie using jewellery from the petrol station attendant across street, and also a handshaker or two, and also from an athlete, from a church member across the street etc...) ... in my head this feels representative of a range of community and also a range of different functions jewellery/object has in our lives. I also wondered about including a few small objects (ie an ornament, pen, objects you might carry in your pocket etc...) as these too though not jewellery share a similar intimacy/connection/function in similar ways etc...'

And so unsure where exactly to begin I decided to just begin and see where it lead; the first request made on the 20/4/16, the last in the final weeks leading up to this exhibition. 'Curating' is not the right term ... there was little 'curating' and control at all ... I think it might have been more a gathering of sorts.



6th May 2016

My name is Renee Bevan. I am an Auckland jeweller/artist working in the art, craft/object sector. My collaborators name is Harrell Fletcher; Harrell is an American social practice artist based in Portland, Oregon. We are currently working on a collaborative jewellery/artwork which will be exhibited in *Objectspace*, 8 Ponsonby Rd, Auckland, July 2016.

As part of this we are currently contacting people in the Auckland community and requesting participation in this exhibition through the loaning of a jewellery item/small object and its story. We would like to showcase items belonging to those living and/or working in the neighbouring Objectspace community/vicinity. This will offer insight into the people that form this community and their relationships to jewellery/object. As a neighbouring community member we hope you will consider this request and partake this project.

Shining a spotlight on community, the work will form a small peoples' museum of jewellery/objects and their stories and explore the ritual practice of jewellery and objects and the meanings and stories we imbed and attach to these in our everyday lives.

In choosing to participate we ask that you to loan a jewellery item/small object to the Gallery for the duration of the exhibition. We also ask that you share a small story pertaining to the piece.

The story could be a small narrative/experience relating to the piece, its history, how you received it, its personal significance; this would be entirely up to you. This can be as long or short as you wish; be it a few words or a page.

The piece could be a heirloom, a gift, a piece you carry/use/wear everyday, an item made by a loved one, it may be carried for good luck or could be of cultural significance? - your choosing of an item, its connection/significance to you and the reason for this choice would be entirely up to you. In saying this we are also happy to discuss this more with you if you would prefer.

We sincerely hope you will consider this request and partake in this project with us.

Please find additional details regarding the project and our background for your reference below.

Thank you kindly for your time,
We hope to hear from you and to be able to showcase a piece from your collection in this show,
Kind regards,

Renee Bevan and Harrell Fletcher

Project Background

The exhibition: This collaborative work by Renee Bevan and Harrell Fletcher is for an upcoming show (July 2016) at publicly funded craft/object gallery *Objectspace*, 8 Ponsonby Rd, Auckland. The exhibition is part of a group show of collaborative works by jewellers/artists from *Handshake3*.

The artwork/project: The work is based around a collection of jewellery items/small objects and their stories. Covering a broad cross section of community, these pieces will be gathered from a range of people of differing professions, ages, ethnicities etc. and cover a range of differing functions/values (ie be it sentimental, superstitious, national, historic, aesthetic or monetary). Through this we aim to shine a spotlight on our community and highlight the individual meanings and stories we imbed and attach to jewellery and objects in our everyday lives.

For the duration of the exhibition each item will be displayed in a secure vitrine. A different work from this collection will be worn in the gallery by the gallery assistant on one occasion during the exhibition. This will provide an intimate and more in depth means of storytelling through sharing the worn items story, narrative or history and engaging in conversation around each particular piece with visitors to the gallery. Tremendous care will be given to each item both in the showcasing of it as well as the wearing. The loaning of items would fit under *Objectspace*'s contractual loan agreement and as such this would be both fully insured and well protected/cared for. If you have any concerns regarding the wearing of your piece special instructions or exemptions can be made accordingly/as per your instruction.

Additional information: Please find web links pertaining to the artists, *Objectspace* and the *Handshake* project below.

<http://www.harrellfletcher.com/>

<https://handshake3.com/renee-bevan/>

<https://handshake3.com/category/renee-bevan/>

<https://handshake2.com/2015/06/01/23/>

<http://www.objectspace.org.nz/>

Paul Thek's "Teaching Notes"

A list with both personal/philosophical questions and assignments given to Thek's students as part of his 4-D Sculpture class, Cooper Union School of Arts, New York, 1978-1981.

Name
 Age
 Birthdate
 Place of birth
 Position in family
 Nationality
 Religion
 Education
 Hobbies
 Career plans
 Parents' education
 Parents' birthplace
 Parents' religion
 Where do you live now? With whom? For how long?
 What income do you have? From what source?
 What property do you own?
 What are your requirements in a friend? Lover? Mate?
 What kind of art do you like? Painting? Sculpture? Music?
 What do you read? How often?
 Do you buy books? Records?
 What is your favorite color?
 What are your politics?
 Have you ever been seriously ill? Serious accidents?
 What do you do on a date?
 What is the purpose of dating?
 Do you believe in premarital sex?
 What happens after death?
 Tell us about other members of your family.
 Tell us about a close friend.
 Tell us about someone who inspires you.
 Tell us about the most exciting thing you ever saw, did.
 How many rooms are there in your home?
 How many floors? What floor do you live on?
 Do you have your own room? Do you share it? With whom?
 What does your room look like?
 On what do you sleep? In what? In what position?
 Do you take baths or showers? Do you use perfumes or deodorants?
 What style or look do you prefer?
 Are you interested in sports? Which? How often?
 Do you believe in abortion? Do your parents?
 What is your worst physical feature? Your best?
 What is the main source of difficulty between you and your parents? Teachers? Friends?
 What annoys you the most in others?
 What kind of teacher do you prefer?
 If you were a teacher what would you propose?
 How would you grade your students?
 What is eternity? What is love? What is art?
 What is a symbol? What is religion? What is psychology?
 Who are your role models?
 Who is the person closest to you at the moment?
 Who is the person physically closest to you at the moment?
 What in your life is your greatest source of pleasure?
 How do you know you love someone?
 How do you know that someone is interested in you?

How do you know that you are happy, sad, nervous, bored?
 What does this school need? This room? You? This city? This country?
 What is abstraction?
 What is a mystery religion?
 What would it be like if you behaved with absolute power?
 Redesign a rainbow.
 Make a French-curve rainbow.
 Design a labyrinth dedicated to Freud, using his photo and his writings.
 Design a Torah.
 Design a monstrance.
 Illustrate the Godhead.
 Add a station of the cross.
 Design an abstract monument to Uncle Tom.
 What is a good temple? A bad temple?
 Who is your favorite character in the Bible?
 Who is your favorite character in Gone With the Wind?
 Why does an icon have to be human?
 What is sacred? Profane?
 What is the most beautiful thing in the world?
 Make a paperdoll of yourself.
 What is theology? What is secular?
 Explain the Zen doctrine in your own words. What does it mean?
 What does it mean "In the beginning was the Word"?
 Can you find a book on making sculptures of paper?
 Make a spaceship out of a cereal box.
 Make a paper chain out of a book.
 Redesign the human genitals so that they may be more equitable.
 Design a feminist crucifixion scene.
 Design something to sell on the street corner.
 Design something to sell to the government.
 Design something to put on an altar.
 Design something to put over a child's bed.
 Design something to put over your bed when you make love.
 Make a monkey out of clay.
 Design a flying saucer as if it were The Ark.
 Make a large folded-paper airplane, paint on it a slogan which you think will revolutionize your life.
 Make an icon out of popcorn.
 Paint a balloon gold, paint a balloon silver.
 Make a necklace out of coal.
 Paint a series of playing balls like planets, be accurate.
 Design a black mass out of any materials you can find.
 Design a work of art that fits in a matchbox, a shoebox.
 Design a new clock face.
 What is the difference between philosophy and theology?
 Who is Hans Kung?
 What is liberation theology?
 What is mysticism?
 Who was Meister Eckhart?
 What is the purpose of art?
 What does 'spiritual' mean to you?
 What is the most difficult thing in life for you?
 Can art be helpful in dealing with this difficulty? In what way?
 What is 'service'?
 What is the purpose of society? Of government?
 What is the surest way to happiness?
 Who is Savanarola? Augustine?
 What is attractive in a woman? A man?
 What are the qualities of physique most attractive?
 What are the personality problems of being an artist?

What is it like to be an American in the 20th century?
 Who is Roosevelt?
 What is action painting?
 Pop art?
 The Louvre?
 What languages do you speak? Spoken at home?
 What religious articles do you have in your home?
 Make a skyscraper out of inappropriate materials.
 Make a prisoner's pillbox hat.
 Make scatological object, or use scatological words.
 Illustrate your strangeness, act out your most frightening perversity.
 Design a box within a box to illustrate selfishness.
 Design a throne.
 Why are you here?
 What is a shaman?
 Make a piece of curative art.
 Make a piece of psychological art.
 What do you think has been the greatest hurt, mental and physical, that you have suffered?
 What do you think are the qualities of a life fully lived?
 Can you suggest a project, for yourself or for a group, or for any number, which might deepen your sensitivity to time?
 What is greed?
 What is verbal knowledge?
 What does tactile mean? Can you show me an example of tactile sensitivity in your personal life?
 What do you do to make yourself more attractive sexually? Why do you do this?
 Do you really like very beautiful people? Do they really have special privileges?
 What is polygamy? Explain its function in the society?
 Make a design of your favorite literary person. Event. History. Project for Ellis Island.
 How much time should you work on a class project? How much time should you think about it? Discuss it?
 What do you think of money? Make a structure to me explaining your concept of money, or out of money.
 Should art be useful? Useless?
 What is pabulum?
 What is capitalism? Communism? Socialism?
 What is leisure?
 Make a structure out of photos of primitive people.
 Make a structure illustrating anything from the book of proverbs.
 Can you construct a functioning lamp that illustrates the concept of freedom?
 Can you construct a functioning ashtray that illustrates the passage of time?
 What is waste?
 Who was Malthus?
 How can we humanize the city?
 How can we humanize Cooper? How can we redesign the Cooper triangle?
 What should the student lounge look like? Where?

Remember, I'm going to mark you, it's my great pleasure to reward real effort, it's my great pleasure to punish stupidity, laziness and insincerity.

These marks won't make much difference in your later life, but my reaction to you will, but the reactions of your classmates to what you do will.

Your classmates are your world, your future will be like this now, as you related to your present, you will relate to your future, recognize your weakness and do something about it.

Sarah Read and Liesbeth den Besten

On Jewelleryness: Touch, 2016

Process

On collaboration

Email exchange 2016 16 03

Email exchange 2016 03 16

Reference

Images with text by Liesbeth den Besten Leon Ferrari, Union Libre (poem by Andre Breton embossed in Braille on a Photograph), 2004. retrieved from www.wikiart.org, june 2016

Peter Bauhuis, parts from the Gallium Hoard from Obertraun, 2011

Peter Bauhuis Film Still, VHS 1991

Otto Künzli, Handmirror, 1982, photo, quicksilver. From: exhibition catalogue Körperkultur, Otto Künzli, Gerd Rothmann,

Galerie am Graben, Wien, Landesmuseum Oldenburg, 1982

Globe, Johannes Schwartz, photographer

On collaboration: background

Sarah Read / March 27, 2016

For the July exhibition at Auckland's Objectspace gallery I am lucky enough to be collaborating with Liesbeth den Besten.



Liesbeth is an independent art historian who works internationally as a writer, curator, advisor, jury member, exhibition maker, teacher and lecturer in the field of crafts and design, especially contemporary jewellery. She is chair of the Françoise van den Bosch Foundation and member of the AJF board.

Over the weeks our correspondence has included descriptions of exhibitions, jewellery-related experiences, family history, personal revelations, reflection. As to be expected, Liesbeth writes quickly and with obvious enjoyment; I am slower and less fluent, but send something every few days, even if it is just a video/image for her to enjoy over coffee.

What are we going to show?

As for what we will be exhibiting, we are still working it out. Here is Liesbeth's manifesto, which gives us a framework of sorts:

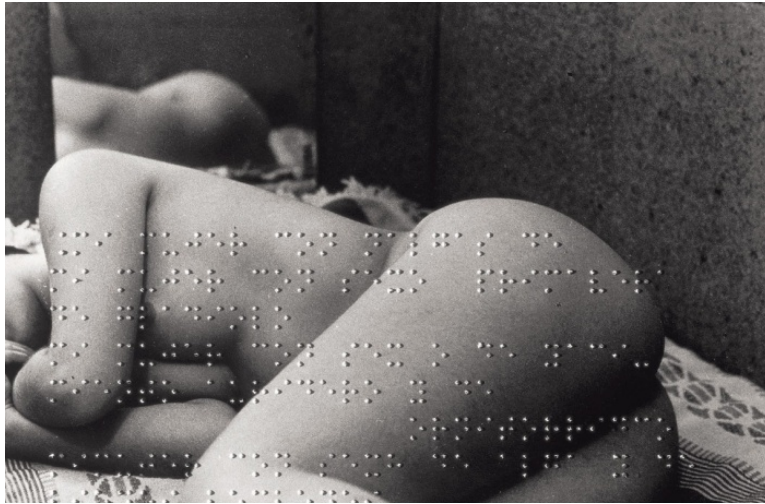
- A forget about sceneries and props,
- B forget about objecthood and focus on jewelleryness,
- C forget the aficionados and target on the uninitiated,
- D focus on the reasoning, on the 'why and how' of jewellery, on the 'what if' of jewellery, on the 'where' of jewellery, on people and jewellery, on jewellery and place,
- E focus on questioning instead of answers,
- F focus on experiment instead of nice results,
- G focus on process and projects,
- H focus on inclusion of other media and strategies,
- I focus on sharing and collaborating,
- J don't be afraid to forget about unique one-offs for the gallery every now and then,
- K take care of finding your own vernacular, use slang when necessary,
- L forget about Schmuckashau

And here is the (deliberately open-ended) description from our original proposal:

- The starting point will be ideas-based, and we will together refine the conceptual content of the project
- The work will develop through enquiry, experimentation and accident; space will be made for the unexpected; uncertainty and changes in direction will be navigated to let the work come into focus over time
- For the gallery there will be jewellery /objects relating to the body
- There may be an element of participation or performance, or work using other media
- There may be other manifestation/s of the project elsewhere

Email S to L: 16 March - On jewelleryness and touch

For your coffee break, should you get one... <attachment>



Leon Ferrari, Union Libre (A Poem by André Breton embossed in Braille on a Photograph) 2004

Email L to S: 17 March - re On jewelleryness and touch

I love it!

This work has so much to it. The beautiful rhythm of the braille dots, the immediate sense of feel and touch, and then this undulating naked body that can be touched but only in an immediate way, the poem that stays a mystery for those who can read - this work puts everything upside down.

It also brings back memories of a blind friend of my father who was a poet (like my dad): he used to feel my face and shoulders with his hands and I was always terrified though I was aware that this was unfair towards him.

Here you see a photo of him, so characteristic with his pipe.

Beautiful, thank you Sarah
Liesbeth

<attachment>



Email S to L: 3 June 2016: On Touch and jewelleryness

I appreciate we haven't looked at definitions of Touch, so it's important perhaps to talk about that.

I realise I am using Touch in 2 ways when I think of this piece.


Touch as in the physical act of touching, but also touch as in 'being in contact, connecting, as in 'Stay in touch' - which is, I feel, the nature of our correspondence.

Or, 3 ways actually - touched in our usage can also mean moved / emotionally affected - as we both are by your Cleo and father story.

I think jewellery touches us in all 3 of these ways, and would like these to be manifest in what we include.

Xxs

<attachment>

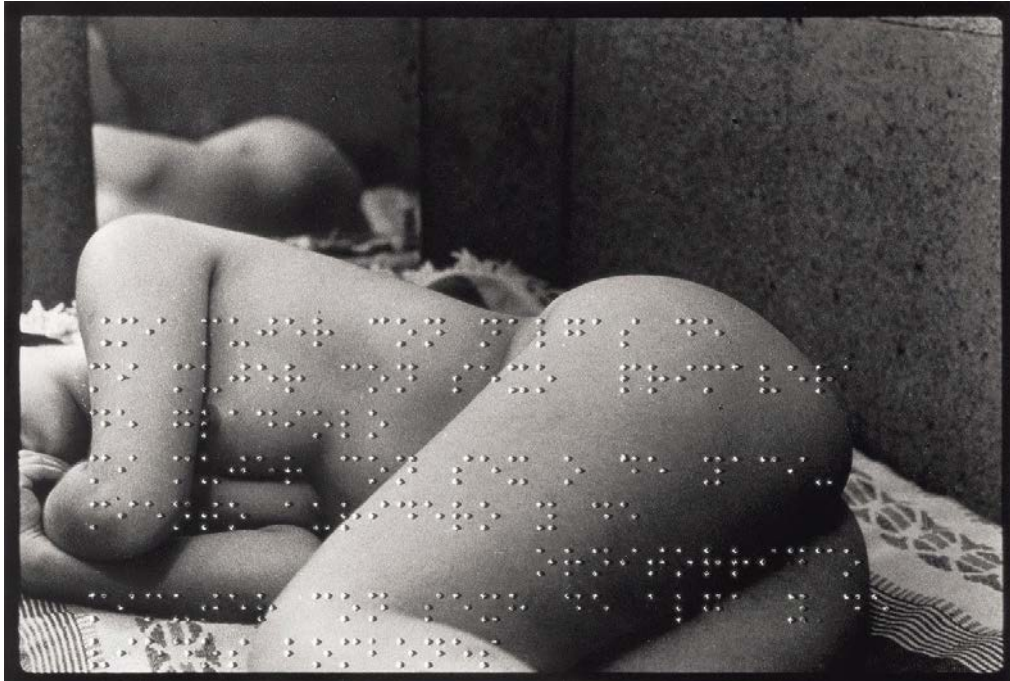
touch
/tʌtʃ/ 

verb

1. come into or be in contact with.
"he leaned back so that only two legs of his chair touched the floor"
synonyms: be in contact (with), come into contact (with), come together (with), **meet**, **join**, **connect**, converge (with), be contiguous (with), border (on), be (up) against, link up (with), **adjoin**, **abut**, **neighbour**
"his shoes were touching the end of the bed"
2. handle in order to interfere with, alter, or otherwise affect.
"I didn't play her records or touch any of her stuff"
synonyms: **handle**, **hold**, pick up, **move**, **More**

noun

1. an act of touching someone or something.
"her touch on his shoulder was hesitant"
synonyms: **press**, **tap**, **pat**, **nudge**, **prod**, **poke**, **push**, **glance**, **flick**, **More**
2. a small amount; a trace.
"add a **touch of** vinegar"
synonyms: small amount, **trace**, **bit**, **suggestion**, **suspicion**, **hint**, **scintilla**, **tinge**, **tincture**, **whiff**, **whisper**, **overtone**, **undertone**, **nuance**, **murmur**, **colouring**, **breath**, **vein**, **More**



Leon Ferrari, Union Libre (poem by Andre Breton embossed in braille), 2004

The beautiful naked body is resting in front of a mirror. The female shapes are softly curved, and look sculpted. In marble you would have loved to follow the lines with your hands; shaped out of real human flesh it becomes the lovers' arena, inviting, seductive, willing. No matter how tempting this photo is, it is an illusion, nothing more than the result of chemical process, the residue of a body, and a situation, that once was. Photo - the word derived from Greek, means literally 'to write with light'. This light-written document is embossed with a Braille text. It reflects lines from l'Union Libre, the ultimate love poem by French Surrealist Andre Breton, and it enhances the inaccessibility of the image. Touching is allowed - your fingers touch the body precisely from upper arm and breast to hip, buttock and thigh - but there's still something more missing, something essential, besides the meaning of the signs, the breathing warmth of a real body.



Peter Bauhuis, parts from the Gallium Hoard from Obertraun, 2011

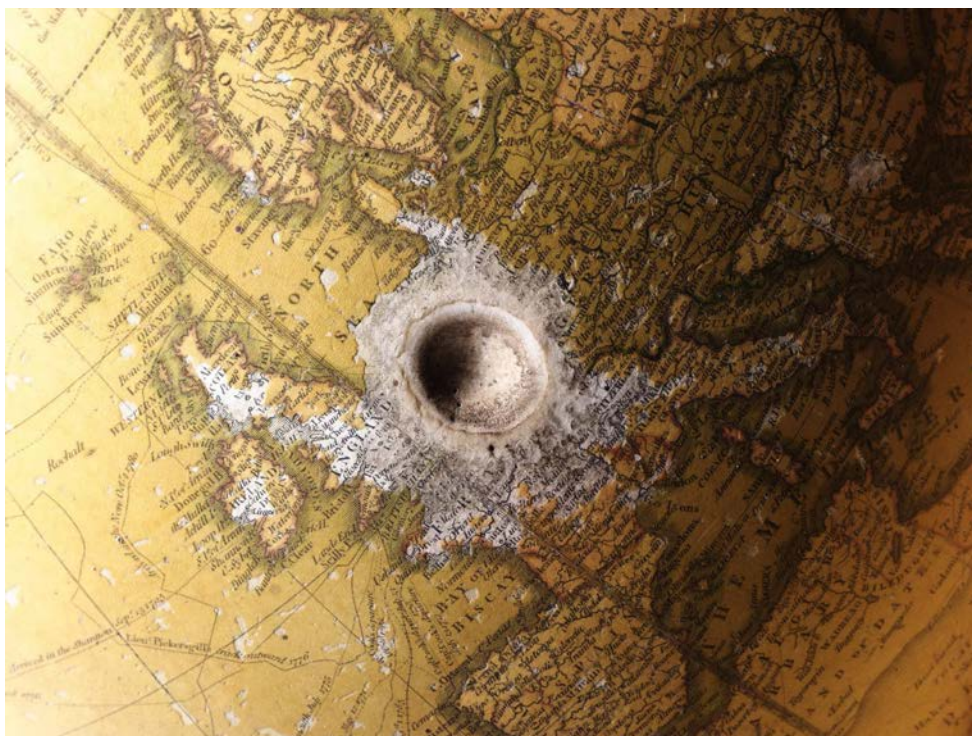
Some of these five archaic rings reveal allusions to fertility. They belong to a bigger collection of archaeological findings left behind by an unknown culture (probably as a depot), high up in the glaciers of the Austrian Alps. The aesthetics of this jewellery is amazing, their round and curved shapes beckon to be touched - they refer to essential natural and human phenomena. Rings with round shapes are perfect because they meet people's need for contact and sense. Imagine how the dim greyish metal slowly starts shining through the act of holding, and rubbing over it. But touching is not under discussion. Made from gallium, a metal that melts at 29,76 °C, these jewels eliminate the role of the wearer - there is no touch; touch would ruin them. Yet they were created through touching. Peter Bauhuis, who presented his gallium jewellery as a mysterious hoard in the Archaeological State Museum in Munich (2011), made the jewellery with his own hands using the properties of the material. He melted the metal with the help of the natural body temperature of his hands and poured the liquid into clay forms, creating an enigmatic body of work that also can be observed as a tribute to his master, Otto Kunzli.



Peter Bauhuis Film Still, VHS 1991



Otto Künzli, Handmirror, 1982, photo, quicksilver. From: exhibition catalogue Körperkultur, Otto Künzli, Gerd Rothmann, Galerie am Graben, Wien, Landesmuseum Oldenburg, 1982



Globe, Johannes Schwartz, photographer

The photo shows an antique (probably 19th century) globe that has been touched by many hands. The globe has a hole - that's where my country, the Netherlands, is situated: Holland, Hole-land. Well, as a matter of fact the country is too small to bear the imprint of all the thousands of touches. For me the hole is like an intriguing unwanted but collaborative sculpture, the generic imprint of innumerable yet individual index fingers.

Whenever I see this photo I am moved, I am touched. The beauty of this find (by the photographer in a museum's collection store room), the disappearance of a country taking along other countries (Belgium), and parts of countries (Germany, France, England). And the why, how did this hole come into being?

Scenario 1: the economy of poverty.

The only reason to completely wear out a globe to such a condition that it makes no sense any more as an educational tool is poverty.

Scenario 2: the hole was deliberately made.

The globe ended up somewhere, the attic of a school, or a school's storeroom where naughty children were locked for some time to isolate them from their companions. A place where children, without being watched by grownups, could hold their finger on the already growing spot on the globe, while giving the globe a swing so it started turning, turning, turning around your finger - what a lovely feeling.

Liesbeth den Besten, June 2016

Sarah Walker-Holt and Helen Britton

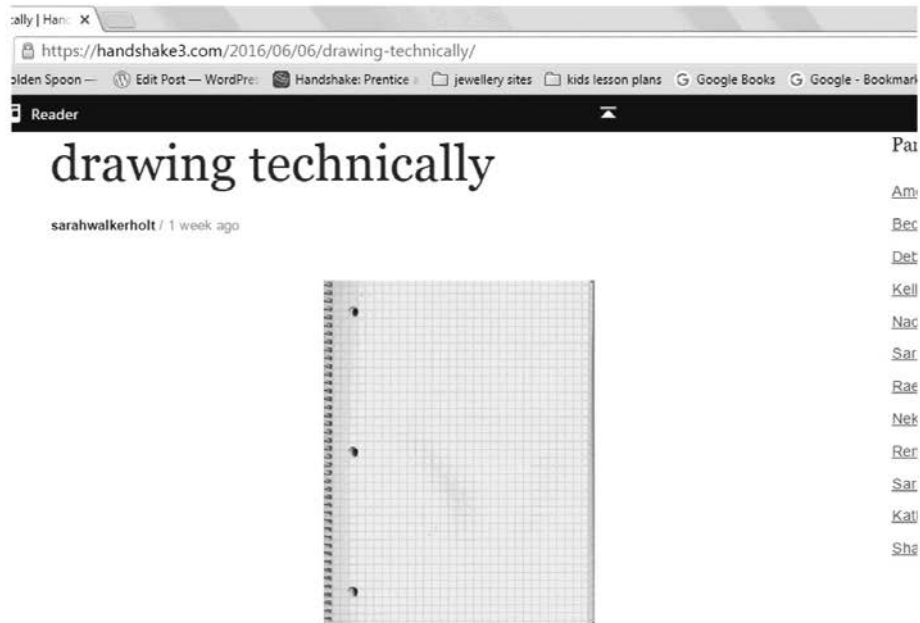
Build it Up/Tear it Down, 2016

Process

Workbook

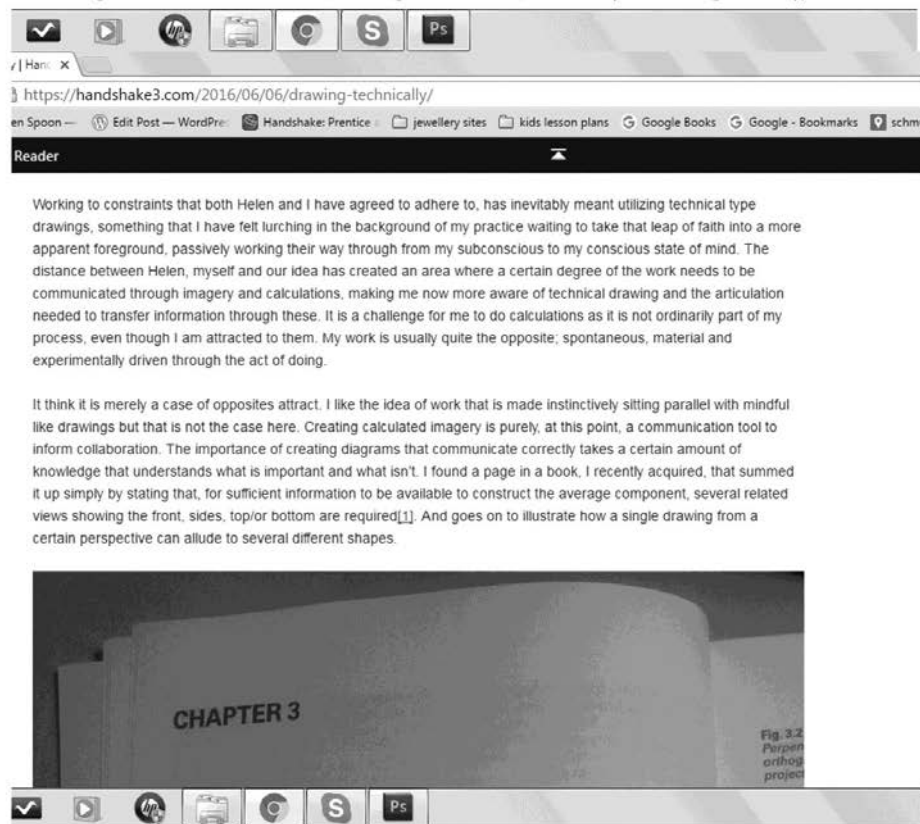
Reference

Oldridge, Les. (1988) Basic Benchwork, Nexus Special Interests, England.



I have had a captivation with technical drawing and graph paper for a number of years, as in a younger life I drew graphs for market analysis. Over the time I have been involved with Handshake, technical drawings through engineering has momentarily, at different points in time, come to the surface. My time spent collaborating with Helen is one of those points.

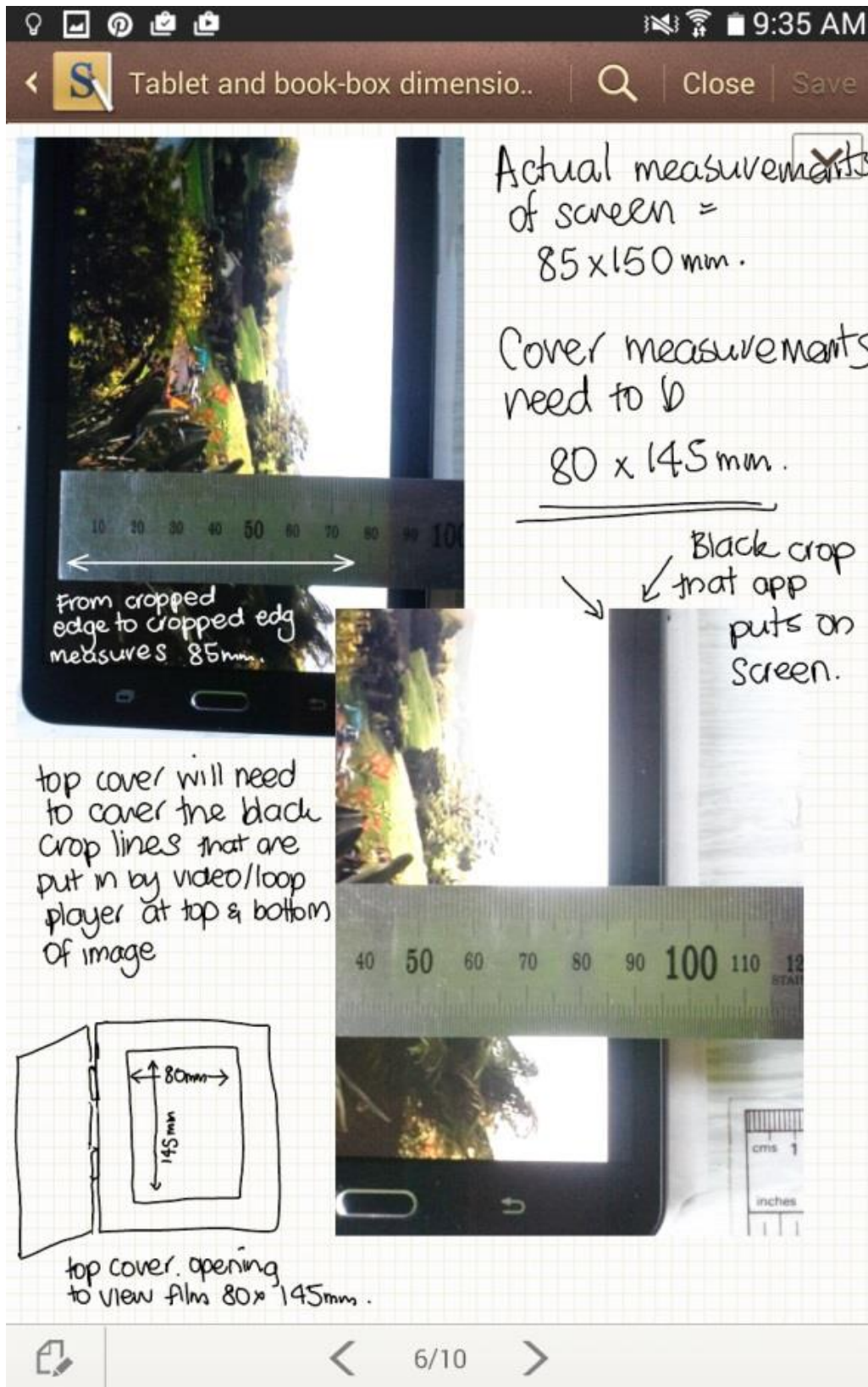
Working to constraints that both Helen and I have agreed to adhere to, has inevitably meant utilizing technical type

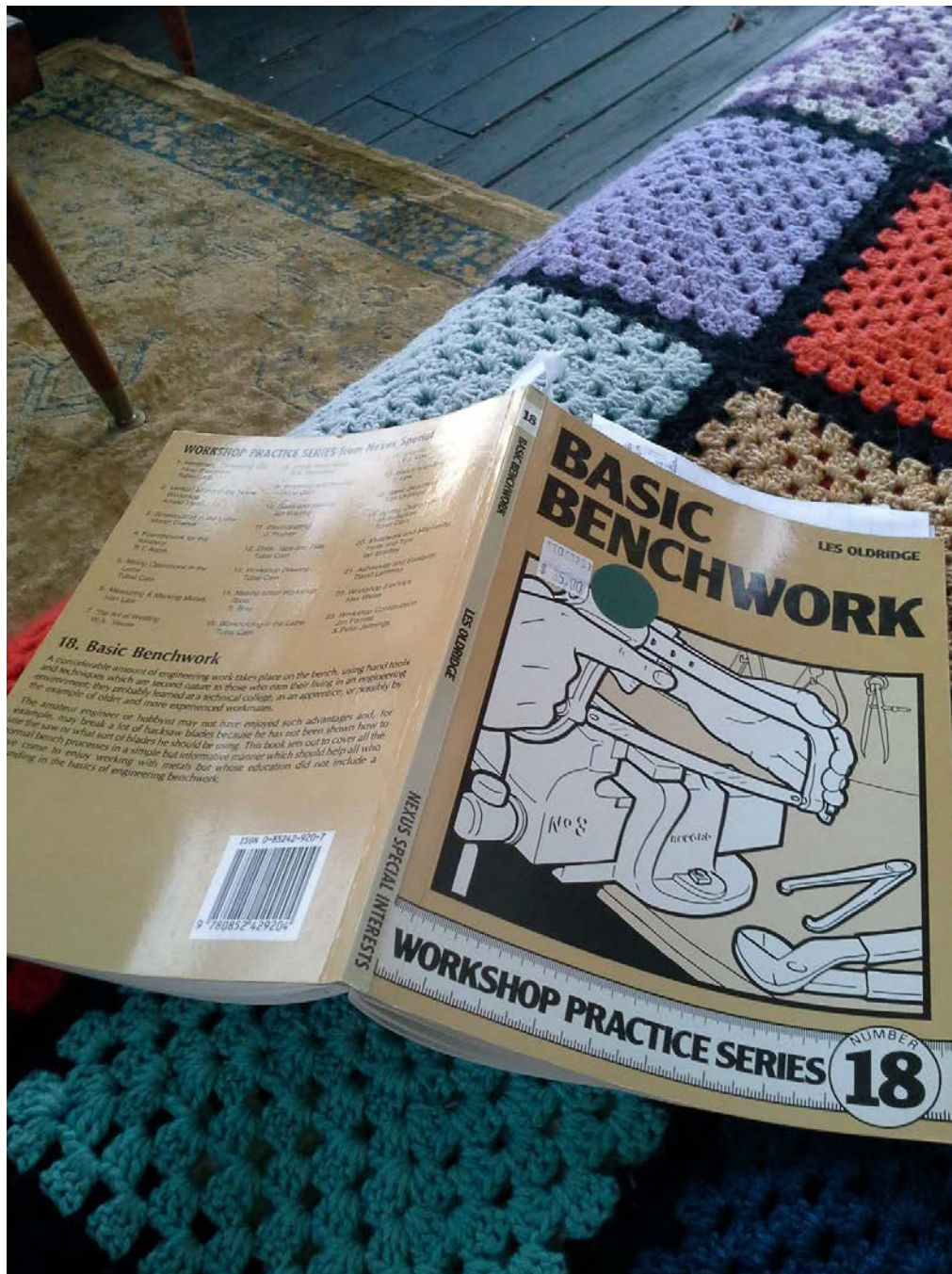


Working to constraints that both Helen and I have agreed to adhere to, has inevitably meant utilizing technical type drawings, something that I have felt lurking in the background of my practice waiting to take that leap of faith into a more apparent foreground, passively working their way through from my subconscious to my conscious state of mind. The distance between Helen, myself and our idea has created an area where a certain degree of the work needs to be communicated through imagery and calculations, making me now more aware of technical drawing and the articulation needed to transfer information through these. It is a challenge for me to do calculations as it is not ordinarily part of my process, even though I am attracted to them. My work is usually quite the opposite; spontaneous, material and experimentally driven through the act of doing.

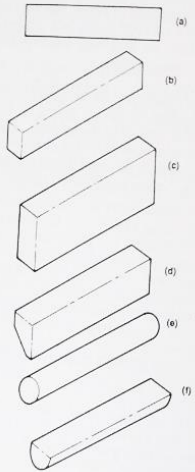
It think it is merely a case of opposites attract. I like the idea of work that is made instinctively sitting parallel with mindful like drawings but that is not the case here. Creating calculated imagery is purely, at this point, a communication tool to inform collaboration. The importance of creating diagrams that communicate correctly takes a certain amount of knowledge that understands what is important and what isn't. I found a page in a book, I recently acquired, that summed it up simply by stating that, for sufficient information to be available to construct the average component, several related views showing the front, sides, top/or bottom are required[1]. And goes on to illustrate how a single drawing from a certain perspective can allude to several different shapes.







DRAWINGS



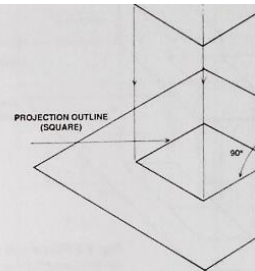
1 View (a) could be any of the other
as - viewed from above

A fitter working at a bench will normally be required to produce components to the dimensions and outline as shown on an engineering drawing so, quite obviously, he must be able to read drawings of this kind. Although it is not intended to study this complex subject at any great depth, certain fundamentals will be explained, sufficient it is hoped to allow the tyro to interpret drawings which he has to work from.

While the main details of a simple part can be shown in a pictorial view for sufficient information to be available to construct the average component, several related views showing the front, sides, top and/or bottom are required. For example, the single drawing shown in Fig. 3.1 could be an illustration of any of the shapes shown below.

For all the details required to make all but the simplest of components, drawings using ORTHOGRAPHIC PROJECTION are needed. There are two systems, FIRST ANGLE, widely practised in the U.K., on the Continent and in the U.S.S.R., and THIRD ANGLE, mainly used in America but occasionally in Britain.

Orthographic projection results when



right angles, on to a flat surface known as a plane. See Fig. 3.2 where lines have been projected from a cube, downwards on to a flat surface.

The
or ho
princi
terme

Fig. 3.3 *Principal planes of projection.*

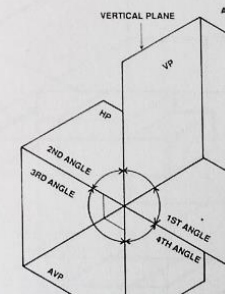


fig. 8.5a Bevel.

varies according to whether they are for measuring internally or externally. Simple firm leg calipers are shown in Fig. 8.8 and spring operated calipers with a

screw adjustment appear in Fig. 8.9.

With care and skill very accurate results can be obtained with calipers, in fact the old millwrights used them

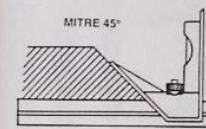
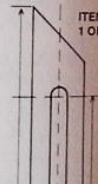
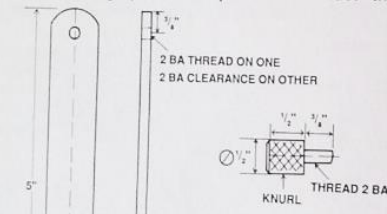


Fig. 8.7a Various uses of the combination square.

Fig. 8.7b (below). Combination square used to measure an acute

On models, as well as making a secure joint the rivet heads must look right if a model is to appear authentic.

Rivets are made from any of the metals which are malleable and generally are of a similar material to that being joined. They are commonly made of steel, copper, brass and aluminium. Rivets made from the three latter metals are easily clenched because the metals are relatively soft; steel rivets may be riveted up hot or cold.

Fig. 13.1 shows the standard types of rivet heads. The round head is the most

but for general work in the workshop, especially when welding facilities are not available.

Where the round head rivet cannot be used because the projecting head is an inconvenience the countersunk type enables a flush finish to be attained. The double countersunk, shown in Fig. 13.2, can be made from wire or rod, each end being riveted over and then filed flush. It is not necessary to have the same type head at each end of the rivet. For example, a round head rivet can be clenched with a countersunk

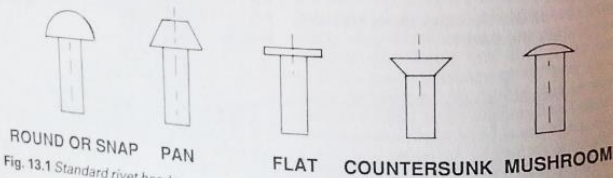


Fig. 13.1 Standard rivet heads.

86

occupy can be scribed with odd calipers (jennies) and the pitch cent

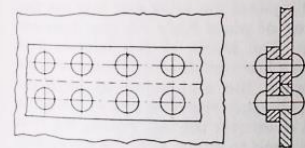


Fig. 13.3b

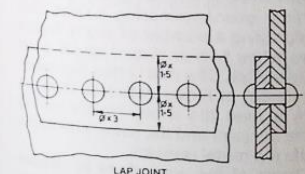


Fig. 13.3a

Sharon Fitness and Lisa Walker

Sharon Fitness and Lisa Walker went op shopping together, 2016

Process

Conversation

Fitness Walker Handshake 3 Collaboration: Overview # 27

Reference

Fitness Walker, Shopping

(no subject)

Inbox x

25 Jan

lisa walker

to me

giddy sharon!

i hope youve had a glorious summer, or are having one, amazing weather eh i'm just loving it

you're coming on friday, what would you like to do? are you bringing materials? perhaps we can stop off at some second hand shops on the way back from the airport, theres a whole lot in newtown.

are we just making one piece?

i figured it would be quite good to get an idea of what we'll do, then we can make up the rest

cheers

sharon fitness

to lisa

25 Jan

Yes Friday. 1110am on Jetstar

Yeah such an awesome summer. We have been doing lots of little trips away to the beach.

A shopping session sounds like fun. I have a few things i will bring down too.

Since we will only have 2 or 3 sessions together before the objectspace show it would be great if we could make 2 or 3 things each time - but i guess that will depend on what objects we find to work with.

I saw two perfect readymades at an opshop last week. Didnt get them though.

Also, please wrap up your padded chair pendant so i can take it to Munich.

See you soon!

S

Plastic bag neckpiece photos please

Inbox x

11 Apr

sharon fitness

to Lisa

Good morning!

I have been sorting out the blogpost for our collaboration project and I was wondering if you could send me the photos you took on your phone when we were deciding how to hang the plastic bag knitting piece. I was originally being quite vague about it but Kim Paton wants more information... so it now has a lot.

You can read about it here: <https://handshake3.com/2016/02/20/collaboration-date-1>

Please let me know if you want anything added or subtracted.

Thanks heaps, have a great day

Lisa Walker

to me

11 Apr

haaaa love it!

thank god you wrote i listened to you sometimes while we were op shopping....

i'll have a hunt for those photos!

bye then

sharon fitness

to Lisa

11 Apr

thanks. i just found the recording of the sound machine so have added that to the page.

flash as.

Overview #27 June 2016

handshake3

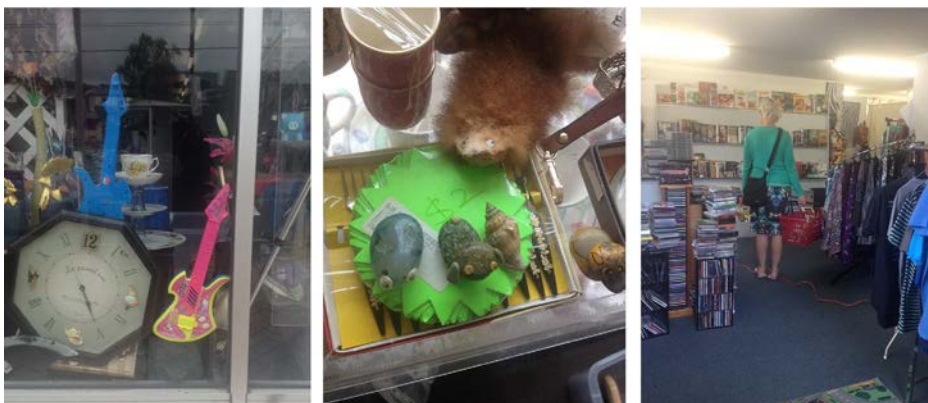
handshake alumni show

The Fitness Walker Handshake 3 collaboration –SF

The third series of the Handshake project began in February this year including a mix of participants from Handshake 1 & 2. Handshake 3 has started with a 6 month long collaboration, either with our original mentor or a new super hero of our choosing, culminating with an exhibition about collaboration at Objectspace in Auckland opening on 8 July. After this collaboration project, the 12 makers are on our own making towards an exhibition at Platina in Stockholm in September and The Dowse Art Museum in Lower Hutt next July. Some of us are also working towards a collaborative project with the London based Dialogue Collective which will hopefully be a part of the next Munich Jewellery week in March.

For our Handshake 3 collaboration project, each mentor/mentee couple proposed how their collaboration was going to unfold. For me this project meant that I could do the one thing I regretted not doing with Lisa Walker during our mentorship in Handshake 1. I wanted us to have making sessions together. Thankfully Lisa agreed. In January, we went op shopping together in the Wellington suburb of Newtown.

We decided to buy anything that caught our eye and after visiting four op shops we had accumulated a rather large and exciting stash of potential jewellery.



With the car boot now full of treasures, we drove back to Island Bay where Lisa and Karl have recently set up their new workshops in the house next door to their home. Formerly belonging to a little old lady, Lisa and Karl have preserved much of the original character of the cottage whilst insulating and lining the spaces they spend the most time in (you can see images of this workshop house in 'Benchview').

5.

Overview #27 June 2016



We put everything we had purchased out on the table. Some of the things were declared to be readymades – only needing a cord or some glue and a brooch back. Other things moved around the table throughout the afternoon as we tried out different combinations. Things talked to things. The accidental placement of wooden comb on floral tray worked amazingly well somehow. The coil of yellow shoelaces locked good enough to put a pin on it and call it a brooch, although one shoelace was appropriated to make the aboriginal sound machine into a pendant. We discussed various solutions for the knitted plastic bag neckpiece.

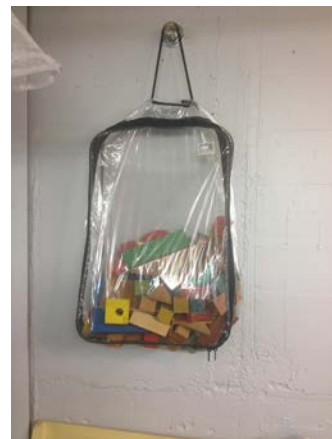
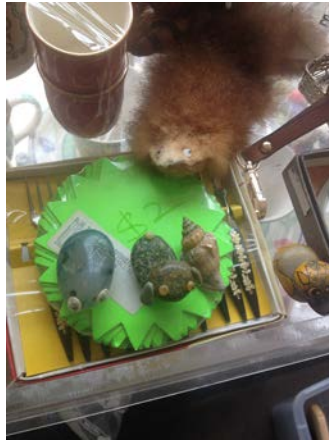


6.

Overview #27 June 2016

During our second making session in May we completed pieces we had started in January and put several more works together from the 'yet to be made' table. It was a really fun exercise that I think we both learned a lot from. It was interesting to note the me-isms and her-isms that we brought to the table. The resulting works are an eclectic bunch of things that are definitely reflective of this context: Lisa and I went op-shopping together. For more details on this collaboration project and the collaborations of the other 11 Handshakers, please click on the Participants tab at www.handshake3.com.

The Handshake 3 collaboration show opens at Objectspace, Auckland, 8 July at 6pm



Handshake 3
Contemporary New Zealand jewellers and their collaborators

Objectspace 2016

READER

Amelia Pascoe / Ruudt Peters
Becky Bliss / Fabrizio Tridenti
Debbie Adamson / Nichola Shanley
Kelly McDonald / Kirsten Haydon
Nadene Carr / Fran Allison
Sarah Walker-Holt / Helen Britton
Raewyn Walsh / Henriette Schuster
Neke Moa / Karl Fritsch
Renee Bevan / Harrell Fletcher
Sarah Read / Liesbeth den Besten
Kathryn Yeats / Ben Pearce
Sharon Fitness / Lisa Walker

Printed on the occasion of the Handshake 3 exhibition at Objectspace and produced for educational purposes. Objectspace is a public gallery dedicated to positioning making in the fields of craft, applied arts and design, within a range of cultural, economic and social frameworks, in order to provoke new assessments about works and practices. Objectspace's programme of curated exhibitions, events, publications and partnerships creates; new opportunities for outstanding practitioners, critical discourse and professional development, a sector hub that enhances its national and international profile, and connections between makers, writers, collectors and supporters.

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