

*from the tide of the hands*



*Exegesis in accordance with practice-based thesis  
Master of Design, Spatial Design, 2022  
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### **Attestation of Authorship**

I, Yana Nafysa Dombrowsky-M'Baye hereby declare that this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person (except where explicitly defined in the Acknowledgements), nor material which to a substantial extent has been submitted for the award of any other degree or diploma of a university or other institution of higher learning.

Signed

15 / 08, 2022

## **Gratitudes,**

Sue and Emily, *\*Stars in the mist of this research. The generosity of your knowledge, affirmations, and time, I treasure endlessly.*

Harriet *\*Words cannot express the honour. My gratitude for you fills the sea.*

S, *\*Dare I attempt to say anything, for your grace is of the wind.*

Maman, Talys, Amylie, Elgar, *\*My brightest shining lights, my love for you pools and surges and gifts me the joy of belonging.*

Papi, *\*I can only imagine the vibrato of your wise voice. Thank you for the life you gave and held so briefly.*

Leo, *\*You are beyond these words little lamb, I'll give you many scratches and hugs and walks by the sea in thanks for your grubby company.*

*My friends, \*of you there are many, my appreciation for you is in the air, seeping in through the cracks of the windows in your bed chambers. Embracing you as you carry out your days.*

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*\*The asterisk, a hovering starlike symbol, is a marking indicating omission or speculative matters. The symbol also emphasises text within text. In this exegesis, the asterisk catalogues wandering, personal passages of reflexive thought populated amongst critical writing.<sup>1</sup>*

*\*To foreground the use of French terminology in this exegesis, I acknowledge my French lineage, its presence in my everyday life, and its influence over my linguistic expressions.*

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<sup>1</sup> “asterisk” *Online Etymology Dictionary*, accessed September 2021, <https://www.etymonline.com/search?q=asterisk>



**Précis,**

*(“cut short, condensed”), meaning a concise summary.<sup>2</sup>*

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<sup>2</sup> “précis” *The American Heritage Idioms Dictionary*, accessed March 2022, <https://www.dictionary.com/browse/précis>

*From the tide of the hands* operates at a handheld and memorial scale, exploring the affection between hands, materials, and the imaginative space felt through gift-giving. Through a poetic phenomenology, I query rêverie<sup>3</sup> as an oneiric, creative force that intimately negotiates the material entanglements of my practice. I consider ceramic artefacts and materials of practice as collaborators as I seek to open up ontological boundaries around what might constitute a *hand* \*a point attached to a human/nonhuman body which holds, senses, directs, seizes, protects, possesses. In the process of sculpting, I listen to the materials and in our tactile union they take form. I carry these artefacts with me through my days, dispersing them as gifts when a moment of affection occurs. The result is a sprawling archaeology not for archive but dispersal and erosion.

Affection propels the flow and fabrication of this research. I conceptualise affection as an emotive relation between things which summons a feeling leading to action: as in affect<sup>4</sup>. It occurs in the softened spaces of daily encounters, conversations, and daydreams that ooze between my textual and sculptural material research. Acting as tokens of affection, the artefacts sculpted by my hands create a space of memory that are then dispersed across the hands of the human and more-than-human beings proximate to me. \*Cradled by the hand of a dear friend, held up to the sky by the *Prunus Campanulata* in my mother's garden, slipped into the pocket of an unknown's jacket, sealed by a skin of crystallised salt in my studio.

When held as prosaic charms indexing affection, memory and feeling, the artefacts take on an aura which set in motion an entangled web of relations within the everyday. Here, I define aura as an energetic force, whereby the artefacts possess a liveliness and

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<sup>3</sup> “reverie,” *Online Etymology Dictionary*, accessed December 2021, [https://www.etymonline.com/word/reverie#etymonline\\_v\\_12983](https://www.etymonline.com/word/reverie#etymonline_v_12983)

<sup>4</sup> “affection” *Online Etymology Dictionary*, accessed May 2022, <https://www.etymonline.com/search?q=affection>

are able to hold their own affectionate gaze.<sup>5</sup> Through this understanding of aura, the artefacts assert a kind of autonomy, as in the power to affect the receiver. By holding and being held by the artefacts, a feeling is felt; an oneiric image is summoned. By dispersing artefacts of practice as gifts, I nurture relationships beyond linguistic rapports, generating a reciprocal cycle of feeling. Furthermore, these everyday dispersals seek an alternative system of value to one of commodification and monetary exchange. I avoid articulating any intended use of these artefacts; their being in the world is one that I leave open to not only those I gift them to but to the artefacts themselves.

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<sup>5</sup> I acknowledge this term as one which relates to Jane Bennet's seminal text *Vibrant Matter* (2009), while I do not reference it directly in this exegesis, I hold her significant contributions to new materialist philosophy peripherally in view. I also wish to acknowledge that these concepts of more-than-human personhood are practised across Indigenous knowledge systems.



*“To write by fragments: the fragments are then so many stones on the perimeter of a circle: I spread myself around: my whole little universe in crumbs, at the centre, what?”*

Roland Barthes, *Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes* (1975).



### **Without end, I wonder,**

If a hand is something with the capacity to hold then is any human or nonhuman body which supports, protects, wears, grasps, forms or disperses, not a hand? From the scale of the hand, this research explores rêverie and affection as creative methodologies within a material-based practice which embrace porosity, responsiveness and relationality over methods that seek to master, control, and contain. Intimacy and relationality are nurtured through gestures of gifting, scattering a chronicle of hand held artefacts across human and nonhuman hands. How might these acts of dispersal stray from the ordered and contained archive, and instead sprout an imaginative intimacy within my spatial practice?

*\*Between hands and desire, at what point do we meet?*



**Prelude,**

*fragments of two works of practice*

*Artefacts buried in sand basins, August 2021*

In the wet process laboratory on campus, I stand over clay basins filled with buried glazed ceramic artefacts. The sifting spoon in my hand meets something hard, my fingers reveal a small body. Its skin speckled with sand, I brush particles away to reveal a strange shrinking has occurred. Clay that was once soft, pinched and dimpled by my fingers, and buried in thick wet glaze greets me with a bumpy solidity. During the firing process the glaze coating turned molten, and the sand fused to the ceramic body at the core. The surface, a roughened render nothing like I remember it before, calls to the sea. *\*Did a wave wash through the kiln while I slept?*

At this time, I was primarily using these small, irregular artefacts which I'd sculpt in a state of rêverie, as mark-making tools and for excavating other larger and more laboured ceramic pieces from the basins which got fired in the kiln. Alongside a cyclical process of sculpting, dipping, firing and excavating, I intuitively began to disperse the artefacts in varied ways across the people and places I encountered. I imagined them situated in pockets, gardens, parks, cars, rocks, beaches, roads. The artefacts accompanied me within my day to day so that I always had something to give if the moment arose. In gifting them, I began thinking of their materiality as more than physical matter. In an imaginative way, I perceived myself and those holding the artefacts as being simultaneously held by them; the artefact swallowed the holder and the holder the artefact. The research at this stage felt like the ingress of an archaeological study, sifting through entangled layers of bodies, materialities and memories across space and time. In a curious way, it also felt like an archaeology of self.



1.

*Talismans buried in the front garden of my late childhood home,  
December 2021*

Five months passed. In the front garden of my mother's home, an assortment of ceramic tools made back in August staked out small beds in the soil for an assortment of artefacts to rest. I had not left my home since mid-August after an intense period of isolation. The artefacts taken home from campus months earlier kept me company, taking on talismanic qualities, as I situated them across the bedchamber and garden. With each day that passed, we spoke to each other in different ways. *\*We went for walks in nearby forests. I spent weeks drawing them on paper. One afternoon I arranged and rearranged them until dusk. I strung some into a necklace for a scoria stone in the back garden. Some sat on the front deck, gathering dust, water, and pollen.*

During this time, I would mow the lawns in the front garden, leaving a semi-circle of grass to grow long. In this circle I buried an assemblage of these talismanic artefacts. It was a gesture of returning the material back to the earth and in a way, preserving a memory of myself, all the while knowing that this memorial would eventually erode with time.

As I reflect on the burial ceremony performed in my mother's garden, I come to think of not only the artefacts buried, but of the tools used, of the rêverie I was submerged in, and of my body. Opening the ground using a ceramic fork made of the same materials as the artefacts and the earth itself. Before each artefact was placed in the earth, a potion of salt, water, spices, oils and herbs from my mother's pantry was poured into the soil bed as a blessing. Now, as I reflect on the act of burial, I hold it as a living entity of past, present, and future, constituting material, ritual, process, and place. *\*I wonder, am I a grave to the ring on my finger, is my bedroom a grave to my ever-eroding thoughts?*



2.



## **Exordium,**

*from* exōrdior (“*I begin, commence*”), *from* ex (“*out of, from*”) +  
ōrdior (“*I begin*”).<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> “exordium” *The American Heritage Idioms Dictionary*, accessed March 2022, <https://www.dictionary.com/browse/exordium>

This exordium serves as an introduction to my practice; a porous opening for the reader to pass through. I employ both reflexive and critical voices in this exegesis. As my practice is one of imaginative processes, I find myself reflecting poetically alongside my critical writing. In the following segment, *Affection as rêverie*, I situate my research in relation to contexts which have informed my practice and thinking. From there I offer a series of indexes, each a wave in the incoming and outgoing tide of this research. I begin with the overarching gestures of practice that inform my material research and the contextual mediators that have guided their conceptualisation in *Gestures of practice*. I then scale the hands and hand based gestures in my practice in *Scales of the hand(s)*. The indexes that follow, *Rêveries' of making*, and *Affectionate blessing and gifting*, are comprised of fragments that recount stories of hands, the wet processes laboratory on campus, and my mother's home, alongside poetic prose, gestures of practice, and contextual mediators.

The affections articulated in this document have lasted multiple months, and, I esteem, will continue to unravel past the closing page of this exegesis. This research is constantly beyond me while being deeply felt, proximate; it is nestled in taste buds; seeping through the pores of my skin. I offer my personal space as a poetic, fluid entanglement of matter as I sculpt, disperse, and question clay, water, salt, and sand in imaginative ways. It is from the hand that artefacts of affection are sculpted, held, moved, and gifted; that prose is written, and saline solutions are poured. Once gifted, these artefacts hold the context of my gestures, fusing the receiver to the moment of gifting and to myself as giver, transmuting ineffable feelings through hand gestures.

My methodological gestures of sculpting, imagining, remembering, gifting, washing, burying, firing, writing, publishing and documenting, wash over each other in a murky stream. I consider these gestures everyday *happenings*, a concept I borrow from artist Allan Kaprow who coined the term in the 1960's. Kaprow defines a Happening as a performance, event or situation that materialises in the boundary between art and everyday life . What distinguishes a

Happening from an ordinary event is a considered set of actions and their temporal planning. Object-events, as in the materials and processes used in the performance of creating work, are central to Happenings, where “*the composition of a Happening...is evolved as a collage of events in certain spans of time and in certain spaces.*”<sup>7</sup> Happenings value the durational thresholds of daily experiences and their spontaneity. Under Kaprow’s metaphorical framing, everyday habits, as occurrences of exchange and interactivity are deemed not ordinary givens, but opportunities to intensify and interpret the meanings of life. Through Kaprow’s Happenings, I position my practice as a collation of both spontaneous and imaginative gestures of prosaic materiality which bleed out from my personal space and into the many hands of the collective spaces I inhabit.

When my hands give a gift, a memory forms, a relation becomes. As mediums of intimate care and desire, the affect(ions) between (non)human hands and ceramic artefacts build an imaginative space; an architecture of memory *felt* by the (non)human participants. The contemporary production of artefacts has seen a mass of material designed for instantaneous consumption “*the loss of relationships with objects derives from this; we tend to perceive a disposable world: a world of objects without depth that leaves no trace in our memories, but does leave a growing mountain of refuse.*”<sup>8</sup> We should honour our material companions with diligence to nurture the longevity and continuity of our spatial relations. Though I sculpt functional artefacts \*cups, plates, bowls, vases, candelabras, ring/jewellery holders, I always circle back to making talismanic artefacts that elude *use* as understood through a Western, colonial-capitalist value-system. There is a feeling, one comparable to a sense of belonging, in sculpting self-soothing, sentimental artefacts to hold like a soft secret in the hand. I make them not with the intention of

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<sup>7</sup> Allan Kaprow, *Assemblages, Environments & Happenings*, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, accessed July 2022, [https://web.mit.edu/jscheib/Public/performancemedia/kaprow\\_assemblages.pdf](https://web.mit.edu/jscheib/Public/performancemedia/kaprow_assemblages.pdf), 266.

<sup>8</sup> Ezio Manzini and John Cullars, *Prometheus of the Everyday: The Ecology of the Artificial and the Designer’s Responsibility*, (The MIT Press: Design Issues, Autumn, 1992), 7.

exhibition but to accent a place cared for, to orchestrate an unexpected encounter for an unknown being *\*placing one in a park, gifting it to a tree, on a driveway, on a desk, in a hand.*

There is an autobiographical thread to this research, one that I have at times felt ambivalent about sharing or pursuing. The artefacts have in some ways emerged from grappling with a loss of lineage that I consider residual to colonial-capitalism. *\*The departure of my grandfather from my mother, grandmother and aunt in the 1970's was in part due to the Eurocentric French workforce, which excluded him, ultimately leading to his return to Senegal.* To draw myself closer to my grandfather, I consider the artefacts I sculpt as inheriting from Gris-gris, Senegalese talismans. Gris-gris wield energies and are used in magical practices of the everyday to bring good luck and protection to the bearer. The artefacts made in my practice all share a genealogy rooted in Gris-gris in the affectionate power that they each emanate.

*\*I ask you, reader, not to seek linearity nor clarity but to chew heedlessly amongst the muck of my thoughts—seek delirium and wander from the path of these words into those of your own.*

### **Affection as rêverie,**

*Affection, as in a desire, from Latin affectionem (“relation, disposition, or temporary state”).<sup>9</sup> Rêverie, as in a day dream, from old French rêver (“to dream, wander, rave, or be delirious”).<sup>10</sup>*

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<sup>9</sup> “affection” *Online Etymology Dictionary*, accessed August 2022, <https://www.etymonline.com/search?q=affection>.

<sup>10</sup> “rêverie” *Online Etymology Dictionary*, accessed August 2022, <https://www.etymonline.com/search?q=reverie>.

Imagination is a noun of action which entails a place in one's mind to inhabit; it is a recognition, recollection, remembrance; a consciousness of someone or something. In this research, the material imagination, or, *rêverie*, is an active musing between myself, the materials I work with, an assemblage of hands, and the affection summoned through this entanglement. *Rêverie* implies an altered perception of the external *\*objects, people, space*. As an imaginative response to affection, it is a phenomenal musing of the everyday: as in daydreaming. It suggests a possession of sorts, where one deviates from normalcy in inward and outward ways. I embrace it as a phenomenon that becomes visible, observable, and felt through sculpting and dispersing artefacts in my practice. I speak of it as an oneiric state I am subject to, and use to question my habits of making, writing, daydreaming, and discussions.

In her 2008 essay *Benjamin's Aura*, film and cultural historian Miriam Bratu Hansen analyses Walter Benjamin's concept of 'aura' as a medium which defines a particular imaginary structure of perception. Hansen positions the aura of nonhuman objects as a branch of *rêverie* which "*seems to both hinge upon and bring to fleeting consciousness an archaic element in our present selves, a forgotten trace of our material bond with nonhuman nature.*"<sup>11</sup> In the imaginative space of *rêverie*, I find myself attuned to the auratic qualities of the artefacts I sculpt. Where there is a semblance of them gazing upon me through our existential union *\*in my hand I feel you looking back at me*. This gaze, although optic, haptic, sonic, and at times olfactory, occurs as a *feeling*. By holding an artefact, not just by hand but by any sensory or imaginary capacity, and to feel something, is to be affected by its aura.

Gaston Bachelard, a phenomenologist of the imagination who studied poetry as a form of written, contemplative *rêverie*, wrote extensively about the poetic creation that flows from the relationship between imagination and matter. To Bachelard, material experience is a poetic causality where humans create a way of engaging

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<sup>11</sup> Miriam Bratu Hansen, *Benjamin's Aura*, Critical Inquiry: Vol. 34, No. 2 (The University of Chicago Press, 2008), 345.

imaginatively with the matter of the world, it is a dynamic form of ontology. Published between 1938 and 1948, four essays were written by Bachelard, each focusing on an element *\*water, earth, fire, air*, relating it to the mind's imaginative capacities. In my gestural making practice, there are fiery, watery, airy, and earthen processes. On a holistic level, this research flows in a cyclical, watery, dreamlike manner, though it is certainly not exclusively that. For there are moments where the research is airborne, alight, and grounded.

In engaging with ceramic materials and processes imaginatively, my spatialising gestures are mediated by a constant attempt to honour the immaterial energies of the artefacts. When I reflect upon these gestures, I speak of the *rêverie* that leads my physical engagement with artefacts of practice as informing the dispersal, where there is an affection *\*as in an exchange*, between physical processes by an immaterial medium. When handling ceramic materials while sculpting and after firing, images and thoughts arise in my mind. When writing and discussing my practice, it is a coming up for breath, a grasping attempt to articulate the softness of the process, as my being surges in its tide.

Poet and professor of Creative Literature Lisa Samuels describes soft text as the potential text which is summoned between “*language users in our interactions with ourselves, permeable surfaces, other personas and object-events of living.*”<sup>12</sup> Soft text is that which one imagines, as in the subjective matter visualised or felt in response to the stimuli in an environment. Daydreams, for instance, are a form of soft text. Text that is always fleeting and never quite articulable, to any point of direct accuracy. Soft text, in the sense that it is the fluid potential of a moment, is a form of *rêverie*. It is imagined, as in its visual or oral qualities do not materialise, they remain felt. Though soft text is an imagined form of *rêverie*, I argue that it inevitably informs material output in imaginative practice-based research. Flowing amongst the hard text of this exegesis, and the solidified

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<sup>12</sup> Lisa Samuels, “Soft Text and the Open Line,” *Axon Journal*, Volume 8 (2018), <https://axonjournal.com.au/issues/8-1/soft-text-and-open-line>.

artefacts of affection surging from my making, are the auratic combustions, transmutations, and discussions that have occurred over the past year. They bleed amongst these words and exist as feelings that may arise to you reader, through your own imaginative capacities.

Karen Barad is a quantum physicist renowned for their contributions to new materialism. Barad is politically invested in offering understandings of matter as living, by articulating scientific knowledge through a queer lens. In Barad's notion of intra-activity, the interrelations between human and nonhuman beings is asserted. Where the term 'interaction' suggests entities that exist independent of one another, 'intra-activity' queers the causality, positioning entities as beings that materialise simultaneously *through* their relations. Here, all bodies emanate an affectionate, energetic force; an aura of sorts. In my practice, it is affection that summons rêverie, and compels me to disperse materials of practice across an assemblage of hands. Intra-activity enacts an exteriority-within, where "*there are no separations or differentiations, but that they [matter] only exist within relations.*"<sup>13</sup> The mystery of intra-activity asserts that the existence of beings, bodies, and matter is inherently relational. We are entangled in the space shared with human and nonhuman others. We are accountable for one another's similarities, differences, and becoming in the world.

Barad's notion affirms that things are encrypted, an auratic coding that we can interfere with through imaginative interpretation. The term embraces a dissolution of taxonomic boundaries between bodies. Here, the separation between my hand and the artefact resting in it does not occur in the atomic space between our perceived bodies. Instead, our differences exist ambiguously; there is not one who holds, seizes, possesses, directs or protects more than the other. *\*Then, is the artefact hard, or does the softness of our relations dissolve its hardness? At what point do I become invisible*

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<sup>13</sup> Karen Barad, "Intra-actions: Interview of Karen Barad by Adam Kleinmann," *Mousse* Volume 34, (2012), [https://www.academia.edu/1857617/\\_Intra\\_actions\\_Interview\\_of\\_Karen\\_Barad\\_by\\_Adam\\_Kleinmann\\_](https://www.academia.edu/1857617/_Intra_actions_Interview_of_Karen_Barad_by_Adam_Kleinmann_), 77.

*puss oozing over material? And then, who and what is a hand if not a threshold for affection?* When I intra-act with the materials and artefacts my practice sculpts and contemplates, memories of us take form. These memories expand as I discuss my practice, and spatialise as I disperse *\*by gift giving*, artefacts across the hands that are proximate to me. Those who are gifted artefacts from my practice are subject to my trace, purely by their knowing of my intra-action with the artefact bestowed upon them. These memories cloud in my mind, where I feel the being of myself and the artefacts in a conductive entanglement.

In their 2015 essay *Transmaterealities*, Barad explores lightning as the highly energised combustion between ground and cloud. Electrons pool and disperse in a cloud, searching for somewhere to plummet by sending out feelers without knowing quite where they will strike. The cloud is left negatively charged by this movement. Simultaneously, electrons in the earth sense this charge pensive from above and move away, swimming down into the ground, who then finds itself charged positively and sends a signal upward. The tentative affections continue until the moment is ripe and the light strikes.

In the fable of this research, akin to Barad's unpacking of the electrifying affections between ground and cloud, there is a constant, soft, tentative searching for moments of affection between rêverie, hands, and materials: I gift a talisman to a friend and in the exchange a memory forms. The kiln gets loaded with a group of bisqued artefacts where heat feels out for organic matter and it burns out, a trace remains. I feel a strange desire to mix a saline solution, hot water finds granules to dissolve, the mixing beckons to forces of the sea. The poem that has been brewing in my mind for weeks finally articulates itself into words as I blur into the fog on a morning walk. Sending feelers out to materials in my practice, rêverie hardens as it meets a pool of softened potential; the pool of the hands. Here, I consider affection as the imaginary, spatialising force between materials of practice and the hands proximate to me.

Lastly, I want to address two interpretations of the gesture of gift-giving. While I will not burrow deep into this line of inquiry, the following perspectives resonate with the consideration of gifting in my own practice.

In Jacques Derrida's 1991 text, *Given Time: Counterfeit Money*, gifting is questioned through a philosophical inquiry into the debt-oriented Western economic social structure. Debt problematises gift giving for it positions gifts as goods that constitute the double-binding expectation of receiving something in return. The identity of the gift-giving person is the matter of the issue, where Derrida considers "*the gesture of the gift [giver]...to get its own identity recognised so that that identity comes back to it, so that it can reappropriate its identity: as its property.*"<sup>14</sup> I wonder, is the act of exchange not what makes a gift a gift? When I gift artefacts there is a curiosity toward how the gesture incites an intimacy with ceramic materials that can be shared with people and place. Maybe it is that our economies of exchange are messy, that I *do* gift artefacts affected by my identity, and that no gift given is ever free of its trace. Can the tension between enacting reciprocity against concerns of debt or property highlight gifting as a means of nurturing positive personal relations across beings and place?

Where Derrida calls into question the very possibility of the gift as free of debt, writer and botanist Robin Wall Kimmerer offers an Indigenous perspective on the economy of handmade gifts \**strawberry shortcake or braided sweetgrass*. Kimmerer affirms that "*gifts from the earth or from each other establish a particular relationship, an obligation of sorts to give, to receive, and to reciprocate.*"<sup>15</sup> Reciprocity, as the essence of the gift, is something given, felt or shown by one to another through the act of gifting. Kimmerer speaks of picking strawberries to make shortcake for her

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<sup>14</sup> Jacques Derrida, *Given Time: I. Counterfeit Money* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1992), 11.

<sup>15</sup> Robin Wall Kimmerer, *Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous Wisdom, Scientific Knowledge and the Teachings of Plants* (Australia: Griffen Press, 2013), 25.

father as not only offering her something with which to gift time and nourishment to someone she loves; but that taught her how to weed the ground around the flora for their flourishing; giving back to the earth. What I borrow from Kimmerer's gift-economy is the consideration of gifts as part of a circulation of care and reciprocity, enriching human relations in a more than human world.

When I gift artefacts, they are *involved* in my practice of affectionate exchange, happening as blessings because they are treated as such; though in essence, they remain their own selves. When I gift an artefact, I share the strange aura of its hardened surface, the feelings and images it brings forth when held by a hand, and my own trace.

*\*We move, materialise, germinate, spit one another out and slurp ourselves back in again. I dream with artefact in hand and affection in mind. Words provide but a sliver of the feeling. The memories of this inquiry move away, toward, and through me. As I grapple to communicate, the dispersing never feels quite like my own, for so much remains in gesture.*



## **Gestures of practice,**

*Action undertaken to express feeling. From Latin gestura (“bearing, behaviour, mode of action”) from past participle of gerere (“to carry on, perform, wage”).<sup>16</sup>*

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<sup>16</sup> “gesture” *Online Etymology Dictionary*, accessed May 2022, [https://www.etymonline.com/word/gesture?ref=etymonline\\_crossreference#etymonline\\_v\\_6053](https://www.etymonline.com/word/gesture?ref=etymonline_crossreference#etymonline_v_6053)

In the term *gesture*, I refer to a flux of material, conceptual, and imagined methods of making and thinking. The following provides a short index of the overarching gestures that have informed my material practice.

### *Sculpting in rêverie*

Engaging with clay in an intimate and poetic manner, I allow myself to succumb to the conditions of the material. The mind of the hand takes over, mimicking clay, I am at once performing passive and active gestures. I “*acquiesce to a flow of ideas and associations while remaining alert and receptive*”<sup>17</sup>, for the rêverie moving out, in, and through hand, mind, and clay, is of a vast nature.<sup>18</sup>

### *Ekphrastic reflection*

Ekphrasis comes directly from the Greek *ékphrasis* meaning description, derived from *ekphrázein*, “*to tell over, recount, describe*.”<sup>19</sup> The voice I use when writing critically, poetically, and reflectively throughout this writing engages with ekphrasis, for it encourages an imaginative tone to writing. “*Situated initially in the realm of rhetoric, ekphrasis engages with an object, a material thing, in order to embellish, activate or praise the item.*”<sup>20</sup>

### *Dispersal*

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<sup>17</sup> Lesley Duxbury, *Ways of Analysing: From Reverie to Reality* (Creative Arts Research, 2009), 2.

<sup>18</sup> When I refer to the imaginative vastness of clay and the artefacts sculpted in this practice I refer to the intensity of creative rêverie. Where one has succumbed to images and ideas brought upon by a moment of rêverie, and the sense of one's being feels vast, endless. See further, Bachelard, Gaston. *Intimate Immensity, The Poetics of Space*, 1958. Page 211. “For it is a word that brings calm and unity, it opens up unlimited space”.

<sup>19</sup> “ekphrasis” *Wikipedia*, accessed September 2021, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ekphrasis#Ekphrastic\\_poetry](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ekphrasis#Ekphrastic_poetry)

<sup>20</sup> Sarah Treadwell, *Pink and White Descriptions: Ekphrasis and the Eighth Wonder of the World*, (Architectural Theory, 2010), 268.

When I refer to dispersal, I refer to the act of gift-giving and invoke the concept of poiesis into its nuance. Poiesis found its origins in Ancient Greek philosophy. It was not just a deliberate act on the maker's part, but a much more ephemeral phenomenon, an 'unveiling' of the material becoming of things: "*a-letheia...a making known which produces or leads things into presence.*"<sup>21</sup> Poiesis is a term that I explore as mediating the dispersing gestures in my practice. The artefacts flow by way of their possibility to be or to have been moved by my hands; together we are accountable for one another's becoming.

### Questioning

To question is to interrogate, elicit discussion and seek beyond what is known. In questioning, I position the nature of my research as a fluctuation of meaning and material. When I write reflexively and poetically, I question, in order to open to alterity and look imaginatively beyond the physical realm of hands and the artefacts in this study. Questioning, "*trembles in the encounter between language user [myself] and an object event [materials entangled in my practice].*"<sup>22</sup> Though the questions materialise as hard text, they indicate the softened contemplation emergent from my gestures of practice.

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<sup>21</sup> Derek, H Whitehead, "Poiesis and Art-Making: A Way of Letting-Be", *Contemporary Aesthetics*, Vol. 1 (2003): Page 3: . <https://quod.lib.umich.edu/c/ca/7523862.0001.005?view=text;rgn=main>, 3.

<sup>22</sup> Lisa Samuels, "Soft Text and the Open Line," *Axon Journal*, Volume 8 (2018), <https://axonjournal.com.au/issues/8-1/soft-text-and-open-line>.



**Scales of the hand(s),**

*A detailed index of progression, or a succession of steps or degrees.*<sup>23</sup>

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<sup>23</sup> “scale” *The American Heritage Idioms Dictionary*, accessed June 2022, <https://www.dictionary.com/browse/scale>.

Scale defines both a marked occurrence and a detailing of progression *\*it is both a point and system*. Although there is an inherent chronology to ceramic processes, I catalogue the scales of my gestures of practice by considering their actions and measuring the auratic ways in which they take up space by recounting the time, place, and being(s) they have affected. The gestures are not limited to those performed by my hands, for I consider the materials involved in my making as contributing gestures of their own sort.

### *Pinching*

The gesture twitches and inflicts its force upon malleable pâte, as in clay, giving it a form, which speaks of the intra-active coming together of the two sculpting bodies.

### *Poking*

The curiosity of the fingers, implementing themselves into material to create concave, and extruding forms.

### *Digging*

Digging into the earth and sand for the burial of artefacts. The ground in the garden of my mother's home is spoken of here, as well as the sand-filled basins which go into the kiln on campus. Where beds are made for placing artefacts in nonhuman hands.

### *Brushing*

This gesture brushes sand from artefacts buried in sand basins. Brushing is a gentle discovery of the fusing processes which occur during a firing. It likens to archaeological gestures of recovering and restoring artefacts through delicate inquisition.

### *Salt*

When in a liquid form, saline solutions move through the bodies they are poured upon. Through capillary action, the minuscule grains

of salt move through porous cavities, as they crystallise through evaporation, they grab hold of their host. Forming deeply penetrative bonds that appear as intricate, crystalline structures.

### *Firing*

The embracing heat of kiln temperatures. Firing solidifies, and seizes artefacts before they disperse into places known and unknown to me.

### *Soft*

The holding of memories by the imagination's hand. My imagination and the imagination of those in my social vicinity are each hands; interlocked, holding memories of the research affectionately.

### *Secret*

In secret, I gift artefacts to others or hold them in pockets. The artefacts here are not dispersed for display but for private holding by the receiver. Placing an artefact in a tree or in a pocket or bag, its body is known only by the holder as an intimate, secret affection.

### *Gifting*

Gifting sees the dispersal of artefacts as a form of materialising relations by love or appreciation. The entanglement between memory, material, hand, and feeling is illuminated. The gesture plays between the soft matter of the imagination and the hard material of the artefacts.

### *Mixing*

A circular motion which dissolves salt into water. This gesture has occurred several times throughout the research, and in several places *\*the studio on campus, the wet processes laboratory, the downstairs kitchen, my bed chamber, and the front garden at my mother's home.*

### *Withholding*

Withholding is an act of slowing down. It brings diligence and purposefulness to my gestures of dispersal. Though my gifting is both sporadic and predetermined, artefacts are always given in respect to a particular relation between my hand and the hand of a human/nonhuman other as the desire to gift arises.

### *Drawing*

Drawing is a gesture of beginning, of moving from one point to another, a materialising of connections. Drawing occurs as hardened text on a page, and as a soft ebb and flow of emotions mediated by hands.

### *Arranging*

My most long-running gesture. In arranging, I invest in the fluidity of the artefacts in the chronology of this research. Arrangement is a gesture where I initiate or participate in the dispersal of materials across the everyday sites I inhabit.

### *Sifting*

Like the gestures of pinching, poking, and brushing, sifting refers to the immersion of my hands in materials of practice. Where I sift through sand, water, silica, clay, air, heat, conversation and material, as I disperse artefacts.

### *Burying*

The purposeful deposit of artefacts in sand and soil. The burial is a gift to enveloping ground conditions, the nonhuman beings which live underground, and pays homage to the garden and laboratory which saw the ingress of my material imaginings in late childhood and early adulthood.

### *Writing*

An imaginary mediation where I reflect upon material-based processes, and tease out the softened moments of practice into hard text. Writing offers insight into the fabrication of the everyday in my practice. Not everything of my experience can be included in these writings, but they aid in the chronicling and storytelling of my practice. Writing is a generous gesture, it supports both myself and others in understanding the affection in this research by indexing its multiplicities, and providing a space for imaginings to land before they take off again.

### *Contemplating*

The demeanours of human hands when articulating ideas in conversation. I find a sticky sweetness in watching the hands of those I speak to move as they search for their words. When I write or think in research, I often have an artefact in hand. Tossing, turning and pressing it between palm and finger to soften the nerves, soothing my mind as it sifts through reflexive thoughts and memories.

### *Holding*

The kindest of them all, this gesture is that which my inquiry began from. Holding by the hand opens the senses to the entanglement between one's body, material, and space. Holding is a space in this research. It is the whispering and combusting dispersal of materials. It is my fingers scraping bits of clay, cupping the hands of a rock or a friend as I gift them an artefact. Holding is observation, imagining, questioning, seizing, and gifting.

### *Nonhuman*

As I reflect upon my gifting of artefacts to trees, soil, water, furniture, and kiln, I perceive these receiving entities as hands.



## **Reveries' of making,**

*This catalogue indexes stories of my ceramic making processes. Though the recount follows a linear chronology, it has endured a series of repetitions throughout the research. In these repetitions, some of the processes below have not happened, and in other repetitions they have occurred several times over.*

*A site of imaginative ingress*

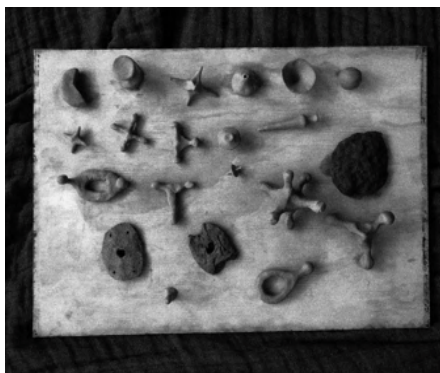
The wet processes laboratory on campus is the haven in which the material entanglement of my practice prospered; the space of my practice flourished through a burgeoning engagement with clay, sand, salt, heat, and water processes. This saw my spatial practice as one of deeply felt, intuitive responses to site through material. Most of the making in my practice resists linguistic articulation; arriving in physical and imaginative artefacts that propagate from the palms of my hands and the kiln in the laboratory on university campus. Through my time in the wet labs, my intimacy with material processes has informed how my relations to others materialise beyond word-based exchanges.

### *The intra-activity of sculpting*

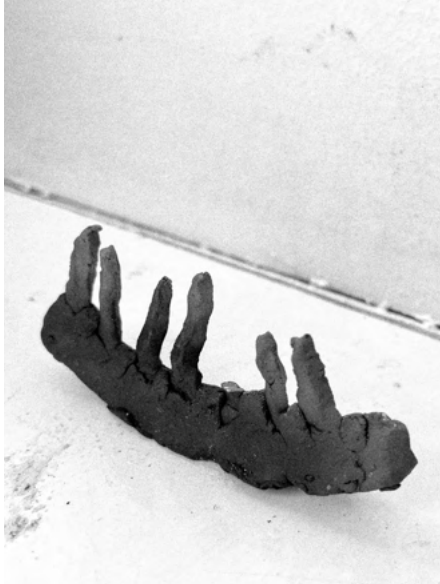
In the phenomenology of intra-action, it is the pre-existence of relations that is asserted, as opposed to differences between subject and object. “*it is through specific agential intra-actions that the boundaries and properties of ‘individuals’ within the phenomenon become determinate and particular material articulations of the world become meaningful.*”<sup>24</sup> When sculpting there is an ebb and flow of subjectivity, where I push upon the resistance of clay, and it pulls, resisting my exertion. Distinctions of subject and object blur in sculpting, where it is not one or the other that initiates the affectionate force of rêverie, rather, it arises through our fusing and parting.

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<sup>24</sup> Karen Barad, “Intra-actions: Interview of Karen Barad by Adam Kleinmann,” *Mousse* Volume 34, (2012), [https://www.academia.edu/1857617/\\_Intra\\_actions\\_Interview\\_of\\_Karen\\_Barad\\_by\\_Adam\\_Kleinmann](https://www.academia.edu/1857617/_Intra_actions_Interview_of_Karen_Barad_by_Adam_Kleinmann).



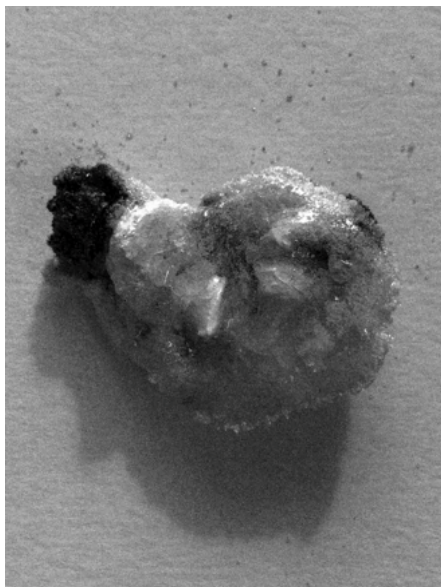
3.



4.

### *Playing with glaze*

Submerged in the uncertainty of beginning a project, and intrigued by the behaviours of ceramic materials, this time was one of exploration. In mixing informal glaze solutions, the alchemy between clay, glaze and kiln saw me sculpting artefactual vessels. The vessels were not intended for containment, rather they acted as canvases for the bubbling and transmuting of silica and water in searing temperatures. Questions of a tacit, unspoken materiality arose. As they accumulated, I was faced with a growing amalgamation of artefacts that seemed to come from an alien place. In their bubbling, somewhat liquid aura, they threatened to ooze and move at any moment.



5.



6.

## *Empty Landscape*

I learnt of Masaomi Yasunaga's practice in the second month of my research. His 2019 collection of funerary urns, titled *Empty Landscape*, opened within me a desire to hold glaze and sand to a higher degree in my practice. Using glaze as the primary material, artefacts were "*pit-fired buried in sand, combined with unique raw materials such as feldspar, glass and metal powders. The viscous glaze melts, collapses, and aggregates with these materials, hardening to stone-like consistency after the kiln.*"<sup>25</sup> Upon the passing of his grandmother, Yasunaga incorporated her cremated remains into glaze. Here, the process of grieving mediated the sculptor's making. Potent with memory, place and emotion, the aura of these fired artefacts exemplifies a bleeding affection between feeling, practice, and artefact.

Time has passed in these artefacts, and through their cracks they grieve. Frozen in their weeping as the ashes burnt away in the kiln, the desperation of the glaze to grasp the raw materials that tried to leave remains exposed. Layers of erosion wail to reluctant new beginnings, impermanence glowing from the artefacts burns my chest as I look at their images. Decayed by forces of heat, the glass forms seem only just held together by the sandy beds they were set in. To those of us who know their story, the melancholy the artefacts hold shroud our perception of them, where they exist as objects for coping with the trepidations of living.

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<sup>25</sup> Masaomi Yasunaga, "Exhibitions: Masaomi Yasunaga", *Nonaka-Hill*, Accessed 10 May, <https://www.nonaka-hill.com/exhibitions/23/>.

### *Firing in sand basins*

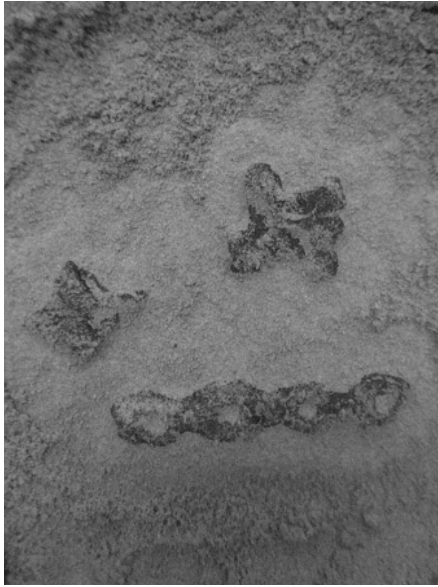
Tapora sand is a creamy white sand of high silica content, known otherwise as silica sand. Made of quartz, silt, sand, and clay, much of the sand used in the laboratory on campus is sourced from the Parengarenga harbour in Northland. This sand is poured onto kiln shelves, where glaze coated bisqueware can rest upon it. In sharing its material content with that of kiln shelves, it acts as a protective barrier under glaze which would otherwise fuse and later eat away at the shelves. My earlier artefacts were dipped in thick coatings of glaze and rested on tapora sand to preserve the shelves underneath. To avoid the sand moving off the shelf and onto the work of other students, I sculpted basins out of clay to contain the sand. As this precaution was integral to the making process, it became a key part of my iterative making.

### *Excavation*

The sand basins looked like small deserts, which opened in me a desire to work at a smaller scale in order to bury and excavate artefacts in the basins. Sculpting at a minute scale was a curious shift, it felt as though my being turned inward. Hunched over artefacts held snug in my hand brought about a secretive demeanour. No longer was it overtly apparent what I was sculpting, one had to come close to see what I was prodding at so intimately.



7.



8.



9.

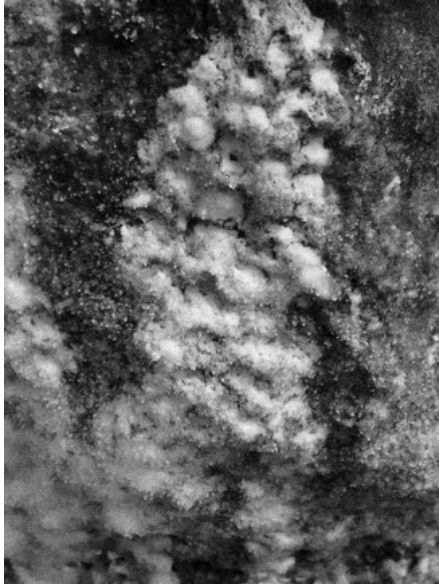
### *Dousing in saline solutions*

Situated on the window sill of my studio on campus, I watered the vessels and artefacts from this time of experimentation with salt. The salt came from an interest in treating the vessels with a material that likened to the crystallising processes of the kiln. A material that would respond to the sunlight and humidity in the studio space they were now in. Using the kettle in studio and salt purchased from supermarkets nearby, I dissolved high concentrations of salt and poured them into the older vessels containing the newer artefacts. Through capillary action, the salt moved through the minute pores of the artefacts, inching through their glassy coatings and through efflorescence, crystallising on both their interior and exterior surfaces. The white skins, glazes of their own kind did not rest upon the exterior surface of the artefacts, but had seeped through the ceramic flesh. The salt, like a phantom, grasped the entire bodies of the artefacts. Over the months to come, the saline skins calcified the artefacts to the tables, shelves, stools, and paper they sat upon. Even other beings in the spaces, such as moths and dust that landed on the artefacts became fossilised in the glaze through the crystallising process.

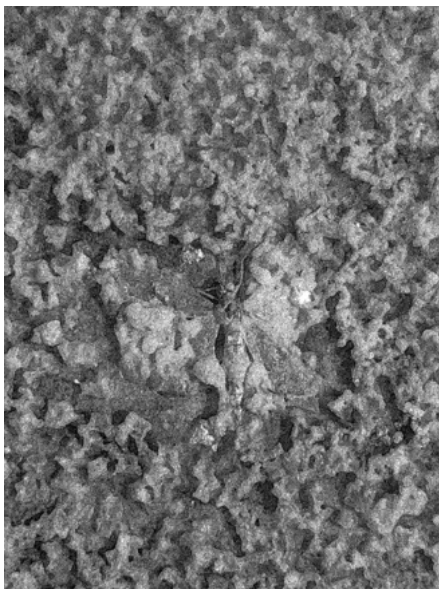
The temporalities of the saline solutions collaborate alongside me, working in strange ways as I do in mine. The white mineral ether they shroud the artefacts in materialises as an aura *\*as in a unique appearance*, that I might otherwise be imagining. In their sweating and solidifying, their watery being runs parallel to mine, where I too sweat, cry, crystallise and lather in the sun's heat in the space we share.



10.



11.



12.

*Affections of the joints, holdings of the imagined*

tools, trinkets, stones, kisses, beads, tender  
little knots of earth, moving from hand to pocket  
pocket to hand to hand to hand  
rolling amid fingertips  
scraping palms  
expanding daydreamed scenes oozing from hand to clay  
singing of places that would swallow you whole  
motifs of a moment  
i feel i can push up against you  
exertion as care

the becomings of these artefacts  
portals into dreamings which flurry past this typological document  
places unknown  
imagined in slithers when held by a hand  
vastness is vignettted  
translucently opaque bodies  
floating in this place  
smelling of long ago picked flowers

i think they are dreams whispered by my ancestors  
moving in capillary actions through fingertips  
they invite me to participate in makings of care  
wading in domestic gardens  
reposing in pockets

i reach out to you.



**Affectionate blessing and gifting,**

*This index recounts the everyday affections between artefacts and hands in my gestures of dispersal. It also speaks to the work and theorem of other practitioners that have mediated both my thinking and gestures of practice.*

### *Everyday affections*

The artefacts in my practice capture or set up a moment in the present, a soft space of feeling through hardened materials. They are inherently instantaneous, their obliqueness to the everyday objects surrounding me question the contemporary Western production, reproduction and consumption of artefacts. In my interpersonal dispersal of artefacts sculpted in practice, I explore the significance of affectionate corporeality between hand-holding actors, materials, and the imaginative space felt through gift-giving. My gestures of dispersal summon George Perec's 1974 essay *L'infra-ordinaire*. Perec engages with the notion of obliqueness and marginality as a method for writing.

In fragments, Perec remembers and dis-members spaces, artefacts, and scenes of the world he experiences. Highlighting that which is seemingly banal; secrets hiding under wallpaper, the inventory of one's pockets, and how many movements it takes to perform a task. Perec questions the epistemological importance of defining space "*We sleep through our lives in a dreamless sleep. But where is our life? Where is our body? Where is our space?*"<sup>26</sup> Engrossed in the repetitive gestures of everyday life, Perec provides us with the opportunity to (re)calibrate how we watch and feel our quotidian spaces. The enumeration of Perec's writing collates a memory or a mapping of space in a prosaic manner.

As artefacts are sculpted, they exist in a space of potential, an auratic, everyday presence. I situate them peripherally, where they are gifted as intimate offerings when a desire in me arises, "*Here, I feel this one would rather be with you. It has been blessed with wellness and good spirit.*" Feelers sent out from ground and sky, I seldom know when the lightning will strike, nor where these artefacts will go once they leave my hands.

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<sup>26</sup> Georges Perec, *Species of Space and Other Pieces: Approaches to What?* (Penguin Group, London: England, 1974), 210.

### *Arranging in studio*

Through my shift from sculpting large ceramic vessels to handheld artefacts, I only had to place them in my hands or pockets to bring them back to studio. In this mode of transporting the artefacts by the fist of my hand or the fabric draping my body, their presence became a slither unknown to those walking past *\*however immense they were in my hand's mind.*

One afternoon there was a talk for postgraduate students held in our studio space. I came directly from the laboratory holding an artefact still warm from the kiln. Nervous as I always was, it fumbled around my fingers whilst I somewhat listened, somewhat dreamt. It dropped to the ground, plucking me out of the place I had wandered off to. Flushed, I quickly picked it up. Someone had noticed, they opened their hand and gestured toward me. Timidly, I placed it in their hand. It rolled with them too, after a content smirk and glint of the eye, they gave it back to me. We both returned our attention to the speaker.

In the studio that late summer afternoon, there was a rupture in the singularity of the relationship between my body and the handheld artefact. A thread was run. In placing it in that human's hand, it felt wrong to have it returned. The artefact clearly wanted nothing to do with me! It wasn't a muscular mishap or evidence of my clumsiness, but it's desire protesting by contracting and expanding in the heat of my sweaty palm.



13.

### *Giftng to humans*

Through encouraging, curious exchanges with people who showed interest in my making in the laboratory on campus and in studio, I found myself dispersing artefacts as gifts. Communicating with people in this manner felt intimate for it was a matter of nurturing relations through the ceramic materials. The energies of the artefacts enveloped the everyday places I both inhabited and transited through. It felt, and still does not feel like an action of my own, *\*a listening to the want to be given of the artefacts*. When I act on the desire to gift these artefacts, I speak without words, I reach out to those around me, intertwining them in the desire of the artefacts to go to some place. They use me to communicate like I use them, for I see my desire akin to theirs, *\*how else might I make sense of such a tacit feeling that leads to action?* Like drawing, gifting, leaves traces between points, layering memories into the communal fabric of the living beings I live alongside.



14.

## *7,000 Stones*

Lenka Clayton, a documentary filmmaker and artist, collates and curates both phenomenal and material curiosities of the everyday through poetic, and absurd gestures. During a professorship at New York's Alfred University, Clayton's curiosity spurred toward the Steinheim Museum *\*it really is more of a castle*. Built in the late 1800's, the Steinheim was renowned for its collection of artefactual and geological oddities.<sup>27</sup> Over time, flooding, burgling, and relocating dispersed the archive across known, but mostly unknown places; completing the ubiquitous cycle of archival operations.

To honour the fate of the Steinheim collection's 7,000 missing artefacts, Clayton assembled the same number of stones within a four kilometre radius of the museum. The stones were gathered, arranged and dispersed in a manner akin to the lost artefacts. Under a spotlight, stones of antiquity number from 1 to 7,000 hunker in a pile. With a nearby wall-text signalling "*please take the stones*" the sedimentary artefacts were gifted to visitors of the exhibition space. With the discretion of the human receivers, the dispersal of the stones remains ambiguous. Stones which were not taken from the pile were gathered by Clayton and returned to the radius they came from; their eventual dispersal Clayton left to the land and Sunday stroller's.<sup>28</sup>

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<sup>27</sup> "Allen Steinheim Museum" *Wikipedia*, accessed July 2022, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allen\\_Steinheim\\_Museum](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allen_Steinheim_Museum)

<sup>28</sup> Lenka Clayton, "*Repatriating the Stones*" Alfred, December, 2008, <http://alfreddiary.blogspot.com>

*Exchanging for a stone*

In just about every one of my days the occasion is made to walk. On these walks there is often an artefact accompanying me in case I stray too far in the waters of thought and need a hand to return to. In my affinity for handheld things, I am often tempted to pick up and marvel at stones. I used to take them home with me, but in thinking prudently of nonhuman beings as having agencies and desires of their own, I now refrain. As Sappho says, “*do not move stones.*”<sup>29</sup> Who am I to decide where you will go, if you already made it this far?

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<sup>29</sup> Anne Carson, *If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho*, (Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group: New York, 2009), 293.



15.

### *Giftng to a garden*

Crouching down over my bent knees, with a tall ceramic fork in hand I poked at the soft earthen skin of the garden in my mother's home. A body of soil which has borne the imagination of my young adulthood, this earthen hand holds me dearly. In my pockets a group of ceramic talismans await the allocation of their soon to be resting place. Scoping until I felt I had found the right place, I then scraped a circle, wedged a finger into the scoured line and lifted. Down the hole I looked, the fork padded clumps of root and soil to the periphery of the bed. With eyes closed the artefacts were blessed, wished well, and placed to rest, like a votive offering to the ground.

The intention of recovery or further human use was not desired in this instance, for the artefacts were indefinitely gifted to the garden. Their material existence, now in the soft space of my imagination, is to be experienced by other humans through my recounting of the memory of their burial. I know not who or what might unearth these artefacts in the future, I may even still be around when it happens, but it may be in a time where living in this home is but a distant memory. Regardless, the intention of this downward dispersing gesture was to see the archival of these artefacts as one of erosion, rather than preservation.



16.

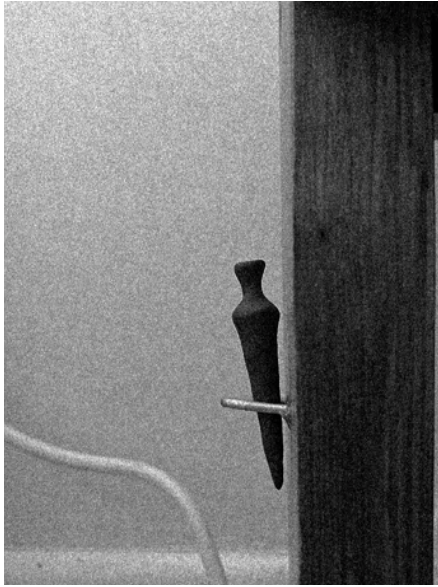


17.

### *Giftng to a bed frame*

My dreams taunt me with a strange melange of my everyday occurrences. On my bed I spend much time in deep thought, imagining with immensity the questions which arise only through slowing down. As a hand, this bed seizes my most intimate, reflexive thoughts. Like an instrument it sings of the softened texts and images of both daydreams and the dreams of sleep.

One afternoon some time ago, I found myself pondering over a group of small artefacts. As I submerged into a question of what to do with them, I gazed at the bed sat near me. When I came back from the daydream, I realised I was still staring at the bed. My eyes traced its surface, fixing on the legs of the frame. Without a thought I was with hammer and nail in hand, kneeling on the ground. The artefacts huddled on the desk in the room observed from above. That day, four artefacts found themselves wedged in by nails to the bed frame. Each holding a corner.



18.

## YES TOMORROW

A practitioner whose ceramic work sings of the intra-active becomings between hands and clay is artist Kate Newby. Her exhibition *YES TOMORROW* (Adam Art Gallery, 2021), is a gathering of ceramic entities scattered among and within floors, suspended across walls, spilling out of the gallery and into the land that surrounds. Clay tiles inscribed with constellated scrapes, a communing of earthen matter, each body a different form, telling its own story. The gestures in this installation are minute, but together they tell a grand story of the many ways in which we encounter ceramics and in which ceramics encounter human hands in everyday, interpersonal gestures of fabrication.

On a wooden platform raised above the ground level of a gallery room, the title *How funny you are today* calls to me. Schools of ceramic objects, some titled, others not, show the many different colours and textures ceramic materials can take. Each ceramic entity stories the bodily action which formed it, yet remains open to other imaginary tales. One kinship of vibrant terracotta bodies titled *Love Rocks* enchant me. I wonder of the love they speak of, is it love for one another? The place they were sourced from? Do they speak of the loving hands that embraced them one moment long ago? Do they make a statement to remind us of what's important? Another school of ceramic stones, the label in front of them reading *Skimming Stones Formed by Clapping Hands Together*, brings forth not only the action which unveiled their present forms, but also a memory of running water, a long stretch of lake, a moment of solitude, skimming, sinking.

*YES TOMORROW* reads to me as a garden, a flower bed of sorts. A communion of colourful earthen affections populating site. From afar, each collective moment whispers a dynamic expression of material, pigment, hand movement. Up close, each slab, stone, tile, and expression of love shouts of the momentous becomings of material and maker. Each photograph of this exhibition feels like a day gone by, reminding me of the possibility of what's to come, and has my hands yearning for a sticky colloquy.

### *Walking Stones*

Richard Long, a British sculptor and artist, enacted a performative work titled *Walking Stones* in 1999. In an eleven day walk traversing six hundred and fourteen kilometres, a stone was picked up each day and exchanged for another found the following day. The last stone on the final day of the walk was thrown into the sea. In listening and looking for a moment of affectionate holding, this work attuned itself to the calls of stones. Dispersing them across long stretches of land by the sea. This precedent exemplifies an intimate collaboration with nonhuman beings, where the hands of the walker were held by the stones which reached out.

I imagine a salty billowing wind, granules of sand inhaled and exhaled, a feeling of being lost consoled by the reassuring embrace of a palm-sized other. My own gesture of taking artefacts for walks and exchanging them for summoning stones has been mediated by this project, where invisible lines of affection mapped the undulating hills of my neighbourhood. The result, a disrupted archive of earthen beings, weathered away by the hands of everyday time, wind, longing, and curiosity.

### *Gifts in memory*

When in discussion with human others, I gift the artefacts of my practice through ekphrastic description. By speaking of the research in detail, the artefacts are called to through the telling of a story or a description of their materiality. The aura of the artefacts is grasped by the listener's imagination; though they might not be there physically, their essence is translated through memory.

One morning, during a supervision meeting, an artefact hanging on twine behind me fell to the ground. I picked it up and held it in my hand. But from my hand it kept falling to the ground; landing at the foot of the stool a supervisor sat upon. By the fourth fall, it became evident that this artefact was expressing an affinity for that person. At the end of the meeting, I asked the supervisor if they would like to hold onto the artefact for a while, for I felt it wanted to be with them. Many months later, during a discussion via video call, the supervisor expressed the significance of the artefact's presence in their home. I could not remember which artefact it was they were describing, and so I was left with only the intimate memory of the bestowment to hold.

In another instance, a dear friend living overseas confided in me that they were suffering from a bout of depression. In my longing to be with them, but with an ocean keeping us apart, I blessed an artefact and mailed it to them. Many months later, as we spoke over the phone they expressed that the artefact brought them not only a sense of comfort, but a feeling of being close to me. In that moment, it was not the artefact that I held, but the *feeling* shared between myself and the friend. The artefact was merely a bridge between our affection for one another, where on one end I held my faint memory of putting their parcel together, and on theirs, they held both the artefact and my gesture of care.

## *Fantasma*

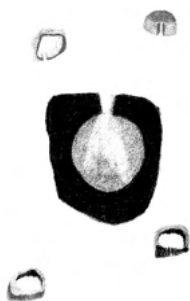
A curtain of pastel linen fabric, its outermost pleat pregnant with bewitched artefacts. A delicately ornamented perfume bottle holds an imagined caged creature. Epoxy resin sheets carved with veins full with coloured liquids. Tentacled slabs of mud painted with eerie views of a forest. In 2018, the artist duo Matias Armendaris and Hanya Belia, or ASMA, curated an artefactual caricature of a phantasmal entity residing between an apartment and its inhabitants (Armendaris and Belia). The work, titled *Fantasma*, presents an assemblage of magical charms, cast metal, a butterfly wing, a metal spoon, sheer hanging fabric, bespoke perfume, epoxy resin, mud drawn on with graphite, oil paint, eye drops, wooden frames, frosted bronze glass, and a polaroid picture. Inhabitation is considered as more than an action, but as a ghostly entity possessing the collection of artefacts. Imbued with whispered affections, invisible gestures enacted during the making process have cast an aura over the installation. The collective work presents an aura, illustrating a feeling which teeters between the real and the imaginary qualities of the dwelling space.

### *Imagining in charcoal*

While in isolation, I began to draw the group of artefacts staying with me at my mother's home. Still in the primordial space of the sand dunes from months ago, the artefacts were illustrated as floating or resting on scaffolding in sand. Imagined as buildings, or forms as big as buildings in fantasised worlds, sections and elevations were drawn, and of those images came stories. *\*An archaeologist dwelled in the mythology of the two-dimensional spaces, uncovering bodies of salt water trickling from the inflated ceramic artefacts.* I poured saline solutions over the drawings, from which crystals took form. Distorting the sketches in unusual ways; forming a strange glaze that contorted the image on the page.



19.



20.



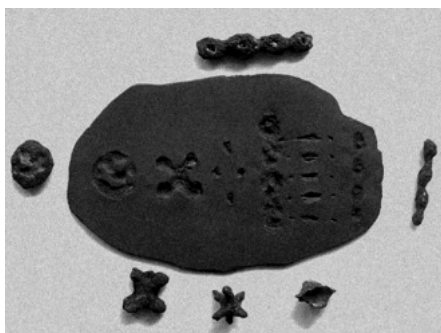
21.

### *Phaistos Disc*

A slab of 15 centimetres in diameter might still be a slab of clay, but its surface can come to bear the weight of a civilisation past. To those reading in the present, an artefact such as the *Phaistos Disc* acts as a portal into a place one can only imagine, for the remnants of its provenance are scarce, having weathered away deep into the landscape. A specific archaeology is reflected in the *Phaistos Disc*, indicative of a distant culture, of its rituals, processions, migrations, tools, and wars. I imagine the sculptor writing upon this disc in their workspace, scraping away clay as an embedding of story *\*a casting of self into matter.*

This act of tattooing earthen flesh with one's stories sees ceramic practice as a tool for resisting human time scales. As I sit with images of the Phaistos disc, I think of ceramic practice as a fossilisation of the imagination, the body, and the collective self.

One afternoon in the bedchamber at my mother's, I found myself pressing artefacts into a slab of clay. I pondered the future of the clay on the wooden floor boards before me. Would it settle amongst the material hyper-mass of the Anthropocene era? Its inscriptions fossilising amongst the strata? Would it be split in half by the collision of tectonic ridges, its innards exposed to its old friend, the wind? Might mycelium filaments read the inscription like braille? How would they interpret it? What would they think of my writing?



22.



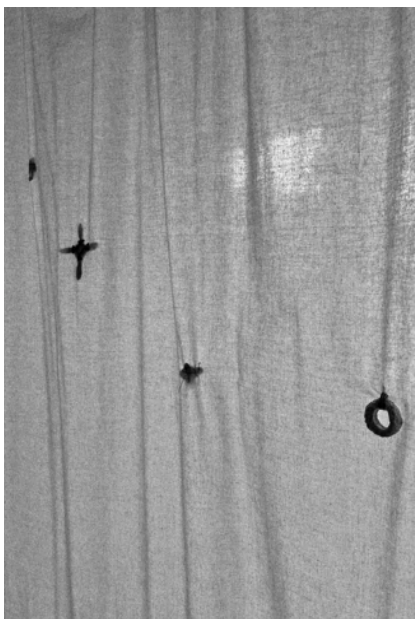
23.

*Adorned curtain for friends*

Not long ago, a friend reached out asking for an assemblage of artefacts to ornament a curtain hanging in their shared studio space. Excited by the proposition, I began sculpting them almost immediately. Each went through the usual cycle of sculpting, firing, dipping, burying, firing, and excavating before being dispersed among the calico screen. Over an afternoon and late into the evening, the artefacts were secured using a needle and thread from the friend's home. A new knot was tied in the materialisation of these artefacts, for the affection they emerged from was complicated by another's desire, not by my own.



24.



25.



26.

### *Giftng to flora*

Rough limbs stretch out from a wooden body familiar to me. Standing in the front garden of my late childhood home, I gift a black sandy artefact to the fingers of a tree. As it sways in the wind, I look up to the thunderous grey clouds, they look ravenous, feeling for something gritty to bite. Along with the artefacts buried not far below, I feel mother's home is protected by the embellished hands of these inhabitants. This gifting is more than an appreciation of flora. It embraces a space dear to me. My mother and sisters live here, and in a sentimental manner, this gifting situates a sliver of myself to be with them when my physical self cannot.



27.



28.



29.



**With a loose thread, I hem this tentative end,**

How to conclude something that blew in with such a fleeting beginning. To know the words with which to draw the line, when those which began spoke of a middle. To state the end without having a memory of it. I suppose I could seal this research with a rosy fib, an estimation, a hope.

The curtain I draw is still so sheer, I am hesitant to ask, reader, did I pull you close? *\*Did you hear it, feel it? Their turning over in your palms as I feel them now in mine.* The auras and their images will rise with the sun tomorrow. Over and over, the circle lapses, and the affections go on as the hands grasp for more. The artefacts remain outside, taunting me as they rattle the window. The echoes of my questions 9,800 words ago reverberate, for I've only opened them more. I am left with a sense of self scattered wide, though now I know that was the story. The research was never for an answer, but to dive deeper into desire. My every day is now richer with the relations I have nurtured. I feel closer to my grandfather, having discovered a way of being in the world he might have otherwise whispered in my ear as I sat on his lap one lost afternoon. Affirmed with the knowing that those humans and nonhumans I love might be soothed by my trace, I have uncovered gestures with which to move forward, with which to find comfort in not knowing why, but feeling *how*, feeling *now*.



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**List of figures,**

*All images by Yana Dombrowsky-M'Baye unless stated otherwise.*

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## Appendices

Printing and binding of exegesis for  
examination.

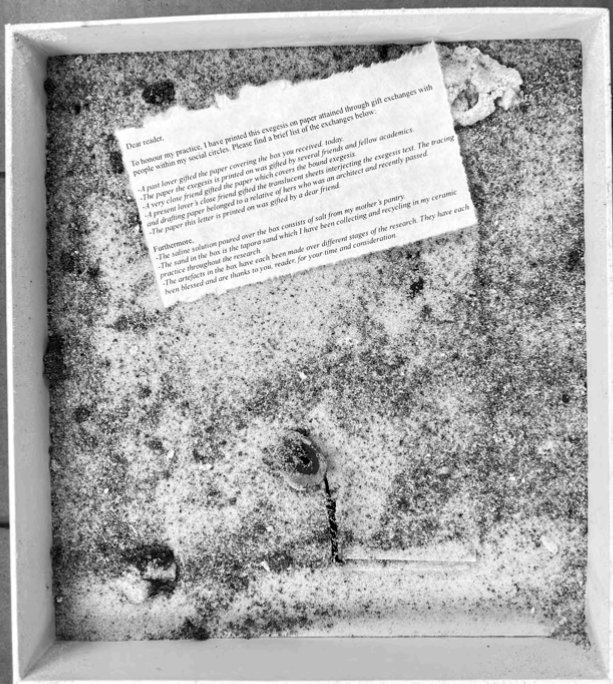


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*\*The asterisk, a hovering starlike symbol, is a marking indicating omission or speculative matters. The symbol also emphasizes text within text. In this exergis, the asterisk connotes wandering, personal passages of reflexive thought, popularized amongst critical writing.*

*\*To foreground the use of French terminology in this exergis, I acknowledge my French lineage, its presence in my everyday life, and its influence over my linguistic expressions.*



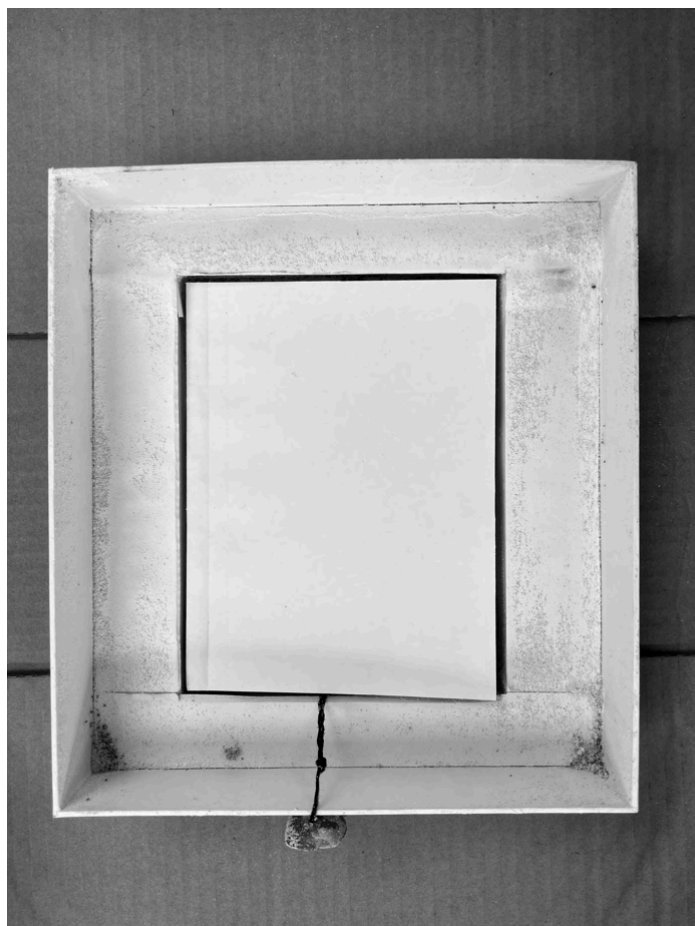
Dear reader,

To honour my practice, I have printed this exergis on paper attained through gift exchanges with people within my social circles. Please find a brief list of the exchanges below.

- A past lover gifted the paper covering the box you received today.
- The paper the exergis is printed on was gifted by several friends and fellow academics.
- A very close friend gifted the paper which covers the bound exergis.
- A present lover's close friend gifted the translucent sheets intersecting the exergis text. The tracing and drafting paper belonged to a relative of hers who was an architect and recently passed.
- The paper this letter is printed on was gifted by a dear friend.

Furthermore,

- The saline solution poured over the box consists of salt from my mother's pantry.
- The sand in the box is the tapora sand which I have been collecting and recycling in my ceramic practice throughout the research.
- The artifacts in the box have each been made over different stages of the research. They have each been blessed and are thanks to you, reader, for your time and consideration.



For the examiners of my research, I physically printed and bound this exegesis to the size of my hands. The paper was obtained through an exchange from a friend who had left over paper from their own thesis, for a candelabra and candle snuffer for their partner. Stitched among the opaque pages of text where the asterisked passages of reflected thought. The publications were then placed in slip case style boxes, covered in water colour paper gifted to me from a past lover, after we unexpectedly met, exchanging with one another ask the new things taking place in our lives. In exchange for the paper I gave a vase made before I began the research. The boxes were filled with tapora sand collected in the wet processes laboratory, glaze rocks made from silica, water and sand found in the laboratory, and artefacts scattered among the windowsill in my studio.

Transcription of letter placed in the  
boxes gifted to the examiners:

Dear reader,

To honour my practice, I have printed this exegesis on paper attained through gift exchanges with people within my social circles. Please find a brief list of the exchanges below:

*-A past lover gifted the paper covering the box you received today.*

*-The paper the exegesis is printed on was gifted by several friends and fellow academics.*

*-A very close friend gifted the paper with covers the bound exegesis.*

*-A present lover's close friends gifted the translucent sheets interjecting the exegesis text. The tracing and drafting paper belonged to a relative of hers who was an architect and recently passer.*

*-The paper this letter is printed on was gifted by a dear friend.*

Furthermore,

*-The saline solution poured over the box consists of salt from my mother's pantry.*

*-The sand in the box is tapora sand which I have been collecting and recycling in my ceramic practice throughout the research.*

*-The artefacts in the box have each been made over different stages of the research, They have each been blessed and are thanks to you, reader, for your time and consideration.*

St. Paul Street Gallery, Front Box.

Through discussion with the curators of St. Paul Street Gallery, I was invited to inhabit the Front Box of St. Paul Street gallery in August. The tall, narrow space faces the street like a window display. Over several weeks, I scattered, swept, carefully placed, threw, and sat among the dust and debris of months of making. Clay attained from the laboratory, originating from various places such as Waikato, Belgium, and Karangahape Road, sand sourced from the Parengarenga Harbour, salt sourced from local supermarkets and my mothers pantry, water collected from taps in AUT's WM and WE buildings, sand powdered silica and pigment sourced from the laboratory all sprawled about.

Much of these listed materials were at one stage talismans, candelabras, plates and pots which had long sat on shelves in the laboratory and in my studio on campus. I gathered an assemblage of these artefacts and spent two weeks smashing them with an old wooden handled hammer from the laboratory into dust. Working late after hours I made myself a shelter behind shelves in the lab and swung the tool back and forth endlessly. Bringing the newly formed dust, small broken pieces of

artefacts, and artefacts five to ten millimetres in diameter into the front box.

During this time I recorded diaristic entries which were to form a publication for gifting to the examiners after my examination. The entries follow.

20.08.22

*I went into the Front box of St Paul Street Gallery feeling untethered and without direction. I gathered buckets full of pulverised sculptures from the start of the research. Additionally, bowls of tapora sand I have been collecting over the last 18 months went into the tall space. I swept. Then smashed. Then swept. The pieces from my studio covered in salt then went into the space. I poured water over them and the salt dissolved, one of the pieces broke as the salt holding it together washed away.*

*With a dust pan I swept up all the big bits and most of the debris except for what met the glass window pane. Some small artefacts I had taken down from the laboratory with me found their way outside. I put them in little holes in the concrete as gifts to the wall.*

*I went back into my studio, printed out a memory of my mother telling me a story about gris-gris and placed it near the work:*

*Maman and I walk in the afternoon sun.  
Confessing to what has been troubling  
me I tell her I feel lost in my practice.*

— *I have no idea what I'm doing, is it meant for anyone? I keep calling the artefacts gris-gris, but I feel so far away from that part of myself. Is it appropriative to use this research as a point of inquiry into Senegalese magical practices? What do you think of my coining of these artefacts I make as gris-gris? Is it strange? Does it make sense? Am I even African enough to be engaging with this idea?*

*Her answer, indirect.*

— *Do what feels right. Don't think about it too much.*

*I prod.*

— *What do you know about gris-gris?*

— *I know about le maribou. You go to him if you need help with money, love, work. He might say; "find a chicken, go to the river, cut its neck, drink the blood, and give its body to the stream".*

*I shroud her with a silence, hoping she will grab hold and say more.*

— *You might get an amulet too; a small bag to wear with a written prayer or blessed objects inside.*

*Quiet. I look to the ground beneath me.  
This is an unknown to make peace with.*

29.08.22

*I was running into work in the wet labs at 0900, it was 0910. As I approached campus I noticed the red dust spilling out of one of the holes in the walls of the Front box was gone. The box was empty. No dust except for that which settled deeply into the cracks and crevices of the concrete space. There was still a presence of the work but it was minimal, faded. I went into the wet processes laboratory and started my shift, finding a moment to email the curator of the gallery:*

***De: Y***

***Envoyé: Monday, 29 August 2022 at 10:26 AM***

***À: M***

***Objet: front box!***

*hey m i hope you're well! i noticed the dust in the front box has been swept up, i just wanted to make sure i haven't bought anything into the space that i shouldn't have or haven't overstayed! is everything all good? :)*

*ngā mihi,  
y*

**De : M**

**Envoyé : lundi, août 29, 2022 11:03**

**À : Y**

**Objet : Re: front box!**

*Kia ora Y*

*I'm doing well thanks, hope you're as well!*

*I'm sorry to hear your install was disturbed, my only thoughts are that this could've been done by the cleaners accidentally. I made a request for the galleries to be cleaned for AUT Live and they might've mistakenly cleaned away your install.*

*Sincere apologies, I will ensure in future correspondence not to clean in the front box. I hope this hasn't impacted your install, please feel free to install again and continue using the space.*

*Best,  
M*

*In thinking about the repetition of my work, the building up and taking away, the depositing, the erosion and dispersal, this has been quite an*

*interesting spin. It felt tragic, mysterious and hilarious at the same time. It was curious to know that it was clearly somewhat considered part of a work as the bag of dust was placed carefully in the buckets containing the detritus of the artefacts I was working with. I wondered if the person sweeping it was frustrated, thinking I had not properly cleaned up my work after using the space. The dust clearly did not comfortably sit in the context of an art gallery. It wasn't thrown out completely, it was placed back in the buckets. The cleaner must have not been quite sure if it was work or not, or what to do with it. Maybe this affirms my hesitation about putting my work in an exhibition space, that my work doesn't sit within the boundaries of what a work is in such a space? Or maybe this tension is a reason to place my work in such spaces, to question the expectation and prerequisites of what functions and consequently is handled, as art.*

*After the long day at work I went into the space, ripped the bag apart and scattered the contents. Using a wet rag I painted sand on the window. I felt unconvinced, should I have put the work back in a way seemingly similar to before? Is it now*

*even more superficial and staged, or have I been forced to engage in a cycle of dispersing and re-dispersing the work?*

30.08.22

*In thinking of not only the way the work in this window has dispersed \*by the wind, by people of the public who have taken artefacts, by the cleaner who swept the work and placed it aside, I dwell on the nature of dust. Both an action of instigating movement and disturbance and the state of being minute, or an assemblage of particles susceptible to movement by a scope of forces. From the most diminished such as breath, to billowing winds. The dust in the work exhibited on campus is a collection of ceramic artefacts smashed, tapora and green sand, silica (glaze from artefacts that have been smashed), salt from the artefacts containing saline solutions, skin and hair (my own and from people on campus).*

31.08.22

*This evening I spoke to my therapist about the dust in the Front box. I spoke of the rejection I felt in having the work somewhat not considered work. As well as the tension brought by the intrigue of the way the dust was handled, as dirt not to be cleaned, but set aside. We pondered on whether I felt in some way akin to the cleaner, which contributed to my not feeling resentful toward them. We spoke of our similarities, both working in the building after hours as shadows in the night, sweeping, wiping, bagging, sweeping. I thought of my work in the wet processes laboratory over the semester. As I teach in the afternoons I make up hours by cleaning the spaces when the students have gone home. Often I am still cleaning, or sculpting when the cleaners come in. We make quaint exchange, and continue with our tasks.*

*We spoke of the building as the figure which ultimately rejected the dust when it nestled in its crevices and corners. Filling up its cracks and holes. \*Had it preferred it's distraught state? Was it allergic to dust? Did the salt make it itch? Did it sigh in relief as the detritus I scattered were wiped from its innards? If the discomfort I feel in*

*exhibiting work is because of the social and cultural economies of the gallery space, then is it not the physical space itself that causes me to writhe in uncertainty? \*Should I have hung something on the rod crossing it's ceiling? Turned on the lights framing the walls of the edge of the space? Placed a formalised document with my name, student number, and the university's logo in the text box to its exterior?*

02.09.22

*At work I get a message from a friend and colleague who was examining work in the gallery. People had been sent from estates that manage groundskeeping, the work once again was deemed a mess and had been requested to be cleaned up. She intervened in the cleaning. Following this my supervisors and the senior technician in the wet labs contacted faculty to inform them that the dust was part of a work. Supposedly it will be left there for now. And I have moved onto thinking about the install in Gallery 3 across the road for the closing exhibition of the research.*

03.09.22

*I spent the afternoon and evening in the wet labs pulverising artefacts into dust. It took a great deal of time, my body ached. As I was smashing I contemplated how Taylor and I would inhabit Gallery 3. How our work would come together, how the dust in the Front box would make its way across the road, how we would open the space on the night of the exhibition. What it will look like, how I might open up my corner of the space for people to take artefacts that called to them. How would I speak to the various spaces I have inhabited over the course of the research, might I bring dust and minerals from those places and add them to the dust of the artefacts? How could I speak to this past time and present it as an assemblage of memories? I thought of the hair and dust that I collect in places I inhabit, might I mix this into the dust so that it becomes present at a microscopic scale while remaining indiscernible?*

05.09.22

*I have been thinking of the registers of this exhibition, where I use the term register as the different kinds of material presented in different states and forms. There are the pulverised pieces of artefacts, salt, and sand, my hair I have collected, paper attained through exchanges, talismanic artefacts, water held in the dust, the time taken to pulverise, assemble, and stage the installation, the conversations which have occurred in the space, in the wet labs, and over the weeks in which I have inhabited the window box.*

*I think ahead to after the exhibition. Will the dust be recycled back into clay? Might it find its way to the ocean?*

06.09.22

*I have returned to thinking of the asterisk, the little star like symbol used in my exegesis. People who have read copies of the exegesis have noted the sentences signalled by the asterisk printed on transparent paper over the opaque paper as something curious.*

*To mark a note with a star is to set aside something for special consideration. A star is something celestial, as in a part of the sky or beyond the universe, something heavenly, and thus part of an invisible heaven. Where heaven is something of the imagination, something to ponder and contemplate, or to feel. The word asterisk borrows from the Latin and Greek word aster, which means star. Here, a star defines a heavenly body appearing as a luminous point in the sky.*

*A heavenly body, I find this curious, it brings to mind something distant and far from the body but that can be felt close through the imagination. A star is something usually untouched or unattainable, something that strays or wanders from human grasp, but is grasped by the more than human world, like gravity, the atmosphere, dust.*

*A star creates or projects dust through combustion.  
I think of the artefacts I have gifted as being like  
asterisk's. They linger as dust fallen from the star  
they trail from*

*In a sense, the artefacts I have pulverised have  
turned to dust through combustion; an extreme  
force resulting in erosion. They are the matter left  
over from a nexus of energy, tension, and  
illumination. As this research has come to a point  
of undisclosed closure, the work collapsed under  
pressure and has scattered across campus.*

08.09.22

*How to keep track of the ways in which the work has dispersed? I have written lists, drawn maps, written an exegesis, spoken to people in my social circles. All these methods of keeping track, of bringing together an archive intended for erosion. The written deposits in this document hold together the manners in which the work has been spatialised in Gallery 3 and the Front box of St Paul Street Gallery on campus. It has been confronting to come to a point of having to present a somewhat holistic freeze-frame of such a scattered method of research. I have brought in dust, artefacts, salt from my mothers pantry, memories written down from the research into the gallery spaces on campus.*

12.09.22

*My weekend consisted of time in Gallery 3 and in the Front box pulverising artefacts and nurturing the install. Using a spray bottle filled with warm water I doused the mix of salt, clay, glaze and hair and over time the saline solution has crystallised alongside my labour.*

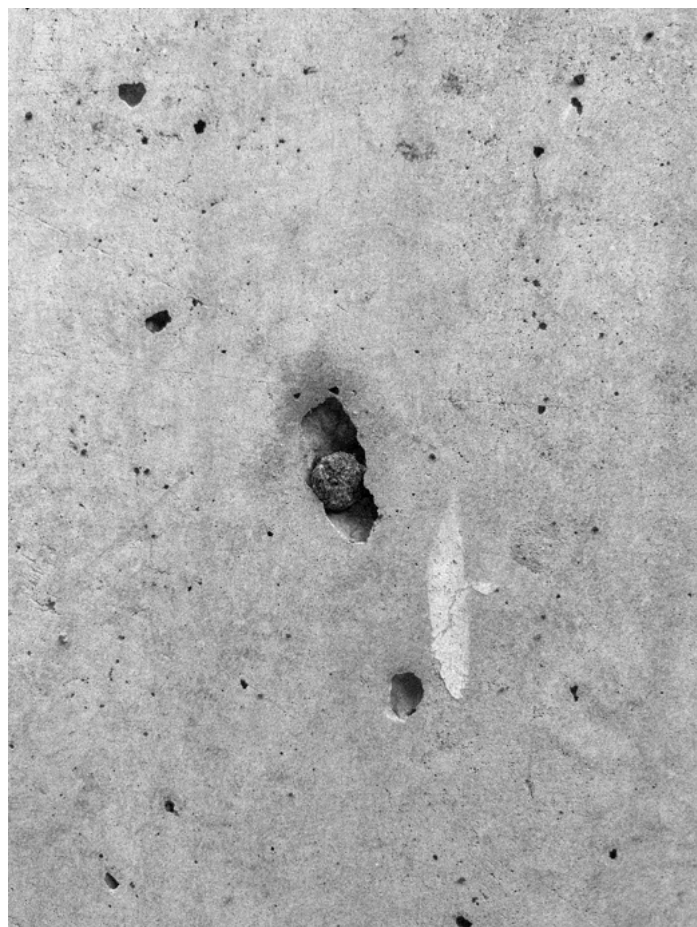
*To honour and continue my gestures of gift giving, small artefacts sit in holes drilled into the walls of the space as offering for the people who will visit the installation. The intention is for them to disperse outside of the gallery through their being taken as gifts.*

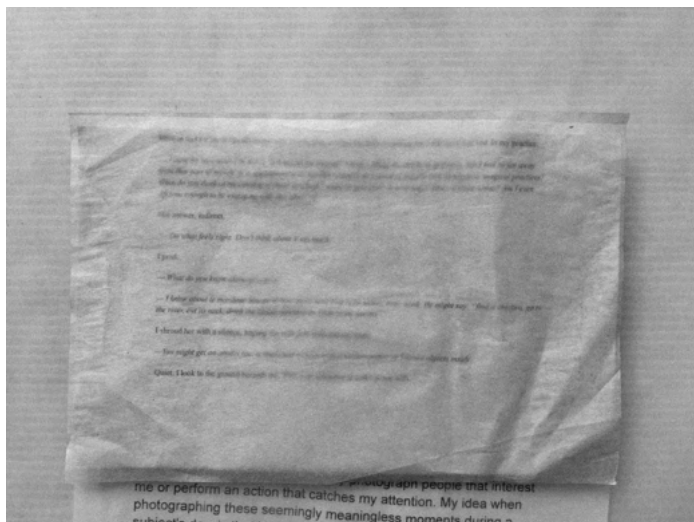












... photograph people that interest  
me or perform an action that catches my attention. My idea when  
photographing these seemingly meaningless moments during a  
subject's day is to...

St. Paul Street Gallery, Gallery 3.

As I moved the work from the Front Box into Gallery Three, I found myself questioning how the traversal from a space of exposure to one of containment would shift the nature of the work. No longer would dust and artefacts be trod upon unknowingly on the street, where it once nestled in the cracks of both public walkway and public view. It was now sealed behind several panes of concrete, wood, and glass.

*\*While installing the work, I repetitively adjusted the dimness of the lights overhead. I found the lighting in the space to be jarring against the minutely detailed, layering of minerals on the ground. In my studio, stacked in cardboard boxes sat all of paper off-cuts I held onto from the process of printing the exegesis. With the help of a technician, we taped strips of the tracing paper to the lights, subduing the luminosity of the room and bridging the space between ground and sky within the space.*

*A friend's aunt in law, who was one of the first practising female architects in Tāmaki passed away. The friend, who was present at the estate sale found herself with piles of tracing paper,*

*butter paper, envelopes, and drawing paper which had been stored away in her aunt's studio. During an evening at her house, she suggested I take some of the excess of paper now in her space.*

*I suggested an exchange, as assemblage of ceramic artefacts and plate, for the paper which I used to print my exegesis. This tracing paper found itself taped to the fluorescent lights in Gallery 3.*

Where the affectionate gift giving of artefacts within my social circles enacted the performance of reciprocity and exchange, the work, as an installation quivered, tense, moving incrementally by the presence of humans in the space.

I felt it miss the embrace of wind and the kiss of rain. In Gallery 3, the debris of the artefacts inhabited the space as abstractions of what were once intended as gifts. The small artefacts sitting in the walls of the space spoke quietly to my gestures of giving. Visitors in the gallery received the once artefacts in a diminished form, where their particles left under shoes and in pores and tangles of hair. The material research was moving away from the scale of gift giving by human hands, it inhabited

the architectural hands of St. Paul St Gallery, and was moving toward another nonhuman hand. One of rock, clay, water, worm, carbon. One that saw me grow from young adolescent to now.

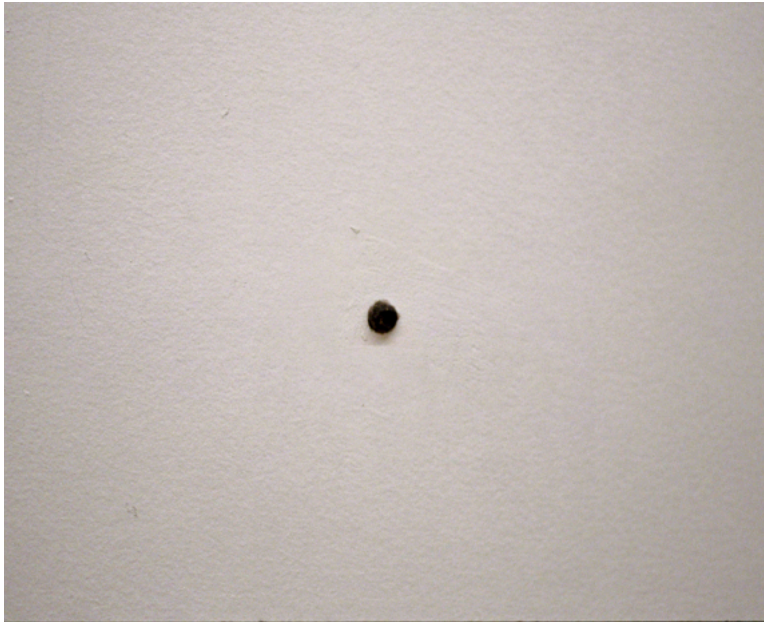










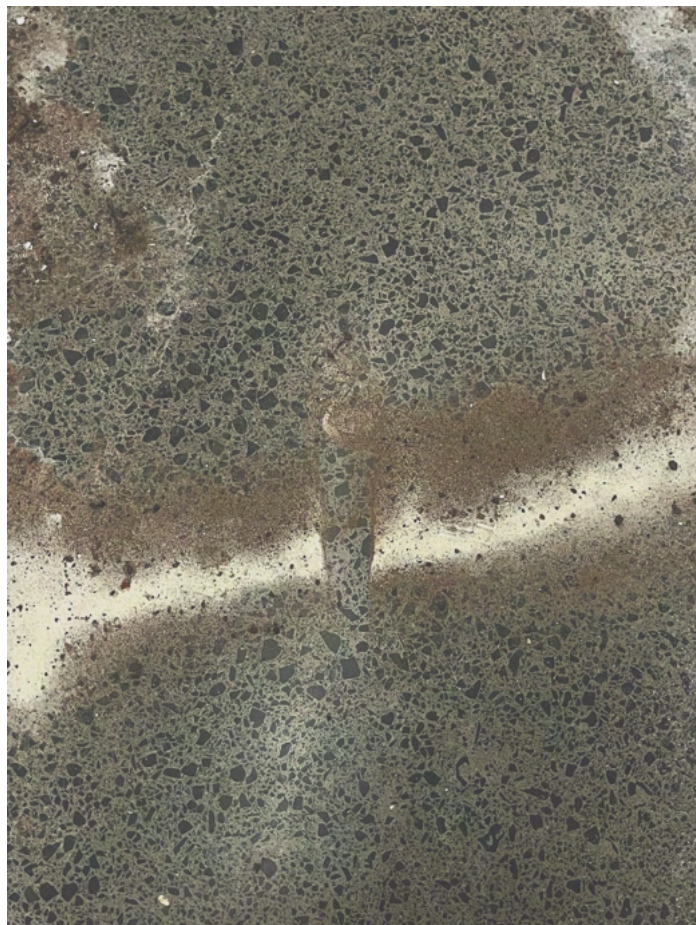


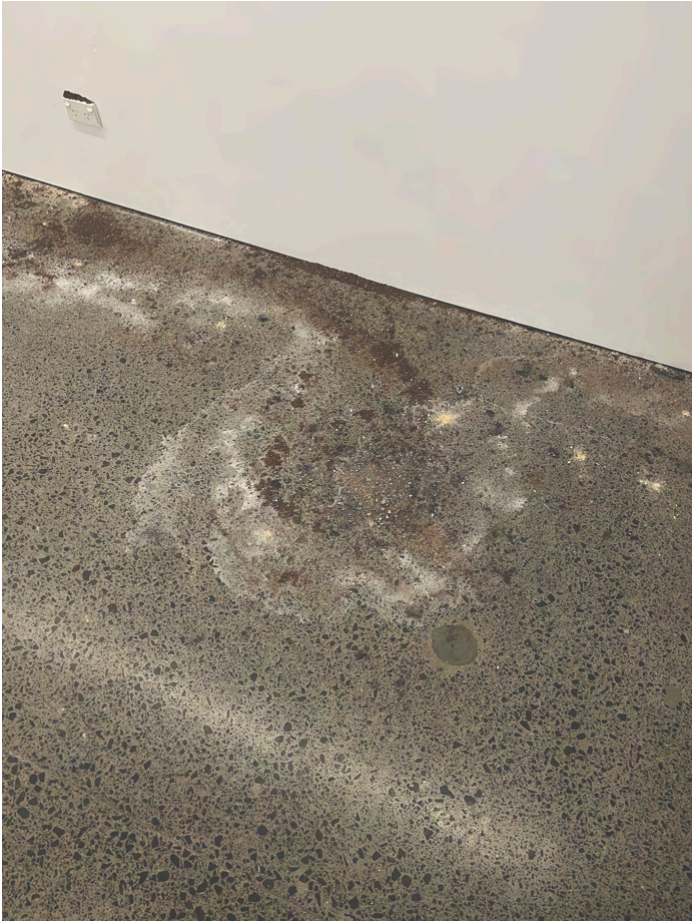


A reflection post-exhibition:

16.09.22

*In a half-slumber, I sit crouched among the dust.  
Some of the holes in the walls are now empty, sand  
and salt have been tracked through the space, and  
the booklet of diaristic entries has disappeared.  
Some of the artefacts from the floor and window  
sill were taken by people who visited the show,  
some were rearranged by visitors from the  
exhibition. I imagine it dispersing across the sites  
of this research, or in the ocean after being swept  
and placed in buckets. Places both intimate and  
public. Although this gallery is a public site, the  
taking of the gifted artefacts brings a moment of  
private intimacy and affection to the receivers of  
the gifts.*











Dispersing the dust.

To close, but not complete the cycle of this research, I took the buckets of dust from the final installation and dispersed them, using a sprinkling motion by hand in the yard at my mother's home. The dust over time will settle in the soil, becoming part of the geological strata of the land there. Sealing the research in a place which raised me and saw the iteration and eventuation of my mater's research.













