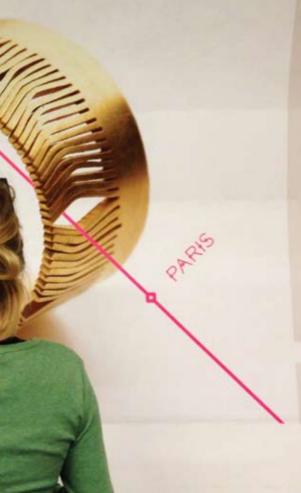
## **MAKERS MOVE**

— a medium of exchange.







PARIS / 3

#### **Makers Move**

In a simple move, Gitte Nygaard and Josephine Winther focus on an aspect of jewellery that we often neglect – the personal and relational aspect – and the meanings that emerge in the exchange between object and wearer over time, and which often have profound symbolic layers. Here are layers that reach far beyond the actual value of the jewellery and beyond what we see when jewellery is worn or exhibited. Layers that can incorporate past and present, wearer and giver, stages and places in life.

To examine these aspects Gitte and Josephine created *Makers Move*, which takes them out of the workshop and away from the setting where jewellery is created and attributed with its original value – and into lived life in public space. Here they meet ordinary people and let them tell their stories, exploring the human experiences related to jewellery or other small objects. *Makers Move* is a mobile jewellery workshop on a converted carrier bike. Gitte and Josephine call the project – 'a medium of exchange'. In return for their stories, people receive a small pewter cast of their object or jewellery, made right there on the spot and mounted in a pendant.

This creates a new symbol: a symbol of the story embedded in the original jewellery but also of this new encounter: the meeting between *Makers Move* and random passers-by. By moving the workshop and the normal invisible production process into the open urban space *Makers Move* also reveals the craft process that makes the original piece special: created over time in the relationship between the jewellery artist and the material. What meaning will this new jewellery hold for the wearer who carries it into the world, for the people who hear the story – and for the people who made it? New jewellery relations and stories have been created.

#### By Dr. Louise Mazanti

#### Paris, 2013.

In September *Makers Move* participated in the *Circuits Bijoux* jewellery event, which took place on several locations in Paris. *Makers Move* both invited and met the following persons in the streets of Paris for a talk about jewellery and other portable objects:

Selected guest:
Karin Espinosa (Author)
Pascal Gautrand (Fashion designer and founder of *Made in Town*)
Victoria Kosis (Economist, Researcher and Yoga Teacher)
Amandine Meunier (Artist)
Ann-Belinda Preis (Anthropologist)

A selection of people we met on the street: Alejandra, Bettina, Colette, Dorothee, Elisabeth, Tingwei, Yi.

David Roux-Fouillet (Jewellery artist)

This publication is based on talks with these people. We would like to thank everyone who contributed.



#### Tangible and intangible

When we carry jewellery we not only carry small decorative items but also truly important connections to the people, occasions and places that have an impact on our lives. Whether it is a memory of a childhood home or giving birth to a baby, this is what we value most in the jewellery. Not the physical piece, which is just the representation of the meaningful feature in it. The appearance of jewellery has surprisingly little impact on it being meaningful.

I became interested in studying reasons for wearing and possessing jewellery while making it without quite being sure why. I find it truly fascinating to hear people's stories about their jewellery and why they are wearing it. For my doctoral research in the field of design research and jewellery, I conducted a study on women's ways of adorning themselves with and owning jewellery. I gathered the data in Midwest USA and in Finland. The reasons for wearing and possessing jewellery were very similar in both locations even though the appearance of the jewellery varied a lot. In all, 28 women self-documented the ways in which they wear jewellery. The main findings from my study are linked to social relations. We wear jewellery because we want to connect to people and occasions that are meaningful for us, to make the connection tangible and physical.

Pieces of jewellery travel through time. They are often made and designed to last a long time and are possessed and worn by many generations. When I asked women to talk about their jewellery they often not only revealed personal stories, but also stories about their parents or grandparents. In fact, they often already had ideas about how the stories should continue in the future. So it seems that these little time-travellers, the pieces of jewellery, even connect generations. When pieces of jewellery

are passed to new generations, it is hardly ever only the physical piece of jewellery that travels through the time. The stories, beliefs and memories related to the jewellery are also transferred. Sometimes it is said that jewellery is worn to adorn the wearer. Although this may be true, there are also other reasons for carrying and possessing a piece of jewellery. These reasons are linked to the intangible aspects of each piece: memories, stories and beliefs. We wear jewellery because we need to be connected to our loved ones. The pieces of jewellery, these little portable companions, make the connections tangible and real.

By Petra Ahde Deal, Doctor of Art F.G.A



We meet **Colette** on Place Colette – she told us a story of love and loss.



When we got married on the 24th of September in 1988, Christian was still a student and I was just about to qualify as a lawyer. We had met seven years before and felt that time had come to become serious. Christian's parents, who lived in Bogota, Colombia, at that time, sent us the wedding rings as a present. They were two nice plain golden rings, just what we liked.

Christian never wore his wedding ring after the wedding ceremony, I always kept it on my finger for nearly 25 years. Sometimes I mentioned to him, that I thought it was such a waste not to use the ring and he always told me "then do something with it – it is yours".

Christian died last year, after two years suffering from cancer. It would have been our 25th wedding anniversary this year. For this reason I had the idea to unify both rings. They got melted to one ring and Christians name was carved out and was melted into a gold nugget, which was put up on top of the ring.

On the 21st of September 2013 I received the new ring in Paris, it was Christian's birthday date and

25 years ago, we had spent our honeymoon in Paris. So many coincidences convinced me, that Christian approved my little project. The ring means a lot to me and comforts me every day. It gives me hope for a new beginning in life, keeping very happy and lovely memories for the man – who was truly the Love of my life!



### **Ann-Belinda Preis**

Ann-Belinda Preis (b. 1956, DK) Anthropologist.

Ann-Belinda has worked as Senior Researcher at the Danish Centre for Human Rights. She has been an assistant Research Professor of Minority Studies at the Institute of Nordic Philology and at the Institute of Anthropology at the University of Copenhagen. At present, she is working as Executive Co-ordinator of the World Culture Report in UNESCO, Paris.

As a young anthropologist I spent some time living with a mountain tribe in southern India, Tamil Nadu. One day, one of the women I was closest to gave me a necklace. This chain was both a gift and evidence that I had been accepted into their community. The women told me that in the past they had had more of these chains and had used them as a form of currency. The chain had protective powers and was considered to be a status symbol due to the rupees that were hung on it old Indian coins from the period just before India gained independence, stamped with the words "Kings Empire".

I enjoyed the intimate companionship of the women. Every day I went with them to a little spring where we bathed together and they would tell each other stories about their men and lovers. I have strong memories of the black glass bead chain and of being together with the women bathing. It was a very sensual experience – the water running off their bodies, their wet saris sticking to them, thick black hair, light brown skin and the bright sunlight shining on their smiling faces – a time of happiness.

*The mountain tribe originated from* a group described as half Hindu, half indigenous people. Many of their legends recount how at some time in the 16th century the people escaped into the mountains due to political unrest in the lowlands. They killed the men from the tribes who were already living in the mountains and married the women. Apart from trading contacts with the lowlands the mountain tribe had lived in relative isolation for centuries. It was not until 1977; during the State of Emergency in India that access to the area became possible.

I lived in the mountains for a few months while I undertook the preparatory work for the field studies that I wanted to carry out later. However, after war broke out in Sri Lanka it became impossible to continue with the fieldwork. The official line was that guerrilla movements from Sri Lanka - the Tamil Tigers did not train on Indian soil, but they did – right next to the village where I was staying. So when the 'Tigers' saw me, the people of the village were told "the tall girl with the blond hair must leave" and I never got to return.

It was my professor who encouraged me to continue with the work and to write about southern India. He pointed out that with Tamil refugees coming to Europe, studies in this area would be relevant, so my PhD dissertation ended up being about the Tamil refugees in Europe. Around that time there was a

marked shift in the ethical approach to the definition of a 'refugee'. As a refugee how do you reproduce culture and what does it mean to be a refugee when a place, a people and a language, which exists in time and space is disappearing and the entire framework for its existence has gone?



I was fascinated by the whole problem and the concept of being a 'refugee' – what is retained, what is invented and what it means to be on the move, both as a refugee but also in the wider context, from an existential point of view.

No anthropologist had studied this mountain tribe before because they had rejected all forms of contact with the outside world. I myself managed to get there via three Danish missionaries who lived in the lowland area.

However, all of this is in the past now. From the 1990s onwards the study of 'isolated' tribes was rejected, along with the deeply narcissistic idea of studying a tribe of people as an object. *In the aftermath of the colonial era* anthropologists wrote thick volumes which, when read more closely, were mostly just a type of projection. In the 1990s, the focus shifted from projection to listening to a people's own voice and researchers began writing and testing data with the help of local collaborators. Anthropologists also began writing books together with their subjects.

Today it would be inconceivable to go looking for isolated peoples anywhere in the world and anthropology as a

subject has therefore also changed in essence since the 1990s.

I learned a great deal from the tribe's way of life, which was a type of 'green economy' where everything was either eaten or reused. I learned that it is possible to exist with, and from, very little from a purely material point of view, and I learned that what preoccupies us most in life, can be obtained in entirely different ways...





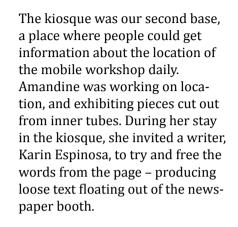
# **MAKERS MOVE** friend and colleague

## **Amandine Meunier**

Amandine Meunier (b. 1977, FR) Artist.

Amandine won the Marzee prize after graduating in Fine Arts – Jewellery at the Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam, and she has been awarded the 'Step beyond' mobility fund. Between 2006-08 she did an art collaboration project with Plexus Medical group. Her work consists of objects, installations, spatial interventions, photos, drawings and text.

During our stay in Paris we joined forces with our friend, colleague and fellow traveller, Amandine Meunier. Atelier d'art de France provided a kiosque for Amandine – an old newspaper stand on Place du Palais Royal.







Amandine focuses lately on inner tubes. She develops 'flexible drawings' – from a material, which contains a voyage – crafted with scissors to become portable lace drawings on the body.

She writes about her work; Impregnated by travels I place my curiosity on the road. I grab the contact material between the road and the journey – the wheels.
And I dig into them. I collect inner tubes from various vehicles and I turn them into lace, scissors in hand. I sculpt them into precious objects, minimalist interiors to put ground the neck



**Alejandra** is originally from Mexico, and now she is living in between Luxembourg and Idar Oberstein where she is doing her masters in jewellery. She is in Paris for the *Circuit Bijou* event, and has heard that *Makers Move* is on the street.

She takes out a little red seed from her wallet: it's from mv grandmother – it is like always having money on me. The seed comes from a tree, and in Spanish it's called 'pito' and you can eat the seed - my arandmother used to make cakes from them. Maybe it's a long gone forgotten tradition to use the seeds, my grandmother is indigenous and lived in the country side – I grew up in Mexico City where you can find the trees everywhere in the streets, but nobody ever uses the seeds - maybe because the city is so polluted.

The tree of the seed; Besides being an important tree culturally due to its association with that particular image, the whistling tree – palo de pito in Spanish (Erythrina corallodendron) – is a beautiful tree with impressive flowers and burning red seeds. The tree itself seem magical. It possesses great regrow abilities, growing back in a matter of weeks if completely chopped to pieces. Perhaps this is part of the reason why it represents such a powerful image for the people who know this tree through their daily environment: it is constantly regenerating, continually capable of renewal.





## Viktoria Kocsis

Viktoria Kocsis (born 1973, HU) Economist, Researcher and Yoga Teacher.

Viktoria has graduated in economics in Hungary and works as researcher in Amsterdam. Her main research focuses on the regulation of telecommunications and energy markets. She complements her analytical skills, which is practiced sitting behind the computer, by being a yoga teacher.



Viki has chosen to bring her milk teeth.

When my daughter, Zsófi, was born, my mom gave her a little album that had some baby photos of Zsófi's grandparents, my boyfriend and myself, a lock of hair from our first haircut and our milk teeth. The album looks like a family tree. Apparently our parents, separately from each other, collected these pieces of body as memories. A bizarre but not unique habit in the world.

I don't know about the hair but losing the milk teeth is truly the moment of finishing a period in a child's life, the moment when in many countries, including in Hungary, children are allowed to go to school. The moment when the process of forcing the cognitive development of children begins and by which step eventually the open, innocent and curious being of a child starts being overwritten.

But this act of passing the milk teeth and the hair on is eventually even more symbolic to me. The gesture that my mom gave them to Zsófi represents the continuity in life. How life is inherited from greatgrandparents to grandparents, from grandparents to parents, from parents to children and continues further. This line has a clear direction that cannot be turned around. A child cannot be the mother of her mother and her mother cannot be the child of her child. The line is only one way. It also implies that what I get from my mother I can only give to my child. I cannot give it back to my mom.

It often happens that the line gets twisted, the roles get confused and mixed and we – or our ancestors are simply not able to accept our role in the line. Passing on these pieces of body remnant was a confirmation to me where my mom's place, my place, and my daughter's place are in this one-way line.



**Elisabeth** walks around with a one-dollar coin in her wallet. She is from Quito in Ecuador, and last time she was home she brought the coin with her.

The coin is divergent. On one side of the coin there is an imprint of Liberty – and it's arbitrary since the Americans never brought liberty to the indigenous people.

The other side, the imprint of a figure of a native woman with a baby on her back – makes Elisabeth proud. She wants her husband to transform the coin into a necklace – to bear in mind that there is something more original than the 'American' way...





#### **David Roux-Fouillet**

David Roux-Fouillet (b. 1978, FR/DK) Jewellery artist.

David is a concept jewellery artist. He won the Marzee prize after graduating in jewellery and object design at the Haute École d'Art et de Design in Geneva, Switzerland. Two years ago, he was awarded the Theo Fennell Award for Overall Excellence at the Royal College of Art and the Conran Award.

David has brought a composition of three metal elements from his workshop – a unit that is an inspiration and aspiration for new work. It has three parts that are used for making a bicycle chain.

The three elements together makes it possible to make a very strong chain that bends perfectly.

It is the mixture between material and ingenuity that forms the chain. He points out that he is an artist and a maker – not an engineer, and this allows him to challenge the use of materials in inventive ways.

After we meet in Paris David send this email to *Makers Move*.

Hei makers on wheels! I have just received the chain-print-medallion, it's so cool!!

I liked the idea of the exchange with people passing in the street, the interaction and reflections it generates in public about crafts and us makers, the kind of awareness it confronts us with knowing we can't exist in our elitist bubble and all this through a smiley playful experience at the corner of your street.

I used to be part of a circus before moving to London and as we would be on the road most of summer months on tour, with a bunch from the troupe we would often engage in the streets and make street theatre, small side shows etc. I really think the street is the base place to communicate and exchange.

But I must admit that receiving this object here in my London studio, in this different context, with its small packaging, card and all, takes your work from simple, communicative and fun to real cool! Thank you so much!

Did you say you were going to make a small publication too? Keep me posted and I look forward to seeing you again hopefully soon, maybe in DK!

Hugs, David





**Dorothee** was visiting Paris and stopped by the mobile workshop, showing us a chain of gold. She told us that her grandmother's brother who was a goldsmith made the chain for her grandfather.

The chain was originally a watch chain and it was given to her father when he was sent to war in Germany during the Second World War. He was sent to Africa as parachuter. When the Germans had to withdraw from Africa they went to Italy, where they were captured by American troops in Monte Casino in 1943.

The American soldiers took everything of value from the German troops. Her father wanted to keep the chain so he hid it under his tong. He managed to keep it during captivity in Genova – and later as a war prisoner working in the cotton fields in Florida, until his release in England on September 1947. He brought the gold chain with him when he started studying medicine in Bonn.

When he moved to Düsseldorf to continue his studies he visited a friend of his father from the

lieutenant academy. It turned out that the friend had a lovely daughter, whom he fell in love with and they married in 1955. The chain was made into a necklace for his wife and today Dorothee wears it. Once a burglar came to her house and stole all her jewellery except the chain that somehow remained invisible – luckily.







## **Karin Espinosa**

Karin Espinosa (b. 1958, BE) Writer.

Karin grew up with passion for languages and foreign cultures. Translator of Italian literature, she moved to Montpellier in 1990, where she directs the Maison Antoine Vitez for eight years. Karin conducts reading and writing workshops within an academic, association and theatre context.

Una chiave piccola rotonda
con del vuoto dentro
attaccata al mazzo (di chiavi)
Non so più cosa apre
un armadio ? una scatola ? una
porta ?
Ho provato a ricordarmelo
Deve essere là da tanto tempo, sempre, con me
Non esco mai senza di essa
La chiave di Pandora.

A small round key
with emptiness inside
hooked onto the bundle
I don't know anymore what it opens
a cupboard? a box? a door?
I have tried to remember
It must have been here for a long
time, with me, always
I never go out without it
Pandora's key

Pour Gitte & Josephine

Place Colette 22 rept. 2013

Une cle, petite, ronde, en métal blanc, froide, accroctée au brasseau de tass les joirs. Les autres clés aut leur servie. Pob celle. Là. Dispave l'armoire avec ses papes prévieures uniques, des histoires d'Opéra, des partitions manus. vites, des photographies de divas et de têmas. Bibliothère détrônée par une mêmaire à évant plat. Au panier, les livres, les notes mores sir blanc. If reste la clé, tout ou fond de ma podefrecaure]. Relique par des d'histoires imapinées sons fim.

**Bettina** the piece that I want to tell about is a ring that I have made. It is a relict. It has a small compartment which contains some coal dust from a coal mine – and it makes me feel connected to my ancestors who were miners in Essen.

Some years ago I had the opportunity to visit a coal mine in Essen, and experience how it was to be in a mine.

It had been shut down years ago, and the items left behind reminded me of my childhood. I picked up some coal dust and it felt like a part of me – soil linked to my family history.

I remember sitting in my grandparents living room with a miners lamp from a coal mine and he taught me how to play this famous song on the harmonica;

Glück auf, Glück auf, der Steiger kommt. Und er hat sein helles Licht bei der Nacht, schon angezündt'

Schon angezündt'! Das gibt ein Schein, und damit so fahren wir bei der Nacht, ins Bergwerk ein

Ins Bergwerk ein, wo die Bergleut' sein, die da graben das Silber und das Gold bei der Nacht, aus Felsgestein

Der Eine gräbt das Silber, der and're gräbt das Gold, doch dem schwarzbraunen Mägdelein, bei der Nacht, dem sein wir hold

(An anthem of the German miners)





## **Pascal Gautrand**

Pascal Gautrand (b. 1974, FR) Fashion designer and founder of Made in Town.

Pascal is a fashion designer. He has always been interested in valorizing local production and manufacturing. Since he graduated from the Paris' Institut Français de la Mode (IFM), he has developed a personal philosophy about fashion and the contemporary fashion system, which he expresses through videos, installations and workshops.

We met Pascal at Bibliothèque Forney, where we parked our mobile workshop on the last day of our stay in Paris.

In 1996, I was a college student in Nîmes and at the corner of a street, on a sidewalk, I noticed the first of what would become a long series of found iron shoe taps. Intrigued by this worn metal object, I picked it up and mechanically slipped it into my pocket.

A few weeks later, during a trip in Switzerland, on a sidewalk again, I noticed a second shoe tap of the same type. This coincidence led me to pick it up and also to wonder about the possible meanings of these findings. Amulets or jewelry, talismans and lucky charms: each one is a wink or a smile crossed along the way that unexpectedly punctuates my daily routine.

Over time and up until today, I have accumulated hundreds of these shoe taps found by chance.









**Yi** the boyfriend of **Tingwei**, stopped by our mobile workshop. He was intrigued by our project and came by twice to talk with us. Him and his girlfriend share a story about an object, and he wanted her to meet us. They came to see us the following day.

Tingwai has studied and worked in Lyon before she came to Paris to work. When she was in Lyon her boyfriend and her visited a very beautiful lake, Lake Annecy – but it was November and too cold to go swimming. Later Yi went to lake Annecy during summer, but Tinwei could not join him.

Yi went swimming and dived down to the bottom of the lake to pick up a little clamp for Tingwei. She is now carrying the clamp for the third year in a small silver medallion that Yi once gave her as a birthday present.

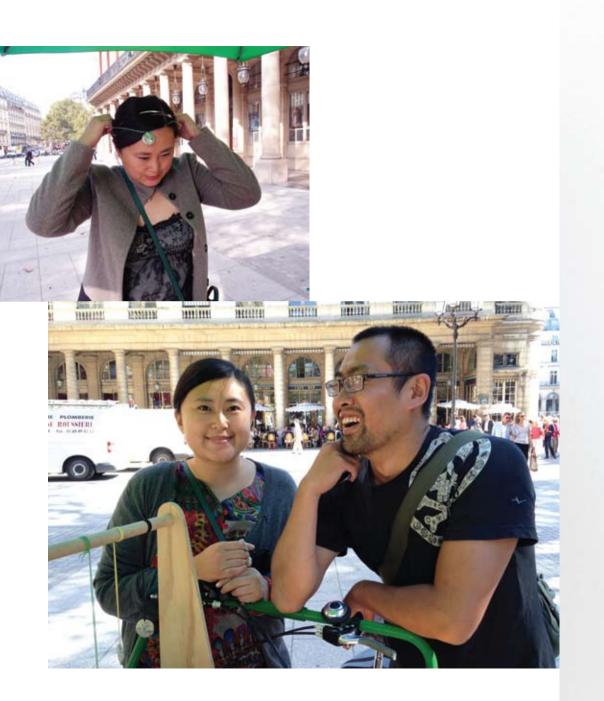
They hope that one summer they will find an occasion to visit Lake Annecy together!



# **发来幸能够**

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#### Colophon

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