



Re- imagining Our World

Tracy Mackenna & Edwin Janssen

Re imagining Our World

Tracy Mackenna & Edwin Janssen

Four text blankets bring together the reflections, hopes, fears and aspirations expressed during the Covid-19 period by friends of The Museum of Loss and Renewal around the world.

Content

Introduction	6
Contributions Blanket #1	7
Contributions Blanket #2	17
Contributions Blanket #3	27
Contributions Blanket #4	37
Colophon	47



Introduction

During the extraordinary period triggered by the Coronavirus, Tracy & Edwin focussed on activating creative practices as a positive source for direction.

To mark this time they created four 'text blankets', tactile artefacts that recorded a range of experiences. The blankets harness hopes, fears and aspirations expressed by friends of The Museum of Loss and Renewal around the world during the Covid-19 period.

Since the mid 1990s Tracy has been making 'text blankets' in bespoke public studios, commissioned by art organisations, and has done so with Edwin in their collaborative practice.

Each blanket has the same underlying focus: hand-made on site, extracts of conversations (face-to-face and online) are cut as fabric letters and applied to the woollen surface, slowly revealing ideas and opinions about e.g. belonging, attachment and memory in Tokyo; how a 'soft city' might be understood by its inhabitants as the fluid and impressionistic spaces between architectural exteriors in Birmingham; the state of Scottish identity at the time of the opening of the Scottish Parliament.

The hand-cutting of the texts in fabric, and tacking these to the surface of each blanket is a slow, laborious, thought-provoking process. Deceleration is enriching, and produces profound moments of exchange between Tracy & Edwin, triggered by the content gifted from their far-flung friends. The combined excerpts come to represent a range of voices, creating a 'portrait' of the impact of Covid-19.

When the hand-work processes are complete, the blankets are expertly needle-punched by designer Ingrid Tait on her bespoke industrial machine in the Orkney Islands, Scotland. Tracy finishes the needle-punched blankets by hand, and they are then often sent from contributor to contributor to use for a period of time as each pleases.

Contributions

Blanket #1

La fe mueve montañas ±
Faith moves mountains
Nature is overtaking us =

Adrián Quezada Ruiz

Refresh!
Le vent se lève

The winds of change are blowing

artconnexion

Mother nature breathes deeply
Truths revealed
Masks removed
As I feed my soul
Life unfolds
Welcoming in a new world

Bonnie Star Marsh

Le Monde d'Après ?
Pour qui ?
Pour tous ?

The World Afterwards?
For whom?
For all?

Fabien Marques

a singular,
pale blue dot

Holly Fay

Balance
my long-imagined idea of heaven

Lloret Dunn

Trust
Open arms,
open heart.
Be generous.
When apart,
be a part.

Margo Davis

merge
emerge
remerge

Scott Northrup

Re Re Re
Restitution

The Collective Responsible For

















Contributions

Blanket #2

Outside life breathes audibly new shapes, while inside collapses to a screen.

Annabel Howland

Jag tänker på generositet. och osjälviskt givande. och att vackla i den tron.

I think of generosity, about selflessly giving, and to waver in that belief.

Annie Eliasson

The substance of things hope for
The evidence of things not seen
Reach out and touch faith

Cully McCulloch

4000+ miles away from my family,
more in contact now than before.

Danica Maier

How long since we have seen our boys?

Weeks?

Months?

Time itself forgets.

The heart speaks of distance.

My face slackens.

Dominique Cameron

When you die

You die with your memories.

When I die

I'd like to know you've fallen in love again, and again, and again.

Elin Karlsson

At the end

of an empty street stands

a fox

a wolf

and

a flurry of wildcats

Above

the trees ache with owls

Giovanna MacKenna

Mindful as a fingernail - all things live
and grow.

Jonathan Baxter

In this time of precarity, Pearl
Compost is moving through
life like a worm through soil,
like a worm through soil.

Kate Clayton

Not moving reveals what truly
moves us

Lada Wilson

When up is down and when down is
up, (w)here is the difference between
then and now?

Leah Anderson

Medlar sepals starlike
around the fruit
Before the fruit the flower
Ovate and titanium white
ILM GL

Lee Hassall

Beyond the common ground is a
measure of sorts,
A distance contained.
Spinning toward the present now.

Sally Osborn

If only the waking share a common
cosmos then we are awakening,
we are making and we are mattering

Steve Dutton















Contributions

Blanket #3

Entre el humo y la ruina, detrás
de la cordillera, Chile miente.
Recomencemos.

*Between the smoke and the ruin,
behind the mountain, Chile lies. Let's
start again.*

Angie Saiz

Freewheeling
I hit the brakes
Speed bumps
And feel the tension in my body
Braced
Relax
Let go
Relax

Beverley Hood

Draw a line for yourself;
a fort to keep you safe.

Map the intimate landmarks,
you are the anchor in this space.

Emily Fong

Journeying into silence with inner
peace open hearts, together we grow

Fiona Morehouse

Every Restriction is a Doorway

Gabrielle Leah New

Disease does not discriminate
These riots will be blessed by history
These seeds will germinate

Jamie Watt

How could we have known what was
coming ...

Jennifer Gatherole

Time is space and place; life is a
challenging gift.

Katja Hock

To relax together in shared wonder
Watching meteors from under a cosy
blanket

This would be enough

Lynn imperatore

The pandemic does not erase
privileges, it exacerbates them and,
through it, we live the temporality of
loss and of new possibilities.

*La pandémie n'efface pas les
privilèges, elle les exacerbe et, à
travers elle, nous vivons la temporalité
de la perte et de nouvelles possibilités.*

Marianne Charlebois

Tabula Rasa

Michele Marcoux

ΥΠΑΡΧΟΥΝ ΜΑΥΡΑ ΤΟΣΟ ΦΩΤΕΙΝΑ,
ΠΟΥ ΕΧΟΥΝ ΓΙΑ ΣΚΙΑ ΤΟΥΣ ΤΗ ΦΩΤΙΑ

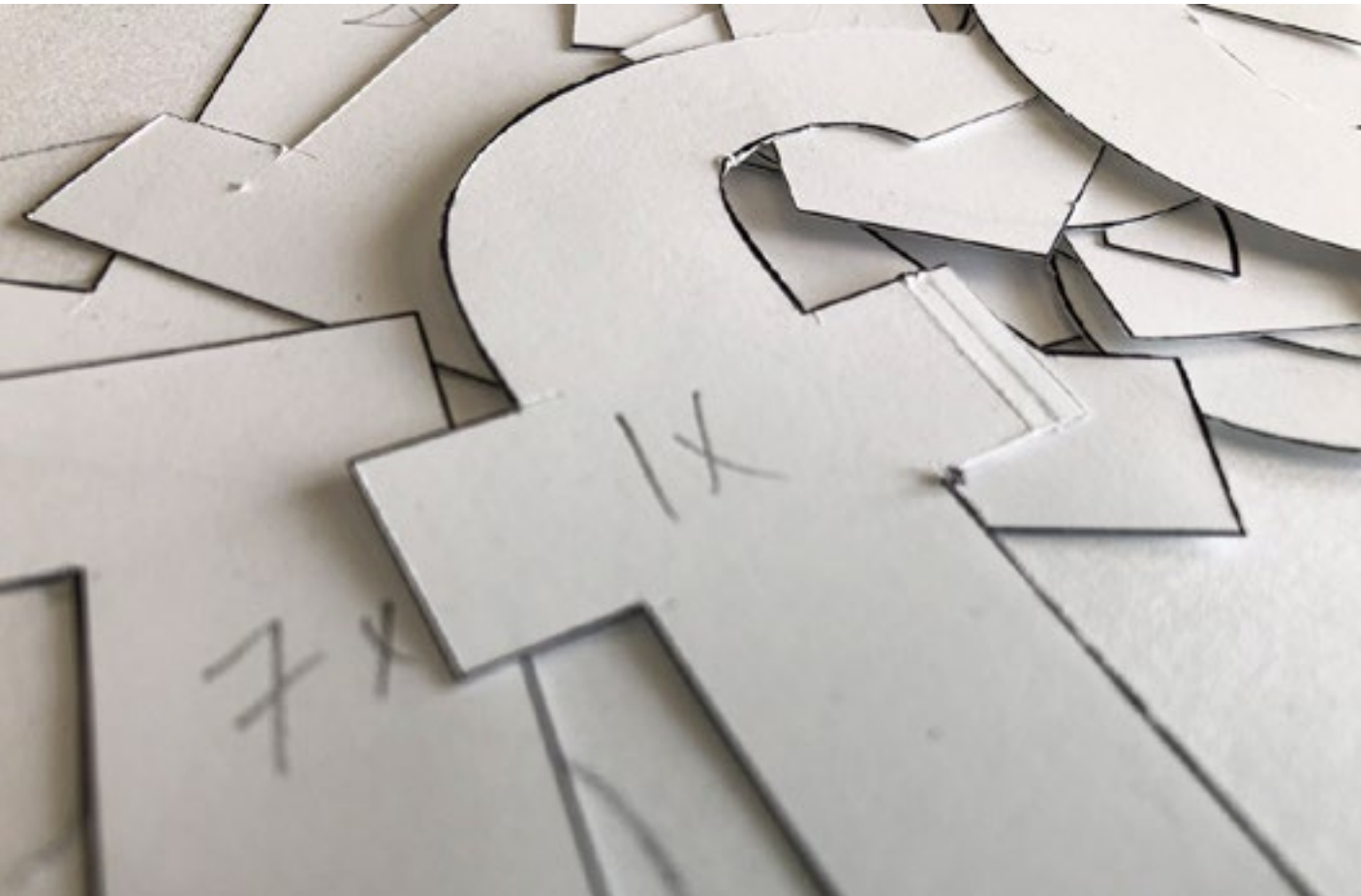
*Some shades of black have beams so
bright,
they cast dense shadows of blazing
fire.*

Stefanos Pavlakis

Lacking freedom of movement, my
search for inner peace and slow living
is challenged and enhanced.

Tall Waldman

















Contributions

Blanket #4

Being witness to the unfolding of deeper, unnoticed realities.

Cristina Garriga

I was bored in a world full of mystery, what a sad thing to do.

David Evan Mackay

Utan en upplevelse av tillhörighet med jorden och det levande, blir livet bara ett projekt bland andra.

Without a sense of belonging to the earth and the living, life is just one project among others.

Erika Dahlén

Hay en las situaciones límite un impulso fundamental que mueve a encontrar en el fracaso el camino que lleva al ser.

There is a fundamental impulse in borderline situations, one that moves to find in failure the path that leads to being.

(Karl Jaspers)

Fernanda Aránquiz M

Shadows emerge around me like dark marble gods; every shadow has a source of light.

Florence Richardson

events boxed for unwrapping, after the dust has settled

Hari MacMillan

We had to find new ways to
communicate, more open, like
releasing trapped birds into the sky.
Birds, metaphors.

Janet Steen

Howling into the wind and listening to
the roar of the future

Kirsty Maguire

summer on a high plateau
no longer experimental
with no loose ends
it takes a long time
waiting on the end of the world
sudden loudness of the final stroke
could her own meaning
sound like that?

Lindsay Boyd

El individualismo les impide ver y
respetar lo que es sagrado. Acá somos
pocos, pero crecemos.

*Individualism prevents them from
seeing and respecting what is sacred.
There are few of us here, but we are
growing.*

Mariana Babarović

Welcome the surprises. Let go, be
observant, breathe ... serendipity can
be our teacher.

Sara Rose Gabler

















Colophon

EDITING and PROOFREADING
Tracy Mackenna

DESIGN
Edwin Janssen

PHOTOGRAPHY
Edwin Janssen
Tracy Mackenna

All rights reserved
© 2024 the artists

THE MUSEUM OF LOSS AND RENEWAL Publishing
Birsay / Collemacchia

