

## **Tally**

*curated by Jamie Boyle*

### **Curatorial Statement**

For the past (more than) three years, you were most likely to find Winnie with a men's dress shirt—or part of one—in hand, manipulating the garment's structure by various means. Releasing the power, she was, by stitching, weaving, piercing, piecing, sewing, threading, smocking. I mean, take a look at the objects in the room! In this long enumeration of processes, I am only remembering to say a small percentage. We will get back to that. For now, let's try to imagine, as we behold the many objects of the Museum of Natural Consequences, how many hours of time are present. Over three years of labor-intensity, could we even count the hours? Let's wish!

Why am I so caught up on time? Well, before we go on, can we together try to imagine something else here:

Let's decouple time from money! *Oh my god!*

But, there is a chorus humming in The Museum of Natural Consequences, and it's sounding a rejection of *time is money*. Can you feel that chorus? There are faster ways of saying things, Tweet it for example. All of these shirts, transformed by mostly hand (and mostly slow!) processes call time something else. Life Time, Love Hours.\* Maybe you are new to this thought exercise like I am; can you think of other ways that we can value, really value, time without money as the current? *The end of the patriocene* is the time for such imagining.

Broadly, craft is a way of making or doing something. One hones a craft; there are learning hours, impossible to see. Those are the hours of beautiful failing. Craft is frequently associated with work done by hand. Handwork, of the body, seems like it might be a powerful connection to *life time*? When called sometimes, *craft* is deployed to imply a sort of category, separated by some border from *art*. Borders of all kinds reveal their lies when you think on them for even a moment. *Life time, love hours*, those don't abide borders.

There are faster ways of saying things. But, linger with a material, an idea, and the time begins to become unfit for accounting. And what is the result? With an object, I might say that it then demands a consideration of time that transcends money! (As impossible as that is for me to truly comprehend, raised as I was in this capitalist state.)

Or, if we must place a wage system onto this scene here. I dare you to calculate the hourly rate of all of the moments that Winnie held these shirts in her hands. Probably, it doesn't compute, right?! Let us thank Winnie for this startling consideration.

Watch Winnie hammer the tiniest of grommets into a piece of cloth (I'll tell you it is not a simple task. It is also not a soft task!) and there's a definition of craft in the coordination of her hands, tools, hardware and action. Her skills are clear, and her skills are expansive. She deftly moves between craft processes like it is no thing. Her ever-learning mood is confident; she is a craft shape-shifter. Though there was a goal of 100 shirts, set, as Winnie admits, so that there could be an end (false as a boundary like an ending is!) to this project, there never seemed to be a sense of production in the creation of The Museum of Natural Consequences. Some material ideas might repeat among the objects, but not that many times! As soon as a sense boredom or efficiency (both states of clock time?) set in, off Winnie went to the next experiment.

Scraps might have momentarily hit the floor, but before long they were scooped up, preserved, to await their moment of transformation, of becoming. Winnie leaves no margins, each margin is celebrated as it presents a new possibility. Winnie calls our attention to things like how the seams at the bottom of a shirt are like small tunnels. Try threading a zip tie into one of those seams! It takes time. Time is life.

What I am trying to say is that Winnie's use of slow and consistently playful and curious methods of making gets at a conceptual superpower: the time, the untold hours of learning and honing various crafts, the meticulous attention to every little bit of material, the life time, the love hours alone crack the shell of patriarchy. Her generosity is powerful.

- *Jamie Boyle*  
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