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AMY PEACE BUZZARD

‘But I can’t take it off,  
it will go cold.’





## Prior Engagement

*Natalia's* stuffed chain, white cotton embroidered with text.

*10th March- "It's like a very quiet voice shouting very loud, but muted. I can't quite hear, but I feel that's the idea. I have to think..."*  
*Sarrazin, N.*

I can see someone else there,  
You're no longer clean.  
Used,  
Owned.

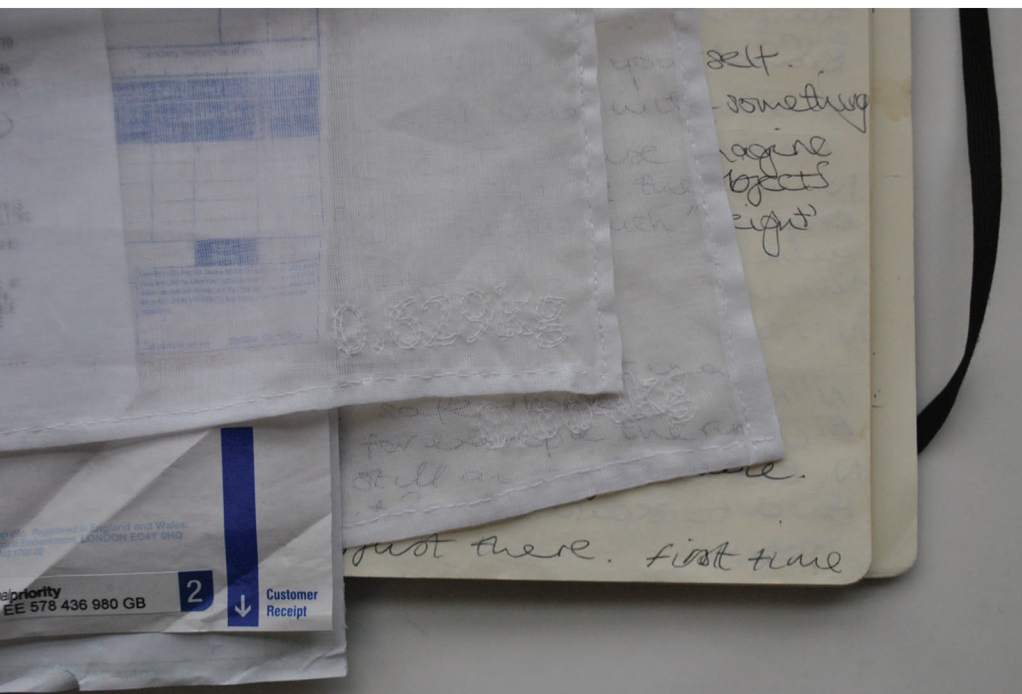
This isn't mine,  
There's no space in it for me.  
No room left.

*10th March- "I don't really want to have to send it back,  
I want to spend more time with it, even if I am not sure  
on what to do with it, how to handle it or 'own' it. After  
over a month with it, I didnt feel it was mine, it was a  
loan. I felt it was made for me, but I don't own it."  
Sarrazin, N.*

Second Hand/Weighted  
Conversations

Notebook, postal documents and  
embroidered handkerchiefs  
*(for Natalia).*





I thought of its' box,  
This box in its' before,  
In its' proud waiting.  
In its' wondering, expecting to be filled.  
I thought of its' longing,  
Of its' bareness and its' need.

But eventually, of it's filling.  
This temporary fullness,  
Knowing.  
The before, the now, the to become.

Becoming empty again.  
Fulfilling a duty,  
It loses its newness.

It shows a series,  
A list of actions.  
Anticipation,  
Proudly full,  
Deflated aftermath.



Waiting, Breathing In and Then Exhaled

Cast ring box resting on  
protective lining (*for Natalia*).





Suspended Around My Throat, Encircling  
Locket box with cut paper hearts (and the rest).

When I cut the shape,  
When I chose who,  
I picked a point.  
Something specific.

I pressed stop.

Took that moment,  
Kept that moment on me.  
I enclosed that moment, whilst you continued.

You un-paused and I looked back.  
Opening and closing.  
Suspended around my throat,  
Encircling.  
A moment on repeat.

All these fractions left continuing,  
The rest of the photo on going.  
This stopped.



Print

*Rachel's* pendant, cast wax, iron  
and velvet.

Echo

Graphite casts of print (*for Rachel*).



One of many.  
Impressions of self.  
Looking at.

*6th February- "... and then, as I sat back and put my feet up to relax, I realised that what I was wearing echoed the colours and patina of the pendants and their box." Taylor, R.*

Holding themselves as they would

*Anonymous II's* white cotton gloves,  
embroidered, on bubble wrapping.





Every object that someone gives me I remember.  
I remember who gave them to me.  
They become so much more.

The object wears the person.  
Dressing up in the costume of them.  
Putting on their skin.  
Holding themselves as they would.

*2nd March- “The fact that they were in  
a cardboard box gave them an aspect of  
familiarity...”  
Anonymous II*



## Giving Room

Eight wax coated box liners each inscribed with text from  
*Anonymous II (for Anonymous II)*.

*2nd March- "...your gloves, placed with a pair of my own..." Anonymous II*



Safety Chain

*Anonymous I's* paper chain, acid free tissue, broken, wrapped in protective film.





“or else I would have lost it years ago!”

Jewellers' safety chain,  
unsoldered silver, aluminium words (*for Anonymous I*).

*27th March- “As well as my initial shock at what had happened to me, I clearly had been struck by the ‘link’ with what you made and my concern about its fragility.”*  
*Anonymous I*



There's Room Here

*Ruth's* silver oversized rings with adjustable  
ring sizes.

***28th March- “I found the ring sizer that I lost!.. I found it  
in pretty much the exact same place as I found the  
original ring (I’ll send it back to you).” R, Conway.***

Trying to make something fit.  
Or wearing something even though it doesn’t.  
You won’t grow into this.  
Your body won’t adapt to this.  
It doesn’t fit in that perfect way that it could,  
But you still wear it.  
Everyday you wear it.

You have no care for the unfittingness,  
This space has become an asset.  
It’s comfortable,  
There’s room here.



Portrait

*Chris'* soap, hand carved with Rosemary, Pansies and Forget-me-nots. Soap dish, iron, stained with use.

*30th October- “ moved soap to sink,  
using for washing hands. Thought I'd  
lost it when it wasn't in the shower, forgot  
I'd moved it. Mild panic setting in, clearly  
feeling commitment to the soap.”*

*31st October- “Using more than once a  
day now, is that allowed? Shape seems to  
be holding form at the moment, thought  
the flower would be gone by now.”  
Richardson, C.*



It fitted its frame so well.  
A memory of an object and an almost copy.  
You know how to use it,  
But you don't really know.  
Repeating a memory,  
Familiarizing with the lost.  
Keeping it close.  
Reminding in its absence.

Why do you lose things and I don't?  
How can it mean something to you,  
Yet you let it go?  
All these objects escape you.  
They wriggle and feel,  
They squeeze out,  
Push through.  
You lose your grip, I remain firm.

Souvenir (‘*survived the fall*’)

Carved soap held in iron soap box, with fallen carvings (*for Chris*).



*1st November- “dropped the soap (no pun intended).  
Survived the fall. Had to pick a lot of grub/hair off but  
no issues.” Richardson, C.*



Handle

*Abbie's* wooden necklace, carved, holding (with white cotton case).

*11th March- “That’s perfect! I’m going home to Wales this weekend and I would love to show it to mum. Thank you, you really solidified him.” Williams, A.*

When someone touches something,  
maybe that thing remembers.  
How many hands have formed the space around it,  
shaped the air.

When it’s someone you know maybe you recognise the shaping,  
you imagine the forming; it forms you.

Maybe the object becomes a go between,  
a reflection of them and them on you.  
Maybe the object can help you,  
can bolster your everyday.



It didn't go to plan

*Julie's* tokens, 90% dark  
chocolate.

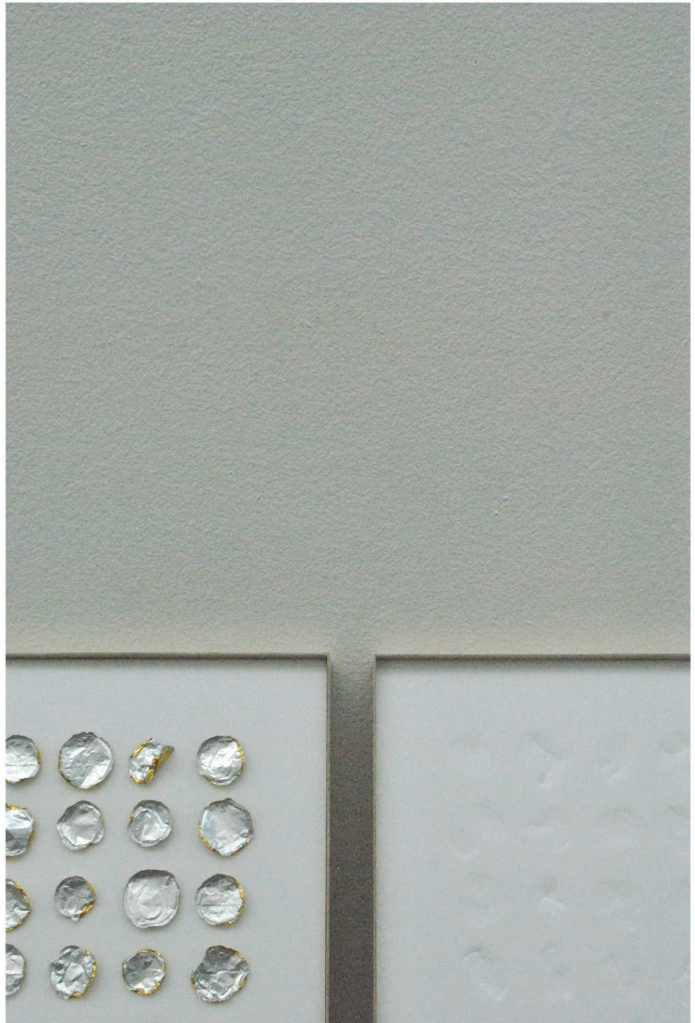


Undressed

The shed wrapping, confectioners foil (*for Julie*).

Without

The impressions left, polystyrene (*for Julie*).



*10th February (09:55am)- “I’m a bit bewildered by it, I must confess.”*

*(10:40am)- “...it is now hard for me to imagine how I would have felt on opening something more beautiful.”*  
*Isherwood, J.*

A symbol of the other.  
A second chance.  
An alternative solution.

It didn’t go to plan.  
A memory preserved,  
but not well enough.



***With thanks to all who contributed  
to this series:***

***Natalia Sarrazin***

***Rachel Taylor***

***Anonymous II***

***Anonymous I***

***Ruth Conway***

***Chris Richardson***

***Abbie Williams***

***Julie Isherwood***

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