

Jewellery Art & Design

This is a e-newsletter about art, jewellery, design and the process of changing vocation. With personal observations of the pitfalls and joys that naturally follow.

This issue is about: [CHANGE](#)

change is not death.
fear of change is death.



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I'm a designer of things that surround us - changing my focus to things that adorn us.

This first issue is all about change.

- Why change feels good.
- Why the urge to change?
- What triggered it?
- Why jewellery?

A friend said - But Tittin, you hardly ever use jewellery, why now?

Read on and see why.

Here you can follow my first wobbly steps toward learning jewellery design.

The urge to change came in a flash, the adornments however, will come slow.

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Inspired flashes - play, play and laugh.

"It came to me in a flash. Playfulness.

Childs play of the kind that is completely absorbing and feels utterly fulfilling.

In that moment nothing else exists; Zen-like would describe it.

I want more of that in my life."

It didn't quite come to me in one flash,

rather in several flashes over a short period. At a time when dealing with trivial tasks became dominant and heavy. Heavy as in tied down; not floating, or singing, or shining, but dulled.

Beware of what your close surroundings

tells you - my wise friend tells me, and I look outside. What I see is a very green garden where squirrels love to play.



That was the first flash; baby squirrels chasing each other. They were cheerful, teasing and above all playful. There it was. Playful. The word stuck in my mind, more of that please. Play, play, play and laugh.

"Lighthearted" I thought, in another flash.

The word resonated. *Light*, as in "not heavy" but also as in "heart filled with light". Light is good. So essential, yet taken for granted. But very visible when rays of sunshine play on leaves or make the dewdrops sparkle.

- And sparkle I want in my life.

My Zen-like childhood activities taught me how to achieve a state of mind that allows creativity to flow freely. To be creative is child's play to me but what I use it for is paid work. Adult and serious work with obligations.

That was the main flash. Take some of the obligations out of work and replace it with play - or playfulness. As a designer I have done lots of satisfying work, yet the word sparkle does not describe it.

Now I want sparkle as well! Sparkle *and* playfulness. I want to play around with sparkling things.

It hit me again when my youngest moved out. I was sorting through the outgrown nicknacks when a still well stocked bead box surfaced, together with sweet memories. Memories of happy beading, complete absorption, lost in reverie of colours, shape and rhythm.

Fulfilling shiny design dreams...

Personal note: From blah to bling!

The day I woke up and realised I missed sparkle in my life - I took it to mean material sparkle, like shiny sparkling stones. Being a designer with a tendency to take things literally - I decided I wanted to make sparkly things.

It must be told, that for years I have gone in for what I define as 'an uncluttered style' since all my modest bling was stolen from me. Two times, at that!

Loosing it made me think jewellery was not for me, and I became somewhat desensitised towards jewellery until I stopped noticing it all together.

The flashes came pretty much out of nowhere and made me regret not having chosen jewellery as my path of design.

Better late than never, and behind all manmade things there's a designer with ideas and desires. From the most serious blah, blah, to the silliest bling, bling - it all has to be designed. I can choose to go from blah to bling.

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This is where I realise I don't know a thing about jewellery making. I don't even know how best to tie a string! Nor do I know what all the little 'things' are called; the ones that are not beads. (Before I looked closer I didn't even know they were there.)

It will be a steep learning curve.

Inspired flashes... and a bead box

continued

I didn't see it right away, I forgot to read the message in my closeup environment.

The image of the bead-box lingered in the back of my head. The beads are mere children's beads; wood, acrylic, glass, resin - nothing fancy. Soon my nightly dreams were beadfilled.

Gradually it came back; how passionate I used to be about stones.

As a child I collected stones, beach stones, semi precioues or anything. I kept them. Still have them. *And*, I love pearls. My only jewellery weakness. I love, wearing and touching my pearls. Even just handling and seeing pearl beads is a pleasure.

They ripple my eye, is the best way to explain it.

From now I let the bead box stay within sight, it stayed open and I fingered the beads; I smiled, played and laughed!



There's a particular sweetness to pieces beaded by children, a mixture of balance and spontaneity that is difficult for an adult to replicate. The bead chest was not only plentyfull of beads, it also contained some child sized bracelets and necklaces strung on useless, aged elastics. As a little homage to the children who created them I kept these little treasures intact and will use them as a base and inspiration for adult-sized pieces.



Like these pale wooden beads, beaded by a child; all I've added are the clicking mother of pearl disks. These pieces serve as prototypes. I find that using unpretentious materials is very liberating. Instead of the anticipation with using costly beads "so wonderful I must make a masterpiece", I have the freedom to play and challenge my creativity.



ABOUT:

I'm Tittin Rinde, Norwegian visual artist/designer living in France, educated in Norway at KHiO, Oslo National Academy of the Arts. Textile designer by degree, visual artist by practise, visual communicator by experience and creative thinker by nature.

Writing keeps it all together.

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Prototypes; I know I can replace the pearlescent plastic hearts and stars in this bracelet with very similar Murano-glass beads and have a girly piece for adult girls (with an adult price too). By experimenting in acrylic I know exactly what to order in glass; it saves me from building a costly inventory based on mistakes.



Acrylic prototype again, but I see them in amber, rose quarts and a tiny pearl. The amber in two shades, the very light golden honey tone and the danglers, carved, in dark sienna. Add some pale pink rose quarts, and I'll happily wear it on my winter-pale skin.



Before and after; same wooden beads as before but this time in apple green. I played around with some dark grey pearls but eventually decided to set the green off with lapis-blue; added some Italian beads for larger size and the heart was joined by small stacks of Lapis lazuli chips. Still strung on elastic but three strands of better quality. I wear it with jeans and acidic green-yellows all the time. It brightens my day.

A real summer piece!



More to come from Tittin at GREY PEARL - happy summer wishes!