HARVEST PRODUCT COPY

Ama

Ama is a linen like no other – a tribute to its own material. Dense, fibrous flax is refined into an opulent fabric with an indisputable gravitas and weightiness. However distant it may seem from its progenitor, though, it still possesses a pristine terrestrial essence. Ama honors the resiliency of the crop while serving as a reminder of its origins, allowing us to appreciate the flax both for its beginnings and its destination – what it has been and what it can become.

Arashi

The temperature drops, the sky darkens, and a howl collects in the distance. The wind spins faster and faster. Once safely inside, however, we find the storm an odd source of comfort – in a way, it is a reminder of our abode, and we feel warmer for being sheltered from it. As we watch it shadow the landscape, we are reminded that nature is no single entity but a collection of many, sometimes in conflict but always reaching toward a greater equilibrium. Do the winds destroy that which they uproot, or do they emphasize its beauty by taking it away? Arashi shows fragile blossoms captured by a hurricane gale – a picture of transcendence and change. We are enraptured by its impermanence, longing for more of its beauty before it vanishes into the distance.

Aurora

The night sky fades into a spectrum of possibilities for the day to follow. Wisps of cloud could transform into a storm, or streaks of radiant blue might grow so intense and brilliantly that the sky can hold nothing else – or they may fade under a patina of silver mist. The sky is suffused with a thousand potentials, a mystery revealed only in waiting. Aurora dresses the heavens in a veil of divine color, leaving us in awe and only to wonder which way the day may turn.

Brassica

Brassica reveals itself as an intricate botanical landscape – a tapestry of delicate knots composed like the miniscule buds on a floret of broccoli. Whorls of color drift and pool across its pasture, its fibrous texture adding dimension and structure to an otherwise dreamy terrain. It is both a map of a countryside lush with vegetable bloom and a microcosmic look at the infinitely complex world contained within a single plant.

Furugi

The objects that we consider inanimate hold secrets as rich as those of any living being. An article of clothing changes hands and its inner life deepens – a new connection is forged; a new universe of associations; new contours interlacing with old, weathered creases. Has the new owner passed their ghostly predecessor on the street, both parties unaware of the garment suturing one's past to the other's present? With its mélange of worn colors and threadbare stripes, Furugi suggests such a storied history. As layers of sediment or the rings on a tree, it is the record of a single garment's journey through several lifetimes. Its color fades, its stitches warp, yet its feeling of warmth never diminishes.

Hinoki

The hinoki cypress, gnarled and imposing, boasts timber so resilient that it might stand for the better part of a millennium. Mottled sunlight filters through its leaves; the oils in the wood waft scents of musk and sweet earth through the forest. Thick branches are trimmed to build places of worship while the trunk remains intact, growing ancient and splendid. Printed by hand in layered succession, Hinoki imagines a thicket as an enchanted realm, tree growing from tree in an endless and enrapturing cycle.

Hotaru

Hail the firefly, the emissary of light sparkling through the dark. For centuries, Japanese art and folklore has found these diminutive creatures to be a fount of wonder, their melancholy glow seeming to embody the distant memories of those who have passed. Woven in a tapestry-like form, Hotaru glimmers with tiny halos of silver and gold, approximating the flicker of hope, curiosity, and longing that one can feel upon seeing these sylph-like creatures briefly illuminate the smallest fragment of night.

Kabocha

The kabocha squash announces the end of the harvest season with formidable presence. Brash, bright, and defiantly irregular in their knobby and gnarled forms, the gourds erupt in triumph from the vine, ablaze in yellow trumpet flowers. In a cut and loop velvet, Kabocha is a tribute to these tokens of the fall. Bursting with color, it proudly offers up its bounty in victory after a joyous and abundant fall.

Kakashi

The scarecrow stands unperturbed, indifferent to the elements and to the shifting of seasons. As the fields' crops are rotated, acres fallowed and sown, it remains their sole constant – a steady and watchful protector. Shinto mythology envisions the scarecrow as a deity, *Kuebiko* – a "crumbling prince" possessing uncanny knowledge of its land and the lives of the people within it. Referencing the straw filling the scarecrow's body, Kakashi radiates with the same unknowable life. There is an animate quality to its unruly shag, like errant dried grass spiking up from a scarecrow's burlap cover. It gives us a glimpse of a world inside the effigy, the earthen material harnessing an otherworldly knowledge.

Kaminari

A sudden thickening of air and the mineral scent of worried earth foretell the coming of thunder. The storm is an emissary of aether sent down to earth – a sudden, imposing manifestation of the invisible forces of nature that surround us. Kaminari is a pattern of both filigree and geometry, its ornate bolts of lightning striking through blossoms of earth and sky. By highlighting the contrast between the two spheres, it reminds us that, while we may claim some measure of dominion over the ground beneath us, the sky above and the air around us will forever evade our grasp.

Kinoko

Kingdom fungi lives its life underground, a varied and complex ecosystem hidden from human perception. The mushrooms that we see are only a small byproduct of a thriving subterranean network of cryptic mycelia conjoining into entire societies. Kinoko is simply the fruit we see, while below rhizomorphic tendrils stretch toward one other, twining into a complex and living whole. Its shapes are alien, uncanny, and yet the soil beneath us pulses with its life. It has as much claim to the world as we do – and perhaps more.

Kodama

The forests of Japanese folklore are inhabited by Kodama – spirits that make their home in trees, only venturing out in the form of glowing light. The trees where they dwell are to be respected and preserved, and are often tied with ceremonial rope that marks them as sacred sites. Printed by hand, Kodama's tessellated trees are animated by knowing eyes – a reverberation of the supernatural within the natural world.

Mi

In a cradle of earth, seeds await sprouting. Few of nature's images carry as much symbolic resonance: a seed is hope – the start of a life in miniature. Its potential is astounding; it could grow into a formidable tree or be blown away in a light breeze, never to take root. Mi shows us seeds as ancestral, eternal, and unknowable. They are suspended, floating in the darkness – the rich, loamy soil sheltering a fragment of possibility. They fix us with otherworldly eyes, an alien gaze – hints of the future staring into the present.

Mori

Mori is a handwoven stripe of great intricacy, its stippled colors reminiscent of light wending its way between layers of trees. Upon a more intimate inspection, it draws us ever deeper into a world away from the one we know, its patterning emblematic of an arboreal cloister hidden within the heart of a forest.

Nohara

The farmer's field is not only his domain; it is his life – past, present, and future. Land is made rich by the fruits of past harvests while fragile, new growth promises sustenance to follow. Hand-printed on raw hemp, Nohara bursts with unruly golden hay, waving between weathered timbers. Its inks bleed deeply into earthen cloth, a nod to soil seasoned by generations of footsteps. It may be the sole holdout of a largely fallow year or the very edge of an abundance almost too great for a field to contain – the memory of seasons past and the mystery of those to come.

Otaki

Water cascades from a rocky cliff to a pool below. Its path, bumpy and indeterminate, churns it to a nearly opaque foam, creating something comforting in its turbulence. Its flow is forceful – still, it is enticing to be surrounded by the soft roar of water against stone. Shinto practices of restoration have participants stand beneath a waterfall until its heavy, frigid stream has scoured away all impurities. In this spirit, Otaki cascades into pool after pool, a painterly rendition in glassy hues. It shows nature at its most unspoiled – and if we accept its welcome, we too may be renewed.

Shinji

The fox is ever-elusive, a creature whose curiosity and wits bestow him with both rewards and trouble. Sometimes portrayed as a messenger of the gods, other times as mischievous, he is a sacred character of many mythologies. Though a trickster, he is never depicted to be ill of heart, instead shown as spirited but sharp above all else. Shinji – woven as a kaleidoscope of wild flowers – depicts this legendary animal playing, lurking, and leaping in a garden of delight. The name "Shinji" is in tribute to the original "fox" of

ZAK+FOX – a small and feisty russet dog who inspired so much and so many with his fire-like coiled tail and brazen but charming ways. A woolen tapestry abundant with life – it is grand, lively, and – like Shinji himself – simply magnificent.

Shiso

With hearty leaves waving like celebratory banners, a field of shiso looks like the earth rejoicing in its own bounty. Shiso's wind-buffeted leaves swirl jubilantly as seeds, twigs and small creatures dance alongside them. There is an animal-like, even anthropomorphic quality to these herbs and their sensuous sway – a sense that they, like us, find pleasure in their own fruitful yield.

Temari

Made from discarded fabric, Temari is the centuries-old art of embroidering decorative balls. These intricate creations were once used in play, but, as crafters strove to outdo each other in terms of intricacy, balance, and beauty, they have since come to serve as an expression of mastery over one's craft. Woven in wool, Temari reimagines this folk tradition in two dimensions – a graphic and enchanting assortment of florals, starbursts, and patterns exemplifying the incredible artistry found within this deceptively simple form.

Tsuyu

Rain cascades like a veil, sometimes with such regularity that it forms a constant static; other times, fat raindrops drum sonorously on the ground below, heavy and obtuse. So pulses Tsuyu's slubby weave, its stitches winding down in weighty strands and sometimes in thin, steady drizzles. Its ticking, dying in and out of sight, thrums with the rhythm of the rainy season, hazy and elusive like a forthcoming storm, far off in the distance.

Tibert

Medieval folklore is full of guileful creatures – animals skilled in deception and trickery, constantly manipulating and deceiving each other to achieve their own self-interests. One of the most cunning is the King of Cats. Legend holds that he may be disguised as on ordinary housecat, lying in wait to assume his throne. In homage to all cats big and small, Tibert – named for the King of Cats in the folklore cycle of *Reynard the Fox* – layers brushed woolen stripes over threads of golden silk – a hint of a regality lurking amidst something more tame, waiting for the opportune moment to reveal its true lineage.

Yūgen

The Japanese word *yūgen* has no English analogue. It is a sense of sublime beauty, inaccessible yet tangible, inexplicable yet undeniable. It is the sense of awe that we cannot articulate upon seeing that which we cannot possess; it is sunlight threading across slow-moving water, the final leaf detaching from a tree, the dance of a lonely snowflake. Here, Yūgen captures that sense of beauty beyond the veil. Thin,

gestural stripes reveal and conceal a textured undercurrent – an ephemeral presence, a ghost haunting the border between the real and the ideal – a tantalizing promise of perfection that we cannot obtain.