PRIDE OF SPACE + PLACE + ALL THINGS HOOSIER

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38°7′47″N 87°56′6″W
Located at the southwest tip of Indiana near Evansville on land originally occupied by the Mississippian culture, New Harmony is approximately 2.5 hours drive from Indianapolis, and just over two hours from St. Louis and Louisville. Twice the site of utopian experiments in communitarian living, New Harmony is a town rich in beauty, culture, and history. And it makes the perfect location for people to enjoy moments of respite and reconnect with others through conversations about roles of art, design, and place in society. This spring Big Car Collaborative brought together more than 20 notable authors, artists, designers, researchers, and philosophers from Indiana and around the world — to look at the role of utopian thinking yesterday, today, and tomorrow.
THE ART OF DOCEY LEWIS

STRUCTURE

WORDS BY

dead worldwide; Russian troops are fighting Ukrainian dreams—a better world run on systems designed by Her answer. Do you know Brooklyn, the New York Times columnist? Well, two or three years ago, he started something called the Pepper Project. The idea was that our social fabric has come unraveled. Brooks got these dinners going where you would invite your town council member over to dine and talk about things you share in common, and have a civil conversation and not name call and do the other-side stuff. So I thought, this is a chance to take that metaphor, reviving the social fabric, and make it next.

Owen's roots in the woven world reach back to age five, when watching her father make peace with her past while literally pulling at the threads of her personal history.

Lewis returned to her ancestor's field of Utopian dreams a few years ago. In an art studio above a bakery in Northford, Connecticut, her first real textile training came while in college at Stanford.

The university had a Jane Goodall Center, and I'd go to the Gombe Stream Reserve over the summer. I saw apes in the middle of that application and I ran a train. You know, there's always a man hidden away in this story when you're young. I was very confused about whether to go to Africa or stay and have the romance I'd chase the romance. That summer Lewis arrived in a weaving studio and learned the basics of working with raw fiber.

Lewis is involved in an initiative to bring disadvantaged kids from all around to learn weaving in New Harmony. They take classes and see what it's like to camp and hike and live in a rural village.

The real payoff for Lewis, however, was mentoring the man for whom she had given up her dreams of business for the Philippines. Kept looking for overseas production, and little old me with my hand weaving workshops. Her second day in Manila, Lewis had breakfast with President Macao, who had investors helping her establish a workshop in Baguio.

Imelda Marcos was one of my best customers,” Lewis says. “She let me go to the Philippines for two or three years. Every week, I'd ship 12 to 15 packages. She kept her promise. She ended up with an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric. She'd buy up an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric. She'd buy up an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric. She'd buy up an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric. She'd buy up an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric. She'd buy up an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric. She'd buy up an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric. She'd buy up an agent, Bridget O'Hara, who was a business raider. She had a band on a ship, and I'd sail on in one of the cabins with a collection of fabric.
Originally called neu Harmonie, the city was established in 1814 by Johann Georg Rapp.

Rapp's followers built 180 structures and established a thriving economy.

But by 1825, the second coming having failed to come, they moved on.
People often speak of New Harmony as a "utopia" with its public art and labyrinths, its mix of early-nineteenth-century and mid-twentieth-century architecture, its avant-garde art scene, and its Mayberry-esque sensibility. If you've been here, you know what they're talking about. It's hard to not wonder what's behind this idealistic veneer, which is what drew me from Portland, Ore, to New Harmony Gallery of Contemporary Art (NHGCA).


Despite this support and the widespread exposure, the gallery itself lives out on its own—it is an in-between space shrouded in the myth and magic of two failed utopian experiments. For good or for bad, I tend to find myself professionally in the in-between. Whether it's from my natural curiosity or from something I learned from escaping a religious cult, I believe there's a freedom found in the process of letting go. So the in-betweenness appeals to me.

Since joining NHGCA, we've made an effort to work with artists that have stories to tell that are different from what has been seen in the area in the past. Allowing the community to explore the idea that what is utopia for one person can easily be a dystopia for another. At NHGCA we ask our visitors to consider questions such as: What are the stories we tell ourselves? What is this space we occupy? What is sacred here, and to whom? Who belongs here? What happens when we hang on too tight, and what happens when we let go?

Listening and questioning can help us see more of ourselves, and we can choose to embrace that process. It's stranger to some days than others, but I sense that I'm living through these questions here in New Harmony myself.

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**WORDS BY IRIS WILLIAMSON PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLINT KEARNEY**