



# Unmeasured Moments

2017 Catalogue

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# Welcome

I am proud to present you with this new collection of art, poetry and inspiration, and hope that you relish it as much as I have laboured and taken joy in its creation.

Each work, in some way, describes a journey I have taken over the year to date. This year has seen me watch my children growing up far too fast (a universal experience that I am sure you can relate to); and has seen me lose one of my best friends to an aggressive cancer. Both experiences, when I dwell on them, leave me with a mild sense of panic that there must be better ways of managing and holding onto time. In part I have painted out the resulting fear, grief and hope, trying to transform it by developing habits that are more honouring of the preciousness of time and the value of simple pleasures. The collection is therefore about the savouring of all of our everyday moments, those “moments in between” that can be both revealing and transformative of us, if only we let them, and which are so important to hang on to.



## Purchasing artwork from me

All of the artworks in this catalogue are available for sale

Please contact me with any enquiries – my contacts are included on the cover of the catalogue. And thank you.

A handwritten signature in white ink that reads "Joanne Stead". The signature is fluid and cursive.

Joanne Stead

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## Terms and Conditions

All artworks in the exhibition are originals and can be offered once only. Please check with the artist that artworks are still available before making a purchase decision. All artworks sold during exhibition will be still be exhibited for the full advertised period of the *Unmeasured Moments* exhibition, and can be posted soon after the exhibition finishes on 7 December.

Payments must be made via Paypal or electronic transfer within seven days of providing advice to the artist of your wish to purchase, to secure the sale, otherwise all of the works will be made available for sale again through the ME Art Space throughout the exhibition period, up until 7 December 2017, and online. Please contact the artist via one of the contacts on the catalogue cover to arrange your purchase or make enquiries.



## Vulnerable

Acrylic on canvas (2017)  
60cm x 90cm  
\$575

The label reads  
"vulnerable but mighty" -  
on this small package  
of girl  
sonorous yet silent  
on the doorstep of life.

She lies in waiting  
cradling potential  
still unimagined  
tenderly embraced  
by her  
own two arms.

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## Unmeasured moments

This year I've been thinking about the "spaces in between" in our lives, spaces not geographical... Spaces in between emotions, spaces in between people, relationships or milestones, or sometimes just in between moments.

I've been dwelling on them. These non-events. And trying to figure out how to paint them. To paint them in order to celebrate them and to have you notice them.

Because it's these transitions, these spaces in between the things that are readily counted, that are often the most formative. Quiet moments that allow inspiration or change to creep in. Moments when we are not busy being busy, that create us, that allow us to see who we might be. Moments that might otherwise go unnoticed, and which are themselves opportunities to notice.

In an age where almost everything in life is done with a pace approaching urgency, where there are too many tasks to fit into each day, we are a generation short on moments on reflection. We don't create enough time for allowing space to step back and look at the big picture and see where our day-to-day is taking us or even perhaps, if we are on the right road to get us there.

Sometimes, without realising, we allow things outside of us to give us our purpose. Sometimes, we forget about that little light inside of us that makes a glow unlike anyone else's glow.

It is important to spend time in nothingness, to find space to counter the urgency, to create space in our minds for reflection, freedom, imagination and flight.

For me, a forced space, back in 2014, was created by a job that was no longer there, and that was a gift.

That space was what let me slow down enough to look at my "big picture".

When I took a step back and breathed deeply, and allowed some time for nothingness, a new purpose began to emerge. It was an opportunity to reconnect with my creativity.

And now I'm looking for ways to inspire you not to wait for it to be handed to you on a platter. You can do it now. Perhaps I should have done it earlier, or perhaps it came at exactly the right time. Who knows!?! But there is never a better time to start creating space than now.



## Tremulous

Acrylic and charcoal on canvas (2017)

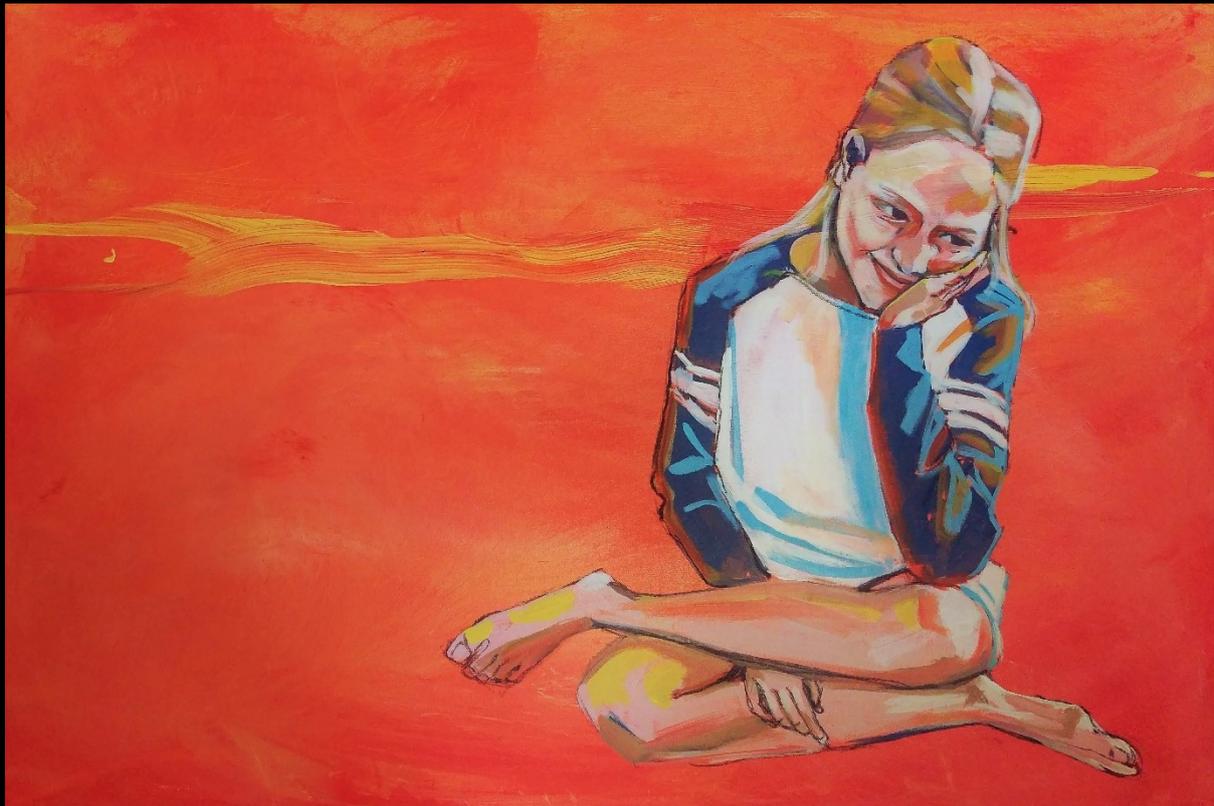
60cm x 90cm

\$450

Tremulous

Dappled magpie melodies  
gather the sun  
gently shaking refulgent shoulders  
with syrupy song,  
accelerating in  
arcs through  
celestial buttonholes,  
until blinking and beatific  
the golden star stretches heavenward,  
a new day multiplying  
set in motion  
from the treetops.

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## Unmeasured moments

Acrylic and charcoal on canvas (2017)

60cm x 90cm

\$575

A second's silence  
sweet sanctuary \_\_\_\_\_ for this \_\_\_\_\_ noise fugitive

Inhale unexpected squares  
reverie \_\_\_\_\_ uninterrupted \_\_\_\_\_ weaving a fabric of

Corralled inspiration  
otherwise \_\_\_\_\_ lost \_\_\_\_\_ to mental mazes

Savour it lyrical  
Sing these \_\_\_\_\_ shades of \_\_\_\_\_ red and blue

Here in this welcome absence  
a moment \_\_\_\_\_ unmeasured \_\_\_\_\_

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## Banksia's secrets

Acrylic on canvas (2017)

60cm x 90cm

\$575

I look for you  
As the canopy deepens and cracks  
Straggly hands raised skyward  
Like defiant lightning

Here your sharp-toothed leaves  
Sift the stories of the bush  
Full of fire and mysteries  
In grey and green and pink

Here the pods speak  
opening mouths full of seeds  
to catch whispered secrets  
dropped by the wind

I always look for you

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## Spaces in between

Acrylic and charcoal on canvas (2017)

60cm x 75cm

\$920

The spaces ballooned  
and filled themselves  
with the scent of sweet breezes in summer heat.

In micro-seasons swelled with love  
I collected sunset colours  
and packed them in my hospital bag.

Hidden pockets bulging with exultation,  
and savoured small comforts  
folded in with comfy pyjamas.

To be pulled out when needed  
in between chemo and happiness  
and the spaces in between.

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## Holding tightly to precious moments

As I have painted this current series on moments of transition, and all of the potential that is bound up in those fleeting units of time, I am deeply aware of the speed of our lives.

Just yesterday I brought home my first baby and now we are planning high schools! Where did that time go!?

We speak of the passage of time - I say it, you say it - frequently and often flippantly, without acknowledging the grieving behind it. The small comfort of collective experience hides the little (or sometimes fierce) punch in the guts that you get about those breaths that will never return. The firsts, the milestones past, that precious sensation of *those* tiny hands reaching out to touch your arm, your face, which we will never have with our own children again. We can replay the photos, the videos and the memories but we can't bring the living of the magic back again.

Many things make us more sensitive to that little punch.

I seem to have recently reached an age where friends are falling.

Terminal illnesses have hit a few over the last two years and the grieving is hard. Grieving while knowing that each moment is too precious to waste on such a thief. Grieving for what will be lost and for everything that should have been. And while it is because of the person, it is mostly for the time. The precious time.

So I am learning to be mindful of my habits.

To be mindful of the ones I have created for myself and the ones that I allow my children to develop. I hope to cultivate habits that notice the joys of deep breaths in small moments, of sunsets, poetry, radiance and abundance. To create routines that stretch out the number of times I listen and look, taste and feel a little longer.

These are things I aspire to.

Some days are better than others. Some days we enjoy each other more. Some days we bake cupcakes and take them up to the lookout at sunset and share them with strangers, and the world is good.

Let us hold tightly to those moments.



## Lightbulbs

Acrylic on canvas (2017)

60cm x 75cm

\$920

What is the stuff in your lightbulb?  
What lights up the path that you tread?  
What brightens the day that's before you?  
What glows when it's dark in your head?

What powers your soul to look upward?  
What urges your eyes to the sky?  
What pushes you past the horizon?  
I ache for the moment you'll fly.

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## Fortitude

Acrylic and charcoal on canvas (2017)

140cm x 160cm

\$2400

Together, on seas akiss with salt and spray  
(ascends) through adventure  
(descends) through heartache

Leaning, on each other's fortitude  
(descends) with artless naivety  
(ascends) with seasoned smarts

The waves, of abundance washed upon us  
(ascends) exploring shores  
(descends) traversing depths

Until, under an umbrella of flocking seagulls  
(descends) we watched the ferry  
(ascends) come into dock.

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## Bravely

Acrylic and charcoal on canvas (2017)  
100cm x 100cm  
\$920

Earth mother they call her - -  
Not seeing  
she is just sustaining  
this (gasp) bloated patience and  
threadbare devotion.

Seeking comfort they come - -  
Finding her out  
with fingers sea-shaped  
wriggling under doors  
with paper notes

Inhaling strength  
She nods, and bravely  
(she breathes)

Close out the light  
Soar close to the sun  
Without melting the glue  
that is holding your wings.

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## Solitude

Acrylic and charcoal on canvas (2017)

100cm x 100cm

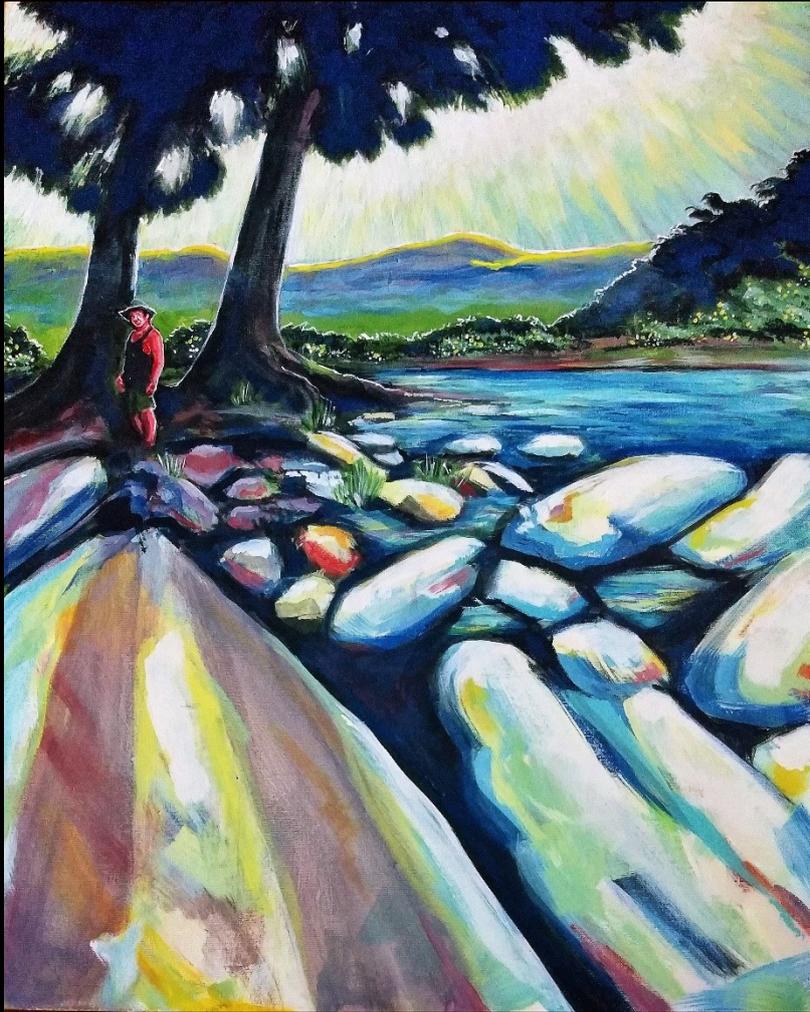
\$920

Thunder rolls grey and  
rumbling  
heavy notes fall on ears deaf from  
crashing.

Windy it presses in red, now  
blue  
stinging through my cold cage;  
rumination.

Mind the step to  
Fridays  
use the solitude just to breathe in  
the healing.

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## Macdonald River Afternoons

Acrylic on canvas (2017)

75cm x 60cm

\$450

Take me down to the river  
where long basalt toes and tall shadows  
dip in and out of a watery waltz  
danced to the beat of the sunshine.

Let's forget all the perils  
of reality, when billy tea brewed  
in the shade of lofty timber  
can taste twice as good.

And with a smile  
on our broken lips  
we'll wonder what all the  
rich folk are doing tonight.

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**SOLD**

## The collector

Acrylic, spraypaint and charcoal on canvas (2017)  
75cm x 60cm  
\$450

The rain whispers muffled secrets  
while I watch you, noticing with new eyes and  
daring to create treasures  
of untreasured things.

On sprinkling Sundays the world  
insists we swallow  
the geography of its dreaming  
with each raindrop.

And while condensation urges hasten  
I won't be rushing these days...  
I won't be rushing these smooth skinned hands that  
spend long afternoons  
collecting wonders in plastic cups.

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## Let the Light In

Mixed media and scraperboard on canvas (2017)

40cm x 40cm

\$265

Let the light in  
Let it waft in speckled rays  
between curtain fractions

Let the light in  
Let it caress vased souls  
blooming warmth

Here,  
where mountainous Tamworth mornings  
are blessed with long shadows

Here,  
where cats can't climb high enough  
to catch the morning sun

Let the light in

© Joanne Stead 2017



## Platypus Play

Mixed media and scraperboard on canvas (2017)

40cm x 40cm

\$265

Amphibious,  
I breathe a dream,  
a floating reverie  
of unsinkable wonderment  
of wet and wicked fun.

Smirking cheek,  
a platypus  
sweeps in for a play  
throwing contempt, oh so casually  
at the heft and flow.

Tail on,  
I take chase  
but bristling through river tangle  
I am outdistanced,  
In a dream where I am underwater.

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## Come and play!

Mixed media and scraperboard on canvas (2017)

40cm x 40cm

\$265

Come and play!  
I am beckoned  
Toddler-hipped  
to upholstered islands  
girt by molten carpets.

On this day  
where RDO sunshine  
spreads before me  
full of untapped potential  
and undemanding tempo.

Lego dinosaurs  
bellow giggling roars  
as perfectly spaced teeth  
interrogate each errand  
to melodies of supermum.

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## A Darkness Full of Stars

Acrylic and scraperboard on canvas (2017)

40cm x 40cm

\$265

Caution creaks wide  
an unknown door  
and I am stopped  
confused to step here,  
into my own cocoon.

Bold and brave-making  
My spirit, ascends  
bliss-filled  
thankful for unrecognised places  
that hold known qualities.

Inhaling lavender comforts  
warmth and skin  
a dream  
a door  
a darkness full of stars within.

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## The Cock's Crow

Acrylic and scraperboard on canvas (2017)

40cm x 40cm

\$265

The cock's crow heralds  
lingering weekend days  
begun aglow of  
orange, purple, blue  
on our mountain embrace.

Three wiggling bodies  
scented of love,  
and flannelette pyjamas  
concertina  
into morning sheets.

Arms outstretched  
to contain small elbows  
nose to hair, kiss to head  
I am whisked to a dream  
of being perfectly loved.

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## Friday nights

Acrylic and scraperboard on canvas (2017)  
40cm x 40cm  
\$265

Friday night enswathes me  
slipping on its silky skin like a sauce,  
a relish, to drown  
five days of office agitations.

From up here,  
giddy on wonky heel steeples  
arms draped around frivolity and each other's shoulders  
I can only see the good.

Mouth dripping laughter  
and smiles for girlfriends who carry  
my history in deep pockets  
right next to their own.

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