

Without a hitch

While it's satisfying to tell stories as though all of our projects go completely to plan, it's not always entirely reflective of reality. This year, especially, has forced us to face our limitations and how few of the things that we think that we're in control of we actually have any sway over.

My favourite interviews are when those little secrets of our humanity are divulged. It's easy to pick them out, as they're often immediately followed up with, "we should probably leave that out."

Even though we are passionate professionals and want to be seen as such, we all make mistakes. We don't always appreciate when others point them out to us, but when we are able to talk about them more openly, we find new ways to connect with one another on a more meaningful level. And with so many people feeling stuck or isolated or scared or angry or sad about the state of the world, that connection is more important than ever.

As someone who should probably be wearing a medical alert bracelet to notify others that I am likely the clumsiest person in the room and that they should be prepared at any moment to have to drive me to A & E, I've fully come to terms with being regularly publicly embarrassed – so I don't mind being the one to break the ice.

During my time as editor and art director of *habitat* by Resene magazine (and now *BlackWhite*), the days where I haven't had a paintbrush in my hand to prep for a DIY project or photoshoot may be outweighed by ones where I have. Since I'm not known to dress appropriately for anything that I'm doing, if you ever

meet me in person, I probably won't be able to tell you who designed what I'm wearing but I could certainly tell you which Resene paint colour I undoubtedly have splattered on it. I have personally renamed the jovially vibrant aqua Resene Yes Please to Resene 'No Thanks' after dropping a nearly full and only partly sealed 1L tin of it only to have it splash up on to every article of clothing I was wearing.

When I sold my last vehicle, I also had to explain to the new owner why I had 'painted' the entire backseat. The short answer is it started with my dear mother spilling a half spent but only partly sealed (see a pattern here?) 4L tin of slate blue paint over it. The long answer is that, when trying to maintain that aforementioned 'illusion of perfection' that can also accompany entertaining – the very same one that causes us to run out to buy a new dining room set right before hosting a holiday dinner – I had the brilliant idea to throw a fresh coat of paint up on my living room walls in the afternoon leading up to a party. When my first guest arrived (one of the quietest and shyest architects I have ever worked with), to his discomfort, I was still unshowered, in my painting gear and rushing to finish the second coat. Since my apartment didn't have any storage, I sent my mother down to my car with what was left of the paint while I got cleaned up. But I wasn't cleaned up for long, since I had to go tend to the paint spill in my car's backseat as soon as I climbed out of the shower.

While I do think there is a lesson in here somewhere, I'm not sure that I've actually learnt it yet. **BW**



Do you have a story about a paint, wallpaper or stain project or design that went awry?
Share it in an email to editor@blackwhitemag.com and keep the conversation going.

Resene
Yes Please