



She Who Holds the Ground





She Who Holds the Ground is a wearable armour born from inheritance - land that remembers, women who endured, ground that carries memory. She Who Holds the Ground emerges from an Irish lineage of land and memory.

A place where the earth is not passive, but alive with the imprint of labour, season, loss, and continuity.

In this tradition, knowledge was never abstract.

It was held in the body, in cycles, in touch, in relationship with living systems. Colonisation and patriarchy did not only take land.

They disrupted the ways of knowing it.

They fractured reciprocal wisdom, quiet attentiveness, and the understanding that care itself is power.

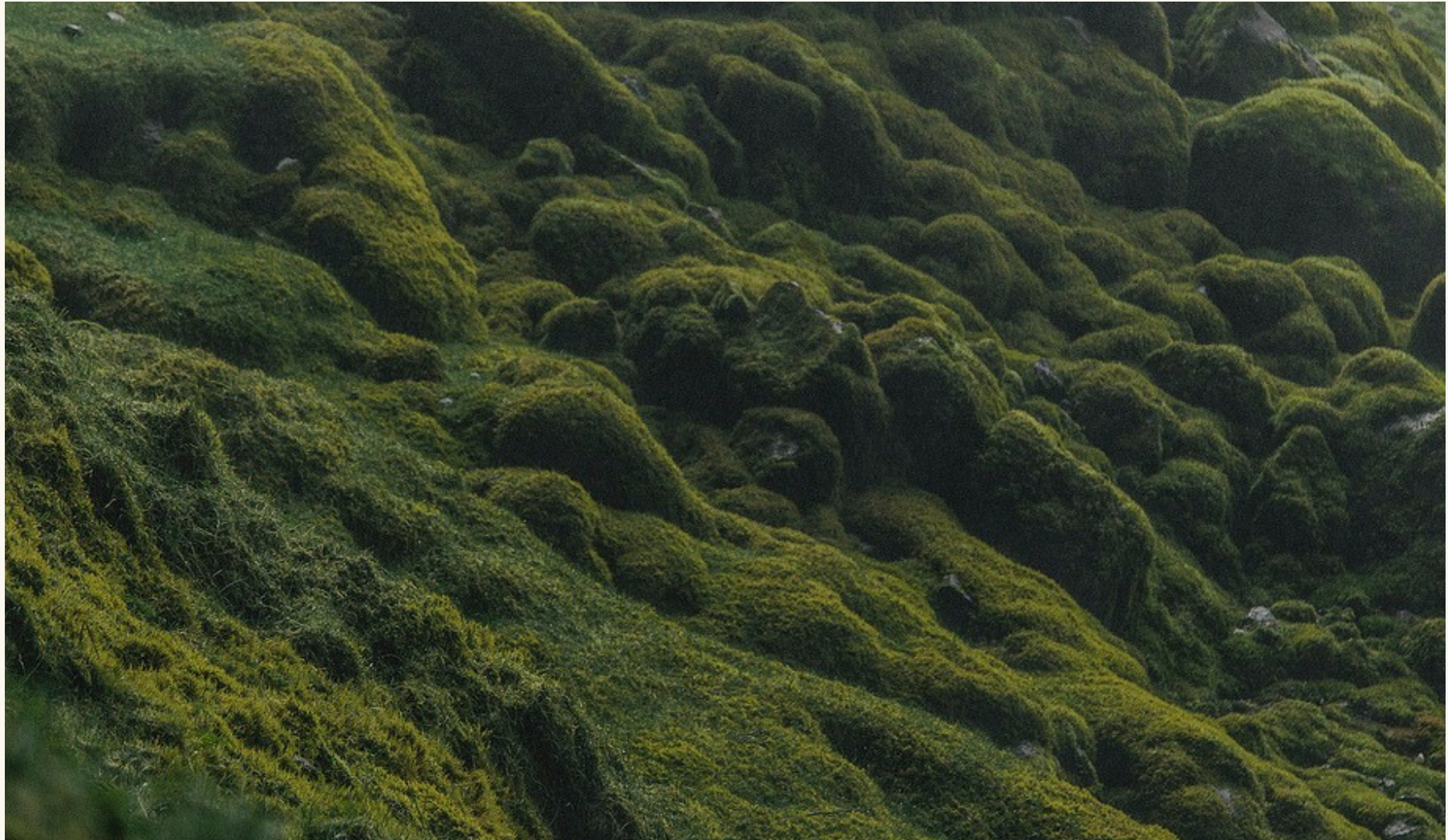
This garment exists because of that rupture, and in gratitude for what endured.















This is a matriarchal armour.

Not a shield raised in opposition, but a second skin grown in response to disconnection.

Not hardness, but rootedness

Not defence, but belonging

Not walls, but the deep grip of living things

Memory

This armour remembers.

It holds field, root, rain, darkness, light.

Fragile and resilient at once.

As women carry, often without being asked, the places and people that formed them.

This armour does not forget.

Neither should we.







What happens when design doesn't dominate but listens?

We are not separate from nature. We are woven through it, root and breath and season, whether we remember this or not.

To coexist with nature is not a passive position. It is an active, daily practice of attention. It asks you to slow down to the pace of what is growing beside you. Roots do not form overnight. Fibres do not yield until they are ready.

To listen, to tend, to design from within that understanding is where the magic begins. We are not separate from nature. We are woven as one.

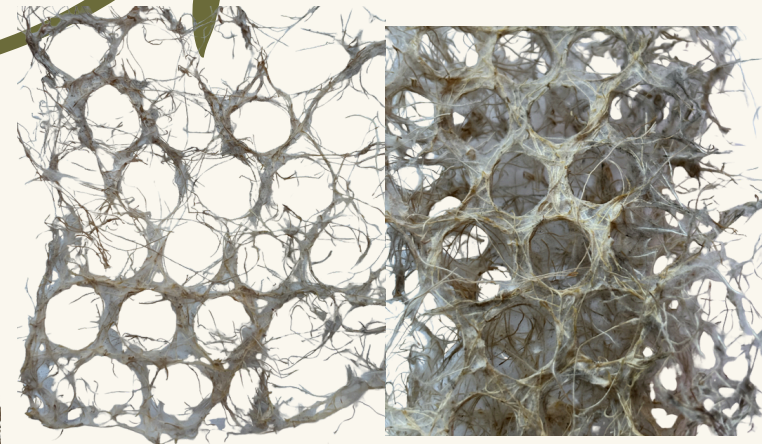




Wheatgrass as a material



Harvesting the
root for
accessories, using
the grass for the
armour.

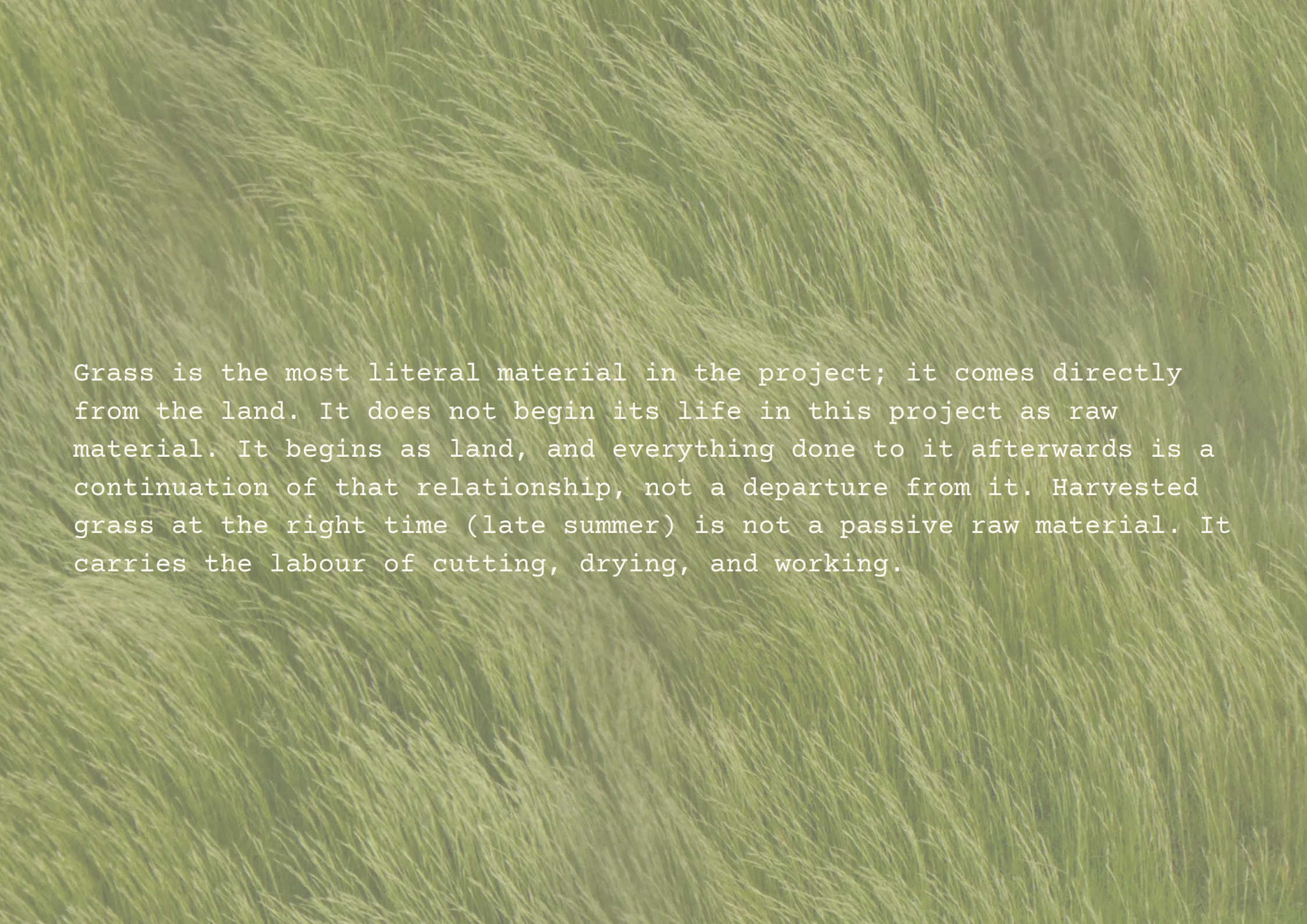


A close-up photograph of vibrant green grass blades, densely packed and slightly out of focus in the background. Numerous small, clear dew drops are scattered across the blades, catching the light and creating a sparkling effect. The overall tone is fresh and natural.

Nothing is extracted. Everything is tended.

& so the process begins...





Grass is the most literal material in the project; it comes directly from the land. It does not begin its life in this project as raw material. It begins as land, and everything done to it afterwards is a continuation of that relationship, not a departure from it. Harvested grass at the right time (late summer) is not a passive raw material. It carries the labour of cutting, drying, and working.

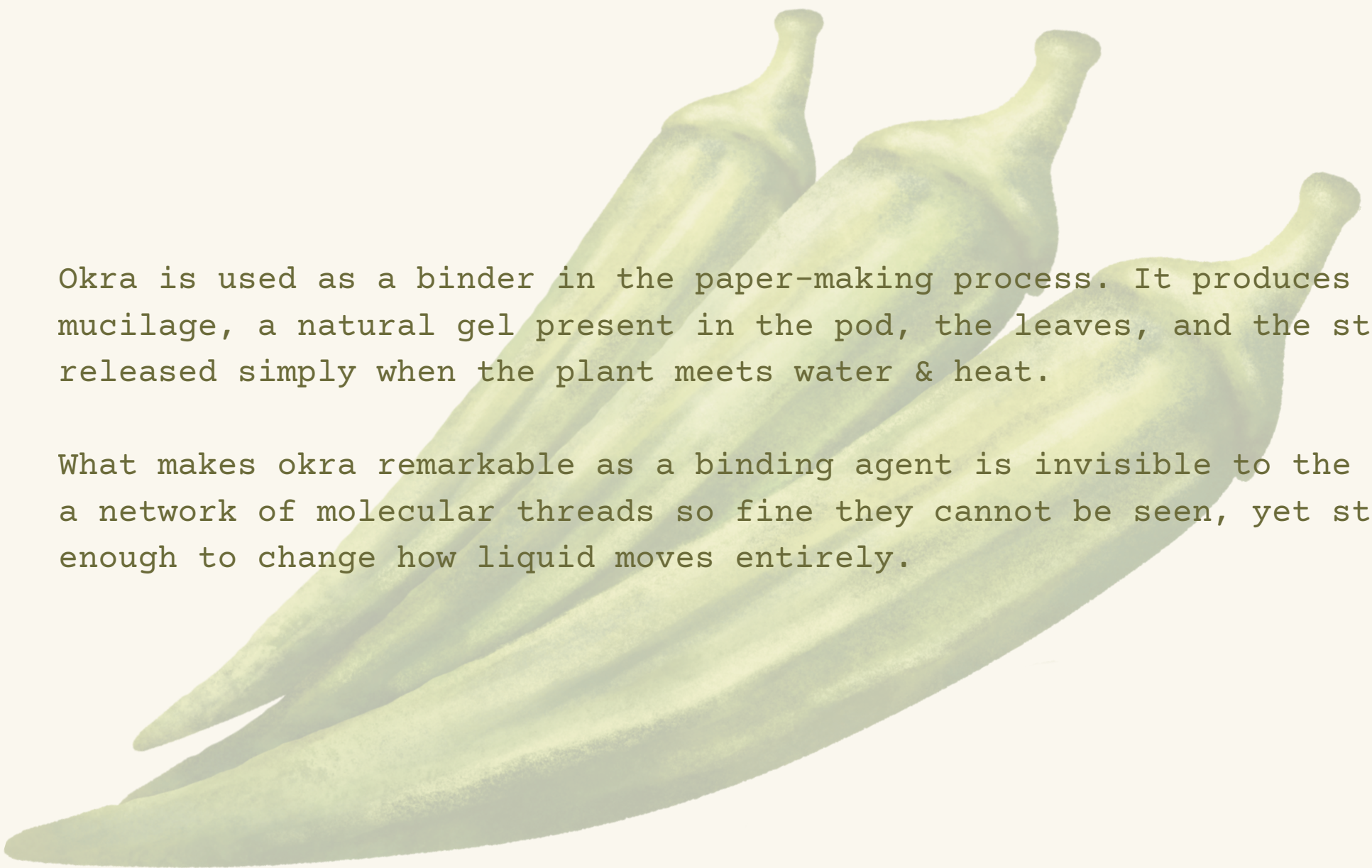


Grass becomes paper. Okra binds.



The grass is cooked in water with baking soda, breaking down the fibres until they are soft enough to blend. The result is a pulp, the raw material from which the paper is formed.



Three okra (ladyfinger) vegetables are shown diagonally across the frame, from the bottom left towards the top right. They are a vibrant green color with a slightly bumpy texture. The okra in the foreground is the largest and most prominent, while the other two are slightly behind and to the left, creating a sense of depth. The background is a plain, light color.

Okra is used as a binder in the paper-making process. It produces mucilage, a natural gel present in the pod, the leaves, and the stem, released simply when the plant meets water & heat.

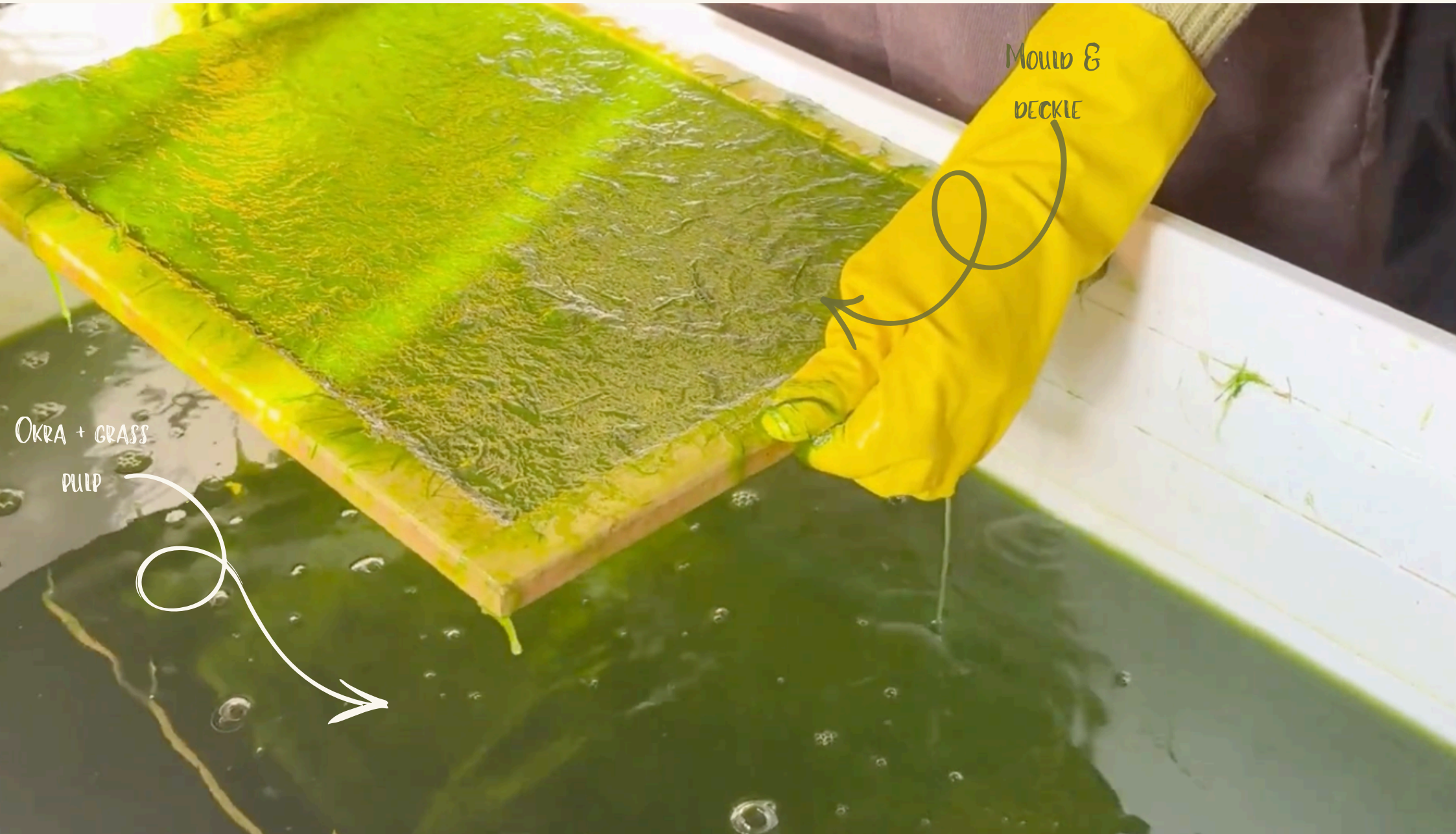
What makes okra remarkable as a binding agent is invisible to the eye, a network of molecular threads so fine they cannot be seen, yet strong enough to change how liquid moves entirely.

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That gel is added to the papermaking basin, thickening the water in which the grass pulp is suspended. When the mould is lowered in and lifted, the fibres are already moving through okra-slowed water, given time to distribute evenly across the mesh before drainage pulls them down. Without it, the water moves too fast, the fibres clump and settle unevenly, and the sheet tears at its thinner points.

The okra leaves no trace. As the sheet dries, the mucilage disperses, no residue, no stiffness, nothing left behind except the integrity of what it helped to form.

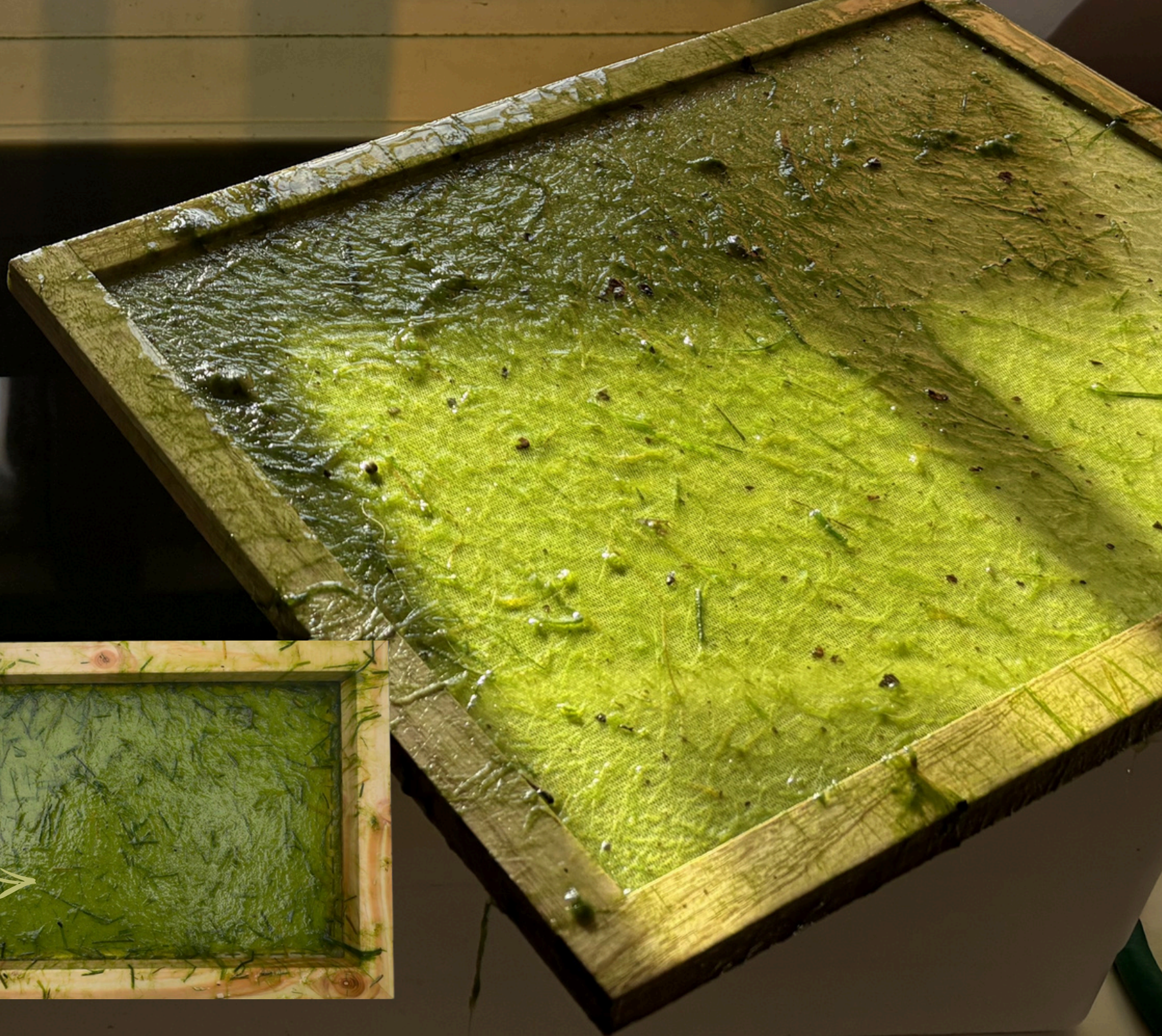




Mould &
DECKLE

OKRA + GRASS
PULP

Drip drip
drip



STRUCTURED
GRASS SHEET



3

SOAK UP WATER WITH
A SPONGE



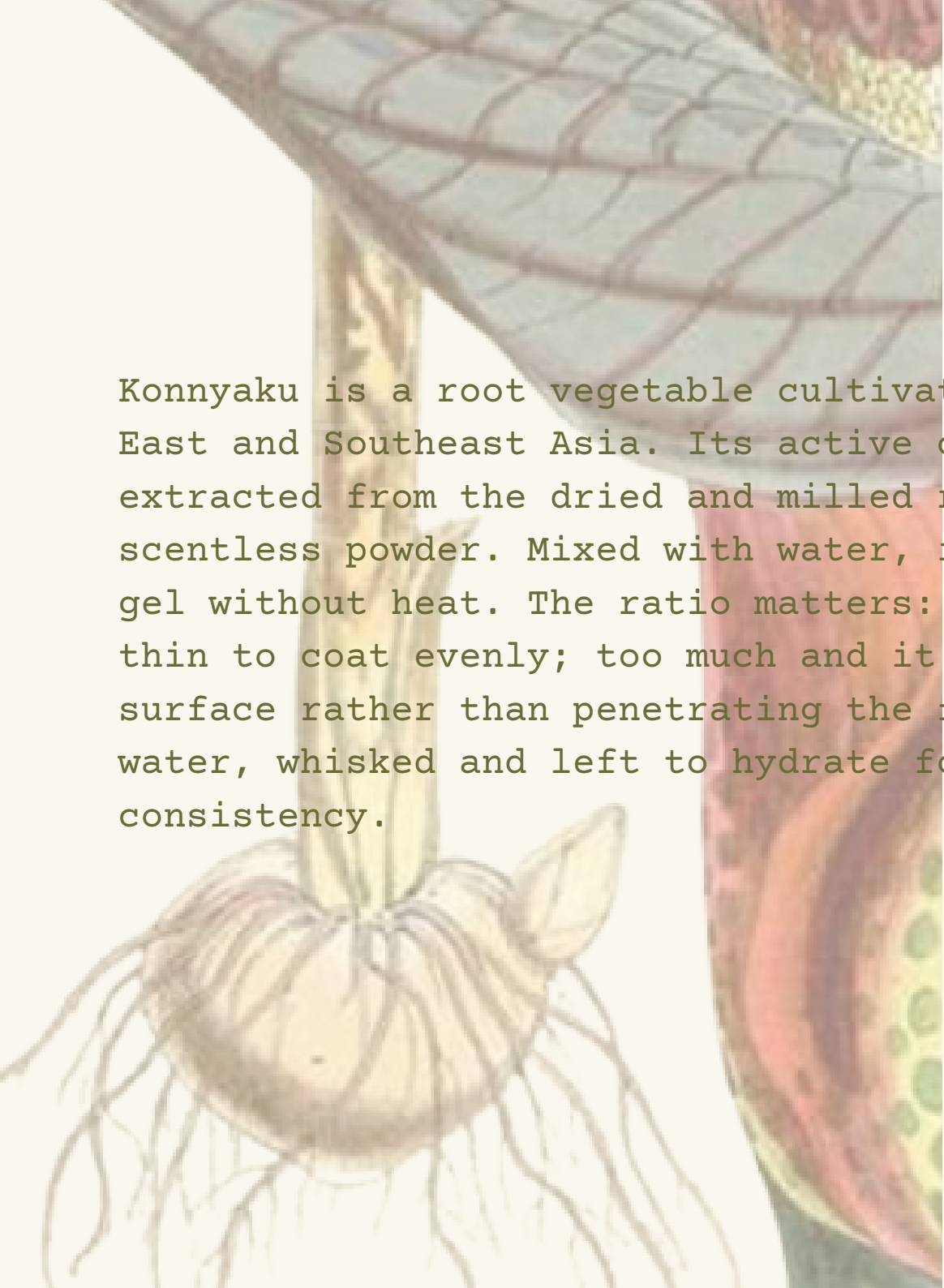


ALLOW TO DRY

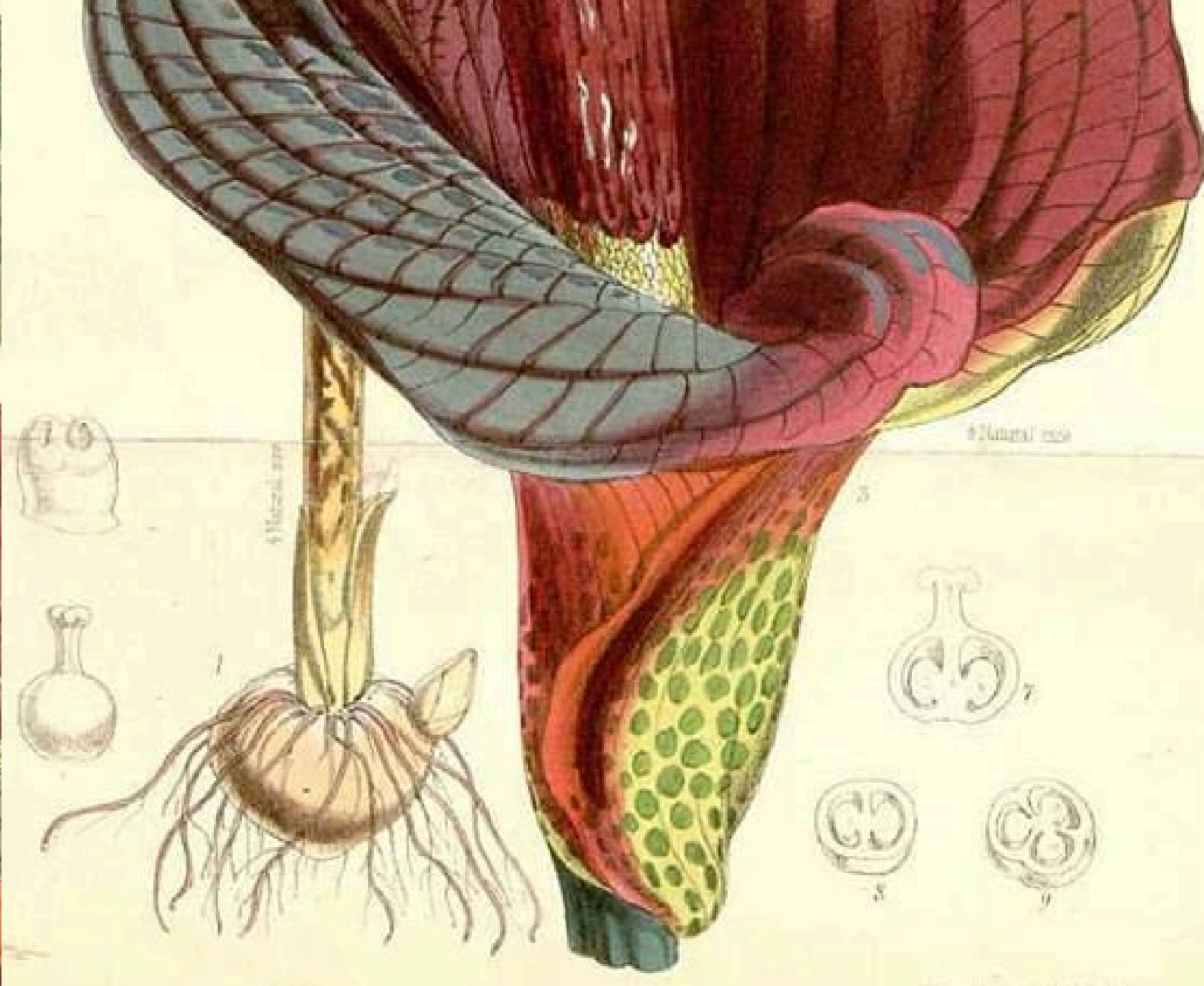


8 PEEL



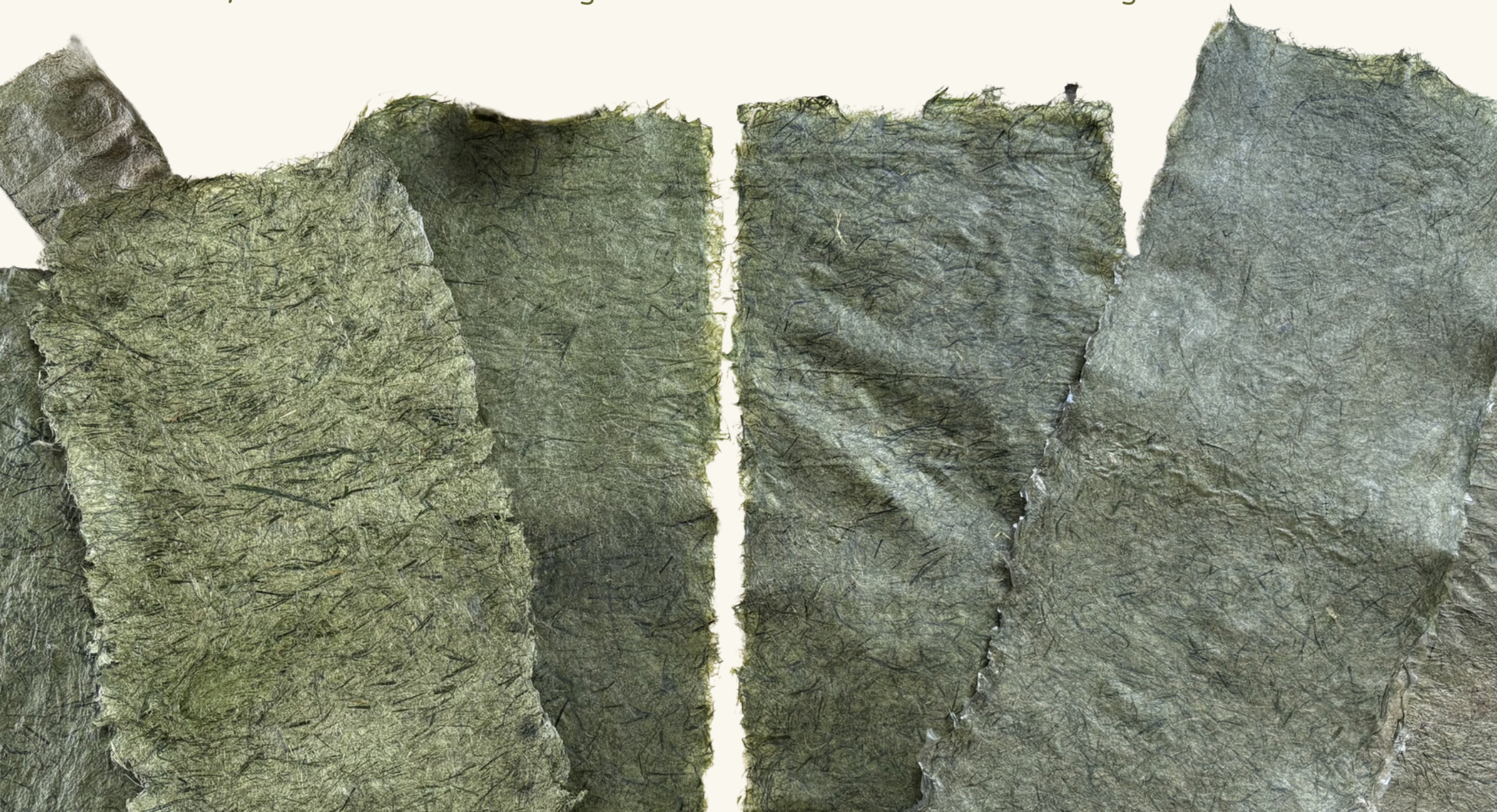
A botanical illustration of a konjac root vegetable. The main part of the image shows a large, bulbous, light-brown root with several thin, fibrous roots extending downwards. To the right, a vertical cross-section of the root is shown, revealing a thick, reddish-brown outer layer and a lighter, yellowish-green inner core with a textured, fibrous appearance. The background is a light, neutral color.

Konnyaku is a root vegetable cultivated for thousands of years in East and Southeast Asia. Its active compound, konjac glucomannan, is extracted from the dried and milled root into an off-white, almost scentless powder. Mixed with water, it swells into a thick, viscous gel without heat. The ratio matters: too little and the gel is too thin to coat evenly; too much and it becomes a paste that sits on the surface rather than penetrating the fibre. One tablespoon to a cup of water, whisked and left to hydrate for two hours, produces the right consistency.



Konnyaku transforms .

Konnyaku starch, coated onto grass paper, it strengthened it, softened it. Changed its nature without erasing it.

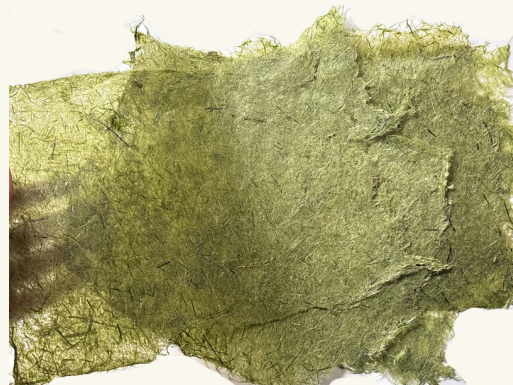


Momigami. The Japanese art of working paper into fabric.

Momigami is a Japanese technique traditionally applied to paper, with the intention of transforming something stiff and fragile into something supple enough to wear. The word itself carries the action, momi means to knead, to work with the hands, to press and release in a repeated rhythm. It requires the sustained, attentive pressure of human hands moving across the surface of the material, again and again, until something shifts. Until something fragile becomes something strong. Until paper moves like fabric. Flexible. Durable. Still wild. Still itself.



Devil's tongue (konnyaku) + Grass paper → Kneading → Fabric



Natural dying accessories



Before



Weld

&



Hollyhock

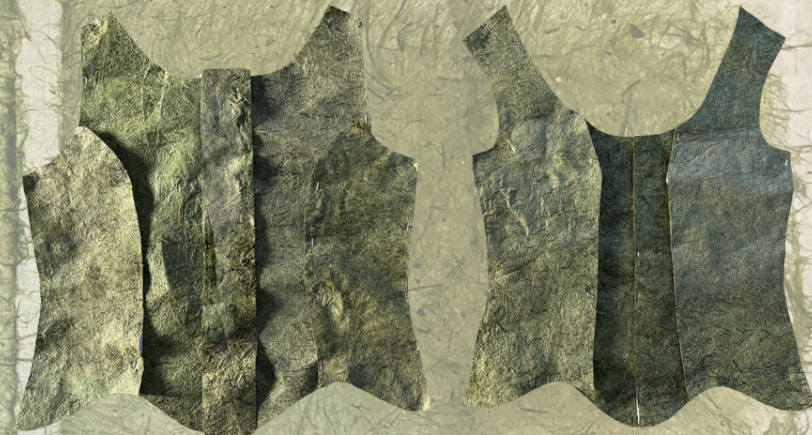
&

Dipped in iron



After

Pattern process













She Who Holds the Ground



To those who guided my hands & shaped
my vision, I carry your wisdom with me
always.

A special thank you to Ceciilya
Raspanti, Asli Aksan, The FabricAdemy
Team, Alessia Taló, Flora Houldsworth,
Maddie Olsen, Johanna Schreunder,
Isabel Berentzen and Waag Future Lab.





She Who Holds the Ground

*She is a woman
who holds her breath -
Always watching the clouds drift before the day has set.*

*But the bones of her temple are not alone,
for there are rivers of wisdom
coursing through her bones,
flowing from mothers that came before,
Who knew the earths secrets to its core.*

*Remember the breath that everything holds -
the whisper between heartbeats
the flows of the earth*

*She learns to release,
Surrounded now by a gentle breeze
no more holding what was never hers to cage.*

*She Who Holds the Ground
wears the world lightly,
roots deep,
arms wide.*

*She Who Holds the Ground
is found,
for we are not separate but woven,
all of us,
one.*



