

*stories of elves and fairy dust*

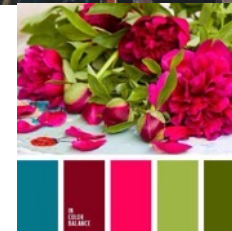
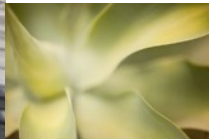
vercorin  
December 2018

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Vercorin is a small village in the Valais mountains. It is accessed by a winding and narrow road. We cross a dark and mysterious tunnel, dug into the rock. It is in this tunnel that the enchantment operates: on the other side, time no longer passes the same, the air is no longer the same, we are no longer the same: we become fairy, elf or even wispy spirit. On the other side of the tunnel, it is the World of the Little People. Here in the wooden huts hanging on the mountain or in the trees, there are stories of elves, stories of pixie dust...





Up there is communion with nature and the seasons.  
In spring the balconies bloom.  
In summer the pastures invite us to stroll. The gateways of the Bisse des Sarrasins guide us into an imaginary world.



In the autumn, the bisse des Sarrasins becomes painting in warm tones. We meet fairies there. In winter the roofs are covered with snow for even more enchantment.



"Six o'clock in the morning in Vercorin, it's dark... The participants are still full of sleep but motivated at this morning awakening to go see the lord of the forest. Walking in silence along the bisse, only the song of the water disturbs this meditative march. Then, halfway through, another background sound is added, that of the deer's slab. The cries are varied and indicate according to their tone, presence, languor, challenge, pursuit or triumph".



Tinker bell is born from a child's laugh



Fairy dust is the most precious material that can be found on this earth...  
It is its magic that makes the world go round.

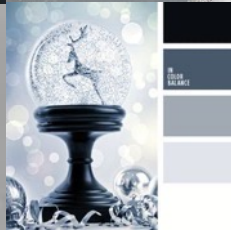


"Magic is everywhere, if you only have eyes to see it" Deepak Chopra



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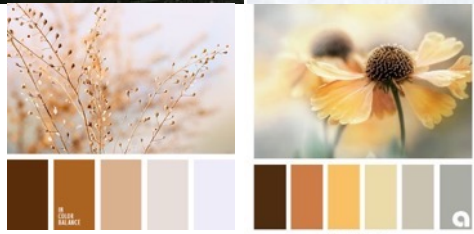
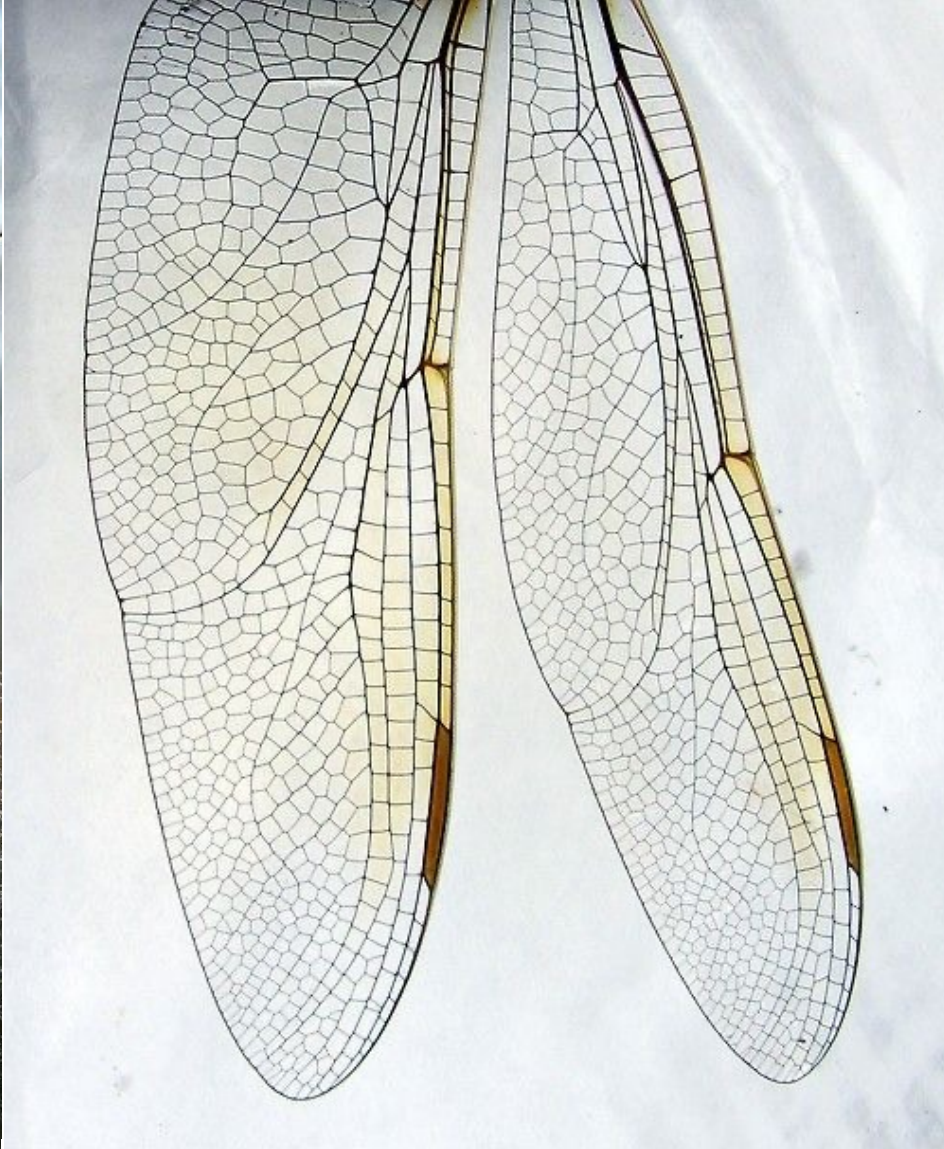
*stories of elves...*

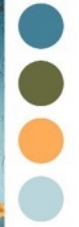
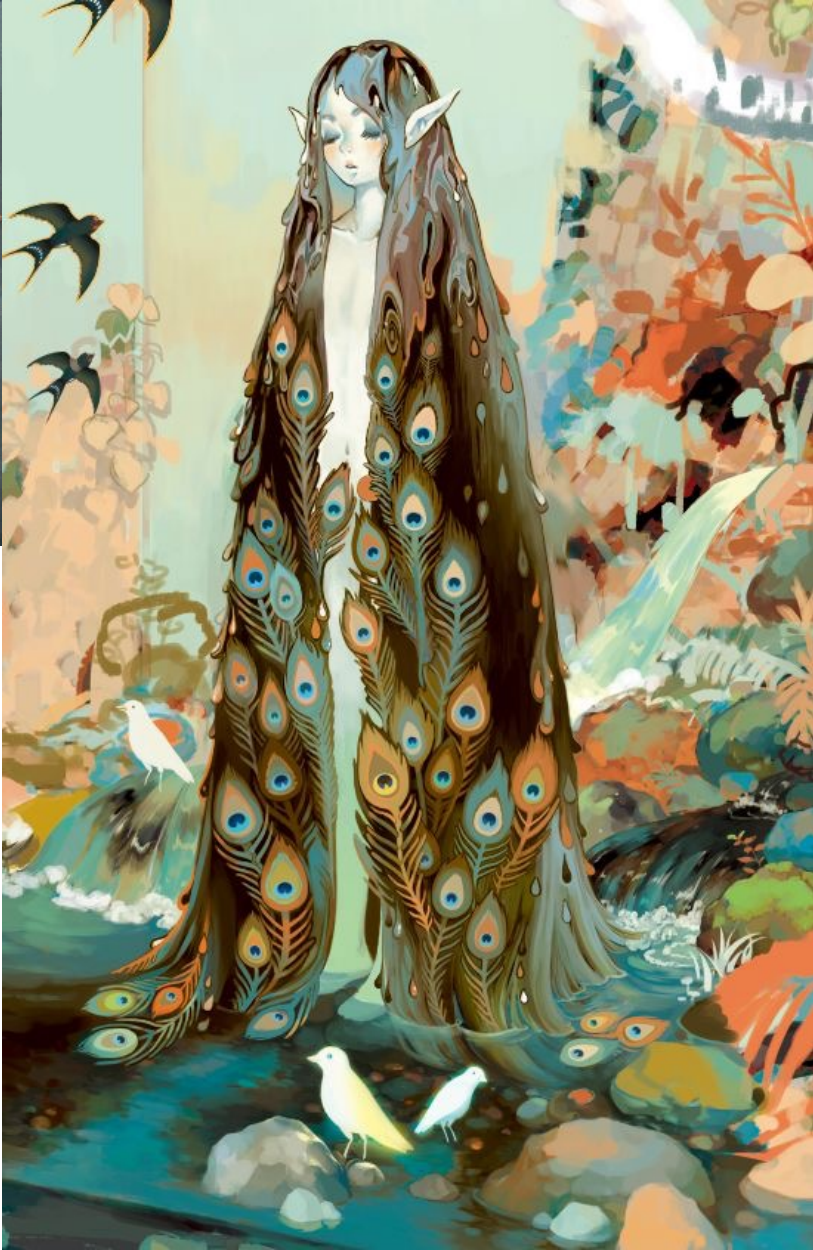


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Vercorin is therefore a village of the Little People.

In Vercorin, you become Little People. It is imperceptible, but your ears point (litterally) towards the rustles of nature, you no longer touch ground completely because in your back something shudders, thin wings ..

We climb a long spiral staircase to arrive in your apartment up there perched, under the sky, at the top of a large pine tree whose branches caress your terrace. The sky and trees enter through the windows.

Up there it is your landmark of fairy, elf or wispy spirit, it depends...

Up there, we enter into magic and - whoever it is - emerge enchanted, in every sense of the word.



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in practice

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The materials are natural, noble, raw: wood, stone, minerals, earth, paper, plants, organic materials, feathers, black metal, copper, brass, gold, rusty, glass, leather, suede.



The lines are not straight. We find some ancient objects, they date since the Little People do not age. These objects are hijacked.



Textiles made of natural but light materials, mobile, transparent or rougher, mossy according to the season. Cotton, linen, hemp, gauze, organza, tulle... wool in mesh or felted.



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The lights are soft, garlands, candles, stardust. In the staircase already, candles on the steps, garlands on the ramp. In front of the door, a mirror with patinated gilding and garlands.



On the walls, plant paintings, watercolors, illuminated poems, haikus that touch the soul.



In decoration, homemade, a little bric à brac.



inspiration...



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inspiration...

Terrariums, plant universes for the very small people...



chromatic scales



minerals,pearlescent



green foliage



of any wood

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