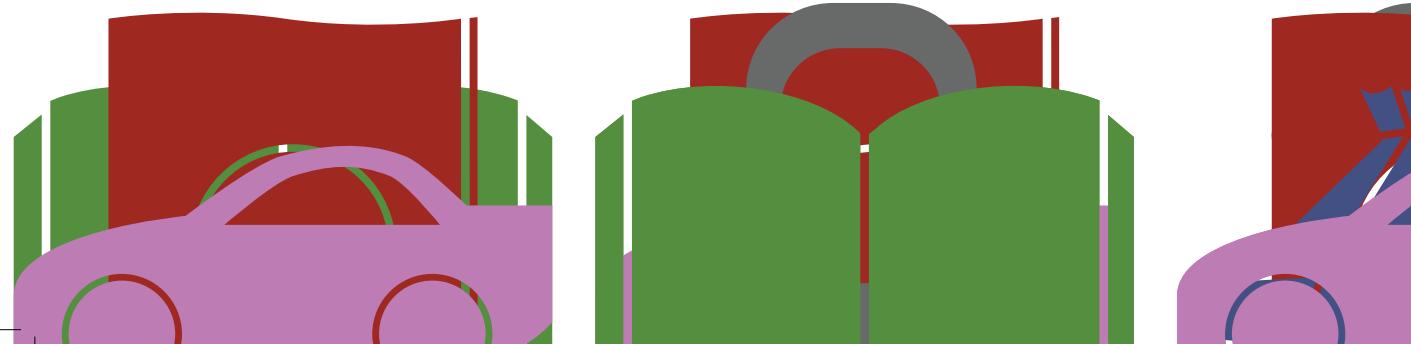
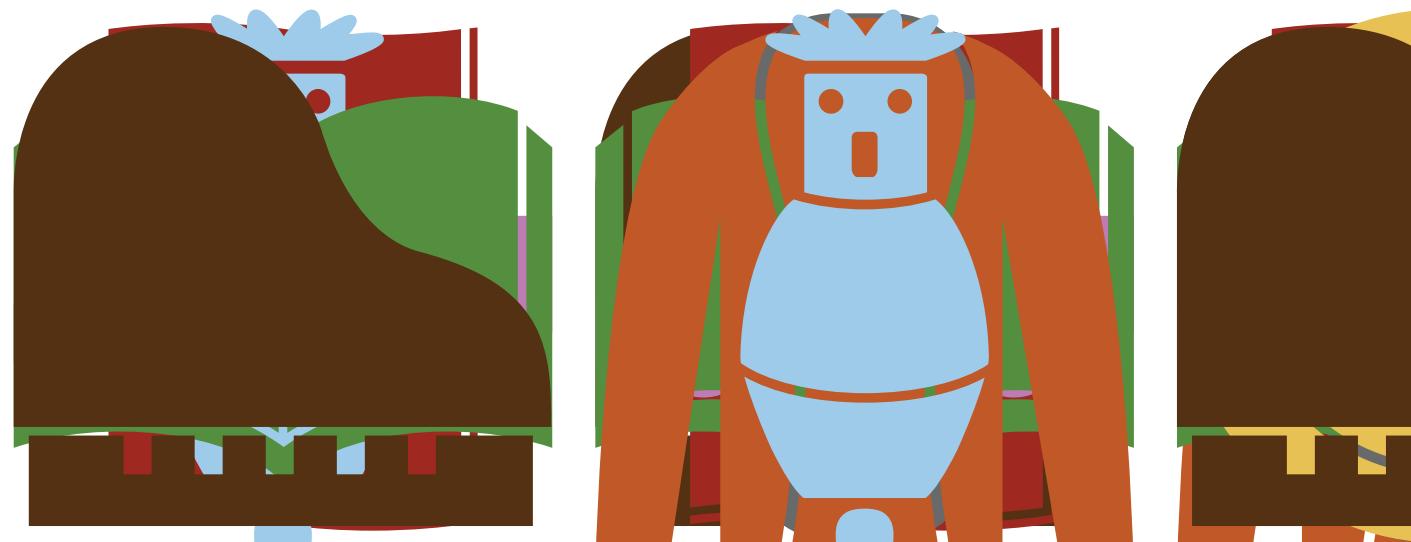
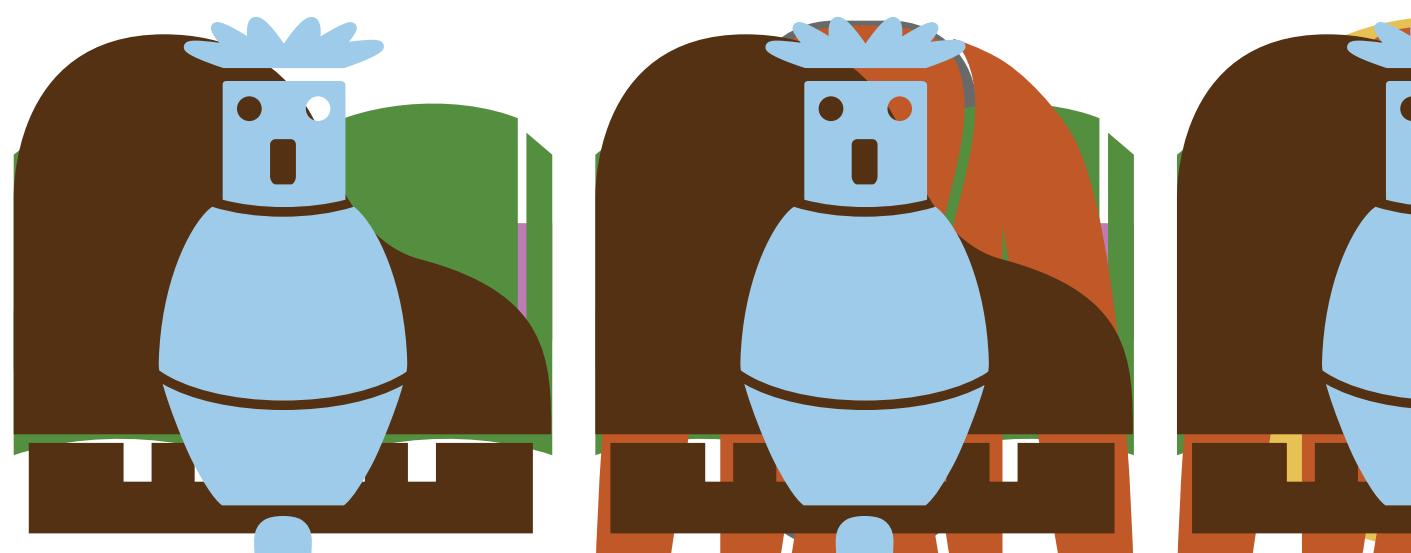
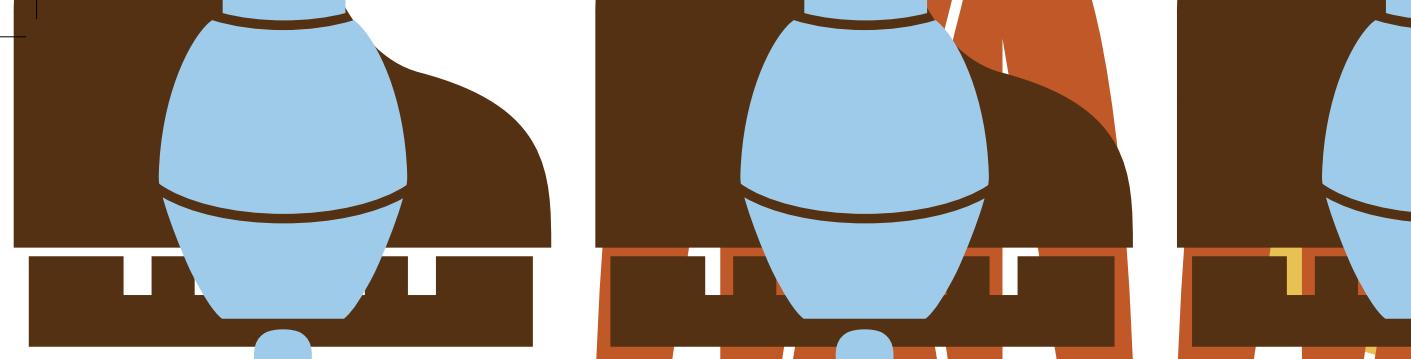


# Favourite Things

An exploration into the meaning of value  
held in our most prized possessions





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Dear Reader,

Before you begin exploring this catalog, I feel that it would only be fair to warn you about what you're about to read. Like other catalogs, this book in your hands lists and describes a collection of objects. Unlike other catalogs, these objects are not for monetary sale. These objects are not awaiting your decision to buy them; they already have owners.

Like other catalogs, this book offers a collection of things for your perusal. Unlike other catalogs, that collection of things does not exist on a tangible plane. This catalog presents a history of a collection of objects. Its pages hold the stories of where those objects came from, who owned them, and what happened to them throughout their existence.

This catalog is not meant to sell you material goods, but something of a different value. This catalog aims to examine the way you feel about the objects you may decide to keep for no practical reason. The objects may not be useful or monetarily valuable, but they are valuable in another sense. These objects bring about a certain feeling or memory in their owner and that is why they have not been discarded.

These objects do not carry a value that is discernable at first sight, but as you read the stories behind them, you may come to understand that the obvious value in an object may not be the most meaningful way to describe it.

Regards,

The Historian

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# Part One: Memory & Abstraction

The following pages contain an assortment of objects and their stories. These objects are not displayed in a straightforward way, but visualized through the memories in which they are contained. The words and imagery presented to you is meant to paint a picture of each object as it is experienced by its owner on a daily basis.

Feel free to read through the section in any order. The pages are cut in half so that you may contrast and compare each story. People see objects in different ways depending on many factors, and you may find that your opinion about these objects may change with the more you read.



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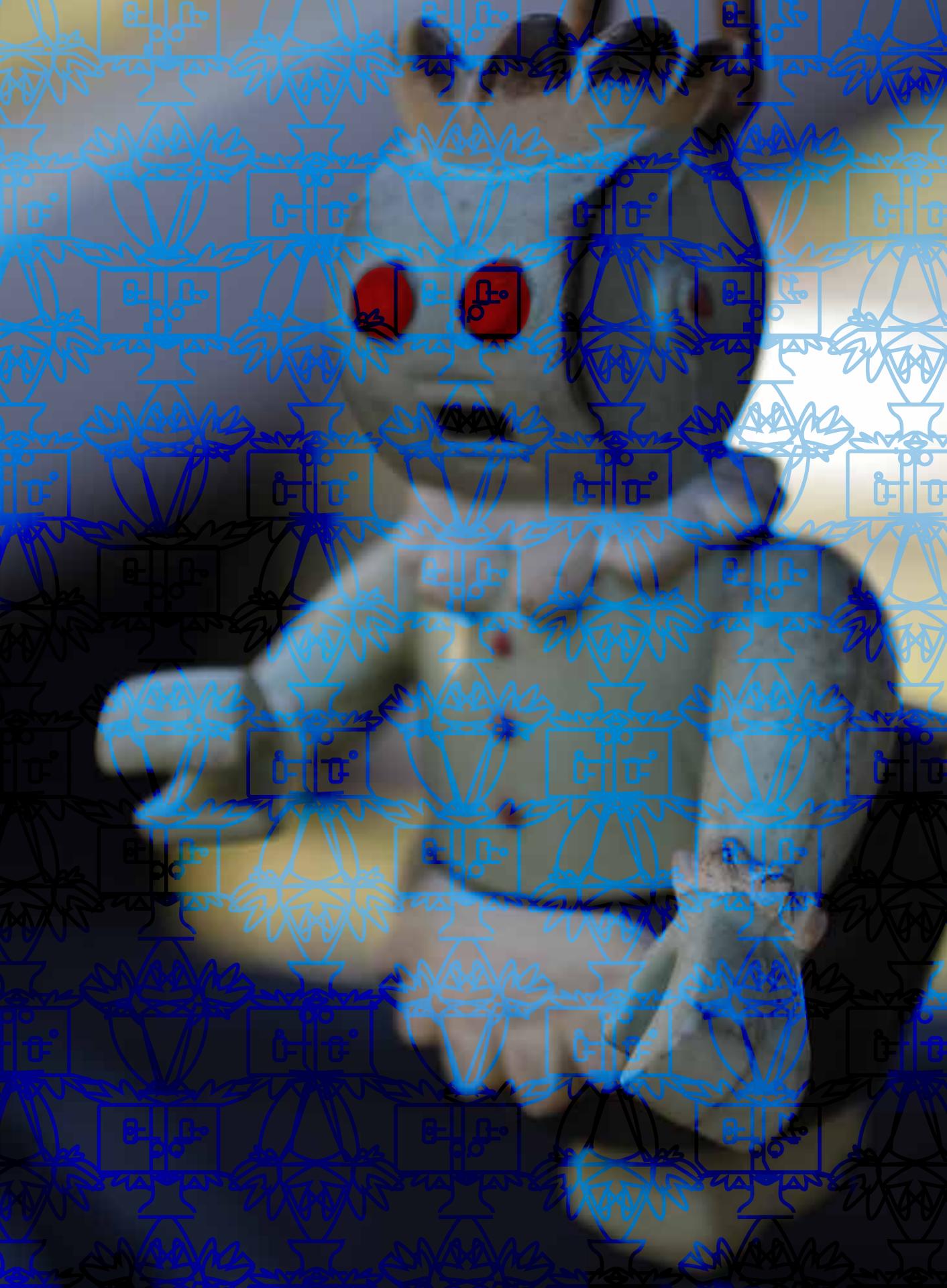
I got this keychain from a treasure box at Swiss Chalet with my daughters. I love those nights when we all go out for dinner as a family, which doesn't happen quite as often anymore. It was really cool to be able to pick a toy that my daughters had as well.

I wasn't a huge fan of the Jetsons as a kid but in hindsight, I think Rosie is my favourite character. The way she emoted in a weird robotic way, like her mouth lighting up or the dials in her eyes turning, was so funny. The way she was dressed like a maid, kind of like Hazel. Rosie was the underling, but she had the snappiest lines in the show.

I keep Rosie hanging from my rear view mirror. She always faces forward and has been my low-budget GPS through four cars and at least twice as many years. I like the way she dances when the car is moving.

Obviously, it's not just the character that the toy symbolizes. My favourite thing about Rosie is that she reminds me of my daughters' childhoods and being together as a family. I like to keep little items as memories of pleasant experiences.

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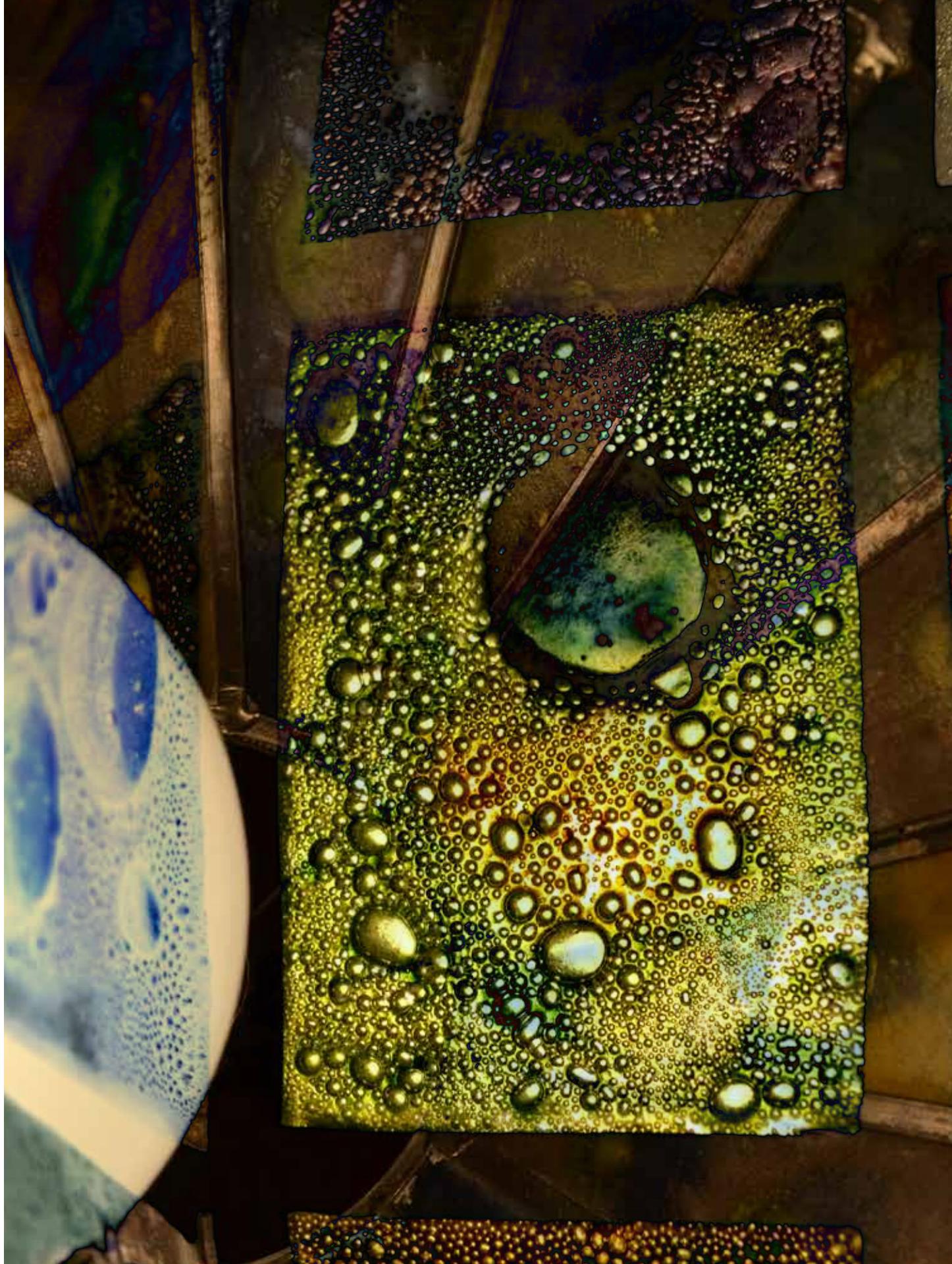
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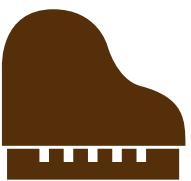
My grandmother brought this lamp back from Mexico in 1977. It is handmade from glass and very breakable, but also very big, so she had to sit it on her lap for the entire flight home. I am sure she thought it was worth it afterwards. She brought it to the home I knew very well, on Roberta Drive. It was hung in the corner of the room above a table with a jar that always had some kind of candy in it. I wonder if that candy was meant for when her grandchildren would come over or if she ever ate any of it herself.

Both my cousin Laura and I always talked about how much we loved the lamp. When my grandmother passed away in 2007, my grandfather moved into a home for the elderly and we had to divest of a lot of their stuff. Of course, the

question popped up of who would get the lamp. Both Laura and I wanted it, of course. We played rock-paper-scissors for it, and I won. I still consider it the highest stakes game of rock-paper-scissors that I have ever played.

I keep it in my bedroom now. I don't turn it on much, but I do look at it a lot. I admit that I don't care so much about its style and the bubbled glass panels. I care more about the stories behind the things I choose to keep than where they came from.



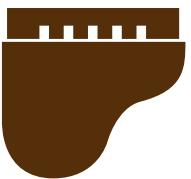


My mother liked tchotchkes. She never spent money frivolously, but she did indulge herself in an inexpensive little knick-knack from Steinman's once in a while. I remember this little piano music box being around the house for my whole childhood. I never really played with it; it was more her item than mine. She kept it on the end of an old-style stereo in our mid-fifties modern living room, where it did not match anything else.

The box contains a secret compartment where my mother kept some photographs and a vintage dollar bill, all of which I still keep inside the compartment. There is a picture of her in a beautiful pink dress she had custom-

made for a wedding, which I still keep as well.

This music box means much more to me now than it did then. When I moved out of my father's house, I took it with me as a little physical reminder of my mother. It now resides on my bedside table where I see it every day. I don't keep a lot of sentimental items, but this one has stayed with me through the years.





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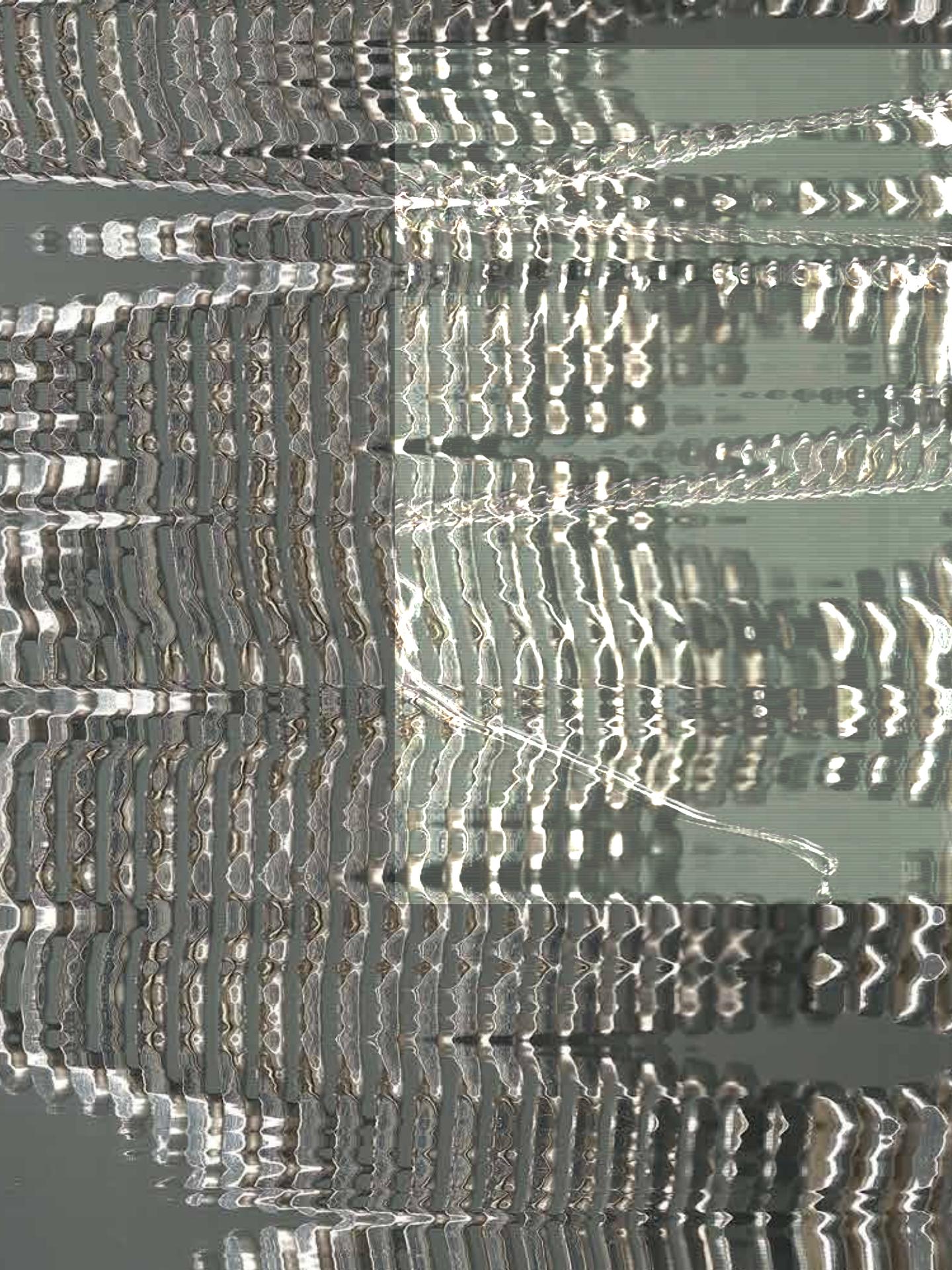
I received this bracelet as a present right before I moved across Canada for university, from my boyfriend at the time. He went through a lot to get it, it was originally a necklace that he had made into two bracelets, one for him and one for me. I wore it literally every single day between when he gave it to me and when we broke up.

I remember walking into my dorm room one day, and getting the clasp of the bracelet caught on the door handle. It bent out of shape and wouldn't stay closed. I can remember looking at the broken clasp and just kind of, losing it a little bit. I was in tears and pretty much became a mess. I would have stayed that way if my awesome roommate didn't calm me down and help me fix it. I guess my friends knew that it wasn't just a bracelet.

Shortly after we broke up, I was going to the gym to get it off my mind. The end of the relationship only really sunk in when I took off the bracelet at that moment. We were no longer together, so there was no reason to wear it anymore.

That bracelet represented more than just a piece of metal on my wrist, it was a symbol for the care we had for each other, something I still treasure now. We broke up two years ago, but we both still have these bracelets. Certain items hold more meaning than they may show at first glance.

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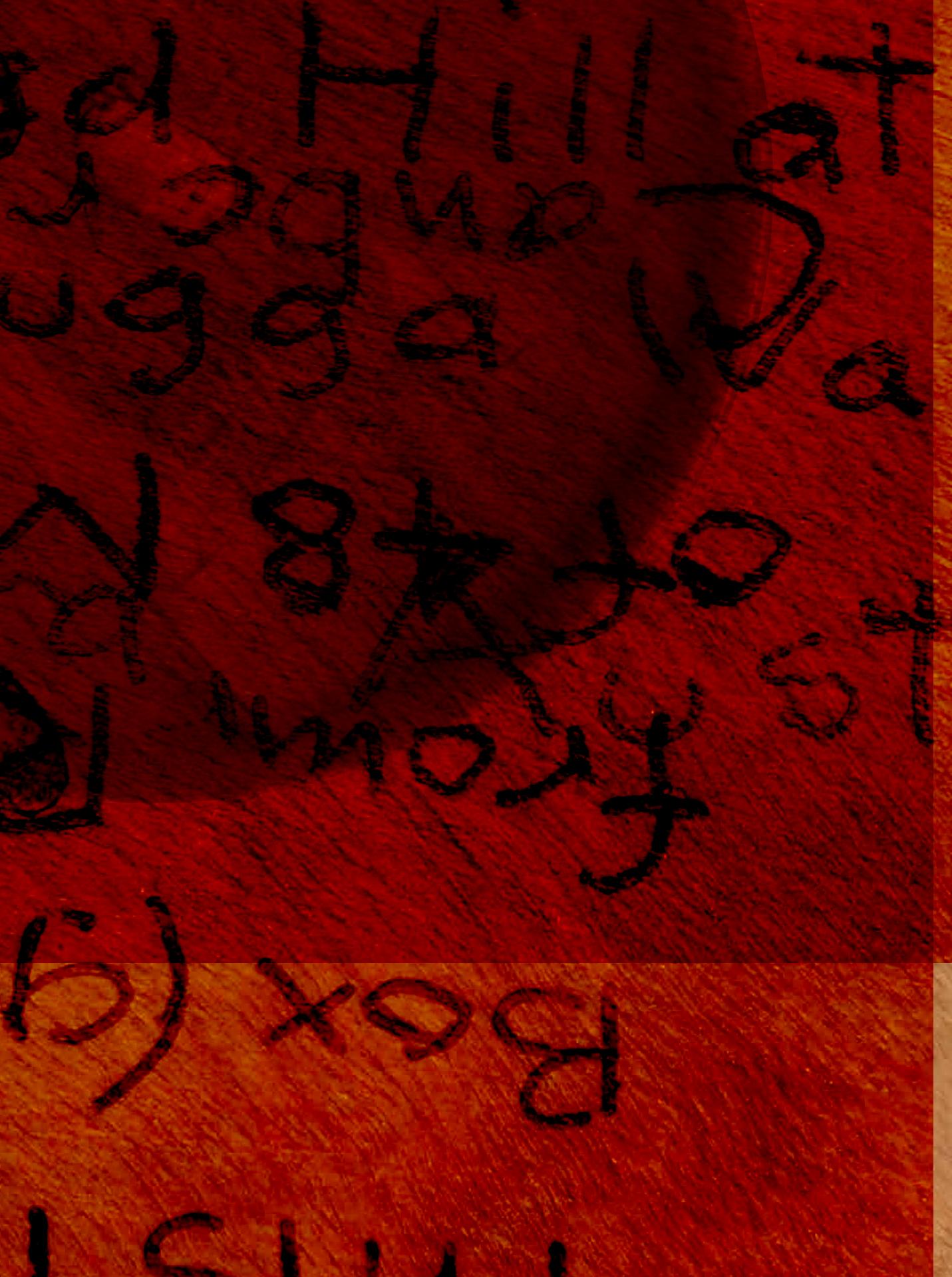
I am a traveler.

I never stay in one place for very long. When I lived in Australia, we had a lovely house. My husband and I were friends with the architect who designed the house; we used to play tennis with him. His name was Richard Lukar. I remember there was a Gum tree in the backyard that we used to look at all the time.

Soon it came time to pick up and move again. We sold our

house to the Canadian consulate, and now a Canadian will always live in that house. Some time later, I got a package in the mail from Richard. It was a wooden bowl. The old Gum tree had had to be cut down, and he had carved it from that old tree. It's a nice thing to be able to take a piece of my past with me wherever I go.

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When my brother and I were growing up, we didn't really get along. We had very different outlooks, even at such a young age. I took great care of my possessions, while he did not. Being the older brother, I would try to teach him about treating his toys gently so they wouldn't break. But as I stated, we were (and continue to be) very different.

I had a Hot Wheels racecar that I loved dearly. I had others but this one was very special to me. I kept it in a separate place from all my other toys and play with it very carefully. One day, my brother asked me if he could play with it for a while. Knowing how he would treat his own toys led me to decide not to let him touch my precious little car, naturally.

Then, as brothers will do, he complained to our mother about that, and of course she forced me to hand the car over to him. He then proceeded to smash the car into a wall and it was broken beyond repair.

That experience taught me a lot about the nature of our relationship as brothers and how we would never really be able to consolidate our differing personalities into a bond of a lasting kind. You can tell a lot about a person by how they treat their possessions.

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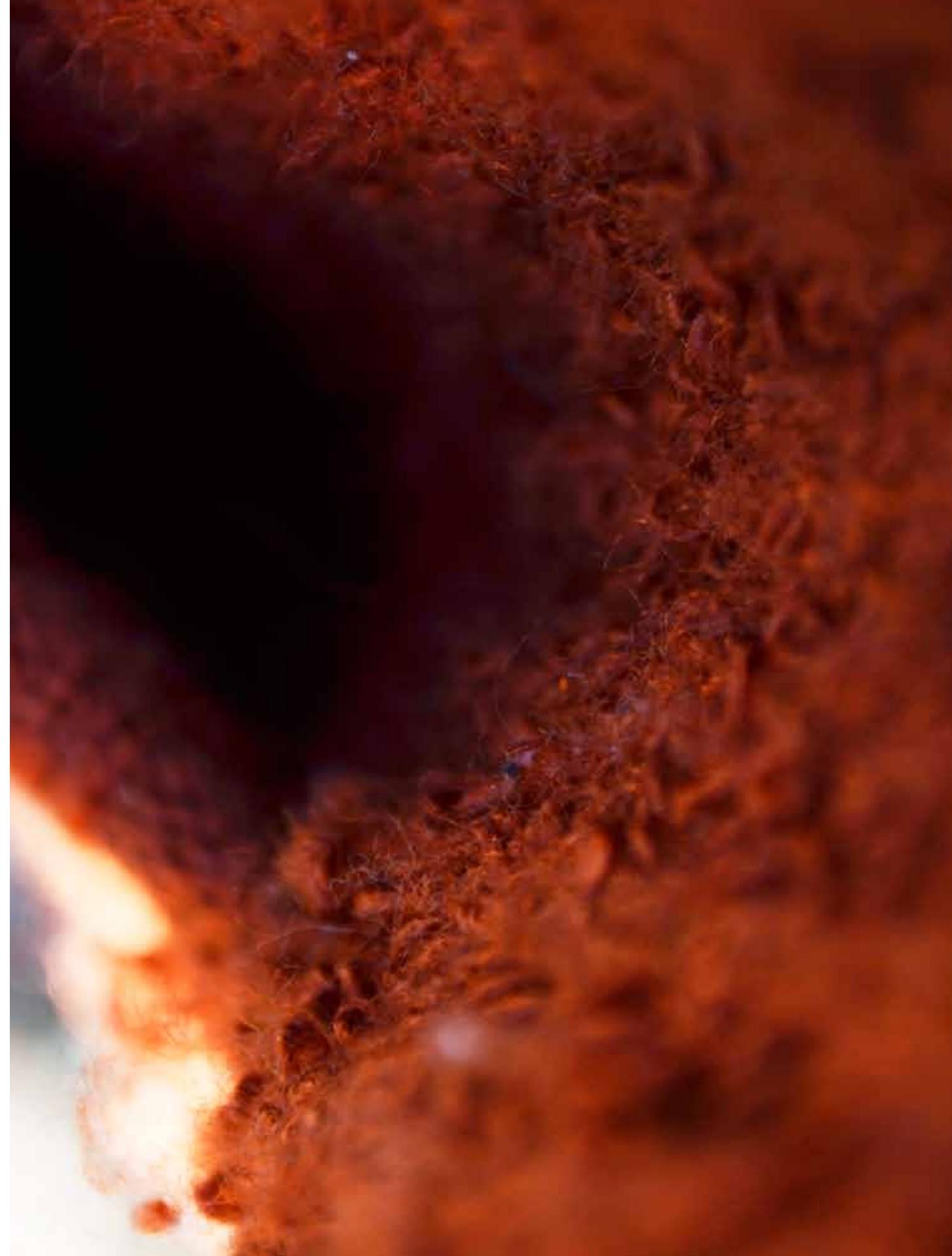
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We used to live on a street where all the neighbours were friends. When we moved away (to a less friendly street), we kept in touch with many of our old neighbours. The Plants in particular were a very nice family. The father, Perry, would visit my sister at the Sobey's near our new house pretty much on a daily basis to pick up groceries for Sally, his aging mother who lived close by. Years passed and so too did Sally. My father wanted to help the family in any way he could, so he held a contents sale for the family in her small apartment. At the end of the day, when most of her old belongings had passed into the hands of strangers, I thought about how her memories would live on as these items continued to be used and treasured by others. These new owners may not have known her personally, but that

doesn't really matter.

As I left, I noticed a wonderful copper-coloured sweater in her closet. It looked so warm and inviting that I asked if I could take it as my memory of Sally. The sweater is extremely soft and I often wear it around the house.

The first time I wore the sweater, I found a tissue in the left sleeve. I believe its warmth and coziness is reminiscent of a part of her spirit.





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I bought this book in grade three at my school's Scholastic book fair. It was the first thing I ever bought with my own money. I feel like books are such a rewarding thing to own because they provide instant gratification so easily.

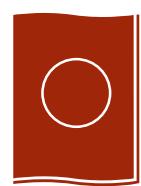
I have read this book countless times. I remember taking it with me to my great aunt's funeral, the first one I ever attended. I have vivid memories of hiding my face behind the book during times when I didn't feel well. The book isn't

in perfect condition anymore, but I have kept it pretty well. There are indentations on the cover and pages from using it as a tracing guide, and the pages are really soft from wear.

It feels like any other book but when I hold it in my hands, it comforts me because it reminds me of all the times I have had it with me over the years.

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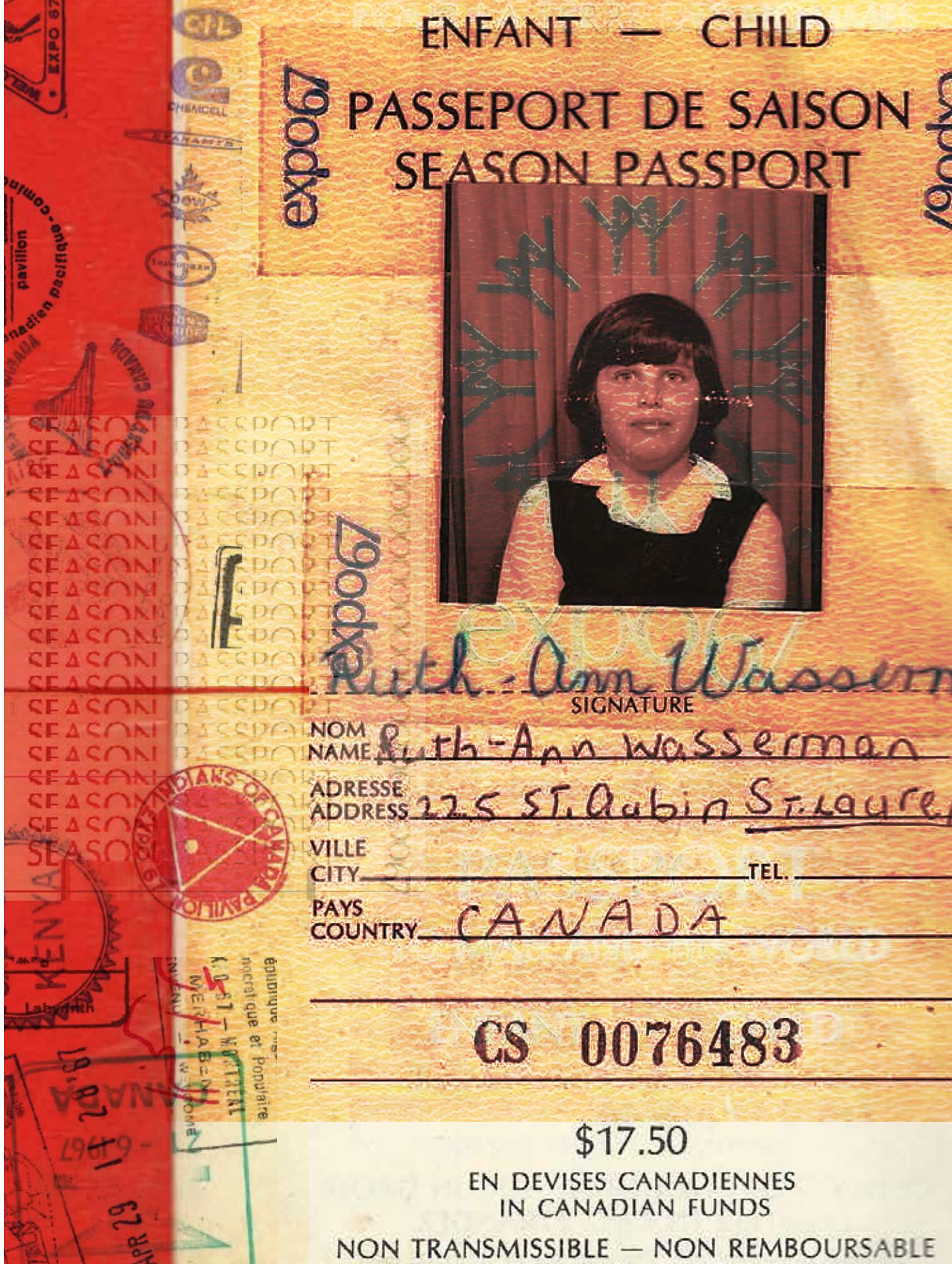
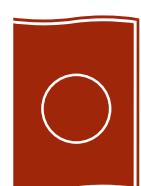


I lived in Montreal for most of my childhood. I still remember the 1967 Montreal Expo like it was yesterday. I had never seen so many people come together for one event, it was like everyone in the whole province had come to celebrate the world in one place.

Everyone in my family got a passport for the Expo. The passport acted as an entry pass, and was good for as many visits as you could fit into the six months in which it ran. My whole family all bought passports. Since we didn't really travel much, and one didn't need a passport to travel into the United States at that time, these were the first passports any of us ever had.

We had a wonderful time filling in all the stamps on the pages. Counting them now, I managed 53 stamps. Some of them have dates that range between April 29 – September 17, almost the entire range of the Expo. I probably visited the grounds about 30 - 40 different times.

I love to look at the passport from time to time and remember everything I saw, learned and experienced at the Expo. My children loved to look through it when they were kids as well. I don't keep a lot of sentimental items, but this one has made it through the cut of seven different moves.



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# Part Two: Logic & Analysis

What defines value and how does that definition change from person to person?

How do we interpret the sentimentality that is possessed and reflected onto inanimate objects?

This section aims to further the abstract theories gleaned from the first section into analyzed data sets which might be useful in answering specific questions raised at the beginning of this project. Using various methods, the stories displayed in the first section will be interpreted and extracted to create visualizations of a more logical format.

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I like to keep little items as memories of  
**pleasant experiences.**

I care more about the  
**stories behind the things**  
I choose to keep than where they came from.

I don't keep a lot of sentimental items, but this one has  
**stayed with me through the years.**

**You can tell a lot about a person**  
by how they treat their possessions.

It's a nice thing to be able to take  
**a piece of my past**  
with me wherever I go.

I believe its warmth and coziness is reminiscent of  
**a part of her spirit.**

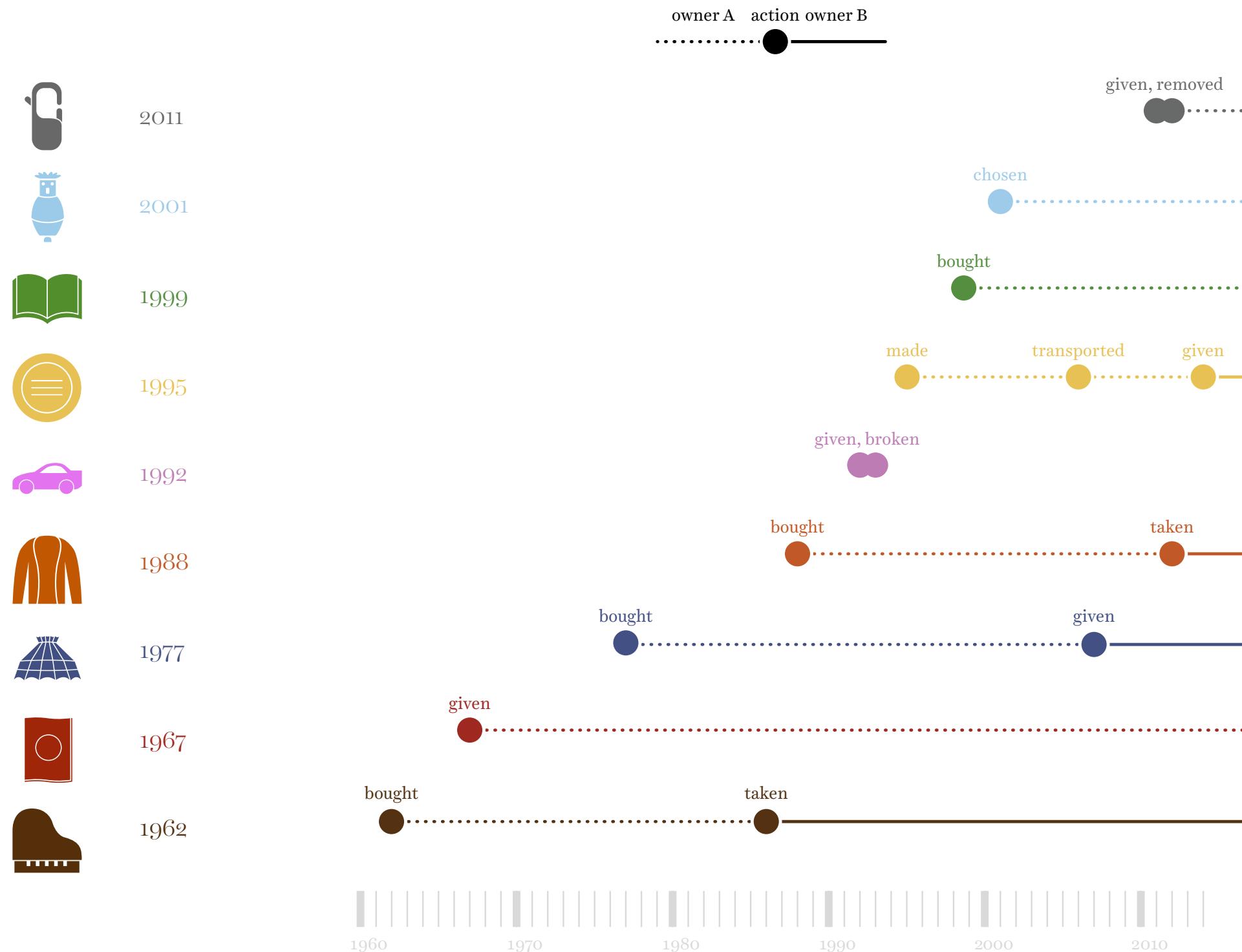
I don't keep a lot of sentimental items, but  
**this one has made it through the cut**  
of seven different moves.

**Certain items hold more meaning**  
than they may show at first glance.

When I hold it in my hands, it comforts me because  
**it reminds me of all the times**  
I have had it with me over the years.

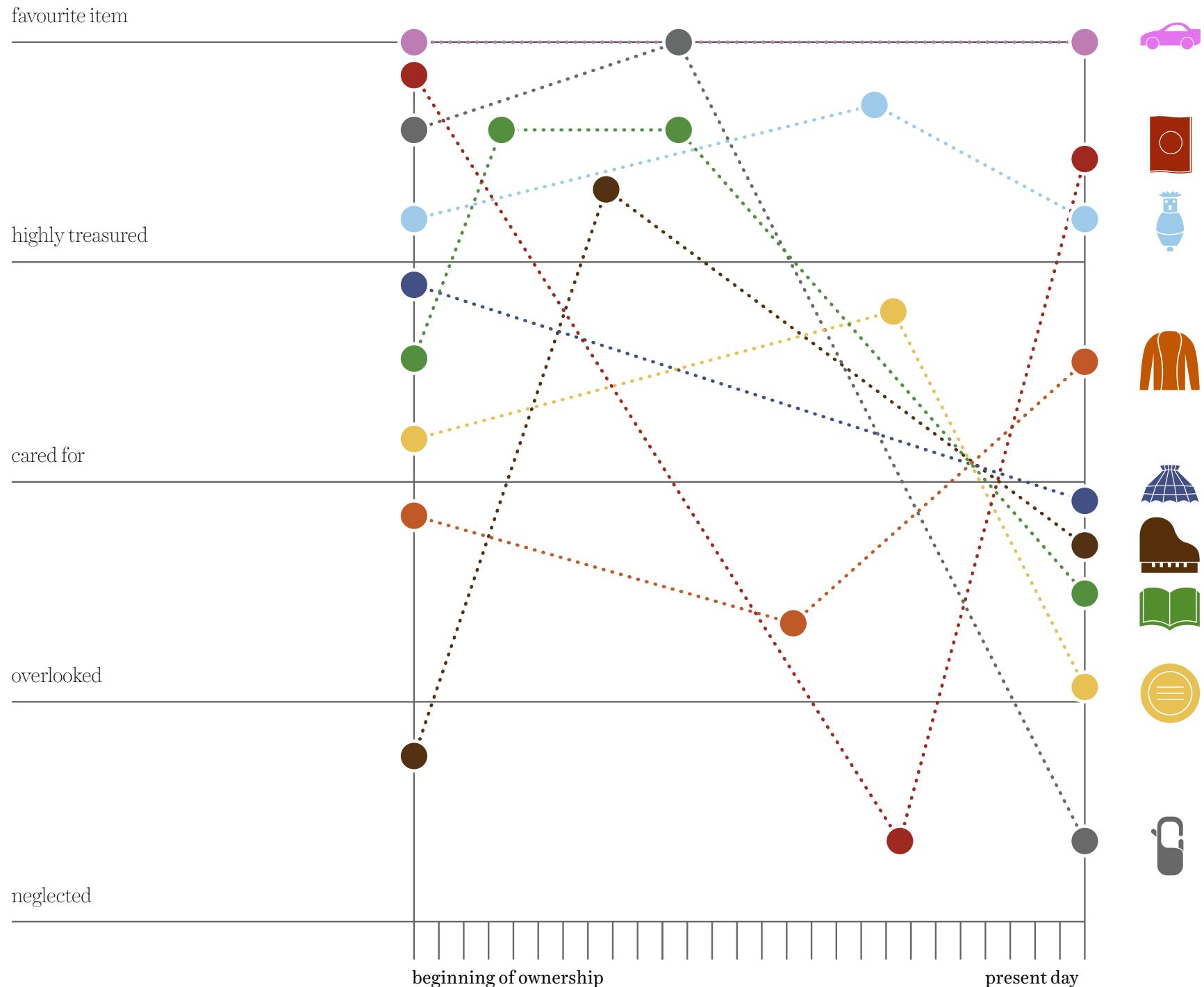
# Map of Actions

A plotted history of each object through time.



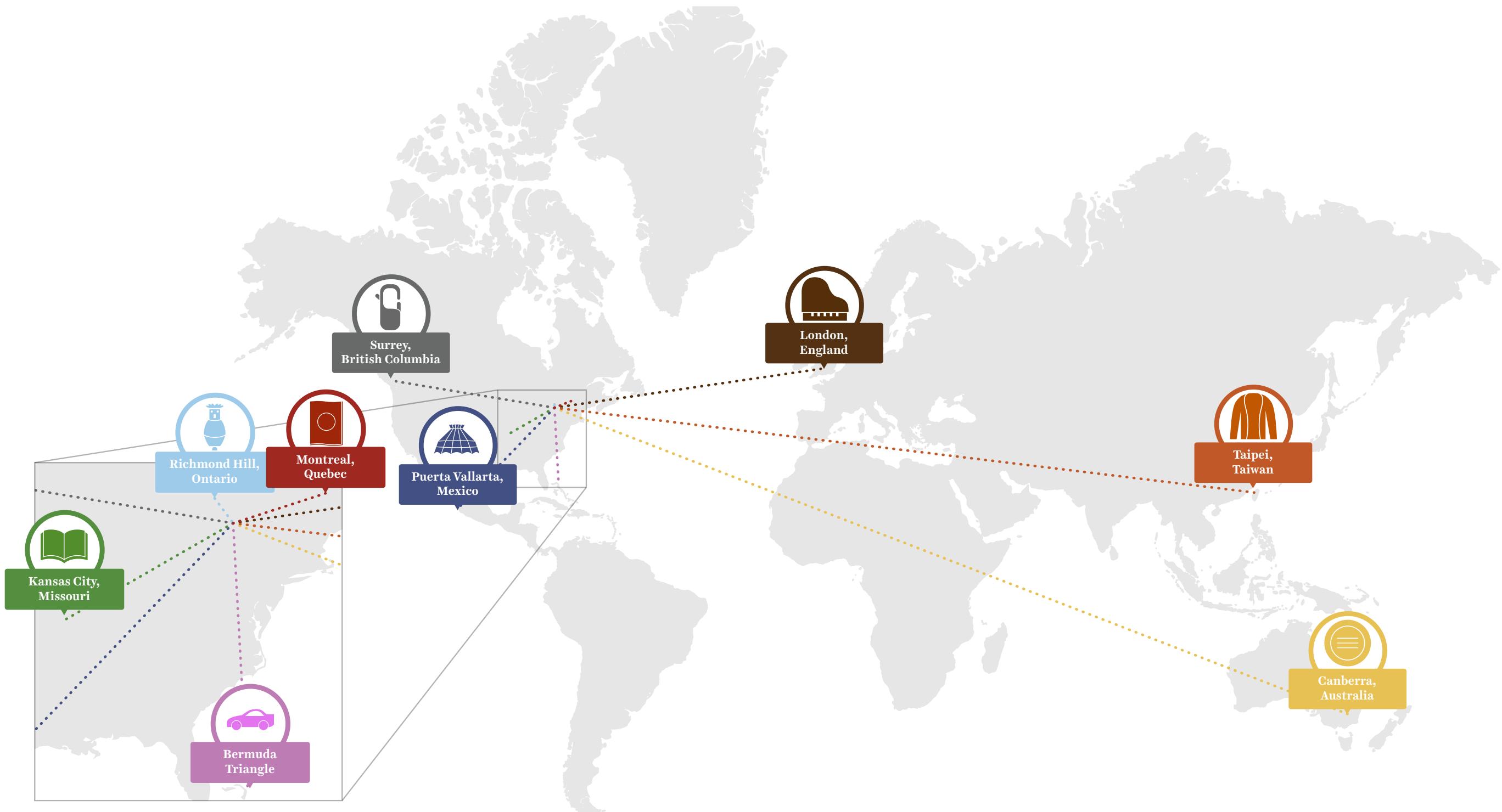
# Value Over Time

A timeline of perceived value levels during ownership.



# Locations of Origin

A map of the various locations in which the objects have resided.



## Type of Value:

Monetary

Sentimental

Practical

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Value is a strange term. The concept of value or worth can signify different ideas to different people, and even refer to different facets of the same object. This series of infographics represents three different facets of the objects displayed throughout the catalog, those being monetary value, sentimental value, and practical value.

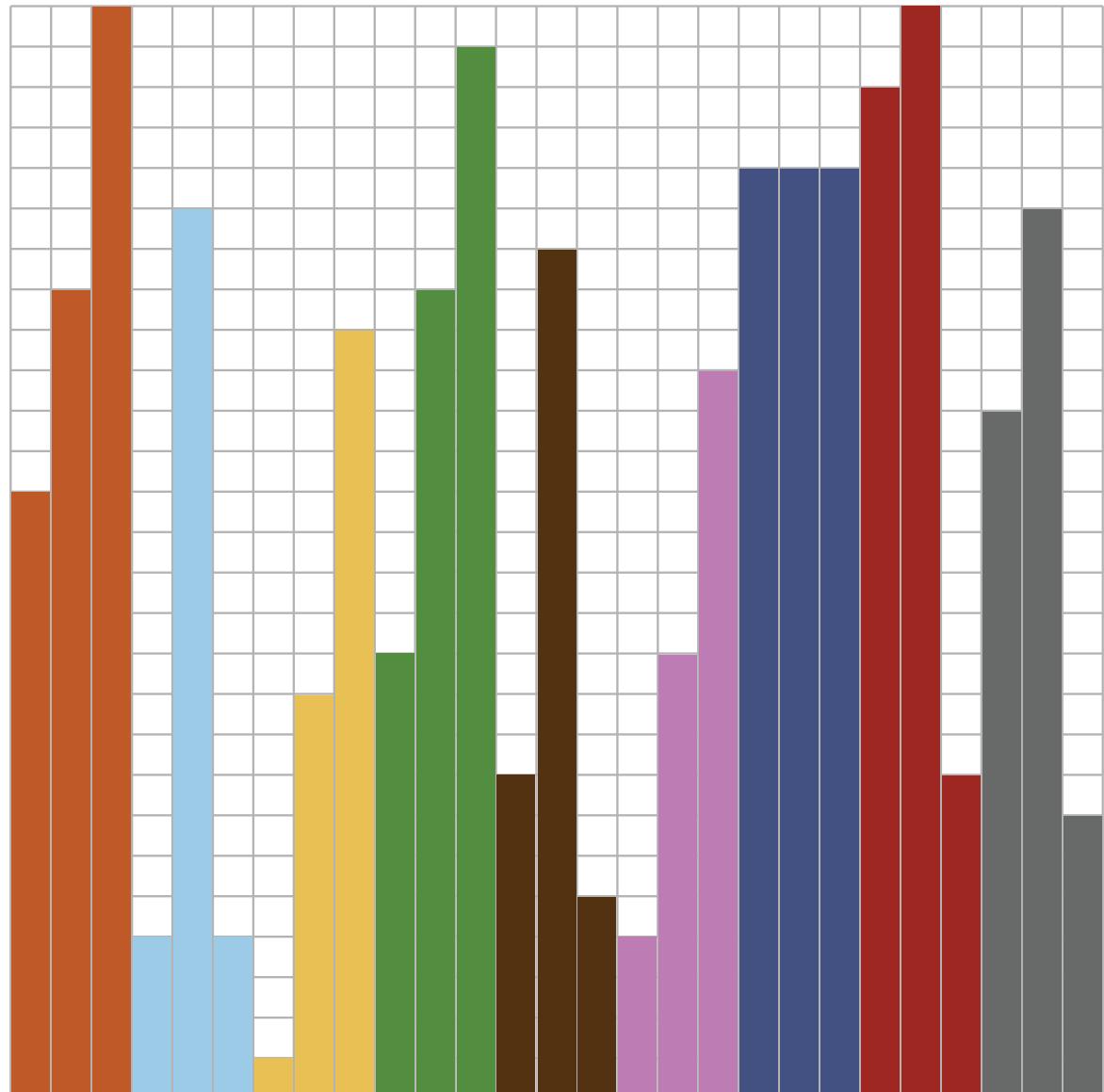
**Monetary value** relates to the cost of an item in currency. Some of these items have little or no monetary value because they were made by hand or given as gifts.

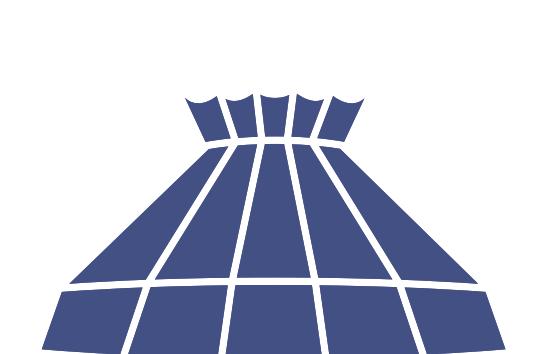
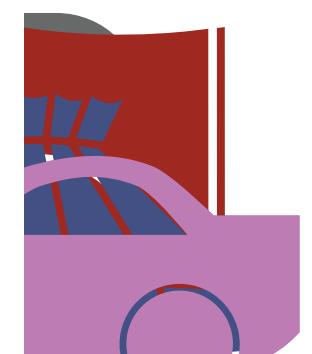
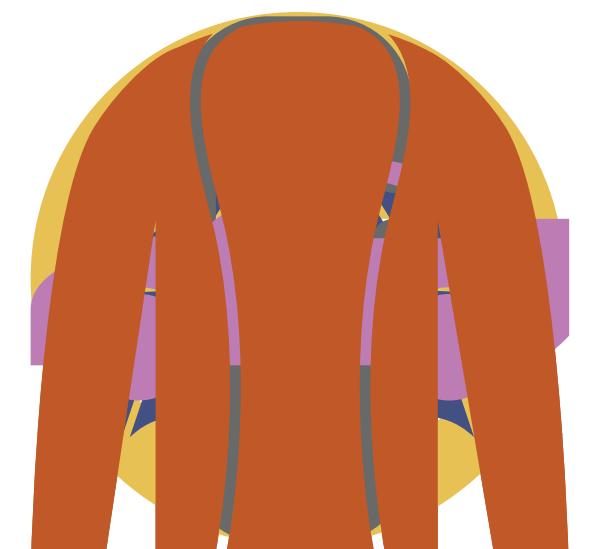
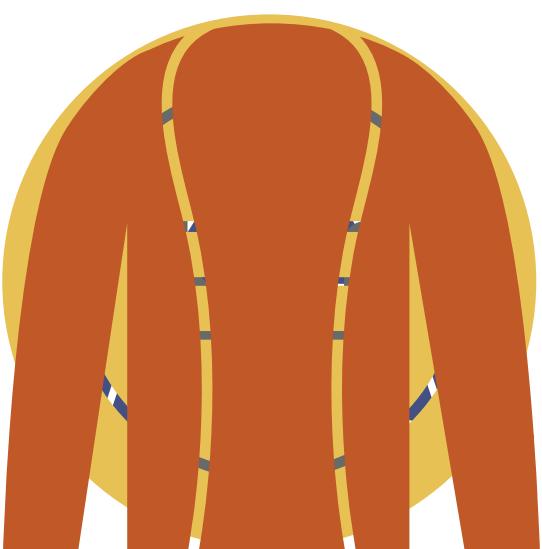
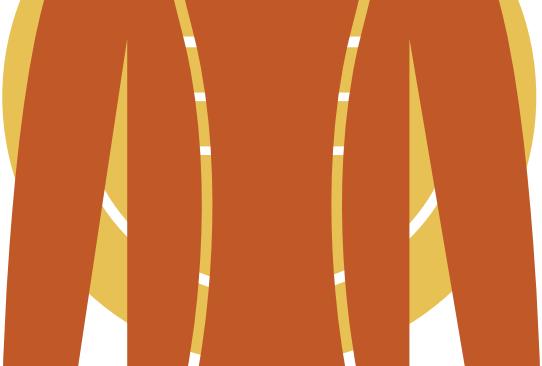
**Sentimental value** refers to the memories and feelings the owner might associate with the object as they relate to how the object was acquired or kept over a long period of time.

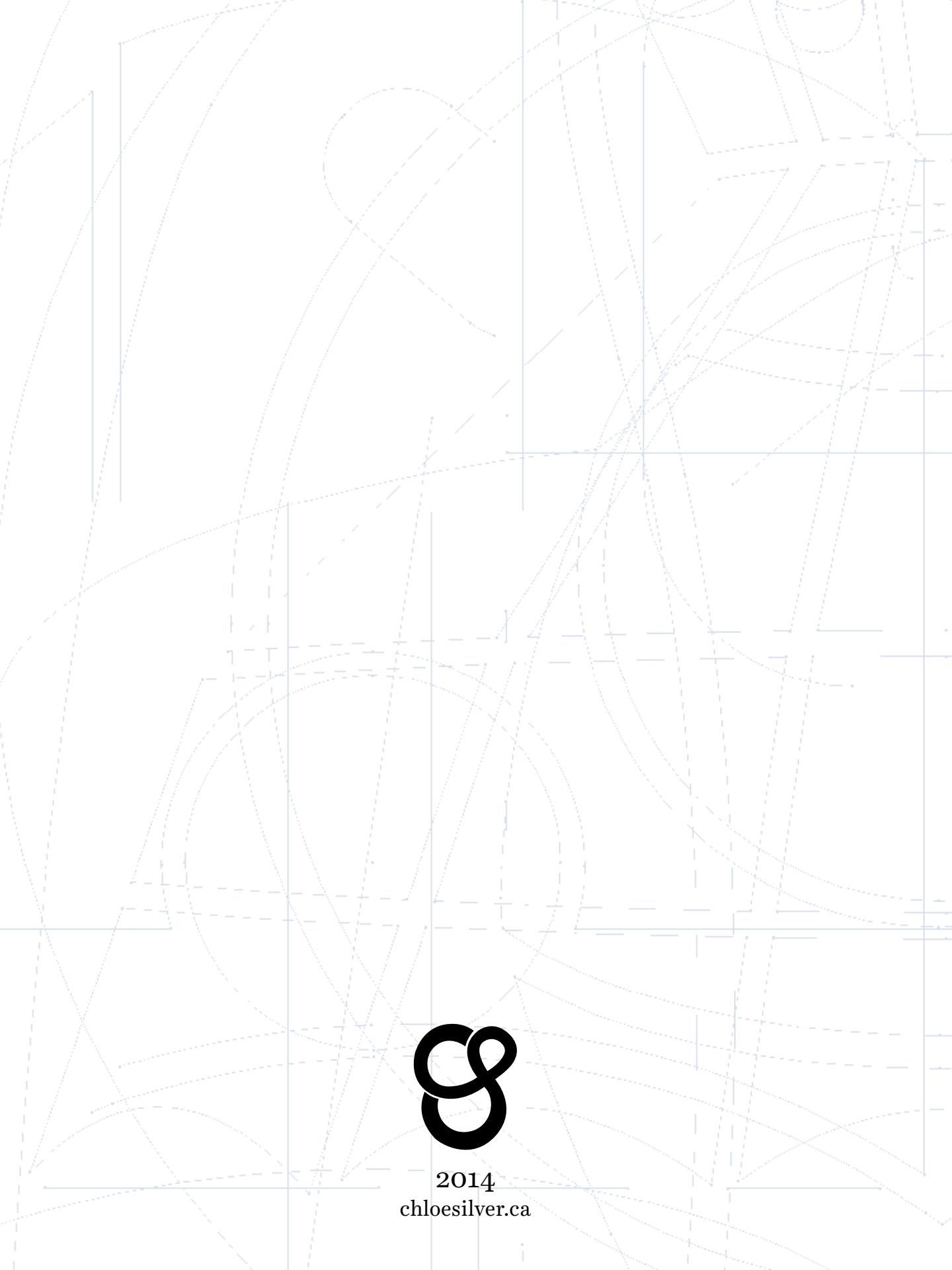
**Practical value** is simply defined as the usefulness of an object in completing a task. Some objects, like a book, offer a task of reading while others, such as a figurine, offer no usefulness apart from the joy obtained from their visual characteristics.

Explore the three contrasting values of these items and how they compare with each other.

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