

Hello.

Icebreaker calling from 42° S 173° E.

22 years ago, we came up with an idea.

An idea that felt novel at the time (but was actually a notion as old as humanity itself).

It was a simple idea: Nature has the answer.

It's been our true north mantra that we've followed faithfully for over two decades now.

And every day it still teaches us something new.

Like, how to make clothing that keeps us warm,
dry and ready for action no matter how far
afield we venture.

But we think that's just the tip of the iceberg.

Lots of you.

Who think the same way and believe.

That nature is the ultimate killer tech.

If you just know how to look.

But, first, you have to resist/reject/rethink the
common worldview.

It's a surreal perspective, five decades in the
making, so ingrained in the way we live that it's
become...

Our Second Nature.

“I just want to say one word to you. Just one word. Are you listening? Plastics.”

— The Graduate (1967)

It was a petrochemical call-to-arms with a fantastic promise. A boundless future driven by fossil fuels and the human imagination.

And it was quite a party.

Now 50-years later, the hangover. We're more than a little worse for the wear and the bar's almost empty.

But old habits die hard.

Familiarity breeds legitimacy.

Imitation passes for innovation.

Artificiality becomes synonymous with
high-tech performance.

You find yourself lost in the supermarket, not
even noticing that things have gotten very, very
out of whack.

Like the shelves filled with “Natural Alternatives”
even though you know that nature, by
definition, is never the “alternative”.

It's the original Real Thing.

Knowledge = Choice.

We're here to help you wake-up, smell the polymers and choose the path your life will take.

You can float along in a lazy river of petrocarbon propaganda where nature is just an inefficient nuisance waiting to be conquered and tamed.

Or you can open yourself up to the idea...

That plastic is a freak of nature.

That nature can actually outperform “artificial alternatives” — without compromises.

That it's still not too late to nurture our First Nature as a legacy for future generations by harnessing the power of Human Nature.

Human + Nature.

It's the most powerful connection on the planet.

When we accept and celebrate the fact that
we're all part of the natural tapestry,
incredible developments follow.

(It's when we forget our place and traverse the
landscape like conquering heroes that things
go FUBAR.)

When you work **with** nature, you discover that “natural” does not have to be synonymous with “expensive”, “inferior performance” or “dowdy”.

We know because we’ve been doing it for over two decades.

We’ve learned that “Human + Nature” begins with meaningful relationships between people (in our case, it starts with our close-knit family of farmer partners).

We’ve discovered that the connection thrives on respect, honesty and...

Transparency.

Nature flourishes in the sunlight. We believe the same thing goes for all worthwhile human endeavours.

The scrutiny of daylight breeds honesty, integrity and sustainable, long-term thinking.

We built our business on a foundation of radical transparency that starts on the farm, extends through the production process and makes its way onto the shelves in our stores.

We didn't have to do it that way.

It was a conscious decision to build a way forward that would be both an inspiration and a worthy legacy for whoever else is willing to make their own choices and follow the natural path less travelled.

The Natural Progressives.

Always forward.

Never backward.

This is our tribe.

All are welcome.

We want you to get out and celebrate the
human nature connection wherever you are.

Don't wait for the mountaintop.

Don't wait for the perfect offshore set.

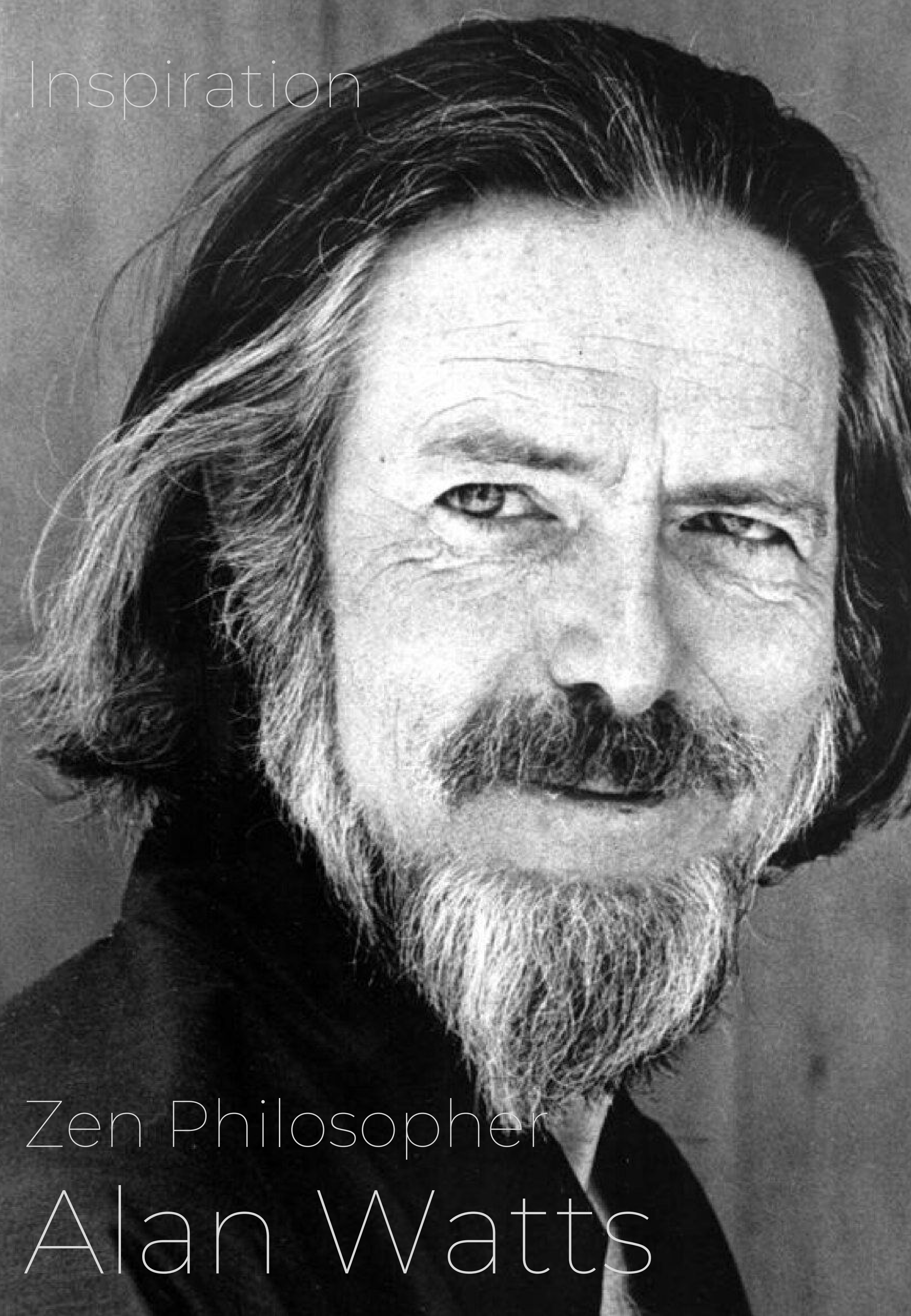
Don't wait (but don't be an asshole).

You are nature, nature is you. You cannot defy it, conquer it or exploit it anymore than your nose could subdue the rest of your face.

With 22-years of proven integrity and experience, we are in a natural leader position to guide (but never, ever preach — we don't do gospel) The Natural Progressive movement.

And, of course, we come from New Zealand: The near mythical isles residing at the bottom of the world — and in the popular imagination — as pristine citadels of green.

Home to more than its fair share of Kiwi adventurers and maverick freethinkers, our Aotearoa is the ideal symbolic staging ground for launching a Natural Progressive invasion force.

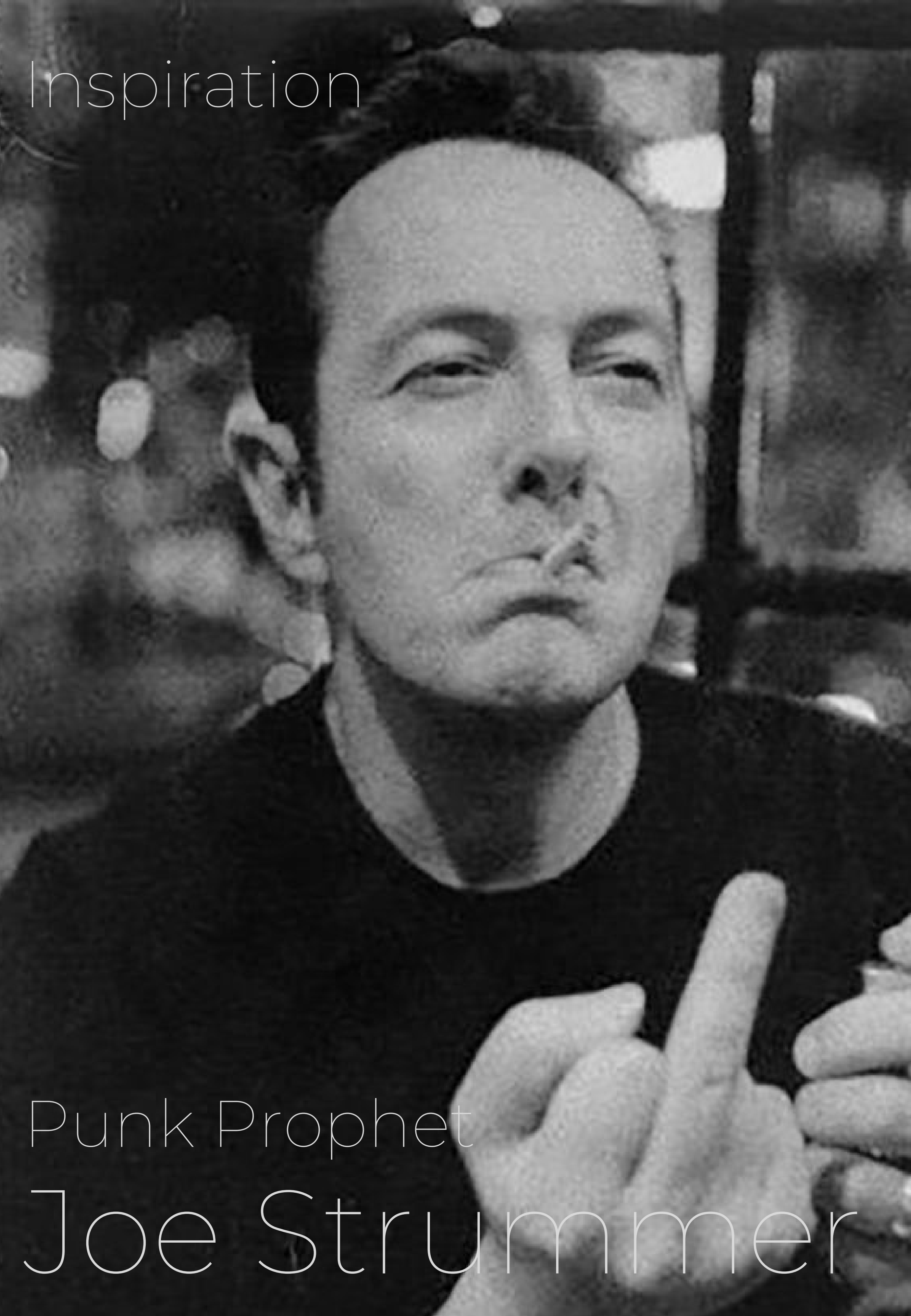


Inspiration

Zen Philosopher
Alan Watts

Alan Watts

“We constantly hear of man’s conquest of nature, and we talk about the conquest of space. When we climb great mountains, we speak as if we were conquering them. Why this hostility? Look at this rocket. This enormous aggressive phallic emblem being zoomed at the moon. What do you think that means? That we are going to screw the moon. Poor old Venus.”



Inspiration

Punk Prophet
Joe Strummer

Joe Strummer

“I'd define punk as self-awareness: an ability to trust your own judgment... see through veils of bullshit. Maybe an ability to think for yourself.”

“People can change anything in the world. But we've all got to stop following our own little mouse trail. People are doing bad things to each other because they've been dehumanised. It's time to take the humanity back into the center of the ring and follow that. They should have that in a big billboard across Times Square. Without people you're nothing. That's my spiel.”



Inspiration

Prose Poet

Zadie Smith

Zadie Smith

“We’re submerged, all of us. You, me, the children, our friends, their children, everybody else. The Lazy River is a circle, it is wet, it has an artificial current. Even if you don’t move you will get somewhere and then return to wherever you started. Round and round we go. All life is in here, flowing. Flowing!”

Some take this principle of universal flow to an extreme. They play dead—head down, limbs limp, making no effort whatsoever—and in this manner discover that even a corpse goes round. A few people—less tattooed, often university educated—make a point of turning the other way, intent upon thrashing out a stroke against the current, never advancing, instead holding their place, if only for a moment, as the others float past. It’s a pose: it can’t last long.

The Lazy River is a metaphor and at the same time a real body of artificial water, in an all-inclusive hotel, in Almería, somewhere in southern Spain. You’ve heard of the circle of life? This is like that. Round and round we go. No, we have not seen the Moorish ruins. Nor will we be travelling into those bare, arid mountains. Not one soul among us has read the recent novel set right here, in Almería, nor do we have any intention of doing so. We will not be judged. The Lazy River is a non-judgment zone.

Yesterday the Lazy River was green. Nobody knows why. Theories abound. They all involve urine. Either the color is the consequence of urine or is the color of the chemical put in to disguise the urine or is the reaction of urine to chlorine or some other unknown chemical agent. I don’t doubt urine is involved. I have peed in there myself. But it is not the urine that we find so disturbing. No, the sad consequence of the green is that it concentrates the mind in a very unpleasant way upon the fundamental artificiality of the Lazy River. Suddenly what had seemed quite natural—floating slowly in an unending circle, while listening to the hit of the summer, which itself happens to be called ‘Slowly’—seems not only unnatural but surpassingly odd. Less like a holiday from life than like some kind of terrible metaphor for it. This feeling is not limited to the few fans of metaphor present. It is shared by all. If I had to compare it with something, it would be the shame that came over Adam and Eve as they looked at themselves and realized for the first time that they were naked in the eyes of others.

A three-minute stroll from the back door of the hotel is the boardwalk, where mild entertainments are offered in the evenings, should we need something to do in the few darkling hours in which the Lazy River is serviced, cleaned, and sterilized. One of these entertainments is, of course, the sea. But once you have entered the Lazy River, with all its pliability and ease, its sterilizing chlorine and swift yet manageable currents, it is very hard to accept the sea: its abundant salt, its marine life, those little islands of twisted plastic. Not to mention its overfished depths, ever-warming temperature, and infinite horizons, reminders of death itself. We pass it by. We walk the boardwalk instead, beyond the two ladies who plait hair, onward a few minutes more until we reach the trampolines. This is the longest distance we have walked since our vacation began. We do it ‘for the children.’ And now we strap our children into harnesses and watch them bounce up and down on the metaphor, up and down, up and down, as we sit, on a low wall, facing them and the sea, legs dangling, sipping at tumblers of vodka, brought from the hotel, wondering if trampolines are not in the end a superior metaphor to lazy rivers. Life’s certainly an up-and-down, up-and-down sort of affair, although for children the downs seem to come as a surprise—almost as a delight, being so outrageous, so difficult to believe—whereas for us, sitting on the wall, clutching our tumblers, it’s the ups that have come to appear a little preposterous, hard to credit; they strike us as a cunning bit of misdirection, rarer than a blood-red moon. Speaking of which, that night there was a blood-red moon. Don’t look at me: southern Spain has the highest ratio of metaphor to reality of any place I’ve ever known.

Then the time ran out. The children were enraged, not understanding yet about time running out, kicking and scratching us as we unstrapped them from their harnesses. But we did not fold, we did not give in; no, we held them close, and accepted their rage, took it into our bodies, all of it, as we accept all their silly tantrums, as a substitute for the true outrage, which of course they do not yet know, because we have not yet told them, because we are on holiday—to which end we have come to a hotel with a lazy river. In truth, there is never a good moment. One day they will open a paper or a Web page and read for themselves about the year—2050 or so, according to the prophets—when the time will run out. A year when they will be no older than we are now. Not everything goes round and round. Some things go up and—”

Inspiration



Social Provocateur
+
Banksy



Banksy

“Only when the last tree has been cut down and the last river has dried up will man realise that reciting red indian proverbs makes you sound like a fucking muppet.”

