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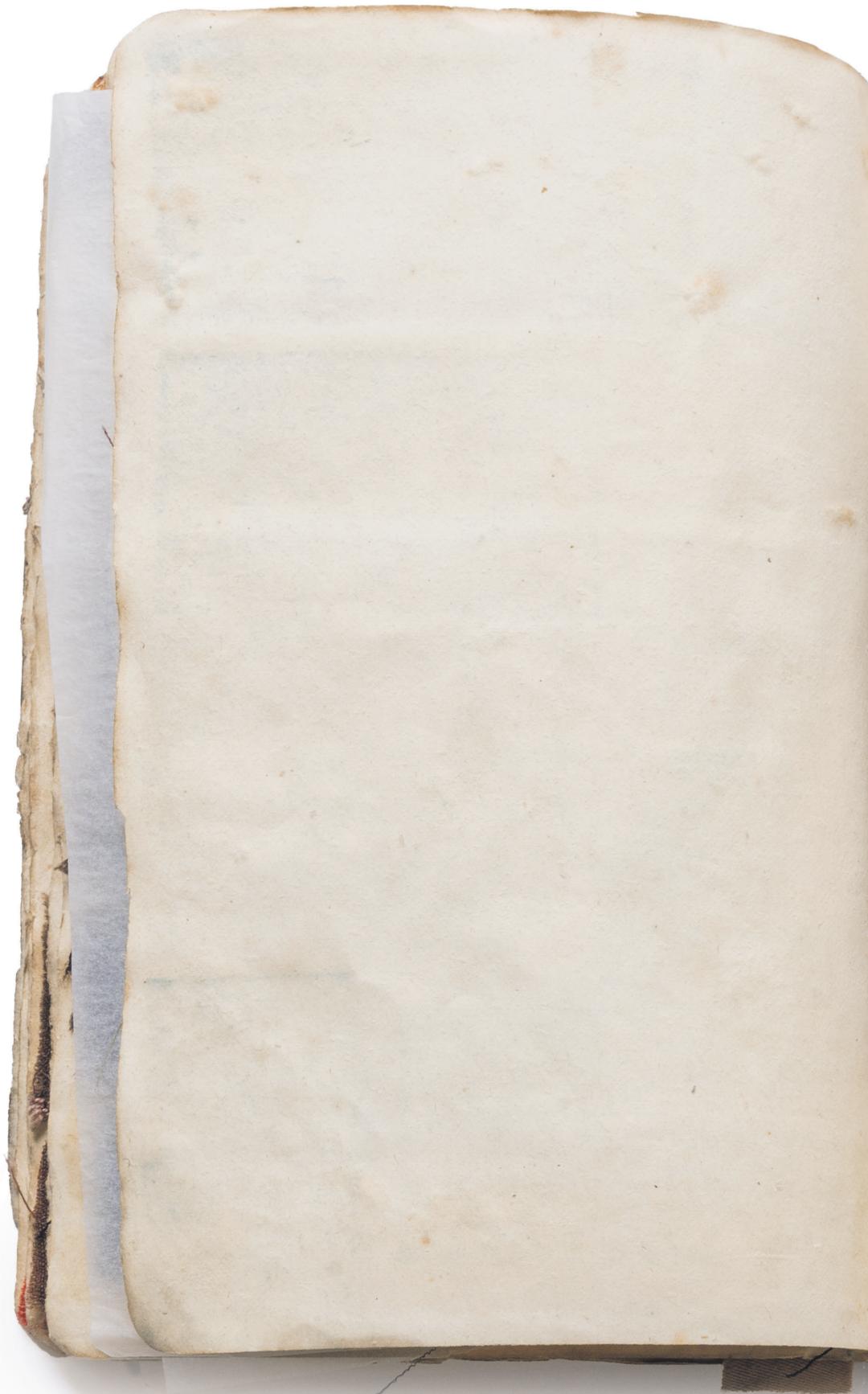
## DYEINGS ON WOOL

How clothing embraces, but does not fully envelop, the human form—the hand emerges from the sleeve, the eyes blink outward beneath the heft of the hat. In this same way, the covers of the dyeings book hold, but do not fully conceal, the knots of wool within. Even when the book is shut, shocks of color may protrude from the fore edge. The fore edge: the side of the book that sits opposite the spine. As the book may not close fully on its own, the dyer can fasten and then unfasten it using a snap, like a coat. Books of dyeings on wool have been at times referred to as *bulletins*, at times as *dictionaries*. The color is the word, defined by the process that made it. Defined by the dipping and wringing of hands, the overnight steeping in basins, the scouring at morning. Often, in order to achieve the color desired—bottle green, common crimson, Napoleon blue—the wool should be exposed to the air after dyeing. The air's irregularities are a regular step of the process. If the shade is deep enough, wash and finish. If not, give another dip.

Natalie Shapero. "the nature of the rows," *habitus · newspaper*. 2016.

We met in a large light studio at the top of the building, where conditions were almost perfect for experiment and research. Here there was space for a valuable piece of colour-training apparatus, for which I had collected many hundreds of duplicate skeins of wool. At each end of the room hung a huge holland sheet divided into ten sections. In these sections the skeins were arranged in groups. White and nearly white, yellow, orange, red and pink, blue, green, violet, purple, buff and brown, grey and black, mottled and marled. On one sheet the skeins were permanently fixed and numbered; on the other the supplicates were detachable, looped over curtain hooks and, of course, unnumbered. One version of the game was played by dividing the children into small teams in charge of a student. On the word "Go," each child was shown a skein; its number having been recorded, she was told to run to the end of the room, find its pair, unhook it, and return with it. Only the subtlest differences divided certain of the skeins, yet some of the children showed an almost uncanny power of memorising colour. I recall an occasion when, in the fifteen minutes we generally gave to this game, one little boy who could not read made nineteen right choices out of nineteen. When I asked him how he did it, he did not seem to know; but, after a few moments of puzzled reflection, he answered, "I look at it, and then say to myself, 'Is it light? Is it dark? Is it neither?'" An explanation which hardly seemed to account for his success.

Marion Richardson, *Art and the Child*, University of London Press, 1948, p 43-44.



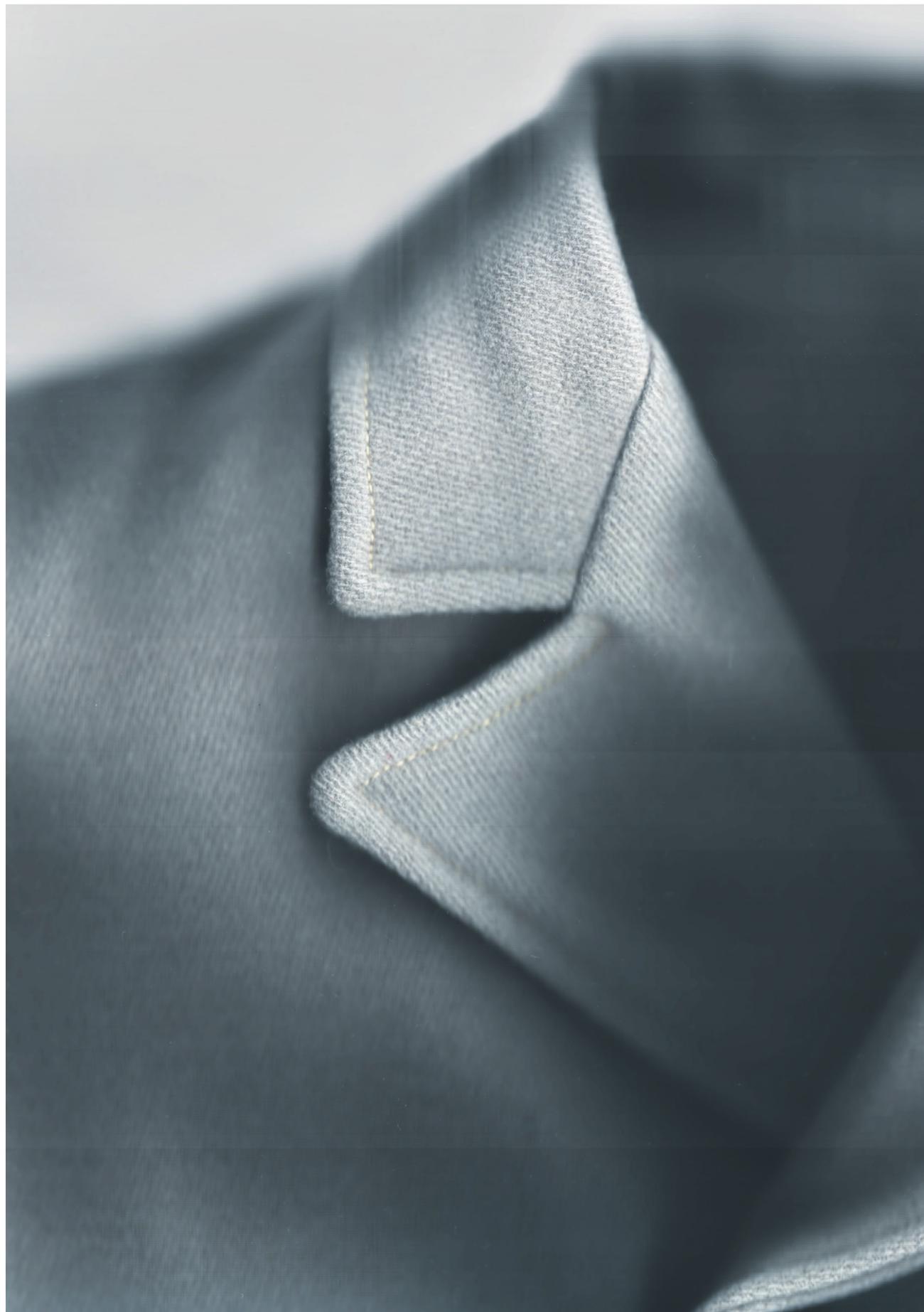
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Courtesy of Bradford College Textile Archive.



Courtesy of Bradford College Textile Archive.



In Capital, Marx wrote about a coat as a commodity--as the abstract "cell-form" of capitalism. He traced the value of that cell-form to the appropriated body of alienated labor. In the process of production, he argued, the commodity takes on an exotic life, even as the body of the worker is reduced to an abstraction. But the actual coats of workers, as of Marx himself, were anything but abstractions. What little wealth they had was stored not as money in banks but as things in the house. Well-being could be measured by the coming and going of those things. To be out of pocket was to be forced to strip the body. To be in pocket was to reclothe the body. The extraordinary intimacy of the pawnbroker's stock, and the massive preponderance of clothes, can be gauged from the accounts of a large Glasgow pawnbroker in 1836. He had taken as pledges:

539 men's coats; 355 vests; 288 pairs of trousers; 84 pairs of stockings;  
1980 women's gowns; 540 petticoats; 132 wrappers [women's loose outer garment]; 123 duffles [thick flannel shawl or coat]; 90 pelisses [women's long coat]; 240 silk handkerchiefs; 294 shirts and shifts; 60 hats; 84 bed ticks; 108 pillows; 206 pairs of blankets; 300 pairs of sheets; 162 bedcovers; 36 tablecloths; 48 umbrellas; 102 Bibles; 204 watches; 216 rings; 48 Waterloo medals (Hudson 1982: 44).

To keep a roof over one's head and food on the table, the intimate materials of the body had to be pawned. And sometimes, one had to choose between house and body. In July 1867, Marx decided to use the £45 set aside for the rent to get back the clothes and watches of his three daughters, so that they could go to stay with Paul Lafargue in France (Marx 1987 [1864 68]: 397). To take one's clothes to the pawnbroker meant to teeter on the edge of social survival. Without "suitable" clothes, Jenny Marx wouldn't go out on the street; without "suitable" clothes, Marx would not work at the British Museum; without "suitable" clothes, the unemployed worker was in no state to look for new employment. To have one's own coat, to wear it on one's back, was to hold on to oneself, even as one held on to one's past and one's future. But it was also to hold onto a memory system that at a moment of crisis could be transformed back into money:

"Yesterday I pawned a coat dating back to my Liverpool days in order to buy writing paper."  
(Marx 1983a [1852-55]: 221).

For Marx, as for the workers of whom he wrote, there were no "mere" things. Things were the materials the clothes, the bedding, the furniture from which one constructed a life; they were the supplements the undoing of which was the annihilation of the self.

It has become a cliché to say that we should not treat people like things. But it is a cliché that misses the point. What have we done to things to have such contempt for them? And who can afford to have such contempt? Why are prisoners stripped of their clothes, if not to strip them of themselves? Marx, having a precarious hold upon the materials of self-construction, knew the value of his own coat.

His clothes had been made of some stuff that was brown holland probably, but it was covered with patches all over, with bright patches, blue, red, and yellow,-- patches on the back, patches on front, patches on elbows, on knees; colored binding round his jacket, scarlet edging at the bottom of his trousers; and the sunshine made him look extremely gay and wonderfully neat withal, because you could see how beautifully all this patching had been done.



*Sheep.* Carlos Relvas. Print from stereoscopic collodion negative. 1870.

...the historical evolution of the woolen outer garments that Europeans now placed over the soft white tunic or chemise. Like the tunic, its simplest form is a plain rectangle of cloth straight off the loom. The men of Homer's epics, for instance, each wore a big woolen rectangle over the tunic, using it as a cloak by day and as a blanket by night. Later Scotsmen did likewise: Their pieces of plaid wool (often worn with a shirt) used to be some sixteen feet long, half being belted around the waist like a skirt, with enough pleats tucked in each time to allow free movement, and the other half being thrown over the shoulder as a cape. Stories have it that the Scots were able to outlast the English soldiers in running warfare because the Highlanders would take off their kilt-cloths after dark, roll up in them three or four times, and remain warm enough to sleep out the night under any bush. Unfitted clothing has great versatility.

Barber Elizabeth Wayland. *Women's Work: The First 20,000 Years.* W. W. Norton & Company, 1994.

Sheep have no teeth in the upper jaw, but the bars or ridges of the palate thicken as they approach the forepart of the mouth; there also the dense, fibrous, elastic matter, of which they are constituted, becomes condensed, and forms a cushion or bed, which covers the converse extremity of the upper jaw, and occupies the place of the upper incisor, or cutting teeth, and partially discharge their functions. The herbage is firmly held between the front teeth in the lower jaw and this pad, and thus partly bitten and partly torn asunder. Of this, the rolling motion of the head is sufficient proof.

The teeth are the same in number as in the mouth of the ox. There are eight incisors or cutting-teeth in the forepart of the lower jaw, and six molars in each jaw above and below, and on either side. The incisors are more admirably formed for grazing than in the ox. The sheep lives closer, and is destined to follow the ox, and gather nourishment where that animal would be unable to crop a single blade. This close life not only loosens the roots of the grass, and disposes them to spread, but by cutting off the short suckers and sproutings—a wise provision of nature—causes the plants to throw out fresh, and more numerous, and stronger ones, and thus is instrumental in improving and increasing the value of the crop. Nothing will more expeditiously and more effectually make a thick, permanent pasture than its being occasionally and closely eaten down by sheep.

Robert Jennings. *Sheep, Swine, and Poultry*. Philadelphia, PA: J.E. Potter and Co., 1864.

One time, investigating in the backyard of our house in Temuco the tiny objects and minuscule beings of my world, I came upon a hole in one of the boards of the fence. I looked through the hole and saw a landscape like that behind our house, uncared for, and wild. I moved back a few steps, because I sensed vaguely that something was about to happen. All of a sudden a hand appeared, a tiny hand of a boy about my own age. By the time I came close again, the hand was gone, and in its place there was a marvelous white sheep.

The sheep's wool was faded. Its wheels had escaped. All of this only made it more authentic. I had never seen such a wonderful sheep. I looked back through the hole but the boy had disappeared. I went into the house and brought out a treasure of my own: a pinecone, opened, full of odor and resin, which I adored. I set it down in the same spot and went off with the sheep.

I never saw either the hand or the boy again. And I have never again seen a sheep like that either. The toy I lost finally in a fire. But even now, in 1954, almost fifty years old, whenever I pass a toy shop, I look furtively into the window, but it's no use. They don't make sheep like that anymore.

I have been a lucky man. To feel the intimacy of brothers is a marvelous thing in life. To

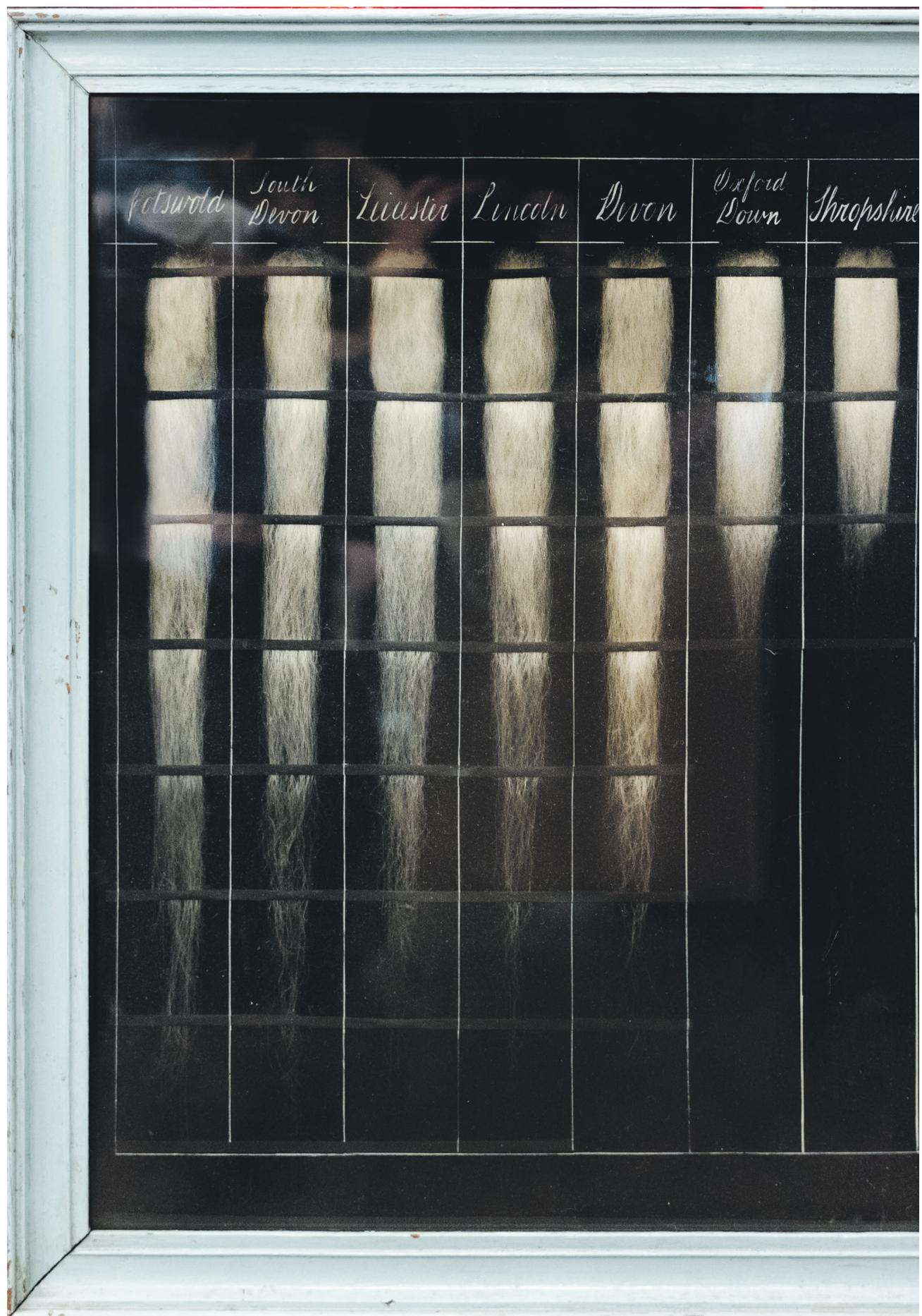
feel the love of people whom we love is a fire that feeds our life. But to feel the affection that comes from those whom we do not know, from those unknown to us, who are watching over our sleep and solitude, over our dangers and our weaknesses, that is something still greater and more beautiful because it widens out the boundaries of our being, and unites all living things.

That exchange brought home to me for the first time a precious idea: that all of humanity is somehow together. That experience came to me again much later; this time it stood out strikingly against a background of trouble and persecution.

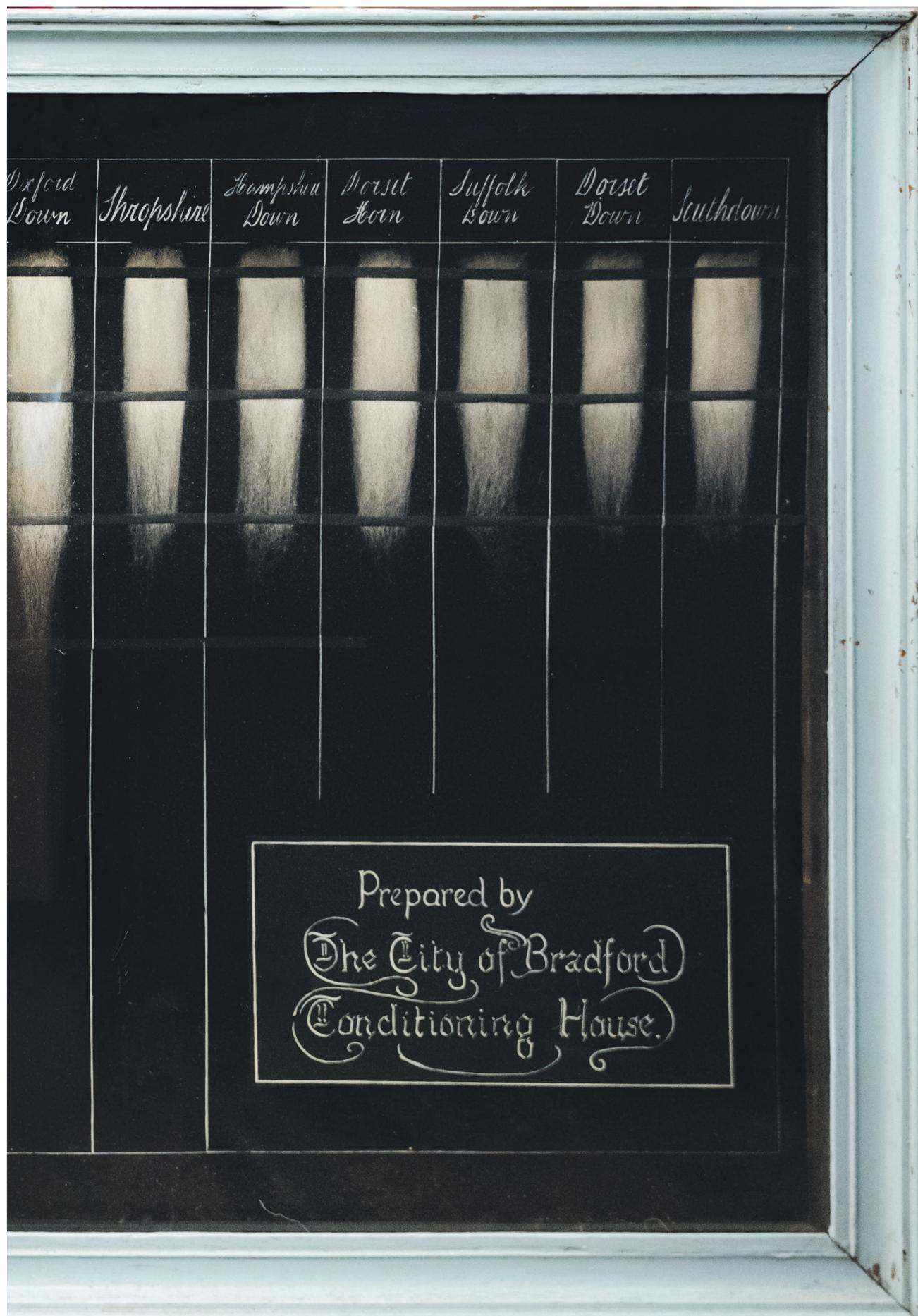
It won't surprise you then that I attempted to give something resinous, earthlike, and fragrant in exchange for human brotherhood. Just as I once left the pinecone by the fence, I have since left my words on the door of so many people who were unknown to me, people in prison, or hunted, or alone.

That is the great lesson I learned in my childhood, in the backyard of a lonely house. Maybe it was nothing but a game two boys played who didn't know each other and wanted to pass to the other some good things of life. Yet maybe this small and mysterious exchange of gifts remained inside me also, deep and indestructible, giving my poetry light.

Pablo Neruda. "The Country Boy." In *Memoirs*, translated from 1974 manuscripts prepared by Mathilde Neruda and Miguel Otero Silva. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC, 1977.



Courtesy of Bradford and District Museums and Galleries.



Bradford is one of those cities and towns that are products of nineteenth-century Industrialism. In 1801 it had a population of about 13,000. In 1901 its population has risen to nearly 280,000. (The only town in the country that grew faster was Middlesbrough.) It was very fortunately placed for its staple trade of worsted and woollen manufacturing. It was near some large coal-fields, and what was even more important, it had an excellent supply of soft water free from lime, good for both washing wool and dyeing it. All the processes of worsted manufacture - combing, spinning, weaving, dyeing and finishing - are carried on in Bradford. It also deals in alpaca, mohair and silk. Indeed there is nothing that can be spun and woven that does not come to Bradford. I remember myself, as a boy, seeing there some samples of human hair that had been sent from China: they were pigtailed that had been cut off by Imperial command. And there used to be one factory in Bradford that specialised in dolls' hair, those crisp curls you find in the nursery cupboard. When I was a rebellious lad, I used to think that a wool office - and I was sent to one for a season - was the very symbol of the prosaic; but now I see that I was wrong.

Revisiting them again, I saw that these offices, with their bins of samples, blue-wrapped cylinders of hair, are really romantic. Take down some of those greasy or dusty samples and you bring the ends of the earth together. This wool was lately wandering about on our South Downs. This comes from Argentina, this from Australia. The dust and dried dung that falls out of this packet comes from the belly of a camel. These wools will be sorted, scoured, combed, the long strands forming Tops, the short Noils, and these Tops and Noils if they are not used locally, may be exported all over the place, from Finland to Spain. What they will end as, God only knows. Their adventures are terrific. Do the Bradford wool men, with their broad faces and loud voices, ever think about these things? I fancy they do, but they never mention them in public. Their talk is all of prices. You might think, to hear them, that they cared for nothing but "t'brass". Don't you believe them.



These domestic beasts were often dressed up with bells, ribbons, and other finery. They were also frequently spoken to, for their owners unlike Cartesian intellectuals, never thought them incapable of understanding. 'Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come,' says Hamlet; and the dialect dictionaries give us a fine range of such modes of address. Geese and chickens were called to their food: Yulu, yuly!, 'Coom biddy' (come I bid thee); sent away: 'Shoo, shoo!' Shough, shough! Pigs were called: 'sic, sic, sic' in the north; 'chuck, chuck' in Hampshire; 'sug, sug' in Norfolk; 'sool, sook' in Devon. Bawk up,' said the Suffolk milkmaid as she tied up her cows. Rynt these,' said her Cheshire counterpart, meaning 'Move over, I've finished.' 'How up, how up,' shouted the men as they drove the cattle.

Even the bees could be communicated with for when they swarmed their owners would whistle, clap their hands, ring bells and tinkle basins and kettles. This was an ancient practice, going back to Roman times, but still universally observed in eighteenth-century England. Its original purpose seems to have been to warn neighbors of the approaching swarm and to prevent disputes by establishing the owner's right in advance. 'The tinkling,' as one expert put it, 'secures a legal right to follow your swarm upon another person's grounds in order to hive them. But by early modern times the noise was widely regarded by country people as a means of addressing the bees themselves. It was thought to prevent them from flying very far; it made them 'knit' and encouraged them to settle sooner.

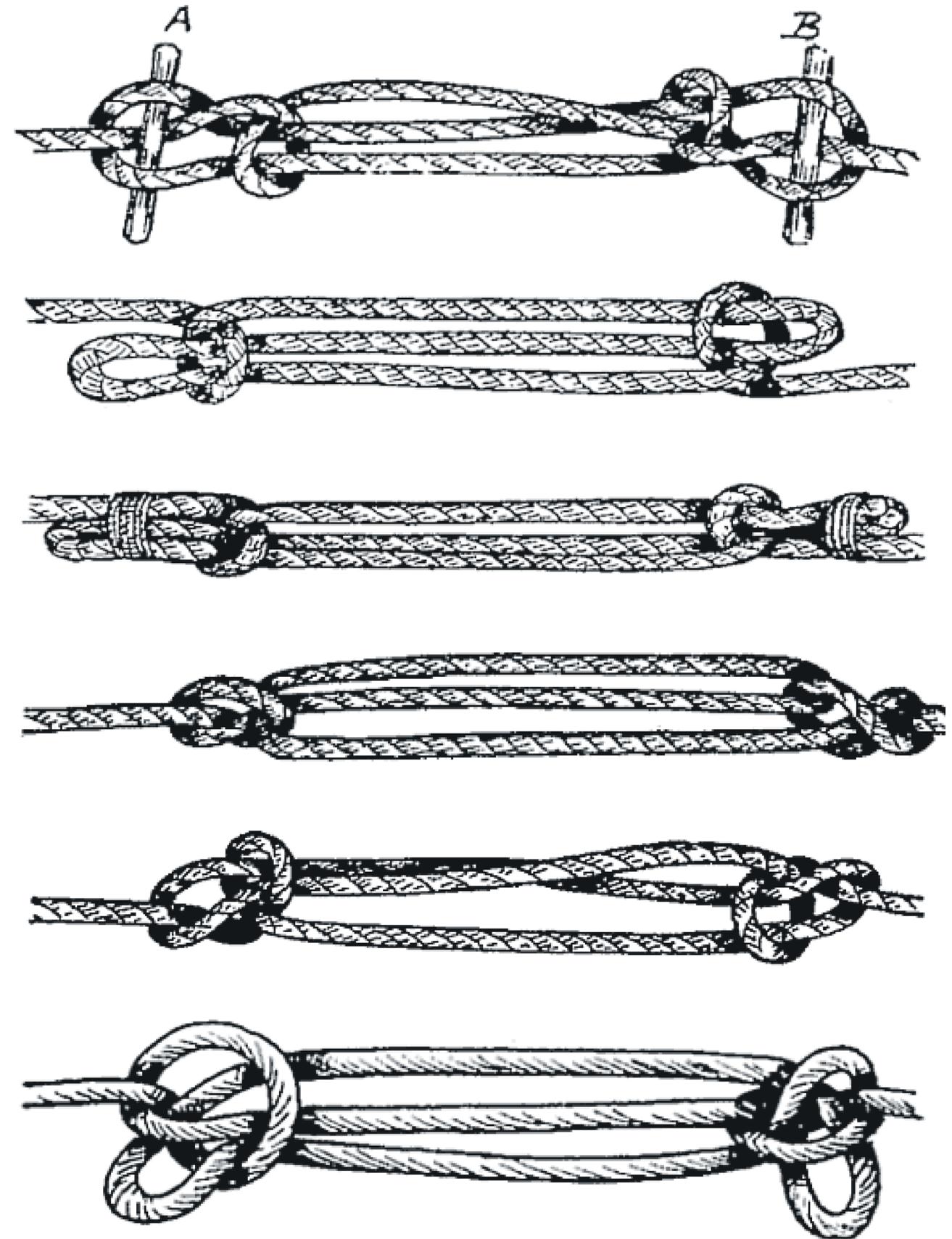


FIG. 78.—Sheepshank.

A. B. C.

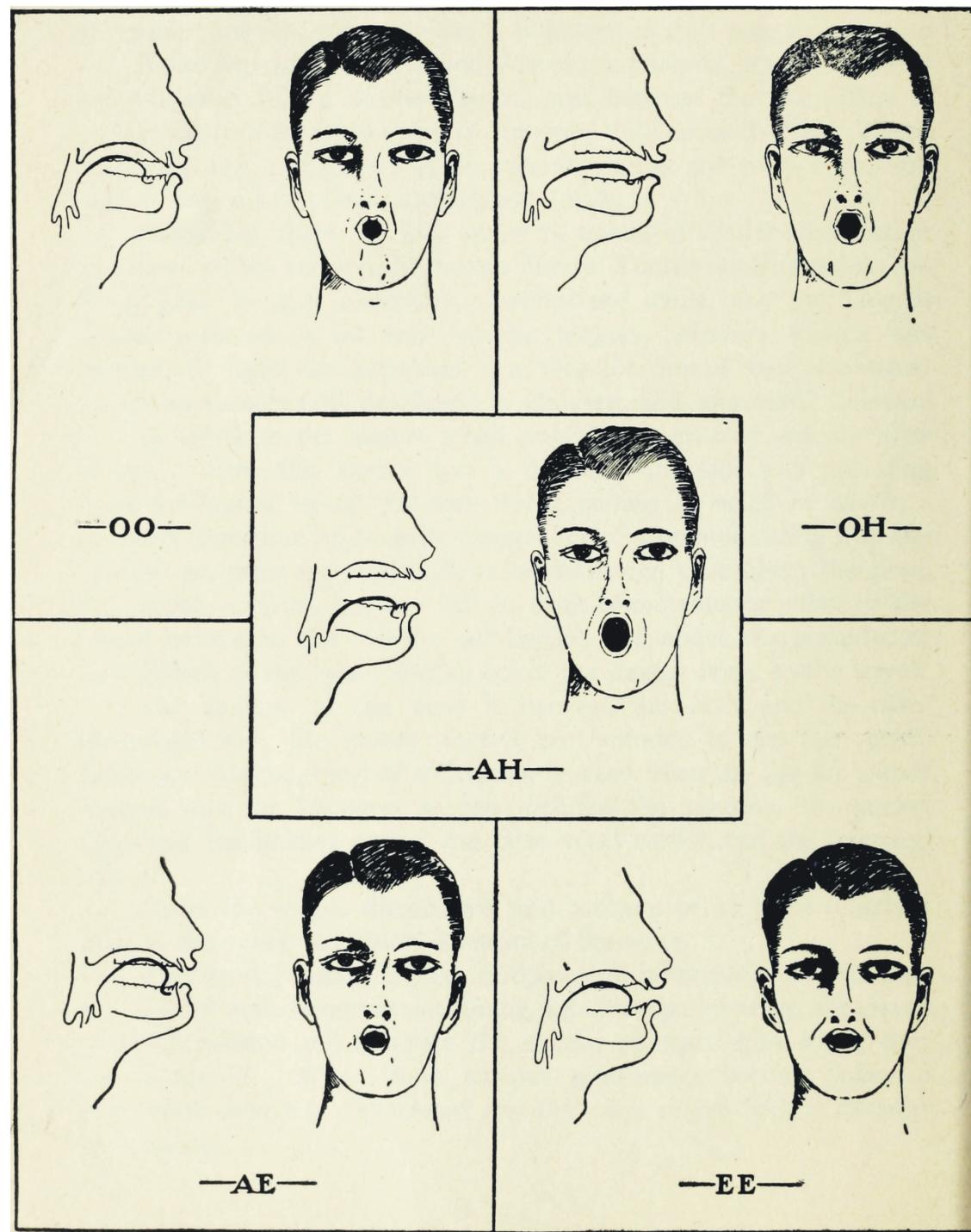
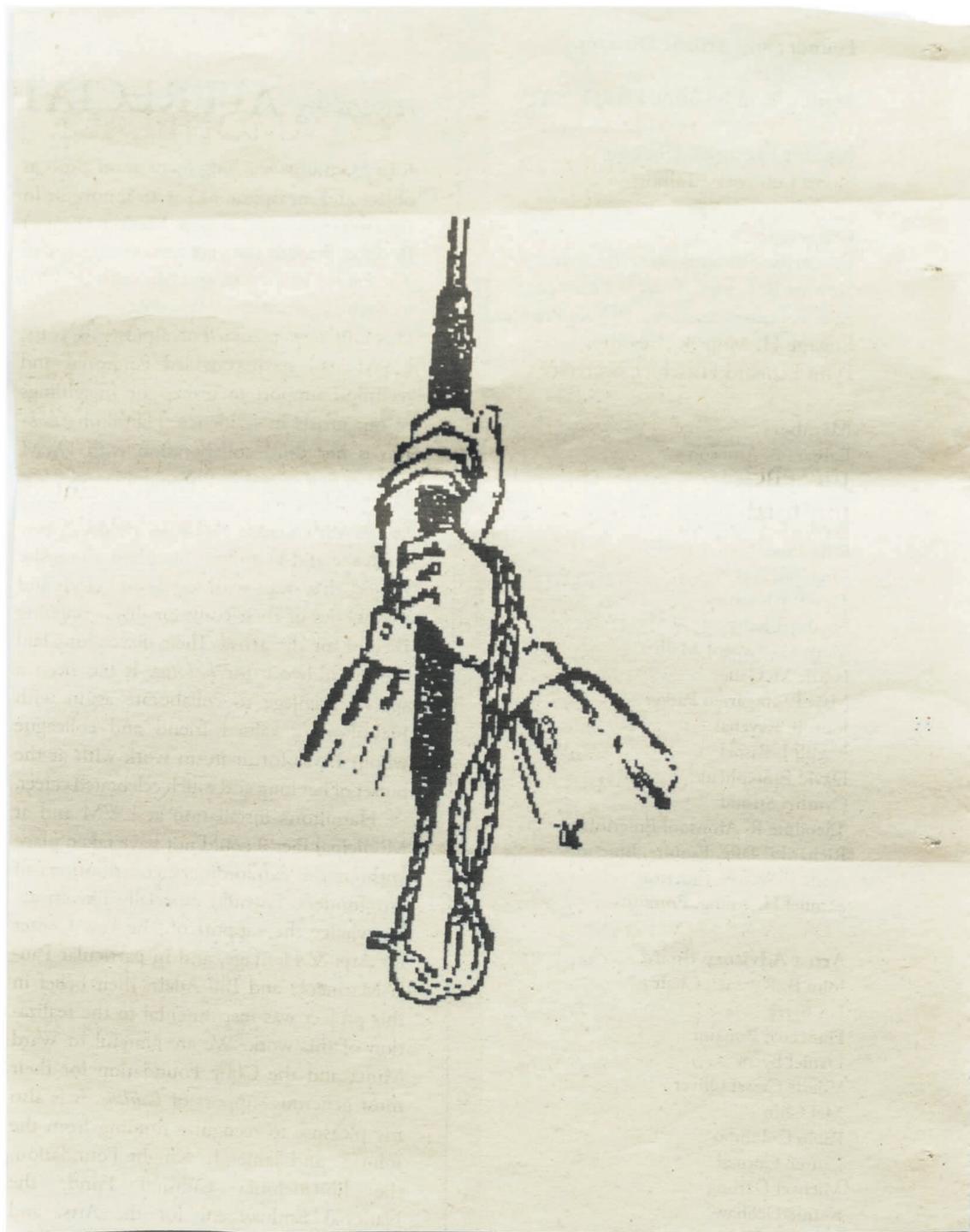
*The History of a Lot of Wool*

A was an Animal known as a sheep.  
 B was the Buyer who bought its wool cheap.  
 C was his Customer, Caught very short;  
 D was the "Damn!" that he said when he'd bought.  
 E was the Entry he made in a book;  
 F was the Furious Fist that he shook.  
 G was his office Girl, shingled and cropped.  
 H wasn't there. I'm afraid it was dropped.  
 I was the Ire that he cherished all day.  
 J the soft Johnnie who got in his way.  
 K was the Knowledge the sorters displayed;  
 L was the Lustre they Lent to the trade.  
 M were the Matchings—result of their toils;  
 N were the beautiful sixty-fours Noils.  
 O was the Oil used to make the tops spin;  
 P the Percentage the comber put in.  
 Q were the Questions of one who would buy;  
 R was the top-maker's Ready Reply.  
 S was the Slub that the Sliver contained,  
 T the Tale Told when the spinner complained.  
 U was the Usual Upshot of strife;  
 V was the Value of Virtue in life.  
 W stood for the War that ensued,  
 X the Xchange where men witnessed the feud.  
 Y was the Yarn that the fuss was about,  
 Z the peace Zealot who straightened things out.

[65]

The crossings of thread make a cloth. Cloth is the body's first architecture; it protects, conceals and reveals; it

carries our weight, swaddles us at birth and covers us in sleep and in death. A patterned cloth symbolizes state or organization; a red cross stitched onto a white field is the universal sign of aid. A white cloth can be a ghost, a monster or a truce. John Constable described the sky in his paintings as a "white sheet drawn behind the objects." When we speak of its qualities we speak of the cloth's hand; we know it through touch. Like skin, its membrane is responsive to contact, to the movement of air, to gravity's pull.



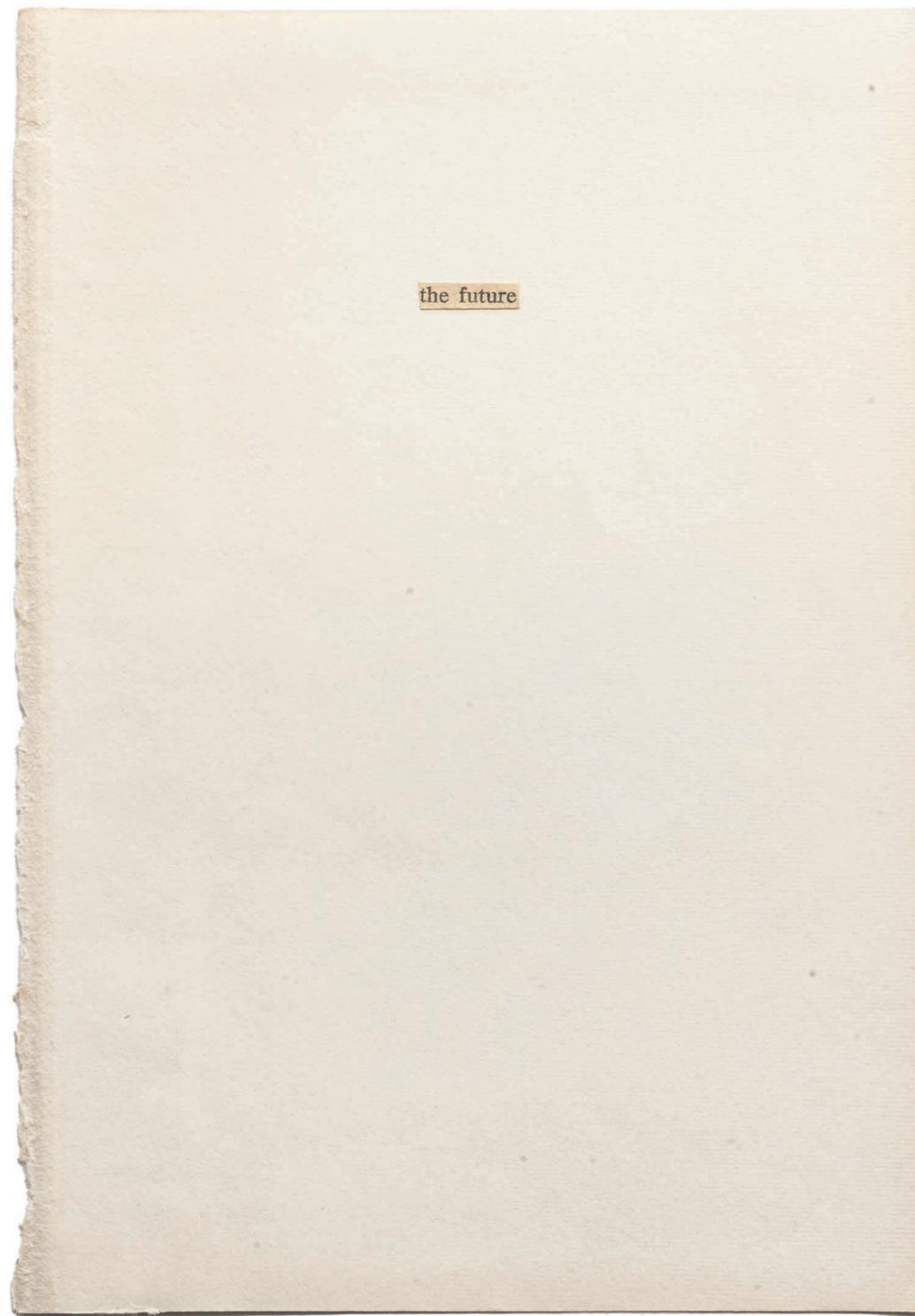
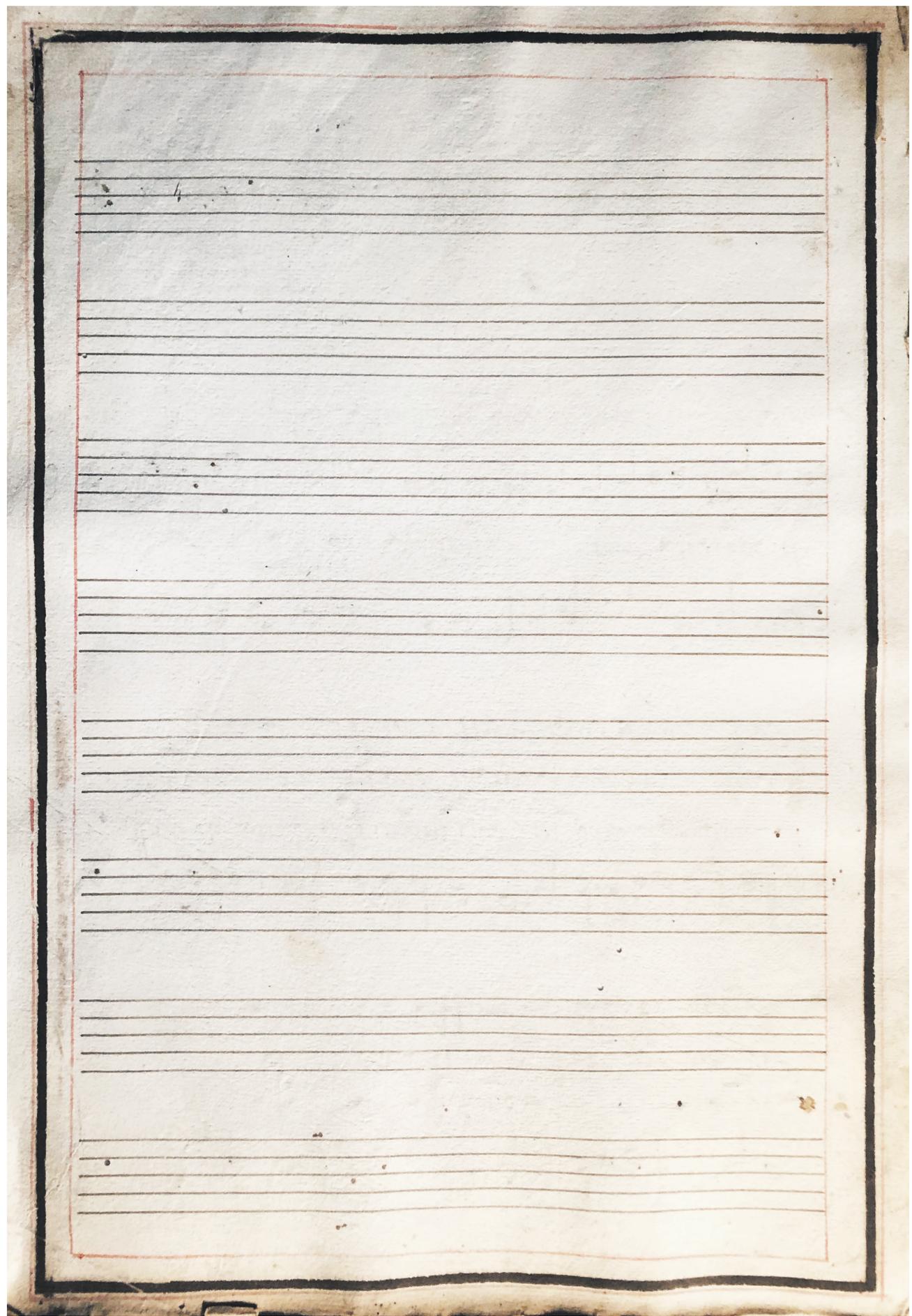
Griffiths, W. H. *How to sing: a complete treatise on singing with practical illustrations and diagrams.* 1900.

“She sang, as requested. There was much about love in the ballad: faithful love that refused to abandon its object; love that disaster could not shake; love that, in calamity, waxed fonder, in poverty clung closer. The words were set to a fine old air — in themselves they were simple and sweet: perhaps, when read, they wanted force; when well sung, they wanted nothing. Shirley sang them well: she breathed into the feeling, softness, she poured round the passion, force: her voice was fine that evening; its expression dramatic: she impressed all, and charmed one. On leaving the instrument, she went to the fire, and sat down on a seat — semi-stool, semi-cushion: the ladies were round her — none of them spoke. The Misses Sympson and the Misses Nunnely looked upon her, as quiet poultry might look on an egret, an ibis, or any other strange fowl. What made her sing so? They never sang so. Was it proper to sing with such expression, with such originality — so unlike a school girl? Decidedly not: it was strange, it was unusual. What was strange must be wrong; what was unusual must be improper. Shirley was judged.”

Charlotte Brontë. *Shirley*. 1849.

....polyphonic art is a kind of audible counterpart to the symbiotic interrelations of bumblebees and roses, hummingbirds and honeysuckle, eagles and salmon and coastal redcedar, lichenized fungi and their algae, woodland caribou and lichen, red squirrels and Douglas-fir: creatures who enlarge each other's lives by following agendas of their own. Polyphonic music flourished in Europe during the age of the great cathedrals, which themselves were stone replacements for the groves of old-growth trees dislodged by farms and cities.

Robert Bringhurst. *Everywhere Being is Dancing: Twenty Pieces of Thinking*. Counterpoint, 2009.



## whistling

“They had become an occasional mutter, like the interior sounds a woman makes when she believes she is alone and unobserved at her work: a sth when she misses the needle’s eye; a soft moan when she sees another chip in her one good platter; the low friendly argument with which she greets the hens.” - *The Bluest Eye*, Toni Morrison

“...will you whistle, whippoorwill, oh will you whistle, whippoorwill for me...?”

What is that little stream of sound we hear from wind, tea kettles, trains, blades of grass, lips, and memory - that clear sound hailing from thin air which we call whistling. Greater than the reach of one’s hand to touch or one’s eyes can see, whistling is a wordless call, is a signal, is protest, is ovation, is laboring together or walking alone, is touching at a distance.

An afterthought in the annals, mentioned more in literature than music or history books, the odd history of whistling is hard to pinpoint. Perhaps rightly so, for whistling is, in the end, character: it is walking with a spring in your step, it is running a stick along a fence in a buoyant mood ready to pluck an apple.

While other instruments are seated in orchestras, discussed in treatises, hung in museums, played in homes, whistling is blithely otherwise, is, somehow, outdoors. is a spree to the hillside, hanging around in the breeze, idly conjured while walking to school or taking the laundry from the line, whistling is idleness’s resistance to the clock’s time. Other worldly, mercurial, incognito and yet like

a signature, truly known - it’s call is recognition, the approach of my mother, my child long before they become visible.

Most simply, whistling is the melodies that live in the cracks and crevices of our minds and days. When the memory that holds a melody spills out unconsciously, there is whistling - trilling its way back from body to sound to atmosphere, there to be overheard and drawn again into another mind, again and again, carried over centuries with little effort or weight, only the memory of melody and the melody of memory, from just a pocket of breath forced through the small hole between lips or teeth, so humans might nimbly soar with the birds.

If you can make a clean blade of a sound through your lips, first a whisper, then a tone, wobbly at first like a plane taking off in the wind, then steady and clear, like liquid Mercury. Then if you dialed up and down with your tongue, conjuring the last thing you heard on the radio, the first tune you heard as a child, the new song that is now in your head. - Ann Hamilton & Emily Eagen



*Different ways of whistling with the fingers, Le Monde Siffler. 1893.*

Whistling: to emit a clear, high-pitched sound by forcing breath through a small hole between one’s lips or teeth.

Around 80 cultures worldwide have developed a whistled form of their language, which they are able to project over great distances, for the most part all these cultures are placed in rugged, mountainous terrain or dense forest. Their whistled speech is a developed form of their language not a separate language. By examining the uses of whistled languages, linguists hope to learn more about how our brains extract meaning from complex sound patterns of speech. Whistled languages tend to mimic the patterns of spoken languages.

- Pucker whistling: the pucker is the most common form of whistling. In this form of whistling, air is either expelled or sucked through pursed lips to produce turbulence and in turn, the whistle.

- Finger whistling: it is also known as wolf whistling and the technique involves inserting fingers in the mouth to shape its opening. The whistle produced by this method is forceful and the sound is loud.

- Palatal or Roof whistling: in this type of

whistling, the air that is pushed between the roof of the mouth and tongue produces the turbulence.

- Hand whistling: to whistle in this manner, the hands should be cupped together, and the air needs to be blown out of the mouth into the resonant chamber formed by hands.

- Bottom-lip whistling: the bottom-lip whistling is performed by sucking the air inside the mouth. The turbulence in this type of whistling is created by pinching the bottom lip at the centre. The sound produced by this method is piercing and one should practice regularly in order to master this loud whistling technique.

- Teeth whistling: it is the most difficult form of whistling and requires the whistler to draw air through the central incisors.

- Throat whistling: the mouth is kept closed for whistling in this manner. In this method of whistling, the air is forced between the tongue and the back of the throat.

*On the art of whistling*, Edinburgh City Libraries, by Douglas in the Music Library team. Posted on October 9, 2023.

# Someday Remember

Some-day re-mem-ber      Some-day re-mem-ber      A lost dia-mond, a bro-ken ring, a

7

rose pe-tal, a song to sing Shells and stones, the sound of rain, a pen-ny, a box and an old key chain

13

Some-day re-mem-ber      Some-day re-mem-ber

Community Compositions for the Future • Bradford, recorded Autumn 2024, transcribed by Emily Eagen.

# We Will Sing

We will sing, We will sing, to our ci - ty we will sing, to the

4

woods, to the moors, to the streams, we will sing. We will sing, we will sing, to the

7

fu - ture we will bring all the wel-come, all the love, we will sing, we will sing

10

We are the four-tains the lanterns, the trees We will sing, We will sing, We are the

13

mills, the snick-ets the parks, We will sing, We will sing, We are op - en, We are here, We are a

16

cup of tea to - ge-ther, We car-ry a light in the dark, We will sing, we will sing, to our

19

ci - ty we will sing, to the woods, to the moors, to the streams, we will sing. We will sing, we will sing, to our

23

fu-ture we will bring all the wel-come, all the love, we will sing, We will sing, We will sing, We will sing..

## *lullaby*

"And the air was full of Thoughts and Things to Say. But at times like these, only the Small Things are ever said. Big Things lurk unsaid inside.

A lullaby drifted in from the verandah. A song that baby Rahel was already forgetting, though it had only just been sung. Something about a moon and a bear and a lullaby and a mother's breath on a child's forehead." - *The God of Small Things* by Arundhati Roy

"A sleep came over them, a drowsing sleep, and the singing filled the room with a quietness, a kind of peace. The baby slept, and the mother's voice went on, low and sweet, and a little tremulous. It was a lullaby for fear." - *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck

From the middle English lullen (to lull) and by[e] (in the sense of "near") we have the word lullaby. No one can know when the first song was sung, what sound emerged from an idle moment, how humming became a song, or where the melodies that make up our day come from, but when new in the world, a lullaby - sung to sooth or comfort - may have been a first cradle. Newly made or old as the first known instance preserved in clay, it is as ancient as a stone, the moon at night and a kiss before bedtime, is your company rocking a baby, peeling an orange, tying your shoes, and folding warm laundry - is the tune animating the small alcoves and spaces of your day. You are song.

Call them lullabies or love songs, miniature miscellany or story, the songs we sing a beloved, the song that we sing to ourselves, is a solace, is a spinning inside, is the music in the trees and the walls, is memories remnants, is a vessel to remember, is a message, is the inside humming, is the far away calling the near by.

- Ann Hamilton & Emily Eagen



## DOY, MY AIN DOY

LULLA, O Lullaby,  
Doy, my ain doy,  
Trees nod good neet  
An' lile birds sleep,  
Dad's on t'intake  
Foldin' his sheep.  
Whisht, lile boy!

Lulla, O Lullaby,  
Doy, my ain doy,  
Road he's takin'  
Is silver an' lone,  
Pines on t'moor-top  
Mak' a sweet moan.  
Whisht, lile boy!

Lulla, O Lullaby,  
Doy, my ain doy,  
Hullets are watchin'  
T'moon put to bed  
In a hill-creddle  
Nigh our homestead.  
Whisht, lile boy!

Lulla, O Lullaby,  
Whisht, lile boy!  
Dad is for home,  
His foldin' is done.  
May ye baith sleep  
While t'risin' o' t'sun,  
Doy, my ain doy!

In melody, as in sweet things, history's emotion finds refuge, its permanent light free of dates and facts. Love and the breeze of our country awake in songs or in the rich paste of nougat, bringing the living breath of dead epochs, in a way which they do not in stones, bells, local characters or even language.

Melody, more vividly than words, defines a region's geographic traits and the arc of its history, sharply defining the moments of a profile time has erased. A ballad, after all, is not perfect until it has acquired its own melody, to give it blood and a heartbeat and a sober or erotic atmosphere for its characters to inhabit.

The latent melody, with its structure of nerve-centres and blood vessels, infuses living historic warmth into texts which can sometimes seem vacuous, sometimes valueless except as mere evocations.

Federico García Lorca On Lullabies. *Las Nanas Infantiles*. A lecture, given in Madrid, 1928.

There was a time when it wasn't uncommon to use a piece of string to guide words that otherwise might falter on the way to their destination. Shy people carried a little bundle of string in their pockets, but people considered loudmouths had no less need for it, since those used to being overheard by everyone were often at a loss for how to make themselves heard by someone. The physical distance between two people using a string was often small; sometimes the smaller the distance, the greater the need for the string .

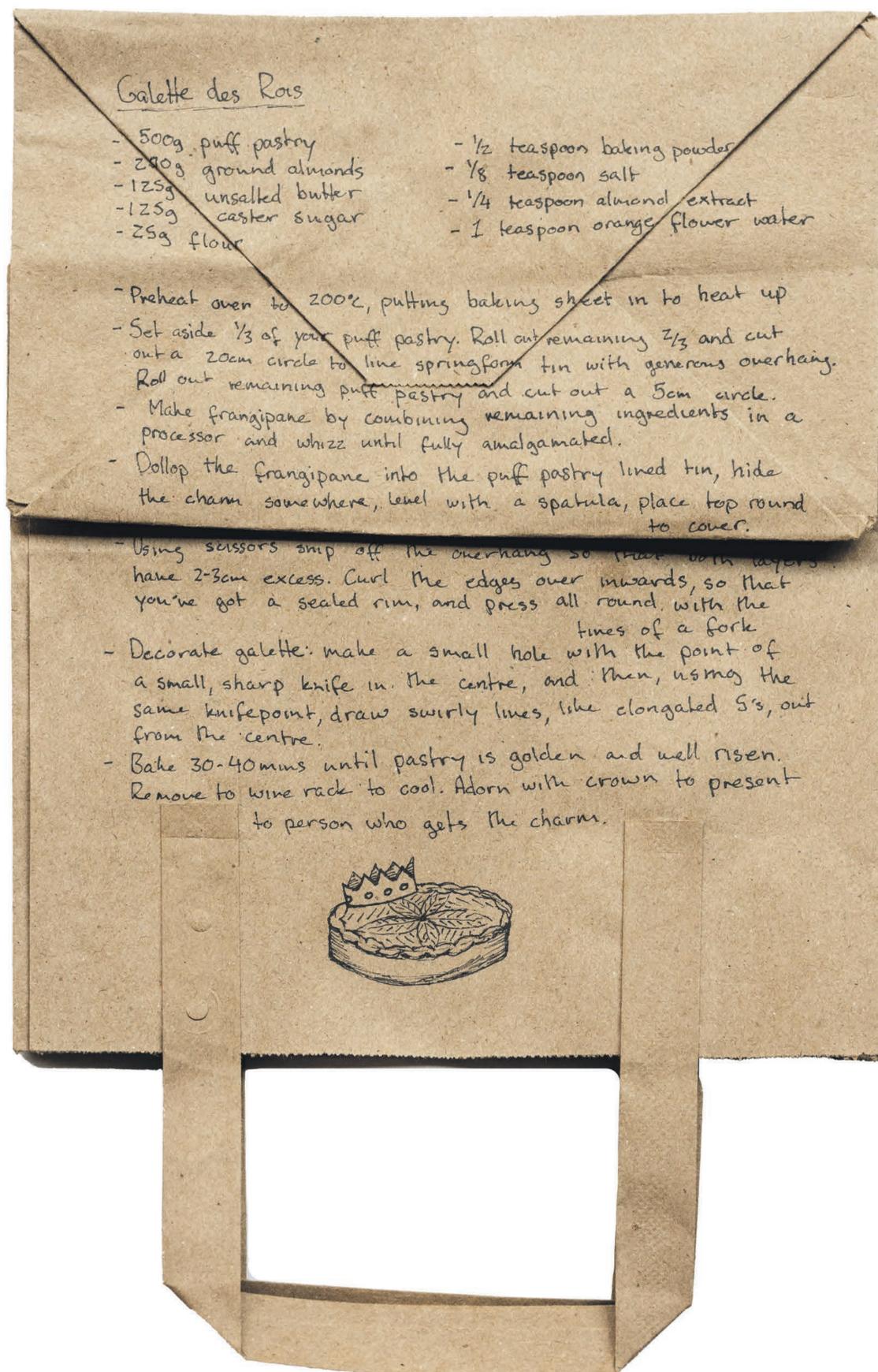
The practice of attaching cups to the ends of the string came much later. Some say it is related to the irrepressible urge to press shells to our ears, to hear the still-surviving echo of the world's first expression. Others say it was started by a man who held the end of a string that was unraveled across the ocean by a girl who left for America.

When the world grew bigger, and there wasn't enough string to keep the things people wanted to say from disappearing into vastness, the telephone was invented.

Sometime no length of string is long enough to say the thing that needs to be said. In such cases all the string can do, in whatever its form is conduct a person's silence.

Nicole Krauss. *The History of Love*. New York: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2006. p. 49.





Galette Des Rois, Nigela Lawson.

After her husband's death, Babcia knew that she would need to find some means of feeding her family if they were to survive their time in Siberia. When they arrived, her daughter Zosia, young and strong, had been assigned to mix the clay for building mud huts; later she was put to work herding the cows of the "Solholz", the Communist Collective to which they had been assigned. As payment for Zosia's back breaking work, the family received one 2-pound loaf of bread a week.

Babcia knew they would need more food than that to survive as a family. But she was older than her daughter. She was not physically strong; she could not work in the fields. So Babcia decided that if she was to help feed her family, she must find a way to use her mind to get them food.

One day, over a game of cards with her grandsons, Babcia had trouble concentrating. An idea was growing in her head as she stared at the cards in her hand.

"Grandmother," said the youngest, "it is your turn."

Babcia looked down at the cards in her hands. She studied the bright colors. A deck of cards had been the only diversion small and light enough to bring with the family when they fled their earlier, much different life. Vladislav had insisted that the small space the cards would occupy in the suitcase of essentials would be worth it in the long run. He knew that the opportunity for diversion could be as important as food in surviving an extended hardship. Babcia took out the queen of diamonds. She turned it over as she thought.

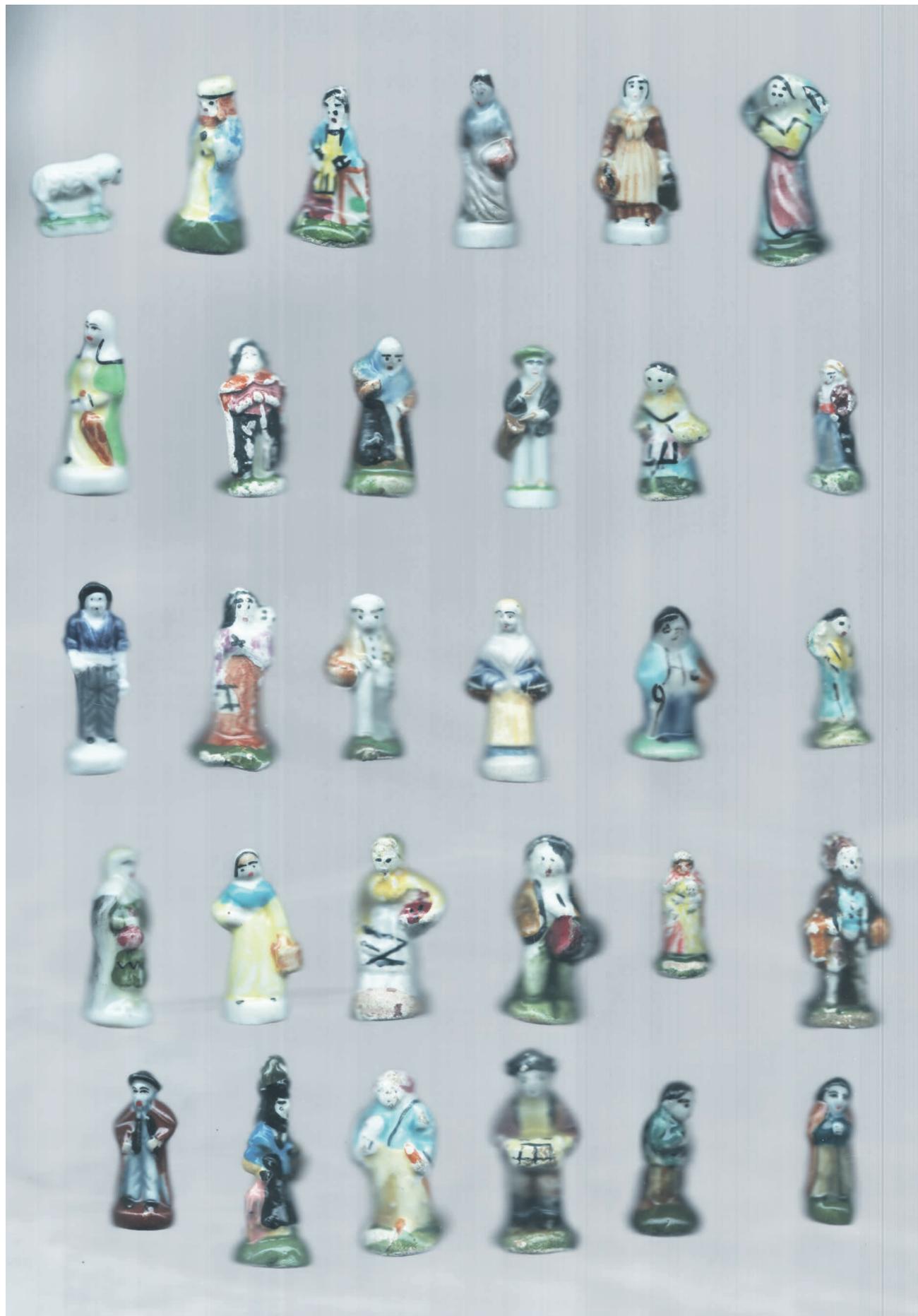
"Grandmother?"

"I will be a fortune teller," she said suddenly. And for the remainder of that afternoon, Babcia practiced laying the cards out in lines and telling the fortunes of her daughter and her grandsons until she could make a fortune from the cards without hesitation.

Perhaps it was the bleak countryside or the long, sunless winter days that made the villagers crave a glimpse of a better, brighter future. Perhaps it was their Eastern European upbringing, steeped as it was in superstition and myth. Whatever the reason, the villagers came to Babcia to hear their fortunes. And Babcia, when she foretold their lives, always tried to give them hope. What was the sense of spreading more suffering with bad predictions? No, Babcia believed in hope.

Soon she was visiting the more prosperous people of the village and using her cards to tell them the fine qualities they possessed, or even that they might need to work on to be better people. If a little good could come of it – if because of her fortune telling, an angry neighbour stopped hitting his wife, or a mother stopped calling her daughter ugly – well, what was the harm in that? Often, in exchange for their fortunes, the villagers would give Babcia a carrot, a potato, or a piece of bread. In this way she helped to keep her family alive.

Andrew Bienkowski. *One Life to Give*. Experiment. 2010.



out to the Magi, with, "Behold the Star in the East." This being concluded, two priests standing at each side of the altar, answered meekly, "We are those whom you seek;" and, drawing a curtain, shewed them a child, whom, falling down, they worshipped. Then the servants made the offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, which were divided among the priests. The Magi, meanwhile, continued praying till they dropped asleep; when a boy, clothed in an alb, like an angel, addressed them with, "All things which the prophets said are fulfilled." The festival concluded with chanting services, &c. At Soissons, a rope was let down from the roof of the church, to which was annexed an iron circle having seven tapers, intended to represent Lucifer, or the morning star; but this was not confined to the Feast of the Star.—Fosbroke's *Antiquities*, ii. 700.

At Milan, in 1336, the *Festival of the Three Kings* was celebrated in a manner that brings forcibly before us the tendency of the middle ages to fix attention on the historical externals of Christianity. The affair was got up by the Preaching Friars. "The three kings appeared, crowned, on three great horses richly habited, surrounded by pages, body guards, and an innumerable retinue. A golden star was exhibited in the sky, going before them. They proceeded to the pillars of St Lawrence, where King Herod was represented with his scribes and wise men. The three kings ask Herod where Christ should be born, and his wise men, having consulted their books, answer, at Bethlehem. On which the three kings, with their golden crowns, having in their hands golden cups filled with frankincense, myrrh, and gold, the star going before, marched to the church of St Eustorgius, with all their attendants, preceded by trumpets, horns, asses, baboons, and a great variety of animals. In the church, on one side of the high altar, there was a manger with an ox and ass, and in it the infant Christ in the arms of his mother. Here the three kings offer Him gifts. The concourse of the people, of knights, ladies, and ecclesiastics, was such as was never before beheld."\*

In its character as a popular festival, Twelfth-Day stands only inferior to Christmas. The leading object held in view is to do honour to the three wise men, or, as they are more generally denominated, the three kings. It is a Christian custom, ancient past memory, and probably suggested by a pagan custom, to indulge in a pleasantry called the *Election of Kings by Beans*.† In England, in later times, a large cake was formed, with a bean inserted, and this was called *Twelfth-Cake*. The family and friends being assembled, the cake was divided by lot, and whoever got the piece containing the bean was accepted as king for the day, and called King of the Bean. The importance of this ceremony in France, where the mock sovereign is named *Le Roi de la Fève*, is indicated by the proverbial

\* Warton's *History of English Poetry*, quoting a Chronicle of Milan, by Gualvanei de la Flamma.

† Some maintain it to have been derived from the custom observed by the Roman children, who, at the end of their Saturnalia, drew lots with beans, to see who would be king.—*Brady*.

phrase for good luck, 'Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau.' He has found the bean in the cake. In Rome, they do not draw king and queen as in England, but indulge in a number of jocularities, very much for the amusement of children. Fruit-stalls and confectioners' shops are dressed up with great gaiety. A ridiculous figure, called *Beffana*, parades the streets, amidst a storm of popular wit and nonsense. The children, on going to bed, hang up a stocking, which the *Beffana* is found next morning to have filled with cakes and sweetmeats if they have been good, but with stones and dirt if they have been naughty.

In England, it appears there was always a queen as well as a king on Twelfth-Night. A writer, speaking of the celebration in the south of England in 1774, says: 'After tea, a cake is produced, with two bowls containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. The host fills up the tickets, and the whole company, except the king and queen, are to be ministers of state, maids of honour, or ladies of the bed-chamber. Often the host and hostess, more by design than accident, become king and queen. According to Twelfth-Day law, each party is to support his character till midnight.

In the sixteenth century, it would appear that some peculiar ceremonies followed the election of the king and queen. Barnaby Goodge, in his paraphrase of the curious poem of Nageorgus, *The Popish Kingdom*, 1570, states that the king, on being elected, was raised up with great cries to the ceiling, where, with chalk, he inscribed crosses on the rafters to protect the house against evil spirits.

The sketch on the opposite page is copied from an old French print, executed by J. Mariatte, representing *Le Roi de la Fève* (the King of the Bean) at the moment of his election, and preparing to drink to the company. In France, this act on his part was marked by a loud shout of 'Le Roi boit!' (The king drinks,) from the party assembled.

A Twelfth-Day custom, connected with Paget's Bromley in Staffordshire, went out in the seventeenth century. A man came along the village with a mock horse fastened to him, with which he danced, at the same making a snapping noise with a bow and arrow. He was attended by half-a-dozen fellow-villagers, wearing mock deers' heads, and displaying the arms of the several chief landlords of the town. This party danced *the Hays*, and other country dances, to music, amidst the sympathy and applause of the multitude. There was also a huge pot of ale with cakes by general contribution of the village, out of the very surplus of which 'they not only repaired their church, but kept their poor too; which charges,' quoth Dr Plot, 'are not now, perhaps, so cheerfully borne.'\*

On Twelfth-Night, 1606, Ben Jonson's masque of *Hymen* was performed before the Court; and in 1613, the gentlemen of Gray's Inn were permitted by Lord Bacon to perform a Twelfth-Day masque at Whitehall. In this masque the character of *Baby Cake* is attended by 'an

\* *Natural History of Staffordshire*, 1680, p. 434.



THE KING OF THE BEAN.

usher bearing a great cake with a bean and a pease.'

On Twelfth-Day, 1563, Mary Queen of Scots celebrated the French pastime of the King of the Bean at Holyrood, but with a queen instead of a king, as more appropriate, in consideration of herself being a female sovereign. The lot fell to the real queen's attendant, Mary Fleming, and the mistress good-naturedly arrayed the servant in her own robes and jewels, that she might duly sustain the mimic dignity in the festivities of the night. The English resident, Randolph, who was in love with Mary Beton, another of the queen's maids of honour, wrote in excited terms about this festival to the Earl of Leicester. 'Happy was it,' says he, 'unto this realm, that her reign endured no longer. Two such sights, in one state, in so good accord, I believe was never seen, as to behold two worthy queens possess, without envy, one kingdom, both upon a day. I leave the rest to your lordship to be judged of. My pen staggereth, my hand faileth, further to write. . . . The queen of the bean was that day in a gown of cloth of silver; her head, her neck, her shoulders, the rest of her whole body, so beset with stones, that more in our whole jewel-house were not to be found. . . . The cheer was great. I never found myself so happy, nor so well treated, until that it came to the point that the old queen [Mary] herself, to show her mighty power, contrary unto the assurance granted me by the younger queen [Mary Fleming], drew me into the dance, which part of the play I could

with good will have spared unto your lordship, as much fitter for the purpose.'\*

Charles I. had his masque on Twelfth-Day, and the Queen hers on the Shrovetide following, the expenses exceeding £2000; and on Twelfth-Night, 1633, the Queen feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented a pastoral, in which she took part.

Down to the time of the Civil Wars, the feast was observed with great splendour, not only at Court, but at the Inns of Court, and the Universities (where it was an old custom to choose the king by the bean in a cake), as well as in private mansions and smaller households.

Then, too, we read of the English nobility keeping Twelfth-Night otherwise than with cake and characters, by the diversion of blowing up pasteboard castles; letting claret flow like blood, out of a stag made of paste; the castle bombarded from a pasteboard ship, with cannon, in the midst of which the company pelted each other with egg-shells filled with rose-water; and large pies were made, filled with live frogs, which hopped and flew out, upon some curious person lifting up the lid.

Twelfth-Night grew to be a Court festival, in which gaming was a costly feature. Evelyn tells us that on Twelfth-Night, 1662, according to custom, his Majesty [Charles II.] opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the Privy Chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. [The year before

\* Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, iv. 20.



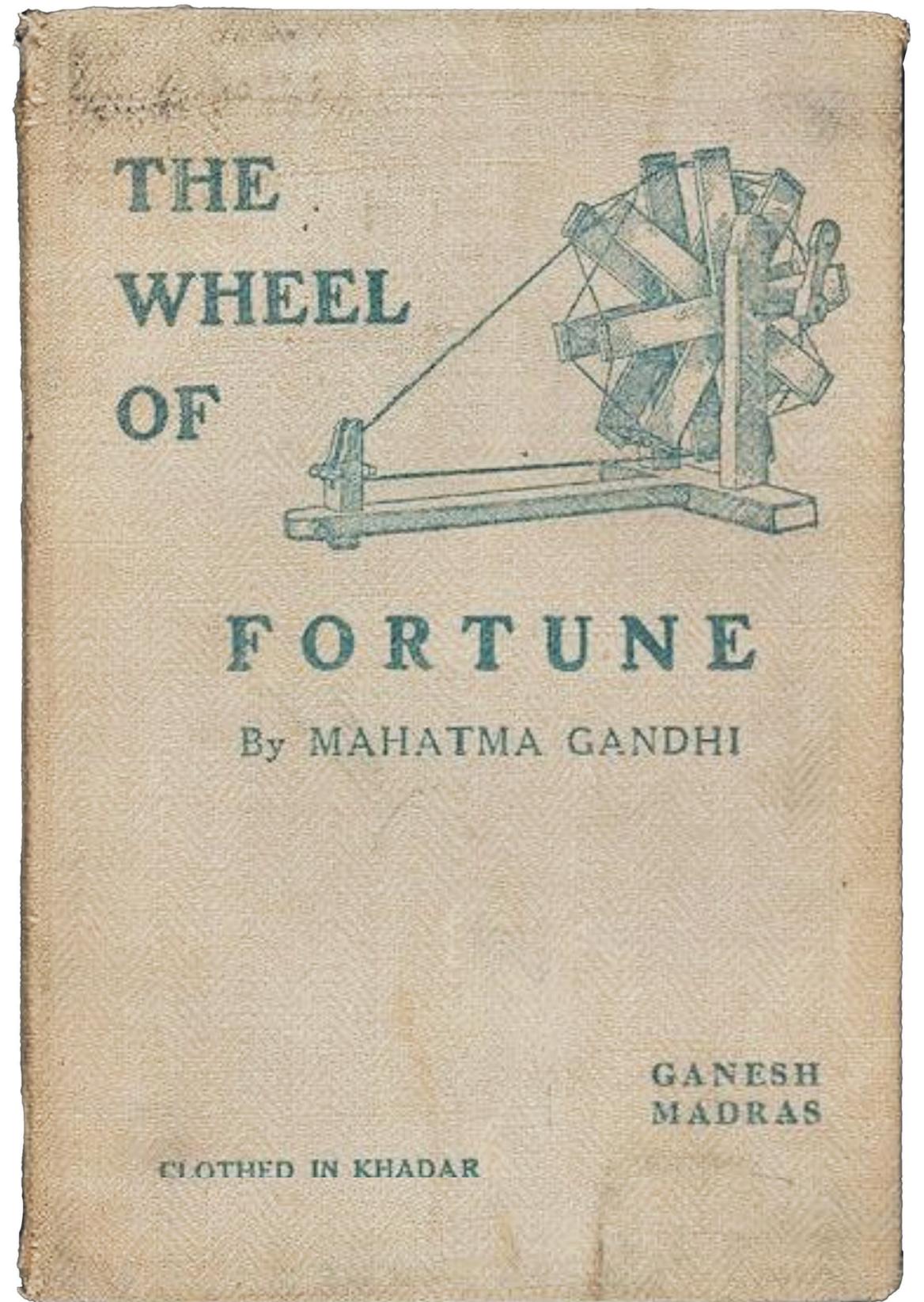
'The Shoemaker and the Elves,' a shoemaker is down on his luck and has only enough leather to sew a single pair of shoes. He cuts the leather out and goes to bed, planning to sew the shoes in the morning. During the night, two naked elves come and make the shoes. The shoemaker is speechless with astonishment when he finds them. Not a stitch is out of place! The shoes are such a master•piece that the first customer to appear in the morning pays handsomely for them, and the cobbler has enough money to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. That night he cuts the leather out and goes to bed. Again in the morning the shoes are made, and again they sell for such a price as to afford the leather for four pairs of shoes. In this way the shoemaker soon prospers.

One evening ('not long before Christmas,' the tale says), the cobbler suggests to his wife that they stay up and see who has been helping them. They leave a candle burning, hide behind some coats, and, at midnight, see the elves come in and set to work. In the morning the wife says to the shoemaker, 'The little men have made us rich and we should show our gratitude for this. They're running about with nothing on and might freeze! I'm going to make them each a shirt, coat, jacket, trousers and a pair of stockings. Why don't you make them each a pair of little shoes.' The cobbler willingly agrees, and one night when the clothes are finished he lays them out on the bench in place of the leather. He and his wife hide behind the coats to watch.

The elves are surprised and pleased to find the clothes. They put them on and sing—

'We're sleek, we're fine, we're out the door, We shan't be cobblers any more!'

And they dance around the room and away. They never return, but every•thing continues to go well with the shoemaker and he prospers at what•ever he takes in hand.



Dear Future,  
 I want you to remember my childhood  
 because I had really special moments at  
 that time.

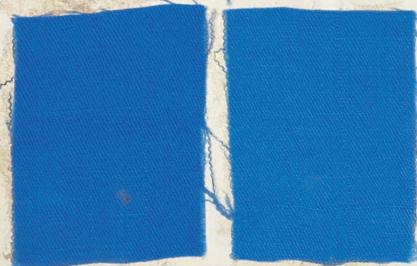
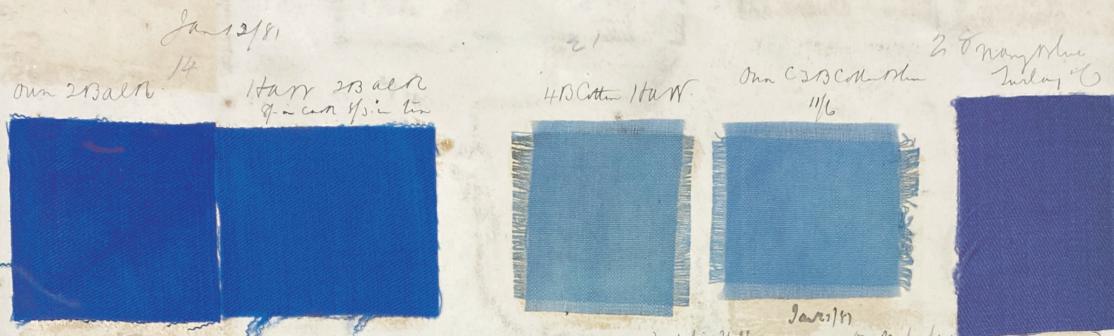
If I could mail you I would give you  
 my grandpa's jacket because he  
 passed away when I was 6 years old and  
 my dad accidentally took his jacket  
 when we went to Algeria. I feel so  
 emotional when I hold it because it brings  
 back memories.

The memory of a smell is the smell of my  
 grandpa's jacket.

I think happiness feels like when your loved  
 or maybe overjoyed.

Oct 27th Nov 2nd Nov 7th  
 O E N O N O N

1881



The same  
 dyes after  
 the above in  
 the partly  
 exhausted  
 bath -  
 The residual  
 dye after acidifying  
 shows rather little  
 evidence in Hake than  
 the other



Colours from Kilmer) for C.A.  
 Jan 21/81



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## spinning

The momentary pleasure of weightlessly rotating around a wheel in the sky was the mechanical promise of a relatively new amusement on display at the Exposition Universelle in Paris in 1900. The grounds were thronged with people, and one could be lost in the crowd, but the experience in the sky was different. The Ferris wheel offered a bird's eye view to a weighted body. Around and around a central axle, the imagined flocking of this technological wonder spun with the roar and thrill of moving together.

History is the story of cultures configuring and reconfiguring the many relations of self to other-selves. A universal history of humankind may be impossible, but the idea of universality is seductive. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights was adopted by the United Nations General Assembly on 10 December 1948 at the Palais de Chaillot, Paris. The productions of Universal Studios promise absorption and abandonment in moving images on screens, surrounded by loud sound. Projected light reels images into dark spaces built in turn-of-the-century exposition scale, animating the screen with narratives of good and evil, right and wrong. Particular circumstances of place and time pull against universalizing tendencies, but an appetite for a world of clearly drawn oppositions and outcomes is never stilled, and so the films spin their many versions of the story. We see but do not witness the wars, the

battles, the bodies in agony, the cities wasted, the forests and oceans poisoned. We sit in the reassurance of the darkness alone together yet we long for a release from a world of opposites, for turnings less mechanical in the ensouling of the world.

"Listen to the reed and the tale it tells, How it sings of separation..." wrote Jalāl ad-Dīn Rumi, a Sufi mystic and poet whose thirteenth-century words of universal love and service transcend the time periods, national borders, and ethnic divisions that carve a contemporary world. The lexical roots of the Sufis lie in *sūf*, the Arabic word meaning wool and *safā*, which means purity. Whirling Dervishes, the ones who wear wool on top of purity make visible to a wider public the physical meditation of their religious practice. From the distance and perspective of an onlooker, the motion of the felted wool skirts the dervishes wear creates the illusion of a stationary white ring around a moving center. Resisting vertigo, the dervishes whirl in a continuous rotation from right to left around the heart, braiding stillness and whirling in a discipline of abandonment and merging.

Perhaps one version of a contemporary vertigo lies in our confusion between entertainment, spiritual practice, and social change. The spinning movement Mahatma Gandhi initiated as part of the Indian independence struggle produced miles of cotton yarn. The

Khadi cloth woven from it became a symbol of a self-reliant economy free from English cloth and foreign clothing. The old English word for whirl is whorl. It is also the name given to the spherical weight on the end of a drop spindle which increases or maintains the spindle's momentum for drawing yarn by hand from strands of plant or animal fiber. When the shaft stills, the newly spun yarn is wound around the spindle. Successive lengths thicken above the whorl, and the accumulating weight makes the spindle rotate longer and more easily. We know from archaeological records that the making and weaving of thread is one of the oldest technologies, but the specific origins of spinning are lost, as is my sense of time when absorbed in repetitions of the spindle's turnings and windings.

Wool, spun from sheep's fleece, is the yarn densely twisted into the three strands of a bell ringing rope to mark the strokes and protect the hand from the chafing of the linen. The plush grip of wool twisted into linen plies plant with animal and is called a "sally"—so named for the motion of the rope leaping, dancing back and forth in response to the bell's weight and pull. The hand listening to the ear must know when to pull, when to hold, and when to let go; the counting rhythm of letting go and catching creates the pattern of the bells. (Weight and weightlessness are bound. Abandonment and restraint are woven. Sound and si-

lence are twined.) The order of the bells is counted, the movement of the hands reeling in and releasing, sets the score in muscle memory. On paper the score is a pattern of crossed lines that looks like knitted argyle. There are usually six positions but an almost infinite number of possible patterns in a change ringing score.

Cross-stitch is a form of counted thread embroidery in which each stitch is an uniform X. The pattern and the color of individual X's stitching an image into a cloth ground. The letter A can be formed from eleven cross stitches, a simple tree or figure from twenty, a landscape from many hundreds more. The hand sews with sureness, knows the exact pressure to poke the point of a needle up and smoothly through the linen backing cloth; up, down in a left-hand slant, up in the opposite corner, down in a right-hand slant. One stitch mirrors and crosses the other to complete a single X. Four holes in the cloth, two stitches for one mark, each mark next to another until the trail of thread and the direction of the hand make the figure A. The surrogate index of the needle is slower than the continuous line of a cursive hand writing with pen or pencil, but the slant is the same.

The time it takes to tap the keyboard to make an X on my screen is only a millisecond, the time to write less than a second, the time to stitch two or three times longer—not including the time to thread the



needle and tie a knot. These marks are direct. Reading is swifter but less material. My finger may scan along, leading or following my eye, but for a sacred text the small sculpture of a hand caps a metal rod, a Yad, with an index finger pointing. The Yad separates human flesh from animal parchment, leads the eye across a surface. The hand directs and the voice follows, as the eye plows one line, then the other, then another, until the touched and sounded page turns.

"A time to gain, a time to lose, a time to rend, a time to sew" are biblical verses (from Ecclesiastes) adapted for the lyrics of a song written by Pete Seeger and popularized by the Byrds. The general view of stream of consciousness described by philosopher William James remarked on "the different pace of its parts, Like a bird's life. it seems to be an alteration of flights and perchings." For James an X might be a perching. When dates are carved into wood or stone an X represents the number ten. Gridded paper filled with X's of alternating colors chart the needlepoint pattern the hand follows. X, the twenty-fourth letter of the alphabet, rarely begins an English word and is the third least common letter. X is the horizontal axis in the Cartesian coordinate system and while we orient ourselves to the horizon we find a county on the map with intersecting lines of longitude and latitude. Often, someone points their finger and says "X

marks the spot."

What does it mean to say "I lose myself"? In his 1786 essay "What is Orientation in Thinking?" philosopher Immanuel Kant wrote "to orientate oneself, in the proper sense of the word, means to use a given direction—and we divide the horizon into four of these—in order to find the others, and in particular that of sunrise. If I see the sun in the sky and know that it is now midday, I know how to find south, west, north, and east. For this purpose, however, I must necessarily be able to feel a difference within my own subject, namely that between my right and left hands. I call this a *feeling*."

Seated on an airplane I do not feel that I am flying. As technologically wonder-evoking as the Ferris wheel was in its time, this is motion almost without sensation. We sit in our seats, we rise, we hurdle at great speeds through the sky, and we land somewhere else with hardly a wrinkle in our clothing. Physical transport without physical transformation: we are surrounded by motion but held in stillness. The speed of travel doesn't tempt our threshold for control. There is no spinning, and there is no blurring of the clouds outside the window.

A photographic image, when blurred and out of focus, may be seen as a mistake. The paradox of stillness in movement and movement in stillness is instant in film and photography. Technologies become ways of seeing and ways of

seeing become ways of being within the centrifugal forces of time and the intensities of speed that hold and make our sensuous consciousness. The camera in my hand is now a wand of light. It no longer "captures" or "takes" a picture with the window of an open aperture but optically scans as it moves across a surface. The resulting blur is not the speed registered by the chemistry of film materials but a consequence of the hand's motion, the hesitations and breath of the body. A drawing made with eye and light and hand. If the object and my seeing hand are moving in unison or in opposition, the image condenses the time of intersection. Each stroke of light over an object becomes an image at that moment of passage. Blur registering motion registers touch. Upon seeing the image, my hand is motionless, still, it registers the gesture of contact's touch, its invisible tremor is the hand's memory, a still frame in a blurred image.

The pacifist community of Shakers, known for their ecstatic behavior during worship, danced their separateness and togetherness in weekly gatherings in which the women danced on one side of the room and the men on the other. When the motion was exhausted they formed a circle and would wait for any appearance of a gift. In one account "two of the sisters ...commence(d) whirling round like a top, with their eyes shut; and continued this motion for about fifteen min-

utes; when they suddenly stopped and resumed their places, as steady as if they had never stirred..."

Dancing in a circle to music is a ritual of many cultures and time periods. The Hora is a circle or chain dance in which the dancers hold hands and each other and spinning counterclockwise, following a sequence of forward and backward steps. Everyone connected hand to hand, everyone in contact, one body to another, creating a larger motion.

Like a ball of yarn in relation to a length or strand of thread, the circle dance is in relation to the individuated line dance, folk dance, or disco. As with my individual screen and your individual screen, we no longer inhabit the same space but our faces are both illuminated by the screen's light.

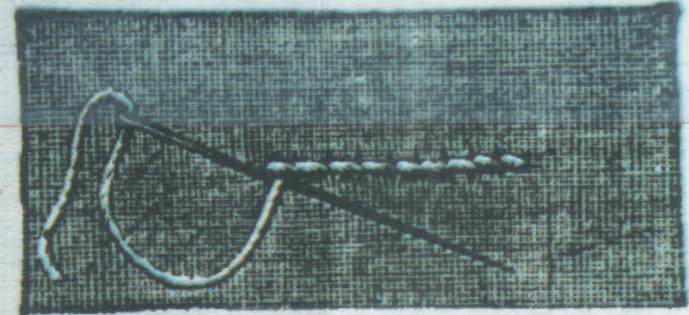
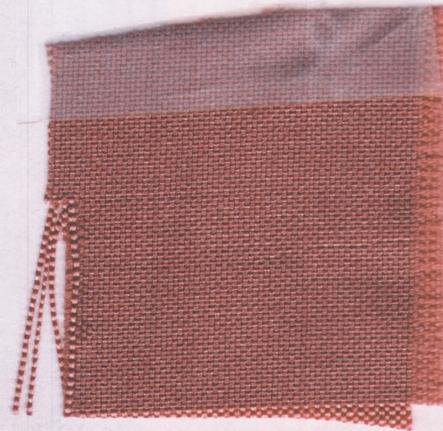
"We think by feeling," wrote poet Theodore Roethke. We circle words, space, time, each other. We open our mouths, we listen to the abundant sound of things and their motions. Time, like cotton spinning into thread, must be loosely held, must allow the pulling forward and letting go in one continuous motion of drawing in and handing off. Our photographs and our objects accumulate material evidence of our holding on. We wear their imprint, like the sweaters of our grandparents, as surely as footsteps left in sand as gifts from another time.

- Ann Hamilton

I can touch the cloth in my hand and feel sure of its weight, its weave, its thread, but I am less sure what to call this body, like but not like mine. The poet Robert Duncan has written: "they' can be differentiated into 'he' and 'she'. 'We' is made up of 'I's', pronounced 'eyes', as Zukofsky reminds us, and 'you', in whom the word 'thee' has been hidden away."

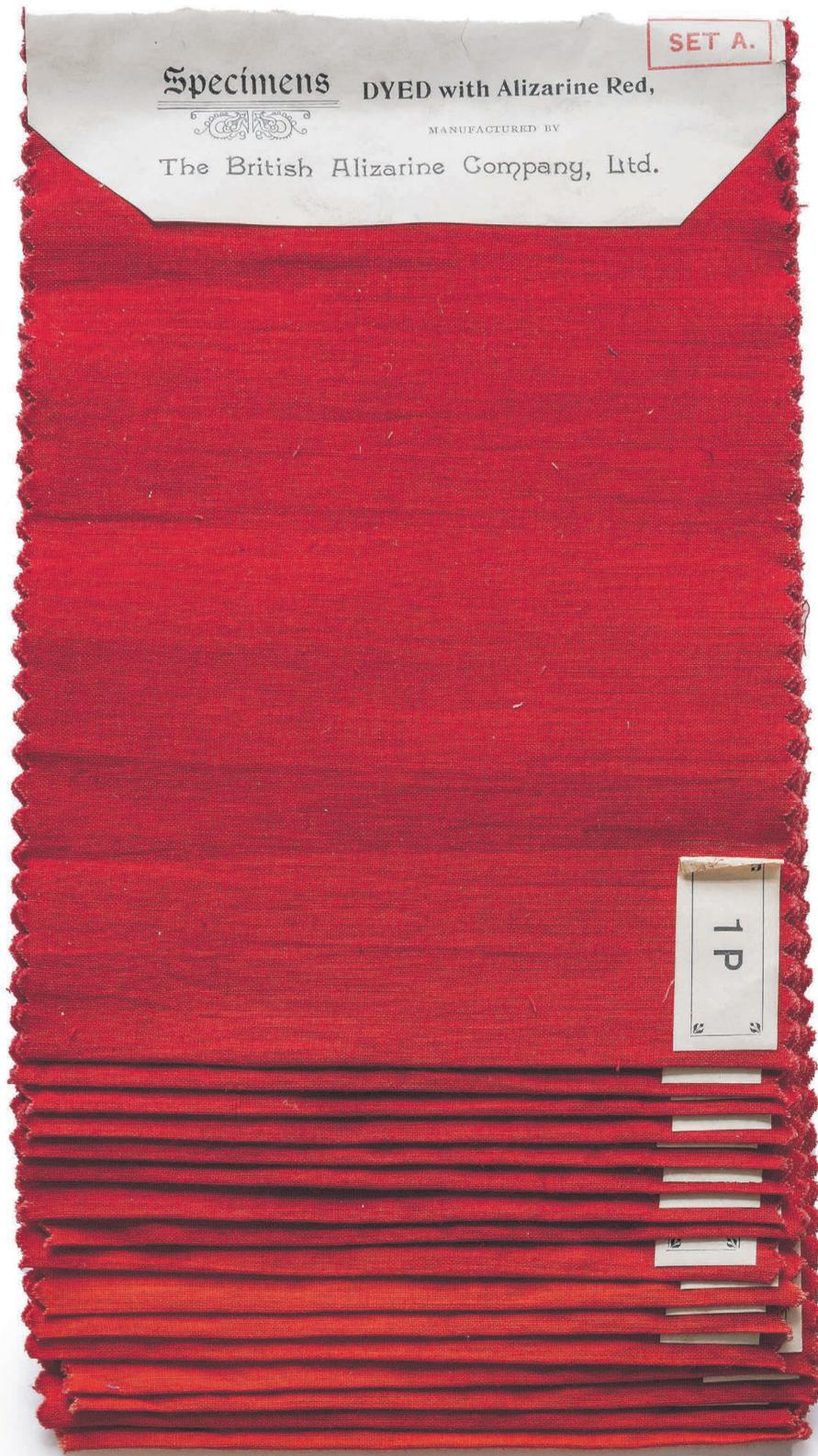
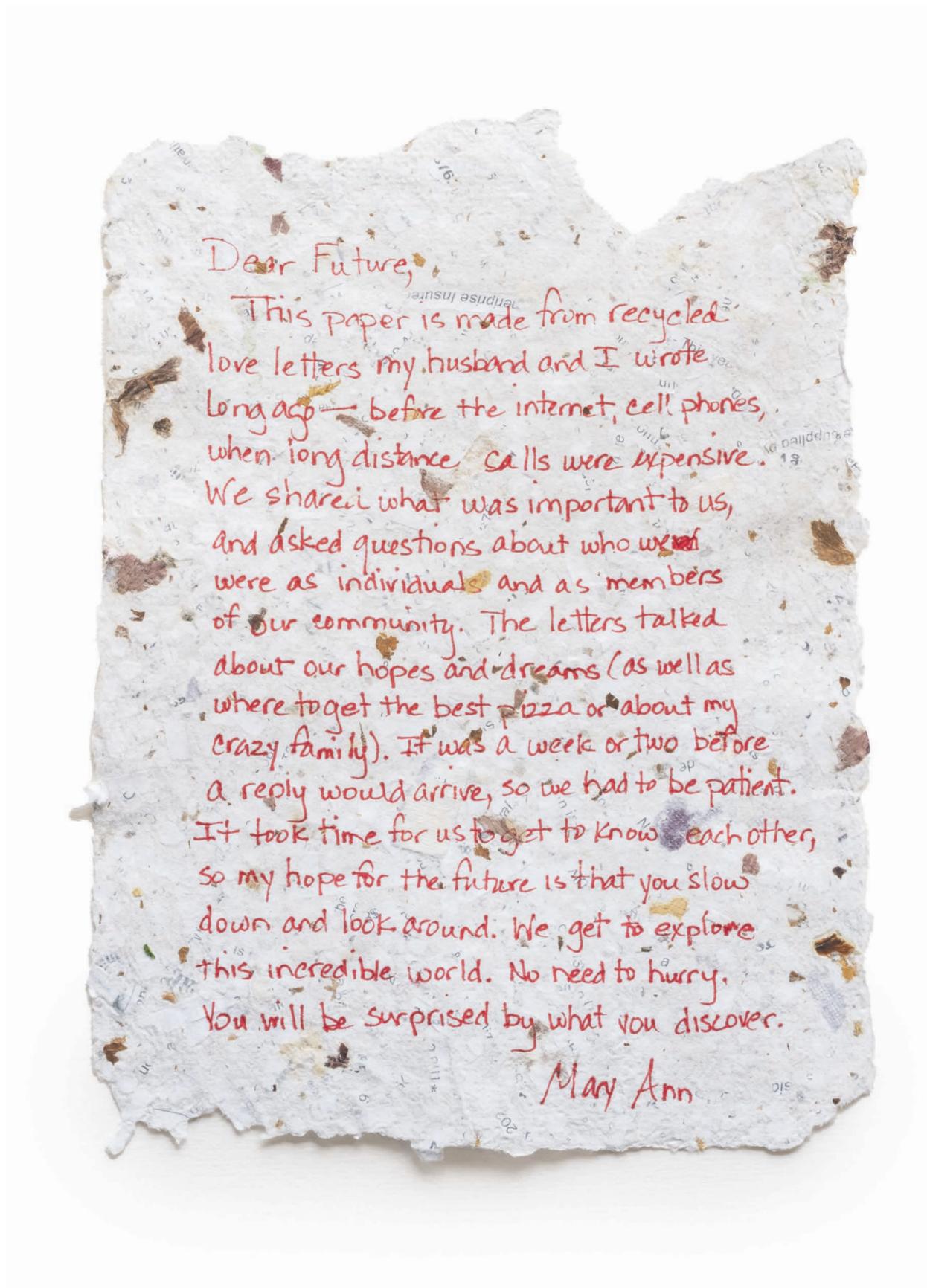
Soetsu Yanagi, the founder of the folk craft movement in Japan in the 1920s, was the philosophical pillar of *mingei*, which recognized (beyond the beautiful or the ugly) the ordinary utilitarian objects made in clay, cloth, and wood by people unnamed. The origins of a pattern came from a fabric of use, was recognized in objects passing from one knowing hand to another. How does

the maker know so precisely the degrees of pressure to ply and mold and shape material into form? The hand impatient with words is resistant to instruction by explanation. Words struggle to depict physical action. It takes three-hundred-fifty-eight words to describe what takes the hand as long as a motion and less than a minute to recognize. AH



### The Way to Hold the Hands

*Take the shuttle in the right hand, between the thumb and second finger, and allow the forefinger to remain at liberty, and rest the under part of the shuttle between the second and third and on the middle finger. Place the thread round the three middle fingers of the left hand, so as to form a loop, keeping the second and third fingers a little apart, and bring the cotton again between the thumb and forefinger, letting the end fall within the palm of the hand, while the end of cotton which holds on to the shuttle passes over the thumb-nail.*



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## letters

My mother loved to receive a letter. Her sister was a postwoman for a time in the 1940s. It was a role she enjoyed, and one that suited her buoyant outgoing personality. No household on her round would suffer from a want of human contact, with any delivery sure to combine personal messages by post and postie. My mother was the younger and shyer of the sisters so focused her attention on the letters themselves. They were a more natural form of communication for her, a silent call and response that chimed the words and thoughts of one with another, and even the notion of a letter was greeted with eager anticipation. An envelope on the doormat was to her a miniature adventure that had crossed at least two thresholds, possibly having traversed an ocean or a land mass en route. It was something that deserved her attention, and this is what she gave. Today we might call it an act of mindfulness; the total focus on what lay initially in the doorway, and then in her hands. Held lightly between the thumbs and forefingers of both hands, a letter would first be held up to the light, then lowered to the height of her waist as she examined the qualities of the paper, the details of the postmark and the flow of the handwriting. When the front had been scrutinized, she would flip it over to see what the back might reveal. Only then, when all other forms of evidence had been exhausted, would the letter be opened and the

mystery of its contents resolved. We received few letters, but the actions of my mother ensured that we knew how each should be acknowledged. The reverse also applied. Any correspondence sent was subject to the same methodical process: the stationery carefully selected, the words considered and studiously written in a copperplate hand that will always remain hers, even though she no longer remains with us.

Simple as this practice was, we knew that it mattered a great deal for she had experienced first-hand the difference a letter could make. From 1942-1946 my mother wrote daily to my father as he served in the forces. She was a seamstress. He was a plumber turned radio engineer. Their letters connected the matters of home in Bradford to military camps in southern England, North Africa and Europe. Moments not able to be shared in person, were shared instead on paper. Theirs was a modest correspondence, but a heartfelt one. Every letter, received singly or as a batch, was read and reread; the words written between the lines absorbed as eagerly as those written upon them. The instability of conflict made it difficult for my father to retain his letters, but my mother saved all those that reached home, tying them into bundles with red ribbon. It was a part of him that she would keep safe until he him-

self returned. When that moment came in 1946, they chose to invest his army grant in their coupled lives, and in buying the time they needed to restore the locust years of separation. These were the days when they unwrapped the bundled letters and read them to each other, finally sharing that which they had been compelled to experience alone. The day they finished reading the letters, they lit a fire, burned them all, and turned their attention to writing a future together.



It is calculated that four million letters were sent every day to and from the frontline during the first world war, totalling ten billion by the end of the war. Many of those sent home have survived but copies of those received at the front are rarer. One notable exception is a cache of 2000 letters that were exchanged between Paul Piraud, a soldier who served in France and Italy, and his wife Marie, at home on the farming commune of Nanteuil-de-Bourzac (population 485). Their correspondence is chronicled in *Your Death Would Be Mine* (Martha Hanna, Harvard, 2006) which places their personal story within the broader political, social and cultural events that they de-

scribed and experienced.

Paul wrote to Marie every day for the duration of the war, declaring his love and sharing the minutiae of his day: of how he made bread, cared for the horses, fed shells into 75mm artillery guns and dodged those fired back. When he saw action at Verdun and the Somme, he did not hide from his wife the incomprehensible horrors he witnessed, "It is extermination on the ground". Marie would send by return kisses and encouragement, sharing snippets of news and reporting on the farm whose work she increasingly shouldered. As the months passed and they adjusted to their altered circumstances, the couple's letters show a growing self-confidence and mutual enlightenment. They become more political aware and less parochial, more focused on learning and science, less on superstition and folklore. The world was changing, as were they, encouraged in part by the letter writing itself which required a self-reflection and self-awareness that left them better able to communicate with one another. Add the billions of other letters written by their contemporaries to the Piraud's 2000, and we gain some sense of the personal and communal transformation engendered by what has been described as an "enforced wartime correspondence course in self-discovery". - June Hill



*A Poet Reading*, Master of the Playing Cards (artist), Engraving on laid paper. 1430s.

Dear future,

I want to share to you about the beautiful ~~of~~ sunsets that I have seen or the lullabies that my mum used to sing or pets that might not be ~~with~~ use but we still think about some of the memories we used to have. About the teddies we have slept with since we were 2, the long travels spent singing songs. ~~With family~~ ~~of friends~~ ~~spent~~ ~~to~~ The cookies or cakes coming out of the oven your parents saying it's too hot to eat. Trying to get to sleep the night before Christmas and waking up to box full of treats. Your parents taking you in and giving you a kiss on the cheek.

Remember these memories till you are old because this what makes them you.

Dear Future,

You aren't relaxing your neck. Let the weight of your head fall in my hands. Is the temperature of the water alright? We can try to adjust it. You still aren't relaxing your neck. I'm just going to massage for a minute. There's a lot of tension that we hold in our temples. Try to let go of the tension. This shampoo is organic, from plants, it can go down the drain and into the ocean and swim with the fishes. We've messed up fairly terribly. You need to remember none of us might be there except you. None of us might ever get to where you are, in the steps and nights ahead. You might be waiting and we finally won't show up with our mistakes, or our honest beautiful eyes, or our art. The thick blank of a heavy phone held to the ear. You will have to have stronger neck muscles. The seconds will fall through. A century without a number. Maybe seaweed like long hair washed on your shores. Maybe sharks still, octopi, plankton. Beautiful birds. Clouds like bread pulled apart after there isn't any longer bread, a faint memory of human. Will you hold your head up to see it? Will you feel relief after we are gone, or will you remember how we fumbled tin cans, an old mattress to the curb, and left a book on the porch railing in the rain. I'm sorry, we were mostly trying to love and often messing up, and some of us got it sometimes. We tried to love the earthworms and we fed them our orange peels, and the citrus clung to our fingertips, and their many chambered bodies stretched pink with joy, in the night of the soil, in a bag by the back door, for we tried all these ways to bring inside out, and share our grit, and love the dust on the windowsill, for it was us, and it was earth, and we tried to remember, that was dying, that would one day be us, but to make a clean square first. For who remains. For what. Remember to say thank-you, and not judge, running by the man asleep on the sidewalk at daybreak, on a hundred degree day, and remember, everybody has to sleep and will search for a pillow. There's a sheet stretched above a drainage ditch that says JESUS. There's an alleyway wall in Los Angeles that says IN HEAVEN ALL OF YOUR FAVORITE TV—we have tried to be not so tired from work to dispose of batteries properly, and read the trash instructions properly, and love and not feel annoyed at the neighbor for their love of the song, through the one shared wall, and we have tried to love the wild dogs on the beach—easier—but we tried to understand if they wanted to stay on the beach, or come into our small apartments, and up on our beds and receive the surgery that would prevent them from having babies. What it is like to have someone else decide about you having babies. We tried to decide to do what was right without our egos getting in the way, without wanting to make a social media story, or claim we knew better. But isn't she a beautiful wild dog? Remember they came to us first for our garbage, the scraps we left at the edge of our settlements. Remember they can always go back to the beach with you, without us. Try to remember the shoreline before it was infested with drinking straws and syringes, try to hold your neck up, face what comes—

**Regarding Writing.** Penmanship is commonly taught through the use of "copy-books," which instruct pupils to transcribe an existing written work from the writer's hand into their own. By doing so, they mimic not only the letters on the page, but the particular movements of the writer's body.

During the Victorian age, these writing manuals provided scripts for instructors to direct the order and direction of pen strokes, often styled similarly to military drills (ie., LEFT RIGHT LEFT). Such exercises were sometimes set to the accompaniment of a metronome; the pupil was to focus on one letter at a time until the necessary ornamentation was complete.

This era of rigidity was subsequently displaced by the business writing methods of C. Austin Norman, the father of cursive and an outspoken proponent of handwriting methods that connected one letter to the next, duplicating the fluidity found in speech. By the late 1920's, three fourths of American schoolchildren were taught Norman's "push-pull" style of writing, in which the arm became a perpetual motion machine.

**Regarding Reading.** At first, the widespread availability of the printed word was coterminous with a crisis of ideas. Printed publications enabled information to reach a wide and varied audience, but the fact of broad dissemination also subjected each text to state oversight and the mandated existing of disallowed discussion.

This, in turn, limited the breadth of available reading material, cabining with the realm of speech that which must remain concealed. Contemporary students of classical literature are sometimes urged to look up every word of a text in the dictionary, including those words they've already seen many times. As Emerson wrote, the eye is the first circle. The Greek word for word (logos) shares its root with the words ligare (to bind together) and lignum (wood). It is not enough for a mechanical program aimed at transforming written language into spoken sounds to simply refer to encoded principles of the International Phonetic Alphabet. Rather, the program must evidence at least a rudimentary comprehension of linguistic context; for example, the written abbreviation St. might be pronounced either as street or saint.

Natalie Shapero. "Regarding Writing," "Regarding Reading," *the event of a thread* - newspaper. 2012.

Dear Future,

I want you to preserve the smell of books in a library, protect the covers and don't bend the spine. I want you to carry on the ancient tradition of sewing your own clothes or buying fabric for the tailor as they do in the Kurdish culture. Pay a visit to the mountains with your family and friends, light a fire and camp for the night or go out in nature to appreciate its beautiful complexity. Find out for me if the roosters still start the day off in my grandparents' village, see if the cows and chickens still remain to serve breakfast.

Don't abandon our childhoods and remember that we used to play with marbles and a skipping rope. We used to watch the Amazing world of Gumball and Masha and the Bear and How to train your Dragon.

If you were to ask me about the thoughts that swim freely in my mind, I would tell you that it is my father's generous gifts after a dentist appointment, the days where we searched for dead insects as we shed young tears of goodbye, the smell of musk and mint and roses which declared Eid after the holy month of Ramadan.

But I would also tell you about the memories that are kept hidden and shadow my mind - the anxious day when the doctor



Dear future,

A story from when I was young is about a bedtime story being read to a little turtle and he had no more nightmares until he was grown up. I do have a favourite memory from primary school, when I get in the car I look out my window and see rain splashing onto puddles with leaves on branches brushing past the car. I would like to pass on this memory because it really calms me down and makes ~~my~~ me happy inside.

A thing I would like to teach the future is to never stop loving and help people, remember the culture, religion, and faiths in the past.

I hope an act of kindness such as paying for a ~~someone~~ stranger's food when they're in need or helping an older lady or man ~~to~~ cross the road is carried into the future.

The feeling of knowing that the future can be even greater, smarter and bigger than it already is now will be a memory I will always remember. Bradford holds a lot more ~~memory~~ than you think.

I have faith in the future to carry on the kindness of Bradford and unity in the city. Bradford is a community, we have respect and honour to be Bradford 2025.

You need to cherish the past and live for the future, besides you will never know what happens if you don't go see it.  
yours faithfully,  
2025

There's an Etruscan word, *saeculum*, that describes the span of time lived by the oldest person present, sometimes calculated to be about a hundred years. In a looser sense, the word means the expanse of time during which something is in living memory. Every event has its *saeculum*, and then its sunset when the last person who fought in the Spanish Civil War or the last person who saw the last passenger pigeon is gone. To us, trees seemed to offer another kind of *saeculum*, a longer time scale and deeper continuity, giving shelter from our ephemerality the way that a tree might offer literal shelter under its boughs.



## INLAND LETTER

The first air letter in the world

**Date of Origin:** 1848

**Material:** Paper, Ink



In 1911, French pilot Henri Piquet flew with 6,500 letters in a biplane from Allahabad for a distance of six miles to Naini, making this the first official airmail in the world. The letters he was carrying though were first issued on 15 September 1848 at post offices in Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and Madras and were called the inland letters. They cost 2 annas and came with a self-printed stamp. Their low cost did not allow for registration and their weight at 3 grams meant that they could not hold anything inside except what was written on them. Sometimes drawbacks can lead to innovation – their weight and economy made them perfect for airlifting.

Despite the fact that India had the most extensive postal system in the world, the inland letter was slow and the inland air letter was too expensive. So there was a third option, the inland postcard. But the inland letter is what actually served as the provenance for the two others. It was also the classiest way to write. Its design was a simple postcard that when folded and flaps sealed, made the communication private in the most efficient way. Palm-sized, it had three finger-sized flaps, one each on the left and right and one on the top. Its official name was the inland letter card. The inland letter was sky blue, the inland air letter white with a red and blue striped border and the inland postcard camel in colour. Of all three, the blue inland letter was used the most.

Today, the inland letter keeps the country of over a billion in touch through 160,000 post offices delivering a

158 billion mails every year linking the country through 600,000 letter boxes. These reach the thickest of forests and the farthest of villages. (The highest village in the mountains at 4700 metres with the postal code 172114 is in Sikkim.)

When the postal system was put into place, it was not without its perils as postmen had to watch out for wild animals and bandits in the areas they traversed. In the 1920s, sometimes a drummer went alongside him escorted by two torchbearers and two archers after nightfall.

The blue inland letters was how one communicated with the cousins. There was usually a lot to share, which meant scribbling on the side-flaps in the tiniest handwriting possible. Boarding schools provided inland letters to communicate with families and friends. An inland letter from Dehradun to New Delhi would take anywhere between 1–4 days, and to Madras, now Chennai, or Bangalore, now Bengaluru, would take about 4–6 days. If the ink-pen leaked while writing, it meant starting all over again.

Even though contemporary India prefers the use of e-mail and instant messages for private correspondence, inland letters still exist and have taken on a new role. Swanky advertising for just about any product can now be printed on an inland letter, keeping the postal service busy. The classic version is still on sale at all post offices around the country for Rs 2.50.

I find myself drawn to a manner of movement, a direction of thought I will call the direction of philosophy. I take my starting point, where I find myself now, as the end, and begin the work of working backwards. What events and conditions brought me here? When precisely did the journey commence? Can writing retrace the steps? I know philosophy's movement as reverse.

I might say there is no progress to be made, only regress in this way. In each instance of the work of personal archeology, language acts less to express thought than to awaken it. The cuckoo calls in blue light in advance of the sunrise, and its insistent call is undeniable. Unignorable, it provokes a resurrection of writing as I need it.

Late summer lines of raked hay called windrows snake over fields, drying in sun and wind, or maybe mowed and heaped into lines by the work of the wind. The word never stopped me when I heard it spoken as it did when I saw it on the page. Windrow; I thought it said window. Misapprehension makes an impatient invention. I need a subvocalization – a whisper to stitch the visible word to its remembered sound.

“When we take a general view of the wonderful stream of our consciousness, what strikes us first is the different pace of its parts. Like a bird's life, it seems to be an alteration of flights and perchings.” (William James)

In returning to any beginning, I return to acceptance: that our own words begin with somebody else's words; that our words begin when somebody else's words stop us. I find myself unable to keep moving forward until I contend with the words that have stopped me. Moving forward takes the form of that contention. The contention directs, redirects, or reverses. I resolve to make these words my own, to allow them some say over what I will do and think. If this is how a beginning happens, the most pressing question and responsibility becomes what do we allow to stop us? By responsibility I mean response. What we allow to stop us is what we respond to, and our response to what stops us is our responsibility and our work.

How do I isolate that element from the field? How do I forage and catalogue those stoppages in the stream of reading, to engender that attention that recognized the interruption? How do I include others in that recognition?

The commonplace book, once a widespread practice, compiles extracts, notated with attribution, sometimes including the collector's gloss on the quotation. At the time of his death Thoreau left behind a number of commonplace books into which he copied excerpts from his reading. Melville began *Moby-Dick* with a proto-chapter before chapter one, assembling an array of fragments relevant to his subject the whale. These handwritten archives communicate the richness of the ground out of which the writing grew, from books, journals, speeches, correspondences, dictionaries, song lyrics – even the range of sources a resource and portrait of the time. The name identifies the book as ordinary, approachable and accessible to all, a meeting place of reading and writing, research and creation. The *locus communis*, the “communal place,” is also the “general theme” – commonplace a contronym, a word with two opposite definitions. “Unoriginal” can mean a trite repetition or a found artifact, retained and valued. The originality of the practice lies in collection and arrangement, in where one looked and what one found, in curation, fragments read and retained (copied), the art of attention, the creativity of still life and quodlibet. In this polysemy I recognize undying acts, migrated in the age of the systems emulator to functions in the Edit pulldown menu: COPY / PASTE / COPY TO SCRAPBOOK.

Embrace in practice the act of recording those words that stopped us. The commonplace book makes time for that record, for care and consideration of why they stopped us. Start again from that act of copying: the words that move my pen.

The essential characteristic of commonplace books is their persistent betweenness. These volumes—often bound in the home from loose pages into which readers copy various fragments from printed books—reside in the space between private diary and public work. In this way, the commonplace book finds its genesis at the crossroads of reading and writing, where the hand's output is limited to what the eye has already seen. Alice Morse Earle, in volume one of her book *Child Life in Colonial Days*, quotes from an account of the life of a keeper of commonplace books: “His writing on his commonplaces was not by way of index, but epitome: because he used to say the looking over on any occasion gave him a sort of survey of what he had read about matters not then inquired.”

For some, commonplace books have served as a means of refining penmanship, copying exactly a passage, letter by letter, stroke by stroke. The activity of commonplacing sometimes even called on the hand to recall and replicate a bygone era, to mimic elegant script when the fashion of the times instead demanded “uncial or semi-uncial letters to look like a pig's ribs” (quoted by Earle from a life of Francis North, Baron Guilford). Commonplace books are sites of definition, sites of collection, sites of connection and convergence not elsewhere to be found. They are sites of holding, in the way that an early bookmark, formed from a bundle of thread and a single bead, can be said to hold one's place. They are sites of dismantling, the text fragments wrenched away from the works to which they first belonged. And they are also sites of creation, referred to by Lucy C. Lillie, in her essay “Other People's School-Days,” as “the carefully made up blank-book.”

Sometimes posited as a precursor to the commonplace book is the Medieval florilegium—the “gathering of flowers”—in which clergy preserved and strung together disparate snippets of religious texts. Also posited as a precursor, albeit of a different sort: Agostino Romelli's moonshot design for a massive, ornate bookwheel. This dream device, sketched out by Romelli during the late sixteenth century, resembled most closely the modern-day Ferris wheel. Each book was given its own seat, placed open on its own shelf, and the reader could sit at the bookwheel's edge and spin the device in a circle, until the book he was searching for appeared before him at the level of the eye. The bookwheel would allow the reader to move his gaze over several different books in a single sitting, turning the wheel either toward himself or away to scroll through the texts.

From the continuing movement of the wheel to the up-and-down scratch of the pen's nib on the page is this constant marking and saving. This housing of fragments in the narrow tunnel between observation and reflection. This retaining and recording of quotations based on resonance, gut, superstition. The nurturing of these passages, pattern less and blooming into insight. “Compiled from various authors,” wrote the Reverend Thomas Austen, “as they accidentally came to hand.”

36 Glenloch Road N.W.3      June 21/37  
London .

Dear Mr Hodge

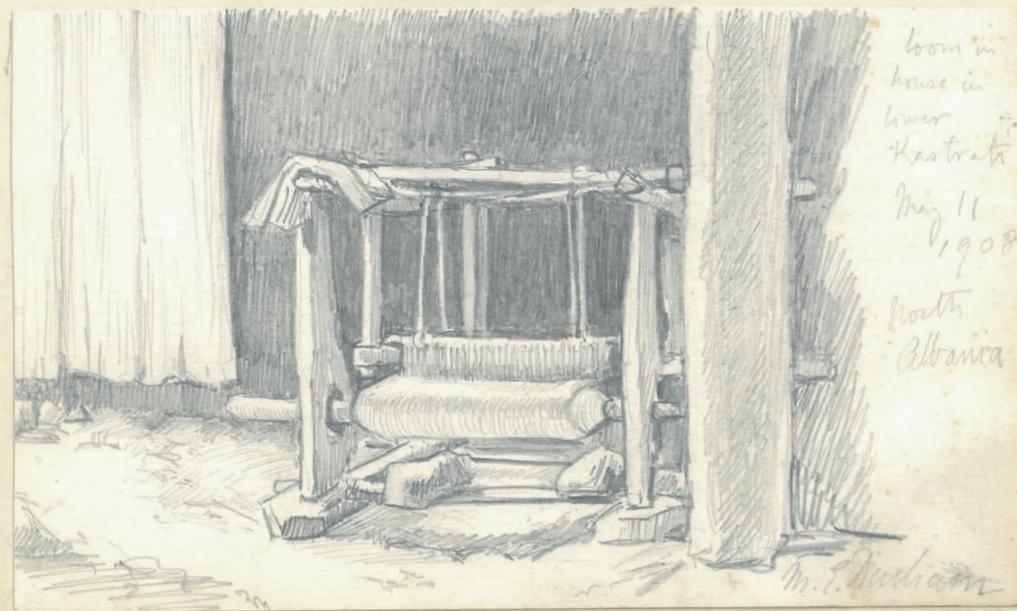
I have found a rough sketch of an Albanian loom, made in a cottage at Lower Kastrati in 1908, and send it herewith .

It gives no details . In fact it was done because my guide boasted that I could " write people and write things" . Whereupon our host pointed to the loom and said " write that " .

He was much impressed with the result and asked if I were married, as a wife who could do such things was worth considering . My guide told him that women who could write would not carry firewood, ~~bring~~ nor fetch water . So he gave up the idea . These looms were very roughly made of axe hewn wood, pegged together and could be taken to pieces and carried on the back as a bundle of sticks and set up at the next halting place . I have a few more specimens of embroidery which I think you ought to have . I was rather reluctant to part with them but it seems better that the whole collection should be together .

sincerely yours

*M. P. Durham*



Edith Durham letter and drawing of loom: Bankfield Museum, Calderdale Museums. 1937.

2 April 2025

Dear Future,



Looking forward,

*M. P. Durham*

## weaving

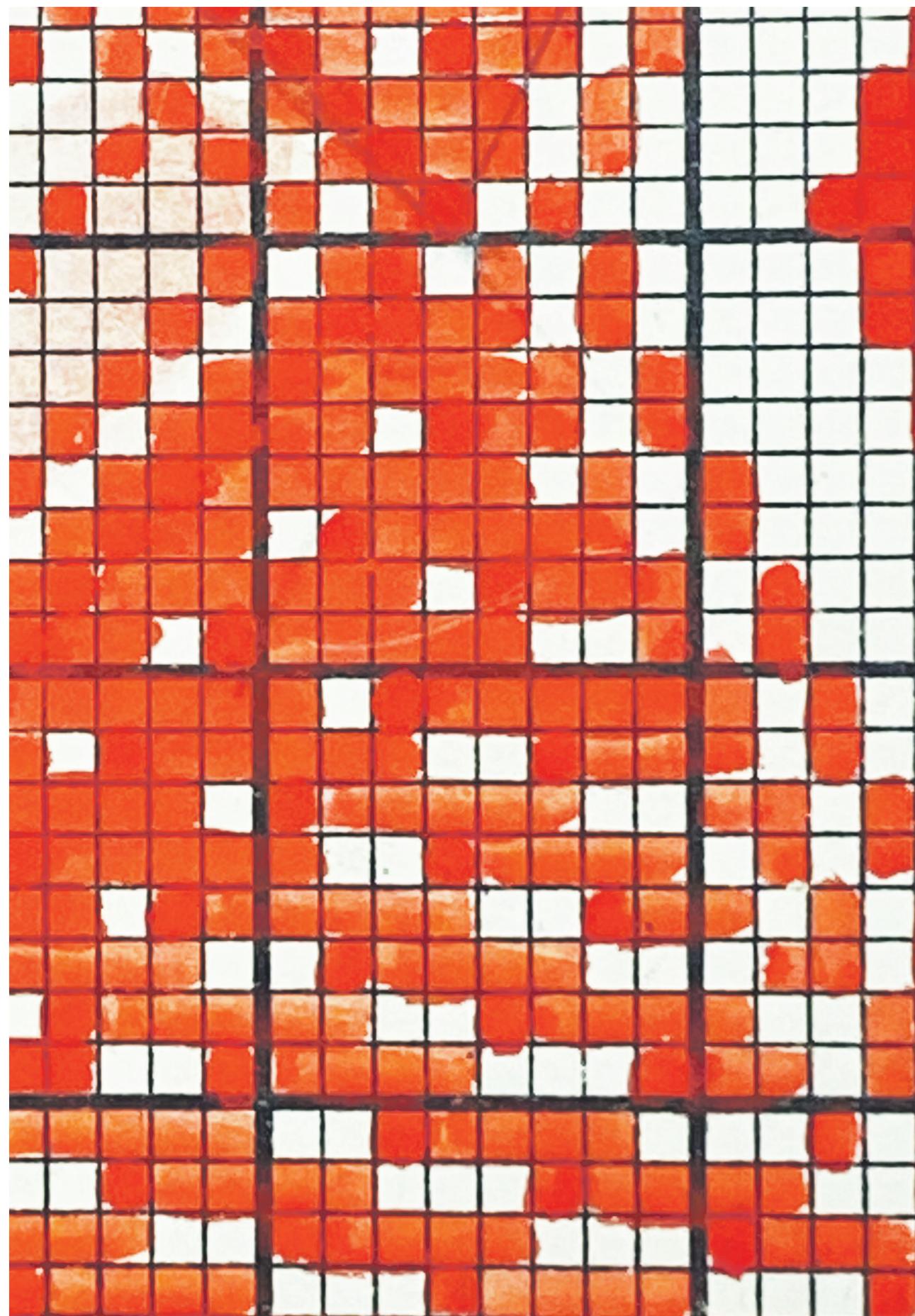
"...some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen and ink marks, long since browned by time." - George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss* (1860)<sup>24</sup>

NO IDEAS BUT IN THINGS are five words from poet William Carlos Williams, author of the sixteen-word poem, "The Red Wheelbarrow" which like the three wheels such a cart depends on, gained momentum to generate miles of conversation. The words became an object known and turned by many hands. Words pass, repeat, set a pattern in motion, like stones tossed repeatedly into a pond. We look for their pattern, wait for their surfacing, their cloaking of the waters, invisible though present, echoing. Without the consequence of a stone's ripple, we live in an ocean of images migrating from screen to screen, living everywhere and nowhere in particular. We are blanketed by the clamor. We look for the pattern. Mathematician and philosopher Alfred North Whitehead wrote that "art is the imposing of a pattern on experience and our aesthetic enjoyment is recognition of the pattern." Still, our drowning eyes long to be washed in what poet Walt Whitman called "the perfect silence of the stars," but our fingers itch for feedback. The paper's texture once sounded by the pen nib is now the light emanating from our screens. My hand extends, my finger longs to know, to touch, to affirm with contact and to say this is here, this is real, this is something. The screen returns smooth images and the digital moment that once was. Philosopher and cultural critic Walter Benjamin wrote that the invention of the match around the middle of the nineteenth century "brought forth a number of innovations which have one thing in common: one abrupt movement of the hand triggers a process of many steps....With regard to countless

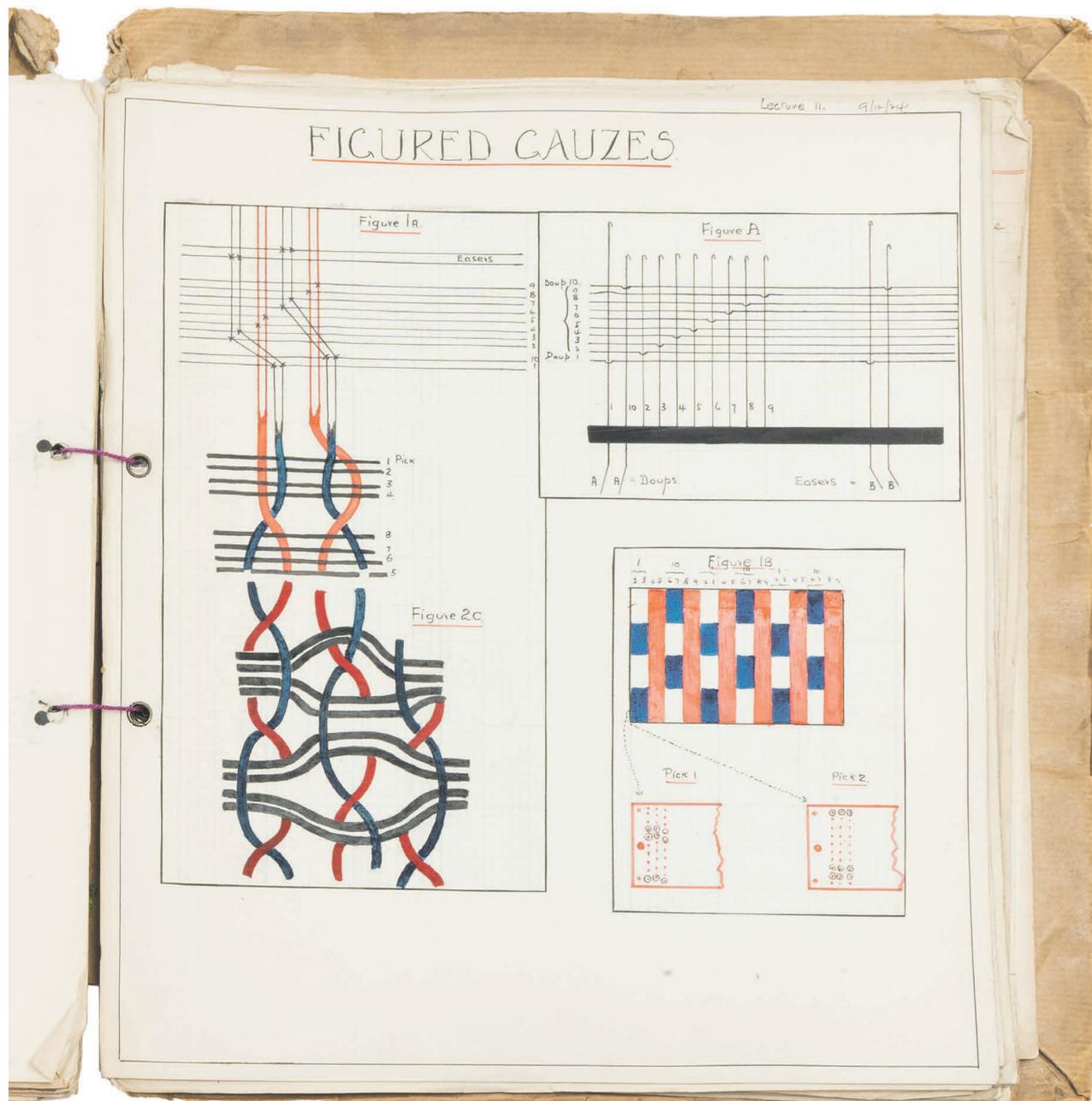
movements of switching, inserting, pressing, and the like, the 'snapping' by the photographer had the greatest consequences....The camera gave the moment a posthumous shock, as it were." The subject of the first durable color photograph created in 1861 by James Clerk Maxwell was a tartan ribbon tied with a rosette in the center, the ribbon tails outstretched upward like the wing of a moth but it has been reproduced wings down as well. Maxwell had the ribbon photographed three times, with red, green, and blue color filters, then had the resulting glass plate images projected on top of one another by projectors equipped with corresponding color filters. The superimposed projections formed a single full-color image. This three-color approach remains the basis of nearly all color photography, film-based, analogue, and digital. A pattern seen, an image made from the saliva of time with light, chemicals, object, and invention. Threads cross at right angles in a woven tartan. The pattern, called a sett, is a consequence of the structure, the position, and the color of the individual threads. When warp and weft are the same color the crossing makes a solid color. If the two colors are crossed, an equal mixture is made. A sett of two colors makes a mixture of three. Mixtures increase at a scale of four as the number of thread colors increases. Six differently colored threads make fifteen mixtures and twenty-one different colors. A sett is also the name of the network of tunnels and entrances of a badger's den. Without the second 't' it is a folk dance based on coordinated pairs moving in a rectangle, feet echoing the formation of the quadrille once performed

by four mounted horsemen in a 17th-century military parade. Words are bodies. They inherit other words and carry histories no differently than the patterns of horses and people. Tartans came to be called plaids, from the Gaelic *plaidie* (blanket). The word echoing its own origin came to describe not the pattern but the object of the blanket itself. Before blankets were plaids or tartans they were a specific fabric, a heavily napped woolen weave carrying the name of the Flemish weaver who invented the process. His name, Blanket, is now a rectangle of cloth that keeps us warm, is an all inclusive covering over, a thick layer, the felt between the roller and the paper on a hand press, the rubber surface that transfers an image in ink from the plate to the paper to a wall where it now may hang. There were hundreds of homelooms active in communities at the end of the nineteenth century making similar coverlets and bed coverings. Laid over wool blankets and cotton sheets, they "made-up" the bed. One slept under a blanketing of plant and animal fibers. The over-shot geometric patterns varied from loom to loom and hand to hand but they were often the same colors. The dark blue dyed from indigo, the red from madder or walnut. Before photography, generations of families were documented as fruit on embroidered trees, as patterns woven into cloth, or as names written into family bibles. Where there were not images to pass from generation to generation, the linens and the coverlets and the blankets passed. My body slips under the weight of a woven blanket. Folded in sleep, I am only the measure of a small rug, my weight imprinted in

cardboard or mattress, a commonness. The pattern of the blanket is the weave itself: blue alternating with yellow in plaid or stripe or check, brown twill alternating with natural solid red, white, and blue plaid, unbleached plain weave bordered with a red blanket stitch. The blanket's cloth cocoon is a space for reading. How to explain the permissions found in the page? How to describe the falling in and falling out, the motion of the mind wandering, the concert between the reading, the page, and the room where I lie? The eye follows the words in their regular parallel lines while peripheral attention slips in and out like a needle stitching through cloth, binding the printed words to the immediacy of the lamp light, the heat, the blanket weight, the plane and siren that pass outside. I disappear into it and it disappears into me. I become the page, the screen, the words and they become me, as have my house, weathered with scratched floors, and my clothes marked by worn knees. Body, word, and material mutually shape each other. I follow where other readers have been. Paper holds the memory of other hands, the spine falls open to mark a former place. I feel the paper's slickness or thickness. If the words are written by hand, I follow the slant, pause where the ink pooled and dried thick, register the width of the ink or pencil lead. I am touched by the cadence of a voice. We begin where we are: a reader and a page carrying a writer's words. Two waves meeting from the stone thrown. Within the reverberation, we lose ourselves, are absorbed by words, sound, blanket, each other. - Ann Hamilton



Courtesy of Bradford College Textile Archive.



On the third day Zeus made a great and fair cloth, and on it he wove the [lines or divisions of the] earth, the ocean, and the houses of the ocean. This they say was the first anaclypteria [wedding veil], from this the custom [of the veiled bride] arose from gods and men."

The marital veil, on this account, was really a map that entwined in its fibers the axes and ordinance of the world. It was not really a covering, but a gauze, gosamer, or filagree framework that disclosed an inhabitable landscape, one that had been there but was unknown, meaning that the act of veiling resulted in an unveiling.

## stone

The word delph is derived from the Anglo-Saxon delfan which means 'to dig'. This digging can take many forms – tilling soil, excavating land, mining the earth – but is perhaps most associated with the extraction of stone, with the word itself an alternative name for a quarry. Many local quarries have been worked out or are no longer commercially viable, but they remain as part of the area's geography and toponymy. There will be places near you called delph -perhaps a settlement, or more likely a street, or piece of land. Delph Hill, Delph Terrace, Delph Quarry, The Delph. Do not pass these places by, learn of them, find them on a map, explore them with your feet, delve into their history. Delve. This is another word delfan has given us. To delve is to investigate, it is the word of an explorer who has set a course for the deep.

For the delvers of stone this was an arduous task. Their job was to cut the stone out of the seam where it had lain for hundreds of millions of years. It required hammers, chisels and wedges, hours of arduous toil and years of tacit knowledge; of what was and was not good stone, what was and was not safe. Every stone their hands won had to be transported from the quarry floor to the surface; stored in bags, carried on their

backs, up ladders, or- for the more fortunate - lifted by derricks. It was strenuous and dangerous work with a high death rate, yet still they delved. Every day digging deep into the bedrock of sedimentary rocks that time had compressed, digging deep into their selves.

We are told that rocks with fossils were used for dry stone walling rather than primary construction as they were considered flawed. We are not told if that had a financial impact on the delver but, if so, one hopes that the unveiling of an extinct lifeform offered the compensation of a moment of wonder. Perhaps some delvers also sensed an identification with the preserved life that they had extracted. Or perhaps those moments came away from the quarry, during the days of relaxation at Shipley Glen when, with their family sat on the ground about them, they rested their back against an exposed rock form, closed their eyes and took a deep breath.

A layer of sedimentary rocks deposited during the Carboniferous period (351-310 million years ago) forms the bedrock of the Bradford district. The fine-grained sandstone of this strata is a valuable construction material that unites the area's

natural and manmade landscape. These rocks are overlain by a layer of Millstone Grit - a dense sequence of interbedded sandstones, siltstones and mudstones with subordinate thin coals, fireclays and ironstones – which crops out over much of the district, forming uplands with extensive moorland and escarpments, such as Shipley Glen and Ilkley Moor. This has also been commercially extracted as building stone.

Although there is evidence of local extraction in medieval times, quarrying developed in the seventeenth century with demand for stone increasing as industrialisation accelerated. In 1875 Bradford historian William Cudworth recorded thirty-six stone quarries in the township of Allerton alone, and a further seventeen on land owned by the Earl of Rosse in Shipley and Heaton. Two decades earlier, twenty local quarries had supplied the stone required to build Salts Mill. Quarries (or delphs) were also excavated for specific construction projects such as canals, reservoirs or factories. The remains of one such small quarry can be seen near the Leeds – Liverpool canal at Hirst Wood, Shipley. - June Hill



Loom weight, Pre-Roman artefact, Museo Arqueológico Martins Sarmento, Guimarães, Portugal.



#### REGARDING STONE

Animated against the skyline, the Cow and Calf are two weather-sculpted rocks which form part of a longer escarpment of exposed gritstone to the north facing ridge of Ilkley Moor...In silhouette against the horizon they have taken on an iconic significance for the town of Ilkley itself...Thinking of the quarry behind the Cow and Calf as a kind of gateway or portal onto the wider moor, the graffiti [carved with knives or chisels on the rocks] can be viewed as a sampler or foretaste of what lies beyond, because for many thousands of years people have been visiting this upland region to offer their prayers and express their desires in the form of carved stones and man-made formations. Ilkley Moor and the encompassing Rombald's Moor have more such monuments than almost anywhere in the western world, from prehistoric cup-and-ring markings, to cryptically decorated and engraved rocks, to enigmatically arranged groups of standing stones. It may seem ironic but it is also of huge significance that sacred or artistic gestures like these should appear in such a high, remote and inaccessible location, appealing for the most part to an audience of nobody, presenting their ideas directly to the gods and the stars above.

5

early fall exists; aftertaste, afterthought;  
 seclusion and angels exist;  
 widows and elk exist; every  
 detail exists; memory, memory's light;  
 afterglow exists; oaks, elms,  
 junipers, sameness, loneliness exist;  
 eider ducks, spiders, and vinegar  
 exist, and the future, the future

Inger Christensen. *alphabet*. Translated by Susanna Nied, 2000. p 15.

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LETTER FROM MAGGIE SCANLON FROM PRISON ? JULY 1986

Tonopah County Jail  
 Tonopah  
 Nevada 89049

Dearest Eileen and Moira

I'm just waking up now this fine Thursday morning so if my writing begins to slip please forgive it. Sleep is a rare and great gift but unfortunately in this here institution it is even rarer. But I'm not complaining. Yesterday I was brought from another jail to this one which at least has wonderful wonderful sheets. Oh what a joy to remove one's day clothes and slip between sheets. This was a treat I did not expect. I was resigned to my woollen blanket for my 20 day sentence.

I got this rather hefty sentence (first offence) for adventuring to within ground zero on the morning of a scheduled test, at the Nevada Test site. Ground 300 is where they test the weapons. The Nevada Test site is a huge place stretching across miles and miles of beautiful desert terrain. The Department of Energy (DOE) use it between 10 and 12 different mesas as Ground Zeros for their testing. That number will increase threefold with Reagan's starwars.

It is an unthinkable outrage against Earth Mother. Both the environmental destruction and the implications of continued testing for the arms race moved me to proceed onto the site. When you really really care, it's interesting how fear, though present, is minimal. I thank whatever forces are responsible for helping me to learn to care more. As I do learn, each day of my life becomes richer. So even though the threat of nuclear war, hunger and grief on the planet worries me each day of my life, there are other forces at work helping me to relish some of the wonderful things.

That is what I tell people who don't want to deal with the issues. That's why I write you's this morning. People like you's and Sheena, Carla, Pleasaunce and John Holtom, Graham Dowell come to my heart frequently. I remember vividly how you's all inspired me so much with your hopeful courageous lives. I was so apprehensive about moving out of the world of my peers (who were content to continue escaping) to the world of those who want to protect the planet from the escapists.

Your lives, Eileen and Moira, are a living testimony of love. It oozes out of you's. I hope some day I will inspire and give hope in the same gentle way as you's. I know I am not doing a bad job now, but I do aim to improve.

Back to my story. I do get side-tracked easily upon awakening. I was among 15 people back in early April who I believe were instrumental in stopping

Extract from Maggie Scanlon letter from prison, July 1986, Peace Museum, Bradford.

January 2025

Dear Future

Mine seemed to stretch before me like an endless meandering path when I was younger. I was eager to run along that path, rather than amble and take my time. By doing so I missed much.

Now my path has come to an end and I'm looking back with clarity and words of wisdom only known to 'old people'...

'You will have everything you need and find contentment if you surround yourself with the simple things in life; family, friends, truth and honesty. To go looking for

happiness elsewhere is to forfeit these treasures and you may come to the end of your path and look back with regret.

Be always true to yourself and kind to others

X