

Farfield Diary



Nigel Morgan

*Artist in Residence
at Farfield Mill,*

August 1st - 15th of August

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<http://nigelweaving.wordpress.com>

Farfield Mill Residency (1:14)

August 3, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

This weekend I started my two-week residency at **Farfield Mill**, an arts and heritage centre set in the beautiful Howgills of southern Cumbria. No lakes here but lovely hillscapes, and such peace and quiet. I've been settling in over the last three days: a day of rehearsals and moving in to my studio, a Saturday afternoon concert at the famous **Brigflatts Quaker Meeting House**, and a Sunday to gather myself for the residency ahead and bring together some first thoughts.

Unlike my recent blogs I'm going to assemble most of my pictures in a gallery at the foot of each blog. The first images are that of my working space for the next fortnight. It's called the Bainside studio and is tucked away at the side of the top floor of the Mill (Level 4) – an exhibition area doubling as a space for a working collection of handlooms. The Bainside studio is where I began my weaving adventure. It was the studio of weaver Laura whose work remains a constant inspiration. Laura has recently moved to a studio built specially in her back garden. The only thing the Bainside studio doesn't have is a loom! That's next door in the Level 4 gallery. It's a Glimakra 4-shaft floor loom – very similar in lots of ways to my Toika loom at home.

Although it will be Wednesday before I meet up with the Farfield Mill weavers' group I thought you might like a quick tour of what's going on their looms. I've put a number of images in the gallery below. Details to follow about each piece . . . when I've had a chance to talk the weavers themselves.

I couldn't help but include just a few images from two long walks I had yesterday. I'm here without a car so I had some gentle walking yesterday: from a farm some 4 miles away beyond Sedbergh (and within sight of George Fox's Pulpit) to meeting at Brigflatts; from Brigflatts along the River Rawthy to Farfield – another 3 miles.

I have brought a collection of yarns with me. These have been kindly chosen by my wife and her mother (a former teacher of textiles and a needlewomen to be reckoned with). They had a morning out at Texere in Bradford and brought back a bag of goodies for me to work with. The colour card they worked to was the collection I placed on the blog last week – six colours from my sketch of Brigflatts garden.

In the gallery you can see all 15 images of this beautiful garden realised by print and embroidery artist Alice Fox. I've already shown Alice's 'animated' digital images on last week's blog, and just one of her 'real' textile pieces. In the collection of gallery images below you can see all these textile images together. Much to the disappointment of Farfield Mill's Exhibition Officer none of these pieces are for sale, as they comprise an important part of the installation required in performing the musical work they relate to – **Fifteen Images (Le Jardin Pluvieux)**. This 40-minute work, in a new 'online' version, receives its première on Saturday 8 August here at Farfield Mill performed by the brilliant young jazz pianist Matt Robinson. Continuing on a musical note, the final gallery image shows Alice Fox (singer and textile artist) acknowledging some generous applause at the end of our recital at Brigflatts last Saturday. Interesting to see that Peg Carpenter (Talking about Weaving) has been busy making music too, at a camp for choral singers . . . I wonder what it is about textiles and music.

So what will a day at Farfield Mill be like for me? This morning I was here at 5.30am (!), which is when I usually try and write music for a few hours. I'm staying in a B & B just 3 minutes walk away. I have the mill to myself at that hour, indeed at 8.30am when I go and have breakfast there's still no one here. I then return and continue writing, and later on put in some playing on the guitar and lute – I have a solo recital to give at Farfield Mill on 15 August.

After lunch I intend to devote the afternoon to weaving. Today it will be bringing together some first thoughts on one of my little frame looms – playing with the yarns a bit, and taking a good look at the Glimakra.

When the Mill closes to the public at 5.30pm I'll get out for a walk, probably by the nearby river, and then tea before returning to the studio to write letters and deal with my office back in Wakefield.

Finally, for all those who might be tempted to help and inspire me in this proposed 'Weaving a Garden' project (see last week's blog) don't hesitate to start sending me some ideas, suggestions and images. You might like to tell me about your own garden and perhaps share some photos or your own drawings. Just what are the predominant colours NOW in your garden? I've lots of wall space to collect such images, and it would be lovely to see these grow – help me fill my studio with gardens!!



Bainside Studio



Double Weave (1) on Level 4



Double Weave (2) on Level 4



A large-scale piece on the Bute loom



The Bute Loom



The River Rawthey



The Hills above Farfield



Fifteen Images (Le Jardin Pluvieux) by Alice Fox



Alice Fox & Nigel Morgan @ Brigflatts

Farfield Mill Residency (2:14)

August 5, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

It's Tuesday and the second full day of my residency here at Farfield Mill. Whereas yesterday I seem to spend most of the day sorting out my musical work, today I've started to prepare the weaving side of things.

I sat down with my box of yarns, my sketchbook and one of the small weaving frames I've brought along. On my laptop there's a collection of photos I took on Sunday – a panorama of 12 shots through 360 degrees. Looking at these it's the sky that seems to dominate my interest. The weather is changeable here to say the least. We are not having a sunny August. The skies are predominantly leaden, but when the wind picks up there's such colour and movement in and around the clouds. Here's my response to one of those panoramic images:



A page from my sketchbook.

The first page of my notebook starts to map our some general ideas and assemble a few colours (see the gallery). First ideas are that I'm not going to weave one piece but lots of smaller pieces in different shapes and orientations. I'd like to explore foreground and background – the landscape in the background, the garden in the foreground. I'm thinking of map orientation too and the idea of boundaries between accumulations of natural objects and built up areas. Such thoughts bring me to think about Ian McHarg, the geographer and town-planner whose book [Design by Nature](#) revolutionized the way planners considered the interaction of the built environment with the rural.

Alongside and around these smaller pieces I'm beginning to think of using photographs, drawings, paintings and commentary. So, please, those of you considering getting involved with my online project, send those images of not only your garden but also the location where you live (the latter in the form of map might be good).

My colleague Alice Fox, musician and textile artist, arrived this afternoon for a few days. She's planning to work in the Bainside studio to produce some related (and sellable) work to the digital and textile images she produced for [Fifteen Images \(Le Jardin Pluvieux\)](#), this piece for solo keyboard – billed here at Farfield Mill as 'where music and textiles interact'. Along with a 42 inch plasma screen from Leeds for our installation, she brought her

grandmother's rigid heddle loom, boxes of materials, photos of (and produce from) her garden near Bradford, and the most beautiful bunch of flowers I've ever seen! So the studio now is looking a little more like a garden . . . even our (shared) worktable looks more colourful.

As for music, the day began with some hours on *Facts of Life*. I'm concentrating just now on writing 'Fact Manuals' for each of the four instruments (violin, bassoon, double bass and piano). These manuals will provide studies, exercises and 'techniques to practice' before negotiating the musical score proper. I've also started remembering [Eddie McGuire's](#) *Prelude V*, a brilliant single movement piece inspired by jazz and folk music. The composer wrote his 'prelude' series to 'promote a sense of well-being' (I have to own up to so enjoying a sense of well-being working in this beautiful (and quiet) location – so it's going to be a perfect piece to end my final guitar recital at Farfield Mill on 15 August). Eddie McGuire is not only a fine composer but also an accomplished folk musician with the band the Whistlebinkies.

I had a closer look at Rosie's warp today. The linen is really lovely. In fact I don't think I've seen anything quite like it. The yarn seems to glisten. I must find out where she acquired it. Rosie's work that I've seen previously is wonderfully understated. Her table mat series shown on this blog last November is refreshingly minimal . . .

Last night, after I'd successfully negotiated a fish and cheese soufflé in a foreign kitchen, Alice and I walked in the vicinity of Mill and the river that runs past it (and used to power the looms of course). It was full moon, and the moon was so bright as it wove its way between scudding clouds. We saw bats and heard owls, and all the time the sound of water. Artists' in residence do need a little space and time to enjoy (and be inspired by) their new locations . . . see below for some new images of Farfield Mill and its beautiful surroundings.



Farfield Mill



Early morning sunshine



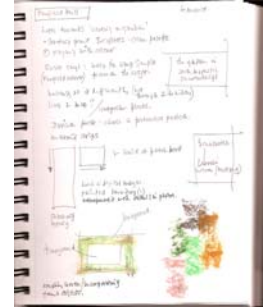
The header of Rosie's scarf



Flowers in the field



Flowers from Alice's garden



First thoughts in the notebook



A more colourful table



The composing table



Making a start

Farfield Mill Residency (3:14)

August 6, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

On the third day of my residency at Farfield Mill the sun began to shine! The grey clouds disappeared and the weather at last looks promising and different. The clouds are higher and it is warm and muggy. By 5.0pm Alice and I were ready for a good walk. I reckoned we'd paid our dues to this residency thing and deserved some time on the hills. We walked to the top of Winder – a spur of the moment decision whilst we were shopping for tea (red cabbage, onion, garlic and apple stir fry with fresh greens from a parent's garden). It was a good 40-minute walk and when we got to the top the view and the weather was glorious. There was just us and the usual sheep – one had a go at my camera.

As for weaving – well I'm rather ashamed to say that I haven't a lot to report. There's a lot of music to deal with right now. I have solo recital here on

Saturday week that I need to devote a few hours to each day, and this composition in progress is at delicate stage (in other words it is worrying me).

I did spend some time considering how I was going to approach the Glimakra loom. At the moment it has got the remains of what I can only think is a warp intended for a carpet. It's been cut off in front of the reed, so I could tie a new warp on at that point. The threading is a straight draw and the tie-down to the treadles is the common default: 2-4, 2-3, 1-2, 3-4, 1-4, 1-3. I had planned to work on something a little different, so now I'm sitting here wondering just quite what to do: simplicity and speed versus more complex and slower progress. There's an unspoken expectation that I should probably be weaving by now . . . I've prevaricated a little because I had expected the weaving group to be in situ on Wednesday. Nobody showed up. I'd liked to have discussed this problem with members of the group . . . I've never tied a warp on to the end of an existing warp – although I know this is a standard practice with some weavers.

Now, let me tell you a little about the progress towards setting up for the 'music interacts with textiles' event on Saturday. Our first task on Wednesday morning was to take the 42-inch Plasma screen out of its box and put it on a very sturdy stand. This was quite an adventure, but common sense prevailed and it is standing confidently between the 'textile' version of the Fifteen Images and an interpretation. From today this screen will show a continuous interpretation feature on *Le Jardin Pluvieux* bringing together the presentation and all the music you'll be able to here live on Saturday next. Sadly, when we tried to run this I discovered the computer I'd brought with me was just too slow . . . so I had to arrange for my assistant Phil to jump on a train to Garsdale (10 miles up the valley) to bring me the really powerful Mac mini sitting on my desk in my office in Wakefield. Even sadder still Phil managed (along with rather a lot of other passengers) to get on a train bound for Nottingham that had been incorrectly labelled to go to Carlisle. So now we are dealing with carrier hell . . . hopefully it will arrive at lunchtime.

Early in the morning I also found a table to display some of our sketchbooks. Alice has generously made available her fascinating sketches and design work showing the whole story of her work on *Le Jardin Pluvieux*. There are some copies of the 'real' scores of the music we are performing during my residency. I've also contributed my college sketchbook detailing the Visual Realisation and Design Development on my last three college projects. There's also a stand of Alice's cards (for sale) of the textile versions of *Fifteen Images*. We also are making available a set of 15 cards of the wonderful digital (animated) images created by Phil Legard and Alice Fox. These can be

ordered **from Tonality Systems Press** – as can all the scores we are performing during the fortnight.

Finally, during our shopping trip to Sedbergh I visited Noel Bartrum who not only runs Sedbergh’s music shop but is also the music advisor for Cumbria. He is responsible for the excellent **Cumbria Youth Orchestra** that my boys Peter (percussion) and David (viola) play in from time to time. The orchestra’s conductor is my brother-in-law! – the excellent **Tim Redmond**. Noel is going to help me bring together some of his orchestra to play the **wind octet version of Fifteen Images** – my dream is to have it played in Brigflatts garden (when the sun is shining). It is certainly shining right now . . . Alice is busy preparing a set of mono-prints for display . . . and this blog done, I’m off to weave.

Tomorrow, this Farfield Mill residency blog will be written by my residency guest, soprano and textile artist Alice Fox . . .



View from halfway down Winder



The plasma screen and interpretation board



The Sketchbook display



Detail from 15 images



The river in the early morning



Bainside Studio (top floor)



Alice at work

Farfield Mill Residency (4:14)

August 7, 2009 by Alice Fox

Well this is a first for me. I've never 'blogged' before, but then working with Nigel keeps on providing new experiences. Farfield Mill is wonderful – so peaceful and such a relaxing and inspiring place to work. I'm so lucky to be able to spend some time here working and sharing a small part of Nigel's residency. Day four and the sun is shining again.

After a more than adequate breakfast at our lovely B&B I set to work for the morning preparing my series of 15 dry point prints for hanging on the wall just outside our studio. These prints formed an important part of the design development for the digital version of 15 Images. Their character and marks came out of the drawings I did directly from Nigel's music, one drawing and one dry point plate (lines scratched into aluminium sheet) for each image. Once these plates are printed the mark changes from a precise drawn line to a much richer and more expressive mark. These marks were scanned in and used as a layer within the multi-layered digital construction that makes up each of the 15 images. The first performance of this music with the images alongside is tomorrow here at Farfield Mill and now I'm really quite excited to see what happens!

A decision had to be made about whether these prints would be for sale. The exhibition officer here was really keen that the work I'm exhibiting here would be available for sale and so these prints are (the textile originals which are on show alongside the digital presentation are not for sale because we hope to take them elsewhere for exhibition). As well as forming part of the make up of the digital images these prints also provide a link to the black on white marks of the musical notation.

After lunch by the spectacular Clough River that flows right by the Mill I continued with this preparation (attaching hanging fixings to the back of each frame and checking that everything is in order for display) while Nigel practiced his guitar. I'm so glad he has to practice every day as it means that I am treated to my own personal recital – a live backing track to my work. As I write this I have to resort to my I-pod – he's getting ready to weave (honest!)

After hanging the prints there followed a discussion on how Nigel would progress with his warp. He was tempted to remove the remains of the previous warp on the loom and start from scratch. I felt that by tying the warp threads to the existing ones and pulling them through precious time would be saved and the same position be reached quicker. We also discussed various

possibilities for how small samples might be woven across the width of the warp and Nigel's ideas for including varied colours (probably 5) and fibres. Nigel has thoughts about changing the straight draw in combination with colours in the warp to create the effect of blocks.

At about 6 o'clock we took the recording equipment, music and guitars over to Brigflatts Meeting House, where we'd done our recital last Saturday. We wanted to record some of our programme, and particularly *Improving Silence*, while all the rehearsing was fresh. This is mainly for us to have a reference recording but also to provide short bits of *Improving Silence* that can be available on the web. I'm new to much of this, not to the singing, but this was my first solo recital and certainly my first experience recording in this way. It's very strange to listen back to the recording, odd to hear your own voice in that way and I can't help noticing elements that need changing: tuning in places and the way I sing certain words. But that is part of the reason for recording like this. I need to learn to be my own critic and that will help me to improve. We have yet to sit down and discuss in a critical way how the concert went. Nigel and I can each be a **critical friend** to the other.

Recording complete at about 9 o'clock (well not quite complete but the battery ran out in the equipment) we found ourselves a well-earned Chinese takeaway.



Farfield Mill



Brigflatts Quaker Meeting House



Fifteen Images – the dry point prints



Warped thoughts



Alice and her dry-point prints



Nigel practicing guitar

Farfield Mill Residency (5:14)

August 8, 2009 by Alice Fox

How the sun shines! After a damp start to this week the weather has turned glorious and, whilst it's a shame to be stuck in doors when it's like this, the sun streams into the Bainside studio here and improves an already lovely workroom. Of course the lovely weather means that perhaps we get fewer visitors to Farfield Mill because they're all out on the hills instead. But we have had a steady stream of interested and interesting people come up to visit us and see what we're up to. It seems that not everyone who visits the Mill makes it up to the top floor, but they really should.

The day starts with the short but lovely walk from Oakdene, our B&B along the drive to the Mill. On either side the fells glow in the morning sunshine, some with a gentle layer of cloud blanketing their tops. Round here the hay is being turned and dried while the weather allows it. This gives the air a fragrance and the fields a wonderful striped design that, despite its simplicity and functional nature always stops me in my tracks. That visual rhythm that comes from the activity of man and his management of the land and which sits within the natural rhythm of the landscape is something I find myself coming back to again and again.

The approach to Farfield Mill takes you along what could be described as a fairly non-descript driveway but it's far from non-descript as far as I'm concerned. The low verges are filled with exquisite wild flowers: field scabious, meadow sweet, tufted vetch, black knapweed, red clover, bird's foot trefoil, yarrow, oxeye daisy, great burnet, betony, saw-wort, creeping cinquefoil... just the names are tantalising enough but the flowers themselves along with the birds (this morning a gold finch and swallows) and insect life that swoop about (and the bats at dusk) make for an eventful walk to work.

Whilst it seems such a cliché to say that the natural world is a constant source of inspiration for me (for whom is it not?!) this is most definitely the case. With a life-long interest in natural history and a previous career in nature conservation it's pretty fundamental for me. This also informs my passion for gardens, something that I am keen to explore in relation to my artistic practice. I brought with me to Cumbria a bunch of flowers and foliage picked from my garden at home, partly to brighten up our studio but also to provide some inspiration for Nigel's 'weaving a garden' project that he's undertaking here.

Once my blog for the previous day (day 4) was written and published we had some technology to grapple with to get the presentation about 15 Images up and running on the big plasma screen here on level 4. The presentation is now running on a loop and interleaves information on the background to the project with the digital images and music giving a taster of the performance that will happen on Saturday 8th. Visitors that have ventured into our studio to have a closer look at what we're doing have been very engaged with the project and we've had some lovely chats with interested and interesting people. Some have had a go on one of the frames Nigel uses for experimenting with warp and weft ideas.

In the afternoon we both started serious preparation for weaving. For Nigel this meant getting to grips with his loom and making a start by separating the existing warp ends into groups ready to tie on the new warp. He also made a series of paper strips with colour added that he could experiment with and develop his ideas for the warp into a more specific design.

Meanwhile I investigated the old rigid heddle loom that I brought with me from home. This belonged to my grandmother and I recently took charge of its care from my aunt's garage where it has sat since Granny died. I was really after Granny's Leclerc 8-shaft countermarche loom and when I went to collect it from Essex I acquired a whole host of related paraphernalia, some of which I know what to do with and some I don't! This little rigid heddle loom was there too and I think will be a very important tool for me to try out ideas

So, using a very practical but colourful book of Nigel's as a guide I went about getting to know this piece of simple technology and working out how to put on a warp. I've only ever 'done' one warp before, at Bradford College and under the expert tutelage of Graham the technician (who's reputation you will know of from previous blog entries) so it's all a little unfamiliar. A small one on a loom like this seemed a very good place to start. Once I'd sorted out my threads and counted the spaces in the heddle etc. I started to thread the ends through the heddle from the middle and working out to each side. Once they were threaded I could tie these ends on to the back stick, which was fiddly as nothing was under tension. Finding that the beams didn't have the ratchet or ratchet brakes that the loom diagram in the book had stumped me for a while, until I noticed that there are a series of holes on the round piece of wood on the end of each beam and that I could improvise a stop for the beam by using a large needle pushed through the hole and secured with blue tac. The pack of needles did say multi-purpose!

With the warp tied on at the back I could tease out the threads with my fingers (a slow but therapeutic process) from the heddle and prepare them in bunches for tying on at the front. Winding the back beam, inserting papers as I went, took the threads neatly onto the loom so that I could tie them onto the front stick and finally get some tension into them. What a sense of satisfaction it gave me to be finally presented with a tensioned warp ready for weaving! Now my challenge is to weave my garden.



Winder from Oakdene



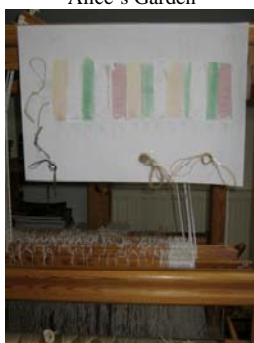
Alice's Garden



Public Participation



Grappling with a different technology



Warp design



Grappling with technology



Old warp separated ready for tying on the new one

Farfield Mill Residency (5:14)

August 9, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

The really major event of my residency happens today – Saturday 8 August. This is the first performance of **Fifteen Images (Le Jardin Pluvieux)** in its on-line version for Active Notation and Digitized Textile Images.

There must be just so many references on the blog to this work over the past month or so . . . and now it's finished and the team of four – a jazz pianist, a textile artist, a technologist and programmer, and me the composer will come together in one place for the first time. Prior to today we've been corresponding through e-mail and passing data around on the web, occasional getting together in twos to brainstorm, devise ways forward, be critical but supportive. The whole project began tentatively just four months ago, but has gradually occupied more and more of our individual and collective attention. Last week Phil Legard (technologist and programmer) and Matt Robinson (jazz pianist) were burning the midnight oil to bring the adventurous real-time aspect of the work to a state of readiness. Although Alice Fox (textile artist) finished her digitized images some time ago (to be animated by Phil), she's been here at Farfield Mill this week preparing an exhibition of the 'real' 15 textile and dry-point print images for showing on Level 4 of the arts and heritage centre (and kindly taking over my blog for two days – thanks Alice). As for me, I've been trying to keep everything in order, taking on a production manager role: writing the interpretation for the public spaces at Farfield Mill, web content, press releases and programme, co-ordinating equipment hire and travel arrangements, negotiating with Farfield Mill (we discovered our performance space was going to be shared by a textile workshop!), curating the content for the concert itself, and doing the artist in residence business.

All that said, come the day of the performance – an afternoon concert amongst the looms of the Mill's top floor gallery – I'm spending a good part of my morning starting to wind the warp lengths for my weaving project. I didn't want people coming to the concert and seeing no evidence of my weaving except the visual realization I've been engaged with to design warp and weft. Yesterday's blog showed the sketch I'd produced of the colour and yarn sequence. Today I'm sorting out the number of ends for each block of colour and yarn type across the warp. I then start to wind the correct number of warp ends, but without the portee cross – no need as the warp ends are going to be tied on to the ends of the existing warp currently tied up in front of the reed.

Not content with having this ground-breaking 'textiles meets music' event Farfield Mill is also hosting today the first day of a two-day workshop by

textile and mixed-media artist [Maggie Ayres](#). She currently has a lively exhibition at Farfield Mill, and by the concentration and enthusiasm of her workshop class is a certainly an effective and popular teacher. I was really intrigued to see how Maggie makes use of YouTube on the web: to tell the story of the background and the making process of some of her creations. Here's a link to a piece called [Window](#), which both intrigued and impressed me.

Back to my concert event – First to arrive is Matt and his mum Sue. After setting up his keyboard and amplification they go off to see the Brigflatts garden and meeting house. Matt is the son of the Suffregan Bishop of Pontefract no less, but has probably never been to a Quaker meetinghouse before. It is, I gather from him later, a rich experience. Next, my wife Susan turns up with a very nervous Phil (a spare computer in the car and all sorts of fall back scenarios developed on the 70 mile journey from Leeds) and a fantastic studio picnic, which she assembles in great style in the Bainside space. Sadly I'm just too preoccupied to eat very much and I have to fit in a quick rehearsal with Matt – we are ending the concert with a contemporary jazz standard, Ralph Towner's *Icarus*, which in time honoured fashion in the jazz world we've never played together before. In fact, we've never played anything together before!

We find we do have a good size audience and after a friendly introduction by the chair of Farfield's trustees and caretaker director Anne Pierson, Matt comes on to play one of his own compositions. Then it's the premiere of 15 images - over 40 minutes of wonderfully meditative and inventive playing by Matt with the technical co-ordination of the web-based 'active' score and digital images (looking great on this 42 inch plasma screen) working perfectly. Coming soon (Wednesday) . . . a link on these pages to Matt's recording of the complete 15 images in tandem with the animated images by Alice Fox and Phil Legard. A recording of extracts from the programme of the first concert of my residency at Brigflatts meeting house is now online [here](#).

The concentration and involvement of the audience is wonderful and a very friendly and enthusiastic reception is given to the new work. The team are duly introduced and applauded, and after the concert finishes with a spirited performance of *Icarus*, we get lots of valuable comments and discussions going with the audience. Hello to young composer and violinist Helena from Cardiff! She came to the concert with her parents and brother and sister, and asked lots of great questions . . . and then went away with the score of my [A World of Miracles](#) for violin and piano.

By 5.0pm everyone has gone home and its just Alice and I left to tackle a welcome gin and tonic before (believe or not) sitting down to what Alice describes as a business meeting. Ok, we've done two concerts in a week – where do we go from here? We'd love other people to see and experience what I think is some exciting collaborative work ' where textiles, music and digital technology interact'. We also have to think how are we going to make this happen? It's an interesting meeting, to be continued the following morning when at 11.0pm, and after a picnic supper in the studio, we find ourselves too tired to complete the agenda!



Chained warps for my garden project



Matt with his Active Notation online score



Matt and the 15 real and digital images



Matt and I playing Icarus

Farfield Mill Residency (7-8:14)

August 11, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

Two blogs in one tonight, that is Sunday and Monday. If I don't do this I'll just get so behind, and I have such a lot to do before next Saturday. There are these small matters of a woven piece to finish, a concert to give, and a new composition (forming in my head that I'd like to get on paper).

On Sunday Alice and I were up very early. When I got to the Mill at 6.0am, there she was, sitting against the entrance wall, reading Henry Williamson's *Tarka the Otter*. We've been sharing the reading of chapters of this book every evening like civilised people used to before television (My grandfather was Williamson's school friend – they went to the Front together in 1915). In the fields across the road from where we have been staying haymaking had gone on all night, and by 5.0am the farmer had brought in the machine that 'bags' the hay in large black polythene bags. Alice had had enough of the noise and got up . . . so we finished our business meeting of the previous evening and she packed most her 'stuff' and, after making a little music (Purcell and Dowland), then we had a final breakfast together. She kindly took me to meeting at Brigflatts on her way to home and family 60 miles away.

The 'first day meeting' at Brigflatts had two epistles read out by the Clerk – from [the Yearly Meeting, Junior Yearly Meeting and Summer Gathering](#) held the week before last at York University. To go to meeting at Brigflatts is to be reminded of the very birth of Quakerism. This is a meeting house visited often by the Quaker founding father George Fox and the inspiring Margaret Fell from Swarthmore Hall. Apart from the hearing loop and the electric light the meetinghouse is pretty much as it was in 1672.

It was very strange to return to the Bainside studio, and be on my own again. But there was so much to do to get this 'background' warp on the Glimakra loom. It took a lot of Sunday just to complete winding the warps and do about half the tying-on to the existing warp in front of the reed. Lots of people in the Mill on Sunday, and so many (often interesting) interruptions. I worked very late indeed and finally made it to bed in the very early hours. My daughter Meg's thirteenth birthday today – though she looks about 19! My kind wife arranged a sleepover for 9 teenage girlfriends . . . there are some advantages in being away. She's a dear girl, and I miss her . . .

I woke early Monday morning to a heavy drizzle. I wrote a number of letters, tied a few more dozen ends, and then had breakfast. It was seriously raining as I walked back to the Mill. Working out in the workshop space, running the

whole length of the Mill building, I decided this tying-on job could benefit from some music. I rarely ever work to the accompaniment of music, but this morning the idea of Bach's the *St John Passion* seemed appropriate. I have a wonderful recording featuring Mark Padmore as the Evangelist. I hooked up my I-pod to the Level 4 sound system (which usually plays 'easy listening') and throughout the day, as I patiently brought this warp to a state of readiness, I listened to all Bach's keyboard toccatas, *The Goldberg Variations*, and the D minor Chaconne for solo violin.

Progress was interrupted with a studio lunch for textile artist **Norah Bell**. I've written about Norah a few weeks ago, so it was good to meet this delightful and unusual weaver and textile artist. I should like to see more of her work than the dramatic trio of hangings I wrote about, currently at the Platform Gallery in Clitheroe.

Another equally interesting interruption was saying good morning to **Tomoko Alderson**, a lovely Japanese needlewoman from the next-door studio. Lots to say about Tomoko: a design and textile artist, she's also a musician who regularly plays piano duets (and brought her partner to the concert last week); she's the sort of person who in the space of 10 minutes you realise you've had the most fascinating and wide-ranging conversation with. I think we managed Quakers, Zen Buddhism, composers Debussy and Takemitsu, and the importance of listening to music with a score before we both thought – better get to work!

Now for that warp. Well, it occupied me most of the day and I learnt a lot about this process of tying on to an existing warp. I also learnt a great deal about Kernaf or Hemp. It is not an ideal (natural) fibre for a warp, and required lots of patience to make this possible. But it is so beautiful, and this particular hemp came from the fabulous Japanese store in New York, **Habu**.

The other yarns are predominantly linen, or linen and cotton mix. After playing around so much with the sequence and order – using painted strips of paper – it was reassuring to see the colours and textures finally come together.

I had supper (tea we call it in this part of the world) sitting out on the 'balcony' (read fire escape) looking over the River Clough in the twilight. The bats were about and the sound of the river was very soporific. I felt as though I'd had a good and necessary day – more weaving than music for once. Tomorrow I shall start designing the weft – using the colours I assembled for *Le Jardin Pluvieux*.

Final Note: it would be really good if those who read my blog regularly might contribute some pictures of your gardens or gardens you love. Not much time left I'm afraid. I would so like to give the studio artists and visitors to Farfield Mill an idea of the vigorous community of online textile designers, crafters and makers.



Early Morning from Farfield Bridge



Hemp or kenaf by Habu



Sketch from the 'balcony'



Wall with moss - a tapestry in itself



The completed warp



The completed warp - from above

Farfield Mill Residency (9:14)

August 12, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

Tuesday morning was one of those breathtaking late summer mornings that carried a golden light the colour of ripe wheat. At 5.30am from my bedroom window there was a little mist in the valley but blue sky above the hills.

If it's the second Tuesday in August then it has to be the Lunesdale Annual Agricultural Society Show at Underley Park near Kirky Lonsdale, just 10 miles from Farfield Mill. I couldn't resist the excuse to have an afternoon off visiting an event that defines what still remains (just) of country life and living (and I don't mean second homes and retirement communities). Here are the people (with their dogs and horses) who struggle to keep what makes the British countryside the treasure it is, gathered together in a showground

against the backdrop of a country park and the gentle Howgill hills. For the last two years the show has been cancelled due to appalling weather. Yesterday morning's downpour must have worried the organisers, but the way today opened must have seemed a gift from the Gods.

It seemed so strange to be at a country show without my children. For years such events have delighted them and I count many happy days with them at the Royal in Harrogate (where I started spending more and more time in the weavers' tent) and later at the famous Appleby Horse Fair. For my son David it was always the dogs (I find their owners just as fascinating). I have so many photographs of him, an arm around some favoured animal.

Remembering I'm supposed to be a weaver this week I headed off to the crafts tent and the competitive areas, the latter carrying such categories as 'Something made for under £3'. The gallery is going to be very full today – I took so many pictures. There were also many trade exhibits. I got talking with Linda Cameron of [Hannalin Crafts](#) who has specialized in wool and wool products from Herdwick, Alpaca, Swaledale and Jacob sheep. Her stall was full of lovely and practical items: I know I must have one of her Herdwick ties – it will go beautifully with a charcoal Rohan suit I have (but now sadly seldom wear). There were examples of some stylish knitting that stopped me in my tracks – it seems a shame that fashions and materials have made the sweater and the cardigan so neglected (except for those brave young women like my daughter Frances May who know how to manage the colours and combinations – and who love well-cut skirts and kilts – and she's a pop music journalist!). Frances would say it's difficult not to look like a Japanese tourist / language student who just love kilts and our intricate knitwear.

The Lunesdale show had a busy programme of arena events including a visit from the Lunesdale Harriers whose master led his hounds in full cry around the arena to the delight of the spectators. The show's 'voice over the tannoy' sounded as though he had enjoyed a very liquid lunch – a wonderful, slow south Lakeland 'just county' drawl. I kept wondering when he would completely lose the plot with his commentary and explanations. Some BBC producer should snap him up fast as continuity announcer with a difference.

Of course, it is the animals that are the real stars of such a show. Dogs everywhere – competing and just being shown off, or sitting patiently in the back of 4 x 4s. Horses, naturally, with those svelte young women and red faced, weather-beaten young men who know how to sit on a horse – almost centaurs as they go through and over the jumps. The sheep were the official stars, and if you wanted to see rare breeds this was the afternoon to do it. I

even spotted some of the Llyn and Welsh Mountain animals that live on the mountain around my cottage. The poultry was pretty stunning – I had no idea the marking and plumage of these birds could be so exotic and mysterious.

I was only there for the afternoon, but could have spent a very happy day just drinking in the conversations, the competitive stuff (Lakeland wrestling – which I'd never seen), and the gentle flow of families meeting families and friends.

Back to the Mill I tidied up a few errors and details on my warp ready for Wednesday and the weavers' group day on Level 4. Then it was a quick tea and down to some serious guitar practice – to be ready for Saturday's concert.

After nine days of this residency I'm really glad I took the afternoon off – even my dear wife (on her way to our cottage in North Wales) – sent me a text saying WELL DONE for taking some time out. She arrived late last night with daughter Meg who, smitten with the sheer grandeur of the location, phoned me with her delight at being there once again. I love it here, but I am looking forward to looking down the length of Lyn from Mount Cottage and spending some quiet days on the mountain.



Colourful scarf



More odds and ends



Made from odds and ends



Fancy Knitting #1



Fancy Knitting #2



Spinner

Farfield Mill Residency (10:14)

August 13, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

There are things about Wednesday 12 August I'd rather forget. The day did not turn out as I'd planned. After two days hard work putting a warp on the Glimakra loom I found to my horror that the loom's tie up was a shambles, a complete mess . . . and I'd failed to notice it. I assumed (quite wrongly) that the loom was in regular use by the Farfield Mill weaving group . . . it was not. The Glimakra loom my former teacher Laura had been using for a couple of rugs was not the Glimakra I was given to use: it had been replaced. Frankly I was devastated, because instead of settling down for a morning's weaving I spent the three hours retying and balancing the loom. Thank goodness I learnt how to do this in May . . . talking to the other weavers it is clear that loom maintenance is not high on the Centre's agenda. The looms need a good dose of Don Porritt (ace loom trouble-shooter from Ilkley).

After working right through lunchtime I finally got weaving about 2.30 and so don't have a lot to show for an afternoon's work . . . there were many other things to think about, like how am I getting home at the weekend (and then to Wales) , and the small matter of a concert (people keep saying to me – oh, I'm coming to your concert – this is lovely, but scary of course). Apropos concerts – last week's concert is now available on-line on the 'new' downloads page of the [Fifteen Images web presentation](#). You can hear and see the complete premiere of Fifteen Images, with the full animated textile-based images by Alice Fox and Phil Legard. You can also hear clips from the Brigflatts concert on 1 August [here](#).

So let's take a look at the weaving. Bad light makes photography difficult (makes weaving quite hard too) – so the photos don't show a lot of detail or the 'right' colours. My intention with this piece is to follow the same sequence of six colours and their mixtures I used in my keyboard piece 15 images. The difference being these colours (with corresponding weave textures) are woven into a warp of colours that have been distilled from the hills surrounding Brigflatts garden, particularly beautiful Holme Fell. Plainweave green wool is used to start with, followed by a band of grey/green linen woven in three strips – a hopsack (12, 34), a derivative (14, 23) and a cord weave (14, 13,14, 24), then back to plain weave for the yellow/lemon green.

The kenaf (hemp) is, as expected, causing real problems. I was very stupid to use this on the weft, but now I must (somehow) turn it to my advantage (quite how, I don't know). The woven piece itself is an art piece, a hanging or something to be sampled (digitally) and reassembled online. For me it is

becoming a map: a map of a wonderful fourteen days of doing all the things I love doing in a beautiful place and with good friends and colleagues.

Before all this rubbish appeared mid morning I met Gwen at breakfast (along with 15 cyclists riding the Lands End – John O’Groats adventure). Gwen loves ferrets and having told her that I’d been disappointed not to see ferret racing at the Lunesdale Show, told me she had four 4-week old babies in a carrier in the kitchen yard – as you do when you come to help out at a friend’s B & B. So, later in the morning I turned up with my camera for a photoshoot, knowing that my otter-loving colleague would enjoy the pictures. They are pretty cute I have to say, but I don’t think I could live with them. It’s their very distinctive aroma . . .

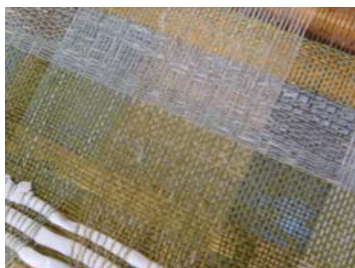
Talking of otters, Barbara from the USA, a weaver from Massachusetts, enjoyed my reference to Williamson’s Tarka. Yes, Barbara, I have the C.F. Tunnicliffe edition (my grandfather’s), but not here. Alice and I have been reading from an unusual edition (1964) illustrated with photographs and maps by Barry Driscoll. It has a useful glossary for the many Devonian terms used to describe birds and plants. Some years ago now my son David (the boy with the dog in yesterday’s blog) did the Tarka trail, revisiting many of the places I had known as a child, and my mother before me. In the 1950s and 60s we stayed in one or other of Williamson’s cottages in Georgeham while he lived in his caravan in a field a mile away. I remember meeting him several times – with his shock of white hair. He seemed a particularly grumpy old man – but liked my mother who was a very beautiful woman (in her thirties then). I do like the full title of the book; *Tarka the Otter: His Joyful Water-Life and Death in the Country of the Two Rivers*. So Barbara, I have seen all these places in the flesh (in 2005). . and you should go and see them too if you can. So much still is, as I believe it was in the 1920s.

When the Mill shuts at 5.0pm (lots of visitors yesterday) the first thing I do is open the fire-escape door and walk out on to the ‘balcony’ high above the River Clough. Then I can hear the river clearly when I go back to the studio; such an abiding and beautiful accompaniment to the rest of the day. Last night I ate supper out there in the gathering dusk – a sad and grey evening. But when I left the Mill at nearly midnight there was a sky full of stars . . .

Note: I’ve started receiving some brilliant images from my on-line weaving colleagues. Cally, thank you. I think you rather enjoyed looking back at your photo albums! Some wonderful pictures that I know the Farfield Mill visitors will enjoy. There’s time for more for anyone else feels inspired . . .



My loom and a little weaving . . .



An Afternoon's weaving



The Downloads Page where you can hear (and see) last Saturday's Concert



Four week old ferret



Canal bridge - near where Tarka was born

Farfield Mill Residency (11:14)

August 14, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

I'm beginning to make some progress with this woven piece and I'm hoping I might complete half of it by Saturday. The kenaf (hemp) that I unwisely used as part of the warp has had a few breakages, but otherwise everything is going to plan. I've never woven anything this wide before so I've had to learn how to throw the shuttle. This is quite an art and I'm slowly getting the hang of it! Lack of time is beginning to dictate certain aspects of the design I had in mind. I think it is better to focus on getting a relatively straightforward play of colour than attempting too intricate patterns and effects.

Today I received my first commission as a weaver, a long winter scarf based on the swatches I submitted for the Conceal and Reveal project at Bradford last May. I was really taken aback when this very well spoken lady appeared and enthused about the design and the feel of the yarns (faux chenille from the cheap basket in my local craft shop). I didn't have the heart to say anything except I might have trouble getting hold of something similar.

Most of my time and energy has had to be focused on preparing this solo recital I'm giving here at Farfield on Saturday. I'm playing Matteo Carcassi's *Etudes Melodiques* – complete. This is a set of 25 studies that every student classical guitarist plays, or rather plays the first 6 studies. After that they get decidedly tricky, and, as far as I know, I'm the only guitarist in the world who plays all of them! They are distinctly charming, with echoes of the Preludes of Chopin. The problem with playing this work is pacing the performance – it's quite a lot to listen to (around 50 minutes). So I try to split the studies up into groups of between four and six. Several years ago I discovered that Hector Berlioz had his own copy of these Etudes and certainly, by the fingerings marked, played them. His copy resides in a private library in California. Frederic Chopin heard Carcassi play them in Paris and is said to have admired them.

I've started to pull together a resume display of the residency. This will include lots of photographs, comments, sketches and design illustrations, some of the music I've written, and of course the blogs. Alice has just sent me some valuable photos of me working with visitors on the handloom on Level 4 that carries the invitation to 'have a go'. She tells me she's making some progress at home with the piece on her rigid heddle loom that she started here last week.

I'm beginning to turn my thoughts to packing up and preparing to travel to North Wales. My wife Susan is battling against bad weather for the third year in succession – although the sun has appeared briefly. Yesterday she managed to break the axle on our trailer bringing barrels of water up to our waterless cottage – the well, despite all the rain, has dried up. That said, she sounded quite cheerful – perhaps she's got a good crime thriller on the go (her holiday pleasure). Meg is still chilling I think – waiting for me to arrive (on Sunday or Monday) to organise some expeditions to our favourite places. I'm hoping to read a few books . . . and gaze at the sea and sky.

Before a picnic tea at the studio I allowed myself some time to draw. I'm captivated by the view up and down the River Clough from the 'balcony' on the top floor of the Mill. The constant sound and movement of the river as it

wends its way between the rocks is so fascinating and absorbing. My picture doesn't begin to capture this, but I enjoyed doing it. About six this morning the light and clarity of the views beyond of the river were breathtaking. My photo hardly does it justice.

I've had lots of visitors during the day and I'm now rather sorry I haven't kept a visitors' book. Must do this in (future) residencies. I do scribble down names when I can, but I should do this properly. The process of weaving does seem to intrigue people. It is clearly, to some, a great mystery (it was to me once), and the complexity of it surprises visitors for whom this may be the first occasion they've got that close to a loom.

On level 4 at the Mill there's a small bookshop, and I found just browsing a rather special book published in the 1980s. It's called The Craft of Weaving written by Ann Sutton, Geraldine St Aubyn Hubbard and Peter Collingwood. It is the book of a BBC TV series no less . . . and it is brilliant! Highly recommended, but I imagine (by its price) it is rather rare. I 'borrowed' it for some bedtime reading . . .



Weaving the Garden



River Clough looking West from the 'balcony'



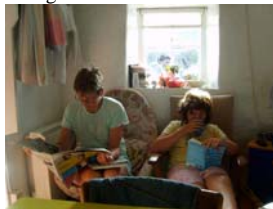
The Craft of the Weaver



Looking East up the River Clough



Visitors try the handloom



Susan & Meg@Mount Cottage



Etude Vingt-Quatre

Farfield Mill Residency (12:14)

August 14, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

Current Listening: J.S.Bach *The Art of Fugue*

My dear daughter Frances May, as editor of the wonderful, but late lamented Plan B magazine, always used to head her blog with ‘current listening’. This really set the tone for the writing that followed. During my days at Farfield I have listened to more music in a fortnight than I have in months, if not years. Having really got to know Ollie Mustonen’s playing of the *Goldberg Variations*, it was time tonight for *Die Kunst der Fuge*. This version of the work for piano intersperses miniature pieces by Gyorgy Kurtag – to great effect.

Today I devoted to weaving, as much as time and this really ‘difficult loom’ would allow. I have made some good progress, but ultimately I am defeated and decide this evening I can’t go any further until I can get the loom balanced (shaft pins would help!) and the lams to behave themselves (without those all important washers I have on my Toika loom.

What I’ve decided to do is to cut the woven piece off and hang the incomplete piece in a small display I’m putting together about my all too brief residency. I’ve asked Alice to help me do this if she arrives in Sedbergh in good time for my recital tomorrow – I need some Vilene (which she has and I forgot) and some moral support! What I’ve tried to do with this woven experiment is to put colours together with particular weave patterns. I’ve made use of pebble weave, crepe, cord, vertical herringbone (43, 41, 21, 32, 41, 43, 32, 21) and towards the end of the piece long and short pointed twill (with a straight draw – 43, 32, 21, 41, 21, 32, 43, 41, 43, 32, 21).

Despite all the problems I have learnt a lot from my concentrated time trying to weave what is certainly the biggest piece I have attempted to date. I realise how far I have to go to make coherent weave and colour structures. Talking of coherence, Alice sent me the first fruits of her weaving on the rigid heddle loom she warped up during her time at Farfield. I love the image of the weave against the window with the garden outside . . . I’m hoping she might bring the completed piece to Farfield tomorrow to put in the display I’m co-ordinating (see below).

I finally put the loom from my mind about 4.0pm and after a strong cup of coffee settled down to play through my programme for tomorrow’s recital. Although I’ve played this work – Carcassi’s *Etudes Melodiques* – many times,

it's a fickle piece and there are still corners that surprise and infuriate me. But I like it because it gives me such a lot of room for creative interpretation.

After a gentle and clear morning rain set in before lunchtime . . . and it is still raining, dismal for all those people on holiday. After a flurry of visitors this morning, the Mill has been quite quiet. I wonder what people do with themselves when it is raining in Sedbergh. Probably go and explore one of the many bookshops. It's a good job I'm 15 minutes walk from the town – so far I have only succumbed to two books, and they were presents. Maybe tomorrow?

I arranged my getaway from Farfield for Sunday afternoon. It will be a five-hour trip by train with three changes to arrive in Bangor in time for a fish and chip supper with Susan and Meg. But before that I have to negotiate getting to Brigflatts for Sunday meeting and then a 10-mile journey to the station at the head of Garsdale. A bus surely? You must be joking. Sedbergh only has a bus service that runs on a Thursday – so it's a taxi or the kindness of friends or colleagues.

This evening I've been putting together a kind of residency retrospective: a display of photographs, sketches, warp and weft designs, recital programmes, photos contributed by the online weavers I know. I can certainly cover a good space of empty wall outside the studio.



The next part of the woven garden



Detail of the Woven Garden



Front view of the woven piece to date



Alice's Rigid Heddle 'Garden' Piece



Remember that vase of flowers ...?

Farfield Mill Residency (13-14:14)

August 16, 2009 by Nigel Morgan

This is the final full day of my residency here at Farfield Mill. Today will see the third and final concert in the series I've curated for Farfield Mill, their first venture into music. This was a solo recital for guitar of Matteo Carcassi's *Etudes Melodiques*.

Having had a really promising rehearsal the evening before I decided not to spend too much time practising, but to concentrate on making a lively display of the two-week residency and deciding whether or not to take my woven piece off the Glimakra loom. With the display I've really benefited from collecting and making images of all sorts during the residency. I had plenty of material to play with, and apart from not quite obeying the necessary perspective correction on the wall space; the end result is certainly colourful and 'different'.

All the exhibition items on Level 4 and in this 'corner' outside the Bainside studio will remain on show until the end of August. Remember all the work can be viewed in detail and with extensive interpretation on my website – just take the Quick Link marked **Fifteen Images** from the Home Page. If you are within striking distance of Sedbergh do come and see this work and take in some of the other exhibitions currently at Farfield Mill. The Maggie Ayres show is highly recommended.

As to the knotty problem of what to do about my woven piece and the state of the loom itself, I had almost decided to take what I'd woven off the loom. The right hand end of the warp with 10 ends of kenaf was suffering badly as my illustration above shows.

I thought if I were to restart the woven piece I would strip these kenaf ends out altogether. However, I felt I needed a second opinion (and possibly some Vilene). Well, in the end I got two opinions and the Vilene (which in the end I didn't use). Alice appeared about midday with her family on their way to 10 days camping in Scotland, and Margaret from the Farfield Weavers' Group was weaving herself on Level 4. Between them they decided the woven piece should come off, and Margaret showed both Alice and I some valuable and confident ways to do this, and demonstrated a lovely way of making the ends of the warp secure. During my afternoon concert Alice sat in a distant corner of the Level 4 gallery and did this tidying up process while I played away. This has made the woven piece quite presentable, even though there is still quite a lot of darning of weft ends to do.

The audience for my final concert was surprisingly large! Indeed, we ran out of chairs and had to go searching around the lower floors of Mill for extras. I was delighted to discover afterwards some of my own friends and colleagues in the audience. I'm afraid when I'm playing the audience is a complete blur, although there was a lady in the front row with an amazing frock that I found distracting at the time! I grouped the 25 Etudes into batches of six or so and talked a little in between these groups about Carcassi, 19C Paris and how the guitar had changed since the 1820s.

As an un-programmed final item Alice joined me to perform John Dowland's *Flow my Tears*, the *Lachrimae*, a tender and reflective end to what amounts to almost a year's work. This time last year I was discovering Brigflatts and its beautiful garden (in the rain). I attended Jeanette Appleton's workshop at Farfield Mill and was so encouraged and enthused. A month later I had begun formal part-time studies in woven textile design at Bradford College, and had begun writing a sequence of music collectively known as *Le Jardin Pluvieux*. (I'm now half way through this sequence of music, textile installations, digital presentations and poetry – after my work on the life and work of Barbara Hepworth for her centenary celebrations in 2003 it is my most ambitious collection of music yet). In November I introduced myself to a young woman weaving on one of the College dobbie looms (ever curious to know what other student weavers were up to). We both, but variously, attended Sue Lawty's lecture in York, but didn't meet again until January, when I saw her in a corridor at College and asked, as she'd been to the lecture, if she'd look at and comment on my blog report on this lecture. She did, and from that has developed a six-month collaboration in music, textiles and digitally-mediated art that has been at the heart of my Farfield residency, and for which I am most grateful.

At Farfield Mill I need to thank the Chair of Trustees Anne Pierson (for believing a music / textiles residency would be a 'good thing' for Farfield), Exhibitions Officer Elizabeth Eaton for facilitating the residency, to Jeremy the new administrator who made essential things happen and appear, to the Farfield staff and volunteers, to Margaret, Anna, Susan and Rosie from the Farfield Weavers' Group, and studio artist and next-door neighbour Tomoko. At Brigflatts meeting I need to say a particular thank you to the Warden Tess Satchell and the Clerk Margaret Stocks, and further down Brigflatts Lane to John Rice and Clare Hamilton for their friendship and hospitality.

What next? There is lots of music to finish writing and possibly a change of studio in Wakefield to accommodate my tapestry loom (still in Exeter sadly). *Facts of Life according to Gatto Marte* has to be complete by the end of

September to go into rehearsal on October 11. I need to put aside time to consider the many lessons this residency has taught me. I have learnt a lot in recent weeks about working and presenting woven textiles, often due to kind observations from the online readers of this blog.

Certainly what I set out to do over this past fortnight was probably too ambitious, but I only had this small window of opportunity to bring together a body of work and practice. For me, artistically and personally, it has been worth it. Whether the outcomes will be of sufficient quality and interest to catch the attention and support of galleries and centres for textile art able to accommodate this kind of cross-art residency is to be seen. I hope so.

It's now Sunday morning and there is the final packing up to do. All my stuff is staying here for 10 days while I'm in Wales. I'll then say my goodbyes to Ruth and her mother Jean at Oak Dene where I've stayed this fortnight. Definitely the best B & B in Sedbergh. I'll then walk to Brigflatts for meeting and then hope to get a lift the 10 miles or so up to Garsdale Station. I cycled it last summer in an hour and a quarter. Walking it would probably take three hours . . . I just wish it would stop raining.

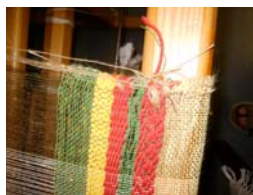
No more blogs for bit . . . I may be back in September when I start learning to be a tapestry weaver!



Ready for the Concert



The display outside the
Bainside Studio



A bit of a mess - with kenaf



My Woven Garden piece



The residency resume display



Nigel rehearsing for Saturday's Concert.
Photo by Alice Fox



Nigel at the loom.
Photo by Alice Fox



Nigel @ Farfield Mill/
Photo by Alice Fox