



## FEBRUARY 2017 NEWSLETTER



Needlework is no less an art that painting and poetry. And the needle can awaken the pen. This month I celebrate poetry so inspired, by Dave Russo and Karyl Beavers.

SARAH GARBOT HER WORK 1789



It's one thing to see them in books, these old samplers; to see borders in carpets from the Islamic parts of Spain come through an English schoolgirl's needle a hundred years later---

but it's another to have one in hand, like this marvelous ruin: the blackened gauze rotting from the bands and figures, the silk threads faded to blacks, browns, and dirty golds.

Dabbing the silk with soap and water, colors emerge from coal soot and dust. There is a vine of faded tulip-like flowers over two pious verses, both quite grim, though stitched in gold silk. Life is short and miserable, says one, and the other, Live to die.

But she didn't die before she made this wide, arcaded band of flowers over a grove of fruiting trees and architectural vases. Under each tree, a pair of tiny black and gold birds; in each vase, a branch with four kinds of blooms- mixing nature and design.

She made a magic garden, it seems, under a dense band of diamonds, all eyelets- gold, green and mauve. A ship in full sail is flanked by mauve geese, golden butterflies, flower baskets, then trees from which huge acorns depend- a bird on each acorn, black sheep with gold legs beside each tree, squirrels leaping over the sheep.

To finish, she made a chaste band of strawberries over a rampant gold lion. He's attended by cherubs whose pink eyes have blackened, like a skull's. The lion and his angels drift above the cartouche where Sarah stitched her name- in the ninth year of her age.

Two heraldic leopards lie down beside her name. their dog-like faces copied from old stumpwork.

There is more, of course: sooty peacocks in the lower corners; tableaux of little trees and turquoise birds; two leaping brown creatures- not sure what she wanted them to be. We're often guessing, anyway, and naming it all wouldn't save us or the crumbling work of her hands.

### STITCHING THE HANNAH BREED SAMPLER

A towhead bends over a scrap of cloth Hannah Breed is my name
She wiggles on the damp stone step
New England is my station
A flash of wing blurs into the elm
Lynn is my dwelling place
The Baltimore oriole weaves her cradle
And Christ is my Salvation
Impatient and restless she draw her thread,
Alert for voices on the empty path.

Across the weft of unbleached linen
Between the fibers spun from flax
The needle glides and guides the thread
Stitching letters, cross by cross.
Who pulls the stitch into an eyelet?
Who ties and snips the black silk floss?
Who draws my needle through the sampler?
Who knots your thread and mine?
How can your breath be on my neck?
And can your hand feel mine?



Hannah Breed



## **COMING SOON**



Here follows a treat of designs soon to be released. Click on each picture for a larger image.



Rose Shenamon Mitchell Screen Shot



Rose Shenamon Mitchell stitched model



The Camel and the Lion



Saxon Alphabet Original Sampler



Esther Charlton



Esther Charlton



Moses in the Bulrushes



Moses in the Bulrushes



The tiger from an early plantation sampler, made in either India or Africa, should be available in late summer

## Sale on Band Samplers

Until February 28th, ALL band sampler charts will be discounted 15%. The discount will not show up on your order. It will be taken when your order is processed.

# Where to Buy Scarlet Letter Designs

The Scarlet Letter does not sell designs at any needlework markets. My designs are available at a few select shops around the world. A list of retail shops is available on the website.

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