

SEDIMENTING

THE

ARCHIVE



22ND AUGUST 2021

CROSSBONES GRAVEYARD

THE ARCHIVISTS -

GERALDINE HUDSON

GINNY PESZYNSKA

HANNAH REEVES

JENNIFER COOPER

JOSH WEST

KARIN RINGLER

LU MARGETTS

LOUISE WINTER

LUCY COLEMAN TALBOT

MICK CHURCH

ROBBIE HARTMANN

SIMON WATERS

VAL PULLIN


YULIA NICHOLLS

BELLS CASCADING
EARLY AUTUMN AIR
CROWS CAWING
PROMISES OF A NEW BEGINNING



~~X~~ Just for now I am
Still in the Madness &
Rush
These bones are my ~~own~~



The image is a collage of torn paper. The background is a vibrant pink color with yellow and orange splatters. There are several rectangular cutouts showing nature scenes: green foliage at the top, a rocky ground with moss in the middle, and dark green plants at the bottom. Handwritten text in black ink is placed on the pink paper between these cutouts.

Stillness in sound cacophany.
Siren, feedback, guitar plays
Slight drumming - squeal of train
Late summer rain.

Car, loudspeaker, drill,
Thudding. Find the quiet things.
Plants rustling, insects.

Bells. Deep, late season.
Bird singing. Insects barely
audible. Peel of joy. Still.

TOP VIEW



AMERICAN

WALK INTO PARADISE

HEALING PLANT

It can be used + kind. It can sting and heal, and usually can be found together. My mum taught me this.

THIS HAS TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO PARADISE. I PLANTED SOME OF THE GREEN PLANTS ON THE TERRACED STEPS IN SPRING 2015 IT MAY GROW INTO LUSH PARADISE

MOTHER NATURE HEALS ALL ILLMENTS

Nettles leaves
Dots leaves



I like seeing the
place getting changed by
nature

The
Cracked Concrete
with plants growing through

Green and purple

You smell like home
The fields we would explore
tall above our heads
The wild nettles and thistles
boarding the garden
Watch your step, for they grab
and sting, and you'll cry and cry
and cry.

The secrets hidden underneath
Roadkill, pets, people. Life all ~~the~~ ^{departed}
The moss of the drain across
the deserted road.
Wet and green and deep.
A place to think and escape the
concrete, escape the people, escape the
chaos.

Dear Green + Purple leaves, you bring
Peace to an overworked mind

FOR ALL SUICIDES

FOR HANNAH'S
BROTHER

BLACK RAVEN

AND FOR ASTRID'S
BROTHER

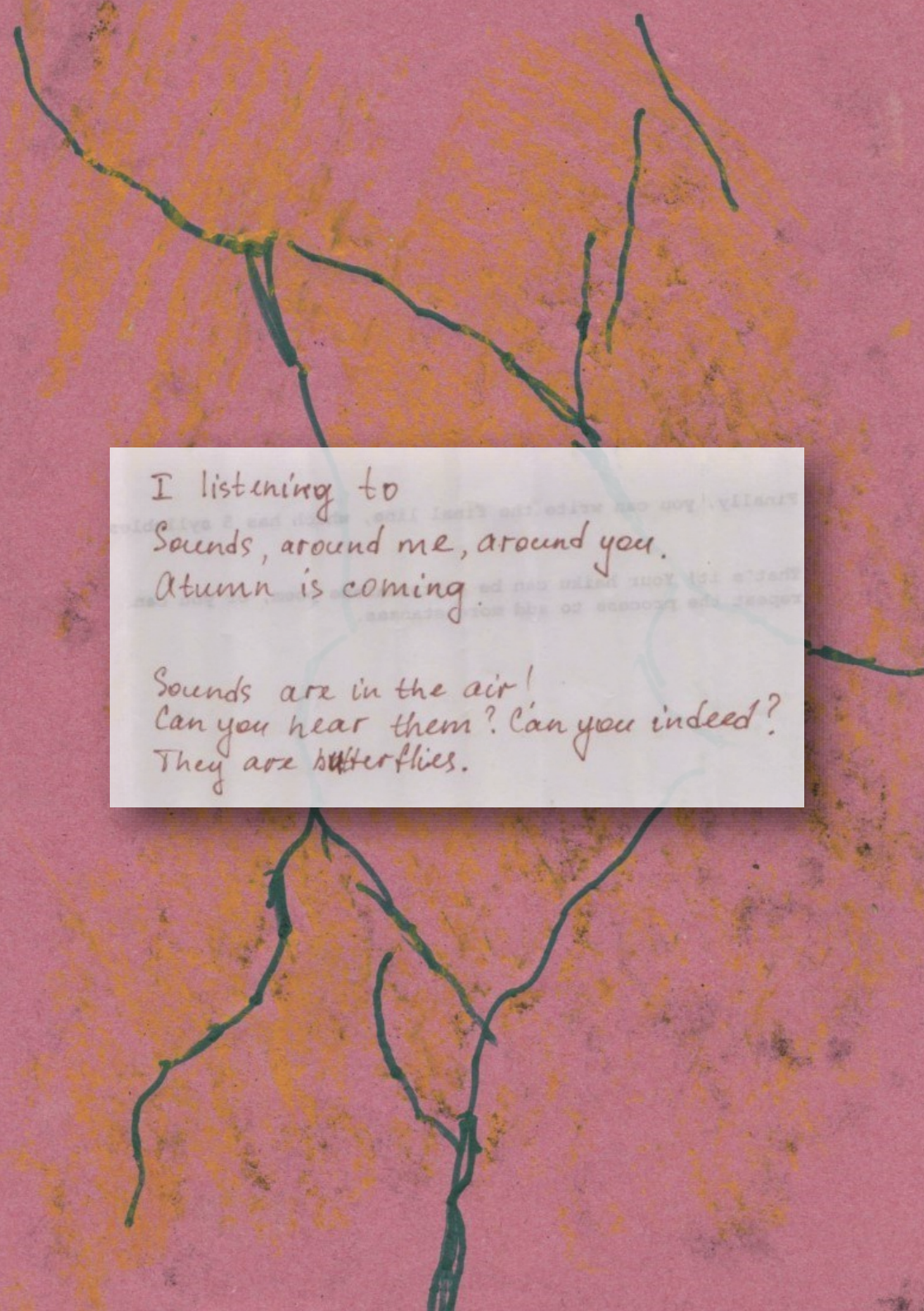
AND FOR MY COLLEAGUE
AT WORK

What is that? I can see rosemary but
it's not that. Dust? Concrete? A hot
summer's day with ~~not~~ no shade.

Thyme comes in with the breeze. I'm
a child again on an adventure in the
village, down a country road. Lying
in a deep bag in the garden.
5 Wrapped

rosemary again. Scrubbing hospital
floors in an earlier time. Slow roasted
lamb with plenty of garlic. Anxious,
unsettling times. Incense & breathe.





I listening to
Sounds, around me, around you.
Autumn is coming.

Sounds are in the air!
Can you hear them? Can you indeed?
They are butterflies.





train conveys hurtling

Feedback screams into bells

of South West Cathedral
on Sunday afternoon

Bee buzzes in head-

floppy of better fly wings

Silent rake

ban ban ban

Soon damp leaves.

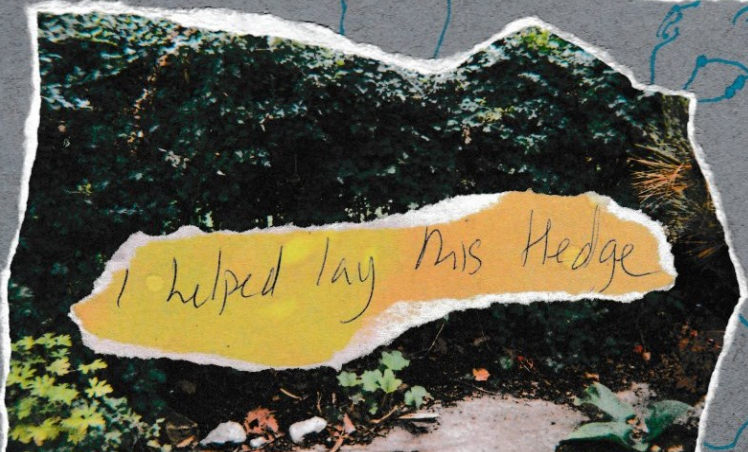
Etching of corn found
on pathway. I thought
it was a roman coin.
but actually it was
a 20p piece from 2006.



The cry of a child.
The butterfly dips her wings.
Sounds of the city



I helped lay Mrs Hedge



Over coffee cups

We talk

and grieve
together

and slowly process our losses



City Sounds leak in
your noise is so intruding
I beg, yet us sleep -





OUR
SECRET
GARDEN

IN THE MIDDLE OF
IT ALL

WHERE WE
SHARE SILENCE

White flower, Sweet perfume in corner,
Purple flower, Sittle decay.

Pan a brick wall, ~~Stink~~ Stink of piss,
train track, Iron elelectricity,
Morning time, thyme,

What Vin and I zoned,

The Poppy, stale tobacco, back in, the day

Rosemary on the rocks

Orange Peel, Crack cocaine,

Street Yellow eyes, the dandy homeless

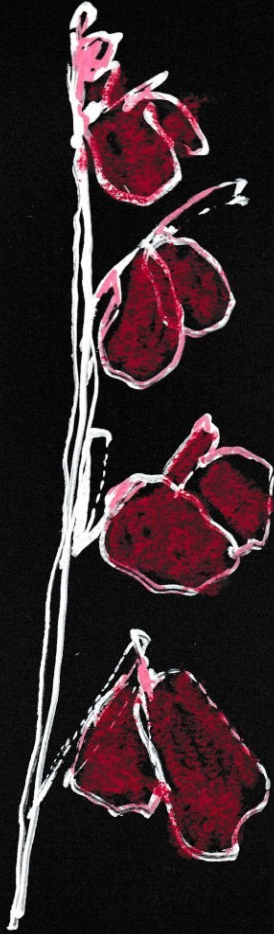
Rolling compost, tea bags, leaves,

Jon sticks pungent, ^{wood lice} Dope dealers flat,

Smell of wool, licker, and suzey,

George bark in dogs

SW





Gary On The Gates.

Gary smiling into the Paradise
Garden. Love, pain, grief, hard lessons of
~~the~~ how to let go. Transformative
nature of Gates Attachment, soft affective
quiet, mentoring, Cycles
What comes from Underground isn't
subject to the rules of Fear,
help, healing, Peace

SKULLS



on next Boundary

ABUNDANT WITH NETTLES, COMFREY,
THYME, TEASLES,

EARLY AUTUMN GREEN
WILD FLOWERS IN BLOOM AS SENTINELS

ROOTS GO DEEP

UNDER THE CONCRETE

TWISTING DOWN INTO THE
EARTH

NOURISHED BY AND
NOURISHING

THE BONES WHICH
LIE
BENEATH.





THE GOLDEN CHAIR
AGAINST BRICK WALLS

THIS CHAIR SYMBOLISES LIGHTNESS
TRANSCENDENCE AND QUALITY
I FIND IT VERY SOOTHING. THE
CHAIR INVITES THE SPIRIT TO
SIT ON IT AND GIVES THE PERSON
NO CONTAMINATION SOURCE



liminal weeds



Nettle,

Patch work of concrete,

~~was so~~

cross cross marks,

by the sight of the

glass tower,

eruptions of weeds,

speak in tongues,

forgot. Forget in stones,

They had no stones,

the colourful liminal,

Weeds,

desired, ignored, taxed,

little birds with a

home,

Maintained, Remembered,

Celebrated, Forgotten,

~~Done at old times~~

Living, Memory



Polly
ALFIE
VIV

THE SCENT OF ROSEMARY
EVOKES MEMORIES OF INCENSE
IN CHURCH DURING / BEFORE HOLY
COMMUNION.

ANOTHER CHERISHED MEMORIES ARE
LUNCHEONS ON HOT SUMMER DAYS
IN 2009 OUTSIDE OLD BILLINGSGATE
PALACE HALL IN THE ADJACENT GARDEN
WITH HAFTING SCENT OF ROSEMARY

ANOTHER MEMORY IS MINT STREET
PARK ON EVENINGS IN LATE SUMMER
AFTER 6 PM IN 2002 WHEN MY SON
WOULD BE RUNNING ABOUT AFTER
A DAY AT NURSERY AND I'D SIT ON
THE WOODEN BENCH / EDGE OF ROSEMARY
LAVENDER BANK

I FEEL THE SUN ON MY FACE
THE SUN'S RAYS INTENSIFY THE SCENT
OF LAVENDER ROSEMARY. I FEEL
RELAXED AND AT EASE.

I FEEL THE RESIN OF ROSEMARY

ON MY HANDS. SOMEHOW ROSEMARY
ALSO REMINDS ME OF PINE RESIN



Enclosed

within

A distant
bell

moves

beyond the echoes



bot steps

distura

quiet

rustling

incessant

inside

church bells

train



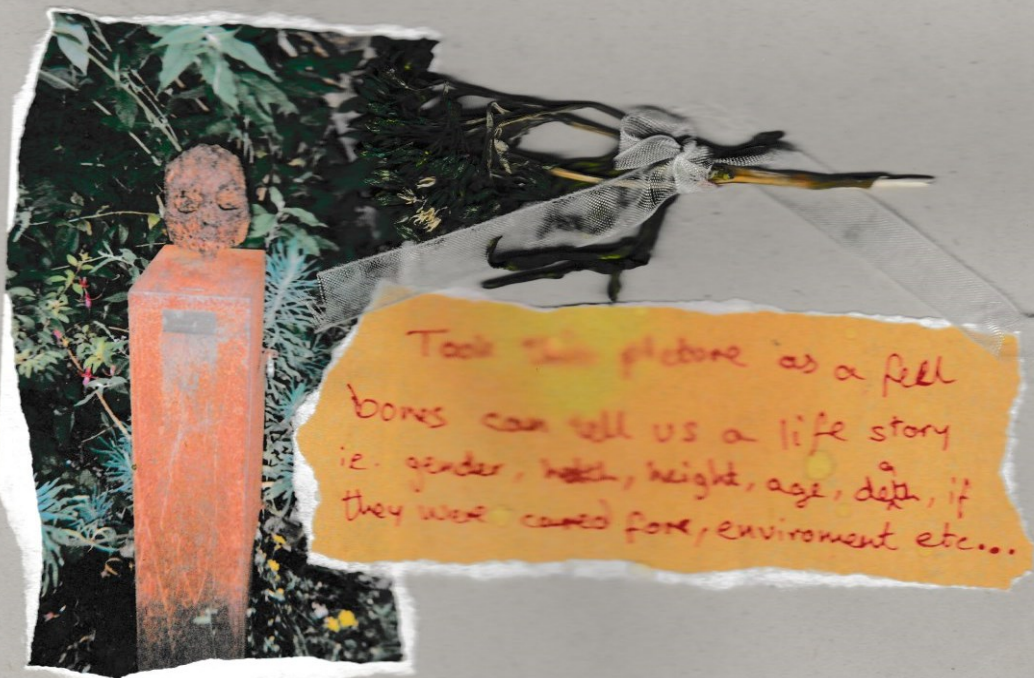
In The Soil



J/C.

Queuing up to do scrubbing of the skull, I
found myself sitting on the bench and the feel of
it - I don't know if I can rub this

The pattern of the wood, the feel of the saw that
cut it. The curve that holds the knot, the
graceful curves. The weathered cracks. The
feeling of warmth after the cold of the stone.



Took this picture as a feel
bones can tell us a life story
ie. gender, height, age, death, if
they were cared for, environment etc...

PONDS

Wells of inspiration

subconscious rising

dipping into the unknown

still waters run deep

danger

water element

reflection of the sky

in thy mirror

be careful

Sudden realization of danger

dark recesses and stagnation

I prefer the sea with waves

and renewal and the breath of life



A MERGING OF OLD LIFE AND NEW
REFLECTED BACK. WATER TO HEAL
AND RESTORE.



DOWN AND JOIN THE OLD.

CITY'S FLOOR. REORIENTED, SPANNING, WITH THE

ALL NEW DROPLETS
BACK. NEW DROPLETS
CITY THAT CRADLES IT REFLECT
EMERGING FROM THE
DIFFERENT

A PLACE TO RETURN TO,
OVERWORKED AND RUMBLING TUMS. A POOL OF LIFE, NEW AND



J/C.

From West Boundary - Looking out or
Looking In.

Looking out from the garden

scenes and architecture.

Big windows from which the buildings were
warehouses.

Church Bell and scaffolding.

Traffic racing down the road
makes the ribbons dance.

The Red Gates.

The Iron Gates

The Portal.

Layer upon layer of ribbons,

of gifts left,

and favours asked



The skull blew me away when I first
saw it. It was ~~just~~ a year after Chris died &
I'd been in hospital.


Hard to describe, it looked

in a u/sloway way

and I slaggared back

at the
force of it





her general wishes -
no flowers are to die
on my account

THE
POWER
OF

SCENT
I STARTED

VOLUNTEERING HERE
IN EARLY SUMMER 2021.


ON MY
FIRST EVER VISIT I WAS OFFERED
SPRIGS OF ROSEMARY TO TAKE HOME. I LEFT
SOME IN A JAR FOR MY MAN AND TOOK
THE REST TO MY GREAT MANS GRAVE. TODAY
AS I SIFT AMONGST THE ROSEMARY AND LAVENDER
I WAS TAKEN BACK TO EARLY SUMMER 2020.

ME CUT THE ROARING ROSEMARY
JOSH AND ON THE CAMPSITE WE WERE
BUSH BACK HUNG THEM UP ON A STRING IN
LIVING IN. WE HUNG THEM UP ON A STRING IN
THE CARAVAN TO DRY. WE HAD NO IDEA
THE WED NEXT RETURN HOME TO LONDON.
WHEN THE CARVAN FEELS LIKE HOME TO
NOW, A PHOTO TO REMEMBER AND, ROSEMARY TO
REMEMBER.





Holy Mary, Mother
of mine



THIS ZINE IS FREE TO

SHARE - PRINT - DISTRIBUTE

TO

DONATE

FIND HER SKULL