

City Dwellers #5

City Dwellers # 5 consists of two texts that are twinned and played simultaneously in a loop from two speakers. Together they create a third text, constantly changing, leaking associations and meaning into the other.

City Dwellers # 5 was presented in the foyer at Vega Scene September - November 2019. In the program for the presentation I state: *City Dwellers # 5* came to life through conversations between the author and the readers reading them: Claudia Del Fierro and Camilla Jensen. At the time Fierro was working on a video about female textile-workers in Chile while Jensen was working on an autobiographical project, documenting herself falling.

The texts are about women and textiles. About the toil and the comfort connected to textile-making, as a part of a global industry, or in the privacy of the home.

PART 1 THIS IS THE THREAD IN MY HAND

This is the thread in my hand
This is my hand
No more children
There just is no room for it

This is the threat in my hand
This is my hand
This is the thread as it passes through it
I've told you I've told you
Don't kiss me like that
– there is no room for it

This is the thread in my hand
This is my hand
This is the thread as it passes through it
as it enters the machine
as the machine eats it up
as my hand reaches out
and touches the metal, my knee, the softness of the wool
Yes I love you

This is the machine
reds, blues, greens, yellows
It is in my hand – the wool – my mouth sore, the taste of beans and greens
No more children I say – no more
When you sleep
I kiss you
My hand is hard
It is the work
It is the noise – the dark is so quiet I cannot sleep

See
See
Snow falling

PART 2
I HOLD THE FABRIC IN MY HAND

I hold the fabric in one hand
the ribbon in the other
It's snowing outside
No sound
Just snow
The needle and the thread
The thread and needle

I hold the ribbon in one hand
the fabric in the other
My selection of feathers
My selection of buttons
My selections of linings and beads

I am thinking of poppies
I am thinking about leaving this house
I am thinking about the sound of snow that has no sound at all
Dust on the floorboards, the mantelpiece –
not moving
I am not moving
How long since I moved
Just the snow
Just this needlework
Just this endless row of hats
ladies
laughter
tea
sacks of coal
I need to buy another sack of coal
I need a hand against my neck
Sometimes I feel as if I am dead from the waist down

Is this age?
the ribbon in my hand, the dust, the dead fire – the sound of snow falling

Blue
Stacks of blue
Shades of blue

My beads
– emerald, crimson, bone-white

The china in my cup

I have to let go of it
– the ribbon

Dear hand
– you have to let go of it

The work is never over
I have to let go of it
this fabric
this hand
A pair of scissors in the wicked basket
the feathers
the ribbons
All this beauty

In the snow
a raven black cat across the lawn
a raven black cat across the lawn
a raven black cat across the lawn

0:00 / 1:32

This is the thread in my hand
Read by Claudia Del Fierro.

0:00 / 4:17

I hold the fabric in my hand
Read by Camilla Jensen