

*He said... She said...*

## **Tamar Stone**

*He Said... She Said....*

bed project (doll bed) © 2003

### **Spec Sheet**

**Wooden Bed:** 18 1/2 (W) x 26" (L) x 12 1/2 (H)

**Sham pillow covers:** (*cotton & poly cotton blend ruffles, with poly stuff pillows*) 6" (W) x 11" (L)

**Pillow cases:** (*cotton, with poly stuff pillows*): 4" (W) x 9" (L)

**Bedsread:** (*cotton*) 31" (W) x 33" (L)

**Blanket:** (*wool, satin ribbon trim*) 25 1/2" (W) x 28 1/2 " (L)

**Top Sheet:** (*cotton/poly blend*) 25 1/2" (W) x 28" (L)

**Fitted sheet:** (*cotton/poly blend*) 25" (W) x 29" (L)

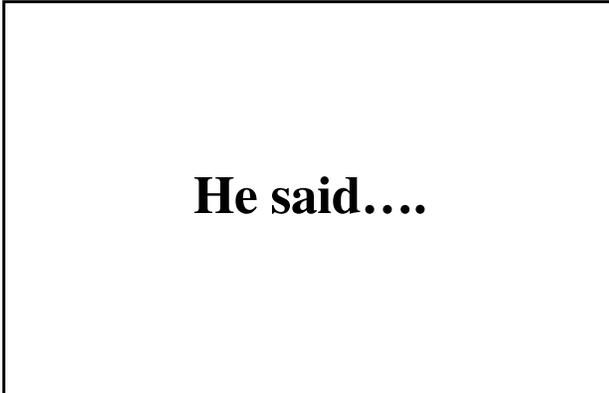
**Mattress:** (*cotton with 15" zipper & poly stuff*) 17 " (W) x 21" (L) x 3 1/2" (H)

– covers all the way around

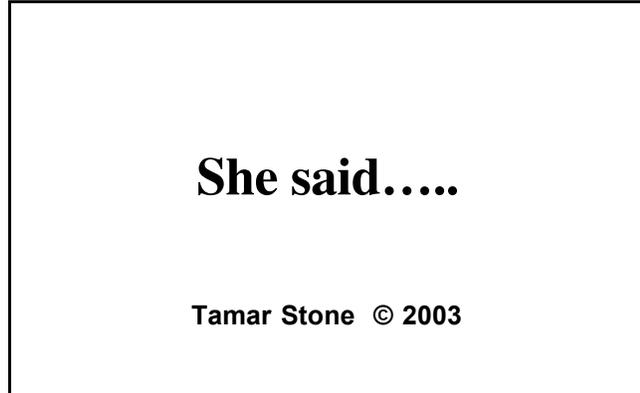
**Dust Ruffle: 5" (H)** – covers 3 sides of bed

*He said... She said...*

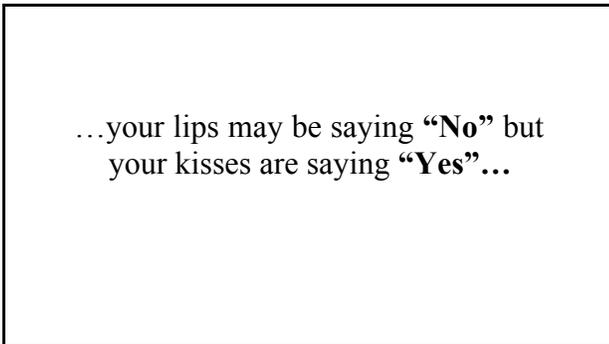
**Sham pillow cover front:**



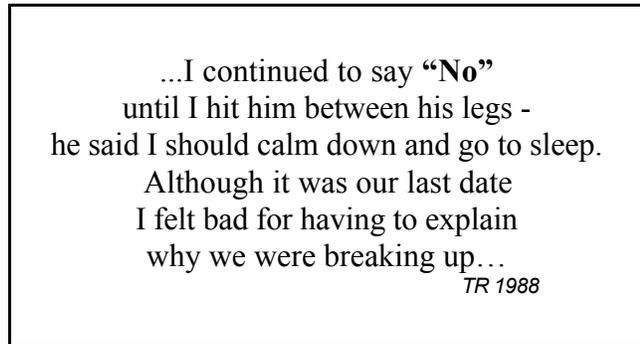
**Sham pillow cover back:**



**Pillow case 1 front:**



**Pillow case 2 back:**



**Bedsread text:**

I remember the times before I liked boys. I would sleep in my bed on a diagonal, with arms akimbo, taking up as much space as possible, dreaming sleeping innocently luxuriously alone. Then hormones, puberty, boys and fooling around without going all the way. I wasn't in love and I could take them or leave them. During those years of exploration I would still sleep luxuriously alone in my bed, on the diagonal, with arms akimbo, not all that innocent. Then I met the man (really just a boy) that I would marry. We would make love in his bed in his apartment and then fall asleep in each other's arms. The newness and the tension between us eases, after hours of lovemaking, we are satiated, tired. I ask him which side of the bed he wants to sleep on - he says the left - I say fine, I'll take the right, I prefer it - things are good, we're in sync. I get up and go to the bathroom to brush my teeth and wash my face and then return to the bedroom. He is fast asleep on the right side of the bed. Oh well, I take the left side. This happens again and again, day after day, he is always on my side of the bed! I can't understand it - until one night I realize that he sleeps on his back, while I sleep on my stomach. Of course it all makes sense now, if I am face down on the bed, and he is face up on the bed, my right is his left and his left is my right. I realize that while we both can come at things from different directions, we can end up at the same place. You can say one thing yet do the exact opposite. Perspective is critical. You need a fixed marker in order to orient yourself in this world...and now that I am divorced, I do not have him as that fixed marker. It was disorienting and sometimes it still is. Once again, I sleep in my bed, on the diagonal, with arms akimbo, resignedly, resoundingly, at times achingly, at times pathetically, existentially, and very humanly, alone.

LC 2002

**Blanket text front**

It is considered  
more healthful for grown people  
to occupy different beds.  
The air which surrounds the body  
under the bed clothing  
is exceedingly impure,  
being impregnated with  
the poisonous substances  
which have escaped through  
the pores of the skin.

Celebrated physicians have  
condemned the double bed.

*EH, 1892*

**Blanket txt back**

In relation  
to the subject of  
moral reform  
among married people....  
I think that husbands and wives  
are to sleep together and  
that nothing is wrong  
which is the necessary result  
of so doing.

God has joined them together  
and nothing should separate them  
from the same bed,  
especially on cold winter nights.

*WBS 1846*

**Top sheet text: front)**

I was living in a group house  
with my partner Steve,  
and with another man and another woman  
(not a couple).  
I spent many months on Steve's  
and my bed working on my paper –  
theoretical discussion of the economic and  
social functions of housework,  
completely revolutionary  
(or so I thought in those heady days  
of women's liberation theorizing)  
and completely brilliant  
(in my own not very humble opinion).  
Every day after breakfast I would  
go up to Steve's and my bedroom,  
close the door, spread out my papers  
and books on the bed,  
and read and think and write.  
I didn't come out much.  
Meanwhile, Steve was spending a lot of time  
with and falling in love with Linda,  
the other woman in the house,  
who was not falling in love with him.

Did I know?

**Top sheet text: back**

Well, yes,  
in that place in the gut where we know things  
we don't want to acknowledge,  
but I had never in my life been so excited by  
what was going on in my head,  
and that excitement was becoming  
central to my being.  
The bed was my anchor,  
the place I went to center myself  
in my intellectual self, and, I suppose,  
in my liberated-woman self, too.  
When the paper was done, it made a splash  
among my friends, who read it and  
held discussion groups about it, and  
some journals thought about publishing it,  
but never did.  
And I came up for air to confront my destroyed relationship;  
Steve and I spent the summer in pain, and broke up in September.  
It's odd to think that Steve and I slept in that bed together every night...  
thirty years later, I remember nothing of that part.

SS, 2002

He said... She said...

Fitted sheet text:

*Dear Sir,*

*I read [in your paper] where you could get a booklet for 5 cents . . . so I sat right down and wrote to you, because we have some neighbor boys, that when ever they see my Mom and Dad drive out then the 4 boys come over they are all around 18 years old. And they get me in the bedroom upstairs and lock the door. I try to get away but I am only 15 and I can't get away from 4 boys. And then two of them hold me down and take all my clothes off and the other two do the dirty work. I just cry and cry and I'm scared to tell my parents because they would probably kick me off of the place but if it happens much more I am going to tell them.*

*But this is the question I would like to ask. These boys are about 18 years old would you please tell me if they are old enough to cause trouble? I sure would appreciate it if you would just please answer this question because I would not like to get in trouble.*

*And also I'm sending 5 cents for that booklet.*

*Please do not put in the paper.*

*I would like to have your answer soon if possible.*

*Sincerely yours,*

*J. S.*

1952

**Mattress text**

Frank and Florence,  
my grandparents,  
slept in separate, side-by-side twin beds  
with a small nightstand between them. When

I was a little kid, this  
arrangement seemed completely  
appropriate to me -  
reassuringly like the bedrooms I saw  
every day on TV.

What seemed weird, and  
maybe even shameful, were the sleeping  
arrangements of other adults I knew -  
my parents, my other grandparents,  
who all, unaccountably,  
slept together  
in the same bed.

Later, as I got older,  
I began to understand, through overheard  
remarks and whispered gossip, that  
Frank and Florence were trapped  
in a terrible marriage,  
poisoned by mistrust,  
unfulfilled expectations,  
financial struggles,  
and eventually,  
illness.

Divorce was  
inconceivable in the  
small town where they lived,  
so somehow they carried on.  
My grandfather spent  
the last few years  
of his life as an invalid,  
lying in his separate twin bed,  
surrounded by bottles of pills and  
medical equipment.  
Eventually, he died there.

A few years later,  
my grandmother married Hans,  
a retired salesman she had met  
at the local country club.  
Hans bought her presents, teased her,  
and made her laugh.  
They went dancing.  
They traveled. They held hands when  
they walked down the street together.  
When we visited them for the first time,  
I was sixteen. In their bedroom was a  
gigantic king-size double bed

*CB 2002*