

Tamar Stone

It's Where I Am Now

(adult doll bed) © 2006

Spec Sheet

Hand and machine sewn bed coverings. Machine embroidered text.

Antique collapsible wood slatted doll bed w/missing spindle: 12" (W) x 21" (L) x 11 1/2" (H)

Sham Pillow Cover (*vintage floral patterned sackcloth w/ruffle, blue piping, 4 vintage plastic buttons*):
7" (9" including ruffle) (W) x 4" (7" including ruffle) (L)

Pillow Case (*vintage floral cotton sheet*): 6 1/2" (W) x 4" (L)

Pillow (*vintage striped cotton ticking, hand stuffed with vintage feathers*): 5 1/2" (W) x 4" (L)

Bedspread (*vintage floral patterned sackcloth w/dust ruffle on 3 sides and blue piping*):
13" (W) x 25 1/2" (L) and 7" dust ruffle

Quilt (*Front side: antique doll quilt, Back side: 4 vintage quilt squares*): 20 1/4" (W) x 20" (L)

Blanket (*vintage rose wool blanket, w/vintage ribbon*): 18 1/4" (W) x 25 1/4" (L)

Top Sheet (*vintage floral cotton sheet*): 19 1/2" (W) x 26 1/2" (L)

Bottom sheet (*vintage floral cotton sheet*): 20" (W) x 34 1/2" (L)

Mattress "pillow top" Cover (*vintage pink flannel cotton sheet*): 16" (W) x 23" (L)

Mattress "pillow top" (*antique Worcester Salt bag, elephant and text imprints, hand stuffed with feathers*):
11" (W) x 20" (L)

Mattress/original that came with bed: (*vintage cotton ticking, hand tied*):
10 1/2" (W) x 20" (L) x 2" (H)

Mattress Tag (*embroidered vintage ribbon*): 3" (W) x 4" (L)

"It's where I am now" (adult doll bed)

Pillow sham front:

It's where I am now

Pillow sham back:

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Pillowcase front:

My bed is the place where my mind forms
the greatest beliefs in myself....

Pillowcase back:

... and at different times
the greatest doubt.

Charla P., 2003

Pillow front:

I am a housewife
I am a mother

Pillow back

I am a wife
I am a woman

Faith, 1970's

Quilt front:

Never
be
laughed
out of
sleeping...

Quilt back:

All who live
to a good old age
have a genius
for sleep.

Cultivate
it.

*October 7, 1881
Diary of Elizabeth Cady Stanton,
[written in her diary about a letter she wrote that day
to a young wife about to become a mother]*

Bedsread top side

These early risers are always
uncomfortable people,
keeping everybody on the rack.
We who believe in sleep
must assert ourselves
and defend our superiority.

They always act as they considered
that they hold the advantage
...because they *cannot* sleep,
whereas we who can sleep
when we choose,
under all circumstances,
and awake when we *must*,
certainly, occupy the better position.

Let us exalt the goddess of Sleep...
Blessed is the *woman* who invented sleep.

October 7, 1881

*Diary of Elizabeth Cady Stanton,
[written in her diary about a letter she wrote that day
to a young wife about to become a mother]*

Blanket top side

The first time
I slept on my own
was
when I got divorced.
We slept two in a bed as children
as there were seven of us.

I got married when I was 19
and then
slept with my husband.

It's great sleeping alone,
I can stretch out.
I don't get lonely.
It's a great feeling
of freedom.

Anon.

Bedsread back side

The case of
Mrs. Hallock of Elmira, NY....

Her retirement to bed was in response
to a spirit message directing her
to remain there for 10 years,
which she did...
it caused Mrs. Hallock grave inconvenience,
as she had to manage a farm...
being determined on no account to disregard
her psychic instructions,
remained resolutely beneath her eiderdown
and
successfully conducted all her business
until the term expired.

She had been up and about for no more than a month
when a second message directed her
to return to bed at once
for the rest of her life;
which order she unhesitatingly obeyed.

Blanket back side

I once lived in a small studio apartment.
I had inherited a large bed.
I heard that an old friend had lost his temper
and had taken an ill advised swing
at his ex-girlfriend's new boyfriend.
I invited him to stay with me
by way of getting him out of town.
I was dismayed to find he assumed
he would be sharing the bed –
after all, there was almost no floor space
and it was an enormous bed, so I said nothing.

After 3 weeks I could stand the invasion no longer
and there was no end in sight.
I told him he needed to move on.
Since then I've always felt more secure
in a single bed.

Susan S., 1999

"It's where I am now" (adult doll bed)

Top sheet *top side*

I woke up in the middle of the night
and wrote a song down, as if taking dictation.
My notebook is usually under the right pillow.

I did not turn on the lights,
but kept writing in the dark
because I was afraid I would lose the thought.

This was the first song I'd ever written
while not under the influence of drugs or alcohol,
which had always been my "creative stimulus."

I wrote four spiderly pages of verse,
pushed the notebook back under the pillow,
and promptly fell back to sleep.

*I headed for the ocean
The churning, glittering sea
To fight the fierce thing in the waves
All to become somebody...
Though I didn't expect it
would notice me...*

Bottom flat sheet *top side*

I found I could not think freely
if anyone else was in the room....

Having a roommate at college
quietly closed all my thinking days
as did my marriage
even before college graduation.

Now at age 60+ I again have a room of my own,
but age has taken my concentration
as has fatigue and TV.

*I now fall asleep before I can ever do any
disciplined thinking –
what a loss, 45 years later.*

But one thing remains;
I still see my bed as a safe haven.
It is where I do my reading and
TV watching and writing...

It's where I am now. .

*Barbara M.
January 6, 2003*

Top sheet *back side*

*It took my mind like whiskey
It held me like a spear
The effort seemed so risky
But I jumped in without a fear
Thought I'd jump and I'd be clear
Looking back I was nowhere near
But I was too far gone
to shed a tear...*

*I want to tell a story
I want to tell it true
I walked a path for 19 years
Be somebody when I'm through
Have somebody when I do
Leave somebody that I knew
I've got no secrets
to leave with you*

*Debbie S.
January 2003*

Bottom flat sheet *back side*

There was an old woman
living in South Wales
during the war
who survived a number of air raids
which were fatal to many of her neighbors.
She was interviewed by a press correspondent
as one of the survivors of a blitzed street
and she gave him her own recipe
for security.

From this it appeared each night
before going to bed,
she read a chapter of the Bible;
a second chapter was read in her bedroom
and a third in her bed
before she blew out the candle.
"And then," she concluded,
"I pull the clothes over my head."

"It's where I am now" (adult doll bed)

Mattress "pillow top" Cover top side

We are only born for
work and worry,
and
I wished I was dead
and out of it all.
I am taking care of a miner's farm near by,
and
when I make the bed,
find a gun under the pillow.

I often think today I will end it,
and go so far as to lift the gun
(very carefully, as I am afraid of guns,
and the darned thing might go off)
and
stand in front of the mirror
seeing just how to place it...

Mattress "pillow top" Cover back side

One day, in my ceaseless round of work,
just after putting a large washing
on the line and scrubbing,
I have a miscarriage.
If I think at all, I am please over this,
and never stop working day or night.
On the third day I am lifting something
and have a dreadful hemorrhage,
and I, who so lately wished to die
(I have often smiled to myself over this),
call some passer-by to get the doctor quick,
then go to bed...piling pillows under my hips,
and lying there scarcely breathing,
waiting and praying for help.
I have never thought of killing myself since.
Fate was slapping me hard,
trying to knock some sort of woman
into shape.

Anne Ellis, 1929

Mattress "pillow top" top side w/elephant

Looking back, it was a horrible life.
At that time I used to accept it
because we knew no other.
You never knew of carpets or fridges
or heating...
This old memory don't shut much out either.
It goes over the worst parts.
When I go to bed
sometimes I have to block it out
and think,
"well, let's think of some nice things."

You've either got to take
a second sleeping tablet,
or you've got to block it out...
You can't live life with some things
you've done...

Eddie M, b. 1920, Ireland

Mattress "pillow top" back side

When I wake up early I like to lie in bed and
have a think about my life.
It's the only time I have to myself and what
I need to get me through my day.
Like I know what he needs —
his lunch box and a hot supper — and
what they need — clean clothes and their lunch.
And they all need love I guess.
But what do I need?

Anon, b. 1936

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Embroidered tag:

It’s where I am now

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