

## **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:**

**N**ever  
be  
laughed  
out of  
sleeping...

**Quilt back:**

**A**ll who live  
to a good old age  
have a genius  
for sleep.

**C**ultivate  
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*

*“It’s where I am now”* (adult doll bed)

**Embroidered tag:**

**It’s where I am now**

Tamar Stone

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