

Jane,

In haste... no time for letters, long-stitch or
willing a sort. Off to the foundry to cast the
head of my bronze cephalopod, as per my
drawings on the reverse.

Thankfully, the world has moved on
since your writing. Its rare to find a
woman sitting in an alcove, staring out of
the window, waiting for something to happen.
There's no time to examine the smallness
of life; which has become both a blessing
and a curse.

Women have no need to seek out geographical
amnesties such as the coast. It seemed you viewed
the coast as the in-between, a societal interland
belonging to no-one. A place for you brave
female protagonists to explore domestic freedom
& sexual liberty.

The octopus represents this liminal space
where there's a place for sexual awakening
& new notions can be formed.

Transcendence from long-stitch.

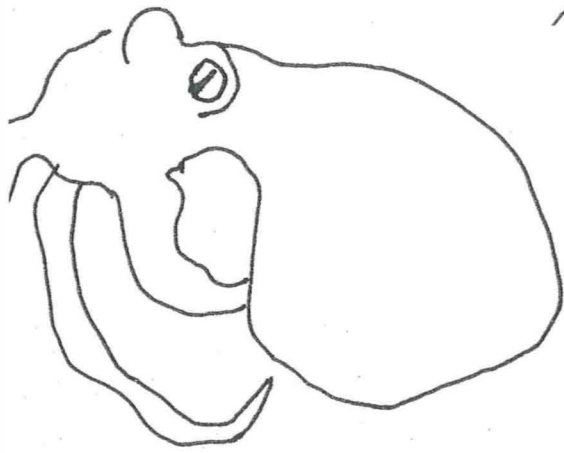
Rup

Octopus heads - snapes

eyes

tentacles almost webbed with

frills



a skirt
almo



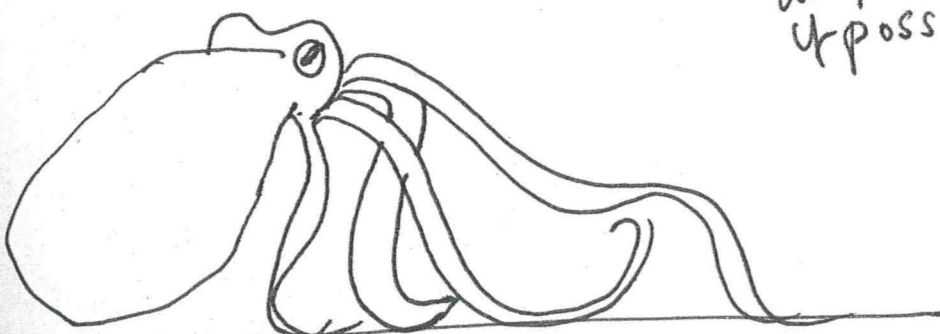
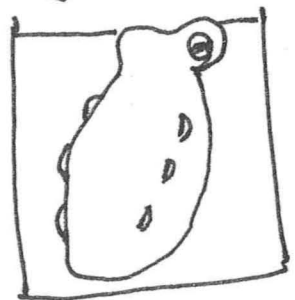
swimming
octopus



* small
protrusions



lacey
overspill
as frills.
4 poss



floor