

# CINQUE PORTS SCRIBES

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## AN ANTHOLOGY OF THEIR “FAVOURITE WORK” BY CINQUE PORTS SCRIBES

Several Cinque Ports Scribes submitted a piece of their favourite work. Not necessarily their best work but the piece that meant the most to them.

We hope you enjoy their efforts.

The Cinque Ports Scribes who took part in contributing their favourite piece of work are...

In alphabetical order...

Janet Adkin  
Julia Baxter  
Andi Bennett  
Frances Bennett  
Sheila Burring  
Meg Chapman  
Shirley Davison  
Steve Eades  
Lisa Fausboll  
Jan Garside  
Sally Gill  
Rosie Griggs  
Yvonne Holmes  
Peter Jordan  
Jeni King  
Linda Lawlor  
Colin Lumsden  
Sylvia Mann  
Margaret Miller  
Naoko Munro  
Sue Passmore  
Ole Selvaer  
Sue Smith  
Dianne Sutton  
Carole Thomman  
Ally Trelfer  
Jan Turner  
Els Van Den Steen  
Tina Warren  
Tony Woodhams  
Phillip Young (posthumously)

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*Janet Adkin*

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Here is a piece of my work from several years ago but I have submitted it because it was the result of a longitudinal project on 'Memories'. I enjoyed the project because it enabled me to research some family history in China, enabled me to make a 'book' developed from one of Shirley's workshops (turned into a Chinese lantern style hanging) and brought my calligraphic skills in to play - using Chinese characters and Chinese style writing.



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*Julia Baxter*

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My favourite piece would be 'Misted Winter'. It means the most to me as the poem was written by a best friend, Nick Matthews, who sadly died two and half years ago. He had been an English Teacher and, in his retirement, compiled many poems, some of which were published, a lot of them featured the First World War. He wrote the poem on my request. It needed to evoke a bleak, yet uplifting mood of winter, to incorporate particular words and phrases, a collaboration.

I worked in a free painterly way, beginning with the background washes and built-up layers creating strength in tones to enable the white lettering to sit with contrast on top. This is my favourite way of working, no paste-up, instead, intuitively using the lines for the overall shape, the lettering integrating as a painting.

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*Andi Bennett*

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This is one of the first pieces I did way back in 2012 when I had just started calligraphy.

There is no formal 'calligraphy' it is just my handwriting, but I was really enjoying playing with watercolour, paper and words.

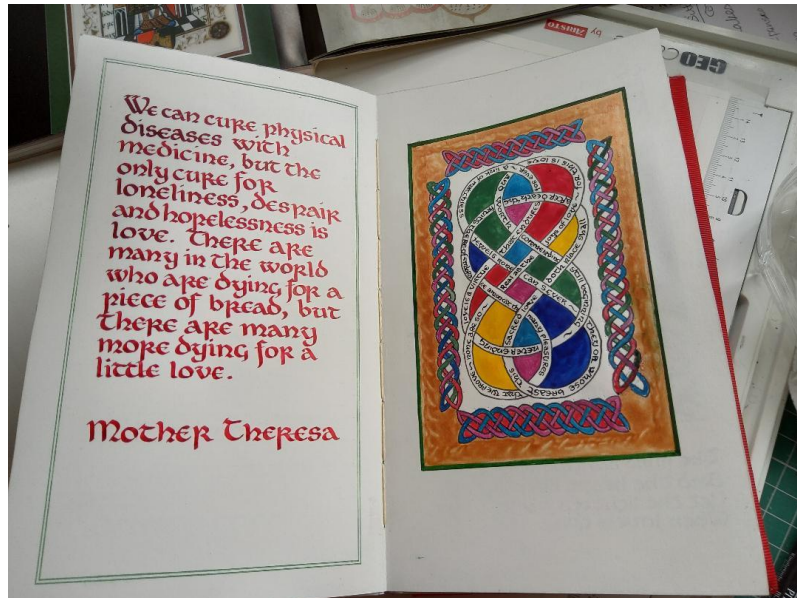
It's about the beach in Sussex where we used to take the children every summer and it brings back lovely memories.



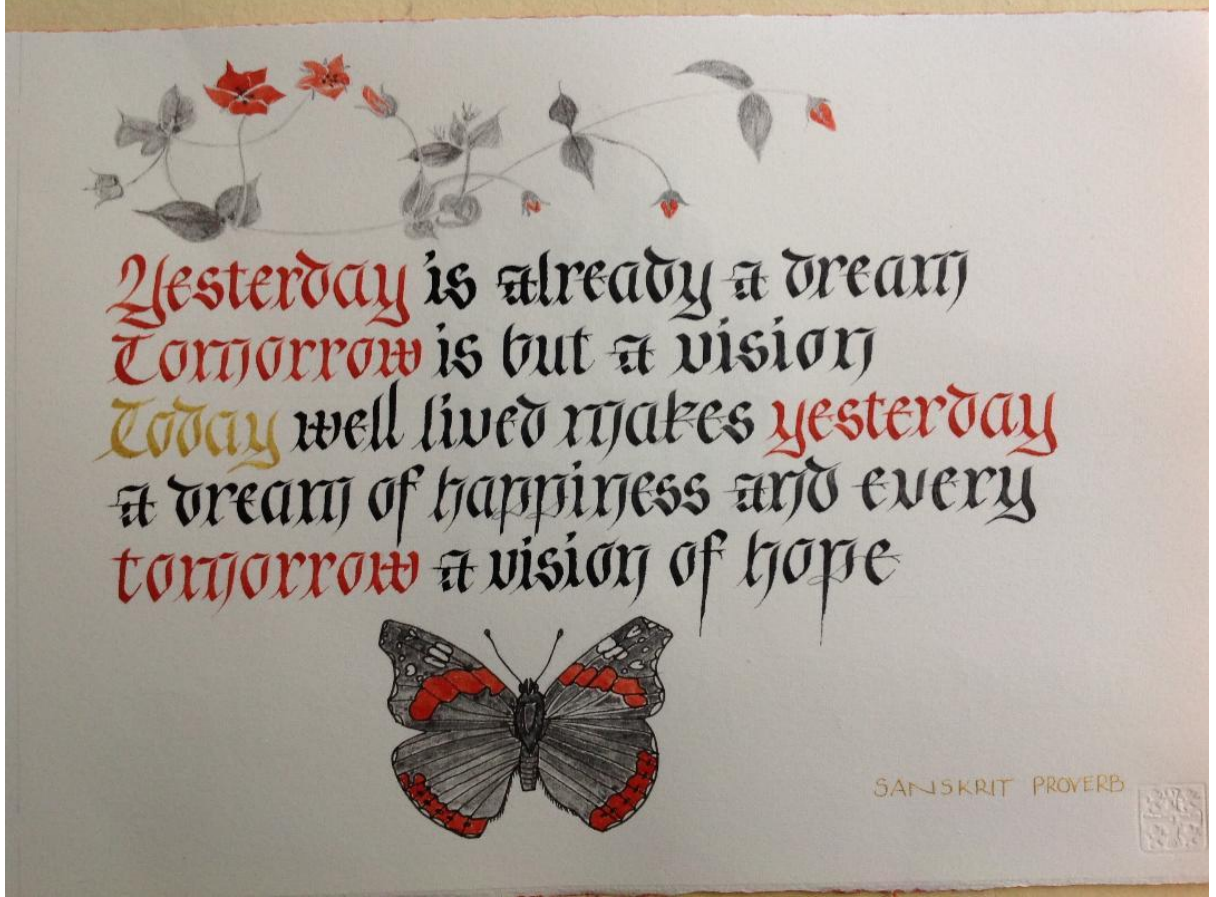
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## Frances Bennett

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I have attached a few pictures that are part of a book I am working on. They have kept me sane during the lockdown, as I have found that I have breast cancer and am in isolation. The book I made up from attending the Secret Belgium Binding workshop, the cover was a WI embroidery project, the artwork comes from various poems written by family members, old favourites, sayings and merely pictures I wanted to include to illustrate the calligraphy. I want to give a big thank you to CPS and to Rosie Griggs who directed my path to you all. I will entitle my book "My sanity Book" for making my confinement a pleasure



I offer it as one of my favourites, simply because I am quite pleased with it  
and I do like to add a bit of decoration and a good proverb.

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Meg Chapman

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Gestural writing in between 2 boats

“Don’t forget me when I’m old love me and help me enjoy memories.”

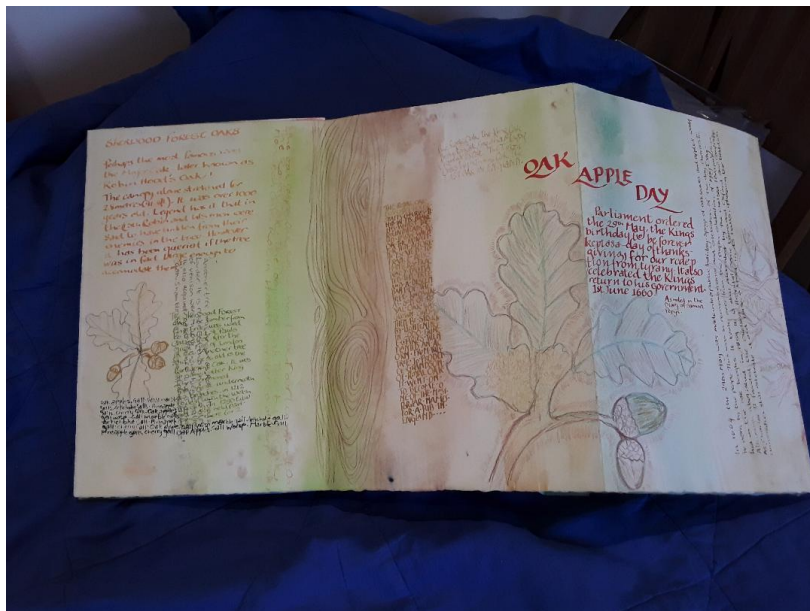
(Written because my dad had been diagnosed with dementia.)



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## Shirley Davison

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I chose this as my piece for the Canterbury hospital exhibition.

As you know I love making books, and also trees, and have done some different pieces based on the theme. Here I tried writing techniques not tried before, so feel I have pushed my own boundaries, and physical limitations. I really hope everyone submits.

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Steve Eades

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• *Time does not bring relief:* • I miss him in the weeping of the rain; • There are a hundred places where I fear;  
• **YOU ALL HAVE LIED!** • I want him at the shrinking of the tide; • To go, so with his memory they brim!  
• **WHO TOLD ME THAT TIME** • The old snows melt from every mountain-side, • And entering with relief some quiet place,  
**WILL EASE ME OF MY PAIN?** • And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane; • Where never fell his foot or shone his face.  
• But last year's bitter loving must remain, • I say "there is no memory of him here!"  
• Heaped on my heart, my old thoughts abide! • And so stand stricken, remembering him.

• S O N N E T   I I   B Y   E D N A   S T   V I N C E N T   M I L L A Y   ( 1892 - 1950 ) •

An old piece, carried out when I was fairly new to calligraphy, which I spent ages getting the Layout right. Poignant words!

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*Lisa Fausboll*

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In the most desperate of times, when one wanted to go to the beach at Whitstable and feel the North-Eastern wind in ones face, a piece of paper, ink and pen became an expression of defiance, like doing copperplate straight and the lines from one corner to the other. Each line can also be seen as four rows of fencing into the distance - - - .

First the text was made, then then the goblets drawn in pencil as the figures, masking fluid on masks, hands and lamp. The yellow and black were made with waterproof ink on top of which a light watercolour wash was gently laid while wiping up the wash over the yellow and black. Rolled off the masking fluid.



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*Jan Garside*

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Attached is my thank you card for your 'Special Edition' the first piece of work I am happy to share as a new calligrapher, it has turned out to be very useful in the current situation.

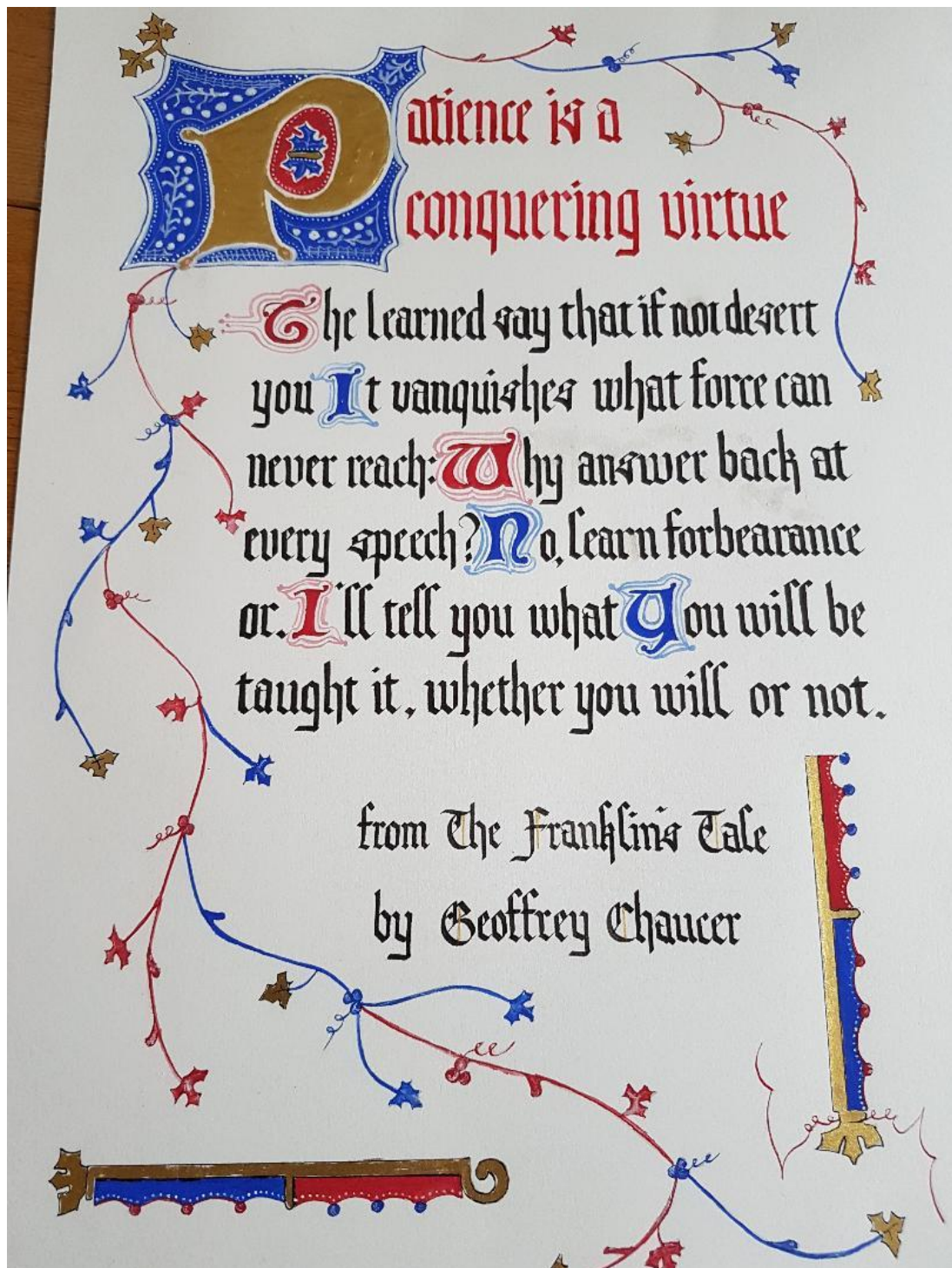
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*Sally Gill*

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I've chosen it because I just love the colours of Autumn, the beautiful Acer leaves & the quote which actually makes me sad, especially as it's the time of year when my Dad was so ill & we knew he wouldn't make it 😞



All downhill since doing this!  
Patience now called Covid-19.  
I hope that our appreciation and gratitude for everyday things may last a while.  
Best wishes. Rosie Griggs x



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*Yvonne H*

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I did this illuminated piece for a friend's birthday last year.

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## Peter Jordan

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### UNDERWAY

My inspiration to create this poem came from my own tendency to delay any starting any new project, so much so I felt like Procrastination Pete.

I have always been fascinated by sailing ships and the sea, consequently I decided to give this calligraphic subject a maritime flavour.

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*Jeni King*

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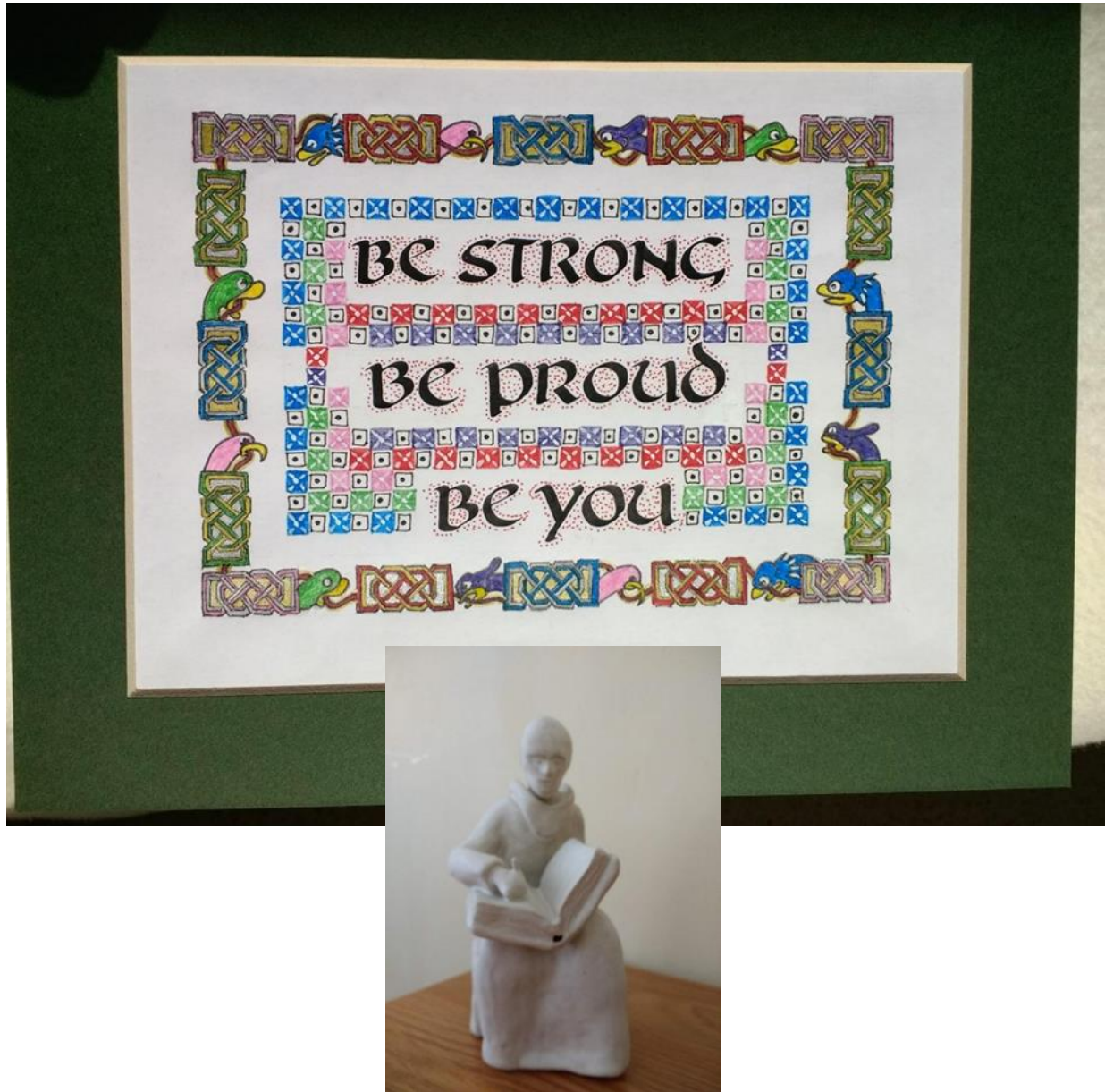
I am an exhaustive doodler, especially when on the telephone. This piece is a result of developing some doodling and experimenting with colour mixes from just three Ecoline watercolour inks (Lemon Yellow, Magenta, Sky Blue). It was just an exploratory piece but I kept it as I like the rhythm of the letters and it makes me feel happy when I look at it!



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*Linda Lawlor*

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It's not great lettering, but it's the words I heard someone say to the survivors after a terrorist attack, and they really resonated with me. I hadn't been learning calligraphy for very long at the time! And if that is not up to publishable standard, here's the figure of Nilus the Younger, patron saint of scribes and calligraphers, which I made in pottery class - just for fun!

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Colin Lumsden

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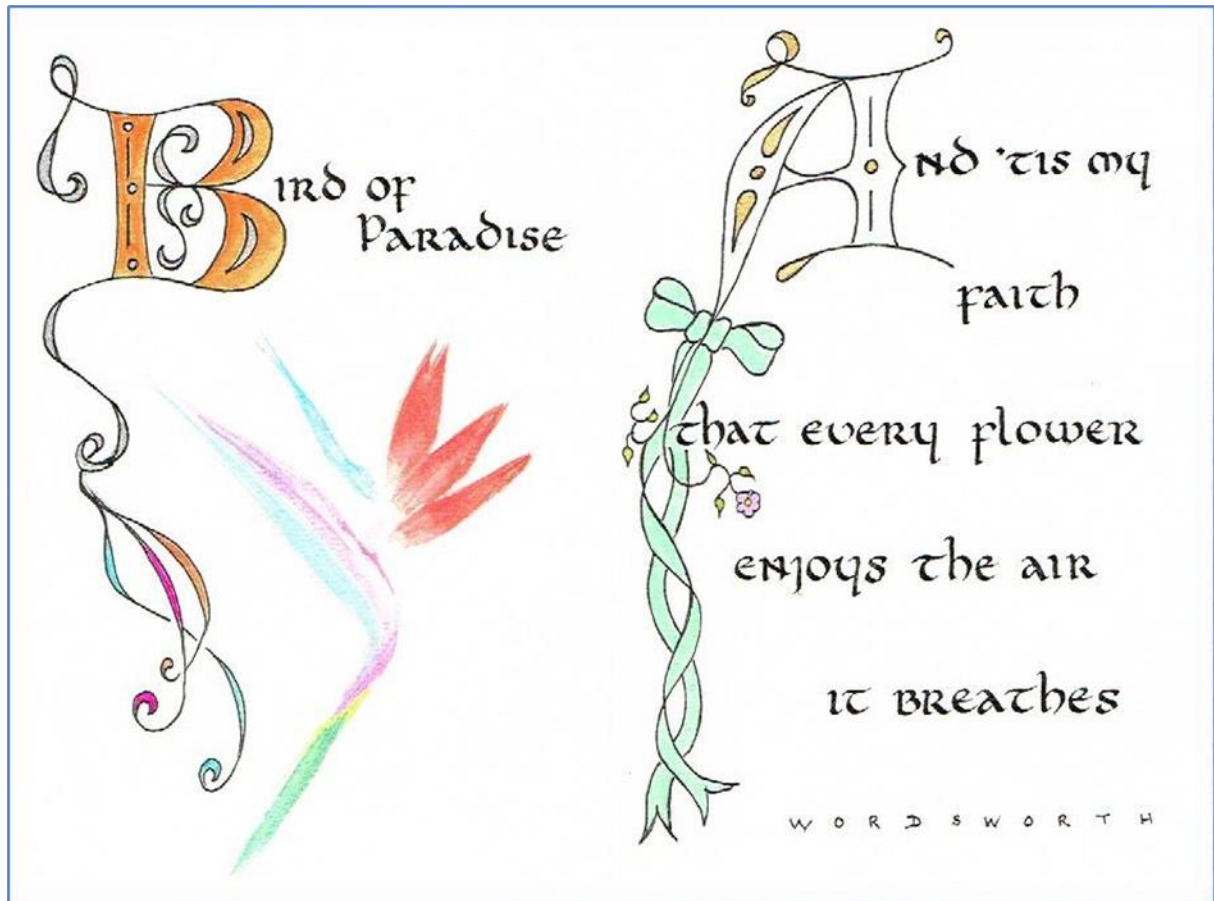
Work done for CLAS Diploma 2009. Acrylic ink background, Fabriano Artistico paper, text bleed proof white, Mitchell nib. 30 x 47cm.



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*Sylvia Mann*

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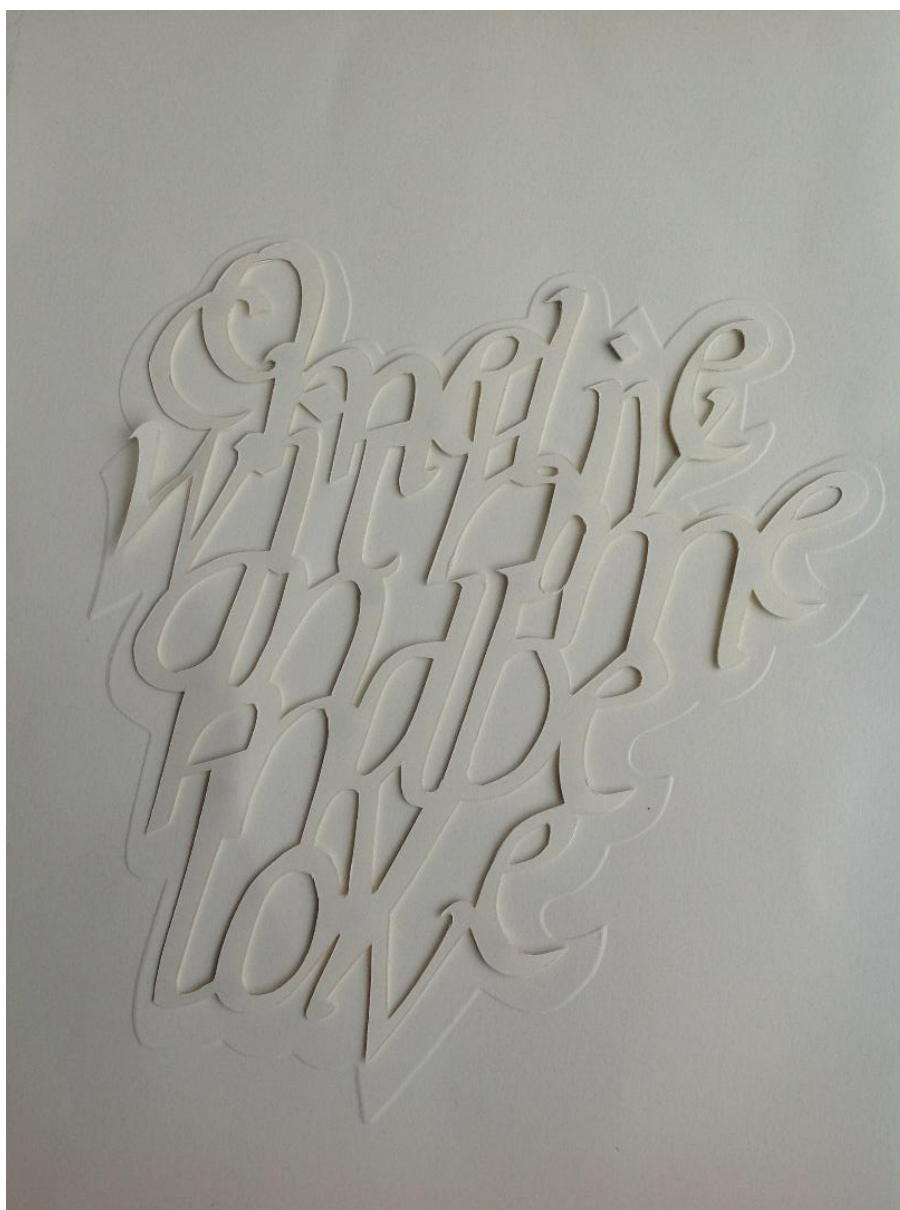
An early piece



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*Margaret Miller*

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I can't say it is my most favourite piece but because it was quite technical - first embossing the paper and then cutting it out in one piece and mounting it on top, I thought of your request to submit a piece of work. I have taken a photo of it which is attached to this email. I am not sure if it is good enough but if not, you don't have to use it. It reads

'Come live with me and be my love.'

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*Naoko Munro*

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My best friend started calligraphy before me and I always wanted to learn but I did not have time at that time.

When I moved to England, I found a calligraphy class and I was so excited.

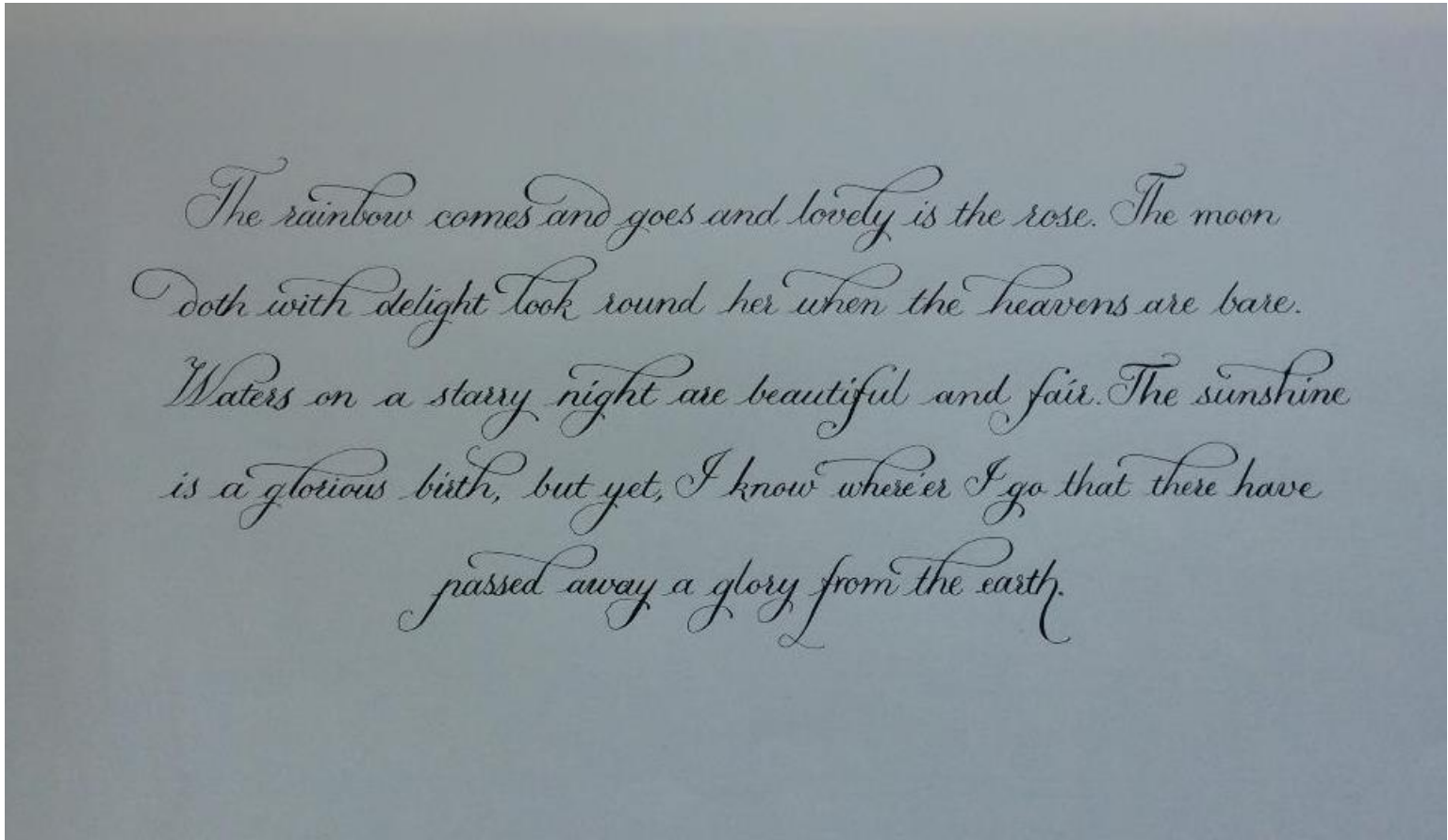
Since then, I send her a calligraphic birthday card to Japan and she sends me one every year.

This is one of the cards I sent to her.

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*Sue Passmore*

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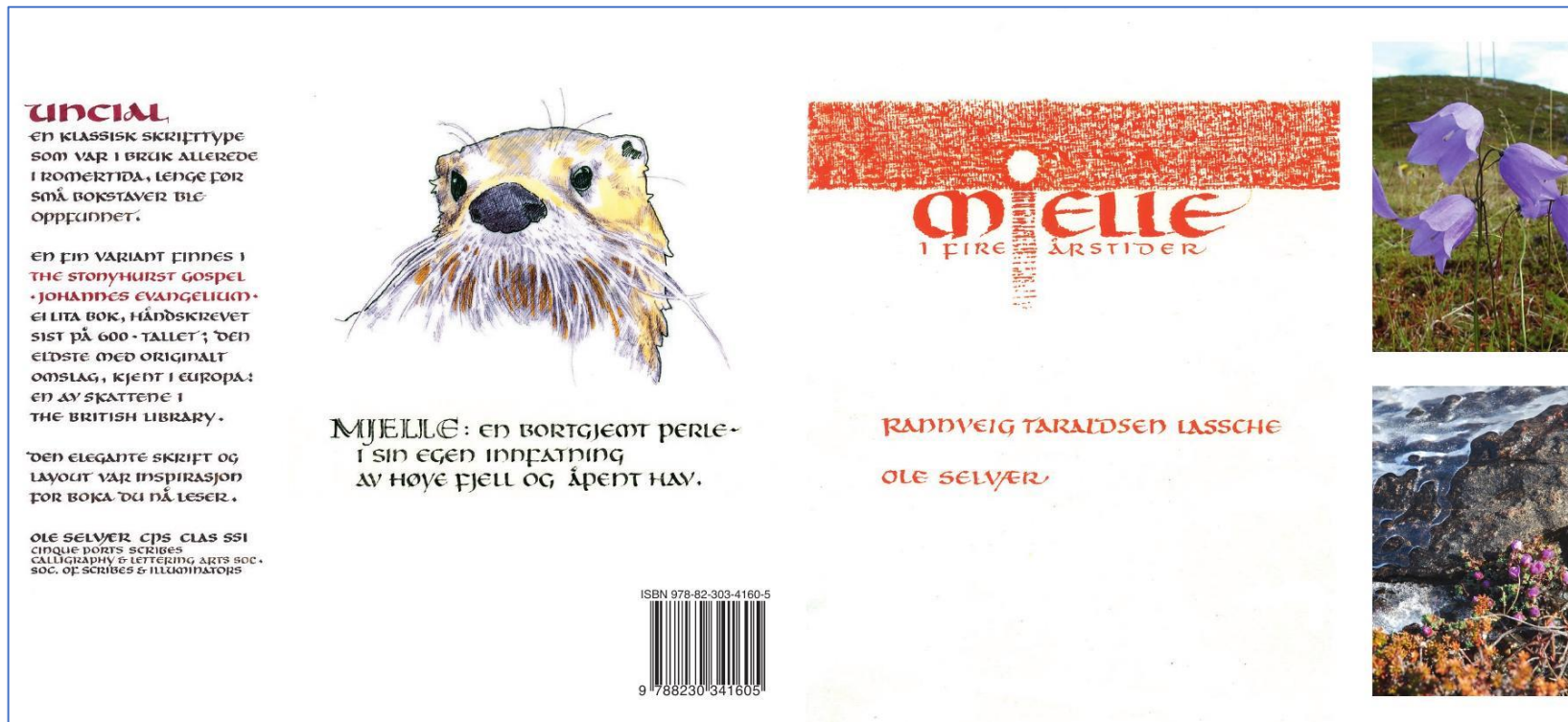


The rainbow comes and goes and lovely is the rose. The moon  
doth with delight look round her when the heavens are bare.  
Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair. The sunshine  
is a glorious birth, but yet, I know where'er I go that there have  
passed away a glory from the earth.

it is the first piece of work that I have done with flourishes. It is not perfect, but I am very pleased with it.



## Ole Selvaer



This is a booklet I produced last year, with a good friend of mine. She has written the words, which is a celebration of a local beauty spot called Mjelle, through the four seasons. A local songsmith wrote about this place that "you have to have been there to understand". The sun photos are taken around midnight.

My contribution was the calligraphy, the illustrations, the photography, and the binding. Every copy was hand sewn. The whole thing was printed and is on sale hereabouts. Apologies for the chosen lingo. (Omslag means cover)

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## Sue Smith

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Steve asks for a 'favourite piece of work'! A pretty impossible task if you, like me, are all too often disappointed with the results of your efforts.

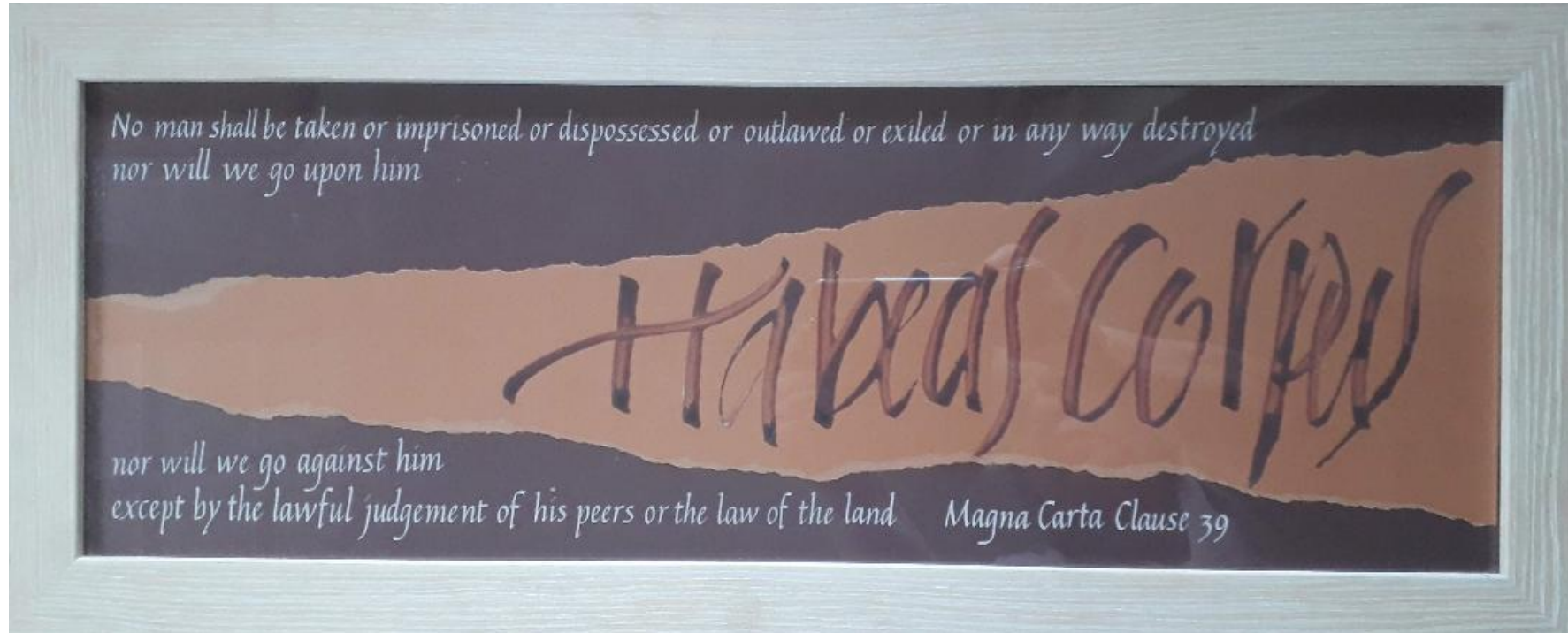
This little book was made some years ago and I was really pleased at the time, not with my calligraphic efforts, but because I mastered the computer and Photoshop sufficiently well to produce the printed text backgrounds.

Sadly, with the passage of time I have forgotten how I did this so any technological gains made then have not borne further fruit! It is so much less fraught to just pick up the pen and paint and apply them directly to the paper.

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*Diane Sutton*

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I consider this to be my best piece of work. Inspired by an idea in one of Sue's classes, it was my response to the then Labour government's idea of locking up terror suspects without charge for up to 90 days.



*The Forties The Roaring Forties*  
THE FORTIES! THE ROARING FORTIES

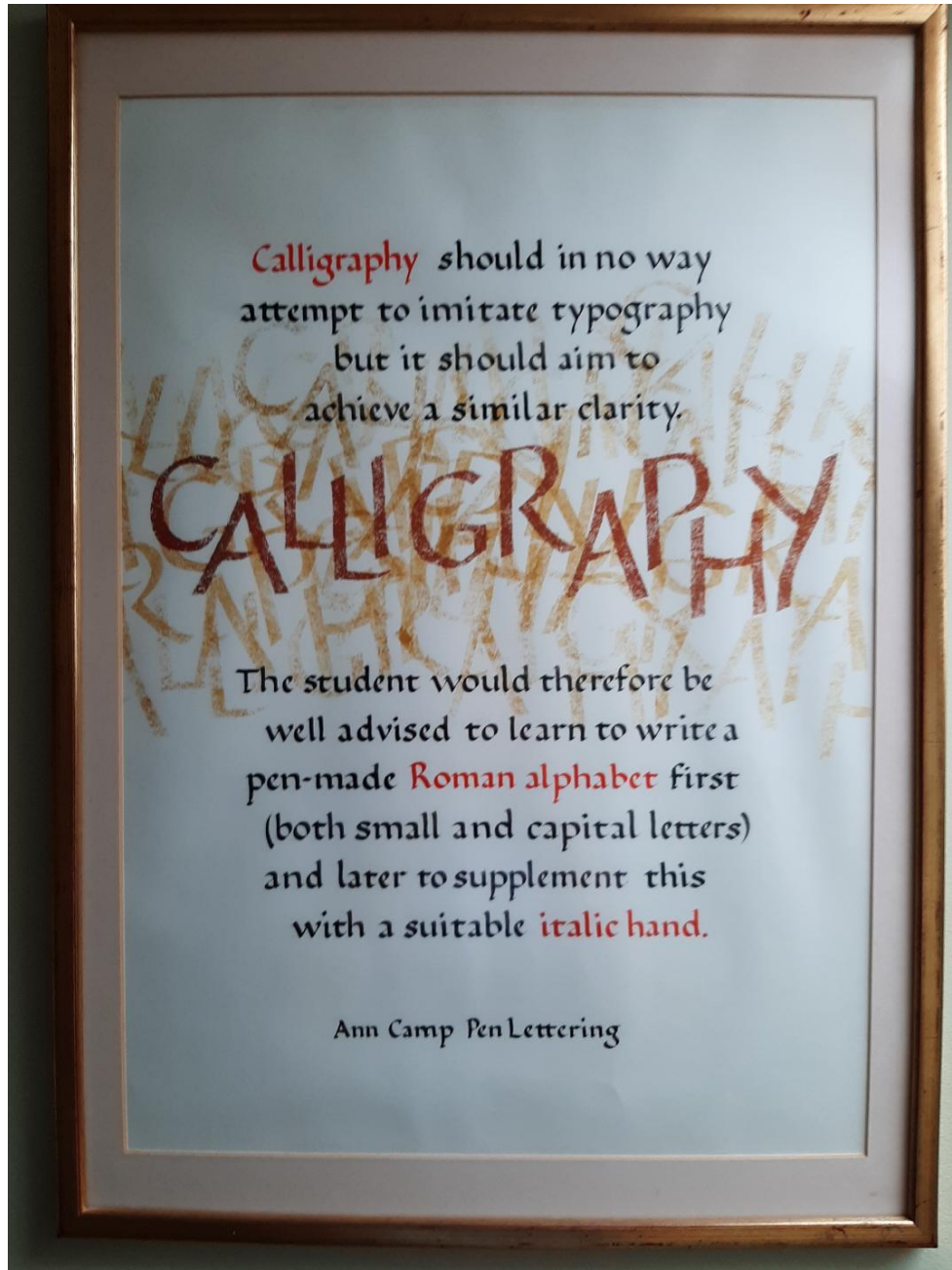
And the days we rode them with shout and song  
We learnt to be firm when we rolled  
Thro' The Forties  
Bound out thro' the Forties down  
Easting along  
The glass sinking low for a dirty  
northwester. All hands at the calling  
To shorten her down. A snarling  
cross sea to stagger and test her  
And all the wide heavens one  
menacing frown. I was clew up and  
furl in the last blink of daylight  
in smothering rain and the sea's  
bring parch. But storm script is  
she for the long dreary grey night —  
With puckered eyes peering for signs  
of the arch.



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*Ally Trelfer*

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Please find attached an old favourite of mine.

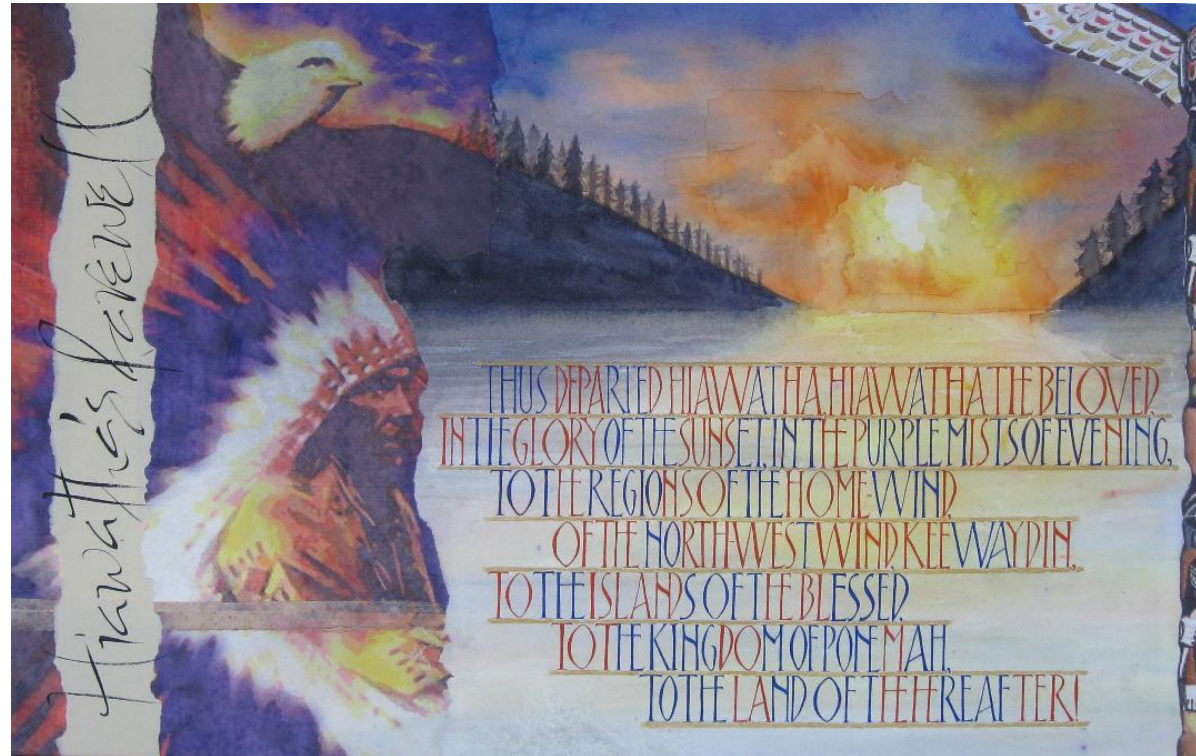
This piece was completed for my diploma many years ago. I was studying in Sue Smith's class. I love the clean lines of foundation. The stencilled letters are sponged with a complimentary palette creating a stunning comparison to the black and red lettering. It has pride of place on the wall and looked at every day.



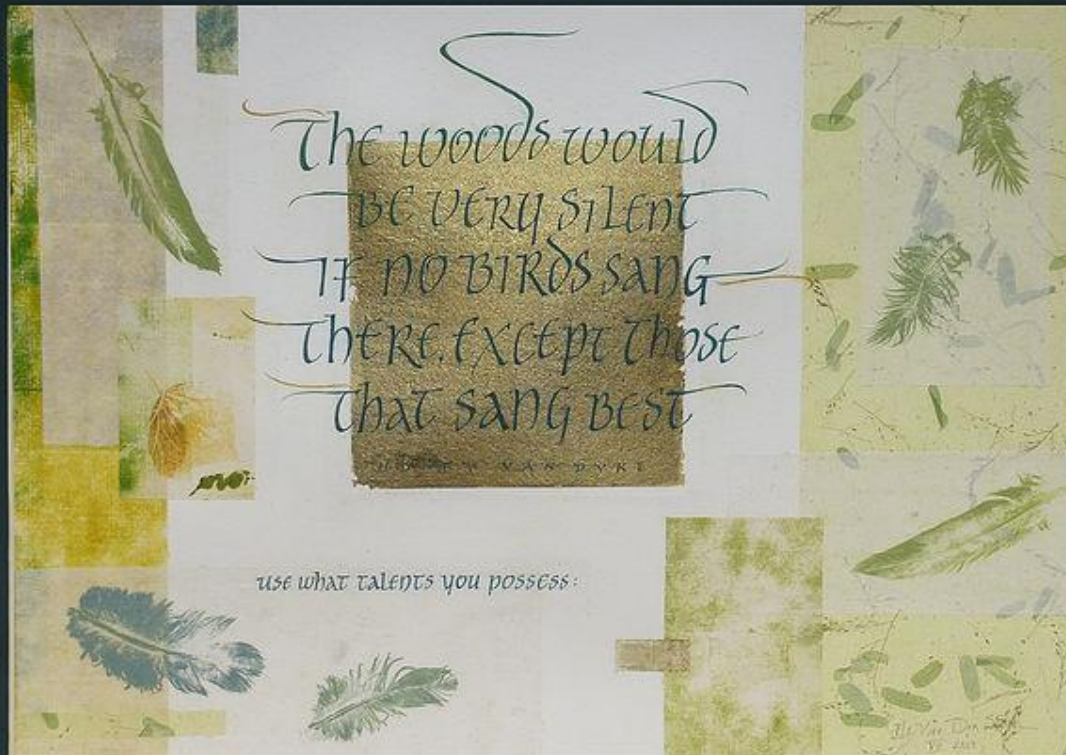
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Jan Turner

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Trying to decide my selection has inadvertently helped me to decide what to concentrate on calligraphically. *Hiawatha's Farewell* was created as an entry to the 2010 *Art and the Letter Exhibition*. After a lot of experimentation, the finished piece – not my best and maybe not even my favourite, is one that encompasses the four “C”s that I like: Colour, Capitals, Contrast, Collage.



### **'The Birds in the Woods' (2014)**

The joy I experienced creating both pieces will bring me joy forever.

Although there are elements I would now change, they remind me of my journey as calligrapher. The words by Henry Van Dyke: 'The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there except those that sang best', resonate with me. They are a constant reminder that we should not hide our gifts & talents, even if they are not perfect. Everyone one of us has a role to play in creating a beautiful, rich symphony.

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## Tina Warren

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I have enclosed a piece I did in response to the centenary to commemorate the end of WWI using the words penned by the very lovely Neil Andrews (words reproduced with his permission). Completed on Saunders Waterford HP paper using a pointed nib and Payne's Grey to write my TinaKwerky script. There is shell gold, flat gilding and raised manuscript gilding with debossing. The poppy is painted using gouache. It measures about 30cm x 30cm.



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*Tony Woodhams*

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT WENT TO SEA  
IN A BEAUTIFUL PEA GREEN BOAT. THEY TOOK  
SOME HONEY AND PLENTY OF MONEY WRAPPED  
UP IN A FIVE POUND NOTE. THE OWL LOOKED  
UP TO THE STARS ABOVE AND SANG TO A  
SMALL GUITAR "O LOVELY PUSSY! O PUSSY  
MY LOVE, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PUSSY YOU  
ARE, YOU ARE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PUSSY YOU  
ARE!" PUSSY SAID TO THE OWL "YOU ELEGANT  
FOWL! HOW CHARMINGLY SWEET YOU SING!  
O LET US BE MARRIED! TOO LONG WE HAVE  
TARRIED: BUT WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR A  
RING?" THEY SAILED AWAY FOR A YEAR AND  
A DAY, TO THE LAND WHERE THE BONG-TREE  
GROWS, AND THERE IN A WOOD A PIGGY-WIG  
STOOD WITH A RING AT THE END OF HIS NOSE,  
HIS NOSE, HIS NOSE WITH A RING AT THE  
END OF HIS NOSE. "DEAR PIG ARE YOU WILLING  
TO SELL FOR ONE SHILLING YOUR RING?"  
SAID THE PIGGY "I WILL" SO THEY TOOK IT AWAY  
AND WERE MARRIED NEXT DAY BY THE TURKEY  
WHO LIVES ON THE HILL. THEY DINED ON MINCE  
AND SLICES OF QUINCE, WHICH THEY ATE WITH  
A RUNCIBLE SPOON; AND HAND IN HAND ON  
THE EDGE OF THE SAND, THEY DANCED BY THE  
LIGHT OF THE MOON, THE MOON, THE MOON,  
THEY DANCED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

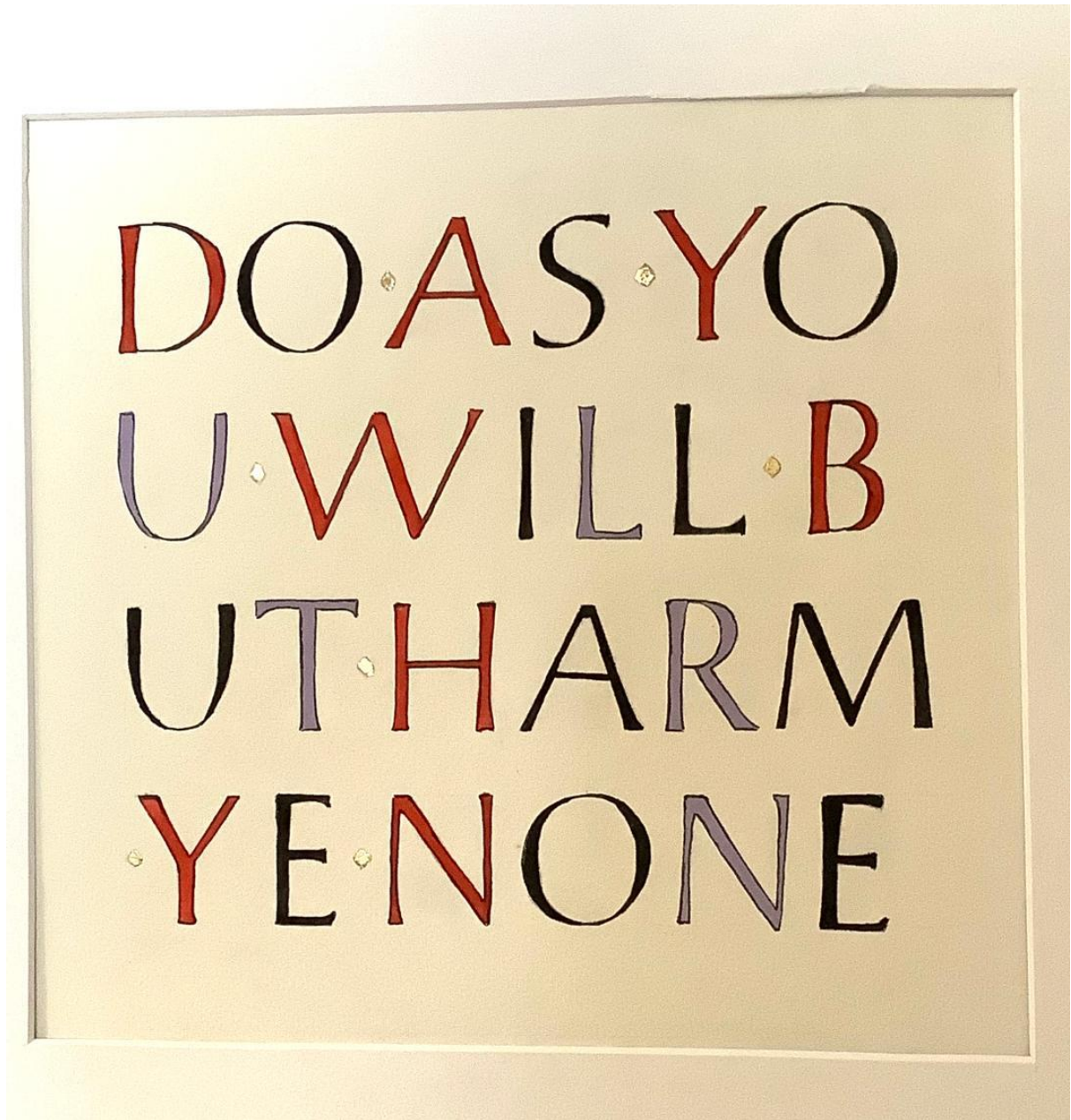
I have always liked the lettering of Charles Renee Mackintosh and back in 2013 took part in the envelope exchange. I wrote "The owl and the pussy cat" as an inclusion in each of the envelopes I sent, all in Dr Martin's Bleedproof White, but each on a different colour paper; this white on red was my favourite. I like the texture the letters and space create and while it isn't my best work, it is still one that I still like looking back at it.



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*Phillip Young (posthumously)*

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Regrettably, Phillip passed away in July 2020. This was the last submission of his work before he died.

This is a piece I did about 5 years ago, for my wife who is a Pagan. I have done a piece every year on our wedding anniversary but whether I can continue with my current state of illness remains to be seen. The words are the Wiccan Rede, the basic philosophy of many pagans.