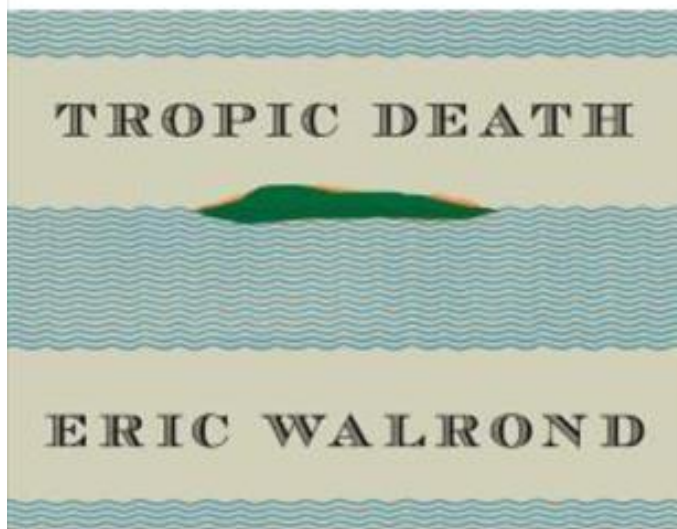


Eric Walrond - A Caribbean Writer in Wiltshire



Creative Writing Workshops

A booklet celebrating the fantastic work completed by participants of creative writing workshops facilitated by Felicity Tattersall. Works were inspired by Eric Walrond's fascinating life, work and struggle with his own mental health during his time in Wiltshire, with the aim to get back into or kick start their passion for creative writing.

Collated with kind permission of the participants of the creative writing workshops.

Coffee Spoon



A town with such prospects, sourcing, delivering, and making fine goods and wares. Even the spoon to decant coffee is exquisite and would enhance the process of brewing your morning coffee, making it a joy. The thumb and finger divot are particularly lovely and really makes it different to a normal everyday spoon. It makes the experience decadent. Shows how extraordinary Devizes is and how unique the experience of living, working and being here is.



Iron Door Knocker to 41 Long Street

Iron door knocker with comical face to 41 Long Street. You were a grand house, did you have a his-story, her-story or their-story? Who lived in you? Who knocked on your door and waiting to be admitted? Did you contain secrets? Is that why you had to be locked up, or did you have valuable treasures within? Did your smiley face welcome or terrify? Maybe a doctor lived in your house and fevered patients knocked on your door, seeking comfort? Maybe the door knocker was friendly, but the doctor terrifying. Knock, knock. Who's there?



Brown and May Fire Horse

"Brown & May" Fire horse
 Power from portable engine
 A symbol of industrial revolution
 A reminder of Denzies ^{market} ^{to} ^{agri.}
 Agricultural links & importance
 of town company in development
 of mechanism that speed
 Industrial revolution in
 our country, our country and
 across the world (America & Australasia)
~~the world~~. What did this
 mean for employment? Drives
 people moving from field to
 factory? As there by machines
 mechanized like old factories.
 Model also serves to show
 end of this industry with
 Brown & May shutting down.
 Could they keep up with technology
~~that~~ ^{market} ^{to} ^{agri.} ^{local demand}
~~the world~~ ^{market} ^{to} ^{agri.} ^{local demand}

Carter de The good horses!



Gold Touch Piece 1702 – 1714

A thing of beauty, a sliver of gold
An essence of purity for diseased hands to hold.
Bearing a ship that braces the waves
Opposing a dragon soon to be slain.
Given in sickness, by Royal Lords
To conquer disease across the Lands.
Nothing more, than a touch piece token
To prevent death tolls from being spoken.
Handed by a King, then followed by a Queen
The King's Evil bound until 1714.

Written by B. Bye



Constables Sword – Devizes Prison

Ordinarily, I would picture Devizes as a quiet market town. Looking at the Constables Sword from Devizes Prison it paints a much more stark and bleak picture of the town. The sword has the words 'House of Correction Devizes' engraved on it. It feels like a powerful and intimidating statement.

New York

Brooklyn,

Black Harlem,

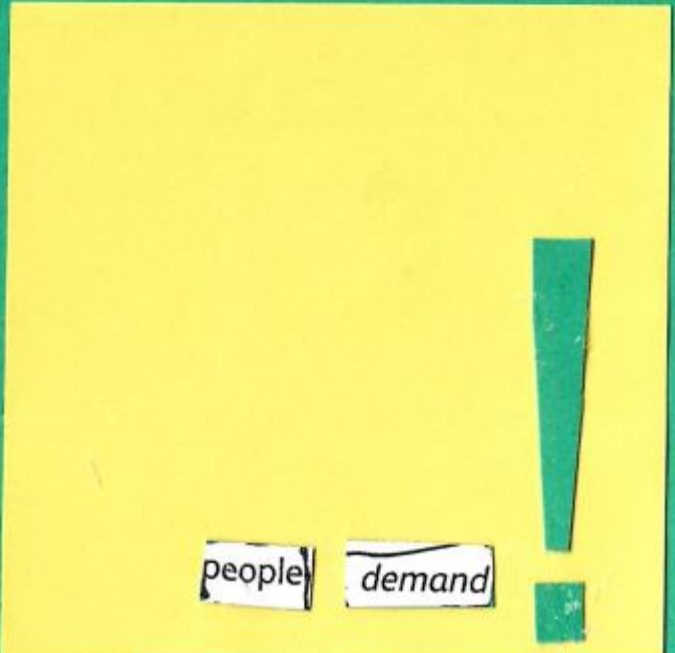
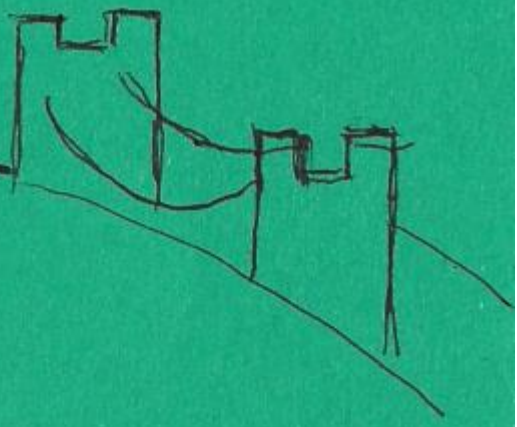
Black community

activist.

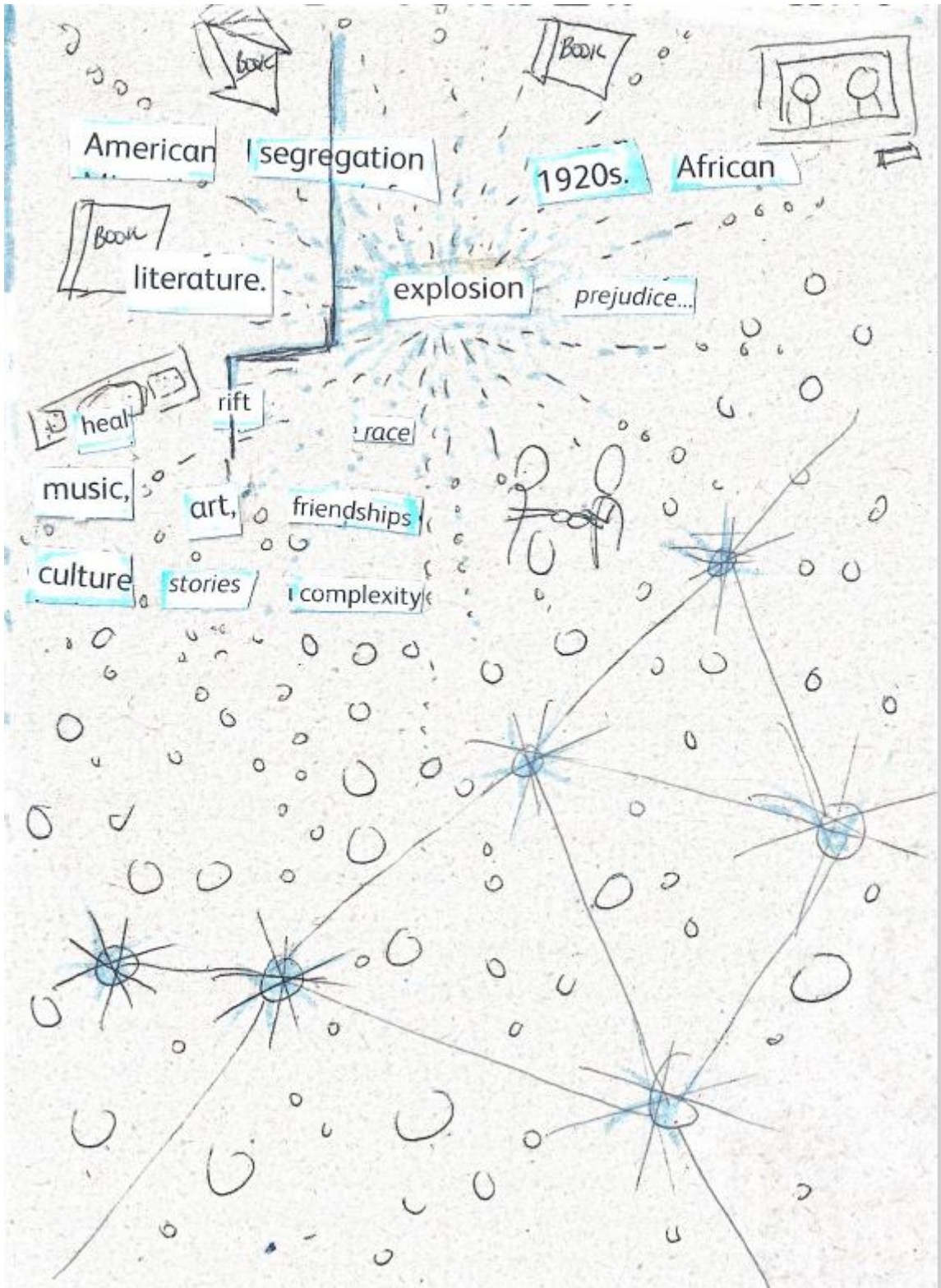
Improvement

hero

movement



people demand



I sit and listen

hum

incessant.

smoke

turning out munitions.

vexed

behaviour

welcome

heart

unquestionably sound"

Key

A metal-winged bird
Nested in the warden's palm,
Two interlocking teeth to open and close
The lock at the centre of my being.
Pulled from the assembly line
Counting the minutes of my existence,
In a state of discontent
I entered a doorway to the Roundway.
Here, I picked up my writers pen
A brotherhood of words,
Through the fine print of friendship
I learned to live again.

Written by L. Greenway

Memory Garden

It has been many weeks since I walked into the garden behind the museum. I sit here now trying to reconstruct it from the tenuous marks of memory. The place sits suspended in my mind like a distant island floating in the sea, present but unreachable. In my notebook from that day, I had recorded several phrases: a white sun, grey stone, the nautical glow of frozen grass. I had confined my experience to a handful of descriptive words, but I never wrote down how I made it me feel. I wish I had responded to it like a symphony, noting its rise and fall and the pockets of quiet and loud. I am starting to learn that as we move away from the centre of an experience a quiet loss occurs, a silent erosion. To say, '*I remember*', is to cast a fishing hook into the past not knowing what you may catch. In the end, all we have are imagined landscapes and gardens formed of memory. I hope with this awakening I can learn to hold onto some of mine, map them like constellations and allow their light to fill in the darkness.

Written by L. Greenway

Letter to Eric Walrond

So Eric you write of your experience in the Military, Rubber Factory, Hospital

Of Wiltshire and of the Caribbean,

Of your struggles you tell,

Of your feelings and frustrations we do feel

Such discrimination and prejudice you write of

This now in theory all outlawed by law,

We say that sadly there is still much discrimination, fear and prejudice today,

An emotional struggle or mental ill health is viewed still with fear by all who have not been to these places before,

You write of the helping hand of the tight knit hospital community,

All this now replaced by outsourced care, drugs and tightly rationed talking therapy,

The lived experience of this now seems that you're not there and they don't even care,

We thank you for your insights and your beautiful descriptive words,

You opened a perspective on life in Wiltshire, the States, the Caribbean too,

The role of the Hospital, the Army and the Factory also,

All this not previously known to me,

Eric Walrond we thank you for your insights, your stories and for sharing your struggles,

To be enjoyed by all for many years to come.

Written by R. Bruce

