



Velvet Red

Razzle Dazzle Red

Lobster Red

PANTONE 187

Red

RED
BLACK
pink
blue
A DOG

avoid the red

often the red

admire the red

ALUM was found along the NE/Yorkshire coast and extracted since the 18th Century. It has shaped our coast physically and our industry ever since because of its use as a fixative for fabrics.

Natural Dye: Using naturally occurring pigment from plants, roots
Things we might think about: How much has changed since the industrial revolution? We are still dependent on the earth for it's rich materials, how can we do this more responsibly and sustainably?

Can we learn from our past to create a better future? What happens when the materials run out?

Red Doors / by Kyveli Lignou-Tsamantani

"Red", you say. "Doors", I am thinking in my head with sadness. Why even contemplate discriminating against someone? "Fortress Europe" is all around the news. Well, you are not even in Europe anymore, are you?

"Red" – a political colour? A communist visual residue? A memento of a historical past?

"What is red for you?" I asked. Different feelings – similar notions; what about the doors? Didn't we learn anything from History – the grandiose one with the capital "H"?

*Love – passion – bravery – strength
Happiness and joy
Intensity
Power
A cliché understanding of passion and anger
A colour that is supposed to suit me as an Aries, but it doesn't
My mother
The colour of my hair
Socialism – fire – roses – school uniforms
Passion – fiery – even anger sometimes – loud'*

Yet – the doors. What about the red doors? A reality, that was just an allegation? Does it really matter? Even the thought of them signifies a "climate". As if the reds of a bloody sunset were experienced in a desert; hot and sweaty.

Labour – a proud but old-fashioned father Christmas – I hate Putin

"Hey, do you really want me to include the last bit?"

*Yes!
An unwelcome sight
Infectious specimen*

I am collaging your words – not stealing, but guidance. Derek Jarman's words are brought to my mind: "Red protects itself. No colour is as territorial. It stakes a claim, is on the alert against the spectrum."² I am on the alert quite often – trying to defy the societal pressures; trying to resist the contemporary confusion; trying to remain composed in front of you. In search of inspiration:

*Well, I have these comfy red trousers on –
red is a quick colour; it's an extraction colour –
blood, passion, it emits something back like love, nostalgia, violence.*

As always, an apt response – a thorough understanding of multiple complexities. The artist mentioned to me the history of Yorkshire and the red colour. Natural dyeing processes urging for a new engagement with the history of "violating" nature.

*A handmade jumper that a lover wore
Love – power – energy*

Red flowers – red boxes with chocolates – a commercialised platitude? Valentine's day. Not a concrete memory, but a birthday gift of its leftovers. "He got you a teddy bear with a heart", my friends would say. It was on sale. Left behind – sad on a supermarket shelf. Just an accidental buy as a birthday gift for the day after. Having my birthday the day after Valentine's established the base for the expectations of my whole youth – the leftovers of a capitalist day full of red stuff. Did you actually get it for me?

The doors – the doors pop back into my head.

Poppies

If a British citizen had sent me this, it would be just another symbol – a symbol of history. Yet, it was sent by you. Did I ever tell you that I used to call my unborn niece "Poppy"? The breath of death on my cheek made me hate them. No – never refer to her as Poppy again. She is much more powerful – will not break. Don't try to decipher my memories. They include a lot of red:

Blood

Images with blood – realities with blood. Blood for the beautiful trauma of birth. Blood for the saddening fear of a violent death. Many of those – everywhere around me; around you. "Why didn't you include a trigger warning in this image?" – Is it the blood that I need to hide away from you, or the smell of a decomposing society that covers its hands with blood? Blood in the outcome of political inactivity. You asked me to think of red – you probably imagined a beautiful reading of red pigments in the paintings by the Old Masters. Well – you knew that at the back of my mind, I was always thinking of the cruelty of the red on doors.³

¹ All the phrases that appear in italics are responses to the question: "What is the colour "red" for you?" The various responses were given by friends. The choice to include them here as a "collage" of words expands on the artist's visual choices.

² Derek Jarman, "On Seeing Red", in *Chroma: A Book of Colour – June '93* (London: Vintage, 1993), 31.

³ This text refers to the case of the housing of asylum seekers in Middlesbrough, where many of the houses were reported to have red doors that made them identifiable. For more on the case see (indicatively): Rowena Mason, Helen Pidd and Nadia Khomami, "Asylum seekers in north-east claim they are identifiable by red doors", *The Guardian*, 20 Jan. 2016, accessed 28 March 2022, <https://www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2016/jan/20/asylum-seekers-north-east-claim-identifiable-red-doors-houses>; "Middlesbrough asylum seeker red doors 'inadvertent'", BBC, 10 Feb. 2016, accessed 28 March 2022, <https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-tees-35539009>.