**© Fauchon, Mireille (2017). The definitive, peer reviewed and edited version of this article is published in Journal of Illustration,** Volume 4, Number 2, pp. 207-223, 1 November 2017, DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1386/jill.4.2.153_1>

A Trial of Women

Mireille Fauchon

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Key Words:

Ethnography, Ficto Criticsm, Narrative Illustration, Historiography, Othering, Liminal, Anxiety

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

The following paper is an articulation of practice based research that seeks to situate the process of ‘illustrative thinking’ (Vormittag 2014) as an inventive social research methodology. The study, an enquiry into a medieval witch trail, asserts the embodied sensory experiences (Ingold 2011) of the illustration researcher as a form of non-representational ethnography (Thrift 2007). Illustration here manifest as ficto-critical (Muecke 2002) image and writing employs narrative description to offer interpretation of what remains of a historical happening within everyday collective consciousness. (Wright 1985)

Footnotes have been utilised creatively to interweave intersubjective narratives and accompanying illustrations offer a visual recording of experience. Produced post-encounter the imagery is informed by primary and secondary research but is also evocative of personal memory and autobiography. This paper endeavours to embody a holistic creative outcome, manifesting at once as a creative practice, a critical discourse and a compelling story.

This is a revision of a talk presented at the Illustration Research Conference Shaping the View: Understanding Landscape through Illustration hosted by The Edinburgh School of Art in November, 2016.

At the time of writing the abstract for the work the project I now call A Trial of Women didn’t exist, by this what I mean exactly is that there was no physical, creative work; no artistic response as yet. Just ideas. Indeed ideas had been brewing for several years. It was the acceptance of the abstract, the articulation of a concern into words and a looming deadline that prompted the work into being.

The original abstract read as follows:

*The remote coastal town of Lowestoft situated on the most easterly point of the British Isles is a site of ancient settlement. Ravished by fire, plague, wars, a fraught relationship with the dominant port in Yarmouth plus the decline and complete loss of the herring trade, the location embodies much historical, cultural conflict, erosion, trauma and decay. The physical geographic landscape has also greatly suffered; it was the most heavily bombed town per head of population in the U.K during WWII and the coastline continues to erode due to the effects of the long-shore drift.*

*Woven within Lowestoft’s darker social narratives are the trials and executions of Rose Cullender and Amy Denny in 1662. Both outsiders
within the local community known as ‘blow in’s’ the women were accused
of witchcraft during a wave of convictions within the Suffolk Area that would become known as the Bury St Edmunds Witch Trials. These specific cases are of particular historical significance as the comprehensive trial report was used to set a precedent during the infamous Salem witch trials.*

*Expanding on the idea of the outsider, in this case myself within the role of the ‘blow-in’, this new body of work draws from collaborations with a local artist / illustrator, local historian and heritage archives and investigates what residue of Lowestoft’s historical and narrative past is present within present collective consciousness, (Samuels 1999) how this knowledge is preserved, intentionally or otherwise, and whether these traumatic histories can be used as a lens to explore social and cultural narratives manifesting today.*

*Furthermore the paper considers the function and role of the illustrator as a facilitator/raconteur to generate and disseminate anthropological information and of knowledge; one who enables communities and societies to navigate through their historical, cultural and geographical past (Benjamin 2006).*

This is the story of a place, or more specifically my encounter of a place over three days and four nights in July 2016. It cannot be a complete story; facts will be missing or incorrect, misunderstood and hopelessly limited by own interpretations.

Let me talk you through a work in progress.

I first became interested in the legacy of witch trials in East Anglia when I was teaching on the B.A Illustration course at Norwich University of the Arts. For those of you unaware, as I was, the area was the epicentre of medieval witchcraft hysteria in the United Kingdom. Commuting daily from my East London home, a tight routine requiring me to leave the house no later at 5:30am to make all rail connections. Clapton to Liverpool Street, Liverpool Street to Norwich, a fine city.

The walk into from the train station into the university was always the highlight of the day, when time allowed I would take the long route along the river Wensum walking very slowly. Having been born, raised and educated in London I have rarely had any purpose or felt any compulsion to migrate for

any real length of time. Even now I rarely leave the city for anything other than work. I know the country through art schools. This time was private and indulgent and allowed the brief sensation of being a tourist walking with no agenda other than the sheer enjoyment of doing so.

Other than the occasional runner I seldom ever saw anyone and it was this quiet time I so appreciated before the constant dialogue of the working day. There is a plaque dotted along the route, I think near Fye Bridge, that marks the site where a ducking stool was used to ‘swim’ women. This was a method used to identify women as witches. If they survived a ‘dunk’ in the river it would be a result of magical intervention, if they drowned they were innocent. Both outcomes equally bleak. I found impossible to reconcile the stillness of this place with the knowledge of the fear and violence that had been experienced there. This paradox lingered, ruminating and while I knew somewhere within this was a project the exact focus eluded me for some time.

There are familiar themes that weave in and out of my work’ local and personal histories, the intermingling of truth and fiction, the fantastic meeting the mundane. Entering into my thirties had also revealed a feminist identity and along within the realisation that female narratives lay at the core of everything I had ever made.

All illustration projects need an entry point, an inquiry, a purpose, a concern. I threw stones out widely dipping in and out of literature about historic witch trials, folklore, tradition trying to find a way in. I attended numerous conferences and symposia often finding myself in completely foreign academic territory amongst revered experts in esoteric and hermetic arts, magic, alchemy and the gothic. And then finally a moment of clarity so obvious it almost seems absurd. I am a storyteller and after all what is a storyteller without a narrative?

‘The storyteller takes what he [sic – I am a woman] tells from experience – his [her] own or that reported by others. And he [she] in turn makes it the experience of those who are listening to his [her] tale’. (Benjamin 2006:364)

When teaching in Norwich I had met with a student working on a project about resurrection men operating in the late 19th century in Great Yarmouth, her hometown.

She had begun to retrace the narrative to the locations of past activity; places known well known but over looked within the milieu of what she understood has her own environment, her home. We spoke about how disquieting it was to find such dark narratives attached to the places so familiar. She mentioned in passing that during the course of her research she had come across a historical accusation of witchcraft, two women of the same area, she thought related perhaps sisters, that held a link to the infamous Salem trials. This has been a diversion from the original inquiry so hadn’t been perused. I, however, was utterly enthralled at the possibility of an East Anglian seaside resort aligning with a renowned and much mythologised historical narrative. This little vignette that remained with me years finally came back to the fore and serves to reminds me should I ever complain working in academia of the rewards that come from supporting others.

It doesn’t take long to find the information you need when you know exactly what it is you’re looking for. Aided by Google and Wikipedia I quickly learned of the Bury St Edmunds Witch Trails which concerned two elderly widows, Rose Cullender and Amy Denny, not from Yarmouth[[1]](#footnote-1) but the Suffolk coastal town Lowestoft. There also appeared to be a tangible link to Salem.

Around this time another fortuitous event occurred which would play a significant part within this tale. Now teaching at the University for the Creative Arts in Farnham, my previous pre-dawn commutes a distant memory, I met and became friends with a fellow academic and Lowestoft born Mickey Gibbons[[2]](#footnote-2). He suggested a research trip, he knew nothing of the case and was keen to support inviting me to stay in his family home, “come and find your women.”

In readiness for my trip I combed the internet to better acquaint myself with Lowestoft more generally; it is the most easterly point of the British Isles and just miles away from where the earliest human remains in northern Europe were found[[3]](#footnote-3), (Wavney District Council 2007) it is the birthday place of famed composer Benjamin Britain and the Wetherspoons pub on the high street is named The Joseph Conrad in honour of the writer who spent time there during his days as a merchant seamen.

I contacted the local museum to enquire as to whether they held anything within their collections relating to the witch trails that may be of interest. The response was slow but sincere and while they felt they had nothing of relevance my email has been forwarded on to a trustee and local historian who was very knowledgeable in the area.[[4]](#footnote-4)

Ivan Bunn works in the Local Records office, situated on the second floor at Lowestoft Library. He is excited by our interest. He doesn’t recognise Mickey at first glance but when hears the surname can place him “Di and Peter’s boy” Mickey’s father worked on the lifeboats for decades and I quickly realise is much admired within the community. He shows Mickey and I a bulging ring binder full of spread sheets detailing names, dates, allegations and verdicts. In his spare time he has been compiling a list of all the people accused of witchcraft in Suffolk. He had intended, and I suspect still intends to do the same for Norfolk. He also co-wrote a study of the trial with criminologist Gilbert Geis placing the narratives into a wider historical and social context. He carefully recommends I read it in such a way that successfully avoids any desperation or ego but I’ve already beaten him to it – it’s been ordered and on its way.

The three of us speak for hours in the archive sat around the wide tables for communal study. I think to myself Ivan’s accent is more pronounced than Mickey’s.[[5]](#footnote-5)

He is very clear and we concur together that Amy Denny and Rose Cullender, the two elderly Lowestoft women who in 1662 are accused by various people within their community of witchcraft, were just that and only that, women. He talks us through what happened once a person was accused of witchcraft. A complaint is made to a local magistrate and if a warrant is issued a hopeless process begins. He described the indignity of intimate physical examinations in search for incriminating marks and moles[[6]](#footnote-6) and what it is to ‘walk a witch’ the practice of making the accused pace relentless back and forth continually until they confess. In the trial report Amy Denny’s name is given as Duny- they didn’t even have the respect to spell it correctly. There is nothing mystical or titillating about this tale. It is dark and frightening and very tangible. He talks of punishment beyond the grave, hands of the executed are pinioned with iron nails and the bodies buried in unconsecrated ground on the outskirts of the churchyard. He reminds us many of these people were old and frail, senile and vulnerable. What he describes is torture. Witchcraft accusations are an attack from within, it is never strangers, it is people, neighbours, family and people that you cannot get rid of any other way. (Geis 1997) Scapegoating deflects tensions from wider concerns that can be resolved and accusations are most rife within communities where the Jewish are absent. (Geis 1997) Our two women were also both “blow-ins”, meaning that they were not Lowestoft born.

Our visit has timed to coincide with one of Ivan’s local history ‘Witch Walks’ charting significant locations within the town relating to the case. We have, however, vastly underestimated the interest and it’s fully booked but Ivan keen to rehearse offers us a personal tour. We meet at his home on Crown Street West, dating from the 17th century, the ceilings are low and beamed and there are so many books. When he first moved in and was digging up the earth outside to renovate he made two discoveries; the house had no foundations and found a witch bottle[[7]](#footnote-7) buried to ward off evil intentions. A counter magical charm witch bottles are commonly associated with the Bellarmine bottle, the distinctive rounded shape symbolising the witch’s bladder. Those believing themselves victims would fill the vessel with their urine, hair, nail pairings, pins this would then be heated with the intention of causing harm to the witch and instigator of ill will. (Hoggard 2015) I have since read that the earliest account of instructional usage of a witch bottle hails from Suffolk[[8]](#footnote-8) and the practice is thought to have begun in East Anglia before spreading to other regions. (Smedley 1964)

‘‘Amy hath been long reputed to be a Witch, and a person of very evil behaviour, whose Kindred and Relations have been many of them accused for Witchcraft, and some of them have been condemned.’ (Bunn 2014:81)

Amy Denny’s reputation for witchcraft had seen her in the stocks prior to 1662 trail. The site is now a small anonymous car park nestled within rows of tidy terraces. As a Londoner I always over estimate how long it will take to journey from any one given place to another when out of the city but even this takes me by surprise. We are almost a literal stone’s throw between both Ivan’s home and where I’ve been staying in the cosy two up, two down on Dove Street. I stand on the spot blinking. It seems so utterly unremarkable and with no trace of what was experienced there.

‘The stocks consisted of two heavy timbers, the upper of which could be raised. Two half circle notches where cut into each of the timbers, which formed round holes when they met. The legs of the offenders were held tightly in place in notches either by chaining the timbers or by placing weights or “legstones” on them.’ (Geis 1997:64)

I consider the physical pain of being awkwardly confined particularly when old and frail, and then having to endure this publicly and outdoors and right here amongst your community chit chattering and going about their daily routines.

This is a site of trauma un-memorialised. Moving eastwards we cut through a compact social housing estate; grey brick blocks, patchy grass, there is no pretension. It’s a mid-summer evening and still light and a very drunk man walking a dog is friendly in asking us essentially what we’re up to and appears satisfied with the explanation “local history walk” and stumbles off.[[9]](#footnote-9)

‘Robert Sherringham also Deposeth against Rose Cullender, That about Two Years since, passing along the Street with his Cart and Horses, the Axletree of his Cart touched her House, and broke down some part of it, at which, she was very much displeased, threatning him, that his Horses should suffer for it; and so it happen’d, for all those Horses, being Four in Number, died within a short time after’[[10]](#footnote-10) (Bunn 2014:100)

Ivan has brought a print out of an old photograph of a terrace with an arrow pointing to Rose’s house. This image is worthy of a National Trust postcard, black and white showing a humble row of cobbled houses, a little shop front with old typographic signage. The buildings were demolished in the 1960s for redevelopment. The comparison between then and now is marked. In the urge to redevelop in the interest of civic wellbeing something else has been lost. We discuss whether preservation of these historic buildings would have maintained a tourist interest but I sense the eradication of all traces of the old within the present is more far profound than this. Ruins are associated with dereliction and neglect but are also treasures of what came before, usable triggers of memory (Solnit 2011) allowing us to make sense of ourselves and place our own personal narrative within a landscape of time.

Walking south along the High Street we suddenly hear “Mr. Bunn” screeched loudly by a group of dressed up and high heeled women outside The Old Blue Anchor. I have forgotten that it’s Saturday evening and the pub is already busy with early trade. The women crowd around and want to have their photograph taken with Ivan, he duly obliges, posing with them, enjoying the attention. The women remember him from school where he worked as a technician when they were children. They are tipsy and sentimental. Ivan is a local celebrity.

We make our final stop at the former abode of Samuel Pacey, the wealthy fish merchant, respected citizen and key protagonist in the down fall of our women. The Pacey residence is still today a prime real estate location. The high street runs along the edge of Gunton Cliff and the house is built alongside a score, a prehistoric passageway formed natural by water running down the cliffs into to the sea.

Having seen the pre-general election documentary featuring John Humphries speaking to ‘disappointed’ trawler men and showing the remnants net drying racks along the Denes, ‘they speak to you in the same voice as the pits and the mills, but in a whisper - “What was here is gone.”’(BBC 2015) I mistakenly thought the fraught economic relationship with the sea was a contemporary narrative. At the time of the accusations Lowestoft was embroiled within a dispute with Great Yarmouth over North Sea territories. Yarmouth had blockaded the approach to Lowestoft preventing any fish from being landed. (Geis 1997:2) These are turbulent times, herring the source of livelihood, food, economy and Pacy’s wealth is under extreme threat.

I stand staring at a flint-napped wall, trying to look right through it as Ivan describes the encounter. Pacey, is a man on the edge, his business is suffering, he has been travelling petitioning the courts to intervene he is tired and weary and also has a sick child.

Deborah Pacey has been sat outside on the mound on other side of this wall, in the hope it will aid her recovery. Amy Denny knocks at the door, she wants to buy herring, she is not begging and is well within her rights. She is refused three times before she leaves angry, probably hungry and cursing at which point Deborah is suddenly ‘taken with the most violent fits’. [[11]](#footnote-11)(Bunn 2014:84)

This is the beginning of the end.

What ensues are dangerous accusations, examinations, a trial where the testimony of bewitched children is eagerly received. The women are found guilty and hung. Years later when things are amiss in Salem it is the Trail from Lowestoft report that is used to guide the courts in crediting the integrity of spectral evidence.

The next day Mickey and I take the dog for a walk. On the dunes I am very aware that I’m not used to walking on un-level ground, my foot ware is always inappropriate. Ferns, Rowan and Heather all of which are thought to have counter magical properties are growing in abundance; an echo of a history human history manifesting within the natural environment. (DeSilvey 2006) Mickey guides me through the wooded cliff edges and points out the natural bubbling springs stooped down to drink to prove the purity of the water. Ivan told us it is these springs that lead Suffolk to be called a blessed land, but I can’t remember when or by whom. There is also something particular about the geological makeup of the earth met with these waters that provided the perfect composition for porcelain, another lost industry.

We spend a morning in the archives, browsing maps and flicking through old tourist guides ‘Lowestoft: The Ideal Holiday Haunt’. I jot down fishermen superstitions, crushing eggshells before discarding will stop witches from using them to stir up storm. No pork, no whistling and no women aboard a boat. (Rose 1992) We trace an article from the local press which details the finding of two skeletons, women and pinioned just outside of St Margaret’s church in 1811. Later we go in search of the spot and find a traffic island.

My last morning in Lowestoft I go for a run.[[12]](#footnote-12) By now I have good working knowledge of the town, Lowestoft is long and narrow and it must be difficult to get lost. Mickey has drawn me a map that is essentially an elongated oval with his house at the top on a post it note just in case and watch out for the ‘lazy winds’ they will move straight through you. Continuing I almost miss Ness Point entirely. The most easterly point of the British Isles is formally landmarked by a humble circular euroscope paved into concrete but it is the huge singular white wind turbine, directly behind me that orientates the gaze from miles away back to this site.

I run past the Bird Eye factory, an imposing presence on the seafront. A company best known for making frozen fish fingers now dominates a landscape once known for it’s fishing industry. I stop to take a photograph; it is one of the few photos I’ve taken while I’ve been here. I came kitted out with cameras and audio-visual recorders and instantly knew it was not how I wanted to record my experience of this place. Photography is too vivid, too literal in capturing the mobility scooters and boarded up shop fronts. Instead I have collected a supermarket bag of debris, evidence of Lowestoft - rubbings, clipping of plants, berries and hag stones. Identified by their signature central cavity, hag stones or witches stones are prolific on the Lowestoft shoreline and since arriving I have noticed them everywhere, in piles on window sills, by garden gates; Mickey’s mother collects them every morning when walking the dog adding them to the collection in the large glass vases by the electric fireplace. There is a monument that marks the entrance to Belle Vue Park an anchor weighing down piles of hag stones this is to stop and rolling back into sea at right. This is also where Amy Denny sits cursing passers-by with her wicked tongue.

I wonder with what awareness, if any, have they been placed seemingly so deliberately at these domestic thresholds. Is this an inherited practice retaining a tacit link to an alternative logic?[[13]](#footnote-13) These stones are inexplicitly bound to the identity of Lowestoft; ‘stones, too, have histories, forged in on going relations with surroundings that may or may not include human beings and much else besides.’ (Ingold 2011:31) I found them on the shore, caught them mid dance and along with the rest of my bounty I will bring them from their place into my own.

Lowestoft’s Wikipedia page describes it as socially deprived. (Wikipedia 2014) I gather that this has been arrived through studies, statistics and quantifiable data but when I contemplate these words ‘socially’ ‘deprived’ I wonder do the people of Lowestoft; those I have met and drunk endless cups of tea with, who have served me in shops or have stopped for a quick hello when out the dog; do they identify with this identity?

Doreen Massey writes that places are open and porous, the identities of place are always unfixed, contested and animated by a multitude of social relations and interpretations. (Massey 2007) How then can any place be deprived? And furthermore what of my own position within this matrix?

This project is troublesome. You can’t arrive in Lowestoft by accident; it is the end of the line. A historic happening provided the entry point but I sought out this place and put myself into its landscape, and I was welcomed warmly but this is not the same as being invited. In searching for what was lost something else entirely was found, a creation of the search its self and the time the search took. (Steadman 2001).

This is a project about distances; the distance between myself and Lowestoft, between what was expected and what was encountered and the distance between an experience and it’s memory.[[14]](#footnote-14)

References:

Benjamin, W. (2006) ‘The Storyteller’ In: Hale, Dorothy J, Ed. The Novel: An Anthology of Criticism and Theory 1900-2000. Malden, Mass.: Blackwell Publishing

Bunn, I. (2014) The Trial of the Lowestoft Witches: a facsimilie of the Original Report of the Trial of Amy Denny and Rose Cullender, 1662. Lowestoft, The Editors Lowestoft

Bunn, I. (s.d) The Lowestoft Witches. At http://www.lowestoftwitches.com/ (Accessed 2 May 2017)

DeSilvey, C. (2006) ‘Observed Decay: Telling Stories with Mutable Things’, Journal of Material Culture,
11 (3), pp. 318-38.

Ingold, T. (2011) Being Alive: Essays on Movement, Knowledge and Description. United Kingdom: Taylor
& Francis Ltd - M.U.A.

Geis, G. (1997) A trial of witches : a seventeenth century witchcraft prosecution. London: London : Routledge.

Hoggard, B. (2015) ‘Witchbottles: Their Contents, Contexts and Uses’ In: Hutton, R. (ed) In: Physcial Evidence for Ritual Acts, Scorcery and Witchcraft. Hampshire and New York: Palgrace Macmillan. pp.91-105

Ingold, T. (2011) *Being Alive: Essays on Movement, Knowledge and Description.*United Kingdom: Taylor & Francis Ltd - M.U.A.

Lorimer, H. (2012) ‘Surfaces and Slopes’, Performance Research, 17 (2), pp. 83-86.

Massey, D. (1994) Space, place and gender. Cambridge: Cambridge : Polity Press.

Muecke, S. (2002) 'The Fall: Fictocritical Writing', *Parallax,*8 (4), pp. 108-12.

Panorama: What Britain Wants - Something to Hope For, presented by John Humphrys. (2015) BBC One. 23 March 2015. 20:30 GMT

Rose, J. (1992) Tales and tall stories. Suffolk, Rushmere Publishing

Samuel, R. (1998) Theatres of memory. London: London: Verso.

Smedley, N. (1964) More Suffolk Witchbottles [Online] At: http://suffolkinstitute.pdfsrv.co.uk/customers/Suffolk%20Institute/2014/01/10/Volume%20XXX%20Part%201%20(1964)\_Ore%20Suffolk%20witch-bottles%20N%20Smedley%20E%20J%20Owles\_84%20to%2092.pdf (Accessed 2 May 2017)

Steedman, C. (2001) Dust. Manchester: Manchester : Manchester University Press

Stilgoe, J. (2015)What is Landscape? Massachusetts, MIT

Solnit, R. (2011) ‘The Ruins of Memory’ In: Dillon, B. (ed.) Ruins. London : Cambridge, Mass.: London : Whitechapel Gallery ; Cambridge, Mass. : MIT Press. pp.150-152

Vormittag, L. (2014) 'Making (the) subject matter: Illustration as interactive, collaborative practice', *Journal of Illustration,*1 (1), pp. 41-67

Wright, P. (1985) *On living in an old country : the national past in contemporary Britain.*London: London : Verso.

Waveney District Council. (2007) North Lowestoft Conservation Area Character Appraisal. [online] At: http://www.eastsuffolk.gov.uk/assets/Planning/Design-and-Conservation/WDC-Conservation-Area-Appraisals/North-Lowestoft/North-Lowestoft-Conservation-Area-Character-Appraisal.pdf (Accessed 2 May 2017)

Wikipedia (2017) Lowestoft. At https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lowestoft (Accessed 2 May 2017)

1. This may not have been the particular case the student was referring to; Mary Easty, born in Great Yarmouth, died in 1692 a victim of the Salem Trails. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Mickey taught on the B.A Graphic Communication course while I worked on B.A Illustration, we shared a communal office for months before speaking at which point his pronounced Suffolk accent was revealed;

‘…a dialect which has puzzled many a visitor from London, and has almost led him [in this case her] to believe he [she, in this case me] suddenly dropped upon a colony of foreigners, so unintelligible does it sound when heard for the first time…’

(extract taken from a found clipping pasted inside a book held by the Lowestoft Records office, Man and Nature on the Broads by A. Patterson) this steered the conversation towards the revelation of his birthplace and eventually to my interest in the darker history of his hometown. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Pakefield is specifically named as the location of the earliest known remains, there is also an excellent fish and chip shop called Pakefield Plaice. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. This, really, is where this story begins. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. I am aware of the sound of my own voice and what it communicates about my identity particularly now where the difference is pronounced; ‘dialect, or speaking broad was a matter not only of accent but of entire vocabulary which kept strangers at bay.’ (Samuels 1999:54) [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. ‘…and coming to the House of Rose Cullender, they did acquaint her with what they were come about, and asked whether she was contented that they should search her? she did not oppose it, whereupon They began at her Head, and so stript her naked, and in the lower part of her Belly they found a thing like a Teat of an Inch long, they questioned her about it, and she said, That she had got a strain by carrying of water which caused that Excrescence. But upon narrower search, they found in her Privy Parts three more Excrescencies or Teats, but smaller than the former: This Deponent farther saith, That in the long Teat at the end thereof there was a little hole, and it appeared unto them as if it had been lately sucked, and upon the straining of it there issued out white milkie Matter’. (Bunn 2014:94) [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. My mother once told me a story from the village of Sarzora in Goa, India, where she was born. The ghostly spirit of Anna Christina a wealthy Portuguese murderess who had lived and died in village had been the cause of much havoc within the community. Burdened by the guilt of her misdeed; she had caused the death of her girl servant with a blow to skull on catching her eating a piece of coconut, the restless spirit frequently took possession of villagers causing them to act in strange ways and speak in unfamiliar languages. The only way this mayhem was resolved was through catching her spirit and trapping it in a bottle. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. ‘Take your Wife’s Urine as before, and cork it in a Bottle with Nails, Pins and Needles, and bury it in the Earth; and that will do the feat. The Man did accordingly. And his Wife began to mend sensibly’ (Smedley 1964, citing Joseph Glanvil, Sadducismus Triumphatus, or, full and plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions, London, 1681 [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. You couldn’t make it up, a stumbling, drunk on the council estate. The whole encounter could almost be staged to consolidate stereotypes of the poor, white working class. I feel slightly uncomfortable, and wonder what this reveals and what about me. We have right to pass through but we have entered into private residential space. I worry in that moment I have become a voyeur and my presence, although fleeting, is intrusive. I am aware of my otherness, or is it their otherness? I don’t voice these thoughts. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. Of all the accusations of witchcraft made against the two women, this is the only indictment that was found not guilty. Small consolation. [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. ‘*Samuel Pacey a Merchant of Leystoff aforesaid, (a man who carried himself with much soberness during the Tryal, from whom proceeded no words either of Passion or Malice, though his Children were so greatly Afflicted,) Sworn and Examined, Deposeth, That his younger Daughter Deborah, upon Thursday the Tenth of October last, was suddenly taken with a Lameness in her Leggs, so that she could not stand, neither had she any strength in her Limbs to support her, and so she continued until the Seventeenth day of the same Month, which day being fair and sunshiny, the Child desired to be carryed on the East part of the House, to be set upon the Bank which looketh upon the Sea; and whil’st she was sitting there, Amy Duny came to this Deponents House to buy some Herrings, but being denyed she went away discontented, and presently returned again, and was denyed, and likewise the third time and was denyed as at first; and at her last going away, she went away grumbling; but what she said was not perfectly understood. But at the very same instant of time, the said Child was taken with most violent fits, feeling most extream pain in her Stomach, like the pricking of Pins, and Shreeking out in a Most dreadful manner like unto a Whelp, and not like unto a sensible Creature’.* (Bunn 2014:84) [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. I am a long distance runner and I take my shoes with me everywhere I go. Hayden Lorimer writes of runners as ‘well-schooled students of terra firma, using feet and legs as sensory devices… Some surfaces are harder to puta name to, or to easily place; still impacted in memory but inchoate and thinned out.’ (Lorimer 2012) [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
13. I sleep really well in Lowestoft. I joke it is on account being surrounded by counter magic charms. [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
14. This is a story that repeats. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)