



for
the
love
of

Introduction

For The Love Of builds on last summer's *Commonplace Beauty* project and I hoped to encourage people to look more deeply at the places they loved through photography and writing. As last year, my intention was for the project to be as inclusive as possible and for the social media and this final publication to put experienced practitioners alongside people participating in these activities for the first time.

I am very grateful to TAP at the University of Sheffield who have funded *For The Love Of* and provided endless enthusiasm and support on the way. This project has been a collaboration between myself and TAP interns, Jess Decamps and Jude Barnett. To them, I send enormous thanks and appreciation for all their hard work, good humour and the many things they have taught me on this 'knowledge exchange'. You can be very proud of yourselves.

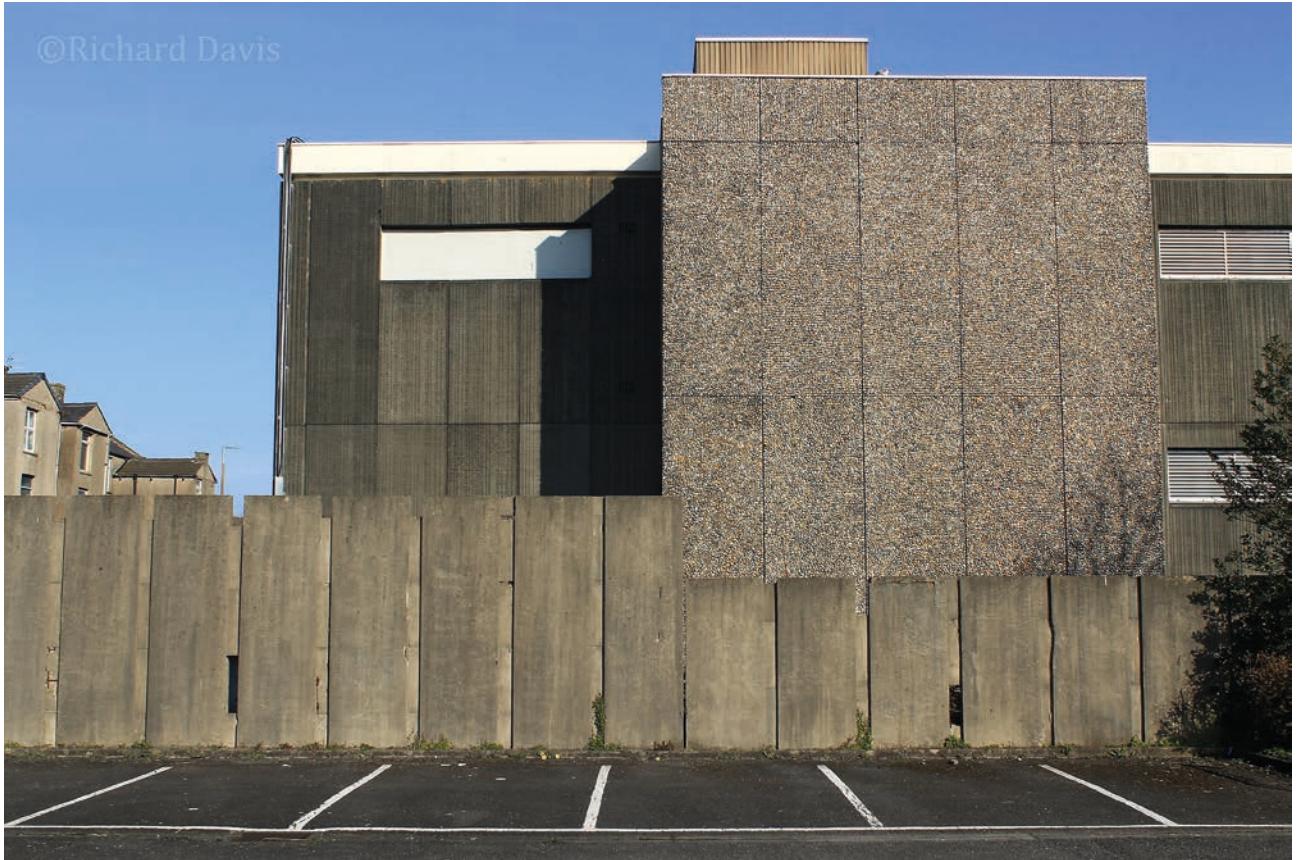
Special thanks also to Nik Perring and Richard Davis who planned and delivered such inspiring online and in-person workshops. Your diligence and commitment to going 'above and beyond' were so appreciated and it's been such a joy working with you.

Finally, to everyone who has supported our project, thank you so much for your kind comments and willingness to get involved. This publication is for you.

Helen Angell



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Richard Davis

from 'zeitgeist'

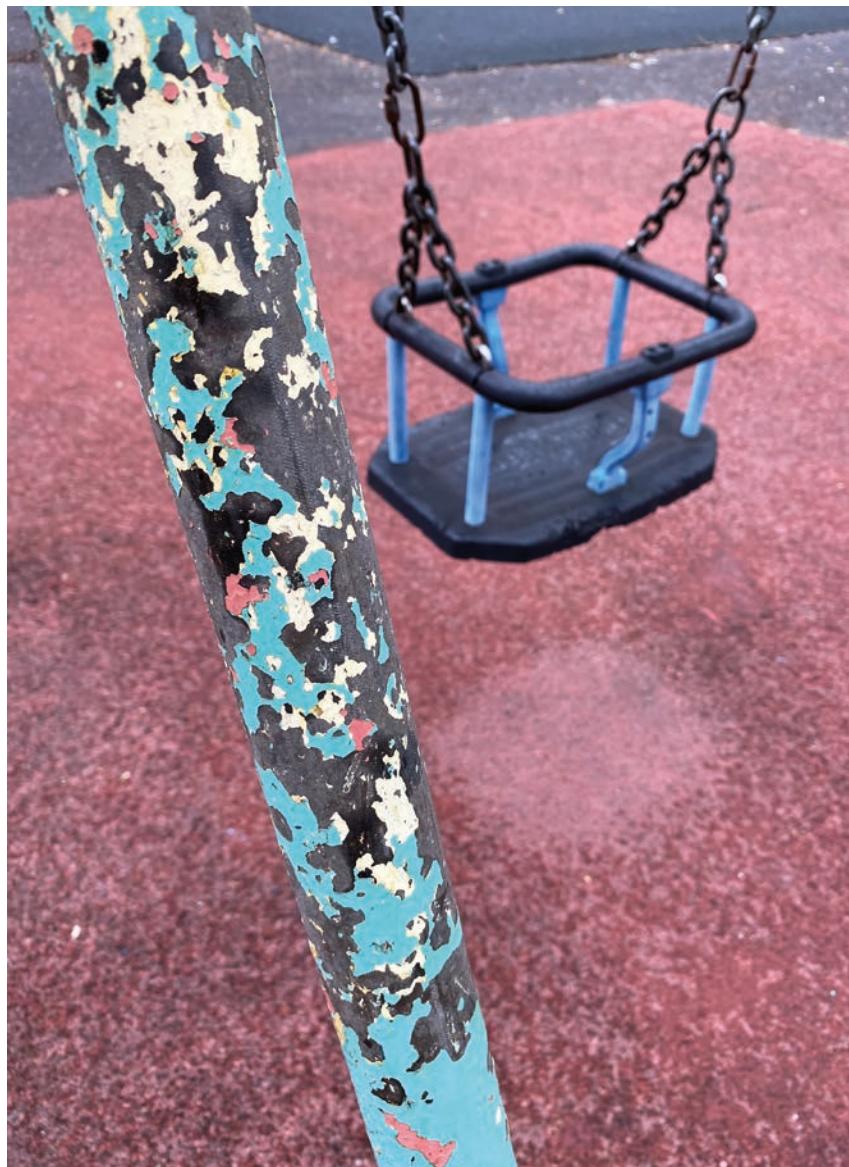
home (from home) - excerpt

aesthetic confusion of twee bric-a-brac [sunburst clocks liver-spotted
mirrors jaundiced antimacassars] and hyperbolic *you've never had it so
good* prosperity its hectic floral stretch fabrics and moist leatherette
inharmonious stage-set to stale airless evenings' genial monotony [plywood
jigsaws The Peoples' Friend good-natured debate] Tony Greig or Mike
Bearley and How To Increase Your Word Power's gauzy underscore by
agonisingly proximate ocean's unrelenting siren song make-do-and-mend
honeymoon suite's tender demotion to second guest bedroom [souvenir-
bright sea view offsets cosy constriction] the encroaching ration book faux-
mahogany gloom of Household Buying Permit's austere spoils staunched
reimagined remitted by deckchair-striped coral and ruby rebellion Nan's
imported pitiless bri-nylon sheets chafe of sandpaper fabric on sunburned
flesh tempered by spilling waves' nightly soporific salve decade's iterated
imprecise holiday-let melange segmentable only by local speciality
[serpentinite smoked herring peaty single malt] memorialised recalled with
one-hit-wonder particularity prosaic dependability designed by committee
extravagantly reupholstered in the lustrous mirage of a dead king's
borrowed robes chandelier clear momentous ineffaceable

A J Moore



Mez Maddocks



Mez Maddocks

In search of civilization

This vantage point reminds me of the Mayans,
and how we scavenge the homes they left behind
for scraps of understanding of an era long gone

Only now do I see how inadequate such a task is,
for a room can tell a story the way a fragment
tells a sentence

Up here I see a small dining room, collages lining the
walls, leopard-print lamps stalking the bookshelves
that bear witness to the centerpiece of the house itself:

A chestnut brown dining table resting easy and round
beneath the chandelier whose light bites irony out of
how this bird's eye view carries commentary to a dead beat

Up here no mention will be ever made of the celebrations had
or the people who sat and the floorboards that shifted
from exercise more than anything else

Not even a picture would be enough,
nor will this poem be

But it's a start,
the way 1000 words are

Robyn Fohouo



Alfredo Rojas

Returning Home

The cobbles are still lying here,
and there, within my reach, the wall
of granite blocks I bravely climbed
in youth, so long ago.

Climbed, and clung suspended
to watch the yellowed river flow,
tight within discoloured banks
along this narrow valley's length.

Now it stands waist high
and, beyond its span, the river
flowing brighter now that industry
has died along its banks.

The cobbles are still lying here,
and there, clinging to the valley sides,
small houses hang in streets unchanged
by recent time or passing loss.

Clinging to their near-forgotten past
with roots that pierce the land
too deep to yield their grasp,
and yet too fragile to survive.

And there, beyond the river walls and streets,
lie upland moors of peat and withered grass;
timeless beyond remembering,
uncaring of the changing scene below.

The cobbles are still lying here -
worn and older now -
I pause, recalling memories hiding
in the silence locked within these stones.

Recalling half-remembered truths
and half-forgotten dreams;
recalling long-gone visions
of things that might have been.

And here, where images
of generations past and future merge
to share their meanings,
the cobbles hold me still.

Brian G D'Arcy

*This poem and No Passing Trace (p50) are from the collection
GHOST HORSES DANCING by BRIAN G D'ARCY
PUBLISHED by Sixties Press 2015 ISBN 978-1-905554-28-7*



Damian Sackett

The Store

They met at Frehiwet Habesha. Susie had lived in Ethiopia for a while-knew what to order. The waiter emerged from the orange beaded curtain with a woven tray plated high with air-filled breads, goat curry, lentils and tomatoes, spinach and things he didn't know. She showed him how to eat with his hands. Tom liked the freedom but worried he might spill some down his white Teeshirt. If truth be known he'd never been out of Sheffield, but he knew this building on Exchange Street. His great grandfather Bill had it built back in 1915, and under the torn paper Frehiwet Habesha banner you could see his name Mudford carved in Stone.

Tom's father had passed down the story of how Bill, just back from the war. With spices filling his nostrils Tom remembered that even though Bill had lost a leg, it didn't stop him, he'd made sure that the building was constructed from Yorkshire stone. A brass band from Barnsley played at the opening when Bill limped onto the podium to cut the ribbon push open the huge oak doors of Mudford's department store. That's when Tom noticed he was crying and Susie was supressing a giggle and said:

'Too spicy?! I" order some yoghurt.'

Frangipani



Imogen Bloor



Imogen Bloor

Abandoned guest room

(After Beata Duncan: *Upstairs*)

Downstairs, the heavy velvet curtains
kiss the September sun goodbye.

Downstairs, the out-of-season nights
are not welcomed.

Downstairs, the lamps must get used
not to shine in the dark.

Downstairs, the sleepy sofa is fed up
with having to sleep alone.

Downstairs, the empty dustbin
is sick for company.

Downstairs, the silence hears
the echoes of unusual noises.

Upstairs, feet finally free and joyful
jump and dance.

Nuri Rosegg



Ian Hill



Ian Hill



Ian Hill

Upriver

Come upriver, beyond the field edges, beyond the pleated hay meadows and dark-eyed rooks. Follow the stream upwards, above the waterfall and into the higher valley where stones shift and settle into patterns you will try to understand.

See here, and here, the scours of winter's floods; the freshly bared earth which smells of metal left in the rain, the scatter of grasses unravelling at your feet. The storm debris is laden with regret, like belongings hurriedly gathered before leaving. Each year, the valley changes. Each year, the river learns to forget.

Listen. In solstice storms, stones tumble on the riverbed with a sound which is felt deep in the gut, an ache you struggle to place. That noise you feel stirs a disquiet deep in your soul, a sense of the not-rightness of the earth. It is a sound you will remember late at night, awake in the small hours of winter's rains. It is the sound of a world moving without our hands. It is a warning, an admonition.

Ian Hill



Iain Sarjeant



Iain Sarjeant

Bolehills

these hills don't roll

they reach

shaggy unkempt welcome-wild glory
here to a there beyond-finger length
beyond city-boundary
and sky

we press toes in grass

it is ours

stones jut seats for weary walkers
and a man plays his guitar
as the golden-burnt sun sinks
and sinks and sinks

Co-op sign a distant glimmer

below

a not-here civilisation
close-and-far enough from city and home
this sky is bigger

dig fingernails deep

see the dirt rest there

we share this ground

trainer-sole trod or trapped in the lines of a child's
knees
carried through

streets and homes

on New Year's Eve in companionable darkness

we whoop

firework-lit blankness push-ushers the start anew
we know as we weave between bodies
that our hills will gift
again

sunset and breath

reset

before the world turns on

Harley J. Ryley



Matthew Garbett

Love Parade

Entwined, they pass the Golden Nugget,

melded to each other like candy floss.

The oncoming throng part for the pair

but they are oblivious to this biblical passage

amid the riotous slots, cheap eat aromas and blinking neon.

Cocooned in their malady, insulated from such insignificance,

the lovers stroll on.

Matthew Garbett



Maggie Eason

I am the forgotten path,
I am the film that I lose myself in,
I am the river where my love was born,
I am amongst the unwanted things,
I am the story about to begin.

Maggie Eason



Anna Walsh



Anna Walsh

Hunting Turquoise on Moorfoot

I find it first at Galaxy Hair and Beauty. The sign is a painted nebula. Among the celestial colours is turquoise with its siblings, all vying for my attention like school children with hands held high. A piece of the unfathomable cosmos, right here on Moorfoot.

I see it in the tentacles of the rainbow alien painted on a wall. On a day trip from the Galaxy across the way, it liked what it saw then decided to stay. Intergalactic travel, right here on Moorfoot.

I find shades of it in the skies of landscape paintings in the window of the Framework Gallery. Turquoise for sale, right here on Moorfoot.

Plastic children's chairs outside Pounds World, stacked atop each other in vertical tessellation. One, an unashamed version of turquoise, smiles at me, knows I'm hooked. Eye candy, right here on Moorfoot.

A man in a turquoise t-shirt walks along, swaying from side to side, headphones on ears barring all external sound. He's smiling and singing along to music. Maybe there is no music and it's all in his head. No matter. The result is the same. Pure happiness, right here on Moorfoot.

Narimaan Shafí



Phil Banks

Hong Kong Arrival

I grabbed the railing with nervous hands,
propelled into the harbour
looming with its sampan forest,
its spit-flecked blue billowed with bobbing
brown and multi-hued moths and butterflies,
its salted air tangy with fresh melodies.

Tall aspiring buildings hugged the hillside,
shadowing the sea, while painted pagodas
floated ruby, gold and jade.

Overhead the seagulls circled
the traffic plying between Victoria and Kowloon
and all the seas and continents of the world.

Debjani Chatterjee

Hong Kong Arrival was first published in *I Was That Woman* by Debjani Chatterjee
(Hippopotamus Press, Frome).



Mark Wrigley



Natalya Garzon

Berlin 2002: Tresor

A club in the vault of a former department store, where the DJs play from behind the old bars of a walk in safe? We had to be there, a pilgrimage of sorts.

A small square structure, dwarfed on one side by a large building earmarked for demolition, and on the other side a series of already empty plots. In the distance the future was already marching down the street, shiny high rises and developments, delivering the economic miracle promised by Unification.

Even with all the signs that Tresor was not long for that street, it felt like we had arrived just in time, just at the right moment to catch the crest of the wave before it washed up somewhere else.

As we made our way down into the sweat box, down into the vault, we joined a mess of people partying under the wrecking ball, where every party was the last dance.

Natalya Garzon



Natalya Garzon

Sheffield 2022: The Grapes

Towards the end of my 40 minute walk to work, one of the first since Covid, I decide to go down Trippet Lane. Only to be confronted by the site of an empty plot next to The Grapes. And on the black hoardings, in between the graffiti and weeds, an artists impression of a shiny block of luxury flats.

As I look back down the street from where I have just come, the sight of the real shiny luxury flats in the background trigger a memory of that day and night in Berlin.

This time I don't feel like I've arrived just in time at all. This time I feel like I've arrived too late, at the end of something. At the end of traditional pubs that only take cash, with stained glass windows, snugs, tiles and scotch eggs sold off a plate on the bar.

Tresor moved to a new home, and grew more successful, driven by a record label and a City Council that decided fairly on to recognise and embrace the 'techno scene'.

What the future holds for pubs like The Grapes may depend on how much our own City Council decides to recognise and embrace the traditional windows, the tiles, and the snugs of the 'scotch egg scene'.

Natalya Garzon



Hayley Cook



Lisa Kinch



Lisa Kinch

The Centre

This could be anywhere really,
but it's here,
where Deb is running in heels,
ankles flexing for a meeting
they probably don't even want her at.
Jacob's brought his brother's ukulele
hoping he'll never know it,
and he strides up the hill,
the case tucked under an arm
that wants to hold something
more,
and he avoids
Promise
whose earphones are her
shell,
casting spells in a mind too tired
to look more than two feet ahead.

Listen: you can hear Mal's dog
still on her lead
and, further, Meg's running free,
but only to the shop for milk,
but that doesn't matter
since she summoned the courage
to close that door
shut;
she is queen of her own mountain
and the flyover she surveys.

But here: Breathe in. Taste the air.
Catch it at the back of your throat –
there's blossom in it, grass and garden notes
with roses
and car fumes,
buses,
mascara touched-up
in the back seats of taxis;
there are scooters with green bags
of noodles and burgers and
Aiden's taramasalata.

Notice: the temperature here –
the moist concrete warming her
bare feet. She's on the bike
Dad brought when he visited.

This is everywhere we've ever been
or promised we'll explore.
Know: wherever we're going,
we're here, at the centre of the earth.

Nik Perring



Lee Wynne

Used to be mine

How could I have known
when we first shuffled our boxes
through the front door

that the living room with the ceiling-high lamp
sprouting golden heads was to become my
reading spot of choice, while the kitchen would grow
intimately acquainted with the banana bread I made
when happy or sad enough to eat the whole loaf

The collages of memories bitter for their sweetness
would draw me to the dining room time and again,
much as merry-making with my sister did to the living room,
repose to my bedroom, and my mother to the bathroom upstairs,

for downstairs had to be kept clean enough to satisfy
the sensibilities of a woman prepared for every eventuality

save for how college would set me spinning so far into my own orbit
the front door would one day catch me by surprise

on the way out to my future home, whose welcome mat
will be so much so

no tread in or out could wear its threads too thin for me

Robyn Fohouo



Giles Metcalfe

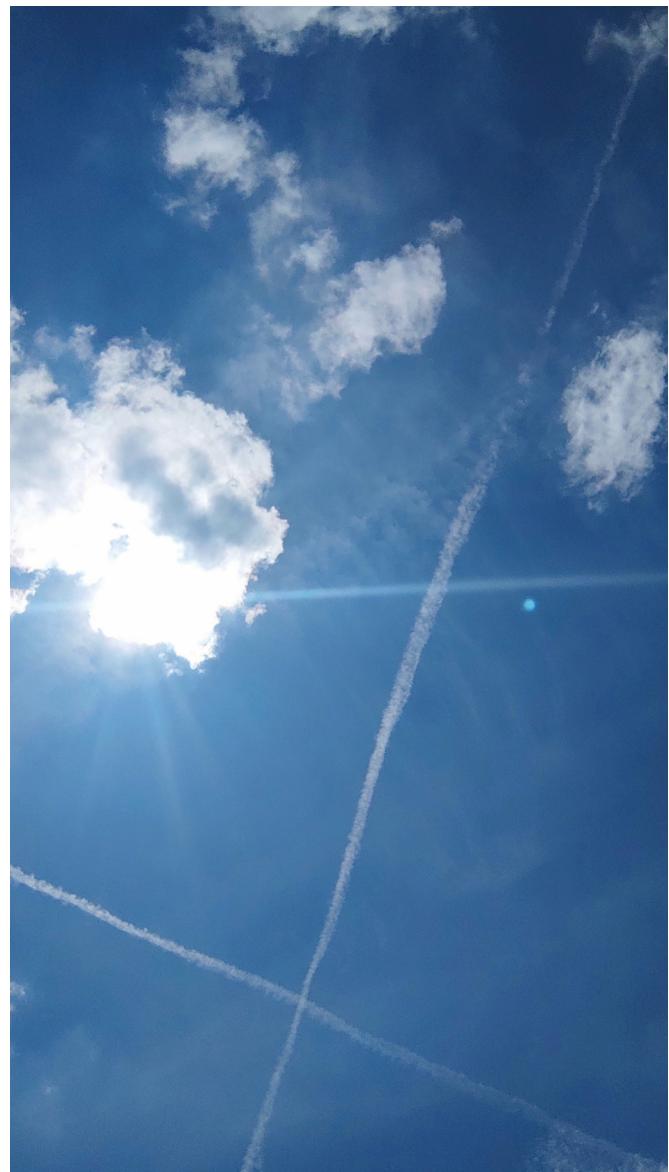
Forton Services, and particularly the Pennine Tower, is a continuing source of fascination for me.

Opened in 1965, it's arguably the most famous example of motorway architecture in the country. To me, it looks like a neobrutalist UFO landed by the side of the M6.

Once a glamorous destination and fashionable place to eat, Forton Services is just another motorway pitstop these days, and a bit rundown. However, the space age modernist architecture endures, as do the concrete bridges on the M6 either side of Forton.

Inside the Pennine Tower you can see images of the Services from a time when motorway travel was new and chic. Instead of the ubiquitous fast food outlets and coffee shop that are there now, it once housed an up-market restaurant and a sun deck - a place to see and be seen in.

Giles Metcalfe



Camille

Rivers flowed long before the spring,

their wan faces made of ice.

Every shroud has an inner pining,

Every man has his vice.

Camille



Sadie Rees Hales

Four-Poster

Do you see a bed, a sometime haven
for sleep or for tossing about? And yet -
mine is the resting space of mystery
to which I invite you: hide-n-seek land,
childhood's secret space of sanctuary.

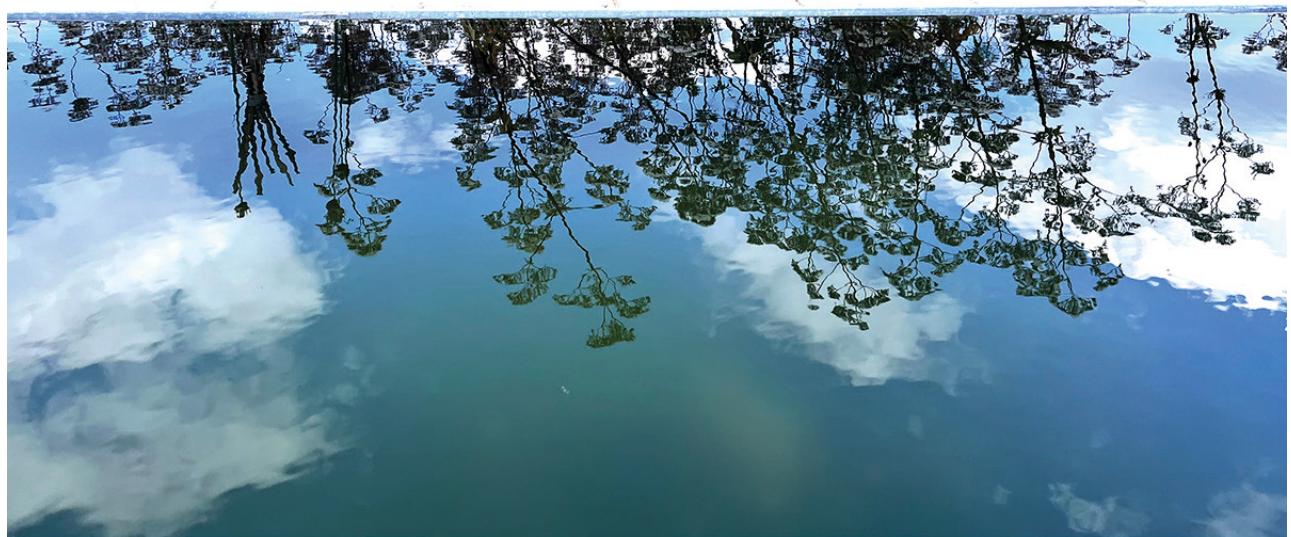
I am the bindu at this mansion's mandala core,
dark atmosphere of limbo nothingness.

I revel in being no grown-ups' land.

Above the cotton sheets on coir mattress
is straightened sanctity, life visible
and encompassed within four carved posters.

The king-sized polished bed commands a focal place
in a well-lived chamber at the warm heart
of this ancestral house of memories.

Debjani Chatterjee



Sarah Feinmann

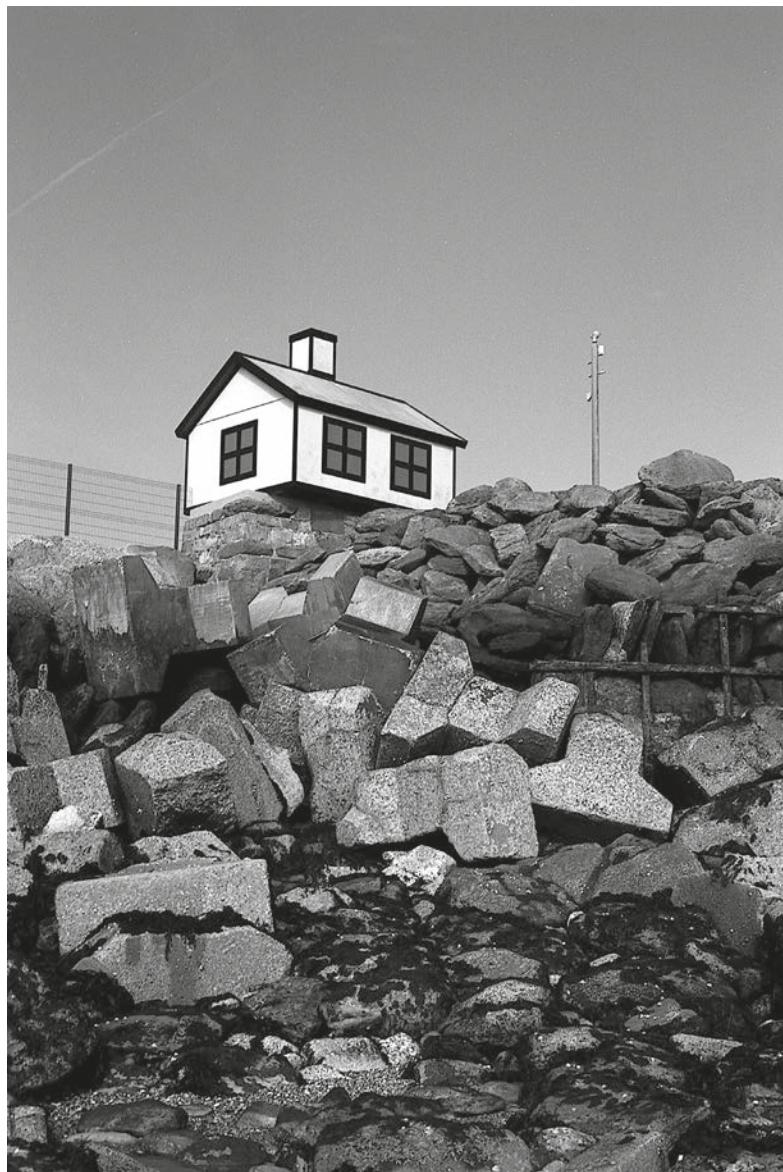


Sarah Feinmann

The place that isn't a place at all

She is my place; something to leave from, something to return to, a cafe that sells my favourite coffee, the beach I visited as an eight year old, the club my friends and I love to go to. When I need to be reminded of all the little happy things I've done, I know that she is there to take me in; a comfort that the park I played at when I was younger could never bring. She brings a sincerity I need, as if she were the open fireplace of my first home that I used to sit by during Christmas time, watching the flames turn from blue to yellow to orange, warmth spreading subtly across my face.

Jude Barnett



Luke Wayman

No Passing Trace

Here lonely trees thrust limbs towards the sky
and moor-land winds lament their empty space
while clouds oppress the sun and multiply.

Here drifting snows persist and amplify
the silence of the landscape they replace
while lonely trees thrust limbs towards the sky.

Here timeless pools of water coldly lie,
imprisoned by the margins they embrace -
while clouds oppress the sun and multiply.

Here, in the distance, haunting songbirds cry
the mantra of this long abandoned place -
while lonely trees thrust limbs towards the sky.

Here solitude awaits its' time to die
and life itself conspires to lose the race -
while clouds oppress the sun and multiply.

Here strangers pause to hear the soft Earth's sigh
as footsteps fade to leave no passing trace.

Here lonely trees thrust limbs towards the sky
while clouds oppress the sun and multiply.

Brian G D'Arcy



Nirvana Davidson

The Duty Answer

When I went low, I didn't know

how low it would be.

The dust tickles my nose,

upsets my eyes, gives my hands

the feeling of unease,

brings my lungs coughing fits.

I can hear my mind say:

What were you thinking of?

It replies right away: You knelt

on the hard, wooden floor just to

capture a rebellious needle. Alas,

in vain. You ended up looking for

a mocking needle in a dusty stack.

Nuri Rosegg



Isobel Meikle

a becoming (un-numbing)

something within you that was once undone becomes redone again and again. tenderness reasserts itself. a match is lit in a silent room. & then another one. then another. another. you are on fire and remember your name. you are on fire and forget about the damp and pet dander and the rotting wood in the basement. forget the cut-up pieces of string, we want the chocolate solidified in moulds, ready to pop.

Jess Decamps



Alison Brown



Alison Brown

The evening is dank, the air stagnant, she can taste it. She'd forgotten that smell. Back then, she was used to it. They'd called it 'The Swamp'. She remembers damp cardboard; a kitten-sized casket. The path up through the village is steep and uneven. She climbs a little quicker. The humidity is thickening. Denim sticks to Anna's skin, every step she feels it dragging.

It wasn't the middle but the very edge of nowhere. It was always just a little too still. They'd kept their voices low at night, unsure exactly who they were hiding from and what would happen if they were caught. There were shadows of rumours and the snakes in the reeds.

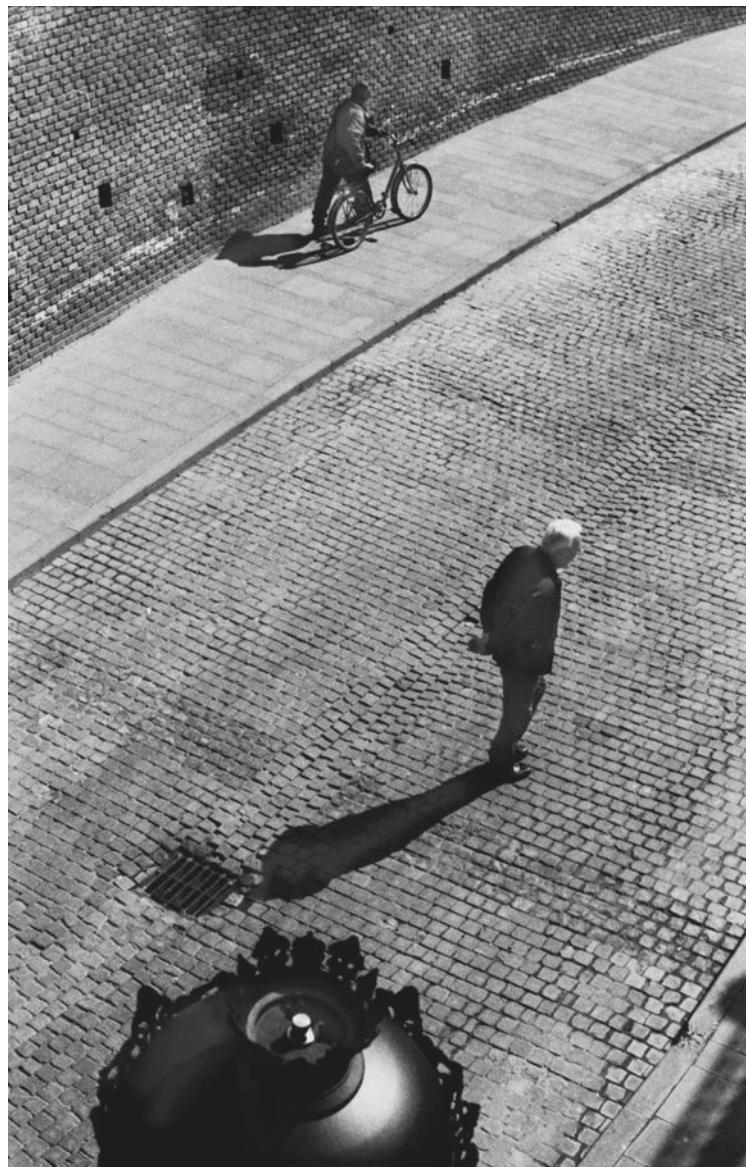
Beyond the completion of the house at the entrance, San Tong hasn't changed. The raised path winds through the allotment, cleaving the village in two. It is a patchwork of pipelines and lazy repair jobs, and fragments of spilled cement crunch underfoot. Anna's footsteps echo across the plots of bare earth and tangles.

As the path climbs higher still, the mosquitoes grow thinner, buildings grow denser, black windows blink down.

Lucy Hamilton

*Extract from Lucy Hamilton (2022) *The Widening of Tolo Highway; A Hong Kong Story of Paranoia and Protest* (p. 15-16). Penguin Random House SEA. Kindle Edition.*

Available through Amazon UK / EU / US and at Waterstones.com, Blackwells.co.uk, WHSmiths.co.uk



Will Ridgeon

Blueberry Tea from Romania

It stands on the windowsill, looking

into my Norwegian garden.

The tea envies the blueberry bush,

full of green spirit.

The berries don't know

about their destiny

once they become grown-ups.

Nuri Rosegg



Stuart Tegg

The Guardians of Moore Street Substation

We stand on adjacent plinths overlooking
the inner ring road's tributaries
to Chesterfield and London Road.
We're invisible like the blind volts
that hum behind us.

We are not just this corner, but everything
that repels and attracts. Crackling
inside this Cornish granite and down
the glass staircase, static sparking
between nylon sheets.

We watch the skies, too. Observing the trails
left behind, white scratches like violin strings vibrating.
In the evening, we enjoy the ribs of cloud
that obscure the moon, the quiet paralysis of sleep,
bracing ourselves for the morning surge.

Helen Angell



Martin Booth