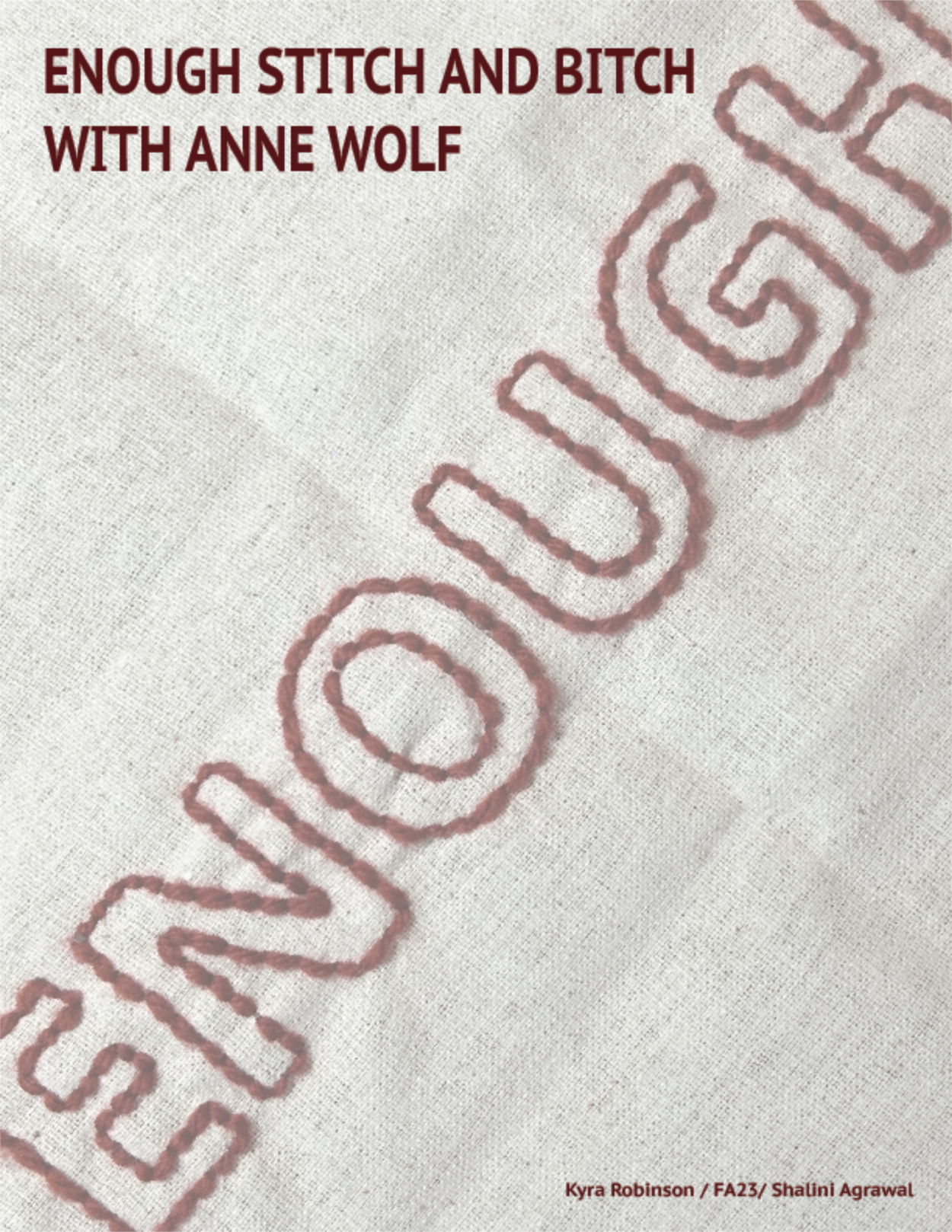


ENOUGH STITCH AND BITCH WITH ANNE WOLF



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On October 5th, 2023, Anne Wolf held a Tea Time Talk on Belonging which revolved around the word “enough” and stitching. As people walked in, Wolf walked them through choosing fabric with the word written in different languages and gathering supplies before showing them how to perform a backstitch. I myself hadn’t embroidered before, and appreciated how Wolf patiently taught me the steps, and a small shortcut. Having sewed and beaded in the past, I felt I was able to quickly grasp stitching and started working as more people arrived, mainly to calm my nerves.

The talk began with Wolf introducing the word “enough” and asking everyone to consider what the word might mean to them. As people quietly considered the word, she continued, talking about how the meaning of “enough” could change with context. I thought back to my childhood, recalling times where I felt I could have said the word more, and times where I did.

As the conversation started to unfold, the group talked about how the word “enough” translates into other languages. Hearing about how the many meanings of the word could be separated into different words when translated once again reminded me of context. Although English is the only language I’m fluent in, I wondered how translating from language to language might change how one views a word like “enough.”

From there, Wolf brought up the Ohlone word for “enough.” The word, when spoken, I felt encapsulated the feeling “enough” conveys, though at first I was surprised at how short of a word it was. Wolf hadn’t written the word on any fabric, and told us how she felt a sense of preciousness to the word since it had been given by a tribal member. Some people voiced how they didn’t feel this same preciousness towards language, though for myself I didn’t relate much to either view.

This moment in the conversation brought forward a feeling that I had had when I saw the fabric when first walking in. Before I chose which language I would stitch, I wanted to know the word my own tribe, the Tsitsistas, had used, though I had never learned a word that could translate as that. I thought about how lucky it is for some languages’ sense of worth to never be considered, because it was never punished to speak those languages. Though it also didn’t feel right to keep a language between closed hands, viewing it as too precious to say at all. There are also words in Cheyenne that I know how to say but never shown how to

write, so I'm not sure if I would have known how to write "enough" in Cheyenne if I had known the word in the first place.

Before long, I noticed people getting up and leaving, not realizing that the hour Tea Talk had gone by that fast. Looking down at what I had stitched, I saw that I had only stitched halfway at the time, which felt like enough.