

THE

*Scroll.*

MAGAZINE

# THE SOUTH BLOCKHOUSE



**Archaeology Special**



# CONTENTS

<b>INTRODUCTION</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>* SETTING THE SCENE</b>	<b>2 - 3</b>
<b>* Editorial</b>	<b>4 - 5</b>
<b>* Hull South Blockhouse</b> <i>Abi Gillespie</i>	<b>6 - 7</b>
<b>* Artwork</b> <b>YasminSmithson</b>	<b>8 - 9</b>
<b>* Veterans work</b>	<b>10 - 17</b>
<b>* The Event</b>	<b>18 - 21</b>
<b>* Artist: Christine Harper</b>	<b>22 - 23</b>
<b>* Art by Children</b>	<b>24 - 25</b>
<b>* Postcards</b>	<b>26 - 27</b>
<b>* Audio Plays: The Story of</b> <b>the South Blockhouse</b>	<b>28 - 35</b>
<b>* Playlist QR Code</b>	<b>36 - 37</b>

# INTRODUCTION

## WHAT IS SCROLL?

Scroll Magazine is an online and print magazine.

The magazine aims to repetitive a variety of small local artists in the Hull area. Scroll is a platform that intends on helping smaller artists gain exposure and promote their own artwork. From writers, to photographers, to artists, the magazine is a collection of works from a large group of influences and backgrounds.

## WHO?

Procured by a small group of 16-29 year olds with a passion for art, the magazine was founded on an ideal to incentivise creativity in Hull as well as showcasing what it has to offer. The city has a bubbling, artistic and cultural scene, and The Scroll is potential that lies beneath. With every issue included will be a feature artist who will have their work showcased on the cover of the magazine, as well as a short interview. We hope this will give artists further exposure.

## WHY?

Scroll Magazine hopes to act as a platform for smaller artists to get their work published and to potentially form collaborations. As well as showcasing local artists, we also aim to support small, local businesses in Hull, by offering various advertising spaces in the print publication.

## HOW OFTEN?

The Scroll Magazine will be published every two months for the moment, with possibilities in the future to become a monthly curated magazine of art.

To apply for future issues, email us your work at:

[scrollhull@gmail.com](mailto:scrollhull@gmail.com)

[www.thescrollmag.co.uk](http://www.thescrollmag.co.uk)

  | @TheScrollMagazineHull

## WHAT IS YOUTH ARTS TAKEOVER

As one of the Youth Arts Takeover series of arts events in Hull, the Scroll is co-designed with a group of young creatives between the ages of 16-29, who influence the contents featured and overall look of the magazine. The Youth Arts Takeover is part of Goodwin's Development Trust family of projects and is funded by the Arts Council England. The project encourages young people to take initiative and contribute while gaining full control of their learning experience.

If you're wanting to get involved in Youth Arts Takeover please contact Andrew Harper

[AHarper@goodwintrust.org](mailto:AHarper@goodwintrust.org)

[www.arttakeover.co.uk](http://www.arttakeover.co.uk)

 | @YouthArtsTakeover

**YOUTH  
ARTS  
TAKEOVER**



Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**



# SETTING THE SCENE...

*Whose feet walked here?  
Whose blood spilled here?  
Whose fortune faded here?  
Whose lives were ended here?*

*What joy was felt here?  
What pain was dealt here?  
What sorrow was wrought here?  
What love was brought here?*

*Our ground was trod here,  
Our feet have walked here,  
Our blood has spilled here,  
Our sons were killed here,*

*Our bricks were built here,  
Our labour milked here,  
Our backs were bent here,  
Our lives were spent here.*

*And when the work was done here,  
All of it was buried here.*

BY JED T. E. RHODES

## EDITORIAL

History is ours. It belongs to all of us - young or old, man, woman, non-binary, of all backgrounds and all creeds. It's the story of all of us, whether we like it or not.

In recent months, the Goodwin Development Trust has been working hard with Humber Field Archaeology, working to help support their hard work in excavating the South Blockhouse, once a fortress built under the reign of Henry VIII (you might remember him as "the guy who had six wives"), and now a ruin under a car park near the Deep. We helped set up an event, as well as creating a host of ancillary and creative material to supplement their incredible work in discovering - and uncovering, both literally and figuratively - more of Hull's history.

In this special edition of the Scroll, we will showcase some of the work done by Humber Field Archaeology, as well as showcasing the work done by artists and our staff in the leadup to the event. Cheers,

The Scroll Team

**Want to be a part of**

THE  
**Scroll.**  
MAGAZINE

**We're always looking for creative content, be it:**

- **Photography**
- **Writing**
- **Paintings or other art!**
- **Articles on any topic!**
- **Interviews!**

**And even more besides!**

**If you have something you want to share with us,  
get in contact, and it might end up in  
the next issue!!**

**scrollhull@gmail.com**

  | @TheScrollMagazineHull

## Hull South Blockhouse

It was a cold day. The sky was grim and dark – bloated and choked with stormclouds. A deluge of thick raindrops lashed down upon the city far below. The estuary was eclipsed, hidden away from vision: factories and ferries further along the Humber, Lincolnshire on the other side of the river, even a lone vessel which had crept across the water scant minutes earlier... all were shrouded, rendered invisible beneath a cloak of ghostly fog. The water itself was tumultuous, waves thrown against each other by the force of underwater currents and the dictations of the wind. Even beyond the barriers of the shore, even where the old South Blockhouse once stood over a century-and-a-half ago, the crashing could be heard.

In a strange way, amongst the chaotic swirling of the water, the lurching of waves towards the stone incline where they frothed – pale white spray seeping out from the dark cauldron of the estuary – the sound almost seemed to carry the undercurrent of whispering. Murmurs of some strange origin, unknown and elusive, drowned out by the rain and the river until only the faintest impression of their words, amalgamated into a dull white noise, were audible. An echo, one far away from a recognisable Hull, rolling towards the shoreline on a chilling breeze...

---

Darkness had submerged the South Blockhouse. The prison was in possession of its own private tide: the water from the estuary – encouraged by a viciously persistent rainfall that had plagued the city of Hull for days – had overflowed its usual borders and flooded into the ground floor of the South Blockhouse. The downpour had continued for too long for the prisoners to remember the number of days, with each soaking sunset birthing another drenched dawn. They were already half-submerged within the water.

Even above the raging of the outside storm, the crashing of waves and the battering of raindrops against the stone building, the sound of the leak in one of the above chambers that allowed rainwater to seep into the flood of riverwater was still audible. It echoed with preternatural prominence throughout the room.

Amongst the pain and the suffering, it was reminiscent of tears.

Occasionally, the moans of a dying man, his body rancid and discoloured from rot and infection, joined in with the cacophony of the storm and the prisoners' muttered prayers. Broken sobs were coughed out of the mouth of a man his equal in suffering, his cries wrenched from the desperation and the futility of his fate.

In the hours before, before the light of the sun had burned into a fire of orange and red, before darkness overtook the city and enshrouded the Blockhouse, one of the men had drawn his last breath. Almost immediately, his emaciated body had been surrounded, submerged beneath a swarm of half-starved rats with crimson-stained maws. Their brown-furred bodies had writhed upon the corpse, each eager to satiate their ravenousness, spindly tails lashing and whipping across each other, whilst their teeth tore at flesh and muscle as their fervour leaked crimson into the water, tainting it into an echo of the blood-red sunset sky.

The mass of vermin had vanished alongside the fading embers of sunlight, disappearing into the cracks and burrows and darkness of the chamber. Only an echo of their ravenous hunger remained, their presence lingering within the room even with their appetite half-sated: the scratching of their clawed toes against the stone, the scurrying of their bodies, and the occasional nip of sharp teeth seeking another meal was a pervasive reminder of the ravenous hunger that threatened to devour the inmates the moment they became too weak to fight the creatures off.

They would die in here, imprisoned within the Blockhouse for the crime of faith – of recusancy. They would wither away until all that remained was the spectre of their souls, the echoes of their existence...

The fog was even thicker now, the spectral mist drifting beyond the waves of the estuary – now invisible, although its roar still lingered, from even the border when water and land met – to cloak the city proper.

A lonely figure walked among the shrouded streets, looming dark-brick buildings shifting in and out of their vision as the thick mists swirled round them, enveloping the world around them in light grey and white. Only the sound of their own soft footfalls disturbed an otherwise preternaturally silent city.

A strange smell, somewhere between sickness and old pennies, drifted across the cloud-cold air. From somewhere within the fog echoed a hacking cough.

The figure froze.

The city was still.

A moment passed. The figure's eyes darted around, their gaze flickering from the dark shell of a building, to a half-hidden alleyway, to the pale grey expanse that surrounded them.

Another moment ended.

The figure moved onwards through the mist, shoulders tense and hand shoved into coat pockets. Their footsteps were sharper, faster as they hit the pavement, as they shuffled away with hurried intent: to get away for here, from the shrouded city where hidden and strange things stalked beyond vision.

The figure was getting closer to the water now; they could hear the crashing and lurching of the waves grow louder and louder as they approached.

There was another fit of coughing from the mists. The figure came to an abrupt pause, almost tripping over their feet and panting hard.

Sickness and old pennies – miasma.

The smell from before had returned, its stench now all the more potent.

The roar of the estuary was stronger – noisier now that the threshold of the marina had been crossed, that the figure was somewhere near where the old South Blockhouse once stood – its din almost deafening. Almost as if the figure was drowning within the noise, pulled by a dark and looming into mist-shrouded waters, their body minute as the estuary crashed around them.

The cacophony was loud enough to drown out the set of footsteps that approached the figure, but not enough to cover the scraping and clanging of chains that accompanied them.

The figure jerked towards the sound, their eyes wide and white.

Something was silhouetted amongst the fog. Something that was drawing closer and closer.

Close enough to touch, to reach out and grasp at the shocked-still figure within its talon-hand grip. Close enough now to hear the moans and wails that arose from the maw of their face.

The fog eclipsed the both of them.

Thunder rippled across the hidden sky above. Within the fog-cloaked estuary, the waves continued to crash, swirling the night-dark waters and covering the murky fathoms below with a pale froth.

**ABI GILLESPIE**





It was the tiles that struck me the most. Small, neatly laid patches of rich brickwork. They exuded a feeling similar to that of picking up one of your great grandmothers old journals, stained and worn with age. It really seemed as though they had soaked up all the small histories of the time they were witness to - they embodied it, a direct representation of the passage of time. I was overcome with this idea of lost stories.

Though Hull Castle and the fort itself are well documented, there are very few visual depictions of the blockhouses. When looking for source material I came across a few sketches and a layout of the plans of the structure. It was an odd building - the curved walls and clubbed head, though strategic in design, seemed somewhat remnant of more modern day brutalist architecture; cold, closed off, to the point.

When it came to creating the series of paintings I was concerned mostly with constructing a sense of past time, focusing less on intricate details and more on the overall atmosphere of the building. The fort was never actively used in combat, but it still retained its militant character, serving as both a psychological deterrent and an unjust prison for many years. However, though this is the south blockhouse's reputation, its identity and history, it wasn't the impression I was left with after first approaching the site. The tiles, despite witnessing countless amounts of anguish and suffering over the years, felt somewhat removed from the fort's oppressive history. Without the harsh walls overcasting the bricks laid innocently across the site, embedded into the structure. They hold record not just to a tyrant king's brutish strategies, but to Hull's lived history, buried under years of abandonment and neglect.



# "THEY HOLD RECORD..."



Recreation of the south blockhouse by Yasmin Smithson

...TO HULL'S LIVED HISTORY, BURIED UNDER YEARS OF ABANDONMENT AND NEGLECT"

**YASMIN SMITHSON**



# VETERANS ARTWORK



"I WANTED TO STAY TRADITIONAL WITH THE TUDOR ROSE.

IT WAS FANTASTIC TO FIND OUT ABOUT OUR HISTORY, AND HOW IMPORTANT HULL WAS IN OUR MILITARY DEFENCES."



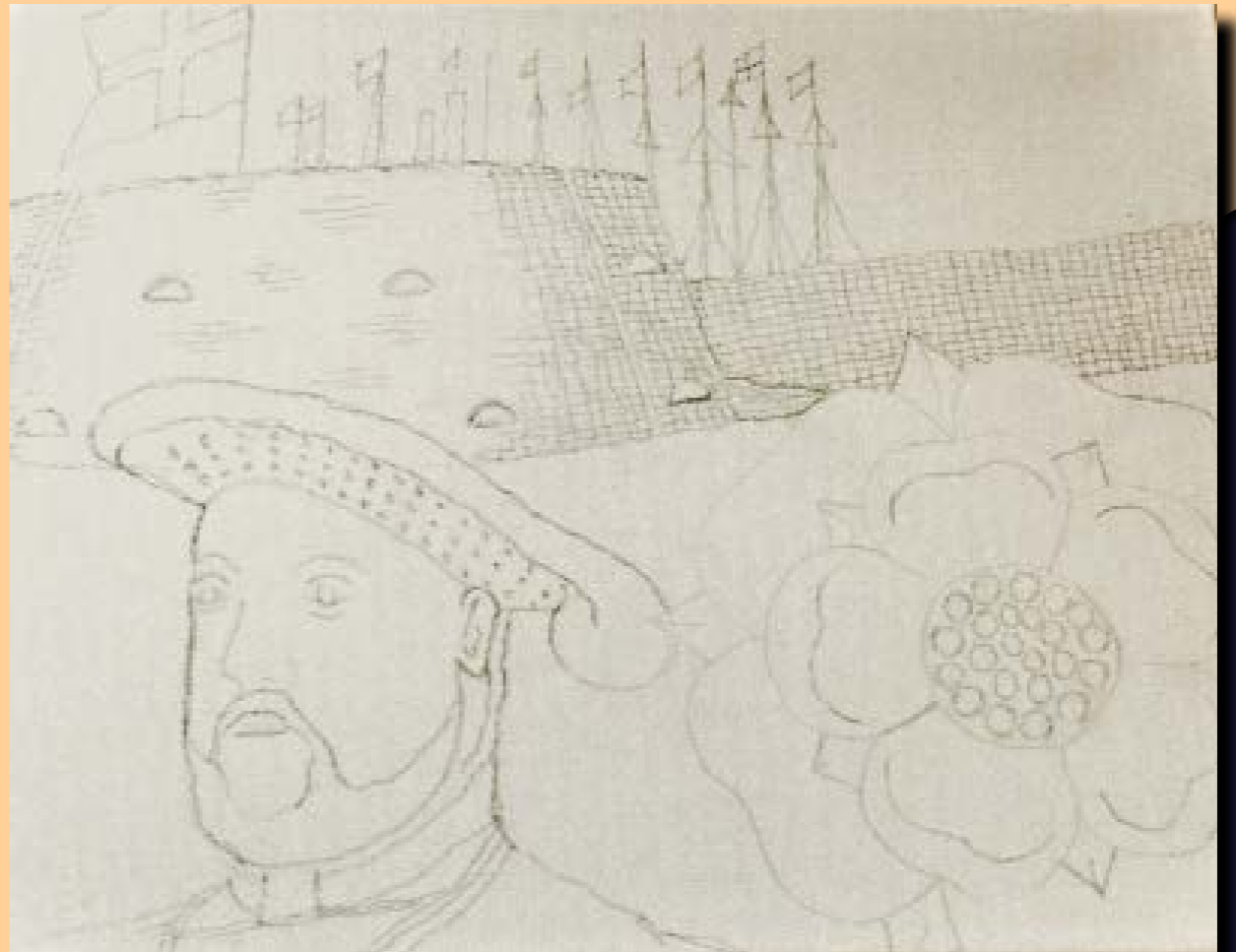
The artwork here was created by a local group of veterans in response to the South Blockhouse excavation. The pieces draw inspiration from a variety of subject matters surrounding the Blockhouse, it's history and significance within Hull, and the connection to the forts designed intention with links to the wars the country has witnessed.

Each individual shared thoughts on the ways in which they felt connected to city's heritage, and spoke about personal experiences and significant moments and memories that came up whilst making the work.





“NORTH - EAST - SOUTH  
 WEST  
 A SEAFARING NATION RELIES  
 ON NAVIGATION,  
 THE COMPASS, NEVER  
 CHANGING,  
 THE SAME THEN  
 NOW.”





“AS A  
MARK OF  
RESPECT  
FOR THOSE  
COMRADES  
IN MY  
CORPS WHO  
NEVER  
RETURNED”





## THE EVENT



On 24th September, there was a special event at the South Blockhouse excavation, where art was made, crafts were wrought, and over a thousand people came to see a part of their history...





## Art by Christine Harper



When I researched the South Blockhouse not many images were to be found. The main ones were a drawing /map by Wenceslaus Hollar and Paintings by John Ward.

I had been asked by the Goodwin Centre to paint on site on the final opening day of the Dig, and to try and capture its appearance when it was built as a Defence for Hull.

We also invited children to paint their images whilst I carried on layering my final artwork.



# Art by Children



## Postcards

One of the fun things we brought to the South Blockhouse Event was a series of postcards, with art created by Yasmin Smithson digitally worked into a colourful postcard image.

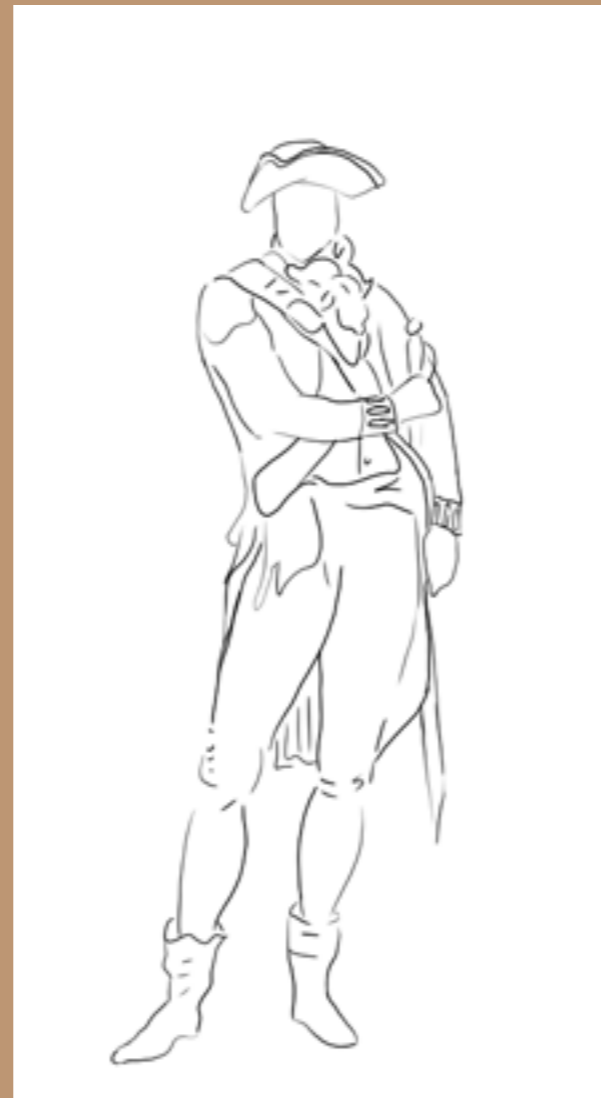
A great number of these were given away for free at the event - they were a big hit!



## AUDIOPAYS

### THE STORY OF THE SOUTH BLOCKHOUSE

As part of the work leading up to the South Blockhouse event, we worked on creating a series of audioplays that showcase the long (and sometimes bloody!) history of the Blockhouse. Each of the audios follows the story of a character who might have lived, worked, or fought in the Blockhouse during the long history of the fortress.



On the following pages, we present the transcripts of each audioplay, as well as the QR code links to go listen to them yourself.

OSWYN:

What? Oh. Hello. My name's Oswyn, and I'm a bricklayer. My father was Oliver, and he were a bricklayer too. Been bricklayers in my family for years. Honest, good work.

(Annoyed)

Honest good work being used by a bad king, if you ask me.

(Pause, more measured)

Ain't no cause for it, I reckon. Hull's a decent city of decent folk – there's no need to have a fortress sitting over us like the headman's axe, as though we were unruly children. Not least when we're in such dire times. Don't see why he thinks any of it's needed - having 'commissioners' go about the country raiding churches, stealing gold, dissolving the monasteries. Leastways, that's what I hear. And all because the king had no more need of his wife, despite marrying her before God – and never mind that mess with Anne Boleyn, Protestant Witch as she was.

(Pause)

You may think it treasonous talk, but no one had a problem with Henry before he did this. Well, not more of a problem than you do with any king. Any man what sits above you, whether ordained by God or not, is a man who's going to cause you a few problems at some point, but if he's a just King there's likely to be fewer of 'em. 'Course, we've never had a King take us away from God's true church before, so perhaps there's much about these times that's bothersome.

(Pause)

There's talk of revolt – there were riots in Craven, and even in Somerset, so the people are already angry. But this is different – not in my lifetime or my father's has a King sent commissioners to tell us to 'look to our books'. Ha! Look to our books, is it? I'll have them look to their beds, lest we drag them out of them and into the street. See if they're so eager to steal from us then.

(Pause)

But I'd best not speak too loudly. Talk of revolt is one thing. There's still building work to have done with, and much as the King might have done ill in the eyes of God, the King is still the King. And harsh as it sounds, his money is still money, and will pay for my family to eat. Sometimes that's all a man can ask for in this day and age.





ROBERT:

So, uh, my name's Robert, and I'm a soldier here at our fortress in Kingston upon Hull, serving his Majesty Henry VIII.

(Pause)

I wasn't actually meant to be here. Not properly at least. I lived down south in a small town in Essex. But I was the fourth son and my oldest brother actually lived through everything to inherit the farm, so when there was a man coming through our town saying that the King needed soldiers, I didn't hesitate. I thought it would be exciting at first – getting to fight for the king! What an honour! I even thought I might get to be in a boat and go fight in France or Scotland or something. Y'know, far off shores. I'd never left my home town before, much less been to another country!

(Pause, irritated)

No chance.

(Pause, less irritated)

We marched up from down south. Took us days all-told, and there were more of us joining from all over. I think the men recruiting must have gone to loads of different places, because they've got soldiers from across the country. Not many locals though. Once we got here it was just a matter of setting up and getting used to the food. Oysters, rabbit, a bit of beef and peas - mainly. Lots of oysters. Could get sick of oysters.

(Pause, now concerned)

Honestly, I think the locals don't like us that much. I don't blame them. The rumour is that the king set up this fortress not to protect Hull from any outside invasion force, but to protect himself if righteous Catholics kick up a fuss. I heard we even shot a cannon ball into the city. Or... that might have been an accident. Hard to say which – at least, no one's told me.

(Pause)

I don't see it myself. The Catholic thing, I mean. I know, that's treasonous talk, but... why would they want to kick up a fuss about it? Has anything changed? I've never seen a Pope, I've never seen the King. Sure, they're dissolving the monasteries, but maybe that's better. Those places got rich, and that's not what church is about. The whole thing makes little difference either way as far as I can tell.

(Pause, amused)

I'm more likely to see the King than the Pope, frankly. Though if the rumours you hear about our King are true, I'd probably get my head cut off either way.

(Pause, nervous)

Just, uh, don't tell him I said that, please? I really don't want to die.



CHRISTOPHER:

We held the city! We held the city!

(Pause)

Sorry, sorry, I'm just excited. We – oh, sorry. I'm Christopher. I'm a member of the Parliamentary army! That's what we're calling ourselves. Or, y'know, what the high-ups are calling it. But it's a really important cause – we're fighting against the King's tyranny! And right now, it feels like we've really struck a blow!

(Pause)

Right, I'll start from the top. I serve with Lord Fairfax and his son Sir Thomas. We've been fighting for months now. I was at Adwalton, and we pulled back from there to Hull, which – I'll tell you now – was not a fun slog. I mean, retreating from an army of men who want to murder you is probably never a fun slog, but you get my meaning.

(Pause)

We pulled out from Beverley at the end of August. Took us a couple of days to get back in Hull, all told. You probably know that Hull's been sieged before, right? Well this one was bad, but we had a lot of advantages.

(Pause)

For one thing, their siege artillery was too far away to start with. They'd start a bombardment, and the shot was spent by the time it reached us!

(Laughs)

It would have been funnier if they weren't shooting at us. But when they tried to move closer, we sallied out – destroyed Fort Royal a week after it was built!

(Pause)

After that it was just a siege. Lord Fairfax opened the sluices to break the banks of the Humber, flooded a lot of land. That bought us some time. Then the warships Lion and Employment took the Estuary and brought us some supplies. Then Cromwell crossed the Humber – and that was just the start of the reinforcements. When they tried to storm us on October 9th, we held them off, then two days later we went on the offensive – gave 'em what for! I was in Colonel Lambert's column, there. We took a few of their heavy guns and everything!

(Pause)

It was a day later the siege ended. We haven't had much time to celebrate yet, though – way I hear it, we're moving out soon. But I'm proud of what we did! Next stop – the rest of Yorkshire!



STEPHAN:

Oh, hello. Sorry, I was just taking a brief break to smoke. They started making bigger pipes over the last few years, so I'm taking advantage of that.

(Pause)

Things are quiet here for now. I mean, they've been quiet here pretty much forever – the King supposedly thinks there's Jacobite rebels set on invading, but there's been no sign of that since we were rotated here.

(Pause)

That's not to say we've been idle. I don't mean to imply that. We've restocked the armouries more than a few times, been running drills... if the Jacobites or anyone else come here, they'll find it difficult to take this place without feeling our cannons hitting them very hard in the face. And, y'know, other bits.

(Pause)

I don't mind admitting, I'm scared. Some of the old hands say that Hull will be safe – there hasn't been a battle here since the Civil War. At the same time... there's talks of supporters of the Stuarts, the Jacobites in Scotland, and Hull is still one of the strongest fortresses we have in the North – and a pivotal trading point. That means if someone happens to decide they want the North, we're a key target. And if someone happens to decide they want the whole country, we're still a key target. Basically, there's no situation where we're not a target.

(Pause)

It's hard not to worry. Which, I guess, is what the drills are for. We drill with our muskets, we drill with bayonets, we drill with the cannons, we march around a lot, we do target practice... all knowing that one day we might be fighting someone for real. Of course, when they rotate us out of here, we might be fighting someone for real anyway, but...

(Pause)

I don't know. It's... I'm afraid. But I also have a job to do, so I'll do it. King and Country.



JOHN:

(Tired)

Hello. I'm John. Sorry if I sound a little tired – we're about three-quarters of the way through converting a lot of the citadel fortress so that it can hold more supplies and serve as an ordnance store and armoury. It's a new development – with everything going on with the French, our generals want us to be prepared for anything.

(Pause)

We've twenty thousand stands of infantry weapons, supposedly. You'd think that's a lot, but if the French make themselves a nuisance, it'll take every one of those guns to keep them at bay. We're going to be holding weapons ready to outfit ships and soldiers – all in service to king and country.

(Pause)

I won't lie. It's a sobering thought – the idea that the French might come here. But we're trained for it, we're ready face off against whatever comes, and there's a sea and the Royal Navy between us and them, so... it should hold.

(Pause)

Truth be told, I'd rather have garrison duty here than be abroad fighting. I've no desire to die in some far-off country. Honestly, I've no desire to die, though when you take the King's Shilling I suppose that's something you have to deal with. Still – for now I'm here, and while they've got us helping to arrange this armoury and stock it, that's better than cannon-fire of course. And it keeps us occupied in more wholesome ways than if we were let out on the town – I doubt the townsfolk would be too happy to see a rowdy collection of soldiers in their pubs and streets.

I know I wouldn't.

(Pause)

Anyway – as nice as this is to talk about, I need to get back to work before my sergeant catches me. I've no desire for a lashing for slacking off.



FRED:

Oh! Hello, there. Sorry, been a bit distracted. We've started demolishing the South Blockhouse, and it's difficult work at the best of times.

(Pause)

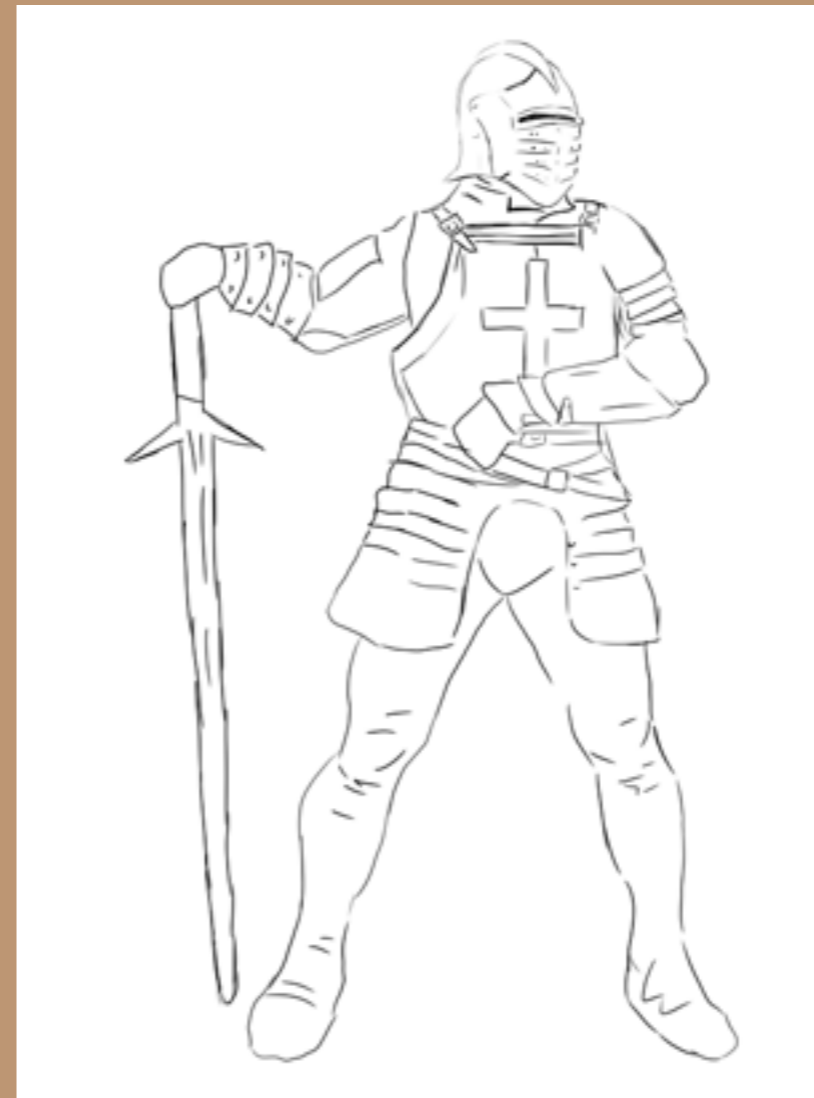
Pity, really. In a lot of ways the South Blockhouse has been a fixture for all of our lives. It's something that's seen out kings and queens, stood here while soldiers have fought our wars, watched the Empire grow right across the world... but everything has its time, I guess. Odd to think how much history has passed while it's been here. Odder still to think how much might pass after.

(Pause)

But it isn't like nothing will be replacing the Blockhouse - the land won't go to waste, I can promise you that. There's a thriving industry ahead of us just waiting to keep building. Shipbuilding - and with that comes jobs. Not just for builders like me, but for the shipbuilders themselves, and for deckhands, fishermen, traders... it's a prosperous time.

(Pause)

Wish we could do it without the demolition, though. Working with explosives is always a risk - we've had debris flying all over the city. One man was already killed by a flying brick! We're doing our best to keep that from happening too much, but there's no way around it, this is messy, messy work. When it's finished, things will be different, I don't doubt. In the meantime, though, things being as they are it's just a load of work to be done. Which means I'd probably best get back to it.



Scripts by

Jed T. E. Rhodes

Voice actors

Jed T. E. Rhodes

Connor Chadwick

Art by  
Yasmin Smithson



Learn more about the South Blockhouse - listen to the stories of those who built her, manned her, and tore her down



Learn about King Henry's Commissioners, the second Siege of Hull, the threat of the Jacobites and the French, and the man killed by a flying brick!



Follow the link in the QR code above to listen to these stories!



THE  
**Scroll.**  
MAGAZINE

**SPECIAL EDITION**



**WHAT IS SCROLL**

Scroll Magazine is an online and print magazine made by artists for artists. The magazine aims to highlight a variety of small local artists in the Hull area. Scroll is a platform that intends on helping smaller artists gain exposure and promote their own artwork. From writers, to photographers, to artists, the magazine is a collection of works from a large group of influences and backgrounds.

To apply for future issues, email us your work at:

**[scrollhull@gmail.com](mailto:scrollhull@gmail.com)**

**[www.thescrollmag.co.uk](http://www.thescrollmag.co.uk)**

Want to download the digital copy of The Scroll Magazine?  
Checkout our social media and website.



**YOUTH  
ARTS  
TAKEOVER**



Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**



**THANK YOU FOR ALL SUBMISSIONS  
AND TO THE PEOPLE WHO ARE INVOLVED**