

Edith Walks

By Andrew Kötting

WITH A KIND OF PSYCHIC SATNAV GROUP ENERGY, THEY UNFOLD THE MAPPED AND IMAGINED EVENTS AND LOCATIONS, STIRRING FRESH POETRY ACROSS THE TIRED 1086 BATTLE NARRATIVE, ACTIVATING HALF FORMED AND UNDOUBTEDLY MISREPRESENTED EVENTS AND MEMORIES

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SARAH LLOYD

AFTER CHILDBEARING, LITTLE CAN SHOCK ME WHEN IT COMES TO BLOOD AND LIQUIDS THAT SURGE LIKE OCEANS WITHIN ALL OF US. ORGANS TOO, LIKE FREAKISH SEA CREATURES SPLAYED ON THE SEA SHORE, ARE NOT DISTURBING AND I WILL BE THE FIRST TO GATHER THEM UP AND ROAST THEM WITH SAGE AND MARJORAM

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**EDITH SWAN NECK

I IMPRINTED ON HIM, SHE THOUGHT, LIKE A DUCKLING, LIKE A BABY CHICK. SHE KNEW ABOUT IMPRINTING, ONCE, WHEN SHE WAS HARD UP FOR CASH, SHE'D DONE A PROFILE FOR 'OWL MAGAZINE' OF A MAN WHO BELIEVED GEESE SHOULD BE USED AS A SAFE AND LOYAL SUBSTITUTE FOR WATCHDOGS. IT WAS BEST TO BE THERE YOURSELF WHEN THE GOBLINS CAME OUT OF THE EGGS, HE SAID -

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MARGARET ATWOOD

NIGHT DESCENDS AND POWER IS RELINQUISHED BACK TO NATURAL FORCES. THE MERRY MEN ATE HEARTILY AND DRANK MEAD INEXPLICABLY FULL OF MIRTH. WE BEDDED DOWN IN BLACKHEATH, CLOSE TO WHERE I WAS RAISED. MY FIRST SCHOOL WAS ACROSS THAT BLACK HEATH. I HAVEN'T BEEN BACK SINCE I WAS SEVEN. EVEN AS A GIRL I KNEW IF I EVER DID RETURN, IT WOULD BE AS A QUEEN

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**CLAUDIA BARTON

OUR SEXUALITY ISN'T HUMAN. THIS IS THE DEEPEST SECRET. BEING ALLIED TO WISDOM, IT'S TORN FROM THE MATERIAL BOWELS OF THE FLESH

—
**KATHY ACKER

EDITH
(THE CHRONICLES)



EDITH
(THE CHRONICLES)

ANDREW KÖTTING

ANDREW
KÖTTING

Project Details

Name of Researcher:	Professor Andrew Kötting
Name of Output:	<i>Edith Walks</i>
UCARO link/s:	https://research.uca.ac.uk/3416/
Output Type:	T – Other (multi-component): a feature-length film (directed and edited by Kötting), performances, an installation and a publication
Contributors:	Director: Andrew Kötting Cameras: Anonymous Bosch, Andrew Kötting, Nick Gordon Smith Sound: Jem Finer, Douglas Templeton, Andrew Kötting Music: David Aylward, Claudia Barton, Jem Finer, Andrew Kötting Cast: David Aylward, Claudia Barton, Anonymous Bosch, Jem Finer, Andrew Kötting, Alan Moore, Iain Sinclair Production Manager: Paul Smith Editor: Andrew Kötting Sound Mix: Philippe Ciompi Rigs: Tony Hill
Key Words	Performance, exhibition, installation, feature film, book work, hauntology, psychogeography, documentary
External Funding:	Route 1066 Festival, Hastings: £15,000 Arts Council England: £10,000 HOME Manchester: £5,000
Year and mode of dissemination:	PERFORMANCES September 2016, KINO TEATR, St Leonards-on-Sea November 2017, St Johns on Bethnal Green @ the East End Film Festival November 2017, Towner Gallery Eastbourne

Project Details

Year and mode of dissemination (cont.):	<p>FEATURE FILM</p> <p><i>EDITH WALKS</i> (2017) SCREENINGS AND EVENTS:</p> <p>June 2017</p> <p>HOME Manchester – Andrew Kötting performance</p> <p>ICA London – Andrew Kötting and Iain Sinclair readings</p> <p>Tyneside Newcastle – Andrew Kötting Q&A</p> <p>Curzon Bloomsbury</p> <p>East End Film Festival – David Aylward, Claudia Barton, Jem Finer, Andrew Kötting and Iain Sinclair film performance</p> <p>July 2017</p> <p>Curzon Aldgate London – Andrew Kötting and Claudia Barton performance and Q&A</p> <p>IFI Dublin</p> <p>Barbican London</p> <p>Showroom Sheffield – Andrew Kötting Q&A</p> <p>Broadway Nottingham</p> <p>Chapter Cardiff</p> <p>Watershed Bristol</p> <p>Queens Film Theatre Belfast</p> <p>East Dulwich Picturehouse</p> <p>Glasgow Film Theatre Glasgow – Andrew Kötting Q&A</p> <p>Edinburgh Filmhouse – Andrew Kötting Q&A</p> <p>INSTALLATION</p> <p>November 2017 – January 2018, Towner Gallery Eastbourne</p> <p>BOOK</p> <p>Kötting, A. (2017). <i>Edith (the Chronicles)</i> London: Badbloodandsibyl. ISBN: 0956873340</p> <p>DVD & ONLINE PLATFORMS</p> <p><i>Edith Walks</i> (2017), DVD distributed by HOME Artist Film</p>
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*Statue of Edith the Fair,
St Leonards-on-Sea*



Synopsis

Edith Walks is a research output by Professor Andrew Kötting composed of a feature film (directed and edited by Kötting), performances, an installation and a publication. The research commenced with a pilgrimage in memory of Edith Swan-Neck (Edith the Fair), wife of King Harold. Kötting followed a 108-mile walk from Waltham Abbey, Essex (the legendary resting place of Harold) via Battle Abbey, to the statue of Edith and Harold in St Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

The research was initially commissioned by Root 1066 Festival as a one-off performance. Arts Council England funding enabled its further development. Kötting extended the walk-performance into a feature film that is a poetic, historical, metaphysical odyssey taking the audience from 1066 to the present day. The project adds to Kötting's corpus of journeyworks and his collaborations with the writer Iain Sinclair; *Swandown* (2012) and *By Our Selves* (2015). Kötting's research in *Edith Walks* develops psychogeography in its exploration, through film, of the fictive/factual intersection

of histories and their contemporary traces, in a process that embraces openness, contingency and serendipity. The methodology is made accessible through Kötting's unique film-making voice, promoting new understanding of the field.

The realisation of the film was followed by the further development of the research in a live film-music-performance event, incorporating spoken word, music and soundscapes, all set to spectral images from Kötting's film. *Edith Walks* also included a bookwork which articulated the research through a collage of materials and writings. These further iterations of the original walk-performance and film developed Kötting's concept of *spillages* between artistic forms.

This supporting portfolio includes evidence of the research aims, context and processes which led to new insights. It includes stills from the film, photographs of the performances and presents the bookwork. The film is submitted and should be viewed alongside the portfolio.





Stills from Edith Walks



Still from Edith Walks

Context

Andrew Kötting has created a rich body of work around the themes of myth, walking and landscape. His re-assembling of information is both an innovative provocation and defiant crusade against the routine notion that time is fixed and impermeable, and that the past is over, never to be experienced again.

Kötting’s work and its engagement with myths of a remembered past is located in the context of psychogeography and ‘hauntology’. Kötting has collaborated repeatedly with psychogeographer and writer Iain Sinclair, and with writer Alan Moore, with previous collaborative works including *Swandown* (2012) and *By Our Selves* (2015). These films form part of Kötting’s corpus of *journeyworks*, his contribution, through film, to the field of psychogeography. *Edith Walks* added to and developed this contribution.

The term hauntology was coined by Jacques Derrida in the 1990s, and, like psychogeography, it is concerned with the presence of the past in contemporary experience. Mark Fisher has suggested that ‘what haunts the digital cul-de-sacs of the twenty-first century is not so much the past as all the lost

futures that the twentieth century taught us to anticipate’ (Fisher, 2012:9). Fisher’s writings are influential on Kötting’s recent works, provoking him to reconsider and re-visit tropes explored in his earlier work with fresh intellectual depth, rigour and coherence.

In *Edith Walks*, Kötting develops psychogeography and hauntology, embracing contingency and happenstance, and drawing on the absurd. He synthesises varied materials in a bricolage that includes the script of the film *La Jetée* (Chris Marker, 1962), the poems of Heinrich Heine and William Makepeace Thackeray, archive footage of a 1966 schoolchildren’s re-enactment of the Battle of Hastings, and references to James Joyce.

REFERENCES

Fisher, M. (2012) ‘What is Hauntology?’. *Film Quarterly*. Vol. 66, No. 1, pp. 16-24.

Fisher, M. (2014) *Ghosts of My Life: writings on depression, hauntology and lost futures* (Winchester & Washington: Zero)





Still from Edith Walks



Stills from Edith Walks

Research Aims and Questions

Research aims:	<p>To investigate the creative potential of research inspired by and structured around a journey responding to distant but evocative historical events and memories.</p> <p>From this journey, to produce performance, film and diverse other outcomes through a process of collaboration with other researchers across multiple artistic forms.</p> <p>To explore notions from psychogeography, hauntology and autobiography within the context of contemporary art.</p>
Research questions:	<p>How can nostalgia be connected to hauntology, and used as a provocative catalyst in connecting the past with the present?</p> <p>Can the negative associations of nostalgia and ‘heritage’ be challenged in using it as a creative tool to reconsider personal and wider histories?</p>



TO BE BUILT INTO A TROLLEY
or clampable to ANY wheeled
vehicle

notes: 8 ~~across~~ 12 across (depending on size)
8 around

cylinder

rotated by
belt from
wheels

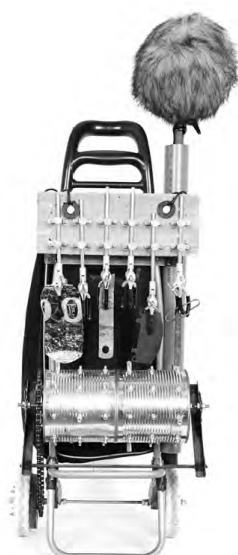
axle

cylinder is like
cylinder of a music
box but instead of
pegs sticking out
there are threaded
holes to screw in
pegs/bolts to play
the "instruments"

instruments are
bits of rubbish
collected on a
journey; metal,
plastic, springs etc
etc

clamp:
distance between
them and
cylinder
adjustable to
accomodate different lengths of "instruments"

"soundbox": a box to
resonate sound of instruments that are clamped
on to it.



Designs for music box with
boom microphone



Still from Edith Walks

*'Here he comes, the wayfarer,
walking on gilded blisters, dragging
his trolley behind him.'*

Research Methods and Process

JOURNEY

The research documents a pilgrimage made on foot by Kötting and 5 others in memory of Edith Swan-Neck, ‘hand-fast’ or common-law wife of King Harold, who was reputed to have taken his body (or at least parts of it) from the battlefield at Hastings and secured its burial at Waltham Abbey in Essex. The journey was commissioned by the Root 1066 Festival in Hastings. Other aspects of the research developed from this initial performance-walk, following Kötting’s notion of *spillage*, in which ideas provoke outputs in multiple artistic forms.

The group walked from Waltham Abbey to St Leonards-on-Sea via Battle Abbey (108 miles in 5 days, 3 - 7 June 2016). The walkers, Kötting’s collaborators in the research, were David Aylward, Claudia Barton, Jem Finer, Anonymous Bosch and Iain Sinclair. The group performed as they walked, playing and singing, under the assumption that the ‘angels of happenstance’ would provide for them on their journey.

Kötting has collaborated with Sinclair on a number of ‘journeywork’ projects. In the course of these journeys conversation, discussion and the discipline of walking long distances to hard schedules produce opportunities to develop ideas and to think differently in their related research practices.

FILM AND SOUND

The film emerged from the journey. The ‘shoot’ relied heavily on serendipity and chance encounter. Kötting captured a mixture of planned and improvisational footage, including public and impromptu performances by the walkers. Footage was shot using digital super-8 iphones. Kötting ‘reverse-engineered’ the film in the edit suite, selecting from the ample materials captured during the walk, and drawing from various archives. Archival material—sound or image—has an important place in Kötting’s practice.

Sound and music are used by Kötting to establish atmosphere and to achieve triggers that resonate back to the past. Recordings were made by Jem Finer as the group walked and performed, using a specially-constructed music box with a boom microphone. Such simple technologies can be manipulated, edited and re-formatted by Kötting in post-production to make order and meaning of elements which might at first seem disparate. In addition to the film, a limited-edition CD by Finer and Kötting presented the walkers’ musical performances from the journey chronologically.

Kötting’s methodology is organic, with writing following filming in a sculptural process informed by the materials or ‘ingredients’, from which unexpected themes can then emerge. This approach is the antithesis of the film-industry model, and yet its outcomes are disseminated and judged using the same tools, i.e. cinema, streaming and DVD. Kötting’s work thus draws attention to and challenges the cultural and industrial separation between experimental/independent and ‘mainstream’ filmmaking.

PERFORMANCES

The research started with the performance of the original walk commissioned by Root 1066 Festival, became a film, and was then further presented as a series of live art performance events. This allowed the work to engage with new audiences outside the traditional cinema or gallery space, and broadened Kötting’s research methodology through further collaboration with curators and programmers. Iain Sinclair’s writing folds Kötting’s projects into his own research, and as a result Kötting and Sinclair are increasingly invited to be ‘in conversation’ at screenings and presentations, so that their individual approaches are further developed through public discussion of the research.

Research Insights and Contribution

New insights:

Edith Walks furthers Kötting's contribution, through film and performance, to the fields of psychogeography and hauntology.

It contributes thematically in its original subject matter, and methodologically in its film and sound technologies and its montage of new footage of a self-reflective pilgrimage with archival materials.

It questions and interrogates nostalgia and heritage and their relationship to national and personal identity and history, using approaches inspired by dada and the absurd.

As with several of Kötting's other journeyworks, *Edith Walks* puts a female presence at the centre of psychogeography, in this case the overlooked and little-known figure of Edith Swan-Neck.

The research challenges the separation of mainstream and experimental cinema by combining an organic methodology with industry dissemination.

Kötting's trilogy of *journeyworks* to date, including *Edith Walks*, were presented in an installation at the Towner Gallery in Eastbourne in 2017-18. The rich imaginative scope of the psychogeographical works was fully realised as they were displayed together.



Still from Edith Walks

*'Taking his violin bow from a
hunter's tote bag - David asks
permission to play the spokes of
well travelled bicycle wheels to
sound the tension.'*



Still from Edith Walks

Research Dissemination and Recognition

Dissemination

Edith Walks has been widely disseminated and viewed, with approximate figures as follows

ONLINE

MUBI: 1,800

BFI Player: 800

Amazon Prime: 250

Just Watch: 200

YouTube trailer: 5,800

Mark Kermode Film Review: 5,000

INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVALS: 800

UK CINEMAS: 1,800

BOOK AND CD SALES: 200

GALLERIES

Kötting's trilogy of *journeyworks*, including *Edith Walks*, were presented in an installation at the Towner Gallery in Eastbourne in 2017-18. Visitors: 6,000.

Follow-on-activities:

Edith Walks continues to be programmed or curated into festivals around the world. For example:

Mobilities Literature Culture conference, University of Lancaster, 2017: Kötting was invited to present at the conference's closing session and *Edith Walks* was screened, followed by a Q&A with the audience (<https://moblitcult.wordpress.com/>)

Analogue Ensemble film programme, Ramsgate, 2018: *Edith Walks* was screened and Kötting engaged in post-screening discussion with the audience (<https://www.analogueensemble.co.uk/2018/11/sound-image.html>)

Research Dissemination and Recognition

Influence of research:

The film received positive critical reaction, with a 100 per cent rating on *Rotten Tomatoes*. The *Observer* gave it 4/5 praising its ‘eccentricity’ and Kötting’s ‘anarchic lawlessness’. Peter Bradshaw in the *Guardian* rated it 3/5, noting its very low budget and lack of ‘conventional production values’. *The Skinny* called the journey ‘at once piss-takingly absurd and profoundly resonant’. *Sight and Sound* chose it as their film of the week and remarked on the timeliness of its discussion of English identity at the time of Brexit and new debates over England’s role in the world. *The National* noted its refusal to fit into any single genre and praised Barton’s performance.

REVIEW LINKS

BFI / *Sight and Sound* review by Hannah McGill:

<https://www.bfi.org.uk/news-opinion/sight-sound-magazine/reviews-recommendations/edith-walks-andrew-kotting-makes-england-loopy-again>

The *Guardian* Review by Peter Bradshaw:

<https://www.theguardian.com/film/2017/jun/22/edith-walks-review-andrew-kotting>

Radio Times review by David Parison:

<https://www.radiotimes.com/film/fpcbbx/edith-walks/>

Kermode and Mayo’s film review:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0pQiadVZZN0>

BFI 50 films to watch list:

<https://www.bfi.org.uk/news-opinion/news-bfi/lists/mark-kermode-50-films-every-film-fan-should-watch>

Mark Kermode review, BFI Player:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n5KDh7mgAr4>

MUBI review:

<https://mubi.com/notebook/posts/no-longer-need-she-seek-close-up-on-andrew-kotting-s-edith-walks>



*Live performance (sold out) at
KINO TEATR St Leonards-on-Sea,
September 17, 2016*



*Live performance at St Johns
on Bethnal Green, East End
Film Festival*



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Research Portfolios

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FRONT COVER IMAGE
Edith (the Chronicles) book cover

BACK COVER IMAGE
Still from Edith Walks



EDITH

(THE CHRONICLES)

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Edith (The Chronicles)
By Andrew Kötting
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EDITH - A PROPOSAL

ANDREW KÖTTING

CHAPTER 1

EDITH

We will walk from Waltham Abbey in Essex via
Battle Abbey to St Leonards-on-Sea in Sussex.

A pilgrimage in memory of Edith Swan Neck.

Bits of King Harold's body were brought to Waltham for burial near the High Altar after the Battle of Hastings in 1066 and his mistress Edith Swan Neck is seen cradling him in a remarkable sculpture at Grosvenor Gardens in St Leonards-on-Sea. The project will re-connect the lovers after 950 years of separation.

The 80 mile tread will enable us to reflect upon all things **EDITH**.
Stopping each night for food and shelter will be our only luxury, conversation within the landscape our only company. We will walk the work into existence and out of it will come words and sounds that will inform the project.

Who you walk with alters what you see; the view,
the prospect ..

We will produce a bookwork of our journey which will include thoughts and recollections, snapshots and souvenirs. Ever mindful of Edith Swan Neck and her heartache, we will be looking for a libretto that might comfort or console her.

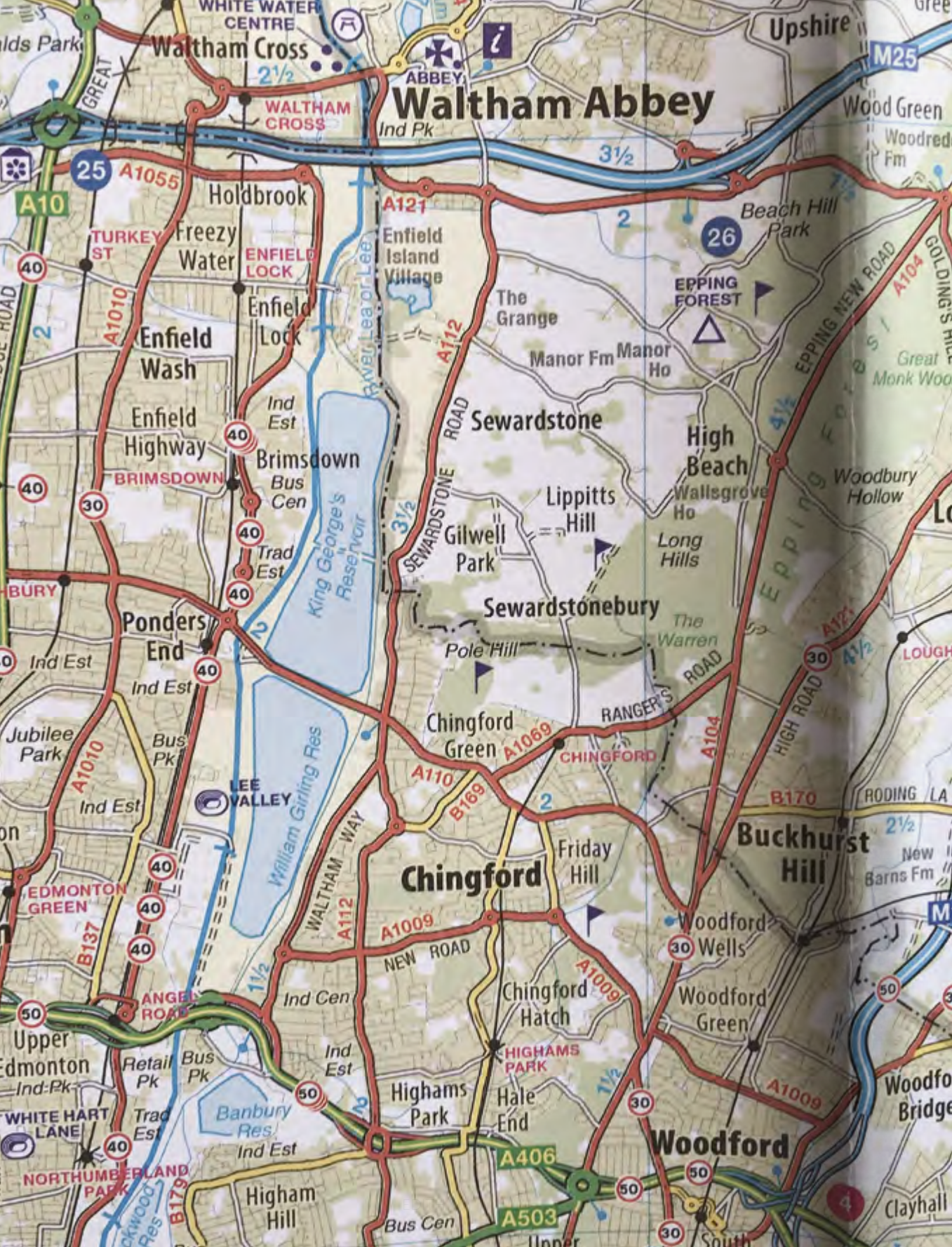


We will also film the walk on digital super 8 as well as the iconic and sadly overlooked sculpture. We will dig into it like archaeologists keen to get to the heart of the matter, and then in September 2016 there will be a performance to commemorate both the battle and the journey. We will perform live to a projection of the film, with spoken word and music.

Iain Sinclair, Claudia Barton, Jem Finer, Anonymous Bosch and David

Aylward are my companions on this journey with **EDITH** as our hallucination.

*Edith looked silently up into the merciless eyes of the tall Norman.
He was completely unmoved by her tears.
She had searched through the slaughter for hours already, and had found no
trace of her true love's remains.
She had held her skirts high to avoid soiling them with the blood and carnage.
And then she saw him*



BEGINNINGS

EMAIL CORRESPONDANCE BETWEEN
ANDREW KÖTTING AND IAIN SINCLAIR

CHAPTER 2

JANUARY 2016

Andrew - great shifting London light this morning, down by the river, on the Wapping side, with John Rogers. Making the link across to where we frolic'd on the foreshore. This time I picked up a long rusted nail that felt as if it had emerged from medieval timbers. The footage is already pushing feature length, I think. But a few more sessions will give him all he needs.

I appreciate that you don't have any time in the immediate future, but what would be useful to round the story out is: a session with the Bear in Brompton Cemetery (and perhaps a glimpse of Battersea, where the shoes are hung on the wall). John can record a few South London stories at the same time. Anthony might like to come along? Then: the night circuit, when you are fully charged, through to dawn (when John might re-join us). Both these sessions to be fitted in with your diary of course. (Meanwhile, I'll be trying to get us into the Freud Museum and out to Willesden for a glimpse of Leon Kossoff. With a Marina interview to give spice to the sound.)

Iainx

Iain - all good - the bear is chomping at the bit I will set to it upon the return - late February onwards freeish at the moment - will know better when back - ALSO was thinking about the EDITH (1066) project - had a meeting with Hastings Commissioner before I left for Australia - the budget a lot less than implied and also required of me to hire/arrange all facilities - equipment insurance etc etc - Agreed on a one off performance at the Russian Kino Teatr - I think I might have told you all this?! Attached proposal - we can walk it together in 4/5 days in Maytime - I think David, Jem, Anthony and Claudia are all up for the tramp - then words from you and me for a By Our Selves sized bookwork - pictures, posters and super 8 footage from Anthony - Downside Up filming of Edith sculpture in Grosvenor Gardens with Nick Gordon Smith and Tony Hill - for the performance myself David, Jem and Claudia with introduction/interruptions from you same as it ever was!

Andrew X

Andrew - this sounds like a good rattle-taggle sprawl across country (again); never-ending peregrinations between coast and forest (Clare's ghost will surely re-route and head south). Dave can drum up the spectres of battle. I look forward to it, as ever. (I'm writing about 'Catacomb Saints'. Random bones dug up from catacombs in Rome and shipped across the Alps to be converted into customised saints, dressed by nuns, for German churches recovering from the damage of the Reformation. We can collect bones for Harold along the way and construct our own saint at the finish, out of sheep, birds, fish, rabbits.)

We must have a cannibal feast on the Harold slab on the promenade.

Iainx



Andrew - I'll be thinking of you, out there, as I travel (by paper) with great-grandfather into Peru. (His book is now available from Amazon, print-on-demand, so I don't have to deface the original edition).

On Sunday, I took another look at Harold and Edith, the white pyramid shape with the snowy line of the Downs and Eastbourne beyond... Magical. When you get the chance take a close scan at Harold's left hand. One of the fingers is a circumcised cock, absolutely. Bent at an alarming angle. The right hand grasps the rod of his axe. The monument is a gothic romance. Skin like syphilitic marble. Harold's eyes are so close together, he'll never need spectacles, a monocle will do. One arrow...

Have good trip.

Iainx

Iain - A HOLIDAY - Blimey! How about Friday 27th May until - Monday 30th May? I'll moot this to the rest of the team. At the moment it's probably going to be the two of us with Anthony, Claudia and David. Jem might be in Spain but will join us for the Edith statue shoot - possibly thursday / friday 1st 2nd? Still waiting for Tony Hill (downside up rig)

A rough plan might be :

Day 1 - Waltham Abbey to Greenwich (Cutty Sark) - 16 miles

Day 2 - Greenwich to Sevenoaks (via Chislehurst) - 19 miles

Day 3 - Sevenoaks - Wadhurst (via Tonbridge Wells) - 18 miles

Day 4 - Wadhurst - St Leonards on Sea - 20 miles

These distances were calculated via roads but from Sevenoaks I'd hope there would be more cross country walking

Onwards for the now

Andrew

X

Andrew - those dates should be fine: May 27th - June 1st (approx). The actual route Harold took is in dispute. The guide written by the Marine Court plodder starts at Westminster Abbey and goes downriver as far as Gravesend. But, he admits, he's winging it. And we're tapping into a posthumous dream, a songline reverie in which the battle can still be won. A dream triggered by the cold embrace of Edith (who is about to become a swan). Chislehurst clearly takes you into your own memory caves. When I walked, Hackney to Hastings, with Anna (and took the photo of Pepys House - and words for Deadad), we followed the Thames to Deptford; up the Darent Valley; Palmer's Golden Valley, Sevenoaks, Knole, memories of HG Wells; Tonbridge; through orchards, woods, pigs; Bewl Water, golf course, Hawkhurst, vineyard; Bodiam... none of this on roads, footpaths and fields all the way. But we are branching to Battle (and carrying bones BACK).

I'm sure much more will follow as we close in...

Iainx

FEBRUARY 2016

Andrew - I spotted a moulting figurine of Harold (or it might be Duke William) in the Diamond flooring shop, under Marine Court. I don't know if it's for sale. But I thought he looked right to be carried as a votive figure, from Waltham Abbey. If he's still around when we are down next, I'll make an offer.

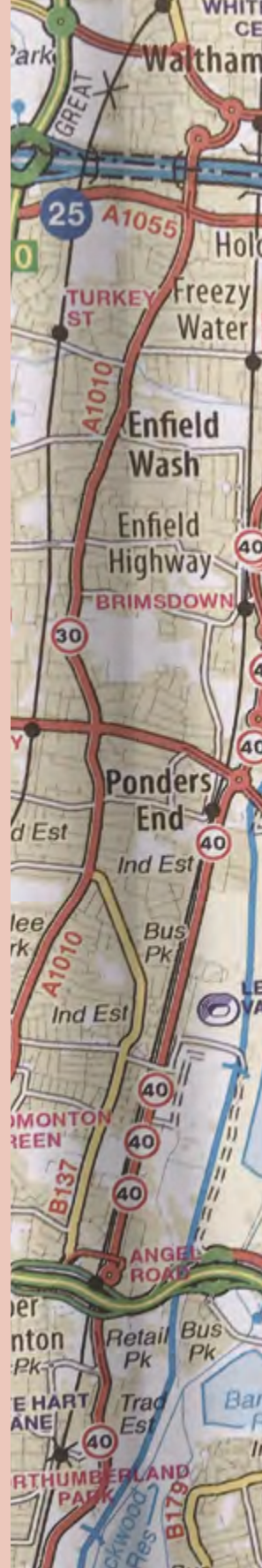
Your boys are up and running then. Or grinding forward in heavy lines. See what this afternoon brings... I'm in Canterbury for the next two days.
Iainx

Iain - sounds perfect - will have a look in the shop tomorrow morning. I too am teaching today - 4 students turned out for my 'salon' - they've just left the lecture theatre - very windy in here - apparently I'm still meant to be in Chile. The new term always a slog though. Will run through Lek and the Dogs next week in an attempt to pick the brains of the yoof. The BFI have committed some money SO it looks as if it's a GOER.

The lines were drawn and the bodies laid bare - let the trenchwarfare commence - all muscle and bone yesterday - felt that youlot were lucky but enjoyed the match nevertheless - your full back looks as if he might be in need of hip replacements - they seem to be facing the wrong way Oh for the halfpenny? Meantime much to discuss on our nightwalk. Leila knitted a version of the Bayeaux Tapestry once which almost passes off as a coat Claudia has a Swan Neck dress, David has his orange Deptfordave boiler suit and I'd like to see you in your 'psychogeophicalgarb' from the Swandown jaunt - many pocketed waist coat and sun glasses
Have fun with the youngsters
Andrew
X

Meantime Iain and I prepared for another walk around the Overground, except this time at night and in the opposite direction to our first tramp. Iain published a book through Penguin in 2015 entitled 'London Overground – A Day's Walk around the Ginger Line'.

Iain - a miserable ride in to Canterbury today on the motorbike - wind and rain - not sure what THEY predict for tomorrow night but the walking boots are at the ready Is Anthony meant to be joining us - he implied so in an email last week? He's up in London meeting a newly discovered daughter Emma, for the first time - I'm sure he'll tell us all about it - her conception seems to have coincided with him having been run out of the village in the 80's but before he lost his finger to a cesspit yours for 5.56pm ish?
Andrew
X



Iain - HOME - TIRED - ELATED - MORE SOON ONCE THE BLOOD HAS SETTLED - MEANTIME AN HUGE PLEASURE TO HAVE BEATEN MORE BOUNDS - IN FACT MORE BOUNDS THAN MIGHT BE HUMANELY POSSIBLE - look after those legs and next time get your skates off
Andrew
X

Andrew - our nocturnal doughnut tramp has really pinched the fixed state of the space-time membrane. Coincidences, overlaps, replays, revisions, quotes, the dead reappearing, locations revisited. The young Super-8 operative was reeling from his encounter with you: your films and those of Ben Rivers are his absolute markers. And then the fact that he has spent the day chasing the shade of Harold Pinter, while David Erdos was babbling at our side, last night, like Mick from The Caretaker. And the biggest Super-8 shop in the country is situated in Clapton, right where the young man was filming Pinter's traces - and must in fact have walked past it without seeing it. Altogether: A FLOATER. You can check out his little Super-8 pieces, which come sponsored by Robert Macfarlane - who is already in correspondence with Herzog, about him appearing Kurtz-like in the Peruvian jungle. Filmmaker's name is Adam Scovell. Pinter-walker is David Erdos.
I'm not sure what my name is, but I feel drawn to a bench somewhere, or ledge, or perch, or tree.
Have a good journey.
Take care.
Iainx

Iain - a swim today helped chlorine blast the joints back into action - a restless night the night before - wanting to get out there and walk some more - MOST ODD - memories and deliriums abound BUT suffice to say something that will stay with me forever - it was a ridiculous notion realised in the company of a man that never ceases to inspire me (be sure to balm his shins and legs Anna) - all hands now on the rugby decks - so I sign off with love and fondness and footage of some dodgy suspects to boot.
Andrew
X

Andrew - a little package is on its way to you, with gargoyle snaps and a Harold fragment (from another project). It was a great portal under the stars - now I'm thinking of walking to the coast BY NIGHT... (please stop me before this becomes a permanent condition)... to keep Gareth happy, I've made a few notes on Arthur Sinclair this morning. Here they are.

There will be more of everything soon. I'm eager to get moving again. Your transit through the hospital, dark to light (with a major dump on the way) was the key to the story. Along with our friend the vegetative Buddha in his swollen reverie. He, fixed, earthed & ourselves butting and twisting & tramping.
Iainx

The Rugby Union Six Nations is underway. Iain is all Wales and I'm not.

MARCH 2016

Iain - THANK YOU for the photographs - I can't believe that I looked almost 'presentable'The memory still so strong - the legs still moving in bed - but barely ONE WEEK later - I'm just back from the gym - hitting the heavy bag takes years off your life - I don't have long left!

Also I really like the idea of THE DEAD ARE MAKING A COMEBACK and THEIR MORTAL RAFT WEDGED ON AN ALTAR OF WEDDING CAKE NIBBLED BY GIANT ALBINO RATS plenty of mind pictures to play with

More soon

Andrew

X

Andrew - I spoke to Alan on the phone. He's FINISHED Jerusalem and it is now with the publishers, US & UK. He's also sold the audio rights. It will take around a week, I imagine, to listen to it. But he is very much up for a recording session, when you can arrange a trip to Northampton. The thing that sprung to mind immediately was a piece he has written for a local Arts Lab magazine around Hereward the Wake. Apparently he found a story in an old Dr Who annual that he thinks might have been written by his friend and mentor, the late Steve Moore. In this, Harold does not die at the Battle of Hastings, but is spirited away. To emerge, transformed, in new wars against Viking invaders as Hereward. Doubtless crossing the Fens in the company of a Straw Bear. But a promising starting point? Ring Alan when you're ready to go.

I'm doing a gig with Will Self tonight and then away for 2 days yapping in Canterbury. After which, it will be concentration, full on, for Saturday's encounter. The thunder of hooves from the west...

Iainx

Iain - I'm not surprised - HE'd know a thing or two about Hereward! JERUSALEM is FINISHED - Blimey - LONG LIVE JERUSALEM At the moment it looks as if the only window I have is after our Easter sojourn - second or third week of April for a Northampton jolly - don't know whether to take Nick and do more of a formal interview..... Also need to email Marina about an interview AND I've been asked to nominate a female editor for the Jarman Award this year and was thinking about Emma - I don't have a contact for her OR Chris - could you supply please? I think she deserves some sort of recognition for all she's made and suffered ...

have fun with Will.

Andrew

x



ps did I tell you I pulled a calf muscle getting off a bus the other day in Farringdon? I'd been walking all morning and was running late and thought that it would be easier/quicker to get a bus bollocks I'm limping everywhere - Lee's due to fix me tomorrow and then I'll be able to relax better as the pitter patter of the Leekmen approaches.

Andrew - very good choice, Emma... she really was a major part of Asylum and Falconer and all the late Petit TV essay pieces. I don't have an email for Emma directly, but Chris is at: ****@btinternet Alan sounded pleased with Jerusalem. And with his revival of the Northampton Arts Lab. That's a premature pull. I usually wait until the game starts. Iainx

APRIL 2016

Andrew - a good week by the shore communing with the ice-cream sculpture at Bulverhythe and tramping the supposed battlefield. It feels very much as if Harold's bones are everywhere and nowhere, raven-cleaned, dog scattered, Edith assembled. The flat memorial stone within Battle Abbey is certainly a topographically significant site; twinning nicely with Waltham Abbey. It would bookend the forced march quite efficiently. Some say that Harold was buried in the cliffs, like the Red Lady of Paviland. Some that he was left in the sand with just his head staring at France.

The astonishing march to Stamford Bridge and back to the coast wasn't a walk (for Harold and his band). They rode between battles, then fought on foot. The serfs did jog, it's true. The return leg seems to have taken in Waltham Abbey, an important resting place, with memories of previous cures. (I feel that we should be carrying the whalebone casket - or a lightweight copy - as representing both the bones of the slaughtered king and the bones on which he swore the oath to William the Bastard. Do you think your copyist would take this on?)

The actual route to Battle, as I understand it is: Westminster Abbey - Rochester Castle (taking in Lesnes Abbey & Dartford); Rochester - Maidstone, Sissinghurst, Bodiam Castle; Bodiam to Battle. I've seen another version that follows the way I walked with Anna, coming through Sevenoaks (as a gesture to the older English beliefs). We certainly wouldn't want to go as far as Rochester, but we could come down the Darent Valley from Dartford. Then Sevenoaks, Tonbridge, Bodiam. No roads. Along the hill route, Bodiam to Battle. But these are just suggestions...

Those Albigensian/Beckettian expeditions are very attractive too, in some imaginary future.

Iainx

Iain - Salut - THANKYOU for the postcards - I look mighty strange.
Now back in the studio at last - almost three weeks of Edencare has left me reeling - every year it gets a little harder - I hide in the forest in the rain listening to the Louyrean shenanigans as they echo down the Valley of Fear

(Gorges de la Frau) and then we head out to the local swimming pool and things are OK again - we got a few things done but never enough

A 'familiar' version of the Edith sculpture is in hand - hopefully a 3D printed version - I spoke to the technicians at the University yesterday - I hope it fits in the whalebone casket - do you have dimensions? A photograph? In my bones I feel that I'd like the walk to be 'as the crow flies' between Waltham Abbey and Battle Abbey and thereafter on to Bulverhythe - as you know this then takes in Chislehurst - Petts Wood - Orpington - Sevenoaks and Tonbridge all RICH in my own history and logistically/practically a little easier given that we will indeed be attempting to film/sing some of the journey into a new dimension as preparation for 'the performance' let's plot better together with OS maps soon.

ALSO just got sent a link - proof as if it is needed that we've managed to talk another plot into existence ...

Bi Glove
Andrew
x

ps will sit down with diary and Leila to free up a day for the Straw Bear at The Brompton with you and John Rogers
pps we will have to bare in mind that we will be walking with people that think that they like to walk - but we will soon be able to drum that out of them.

Andrew - Anna attempted to send you 3 snaps of whalebone casket on her phone. The first such action. Let's hope it worked... Measurements. Length of base: a couple of tenths under 9 inches. Width of base: a couple of tenths under 6 inches. Height: a couple of tenths under five-and-a-half inches. Box tapers in. It is four-and-a-half inches across top. And nine-and-a-half inches in length. Anna is not sure if she sent the images in the right format - can you confirm? If not, she'll try again.

There is a feeling now that Harold was buried along the shore in Hastings - why not right in front of the monument in Bulverhythe (a marker). I can see you, in your felt helmet, head sticking out of the shingle, as the tide comes in. Edith gathered up the bits using chainmail as a kind of strainer. Like the scattered Osiris, 'dead king, king of the dead', reassembled & resurrected by his wife, Isis. But - here is the link to the whalebone casket - Osiris was persuaded to climb into a chest by his brother Seth. 'The lid was fastened and he was thrown into the Nile.'

Iainx



Iain - All good to go - I sent text to Anna - nice to know that some of us are uptospeed

Andrew
X

Andrew - Did you see the whalebone box in Gloucester Cathedral? Or my room in Hackney? It's all out there in cyberspace. Including, probably, the story of our walk, before we do it. I think the casket is still singing to the rest of the pod. It sounds as pre-climactic as the Overground. David Erdos with his ink-black hair and tales of Pinter turned up at Waterstones in Islington last night with a mate who is a Bunhill Fields obsessive. Big battles on hand with developers who are threatening the sacred non-conformist triangulation. I saw Gareth with an ever-restless Tom in the Kingsland Road post office winging off parcels to the world. On his way, doubtless, to three events. Iainx

Iain - would 17th or 18th May work for you and the Straw Bear beating the bounds of Brompton Cemetery?

Andrew
x

Andrew - only as an imagining, unfortunately. I'll be in Gozo (on our first 'holiday' in years). That part of May has vanished from the diary. Away from 17th to 24th. Dublin on 25th & 26th. Kötting walk on 27th... I suggested to John that I wasn't a necessary element in this part of the film. He could film the Bear between, say, the Blake church (St Mary's) on the south side (Battersea), over bridge, Brompton Cemetery. The Bear can echo the Edith voyage, solitary, through Hackney. It might be those dates are the only ones you can both manage. My presence is not needed.

We can also reconsider the Kino performance on Sept 17. Gareth has very generously agreed to step in as my sub at the Estuary gig with Rachel. I'd have to sign off the fee. But then I could be available for the whole performance, rather than trying to dash down to make a curtain call. What do you think?

I've been visiting Harry & Edith in Bulverhythe and communing with the stone. Hard to step outside in St Leonards now without bumping into your stable-mate, Nicholas, with child & dog. The new father..

And what about the trip to Northampton to record Alan? I have a painting for him. And I've just finished reading Jerusalem.

Iainx

Iain - good to know that you might get to 'holiday' - does that mean that you'll actually stop thinking/plotting? Yes Nick fairly full-to-overflowing with children OK I'll liaise with John about those dates and the Straw Bear and good news about the Kino bash. I'm meeting with Jem today to talk about what 'form' the evening might take - there will be voices a plenty from you I'm sure. I've managed to print a 3D model of Edith/Harold which looks great - very light and very easy to carry - a 'box' for it is next. I have an application in with The Wellcome Trust for the Lek and the Dogs film - I'll hear back in June and thereafter will know better what angle to approach Alan with.

More soon
Andrew
x

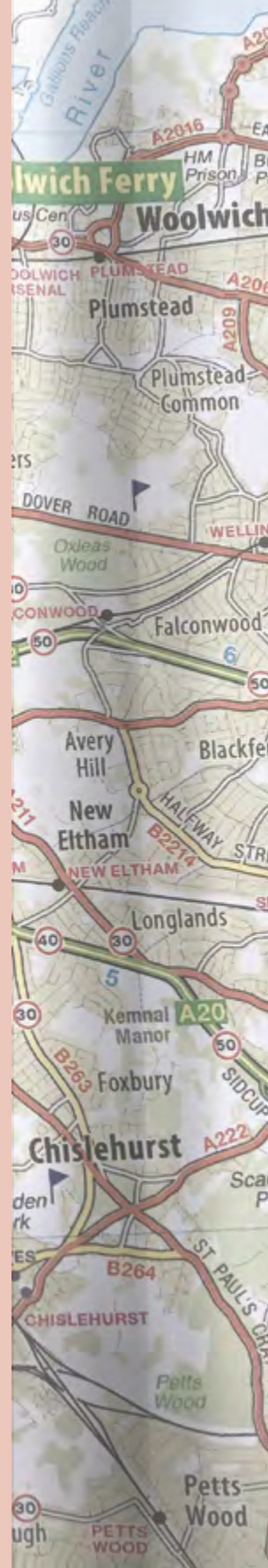
MAY 2016

Andrew - I had a good workover from Lee on Saturday, ironing out everything except the black nails. I thought, under the drizzle of drums that it lasted about 20 minutes, but two hours had passed before I floated home, with the compulsory tooth mug of water. 'Rinse, please.'

But out on the foreshore, yesterday, somewhere close to where you must have filmed the Bear dance with Eden, I was struck by something of an epiphany: that looking, with the rising sun, inland, was very much the Norman perspective on Harold's army. The shield-wall of the marine parade and then the second rank up on the hill, the cross of the church like a standard of some militaristic bishop-warrior, and Marine Court as the white castle. The story, for me, is about the end of a certain kind of England and the dismemberment and scattering of its king. One part of Harold is buried on the beach, head facing France. The rest is here there and everywhere. With the Waltham Abbey burial a myth to set a legacy. I see your head, in the nightwalk Inca cap, sticking from the shingle, down below Edith & Harold's tump. An Osiris story. We'll be harvesting the shards and scraps and rumours along the (wrong) path.

Iainx

Iain - GOOD to know that Lee's hands are still exuding their soporific spell - AND splendid ideas on all other fronts - Albigenians to boot - happy to be buried alive on the beach whilst the camera hovers over the Inca felt helmet - AND will mull the OVERGROUND addition - I will write something for each station - a line - a memory - you already have my texts from the day walk - so maybe under each station there might be a dayponder and a nightponder any other spillage I'm happy to help. (Anna) Would you be able to send jpgs of all the photographs from the night walk? My brother Mark said that he thought somebody was in your flat over the weekend. He has beady eyes and time on his hands now that he has hung up his Black Cab Gloves Jem and I had a good ketchup last week about Edith



sounds - music and performance - he wants to drag/push something on the walk with us which might gather detritus that we can then use as material to make noise - a shopping trolley or old fashioned lawn mower! Incurable. AND Claudia Barton has been working with fragments of the Heinrich Heine poem (The Battlefield of Hastings) to great effect - two VERY haunting songs - and a wedding dress to be worn throughout - she hopes to walk through muddy fields and blood soaked roads - she will wear the dress for the performance stood in a paddling pool full of entrails! ALSO I've bought Deptford Dave a new costume and he's busy adjusting his drum straps to fit - so no silent procession - more demented troubadours on confused pilgrimage - AND attached the Edith familiar fresh back from (3D) printers - now looking for a sub whale bone box to house it - and one of Claudia (with Eden) - also a pin hole with a reminder of YOUR costume I'm sure there's more BUT rushing to get back for Eden - OH yes the BLACK APPLES film has just been accepted into the Towner Open in Eastbourne along with two of Eden's paintings - it will play on a loop for almost three months!

Andrew
X

Andrew - the miniature Harold/Edith looks good enough to eat, a real cake-topper for a funerary feast. Yet another 'outcome' artefact for the vitrine, when the show rolls into Dilston Grove or wherever. I'll see what can be done about the complete photographic record of your station-to-station pilgrimage. The images are not, at this moment, on the laptop. The challenge is on... It may be a few days. I'm rewalking the Blake church to Denmark Hill (reverse) segment with John Rogers tomorrow. Then I have to finish a little programme essay on East End poverty/crime for the National Theatre production of The Threepenny Opera.

I like the sound of Jem's trolley - maybe I can ride if the legs give out?

Edith was married to Harold "Danish fashion", though she bore him five or so children. An Irish lady acquired on his travels. There was a late strategic wife to strengthen the northern alliance. I think he was something of a pirate and meathead, like the rest of his avaricious family. But he covered the ground...The wandering minstrel troop sound more like escapees from Matthew Allen's asylum than Anglo-Saxon housecarls. John Rogers has been exploring the territory around Waltham Abbey and says that there is a long-established pilgrim route running south, but he's only found bits of it. He could lead us off? The track would have to follow the river valley, I guess. The high ground would be heavily forested. We can align ourselves at the zero longitude marker behind the abbey grounds.

It's cooking and simmering..

Iainx

Andrew - In Kötting fashion, John Rogers suggested a book as an 'outcome' of the Overground film. To go with the DVD in a short-run edition. John will transcribe some of the chatter, do a few frame grabs. I'll supply some snap shots and write a piece on our nightwalk circuit. The major outcome of which is the sudden disappearance, after several years, of the Haggerston Park vegetative Buddha. I'm not sure what this portends. There are some stains and food wrappers under his perch. At some point, you might be inspired to write up a few notes on all this of your own? Or images?

There is also the possibility, I thought, of performance. Blather, film extracts, dialogues, music (various implicated parties) for Cafe Oto (here) and even, perhaps, Simon in Oxford? All some way off, but floated now, to put it in mind. I feel that the Battle walk, if I'm not careful, will drift on to Normandy and right down France to your Albigenian retreat. Who knows?
Iainx

Andrew - working on another project, a radio programme about David Jones & In Parenthesis, now being turned into an opera, I came across an intriguing fragment that confirmed all my Harold thoughts: the dismembering, scattering of bones, reassembly by Edith, multiple burial and resurrection as Saxon Xth myth.

David Jones: 'The Death of Harold' - collected in The Dying Gaul & originally published in The Tablet (29 October 1966). "In 1188, Sylvester Gerald de Barri found that the men of Angevin Chester believed Harold Godwinson to have survived his defeat in Sussex, to have subsequently found refuge in northern Mercia, living devoutly as an anchorite in the environs of Chester, to have frequented the Mass in one of their churches, to have disclosed his identity only at the approach of death and to have been buried in a church the dedication-name of which is not given in this twelfth-century account..."

This sits alongside Alan Moore's comic-strip hero tale in which Harold does not die but escapes to the Fens, where he takes the identity of Hereward the Wake. (One of the significant pre-Hastings events in Harold's documented career takes place in Northampton.) So Alan's recording - if/when we have time to make it - could be a real addition to the sound-weave of the project. All cooking..
Iainx

Iain - B L I M E Y - all the body parts coming together perfectly - a great weekend with THE JACK in both Deptford and Hastings and more work on THE FAMILIAR - ALSO collating more Hemale correspondence to form a chapter in the EDITH book - the hereunder perfect of course with your permission - met a dykeybiker on the procession yesterday who has a beautiful Bayeaux Tapestry Harley Davidson that s/he bruises around on AND is very keen to enter the frame as we film in Grosvenor Gardens -

David organising a seal skin quiver for his drum sticks and Jem working hard on his lawn mower/music box with Claudia's version of the Heinrich Heiner's 'Battlefield at Hastings' GLORIOUS. Still waiting to hear back from The Wellcome Trust about funding for Lek and the Dogs and thereafter

Alan

Andrew

x

ps where's the recipe I thought I'd given it you? !

Andrew - To check in with you before the great tramp begins... I'll be away from Hackney from Friday (13th) to Thursday (26th), when I'll be flying back from Dublin to scrape the mud off my boots for the Waltham Abbey rendezvous. We're in Gozo from the 17th - 24th and probably out of email communication. If you want to make contact, about marching orders on anything, it's best to text Anna's phone (she keeps it on). 07784 496 850. And she even sends texts back, sometimes.

John Rogers has been looking into the ancient pilgrim track from Waltham Abbey with some local sage. It rambles through Leytonstone, apparently, and takes in the King Harold pub (close to where I used to unload containers of rancid sheep casings in Chobham Farm). The Abbey of the Holy Cross (curing Harold's childhood paralysis) was a place of pilgrimage, as you know. I don't know, as yet, when you need any of my immortal chunterings, and in what form. I can produce short texts for the proposed book? Or fragmentary narratives for the September show. (As ever, I'm firing away in all directions at the same time.) We might be able, if you fancied it, to arrange a meeting with John and his pilgrim guide at the Abbey or along the way.

I like the notion that Harold's corpse could only be identified by private markings known to Edith. (I thought of your biographical Maori tattoos - like the harpooner out of Moby-Dick.) You didn't bring Harlequins much luck..
Iainx

Iain - I'm up in Manchester with Ben Rivers and his new film - will finalise shoot schedule and get to you on Friday - things falling into place - all Haroldian chunterings warmly embraced - text to be scattered throughout book as well as separate chapters - same as it ever was. Keep firing away - ALSO are you happy for me to edit some of this Edith correspond dance for the book - I really like the way the projects are seen to grow out of vague plottings and schemings

Andrew

x

ps Rugby BRILLIANT - Joe Marler hilarious with his son on his shoulders in amongst the spectators bantering with Adam Jones about his political incorrectness.

Andrew - I'll be picking up emails until Tuesday. After that, anything that needs to be done or changed, text Anna. I'm happy for you to butcher the hemail flak (avoiding where possible gratuitous insults to named individuals & over-the-top repetitions and rambles - not much left after that).

The model of the effigy looks better than the real thing.

What is the timing for the book? I'd like to assemble a couple of more considered (but still freeform) texts. It would be good to have done the walk first. I wonder, as a loose suggestion, whether the first day should become our attempt to tease out the original pilgrimage route. By way of a guide, such as John Rogers (or his erudite mate). Before they fall away. (Harold was on a horse. Where is your horse's head? He was moving between abbeys and fortified castles. The provocative aspects for me is the posthumous SCATTERING. The division of energies. Like the splitting of a cosmological body-map. Everybody arguing for a fragment of bone, a relic. Along with the compensatory fantasy of a messiah-like life-after-death resurrection: as mute hermit in religious house, anchorite in Chester or moveable crow-feast in Waltham Abbey. The abbey, HOLY CROSS, is already a centre of pilgrimage, after the oxen cart came across country from Montacute. The battle at Hastings was a necessary ritual dance, through the hours of light, to signal a change of regime and a change of gods. Harold was a willing participant in this suicide march, after killing and burying his rival and brother. As in Egyptian mythology. You know better than most what these brothers are like. Harold was the second son, Tostig the third.)

Adam Jones, in his well-earned (and paid) Harlequins twilight is good value, on the bench.

I look forward to catching with with Ben's film. I think Philippe was a collaborator. A respite from chasing windmills beside the Great North Road. Iainx

Iain - PS attached YOUR COSTUME from Swandown for Edith and thus the opportunity for continuity which is SO important for the both of us!
Also the cardboard bone box and familiar
Andrew
X

Andrew - That's not a costume, it's an underbudgeted Millet's fantasy of junglewear suitable to the tropics for the long-postponed Peruvian expedition to Herzog's Cascades, as undertaken in 1891 by my great-grandfather (and his faithful kodak). Janine Marmot, who co-produced The Cardinal & the Corpse is presently pitching a version of the story at Cannes. (Another of Gareth's unstoppable chains of connection.)



Anna is more concerned with what Anthony will eat. I said that he survives on the road on whatever scraps the rest leave over: chips, roadkill nettles, lettuce, choc-ice wrappers. He can put in requests. But by the time we get home, given your penchant for mid-afternoon starts, it will be too late to feast and we'll crash right out. John Rogers and Dave (his mate) can deliver their pilgrim-track thesis as we walk. You'll see John at Brompton Cemetery anyway.

The Brighton archive sounds promising, but the reality was butchery, ball-gouging, skull-splitting, grave-robbing. The bones live and talk. Edith was an Irish girl, unaborted, single-mothering a brood. (Beckett creeps back?)

Why don't we meet at Harold's grave at 11am on 27th. I'll take the train. (The last time I was on this line, 2 Lea Valley gangsta boys were selling a gun.) I may be the only one who has already done the walk to Hastings (as well as numerous fits & starts across the hinterlands you suggest). The route to Chislehurst is ribbon-development suburbia. We might take in the new Bedlam hospital (Beckett visited as part of his Murphy research). But we put on extra detour miles by not coming down established paths and tracks. But this is of course your familiar territory. I'm happy to be guided. Saturday on your plan is suitably vague. The best walking is Sevenoaks, Knole Park, Golden Valley (Samuel Palmer), Tonbridge. And Harold's march was from Bodiam to Battle along the hillcrest. But I guess we can argue it out as we go, as it evolves. I look forward to it all on blackened toes.
Iainx

Iain - things are really cooking away here - attached schedule - wanted to know whether:

a - Anna might be able to drop off you/Jem/John Rodgers (if he can make it) at Waltham Abbey on Friday 27th May for 11am - OR whether you get a train to Waltham Cross station and we pick you up in van on way up from Hastings AND b - whether Anthony might be able to stay with you Friday 27th May/Saturday 28th May evening - Jem has a room but is a lot less user friendly than your top room! c - whether you'd be staying on in St Leonards until Friday 3rd June after the walk. I DO like the idea of having John and his consort with us as 'guides' at the beginning of the walk but we'd have to be careful not too linger too long - I suspect that for you and I as 'walkers' the pace might be very meandering as we will be accommodating a motley band of perambulatory minstrels bringing a horses head with us also makes SENSE (as if that was anything I'd ever considered 'properly' Any thoughts/comments warmly embraced -
elsewise almost there with the 'planning'.

Andrew
x

Andrew - very briefly, between trains, planes, lecterns - even quick stopover in St Leonards - to answer the 2 questions. Anthony is welcome to your attic nest, if he doesn't mind stepping around numerous boxes, on Friday. (If I can stop Anna cleaning & ironing pillow cases.) At the other end, I'm not sure how long I'll stay down here. I have a London event with John Rogers on the 4th.

I'll look at the details later. Before we fly out for sure. Where are the dogs in all this?

Iainx

Iain - perfect - I've just warned Anthony that Anna might attempt to iron the sheets (not whilst he's in bed) - personally I LOVE that attic room - and have nothing but fond and leg ache-full memories of pedaling myself to sleep in clean crisp cotton - if only prisoners were afforded such luxuries - crime would diminish and the world would be a more contented place.

Have fun with all your travails.

Andrew

x

PS the dogs have been put to bed a while whilst I get my head round all this Edith stuff - although I continue with my archive visits to Brighton University - which is where I stumbled across an amazing film from 1966 and which will weave itself into both the performance and the finished film.

Andrew - you probably know about the ossuary in the crypt of St Leonard's Church in Hythe. If not, it might well be worth a fleeting visit on your bike to archive a few shelves of bones to go with the Harold story... an 1860s illustration referred to them as "men who fell in the Battle of Hastings"...

Iainx

Iain - Thanks for the remind - although I have heard that the bones are mainly of children from the black death - anyhow it was on my list 'to do' - will take Edith/Claudia with me - see attached - she's really getting into the part

Andrew

X

Andrew - Suitably freakish... I don't believe any of the bones, literally, came from the battlefield, but local myth was hungry to adapt them.

Looking at the old OS maps of our Hastings walk, it feels that after you've made your strike at Chislehurst, Orpington, it's easy (and direct) to cross the M25 in the direction of the Darent Valley, Shoreham, Otford (Bishop's Palace), Seven Oaks (7 sacred oaks), Knole, Golden Valley, Underriver, Tonbridge... (etc) But we'll follow our feet, I'm sure. Wherever the blackened toes lead.



Just detoured to Canterbury to give a lecture to 7 souls (including Anna). But this was a festival organised by the students. Now collecting a few bits and away to Gatwick.

See you at Waltham Abbey (the grave), before long.

Iainx

Andrew - we are back on email, if required. To London, Tuesday. Dublin, Wednesday. Waltham Abbey, Harold slab, Friday: 11am. Unless otherwise detained or re-informed. Delightful days on much changed (Euro boosted) memory grounds. Uncannily like, in certain aspects, the Gower cliffs: jagged formations, caves, wadis for slades, neolithic burial sites.

Even the sea, with strong winds, worked up to the lash you swam through. White horses attached to carts, not human trunks.

The old bones (mine & Harold's & those of the Red Lady) sing out like wind chimes.

Iainx

Iain - indefatigable for one so OLD - your schedule makes me feel as if my trips to Iquique, Louyre, Stroud, Winchcombe, Birmingham, Prestatyn

and Geneva were but a stroll in the park - NOW indeed looking forward to the imminent meanderings of our motley minstrels - there will be noise-a-plenty - the faux whale bone box and Edith familiar now ready - I've been turning up the volume on the workouts and presently just back from the swimming pool. Be sure to wear your psychogeographical suit with sunglasses and bring anything else that you might 'need' - we'll chuck it all in the boot of the van.

See you soon - be patient I'm spinning familial plates down here ...

Andrew

x

ps - if in doubt advise Anna to provide Anthony with crisps, peanuts and juice.

Andrew - We're back from Dublin, after a good night in the old city, some of the survivors of my talk mentioned that they'd been exposed to By Our Selves in Cork. I think they meant the town, not some Proust-influenced torture chamber. We've walked more miles around airports and station platforms than a day on the trail of Harold, so I should be ready. Freakishly, a number of people in the queue to get books signed were the children (or even grandchildren) of our fellow Sixties students.

At the end of the first day's forced march, it's easiest if we hop a DLR train in Greenwich & then change to Ginger Line. Quicker than driving to Surrey Quays.

See you at the empty grave. The last black nail of the nightwalk dropped off in Gozo. The last little white one last night. They are scattered like the remains of the last Saxon king.
Did you Bear-dance in the cemetery for JR?
Iainx

JUNE 2016

Andrew - coming slowly down from the spin of the road (along with my blisters): a great communal tramp. And I'm sure you are rounding it off with today's return to Edith & Harold. The image-narrative is safely filed in the book as a goad to memory. I checked London Orbital for my original encounter with Chevening (pp. 404 - 407). It all starts when I leave my glasses on a bench and enter the sphere of Brakhage vision. We come, off-piste, to the church. We might have bumped into you, making one of your stop-offs, but perhaps too early for that. Charles Stanhope was the eccentric I was trying to recall. The old feet twitch to get back on the road.

A big salute for pulling it all together and finding such a troop.
Iainx

Iain - INDEED - almost too good to be real - wheretnext?
The balls of my feet still ringing - my head still singing - and now my heart pulling me BACK towards more hidden roads - and then YESTERDAY - unbelievable - more more more I cry - BUT first I must make time to make sense of it all.
Andrew
x

Andrew - Looks great. Buried at sea. I've started on pulling out a few words before it disappears. What an astonishing troop you assembled... And still no magic burger.
Iainx

Andrew - if you need any images of me for the HAROLDEDITH book, with a sinister, alchemical slant, the sort of conjuror who would keep a crow (former bishop) as a familiar, Dr Schünter has sent these, from the day of cutting up Brion Gysin materials for some weird future performance (or film).

How did it feel to be lodged deep in the shingle, after all those miles?

Back on the stump with John Rogers tonight. I'll get the first walk text done next week.

Thank you again for driving this through, an overload of images & sounds.
Iainx



Andrew - There you were again, capering in the Old Kent Road, in the clip from John's film. But the earlier dialogue, and your line about putting your fingers in your ears at Canada Water to 'keep out the noise of memory', was what really struck home. If John lets rip enough with the connections in the editing (and he doesn't have much time), it should begin to work.

Nov 26th is good for me. Swedenborg House has cornered plenty of ghosts. Another venue that might be worth exploiting - and Gareth would know better than anyone - is the newly opened performance space in the subterranean engine room, the Brunel, in the tunnel between Rotherhithe & Wapping. (Echoes of the collisions you recorded in the Greenwich Foot Tunnel - and the John Rogers Overground material from the foreshore at Rotherhithe.) (See piece in today's Observer : 'Cities turn their tunnels to music, film & farming' by Gareth Rubin.)
Iainx

Andrew - by neat coincidence, I received this morning a copy of the Northampton Arts Lab magazine - MEH! (10 May 2016). It contains a piece by Alan Moore entitled WAKE THE DEAD. And illustrated by a pastiche Bayeux tapestry. This is the material I told you about... 'There's the soggy flesh and blood of him and there's the blazing story, both components true in their own way.' Of course EDITH appears. 'His mother in the first account is Edith...' A mash-up, as expected of googleistory & smoky legend. 'The Doctor Who annual for 1985, possibly written by my incorporeal collaborator Steve Moore, reveals Hereward to be an alias adapted by King Harold when the arrow in the eye at Hastings turns out to be not as critical as everyone had feared. A barebones signifier of resistance he transcends the nebulous facts and embraces multiple identities. He can be anyone. He can do anything.'

Whatever else, you could secure this wacky thesis for THE BOOK. I'm sure Alan would be happy to have it reprinted in more substantial form. And - if you have the time - he could always be interviewed, as a voice, for the performances. Or even appear at one of them to spout it.
Our walk has pulled down the angels of happenstance.
Iainx

Iain - OK The Angels of HAPPENSTANCE have convinced me - let's go see the WIZARD - it sounds too good an opportunity to miss - I was thinking of coming with Anthony and Claudia (the latter in costume) - I like the idea of Edith haranguing him about all things Domesday book - you could be there as a spiritual advisor and corrector - maybe in his back garden with some bows and arrows hurtling about? I can bring the target and necessary 'equipment' - AND yes indeed all GOOD for the book. Sadly (excitedly) - Edith is already growing into a This-Our-Still-Life-size single screen adventure what dates are good for you? I'll liaise with the others and phone Alan once we have a plan. Wednesday 22nd or Wednesday 29th June looking good at the moment.

AND over supper with Gareth on Saturday he tells me that Grant Gee has taken over the reins of the Amazon Trek - who better - BUT if there was room for me/you to walk/talk together in the jungle then I'd be most willing - a bit of weight off my mind to be honest - all things piling up and as you know my days turn into weeks before I've even got started. There is now a new EDITH Facebook page - get Anna to show you how to find it . A strange melancholic fog keeps settling upon me - a member of the band of brothers pining for the sister - and WHAT a sister?

Andrew
X

Andrew - I didn't mean to bully you into Northampton - just to secure Alan's Hereward essay for the book. June 22 is OK for me. June 29: we plan to have escaped to Marine Court (a necessary break). At a pinch, it could be the 30th. (July 1 is a screening of 'By Our Selves' at the East London Festival - or some such, in Walthamstow.)

Gareth factored in Grant for Peru. Grant sees the whole piece as a fiction (like Dining on Stones - in which the author broods over his great-grandfather's book in Marine Court, while conflating the Herzogian jungle with the A13). And Grant wants actual actors, I wouldn't appear. But I couldn't contemplate the actual tramp without you (if you can do it) - feeding off and away from the official version. Although I don't see why you couldn't be paid as one of the actors making the expedition. There were 3 of them. Arthur Sinclair wrote the book (in my style). The second man stuck to the facts and figures, delivered as a talk to the Royal Geographical Society. The third man handwrote an unpublished scribble, with maps, that Farne has just found in the archives at Kew. I'm dubious that anybody will fund Grant's pitch. It feels as if - the angels of happenstance kicking in - the lunacy will be more of an extension of the Harold/Edith pilgrimage.

Anna called up your FACEBOOK images. I'm very struck with Edith by the great ley line marker, while I slump in contemplation. I should save it for some future edition of LUD HEAT.

Iainx

Andrew - I've had to set aside the 'real' version of our tramp, the one for your book, which bounds along with all the usual nonsense, for a needed-urgently Diary piece for the LRB. They want it for the next issue. This of course will be a Marxist-materialist social critique, as you'd expect. But it will be a small promotion for the ongoing follies...

Iainx

Iain - Alan is good to go - Wednesday 22nd June - his place for 1pm. Will bring Edith and Anonymous and was thinking about getting Philippe to come along to record 'proper' sound - I wouldn't want to miss anything. I'll dress up as the Harold gargoyles in felt helmet and tree suit and will shoot

arrows at the fence in his back garden whilst yourself and Edith interrogate him/each other about all things 1066 - we can shoot digital pinholes and digital super 8 logistics would imply that we meet somewhere on the M25 and then travel up in one car - mine sleeps 5 comfortably or you (and hopefully Philippe) make your own way there

Looking at rushes all night and again today - some BRILLIANT 'stuff' - have started transferring from HD onto 'super 8' off the screen which holds and then soars - excited but frustrated about lack of time ...

Bises
Andrew
X

Andrew - What a brilliant Bill Brandt surreal-gothic portrait. Bring me the head of Andrew Kötting! Bring me his bow of burning wood & his designer felt helmet by Joseph Beuys. Definitely on for the 22nd then. Logistics to be decided later. I'd like to crank Alan up about his notion of a space-time anomaly in which the legends mix and match in cosmic collision, immortal heroes coming back as and when summoned. The swap of myth. Harold & Edith quietly decaying from brigand royalty to Terry & June of the Orpington suburbs. You might think - apart from shooting bows & arrows - that you could be a posthumous, Beckettian talking head in Alan's garden. Just a head. I mean, as Harold, you have the real story and can - when required - bob up, out of bin or box or bush, to contradict & deflate our flights of fancy. Alan's time theory physics. My riff on the Osiris principle: the cultural scattering of all the butchered bits. Which have to be gathered up by the death-in-life Edith & stitched together.

You should be awarded a sack of money & years of time, to push these dreams through. But it limps along quite nicely in the self-funding fashion of John Rogers. By loosening up, breaking with linearity and logic, John's Overground is beginning to gather momentum.

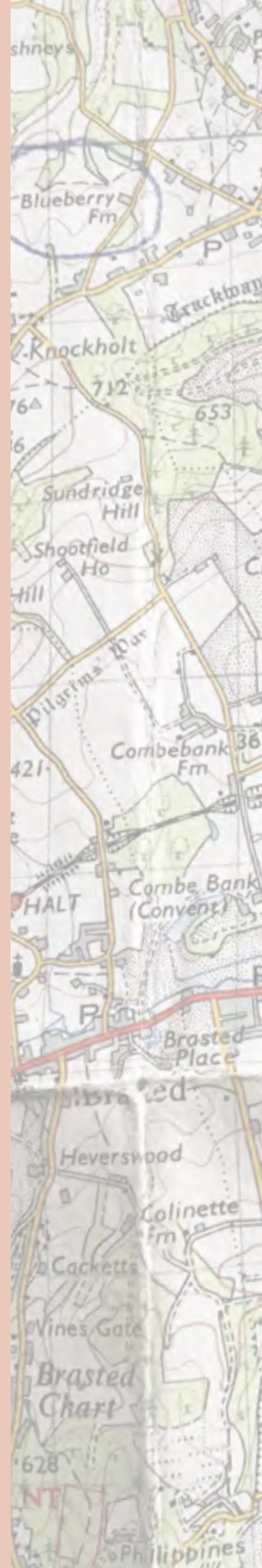
He should be funded too. And Emma. But that's not how it works.

Iainx

Iain - How was the Joyce? I bet there was a lot of gobbledygook spoken?

Doug has got back to me with microphones and recording devices for the conversations with Alan next week - he lives within smelling distance of my ACCIDENT along the Old Kent Road and is keen to travel up with you if there is room enough in the car - assuming you are taking the car? If that works for you then I'll tell him to be with you for 9.07 amish next Wednesday! Meantime this week has become quite difficult as the enormity of what we're trying to do hits home - the book - the performance - the record and now a film. John Rogers beautifully shot footage and Jem's amazing sounds inspire BUT overawe in awkward measure! I've been here before.

Andrew
x



Andrew - Joyce was well up to speed & I tried to catch his spectre: the usual stories and tricks. But a good-hearted audience from all over in Senate House. Of course when they asked for a draft of the talk, I could only offer a few phrases scribbled on an envelope. I was wavering between driving & taking the train on Tuesday. But if Doug wants a lift, then I could certainly drive. I wouldn't be leaving until 10am.

At the moment, in the rain in St Leonards. Tomorrow I have to perform at Ditchling Fair. It will feel a bit exposed without the troop. The LRB have passed my words - so all goes ahead in next issue. They're pleased with it. I'm doing an hour at Resonance on Monday about 'Overground' - to help promote John's film. I think the contact with you has inspired him to a degree of freedom in the cut.

You have taken on an EPIC series of tasks, with book, film, performance, record. Madness of the best sort.
Iainx

Andrew - Will you be bringing your whiteface make-up, to play the severed head of Harold II? I think that would work like the Bear, with you positioned between us, or close at hand.

A great weekend for the neo-Australian/S.Seas/AllBlack XV who now represent England. A major kicked-to-bits triumph. While the Welsh can't find the oxygen & concentration to survive the 2nd half. They do pretty well against the best for 40 minutes.

Had a good session with Ben Thompson for Resonance this morning. He plays vinyl along with yet another memory circuit of the Overground. Perversely, he chose to present it as anticlockwise, like our night circuit. It seems that his partner is the novelist Nicola Barker (whose grungy edgeland work I like very much). They have, like all the others, just moved to Hastings (the wrong end). What is Doug's previous?

See you soon.

Iainx

PS Did you know that Alan also drums? I'll be taking him the Renchi Bicknell painting, Northampton Kalachakra 1, which has a panel showing Alan, with large shamanic drum lofted, beating the bounds of John Clare's asylum, while I plod behind him in standard psychogeographical uniform. You'll see...

Iain - yes all present and accounted for - I don't have Alan's exact number BUT I'm hoping to remember/misremember the closer we get to Jerusalem. There was a very strange lock-in at the Horse and Groom on Saturday morning where I watched England play Australia with Eden and a rag taggle bunch of England fans AND an Australian (who was the only one

who seemed to know anything about rugby) - an AMAZING game - I think James Haskell will be needing some new body parts - and what a pitch - I think they just sprayed a bit of the beach green and built a stadium around it until very soon

Andrew

x

Andrew - Thank you for making this trip. I know it loads the rucksack to breaking point, but - from my perspective - the garden session lifted our quest to the next level. We were just beginning to scratch at the our limits of something when we called a halt. But the song and some of Alan's philosophising (with rhymes and jokes) should set the agenda. It did feel like the launch, not the finish.

The bad news is that I came home and scribbled MORE pages to carry the end of my piece, which I'll probably send you tomorrow. The LRB is out now, in print & online... Anna calling me to the table, more later.
Iainx

Iain - too much and all too good - Anthony just left my studio having dropped off another sackfull of digital material - both still and moving image. I thought I'd almost broken the back of it and then I have to start all over again. But yesterday a real hoot and some perfect footage, things are always so effortless and easy and extraordinary with you and Alan. I think the head in the bushes was a shrewd move and has paid dividends.

The makeup and the odd shenanigans of a very lo-fi two camera shoot with Doug's perfect sound. Iain looks quite besotted by Edith in the footage as indeed are most and sundry. Thanks for bringing Doug up - the choreography worked well and we were even home in time for supper after The Archers. Alan has sent me his Hereward essay which will also resonate throughout the ever-expanding pages of the Bookwork and now as I write this another beautiful piece of music from Claudia. I have next week to try and finish a semblance of a timeline for the performance before I disappear into the Pyrenees for ten days - thereafter the Lek and his dogs should take preference but I fear that Edith can't wait

Andrew

x

Andrew - Your severed head schtick could work very well on stage too: steady-stare fixed, then barking against my riffs. Before you explode into the usual song & dance. Maybe Claudia can work with 'Green Grow the Rushes O' & the Six Proud Walkers. It's such a great description. And was just what I needed.

Iainx

PS I'll try and tidy up my piece for the book (a mix of the original material, revamped LRB, Northampton inspired), for you tomorrow, before I have

to set out for a BBC Scotland walk demonstrating urban paranoia & architecture (or some such). Tremendous ripping storms & Lear-lightnings last night. Good coffee cake too.

JULY 2016

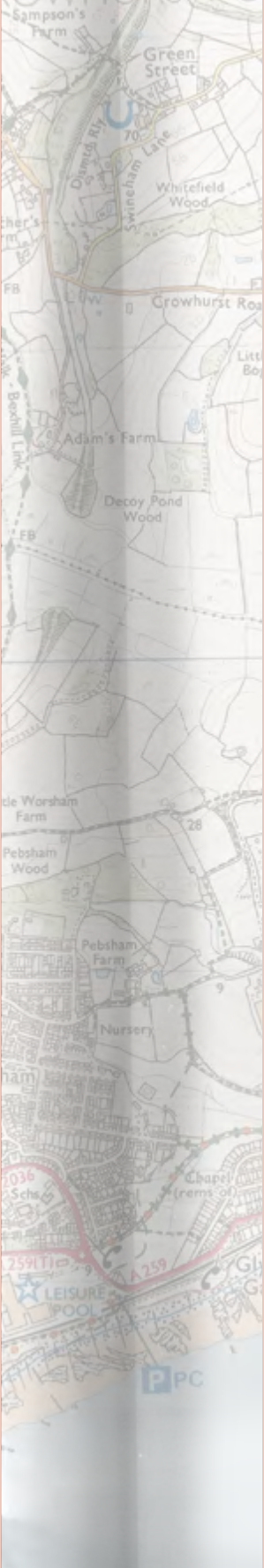
Andrew - here are the walk words. For - I hope - the book. A melding & meshing, with fresh rant after Alan's garden, beginning and ending. In the madness of pretending that our island is not a short swim offshore. Cannibalise as you will. And run all if you can.
Iainx

Iain - B R I L L I A N T - made me pine for the open road. I will INDEED use ALL. In fact the more I'm immersed in the materials the more I want. I've almost finished two sides of the LP. I'll send some photographs - maybe digital pinholes would tickle the German's fancy or do you think he'd prefer your 'normal' snaps? Meantime the earth moves and the uk fractures - we'll be left with just England and Wales - London will form it's own independent marxist transgender breakaway state and the Scots will build a bridge to Europe via Northern Ireland - I say bring it on - it's like 1976 all over again the punks and heathens are back amongst us seismic shifts and change which I'm perversely curious about to have lived through it all
Andrew x

Andrew - It sounds like the hut is turning into an oven of frenzied activity, a major forcing house before your retreat to the mountains and forest. I'm sure the outcomes will be powerful. The magic of the 1066 walk really does feel like a channelling of Harold: the remaking of England after the invasion & now after the burning of the Euro bridge. The whole structure is shaking itself to pieces. To the beat of David's drum and the teasing whisper of Claudia's throat-song laments.

Meanwhile, I wait 60 years for Wales to appear in another quarter final (& I'm one of the few who remember 1958 in Sweden, with John Charles, Ivor Allchurch, Cliff Jones), only to discover that I have to be in Walthamstow introducing some bloody Kötting film about madmen in Epping Forest. (I'm going to try and get away with an introduction and some chat with John Rogers, to make it home for the 2nd half. Q&A at the end, without director, isn't really necessary. I hope.)
Iainx

Iain - let the ALARUM bells ring - HALT - CANCEL - it seems most odd that you'd forefit a game of your life for filmic shenanigans - I was meant to be headed down to France today BUT will now have to leave in the morning for more cave adventures - which frees me up for the Gallic Feast - I'm sure that if you sent an email with a paragraph of apologetic-Claire-



ian-context-introduction then ALL would be forgiven. I remember THEM pitching it to me a whiles back and was never convinced by their tone. I'm sure that John would understand?

Meantime the timeline for the performance is three quarters done and running at 48 minutes - with sounds/voices/music coming in at two a penny from Claudia and Jem. I have edited a slide show of Anthony's digital pinholes which runs for 14 minutes and is designed to run as a backdrop for your introduction, it is faithful to the five day walk and is accompanied by very feint birdsong and the acoustic clatter of the torture wheel. David, Jem, myself and Claudia would be marching towards the Kino along Norman Road, in time for a GRAND entrance (choreographed using a text sent by Anthony who is controlling the sound and image in the auditorium) - just as you conclude the blather - the film 'proper' would then begin and you could take a seat in the front row with Odo and prepare to heckle....

Anyhow I'll send clearer instructions after the players have met for a rehearsal on July 12th suffice to say that we are now thinking of releasing two LPs/CDs - one in time for September's performance which documents the walk both chronologically and musique-concrete ly as it happened - edited and mixed - and a studio album with words and songs and pristine mixes by Philippe in time for the Swedenborg gig in November..... Was wondering whether you thought Test Centre might be interested, apparently your last LP has SOLD OUT!

The book also coming together - have set aside a whole chapter for you including all your own photographs - it works VERY well.


D
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Into the wherever
Andrew
x

ICE CREAM FOR CROW COLDSORES FOR TROUBADOURS

IAIN SINCLAIR

CHAPTER 3



THE OTHER FAMILIAR IS A CROW CALLED
ODO FORMERLY THE BISHOP OF BAYEUX (AND
SPONSOR OF THE COMIC STRIP TAPESTRY) HALF
BROTHER TO THE BASTARD AND LATER EARL
OF KENT

TO THE RAT-A-TAT-TAT OF
BONE-STICKS ON STRETCHED
HIDE, THEY MARCH. THE
URGENT MORSE OF THE
PERCUSSIONIST'S RHYTHM
INFECTING THEIR BLOOD AND
BECOMING PART OF THE DNA
OF THE ROAD. THE MARCHERS
ABSORB THE LANDSCAPE.

IF DURING THE MAY BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND – AND
BANKS ARE NEVER ON HOLIDAY NOW, THE MONEY
CAN'T STOP CHURNING AROUND AND AROUND –
YOU WERE INNOCENTLY TAKING THE AIR IN THE
LEA VALLEY, OR RAMBLING CLOSE TO THE LINE
OF ZERO LONGITUDE, YOU MIGHT HAVE NOTICED
A STRUNG-OUT PROCESSION OF UNSOLICITED
TIME-TRAVELLERS. A GRUNGE HALLUCINATION,
SPAT OUT OF THE COSMIC VOID, PROCESSING
LIKE SALVATIONISTS, LEVELLERS, LOLLARDS OR
OUTPATIENTS FROM MATTHEW ALLEN'S HIGH BEACH
ASYLUM. TOWARDS THE DISTANT RUMOUR OF
LONDON. KENT. THE SEA. INVADERS WAITING ON THE
TIDE. AND IT'S NOT FOR CHARITY.

OBLIVION TO THE BEAT OF A DRUM.



Stubble and face-painted border transgressors. Boundary-beaters in fancy dress that is becoming noticeably less fancy with every mile endured. Cameras are hyperactive, buzzing neurotically around a limited field of action. What's it all about, this carnival of fools? A shared midlife crisis or a last-punt geriatric spasm? Resurrected battlefield droppings from an Anglo-Saxon bone orchard? There seems to be no agreement among them on a framing narrative, or the spirits they are invoking, beyond the requirement to push on, scavenging for acoustic anomalies, soundtracking a film that will never be completed, lurching between displays of public narcissism (touch screens licking touch screens) and deliciously masochistic shivers as blisters pop like seed pods and ill-advised footwear squelches and bites on the permitted slipway between madness and heritage England.

The procession, if it had been captured from surveillance drones for some post-atrocity TV re-enactment, would provide clinching evidence for the VOTE LEAVE lobby.

THIS IS HOW THE GANG MUSTERS:

1. Melting gypsum-mask alpha male. Stocky and bristling in reindeer herdsman's ear-flapped felt helmet: dunce-warrior or bodyguard-bouncer to a buried king. Encoded potato-sack suit is defaced with felt-tipped Enochian symbols. Ancient Sebaldian rucksack padded with god knows what food bombs and reeking illegitimates. Seethrough, kneelength raincape over suit and shrinking trousers. To the susceptible, a vision of Taliban fundamentalism. This man offers shoulder-squeezing, male-on-male bussing, snorting, dancing and stamping. He calls down instant first-strike retaliation from remote viewers in bunkers buried within Captain Beefheart's New Mexican desert. German name with umlaut grenades. Glossolalic speech pattern with submerged elements of a dozen alien languages.



Call him Andrew.

2. A young woman: bride, newly jilted Havisham (cheerful with no great expectations). Or shrouded houri-diva of mimosa-scented fountained courtyards. Or phantom Woman in White. On the run. Fallen among base Travellers. Mary Joyce, the revenant muse John Clare lost to fire but never forgot. On the road ahead of him. Her proud profile is from the Flemish School: a Memlinc interior-madonna with the voice of Audrey Hepburn in Charade. Sometimes she lifts up her skirts and skips in black Doc Marten boots. She dances in daisy meadows, runs at hills. Sometimes she sings with Euro buskers in tiled underpasses. She is painted with arrows and symbols. Her headband is trophied with feathers and roadkill pelts. She siestas in hollow tree trunks, quiet cemeteries, builders' vans and on railway tracks. Her bridal train is a native ghost-catcher sweeping up nests, broken twigs, mole droppings, sand, chalk, animal blood and filthy footprints. You could hang this garment on a gallery wall or play it like a blindman's orchestral score.



Call her Claudia.

3. The random troop, flagging, faltering, disputing maps or facing traffic on busy country roads, is driven forward by the confederate drumming of a Guantánamo veteran in toxic orange bodysuit (borrowed from a French hunter, avian assassin, boar-baiter). This grimly grinning Deptford percussionist is a man of unforgiving energy who is forever testing metal obstacles: fences, cattle-grids, trees, log piles. And reading the unravelling carpet of territory by way of earthworks, ley lines, family histories, ancestral deposits. His bone-rattling rhythms would have the dead jigging. Orange Man, standing loud like a jungle-stripping chemical defoliant, takes a well-deserved herbal hit from the deep bowl of his Sherlock Holmes briar. His drumming is a summons to war, a recruitment percussion ignored by drowsing VOTE LEAVE suburbs and estates.



Call him David.

4. The Third Man never stops smiling at the wonderful weirdness of the world around him. Wisdom and experience are manifested in a fermented rictus. His elegant gold ear-loop fine tunes melodies left behind in torched cornfields, where distant trains hum in passage. The secret archivist drags a pronged golf cart dressed with found objects, forks and flattened tins. It is cunningly constructed to operate like one of those machines for painting the 82 sets of white lines on Hackney Marshes. At the end of the day's haul, while the other pilgrims are spread across the grass picking at their sores and tapping out emails, this Sound-Snarer is surveying the grids of the latest car park. In short black coat and beret, he's like a Toulouse bureaucrat measuring curbstones against Euro regulations. The man's main task, it appears, is to stream the Beefheart song, Ice Cream for Crow, for a Joseph Beuys impressionist in a many-pocketed fisherman's waistcoat. When the collector of broken interviews, mangled folk songs, wind in the willows, farts, skids, snores, sirens, zips, typewriters, bottles opening, doors closing, is challenged: 'Are you? Are you the one who used to be?' He always denies it. But he is. And it shows.



Call him Jem.

5. The Pinhole Maestro is anonymous and imprinted on the edge of the frame in a hat that could be the lining of the alpha male's felt helmet. He is infinitely obliging and already halfway to cutting out the middleman and becoming a camera. Hundreds and hundreds of images make the futile attempt to freeze these events in real time. PM limps and follows. He is invaluable, like a confessor, always on hand, to find truth in a portrait. When he lines up the rabble, the wild bunch, the road brigands, he looks like a public executioner, a curate-publican from Preston with a paying sideline in rope-based extermination. He is Bosch and Breughel. He keeps the record and rides shotgun in the van, reading the country ahead and waiting for the walkers to limp over the horizon. He collects adverts for lost pets. And people. Dropped shopping lists. Eccentrics. He recovers children and grandchildren. He lived in a tent, fell down a motorway manhole, sewed a finger back on. He stays young, but it is always his birthday tomorrow.



Call him Anthony.

6. The writer, the false witness, has been on the wrong road for centuries. He dresses, as required, in psychogeographic uniform: Beuys waistcoat, flapping trousers, charity-shop shirt, funny hat. He doesn't collect fat or felt. He does deliver endless lectures based on myopic reading and miscued histories. This is a nightmare that can only be exorcised in print.



Call him Iain.

His familiar is a crow called Odo, formerly the Bishop of Bayeux (and sponsor of the celebrated comic-strip tapestry), half-brother to the Bastard, and later Earl of Kent. But Odo was no relation, as he repeatedly stressed, to the sensationalist creature mythologised by Ted Hughes, the apocalyptic eyeball-chewing braggart. On the first day of the walk, the bird perched on King Harold's grave at Waltham Abbey, dowsing for rotten meat. Arriving at the Olympic Park in twilight, Odo's feet dropped into the Lea and sunk without trace. Legless (in all senses), the ex-bishop beaked from a black rucksack, Poe-cawing rubbish prophecies. The crow was a rather sullen mute, shamed to be keeping company with rowdy wheel-tamperers, jongleurs and heretics. His thirst for ice cream could never be satisfied.

In the writer's rucksack, in place of the whalebone casket that should have carried the grave weight of the last Saxon king's relics (foreskin, fingerbone), he suffered the heft of a paperback copy of *Ulysses* by James Joyce. A penance replete with useful quotes. A Homeric prompt.



Because this 5-day walk, Waltham Abbey to Battle Abbey, was indeed a homecoming, a return to the marble effigy of slaughtered Harold and his eternal consort, Edith Swan-Neck, in West Marina Park, St Leonards-on-Sea. The forgotten artificer of this haunting relic, Charles Augustus William Wilkie, was, like our felt-capped Führer, an Anglo-German.

Joyce knew the power – and the risk – of laying words out in a particular order. If I call them into life across the waters of Lethe will not the poor ghosts troop to my call?

Here was the pitch: to walk from the stone slab at Waltham Abbey that marked the location of the old high altar and perhaps the resting place of King Harold II's butchered carcass, as gathered up, lovingly, mysteriously, ritualistically, by Edith Swan-Neck (in one of many versions of the story confabulated by winners and losers after the battle in 1066). To carry the touch of

that stone, as directly as possible – time, logistics – to another memorial slab in Battle Abbey (set down on the chessboard of the conquered kingdom by order of the victor: William, Duke of Normandy). And then, in twilight, to the sculptural tableau, the entwined, life-in-death necrophile lovers, in the modest, sea-facing public park at the western edge of St Leonards.

To what purpose? A quest (without resolution). A pilgrimage (heretical). A raid on memory deposits. A contract to be fulfilled. A short ramble, over a few stretches of the same ground, a hundred miles or so, to attain some faint glimmering of what was involved in the Saxon army's forced march to York and Stamford Bridge – and back, almost at once, to Waltham Abbey, Westminster Abbey, so they say, Rochester, Maidstone, Bodiam and along the ridge to Battle. To lock shields. And fight through the long day. To necessary defeat, slaughter, corpse-stripping, crow feasts.

VOTE STAY. Those Normans were not for turning. Lord Tebbit, skull-on-a-stick Essex enforcer (this is his turf) was proud to take NORMAN for his first name. We launch from the motorway spill-zone colonised by those who could not adapt to the multicultural occupation of the inner city.

The march is about forging a communal identity through shared blister packs, roadside picnics, epiphanies and insults. (Andrew asserts that the writer is a Marxist with a dismal nay-saying agenda.) The whole deal is an Outcome with no income. And an assertion that the eternal past can be accessed, interrogated, and honoured by walking. Six souls, varying interests, varying skills, on the road. On the tramp. To the beat of the drum. To banter. Song. Silence.

'Every life,' Joyce says, 'is many days, day after day. We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows... But always meeting ourselves... There are no more marriages, glorified man, an androgynous angel, being a wife unto himself.'

Claudia challenges the status of Edith as mistress. The woman is a queen. She is the mother of a brood of Harold's children. She is the anima validating the legend. In the marble effigy on the concrete, wedding-cake anvil in St Leonards, the royal couple are a single serpentine entity. A great self-consuming memento mori. A carnival float for a never-ending Jack on the Green Day of the Dead.

Edith, Claudia asserts, was Danish. The writer (pedant, library snoop) has her as Irish. An economic migrant. He echoes Julian Rathbone. The brigand Harold, one of the Godwinson gang, is exiled to his raider connections, the Danish settlement in Wexford, where Edith is the wife of a thegn. 'She remained what she had always been – Harold's mistress, his concubine.' This is harsh. Claudia repudiates such casually applied male bias. It is Edith who holds the story together, just as she collects and reassembles the scattered body parts. The bits she recognises by private marks.

Facts, slippery at the start of the walk, are completely unhinged by the time the troop invade Battle Abbey. I have time now, before we assemble, to stroll the bounds of Waltham Abbey. Again. Again. Again. I was here, well feasted at the Indian restaurant, for Millennium Eve. For the beginning and end of my London Orbital circumnavigation of the M25. For the dedication of David Rodinsky's gravestone. For a sequence, not used, in the John Clare film, *By Our Selves*,

when I improvised a rambling lecture for a dumb Toby Jones, whose reveries were already pulling away up the Great North Road in search of his muse, the dead Mary Joyce, voice of the fire.

The unsullied momentum of Edith, Claudia has it. She is possessed by its mystery. Staying alive and alert among the babble, the yowl of the elevated motorway countered by song. She picks up the folds of her bridal dress and steps forth. The males roll and lumber in her slipstream.

‘Shortly after the Battle of Hastings Eadgifu Swanneshais known as Edith Swan-Neck was brought to the field at Senlac by two priests of Waltham Abbey,’ writes Carol McGrath. ‘It must be true. It’s in the Domesday Book,’ says Claudia. Her trump card. As if she had read it. Or written it.

The romance: an heiress, land dowry. Edith the Rich. A wife. Hand-fastened in Danish ritual. Mother of six. Edith the Fair, white as lard. An ice-swan out of Tennyson (exiled in morbid penury at High Beach, Epping Forest). Victim, after the battle, of another burnt house, depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry. Unlike Mary Joyce, she walks through the flames. Perhaps, they say, she returned to Ireland. Reverse immigration.

VOTE LEAVE. Perhaps she became a nun, a secular saint, the Lady of Walsingham.

It begins: this pedestrian expedition tapping out the Brexit boundaries of Nigel Farage’s timeless mead-hall England, before the fleet of plundering Papist wine-drinking Norman-Viking bastards came sailing over the horizon. Just as tabloid gangs of Albanian drug-trafficking, benefit-scrounging white slavers were now reputed to be sneaking ashore on Romney Marsh, at Deal and Camber Sands on their RIBs, kayaks and leaking air mattresses.

Our hobbled pilgrimage launched itself very loosely in the traces of Harold’s exhausted army, as it made a forced march south after the triumph at Stamford Hill in Yorkshire, and the deaths of the fearsome Norseman Hardrada and his ally Tostig, the English king’s exiled brother. This 1066 jolly was underwritten by intimations of the Euro debate and the votes we would soon be casting, fingers crossed (like Harold Godwinson, washed up in Normandy and swearing a politic oath of allegiance to Duke William). Do promises made in foreign lands really count? In the graphic novel of the Bayeux Tapestry (Norman propaganda), Harold is depicted reaching out between twin altars of relics: this was the metaphorical map of our intended journey.

David, who has been drumming on the rims of barges and the pillars of underpasses, on tyres and cylinders abandoned beneath the M25, turns his attention to bicycles. Out here alongside the reservoirs, where the pylons stand proud, cyclists are not a tsunami of self-righteous entitlement. They are spiky individualists with schemes and projects, affection for the territory, and they are happy to engage with Andrew’s banter. Taking his violin bow from a huntsman’s tote bag, David asks permission to play the spokes of well-travelled bicycle wheels, to sound the tension. A melancholy drone solo to which Barton sometimes adds her plaintive voice in a lament for the dead Harold.

One cyclist, Sean Sexton, who handed me a card announcing himself as a dealer in ‘Early Cameras & Photographs’, pulled up his red T-shirt to show off the scars of major surgery.

The towpath was his lifeline as he upped his daily quota of miles, returning to health and strength and Pickett’s Lock.

Within the stretches of the Lea Valley from which Travellers who used to dive for scrap metal have been expelled, along with the broken camps of economic migrants and rough sleepers, our ragged troubadour procession passed without comment, beyond the occasional smoky wave of acknowledgement from a narrowboat. As we approached the spectacular unreality of the Olympic Park, buildings appearing and disappearing before we could reach them, the peloton of commuting cyclists thickened. They were silent assassins, sweeping up from behind, often with growls of resentment that mere pedestrians were occupying their favoured highway.



This zone, now that the barriers were down and the military returned to barracks, was a 'park' only in the sense of retail park or car park. It was alive, certainly, in patches. Bars and artisan burger hangouts and bright new structures so adaptable that they seem to have slid seamlessly from the CGI versions that used to be plastered across intimidating blue fences.

The Olympic Park felt disturbingly provisional, like a promised Eden that might be withdrawn in an instant or returned to landfill. The private security guards on motorised buggies who watched us through binoculars couldn't decide which offence we were committing. The intrusive novelty of the landscape reminded me of Ebbsfleet in the early days of its privileged status as a transport hub and garden city. I asked a worker out there at one of the all-purpose warehouses for directions to the river. He'd never heard of it. But the Thames flowed as usual, fifty yards behind the barrier of storage sheds and distribution depots.

That spatial disorientation was demonstrated, shortly after our return from the walk, by a report from the London Ambulance Service on the shameful incident when a sixty-year-old recreational cyclist at the Velodrome suffered cardiac arrest and died before paramedics could reach him. Two emergency ambulances and a rapid-response vehicle were hopelessly confused when their sat-navs failed. 'The access to E20 Olympic Park (in particular the Velodrome) is difficult, especially for crew not used to the area,' said the report. There was something of a history here. Hours after Sir Bradley Wiggins won his gold medal in the time trial in 2012, Dan Harris, a twenty-eight-year-old internet consultant on a racing bike, was killed after being dragged under an Olympic bus within the shadow of the stadium.



Pushing on into the early evening, we found that familiar markers had vanished. Novelty towers in striking colours rose above the remnants of dirty industries. The old detour that once carried walkers across the tricky vortex of Bow flyover has been replaced by a shivering pontoon walkway, on the fence of which somebody has sprayed the obvious response: EVER CHANGING WORLD. All too soon permitted paths ran out and we were trudging down the diesel-ditch of the A102 towards the Blackwall Tunnel. But the weirdest challenge to memory was an image conjured from cyberspace, revealing a cab rank of pristine swan pedalos parked at the dock between Zaha Hadid's Aquatics Centre and Anish Kapoor's ArcelorMittal Orbit superslide. In 2012, in our original tribute to Edith Swan-Neck and the sculpture in West Marina Gardens, I pedalled a plastic swan alongside Andrew Kötting, from Hastings to the Olympic Park, where it ran up against chains, helicopters, police patrols. It seems that our absurdist voyage had travelled, in the four years between London and Rio, from small independent film to inspiration for the latest promotional gimmick. As soon as it was understood that the working model for the regeneration project – helter-skelter, swan pedalo ride – was a steal from the Flamingo Amusement Park in Hastings, the Olympic Park began to make sense. Compulsory fun for all with serious budget.

Odo the crow, the ex-bishop, eye-pecker, registered his disapproval of a development agency stealing his name. ODA (Olympic Delivery Authority) was an insult he addressed by squirting a white splat on the saddle of a Santander bicycle, whose spokes a kneeling David was stroking with his bow. The other walkers stepped aside from the path, as and when required, to leave samples of their DNA, in liquid or compost form, in bushes, under flyovers, in buckets, bins, forests. A wolf trail of pungent traces. Trousers down, skirts spread.

The first day's march came to an end in the Greenwich Foot Tunnel with Aylward sawing away at more bicycle wheels and Barton busking along with a blue-chinned, floppy-haired guitarist of Spanish gypsy appearance, who claimed to be Italian but who struggled with the rudiments of the language. Together, they made lovely, tile-bounced music. And gifted a silent video of their performance to the overhead security monitors and the screens in the generous lifts carrying bemused wayfarers back to the surface.

Returning, next morning, to pick up the walk at Greenwich, I became aware that most of my fellow passengers, waiting for the DLR connection at Shadwell, were mutants. They looked like regular Docklands folk - neat, shiny shoes, considered hair - but there was always one element out of place. The girl in the pristine white coat had sprouted a pair of crow's wings. The programmer with the burnt-out red eyes was carrying an expensive leather satchel and a light sabre. Morning-after party girls with rescued maquillage had spiders' webs across their faces, and horns poking from freshly airfixed heads. Yesterday, it felt like a natural extension of the terrain when I noticed a chunky young woman in a rubber Superwoman outfit on the platform at Turkey Street. But now every Canary Wharf commuter was morphing into a comic-book character, a second-life spook with no terrestrial identity. The mutants were making their own pilgrimage, striking east to the boosted badlands around ExCel London for a giant comic convention.

Leading us to the statue of General Wolfe on Greenwich Hill, David pointed out areas where ancient trees had been lost in preparing the ground for the equestrian events of the London Olympics. He claimed distant blood kinship with Wolfe, the man who introduced freemasonry



into North America. And he told us to feel, at this notable viewpoint, the surge of energy from the ley line running down the broad avenue from Blackheath. We detoured to take in a set of rough mounds that our local guide glossed as earthworks, set beside an established trackway. When he struck up on the drum, security moved in.

The two officers, one male, one female, were sufficiently impressed by David's antiquarianism to allow the troop free passage, to play on, with discretion, while the park guardians moved out of earshot. We celebrated by settling Claudia in the sunken bath reserved for queens of England. The red rose tattoo on the inside of her right wrist, fat with resting blood, came to life and sprouted in a bangle of thorns.

We had crossed the river, climbed a hill, come far enough for the battlefield dead to decide how they would channel our marchers. Harold insinuated his cussed stubbornness of purpose – always moving, always plotting – beneath Andrew's felt helmet. Claudia was the song of Edith, making sure that councils of itinerant males respected her status and her ennobled afterlife. David's lineage went back much further than Wolfe, to the minstrel Taillefer, the juggling swordsman who rode out in front of the Norman army to sing his Chanson and mock the enemy.

Brief acknowledgement having been made, as we passed over Blackheath, to Wat Tyler and the Peasants' Revolt (war taxes, unstable governance in London), we picked up the pace, and reversed the journey of the disaffected 1381 rebels by marching towards Kent. Saturday morning coffee sippers on the narrow pavements of Blackheath Village looked askance at this



unmannerly intervention of freakishly dressed individuals grouped around a deserted bride, without proper charitable accreditation, robotically following the drumbeat of the man in the orange jumpsuit.

Suburbs unravelled into ribbon-development respectability. Parks and modest oases around persistent rivers like the Quaggy broke the tedium of our advance on Chislehurst. Somewhere in the neurasthenic tranquillity of Bromley, a French woman, with whom Andrew engaged in rapid-fire Franglais dialogue, was holding a garage sale in her front garden. I came away with a bag of three-legged cows and genetically modified sheep, pigs, bears, elephants and albino tigers, to populate the abandoned garages and unoccupied farms I'd already scavenged from the Hackney streets for my grandchildren. And for myself, I couldn't resist a toy that might have charmed André Breton: the severed head of a fox, to which had been fixed a pair of binoculars. By tweaking the beast's right ear, it was possible to view a surreal carousel of images. A generic Alpine scene. A Judex figure in an underworld like the Greenwich Foot Tunnel. The North Downs as barren as the Sahara. A dog with floppy ears against a night sky. A farm hut surrounded by sinister canisters. Three figures gathered around a grave. I interpreted the sequence as a pre-vision of our walk. Andrew reckoned it was a marketing spin-off from Roald Dahl's *Fantastic Mr Fox*. Closer inspection revealed that the merchandise had had been produced in China for the McDonald's franchise.

The compass twitched as the walk became personal, an exercise in autobiography for our captain. Andrew reminisced about family and runaway brothers who slept rough in the bushes beside a pond, while we feasted on preserved beetroot balls and miniature pork pies, and



dribbled over supermarket cheese and tubs of coleslaw. Here was the school in which the sturdy infant Kötting had pulled himself up to the window to gaze on his first love, the Mary Joyce of his immortal longings. Here were his primitive initials gouged in redbrick in a prescient gesture of artistic vandalism.

Here was the sturdy oak where he buried the placenta of his beloved daughter. Lost, for a breath or two, in memory gush, Andrew clutched a fake whalebone box containing a model of the embracing Harold and Edith. A trickle of blood ran down his cheek, as if it had been scratched by the painted thorn on Claudia's wrist.

The long day's tramp ended on a busy roundabout at Green Street Green, on the edge of Orpington, with a hallucinatory lurch into country lanes that carried us back, after thirty minutes slog, to a point twenty yards from where we'd started. Already I could hear the hissing derision of the M25 as it shadowed the Pilgrim's Way.

The only VOTE REMAIN placard I'd registered was back in Hackney, propped against the head of Buddha in the ground-floor window of a Victorian villa. The only BRITAIN STRONGER IN EUROPE sticker was on a green recycling bin at the end of my road.

Leaving the peaceful village church at Chevening behind, a necessary detour to pay our respects to the memorial stones for Andrew's father (subject of his Deadad project) and his paternal grandparents, we ran up against the first major white-on-red VOTE LEAVE board.

It was propped against a rustic fence like a border warning. When we processed over the multiple lanes of unseeing traffic, we were committing ourselves to another country. Jem's cart bleeped a warning as it bounced on the uneven surface. There were hard uphill miles ahead to the Sackville park at Knole. Anonymous Bosch found a shop selling gluten-free cakes with which to celebrate his birthday. Andrew encouraged children in the care of a distinctly Europhile young woman in a grey Jean-Luc Godard Masculin Féminin sweatshirt to make felt-tip additions to the cave art on his baggy suit.

With the dappled acres of Knole, deer in the shadows of immemorial oak trees, long straight paths, and the descent by tangled hollow way to Samuel Palmer's visionary Underriver, we became fugitive figures in a particular kind of English pastoral. Footpaths opened up without any requirement to consult the map. We meandered by quiet fields, groves of flopping gunnera, knots of woodland, into the outskirts of Tonbridge. In the golden hour, we emerged alongside Tonbridge School, where the privileges of private education were demonstrated by immaculate





cricket pitches that rivalled anything in the professional game. Delivering a talk at this school, back in 2015, I was astonished not only by the well-equipped theatre and the boutique studio in which an interview was filmed, but by the precocious intelligence of fifteen-year-old pupils who had taken the trouble to read my books before the event.

Between Tonbridge and Tunbridge Wells, we cut across the devastation of major road improvement schemes and through buttercup meadows in which Claudia might have been expected to break out with a life-enhancing aria from *The Sound of Music*.

The story darkened beneath the rounded redbrick arches of the 1845 Southborough railway viaduct, where a legend in purple capitals had been sprayed: **JACK DAVIS GOT RAPPED UNDER THIS BRIDGE**. Had Jack been the subject of a sexual assault or had he been rapped at with loops of repeated banality familiar to Guantánamo detainees? Soon afterwards our footpath disappeared into a deserted farm from which there was no obvious exit. Even the convex roadside mirror marking a dangerous bend had been stolen, leaving a dull pewter shield. **NO LIVESTOCK WILL BE ACCEPTED DIRTY!!!** The sheds and outhouses stank of slaughter. We found a pen of sheep crammed together, bleating helplessly, untended, in an open barn.

Royal Tunbridge Wells is taken as the exemplar of a certain strand of spa-town respectability. We felt its hostile gaze. Our access road trenched through a zone of car showrooms and forecourts in which gleaming vehicles were penned as close as sheep. **MOTORLINE: BUSINESS AS USUAL**. Waxed Skodas come with a proud number plate: **APPROVED**. The uphill miles of colonised estates to be negotiated before we struck out for Wadhurst, with David in the vanguard, drumming for his life on blind corners, had been freshly planted, like those shrublings in tubes beside new bypass schemes, with a forest of **VOTE LEAVE** signs. When I paused to photograph our knackered troop struggling uphill, with one of the signs in the foreground, a large lady shot from her house to warn me off. Her discrete advertisement, the size of the largest pub-screen TV, was not intended for unapproved consumption. It stood on private property. How she and her partner, hovering with menace in the doorway, intended to vote was their own affair.

I had misunderstood the sign's function. It was an order: fuck off. At the summit of the slope, more signs loomed over brutally barbered privet. They twinkled like the boasts of estate agents out of picture book gardens.

David's drumming never faltered, the bride never missed a step, but the road into Wadhurst was the longest mile and a half I have ever encountered.

We were encouraged by the friendly interest taken in our expedition, and especially Claudia's part in it, by the cooks and waiters who congregated outside an Indian restaurant. They offered to follow in our wake with trays of takeaway curry. There were more adventures ahead, and many more red signs of uniform dispensation in the tidy villages of Kent and East Sussex. This election would be a close run affair, with Scots and metropolitans slanting one way and the rest, stirred by visions of unlicensed immigrant hordes, Magna Carta liberties lost to faceless European bureaucrats, opting out. This time the Normans were going to lose. Brexit for breakfast.

The site of Harold's fatal battlefield was still in dispute. Andrew tried to muster enthusiasm for a group portrait on a busy roundabout that flattered some recent recalibration of Senlac Hill. Now we understood how foot-foundered those shield-locking warriors must have been, after a forced march to York and back. The military commanders, the Godwinson siblings and their allies, rode between engagements, then parked the horses.

We were welcomed into the tourist-trap town by a yellow AA sign offering: **BOWS, ARROWS & BATTLE TACTICS**. After protracted mobile-phone negotiations, we were given permission to round off our expedition with a photograph at Harold's 'other' monument, inside Battle Abbey. Escaping from the lavishly stocked giftshop, we were confronted by a flustered official who withdrew the original offer. The commemorative slab was covered in tarpaulin, scaffolding was in evidence. English Heritage do not permit images of scaffolding. Many of the other buildings were also forbidden, while restoration work took place.

Odo cackled. Odo preened. I wedged him on a stick and he bestrode the hill of slaughter like the triumphant symbol of a Roman legion. The crow was the Geiger counter for the ionized radiation of this bloody shambles. He could sniff out a succulent eyelid at fifty paces. He preached merciless annihilation in his best dog Latin.

The black of the crow. The distressed white of the bereaved bride tasked with assembling the scattered limbs of her husband and lover.



We straggled over the battlefield, where no physical evidence of battle was ever found. Harold, I decided, was an Anglo-Saxon Osiris, his parts distributed across the country. Some said he was buried under a cairn of stones at the shoreline. A mound on which, Viking fashion, Duke William climbed to assert his sovereignty. Bosham laid claim to a few limbs and Waltham Abbey took the head. The peeled autopsy skull with its lidless eyes. Legend had the king surviving the battle and living out the rest of his days as an anchorite in Chester. According to the Dr Who Annual for 1985, Harold was healed of his wounds. He took on the identity of Hereward the Wake in order to fight a guerrilla campaign against benefit-scrounging invaders. According to Alan Moore, in a speculative essay called 'Wake the Dead', published for Arts Lab Northampton, Harold is 'a barebones signifier of resistance'. The dead hero embraced multiple identities. 'He can be everyone.' Including a Straw Bear. A felt-capped performance artist. Boris Johnson. A lump of weathered marble in the obscure corner of a municipal park, between the toilets and the bowling green.

An icy wind nips as we circle the sculpture of Harold and Edith Swan-Neck in St Leonards, before laying out our battered tributes: the whalebone box, the roadside weeds and fox bones. I notice, as I push home against the breeze on the promenade, that the laminated map of Normandy, which stood for years guarding a car park and tempting us across the Channel, has been removed in a strategic gesture, leaving nothing but two bare posts. A few days later we heard that three Iranian men had been rescued by the border force vessel HMC Seeker just off Hastings. 'The group will now be processed,' a spokesman said.

But this is just the beginning of, the end of, the beginning of understanding enlightenment and the setting aside of prejudices, of being alive to death, in death. For the real story which is called THE SIX PROUD WALKERS.

The group will now be processed.

'In which images and terms travel the wrong way through time to influence events before them,' said Michael Tencer, contemplating the afterburn of J.H. Prynne's poem 'Es Lebe der König' 'An act of freedom... a step... It is homage to the majesty of the absurd which bespeaks the presence of human beings.'

Which is as good a definition of the Kötting method as we are going to get. The blind step into absurdity honouring the accidental majesty of spoiled humans. As they walk across the ruins of their dreams and memory swamps. Boots stink. The sealed van is a gas chamber. The bride's honour is her persistence in the fouled dress.

That is to say, we were always travelling forward, down what Alan Moore locates as a psychic trench between Northampton and London. (Or our own equivalent: Waltham Abbey's Doom painting to the life-in-death Laocoönian embrace of Edith Swan-Neck and the eye-gouged Harold in West Marina Gardens). Harold's demi-blindness makes him half poet, half warrior: an Homeric, ocular castration. Milton. Borges. Head-bandaged Joyce undergoing the knife again. Beckett staring through a magnifying glass, through milk-bottle specs, at a black period he can't locate. At the giant fullstop on the penultimate chapter of Ulysses. Before the wetbed monologue spills. And the bride wraps herself in sodden sheets to tramp to a nunnery she has yet to found.



Get that bloody crow-critic off my slate roof.

So, just as the vegetative Buddha of Haggerston Park locks London by staying still on his bench through the hours of daylight, Alan Moore appears to anchor England's centre, and the centre of that centre, in the smoking cave he has chosen for its view of the sea: the same Hastings, one-eye vision that is only available to the resin wizard and the marble Harold who stares up at the Pleiades. (And it won't work without the transfusion of warmth from Edith.) The 1066 walk therefore begins at its ostensible point of dissolution in a dripping Northampton garden, with the decapitated head of Harold in a bush and Edith poised to cast her lament between two ramblers who are making giant linguistic loops around the vanishing subject.

That night, June 22, in the dark before the dull morning of the referendum, the sky tore and split, with lightnings and running fire. Portents. Regime change. The fall of kingdoms. 'The night's too rough for nature to endure... Drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!' Nature affronted. 'Man's nature cannot carry the affliction nor the fear.'

Alan Moore builds his Jerusalem in limbo, characters hang on to chimney pots and give birth on the cobbles. He reads his latest visitors as a herd of Schrödinger's cats, neither living nor dead. King Harold can be butchered and scattered over the land, or buried under pebbles beside the sea. Or he can continue in a parallel world, resurrected as Hereward the Wake. In which character he burns witches in their towers and fights a giant bear. The creature returns, on the end of a rope, attached to the mad poet John Clare. And now the Fen monster, this sticky heap of mud and twigs, the Straw Bear of Whittlesey, must be put to the torch. To be reborn to suffer again. To dance with blackface mummers in boots and skirts.

Let it go.



In July 1923, humouring a whim of Nora Barnacle, James Joyce takes rooms in the Marine Hotel at Bognor Regis. He samples a Ward Lock guide and inspects the church at Bosham, Harold's land, where they assert the right to a portion of his remains, a spare leg or an arm. Harold becomes part of the doubled identity of HCE, the Earwicker of *Finnegans Wake*. An earworm burrowing between interlocking worlds. Hubert or Harold. 'Rootles in the rere garden of mobhouse, ye olde marine hotel... Forgetful of all save his vassal's plain fealty to the ethnarch Humphrey or Harold stayed not yet to yoke or saddle but stumbled out hotface as his was (his sweatful bandanna loose from his pocketcoat) hasting to the forecourts of his public in topee, surcingle, solascarf and plaid, plus fours, puttees and bulldog boots... And not all the king's men nor his horse/ Will resurrect his corpus...'

Hereward's wake is also *Finnegans* (on his memorial envelope of local stone alongside Joyce's daughter Lucia in the Northampton cemetery where we stood in the rain). Alan Moore concludes with Hereward (here-ward, he-word, WardLock, WardBond) as a mad old ranter on the streets shouting at cars. And Joyce agrees. His undead Harold raves about how he is condemned to be part of a cycle of Williams killing Harolds and Harolds firing their arrows into the eyes of Rufus royalty in private forests. Lear as his own fool. 'Then comes the time, who lives to see't,/ That going shall be us'd with feet. This prophecy shall Merlin make; for I live before his time.'

Rere garden. Rare garden. Rose garden. Northampton. Among the dripping. Where we sit in a line. Marine Hotel where we contemplate the horizon over which the invasion fleet will appear

(with my grasping ancestors safely aboard). Alan's doughnut of time. The magician's circle burnt in the carpet around his chair. He wakes to the tale in which he appears. And introduces the **Six Proud Walkers** from the timeless folk song *Green Grow the Rushes, O*. 'Much corrupted and often obscure... An unusual mixture of Christian catchecesis, astronomical mnemonics, and what may be pagan cosmology.' Six for six proud walkers. The prophet Ezekiel speaks of six men with swords come in a vision to slaughter the people, whose leaders have filled the land with violence.

'Following the witch, the princess and the monstrous bear,' Moore writes, 'he disappears down urchin-tunnels in the undergrowth and ducks into the English dreamtime; becomes one with the remembered landscape, fuses with its chalk giants and its swerving, street-drinking Tom Cobbley songlines, joins the nine bright shiners and the six proud walkers.'

It took the trip to Northampton to identify our troop as one verse of a haunting folk song. As David drummed and the tired but elated pilgrims circled the marble effigies in the municipal garden, those six proud walkers – Kötting, Barton, Finer, Bosch, Aylward, Sinclair – fused into a communal ring, another space-time singularity, a dance feeding back into the shredded memory of itself. Before cold beers on the damp stone where the triumphant Duke William first dined. Our particle exchange was accomplished, the trench was dug. All are one now, part road, part river, in song and silence. 'One is one and all alone/ And evermore shall be so.'

All photographs in this chapter by Iain Sinclair





A DIARY OF PERAMBULATIONS

ANDREW KÖTTING

CHAPTER 4

27th May 2016 - Day 1

We gather. A clan. Upon Harold's slab of buried body parts, apparently.

The sun is with us. Greetings exchanged and bodies embraced. We can admire someone only if they are three-quarters irresponsible, admiration has nothing to do with respect. I admire this gaggle of gatherers. In fact I love them all.

Iain, as ever an itch to get started, but first the gargoyles hidden upon the church walls. I morph into one. Felt helmet and flowered suit, a chin that remains too proud and lips that cower into the mouth of time.

An appetite for torment through endurance the same as the lure for comfortable gain in others. Claudia in Swan Neck dress all train and Dr Martin Boots. Is there no end to her bedazzlement? Jem and his music-box aspirations in the form of a torturer's wheel. David drumming already, not hidden but gleaming in luminous camouflage. John the-ever-ready-Rogers and Paul-on-your-marks-get-set, go. We're off.

Any success, in any realm, involves an inner impoverishment. It makes us forget what we are, it deprives us of the torments of our limits. And for this we are eternally grateful. Let the torment begin. We each have our own fictions to tread. Riverside abodes, a busy road and the Lea Valley as company.

The mistake of those who apprehend decadence is to try to oppose it, whereas it must be encouraged; by developing it, it exhausts itself and permits the adventure of other forms. The walk into our own delirium overseen by *the angels of happenstance*. We need to hope.

The walk has begun.

The River Lee towards locks and reservoirs, shopping trolleys and bras in trees.

Springfield Park and ice creams, Springfield park and long boats, Springfield Park and immaculate sidelocks, payots and overcoats. According to Jewish tradition, the Torah, (God's Own Words), preceded the world by two thousand years. Never has a people esteemed itself so highly and to attribute such priority to its sacred book is the work of a spin doctor or big head, probably a man.

Anathemas and admirations. A minimum of silliness is essential for everything, for affirming and even for denying. The Isle of Dogs fetches up the memory of *Klipperly Klopp* but I must not look back towards those rose-coloured testicles even if they balm and soothe the pound of the ground. There is work to be done, and a foot tunnel to be sung: *Now I see you leave, Right out of my life, My heart cries out, I gave you my love, And my devotion, And I gave you my soul, Well my Love Love Love, Is gone with the wind, Is my love, Like a bird in the sky, He's gone with the wind, Is my love.*

And it comes to me as we surface into the night

air; there exists an undeniable pleasure in knowing that everything I've done has no real basis, that whether or not I've committed an action or I've been part of a happening is a matter of indifference and yet I *must* keep doing it. To glimpse the essential, no need to ply a trade, stay flat on your back all day, and moan. Blackheath for supper and the bosom of good company.

28th May – Day 2

Again we gather, this time where we left off last night.

The Cutty Sark is in front of us and the Greenwich foot tunnel beneath us. *I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to the earth, but I knew not where; for, so swiftly it flew, my sight could not follow it through in it's flight, where it landed no one knew* hangs in the air, she's been singing it a lot lately, everywhere. The melody soars as if stolen from the blisters of Anthony's feet. Poor, poor sod. 26 miles from the day before has crippled him. Suffering opens our eyes, helps us see what we could not have seen otherwise. Hence it is useful only as knowledge and, thereafter, serves only to poison existence. Which serves to further knowledge. He has suffered and therefore he has understood. Elsewise stay in doors and don't go out.

We're out and about.

The drum beats in the new day. Iain is in the wrong hat, he looks elderly but as ever takes off sprightly. Tourists abound as we wend our merry way. We process as both spectacle and obstacle. They come over here. One can imagine everything, predict most things, save how low we can all sink. Depressives when they are not being depressed are often the funniest people I know. Prejudice is an organic truth, false in itself but accumulated by the generations and transmitted with impunity. The nation that renounces it heedlessly will then renounce itself until it has nothing left to give up.

Monotheistic belief systems, believing in themselves above all others. *The heathens are back amongst us*. Odo, the crow, and as he flies we will walk, banging the skin to the sound of the drum that beats new bounds. We're not *going round in circles, not graceful not like dancers, not neatly, not like a compass and pencil, more like a*

dog on a lead gone mental, that's us. Two Scottie dogs appear from Edith's skirts and then a policeman and policewoman, a shopping trolley and a Golden Retriever. Is there no end to what she might hold? Onwards into the straightahead. Landscapes are culture before they are nature; constructs of the imagination projected into Elmstead Woods, the bows and arrows at play, the foreplays, the sexual forays, the girls that ran away. I was here or thereabouts in the notsolongago.

A myth and vision establishing itself in an actual place, the metaphor of mind becoming more real than their referents. They are now one and the same, they are the scenery. Over there is where I ran my first marathon, here is the graffiti I applied to the wall of the school, the ledge I pulled up onto eversotall, in order that I might glimpse Philippa Wells, the back of her neck, her winceyette, the pencil sharpener, the warm milk, the shirt I never took off because she had kissed it, the stinging nettles I ran through for the dare and down there in The Pit next to the old oak tree is the placenta of my daughter, Eden, born on the thirteenth floor of Guys Hospital, April 6th 1988. In the years since I have come back to it, the tree has grown to become a part of me. It is held together by memories, even as I am falling apart.

Surrounded by ivy and screened by trees, my mind has become an enclosed world, but never left to itself.

I embrace the interlopers and collaborators, they are here with me today and I love them. Others have imagined the forest depths as a naturally fortified shelter, like my brother Peter who lived behind a holly bush in deep mid summer, because of the helter-skelter that was his raging pubescent mind and our father's enormity. He stood tall in my

book, always will do, despite his short legs and funny gait. Since, to follow a trail is to remember how it goes, making one's way in the present is itself a recollection of the past, so this my onward movement is indeed a return, a return to the now with potent hindsight, it will be difficult to surpass. Janet Hardisty, Julie Hamilton country, Philippa Wells's skullduggery and the sublime hodgepodge of mixed sexual (lookback) emotions. As antidote I cling to Edith's train as it undulates like a wave, swooshing from side to side, through Petts Wood, accruing arboreal droppings, flowerings, and trace elements right before my eyes. Bright Eyes, Art Garfunkle, now there's a song to make you cry, or sick: *There's a high wind in the trees. A cold sound in the air, And nobody ever knows when you go, And where do you start? Oh, into the dark, Bright eyes burning like fire. Bright eyes.*

The heights of despair and the temptation to exist often arriving in equal measure with the noise of the A21 as deafening sounding board. We are along side it but I am in a good mood. Soon-be-there and food. But first a beer in the pub at the Green Street Green roundabout.

29th May – Day 3

Back to Green Street Green, a car park and a stall that has sold me flowers for my freshly-dead mother these last fifteen years.

I buy some to take to Chevening and the Garden of Remembrance where she will soon be interred to rest amongst the other dead. The Deadad, the Deadad's Deadad and the Deadad's Deadmother. A short history of decay.

The clear-sighted person who understands himself, explains himself, justifies himself and dominates his actions will never make a memorable gesture. Psychology is the hero's grave, so we push on towards Pratt's Bottom, from *Oh Happy Days*, this late May daze, a haze. Jem is back amongst us, his noise clattering towards the other Pilgrim's way. Then out of the green as if from nowhere St Botolph Church Of England Church is with us.

Edith lays down to rest in the garden-of-rest, the sun is strong.

I'm tearful and then SHE sings her song, in close up, we're not there for very long but the enormity and futility of our every gesture overwhelms me and yet paradoxically fills me with hope. We are walking this new absurdity into existence through our very being. Shoulder to shoulder with His Master's Voice, thought box and clever clogs of the highest order; I know that *he* will make sense of it all later, meantime when a nation no longer has any prejudice in its blood, its sole resource remains its will to disintegrate. Imitating music, that discipline of dissolution, it makes its farewells to the passions, to the sing-song waste, to sentimentality, to an arrow-in-the-eye

blindness. Henceforth it can no longer worship without irony; the sense of distance travelled will remain its lot forever.

I cried again, eversobriefly before our procession moved on, but I was happy-of-heart amongst my friends and these Oh-So-Happy-Days. The M25 beneath us and Knole Park beyond us when a car pulls over and children pile out. I invite them to add flowers and trees to *the suit* Leila and Eden have made me. The mother is gorgeous and I rest transfixed.

We're all taking part in the existence of things. Up on the hill beyond Sevenoaks station was my uncle's practice, a dentist. They put me to sleep there once and when I awoke with a lot less teeth than when they started I demanded meringues and Coca Cola in The Alpine Café. The hill is steep but we march it, up to the top of the hill and then down again into Knole Park.

The essentials can appear at the end of a long conversation conducted under the duress of an ambulation. The great truths are often spoken on the hoof. Deep within the woods a couple emerge, all flushed and post-dogging-looking but as they pass unknowing and with glanced inspection, I realise that the man is a work colleague from the University and his miss-arse a German compatriot. We've dined together on numerous occasion in France en route to our Pyrenean hidey-hole, but today I'm all fervor, immersed in the atmosphere of an Edenic HIGH. I only recognise them from behind, they are fully dressed and awfully confused by our disheveled procession. *Adieu and onwards into your own affray* they say. For a writer to change language is like writing a love-letter with a dictionary.

The sun sets and the rhythm renews, we stumble into Tonbridge, Anonymous Bosch has taken the reins, but for him too, even as an ancient inhabitant, all is discombobulation. He seems lost. I realise that we must be in a state of permanent physical weakness for words to touch us, for them to insinuate themselves into us and thereafter the beginnings of a sort of career.

The crow flies high and we collapse into the car park at The Castle. Paul Smith is there to meet us in immaculate garb and high spirits.

30th May – Day 4

Tonbridge Castle, Tonbridge not Tunbridge Wells, we'll be there eventually but avoiding roads and flying like the crows we get lost a little too quickly. It is Anthony's birthday and we make time to sing out for him beneath the busy dual carriageway. Everything seems debased and futile once the rhythm stops so David picks up his sticks and we're off.

I'm now looking at history; here the Normans are seen cutting down trees and building their ships, the ships are loaded with arrows and armour and food. I can see them sailing across the Ocean. Can you see their horses in the ships, can you hear the horses galloping?

We've stumbled out of the woods and into a farmyard, a place of killing but *No Livestock Is Slaughtered Dirty*, according to a grubby notice hidden in the trees. The footpath has petered out and an atmosphere of death hangs heavy in the air. It stinks.

They land near Hastings, the battle is very fierce, at last the Normans win and the Saxons run away.

Quite unjustly we grant depression only a minor status, well below that of anguish, whereas the black dog is the more virulent affliction but stubborn to the ways of the world. Modest and yet devastating, it can appear at any moment, whereas anguish, being remote saves itself for the Big Occasion. I'm mindful of this, as amidst my company, Sally has become a topic of conversation.

It is who you walk with that matters and the depth of passion is measured by the low feelings it involves. Feelings that guarantee an intensity and a continuance. Melancholy feeds on itself and that is why it cannot

renew itself, I love it, it makes me happy. Onwards we go, ever onwards. A picnic overlooking a lake in drizzle-rain with some *Ice Cream For Crow*.

Iain has been carrying a black-as-black-crow-decoy from the getgo but it is only now that Jem seduces him with the power of a modern mobile; snippets of Captain Beefheart's last studio album (googled on my own phone), hang all tinny twitter in the air. The crow is Odo, bishop of Bayeux, I like to call him Oboe and I'm sure that it was Iain who told me (amongst many other things) that during the Second World War Heinrich Himmler coveted the tapestry, regarding it as important for the glorious and cultured Germanic history as everything else they'd plundered.

As if to describe a misery were as easy as to live through it.

It is raining so we march in coats, men in coats, and our woman, our legstrong lady, and we really march, we march until it hurts, a procession struggling to attain its hills. A Polish War Monument; aviator and father to the sons of sons and grandsons, who have been seen to polish and clean the paving stones and hedgerows of this glorious Kent countryside. I'm moved to rest and listen to the stories abound of how Petr's father, Stanislaw careered into the ground. The memorial flowers smell wonderful, unlike my imitation whale-bone casket which I have carried with me all the way. It contains a *familiar* in the form of a sculpture of Harold and Edith and body parts from road kills that I've acquired, and hedgerow flowers.

Another short history of decay.

England had become very tired of the strangers and foreigners with whom Edward had filled his court, and so they said '*Let us have a real Englishman to rule over us, and whilst you're at it, one that is brave and wise.*' And they knew that Harold was wise because he had led them many times into battle. So it came to pass that the day after Edward the Confessor was buried, the people crowded into the church at Westminster, and the new king was crowned. And that's about all I knew before this walk got underway. Eight months he was King, died on his birthday and tomorrow we will be in Battle.

But first let's get the party started, tonight Anthony is our King and he will feast on all things gluten free and vegetables and a gin and tonic. Anonymous Bosch can eat his heart out.

31st May – Day 5

Today we start at The Black Shed Gallery near Robertsbridge and not where we left off the night before. There is work to be done, Anonymous Bosch will have an exhibition of digital-pinholes and pinholes here in September, so the owner is keen that we pose for a pinhole. We also meet Nat Segnit (writer and walker), who will shadow us for a few hours, extracting words and thoughts from our principle psychicgeographer in an attempt to get to the heart of the matter that is Alan Moore.

Thereafter to Burwash.

Our sound travels freely through the air, disrespecting all physical or social boundaries, incapable of being easily contained. It is a simple yet effective way for our rag-taggle culture to impose itself upon all others. It emanates from us as we *process* through the upper middle class commuter belt of the South East. We are beyond the hop-pickers and farmers and at once conceptualists, theorists and situationists, logicians, mathematicians, planners, schemers and dreamers but above all we are noise-makers. David at the helm, hammering it home. Iain deep in conversation with the new interrogator. Jem, microphone to hand, pulling his wheel and dragging his stick. Claudia sings me into another of her reveries, as beguiled as the natives, we push on regardless. But my felt hat has become intolerable, the heat overwhelming, the sweat pours down my face and the dampness escorts me into Netherfield.

Bosch is back amongst us, his camera a neutral surface for carrying images, emphasizing the gap between what is and what was, the pictures are frayed and the memories will surely follow suit. Our rushed obsession encouraged by the foot pounding meditation, blisters now bursting, he is there as faithful mirror.

And not only of the physical conflicts, but equally of our psychological battle ground to keep-going.

Then there it is; a yellow AA road sign that reads: *Bows, Arrows and Battle Tactics*. We march upon The High Street and into Battle. It is busy with foreign students, tacticians, enthusiasts and Japanese tourists. At Jempson's tea-rooms we sup on tea and cakes; it's a good place to rest and pester the staff. We must have been making a right racket, because crowds have gathered to inspect the cacophonous entourage. It's a privilege to be amongst such company. But ever the fall, I phone up The Abbey in an attempt to gain access to Harold's Tomb.

The conversation opens up a bureaucratic can of negative worms.

We are left to flounder around in the gift shop, advised by the powers-that-be that we have to ignore our proposed destination and Brexit by the backdoor. Prevented we move on, walking tall and beating the bounds of the grounds all the way to Grosvenor Gardens.

Resolution and conclusion are inherent in all plot-driven narratives, but we prefer to march to the tune of an unknown soldier. *He* was up there somewhere behind the scaffolding. Mentor and savior. Collage is a demonstration of the many becoming the one, with the one never fully resolved because of the many that continue to impinge on it.

Marshlands and boggy quarries; *the river it is flowing, flowing and growing, the river it is flowing down to the sea, Old Mother carry me, a child I'll always be, Old Mother carry me down to the sea.*

We can smell the sea, we are running.

Ps The novel is dead. Long live the antinovel, built from scraps of 'real-life' experience.

The river it is flowing, flowing and growing, the river it is flowing down to the sea, Old Mother carry me, a child I'll always be, Old Mother carry me down to the sea.

St Leonards-on-Sea – July 2016



AN EDITH FAMILIAR

ANDREW KÖTTING ET AL



CHAPTER 5

A FAMILIAR SPIRIT (ALTER EGO, DOPPELGÄNGER, PERSONAL DEMON, PERSONAL TOTEM, SPIRIT COMPANION AND LOOK-A-LIKE) IS THE DOUBLE, THE ALTER-EGO, OF AN INDIVIDUAL OR INDIVIDUALS. EVEN THOUGH IT MAY HAVE AN INDEPENDENT LIFE OF ITS OWN, IT REMAINS CLOSELY LINKED TO THE INDIVIDUAL OR INDIVIDUALS. THE FAMILIAR SPIRIT CAN BE AN ANIMAL (ANIMAL COMPANION) OR HUMAN AND NOWADAYS MIGHT COMPRISE AND EFFIGY OR SCULPTURAL FORM THAT POSSESSES THE SPIRIT OF ITS' ALTER EGO.

FAMILIARS ARE MOST COMMON IN WESTERN EUROPEAN MYTHOLOGY, WITH SOME SCHOLARS ARGUING THAT FAMILIARS ARE ONLY PRESENT IN THE TRADITIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

SINCE THE 20TH CENTURY A NUMBER OF MAGICAL PRACTITIONERS, HAVE BEGUN TO UTILISE THE CONCEPT OF FAMILIARS, DUE TO THEIR ASSOCIATION WITH OLDER FORMS OF MAGIC. THESE CONTEMPORARY PRACTITIONERS MIGHT USE PETS, WILDLIFE OR THREE DIMENSIONAL PRINTS AND BELIEVE THAT VISIBLE SPIRIT VERSIONS OF FAMILIARS ACT AS MAGICAL AIDS OR GUIDES.

WHEN FAMILIARS SERVED WITCHES, THEY WERE OFTEN THOUGHT TO BE MALEVOLENT WHILE WHEN WORKING FOR THE CUNNING-FOLK THEY WERE OFTEN THOUGHT OF AS BENEVOLENT (ALTHOUGH THERE WAS SOME HEARSAY IN BOTH CASES). THE FORMER WERE OFTEN CATEGORISED AS NO-GOODS, WHILE THE LATTER WERE MORE COMMONLY THOUGHT OF AND DESCRIBED AS DO-GOODS. THE MAIN PURPOSE OF FAMILIARS IS TO SERVE THE ARTIST OR WALKER, PROVIDING PROTECTION FOR THEM AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE.



SHE SPOKE NO WORD SHE WEPT NO TEAR.

SHE KISSED HIS PALE MOON CHEEK.

SHE KISSED HIS BROW SHE KISSED HIS LIPS

SHE KISSED THE DEEP WOUND UPON HER LOVER'S BREAST.

HAROLD DOES NOT DIE AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS BUT IS SPIRITED AWAY TO EMERGE TRANSFORMED IN NEW WARS AGAINST VIKING INVADERS AS HERWARD. IN CERTAIN MEN EVERYTHING ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING DERIVES FROM THEIR PHYSIOLOGY; THEIR BODY IS THEIR MIND AND THEIR MIND IS THEIR BODY.



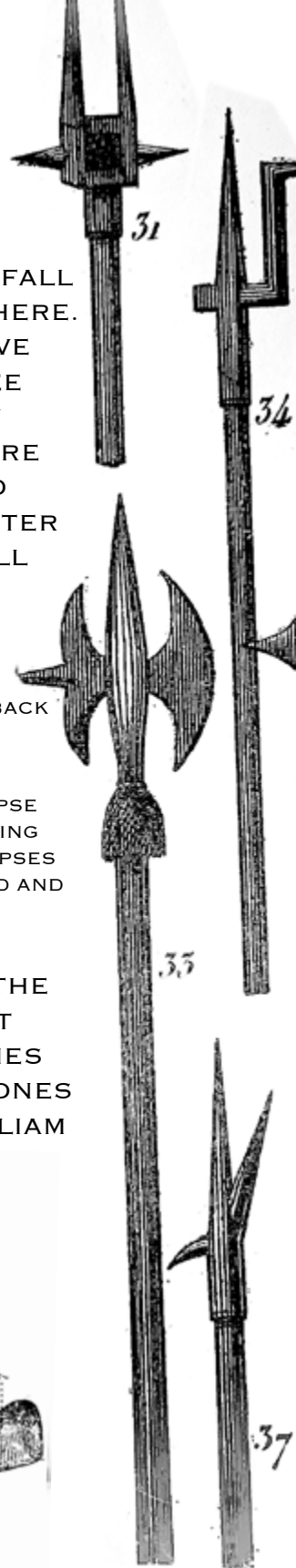
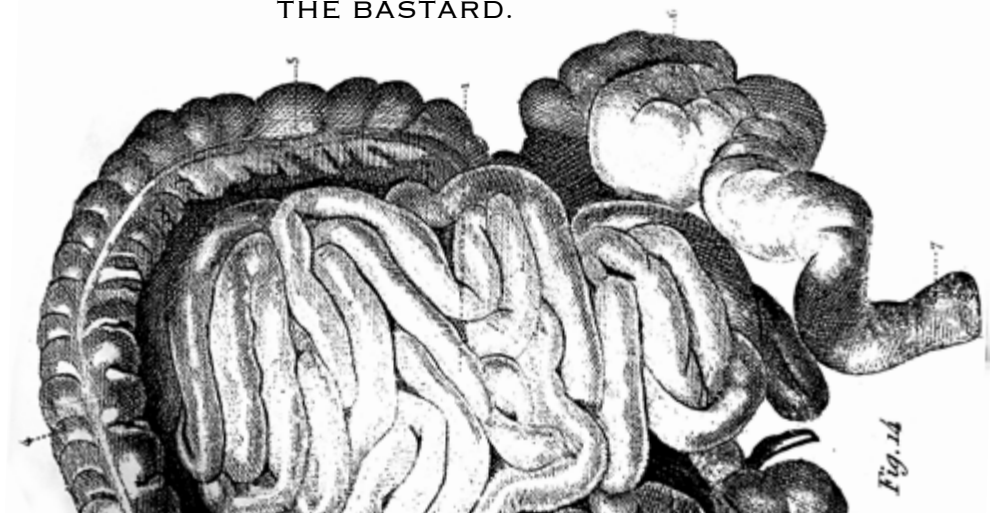
HIS DEAD EYE MISSES NOTHING. HIS MISTRESS SEES EVERYTHING. IT FEELS VERY MUCH AS IF HAROLD'S BONES ARE EVERYWHERE AND NOWHERE, RAVEN-CLEANED, DOG SCATTERED, EDITH ASSEMBLED.

I SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR. DID IT FALL UPON THE EARTH? IF SO I KNOW NOT WHERE. IT'S GONE TO THE AIR LIKE MY LOVE. LOVE WHERE DID YOU GO? THERE ARE NO TREE SPIRITS THERE ARE NO DEMONS BELOW THE DIRT THERE ARE NO GODS THERE ARE ONLY WORDS HANDED DOWN BY MEN TO OTHER MEN WHO REFUSE TO KNOW BETTER AND LIKE THE HEATHENS THEY ARE STILL AMONGST US.

THE MONUMENT IS A GOTHIC ROMANCE. SKIN LIKE SYPHILITIC MARBLE. THE DEAD ARE MAKING A COMEBACK AND THEIR MORTAL RAFT WEDGED ON AN ALTAR OF WEDDING CAKE NIBBLED BY GIANT ALBINO RATS.

PETRIFIED BY HER WOES EDITH DISCOVERS THE CORPSE OF THE KING! HIS LIVER LIES BEYOND HIS LEGS LOOKING BACK TOWARDS HIS TOES AND SOME THOUSAND CORPSES ARE STREWN IN HEAPS ON THE RED EARTH. MANGLED AND MAIMED STRIPPED-STARK NAKED CONFOUNDED AND BE-PLUNDERED

I FEEL THAT WE SHOULD BE CARRYING THE WHALEBONE CASKET OR A LIGHTWEIGHT COPY AS REPRESENTING BOTH THE BONES OF THE SLAUGHTERED KING AND THE BONES ON WHICH HE SWORE THE OATH TO WILLIAM THE BASTARD.



WHEN YOU GET THE CHANCE TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT HAROLD'S LEFT HAND. ONE OF THE FINGERS IS A CIRCUMCISED COCK, BENT AT AN ALARMING ANGLE. THE RIGHT HAND GRASPS THE ROD OF HIS AXE, THE WIND GRABS HOLD THE MEMORIES AND HIS EYES ARE SO CLOSE TOGETHER HE WILL NEVER NEED SPECTACLES A MONOCLE WILL SUFFICE. WE MUST HAVE A CANNIBAL FEAST ON THE HAROLD SLAB. WE MUST EAT HALF-MAN HALF-BURGER.




SHORTLY AFTER THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS EADGIFU SWANNESHALS KNOWN AS EDITH SWAN-NECK WAS BROUGHT TO THE FIELD AT SENLAC BY TWO PRIESTS OF WALTHAM ABBEY; OSGOD CNOPPE AND ELTHELRIC CHILDEMAISTER TO IDENTIFY KING HAROLD'S BODY. HOW SHE GOT THERE OR WHERE SHE WENT NOBODY KNOWS. SOME SAY THEY HAVE SEEN HER ROAMING THE NORMAN ROAD WITH AN HUGE BLACK DOG AND WAYWARD PRAM.

WHEN THE BATTLE STORM WAS RINGING AND ARROW CLOUD WAS SINGING HAROLD STOOD THERE OF ARMOUR BARE HIS DEADLY SWORD STILL SWINGING. THE FOREMEN FELT ITS BITE HIS HORSEMEN RUSHED TO FIGHT YET DANGERS WERE STILL RINGING. NORMAN AND ENGLISHMAN DIED THAT DAY IN HEAPS LEFT SIDE BY SIDE AND YET STILL TODAY A WIDE SEA OF HATRED KEEPS THEM APART.



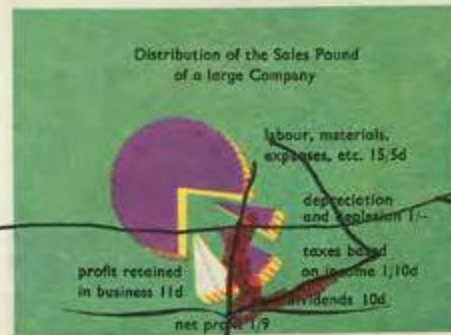
IT IS SAID THAT AFTER HAROLD WAS DEAD PEOPLE FOUND THE WORD ENGLAND PRINTED ON HIS BREAST **JUST OVER HIS HEART.** OTHERS PRAYED TELL THAT IT WAS A LOVERS BITE BUT HISTORY IS THE CONFABULATION OF MEN AND ONE OF THESE DAYS EDITH AND HER TYPE WILL GET A LOOK IN. THEY WILL SET THE BIG BOOKS TO RIGHTS WITH MARGINALIA AND FOOTNOTES WORTHY OF A UNIVERSAL TREND.



NEVER WILL I SUCCUMB TO NORMAN RULE.
HOW COULD I HAVE OVERLOOKED MY BODY'S
OWN MONTHLY PURIFICATION? WHENEVER I
STOP I AM APPALLED BY THE CURSE WHICH
RAGES DEVASTATION IN MY UNDERGARMENTS.

EDEN ARROWS

THE ARROW AND THE SONG
INSPIRED BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
1807-1882



A pie graph is often used to make clear divisions of a whole.

lost a game, or when the other player got applause, he might not be able to play as well after he fell behind, or with Art's friends shout-
Art. We say these game

1. But
played
Pascal

that line
olved. If

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are luck.
he had 45
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CHAPTER 6



I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth,
But I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew
My sight could not follow it through
In it's flight.
Where it landed no one knew

So I breathed a song
Up into the air,
And it fell unto the earth
But I knew not where
For who has sight so keen and strong?
That it can follow



PUT TO THE TEST

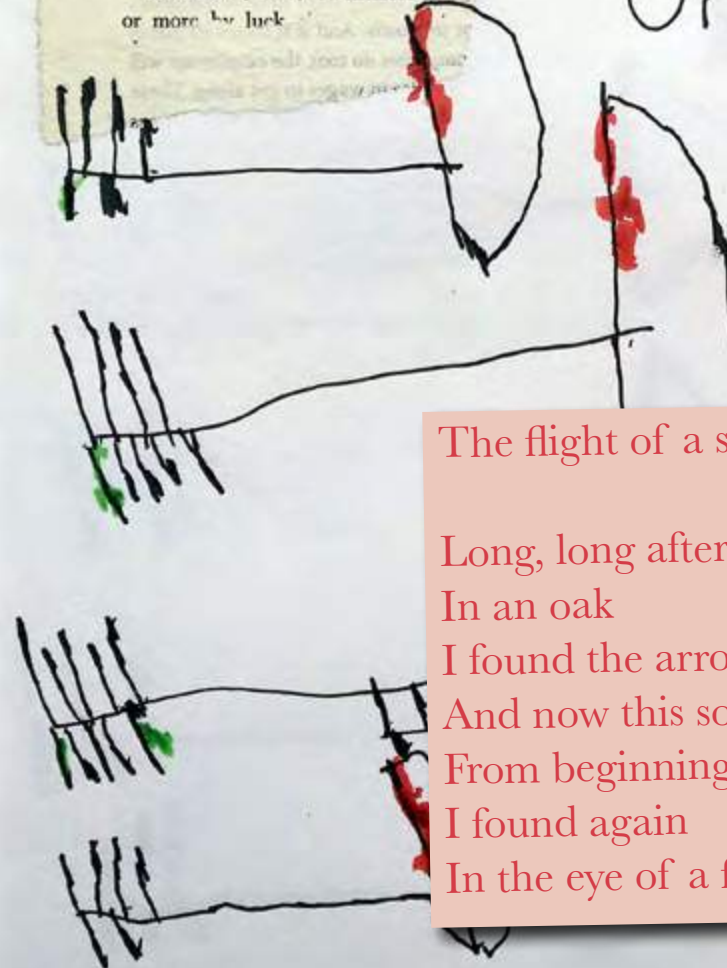
The graphs do look as if Art is well ahead, let's see what statistics say. Since the boys have ten games, let's look at the 10 line of the Triangle back on page 82.

Adding up all the numbers across gives us the total number of chances in you do this, what do you get?

There are 1024 chances. Art has just one in 1024 of winning all ten games by pure luck. He had 10 chances of winning nine. Five chances of winning eight of them. The question is, did he have one chance in 10 of winning or more by pure luck? If he did, a statistician would say this does not prove that Art is a champion on the basis of skill alone.

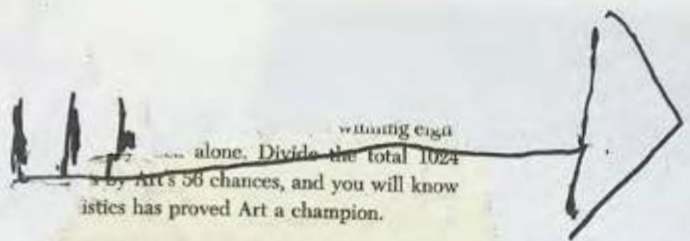
Art had 1 + 10 + 45 chances of winning or more by pure luck.

I Shot
an arrow
into
the AIR
OF Love



The flight of a song?

Long, long afterwards
In an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And now this song
From beginning to the end,
I found again
In the eye of a friend



... alone. Divide the total 1024
by Art's 56 chances, and you will know
istics has proved Art a champion.

NOT QUITE SO SIMPLE

Art had one chance in 18 of winning those games without being a better player. So he hasn't quite proved himself a champion. But he has given us a simple example of the statistical method.

Statistics isn't always this simple, though. To begin with, to be a statistician you have to learn the language. An "event" is one toss of the coin, or a set of coins, one game or a series of games, one step in testing a machine—any happening for which the chance or probability can be calculated.

There are different kinds of events, too. I say Art and Bill were tossing coins. No one has anything to do with any other toss. When they are independent events.

But Art and Bill really were playing a series of games. This is different. What happens in one game affects all those that come afterward. He plays very hard in the first game. He may be so tired that he cannot play well in the second.

Or if Bill were a boy who got angry

Yes I found again
In the eye of a friend

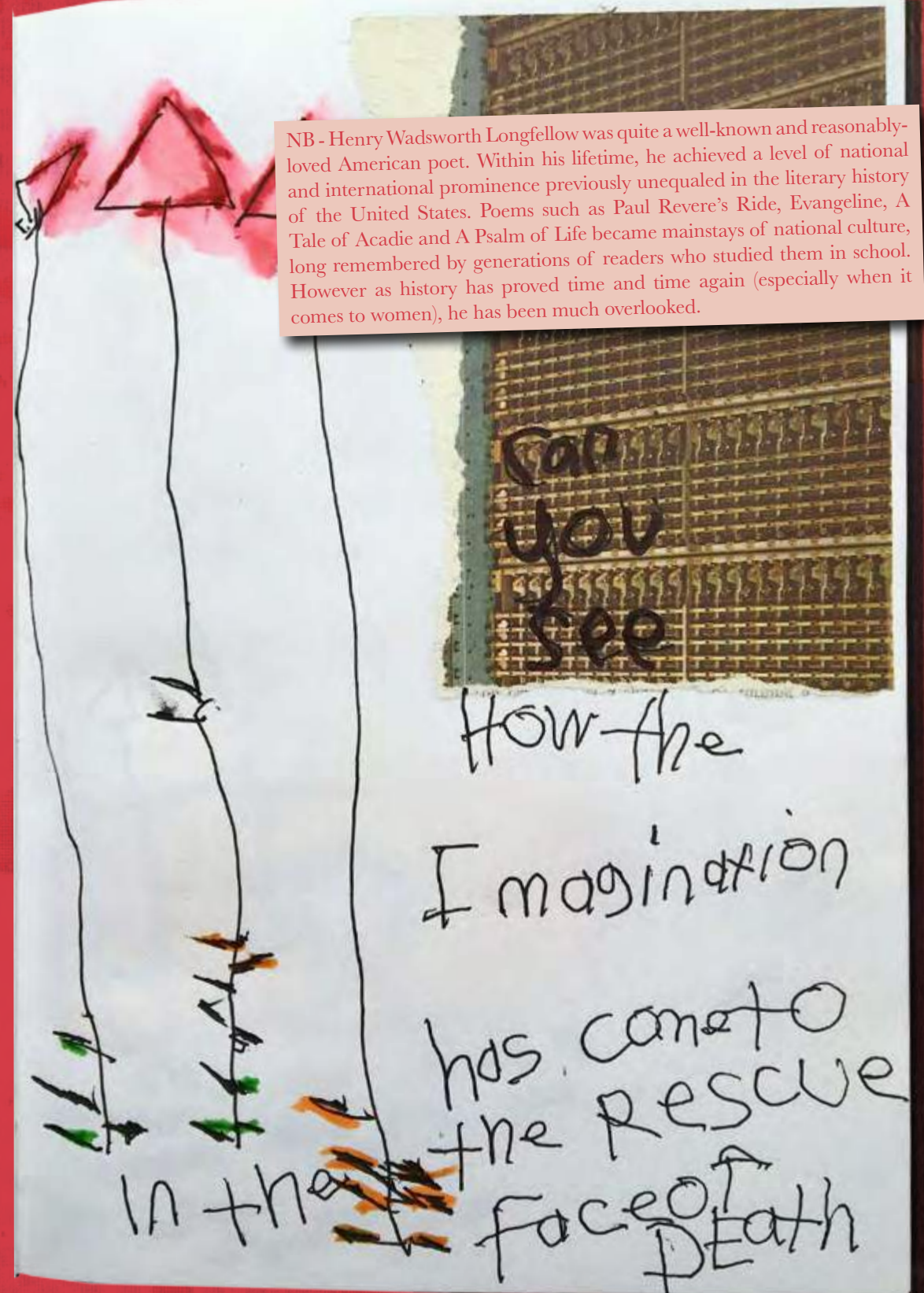
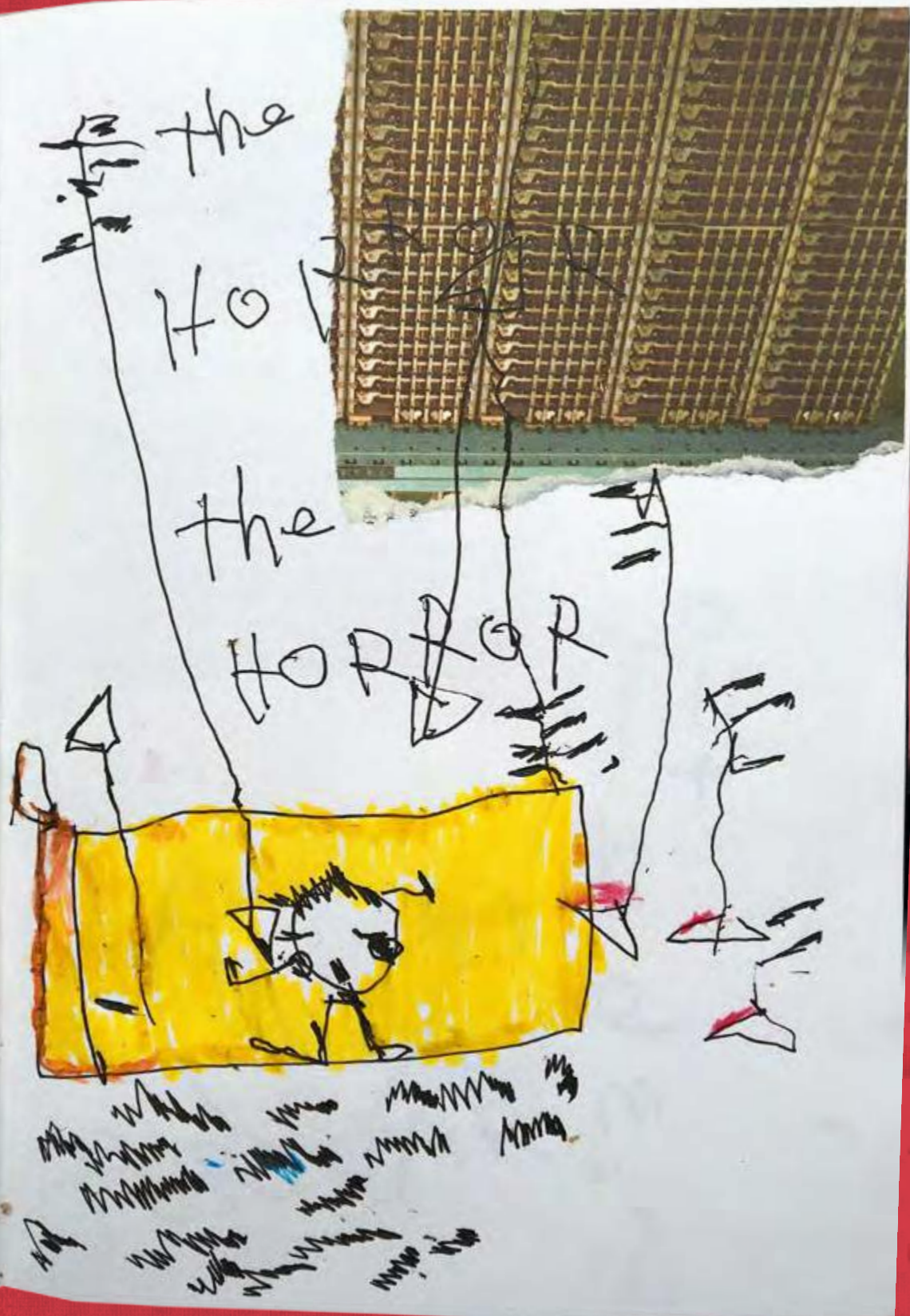
I found this song
In the eye of a friend

I found this song
In the eye of a friend



open loop) you have machines (computers) which also keep track of supplies on hand, of use of parts, of incoming purchases, and sales of finished

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That
human



THE BATTLEFIELD OF HASTINGS

CHRISTIAN JOHANN HEINRICH HEINE



CHAPTER 7



Deeply the Abbot of Waltham
sighed
**When he heard the news
of woe:**
How King Harold had come
To a pitiful end,
**And on Hastings field
lay low.**

Asgod and Ailrik, two of his monks,
On the mission drear he sped
To search for the corpse on the battle-plain
Among the bloody dead.

The monks arose and went sadly forth,
And returned as heavy-hearted.
O Father, the world's a bitter world,
And evil days have started.

For fallen, alack! is the better man;
The Bastard has won, and knaves
And scutcheoned thieves divide the land,
And make the freemen slaves.

The veriest rascals from Normandy,
In Britain are lords and sirs.
I saw a tailor from Bayeux ride
With a pair of golden spurs.

O woe to all who are Saxon born!
Ye Saxon saints, beware!
For high in heaven though ye dwell,
Shame yet may be your share.

Ah, now we know what the comet meant
That rode, blood-red and dire,
Across the midnight firmament
This year on a broom of fire.

T'was an evil star, and Hastings field
Has fulfilled the omen dread.
We went upon the battle-plain,
And sought among the dead

While still there lingered any hope
We sought, but sought in vain;
King Harold's corpse we could not find
Among the bloody slain.

Asgod and Ailrik spake and ceased.
The Abbot wrung his hands.
Awhile he pondered, then he sighed,
Now mark ye my commands.

By the stone of the bard at Grendelfield,
Just midway through the wood,
One, Edith of the Swan's Neck, dwells
In a hovel poor and rude.

They named her thus, because her neck
Was once as slim and white
As any swan's when, long ago,
She was the king's delight.

He loved and kissed, forsook, forgot,
For such is the way of men.
Time runs his course with a rapid foot;
It is sixteen years since then.

To this woman, brethren, ye shall go,
And she will follow you fain
To the battle-field; the woman's eye
Will not seek the king in vain.

Thereafter to Waltham Abbey here
His body ye shall bring,
That Christian burial he may have,
While for his soul we sing.

The messengers reached the hut in the wood
At the hour of midnight drear.
Wake, Edith of the Swan's Neck, rise
And follow without fear.

The Duke of Normandy has won
The battle, to our bane.
On the field of Hastings, where he fought,
The king is lying slain.

Arise and come with us; we seek
His body among the dead.
To Waltham Abbey it shall be borne.
Twas thus our Abbot said.

The woman arose and girded her gown,
And silently went behind
The hurrying monks. Her grizzly hair
Streamed wildly on the wind.

Barefoot through bog and bush and briar
She followed and did not stay,
Till Hastings and the cliffs of chalk
They saw at dawn of day.

The mist, that like a sheet of white
The field of battle cloaked,
Melted anon; with hideous din
The daws flew up and croaked.

In thousands on the bloody plain
Lay strewn the piteous corpses,
Wounded and torn and maimed and
stripped,
Among the fallen horses.

The woman stopped not for the blood;
She waded barefoot through,
And from her fixed and staring eyes
The arrowy glances flew.

Long, with the panting monks behind,
And pausing but to scare
The greedy ravens from their food,
She searched with eager care.

She searched and toiled the livelong day,
Until the night was nigh;
Then sudden from her breast there burst
A shrill and awful cry.

For on the battle-field at last
His body she had found.
She kissed, without a tear or word,
The wan face on the ground.

She kissed his brow, she kissed his mouth,
She clasped him close, and pressed
Her poor lips to the bloody wounds
That gaped upon his breast.

His shoulder stark she kisses too,
When, searching, she discovers
Three little scars her teeth had made
When they were happy lovers.

The monks had been and gotten boughs,
And of these boughs they made
A simple bier, whereon the corpse
Of the fallen king was laid.

To Waltham Abbey to his tomb
The king was thus removed;
And Edith of the Swan's Neck walked
By the body that she loved.

She chanted litanies for his soul
With a childish, weird lament
That shuddered through the night.
The monks
Prayed softly as they went.

*(13 December 1797 –
17 February 1856)*

BORN 13TH DECEMBER 1797 AND DIED 17TH FEBRUARY
1856. HEINRICH HEINE WAS A GERMAN POET,
ESSAYIST, JOURNALIST AND LITERARY CRITIC,
PERHAPS BEST KNOWN OUTSIDE GERMANY FOR HIS
EARLY LYRIC POETRY, WHICH WAS SET TO MUSIC IN
THE FORM OF 'ART SONGS', OFTEN TO THE MUSIC
OF ROBERT SCHUMANN AND FRANZ SCHUBERT. HIS
LATER VERSE AND PROSE WERE DISTINGUISHED BY
THEIR SATIRICAL WIT AND IRONY WHILST HIS RADICAL
POLITICAL VIEWS LED TO MANY OF HIS WORKS BEING
BANNED BY GERMAN AUTHORITIES AND YET INSPIRING
FUTURE GENERATIONS AND IN PARTICULAR THE
REMARKABLE WRITER AND FILM-MAKER BEN HOPKINS.

KÖTTING-HOPKINS- HEINE-ATLAS

BEN HOPKINS

CHAPTER 8

london

hastings

hamburg

berlin



KÖTTING-HOPKINS-HEINE-ATLAS

Kötting first meets Hopkins in Hamburg. Unknowingly the triumvirate of Kötting, Hopkins and Vito Rocco are all on the same plane to the Hanseatic city, but do not yet know each other. Vito Rocco is met off the plane by girls, a golden Mercedes and a camera crew (all organised by Rocco himself, as part of his performance art). At the climax of the Hamburg

Short Film Festival, Kötting throws a large fish into the audience, which lands upon an unamused German punter. Hopkins has a meeting with Rutger Hauer, hoping that the actor will play the part of the Count von Opeln in his forthcoming film, *Simon Magus*. Hauer appreciatively tells Hopkins that the character of the squire is like a “poof of smoke”. Hauer takes the part.

HAMBURG

Heinrich Heine spent three years of his youth in Hamburg, where he got very bored, fell unhappily in love with his cousin Amalie, and irritated his wealthy uncle Salomon. In Heine's narrative poem *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen*, Heine relates returning to Hamburg from Parisian political exile to visit his mother. Walking the streets of the red light district, Heine is met by the Goddess of Hamburg, Hammonia, who shows him the future of Germany in a magic toilet bowl. *I cannot tell you what I saw,* writes Heine, *but God, did it stink.*

In those days, Kötting and Hopkins are living in London, Kötting in Deptford, and Hopkins in Archway. Having established a Hamburger friendship, they now meet up regularly, often in the company of fellow directors Vito Rocco and John Hardwick. The purpose of these soirées is to drink, eat, and complain about how shit it is being a film-maker. Kötting baptises their group the “Plight Club”.

LONDON

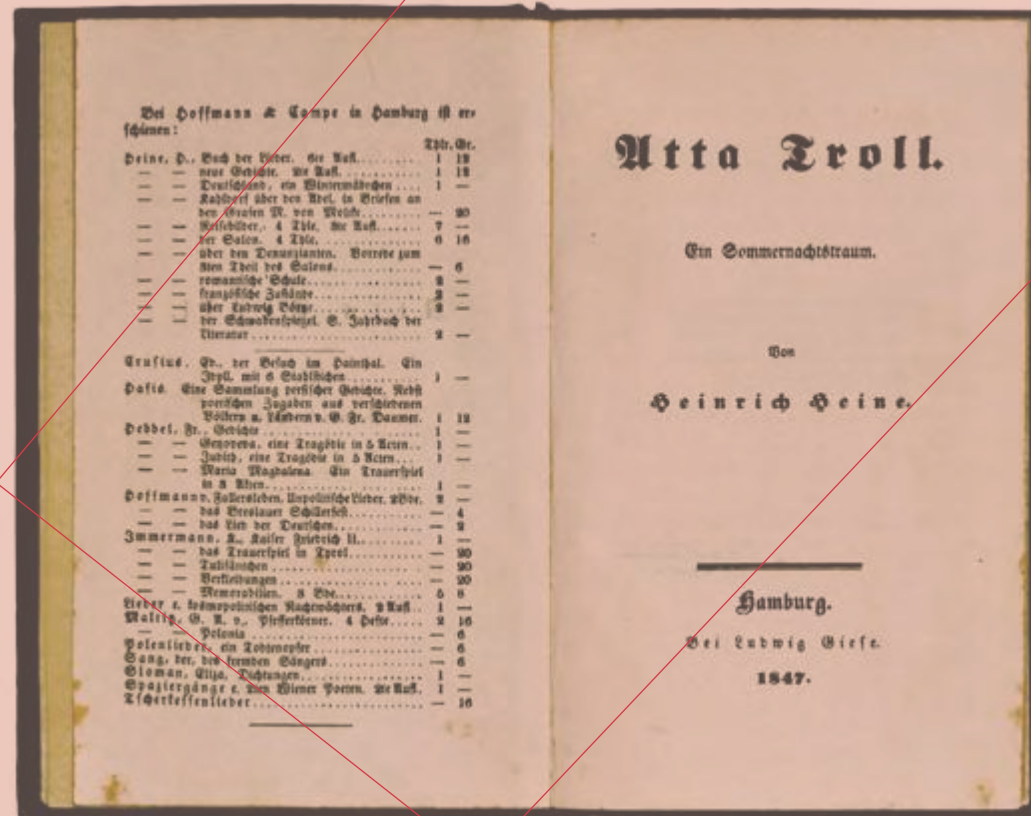
Heine went to London in 1827, was amazed by the city, and wrote the famous lines... I have seen the most extraordinary thing that the world could show an astonished mind [...]—I speak of London. He was less impressed by the English though, and wished that the entire English population would sink beneath the waves... but then was worried that the sea would get indigestion.

Hopkins invited himself to Kötting's Pyrenees hideout, the mystical dormouse-stuffed barn where the Kötting tribe estivates. Hopkins boarded a Ryanair flight to Carcassonne, carrying a rucksack, a one-man tent and a camping stove, and walked the 80 odd kilometers from the airport across country to the Kötting hideout. He passed through forests, through sleepy sundrenched towns, through a village fête, a boar hunting party and the plateau of

LOUYRE
PYRENEES

Montaillou. He arrived at Louyre crippled with blisters. We've seen some mountain casualties here, said Kötting, **but nothing as fucked-up as you.**

Heine went to the Pyrenees in 1841, hoping that the mountain environment would be good for his health. It wasn't, but it inspired his narrative poem *Atta Troll*, one of his greatest works. In *Atta Troll*, Heine comes across a witch's hut, where he holds a conversation with the witch's pug-dog, who turns out to be a fellow German poet transformed into a dog by magic. The poet must remain in dog form until a virgin manages to read the complete poems of Gustav Pfizer without falling asleep. Then I can't help you, says Heine, because one, I am not a virgin, and two, there is no way I can read Pfizer's poems without falling asleep.



Hopkins sloped off to live in Germany in 2008. It wasn't long before Kötting found an excuse to visit (something about making musical noises for his film *Ivul*). But not many memories remain of their drunken evening spent in the Schöneberg apartment and at the aftermath of a German avantgarde theatre performance.

BERLIN

Heine studied in Berlin from 1821 to 1823, and attended the lectures of a certain Professor G.W.F.Hegel. In his comic masterpiece *The History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, Heine imagined Hegel's last words on his deathbed: There was only one person who understood me. And he didn't understand me either.

Kötting had meanwhile jumped seawards from London and pitched his tent a pebblethrow from the beach of Hastings, the site of the last successful invasion of Britain, by French people. Hopkins has visited his residence on a handful of occasions, eaten crisps and played cards with Eden in a Hastings hostelry.

HASTINGS

In his new film *Edith*, Kötting follows the myth (?) of Edith Swan Neck, immortalised by Heine in his poem *Schlachtfeld bei Hastings*. Kötting and Heine are now finally connected. Hopkins and Heine have long been friends. Kötting and Hopkins have long been friends. All for one and one for all, long live the HHK axis.

xxx

Hopkins
Berlin 24.06.2016

PINHOLE WALKS AND THEREAFTER

ANONYMOUS BOSCH



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT
THIS CARNIVAL OF
FOOLS?

CHAPTER 9



A GRUNGE HALLUCINATION-
SPAT OUT OF THE COSMIC
VOID- PROCESSING LIKE
SALVATIONISTS, LEVELLERS,
LOLLARDS OR OUTPATIENTS
FROM MATTHEW ALLEN'S
HIGH BEACH ASYLUM





HAROLD'S EYES ARE SO CLOSE TOGETHER
HE WILL NEVER NEED SPECTACLES - A
MONOCLE WILL SUFFICE



THERE SEEMS TO BE NO
AGREEMENT AMONG THEM ON
A FRAMING NARRATIVE





MELTING GYPSUM-MASK
ALPHA MALE. DUNCE-
WARRIOR OR BODYGUARD-
BOUNCER TO A BURIED KING.

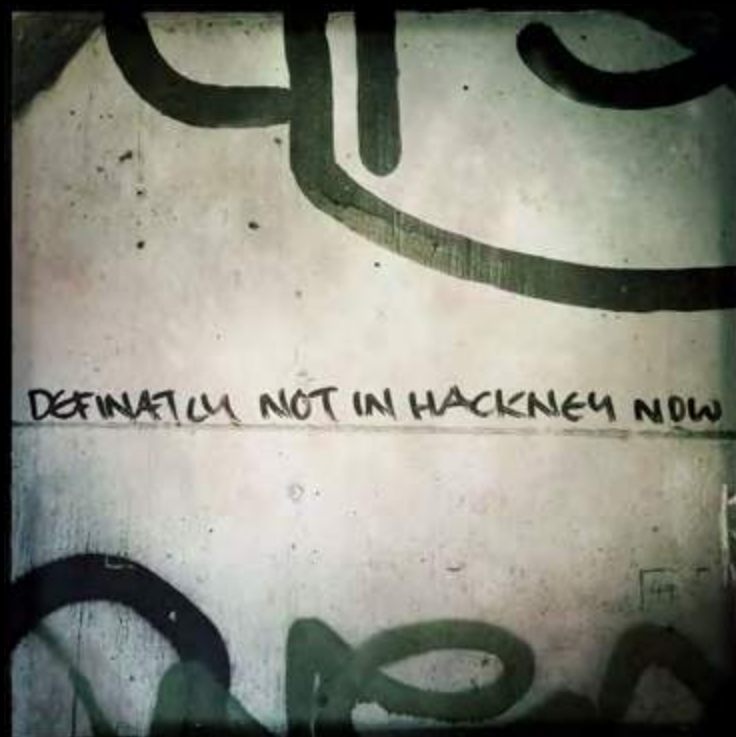
I FEEL THAT WE SHOULD BE
CARRYING THE WHALEBONE
CASKET AS REPRESENTING
BOTH THE BONES OF THE
SLAUGHTERED KING AND THE
BONES ON WHICH HE SWORE
THE OATH TO WILLIAM
THE BASTARD



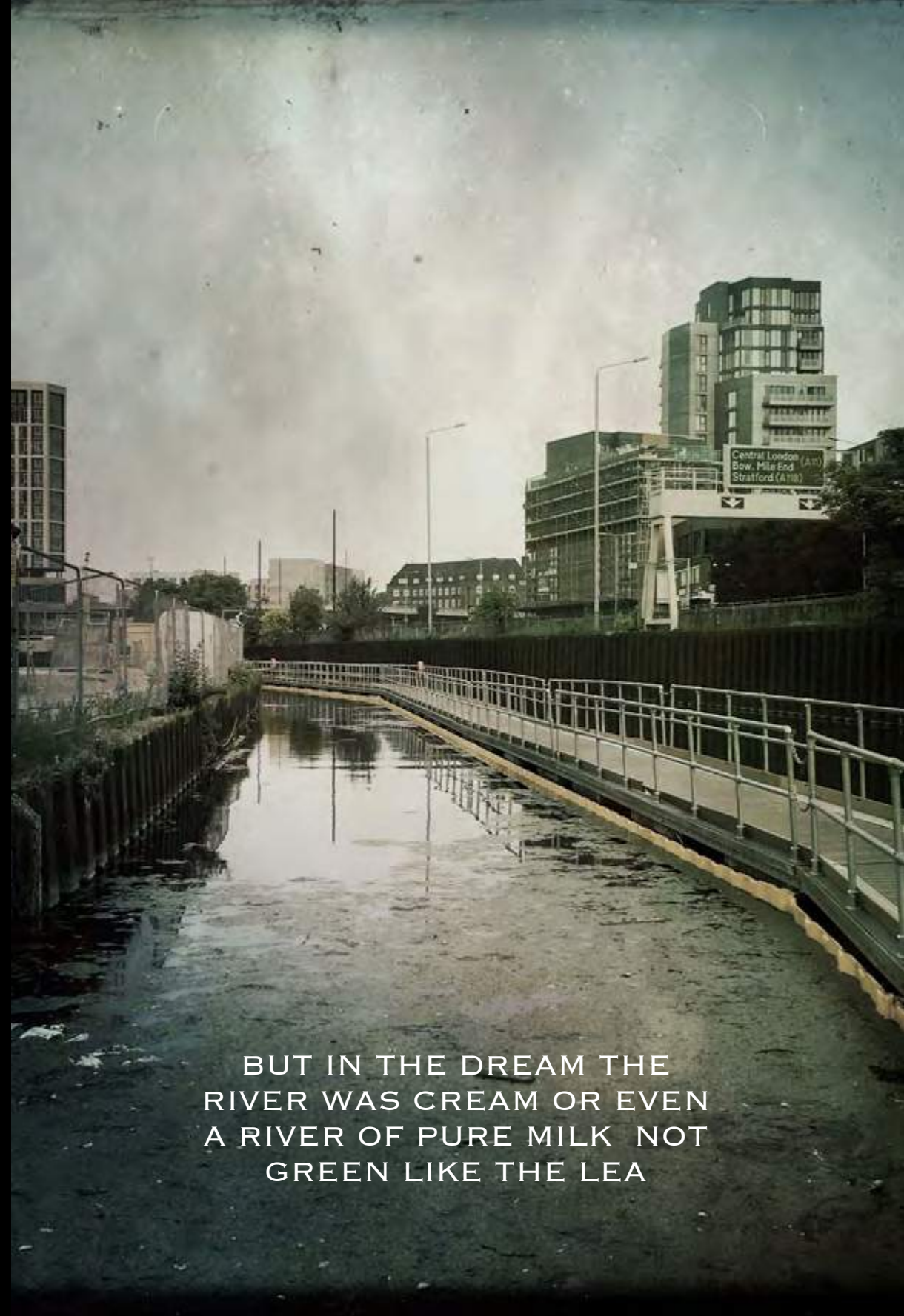


THE MALES ROLL AND LUMBER IN
HER SLIPSTREAM









BUT IN THE DREAM THE
RIVER WAS CREAM OR EVEN
A RIVER OF PURE MILK NOT
GREEN LIKE THE LEA



TAKING HIS VIOLIN BOW FROM
A HUNTSMAN'S TOTE BAG -
DAVID ASKS PERMISSION TO
PLAY THE SPOKES OF WELL
TRAVELLED BICYCLE WHEELS
TO SOUND THE TENSION



DAY 2



THEY ARE SPIKY INDIVIDUALISTS
WITH SCHEMES AND PROJECTS AND
AFFECTION FOR THE TERRITORY
THEY ARE HAPPY TO ENGAGE WITH
KÖTTING'S BANTER





IT FEELS VERY MUCH AS IF
HAROLD'S BONES ARE EVERYWHERE
AND NOWHERE – CROW CLEANED
- DOG SCATTERED - EDITH
ASSEMBLED



BY WAY OF DISTRACTION THE MEN
TELL ME THE LOCAL HISTORY
OF CLOUD FORMATIONS OR
INTRICACIES IN THE RULES
OF RUGBY WHICH ENDEARS ME
TO THEM



O FATHER THE WORLD'S A
BITTER WORLD AND EVIL DAYS
HAVE STARTED



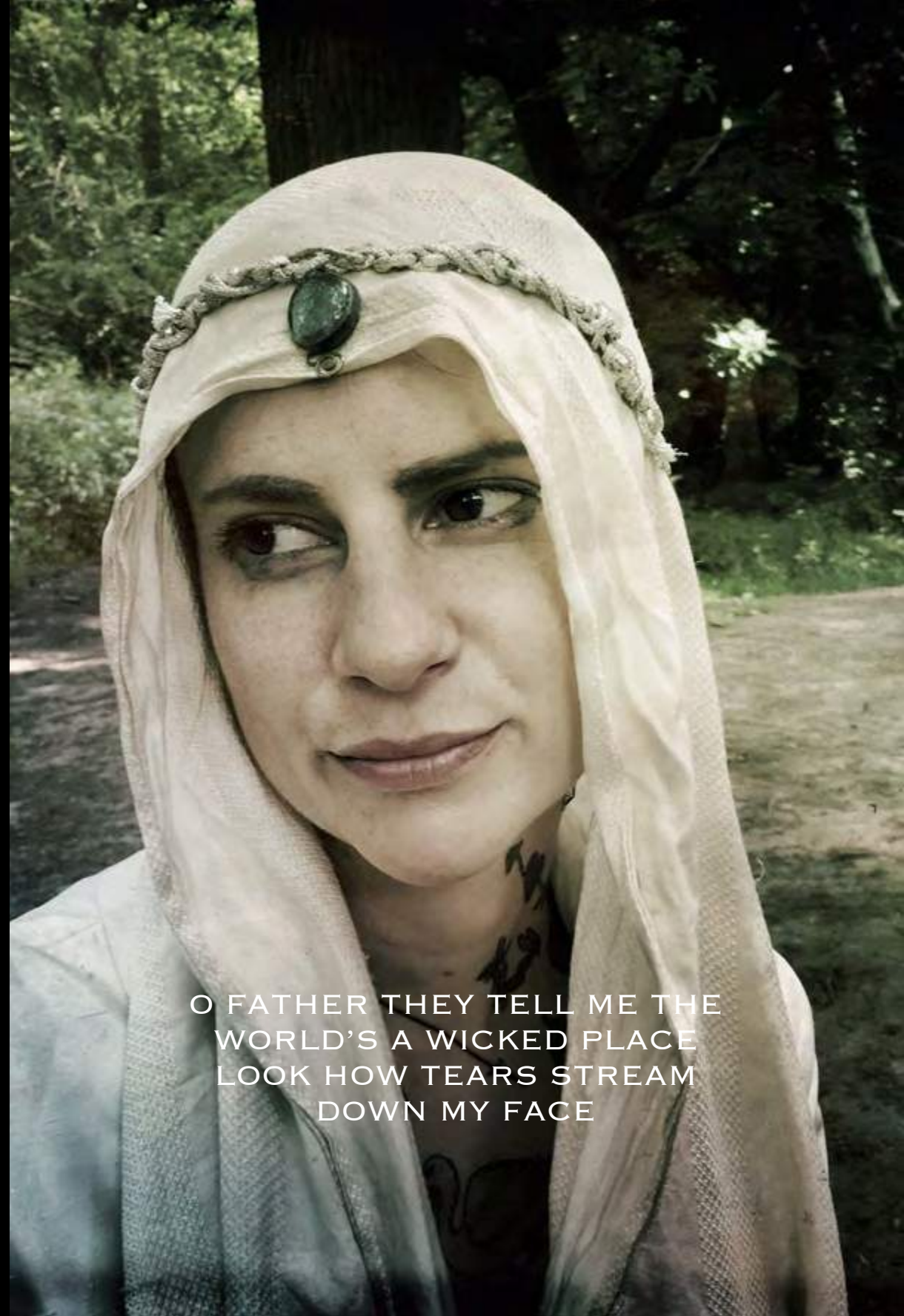




A DREAM TRIGGERED BY
THE COLD EMBRACE OF
EDITH WHO MIGHT YET
BECOME A SWAN



O FATHER THEY TELL ME THE
WORLD'S A WICKED PLACE
LOOK HOW TEARS STREAM
DOWN MY FACE

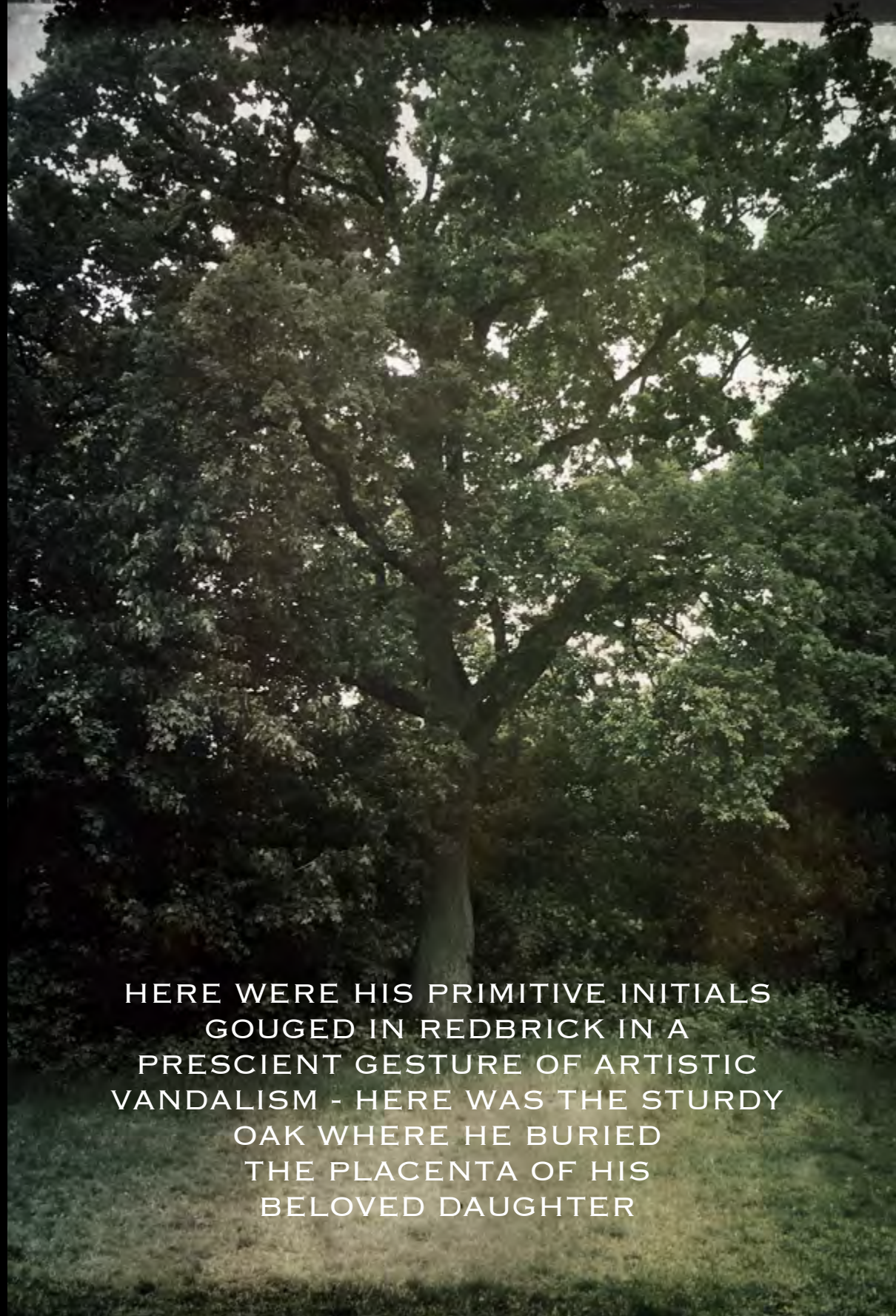


IT'S DEEP RUTS OLDER THAN OUR
GREAT FATHERS





THE NIGHT MILES ARE STILL
WALKING THROUGH ME - THE MOON
SAILING FROM EAR TO EAR PULLS
OUT STRINGS OF DISCONNECTED
WORDS



HERE WERE HIS PRIMITIVE INITIALS
GOUGED IN REDBRICK IN A
PRESCIENT GESTURE OF ARTISTIC
VANDALISM - HERE WAS THE STURDY
OAK WHERE HE BURIED
THE PLACENTA OF HIS
BELOVED DAUGHTER



DAY 3



MEMORIALS TO THE KOTTING
CLAN – AND BEYOND THE HISSING
DERISION OF THE M25 SHADOWED
THE PILGRIM'S WAY





IT IS A FURY AND MISERY TO
THINK OF BEING ONE DAY IN
MY GRAVE AND YET THIS TRACK
STILL BEING HERE





THERE ARE NO SPIRIT WOMEN
IN THE TREES - THERE ARE NO
GODS BELOW THE DIRT – BUT
THERE ARE HALFWITS AND
MALCONTENTS IN EVERY BEDROOM
– IN EVERY BOYMAN A BOGEYMAN





WE OWN THE FOREST BUT THE
MOTHS OWN THE LIGHT



WE ONLY PERCEIVE WHAT
INTERESTS US THE REST IS
BOLLOCKS

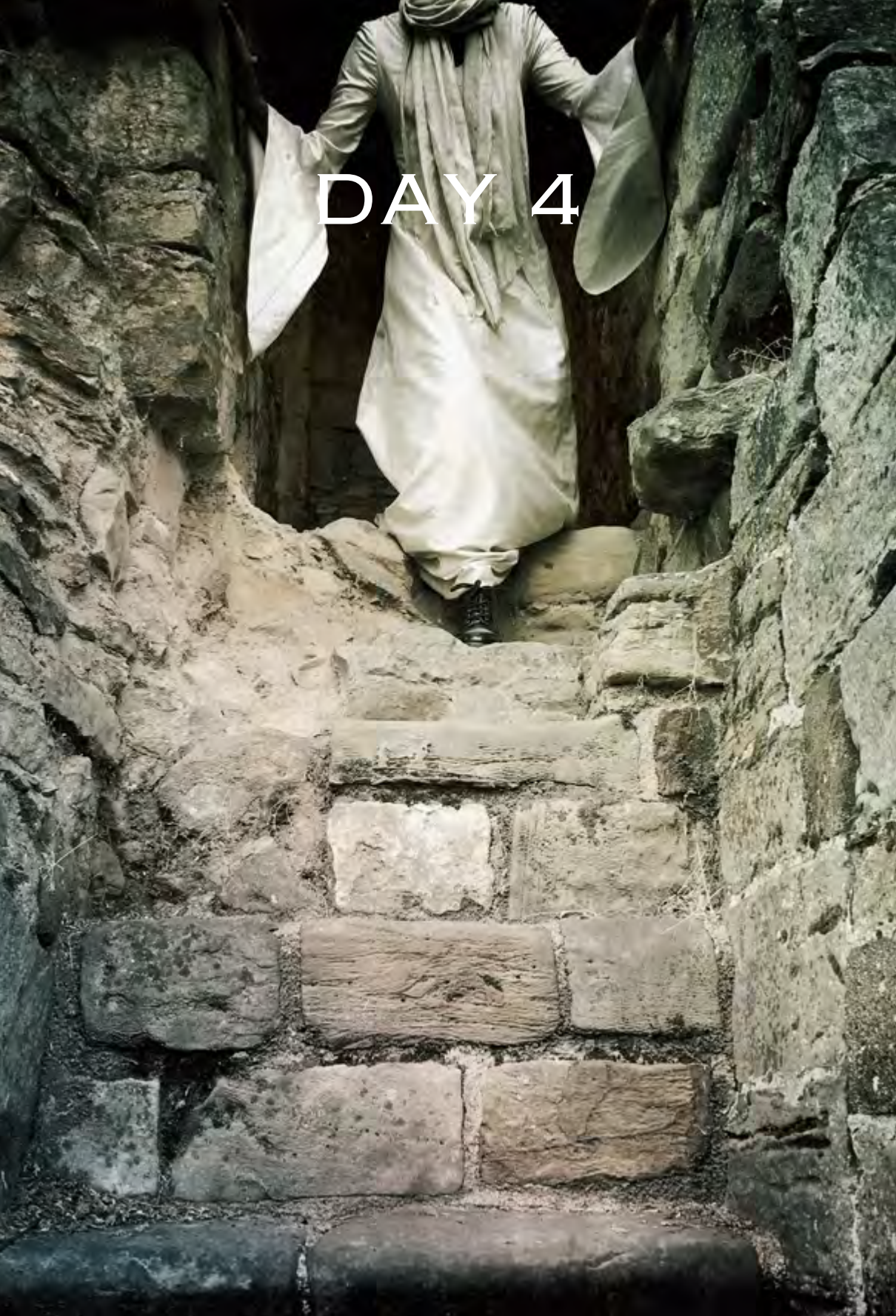






THE BLISTERS HAVE CROPPED
NICELY AND THERE ARE UNICORNS
HANGING FROM THE LAMP POSTS

DAY 4









PLEASE NOVA THE
PERSON WHO SAW
THE SCHOOL BUS
REVEAL WHO FEN
PLEASE CONTACT
01435 88324
OR CALL AT
LONGSTAFFES.
THANK YOU.



DAY 5





HISTORY IS THE
CONFABULATION OF MEN





THE DOMESDAY BOOK AS
UNRELIABLE SURVEY AND SUPPLIER
OF NATTER









HIS DEAD EYE MISSES
NOTHING HIS MISTRESS SEES
EVERYTHING







HIS RIGHT ARM CLUTCHES THE
SOFT SHAFT OF A BROKEN AXE HIS
LEFT THUMB IS WORN TO A STUMP
BY TEXTING SUICIDE TELEGRAMS -
MARBLED SKIN IS LEPROUS AND A
NOSE EATEN AWAY BY THE SYPHILIS
OF CENTURIES





THEY CLUTCH THEY CLING
- THIS UNDEAD STONE
EMABALMED WRAP OF LOVERS
PULLS ME TO THEM





DOWNSIDE UP AND FALLING DOWN SLOWLY

TONY HILL

"THE VIEWPOINT CONTINUOUSLY ORBITS PLACES,
OBJECTS, PEOPLE AND EVENTS. WHILST THE
OBSERVATIONS MIGHT GRADUALLY SPEED UP TO REVEAL
A DOUBLE SIDED GROUND FLIPPING LIKE A TOSSED
COIN, THEN SLOW AGAIN TO OSCILLATE ABOUT THE
EARTH'S EDGE".

HE LIVES IN THE WOODS IN
CORNWALL, LUMBERS HIS OWN
TIMBER AND HAS THE HANDS OF A
MAKER.





TONY'S RIG ALLOWS THE
CAMERA'S MOVEMENT TO EXPLORE
AND REVIEW THE RELATIONSHIPS
BETWEEN US AND THE WORLD. HE
IS SHAMAN, ARTIST, ARCHITECT
AND ENGINEER AND POSSESSES
THE POWER TO BOTH PLAY WITH
OUR MINDS AND TO UPSET THE
EARTH'S STABILITY.





HE WAS BORN A LONG TIME AGO AND STUDIED AT ST MARTINS SCHOOL OF ART IN LONDON HAVING TRAINED INITIALLY AS AN ARCHITECT. HIS WORK HAS ALWAYS PROBED THE INTERACTION OF THE CAMERA'S VIEWPOINT AND THE SPACE THROUGH WHICH IT MOVES. HIS INGENUOUS CAMERA MOUNTS ENABLE COMPLEX AND SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE MOVEMENTS AS MANIFEST SO BEAUTIFULLY IN HIS FALLING-DOWN-SLOWLY MACHINE.





KING HAROLD IS THE FORTIETH SAINT
 - HIS EYES PECKED OUT BY CROWS
 - THE SOCKETS LOOK INWARD - HE
 IS CRADLED AND SOON TO BE TIT-
 SCUKED BY THE SWAN MAIDEN – IF
 ONLY LIFE WAS STILL THAT SIMPLE

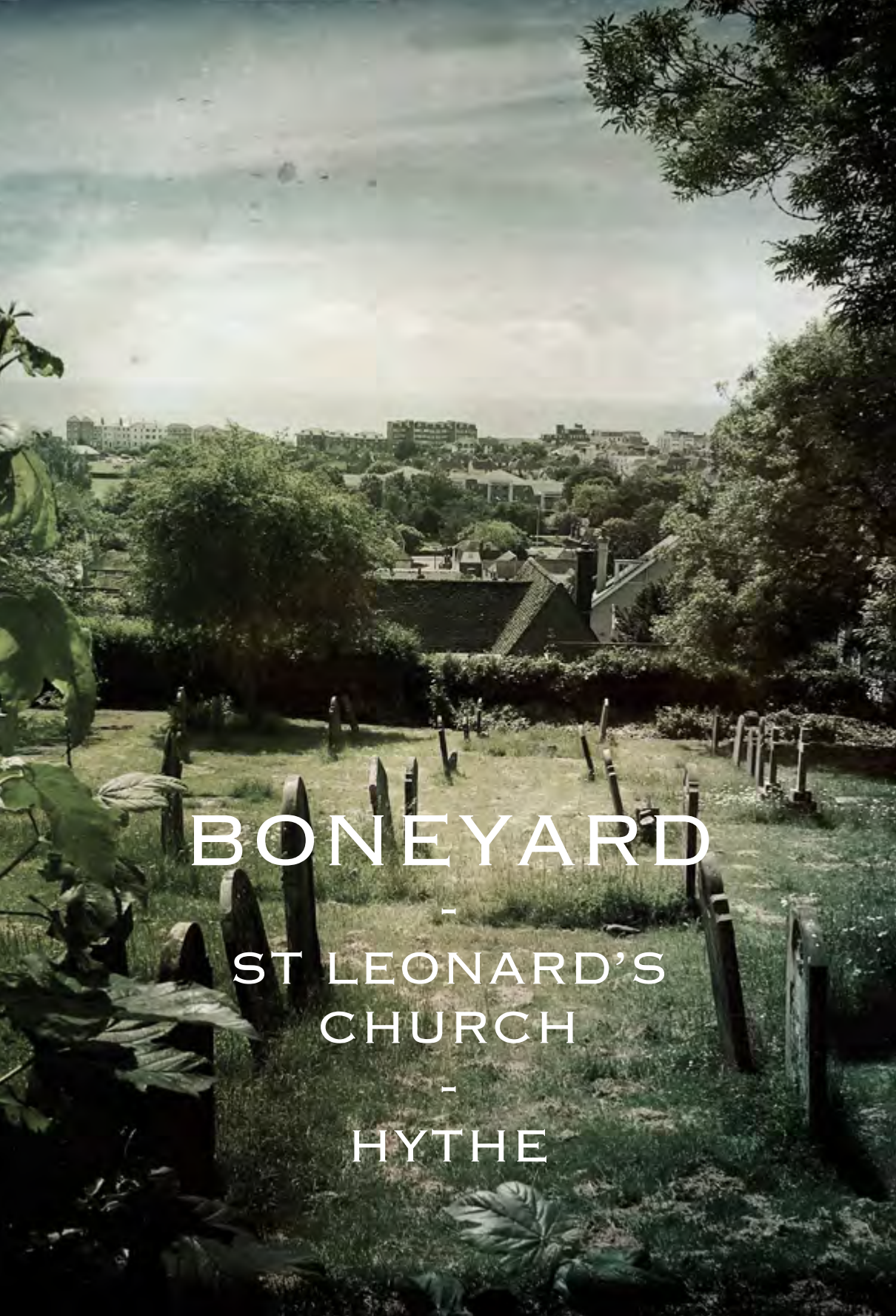




SOME SAY THAT HAROLD WAS LEFT
IN THE SAND WITH JUST HIS HEAD
STARING OUT TOWARDS FRANCE
SOME SAY THAT HAROLD LIVES ON
IN ALL OF US



ANONYMOUS BOSCH - FATHER
LOVER AND GRAND FATHER



BONEYARD
-
ST LEONARD'S
CHURCH
-
HYTHE



St Leonard's Church has the largest preserved collection of ancient human bones and skulls in Britain. Some say that the bones might have been collected from the battle-field after the Battle of Hastings in 1066, others say that it was hear-tell and tittle-tattle to get Victorian tourists down to the south coast when tourism was just starting out. An embryonic nod towards propaganda.

However there is no doubting that the collection consists of shelves in four arched bays that contain over 1,022 skulls in total, and a single stack of bones and skulls measuring quite tall by quite long.

Moreover a project from 2009 to 2012 to analyse all the skulls on the shelves has shown that there is a higher proportion of females than males, and nearly 10% of children, whilst only a handful of skulls indicate wounds from blows to the head, arms or legs, although, weirdly there are a large number of bird's nests in the eye-sockets of several skulls.



The general consensus now is that they were Hythe residents who died over a long period of time and had been buried in the churchyard, and that the earliest of the remains were dug up in the 13th century when the church was extended eastwards over their graves by the addition of the large chancel.

Apparently the pile of bones was reassembled on its brick base in 1910, one hundred and six years before Claudia Barton entered the boneyard to sing her rendition of I found this song in the eye of a friend.





THE BONES AND SKULLS
COLLECTION IN THE CRYPT
PARISH OF ST LEONARD WITH
HOLY CROSS AND ST MICHAEL'S
METHODIST-ANGLICAN CHURCH
CENTRE

MONDAYS TO SATURDAYS
11.00-13.00 AND 14.00-16.00
SUNDAYS
14.00-16.00

ADMISSION
ADULTS - £1 CHILDREN - 50P



MEANDERINGS

CLAUDIA BARTON

CHAPTER 10



MEANDERINGS

Claudia Barton

Why did I choose white? Of all the colours in the world. White was the counter attack to the black, evil, that has descended on my country. It was my way of retaliating, evidence that I would not be sullied by their unforgivable heathen objective. Never will I succumb to Norman rule. How could I have overlooked my body's own monthly purification? Whenever I stop I am appalled by the curse which rages devastation in my undergarments. The walking and travelling worsens the situation. But I must continue. An old lime tree with two fallen branches, broken like wings across the twisted trunk provided some protection, while I tried with leaves to soak up some of the blood. Travelling only with men has its drawbacks, though they are good and brave and have also seen their fair share of blood, from the tales they have been telling me along route. After childbearing, little can shock me when it comes to blood and liquids that surge like oceans within all of us. Organs too, like freakish sea creatures splayed on the sea-shore, are not disturbing and I will be the first to gather them up and roast them with sage and marjoram. At one point we passed the very tree where one of our brethren planted the placenta from his first born for good providence, and here we stopped and prayed. Though I would rather take my chances amongst the first warriors in a doomed battle then find myself giving birth again.

On the path along the River Lea we came to a strange dwelling. With a great pile of broken carts and contraptions. Another heap of sacks and rags and another huge pile of bent tin and iron pieces. There was a conceivable order to the chaos and I supposed there might be a smelting furnace somewhere on the property. But what really struck me was that it was the identical picture of a reoccurring dream I had as a child. A place exactly as this, set on the banks of a river, with great mountains of discarded elements, and it was all sorted by a rough piece of rag, the rag was sometimes dark green and sometimes a faded black. Although he was just a dirty rag, living amongst rubbish, he was industrious, with a noble spirit and was in love with the river that ran alongside the scrap yard. But in the dream the river was cream, or even a river of pure milk. Not green like the Lea. Sometimes in the dream the milky river would flow away and the rag would be desperately yearning for her return, sometimes in the dream she came back, sometimes she didn't, but their love was never requited. How could it be?

By way of distraction the men tell me of local history, of cloud formations, or intricacies in the rules of rugby, which endears me to them. They remind me of my children when they were little, how I would nod, feigning fascination at their discoveries, when I was already a woman and knew everything there was to know.

The first section of our journey, after Waltham Abbey, was little disturbed by human destruction. So I nearly forgot the troubles we were walking towards and in my own world collected borage and clematis, chamomile and leaves from the linden tree for a calming bath, knowing that it would be days before I soaked in a bath again. I even collected calendula and comfrey to make a poultice for Harold. It's hard to except the death of someone you love until you can touch the cold blue weight of their lifeless body. As long as we are walking Harold is alive and our love is alive. At least with Harold gone, he is mine and I don't have the agony envisaging him in the act of coitus with that mangy, wanton, bitch cur, curdled wife. Wife, ha, as if a public wedding by a corrupt priest, in a hastily constructed church would make it a legitimate in the eyes of the Lord. Our union was holy, it was holy every time and trembling he would pray with thankfulness. This I cannot forget.

Approaching London signs of disorder started to appear. People being moved on from the city centre, making makeshift homes along the banks of the river. It was a sun seeped evening and the people we met were resourcefully making meals out of what they could source from plastic bags for their families, they seemed cheerful enough, the human species is admirably characterised by its ability to adapt. But not I. My heart has been turned to stone, I will crash through the first line of opportunistic bastard conquerors we come across. Dirty stench smoked London, the new buildings, relentless cars and wide dividing roads we walked along with Deptford Dave drumming our way, our feet tired and wounded now. Iain and Anonymous kindly shared their compeeds with me, which meant I could make it to Greenwich without limping.

I keep returning to the idea that Harry's blasphemic marriage ceremony was his undoing and made him lose favour with the creator, who turned his back on him in Hastings. This wave of tragedy might be all his fault, his or Tostig's, they're as bad as each other. But then look at Gytha Thorkelsdóttir, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree is all I'm saying. A deeper concern is that it could be all my fault. Maybe the heaven's heard my thoughts, which involuntarily sprung loud and clear as a bell when I wished upon the meteor shower that he would pay for his unfaithfulness. I was really thinking of syphilis, though from Ealdgyth's complexion it could be chlamydia, or both. Now at least he won't suffer that slow burning humiliation. Sometimes I wonder if he slaid poor King Gruffud just so he could have a go at that Welsh slop bucket.



Night descends and power is relinquished back to natural forces. The merry men ate heartily and drank mead inexplicably full of mirth. We bedded down in Blackheath, close to where I was raised, my first school was across that black heath. I haven't been back since I was seven. Even as a girl I knew if I ever did return, it would be as a queen.

Day 2

We aligned ourselves again beside the Cutty Sark and danced the Dengue-Fever beside the van before entering the Greenwich foot tunnel. Until this point my

white robes had survived untarnished, but the 116 or so years of public use took its toll on my hem, which swept the thick black grime off the paved surface, as we traversed up and down searching for suitable bicycle spokes to play bows upon, a ritual from ancient times which some of the men have assimilated into their modern faith. I accepted it as their version of praying at a shrine of St Christopher. On the tunnel air we heard the chords of a Troubadour, a Continental, Italian he said, though non enim comprehendes my Italian. With him we improvised a wistful ballad and leaving the foot tunnel we heard our new melody still being played out on his guitar, the notes resounding off the tiles, some bounced into our lift as we ascended up to start the days walk.

Through the park gates we marched and onwards towards the Greenwich Observatory. The same paths I pushed my young cousin in her striped Maclaren which escaped me and crashed into the same railings, outside the same maritime museum, at the foot of the same steep green hill I toppled down with my brother thirty years ago. I sang to myself to ward off the nostalgia, not wanting the rest of the troops to know my defences were down. At the top, adjacent to the Observatory we checked our meridians then went to visit our 6th century ancestors buried in their round barrow mounds and I was chased by miniature hounds and made to beat out the demons in Queen Caroline's bath. With David's drumming and my disharmony they cleared off without a fight.

We started to encounter spirits from Harold's past on Blackheath as was to be expected. They would stand ghoulish and acknowledge us in their translucent way as we continued south. Harold's ghost saluted them briefly and we continued, miles to be still consumed by foot that day. In Petts Wood we met more lost souls from Harold's previous life, who would spend their weekends wandering aimlessly too and fro along small swathes of footpaths in South East London.

By Chislehurst we were famished and had to wait for our spirit guide, Paul, by the duck pond with nothing but guano to fill our sandwiches. There we were, accosted by Norman Nouveaus and I had to feign a marriage union with Paul to avoid being recognised. Brother Iain would morph into Bishop Odo in vulnerable moments.

Pressing on to Badger's Mount I noticed everyone claimed one borough or another as their own. A street, tree, a supermarket which stood on top of a first home, a Roman footpath painted by moonlight, a courthouse. Our course was divided up by our territorial memories. Harold claimed the lion's share of the journey. We visited his primary school today and found his initials carved into most every red brick he could reach on the exterior of the school building.

Day 3

For want of reading glasses, or a 21st century map, we walked an extra circle of three miles or so yesterday evening. I wish I could say it was a place of tranquility or historical interest, but there was nothing in those extra miles except the thud of tired feet, the place was even completely barren of memories. The Nomansland belt of London Orbital fall out. But this morning we regained our focus, Bishop Odo was intent on bending our route past Knoll house in Sevenoaks. David drummed up our courage and we passed over the heavy M25 traffic on a bridge, was it the Cheavening Interchange? My instincts for survival surpassed any interest in our orientation. I felt like a deer, or a toad without a car trying to pass these staggered lanes of traffic, envisioning myself flattened on the tarmac like a piece of pastry.

From some distance it was apparent that Knoll house was consumed with invaders. But we passed the gates with no difficulty, our carefully chosen attire renders us quite inconspicuous. It might have been fitting for our imperial coterie to ask for some respite within the stone walls of the house, a glass of mead, some hot water, a bed even. But the group decided entering the house too hazardous, so instead we sat outside amongst the deer shit, beneath a young oak tree to munch yesterday's leftovers.

As the crow flew we set off across the park towards Hastings. Our group was scattered, kingdoms of path between us, each walking an individual pace. I lagged behind with Finer, who recorded the conversations of green fly and the sound of photosynthesis in the leaves of the great trees along the avenue. The afternoon sun lit our way and our faces with a golden majesty. A light so beautiful I was transported with religious feeling, then horrified at the thought that Harold might be also looking down from on high. I am still disbelieving. How is it possible to slaughter a king? He has a garrison of fearless men surrounding him and the finest armour in Christendom, his mortality would be nigh impenetrable. Some joker suggested a stray arrow in the eye, impossible. There's something fishy about the Battle of Hastings. Is he alive still, the coward and in hiding, which is why no one can identify his body? But his divine proportions would be apparent even in death, he is so unlike an ordinary man. For some reason they expect me to identify him when a host of his closest consorts cannot, even William the Bastard Conqueror knew him well. His mutilation cannot be that bad, and who would dare carve up a king? In truth a severed finger would be enough for me to recognise him by.

At the edge of the parkland we picked up a path old and twisted, a green tunnel of beech, hazel, hawthorn, dog rose and sweet brier, it must have been made



by faeries eons ago. We picked our way down, down, down. If only our journey could always be this well protected, out of sight and out of mind, there are so many vague distractions, amusing happenstances, unfurling blossoms on route that I would this walk last years not days.

Our chosen footpath crossed a farm but we could see no more signs for it as we walked through the farm gates. We called out and were received by the barking of dogs, but no humans, we walked around the farm buildings and came across a barn of closely penned sheep. Thirty or forty sheep per pen with no room even to turn around. Their docile faces blinked at us. Their even features, the T shape across their eyes to their noses looked like a sign of the cross. From somewhere in the yard an unearthly evil scent was seeping, an abattoir? I was afraid for the sheep now. I wonder, if I had the choice, if I would prefer the stunning process of an electrical current through the brain, a metal bolt shot through the head, or being gassed by carbon dioxide. The humane options available to farm animals. I wanted to release them. There has been too much killing. I felt sick to the stomach, Harold's brothers and closest men at arms, the strongest and most noble men in the country cut down and drained of blood.

Beyond the farm we crossed a fallow field and a new scent mingled with the disturbing slaughterhouse. Mint. Mint dominated the other wild plants bedded in the field and filled the evening air with summer. But the association will always be tarnished. Lamb with mint sauce will never sound appetising again.

More horrors were to be met shortly afterwards. A foul smell clung to the air, something quite unfamiliar, as we approached Tunbridge. The toxic collective scent of the car industry; chemicals, rubber, paint, synthetic air freshener, and moulded plastic. Regiments of new cars lined up in branded formation outside their respective showrooms surrounded the peripheries of the town. We are getting closer to heathen territory and I am finding it hard to breath.

Day 4

My women folk winked profusely and looked for any opportunity of innuendo when I was preparing for this journey amongst men. Playing the Belle Dame Sans Mercy would be a welcome diversion. All of England knows I am lonely. Town criers have chronicled his ambition and my despair from Wessex to Northumbria. Even if his love has wandered off the face of this earth spiritually and physically, mine still hovers like a shade over all my decisions, it appears at night and wanders in and out of all the doors in my mind, banging them behind. This loyalty is a flaw not a virtue and it weakens the very fibres of my being, I become brittle with anxiety and hope. Hope and Loyalty what a pair.

Daily I dig myself into a feeble grave, lowering my eyes and bowing my head, I'll be bent over like old Gytha when the year is out. These are red-blooded males to be sure, but with each step, stile and bridge they become my brothers, there is no room for suggestion.

There might have been a castle with an external privy visited, a charity shop and a giant Russian doll still in its box, a fetching shirt for Iain to set off his eyes. All I remember is reclining like a Roman for a picnic provided by Paul in something that resembled a park in Tunbridge wells. There were park benches and conveniences, a picturesque boating lake, but the wildness crept in. A shield of tall nettles sheltered us from the light drizzle which swept sideways over our makeshift beetroot sandwiches.

We walked and walked back into the rolling countryside. Brazenly we drummed right through the high street of Wadhurst. Up and over country lanes, beneath ash trees and pylons. Finer found beauty in the buzzing pulse of the electrical pylons. I felt uneasy and wanted to quickly move on in case of catching the cancer. Nearby I collected St John's Wort and tucked it into my chemise, but we are too late in the season for wild garlic.

Half lost, we crossed a newly harvested field of wheat. Crevices in the dry soil wide enough to lose a shoe. We stomped through it, enjoying the crunching underfoot like babies with a rattle, a form of gleaning for the farmer I hoped. The latest round of churning had unearthed a piece of chinaware from the Georgian times, glazed with blue flowers and twisted vines. I picked it up with the intention of making a necklace pendant, no doubt I'll be too poor for real stones before long.

Our path took us through a tightly pruned garden, the traditional yellow arrows were hidden but instead the proprietors signalled the ramblers route through a yellow doorframe standing in comical defiance amongst a vegetable garden. Directly after the doorframe a prosthetic leg, trousered conventionally with a sock and shoe, protruded from the earth. Although the light was fading and our energy waning, the men, or boys, could not carry on without playing with the notion of a third leg and rolled around on the floor, trying to get it to 'read' for the camera. Little distinguishes an artist except their ability to artfully do as they please most of the time. I pushed them aside to have a go, as I felt the leg would certainly 'read' best tucked under the voluminous skirt of my long dress. The boys disagreed with my perspective, as they would, but we shall see when the negatives are exposed.



I had forgotten there would be an end to the day and the walking. A square pub sign painted with a swan hovered over the hedgerows and the men strode towards it, recognising a sign of reprieve. Here we stopped and filled our bellies and toasted Anonymous Bosch, whose birthday it was today, though he gets younger with each year. It is an enigmatic wonder that we all rise to celebration amidst the carnage and dismembering of our land.

Day 5

We got off to a strange start. A diversion at the Black Shed Gallery in Robertsbridge to show our respects to the patron. We insisted on wine being opened and sang in bilious harmony to the paintings hung on the walls. Whilst we are still walking our piece into manifestum, decadent irreverence is our due.

Deeper in the country, people are curious and run out to their fences to see us. I try to look ahead, being naturally shy and unwilling or unable to explain myself. Fortunately Harold's ghost is always at the ready to give some incredulous reason for our procession. Paradoxically the LEAVE posters we pass regularly in this part of the country I find vexing, anti-establishment comes naturally to artistic temperaments, but I react with shameful prejudice and hostility. I was brought up a European and have reaped the rewards of a working relationship with Europe. After all am I not Edith Swanneshal, born of Scandinavian family, part of the same tribe as King Cnut or thereabouts? Two men we passed were eyeballing us, Heathen's I had them pinned as. But it turned out one was the farmer of the small holding and the other the son of Stanislaw Jozefiak, a polish airman who managed to exit his Wellington Bomber before it crash landed on this spot when it was hit by flak on a mission to the invaded port of Boulogne in 1941. He built this memorial in Darwell Hole to honour the Polish and British crew who failed to parachute away from the burning plane. Jozwfiak's son was here today tending the memorial. In his speech in Zurich in 1946 Winston Churchill said "We must build a kind of United States of Europe. In this way only will hundreds of millions of toilers be able to regain the simple joys and hopes which make life worth living." But he was misquoted in the current Leave campaign where they edited his "England must always choose the open seas" into the rhetoric and recruited him as a posthumous Leave supporter. Just as the British Bulldog is associated with him after being photographed with one, when in actuality Churchill was beloved of French poodles and had two in succession both called Rufus.

Finally we approached Battle, descending down a steep, eerie field, convulsing with pitfalls and ominous mounds. They say the horrors linger over a battleground and are easily discerned, we looked around at each other, all sensing foreboding.



Through
Battle High Street
we clattered and sang,
a chorus of Netherlandic
students joined in with the
Ghost of Harold conducting.
We stopped for a cup of tea
before searching the Abbey from
top to toe for signs of King Harold,
but to no avail. Even the famous
appendaged battlefield left us cold, it felt

too mild-mannered to have hosted a sea of gore at
any stage. Perhaps centuries of tourism has flattened the field to an
undulation resembling a tea towel over a memory game.

But in Crowhurst cemetery we met the old Yew tree which spoke to us in
creaking, demented whispers of soldiers and battle cries, rabbit warrens
flooded with blood and a Reeve hanging from it's branches. From here on our
destination was coming out to meet us.

Along the River Asten in Combe Haven tears started to spread down my cheeks.
Perhaps it was feet exhaustion, or the overwhelming reeds along the river,
the swans floating alongside us, or the ballad I was humming, taught by my
grandmother. Little did I know this treasured hundred-year-old Grandmother
had started to wilt and die while I was walking. But the tears would not stop
forming and I had to walk alone for the last few miles of our journey, lest I
was seen to be tired and emotional and brought down the whole moral of the
entourage who had been unfalteringly uptempo for the last five days.

Then suddenly we hit a main road, the other side was the industrial sheds and
pebbled shores of Hastings, we were there and the stone slab at Waltham Abbey
an improbable memory. David's drum surged us towards Bulverhythe, "the
landing place of the citizens", to the statue of Harold and Edith we could finally
pay homage to. We sang in revolving formation, the river is flowing flowing and
growing down to the sea ... apart from this Victorian stone reconstruction of
Harold, our 3D plasticated familiar and the lionhearted possession of Harold
in Andrew Kötting, there is still no sighting of a fragment of our Anglo-Saxon
King. There was much fierce defending in our group of their own version of
historical events, each pertaining to whichever fanciful texts they had lain their
hands on. Yet the train of my gown, which gathered bracken, nettles, badger
teeth, cigarette butts, corn husks, and omnipotent dust in it's folds, has yet to be
forensically examined.





OFF HIS TROLLEY

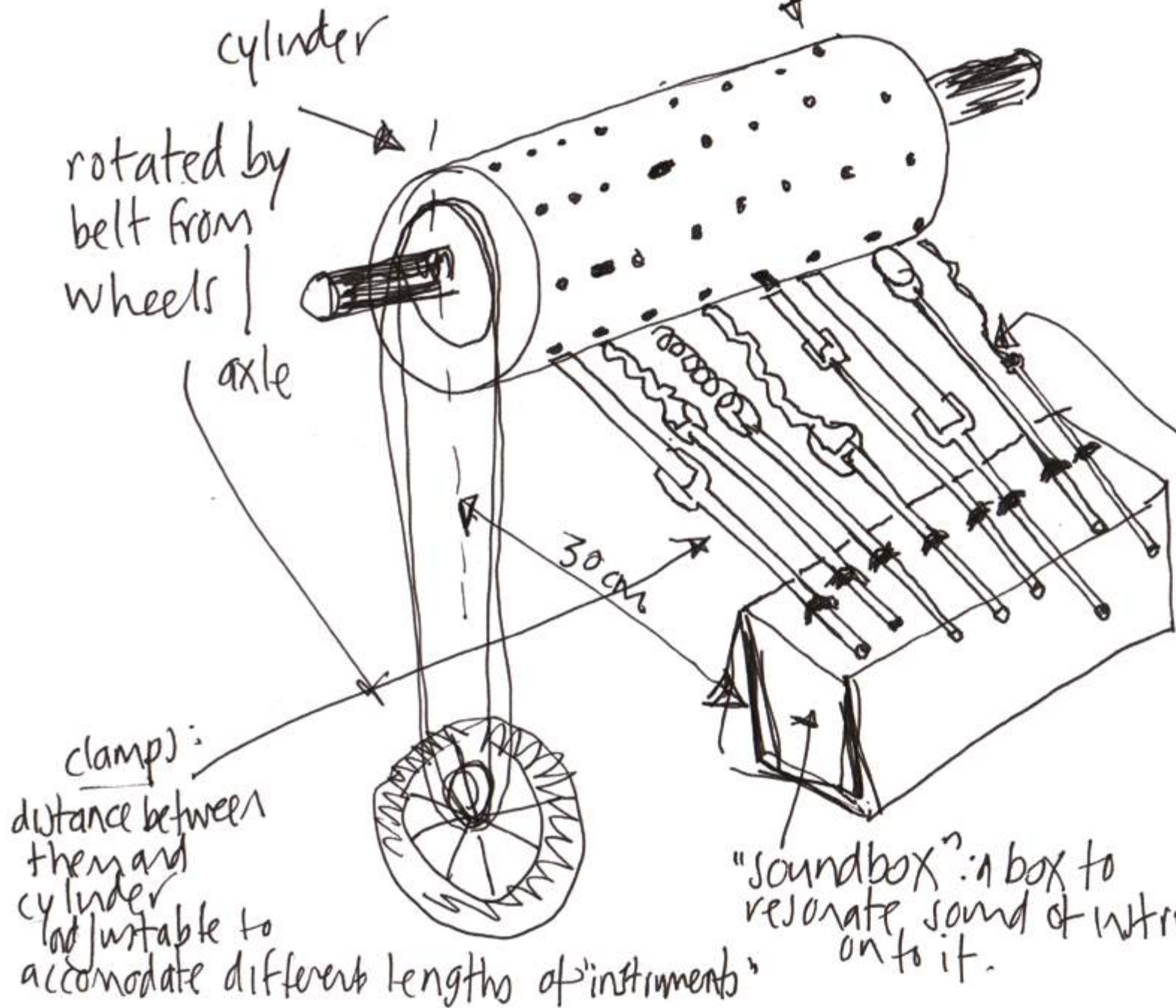
JEM FINER

CHAPTER 11

TO BE BUILT INTO A TROLLEY
or clampable to ANY wheeled
vehicle

holes: 8 ~~across~~ 12 across (depending on size)
8 around

cylinder is like
cylinder of a music
box but instead of
pegs sticking out
there are threaded
holes to screw in
pegs/bolts to play
the "instruments"



instruments are
bits of rubbish
collected on a
journey; metal,
plastic, springs etc
etc

rotated by
belt from instruments are
wheels bits of rubbish
collected on a
journey; metal,
plastic, springs etc
etc

Here he comes, the wayfarer, walking on gilded blisters, dragging his trolley behind him.

But what is it, a medieval torture machine ? With its spiked rotating drum and array of bone tight clamps, rusty road detritus held in their three fingered grip. The torture is in the dragging, like heaving a cargo of shopping mile after country mile, day after day. Fitzcarraldo Ocado. It pulls and twists the spine sideways and promotes a lopsided crabwise gait. The pulling arm quickly becomes stiff, sore and over extended.

No one asked me to bring a trolley along. When Andrew proposed that I walk with him and Claudia, David, Iain and Anthony, from Waltham Abbey to Hastings, I wondered if there was a way of turning the act of walking, of transcribing movement, speed and distance, into music. I needed wheels, a prosthetic modification, to drive and automate the touch of playing whatever came to hand on the journey ...

The trolley recycles rubbish into sound. It's a sonic salvage service, an audiotronic aggregator of the flotsam offered up by the road; flattened cans, broken plastic strips, bent shards of metal, chains and springs, a giant rusting hook, tangled resonant wire, cutlery, indeterminate relics of rear end collisions ...

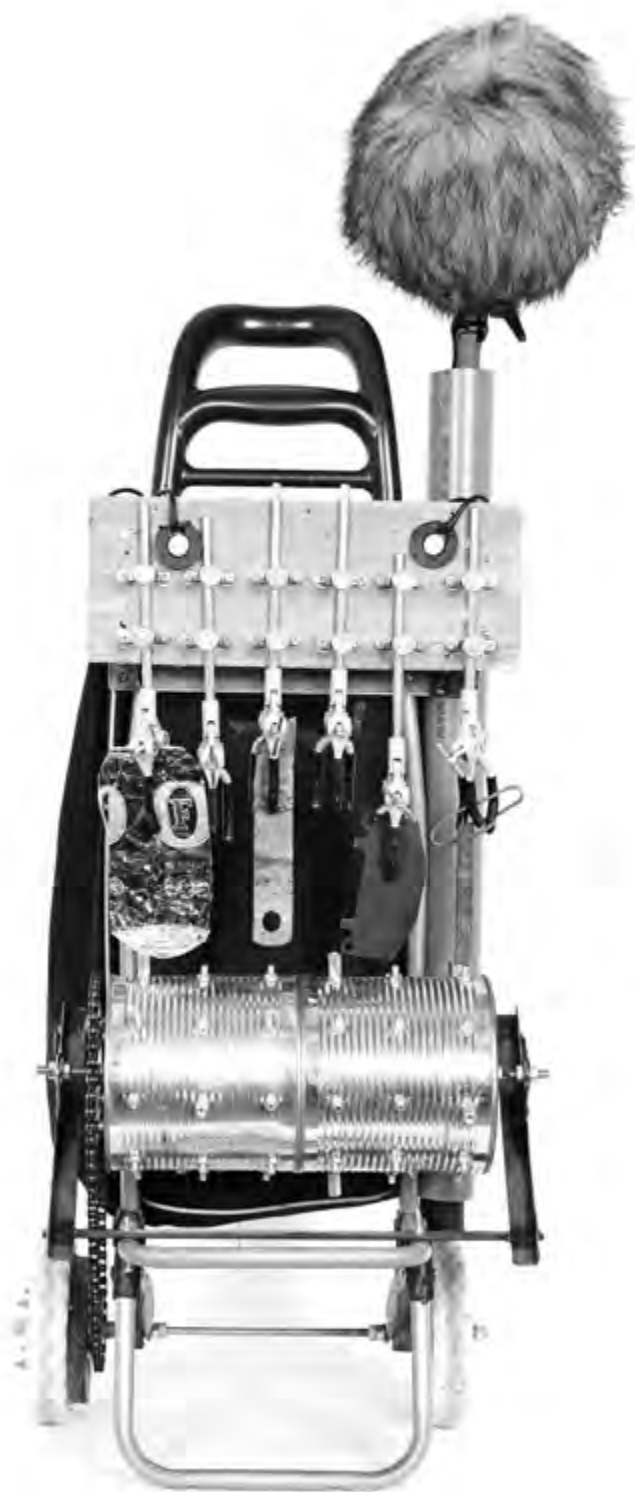
I oscillate between programming automated systems in code and then, alienated from contact with the physical world, transcribing them back into something material, into sculptural machines. What better return to the corporeal than walking, the ground beneath feet, one step after another. Out in the weather, under ones own propulsion, independent of technology and timetables. The equation is complete. A machine to walk and auto-compose, though still, through the rudiments and agency of a few screws and the collection of rubbish, programmable - an audiodometer, a pentatonic perambulator, turning distance into music, measuring out the miles at the speed of sound.

ps Photographs by Jem Finer and John Spinks

"soundbox": a box to
resonate sound of instruments that are clamped
on to it.



Loz Chalk in his studio making the trolley





Pensioner Pogue makes a big noise up and down the High Street

CNJ's Judy Punch caught up with responses to local musician, Jem Finer, trolleying through Kentish Town

"OH WE always know when the hurdy gurdy man is coming" said Mrs Cooper (54) of Beads Etc, Kentish Town. "We didn't know he had been in a famous pop group" smiled Mr Hatch the butcher, "but we have always appreciated his quiet ways... well until now (Mr Hatch laughs good naturedly) he really makes quite a racket with his customised trolley. He is very happy to talk about it and calls it an instrument" (Mr Hatch splits his sides). Another local, the cel-

ebrated author Serena Dawner, has defended Finer's trolley as existing in the intersection between music and mathematics. The Big Issue seller, Greg McGrog (42), enthused "This most intriguing and beguiling instrument is in a true sense interstitial existing as it does between metamechanics and pataphysics. Dr Finer's contribution to the sonic experience of living and working in Kentish Town is incalculable." Others including the in-

ternationally renowned artist Cordelia Barker said she was unaware of Mr Finer and his "wheelie music thing" and wishes him luck. Ms Barker RA said "it's characters like Mr Finer that make living in Kentish Town such fun, a real hoot, because there is a feeling that such people wouldn't be tolerated, let alone appreciated, in other boroughs. Yes good luck to him, I'll certainly look out or rather listen out" - guffaws of girlish laughter. Not all locals are so indulgent.

Scabby Seagull, an octogenarian who has lived in the neighbourhood for 50 years, told the CNJ that he was not a fan of Finer's intrusion into the acoustics of Kentish Town and finds such individualistic endeavours more annoying than anything else. One younger woman who preferred not to give her name said "I think it's a bit of a drag, no pun intended, that an old man is getting so much attention for dragging round bits of rubbish when the world is in such a mess."

Peter Prance, the actor, stopped outside his home and said that he felt lucky not to be dragging a music box round London but that he was glad someone was doing it as "it certainly constitutes part of a noble tradition of english eccentricity". We caught up with Finer's wife, performance artist, Marcia Farquhar who said "It depends on who you ask whether Jem is a genius or a dunce. I think they are often indistinguishable myself. The trolley is

one of Jem's many ingenious ideas and I think it tinkles alongside all the other sounds of street life, it hardly impacts much but one can hear it in the mix. I love it."

Jem Finer and his trolley recently participated in Andrew Kotting's pilgrimage to Hastings in the company of David Aylward, Claudia Barton, Anonymous Bosch and the celebrated resistant voice of Hackney and long distance walker, Iain Sinclair. Look out for Judy Punch covering the proceedings in "a walk on the wild side of 1066" in the Hastings and St Leonard's Observer.

NEWS IN BRIEF

More room on the dancefloor

THE Electric Ballroom nightclub in Camden High Street is looking to raise its capacity to 1,500. The club, some of the biggest names in music have played, including Nick Cave, Joy Division, The Clash and, two years ago, a marathon gig by Prince, is asking Camden Council's to approve increased numbers after work inside. Licensers have been told that 1,300 can fit in the ground floor, and 300 on the first floor. The venue began in the 1930s when it was called The Buffalo Club.

Thanks to deputy head

PUPILS and staff at Emmanuel C of E School in West Hampstead are thanking their deputy headteacher for her hard work after she decided to move to the US. Melanie Crockard has been at the primary for seven years, and helped oversee the redevelopment of the school's site in Mill Lane. Headteacher Kathryn Fitzsimmons said: "It has been a pleasure to work closely with someone so dedicated to pupils, families and staff at the school."

Appeal over extension

Dispute over late drink with her dog sees regular banned from her local for life

Janet is barred from pub: I'm no lairy yob

A WOMAN who works with vulnerable alcoholics and drug-takers says she has cried herself to sleep after being hit with a life ban from her local pub.

Janet Loosley has been

by TOM FOOT

going to the Black Lion pub in West End Lane, West Hampstead, for 27 years but has been told she is barred and can

never return.

The 52-year-old said there was a mix-up with the pub's new management over a dispute with a security guard who refused her entry for a late

drink with her dog, Lola.

Ms Loosley took a chocolate bar and a card as a peace offering to the manager and appealed to the brewery company owners, Greene King, saying that she is not a "loud lairy yob" looking for trouble.

Ms Loosley, who lives behind the pub in Holmdale Road, said: "I am extremely upset as I love the pub and the staff members there. It has been my local family pub for



Get outta town.



A BODY ITINERARY FOOTNOTES AND MEMORY LOSS

DAVID AYLWARD WITH ANNE CARON-DELION

CHAPTER 12

A BODY ITINERARY, FOOTNOTES AND MEMORY LOSS

Excerpts from a percussional ramble in company; 100 miles in 5 days from Waltham Abbey to St Leonards-on-Sea.

I'M OUT OF IT BEFORE I START!

I'm at Deptford Bridge DLR Station that straddles Deptford Bridge, the once pre-historic track/roman road to Rome, which in turn captures the watery boundaries of the Ravensbourne and Deptford Creek. Waiting for the next train to Stratford it strikes me that my impending journey to the south coast is book-ended by two killing fields.

I'm eyeballing the site of the Cornish Rebellion of 1497 - the seeds of the uprising were sown at St Keverne on the Lizard, and expired here less 3,000 Cornish souls. And back in 1066 at Senlac Hill the so-called Battle of Hastings where Harold Goodwinson got it in the eye by William 1st – the bastard. Did he die or not die that is a question? And when will people stop kicking the shit out of each other...

"War what is it good for? Absolutely nothing"

I say it again (Chilcot, Nice, Turkey...).

Anyway, onwards and upwards, I board the train and my bad vibes are dispelled by what I see as a good omen. I spot a money spider running up the length of my horsehair violin bow, the fiddlestick that will imminently be in full jousting swing amongst the onslaught of passing cycling cavalry, bowing their very spokes into a harmonic convergence. It's spinning a merry path, which I take as a sign of good walking.

Catching myself on, I realise my dress code is radiating an agent-orange wild boar hunter's twin-set glow all over the carriage, which in the morning rush-hour could spell cultural carnage as I stick out like a sore thumb amongst the sea of suits, ex-barrow boys and bankers on their way to the belly of the beast. Next stop Canary Wharf, I get away with it and jump through a portal onto the Stratford bound train and headlong into an Arabian Nights clad stag-do. Blending in nicely I go to ground in anticipation of the great unknown - the next few days of flaneuring, fun and frolicking, not forgetting the scores of musical interventions that lie ahead over the backbone of old Blighty. Playing the landscape while it plays me. I'm match fit, out of it and ready to rock.

ESSENTIAL KIT

- * Hunter's orange jerkin and fatigues. Black forest print on Tango orange background from Decathlon Pyrenees (wild boar hunting spec, high viz, shotgun friendly, non-breathable).
- * Matching angler's long sleeve base layer and beanie hat. Tree camo design from Surrey Quays (docks) Decathlon (non-breathable).
- * 3 pairs of Brigdale Merino light-weight walking socks.
- * Meindel Butan walking boots (the one & only).
- * Addidas refractor 2.0 sunglasses (on red).
- * Compeed blister pack, lambs' wool (foraged en route).
- * Factor 50 Baby in the Shade sunblock.
- * A good supply of Buxton Spring Water (35ml only).
- * Ordnance survey maps Explorer Series nos. 124; 130; 147; 162; 174.
- * The Good Pub Guide (to get genned up on travellers' rests on route).

NB. The only real armour I'm wearing is internal which comprises of 12", 3oz, Titanium shrapnel rod embedded in the marrow fat of my right Tibia (it lets you know).



DRUM, BOW AND STICKS TECH-SPEC

- * 1950s Olympic 62 snare drum, Birch wood shell, Beech wood hoops, Aquarian Velum batter (the drum sung itself – cheers Arnold).
- * Ludwig marching drum strap, climbers D-rings and rope.
- * Customised Jessops tripod hold-all (bow and stick bag), orange sprayed stencil flower design (auntie's net curtains – result).
- * Vic Firth 7A American Classic Hickory sticks, wood tips.
- * Vic Firth SD6 American Custom Swizzle sticks B Maple.
- * Premium 5A CarboStick round tips (dubbed the “sticks of fire” – superb, ta Anita).
- * Stag multi-sticks light.
- * Vic Firth wire brushes.
- * Premier 584 orchestral beater.
- * Premier very hard mallets.
- * Meins hardwood cowbell beater.
- * Pair of car con rods, metal.
- * Primavera ¾ size cello bow, horsehair.
- * Full size violin bow horsehair.
- * Kaplan rosin, dark, no.7

And of course having the bollocks to walk incumbent with this lot about me for dozens of miles in the first place whilst keeping my power dry at all times.

PRE-WALK RECONNAISSANCE TRACK LIST (INSPIRATIONAL DRUMLINGS)

- * Orther Turner Rising Star Drum & Fife Band, particularly “Shimmy She Wobble” all night-long Mississippi Swamp-style Trance.
- * Master Musicians of Jajouka, Jbala Sufi trance musicians of the Riff Mountains in Morocco.
- * The Lamberg drummers of Ulster (one of the loudest acoustic instruments in the world, as used by the Orange Order).
- * The bronze age battle horns of Ireland (amazing harmonics & overtones).



MAPPING A MUSICAL JOURNEY INCLUDING A LINEAR LIST OF INTERVENTIONS AND HAPPENSTANCES

-

DAY ONE: 27/05/2016, 13.01-21.05, 22.5 MILES.

**WALTHAM ABBEY TO CUTTY SARK (GREENWICH) ALONG THE
BANKS OF THE RIVER LEE NAVIGATION AND DOCKLANDS.**

Arrived at Waltham Cross station eager and awaiting the rest of our merry band. 10.44am text received - support vehicle stuck in heavy traffic at the Dartford Crossing, at least an hour late. Oh well let's start walking. I set off and immediately broadside Jem as he emerges from the station with John Rogers (guide for the day). We amble towards the abbey and Harold's graveside, our rendez-vous. Low and behold, Iain's already there chomping at the bit for action.

Finally Andrew, Anthony, Claudia and Paul appear. A quick cozzi change in the back of the trannie, and the gang's all here. Andrew produces the Edith-Harold maquette residing in a relic box ready for its carriage/pilgrimage South, to be re-united with the melted marble original (seaside). A quick pinhole graveside and we are good to go.



GRID REFS

382007	Waltham Abbey – snare drum soundchecks - test bowing on Jem's mobile music box - promising.
375003	Holdbrook - board a derelict barge - plate steel bashing.
374998	Ramney Mash – underneath M25 – acoustic onslaughts – various metals, ducting pipes, snare and early renditions of “Gone with the Wind is my Love”.
372985	Enfield Lock – snare and water interplay.
364937	Pickett's Lock – at this point I realise the snare is playing itself; as the extra support straps off my belt swing free they automatically percuss the under-skin of the drum. I dub this revelation ‘auto-snare’. Tempo changes due to variants in hip and groin movement. Rhythmic dynamics are accented through my gait changing on uneven ground.
355908	Tottenham Marshes – abandoned Ford Fiesta car bashing ensemble, mallets on corrugated iron wall.
346878	Hackney Wick/Olympic Park – catch a cyclist, bow spokes – wonderfully discordant.
382823	Limehouse Cut – floating walk-way – Carbo sticks-a-gogo.
383811	The A102 Blackwell Tunnel Approach Rd – constant hum of traffic a backdrop for a head-down four to the floor snare pattern – Shimmy She Wobble.
385791	Cubitt Town – a line of Boris Bikes – best bowing yet.
383784	Island Gardens Foot Tunnel entrance – spiral stairwell soundings – carbo sticks on hand rail
382783	Greenwich Foot Tunnel – bow in lift, drumming in tunnel with its unclear reverb underscored with approaching voices and kiddy banter – a round of “The Heathens are Amongst Us”.
382777	Cutty Sark Gardens – finish above ground, a great day out, we split into two camps: me, Andrew, Paul and Claudia take a billet at Anne's and tuck into her classic veggie chilli – superb.

DAY TWO: 28/05/2016, 09.32-18.36, 16 MILES.
CUTTY SARK GARDENS TO GREEN STREET GREEN, HEADING
IN A SOUTHERLY DIRECTION AS THE CROW FLIES.



Replenished we re-group outside Boots the Chemist, an impromptu rave erupts care of some eclectic tunes from Andrew, Vietnamese or Thai reconfigured House and Latin styles pump out from our honeywagon. Wry smiles from cops and sightseers alike some of whom recognise their native tongue in the lyrics and almost get Terpsichorean themselves. The party is cut short, as Jem and Anthony appear as walking wounded. The dreaded

blister has made an appearance so off into Boots for Compeed and to patch themselves up (it's a sock thing, got to get it right).

Onwards into the fray. As an early stage of our perambulations this morning takes us through Greenwich Park, it being on my manor I was keen to offer a dedicated route past some lesser points of interest and facts that lie within.

Firstly, my not so tenuous tie with General James Wolfe, his statue a celebration of the fallen hero at the battle of Quebec, cast in bronze and standing firm on its pockmarked plinth (strafed by the Luftwaffe WW2) high above the park. His turned up conk (my only similar genetic feature) revealing the great lay-line running directly through the statue's core. This other meridian flowing out over the park to the Queens House, the site of Henry 8th and Elizabeth 1st palaces, dissecting the Royal River gates and Nicholas Hawksmore's church St Anne's (Limehouse) and into the cityscape beyond. The other flows arseward along the main avenue of the park, through the main gates over Blackheath to All Saints Church and on to Chiselhurst Caves and then into the countryside thereafter. A chance find in the local flea market of a 1940s book by A E Wolfe-Aylward containing an inventory of Wolfe's house at Squerries Court (Westerham, Kent) cements our surnames together.

Secondly, as we veer off the Lay we head for what was an extensive 6th century Anglo-Saxon barrow cemetery, originally of some 40 plus graves today you have to get your eye in to count the remaining 20 still visible. The tumuli are nestled between Henry Moore's sculpture "Knife Edge" and John Flamstead's old Royal Observatory on top of an escarpment of the Blackheath beds. The battlefield/barrow site is attributed to two warring tribes holding territories north and south of the Thames (no change there Milwall-West Ham spring to mind). They were led into battle by two distant cousins Dubnovellaunos and Canobeline. Several excavations have revealed stone tools (bronze age), remains of spearheads, shield boss, iron knife, cloth and glass beads, all consistent with the cemetery date and allegedly a braid of Auburn hair and an entire male skeleton. If you're in the area go find it - a very enigmatic spot indeed.

GRID REFS	
382783	Greenwich Foot Tunnel – busker with guitar accompanying a version of “Gone with the Wind is my Love” et al. – bowing of bikes – finger drumming on Odo the Raven.
388773	Greenwich Park General Wolfe statue – auto snare – hand drumming on plinth.
386771	Anglo-Saxon Barrow Cemetery – process around graves, a version of “I Found this Song in the Eye of a Friend” – police intervention “you can’t do that here” – we did.
386767	Queen Caroline’s Bath – the sunken bath of the estranged wife of King George V – held “notorious and boisterous parties here” – subterranean ceramic acoustics of “Heathens are Amongst Us” snare and voice.
393766	Blackheath – several Sustrans bikes bowed. Gem records Ice Cream Van “Yankee Doodle Dandy”.
398750	Lee Green – table sale, props acquired – hand snare various rhythms.
410722	Grove Park – tacit - auto snare.
412718	Chinbrook Meadows railway tunnel – mega dub snare.
416713	Elmstead Woods – Gamalan lament for my mum and dad who’s graves lie adjacent in the cemetery – metal gates and stiles played by ensemble – lovely.
429707	Chislehurst Common Pond – lunch – slanty glances from Saturday shoppers, as a counterpoint I drum hard and fast.
447687	A plantation of Oaks supplying Deptford’s past shipbuilding exploits and of course The Lenox – auto snare and various songs – hand drumming.
444666	Roundabout Wood – tacit.
446646	Orpington A21 – duo along the dual carriageway with Claudia riffing on songs.
456635	Green Street Green – we finish at the Rose & Crown, after taking a wrong turn and led up the garden path we’re all pretty wacked - Transport back to London – We are laid out in the back of the van like shell-shocked veterans awaiting covering fire and re-enforcements. They never come but Mezze Mangal does – then all back to Anne’s for a well-earned kip.

DAY THREE: 29/05/2016, 10.33-20.07, 19 MILES.
GREEN STREET GREEN TO TONBRIDGE.

On returning to the Rose & Crown drop zone we disembark in good spirits despite foot casualties. Jem and Anthony are to ride shotgun for the day to get back on par. This manoeuvre allows them to capture the remaining squad on sound and vision throughout the day.

Flowers are bought from a roadside hawker to lay at Chevening Church. We advance up and over the North Downs skirmishing towards a rural suburbia.

GRID REFS

456635	Green Street Green – a volley of snare and song as we push off peppered with car horns and shouts of encouragement along the A1.
465626	Pratts Bottom – auto snare.
482595	Knockholt Pound – soft hand drumming to the sound of bleating sheep and bird song – pastoral.
489577	Chevening Church – descending off the downs a long fade of snare – from sticks to hands – Andrew lays flowers to rest by his family in the memorial garden – solo voice – serene – distant hum of rubber on tarmac at the M25 trench.
496568	Footbridge over the M25 – once again we bisect this Ouroboros – a counter-attack of pounding snare and a raucous “The Heathens are Amongst Us”.
505561	Chipstead – ambushed by local’s arrows and flowers rain down on Andrew’s suit as a group of children add to Eden’s pen & ink design.
522554	Sevenoaks – up the high street full pelt – hand to hand street percussion, double time quick march on the never ending hill.
538544	Knowle Park – lunch – dead Chestnut tree Marimba – chants along the broad rides.
553527	Carter’s Hill, the Holloway – tacit - too steep to drum.
556521	Underriver – the visionary painter Samuel Palmer’s golden valley – a drought breaker at the White Rock Inn.
564508	Great Hollenden Farm footpath – stalking through dense undergrowth – tacit – auto snare.
567514	Riding Lane – mallets on a five bar gate.
568495	Hollenden Park Farm footpath – snare startles horses, birdsong resonates over the skin.
573492	Coldharbour Lane – we try and outflank Hildenborough passing between gardens and down back-alleys – slap back reverb from the snare – funky.
581478	Hildenborough – not another dead end, our chain of command is in tatters (sorry Iain) – rewind “a song to lift our spirits anybody?”.
588466	Tonbridge – I can see the flares in my eyes of our landing strip, the castle car park, the torture is over, we embark to St Leonards.

DAY FOUR: 30/05/2016, 11.01-20.02, 24 MILES.
TONBRIDGE TO BURWASH.

Rattling back up the A21 I’m feeling uncomfortable in my own skin. The honeywagon has metamorphasised into an old flying crate. The worn out road creates the sound of flak over every pothole we hit. We’re sardined in the back, I’m feeling slightly punch-drunk and somewhat seasick – can I keep my porridge down? I’ve become a Tommy in a landing craft heading for the Normandy Beaches, this could be my D-day. The horror! We pull up at the castle keep, I snap out of it, I get tooled up to slip into the heart of darkness, no no – the Weald of Kent.

GRID REFS

588466	Tonbridge – drumming and songs at the Norman keep – street furniture tapped and beaten with swizzle sticks – a barricade of empty barrels and kegs (a beautiful sight) – one humungous xylophone – a faux Reich/Glass minimalist piece ensues.
597447	Bournemill footpath – onto scrubland and instantly loose our bearings. I recky ahead using the snare as a talking drum to beckon the others towards me – fox jaw bone is collected as a totem along with several other bones to add to the relique box.
595429	Old Forge Farm – under the viaduct – snare base end – dub plate mash-up.
595425	Forge Farm – the smell of genocide hangs heavy, lambs to the slaughter, the dogs are barking and nobody’s in. The footpath has been eradicated and we wade through stingers to clear the area. The Smith’s “Meat is Murder” bashes me over the head from my inner jukebox – tacit throughout.
498407	Sherwood/Tonbridge Wells – we force march ourselves out of town opting for the scenic drudgery route of retail parks and borderless bungalows – its UKIP central. Iain gets harangued for daring a snapshot raid on a ‘Leave’ poster.
601394	Dunorlan Park – lunch, time to calm down and re-load.
599389	Hawkenbury footpath – a new song is offered up by Andrew “The River is Flowing” affirming and uplifting, we’ve turned a corner.
609383	Palmers Farm – the auto snare is the ultimate swing beat.
616360	Bells Yew Green – catch of the day. Jem and I double-bow two cycles – a version of “I Found this Song in the Eye of a Friend”.
616335	Dewhurst Lodge – auto snare.
622330	Wadhurst Station – kamikaze drivers at 12 o’clock - the fear of being road kill – drum louder.
641318	Wadhurst Church – cake break for Anthony’s birthday. Animated conversations with the version – “Jesus in films”.
653304	Shoves Green/Normans Wood – auto snare – song.
663284	Stonegate footpath – ex-farm machinery, non ringing metal – quite dull.
667267	Cockswood – happen upon a weird surreal garden, a metal sculpture of a fish riding a bike – bowing – mute – it did remind me of the Blur classic “A Fish Needs a Bike”.
670261	Wreckery Bridge, River Rother – wooden bridge, great acoustic sounding boards – scorched maze field – brittle sounds of Claudia’s dress running over cut stalks.
677248	Burwash - climbing out of the high Wealden Forest once mined for its iron ore deposits – a quick two-step on the stair with Iain in tow. We arrive at Swan Meadow atop the hill. Supper at the Weal Inn, grounded at last, sonically boomed and battle weary - I’m sound on the way back to base.

DAY FIVE: 31/05/2016, 11.05-19.03, 18 MILES.
BURWASH TO ST LEONARDS-ON-SEA

Its our last day together on the this path to the promenade. Our ultimate sortie via the Black Shed Gallery, we line up for a pinhole like captured comrades in arms on an identity parade in front of a dressage mirror. The image of us begins to bend and fracture – are the last 4 days of continuous sonic strolling beginning to take their toll? Another out-of-body experience? I’m embedding into the landscape on each stride, my beats dissolving into the hedgerows on each strike, only temporally dispelled by speeding sods on blind bends, coming at us out of the sun like a line of tracer bullets.

My drumming becomes more loose-a-genic as the day wears on producing triple pressed rolls that dissolve into each crash of the sea on a pebble beach. I can smell the sea today and hear battles cry on distant hills. All good; the last push.



GRID REFS	
682248	Burwash tranquil lanes – auto snare.
682226	Perrymans Farm footpath – snare stag multi-sticks.
692216	Oxley Green – more rounds of the River Song.
689203	Twelve Oaks – a wall of pine logs – gourdless balafoon – afro-beats.
692195	Cackle Street – tacit.
697191	Darwell Hole – overhead conveyor belt carrying Gypsum off down the valley.
717185	Netherfield footpath – first sighting of the sea, a spring in the step.
727167	Beech Mill – tacit – auto snare.
734166	Baliffs Cottage – the lull before the storming of the hill into battle – very steep incline, manage to keep time, egg everyone on.
748158	Battle Abbey – lunch. We are met by a hoard of French students cheering and waving as we take the town by storm. A lively parade, snare at full pitch and mighty singing – an impromptu hero’s welcome. Despite not being granted an audience at the spot where Harold hit the deck, we make a good fist of it as we wind our way down the field of battle.
744138	Peppering Eye Farm footpath – broken loose of the pack, leave twig arrows to indicate the way – auto snare.
750128	Forewood Nature Reserve – a treat to play in such a delightful indigenous woodland.
758123	Crowhurst Churchyard, ancient Ewe tree – traditional wood of the archer’s bow – gently drum on its hardwood arms.
775093	Combe Haven footpath – dreamlike we drift over the marsh on a fair wind, myself and Iain have bolted for the sea. The holiday camp overlooking it was a teenage holiday haunt of mine – full circle.
780086	Bulverhythe promenade – our powder dry, we let rip “The River it is Flowing” – it plays out well on cannon. I can see the light at the end of the tunnel, there have been many on this re-enactment, real and imagined – up the tempo, full charge ahead.
791087	St Leonards-on-Sea, Edith and Harold Statue – we encircle it like the 7th cavalry, faster and faster the spiral turns in on itself for a last crescendo and a group hug. The casket is opened, Edith and Harold are re-united with Edith and Harold.
802088	The William Stone – overcome with the need I strip and dive off Goat’s Ledge into the sea for a soaking wet grounding, followed by a well earned light ale libation at William’s Table so-called.
Job done!!	

Some time the next day.

I awake full of the walk, but I slept like a log. I feel a seismic shift in me hard to explain. I’m back in my body – a trip I will never forget. I’m drummed out, so a quick dip in the sea, always a good tonic. A pre-booked massage, Lee is amazed at the fantastic condition of my feet after 100 miles on the hoof. No trench foot, blisters or corns – I put it down to going with the flow, treading lightly and pushing the beat through the body into the land, sonic symbiotics.

Big hugs from Andrew, I clamber onto the train for London to be hurtled at what feels like the speed of light past the memory of our walk, back to the future. Its rear guard action all the way, as I try to reconcile me, a modern man dipping my hands and feet into a very ancient land.

Photographs Tom Caron-Delion

1066

NOTES FROM SCREEN ARCHIVE SOUTH EAST FOR
BATTLE OF HASTINGS 1066 FILM

CHAPTER 13

A close-up photograph of a piece of aged parchment. The parchment is light beige with some darker, brownish stains and irregular edges. In the center, the number '1066' is written in a large, bold, red ink. The ink has a slightly textured appearance, and the numbers are closely spaced. The background is a dark, solid grey.



~1066~ (1966) was the result of a joint project initiated by the headteachers of primary schools at Chevering, Crockham Hill and Marsh Green.

The teachers, Mrs Neal, Mr Norman Waterman and Mr Ron Acott had all previously worked together at Riverhead School in Kent. Each of them owned a cine camera and with the anniversary of the Battle of Hasting approaching, decided that the schools should work together on a reenactment. Chevering being the most northerly of the schools took the part of the Viking soldiers, Crockham Hill the Saxons and Marsh Green the Normans. The children's costumes and armour were made in arts and craft lessons at school.

The re-enactment took place at Batchelors Farm, north of Edenbridge as the surrounding countryside was thought to most resemble the actual locations of the various battles. The Chevering children (the Vikings) were transported to the area, but the Saxons and Normans made their way from their respective schools across footpaths to the battlefields. Each child carried an 11th Century picnic, which they are seen eating in part of the film. The teachers filmed the parts played by their own pupils and the three films were edited together to produce the final film.

Titles: "1066" & "re-enacted by the primary schools of Chevering, Crockham Hill, Marsh Green" [a dramatic music soundtrack plays throughout].

Shots of the Bayeux Tapestry; a child narrates the early part of the story before the Norman landing at Pevensey. Rolling titles also retell the story. Shots of collages made by the children visualising the story. Shots of schoolchildren dressed as Vikings walking across farmland; a child narrates the story. Another group of children, this time dressed as Saxons, confront the Vikings. The Battle of Stamford Bridge is re-enacted. The Saxons are seen celebrating their victory over the Vikings.

The Norman's gather in a field after landing at Pevensey; a child continues to narrate the story. They march through fields. The Battle of Hastings is re-enacted between the Norman's and the Saxons. The Norman's are seen retreating three times. With the third advance the Norman's defeat the Saxons; the child playing King Harold is seen with an arrow in his eye. Shots of Saxons lying on the ground. Titles: "1066" & "The End, or the beginning?".








PINHOLES

ANONYMOUS BOSCH

CHAPTER 14

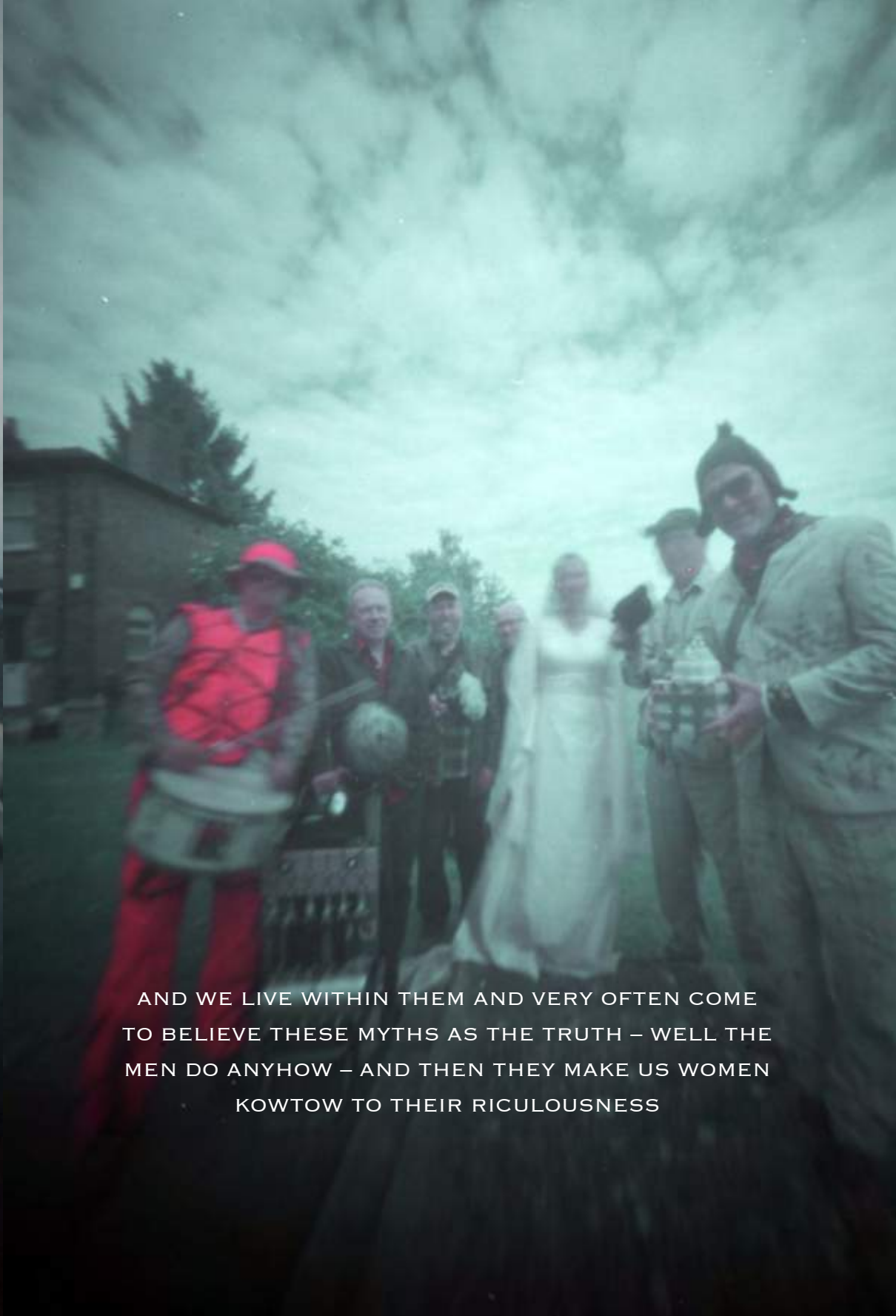


WITH A KIND OF PSYCHIC SATNAV
GROUP ENERGY THEY UNFOLD THE
MAPPED AND IMAGINED EVENTS AND
LOCATIONS STIRRING FRESH POETRY
ACROSS THE TIRED 1066 BATTLE
NARRATIVE

THEIR MORTAL RAFT IS WEDGED
ON AN ALTAR OF WEDDING CAKE -
NIBBLED BY GIANT ALBINO RATS -
THE DEAD ARE MAKING A COMEBACK
- THEY DRIVE LORRIES AND WALK
AMONGST US



AND WE LIVE WITHIN THEM AND VERY OFTEN COME
TO BELIEVE THESE MYTHS AS THE TRUTH - WELL THE
MEN DO ANYHOW - AND THEN THEY MAKE US WOMEN
KOWTOW TO THEIR RICULOUSNESS

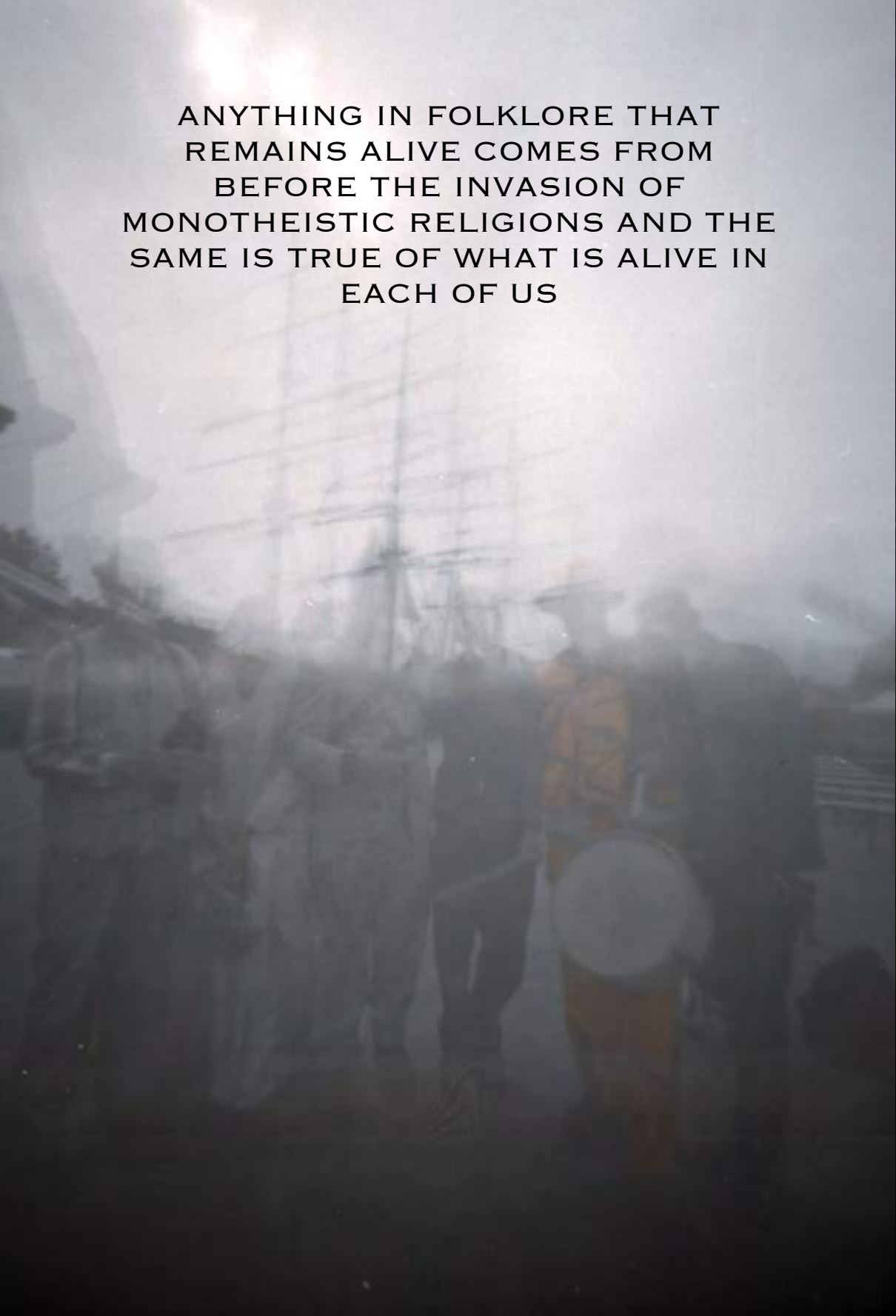


THE BLISTERS HAVE CROPPED
NICELY AND THERE ARE UNICORNS
HANGING FROM THE LAMP POSTS

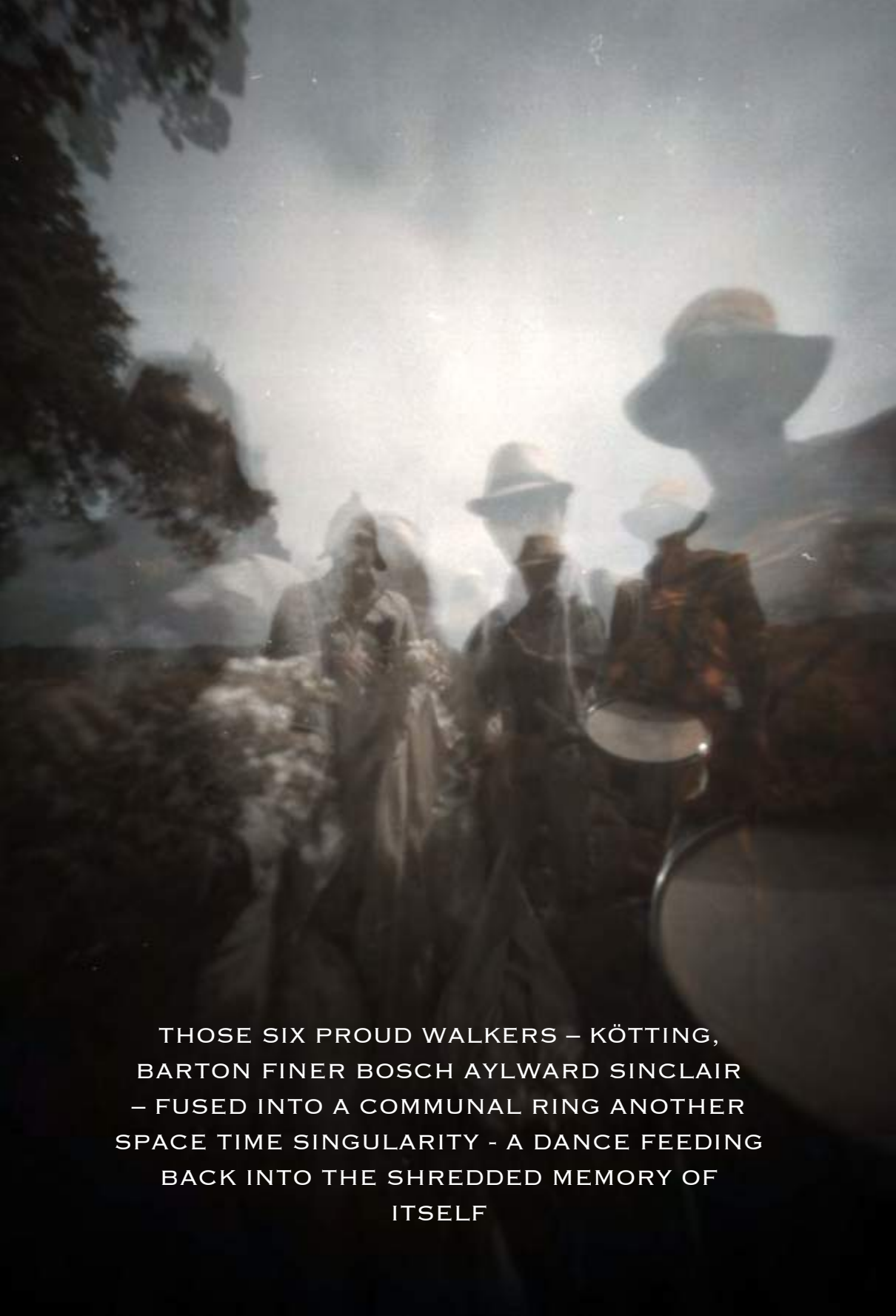


HIS RIGHT ARM CLUTCHES THE
SOFT SHAFT OF A BROKEN AXE HIS
LEFT THUMB IS WORN TO A STUMP
BY TEXTING SUICIDE TELEGRAMS -
MARBLED SKIN IS LEPROUS AND A
NOSE EATEN AWAY BY THE SYPHILIS
OF CENTURIES





ANYTHING IN FOLKLORE THAT
REMAINS ALIVE COMES FROM
BEFORE THE INVASION OF
MONOTHEISTIC RELIGIONS AND THE
SAME IS TRUE OF WHAT IS ALIVE IN
EACH OF US

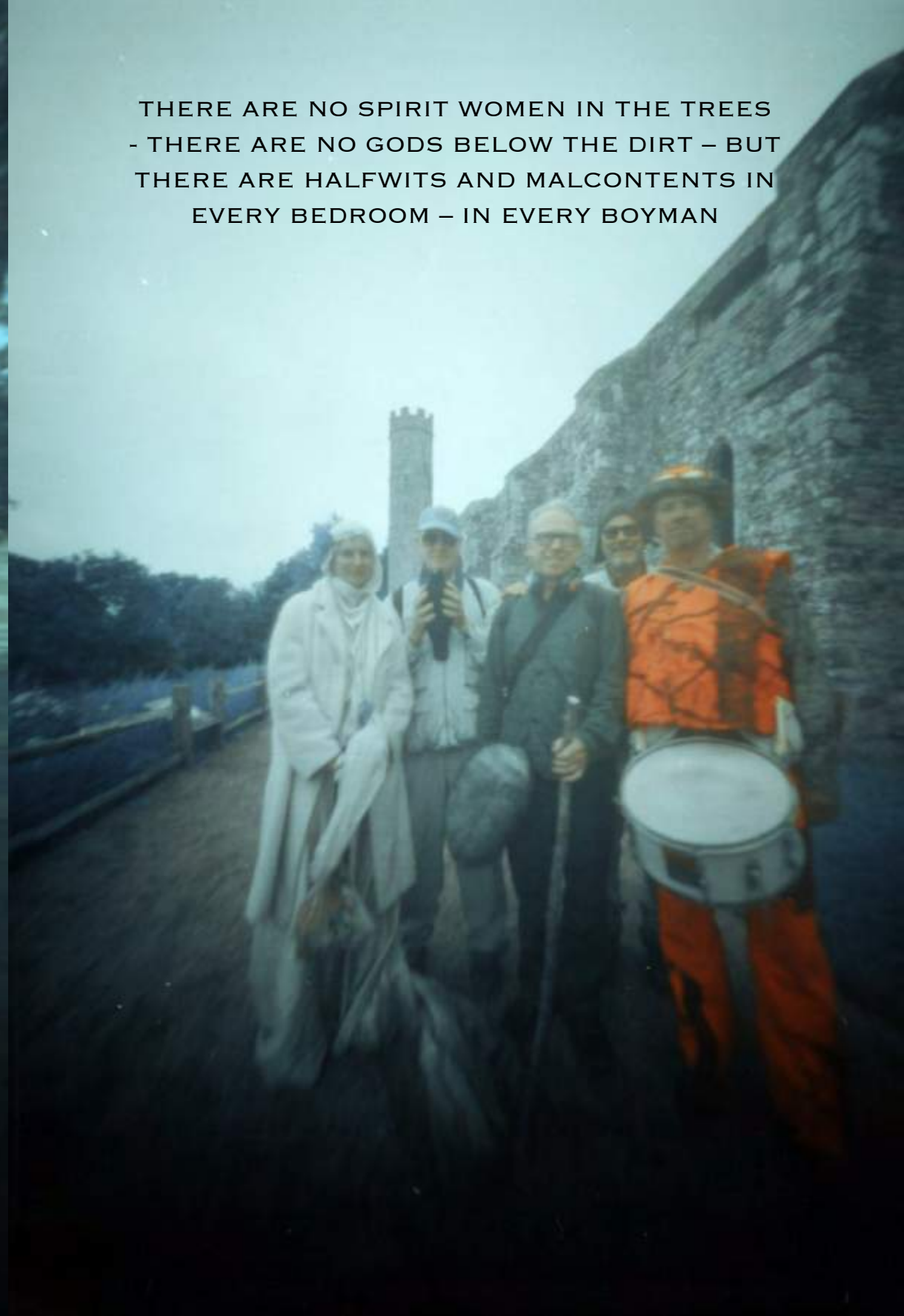


THOSE SIX PROUD WALKERS – KÖTTING,
BARTON FINER BOSCH AYLWARD SINCLAIR
– FUSED INTO A COMMUNAL RING ANOTHER
SPACE TIME SINGULARITY - A DANCE FEEDING
BACK INTO THE SHREDDED MEMORY OF
ITSELF



THE WIND IS SEEN TO BLOW
THROUGH THE LIMITATIONS OF
HUMAN INTELLECT

THERE ARE NO SPIRIT WOMEN IN THE TREES
- THERE ARE NO GODS BELOW THE DIRT – BUT
THERE ARE HALFWITS AND MALCONTENTS IN
EVERY BEDROOM – IN EVERY BOYMAN





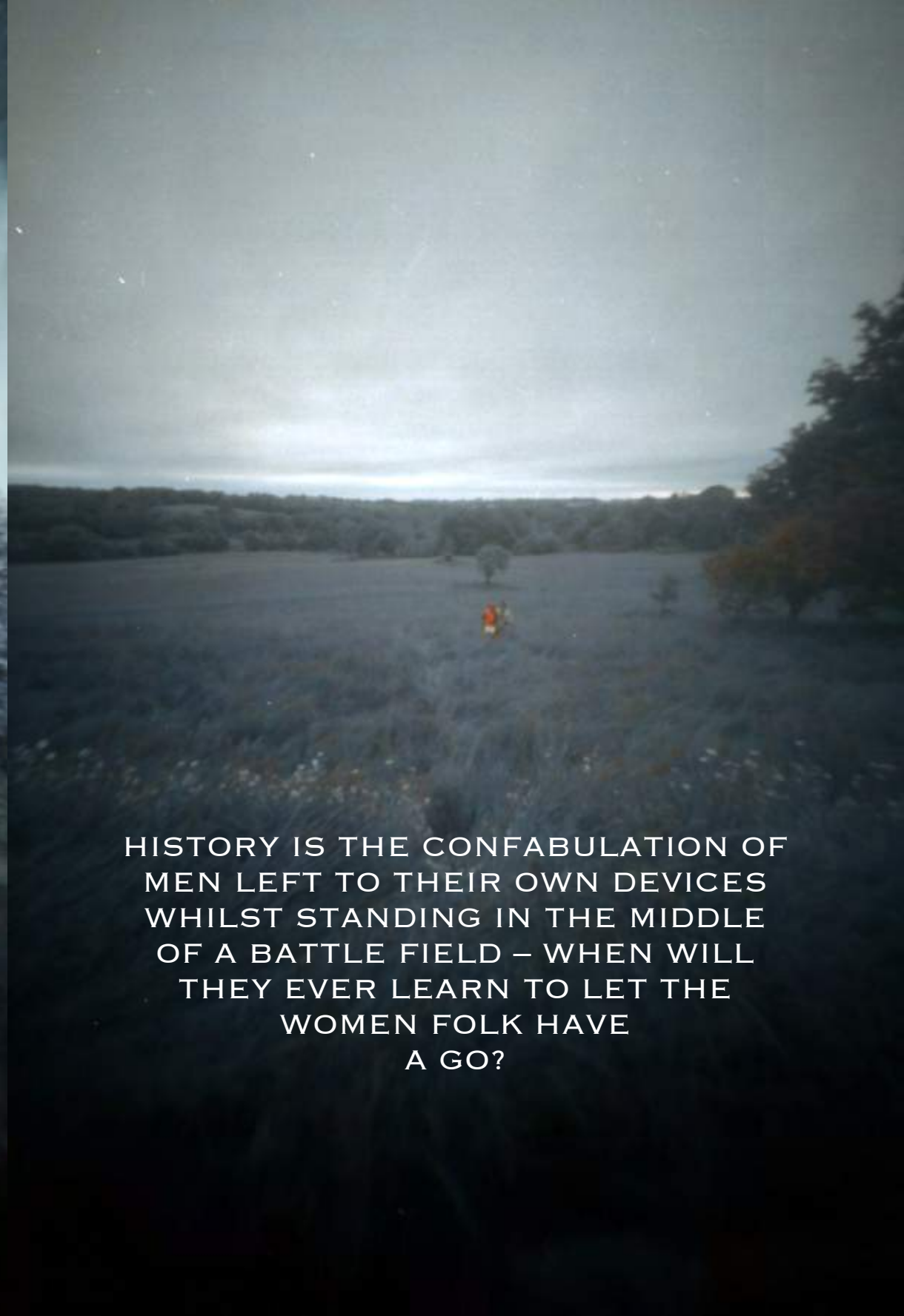
ATTACK GOD HEAD ON AND HE
MIGHT LET YOU LIVE ANOTHER DAY



WE ONLY PERCEIVE WHAT
INTERESTS US THE REST IS
BOLLOCKS



DON'T CRY ELSE I'LL SEND THE
GHOST AFTER YOU



HISTORY IS THE CONFABULATION OF
MEN LEFT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES
WHILST STANDING IN THE MIDDLE
OF A BATTLE FIELD – WHEN WILL
THEY EVER LEARN TO LET THE
WOMEN FOLK HAVE
A GO?

SOME SAY THAT HAROLD WAS LEFT
IN THE SAND WITH JUST HIS HEAD
STARING OUT TOWARDS FRANCE
SOME SAY THAT HAROLD LIVES ON
IN ALL OF US



THE TRUTH AND ITS SHAKY FOUNDATIONS HAVE BEEN
BUILT ON THE SHINGLE SHORE OF MALE IGNORANCE
– THE BIG BOOKISTS ARE AMONGST US AND YES THEY
KEEP COMING – CHILDREN ARE BETTER EQUIPPED



SONGS

CLAUDIA BARTON AND ANDREW KÖTTING

EDITH
SWANNECK

CHAPTER 15

HAROLD





The Heathens Are Back Amongst Us

(An interpretation of Heinrich Heine's 'Battlefield at Hastings', by Julian Fane, Margaret Armour, Andrew Kötting and Claudia Barton)

O Father they tell me
The World's a wicked place
Look how tears
Stream down my face

Bastards laid you low
On Hastings bloody plain
We'll sing for your soul
These evil days

The Heathen's are back amongst us
Heathens are amongst us

The fields were cloaked
In a white shroud of mist
Lifting with the croaking
of ravens at their feast

In thousands they lay
Corpses mangled and torn
Stripped stark and maimed
One of them yours

The Heathen's are back amongst us
The Heathens are amongst us

I searched the whole long day
Until night was nigh
Then suddenly from my breast
There burst an awful cry

On the field at last
His body i'd found
I kissed his poor face
Pushed into the ground

I kissed his brow
Above the hideous din
I kissed his mouth
And held him close within

I kissed his face
I clasped him close
I pressed his lips to mine
I kissed his brow
I kissed his mouth
I pressed him close within

The Heathens are back amongst us
The Heathens are amongst us

The Arrow And The Song

(Written By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow -
Fiddled with by Claudia Barton and
Andrew Kötting)

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth,
But I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew
My sight could not follow it through
In it's flight.
Where it landed no one knew

So I breathed a song
Up into the air,
And it fell unto the earth
But I knew not where
For who has sight so keen and strong?
That it can follow
The flight of a song?

Long, long afterwards
In an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And now this song

From beginning to the end,
I found again
In the eye of a friend
Yes I found again
In the eye of a friend

I found this song
In the eye of a friend

I found this song
In the eye of a friend



Succour

(Words Dismembered From The Pynson Ballad)

All this, a medewe wete with dropes celestyall
And with sylver dewe sent from hye adowne
~

Unto my laude and synguler honoure
All that me seke there shall fynde socoure
~

Many seke ben here cured by Our Ladyes myghte
Dede agayne revyved of this is no dought
Lame made hole and blynde restored to syghte
Maryners vexed with tempest safe to porte brought Defe,
Wounded and lunatyke that hyder have sought

And also lepers here recovered
Have be By Oure Ladyes grace of their infyrmyte

Folke that of fendys have had acombraunce
And of wycked spyrytes also moche vexacyon
Have here be delyvered from every such chaunce
And soules greatly vexed with gostely temptacion
Lo
Here the chyef solace agaynst all tribulacyon

My Love Is Smoke Raised From The Fume Of Sighs

My love is smoke raised from the fume of sighs
My love is hope buried beyond these pilgrim's eyes

I wandered the earth most full of blood
I wandered the earth in search of my love
And under the tree where her placenta grew
I found my love in the form of you

Yes from this tree a new love grew
Yes from this tree a new love grew

Some say that his head was left to the sand
Some say that he hid in the hinterland
So let his feet lead him to places anew
Let his head up into the skies so blue

And dream of bloodied nights fantastic
Dream of pointless songs fantastic
Just like love, or just like living,
Just like the creator and her creation

So
I tear at my throat
Trying to pull the monster away
Tear at my throat
I can die now there is no other way

My love was smoke raised from the fume of sighs
My love was hope buried beyond these pilgrim's eyes
This is the history of my short decay
This is my history come take me away



Green Grow The Rushes Ho

(Excerpt from Traditional Ballad)

I'll sing you twelve, Ho
Green grow the rushes, Ho
What are your twelve, Ho?
Twelve for the twelve Apostles
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven,
Ten for the ten commandments,
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the April Rainers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,

Six for the six proud walkers,

Five for the symbols at your door,
Four for the Gospel makers,
Three, three, the rivals,
Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green, Ho Ho
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so

Gone with the wind is my love

(Spat out and masticated by Claudia Barton and Andrew Kötting from an original song by Rita and the Tiaras)

i gave up everything
i loved i liked
what things i possessed
i knew it was wrong
but you were the king
and i was your queen

now i see you leave
right out of my life
my heart cries out
i gave you my love
and my devotion
and i
i gave you my soul

well my love love love
is gone with the wind
is my love
like a bird in the sky
he's gone with the wind
is my love
i thought he could weather the storm
and stand by me
but at the first sign of a breeze he
freezes
and flees with the wind.

now who can i lean on
when all my friends
and folks have gone
when i know that they really want to
love and to comfort me

but who can take away
a pain of love
a pain that starts
a tear to swell
within my heart
that i

break down and cry
because my love love love
is gone with the wind
is my love
like a leaf from a tree
he's gone with the wind
is my love
i thought he could weather the storm
and stand by me
but at the first sign of a breeze he
frees
and fled
with the wind.

each night i hope and pray
for his return
my heart still burns
it's all i need
his love so good
that i
i burst into tears

my love love love
is gone with the wind
is my love
like a sail on a mast
he's gone with the wind
is my love
my love has gone
he's gone with the wind
that part of my life
he's gone with the wind
my love has gone
gone with the wind
my love has gone
gone with the wind
my love has gone
he's gone with the wind

A Cup

give me a cup to drink from
make it gold or carved in wood
before my time's been poured away
and drained of it's blood

give me a vessel to drink withal
make it crystal or cast in pewter
so I can taste the liquor
dripping past my fingers

give me a cup to drink from
be it bone or an empty horn
droplets will not quench a thirst
I must gulp it down

when I'm well and truly done
no longer tired and brittle
I'll stretch my bow of yew
I'll shoot those arrows
tipped with bone
plant them where they'll grow
shoots from which we'll whittle
new arrows from.



POEMS

BY JOHN CLARE NICHOLAS JOHNSON AND
GARETH EVANS



CHAPTER 16

DEATH - POEM

BY JOHN CLARE 13TH JULY 1793 - 20TH MAY 1864

Why should man's high aspiring mind
Burn in him with so proud a breath,
When all his haughty views can find
In this world yields to death?
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
The rich, the poor, the great, and small,
Are each but worm's anatomies
To strew his quiet hall.

Power may make many earthly gods,
Where gold and bribery's guilt prevails,
But death's unwelcome, honest odds
Kick o'er the unequal scales.
The flattered great may clamours raise
Of power, and their own weakness hide,
But death shall find unlooked-for ways
To end the farce of pride,

An arrow hurtled eer so high,
From een a giant's sinewy strength,
In Time's untraced eternity
Goes but a pigmy length;
Nay, whirring from the tortured string,
With all its pomp of hurried flight,
Tis by the skylark's little wing
Outmeasured in its height.

Just so man's boasted strength and power
Shall fade before death's lightest stroke,
Laid lower than the meanest flower,
Whose pride oer-topt the oak;
And he who, like a blighting blast,
Dispeopled worlds with war's alarms
Shall be himself destroyed at last
By poor despised worms.

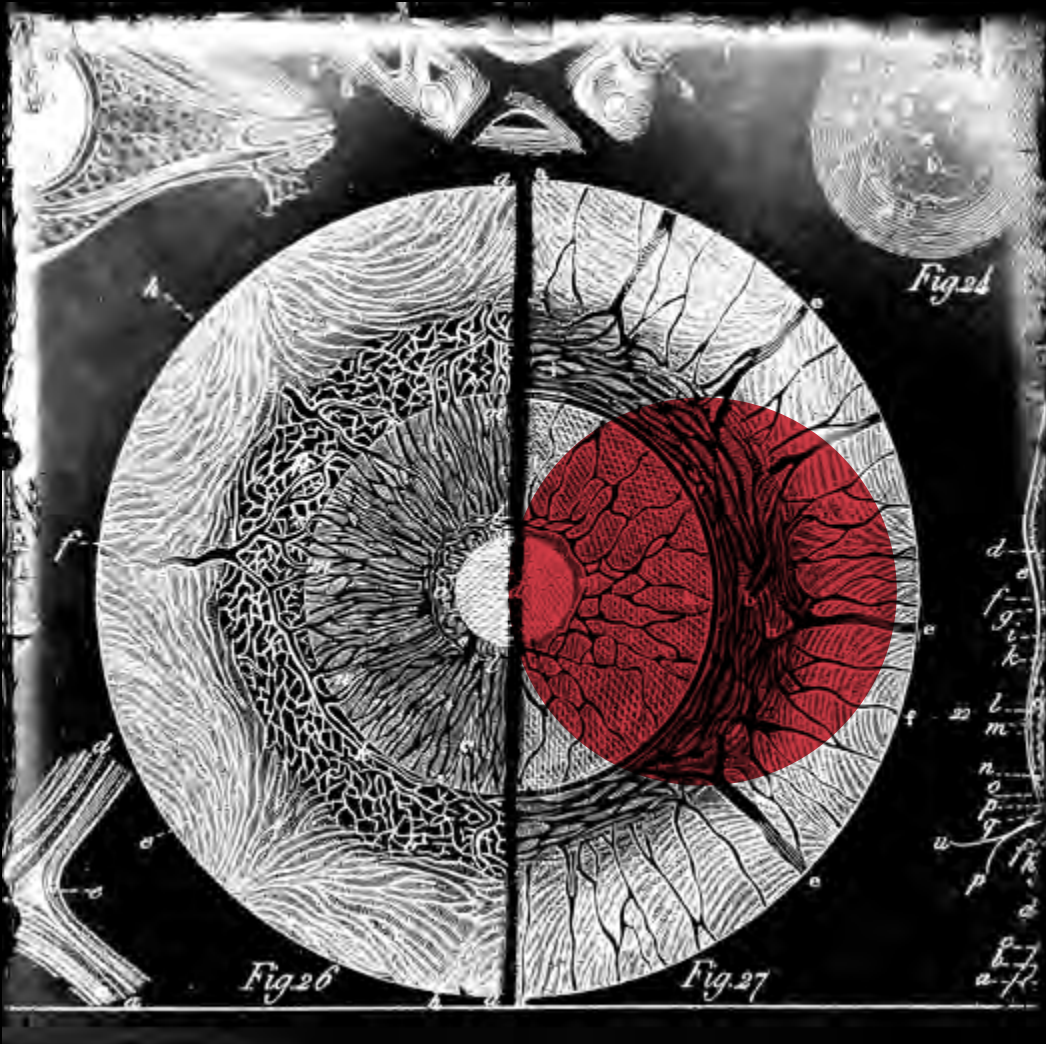
Tyrants in vain their powers secure,
And awe slaves' murmurs with a frown,
For unawed death at last is sure
To sap the babels down.
A stone thrown upward to the sky
Will quickly meet the ground agen;
So men-gods of earth's vanity
Shall drop at last to men;

And Power and Pomp their all resign,
Blood-purchased thrones and banquet halls.
Fate waits to sack Ambition's shrine
As bare as prison walls,
Where the poor suffering wretch bows down
To laws a lawless power hath passed;
And pride, and power, and king, and clown
Shall be Death's slaves at last.

Time, the prime minister of Death!
There's nought can bribe his honest will.
He stops the richest tyrant's breath
And lays his mischief still.
Each wicked scheme for power all stops,
With grandeurs false and mock display,
As eve's shades from high mountain tops
Fade with the rest away.

Death levels all things in his march;
Nought can resist his mighty strength;
The palace proud, triumphal arch,
Shall mete its shadow's length.
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find in the unhonoured grave,
Where weeds shall crown alike the head
Of tyrant and of slave.

.KonaBody



DOGS THAT WERE

BY NICHOLAS JOHNSON 2016

And went we this way and that
to lay in straw to find succour
after battle, our forearms
smeared in gore, there was no welcome place to wash
and large oaks mustered in iced ripples
of air, and dogs that were rising from glees
to flesh meat from the fallen, dogs that were
enough wolf and didn't have teeth always
but jaws and claws for pulling

The fields were flat we called them champs
we called ditches blood troughs
night shot by teeming stars
on the dogs that were
over the lake of bodies, torsos seeping, pulped
to a putrid scree
stenched the English channel for a week
and here a hand upward leading
the dogs that were

there is a view on the slant of Telham hill
there is no slant on the view of Pierce Eye
Heavenspringer flew down and drummed a drum
loud it was over the hill made from a chain of
bodies dried and stuffed with stones over the
tip of Caldbec,

we had to stay grouped we had to stay
unrepentant
shit and blood roped from our thighs
huddled in a bid to keep warm
some among us had wounds more, others dysentery
we had tramping
ahead of us : again the stars gritted sky in a
wash of blue and there were dogs that were
among the scavengers
who appeared to answer stars. We were bound by
our own language and serfdom : yet we were heroes
many of us boastful, others numb or
fearful; long from home bed and crib
holding tongue until the spoils

her face set
her green eyes lit
she told me
acquisition of the spoils
would lead to surveyance;
architecture
of prisons,
position of
Bethlem beds

What is the name of your manor?
Who held it under Confessor?
Who holds it now?
How many cow hides does it contain?
How many ploughs are on the demesne ----
how many belong to tenants?

How many villiens
coltliers
slaves
freemen
socmen

are there?

How much woodland? How much meadow?
How many pastures? How many mills?
How many fishponds? HOW MUCH LAND
has been added or taken away?

And we looked out again at the sea,
this time the blue had evaporated, and
we could discern
swirls an oaten colour
where skiffs had passed, fishing
upon the horizon
towards the depths; where kings parlied
with gods and Vikings strew fires
on sea's long hair and warriors
transformed to lightning
poles :

and so I turned
 to regard her face
 and kissed all along the
 low lip and she
 kissed me and pulled
 firebrats from inside
 my gilet, and we slid our lower
 clothes aside and burrowed
 into the hollow
 from where we'd first seen the
 whale from Ecclesbourne glen;
 a mirror to her gaze
 and our bodies splayed against bracken
 and primeval ferns, labias
 bashful
 across us; green vertebrae
 high in May sun's descant

Moss and lichen
 spread in chutes
 for damselfly,
 hawthorn boughs spread
 shade for the belly
 her shins on earth, glint blue
 a bucolic for an instant
 a pact just for eternity
 myth bonds together

the lover and the loved,
 domain holder : swarthy compadre :
 her neck arched like a swan
 and now they are suffused in a statue
 rancid and pocked as in late crisis of
 syphilis; moved and shunted from
 museum then square to
 lie embracing, the lover so dead ---
 limbs entwined, the neck and the cool
 thrum of fingers, tarnished by weather
 put in a park; thirty feet from
 public toilets and their hand driers
 left on through the night



BAYEUX SELVES

ON THE OCCASION OF AN INCIDENT, BEING A
VISITATION TO THE COASTLINE WHERE IT ALL 'TOOK'
PLACE

Some Herewords and Some Afterwords

für Andrew Kötting

by Gareth Evans

Enter platform sideways from various directions

All of this is true
and some of it even / is

Wake
Harold
you are not dead
but only as tall
as your head
that we cannot see behind
this growing hedge
we call the present
which is only what
we can see from
where we are
from

Hereward make your
way from history
out toward the
actual light blinking your one
eye the present lies
like dew or frost
across your lone stone face
the present lies
you are in all of time
at once and all
not thereward
moore in it than being out
you are
and all you are
translated
you are
not the subject of this
chronicle of the actual
sole
which
on a sun clear day
finer in the memory
in all the catching colour-
fields
saw the merry band step
straight into the cosmos
of the quest
stars in all their hair
or not hair

a proper space and fit
for proper dreaming
they made
by striding out
a fresh kind travelling
kind and new relating
their kind outreaching
to other kinds of kind

be not be not un / kind

in and out of places
cutting all the times
into one kind moment

walking why walking
walking for the trust
it needs and takes
open like a hand into encounter

they sing speak scribe and salvage sound
from the bandaged earth
the actual noise of going
chant / drumming poor 'wrong' Edith
on her solitary way
all the way to where she
sleeps
in salt and fathoms close

getting
thirsty in the doing
going aleward

there is a point like rain
where story-making ends
and something dry begins
so thanks to all their art
they stay thick in the
pour of it
REMAIN
drenched in the tale

*

the light lay on the whole sea
much like a long embrace
while you made your steady
path
to love and tumults
home

drunk on fabulation
I sat a whiling while
and watched it all
the water
and listened to its turning
tiding song

in my humming pocket
found your message
as I stood to go

*move
down
here
we could repair the world*

Exeunt stage LEAVE
or is it left

ENDS
21.7.16

WAKE THE DEAD

ALAN MOORE



CHAPTER 17

A Wake: this bruised ground's first recorded call to arms yet still its finest. **Hereward** – the hoofbeat rumble there in his redacted name, trailing a cloud of fleas, of rancid boar-grease for the warmth, wrapped in his firework heraldry – he wasn't slain so much as Photoshopped out of the English picture. He's the awkward blank between Arthur and Robin Hood whenever we haul out the national superheroes as imaginary shield against adversity or, worse, as part of a recruitment drive. Expelled, excluded from the Legend Club for bad behaviour, these days he only turns up for poorly attended fringe events along with Boadicea, Guy Fawkes and Thompson the Leveller, revival tours for local blackballed folklore with a visible security presence at hand just in case anything kicks off. He registers as gaps on children's lending-library shelves, does **Hereward**, or doesn't register at all.

Like everybody, there's the soggy flesh and blood of him and there's the blazing story, both components true in their own ways, as true as anything in the continually revised and shifting fictions, which comprise our history. Perhaps the best way to regard it is as a split beam experiment; Schrödinger's cat-trap with both contradictory explanations somehow coexisting.

And so **Hereward** has his nativity near Bourne in Lincolnshire around 1035 and then again around 1054 when they reboot the franchise to disqualify all of the eerie supernatural stuff. His father, in one universe, is Leofric of Bourne, nephew of Ralph the Staller – always bargaining for time, presumably – while in the universe next door he's sired by Leofric, the Earl of Mercia. His mother in the first account is **Edith**, a descendant of Oslac of York, and in the second she's the celebrated medieval nude equestrian Lady Godiva, riding out into the stunned hush of the wayside crowd, into the poetry and painted sunlight, her imaginary arse a code for everything divine, magnificent and brave in England.

Hereward's quantum superposition, if examined, is collapsed at various points into a single narrative. Most sources seem agreed that Abbot Brand of Peterborough Abbey is his uncle, and that as a prototypical disruptive ASBO adolescent, disobeying whichever Leofric was his father, he gets exiled at the age of eighteen and packed off to Cornwall, Ireland and Flanders on a mandatory Dark Ages gap year. As is customary with such excursions, this is where most of the deeply problematic episodes occur. Played by a young Leo Di Caprio he brawls with an improbably huge bear and then, as a clean-shaven Disney animation, rescues a beguiling Cornish princess from a loveless marriage. Meanwhile, somewhere

nearer the historically real world, in Flanders he joins with a military expedition against Scaldemariland, believed to be islands in the Scheldt estuary, and marries a rich stalker named Turfida who's been thoroughly besotted since she heard about the punch-up with the bear. Thanks to this surely hectic schedule and a lack of social media beyond goat entrails, it's not until **Hereward** returns home in 1070 that he finds out why #William the Conqueror is trending.

PLAYED NOW BY A
MID-CAREER MEL
GIBSON, **HEREWARD**
DISCOVERS THAT
HIS FAMILY'S LAND IS
OVERRUN BY MIGRANT
SWARMS OF DAVID
CAMERON'S LIKELY
NORMAN ANCESTORS



(our present aristocracy establishes itself by force during the late 11th century) and, worse, that the new tenants have performed a Changing Rooms redecoration with his brother's head as an unusual design motif which, you can tell, **Hereward** doesn't really care for. Having found suitable action-hero motivation, having had his Batman's Parents moment, he locates the perpetrators while they're drunk and telling racist jokes about the English – as if the decapitation of his brother hasn't soured relationships enough already – and with just a caddy dragging after

him to haul his specialised array of swords, he undertakes a controversial ‘Slash to Kill’ policy with fifteen of them. This, one suspects, is where the most iconic and enduring screen-grab comes from: **Hereward** stands straddling the dead, his werewolf head turned to the right, his sword arm flung across his face. A chainmail stab-vest is worn, sensibly, over his furs. The limbs are bare and the long russet hair flares in an updraft to surround the skull in sepia flame.

Before the claret’s had a chance to scab and dry, he nips across to Medeshamstead Abbey back in Peterborough, then part of Northamptonshire, in order to receive a hasty knighthood from his uncle, Abbot Brand. With this accomplished he returns to Flanders for a while until the heat attracted by his drive-by disembowelling has died down. At this point he is simultaneously a man of thirty-five and a worryingly violent boy of sixteen who presumably roughed up the bear when he was, what, eleven? Twelve? Too fidgety to drum his heels in Flanders, before long he’s back in these parts and William de Warenne’s brother-in-law Frederick has sworn to give him a good murdering, which really doesn’t go the way that Frederick expects it to. William de Warenne, more than miffed, pursues the killer of his relative but is knocked from his steed by one of H’s arrows. Judging by an independent chronicle, it seems that some of the above might

even actually have happened. Less in doubt is **Hereward’s** alliance with the Danish king Sweyn Estrithson, in company of whom he founds an anti-Norman guerrilla encampment on the Isle of Ely in 1070, pre-empting the anticipated taunt “You and whose army?” But, once more, this is where our blurred image slips into double exposure.

ONE SOURCE PRESENTS **HEREWARD** AND THE DANES MAKING A BOX-SET NORDIC NOIR ASSAULT ON PETERBOROUGH ABBEY

(carried out ostensibly to save the abbey’s treasures, fossil saints, and fragments of the true cross from the Norman interlopers) at some juncture safely after the main battle to secure a rebel camp in marsh-bound Ely, while another source more credibly suggests the Peterborough ram-raid happened first. This doesn’t sit so well with **Hereward’s** stated intent of keeping precious relics out of the invaders’ hands, and makes the operation look more like a heist to fund the Ely campaign and his subsequent terrorist operations. Worse, the pro-**Hereward** Gesta **Herewardi** spins the story by insisting that after a visionary intervention from Saint Peter, our fenland Bin Laden felt moved to return his plunder to the grateful and forgiving abbey. In the much more likely Peterborough version of The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, however, all the loot

ends up in Denmark and is never seen again.

The fact that Sweyn Estrithson vanishes out of the narrative here possibly supports the second option, and goes some way to explaining just why **Hereward** might need to strike a new alliance with Saxon former Northumbrian Earl Morcar, who has been unseated by William the Conqueror and whose broad shoulders, it may be surmised, are made entirely out of chip. William expends considerable resources in attempting to quell the rebellion, and in 1071 the two of them are forced back to their Isle of Ely stronghold in the marshlands that spanned Southern Lincolnshire, North Cambridgeshire, West Norfolk and the treacherous territories of Eastern Northamptonshire, known locally and with good reason as ‘The Drownings’. It’s from this swamp-bandit period that we derive classic Brand **Hereward the Wake**, descending with his outlaws out of boggy dark to scorch a Norman settlement, perhaps the then under-construction castle where the railway station is now, raised provocatively not a hundred yards down Marefair from the royal palace and adjacent private chapel of St. Peter’s church that had been built by legendary King Offa for his sons. Amongst the arrows and the burning barns and catcalls of

“A WAKE! A WAKE!”

the indigent resistance make sure their incendiary message is delivered and then thunder off up Black Lion Hill towards the east, towards the flooded region where pursuers can be swallowed by the night, the veiled deeps, the sphagnum moss.

This can’t have lasted long. Both **Herewards**, the mythopoeia and the meat, are faced by a frontal assault from William’s army. The more fabulous accounts describe a massive mile-long causeway built from timber by the Normans by which Ely might be safely reached, only for this to sink beneath the weight of all that armour, all those horses. Undeterred, psy-ops are next employed: a witch is situated in a wooden tower from which she can scream her demoralising curses at the besieged Anglo-Saxons, until **Hereward** demolishes her perch using his by now customary and, one might think, unimaginative method of just setting fire to it. The same cycle of stories has **Hereward** dressing as a potter, perhaps Grayson Perry or the early Johnny Vegas, so that he can spy on William and escape captivity. Other than in providing many of the basic riffs for the far less historical Robin Hood tall tales of a century or so thereafter, this picaresque stretch can’t be said to end well. In the likeliest scenario a knight of William’s going by the name of Belsar or Belasius bribes Ely’s monks to show him how to reach the island while entailing a bare minimum of muddy suffocations. Of the less than



half-a-dozen causeways leading to the isle it seems most probable that a circular earthworks south of Aldreth marks the site of a fort built by William's army from which to stage its decisive last attack.

Predictably, being only the hero's best mate, Morcar takes a fall and is imprisoned. Just as obviously **Hereward**, whose name is on the franchise, makes a bold escape into the fens with a few far from merry men to carry on the asymmetric struggle, with this getaway attested to unanimously by the earliest accounts. And then, and then... the text becomes a Choose Your Own Adventure deal again. **Hereward** attempts negotiations with the Conqueror, is captured, gets away during a prison transfer and eventually, incredibly, receives a pardon from his enemies to live out the remainder of his life in peace with Alfruda, his second wife, Turfida having perhaps understandably entered a convent. Or, alternatively, when he's just about to make his peace with William, he is unpleasantly disassembled by a gang of Norman noblemen. Or vanishes, like many of his countrymen, into obscurity, exile, or Scotland. Into fiction. There's no grave, there's no definitive concluding episode, no firing of a final arrow into Sherwood Forest as an indicator of his resting place. No Oedipal last Salisbury Plain contretemps with Mordred, and no sub-aquatic lady's hand to take Excalibur once more into the lake. He's gone, just when the audience are starting to suspect

that things have been left open for a sequel.

If you
never see
the body
they're
not really
dead.

Of course, **Hereward** gets away. Dressed as a potter, following the witch, the princess and the monstrous bear he disappears down urchin-tunnels in the undergrowth and ducks into the English dreamtime; becomes one with the remembered landscape, fuses with its chalk giants and its swerving, street-drinking Tom Cobbley songlines, joins the nine bright shiners and **the six proud walkers**. With blood in his beard he skulks around the déclassé perimeter of English Heritage for several hundred years, gets by on scraps of legacy with a few write-ups in the crumbling 12th century parchment histories, a wistful rumour here, a footnote there. He gets a nod from Thomas Bullfinch in *The Age of Fable*, but it's not until a decade later when John Clare's been in the ground a year and Clare's imaginary daughter Queen Victoria is on the throne that waterbaby wrangler Charles Kingsley resurrects the celebrated Midlands arsonist in 1865, with **Hereward** the Wake, "Last of the English". Coinciding with a fad for all

things Anglo-Saxon, Kingsley's book positions **Hereward** as an enduring champion of vanished English values – that would be the pyromania, stealing holy relics, drowning people and ursine cage-fighting, then – which have been taken from us by William the Conqueror's corrosive Bullingdon Club legacy.

For roughly the next century, **Hereward**'s on the cultural nostalgia 'A'-list of inspiring British people who we're not entirely certain actually existed. He incarnates, steel and smoke, as an H-class destroyer for the Royal Navy or as a standard class 7 locomotive owned by British Rail. The exiled teen delinquent transforms into a preparatory school for boys in Hampstead, a housing association and a Peterborough FM radio station, while at **Hereward** the Wake House near the foot of Gladstone Road and fifty years ago, youngsters with disabilities are cheered and comforted by Jimmy Savile. Flashbulbs pop, freezing uncertain smiles. Something about the Wake attracts the most astonishing forgotten writers in the country, with heroic bankrupt former tally-boy Jack Trevor Story authoring a long biography for 1950s children's annuals, while Apocalypse School poet and impeccable historic fantasy scribe Henry Treece has **Hereward** outliving William by a satisfying margin in *Man with a Sword*. The Doctor Who annual for 1985, possibly written by my incorporeal collaborator Steve Moore, reveals **Hereward** to be an alias adopted by

King Harold when the arrow in the eye at Hastings turns out to be not as critical as everyone had feared. A barebones signifier of resistance he transcends the nebulous facts and embraces multiple identities. He can be anyone. He can do everything.

Sometimes you see him lurching down the Wellingborough Road at chucking-out time with neon and heartbreak glistening on his cheeks, shouting incomprehensible abuse at passing traffic, off his meds. He says we're Norman quisling bastards who've allowed our streetlamps, libraries, social services, healthcare facilities, functional schools and disability allowances to be prised from our grasp, and asks why we've not cooked the perpetrators in a wicker man. He seems convinced that all our media conglomerates are witches in high wooden towers and warns us to ignore their curses and their diabolic propaganda. He'll swear on a stack of bibles that the bear, I'm telling you, that fucking bear was fifty feet tall if it was an inch. He sometimes gets Alfruda and Turfida muddled up. He SAYS that he finds *Game of Thrones* too futuristic, but he's just as upset about David Bowie as the rest of us. Inevitably, talk gets round to setting things on fire. He thinks we should combust our history, the beggars, poets, saints and dead queens that are buried and compressed to coal. In his phlegm-flecked belief, we should ignite our legends and put our geography to torch that these things might provide us heat and light, might be a fuel

sustaining us against invasion. He maintains that we should understand, aggressively, the streets and times we wander through until they flare with meaning and drive back the lingering medieval dark. Occasionally he catches himself on the brink of blowing his contemporary cover and trails lamely off into "But what do I know? I'm just an itinerant potter."

Most of all, he stridently insists that we should wake. Wide-eyed and watchful as his epithet he states that we must rouse ourselves out of this disempowering dream, this night-start of contrived austerity, fracked national parks, Downton Abbey, rampaging Etonians, steamed-open emails and, quite seriously, if the National Health Service was a Cornish princess then surely to Christ someone would rescue her? "A Wake", his rallying cry, unchanged in nine hundred years. "Awake, before this conflagration has a chance to spread to everything you love, you useless, listless and oblivious Norman quisling bastards. Wake, and be your own mythology, for you have giant bears to wrestle!"

THEN HE SLOUCHES OFF
INTO THE SUCKING BOGS
AND THE OBSCURING
MUD OF HIS OWN DODGY
HISTORICITY, INTO THE
ROPED-OFF PAST. INTO A
DROWNED LAND WHERE
WE CANNOT FOLLOW
WITHOUT HAZARD.

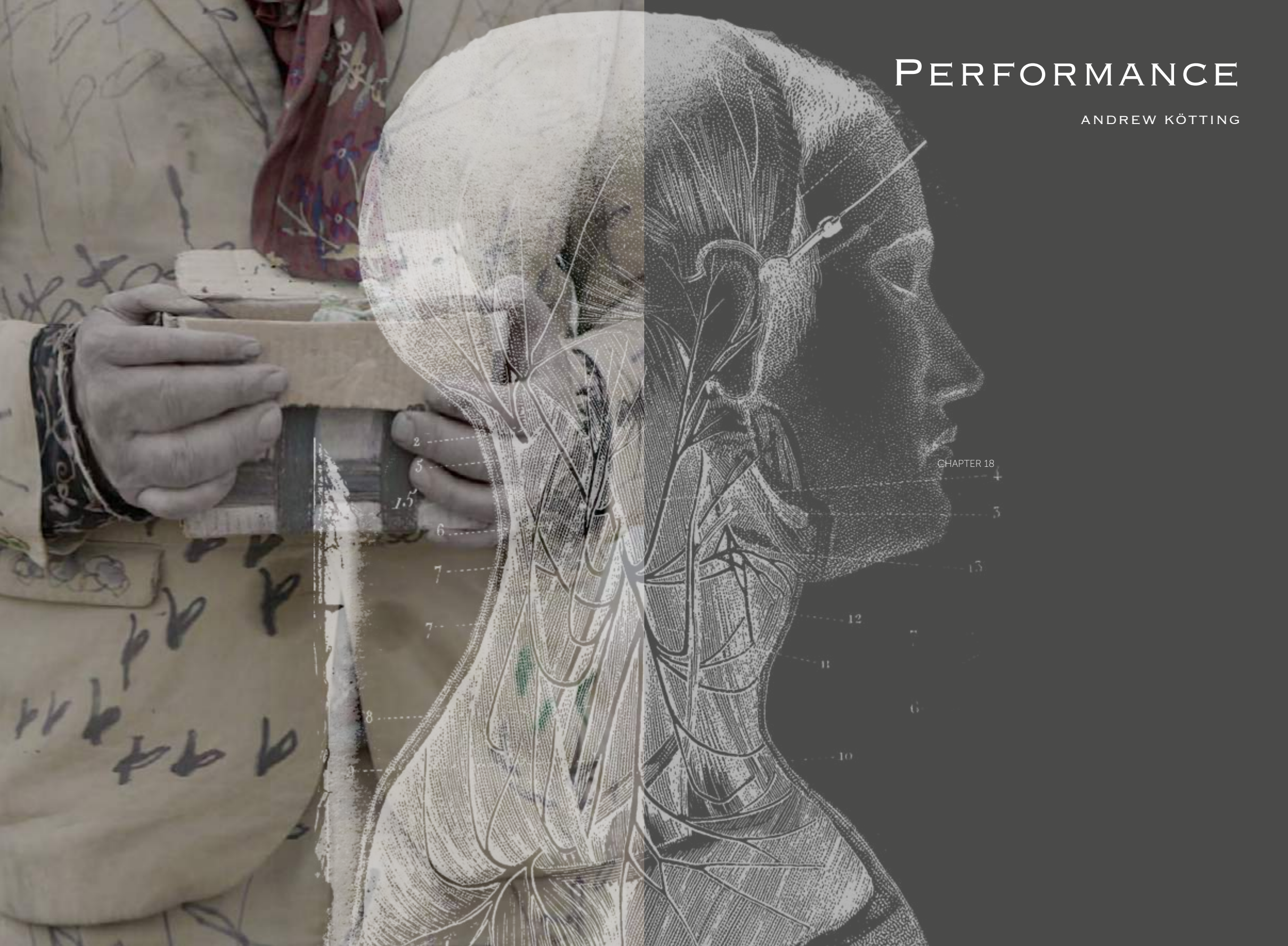




PERFORMANCE

ANDREW KÖTTING

CHAPTER 18



PERFORMANCE IN MEMORY OF EDITH SWAN NECK
MIRED IN BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD BLOOD AND FIRE

Whispering:

I am the Edith Swan Neck
I am both slim and white
And from the king I take delight

But
Then I hear the news of woe
How my Harold's life has come to an end
And on Hastings battlefield he lays low

On a mission to my dear I've sped
To search for the corpse on the battle-plain
Among the bloody dead

O Father the world's a wicked place
And evil days have started

Under a comet's omen full of dread
I go to that red battle-plain
And seek amongst the dead

I seek but seek in vain
King Harold's corpse I cannot find
Among the bloody slain

Midst the fallen horses
Wounded torn and maimed
Lie a thousand corpses

I search until the night is nigh
Then sudden from my breast there bursts
A shrill and awful cry

O Father the world's a wicked place
And evil days have started

For his body I have found
I kiss without a tear or word
His dead face upon the ground

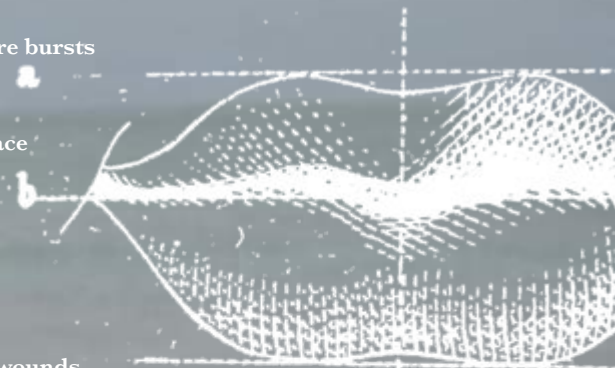
I press my lips into his bloodied wounds
That gape upon his breast
I kiss his brow
I kiss his mouth
And hold him to my chest

His shoulders stark I kiss them too
When searching I discover
Three little scars my teeth have made
From our last night as lovers

Now I sing for his soul a weird lament
It shudders deep into the night
I sing softly now
I am almost spent

O Father the world's a wicked place
And evil days have started

O Father the world's a wicked place
And evil days have started



16



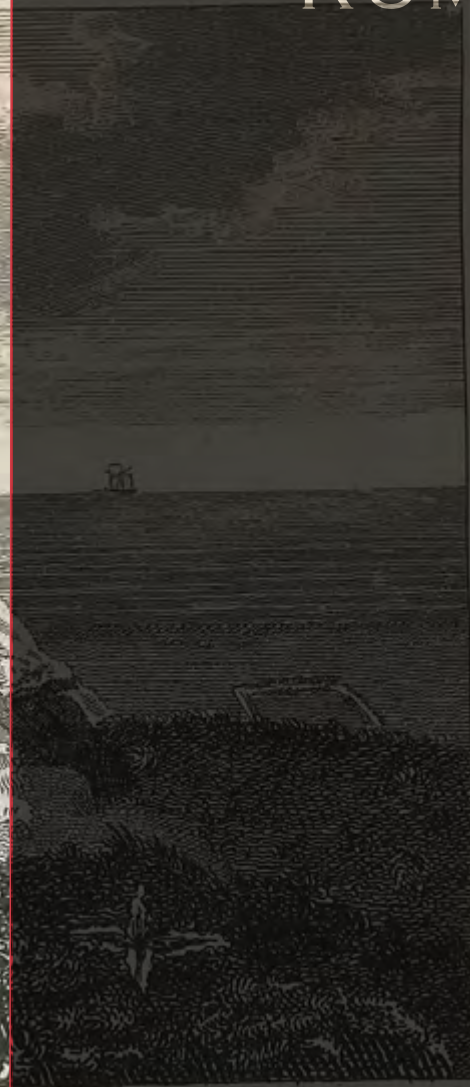
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HASTINGS: THE RISE OF A ROMANTIC RESORT



HASTINGS CASTLE, *in* SUSSEX.

Published according to Act of Parliament, by Alex^r. Hogg, N^o 16, Paternoster Row.



Page sculp^t

CHAPTER 19



*'Norman saw on English Oak,
On English neck a Norman yoke;
Norman spoon to English dish,
And England ruled as Normans wish;
Blithe world in England never will be more,
Till England's rid of all the four.'*

(Ivanhoe, 1820, Sir Walter Scott)

Hastings: The Rise of a Romantic Resort

British coastal resorts began to emerge as distinct sites of health and leisure from as early as the 1730s. The medicinal benefits of sea-bathing had long been recommended: 'sea-bathing had long been used by "common folk" for a combination of therapeutic, prophylactic, educational, festive and hedonistic purposes. But for elite groups, the consumption of seaside nature had to be invented, learnt and accepted' (Gray, 2006, p.17). Print culture such as newspapers, magazines and guidebooks played a key role in shaping the perception of English coastal resorts as attractive destinations for middle and upper class visitors. By the early eighteenth century, 'scientists and medical writers were becoming enthusiastic about sea bathing' (Brodie, 2011, p.19) and it became fashionable to spend leisure time beside the sea. 'Domestic travel between the Renaissance and the eighteenth century... had [the] primary purpose of collecting knowledge' (Korte and Berghoff, 2002, p.4), however, the popularity of English coastal resorts from the mid-eighteenth century illustrates a shift in the focus of domestic leisure travel from being largely educational in purpose to focusing on health and bodily wellness. By the late eighteenth century it is possible to observe traces of Romanticism in print culture and the arts promoting the seaside as a site of not only medical recuperative benefit, but increasingly as a destination capable of providing emotional well being through exposure to picturesque scenery. Romantic prose and imagery were influential in the promotion of Hastings as a tourist destination in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century and contributed to the development of Hastings Castle as a tourist site that informed notions of national identity.

Why did the middle and upper classes of England increasingly turn to English destinations for leisure in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century and why did they choose Hastings? Many English coastal resorts in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century had sublime scenery and picturesque views, what they didn't all have was a connection to the historic date of 1066, Hastings Castle. Although the battle actually (or more recently one could say arguably) took place six miles to the north of Hastings in the town of Battle the association to the Battle of Hastings through sharing its name situates Hastings Castle as a significant site for English identity formation. The castle features in the Bayeux Tapestry suggesting that the castle was an important symbol of the Norman Conquest in 1066 and remained a potent symbol in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

The renewed threat of conquest faced by Britain in the early nineteenth century foregrounded questions of national identity. Raphael Samuel argues that there was an 'upsurge in patriotic sentiment during the French revolution and Napoleonic wars' (1998, p.31). Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth century British colonial interests were constantly threatened by the French and after the chaos of the French Revolution Napoleon represented a credible threat to British sovereignty. Samuel argues that 'The idea of "nation", in one or other of its many different versions, is as old as the oldest written histories' (1998, p.5) but that by the nineteenth-century a specific type of nation building was taking place. Eric Hobsbawm identifies three

criteria for classifying a nation: 'Historic association with a current state or one with a fairly lengthy and recent past', 'the existence of a long-established cultural elite, possessing a written national literary and administrative vernacular' and 'a proven capacity for conquest' (1990, pp.37-38). During the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century Britain demonstrated all these qualifications.

The political climate of the eighteenth century was filled with events that brought questions of nationality to the fore. Linda Colley argues that 'In the wake of the American and French Revolutions, the monarchy and the landed classes chose to invest more effort and ingenuity in representing themselves as British' (1992, p.xvii). The idea of the Norman Yoke, which emerged as a dominant view of the Norman invasion in the Victorian era, portrays the Normans as foreign invaders that crushed Anglo Saxon, and therefore English, culture. National identities are crafted through constructing foreign cultures as 'other' however Hastings Historian J. Manwaring Baines argues that 'The Normans already owned much land in Sussex and there was continual coming and going across the Channel. English customs and boundaries were respected' (1963, p.3). Michael Wood argues that 'this sort of rewriting of history', that is constructing a foreign culture in negative terms, is 'a way for rulers to create a sense of a shared past, and is one of the ingredients of national allegiance, to a culture as well as to rulers' (2014). As we now face the imminent departure from the European Union questions of identity become particularly potent and the uses of history in nationalist rhetoric must be carefully scrutinized.

The construction of Norman invaders in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century is complex. Careful examinations of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century Hastings guidebooks show a shift in attitudes towards the Normans. When describing the Battle of Hastings several of the guidebooks describe the Normans in very favourable terms. Barry describes them as 'very humane and affable' (1797, p.24) and details various occasions where they showed chivalry and 'valour' (1797, p.37). Most striking is his description of the preparations for war:

Both armies now prepared themselves for this important decision: but the two camps presented very different scenes the night before the engagement. The English spent their time in feasting and riot. The Normans in silence and Prayer (Barry, 1797, p.27).

In a period when Britain was continually at war with the French this seemingly pro-Norman description seems strangely out of place in the context of British identity formation at the time. Colley (1992) suggests that continuous wars with the French bound the four nations of Britain together against an external other, in which case one would expect to find the Normans vilified in the literature of the time. There are two probable answers to this seeming anomaly. Firstly it could be that the writer had sympathies with the Catholic French on religious grounds, as prayer is mentioned. The second is that in an age of colonial expansion, in which Britain was one of the key players, the image of a benevolent conquest serves to legitimise Britain's imperial aspirations. However as Colley notes 'we still do not know enough about how the majority of



British civilians responded to this succession of wars, and to the innovations, conquests and dangers that accompanied them' (1992, p.3) and further investigation is needed to understand this description fully.

In some of the later guide books the attitudes towards the Normans has shifted, describing them in unfavourable terms. A guide to all the watering and sea-bathing places, with a description of the lakes, a sketch of a tour of Wales and various itineraries, illustrated with maps and views describes the battle as follows:

But the most remarkable circumstance connected with Hastings, is the decisive Battle which was fought about seven miles from hence... it happened to be Harold's Birthday, and though he behaved with the utmost resolution, he lost his kingdom and his life. The field indeed was warmly contested; but the liberties of England fell beneath the ambitious and tyrannical Norman (Anonymous, 1815, p.317, emphasis added).

In this description Harold is humanised through the reference to his birthday and valorised by the mention of his 'utmost resolution' and 'warmly contested' resistance to the invasion. The Normans on the other hand are demonised as 'tyrannical'. This sort of anti-Norman rhetoric is also detectable in Powell's guide where they are described as 'subjecting the dominion of England' and William of Normandy is described as having 'a pretended right to the throne' (1828, p.25). Whether depicted in favourable or negative terms this focus on the Battle of Hastings evident in the guidebooks reinforces Hastings Castle as an interesting place for tourists due to its associations with that fateful day in 1066.

The work of Romantic philosophers, poets and artists situated England as a cultural equal to the classical cultures of ancient Greece and Rome as experienced by many elite travellers through the Grand Tour. The romanticizing of Harold and The Battle of Hastings is further evident in Charles Augustus William Wilke's statue of King Harold and his common law wife Edith Swan-Neck currently situated in Marina Gardens in St Leonards on Sea. Reminiscent of classical sculptures the statue is Romance writ large. It depicts a wounded Harold cradled in the arms of his lover. Legend has it that she braved the carnage of the battle to identify Harold's remains by marks on his body known only to her before his burial at Waltham Abbey.

This elevation in status of native English culture paved the way for a heritage movement in England, which gathered pace in the latter part of the nineteenth century with the foundation of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the Ancient Monuments Protection Act of 1882. Hastings Castle can be seen as an early heritage attraction as it was opened to a fee-paying public following an archaeological dig in 1824 that saw parts of the castle destroyed to make way for the new development of Pelham Place. Both Hastings Castle and Wilke's statue seem to have been left behind by the protectors of heritage; weathered and crumbling they give an air of antiquity and open up spaces for us to project our own nation building myth onto them.

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PANORAMICS

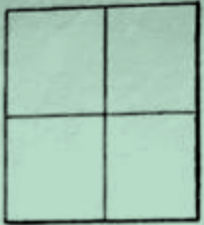
JIM FINER AND ANDREW KÖTTING

CHAPTER 20

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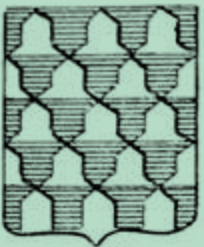
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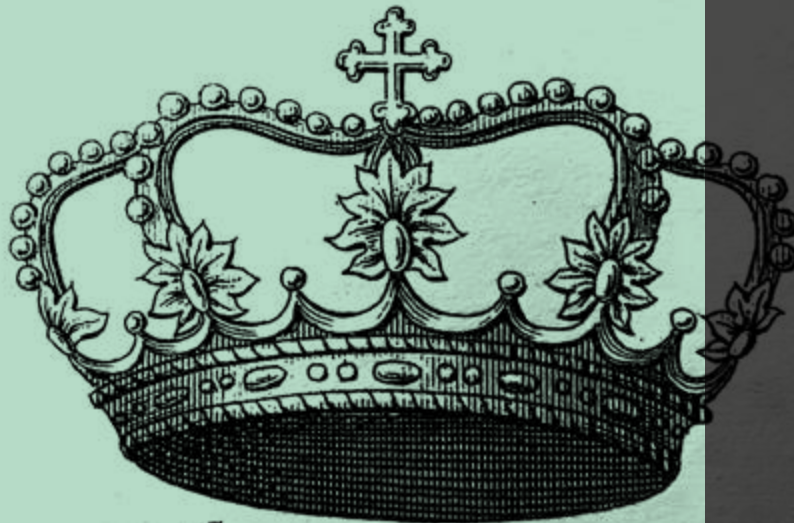


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WE PROCESS AS BOTH SPECTACLE AND OBSTACLE - ONE
CAN IMAGINE EVERYTHING - AND PREDICT MOST THINGS
- SAVE HOW LOW WE CAN ALL SINK IF WE TAKE THE BIG
BOOKISTS AS GOSPEL - BETTER THE TUNNEL OF QUESTION



THE MELODY SOARS AS IF STOLEN FROM THE BLISTERS OF
ANTHONY'S FEET

ONWARDS INTO THE STRAIGHTAHEAD - LANDSCAPES ARE
CULTURE BEFORE THEY ARE NATURE - CONSTRUCTS OF
THE IMAGINATION PROJECTED INTO A FUTURE



A MYTH AND VISION ESTABLISHING ITSELF IN AN ACTUAL
PLACE - THE METAPHOR OF MIND BECOMING MORE REAL
THAN THEIR REFERRENTS - THEY ARE NOW ONE AND THE
SAME - THEY ARE THE SCENERY OF MEMORY





WE'VE STUMBLERD OUT OF THE WOODS AND INTO A
FARMYARD - A PLACE OF KILLING - A PLACE WHERE NO
LIVESTOCK IS SLAUGHTERED DIRTY

OUR SOUND TRAVELS FREELY THROUGH THE AIR -
DISRESPECTING ALL PHYSICAL OR SOCIAL BOUNDARIES -
INCAPABLE OF BEING EASILY CONTAINED - IT IS A SIMPLE
YET EFFECTIVE WAY FOR OUR RAG TAGGLE CULTURE TO
IMPOSE ITSELF UPON ALL OTHERS



WE ARE BEYOND THE HOP PICKERS AND SHEEP
FARMERS AND AT ONCE CONCEPTUALISTS - THEORISTS
AND SITUATIONISTS – LOGICIANS – MATHEMATICIANS –
PLANNERS - SCHEMERS AND DREAMERS BUT ABOVE ALL WE
ARE NOISE MAKERS

RESOLUTION AND CONCLUSION ARE INHERENT IN ALL PLOT
DRIVEN NARRATIVES BUT WE PREFER TO MARCH TO THE
TUNE OF A DRUMMER AND A SISTER



MARSHLANDS AND BOGGY QUARRIES - THE RIVER IT IS
FLOWING - FLOWING AND GROWING - THE RIVER IT IS
FLOWING DOWN TO THE SEA - OLD MOTHER CARRY ME - A
CHILD I WILL ALWAYS BE - OLD MOTHER CARRY ME DOWN
TO THE SEA

THE NOVEL IS DEAD LONG LIVE THE ANTINOVEL -
BUILT FROM SCRAPS OF REAL LIFE EXPERIENCE



COLLAGE IS A DEMONSTRATION OF THE MANY
BECOMING THE ONE -WITH THE ONE NEVER FULLY
RESOLVED BECAUSE OF THE MANY THAT CONTINUE TO
IMPINGE ON IT

WE CAN SMELL THE SEA THE WIND IS BLOWING -
WE ARE RUNNING IN A STRAIGHT LINE LIKE THE
BAYEAUX TAPESTRY



OUTRODUCTION – CONCLUSION

SARAH LLOYD

CHAPTER 21



OUTRODUCTION – CONCLUSION

My Father, my self, my country.

My Mother, my love, my land.

My Child, my past, my future.

I want to start these thoughts about Andrew Kötting's work with this very simple idea. Then put this alongside more challenging ideas about power, connection, history and objectification, of past and future, and where that leaves us in relation to space and time, and the place that we live in and call now.

What can it mean all this fighting and raging and eating and needing and being bored and sleeping and being hungry and crying and hating and laughing and cutting off and washing away and putting down and holding back and losing out and letting go and loving and what can we do with it, and why with these people and not others? Everyone alive wonders this surely sometimes, running away from a family interaction we didn't want to have, in the rear view mirror, last thing at night cleaning our teeth, we look at ourselves and get hit by those little tiny flashes of panicky wondering, who am I and why do I have these stories and people in my life and not others. And inevitably we tell ourselves more stories about this.

And once people are dead, we can't check anymore what they think about our stories, or hear their stories anymore either, and so myths arise and get altered and forgotten and joined sometimes deliberately, and sometimes by mistake to other myths, personal myths, religious myths, national myths, cultural myths. And we live within and very often come to believe these myths as the truth.

Very big dangerous idea, the truth, very, very shaky foundations. Truth, if it can be said to exist, is complex, oblique, multifaceted and contextual, it is hidden like an iceberg, like a wave, like a particle, different answers on different days, depending on the mood, place, light, language you ask in. Why do I hurt is a different kind of question to how can I take this pain away. We ask within domains of significance, emotionally charged registers, not into a vacuum. And the answers we hear connect or disconnect us to others in the present, past and future. And how we imagine the bonds and the answers can cause us to feel safe and contained or isolated and split away from existing in any meaningful way.

And that describes just one layer of personal reality. But beyond family are other containing structures, community, state, nation, planet, everywhere overlaid with the complex traces of the past. The religions, the power struggles, the migrations, the bloodline battles, the love affairs, the wars, then all the political and economic conditions around that. And all of this is connected in ways we can never completely understand either. So we speculate and tell stories about this too. And how we tell and imagine these stories also causes us to feel safe and contained or isolated and defensive, split away or powerful and so on.



This year 2016, marks the 950th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings in 1066, a key date in the identity narrative of England, and now the year of the In-out referendum and Brexit too. Cultural identity is clearly as loaded an issue as ever then. A thousand years on and we are still as stuck in reactive surface 'us and them' thinking. So following the way our family myths and default relational positions can clearly become incredibly influential over time, so national identity narratives form a powerful backdrop to our collective evolving sense of self, culture and society. How much more significant then is the telling of history, when we call it truth, and how much more important might it be, not to swallow history stories whole either then, especially when the story told is from one perspective only.

Kötting's new piece 'Edith', commissioned for this historic anniversary, tackles these issues of symbolic power, power wielded from a brutal hierarchy uncoupled from any respect for living bonds of love or interdependence. And he manages this without ever becoming political or polemical. He brings us to a confrontation with the structure of unfeeling states, the symbolism of cultural power, and to the 'BigBookists' as he calls them. The Abrahamic religions with their medieval theological concepts of divine absolute authority uncoupled from the Earthly. Power over and conferred only downwards by the One who invents and enforces this Word, the Law over all subjects, with objectifying totalitarian possessiveness. From this, we have invented word law language that can theorise the corporal out of existence. It is a medieval concept, the Sovereign state, with all its' sweeping powers for enclosures and foreclosures in other people's lives and cultures. But the Sovereign's whole existence is founded on a belief in the legitimacy of his appropriation, of others, lands, souls, rights, bodies, imaginations, languages, profits and subjectivities.

For Kötting and his collaborators; poet Iain Sinclair, sublime underground chanteuse Claudia Barton improvising Edith in a full white wedding gown, musician Jem Finer, photographer Anonymous Bosch and drummer David Aylward, a kind of shamanic happening unfolds once they set the intention to journey together through history, time, land and myth simultaneously. They embark on foot, from Waltham Abbey, where Harold's body parts reputedly were taken, carrying a miniature version of the statue of Harold and Edith Swan Neck, his first true love and common law partner. The full size statue of Edith embracing her beloved husband and the father of her six children, apparently used to be sited at Hastings Museum. But the scandal around their unsanctioned relationship and his later more visible political marriage to Edith Mercia, caused the statue to be moved away from such a public location, presumably not to tarnish the myth and the marvellous God fearing public image of noble England. Since then, it has rested discretely next to the bowling green in Grosvenor Gardens in St.Leonards on Sea.

With a kind of psychic satnav group energy, they unfold the mapped and imagined events and locations, stirring fresh poetry across the tired 1066 battle narrative, activating half formed and undoubtedly misrepresented events and memories. Kötting makes us traverse the power spots of Edith and Harold's love affair, weaving dramatic traces emergently from the liminal canal of the unremembered. Stories arrive hissing through time's pressured locks, whispering of abandonments, betrayals, plots and exclusions. As if the movement of the ancient black water has magically allowed some force that reactivates the repressed back into the felt and present. Kötting makes us tangibly aware that human beings are alive resonating vessels as much as they are any sovereign's subject.

Kötting never lets us forget that religious, state and symbolic authority have always been used more to instil fear and shame, than ever they have been to inspire social empowerment within love for life. If love and the creation of humaneness in shared space is what we are interested in, “We would be better off with Shakespeare”, says Kötting. His work supports deep reflection upon what is actually meaningful in the now from the familial, cultural and political past, once the shiny symbolic wrappers are removed.

The ‘BigBookists’ that Kötting feels dissatisfaction with, too often create myopic beliefs and a moral confidence that easily becomes judgmental, superior, heartless and violent.

This is distorted faith, appropriating the concept of God unchallenged, as it’s own imagined object. Others then become subject to this reverse engineered mimetic monstrosity. This is how we allow the deferred entitlement to wield arbitrary power over others, because actually we just wield it ourselves, call it God’s will and make it sound noble and essential. And here is where the trouble starts, because it leaves us accepting accounts of history where people being envisioned without empathy seems normal, as just what happened. And what this leaves us with, are people everywhere who have a much closer identification with whose ‘side’ they are on, rather than what or who they are in relation to wider life, others and their own deeper selves.

This leaves us with philosophical, cultural and social difference as registers of dogma, confusion and indifference only, and often without any evolving structures for thinking autonomy within humane solidarity. It makes us teach nation-state history as timelines only, of sovereigns, slaves, battles, territories and dates. And actually this becomes another inert layer that supports the reproduction of banal enclave thinking and materialistic regressive politics, instead of being able to inspire the next generation with new wisdom. We haven’t learned from the past, because the truth we were taught about the past was not the truth.

Humane curiosity doesn’t know already what the truth is, or define absolutely what the story means to everyone, it comes present and tracks connections intelligently, listening all the while to a range of accounts and insights. Perhaps this is exactly why artists are so essential to any society, as much as politicians, doctors and law makers. Exactly because artistic practice is about activating the ‘feeling-in’ process that creates empathy, much more than it ever is about telling truths or locating certainty. And most artists know this and work with empathic energy consciously, they don’t just give orders or tell people how it is, they are dowsing and creating charged fields of meaning.

Without this empathic register awake to respond, hold, contain and emotional energy, it is all too easy to become embedded in denatured in words without any humane living context. Personal truth is after all evolving moving recognitions, it is what shifts us implacably towards and away from events, actions, people and things. It can never be a one size fits all thing, or sealed up and used like a hammer or a knife. Kötting’s work for me, gives rich hints towards the types of embodied ‘working through’ processes that we collectively need to enter into, in order to comprehend beyond objectification.

Old style history is made of battles fought, bodies counted, lands won and lost. We surely

know now that there are other important ways to reflect on human history, through the lenses of memory, empathy and respect. Through being open to learn more about the effects that violence and trauma have on families, identities and communities, and not being so passive and complicit with the dogmas of sovereign states. Kötting knows instinctively what it is to live under a brutal sovereign, with all the splits and impacts that violence, rage, fear, terror and crippling passivity can bring to psyches, hearts, bodies, relationships, and to our capacity to resist. This is important, because it makes his insight and sensitivity all the more and accounts for the hallucinogenic quality he brings so effectively.

He tracks precisely the way the traumatised and fragmented self loses grounding, skips, bounces, crashes into and through emotions, thoughts, sensations and categories at lightening speed, and in completely non-linear ways. And then can suddenly drop into blank dislocated almost hallucinogenic melancholy, and then he links this into journeying, land and nature in completely magical ways. Having established all those rhythms and associations within us, Kötting then seems to lead with his body as chief clown improviser, but always with powerful evocative charged undercurrents. His improvisational self is not only very experienced, but has soul-rooted through some seriously shitty life experiences. So he can call on everything, the terrified boy, the scared and scary split man, the poet wanderer, the lumberjack, the punk, the pagan, the sea, the philosopher, the mad artist, the crazy brother. But he grounds rhythm and narrative with the insights of a deep man and as a very visibly committed loving father. He speaks about how when his daughter Eden was born, with his long term lover and now wife, Leila McMillan, he felt suddenly that he became more confident, and realised that he didn’t need to be ‘King Crimson’ or ‘Pink Floyd’ to have a valid creative voice, he could just go and do things.

Andrew Kötting has covered a lot of ground then, both literally as a filmmaker and as a human being. He says he first wanted to make films after watching ‘Eraserhead’. You can imagine how Lynch’s terror and existential absurdity would attract a young artist needing to react and recover from a terrifying, violent father and a mother who clearly couldn’t protect her children. Kötting’s impression of his father shouting “Stop fucking about” when they were small boys is truly blood curdling. “And you did stop or he kicked the shit out of you”. His brother tells another story in his Deadad book about creeping down quietly to sneak an ice cream, and finding instead his mother locked in the freezer after one of his Dad’s rages, and her climbing out and carrying on as if nothing had happened.

So it seems natural how world’s so often dislocate between foreground and background in Kötting’s films, between intimacy and alienation, between inner and outer, public and private, hallucinated and lived, past and present. The distant cars in ‘By Ourselves’, his most recent full length film about 19th century wandering poet John Clare, seem as insane as cold 21st century confidence powering toward digitised infinity only. ‘Swandown’ too was made as an anti-olympics, anti-commodification gesture with the poet Iain Sinclair, inventor of the term psychogeography. Together they pedalled a giant swan from Hastings old town boating lake, along surreal canals to the Olympic site in East London, taking a month or so to arrive and carousing and filming and happenstancing all the way.

Kötting’s filmic imagination beds completely naturally into the rhythms of playful happenstance. It is vital and fecund and sensitive and charged and sees incomprehensibly alive forces everywhere. It’s strange nodes of uncanny resonance are the gold dust for the story and the free associating psyche. Prospected courageously and tenderly, they become access points that can carry us to new vistas, across



utter chaos and confusion, into more humane recognition. Kötting and his collaborators act as if the vector energy of seeking or even just poking around curiously in history's shadows activates the energy of the excluded somehow in us, underscoring that a charged emotional intent is much more than a simple journey or line.

Then there are Kötting's sublime soundtracks, the songs of journeying, to the sea, to the heart, towards and away from death, hope, love, the wind, grass, forest, and here the sublime voice of Claudia Barton as Edith. I was put in mind of Julee Cruise on David Lynch's masterpiece, *Twin Peaks*. In fact the way Andrew Kötting weaves open associative imagery within rhythmic sequences, definitely puts me in mind of both Lynch and Tarkovsky. They all stalk significance without ever stopping or allowing us to rest on cold rationality. They all have imaginations on fire and ask it of us too, even if we only recognise this by our initial fear and disorientation. They all demand emotional responsiveness, feel-in stages, before ascribing significances. They all insist on bodily and imaginative resonance as the essential register through which to sense what meaning is, thinking is simply not adequate on its own.

To my mind, Andrew Kötting's whole body of work has been bound up with what it is to have a corporal life and to try to make sense of it, honestly and creatively in dark times. His work explores the boredom, the confusion, the fury, the loneliness, the despair and fantasies of living without consolation as some other's object. And the trying to pretend that we don't. And the entertaining each other when the depth or denial becomes unbearable. He zooms us in on the oblique territories of inner life, on subjectivity with all its evasions, dependences, desires to connect and complex indifferences. The confusion this sometimes activates in us, if we are looking for linear narratives, is another pointer to our default dependence on being told what things mean, instead of feeling equipped to feel, express and respond directly from our own alive interiority.

The magic of Kötting's vision as a filmmaker for me, is that he facilitates this drilling down into the unconscious, to fossil forms, to hidden signifiers so long embedded, their enmeshments of surface form and corrupt power are long forgotten. Then he sets about recontextualising these old forms, acting, reacting and enacting the absurd, the hysterical, the poetic, the shamanic and delusional around them, as if to confuse us or spook them perhaps. But actually he is revealing the lived inhabited interiors of consciousness and unconsciousness, as domains in themselves. Revealing that we have choices within association and structuration, about how to couple networks and flows, and within which contexts. The filmic results are often breath taking, poignant and comedic as well. Instead of using symbolic agency to brainwash, Kötting highlights the vulnerability of our human intelligence to appropriations within and without. He puts me in mind of the court jester, the only one the King will see, who finds ingenious ways to entertain whilst broaching difficult loaded topics and never losing his empathy for the heart of the human condition.

Kötting asks us to become more curious than about how stories, myths and narratives are communicated and transmitted, in who's name and image and why. And to be especially attentive when lived experience is made irrelevant and disposable. Finding fresh perspectives on power, and on how we teach and support the next generation not to fall for the same old dirty tricks, will definitely cost us some collective re-evaluations, as all transformative shifts do. Whether we collectively have the integrity, patience and empathy to engage in the process honestly yet remains to be seen.



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