

Ebbing:
**A Primer for Becoming
a Fluid Body**

Nicholas Murray

Ebbing exists as both the physical book you are holding now, and as a digital hypertext work.

The digital iteration can be found here:
bit.ly/ebbingtext

By translating the work into a physical form, my intent is that it can be taken out of expected reading environments. Out of the home. Out of the immediate built environment. Its portability is an invitation to read to play and to perform the work near water. Near a stream or pond or lake. Whatever is near you that you can access safely and sit with comfortably.

This book has been typeset in a way that aims to remain as true to the digital version as possible.

How to Play

This exploration is a game. Throughout the text you will see notes attached to words, an example of which is:

conditions (p6)

This signifies that, to explore the thread that follows the word 'conditions', you should turn to page 6. The text branches in several directions. It can be read from start to finish in a traditional style, but I invite you to follow paths in the writing, like tributaries in a stream, to find your own reading of the work.

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An Unearthing

When certain conditions (p12)
present themselves (p18), forgotten
things can be revealed.
Geological (p26), political, technological - human.

The final condition for this particular situation, is you.





Conditions

I follow the drain, no longer burbling, behind my mother's home. It's blocked.

The standing water has taken on an oily sheen. Like a skin protecting whatever sits underneath from curious eyes. It smells.

A neighbour came by, asking what we were going to do about it.

The water was flowing into his garden, drowning his roses.

Gathering against the wall. The smell was rising into his kitchen.

Seeping into the brickwork (p71). He didn't think it would go away anytime soon.

My mother couldn't do anything. Her hands weren't what they used to be.

They hadn't been for a long time.

I called the council and they said they'd be out soon. It should be in the next few days but not to hold our breath. What with everything going on outside, it could be anything up to three weeks.

Outside was a new story. The world had emptied. Systems were pulled taut as people became stretched thin. Like a skin over the system that was starting to feel the strain of too much tugging.

At first, I went out with an old cup. Tall and bright green. Thick plastic. Scooped the greying water out and took it to the next drain down. My mother lived in a squat block of flats. Post-war and overengineered. They said this place would survive another war if it had to. It's survived quite a few in fact. Not all here though. War is all over, and this house is doing just fine.

Dip, scoop, twist. The cup was juuuuust too wide to work so the only way to fill it was with a dip, scoop, twist.

Draw the water.

Carry it across the yard.

Pour it down the drain.

A scenic route to its usual journey.

Dip, scoop, twist.

Draw

Carry

Pour

Return

I'd repeat (p14) this every couple of days, just before dusk. Pouring until it got dark.

I'd pretend I could hear the water, chattering as it continued its course. Under the concrete of the yard, under the asphalt of the road, to the sewer, where it joined all the other waters, to be treated, rejuvenated and returned for another go.

Dip, scoop, twist.

Draw

Carry

Pour

Return

Dip, scoop, twist.

Draw

Carry

Pour

Return

There is a point, under our neighbourhood, where the sewer touches up against a stream.

They don't meet, until the rain gets particularly coercive (p68). When the water level of both rises, and one is forced to give way to the other. When this happens, the stream greets the sewer at a twelve points on their journey. Comfortable neighbours, who coexist, wave to each other on the school run, but don't really speak. They both have so many jobs to do. They both are so busy.

The repair person - plumber? Is it still a plumber if the pipes are outside our home? - came after a week. It was happening all over, she said. The system was having to adjust to a whole new way of life. But it was a simple fix. She pulled up a grate in the yard and stuck a long metal stick into the darkness. She said it was a build-up of fat. A growing problem across town. A quick lancing and a flush of water. Healed.

What do we do until it happens again? (p7)

themselves

Arsenic

Calcium

Chromium

Copper

Iron (p20)

Nickel

Lead

Zinc



Ash

Brick (p71)

Ceramic

Glass

Metal

Plastic (p22)



Alluvium.

A ghost of the area
shaped by more dominant masses.

colder months are
compressed,
following the overflowing drain,
giving what we can.

Glacial drifting (p67) -
human influence -
Interconnected bodies.

Land follows a dip
leaving space to take in
mouthfuls of the London Clay.

Marine gravel follows suit.
Maybe this gravel was a mountain,
old sands, Paleogenic rock.
Patterns of nourishing like
picking berries.

Syncline.
Tracking plastic bottles.
Topsoil. (p24)



At times, we can find ourselves
abraded, picked up and deposited miles
from our home.

Erratics.

(p7)

*Away away to the banks we go
to take our place upon the shore.
We wait until the trumpet sounds
to follow my dear love below.*

*We gift our hearts into the tide
a'hope to gain our deepest wish
from whence our ghost appears again
with fathers, mothers all beside.*

Six figures form a single file procession across the grass. In the twilight they look like each others shadow. A form repeated and given multiple lives. New life in darkness.

Each figure is carrying an object. Small shapes clutched in front of them. A long slender object slung over the back. The figure in front is clearly pushing a shopping trolley. The metal grille only slightly thicker than the darkness around it.

As they cross the field the whisper of their feet in the damp grass meets the shhhhhh of flowing water. The field dips and then falls away abruptly. A cement wall, maybe ten feet, drops to a canal. The water flowing below is shallow and gentle. Silt and weeds gather, showing where the slower movement is. The figures follow the canal with practiced ease until they find the fastest rush of water.

*My love he wished for such a boon
but ne'er did give an offering.
Received his dearest hearts inclined
but e'ermore wed to the spring.*

One by one they step to the hard lip above the canal. Toes on the edge, they throw their object into the water (p8). A pile of letters float away downstream. In the morning a commuter will spot a couple of pages caught against a drainage pipe. She'll notice how the printer ink is bleeding down the paper causing the words typed on them to disappear.

A teapot hits the bottom, but doesn't smash which is a surprise to one of the smaller figures in the procession. Instead it sticks fast into the mud with a thick plop.

The last figure to step forward pushes the shopping trolley slowly to the edge, then with a burst of effort pushes hard to ensure both pairs of wheels clear the bank. It arcs over the teapot and hits nose first in the silt before tumbling forward, legs in the air like a dead beetle.

The group watches the remnants of their objects until everything is still, listening to the sound of the water moving through the new obstacles. Finally one figure lowers a small toy bucket on a string, the bright yellow plastic only a dull grey in the gloom. The bucket fills as best it can, being pulled with the current, until the figure reels it in. In turn each figure takes a sip from the bucket before turning from the group and leaving across the field.



*Away away to the banks we go
to take our place upon the shore.
We wait until the trumpet sounds
to follow my dear love below.*

(p7)

For this

A gifting game for two players to be played remotely

The game is an exercise, and a ritual. Flexing the tendons of communication between you, and feeling out the ephemeral spaces that exist between you. Both of these might have been strained over the last couple of years, so treat yourself kindly throughout. There are a few conditions for the game, but none of them requires success.

Allow for feelings of hope, and also of letting go. Making space.

To play, each player must find:

- a small receptacle, like a bowl or jar, that can hold water.
- enough water to fill the receptacle
- a pen
- some scrap paper cut or torn into small pieces, about the size of a matchbox
- a videomessaging service, like zoom, whatsapp or whereby.

How To Play Part One

Join each other on a video call. Greet each other. Take the time to get comfortable. When you are ready, fill your bowl or jar with water and angle the camera so that it is the focus of the shot. This will take some doing as you may not be able to see the screen properly from here on, but that is part of the ritual.

From now until the game is finished, you won't see each other's face. When you are both happy with the space you have set, take a moment to feel out to the other. Decide between you who will start speaking and who will respond. One player will be the recounter and the other will be the archivist.

One person, the recounter, will tell a story, or sing a song, or describe a place. It doesn't have to be real, but it should be special. you are giving it to your partner, the archivist for this turn.

These roles will swap throughout. You are recounting and archiving moments that may have not happened yet, but I invite you to think of them as always happening.

The recounter will describe a future. It could contain both of you or just the listener. While they speak, the other (the archivist) will write or draw how they see this

future and what they would add. When the drawing or text is finished, they will place the piece of paper into their bowl. Say out loud that you have finished and that the memory has been recorded.

Now switch. Repeat the process until you have both spoken and written two times. Each time, think about what has come before. Does it affect this round of communication? Will you refer to previous memories?

Do these stories/future memories intersect?

At the end of this, take a moment to sit with the stories you have given each other. When you're ready, bring that camera back to your face. Thank each other for spending this time. Make a plan to come back together one month from now.

Put the bowl somewhere safe, where it won't spill or get knocked, overnight. The next day pull the pieces of paper from the water and lay them flat somewhere to dry. This could be on a windowsill or between some kitchen roll, or hung up on a washing line.

Part Two

When you meet again, set yourselves up in the same way. Bowl with water, a framing where you only see a bowl for the duration of the game. This time, instead of telling a new story, the recounter will use the pieces of paper from the last game. Decipher your text or drawing, now smudged and wrinkled, to recount a future that may be very similar or might just keep the same rough shape. Draw or write your response on one of your own pieces of paper from the previous game. That future has been obscured to make way for this new one, but parts of it will still show through. Place the paper in the bowl as before and signal that you are finished.

When you are both out of paper, this round of the game is done. It should be half as long as the first round. Reposition yourselves or the camera so you can see each other again. Thank each other for this time and make a plan to come back together in one month for the final round.

Part Three

Set yourself up for the final round. This time you will be a recounter and archivist once each.

You will use one piece of paper, which has been a record for layers of hoping up to this point.

Each of you will act as recounter and tell your final futures, while the other acts as archiver, recording it on one of the pieces of paper from the previous round. Take the same steps that you've built up over the previous rounds. Greet each other to start. Take time at the end to enjoy the space you share. *When this final record is dry, I invite you to give it to your player partner. The final gift in a series of gifts.*

(p5)

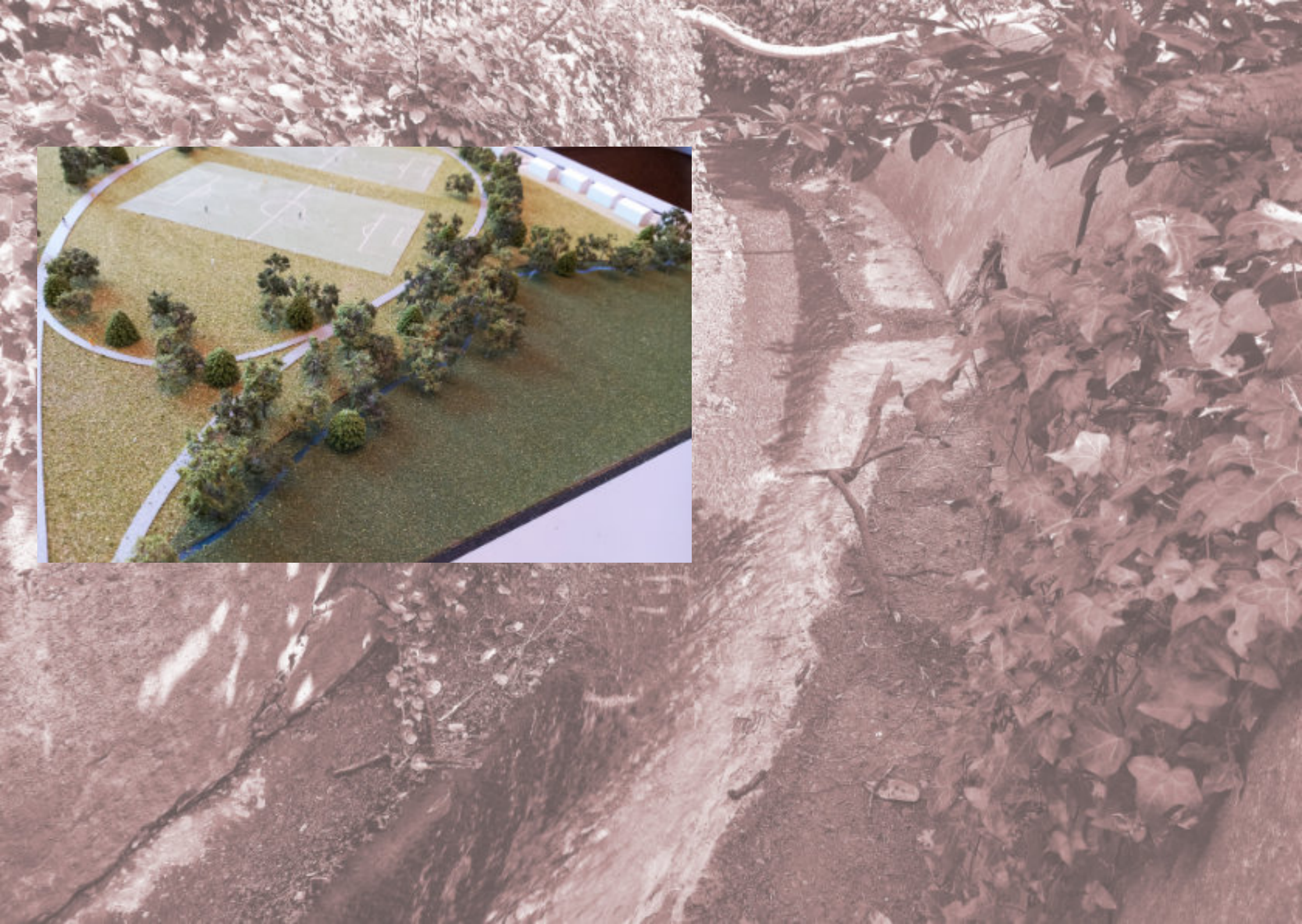
An Archiving

Here at the Library of Offerings,
we dedicate (p44) ourselves to a strict and
thorough documenting and archiving
of all our received materials.

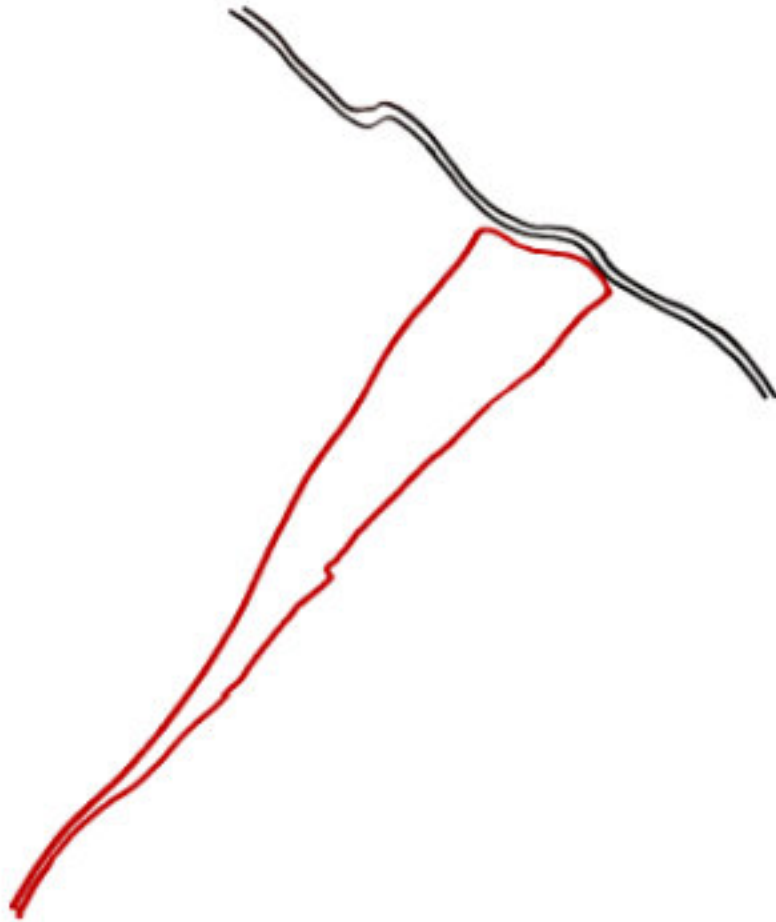
Each artefact is
identified, named, catalogued (p46),
noted, dated and put away.

Each repository is built to the highest archival standards,
blessed (p47) and sung about at regular intervals,
and evoked through several satellite remembrances
across the globe.

We pride ourselves on our readiness (p48) to welcome
any future readers of the water to access.







I met Angie at the Farmhouse community space. A farm building has been on this site since the 16th century at least. Recorded as the Clay House, for which the area gets its name. The Clitterhouse Farm Project was founded in 2013 and since then the derelict farmhouse has been slowly cleaned, dried, painted and finally opened to the community. Angie works in the café occasionally, though generally they seem to have more hands than they need to run the tiny space so she comes for the company. An informal but regular catch-up with neighbours about the area and what's going on with the big redevelopment down the hill. Navigating around the bustle, Angie and I manage to leave the community space. I've asked her to tell me about her history in the area and how she sees the Brook. We walk slowly across the grass toward the stream as she recounts her childhood in this park and playing in the same stretches of water that I did twenty years later. Her mother worked at the dairy – gone now, remembered by its renaming as Milkman Lane – and they would share milk and biscuits in the park after school. Her stories show how the stream has stayed a fixed point over the years. Allowing itself to shift by centimetres while whole industries rose and fell around it.

There is a care with which Angie remembers the stream. She speaks tenderly about the stretches that disappear underground before emerging again somewhere else. The river cannot be buried for good. It has to flow somewhere. We speak briefly about the redevelopment (p38), and how there are plans to redirect the Brook through the park. Would it be the same stream for having moved? Could someone be the last person to touch the stream before it becomes something else? I ask if a river could be an ending. This leads us to a long conversation about Lonesome George, the Galapagos Tortoise. After following the stream for a short way we turn and walk back up to the farmhouse.



dedicate

Walking Partners

A collaborative game for two players

What you need:

- Six blank cards (post-it notes or anything about that size are ideal)
- A pen
- One six sided die

How to play:

One of you will be The Traveller, the other will be The River. Choose who will be which. Take a moment to embody these characters. Where has The Traveller come from? Do they have anything with them? What is The River like? Is it a gentle brook? What lives within it?

Line all six blank cards in a line along the table.

When you are ready to start, The Traveller will write the reason for their journey on the first card. To progress down the river (to the next card) The Traveller and The River must discuss what is written on the card, whether it is truthful, whether it can be successful, how it is enacted. To start this discussion, The River will roll the die and their side of the discussion will be informed by the result on the table on the next page.

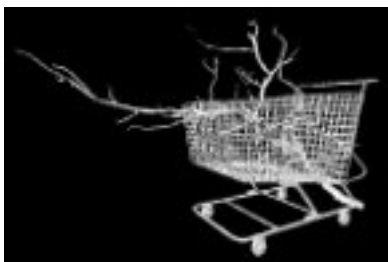
DICE TABLE

1. There is a community living on this part of the river bank (p26). They welcome The Traveller warmly and invite them to live here.
2. The Traveller can see open fields all around. They feel energised by the idyllic scene.
3. A ruin (p40) of some sort looms into view. What is it? It looks mysterious and urges exploration.
- 4 There is a community living on this part of the river bank. They are wary of The Traveller, not knowing why they have come.
5. The Traveller can see open fields all around, but the scene is murky. Rain has made the journey hard and tiresome.
6. The Traveller, bolstered by a lucky energy, can choose their own destiny this turn.

The River and The Traveller will discuss the situation presented at this leg of the journey only for a few minutes. Try to be as descriptive as possible about the surroundings, and also both of your characters' feelings at this moment. When the conversation is finished, The Traveller must flip the card over and write a reason for journeying informed by the talk. It is fine if it hasn't changed, but perhaps The Traveller has learned something new about themselves or The River has convinced them otherwise (p65).

At the next card The Traveller writes how they are feeling about the journey so far, or what they hope for at the end of the journey. Are they tired? sad? homesick? free-spirited? Then the discussion portion repeats. The River will roll the die to find the prompt for their discussion. Once the discussion has concluded The Traveller will again flip the current card over and write an updated entry for this leg of the journey.

Repeat this to the end of the cards. The journey is completed. Finally, The Traveller and The River should take a moment to talk through how the journey felt as a whole. Did they feel like collaborators? Antagonists? Have there been any successes on the journey? How far from the original reason for the journey has The Traveller come?



catalogued

Ebbing

A game for one

Go out to your nearest source of water. If it is one you remember from when you were younger, all the better.

Get close to the bank, as close to the water as you safely can, and pick up a stone for each friend or family member you can name.

Fill your pockets with them and enjoy the weight of them with you.

Take a moment to feel each stone. Are they getting warm, are you taking on their their coolness?

Take a couple of steps back up the bank. Not far. Just out of the water.

One at a time, pull a stone from your pocket. Tell a story to the river of who that stone represents.

When your history for that stone/ connection is finished, throw the stone back into the water.

If that person has migrated far from where you are now, throw that stone further. If they are still near you, toss it at your feet.

Do this for the remaining stones you picked up, continuing to throw them, making a map of distances between you and those you hold close.

If you live with any of the people you tell the river about, keep that stone and take it home with you.

Give the stone to the person it represents. This is an invitation for them to start the game themselves.



blessed

Promise Fatigue

A game for one

What you need:

- 2 pieces of paper that are the same size
- A pen or pencil
- 1 six sided die

Lay one piece of paper over the other and divide the top sheet into four quarters (fold it in half twice or draw a line through the middle horizontally then vertically.)

You will be drawing a map of an ideal space for your community (p43). This might be the community you live in or a community of your friends. It could be a group of strangers if you prefer.

Choose which segment you will be starting in. At each turn you will move clockwise one segment.

When you have decided, it is time to roll the dice.

Follow the instructions by the number you roll. Once you've completed the instruction, roll again.

DICE TABLE

- 6: This area is considered satisfactory. Do not change it or add to it

- 5: Draw an area for healing

- 4: Draw an area for storytelling

- 3: Draw a space for sharing

- 2: This segment has been unsuccessful, tear it off. Draw a replacement of the same kind underneath

- 1: This segment has been unsuccessful, tear it off. Draw an area of a different kind of your choosing

If you are instructed to draw something on a space that has already been drawn on, add to the same site. It is now functioning in more than one way.

If there is no paper to draw on (both layers have been drawn on and torn off, move to the next segment.

The game ends when either you have rolled four sixes (four satisfactory areas) or there is no paper left.



readiness

BECOMING A RIVER

A game for varying numbers. You can start this game on your own or with as many people as you like.

It must be played in a public area, preferably outdoors.

The first player finds a spot to start the river. Stand in that spot and declare out loud "I am the source" and describe where you've come from, how you have reached the surface.

Player two decides which way the river flows and stands next to player one, deciding how near or far they are (the speed of the flowing water). Player 2 declares "I am the river" and describes how they have flowed to that place, what kind of land they are on, what they have seen on the way.

Each player continues this process, following on from the last. If strangers or members of the public ask what you are doing, explain to them that you are a river, show them which way the river is flowing and ask if they would like to join in. It is fine if they say no. Thank them for their time. If they do, explain the rules.

Throughout the game, in turn and through silent but democratic process each section of the river can tell a piece of the river's story. From glacial shifts to shopping trolley jetsam. Sometimes this means that different sections of the river will talk at once, especially if the river becomes quite long.

The river must stay in place for as long as possible. If anyone leaves, everyone downstream of that person must also leave. The game ends when the source leaves. (p69)

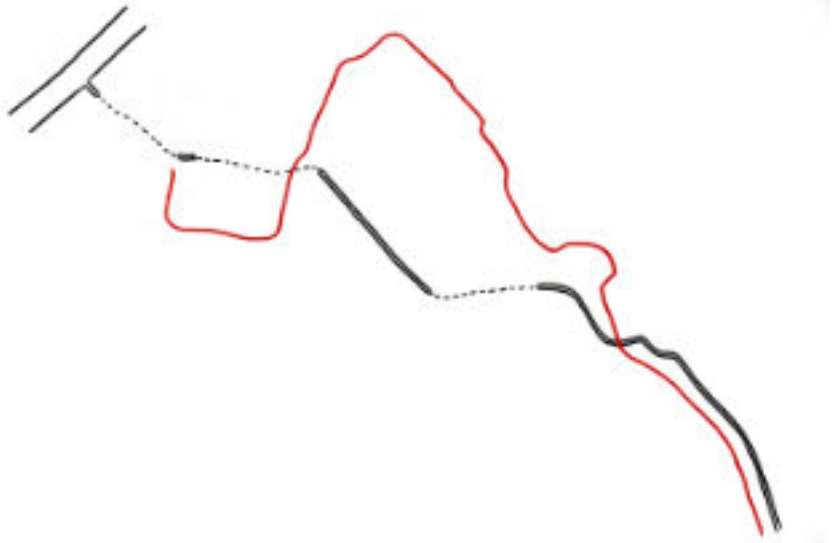
(p5)

An Aftermath

The promontory (p58) of our everyday
turned (p60) upside down. Inverted (p62)
so as to make water newly familiar (p64).







I watch my mother trace tributaries in soy sauce on the table. We're sharing a sushi lunch to talk over the Clitterhouse Brook. What it once was and what it's become - The stream hasn't changed in forty odd years just the people around it - She recounts how the confluence of the Brook and the River Brent used to be so clear (p54) that children would fish in it. The idea of children casting makeshift fishing lines into a canal in London, regardless of how suburban, feels jarring. Like a cell animation, painted glass, placed over the wrong matt background. None of the movements match up with the surroundings.

It's been months since the drain overflowed into the yard (p12). The waters in the area are flowing. Only the couple of shopping trolleys cast down the bank near this shopping centre - we passed them on the way here and stopped to look at the moorhen that had made a nest in one - mark the human influence on this stretch of waterway.

Another dish comes. My mum likes coming here because of the conveyor belt that snakes round the room. It doesn't function anymore though. Not for the last two years. A dried up stream.

She wouldn't let her own children come down to fish. She couldn't let them go out on their own, but other kids in the area. She remembers seeing them early on the way to work.

Her brother, my uncle, told her a story once about how he would wade down the stream (p44), slipping in where it passed his school, shimmying through what was essentially a sewer where the stream went underground for a nervewracking six metres. My mother is not quite, but on her way to being hard of hearing, so she puts everyone on speaker when on the phone - He was telling her how he would skive off school and sneak through the tunnel at the bottom of the park, wading through the Clitterhouse Brook, to the point where it runs into an allotment. There he'd spend the day mucking about and eating other people's produce. I couldn't tell if this story was true. Whether the dates matched up. Maybe it wasn't school, but an early job that he was bunking off from. Or maybe I misheard altogether. But after hearing it, I went out and took that same journey. I put on my waterproofs and waded down the Clitterhouse Brook towards the allotment (p52) that touches up against the park, and looked for a way through the fence. I stopped at packing myself into the tunnel, little more than a sewage pipe, allowing the stream to flow under the housing estate that had since been built on the site in the 90s. My uncle is a decade younger than my mother. Her stories of the stream are all second hand, despite living in view of it for so long.

My sisters, a decade and change older than I am, spent years working on top of the stream. At a now defunct toy shop that sat over another spot where it disappeared underground. I ask them what they thought about it. Nothing really. A hidden trickle of a stream isn't that interesting to teenagers earnestly saving up to get out of town. The area didn't change much back then either. Only now is the redevelopment (p38) changing the landscape faster than we can recognise.

Promontory

As the trickle started
we found ways to reflect
the water in our everyday.

Coral shaped glassware became a household staple.
Bedframes like the legs of piers.
Whole rows of apartments designed to
echo the Thames Barrier.

A hope that through repeated symbols
we could keep the flood
from entering our homes.



turned

Amateur geologists, the ones
that saw it first, turned
to the garden shed engineers
for a quick and dirty solution (p20).

Levees were erected,
no more than piles of dirt really.
Jutting into the flood plain
wherever someone saw an opening.

At the same time,
enterprising professionals
were hatching their own plans.
They'd known for longer than
they would ever let on.

Highrise structures,
with nothing but ballast
filling the first six storeys.
Towers made to look like boats,
yachts, arks, from a distance.



inverted

Dominant land cover: Arable and Horticulture//Flooded Arable and Horticulture//Improved Grassland//Flooded Grassland//Broadleaved woodland//Flooded Woodland//UNKN//Brackish Former Woodland//Built Urban Claimed//Flooded Built Urban Claimed//Marine Reclaimed (p66)

Inverted

Dominant grain size: Sand (p69)//Microplastic//Clay//UNKN//Silt

Inverted

Soil Texture: Light to Medium//Medium to Light (silty) to Heavy//Light to Medium to Heavy//Heavy to Medium//Flooded Light to Medium//Flooded Medium to Light (silty) to Heavy//Flooded Light to Medium to Heavy//Flooded Heavy to Medium

Inverted

Naturally wet very acid sandy and loamy soils//Unclassified//Freely draining slightly acid loamy soils//Slowly permeable seasonally wet slightly acid but base-rich loamy and clayey soils//Slowly permeable wet very acid upland soils with a peaty surface//Shallow lime-rich soils over chalk or limestone//Flooded lime-rich soils over chalk or limestone//Loamy and clayey soils coastal flats with naturally high groundwater//Flooded petrochemical//Flooded lowland soils//Flooded loamy soils//UNKN

Inverted

newly familiar

Arsenic
Calcium (p65)
Chromium

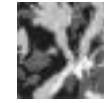
Copper (p66)
Iron (p67)
Nickel

Lead
Zinc

Ash
Brick (p71)
Ceramic (p68)

Metal
Plastic

Glass (p69)



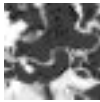
- nodal points, repeaters, mesh networks of care. Libraries of instructions, manuals. Making it up //

like that walrus stretched taut, or maps with monsters in the gaps. //

looming on the horizon. It'll reach us soon. And then what will we do. //

I don't think this is care. It's an escape route. A raft for as many as can hold on.





I have taken to strapping objects together
 books, barrels, an old guitar, the frame from //
 a neighbour's bed - thrown out and collecting
 rainwater -
 in a long line, and then along to create a
 widening platform.



Our astrologers had a fracture. A splinter.
 The radical group stopped looking up,
 started peering into the waters (p#) instead. //

And they fractured still. A speculative group
 spent their days considering the potential
 of ice. A future where all this froze. //

The city centre has become a series of lochs,
 canals ape highstreets.

The lap of water
 sounds like laughing





The last person I spoke to,
across our trash heap dinghies -
careful Jenga of ballast and buoyancy (p10) -

told me they thought this was a reforming.
Water rushing in to reshape the world
to how it used to be, //

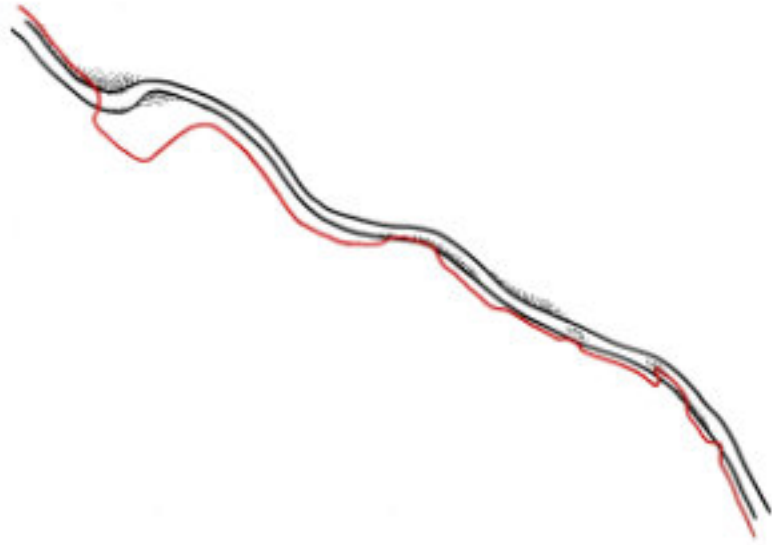
but after centuries of the same old cycle
(p14), its memories

weren't what they used to be.



Before she left
my mother told me
she was swallowing sand.
Just a teaspoon a night.
A way to reconnect with the land.
To become something

just slightly
more solid
than the water.

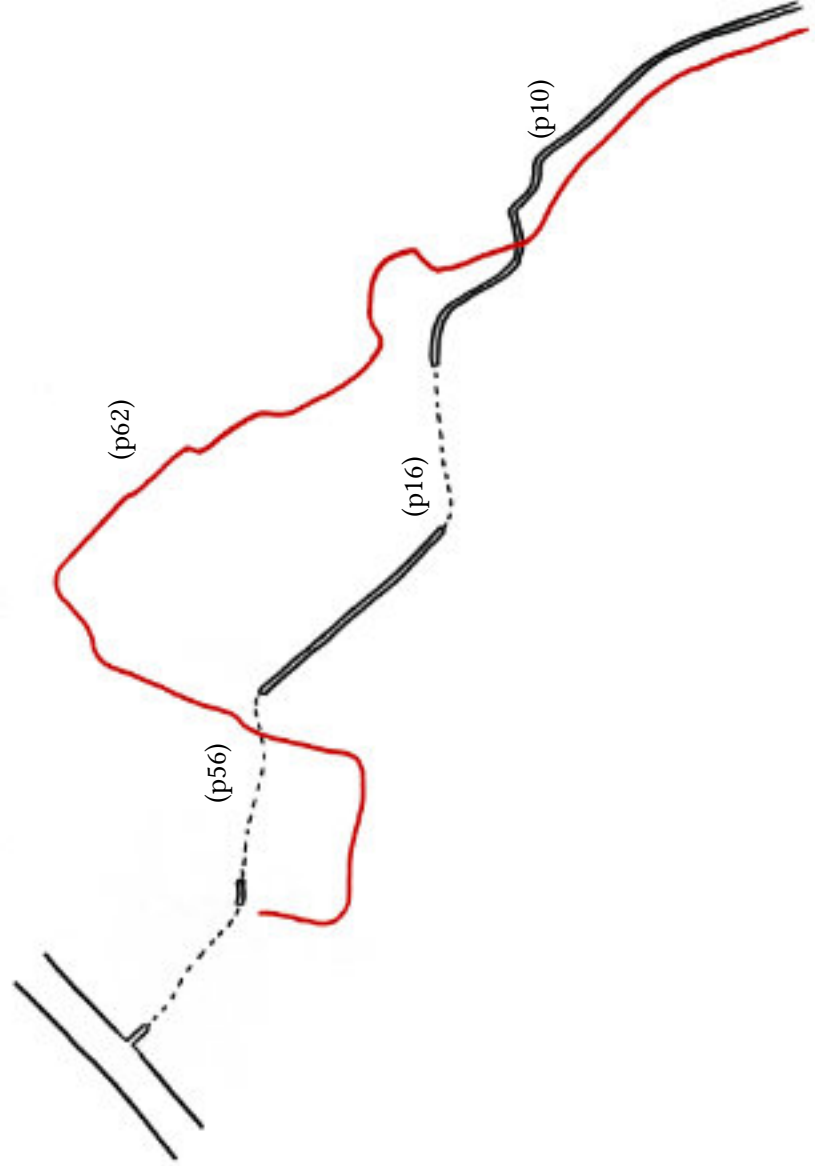


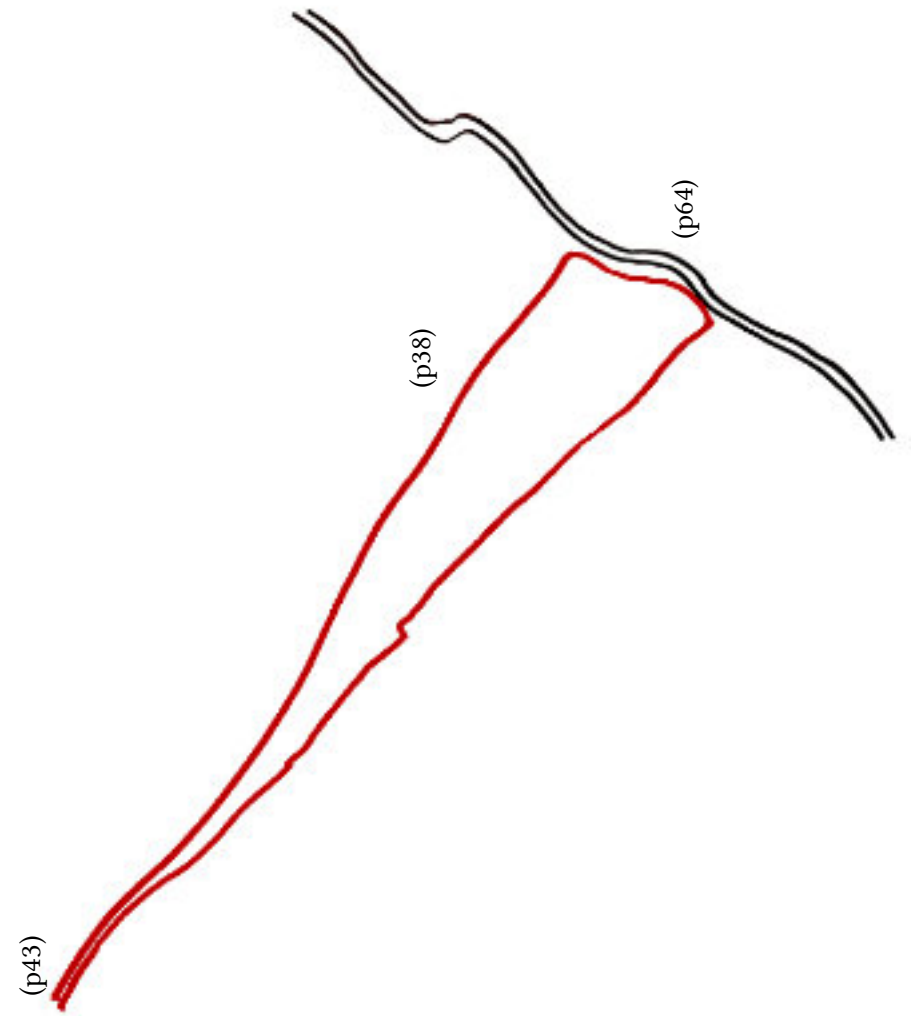
Brick

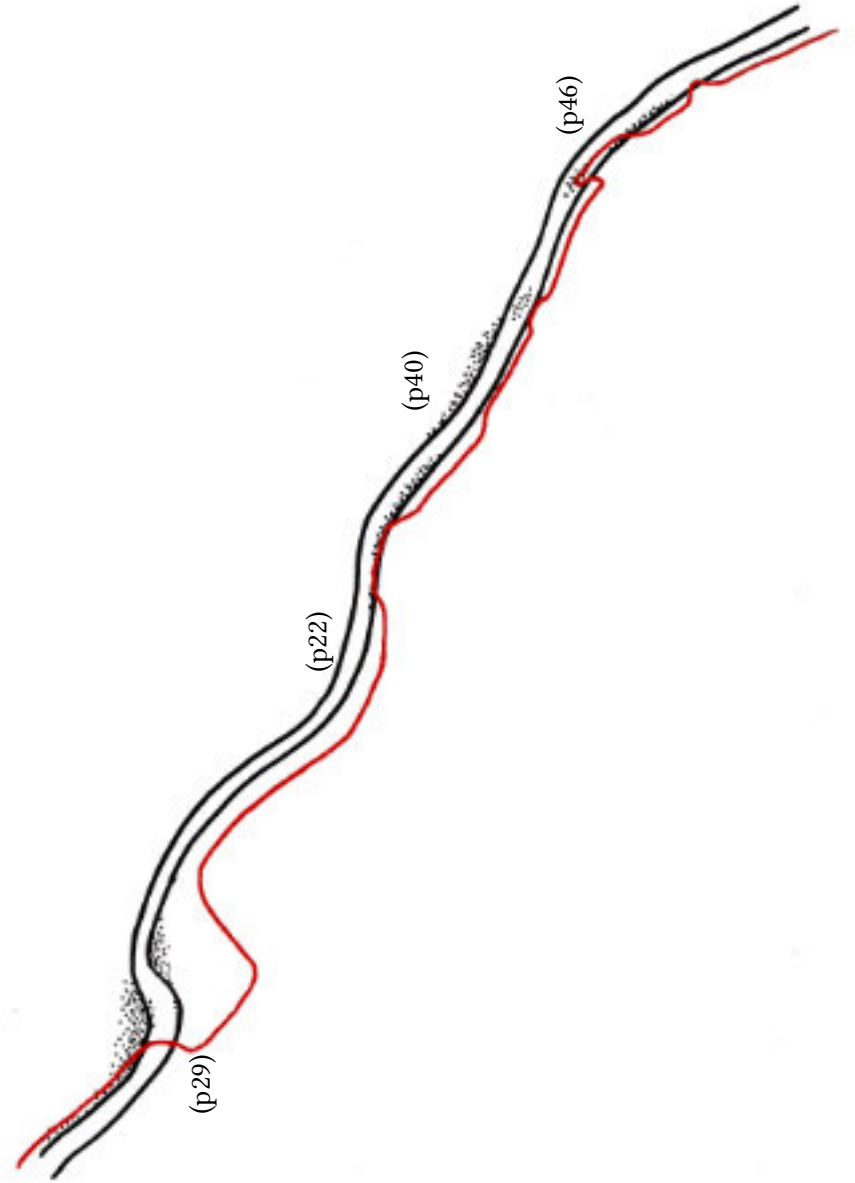
I pick out a piece of waterworn brick from the Brook. Polished smoothed by years of inevitable transmission. A nugget of industry rounded into a natural disguise. It sits uncomfortably among pebbles that have witnessed an ice age. Folk history has it that there was a Viking settlement here. They pushed as far as Finchley before retreating. I never found any signs of them though. Sifting through the murk as a child, looking for arrowheads. Behind me now, a few dozen metres up the green, rows of metal barriers form a box. They're doing archaeological investigations right now, looking for the same Viking remains as well as anything else of significance that would halt the redevelopment of the area.

I wonder about all the brickwork between here and my home. I wonder about this spot I'm standing on now. Considering it my home for all its familiarity. Home is an intimate space and I feel held by these steep banks. Embraced by years of slow erosion. Maybe I'm adding my notion of home to an indifferent landscape, but I've entered this space so many times in the last thirty years. It is hard not to consider how it has entered me. I carry the Clitterhouse Brook around with me. The water sheens my forehead and the rocks weigh down my pockets.

A Series of Walks







Ebbing is an attempt to use the montage principles, as described by Walter Benjamin “to assemble large-scale constructions out of the smallest and most precisely cut components”.

- Benjamin, Walter, and Howard Eiland. 2003. *The Arcades Project*. Cambridge, MA: The Belknap Pr. of Harvard Univ. Pr.

The games in *An Archiving* are inspired by Joan Tronto’s *Four Phases of Care* and Gaston Bachelard’s *The Poetics of Space*.

- Tronto, Joan C. “An Ethic of Care.” *Generations: Journal of the American Society on Aging* 22, no. 3 (1998): 15–20. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/44875693>.
- Bachelard, Gaston, and Maria Jolas. 1994. *The Poetics Of Space*. Boston: Beacon Press.

An Aftermath draws on a ‘posthuman feminism for the Anthropocene’ as outlined by Astrida Neimanis, and Ursula Le Guin’s Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction

- Neimanis, Astrida. 2019. *Bodies Of Water*. London [etc.]: Bloomsbury Academic.
- Le Guin, Ursula K. 2006. *Dancing At The Edge Of The World*. New York: Grove Press

Photomontage sections inspired by Jane Bennett’s investigation of the force of things: “the items on the ground that day were vibratory - at one moment disclosing themselves as dead stuff and at the next as live presence: junk, then claimant; inert matter, then live wire.”

- Bennett, Jane. 2010. *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology Of Things*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

Thank you to the volunteers at the Clitterhouse Farm Project for sharing their stories. All stories recounted here have been anonymised and names changed.

Thanks you Jane Rendell, Polly Gould and David Roberts for sharing their wealth of knowledge.

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