

WALK
CYCLES
/
WATER
CYCLES

Nicholas Murray

Introduction / How to Play

Dear walker, the following publication is an attempt to catalogue research undertaken to understand the shifting landscape around the Clitterhouse Book in North West London. It is an attempt at conveying the movements taken during this time and an invitation to embody those movements for yourself. At times you will be a reader, a walker, a player, a participant, a dreamer.

Each pamphlet is a new exercise in a wider body, presenting a snapshot of the area, and the changes surrounding it. Together they present a version of a quiet conflict that has been unfolding since 2016 and that is still going on today. There are two velocities of change occurring around the Clitterhouse Brook, one of rapid redevelopment led by large scale and topographically abstracted corporations, and one of intimate regeneration led by small community groups. The former seeks to supplant an entirely new town onto an existing landscape, and the latter aims to bring new life to crumbling local landmarks.

Some of these exercises will invite you to position yourself in the landscape - conceptually or literally - but all of them can be read remotely from the situation they reference. All that is asked is that you look towards the site and consider the changes occurring. There is complete agency in choosing to follow the instructions or not, and in this choosing you will be taking part in the first exercise of the book. That of positioning yourself within the text and within the landscape, choosing to stand on the ground as it moves - seeing the water and earth shifting beneath you - or to fly above it and watch the map lay out the transformation from one world to another.

The games herein are an attempt to position the montage principles of Walter Benjamin in a physical space addressing spatial and temporal concerns as a way “to assemble large-scale

constructions out of the smallest and most precisely cut components”.

The following collection of pamphlets can be taken in any order, and new connections will be made by making different connections through the text. Reflecting the stream that sits at the heart of this research, the reader can meander, turning down tributaries as they appear. While the research that formed this work acts at the spring, where the text flows, and where it connects the wider world will change depending on decisions along the way.

If you are reading this in a digital format there are two notes to keep in mind:

- The physical version is separated into a series of loose pamphlets. Each starts with a title page and has a different colour from the previous. This means that there will be some blank pages in the digital version as there are outer covers, back pages and the like.

- There are some double page spreads showing maps of the area. Please note that these will be cut in half if you are reading this on a PDF viewer that prefers page layout as opposed to spread layout. Additionally, each double page map consists of three coloured illustrations. In the physical version of this book, each colour is printed on it's own sheet of semi-transparent paper so that they can be combined and separated during reading.

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A Short Walk

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, 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 endling. 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.

Boundary Meander: A guided walk across a few different times

Intervention > a walk

The following is the script for a two part audio walk. The walk is to be taken by two people, each of whom will take one of two paired audio recordings. The script combines both recordings. Where the recorded diverge is signalled by the cue RECORDING 1st (shortened to REC1) which is the branch for the first participant's audio, and RECORDING 2nd (shortened to REC2) for the second participants audio. Where these divergences occur, the two branches continue simultaneously, giving different instructions to each participant until they converge again at BOTH RECORDINGS (or BOTH REC)

Starting Location:

Entrance to Clitterhouse Playing Fields, at the point where Claremont Road and Clitterhouse Road meet. Inside the park gates.

Objects/props:

an envelope containing four card frames with transparent cellulose and images

a four metre length of elasticated red cord

BOTH RECORDINGS:

[Chime sound] NARRATOR: Thank you for taking part in this short walk through a shifting time.

RECORDING 1st WALKER: You should have been given an item to hold onto. An envelope with cards inside. No need to open it yet, just make sure you have it close.

RECORDING 2nd WALKER: You should have been given an item to hold onto. A short length of red cord. No need to do anything with it yet, just make sure you keep it close.

REC BOTH: Before starting this recording, you will have been instructed to synchronise your session with another person. If you both pressed play at the same time, that is perfect. If not, press stop, return to the beginning of the track and start again. Take some time to make sure you're happy and comfortable. [pause] You will hear a short chime in a few seconds. When you do, wave at your partner. This will be a signal to show that you are in sync with each other. It doesn't need to be exact. Within a couple of seconds of each other is perfect.

[wait + chime]

[nature sounds - a shift in scene]

You can't see the object of our focus just yet, you can't hear it, but perhaps you can sense it. Look down the gentle slope of the park, towards the tree line. Can you sense a presence there? An old one, but ever changing? Perhaps this is too grand an introduction. We are looking for the Clitterhouse Brook. It sits alongside those trees down there, at the edge of the green. Look to your partner, and point down to where you think it is. If you are in agreement, it is time to set off.

[music]

This walk is one of many. A walk which has been undertaken countless times, and continues today, in new iterations, through new bodies. Try to keep pace with each other, match your speeds. Think about walking as one, listening as one, seeing together.

As you walk across this neatly kept grass, take a moment to think about what is beneath it. soil, rock, tiny life? What if I were to tell you that the remains of a viking settlement set mere metres beneath your feet? It's true, or perhaps it's true. Stop for a moment. Look back up to where you started. That building? It's a community centre now, but a farmhouse has stood there for centuries.

The area was inhabited and mentioned all the way back to the Domesday Book. Apparently it even had a small moat. Though maybe that didn't do it much good, as it's said the homestead was raided by vikings, burned and restored as a 'house of clay'.

SECOND VOICE: Clitterhouse... Clutterhouse... Clytterhouse... Clitherow... Clite... Clay... Clayhouse

NARRATOR: What's important is that where you first stood, so have so many others. So did I, so did my mother. Though not so long ago as all that. She stood there in 1970, bringing new stories from the Caribbean to add to the local anthology. A community has taken the walk down to the stream and back again for generations.

Let's keep going, taking our small place in this ritual of ages. Keep on walking down to the Clitterhouse Brook.

Back in 2021, we had the most recent archeological dig. Searching for those viking remains. 71 archeological trenches were dug across the entire park, looking for some arrow head or pottery sherd that would validate decades of theorising. Or most specifical NOT validate it. The dig was funded in large part by the Brent Cross Town development. Look over to your left, out past the park. That's it there. By now, it must be quite a sight. huge concrete blocks looming over the area. They made no secret of how they hoped nothing would be found out here. It would "slow down the growth of the area".

The walk you're doing now, I started doing formally in 2020. With a mind to charting the farmhouse, the brook and the development plot. When I started there was nothing out there. Very quickly, cranes sprung up. Lots of them. At night they'd blink little lights from the top, into the darkness. Like UFOs hovering over the neighbourhood.

[sonic shift, music fades out]

By now you're in the middle of this wide expanse. Take a moment to stop and look at the site of all that construction. Try to imagine a time when those huge heavy forms weren't there. It wasn't very long ago at all. Time here is a strange thing, parts of the area move faster than others, and this park sits as an anchor from which to see them all.

[soundscape, pause]

REC2: In a moment you and your walking partner are going to separate, but not too far. You are still embarking on this walk together. Take out the red cord, and when your partner hands you an object, give them one end of the cord in return.

[syncing pause]

REC1: Take the envelope you've been holding onto and open it up. There four frames in there, and two of them might suggest an image of cranes. Take these out, choose the one that most resonates with you in this moment. The one that you feel mirrors the distant development, and give one to your walking partner. Take the end of the cord they hand you and hold on to it tightly. Imagine that it is a connecting force, keeping a lifeline between the two of you.

[syncing pause]

REC2: for the next few moments you will be a point moving through time, into the recent past. Though, as the point moving, you will not be able to see it. Hold the frame you were given above your head, facing your partner, and walk away from them, towards the development site. Take slow steps and when you can feel a tension in the line connecting you to your partner, slow to a stop.

REC1: For the next few moments you will be able to witness a moment from another time, from the recent past. Your walking partner is making the shift, but you will be the observer.

BOTH REC:

RECORDED ARCHIVE VOICE: Imagine a new town designed from the ground up with your wellbeing and happiness in mind. // It should be noted that Sport England have objected to the proposed layout of Clitterhouse Playing Fields as contained in this application // From the aesthetics to the smell, timber buildings make workers feel happier, calmer and healthier in a working environment like no other // a number of local residents and community groups have expressed disappointment that the Farm Buildings will not be retained for community use.

REC2: Filler sound for 7 seconds

REC1: Describe to your partner what you can see. How do the shapes on the frame align with the horizon, with the landscape beyond the park? Remember, they are some way off, and out of phase with your time. Make sure they can hear you. When you are finished communicating, let them know that you will pull them back, and gently pull on the line until you are together again.

[pause for action]

REC BOTH: You have now seen that time travel is possible, and by doing so have calibrated yourselves to noticing it a little easier if it happens again. Well done.

It is time we kept moving. The Brook is still some way off. Continue your walk towards that treeline you pointed at before. It's time to find the true anchor of this place.

[soundscape interlude]

PART 2

REC BOTH: Can you see a bench down near the trees. There are three along that edge of the park. Aim for the furthest right one.

[soundscape cues a scene/time change]

It's Spring and walking along the stream is so different from before. You can't see it as well as you could in the winter. It's all lush verdants, nettles and brambles. The path of the water is traced more by birdsong than the water itself. You follow it nonetheless.

[soundscape ends]

Have you reached the bench? Look behind it, there's a clearing in the trees, a small area that leads to the Brook. Walk towards it and as you do, try to listen for the water. It's gentle. Just a stream. It won't pick up real speed until it connects to the River Brent about half a mile west of here. It's close. In this area the river is a canalway. Dug into the land, in a cement gulley. But here, the Brook flows naturally. Or as naturally as it can do. The water flows over rocks and London Clay. Most likely it's much smaller than it was back when the vikings were walking the land, making their incision as far as Finchley. But it feels close to what it might have been. It's hard to make out traffic sounds down here. Only occasional signs of modern habitation

[soundscape cues a scene/time change]

There's a group of volunteers pulling trash out of the stream, old bike frames, a bucket, something that looks like an arrowhead. who knows how old it is. It doesn't look like it belongs. I overhear one of them say 'we don't come down to the water, we come out of it' which maybe feels a bit grand for this stretch of water that five minutes up the way is a sewer.

[soundscape ends]

If you like, crouch down and find a stone. Take a moment to find one that stands out to you.

[pause for action]

Pick it up and turn it over in your hand. Consider how old this stone might be. How much longer it's been here than you have. Not just in this place, but on this earth.

[pause for action]

If you have both found a stone, take a moment to pass your stones to each other. Tell each other something about it, something about yourself. Tell your walking partner about a memory you have when you were near water.

REC1: You go first

REC2: Your partner will start and then you can return with your own memory

[pause for action]

[soundscape fade in slowly]

On the other side of the stream there's an allotment. I hear a couple of voices chuckling, throwing stones into a can, enjoying the sunlight. Over on that side of this little curve of stream is the area that hasn't been touched. Somehow by being claimed by amateur gardeners all those years ago, it's been saved from the looming hand of progress. It's still ramshackle. Held together with garden wire.

Behind me, on the far horizon, are the cranes. They're still now, but on most days they sway as if waving at each other, or like passing folded notes from arm to arm.

[soundscape ends]

REC BOTH: It's almost time to draw this walk to a close, to return to the present. We will take one last look into a possible past, a potential future for this area.

REC1: From the envelope, take the frame that looks like it shows a picture of the stream. Together with your partner, hold it up and position it downstream, continuing the line of the water as it flows away from you. Try to align the growth on the banks, pulling two moments together to overlap in the present.

REC2: Take a moment to peer through the frame that your walking partner is holding up. They are attempting to pull two moments together, to overlap in the present. as they do, repeat these words out loud:

At times, we can find ourselves abraded...

picked up and deposited...

miles from our home...

We call these Erratics

REC BOTH: This stream has fed the land for centuries. There is considerable upheaval in the area, but through it all an unbroken line, marks the ground as a place that will persist despite its many challenges.

We will now take the final steps out of this walk, the barrier will be imperceptible. One moment you will be enacting this walk, and in another you will simply be walking. When that happens feel free to take off your headphones.

[soundscape fade in for scene change]

I've reached the point where the stream goes underground. It's not quite big enough for me to get inside and keep going so I guess this is where we stop. I turn around and count the cranes in the distance. 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8. there's 9 of them now. They keep sprouting overnight.

[soundscape slowly fades out]

Boundary Meander: Appendix 1

[Envelope containing four printed
transparent frames to use while
participating in the audio walk]

Boundary Meander: Appendix 2



granted methods of agency and of holding the space for themselves. This is especially important during this project as the prevailing feeling engendered through the rapid change taking place in parts of the area is one of powerlessness. This game in no palpable way takes that away from the large scale entities at play, but it does serve to illustrate a personal power. And hopefully to use that power to bring a sense of connection and of joy.

Boundary Meander takes its cue from map-making games such as Avery Alder's *The Quiet Year*, and aims to take some of the gestures used in these games off the page and out into the world, using the landscape as a game board and as a 1-to-1 scale map canvas. This brings to mind Borges' *On Exactitude in Science* in which a map is created that is the exact size, shape and layout of the Province that it charts. Though, instead of a holy object showing exact truth, I want to use this layering as a way to highlight implicit conflicts in the land.

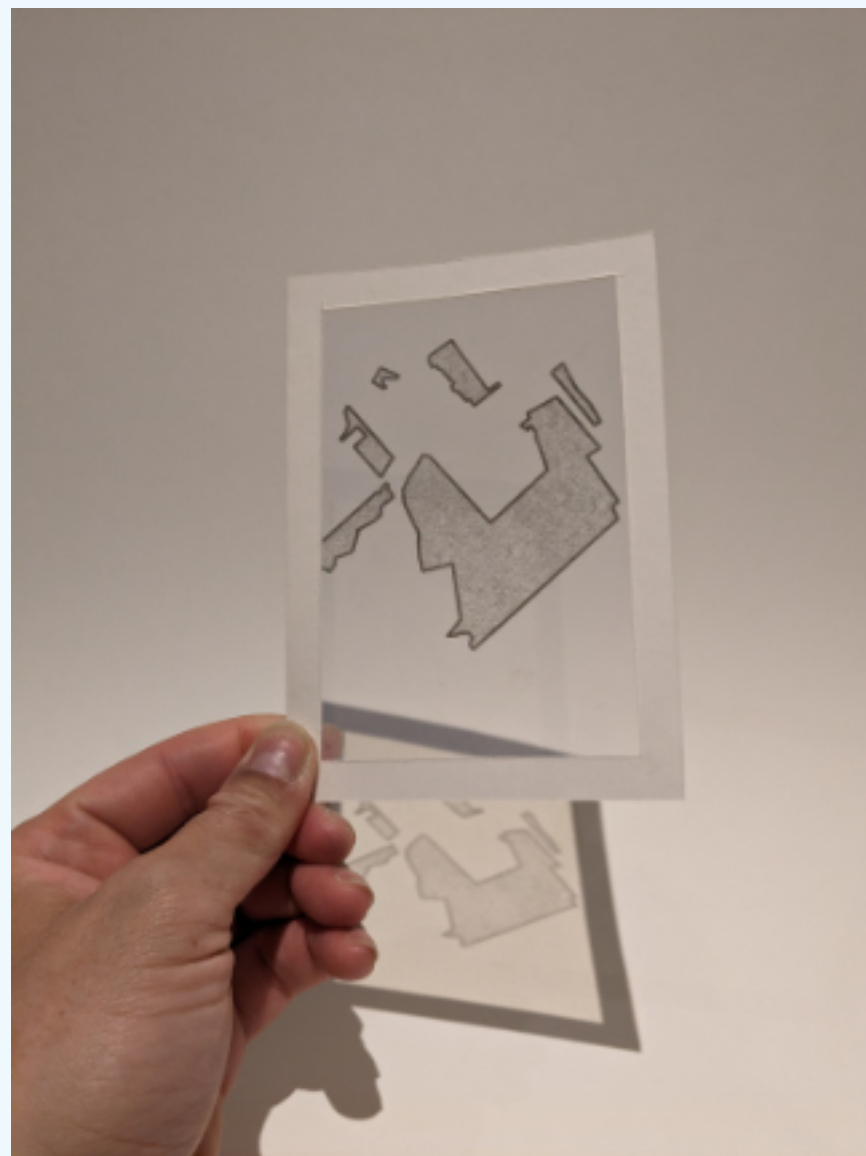
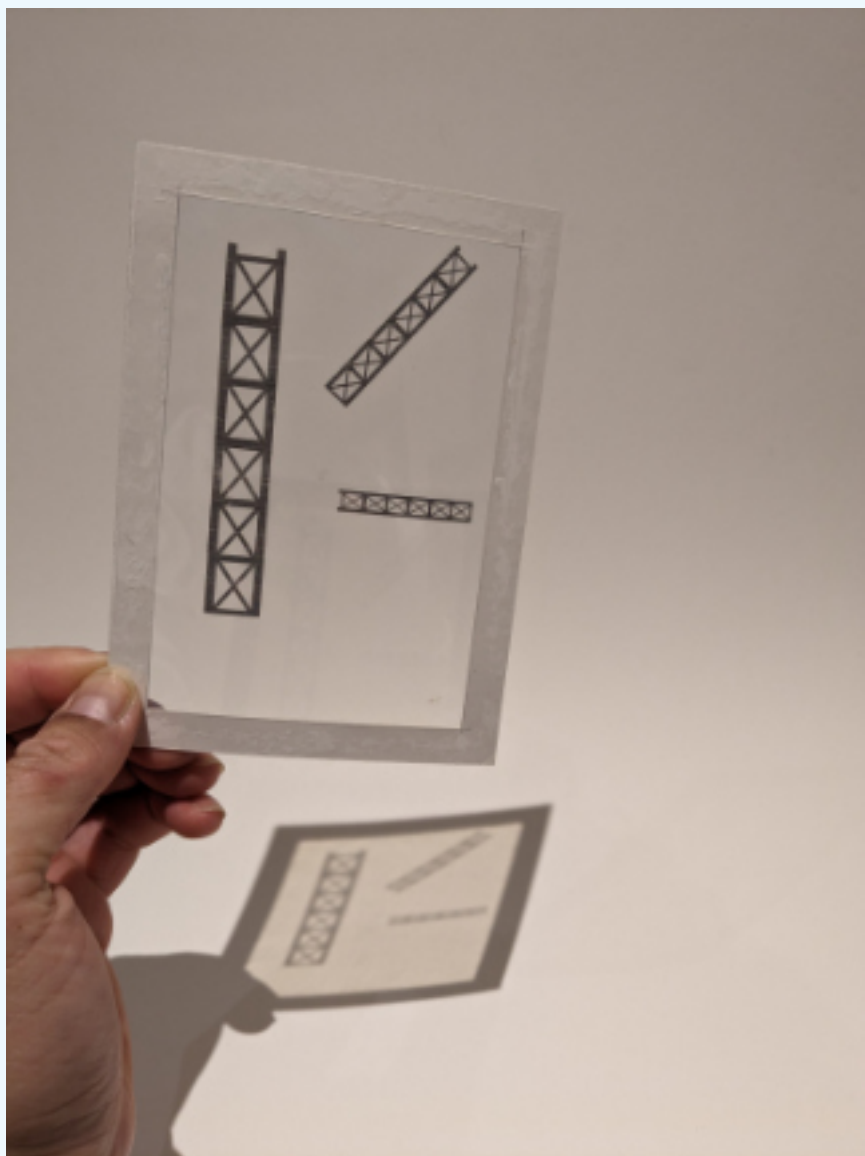
Time travel is possible and we're all doing it right now. Rocketing through time and space at a stomach-churning rate. But what would be truly exceptional would be to see two moments in time at once. While researching this project, walking the site, and devising the game that became the intervention into the space, I found myself stuck on the idea that different areas of the neighbourhood were moving in time at different rates. Different places becoming part of the future before others.

I wanted to convey this in some gentle way, while maintaining the methodology of walking as process, and so I devised a simple exercise for two people, under the guise of a ritual, but really just a small game.

Guided by an instructional audio track, two participants/players follow a walk that I have been taking repeatedly through this project, and with some simple props play through a symbolic act of time travel. The primary goal of this is to give the players a sense of ownership of the space while they take part. Play is a powerful tool for this. Through the act of play, people can be









Preparations
for a series
of multiplanar
investigations
of one site /
Preparations
for one
multiplanar
investigation
of many sites

Before this starts I want you to know what you may have to do. I don't want you to be surprised. Through this text, I will read to you. You will make marks, draw lines, create pictures and text.

In front of you you place one piece of plain paper and one piece of tracing paper. Next to these you place a black pen, a green pen, a blue pen, a pencil and an eraser.

Take a piece of paper. Place your hand on the page anywhere you like, your non-dominant hand, not the one you write with. take a blue pen and draw a line alongside your first finger. from the point where your finger joins your hand to the very tip. Now draw a perpendicular line, a short one, more of a notch, out from the first line at each of the points where your joints are.

Lift your hand away. You should have one long line with two shorter lines bisecting it. Finish this off with two more short lines at the top and bottom of the long line. What does this remind you of? I think it looks like a ruler, or a guide. This will be the scale against which everything else we create will be measured.

It's strange to have a scale without something to measure it against. Without something being measured.

I'm walking the perimeter of a building site and I cannot get a sense of scale of anything. There's hoarding up all around it so I can't properly see through to the other side. Catching glimpses through cracks between panels. It's going to be the site of a new high street, many blocks of flats, a train station. It's several blocks across. I assume. Like I say, the scale is outside of anything I can really comprehend. Imagine an empty hole, two storeys deep, shored up by concrete pillars. Now stretch that hole out to be as wide as a village. A whole community could be dropped in here and not touch the sides.

Pick up a black pen and take a few moments to try and draw this feeling. Think about the scale you've set yourself through your first action. Draw a single concrete pillar. Draw another. Continue a row of these. off the page, into the horizon.

Pick up the green pen and draw a shape, maybe an oval, maybe something more fluid, that sits alongside this row. Not the whole row, just a couple of the objects you've drawn. It's small compared to the idea we started with. This will symbolise a green area. Through the middle of it, with a blue pen draw a line. This is a river.

I brought my friend down to the Clitterhouse Brook to tell him about this project, about what I was searching for. He's my neighbour. Drawn to the neighbourhood because of the impending development. He's sure it's a good time to get into the area. Neither of us knows what will happen, but we're happy that we're closer together now. Sometimes we say this out loud and sometimes we don't.

He's telling me about the new train station. He got a tour from the developers. It was meant for local community groups and councillors, and he's been helping out with community action works recently. Working to make sure the park doesn't get dug up. It's got hanging planters and a cafe. The train station I mean. Currently it's the biggest building on the new complex, though won't be for long.

Take the black pen again. Map out a few blocks of buildings. They don't have to be detailed, just representations of buildings. Think about where your main roads are, where the intersections branch off to meet other roads. Which one is the train station. Maybe one is a coffee shop overlooking the park.

Together we cross the park and meet Jans. He runs a coffee roaster on the edge of the new development. He used to sell coffee out of a tiny van, something close to a rickshaw, at the entrance of the old station. It's still there, but is now considered old in relation to its logistical next-in-line. The developer's management team are some of his regulars. They're generally nice, he says, though they make hints and jokes that the shop won't be there for long. Once the new town (they call it a town, which is very grand, but not so far off in intention, I suppose) is up and running, either he'll have to move into the new blocks or risk losing out. He jokes to us about how he's already getting shaken down, and the place doesn't even exist yet.

Take the tracing paper and place it over your drawn map. with a pencil, draw a line from the far end of the park towards the blocks of buildings and through them to the other side. Try to find a route that works. You can't go through buildings even if you created them.

Along this route. Put three small circles. Think of them as points of interest.

When we leave, we try to walk through the new development. Most of it isn't accessible yet. Most of it doesn't exist yet. However, there is one new road.

I say one, but I mean one that exists here and now, that I can touch, can walk on, can feel. There are nine new streets, with names like Parkview Avenue (it's next to the park) and Aviator Drive (a hint at the aerodrome that used to be less than five hundred metres from this point), and Songbird Lane (which doesn't seem to connect to anything at all). They all exist on a map, (you can find them on Google Maps if you like,) but none of them are real yet. The area exists in another future, online. Neighbourhood Square is not quite a fiction, and not quite fact.

Now, fold the tracing paper up, and put it somewhere safe. A pocket, a purse, a wallet. Try to keep it safe and with you for as long as you can. If you are walking from one place to another, find a map of your area. One that covers your start point and end point. Place the tracing paper over the top. Even if the map you have is on your phone. This is still a part of it.

Try to walk the route you have drawn. Take a pencil with you Stop at points of interest. You marked them before, even though you didn't know what they would lead to. Do you find yourself getting stuck? Stopped at a wall? Some great building you cannot pass through? With a pencil draw your new route over the one you charted previously. Erase anything that no longer makes sense. Repeat this action for as long as you find it interesting, or useful, or joyful, or moving. If you know me, show me your plotted routes one day. I would love to see how you have moved.)

Preparations: Appendix 1



If you do decide to find some these ghost roads for yourself, try the street view mode also. The road names float over the landscape like they're staking their claim. Hovering in wait until they can materialise.

You cannot follow the roads virtually of course as the omnipresent camera car can't yet travel through time, but a delightful (if slightly haunting) artifact of the platform is that you can travel through time.

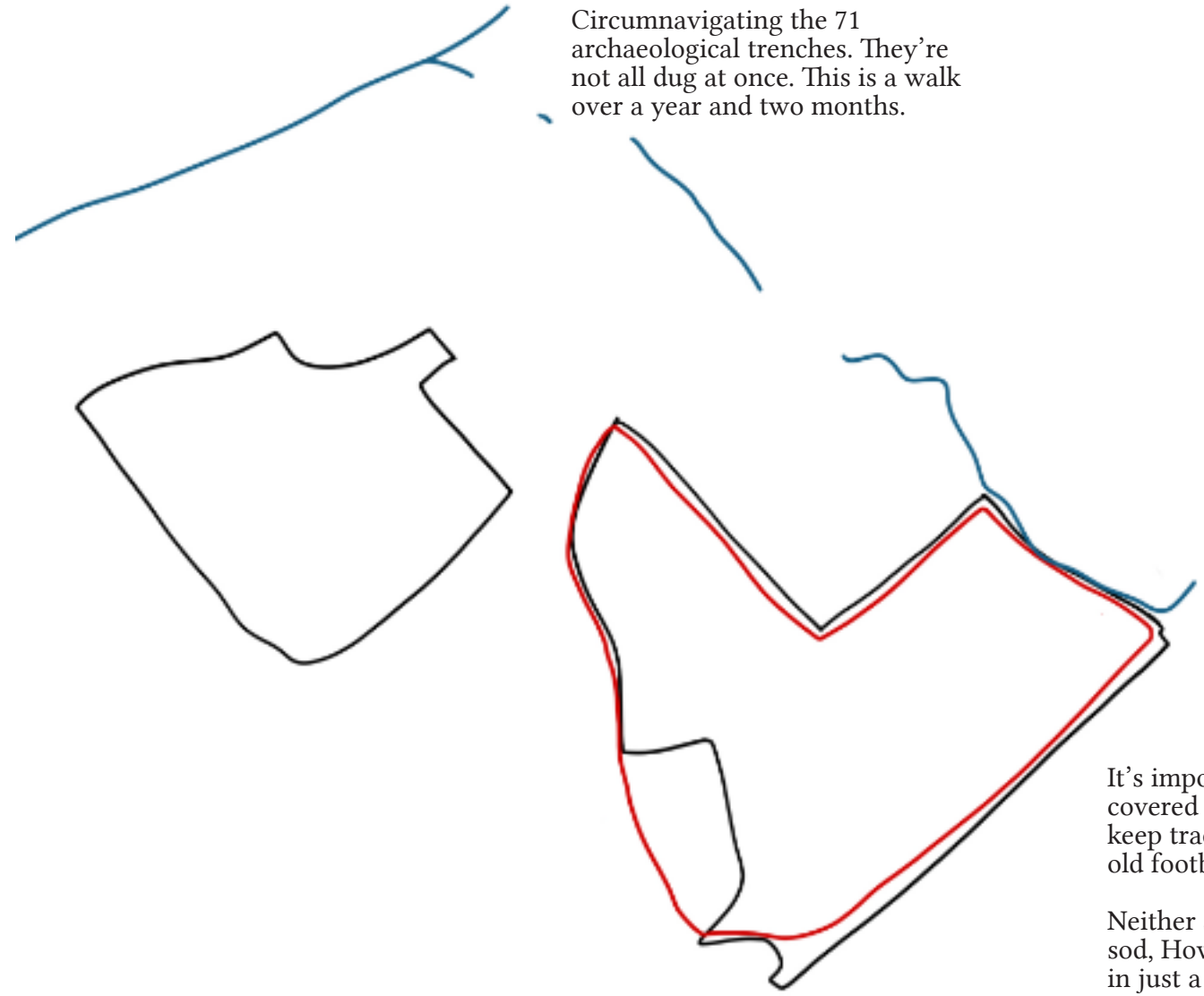
In trying to trace the ghost roads, you find yourself cast back six years, according to Google. Though I know from personally standing on that site, that the Rosa Freedman Centre (pictured right) was starting to be demolished two years prior to that, so an additional time slippage is going on.



Surprisingly, something that Argent Related, the company behind the area's redevelopment has not mentioned anywhere, despite trying in multiple ways to ingratiate themselves with the local residents, is that the spire that was formerly on top of the chapel building within the Rosa Freedman Centre was kept and reused in the the Exploratory.

I like to think that there is some careful civic planner who enjoyed playing this spatiotemporal game with themselves, and tried to place the spire as close to where it originally stood as possible. Though I have got in touch with Argent Related (specifically their public relations department) I have not been able to verify the existence of this currently-still-fictional romantic.

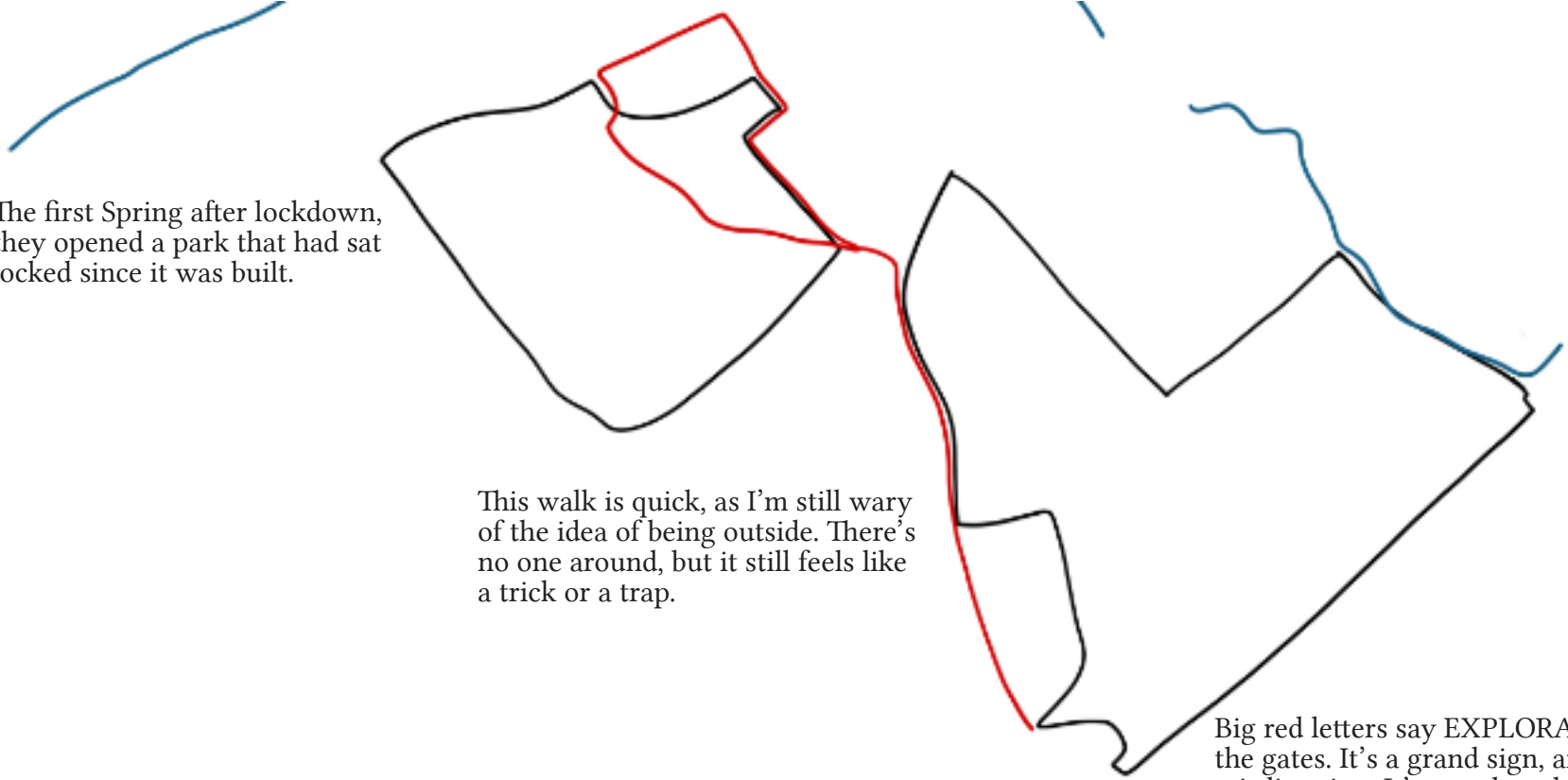
A series of Walks

A hand-drawn map on a white background. It features two irregular black outlines representing archaeological trenches. The trench on the left is roughly rectangular with a small notch on its right side. The trench on the right is more complex, with several indentations and a jagged edge. A red line is drawn along the inner boundary of the right-hand trench. Several blue lines are scattered around the map: one long line starts from the top left and extends towards the center; another shorter line is below it; a third line is to the right of the right-hand trench; and a fourth line is near the bottom right corner of the right-hand trench.

Circumnavigating the 71
archaeological trenches. They're
not all dug at once. This is a walk
over a year and two months.

It's impossible to count them. Some are
covered better than others, and I can't
keep track of what's trench and what's
old football wounds.

Neither seems to go that deep into the
sod, How can they find what they need,
in just a few inches of dirt.



The first Spring after lockdown, they opened a park that had sat locked since it was built.

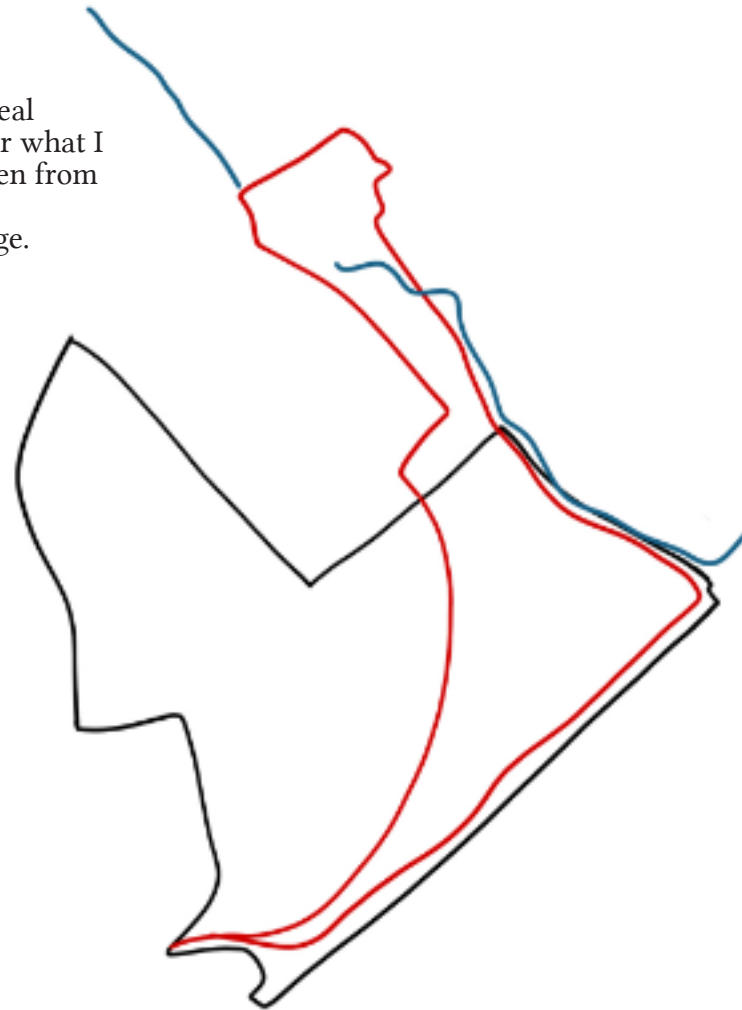
This walk is quick, as I'm still wary of the idea of being outside. There's no one around, but it still feels like a trick or a trap.

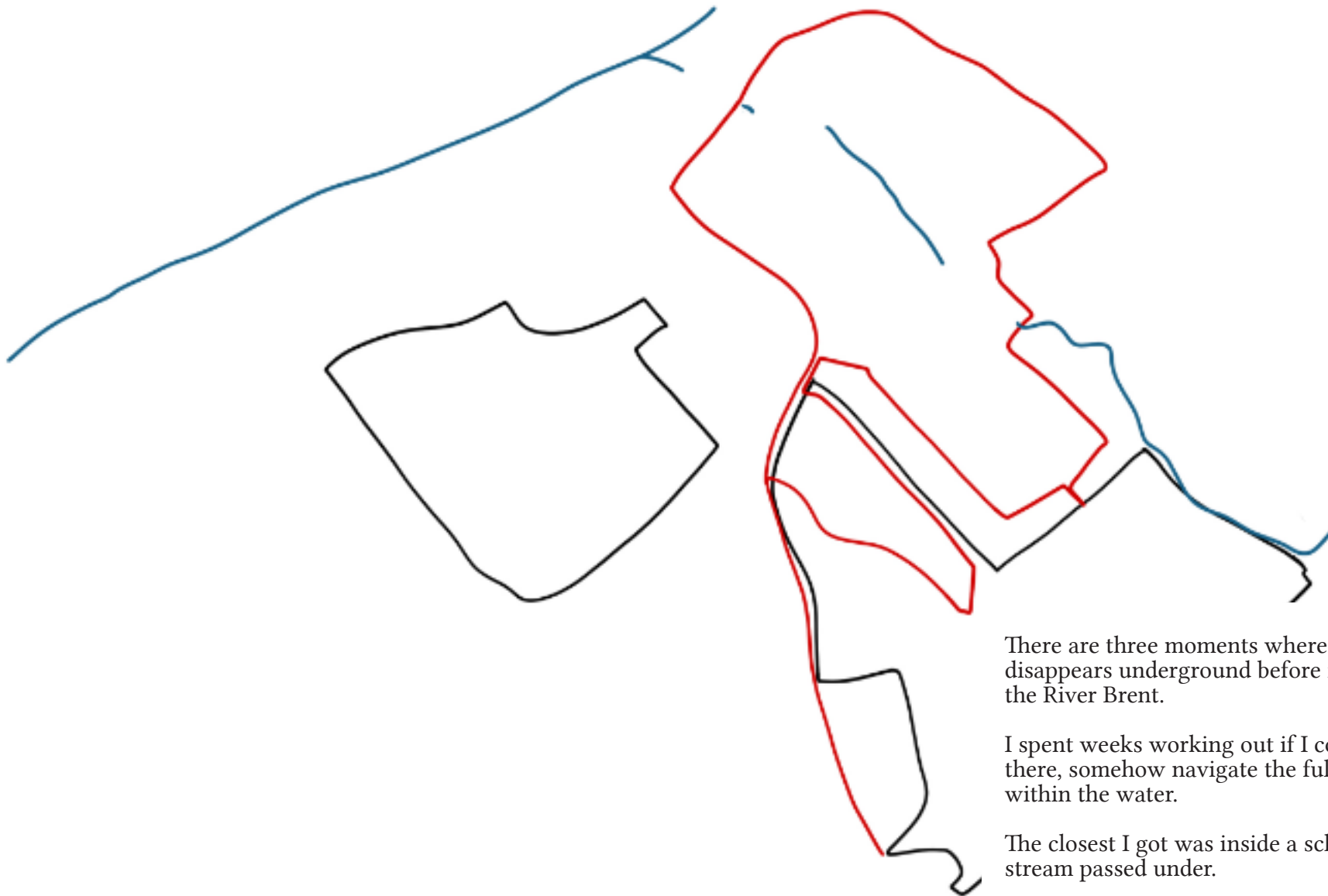
Big red letters say EXPLORATORY over the gates. It's a grand sign, and a grand misdirection. It's a park and playground, and one that they plan to tear back down in a year or so.

As a way to become familiar with this little stretch
of water I would repeat this walk daily.

A right angle and a sweeping curve.

Over two years, I bottled samples with no real
thought as to what I would do with them, or what I
would find if I did. An archive of water, taken from
clay banks, inside discarded tires, from an
improvised bucket dangled over a tiny bridge.





There are three moments where the stream disappears underground before it connects to the River Brent.

I spent weeks working out if I could get down there, somehow navigate the full length from within the water.

The closest I got was inside a school that the stream passed under.

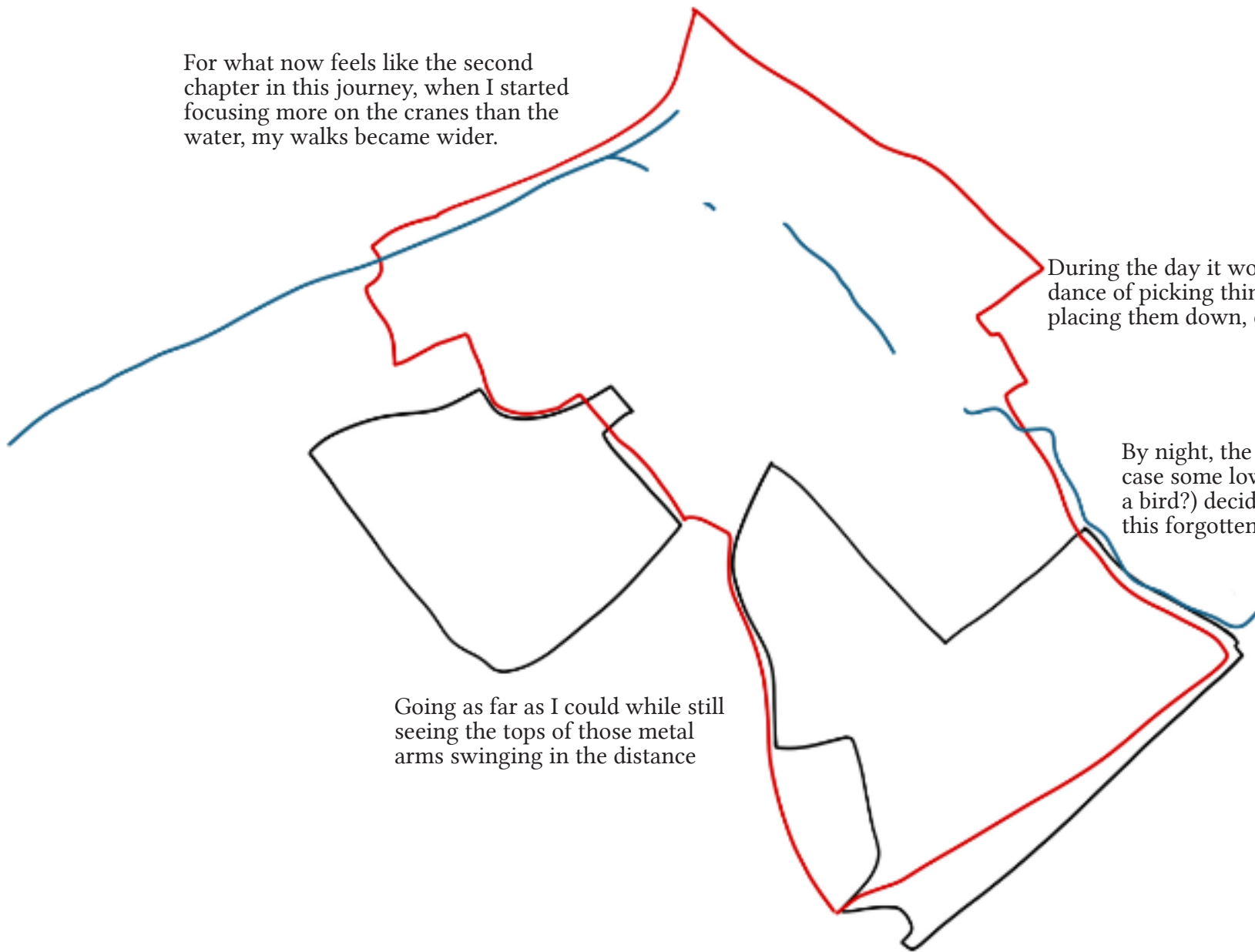
Gates and grills stalled my progress, and a fear of drowning stopped it.

For what now feels like the second chapter in this journey, when I started focusing more on the cranes than the water, my walks became wider.

During the day it would be the slow dance of picking things up and placing them down, over and over.

By night, the blinking lights, just in case some low flying plane (or maybe a bird?) decided to swoop through this forgotten neighbourhood.

Going as far as I could while still seeing the tops of those metal arms swinging in the distance



A Short Walk

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 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. 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, slipping in where it passed his school, shimmying through what was essentially a sewer where the stream went underground for a nerve-racking 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 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 early nineties. 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 *Toys'R'Us* 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 changing the landscape faster than we can recognise.

Bibliography and References

The games in Walk Cycles / Water Cycles attempt to plot in physical space the montage principles as described by Walter Benjamin “to assemble large-scale constructions out of the smallest and most precisely cut components”.

The pamphlet structure of this book is inspired by Anne Carson’s Float.

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