

SINGING THE SOUTH DOWNS WAY:
AFFECT IN PERFORMANCE AND PRACTICE

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DECLARATION

I, Elizabeth Bennett, confirm that this thesis, *Singing the South Downs Way: Affect in Performance and Practice*, is all my own work.

ABSTRACT

This thesis explores folk singing from the perspective of performance studies. It investigates folk singing as an affective practice, learned from the archive and performed in context on a walk along the South Downs Way in May 2015. The thesis takes the ‘affective turn’ in performance studies and cultural geography as a conceptual starting point, and analyses how preparing for performance takes care of folk song as archival remains (Roms 2013), the dynamic between folk song, autobiography, and walks (Mock 2009), and how the relationship between footpaths and folk songs may be conceived through the notion of ‘embodied acts of landscaping’ (Lorimer 2005). Through reflection on the practices of performing songs from the archive that were collected in Sussex, and meeting other folk singers to learn songs that they associated with the Sussex landscape, this thesis considers how knowledge is produced ‘with others, in movement, and through engagement with a material, sensory and social environment’ (Pink 2009). Autoethnography is used as a methodological approach to explore the affective and emotional aspects of songs that may be passed in the oral tradition from person to person, and the experience of learning songs from a family repertoire. Additionally, autoethnography is used in order to count the body as an instrument of research, and investigate its relationship to other bodies (Longhurst et al 2008). Further, the challenges of investigating affect, embodiment and ‘ways of moving, feeling, or performing in the past’, in relation to biography and the archive, are explored through a ‘small story’ of the work of Sussex-based folk song collector Dorothy Marshall (Lorimer 2003). Analysing folk songs in the affective context of the archive and the landscape, this thesis engages with and contributes to scholarship on embodied intangible cultural heritage and ideas of affect, emotion, and feeling in contemporary performance theory; asking not what folk songs mean, but what folk songs *do*?

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CHAPTER 1: FOLK SONGS: AFFECTIVE WORK IN THE FIELD

THROUGH BUSHES AND THROUGH BRIARS: LEARNING SONGS AND

WALKING ON THE DOWNS

Towards the end of 2013, at the age of 24, I began my PhD research, moved home to Sussex, and had my heart broken. Although none of these three things were directly related, in terms of cause and effect, they were nonetheless experienced relationally. Needless to say, it was an emotionally demanding period of my life. In the springtime of the following year I took the dog for a walk with my mum. I found it regressive to be single and back living at home, whilst my peers were moving in with partners, buying houses, and making wedding plans. However, it was a happy outcome that I was able to spend time with my mum, as she had experienced periods of serious ill health during the previous few years. Perhaps we were discussing how well she was, her delight at the thought of an unencumbered walk, or perhaps my, still fragmented heart, but somehow the issue of song learning was raised:

Mum: *Didn't you say when I was well again you'd like to learn some of the songs I sing?*

Me: *Yes, very much, I don't think I'm confident to sing in the clubs, but I like to learn some from you.*

Mum: *What would you like to start with?*

Me: *I know the 'Bonny Light Horseman' from you performing it, but that's very much your song, and snatches from you and Grandad singing together but nothing else.*

Mum: *When you hear songs and then you start to sing fragments from them, are you interested in the tunes or the words?*

Me: *The story, I think. Or rather what that story means to me, if I identify with it.*

Mum: *Have you ever heard me sing 'Through Bushes and Through Briars?'*

Me: *No, maybe, I don't know – sing it for me ...*

She sang the tune first a few times for me to repeat, and then brought in the words. We sang the verses out as we walked up on Lancing Ring. The Ring is a part of the South Downs where lots of dog walkers meet, and can strike me as mundane or dull on days where it simply fits into my routine. Yet, on a clear day if you manage to align your gaze and the sun

at the right time the brilliance of the white cliffs of the Seven Sisters shine through the frame of the hills. That day we were twisting through the wooded area and maze of hedges, where I like to play hide and seek with our Golden Retriever. I carried on singing it in my head on the way back to the car, because mum had said I was beginning to drive her mad (I have continued to annoy her ever since when learning a song; I'm a very slow methodical learner, she can catch a tune instantly). Once I got home, I surveyed her bookshelf to look at any printed versions she might have. I did not think something was missing, nor did I not trust the words my mum had taught me, it was simply that I wanted to know as much as possible about the song. I found two new verses in Stephen Sedley's *The Seeds of Love* (1967) that I was attracted to, and took care to sing them casually next time I was in the bath so that mum would ask me what they were, which she did. A healthy competitiveness, as well as a passion for folk songs, is ground we now share. My mum is not one to gush about how proud she is, so I knew I had completed my apprenticeship when she told me she wouldn't teach me any more songs if I was going to keep stealing them and singing them in folk clubs.

Here on an undated March day are threads bunched together, some in the middle, some freshly cut, and some ready to be tied off. A vociferous appetite for any knowledge I could gain on a song has continued to grow since then, as has the realisation that even if I sung a song for a hundred years and found every scrap of information about it, I would never truly be able to fix it in time, or to find a definitive version – songs are formed and reformed in each performance. I have discovered that my inability to read music does not hinder me, and that many traditional singers learn by ear, which has resulted in a fascination with how singers learn songs. I no longer dismiss folk songs as sexist, as I did when I was a teenager, and bemoan that it is always some woman walking in the fields and crying. Now, I recognise grief as an affective state within these sung tales and why it helps to walk when you are sad. Part of my journey in this thesis has been asking what has made me gravitate towards folk songs in my twenties. This has encompassed inheritance, a sense of time running out, the emotional resonance of some of the songs speaking to me at times of loss and healing, a

sense of ‘coming home’ to Sussex after a period away, making the landscape of the Downs appear in the vitality of the music, and simply becoming a singer.

In the days and years since that walk with my mum, I have experienced the devastating capacity of a folk song to penetrate your emotional core; the affective forces at play when you walk and sing, and how that visceral quality stays with you. I can recall constricting my body to fit through an arched hedge when I was first learning *Through Bushes and Through Briars*, and I have reencountered that every time I have subsequently sung it. I plundered my family’s repertoire, I consulted the archive, and I engaged my body in the landscape. That day is where my PhD began, although it will turn around at moments, and draw on incidents, songs, and lives from further reaches of time. That day I learnt a song, a song that sent me in search of more [🎵 Track 1]:

Through bushes and through briars,
I lately took my way
All for to hear the small birds sing
And the lambs to skip and play.

I overheard my own true love,
His voice it rang so clear
Long time I have been waiting for
The coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy
And troubled in my mind
Sometimes I think I’ll go to my love
And tell to him my mind.
But if I should go to my love,
What would my love say then?
It would show to him my boldness,
And he’d ne’r love me again.

Once upon a time I had
Colour like a rose
But now I am as pale
As the lily that grows.
Like a flower in the garden
My beauty is a-gone
Don’t you see what I am come to
By the loving of a man?

So all ye pretty fair maids,
A-warning take by me
And never build your nest
At the top of any tree.
For the green leaves they will wither
And the roots they will decay
And the beauty of a false young man
Shall all soon fade away.

And the beauty of a false young man shall all soon fade away.

AFFECT THEORY: WHAT SONGS DO

An affect is an echo within us of what our body does or undergoes

(Comte-Sponville 2013 in Pavis 2016: p. 6)

Through exploring my practice of folk singing at a particular time in my life, in a particular place, I aim to use my explorations of what folk songs do to consider wider questions of process and performance. As such, this thesis aspires to investigate how folk singing as an affective practice might enable insights into the relationship between the archive and the repertoire, represented in this thesis as songs learnt from singers in Sussex and materials from the Full English Digital Archive at the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. In addition, I seek to explore how considering walking and singing together in a specific setting, in this instance the South Downs Way in Sussex, may produce a context through which to explore how people create and participate in landscapes, and how one may communicate that landscaping process through creative, poetic, and experimental writing practices. Furthermore, I aim to discover how the weaving together of stories of the self, emotionally significant people, and archival subjects, the foremost being me, my mum, and folk song collector Dorothy Marshall, may allow for insights into recovery, becoming, and legacy.

By examining what songs do, in the body, in the archive, in understandings of landscape, and in one's sense of self, this thesis draws on interdisciplinary investigations into theories

broadly considered under the umbrella of affect. As Marie Biddle and Ian Thompson state in their volume *Sound, Music, Affect: Theorising Sonic Experience*, ‘affect remains stubbornly ungeneralizable, referring to a myriad of approaches [...] the structure of affect theory mirrors the ambiguity, open-endedness, and messiness of that which we might call affect’ (Biddle and Thompson 2013: p. 6). In the following section, I will explore the theoretical history of affect, the ‘affective turn’ within theatre and performance studies and interdisciplinary theory, and how conceiving of affect as an echo within ourselves of the body’s relationship to the world – like the echoing refrain of a folk song – may allow for a way of exploring what it means to learn a song *by heart*.

In *Theatre & Feeling* (2010), Erin Hurley identifies four categories of feeling that she considers as related but separate states of experience; affect, mood, sensation and emotion. For Hurley affect is an ‘immediate, uncontrollable, skin-level’, bodily response to changes in the environment. If I feel thrilled my heart might beat faster, or goose bumps may appear when I am afraid or chilled by something, and thus affect ‘makes itself known through autonomic reactions [...] affects are sets of sets muscular/glandular responses’ (Hurley 2010: p. 13). These responses, Hurley argues, are beyond our conscious control; we do not contrive to blush or make our teeth chatter or plan for our spines to shiver, and as such affect is unruly – ‘it exceeds us by happening against our will’ (Hurley 2010: p. 13). Further, in Hurley’s summary of affect, these autonomic reactions happen within one person, within one organism, and therefore are entirely felt within the individual, ‘meaning that only the person whose blood is rushing to his or her extremities can feel it’ (Hurley 2010: p. 17). Hurley continues that this subjective skin-level response may then register on a person’s body in an emotional manifestation that is socially readable, for example wide-eyed surprise or toe-curling embarrassment, ‘by casting subjective experience into readable moulds (grimaces, and so on), emotional expression objectifies, if you will, the subjective experience’ (Hurley 2010: p. 18).

However, in seeking ways to communicate my experience of affective states whilst walking and singing, or the affect of enchantment in the archives, I wondered if emotion

could only be the outward expression of affect, or whether the echo *felt within* was felt as emotions. Thus, I became interested in theories of affect that considered the in-betweenness of physical feelings and emotions. Which is not to say that I found a neat definition of affect that included emotion and could be applied to all of my research avenues; as performance theorist James Thompson states in *Performance Affects: Applied Theatre and the End of Effect* (2009) writing about performance should ‘maintain the difficultness of affect’ rather than aiming for a conclusive understanding (Thompson 2009: p. 10). Rather, I gravitated towards explorations of affect that, as cultural theorist Sara Ahmed argues, ‘avoid making analytical differences between bodily sensation, emotion, and thought as if they could be “experienced” as distinct realms of human “experience”’ (Ahmed 2004: p. 6). Ahmed uses the word ‘impression’ to encompass what is felt or marked on the body, affective charges or gut-feelings, and the emotional effects of an encounter – i.e. the song made an impression on me. Asking her readers to remember the *press* in impression, Ahmed emphasises her interest in what emotions *do* rather than what they are. Thus, her use of the word impression allows ‘us to associate the experience of having an emotion with the very affect of one surface upon another’ (Ahmed 2004: p. 6).

The increase in attention in the early twenty-first century to ideas of affect, emotion, and feeling within performance studies, has coincided with a broader interest in the arts and humanities towards the role of feelings and bodies, and this shift has come to be known as the ‘affective turn’. In the *Routledge Companion to Theatre and Performance* (2014), Paul Allain and Jen Harvie argue that the affective turn has resulted in a shift away from what theatre *means* towards what theatre *does*, with scholars exploring how the experience of being a spectator registers in the body, and that this appreciation ‘importantly recalibrates historical hierarchies of meaning that have denigrated bodies and feelings’, and, further, that as ‘practices which feature and foreground feelings and bodies, theatre and performance can help us to better understand the cultural work of feelings’ (Allain and Harvie 2014: p. 149). Singers who perform traditional folk music often inherit the tradition from someone significant in their lives. However, there will be songs that a mother will sing that her

daughter will not, as I have experienced through learning songs from my own mum, and thus I became interested during my research in how repertoires might be continually formed and reformed through what affect theorists Melissa Gregg and Gregory J Seigworth term ‘the forces of the encounter’ (Gregg and Seigworth 2010: p. 2). In discussions that took place during my interviews and walks with other singers in Sussex, exploring how they perceived the relationship between the landscape of Sussex and the performance of folk songs, phrases such as ‘falling in love with a song’, or ‘a song haunts you’, or ‘it becomes part of you’ were often repeated. As Allain and Harvie identify, theories of affect allow us to explore and validate ‘audience responses which are apparently irrational or initially unexplainable, giving authority to such claims as ‘I liked it’ or ‘it moved me’ [and] an audience member’s intimate, immediate gut feelings’ (Allain and Harvie 2014: p. 149)¹. Allain and Harvie continue that feelings can be understood as our ‘recognition of affect’, and alongside this, that emotions are ‘how we understand and interpret affects through social agreement and personal memory, for example as fear, pity, or desire’ (Allain and Harvie 2014: p. 149).

The affective turn as a shift towards understanding and valuing the cultural currency of feelings is also highlighted by the importance to, and the contribution of feminist and queer studies, as well as critical race theory. As Allain and Harvie state, the shift from ‘semiotic systems, representation, sense-making and interpretation onto bodily experience, feelings and emotions’ is particularly instructive and vital in these areas of academic inquiry because ‘the historical denigration of feeling has been linked frequently and intimately to historical prejudices against women, queers and people of colour’ (Allain and Harvie 2014: p. 149). The intensity of interest in folk songs sparked within me by those first few songs I learnt properly from my mother, resulted in my initial plans to consider contemporary, devised landscape-theatre in my PhD becoming supplanted by a fascination in performance in relation to singing songs from the oral tradition. In the first few months of reading about

folk singing I came across many discussions of musical theory and the way that certain tunes had developed, the categorisation of songs and their variants such as Roud numbers, and discussions about the politics of ‘folk’ in relation to identity. However, as a performing arts student, the question that kept forming in my mind was – how does it *feel* when you sing a song? And further, as I began to explore the practices of collecting from traditional singers in the first and second folk song revival, how *did* it feel to sing those songs, and how were those encounters that produced this material experienced? Thus, I began to ask how a focus on what songs do, rather than what songs mean, or what songs are, might allow in terms of researching marginalised voices in the history of folk, such as traditional female singers who did not sing in pubs or were not recorded from in the field. Prolific early 20th century folk song collector Cecil Sharp observed that in his experience:

Women never perform in public, and only very rarely when men are present. If you prevail upon a married woman to sing to you, you must call upon her when her man is away at work ... she will never sing to you in his presence until you come to know both her and her husband very intimately

(Sharp in Korczynski et al. 2013: p. 41)

Affect-based enquiry, with its focus on ‘atmospheres, fleeting fragments and traces, gut feelings and embodied reactions and in felt intensities and sensations’ (Blackman 2013: p. 26) provides a framework through which to seek research methodologies that might allow me to listen to the silence of these voices in the archive and to creatively animate or reimagine what may have been there.

In *Performance in the Twenty-First Century: Theatres of Engagement* (2016), Andy Lavender identifies affect as a means to ‘consider the sensations and feelings that tell us what experiences we are having’ (Lavender 2016: p. 162). Lavender also asserts that due to the wide range of disciplinary approaches to affect (‘neuro-cognitive, psychological bioscience, cultural studies and philosophy, aesthetics, social geography, anthropology and theatre studies’) the term can become ‘rather slippery, or at least shimmery, like a fish whose colour appears to change depending on the water in which it swims’ (Lavender 2016: p.

162), Lavender echoes Gregg and Seigworth's use of an 'inventory of shimmers' to describe the diverse approaches to affect across the different disciplines (Gregg and Seigworth 2010: p. 2). Within this thesis, affect swims mainly in the pond of phenomenology, as well as some tributary streams; such as non-representational theory, an area of cultural geography developed by Nigel Thrift. Non-representation theory takes as its starting point Deleuzian theories of affect – 'something passing from one to the other. This something can be specified only as sensation. It is a zone of indetermination, of indiscernability ... this is what is called an affect' (Deleuze and Guattari 1991: p. 173). Whilst I shall be exploring non-representational theory in more depth Chapter 4, what is important to highlight here is the fundamental quality of 'in-between-ness' of affect, 'something passing from one to another', that Gregg and Seigworth also speak of in their introduction to *The Affect Theory Reader* (2010) - 'affect arises in the midst of *in-between-ness*: in the capacities to act and be acted upon' (Gregg and Seigworth 2010: p. 6). To affect and to be affected is always a process of relation and something that happens between bodies and environments, for Brian Massumi, Deleuzian translator and theorist, this positions affect as 'the bodies feeling capacity' (Massumi 2002: p.21), or as Lavender summarises 'a part of a set of becomings and intensities relating to motion and action' (Lavender 2016: p. 162). What Kathleen Stewart foregrounds in her work, *Ordinary Affects*, is that these bodies may be not just the songs, the archive, the performance site, or the singers themselves, but the knowledge or feelings that arise from these encounters:

Ordinary affect is a surging, a rubbing, a connection of some kind that has an impact. Its transpersonal or prepersonal – not about one person's feelings becoming another's but about bodies literally affecting one another and generating intensities: human bodies, discursive bodies, bodies of thought, bodies of water

(Stewart 2007: p. 128).

In phenomenological terms, the immediate encounter of perceiving bodies and what these encounters make us *feel*, becomes the area of study. Thus, affect intersects and 'swims' beside theories of embodiment, which, as Elizabeth Ellsworth states, allows an

understanding of bodies as - ‘continuously and radically in relation with the world, with others, and with what we make of them’ (Ellsworth, 2005, p. 4). A broadly phenomenological position on affect creates a means through which to understand learning a song by heart in both a bodily, and emotionally, *felt* way. As Bryony Trezise expands in *Performing Feelings in Cultures of Memory* (2014), ‘we feel *through*, and *as*, we touch. We feel *about* how we touch at the same time as we touch. In this way, we might develop feelings about feeling’ (Trezise 2014: p. 19). Similarly, Lavender observes that ‘we can think of affect as an immediate sensory access that has a basis in biochemical human interactions. It shapes how we feel, and moreover how we feel about that feeling’ (Lavender 2016: p. 163). Additionally, in Martin Welton’s work on *Feeling Theatre* (2012) he observes that to ‘feel’ in English ‘describes a sensory-affective continuum whose terms range from the particularity of various emotional states to sensations at the tips of the fingers’ (2012: p. 8).

The relationality of affect is also important in considering that affects can happen beyond, and between, individuals. For example, one of the singers I met with to discuss the affective experience of folk singing, Chris Skinner, reflected on the experience of singing chorus songs in folk clubs and the atmosphere that is created, in part, by all breathing at the same time. That a performance of a song might *move* me in ways that register in my body, does not distinguish that process as only happening in the single unit of my body, as Trezise reflects ‘feelings possess us such that we feel ontologically unique, separate and self-bound in the very moment that we might just be radically, affectively open’ (Trezise 2014: p. 19). And thus, as Lavender suggests, the notion of affective atmosphere might be particularly relevant to performance-based enquiry, ‘activities, events, and encounters produce feelings not only in us but also in others. Adjudicating the nature of such feelings, and the relationship between the person, the event, the felt engagement and its cultural context is the task of performance criticism’ (Lavender 2016: p. 165). Theories of embodiment I consider in this thesis in relation to walking and singing, such as landscaping, focus on processes and practices and how they shape our understanding and perceptions of our environments. Considering affective atmospheres through the importance of setting, in this

study the South Downs Way, enables a greater sense of the felt engagement and cultural context in understanding how affects are produced. Similarly, it affords an analysis where affects are not fully formed entities ready to be transferred onto another body at the point of contact, but can rather be understood as formed through encounters. Margaret Wetherell's criticisms of a vocabulary in which affect emerges as 'a self-contained packed of emotional stuff that is being transferred from one body to another' is particularly instructive here (Wetherell 2010: p.141). Considering how affect is experienced and formed through processes of landscaping engages with Wetherell's unease about viewing affect as an 'ethereal, floating entity, simply "landing" on people' (2010: p. 14), and is part of the broader work of non-representation theorists such as Ben Anderson who conceptualise affective atmospheres as connected to settings such as space, place and site and 'always emerging and transforming' (Anderson 2009: p. 80). Following Ahmed's assertion that to categorise affect as separate from emotions risks disembodiment of our feelings, 'emotions clearly involve sensations: this analytic distinction between affect and emotion risks cutting emotions off from the lived experiences of being and having a body' (Ahmed 2004: p.8), Anderson's work on affective atmospheres also provides a way of considering the in-between-ness and entanglement of affect, feeling and emotion:

Atmospheres do not fit neatly into either an analytical or pragmatic distinction between affect and emotion [...] they are impersonal in that they belong to collective situations and yet can be felt as intensely personal. On this account atmospheres are spatially discharged affective qualities that are autonomous from the bodies that they emerge from, enable and perish with. As such, to attend to affective atmospheres is to learn to be affected by the ambiguities of affect/emotion, by that which determinate and indeterminate, present and absent, singular and vague

(Anderson 2009: p.80).

Learning to be open to the ambiguities of affect and emotion is something that has extended across my doctoral research, from the first feverish hunt for songs from villages along the South Downs Way, to the process of writing and re-writing this search in the proceeding years; as Blackman evokes, 'writing itself is an affect-laden process: driven by

interest and desire, subject to frustration and misery as well as productive of joy and excitement' (Blackman 2013: p. 224). Thus, whilst this opening section assesses the ground of affect from which this thesis rises, the ambiguous, visceral shimmers of affect continue to appear and be investigated throughout the following chapters.

What I hope to have opened up in this introduction to affect theory are the generative possibilities of considering folk songs in the act of performance, and the myriad processes that may formulate a singer's repertoire. In being attuned to the emotional and sensory components of learning a song by heart, and how these elements are interwoven, I contend that affect theory provides a productive ground for considering how folk traditions arrive to us in the here and now. Thus, through paying attention to the force of folk singing on the level of my own body at a particular time, in a particular landscape, in a particular period of my life, I hope to contribute to questions of local contexts and contingencies in debates about UNESCO identifying traditional singing as 'our' intangible cultural heritage (Thomaidis 2017: p. 97). Furthermore, by contributing a performance studies aspect to scholarship on folk songs as historical texts and ethnomusicological practice. I also hope to create possibilities for using affective folk singing to illuminate the archive and the repertoire not as dualistic, oppositional realms, but as related practices in a body of performance.

NAVIGATION OF THE THESIS

In this opening chapter, I have explored the emergence of the affective turn in performance studies and how theories of affect as 'an interface between body and world' may allow for the question to shift from, 'What does music mean' to 'What does music do?' (Biddle and Thompson 2013: p. 19). The 'doings' of folk singing necessitated that I explore and experiment with various different research contexts, methodologies, and approaches to affect theory. In the proceeding chapters I explore the means and methods through which I sought to understand and communicate 'the echo within' (Comte-Sponville 2013 in Pavis 2016: p. 6).

In the second chapter, I aim to develop my exploration of affect theory introduce the methodologies that have facilitated insights into the feelings produced by folk singing in this study, drawing on Knudsen and Stage's recent work on developing and accounting for 'methodologies that enable cultural researchers to investigate affective processes' (Knudsen and Stage 2013: p. 1). The first methodology I will explore is autoethnography. Autoethnography allows 'the researchers' personal and bodily engagement [...] so that they become part of the research process (Knudsen and Stage 2013: p. 18). I will consider how it has enabled me to identify and articulate my experience of affective encounters in singing and landscaping, and to understand feelings as part of the process of developing a sense of self as a singer; as Trezise expands, 'feelings happen in bodies and to bodies, but they also happen as a process of self-making. How I feel determines my orientation to the world and my orientation to other feeling bodies' (Trezise 2014: p.3). Further, I will begin to explore how senses of self may be formed through processes and practices and discuss how such preoccupations may also be illuminated and instructed by the field of autobiographical performance. In particular I will be engaging with, and positioning my research within, the work of walking artists, and how they have theorised their work through geographical concepts such as place, space, and landscape, and how these in turn they relate to notions of becoming and identity. I also hope to explore how autoethnography enabled me to write in a way that allowed for, and celebrated, fragments and fractures, and gave voice to moments of my life and research that were fragile, complex, and interwoven. In finding that voice, I also became aware that I needed to find ways for autoethnography to welcome and interact with other voices. Thus, I hope to explore how I began to see the potential for autoethnography as a generous, dialogical methodology, and how I sought to engage with Pelias's observation that, 'when I tell the most intimate details of my life, I do so always aware that all my personal feelings are located interpersonally. To be personal is to be with others' (Pelias 2014: p. 151).

In the second section of this chapter, I will be focusing upon my desire to find a methodology that would blend with autoethnography. Sensory ethnography is

introduced beside autoethnography, in order to account for the research environments within the thesis, and the affective atmospheres involved in, and created by, practices of landscaping and archiving. I hope to highlight how sensory ethnography will be used within the thesis to explore the affective, sensory and emotional elements of my interviews with research participants. Furthermore, I hope to show how the blended methodologies of auto/sensory ethnography developed ways of presenting the performances of other singers and their experiences of learning and singing traditional songs. Approaches to this include working with loosely structured interviews where I explored with singers particular songs they associated with the South Downs, engaging both with Valerie Walkerdine's work on opening up the potential of interviews to deal with affect by performing 'long, unstructured, narrative-based interviews, which aimed at engaging with feelings' (Walkerdine 2010: p. 92), and with Pink's research on 'interviewer and interviewee communic(ating) as embodied and emplaced people [...] interviewing might be rethought in terms of a sensory paradigm' (Pink 2009: p. 84).

As a further development to this, I will be exploring my use of walking with my research participants through the recent focus on mobile research methodologies within performance studies and cultural geography, and anthropology. Referred to variously as 'mobile methods' or go-alongs', these new approaches to fieldwork and methodologies aim to incorporate, account for and investigate 'more-than-representation layers and emotional/affective practices embodied by informants' (Knudsen and Stage 2013: p. 19). Thompson elucidates these mobile methods through a frame of intimacy, utilising Eve Sedgework's concept of 'beside' to propose 'research that coexists alongside experiences, processes or objects of interest' (Thompson 2009: p. 133). Thus, Thompson conceives of walking interviews as a 'horizontal' method - 'standing or sitting for that matter besides colleagues, co-participants, audience members and other members of our communities and pausing to acknowledge the affective resonance of any art practice' (Thompson 2009: p. 134).

In the third chapter, I will explore how my use of autoethnography and sensory ethnography illuminated the potential of considering archival research as a sensory, affective, emotional, and embodied practice. In their volume *Out of the Closet, into the Archives* (2015), Cantrell and Stone consider a need for researchers to ‘engage with their affective experience of being in the archive’, and to recognise the ways that researchers create and collate information as amateur archivists; sharing Carolyn Dinshaw’s call to ‘remember the etymology of the word amateur: love or labours of love’, and, as they continue, ‘positions of affect and attachment’ involved in these labors of love (Cantrell and Stone 2015: p. 10). I will be exploring this particularly in reference to the notion of ‘taking care’ in the archives proposed by performance theorist Heike Roms (2013). I will be looking specifically at practices of taking care in the archive as a research engagement that has the potential to illuminate the affective capacities of materials and highlight how performance ‘remains differently’ (Schneider 2001: p. 100). The second aim of this chapter is to investigate, find and experiment with different modes of critical writing that may account for, or open up, the role of affectivity in archival research and documenting performance. As such it will engage with recent disciplinary enquiries into alternative writing practices that may communicate the affective ranges produced by performances, and thus ‘aim to enact the affective force of performance in our writing’ (Thompson 2009: p. 90). And, further, how writing itself may be seen as an affective methodology, as Anna Gibbs argues in her chapter ‘Writing as Method: Attunement, Resonance and Rhythm’, writing is a ‘process, implicitly dialogical, in conversation with the world, with other writing, and, reflexively, with itself. It is this very means of procedure – a turning and returning – that characterizes it as an affective methodology’ (Gibbs 2014: p. 224). Furthermore, in this chapter I will begin assessing how affective language may function in folk songs, and how rhythms and words that are stored in singing repertoire may make visible traces and re-animate residues of previous landscaping practises, and, beyond this, how texts might ‘express orality in writing through rhythm’ (Gibbs 2014: p. 225).

In my fourth chapter I begin an evocative, autoethnographic account of the walk I undertook along the South Downs Way in May 2015. Each chapter of this stage of the thesis considers a portion of the walk and draws together questions developed thus far on orality, rhythm, writing, archival practices, emplaced knowledge, voices of the past and present, senses of self and autoethnography. Additionally, in each account I aim to focus on a particular thematic preoccupation and the questions that began to form as I journeyed across Sussex. In this first chapter of the walk I make tentative steps in exploring my practice of learning songs from singers to sing ‘along the way’, and how this practice began to illuminate generative comparisons in the respective formation of folksongs and footpaths through engagement, attachment, and preservation. I also seek to present how the archive became woven in with the performances and the walk, through singing songs from The Full English Digital Archive, but also through the stories these fragments and shards began to shed light on. These stories, in turn, create reflective openings and pauses for me to examine changing relationships to these materials, but also aspects of my life, my *stories*.

In chapter five, my reflection on the creation and maintenance of folk songs and footpaths, and how walking, performing, and autobiographies construct, animate, and relate to each other, finds particular focus in the role of women in ‘the folk’. Through considerations of my impetus to undertake this research, female writers whose words echoed in my ears as I walked, wilful heroines of folk songs, a growing understanding of the pioneering work of female song collectors in Sussex, singing in domestic settings, reflections on significant episodes in my life, and reflections from interviewees and fellow walkers, questions about marginalised voices in archives, landscapes, and performance begin to take shape.

In addition to questions of perspective, embodiment, and absence in relation to women in the previous chapter, in chapter six sensory, affective, and emotional impressions fold together in my autoethnographic explorations of lineage, heritage, and inheritance. Lines grow through this day’s walking, raising associations and questions of movement, way-faring, social histories, the woven threads of stories, sensory perceptions of songs, singing as

remembrance, evocative handwriting, and how these may contribute to processes of landscaping and world-making.

In chapter seven, as a result of these reflections on descent and derivation, I turn around to look back to my younger self and the past lives of my family, as I walk forward toward the most familiar, storied stretch of my route. Sensory, emplaced interviews with my family about spaces of childhood and adolescence, run alongside a walk of reverie and performances of songs passed through families, opening out questions of displacement and working lives in relationship to footpaths as inheritance and archives. Furthermore, these conversation and reflections raise the notion of intimacy – intimacy in the sharing of memories, in walking alongside companions, caring for and carrying archival fragments, of the autoethnographer with the reader and with other voices they seek to share through their stories, and in the act of singing with others.

Covering the last two days of my walk, in chapter 8 I foreground affectivity in the songs that are inherited, gifted, composed, preserved, forgotten, recycled, or reclaimed and how the immediacy of such songs is a working of the past through the present. Thus, I return to research avenues pursued in chapter 3 around the archive and the repertoire and how understandings of processes of care-taking may allow a destabilising of these categories. There are also resonances with chapter 5 and 6, as I consider pioneering women and the stories and spirits of their legacies, and how this research may function as my own archive or legacy, and if so who I am creating that for or whether the process of recovery is for myself.

In chapter nine, many of the tributaries of thought running through my autoethnographic accounts of the walk, feed into an overall impression of a landscape as an active, affective practice. Thus, I consider my impression of walking and singing on the South Downs Way in relation to non-representational theory and landscaping practices. As Emma Waterton states in *The Routledge Companion to Landscape Studies*, ‘affect and non-representational theories have started to animate new and creative approaches, triggering research responses that attempt to access, understand and communicate the ways in which people perform and embody the landscapes that surround them’ (Waterton 2013: p. 69). I endeavour to explore

this notion of performance through singing and movement, and to account for how folk songs contributed to my experience of landscape as a set of activities and processes rather than as a fixed, exterior, objective reality, and how such an understanding of process poses question to researchers in how they write and perform their experience of landscaping. As such, I explore the theorists and methods that have inspired and provided the ground for me to write in a way that explores my relationship to, with and in the landscape of Sussex, and how I have sought to compose my own love song to the Downs.

The tenth chapter continues these questions of affective writing, as well as returning to themes of recovery, intimacy, and how to access landscaping in the affective past. I discuss the period after my walk and how my continuing archival research into folk song collectors associated with the South Downs, led me write the small story of the life of Dorothy Marshall, a female amateur folk song collector whose activities were based in the early 1900s in rural West Sussex. This chapter will explore the use of ‘creative incorporation’ introduced by cultural geographer Hayden Lorimer. Archival material, published records, and photographs, will be used alongside ‘imagining-in-practice’ - a technique sensory ethnographic tool developed by Pink (2009) - to consider and comment on the difficulties of studying affect in relation to past lives. I will explore how such research allowed me to imagine or enliven her collecting activities, and thus the embodied practices that formed (and continue to re-form and per-form) her archive. I will be experimenting with life-writing as a means to account for the importance of the local and the spatialized and emplaced contexts of lives, as well as how life-writing might create ‘affect worlds’ where ‘strangers meet through emotional connection’ (Jolly 2011: p. v). Additionally, I will continue to analyse the intensities, practices and coincidences that have drawn me to certain lives and performances in the archives; what geographer de Leeuw in her paper *Alice through the looking glass: emotion, personal connection, and reading colonial archives along the grain* identifies as the ‘heartfelt and emotive orientation to both the physical spaces of an archive and to the materials and narratives housed therein [...] feeling the pulse of the

archive, recognizing its affective nature and the affective nature of the subjects within it' (de Leeuw 2012: p. 276). This emotional connection to Dorothy, proves to be at the heart of many of the concerns and aims of this thesis, and thus I explore how trying to tell her story enabled me to reflect on affect in relation to archives and repertoires, marginalised voice in 'the folk', landscaping and emplaced lives, identities as evolving and fragile and how writing has allowed me to take care of the fragments of my own life as well as the small stories I have sought to share.

In the concluding chapter, I continue my desire to remain 'radically open', reflecting upon the knowledge which my research methodologies have afforded me, but also upon the ongoing 'doings' of affective practice and research beyond conclusions (Trezise 2014: p. 19). I consider the implications and possibilities of attending to the act of performing folk songs through affective enquiry, and the continuing place of performance studies in shaping our understanding of 'the force or forces of encounter' (Gregg and Seigworth 2010: p. 2). Finally, by pausing beside my research (Thompson 2009: p. 134) and considering where I find myself at the conclusion of this thesis, I turn once more and to how performance 'remains, but remains differently' (Schneider 2001: p.1).

CHAPTER 2: METHODOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS

AUTO/SENSORY/ETHNOGRAPHY

POSSIBLE BEGINNINGS

Autobiographical performances are possible performances of possibilities
(Heddon 2008: p. 4)

Being on the South Downs with my mother seemed to be a moment of significance, a possible starting point for a 'possible performance of possibilities' - although she may tell it differently, and perhaps in time so will I. During the period after my mother began to teach me songs I started to sing regularly with other traditional singers. This has become an

ongoing apprenticeship, and one that has resulted in my curiosity into how other singers learnt their songs 'by heart'. In order to explore the concept of committing songs to memory, I consider within this thesis the performative processes involved in unaccompanied singing. Key to this enquiry are the embodied modes of sensory memory and *imagining-in-practice* explored by social anthropologist Sarah Pink in her work *Doing Sensory Ethnography* (Pink 2009: p. 34). Through this research process I have become interested in positioning singing, walking, and archiving as affective practices. As a means of analysing the connections between these three areas of enquiry, I found it illuminating to engage with the work of performance scholars who have explored different modes of accessing performances that have taken place in the past. Furthermore, through these considerations, I have been led to investigate how theories of embodied practice might illuminate the active work the remains and materials of the past *do* in the present. In this chapter, I explore the different methodologies that have enabled me to position myself within my research into folk singing as an affective practice.

As a result of reading John Wylie's account of affect and walking on a long-distance footpath, *A single day's walking: narrating self and landscape on the South West Coast Path* (2005), I was curious about scale and what repeated movement on a path, or a line of paths, might afford. Therefore, I began to work on the idea of a long-distance singing walk, which would take place in the first week of May 2015 and cover the South Downs Way from the east to the west of Sussex. I invited people to meet me and perform songs, become an audience for my roughly learnt songs, or accompany me for the walk. Additionally, I conducted interviews with local folk singers and asked them to perform or teach me songs that they associated with Sussex. A strong influence at the time of planning this walk and how performance might function was theatre maker and scholar Mike Pearson's book, *In Comes I: Performance, Memory and Landscape* (2006). Pearson incorporates family history, personal narrative, and reminiscences into academic enquiry, articulating that he does this both to comment on and appraise what he sees as the ever-expanding profile of personal narrative in site-based work (Pearson 2006: p.4). I began, through this, to see how I might begin to

discuss affect and becoming, or belonging, in relation to walking a sustained stretch of a path that was 'local' to me. He states region is 'the lens' through which his research operates; he focuses on the location of his childhood, returning for ethnography in the present, but also reflecting on previous visits both personal and professional. Region, a geographical term in origin meaning a defined geographical area, is applied here as the 'affective ties between people and place' (Pearson 2006: n.p). Pearson also incorporates local folklore into his work, and explores the influence this had upon his perception of the landscape, asserted from the outset in his uses of a stock phrase from a Mummer's play, 'In Comes I'. In addition, Pearson's work, employing 'archaeology, geomorphology, folklore, local and family history' enabled me to see the importance of an interdisciplinary study of a landscape, and how cultural geography may allow me to understand how folk songs and footpaths interwove in my experience walking on the South Downs (Pearson 2006: n.p),. In undertaking this walk, I hoped I might turn around at points and see if I was intersecting with Pearson's aim that his 'biographical wonderings' might provide an inspiration for, 'similar times, similar places, similar experiences and other times, other places, other experiences' (Pearson 2006: p. xiv).

Many of the songs I learnt for the walk I found in the archive at the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library at Cecil Sharp House. Having learnt the tunes from my friend Dinah Goss who kindly agreed to play the piano for me, I carried copies of the documents with me in case I needed a prompt for the lyrics. The action of carrying around copies of the archival material contributed to a sense of the affective processes involved in archival research. However, I also became aware that I was carrying stories with me. As I walked through the villages that the singers had lived in, names on the bottom of manuscripts began to gain colour and contours. Furthermore, the process of collecting began to emerge from these past encounters into my present, and I felt that I needed to animate the names and the dates on these song scripts. In addition to carrying these stories around with me, I also began to feel the multiple meanings of bearing the weight of the archival materials. The focus of these reflections formed towards the end of my wanderings/wonderings around one person, a

pioneering female folk song collector named Dorothy Marshall who lived and collected in Sussex. I knew I needed to record the work of Dorothy Marshall as part of the journey of my own research. However, I wanted to find a way of telling her story that accounted for my embodied and emplaced knowledge, and the fractured, fragile nature of such a tale, and to engage with the question Pearson and Shanks ask in reference to documenting traces and fragments, ‘what is to be done with the remains of past lives?’ (Pearson, Shanks 2001: p. 57). In order to produce a thesis that acknowledged my affective and emotional relationship to my research, other lives both past and present that intersected with my walk, and to account for knowledge created in-practice with my interviewees and participants, I have sought methodologies that reflect, ‘inventively on where and how affect may be traced, approached, and understood’ (Knudsen et al. 2013: p. 3). These methodologies are autoethnography and sensory ethnography.

AUTOETHNOGRAPHY AS A METHODOLOGY

Throughout the thesis I aim to understand how I position myself as a researcher, and to investigate how my perspective has guided my findings. This follows Stacey Holman Jones’ use of autoethnography as ‘performance that ask how our personal accounts count’ (Jones 2005: p. 763). Recounting personal histories also enables me to identify patterns in my decision-making processes and intellectual curiosities. There were challenges I faced during the devising of my walk around whether I would seek only oral performances that people could teach me ‘by ear’ or use archival resources and ask people to play the music for me, as I felt my musical limitation might be detrimental to the project. However, areas of strain can be productive, and this friction resulted in one of the main areas of investigation within the thesis becoming how I might use affect to consider the relationship between archiving and performance, the contradictions, tensions, and overlaps. If I could not read music, nor it seems could a lot of the traditional singers the tunes were taken down from. Thus, the ‘voice of the people’² becomes silent to those without the right tools of musical literacy.

² *The Voice of the People* is a series of traditional British and Irish folk song recordings produced by Topic Records. The phrase is often associated with traditional folk singing of the British Isles.

Furthermore, what might be lost when the songs that are recorded or written down are viewed as separate or superior to those which arrive to us through the tradition?

Additionally, I became interested in whether my participants were drawn to the words, or the music, of certain songs; what first hooks people into learning a song. Many of the songs I was drawn to in the archive explored feelings of loss, and I began to feel it was important to recognise that the period of writing this thesis coincided with episodes of personal grief in different varieties and intensities. As Adams, Bochner and Ellis state:

Autoethnographers recognize the innumerable ways personal experience influences the research process. For instance, a researcher decides who, what, where, when and how to research [...] consequently, autoethnography is one of the approaches that acknowledges and accommodates subjectivity, emotionality, and the researcher's influence on the research

(Adams et al. 2011: p.274).

The basis for my exploration into the how singers experience the act of performing a folk song, is how it *feels* for me to sing a song. As such my experience, and the various contexts that shape that experience, are held up for examination alongside my research subjects, past and present. This demands, as Adams, Bochner and Ellis (2011) state in their article *Autoethnographer: An Overview*, 'unusually rigorous levels of researcher reflexivity, given that researcher/researched are usually the same people' (Adams et al 2011: p. 3).

Autoethnography, although encompassing varied approaches, broadly aims to achieve academic knowledge through the production of texts that link the self to the research environment expressively and critically. As Grant, Short and Turner assert in their introduction to *Contemporary British Autoethnography* (2013), 'autoethnography is concerned with producing creatively written, detailed, local, and evocative first-person accounts of the relationship between personal autobiography and culture' (Grant et al. 2013: p. 2).

The experience of researching songs, performing them in the sites of their collection, and sharing in how other singers learn songs, are areas that require different registers of writing. Each of these registers are used in order to produce 'aesthetic and evocative thick

descriptions of personal and interpersonal experience’ (Adams et al 2011: p. 277). Yet “I” am a female, in my late twenties, born in Sussex to a white-British middle-class family, and these are all factors that would influence such a lived experience. Tami Spry addresses the need for identifying the contexts that contribute to your study as an autoethnographer, and opening up the relevance of these for your reader, when she asks:

But whose body? Whose words? Where or who does the telling come from? What is the social, cultural and temporal location and implication of the autoethnographer?
(Spry in Denzin et al. 2013: p. 224)

This thesis explores different areas of affect theory in order to illuminate the relationship between performers, songs, and landscapes, in doing so it returns to the body as a refrain. Thus, throughout my investigations I engage with Spry’s concept of a performative researcher embodiment that calls ‘on the body as a site of scholarly awareness and corporeal literacy’ (Spry 2001: p. 706).

One of the vital elements of this thesis that writing autoethnographically has allowed me to explore and account for is the fragmentary, in-between nature of affect, stories, landscapes and selves. Stories of the past, of the present, of memories, of archival subjects, of my family, of being lost, of being ‘caught in the world’ (Merleau-Ponty 1969: p. 256), are woven through an autoethnographic account in which I hope to celebrate and accommodate that which is messy, partial, and *held*. The threads of reflecting on my own moments of becoming and recovering, alongside exploring the experience of learning songs from my mum, creating small stories from the archives, finding inspiration and solace from the tales of women along my walk, and analysing how songs may be a means of being-in-the-world, are held together and braided by autoethnography – ‘a simultaneity of stories so far’ (Speedy 2012: p. 27). Furthermore, I aim to layer autoethnographic reflections with creative impressions from my participants, poetry, song lyrics and other forms of biographical writing, in order to produce a ‘provocative weave of story and theory’ (Spry 2001: p. 713).

INTERVIEWS AND AUTOETHNOGRAPY

In addition to my use of autoethnography, I also undertook semi-structured interviews with my research participants. Adams, Ellis, and Jones state that for autoethnographers ‘interviews are a way to connect our personal experiences, epiphanies, and intuitions to those of others’ (Adams et al 2014: p. 54). My interviews were initially conducted in order to understand and explore how other performers identified the relationship between folk songs and the South Downs. However, through the process of undertaking these interviews they expanded to include other areas, such as how they began to sing folk songs. Having originally conceived that I would use walking interviews as a mobile method of research with each participant, circumstances and preferences soon meant that I conducted interviews in a variety of contexts and both autoethnography and sensory ethnography enabled me to analyse the knowledge created in these environments. There were certain markers in the path that I worked towards with each conversational partner. I asked them to perform a song for me that they associated with the South Downs, or the Sussex landscape, and then invited them to discuss how those associations manifested for them in the performance process. As my interviews progressed, I had a few additional questions that I had identified from reading over the transcripts of those already undertaken, but predominantly I endeavoured to be flexible to allow my conversational partners to pursue areas of discussion that particularly interested them. I employ the term conversational partners, as proposed by Rubin and Rubin, in order to make explicit the dialogical nature of my research and interviews, ‘the respect the researcher has for the interviewee’s experience and insights and emphasizes that interviewing is a joint process of discovery [...] both interviewee and researcher play an active role in shaping the discussion’ (Rubin and Rubin 2012: p. 7). In their volume *Qualitative Interviewing: The Art of Hearing Data* Irene Rubin and Herbert Rubin state that:

The researcher’s role is to gather narratives, descriptions, and interpretations from an array of conversational partners and put them together in a reasoned way, which recreates a culture or describes a process or set of events in a way that participants would recognise as real

(Rubin and Rubin 2012: p. 7).

In order to recognise that these ‘narratives, descriptions, and interpretations’ are processes that navigate, and are negotiated by, sensory environments, my record of these conversations will be accompanied by evocative and embodied reflection and analysis. Reflecting in the writing that putting them together in a reasoned way is itself a deeply felt practice, as Walkerdine identifies, engaging with interviews stimulates ‘an affective within the author’ (Walkerdine 2010: p. 92). In Lisa Blackman’s chapter ‘Researching Affect and Embodied Hauntologies: Exploring an Analytics of Experimentation’ in *Affective Methodologies: Developing Strategies for Cultural Affect* (2015), autoethnography is a methodology highlighted as a vehicle that allows for researchers to ‘reflect on whether we can do research with which we are already entangled, and on that basis, what sort of methods might allow for such sensitivities’ (Blackman 2015: p. 25). Some of my conversational partners have become friends, some are members of my family, and that necessarily has an influence (sensory, affective, emotional) on my analysis; autoethnography provides a vehicle for reflection on those entanglements. Pink acknowledges this responsibility to how our research impacts beyond the production of knowledge when she argues that ‘sensory ethnography should be based in a collaborative and participatory approach to research, which respects research participants and recognises that ethnography might have a role in the real world as well as academia’ (Pink 2009: p. 59). Implementing autoethnography as a methodology enables me to be attentive and responsive towards my role in the interview process. It also allowed me to experience a certain level of vulnerability, which enabled me to see what research can *do*, and to be responsive to the role of research in lives. It was my mum’s illness and subsequent recovery period and the ending of a significant relationship that set the parts in motion for my becoming involved in folk clubs in Sussex. I have been interested, in turn, about how or why my participants became involved with folk singing. Autoethnography allows me a frame within which both to acknowledge biases and impulses, and to assess what the implications may be for my approaches to research participants, including myself:

When researchers do autoethnography, they retrospectively and selectively write about epiphanies that stem from, or are made possible by, being part of a culture and/or possessing a particular cultural identity [...] autoethnographers must not only use their methodological tools and research literature to analyse experience, but also must consider ways others may experience similar epiphanies

(Adams et al 2011: p. 276).

Ellis identifies that most autoethnographies fall under the 'broad rubric of loss narratives' and it became apparent when listening to the transcripts of my interviews that I would need to be attentive and aware to when my own emotions, or preoccupations, led the interview in a certain way, or where the conversational partner's articulation of loss became a source of focus for my understanding, 'to seek to tell stories that show our experiences as lived deeply and intimately; that represent the uniqueness of our losses, yet connect them to the losses of others (Ellis 1998: p. 49). Furthermore, through discussions of my own experience and other's experiences of that experience, or experience they identify as similar, it is possible to see how interviews are a place where moments of significance, such as my mother stopping singing when she became depressed, are 'reconstructed and *relived* through conversation *with* respondents [...] within the space of the interview as both researcher and respondent reflect upon their experiences within the same, or similar contexts' (Scarles 2010: p. 509). Thus, visual ethnographer Caroline Scarles argues, while these conversations are invariably 'imbued with researcher intention' they also 'emerge through mutual co-construction' and, therefore, 'flexibility within interviews becomes vital' (Scarles 2010: p. 509). In interviews such as the one I undertook with my father and my uncle, their shared experiences lead to a blurring of who is interviewing whom, as their conversation becomes mutual recollections and experiences. Thus, as well as recognizing that 'conversations engage both researcher and respondents in a mutual process of non-linear improvisation; each proffering or withholding remembrances and selectively sharing experiences as deemed appropriate', interviews may also become collaborative, and interactive amongst participants that produce *co-constructed narratives*, 'which refer to tales jointly constructed by relational partners about an epiphanic event in their lives' (Ellis 1998: p. 50). As such, by

reflecting upon moments of realization and sensory knowledge within my interviews, forms of motion during them, the environments in which they took place, and by providing edited, but substantial passages of these conversations, I hope to explore Scarles' identification of how 'interviews become fluid, dynamic and mutually responsive performances within which the unpredictable and the unexpected fuse with more apparent pathways of discussion' (Scarles 2010: p. 509)

In her work *Leaving the Blood in: Autoethnodrama as a Methodology in Academic Research*, Jessica Moriarty states that 'autoethnography seeks to engage readers of the research in evocative texts that detail the complex and messy lives of the researcher and the researched' (Moriarty 2012: p. 1). This thesis includes deeply personal aspects of the last four years, rendered in such a way as to try to share with the reader - '(your entry, another beginning)'³ - something of my own complex and messy life; a life that affects the research I conduct. Furthermore, by creating a text responsive to the difficult messiness of affective lives, I aim to follow Moriarty's desire to 'represent the fracturing and splintering of my own life via an evocative and messy text that aims to empower the reader with an enlightened reading, facilitating meaning making that is not determined by an omnipotent author telling them how and what to think' (Moriarty 2012: p.1). Endeavouring, thus, to be a vulnerable, empathetic researcher, engaging with a mode of telling that produces 'meaningful, accessible, and evocative research grounded in personal experience' (Adams et al 2011: p. 274).

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PERFORMATIVE WALKS

I have explored how my desire to locate my embodied, sensory, and emotional experiences within my scholarship finds its home in autoethnographic writing practices. However, it also shares and inherits issues, impulses, and investigations of the related field of autobiographical performance. Nicola Shaughnessey states in her chapter 'Performing

³ (Allsopp and Kreider 2015: p. 3).

Lives' in her book *Applying Performance: Live Art, Socially Engaged Theatre and Affective Practice* (2012) that 'the self is source and the body speaks' (Shaughnessey 2012: p. 47). Modes of engagement throughout this thesis that are concerned with both how I account for my 'self' in the research and the practice I undertake and create, and how I can articulate the role of my body both in, and through, my research. As I became aware of my inclination towards female stories in the folk tradition, the use of autobiographical performance to stage experiences of being women appeared as a possible pathway for exploring the context of my work. Through these investigations I became interested more broadly in the role of walking artists. The period spent studying for my PhD has coincided with significant moments of transition in my life. Moments of significance, the *epiphanies* elucidated by Ellis, Adams, and Bochner as 'remembered moments perceived to have significantly impacted the trajectory of a person's life [...] times of existential crises that forced a person to attend to and analyze lived experience' (Adams et al 2011: p. 2), are also explored by practitioners working in the field of autobiographical walking performances. Such practice is often concerned with place and memory and explores how the performance of 'selves' offers space for further/other encounters and interpretations. Shaughnessey utilizes the work of Daniel Schacter on how researchers may 'construct our autobiographies from fragments of experience that change over time' (Schacter 2002 in Shaughnessey 2012: p. 50) to highlight the ability of autobiographical performances to make visible a 'performative mode of consciousness which is fluid, mobile and ephemeral, a process of becoming' (Shaughnessey 2012: p. 50). This notion of a 'process of becoming' feels particularly relevant to an autoethnographic mode of telling. There have been multiple transitions and adaptations both in the work, and for my 'self', during the period of writing this thesis. Furthermore, the idea of mobility is particularly pertinent to ideas of landscape, performing, and becoming. Thus, I began to consider the relationship between personal epiphanies and the desire to create or undertake performative walks.

In the introduction to *Walking, Writing, and Performance: Autobiographical Texts by Dee Heddon, Carl Lavery and Phil Smith* (2009), Roberta Mock acknowledges her own relative inexperience as a walker, but continues that despite this, she has found herself drawn to artists creating performance walks. One of the reasons she gives for this allure is that in these pieces she has observed a symbiosis between the processes of creating narrative selves and the making of performance sites, and therefore that the ‘acts of walking, remembering, and writing [...] [are] intimately related’ (Mock 2009: p. 7). Mock identifies that the creative practices in all three pieces are, in part, ‘the bonding of thickly laid temporal dimensions through embodiment’ (Mock 2009: p. 8). As each piece deals with memory and landscapes in one form or another, Mock explores how it may be possible to view the work as nostalgic. However, she contends that nostalgia does not need to be seen as ‘sentimental, regressive, and reactionary’ (Mock 2009: p. 9), but rather that it is possible to see nostalgia through different contexts and with varied intent. One critical mode through which to view nostalgia that Mock identifies is Svetlana Boym’s notion of reflexive nostalgia. Reflexive nostalgia is viewed against its nationalistic counterpart restorative nostalgia, and is argued by Boym to cherish ‘shattered fragments of memory and temporalize space’ (Boym in Mock 2009: p. 9). Such cherishing, or taking care of memory thus, Mock contends, ‘positions the individual in a flexible historical trajectory’ (Mock 2009: p. 11). It may be possible, then, to view walking performances, and the process of writing them, as affective means of taking care of fragments of experience and memory. In artist Sophie Calle’s exhibition at the 2007 Venice Biennale, she took an email from her ex-partner ending the relationship, which finished with the words ‘take care of yourself’, and sent it to over 100 female professionals to analyse the letter from their occupational perspectives. Calle’s method of taking care of her ‘self’ was to make art and give a form to her loss that would circulate beyond herself and speak to others (Calle, 2007).

That walks may be occasioned by moments of significance, and the possibility of viewing nostalgia as a form of forward momentum, are both present in the work of Carl Lavery’s *Mourning Walk* (2004). Through his documentation of the process of both devising and

performing the walk, taken on the ninth anniversary of his father's death, Lavery explores how walking practices may enable researchers and performers to 'rediscover a holistic experience of place' and Lavery outlines his aim to create an autobiographical text of his walk that 'would fold together memory, reverie, and landscape' (Lavery 2009: p. 46). However, the process of creating the text led him to question if the walk and the work, the performance and the document, could be so easily divided (Lavery 2009: p. 41). Consequently, Lavery explores whether perhaps both performance and writing are a 'response to a loss of some kind, an imaginative way of dealing with lack', and thus considers his *Mourning Walk* in the context of viewing writing as 'an enchantment or spell that heals the self by allowing it to recover the past through signs (Lavery 2009: p. 41). Recovery in this instance, Lavery contends, is not the act of retrieving something in its original form, but rather 'it designates a poetic or an enchanted process in which the subject negotiates the past from the standpoint of the present' (Lavery 2009: p. 41). Walking, then, becomes for Lavery an active engagement with environment, an embodied act of landscaping, which allows fragments of experiences and fragile aspects of self and memory to become apparent, 'the experience of being in that environment, the assault on my senses, appeared to be the very cause of my enchantment [...] I felt a sense of expansion, as if something fragile and hidden was on the point of emerging' (Lavery 2009: p. 42). Responding to the potential for a holistic approach to walking to be perceived as apolitical, Lavery contends that conversely it 'points forward to an alternative way of being in, and caring for the world' (Lavery 2009: p. 48). Lavery's evocation of care resounds throughout this thesis; it speaks to the different ways that singers take care of the songs they are temporary custodians for; it has crossovers with Heike Roms' explorations into how researchers take care of archival materials (2012); it illuminates how singing has allowed me to take care of my 'self' during processes of transition and healing; it combines with reflexive nostalgia to look at my autoethnographic writing and research practice and how I take care of my participants 'shattered fragments of memory'; and it provides stimulus for how songs may preserve past practices of taking care of the landscape.

Citing Phil Smith's desire to 'bring the autobiographical into a play of generalities' (Smith in Mock 2009: p. 11), Mock discusses the role of writing in how scholars and practitioners can illuminate the 'production of self-revelation' (Mock 2009: p.11). Each text within the volume is explicit about the subjectivity it produces through the 'processes of its own genius, composition, and construction' (Mock 2009: p. 13). One of the modes of writing furthered by Mock that allows for a sense of multiple and fluid 'selves', is the concept of performative writing. Such writing, Phelan states in *Mourning Sex*, 'enacts the affective force of the performance again' (Phelan 2013: p. 12). Thus, I have become drawn to modes that leave space for the affectivity of readership and engagement, such as Phelan's concept of performative writing, and for 'readers of the research to think *with* rather than about the text' (Moriarty 2012: p. 10). Here, I will consider how Heddon develops the writing of selves further in relation to place and landscapes, and how she employs the concept of autotopography. As autoethnographers use the subjectivity of their work to challenge dominant narratives (Grant 2010), similarly Heddon foregrounds the importance of diversity in autobiographical work and that such diversity leaves performances open for further discussions and debate from other perspectives, 'the challenge for all autobiographical performance is to harness the dialogic potential afforded by the medium, using it in the service of difference rather than sameness' (Heddon in Mock 2009: p. 15).

Accounting for diversity in the practice of performing the self, either through practice, or the documenting of practice, is fundamental in autoethnography, autobiography, and Heddon's concept of autotopography. Charting the influence that post-structuralism had on notions of autobiography, Heddon accounts for the movement from the understanding of autobiography as an 'account, or recounting, of a life', a life that 'necessarily precedes the autobiography', to conceiving of the self and its performance as 'bound up in the social and cultural discourses that allow certain selves to exist' (Heddon in Mock 2009: p. 161). Autobiography, Heddon argues, is thus a creative act, one that 'proposes or produces a certain life, a certain self' (Heddon in Mock 2009: p. 161). Therefore, in common with

autoethnographers, Heddon views the production of autobiographical texts as a way of challenging dominant narratives or certain selves that have become the authority:

Autobiography at least provides the space to write differently [...] more and more selves and possible selves are written and performed into existence [...] in writing and performing an autobiography one becomes an agent, becomes active, becomes self-determining, choosing what stories to tell, what self to portray

(Heddon in Mock: p. 161)

Heddon positions place alongside self in terms of each being constantly made. She utilizes geographer Tim Cresswell's work on the notion of place being formed through people's activities, and thus places are never finished but, rather, are 'constantly being performed' (Cresswell 2004 p. 37 in Mock 2009: p. 162). Consequently, as with perceiving landscape through embodied activities, this view of place as process requires researchers and performers to be aware of their role in both the creation, and communication, of environments, 'place and self are deeply imbricated, and both are contingent, shifting, always 'becoming'' (Heddon in Mock 2009: p. 162).

In addition to the potential within autobiography to write and foreground different selves and lives, Heddon sees autotopography as a possible means of rewriting or reclaiming places (Heddon in Mock 2009: p. 162). One of the modes that Heddon outlines for this is the telling of local stories. Heddon's notion of autotopography can be applied to performances that both draw on autobiographical material and 'take place' in sites of significance, or what Heddon terms 'personalised space' (Heddon 2002: p. 1). I have decided to tell a local story in order to explore folk singing in the county that I am from, allowing for a rich autoethnographic perspective, and to give the study manageable parameters. Furthermore, I have chosen to do this as a means of recognising how landscaping processes contribute to the context of folk songs from particular regions. Grant, Short, and Turner outline the impact of the narrative turn on the social and human sciences, a development in these disciplines that signified 'scepticism towards positive-informed 'master' or 'grand' narratives, which claim objectivity, authority, and researcher neutrality in the study of cultural and social life' (Grant et al 2013: p.3). This, they argue, broke the ground that enabled autoethnography

and other qualitative methodologies to pursue pluralistic agendas, acknowledging and advancing ‘multiple forms of experience in diverse research and representational practices’ (Grant et al 2013: p. 3). Grant, Turner, and Short select local, short stories as a celebrated example of such practice and emphasize that ‘many autoethnographic writers consider local narratives essential in balancing, and destabilizing the exclusivity of grand narrative accounts’ (Grant et al. 2013: p. 3). The need for local narratives, and small stories, in accounts of landscaping and past lives is further explored in my chapter on Dorothy Marshall, and my attempts to voice one of the ‘unsung heroines of folk music’ (Roud, 2017: p. 150).

SENSORY ETHNOGRAPHY AS METHODOLOGY

Sensory ethnography is explored as a methodology by Pink in her volume *Doing Sensory Ethnography* (2009). Pink argues that this methodological approach takes as its starting point ‘the multisensoriality of experience, perception, knowing, and practice’ (Pink 2009: p. 1). In terms of this study, this involves theorising and documenting the sensory aspects of performance articulated by my participants, exploring the embodied practices that folk songs document and evoke, but also reflecting upon, and accounting for, how my process of creating knowledge through research has been sensory. My modes of enquiry have included undertaking a walk through consecutive collection sites organised along public footpaths, engaging in archiving activities, using imagining-in-practice to reanimate the embodied contexts of past lives, and attending to the affective aspects of the analysis process. All of these approaches have sought to engage with Pink’s argument for ‘a process of doing ethnography that accounts for how this multisensoriality is integral both to the lives of people who participate in our research *and* to how we ethnographers practice our craft’ (Pink 2009: p. 1).

Another aspect of my research this methodology allows me to reflect upon, and analyze, is the sensory dimension of the interview process. Such a position endeavours to view research as a form of participation, and consider it through a ‘sensory paradigm’ (Pink 2009: p. 82), which requires ‘conceptualising the interview as a multisensorial event [...] a

process through which we might learn (in multiple ways) about how research participants categorise their experiences [...] by attending to their treatment of the senses' (Pink 2009: p. 8?). Thus, I am interested in how my conversational partners articulated sensory meanings, the embodied knowledge I acquired or transferred during the interview, and the sensory environment that informed the knowledge produced. Furthermore, I aim to investigate the different modes through which my conversational partners expressed their experience of what folk songs *do*, in interviews, researchers participate or collaborate with research participants in the process of defining and representing their (past, present or imagined) emplacement and their sensory embodied experiences' (Pink 2009: p. 84). By exploring the sensory context of my interviews, I also aim to bring them into dialogue with the affective and emotional feelings engendered by the process. As Pink asserts, interviews may be for both researcher and participant 'social, sensorial, and emotive encounters' (Pink 2009: p. 82).

Pink argues that it is necessary to produce ethnographic studies in which the role of the senses is explicitly accounted for, and, further, that returning to ethnographic studies and reinterpreting them through sensory analysis may produce new understandings of the knowledge produced. She positions this revisioning alongside existing arguments for viewing ethnography through other paradigms, such as reflexivity and the role of gender:

A sensory ethnography methodology accounts for and expands this existing scholarship that rethought ethnography as gendered, embodied and more. In doing so it draws from theories of human perception and place to propose a framework for understanding ethnographic process and the ethnographer's practice

(Pink 2009: p. 10).

Pink's position on ethnography as 'a reflexive and experiential process through which understanding, knowing and (academic) knowledge are produced' (Pink 2009: p. 8) also relates to my use of autoethnography as a methodology. By using autoethnography I aim to foreground the role of process in my understanding of my embodied relationship to participants, the research environment, and my autobiographical experiences. Thus, my aim

is to create writing that communicates ‘versions of [the] ethnographers’ experiences of reality that are as loyal as possible to the context, negotiations and intersubjectivities through which the knowledge was produced’ (Pink 2007: p. 22).

EMPLACED ETHNOGRAPHY

Key to maintaining a consciousness of these ‘negotiations and intersubjectivities’ is Pink’s notion of the emplaced ethnographer. Pink proposes that one of the aims of a sensory ethnographer should be to ‘seek to know places in other people’s worlds that are similar to the places and ways of knowing of those others’ (Pink 2009: p. 23). This process of engagement and alignment in other people’s environments and how they perceive them, Pink argues, gives the researcher a potential insight into how those people ‘experience, remember and imagine’ (Pink 2009: p. 23). Pink’s notion of the emplaced researcher employs both methods pertaining to the phenomenology of place, and draws from the recent theories on the politics of space to rethink sensory knowing in the ethnographic process. This, Pink argues, allows for an appreciation of ‘the emplaced ethnographer as [...] part of a social, sensory, and material environment *and* acknowledges [...] the contexts and circumstances of ethnographic practice’ (Pink 2009: p. 3). Within this thesis I aim to assimilate Pink’s methods of knowing participants’ environments through sharing these and participating in their daily settings. However, I am viewing this located engagement through theories on landscape, rather than through the paradigm of place.

As introduced in the previous section on local autoethnographies, by focusing on Sussex, this study on folk singing and affective processes of performance and collection contributes to a growing focus on local environments. Recent interdisciplinary studies have engaged with the anthropology of the senses, geographical theories on landscape, and how we perform being-in-the-world, such as Tolia-Kelly’s collaborative arts practice-based work on migrants’ experiences of landscape in the Lake District⁴. Within these studies Pink details a

focus on practices such as walking, housework, and gardening. Furthermore, she identifies within these studies on everyday practices a growing focus on the local:

More recently anthropological studies that attend to the senses have been done ‘at home’, or at least in modern western cultures. This has included a focus on everyday practices [...] such sensory ethnographies both attend to and interpret the experiential, individual, idiosyncratic and contextual nature of research participants’ sensory practices *and* also seek to comprehend the culturally specific categories, conventions, moralities and knowledge that informs how people understand their experiences

(Pink 2009: p.15).

The idea that landscape may be viewed through the everyday practices relates to debates around theories of space and place, and mirrors the movement from these concepts being seen as fixed entities, to a greater understanding of the processes that form them. Engaging with geographical theory in different ways, performance theorists have interrogated theories of space, landscape, and place in relation to the role of process, mobility, and identity in contemporary performance practice. In her work *Walking Again Lively: Towards an Ambulant and Conversive Methodology of Performance and Research* (2011), Misha Myers considers the processes and conditions that contribute to transnational ways of knowing experienced by refugees and asylum seekers living the UK. Myers explored these processes through walking events that engender ‘sensuous and dialogical ways of knowing and presenting transnational knowledge’ (Myers 2011: p. 185). Within this project Myers also engaged with how visual methods employed within these walks may ‘present emotional experiences of, or associations with, space and place’ (Myers 2011: p. 185). During her performance project *Way From Home* (2002-2004) Myers, an American living in the UK, worked with her participants to create maps that contained places that they would associate with the notion of ‘home’. The participants then used this map to take an improvised walk in Plymouth. Her own experience of creating a map of a special place from home, and then taking a walk in her present location, had occasioned questions and investigations into how ‘spatial narrative practices might offer innovative methods of evocation and presentation of

transnational perspectives, experiences, and knowledge' (Myers 2011: p. 194). Myers used suggested instructions for features they may encounter on the walk, as possible points for her participants to discuss their experiences of migration. These prompts, for example, familiar, unfamiliar, or comforting places, allowed for creative stimulus without being prescriptive about what was discussed; 'the landmarks became potential openings and headings for conversations to follow' (Myers 2011: p. 195). The walk opened up the role of imagination and memory in the ways that participants interact with their environments, 'the process with which participants engage liberates their personal space and extends geography beyond the physical environment and into the realms of memory and emotion' (Myers, Harris 2004: pp. 90 - 91).

The spatial practice of walking in *Way From Home* is termed 'conversive wayfinding' by Myers. This term encompasses the concept of space forwarded by Doreen Massey as a 'sphere of intersected, juxtaposed and co-existent narratives' (Massey 2005 in Myers 2011: p. 182) and locates wayfinding as an action of 'identity and place-making' (Myers 2011: p. 182). Myers engages with anthropologist Tim Ingold's argument that wayfaring may be viewed as an intrinsic mode of inhabiting the world, which 'in laying a trail of life contributes to its weave and texture' (Ingold 2005 in Myers 2008: p.174). The laying, or following, of a trail or line is an element of Ingold's work that also became crucial to my understanding and walking and singing. Walking in this sense allows for a sense of place as a series of movements and intersections, thus wayfaring can be seen as an act of place-making (Myers 2008: p. 176). These practices of spatial narrative conceived through the maps created as part of *Way From Home* are referred to by Myers as 'Homing Tales' (2011). Myers argues that these tales evolve from, and contribute to, a sense of home that can be conceived of as a process rather than a fixed abode:

With an understanding of 'home' not as location of fixed point of origin, but as places constructed through a meshwork of journeys and situated through knowledge and memories of previous journeys, 'home' takes on this sense of 'homing'

(Myers 2011: p. 195).

Conversive wayfinding is also discussed as a methodology by Myers in her article *Walk With Me, Talk With Me: The Art of Conversive Wayfinding* (2010). In this article Myers considers the relationship between performance and place in three guided walks that conducted 'participant's attention to landscapes through whispering voices in the ear or through the live voice of the performer' (Myers 2010: p. 64). Myers explores the place-making qualities of these walks in relation to wayfinding and Edward Casey's (1996) concept of place as an active form of gathering. Such 'eventfulness' of places is the 'unique particular details and events that occur at that particular point in time' (Myers 2010: p. 64). She explores guided walks as a form of performance that creates a 'convivial potentiality as a form of knowing and expressing people's perceptions and experiences of places' (Myers 2010: p. 65). Myers stresses the importance of the body in relation to the conversive aspect of wayfinding, and as such convivial potentiality is considered as much in terms of embodiment as it is a spoken conversation, 'an active mode of participation is set in motion, which calls upon a range of perceptual, imaginative and bodily sensitivities and skills' (Myers 2010: p. 66). In her consideration of these guided walks, Myers engages particularly with Lee and Ingold's concept of the 'shared walk'. Myers highlights the companionable elements of a shared walk, where 'the walker's rhythm and the aspect of their bodies converge to become similar' (Myers 2010: p. 66). Further, Myers relates this to Wunderlich's concept of discursive walking, which draws on how the rhythm of the walker may begin to align with the rhythms of the place they are walking through (Myers 2010: p. 66). Engaging with both these positions Myers argues that although this does not result in walkers sharing exactly the 'same view':

Rather, the convergence, and/or mutual alignment and adaption, of rhythm and heading *with* one another and *with* place may encourage modes of emphatic witnessing and the co-production of knowledge through collaborative and connected encounter

(Myers 2010: p. 66).

Similarly, through research modes such as the shared walk, I aim to extend Pink's concept of emplaced research not just to walking, but also to =singing with others. Furthermore, I hope that this may allow me to understand how practices such as folk singing may form my participants' experiences of landscapes. Accounts from the people I shared my

walk with are also included to further illuminate how, 'any consideration of a person's sensory engagement in the world must therefore be considered within the frame of a person in reflective action among other persons and other consciousnesses' (Desjarlais 2003 p. 342 in Pink 2009: p. 54).

IMAGINING-IN-PRACTICE: UNDERSTANDING THE LANDSCAPES OF OTHERS

In this thesis, I utilize a view of *landscaping*, that is, embodied practices such as the aforementioned walking, climbing, and gardening, 'a co-scripting of landscape, movement, and biography' (Wylie 2006: p. 208). Questions I aim to engage with in regards to the process of *landscaping* in folk singing and songs, share in common issues that arise when categorising participant's experience of a place. The first question Pink poses is, 'how can place be defined if it is something that is not fixed or enclosed, if it is constituted as much through the flows that link it to other locations, persons, things, as it is through what goes on 'inside it'?' (Pink 2009: p. 30) In terms of this study this question can be reframed to ask 'how can I understand landscaping as a process formed of embodied acts, how does this manifest itself in the performance of folk songs, and how can I maintain awareness of the contexts and subjectivities that produce these processes?' Furthermore, 'what techniques might enable me to gain knowledge and insight into ways my participants experience landscape, or landscaping, in relation to song?' I have a responsibility to portray my participants' experiences, requiring sensitive and rigorous accounts of their conversational

partners' sensory modalities and embodied relationships to their performances. These accounts require a commitment to explicating and evoking the emergent nature of landscaping, and the researcher's role in how such knowledge was created, and subsequently communicated. This responsibility intersects with Pink's second question in relation to representation, 'given that places are continually constituted rather than fixed, then how can we understand the role of the emplaced ethnographer as a participant in and eventual author of the places she or he studies?' (Pink 2009: p. 30).

I engaged in different techniques and methods throughout my research in order to generate a sense of the affective relationship between landscape, song, and singer. These approaches each engaged with Pink's position on research as 'social, participatory and embodied' (Pink 2009: p. 34). They included being taken on walks by my conversational partners, walking in crowds on footpaths and singing, walking alone, singing as I passed other walkers, meeting singers in churchyards, performing songs in sites of their collection such as pubs and outside houses, archival research in official institutions, revisiting archival research en route, asking singers to describe to me the internal processes of performance, activities they undertake whilst singing, or associate with singing, observing singers as they perform folk songs in different contexts, in homes, gardens, and as we catch our breath at the top of hills. These all contributed to a process of learning to 'occupy or imagine [...] ways of perceiving and being that are similar, parallel to or indeed interrelated with and contingent on those engaged in by research participants' (Pink 2009: p. 34).

Pink suggests that knowledge produced by participatory methods is knowing-in-practice, a concept that was developed by educationalist Etienne Wenger as a 'social perspective on learning' (Wenger 1998: p. 226 in Pink 2009). Such an approach views as knowledge as defined through participation, 'an active process of producing meaning that is both dynamic and historical' (Wenger 1998: p. 53), a process which cannot be produced in the vacuum of the individual researcher. Pink assesses that the implication of Wenger's model of knowing as situated in practice, 'is that it implies that to 'know' as others do, we need to engage in practices with them, making participation central to this task' (Pink 2009:

p. 34). By undertaking this participatory approach, I sought not only to share my participant's locations, but further, to reflect on how I was relating to my participants on an embodied level. Furthermore, this participatory approach means that these reflections are *project-specific*, 'an embodied and multisensorial way of knowing that is inextricable from our sensorial and material engagements with our environments' (Pink 2009: p. 34).

Knowing-in-practice thus affords a model for thinking in, and with, other people's landscapes. However, it relies upon direct contact with the participant, and therefore it does not provide a model for an embodied study of people's experience in the past. Addressing these limitations, Pink extends Wenger's notion of knowing-in-practice to one of imagining-in-practice, in order for ethnographers to 'use their own imaginations to generate a sense of the pasts and futures of others' (Pink 2009: p. 37). In this thesis, I aim to explore whether imagining-in-practice can be developed beyond the bounds of me being located in the same environment at the same time as my participants. I will investigate whether I can extend imagining-in-practice to historical research subjects to gain a sense of their singing practices across time. Furthermore, I will be exploring what archival and performative approaches might enable such research, and whether sensory memory may be accessed through fragments left in songs, letters, diaries or notebooks.

Anthropologist Nadia Seremetakis stresses the active nature of sensory memory as not reducible to a reflection on the past, but a transformative action that brings that past into the experiential moment of the present 'as a natal event' (Seremetakis 1994: p. 7 in Pink 2009: p. 38). This affective intensity of the past in the present, a folding together and collapsing of distance, speaks to Lavery's experience of the environment's assault on his senses, and how landscaping practices such as walking may unlock sensory memory in a way that becomes, 'an enchanted process in which the subject negotiates the past from the standpoint of the present' (Lavery 2009: p. 41) Pink argues that sensory memory is part of how we know, and this knowledge can be related to current and previous environments, our 'invocation, creation and reinvestment of memories' becoming an 'inextricable element of how we know in practice, and indeed part of the processes through which ways of knowing are

constituted' (Pink 2009: p. 38). However, accessing the sensory memories of past lives encountered in archive presents certain challenges. Pink argues that attending to sensory memories opens up varied ways of knowing and imagining for ethnographers. Firstly, she contends that it may allow them to understand the memories conversational partners highlight and return to (Pink 2009: p. 38). This identification of importance could also be applied to archival materials such as letters, and thus I aim to be attuned to discussions of sensory memory within the materials I used to gain an impression of Dorothy Marshall's collecting activities and sense of the lives of the traditional singers that she collected from. Secondly, Pink identifies that sensory memory can provide a focus, or technique, for the researcher to share environmental stimulus with their participants. Thus, the researcher can experience the same stimulus and gain an understanding of how they remember (Pink 2009: p. 38). It is not possible for me to have conversations with Dorothy Marshall that identify her sensory stimuli. However, it may be possible to attend to clues as to her sensory experience, within archival remains, and through engaging in practices she might have undertaken. Interviewing participants whilst you walk together, swapping songs, sharing personal experiences, both in the research process and through autoethnography, are all participatory methods I undertook that can be understood in terms of what Pink phrases as 'creatively constructing correspondences' (Pink 2009: p. 40). These correspondences were created between my experience, and my participants' experience in the present. However, understanding archiving as a practice that brings the past into the present, 'a natal event', also enabled me a framework to creatively construct correspondences with past lives. Thus, I carried Dorothy Marshall's letters with me as I walked, and I wondered not only about the routes she took, but also about smaller details, how she encouraged people to sing, whether she joined in at the wassailing ceremonies she recorded, and whether she hummed the tunes she'd collected on her way home. I view these correspondences as acts of opening up possibilities and imaginative potentials, rather than historical reconstructions:

We cannot directly access or share their [participants] personal, individual, biographical, shared or 'collective' memories, experiences, or imaginations [...] However, we can, by aligning our bodies, rhythms, tastes, ways of seeing and more with theirs, begin to

become involved in making places that are similar to theirs and thus feel that we are similarly emplaced

(Pink 2009: p. 40).

Within this thesis, I look for the way that Dorothy Marshall used sensory metaphors when she wrote about the traditional singers she collected from. In his article *Folk Song Collecting in Sussex and Surrey, 1843-1914* (1980) an essay on historical source criticism, folk and traditional music scholar Vic Gammon states that:

In the process of making their collections, these enthusiasts left us with some vital historical evidence on their views on rural popular music, activity, attitudes, and values. To use this music, we need to be aware of the conditions in which it was produced, the limitations and distortions. Once we have broken through, we can attempt to enjoy the music of the rural working people of the period on the terms of those who made it.

(Gammon 1980: p.65)

These *conditions* were in part sensory. Moreover, these singers were asked to perform songs that suddenly had different significance. These encounters were unusual both through the request for performances of 'old songs' or 'work songs' thought commonplace by the singers, and through the act of socializing across class boundaries that took place. Likewise, the collectors would have paid house visits to more humble abodes than their own, and also to places of work where the labour was of a more physical nature than their own professional pursuits.

One of the conditions identified by Gammon is that the musically literate were taking songs from singers who often didn't read music themselves, and attempting to pin these down in different forms. As I have learnt from observing contemporary living traditions, tunes can change from singer to singer, but also subtly in each performance by the same singer; voices mature and change in texture, depth, and interpretation over the course of a singer's life; folk singing is a process, and processes present challenges to preservation attempts. The stories I have encountered, and seek to tell, have not only come to me through the content of the archival materials, (biographical details, lyrical incarnations), but

also the very *stuff* of the materials; an emotional attachment to someone's handwriting, an instinctive feeling that a small note on the sideline of a music manuscript might be worth deciphering, incidental notes in your workbook made on the day of interviews and transporting you back to a shopping list long completed and forgotten. This *implicatedness*, this sensory immersion, is elucidated by Pink:

When the lone ethnographer is working with his or her own materials, these materials, become meaningful in terms of the ethnographer's whole biographical experience of the research process. In this situation, the materials help evoke the sensoriality of the research encounter itself (and concomitant memories and imaginaries), rather than just suggesting, for instance, textures and smells

(Pink 2009: p. 100).

This sensory and emotional experience of research materials can also be present in the stage of analysis. It is possible to view the analysis as a distanced space away from the immediacy of the field, the empathetic relationships to participants, and the practices of the archive. However, as I wish to discuss, my own experience of analysis is that it has decidedly affective resonances and emotional qualities:

It is indeed as sensorial a process as the research itself: a context where sensory memories and imaginaries are at their full force as the ethnographer draws relationships between the experiential field of the research and the scholarly practices of academia

(Pink 2009: p. 3)

I have returned to a recording in order to check the accuracy of the lyrics, only to find myself dissolving into tears as moments of significance or resonance strike me afresh or anew. I review my grandfather's interview not long before submission and his mention of my great-Aunt Valerie's singing is pressingly poignant two years on. In that 'now', is it one week after I have sung *It Was a Lover and His Lass*, Valerie's favourite Sunday sing-around-the-house song, at her funeral. The process of writing can itself be deeply sensuous, not only in forms of habits, superstitions, and atmospheres researchers create in order to get words down on paper, but also in how they place themselves back into their research encounters. The following chapter explores different modes of critical writing that may account for the affective experiences of undertaking, and communicating, research. It also

engages with debates on how researchers document performance, and as such, how performance may remain in different ways.

In this chapter, I have outlined my use of autoethnography as a research method, and why a methodology that foregrounds personal experience is important to this study. I have begun to locate how autoethnography and messy narratives might enable me to draw on the multiple pasts and futures in the performative present of folk songs, following Moriarty's example in creating a text that 'interweaves, overlaps, stops and starts and reflects and represents the splintered narratives of my real life' (Moriarty 2012: p. 2). Complimenting my investigations into autoethnography and local narratives, I have explored the work of Misha Meyers and it combines processes of place, space, memory and selfhood, in order to position my work on walking and singing as forms of landscaping. I have explored the starting points for how Lavery's commitment to aspects of 'enchantment, reverie, and healing' within his practice, influences my reflections on loss in my writing and how Lorimer's geographical small stories have formed ideas for my documentation of my journey to discover more about Dorothy Marshall. Additionally, I have explored sensory ethnography as a research methodology, in particular Pink's concept of emplaced ethnography and its relationship to landscaping practices, and introduced how I may analyse the affective realms of my interviews. In conclusion, I have sought to show how a blended methodology auto/sensory/ethnography may enable me to understand how the walk produced, as Denzin proposes, a knowing that:

Refers to those embodied, sensuous experiences that create the conditions for understanding [...] performed experiences are the sites where felt emotion, memory, desire and understanding come together

(Denzin 2003: p. 13).

CHAPTER 3: ARCHIVAL ENCOUNTERS

TAKING CARE IN THE ARCHIVE

We can't know in advance what the past will turn out to do to us

(Danbolt 2013: p. 462)

To engage in practices of archiving is, to my mind, one of the most intense examples of 'emotion, memory, desire and understanding' coming together that a researcher can experience (Denzin 2003: p. 13). It was also through the search for songs amongst the stacks that I began to see potentialities for archiving and performing to be part of a shared endeavour, or, indeed, walk. I encountered a variety of things during my archival research for song linked to the Downs; stories, songs, dead ends, diaries, manuscripts, and with these instincts, impulses, frustration, boredom, obsession. Materials have affective, sensory, and emotional elements; they *do* things to us. During this chapter, I seek to explore the different affective registers that archival research may engender, and to chart how performance scholars have articulated and theorised the process of understanding performance through what 'remains' (Schneider 2001). Furthermore, I intend to analyse what strategies scholars undertake in order to recover performance, such as oral history, emplaced ethnography, and retracing performance journeys. And, moreover, to recognise the ways documents and fragments animate researchers; why am I drawn to certain subjects in the archive, and how does the process of 'knowing' them change over time, and relate to my sensory experience of their voice, or writing, or choice of notebook? In light of these investigations, I am also curious as to how I may begin to document my practice through an

auto/sensory/ethnographic account, and whether such an endeavour is, itself, a form of performance.

Throughout my initial research at Cecil Sharp House into songs collected in Sussex during the first folk song revival, I was continually drawn to the handwriting of a Mrs Moseley's, and thus kept returning to her songs. In part, it was I found her handwriting attractive, but also because she chose time-evocative scraps of paper to write on, such as Rowntree's Cocoa blotting paper. However, six months later when I was preparing a paper in which I sang one of Mrs Moseley's songs, I realised that I was drawn to it because it reminded me of something. I opened the box where I keep special letters and cards - a small, personal archive - and took out twenty-two years' worth of correspondence from my late Grandmother. I laid one of the letters next to the song script, and saw the beautiful similarities between the ways they formed their figures; the looped 'l', the slight slant to the right, the strong 'y' with trail leading in. It was an emotional discovery; it *moved* me. Through this encounter, I also began to see the many different ways that we *do* things to materials. I *kept* those letters through the many houses of my twenties, I *held* on to them, I *laid* them next to each other, I *read* the manuscripts, I *walked* with them, I *sang* them, I *moved* them, in some instances I *reattributed* them, and I *returned* them. In other words, as performance scholar Heike Roms argues, I 'took care' of them (Roms 2013: pp. 35 -52).

25, New Barn Rd.,
Shoreham, Sx.
16.3.08.

Dear Lizzie,

Please accept the
enclosed with my love and
best-wishes.

I believe you are ho-
ping to meet up with Sarah,
give her my love. I do hope
all goes well with you both.

I shall be glad when
you are safely back home
and together again.

Yours as ever,

Grandma.

Fig. 1. Bennett, E, 2008. Letter from Grandma. [Digital Image]

The Sweetest

(Sx.159)

Tho' of a fairer face
Than I have seen for years
I had a son sea-captain
But true she was to Henry
He's called our village poet
Best of all best of all
He's called our village poet
Best of all best of all

Barbara Ellen

Sx161

(7) (164 on reverse)
(162 ditto)

- 1 'Twas in the pleasant month of May
When green leaves they were spreading
A young man on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Ellen
- 2 He sent his servant to new town,
To the place where she was dwelling
Saying you must go to my master's home
If your name is Barbara Ellen
- 3 So she arose put on her clothes
And slowly she came to him
And when she came to his bedside
She said young man you are dying
- 4 Oh you go round to my bedside
There's a basin full a standing
A basin full of tears we shed
For the love of Barbara Ellen
- 5 As she was going across the fields
She heard the knell a tolling
And every toll it seem'd to say
Hard hearted Barbara Ellen
- 6 As she was going up church street
She met the coffin a coming
She bade them down down to stay
That she might gaze all on him



efdss

english folk dance
and song society

Fig 2. Moseley, Mrs, 1912. Barbara Ellen – Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive, Vaughan Williams, Memorial Library CC/1/161) [Digital Image]

In the introduction to their volume *Performing Archives / Archives of Performance* (2013) editors Gunhild Borggreen and Rune Gade state that, ‘performance and archive, are often understood as opposed to each other, one representing the fleeting and ephemeral, the other signifying stability and permanence’ (Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 9). However, Borggreen and Gade also identify that scholars have troubled opposition between the archive and the performance across different disciplines, and include chapters from performance scholars who have disturbed and refreshed the divisions and boundaries between these concepts. Such work challenges, and engages with, Peggy Phelan’s landmark statement on the ontology of performance:

Performance’s life is in the present. Performance cannot be saved, recorded, documented, or otherwise participate in the circulation of representations [...] Performances being ... becomes itself through disappearance

(Phelan 1993: p. 148).

Borggreen and Gade highlight how performance theorists keep practice ‘present for the here and now’, and respond to performance as a potentially disappearing art, as one of the core issues at the heart of performance studies (Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 10). Additionally, they argue, performance scholars are fundamentally concerned with the ‘performative powers at work in documentation and archives’ (Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 10). In this research, one of the ways I explore these performative powers is through the notion of affect in relation to archival materials and sensory environments. I am interested in how embodied practices of archival research form part of the researcher’s role in keeping past performances present in the ‘here and now’.

That the relationship between archive and performance has long been an enquiry at the heart of performance studies does not negate further explorations of approaches that illuminate their *in-betweenness* - ‘the productive tensions between ephemerality and permanence are by no means outdated’ (Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 16). By viewing folk singing from a performing arts perspective, I wish to investigate how archival activities are absorbed into singers’ repertoires. Furthermore, I am interested in how studying folk

singing in a particular geographical area may illuminate the environmental (work, topography, agriculture) rhythms that may be traced in singer's intonations, pitch, and tempo, and the way that traditional songs might archive certain practices that contribute to the inflected performance. In order to consider this, I also intend to explore how landscaping processes can animate material that has been preserved in a seemingly fixed format; for example, I am interested in whether walking and singing might bring these affective rhythms to the fore. Thus, through active engagement with archival materials, I hope to analyse and communicate the possible advantages and challenges of destabilising the archive as a place of fixity and autonomy. Through these considerations I hope to engage with Borggreen and Gade's desire that, 'on however small a scale – the book is experienced as comprising its own "performing archive" that readers may return to and add to, thus keeping the ongoing work in motion' (Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 29)

In her chapter *Archiving Legacies: Who Cares for Performance Remains?*, Heike Roms explores the possibilities of making the past permanently present through 'actual and physical encounters with the archive in a research context' (Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 16). Roms observes that through her research into Welsh performance art from the 1960s and 1970s, she became less concerned with whether archival documents and materials can store the 'liveness' of the past event, and instead began to recognise how they might contribute to our overall understanding of the artist's work over their career:

Not primarily how the documentary remains of performance can (or cannot) offer an insight into the past event [...] but, rather, how those remains speak of performance as an artistic project that is sustained over a body of work

(Roms 2013: p. 36).

Thus, the focus becomes a way of viewing performance that values process, in this case the ongoing nature of an oeuvre, or repertoire, rather than Phelan's notion of the innate temporality of performance. Such a position enables a way of viewing how archival records contribute to my understanding of the performance history of a song, illuminating elements

of how it was sung at that time and its ongoing evolution, rather than seeking to represent directly, or replace one live performance. In relation to living traditions, such as folk singing, this understanding allows for a conception performance as an ongoing endeavour. As performance theorist Paul Clark states in his chapter *Performing The Archive: The Future of The Past*:

The intangible field of performance is customarily maintained and adapted between generations – the form’s convention and traditions are transmitted and retained through on-going re-articulation, remaining recognisably consistent and becoming transformed
(Clark 2013: p. 376).

The archival materials I encountered during my research may be thought of as fractures of performance histories. Additionally, they enabled me as a performer to enter into the history of those songs and give them ‘another beginning despite already happening’ (Clark 2013: p. 378). However, such material does not simply offer these stories up; it has to be engaged with, touched, tended, and listened to. As Roms argues, ‘instead of lamenting performance’s inevitable “pastness”, the archive encourages us to explore performance’s continuing presence in our encounter with these ideas [...] and to do so repeatedly’ (Roms 2013: p. 37). This exploration can be exacting upon the body and will of the researcher, requiring reflexive practice and an understanding of what Ann Laura Stoler terms the “pulse” of the archive, ‘the archive offers a potential site for engagement that even the most scholarly critique or artistic reimagining can never fully exhaust’ (Roms 2013: p. 37). These engagements may be comprised of different affective and emotional realms. One of the main examples of charged encounters explored by performing arts scholars has been that of seduction, as Roms states in her discussion of the thrill of discovery that accompanies an old box of photographs, ‘the auratic materiality of a document and its erotic charge is well theorized’ (Roms 2013: p. 27).

In addition to these associations of allure, seduction, and intimacy, illuminated by Helen Freshwater in her paper *The Allure of the Archive* (2003), Roms explores the notion of

‘intellectually affective charge, which emanates from the ideas that these documents promise to give access to’ (Roms 2013: p. 37). In reference to performance art these ideas might be ‘conceptual dimensions’, which continue over the body of work. In terms of folk singing these ideas might be propensities towards certain themes, locations, work places, or styles that constitute a repertoire. The notion of a set of ideas that may emanate from repeated engagement with fragmented materials is also evoked by historian Carolyn Steedman in her work *Dust: The Archive and Cultural History*:

Things that we put together, collected, collated, named in lists and indices; a place where a whole world, a social order, may be imagined by the recurrence of a name in a register, through a scrap of paper, or some other little piece of flotsam

(Steedman 2001: p. 76)

This affective charge is argued by Roms to be one of the *legacies* of performance art, which can be thought of as an element of *what remains*. Such a legacy, she continues, is fluid and shaped by the ‘archival practices of care’ that are carried out by ‘archivists, family members, scholars, and the artists themselves’ (Roms 2013: p. 38). These practices of care (‘selecting, sorting, classifying, preserving, tending, handling’ [Roms 2013: p. 37]) have affective dimensions, which contribute to the legacies - ‘what remains when not just the performance but also the performer herself is no longer present and her body is replaced by the body of the work’ (Roms 2013: p. 37). Roms also explores affective and active aspects of legacy, ‘people place material in her [Roms] hands and trust her to look after them’, arguing that the sensory practices of care involved in archival work blurs ‘archival and scholarly and artistic work as distinct activities and reconsiders them as mutual sites of collaboration’ (Roms 2013: p. 38). Conceiving of legacies through practices of care in the archive also allows a different framework for considering a multiplicity of relationshipsll between the researcher and the body of work over time, how the story of a life, or a set of ideas, might change through these engagements, and moves beyond the narrative of seduction and discovery associated with ‘the lure of new material and undiscovered textual territory’ (Freshwater 2013: p. 5). The things we do to materials are various, and so are the affects that objects might enact upon us.

The notion of legacy in English refers to a double existence between tangibility – denoting a material stuff that is being bequeathed – and intangibility – as a synonym for the impact a person’s work can exercise. Legacy’s performance thus creates both: objects and affects, and frequently (particularly in the case of artists) one with the help of the other

(Roms 2013: p. 40).

Roms’ notion of care taking in the archive has given me a framework to consider how archival materials may contribute to, and be illuminated through, performances of folk songs in the affective present, and, as such, a sense of the ‘double existence’ (Roms 2013: p. 40) between intangibility and tangibility. Roms’ position attends to how the body functions in, and forms, the archive - ‘an archive constituted through continual practices of care – such may be the legacy of art’ (Roms 2013: p. 48). Accordingly, the idea of a legacy of performance - a legacy that continues to exercise an impact - also contributes to a conception of the ongoing life of folk songs when they are preserved in the archive, and what they continue to do in the world thereafter. Furthermore, Roms’ work provides a basis for me to contemplate both the tactile, and emotional, relationship I had to the archival materials I encountered. For instance, the ways in which I took care of my copies of the manuscripts during my walk, and what motivated me to carry them with me and keep them safe.

AFFECTIVE BODIES AND THE ARCHIVE

Understanding the role of my body and its capacity to affect and be affected in the archive also opened up possibilities for challenging the ontology of performance as that which disappears. It also provides a way of conceiving of performance as process, and thus as something that might ‘have another beginning despite already happening’ (Clark 2013: p. 376). Furthermore, a focus on practices within the archive and how they might animate fragmented, fragile, or fringe narratives, may in turn illuminate the productive losses that may be gained from rejecting archives as fixed entities. As Schneider proposes, there are political and social implications involved in viewing performance as a disappearing form:

In privileging an understanding of performance as a refusal to remain [...] do we ignore other ways of knowing, other modes of remembering, that might be situated precisely in the ways in which performance remains, but remains differently?

(Schneider 2001: p.101).

Consequently, by giving documents the status of permanence, and performance that of instability, it is possible that these categorisations allow certain groups to speak for others, for instance the first folk song collectors for traditional singers. A focus on *process* may provide a means to trouble these distinctions, by positioning documentations of intangible cultural heritage as collaborative and open-ended. Performance theorist Diana Taylor argues that viewing performance as impermanent, or perceiving it through what Matthew Reason terms a 'discourse of transience' (Reason 2006: p. 9), serves to prioritise certain cultures and aspects of art over others. Additionally, it creates the idea that that which is fixed, and catalogued, has an authority that exceeds that which is transmitted through bodies, as Taylor states:

Debates about the "ephemerality" of performance are, of course, profoundly political. Whose memories, traditions, and claims to history disappear if performance practices lack the staying power to transmit vital knowledge?

(Taylor 2003: p. 5)

The term that Taylor employs in order to convey embodied expressions as learnt, stored, and transferred is the *repertoire* (Taylor 2003: p. xvii). Taylor states that she does not consider the divide between the archive and repertoire as that of the spoken and written word, but rather a line between artefacts and actions, 'the *archive* of supposedly enduring materials (i.e., texts, documents, buildings, bones) and the so-called ephemeral *repertoire* of embodied practice/knowledge (i.e., spoken language, dance, sports, ritual)' (Taylor 2003: p. 19). As I have stated above, there are ways of viewing the archive that foreground the role of actions in its ongoing arrival into the present. Archiving can be an intensely sensuous and tactile experience, involving versions of repertoire-based practices that Taylor outlines

(‘performance, gestures, orality, movement, dance, singing’ [Taylor 2003: p. 19]). Moreover, folk singing, historically perceived to pass directly from person to person (although ballet/ballad sheets have intersected with this ‘purely’ oral tradition for hundreds of years) as outlined in Taylor’s notion of the repertoire, arrives to new generations today as a tradition with complex inheritance from both oral, written, and recorded incarnations. Taylor argues that a recording of a performance is not a performance, and that the archive cannot wholly capture the live, ‘the video is part of the archive; what it represents is part of the repertoire’ (Taylor 2003: p. 21). And yet, as I have highlighted, a recording may, in contrast, be seen as part of the process of a performance, part of the body of work that relates to that song. As I shall be exploring through my interviews with current singers, living traditions can be also be influenced by that singer’s experience of archival materials (such as sound recordings of previous generations). Thus, embodied and sensory experiences of artefacts may be complexly interwoven with performers’ repertoires.

Performance practices pose challenges to researchers in how to communicate their traditions and forms through the medium of the written word. Taylor identifies a resurgent interest in how bodies transmit and store cultural memory, but argues that researchers not only need to change the subject of our studies but also the tools of our inquiry. Reminiscent of Pink’s argument that sensory ethnography should be seen and utilized as a methodology in its own right, rather than simply an add-on to existing modes of ethnography, Taylor argues that researcher’s need to be attuned to how knowledge is produced in performances, and how we render that knowledge in our tellings and retellings:

It’s imperative now, however overdue, to pay attention to the repertoire. But what would that entail methodologically? It’s not simply that we shift to the live as the focus of our analysis, or develop various strategies for garnering information, such as undertaking ethnographic research, interviews, and field notes. Or even alter our hierarchies of legitimation that structure our traditional academic practice (such as book learning, written sources, and documents.) We need to rethink our method of analysis

(Taylor 2003: p. 24)

Art theorist Laura Luise Schultz in her chapter *The Archive Is Here and Now: Reframing Political Events as Theatre* uses Schneider's work to argue that, 'maybe performance does not disappear at all, even if it does transform, change, jump between bodies. Performance itself is a means of transferring cultural knowledge between bodies and thus a means of preservation and documentation' (Schultz 2013: p. 203). Such an idea of performance as process, able to remain differently through embodied processes, is not incompatible with the notion of affective archives encounters. However, both require attention paid to the specificity of the bodies, and the environments in which these processes of transferral and practices of taking care happen. If, as Clark summarises, a 'constellation of performance residues remains present, held in a network of relations, between bodies and objects, embodied and remembered collectively' (Clark 2013: p. 278) it is vital to think through the various dimensions of those networks, such as the environment of performances, the position and positionality of the bodies in question, and how these affective networks and residues may necessitate modes of writing that both perform and build these relationships for/to the reader, and allow the researcher to acknowledge and account for their specific contexts.

Notions of continuing impact, affectivity, and processes of embodiment, both pose challenges, and provide possibilities, in the documentation and writing of performance research. Art theorist Amelia Jones discusses an element of these challenges in relation to remembering embodied and time-based work in her chapter *Unpredictable Temporalities: Theory and Performance in (Art) History*. In this chapter Jones argues for, 'more careful attention to modes of writing [...] that take *account* of (rather than ignoring or disavowing) the durational' (Jones 2013: p. 54). One of the possibilities afforded by being explicit about performance and temporality, Jones contends, is that it makes visible the fissile nature of scholarship, 'excavating and re-narrating their traces in creative and self-reflexive ways so as to attend to her own unease and lack of finality in positioning herself in relation to them' (Jones 2013: p. 54). Therefore, Jones argues, scholars should view durational performance as active, and allow their work to be open to contingencies. In doing so, she proposes a

position on performance as receptive and responsive, rather than ‘the tendency to simplify the past by disavowing the potential of performance work to continuing resonating through interpretative acts in the future’ (Jones 2013: p.62). In her work *Building Histories: The Archival and Affective Lives of Five Monuments Modern Delhi*, Mrinalini Rajagopalan harnesses Sara Ahmed’s concept of affect as an economy of emotions capable of moving beyond our private spheres through and into other bodies; ‘affect is what sticks, or what sustains or preserves the connection between ideas, values, and objects’ (Ahmed 2010: p. 29). Further, Rajagopalan argues that such connections are contingent on contexts such as setting, have both human and non-human agents, and the necessities and demands of time. Thus, affect works across multiple platforms, disrupting easy categorisations and sequences in relation to performance history and the archive. Furthermore, she posits affect is something that works through us, and in some circumstances, beyond our conscious control, highlighting once more the need to be receptive of the future lives of one’s creative output, in performance and/or documentation. As Rajagopalan contends in relation to monuments and the archive:

Affect is also unpredictable and slippery, in that it appears and disappears unbidden. It may be argued then that, given its fleeting ephemerality, affect has very little stability compared to the archive which is both situated and sturdy, created and managed as it is for posterity. Yet it is precisely this numinous quality of affect, its potential to manifest impetuously [...] that threatens the presumed sturdiness of the archive [and] the stable representations of time and place that the archive lays claim to

(Rajagopalan 2017: p. 3)

Viewing archival research as an affective act of care stresses its live, active nature. This approach disrupts easy categorizations of the archive as fixed and authoritative, making it possible for subjectivities to be acknowledged and embraced in the different stories researchers tell, ‘to activate and *become activated* by the traces of past performance works, all the while retaining an awareness of how these processes of activation are occurring’ (Jones 2013: p. 67). To retain such awareness both echoes and evokes the sensory modes and techniques outlined by Pink (2009) that allow the researcher frames, or refrains, through

which to view the role of the body in their production of knowledge. Furthermore, of particular relevance to my work on past performers and collectors of folk songs, and my desire to create resonances with historical lives, Jones states that a crucial question is ‘how are such moments of affect and potential change *registered historically*? How have we accessed them in the present tense of our interpretation?’ (Jones 2013: p. 68). The following section considers ways in which other performance practitioners have accessed and communicated past performances in the present tense of their interpretation, and how I might apply these approaches to my own desire to sing the South Downs Way.

TAKING THE ARCHIVE FOR A WALK

I too will walk the walk of “as if”

(Heddon 2002: p. 178)

An area in which Phelan’s disappearance ontology of performance can be productively assessed, is where researchers write about work that they did not see or experience themselves. Such research often encompasses physical activities or emplaced interventions in sites, which seek to animate or illuminate documentation, oral memory, and artefacts ‘left behind’ after a live performance i.e. photographs, or artists sketches. This affective immersion in materials and performance sites can serve to open up exchanges and contingencies between the archive and performance. It also speaks to the traces of lived landscapes that reside in performance forms such as folk songs, and to how imagining-in-practice might allow researchers a method through which to discuss affective relationships across time. In a recent interview with internationally renowned Sussex folk singer Shirley Collins to mark her eightieth birthday, music journalist Justin Hopper articulated these sensory impressions that reach forward through time in the vessel of the song and through the act of performing:

When Shirley Collins talks about folksong, it isn't a conversation of historical information, musicological data sets, Roud or Child numbers. It is of the corner of a Sussex field. It is a mother strolling through that field's corner and becoming, for a moment, every young woman who'd ever strolled past it. To Shirley Collins [...] each age-old song is that corner field – a magical locus in which the singer is no longer merely themselves, but becomes every man and woman who has ever sung that song
(Hopper, 2013).

Whilst I do not contend that performance allows us to collapse differences between embodied experiences and across time, I am interested in investigating how performing songs in the sites of their collections, and using acts of landscaping such as walking, may illuminate how residues of past performances arrive to us through rhythms, phrasing, words, and intonations. And, further, how they arrive to us differently, and are received and reconstituted through our own inscribed bodies, as Spry contends:

Coaxing the body from the shadows of academe and consciously integrating it into the process and production of knowledge requires that we view knowledge from the context of the body in which it was produced
(Spry 2001: p. 725).

Continuing my own pathways of thought and interest in relation to affect and performance archives, I would like to consider how other scholars have engaged with performances they did not witness live through embodied and emplaced research methods; ways in which they have taken the archive for a walk. The work of performance theorist Deirdre Heddon in her paper *Performing the Archive: Following in the Footsteps*, charting her search for Mike Pearson's performance *Bubbling Tom*, is particularly provocative and illuminative in this area. Heddon's work engages and develops questions raised above about how researchers may 'activate and become activated by traces of the past', whilst also illuminating the various modes of documentation that allow scholars to communicate how these 'processes of activation' are occurring (Jones 2013: p. 67). Heddon considers Phelan's statement on performance's transitory ontology, 'surely this is not all that can be said! Isn't this only where the conversation begins? I wonder whether it can't be some(thing) other (than) performance' (Heddon 2002: p. 175). Heddon's question relates to her desire to

experience Mike Pearson's production of *Bubbling Tom* (2000) after the event had taken place, 'I was not there, and yet I love this performance. I was not there, can I write about this performance?' (Heddon 2002: p. 175). Her explorations become partly a search for an experience of the event through taking care of performance remains, but also an active contribution to these remains through further documentation. Furthermore, Heddon's explorations become an act of re-performing the piece, through seeking embodied resonances as she follows in Pearson's footsteps.

One of the main archival sources Heddon utilizes is Pearson's documented post-performance reflection, which is, Pearson asserts, 'as fragmentary and partial as the memories which inspired the work, and the memories of the performance work itself after a couple of days have passed' (Pearson 2000: p. 176). If one takes the view that performance's life is only in the present, does such a position account for the fact that even those who create the work may not be able to accurately recall it? How does a disappearing ontology of performance account for memory, even with its slippages? Is the memory of performance makers also a 'part of the circulations of representations of representations [...] something other than performance' (Phelan 1993: 146) What if the engagement of theorists and practitioners after the initial event of the performance could be viewed as contributions to the body of the performance, its ongoing process of being-in-the-world? As such, these post-performance continuings would be as fragile and tangential as the continuing existence of things and practices that inspired, or are implicated in, the beginnings of the performance. Such as, in the case of Pearson's work, local performance traditions, superstitions, and anecdotes. Heddon explores such a processual possibility of performance in her hypothesis that:

Pearson's documentation of *Bubbling Tom* is not, cannot be, the live performance; although it may constitute another (textual) performance. I have not seen *Bubbling Tom*, but I have 'seen' its documentation. If I take this documentation, this other performance, and 'write' about it, then perhaps this 'writing' is itself another document/performance. And these documenting/performance activities will themselves contribute to the archive of various performances, each going by the name *Bubbling Tom*

(Heddon 2002: p. 176)

Heddon employed various different modes of engagement in seeking to create or co-construct her own version of experiencing *Bubbling Tom*, thinking herself into the performance and becoming a ‘spectator after the event’ (Heddon 2002: p. 175). This ‘creative-interpretative process’, Heddon argues, can be seen as ‘active, and is perhaps even another performance, a third-level *Bubbling Tom*, if you will’ (Heddon 2002: p. 176).

One of the means Heddon harnessed in order to construct this creative-interpretative process was interviewing. Heddon interviewed people who were present at the event, gaining memories, impressions, and imaginings from these spectators (Heddon 2002: p. 176). Additionally, she spoke to the performer, Mike Pearson, who himself possessed only his own creative-interpretation of the event, ‘the folklore of practice coloured by aspiration, intention and rationalisation, preserved in memory as anecdote and analects (Pearson and Shanks 2001: p. 57). Secondly, Heddon visited the site, contending that the site is something that was there, and still remains (Heddon 2002: p. 177). She conceives of site as a ‘palimpsest’, a place where things might collect, therefore she endeavoured to ‘note – touch, feel – any marks in it that are witnessed by the performance’ (Heddon 2002: p. 177). Thus, through her sensory perception she inhabited the site, using the relationship between the environment, second-hand memory, and her body to *imagine-in-practice*:

Imagination: I was not there, but I can imagine I was

Activity: Imagine yourself as:

- Pearson, aged 50, returning to his childhood village
- Dee Heddon, aged 50, returning to her childhood village
- Someone who lives in Hibaldstow, and who witnessed this event
- Someone who saw this event two years ago and is now being asked to remember and recite it. Pearson walked “as if” in the couple of years either side of 1955 [...] I too will walk the walk of “as if” ... Imagination conjures the performance/document

(Heddon 2002: p. 178)

Furthermore, if sites are places of collection, they may also collect and assemble stories; both those told on the day, and those that the day generated. Listening to the re-sounding of these stories may be a means through which researchers can attend to how people experienced their own relations to the landscape, engendered by the performance. In addition, such receptiveness may allow these re-spoken words to resonate through other practices, such as walking and writing, ‘I was not there, but the words were, and having been spoken, they leave (regenerative) traces [...] Hear some stories. Stories, and their way of being told (Heddon 2002: p. 177). Finally, during these explorations Heddon carried, *bore*, artefacts from the performance. These archival remains, enabled her a tactile link to the event through items that she could ‘hold in her hands’, and a means through which to ‘find what is already there’ (Heddon 2014: p. 178). Taking these materials for a walk enabled Heddon to gain a palpable entry point to further felt connections to this piece, ‘I do now have a feel of (some) *Bubbling Tom*, of its texture, of where it went to and where it came from, of its history and its people, of its affect and its purpose’ (Heddon 2002: p. 185). The different approaches that Heddon employed all demonstrate how taking care of performance remains can enable active interventions and contributions to works of performances that scholars have ‘never seen but have variously experienced’ (Heddon 2014: p. 178). Art theorist Mathias Danbolt in his chapter ‘The Trouble with Straight Time’ in Borggreen and Gade’s volume refers to such activities as *touching history*. This term evokes the visceral pulls of the past making themselves known in the present, the active aspects, for example, of sensory memory and imagination:

I use this phrase with all its sensuous and haptic connotations in order to scrutinize the ways in which we affect and are affected by the past in the present. This entails paying attention to the touching that takes place in our physical and mental labour of doing historical and archival work – searching, digging, reading, writing, desiring, breaking, and shaking things – as well as maintaining an awareness of how history touches us in the present

(Danbolt 2013: p. 460).

My fragile imaginings of the encounters between collectors and traditional singers that took place in the first folk revival, found its beginning in the small stories told in the field notes and letters that reached the archive from the early pioneers, from these I began to seek other ways of touching that might illuminate these partial records; the paper the stories were written on, the texture of the voices that have survived on phonograph recordings, the feel of chalk impressed by foot upon foot. Moreover, Danbolt's concept of active affectivity, also illuminates how these forms of touching might *move* researchers, such as relationships they form through archival encounters, 'how these touches destabilize the relationship between the researcher and the researched, the past and the present' (Danbolt 2013: p. 460). All of these touches exist in worlds of imagining, creativity, and interpretation. Thus, Danbolt's concept of the performative dimension of touching highlights the importance of the possibilities of the archive, over closed results or historical authority, 'an inventive act of "reaching towards" rather than a secure arrival' (Danbolt 2013: p. 460)

In addition to the possibilities of active practices of care outlined above, I also attempted to illuminate these stories by using historical knowledge about the social conditions of the collectors, and photos of rural practices at the time. These areas of research enabled a rich context for imagining-in-practice, whilst also providing inspiration for the ways in which folk songs might evoke or contain previous ways of landscaping. For, in addition to archival materials, I also had songs that had remained through the repertoire of traditional singers. Thus, it important to explore methods through which it may be possible to listen to and observe, the traces, resonances, vestiges, and artefacts that might be found in collective art forms as they exist today - 'in the way that performance remains, but remains differently' (Schneider 2001: p. 101).

WRITING THE ARCHIVE

Performative writing evokes worlds that are otherwise intangible, unlocatable: worlds of pleasure, sensation, imagination, affect and in-sight

(Pollock 1997: p.80)

My explorations of practices of care in the archive, and the active, sensory, and emotional relationships I have developed through these materials to archival subjects, require modes of writing that can communicate the ‘felt’ force of this process. Furthermore, through my consideration of Roms’ notion of legacy and Jones’ arguments for the durational nature of performance and documentation, such modes of writing need to both communicate my relationship to an ongoing body of performance and be open to further re-interpretations and further performances. For example, the stream of *Bubbling Tom* that resonates through Heddon in her response to Pearson’s performance, ‘deep pulsating resonances, heart beats, which are not difficult to hear’ (Heddon 2002: p. 185), may in turn inspire others to go in search of that spot, and to give *Bubbling Tom* ‘another beginning despite already happening’ (Clark 2013: p. 378).

Furthermore, a focus on affectivity can highlight the visceral narratives of folk song as they arrive to us through the archives, and how the embodied language they contain illuminates previous and creative ways of relating to the landscape, those ‘toiling at ordinary occupations’, such as the spinning wheel or the steady rhythm of a Cobbler at work, for example, or the saluting arms of a harvest toast (Warner 2014: p. 1470). The rhythms of everyday activities that accompanied these stories, can perhaps still make themselves known, or imagined, through the language and the pattern of the songs, as they have arrived to us today. One way that the visceral language of folk songs may be illuminated is by evaluating how language has been identified to act in folk tales, as Warner elucidates when she considers the *symbolic Esperanto* of these tales:

Imagery of strong contrasts and sensations, evoking simple, sensuous phenomena that glint and sparkle, pierce and flow, by these means striking recognition in the reader or listener's body at a visceral depth (glass and forests; gold and silver; diamonds and rubies; thorns and knives; wells and tunnels).

(Warner 2014: 190)

Such image and sensation-based language, which A.S Byatt terms 'narrative grammar' (Warner 2014: p.190), I suggest may be conceived of as *affective*. This notion of narrative grammar, of words that carry affective histories and produce embodied association, provides a way of conceiving how folk songs might have phrases that conjure both the way we perceive landscape and the way that our activities of relating to that landscape create that perception. That words might contain and transfer embodied ways of being in the world, that they may *behave* in certain ways ('glint and sparkle, pierce and flow' [Warner 2014: p. 190]), may be illuminated by considering aspects of phenomenological theory relating to communication. In particular, the work of phenomenologist Maurice Merleau-Ponty concerns both how we experience the *felt* immediacy of the world, and how such immediacy can be articulated – 'to describe as closely as possible the way the world makes itself evident to awareness, the way things first arise in our direct, sensorial experience.' (Abram 1997: p. 35). In his work, *The Spell of The Sensuous* (1997) David Abram explores what uses of language might help to draw us 'into the sensuous depths of the life-world' (Abram 1997: p. 44).

In Merleau-Ponty's understanding of the experiencing 'self', it is through our bodies that we engage in this life-world. Our bodies thus enable us to interact and be affected by things, have predispositions to certain places and people, leaving ourselves open to other lives. If our embodied relationship with the world is a sensory, affective process, one that isn't closed, but rather ongoing ('these mortal limits in no way close me off from things around me or render my relations to them wholly predictable and determinate' [Abram 1997: p. 47]), then a means of communicating the animate nature of this process is needed. Abram states that this need for an active means of communication is the reason that Merleau-Ponty

‘so consistently uses the active voice to describe things, qualities, and even the enveloping world itself’ (Abram 1997: p. 56). Furthermore, Abram focuses on Merleau-Ponty’s efforts to theorise how language not just represents experience, but absorbs and embodies qualities of the phenomena or materiality, thus a ‘communicative meaning is always, in its depths, affective; it remains rooted in the sensual dimension of experience, born of the body’s native capacity to resonate with other bodies and with the landscape as a whole’ (Abram 1997: p. 74-5) Abram argues, therefore, that language is always of the body, it both originates in the body and seeks to impart our embodied relationship to the world:

We thus learn our native language not mentally but bodily. We appropriate new words and phrases first through their expressive tonality and texture, through the way they feel in the mouth or roll off the tongue, and it is this direct, felt significance – the *taste* of a word or phrase, the way it influences or modulates the body – that provides the fertile, polyvalent source for all the more refined and rarefied meanings which that term may come to have for us.

(Abram 1997: pp. 80-82).

Thus, through this embodied relationship to the world, words may be seen to be topographical; they mimic or evoke the lay of the land as it arrives to people through their sensory perception. In my interviews with Sussex folk singers there was a strong sense of the relationship between the form of songs and, ‘the contour and scale of the local landscape, to the depth of its valleys or the open stretch of its distances, to the visual rhythms of its local topography’ (Abram 1997: p. 140). In a recent radio interview Sussex-based folk singer Shirley Collins recognizes this influence of the local landscape upon her performance of traditional songs, observing that:

The South Downs is, for me, the finest landscape in the world [...] some of the melodies, especially the Sussex melodies, of the Copper Family, for instance, a family who have sung traditional songs, or had them in their family for generations ... *long* lines, so that they rise and fall in a beautiful way, and it just reminds you of the Downs, it just feels like them

(Private Passions, 2016).

Furthermore, these long lines, or the bobbing of a tidal river in a murder ballad, may be means through which to imagine-in-practice, and therefore to commit these songs to memory. As I discussed with various conversational partners, when I sing I see coloured lines that relate to the emotion of the song, and move like the terrain of the setting. These lines help to guide me through the song. I became fascinated by how other singers *picture*, *feel*, and *see* songs that they have learnt by heart. Additionally, this has led me to explore how it is possible to communicate this experiences through writing, in order to capture the animate forces at play in these encounters and performances, ‘finding phrases that place us in contact with the trembling neck-muscles of a deer holding its antlers high as it swims toward the mainland’ (Abram 1997: p. 274). In addition to the poetics of autoethnography explored by scholars that have influenced this work, in particular Spry and Speedy, ‘autoethnography is performative, embodied and poetic [...] created in and of a moment through autobiographic impulse and the ethnographic moment’ (Hoque et al 2017: p. 220), I also became drawn to Della Pollock’s influential work on performative writing, finding there something of what I was coming to know through writing, rather than writing what I already knew:

Writing as *doing* displaces writing as meaning; writing becomes meaningful in the material dis/continuous act of writing [...] after-texts, after turning itself out, writing turns again only to discover the power and pleasure of turning

(Pollock 1998: p.75).

Furthermore, Pollock’s perspective of evocative, performative writing allows, ‘the generative and lucid capacities of language and language encounters – the interplay of reader and writer in the joint production of meaning’ (Pollock 1998: p. 80), speaking to the use of forms such as autoethnodrama (an example of which would be the half remembered/improvised conversation between my mother and I when she taught me my first song), which Moriarty states in her book *Analytical Autoethnodrama*:

Provides an opportunity for co-creation on the part of the reader and writer [...] producing necessarily vulnerable and evocative texts, which offer insight into how life is

(or was) for the writer, can foster empathy, understanding, and meaning-making for both writer and reader

(Moriarty 2014: p.2).

In his volume *Documentation, Disappearance, and the Representation of Live Performance* (2006) performance scholar Matthew Reason addresses the documents and materials that surround performance and outlines his intention to ‘re-focus attention on what it means to see performance through its documentations’ (Reason 2006: p. 2). Reason views documentation as an ‘interrogative opportunity, by which we may interpret performance’ (Reason 2006: p. 3). These interrogative tools, Reason contends, are active. Furthermore, through these active means, performance becomes knowable (Reason 2006: p. 3). One such active means of documentation that Reason proposes is Pollock’s concept of performative writing. Performative writing, Reason contends, provides a mode of documentation that both captures and continues the live element of performance. This mode of writing contains ‘a memory of transience’ (Reason 2006: p. 28) and uses the creative and evocative possibilities of critical writing to allow for reinterpretation:

Such representation would be partial, transformative, evaluative, and interpretative, yet crucially would also focus on lived experience, on the distant character of being there in the auditorium

(Reason 2006: p. 205).

This notion of *being there*, of the body of the researcher in the performance space, calls for ways of writing that can communicate embodiment. Reason explores Pollock’s intention that performative writing should strive beyond reporting performance, and instead aim for documentation that foregrounds the subjective and the *felt*. Thus, such writing would celebrate rather than negate such partiality, and use ‘language like paint to create what is self-evidently a version of what was, is, and/or what might be (Pollock 1998: p. 80). In instances where the researcher was not present at the live performance, such as Heddon performing in the footsteps of *Bubbling Tom*, using partial and interpretative writing to conjure ‘what might be’, becomes a way of transgressing the borders of ‘reporting’ into an

imaginative account of experiencing archival materials and sites in the affective ‘after-lives’ of performances.

Writing that seeks to engage with ‘intangible, unlocatable worlds’ can be illuminated by Merleau-Ponty’s studies on embodied human consciousness (Pollock 1997: p. 80). Merleau-Ponty argues that humans’ experience of the world is necessarily through the body, ‘to be a body is to be tied to a certain world ... our body is not primarily in space, it is of it’ (Merleau-Ponty 1962: p. 148). Consequently, as Reason argues, we also develop ways of relating to other people through our body, to ‘feel the thoughts, actions, pleasures and pains of other people through an intersubjective empathy with their body: we literally know how they feel’ (Reason 2006: p. 218). Reason continues that performance and performance settings, *being there*, can contribute to, and highlight, such intersubjective affectivity.

However, I would like to develop Reason’s position by exploring how this heightened intensity between bodies may not only require the ‘being there’ of performance, but may also be fostered through the ‘taking care’ of archival materials. Practices of custody, protection, cherishing, and even mundane systems of organising for files that have been left out of place, may encourage and foster affinities to archival subjects. Affinities between your body and theirs, knowing how they feel, may be present before the research began and part of why that archival figure may speak to you, or there may be certain aspects of their character or their life that surface and resurface through one’s research, that lead to be attuned to similar experiences or traits in your own life. In *Alice through the Looking Glass: Emotion, Personal Connection, and Reading Colonial Archives along the Grain* Sarah de Leeuw positions her intention to explore the biography of Alice Ravenhill, a colonial settler of British Columbia, alongside and at times entwined with autobiographical elements of her own life and research. Leeuw discusses a recent focus within geography on the intersubjectivity of archival research, and argues for the worth of:

Recognizing emotion, confusion, [and] connection to the colonial subjects of the past [...] paying close and critical attention to the intimate and personal nature of historic and present-day colonialism [...] might offer possibilities for future historical and geographic research aimed at broadening understandings about the colonial present

(de Leeuw 2012: p. 274).

Sarah de Leeuw's work deals specifically with reading colonial archives and archive subjects 'along the grain', in order to produce 'a committed, impassioned and emotive response', and encourage researchers to understand themselves as 'deeply and emotionally connected to past colonial settlers', with the aim that such reflections might allow researchers the potential to see, 'colonial settlers as more than monolithic, seamless, dispassionate, homogenous and logical powers [...] and who, over time, changed and altered their understandings of the work they did and the roles they played in colonial projects' (de Leeuw 2012: p. 276). Furthermore, de Leeuw argues, if researchers from British Columbia or post-colonial settings understand colonial lives and work as similar to their own, there 'there is a chance we might avoid some of their more egregious undertakings' (de Leeuw 2012: p. 273). Similarly, by exploring archival folk song collector Dorothy Marshall's life and reflecting upon the contexts of collection at the time, I hope not to distance myself from what we might conceive of in contemporary time as 'bad practice', but rather to understand the impulses and networks that made such collections possible and to remain conscious of areas where modern attempts at preservation, such as my own, might run into comparably murky waters. As de Leeuw contends this is not ignoring the cultural and social hierarchies that produced archival material, but rather working 'along the grain' and assessing where our own practice might require a deeper sensitivity to cultural implications and privileges. Further, that whilst the work of collectors might contain limitations and distortions, they also allow us a means to see, hear, read about, and experience affective, multi-sensory, more-than performances, encounters and worlds.

The embodied phenomenological experience of our landscapes and worlds proposed by Merleau-Ponty, and recognising ways that this might be stuck to words (echoing Ahmed's concept of affect as 'what sticks' [Ahmed 2010: p. 29]), both relate to my experience of folk songs as performance and how I articulate, or collaboratively produce, 'being there' for the

reader. As Reason contends it raises the question of whether ‘the bodily and intersubjective nature of the experience informs the language we use to write about the experience of live performance’ (Reason 2006: p. 218). In writing the walk I undertook along the South Downs Way and my own performances, I am also in part creating the walk again for both myself and the reader, by finding out as I/you go along. Such a mode of writing may be seen as ‘walking the walk of as if’ (Heddon, 2002) and a version of ‘what was, is, and/or what might be’ (Pollock, 2007). Affective words in songs may be seen to remain through documentation, take for example *The Seeds of Love* collected in Hammer, Sussex from Mrs Baker⁵ by Iolo Williams for Clive Carey in 1912, the willow tree ‘twists’ and ‘twines’, conjuring both the movement of the branches and the inconsistency of the lover. Furthermore, words enable researchers to attempt to extend to the reader fleeting ephemerality that have not remained beyond their networks of happening. This reaching out through researchers’ attempts to capture and preserve their felt experience, may in turn create the contexts of future affective archival encounters with not-yet imagined hands.

In terms of representing how it *feels* for my conversational partners to sing songs, it is useful to refer back to Pink’s suggestion that the interrelation of senses be considered when discussing, and documenting, the experience of research participants:

By attempting to become similarly situated to one’s research participants and by attending to the bodily sensations and culturally specific sensory categories (e.g. in the west, smell, touch, sound, vision, taste) through which these feelings are communicated and given value, ethnographers can come to know other people’s lives in ways that are particularly intense. By making similarly reflexive and body-conscious uses of this sensory knowing in the representation of this work, ethnographers can hope to produce texts that can have a powerful impact on their readers or audiences

(Pink 2009: p. 50).

Reason discusses Thomas Clifton’s work on embodied consciousness and music as one means of finding language ‘that paints’, in this instance through attending to synaesthesia. Clifton’s work *Music as Heard: Study in Applied Phenomenology* (1983) explores the way that

music is experienced through the entire body, rather than simply being an auditory phenomenon. Thus, Clifton argues, emotions or affects stimulating one sense can prompt responses in others. As such, Clifton continues, reflecting on synesthetic experience is an important element of research that utilizes Merleau-Ponty's phenomenological view of the body as a general "instrument of comprehension" (Clifton 1983 p. 69 in Reason 2006: p. 221). Reason develops Clifton's observations by arguing for employing language that can communicate the interrelation of the senses, and by extension, perhaps, intersubjective experience in performance:

To create an 'embodied' writing that places the reader in the bodily, physical and spatial location of the performance [...] Clifton suggests that the spatially or bodily orientated terms to discuss music – terms such as high, low, pointed, bright, dark, bouncy, round, hollow – are not merely metaphorical or allegorical, but are the pointers to the synesthetic of perception [...] it is language chosen to discuss an experience because of the bodily nature of that experience

(Reason 2006: p. 222)

Voices can change in pitch and register throughout a singer's life, however as I have discovered through this research, they can also change in the harder to locate and communicate sense of *texture*. These are the qualities of people's voices I have not found it easy to categorize in writing, but rather I have found they require a way of telling how the voice resonates through you, how it *affects* you. Reason explores how Clifton's work demonstrates that bodily-located words may allow for communicating, 'textures, space, [and] dimensions durations, registers, intensities and tone qualities' (Clifton 1983: p. 69). Therefore, when describing a singer's voice as willowy, it is not the sound of voice itself, but rather my bodily perception of the sound, 'not stimulus impinging on the body, but effects produced by the body, without which the responses would not exist' (Reason 2006: p. 223).

Through engaging with Pollack's concept of performative writing, and seeking to evoke and interrogate 'sensation, imagination, affect, and in-sight' (Pollack 1997: p. 80), I hope to

be able to create critical research which explicates ‘the intimate co-performance of language and experience’ (Pollock 1997: p. 81) and uses, ‘elements of language that instigate a reverberation of the live experience in the mind of the reader’ (Reason 2006: p. 227). One of the means through I might be able to realise these aims, in my own attempts to position singing as a tapestry that weaves ‘a poetic of the common practices and skills which produce people, selves, and worlds’ (Thrift 2007: p. 112), is through my use of dialect words. Sussex dialect is perhaps now most widely known by the beautifully observed parody of Stella Gibbon’s *Cold Comfort Farm* (1932). However, I believe it is possible to both appreciate and enjoy Gibbon’s satire and sympathise with her aims to critique ‘the kind of doomy Sussex fictional milieu [...] part of a somewhat turgid literary movement’ (Truss 2008: p. 8), whilst also wondering what value there might be in words that have been formed and practiced through years of engagement with particular landscapes. This does not mean, however, that I have attempted to find obscure phrases, and to drag them back into being, but rather than the Sussex words I know or have come to know during my growing interest in local history, have enabled in some instance both my appreciation and communication of affect. Pollock’s writes that, ‘words and the world intersect in active interpretation, where each pulses, cajoles, entrances the other into alternative formations, where words press into and are deeply impressed by the “sensuousness of their referents”’ (Pollock 1997: pp. 80 – 81). It is in dialect words that such sensuousness of their referents appears to me, the word ‘shay’ for a faint ray of light, performs in its speaking its whispering movement from sky to earth, like the ‘new-skeined score’ of the lark (Hopkins, 1918). In doing so I also hope to join with writers who are considering the locality of language from a modern perspective, to seek these words in their places of becoming, and to contribute to the desire MacFarlane gives rise to in his book *Landmarks* (2015), to assemble ‘some of this fine-grained vocabulary’ and to release ‘its poetry back into imaginative circulation’ (MacFarlane 2015: p.3).

In MacFarlane’s care-taking of thousands of words that have been sent to him, ‘by letter, email, and telephone, [and] scribbled on postcards or yellowed pre-war foolscap’

(MacFarlane 2015: p.3), this chapter stops, breaks, walks round, and loops back on itself to the impulses of thought that throb through it: what do we do with archives, and what they do to us? In the chapter that follows, these alternating concerns begin again in practice, as I walk the walk of as if/is/was.

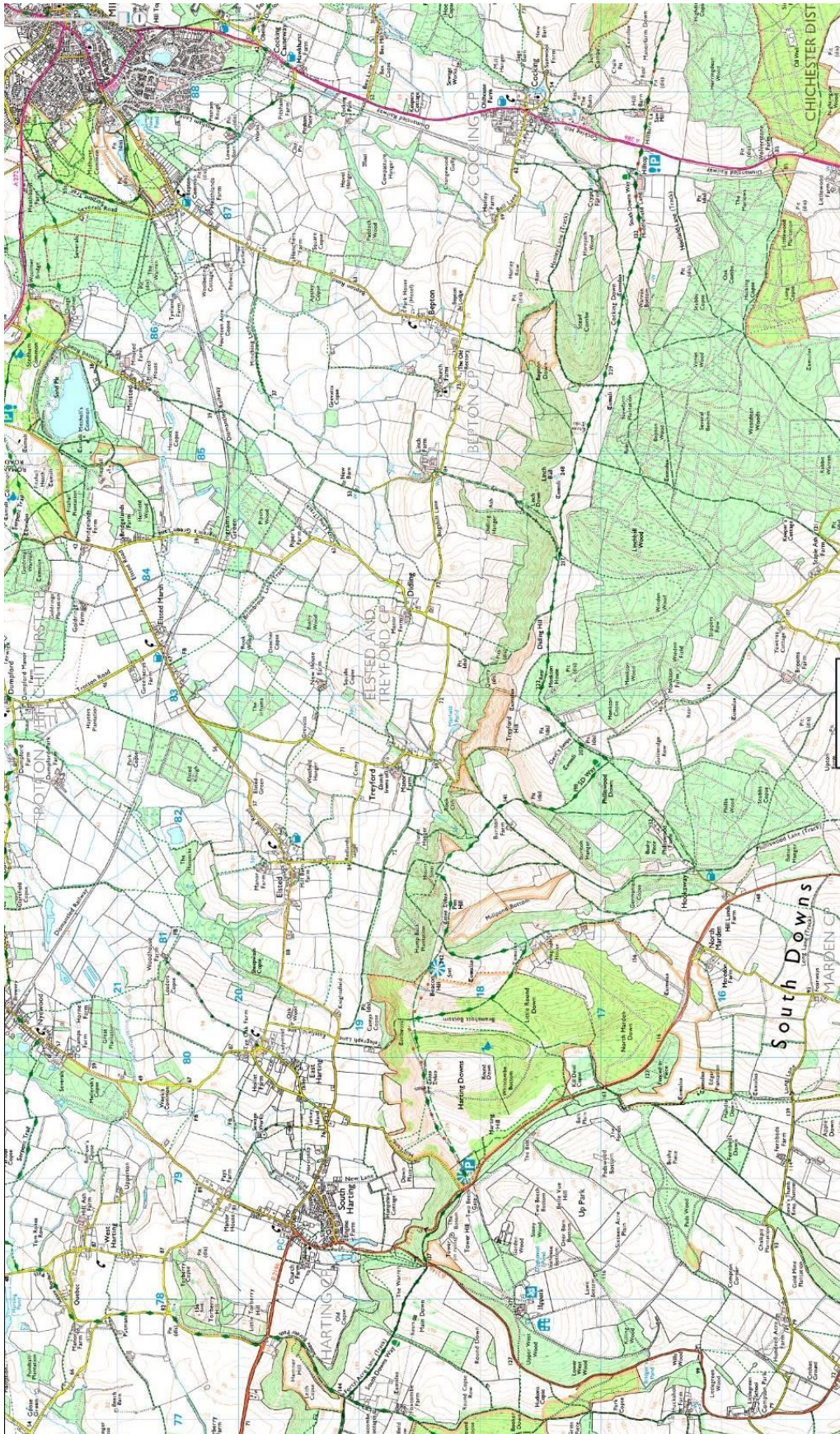


Fig. 3. Ordnance Survey, 2015. Harting to Cocking. [Digital Image]

CHAPTER 4 – SOUTH HARTING TO COCKING: TENTATIVE STEPS TOWARDS A RELATIONAL UNDERSTANDING OF FOLK SONGS AND FOOTPATHS

The paths offered (Edward) Thomas cover from himself: proof of a participation in communal history and the suggestion of continuity, but also the dispersal of egotism [...] folk songs and footpaths are, to his mind, both major democratic forms: collective in origin but re-inflected by each new walker

(MacFarlane 2012: p. 307).

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING

Around the time that I first started to learn songs from my mum in earnest, rather than as fragments in osmosis, I was asked by an archaeologist friend of mine about participating in a project called Public Archaeology 2015. The project would ‘seek to undertake a year of public engagement led equally by archaeologists and non-archaeologists aimed solely at the creation of public engagement with archaeology’ (Dixon, 2015). Each researcher would have a month, where they were encouraged to post regularly and engage others in the process of their research. I was reading Robert MacFarlane’s *The Old Ways* at the time and had become drawn to the idea of Edward Thomas’ that folk songs and footpaths were both acts of communal making, kept in existence, preserved, and altered by each act of performance. I was also struck by my own relationship to a growing number of songs in my repertoire, and senses of self, and moments of emotional significance, becoming bound up with, not the landscape exactly, but being in it. A sense of feelings such as awe, or loss, or lust entwined with or interrelated with actions such as walking. Thus, I decided to engage with the burgeoning interest in intangible cultural heritage in archaeology, and search for the ways that these songs might *move* people. In order to explore these early thoughts in practice, I considered the possibility of walking along some local footpaths and singing some songs I already knew. However, with the encouragement of James Dixon and the framework of a project that would provide both parameters and an audience for the research, my plans grew more ambitious and I became curious about how experimenting

length and scale might provide varying contexts in which to consider the relationship between folk songs and footpaths.

As May is a frequent setting of folk songs, I decided to immerse myself in-season and begin at the verge of the month. I was also drawn to the ubiquitous start of many English folk songs I had heard, 'As I walked out one May morning', and the immediacy of movement that it foregrounds from the outset. I began to talk to my parents about the route that they had taken when I was little, to contact people who might like to join me, and then I spent a month or so absorbed in finding songs and learning to sing them from the recordings of an afternoon with my friend Dinah Goss, places to stay along the route were hastily booked. On the 30th April 2015, I set off for a six-day-long walk from the west of Sussex to the east, along the South Downs Way, armed with a map, a few folders of songs, and a small recording device. In this chapter, I aim to begin an autoethnographic account of what unfolded over the next 66 miles. I wish to illuminate in combination with the proceeding chapters on sections of my journey how my practice of walking on a long-distance footpath, singings songs that I had found and learnt from the archive, and meeting other singers to listen to them perform, may be analysed by, and provide insights into, some of the theoretical considerations discussed in the proceeding chapters on affect, performance, and documentation.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

South Harting to Cocking is a seven mile stretch of the South Downs Way. Near the start of the path is the National Trust property Uppark House, an 18th century private residence. The area of the Downs here has a particular character - dramatic, imposing, sylvan and bosky - very different from the domestic beauty of my stamping ground of East Sussex - and I had never walked in these hills. However, my association with the area was already strongly of song, having interviewed traditional singer Bob Lewis in his home in Saltdean before my walk began, and heard his tale of Uppark Park resident Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh. In 1825 Sir Fetherstonhaugh, at seventy years of age, scandalised society

by marrying his twenty-one-year-old milkmaid; Bob wondered if the song *Blackberry Fold* might be based on this event [🎵 Track 2]:

Tis of a young squire as ever I tell
There is ladies of honour that do love him well
That do love him well, but always in vain
For he was in love with a charming milk maid.

Now the squire and his sister were sitting in the hall
As they were talking to each and to all
That squire was singing his sister a song
When pretty Betsy came tripping along.

“Do you want any milk?” pretty Betsy did cry
“Oh yes” said the squire “step in pretty maid
Step in pretty maid tis you I adore
Was there ever a milkmaid so honoured before?”

“Oh, hold your tongue squire and let me go free
And do not make game of my poverty
There’s ladies of honour more fitting for thee
Then I a poor milkmaid brought up by my cows.”

Then the ring from his finger he instantly drew
And right in the middle he snapped it in two
One half he gave to her as I have been told
And away they went walking in Blackberry Fold.

With a hugging and a struggling, pretty Betsy got free
And with his own weapon she pierced his body
She pierced his body and the blood it did flow
And home to her uncle like lightening she flew.

“Oh Uncle, Oh Uncle Oh Uncle” she cried
“I’ve wounded the squire I’m afraid he will die
All on my fair body he grew very bold
And I left him a-bleeding in Blackberry Fold”.

Now a coach was got ready, that squire brought home
And likewise a doctor to heal up the wounds
To heal up the wounds as he lay in bed
“Pray fetch me my Betsy, my charming milkmaid”.

“Pretty Betsy was sent for, pretty Betsy she came
All trembling and shaking for fear of much blame
“The wounds that you gave me were all my own fault
So please don’t let my rudeness once enter your thoughts”.

A couple was sent for this couple to wed
And happy we hope is their sweet marriage bed
Their sweet marriage bed, my story I've told
And I've left them a-walking in Blackberry fold⁶.

[...] *Now there's obviously a verse missing, and I think I've seen something in print about when he tries to have his way with her.*

Not remembering the words at the time, and only fragments of the tune, I hummed this song under my breath as I waited in the car park for the others to arrive. I was struck during Bob's performance by the idea of a milkmaid brought up by her cows, and of the practice of singing to cows as a way to encourage milk production. As I stood on the Downs, my mind went to the very particular idea of tripping, the lightness of treading so as not to spill from the pails, the lilt of such movement in the word, and the way the tune, as Bob sings it, tripples along:

And I've left them a-walking in Blackberry fold
Dee-dee-dum dee-dee-dum dee-dee-dum dee-dee-dee

However, the striking image of a squire left bleeding dark blood amongst the blackberries, reminded me that this is also a tale of a woman resisting sexual assault, and, as such, gives us a more multi-dimensional view of the life of women in agricultural service at the time, than just of happily singing to her cows. As Steve Roud summarises in reference to being cautious of the literature of the 18th and 19th century that we may draw on for understanding practices of singing for milkmaids:

⁶ Lewis, B (2015). *Blackberry Fold*.



Fig 4. Bennett, E. *First Steps at Harting Down*. 30th April 2015. [Photograph]



Fig 5. Caldecott, R (2016). *The Milkmaid*. [Digital Image].

The more we read about milkmaids in the literature of the time [...] the more we realise that they are stock characters, or stereotypes. One clue to this is that they seem to live in a perpetual May-time or summer Arcadia, and they are frequently described as ‘carefree’ or something similar. No one ever writes of a forlorn milkmaid in February or December

(Roud 2017: p. 254).

My mum had driven me to South Harting and was going to walk a bit of the first stretch with me, as she was still not physically up to steep climbs but wanted to set me on my way. I had posted a message on the PA2015 blog giving my starting time and place and welcoming anyone who wanted to come and walk some of the route with me, listen to me sing, or sing a song of their own. Around 1pm I was joined in the carpark by Dawn Caulfield, a fellow PhD student and local archaeologist from Midhurst, Diane Ruinet and Helen Bradbury both long time Morris dancers and folk club attenders from West Sussex, all of whom had heard about the walk from the blog or social media. We were also joined by Paul, a walker, who had heard about the project from a friend and who arrived at the first gate hoping to catch us. Introductions made and farewells to my mum and the dog, we began the first ascent to Beacon Hill.

Beacon Hill is a 500 BC iron age fort, 242 meters above sea level. It was used as a telegraph station during the Napoleonic Wars, a popular period in folk singing, putting me in mind of my mum’s Napoleonic songs and wishing she could have joined us for the view. Considered educationally experimental at the time, Beacon Hill school was founded in Telegraph House by its residents Bertrand and Dora Russell in 1927 and run by Dora until 1943. In an account of her time there, the Russell’s daughter Katherine Tait recalled, ‘200 acres of woods and valleys, with deer and rabbits and stoats and weasels and huge yew trees we could jump into from higher trees [...] the freedom to learn, to roam, to experiment – it was incomparable’ (Gorman 2016: n.p). On that particularly day, dropping down into a hollow on the other side of Beacon Hill, five wind-blown figures gathered for the first song and to shelter my digital recorder. In a similar way to needing to find one’s walking stride



Fig 6. Bradbury, H. *Group Reach Beacon Hill*. 30th April 2015. [Photograph]



Fig. 7. The Sheffield Daily. *Beacon Hill School*. March 9th 1932 [Newspaper Cutting]

upon commencing a long-distance walk, as Ingold and Vergunst propose in the introduction to their volume *Ways of Walking: Ethnography and Practice on Foot*, ‘the first steps we take are tentative, even experimental [...] only after quite a few steps, when the feet have found their rhythm and the body its momentum, do we discover [...] that we are already walking’, I found that many of the songs took time to become embedded during the performance process – they were tentative and experimental - so whilst I was able to recall the tune of this song, it’s rhythms and contours hadn’t fully reached my body yet (Ingold and Vergunst 2008: p. 3). Nor had I memorised the words for the verses, thus it was from Dorothy Marshall’s handwriting that I sang, following uncertainly the lines set out for me. The wind was fairly insistent, billowing in our raincoats, and my chest was rising and falling in mirrored puffs. The spirit of enthusiasm to keep warm, the adrenaline from the climb, the slightly jittery dynamic of a new group of previous strangers singing together on the refrain, the ‘bowing down’ at the knees creating moments of laughter, and looks of mirth across the circle at the juxtaposition of the jaunty tune with a fairly grim tale, all combined in an affective performance quality of nervous excitement [♪ Track 3].

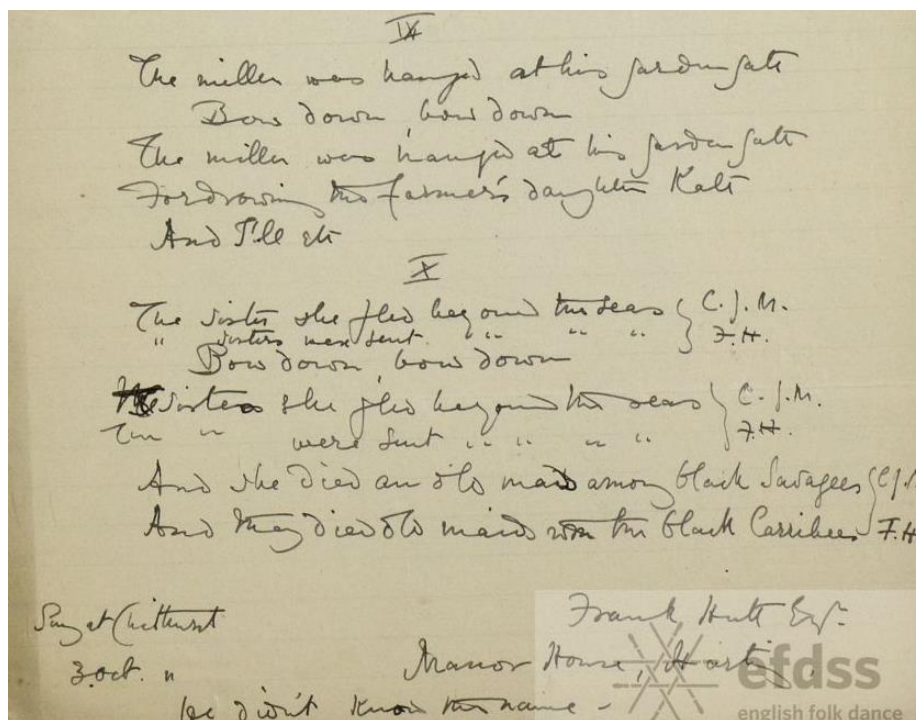


Fig. 8. Hutt, F, 1911. *A Farmer there Lived in the North Country* – Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library CC/1/339 [Digital Image])

A Farmer there Lived in The North Country was collected from Frank Hutt of South Harting by Dorothy Marshall and Clive Carey on the 3rd Oct 1911. During the process of learning these songs, I discovered that my curiosity was not only for the songs themselves but also for the singers. I found that the acts of searching for songs in the digital archive and in local libraries, and then printing them off and transcribing the words, left me feeling both connected to the materials through care taking, but also connected in a way that meant I felt uncomfortable or distant from the music unless I knew who had been the previous caretaker for it. I soon found that a lot of my time was spent searching census records and local history volumes rather than learning the words, or polishing the performance of the songs. I felt that by singing these songs in the site of their collection I needed to have a sense of *who* as well as *where* they came from.

From my census research, Frank Hutt appeared to be Francis Rhodes Hutt who was born in 1866, making him 45 at the time of collection ('Francis Rhodes Hutt, 1911). Further information was provided by the transcript for the South Harting War Memorial which lists him as killed in action at Loos 25th September 1915 aged 49 (Roll of Honour, 2017). His widow is given as Mrs Katherine Hutt of Manor House, Harting. I was unsure about this, as to reside at Manor House, Frank would have been quite a different social class to the majority of traditional singers collected from by the Late Victorian and Early Edwardian folk song enthusiasts. As Vic Gammon states, 'the collectors were a small group of professional musicians and musical amateurs, the singers were overwhelmingly from the labouring poor of the countryside' (Gammon 2016: p. 42). Therefore, I returned to my song sheet for any further information and found that the residence of Manor House was hand written in the corner and that Mr Hutt had sung for Dorothy at her house. In my research into Dorothy Marshall after the walk, I was pulled back to the bobbing jollity of our rendition on the hill, by a letter from Dorothy to Clive Carey on the 3rd Oct 1911:

A song which a man who was here today at tea sung when he heard us talk about folk song – the subject crops up a good deal! He had known it all his life and my mother has

glimmerings of it too [...] the singer lives at Harting, and I think I have “enthused” him so that he’ll do some hunting (Marshall, 1911, CC/1/339)
It was tantalising to wonder how he had learnt this song, as a boy, from a nurse perhaps, or from his parents and that his singing for Dorothy is further challenge to the myth of the “illiterate” or “unlearned” folk singers. A myth created in part by the early collectors in their efforts to claim that, ‘folk song constituted the musical soul of the nation, stemming from an unspoilt folk’ (Roud 2017: p. 29).

Whilst the First World War is not considered one of the factors of the demise of traditional singing as a daily practice in English rural communities, I found its looming presence in the distance when these songs were being collected during the first folk revival impossible to ignore. I hadn’t been expecting the cumulative effect of my biographical research into these singers, nearly always involving a war memorial, to be as affecting as it was; a repeated pattern across a geographical area resonated strongly as dread as it began to appear and reappear, sharing with film theorist Reyes an experience of dread as ‘an emotional state of suggestion in which fear is made possible and imminent’ (Reyes 2016: p. 112). I found I was unconsciously physically crossing my fingers if I saw a military record that it wouldn’t be a singer or a singer’s son, and in the crossing of my fingers I was enacting elements of what Anderson calls hope’s precariousness:

Becoming and being hopeful involves an encounter with a future that is not-yet and may never be [...] Hope and other affects are made and remade, come and go, in the midst of temporary, more or less, fragile encounters

(Anderson 2014: p. 101)

A year after my walk, hearing *The Steyning Poem* sung at a small singaround in a Sussex barn, tears, Frank Hutt, and a palpable sense of both hope and dread, materialized into my natal present:

I can’t forget the lane that goes from Steyning to the Ring
In summer time, and on the Downs how larks and linnets sing.
High in the sun. The wind comes off the sea, and ... oh the air!
I never knew till now that life in old days was so fair
But now I know it in this filthy rat-infested ditch
When every shell may spare or kill – and God alone knows which
And I am made a beast of prey, and this trench is my lair.

My God! I never knew till now that those days were so fair
So we assault in half an hour, and, - it's a silly thing –
I can't forget the narrow lane to Chanctonbury Ring

(Purvis, 1914)

Returning to April 30th, 2015, as we passed through Phillis Wood Down we came across a memorial to Hauptmann Joseph Oestermann. He crashed into the site on the 13th of August 1940, the first day of the Battle of Britain, having stayed with the plane after it had been shot down to allow two of his fellow crewman to parachute out to safety. We each read the inscription in silence:

In Memoriam

Hauptmann Joseph Oestermann

Pilot

1915 – 1940

PACING

Shortly after the memorial, we met a fork in the path, with one way leading towards Treyford, and the other branching off to Midhurst via Hooksway, which Paul was going to take to get home. The rain had been arriving in bursts since the hail storm that had heralded the start of our walk, and with a break in the weather it felt like the right time to sing something to bring that section to a close. A couple of miles south of that spot is Lady Holt Park. It was once the seat of the Caryll Family but the house was demolished in 1770 and it is now a forestry commission estate. Thomas Bulbeck was a labourer at Lady Holt Park when he was visited by George Gardiner and J F Guyer in April 1909. From census records I was able to establish that he was 73 at the time and living with his wife Anne Bulbeck; the couple were originally both from the village of Charlton in West Sussex and had five children. Thomas' occupations are listed as agricultural labourer and railway labourer. He sang thirteen songs for the collectors. I was particularly interested in *Lady Maisry*, as I had

not come across any other versions of the song during my archival research. The texts to Thomas Bulbeck's songs are all missing beyond the first verses. This may be because the manuscript books are lost, or because the sometimes the singer would write out the full texts and send them to the collector after the meeting, and they have become separated from the collector's tune manuscripts, or because the collector didn't record them in the first place. As Gammon states taking songs down by pencil and paper was:

An arduous business. It required the complete attention of the collector and the complete cooperation of the singer [...] it was best done by two collectors working together, one to take the words, the other the tunes [...] usually tunes were collected without full words

(Gammon 1980: p. 64).

I cast the net a bit wider in Sussex and was able to find a fuller version collected from Mrs Agnes Ford of Withyham, Sussex, which is in the high wield near the Ashdown Forest (Ford 1906, AGG/3/6/2A). The song was collected by Anne Gilcrest who was staying with her brother in the area. There is also a related version of the song, *The Little Footmen Boys*, recorded from the Sussex traveller singer Alice Penfold⁷ by Mike Yates in 1973. I met Alice's daughter Chris Penfold-Brown, as part of my research and after I had sung the song for her, we discussed Alice's more straightforward, conscious story-telling, style of singing and this being common in traveller singers. Chris recalled her family knowing some Bulbeck's when they lived in the Heyshott area although I remember our meeting less for the possibility that Alice might have learnt from, or taught the song to one of the Bulbecks, and more for the sheer pleasure of sitting and swapping songs with Chris.

One of the more challenging aspects of performing Bulbeck's version of this song is that it has a momentum that urges me forward, counter to standing and singing, as I was in the clearing, and like the little footmen boys, my impulse is to run [♪ Track 4].

⁷ Alice's recording was released as part of the Topic anthology of songs, stories and tunes from English travellers, 'Travellers' (1979), and in Musical Traditions anthology 'Here's Luck to a Man' (2003).



Fig. 9. Bulbeck, T, 1909. *Lady Maisry* – Music. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library GG/1/21/1379 [Digital Image])

After snaking round and up onto the line of the hills above Bepton Woods, we came across some well-positioned tree trunks that could double as benches. Here, the Downs afford views out to the villages in the plain below, and I asked Dawn if she could tell me which were Treyford, Elsted and Bepton. One of the aspects of the first day that has occurred to me upon reflection, is that I didn't do any singing whilst walking. This was perhaps precipitated by a slight shyness on my part, of not having settled into the rhythm of the walk yet, but also, I think, because the dynamic in the group became that the songs provided punctuations in our journey, occasioning pauses in which to sit or stand in a group, rather than walking two by two. As Heddon explores in *Turning 40: 40 Turns*:

A feature of the companionable walk is its collaborative, inter-active nature, an activity of mutuality. Whilst walkers might accommodate each other's pace, the ground accommodates particular forms or shapes of companionship, of being together [...] the physicality required by the walk – the walk's materiality – also prompts certain forms of relationships

(Heddon 2012: p. 71).

To sing whilst walking may have disrupted these casually formed alliances, forged along the path, by dint of the focus becoming uneasily located or pointed towards a solo performer, thus throwing our working rhythm 'out-of-step'.

Another possible missed opportunity arising from needing to find my feet during the first day, was that I didn't explicitly invite anyone to sing. I became a bit apprehensive about putting anyone on the spot, and I was enjoying listening to the local knowledge of the three women who walked with me, and tales of old school teachers who lived in remote cottages that we passed. However, this had the effect of me taking the role of performer, rather than the facilitator of songs that I had had in mind. Happily, Diane asked me if - as we were above Didling Church - I might like to hear a 'sheep stealing' song. St Andrews Church in Didling is known as The Shepherd's Church, it dates from at least the early 13th century, has no electricity, and its simple, whitewashed façade sits as a lone building in the landscape, often surrounded by sheep. Although the moors place the song beyond our chalk hills and in Dorset, the Downs had also partly brought the song to Diane's mind, and, her performance of the song gave it a particularly local presence and atmosphere, with the wide expanse of the view falling below, and the wind leaving the hills feeling bare and sparse. As we huddled together around the recorder, sheltered by the logs, the image of building a house out on the moor provoked a longing in my bones. I had never heard the song before, and although I have heard it sung by many other fine singers since, the atmosphere created both by the setting, and the sonorous, earthy tones of Diane's voice - whipped by wind on the recording but never diminished in intensity - was completely unforgettable. It had a yearning for solace, and an intensity of spookiness or thrall, that stories around the fire I would be told at childhood camping trips had, when I was both frightened *and* extremely cosy and safe and warm, pulling my sleeping bag around my ears when I got the chills. This thrilling/chilling elucidated for me Sedgwick's proposal that, 'affects can be, and are, attached to things, people, ideas, sensations, relations, activities, ambitions, institutions, and any other number

of things, including other affects. Thus, one can be excited by anger, disgusted by shame, or surprised by joy' (Sedgwick 2003: p. 19) [♪ Track 5].

I am a brisk lad, though my fortune is bad
And I am most wonderful poor
But indeed I intend, oh my life for to mend
And to build a house out on the moor, my brave boys,
And to build a house out on the moor.

The farmer he keeps fat oxen and sheep
And a neat little nag in the downs
In the middle of the night, when the moon does shine bright
There's a number of work to be done, my brave boys,
There's a number of work to be done.

I'll ride all around in some other man's land,
And I'll take a fat ewe for my own
With the end of my knife, I will end of its life
And then I will carry it home, my brave boys,
And then I will carry it home.

And my children they will pull the skin from the ewe
And I'll be in a place where there's none
When the constable comes I will stand with my gun
And I'll swear all I have is my own, my brave boys,
I'll swear all I have is my own.

Partly from being immersed in Diane's performance, it took me a while to remember the tune for the next song I was going to sing up on Bepton Down. It was also due to the song being *Barbara Ellen*, a variant of *Barbara Allen*, thought to be the most widely collected folk song in the English language, and one that I know several variants of. This version is one that I now perform regularly and I generally have an easy passage along its winding flow. However, on this occasion it was only just settling on my vocal chords, like a song bird ruffling its feathers on a newly found branch. All together there were nine versions of *Barbara Allen* collected across Sussex that appeared on my searches in the Full English Digital Archive. This tune was taken down from a Mrs Moseley of Treyford, Sussex, which was one of the villages laid out below us on the blanket of the Wield. She was visited on the 14th of September 1912 by Dorothy Marshall and Clive Carey and she sang a great variety of songs. As with many of the singers, I could have picked any one of her songs, but this one was the

first time that I encountered Mrs Moseley's handwriting, and as I have explored, it bore an affective resemblance to my grandmother's. There was an undeniable charge in that encounter, of both the familiarity and comfort of writing that looked so like my grandmas, and an acute sadness for not being able to call her up and tell her about the project. Ingold and Vergunst capture something of the tugs at my heart Mrs Moseley's penmanship made when they contend that:

Our familiarity with words as they appear on the printed page or the computer screen [should not] lead us to forget the deeply sensuous, embodied and improvisatory effort of writing by hand, the sheer physical effort involved, and the expressivity of the inscribed lines themselves, quite apart from the words written in them

(Ingold 2008: p. 10)

Within this area of the Bepton plains, about 7 miles further north in Redford, West Sussex, a Mr Charles Moseley was also visited in the same month by Dorothy Marshall and Clive Carey, and I was curious as to whether there was a connection. Once more, the threads led me to the local war memorial. Frederick Moseley is listed as being killed in action on the 4th of October 1917 aged 38 in Broodseinde, near Ypres, Flanders. His parents are given as Charles Moseley, born 1837, and Betsy Mosely nee Boxall, born 1842, and it also states that he was born in Chithurst in 1879. I had been wondering whether perhaps Dorothy Marshall knew Mrs Moseley well, as she had given Dorothy a great number of songs and written down the words herself. Frederick being born in Chithurst provided a connection, as that is where Dorothy lived. Thus, I worked on the basis that her first name was Betsy, later proving this with an address in Treyford, and found that she had married Charles in her home town of Sedham, Sussex on Boxing Day in 1816. Their first child Charles was born earlier the following year, with six more children – including Frederick - to follow over the next eighteen years. It is perhaps this first son, Charles. who performed the songs for Dorothy and Clive Carey, and certain overlaps in their repertoires may support this idea, as well as the addition of songs that Charles would have learnt from pubs and at work. Frederick worked as a brickmaker, and his war memorial entry details the Moseleys were a long established local family in Treyford and that a number of them were

involved in brickmaking at Elsted and Ingrams Yard. Betsy and Charles Snr lived in different areas around the cluster of villages during their married life. At the time of the 1881 census they, and all seven children, were recorded as living in Minsted, with Charles Snr's parents, Charles and Mary Mosely, living next door. Ten years later the family move to Elsted March and their son Albert is recorded as working at Little Crowshole Farm, a place I later discovered several traditional singers had worked. In 1901 the family are recorded as living at Station Road, Elsted Green, Charles Snr is given as farm labourer aged 65. In around 1905 the family moved to one of the newly built cottages of New House Farm, later moving to 11 Mill Cottages at Treyford in 1910. Betsy predeceased her son in July 1916. Frederick was awarded both the British War Medal and the Victory Medal [♪ Track 6]

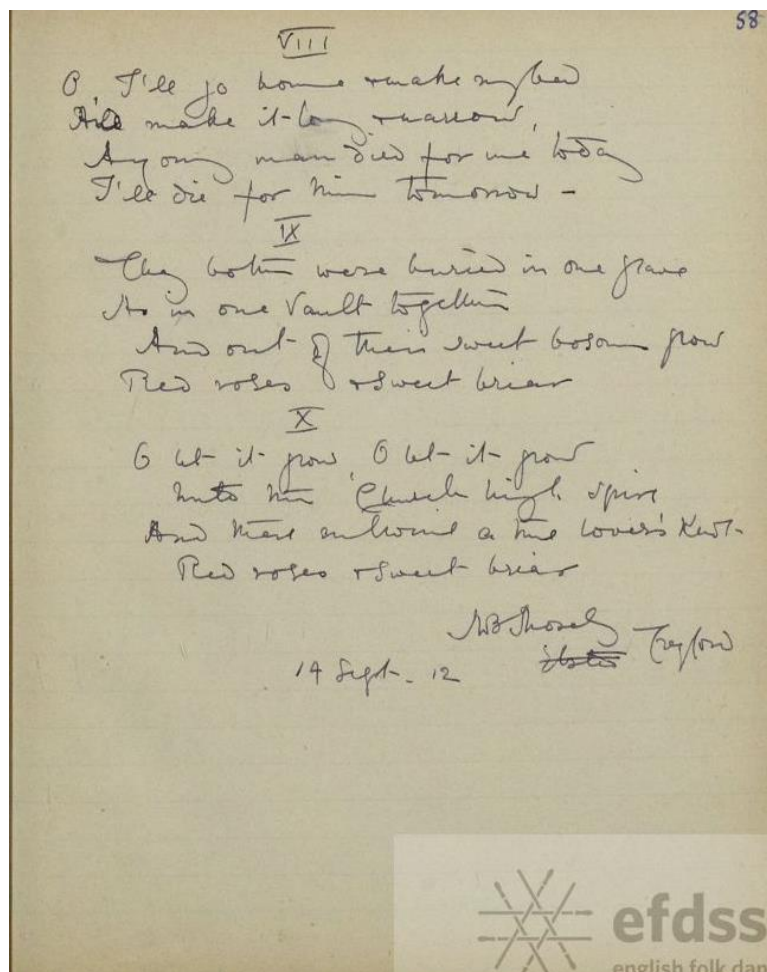


Fig. 10. Moseley, Mrs, 1912. *Barbara Ellen in Dorothy Marshall's notebook*—Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library CC/1/161 [Digital Image])

In addition to the common elements in this folk song, such as the remorseful lover and the floating verse of roses and briars intertwined, an element of the song that I became aware of as I was performing it, was the functional names of streets that I take for granted; the familiar becoming unfamiliar and thus illuminating the roots of their names. Barbara Allen meets the corpse walking up *Church Street*; pall-bearers would often walk long distances to the 'home' church of the district with coffins, and such paths were commonly known folklorically as corpse roads, although local variants include corpse-line or lych-way. The original purpose of corpse roads, which are now footpaths, can be hard to trace if features such as coffin stones for resting are no longer present. However, stories and place-name can play a part in keeping names alive. Superstition has long been linked to corpse-paths. In *The Dictionary of Superstitions*, Philippa Wearing contends that one of the enduring and oldest superstitions associated with such routes is that any land over which a corpse is carried becomes a public right of way (Waring 1978 p. 66). Blackdog Hill in Ditchling is so named because of the black dog that is said to guard the old corpse path running from Ditchling to St Martins' Church in Westmeston, the 'home' church for burials in that area. The bell that knells across the fields tolling 'hard-hearted Barbara Ellen' sits at the affective core of this song for me, setting the pace and tone of my singing, and foreshadowing a sense of death from the outset of the tune, a cloying chime reminiscent of the scent of decay emanating from Hawthorn blossoms on a May Day.



Fig 11. Bradbury, H. *Liz and Dawn – ‘Barbara Ellen’*. 30th April 2015. [Photograph]



Fig. 12. Bennett, E. *View from Bepton Down*. 30th April 2015. [Photograph]

ATTUNED WALKING

One of the aspects I noticed on this day about having walking companions is that my affective field increased because there were more bodies to absorb the immediate moment; I attuned to their attunements. It made me think of walking with my step-father, where I am made aware of the names of flora and fauna I am hopelessly ignorant of, noticing them because he notices them. My brain has never retained the examples of wildflowers growing on the way, but if the names haven't stuck, the feelings have. In moments like that, one learns to value the ephemeral, blink-and-you-miss-it knowledge, 'affect is the common place, labor-intensive process of sensing modes of living as they come into being. It hums with the background noise of obstinacies and promises, ruts and disorientations, intensities and resting points' (Stewart 2010: p. 40). There were two memorable examples of attunement as we passed along the ridge, down the beautiful open fields descending into Cocking, and through into a wooded path that ran along streams and dove cots. In the fields, whilst I had been deep in conversation with Dawn, Diane had stopped very suddenly, her whole body manifesting an inbreath, and with a slight inclination and release of the tension she directed our attention left. There, about 200 meters away, were the shifting forms of springing deer, a brace passing in the opposite direction to us, coming in and out of the long grass and as if they were an extension of it. Half an hour or so later, our bodies collectively stopping moving again as we meandered down the wooden path and heard the call of a turtle dove, recognised by Helen. I felt its soft purr in my solar plexus, the sound of warmth and adjusting next to another body in the night. Vaughan Williams collected the song *Turtle Dove* from David Penfold - the landlord of the Plough Inn at Rusper, Sussex - during one his expeditions in the county in 1907:

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove
He doth sit on yonder high tree
A-making a moan for the loss of his love
As I will do for thee, my dear
As I will do for thee.

Speaking with Dawn, a couple of years after the walk, and discussing the writing process, I said that I wished I had recorded other people's impressions of the songs and the walk in some way. Dawn said that she would be happy to jot down what she could remember, and through this I was able to discover that the unexpected appearance of the turtle dove also remained with her, reaching her in visual rather than auditory impressions:

DAWN: In May 2015, I was lucky enough to join a group led by Lizzie Bennett on the first leg of her 'footpaths and folk songs' walk along seven miles of the beautiful South Downs in Sussex from Harting to Cocking. I volunteered to participate for several reasons. I am an archaeology PhD student researching mortuary practice in south-east England during the early Neolithic period, that is, around 6000 years ago. As such, the landscape of the South Downs is an important element of my research, holding as it does clues to the lives of people who have lived and walked there over thousands of years and the memories and traditions that have been passed down over time. I also have a keen interest in folk music and spend a lot of my spare time going to live performances where I enjoy the stories and history behind the songs as much as the music itself. Furthermore, I am Sussex born and bred and grew up in the town of Midhurst, not far from Harting and Cocking. So, it was, for all these reasons plus a love of rambling in the countryside and getting close to nature, that I was drawn to participate.

I remember it turning out to be a sunny day and that the first hill at Harting was steeper than I recalled! The view from the top, however, was well worth the exertion and the route as a whole was very pretty, passing through a variety of landscapes including expanses of chalk grassland with fields of cows and sheep, colonies of cowslips, and shady woodland paths. We even saw a turtledove (my first), right at the end.

We stopped several times for Lizzie to sing local folk songs near their place of origin. I recall being struck by the beauty of her voice, and at Treyford, in particular, it was poignant for me to hear a traditional song from that little Sussex hamlet where a school friend of mine used to live, quite some years ago now. It inspired me to try and find out more about folk songs local to me and how they can link us to the past and connect us in the present.

On our route, our merry little band passed a few other walkers but we were largely alone in this most wonderful of landscapes, chatting, singing, making our way along, immersed in nature and all its beauty and treading in the footsteps of our ancestors. It was something of a jolt to reach the A286 in Cocking at the end of the route and be confronted with the twenty-first century again!

(Caulfield, 2015)

One of the areas that Dawn's thought-provoking account brought to my mind was that indeed we barely passed anyone, in fact I cannot recall my mind a single person. As author Eleanor Farjeon wrote in a letter to a friend, 'I can't imagine why the Downs are always

deserted [...] perhaps they aren't deserted but have the power to make their lovers and wanderers invisible and so keep to themselves' (Balding, 2007). Dawn's description of a merry little band also resonated strongly with me, and in hindsight this formed relatively quickly after the fledging shyness of the first step at Harting. The conquering of a much steeper hill than any of us expected seems to be where an ease developed, as we paused conspiratorially to 'look at the view', and came to know more about each other and our interest in folk music. As such, that day's journeying and our reflections on it, made visible to me the innately interactive aspects of walking proposed by Ingold and Vergunst:

Our principle contention is that walking is a profoundly social activity: that in their timings, rhythms, and inflections, the feet respond as much as does the voice to the presence and activity of others. Social relations, we maintain, are not enacted in situ but are paced out along the ground

(Ingold and Vergunst 2008: p. 1)



Fig. 13. Bradbury, H. *The Path that leads to Cocking*. 30th April 2015. [Photograph]

FAREWELLS

fare (v.)

Old English *faran* 'to journey, set forth, go, travel, wander, make one's way', also 'be, happen, exist; be in a particular condition'

farewell (interj.)

expression at parting, late 14c., from Middle English *fares wel*, *verbal phrase attested by c. 1200* (see *fare* (v.) + *well* (adv.)); usually said to the departing person, who replied with *good-bye*.

Once we reached Cocking, Diane, Helen and Dawn went to catch buses and lifts towards home and I checked into the Bull Inn. Hilaire Belloc stayed at the Bull Inn when he undertook the 140 km walk from Robertsbridge in the east of Sussex to Harting, chronicled in his novel *The Four Men: A Farrago* (1911), and later by Bob Copper when he retraced the steps of Belloc in *Across Sussex with Belloc: in the Footsteps of "The Four Men"* (1994). It had been my plan to explore a bit and soak up the atmosphere of the building, perhaps performing in the pub if they were interested, in order to contribute my own small part to the folk song history. In fact, the second I dropped my rucksack down on the bed, the orderly room with its generic television and tightly tucked sheets, made me long to be outdoors again. With a lightened load, and walking boots discarded, I padded back out into the eventide. When I arrived at Cocking Church, I settled down on the doorstep and looked through my manuscripts for some songs to sing in the intimacy of the stone porch. There were three versions of *The Unquiet Grave* that I had found dotted along the line of the Downs, amongst nine in Sussex that were present in the Full English Digital Archive. The song was also taken down from a young Sussex girl by folklore collector Charlotte Latham in 1868, although unfortunately the singer wasn't named. Helen Boniface, Thomas Bulbeck's daughter, was the source of the version that I chose to sing that day. It was performed by her for George Gardiner and John F Guyer when they visited her father (20th April 1909). As with her father's songs, only the first verse remains. However, I decided on this occasion to embrace the fragmentary nature of this version, as the tale of the two lovers could be told in full

through other renditions down the road. I took care with this splintered verse and sang it into the peace of St Catherine of Sienna's graveyard, letting the words meet the air of the last night of April, and sending my breath up towards the Downs and above the graves of people who have chosen this as their resting place [♪ Track 7].

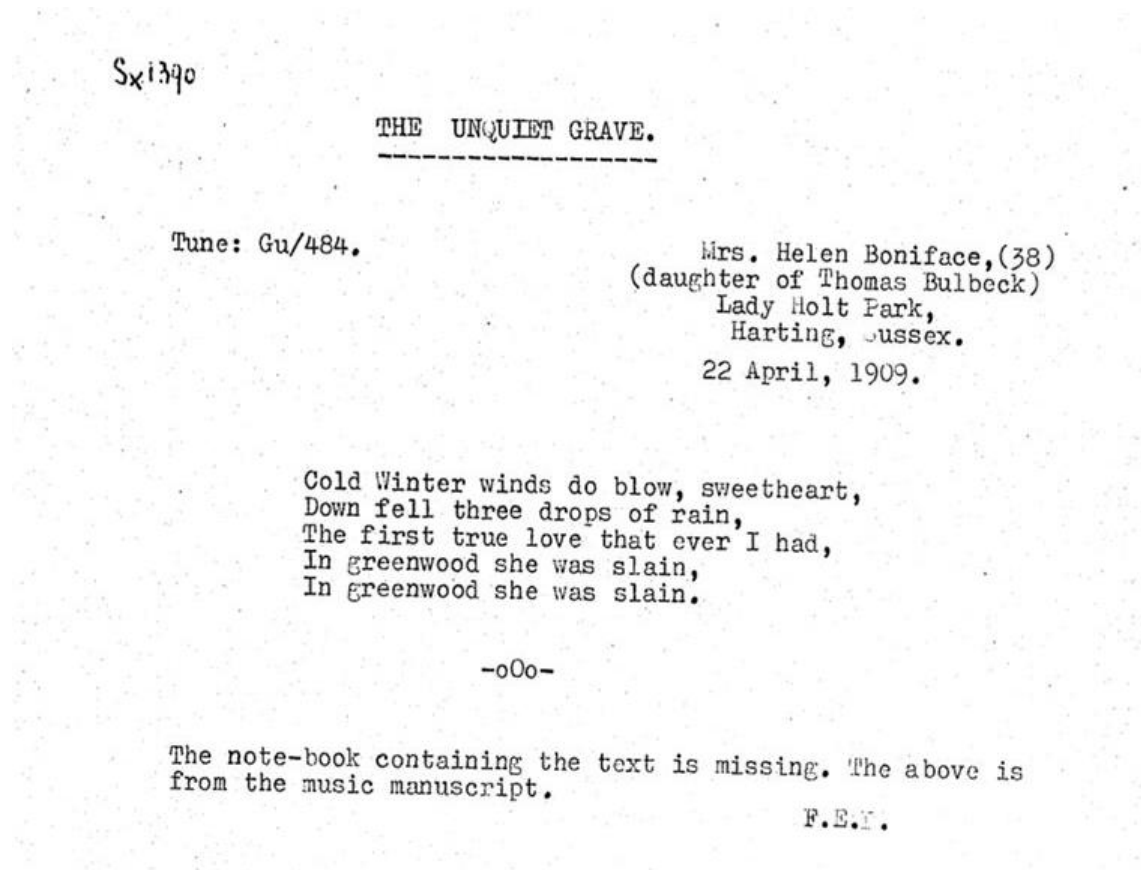


Fig. 14. Boniface, H. 1911. *The Unquiet Grave*—Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library GG/1/21/1390 [Digital Image])

It occurred to me as I sang, that dying is the last form of landscaping we engage in; yet it will be others who do this for us. Ashes-to-ashes, dust-to-dust:

In an uncertain world, the only thing of which each of us can be sure is that we will eventually die. As we walk through life, with greater or lesser degrees of confidence, we do so with care and concern, and with the knowledge that the ultimate question is not *whether* we will eventually lose the way, but *when*. But even as we mourn those who we have lost, they live on in the memories of those who follow in their footsteps. As one journey ends, others begin, and life goes on

(Ingold and Vergunst 2008: p. 18)

The superstition that to grieve for more than twelve months would bring back the dead is central to *The Unquiet Grave*, and is also at the heart of the ballad that my grandfather picked to sing for me. Folk songs are often recorded as having been learnt through people of significance, such as a parent, grandparent, or indeed servant, or through social settings like the pub and work where songs were swapped, performed, or formed a background to daily activities. On the heightened profile of the pub in singing, and the necessarily gendered picture such a profile creates, Roud asserts that although, ‘the pub was indeed one of the key places for folk performance, [but] its profile has been overemphasised precisely because it was “public”’, and thus it is necessary for contemporary researchers, considering what Roud identifies as the pre 1950s period, to understand the ‘vital role that the family, the home and the workplace played in tradition, as both performance venues and the places where basic repertoires were acquired’ (Roud 2017: p. 596). Singing in car journeys is a formative part of how I view both my family’s identity and our collective repertoire. The music we sung on these occasions, when we had tired of cassette tapes, was often extremely varied ranging from Scottish ballads to calypsos to musicals like *Oklahoma*, and many of these songs came from my grandfather Gerald. Thus, it was this musical aspect of family life that was the starting point for exploration in our interview, when mum and I visited him in his sheltered housing in Worthing:

LIZ⁸: *So, Aunty Alison was telling me the other day that your mother Norah sang...*

GERALD: *She sang a bit yes, my dad didn’t. It was my grandmother who had the good voice. I remember that she had this beautiful contralto voice. That’s all I remember about her was sitting by the piano as she was playing and singing and it was a beautiful sound. My mother liked singing but she didn’t have such a good voice, my sister Valerie had a good voice but it’s gone now, she can’t sing anymore – poor thing. Now its jumped to you lot.*

LIZ: *And did you sing growing up? Was it something you did together? Did you sing in the house?*

GERALD: *No, we didn’t sing as a family, but my mother used to sing when she was washing up, and she used to smoke as well [laughs], so it was not a very good combination because she had smoke in her eyes and so on, but I do remember her singing some nice songs.*

⁸ Bennett, C. Moore. G (2015), Interviewer: Elizabeth Bennett. Worthing, Sussex. 25th April. [Interview]

LIZ: *When did you then start to sing? As grandchildren that's probably what we would associate you with ...*

GERALD: *Well I used to sing to the children before they were going to bed, and before that I sang in the choir at Emmanuel College and I sang in the Cambridge University Musical Society.*

LIZ: *So, when the children were young, first in Hong Kong, and then in Uganda, would you sing English songs to them or a mixture with things like calypsos?*

GERALD: *Oh, we'd sing English songs but I taught them some African stories because at that time I knew quite a lot of African short stories.*

LIZ: *And do you remember what sort of songs?*

[Pause]

CATH: *Well, dad sang a range of songs ... mum and dad both sang to us. If we were on long journeys we would sing lots of contemporary songs, but we would also sing songs from their old song books, quite a lot of American songs and old English songs that aren't folk songs like 'Drink to me only with thine eyes'. When dad sang to us on his own in the evening that would often be an English folk song, and there are particular ones that I can remember him singing very vividly for example 'Long Lambkin', 'Lord Bateman', 'The Grey Cock'; songs that for me conjured up a particular kind of Englishness.*

LIZ: *So, growing up in Uganda but coming back to England occasionally for holidays your experience of Englishness, then, as a child, is mostly through songs and stories?*

CATH: *Sort of yes, I mean my only experience of England really was going back to see granny and grandad in Hampstead Garden Suburb. However, because of mum and dad both telling us stories we had this ... the kind of songs that they used to sing would conjure up really vivid pictures in our minds. For example, 'Lord Bateman', to me, I know the song because I see a great long row of images, which I associated with that song when I was little, I saw it painted in my head. And that's now how I learn a song, I learn it through the pictures in my head'*

GERALD: *Do you want 'The Wife of Usher's Well?' [🎵 Track 8]*

There lived a wife at Usher's Well
A worthy wife was she
She had three stout and stalwart sons
And she sent them o'er the sea.

Now they hadn't been gone but about a month
I'm sure it was not four
When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons they were cast o'er.

Now they hadn't been gone but about a month
I'm sure it was not three

When word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she's never see.

I wish the wind may never cease
Nor fashes in the flood
Till my three sons came hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood.

Now it fell about the Martin Mass
When nights were long and dark
That her three sons came hame to her
And their hats were O the birk.

It didna grow in dyke nor fen
Nor yet in any ditch
But at the gates of paradise
That birk grew fair and rich.

Make up the fire my maidens all
Bring water from the well
Since I and thine shall feast this night
Since my three sons are well.

Make up the bed in the back most room
Bring out your whitest sheets
And she herself lay by the door
All for to guard their sleep.

Then up and crew the red, red cock
And up and crew the grey
The eldest tae the youngest said
Tis time we were away.

The cock doth crow, the day doth daw
The channerin worm doth chide
If we be missed out o' our place
Sair pain we maun a bide.

The youngest tae the eldest said
Lie still but if we may
If our mother wakes and finds us gone
She'll run made ere it be day.

No – it's farewell to hearth and hame
Farewell to barn and byre
And fare thee well to the bonny wee lass
That kindles my mother's fire.

GERALD: *That song was sung to me in Uganda by a young Scots man and he said whenever he was on holiday he used to go and work in a lighthouse – in those days lighthouses were still manned you know – and it was quite well paid and nothing to do you know except just guard the light, so he studied his books and got paid for it, and he had a very good voice and he sang that song to me and I've remembered it ever since.*

One of the strongest impressions I took away from this conversation was the idea of manned lighthouses as both a place of landscaping, and a place of singing that I had never considered, and this added further layers to what might be conceived of as a work song. Additionally, within this anecdote it is possible to see the song travel from Scotland to Uganda to Sussex. Many places felt gathered into the space of the single room in grandad's residential home, and this was in part due to various objects and photographs from all of his travels in close proximity within this space. These items were not familiar to me either, as grandad lived in Italy for



Fig 15. *My grandfather Gerald Moore, Nick, Alison and Catherine – Kampala, Uganda 1964.* Moore Family Collection. [Photograph]

most of my life and I don't remember his house there, therefore my relationship to him was built in our family home in Brighton. He returned to Sussex when I was in my twenties, and although our relationship was fond and respectful, there was a certain formality also to our interactions. The distance was perhaps both felt and

instigated by me due to a tendency to grow tense and defensive in the presence of a character I found both formidable and unfamiliar. However, when we went to visit him and ask him to sing, there weren't many chairs and so I sat on his bed. There's a strange intimacy to sitting on the edge of a bed, that I remember from university halls, and something about the personal nature of being in that space and seeing his decreased mobility, made visible his 90 years of age and a vulnerability that altered the way that I engaged with him. Discussing also in the extended interview his own recording in the field of Ugandan and Nigerian singers and storytellers gave us common ground, materialised in his edited book *The Penguin Book of Modern African Poetry* in my eyeline on the bookshelf which was cheek-by-jowl with the bed. A more equal, adult, and sensitive attitude has extended beyond that meeting and into my interactions with my grandfather since.

Pink discusses this folding together of environment, emplacement and empathy in the interview process when she contends that researchers may:

To treat the interview as a phenomenological event [...] a process of bringing together which involves the accumulation of emplaced ways of knowing generated not simply through verbal exchanges but through, for example, cups of tea and coffee, comfortable cushions, odours, textures, sounds and images. By sitting with another person in their living room, in their chair, drinking their coffee from one of their mugs, one begins in a small way to occupy the world in a way that it similar to theirs

(Pink 2009: p. 86)

If materiality was foregrounded by my reflections on the interview with my grandfather, it was also present in many aspects of walking that day and writing that day; Heddon's resonant thoughts on the materiality of the walk prompting certain forms of engagement; the nostalgic texture of Mrs Moseley's handwriting, the delight of the ping announcing Dawn's email, dusty corpse-paths, and our dusty, final acts of landscaping, and the surprise of war memorials on the walk and in the archive, occasioning more consideration than I had shamefully ever given the first world war. Furthermore, in these tentative steps towards generative links between footpaths and folk songs, a strong

preoccupation had begun to form. If both are kept in existence, preserved and altered by each new performer, where are/were the women giving these songs and paths, ‘another beginning, despite already happening’? (Clark 2013: p. 375). It is along this line of thinking that the next chapter begins.

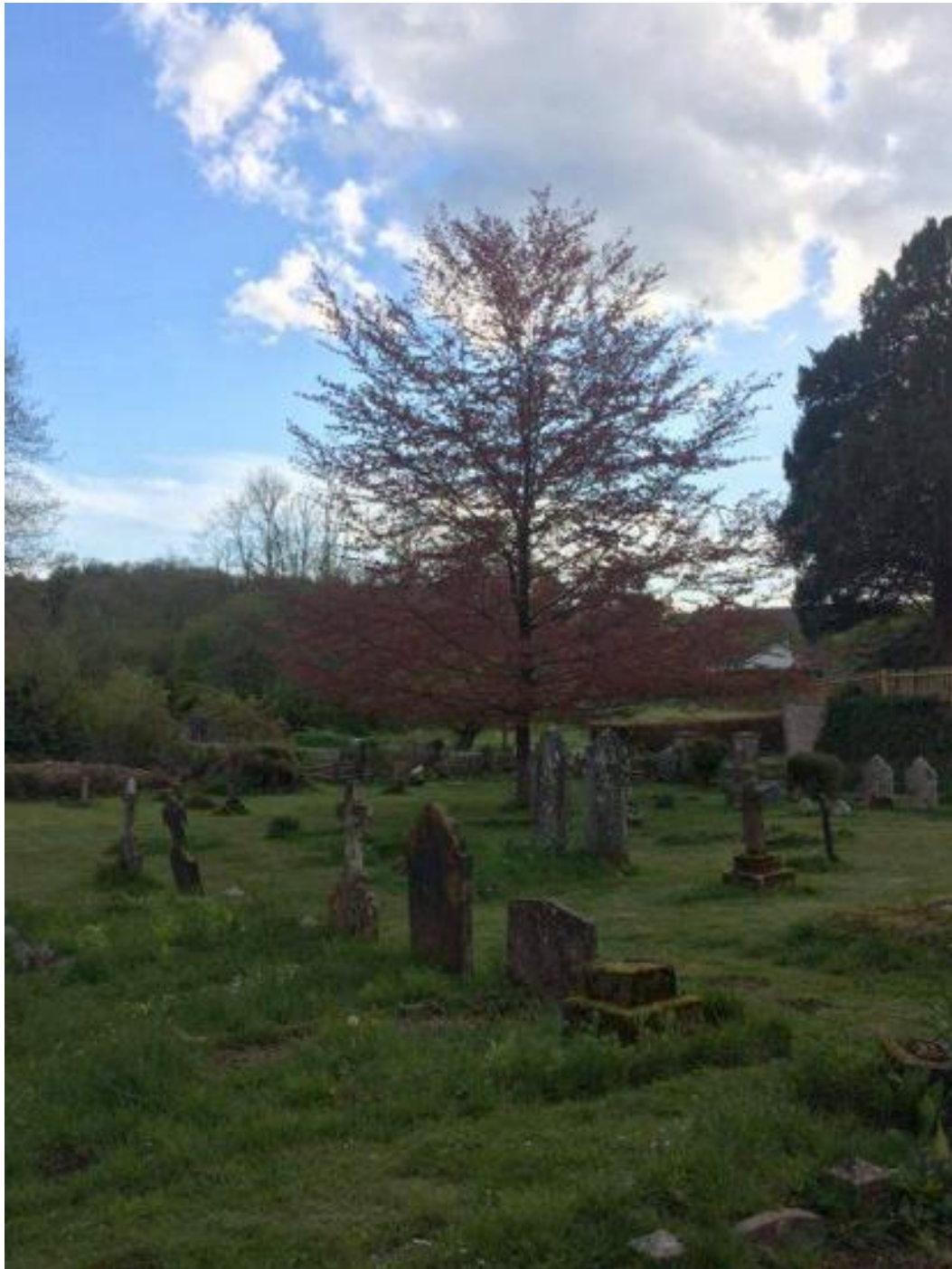


Fig 16. Bennett, E. *St Catherine of Sienna Church Yard, Cocking, Sussex*. 30th April 2015 [Photograph]

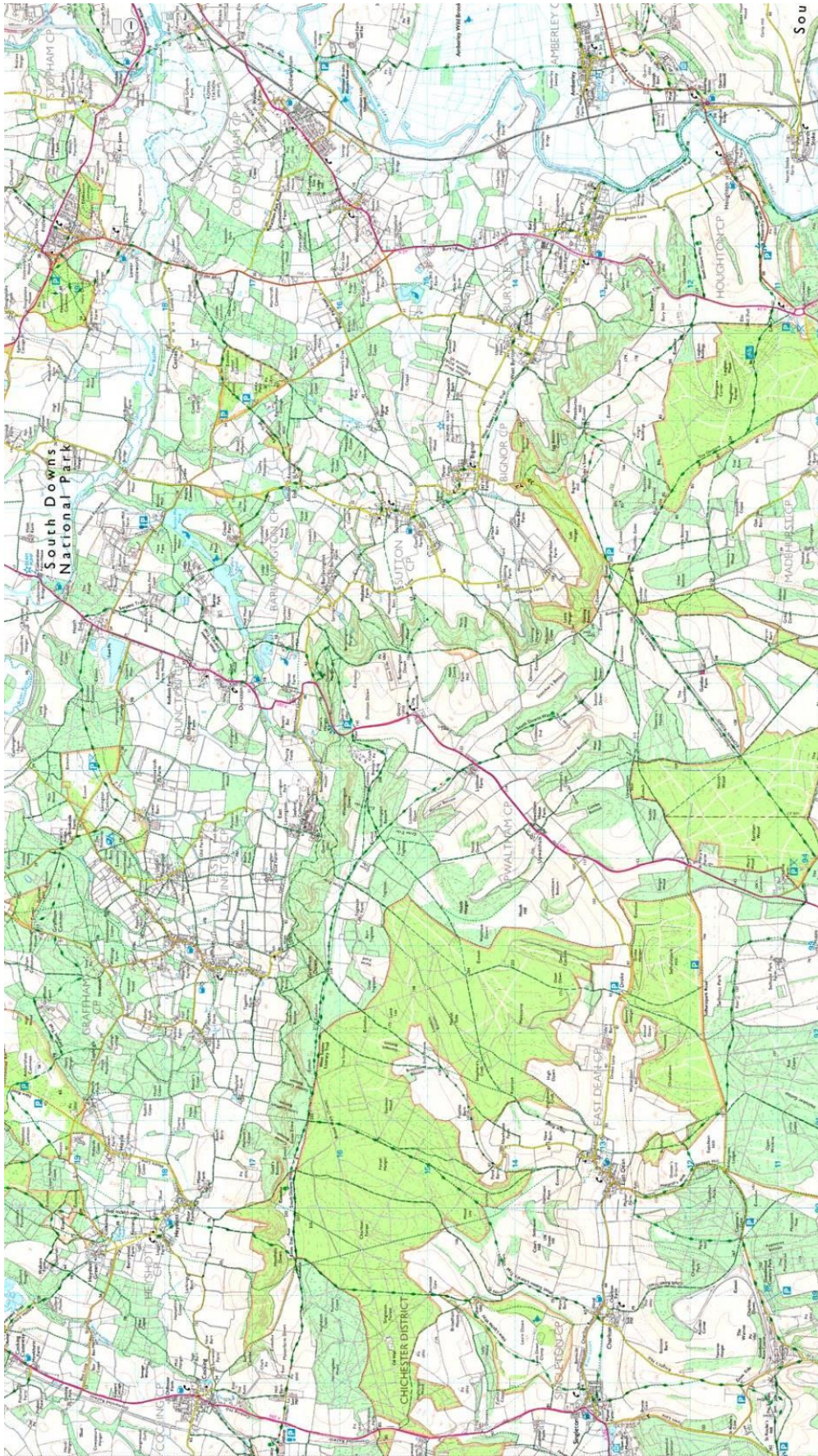


Fig. 17. Ordnance Survey, 2015. *Cocking to Amberley*. [Digital Image]

CHAPTER 5 – COCKING TO AMBERLEY: WHERE ARE THE WOMEN?

*Ah! hills beloved! – where once, a happy child,
Your beechen shades, “your turf, your flowers, among,”
I wove your bluebells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artless song
Ah! hills beloved! – your turf, your flowers, remain;
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,
And teach a broken heart to throb no more?*

(Smith, 1782)

FINDING ONE’S SELF ALONE

I was thinking of that particular passage of Charlotte Smith’s *Sonnet V to the South Downs* as I began a steady climb up onto the hill that I had sung to from the stone steps of the church the previous evening. Charlotte Smith was born in her family seat of Bignor Park, Sussex in 1749 and although the house passed to her brother when their father died, many of her poems continued to be set around the area of Bignor, and focussed on loss, ‘her poetry is suffused with a love for and understanding of Sussex in general and the South Downs in particular’ (Labbe 2017: n.p). She lived in various different parts of Sussex during the course of her life, including Woolbeding House in Midhurst, Chichester, and Brighton. A marriage was arranged with Benjamin Smith when they were both in their mid-teens. After twenty years of marriage and twelve children, three of whom died in infancy, she separated from her husband citing his abusive and unfaithful character, and she raised her nine children alone, supporting the family with her independent income from novels, translations, and poetry. Her writing is recognised as a strong influence on William Wordsworth and Jane

Austen, Wordsworth stating in 1833 that Charlotte was ‘a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered’ (Wordsworth in Bygrave 1996: p. 291). Charles Dickens drew from her father-in-law’s attempt to leave her money in his will in his exploration of the ambiguities of the law in his novel *Bleak House*, and the conditions in debtor’s prisons (Charlotte lived there with her husband during his imprisonment) in his work *Little Dorrit* (Labbe, 2011). Credited with the revival of the English sonnet and helping to establish the conventions of Gothic fiction, in the last years of her life she was crippled with rheumatoid arthritis and unable write. She died in 1806 having avoided destitution by selling the rights to her books.

I took to the hills and Charlotte Smith’s poetry for comfort in the relentless, tiring, and dull passage of heartbreak that set the wheels in motion for this walk. I discovered how sadness can be felt physically, the leaden aching in your limbs, and the strained eyes rinsed dry from tears, what day after day of grief does to your bones. The days that stick, the day you realise you can’t remember what their voice sounds like. What it is to have inched so gradually away from your own centre of gravity, an axis you had taken for granted most of your life, that you find yourself like a spinning top holding on desperately for the movement to slow, or for a collision to stop it:

What grief displays is the thrall in which our relations with others holds us, in ways that we cannot always recount or explain, in ways that often interrupt the self-conscious account of ourselves we might try to provide, in ways that challenge the very notion of ourselves as autonomous and in control [...] Let’s face it. We’re undone by each other. And if we’re not, we’re missing something ... despite one’s best efforts, one is undone, in the face of the other, by the touch, by the scent, by the feel, by the prospect of the touch, by the memory of the feel

(Butler 2004: p. 23)

The vulnerability of being that sad, being the person that people get bored of talking to, the rawness of daily encounters, of engagement cards, of clumsily dropped information at dinner with friends of friends that shatters like a glass on the table, everyone eating politely around the shards, is captured perfectly in Butler’s use of the term ‘displays’ – it reminds me of Highmore’s metaphor of affect as the cuckoo in the nest:

Affect gives you away: the tell-tale heart; the note of anger in your voice; the sparkle of glee in their eyes. You may protest your innocence, but we both know, don't we, that who you really are, or what you really are, is going to be found in the pumping of your blood, the quantity and quality of your perspiration, the breathless anticipation in your throat, the way you can't stop yourself from grinning, the glassy sheen of your eyes.

Affect is the cuckoo in the nest

(Highmore 2010: p. 118)

The broken heart of my early doctoral studies was formed by, and through, walking. The commencement and the disintegration of our romance were accompanied by our footsteps in and around the streets of the capital I had begun to inhabit during my M.A. One day, as we were crossing London Bridge, he moved me aside gently by the waist to make way for a large group of tourists, and I realised with a disgusting clarity that I had fallen in love with him; unbidden, unadvisedly, unavoidably, and unutterably. The Portrait Gallery will forever echo with our taut, fraught, final walk. Coloured by silence, and memories of rubbing up, not against each other, but everything left unsaid and everything we should not have said. All the ways in which we had undone each other.

My body was light on this morning, however, open rather than fearful of what my encounters with the world might bring that day. I curved around off Cocking Hill onto the ridge of the Downs that leads to Heyshott trig point, entering a field just slightly off the path to see the trig point and interrupted an entire exhalation of larks. Sky larks are an extremely common sight on the Downs during the summer months, but I would usually see them in isolation, or two and threes, high up above and cresting the horizon and in mid song. It was quite extraordinary to see a glimmering body of birds rise up together from the grass and begin to sing – embodying vividly Seigworth and Gregg's conception of affect as an 'inventory of shimmers' (Seigworth and Gregg 2010: p. 1). I sang the next song with my back up against the trig, rather timidly in volume as I was feeling apologetic for the interruption. However, half way through the song I identified with the wilful heroine, and tipped my chin up to join the larks above, singing of their freedom [♪ Track 9].

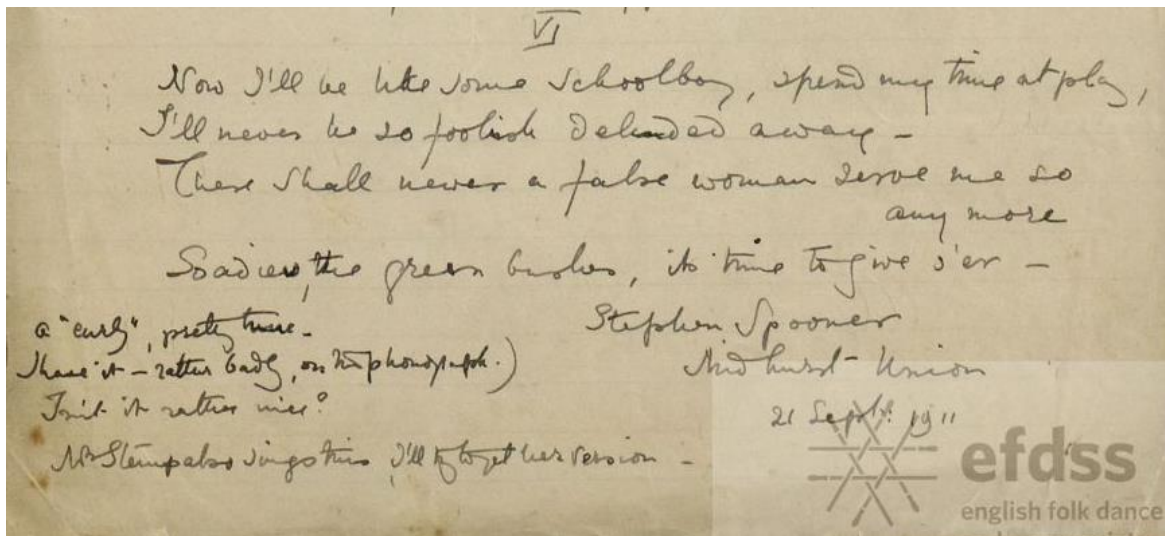


Fig. 18. Spooner, S, 1911. *Green Bushes* – Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library CC/1/116 [Digital Image])

Upon returning to the recording, I realised I'm guilty of altering the song text and omitting the last two verses. Whether I did this from a lack of recall, or a lack of interest in the male lover come to find her gone, is lost somewhere in that field. What I do remember is thinking about the singer of that song, Stephen Spooner, and Dorothy Marshall's visit to him in the Midhurst Workhouse 1911. She writes to Clive Carey, 'I have been haunting the workhouse where there is a dear old boy who seems to know a lot of songs, some of which I enclose [...] I have got four records from old Spooner, shall I send them to you?' (Marshall 1911, CC/12/146). From there my thoughts wandered back to Bob Lewis and the Heyshott of his youth:

BOB: So Heyshott really, the village, still was very much a close community, as many of the villages were at that time ... and you could identify, for example say Heyshott, you could say 'Tuppers, all the Tuppers live in Heyshott' and wherever the next village was you could say it was 'all the Knights' [...] What was nice about Heyshott was that people on the farms sang spontaneously, and I can remember my experience with singing, which was I worked on the farm, our next door neighbours were the Hills, and the usual thing was to sing at milking time, or any excuse for a sing song really, we didn't have any television or anything like that [...] Again I did this with Bob Copper years and year ago you know in the 1950s people were going round from EDFSS and the such, collecting songs in the locality – they only really scratched the surface – because I counted in the immediate sort of geographical area no less than forty people who today would have been classified as traditional singers, you know because it was still very, very much a part of everyday life.

There was a chap I knew that worked in the woods, Norman Spooner, he had a terrific repertoire of songs and his son-in-law sang as well. There was a Spooner that was collected from in the Work House in Midhurst who must be a forebear of the Spooner family. Anyway, the undertaker, old Ken Linton, he also had a terrific repertoire of songs, and he used to sing, and the chap that was, Ted Ayling I think his name was, he had a watermill out at Terwick and I can remember them singing in the pub [...] So, yeah it was still very much part of the fabric of everyday life. We sang up in the woods, I can remember one day we were cutting trees down at Heyshott, felling trees out on Love's Farm, and it was a foggy day – you know, just sort of this mist hanging over everything – and Boy Knight, who came from Cocking, was working with me and he started singing 'The Galloping Major', and then the repeat verses were coming back across the Green from this chap who was the local undertaker working in his shop round the back of Heyshott Church; this sort of voice from the mist.

The stretch of the path that runs through Graffam, after Heyshott, was a bit of a test for my nerves and I was pleased not to hear any voices rising from the mist, which had seemed such an enchanting idea in Bob's living room. Mist in this area is still referred to as foxes-brewings, evoked by Lower in his *Compendious History of Sussex*:

A curious phenomenon is observable in this neighbourhood. From the leafy recesses of the hangers of beech on the escarpment of the Downs, there rises in unsettled weather a mist which rolls among the trees like smoke out of a chimney [...] if it tends westward towards Cocking rain follows speedily. Hence the local proverb: - 'When foxes-brewing goes to Cocking, foxes brewing comes back

(Lower 1870: p. 119)



Fig 19. Lynch, M. *Foxes-Brewings at Didling Church*. 2009 [Photograph]



Fig 20. Bennett, E. *Graffam Woods*. 1st May 2015. [Photograph]

The tree tunnel of the wooded walk way creates an echo of one's footsteps resulting in the sensation of someone walking behind you. It's very difficult, even if you know rationally there is no-one behind you, not to react, when you feel that prickle, that pre-cognitive impulse to turn around, the 'shivers down the spine' that Featherstone gives as an illustration of 'affect as the experience of intensities' (Featherstone 2010: p. 195). Singing to distract myself, and cover the noise, worked well, as it meant I had to not hold my breath. This also changed the affective force of my footsteps to gaiety, altering the soundscape or the "sensory entanglements" suggested by Blackman and Venn (2010), the singing belonging to Dewey's notion of the 'intrinsic connection of the self with the world through reciprocity of undergoing and doing' (Dewey 1936: p. 257). I chose something

deeply embedded in my muscle memory, a version of *The Cuckoo* learnt from a recording of Anne Briggs, singing snatched verses rather than a full rendition [♪ Track 10]:

The Cuckoo's a pretty bird, she sings as she flies
She brings us glad tidings, and she tells us no lies
She sucketh white flowers, for to keep her voice clear
And the more she sings Cuckoo, the summer draweth near

As I walked down by the side of a bush
I heard two birds whistling, the blackbird and the thrush
I asked them the reason so merry they be
And the answer they gave me, we are single and we are free.

MOVING MELODIES

As I reached a cross roads at the end of Graffam Down, with a sign-post setting forth various routes I might take, I thought of the emphasis Bob placed on singing as a fabric of everyday life; a network linking people across landscapes, a 'meshwork of paths' weaved by daily activities (Ingold 2008 p. 180). In that passage of our conversation the examples he had given about Heyshott had been traditionally male i.e. the farm, the pub, and professionals like undertakers. However, one of the areas that struck me when conversing with Bob about his life, was the role of his mother. It had led me to wonder how her singing was learnt, and also the way that such songs might accompany what would be perceived historically as gendered domestic activities. In 1905, Sabine Baring-Gould gave an account of his experience collecting from a female traditional singer:

There is an old grandmother on Dartmoor from whom I have had songs. She sings ancient ballads, walking about and pursuing her usual avocations whilst singing. She cannot be induced to sit down and sing – then her memory fails, but she will sing whilst engaged in kneading bread, washing, driving the geese out of the room, feeding the pig: naturally, this makes it a matter of difficulty to note her melodies. One has to run after her, from the kitchen to the pig-sty, or to the well-head and back, pencil and note-book in hand

(Baring-Gould 1895 in Roud 2017).

A large proportion of the anecdotal evidence we have of women singing to accompany their domestic chores is from men, Cecil Sharp in 1907 recalled, ‘one singer in Langport could only sing when she was ironing, while another woman in the same court sang best on washing day’ (Sharp, 1907). However, Alison Uttley born in 1884 and brought up in the Peaks, provides an illuminating account of her musical life at home in her autobiographical *Country Hoard* (1943), including this passage on her mother:

My mother was the singer of the household, she sang as she went to and fro between dairy and kitchen, to the garden and yard, interrupting her hymn or ballad to give a command, to call someone, then resuming where she left off. She led the rounds and catches which we all sang on winter nights – ‘London’s burning’, ‘Three Blind Mice’, and ‘Orange and Lemon’

(Uttley 1943 p. 60 in Roud 2017)

If, as Cecil Sharp conjectured every country village in England was once a ‘nest of singing birds’⁹, then it would stand to reason that the domestic sphere of singing, which even then a frustratingly small amount is known, was only a partial area of the singing activities of women. In terms of a relatively contemporary study Ginette Dunn illuminated the generative constraints of female singers in her study of the vernacular musical practices of Blaxhall and Snape in the 1970s. Conducting extensive interviews with women who were born and raised between the two World Wars, she observed that:

Whereas the majority of the men in Snape and Blaxhall are pub centred in their singing, very few of the women have relied upon the pub as their place of performance. They have found their audiences variously in their children, in women’s club meetings, and with the men at village concerts and socials, at harvest frolics, at charity concerts and old folks’ meetings, at wedding parties, and also in the pubs . . . Overall, the singing habits of the women have been far more varied than those of the men, a strange situation to arise from constraint, both moral and physical

(Dunn 1980: p. 112)

⁹ ‘I have talked with scores of old country people on this subject of folk singing. They all repeat the same tale. Everyone sang in their young days, they will tell you; they went to their work in the mornings singing; they sang in the fields, and they trudged home in the evenings to the accompaniment of song. Talk to any old peasant and you will find that he has intimate acquaintanceship with the old songs. Maybe he will confess that he himself was ‘never no zinger’, but he will volunteer to ‘tell’ you a song and own the ability to join in when others are there to give him a lead. The evidence is overwhelming that, as recently as thirty or forty years ago, every country village in England was a nest of singing birds.’ (Sharp, 1907 in Roud 2017)

Roud also highlights a chapter in Mike Pickering's *Village Song and Culture* (1982) where he explores the life of Martha Gibbons from North Oxfordshire (1833 – 1916), who was 'well known in the village for singing at her work in the fields, and reminds us that it was not only men who were engaged in farm-work in the nineteenth century' (Roud 2017: p. 642). Pickering expands that, 'she started at agricultural work whilst she was still a girl and continued it until a couple of months before her death [...] Martha's favourite song while at work in the fields was the gory and treacherous *Ballad of Cruel Lambkin*' (Korczynski et al 2013: p. 73).

One of my favourite footpaths in all of Sussex was created in part by working women. The Juggs Way links Lewes to Brighton, once an ancient trackway and a Roman road, and it is named after the wives of fishermen who walked the trading route across the Downs to the market at Lewes with the catch of the day from the then fishing village of Brighthelmstone (1700s). They carried the salted herring and mackerel in earthenware jugs on their heads, or packed onto donkeys. They walked eight miles there, and eight miles back. Precious little is known about the volume of women this entailed, or whether they sang whilst they walked, bawdy songs, perhaps to warm their voices up for cries at market. Dr Russell evokes 'drunkards and fighting fishwives' in his account of moving to Brighthelmstone from Lewes after the publication of his seminal work on sea-water *Dissertation on the Use of Sea Water in the Affections of the Glands*. Thus, it is worth considering the different relations that may have been spaced out along the Juggs. However, most of the historical record of fishwives, and their reputations, comes from male writers and artists. Consider, for example, Donald Lupton's account in London, 1632, 'these crying, wandering, travelling creatures carry their shops on their heads [...] they are merriest when all their ware is gone [then they] meet in mirth, singing, dancing, and in the middle as a parenthesis, they use scolding' (Lupton in Fraser 2011). What these women have left, however, is a path; a path on which one can sing, and walk, and imagine. A path which is both an archive and a performance.

Whilst certain spheres of work and performance may have been gendered during the 19th and early 20th century, daily movements would have brought people together in encounters. Thus, in reading Flora Thompson passage on occupational singing in *Lark Rise to Candleford*, I was put in mind of a photo I had seen of a fish-hawker at the doorstep in Heyshott, in conversation with the lady of the house:

Most of the men sang or whistled as they dug or hoed. There was a good deal of outdoor singing in those days. Workmen sang at their jobs; men with horses and carts sang on the road; the baker, the miller's man, and the fish-hawker sang as they went from door to door; even the doctor and parson on their rounds hummed a tune between their teeth

(Thompson 2009: p. 52)

The women who lived in these houses, and bought the fish from the hawkers, did not live in a vacuum; they would have heard the songs being sung on these rounds, and it is possible to envisage that they would have learn and sung them. As I rested by the signpost and looked back over the villages surrounding Midhurst, I pictured the hive of women whose lives these songs accompanied at various times, walking to and from rooms, barns, work, houses, friends' houses, alone and in company. In an area of discourse historically dominated by men – ‘the vast majority of the writers of the record were male, while much singing at work was done by females’ (Korczynski et al 2013: p. 40) - to rest against a post and envisage the lives of these women, and think of Bob Lewis’s mum popping down to see her mate Edith and arriving with a new song, felt to me to be what Jonathan Bates calls in *The Song of the Earth* a ‘necessary imagining’ (Bates 2011: p. 93).

LIZ: *I believe your mother sang?*

BOB: *Yes, I mean I learnt ... but my mother just sang around the house, she never, ever, ever, ever would have dreamt of performing anywhere. She certainly didn't go to the pub or anything like that, so really, essentially, it was stuff that was sung about the house. What I would say is that mother was born in 1905 and as a little girl in school she was actually indoctrinated with Cecil Sharp's 'Folk Songs for Schools', as indeed practically all of the country was, so she knew a lot more run of the mill things as well; She'd say 'oh we used to do this at school'. But, she had a life-long interest and she worked, well certainly later on after my father died, and we'd not very much to live on – quite poor really – she worked for West Sussex County Council as a home help, and she went*

here, there, and everywhere around in the locality, and she'd visit the elderly folk who lived right out in the sticks or in the woods and goodness knows what else, and do their washing for them and the like, and then she used to come back and say I've seen old Mrs so and so and she sang this, and out it would come, you know [...] I remember this ('Spread the Green Branches') was something that Edith Wright, who was a friend of my mother's, my mother used to disappear down the High Street, down Heyshott Green, and that and she used to go down there and play the piano together and all that and sit in Edith's cottage - and mother came back with bits and pieces like that [♪ Track 11]:

O spread the green branches, O whilst I am young
So well did I like my love, so sweetly she sung
Was ever a man in so happy a state?
As me with my Flora, fair Flora so brave

I will go to my Flora, and this I will say
"Tomorrow we'll be married, it wants but one day"
"Tomorrow" said fair Flora "that day is to come
To be married so early, my age is too young"

"We'll go for a service and service we'll get
And perhaps in a few years after, might substance reap"
"O don't go to service, leaving me here to cry"
"O yes, my dear Shepherd, I'll tell you for why"

As it happened to service, and to service she went
To wait on a lady and it was her intent
To wait on a lady and a rich lady gay
Who clothéd fair flora in costly array

A little time after a letter was sent
With three or four lines in it to know her intent
She wrote that she lived in such contented life
That she never did intend to be a young Shepherd's wife

These words and expressions appeared like a dart
I'll pluck up my courage and cheer up my heart
O being that she'd never write to me anymore
Her answer convinced me quite over and o'er

My ewes and my lambs I will bid them adieu
My bottle and budget I will leave them to you
My sheep crook and black dog I will leave them behind
Since Flora, fair Flora, so changed her mind.

Listening to the recording of Bob, I can picture his beautiful ruminative style of singing, where he looks just past you into the distance, and through his expression you travel back with him. As I watched him recall it many years later, I was sung into the space where he

first encountered the song, as Pink contends ‘imagination is, of course, not simply about the future – it might concern imagining a past, another person’s experience of the past or even of the present as it merges with the immediate past’ (Pink 2009: p. 40). Anita Lewis’ visits to the rural elderly may have provided her with an opportunity to hear their songs, as well as walking to these houses and as engaging in physical tasks such laundry, both of which may have been accompanied by singing. Within the song itself, as well as the imagery of the Shepherd and his tools, we see a woman engaged in the occupation of service; Dorothy Marshall collected several songs from her servants, and thus whilst I know that they sang, there is not have the same breadth of accounts of how this singing accompanied their work that is available for, for example, male farm labourers. There is an anecdote I once heard in a folk club that captured some of this mystery of songs in the domestic space, it was about Sussex singer Stuart Hall and how he was a very different singer to his mother Mabs Hall. Someone explained how he had once told them that his mother had ‘women’s songs’, which she wouldn’t sing in front of him, and if he walked into a room when she was singing them, she would stop. As Korczynski, Robertson and Pickering assert, ‘women-only cultures of singing may simply not have operated in the presence of men’ (Korczynski et al 2013: p. 41)



Fig. 21. Herring Salesman – Heyshott 1902 [Photograph]

In one of her last letters to Clive Carey, during the First World War, Dorothy Marshall writes ‘I feel I am beginning to understand what socialism means, one is conscious of a vast brotherhood, so many stupid conventions have vanished, and we are finding salvation in literally working, with our hands, for others’ (Marshall, 1915). When I read this, sometime after my walk, I became curious as to whether there was the same volume of land girls in the WW1 as have been more popularly depicted in WW2. Through the research of Connie Ruzich on the use of poetry in the centenary commemorations, I was able to gain more of an insight into the work of women in the fields during WW1. Ruzich identifies numerous organisation during the early years of the war that sought to engage women assistance on the land, including ‘the Board of Agriculture, the Board of Trade, the Women’s Farm Land Union, the Women’s National Land Service Corps, the University Association of Land Workers, and local Women’s War Agricultural Committee’ (Ruzich, 2016). One such splinter organisation was also the Women’s Institute. In 1915 in the Fox Inn in Singleton, Sussex, the first branch of the WI in England was formed. The Agricultural Organisation Society, keen to emulate the success of the Canadian W1, asked Canadian born Singleton resident Madge Watt to begin the process of establishing Women's Institutes across the UK. The landlady of the Fox, Mrs Lashley, allowed them to use the pub as a meeting place, this being the first time many of the women had ever entered a pub, although the meetings took place in a back room rather than the public bar (Spiers, 2014). In Sussex, Lady Cowdray and the Countess of Chichester formed Women’s Agricultural Committees in the county, ‘the Committees sought to provide training places, free of charge, to women for milking, hop-picking and fruit growing’ (Spiers, 2014). In 1917, the centralised Women’s Land Army was founded, and the estimated figure for women in agricultural work in WW1 was over 250,000, as part of the WLA they ‘fed livestock, milked cows, trapped vermin, ploughed fields, and harvested fruits and vegetables’ (Ruzich, 2016). The Women’s Forestry Corps also worked extensively in Sussex. In the women’s *Land Army Song*, set to the tune of *Come Lasses and Lads*, and included in *The Land Army Agricultural Section Handbook*, their role is distinctly romanticised. The singing too is designed to create a pretty, rural picture, ‘Come out of the towns and on to the Downs, where a girl gets brown and strong; with swinging

pace and morning face she does her work to song' (Land Army Song, 1917). Such a wholesome picture is destroyed without reverence, by Rose Macauley¹⁰ in her poem, *Spreading Manure*, written about her experiences as a land girl on a Cambridge Farm in 1916:

There are forty steaming heaps in the one tree field,
Lying in four rows of ten,
They must be all spread out ere the earth will yield
As it should (And it won't, even then).

Drive the great fork in, fling it out wide;
Jerk it with a shoulder throw,
The stuff must lie even, two feet on each side.
Not in patches, but level...so!

When the heap is thrown you must go all round
And flatten it out with the spade,
It must lie quite close and trim till the ground
Is like bread spread with marmalade.

The north-east wind stabs and cuts our breaths,
The soaked clay numbs our feet,
We are palsied like people gripped by death
In the beating of the frozen sleet.

I think no soldier is so cold as we,
Sitting in the frozen mud.
I wish I was out there, for it might be
A shell would burst to heat my blood.

I wish I was out there, for I should creep
In my dug-out and hide my head,
I should feel no cold when they lay me deep
To sleep in a six-foot bed.

I wish I was out there, and off the open land:
A deep trench I could just endure.
But things being other, I needs must stand
Frozen, and spread wet manure.

(Ruzich, 2016)

However, the Land Army Song, did make me curious as to if, and what, the women sang at work, and whether amongst the popular tunes from the London girls, the country dwellers might have sung some of the 'old songs'. With assistance from historian Caroline

¹⁰ Dame Emilie Rose Macauley (1881 -1958) was an English writer and active feminist, she is best known for her autobiographical novel *The Towers of Trezibond*. Her father was a Classics scholar at Cambridge during in her time in the WLA at Station Farm.

Scott, author of *Holding the Home Front: The Women's Land Army in the First World War* (2017), I began to search for anecdotes of musical activity during this period. The magazine *The Landswoman* had its first issue in January 1918. In February following, the publication launched a song writing competition, 'Three prizes will be given for the three best Land Army songs, set to well-known tunes, which can be sung by all land workers' (*Landswoman* , 1918). Amongst the winning entries published in March, was one set to the tune of composed folk-song *John Peel* . Singing is mentioned during recruiting rallies and demonstrations; several accounts observe that at a London rally in March 1918, the marching women were singing *The Farmer's Boy* ¹¹, 'Can you tell me if any there be, that will give me employ, to plow and sow, and reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy?' (*The Observer* , 21 April 1918). Annie Edwards from Pulborough, Sussex, served with the WLA from 1915 to 1919 at Drayton Manor Farm, Chichester, Sussex. In an oral history interview conducted by the Imperial War Museum in 1976, Annie recalls many aspects of her work with the WLA, including the singing of *The Farmer's Boy* , which she had learnt from her father, whilst she looked after the horses. From a diary kept by Beatrice Bennett while she was a Land Army trainee in Kent at the end of 1917, there are also glimpses of song:

After lunch we went out old job, sorting potatoes. There were five of us in the little dungeon and apart from the cold we were happy. We sang and sorted until dark and then it was time to look after the horses who had just come in

(Bennett, 1917).

We got in two loads of cabbages after lunch from the second field, that means the big field about half a mile away from the farm house. It was really glorious driving uphill through the woods even though the road was bumpy. By the time we got back it was nearly time for home. We watered, groomed, fed and bedded in, and went home singing all the way

(Bennett, 1917).

In November 1910, 55 members of the WLA were recognised for their exceptional contribution to the war effort with the presentation of a Distinguished Service Bar. Princess

¹¹ *The Farmer's Boy* was collected in Sussex in 1911 from Mr F Shelton of Chithurst, and from William Lemon of Terwick, by Clive Carey and Dorothy Marshall, from Samuel Willet of Cuckfield in 1891 by Lucy Broadwood, and from Ethel Ford of Withyam in 1906 by Anne Gilchrest.

Mary hosted the ceremony, which was followed by a 'Farewell' supper and concert. The concert comprised of clog and Morris dances and solo singers; the two songs named are both traditional (The Landswoman, 27th Nov 1919).

Caroline also introduced me to the practice of university students spending their vacations helping on local farms. In 1916 Hilda Rountree, who studying at Newham College, Cambridge, went down to Norfolk for the summer, and recalls that:

The plan joined us with a bunch of regular village women [...] who treated us at first with distinct caution if not actual disdain. But we wore them down with our tomfoolery, and we sang lots of songs with good choruses

(Twinch 1990: p. 43 – 44)

In addition to this tantalising snatch of chorus songs, and the relaxing of enmity, their appears to me an affective joy-relief in the account of raspberry picking from a university worker who wrote their account of a summer fruit picking in Wisbech, Norfolk, in the *Aberdeen Journal*:

Only three times did we pick raspberries instead of strawberries, and these days were red-letter days in our fruit-picking experiences. No stooping was required, and how happy we felt to be able to stand straight once more! We all sang gaily when we were among the rasps, and bitterly regretted that the field was not full of them

(*Aberdeen Journal*, 1916).



Fig. 22. *Members of the Women's Land Army on parade on the Brighton seafront.* Imperial War Museum WW1 Women's War Collection (Q 114810) [Photograph]



Fig. 23 *Forestry Corps in Petworth, Sussex.* Imperial War Museum WW1 Women's War Collection (Q 114810) [Photograph]

DOMESTIC SINGING

I didn't sing walking up Bignor Hill, and my conservation of breath was rewarded with one of the widest panoramas in Sussex. Here, the South Downs, which was designated the first long-distance bridlepath in 1972, and is used by walkers, cyclists, and riders, intersects with Stane Street, an old Roman road built around 500AD to link Chichester to London. Whilst I was eating my lunch women nearby took an interest in the manuscripts I was flicking through and we fell into conversation - another phrase redolent with walking and talking - about my project. They were genuinely surprised that I was walking alone that day, "Didn't it bother me being a young girl on her own?" No, I answered truthfully, not a bit. Looking at their aghast faces I thought that sometimes we have come further than we realise.

Surveying the villages ahead of me on my passage down to the Arun, the first of the four major Sussex waterways that I would encounter, and Charlotte Smith's longed-for source of oblivion¹², I considered the songs that I might sing on my descent to the watery banks. I laughed as I came across *The Spotted Cow*, collected from John Rowe in 1912 by Dorothy Marshall from Duncton. The reason for my mirth was the touching and heart-warming prominence of the sensory, domestic, and intimate environment in the rendition of *The Spotted Cow* given to me by Bob Lewis. Whilst I interviewed him we sat together in the sunny living room of his home, and his wife Dorothy potted around doing various tasks in the conservatory including ironing, occasionally popping in and out to chat or tell Bob to stick to the point. There was an affectionate and familiar exchange between them in relation to this song that really stuck with me, and always makes me think of them when I'm singing the refrain, 'and love was all our tale':

LIZ: And do you sing if you are walking? Do you sing if you are out and about in the countryside?

¹² And you, Aruna!--in the vale below,
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,
To drink a long oblivion to my care? (Smith, 1782)

BOB: *Oh well ... I sing all-round the house and in my car, but I get some funny looks for that. Right, now, what else can I do for you?*

LIZ: *Well, you know 'The Spotted Cow', don't you? I've found a version of that collected but it would be lovely to hear how you sing it ...*

BOB: *(Shouts to Dorothy) You'll have to open the door!*

DOROTHY: *(Muffled) What?*

BOB: *(Shouts) You'll have to pull the door back This is Dorothy's favourite song*

LIZ: *(Laughs) Is it?*

BOB: *(To Dorothy) Spotted Cow!*

DOROTHY: *Oh yes! I'll open the door wide [♪ Track 12]*

One morning in the month of May
It's from my path I strayed
And at the dawning of the day I met a charming maid
And at the dawning of the day I met a charming maid

"And good morning to you, wither?" Say I
"Why so early, tell me now?"
That maid replied "Kind Sir", she cried, "I've lost my spotted cow"
That maid replied "Kind Sir", she cried, "I've lost my spotted cow"

"It's no longer weep, no longer morn
Your cow's not lost my dear
I saw her down in yonder lawn, come love I'll show you where
I saw her down in yonder lawn, come love I'll show you where"

Now in the grove we spent the day
All through it passed so soon
At night we homeward made our way, and brightly shone the moon
At night we homeward made our way, and brightly shone the moon

Next day we went to view the plough
And cross that flowery dale
We hugged and kissed each other there, and love was all our tale
We hugged and kissed each other there, and love was all our tale

If I should cross a flowery dale
All for to view the plough
She comes and calls me "gentle swain, I've lost my spotted cow"
She comes and calls me "gentle swain, I've lost my spotted cow"¹³

¹³ Lewis, B (2015). *The Spotted Cow*.

Bob calling out to Dorothy, and her continuing her activities whilst she listened, created a greater sense of folk songs in Bob's home life, rather than my experience of him as a performer in the clubs. In a bid to create a sense of tradition the focus can easily be on looking back to a time where singing was still seen as an everyday accompaniment to rural life, but in doing so it is possible to neglect what songs do *now*. Interviewing Bob in his home allowed me to witness singing as a domestic practice, as it is in our house, where singers are either singing for their family, accompanying other home-making activities, or practising in view of performing at folk clubs or festivals. Pink's notion of the 'sensory home' was vital to my appreciation of the 'nowness' of *The Spotted Cow*, the 'making and experience of the home as a multisensory environment [is] likewise integral to how self-identities are constituted through everyday practices', and how sensory ethnography may allow a means to appreciate how 'people experience, make, and maintain home [through] the performance of everyday routine domestic tasks' (Pink and Mackley 2012: p. 4)

I was so enchanted by Bob's version of *The Spotted Cow* that I didn't sing it myself on route, as it seemed too bound with that moment in time and space, but I sing it to myself a lot when I'm pottering round the house. As a drowsy bumblebee, or 'dumbledore' in Sussex dialect, floated past me to other walkers finishing their lunch, I recalled that it was in the *Spotted Cow* singer John Rowe's home of Duncton that Dorothy Marshall collected a wassail traditionally sung to the bees:

I went to Duncton and got all the words and the actions for all the wassails and a nice song 'The Spotted Cow' (composed?) The man who sang it said he had once made a bet he would sing 50 songs, each to have more than 8 verses and no less than 15 [...] he did it and had 15 over! He is about 40 I'd say. We must go and stay in Duncton!

(Marshall 1911, CC/2/164).

In Jacqueline Simpson's volume *The Folklore of Sussex*, she charts the practice of 'telling the bees', and that those who engaged in the practice treated honeybees like members of the family, and kept them informed of all family news, including births, marriages, etc., and even news about visitors was told to the bees as a courtesy. Should this not be observed, it

was believed that the bees would either die or fly away (Simpson 2009: p. 96). The presence, and importance, of animals in our sensory homes, indicates another burgeoning field of affect theory, which moves towards ‘more vitalist, post-human, and process based perspectives’ (Wetherall 2012: p. 3), and identified by Nyman and Schuurman in their edited collection *Affect, Space, and Animals* (2015) as ‘the emergence of a new field of animal-human studies [...] it places the animal at the centre and perceives it as a subject and an agent contributing to the encounters observed and studied’ (Nymann and Schuurman 2015: p. 2). In the *Bee Worsel* taken down by M.E Durham of Duncton from a man in 1889 or 1891, who had wassailed ‘every year since I was a boy, save the year I broke my leg’, the same attitude of reverence and respect for the honey bee is present in the words (if not in the actions). As well as the more traditionally apple wassailing or howling, the men of Duncton sang whilst they ‘danced round the beehives and then beat them with sticks’ (Durham 1891, CJS2/9/77):

Bees, bees of paradise
Do the work of Jesus Christ
Do the work that no man can
God made bees
Bees made honey
God made man
Man make money
God made man to harrow and to plough
And god made the little boy to holla off the crow!
Holla, boys, Holla
Hip, hip, hurrah!

I thought of what the poet Margaret Williams tells the bees in her autobiographical poem, and what my own tidings might be to this winged passer-by. Then, suddenly heavy with baggage, I continued on my way.

Telling the bees was easy - the simplest part. After the swarm of news that broke her heart.

(Williams 2013: p. 75).

TRAILBLAZING

The paths down to the Arun valley were muddy brown lines cutting through almost hallucinogenic quantities of rape in the fields. Sitting on Bury Hill in a dreamy, somnolent state from sunshine, I considered how different the terrain was that surrounded each village the singers had lived in, the variety of practices that had formed these landscapes, and how close and uniform they had looked on the map before I set off. I surfaced from my fatigue and pushed on, aware that I was meeting people at the end of my route in Amberley. The village of Amberley runs almost indistinguishable into the village of Houghton, the stone bridge over the Arun being a rough demarcation. I met Jane Fox from the University of Brighton who had read about my project and hoped to catch me at the pub, and my supervisor Helen Nicholson, who had wound her own way to me through the networks of paths surrounding Houghton, with neither of us managing to catch the other. As Lorimer and Wylie evoke in *LOOP (a geography)*:

Two clear and distinct points, setting out from x and y, and, as seen from above, moving steadily towards each other or at least towards a common point of intersection where their trajectories cross [...] this exposure of bodies to each other as distinct bodies also makes each body singular and separate, in some way set apart. Two bodies, together and part, irreducible to either an 'I' or a 'We'

(Lorimer and Wylie 2010: p. 7)

Where we were sitting in the pub garden, we could look out at other figures setting forth on their own routes, and I considered Ingold and Vergunst's contention that to be a human is to walk. Thus, our encounters with others have always involved motion, to *meet* requires you to move:

To make one's way through a world in formation, in a movement that is both rhythmically resonant with the movements of others around us – whose journeys we share or whose paths we cross – [...] not only then do we walk because we are social beings, we are also social beings because we walk [...] the rooting of the social in the actual ground of lived experience, where the earth we tread interfaces with the air we breathe

(Ingold and Vergunst 2008: p. 2)

Our conversation in the pub garden covered many different aspects of walking, both from that day and in our own lives. The one that has impressed itself upon my memory was our discussion of a walk, or rather walks, that Jane had been reflecting on for her own research, and the broader conversation about grief that resulted between the three of us. Jane had picked up a stone from the beach at Brighton on the day her father had died, and was taking different walks with that stone as part of her grieving process; from popping to the shops, to hikes up onto the Downs. The stone enabled both a sense of proximity and a gradual letting go:

Steadying stone. Travelling stone. Drawing stone. Moving through and across surface, along lines built up through centuries of footfall. We add by discreet removal, one step at a time – guided by paths as if treading a labyrinth. Held.

(Fox, 2015)

In this passage of the abstract for *Mourning Stone*, Jane articulates the same participation in footpaths as Edward Thomas' account that had made me think of paths and songs along the same lines. Yet, as these words arrive to me again on the page, I find that being added to by discreet removal is as good a description of heartbreak as I have even seen. In their own way, the copies of the songs I carried with me from the archive were my mourning stones, a sounding of a particular time in my life, when my body were leaden from the shock of separation, and my mum had coaxed me up onto the Downs to sing; experiencing there, 'the interplay of the affective airs of the landscape in question, personal narrative and memory, sounds in the landscape and cries of/to the heart' (Jones 2016: p. 108).

The George and Dragon is one of the oldest pubs in Sussex, with parts of the building dating to the 13th century. The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lovers is noted as being collected from a Mr Viney at the pub by Clive Carey in 1919. Through the Post Office directory, I was able to ascertain that Mr Viney was landlord at the George and Dragon at the time the song was collected. Such collecting practices were the preserve of the male collector, able to prop up the bar and asking for a tune. As Lucy Broadwood, a prominent

Sussex and Surrey collector bemoaned, the men had the advantage of being able to ‘make merry with songsters in the alehouse house over pipes and parsnip wine, or hobnob with the black sheep of the neighbourhood’ (Broadwood in Gammon 1980: p. 65). I raised a glass to making merry in the alehouse with Helen and Jane - and sang [♪ Track 13].

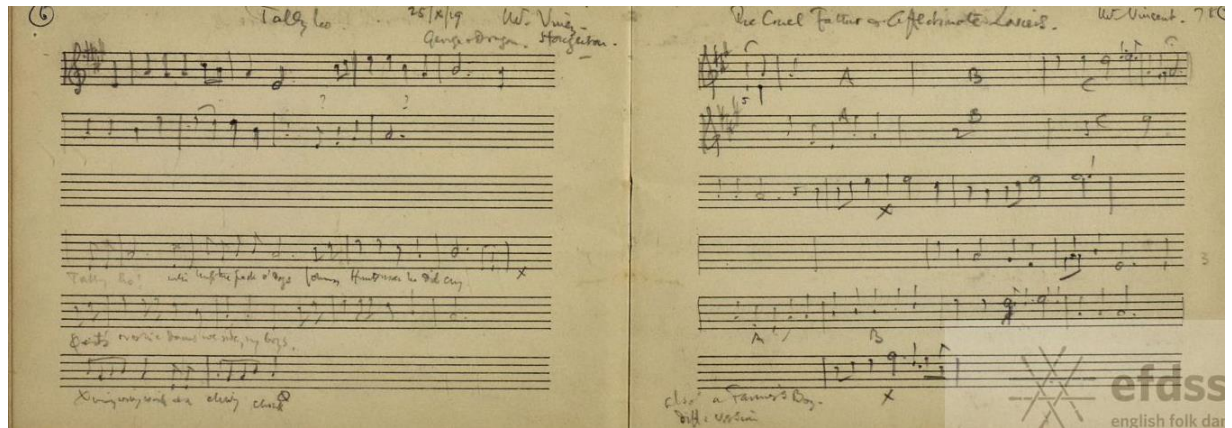


Fig. 24. Viney, Mr, 1911. *The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lovers* – Music. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library CC/1/329 [Digital Image])

Only the tune for the *Servant Man* or *The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lovers* that I sang was collected from My Viney by Clive Carey in Houghton; I sang a version of that tune that folk musicians Nancy Kerr and Fay Hield had recorded as part of the Full English Digital Archive Tour. However, the song was performed for Lucy Broadwood a few years before Mr Viney sang it by singers a stone’s throw away in Amberley, father and son, John and Walter Searle, who were both local quarrymen. It was Walter Searle’s words that I used. Suddenly lonely after saying goodbye to Helen at the station, I walked to my bed and breakfast in Amberley in the fading owl-light, and visualized the Amberley that the Searle’s had known, with the skies acrid with smoke from the lime kilns. Amberley was the site of a bustling chalk quarry from the 1830s to 1968, producing lime for both building and agricultural use. In 1979 the Amberley Museum and Heritage Centre was opened on the site. Korczynski et al state that although, ‘oral history testimony [...] shows the existence of a singing culture at work in a Devon quarry in the 1930s, beyond this there is no evidence of a singing at work culture in other quarries [...] there was evidence of a wider culture of singing (outside work)’ (Korczynski et al 2013: p. 55).



Fig. 25. Nicholson, H. Walking to Houghton. 1st May 2015 [Photograph]



Fig. 26. Nicholson, H. *Sussex Beer*. 1st May 2015 [Photograph]

The oral history from Devon worker Bill Hingston (1914 – 86) illuminates the role the songs played for him in his working day, ‘Twas something to take the monotony off the job. What could be more monotonous than napping stones all day long? Oh blimee, click clack click clack, all day long’ (Hingston in Korczynski 2013: p. 56). The affective state of boredom created by monotonous movements being dispelled, or at least, accompanied by singing as a different practice of the body, summons up John Blacking’s argument in *Movement and Meaning: Dance in Social Anthropological Perspective*, that feelings may be seen as states engendered through purpose and creativity (Blacking 1983: p. 95).

The life of Lucy Broadwood is better documented than many other female folk song collectors, and from these documents - including her diaries and Dorothy de Val’s biography *In Search of Song: The Life and Times of Lucy Broadwood* (2013) - I was able to gain some sense of her collecting processes. Lucy Broadwood was the niece of Reverend John Broadwood, a man of private income who lived in Worthing, Sussex, and produced the first book published solely of English folk songs, *Old English Folk Songs* (1843). Although Lucy was young when her Uncle died, she recalls that family tradition accounted for ‘the polite boredom with which his traditional songs, sung exactly as the smocked labourers sang, were received by his friends and relations’ (Broadwood 1904-5: p. 101 in Roud, 2017). Lucy’s family were middle class land owners with a piano making business and Lucy was able to live on a private income for her life. She lived independently and devoted her life to a broad range of musical interests, including a prolific role in the first folk song revival and the formation of the Folk Song Society. As Roud states she was as ‘one of the very first to edit and publish genuine, collected, folk songs’ (Roud 2017: p. 101). The Searles, along with another local singer Mr Hoare, visited Lucy at her friend Geraldine Carr’s home in Bury to ‘hear some songs over supper’; often Lucy invited more local singers to her home who performed for her in the billiard room (de Val 2013: p. 76). As I read more accounts of collectors, I became fascinated by these journeys of care undertaken by traditional singers who had borne the songs as accompaniments to daily choirs, toils, rites, and festivities that marked the seasons, and the transfer of that knowledge to a member of a different social

sphere, poised with pencil and paper, in a completely foreign sensory environment. As Gammon states these encounters are recorded by the collectors as often giving rise to tension, and he refers to Lucy's practice of breaking the ice by 'obliging with a song', and she suggested this as an approach for other collectors. Although this approach can be seen within the previously identified attitude of co-opting and transposing the rural worker's repertoire to 'folk songs in evening dress', it may also be possible to consider this as Lucy Broadwood's own attempt to 'occupy or imagine [...] ways of perceiving and being that are similar, parallel to or indeed interrelated with and contingent on those engaged in by research participants' (Pink 2009: p. 34).

Additionally, although it is important to recognise the different contexts of collection involved in amassing the material recognised as the first folk song revival, it is also important to understand the barriers that may have existed in terms of an 'organic harvesting' of these songs out in the fields, or asking why the singers loved them, or observing them 'at song'. Therefore, whilst I recognise Roud's assessment that the first folk song collectors 'were not interested in documenting the whole range of songs sung by working people, nor were they particularly concerned with the social context of that singing, or the lives and opinions of the singers. But we are' (Roud 2017: p. 7), I am also in sympathy with Roud's aims to understand collectors as individuals, rather than just a group of middle class, educated, musically literate, bourgeoisie (Roud 2017: p. 7). One of the aspects this requires is a commitment to understanding the role of gender in these encounters:

Like most female enthusiasts of the time, she [Lucy] could not (or did not want to) roam the countryside, popping into pubs and cottages and approaching labourers in the lanes or fields. In nearly every case, she located singers and invited them to her house, or a friend found them and arranged a meeting in controlled circumstances. Much of her collecting was by post, either direct from singers or through intermediaries, and was the result of her position as Journal editor, which involved her in extensive correspondence with enthusiasts across the country

(Roud 2017: p. 106)

Additionally, there are a number of testimonies of men not being able to, or wanting to, sing more bawdy elements of their repertoire to female collectors (Gammon 1980: pp. 71 - 72)

Some of Lucy's attitudes towards the singers of the songs she sought betray a devaluing of the very tradition the collectors were seeking to legitimate as a 'regenerating force in English musical and social life' (Gammon 1980: p. 84). For example, on her experience of driving 24 miles with Sabine Baring-Gould to meet a songstress of repute, Lucy writes 'when we arrived she put on all the airs of a capricious operatic favourite, and declared she was not in voice enough to sing' (Broadwood in Gammon 1980: p. 66). However, my movement across a stretch of land that day, and thinking of my own exchange with singers, enabled me space to consider the complexities of collection. I was able to consider whether an important part of Lucy's practice, in terms of relating to the singers she met, was to share with them, and thus to be recognised as a singer, as well as a member of a different social class and/or gender. Thus, by walking that day, and imagining-in-practice some elements of the lives of female collectors and singers, and the whispers of the many that passed these songs down, I hope to join in an important shift in recognising the gender bias of previous scholarship on folk music. As Roud asserts:

Broadly speaking, it is the 'public' singing events which are documented the best, and it is in precisely this sphere that women's behaviour was most constrained by social and practical restrictions. It is not our intention to treat females as entirely victims, and unable, in the past or the present, to speak for themselves or to create their own singing spaces on their own terms, but the unfortunate fact is that we have to remind ourselves to make a special effort to investigate the singing practices and conventions of what is, after all, half the population

(Roud 2017: p. 637)

The vast majority of my research into songs collected from the villages of the Sussex Downs took place in the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library in Cecil Sharp House; the names of men inscribed in the setting leading me to ask, 'where are the women?'. In some senses, this chapter results in more questions than answers, and certainly this is a preoccupation that resounds throughout the thesis. However, I hope my reflections on this day's walk have

both pointed out diversions where further study on women's song tradition could prove productive, and to have demonstrated that it was once I was out of the archive, and walking with these materials, that I was able to allow these questions to breathe. By participating in the ongoing treads and threads of the Downs, I was able pursue lines of inquiry which otherwise may not have occurred, as Denzin states, 'knowing refers to those embodied, sensuous experiences that create the conditions for understanding' (Denzin 2003: p. 13)



Fig. 27. *Lucy Broadwood at home with James Campbell MacInnes. 1900s. Surrey History Centre (2185/LEB/9/113)*



Fig 28. 'Folk song's unsung heroine: Lucy Broadwood in 1901' Surrey History Centre (2158/LEB/9/1)

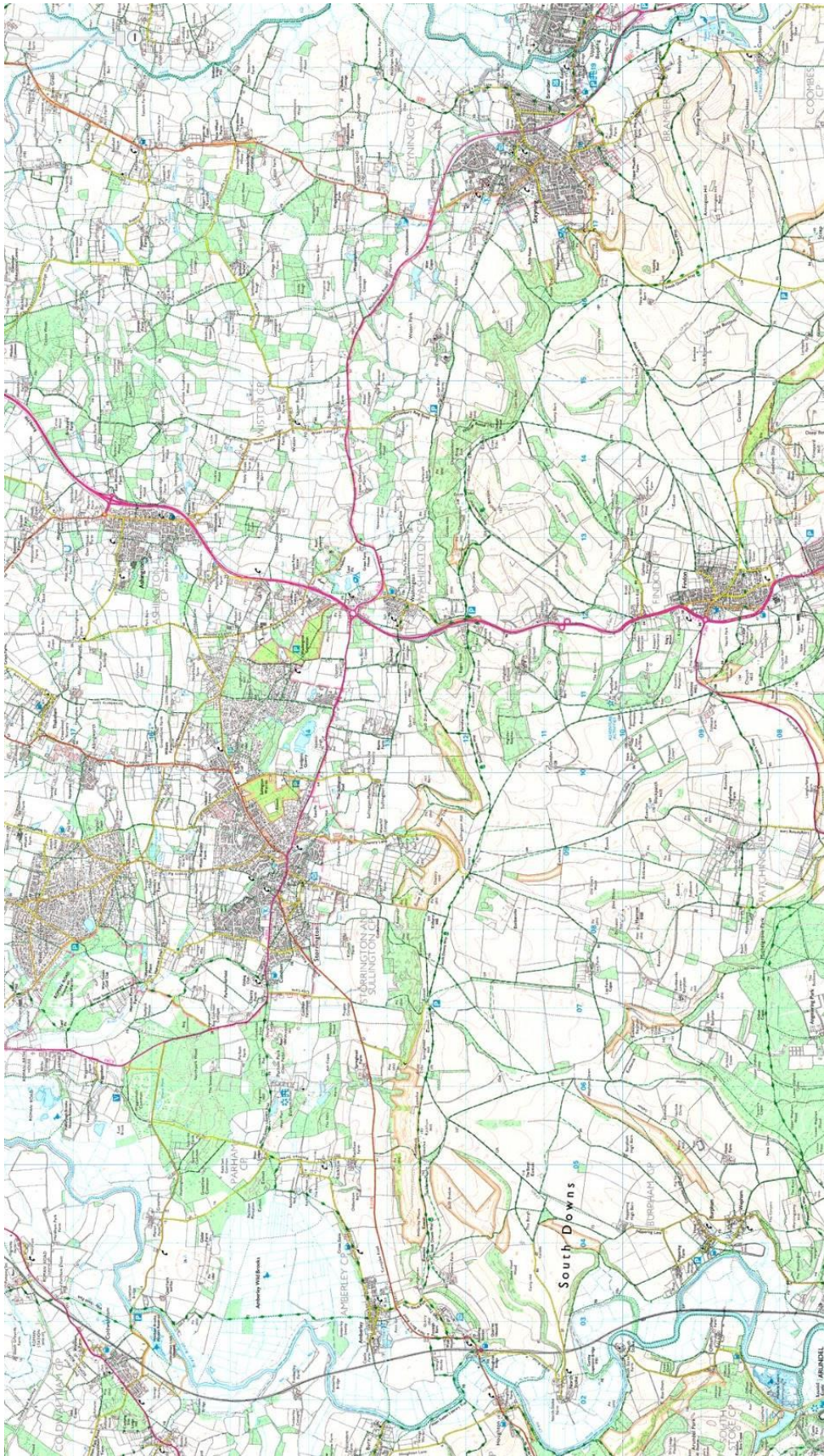


Fig. 29. Ordnance Survey, 2015. *Amberley to Upper Beeding*. [Digital Image]

CHAPTER 6 – AMBERLEY TO UPPER BEEDING: A PARLIAMENT OF LINES

Whether encountered as a woven thread or as a written trace, the line is still perceived as one of growth and movement

(Ingold 2016: p. 3).

LINES THAT MOVE

Continuing from my interest in the contributions of women to the songs I was singing on my way, a general train of thought developed during my third day's walk, along a route which encompassed thirteen miles of the South Downs Way from Amberley to Upper Beeding. I began to see the reoccurrence of different types of lines within songs, paths, and conversations. And, thus I turned to Ingold's anthropology of lines. If, as Ingold states, 'everyone and everything consists of interwoven and connected lines', how might this apply to folk singing as an affective practice? (Ingold 2016: p. 1).

An insatiable morning chorus across Amberley Brooks resulted in me giving up on sleep, to stare out across the Arun as the morning light slowly exposed the landscape, and drink a filthy cup of hotel room tea. A small hop upstream, and a few weeks previously, I had visited the home of Chris Skinner and her partner Jim Glover in Coldwaltham. I have sung with Chris and Jim regularly since, both through their prominence in the folk clubs of Sussex, and as a consequence of our subsequently formed friendship, but this was our first meeting. I had been put in touch with them by a mutual acquaintance who thought Chris would be an excellent person to teach me a song. I spent the afternoon in their sun-filled garden, teeming with birds, and talking with them about their careers in the RSPB, the loss of nature words from the OED children's dictionary, and why we sang. Although the recording I took is patchy in places due to the wind, the snatches of bird songs helped me to reimagine myself back to our afternoon together. As the birds quietened down in Amberley brooks, my thoughts turned to one of the songs Chris sang for me in her garden. A song that Lucy Broadwood had collected from John Burberry, her game keeper at Lyne House:

CHRIS¹⁴: *I've always loved folk music for the stories that the songs tell, and I'm really into history. But I didn't go to folk clubs until I moved down to Sussex and I discovered there was a folk scene here, and I met Jim who was a fine singer, and after a while you absorb so much of the songs and you join in so much of the choruses, and you end up singing them yourself [...] the other song that I want to sing to you is rooted in the tradition, it's a very old song, and I think it's a very, very old song, to me the story comes out of the 1600s if not before – it was collected in the 1890s – but I'm sure this song is older than that. It combines excellent imagery, for me, with history. I feel I could actually be walking past the people in this song doing these tasks, it's very much ... you can imagine people stopping and having a chat or even joining in and helping, it's very much about a community at work in the landscape, here and there would have been all sorts of pathways, wood cutters working in the woods, drovers with goats, men marching off to find the fields to mow, timeless really and very much about the track ways [...]*

LIZ: *So 'Seasons Round', is that right? Is that what the song is called?*

CHRIS: *It's called 'The Ploughshare' or it's called 'The Seasons Round', and Lucy Broadwood included this as a song from Sussex in her book 'Songs from the South Coast' (1893) and she got it from the singing of her game keeper who was 68. His son was game keeper after him and told Lucy that his father had some songs, and so she was sung this by John Burberry in 1892. It's extremely similar, almost identical, to a song the Coppers' sing, which was recorded by Peter Kennedy in the 1970s. And looking at that version some of the verses seemed to me a bit scrambled and John Burberry's version gave me a bit of sense to it, so I've cobbled it together from both of them, then to make it more inclusive I've added a bit people can join in on that comes from the 'Sussex Harvest Toast' that the Coppers' used to mention. To me this song is like a sung version of a medieval tapestry [🎵 Track 14]:*

The sun has gone down, and the sky it is red
Down on my full pillow, there I lie my head
When I open my eyes, for to see the stars shine
Then the thought of my true love comes into my mind

May the plough share never rust
May the plough share never rust

The sap has gone down, and the leaves they do fall
Through hedging and ditching our fathers will call
We will trim up the hedges, we will cut down the wood
And the farmers will all say our faggots run good

May the plough share never rust
May the plough share never rust

When hedging is over, then sawing comes near
We will send for the sawyer, our woods for to clear

¹⁴ Skinner, C (2015). Interviewer: Elizabeth Bennett. Coldwaltham, Sussex. April 24th 2015

And after he's sawed them and tumbled them down
Then he will flaw them all on the cold ground

May the plough share never rust
May the plough share never rust

When sawing is over, then seedling comes round
See the teams are all ready, preparing the ground
Then the man with his seedlip, he will scatter the corn
And the rows will bury it to keep it from harm

May the plough share never rust
May the plough share never rust

When seed time is over, then haying draws near
With our scythes, rake and pitchforks those meadows to clear
We will cut down that grass boys, and carry it away
We will first call it green grass and then call it hay

May the plough share never rust
May the plough share never rust

When harvest is over, bad weather comes on
We will send for the thresher, to thresh out the corn
With his handstaff he'll handle, and his swingle he'll swing
Till the very next harvest we'll all meet again

May the plough share never rust
May the plough share never rust

When spring time comes on, it's the maid to her cow
See the boy with his whip, and the man with his plough
And so we bring all things so cheerfully around
Here's health to the jolly ploughman who ploughs up the ground

May the plough share never rust
May the plough share never rust

CHRIS: Flawing is a dialect word meaning flaying, which is to strip the bark of a tree, and a seed lip is like a seed tray or a basket with the rim at one side turned down. So, you've got it strapped round your necks, and you are walking up along the furrows, and you are broadcasting, but instead of grabbing a handful you are dragging it out and flicking it over the seedlip as you go. This is a very old form of broadcasting, you know 1600s or something.

The process of how this song becomes part of the way that Chris perceives the landscape of the Downs elucidated to me Pink's argument for imagination as 'a practice of everyday life' (Pink 2009: p. 39). Chris sees herself in the tapestry of the song, and the imagined past arrives in the present of the trackways as she walks them. Further, I found that Chris's phrasing of 'men marching off to find fields to mow', evoked a particular, purposeful kind of movement in that environment, showing how such imagining is multisensory and embodied, 'rather than simply a cognitive practice' (Pink 2009: p. 39). Using the work of Vincent Crapanzano on imagination as more-than-visual, Pink proposes that if we take imagination to be 'a more emplaced everyday practice carried out in relation to the multisensoriality of our actual social and material relations', it is important to pay attention to the way in which people might articulate affect and feeling through other means:

Can we not "imagine" the beyond in musical terms? In tactile or even gustatory ones? In proprioceptive ones? In varying combinations of these – and perhaps other senses

(Crapanzano 2004: p. 23 in Pink 2009: p. 39).

Chris has a magnetically pure and soft voice, and as I was revisiting that afternoon and trying to find a word to describe it, I realised that the clue was in her body and the way she moves when she sings; she willows. There's a fluid, curving motion to her performance that both allows her the breath she needs to sing, and somehow mirrors the lithe, graceful, willowy tones of her voice. It was through listening to the recording that I was able to remember the movement of Chris' body as she sings, and imagine the right word for her voice. Within Chris's evocation of a medieval tapestry, there also a strong sense that this song ties all these different activities (i.e. flawing and sawing) together, not as a finished product, but as a type of braid continued by each new singer. Here, it may be possible to see Ingold and Hallam's argument to read creativity and traditions 'forwards' as processes rather than 'backwards' through products (Ingold and Hallam 2007: p. 2), and to harness their focus on improvisation as a way of relating to the world, following Deleuze and Guattari:

One launches forth, hazards an improvisation. But to improvise is to join with the World, or to meld with it. One ventures from home on the thread of a tune. Along sonorous, gestural, motor lines that ... graft themselves onto or begin to bud 'lines of drift' with different loops, knots, speeds, movements, gestures, and sonorities

(Deleuze and Guattari 2004: pp. 343-344)

This notion of joining with the world echoes David Atkinson's argument in *The Anglo-Scottish Ballad and Its Imaginary Contexts* (2014), that the ballad 'should be seen not as a closed, original and seminal utterance, but as constant and multiple production' (Atkinson 2014: p. 22-23). Furthermore, Chris's singing of the line 'and so we bring all things so cheerfully around', conjured not just the inhabitants' relationship with the landscape and the seasons, but their very imbrication in the ongoing becoming of the year. In relation to his work on performance and landscape, Pearson states that:

Just as landscapes are constructed out of the imbricated actions and experiences of people, so people are constructed in and dispersed through their habituated landscape: each individual, significantly, has particular set of possibilities in presenting an account of their landscape: stories

(Pearson 2006: p. 12)

As Chris and I explored in our conversation, folk singing is one such possibility.

Sleep deprivation has an adverse effect on my adrenaline glands, and as I set off to meet my fellow walkers for the day at Amberley station, I was battling surges of anxiety, and feeling that I would rather be doing anything else that day than leading a walk or performing songs. Anxiety registers for me as a sense of ebbing and surging energy, and as a palpable, irrational, fear of losing conscious control of my faculties. Usually this is outwardly manifested in heightened contact between one part of my body and another, such as my nails creating imprints on the beds of my palms. Reflecting on that morning's sense of fight or flight, it occurs to me that I soon discovered that walks are always more than the individual. As knowledge is created 'with others, in movement, and through engagement

with a material, sensory and social environment', so too are walks (Pink 2009: p. 272). As soon we set off up onto the hills, I was one pair of feet amongst many and the jagged edges of my form, and my personal angst, began to dissolve into a different set of affective relations – a rhythmic calm, a shifting of states. As Anderson argues:

Affect is two-sided. It consists of bodily capacities to affect and to be affected that emerge and develop in concert [...] a body is always imbricated in a set of relations that extend beyond it and constitute it [...] affects are always collective because they are constituted in and through relations


(Anderson 2014: p. 9).

James Dixon, who had conceived of and organised Public Archaeology 2015, came for the day with his wife Sinai Dixon, a Theatre PhD Student. Lorna Richardson also joined us, a fellow PA2015 participant and Sussex resident, although, as she quickly asserted, a webbed-footed fish out of water permanently longing for the flat skies of the Suffolk/Norfolk borders. If anyone might have been able to persuade her of the benefits of the Sussex landscape, it was walker and blogger Malcolm Turner, who arrived at the same time as my friend from Brighton Vox choir, Terry Turner, who had walked the South Downs Way from Eastbourne to Hampshire twice before and knew the route far better than me.

The first song I sang that morning was *The Silvery Tide*. This song was collected from John Searle in 1901 by Lucy Broadwood, in the same singing session that his son Walter had sung *The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lovers*. John Searle, a quarryman by trade, was 70 years of age at the time. Two handwritten scripts of *The Silvery Tide* are available through the Full English Digital Archive. The first is written by John Searle, and the second appears to be transcribed, either from this copy or from his singing. In the second version, the word 'roaming' is given for the activity of the male lover Henry at midnight. However, although I began to learn the song from this copy, due to the handwriting being easier to read, I felt sure that John Searle had written something different. When I returned to his manuscript I saw that there was a clear 'G' at the start of the word, and I wondered if 'glomming' was an archaic spelling of the Scottish 'gloaming' meaning twilight, which appears often in Scottish

ballads. Henry sets off at midnight however, and this would be too late for twilight even in midsummer. I decided to look at other versions of the song to see whether that verse existed in them, and, if so, what phrasing was used. A version collected in 1908 from Somerset, printed in *The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs* (2012), tells that ‘Henry goes out at Midnight gloom’ (Bishop and Roud 2012: p. 307). The second comparative version I found was from the *Barbara Ellen* singer, Mrs Betsy Moseley of Treyford. In Betsy Moseley’s version of the song Henry’s midnight walk is given thus – ‘a glooming way went he’. Therefore, for a while I worked on the basis that John Searle had misspelt glooming, in part, probably because of my own susceptibility, prior to further research, to the myth of illiterate traditional singers. Such a presentation of the singers at the time is perhaps best illustrated by an audience address of 1912 by Vaughan Williams, ‘I am like a psychical researcher who has actually seen a ghost, for I have been among the more primitive people of England and have noted down their songs’ (Williams 1993 p. 100 in in Gammon 1980: p. 83). Illiteracy as a ‘virtue’ for the folk-song collector was, as Gammon asserts, refuted by Mary Neal researcher Margaret Dean-Smith in her identification that, like the Searle family, the majority of singers were able to write down the words to their songs for the collector (Gammon 1980: p. 83). However, it is easy to observe in the manuscript where words are not spelt traditionally or are written in dialect – ‘It was at young Mary’s habsence a nobel man e’ came’. As I was rehearsing this piece, I had felt uneasy singing ‘glooming’, and found that on further investigation ‘gloming’ was also an obsolete term meaning ‘to mope’. Thus, similar to glooming, but not an error on the part of the singer. It felt important to me to sing it as it had been written, and acknowledge that the ‘fair’ copy had been edited.

Endeavouring to be aware of dialect, accents, and obsolete words was also important to me in terms of choices singers make when performing the songs now. I once had an argument with my mum about how I was picking up Sussex affectations in the way I sang, and I wanted to know what was different between that and her singing Scottish pronunciations. When I sing Appalachian songs at gigs, I sing them in a different style to songs I have learnt from Sussex singers. This, for me, is a choice guided by the songs – they

have different terrains, and they have fertilised my voice in different ways. Traditional singer George Townshend was recorded at the age of 80 in 1970 by Brian Matthews. In songs such as *The Echoing Horn*, it is possible to observe that he sings a ‘h’ sound in front of words that begin with an ‘e’, aspirating the vowel; thus ‘hechoing’ (Matthews 2001). This ‘h’ sound is also present in other Sussex singers of the period, John Searle displays that this was true in his singing style as well with words such as ‘hafter’ for ‘after’. These insights led me to consider that the word ‘hinding’ in John Searle’s manuscript, was more likely to be ‘ending’ than ‘binding’; which is what it was given as in the transcription. In order to check my interpretation, I looked back at the version of *The Silver Tide* written out by Betsy Moseley, and she sang likewise that the nobleman was guilty of ‘ending’ Mary’s days. By the time I came to sing *The Silvery Tide* on the walk, I felt that I had been through many processes of caring for the song and nurturing it into the performance space. Therefore, it seemed important to bring copies of the different versions to share with the group. I remember that we spoke about the blank page at the end of Betsy Moseley’s copy, and how it looked like an invitation to fill the space with future lines of the song – reading tradition ‘forwards’ (Ingold and Hallam 2007: p. 2). Betsy Moseley’s *Silver Tide* refers to a river, unlike Searle’s ocean, and it occurred to me as I sang on Rackham Hill, with the Arun behind us and the Adur yet to be reached, that the tune itself is sinuous and aqueous; the repeat stanza at the end bobs up and down before reaching a plateau, like a wave on a shore, or a river caressing the banks [ Track 15].

LEB/2/34/1

its of a young fair creature ~~that~~ dwelt by the seaside 566
 with the lovely forms and feathers was call'd the viking Bride.
 There was a young seacaptain young mary ~~short~~ did gain
 and true she was to himsey that's on the raigen main
 it was at young henry's habitation a noble man e came
 courting of pretty mary but she refuse the same
 your vows in vain for on the main there one j love she cride
 so begone from me j love but one that on the silvery tide
 then mad with desperation this noble man did say
 to prove your seperation j will take your life away
 j will watch you late and carley and all a lone he cride
 j will send your bodey a floating down on the silvery tide
 This nobleman was walking one morn to take the ore
 down by the ralingesthin he met this lady fair
 then said this heartful viking consent to be my bride
 or sink or swim a far from him that tates on the silvery
 with trembling limbs said mary my vows j never can boake
 for young henry j love dearely j will die for his dearest sake
 then with his henkitchif down harrow and plung his me the side
 and her bodey went a floating down on the silvery tide

it hapend marys true love soon hapten torn from see
 expecting to be happy and first the wedding day 567
 wee fear your true love is murdered her eagred porrits cride
 witch casted her destruction on yonder silvery tide
 young henry on is pilow he could not ^{find} no rest
 for the thavts of pretty mary deaterved his wondering breast
 he dreamt she he was walking down by the casting side
 and his true love he saw scaping on the banks of silvery tide
 young henry was at midnight a glominy went he
 to wonder the sad Banks ~~over~~ down by the raging see
 the day brak of the morning pore marys corps he spide
 it was to and thera a raling down on the ~~raging see~~ ^{silvery tide}
 he see it was is mary as one ring on his hand
 he unple the henkitchif with fait him to a stand
 the nome of the base murderer in ful there on he spied
 that proved he bonded mary down on the viking tide
 this noble man was taking to the gailhouse wain is doorn
 young henry was so degeatled he wonderd till he died
 and is last words was ^{for} mary that died in the silvery tide
 John Searle

Fig 30. Searle, J, 1901. *The Silvery Tide* - Lyrics. Full English Digital Archive, Vaughan Williams, Memorial Library (LEB/2/34/1) [Digital Image]

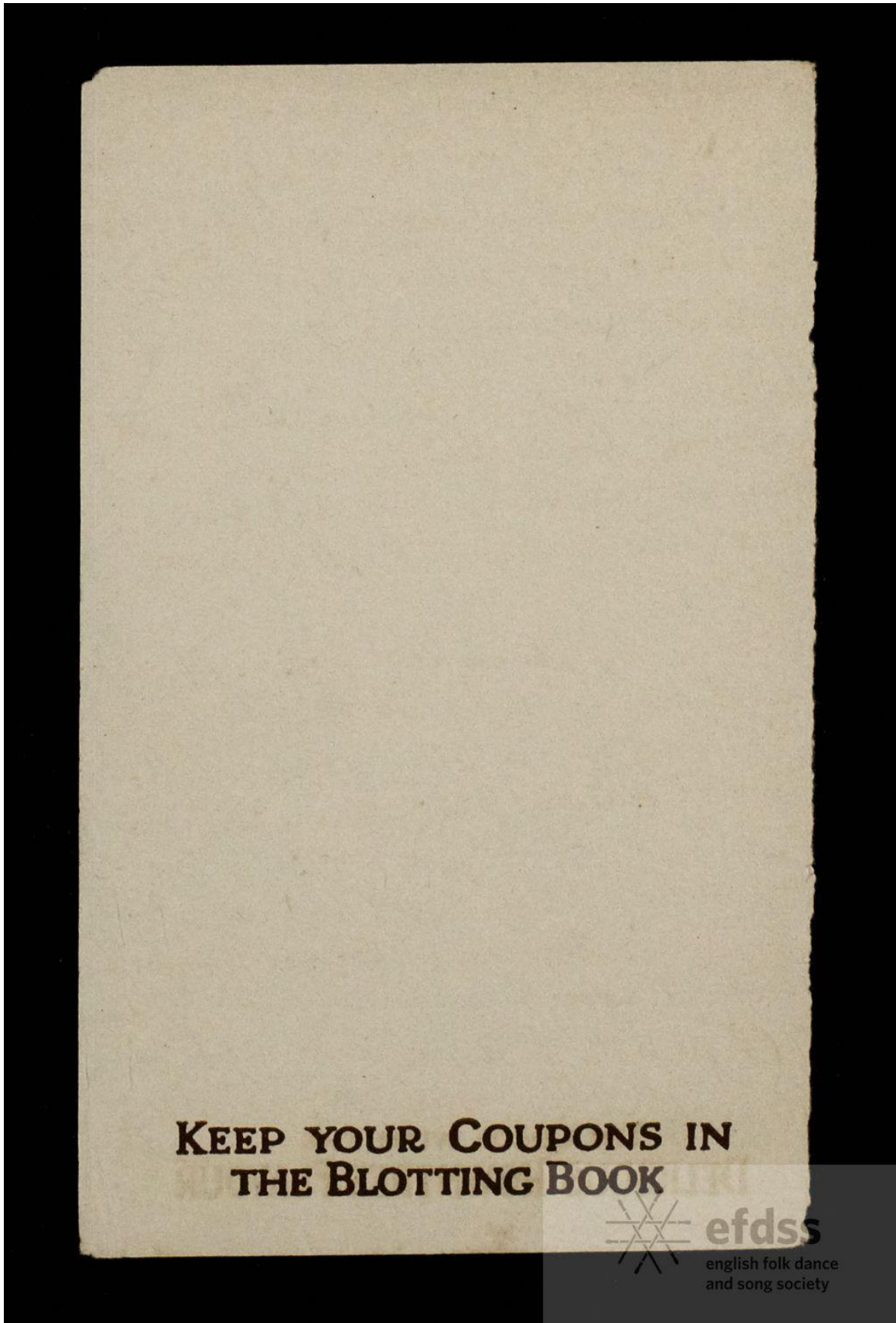


Fig 31. Moseley, Mrs, 1912. *The Silver Tide* - Music. Full English Digital Archive, Vaughan Williams, Memorial Library CC/1/159) [Digital Image]

LINEAGE

Originally, 'thing' meant a gathering of people, and a place where they would meet to resolve their affairs. As the derivation of the word suggests, every thing is a parliament of lines

(Ingold 2007: p. 5)

The walk that day appeared to be spring out in all directions from Chanctonbury Ring, in contrast to the seemingly linear route I'd planned, as though all paths flowed to and from there, as Ingold elucidates in *Lines: A Brief History*, 'To be a place, every somewhere must lie on one or several paths of movement to and from places elsewhere. Life is lived, I reasoned, along paths, not just in places, and paths are lines of a sort' (Ingold 2007: p. 4). In addition to this keen impression of line, there were several contributing aspects to the Ring becoming what felt like a pulsing gathering of paths that day. On first reflection, the most immediate is that Chanctonbury was where we stopped for the longest time, and where I sang several songs. Secondly, we were joined just before the Ring by two new walkers, so our group was then at its full contingency. Thirdly, the site has a long history of exerting a pull on the body and the imagination. This affective atmosphere was both discussed and felt on the day. The wide expanse of the avenue to the ring of trees, and walking to it as a destination with a group, allowed me to experience a site in a different way. It had become somewhere where I regularly engaged in fairly mundane dog walks. Yet, on that day it felt like a pilgrimage, not necessarily spiritual, but a sense of my body being drawn towards there. A particular form of bodily engagement in the moment altered my perception of the landscape, allowing me to see what Paterson identifies as the 'transformative power' of affect, and its ability to 'allow something to stand apart, to obtrude, to reach out and touch us. It is to disrupt habitation perception through the force of altered, juxtaposed, or disordered sensations' (Paterson 2005: p. 164-165).

Chanctonbury Ring has been famous throughout the last few centuries for its crowning ringed copse of beech trees, planted by Charles Goring of Wiston House, in 1760 (the Ring lay within the grounds of the estate). A vast majority of the trees were destroyed by the hurricane of 1987, but many have since been replanted. The site is a focus of local folklore.

The trees are said to be uncountable. However, if you do count them you would raise Julius Caesar and his army. If you run seven times around the Ring the Devil is said to come among you and offer you a bowl of soup, milk, or porridge, depending on who is telling the tale. In her work, *Legends of Chanctonbury Ring* (1969), Jacqueline Simpson gives other examples of folkloric engagements with the site. For example, the seven circuits must be performed on a moonless night, or on the night of a full moon, at seven o'clock on Midsummer's day, anticlockwise, naked, or backwards (Simpson, 1969).

Whilst the folklore associated with the trees is what first sprung to my mind on our approach, the landscape here has been a place of many different forms of participation throughout history. It is generally considered to have been an Iron Age Hill Fort, with examples of Bronze Age pottery also found around the site. Evidence of two Roman temples have been found during archaeological excavations of the Ring. Sussex was the last county in England to convert to Christianity, contributing to the perception of Sussex independence and resistance, as epitomised by the Sussex dialect county motto, 'we wunt be druv'. When they converted, the Ring was one of the few places associated with pagan activity not to have been exorcised by building a church on the soil, there are numerous accounts of experiencing ghosts or signs of haunting from intrepid campers sleeping within the Ring, and the trees can also attract clinging mist, similar to the foxes-brewings of the Cocking hills, contributing to the unnerving atmosphere. In the villages below the Ring, such mist can also be seen as a weather warning, producing a saying similar to the Cocking residents – 'Old Mother Goring's got her cap on, we shall soon have wet' (Apperson 2007: p. 91).

I had known as soon as I had started to plan the walk that *Long Lankin* would be my choice of ballad for Chanctonbury Ring. Set in amongst the beeches, I performed a patchy rendition of the song, so used to hearing my mum sing it that to perform it went against 'the grain'. I also played to the group a recording of a singer local to the site giving a different rendition of the ballad. Bob Copper was sponsored by the BBC in the 1950s to travel around the South counties and record traditional singers. During this venture, he came across two

singers who knew the ballad. The first, *False Lanky*, was sung by a George Fossbury from Hampshire. The second, *Cruel Lincoln*, was from a singer named Ben Butcher who had learnt his repertoire from his father George Butcher. George Butcher hailed from Storrington, one of the villages that lies in the shadow of the Ring. Bob Copper gave this account of collecting the song from his son Ben Butcher:

We went into his cottage and after a while he said, 'I'll sing you "Cruel Lincoln". That's an' old en an' no mistake.'

He launched into the song with great enthusiasm and energy and even before he had finished the first verse I recognized the haunting tune and unforgettable theme of 'False Lanky' [...] I listened politely until the song was over. But my patience was not put to too great a test for Ben's excellent voice and his free, unbridled style of singing added a great deal of colour to the song.

'Fancy you knowing old George Fossbury's song,' I said.

'George who?' he hollered, his eyes blazing. He had neither met nor heard of George although a mere three miles had separated them for the last twenty years. 'All the songs I'm singing is my grandfather's songs,' he continued with emphasis. 'My father died at eighty-one, mind you, and they was handed down from my grandfather to my father an' I got 'em now same as was given to me and I can assure you they are old songs

(Copper 1973: p. 120).

This short passage articulates many aspects of collection, including the beautifully evoked 'unbridled' style of singing, captured by both Bob's narration and the audio recording in a way that the notation of the early collectors could not quite encapsulate. The most arresting part of this excerpt for me is the way that it illuminates the sensory and tactile nature of passing songs down. The language of the phrase 'handing down' conjures something of the haptic quality of transmission between family members, and the quirks that each new keeper may bring. Furthermore, the lines of inheritance that are created by the rivers of songs running through families is also conjured, lines that skip, turn, and jump. Upon looking the song up in *The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs* (2012), Mum and I realised that Grandad had taught her a slightly altered version of the tune. However, as my mother said, that's the song we know now:

CATH¹⁵: *My dad learnt this from 'The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs', which was his absolute bible. Interestingly, looking at your copy now I realise he sang the tune slightly differently, so I'm going to record it the way he taught it to me. It used to fill me with the kind of appalled delight that fairy tales do, and I was trying to think today of what vision I had of Long Lankin, and it was a kind of weird oppositional vision. Long Lankin made me think of those long legs going across a landscape, but the way that the song is sung also made me think of much more like a Goblin type figure because he lives in the hay and he lives in the moss [...] I see him creeping in through the little hole, and as a child it was just the most amazing song ... it was incredibly frightening, and what I love about this song is the jauntiness of the tune juxtaposed with the horrible nature of the words, it's such a cheery little tune [♪ Track 16]:*

Said my lord to my lady, as he mounted his horse:
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the moss."

Said my lord to my lady, as he rode away:
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the hay"

"Let the doors be all bolted and the windows all pinned,
And leave not a gap for a mouse to slip in."

Now the doors were all bolted and the windows all pinned,
Except one little window where Long Lankin crept in.

So, he kissed his fair lady and he rode away
And he was in fair London before break of day.

"Where's the lord of this house?" Said Long Lankin,
"He's away in fair London." said the false nurse to him

"Where's the heir of this house?" said little Long Lankin.
"He's asleep in his cradle," said the false nurse to him.

"Then we'll prick him, and prick him, and prick him with a pin,
And that'll make my lady to come onto him."

So they pricked him, and pricked him, and pricked him with a pin,
And the nurse held the basin for the blood to drip in.

"O nurse, how you slumber. O nurse, how you sleep.
You leave my little Johnson to cry and to weep"

"O nurse, how you slumber, O nurse how you snore.
You leave my little Johnson to cry and to roar"

¹⁵ Bennett, C (2015), Interviewer: Elizabeth Bennett. Lancing, Sussex. 29th April. [Interview]

"Well I've tried him with an apple, and I've tried him with a pear.
Come down to him, my lady, and rock him in your chair"

"I've tried him with milk, and I've tried him with pap
Come down to him, my lady, and rock him in your lap"

"How durst I go down in the dead of the night
Where there's no fire a-kindled and no candle alight?"

"You have three silver mantles as bright as the sun.
Come down to him, my lady, all by the light of one"

My lady came down, she was thinking no harm
Long Lankin stood ready to catch her in his arms

Here's blood in the stairway, here's blood in the hall
Here's blood in the kitchen where my lady did fall

The False Nurse looked out from the turret so high
And she saw her master from London riding by

"O master, O master, don't lay the blame on me
'Twas little Lord Lankin that killed your lady'

Long Lankin was hung on a-gallows so high
And the false nurse was burnt in a fire close by¹⁶.

In the combination of the cheery and the eerie, the 'appalled delight' that my mother felt as a child, the area of affect that considers 'mixed phenomena' is illuminated, 'such as reluctant optimism, intense indifference, or enjoyable melancholy' (Wetherall 2012: p. 2).

Just before the Ring we'd been joined by Louise Spong and her husband Andrew Spong. Louise runs South Downs Yarn, a company that creates luxury woollen spun yarn from South Downs flock, with Louise working closely with local Shepherds. Since the walk, we have talked often about our work and the Sussex landscape, and I recorded a couple of songs for a new knitting pattern she launched based on Cissbury Ring, Chanctonbury's sister hill. In June 2017, on a stunningly sunny Midsummer's eve, my mother and I joined Louise's family for drinks and a swim at their beach hut on Littlehampton seafront. I overheard Louise talking to my mum about *Long Lankin*, and in a thank you email the next day I asked her if she might jot down some of the impressions of the afternoon, as I had felt quite self-

¹⁶ Bennett, C (2015). *Long Lankin*.

conscious about singing it, and was finding it difficult to remember the performance. The simple phrase she ends with in her account moved me deeply, and brought encouragement at a time when it was much needed, with the sheer quantity of affects seeming impossible to communicate or do justice to. As the anthropologist Geurts explores:

We [ethnographers] often find ourselves drenched – not just in discourse and words, but in sensations, imaginations, emotions . . . And yet, if we have become drenched, those we work with may also be soaked through and through. Such moments open up space, sound a call, to body forth fine-tuned accounts replete with an ethical aesthetics in the field

(Geurts 2003: p. 386).

LOUISE: I first met Lizzie online via social media where the hashtags #Sussex and #SouthDowns make it easy to discover people who have a common interest in them. It was clear from the beginning that we shared a love of our local South Downs landscape, the vernacular history expressed through folklore and songs, and a desire to reimagine what these mean to us in the present.

When Lizzie announced that she planned to walk the South Downs Way singing Sussex folk songs and offered up an open invitation to join her, I knew I wanted to share her journey for at least a part of the way as well as get to meet her in person.

I have been walking up, down, and around Chanctonbury Ring ever since I can remember so it felt appropriate that I met up with Lizzie here, just over half way along the route.

It is rarely not windy atop the South Downs, especially Chanctonbury Ring, and this day was no exception. In order to find some shelter, our little group headed straight into the heart of the Ring where the paths peter out and the light begins to fade. The untrodden undergrowth crackled under our feet and we cleared it away to find places to perch as Lizzie started to sing 'Long Lankin'. In the dim and enclosed space of the beeches and scrub a hush fell as Lizzie's voice rang out.

Chanctonbury Ring is steeped in folklore, and on this day there was a palpable sense of the eerie and macabre as the words of the song echoed the immediate environment's nameless disquietude.

I have so many memories associated with Chanctonbury Ring layered like the soil and now I have another: the haunting unaccompanied voice of Lizzie singing. I have also made a friend.

(Spong, 2017)

One of the first things that struck me about Louise's account was the sensory depth of her recollection of the crackling undergrowth as we gathered in the Ring. It made me realise how predominantly I recall visual impressions rather than auditory ones. Beyond birdsong, for which I have a very limited knowledge, there are very few memories I have of the walk that would evoke the heard texture of the ground that Louise could recall. It was

illuminating to become aware of my own sensory predispositions, that I visualise atmospheres as colours or mirages. If I think about Chanctonbury that day, I think about mist, and yet I don't actually think it was misty. Yet the Long Lankin of my imagination creeps into the windows like an icy fog, and this had become entwined with the performance space. The nameless disquietude that Louise so perfectly evokes, also allowed me to conceive of the particular mood caused by us walking to, listening to, and gathering at the Ring that day. As Anderson states, 'affective atmospheres envelope and emanate from particular ensembles that are gathered together for different durations around particular bodies [...] how a body's force of existing is formed in encounters' (Anderson 2017: p.). However, that is not to say that Louise or I, or any other members of our group, would experience the same sense of the eerie or macabre. This may have registered in a variety of ways, each signalling some dimension of what the song *did*. In Louise's Chanctonbury Ring as a place layered with memories like the soil, once more Ingold's concept of place as formed through lines of movement and attachment to things, people, and animals is beautifully brought to the fore, 'the inhabitant is rather one who participates from within in the very process of the world's continual coming into being and who in laying a trail of life, contributes to its weave and texture' (Ingold 2016: p. 83).

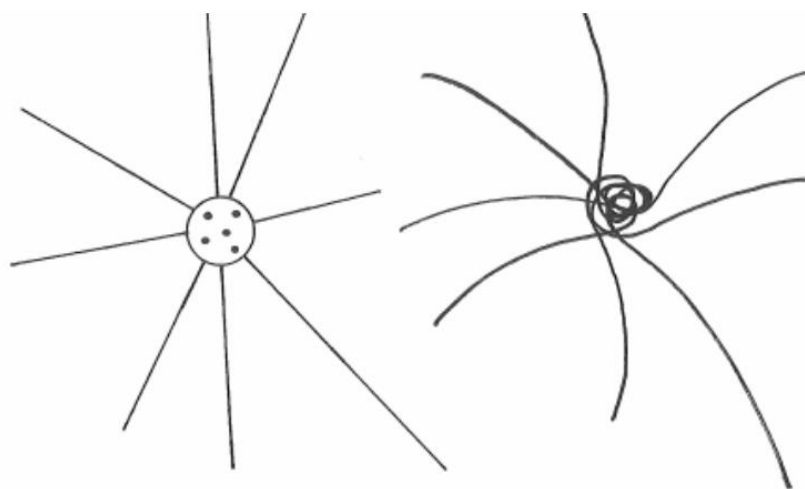


Figure 3.8 The hub-and-spokes model of place (left) compared with the place as a knot of entangled lifelines (right). In the diagram on the left, the circle represents a place, the dots are its living occupants and the straight lines indicate the connectors of a transport network. In the diagram on the right, the lines are living inhabitants, and the knot in the middle is a place.

Fig 32. Ingold, T. *The Lines of Place*. 2016. [Reproduction of Original Illustration]

In honour of South Downs Yarn, and as a nod to the sheep currently dotted around the Ring and tending to their lambs, I sang a jolly number. On the 17th of October 1912 Dorothy Marshall visited a Harvey Humphrey. Harvey lived in Sullington, one of the villages lying to the west of us. I hadn't been able to discover a great deal about this singer, but Dorothy Marshall wrote to Carey that Humphrey was as an old man who knew many songs and she was concerned he would die before they could visit him. Recording him on a phonograph appears to have been unsuitable due to his bronchitis. Census records in 1911 place him in Sullington in retirement from carpentry and living with his wife, both were born in the neighbouring village of West Chiltington. In the 1901 census they are living at 27 Water Lane, Sullington. In the 1891 census, they are living at 34 Landry Cottages with their son James a General Labourer, and their daughter Grace, a Needlewomen. When Dorothy visited Harvey and Sarah, they would have been 84 and 83 respectively. I had chosen *Young Jockey* from the various songs she had collected, for no particular reason that I can recall, but as I began to practice it before the walk I was pleased to discover in a note at the bottom on this manuscript, that it had in fact been noted down from Mrs Sarah Humphrey, Harvey's wife, and that the song was learnt before she was 16 (1845). The past practice of women being referred to by both their husband's names may result in confusion over the source of songs, particularly in large collections. Perhaps, then, it is possible to see how taking care of archival material may allow for an intimacy that illuminates women who have fallen through the gaps [🎵 Track 17].

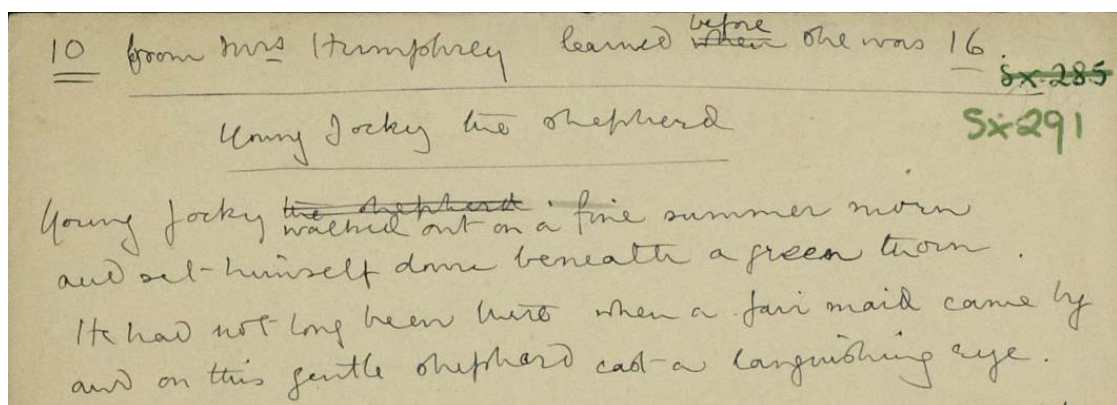


Fig. 33. Humphrey, Mrs, 1912. *Young Jockey* – Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library CC/1/291 [Digital Image])

Something I was also fortunate to be able to talk to Louise about in our subsequent friendship, was the possibility that my preoccupation with finding family songs, particularly from mother to daughter, came at a period of my life when I was wondering where the line might go from me. We both share a desire to reimagine what traditions might mean now, to take care of them for future generations, but also to not have direct lineage ourselves i.e. children. As a result of these conversations, as well as other times and places, feelings and movements, I thought much on Ingold's call for a rekindling of philosopher Henri Bergson's open-ended view of genealogy and the history of life. As Ingold expands, seen from this position:

Every being is instantiated in the world not as a bounded entity but as a thoroughfare, along the line of its own movement and activity. This is not a lateral movement 'point to point', as in transport, but a continual 'moving around' or coming and going, as in wayfaring. How then would we depict the passage of generations, where each, far from following the previous ones in a connected sequence of synchronic 'slices' leans over [...] and touches the next?

(Ingold 2016: p. 122 – 123).

This idea of weaving, renewing, and touching, allowed me to think of my connections potentially reaching forward to nieces and nephews, and also to see the connections from before that reach towards me in the present, and through me are alive, and always becoming. No less, and no more, important than 'carrying the line on'. From this perspective, I felt less like a dead end. Ingold illustrates this touching of the family - 'the narrative interweaving of present and past lives' - movingly in his diagram depicting a standard and an alternative descent line:

As generation B matures it follows a path increasingly divergent from that of the parental generation A; likewise C diverges from B. Yet it is from the grandparental generation A that C learns the stories that it, in turn, will carry forward in life, above all through its offspring D (who may, in fact, take the grandparental name and be regarded as a continuation of the ancestral namesake). Similarly, D's offspring E follow in the footsteps of generation B. The result is a braid of lines that continually extend as lives proceed

(Ingold 2016: p. 122)

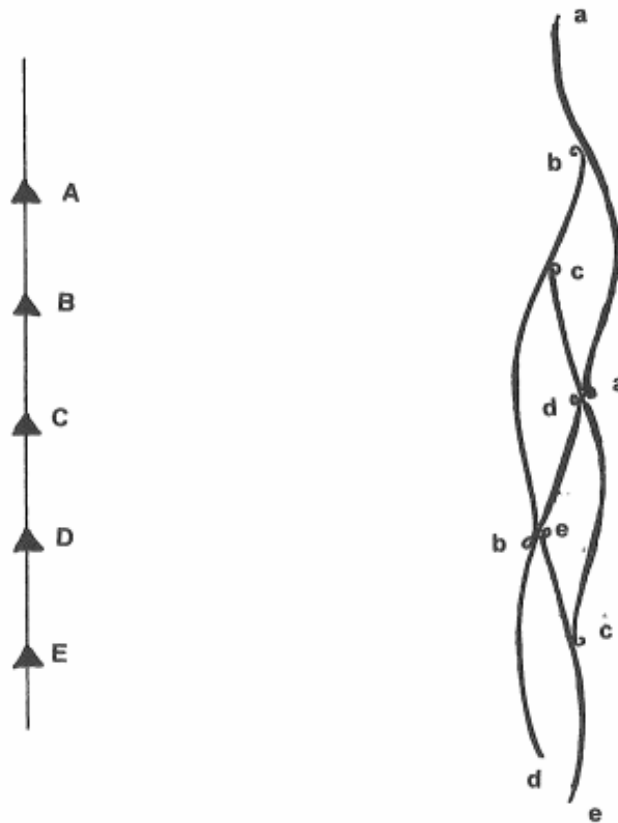


Figure 4.6 A sequence of five generations depicted, on the one hand, according to the conventions of the genealogical model and, on the other, as a series of interlaced and overlapping trails.

Fig. 34. Ingold, T. A Braid of Lines. [Reproduction of Original Illustration]

DESIRE LINES

Desire line evolved as a term for planners and developers to identify, ‘an informal path that pedestrians prefer to take to get from one location to another rather than using a sidewalk, pavement, or other official route’ (Murry et al. 2007: p.1). The notion of a desire line, first

encountered in Cresswell's writings on place, kept returning to me as I considered various aspects of the thoughts that were woven in and out of Chanctonbury Ring. Following Deleuze and Guattari's understanding of desire as an 'actualization, a series of practices bringing things together or separating them', desire in this thesis relates to acting on an affective charge; Chris's impression of songs that need you to sing them, Louise's locally sourced yarn and Downland-based patterns formed through the desire to reimagine, a wish for the plough share to never rust; repeated, refrained, and re-sounded (Deleuze and Guattari in Grosz 1994: p. 164).

As we descended towards Steyning Bowl, and past the path so poignantly evoked in *The Steyning Poem*, I amused the archaeologists with one of my 'discoveries' and my desire to believe. On an unofficial history site that I had visited about Chanctonbury Ring, there was a story that a Prince Agasicles Syennesis the Carian came over in the 17th century to stay with a friend, and discovered that Chanctonbury Ring was a perfect spot for astrology. He spent many nights up there and died whilst star gazing, tracing on his chart in charcoal, 'sepeli ubi cecidi' (bury me where I have fallen). It transpired upon further research that in fact the story comes from an incident in the book *Alice Lorraine: A Tale of the South Downs* by R.D. Blackmore (1878). This had passed into an urban myth, and I was delighted to discover a lino cut inspired by the tale of Chanctonbury Ring with the Plough above it. Chris Skinner had sung me a song about the night sky written by Maria Cunningham, and when I hear Chris sing I'm walking up to the Ring on a moonless night with the Plough above me:

CHRIS: I always like to sing a song because I like the song and I feel like it needs singing. In fact, this song that I'm going to sing of Maria's, about the night sky, is so strong for me because of the story, but it's also the first song I sang on my own. So, it's a very special song for me and I don't know many people who sing it. A lot of people sing Maria Cunningham's songs, she was a well-respected and much-loved singer of Sussex folk songs who is sadly no longer with us, but her songs linger on and I often feel that when I sing one of her songs it helps to perpetuate that person's memory. It's such a simple story but the imagery really weaves through with the language [...]

LIZ: Do you find that there are paths you feel need to be walked on in the same way as the songs seem to invite you to sing them?

CHRIS: Yes, some paths ask you to walk them. The way that I've learnt songs is from people singing them and they're not necessarily recorded - some of them are - but when you are out and

about driving, walking, or what have you, and a song comes in your mind, if you know the song you can sing it to yourself; it's always part of you, it's always there. So, I really think the whole point about songs is that they should be a part of you, that's why I learn songs and that's why I sing them. Maria's song is special because I was asked to sing it at her Memorial, so it's my last song of hers and I've made a conscious effort to always keep that song alive. Being Maria it's very well researched because Orion is a winter constellation, and you'll always spot it because the of the three stars that form his belt in a line. It's one of the most recognisable shapes in the sky ... and I just love the story, with such an economy of words she's managed to link those songs together. I only have the confidence to sing myself if I put myself in the song or in the story, and the story is unreeling behind my eyes as it were and I'm walking through the story. And that's how I learn songs and how I remember what verse comes after the other because they are not always particularly sequential, but the way Maria has somehow managed to link all those constellations together with the story is how I remember it [♪ Track 18]:

Orion the Hunter stalks the sky
At his heels, the dog with the fiery eye
Sirius gleams with a magical light
The brightest star in the winter's night

The hare leaps at Orion's feet
The girdle around his waist so neat
Holds the sword that is death or life
The stars shine out of his heavenly knife

With his great club raised to the Bull's horned head
To deliver the blow that will strike him dead
Aldebaran the Bull's red eye
Follows his maidens across the night sky

The Seven Sisters away they flee
From the Giant who would their master be
The Pleiades fly away as doves
To be set as stars in the sky above

Orion is king of the winter's night
With his club and his sword, through his power and might
At his heels, the dog with the fiery eye
Forever he'll rule in the winter's sky
Forever he'll rule in the winter's sky¹⁷

The act of remembering Maria by singing the song demonstrates Chris engaging with the song as an act of revisiting the past, but also as a way of pulling those memories and that person into her affective present. In addition to this form of reimagining when she sings

¹⁷ Skinner, C (2015). *Orion The Hunter*.

Orion the Hunter, the song is also linked to a time in her life and a form of becoming, having a significance as the first song that she ever sung unaccompanied, and therefore being linked to all the songs she has sung since. Furthermore, Chris articulates the process of following the song as it unfolds each time, being guided by the story and navigating across the terrain of the narrative. Thus, each time Chris sings the song, a song that has become part of her, she is following a familiar route, but one that she walks differently each time. Applying Ingold's exploration of writing as a 'means of recovery' to singing may allow an illumination of this repeated motion through, or with, a song:

To read, then, is not just to listen but to remember. If writing speaks, it does so with the voices of the past, which the reader hears as though he were present in their midst [...] not to close off the past by providing a complete and objective account of what was said and done, but rather to provide the pathways along which the voices of the past could be retrieved and brought back into the immediacy of present experience, allowing readers to engage directly with them and to connect what they have to say to the circumstances of their own lives

(Ingold 2016: p. 16).

The last few miles of the walk down into Steyning Bowl, and curving down to the river Adur, became a matter of forcing my body along the path. The bostals that day had been particularly unforgiving, and we were all feeling the impact of the glaring white chalk against the ivory strips of our toe bones. After a swift drink at The Rising Sun, we wearily dispersed on our routes home. During the last stretch I had fallen into conversation with Lorna, and I think we were discussing the lack of facilities along that day's route, but somehow, we discovered that we were both endometriosis sufferers. That creation of empathy between two bodies has been sustained and reimagined in a fairly constant correspondence between us in the many months that have passed since that day. Despite never having managed to meet in person, we have sought consolation, black humour, and practical advice in our messages to each other, during what Lorna aptly terms as 'two years of medical chaos'. That bond, however virtually it has been maintained since, was created by a walking beside each other, allowing both privacy and exchange. We were sharing something intimate, but we were also looking at the view. It allowed for a mainly verbal

exchange, without the literal pressure of being face-to-face, ‘I see what you see as we go along together’ (Lee and Ingold 2006: p. 80). This was a moment of affective empathy, by which I follow the definition of ‘feeling with the other’ (de Vignemont and Singer 2010: p. 435 - 441). Referring to his own approach of talking-whilst-walking with research participants, Jon Anderson captures something of that affective empathy in his reflection that, ‘emotive connections would come to us through conversation, prompted not only by questions, but also by the interconnections between the individuals and the place itself’ (Anderson 2004: p. 254).

The South Downs Way may be seen as a constantly evolving desire line, ‘a cumulative trace, not so much engineered in advance as generated in the course of pedestrian movement itself’, path-making ‘weave(s) another strand into it’ (Ingold 2010: p. 121). In the preface to his book Ingold asks: ‘What do walking, weaving, observing, storytelling, singing, drawing and writing have in common? [...] They all proceed along lines’ (Ingold 2016: n.p). This chapter has begun the work of imagining the different types of those lines and considering how they might work affectively. It was only once I began to speak to other singers that I gave much thought to the moving lines I saw in my head when I sang, and the shape-shifting, sea-changing, scores of *The Silvery Tide*. The threads of thought created by movement that day allowed ways of seeing the ‘interconnections between the individuals and the place itself’, connections that may be understood in certain ways when walking and singing in people’s lived landscapes, and communicated affectively through folk songs – ‘It is along paths, too, that people grow into the knowledge of the world around them, and describe this world in the stories they tell’ (Ingold 2016: p. 3).



Fig. 35. Bennett, E. *Walking Towards Chanctonbury Ring*. 2nd May 2015. [Photograph]



Fig. 36. Jones, R. *Chanctonbury*. [Print of a Linocut]

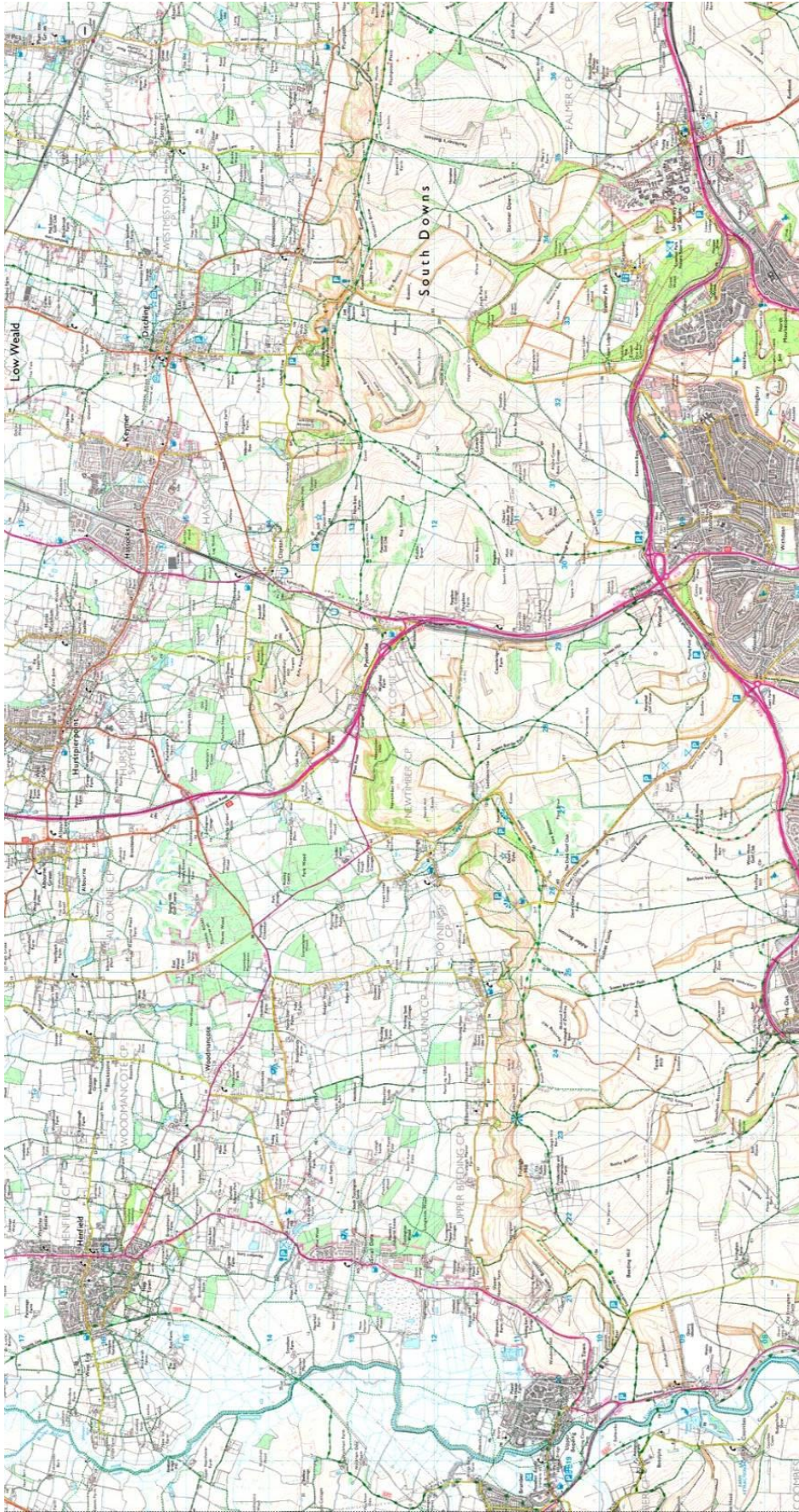


Fig. 37. Ordnance Survey, 2015. *Upper Beeding to Rodmell*. [Digital Image]

CHAPTER 7: UPPER BEEDING TO RODMELL: GROWING UP ON THE DOWNS

After a time, though, Inman found that he had left the book and was simply forming the topography of home in his head. Cold Mountain, all its ridges and coves and watercourses. Pigeon River, Little East Fork, Sorrell Cove, Deep Gap, Fire Scald Ridge. He knew their names and said them to himself like the words of spells and incantations to ward off the things one fears most

(Frazier 1997: p. 11).

THE SQUARE MILE OF CHILDHOOD

The river Adur, where my fourth day of walking began, is one of my favourite places in the world. Many months on from that morning, in a sterile, cold, and alien operating room, I closed my eyes and willed myself along the sweeps, rises and falls of those hills that rise up from the river and run east; Mill Hill, Truleigh Hill, Edburton Escarpment, Devil's Dyke, Newtimber Hill, Ditchling Beacon, Black Cap, Kingston Ridge into the next waterway of Sussex, the river Ouse, and up onto the magnificent Firle Beacon. Here, the hills roll into one another, creating a line that soars. When we set off that morning for the next stage of the journey, a persistence of body and a will of imagination were also required. High winds were coupled with the kind of fine drizzle that soaks you instantly despite malign appearances, and we were afforded about six feet of visibility. Auspicious, therefore, that this is an area of Sussex that my sister and I are very familiar with, having spent much of our childhood up on these Downs, the Dyke and the Beacon being within easy reach of our Preston Park home. In recent years, Truleigh Hill has also been a regular path taken by my step-father and I on our daily dog walks, and it was a novelty to feel lost up on those ridges, and to have to sense the landscape in a different way; heads down and determined against the wind. Much of the first part of the walk was spent attempting to describe to our friend Sarah Wales the spectacular view that lay beyond the mist. Sarah had joined us particularly on this stretch to see the cavern of the Devil's Dyke, and I broke it to her fairly early on that such a site was lost to us on that day. What marks this day out particularly in my memory,

was the long familiarity between us as walking companions, and therefore not needing to feel apologetic about the abysmal weather. Sarah Wales, my sister Sarah, and I have been on many journeys together before, and since, and as such have tested the ground of our abilities, temperaments, and interests. As Heddon proposes:

Friendship is not an ordained, metaphysical relationship but one that becomes and endures through practice. There is, then, a practice to friendship, to companionship. Through walking, one exercises friendship, providing a grounding and a materializing

(Heddon 2012: p. 72).

The general attitude of goodwill, perseverance, and fun was highlighted by songs and rounds we sang to keep our spirits up. Sarah and Sarah are also in a choir together, so for the most part it was them teaching me, with simple tunes such as this Elizabethan round:

Ah, poor bird,
Why art thou
Lying in the shadows
Of this dark Hour?

Ah, poor bird
Take your flight
High above the sorrows
Of this dark night

Ah, poor bird
As you fly
Can you see the dawn
Of tomorrow's sky?

At the foot of Mill Hill, near the mouth of the river Adur, is the old part of Shoreham-by-Sea where my father and his three brothers grew up. My sister and I were raised in Brighton, where my father still lives, but we spent a lot of time with my grandparents in Shoreham, and as I continued through this project I became curious about my dad and uncle's experience of growing up by the Downs, and their memories of the footpaths I would be walking. The day after I finished the walk, I met with my dad Peter at my uncle Richard's house to tell them about it, and to ask them about their childhood. We sat together in Uncle Richard's and Aunty Liz's living room, which I have known intimately all

my life, and were surrounded by photographs of our family members, some still with us, some not. In their living room is also my grandpa's sideboard, overflowing with memories and sensations of him; the nail clippers he would use to cut our toenails, his breath strong with the mints he kept in one of the draws, the smell of the pipe we could light for him as a treat. Drinking tea, eating Liz's unparalleled Victoria Sponge, and pouring over her perfectly organised photo albums, illustrated Pink's contention that the interview:

Is a social encounter – an event – that is inevitably both emplaced and productive of place. It has material and sensorial components. Interviewees refer to the sensoriality of their experiences not only verbally through metaphor, but through gesture, actual touching, sharing scents, sounds, images, and even tastes [...] interviewer and interviewee[s] communicate as embodied and emplaced persons

(Pink 2009: pp. 82, 86)

Bennett men are sometimes known for being taciturn about themselves - wonderful conversationalists, sociable, warm, and humorous, but not necessarily forthcoming about their feelings. When my family listened to the extended interview, everyone asked how I had got them to talk so much. However, I did very little, quite quickly they provided the questions and answers for each other, revisiting their roaming radius, or 'y filltir sgwâr', which Pearson translates from the Welsh as the square mile of childhood 'the intimate landscape of our early years, the terrain we know in close-up, in detail, in a detail we will never know anywhere again' (Pearson 2006: p. 23), and remembering as they went along:

PETE¹⁸: *In our home there were four boys, and we lived in Shoreham, which was a great place to grow up because you had absolutely everything that you wanted to explore – the beach, the Downs, the river, the harbour, the playing fields, parks and stuff like that [...] So, we used to be out after coming home from school until it was dark. The other basic things, I think, to remember about life then was that for us as a family we didn't have a car, so if we went anywhere it would have to be by train or by bus or by foot. Also, for quite a long time we didn't have a TV either so we had to make our own entertainment in the evening.*

RICH: *The most amazing thing was that, although we had these friends in Windlesham Gardens, we were Strict Baptists. So, we were almost like the Jews of the Gentile world – or we seemed to be – because every Sunday we used to walk down to Chapel. So, there would be our grandfather who was*

¹⁸ Bennett, P. Bennett, R (2015) Interviewer: Elizabeth Bennett. Rustington, Sussex. 7th May. [Interview]

the preacher, then dad who was the deacon, and mother, and us four boys. My grandfather even in the middle of summer would be dressed in the long black coat with a Homburg hat on.

PETE: *There's the picture of them on the beach with their black suits and hats ...*

RICH: *And, of course, we had to walk past all our mates' houses and they'd be out with their transistor radios washing their cars /*

PETE: */Particularly washing their cars was a Sunday activity*

RICH: */All sorts of things of Vanity Fair where going on and we felt completely separate to that on a Sunday, which we called the Sabbath [...]*

LIZ: *What was the Sabbath like?*

PETE: *Deadly boring. Really, deadly boring.*

RICH: *No radio, no television, no papers, no toys. Cold meats of the roast from Saturday.*

PETE: *So, we got up and then there was Chapel at 11am, which lasted for an hour and a half; quite an effort for a child to survive that. Then there were visiting ministers for us to host, who were of varying interest or horror or whatever, some very, very strict and some very excitable from the pulpits. They usually came home with us for lunch as well so there was no respite from the Sabbath day [...]*

RICH: *Then Sunday School for 45 minutes or an hour, and then Chapel again in the evening. What dad and the preacher used to do on Sunday afternoons, after dinner and Sunday school, was to prepare the evening service. So, it was really ... the day was a total wipe out as far as a young boy was concerned. But the counterbalance to these strict Sabbaths were our Saturdays and our long school holidays where our parents allowed us almost total freedom, we just ran around and roamed and roamed. I really can't understand how it happened like that, but I used to go out in the summer holidays in the morning and never used to come back until the evening, and it was the whole day playing on the Downs [...]*

PETE: *And that was before the By-Pass. We often used to walk up The Avenue and round to get home and I had a friend John Lewis who lived on Erringham Road, and there were others who lived up that way and we used to get together as a group then walk up on the Downs, up Mill Hill [...]*

RICH: *So, as Pete says, before the By-Pass the Downs ran from Mill Hill to Truleigh Hill uninterrupted, and when we got to a certain age, I think it was about 8, there was an important moment where you looked over from Truleigh Hill towards Henfield ... so, there's a big valley and eventually we actually took that step to go over further and I remember walking as far as Henfield on a couple of occasions and that was a big thing because it was like going to a foreign land (laughs) ...*

PETE: *You walked across the river, as well, didn't you?*

RICH: *Yeah, we walked straight through it. Also, when it was snowing once it iced over, and that was perfect for walking across it.*

PETE: *And you walked across the railway bridge too.*

RICH: *Yes, that's when I was older. We did all these things like fishing and tadpoling/*

PETE: *Oh yeah, tadpoling! Where the By-Pass is now, below there, there used to be a lot of water streams so there were tadpoles and newts and everything like that. Berry picking/*

RICH: *Scrumping/*

PETE: *Yes, scrumping, that was a big thing around Shoreham.*

RICH: *You did see other gangs of kids occasionally, but they were seen as intruders on your patch as it were.*

LIZ: *And were there farmers around?*

PETE: *Not really because that part of Mill Hill wasn't really cultivated, but there was a farm on the edge of Mill Hill when we were younger, and they were nice.*

LIZ: *So, it would have felt like total freedom up there?*

RICH/PETE: *Oh yeah, yeah!*

[...]

RICH: *For me it was always a total fantasy land of medieval knights and things like that/*

PETE: */Yes, it was timeless really/*

RICH: */And it was so easy to ride around like a horse/*

PETE: */Yes, free as the air/*

RICH: *You slap your side and go running off and imagine you were a horse/*

PETE: */High Ho Silver!*

RICH: *And in summer we used to make incredibly complex structures out of the hay bales on the hill, much to the annoyance of farmer Nye. He was a bastard, he whipped me once with his riding crop because he'd caught me in his barn.*

PETE: *So, revenge was sweet when his farm burnt down?¹⁹*

RICH: *Oh yes.*

[...]

LIZ: *What was the house like?*

RICH: *It was a semi-detached house and our grandparents lived on the ground floor, and there was the garden with big trees and our front garden led onto the street, which circled some old tennis courts in the middle and this was where we played, so it was magical to grow up there ...*

PETE: *On the notice board at the Chapel they had dad's address, so tramps used to look at the various churches and then go and see what they could get from the preacher or the person identified [...]. Grandma would always feed them, but she would ask them to eat it outside.*

RICH: *She said I used to bring them home. I can remember bringing two home in my whole life. I can remember bringing two tramps home to Windlesham Gardens, but she used to blame me for all of them. But we were brought up to help ...*

PETE: *And all the tramps were fascinating, and they had moved from place to place.*

RICH: *I remember one came and had really terrible sunburn on his neck/*

PETE: */We were a bit wary of them to a certain extent/*

RICH: */No, I wasn't worried by them. I'm worried now I think about it afterwards, now I'm older, and I think that these strange men used to engage me in conversation when I was about five or six, and I'd take them home for something to eat. But we were brought up with this wonderful, beautiful idea of Christianity and Jesus healing the sick; it was totally natural to take people home and try and help them. We didn't have to justify it at all, in fact I thought everybody did it.*

LIZ: *Grandma was very involved in social causes, wasn't she? She knocked on doors raising money for children in Africa when she had four very small kids.*

RICH: *I think even she got a bit pissed off with 16 tramps sitting on her front wall.*

[Collective laughter]

PETE: *She used to take a week every year to collect for children's homes as well.*

RICH: *The only social outlet mother had apart from the Chapel, which I don't think she'd regard as a social outlet/*

PEE: *No, she wouldn't have/*

RICH: */Was the choral society. She had a wonderful singing voice ...*

LIZ: *Really?! Nobody has ever told me that. I never heard her sing!*

RICH: *Oh yes, I remember as a boy sitting in the garden and people would stop in the street to listen to her sing.*

During my conversation with dad and Richard different registers of memory were present, in recalling the childhood activity of tadpoling Richard prompted Dad to also recall scrumping, but there were also strongly embodied responses to each other's reminiscences, such as Dad's interjection and physicalisation - 'High ho silver'. He doesn't verbalise 'oh yes, I remember that', but rather places himself back in the moment by performing the action of slapping his leg. These exchanges, and the sense they recall of being as 'free as the air', reminded me of Lorimer's contemplations in *Homeland* when he walked a storied landscape of childhood with a lady who had grown up there:

I found myself asking what it means to label forms of recollection, movement, and description as 'deeply childlike'. Recent geographical dialogue encourages further consideration of the question, suggesting that greater allowance be made for a world of intuition, possibility, and innocence [...] Calling up past geographies from childhood – wanderings, dreams, postures, casts of mind with their own small circumference – is to walk in memories shadow and open out spaces for reverie

(Lorimer 2014: p. 598).

Such spaces of childhood have their own contingencies, such as gender and generation, my own roaming being necessarily smaller than my dad's due to a stronger societal shift towards parental supervision, and our more urban house, amongst other factors. However, on the many, many camping trips we took with family friends a similar landscape of exploration was present; a universal where adults didn't exist, the circumference of which grew bigger with each year. Further, whilst there are multiple factors surrounding particular experiences of childhood, it is possible to see how revisting certain ways of engaging with the landscape, such as rolling down hills may, as Lorimer suggests, open out spaces for reverie and imagination.

In interviews, as with other forms of conversation, particularly I think in families, there are also things left unsaid. As Richard humorously evokes, Grandma blamed him for bringing the homeless men home; this is part of a wider family joke about Richard getting the blame for everything. However, this attributed blame has its route in Richard's adolescent rebellion against a strict religious upbringing, and resultant tales that have come down the family of his wildness. Upon listening to the recording again something in the way

that dad voiced the question, ‘so revenge was sweet when his farm burnt down?’, opened up in my mind that the fire may not have wholly been an accident. After clarifying with my dad that this was a flight of fancy on my part, I reflected that this suspicion came from a combination of repeated and exaggerated stories in the family, my own imagination, and the gap between what was said and what I thought was possibly suggested, bringing to mind John Berger’s statement that, ‘stories walk, like animals and men. And their steps are not only between narrated events but between each sentence, sometimes each word. Every step is a stride over something not said’ (Berger 1982: pp. 284 -285).

In this world of freedom mostly inhabited by friends and rival gangs of children, the adults that both men remember are ‘the tramps’. People who migrated for work or shelter, as Robert MacFarlane explores, are often overlooked for their role in creating and maintaining the footpaths of the British countryside:

The ethical difficulties involved in celebrating the life of the road when there were many who had no choice but to live upon abjectly upon it: the jobless and the homeless, the tramps, hobos, and bindle-skiffs, the dispossessed and the overworked

(MacFarlane 2012: pp. 19-20)

Tramps continue to have relevance to ideas around landscape and place today. In his works *Tramp in America* and *In Place out of Place*, Cresswell has explored how the oppositions between insiders and outsiders can be traced alongside movement; place and belonging have been seen as rooted and bounded, and such fixity gives rise to ‘dualistic thoughts about people that are mobile or displaced, such as tramps, travellers, or refugees’ (Butler 2007: p. 893). If we return to Ingold’s notion of meshworks of pathways, it is possible to see how all lives and landscapes are lived out and through mobile lines – albeit at different scales. When Pearson discusses region as ‘the affective ties between people and place’ (Pearson, 2006), this also conjures for me Ingold’s notions of lines. Rather than being tied down, or rooted on the spot, such an idea reminds me of looping a rope around a tree as a marker on a journey, as we did as kids tracking and trailing in the Woodcraft Folk. The tie marks your presence is that place, but the rope carries on with you and is capable, possible, of producing other ties:



Fig. 38. *New Year's Day*. Bennett, E. Sarah Bennett, Lizzie Bennett and Sarah Wales. Cairngorms. 1st Jan 2017 [Photograph]



Fig. 39. Bennett Family Collection. *On Shoreham Beach*. Grandpa, Great-Grandma, Great-Grandpa and the boys. C 1950s [Photograph].

Literally an environment is that which surrounds. For inhabitants, however, the environment does not consist of the surroundings of a bounded place but of a zone in which their several pathways are thoroughly entangled. In this zone of entanglement – this meshwork of interwoven lines – there are no insides or outsides, only openings and ways through

(Ingold 2016: p. 106).

In *Martin Pippen in the Apple Field*, Eleanor Farjeon's fictional creation Martin Pippen, far from seeing tramps in oppositions to the local, housed inhabitants, stops to ask one for the way, 'for Sussex tramps know all the beacons of the Downs' (Farjeon 2013: p. 167).

Furthermore, ever present in our conversation is Grandma. Grandma who fed the tramps, Grandma who scolded the boys when they went beyond the boundaries laid out for them, and the poignancy of discovering that Grandma sang. It seems extraordinary to have known her for 22 years and not known that; lost somewhere between her modesty and religion, and my youth and self-absorption. I was disappointed not to have a song here linked to Grandma, however something about the absence of one is more telling. And yet, through speaking with her children, her voice, if not her song, became present in the room. I was reminded both of Scarles' identification that, 'interviews become fluid, dynamic and mutually responsive performances within which the unpredictable and the unexpected fuse with more apparent pathways of discussion' (Scarles 2010: p. 509) and of Blackmann's assertion that, 'practices are always more-than-human, and more-than-one, and weave the past, present, and future together in ways that open up gaps, contradictions, absences [...] and silences' (Blackmann 2013: p. 27).

COME ALL YE LADS AND LASSES SO GAY

Back on the hills of Upper Beeding, the two Sarahs and I, were travelling against stormy winds and footslogging through the famous Sussex mud, for which upwards of 30 dialect words exist, choice among them for the occasion being *stug* – a watery mud. These hills were also the home for a time of the 'Singing Shepherd' Michael Blann. Blann had a

reputation as a tremendous singer of traditional songs and his notoriety continued through Barclay Wills' extensive writing about Blann, including his volume *Shepherds of Sussex* (1938). He was born in nearby Poynings, in the shadow of Devil's Dyke, and began his working life as a shepherd at nine years of age. Colin Andrews notes in his book on Blann, *Shepherd of the Downs*, that having a very musical family he also came to singing at a young age, and a favourite uncle made an impression on the young Michael with his love of a good old song (Andrews 2010: p. 4). Blann's work as a shepherd enabled him to travel around the county, particularly to sheep fairs, and there he was able to bolster his family repertoire and songs with other ballad singers. Sheep fairs themselves are sometimes the topic of folk songs, a popular example would be Devon's *Widcombe Fair*, which chronicles the journey to the annual livestock sale. One of Blann's notebook of songs he knew has survived. It contains over 20 texts and over 30 titles, however he didn't note down the music. Whether this is because he learnt by ear or kept the note book simply to jog his memory is not known. He was clearly musical, however, and played tunes on his tin whistle:

By 1867, he had already begun to note down his favourite songs in a notebook and was gaining a reputation for his rich voice. During the long hours alone on the Downs tending his sheep, he would entertain himself on the tin whistle he carried with him

(Andrews 1979: p. 7).

Surveying this notebook in Worthing Museum I was struck by a title only listing of *The Bonny Light Horseman*. My mother has sung this song magnificently all her life, but I have never associated it with our Downs. I was very moved by this discovery, and to think of the song being sung on the Sussex hills before we began our journeys on them, and I left the museum without noting a single other song by the Singing Shepherd.



Fig. 40. Worthing Museum. *Michael Blann*. (1843 - 1934) [Photograph]

LIZ: *You were telling me that it was being barred from the pub you usually drank in (for being underage at 17) that led you to discover the folk scene²⁰.*

CATH: *That's right. A friend of Grannie's suggested the Stanford Arms and that's where one of the folk clubs was. So, then I started to go and sing in the folk clubs [...] it was all new to me and it was very exciting.*

LIZ: *What sort of things would you sing? Would you sing songs that Grandad had taught you?*

CATH: *Initially I did, and then I met a Scottish guy called Roddie Cowie [...] I learnt a few songs from Roddie Cowie, one of which I'd like to sing for you, and I picked up songs from listening to other people singing them [...] I think it's a Scottish song but people do know it in the clubs and they join in at the chorus. The dialect of words like 'groat' suggests to me it's Scottish. I just think of it as pastoral, it's about the ploughmen and what I love about it is that there aren't that many folk songs that are about absolutely frank sexuality towards a man. This is about pure sensual beauty and the appreciation of it. I associate it with my first boyfriend Terry, because he was a very good-looking man and he made horse drawn vehicles. I associate it with when I was first ecstatically in love with him, and that whole thing of how gorgeous men are [♪ Track 19]:*

Down yonder glen there's a ploughman lad
And some summer day he'll be all my own
And sing Laddie-I, and sing Laddie-O
Ploughman lads they are all the go.

I'll love his teeth, I'll love his skin,
I'll love the very cart he harrows in
And sing Laddie-I, and sing Laddie-O
Ploughman lads they are all the go.

Down yonder glen, could've gotten a miller
But the smell of dust would have made me choke
And sing Laddie-I, and sing Laddie-O
Ploughman lads they are all the go.

Down yonder glen, could've gotten a merchant,
But all of his stuff were not worth a groat
And sing Laddie-I, and sing Laddie-O
Ploughman lads they are all the go.

Oh see him coming from yonder the town,
With all of his ribbons hanging round and round
And sing Laddie-I, and sing Laddie-O
Ploughman lads they are all the go.

And now she's gotten her ploughman lad
As fair as ever he left the plough

²⁰ Bennett, C (2015), Interviewer: Elizabeth Bennett. Lancing, Sussex. 29th April. [Interview]

And Sing Laddie-I, and sing Laddie-O
Ploughman lads they are all the go.²¹

LIZ: *Makes me want to be young and sitting, smoking on a hay bale*

CATH: *Oh – ‘can you see him coming from yonder town, with all his ribbons hanging round and round’ – it’s such a picture!*

LIZ: *So, you are seventeen when you start to sing publicly, and you’ve sung sometimes frequently, sometimes infrequently since [...] and you felt that this was the music for you?*

CATH: *Yes, I became very, very interested and I have a vast collection of folk CDs, but I don’t listen to them very often because ... it may sound arrogant, but if you sing to yourself, which most of my life I have, except when I became depressed when I noticed I didn’t sing/*

LIZ: *No, you didn’t/*

CATH: *I sing to myself; I am my own company. If I go on a long car journey I will just sing. I can remember saying to my dad, ‘how do you yourself amused driving 800 miles from France to Italy? How do you stay awake?’, he said, ‘I sing every song I know, and then I sing them again’. I can remember sitting down with my father when I arrived in France, and in the evening we said, ‘let’s sing all the Scottish songs we know’ and three and a half hours later we were still going.*

[...]

LIZ: *After your brain surgery, when you saw the Downs, you described that as a spirit lifting view ...*

CATH: *Well ... I didn’t think I was going to survive my brain surgery, I hoped I would, and then I had three weeks in hospital, which was a very strange and artificial environment and the only glimpse I had of the outside world was just a bit of sky [...] so many times I’ve driven that Ditchling Road, when Anthony came to pick me up I was still feeling very much the worse for wear, but to drive home and to see that line of Downs it lifted my heart, it was so fabulous. And that’s how I’ve been all my life coming back from anywhere to see that first glimpse of the Downs, and my heart just sings.*

LIZ: *And there’s that capacity in traditional songs to transport you to places that perhaps you can’t access for whatever reason*

CATH: *Yes, but for me as well, following on from when we were talking to Grandad, it’s about a picture it paints in your mind. A song for me is always visual, that’s how I remember it and I always have the pictures in my head. But it’s not necessarily pastoral for me, it’s seasonal for me rather than land specific, although Scottish songs are an exception to that – ‘Loch Lomond’ and ‘You Banks and Brays’ would be examples of thinking about a landscape and singing those songs – but not so much the Downs.*

²¹ Bennett, C (2015). *Ploughman Lads*.

LIZ: *It's a Scottish song I associate with you, 'The Bonny Light Horseman'. If you can imagine a thread running through the family as a form of inheritance, that's the song for me [...]*

CATH: *Well, I first heard Eliza Carthy sing it in the Royal Oak when she was a young woman, and she talked about learning it from her uncle Mike Waterson and it having been his song, but she was taking on the mantle because the family were beginning to pass songs down and somehow tacitly it had been agreed that this would become her song. And I was absolutely bowled over by it, and I just loved it, and I always have done. It is so moving and it's only four verses when you think about it, and yet it's not only the most exquisite tune, but it's also packed with the deepest, strongest emotion; the utter grief of losing someone. Also [...] of the physical love for someone, I think that really comes over, this absolute sensual longing and desire for the dead man [♪ Track 20]:*

Well Bonaparte has commanded his troops for to stand
And he's levelled up his cannon all over the land
Yes, he's levelled up his cannon, the whole victory to gain
And he slew my light horseman returning from Spain

Broken-hearted I wander, all for my true lover
He's my bonny light horseman, in the war has been slain

You should see my light horseman on a cold winter's day
With his red and rosy cheeks and his curly black hair
He's mounted on horseback, the whole victory to gain
And he's over the battlefield for honour and fame

Broken-hearted I wander, all for my true lover
He's my bonny light horseman, in the war has been slain

All ye wives, sweethearts, and widows, attention I pray
For me heart it is broken, and it's fading away
I'm a maiden so distracted, broken hearted I wander
For my bonny light horseman in the war has been slain

Broken-hearted I wander, all for my true lover
He's my bonny light horseman, in the war has been slain

Now if I had have had the wings of an eagle I'd fly
To my bonny light horseman and there I'd lie by
And with my little fluttering wings I would build up my nest
O, my bonny light horseman you're the boy I love best

Broken-hearted I wander, all for my true lover
He's my bonny light horseman, in the war has been slain.

When it came to interviewing my mum, I think both of us felt a bit shy. We had been planning to go for a walk, but the weather had turned, and as we'd set the evening aside we decided to sit at the table. To help with feeling apprehensive, and to transition away from the boring particulars of our days, we decided to have a couple of large gin and tonics. In beginning of the recording, some of that oddly formal reserve is still there in our voices, a clear example would be 'it was all very exciting'. It's quite high-pitched, and strange sounding, as if she's talking to whoever she's imagining is listening to the recording. However, as the gin began to take effect, and with my step-dad slaving in the kitchen next door, swapping songs and chatting about being teenagers contributed to something of a holiday mood. I smile now as I write this at the same dining room table, although we live in a new house now, here in the grain of the wood is that link to knocking back a few gins with mum, singing, and talking about the boys we've loved. The analysis, then, of the thoughts sparked through this encounter, is not a separate element of abstracting knowledge, but rather a recollecting through writing:

At the same time, creating an analysis is not an activity that is itself isolated from 'experience' or from the researcher's embodied knowing. To some extent this is a process of re-insertion, through memory and imagination work

(Pink 2009: p. 120).

As well as imagining our old dining room as I read the transcript, I also returned to the recording of our conversation as I wanted to check one of the lyrics to *Ploughman Lads*. When I heard my mum saying 'it's *such* a picture', I, in turn, could picture her making the form of ribbons hanging down with her hands. She is an intensely expressive woman, and to think of my mum is always to think of hands in motion; her whole body engaged in what she is trying to say. Her enthusiasm for communicating throbs in every vein, and reminds me of Thrift's dilemma after the death of his father about how to capture his life in a way that was open-ended and interpretative of affect, not a definitive account:

I am not sure, in other words, that he needs writing down, or, put it another way, we need a form of writing that can disclose and value his legacy – the somatic currency of

body stances he passed on. The small sayings and large generousities, and, in general, his stance to the world

(Thrift 2008: 109)

The sound of that word, into a memory of mum's actions, into a sudden burst of emotion, connected with all the times she's flung her arms around in explanation whilst singing a tale of lost love, demonstrate the value and immediacy of using multiple forms of entry back into embodied knowledge. As Pink states in relation to reviewing videos of garden tours she undertook during her research into the Cittaslow movement, 'it helped me to imagine and feel my way back into the research encounter [...] audio-recorded materials and audio memories can create strong connection to this research encounter', these strong connections enable us to think through the forces at play in our writing of these exchanges, bringing 'to the fore the sensory and emotional affects of the research encounter, and the role of these aspects of experience in the making of memories, knowledge, and ultimately academic meanings' (Pink 2009: p. 125). Thus, the resonance of needing to use of Thrift and non-representational theory to begin to talk about what mum's singing does, and did, to me, in the past and in the here and now, reverberates through experiencing, remembering and recounting that performance, and that by acknowledging these interrelated processes I can acknowledge and allow, 'the analysis of the materials to be understood as inextricable from the processes through which they are produced and made meaningful' (Pink 2009: p. 126)

As Anderson states, the affective turn emerged 'from a concern with the intimate textures of everyday life' (Anderson 2017: p. 18). Through mum's sensory categorisation of sensual desire in the songs, and our conversations about the rural landscape as a place of transgression as teenagers, places to smoke spliffs and snog boys, I also considered the many forms of intimacy that run through this thesis. The physical intimacy of lovers prevalent in folk songs, the intimacy of bodes and their environments, the seemingly one-sided intimacy developed with archival subjects, and the intimacy of memories. In the process of talking about folk songs and what they do, mum's relationship to her youth and the period in which

she first encountered songs is on also explicated through her focus the becoming of her physical desire for men, and the embodied, visceral qualities on longing and grief. These songs, and their affects, are bound up with her biographies. As Lorimer states it is important ‘to entertain that the emerging narrative that speaks of the intimacies of landscape [...] to consider possibilities for a retelling of personhood as entwined and exchanged, situated and sensuous’ (Lorimer 2004: p. 503). Echoed in another form by Pink who reminds researchers that, ‘sensory categories, metaphors, and meanings are used by people to represent their lives, experiences, and opinions, [they] can often offer a key to understanding their self-identities, what is important to them and why’ (Pink 2009: p. 87).

THE LILT OF THE HILLS

A moment of total discombobulation in the fog led me to think that we were still on the Dyke when we met the road that marks the start of Saddlescombe Farm. The rain was lifting, but aside from one other family who arrived just before we left, we were the only people at the farm café. The farm is at the foot of Newtimber Hill, a site of many walks during our lives, but particularly during our childhood. Being there with Sarah brought to mind lots of the games I had forgotten that we used to play up on the Downs, some influences by the wide games of the Woodcraft Folk, but particularly a favourite involving time-travel that we would play with our now step-siblings:

There were times, for instance, on the walk, where I had the impression that past and present had entirely collapsed, and that I had magically returned to other landscapes which, for some reason or other had, until that moment, remained hidden and out of reach

(Lavery in Mock 2009: p. 10).

Over tea Sarah and I reminisced about the time that she and the others were lost on Newtimber and tried to remember why I wasn’t with them. Of all the paths I walked that week, these was the most peopled with memories, and yet also experienced afresh in the inclement weather:

Even if a body's "affective charge" is constituted through the repetition of past contexts and actions, there is nevertheless always a "slight surprise" to affective life. For a body's affects are never fully determined, there is always openness to them

(Anderson 2017: p. 26).

Our history and ease with Sarah Wales also meant that my sister and I were not referring to people or things from of past that were unfamiliar to her, and thus conversations referred to other times of being at Newtimber, but also other conversations we three had held on journeys, 'the routes we walk and walking rhythms we share with others will always be shaded by the steps we have taken in the past (Pink 2009: p. 76). As well the history of that landscape, I know that Newtimber is where my step-father would like his ashes scattered, and therefore being in this landscape has significance and resonance with an event not yet lived through. As Lee writes 'walking can be understood as a personal biography: the body moves, in part, due to its links between past, present, and future in a life' (Lee 2004 p. 4).

Whilst at the cafe, I sang *The Hare Hunting Song*, using the tune and the words from Sussex singer Samuel Willet, who was known as the 'Singing Baker'. Willet is mainly associated with Cuckfield in mid Sussex, as that is where he was living when his songs were collected from him by Lucy Broadwood across the course of a long correspondence. However, Willet was born in Fulking, one of the villages scattered beneath the hills that we had just made our way over. In one of his letters to Lucy Broadwood, Willet wrote that:

The 'Hare Hunting Song' and 'The Echoing Horn' have been known as chorus songs for very many years in the several villages below the Downs in the neighbourhood of the Devil's Dyke. The former song being such a favourite in the hamlet of Saddlescombe that it has long maintained the sarcastic distinction of being the Saddlescombe Anthem

(Willet, 1890)

I had been in a quandary about whether to include hunting songs in my performances, as I am vehemently anti-hunting, but I felt it was important to acknowledge that they represent a large part of the singing tradition of the county, and a major landscaping activity of the past. Yet, I was unsure about my own position singing them. Naïve as it may be, this song

presented me with both a strong sense of location and locatedness, and a narrative minus any blood shed (that day anyway). The joyful momentum of the song is hard not to give yourself over to, and yet it was not of the narrative of the song that I thought and felt as I sang, but of the gleeful jumping up and down of Lorna and James the previous day when they spotted the rare sight of not one, but two, Brown hares [♪ Track 21].

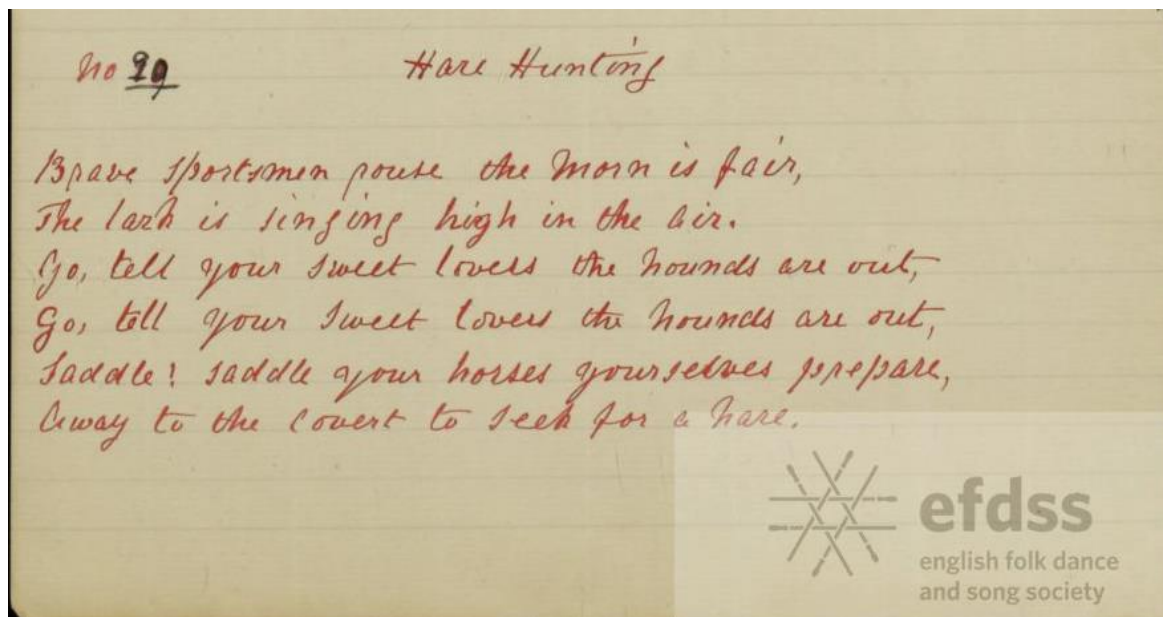


Fig. 41. Willet, S, 1890. *Hare Hunting* – Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library) LEB/2/72/19 [Digital Image - Cropped]

After recharging, without fear, at Saddlescombe, we headed across to Pyecombe and up onto Ditchling Beacon, regaling Sarah with what incredible views she would have been able to see if we weren't battling against the once more torrential rain. As both songs and conversation began to peter out near Plumpton, and I could feel spirits dwindling, I suggested that we drop down to the pub and get a train thereafter to Southease, where we would walk to Rodmell; this would cut off about three more miles on the ridges. When we were settled and surreptitiously drying our socks on the radiator in the Half Moon Inn at Plumpton, I remembered that a traditional singer from Sussex, George Townshend, had sung in the pub with his father, during the time that his father was landlord at The Jolly Sportman in nearby East Chiltington. George had been born in East Chiltington in 1882 and was a regular singer of the other hunting song mentioned by Samuel Willet, *The Echoing*

Horn. The was the same George who sang an ‘h’ before the ‘e’, thus the ‘hechoing horn’. In the CD notes for a number of recordings taken of George Townshend’s singing in his later life, when he was living in Lewes, Brian Matthews gives an evocative account of the process of collecting from George, and the affective associations his voice conjured:

Eighty two years of age,
White haired and weathered
Songs from his lips, like cream,
Tell of shepherds, courtship
And harsh rule of the land.
Words drift; dew in cool night air.
Melodies moulded by
The lilt of the hills
And clear running streams.
'Cellos in the landscape
Throb to the rhythms of the earth
While in deep wooded coombes
A million branches
Orchestrate the wind

(Matthews, 2012)

Just before I had begun my walk, in the last week of April, I had met with an old friend of my mother’s, and a terrific traditional singer, Sandra Goddard. She had wanted to join me for a walk but has increasing difficulties with her mobility. I showed her a list of the songs I’d been researching, and she noticed that there were a few fragments from East Chilington that I hadn’t managed to learn. She suggested a lovely walk she knew in East Chilington that would be about the right length for her. Sandra drove me to the church and we walked down into the woods in late afternoon sunlight. I didn’t interview her as we walked towards the clearing she was looking for, as I wanted her to be able to enjoy the walk without worrying to much about answering me, on top of navigating her stick, and making sure of her footing. The crunch of the gravel on the recording, and the sound of the stick as well as our feet, were crucial in taking me back to the feeling of walking with Sandra. By walking at her pace, and stopping when she needed to take a breath or have a drink of water, I was able to understand in part how her body dictates how far the paths she can walk extend, and to create correspondences, by walking together around East

Chiltington, and to ‘seek routes through which to develop experience-based empathetic understandings of what others might be experiencing and knowing’ (Pink 2009: p. 65). Moreover, getting to know Sandra in this way added other layers of significance to hearing her story of a prized walk of freedom up on the Downs as a young mother, freed from the normal constraints of pushing a buggy or holding a hand.

Once we had settled down, me on a boulder and Sandra on a stile, she sang for me with the low afternoon sun behind her, and a pheasant calling in the field. It was a song I had never heard before that day, but I have loved ever since. For Brian Matthews, George Townshend’s singing ‘speaks of the Sussex Downs’ (Matthews, 2012). Sandra, for me, sounds like a Sussex Wood in spring, blanketed with anemones; rich, earthy, and rooted, yet mellifluous and delicate. I experienced in the feel of her voice what Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick captures as, ‘the intimacy between texture and emotion’ (Sedgwick 2003: p. 17), and Macdonald’s suggestion that ‘voices have textures as though perceived tactilely and visually’ (Macdonald 1998: p 52 in Pink 2009: p. 124) [♪ Track 22]:

Now as I walked out on a May morning,
One May morning betimes
I met a maid, from home had strayed
Just as the sun did shine.

“What makes you to rise so soon, my dear,
Your journey to pursue?
Your pretty little feet, they tread so sweet,
Strike off the morning dew”

“I’m going to feed my father’s flock,
His young and tender lambs
That over hills and over dales
Lie waiting for their dams”

“Come stay, O stay, my handsome maid,
And rest a moment here
For there is none but you alone,
That I do love so dear”

“How gloriously the sun does shine,
How pleasant is the air?
I’d rather rest upon a true love’s breast
Than on any other where”

“For I am thine love and thou art mine
No man shall uncomfote thee
We’ll join our hands in wedded bands
And married we shall be”²².

SANDRA: *That was ‘Searching for Lambs’.*

LIZ: *Beautiful! What a lovely setting to have it in as well.*

SANDRA: *Isn’t it? I shall remember this. Now I can’t remember where I learnt ‘Searching for Lambs’, but I heard somebody singing it, I heard them quite a number of times, before I decided that I was going to have to sing it - even if they were singing it much better than me. Somebody must have given me the words because I know I didn’t get them from a book. Nearly all the songs I sing I haven’t got from a book; I’ve gotten them initially from the inspiration of hearing someone else singing them. However good or bad the singer, it doesn’t really make any difference to me, the song will haunt me for a while and then I will say to someone, ‘do you have the words for ‘Searching for Lambs?’ That for me is the most natural way to get to a song, you do it through people. I think the line that caught my heart really to be rather sentimental about it was, ‘I’d rather rest upon a true love’s breast than on any other where’. I think that’s just a lovely phrase and sentiment.*

LIZ: *Yes, that’s the phrase that came out to me just now. I could tell you really connected with that.*

SANDRA: *Like it’s in italics! Because to me that’s the heart of the song, it’s not about whether he proposes, it’s that bit ... that what everybody needs, you know, to rest in somebody else.*

[...]

Years ago, I was already married and we had one child by that point, Joanna. My husband’s mother used to live nearby and we arranged that on May 1st – May morning – we’d have a child free morning, and we went to Shoreham May morning [...] after the procession my husband had to go to work and I arranged [...] to get a lift up onto the Downs so that I could go for a walk [...] I had for once a whole day free, it was just wonderful because when you’ve got a young child it’s all you do, so you’re busy all the time, and suddenly I had this free day . I walked to Chanctonbury Ring, as I walked it was still quite early in the morning and nobody was about, and it was a week day so there were no ramblers or anything, and I thought, ‘oh good, I’m safe to sing’. So, I was singing that song, ‘Searching for Lambs’, as I went along and as I got to the corner of a field there was this year’s lambs and ewes all in the corner of the field. And as I came along they all crowded into the corner of a field , and I just stood there leaning over the gate looking at these little baby lambs thinking of that song, and whilst I was musing on all this the little lambs started to suck my fingers! [...] And every time I sing that song I’m thinking about the people in that song, but I’m also thinking about these little lambs on my hands.

[...]

²² Goddard, S (2015). *Searching for Lambs*.

When I'm at home I don't really listen to folk music except in my head, I can hear all these singers that I know singing, and I don't need to listen to records really. I don't know if it's silly to say I've got a photographic memory for tunes but I can hear these traditions singings in such an exact way.

[...]

There hasn't been a single week since 1962 where I haven't done something to do with folk music. It's ok for it to be simple, you don't have to be clever. Even if you're elderly, even if you are hard of hearing, and even if you can't quite hold the tune anymore, you're still accepted as a singer. The songs are just as valuable even if some croaky old person is singing them, not quite as well as they sang 40 years before.

[...]

With folk music, you can be very low on technique, not have a particularly good voice, and yet be a mighty singer. It just amazes me over the years, all these people, some of whom haven't had very good voices, and yet they are revered even when they fail to sing in tune. It's just person to person to person down the ages just passing on all these lovely stories and songs.

When we reached Rodmell met at the Abergavenny Arms in Rodmell by members of the Brighton Vox choir, who I had been singing with for a couple of years since I had moved back to Sussex. One of the activities of the choir that I had enjoyed the most was our walks every six months or so, where we would take in a few pubs and perform some informal chorus numbers, and it was through these trips that I had begun to think about ways and lays. I'd invited them to come and sing on this walk, and as folk songs are not traditionally associated with harmony singing, I thought that a good one to pick for our choir would be a number from The Copper Family of Rottingdean. I'd been reading Bob Copper's memoirs about his singing and family life in Sussex, *Early to Rise: A Sussex Boyhood* (1976), and had been intrigued by his account of watching the sun rise between Mount Caburn and Firle Beacon from Kingston Hill. With the weather as it was I thought it was unlikely that I would rise early the next morning to recreate this experience. However, I was glad to be singing *Come Write Me Down*, a song informally known as the 'Sussex wedding song' for its popularity at nuptials in the county. I learnt the song from my mother, who has sung at friends' weddings, and it was one of 'about half a hundred' recorded from James "Brasser" Copper and Tom Copper by Kate Lee in 1899, and subsequently published in the first

edition of *The Journal of the Folk-Song Society*. Kate Lee was staying with her friend Sir Edward Carson in Rottingdean, when, as recalled by Bob Copper from the family story, ‘she [had] heard of James and Tom singing their old songs down in the Black Horse and, wishing to learn more about them, invited them up to the big house one evening’ (Copper 1975: p. 12). Through Bob Copper’s account it is also possible to glean some of the sensory impressions of the encounter, ones that had both been remembered by James and Tom, and impressed themselves enough upon Bob to recall them; one can hear sound of the glass stopper being lifted away from the decanter. In the surroundings, and the mixture of nerves and excitement, the encounter may be seen as ‘saturated with affect’s lines of promise and threat’ (Stewart 2007: p. 129). The singers dressed in their Sunday best for the visit to Carson’s house:

Any embarrassment they might have felt at being asked to sing in front of a lady in an elegantly furnished drawing room instead of at home in the cottage or in the tap room of the ‘Black’un’ was soon dispelled by generous helpings from a full bottle of whiskey standing in the middle of the table with two cut-glass tumblers and a decanter of water. They sang, they drank and sang again and all the time Mrs Lee was noting down the words and music of their efforts. They kept this up all evening and were not allowed to leave until the bottle on the table was empty and the book on Mrs Lee’s lap was full

(Copper 1975: p. 12).

The Coppers have lived and worked around Rottingdean for the past 400 years, and it is known that for at least the past 200 years they have been passing their songs, many of which are sung in harmony, down through the family. As well as the writings of Bob Copper preserving for a wider audience these songs sung at sheep-shearing suppers, Harvest Homes, pub sing-a-rounds and family parties, the children and grandchildren of Bob continue to sing some of the repertoire absorbed and shared by the family over the past few centuries, as Sandra Goddard says, ‘person to person’. Vic Gammon, commenting on only six of the Copper’s songs being published during the first folk revival, and how much we may be able to about how complete collections are, and whether they are indicative of the full repertoires of the singers, discusses the Copper’s claim to Kate Lee that they knew ‘half a

hundred', which we are able to assess now was 'a modest underestimate. Luckily the repertoire of the Copper Family has been preserved well in both print and on gramophone record; had the family tradition died we might have only known them by six songs'

(Gammon 1980: p. 67) [🎵 Track 23]:

Come write me down, ye powers above
The man that first created love
For I've a diamond in my eye
Where all my joys and comforts lie
Where all my joys and comforts lie

I will give you gold, I will give you pearl
If you can fancy me dear girl
Rich costly robes that you shall wear
If you can fancy me my dear
If you can fancy me my dear

It's not your gold shall me entice
To leave off pleasures to be a wife
For I don't mean nor intend at all
To be at any young man's call
To be at any young man's call

Then go your way, you scornful dame
Since you've proved false I'll prove the same
For I don't care, but I shall find
Some other fair maid to my mind
Some other fair maid to my mind

O stay young man, don't be in haste
You seem afraid your time will waste
Let reason rule your roving mind
And onto you I will prove kind
And onto you I will prove kind

So to church they went the very next day
And were married by asking, as I've heard say
So now that girl she is his wife
She will prove his comforts day and night
She will prove his comforts day and night

So now their trouble and sorrow is past
Their joy and comfort has come at last
That girl to him always said, 'nay'
She will prove his comforts night and day
She will prove his comforts night and day

In this chapter, I have continued my previous consideration of lines and lineage and attempted to communicate what it felt like to walk in a storied landscape, a place familiar and yet always becoming, ‘an attempt to discover how landscape can be reanimated by intimacy in conduct and encounter’ (Lorimer 2004: p. 515). Additionally, I hope to have considered how the act of walking this stretch of the South Downs Way in a mode of companionship, both in the company of my sister and our friend, and in the company of memories, has begun to illuminate the folding together of affective past, present and futures. Furthermore, through assembling the moments that have remained with me, I hope to have engaged with the reader in creating some *sense* of the walk that day, and the possibilities that revisiting childhood routes may offer:

Bits of writing score over the refrains of a landscape becoming a horizon for thought. Tracks of influence and memory shards have the tone, timing, and mood of a pressing environ. Things spied as if out of the corner of eye carry the weight of a background hum [...] materialities swell into modes of address

(Stewart 2015: p. xi)

In the following chapter, and the final stage of my walk, I continue to develop my interest in affective legacies, and what the remains of the past may *do*.



Fig. 42. The Copper Family Collection. *Central Club, Peacehaven*. Bob, Ron, John, and James. c1950s [Photograph]

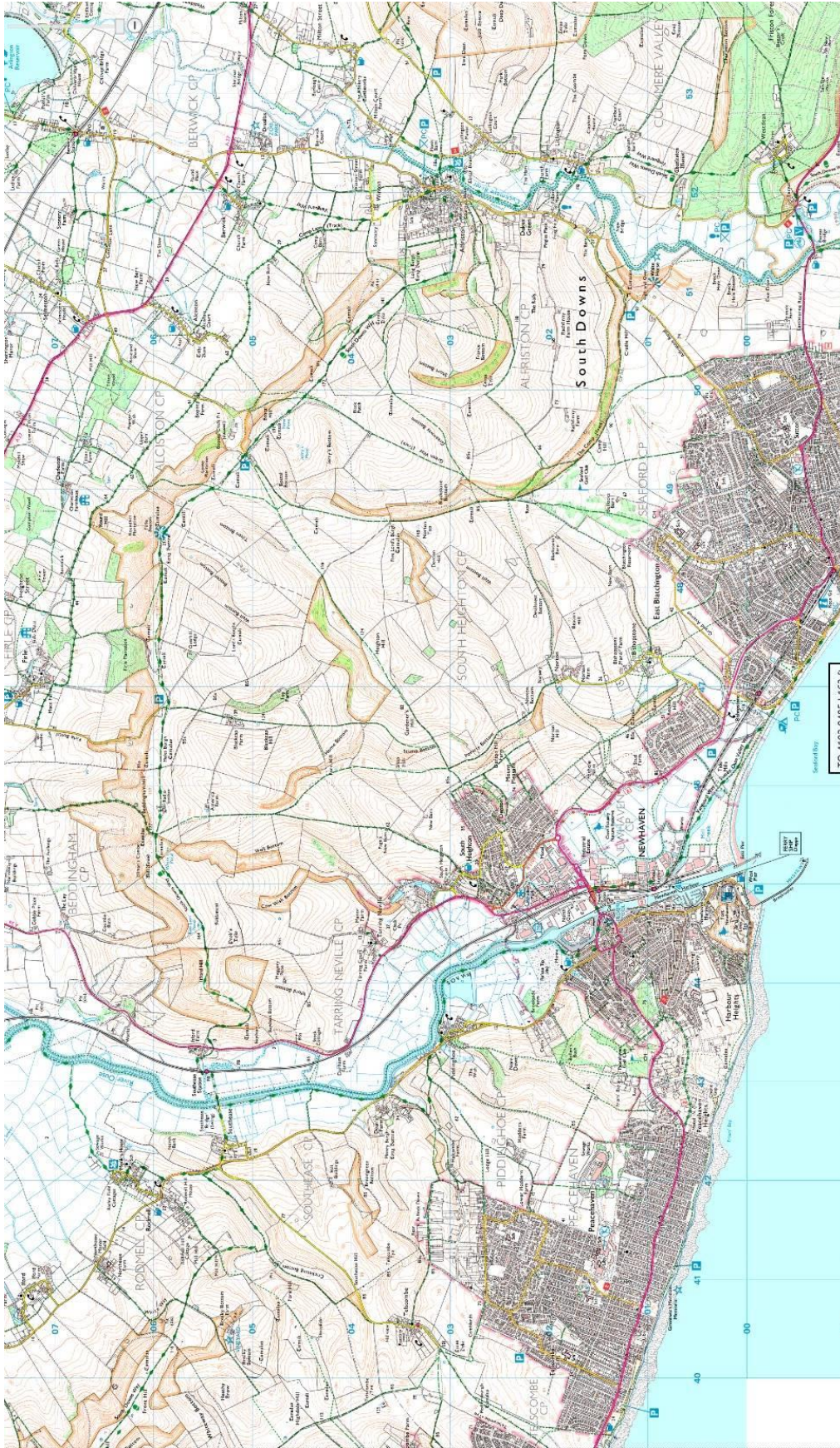


Fig. 43. Ordnance Survey, 2015. Rodmell to Alfriston. [Digital Image]

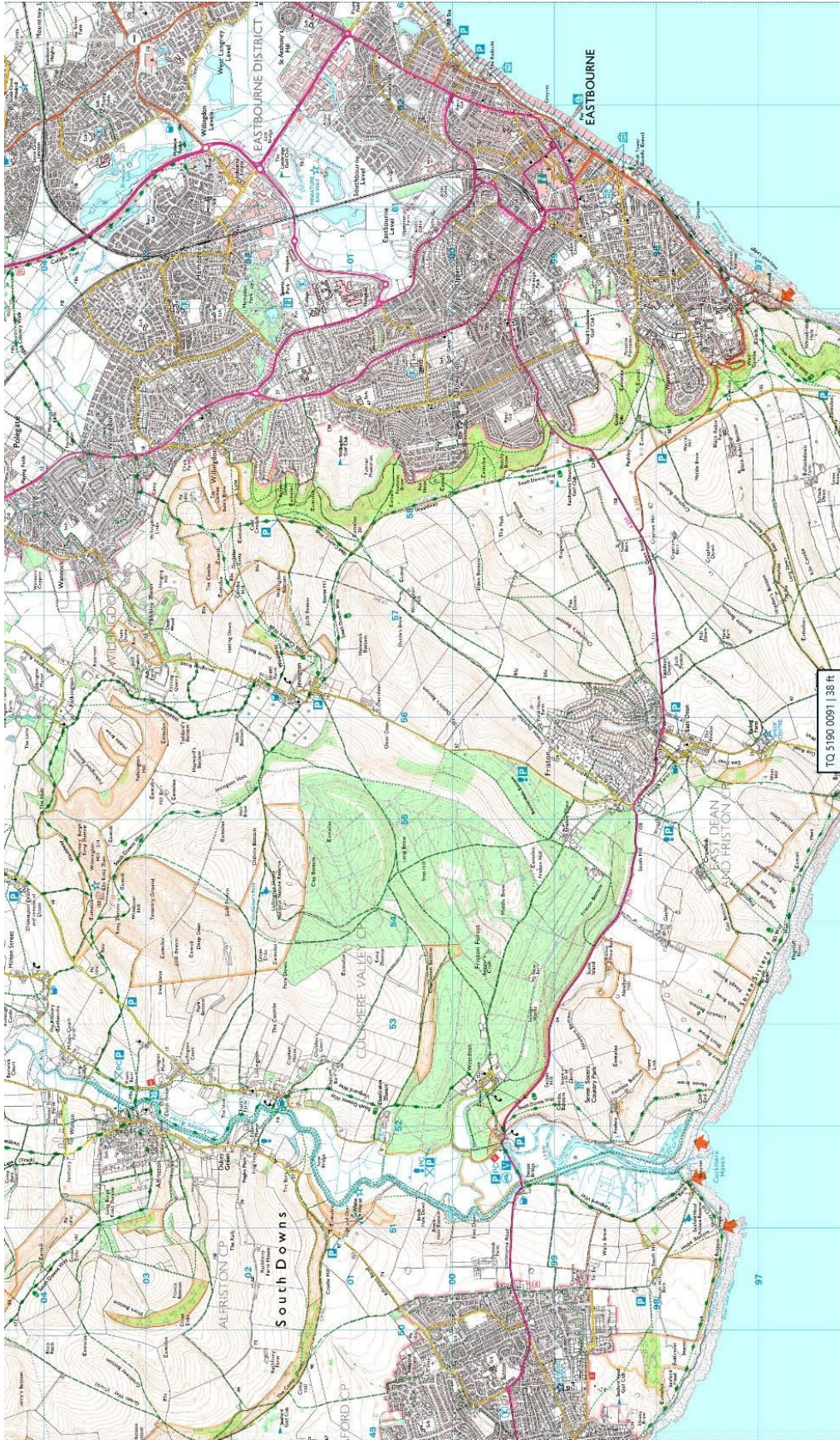


Fig. 44. Ordnance Survey, 2015. *Alfriston to Eastbourne*. [Digital Image]

CHAPTER 8: RODMELL TO ALFRISTON, ALFRISTON TO EASTBOURNE: AFFECTIVE LEGACIES

As gardens grow with flowers, English grows with words

Words that have secret powers, Words that give joy like birds

(Farjeon in Bond, 2007)

WORDS THAT GIVE JOY

With the Coppers and generations of singing families still very much in my mind, I had a contemplative stroll from my bed and breakfast to Rodmell Church. I thought of a discussion I'd had with Bob Lewis about composed songs, how Bob Copper had been a fan of Belloc, and how neither of us saw the point in splitting hairs over what a folk song was. If we liked it, we learnt it, and we sang it. I had arranged to meet my walking companions in the church yard under a cherry tree and arriving there I was able to reflect upon a quiet moment I'd had with singer and much-admired songwriter Charlotte Oliver the previous evening. The weather had finally lifted, the sun was playing through the clouds, a new wind was animating the fallen blossom, and the birds were singing through their repertoires:

LIZ: *Charlotte, when did you write the song?*

CHARLOTTE: *I wrote the song eight years ago. What started me writing it was meeting a shepherdess from Sussex, Mary. And she was talking about how separate her life felt from everyone around her. That, years ago, people used to understand, particularly around lambing time, about how difficult it was. Now, people don't realize what she's going through, the fact she has to get up every two hours to check the lambs, 24 hours a day ... she's walking around in dirty, smelly clothes, or having to drive to the supermarket because the village shop is shut and people just get out of her way thinking she's some kind of degenerate. I wrote this song for her, from certain things that she told me and really made me think, and I wanted to include in the song. I also went over to help her, so that she could have a break basically, and I mean there's certain images like getting up at 2am and walking across the fields in the pitch black to the lambing sheds, which was lit up, you know? I can see that now, so the song came from physical images as well [♪ Track 24].*

Me, I'm just a shepherdess, come lambing time each day I'm dressed
In boots and jeans, my hair's a mess, and night times I'm the same.
For every two hours I must rise, to shine my torch in frightened eyes
To rescue lambs before they die, and carry them back home.

And who would be a shepherdess, come lambing time, come lambing time?
O who would be a shepherdess, all on the Sussex Downs?

I hardly notice day or night, night melts to day, and dark to light
I try to sleep but just can't quite, so switch on Sky TV.
Celebrities and dull quiz shows, my sheep dogs guard me as I doze
And that is how the Spring time goes, a lonely time for me.

And who would be a shepherdess, come lambing time, come lambing time?
O who would be a shepherdess, all on the Sussex Downs?

Two business men I hardly know, bought up the farm six months ago
Try it for a year or so, then maybe sell it on.
And yet when Sundays come around, they ride their 4x4s from town
In smart green Barbers strut around, while I just wish them gone.

And who would be a shepherdess, come lambing time, come lambing time?
O who would be a shepherdess, all on the Sussex Downs?

I spend my days and nights alone, for I can't venture far from home
My friends just voices on the phone, at least till lambings done.
I drink too much I'm in no doubt, I've watched the piles of bottles mount
But with a wine box I lose count, they help the weeks roll on.

And who would be a shepherdess, come lambing time, come lambing time?
O who would be a shepherdess, all on the Sussex Downs?

But come those flowery April days, I'll watch my new-born lambs at play
Smile as passing walkers say how lucky I must be.
With fresh eyes I'll look around, the sweet green of the Sussex Downs
For though I've sought, I've never found, a better life for me.

And who would be a shepherdess, come lambing time, come lambing time?
O who would be a shepherdess, all on the Sussex Downs?

I guess I'll stay a shepherdess all the Sussex Downs.



Fig. 45. Bennett, E. *St Peter's Church, Rodmell*. 4th May 2015 [Photograph]

I was joined presently by fellow PhD students and friends, Emma and Anna, family friends Rachel, Dave, Moria, Jackie, and Mike, and my sister Sarah, mum Catherine, and our friend Sarah. After introductions had been made, I sang a song to set us on our way. Rodmell Churchyard runs adjacent to the garden of Monk’s House, the home of Leonard and Virginia Woolf. I told the group a story one of the National Trust guides there had told me about the Woolfs’ rumoured tiny appetites and frugal hosting, and when people would turn up late to the Inn and ask if they were still serving food, the landlord would say – ‘You’ll be staying at Monks House then?’ Ralph Vaughan Williams, when he visited Rodmell, collected songs from singers in the Abergavenny Arms, including the tune *The Unquiet Grave* from the Inn on January 10th 1906; the name of the singer is not given. He collected a few more songs during his stay in the village, all from male singers. As only the tune of *The Unquiet Grave* from the anonymous singer has survived in the archive, or was taken at the time, I sourced the lyrics from earlier in the route. Jimmy Brown from Trotton sang the song for Dorothy Marshall in 1911. Dorothy knew Jimmy through his dad Mr Brown, a local tipteerer, and a member of the Pipe Whistle band. At the bottom on the transcript it reads, ‘Jimmy Brown, helped by his mother, verse V is hers’ [🎵 Track 25]:

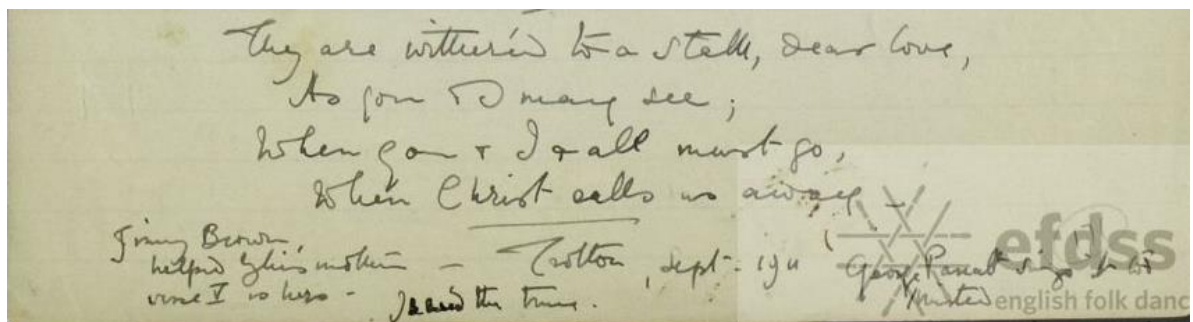


Fig. 46. Brown, J, 1911. *How Cold, How Cold the Wind do Blow* – Lyrics. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library CC/1/33 [Digital Image - Cropped])

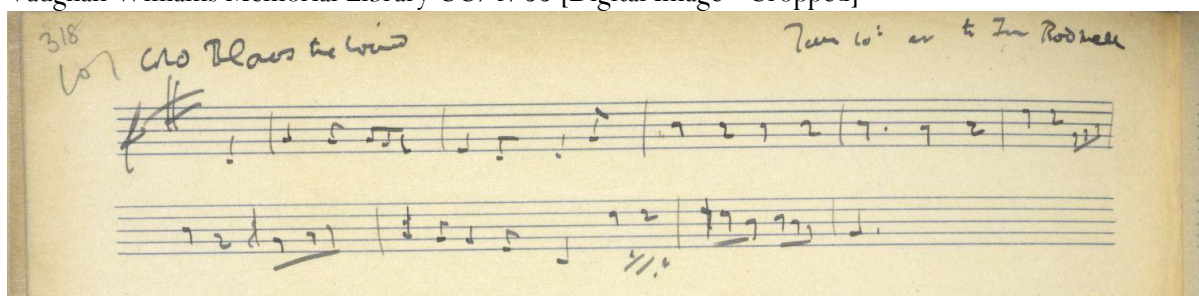


Fig. 47. Anon, 1906. *Cold Blows the Wind* – Music. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library RVW2/3/156 [Digital Image - Cropped])

Moving away from the cherry tree, Dave noticed the grave I sang next to bore my name, Elizabeth. I was reminded that this was a place where people came to mourn, and not just a beautiful spot for me to sing in, and then craft a story about. I felt suddenly ashamed:

Shame floods into being as a moment, a disruptive moment, in a circuit of identity-constituting identificatory communication. Indeed, like a stigma, shame itself a form of communication. Blazons of shame, the “fallen face” with eyes down and head averted – and to a lesser extent, the blush – are semaphores of trouble and at the same time of a desire to reconstitute the interpersonal bridge

(Sedgwick 2007: p. 36)

Shame is communicated in a variety of ways in Charlotte’s narrative and song; shame is present in the way that the shepherdess feels about her drinking, and in the manner in which people react to her in shops. Through this, it is possible to see how shame is ‘both peculiarly contagious and peculiarly individuating’ (Sedgwick 2007: p. 36). When there is someone behaving outside ‘the norm’ it is possible for shame to be felt for them, and communicated about them to each other, ‘someone else’s embarrassment, stigma, debility, bad smell, or strange behaviour, seemingly having nothing to do with me, can readily flood me [...] that’s the double movement shame makes: toward painful individuation, toward uncontrollable relationality’ (Sedgwick 2007: p. 37). However, in this double movement, grounds for change can also be felt. I felt ashamed that prior to meeting with Charlotte, and hearing her song, I had not given much thought to rural labour in a modern Sussex that is out of step with relentless, demanding seasonal practices. Thus, as Heddon sees autotopography as a possible means of rewriting or reclaiming places (Heddon in Mock 2009: p. 162), such acts of reclamation can also be found in the stories of folk songs. The practices these songs evoke, allow different ways of being-in-the-landscape to remain, and to illuminate new meanings for these practices in contemporary settings.

We reached the village of Southease next and stopped to give the dogs some water (my dog Lily and Mike’s dog Bertie). Here, we met up with Louise Jolly, her partner Jon, and their baby daughter Arwen. Louise had heard about the walk through the Sussex Fairy and

Folk Tale Centre, and she and I fairly quickly realised we would have plenty to discuss on folk stories and landscape. Whilst baby straps were being adjusted, shoelaces tied, and water bottles being refilled, I showed the group some copies of songs that had been collected from Southease by Ralph Vaughan Williams, on the same trip that he visited the Inn at Rodmell. These included another version of *Blackberry Fold*, and a song almost entirely unique to Sussex, *Young Collins*. They were both sung a Mr Baker of Southease. The 1901 census records Mr Robert Baker as a blacksmith at the forge opposite the Abergavenny Arms. As I was unable to find him in the 1911 census, I checked the National Archives and his death was recorded in 1907 aged 73. He ran the Forge with his partner Edward Jeffery. Baker and Jeffrey were categorised as builders, wheelwrights, and blacksmiths in local trade directories. Of specific interest to me, was that during this time the firm undertook repairs to Rodmell church, and built the lych gate in 1898; they also made coffins. After Robert's death, his daughter Lydia Anne rented the business to Christopher Dean, selling it to him in 1910. Christopher's Grandson Roger still runs the Forge. Lydia Ann Baker married Jacob Verrall in 1910, she died 1912, and Jacob died in 1919. Jacob left considerable property in the Rodmell area, including Monks House, Rodmell, which was sold to Leonard Woolf. Bob Lewis had sung a version of *Young Collins* for me when we met, and I hummed this inexpertly as I wondered where in Southease Robert Baker had lived [🎵 Track 26]:

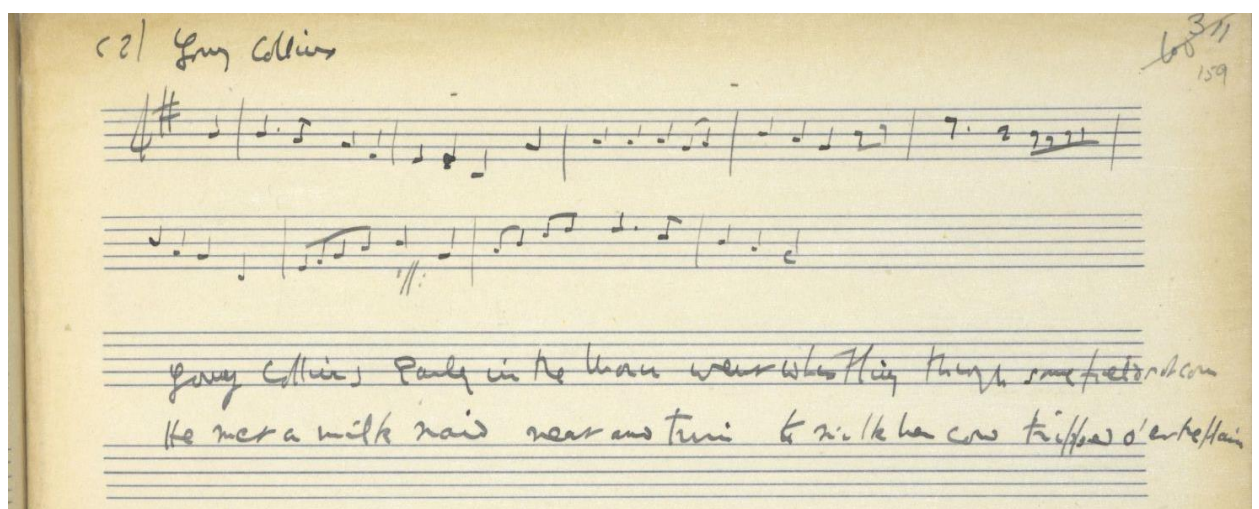


Fig. 48. Baker, Mr 1906. *Young Collins* – Music. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library RVW2/3/152 [Digital Image - Cropped])

The only way that I can explain my feelings of listening to Bob sing is through the idea of joy. It is the pleasure evoked by hearing the Sussex pronunciation of ‘ewes’, the lightness in his treatment of the tune, the happiness encapsulated in his rhythms, like the carefree delight of whistling in a field. It is in that enjoyment that I am able to perceive how affective emotions are:

Transmitted, communicated, and generated by and with music [...] it is a corporeal experience both of individual bodies with the music and with each other through music. A sense of hope, a feeling of joy can be forged [...] just as bodies make music [...] bodies are made by music

(Wright in Lee et al 2014: p. 705)

SKYLARKING

After we had crossed the river Ouse, the third waterway of Sussex and the accompaniment to my daily walks since my move to Lewes in June 2015, we headed up onto Firle Beacon via Itford Hill. Here, the landscape is every inch of Kipling’s *Sussex*, ‘our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs’ (Kipling, 1902). In the same poem Kipling mentions the unusual weather-vane of Piddinghoe Church, a ‘begilded Dolphin’, which most people believe is a fish. The vane (a replacement, perhaps) I discovered in my research was commissioned from Jeffrey and Baker of Rodmell. I have become familiar with Kipling’s verse after the many cross-country scampers with my step-father where he will mournfully sigh, ‘clean of officious fence or hedge, half-wild and wholly tame’, and bemoan the increase of sheep fencing as a result of the South Downs becoming a national park (Kipling, 1902).

The sloping beauty of Firle Beacon is the shape I love most in all of Sussex, and probably in the world. I can never see it and not think of Belloc’s poem “The South County”, ‘along the sky the line of the Downs, so noble and so bare’ (Belloc, 1920). The site of it lifts my heart, my body is physically pulled to its slopes with a yearning, and my walk becomes

chest-led. As Stewart states, ‘impacts and energies, attunements and disorientations [are] set in motion by moving with a landscape’ (Stewart 2015: p. xv). Discussing my project, the following year at a writing masterclass at Brighton University, I met a fellow Firle devotee, who confessed that in all his travels he had never managed to see lines like it. Enthusiastically, he pulled out a sketchbook containing many nearly, not-quite attempts to trace the folds of Firle. I am reminded of his obsession and dedication to drawing it perfectly as I try, and fail, to capture Firle Beacon in words. In my weekend job as a waitress a couple of years after this, I chat to a lady whose friend paints this stretch of downs like a woman’s curves, and also one of the joy she feels walking on the downs, I am thrilled when the artist Maya sends me images of the paintings next day.

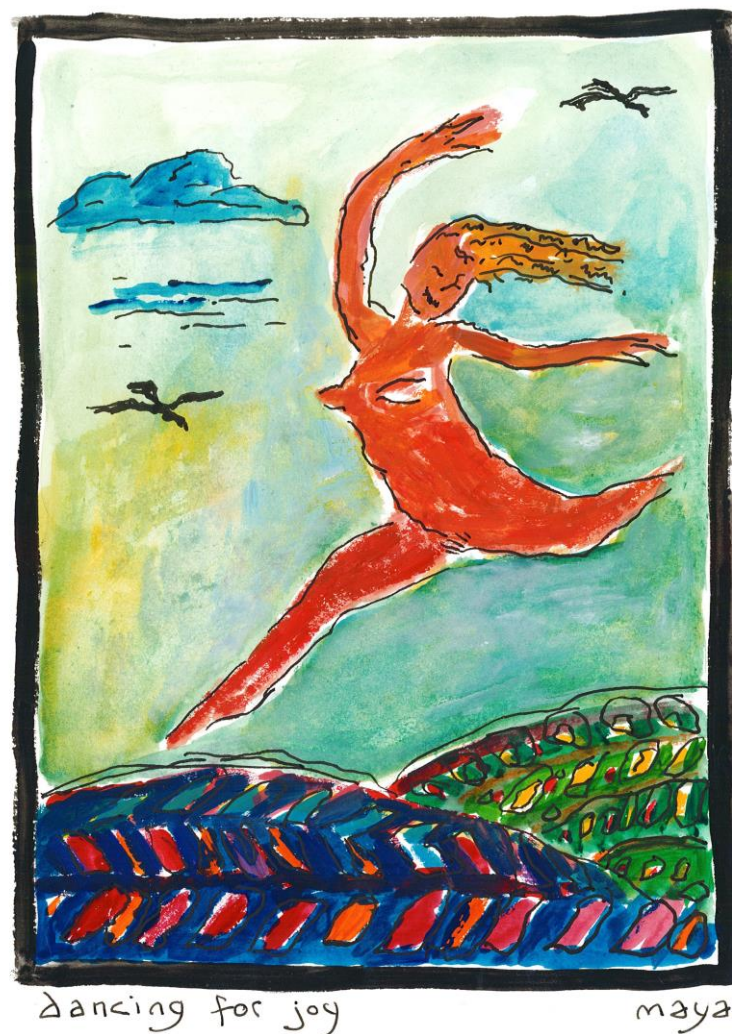


Fig. 49. Cockburn, M. *Dancing for Joy*. 2017 [Print of Original Painting]

After our climb, we stopped by Firle Trig point. At last, I was able to show Sarah some of the villages falling away beneath the hills. One of these is North Chailey, at the far-flung edges of the wooded wield. Here, in 1945 Bob Copper, sponsored by the BBC to record songs for the radio, travelled to meet a lady called Lily Cook. In his book *Songs and Southern Breezes* (1973), Bob recorded his impressions of the singer and her sensory home:

When Lily Cook opened her door and ushered me in to the front parlour, I stepped back forty years. The chiffonier with lace-edges, lined runners, the heavy damask curtains faded into vertical stripes between the folds, the table-cloth to match ... loved and tended, since she and her husband had moved in as newly-weds in 1909 [...] over her shoulder I could look out across the gorse and the healthy expanse of Chailey Common right down to the steep escarpment of the South Downs at Plumpton [...] We started to swap songs and she was clearly delighted to learn that there were still people about who were aware of, and in fact cherished, the kind of songs that she had loved ever since she heard her parents and other members of the family singing when she was a tiny girl

(Copper 1973: pp. 43 – 44)


We formed a wind shield around the trig point; in my memory spontaneously, on the recording clearly orchestrated by me. Although I began by trying to stick as faithfully as I could to Lily's version, when Bertie the dog and Arwen the baby joined in it was impossible not to relax from worries about performance perfection, and I just allowed the song to be informal and mirthful – which, upon reflection, was right both for the moment and the spirit of the song. My enervating cackle in the middle of the song still makes me smile, and I hope that Lily Cook would be happy to think of people still singing, taking care of, and laughing at the old songs [♪ Track 27]:

The lark in the morning, she rises from her nest
She melts into the air, with the dew upon her breast
Twas down in meadow, I carelessly did stray
Oh there's no one like the ploughboy in the merry month of May.

And when his work is over, and then what will he do?
He'll fly into the country, his wake to go
And with his pretty sweetheart, he'll whistle and he'll sing
And at night he'll return to his old home again.

And when he returns from, his wake unto the town
The meadows they are mowed, and the grass it is cut down
The nightingale she whistles, upon the hawthorn spray
And the moon is a-shining upon the new mown hay.

So, here's luck to the ploughboys, wherever they may be
They'll take a winsome lass, to sit upon their knee
And with a jug of beer boys, they'll whistle and they'll sing
For the ploughboy is as happy as a Prince or a King²³.

We dropped down into a hollow to eat some lunch and give our ears a rest from the wind. My mum sang a rendition of *Pleasant and Delightful*, along with the skylarks audible at interludes, sounding in that space the essence of the Downs. The rest of us joined in with the choruses, and an atmosphere of ease and amity developed from walking together, through the laughter of forming a wind shield, and fostered by the chorus repeats, seems to me to be captured in the recording [ Track 28]:

It was pleasant and delightful on a bright summers morn
Where the fields and the meadows were all covered in corn
There were blackbirds and thrushes singing on every tree
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day

And the larks they sang melodious, and the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious, at the dawning of the day

Now a sailor and his true love were walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away,
I am bound for the West Indies, where the loud cannons roar
And I am bound to leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore

I am bound to leave you Nancy, I am bound to leave you Nancy
I am bound to leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore

Then a ring from off her finger she instantly drew
Saying, "Take this my Willy, and my heart will go too"
And as they were embracing tears from her eyes fell,
Saying, "May I go along with you?", "Oh no, my love, farewell"

Saying, "May I go along with you?", saying, "May I go along with you?"
Saying, "May I go along with you?", "oh no, my love, farewell"

²³ Vic Smith very kindly suggested Lily Cook as a singer I might like to consider during my walk and pointed me towards her recordings on Topic Records.

“Fare thee well dearest Nancy, no longer can I stay
For the topsails are hoisted and the anchors away
And the ship she lies waiting for the fast-flowing tide
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride”

“And if ever I return again, and if ever I return again
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride”

I sang another song as we chatted in the dip, enjoying the communal atmosphere of a group that had splintered and adjusted into different configurations along the way, and was now in a temporarily settled whole. Dogs, babies, Nordic walking poles, and blisters, all impacted upon who walked with who. As Ingold and Vergunst explore, echoing with Heddon:

People have continually to readjust the patterns and style of their walking in order to accommodate the changes undergone not only by their own developing bodies but also by the bodies of those, whom they walk *with*

(Ingold and Vergunst 2008: p. 17).

Dear Father was recorded from a seven-year-old girl, Shelia Smith, when her family were staying in a roadside encampment of barrel top wagons near Laughton in 1952. The visceral, intense, immediacy of her voice has stayed with me ever since I first heard the recording [🎵 Track 29]:

Dear father, dear father, pray build me a boat
So, all on that ocean I'd there go and float
And every big ship that I do pass by
I will enquire for my sailor boy.

O, what colour clothes does your sailor boy wear?
What colour was his sweet golden hair?
Well his jacket was blue and his trousers was white
And curly hair and eyes shining bright.

O, you know last night when the wind that blowed high
I lost my Ma beside your sailor boy.
O, she sat herself down and she wrote her a song
She wrote it so long and she wrote it so neat.
And every verse did she shed a tear
And every verse did she put, 'Sweet Willy Dear'

Well if I was a blackbird I'd whistle and sing
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in
And on the top rigging I'd there build my nest
I'd sleep all night long on that lily-white breast.
For if I was a scholar and could handle my pen
One private letter to my true love I'd send²⁴.

As I sipped my tea from the flask, my throat dry from singing, I thought about Chris Penfold-Brown and our chat over tea in her kitchen. She had shared with me a poem about her father's yog, the Romany word for a fire, and how good tea tasted after a day's hop picking:

Out working too, there was a yog for the tea,
A nice protected place he could always see,
When the yog was lit, and the kettle boiled,
The tea was fit for a king, but our clothes were soiled

(Penfold-Brown, 2015)

Cupping the flask lid with my hands, I thought not only about wrapping my hands around a cup of tea as I had chatted to Chris in the kitchen, but also of the imagined taste of tea freshly boiled from a fire; memories and past imaginations arrived in the natal present. This sensory journey recalled Pink's discussions of the everyday practices that we engage in with our research participants:

When we participate in other people's worlds we often try to do things similar to those that they do [...] or play roles in the events, activities or daily routines that they invite us to participate in. Such forms of participation do nevertheless usually involve us also participating in some 'ordinary' everyday practices, including eating, drinking, walking or other forms of movement or mobility that our research participants are also engaged in. This relates to participation in both actual practices and more generally participation through 'being there' in a shared physical environment

(Pink 2009: p. 67).

²⁴ Bennett, E (2015). *Dear Father*.



Fig. 50. Bennett Family Collection. *Firle Beacon*. Sarah Bennett, Catherine Bennett, Alison Le Mare, Grandpa Myles, Steve Le Mare, Mick Le Mare, Peter Bennett, Lizzie Bennett. 1992. [Photograph]



Fig 51. Faulkner, M. *Firle Beacon*. Catherine Bennett, Rachel Cooper, Sarah Wales, Lizzie Bennett, Lily the Dog, Emma Miles, Sarah Bennett, Anna Trostnikova, Dave Reeves. 4th May 2015 [Photograph].

After Firle, most of my walking companions headed back to their cars, and with Anna and Emma I continued on to Alfriston via Berwick to show them the murals painted in the church by Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, forgetting about singing or guiding and just enjoying a walk with friends. Anna, Emma, and I continued on a the part of the path where the ever present sea, soothes, cradles, and calms. The lasting image of that stretch of the way is sitting with the girls with my knees tucked up on the stone bench outside Berwick Church, gossiping about our lives since we had last seen each other, and Anna laughing uncontrollably at Emma and I for not understanding the pseudo Latin joke inscribed on our seat – ‘ore stabit fortis arare placet ore stat/ O, rest a bit for tis a rare place to rest’. Through the convivial affects humming around our laughter, I thought of Heddon’s question, ‘if walking alone prompts reflective reverie, what takes place when walking with a friend? What does friendship bring to walking? And what sorts of conditions for friendship does walking provide?’ (Heddon 2012: p. 80)

Following a quick drink in Alfriston, and a rush to get them on the last bus to Eastbourne, I checked into my room at The George Inn. Tucked up into clean sheets in an enormous bed, and turning pages with my bath pruned hands, I read about the smuggling history of that establishment and the village. Cocooned in my sheets and listening to the rain returning outside, I felt not so much happiness as a complete absence of sadness, dispelled by a day of laughing with friends. I have always relied upon a squeaky-clean body in freshly washed sheets to produce comfort. Thus, a weary-contentment has become linked with that physical experience. In the same way, afternoons where I catch with my friend Maddy and her daughter Ida, as I sink onto her sofa and pull my knees up, feel like pulling on a favourite jumper. Similarly, opening the zip of a tent to place my feet on dewy grass, and join the in-breath of a field at 6am, gives me an unparalleled sense of optimism. As Ben Highmore evocatively explores:

The interlacing of sensual, physical experience [...] with the passionate intensities of love, say, or bitterness makes it hard to imagine untangling them, allotting them to discreet categories in terms of their physical or their ideational existence. The bruising that I experience when I am humiliated in front of a loved one is intractably both literal

and metaphorical: I am bruised, I sit slightly slumped, more weary and wary, yet this bruising also reaches inside, I feel internally battered [...] The wind that bites, that gets under my skin and gnaws at my bones with its bitter chill is a memory or a foretaste of a terrible coldness that is the feeling of isolation, homesickness, alienation, despair. The register of hot and cold, of warmth and frost, of passion and dispassion is an emotional and affective register

(Highmore 2010: p. 121)

I thought of the choice of song my friend Will Duke had made to sing for me, and how redolent it was of resting easy, as I was in that luxurious bed. There's also a sense of ease about the recorded conversation that I have noticed as I have returned to it. We talk over each other and laugh in a companionable way, and Will refers often to me not as a researcher but as a singer, assuming I know how whatever he is describing feels. I was still at the beginning of my public performances then, and these easy comments encapsulate Will's welcoming manner, his wonderful, dry sense of humour, and that he took me seriously straight away as a performer. Echoing Bob and Dorothy Lewis, I also am drawn to the intimacies of people who know the performers and arrive in the presence of the room. In our conversation Will remembers to stand before he sings, under previous instruction from his wife Chris that this improves his voice. A consummate concertina player, Will is now getting the attention he deserves as an unaccompanied singer. And, although Will sees himself as a revival singer, learning from records in the archive and later from traditional singers on the folk club circuit, for me, traces of many voices from the tradition merge into this recording of his arresting, vocal embodiment of a mood of blissful comfort. It is his song now:

WILL: Um, I'm not a traditional singer, I'm a revivalist singer, and an enthusiast really, so I'm not singing these songs because my parents sang them or my grandparents sang them, I wish I was, but I didn't come in through it that way. Um I simply ... it's a very suburban way of putting it, but I managed to, I used to haunt the public libraries a lot when I was a kid. And after working my way through the books I got on to the adult books and I discovered the record collection, L.P.s, and one of my brothers was a Jazz fan so I listened to quite a lot of those, but then I found this collection of what they called folk music, and started listening to that and got hooked really. So, it's really by listening to recordings of, archive recordings of source singers that got me interested.

[...]

When I'm playing Scan Tester tunes, I still hear, it's really bizarre, I can hear him playing in my head when I'm playing it, and if I put a variation I either think, 'oh that's clever', or 'he wouldn't have done that so why am I doing it like that?', (laughs) so you can actually hear, and I'm sure you do it as well, you can hear the – if you've listened long enough to a recording of a singer, or actually just had them sitting opposite you and it's finally sunk in what they're doing – you can hear them in your head while you're doing it, it's almost sounds like hearing voice, a bit strange ...

LIZ: Oh yeah, no definitely [...] people have been talking about how they see songs when they sing them. So, Mum sees them as a set of images, so she can, with Lord Bateman she can see the person going across in the boat

WILL: Right! It's a story, it's narrative, yes/

LIZ: /Yeah, yeah, and Chris talks about, she feels like she's walking through a tapestry, and she could almost stop off and speak to people

WILL: Mmmm

LIZ: And Sandra and I both see in sort of more abstract ways, we see sort of lines of a graph of a song, or colours, certain colours, when we sing/

WILL: Oh right, ok/

LIZ: /so I'm always interested in, how people visualise when they're ... to know where they are in the song, because there's like a route, isn't there, that you have to take?

WILL: Right, ok, I can see what you're saying. I think ... I certainly go along with the narrative, what Cath does in terms of, if there's a sixteen verse narrative ballad, I'm not saying it's easy, but if it's got a story and your concentrating when you're singing it, and not being distracted by mayhem or whatever, you can follow the story and you can get through sixteen verses without a hiccup really, and it probably gets better as you're living the story really, or bringing it to life [...] and the other thing I found, when I was working my day job, in the last ten years I was driving around quite a bit to various libraries, because I was a librarian, and there's certain journeys where I would listen to, in those days cassettes, well still cassettes in my car, and I'd been listening to these songs and you do a familiar route, and there's one song I just remember, I just think of Piltdown Pond, because I was learning it and I was going past Piltdown Pond every day ... I'd be listening to the same part of that tape at the same point of the road past Piltdown Pond, and when I sing this song now I just think of Piltdown Pond when I'm singing it. Now, that's strange isn't it?

LIZ: No, not at all. I was going to say, are there any songs that you particularly associate with places on the South Downs?

WILL: Ok, well that's interesting ... well I sing this 'Ground for the Floor', which is the George Maynard song about the happy shepherd and I can certainly ... you start thinking of places like Mount Caburn where there's lots of sheep and I was learning it when we were trekking up there quite a bit on a familiar walk, especially one we did with a friend who is no longer alive, but he took us

out from Lewes, and showed us the route from Lewes to Glynde, which isn't as signposted as I thought it would be

LIZ: (laughs)

WILL: *But I was learning 'Ground for the Floor' at the time, shall we say, and just coming up this valley and suddenly there's these hills ahead of us heading up to Mount Caburn and there's just loads of sheep, and I thought it's so, it's so reflective of the song about a happy shepherd on the Downs with his sheep ... so I do think of Mount Caburn when I'm singing that song*

LIZ: *I've never heard 'Ground for the Floor'*

WILL: *Ground for the Floor, yep, yep*

LIZ: *Would you mind singing it for me?*

WILL: *I'll sing that for you, yes ok, yep, yep*

LIZ: *Great!*

WILL: *Ok well Christine tells me to stand up when I'm singing these days (stands) this is a song called Ground for the Floor and I learnt it from a recording of George Maynard, I never actually met him, I think I was failing my o-levels in London when he died, but there's all these recordings of him singing and he was a really influential singer [...] anyway this is the one about a happy shepherd*
[♪ Track 30]:

The sun being set and my work it is done
One more of my days I have spent
Through the meadows to my cottage I tripped along
And I sit myself down with content
Through the meadows to my cottage I tripped along
And I sit myself down with content.

My cottage with woodbine a-decked all around
I've just a mere green at my door
Wherein there's no trouble, no care to be found
Though I've nothing but ground for my floor
Wherein there's no trouble, no care to be found
Though I've nothing but ground for my floor.

My beds made of flock, my sheets they are homespun
No trouble ever enters my breast
And at night when I'm weary I will lay myself down
And so sweetly I'll there take my rest
And at night when I'm weary I will lay myself down
And so sweetly I'll there take my rest.

Like a lark in the morning I rise to my work
No trouble ever enters my mind
If a lamb goes astray I'll so carefully look

If I seek I am sure for to find
If a lamb goes astray I'll so carefully look
If I seek I am sure for to find.

My pipes made of straw for amusement I'll play
While my lambskins skip over the plain
I am filled with content, how my time slips away
And at night to my cottage once again
I am filled with content, how my time slips away
And at night to my cottage once again.

Now thoughts about riches never enters my mind
Nor none of their honours I desire
For the chiefest of my studies is of earning my bread
Proud titles I never could admire
For the chiefest of my studies is of earning my bread
Proud titles I never could admire.

[...]

Will: Those songs are your songs now, you've got them so that you're singing them, and you've changed them, however much you loved hearing them sung by the singer in the first place, they've become your songs ... I'm sure you understand that and songs that you've fallen in love with, either from your mum, or other singers, they become your songs after a while.

Will's articulation of the people who pass us songs, known or unknown, and the way we hear them in our heads, even after we have changed them, moulded them to our voices, and claimed them as our own, made me think of the term 'living traditions' for intangible cultural heritage. It is through affect that I can most clearly see what the aliveness to that phrase means, with singing part of the what Derek McCormack identifies as the 'singular experience/experiment of being living – the milieu through which new refrains might emerge' (McCormack 2010: p. 217). What other thoughts I may have had were lost under that oak-beamed ceiling to the soundest sleep I had managed in a long time.

FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS

Be able to survive anywhere and make your life good.


(Angus in Russell 2004: p. 8)

The morning brought even stronger winds with it, and I decided it would need to be a day of church recordings in order for there to be any sound quality. There was also a weather warning in place for Beachy Head and the Seven Sisters, so I decided to take the inland route via Jevington. Alfriston in the sunshine looked much more like the quaint, cobbled street, tourist village it is usually associated with, than the place of violent and thuggish smuggling that I had had been read about in bed. Nestled at the bottom of the hills, the church yard at St Andrews was dappled in daylight, and I remembered that the writer Eleanor Farjeon composed the words for the hymn *Morning has Broken* about the beauty of Alfriston at dawn. Farjeon wrote many poems based in Sussex, some of which were published in her volume *A Sussex Alphabet*, which has just been reprinted (2017). Her best-known book for children, *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*, is based in and around this area of Sussex Downland. Although for most of her life she lived in Hampstead, Farjeon spent many weekends and holidays beating the bounds of Sussex. During World War One she lived for two years in a cottage in Houghton, in part recovering from the abject grief at the loss of her close friend the poet Edward Thomas. An avid Rambler, she is described in her element in a diary entry by Stuart Guthrie, James Guthrie's son, when he was a young boy:

Miss Farjeon is great fun. She stumps along with her knapsack on her back and her chalala in her hand, looking for all the world like a pilgrim ... she lights a pipe sometimes – and talks and shouts and laughs and turns the place into the very haunt of merriment. She is one of the most marvellous personalities I know

(Farjeon 2013 p. 158).

As I was the only person in the church that morning, I sang it through several times and considered happily the blackbird motif that is also present in many folk songs, I wondered if on her walks where 'she encountered local characters, rustic cuisine, unique customs and native flora and fauna', she ever listened to traditional singers, or sang herself (Robinson

2017: p. vii). Thinking of Thrift and his desire to capture his father's more-than life, it struck me that Eleanor's ability to turn a place into the very haunt of merriment is a particularly affective tribute [ Track 31]:

Morning has broken, like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing, fresh from the word.

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven
Like the first dewful, on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness, where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day²⁵.

The falling in love with a song that Will evoked, begins for me with a total obsession, a singing of a song over and over again, until its part of me, thoroughly trodden in. From the church, I took the kissing gate walk across and up to the Downs, experiencing along its lines, the sheer bliss of being on the move in a new footpath on a new day, becoming infatuated in the same way as one might with a song, 'the body surges. Out of necessity, or for the love of movement' (Stewart 2007: p.113).

Up on Windover Hill I pitted my loaded back against the gale, stopping just above the Long Man of Wilmington to look back at Firle Beacon. I loved admiring it from this unfamiliar angle, so used to its silhouette from the West. I felt in that moment a true sense of accomplishment, of linking these 'hills beloved' with my feet over the course of consecutive days - as my parents had done twenty-five years previously when I was still experimenting with steps - and thought of how Ingold and Vergunst spoke of the Munro mountain-climbers of Scotland:

²⁵ Bennett, E (2015). Morning has Broken.



Fig 52. Bennett, E. *Morning Has Broken: St Andrews Church, Alfriston*. 5th May 2015 [Photograph].



Fig 53. Bennett, E. *View back to Firle Beacon from Windover Hill*. 5th May 2015 [Photograph].

Collecting on foot, for Munroists, is a kind of gathering or ‘pulling together’: at once a gathering of narratives into a coherent story of personal growth and fulfilment, and a gathering of the peaks of which they tell into a seamless landscape. Standing on the final summit, and viewing others he has climbed arrayed all around, the Munroist has the satisfaction of seeing a lifetime’s effort laid out in the terrain. His ‘collection’ is none other than the landscape itself. As they collect the mountains, Munroists collect themselves’

(Ingold and Vergunst 2008: p. 16).

When I turned back around to face Eastbourne a new born lamb had appeared under a dazzled looking sheep. Fortunately, I saw a shepherd patrolling the area further down the hill and was able to tell them. However, before I spotted them, I would not describe seeing the lamb as magic or life-affirming as I would have imagined. Instead, I found being up there on the hill in the fierce wind with no real ability to help, desolate and lonely. Through sudden isolation I became attuned to Stewart’s conception of ordinary affects, and her efforts to, ‘provoke attention to the forces that come into view as habit or shock, resonance or impact. *Something* throws itself together in a moment as an event and a sensation; a something both animated and inhabitable’ (Stewart 2007: p. 1). As an odd coincidence, when I arrived home later that day a C.D had arrived from Suzanne Higgins, who had been unable to meet me but thought I might like to learn her song *Shepherd’s Token*. In her haunting and bleak melody, and the ghostliness of her voice, Suzanne captures that *something* in my encounter with a freshly born lamb earlier that morning.

Suzanne was moved to write a song about burial rights after a family member had died, and she discovered that in England there was a practice of burying shepherds with a piece of wool or fleece in their hands, or on their chest, so that St Peter would know why they had been absent from church. When I looked at whether this had been common in Sussex, I found that the practice was still in use in Alfriston until the 1930 [♪ Track 32]:

Pull back the towel, so warm and sweet
Wrap me in cloth from head to feet
Dig out the chalk, lay in my bed
The wool from sheep that I have led.

I tend the sheep up on the hill
Their care and love my life to fill
The silly sheep they follow me
Their faith and trust are all my fee.

Pull back the towel, so warm and sweet
Wrap me in cloth from head to feet
Dig out the chalk, lay in my bed
The wool from sheep that I have led.

The sky above, the air below
Are all I see, are all I know
My kingdom this, wherein I serve
The silly creatures who I love.

Pull back the towel, so warm and sweet
Wrap me in cloth from head to feet
Dig out the chalk, lay in my bed
The wool from sheep that I have led.

From year to year the seasons turn
The winter's freeze, the summer's burn
The lambs are born with mewling cry
I light the fire where next they lie.

Pull back the towel, so warm and sweet
Wrap me in cloth from head to feet
Dig out the chalk, lay in my bed
The wool from sheep that I have led.

I seek the lost one's when they stray
To rescue them, I make my way
Though trapped by briar, bush or thorn
I seek them out, I bring them home.

Pull back the towel, so warm and sweet
Wrap me in cloth from head to feet
Dig out the chalk, lay in my bed
The wool from sheep that I have led.

And when at last my season's past
I come to judgement at the last
Although to church I did not go
The shepherd's token hand may know.

Pull back the towel, so warm and sweet
Wrap me in cloth from head to feet
Dig out the chalk, lay in my bed
The wool from sheep that I have led.

After a quiet hour's walk through the bluebell woods of Jevington, I reached Eastbourne station with plenty of time to spare and decided to head to the village of Glynde, at the base of Mount Caburn, as a detour on the train back to Brighton. The first song I sang at Glynde was the *Raggle Taggle Gypsies*. As part of a cursory search for Sussex folk singers, I saw a tiny sentence buried in a much larger piece about Ravillious, mentioning that artist and illustrator Peggy Angus was a great singer of folk songs. Through this chance comment, I became very interested in the life of a woman I had known precious little about before. At the end of a BBC film about Peggy Angus that I watched on youtube, I discovered her singing this song to much the same tune as my maternal grandmother Joy sings it. I was round to my Granny's house in Lewes playing it to her within a day, and in her ever generous and ever resourceful way she lent me a biography of Peggy Angus. Through this book, which contributed to the weight of my rucksack, I became enthralled by Peggy's independence of spirit and gumption, carrying this with me. Most well-known through her friendship with Eric Ravillious, Peggy Angus was working as an art teacher in Eastbourne and was looking for somewhere to live and work during term time. On one walk through the Downs she came across the deserted cottage of Furlongs and decided she would like it. The Freeman brothers, who were the farmers at Furlongs (and who in turn rented it from Glynde estate), were reluctant at first, and so she camped outside in a tent for a few weeks until Dick Freeman gave in. Peggy was born in Chile in 1904 and raised in North London, Peggy's family were Scottish and from a young age instilled in her a strong expatriate patriotism through Scottish songs, James Russell asserts that this resulted in Peggy retaining 'throughout her life both a formidable repertoire and a fierce pride in her ancestry' (Russell 2014: p. 17). At Furlongs, Peggy held notoriously wild midsummer parties, where she served her guests homemade elderflower champagne and sang folk songs around the fire. Peggy delighted in the simplicity of Furlongs, the lack of material culture, and walked or travelled by public transport everywhere, 'be able to survive anywhere and make your life good' (Angus in Russell 2004: p. 8). She sings this not as a performance, but as an accompaniment to the different emplaced activities of the studio [♪ Track 33]:

Three gypsies stood at the castle gate
They sang so high, they sang so low
The lady sat in her chamber late
Her heart it melted away as snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill
That fast her tears began to flow
And she lay down her silken gown
Her golden rings and all her show.

She plucked off her high-heeled shoes
A-made of Spanish leather-O
And she would in the street in her bare, bare feet
All out in the wind and the weather-O.

Saddle to me my milk white steed
Go and fetch me my pony-O
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who's gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!

He rode high and he rode low
He rode through woods and copses too
Until he came to an open field
And there he espied his a-lady-O.

“What makes you leave your house and land
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord
To follow the wraggle taggle gypsies-O?”

“What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my treasures-O?
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!”

“Last night you slept on a goose-feathered bed
With the sheet turned down so bravely-O.
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!”

“What care I for a goose-feathered bed
With the sheet turned down so bravely-O?
Tonight, I'll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!”



Peggy Angus . Dick Freeman
outside Furlongs

Fig. 54. Smith, E. *Peggy Angus and Dick Freeman outside Furlongs, Glynde*. 1950 [Photograph].



Fig. 55. Bennett, E. *Glynde Place Church*. 5th May 2015. [Photograph]

My great-great grandmother on my father's side was called Mary Martin Page. It has come down to us in the family that Mary was Russian, and was adopted by a family near Lewes. A few years previous to the walk, I had begun to research her life and found that she was adopted by a couple from Glynde. This couple were called Leonard and Susannah Page, and they adopted Mary Martin aged 5, and she lived with them until she met her husband at Lewes Grammar School, before moving with him to Henfield in West Sussex. Leonard and Susannah were married in Glynde Church in 1836, and, as part of my search for Mary, I found that their graves were in the church yard at Glynde. In my great-uncle Don's memoirs, as well as the oral tale that Mary was left with the couple by her young, Russian parents, there are recollections of his and Grandma's mother, Janet Chalk, telling him that Mary had a beautiful voice and would sing hymns around the house. Again, I thought of my Grandma and how much I wished I had known that she sang. Finishing the journey in Glynde Church meant that I could sit and think about my gentle grandma and grandpa, Leah and Raymond, who loved May, Sussex, country paths, and their family, and would have loved hearing about this walk. It is befitting, then, that the most significant song of the walk for me was a song about the month of May, which took form fully in the weeks after my walk.

When I first began this project the question that many people asked me was - 'Had I found a Sussex Maying song?'. Despite songs rarely heeding borders, county singers have a natural competitiveness about versions, and Sussex does not have its own song for that season. When I was researching a singer called David Miles from Heyshott, I had seen that he had given Dorothy Marshall the words to many songs, but not the tunes, and had filed some of his songs away to look at after the walk. When I came to this I found that I had missed a song called *A-Maying* and began to search archival resources and to send out emails to see if anyone knew a living version of the song. All I found were dead ends for a few months until, on another matter, I was reading through Samuel Willet's correspondence with Lucy Broadwood and found that he also referred to the song. She had discounted it,

presumably because of its broadside origins, however the words and the tune were still in the collection. Apart from these two Sussex singers, and a broadside in the archive, I could find no other record of the song. Valmai Goodyear, who is a stalwart of the Sussex folk scene, but told me repeatedly that there were much better singers to interview for the project, finally gave into my pleas and transcribed the song for me. It is perfectly suited to her voice, and I am happy to say that she has regularly sung it since during May celebrations since, and has taught it to other singers. At a Sussex singers' workshop last year, when someone was asking about my PhD, they said I might like to get in touch with Valmai about the May song that she sings. It is, for me, the legacy of the walk, 'legacy is by implication linked to action: it is left, bestowed, donated, handed down, given, bequeathed. The nature of legacy is essentially performative – a legacy is constituted through an act of promise' (Roms 2013: p. 40):

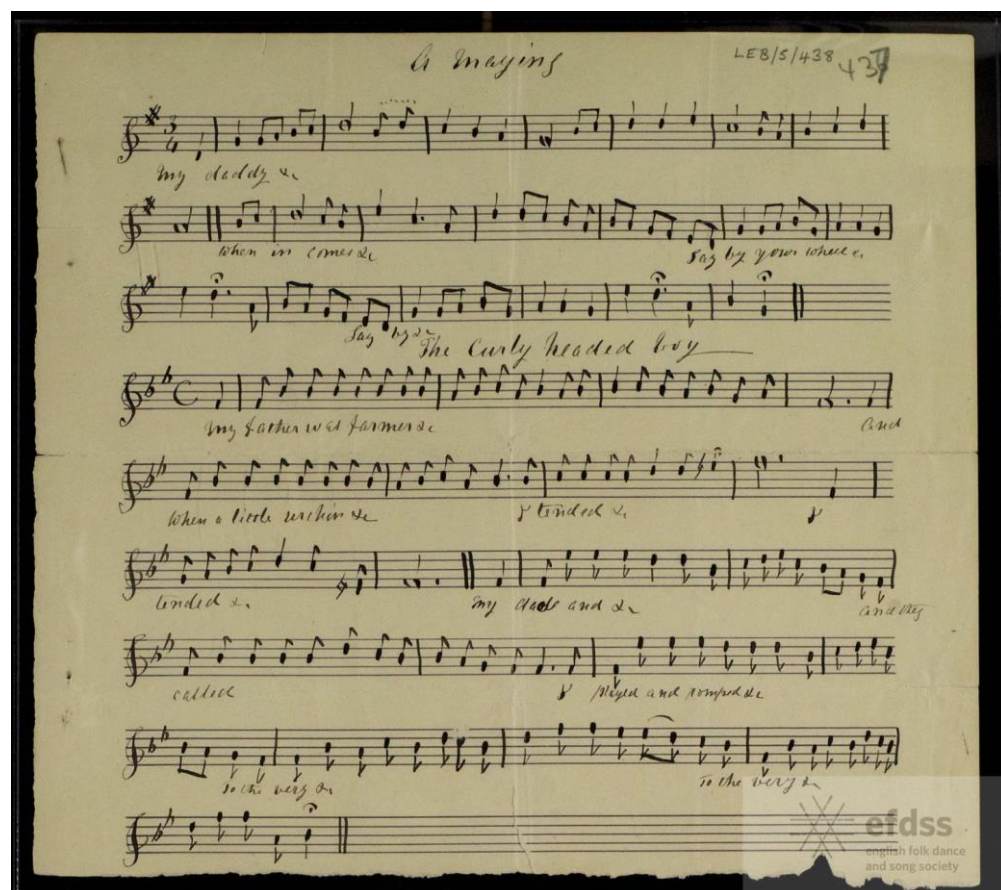


Fig. 56. Willet, S, 1891. *A Maying* – Music. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library LEB/5/438 [Digital Image - Cropped])

Furthermore, as songs may become legacies, ‘remaining recognisably consistent and becoming transformed’ (Clark 2013: p. 376), so too may stories and lives. In an email conversation with Louise to discover whether I may reflect on our conversations in my writing, Louise mentioned that:

It's interesting because I often feel like an inheritor from other women, I'm thinking particularly of Adelaide Gosset who wrote *Shepherds of Britain* and died a spinster. There are many others.

(Spong, 2017)

In doing so, she gave voice to how I had been feeling about the legacies of women such as Peggy Angus, Eleanor Farjeon, and Charlotte Smith, as well as members of my family. Like Ingold’s lines of inheritance, these women had leant over and touched me. Becoming an inextricable part of my walk on the South Downs Way as I followed in their footsteps. In the following chapter, I discuss my search for a way of theorising how my experience of walking the South Downs Way occasioned a need to find ways of discussing landscape formed through participation.



Fig. 57. Bennett Family Collection. *Mary Martin Page*. 1870s – 1890s. [Photograph]



Fig. 58. *Eleanor Farjeon*, aged 30, in Norfolk. [Photograph]

CHAPTER 9 – LANDSCAPE

*We live in a constellation
Of patches and pitches
Not in a single world,
In things said well in music,
On the piano, and in speech,
As in a page of poetry –
Thinkers without final thoughts
In an always incipient cosmos,
The way, when we climb a mountain,
Vermont throws itself together*

(Stevens, 1955)

LANDSCAPING

In his poem *July Mountain*, Wallace Stevens encapsulates the active becoming of landscape through our participation, ‘the way, when we climb a mountain, Vermont throws itself together’. Upon the completion of my walk, I began to seek a means to theorise the different concerns that had pressed upon me during the process. Through considering the relationship between folk songs and footpaths, the emplaced knowledge of female pioneers, the parliaments of lines at Chanctonbury Ring, childhood reveries, and the affective legacies at play in singing the South Downs Way, I was drawn again and again to the idea of landscape being formed through our participation.

As discussed in relation to Pink, in geographical concepts of space and place there has been a shift from understanding our environments as fixed, to conceiving of our surroundings as constantly in flux and ‘constituted as much through the flows that link it to other locations, persons, things, as it is through what goes on ‘inside it’?’ (Pink 2009: p. 30). Within this section I aim to demonstrate how landscape may be understood through processes and practices, such as walking, singing, and craft, and the theoretical developments that have contributed to this conception of landscaping. If we return briefly

here to Ingold's illuminating question on lines, 'What do walking, weaving, observing, storytelling, singing, drawing and writing have in common?', they are also, I argue, forms of landscaping (Ingold 2016: n.p).

In his work *Place: A Short Introduction*, cultural geographer Tim Cresswell argues that 'we do not live in landscapes, we look at them' (Cresswell, 2004: p.11). This statement demonstrates one of the main debates around the concept of landscape; is landscape something that humans inhabit, or is it a distanced object that allows the human subject can survey from a distanced perspective? Cultural geographer John Wylie in his work *Landscape: Key Ideas of Geography* (2007) has termed these opposing concepts that exist within landscape studies *tensions*, 'landscape is precisely and inherently a set of tensions; (and) there are also significant tensions and differences in the area of landscape enquiry' (Wylie 2007: p. 2). Wylie examines commonly held associations with the term, the first being that each is based on the idea of 'a portion of land' (Wylie 2006: p.6); landscape has physical properties. How then is the portion measured? Here we progress to the second common understanding, that landscape is something that can be viewed by an individual; landscape as *scenery*, 'a landscape is thus not just the land itself, but the land as seen from a particular viewpoint or perspective' (Wylie 2007: p.6). Thus, landscape is both something that is out there, and something that can be perceived by the eye. Beyond the biological process of perception, this portioning of land can also be understood as a cultural ordering, where 'our way of looking at the world, is already laden with particular cultural values, attitudes, ideologies, and expectations' (Wylie 2007: p.7).

One of the main tensions within landscape, therefore, can be identified between observation and inhabitation (Wylie 2007: p. 5). However, as I explored in the previous chapter on archives, working *within* these tensions, these borderlands, may allow for work that embraces Roms notion of the 'double existence' of tangibility and intangibility (Roms 2013: p. 37). Vital to understanding the history of observation and inhabitation in landscape studies is the Cartesian separation of the opposites categories of, 'vision/touch, thought/senses, mind/body, subject/object, culture/nature' (Wylie 2007: p.146). Wylie

expands Descartes' theory that the only human certainty is that we are thinking creatures, and that our thoughts form our knowledge - *I think therefore I am* - necessitates that our senses may be capable of deception or unreliability, 'the price of certainty is thus an absolute distinction between mind and body, and thought and world' (Wylie 2007: p. 146). Thus, with observer and observed disconnected and seen as not affecting one another, vision, thought, mind, subject, inside and culture become *res cognitans* – areas of mental substance – and touch, senses, body, object, outside, and nature become *res extensa* – areas of corporeal substance, extended things (Wylie 2007: p. 146). The landscape is thus inanimate, an extended plain that may be viewed by a gazing subject, 'a certain distance is established, carrying the gazing subject from the world to a position of detached epistemological authority' (Wylie 2007: p. 147). One way to think through disturbing the Cartesian opposites, and enter into a realm of double existence, is to consider work on landscape broadly termed phenomenological or performative. Such work focuses on the activities and actions that form our experience - practices of landscaping, 'ongoing processes of relating and un-relating, that come before any separation of culture and nature' (Wylie 2007: p. 11). Phenomenology is relevant to sensory ethnography, embodied archival research, and performative writing. Additionally, phenomenology plays a significant role in relation to understanding the movement from landscape as 'image, representation or gaze' to considering embodiment and affectivity in relation to landscaping, 'practices of being in the world in which self and landscape are entwined and emergent' (Wylie 2007: p. 14). Thus, it is important to consider here the history of phenomenology and its developments, detours, and detractors. Furthermore, such explorations will enable a greater understanding of what knowledge may be contributed to intangible traditions, such as folk singing, through Merleau-Ponty's consideration of the 'body as an instrument of comprehension' (Merleau-Ponty 1969:p. 235). Moreover, the post-phenomenological movement and areas of geographical thought born from these, such as non-representational theory, may allow within this thesis for tentative answers to Spry's vital question - 'But whose body? Whose words? Where or whom does the telling come from?' (Spry in Denzin et al 2011: p. 277).

Landscape phenomenology departs from Cartesian observation and focuses instead on ‘some measure of direct, bodily contact with, and experience of landscape’ (Wylie 2007: 138). A position of embodiment, or immersion, works in opposition to theories of landscape that stress detachment and objectivity, the idea that landscape is a measure or unit, a ‘separate reality to be rationally perceived and accurately represented’ (Wylie 2007: p.3). Phenomenology is not simply an abstract theory on corporeal experience, but is implemented by its advocates to emphasize the importance of participation in the landscape, in order to best locate and communicate the ‘everyday textures of living and being in the world’ (Wylie 2007: p. 6). Merleau-Ponty’s work *The Phenomenology of Perception* (1969) advocates, investigates, and demonstrates the innately corporeal being of knowledge, ‘the body is our general medium for having a world’ (Merleau-Ponty 1969: p. 146). Existential phenomenology promotes an understanding of *dasein*, *being-in-the-world*, as fundamental to consciousness. Merleau-Ponty further outlines the way the body is infused with consciousness, and in turn how embodiment is embedded in consciousness:

Insofar as, when I reflect on the essence of subjectivity, I find it bound up with that of the body and that of the world, this is because my existence as subjectivity is merely one with my existence as a body and with the existence of the world, and because the subject that I am, when taken concretely, is inseparable from this body and this world

(Merleau-Ponty 1969: p. 475)

Our bodies, then, are not an aspect of experience, but are the very being of experience. To be a separate observer who can stand apart from the landscape as a self-contained subject becomes an untenable position. Rather, Merleau-Ponty’s version of phenomenology allows for landscape as a way to theorise our imbricatedness with our surroundings, ‘my body is a thing amongst things, it is caught in the fabric of the world’ (Merleau-Ponty 1969: p. 256). Thus, landscape becomes ‘a world to live in, not a scene to view’ (Wylie 2007: p. 149).

Practices that keep this fabric in constant creation have become a focus in recent geographical work. The emergent, diverse work in this area is broadly termed non-representational theory. Cultural geographer Nigel Thrift developed non-representation

theory in part from the work of Ingold. Ingold harnessed Merleau-Ponty's work of the 'life-world' of landscape, to look at how such a life-world, and Heidegger's sense of *dasein*, *being-in-the-world*, may be conceived of through action and activities of dwelling (Wylie 2007: p. 155). Thrift's work does not rely on a Heidegger-Ingold framework of dwelling, however it does use the lineage of this work to assess the importance of understanding the practices human beings undertake in relation to a concept of landscape as evolving, affective, and co-constitutive. Thrift argues that focusing on social structures, cultural discourse, and constructivist understanding, allows for the everyday actions and affectivity of living in the world to be ignored, 'the sphere of representation is allowed to take precedence over lived experience and materiality' (Thrift 1996: p. 4). Furthermore, it also neglects the connection and networks between various bodies that produce and affect this experience and interaction with materiality. As geographers Anderson and Harrison outline, this approach to the meaning and value of emplaced everyday action is to consider their 'enactment in contingent practical contexts' as opposed to 'their place in a structuring symbolic order' (Anderson, Harrison 2007: p.10). In order to promote the immediateness of everyday experience, and to challenge 'dead geographies', theorists have produced varied work in the field of non-representational theory, encompassing a wide spectrum of perspectives and arguments (Thrift 2000). Lorimer identifies non-representational theory as 'an umbrella term for diverse work that seeks to better cope with our self-evidently more-than-human, more-than-textual, multisensory worlds' (Lorimer 2005: p. 83). Non-representation theories, then, can be seen a collection of arguments for living geographies where the experiential concerns of everyday life, the immediate, tangible and physical, aspects of existing in the world are considered foremost. Echoing Jackson's descriptions of 'our nerves and muscles' being brought into play (Jackson 1997: p. 205), Lorimer states that:

The focus falls on how life takes shapes and gains expression in shared experiences, everyday routines, fleeting encounters, embodied movements, precognitive triggers, practical skills, affective intensities, enduring urges, unexceptional interactions and sensuous dispositions

(Lorimer 2005: p. 84)

One of the main critiques of phenomenology is that it promotes individualism, and disregards wider social or materials contexts. It is concerned too strongly with the responsive and the felt, and not sufficiently with structures of, or strictures on, learnt behaviours, ‘an ‘individualist’ philosophy, ineluctably emphasizing the actions, values, emotions and perceptions of individuals’ (Wylie 2007: p. 180). Additionally, the phenomenological individual is subject to criticism from feminist theorists for the simplification of the ‘universalizing sovereign subject’ disregarding gendered experience (Nash 2000: p.660). The aspect that of non-representational theory that I engage with within this thesis is that of ‘embodied acts of landscaping’ (Lorimer 2005). Within studies on embodied landscaping practices the focus shifts away from a primarily visual conception of landscape, to that of a tacit and haptic engagement with environments. Beyond simply inheriting phenomenological ways of considering landscapes, this also involves understanding how such practices register throughout specific bodies, and furthermore how such registers contribute to multisensory knowledge, imagination, and performance in different contexts:

The defining feature of recent landscape writing by UK-based cultural geographers is that it is very much written in the light of *both* phenomenological understanding of the self as embodied and of-the-world *and* poststructural understandings of selfhood as contingent, fractured, multiple and in various ways historically and culturally constituent. The accent ... is therefore upon how different senses of self and landscape are *emergent* and changeable through practices such as writing

(Wylie 2007: p.214).

Landscaping as embodied practice utilizes the area of phenomenology developed by Merleau-Ponty, whilst embracing and addressing diversity, and the importance of accounting for, and communicating, perspective and subjectivity. Non-representational does not mean that representation is supplanted, but rather it produces work that shows how representation can be illuminated through our everyday actions in the landscape; *more-*

than-representational (Lorimer 2005). As such non-representational work in this area may be conceived of as post-phenomenological, ‘a reconsideration of our relations with alterity, taking this as central to the constitution of phenomenological experience’ (Ash, Simpson 2014: p. 50). As geographer Jennifer Lea states that this, ‘does not reflect a turn away from phenomenological theories; rather it reflects a critical engagement which rereads them through post-structuralist theories [...] combined with a disciplinary context of a turn to practice and the ‘more than human’ (Lea 2009: p. 373). This turn to the ‘more-than-human’, results in a focus upon the affective forces and intensities at play in the formation of the experiencing subject in place, space, site, or landscape. Lea continues that this focus upon how inhuman, nonhuman, as well as more-than-human forces contribute to ‘processes of subject formation, place making, and inhabiting the world’, has also required a shift in the way that researchers seek to document their discoveries, ways such as ‘the use of experiential research methods, and also experimentation with the form of narrating these experiential methods’ (Lea 2009: p. 373).

As performance scholars have explored and experimented with different modes and registers of documentation that seek to keep performance in the ‘here and now’, geographical theorists have investigated in diverse ways how tactile, affective, and mobile activities, contribute to how we experience and conceive of landscape, and how such practices may be captured and communicated. In the following section, I explore the development of landscape writing in geography as a form of narrating landscaping.

LANDSCAPE WRITING

Our nerves and muscles are all of them brought into play (Jackson 1997: pp. 205).

Wylie outlines a recent focus in cultural geographical research on using developing new creative and critical registers as a means of expressing self and landscape as emergent,

evolving processes ‘a co-scripting of landscape, movement, and biography’; he terms this area *landscape writing* (Wylie 2007: p. 2008). Wylie observes amongst the key theorists he identifies in this area, Hayden Lorimer, Jessica Dubow, and Mitch Rose, a re-introduction of questions of self and perspective, ‘the figure who, writes, narrates and perceives [...] the continuing trace of the subject, of subjects, however ghostly or embodied, relational and contingent’ (Wylie 2007: p. 213). Responding to potential criticisms of landscape writing’s focus on subjectivity and perspective in order to give depth and colour to landscape (perceived as lacking in hybrid geographies), resulting in such work ignoring or disavowing post-humanist theories of place - thus privileging the authoritarian, stable identity of human subject – Wylie counters that areas explored in this vein of writing, such as affect, unfix the pre-existing ‘I’ (Wylie 2007: p. 214). This renewed focus upon constructing narratives that respond to structuralist critiques of phenomenology, particularly non-representation theory, Wylie argues, necessitates researchers developing innovative and inventive ways of writing the relationship between landscape, movement, and biography, ‘the advent and advocacy of a more sinuously post-structural geography must necessarily be experimental and affective (Wylie 2005: p. 237). This relationship between our more-than-representational worlds and attention to how words may communicate them is evidenced in Thrift’s call for non-representational work to ‘weave a poetic of the common practices and skills which produce people, selves, and worlds’ (Thrift 2006: p. 216). That these practices and skills are created and comprehended first and foremost through the body, ‘stress is placed upon the central role of bodily presence – of sensuous, tactile, and experiential being – in the co-constitution of self and landscape’ necessitates that ways to communicate these practices through the perceived permanency of documentation, also capturing and acknowledge the ephemeral and fleeting (Wylie 2009: p. 278). Such embodied landscape writing, then, also operates within the tension identified by Spry in relation to autoethnography, the ‘pushing and pulling between the constraints and structures of writing’ (Conquergood, 1991) and the sometimes messy, resistant, and epistemologically overwhelming performing body’ (Spry 2013: p. 497). Thus, the challenge is to develop embodied registers of writing, whilst also, perhaps accepting what might be lost in the

borderlands of body and word, ‘the rupture and rapture of performance that may well exceed the constraints of its (and this) writing’ (Spry 2003: p. 497).

The process of writing my walk further illuminated to me the specifics of the environment in which these, ‘common practice and skills which produce, people, selves and worlds’ take place. Therefore, if my aim to ‘weave a poetic’ of such landscaping practices, it is surely to weave a Sussex poetic. Thus, notions of local come in to play, but more particularly Sussex as it appears to me, for what greater claims can I make? Moreover, it was my experience of Sussex during a particular period of my life, which different registers of autoethnography may enable me to reflect on. As a result, the task becomes finding ways of writing that might illuminate and communicate the Sussex Downs as I experienced them, how my research participants articulated their Sussex, moments where layers of words from other writers of other times helps to build this picture, and how all these contributed to my understanding of singing as a way that self and landscape become emergent.

In terms of articulating the Downs from my own perspective, my approach was to capture parts that leapt out to me in the hope that they might contribute to a wider sense of the terrain, as such Firle with its sloping majestic beauty was emblematic of the long, womanly curves of that stretch of hills. Foregrounding the importance of the local topography to writing landscaping accounts, Lorimer animates the local landscape of the Cairngorms in his article *Herding Memories of Humans and Animals*, from an intimate scale of narrative:

But you have not studied with your own eyes the long upwards sweep of the land that lifts sheer at the northern corries and then once on high stretches out across the granite expanse of the mountain plateau not the stands of the pines that survive on the lower slopes, nor the sharply incised ravine that must be crossed to reach the grazing grounds. And since I cannot take for granted that you know this topography and its peculiar brand of local information, these responses require careful animation

(Lorimer 2004: pp. 497 – 498)

Further to my own impressions of the Downland landscape on my walk, the sensory immediacy of the moment was also at times already captured or formed in my mind by the words of others. As, Pink states when writing ethnographies researchers may use ‘both literary sources – fiction and poetry – as well as existing ethnographic description to demonstrate the sensorality of our experience of physical environments’ (Pink 2009: p. 48). Therefore, in treading the paths of Firle Beacon, it was Belloc’s *South Country* that arose to meet me:

And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.
The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea;
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be

(Belloc, 1920)

The folding together, and becoming, of these sensory impressions, was also contingent on the scale of the walk. My repeated movement over a few consecutive days, allowed me to experience different patterns of walkers, varying assemblages of affects, and the sheer diversity of the Sussex landscape and the ways in which one may relate to it. Why one day after another was important to understand landscaping. Thus, in addition to Pink’s emplaced knowledge, I discovered what Lorimer terms knowledge-in-practice, or knowledge-on-the-ground, ‘our inquiry must, for the time being, continue to focus on how exactly the steady effort of keeping mobile is spaced by collective action, and how understandings of geography emerge from repeated motion over a terrain’ (Lorimer 2004 p. 499).

Lorimer’s concept of knowledge-on-the-ground was developed in relation to herding practices and reindeer. Referring to the work of novelist John Berger, and his treatment of animate encounters in his trilogy *Into Their Labours* (1979-1990), Lorimer identifies how

Berger captures how emotions emerge from encounters, particular with the animals of a lived-landscape, ‘thus, calving, tending, milking, leading, selling, slaughtering, and skinning are treated as practical matters to be taken in hand, but also as emotional entanglements in animal lives’ (Lorimer 2004: p. 504). Berger’s work leads Lorimer to question:

How best to encounter the textures and cycles of work that leave a landscape replete with meaning. What creative strategies might be employed to reanimate, however temporarily, this embodied relationship between individual subjects and an environment?

(Lorimer 2004: p. 504).

In this thesis, such entanglements can be found in Diane Ruinet’s hair raising performance of story of stealing sheep for necessity, survival, and food; in lambs dancing around young Jockey and his fair maid; in lambs sucking the fingers of Sandra Goddard and becoming part of her narrative recall; in the isolation of Charlotte Oliver’s shepherdess; and in Suzanne Higgins’ token in death of a life spent with sheep. This contradictory range of affects, joy, sorrow, desperation, pleasure, are found in songs, and through the singing of them. Thus, through conceiving of folksinging as a landscaping process, it is possible to see how they give texture to and reanimate the ‘embodied relationship between individual subjects and an environment’ (Lorimer 2004: p. 504).

By communicating the different registers of my landscaping practices along the Downs, I was also engaging with a search to find, ‘a language attuned to affective worlds of hope, anxiety, care, desperation, joy, wonder, enchantment, dread and desire’ (Lorimer 2014: p 544). This search encompassed not only my choice of language for the affective moments, the spine shivers of willing my feet past Graffham Down, and the bone-settling peace of singing at Cocking graveyard, but also the ways that other sought to communicate their affective immediacies, Louise’s sense of the eerie and macabre atop the Ring, the poignancy of a remembered school friend for Dawn and her abrupt return to the traffic of 2015, and my mother’s sheer relief and elation at seeing the line of the Downs after major brain surgery and three weeks in the sterile environment of a hospital world. And beyond, this, in the songs themselves. For example, in the affective state of loss in *Hal’nacker Mill*, sung by

Bob Lewis. The song never quite finds its way into the narrative of my walk. As I sought to find a specific place for it, I consider that it is loss that runs through why I went walking, why Belloc wrote the song, why the collectors set to noting down the tunes, and why people I met are still singing them. However, such nostalgia is not necessarily a looking backwards or a futile cry to the hills, but a springing forwards and a call to arms, to sing, to write, to move another step forwards along the path; Boym's reflexive nostalgia in which people cherish 'shattered fragments of memory and temporalize space' (Boym in Mock 2009: p. 9). In Bob's articulation of the song, too, there is a process of 'relating and unrelating' to the landscape (Wylie, 2007). He swings his arms to the sails of the mill, and measures his singing of the song thus. There, in Bob's immaculate sitting room, laughing at Bob's apology for still having his gardening shoes on, and then having my breath taken away by him bringing a long-lost windmill into the room with his voice, I became aware of how singing might be conceived of as an embodied act of landscaping [♪ Track 34]:

BOB: *I'll Sing Ha'nacker Mill for you*

Sally is gone that was so kindly
Sally is gone from ha'nacker hill
Ever since then the briar grows blindly
Ever since then the clapper is still
And the sweeps have fallen from Ha'nacker Mill

Ha'nacker mill is in desolation
Ruin a top and a field unploughed
Spirits that call on a fallen nation
Spirits that loved her calling aloud
Spirits abroad in a windy cloud

Spirits that call and no-one answers
Ha'nacker's down and England's done
Wind and thistle for pipe and dancers
And never a ploughman under the sun
Never a ploughman, never a one

Sally is gone that was so kindly
Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Hill
Ever since then the briar grows blindly
Ever since then the clapper is still

And the sweeps have fallen from Ha'nacker Mill

LIZ: *Wow – that's extraordinary*

BOB: *My pacing of that is the pace of a Mill wheel, the sails of a Mill. I pace it and think about the speed that the Mill is turning.*

In this chapter, I have explored how it is through participation that we form our experiences of landscapes, and how such a conception may allow for the importance of understanding the terrains and topographies that folk songs have encountered during their performance histories. I also hope to have further foregrounded the importance of both acknowledging and celebrating my own position in relation to the Sussex hills, and this account of the way in which they 'throw themselves together'. In the following chapter, I build upon these explorations of 'a co-scripting of landscape, movement, and biography', by considering my relationship to folk-song collector Dorothy Marshall, and the difficulties of communicating modes of affect felt from the past. In doing so, I also consider autoethnography, landscape writing, and performative writing, in relation to biography and life-writing.

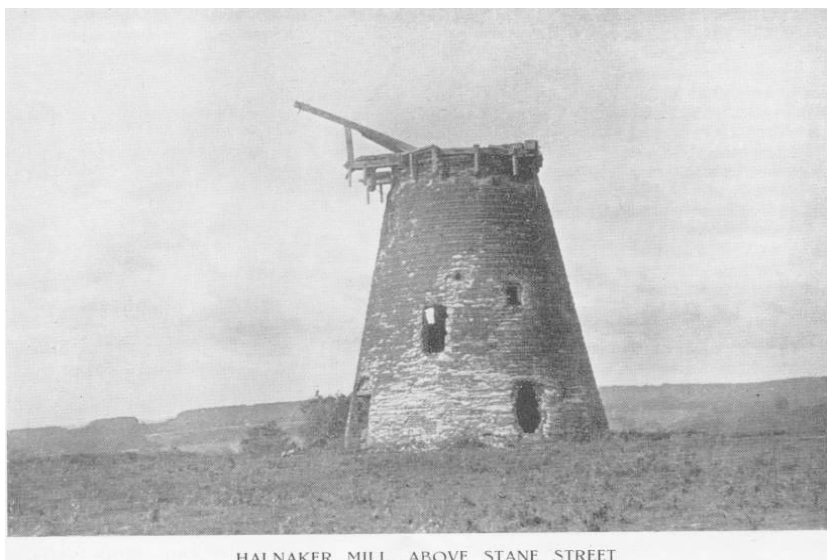


Fig 59. Sussex Mills Group. *Ha'naker Mill*. 1920. [Photograph]

CHAPTER 10: DOROTHY MARSHALL: A SMALL STORY

I am now longer aware of whether I am holding a pen, I feel like the borders of my body have been erased by agony and I'm dissolving into the environment. I'm afraid that my identity is disappearing and all that will be left is pain

(Bennett, Sept 2016).

SEARCHING FOR A QUIET GRAVE

Throughout my archival research there was one name that kept appearing as a source against the lines of the manuscripts. That name was Dorothy Marshall. Her name nearly always appeared second, after the better-known professional Clive Carey. During my process of taking care of these songs, I also noticed that there were some manuscripts clearly marked by her handwriting, but credited only to Carey. I found that in published works on the first folk song revival she appeared only as a footnote to passages on Carey. Her name yielded no results on web-based searches of local history in the area, or of female folk song collectors, and there were no images of her in the West Sussex records office. There was, however, an article written by George E Frampton in 1986 for the English Dance and Song periodical, entitled 'Clive Carey, Dorothy Marshall, and the West Sussex Tradition' (1986). Again, she is second. Frampton's article gave me an outline of her life, but there were colours and contours that I felt needed to be filled. I needed to know her in practice. I began to read through her letters to Carey detailing her collecting activities from 1912 – 1916, the main archival source relating to her at the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library. I followed the order they were placed in the archive rather than reading them sequentially, and thus came to know her through snatches of her life recorded at different moments.

During the vast majority of my research into Marshall I was suffering from a chronic condition in the womb, which caused prolonged bleeding, extreme fatigue, and debilitating labour pains on an almost daily basis. The sensuous, tactile, at times thrilling, and often mundane task of sifting through her letters was counterbalanced by the cotton wool feeling in my brain induced by tramadol. I worked at home with the digital archive so that I could

be propped up with a hot water bottle and a heat pad and lie down on the floor and scream when I needed to. When I discovered letters written by her in her left hand because her right hand was crippled by neuritis, it was impossible not to feel an affective bond with this woman who was apologising for being bed ridden and not being able to go out for her song hunts. As I in turn made the decision to interrupt my studies and undergo major surgery in the form of a hysterectomy in the hope of returning to a now almost entirely diminished quality of life. Impossible not to be annoyed by Frampton's conclusion to his article that he felt anguish at the missed opportunities, due in part to Dorothy's ill health (Frampton, 1986). I wanted to honour the networks of songs and people Dorothy had taken care of despite the limitations of her body. I needed to take the material fragments of Dorothy's life, and place my feet somewhere she might have stood.

I knew the one person who would instantly understand the desire to go in search of her grave would be my mum. I also knew she was also feeling increasingly concerned and protective about me, and it would give us both something to do. In the car on the way to Chithurst I filled her in on what I knew about Dorothy from Frampton's article. Dorothy Georgina Elizabeth Marshall was born in 1886. Her father was Captain John George Don Marshall of the Gordon Highlanders. John Marshall, it seems, possessed an ear for tunes also, as he taught his daughter three sea shanties which he had learnt on an East Indianman in the 1850s (Frampton, 1986). John Marshall's death is recorded in 1906. Dorothy and her mother were, at the time, living with a household of servants at Chithurst House. That her family life involved some singing, we can ascertain from her learning the sea shanties, and we know that she played the piano. She also played in the local pipe band, many of whose members also comprised the Chithurst Tipteeters (the Sussex term for a Mummers play), the revival of which Dorothy greatly encouraged. However, there is no direct testimony as to how she became involved in the pursuit of traditional folk music, or as she refers it in her letters to Carey '*song hunting*'. The Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers, who Carey was



Fig. 60. Pegg. B. Chithurst Tipteerers at Chithurst House. (1912). [Photograph]

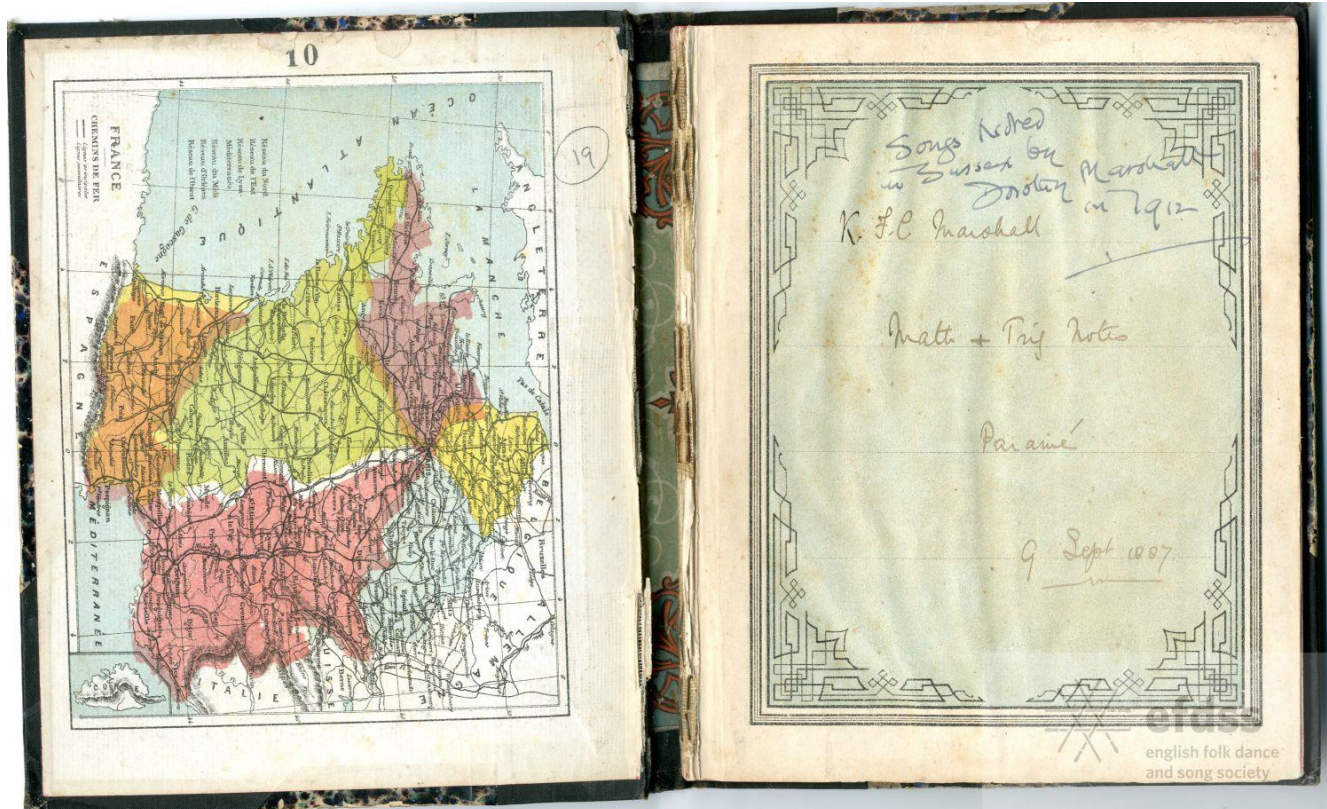


Fig. 61. Marshall, D. Dorothy's song notebook reusing her brother's Maths notebook from school. Full English Digital Archive, Vaughan Williams, Memorial Library. 1912. (CC/4/19) [Digital Image]

working for at the time as a musical assistant, contacted Dorothy in late 1910 to ask if she could assist Carey with his first collecting trip to Sussex (Frampton, 1986). How the Espérance Guild knew Dorothy Marshall is unclear, her letters show that that even before Carey's arrival in Sussex on the 27th of February 1911, she had already collected nearly thirty songs from the villages that surrounded Chithurst House. She undertook considerable groundwork prior to his arrival, introducing Carey to ten new singers over the course of this first visit, where he noted down 51 songs (Frampton, 1986). His next visit was scheduled for the August Bank Holiday 1911; during this time Dorothy continued to seek out her *songsters*.

Dorothy suffered badly from Neuritis in both arms, which sometimes kept her bed bound, and meant she was not able to walk long distances in the countryside she so loved.

Feb 1911: I have been helpless with neuritis in both arms for a bit, which had delayed collecting work.

May 1912: The countryside is looking lovelier than I have seen it

Oct 1911: It's simply glowing here, I wish you could see the trees.

Despite her confinement, her enthusiasm appears to have affected other bodies. A man named in the letters as Moore, who worked at Chithurst House as a domestic coachman, would not only drive her to the cottages and houses of her song hunts when she was unable travel independently, he also met with these songsters on occasions when Dorothy was too unwell to leave the house.

July 1911: Moore is becoming quite the collector!

Whilst Dorothy deemed herself to be musically limited, and thus trusted that a professional such as Clive Carey would note the tunes down with greater accuracy. A remarkable feature of her collecting activities is that she used a phonograph to record down the tunes of the singers she met with. Many collectors of the time avoided the phonograph, afraid that it made the singers too uncomfortable or selfconscious. Dorothy writes of some singers adapting to it more easily than others, but this seems to be a case of their voices

suiting the phonograph more, rather than the traditional singers being wary of the device. It is also possible shyness or reserve was projected on to the traditional singers by the collectors. An example from this period, was when Cecil Sharp met traditional Appalachian singer Jane Hicks Gentry, and asked if she would like him to sit in the next room whilst she sang her ballads in case his presence as an English-gentlemen was distracting, to which she replied, ‘if you can stand to look at me, I’m sure I can stand to look at you’ (Smith 1998: p.77). As with Lucy Broadwood and her singer with operatic airs, there are also anecdotes of British collectors travelling many miles to listen to singers with enviable reputations only to find that the singer in question either unwilling, or simply not inclined, that day to garnish them with what they wanted. Perhaps though, there were reasons for singers not to be able to simply produce songs they sang along to their daily lives in a different and strange setting, repeating the tune to be noted down or singing into a phonograph. It is one thing to sing a ploughing song to accompany your work, and another to perform it for collectors wanting to know if that is exactly the order to verses come in. These are nuances I hoped to find through my own practice of walking and singing, and through taking care of Dorothy Marshall’s correspondence and her small story.

There are no instances recorded of Dorothy being unable to hear the repertoires of her songsters. Her letters demonstrate that she understood rural life and was respectful of the patterns and practices that these songs accompanied.

Jan 1911: The singers don’t approve of singing on Sunday’s and won’t!

June 1911: To be quite plain with you, I’m afraid it would only waste your time to come down here on Wednesday, for there is a lot of Hay about and most of the men you want would very probably – almost certainly – be working till dark at it.

of the nature of your comment, if
I have any, I should like to
send him to one of my friends -
C. Baskin Spooner if he knew
of another verse that I wrote
"Pamierose" but his version
was exactly the same as
'Mr Stumps' - I have also
seen it on a pretty modern
'Gallet' sheet -

The singer plains here, I wish
you could see the trees -

Yours sincerely
D Marshall



efdss
english folk dance
and song society

Fig. 62. Marshall, D. *I Wish you Could See the Trees*. Full English Digital Archive, Vaughan Williams, Memorial Library. 1912. (CC/2/53) [Digital Image]

What resonates throughout Dorothy's letters is that that she was aware of the social natures of these songs, and would organise communal singarounds for singers struggling with their repertoires to prompt their memories:

Feb 1911: I want to have a dance and a "singsong" while you're here and get the plough boys together²⁶

She understood that repertoires were linked to environments. She organised village concerts so that these songs continued to be in circulation amongst there landscapes and not just to be discussed and published around the London table of the folk song society. However, as was the case with many of the early folk song collections, there is very little information on the singers themselves beyond names, dates, and places. It was my hope that through taking care of Dorothy's archive, I might also be able to illuminate some of the sensory and social qualities of the process of collecting from these traditional singers, and thus animate and enliven the scant biographical information we have for them.

Her letters often made me laugh with her keen sense of the ridiculous:

SEPT 1911: I am going song-hunting again this evening. I was going last night, but was delayed until too late by a violent game of cricket with a small boy and girl who came to tea (and stayed past 7). Moore and a chauffeur here played with a sprung tennis racket and some of Barbara's woolly balls, and went on till no one could see. Well, if I find anything exciting tonight I'll write to you tomorrow.

However, she never made fun of her *songsters*, as she called them, or brought the difference in class to the attention of her correspondents. She spoke of them with genuine warmth and friendship, and was welcomed into the local Brown household where Morris Dancing rehearsals took place, as she writes to Carey:

Dec 1911: You would love the Tipteerers all stamping about in Mrs Brown's cottage & old Brown and Alberry reminding each other of all the songs they've ever heard – lots of them!

Nov 1911: I have just had the whole of the 'whistle pipe band' here, dancing and singing in my dining room – such a racket!

²⁶ (CC/2/132)

Carey visited again from the 7th to the 17th August 1911, during which time around 14 songs were collected (Frampton, 1986). The labouring men were still working late, and on Dorothy's insistence that they would be busy making hay whilst the sun shone, they appear to have visited singers already known to Dorothy locally, including Mrs Stemp who lived in the neighbouring village of Trotton.

Carey next visited on the 29th September and collected from Edward and Stephen Spooner, who were men with tremendous repertoires living at the time in the Midhurst workhouse. Clive Carey visited again on New Years Day 1912 and met with some of these singers, and the Tipteerers came to Chithurst House and performed for Carey and the household (Frampton, 1986). Dorothy wrote to him later that year to say she had over a hundred songs that needed taking down and he visited again briefly in Sept and Oct 1912 and managed to meet some, but not all, of Dorothy's new singers in the field. Thereafter, there is nothing in the archives to suggest that Carey visited the Rother Valley or Dorothy again, although the two remained in touch by letter, and she continued to send him songs.

The majority of the villages that Dorothy collected from were not visited by any other collectors during the first folk revival. She mapped these villages into the archives and made it possible for me a century later to walk on the Downs and sing these songs. Frampton states that, 'often all Carey did was to hone down the rougher edges of her jottings, or from her cylinders she sent to him' (Frampton, 1986). Carey wherever possible gave Dorothy full credit for her work, and with the sense of humour that leaps out from her letters she teased him about this:

Oct 1911: All right Mr Carey, I shall now go about saying that you have bagged all of our discoveries and are vaunting them as you own. Of course they are yours as much as anybody's. I should never have got the music but for you.

However, amateur collections can become subsumed in the archive, placed under the headings of better-known collectors, and an additional factor to the obscurity of her work is

that all of her cylinders disappeared from the archive in the 1950s (Gregory, 2016). Consequently, the voices she journeyed miles to find are now lost.

I believe by telling the story of her work I maybe able to give my voice to some of these lost repertoires. Nevertheless, there are ethical and intimate concerns and worries over the telling other people's stories, when they themselves did not want the credit. I think of this when I sing a line from *The Unquiet Grave*:

'Who is it that sits upon my grave and will not let me sleep?'

Here I was, 100 years and a day since Dorothy had died, troubling the past. And yet I felt unable to write the story of my research into Sussex folk songs, without telling my story of hers. I continue to sing the songs she collected, and thus her activities continue through me. And, if not me, who? As Lorimer asks of researchers who seek to tell small, local stories:

How do researcher-writers go about inviting 'throwback journeys' to the past lives of landscape? How can we better understand the complex kinds of meaning that memory (or memories of memory) is in the habit of making? And ultimately, for whose ends are such projects of recovery undertaken and then eventually written?

(Lorimer 2014 p. 588).

Chithurst is a tiny hamlet in West Sussex that sits on the River Rother, with a population of around 400 people. As you drive up the central narrow lane that runs the length of the settlement, banked deeply on both sides and adorned with primroses, there are no modern buildings, and a tangible silence; it seems like a place out of time. Yet, a community of monks and nuns formed in 1975, speaks of a place that has known, and embraced, change. The Buddhist Monastery at the top of the lane was formerly Chithurst House where Dorothy lived with her Mother. The house has a commanding position, sitting high on the ridge overlooking the villages of the Rother Valley and the paths of Dorothy's song hunts, with the blue line of the Downs to the south, and the Hammer woods to the North.



Fig 63. Bennett, E. *Chithurst House*. 25th April 2016. [Photograph].

Although it was Monday, and therefore a day of silence, we were greeted by a monk who was able to speak to visitors, and kindly allowed me permission to take photographs. As we walked the grounds my mother commented on how much it pleased her that this beautiful house was in community ownership and lived in by so many people. It brought to mind the household servants that would have lived here previously, many of whom Dorothy collected from. I thought of her coachman Moore; and wondered where he had lived, and where he was buried. I had to take regular breaks because of the pain, my body bent over and distorted like Kipling's 'gnarled and writhen thorn', which punctuates the Downs. In these pauses, I was wrapped in the companionship of my mother's body, tentatively discussing whether it might be time for some more surgery and raging against the snakes and ladders of my health, 'one has constantly, as it were, to go back to the beginning, learning and relearning to walk along the way, in order to cope with ever-changing bodily capacities and

environmental conditions' (Ingold and Vergunst 2008: p. 19) I thought about Dorothy and whether she felt frustrated when her fingers were stiff and numb from neuritis and she couldn't play her piano. I thought about her despairing to Clive Carey about visitors arriving and the duties of hospitality delaying her song expeditions, and how she pursued her passions despite these limitations. I wondered if when she felt well she ever ran down the long grassy plains from her house that lead to the woods, because she was young, and alive, and able to.

On Monday 24th April 1916, Dorothy Marshall died following a two-week long undisclosed illness (Frampton, 1986). Frampton writes that she was 30 years of age. Her mother had died a few months prior to this, with both funerals taking place in Chithurst Church (Frampton, 1986). Dorothy's grave lies beside her parents' at the foot of the garden of Chithurst Abbey, the medieval manor house beside the church. Mum and I both particularly wanted to see the graves and as we approached the Abbey, now a run as a place for healing and retreat, we saw a footpath sign that read 'well-come'. We saw to the right of this sign a secret garden with its own gate that seemed to stand apart from the manor, and in the distance two gravestones. The graves were under the shade of the trees that lined the river. The combination of the waterside and the wildflowers that amassed around the headstones, I can only describe as affecting me spiritually. I want to grasp the sun willowing through the leaves and onto the graves, to put it into writing, and to give you the birdsong, I want to impart the joy it gave me to discover how wrong and naïve I was that to worry that she was buried in the dust of the archives, when actually she lay, here, under the trees that would colour in the autumn. I want to practice the kind of ethnography that Ellis writes as including 'researchers' vulnerable selves, emotions, bodies, and spirits' (Ellis 1999: p. 669), and to situate how, 'being affectively immersed in that landscape in aural, visual and other ways, [was] a balm of sorts [...] opening up affective transmissions by letting the body be in place' (Jones 2016: p.99). It would be too easy, and too neat to say that this was where I made my decision to have more surgery, but I think it was a significant moment on the way. In that place, in the moment, in my pain-ridden body, and in the possibility of something

else I felt ‘a sharpening of attention to the expressivity of something coming into existence’ (Stewart 2010: p.340). Recalling Lavery’s experience of feeling at moments on his walk, ‘a sense of expansion, as if something fragile and hidden was on the point of emerging’ (Lavery 2009: p. 42).

As we left the church a woman pulled her car over to speak to my mother and I and ask if we needed any help, she lived at the school house and wondered if we were here for a retreat, apparently the owner of the house, Sarah, was quite reclusive but she allowed people to visit the manor for healing for donations of as much as they could afford. We told her about coming here to find Dorothy, and she told us she was glad to know the story behind those quiet graves. We remarked on the beauty of the 11th century church and she explained that what had drawn her to live here was an overwhelming sense of holiness created by the combination of the church on an ancient burial site, the natural spring in the garden of the manor, and the forest Monastery. Leaving the drive, we saw a Monk I had given an article to about Dorothy walking towards the church, he smiled at us and we indicated towards the direction of the graves.



Fig 64. Bennett, E *Dorothy Marshall's Grave Amongst the Trees*. April 25th 2016. [Photograph]

LIFE-WRITING

*Somewhere between sleeping and waking, you
Have arrived.
A false message from my body.
No, no. I shut my eyes
The decision has been made
This canal has borne no tiny ship
Into the world
These tides of pain speak only of
Absence
And yet your formless possibility presses up against my walls, to say
If you had wanted me
Against all odds
I would have come
Not to fill me with remorse
But to offer a parting gift
'Your will is as strong as your blood'*

(Bennett, Nov 2016)

One of the things that no one tells you about having a hysterectomy is that it makes you feel like you have given birth. Words like bruising and brutal take on new significance. As I revisit Dorothy's letters to write the story of my visit, I can see my mother smelling the cherry tree by Chithurst church and saying it was the sort of spring that made her feel tremendously lucky to be alive, and tears form in my eyes. I have lost my fertility and regained my health. I am not the same person who stood by that grave. Nor, it transpires, is Dorothy. Through further research I discovered that her date of birth was some twenty years earlier than given in the article. Those two decades open up a gap between our lives, changing the way that I relate to Dorothy. And yet, the affective bond built through tending to the body of her work remains.

Fourteen years of leaving meetings or social occasions because I've bled through my clothes, days, weeks, months missed from school whilst I lie prone on my bathroom floor, endless G.P appointments and internal examinations, the fear I was imagining it, and

moments of hallucinating taking a knife to my stomach and dragging out what was wrong, culminated on an operating table where I was about to have my uterus, fallopian tubes, and cervix removed. I was 28 years old. My anaesthetist decided this would be a good time for him to tell me a joke, ‘what’s the difference between an academic Dr and a medical one?’ (I think I shrugged), ‘twenty years hard work’. They told me later I went into shock in recovery, but I’m fairly sure it was anger. What I treasure from that bleak, bare, vulnerability is the answer I gave in a moment of perfect clarity. ‘What’s your PhD about then?’, I heard as I slipped into the icy, nauseating oblivion of the drugs – ‘it’s about Dorothy’.

Although this is an over simplification, it did seem in that moments as though all the lines were running to and from Dorothy. The life-writing of Dorothy Marshall intersects with many of the concerns developed through the research and creation of this thesis. The relationships we create with bodies in archives, knowledge formed through footfall, being vulnerable researchers, and tracing affects across places and times, and understanding tradition as it arrives to us in the present. Through recovering Dorothy’s work, during the process of my own recovery, I experienced it in the sense that Lavery uses it, ‘not the act of retrieving something in its original, pristine, state; rather it designates a poetic or an enchanted process in which the subject negotiates the past from the standpoint of the present’ (Lavery 2009: p. 41).

Lorimer’s work on local, small stories, landscape use-histories, and life-writing, all enable different perspectives and insights into the creation of fragmented stories through both direct engagement with the landscape, and with the materiality of past lives. His research in relation to both archives and landscape is practice-orientated (Lorimer 2005: p. 87). Lorimer’s paper *Herding Memories of Humans and Animals* operates within the borderlands of ethnography and ethnology. His work charts the orchestrated return of reindeer to Scotland through ‘the entwined biographies of animal and human subjects’ (Lorimer 2006: p. 497). The lives that Lorimer’s writing concerns are that of Mikel Utsi and Ethel John Lindgren a professional, and later married couple, who conceived of and executed the

reintroduction of reindeer. In order to ‘creatively construct correspondences’ (Okely 1994: p. 47 in Pink 2009: p. 40) with these deceased research subjects Lorimer employs what he terms a ‘make-do’ methodology - ‘walking a sentient topography of traditional grazing grounds; renewing encounters with charismatic animals through photographic portraits; consulting an archive of herding diaries; and mapping a hidden ecology of landscape relics’ (Lorimer 2006: p. 497).

Within this make-do methodology emerges a relationship between practices of archiving and practices of landscaping. Lorimer uses his body and the working environment of these past herders to harness the affectivity of archival materials, both heightening the intensities and impressions of documents by bringing them into play with their sites of creation, and utilising these materials to guide his embodied endeavours to ‘reanimate a local landscape’ (Lorimer 2006:p. 497). The communication of these lived landscapes and embodied research is accomplished through ‘narrative that works on an intimate scale, while simultaneously gathering momentum from transnational movements humans, and traditions’ (Lorimer 2006: p. 497). This, Lorimer argues, allows for ‘salvage and exchange’ between small stories and larger narratives, using new narrative forms to speak to existing concerns ‘between geography’s heritage of landscape and folk study and the sculpting of contemporary research’ (Lorimer 2006: p. 497). Lorimer’s notion of salvage and exchange has allowed me to see how using life-writing and embodied, landscape-based research in relation to Sussex folk-song collector Dorothy Marshall enables me to trace connections between the every-day bodily existence of a historic research subject and broader questions about the role of amateur collectors, and the importance of someone who was embedded in the everyday life of a community, such as Dorothy.

Additionally, Lorimer’s concept of a make-do methodology shares aspects of Roms’ notion of ‘taking care’ in the archive, and related questions of tracing affectivity in past lives. My research into Dorothy Marshall comprised of repeated readings of her letters over a period of two years, visits to her home and the region that she travelled to collect folk

songs, learning and performing the songs gifted to her by the local people. The various registers of research I undertook both in the Vaughan Williams Memorial and in surrounding countryside of her residence Chithurst House, were used in order to creatively construct correspondences with an emplaced life, reminding me again of Lorimer questions relating to his study on herding memories:

How best to encounter the textures and cycles of work that leave a landscape replete with meaning? What creative strategies might be employed to reanimate, however temporarily, the embodied relationship between individual subjects and an environment?

(Lorimer 2006: p. 204)

The process of researching Dorothy Marshall and her collecting work resonated with these questions. It occasioned me to consider how using landscaping practices, such as folk singing in sites of collection, may facilitate affective insights into the past lives of research subjects.

Modes of enquiry such as sensory ethnography and non-representational theory that seek to account for the sensate aspects of everyday activities, pose particular challenges when they are applied to historic figures, when ‘attention shifts from the contemporary scene to past practice [...] [the] inherent difficulties of tracing ways of moving, feeling or performing in the past’ (Lorimer 2003: p. 202). Thus, creatively constructing correspondences with past lives through taking care of archival remains and engaging in embodied acts of landscaping, a make-do methodology, relies upon ‘a creative engagement with, and imaginative interpretation of, conventional representational sources, rather than the identification of a previously ignored, or oppositional, realm of non-representational practice’ (Lorimer 2003: p. 203). Further, being attuned to the sensate qualities of composing sources such as letters and diaries, and the affective aspects of reading these materials in the ‘here and now’, may allow for the consideration of embodied epiphanies in the lives of historic research subjects. As performance theorist Jones asks in relation to how researchers may be altered in subtle ways by the traces of past performative works, ‘how are such moments of change registered historically? How have we accessed them in the present tense of our interpretation?’ (Jones in Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 68) The sensate nature

of the past in the immediacy of the present tense is encapsulated by Nadia Seremetakis, 'sensory memory or the mediation on the historical substance of experience is not mere repetition but transformation that brings the past into the present as a natal event' (Seremetakis 1994: p. 7). In accord with principles of emplaced sensory ethnography (Pink 2009), Lorimer outlines that 'the new biographies that we write into geography's history benefit from being as acutely sensitized as they are spatialized' (Lorimer 2003: p.202). Thus, I began to consider how I might illuminate snippets of Dorothy's sensory life through interspersing extracts from her letters with my account of a day in Chithurst.

The emplaced, affective, embodied lives of the subject's writers seek to tell stories about are often the things that press up against us, drawing us away from the discursive and into the immediacy of the past:

What makes biography so curious and endlessly absorbing is that through all the documents and the letters, the context and the witnesses, the conflicting opinions and the evidence of the work, we keep catching site of a real body: a physical life
(Lee 2005: p. 3).

As literary biographer Hermione Lee's introduces, one of the means through which affect may be used to analyse the emergent relationships between archive and performance in this thesis is to consider not only the body of work an artist produces, but the body which produces the work; the physical lives of the archive. One of the characteristics of life-writing is that it may be found in many different forms diaries, essays, memoirs, or travelogues, fiction, and letters. Literary critic Marlene Kadar discusses the various use of these forms and argues that life-writing is made up of, 'documents, or fragments of documents written out of life, or unabashedly out of personal experience of the writer [...] blending genres, creating new genres, and derailing the once respected 'objective' speaker or narrator (Kadar 1992: p. 154). My desire to understand the collecting practices, and as time went by, the life of Dorothy Marshall, required an engagement with her letters to Clive Carey as my key source. I began to view her life pieced together from her own writing of her life. More than this, I began to view her life pieced together from her own writing of

her life, mediated through my own life, or fragments of my life. Fragments of experience that pressed upon my body, fragments written down in scribbled disorder on backs of photocopied archival materials, and fragments that pushed forward from the past as I examined someone else's history. Lee elucidates this affective resonance between self and subject in the genre in her argument that the defining feature of life-writing is, 'when the distinction between biography and autobiography is deliberately blurred' (Lee 2005: p. 100).

In *Standards of Beauty: Considering the Lives of W.A. Poucher*, Lorimer uses life-writing as a narrative form in order to couple 'recent experiments with the writing of geography and the writing of biography' (Lorimer 2015: p. 51). Where biographies are often 'temporal in nature' requiring the writer to follow lived lives chronologically from the subject's birth to death, Lorimer adopts a 'kaleidoscopic configuration' in his narrative rendering of W.A. Poucher's lives (Lorimer 2015: p. 51). For Lorimer, this configuration allows a mode of biography with topographical features, 'a spatial formation emerging through the multifarious spaces and landscapes produced in a life' (Lorimer 2015: p. 52). Using landscape as process and disrupting sequential lifelines retains the subject as the narrative centre, whilst resisting 'any temptation to conclusively stabilize selfhood' (Lorimer 2015: p. 52). Situating his work in terms of a flourishing scene of 'imaginative approaches to biography appearing under the heading of life-writing' in the humanities over the past decade, Lorimer also contends that such a proliferation may be seen in part as creative attempts to explore the tension identified by theorist Susan Sontag in biographical study that, 'one cannot use the life to interpret the work. But one can use the work to interpret the life' (Sontag 1981 p. 111) (Lorimer 2015: p. 54). This structural tension is particularly illuminative in the field of early folk song collectors and rural singers, where scant biographical information is supplemented by rich and varied repertoires.

Lorimer also cites philosopher Walter Benjamin's self-analytical exercise of memory mapping his life, an exercise which untethers the narrative from chronology, producing montages, visceral highlights, and sensory memories in place of a 'rigid narrative

infrastructure’ (Lorimer 2015: p. 54). Ethnographer Norman Denzin echoes this position in his call to autoethnographers to ‘see and rediscover the past not as a series of events, but as a series of scenes, inventions, emotions, images, and stories’ (Denzin 2006: p. 334). If the affective forces of emotions, images, and stories, reach us from the past as a ‘natal event’ in the present, how are such accounts to be ordered? Furthermore, if there are inherent challenges involved in charting autoethnographies sequentially, similar questions arise in relation to affective accounts of historical lives. Thus, as Lorimer argues, looking at the geographical attachments of biographical subjects – their lived landscapes – may offer alternative ways of producing full-bodied accounts of past lives:

Attention paid to spaces, scales, and sites, and the associations between person and place serve to lever a life open. Executed with imagination, life-writing can augment the standardized chronicle, possibly scrambling (even short-circuiting) the too exhaustively encyclopaedic literary biography

(Lorimer 2015: p. 54).

In the case of Dorothy Marshall’s life, very little is known about her beyond her work. It is possible to gain only small ‘light-gleams’ about her personal life through her letters to Clive Carey. As such modes of writing that allows for affective impressions and emplaced researcher relationships have opened up a way for me to celebrate and promote the fragmentary and incomplete rather than fight against, or negate it, through authorial authority. Life-writing with attention paid to ‘space, scales, and sites’ provides a narrative form that allows for a fullness of interpretation in relation to partial information, rather than a linear, factually bare-boned, cradle to grave account. Which is not utilized in order to gloss over what one does not know, or the doubts surrounding a subject’s (or the writer’s) life, but rather to find ways of articulating affective absences in the archive, and communicating the impressions that such holes may enact upon a researcher through their own embodied practices of relating to the materials remains of that life; taking care, performing, writing, sensory imagining, returning to sites of collection or creation. As Carolyn Steedman argues in her volume *Dust: The Archive and Cultural History*, missing details or materials have locations, and gaps in an archive may tell stories of their own:

That if we find nothing, we will find nothing in a place; and then, that an absence is not nothing, but it is rather the space left behind by what is gone: how the emptiness indicates how once it was filled and animated

(Steedman 2003: p. 11).

Furthermore, in writing accounts of a lives encountered in the archive, researchers may animate these absences for their readers, and the residues left on the researcher from their material relations to artefacts; conceiving of affect through the Deleuzian definition - 'a mixture of two bodies, one body which is said to act on another, and the other receives traces of the first' (Deleuze 1978 in Dittmer et al. 2014: p. 330).

Lorimer identifies a range of stylistic approaches that may be harnessed in order to appreciate and portray Lorimer's *elasticized lives*, a term he uses to describe life-writing where 'spatial experiment' to introduce 'elasticity [...] to an otherwise rigid narrative infrastructure. Montages or moments or situations can outfox the linear logic of the form' (Lorimer 2015: p. 54). The first category he identifies as temporal experiments, modes that disrupt timelines and straightforwardly sequential biographies – 'reverse chronology, time slips, episodic focus, and counterfactual speculation' (Lorimer 2015: p. 55). As the majority of biographical subjects are dead, it may often be that the manner of their death looms large over the narrative of their lives. What drew me to Dorothy Marshall was her sudden death at 30 of an undisclosed illness, and it was only through the search for her grave that I began to build affective connections to her life in practice. As literary theorist Lee contends, 'it is still very unusual for death in biography to occur as random, disorderly, without meaning, without relation to the life lived, or without conclusiveness?' (Lee 2005: p. 216) Yet it was the random, meaningless shock of Dorothy Marshall's death when reading Frampton's account that produced one of the strongest surges of affective intensity; deaths, like lives, are messy, complicated, and ambiguous. And as it transpired when I found her birth certificate in the West Sussex Records Office, sometimes they are twenty years older.

Furthermore, there is an ongoing motion to death, to the active qualities of conclusions, and loose ends on the strings that tie together archival records. The second category

Lorimer highlights accounts of authorship that foreground the process of accumulation, modes of writing that make visible to the reader the ways in which ‘intimate links between the dead and the living’ (Lee 2005: p. 2) are formed – ‘eschewing claims of neutrality to include firsthand accounts of biographical sleuthing, where the intimate exercise of recovery is a means to illuminate the subject’ (Lorimer 2015: p. 55). A recurring theme in research into biographical subjects and their physical lives is that of intimacy. Perhaps the intimacy researchers experience with archival subjects is created in part by correspondences between their bodies and the researcher’s own, or similarities between the ways that they relate to their environments, such as landscaping or emplaced attachments. How do researchers account for those connections, and the part they play in the recovery of stories? I was in a great amount of pain as I stepped away from studying, part of this study was reading about a woman whose work was limited by severe pain, and that has necessarily become a crucial part of the narrative of my research. It raises challenges around what researchers carry and bear with them before they enter an archive, or begin writing a life, as Lee asks:

How do biographers deal with moments of physical shock, or with the bodily life of the subject, or with the left-over parts of a life? How do autobiographers write their bodily sensations and memories – of illness, or reading, or aesthetic pleasure?

(Lee 2005: p. 5)

The third category pertains to the spatial dimensions, depths, and mysteries of a subject’s life, ‘where life experiences are arranged according to cardinal sites and pivotal places, offering novel thematic structure, proceeding by motif and pattern as much as by argument’ (Lorimer 2015: p. 55). So closely did Dorothy Marshall and Chithurst become woven together in my mind, that it wasn’t until I reread the letter sent to Clive Carey during WW1 that I was reminded she had died in Buriton where she lived during the war, some 10 miles away across the Hampshire border (although still on the modern South Downs Way). One of the main features identified by the singers I interviewed is that songs committed to memory nearly always alter subtly in each new performance. If researchers embody the stories they seek to tell, committing certain elements to memory, what vagaries and misremembrances may be fostered in the narratives we write? What are the implications of

such slippages on the archive or performance documentation as a signifier of ‘stability and permanence’? (Borggreen and Gade 2013: p. 9)

Lorimer identifies with life-writing a ‘stylistic porosity and pliability’ (Lorimer 2015: p. 55) and locates this within the context of posthumanist theories that ‘scramble a settled sense of the finished self’ (Lorimer 2015: p. 55). Non-representational theory and related theories have enabled ways to view selfhood as formed through processes and practice of being, of particular relevance to this study, of being-in-the-landscape. I began this thesis with a view to learn some of my family’s repertoire of traditional songs, four years on I would now comfortably call my ‘self’ a folk singer. Similarly, Dorothy Marshall’s letters span a period of four years, during which time many changes occurred, not least the outbreak of World War 1. Pertinent to this study, during these four years she progressed from hobbyist to collector. Within this shift must also have been alterations in her collecting practices, such as a growing confidence with the phonograph, a finely tuned ability to sense an ‘exciting’ song, and visiting singers without the authority of Clive Carey by her side. Such practices serve to remind me that whilst the letterheads on Dorothy’s archived letters remain the same, belying a sense of order and constancy, the hand that wrote them was a permeable source. Affectively underlined by the letters she wrote with her left hand when her right arm was crippled by neuritis and she was under Doctor’s orders not to use it. The disorder of the handwriting leaves a trace of that pain. This strengthened my bond with her, as did a growing ability to read her handwriting. Her body of work impacted on me. Impacts specific to my embodied activities with her legacy, and affective charges produced through practices of care, which registered in my body.

I have Albany & the Tipterens in the
 evening, Wednesday any thing that turned
 up - I wish I could go to London to
 you this week but am too busy, I am
 comg to say Conulidge can't be done
 & maynt use my r. arm for at least a
 week more, isn't my left hand writing
 getting quite expert?
 What a nice notice in the Times of
 your singing of F.S.S. - so true!
 O I have a Reed + practice on the 5th
 but only 2.30-4 - you could rest then?
 Do try come ^{via boat on 5.42. via the boat to Putney} - either here at the bank
 or the following Monday w^d I do only I
 gather you are in a hurry! If you'll let
 me know I'd make arrangements with the
 people if they fall through I'd tell you in
 good time! - When do you go to Cambridge
 & shall you be at 4 Belvidere Terrace?
 YDQEM.

Fig 65. Marshall, D. *Isn't My Left Handwriting getting quite expert?* (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library) CC/2/158 [Photograph]

Lorimer uses the term ‘small story’ in his creation of local, emplaced biographies. Small stories, Lorimer contends, allow for a means in which to recognise the ‘local character and contingencies’ of narrative (Lorimer 2003: p. 191). Of particular influence of my telling of Dorothy’s life, and the ever-changing durational relationships between us, has been his identification of, ‘constellations of sites, subjects, experiences and sources dating from the past and present’, as a way to, ‘embrace a creative biographical dimension in geographical research’ (Lorimer 2003: p. 200). The telling of this small story also enabled me to see the texture and joy in the work of Dorothy Marshall, and to see how reading along ‘the archival grain’ may allow for more nuanced accounts of the work of the early song collectors, not disavowing their prejudices, or their impositions of ‘meaning on certain aspects of the musical activities of the rural working class’ (Gammon 1980: p. 85), but rather seeing them as part of messy, affective, curious lives.

Recognising unease ‘excavating and re-narrating their traces in creative and self-reflexive ways so as to attend to her own unease and lack of finality in positioning herself in relation to them’

(Jones 2013: p. 54).

This exercise in the writing of Dorothy’s life is fragile, fragmentary, and fissile, it is in no sense a definitive account – I don’t know what she looks like, I don’t know what she died from. As Lorimer states:

The excavation and restoration of personal narratives can be both an unsettling and rewarding experience [...] treating individuals as fluid and multiple, while accepting that they are ultimately unknowable, opens out space for the experiential, interpretative reconstructions that follow

(Lorimer 2003: p. 204).

Through my desire to create an account of Dorothy that acknowledged and celebrated the ‘pushing and pulling’ of her body, it was also important to reflect on my own pain (Spry 2001). By doing so, it was possible to see that happy milkmaids singing whilst they were at work, or women dashing around with the smoothing iron, are not only in a perpetual May,

they also don't bleed. By the absence of menstruation, or indeed any physical pain, I am reminded of Moriarty's call to 'leave the blood' in academic writing (Moriarty, 2012), and of Ellis's use of evocative autoethnography to add 'blood and tissue to the abstract bones of theoretical discourse' (Ellis, 1997: p. 197). Furthermore, using one's own experiences may offer possible connections to others, in the hope of creating the conditions that Campbell explores, 'the lives of others, in written form as well as the flesh, interact with us, keep us company, and tell us about ourselves' (Campbell 1997: p. 69). Communicating my 'uncertain body' (Spry 2013: p. 497) required a level of vulnerability that at times was difficult. However, in the messiness of these emotions, I was comforted and encouraged by Spry's confession that, 'whenever my work messes with my mind, I suppose that I am on to something, some truth among many that others may also find useful' (Spry 2013: p. 725). Elaine Scarry states that, 'the body of the performer is "forever rubbing up against and leaving traces of itself (of blood) on the world, as the world is forever rubbing up against and leaving traces of itself (its paint) on the human creature"' (Scarry 1994 p. 50) Thus, as both a performer and a writer it feels necessary to me to leave the blood in, and, in doing so, to perhaps leave traces of my blood on the world.

The poem that begins this section was scribbled on the back of a notebook at some point during my post-operative haze, amongst 'the wounding smell of sadness' (Brennan 2014: p. v). I had never experimented with poetry before, but I discovered when pain and recovery overwhelm you, the brevity of poetry can offer a means of communication. As Jane Speedy explores in her work, *Staring at the Park: A Poetic Autoethnographic Enquiry*:

After the stroke, life became increasingly poetic, written in snatches. I found poems in the fragments of conversation as people passed by my hospital bed [...] there was yet more poetry trapped within the clanking of ambulances and the passing of trolleys and equipment. There were shredded haiku between the blinds of hospital kitchens and corridors

(Speedy 2006: p. 13).

Damasio states that 'feelings of pain or pleasure or some quality in between are the bed-rock of our mind. We often fail to notice this simple reality. But there they are, feelings of myriad emotions and related states, the continuous musical lines of our minds' (Damasio

2003: p. 4). Pain was the constant song of my body for so many years and emerging from writing this chapter, it takes a bit of effort to remember that as I write this I sit here pain free. Recalling, in turn, how extraordinary it had seemed to me as I gazed up, post-operative, to Lancing Ring from my bedroom window at my mum's house, brought as low as I hope I will ever be by bottomless pull of absence in my abdomen, that I had walked the South Downs Way. I had to learn to walk and sing with my new body, and poetry enabled a way for me to get writing again in a similarly experimental way, and to begin to tell my *small story* of Dorothy Marshall.

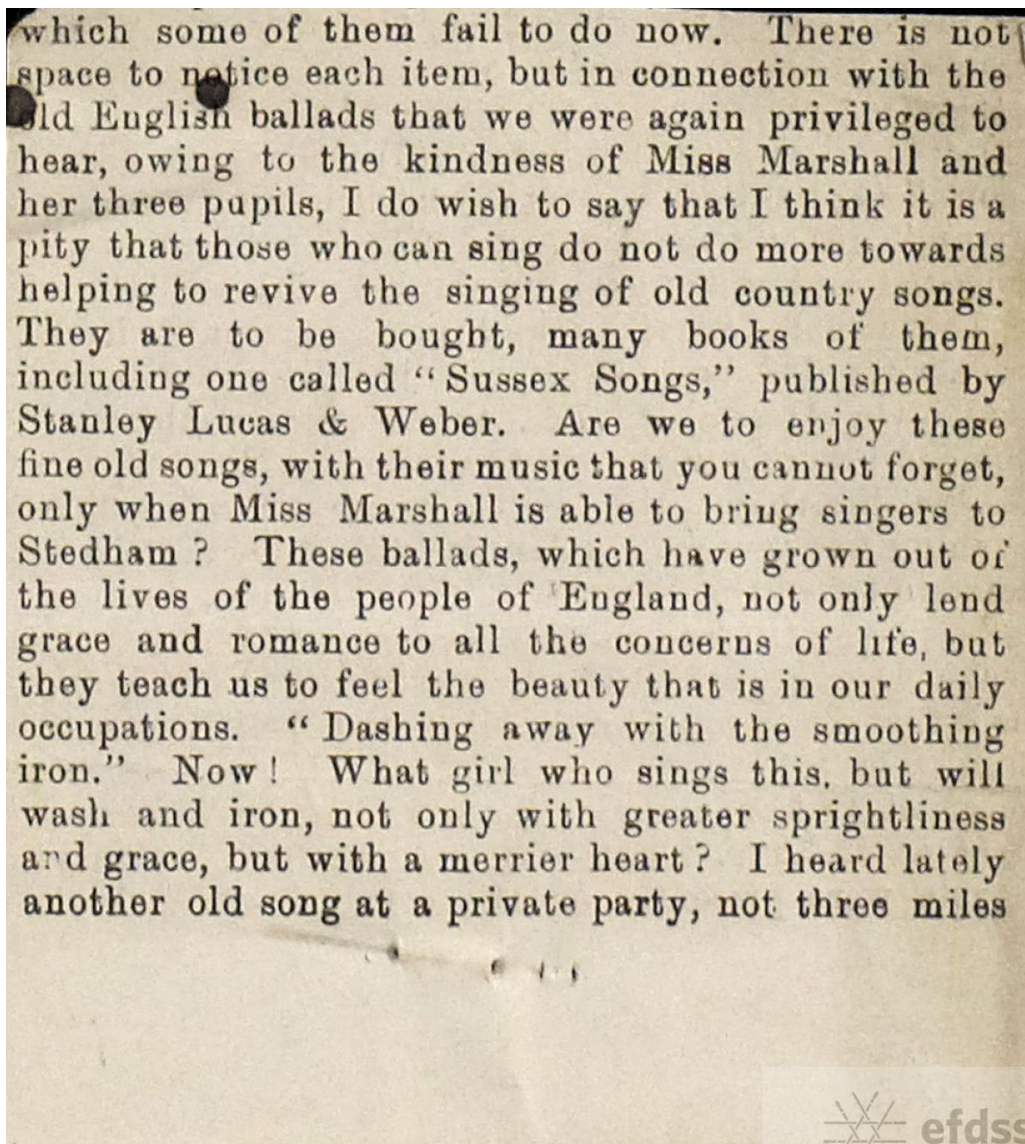


Fig 66. *Dashing away with the Smoothing Iron*. (Full English Digital Archive. Vaughan Williams Memorial Library) CC/2/187 [Newspaper Cutting]

CHAPTER 11: CONCLUSION: REFRAINS

Stories, like people and butterflies and songbirds' eggs and human hearts and dreams, are also fragile things [...] There are so many fragile things, after all. People break so easily, and so do dreams and hearts

(Gaiman 2010: p. 1).

Two months before submission I wake up in the night with a burning fever and begin to vomit blood profusely. Luckily, I am staying at my mum's house and she calls an ambulance. I am barrier nursed and admitted with emergency internal bleeding. At 2pm the following afternoon two severe stomach ulcers are diagnosed through an endoscopy. The suspected cause is 14 years of pain medication. Six weeks later my mum drives me for my follow up appointment, and in the car home she develops a headache and becomes confused. An ambulance is called and mum is admitted back to the same hospital we had driven away from that morning, as an emergency. Two operations are performed over the next twenty-four hours and an infection in her brain is diagnosed. She spends three weeks in intensive care undergoing treatment, she does not recognise my sister and I. As I write this, she is still in a neurological ward awaiting further surgery, but the sign that she is getting better is that she is singing.

In such moments as these identities and lives are at their most palpably fragile. Moreover, it underscores what made me want to research traditions as they arrive to us in the present tense, to propose that folk singing is not only a matter of historical interest, it continues to shape lives and landscapes through affects, feelings and emotions. Nowhere do ordinary affects become more apparent than in the long hours spent in hospital corridors, on plastic chairs, staring at the same posters:

They can be experienced as a pleasure and a shock, as an empty pause or a dragging undertow, as a sensibility that snaps into place or a profound disorientation. They can be funny, perturbing, or traumatic

(Stewart 2007: p. 2).

And, once more, double existences and refrains become visible. Being well to being ill. Being ill to being well. A first ambulance, a second ambulance. Affects echoing what a 'body does or undergoes' (Comte-Sponville 2013):

Critique attuned to the worlding of refrain is a burrowing into the generativity of what takes form, hits the senses, shimmers. Concepts built in this way score the trajectories of a worlding's looping refrains, its potentialities, and attach themselves to the living out of what is singular and proliferative in a scene or moment, to what is accrued, sloughed off, realized, imagined, enjoyed, hated, brought to bear or just born into the compositional present

(Stewart 2010: p. 339)

Whilst writing this thesis has been an affective process, readership is also a place where the work will be born into a compositional present. It was always my intention to attempt to create a thesis that would be written in such a way as to leave space for an active reader engagement. However, such an approach results in a certain amount of vulnerability, of not knowing when to draw rigid lines between ideas, or when to allow looping refrains to 'speak for themselves'. The different modes of writing I have engaged with have, at times, formed different purposes. Autoethnography has been a means through which to both value and reflect upon that vulnerability. It has also provided a way of reflecting upon the changes that the four years of writing this thesis have brought to my sense of self, both through the living and writing of my life and research. Furthermore, it has enabled a frame in which I could create, 'a necessarily vulnerable and evocative text that offer[s] an insight into how life is (or was) for the writer and foster[ing] empathy, understanding and meaning making on the part of the reader' (Moriarty 2017: p. 138). Furthermore, in using writing and walking 'to tease out the strange song of self' (Lavery 2009: p. 41), the creation of this text has also been an act of taking care at times when the ground has risen up to meet me in a diminished, messy state. Thus, as Moriarty states, 'we tell stories to make sense of ourselves and our experiences over the course of time, and to help us seek meanings to cope with our changing circumstances', and 'it is through this process that we can then begin to re-imagine, recover and reinvent the world as we know/knew it' (Moriarty 2013: p. 69)

As Watkins suggests, ‘a sense of self is formed through engagement with the world and others and the affects this generates’ (Watkins 2010: p. 269). In seeking to write how my sense of self, and understanding of performances and lives, has been formed through interactions sensory, affective environments, I have harnessed the work of sensory ethnographer Pink, and the work of cultural geographers creating landscape writing, in particular Lorimer. Applying sensory ethnography to my interactions with my participants in our walks, whilst singing songs, and during interviews, has enabled this thesis to be explicitly participatory, formed ‘with others, in movement, and through engagement with a material, sensory and social environment’ (Pink 2009: p. 40). Additionally, the work of landscape-writers, in particular Lorimer, provided illuminative ways in which I might create an analysis that became ‘a co-scripting of landscape, movement, and biography’ (Wylie 2006: p. 208).

In combination with these methods, it also became necessary as the thesis progressed to find registers of writing that engaged with, and in turn created, the ‘more-than’ elements of our lives, affects that ‘that linger – recollections, memories, images, feelings’ (Adams et al, 2011). As such, it was important to consider the performative elements of the texts, necessitating for example that the songs were written in full and embedded in the journey rather than appearing as an appendix. Aiming in doing so to create a poesis of *making possible*, ‘acts of making and giving form to the interplay of material and immaterial content intrinsic to any act of communication’ (Allsopp and Kreider 2015: p. 1). Furthermore, I hoped that experimenting with different modes of performative writing might allow for a durational aspect of the work and to make explicit my aim to foreground my interest in the affective singing of the here and now, ‘duration [as] the continuous progress of the past which gnaws into the future and which swells as it advances’ (Bergson 1911 in Ingold 2016: p. 122)

In was also my hope that considering folk singing as an affective practice might open up ways of understand the performance and the archive as relational, rather than in opposition. Sedgwick contends that the ‘most salient’ preposition in her book *Touching Feeling* is ‘beside’:

Beside is an interesting preposition also because there’s nothing very dualistic about it; a number of elements may lie alongside one another, though not an infinity of them [...] Its interest does not, however, depend on a fantasy of metonymically egalitarian or even pacific relations, as any child knows who has shared a bed with siblings. *Besides* comprises a wide range of desiring, identifying, representing, repelling, paralleling, differentiating, rivalling, leaning, twisting, mimicking, withdrawing, attracting, aggressing

(Sedgwick 2007: p.6)

In the process of considering folk singing as an affective practice, and through such activities as handling manuscripts, walking with singers, experimenting with ways to write embodied acts of landscaping, following and contributing to long established routes and pathways, I have begun to see how the performance and the archive might be thought of as ‘besides’ one another. Just as two walkers might create a walk, so the archive and a performance might create a song. To be besides does not, as Sedgwick states, mean that relations are always positive or straightforward. However, it does allow for moments of reciprocity, for contributions to shared bodies of performances, as mutual sites of collaboration, and a move away from the dualistic approach of the archive as that which remains, and performance as that which disappears. If a path, or a song, are made and remade by walking and singing, are they performances or archives? Perhaps we can think of them in the way that Myers conceives of walkers and places:

Rather, the convergence, and/or mutual alignment and adaption, of rhythm and heading *with* one another and *with* place may encourage modes of emphatic witnessing and the co-production of knowledge through collaborative and connected encounter

(Myers 2010: p. 66).

Singing the South Downs Way refers not only to the idea of walking and forming landscapes through encounters, but also the many singers that have shaped my voice during my research and exist with me/ will exist with me in my singing style, as Stewart refers to her Boston accent, ‘50 different town accents stretch jaws and vocal chords and tighten the muscles of the mouth. The exercise of a world’s muscular pushing and pulling is what a subject recognizes as a state of being in place’ (Stewart 2015: p. xv). I can’t fill the gaps in the documentation of the early folk song-collectors about how daughters learnt songs from mothers, but I can interview my own mum and reflect on learning songs from her, and illuminate the tradition as it arrives to me today. I can see to communicate and investigate how she makes the melody of the verse about the eagle in *The Bonny Light Horseman* sound like a bird in flight, and practice my own vocal chords and muscles to lift and soar upwards in a similar way. In that attempted flight, I understand Rebecca Schneider’s call to work against the received logic of the archive and see flesh as that which remains:

In the archive, flesh is given to be that which slips away. Flesh can house no memory of bone. Only bone speaks memory of flesh. Flesh is blindspot. Disappearing [...] performance does *remain* does leave residue. Indeed, the places of residue is arguable *flesh* in a network of body-to-body transmission of enactment

(Schneider 2001: p. 102)

Furthermore, when Bob Lewis sings his mum’s songs, or Will Duke talks about hearing Scan Tester in his head as he plays, it becomes possible to see how performance,

‘enters’ or begins again and again, as Gertrude Stein would write, differently via itself as a repetition – like a copy or perhaps more like a ritual – as an echo in the ears of a confident, an audience member, a *witness*.

(Schneider 2001: p. 106)

I also hope to have made tentative steps to demonstrating the importance of archival collections to remain responsive and engaged with current incarnations of intangible cultural heritage, and the evolving setting and landscaping practices that inform it. As Taylor argues in her volume *The Archive and the Repertoire: Performing Cultural Memory in the Americas* (2003):

It is urgent to focus on the specific characteristics of performance in a cultural environment in which corporations promote “world” music and international organizations (such as UNESCO) and funding organizations make decisions about “world” cultural rights and “intangible heritage”

(Taylor 2003: pp. 2-3)

I believe that affect is a crucial element of people’s unique experience of local landscapes and cultural environment, and it is vital to understand songs not only as texts but as continuous, continuing performances. Phrases like ‘it makes me think of Sussex’, or ‘I love the way it feels’, or ‘the song haunted me’, aren’t irrelevant or frivolous to performance traditions, they are articulations of why people learn songs, why people sing songs, why people teach other people songs; why we are still singing those songs; in short, feelings of, about, and from, songs are why we have an archive or a repertoire in the first place.

When I sing, somewhere between opening my voice and the noise coming out, I am propelling something out, but that something is also subject to forces beyond my control. The sound rises and falls through both the intention of my body, and the affects creating the in-between-ness of the performance environment. To both intend, and give yourself over, are also found to be tensions at the heart of both walking and writing by Massumi:

When you walk, each step is the body’s movement against falling — each movement is felt in our potential for freedom as we move with the earth’s gravitational pull. When we navigate our way through the world, there are different pulls, constraints and freedoms that move us forward and propel us into life [...]

When we walk we’re dealing with the constraint of gravity. There’s also the constraint for balance and the need for equilibrium. But, at the same time, to walk you need to throw off the equilibrium, you have to let yourself go into a fall, then you cut it off and regain the balance [...].

It’s similar with language. I see it as a play between constraint and room to manoeuvre ...

The common paradigm approaches experience as if we are somehow outside it, looking in, like disembodied subjects handling an object. But our experiences aren’t objects, they’re us. They’re what we are made of. We *are* our experiences, we *are* our moving through them. We *are* our participation.

(Massumi 2002: pp. 10 - 11)

Whilst grief and its affects have formed some of the movement, experiences, and participation, and songs of this thesis, so too has hope. As Massumi states, affective hope is ‘where we might be able to go and what we might be able to do’ (Massumi 2002: p. 10 – 11). Thus, conceiving of folk singing as an affective practice not only brings the past into the present, but allows a sense of possible futures. For just as taking one step after another is to walk away, so it is also to move towards.



Fig 67. Bennett, E. *South Downs Way, Jevington*. 5th May 2015 [Photograph].

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APPENDIX 1: TRACK LIST

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11. Lewis, B (2015). *Spread the Green Branches*.
12. Lewis, B (2015). *The Spotted Cow*.
13. Bennett, E (2015). *The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lovers*.
14. Skinner, C (2015). *The Seasons Round*.
15. Bennett, E (2015). *The Silvery Tide*.
16. Bennett, C (2015). *Long Lankin*.
17. Bennett, E (2015). *Young Jocky*.
18. Skinner, C (2015). *Orion The Hunter*.
19. Bennett, C (2015). *Ploughman Lads*.
20. Bennett, C (2015). *Bonny Light Horseman*.
21. Bennett, E (2015). *Hare Hunting Song*.
22. Goddard, S (2015). *Searching for Lambs*.
23. Brighton Vox Choir (2015). *Come Write Me Down*.
24. Charlotte Olivee (2015). *Sussex Shepherdess*
25. Bennett, E (2015). *The Unquiet Grave*.
26. Lewis, B (2015). *Young Collins*.

27. Bennett, E (2015). *The Lark in the Morning*.
28. Bennett, C (2015). *Pleasant and Delightful*.
29. Bennett, E (2015). *Dear Father*.
30. Duke, W (2015). *Ground for the Floor*.
31. Bennett, E (2015). *Morning has Broken*.
32. Higgins, S (2015). *The Shepherd's Token*.
33. Bennett, E (2015). *Raggle Taggle Gypsies*
34. Lewis, B (2015). *Ha'nacker Mill*.

APPENDIX 2: CONSENT FORM



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Dear -----

I am seeking to obtain permission for the recordings of the song/s that you performed for me in May 2015, and the transcript of our interview, to be included in my doctoral thesis. From January 1st 2016 the recordings I made for Public Archaeology 2015 will no longer be in the public domain. The recordings will continue to be in my possession in order for me to access them for my doctoral research, in addition to written transcripts of the interview.

After completion, my PhD will be open access, and available digitally at the Royal Holloway, University of London digital repository:
<https://repository.royalholloway.ac.uk/access/home.do>

The lyrics for each song will be written as they were performed. The transcripts of the interviews may be presented in smaller sections according to the themes that are addressed within each passage. I will also be including an account of our meeting. The transcripts and recordings will be used to explore and discuss areas of my research such as the embodiment of folk songs in performance, the use of the archive and the repertoire in folk singing, and affective qualities of the Sussex landscape in relation to song. On request, I am happy to provide the written transcripts of the interviews and the recordings to participants for their approval.

Yours faithfully,

Elizabeth Bennett

Signed _____