

A New Career In A New Town



Workshops and provocations by:
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About

A New Career In A New Town was a week-long project, devised by Ania Bas, exploring the performative potential of co-produced text in the context of a new town being built on the banks of the Thames in North Kent.

The workshop offered an opportunity to consider the question of relocation and through text examine some of the 'what-ifs' that cross the mind of those who question life and practice in the metropolis: **What if I left the city? What if I bought/rented my own place? What if I got to know my neighbours? What if I worked less? What if I prioritised my wellbeing? What if I commuted?**

The participants in the project were invited to approach the Ebbsfleet Garden City development as a site from which to respond to these questions. On the first and last day of the project the group gathered in the Gravesham district (which the Ebbsfleet development is part of), using local research materials to explore the area's history and future, taking part in tours and workshops, exploring editing and critique alone and as part of a group.

On day one, the group went on a guided tour of the Ebbsfleet Garden City. Following this they took part in an afternoon workshop introducing a number of literary tools to engage with texts and create new ones, led by Sally O'Reilly.

Over the next five days the participants worked from home to respond to a series of provocations set by Bas. These used material from local sources, from history and guide books to property search engines as material from which to respond. The participants wrote both alone and in collaboration, using SMS, e-mail and WhatsApp as tools for sharing and editing work.

On the final day, the participants gathered in the cafes of Gravesend where they broke into smaller groups which each employed a different model of critique to review the texts that they had written. Later, they joined Kit Caress to explore the role of editing, before making written interventions into each other's texts.

The group intends to continue working together.

Provocation

Dear X and Y,

On your journey to Ebbsfleet and throughout the Monday morning tune in to the New Garden City and stay in touch with each other to:

- ⇒ Consider and discuss relocating;
- ⇒ Comment on anything that surprises you;
- ⇒ Note anything that makes you uncomfortable;
- ⇒ Point out anything that is left out or forgotten from the tour;
- ⇒ Share any 'what ifs' crossing your mind.

Writing workshop

Sally O'Reilly

Running time: 2-5pm
(with a short break halfway through)

Introduction

genre, voice, rhetoric, style, grey literature

Warm-up

1. Free writing

For 10 minutes, write non-stop, in sentences with punctuation – no editing. There will not be a reader. Write about the subject of the workshop: a new career in a new town.

2. Generative, focussed writing

For 10 minutes, non-stop, in sentences with punctuation – no editing. There will be a reader. Write about something that has emerged from the freewriting exercise. Swap

with your neighbour and read. Tell your neighbour about your favourite bit in their text.

3. Working with another's material

For 10 minutes work with an idea or image or phrase from your neighbour's text, and run with it in your own direction.

Multiple possibilities

Select an object you associate with commuting and spend five minutes writing a single sentence that describes it physically. The group share and analyse their sentences.

Voice

Select another object that you associate with commuting.

Describe the function of the object to a peer.

Describe the function of the object to a child.

Describe the function of the object to your favourite philosopher or poet.

Style

Dolven test

This is an adaptation of an exercise devised by poet and academic Professor Jeff Dolven.

Participants bring a short text by someone whose writing they really admire.

Retype or rewrite the text, inhabiting the sentences or lines as you type/write them.

Try to understand how the writer is achieving effects/style/voice.

Add 150 words to the text as seamlessly as you can. Pass it on to a partner and see if they can spot the new text. Discuss how you achieved the voice and/or style.

Categorisation and connectivity

1. Select several other objects and place them together on a table. Together, the group discursively categorises and re-categorises these objects, according to a series of arbitrarily chosen criteria.

2. Choose one of the objects and list all the people, materials, events, processes, networks, institutions and so on that it has intersected with.

Genre

1. Choose two of the objects. Write a love letter from one of these objects to another.
2. Choose a happy or comfortable memory and write it in a way that makes the memory creepy or eerie to the reader. Don't change the basic facts of the event, only select different details and present them differently.

Grey literature (and phenomenology) exercises

1. Repeat the Dolven test with a piece of grey literature (provided by Sally and Ania) or a library book of a genre that you are interested in.
2. Swap your creepy story for your neighbour's. Rewrite their creepy story in your chosen grey literature or genre style.

T.W.A.P.S

All members please note the following:-

Only members allowed on the lake. Any member found with a non member will be asked to leave with the non member.

Any member prebaiting any area does not have the sole use of it.

No dogs allowed (including bailiffs).

No fires of any sort.

Only club locks to be used on any gate.



PRIVATELY
OWNED
KEEP
OUT

London
in
17 mins

Human Heat

Describing the man
is hard to describe

He keeps himself to himself (mostly)
hunched shoulders
looks shorter than he actually is

The man has been seen in the following locations
the bookies
by the park
by the football pitch

Human connections
two children
one in each hand
boy and a girl

Boy in too big shoes
carries inherited risk of falling

Girl with head turning
sun-gazer and lips-mover

Warnings:
Do not go to the house you will be evicted from
Never attract flames to your feet

How not to lose a child on the beach

On such an open expanse of land as a beach, it is easy to lose a child. Does that mean you shouldn't go with children to the seaside, or that you should attach each child to you with a cord? Ideally not. There are, of course, two sets of anxieties in this setting: the child on the sand, and the child in the water. These instructions should serve to maintain safety in both.

Area 1: On the sand

1. Choose a resting place that is close enough to the water that the child will not stray far should they need to dampen their sand for building. Ten steps is a good distance.

2. Choose an area that is reasonably populated. Too busy and it will be hard to spot your child in the bustle. Avoid individuals you wouldn't want too close to your child. Older, single men for instance.

3. Use a brightly coloured towel: red is a suitable choice as it can be seen from a distance.

Area 2: In the sea

1. Begin by encouraging the child to build sandcastles. This might entice them to play in the sand rather than the water.

2. Building a moat allows them to enjoy the sensation of being wet, without submerging themselves entirely.

3. Shell collecting is an excellent play activity that can be carried out at the water's edge.

4. Should the child insist on entering the water, suggest that they not let themselves get wet above, for instance, the knees, thighs or, at most, waist.



Provocation

Dear Z,

Write yourself into a picture.

Choose one from the archives
shared via dropbox.

Share it with Y.

From
Subject

Provocation

image ref



From

Ania Bas

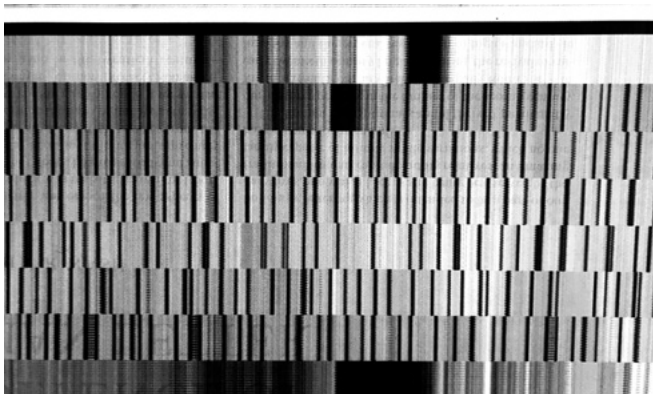
Subject

Brownfield New Town

Brownfield New Town. 30 thousand people will work here in science research centre jobs and there are 10 thousand more jobs, entertainment jobs, at the peninsula. There are more jobs than people. Place itself is designed for an ageless society that does not stay at home to be unhealthy. It's a special place with European connections, with three train lines colliding and just 30 minutes by boat to Canary Wharf.

In the past it suffered from quarry isolation, had cement social club, a lido to swim in and filled pleasure gardens with factories making toilet paper. It's a very visual place. The whole thing will be a theme park but currently there are a few little 400 million pound problems stopping it from going ahead.

<attachment.jpg>



From

Matthew de Pulford

Subject

Day 2 task v2

On trips home, we always find ourselves restlessly trudging in and out of the town's charity shops. I always feel at a loss in these places – I could never muster the enthusiasm for the hunt, or the imagination to find what I didn't already know I was looking for. So listlessly, and perhaps impatiently, I rifle through a few hangers, the old CD compilations, the spent autobiographies, the unloved artwork.



Engraving: 'Swanscombe – Northfleet' 1854. This engraving was published by A.J. Dunkin (printer and historian of Dartford) in 1854. The buildings shown were then recently built – the left-hand building was the Black Eagle public house, which saw the huge changes to this area until its own closure in 1967. The changes included wartime bombing of Taunton Road, massive industrialisation and redevelopment. The hill in the picture is Galley Hill and the North Kent railway line (the tunnel shown still exists) is in the background, having opened in 1849.

On the right of the picture is Lower Road, now leading to the Inveresk Industrial Estate (also

known as the Northfleet Industrial Estate). As I remember it, there were three ways to reach Lower Road from home. From Water Street, one took the first left into Copse Place. (Debbie's son, Claude, who we called Little Shaver because he was unusually prone to accidents, was hit by a car or perhaps lorry at the junction of these two roads. I think he had major head injuries and spent quite a while recovering in hospital, but I still see him from time to time when I visit home, and twenty five years later he's working at the market and he seems a confident, energetic man.)

Anyway, you could also get to Copse Place by hopping the back wall of the garden in to the Field, a small clearing at the end of the Quickways Close, and until it was developed in 1992-3, there was a through-route that also led to Copse Place. At this point one would need to cross, as the road was narrow and only paved on one side, turn left, and pass under the railway bridge before walking past the entrance to the Park to get to Lower Road. At the junction, the road travelled right towards the Catholic Church and town centre, or left towards a street – I can't remember its name now, maybe Nicholas Avenue – which was notorious for its rough families. Danny Cledge was the best known bully in town and lived there and though I liked the park, there was always a fear of an encounter with Danny and his crew. He had no fear of adults really, and it felt so shameful and cowardly not to be able to shield ma from his curses and threats.

The last I heard of Danny was around twenty years ago. He and some other boys had rounded on an out of town lad at the carnival. The boy, cornered, launched a frenzied attack on Danny with a Philips screwdriver, stabbing through his cheek and into his back. Danny survived, I think.

If you wanted to avoid the Copse Place route and get to the far end of Lower Road, you could cross and continue down Water Street to turn left at the junction with Stream Road at the Ship Inn. Once I was cycling to spend an afternoon with my cousin Ralph, and filtered left into the junction at the same time as a car, only to nearly ride into the back of a car, which had been parked outside the pub really too close to the corner. It must have been an FA Cup day and I think the Ship is a West Ham pub. Sandwiched by the turning car I was given the choice between cycling fast into the back of the parked car or trying to mount the kerb. I attempted the latter, but my cycle tyres weren't fully inflated and I skidded along the edge of the pavement in a way which forced the front wheel to turn abruptly and throw me over the handlebars. I landed face first on one of those mounds of gravelly cement used to support fencepoles – spent the evening picking grit out of my forehead and leaking lymph fluid in front of Blind Date.

When accidents like this didn't cause one to reverse direction (or stand petulantly stamping on

the bicycle one had omitted to maintain or control adequately), one would pass the Ship, the Cecilia's (a sad house), before the railway bridge, the chip-pie and the steps to the Rec' on the right, and afterwards the grassy slope which was also escape route from the Park, where we rode sleds one year, the printworks which in my late teens I was intrigued by and wondered if there'd be a job at if I didn't want to go to college, and the hill down to the Lower Road junction on the left. One could continue from there to the old Gunpowder Works, or up South Road and into town at Stenton Street.

In 1854 this latter road would have led to the Cement Works and was always a connection to Swanscombe Marshes. The view marks the boundary between Swanscombe and Northfleet: the tree in the front is in Northfleet – all else in Swanscombe.

From

Karen Morash

Subject

Picking Watercress

One cannot pick watercress without getting one's
feet wet

It is impossible to simply lean out
from the tea-room bankside
and grasp the peppery leaves

One would fall straight in

No, rather, watercress requires wet feet
Stockings rolled down quickly
Before the toes are spotted by
other tea-sippers who have
not been tempted to dip their own toes,
or are tempted, but held back by
thoughts of impropriety. Not I.

I came here to get my feet wet.

And even though there may be a
whistle, low and camouflaged in
the crowd, I will not turn towards it,
cheeks reddened. I will lift my skirt
and step in, eyes up, soul glad
to feel the mud between by toes
as I bend down and snap off the cress.

Savour its sharpness, full in my mouth.

I will remember the taste as I journey back

to the city. Look for traces in my
back teeth as the boat steams to London. And the
way I turned towards the camera, brazen,
as the children cheered my triumph. Next year,
my feet will still tingle in remembrance of the
cold water I lifted my skirts to step in.
One cannot pick watercress without getting one's
feet wet.

That is what I came here for.

From

Nathania Hartley

Subject

A Picture Postcard

This scene shows the famous Rosherville Gardens, entrance would have been gained through a secret gateway by the tower. Despite the various views of the gardens having 'Gravesend' on them, the whole Rosherville Gardens complex was firmly in Northfleet! Today the gardens have been rebranded as Ebbsfleet Theme Park, and while it is certainly true that the theme is that of a park, these pastures still remain in Northfleet and are in no way situated in any close proximity to the Ebbsfleet river.

The original gardens were created in a disused chalk pit, and developed into a pleasure ground for both locals and Londoners escaping the city. This view, from 1909, shows that Sunday best clothes were expected of the patrons who entered this fairyland paradise. If you look closely in the left hand corner, near the bushes, you will see one patron blatantly flouting these rules. This is local mischief maker Nathania Hartley, whose Sunday best has been exchanged for a full body camouflage of watercress, as a protest to the council's refusal to allow foraging of the plant at the gardens – their excuse given being health risks. During an impassioned speech that day to a bemused but engaged audience, Hartley accidentally ingested some of her watercress wear, promptly contracted typhoid and two weeks later

was pronounced dead. After this incident the gardens somewhat lost their popularity, but in the following years there has been much work done to improve their status. In fact, the development corporation has changed opinions so effectively that today new residents are flocking to the town, attracted in part by the fantastic transport links, green vistas and spacious housing, but primarily due to the Edible Ebbsfleet scheme. Noone is known to have died recently or even complained of a dicky tummy, despite the wild foods growing on the site of a former rubbish dump.



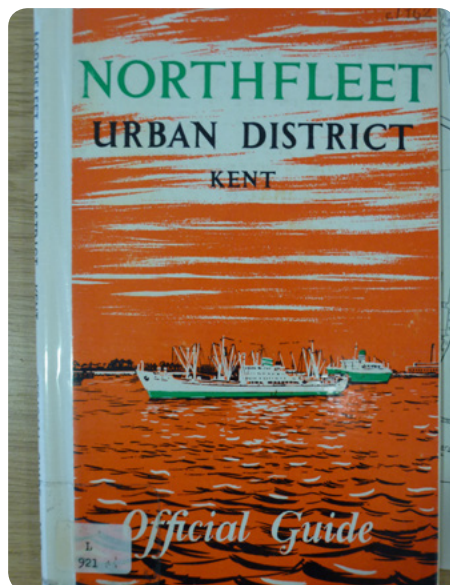
Provocation

Dear W and V,

Write a short guide (i.e. an intro page) to a new town.

See if you can use some of the material generated on Monday.

Share it with each other.



A guide to Ebbsfleet Garden City

An introduction

Welcome to Ebbsfleet Garden City, a new town redolent with promise. Ebbsfleet is a town in its infancy, brimming with potential, yet built on the solid foundations of Kent's industrial heritage.

The Garden City boasts unrivalled transport connections to London and the continent, with frequent high speed trains connecting it to the capital in just seventeen minutes, and, potentially, a regular Clipper service which could, for example, whisk the commuter upstream to an office in Canary Wharf in just thirty minutes.

Situated on the south bank of the Thames, Ebbsfleet's Swanscombe marshes

command breathtaking views over the Estuary. Ebbsfleet boasts a spectacular topography of chalk cliffs, secluded limpid lakes, hills and viewpoints.

Ebbsfleet benefits from its proximity to the traditions and graceful architecture of Gravesend, beloved by Dickens and Turner, and the contemporary convenience of Bluewater shopping centre.

Ebbsfleet is a place for vision, a place for dreams, a place of the future and a place of fantasy and fictions. Enjoy your visit to Ebbsfleet and make of it whatever you will.

Sabrina Fuller

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The signature is written in a cursive style, with the first letter 'S' being large and looping. The name 'Sabrina' is written in a smaller, more fluid script below the large 'S'.

Welcome to Springhead.

Matthew de Pulford

This beautiful and historic community was founded for members of the Fruiting Guild following the Regional Climate and Production Agreements¹. Before these were made, confusion over building materials and edible resources had drawn the area away from its natural agrarian functions.

¹ Illustrated by ongoing football rivalry between Cement Works F.C. and Watercress Town

Without passing judgement on the efficacy of heritage state methods, it is useful to consider how we have been able to benefit from the burrows which now enable the flourishing of our wonderful, naturally heated, sheltered community.

Since The Agreements determined that all enclosed dwelling areas should offer specific living climates, The Orchard Development Corporation has been pleased to pioneer the Flexible Fruiting Living Area, inviting social units to integrate with each other through rolling wheeled wall panels – allowing for shared social and hygiene maintenance sections that enable the maximum use of our water cycling irrigation systems.

Social Moles, aggregations of fifty or more social units, are invited to cooperate in the formation of Local Lotto's. These lotto's not only provide an enjoyable way for a lucky member of each Mole to win a supply of externaguild tokens each month: the token

reserve created by the lotto enables delegated community healthcare, essential sewerage and water supply repairs and cultural representation moments^{II}.

Visitors are invited to take temporary charge of as many as four opaque and up to two transparent wall panels and to situate themselves within a Mole for their stay. By sharing in the Fruiting Work of a Mole of their choice, they are invited to contribute to our aim of new community root stock formation by sharing their own techniques of Lotto allocation.

We are lucky enough to have established two Root Stock Moles here since the agreement, and are pioneering the Cherry-Singh-Botolph and Bramble-Hive community farming grafts, which have led to some of the most intricate stacked-panel water-sharing methods. The original Moles' cultural representation moments draw healthy attendance both intra and extra guild, celebrating our community's natural abundances and giving thanks for the historic windmills that drive the river filtration system that replaced the old cement farming operations^{III}. The Bramble Hive method, widely celebrated for fusing the diversity principle within homogenising network farming, is still one of the best applications of pre-Agreement campaigning methods to fruit production and sustenance. Hybrid fruits, built off one of the foundational Root Stock supplies, offer not only a delicious range of sweet and savoury food-stuffs, which are proudly displayed from panel stacks, but have also facilitated the characteristic chunky vine mural designs which adorn all their panel structures so handsomely and securely.

II Jeremiah Cressbug, winner of Local Lotto in 2018, had a new hybrid tomato-orange variety named after him: JerryBug F7 AHG: rorange cherry – high yield; large and very bright fruits carried on long trusses; very sweet flavour.

III Traditional thanks-giving prayer used as a sing song by framers:
**One wind, none wind,
one mills
None spin, one spin,
our gain.
None grafts a finer skein,
When one holds the fitter
sickle.**

Lydia's Guide

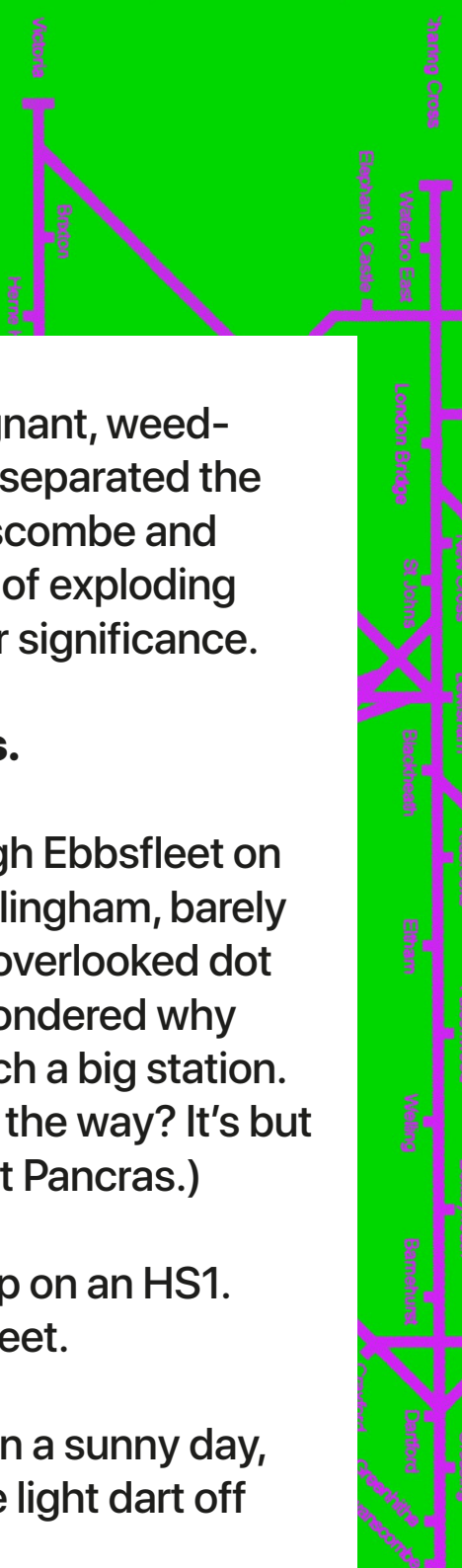
Ebbsfleet, once just a stagnant, weed-choked strip of water that separated the ancient parishes of Swanscombe and Northfleet, is on the verge of exploding into a thriving hub of major significance.

You could be part of this.

You may have sped through Ebbsfleet on your way to Margate or Gillingham, barely sparing a thought for this overlooked dot on the map. Maybe you wondered why such a small place had such a big station. (Did you clock the time by the way? It's but seventeen minutes from St Pancras.)

Gather some friends. Jump on an HS1. Step off the train at Ebbsfleet.

Stand by the lake. Come on a sunny day, trust me. As you watch the light dart off

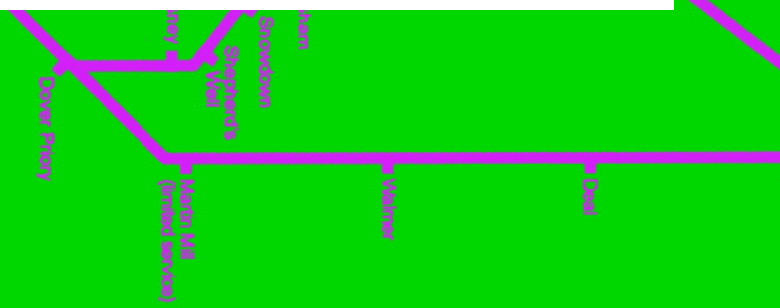


the surface of the water, conjure a city centre behind you, two minutes walk away. It's gleaming, the purist white, and has a wellbeing hub. Take your time to contemplate how amazing this place could be. And before you go back, make a pact with your friends to come and live here together.

Here's a tip: don't think of it as leaving London. For a start, it's only seventeen minutes away. Or you might be able to get a clipper one day. Or Crossrail, if they extend the line. So you can still get all the economic benefits etc from the city. But it's way more helpful to think of it as coming to Ebbsfleet.

Embrace this place.

Lydia Ashman





Welcome to Shining Waters

*Your allotment of tranquillity
in a hectic world*

At the end of a busy day, would you rather be gazing out a dingy window on to an overcrowded city by-way, or through clear, brand-new double glazed windows at the gentle ripples of blue water sparkling in the sun? You deserve space! You deserve blue water! You deserve sparkles!

Imagine yourself boarding a train in the centre of the urban jungle and within 20 minutes arriving in your own little oasis of calm. Shining Waters connects human beings to their natural environment in an affordable way, as nature can often be hard

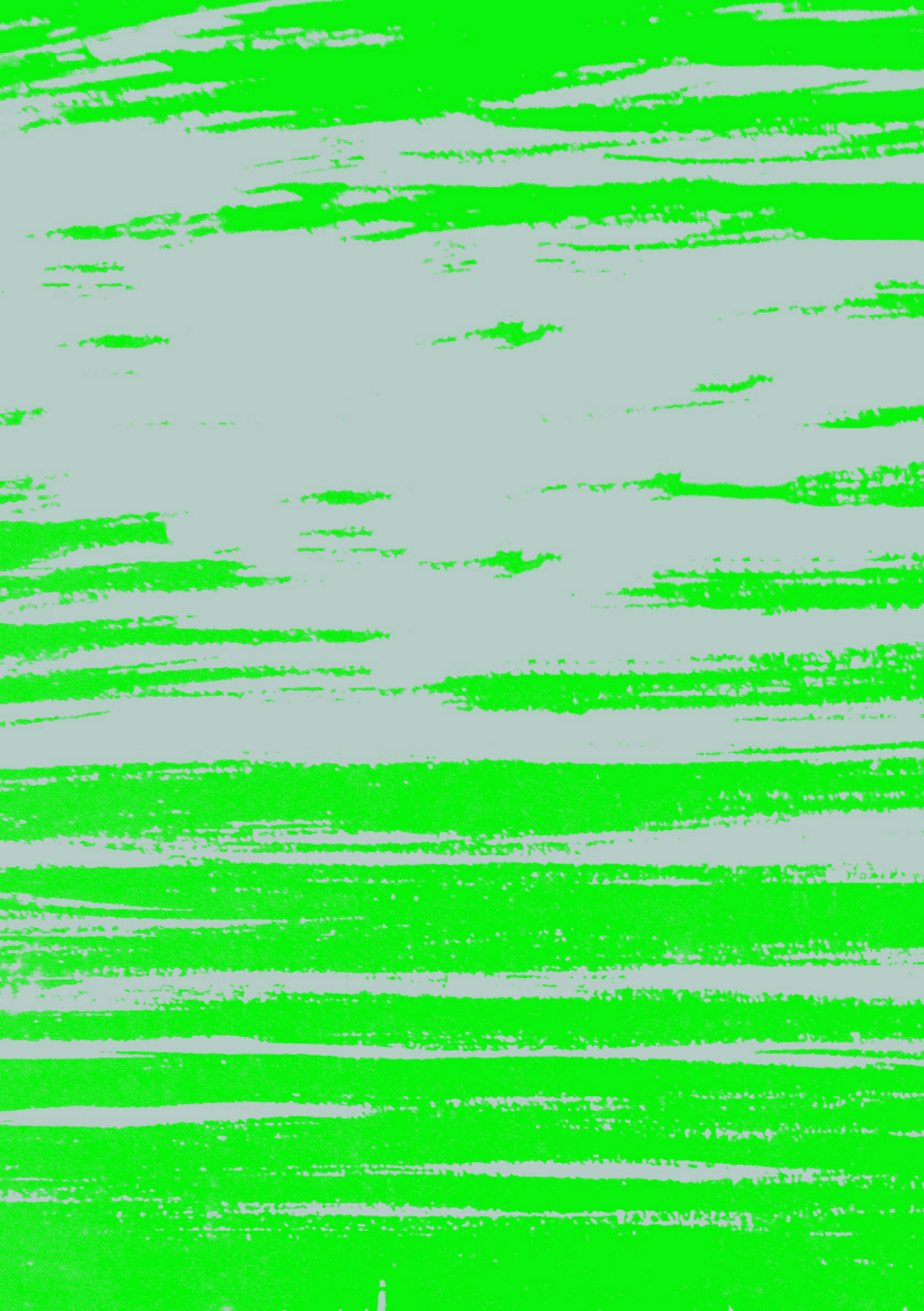
to afford. Do you like art? There will be art. Do you like schools? There will be schools. Do you like health? There will be plenty of health.* All within a short train ride back into London when you get tired of all the art, schools, and health.

The sun (nearly) always shines in Shining Waters.**



Karen Morash

- * As long as Shining Waters continues to be the recipient of a number of government funds and loans. If a new government comes in and decides it hates new towns, the whole thing will go tits-up.
- ** Please note, we cannot guarantee that the sun will always or nearly always shine in Shining Waters. Mortgage approval is subject to credit checks, healthy living checks, personality checks, and numerous other checks.



Provocation

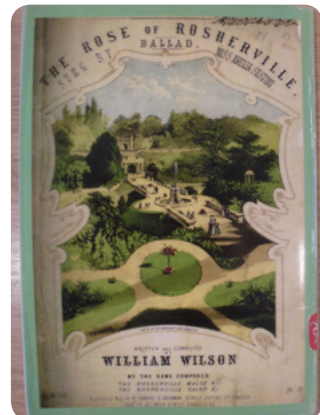
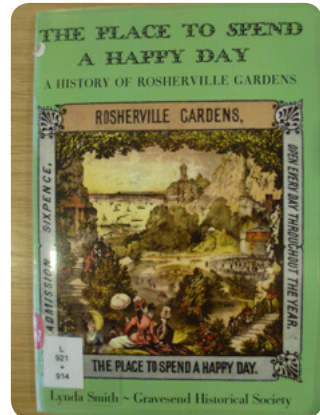
Dear X and Y,

It's a day for writing (text) messages
from a happy place, on a happy day.

X's number: 07XXX XXX XXX

Y's number: 07XXX XXX XXX

You



Sabrina Fuller

Hiya Helen from my garden with autumn sun and breeze rustling trees squeaking birds aeroplanes far overhead and distant traffic. Colours bright greens yellowing ochre coloured leaves with streaks too of wine reds salmon pink roses fading lemon coloured evening primrose and a splattering of faded whites greens and yellows lichens on the path. Oh the autumn light so warm and oblique and gentle. Showing up the details that are never seen in the blaze of summer...

Huggens's College
(Alms-houses)

Portland Cement Works

THE
EBBSFLEET
VALLEYNORTHFLEET
LC LIMITED

TEL 0445 31115

Northfleet
Station

NORTHFLEET

MID OR MEDWAY RIVER

STOOD UNION

NORTH BRAND EARLY HOODS

X. 6.

NORTHFLEET C.D.

a valuable
natural asset for
Northfleet and



Day 5

Provocation

Dear X, W, Y, and Z

Plan your future in the new town.

Share it with each other.

Swanscombe Street name suggestions by Christoph Bull

Weldon Close

Lords of the manor, Sir Anthony was Chairman of Kent County Committee during Civil War and a great supporter of Parliamentary cause.

Ackers Road

Chemist who helped preserve first fragments of Swanscombe skull.

Ostle Road

Councillor in 1920s & 1930s, active in building of the council chamber over the fire station in 1922. Thomas Ostle was chemist in the High Street

Hohenlohe Walk

Prince Waldemar Von und Zu Hohenlohe was the Commandant of a German POW camp in which Swanscombe men were housed. He was admired by his captives for his humanity and obvious dislike of the Nazis. He came to Swanscombe in 1949 and stayed in the home of his former prisoner and invited to eat at the houses of other Swanscombe families.

Stopes Way

Marie Stopes spent her childhood in Swanscombe later famed for her pioneering work in family planning.

Wymer Way

Archaeologist who discovered the last piece of Swanscombe skull in 1955.

Marston Close

Alvin Marston was archaeologist who discovered the first two fragments of Swanscombe skull in 1935 and 1936.

Frost Road

James Frost began Swanscombe Cement Works in 1825, AE Frost were undertakers and builders. They built upper storey council chamber over fire station in 1922.

Bletchyngton Road

18c lords of manor, gave silverware to SS Peter & Paul's church

Hildefirth Way

Saint whose relic was kept at SS Peter & Paul's church and was supposed to cure insanity and depression during the medieval visits of pilgrims to Canterbury.

Erasmus Wilson Street

Great skin surgeon, born in Swanscombe. He paid for the the the tower to be restored in 1873/4 at SS Peter & Paul's church.

Candy Road

Rev Thomas Henry, rector 1868-1888, restored the church and great champion of Swanscombe's working class.

Lett Street

First named priest at St Peter & St Paul's church – John Lett

Clapper Knappers Close

Clapper Knapper was a chalk pit with tunnels associated with legends on the edge of Swanscombe Woods

Anchor Way

The Blue Anchor legend

Bazley Way

Bazley was middle name of John White, owner of cement works.

Engelsine Way

Abbott of St Augustine's at Canterbury, a leader of the Kentish army that met Willkam the Conqueror at Swanscombe

Stigand Drive

Archbishop of Canterbury a leader of the Kentish army that met William the Conqueror at Swanscombe

Lucas Close

Founded a parish chapel in 1344

Poulter Street

Founded a parish charity

Merriall Way

Founded parish charity in 1563

Renouard Road

Rector of Swanscombe 1818 – 1866, built original rectory and educated Sir Erasmus Wilson when he was a boy.

Pettet Lane

Thomas Pettit, Lord of the Manor

White Way

The family who owned Swanscombe Cement Works and built Galley Hill School and All Saints Church.

Sparvel-Bayly Road

Sparvel Bayly was landowner and wrote up historical notes on the history of Swanscombe in 1873.

Barnfield Drive

Pit in which Swanscombe skull discovered

Birds Row

After cottages & small brewery in Church Road

Owen Road

F C Owen, first vicar of the 1894 All Saints Church

Shaw Road

Richard Norman Shaw, architect of All Saints Church, New Scotland Yard and Piccadilly Hotel in London.

Holy City Way

Nick name and pun on Swanscombe

Mercer Road

Councillor, owner of cinema

Rixson Road

Farmer at Swanscombe Lodge Farm

Mansion House Drive

Mansion house was in Swanscombe Street, probably home of Lords of manor

Hazel Walk

Landlords of Blue Anchor for a century

Garland Way

Virgins' garlands legend

Barker Road

Barkers shop and prize winning ice cream in Eglington Road

Entwhistle Way

Councillor and chairman of SUDC, opened the Recreation Ground in early 1930s

Black Duck

Marshes

Umfreville Road

Owner of Ingress Abbey and major landowner in Swanscombe in latter 19 c

Snowcrete Rise

Special type of cement made at Swanscombe Cement Works and that kept it open after 1970 when the new Northfleet works replaced all other NW Kent factories

Clinker Street

Essential product in cement manufacture

Bamber Walk

Managing Director of APCM, lych gate at cemetery erected in his memory

Todd Road

Leonard Todd JP – died in 1992, local scrap merchant and lover of Swanscombe. He had a lovely collection of photographs of old Swanscombe.

Tuffee Close

Harold Tuffee was a solicitor that helped Swanscombe become independent council in 1926. He was first Town Clerk.

Northfields

The name of the footpath and fields/allotments between Stanhope Road and the Northfleet border

Montchensie Way

Lords of the manor in 12th c

Swan Fields

Swan family left parish charity in 1721

Maidens Well Walk

Field name for area bordering Springhead

Napps Field

Field name for area near Springhead

Griffins Green

Field name for area near Springhead

Newberries

Field name next to Springhead but within Swanscombe Parish

Bevan Road

Thomas Bevan, cement manufacturer, bought Manor of Swanscombe in 1872, covering much of the area south of the town.

Salvation Street

Salvation Army had barracks in Stanhope Road in early 20c.

Major Childs Close

Major in charge of Royalists at Battle of Northfleet 1.6.1648

Husband Drive

Major in charge of Parliamentary forces at Battle of Northfleet

Ekman Road

Carl Ekman was owner of New Northfleet Paper Mill (in Swanscombe) & invented newsprint. He died in 1904 and is buried in Northfleet Cemetery.

Jersey Road

Earls of Jersey were owners of the Manor of Swanscombe until mid 19c

Villiers Road

Family name of the Earls of Jersey

Broadness Road

Marshes

Kiln Close

Cement factory equipment

Handaxe Close

Swanscombe is the Kentish capital of handaxe finds

Pustwell Close

Pustwell family recorded in Swanscombe in 1550s and Pustwell Villa still exists in Milton Street

Powsey Way

Thomas Powsey died 1779, and was clerk of the parish (a job to do with the church, not a

parish clerk in the modern sense). Family lived in Swanscombe during late 18c & early 19c, married into Rixson family.

New Craylands Square

The original development, consisting of Victorian cottages, was demolished in early 1970s, it was off Craylands Lane. This new name could be reused based on the memory of the older development.

Frackness View

Name of the marshes at very top of Swanscombe Peninsula

Sidney Sussex Rise

Patrons of St Peter & St Paul's church

Cambridge Drive

Cambridge University's college, Sidney Sussex, were and are? the patrons of St Peter & St Paul's church.

Heys Road

Matthew Henry Heys was clerk to Swanscombe Parish Council in early 20c. A Matthew Heys, school master at Galley Hill School, was a supporter of the cement workers against the proposed closure of the factory in 1873-74.

Glover Road

A Glover was manager of Swanscombe Cement Works in 1870s and on committee which formed Swanscombe National School (Manor Road).

Odell Road

James Odell was a Primitive Methodist preacher, who laid the foundation stone of the chapel in Church Road/Milton Road in 1888. He was also a prominent supporter of the cement workers in 1873-4.

Symons Road

W.T. Symons was clerk to Swanscombe Parish Council 1919 until it was replaced by the Urban District council in 1926.

Leedham Road

Leedham White, one of the White Family who owned cement works and funded All Saints Church.

Fiddlers Reach

The name of the stretch of the Thames along Swanscombe's river front by the marshes.

Wormwood Way

Name of a flood defence wall on Swanscombe marshes, recorded in a document of 1826

Slough Corner

A small lake on Swanscombe marshes, recorded on a document of 1826.

Hewitt Close

Grace Hewitt ran a hospital for soldiers in WWI in her own house at Knockhall Lodge, Greenhithe (now demolished) – she was also Swanscombe's first female councillor after WWI.

Cygnet Close

A local jam factory ran in Swanscombe from 1905 to about 1938 – it was famous for its good

quality and used the name "Cygnet" as its trade mark – with obvious connection to Swans (as in Swanscombe).

Morning Star Way

A former public house in Church Road, Swanscombe closed in 2012.

Stanley Morgan Way

Rev Stanley Morgan (died 1951) was one of Swanscombe's greatest political figures – a fervent defender of the working man and zealous in his protection of Swanscombe and Greenhithe against anyone or anything that threatened the area's interests. There are already street called Stanley Road and Morgan Drive – but I feel such a significant man should have both his names together in one new street name.

76 names

You can use any suffix you like e.g. "road", "Street", "way", "drive", "close", "lane", "walk", "highway", "strand".

For some personal names you could use for schools or other institutions e.g. Sir Anthony Weldon School, or Prince Hohenlohe Day Centre, Sir Erasmus Wilson Centre or Harold Tuffee Recycling Park etc.

Archival information



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15

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Future in a new town

Lydia Ashman

- **Buddy:** Twist partner's arm that Ebbsfleet's a good place to live. How? Location, price, lake. We could be pioneers, but also join a long history of community makers in the area
- **Home:** First choice for a street is Stopes Close, named after Marie Stopes, an early pioneer of family planning. Probs wouldn't go for a five-bedroom place. Would feel greedy and maybe need to gradually accommodate more space in my life. If the newness seems a bit depressing, squint and pretend the house is a hundred years, a bit worn and lived in. And, OMG, imagine having a garden.
- **Work:** Probably can't travel to London every day (£40 on HS1). Might need to retrain or veer in a new direction. Loads of options: like health hub. Hopefully could get a 9am-5pm jobbie with a walking commute of minutes. Or train as a yoga teacher? Theme park (London Resort) is back up plan if things get desperate (though will need to wait till about 2022).
- **Leisure:** Fits with passion for walking and love of cycling. Can zoom around the fast track on my bike. Sun self on island on lake. Look at the view of the tallest pylon from all angles. Get the bus to Gravesend for a change of scenery. Don't think about rainy days too hard.
- **Muddy bit between work and hobby:** Photography project: Changing Ebbsfleet. Approach Christoph – does he want to collaborate on a history walk?
- **Social life:** Will have, presumably, plenty of spare room – so get friends and family to visit and stay often. Get involved in Edible Ebbsfleet – learn some gardening skills and meet new people. Start supper club or book club or supper book club.



Your Future – The New **Nathania Hartley**

Your new life.
Your new future.
The future of the new. Let's plan.
Imagine...

Living memories

a wonderful place to walk through

the rightmove
to a pleasant afternoon

family picnics
flasks and cakes
children frolicking
safely playing
bluebells...
feeling blue?

blackberries...
back to back?

OK

fresh air
a fresh start

let's go back to
the time of
long engagements

romance

unlocked doors
take me to the rooms

through the old and back through the new

don't worry about it
the shortage of men
we've imported more in
from the metropolis

the better off
no fear of molestation
promiscuity...
removed...

AIDing and abetting
good value homes
organised and efficient
take a rest
no need for you to work
WOMEN
nicely planned for you
relax
and
enjoy...

Monday
/ washing

Tuesday
/ ironing

Wednesday
/ cleaning bedrooms

Thursday
/ baking

Friday
/ shopping

NAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

don't want that

OK

make war

and work

work work work work

or

make your bed and lie in it

breathe in...

...the aroma of boiling hankies

living the fantasy

Where there's muck there's money!

Sweeeeeeeet Betsy

delving into

your chalky pits

rising early

packing

for the fields

sing-songs

a woodland meander

pumping clay

wear protection

chalking up

the happy memories

on the broom

on the bench

light and lofty

take a

stand

off

deep cuts

keeping the economy
gradual demise
sorting papers
cementing lives
sorting papers
do you have the right papers?

continuous production

industry nuisance
don't worry
a new life
in a new town

OK
let's move to
a higher standard of living
Candy Road
sweet memories
optimised experience
are you happy to receive our cookies?
you may be monitored
oh sugar!

OK
let's move to
the loveliest part of this lovely county
Morning Star Way
peace and personal space
quiet location and close proximity
to all of your
personal headspace

OK
let's move to
the modern family ideal

Major Childs Close
an impressive TEN BEDROOM
dream
wild woods
running amok

OK
let's move to
stylish, undeniable elegance and charm
Erasmus Wilson Street
under the skin
quality doesn't have to be complicated
a simple vision
beautifully balanced
both inside and out
devoid,
 empty

OK
let's move to
meet all of your conflicting whims and desires
Lett Street
open-plan
mobile platforms
a fluid flexible living space

no onward chain
flowing
ebbs...
fleeting
disappearing vision

OK...

making an impression
follow us
a must view

visiting guests
investor relations
solid and substantial
plentiful
 parking
 parks
 greenery
 envy

the very best in townhouse living
I mean
 amenities
I mean
 opportunity
I mean
 possibility
I mean
 whatever you want it to be ...

What do you want this to be?

...

...

...

oh

ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

OK.



This is difficult to say to you all

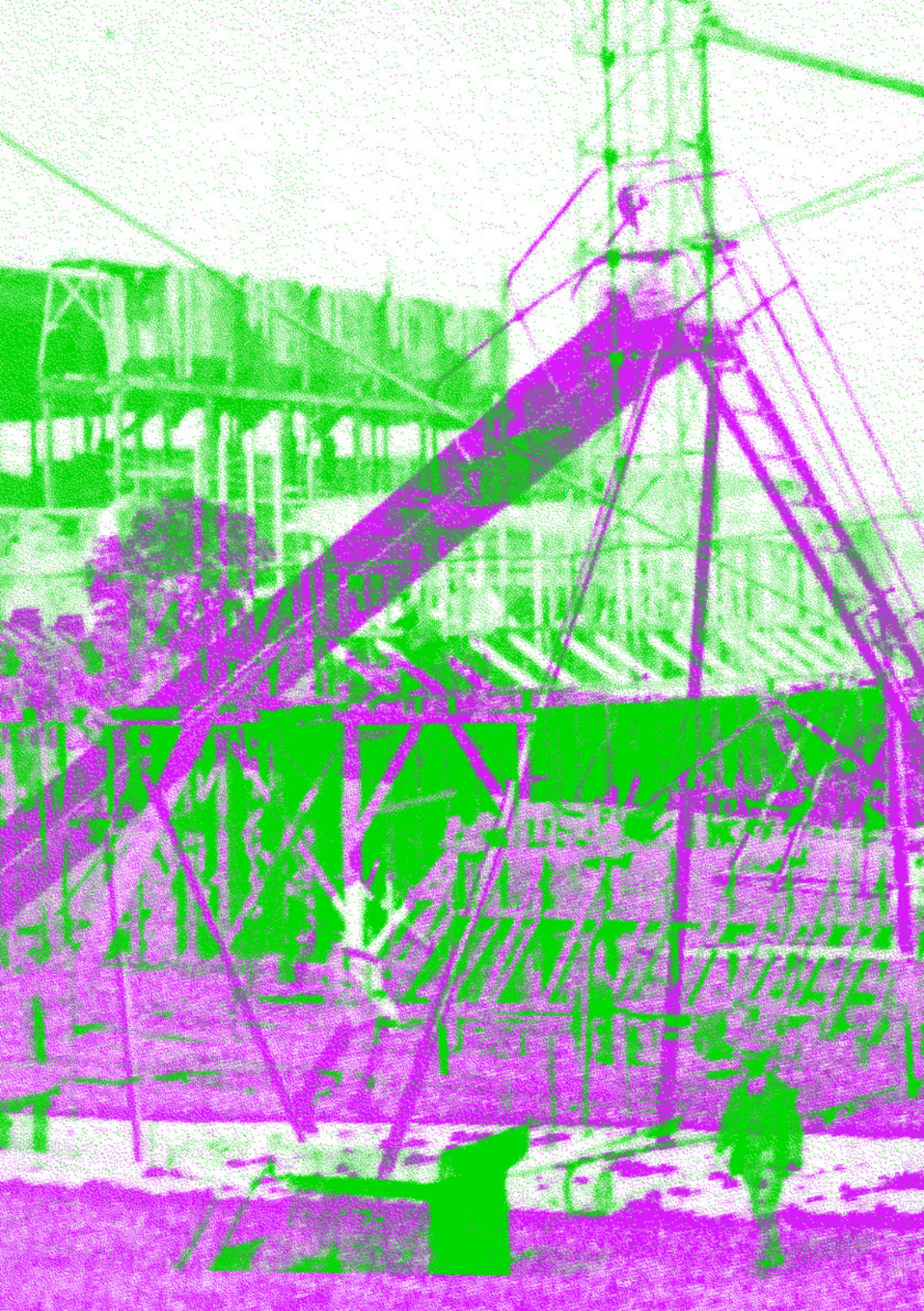
Sabrina Fuller

This is difficult to say to you all, but this whole idea of moving to this not half built wasteland puts me in to a panic. Don't think I haven't made the effort. Cycle time to the nearest river access – 15 minutes going west. Cycle time to decent swimming pool 15 minutes going east. Cinema at Bluewater – showing Skate Village and The Wife as well as Crazy Rich Asians. Last train home from Town is midnight. Gravesend isn't far.

But it wouldn't work. Fitting in. Wouldn't happen. I would fail to weed the drive. No kids, no aspirations. Growing up among aspiration I learnt the punishments meted out to those of us who just don't care. I ran away from Weybridge and I'd run away from Ebbsfleet.

Or circle helplessly, hedged in by spectacular white cliffs, closed tunnels, railways that don't connect, roads clogged with traffic, limpid lakes or the magnificent Estuary that you can't get near.

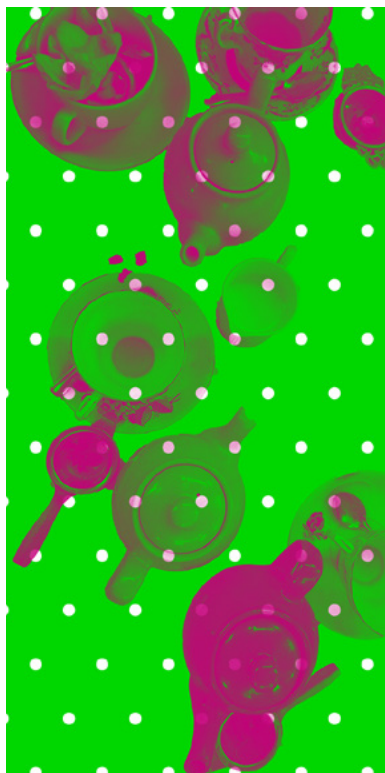
Like a lost Beluga whale.



Critique

On the final day, the participants gathered in the cafes of Gravesend where they broke into smaller groups which each employed a different model of critique to review the texts that they had written.

Cafes



Group 1

No84 Tearoom
84 Parrock Rd,
Gravesend DA12 1QF

Group 2

Promenade Cafe
Gravesend DA12 2AT

Group 3

Marie' Tearoom
17 High St,
Gravesend DA11 0BQ

Critiquing a Text

→ Source

When we critique (crih-TEEK) a text, we evaluate it, asking it questions. Critique shares a root with the word “criticize.” Most of us tend to think of criticism as being negative or mean, but in the academic sense, doing a critique is not the least bit negative. Rather, it’s a constructive way to better explore and understand the material we’re working with. The word’s origin means “to evaluate,” and through our critique, we do a deep evaluation of a text. (see the glossary of terms).

When we critique a text, we interrogate it. Imagine the text, sitting on a stool under a bright, dangling light bulb while you ask, in a demanding voice, “What did you mean by having Professor Mustard wear a golden yellow fedora?”

Okay, seriously. When we critique, our own opinions and ideas become part of our textual analysis. We question the text, we argue with it, and we delve into it for deeper meanings.

Here are some ideas to consider
when critiquing a text:

How did you respond to the piece? Did you like it? Did it appeal to you? Could you identify with it?

Do you agree with the main ideas in the text?

Did you find any errors in reasoning?
Any gaps in the discussion?

Did the organization make sense?

Was evidence used correctly, without manipulation? Has the writer used appropriate sources for support?

Is the author objective? Biased? Reasonable? (Note that the author might just as easily be subjective, unbiased, and unreasonable!

Every type of writing and tone can be used for a specific purpose. By identifying these techniques and considering why the author is using them, you begin to understand more about the text.)

Has the author left anything out? If yes, was this accidental? Intentional?

Are the text's tone and language text appropriate?

Are all of the author's statements clear? Is anything confusing?

What worked well in the text? What was

lacking or failed completely?

What is the cultural context* of the text?

* Cultural context is a fancy way of asking who is affected by the ideas and who stands to lose or gain if the ideas take place. When you think about this, think of all kinds of social and cultural variables, including age, gender, occupation, education, race, ethnicity, religion, economic status, and so forth.

Critical Response Process

→ Source

Liz Lerman's Critical Response Process is a method for giving and getting feedback on work in progress, designed to leave the maker eager and motivated to get back to work.

Through the supportive structure of its four core steps, Critical Response Process combines the power of questions with the focus and challenge of informed dialogue. The Process offers makers an active role in the critique of their own work. It gives makers a way to rehearse the connections they seek when art meets its audience or a product meets its purpose.

Critical Response Process instills ways of thinking, communicating and being that enhance all kinds of human interactions, from coaching to community dialogue, from artistic

collaboration to family conversations. In use for over 25 years, Critical Response Process has been embraced by art makers, educators, scientists, and theater companies, dance departments, orchestras, laboratories, conservatories, museums, universities, corporations, and kindergartens.

Role 1: Artist/Maker

Offers a work-in-progress for review and feels prepared to question that work in a dialogue with other people.

Role 2: Responder

Engages in dialogue with the artist, with a commitment to the artist's intent to make excellent work.

Role 3: Facilitator

Initiates each step, keeps the process on track, and works to help the artist and responders use the process to frame useful questions and responses.

Step 1. Statements of Meaning

Responders state what was meaningful, evocative, interesting, exciting, and/or striking in the work they have just witnessed.

Step 2. Artist as Questioner

The artist asks questions about the work. In answering, responders stay on topic with the question and may express opinions in direct response to the artist's questions.

Step 3. Neutral Questions

Responders ask neutral questions about the work, and the artist responds. Questions are neutral when they do not have an opinion couched in them.

Step 4. Opinion Time

Responders state opinions, given permission from the artist; the artist has the option to say no.

Critical Reading Questions

→ Source

On one level, reading critically simply means asking questions and evaluating the claims, and not simply accepting what you read. However, the types of questions you ask, and the types of issues you prioritise in your evaluation, can vary considerably. You can do it in a relatively 'logical' way, thinking about the

reasoning used, the claims made based on the evidence, etc. You can also do it in a more 'political' way, where the social implications are taken into account.

We might ask some of the questions below when reading a text.

Look at the questions carefully, and check that you understand what they are asking. You do not need to use all of these questions every time you read. Choose two or three which make the most sense to you, and start there.

Questions about the overall text:

- (a) What is the purpose/aim of this text?
How do you know? How might this influence the way it is written?
- (b) Can you see any justification (direct or implied) for the research decisions? Do the justifications seem reasonable?

Questions about the truth claims made within the text:

- (c) Are any assumptions being made in this text?

Assumptions might include:

_____ is important.

_____ is possible.

_____ might influence _____.

_____ is a positive thing.

_____ is a negative thing.

- (d) Do these assumptions seem reasonable in this context? Why or why not?
- (e) Are any generalisations being made? Are these generalisations reasonable here?
- (f) Do any claims seem too certain?
- (g) Are there suitable examples?
- (h) Are there claims which are based on authority for support? What kind of authority is it? Does this seem reasonable?
- (i) Are there claims which are based on evidence for support? What kind of evidence is it? Does this seem reasonable?
- (j) Are any concepts being conflated?

Questions about how the text
could be different:

- (k) What is missing from the text?
- (l) How could the text be not like this / different?
- (m) Is anything being used out of context in the text?

Political Questions:

- (n) Is there anything problematic in the text?
- (o) Are any groups being excluded or marginalized in the text or in the implications of the claims?
- (p) Is there any exclusionary language used in the text?
- (q) What would the implications be, if we were to take the claims seriously? i.e. What would happen next?

Personal Engagement:

- (r) How does this text relate to my personal experience?
- (s) How does my personal knowledge and experience affect the way I read the text?

- (t) Can my personal experience help me to evaluate the claims?
- (u) What status does my personal experience have, in relation to the published research?
- (v) Can I find anything in the literature to help me relate this to my personal experience?

Further Critical Questions

What else? (Can you think of further critical questions? Do you have a favourite question?)

OLD HOUSE PRICE OF A OLD FLAT.

as your first home –
of Manor House
monthly – and there

parking.
arden.



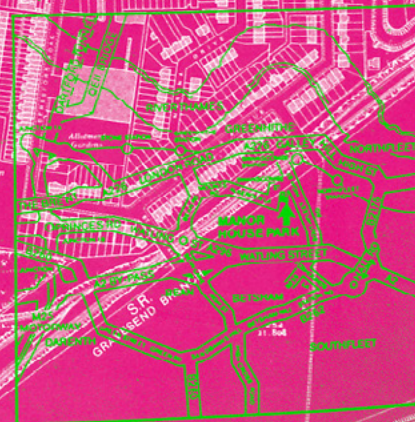
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Later...

...they joined Kit Caless to explore the role of editing and taking part in one to one short surgeries. Meantime making written interventions into each other's texts.

A man in a suit will show women in organic clothing around private land, cordoned off with digital border technology. Land is sold but not in use. It will take men in hard hats and silence to undo locks and open gates to provide access to a brownfield slope and a brownfield reservoir. The men in silence will smile, their ankle tags will tick, and their hands will always be visible.

The brownfield reservoir, a genuine water feature, will be too red for photographs unless a filter is applied. Alien currents of sea water and fresh water will meet beneath its lukewarm surface. The landscape will benefit from a concrete walkway that dates back over one hundred years. There will be a sign discouraging visitors who are old, frail or lonely

There will be a selfie opportunity by this water; the organic women can picture themselves against a backdrop of blue, red or white decay.

There were plans to make the reservoir into an iconic site. Creatives came up with economic generators. Conversations between local stakeholders and financial gatekeepers will continue to be pursued.

The conversations will be conducted in pre-emoticon English that describes the world in words that may be shared across multiple platforms. It will appeal to investors hungry for a return, in need of value, and ready to grow whilst remaining loyal to their customer base. Here, nobody will learn to swim in radioactive water; here, nobody will suffer crime due to a lack of class calibrated relational aesthetics. The women in farm-reared wool will gape at a plastic kite that dates back over one hundred years.

They will walk through a puny meadow. Seeds and grass will attach themselves to organic trousers, and this will pose a challenge. The man in a suit will point at the tallest tree on the horizon, the women in muted colours at the bluest sky. There will be nothing here. Just the future. The man in a suit will embrace the future with both his hands.

Unmotivated people, the last to move to new micro-communities, will still be living in the old way. They will typically form families of three to four: a person with a car, a person with a phone, a person with a console and a person with a substance abuse problem. Garden chairs arranged for confession. Blood on the fences. The gentle purr of a broken catflap.

The man in a suit will have a soft smile. He will tell a true story to the women in organic clothing. They will drive past caged bushes before arriving at their destination. They will drive past caged herds of organic cattle before arriving at their destination. They will drive past the future that dates back over one hundred years, before arriving at their destination.

Karen's response to Ishbel's text

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would kick my ball up against a wall. I would kick it a lot and no one would shout at me. There would be no signs that say 'No ball games allowed'. Those signs won't be allowed. My mum would come out and say, are you having fun kicking that ball my darling because all the mums call all the children darling and they really emphasise the ing.

And in Ebbsfleet I would say yes mum I'm having fun and she would say why don't you invite your friends round and you can all play and then I will cook a nice tea for you all. And I would do that because I would have lots of friends in Ebbsfleet and everyone's mums would make nice teas, with desserts that come out hot from the oven.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would like my school because my school would have one ipad per kid and we would have PE kits for each sport so that the other kids will see us and know that we go to a good school because our school can afford a different PE kit for football and running and basketball. Our teachers would wear nice clothes and take us to the side for a chat when we did something wrong instead of shouting. Our school would get a gold award for being the most environmental.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet my dad would live with us or at least nearby and we could go fishing but we wouldn't eat the fish because yuck.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would have a great bike and I wouldn't need to lock it up because everyone has a great bike and no one needs to steal it or throw it in the river because no one is so bored that they need to throw important things in the river. Everyone always has something good to do in Ebbsfleet so they don't have to wreck things.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would go to the theme park every day on the way home from school on my bike and when I was bigger I could get a job there that would let me stay in the theme park all night and ride the rides whenever I wanted to. And I would have special bracelets I could give to my friends who don't work in the theme park and everyone would come and be happy and even my mum and I could take her in at night and talk to her gently so I could get her to ride the rollercoaster that she is really scared of. My mum would always remember that I got her to go on the rollercoaster when no one else could. Every time she sees one on the telly she says you're never getting me on one of those but in Ebbsfleet I would manage to do it.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would watch all the trains go by and look at the people inside and guess where they are going. Maybe they are going to the beach! Or France! No one would

say to me isn't there something else you could do besides watching trains? In Ebbsfleet there might even be a club for watching trains and they would let me in, even if there were adults in the club.

In Ebbsfleet I could make my own club, if I wanted. I haven't thought of what the club would be yet, but I could think one up if I lived in Ebbsfleet.

Matthew remixing Sabrina's text

I drag myself off the sofa. Switching off the table lamp I linger at the old wedding photo, the picture of us and the kids at Dad's eightieth (everyone grinning), Roger and Ruth when David was born. It seems a long time ago now. Actually she was good after the accident. Seemed frustrated with me at times. Always fetching the teas – she had never liked me making a cup: had Dave running through to the kitchen with the tray when he was only six or seven. Liked to keep the biscuit tin full – made me wonder if she made it bad on purpose, milky white tea. But she'd never have allowed me what I have now – the kettle on her old dresser, all those rings and stains around it.

I slope off to bed, don't change. Just unclip the prosthetic, pull the covers over. Quick roll-up, only have a few puffs, open the window, then bed myself down. It's a bit breezy now autumn's setting in, but the flat just gets stuffy if I don't let a bit of air in. I wonder what it's like for the old boy upstairs, I bet the summer heat is horrible when you're higher in the building. But at least he doesn't have to put up with that endless slamming of the doors to the bin room.

I dream I'm in Ebbsfleet. My dad and brothers work in the cement quarries. I help my mother at home: washing, ironing, cleaning, cooking and baking. Tall smoky chimneys tower over us covering us in white dust which finds its way into nostrils and ears and tastes vaguely

yeasty. We shout over the endless cacophony of industrial machinery, the hissing of steam, the clank and grind of trams and the workers' cries. We hold the Owner in respect: he's reputed ruthless. Cross him and we will not eat.

—

It is a bit odd commuting out of London for work. Everyone is going the other way. It's strange, I feel somehow embarrassed talking about it. I spend most of my working day trying to persuade people of the merits of Kent – but Lucy would never leave the city for what she sees as the suburban life. Actually, we spend most of our evenings in front of the television, but somehow the idea that if we wanted it we could do something here she wasn't able to do at home holds sway. And I understand her aversion to those parental networks, the campaigning, the good causes – as much as I respect those pillars of the community who are the most engaged at my events. I once dreamt I had moved to Ebbsfleet, a new town redolent with promise, a garden city in its infancy, brimming with potential, yet built on the solid foundations of Kent's industrial heritage. Ebbsfleet Garden City: Commanding breathtaking views over the Estuary; boasting a spectacular topography of chalk cliffs, secluded limpid lakes, hills and viewpoints: benefitting from its proximity to the traditions and graceful architecture of Dickens' and Turner's Gravesend and the contemporary convenience of Bluewater Shopping Centre. I woke in a cold sweat, feeling guilty that my subconscious had built a prison for our relationship. I counted her life away: fifteen minutes' bicycle ride east to find a proper swimming pool and fifteen minutes west to access the river, twelve minutes on the bus to see a film at Bluewater. It's seventeen minutes to town: the last train back, like Cinderella's carriage, leaves at midnight. I imagine her face, staring out of the well in the town centre plaza.

—

I dreamt I was a giantess, stalking out of the river at Ebbsfleet. Dredging fistfuls of sediment and scrap from the Thames, I level the chalk pits and replant the cherry orchards. I lie in the marshland filling my mouth with sticky red fruit, and spit the stones to plug the holes in the fence that the kids have been climbing through to play war games in the dried-up river.

Ebbfleet Narratives

It Solidifies

Beth Bramich

I'm not saying that I wake up happy every day, but things feel different out here.

When I came from London my Dad drove me out with my things in a few cardboard boxes, bags for life and hastily filled black bin bags. It at once seemed too much for the place, the life, that I was leaving and was far too little for the space that it was supposed to fill. When we arrived the street looked artificial. The row of houses on one side was a perfect mirror of the houses on the other. They were squat, square, yellow bricked, almost dazzling in their newness.

There were 150 near-identical houses in the village at that time and eerily few signs of life. In the centre, signs welcomed 'pioneers' and announced that shops, buses and cycle tracks were coming soon. I can't explain the quiet in those first weeks, how a raised voice or a closing car boot or a bird's call would carry. Exploring the area it

wouldn't take too long to reach a dead end, temporary hoardings showing renderings of the town still to come, concealing the construction sites and brownfield beyond.

When the neighbours moved in the sound of the young family's muffled voices, children rushing up and down stairs and their calling back and forth, became a part of my daily routine. The inside of our houses, too, I realised, were mirrors of each other, two bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs, an open plan living-dining-kitchen room downstairs, all bright, light and impersonal. Cream walls, laminate flooring, slate grey floor tiles in the kitchen and bathroom.

My home, my own blank slate, was daunting. Not used to being the only person there, it was an effort to stop living in one room and haunting the rest. It took me a while to gather furniture and to populate surfaces. I hesitated over objects, holding them up to the light, wondering what it would be like to see them every day. The outside was easier. I spent a lot of time in the back garden that first spring, digging, planting, making sense of the space.

One of the strangest things was how often I saw the same people. There were

people that I crossed paths with regularly, and people that I saw every day. The commuters who left for work at the same time as me and the parents who took their kids to the park and the woman who worked in the local shop and the man who ate his lunch outside the health centre most days and the dog owners who walked around the park in the evening. It was an adjustment, losing a sense of anonymity, but also reassuring. A sense of community enforced by communal routine.

The town filled itself in around us, the fiction of The New Town becoming fact. Over that first year the developers' hoardings began to disappear. As each estate was completed, moving between the villages became easier, connecting up the smaller communities. Trees were planted alongside roadsides, the parks and the lakes opened to the public. The design started to cohere. I felt a bit less lost.

An ode to the Ebbsfleet Development Corporation

Maddy Costa

The value of space: the space of a page, the space of a map, the relationship between the place, the map and the page.

The density of space: weighed in words on a page, or details on a map, the scale of the map dictating how tightly packed the features it represents. The density of housing in a place, which dictates how close or far each inhabitant might find themselves from their neighbours, how close or far each inhabitant might find themselves from a tree. The density of trees in the plans of landscape architects, in contrast to the trees that seem accidental, more redolent of wilderness, a wilderness that might prove to be no less constructed than the concrete grid designed by landscape architects. The density of people,

imagined by landscape architects in happy couples activating communal areas, or perhaps animating communal areas, but never quite amounting to a community. Note how the density is increasing: of houses, not of trees.

The boundaries of space: the tree contained by its concrete box, its roots threatening to rupture the ground with time, the lake surrounded by fencing patrolled by security guards, the communal grounds where playing football, cycling, skateboarding are prohibited. The boundaries of imagination in a place where trees are contained in concrete boxes, lakes are surrounded by fences and games are monitored if not prohibited. The map that cannot describe these boundaries, which depicts open land, but not the fences that surround it.

The distance between spaces: between this word and that, between this home and that, between this street with a desirable view of trees contained in concrete boxes and that street overlooking a wasteland that might become a theme park, between a home and a local shop, between a home and a bus stop, between home and work, between work and leisure, between leisure and freedom,

between the word wasteland and the word meadow.

The freedom of space: the distance between freedom and the demand to make money, the demand that all public space make money, the demand that all public space produce revenue. The distance between this freedom and the insistence that no member of the public access anything for free, that no green space exists unfenced, that no green space is owned in common but must be held in private hands. The distance between the freedom of a wasteland awaiting the development of a theme park and of a meadow where time rests.

The space of privacy: or perhaps for intimacy, or perhaps to retire from community, although this implies that there is space for community, space in which to commune, and so community spaces are constructed and await development and animation, as though the materials – human – that animate space can be bought, as though the materials – time – that animate space can be accelerated.

The space of imagination: perhaps contained by concrete boxes, or perhaps surrounded by fencing patrolled by security

guards; or perhaps the space of a blank page yet to be filled, in which language might be washed clean, in which desire might breathe, in which freedom is not utopia and utopia remains unmappable.

Do you love the sensation of rushing for the train?

Lydia Ashman

You're standing by the lake with the other writers, listening to the friendly man in the suit. Underneath the clear water by the shore, soft weeds glow green. Further out, the water is a deep, comforting blue. The lake is the second stop on a tour of this new-town-to-be.

You weren't expecting this.

*

“This lake will become one of Ebbsfleet’s five major parks. It’s an example of where we’re ‘bringing in the green and the blue’ to the heart of the city, realising our vision for a ‘healthy new town’.

“You’ll see from the white cliffs that it’s a relic from the area’s quarrying days. We’re

going to enhance these natural features to transform it into a stunning community hub.

“Picture an island in the middle; a series of eco lodges around the edge.”

*

You’re picturing it.

And you’re seeing, maybe, the space you’ve been craving. Your excuse to quit the city and your hard-won spot as a member of the cultural precariat. You could retrain as a yoga teacher and slip away into a new, quiet, contented life.

*

“The lake requires a bit of work, to make it swim ready – it’s perilously deep in places and the mix of fresh and salt water makes for a dangerous current.”

*

It’s so easy to fall in love with the potential.

*

“Currently, aside from some campers, a few anglers, the lake is hardly used. It’s basically inaccessible: a hidden gem.”

*

You’ve done that before, with a person: you fell for the potential of the two of you. Extracting yourself from the dreams you’d built was excruciating.

*

“But soon, well, in seven years or so, you could be here from the centre of London within just 25 minutes.”

*

25 minutes. How long would it really take to untangle yourself from London? Shake off the idea that the lion’s share of career and economic opportunity resides there? The knowledge that you can buy an avocado at any time, day or night, if you wanted to?

*

“Think about the quality of life you could have.”

*

No. Moving here would probably be a complicated straddling act between Ebbsfleet and London. The train timetable would come to dictate your life. There'd be the inevitable delays, cancellations and constant clockwatching.

*

“With a little imagination, it could be amazing.”

*

Be honest: do you love the sensation of rushing for the train?

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would bake bread

Ishbel McFarlane

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would bake bread. I would meditate and do yoga, I would juice and read and wellness all day long. If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would do an Open University degree and take walks. I would forgive and I would move on and I would never worry.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet, I would live where everyone presumed me to live. It would be unexpected to those who know me, but not to those who don't. It would be easy peasy lemon squeezy and I'd make new friends.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would get into local history. I'd look up the name of my street and mention it to my neighbours – clerk to Swanscombe Parish Council 1919 until it was replaced by the Urban District council in 1926. I'd join the local church and volunteer. I would set out a special day for people to feel activated and it would work. Everyone would be activated, and there would

be no more pain for the people of Ebbsfleet.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would go to the football team's matches because it Builds Community, and I would help organise a youth team, though I wouldn't play because I don't think so have you seen me ha ha ha.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I wouldn't need different language, I'd be perfectly fine with this one and no-one would mind. I might lose the accent. No-one here is from round here, but it's good to sound like you're normally by this river specifically, so I'd do that. Anything for an easy life!

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I'd talk about how amazing it is to be so close to Paris and how it's easier to get there than Birmingham or somewhere like that, though I wouldn't go to Paris or Birmingham.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would get a sign that said 'Be Content and Live in Kent' and I'd decide against getting a dog because what if we wanted a last-minute holiday. I wouldn't have kids, because that can't change in this game, but I would be really good with kids and so helpful and it would be a shame, really, that I didn't, but I don't know if it's because they can't or whatever, but it's great that she runs the Brownies and

does the Duke of Edinburgh's, she has so much more time and energy than the rest of us she's lucky in a way. Anyway, see you on Tuesday, Brenda.

If I lived in Ebbsfleet I would bake bread.

Dreams Of Ebbsfleet

Sabrina Fuller

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet. My father and brothers were working in the cement quarries. I helped my mother at home: washing, ironing, cleaning, cooking and baking. Tall smoky chimneys towered over us and we were permanently covered in white dust which found its way into nostrils and ears and tasted vaguely limey. We shouted over the endless cacophony of industrial machinery, the hissing of steam, the clank and grind of trams and the workers' cries. We held the Owner in respect: he was reputed ruthless. Cross him and we would not eat.

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet, a new town redolent with promise, a garden city in its infancy, brimming with potential, yet built on the solid foundations of Kent's industrial heritage. Ebbsfleet Garden City: commanding breathtaking views over the Estuary; boasting a spectacular topography of chalk cliffs, secluded limpid lakes, hills

and viewpoints; benefiting from its proximity to the traditions and graceful architecture of Dickens' and Turner's Gravesend and the contemporary convenience of Bluewater shopping centre.

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet:
I counted my life away: fifteen minutes' bicycle ride east to find a proper swimming pool and fifteen minutes west to access the river, twelve minutes on the bus to see a film at Bluewater. It's just seventeen minutes to town: the last train back, like Cinderella's carriage, leaves at midnight.

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet, but the idea of moving to this not-half-built wasteland put me in a panic. I would fail to fit in to the community: I'd forget to weed the drive, I have no kids and no aspirations. Growing up among decent people I felt the punishments meted out to those of us who don't buy the dream: those who want something different. I ran away from Weybridge and I would run away from Ebbsfleet.

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet. I was in a quarry from which there was no escape – everywhere I tried to run there were barriers: unscaleable white cliffs, sealed tunnels, stretches of water that I couldn't reach,

railway lines that didn't connect, roads with relentless streams of traffic, and, between me and the mighty Estuary, a high-security fence.

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet. We were kings of a castle with outline planning permission only, built on landfill. We leapt with giant steps from cliff to cliff, escaping those imprisoning ridges. We held back the bulldozers to save the estuary marshland from destruction for a theme park employing local youth on zero-hours contracts. We dragged the three discrete railway lines and knitted them into a network of exchange and interchange. We trod joyfully over the caravans of cars stationary on the ancient highway, as congested with traffic as it ever was with mud in the days of the stagecoach. We were mermaids with siren songs: pilots for Thames Clippers, avoiding the collision that sank the Princess Alice and drowned seven hundred day-tripping Londoners on their cheery return from Gravesend.

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet and I saw a construction; I saw a vision and a place of dreams; I saw realities; I faced my fears: I had a nightmare; I dreamed fantasies and fictions, stories and myths: fairy tales. I saw a lack of construction: I dreamt of

moving to Ebbsfleet, but, even granted a fair wind blowing from London, I'll be 78 before it's finished.

I dreamt of moving to Ebbsfleet, but caught the 17.38 back up to town, to grow old where I belong.

Dreams are moths' wings. I caught the 17.38 to where no-one notices whether or not I belong.

Lived Memories – Swanscombe

Helen Savage

*The working week was well organized:
Women used to spend the whole day
doing washing on Mondays.
Tuesdays they were ironing.
Wednesday they were cleaning bedrooms.
Thursday – baking.
Friday – shopping.*

On Sunday afternoons, women gather on a patch of scrubland at end of the street. The side of scrubland furthest from the street gives way to a sheer drop of white cliff formed by the chalk excavation of their husbands, brothers and sons. A dramatic site for a picnic, it is here that the women have found an exterior location for an internal sensation. On the very edge – they lay blankets, set up a table with urns of tea brought from the houses, slices of cake left over from the week, apples, and sharp knives. Kids are in

toe and they sit, clutching teddies and dangling their legs into the excavation. Some of the women have begun to practice their jump, and those who haven't yet found the courage are psyching themselves up and stretching out. The ones who have, get as close as physically possible to going over the cliff. They hold arms high in the air, wait, balance – and pretend to jump. In-between these practices on the edge, the women drink tea and talk. They share dreams they have had about elaborate and baroque entrances, about discovering new rooms inside of already existing houses. They play ring a roses with the kids on the cliff edge, they chop the apples with the sharp knives, they look up to see crows circling. The women are all-wearing black, they know that something is up, and they are preparing for their great leap.

Lineage

Mary Paterson

My grandparents walked everywhere with mist in their eyes, remembering *this* grand hotel or *that* tennis club or *those* warm afternoons when they were young themselves, running around in strange clothes at the indulgence of their mothers. Imagine getting so old that your bones creak and your memories shimmer like dirty windows in the middle distance. If there's anything more boring than being a child staying with her grandparents in suburban Kent, it's listening to those grandparents reminisce about the way their community crumbled around them.

I used to tune out their sing-song memories and pull out my pencil, instead. I copied the sharp angles of Victorian cottages. I drew them as they must have looked to the people who built them: edged in potential, glistening with the promise of a future that would be cast in cement. I left out the ivy creeping between the bricks, the

stains of damp running up the subsiding walls. I left out the boarded up windows on the bottom floors, and the mattress snarling into a curl in somebody's garden. I left out the dust that settled from the cement works after it deserted this town for a cheaper model overseas.

I'm still like that: hopeful. I'd rather live in a state of anticipation than remembrance. I'd rather say the glass is half-full than recall the taste of the first, quenching sip. My own flat is built in an exciting new development of one, two and three bedroom homes. It is occupied by space-saving devices that deliver my best life, clutter-free. After dinner, I take out the robot vacuum cleaner. It zig zags across my carpets in perfect, straight lines.

Introductory guide to a new town

Nathania Hartley

Those who are on the look-out for a lifetime home within easy reach of both the metropolis and the loveliest part of this lovely country would be well advised to consider the New Town and the facilities offered by its progressive Corporation. A strong, shared, vibrant vision has resulted in great place-making, celebrating and enhancing existing local identities and cultural heritage and combining this with the dynamism of 21st century city-village soul. Removing the hassles and worry of communal ownership, potential residents can now be easily guided by expert private hands. A range of options in the New Town are available from a huge portfolio of developers, strategically distributed throughout the area in order to cater to all personalities, tastes and budgets. Let us suppose, for instance, that the home seeker would like a modest dwelling costing a mere

£800000000000000000. The purchaser can buy a house on estates which are being developed within five minutes' walk to the River Thames, five minutes' walk to the central station, five minutes' walk to the edible gardens, five minutes' walk to the friendly community area, five minutes' walk to cutting edge arts and culture, five minutes' walk to the Paradise Island, five minutes' walk to any amenities required, five minutes' walk to the heart of authenticity and five minutes' walk to the edge of the cliff. Alternatively, if one does not wish to curtail their journey, there are a range of expanded paths to choose from – Fitbit Lane, Buggy Bicycling, Walkers' Wander, Solo Saunter, Doggy Dreams and Gentle Stroller represent just a few of the routes that can be individually tailored to suit every mood and need. While the prices charged are low, the houses boast superb construction and NHS award-winning design. The latest in environmentally-friendly materials has been used, without neglecting either a stylish finish or a nod to history – with the area's old chalk, fossilised remains, cement from the old works, and centuries-old excrement all combined to create the result you see today. High levels of

connectivity and investment ensure the town can only go from strength to strength – with enterprise zones and employment areas naturally flourishing from the foundations of this healthy economy. Given the prime location of the New Town it is also easy to partake in the new and highly desirable phenomenon of uncommuting – taking a deliberately scenic route to give the modern-day worker the headspace of a long and relaxed meander whilst efficiently, reliably and effortlessly relocating them to another, much-improved, time and place. That time and place that you have been restlessly searching for. All the different times and places that you have been constantly searching for up until now. You will find them all in the New Town. We are honoured to have the pleasure of introducing you to your lifetime home in the New Town. The search is over. We can't wait to welcome you.

Stopes Way By-Laws

Karen Morash

These by-laws have been created after a period of consultation conducted by the Stopes Way Planning and Residents' Committee. All potential residents must read, agree to, and sign these by-laws to confirm agreement before being admitted to Stopes Way. Any resident who fails to adhere to the by-laws may be evicted.

1. All residents of Stopes Way must be either a) jeans-wearing artist-feminists (or feminist artists), b) labcoat-wearing scientist-feminists (or feminist scientists), c) non-specified clothing-wearing artist-feminist-scientists (or whatever permutation of that descriptor applies), or c) the child or partner of a person who identifies as a), b), or c).
2. Whilst it is recognised that there may be male feminist-artists and male

feminist-scientists in existence, they are kindly requested not to take up residence on Stopes Way (unless as the partner of a female feminist-artist or feminist-scientist). In recognition of the existence of male feminist-artists and male feminist-scientists, the Stopes Way Residents Committee has created a sister road, Husband Drive, as an alternative space for these individuals. Husband Drive runs parallel to Stopes Way, and allows for the exchange of positive discourse over the garden fence, but an escape should that discourse contain the words (from the direction of Husband Way), 'In my experience', 'I think you'll find' or 'What you don't understand'.

3. Residency on Stopes Way carries the responsibility of confirming the individual resident's identity as feminist/artist/scientist by regular renovation of the exterior and interior design of your house and garden in order to confirm and assert your scientist/artist/feminist identity to both residents and casual observers.

4. Once in 24 hours, everyone must perform an act of yoga lasting a minimum of 45 minutes (acts of pilates can stand in for yoga if necessary). Those who are not the primary resident are not permitted to interrupt for any reason other than the threat of natural disaster and/or death.
5. Dishwashers may not be removed from houses unless they are immediately replaced.
6. Everyone who creates art or science gets paid for creating art or science. Primary residents (the scientist/artist/feminist) are not permitted to work for free. Partners, however, will be regularly requested to do so (unless they are also scientist/artist/feminists), particularly in the area of childcare.
7. From the months of May-October, there will be an obligatory midnight swim every Friday evening in the Thames, so that primary residents can both claim the night and the river as their own.

8. There will always be vast amounts of light on Stopes Way, except at night when there will be vast amounts of darkness because street lights are not necessary (see item 12 below for an explanation of why street lights are not necessary).
9. The installation of domestic poles and/or swings for the purposes of semi-naked or naked dancing or exercise for paying customers is also forbidden in any Stopes Way establishment or home unless for the purposes of a) research on the growth of bacterial cultures or b) feminist art. In both cases an application for Permitted Pole Installation must be made to the Committee.
10. Residents may be asked to leave Stopes Way if they are found to have shared links to the *Daily Mail* or *Sun* on social media (unless that sharing has been done with ironic intention. Whether or not intentions were ironic will be determined by the Stopes Way Planning and Residents Committee).

11. The wearing of high heels is strictly forbidden, unless they are being worn as part of the art or science-making process (in which case individuals must apply to the Committee for approval).
12. Male residents have a curfew of 10pm. If a male resident wishes to stay out past 9pm, he may do so, but not on Stopes Way, and upon his return to the neighbourhood he must spend the night in the dormitories on Handaxe Close. If this becomes a regular habit, the male should consider moving permanently to Handaxe Close.

Amendments to the By-Laws

Following a period of further consultation, inclusive of newer residents of the road, the Stopes Way Residents Committee has approved the following amendments to and clarifications of the Stopes Way By-Laws.

- a) The word order of titles associated with the identity of residents is

non-hierarchical; nor does the usage or non-usage of hyphens or slashes indicate a blending or non-blending of identities. Word order, hyphenation and dash-usage can only be determined by the individual and these by-laws recognise the diversity of identities, as long as they fall within the categories of artists and scientists who are also feminists.

- b) The Stopes Way Planning and Residents Committee recognises our individual and collective failure in addressing the needs of transgender feminist-artist-scientists. In addition, we recognise our individual and collective failure in constructing these by-laws through the framework of intersectionality.
- c) Midnight swims are open to female residents *only*. Guests and casual observers are not permitted, and any drones which enter the area will be immediately shot down.
- d) Renovations of interiors and exteriors of Stopes Way homes for the purposes of

identity assertion must never block the
driveways of any other resident.

*I, the would-be resident of Stopes Way, confirm
that I have read the Stopes Way By-Laws and
Amendments and hereby declare that I shall
strictly adhere to all of the said by-laws and
amendments.*

SIGN NAME

PRINT NAME

DATE

I identify as (delete as appropriate):

Feminist

Artist

Scientist

Touring exhibition

Ania Bas

A man in a suit is showing women in jeans around private land cordoned off with tall, robust fencing¹. Land is sold but not in use. It just sits there. Green fields behind the barrier. It takes men in polo shirts to undo locks and open gates to provide access to a man-made hill and a man-made lake. The men in polo shirts smile, wear sunglasses, some have foreign names and all drive clean, white jeeps. Women, who are artists, squint. It's a sunny day.

The man-made lake, a genuine hidden gem they stand by, is too deep to be safe for people to use. Capricious currents of sea water and fresh water mix under its surface. The lake benefits from a viewing platform used by keen anglers. There is a note not disclosing how to join. It's very visual by this lake, you can see fast trains going past, you

¹ “Different kind of fencing is used at different sites as it has different levels of intimidation and/or invitation to climb.”

can gaze into the windows of a tower block far on the horizon.²

There are plans to make the lake into an iconic site. Creatives came up with economic generators. This lake will fund itself.

The plans are outlined in approved English that describes the world fully, duly and accurately. It appeals to ears hungry for success stories, in need of a destination and ready for a vision of greatness³. This world has planned wild gardens and efficient fast tracks.⁴ Here nobody will be growing up by an inaccessible river, here no one will suffer from diabetes because of a lack of trees. The women in jeans gape at a small dog⁵ on an empty street.

They walk through a puny meadow. Seeds and grass attach themselves to suit trousers and this presents a big problem. The man in a suit points at the tallest pylon on the horizon, the women in jeans look at the bluest sky.

2 “It’s a sort of thing Prince Charles would like wouldn’t he?”

3 “Conservative news outlets like it too.”

4 “This car park will become a city centre.”

5 “Women in jeans are not free from the general mum guilt that extends from children left at school to puppies left in apartments.”

There is nothing here. Just a quarry. Just an industrial landscape. Just flood lands.⁶ The man in a suit embraces nothing with both of his hands. This place it ready to be something.⁷

Pioneering people, the first to move⁸ to the new villages, already make the most of it. They typically form families of three or four: a woman with a shopping trolley, a man with a lawn mower, a boy playing with a tyre outdoors. Houses with square balconies, garden chairs arranged for conversation. Washing on the line. A gentle purr of wind-chimes.

The man in a suit has a gentle smile, he tells a true story to the women in jeans.⁹ They drive past caged bushes before arriving at their destination. There is a silence of women, silence of artists. Some eat, some cry.

6 “Everything you can see to the right is isolated.”

7 “People told us exactly what they want.”

8 “Help to buy product is available in this postcode area.”

9 “Once upon a time this was the cement capital of the world. People swam in the lido and had drinks at the cement social club. They suffered from quarry isolation.”

Colophon

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**WHITSTABLE
BIENNALE**



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