

Mobile Machinoeki

Walk 3

Katie Etheridge, Phil Smith,
Anoushka Athique

www.mythogeography.com

Rescued From The History Hut

(Phil hacking to one side three times, using one of Anoushka's gold painted sticks. Phil hacking to the other side three times.)

Phil wears on his back a miniature "history hut" – a model hut the size of a large rucksack, that opens up to reveal various relics.)

Katie: I said to **Anoushka:** "do you think we'll be doing this everyday?"

Anoushka: "Ow."

(Anoushka rubs her shin.)

Katie: "Do you think it's a kind of initiation?"

Phil: I asked Anoushka if the nettles hadn't really hurt. Because she was wearing trousers that ended above her shins. But she said:

Anoushka: "No, it just feels strange. After the first sting."

(All three hacking to one side three times. All three hacking to the other side three times.)

Phil: I don't usually do this sort of thing on my walks!! I generally let the landscape lead me, not fight it. But this time things had conspired to bring us to what seemed like a dead end. We'd just climbed out of the village of

Coffinskerswell, past a field of unexpected llamas, and through another where the footpath was overgrown with ferns up to waist height. We'd stood in the middle of this field and – “there's something big coming!” - a huge buzzard had flown above us. It seemed big enough to swoop down and lift one of us up. It made the air around us seem real – like something you could hold in your hand, something you could weigh on scales.

At the other side of the field the path reached a stile and over that was a road. Across the road was a short metal track that quickly came to an improvised scaffold barrier and beyond that there was a sunken path that was now chest high in nettles and tangled with the branches of small trees.

I said: “Do you think we can get through that?”

(Katie and Anoushka create the 4 x 4 turning into the path.)

A 4 x 4 drew up behind us.

“Excuse me, are we all right going down this way?”

Katie: “O, yes, they used to clear that path, but no one's been for a while. It goes down to the bottom road.”

Phil: “Do you think we'll get through?”

Katie: “If you don’t mind a few scratches!” Then he said. “If I hear y’oller I’ll know you’s stuck!”

(Katie and Anoushka play the 4 x 4 turning into field.)

Phil: And he was gone. Turning into his field. “Well, shall we give it a go?”

(All three hacking to one side three times.

All three hacking to the other side three times.

Then we crawl through a small gap in a fallen tree, helping each other through.)

Phil: After half an hour of hacking and nettle stings and crawling through the thorny branches...

(All on our hands and knees.)

Katie: ...passing the complete skeleton of a sheep laid out like an exhibit in a museum...

Anoushka: ... we managed to break out of the sunken path onto the side of a field...

(Getting to our feet. Panting, we brush our clothes and pick bits out of our hair.)

Phil: Further down the field we re-joined the path where it had become clear again underfoot,

but was now in dark shadows and closed in by thick trees.

Katie: As we stepped into it...

(Phil snaps twig.)

Katie: ...we startled three foxes, who disappeared down the path in front of us ... towards what we would find a few minutes later

Anoushka: ... a secret valley...

Katie: ... quiet, cupping the sunlight, carless – just a few minutes from the edge of Newton Abbot.

Phil: But was it really secret valleys we were looking for? Or more, our own ways of looking?

(Katie hands Anoushka and Phil station-café coffee cups. They sip coffee.)

Anoushka: I'd started that day, on Newton About railway station with Phil, we were waiting for Katie to arrive. This was before we began the two weeks of working together that we've just completed – we'd decided to have a day of walking together back in May. It was a hot and sunny day. The sky was pure blue.

(Katie and Anoushka taking off anoraks, etc. – down to summer walking gear. Phil looking about anxiously.)

Phil: I'd asked Anoushka and Katie to come and work with me because after a couple of years of making projects on my own, I wanted to see if my kind of exploring couldn't be a bit more social.

I'd met a Japanese professor who'd told me that in Japan there were stations for walkers, called machinoeki, in the same way as we have petrol stations for cars. And I wondered if we couldn't become a mobile machinoeki.

(Phil looks about anxiously again.)

"What colour is Katie's car?"

Anoushka: "Here she is!"

Katie: I drove us all up towards the edge of town. Phil said he'd seen an unusual building up on one of the hills when he was on the train and he'd wanted to see what it was. So, that was as good a target as any.

Phil: "It's just a starting point, we'll find interesting things whatever way we go."

Katie: We walked along roads of large houses, past a deserted nursery and through allotments where one of the gardeners directed us to the footpath and we followed it along the edge of woodland until through a break in the hedge there was a strange sight...

(Anoushka makes shape of the signpost. Held up by Katie)

Phil: On the smooth green hill beyond the field, on the very top, silhouetted against the sky, apparently in the middle of nowhere, was one of those official public footpath signs. It seemed to have been dropped from the sky. It was our first symbol of the day – a signpost that performed.

Katie: We climbed up the steep path next to what was now a private wood. Over a stile and up the steep hill to the signpost – standing absurdly in the field. Like a set of traffic lights in the middle of the ocean.

Phil: We left the field and followed a narrow road down onto the edge of Abbotskerswell and then up Priory Road. The names were something of a giveaway.

Katie: We came to a long high stone wall, and in it an arched gateway. The gate itself was formed like a strangely shaped cross and through which we could see graves – in neat rows, many of them marked with the same unusual shape.

Phil: The cross seemed to split – or bifurcate – at the extreme ends of its arms and at its top and base – what was rigid and symmetrical at the centre became organic and plant-like at the edges.

(Anoushka and Katie to make this shape, back to back. Then we all make the wall.)

Katie: We followed the wall around until we found an entrance. There were signs but nothing explained exactly what it was.

Phil: I thought it might have been apartments for young professionals. Or business offices. Or maybe it was still a priory?

Anoushka: There was no one about. So we walked through the gardens, Nothing said “stop” or “private” – so we kept going. Along the paths between the buildings and then across a lawn to other, darker paths leading us through trees and back towards the graveyard.

Phil: “Should we find someone and ask? No, we’re fine.”

Anoushka: And so we quietly made our way along narrow winding paths between dark trees. It was cooler here. Only dappled patches of sunlight managed to make it through. Flies hovered. We made our way carefully – there were turnings – and we took the ones we thought would be quietest. Until our choices brought us to an expected sight, something that might have been an illustration in a children’s book of fairy tales.

(Anoushka and Katie hold their arms to form the arch of the chapel with their other arms,

material hanging down, creating the wings of the pink chapel, ivy over the arch.)

Phil: For there, in a break in the dark path, drawing all the sunlight to it, coloured like an extravagant cake – was a tiny pink chapel – and at each side of it were covered wings under which were small benches, and in the centre an arch shaped building, and beneath the stained-glass of a blood red triangle was a door. I stepped forward to try the handle... just in case...

(Phil walks towards the gap between Anoushka and Katie, and begins to reach as if for the handle of the chapel door. Phil stops. The History Hut on Phil's back is in view of the audience.)

Katie: Before Phil finds out whether the chapel is open or locked, we want to leave our walk on the hills outside Newton Abbot and jump forward a month, to about a fortnight ago. When we first set eyes on... the History Hut.

(Katie and Anoushka putting back on their anoraks, etc.)

On our first day of that fortnight it had been very misty.

(Phil sprays Katie and Anoushka with water spray.)

We'd dropped our plans to walk on the small roads around Bishopsteignton, and gone to walk in Haldon Forest. And the next day in Chudleigh. Drawing up in the car park of Chudleigh Rocks Gardens, Cave, Nursery and Tea Room – beside the used clothing bin supplied by the Twind cult - we paid our £3 a head and found the cavern, climbing down into the cool, damp stone, squeezing through the gap where the walls close in, emerging into what looked like the wet throat of a giant beast, with walls of dripping calcite. Re-merging, we found Little Africa and it was after fighting our way through its overgrown paths...

(All three hacking to one side three times.

All three hacking to the other side three times.

(Phil returns to having his back to the audience.)

... we decided it was time for lunch.

(Katie eating. Anoushka sits and eats.)

We ate quiche and salad made by the Robin Lady in the Chudleigh Rocks Tea Room – which is a strange mixture of kitchen and greenhouse. After lunch, Phil went off to ask if the History Hut could be opened; a key was found and the door pulled back.

(Anoushka opens the History Hut.)

Inside are Burmese temple carvings, 1920s dance cards and menus for the Mei Wah Chinese Takeaway, bones and fossils, stuffed birds, 1940s election posters, tin cans, boxes of clay pipe fragments and a rusting, wet metal object labelled "Ancient Loo".

The History Hut at Chudleigh Rocks is a democratic museum – everything is treated as of equal importance. But nothing is so important it must be preserved. Ivy creeps in through the walls, and everything is fading, crumbling or rusting away. There's a novel approach to curating the past at Chudleigh Rocks.

Anoushka: But *this* isn't the Chudleigh Rocks History Hut. We've made our own History Hut and filled it with things collected on our walks.

(History Hut is lifted from Phil's back and onto the chair seat.)

Model Owl

(Katie takes owl from shelf and places it on antler/branch)

Katie: At Haldon Belvedere we saw an owl. We watched it for about five minutes, as it took off and landed, flying from branch to branch. It felt as if the owl was watching us as much as we were watching it, and in the following days and weeks we felt its presence as it appeared to us in many different forms... the miniature stone owl

in the pet cemetery, the giant stern owl pointing the way to the café, the broken bird's wing of the hotel, the talking owl in the giftshop that, in falsetto, repeats your every word, and the pottery owl in the charity shop who perched on my dashboard, our familiar.

Binoculars

(Katie and Anoushka dress in their tabards and name tags.)

Phil: For some reason that I can't remember I started talking about a Robin Williams movie called One Hour Photo when we were visiting the Pet Cemetery in Haldon Forest, next to the Belvedere – Williams plays this very quiet, restrained guy who works in a photo-development shop in a big mall. At the end of the movie – after he's gone off the rails and created all sorts of chaos – he asks the police if he can see his last set of photos. And you think they'll refuse, but they say OK and so the character, called Sy Parish, starts to lay these photos out on the table in front of him and you think – o, no, it's going to be horrible... but then the camera pans over them, and they're like photos of bad bits of interior design, or dead space, or weird bits of signage – and I realised that these were exactly the same as the photos that I would put into my Truprint shop for developing. Anyway, that evening, after we'd come back from Haldon, I went to see the Degree Show of the graduating Fine Arts students at Exeter. I was wandering

through the photography section when I hear this voice: “Mister Smith, Mister Smith!” And there are three of the women from my branch of Truprint, all standing round, discussing a display of photos of Haldon Belvedere. I kind of used this experience to turn myself into some sort of stalking photographer for my performance walk – taking Polaroid photos of the audience without them realising. In the performance I finally met up with the audience – and I’m dressed a little like Sy near the end of the movie and I’m carrying a knife. Then I had to walk through the audience and lead them to next part of the forest. But as I set off through the audience I realised that I couldn’t look at them, I was too much in my character... and I felt myself kind of slump and lean to one side and I began to limp in a kind of loping movement and when I got to speak my lines, well I had intended to speak in a sort of emotionless version of my own voice...

Anoushka: But we could hear Phil from across the road and he spoke very, very slowly...

Phil: I had turned into a mixture of Sy the Photo Guy and the mutant rednecks of The Hills Have Eyes...

Stone (Circle)

(Katie takes stone out of history hut and puts on pith helmet. Speaks in Colonel-type voice):

Katie: Do you know, Phil, exactly the same thing

happened to me? When I put the pith helmet on I turned into Colonel Walcott, ex-resident of Rock House, Chudleigh.

Now, usually at this time of year I'd be recovering from Glastonbury, washing my high healed shoes and wondering whether it was advisable to dance half-naked in a burlesque troupe at Lost Vagueness. Favourite place at Glastonbury- stone circle - slightly marred this year by Banksy's portaloo installation I hear. Anyway, while only completed in 1990, the stone circle feels as though it's been there forever. The one they bunged in my back garden at Chudleigh a few years ago looks like it's made of old gateposts!

They organise these scrub bashing days to try and return the summit of Chudleigh rocks to its original and natural environment. What's original or natural about this place? (*PUTS ON SNORKEL*) This prehistoric coral reef, this quarry, this exotic garden, this hotel, this nursery, this triple SI, this climbing centre, this rock (*Clutching ROCK*). It's a war between Nature and History! That's what it is...

Model Cottage

Anoushka: while we've been walking, a number of times we've had this sense of the scale of things: at Abbotskerswell there was a cottage that was part of the Arts and Crafts Movement and another cottage next to that, and in front of

that one was a tiny cottage that's about one sixth the size. In the Rock Gardens there were giant weeds and plants that towered over us and reduced us to play figures. At the pet cemetery there was a miniature graveyard. And in the Forest we came across a large puddle, with lily pads and a beach, that reminded me of the great European lakes, an ex-beauty spot, and finally Haldon Belvedere looked to me like a toy that had been made huge and placed on the hillside.

The Empty Space

(Katie and Anoushka putting on white coats. Phil holds up card with visual illusion.)

Katie: In the Forest I saw through the trees this very large white building and I pointed it out to Anoushka and Phil. Anoushka said she thought it was a greenhouse with a sloping roof and Phil said it was a kind of plastic-like dome, very tall, and he thought it was some sort of laboratory. He was worried that we were going to find it difficult to get through if it was a sensitive site. But there was nothing there at all. Just the sky reflected on the wet road. And I had another moment like that later in the day when I thought I could see a white dog by the side of the road. I didn't want to say anything because I didn't want to become 'the one who has hallucinations' – but Phil said:

Phil: "Look, that's a dog..."

Katie: ...but it turned out to be a small post by the road, just before the Pet Cemetery. These were unreal things that we did see.

(Anoushka and Katie put on the red and white striped deer horns/prepare the speakers and player.)

Phil: But there are plenty of real things up on Haldon that you don't see. I half-saw – in silhouette – a deer racing through the dark forest. And up on the top of the forest was where the very first wireless broadcasts were made by Marconi. And there are still plenty of radio masts up there now. So I got to thinking of all the radio waves passing through us while we were in the forest – particularly those interruptions of broadcasts that are called 'EVP', electronic voice phenomena – when ghostly voices seem to break into the broadcasts of the living. *(Katie plays EVP excerpt.)* And then I wondered about the dome-shaped laboratory – and whether they were experimenting there on ghostly dogs, or maybe they generated codes for the transmissions of encrypted messages that states use to send instructions to their spies. *(Katie plays numbers excerpt.)* And I thought of all the different codes, speaking to each other in the ether.

Cardboard Teapot/ cups:

(Katie/Anoushka: dance of the crumbs, coaxing and then shooing away the Robins.)

Anoushka: The Robin Lady has two regular customers – a pair of Robins who she alternately shoos away and lures back with crumbs.

(Dance of the crumbs.)

Katie: The Robin Lady runs a Tea Room that is part kitchen, part greenhouse – growing and nurturing people rather than plants, feeding, watering and protecting them from the rain.

Anoushka: But mostly she shoos and feeds the Robins.

(Dance of the crumbs.)

Katie: One day she was very pleased – because one of the Robins had been seen catching a spider off one of her tables.

Phil: “That’s a balanced diet. I get worried about them eating too much fast food.”

(Dance of the crumbs.)

Toy Food:

Phil: We were eating in ‘The Grill On The Hill’, up on the top of Telegraph Hill – we were sitting at a table at one end of the café, partly out of sight of the counter so Katie could surreptitiously eat her home-made sandwiches while Anoushka and me tucked into hot food

from the café. Otherwise we wouldn't have noticed the certificate. It was framed and mounted on the wall – the license to practice for a Pharmacist, one Arthur Barlow ... alongside it was a framed letter of commiseration from King George the 5th for the death of a soldier called Humphries, and a selection of photographs from a charity sky dive. But there was something wrong with the Pharmacist's licence. The printed certificate said that the license had been issued according to an Act of Parliament passed in 1953, but the certificate had been signed and dated in handwriting in 1942. It didn't make sense. It made all the other things doubtful. Was George the 5th on the throne in 1917? Did they really make that jump?

Wellies:

(Katie, Anoushka and Phil stand with wellies on their hands. Then do Wellie dance. End with image of the Wellingtons stuck on pegs. As each one speaks they break from the image.)

Anoushka: At Chudleigh Rocks there's a room with a hundred Wellington boots stuck on pegs.

Katie: In Plymouth Museum, locked away in storage, is a huge collection of shoes – gathered by an Edwardian woman who traded her embroidery for shoes wherever she went in Africa.

Phil: On my way back from interviewing people

for this project I saw my reflection in the curved window of the London Underground – everything below the waist was reflected and nothing above – I was just two pairs of legs.

Ball of String/Measuring Tape:

(Anoushka takes the string/tape from the History Hut and then Katie and Anoushka close the History Hut, but leave it on the chair.)

Phil: After our first three days of walking we each chose a route –Katie at Chudleigh, Anoushka outside Newton Abbot and me in Haldon Forest – and then we had four days to prepare performance walks for those routes.

Katie: On the day of Anoushka’s performance walk, the rain was falling in sheets and we were holed up in four cars waiting in Decoy Park car park for the raining to stop.

(Rain drumming on the roof of the car.)

Phil: Eventually, the downpour eased. And we decided to give it a go. Geoff and Debbie elected – perhaps rather sensibly – that they wouldn’t risk another thunderstorm.

Katie: Anoushka had gone ahead to the start of the walk – across the park with its “ha ha” rise.

(Anoushka moves into position.)

Phil: We set off across the plane of grass. Katie, me, Diana and Toby.

Katie: “O, have I got my... o, yes. OK.”

Phil: “Ah!”

Anoushka: Phil had forgotten everything he was supposed to bring!

Phil: “Wait here! I’ll be back!”

Anoushka: The terrible thing was that they all just disappeared beneath the ‘ha ha’ so all I saw was Phil running off and the rest not appearing at all.

(Phil picks up the History Hut and Katie helps him on with it.)

Phil: I grabbed the bags from the car and dashed back.

Katie: Up the ha ha we went towards Anoushka, framed in the trees.

Anoushka: “Hello, good morning ...my name is Anoushka and this is where we are going to begin our walk. First thing is I want to give you these, hold on to them during our walk.”

(Anoushka hands out tea shells.)

Katie: *(reading shell)* “Is it time for tea?”

(Anoushka hands out the gold marker sticks.)

Anoushka: “In pairs I would like you to each hold an end whilst we continue down the corridor of trees. Try to keep them parallel to the ground and perpendicular to the direction of our journey. Follow me.”

(Katie and Phil hold the stick.)

Katie: Phil and me skirted a huge puddle – growing bigger all the time as the rain continued to fall – but Toby and Diana walked straight through the middle. We arrived at a stile.

Anoushka: *(Taking stick.)* “Thank you, we can leave those here.” *(Leans the stick up against the chair. She makes a gesture to church on the left.)*

Anoushka: Before we continue I would just like to point out the church, we will refer to it later.

(Katie and Phil help each other over the stile/chair. Katie ties the end of the string to the chair and then hands it to audience members.)

Anoushka: Hold on to the rope with one hand and then feel the texture as it passes through your hand. Phil, if you can get the binoculars out.”

Phil: Ah!! I should be ready with the binoculars.

But I'm now so fascinated by the new downpour that is transforming our path into a stream and beating on our heads and turning Anoushka's walk into a great trek.

(Phil handing binoculars to Katie.)

Anoushka: Use these to look a little closer at the red cob barn over there - that is going to be our next stop. Notice the colour of it and its texture. Reach under your feet and take a clump of the earth and hold it in your hand. We can mould this and create a replica of what we have just seen. Hold it up and create a village.

(PHIL takes in binoculars and packs them away in the hut.)

Anoushka: "Even though it's wet and we can't sit down I'd still like to lay out the blanket."

(She does.)

Anoushka: "I want to explain something to you that interests me."

(Anoushka opens out map and book. Katie and Phil hold the map of the coastline.)

Katie: The rainwater that ran across the map reminded me of the remnants of old waterways that we'd traced through people's suburban front gardens in Chudleigh.

Phil: And it made me think of how I'd learnt that the great journey of eels across the Atlantic Ocean to their breeding grounds had once been a short swim up a river before continental drift tore the Americas and Europe further and further apart.

(Phil sprays the map with waterspray.)

Anoushka: "This is a question that was posed by an English scientist, Lewis F Richardson and then taken up by a man called Mandelbrot. 'How long is the coastline of Britain?' "With the meandering coastline's twisting boundaries in mind Richardson checked encyclopaedias in Spain and Portugal, and Belgium and the Netherlands and discovered discrepancies of up to 20% in the estimated length of their common frontiers. 50 years later Mandelbrot put forward the idea that any coastline – or in a sense any course taken through nature is infinitely long depending on your means of measuring or – put another way - your means of travelling."

"Measure the path we have just taken or the coastline that is just over those hills with a meter rule – then measure it again, but reduce our ruler to a foot and the distance begins to take on more irregularities in the landscape and the distance becomes far larger. Reduce our ruler again to 1cm long and we can measure up and down every blade of grass, the number can become infinitely long. The smaller your ruler, the greater the recorded distance. According to

Mandelbrot unless the surface of the world was a true Euclidean shape such as a circle then these numbers will never converge and reveal one definite number. In truth they get larger and larger, measuring every tiny bay, shell and grain of sand from Teignmouth to Torquay.

(Anoushka holds the map. Katie makes her camera flash. Anoushka shakes the map to make the thunder sound.)

Phil: I see the lightning as it ‘forks’ from the clouds and strikes somewhere just beyond the next hill. The thunder comes immediately. It’s at this moment that I think we are going to have to stop the walk. One more lightning strike and we’ll go back. But none comes. And we walk up through deep red puddles to the long wall of the Priory.

Anoushka: “Behind here is private property, we have been fortunate enough to be allowed another glimpse into its existence. A little way down here we will be meeting a lady who will escort us to where I want to take you. She will wait with us and take us back, we may not have that long.”

Katie: But just as the paths have turned into streams. Now this road has turned into a lake.

(Walking through the water.)

Phil: Meanwhile I’ve already set off ahead to

meet the woman who's taking us in. But when I get to the entrance she's not where she said she would be. "Ah!!" And I go off to look for her in the Priory.

Katie: In the garden the same darkness.

Anoushka: The woman has seen us from her window and now leads us along the shadowy paths to the chapel – "Have you seen Phil?" - and so, at last, after all that time – we can approach the handle once more, the handle of the door that leads into the chapel.

(Phil with back to audience, showing the History Hut on his back. Anoushka reaches out and opens the 'History Hut', now revealing not the chapel interior, but the silhouette of her and Katie drinking tea from the cob barn.)

Katie: Diana and Toby both loved seeing the chapel and both had time alone on its single chair – but this was not the real highlight of Anoushka's walk – this came about 10 minutes later when Anoushka and I had hurried ahead and Phil was leading our audience down through the wheat field to the cob barn.

(Katie and Anoushka set up the tea silhouette with the cardboard patterns.)

Phil: I'd seen some walkers in the distance as we got into the top of the wheat field, but for some reason it hadn't struck me that they might

accidentally come across Anoushka and Katie who had created a still silhouette of tea drinkers in the cob barn. When I led Diana and Toby over the stile a group of women walkers were already watching the silhouette.

(Katie and Anoushka as if trying to look at the women out of the corners of their eyes.)

Anoushka: We'd heard the women coming and then we'd heard them stop and whisper:

Katie: "Is it real? Are they real? Are they statues?" Anoushka and I were thinking: "O, God, I hope we're not going to frighten them."

Phil: When we came over the stile we were told to "shush!!" The women asked us if we knew what it was – and after pretending for a while I explained. "You've made our walk," they said "you've made it all worthwhile." And at that moment I thought that we had become a Mobile Machinoeki. And we could answer the women's questions:

Katie: Is it real?

Anoushka: Is it real?

Phil: What was real for me was not some single place or one experience, but the way that patterns would reappear in different forms....

That lightning on the hill....

(Anoushka uses the two red and white antlers to make a fork of lightning.)

– was like the antlers on the deer I'd seen running through the darkest part of Haldon Forest, and it was like the spikes of the radio masts, and like the hidden watercourse system we'd followed through those Chudleigh front gardens and the strange bifurcating crosses in the Priory graveyard.

(Anoushka and Katie to use arms, hands and fingers to show the bifurcating cross.)

And while we had split in three – Katie to Chudleigh, me to Haldon Forest and Anoushka to the hills outside Newton Abbot. There did seem to be a continuing set of patterns that we shared. Whether we evoked Marconi's first wireless broadcast, a river system or the lottery of lightning.

Anoushka: What was most real to me was something that was completely unreal. It was coming out of the cool, clammy cavern in Chudleigh Rocks and rising up into the heat and then catching the smell of something just like freshly cooked basmati rice!!

I was in Devon, in England – and yet all around me were these smells and tastes and sights that were from other places – the Governor from Madras, the mists from Scandinavia, the stone

dancing girls from Burma and the palms in Little Africa...

Katie: Well, what was real for me was the History Hut at Chudleigh Rocks – I took the audience on my performance walk to it after we'd emerged from Little Africa:

*(All three hacking to one side three times.
All three hacking to the other side three times.)*

Then we'd done the Chudleigh Furry Dance onto the lawn of Rock House:

*(The Furry Dance, Katie dances through arch
made by Anoushka and Phil.)*

And then we went into the History Hut. The woody damp smell took me back to childhood museums created in garages and sheds. I think it's the most real thing for me, because it's different from the usual museums. It's more like a museum of real life – where most things do not last very long, where connections and causes are not always easy to work out, where things are often jumbled and piled up and left to fade...

So, while most Museum curators would be horrified to see what is happening in the History Hut maybe it is actually a much better, a much more accurate museum of how real life is really lived.

(They bow.)