



# Tales from the Marsh

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The sound you can hear is the place which is a very very favourite spot of mine. It's a place where you can hear the sound of rushing water. The sound of rushing water is a wonderful thing and it reminds me of the way things can move and change, reminds me of the flow of change.

I was coming down here with my ex. who I moved into the flat to begin with, and just the other side of the bulrushes, two little weasels popped up, beautiful they were like Nipper cats. They both popped up at the same time, just struck their heads out and looked for about 3, 4 seconds and then popped down and I never saw them ever again.

These grasses are magical. I think it's probably autumn time they're at their height and again it's magical because when the wind blows across this open space the grasses move with the wind and it's totally hypnotic, totally hypnotic. It's always wanted to go down there and you know pretend your hunting a lion.

I know there used there used to be a lot of unwatercress beds, they think they were some chemical works. I think they were some chemical works and our block of flats is built on these two elements. Watercress beds and the dye works, apparently.

I've found bank vole, field vole, common shrew, pigmy shrew, and wood mice so. And we already know we have water vole here going through the ditches... I've started to think maybe the canal boats might have something to do with the small mammals, though, they might have brought them from different places and when they dock in they just hop off.







My mum use to say she could remember when they started flying aircraft down there, when they first had the... first little planes. And I know my grandfather use to make the wooden propellers for them and he would make them in his own workshop and then they would take them down to the canal and they went on boats down

This is also where the first manned flight of an aeroplane was um the Roe's and they started I think from under that railway arch, down there. And I think they went a couple of hundred meters bouncing of the ground.









I've spoken to a few people who use to come here before I was born, and it use to be very much like dirt tracks and there's no sort of pedestrian paths, no way you could get a bike through here, and you wouldn't come through here with your dog unless you wanted a real task when you got home. So it was very inaccessible.

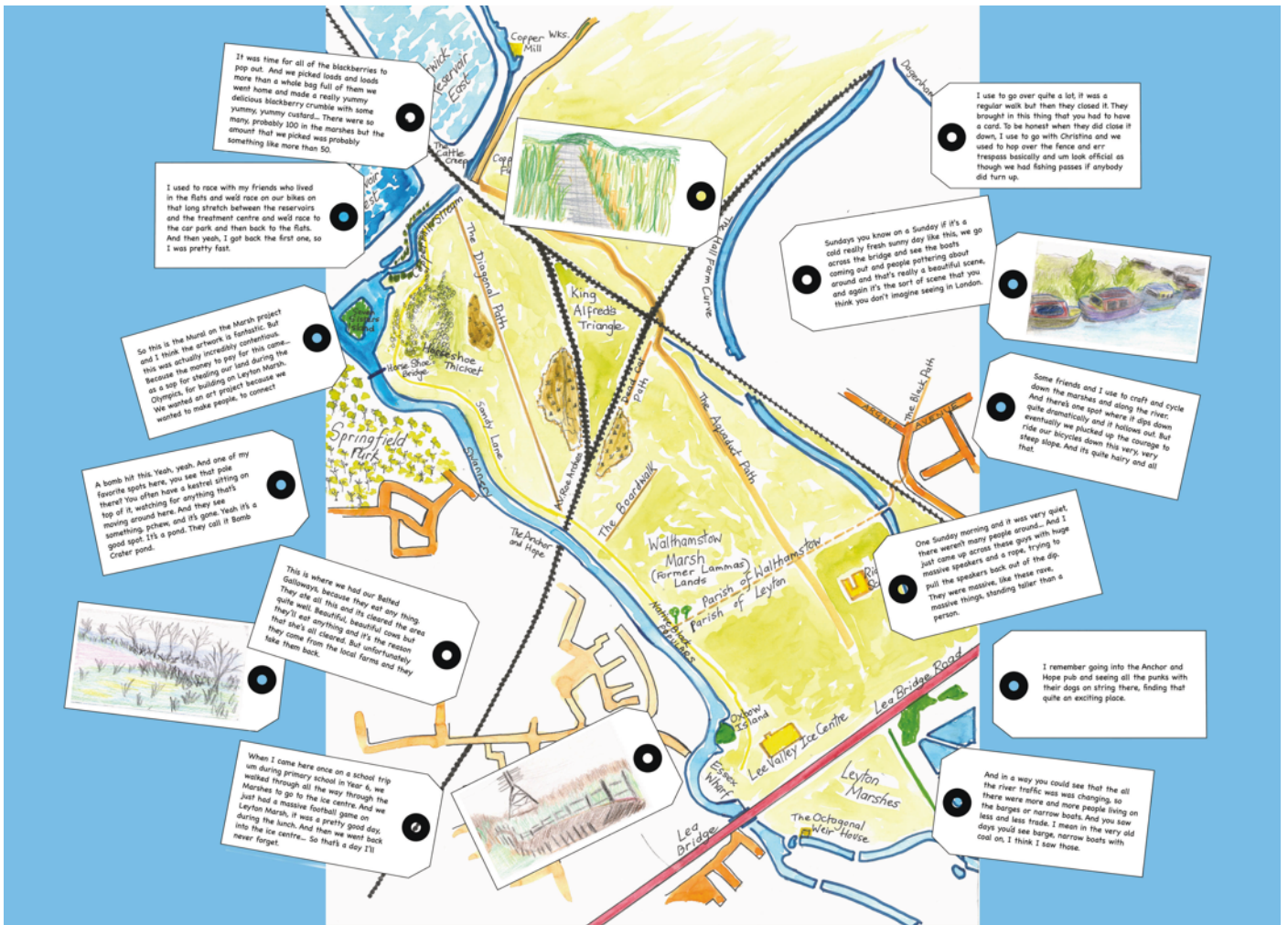
And sometimes, when the rains are really bad, this is like an inland lake, which of course is good because there's somewhere for the water to go. So we don't, I've never had flooding here, we've never been flooded. Or had a flood warning, it all



there are fences being built in peoples' minds and in reality













Mud.

This morning I wake to the brilliance of sunshine, the clouds in the sky, the morning is already hot. I busy myself with the morning chores for both Grandma and Grandpa and then I will go to school when those chores are finished.

Before I leave for school, I cut a piece of cane and carry it back to the kitchen. Grandma has my breakfast ready and I prepare a piece of the cane for grazing for my leaf.

"It is going to rain" Grandpa is saying to me.  
 "No Grandpa the sun is up, no clouds in the sky."  
 "It's going to rain - not now but later!"  
 "No Grandpa" I tell you, "I will be at school."  
 School is great and I am with my friends and class-mates. I attend my lessons because they are important to me. Day done I go home about 2:30pm. You got here before the rain Grandpa says.  
 Grandpa - no, any way how can you tell it's going to rain.  
 Come tea and down here.  
 I send them on my haunches.  
 Can you smell the earth?  
 No, I reply.  
 Why and smell it!

"Oh yeah it does smell."  
 Can you see how it's charred?  
 I never notice the cracks earth before.  
 It's getting ready to receive the rain!  
 Yes, Oh I see Grandpa.  
 So and take the washing up from the table.  
 The chicks are hot from the burning sun, the warm and nice I make a little bed and can snuggle up in them. As I drift off to sleep, the sound of thunderous rain on the corrugated iron roof roars like a torrent. Looking to the window I see my grandpa's arms outstretched, welcoming the rain and setting out large pans to catch water for the chickens. When the thunder is finished the soil would be mud.

Mud - magnetic - attracts water  
 quicksand

Sleep - rain - pond - fear - frogs  
 I would have fallen in  
 I saw the mud move

Memoirs of the marsh  
 Made of bombed out buildings  
 rubble  
 sewage

Sweaty mud  
 The mud of my homeland  
 - we planted roses, vegetable and lemons

MUD  
 gnitty rocky  
 grass after rain - calm rain  
 smells so fresh  
 - tastes like body mashed up rice  
 darker than grandma's garden - X country's town  
 mud path - wouldn't get slippery - Lithuania

grapes in our garden  
 chopping dead trees - planting trees



Excitement is playing with your new school friends in the trees, not worrying about messing up my uniform.  
Coming home late to angry mummy because you forgot to call home.

Your walking through the Marshes

Your thinking peacefully  
Your thinking tranquility

- you smell the fresh air through your nostrils

A pet owner

Old and fragile, she walks with

Smiles on her face

Showing her happiness from

The inside

As she releases that

So called K-9

From which I call a BULL-DOG

night sky  
Its ~~black~~ <sup>dark</sup> ~~eyes~~ eyes

Just ~~falls~~ <sup>falls</sup> upon me, it gets

To the position of an

Olympian on a race track

a face against time

(crossed out) Run, Run, I ran as if though I couldn't run for no longer. Heart rate increases).

Happiness I disbelieve her mad Scientist smile, She looked too pleased with herself

steaming nostrils angry horns wanting to hit me, I am a target, a red flag

locking mine

Janika

until there was a fire inside that I couldn't put out  
The ~~words~~ <sup>words</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> mad mad mad  
calls back her eyes water full  
My eyes water full as I crawled to my hero mummy



DOING THINGS THAT WE MIGHT BE ASHAMED OF NOW - GOING ALONG WITH THINGS

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE CULTURE AND ANOTHER

invention of bird's nest is an invasion of a creature's home

Khaled Walkhamster: Moves to time in Somalia - climbing trees, breakfast

LEARNING TO JOIN IN AND BE PART OF A COMMUNITY

Memories of Sky - available in Redkumstow.

our 490 old child helped to build our trust by operating the JCB digger

QAW Now she has flown from the nest - to make her own.

GOING TO A NICER COMMUNITY DOING THINGS OURSELVES MAKING IT THE WAY WE WANTED IT



Learning to join in and be part of a community

Memories of Sky - available in Redkumstow.

As a child was sent to boarding school.  
 Public school + 100 years ago  
 everything shared. LEARNING TO INTERACT + SHARE  
 BOARDING SCHOOLS NO PRIVACY LEARNING TO INTERACT + SHARE  
 I learned sharing skills & cope with large group  
 His possessions were in a trunk which she packed in  
 my trunk was my travelling nest.  
 trunk that contained possessions throughout  
 all your possessions in a trunk  
 Having to London First time independent. Only child saw me like walking in  
 LEARNING TO JOIN IN AND BE PART OF A COMMUNITY  
 coming down the tea bridge road, some like walking in  
 WALTHAMSTOW AS A REFUGE FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE  
 you get so much way for your money























Mud patch\* at entrance to the thicket  
 Filling in the cracks in the mud with a  
 killing knife or spatula  
 Fitz's memory of grandpa telling him it will rain.

**Mud**

I am mud.

I smell fruity fresh  
 after my daily shower.

I feel gritty, like scree  
 sliding down a mountain.

I am made of bombed out buildings,  
 roses, lemons and vegetables  
 planted in Pakistan,  
 that need me to grow.

I am made of vegetables  
 by the mud path in Lithuania.

I am sweaty from the toil  
 of workers after wars,  
 rebuilding, replanting.  
 I am deciding which trees are dead  
 and which are going to bloom.

I am digging with my hands and giving  
 a child to the ground.

I will watch it grow with a parent's support  
 until they can live by themselves.

But one day I will sit under the shade  
 of this tree and eat the fruit  
 that it births.

I am boredom in the backyard.  
 I have ruined a dress, mother scolding  
*look at the mess*, sent to bed,  
 to a dark place and denied the light and  
*wait till your father sees this!*

I am the mud of my homeland.  
 I give gifts to the workers  
 and the animals that eat the grass,  
 I taste of badly mashed up rice.

I become New York streets.

Cops and robbers forge me into  
 meatball bullets,  
 bullies carry me in school shirts  
 to be thrown like weapons,  
 into the mouths of their teenage targets.

I am mud.  
 I am the magnetic pull of the earth,  
 attracting everyone  
 who needs a piece of land  
 giving life to the tree, it is my duty.

I have seen everything.

I am the only one who knows  
 how the dinosaurs looked,

I've seen the people  
 running in the trenches,

I was the trenches.

I saw the river running free,  
 doing whatever it wanted,  
 become a canal,  
 always flowing the same way.

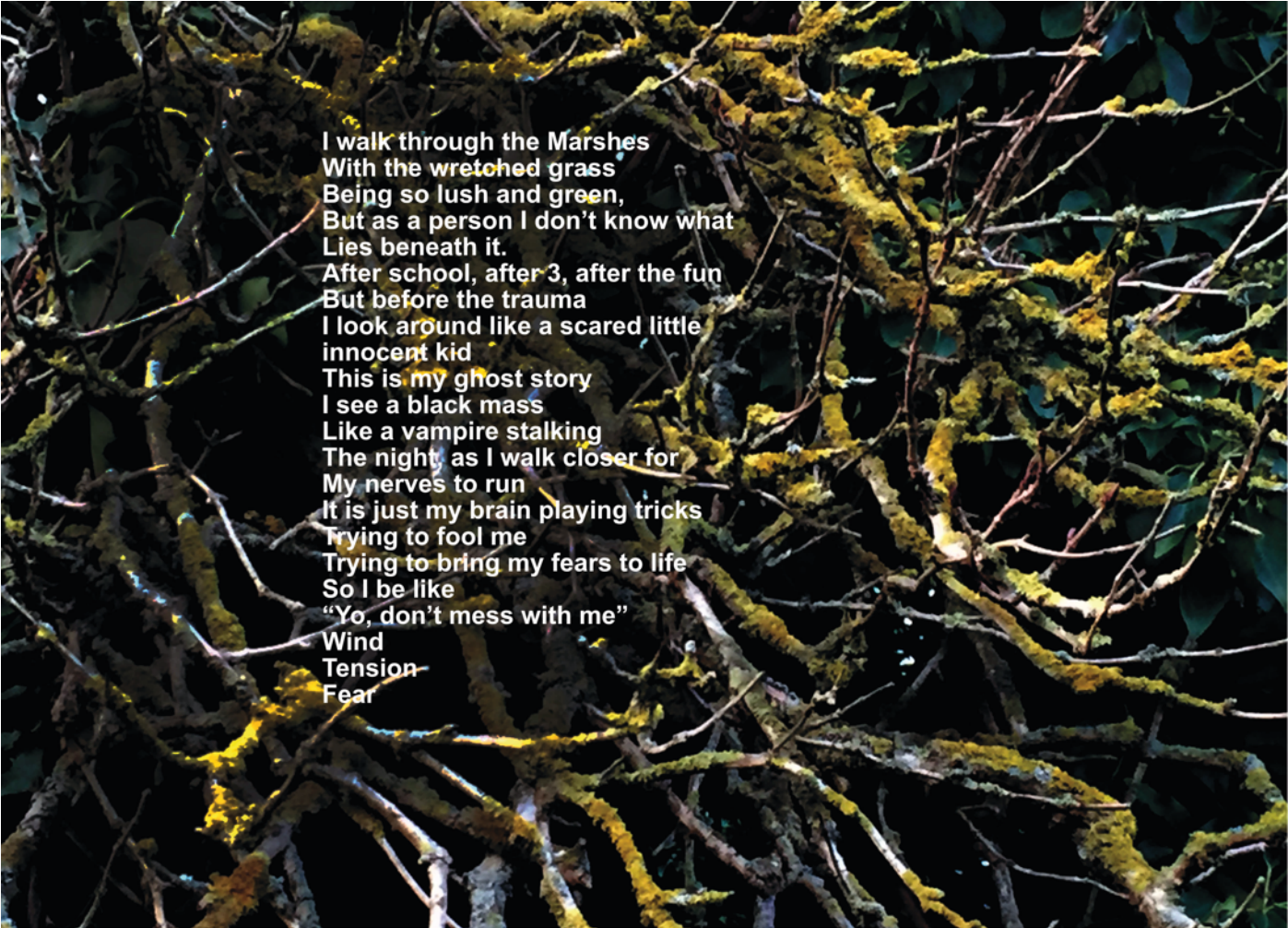
Everyone thinks that I'm just dirt under  
 your fingernails,

but I will wash off easy,  
 what is all the fuss?  
 I am mud  
 and all the legends are buried in me.

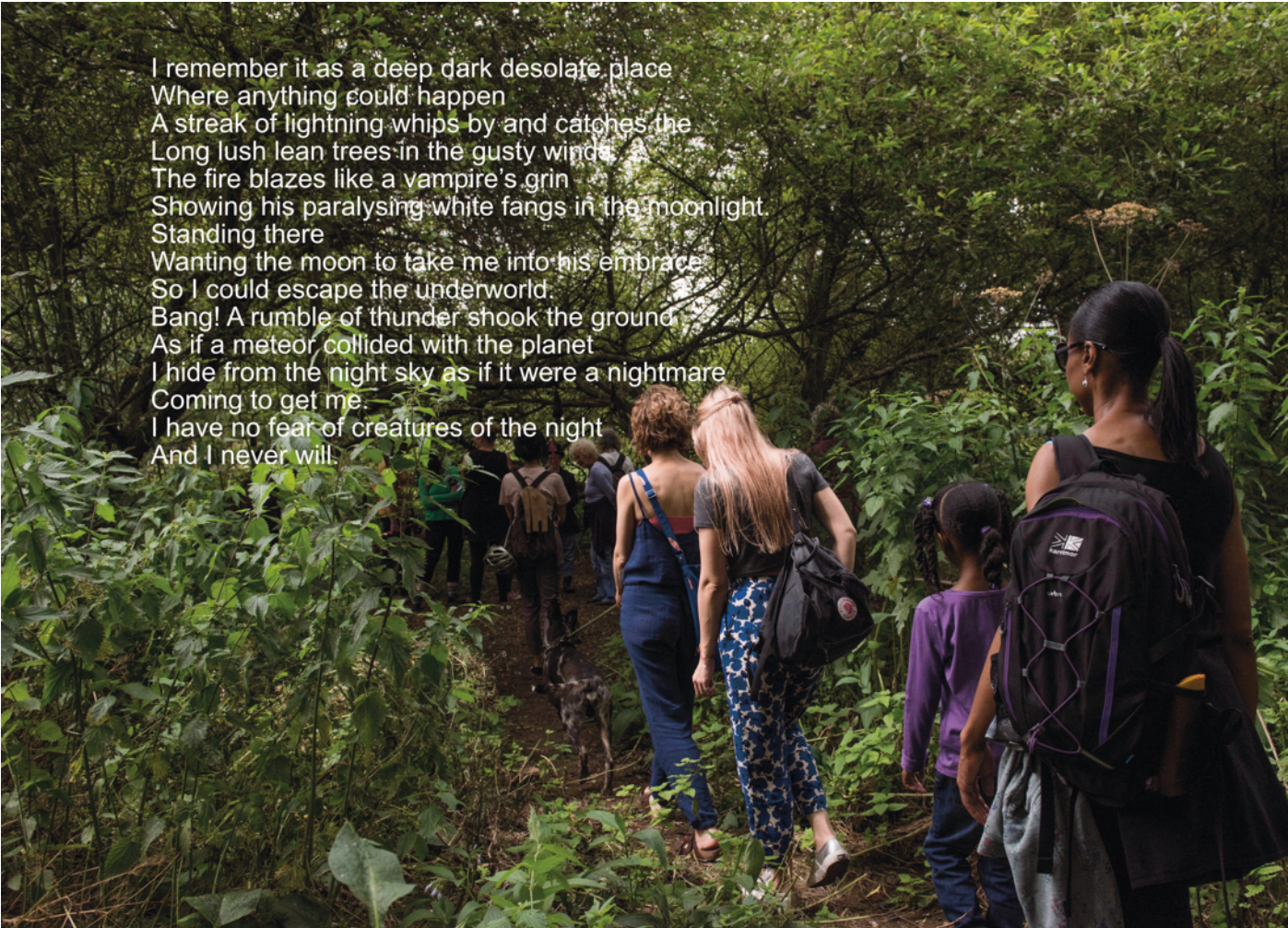








I walk through the Marshes  
With the wretched grass  
Being so lush and green,  
But as a person I don't know what  
Lies beneath it.  
After school, after 3, after the fun  
But before the trauma  
I look around like a scared little  
innocent kid  
This is my ghost story  
I see a black mass  
Like a vampire stalking  
The night, as I walk closer for  
My nerves to run  
It is just my brain playing tricks  
Trying to fool me  
Trying to bring my fears to life  
So I be like  
"Yo, don't mess with me"  
Wind  
Tension  
Fear



I remember it as a deep dark desolate place  
Where anything could happen  
A streak of lightning whips by and catches the  
Long lush lean trees in the gusty winds  
The fire blazes like a vampire's grin  
Showing his paralysing white fangs in the moonlight.  
Standing there  
Wanting the moon to take me into his embrace  
So I could escape the underworld.  
Bang! A rumble of thunder shook the ground  
As if a meteor collided with the planet  
I hide from the night sky as if it were a nightmare  
Coming to get me.  
I have no fear of creatures of the night  
And I never will.





I'm feeling slightly fruk out by these cows coming towards me and then one starts running, and they're gathering a bit of a pace and they start running. And I'm in the middle of the boardwalk



and I don't know whether to go ahead or behind. And the field on either side is flooded and I'm just going to have to stay on this boardwalk. And then the cows come towards me and just as they



approach, you know, I'm wondering what they're going to do, whether they're going to squash me. And then, they all stood on the boardwalk in a



long line, and I'm walking along the board walk, and these cows are behind me. And it was a little bit like playing, you know, grand mother's footsteps. And when I walked, they' go 'Moo', and



when I turned round the cows would stop. And I carried on walking and then, eventually, these cows walked all long with me, along the board walk. And then they got off, and walked as if

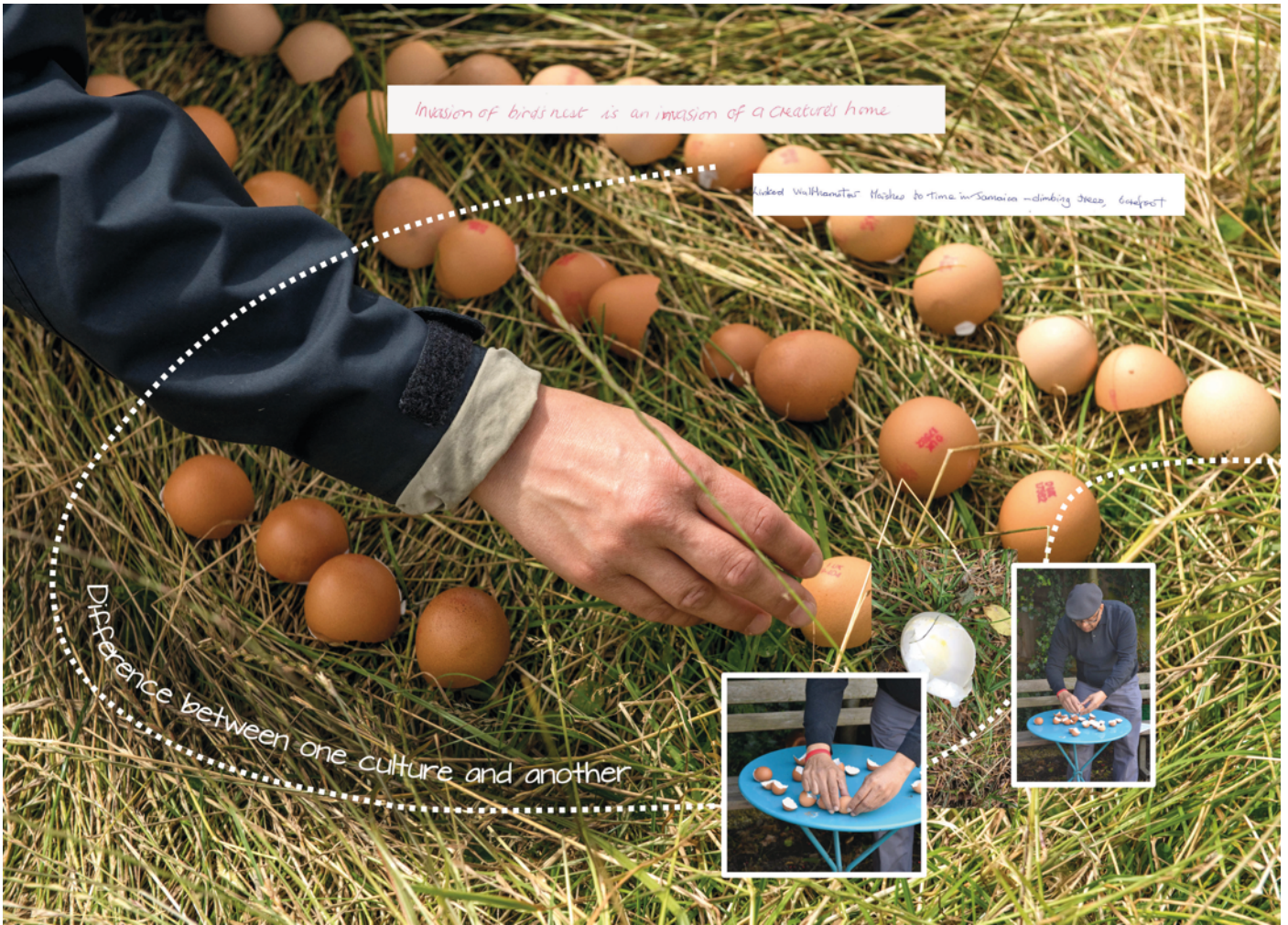
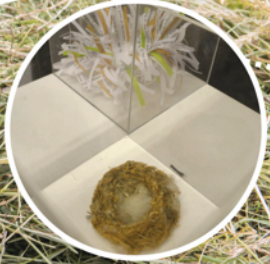


they were trying to avoid the flooding as well. So that was the time the cows and I walked along the boardwalk.





Straw  
peering into nest  
to see startled bird



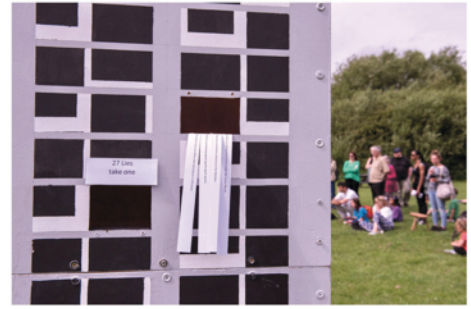
Invasion of birds nest is an invasion of a creature's home

Clicked with Hanatar Masako 20-time in Samon - climbing trees, Goshon

Difference between one culture and another



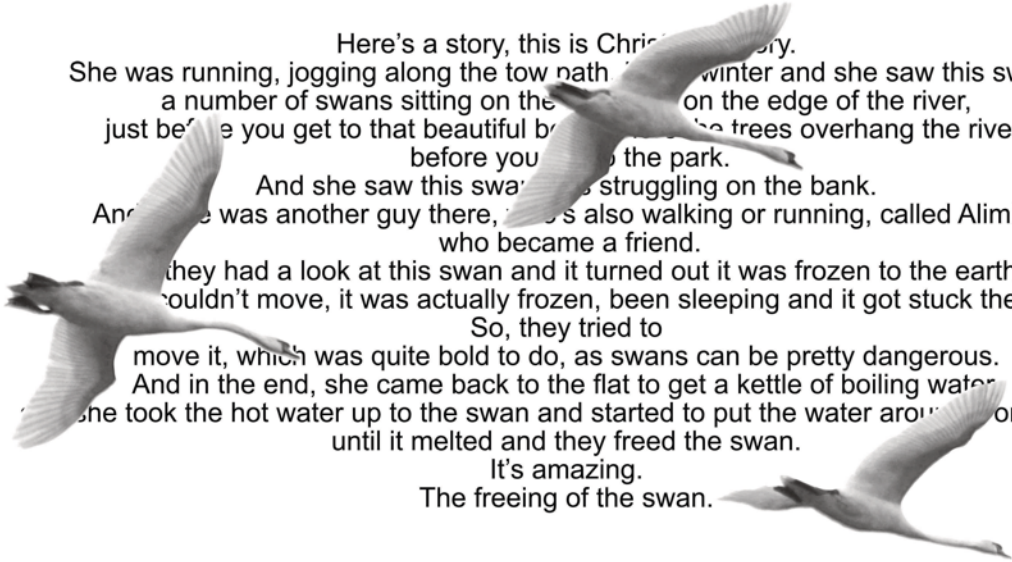








Here's a story, this is Christy's story.  
 She was running, jogging along the tow path in winter and she saw this swan,  
 a number of swans sitting on the bank on the edge of the river,  
 just before you get to that beautiful bridge where the trees overhang the river,  
 before you get to the park.  
 And she saw this swan struggling on the bank.  
 And there was another guy there, who's also walking or running, called Alimin,  
 who became a friend.  
 They had a look at this swan and it turned out it was frozen to the earth,  
 couldn't move, it was actually frozen, been sleeping and it got stuck there.  
 So, they tried to  
 move it, which was quite bold to do, as swans can be pretty dangerous.  
 And in the end, she came back to the flat to get a kettle of boiling water  
 she took the hot water up to the swan and started to put the water around it on the ice  
 until it melted and they freed the swan.  
 It's amazing.  
 The freeing of the swan.



When I'm out in the Marshes doing my walks you see movement but you don't know what it is. So you've got to look for it.







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