

# *Foray in a Modern Reserve*

An Impounding Portrait of Land Use

Robin Wilson

Introductory reading compiled by Klaske Havik

# *Reading of Robin Wilson's Foray in a Modern Reserve*

Compiled by Klaske Havik

The beauty of landscape can be measured in units, the instructions of this land-use survey seem to suggest. But behind the scientific reports and the instructions that at first sight make the text appear to be neutral, lies another layer. As if the water, the buzzard and the woodpecker, the fences and the signposts become characters, indicating that the terrain is alive, as in the books of Dutch author Toon Tellegen:

*The sun was shining and the squirrel and the ant were sitting in the grass on the river-bank. Above them the willow rustled, in front of them the water bubbled, and in the distance the thrush was singing. 'In my opinion,' said the squirrel, 'I am happy now.' The ant said nothing and chewed at a blade of grass.'*

In this case, however, the landscape does not seem so friendly, it seems to have a dark tone. There is a sense of something forbidden, something hidden, some boundaries to be transgressed, explored or violated. Is the closed off land a site of crime, does the landscape carry a lingering violence and trauma,

due to the infliction of the reservoir (an artificial dam?).

The text evokes the heuristic sense of excitement in transgressing borders, exploring a forbidden terrain, of trespassing, alchemy and science. Everything becomes a sign, a piece of writing, serving to confirm a deep and mysterious meaningfulness; the alchemy of a world of correspondences. The text is about trespassing, and as readers we follow its directions, stumble upon obstacles, step aside, transgress a boundary. Do we follow completely the structure that was set out for us? Where do we obey, or become disobedient to the writer? To find what is hidden, this fragmentary reading follows the lead given at the beginning of the text: 'Witness, record, return.'

## **Witness: Objects, Writer, Reader**

Who is a witness, and of what?

The researcher as a witness, of acts imposed on the territory; of spatial practices, transgressive

practices: rambling, riding, constructing?  
 of traces;  
 of a crime? Traces of a crime?  
 Blood spots on a plastic sleeve.  
 of plans, not realized;  
 of acts of appropriation;  
 of the imposition of rules;  
 of acts of ownership, imposed.

The reader as a witness,  
 of the author's investigations;  
 of the mismatch between the instructions and the reality of the territory  
 of transgression of boundaries  
 of the author's reading of the territory  
 of the frustration of being sent off track,  
 of power imposed on you  
 of one 'we' who becomes two  
 separate researchers.

This portrait is about the related issues of the gaze – or who is doing the looking. The question of who is doing the mapping or viewing comes up in the text. It uses the inclusive address, 'we'. And at the end, it intriguingly tells us of a break in this commonality during the interlude of masses of thicket, when this collaborative duo, presumably, breaks into Researcher Text and Researcher Image.

There is something the protagonists want to sample that is *beyond the right of way*, and this piece may be testing such a notion of transgression, going beyond what is polite roaming while at the same time not taking itself too seri-

ously. Making our way through the text, we even start to think that perhaps it's this very aspect of ease with serendipity that allows for new and chance discoveries. This freedom is kept in tension throughout the text with repeated references to rules, orders, notices, telling-off and boundaries or claims to space that must not be traversed.

***Cross an earth causeway, diverge very gradually from the right field-edge. Go straight ahead here on a faint, unsigned path which crosses a hump where you have a choice of two paths ahead, over to your right.***

The instructional nature of these fragments makes the project feel like a map without an object, or an object that can never be mapped, or the absence of the very possibility of mapping, penetrating, understanding. It makes us wonder about the unknown and unknowable of the landscape, not because of the human traces, though they are part of it, but perhaps because of the very limits of knowledge?

The seeming mismatch between instructions and the actual particularities of the terrain itself causes instances of conflict, and at times it is a misshapen tree that points the researcher in other directions: 'We sympathized with the directional traumas expressed here, and lacking any other navigational inspiration, decided to submit to its divination

and set our course according to the angle of the tree's lateral section of growth.' Divination might be the key concept.

### Record: Impressions, Images

How to record and what to record?

The old records:

Date 1958; bore holes, pits of puddle core, trenches

the person who wrote that record was 'someone who knew where to look'; the recommendations  
their method: teamwork, field walk, topographical descriptions

The instructions:

'Keep to the marked paths'

'area is patrolled'

'now veer half-left to climb steadily up a grassy slope'

'there is no legal right to public access'

The objects:

A stone pile *chantier*; a tank tomb; bridges; signs; gates; steps, without a building; poles, without a fence; logs.

The creatures:

Ramblers; a horse with rider; the adder 'reaffirming direction'; the woodpecker, 'reaffirming direction' as well; the buzzard; the trees 'the beech tree that dramatically diverted from its natural habitat'

The sounds:

The sonic landscape. But not many sounds have been recorded.

Data:

Landscape values on a scale of 1 to 20?

The things not recorded:

The departure of the researchers. What did they take with them, how did they prepare? Who are they?

The layers in the text:

Indications given by the ordnance, maps, and signs;

Observations of the researchers as written in the survey, between quotation marks, or are these quotes of the earlier records?

Description of the walks

The water: the ways in which it structures, appears, reappears, directs the territory. The water tank, a straight shadow – something in this (textual) image feels key, emblematic of the process. The mind is in search of that straight-edged, man-made surface that would order everything, explain everything (the world) away.

The images work as triptychs that offer portals through which the reader can enter into some other domain. These images suggest an animation, or stereo images, or even those cards you have in which Jesus winks at you depending on the angle of looking. As if the

landscape, in this case, reveals hidden, and perhaps uncanny, sentience. Is this landscape, this territory, uncanny in any way? Is the author's aim to depict it as such? The images and the descriptions of the reserve evoke a discussion about representation and the yearning for immersion. The landscape is mediated through different sources and means of representation, such as reports, maps, photographs. Even though we cannot identify these texts as a phenomenological description, it is striving to reach that impossible immediate encounter with the environment the researcher is investigating – in another way. In that sense, it may be seen as a counterproject to the Romantic poets and their immersion in the British landscape by which the self dissolves and unites with a greater whole.

### Return: Resonances

The journey through an unknown, slightly mysterious landscape brings resonances of other literary (and cinematographic) works. The entry into the reservoir reserve seems to resonate with the gloomy 'zone' in Tarkovsky's movie *Stalker* (1979), and the scenes described in the original novel *Roadside Picnic*, by the brothers Strugatsky, on which the movie was based.<sup>2</sup> The encounter with landscape wants to reveal more than meets the eye.

The tone of the scientific mission is reminiscent of *Annihilation*, the film after Jeff Vandermeer's novel,<sup>3</sup> in which a small group of selected researchers is sent into a forest that seems radiant and gloomy, and from which no one has ever returned; or the research expedition described in Willem Frederik Hermans's *Beyond Sleep*, in which a geologist looks for meteorites in the deserted territory of Northern Lapland.<sup>4</sup> In Reif Larsen's *The Selected Works of TS Spivet*,<sup>5</sup> a genius 12-year-old cartographer is mapping his world. In this text, he goes on a wild cross-country adventure from his family ranch just north of Divide, Montana, to the Smithsonian Museum. But his journey is more than geographical. It's about how to map the lessons learned about family and communicates the ebbs and flows of heartbreak, loneliness and love. These texts have a sense of adventure about them.

Wilson's text plays with the idea of wilfully getting lost, as in Rebecca Solnit's *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*.<sup>6</sup> Solnit believes in getting lost in order to find that thing you cannot otherwise know. The key question posed in her book is: 'How will you go about finding that thing the nature of which is totally unknown to you?' – a question first posed by a philosopher. Solnit says the thing the nature of which is totally unknown to you is usually what you need to find, and that finding it is a matter of getting lost.

The Art of the project lies in setting up the rules, making use of the tone of pseudo-science. It plays with inventing a method and following it slavishly precisely to *escape* the force of habit that renders us blind to most of our surroundings.<sup>7</sup> What is the thought that encounters its limit by encountering landscape? What sentence is forged in the relation between self-reflection and the world, and the outside of thought, whatever that might be?

One author, one survey team, two researchers, who seek to make sense of the world . . . but the world forever eludes their grasp.

To return is to turn around, to go back to the beginning, to change perspective. Let's return to the water, as one of these characters in the text that seems to crave to have a say. Let's make it speak, and let it become the main character, leading the journey.

*I am the water. I appear and reappear, I hide and I flow, I offer reflection, I organize the territory.*

*They try to capture me, in their words and their maps, they trace my streams and dissect me in definitions. The cut me in parts: puddle, stream, reservoir. They can direct me in gutters and collect me in tanks, but in the end it is me directing their walk, confusing them, raising their curiosity, steering their perception of the territory.*

*I cool the air, I feed the flows, I hide under the ground, I appear in puddles I enter objects, and objects have been made to capture me. But I can go past them, divert, or flood them.*

*The men, they follow me, they step on me, cross me, look at their reflection in my surface. They see me disappear and look for me again. They approach my open waters, but where there is most of me, they are not allowed to enter. No one knows my depths exactly, no one dares to dive inside.*

- 1 Toon Tellegen, *Maybe They Were Nowhere* (*Misschien waren zij nergens*) (Amsterdam: Querido, 1991).
- 2 Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, *Roadside Picnic* (New York: MacMillan Publishing, 1977), original in Russian (1972).
- 3 Jeff Vandermeer, *Annihilation* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2014).
- 4 Willem Frederik Hermans, *Beyond Sleep* (*Nooit meer slapen*) (Amsterdam: de Bezige Bij, 1966). Recently transcribed into a movie, [www.imdb.com/title/tt4075458/](http://www.imdb.com/title/tt4075458/).
- 5 Reif Larsen, *The Selected Works of TS Spivet* (London/New York: Penguin Press, 2009).
- 6 Rebecca Solnit, *A Field Guide to Getting Lost* (London/New York: Penguin Putnam Inc, 2005).
- 7 See, for instance, Guattari's discussion on transversality and his analogy to the removal of blinkers on horses; see also Robert Smithson: 'A Tour of the Monuments of Passaic' and 'Hotel Palenque' (originally a lecture held for architecture students).



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Photographs by Nigel Green

## **The Terms of a Premature Inspection**

Needs must! The contract for the Inspection Report arrived by courier. Bearing the stamp of Corporation Southern (les Eaux), it instructed: 'Southern Impounding Reservoir and Gathering Grounds. Witness, record, return. Visual evidence to accompany written report. Fee to be agreed on receipt of findings.'

Attached to the contract were clumsy facsimiles of two earlier reports and a graph representing regional 'Landscape Value Units'.

The first report was signed by the 'Borough and Water Engineer' and dated 'this day of the 12th Day of November 1958'. This was a succinct survey by someone who knew where to look. It mentioned 'bore holes', 'pits of puddle core', 'cut-off trenches', a 'concrete draw-off valve tower with overflow pass', a footbridge with 'moveable bearings', and a 'site outside the water limits'. It recorded the use of 'baffles that prevent vortexes'. It advised as to the functioning of the 'scour or emptying valve' and was adamant about the

'ample freeboard between the overflow level and the top of the dam'. It concluded: 'An inspection in less than one hundred years is not recommended.'

(We were being sent to inspect prematurely by forty years.)

The second report was an unsigned and undated document of the 'Wealdon Field Research Unit'. The account began in the first person – 'I again went out to the Southern Reservoir on a hurried visit on the request of the Divisional Planner' – but quickly went on to record a method of survey based on teamwork: 'Pairs of fieldwalkers were given a convenient block of landscape which they searched intensively.' The survey recorded 'a neat and tidy embankment and crest', the presence of 'burnt soil' and the 'limits of a deer park'. The author states that at the conclusion of the search some fieldwalkers attempted to 'exercise the right to freewarren', while others spent extended periods of 'leisurely communion' and strayed from the public rights of way. Mention is made of encounters with a 'four-man Forestry Gang' and a mounted 'Land Bailif'. It recommends that all future fieldworkers 'have their papers in order', and that they pay close attention to the codes of conduct and rights to access stipulated by the CADAC.

This second report concluded with a recommendation that a 'watching brief take place', and a list of geographical coordinates with their essential topographic description was provided: 'area of raised ground 7154 2083', 'scoop in a scarp slope 7137 2074', 'bank (causeway) 7051 2082'.



Fig. 1-3. LANDSCAPE VALUE UNITS SOUTH EAST ( $\alpha \neq \beta$  nor  $\gamma$ )

### Entry into the Reservoir Reserve

We drove along the northern borders of the Reservoir Reserve, back and forth in search of a convenient point to park and gain access. We crossed successively in and out of the limits of the Reserve and the margins of the 'Gathering Grounds'. Laybys and forestry car parks had been newly bared. Signs appeared on barriers: 'Corporation Southern (les Eaux).'

We paused the car at a point high to the northwest of the object of our commission and peered through a rusting, metal-barred, padlocked gate to observe a distant view of the Reservoir waters and its southwest shore. Deer made a fleeting appearance on the promontory of, what we noted from our Explorer Map 124 Ordnance Survey to be, 'Furnace Shaw', before disappearing back into woodland.

We made a mental note to rate this landscape view at a value of 22.0, four points higher than that 'taken to represent the highest to be obtained by a view in Great Britain', and ten points higher than that 'obtained by a view in lowland Britain, such as the prospect from Newlands Corner near Guildford over the Lower Greensand hills of Surrey and West Sussex'. On later reflection, we downgraded the view rating to 17.0, for we felt obliged to factor the appearance of the deer as an inadmissible enhancement of the view equivalent to 'transient atmospheric phenomena', and that knowledge of the name of the topographic feature, Furnace Shaw, had also affected our reception of the view, although in ways that we could not yet fully determine.



Fig. 4-6.

We eventually settled on a verdant verge near to a field entrance and, after placing possessions unnecessary for the fulfilment of the commission out of sight and locking the car, hurried along the narrow lane anxious to avoid speeding, cross-country traffic, for there was no place to retreat, other than the ditch and the hedge.

Bolted gates, the smell of faeces at every entrance, 'probability of adjacent contamination', 'evidence of polluting matters gaining access thereto'.

As we approached an entrance to Scaland wood we encountered a small group of ramblers. We paused to ask them the quickest route through the woods to the shores of the Reservoir. Their instructions were clearly stated, but proved too general to be of any assistance. Some of the group seemed reticent and a little shaken. We noticed a gash in the sleeve of one of the male ramblers and what appeared to be spots of blood on a plastic folder in which they kept their map.

'Go over a stile into the Reservoir Wood, where a friendly notice encourages public access, which you may be tempted to sample, as far as possible, to the right of way.'

## § 2 – FORÊTS DOMINIALES ET COMMUNALS.

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### **'NOTICE!**

CADAC strives to offer waters, exclusive waters, we do just that. Members must make sure they are aware of (and comply with) the rules for this water to the letter.

Ospreys and Buzzards overhead and superb specimens swimming in the water!

Under the canopy of Scaland a conflict quickly flared between our Explorer Map 124 and the intentions and articulations of the ground. A digital

compass offered little assistance, for no sooner had we set our trajectory, aligned our bearings with the Ordnance, than encounters with unmapped features, boundaries, pathways and signs of abandoned infrastructure would distract and disorient.



Fig. 7-9.

We decided to content ourselves with a lesser navigational ambition: to avoid roads and the sound of traffic.

### **Aquatic Features of the Lower ‘Gathering Grounds’**



Fig. 10-12.

Intermittently, we encountered a network of watercourses and small-scale schemes of water management – sandbag and pipe bridges, open culverts – contributing to the ‘impounding of certain stream waters’. We wandered in these ‘various Gathering Grounds’, ‘clean and free’, encountering ‘no evidence of polluting matters gaining access thereto’.

In a shallow pool we inspected a hole, pitch-void-black against the clay

bed. We speculated that this was an old 'trial boring' from times when things had 'been worked out in a preliminary way'. Its suction was fierce, and seemed to extract from the pool at an unsustainable rate. We watched minnows struggle against its force and dodge a cascade of vegetation detached from the far bank. This micro landscape seemed in crisis. We considered lessening the outflow with stones, but suddenly the extraction slowed and reversed. A back-flow swelled and rippled out from the hole. The minnows were released from their vital efforts and the hole now seemed to establish a more balanced rate of extraction. We noted the possible observation of a 'pit of puddle core', and that we suspected the 'remote influence of a scour or emptying valve', yet to be located.



Fig. 13-15.

Shortly after resuming our journey we were halted by a guttural belch, deep, aquatic and distant. Sonically, it was no louder than the ambient shifting of wind and foliage. It nevertheless had a vibrational strength that sent tremors into tendons and organs. For its duration and for a few seconds after, the 'belch' communicated a sonic landscape perspective that compressed the anthropomorphic scale to the miniature. Its point of origin seemed to be to the south, on lower ground, towards the sea (and the current direction of travel).

'A path winds through scrub to join a wide sunken path where you turn right. At the bottom of the slope, a waypost indicates the start of a path ahead, which provides a worthwhile there-and-back detour to the edge of

the reservoir. However, turn left at the waypost along an uphill path. Some care is needed from here on in, as there is a lack of signs in places and many alternative paths.'

## 186 - CHARGES DES RIVERAINS - 1° Police et conservation des eaux -

### **'NOTICE!**

Keep to the marked paths.

No access to Hog Trough Bay and Shaw.

Area is patrolled 24hrs by CADAC Bailiffs.'



Fig. 16-18.

## EXEMPTIONS

### **Motifs et durée**

– dessèchement de marais : vingt ans,

Beyond the pool the stream fell in steeper descent and our expectation of arriving at the banks of the reservoir increased correspondingly. Expectant, a mirage of open air above a modern lake lay superimposed through every woodland vista. The stream's descent levelled and the woodland path made a series of playful crossings from bank to bank. Beneath us, the retarded stream appeared like a model system of lakes, with a topography

of 'cut-off trenches', 'over-flow levels' and 'sites outside the water limits' rendered to scale to either side. But the stream then seemed to meet an abrupt and muddy termination in a basin filled with logs. We noted this as a 'log-pile crossing', but were suspicious of its purpose, for the logs not only seemed to have suppressed the flow of the stream, but to have set another navigational conundrum. The logs were arrayed like a series of rafts set in deadlock after a dynamic collision, their divergent angles now offering multiple trajectories for the onward journey.

'At the track's southern terminal a series of waterlogged timber planks were found revetting the trackway . . . No additional timbers were found, their exact function remains unclear . . . further investigation was impossible without redirecting the adjacent stream.'

Our instinct was now to reach higher ground, to achieve an overview, and to reconnect with the logic of the Ordnance. We took the path of steepest ascent, although we were now moving away from the supposed position of the reservoir.

'Now veer half-left to climb steadily up a grassy slope. The path is a bit vague underfoot but takes a relatively straight course, crossing an intermediate stile in a fence.'

« . . . Nul n'est censé ignorer la Loi . . . »

### **Divination, Labour and Signs of Conflict**

The ascent was steep and increasingly highland in character. Bracken now dominated the borders of the path. The generic nature of the woodlands around us sapped our energy, and we trudged onward through 'sites outside the water limits', profoundly unsure of their relevance to our commissioners. On the verge of a reluctant return to the 'log-pile crossing', we

came across an object of extreme distortion: a young beech had dramatically diverted from its natural habit, seemingly enforced by a now absent object. It abruptly and extensively tracked at right angles at about a height of three-and-a-half feet from its base, before rising, doubling back on itself in a cork screw twist, and then returning to a more direct ascent into the woodland canopy.

We sympathized with the directional traumas expressed here and, lacking any other navigational inspiration, decided to submit to its divination and set our course according to the angle of the tree's lateral section of growth.

Now released from the logic of tracks and pathways, we entered into what seemed like a parallel realm: a 'room' of coppiced ash and hornbeam, running in well-spaced lines with wood banks interspersed between. We noted a series of improvised shelters, log piles and brushwood pilings, but the site seemed long abandoned as an active coppice. Impressed, however, by the signs of once diligent cultivation and order, we explored the coppice to its furthest limits.



Fig. 19-21.

We tracked along the lower edge of the coppice, bordered by a rhododendron thicket. We perceived that the thicket was shallow in depth, and that the ground beyond it fell abruptly. Moving through the thicket we confronted a sudden change in the humidity of the air, as a ravine of black rocks, lichen, moss and ferns opened below us, framing some modest cas-

caedes of a now revitalized stream that had somehow survived or bypassed the log jam. Initially joyful at the prospect of a more direct reconnection with the land's watercourses, we soon began to suspect the role of artifice. We observed with distaste the meandering form of a prepared route down into the ravine, of compacted, sandy earth, with a boarder of rocks and pebbles: a Victorian conceit, we concluded, the haunt of amateur botanists, fern seekers.

As we moved along the line of the ridge, we discerned signs of conflict; the remains of a botanical foray littered the opposite bank of the ravine: items of clothing, plastic bags, bottles, vehicle parts, burnt and twisted metal rodding, plastic and wooden furniture, some broken and splintered into what seemed to be improvised weapons.

We quickly returned to the spaces of woodland labour and continued our exploration of the coppice, where we recorded an 'area of raised ground' 7150 1504, and the remains of a portable sawmill 7151 1002.



Fig. 22-24.

Emboldened to fulfil the terms of our commission, we pressed on, picking up a gently meandering path through the warm woodlands of what now seemed like a plateau.

'Cross an earth causeway, diverge very gradually from the right field edge. Go straight ahead here on a faint, unsigned path that crosses a hump where you have a choice of two paths ahead, over to your right.'

An adder moved sluggishly in the grass bank to our right, reaffirming the direction of travel.

### Regional Infrastructure

A sharper bend, a slight dip, an ‘area of raised ground’, ‘shallow depressions’, a subtle shift in the woodland’s character – from the denser thicket of blackthorn and hawthorn, to young, more luxuriant groves to either side, growing vigorously but at variance to one another.

Here, a sheer surface suddenly rendered the dappled forest shadows straight! A large, cuboid form, a matte surface which fixed light and shadow into oblique striation. There seemed no question as to the significance of the structure we had chanced upon, and immediately began documentation:



Fig. 25-27.

### Regional Infrastructure: Water Tank and Woodland Tomb

As we approached the form, the forest light intermittently picked out a myriad of incisions upon its flanks: an accumulation of cuts and abrasions, a sylvan text inscribed on this modern surface. The shifting forest thicket, clawed and toothed woodland creatures, ramblers, forest workers, lovers, exiles, invaders – all had left their mark here, none seeking hierarchy over another.

Being just a little higher than eye level, we could discern that the tank tomb was full but with 'freeboard between the overflow level' and the top of the tank. We struggled, though, to see into its depths. We could not make out if the tank was connected to hidden conduits, or confirm the existence of valves.

It was clear that this aquatic volume had attracted and supported a different character of luxuriant, broad-leafed forest growth around it. We surmised that the tank tomb signalled a point of re-entry to the 'water limits', perhaps at the 'highest point and limit of the gathering grounds', that this highland terrain represented the 'purchase and control of an adequate area of land in proximity', and that it was on 'land to be used as part of the undertaking'.

'After crossing the remains of a stile and a collapsed stream culvert, bear left along a field edge. Go through a gap and walk parallel to the right field edge to the left of an isolated cottage. Head out across pasture, onwards between the trees and then along the right edge of an open area to a gate. Once through this gate, with your first glimpse of the Reservoir over to your right, be tempted to sample, as far as possible, the right of way.'

### **Land and Its Determinations**

The 'first glimpse' of the Reservoir brought sky and water together with a violence that abruptly expelled the intimate and canopied topographies through which we had previously travelled. We walked for a short distance along the ridgeway of a vast, modern landscape, subject to exposure from modern winds.

'A second reservation, by no means distinct . . . : according to the formula, the relative value of a tract varies only with the intervening variables of settlement population and the inverse square of distance.'

A little further to the east beyond 'an isolated cottage' and still on high ground was an inactive construction site, with footings extensive enough to provide for a 'completely new, very large house', or a 'new manor house and associated structures', such as an 'orangery and garages', a 'giant cupola and a bell tower with hourly striking bells', lodgings for the 'temporary grooms' of 'Hanoverian horses', and the 'alteration of machine store/office to include temporary accommodation for personal use'. 'There is no allowance for a full-time groom to live on site. The plan does allow for a shepherd who will cost about four times more than the annual gross profit from the sheep. There is also an allowance for a gardener.'

Within the intended viewshed of this 'new manor house', we re-coordinated our direction of travel to the Ordnance, and now understood that the Head of the Reservoir and the concentration of modern, regional infrastructure was further to the east. We were content to descend once more and soon reached a gravel track and fencing on the margins of the forbidden areas of Hog Trough Bay and Shaw. Here, paths had been re-laid, culvert crossings widened and indeterminate stiles replaced with determinate ones. Land, its boundaries and the routes designated for crossing the land, had been subject to a new regime of management and definition.

## **169 - OUVERTURE, REDRESSEMENT ET SUPPRESSION DES CHEMINS RURAUX –**

Aux termes de l'article 13 de la loi de 1881, l'ouverture, le redressement ou l'élargissement d'un chemin rural sont soumis aux formalités prévues par l'article 4 de la même loi.

Confident that we were now travelling within the epicentre of the 'Gathering Grounds' for which 'Bye Laws had been sought' on behalf of Corporation Southern (les Eaux), our commissioners, we were 'tempted to sample, as far as possible' beyond 'the right of way' . . .

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