



Imagining Dover: A Digital Exhibition of Creative Resources

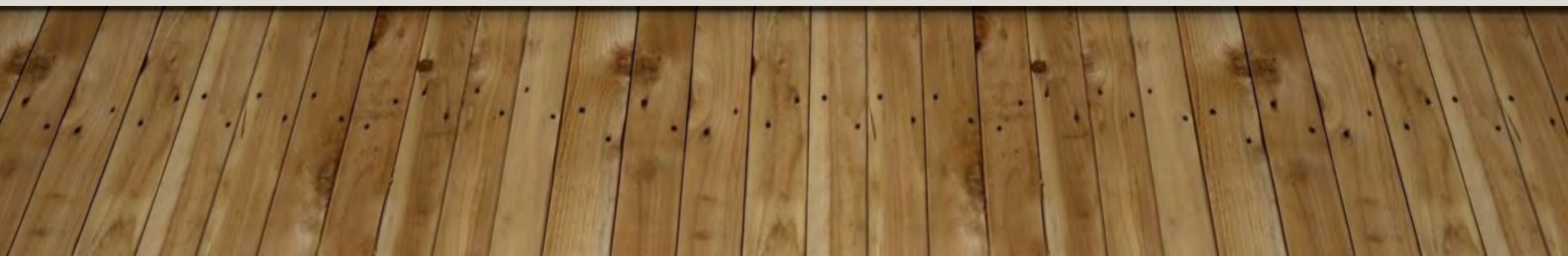


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FOREWORD

CLAIRE BARTRAM



This exhibition reflects a shared endeavour under the auspices of the Centre for Kent History and Heritage to promote a cross-disciplinary understanding of place and heritage and to explore different approaches and new ways of collaborative working. Drawing on expertise in history, geography, creative writing, the study of literature and education, the exhibition celebrates the town of Dover across history through blogs, podcasts, a curated walk and site-specific creative writing activities. Elements of the exhibition will also feature on Instagram <https://www.instagram.com/ckhhkenthistoryheritage/> and on Twitter @BookcultureCCCU

We would love to hear your thoughts on the materials we have put together so do get in touch with us on those platforms or using the CKHH blog comments form.



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CREATIVE WRITING PROMPTS FOR DOVER WHITE CLIFFS 1

SONIA OVERALL

Media res

Choose one of the lines below to start a story. Where will the line take you?

It was hidden in the chalk.

- What is hidden?
- Why?
- Will your story be about someone hiding it, finding it – or both?



**A message came through on the
coastguard signal.**

- What is the message?
- Who, what or where is it from?



There was something under the surface of the water, moving towards the port.

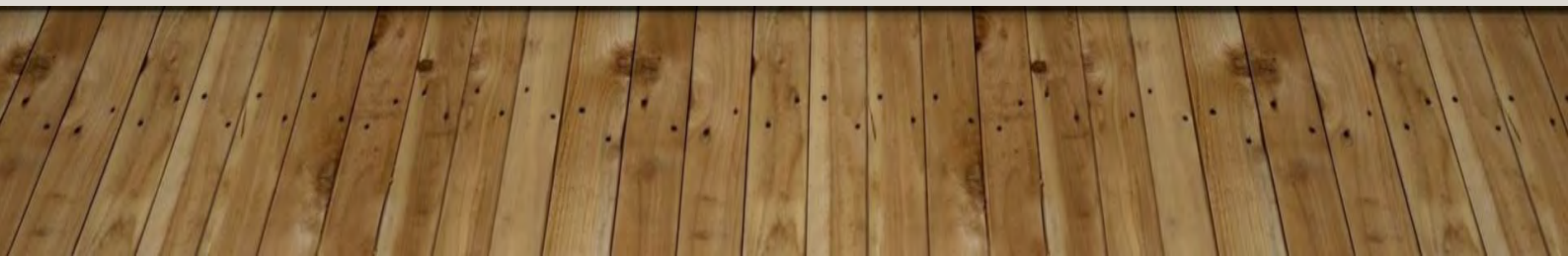
- What is it?
- Who spots it?
- What will they do?

Use the line as the first sentence of your story to jump straight into the action. This is an 'in media res' opening, meaning 'in the middle of things'.

Begin by brainstorming ideas and write a short plan before you attempt the story.

Use two or all three lines in your story for an extra challenge.

This prompt is useful to begin a fast-paced microfiction or get started on a new short story.

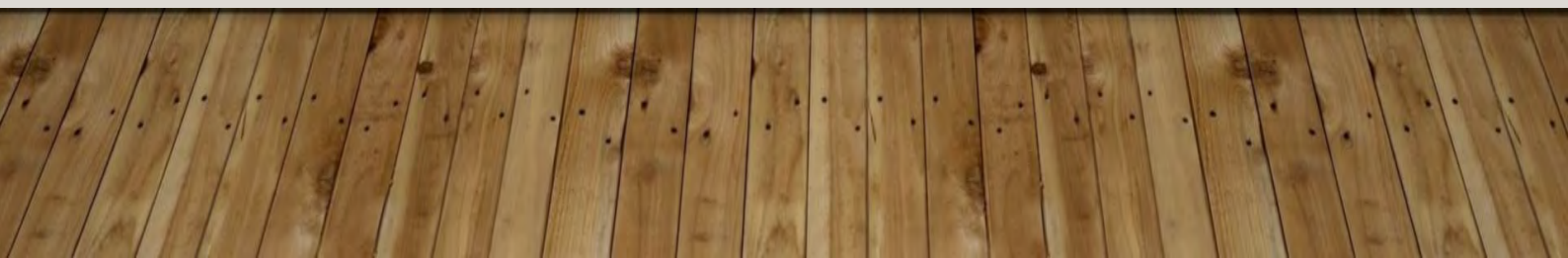


BELONGING IN LATE MEDIEVAL DOVER

SHEILA SWEETINBURGH

Within late medieval Christendom, the Church in many ways was the glue that held society together and at the level of the city, town or village this was most visible in the parish church. The parish offered a ready-made community, its services as intelligible to natives and migrants alike through the use of Latin, albeit sermons were in the vernacular. This is not to say tensions did not arise at times between different groups within localities, but that the ideal of the community was enacted through the Church's rituals that encompassed the whole liturgical year. Moreover, this was not confined to the living, and the notion of the everlasting community of the living and the dead, at least until Doomsday as portrayed on many chancel arches, drew on the concept of reciprocity, the acts of each aiding the other towards the ultimate goal of salvation.

Although primarily articulated through the parish church, such relationships could also be established with those in the many religious houses, and for the historian it is fascinating to study how this played out in different places and at different times. These connections can be seen in a variety of records from charters to churchwardens' accounts, but the source that has been explored most frequently is the last will and testament. Even though these documents rarely offer more than an





opaque glimpse of the person's piety during life, they do provide ideas about the testator's religious beliefs and desires at a crucial point in the life-cycle because many wills were made not long before that person's death.



Turning now to Dover, like the other Head Ports of the Cinque Ports, but less so the various members of these ports, Dover for its size had a multiplicity of parishes, including what appear to have been two extra parish altars in the church of St Martin-le-Grand, the old minster or mother church [1].

Close to this church and across the marketplace was the parish church of St Peter, that also served as the civic church in that the annual mayor-making took place there. Slightly to the north along the High Street/Biggin Street was St Mary's parish church [2], the only medieval parish church that still functions today, and then to the east in the shadow of the



castle was St James' church, which initially at least served the port's fishing community [3]. Moreover, these were not the only churches in Dover, there was (is) St Edmund's chapel that in the Middle Ages acted as a cemetery chapel for the Maison Dieu hospital. This had its main chapel within the hospital complex (all of this is undergoing refurbishment currently and will become a major asset for Dover townspeople). The town's other hospital, St Bartholomew's similarly had a chapel but the major church outside the parochial system was that at Dover Priory [4].



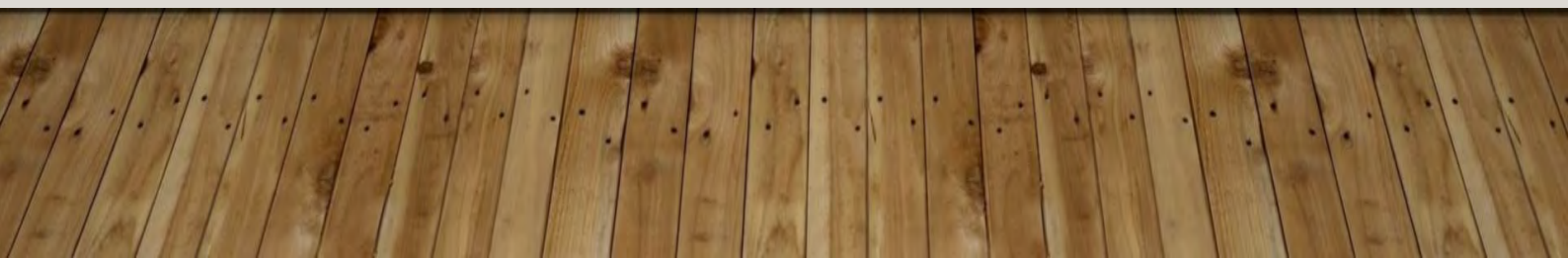
From the surviving wills, it appears that generally those living in Dover much preferred to support their parish church rather than the religious houses when it came to making pious bequests. Although, of course, there were exceptions such as Robert Lucas who, in 1484, wished to be buried at the priory church and bequeathed 33s 4d toward the making of a new cloister there and a further 6s 8d for the monks at the priory. These gifts suggest that he knew and was known at the priory and similarly burial bequests by others point to a close association with their parish church and its community, sometimes extending over more than one generation. For example, Johanna Plesynton (1495) wished to be buried next to her parents 'in the common way' outside the south door of St Mary's church. Such a bequest highlights continuity but might also indicate ideas such as humility as well as matters of commemoration – her grave would be walked on, yet the act in itself may have triggered prayers for her soul from those passing into the church, and the route was probably that used to bring the deceased to St Mary's for burial, linking again the living and the dead.

Seeking burial next to a spouse was more common, while a few sought burial next to their already deceased children, including Isabel Wyke

who made her will with the consent of her husband (legal requirement) in 1496 noting that she wanted to be buried next to her children in St Mary's churchyard. In other instances, this bringing together of the family to be remembered by the community might be achieved through a memorial brass, which seems to have been Geoffrey Elham's intention in 1496. He sought burial in St Katherine's chapel within St Mary's church and he wanted his executors to organize a tombstone on which were to be a brass of himself flanked by his two wives. Moreover, he intended his possessions would similarly engender ideas of remembrance for he bequeathed to Katherine his daughter a chest that had been her mother's, to his son Harry a chest that had been Geoffrey's father's, while John was to receive a chest from the family home.

Support for the various lights in the testator's parish church was relatively popular, for example Henry at Wod (1503) of St John's parish intended 8d should be given to the lights of St John the Baptist, the cross, Our Lady, St George and St Christopher. In addition, he wanted a temporary chantry at the parish altar to be served by a secular priest who was to pray for Henry's soul and the souls of his wife, brother, parents, ancestors and benefactors for a year after his death. Nevertheless, for his fellow parishioners Henry's gift to the parish of two liturgical books, an antiphoner and a processional, presumably acted as a reminder of Henry's concern for the spiritual life of his community, which may have meant that they too remembered him in their prayers.

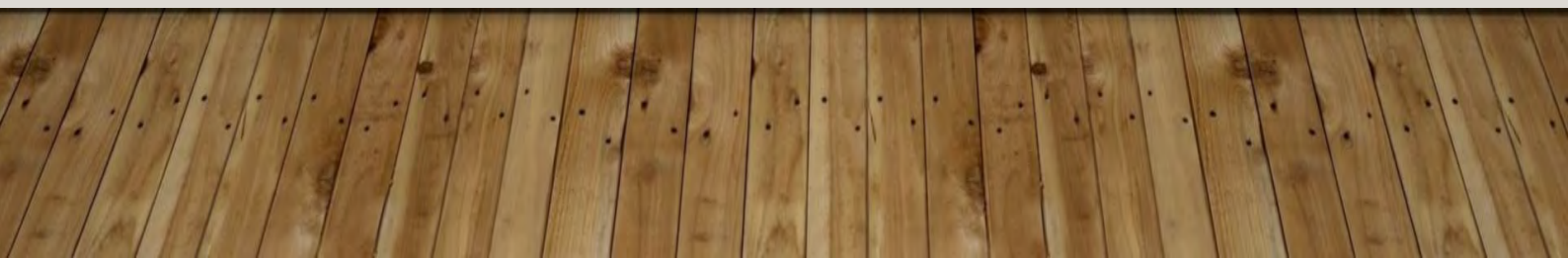
Another Dover resident who seemingly demonstrated his devotion to a particular saint was William Waren (1506). For in addition to seeking burial in the Lady Chapel before her image in St Peter's church, he gave 200 lbs of lead to repair the chapel after his burial and a similar amount of lead to the church more generally. It is not clear exactly where this was to be used, but potentially included some work on the roof. Such repair work would have been of



considerable practical benefit, yet it is possible that Waren was aware of the symbolism of the church roof, for, as Bishop William Durand had explained in the late 13th century, as well as keeping off the rain, the roof kept out the Church's enemies. Waren, too, wanted a temporary chantry of a year, the priest celebrating in the Lady Chapel for his soul, that of his wife, his children, his good friends and all the departed faithful. The latter brings in the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy in the form of burying the dead, and he extended his charitable giving to the distribution of wheat bread to the poor on the day of his burial and a month later, the month's mind. As someone who held land in the Calais Pale, his interests extended well beyond Dover, but his will suggests that with respect to his sense of belonging that was rooted in St Peter's parish and Dover more broadly.

Even though John Colley (1513) lived in Biggin Street, his family seems to have come from outside the town and he himself had lands and tenements in Deal. So no, not an 'alien' from overseas, but still someone for whom belonging was something that had apparently developed over time. As a result, he was comfortable in asking to be buried in the body (nave) of St James' church before the Rood and this proximity to the image of Christ's sacrifice for the human race placed him at an important point in the church's lay space. Yet interestingly, albeit he gave the very sizeable sum of 6s 8d to the high altar, he bequeathed nothing for the lights, images or other altars there and his only other parochial gift was a reversionary bequest of 10 marks for the parishioners to buy an ornament of their choice for the church.

These wills have provided a snapshot concerning the pious bequests of a few testators from Dover and how this may help us to understand about late medieval lay piety. In addition, in a society which was far more mobile than we often believe, it equally may provide a few insights into ideas about belonging, as well as highlighting an understanding of the need for community, and one that was based in the parish church. Not that we should see this through rose-tinted spectacles, a cosy society under a romantic gloss but equally not a 'horrible history' parody either, however much fun that may be. Instead, it is more a matter of careful reading, while at the same time always remembering that 'The past is a foreign country. They do things differently there' (L. P. Hartley, 1953).



CREATIVE WRITING PROMPTS FOR DOVER WHITE CLIFFS 2

SONIA OVERALL

Cryptic object

Find a strange manmade object or structure on the site.



Invent a fictional use and backstory for your object or structure.

- Who made it, and why?
- Who used it?
- Why did they stop?
- What might happen if it was taken away?

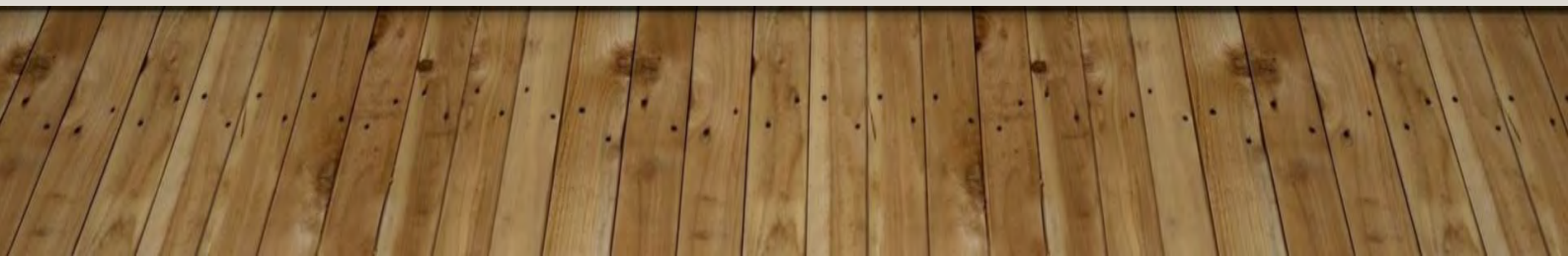


Invent a fictional use and backstory for your object or structure.

- Who made it, and why?
- Who used it?
- Why did they stop?
- What might happen if it was taken away?



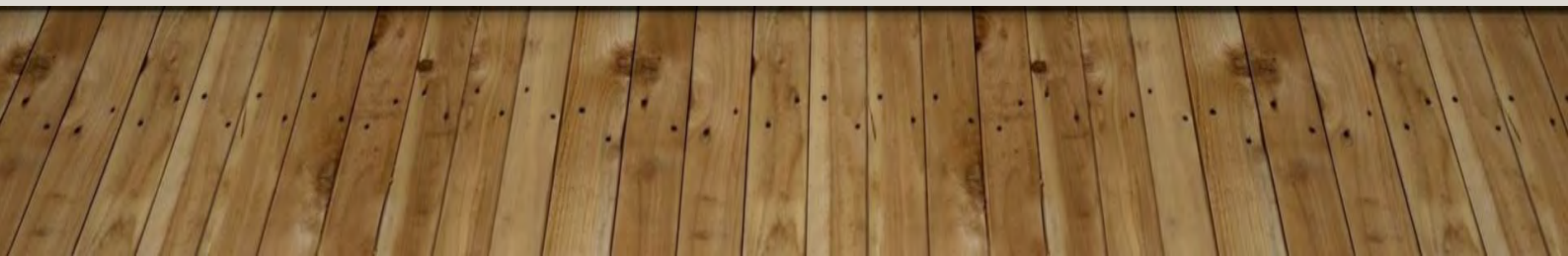
This prompt is especially suited to writing mysteries, adventures, historical or ghost stories.



ROMANTIC DOVER: WOMEN TRAVELLING THE ENGLISH CHANNEL 1789-1815

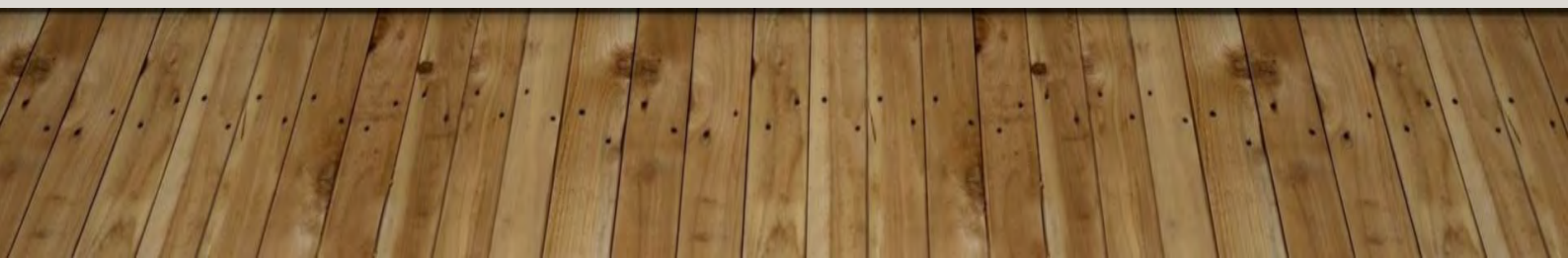
SUSAN CIVALE

It would be easy to assume that no one was crossing the Channel during the 26 years that comprised the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars (1789-1815), a period that is part of the so-called 'Romantic' era of literature. Certainly, it is true that the English Channel was a military frontier at the centre of the confrontation between England and France in these years, and that travel was restricted except for emigrants, spies, and prisoners of war. Moreover, the dangers of making the journey at this time meant that few people even desired to cross the Channel in the first place. But despite all this, several intrepid Romantic women writers sailed via Dover to cross the Channel between 1789 and 1815, and all of these women – including Frances Burney, Mary Robinson, Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Shelley, and Dorothy Wordsworth—lived to write about the experience in their journals, diaries, letters, poems, novels, and memoirs. So why did these women cross the Channel in a time of revolution and war? And what is significant about the ways that they wrote about their journeys? In what follows I'll offer a brief window into the writings of two of these women as a way into thinking about how Romantic women wrote about their travels via Dover during this time.



It should be noted that making the journey at this time can in itself be seen to be contrary to gender norms that dictated women's place as being in the domestic sphere, and that held female identities as contingent and static. And yet these women were motivated to make such a dangerous trip on account of their relationships and relational identities as lovers, sisters, mothers, and wives. This tension can be seen in their writings, where the geopolitical stakes of their travels frequently take a backseat to more personal concerns. The obvious dangers of European travel in a time of revolution and war are often subsumed by a preoccupation with their own private lives, as their writings trace a movement between places that becomes the implicit framework for a transition between identities: frontiers of a different kind. Their writings often figure this transition through a description of the landscape itself—of Dover, of Calais, and of course, of the sea that lies between these towns.

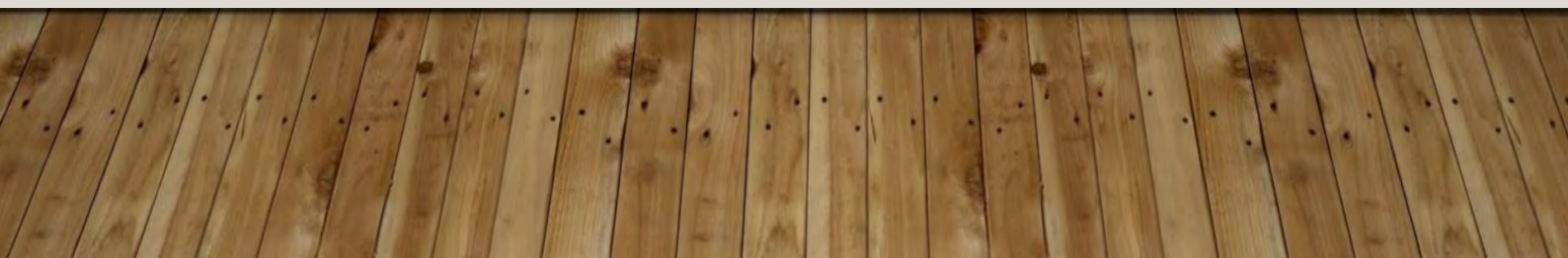
The transition can be seen in the sixteen-year-old Mary Godwin's (she was not yet Mary Shelley!) 1814 elopement to the Continent with the twenty-one-year-old and already married poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, with whom she had fallen in love. For Percy and Mary, the dangers of an unprotected passage from Dover to war-torn France paled in comparison to the fears of being pursued, caught, and forcibly separated by their parents. Dover, by contrast, symbolises the freedom to be together and to abandon obligations to family, marriage, and/or propriety. Percy Shelley wrote in his journal on the eve of their departure: 'How dreadful did this time appear; it seemed that we trifled with life and hope; a few minutes passed; she was in my arms—we were safe; we were on our road to Dover'. Despite a thunderstorm that nearly capsized their boat, Mary figures her arrival on the French coast as a rebirth and a new beginning: 'As we entered the harbor I awoke from a comfortless sleep, and saw the sun rise broad, red, and cloudless over the pier'. Traveling across the Channel marks a frontier crossing not only physically but also personally, a transition from one identity to another, and a move toward independence, freedom, and love.



The view across the Channel also features in the diary entries of Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister of the Romantic poet William Wordsworth. Accompanying her brother to Calais in July 1802 in order to break off his relationship with his former lover Annette Vallon, and to meet for the first—and last—time the daughter she had borne him, Dorothy reflects upon the journey through her description of the seascape:

And we had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star and the glory of the sky, the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands [...] Nothing in romance was ever half so beautiful. Now came in view, as the evening star sunk down, and the colours of the west faded away, the two lights of England, lighted up by Englishmen in our country to warn vessels off rocks or sands. These we used to see from the pier, when we could see no other distant objects but the clouds, the sky, and the sea itself—all was dark behind. The town of Calais seemed deserted of the light of heaven, but there was always light, and life, and joy upon the sea.

Majestic along the English coast, Dover is illuminated first by the natural reflection of the starlight from the water, and then by the manmade light of the 'Englishmen' on the coast. It contrasts with the darkness of Calais which seems—perhaps because of a decade of death and destruction caused by France—to have forgone God's grace. Dorothy goes on in this entry to focus on one hot, calm night in particular, recalling the sea on that occasion as a gloomy black expanse 'streaked with lightening'. Dorothy describes the beautiful display of light and water at length before giving a short final sentence that indicates its emotional significance: 'Caroline was delighted'. The statement reveals her ten-year-old niece Caroline beside her, and the wonder of Dorothy's account may be in part due to imagining it through the eyes of the young girl, a child who she will never see again. The happiness in this shared moment is fleeting and transient, laden with the painful anticipation of imminent separation.



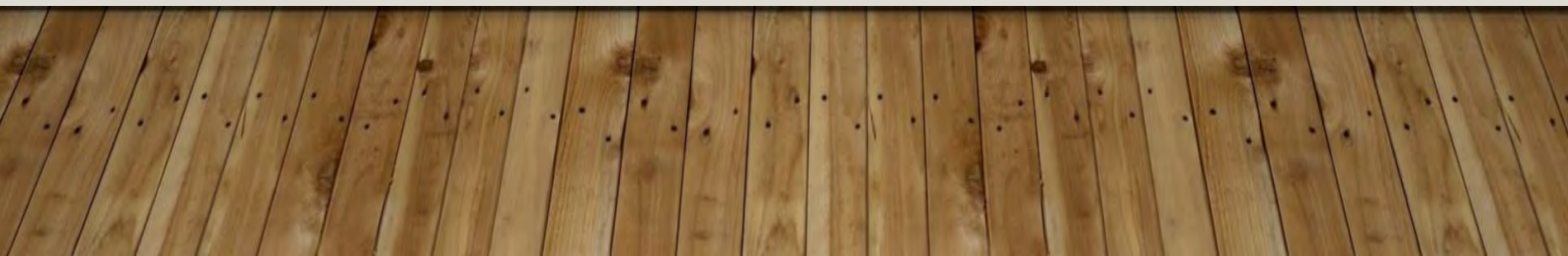
The written accounts of Dover and the Channel crossing of both Shelley and Wordsworth—as well as several of their female contemporaries—reflect a set of common themes, around selfhood and identity, relationships and relationality, movement, travel, landscape, and the idea of ‘home’. These women were bold in making this journey in a time of war and revolution, political upheaval, and personal anxiety, but they didn’t travel alone: their travels were with loved ones and their writings were often dominated by concerns about love and family relationships. The records these women have left are both personal and political, showing a unique thread within travel writing in the period that deserves a place in our understanding of Dover, of international travel, and of women’s contributions to literature in the Romantic period.

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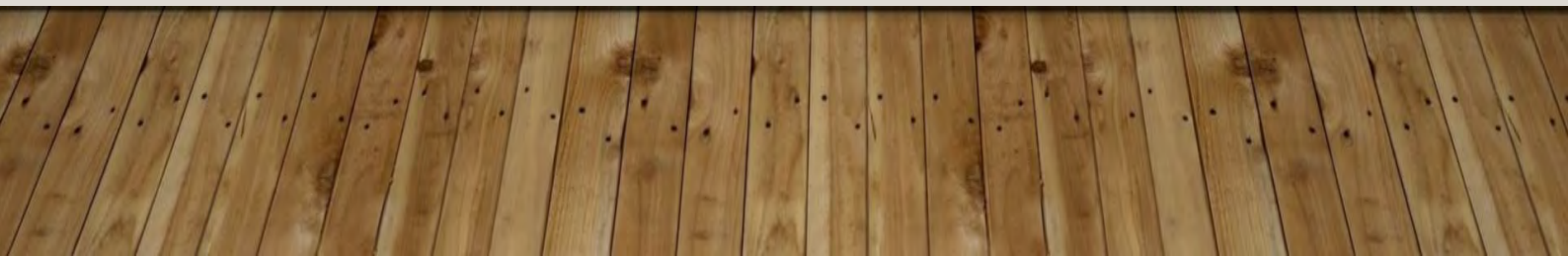


PODCAST LECTURE DICKENS AND THE DOVER ROAD: LEARNING WHAT YOU DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW.

CAROLYN OULTON

When one of Dickens's more eccentric characters in *Little Dorrit* proclaims for no obvious reason, 'There's mile-stones on the Dover road!', the incongruity of the statement encourages us to disregard it. But the road between London and Kent features repeatedly in Dickens's work. It is particularly significant for two adolescent characters, David Copperfield and Pip Pirrip, who know more than they feel they should about the adult world. In the nineteenth century, purity was routinely aligned with the feminine ideal. So why does Dickens associate these feelings of guilt with male characters – and what are they trying to tell us?

<https://www.canterbury.ac.uk/arts-humanities-and-education/events/2021/lecture-5-recording.aspx>



DE RIVE – A PSYCHOGEOGRAPHICAL WALK ALONG THE DOUR

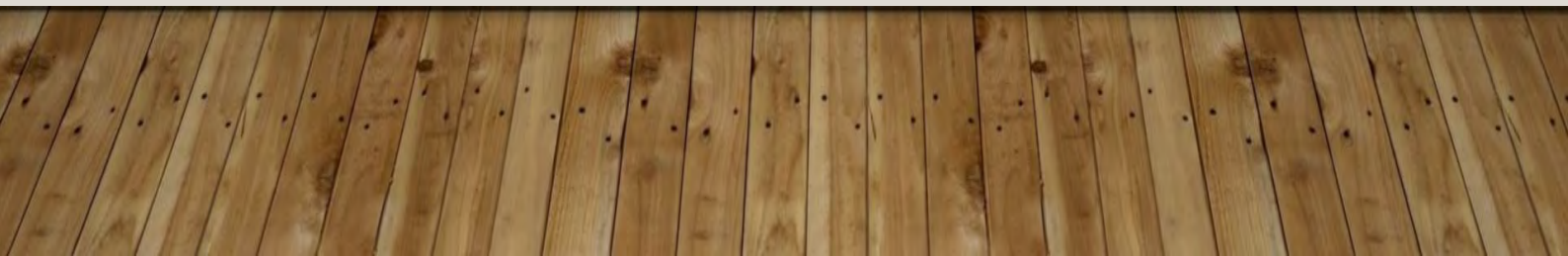
CAROLINE MILLAR

To see and know a place is a contemplative act. It means emptying our minds and letting what is there, in all its multiplicity and endless variety, come in.

- Gretel Ehrlich, 'Introduction', *Legacy of Light* (1987)

There is a simplicity and a self-sufficiency to walking. When I walk, I am responsible for myself alone and for the things I carry. I am particularly drawn to walking in places that are neither resolutely here nor definitely there but somewhere in between. To the less known, the less circumscribed, the 'off the beaten track'. I am also drawn to places which do not offer themselves up easily, to places you might drive through to get somewhere else, to the wrong side of town. Walking offers an openness to experience, to unplanned meetings, obstacles, invitations. Another word for this kind of walking is psychogeography.

The term was first coined in the 1950s by Guy Debord of the 'Situationist International' (SI), a group of mostly Paris-based writers and philosophers who sought to study 'the specific effects of the geographical environment consciously organised or not, on the emotions and behaviour of individuals.' I am in many ways a reluctant or accidental psychogeographer, but I have long been interested in sense of place and its impact on the individual. Why are we drawn to some places rather than others? What does place have to tell us? And how we might listen to it?



When I walk, like the sprockets running along the edge of 35mm film stock, sensory moments, objects, memories, echoes flicker at the edge of my vision constantly drawing my attention away from the centre and the path. In the words of the SI manifesto, walkers inclined to a psychogeographic bent are encouraged to 'become aware of the fissures in the urban network...microclimates...administrative districts...the dominating action of centers of attraction.' The late, great W.G. Sebald puts it better: 'If you are travelling along the road and things come in from the sides to offer themselves, then you're going in the right direction. If nothing comes, you are barking up the wrong tree.'

What follows is a selection of these random moments and observations made during a walk along the River Dour trail from the village of Temple Ewell to Dover's Wellington Docks in Spring 2022.



I begin at Brookside, where the Dour's natural course is diverted through concrete channels, before disappearing under the village streets. I think of a different Brookside, of Trevor Jordache buried underneath the patio and television's first lesbian kiss. But the sound of water draws me onwards and I follow the signs to find the river.

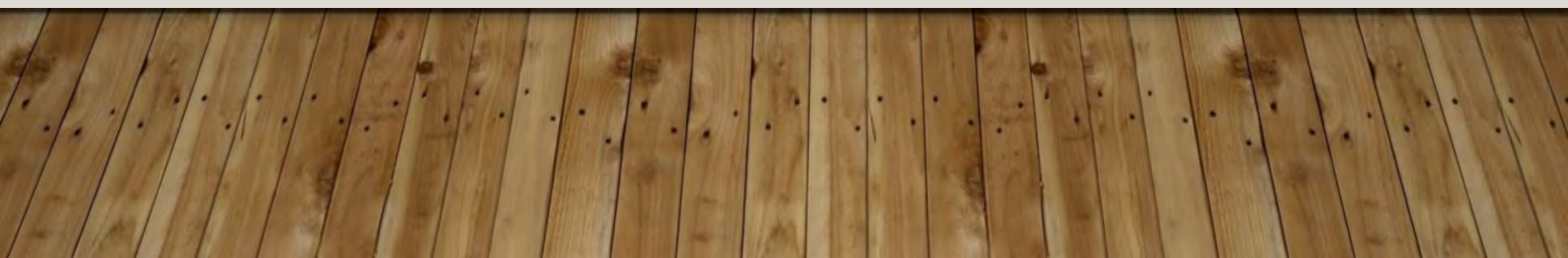
It appears again on Lower Road, where, looking up, I spot a banner advertising a local scaffolding company. The banner is illustrated with a line drawing of a centurion's helmet. The rumblings of psychogeography have begun early. From naming the river (Dour is a Roman word) to developing the harbour, from building the Roman road to London (Watling Street), to gifting the town England's only remaining Roman lighthouse, Roman influence on the town is still felt and this scaffolding an early sign that this walk will be both a horizontal movement **across** the landscape and a vertical descent **into** its past.



From Brookside to Dour Side. I am drawn forward by street names, where words carry their own poetry and always mean more than they say.* At Dour Side, on the boundary between the parishes of River and Crabble, the river widens out in the valley bottom and the hills of the North Downs rise up steeply. The deeply wooded hillside is just how I imagine the Alps, though I've never been. A glimpse of an A-frame roof, built into the hill, becomes for a



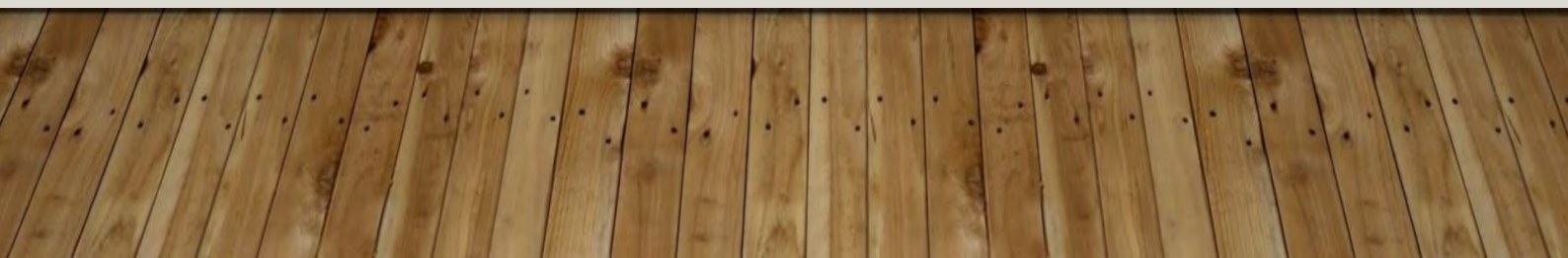
* *dour*: Of a person, a person's disposition or behaviour, etc. characterized by taciturnity, pessimism, or morose humourlessness. Also of a person's appearance: sullen, gloom. 'Alas! there's naething left but cracklin' lips, Heidaches, an' lowin' drouth, an' dour reflections.' J. Ogg *Glints i' Gloamin*, (1891).



moment a Swiss chalet peeping through the conifers. A cuckoo calls in the trees and I remember the gift of a cuckoo clock brought back from my one of my grandparents' coach trips. This glimpse of the Alps also reminds me of singing *Edelweiss* with a group of elderly folk at Age UK in Dover (may you bloom and grow, bloom and grow forever). Another favourite was Louis Armstrong's *What a Wonderful World*. As we sang, we threw pink confetti in the air to mimic the falling cherry blossoms.



I reach the site of Crabble Corn Mill, where things are turned upside down. I should have expected to see a mill alongside the river, but here on this unprepossessing street, you would expect a ruin, something half demolished, graffitied and grown over with weeds. But, there is a 'Welcome' sign on the door, so mask on, I step inside. It is one of those moments when my faith in the world is (briefly) restored. Inside, a cosy bar, tablecloth settings, red napkins, old sepia photographs of the mill and a volunteer offering guided tours and demonstrations. I do not have time for the tour, but I get one anyway. He tells me about the history of the mill. He shows me how the grain is still ground by an ancient quern stone. He shows photographs, offers recipes and tell me more than I'll ever remember. I leave with a bag of flour and instructions on how to make it rise (sparkling not tap water).



From Crabble Road to London Road, a street of car washes and takeaways and buses rushing past in their hurry to reach the centre. Even they seem to avoid this periphery. I feel a subtle change in atmosphere as I cross the river. Letting a place unfold at the rhythm of the footstep encourages us to experience it differently. Merlin Coverley suggests one of the aims of psychogeography is to 'overcome the process of "banalisation" by which the everyday experience of our surroundings becomes one of drab monotony.' I wonder if banalisation shares a root with 'banlieue', the French word for suburbs, a place derided as 'in between' and I think about how walking and writing share this same desire to break through our conventional ways of seeing the world 'that one may recover the sensation of life...to make one feel things, to make the stone stony.'



I wander up a small alleyway and come across Dory from *Finding Nemo*. Like the cut-out rainbows, now sun bleached and peeling off front windows and patio doors, Nemo is a sharp reminder that the world is still out of kilter. If we just keep swimming, everything will be alright in the end. Not swimming but walking, I enter the churchyard of St Peter and St Paul, Charlton Green and cross a boundary from the parish of Buckland into the parish of Charlton. Before setting off, I thought of Dover simply in terms of the town centre, a place I knew through visits to the castle and seafront, but this trail passes through the villages of Temple Ewell, Kearsney, River, Crabble, Buckland, Barton and Charlton before even reaching Dover. Each of these villages has its own parish church, exhibits different subtleties in the types and architecture of its building, has its own pubs (many of which were coaching inns on the road to London), bridges and water crossings, roads and paths that follow the contours of the river valley, each has its own sense of place.



At St Peter and St Paul, the old churchyard is now an open space crisscrossed by footpaths and desire lines across the grass. In the corner, a broken tombstone remembers local boy Albert Mummery killed by an avalanche in the Himalayas. The story goes that after the sudden death of his father, he and his older brother were sent to the Alps for a recuperative holiday where Albert discovered a passion for climbing.

At the junction with Bridge Street, the river disappears under the car park of Castleton Shopping Centre. This shopping centre, is not the centre at all but a place designed for wheels, not feet, making me think of Los Angeles, where out of town malls and barn-sized outlets have killed off the city's downtown, leaving behind a heritage zone full of old ghosts. Drive, park, stamp your loyalty card, fill your boot, drive home, unpack, repeat. This is shopping as a transaction. It is easy to be nostalgic for an imagined past, yet I imagine it anyway, entering George Fox's Bakers and sweet shop on Queen Street, the air heavy with the intoxication of sugar, the tang of aniseed, the warmth of licorice. I feel the weight of the paper bag in my hand and reach in to pluck out one of the jewel-like twists of boiled sugar filling my mouth with sweetness.

I wonder what lies beneath the tarmac here (an iron foundry which once made



manhole covers and streetlamps, the outline of ditches dug during the Iron Age, the remains of a town gallows, bone fragments from Roman burials...) and the river still flowing beneath. On the pub sign opposite, Louis Armstrong still blows his trumpet, still insists on the wonder of the world, a reminder perhaps to resist everyday banality and keep finding trees to bark up.

To walk the River Dour Trail, begin in the village of Temple Ewell and follow the signposts all the way to Wellington Dock.

Paper copies of the walk route and map available from White Cliffs Countryside Project. All photographs the author's own.

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Further reading:

<https://www.ccmt.org.uk>

<https://doverhistorian.com>

<https://www.whitecliffscountry.org.uk>

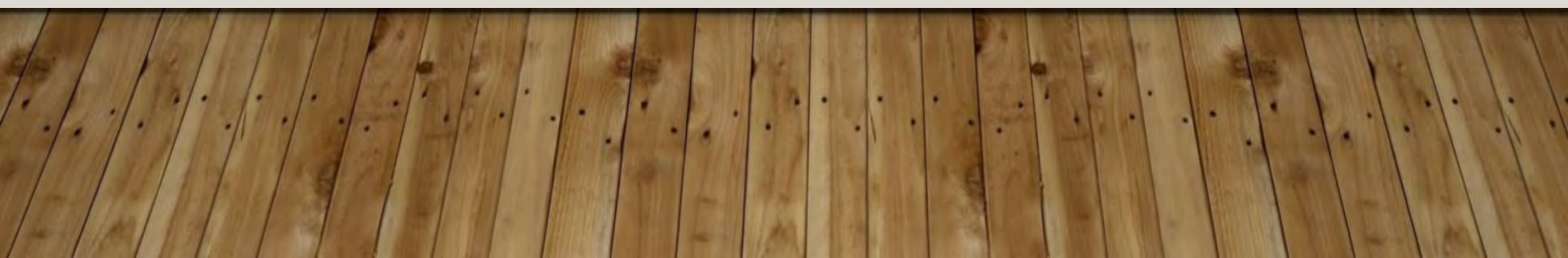
<http://www.discoverthedour.org/walks-on-the-dour.html>

PODCAST LECTURE: THE SECRET SOVIET MAPPING OF DOVER

ALEX KENT

There has hardly been a greater demonstration of the 'afterlife' of maps than those produced in secrecy by the General Staff of the Soviet Union as they emerged from the collapse of the USSR. They have since been used in a range of contexts, from supporting the US invasion of Afghanistan in 2001 to art exhibitions. The full extent of the Soviet global military mapping project is yet to be revealed and only limited information has been gleaned from studies of the maps themselves (e.g., Davies and Kent, 2017). Today, however, their appeal transcends their value as historical documents. Soviet military maps present an unrealised vision of the world to the Western imagination – an unthinkable prospect to the cartographers who made them during the Cold War. This short paper outlines the Soviet military global mapping project and focuses on the city plan of Dover (UK) – a town local to the author – to offer a personal view of how Soviet military maps may be regarded as supreme examples of cartographic design with an enduring power to change how we see familiar places and landscapes.

Kent Maps Online https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nFR9k1s_riw



CREATIVE WRITING PROMPTS FOR DOVER WHITE CLIFFS 3

SONIA OVERALL

Path lines

Find a place where several paths meet and crossover.



Draw the line of the paths in your notebook or on a sheet of paper – just a simple pencil sketch.

Make notes about what you can see, smell and hear while standing in this spot.

Using your notes, write fragments of description or lines of poetry, using the path lines as a guide. Make each line as long as its path. What happens when the paths meet?

Keep your piece as a map poem or write out your lines again and expand them into a longer piece.

This prompt is useful for creating sensory description, site-specific writing and poetry.

CONTRIBUTORS



Claire Bartram is Senior Lecturer in Early Modern Literature and Co-director of the Centre for Kent History and Heritage at CCCU. Recent publications include an edited collection of essays on *Kentish Book Culture: Writers, Archives, Libraries and Sociability c.1400-1660* (Lang 2021).

Susan Civile is Senior Lecturer in Romanticism at Canterbury Christ Church University. Her research interests lie in women's writing of the long nineteenth century, life writing, the 'afterlives' of authors and texts, and gothic literature.

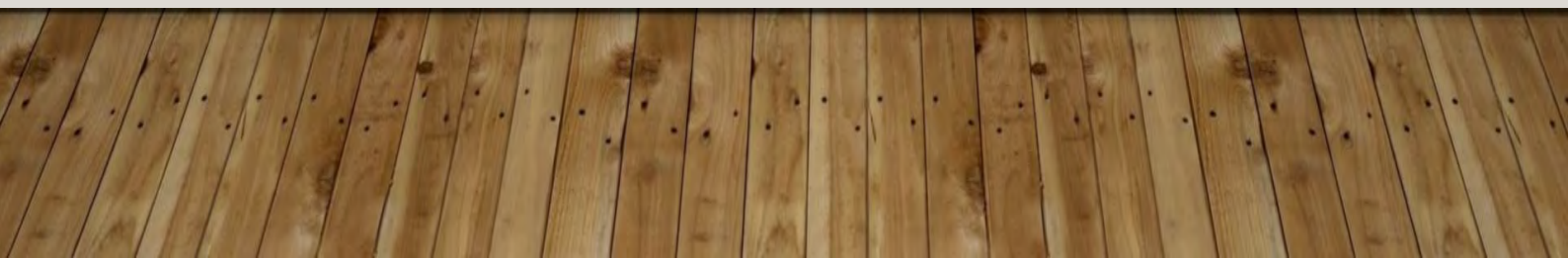
Alex Kent is a Reader in Cartography and Geographic Information Science at CCCU. Publications include: *The Red Atlas* (University of Chicago Press) and *The Routledge Handbook of Mapping and Cartography*. He is currently Editor-in-Chief of *The Cartographic Journal* and among other roles is President of the British Cartographic Society.

Caroline Millar is completing a PhD at the Centre for Creative Writing, University of Kent. Her work has been published in *The Guardian*, *Elsewhere: A Journal of Place*, *The New Writer*, *Poetry News* and *Litmus*. She is currently working on (Un)Used Spaces, an interdisciplinary project funded by Creative Estuary and teaches as an Associate Lecturer at Canterbury Christ Church University.

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Sonia Overall is a writer, psychogeographer and academic. Her published work includes novels, poetry, short stories, academic articles and features, many of which explore place, aspects of the weird and experimental forms. Her latest books are the hybrid memoir *Heavy Time* (2021) and forthcoming novel *Eden* (July 2022).

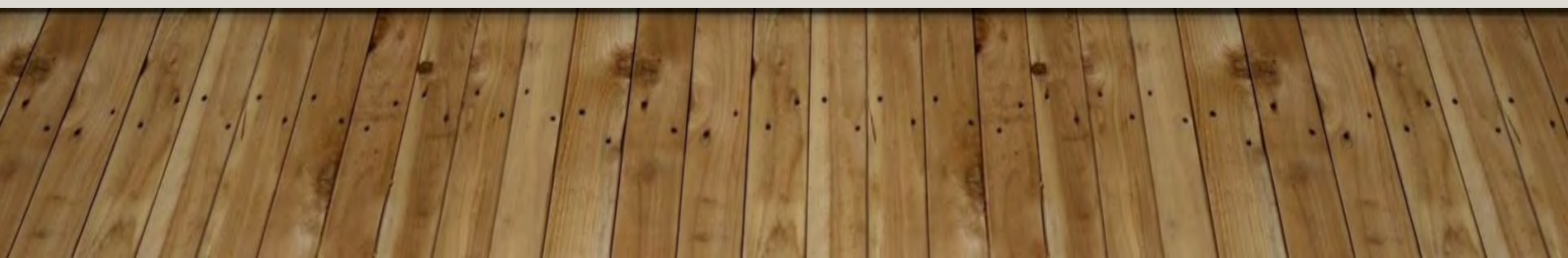
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We are also grateful to Dr Mark Connelly at Kent University for inviting the CKHH team to share his IHR event. <https://www.history.ac.uk/our-century/centenary-events/kent-britains-gateway-world>





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