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LEA VALLEY DRIFT
Oliver Froome-Lewis & Chloe Street
BEYOND THE OLYMPIC PARK
Oliver Froome-Lewis
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Chloe is a key researcher at 'Touching the City' and is also researching and developing the Lea Valley Drift project with LLDC. She is an Architect and Lecturer in Architecture at Kent School of Architecture, UK.

"Objects in a path determine motion and interaction." 
seth cluett

"A journey implies a destination, so many miles to be consumed, while a walk is its own measure, complete at every point along the way." 
francis alys

"Every journey conceals another journey within its lines: the path not taken and the forgotten angle. These are journeys I wish to record. Not the ones I made, but the ones I might have made, or perhaps did make in some other place or time."
jeanette winterson

"Objects carry both ideas and passions."
sherry turkle

"The value of minor public spaces in the area and widening participation. City and Olympic authorities necessarily highlight the area as a limitless opportunity and resource, raising awareness and interest in the general population, while reassuring locals that"

Prelude - Touching the City
This project contributes to our design research unit "Touching the City," which investigates the ways we interact with the city, observing the public realm and exploring our relationships with the unremarkable spaces we use and inhabit every day. The project is focussed on the lower Lea Valley, a location at an important juncture in its geographic history, and a fascinating condenser of voices prioritising the past or the future.

We are exploring the Lea Valley with the objective of revealing the
Mid-winter 2012. 7.30am. CSA fieldwork in Hungary. We are running across the Chain Bridge in Budapest. It is chilly, -17, and people - there are one or two about - are looking at us rather strangely. It is not really the done thing. An empty tram glides by on a cushion of powder snow, its driver motionless in the cab. His extravagant moustache quivering.

* * *

Spring 2012. 9.00am. There is rain at the Emirates Cable Car Station on the north bank of the Thames when we meet a few weeks later to test ourselves again, this time endurance walking the Lea Valley. It rains quite frequently in this part of London. Earlier we had seen the whole of the city laid out from the gently oscillating cabin of the cable car. Sunlight and trivial clouds except for the valley ahead where a dark smudge all but obscured the view to the Olympic Park far to the north. Rain, rain, rain, more rain.

The dock; dark, deep and restless shrugs off waterskiers and other insignificant vessels. It is a monumental waste. And it is impossible for it to be otherwise. Prior essential function lost, the human and material costs of excavation haunt us. We moved its freight downstream. At Excel the high level dock bridge affords an unexpected view. Planes dip to land at the airport beyond between pulsing golden necklaces of light.

The prospects for their future happiness and comfort remain credible. Meanwhile, fierce lobbying for the preservation of these local communities, for the retention of amenities such as allotments and football pitches and demands for the respect of relics of infinite variety, from sewage works to Berlin tram cars, has kept many activists, writers and local people focussed on ancient rights and past lives. The Olympic project has tended to unintentionally consolidate these positions, whilst at the same time creating opportunities for energies to be invested in alternative ways of shaping the future of the area. The narrative above draws on a number of months of endurance walking, researching and reflecting on the multiple guises of the present valley, presented as a ‘snapshot’ in time. During the autumn of 2012 we developed this research into a mapping project, which was selected as part of the “Emerging East” programme, presented as a ‘snapshot’ in time. During the autumn of 2012 we developed this research into a mapping project, which was selected as part of the “Emerging East” programme, funded by the newly formed London Legacy Development Corporation to “deliver projects that showcase the quality of design within existing communities around the park”. We have since been developing a series of maps and routes in collaboration with the LLDC, as part of the wider preparations for the opening of the northern section of the Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park.

Pre-conditioning

What were our expectations commencing such a walk? Parts were already familiar. We had crossed the area variously by car and rail, seen it through documentary, news and fictional programmes on the small screen. We were also conditioned by histories of the city, knowledge of new infrastructure projects, restaurant and cafe reviews, reports of possible happy or disastrous futures, personal encounters, maps and guides. At the time, there was also a frenzy of activity and expenditure behind the blue fence of the Olympic Park. Media, bulldozers, McDonald’s, allotments, medals, more bulldozers, TV and the unexpected absences and presences of tickets.

Lea, Lee

The River Lea and the Lee Navigation run parallel to one another. Valleys being formed by rivers we have adopted ‘Lea Valley’. Lea and Lee are used variously in the area.
the Olympics. A last pylon stands sentinel marking the point where the cables descend. They slide back to the surface, beyond the park, blinking. Leamouth; levelled sites awaiting development, and a bridge to Canning Town. And the former Pura vegetable oil refinery peninsula, rapeseed from Essex, once destined to become an Italian Hill Town, (gated community), awaits its first Olive Tree.

Whilst our priorities differ slightly, a heart-stopping block of chocolate brownie or a handful of seeds, lingering at the pond dipping gate or admiring an abandoned brandy bottle beneath the A13 flyover… We concur on the peculiarity of an expansive landscape built upon with such lack of visual consequence but charged with traces of lives unseen. They tug at in our consciousness, demanding appreciation.

Fresh air, discordant sounds; the rumble of trains, whoosh of cars on their way to the Woolwich Ferry or Canning Town, a jungle of thrown-together forms and inhabitations, a stray dog, the gentle fall of light. Across the river the deserted skywalk of the Millennium Dome is silhouetted against the sky. A skinny cobalt caterpillar scaling a bleached leaf.

East India Docks offers another approach to surplus water. An inner city salt marsh with bird hides. Perhaps an important stop off for those necessarily migrating outside the holiday season. Purpose made floating islands, ideal for nesting, their grey stones nicely camouflaging both sitter and guardian. There are only two islands, however, about two meters square each. Perhaps the flight path to the city airport and a vast bird colony are not really compatible? Though the dock provides an identity and amenity to neighboring apartment developments, human nesting, close by. Iron-bird one, Grey Wagtail nest elsewhere, please.

More specifically we were conditioned by previous walk based projects, carried out through our wider design research unit ‘Touching the City’, which occupy genres of ‘found place’ and ‘off site practices’. We recalled artists, photographers and filmmakers such as Francis Alÿs, Anna Best and Tacita Dean, who specialise in transforming understanding and experience of found places and happenings. And theorists such as Jane Rendell who link practices and cross boundaries between writing, theorising, making, film, performance art and architecture. And, in any project related to walking, it is impossible to ignore the influence of literary history: William Blake, Arthur Machen, Poe, Baudelaire, Benjamin’s ‘flaneur’. Not to mention the mystic powers of Surrealism and the incarnation of ‘psychogeography’; Guy Debord and the founding of the Situationist International; Iain Sinclair’s rather dry take on Deleuze’s ‘place’. Added to this, the academic cohort of contributors supporting an experience based analysis of the Everyday in the city, including: Henri Lefebvre, Michel de Certeau, and Richard Sennett could seriously delay an actual departure.

And yet, standing, getting soggy, all this prior knowledge was overwritten and channelled by the indisputable force of present reality, the eternal present, and the unique genius loci of a terrain in rapid transition.

Way Finding

Once we set off these preconceptions were given order by the narrative of experience. Our navigational approach was simple – the river was to be our guiding force. Starting at the mouth of the River, we tracked as closely as we could to the banks of the Lea (navigation). Reaching the environs of Trinity Buoy Wharf, we were in familiar territory; the fluctuations of ownership and intentions in this area have offered a fertile test-bed for architecture students for a decade and provided the locations for many student briefs. Co-walking enthusiast Ralph Ward was following a parallel agenda and we shared and compared our experiences. Having worked previously as Regeneration Advisor for the route from fresh spring to tidal delta forming a metaphorical parallel to a human life.
Close-by the roundabout to the Lower Lea Crossing sports an engaging sculpture. It could be a joyful dancer but appears as a urinating man from our viewing angle. And what lies inside the central fronded jungle?

We shadow the Lea briefly. A broad path, brick paved, surely worth following, begs for friendly arm linking, ruby slippers and a jaunty step, but is actually sparsely populated by perforated steel benches. These are scorched, in the Lea tradition of ‘ordeal to street furniture by fire’, or, perhaps, they have been sites to improvised midnight barbecues? Sausages and charcoal are helpfully and appropriately available from Esso’s ‘On the Run’ convenience store close by. The inflated pay booth is clad in false plastic brickwork, ‘On the Cheap’. Advertisements proliferate as we approach; unwrap gold (Cadbury); open your world (Heineken).

Bow Creek Ecology Park lies opposite. A luxuriant emerald habitat beyond the burnt steel. We exhale amidst the mature planting, recall trying the little theatre beneath the DLR with Yves, Rafat and Kyveli and gaze at the beautiful pond which is equally suited to mini-beast dipping or the recreation of Millais’ Ophelia. But has perhaps witnessed neither for a while.

Dragons fly.

The A13 makes a substantial blockage to further progress north. Various initiatives to cross and circumnavigate the river, to a position where the road has ‘flown over’ and can be passed beneath or to force a passage to Canning Town, the Jubilee Line and lunch in Mayfair intertwine. Plenty of galvanized, triple pointed fencing tries to make sense of access. A scary elevated meshed passage.

'Olympics and Thames Gateway at the Department of Communities and Local Government, Ralph was keen to find a way of connecting the under-valued historical and ecological points of interest in the Lea Valley, by forming an association of key members including: The Robin, Trinity Buoy Wharf, The Three Mills Trust, and further north, the Walthamstow Transport Museum. All of these attractions lie within close proximity to the River Lea, yet the physical and conceptual drives for the creation of a continuous riverside route remain incomplete along its lower stretches.

The “Lea Valley Walk” is one example of the on-going endeavour to realise the public amenity of the riverside. This way-marked route of 50 miles, opened in 1993, originating at the source of the River Lea in Luton, and ending in London. It is one of the six London Mayor’s strategic network of walking routes covered by Ordnance Survey Explorer 162.174.182.193 Landranger 166.177. The last section of the way-marked route down to the Thames was added in 2000, though parts of this have been out of use during the Olympic Park development. Significantly, “Anyone hoping to walk from the north end of the park to the Thames needs to be both determined and fearless.”

"In a dérive one or more persons during a certain period drop their relations, their work and leisure activities, and all their other usual motives for movement and action, and let themselves be drawn by the attractions of the terrain and the encounters they find there."

Drift, dérive: "Anyone hoping to walk from the north end of the park to the Thames needs to be both determined and fearless." 10 ellis woodman "this last leg diverts down the Limehouse Cut at Bromley-by-Bow to end the walk at Limehouse Basin, thereby missing out the mouth of the River Lea itself, the point where it finally meets the Thames. More ambitious plans for riverside transit are in progress in the form of the ‘Fatwalk’. This Olympic Legacy project is extending the green parkland of the upper Lea Valley, in a southerly direction from the Olympic Park to the River Thames, forming a continuous public route along these inner city riverbanks. The LLDC is working with architects ‘5th Studio’ to open up the edges of this river corridor and enhance public use.

While a continuous riverside route remains the ambition, the reality on the ground is unrealised. Segments of path currently stop and start abruptly and you are forced to navigate your way through the industrial or residential hinterlands to either...
More Harlem than (Tower) Hamlets. A dark passage beneath where today we find half a lemon amongst the neatly left Super Strength cans and butts. And, just beyond, we are surprised by the Olympic Park, not the geographical park, but the physical content, the park soil, scoured and stacked high in white bags.

Potential here for an event. This installation could be named ‘ice floe’ and a sound track of arctic wasteland added. A quick search, type in ‘Arctic Soundtrack’, ‘Falling aStreep: Pieces of the bears’ sounds suitable. (https://soundcloud.com/falling-astreep). Sit atop with a friend, a thermos of hot chocolate and a lion bar perhaps. An urban picnic. It is only seven thousand years since the last ice flow passed by and two thousand since Romans tramped the A13 to their Colchester garrison, in steaming leather, to be rewarded with cold wheat meal porridge.

At the Log Cabin Café we are told of (Red Indian?) raids and warned to keep our cameras out of sight. There have been parking problems since the greening of the bus depot, yes, a mini-wind turbine is visible over the rooftops of neighboring light industrial units, and bus drivers are being encouraged not to drive to work. They have to park further away making it more difficult for passing wagons to draw up for an ‘egg banjo’. Perhaps this ‘Frontier’ Log Cabin will establish a dialogue with the new Olympic Park Timber Lodge?

Crossing the river at Twelve Trees reveals Canary Wharf beyond, near in miles and far in expense accounts. The long, straight, Limehouse Link. Don’t fall asleep at the helm.

Floating bird tubes; installed to encourage ‘greater nesting opportunities and increased hatchling survivability’ for Lea 1110
Post-industrial vision for the Lea Valley originated in Abercrombie’s Greater London Plan in 1944, where he identified its potential for regeneration. The park is 10,000 acres and 26 miles long, stretching across London, Essex and Hertfordshire, and is managed and developed by the “Lee Valley Regional Park Authority”, a statutory body set up in 1967 on the basis of a Civic Trust report supporting regeneration of the Valley and promotion of recreation and leisure. This Authority is also responsible for “regenerating derelict and neglected land into high quality public open spaces and wildlife habitats of ecological importance, as well as preserving the region’s historical value”. They state: “Our approach is to be community focused and commercially driven, to work with partners to produce a unique combination of activities, sights and experiences”. The Authority owns three of the Olympic 2012 venues, which it hopes to open for local community use, and is thus instrumental in the Legacy project.

Access to this terrain is encouraged by the prolific maps, guides and websites created by the many authorities in the area.

It is boldly portrayed: green and watery wonderlands, ecosystems brimming with life and tapestry-like landscapes richly studded with impressive industrial heritage. Potential visitors are encouraged to imagine entering the Lea Valley on smoothly operated public transport links, arriving at specified nodes where information boards, leaflets, maps, markers and facilities will give clear instructions as to exactly what is available to them. They can then traverse winding routes of enlightenment, educate themselves at a series of connected cultural events and visitor centres, freshen the stale air in their lungs, absorb sunlight and interact with nature.

In reality, this vision is best appreciated from afar. The green ribbon and expanses of water in the maps and guides are clearly visible, cutting through the city, as you fly over London to Berlin or Helsinki. However, such literature appears mostly concerned with the creation of a persuasive identity (An East London Eden), and less so with encouraging and guiding a successful live visit. Natural features are exaggerated by the foregrounding of the colours blue and green: the same green belongs to parks, marshes, football pitches and private embankments, the same blue indicates both the visible (the narrow river and the canal) and the invisible (the vast reservoirs). In fact the lower part of the river ‘drains’ at low tide revealing expansive mud flats.

The information included in these guides is often insufficient to fulfil their apparent purpose; the distances between places are distorted by the foreshortening effect of oblique aerial views, while attractions are compressed.
On to Abbey Mills Pumping Station, a reputed Victorian Pile. There is a new park, glimpsed in the press, on the way. A generous disc of perfect grass. Table tennis tables in use. The players don't really want us to record their combative pleasures. A circuit through housing, a startled and starving fox, occasional glimpses of the Orbit above the rooftops and eventually beneath the 'The Greenway' prior to climbing to join it. This route reveals that the Greenway is comprised of huge pipes that are part of London's sewage infrastructure. Whilst this major footpath is generally quiet a great deal is in transit beneath.

Originally known as The Cathedral of Sewage the pumping station generally aided sewage on its passage out of the city but could also discharge sewage into Abbey Creek in the event of an overload emergency. The outlets are visible from the Greenway, along with a neat row of park benches above. A slight aroma hangs on the air. Bats circle the tower.

Along Stratford High Street faded manufacturing headquarters and the Porsche showroom summarise the scarcely polarised nature of the old and the new.

Padding Mill Lane Station. A nexus of phased improvements. Dig, re dig, build, rebuild. The surface of the earth scoured away. 'Access maintained'. (OK!, come through...). Order emerging. Push your way through to the View Tube. Busy in its own way. A constant churn of visitors enjoying the view, what else?

Anna Minton is another journalist keen to alert the public to the dangers of commercial agendas in the redevelopment of east London, and the potential loss of control over public space. In her book 'Ground Control', she writes: She warns:

Shifting ground – re-prioritising the present

Disruption of familiar geographies always causes consternation. As late as the 1800s there were no maps of the city available to the general public. People relied on their mental maps, built up through experience and exploration, for navigation of London, relying on sight, smell and topography. Daniel Defoe’s 'A Journal of the Plague Year' charts in novelistic prose, the unravelling of familiar routes through the city of London in 1666 as the plague spreads its annihilation, blooding off known
Olympic anticipation turned to Olympic memories in a few days. Incredulity that it is going to be here, switched to incredulity that it was. Questioning of the fitness to become the world stage replaced with questioning of relevance as a local stage.

Poor lovely stadium. A resource like any theatre waiting for a good show, and hoping for an audience. White angel - steel saved, Red daemon - steel splurged. Along the gurgling Greenway towards Old Ford Locks. Past the Old Ford Water Recycling Plant which converted sewage to irrigation and to toilet flushing water for the Olympics ‘significantly reducing reliance on water treated to drinking standards’. ‘Old meets new and butterflies too’.

We descend to Fish Island (many streets named after freshwater fish). Passing the enticing London Centre for Book Arts. On to Old Ford Locks. A subdued version of the gallery quarter around the High Line in New York or the waning Mitte area in Berlin, it is less clear who is winning the ownership of this alternative identity opportunity. The Hackney Pearl cafe and See Studio, gallery fit the New York model. The Yard, Frontside and the German Deli, with a PVC strip curtain and a Chandelier, are closer to Berlin. Though ‘run down’ the area can’t really be called ‘deprived’.

What will it become when the Olympic Park housing takes off? Borough Market in B1 Units? Mansions with pools, hot tubs and sprinklers on the front lawns? An outlet for SCP? Watch out ‘Dog Walker Vans’ ahead!

Across the navigation close to Hackney Wick station and finally back to the towpath. The long
one of the many Lea Valley palms the adopted symbol, wry luxuriance

straight view, absence of road, navigation traffic, occasional languid Swan or Dutch orange crew from Lea Rowing Club make for a torpor inducing walk.

Empty places whose emptiness is intrinsic, marshes, forests, long shingle beaches, are tranquil, while empty places that were once busy are melancholy? Certainly cleaning up after the past, clearing the table, upgrading, has the effect of reordering, of preparation and the more effective this has been the louder the voices calling from the water and towpath: What next?

We cut to the right through dense trees along a soggy footpath to emerge on Hackney Marshes (a vast playing field). Pass through a long, elegant, low lying community building. COR TEN, gabion walls, huge sliding panels seal everything away at night: a huge games locker.

Here we rejoin the river. It has transformed. Muddy banks, enigmatic meanders, overhanging trees. Curiously there are three parallel footpaths the fisherman’s path skirts the waters’ edge, the walkers’ path involves slightly less stooping and the runners’ / cyclists’ ‘way’ has a firm wide surface. There are exercise stations along the path. Instructions to improve. (We do).

We come upon a bench with a slightly longer view. The polished earth studded with crown caps that have been stamped cheerfully in, the viperous undergrowth laden with bottles and cans dating from 1976. A taxonomy of sorrow drowning. It is not idyllic, but it is the least unidyllic location. Everyone agrees.

"And it is utterly true that he who cannot find wonder, mystery, awe, the sense of a new world and an undiscovered realm in the places by the Gray’s Inn Road will never find those secrets elsewhere... the essence of this art (The Great Art of London) is that it must be an adventure into the unknown, and perhaps it might be found that this, at last, is the matter of all the arts." 17

The physical effects of lengthy walking missions - spurred by motion through space, rhythm of pace and sense of distance achieved – occur in both countryside and urban settings. In the urban parallel to country walking, it is equally necessary to feel the achievement of physical effort and endurance. The increased levels of stimulation encountered along such an urban route were also borne in mind.

After testing several variations of the river route and experimenting with various shortcuts, we agreed that the longest version of the trail produced the most triumphant mood at journey’s end. This walk took about four and a half hours, and once refreshment breaks were added, this amounted to six or seven hours – a good days outing, requiring an early-ish departure, and achieving a level of active experience that warranted the title ‘endurance walk’. Awareness that scale is affected by size, fitness, age, mobility, ironman tendencies and impairments is reflected in a series of individualised scale bars (a measure of distance unrelated to likely speed isn’t always useful).

We established three walks. The first, which is described in the narrative above, follows the river from Leamouth, to Lea Bridge Road just beyond the Lea Valley Waterworks, a distance of about six miles as the crow flies, but more than eight miles including the route’s meanders and deviations. This walk describes a cross section of the city from south to north, with the Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park at their conclusion. A diversion may also be taken from the south-north river route to visit the park at its mid-point. On account of the scale shift, we termed the south-north route ‘wide’ and the circuits ‘close’. Working as a set, these three routes describe the social territories around the Olympic site. By directing this wider urban experience into and through the QEOP, the psychological barriers of the infamous ‘blue fence’ that marched around the Olympic development site are broken down. A sense of ownership is restored, connecting and linking these urban villages as a greater community with a new public facility at its core.

“the closer the artwork encoded perception of reality to reality experienced by the audience the more powerful the inferred meanings for that audience and to parallel situations that they have encountered”. 14

stephen willatts artwork as social model
We encounter a hugely varied range of people occupying and passing through these edges. Dog walkers, cyclist commuters, refuse collectors, weedy, sack-patrols, canal-boat owners, publicity-seekers and cafe-diners and groups of planners populate the footpaths through interest and need. Bird watchers, anglers, heritage walkers, fitness cyclists, canoeists, oarsmen and oarswomen are there by more active choice. They love the Lea.

Further north, almost to our end, we come to ‘The Waterworks - Nature Reserve and Golf Centre’. A pleasant new hub with a cafe. Surprise that we are ordering. They check three times. Panic. Then smile. It’s true! Chilli. Hot and plentiful. Then across a part of the river running through a levee, Los Angeles for just a moment, then onto a wonderland of allotments and reclaimed reservoirs. Dense young trees occupy the drained reservoirs and slightly elevated timber walkways run inside. It feels as if we are entering huge blackened pie dishes. Catering for the valley gods. Local families have arranged a picnic right under the one gigantic pylon. Pylon worship? Or the only place that it couldn’t be seen from?

Journeys end: Lea Bridge Road. A fitting couplet to the Leamouth Flyover where we began. Such a walk compares with a long days’ walk in the countryside, something that we are quite acclimatised to, but is typically unheard of in the city. Some of the effects are the same exhilaration at completion, a sense of achievement, of gaining ownership of a territory. This is particularly empowering in London, which we tend to experience in little fragments. But this is also a day working through accidental adjacencies of varied distance. An intense immersion in city realities. Although ‘Tower Hamlets’ seems a curiously inappropriate name for one of the boroughs’ villages clustered around the city walls, is actually quite a helpful way of imagining the human toe-holds on the area. Pockets of the city. Given that the scale of the Lower Lea Valley leaves rather long distances between ‘official’ destinations, our collection balances the predictable tourist-friendly finds, with stimulating traces of city life today: moments of contemplation, a startling graffiti bear, a creatively discarded piece of litter, someone’s Wellington boot, increasing the breadth of experience for the explorer.

Our ‘Drift Maps’ use a variety of visual devices to describe these finds. We developed a series of icons for the ‘Leamouth to Lea Bridge Road’ maps, offering the same graphic delivery to both types of ‘find’. The ‘wide’ map unfolds from the general to the specific to reveal more detailed visual analysis of the area in sketch form, and QR codes linking to the ‘virtual Lea Valley’ available on the internet. Here again, we have curated more obvious links, offering further surprising diversions for the virtually connected, multi-modal explorer. The ‘Queen Elizabeth Park’ map (‘close’), integrates small narrative sketches of instances that occur (or have occurred) along the route.

The accumulation of these stories builds up to confound, surprise, and stimulate the user, providing a mental toolbox for reading everyday sights more rigorously and with greater reward.

The environs of the Lea Valley have been charted many times throughout the last few centuries. In designing the map, we carefully tested the relationship between the extent of the ‘Real Lea Valley’ that we wanted to convey, and the size of ‘Paper Lea Valley’ output that was practical to use. Our choice of paper size was made to integrate neatly with the physical action of walking. We asked: how will the map feel in your hands, what can be agreed as a happy measurement of the distance between outstretched arms, does it work on the move, how do your eyes follow a trail of information from map to icon to written description, just how many flaps are both intriguing and ergonomic enough to let your hands keep up? The length and shapes of routes determined the final scales of the maps themselves: the long sinuous south – north river route demanded a scale of approximately 1:10,000, while the two routes cycling the QEOP zoom up in scale to approximately 1:5000 to enable a more intricate route to be followed. The folded map aligned with the folded ‘berliner’ size of the local newspaper, ‘The Wick’, with which it was distributed.
sometimes the river is brown, the footpaths are overgrown, the street lighting flickers, the bins are overflowing and yet, at other moments, on other stretches, the river sparkles in the sunlight, the footpaths are smooth and tended, the litter is (eerily) absent, and a plethora of street lighting emerges, testament to community-focused artistic installations. These contrasts allow us to reflect on the complexities governing our experience of place, from the relative tolerances and efficiencies of municipal cleaning, to the more subtle effects of a shift in wind direction.

We board the Eco-Bus to Stratford.

Try it.
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