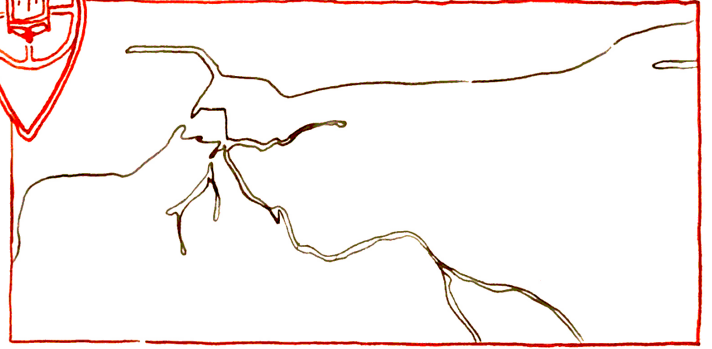


Her waas Eanswip gehelgod cwen  
 Eanswip mabelode, ea dierne



Folkestone's name fastens stone to folk,  
 and its folk fasten stories to its stones.  
 Listen! Eanswythe, Eadbald's daughter,  
 mothered myth here  
 She shaped herself a long-lived legend  
 that lives here.

It begs the question - what else is true?  
 Not just about her but other folkloric  
 stories of Folkestone; stories of backwards  
 flowing streams, hidden waterways and  
 miraculous happenings. What if we could  
 find evidence of these?

Places tend to gather stories, myths, and  
 rumours; Folkestone has more than its fair  
 share.  
 In 2020 it was determined that the  
 contents of Eanswythe's reliquary were  
 from the seventh century and so could be  
 her bones.

jim lockey



# IT WAS LIKE THIS



**Listen,**  
 long are this  
 stone's stories.

How these things  
 came to be, how  
 they could be yet;

How they used to  
 be in geardagum,  
 (the old days)

They're tales that  
 tend to cycle,  
 coiled round  
 middenyard

Earth's every  
 speck sires stories,

Each emergent  
 story, parents a  
 place.

The tales tell a site  
 its significance,

The site gives the  
 tale a tail.



An account of Folkestone as experienced navigating its coastal  
 boundaries and hidden watercourses.  
 A revelatory journey aided and formed by local legends.  
**Exhibition: October 19-24**  
**End of Project Performance: October 21, 6pm**  
**Urban Room Folkestone**



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# IT WAS LIKE THIS

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