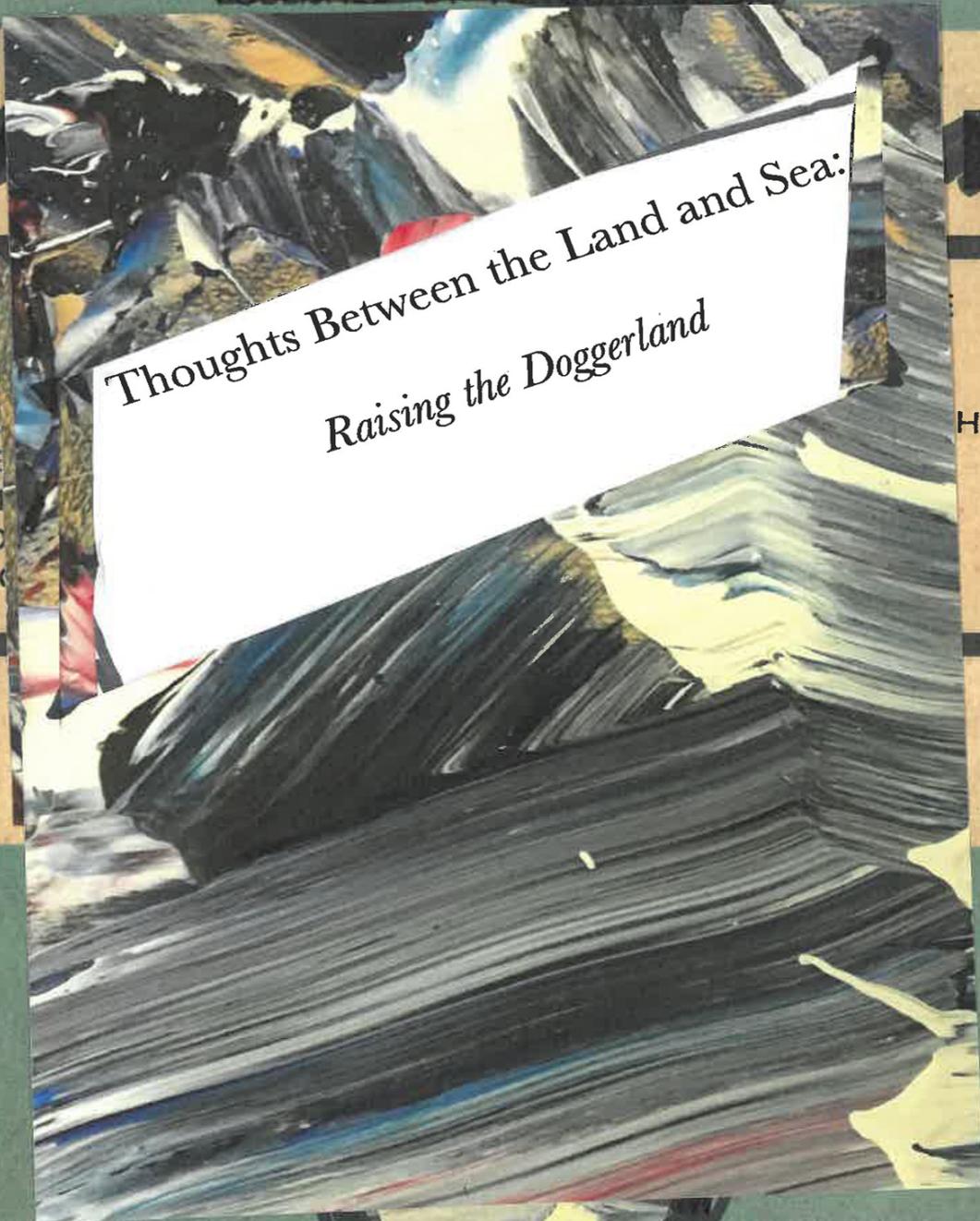


Jonathan ██████ Boyd

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Thoughts Between the Land and Sea:
Raising the Doggerland

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Thoughts Between the Land and Sea:

Raising the Doggerland

1984

2019

Jonathan  Boyd



Sand grains sift between my toes

I have particularly ugly feet

Better to look away.

Beneath the toes glass particles rub against each other slightly grazing my flesh. They settle but a feeling of discomfort builds from the soles of feet; radiating up.

A sinking feeling.

Wind cracks and whips past my ears, caught by the lugs and drawn into a miniature vortex- white noise crackling and rushing against the ear drum. Thoughts internalised and private, [REDACTED]. [REDACTED].

Out in front:

blue

crashing

frenzied

cold

The cold is penetrating. It penetrates the skin, my clothes, my psyche. Dank. Depressed. Cold. Really Cold.

The North Sea is really cold.

SALT

I can taste it.

Sitting/resting/building on my lips.

I can feel it stinging the surface of my eyes

I picture the waves washing over me.

Blink





The salt coats the surface of my exposed skin.

salt coats

Saltcoats (KA20)- Seen better days
Battered bookies
Littered Beach
4 ft plastic ice-creams
Ringin' buzzin' puggies
Roads signs everywhere:

Diversion

Give Way
Give Over
Give Up

Wrong Sea
Wrong Coast

here

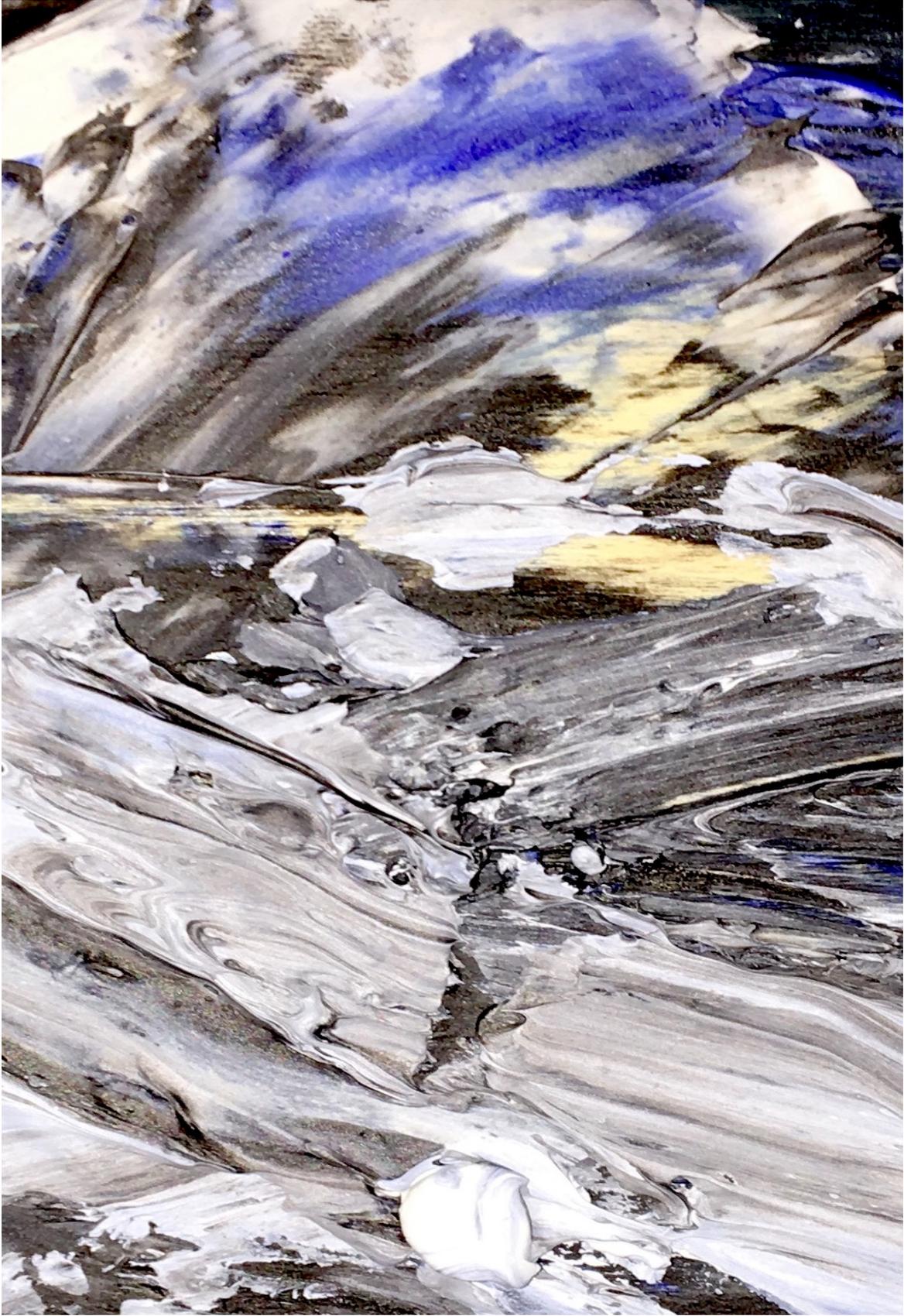
North Sea- Facing East.

South-West of the Doggerbay.

Beneath the tumbling, thundering waves lies the stretch of buried ground- *The Doggerland*. Once vibrant, lush. Now sodden and underground (sea). The last person to walk across it was 10,000 years ago. Ah' wonder what they were thinking? Bet they weren't thinking about incoming high interest rates, dentist appointments, a conservative government, a lack of money, a decreasing pension, [REDACTED], a lack of high quality audio goods, a future recession or high cholesterol (or the possibility of stealing a narrative style from Irvine Welsh).

EVERY THING MUST GO

They walked across a conjoined Europe. A single Pangaeian land mass. All stuck glued together by a pritt-stick® before the tectonic plates started their shifty, rifty dance moves tearing the land to shreds.



Squinting I can see this forgotten land rise again.

Gone is this island state on which I currently stand (no man is an island apparently). The raising landmass puncturing the egotism of nationalisms grown weary. For behind me lies terra firma bordering on recession, crawling back into its shell and rejecting the world.

The Doggerland is here.

It is at once raised, razed and erased.

It is modern myth, a fiction.

But no more a fiction than any other concept of nationhood.

More than a land mass; it is a place and a time to reflect. It is the space that lies between the land and the sea. A no-man's land, a 4th dimension. Somewhere where the rational and fanciful meet. Where thoughtful reflection's about the future can take place. Or not. [REDACTED]

Where leaders are elected per chance?

Aye- Why no?

"He was democratically elected by the members of his party"

(I believe the colloquial response is; [REDACTED])

The Doggerland is not a politicised state (although it does mock human driven egos and lunacy- 'though, it is certainly raised and driven by a political questioning. For *The Doggerland* in its (im)material physicality will outlast any conceit or human invention. One land, one world.

It doesn't need human politics and mocks the human need for language and gossip. Where has it aided us? Language, our creation, turned our prison guard. Language and rules tying our actions and thoughts in knots.



Socrates argued for speech over the written word. Mibbi' he was scared of it? He would be right to be. The scrutiny of the written word outlives the author. The enacting of Article 50, an example of political bluster, of singular egos being torn to shreds by written rules.

Self-sabotage driven by personal ambition.

A binary relationship between personal ambition and societal effect.

The Doggerland sets forth several binary opposites, it exists in a series of dual states:

It lies between the Land and the Sea.

Well...

The grass is always greener...

On *your* green and pleasant land
'Well it's no' mine'
And

Its questionably yours

Surely it now belongs to Disney
Or Google, or Facebook or Lego
Maybe a franchise Starbucks?
No it disnea' (* a joke*)



Anyway. You can't reach *the Doggerland* and certainly can't catch a train there.

It would be late.



National Rail would make sure of it. Better to make good use of the time. Create. Time recovered from the daily commute. Meditate one's way to *the Doggerland*, its quicker and alleviates the stress of the other commuters glances. They will continue to stare at each other with murderous disinterest.

"Bloody trains are bloody late, you bloody wait, you bloody wait, you bloody wait, you bloody lost, you bloody found, stuck in fucking [REDACTED]." (JCC)

Is it a Utopia then, *This Doggerland?*

No it can't be. Utopias never work. They exist as ideas. Utopias only function in the mind not in the sea air faced with the reality of the underlying human condition. Nah,

the Doggerland is better than a Utopia, it is the memory of the place that never was, the scent of a meal you had as a child, the touch of someone you love. It is the ground of (for) reflection.

Christ, its cold.

That wind blows right through you.

The waves out in font, blue, dark brooding.

COLD

I can see it. It's here. In front of me.

The Doggerland.

I reject my culture and my language, neither were really ever mine anyway.

It exists here.

In this place.

In this state.

Between thoughts.

Between actions.

A refuge.

Here, somewhere between the Land and the Sea...

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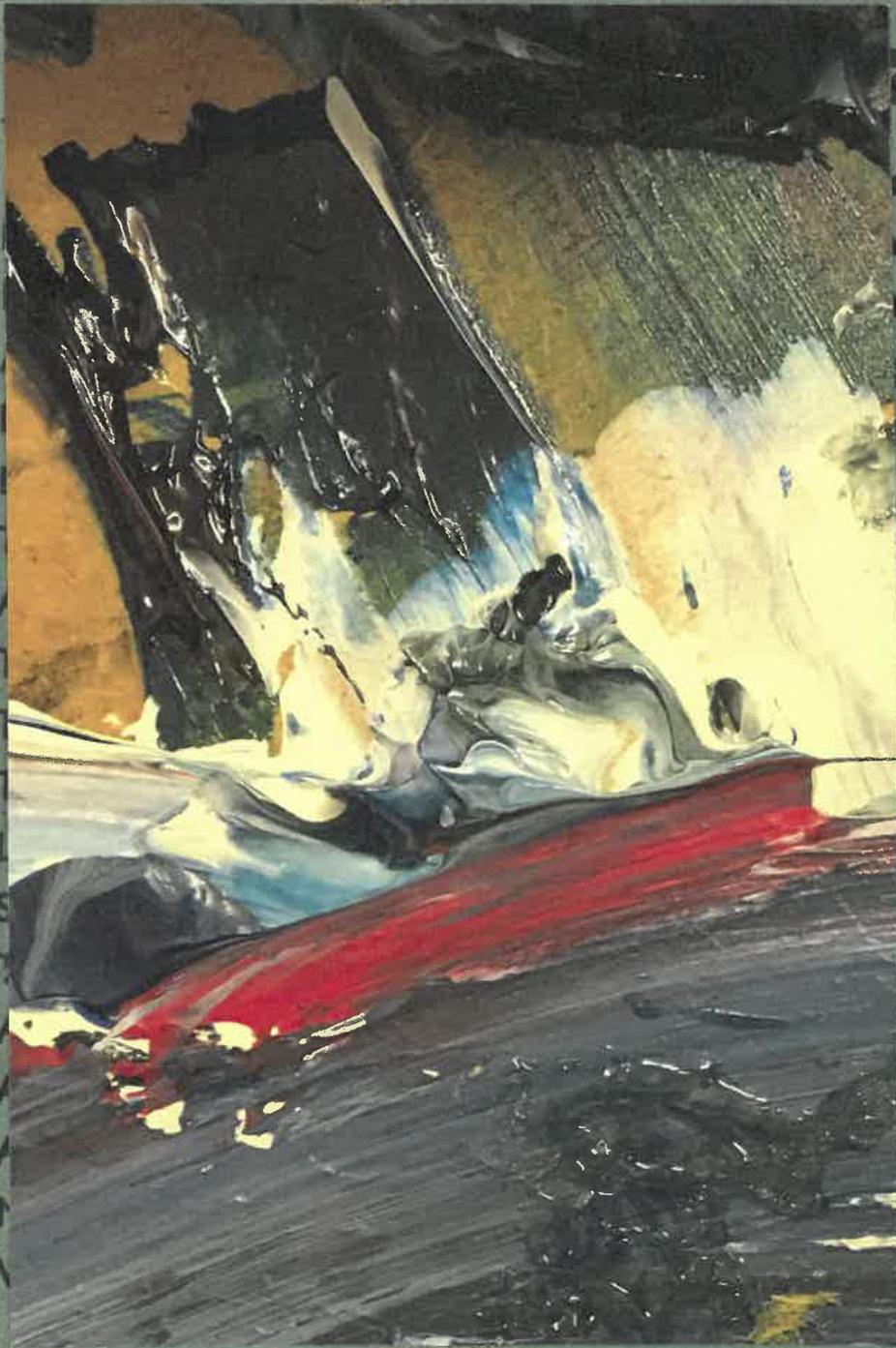
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