

## Fuggles writes

(An autumn draught)

JANE RENDELL

*The two of us wrote Anti-Oedipus together. Since each of us was several, there was already quite a crowd. Here we have made use of everything that came within range, what was closest as well as farthest away.*

**Choosing a feminine name from the half-dozen that sprang immediately into her mind, she answered, ‘Ellen’.**

*We have assigned clever pseudonyms to prevent recognition. Why have we kept our own names? Out of habit, purely out of habit. To make ourselves unrecognizable in turn.*

**His voice and manner were rather sullen, and his accent much baser than Nobby’s. ‘Pickin’ ’ops – dahn in Kent! C’n understand that, can’t yer?’ ‘Oh, HOPS! For beer?’**

Walking south from Sevenoaks, the sun warms our faces for several hours, we move at a brisk pace, hoping to arrive at the hopgarden in time for tea.

*Their only chance of getting a job was to march down into the hop country and apply at every farm till they found one where pickers were still needed. They had perhaps thirty-five miles to go, as the crow flies, and yet at the end of three days they had barely reached the fringe of the hopfields.*

*A cultivar, short for ‘cultivated variety’, is a genetically distinctive variety of a cultivated plant species. In homebrewing, cultivars*

*are one way in which hop varieties are distinguished from each other. However, not every hop variety is a true cultivar; genetically identical plants grown in different regions can have very different character and be sold under very different names. For example, the hop variety sold as American Tettnanger is not the same cultivar as German Tettnanger hops; it is in fact genetically similar or identical to English Fuggle.*

*The radicle system, or fascicular root, is the second figure of the book, to which our modernity pays willing allegiance. This time, the principal root has aborted, or its tip has been destroyed; an immediate, indefinite multiplicity of secondary roots grafts onto it and undergoes a flourishing development.*

**From morning to night they were begging.**

*Take William Burroughs cut-up method, the folding of one text into another, which constitutes multiple and adventitious roots (like a cutting), implies a supplementary dimension to that of the texts under consideration ...*

**At dusk and in the early mornings they pillaged the orchards and the fields, stealing apples, damsons, pears, cobnuts, autumn raspberries, and, above all, potatoes ...**

*Subtract the unique from the multiplicity to be constituted; write at  $n-1$  dimensions. A system of this kind could be called a rhizome. A rhizome as subterranean stem is absolutely different from roots and radicals.*

1.8 AROMA 4/10 APPEARANCE 2/5 TASTE 4/10 PALATE 2/5  
OVERALL 6/20

kramer (3521) – Sunbury, Pennsylvania, USA – MAR 10, 2012  
12 oz bottle. Pours a clear light copper body with a small fizzy white head. The nose is certainly Shipyard. Very light fuggle hoppiness that's overpowered by the crappy ringwood yeast that they use. A light bit of caramel as well. The flavor is not exactly into the IPA range as far as hoppiness goes. Rather lightly bitter with some light caramel and biscuity malt.

1 and 2. *Principles of connection and heterogeneity: any point of a rhizome can be connected to anything other and must be.*

2.2 AROMA 4/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 4/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 8/20

scarletfire65 (604) – Rockaway Park, New York, USA – JAN 15, 2012

Pours a clear amber with a large chunky head, but it dissipates rather quickly. The aroma is cereal and corn. Moderately sweet base, with a distinct savory flavor of corn and lager yeast. Very strange. The finish is one dimensional and not very bitter. Lacks much hop character. It does in fact resemble a pale lager with an extra handful of hops. Excuse me, fuggles hops.

*Fuggle is an English hop cultivar. Sometimes considered an English landrace, Fuggles were seedling selected in England in 1875. The true Fuggle (English) is sometimes considered a noble hop, and while it is sometimes considered inferior to Golding hop varieties such as the famous East Kent Goldings, Fuggle's flavor and aroma are deeply characteristic of English beer. Fuggle has suffered from wilts of late, and has largely been replaced by newer varieties. Fuggle provides a full British style palate and can be used alone, but is often blended with East Kent Goldings.*

*A rhizome ceaselessly establishes connection between semiotic chains, organisations of power, and circumstances relative to the arts, sciences and social struggles.*

2.7 AROMA 5/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 5/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 11/20

dinkles0 (479) – Chicago, Illinois, USA – NOV 26, 2011

Blonde color with a big creamy head. Aroma is a plain English ale. It doesn't smell especially amazing. Very mild flavor is the Fuggle hops.

'You'd best go down'n have a try at Chalmers's', Mrs McElligot advised them in her base Dublin accent. 'Dat's a bit above five mile from here. I've heard tell as Chalmers wants a dozen pickers

still. I daresay he'd give y'a job if you gets dere early enough.' 'Five miles! Cripes! Ain't there none nearer'n that?' grumbled Charlie. 'Well, dere's Norman's. I got a job at Norman's meself – I'm startin' tomorrow mornin.' But 'twouldn't be no use for you to try at Norman's. He ain't takin' on none but home pickers, an' dey say as he's goin' to let half his hops blow.'

*A semiotic chain is like a tuber agglomerating very diverse acts, not only linguistic, but also perceptive, mimetic, gestural, and cognitive: there is no language in itself, nor are there any linguistic universals, only a throng of dialects, patios, slangs, and specialised languages.*

*Styria is a traditional hop-growing region on the modern-day Austrian/Slovenian border, and hop farms can be found on both sides of the border, although in modern times this variety is more closely associated with Slovenia and is sometimes called Savinja Goldings after a river in Slovenia. Although referred to as Styrian Golding, this hop is actually genetically derived from Fuggle rather than Golding hops. At one time the less desirable Fuggles were exported to some areas as 'Fuggle Golding', which is probably the source of the name.*

The light on this early autumn afternoon is golden, and with the leaves not yet turning and the hops still heavy with unpicked flowers it might yet be summer.

2.7 AROMA 5/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 6/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 10/20

thehandler (435) – Charleston, West Virginia, USA – OCT 6,  
2011

Pours a slightly copper golden color with a rich foamy head. Aroma is light, slightly hoppy ... more lightly hoppy than most IPAs I've encountered. Flavor is complex but not necessarily deep. The fuggles lead to a confusing palate of flavors.

'What's home pickers?' said Nobby. 'Why, dem as has got homes o' deir own. Eider you got to live in de neighbourhood, or else de farmer's got to give y'a hut to sleep in. Dat's de law nowadays. In de

ole days when you come down hoppin', you kipped in a stable an' dere was no questions asked.'

*There is no ideal speaker-listener, any more than there is a homogeneous linguistic community.*

They got to Chalmers's, five miles away, found their way through vast orchards to the hop-fields, and were told that the overseer 'would be along presently'. So they waited four hours on the edge of the plantation, with the sun drying their clothes on their backs, watching the hop-pickers at work. It was a scene somehow peaceful and alluring. The hop vines, tall climbing plants like runner beans enormously magnified, grew in green leafy lanes, with the hops dangling from them in pale green bunches like gigantic grapes. When the wind stirred them they shook forth a fresh, bitter scent of sulphur and cool beer. In each lane of vines a family of sunburnt people were shredding the hops into sacking bins, and singing as they worked; and presently a hooter sounded and they knocked off to boil cans of tea over crackling fires of hop vines.

They've just kept one row of hops, planted more as an exhibition of the old country ways than as cultivation for harvesting the hops. But the setting, although presented as a rather low-key museum of Kentish life, also has a sweet and gentle authenticity, nothing too touristy, and usually, at least on Sundays in September, inhabited only by bird watchers.

They may be planted in rows at eight feet asunder, and six feet from hill to hill, which will give full space for all the requisite operations. Three, four, or five fresh cuttings are planted in each hill, or spot which is to form a hill. In this month (March) old plantations are dressed, the hills opened, the roots pruned, and mould or compost returned. The time of poling depends on the shooting of the plants.

2.8 AROMA 6/10 APPEARANCE 4/5 TASTE 4/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 11/20

beergoddI (393) – Conneaut, Ohio, USA – MAR 4, 2012  
 Pours a clear copper/orange with a white foamy head. Aroma has some subtle caramel malt and a mild Fuggles hop presence. But it seems to me Fuggles should be partnered with a couple of other hops, for more balance ...

**In a dreamlike state, between exhaustion and the joy of having got a job at last, Dorothy found herself walking through a maze of tin-roofed huts and gypsies' caravans with many-coloured washing hanging from the windows.**

2.8 AROMA 8/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 2/10 PALATE 2/5  
 OVERALL 13/20

hew3 (17) – Florida, USA – JUL 22, 2011  
 Clear amber pour with average head. Immediate fruity aroma from the hops. Some lacing as head dissipates. Prevalent Fuggles hops with above average carbonation that results in a quite dry, if not, strident palate with not much subtlety evident.

Hordes of children swarmed in the narrow grass alleys between the huts, and ragged, agreeable-looking people were cooking meals over innumerable faggot fires. At the bottom of the field there were some round tin huts, much inferior to the others, set apart for unmarried people. An old man who was toasting cheese at a fire directed Dorothy to one of the women's huts. Dorothy pushed open the door of the hut. It was about twelve feet across, with unglazed windows which had been boarded up, and it had no furniture whatever. There seemed to be nothing in it but an enormous pile of straw reaching to the roof – in fact, the hut was almost entirely filled with straw. To Dorothy's eyes, already sticky with sleep, the straw looked paradisisally comfortable.

*3. Principle of multiplicity. It is only when the multiple is effectively treated as a substantive, 'multiplicity', that it ceases to have any relation to the One as subject or object, natural or spiritual reality, image and world.*

*A landrace hop is a hop cultivar which, through a long history of at least partly open-pollinated cultivation, has become particularly well-suited to the area in which it has traditionally been cultivated. For a full discussion of landrace hops, terroir, and the way landrace hops are referred to, see the hop varieties page. Full descriptions of some landrace hop varieties are listed below: East Kent Golding, Fuggle (English), Hallertau Hallertauer Mittelfrüher, Hersbrucker Spät, Lublin (Lubelski), Saaz (Czech), Spalt Spalter, Tettmang Tettmanger.*

This Sunday we reach the tearooms by five, and mugs in hand we examine the hops to see whether they're still growing. Then we look up into the eaves of the oasthouse for the house martins' nests to see if the birds are still there, as they were last time, flying in and out at tremendous speed, with delicacies of worm and grub to plump their second brood.

**Except for Sundays, one day at the hop camp was very like another. At half past five, at a tap on the wall of your hut, you crawled out of your sleeping nest and began searching for your shoes, amid sleepy curses from the women (there were six or seven or possibly even eight of them) who were buried here and there in the straw. You grabbed an armful of straw and another of dried hop bines, and a faggot from the pile outside, and got the fire going for breakfast. Your breakfast was always the same – bacon, tea, and bread fried in the grease of the bacon.**

**Under the heading of April this author writes:**

The chief business of this month, in the hop-ground, is that of poling ... In poling there are several points which demand consideration, such as the quality of the soil, and the degree in which the last crop weakened the exuberance of the lants, If overpoled one year they are weakened, and must be underpoled the next. The time of picking, whether late or early, has also an influence ... The number of poles varies from three to five. Their sort, size, length, and position when set, are all of consequence.

The hops were divided up into plantations of about an acre, and each set – forty pickers or thereabouts, under a foreman who was often a gypsy – picked one plantation at a time.

3 AROMA 6/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 6/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 12/20

Frederic (2350) – Montréal, Quebec, CANADA – DEC 4, 2011  
355 ml bottle, from the saq, light amber color, with a frothy white head, weak floral leafy, grassy hop nose, with some light zesty, citrusy, lemon, grapefruit peel notes, and a hint of toasted, pale malt accent in the aroma follows through on a medium-bodied palate with a wet flowery juicy, leafy, grassy hop character, with some zesty lemon, grapefruit rind, peppery minty leafiness flavors, with a faint toasted, biscuity malt undertone leading towards a juicy, leafy, grassy, zesty lime peel bitterness finish.

The bines grew twelve feet high or more, and they were trained up strings and slung over horizontal wires, in rows a yard or two apart; in each row there was a sacking bin like a very deep hammock slung on a heavy wooden frame.

In May it is recommended to ...

Dig the new-planted hop garden this month: earth up the plants and see that no new weeds are left to infest them. At this time you should also pole your old plantations, proportioning the poles to the age and growth of the hops. Within a short time after the bines are tied to the poles.

As soon as you arrived you swung your bin into position, slit the strings from the next two bines, and tore them down – huge, tapering strands of foliage, like the plaits of Rapunzel’s hair, that came tumbling down on top of you, showering you with dew.

3 AROMA 6/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 7/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 11/20

BeerGolem (334) – JUN 18, 2012



Bottle 355 ml. Pours orange with frothy off white head. Some lacing. Aroma: fuggles hop, alcohol, smoke, sweet. Taste: Fuggles hop, spices, floral. Good bitterness with a slight fruity finish. Medium carbonation. Some warming alcohol. Overall, a good beer, but nothing outstanding here. Not quite on style. Refreshing.

**You dragged them into place over the bin, and then, starting at the thick end of the bine, began tearing off the heavy bunches of hops. At that hour of the morning you could only pick slowly and awkwardly.**

3 AROMA 5/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 6/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 13/20

cfrancis (1508) – Ottawa, Ontario, CANADA – MAY 31, 2011  
Pours slightly foggy golden with a white head and good lacing. Aroma is fuggle earthy hops but it's faint. Taste is earthy malts and 'english style' malty hop with low bitterness. Solid drinking beer but lacks the wow.

**The stems of the bines were covered with minute thorns which within two or three days had torn the skin of your hands to pieces.**

*Multiplicities are rhizomatic, and expose arborescent pseudo-multiplicities for what they are.*

*Universally recognized as a noble hop, Tettninger is the landrace of Germany's Tett nang hop-growing region. Only Tettninger hops grown in the Tett nang should be referred to as Tett nang Tettninger. It is prized for its spicy, floral noble character, and is genetically very similar, if not identical, to the Saaz cultivar grown in the Czech Republic. Hops described as 'Tettninger' are also grown in the United States, Switzerland, and Australia, but these American Tettninger, Swiss Tettninger, and Australian Tettninger hops are generally not be the true Tettninger cultivar, but are thought to be Fuggle or a descendant of Fuggle. Since 'Tettninger' cultivation is traditional in Switzerland, it is most likely that these*

*'were never Tettnanger hops to begin with, but that rhizomes were exported under that name.*

If the hops were good and you picked well, you could strip a bine in ten minutes, and the best bines yielded half a bushel of hops. But the hops varied greatly from one plantation to another.

**In June.**...

If tying the bines to the poles was not finished last month, it should be done early in this; which is also a busy season for cultivating the intervals in the various methods practised in different hop districts. About Midsummer, hops at Farnham are pruned by cutting off the spare bines, these are used as hay to feed cows.

But this is not April, nor May, nor even June, and somehow the heady days of summer have already gone, and by the time we return it is already September. Of course the house martins are no longer here raising their young; they must be getting ready to make the long journey back south.

**In some they were as large as walnuts, and hung in great leafless bunches which you could rip off with a single twist; in others they were miserable things no bigger than peas, and grew so thinly that you had to pick them one at a time.**

*There are no points or positions in a rhizome, such as those found in a structure, tree, or root. There are only lines.*

At twelve o'clock a hooter down at the farm signalled to the pickers to knock off work for an hour, and it was generally a little before this that the measurer came round to collect the hops.

3.6 AROMA 7/10 APPEARANCE 3/5 TASTE 7/10 PALATE 3/5  
OVERALL 16/20

JRHBrew (290) – Fredericton, New Brunswick, CANADA –  
MAY 19, 2012

I love fuggles. Since I started exploring beers, fuggles have been my favorite hop.

At a warning shout from the foreman of ‘ops ready, number nineteen!’ everyone would hasten to pick up the fallen hops, finish off the tendrils that had been left unpicked here and there, and clear the leaves out of the bin. There was an art in that. It did not pay to pick too ‘clean’, for leaves and hops alike all went to swell the tally. The old hands, such as the gypsies, were adepts at knowing just how ‘dirty’ it was safe to pick.

So with no housemartins to watch up in the eaves, we look instead at the hop bags on display, reading the words printed in black across the dusty sacking.

No. 19

1–2 AMOS

East Kent

1972

Wye

Eastwell Goldings

Mid Kent

196

W. Alexander

(Eynsford) Ltd.

Shoreham

4. *Principle of asignifying rupture: against the oversignifying break separating structures or cutting across a single structure. A rhizome may be broken, shattered at a given spot, but it will start up again on one of its old lines, or on new lines.*

*Released from the U.S.D.A. hop breeding program in 1976, Willamette is a triploid (some sources say tetraploid) seedling of Fuggle bred to be easier to grow in the United States. It’s still less vigorous than most modern hop varieties, but easier to grow in most areas than the very fussy Fuggle. Willamette has a mild, grassy, floral and slightly spicy aroma similar to Fuggle, and is often used as a substitute, especially in the United States where Fuggle does not grow well.*

The measurer would come round, carrying a wicker basket which held a bushel, and accompanied by the 'bookie', who entered the pickings of each bin in a ledger. The 'bookies' were young men, clerks and chartered accountants and the like, who took this job as a paying holiday.

No. 118

Prepared Hops Seeded

01 Uk 81

215

James Day & Sons Ltd.

Cranbrook

Kent

Tare 1 Kg

4 AROMA 8/10 APPEARANCE 4/5 TASTE 8/10 PALATE 4/5

OVERALL 16/20

fuchebu (146) – Croydon, Pennsylvania, USA – JUN 29, 2002

This is a nice IPA. The Fuggles hold their own although it's not as bitter as other IPAs.

The measurer would scoop the hops out of the bin a bushel at a time, intoning as he did so, 'One! Two! Three! Four!' and the pickers would enter the number in their tally books.

Mrs C Teacher

Kent

1977

Hadlow Place Farm

Hadlow

1 Kg

5 and 6. *Principle of cartography and decalcomania: a rhizome is not amenable to any structural or generative model. It is a stranger to any idea of genetic axis or deep structure. ... It is our view that genetic axis and profound structure are above all infinitely reproducible principles of tracing.*

Each bushel they picked earned them twopence, and naturally there were endless quarrels and accusations of unfairness over the measuring.

P & R Hale  
Kent  
197  
Chiddingstone  
1 Kg

*The rhizome is altogether different, a map and not a tracing. Make a map, not a tracing. ... What distinguishes the map from the tracing is that it is oriented toward an experimentation in contact with the real.*

We consult the map, and argue for a while over where to go next. We could continue walking south to Penshurst and Chiddingstone, go for a pint of IPA and have our dinner in the pub opposite the station, or move out of our summer habit, embrace the new season and turn back north to Sevenoaks. The clocks will change soon – the official end of British summer time – and as we head further into winter we will no longer have the option of walking long into the dusk. So we decide to make our way south, to go back to the same, to keep summer going for just one more Sunday.

*<cutup>Perhaps one of the most important characteristics of the rhizome is that it always has multiple entryways; ... A map has multiple entryways, as opposed to the tracing, which always comes back 'to the same'.*

You had an hour for dinner, and you made a fire of hop bines – this was forbidden, but everyone did it – and heated up your tea and ate your bacon sandwiches.

*Hops referred to as Tettninger have traditionally been grown in Switzerland, and were generally assumed to be the same cultivar as the famous German aroma hop Tettning Tettninger grown in the nearby Tettning hop-growing region. However, in recent years, it has been discovered that these hops are genetically distinct from*

*the German landrace and in fact are most likely Fuggle or a closely related hop. These fake 'Tettnangers' were most likely exported as 'Tettnanger' rhizomes as well, and probably account for the fact that most 'Tettnangers' planted in the United States and Australia also appear to be Fuggle.*

After dinner you were picking again till five or six in the evening, when the measurer came once more to take your hops, after which you were free to go back to the camp.

*It is a question of method: the tracing should always be put back on the map.*

*American hops sold as Tettnanger hops often claim to be the same cultivar as the famous German aroma hop Tettnang Tettnanger. However, in recent years, it has been discovered that these hops are genetically distinct from the German landrace and in fact are most likely Fuggle or a closely related hop.*

4 AROMA 8/10 APPEARANCE 4/5 TASTE 8/10 PALATE 4/5  
OVERALL 16/20

VENOM (941) – Connecticut, USA – SEP 5, 2001

Nice English IPA with loads of Fuggles (duh!) and a nice smooth buttery fruitiness that isn't overwhelming like some of their other Ringwood laced brews. A very good brew ice cold.

It gave you a physical joy, a warm satisfied feeling inside you, to stand there hour after hour, tearing off the heavy clusters and watching the pale green pile grow higher and higher in your bin, every bushel another twopence in your pocket. The sun burned down upon you, baking you brown, and the bitter, never-palling scent, like a wind from oceans of cool beer, flowed into your nostrils and refreshed you.

It was almost dark as we wiped our boots off on the mat. Pushing open the front door, we headed across the wooden floor to the brightly lit bar of the 'Little Brown Jug'.

*A plateau is always in the middle not the beginning or the end. A rhizome is made of plateaus.*

**The work took hold of you and absorbed you.**

*A rhizome has no beginning or end; it is always in the middle, between things, interbeing, intermezzo ...*

**It was stupid work, mechanical, exhausting, and every day more painful to the hands, and yet you never wearied of it; when the weather was fine and the hops were good you had the feeling that you could go on picking for ever and for ever.**

A range of names awaited us: Golden Daffodil and Theakston Lightfoot and Shepherd Neame Early Bird and Harvey's Star of Eastbourne and Abbot and IPA.

*The fabric of the rhizome is the conjunction, 'and ... and ... and ...'*

#### NOTE

In March 2010, Brook & Black were appointed artists-in-residence on Plot 16 at the Lenthall Road Allotments Association, as part of the Modern Art Oxford's Art in Rose Hill programme. Brook & Black grew fuggles hops on Plot 16, and, in so doing, they made a connection between Plot 16 and the history of the building of Modern Art Oxford as a brewery. With the Shotover Brewing Company, Brook & Black created a limited-edition green hops beer, *Plot 16: The Fermenting Room*. This text was commissioned by Brook & Black and first published on <http://ixia-info.com/new-writing/plot-16-the-fermenting-room-return-of-the-rhizome-brook-black>.

Following my site-writing practice, where I try to write sites rather than write about them – to perform, through writing, the qualities of a particular site and my engagement with it – here, my writing tries to be like a rhizome in continuing to spread the nexus of connections already made by Brook & Black in *Plot 16: The Fermenting Room* between the sites of the main building of Modern Art Oxford, the allotment in Rose Hill, the source of the fuggles rhizome and the drinkers enjoying the taste of the beer somewhere else. Of all the possible sites and experiences of hop-growing and -picking, beer-making and -drinking, geographically, historically, socially and culturally, this writing rearranges some words from at least six.

Fuggles are rhizomes, and rhizomes feature as the key conceptual figure in the post-structuralist philosophy of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari and their argument for representational multiplicity through writing as a mapping. In

'Introduction: Rhizome', the first chapter of Deleuze and Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus*, they outline the six principles of their concept of the rhizome, namely: connectivity, heterogeneity, multiplicity, asignifying rupture, cartography and decalomania. (Note to the reader: this is the text in the essay you have just read typeset in italics.) These terms operate as key figures in their critique of capitalism and psychoanalysis, in which the practice of writing as mapping experiments with nomadic thought as part of their bigger philosophical project of connecting difference.

The essay draws on three specific and very different encounters with hop-fields: one historical, another fictional, and the third – my own. Arthur Young's, *The Farmers' Calendar* (1827) is an almanac of a nineteenth-century farmer, reprinted in George Clinch, *English Hops: A History of Cultivation and Preparation for the Market from the Earliest Times* (1919). Here Young outlines, as a series of instructions, the tasks to be carried out on a monthly basis in the hop-field. (Note to the reader: this is the text in the essay you have just read typeset in bold font, indented.) George Orwell's novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1937) was written almost 100 years later, and is based on the seventeen days he spent hop-picking in Kent in 1935. Here Orwell provides a detailed description of the experience of the hop-field and the labour of hop-picking, as underpaid, gruelling but at times pleasurable work carried out by working-class Londoners as well as Gypsies, tramps and itinerant agricultural labourers in the Kent countryside during the summer months, between the wars and until the 1960s. Orwell's novel tells the story of the daughter of a clergyman, Dorothy Hare, living in a small town in East Anglia, who, following an attack of amnesia, finds herself on the Old Kent Road, where a group of vagrants find her and take her hop-picking with them in Kent. The memory loss releases Dorothy from her usual identity, and for her time in the hop-fields she is able to enjoy the sensuality as well as the physical exhaustion of hop-picking. (Note to the reader: this is the text in the essay you have just read typeset in bold font, indented.) Leaving our home near the Old Kent Road in South London and travelling by train out of London Bridge to Sevenoaks, my Sunday walks with my partner – a man of Kent being born east of the Medway – have taken us through many miles of hop-field to end the day with a pint of beer, possibly, I realise now, of fuggles.

As visceral in tone, but drawn from a very different source, are the words used to convey the taste of different beers containing fuggles – wet, flowery, juicy, leafy, grassy – that I extracted from a contemporary home-growers tasting website, [www.ratebeer.com](http://www.ratebeer.com). (Note to the reader: this is the text in the essay you have just read typeset in plain font, indented.) Fuggles is an English-cultivated variety of hop, and, in the world of beer-making, its specific taste is related to its genetic origins and to the environment – soil and climate – in which it is grown. Many of the discussions that take place today between specialist beer-makers concerning the specificities of hop varieties, and their relation to the sites of their origin are found on the web. For example, this is the one I read: [www.homebrewtalk.com](http://www.homebrewtalk.com), another example of a rhizomatic site of writing, where, like



the plants themselves, many of the beers and hop varieties are hyperlinked to one another, interconnected and cross-referenced. (Note to the reader: this is the text in the essay you have just read typeset in italic font, indented.)

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- See also Jane Rendell, *Site-Writing: The Architecture of Art Criticism* (London: I.B. Tauris, 2010).