

# Landscapes: the Journal of the International Centre for Landscape and Language

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Volume 9  
Issue 1 *Landscape: Heritage II*

Article 1

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April 2019

## Complete Issue 1, Volume 9

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### Recommended Citation

(2019). Complete Issue 1, Volume 9. *Landscapes: the Journal of the International Centre for Landscape and Language*, 9(1).

Retrieved from <https://ro.ecu.edu.au/landscapes/vol9/iss1/1>

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**ISSUE INTRODUCTION BY ICLL DIRECTOR, HON PROFESSOR  
GLEN PHILLIPS, BEd Hons, MEd, PhD.**

In this 2018/9 Issue of *Landscapes*, Journal of the International Centre for Landscape and Language, our Issue Editor is David Gray<sup>1</sup> of Sweden's Dalarna University College where he teaches in the English Department of the School of Humanities and Media. David joins previous editors and Principals of the ICLL, Professors Andrew Taylor, John Kinsella, Yang Yongchun and Drew Hubbell and Dr John Charles Ryan as executive editors for our e-journal of some twenty years' existence here at Edith Cowan University, Perth, Western Australia.

Professor Hubbell has given much time to smoothing the transition from his recent stewardship over the last two years to ensure that David has more than maintained the Journal's standards of which we have all become jealously proud. We thank both David and Drew for their steadfast support for *Landscapes* and their immeasurable contribution to the International Centre for Landscape and Language these past several years.

As in previous issues, the core of the journal's content is the group of research essays focussed on landscape themes, while the 'language' component is well represented mainly by short stories and poetry on a wide range of topics. Our editorial consultants and referees have worked hard to select and improve the content of this issue and we thank them profusely and sincerely. We are also advised by Executive Dean Professor Clive Barstow of the School of Arts and Humanities and thank him for his encouragement in particular for the growing internationalisation of *Landscapes*. It is our policy to further extend the international links for the journal and we have begun discussions with a former ECU 'post-doc' scholar, Professor Ryszard W Wolny, Director of the Institute of English and American Studies and Head of Department of

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Anglophone Cultures at the University of Opole, Poland, with a view to enlisting his support.

Glen R E Phillips,

February, 2019.

## **Solastalgia, Nostalgia, Exhilarating, Immersive: Landscapes: Heritage II**

*David Francis Gray (Dalarna University, Sweden)*

Through 2017/18, as the submissions for our thematic issue *Landscapes: Heritage* came together, it became apparent that a single issue would not be enough to contain the overwhelming number of responses that we received from *Landscapes* editor Drew Hubbell's original call for contributions. Thus the editors decided to spread the contributions across two issues, which has been connected in the title for this issue, Volume 9, as *Landscape: Heritage II*. Volume 8 continues to surpass the download statistics for an individual issue of *Landscapes*, which is testimony to Drew's sense of the importance of the topic. And yet this acknowledges too the talent and craft of current and previous editors Glen Phillips and John Ryan, as well as the enduring support of Executive Dean Professor Clive Barstow of the School of Arts and Humanities at ECU. It is these people who make the journal possible, and yet, ultimately it is the contributors who seasonally breathe life into *Landscapes* and the environmental humanities.

Since the last issue and throughout the submissions and revisions phase of Volume 9, there has been further cause to reflect on the interrelationship of heritage with landscape. The frightening consequences of this relationship was defined once again by (man-made) natural disasters. The wildfire season of 2018 in California is regarded in general, as one of the worst on record. More specifically, there was an ominously rich irony to the scenes of the Camp Fire that engulfed and ultimately decimated the small countryside town of Paradise, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. The language used to report on the devastation caused by this wildfire often described "hellish" or "apocalyptic" scenes, and while the Inferno of Dante's *Divine Comedy* might have sprung to mind, it was the imagery of the Hollywood environmental-disaster movie *Dante's Peak* (1997) that many used for comparison.

The California wildfires of 2018 were also not the only abnormal forest fires in the northern hemisphere. Sweden experienced an atypically long period of hot and dry weather during the summer months, which resulted in forest fires from the south of the

country up to the Arctic Circle – a pattern that has been largely blamed on intensive forest-farming practices. Fortunately, these fires did not affect populated areas in the same way as California, though the sheer scale and the speed of expansion of the fires led the Swedish government to request assistance through the Euro-Atlantic Disaster Response Coordination Centre (EADRCC). Along with Canadian firefighting aircraft, there were firefighters from Italy, Germany, Poland, Norway and Denmark in Sweden to try and contain three mega-fires in mid-Sweden during the summer of 2018, which covered an area of around 25000 ha. Incidentally, it was only a few months after these fires that 15-year-old Greta Thunberg began her school-strike outside the Swedish Parliament in Stockholm, appalled at the level of inertia shown by adults and politicians in the face of climate change; her stand has since led to similar student-led strikes around the world.

Forest fires are certainly nothing new for California or Sweden, but the scale and geography of the fires of 2018 are what seems to be alarming scientists. The phenomenon of wildfires occurring in regions that are not normally affected, or are little affected, has also been observed in Australia. Like California, Australia is well known for its bushfires. Indeed the native flora in large parts of Australia has evolved to rely on bushfires, and sustainable burning practices have been part of the long-established relationship of Indigenous Australians with the land. And yet in 2018 the bushfires were not only affecting parts of the south of the country, but more northern climes in tropical Queensland; adding a perilous new natural disaster to a state that already struggles with seasonal cyclones and floods. This phenomenon has become known as “the new abnormal” and arguably informs our growing sense of solastalgia.

In response to environmental crises, it is perhaps not difficult to understand why a distinct sense of pre-climate change nostalgia as a theme can be observed in several of the scholarly and creative works published in this issue. In Margaretha Haggström and Anita Synnestvedt’s walk-and-talk study of forest walks in Sweden includes a section “Relatings-Childhood tradition”, where participants could recount their childhood memories of the forest, with one participant recalling:

I have been walking in the forest since I was very small. My grandmother forced me to walk along and pick blueberries and cow-berries, and mushrooms too. Then

we stopped for a picnic, drank tea, and ate Swedish crisp-bread. It was cosy. Lovely memories. I am happy for that now. Ever since, I have returned to the forest. Now, I bring my sons here too. (“Forest-Walks”)

The tradition of forest-walks as Häggström and Synnestvedt remind us are part of “an intangible cultural heritage” that connects the past with the future, and in this case can be read against the Swedish forest fires of 2018, which by extension wiped out some- and threatened other areas of- intangible cultural heritage. The forest - “large, old fir trees with moss all over the ground [...] covering big boulders”- is “embedded in silence and mysticism”; troll-forest or *trollskog* is an iconic feature of the children’s literature of Astrid Lindgren and the paintings and illustrations of John Bauer.

Zilia Zara-Papp covers a broad range of geographical locations in her study of formative landscapes and cultural heritage in the animations of Yoram Gross, Takahata Isao and Marcell Jankovics. These case studies highlight the mediation of heavily stylised Aboriginal cave paintings, Hungary folk art, Mongolian rock paintings, Japanese picture scrolls; in twentieth-century animations set in bushland Australia, the Eurasian Steppes and the Japanese urban agglomeration. By continuing these established artistic traditions through the (relatively) new medium of animation, according to Zara-Papp, this testifies to the ways in which human cultural identities, from pre-historic origins, have derived from the landscape. These in turn have become re-invested with culture in the depictive representations of native wildlife and supernatural creatures. Such practices are however juxtaposed, in the animations studied in this article, with the increasing threat of a modern culture defined by human encroachment on natural habitats and rapid urbanisation.

Encroachment can also be seen in others ways, as shown in Richard Hutchings and Marina La Salle’s case study of the newly designated Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Region (formerly *Reserve*), on Vancouver Island. More specifically it is the placemaking as a contemporary colonial practice, which is a direct descendent of the naming done by nineteenth-century European explorers to Canada, to which draw they our attention in their essay/photo essay. MABR began as a UNESCO biosphere site in the early noughties and has now become an almost hermetic, elitist landscape within a culturally homogenous heritage narrative:

Emphasizing wilderness and downplaying past and present industry, names and representations of places within MABR narrate a selective version of reality that caters to mostly white, upper-middle class values (i.e., potential tourists and amenity migrants); this echoes regional colonial government and business interests centred around ecotourism. In this regard, MABR as a brand is contributing to and defining an authorized heritage discourse (“In the Name of Profit”).

Crucially for Hutchings and La Salle this is a heritage discourse that contributes to new settlement patterns, forms of ecotourism and a lack of equity for local populations that is profit-driven and wholly unsustainable and thus solastalgic.

Reading these scholarly works, it may be tempting to conclude that literature can only indulge nostalgia or bear witness to what we have lost or are losing. In a more auspicious sense, Rod Giblett’s new book, *Environmental Humanities and Theologies*, as reviewed by Sam Mackey, demonstrates that the future is still open to being reshaped by the heritage practices we adopt in the present. Giblett demonstrates that most religious and secular literatures deride wetlands as chaotic, monstrous, evil domains. Yet, considering their biological importance to the origin of life, wetlands should be considered the world’s most sacred places. Giblett provides insight into how our cultural frames recast the meaning of natural places which then come to symbolize the civilizations deploying them. If such symbolic practice can be decoded, it can also be recoded. In a similar manner, Emily Bayer’s essay on Wendell Berry’s *That Distant Land*, shows that literature can “also influence the ways a culture imagines itself and its place in the natural world”. Bayer argues that Berry’s imaginative fiction “offers us a model for how to build an ethical relationship with the places we inhabit”.

While some of the creative works in this issue also strike a chord of nostalgia or solastalgia, others explore landscape encounters in poetry and prose that are exhilarating or immersive, and always imaginative. “Snorkel Virgin” by Emma Young poetically represents a West Australian coastal zone, a landscape of the mind that is both “menacing” and playful. The city-slicker heroine faces sharks, limestone crags, roiling sea and reefs – some imaginative, some real - before taking the plunge into an



ocean that is “not cold” or malevolent but rewarding and “safe”. The out-of-place motif of urbanite in the wild has at least one companionable piece in Ian Smith’s prose poem “Plunging Down Under”. This time the location is aquatic-urban and the young, English-migrant speaker takes the plunge, in this extended metaphor, into the outdoor pool and life in Australia. If the human-water relationship defines these poems, another pair of creative pieces stand out for their depiction of Western Australian bushscape.

Bronwyne Thomason’s short story “Shadow over Mount Barren”, conflates an evening ride through bushland in the Fitzgerald National Park with the narrator’s childhood memories of life growing up in rural South-West Australia. The journey is filled with a unique soundtrack of Cat Stevens and Banksia leaves, Elvis and Weeping Gum trees, which links the dusky bushland exterior with the past and poignant memories of family life. The human-shaped Western Australian bushland is also the focus of Brenton Rossow’s visual art piece “THE JUNK THAT 8 K-TOWN”, a haiku/photo record of bush junk near Kwinana or K-Town, in the Perth suburbs of WA. The photos are similarly full of recognisably native flora, creatively captured alongside pieces of weather-beaten human junk in “serendipitous alignments”.

Our Australian-based creative works are rounded off in Louise Boscacci’s “Hard Data, Soft Data”, and the poems “*Zemlja*” and “Pioneer Day” by Natalie D-Napoleon. Boscacci’s wonderfully rhythmic and syllabic poem, vividly and poignantly evokes the loss of native flora and fauna and the dialects of indigenous peoples – once features of the landscape that are now resigned to “the museum records”. D-Napoleon’s second poem “Pioneer Day” is an experimental and song-like dirt-music homily of sorts on the WA settler narrative. In “*Zemlja*”, D-Napoleon’s first poem, the European origins of the Serbo-Croatian speaker, “the coloniser and / the colonised” arguably operate as a kind of formal and genealogical forbearer of the stock immigrant figure in “Pioneer Day”.

This (re)turn to the Northern Hemisphere is confirmed in the final two poetic contributions of the issue. Lesley Harrison’s “North Sea poems” trilogy is visceral, aural, technological, rhythmic and gyroscopic, reflecting an investment of time and energy in this land- sea- scape that ultimately serves to produce a sense of profound poetic immersion, one that clearly echoes the close natural observation found in the work of Kathleen Jamie. From the north-east to the south-west of the British Isles, landscape heritage is captured with alliterative sentiment in Lawrence Upton’s Scilly Isles song-

series “Fortunates Part 1”, where the speaker of the poem replays, snapshot-like, a landscape known over the course of a life, aptly evoking and transforming the Romantic inner eye:

More recently, my brain began to see  
the unchanging changeability, as *theme*  
replayed itself as themes changing  
repetitively and repeatedly,  
bright daisies all out of a now dulled grass,  
birds hopping around shallow fresh puddles,  
much seen anew without becoming bland,  
remaining informative, informational. (Prelude, 44-51)

The speaker thereby offers a productive way of seeing landscape as theme-informational, as *the* important idea running through our lives that is arguably neither immobilized by environmental angst nor saturated in sublime pretence. Ultimately, this completes Volume 9 of *Landscapes*, and while we leave off from the north, it is to the idea of ‘North’ that we hope to now turn attention for the next issue, which will appear under the new name for the journal, *Landscapes and Language*.

## **In the Name of Profit: Canada's Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Reserve as Economic Development and Colonial Placemaking**

*Richard M. Hutchings (Institute for Critical Heritage and Tourism), Marina La Salle  
(Vancouver Island University)*

The names established an agenda under which the rest of the encounter would be played out. After discovering a patch of “un-claimed” land, the conqueror would wade ashore and plant his royal banner. He proclaimed that these newly discovered lands were now his patron’s domain and laid claim to the new-found riches, the natural resources and the things living and inanimate—all of which was simply wilderness before being “discovered” and defined by Europeans... The power to name reflected an underlying power to control the land, its Indigenous people and its history. David Hurst Thomas, *Skull Wars*

### **Introduction**

Although discussing initial European colonization of the Americas during the so-called “Age of Exploration,” David Hurst Thomas’ views on naming and colonial placemaking are wholly relevant today—it is only the banners that have really changed. Early on, colonial naming was done on behalf of such foreign nations and corporations as England and the Hudson’s Bay Company. Today, however, colonizing forces typically reside much closer to home, emanating from regional and local economic and political centres. In part a product of this geographic proximity, the identity and motivations of the contemporary colonizer are necessarily distorted and disguised by complex neoliberalized state bureaucracies, convoluted corporate structures, and well-designed marketing campaigns. Despite the passage of time, much of the placemaking process remains unchanged as it relates to imperialism and resourcism, where control over land and people is external, top-down, and inviolable.

In this paper, we examine the process of colonial placemaking in a very particular context—that is, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) biosphere. Located on the eastern, populated coast of British Columbia’s iconic Vancouver Island, the Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Reserve (MABR) is one of 16 United Nations biosphere reserves in Canada. Designated in 2000 under UNESCO’s Man and the Biosphere Programme, its core philosophy is “sustainability,” balancing economic development with environmental conservation.

The MABR project collapsed not long after its establishment under local leadership. In 2014, Vancouver Island University—a state institution located in an economic and political centre about 40 km outside of the biosphere reserve—co-opted the project (thus the place), rebranding it Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere *Region* in 2015. The official reason given for the renaming is that the word “reserve” has a negative connotation in Canada. Yet, the entire UNESCO biosphere project is an exercise in rebranding, making the situation far more complicated, and invidious.

Our analysis of the MABR offers a unique look inside the process of late modern colonial placemaking through an archaeology of contemporary travel and tourism (O’Donovan and Carroll), considering the impacts on already-marginalized communities (Keefe). We take a critical heritage studies approach, which foregrounds the role of social power and ideology in the production of heritage and place (Graham et al.; Harrison; Smith). Following John Carman and Susan Keitumetse (41), we conceive of MABR as not just a “heritage space,” but a neoliberalized heritage space, where tourism and industrial capitalism are cut from the same cloth, rather than being contradictory pursuits. Focusing in particular on the placemaking process, we pay special attention to the role of naming. In linking contemporary heritage placemaking to capitalism (Graham et al.), troubling and timely questions about modern heritage environments and sustainability emerge (Barthel-Bouchier).

Our essay has three parts. We begin by deconstructing the name Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Reserve, gaining insight into its historical foundations and naming transitions. Through a photo essay, we showcase the symbols and icons (semiotics) used to designate this place, and illustrate through a landscape survey the colonial nature of MABR as an ideological vehicle for white upper-middle class values and capitalist ideals. We explore this further in our discussion, foregrounding

alternative narratives and situating MABR within the ecotourism-extraction nexus. We conclude by considering whether MABR represents a meaningful break with past placemaking practices.

### **Deconstructing MABR: From “Mount Arrowsmith” to “Man and the Biosphere” and Beyond**

Power comes to appear as something other than itself, indeed, it comes to appear as a name. Judith Butler, *Excitable Speech*

MABR is the product of four distinctly colonial historical events. The first was the renaming of an already-named and inhabited Indigenous landscape, home today to the Qualicum, Snaw-naw-as, K'ómox, Snuneymuxw, Tseshaht, Ditidaht, and Hupačasath peoples, and once home to the Pentlatch. Called *kał-ka-čut*, meaning jagged face, by the Hupačasath, “Mount Arrowsmith” was so-designated in 1858 by British Royal Navy Captain George Henry Richards. As commander of the eight-gun<sup>2</sup> survey vessel HMS *Plumper* from 1857 to 1861 (Figure 1), Richards was responsible for many of the place-names along the British Columbia coast (Akrigg and Akrigg).

The name “Arrowsmith” was Captain Richards’ nod to the famous English cartographers Aaron Arrowsmith (1750-1823) and his nephew John Arrowsmith (1790-1873). While the former produced upwards of 130 maps and an atlas for the Empire, the latter’s maps and charts “were so universally known for their excellence” that in the first half of the 19th century the name Arrowsmith was “synonymous with everything clever and accurate in cartography” (the latter was also a founding member of the Royal Geographical Society) (Walbran 24-25). A vital element of colonial placemaking, we return to the subject of mapmaking below.

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<sup>2</sup> It has been suggested the British eight-gun warship *HMS Plumper* (launched 1848) was retrofitted to carry twelve guns when it was converted from a military to a survey vessel in 1857, to be used to chart (and name) the coast of what would later become British Columbia, Canada.

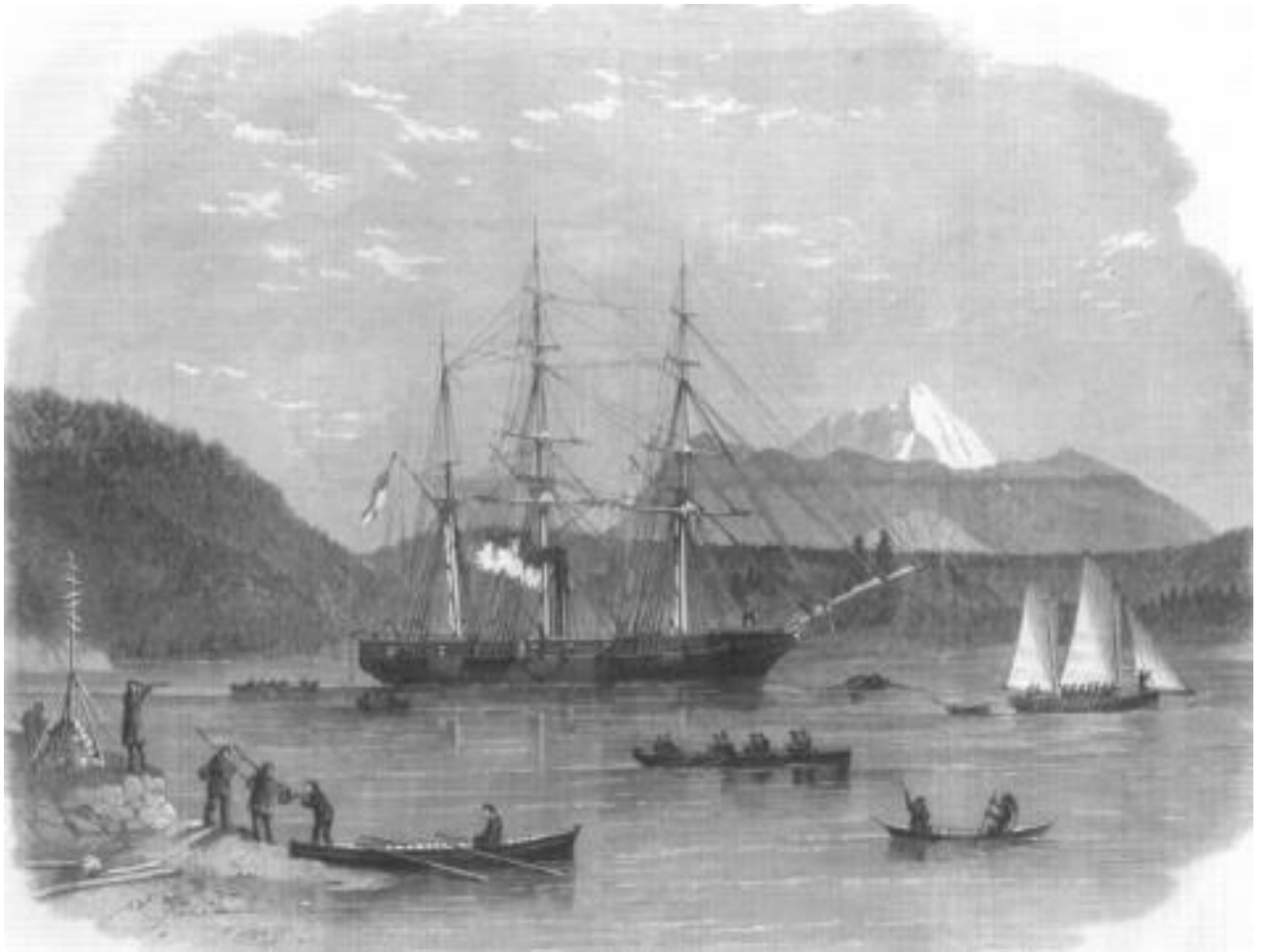


Figure 1. British survey vessel HMS *Plumper* at Port Harvey, northern Vancouver Island, circa 1860. Compare the signposted survey station (datum) at bottom left with Figures 12 and 13. Source: Wikipedia.

The second event is the invention in 1971 by the United Nations of the “biosphere reserve” concept, itself a product of UNESCO’s “Man and the Biosphere” (MAB) program<sup>3</sup> (Figure 2). At a time of elevated concern over environmental degradation due to increased urbanization and industrial capitalism, biospheres were conceived of as vehicles “to establish a scientific basis for the improvement of relationships between people and their environments” (UNESCO “Biosphere Reserve Information”). This emphasis privileges Western science and non-local expertise over place-based governance and Indigenous knowledge.

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<sup>3</sup> Despite a focused search, we were unable to find any formal critique of UNESCO’s sexist name “Man and the Biosphere, language which is no longer acceptable in light of the UN’s own goals regarding gender equality.

In this regard, the biosphere program is quintessentially colonial whereby power is consolidated by an elite population who govern from afar. Further, as “learning sites for sustainable development,” UNESCO biospheres also represent the appropriation of the term “biosphere,” meaning a life-sustaining ecosystem, to include economic “development,” now synonymous with industrial capitalism—arguably the greatest threat to life-sustaining ecosystems worldwide. The result of UNESCO’s MAB imperialism is observed today in its global reach with 651 biosphere reserves in 120 countries now using the UNESCO brand.

The third event, the naming of MABR, took place in 2000 when the biosphere received its official UNESCO designation, illustrated in Figure 3. The designation effort was spearheaded by an employee of Canada’s Department of Fisheries and Oceans whose interest resided in aquatic fisheries and landscapes at the watershed scale (UNESCO “Biosphere Reserves”). In this newly named place, “pressures” from logging and urban development were the primary threats to the ecosystem, and the biosphere concept was considered “an ideal framework” to address such problems. However, the local community was largely unaware of and uninvolved in the MABR designation (Alexander “Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere”), and so the placemaking project faltered.



Figure 2. UNESCO's "Man [sic] and the Biosphere" logo has as its centrepiece the ankh, the Egyptian hieroglyphic character for "life." Compare this ancient agricultural imagery with Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Region Research Institute's new icon, the honeybee, shown in Figure 5. Source: UNESCO.



To salvage the biosphere designation, it was appropriated by a state institution situated outside of MABR: Vancouver Island University (VIU, formerly Malaspina College) located in the City of Nanaimo. The following year, the university initiated and signed a memorandum of understanding “to support and protect” the biosphere designation, financially and through research (Alexander “Biosphere Reserve”). Soon thereafter, MABR established the Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Reserve Research Institute (MABRRI), whose first task was (re)mapping the place, as shown in Figure 4.

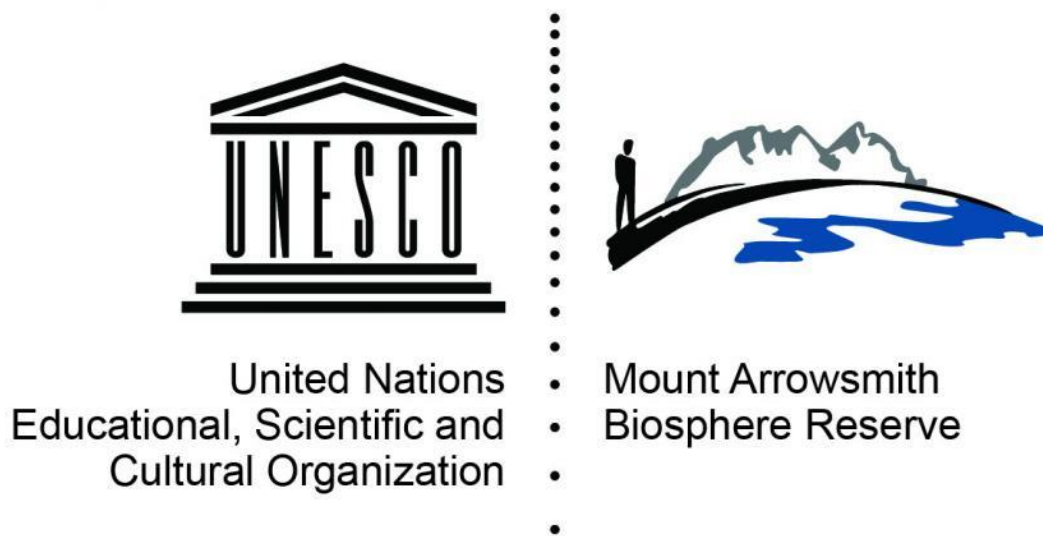


Figure 3. Integrated UNESCO and MABR brands. While the UNESCO logo (left) coopts the ancient Greek architectural form reserved for religious (temple) and state (treasury) buildings, the MABR logo shows a man towering over the landscape. Source: VIU-MABR.

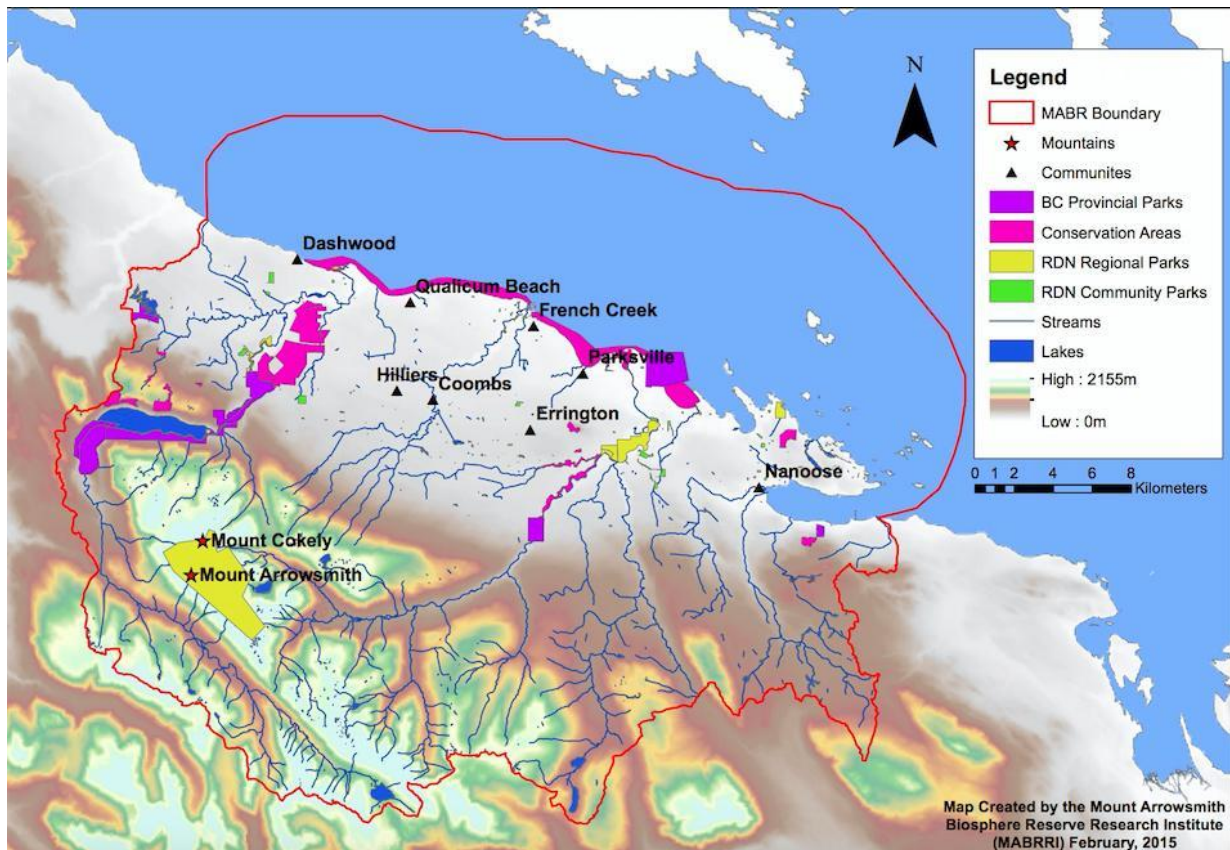


Figure 4. MABR as mapped by MABRRI in 2015. Note the emphasis on parks, conservations areas, and natural features. Cities are rebranded as “communities.” Source: VIU-MABR.

Finally, in 2015, MABR was renamed Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere “Region” because the word reserve has “negative connotations for First Nations” in Canada and could prevent MABR from “working together” with these potential partner communities (VIU-MABR “The Biosphere Region”). This word replacement is significant: “reserve” implies a space held back, protected from and/or saved for; however, “region” has no such connotations of conservation. Instead, it may be considered a *neutral* term used to delineate state space (e.g., the Regional District of Nanaimo).

This renaming negates the idea of biospheres as environmental conservation or protection, opening up the “region” for economic development. As such, the newly named MABRRI was renamed the Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere *Region* Research Institute (MABRRI), a rebranding that included the adoption of the honeybee as their logo (Figure 5). Another form of naming, this icon is more culturally-relevant for

European agricultural societies than for Indigenous peoples of the Pacific Northwest Coast, where salmon or cedar are far more relevant symbols.



Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Region Research Institute

Figure 5.

The logo for the newly named Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Region Research Institute (MABRRI) has as its centrepiece the honeybee, an agricultural icon reminiscent of the Egyptian ankh used by UNESCO for the MAB (Figure 2). Source: VIU-MABR.

Ultimately, the renaming of already-named Indigenous territories to suit colonial and capitalist interests reflects the power Judith Butler describes above: the power to name is the power to define, to capture, and to control. How this power is manifest in MABR is the subject of our survey and discussion.

### **Lifting the Veil: Ground-Truthing MABR Online and In-person**

When our team goes exploring in the Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Region or overseas for a conference, we want you to know about it! Read about our adventures, enjoy original photos and learn useful tips that can enhance your experience should you be looking for an interesting way to spend a day or two.  
VIU-MABR, “Home”

The above quote provides valuable insight into how MABR “team-members”—that is, VIU professors and students centred outside the biosphere—view MABR as a place. As we illustrate below, MABR’s mission is to capture, brand, and market the “adventure” and “discovery” associated with “exploring” wilderness through ecotourism. This, we maintain, is not simply a recreation of *terra nullius* (i.e., landscape devoid of human

presence, or “wilderness”) but is its late modern manifestation, characterized by consumption and hypercapitalism.<sup>4</sup> It is only in this colonial context that one can begin to make sense of MABR’s attempts to scientize and catalog (i.e., name) every aspect of this 1186 km<sup>2</sup> (458 mile<sup>2</sup>) landscape.

Our survey of MABR, presented here in photo-essay format, was designed to identify patterns and processes in placemaking. We drew first on a web-based investigation of MABR, followed by a landscape survey to ground-truth MABR’s representations. However, this was complicated by the fact that MABR is essentially a non-existent place: online sites are limited to MABR’s official website and a few news articles, and we found no material record on the landscape to indicate that we were ever inside “MABR.” Thus our survey was literally of a digitally “imagined community” (Anderson). As we discuss below, the way a place is imagined—beginning with how it is named—is significant.

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<sup>4</sup> For perspectives on *terra nullius* and the cultural construction of “wilderness” (i.e., “natural” heritage spaces) in North America, see Spence, Cronin, Nash, and Woolford et al.



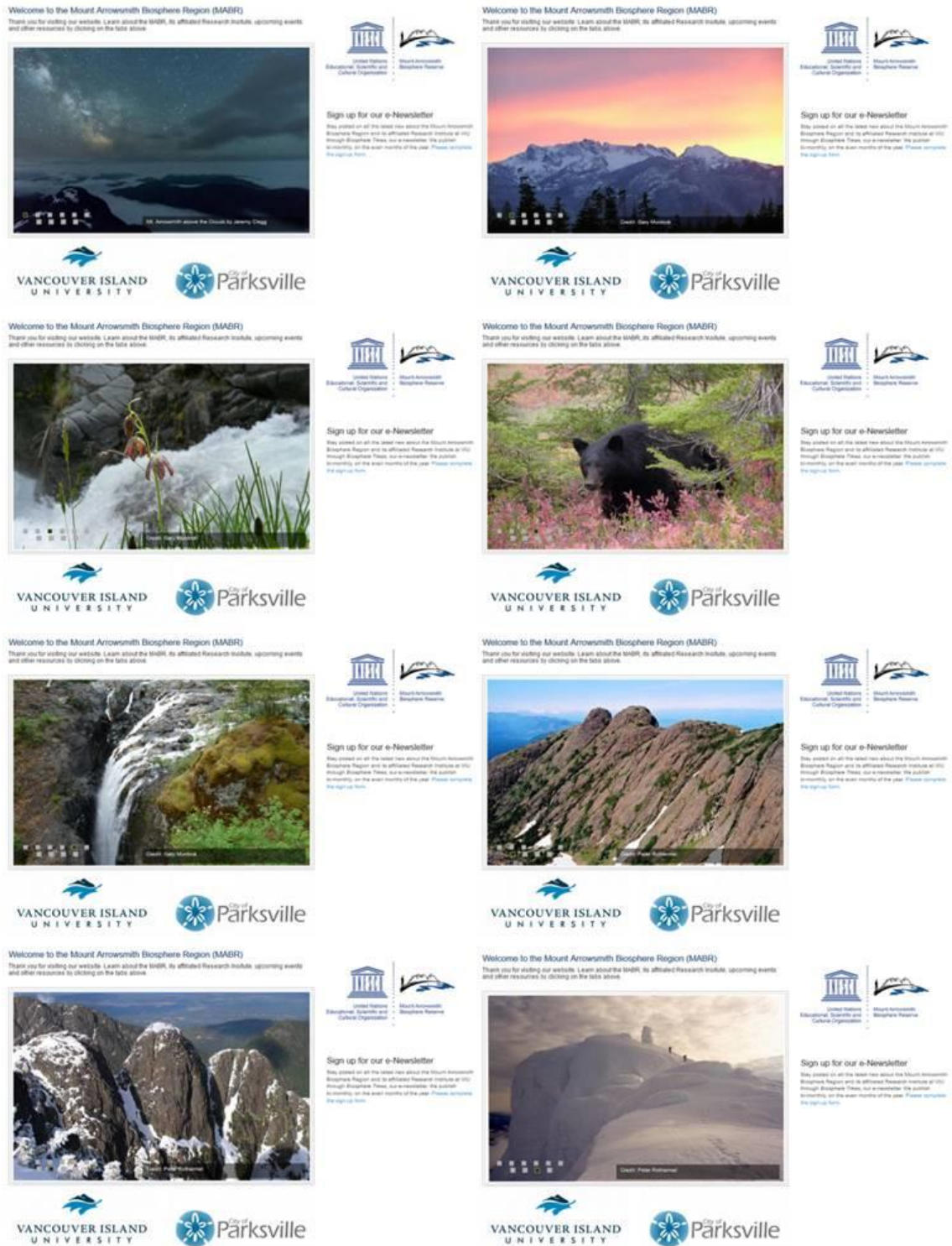


Figure 6. Revolving images from MABR's homepage. Source: VIU-MABR.

**SEPT  
26**

Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Region

United Nations  
Educational, Scientific and  
Cultural Organization

MAB  
Man and  
the Biosphere  
Programme

VANCOUVER ISLAND  
UNIVERSITY

Parksville

**THE BIOSPHERE REGION  
IN YOUR BACKYARD**

Fall Community Course with Mount Arrowsmith Biosphere Region staff

**Saturday, September 26 | 1pm-3pm  
Milner Gardens | Magnolia Room**

Learn about the Mount Arrowsmith UNESCO Biosphere Region where you live, work and play. Join us for an engaging workshop that includes mini lectures, fun activities, a 'world café' style discussion, and stunning visuals.

Course # MGWM 010 | \$5 members | \$15 non-members

**CALL TO REGISTER: 1-866-734-6252**

Figure 7. Flyer announcing a public MABR event Vancouver Island University's elite Milner Gardens property, Qualicum Beach. Source: VIU-MABR.



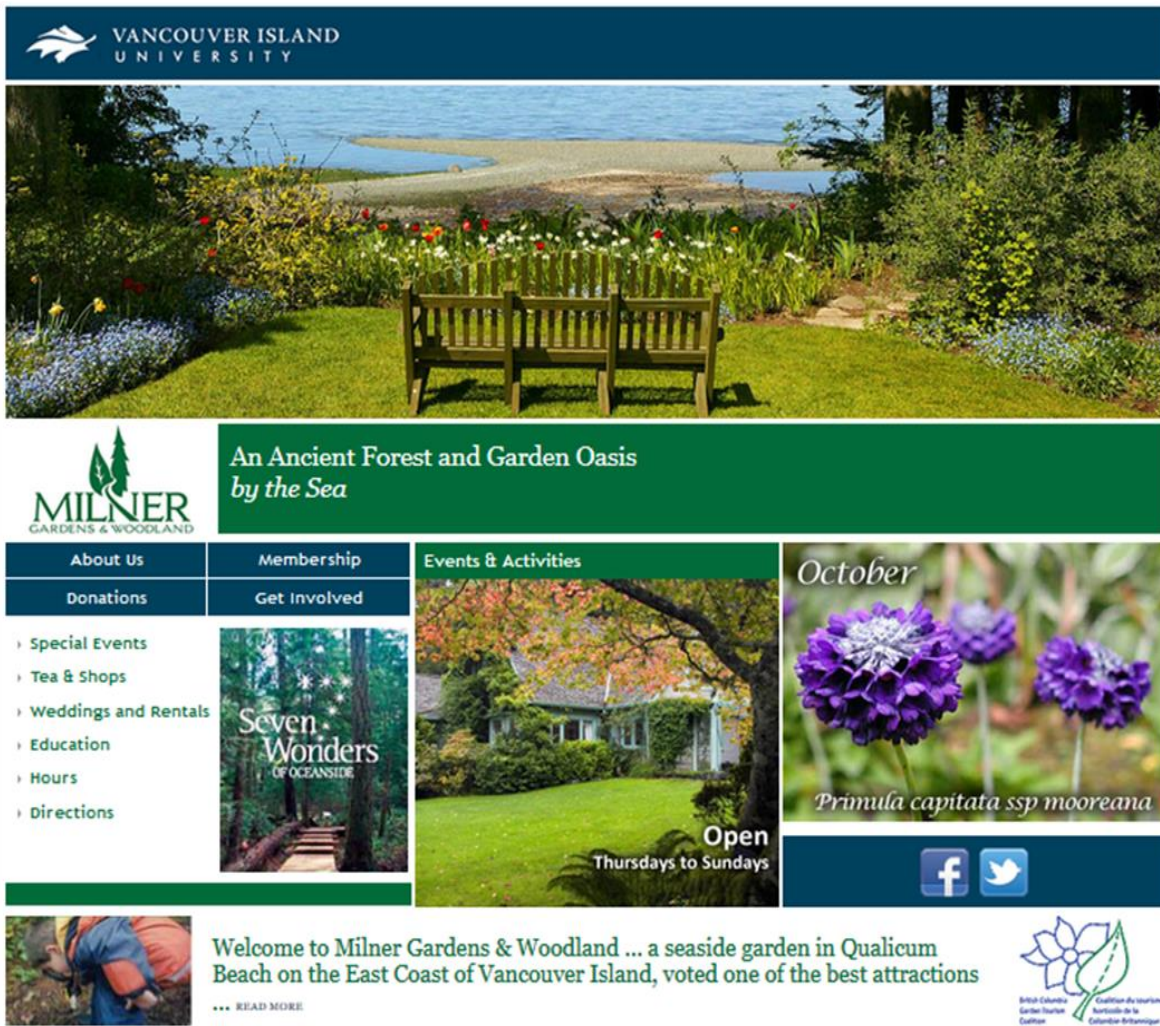


Figure 8. Screenshot of Milner Gardens homepage. Once the home of British elites, Milner Gardens boasts having been host to British politicians and royalty. Now owned and operated by VIU, Milner Gardens is marketed as “An Ancient Forest and Garden Oasis by the Sea.” Source: VIU-Milner Gardens “Homepage.”



Figure 9. Screenshot of Qualicum Beach’s “Welcome to Qualicum Beach” website showing an aerial view of the northern portion of our MABR survey area—a view that betrays MABR’s wilderness narrative. Mount Arrowsmith is located at top-right, below the word “fun.” Source: Town of Qualicum Beach “Welcome.”



Figure 10. Described as a “seaside garden,” Vancouver Island University’s multi-million dollar Milner Gardens property is associated with an ancient First Nations settlement not mentioned in any official literature. Named by Canadian Geographic Travel as “One of the Ten Best Public Gardens in Canada,” Milner Gardens—the site of the September MABR event—is a highly exclusive space: a large portion of the property is fenced off to keep out native species deemed “invasive.”





Figure 11. State-sanctioned placemaking: renamed the “Discovery Coast” for tourists, the region is connected via the welcoming “Heritage Discovery” route, known locally as Highway 19.



Figure 12. Capitalist placemaking: resort sign on the main “Heritage Discovery” route in Parksville designed to simplify the landscape for outsiders.





Figure 13. Capitalist placemaking: resort sign just off main “Heritage Discovery” route in Parksville.

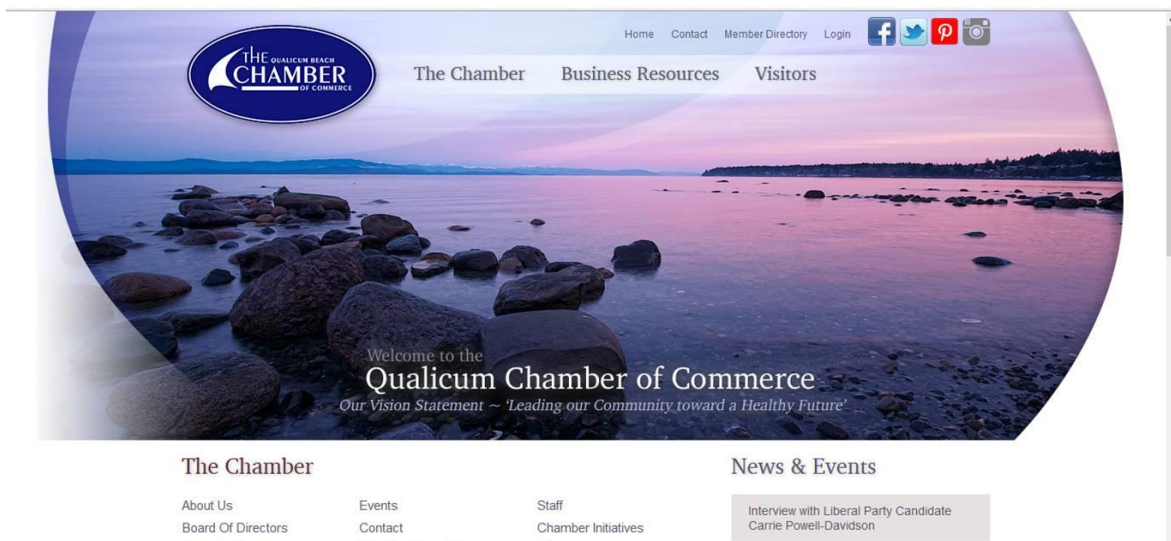


Figure 14. Qualicum Beach Chamber of Commerce’s vision of the coast. Source: Qualicum Beach Chamber of Commerce “Home.”

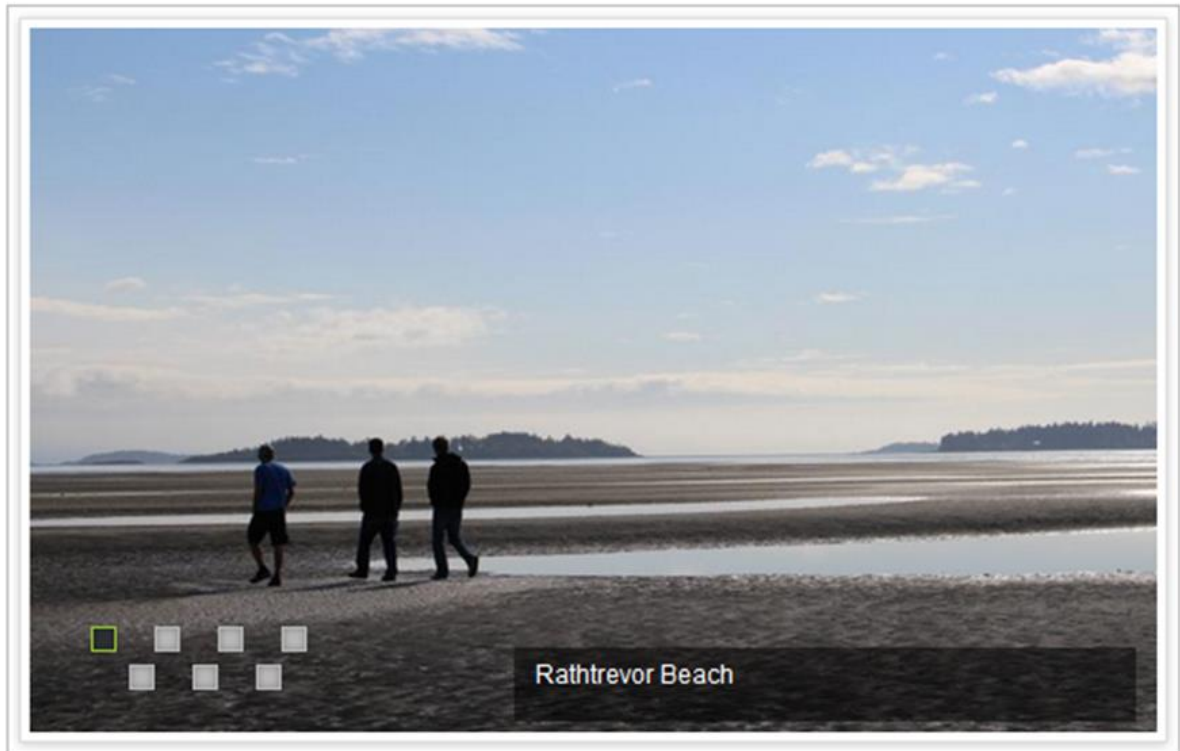


Figure 15. MABR's vision of the coast at Rathtrevor Beach. Source: VIU-MABR.



Figure 16. Our view of the coast at Rathtrevor Beach, looking slightly right of the view shown in Figure 15.



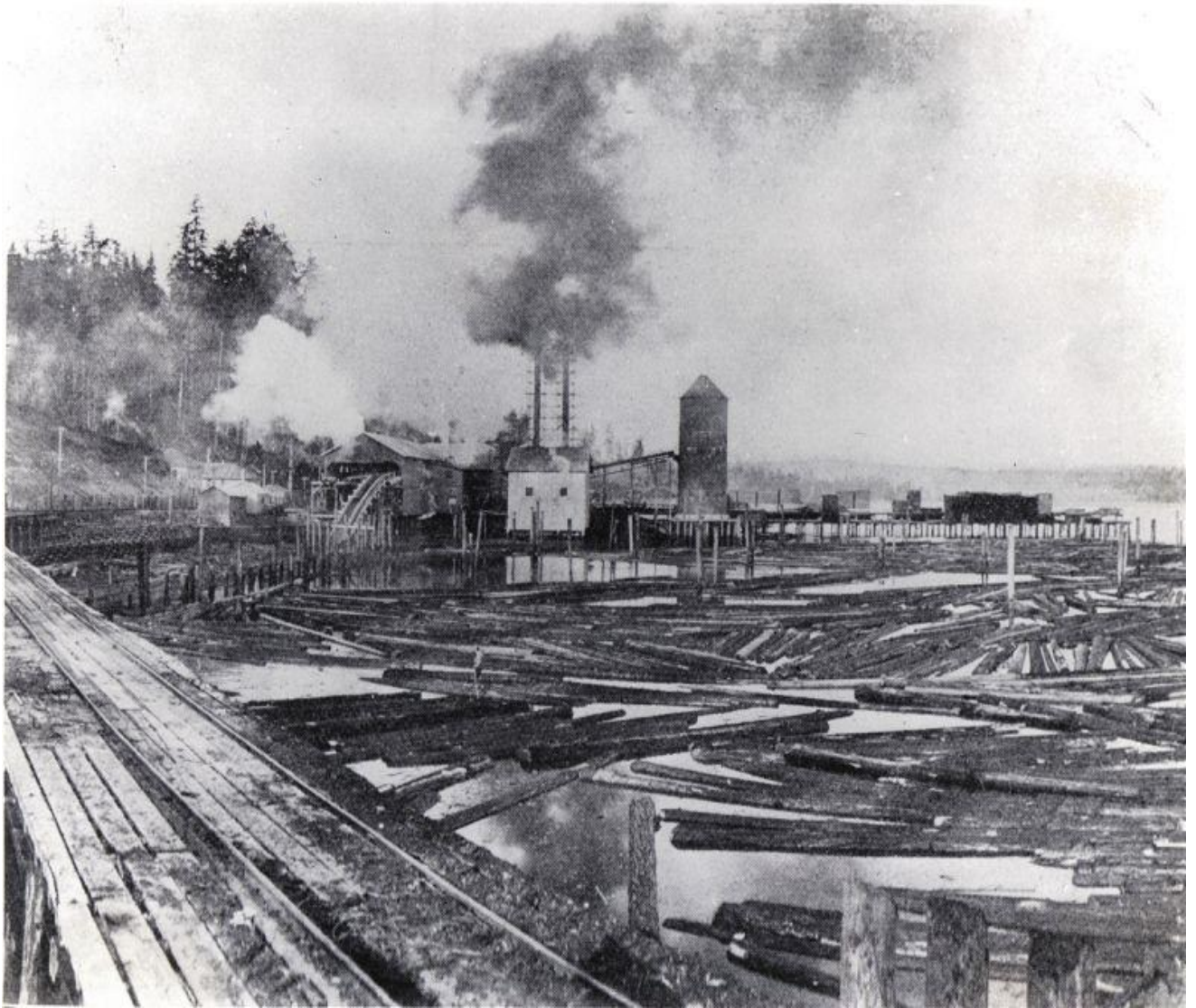


Figure 17. Nanoose waterfront mill, early 1900s (note person at left centre for scale). Source: Parksville Museum & Archives “Home Page.”



Figure 18. Land clearance near Parksville, early 1900s. Source: Parksville Museum & Archives “Home Page.”



Figure 19. One perspective of “nature” in MABR, complete with construction debris, clearcut logging scars, and power lines crosscutting the landscape.





Figure 20. The settler owned and operated “Qualicum Trading Post” located just west of Coombs, a stereotyped vision of the role Indigenous people play in the colonial imagination.



Figure 21. “Shop, Play, Eat, Stay”—this official tagline of Qualicum Beach links tourism (shop, play, eat) with amenity migration (stay).



Figure 22. "Live, Work, Play." The official tagline of Parksville.





Figure 23. DROUGHT CONDITIONS CONTINUE. At present, MABR's population and culture are unsustainable, and it is unclear how ecotourism and amenity migration might resolve these problems.

### **Discussion: MABR as Colonial Placemaking and Economic Development**

We are drawn to products that make us feel good about buying them... The term “greenwashing” has been coined to refer to the phenomenon of eco-exaggeration. Michelle Diffenderfer and Keri-Ann C. Baker, “Greenwashing”

As one of the most important and recognizable forms of cultural heritage, the potential for names to become political currency is “great” (Bodenhorn and Gabriele vom Bruck 12). Our research into the history and landscape of MABR confirms it to be a place imagined by outsiders and elites, managed by outsiders and elites, and marketed to outsiders and elites—all ultimately to the benefit of outsiders and elites. As shown here, names are vital in this dynamic, for they establish the “agenda.”

This should not be surprising. Pacific Coast geographer Cole Harris writes that, “from their earliest encounters, Europeans had begun to remake this territory in their own terms: mapping it, renaming it, claiming possession of it, bringing it within reach of the European imagination” (Harris 161). Science and technology were used to create a “cartographic and conceptual outline of what, for them, was a new land, placing its coast and principal rivers on their maps, identifying the land as wilderness and its peoples as savages.” Mapping has always been central to state control of space and the people therein, as it establishes the framework for how that place is to be conceived, legitimized, and used, and by whom (Anderson 163-164). Mapping continues to be a priority for MABR team-members, who are considering the creation of an atlas to further advertise the biosphere, VIU, and UNESCO (VIU-MABR “The Biosphere Region”).

Emphasizing wilderness and downplaying past and present industry, names and representations of places within MABR narrate a selective version of reality that caters to mostly white, upper-middle class values (i.e., potential tourists and amenity migrants); this echoes regional colonial government and business interests centred around ecotourism. In this regard, MABR as a brand is contributing to and defining an authorized heritage discourse (Smith 11-43). This has been a successful retail strategy: the area has almost twice the number of aged 65+ residents than any other region in Canada (VIU-MABR “The Biosphere Region”). Marketed as an ideal retirement community, outsiders are encouraged to visit and settle, practices that are inherently unsustainable.

Instead of the depopulated and dehumanized nature and wilderness depicted by MABR, we found a colonized landscape where the narrative of elite escape into the country (La Salle) lies in stark contrast to the region’s working class industrial history. Not long after being mapped and named by Captain Richards, the region was settled by European developers who quickly deforested the landscape for lumber and agricultural land, a process greatly enhanced by the construction of a main road in the late 1800s and a railroad in the early 1900s. Indeed, industry, particularly forestry, remains central to the region’s economy today: nearly 94% of lands within MABR’s boundaries are privately owned by logging companies (VIU-MABR “The Biosphere Region”). However,

instead of focusing on this industry, MABR proponents emphasize small-scale farming and horticulture in their research and events.

MABR exemplifies the *ecotourism-extraction nexus*, where (a) ecotourism, (b) environmental conservation, and (c) industrial resource extraction are all taking place “in the same spaces, often supported by the same institutions” (Büscher and Davidov 1). This dynamic is captured in Bram Büscher and Veronica Davidov’s list of contradictions or dichotomies associated with the ecotourism-extraction nexus (Table 1). Although the dichotomies may seem simplistic, the story told about MABR by its team-members falls almost exclusively into the left-hand column, conveying a highly selective version of reality that is politically and economically motivated. The right-hand column constitutes that which has been erased by MABR. We have added to this list the “colonialism” binary, rightfully situated between mainstream and capitalism.

Table 1. What’s in a name? Contradictions and dichotomies associated with the ecotourism-extraction nexus. After Büscher and Davidov (17, Table 2.1)	
<i>MABR story told (named)</i>	<i>MABR story not told (unnamed)</i>
Nature	Society
Sustainable (pure/pristine)	Unsustainable (degraded/spoilt)
Space of attraction	Space to avoid
Adventure/romantic	Ordinary/mundane
Hope	Despair
Altruism/virtue	Responsibility/guilt
Good	Bad
Post-industrial	Industrial
Primitive	Modern
Green	Brown
Ecological holism/integrity	Ecological alienability
Pre-/post-capitalist	Capitalist
Pre-/post-colonialist	Colonialist
Alternative	Mainstream

In this regard, MABR reflects the late modern heritage environment wherein the primary function of the neoliberalized state—including its academic institutions—is the creation of new market opportunities for capitalist investment. Indeed, VIU is already promoting the “sustainable development” ideology through its World Leisure Centre of Excellence, a program aimed at increasing tourism in British Columbia. MABR is both a purveyor and product of this ideology.

### **Conclusion: MABR™ as Brand Name and Worldview**

With naming comes knowledge, and with knowledge, power: the power not only to use, control, and possess but also, just as important, to define. Thomas F. Thornton, *Being and Place*

MABR is an exercise in colonial branding. Efforts by Vancouver Island University to portray MABR as a mythical, ancient, and empty wilderness is a familiar “New World” narrative. Veiled in the tired and easily deconstructed language of “community” and “sustainability,” MABR exemplifies neoliberal placemaking, where the landscape is commodified and commercialized, (re)invented for wealthy ecotourists and amenity migrants.

MABR is an imperial hegemonic project designed to simplify or make “legible” (Scott 2-3) for outsiders what is otherwise a foreign landscape. This is the essence of colonial placemaking: through naming and branding, the foreign is made familiar. MABR’s creation of “nature” or *terra nullius* erases culture, particularly Indigenous culture, which opens up the landscape for tourism and settlement (La Salle). Operating under and veiled by the seemingly incontrovertible logic of “sustainable development,” MABR “legitimate[s] further capitalist expansion, both in general and specifically regarding capitalist extension into nature” (Davidov and Büscher 5).

Rather than fostering sustainability in the periphery, neoliberal states manipulate and erase names—thus places—to foster reliance on and subservience to the core. MABR, like most state-sanctioned naming projects that came before it, seems “driven by a colonial desire for land, resources, and the perpetrator’s motivation to dominate and subsume the oppressed” (Logan 154). MABR team-members and

Vancouver Island University are gaining control over and ultimately profiting from a geography, population, and heritage not their own. Because VIU-MABR's prime directive is to protect the biosphere designation, there appears to be little interest in understanding how their representations of this place, its history, and its names constitute colonial forgetting and co-optation. Instead, MABR proponents envision a future where all VIU students are involved in research in the biosphere, asking not whether MABR *should* exist, but only *how much bigger* MABR should get (VIU-MABR "The Biosphere Region"). "Entangled in history" (Bodenhorn and vom Bruck 1), such colonial placemaking represents no break with the past.

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# Landscapes as Identity and Cultural Heritage in Animation – The Australian Bushland, Japanese Urban Agglomeration and Eurasian Steppes

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## Introduction

The world of animation adapted from literature including short stories, folk tales and ancient myths showcases diverse approaches of reinventing and reimagining elements of landscape as cultural identity for the animated works depending on their specific cultural sources. This paper aims to compare elements from Australian, Japanese and European animated works where geographical elements are used in order to recreate the original world of the literary work the animation is based on, where landscape defines the identity of the individuals and groups of enchanted animals and human custodians of the respective land and location.

Case studies of Yoram Gross (*Dot and the Kangaroo*, 1977) Australia, Takahata Isao / Studio Ghibli (*Raccoon Wars Pom Poko*, 1994) Japan, and Marcell Jankovics (*Song of the Miraculous Doe*, 2002) Hungary will provide examples of the creative use of graphic elements by the animator to represent a given visual source in animation adapted from literature. The three works are chosen from three contemporaneous representative animation auteurs from the three continents and further as a dedication to the memory of Yoram Gross (1926 – 2015) and Takahata Isao (1935 – 2018), and the retirement of Marcell Jankovics from animation in 2017.

In the case of Australia's outstanding live action/animated film *Dot and the Kangaroo* the paper takes a look at the 1899 original book illustration by Frank P. Mahony and the animator's use of elements of live action, cave paintings and animal characters in order to convey the image of the Australian bush at the end of the 19th century. In the case of the works of Studio Ghibli and Takahata Isao the paper aims to show the use of Japanese art historical elements reinvented and reimagined for animation, including the simulation of brush stroke, picture scrolls and woodblock prints, in order to represent the Tama region of the Tokyo agglomeration, as



incorporated in the greater Tokyo region, and the associated environmental trauma. In the case of Jankovics' work, the paper aims to show how traditional folk art patterns are reimagined in animation in order to show the migration patterns of Central Asian tribes and nations and their changing identity as tied with the changing landscapes and climates they travel through before settling in the Central European Carpathian Basin.

### ***Dot and the Kangaroo***

The animated film *Dot and the Kangaroo* was produced in 1977, and its narrative is based on Ethel C. Pedley's book with the same title, originally published in 1899, with 19 full-page illustrations by Frank P. Mahony (Pedley 1899). There are a few differences between the original book and the animation narrative, as it will be shown, but both works retain Pedley's original tone of being both comical and aimed at children audiences while at the same time expressing the timelessness of the Australian bush, its underlying sadness and pensiveness as well as social criticism related to European settler culture, trying to draw a conclusion of achievable coexistence.

The illustrator of the original book, Frank P. Mahony (1862-1916) was a prominent and active member of the circle of late 19th and early 20th century Australian authors, poets and artists residing in Sydney, with a Western classic art education in painting and drawing at the New South Wales Academy of Art. Mahony excelled at drawing animals and local Australian wildlife, and became a successful illustrator for contemporaneous magazines and books. He also extensively illustrated the *Picturesque Atlas of Australia, Victoria and its Metropolis* (1888). Mahony's oil paintings mirror his close relationship as an artist with the bush life of Australia. His powerful yet intimate gaze at the life of outback Australia and its animals earned recognition for him during his lifetime, including the purchase of several of his oil paintings for Australian galleries, such as *Rounding up a Straggler* (1889), *The Cry of Mothers* (1885), *The Bullock Team* (1891) and others for the Art Gallery of New South Wales. His artistic reputation as a wildlife illustrator led him to illustrate nature conservationist Ethel Pedley's book *Dot and the Kangaroo* in 1899, as one of his final works in Australia, before Mahony left for England two years later, where he died without earning similar artistic success.

While Pedley's story of a vulnerable yet clever little girl who ends up in an absurd and fantastic world after chasing a little hare into the bush echoes the narrative of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, published in 1865; Mahony's illustration also

shows influence from *Alice's* illustrator, John Tenniel (1820-1914). Mahony's and Tenniel's graphic styles for the illustrations differ as Tenniel used woodblock engravings for his master images, which served as the source of the electrotyped copies. His character design for the animals and creatures of *Wonderland* was informed by his long experience as a political cartoonist at *Punch* magazine. Mahony, on the other hand, relied on his experience as an oil painter and illustrator in color, fusing his engravings with full color shading, which helped him recreate the atmosphere of the bush at different times of day with richness and depth. While his cover image is reproduced in color, his illustrations for the book were reproduced in monochrome shades.

Despite the differences in style, Tenniel's influence can be seen in the composition of Dot meeting the Koala to that of Alice meeting the Cheshire Cat, with both illustrations depicting the little girl conversing with a magical animal that looks down on her from the branch of a tree. Similarly the bird and dinosaur depictions of Australia echo Tenniel's illustration of the Dodo bird in *Alice*, while the final court scene in both stories also show similarities in their depiction of chaos and disorder.

And yet, while Tenniel's influence can be proposed in these instances, it is important to note that Mahony displays a very distinguished personal style informed by oil painting tradition, and his depiction of the bush and its creatures as well as Dot's human world is powerful and conveys the artist's deep understanding of and compassion for the Australian bush. The image of the hunted kangaroo is an outstanding example of this, as Mahony depicts the jump of the Kangaroo over an abyss with two dingoes chasing and spears being thrown at her, in a style that fuses oil painting techniques while at same time also evoking Aboriginal cave painting depiction of kangaroo hunt with spears. Aboriginal cave paintings were already being catalogued at the time Mahony was active, with discoveries in The Kimberleys starting in the 1830s, and these images clearly informed the artist.

Yoram Gross' animation takes this influence one step further with the animated images of the Bunyip, a mysterious supernatural creature of Aboriginal lore, as well as the animated recreation of Aboriginal cave-painting depictions of native animals and groups of humans. Gross uses the x-ray technique in his rendering of Aboriginal cave paintings of animals - the giant red kangaroo, the emu, the tortoise, fish and even humans - and he utilizes the dot painting method of later Aboriginal artists, including

the Papunya school, to depict dingoes, some fish and the texture of the Bunyip, as well as known symbols of waterhole and foot marks. Gross uses the warm colors of the ochre and pigmented soft rocks that were traditionally used in cave paintings, dominated by shades of brown, tangerine, yellow, black and white.

Gross created a unique style in animation, imposing animated characters on alive action background for feature films, that earned him a distinguished place in the history of world animation, and that brought the unique flora and fauna of Australia to life on screen to a worldwide child audience. Gross, an animator originally from Poland, was informed by the comical animal character design palette of Disney as well as the Eastern European and Soviet studios, and he was very successful in recreating Australian bush animals in that well-established, internationally conforming style, most notably creating Blinky Bill, the Koala, which became a globally recognized cartoon mascot of bush creatures. While the Dot series also developed into a series of eight animated/live action feature films with Dot as central character visiting different ecosystems in Australia, the original *Dot and the Kangaroo* is the only one that is a direct adaptation of children's illustrated literature.

Significantly, Gross changed a few elements from the original narrative while staying true to Pedley's penchant for native wildlife. In the animated film, Dot runs away chasing not a rabbit, like the British Alice, but a grey Australian hopping mouse, or tarkawara (*Notomys alexis*), which is native to the Central and Western Australian arid zones, as the animator tried to focus on the Australian fauna and significantly lessen the *Alice in Wonderland* visual references. However, the original *Dot* narrative also introduces a wide range of Australian animals including the platypus, the wombat or the koala, which are more common in the relatively temperate Australian climates in the Eastern, South-Eastern regions and in Tasmania. Gross also identifies the mawpawk, or Tasmanian spotted owl (*Ninox novaeseelandiae*) as one of the comical characters in the animation. At the same time, the live action footage of the animated film uses extended scenery from the Blue Mountains National Park, in the relatively temperate South-Eastern region of the State of New South Wales.

While regional settlement names are not mentioned in the original literary narrative, and given the wide range of animal characters dwelling in diverse geographical regions, the original story by Pedley serves as a fable conveying a strong

moral message of environmental conservation. Moreover, the bush fauna is diverse in order to serve as an allegory for the whole of Australia as one fragile home to both settler and Aboriginal communities and cultures. In the animation, on the other hand, the animator visually pinpoints the Blue Mountains, nearby settlement spots and the Jenolan Caves as the exact location and landscape background of the narrative, including waterholes, rivers and scarps. This visual strategy yields that the bush fable blends with this exact landscape as the cultural identity of the talking animals, who show and voice their oneness with the environment: the Kangaroo points to the soft rock and tells Dot that it became polished by the feet of kangaroos drinking at the water hole for millennia. In the animation the bush landscape is both lethally hostile to outsiders and gently conforming and nurturing to thenatives of the locality, while at the same time evincing the timelessness of the landscape and its co-existence with the flora and fauna.

In this timeless, intimate, and in the case of the animation very specific relationship, both settler and Aboriginal human cultures are portrayed as invasive and ignorant. In the literary work, the closeness of Aboriginal wisdom with the local landscape is shown through the character of the Aboriginal man helping the settlers read the signs of the bush when looking for Dot. In the animation, on the one hand, this character is omitted and Aboriginal tribes are portrayed as scary and superstitious. The Bunyip narrative, on the other hand, is invested with more importance, introducing the traditional narrative of supernatural beings inhabiting local landscapes. In the animation, it is visually narrated through the animation of the character based on inspiration from Aboriginal cave painting and more recent visual traditions. By identifying the caves as shelters and surfaces of visual communication, the landscape once again comes to life and is personified in the *Dot* narrative in animation, by showing the intricate relationship of landscape and cultural identity in the Australian geocultural setting. In fact, the Bunyip as a supernatural being, like all elements of Aboriginal mythology, is ultimately connected to the landscape, as the tradition would involve geographical spots to narrate different versions and different parts of the myth.

Gross also altered the original mood of melancholy in the literary work to a more joyous undertone in the bush, considering the primary audience of his animation were children, and yet he undercut Pedley's happy ending conclusion of the Kangaroo finding

her joey and interacting with the human world. It is in fact an outstanding aspect of Pedley's story, that Dot, unlike Alice or Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz* (Baum 1900), would bring Wonderland to the human world, which would not just be discarded as a strange dream. This aspect is taken away in the animation, with the ending scene of infinite loneliness depicted through a live action shot of a giant red kangaroo (*Macropus rufus*) shown from aerial view hopping away by herself into a vast arid land. This aerial view is a recurring image from Mahony's illustration, which lends a unique observer perspective to the enchanted narrative both in the illustrated book and the film, and ultimately tying together the landscape and its inhabitant as a lyrical cultural unit.

### ***Song of the Miraculous Doe***

While *Dot and the Kangaroo* shows a story from the perspective of a miraculous, hunted animal, with mythical links to the homeland/bushland of both Aboriginal and settler communities in Australia, *The Song of the Miraculous Doe*, an epic poem by Hungarian poet Janos Arany from the same era (Arany 1864) narrates the hunt of the magical deer from the perspective of the hunters, who are the mythological ancestors of Hungarian and Hun tribes, from the steppes of Central Asia to the Caucasus and finally arriving to the ancestral homeland of the Carpathian Basin. While geographically distant from the Dot narrative and focusing on the human perspective of the chase of a magical animal, the animation *Song of the Miraculous Doe* draws parallels with *Dot and the Kangaroo* in visually narrating the progressive coexistence of humans and miraculous native animals.

The poem is based on an ancient folk narrative of twin brothers hunting. Hunor and Magyar are the fathers of the Hun and Hungarian tribes and in the tale they chase the elusive miraculous doe, which leads them to reach new and enchanted terrains. *The Song of the Miraculous Doe* is the basis of the animated film of the same title by Oscar-winning Hungarian animator Marcell Jankovics (2002), who has an extensive background in Central Asian archeology and art history research as well as in the study of Hungarian folk art traditions. Jankovics has utilized art-historical visual sources in his animated work since 1977: in his *Hungarian Folk Tales* series (1977-2012) as well as in his animated feature film *The Son of the White Mare* (1981), which is based on Scythian visual culture and mythology. He also animated (1973) the epic poem *Johnny Cornknob* by Hungarian poet Sandor Petofi (Petofi 1845).

The miraculous doe or female deer is an enchanted animal and a fertility symbol in Hun and Hungarian folk traditions, which is often a shape-shifting deity that is tied to a local landscape. At the same time the animal is also considered to be an allegory for the starry sky-scape that nomadic horse-riding tribes and nations followed in their migration in Central Asia and the Caucasus region. In this sense, the animal represents the Sun, and its spreading antler represents the constellations. According to Jankovics's interpretation based on his background research, the doe wears the morning star (Venus) on its forehead, the Moon on its breast, the Sun between its antlers, and the constellations Gemini, Auriga, Orion, Pleiades, Perseus and Cassiopeia represent its body and antlers (Jankovics 2004:51). It is also a totem animal, similar to the horse, the nurturing she-wolf and other local canines or the turul mystical giant eagle-like bird, representing the ancient connection between the tribe and the land.

While the miraculous deer is often represented in Scythian gold figurines, the recorded myth itself is preserved in the codex *Gesta Hunnorum et Hungarorum* (The Deeds of Huns and Hungarians, cca. 1283 CE) by Simon Kezai and it is also mentioned in the chronicle *Chronicon Pictum* (Coloured Chronicle, cca. 1360 CE) by Mark Kálti. These chronicles narrate cartographically the landscape the Hun and Hungarian tribes travelled on horseback, chasing the miraculous doe from the Ural-Altai steppe (Scythia) to the Sea of Azov (Black Sea, Maeotis Swamp), and culturally the horseback riding cultures mixed with the Dulo Clan of Western Turkic origin, and settled in the Crimean Peninsula region.

Jankovics uses this ancient narrative to produce a timeless animated myth of migration from the late Ice Age landscapes in Siberia to the Scythian flat lands in Central Asia, to the pre-medieval and early medieval cultures of Sogdiana and Khazaria in the Caucasus region, and finally to medieval Christian Europe in the Carpathian Basin. In the animation Jankovics superimposes the epic poem, the ancient myth and Central Asian and Ural-Altai cultural narratives of totem animals - the deer, the reindeer and the horse - to create fluidity in the movement from one geographical location and cultural era to the other, while at the same time interlinking the enchanted animals with the landscape as mother to the nomadic tribes.

Jankovics was informed by the 1959 full colour aquarelle and engraving illustrations from the book publication of *The Song of the Miraculous Doe* by painter

Gyula Szőnyi (1919-2014), who depicted the hunters as Central Asian horse riders and the fairy girls as Turkic tribes (Arany 1959). However, Jankovics' research is much more extensive in terms of tracing tribal migrational movements from the late Ice Age to the early European Middle Ages. He divides his narrative into four parts (songs), the first of which shows the Central Asian and Siberian dwelling of the early tribes and the thaw of the Ice Age. Here Jankovics uses motifs from Mongolian rock paintings and bone carvings as well as Selkup shaman drum symbols – these symbols would be partially preserved or incorporated into later Hungarian folk art motifs, including the metamorphosis of Sun rays, plant tendrils and birds that become Jankovics' trademark animated symbol system, as can be seen in the animated works *Hungarian Folk Tales* and *Johnny Cornknob*.

In the first song of prehistory, Jankovics personifies the landscape and transforms it into ultrasensory space by animating shaman drum motifs and rock paintings animated by the flickering fire of the narrating tribesmen. In the animation, the shamanistic and animistic tradition of travel between upper and lower worlds is carried out by drums, totem trees and animal transformations, and the thaw of the frozen landscape is represented by the personification of a young blade of grass, given birth by an ice goddess. The animator consciously uses native flora and fauna from a vast and diverse landscape of the Eurasian landmass from Eastern European highlands to Inner Asian lowlands, with a focus on the Ural Mountain Range and the Ob River. Movement on the landscape is depicted by ski blades on the visual plane of reality, while in the mythological narration tribes move by transforming into a totem bird of prey and fly or into a wolverine and travel on land. In this prehistorical landscape, the totem animals are the prehistoric Eurasian giant deer of the Late Pleistocene era (*Megaloceros giganteus*) and the tundric reindeer (*Rangifer tarandus*), which shapeshift into the more agile fallow deer (*Dama dama*), symbolizing a move to the more temperate regions of the Western Eurasian landmass and transforming into a more mobile horse riding culture in the second song.

In the second song, the animation utilizes as visual sources Scythian gold figurines and engravings of horses, deers, hawks and lions as well as Permian bronze plaquettes with animal motifs. In this segment the landscape becomes the Central Asian steppe, and the horse culture fuses with the deer culture, represented by the unity of

the Scythian horse-chief Menrot (meaning stallion) and an Ugric deer-priestess Eneh (meaning doe), at the brink of the Don River, North East of the Sea of Azov. This mythological landscaping is complemented by a shift in the celestial constellations representing the enchanted deer, visually implying a shift in geographical location for the newly emerging tribes.

From this union emerge the celestial twin brothers Hunor and Magyar, the mythological ancestors of the Hun and Hungarian tribes, and the cultural and geographical landscape changes once again via their deer hunt; the animator visually acknowledges this geocultural change with a change in representative style using visual sources from Sogdian wall paintings. The new landscape is the Caucasus and the Maeotian swamp region, where the stylized hunter-warriors are drawn in a miniaturized Sogdian style, with facial representation from a side view.

In the third song, Jankovics animates Sogd wall paintings, Persian miniature paintings and Khazarian visual motifs. In the final, fourth song, these visual modes blend with early Christian codex representations as the animation embeds the migrant visual traditions into the European Christian settler culture. Here the landscape, geography and topography are represented by the animation of early Christian codex maps used in historiographies of nations. The topography is represented in the animation in a way that is similar to the codex format, with architectural objects shown from an aerial view while perspective is not yet employed, thereby spreading the structural drawing of the buildings (castles, rocks) in a two dimensional planar representation. Nations and tribes moving along geographical distances are represented by the totem animals of the respective tribe (crow, lion, etc.), and the landscape itself is personified with facial features in the animation with superimposed realistical images of the moving carts and masses. The shamanistic rituals of horse sacrifice is also drawn in the style of a codex illustration.

As the doe and its hunters finally settle within the landscape of the Carpathian Basin, the animation completes its cultural narrative of a landscape that organically formed the cultural identity of the migrating nation.

### ***The Raccoon War Pom Poko***

In comparison to *The Song of the Miraculous Doe*, the animated film *Raccoon War Pom Poko* (1994) is founded on the concept of shape-shifting racoon dogs (tanuki) in



Japanese folk narratives that are widely published in illustrated children's books in Japan. Additionally, the manga sequential art work of Sugiura Shigeru (1908-2000), *808 Racoon* is used as a racoon dog representational layer in the animation, since animation director Takahata Isao, similar to Jankovics, prefers the use of traditional animation techniques based on hand drawing over computer enhanced animation. Takahata also has a background in using art historical and folk art sources in his animation. In a further comparison to Jankovics, who was fascinated with art history, Takahata wrote an interesting analytical work on Heian period Japanese picture scrolls as possible forerunners of animation (Takahata 1999).

*The Racoon War Pom Poko (Heisei Tanuki Gassen Pompoko)* narrates the story of the tanuki, or Japanese racoon dog (*Nyctereutes procyonoides viverrinus*), which is a well-known trickster and shape-shifter character in Japanese folk tales and children stories. In the animation, like the *Miraculous Doe*, three layers of the supernatural animal are juxtaposed and often superimposed on one another: the layer of the natural physical form of the animal, in a realistic rendering style; the layer of the animated animal as main character of the narrative; and a stylized version of the animal - in the case of *Pom Poko*, the manga version of the racoon dog by Sugiura; in the case of the *Miraculous Doe*, a primitivist style of folk art rendering.

*Pom Poko*, just like *Dot* and the *Miraculous Doe*, narrates and animates the conflict of interaction between the human and animal worlds, that of intruders and victims. The *Miraculous Doe* shows a flow of prehistoric to medieval era migration and Central Asian to Central European geography, where natural coexistence with humans is naturally overwhelmed by human civilisation. *Dot* shows a cross-sectional moment in history, where early settlers' encroachment on the environment causes surreal encounters as well as a sense of anxiety for both animals and humans, which imply the possibilities of future coexistence but also future conflict (for example the encounters in *Dot* eerily foreshadow the *Great Emu Wars* of 1932, the epitome of absurdity spilling over into reality, where humans waged war on a group of emu birds, and where the birds got the upper "hand"). In this instance, Aboriginal human-animal interaction is depicted as timeless but far from harmonious from the perspective of the animals, who would lump the "black" and "white" humans together as fearsome murderers of animals.

In the case of *Pom Poko*, the era depicted is more or less modern day, 1960s Tokyo. More precisely this is time of the development of the Tama (多摩) new residential region of Western Tokyo, which was reclaimed from the forested areas and riverbed in the foothills of the Okutama mountain region and the Tama River, South-West of Central Tokyo and North of the Kanagawa Prefecture. Tama might be a play on words as *tama* (玉) also means ball and tanuki racoon dogs are famous for their giant testicles in Japanese folklore. Tama is the symbolic habitat of the racoon dog, which should be their birthright. When their habitat is threatened, the shape-shifter tanuki launches a number of trickster attacks on humans, but is finally forced to give up hope and join human society in the shape of a human salaryman (a Japanese white-collar worker). In this sense, they follow in the footsteps of the Japanese red fox (*Vulpes vulpes japonica*), another known shape-shifter from Japanese folk tales, and sacred animal of the Inari Shinto worship tradition, who, in the animation, is also forced to settle in human society. The defeat of the tanuki, and allegorically, humans - humans are also the victims of reckless urbanisation - is shown both with dark realism as well as deep symbolism, with a realistic depiction of tanuki animals as roadkill and the sailing away of cartoon racoons to Nirvana.

The epitome of the shape-shift culminates in the Japanese yōkai monster parade of the racoon dogs on the streets of Tokyo, a scene from the story. This is where Takahata uses a plethora of Japanese art historical sources for the depiction of supernatural beings. The parade is based on the *Hyakki Yagyō*, or Parade of One Hundred Demons tradition known to take place on the streets of Kyoto city, dating back to the earliest Heian period in literature (*The Tale of Genji*, early 11<sup>th</sup> century) and to the Muromachi period in visual arts (*Hyakki Yagyō* picture scrolls, 14<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> century), that are later adapted and reinvented in ukiyo-e woodblock prints in the Edo and Meiji periods (17<sup>th</sup> to 19<sup>th</sup> century). Besides the *Hyakki Yagyō*, the comical characters of rabbits and frogs from the *Chōjū Giga Picture Scroll of Frolicking Animals* (12<sup>th</sup> century) are also utilized in the cavalcade, a visual reference and homage to the picture scroll that Takahata considers to be the visual forerunner of Japanese animation. Other sources include an art-historical depiction of yōkai Japanese monsters as well as that of the fox as a spirit being.

The landscape as cultural identity is portrayed in a layered manner in the animation. Maps, maquettes and blueprints show the map of Japan and the urban designs of the new city blocks, a new theme park and the development of infrastructure in the region, in a manner that suggests that the humans seem like larger than life gods or supernatural beings to the tanuki, who can toy with the landscape of their habitat. The racoons themselves travel to the islands of Shikoku and Sado, which represent an idealized nostalgic homeland of “traditional Japan”, where the tanuki are still revered in local shrines. In contrast, the human urban architecture of their once colloquial landscape is cold, dangerous and threatening. The cityscapes of the depersonified metropolis, Tokyo, are often juxtaposed with traditional rural Japanese landscapes in the narrative. Like the animation *Dot and the Kangaroo*, the final undertone of the narrative is extremely melancholic and bitter, showing that a loss of native landscape is a loss of personal and cultural identity. It is also a bitter message to the human inhabitants of Tokyo, that the loss of traditional landscapes results in the loss of traditional folklore, after which human life is also reduced to a hollow, lonely and stressful existence.

The main characters, the racoon dogs, or tanuki, are also the symbols of this vanishing folklorism and cultural landscape, as the shape-shifting tanuki together with the fox (kitsune) belong to the folklore category of *yōkai* (妖怪), supernatural beings who are themselves the representatives of metamorphosis and change, traditionally inhabiting the liminal spaces between built and natural landscape. This liminality in Japanese traditional folk narrative is called the *sato-yama* (里山), referring to the buffer region where *sato* (里, village, cultural landscape) and *yama* (山, the mountain, natural landscape) meet. *Yōkai* in Japanese folk tradition appear on the borderline in a physical sense on the landscape: at river banks, bridges, cross-roads, sea-shores or forest glades: at dusk or dawn, at times of seasonal change, at the harvest, during the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, as well as the summer and winter solstices. In a metaphysical sense, they occupy the liminal space between the world of *kami* (神, Shinto gods), humans, animals, plants and objects, since *yōkai* are entities that can transform from one form to another (Papp 2011:41).

In this sense, the tanuki yôkai is used in this animation to represent the transformation of the landscape and the trauma caused by the interaction of the natural, supernatural and human worlds at a time of aggressive urbanisation and accelerated human encroachment on the natural habitat. This metaphor was further explored in Studio Ghibli's *Princess Mononoke* (*Mononoke Hime*, dir. Hayao Miyazaki, 1997), where a deer god, not unlike the miraculous doe, a mountain dog, boar gods and other supernatural forest entities (yôkai) manifest their transformational power to represent the fight for habitat between the natural and human landscapes.

In all three analyzed films, *Dot and the Kangaroo*, *The Miraculous Doe* and *Racoon Wars Pom Poko* the sato-yama concept, the interaction of humans with supernatural animals at the borders of human and animal worlds, is present. In the case of *Dot*, this transitional space is the landscape of the bush around the human settlement and around the Aboriginal camp. In the case of *The Miraculous Doe* it is the hunting pasture near the human village and in the case of *Pom Poko* it is the construction site near the newly emerging block houses.

In all three cases, the interaction is caused by human aggression, in the form of hunting and encroachment, which is a source of danger for the natural and supernatural animal world. The interaction between the little girl Dot and the giant red kangaroo is not an exception, and mirrors the *Miraculous Doe* narrative of human curiosity as a catalyst for change, where the meeting is caused by the young human offspring wandering away from her human herd because she was chasing a mouse (a hare in the original literature). While Dot is clearly a representative for human innocence and curiosity, and while the little girl intends the mouse no harm, chasing the little animal is an act of aggression and trauma from the point of view of the fragile animal. We may conclude, that in all three analyzed cases humans are represented as invaders on the natural landscape and their invasion leads to the interaction between humans and supernatural animals.

## **Conclusion**

This article has shown how twentieth-century traditional hand-drawn animation adaptations based on children's illustrated literature in three distinct socio-cultural environments, using art historical sources to reinvent and reimagine the supernatural worlds of the original literary works, narrate the interaction of the (super)natural and

human habitats in forming a visual unity between cultural and personal identity and natural landscape.

It has shown that Yoram Gross' animation, *Dot and the Kangaroo*, visually referencing the original book illustrations of Mahony as well as Aboriginal wall painting and dot painting traditions, while at the same time allowing the magnificence of the Australian bush to radiate through the narrative via live action footage, combined to illustrate how the Australian bush land - specifically the Blue Mountains Region, New South Wales - acts as a landscape that embraces and enhances a timeless cultural identity of its inhabitants.

In the case of *The Song of the Miraculous Doe*, based on a Hungarian epic poem, the book illustrations of painter Gyula Szónyi served as visual reference, while Jankovics took on the task of visually rendering and animating art historical visual sources from Ice Age Siberia, Bronze Age steppe cultures of Scythia of the Ural region: Permian, Sogdian and Khazarian empires in Central Asia as well as early mediaval Christian art from Central Europe. Art historical visual sources in this case range from rock art and shamanistic drum designs to gold figurines, monumental wall paintings, miniatures and illustrated codeces from diverse geographical regions from modern day Mongolia, Central Russia, Iran, Tajikistan, the Caucasus and Central-Eastern Europe. Jankovics' animation intertwines mythological and geographical landscapes, juxtaposing a mythical deer chase with the millenia-long migration of Central Asian tribes and nations. This animated work, based on meticulous art historical and archeological research, illustrates how the changing landscape shaped, altered and reshaped the cultural identity of its inhabitants.

Japanese animator Takahata Isao, on the other hand, based his animated work profoundly on native Japanese visual sources including both twentieth-century manga comics and Heian-to-Meiji Period picture scrolls, ukiyo-e woodblock prints and Nihonga paintings to show a stark contrast between traditional, primarily agricultural landscapes and the rapid urbanisation of metropolitan Tokyo. The urban and rural landscapes of modern Japan show in the animation, how a cultural identity traditionally linked with the local landscape can disappear with the disappearance of the landscape itself.

All three animated works use layers of visual narrative, that of photoreality, stylization and cartoon-like representation, using similar techniques to juxtapose different aspects of the narrative, indicating a dreamlike element of the mythology and psychology connected to a real geographical location, a landscape and its occupying flora and fauna. We may conclude that, while all three animated films reimagined a past visual landscape using different techniques, they are united in their desire to convey a lyrical-visual world of the moment(s) of turmoil experience by vulnerable native fauna and flora as a result of human intruders. Aimed at a young audience, there is clearly a message of hope, to convey the timeless necessity of nature and landscape conservation as a means of conservation of cultural identity.

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## **“The Strata of My History’: Reading the Ecological Chronotope in Wendell Berry’s That Distant Land”**

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In his 1968 essay, “A Native Hill,” Wendell Berry ruminates on his relationship to place. Of his Kentucky home, he says, “the place and the history, for me, have been inseparable” (4), and he suggests that human experience transcends time through this landscape:

But the sense of the past also gives a deep richness and resonance to nearly everything I see here. It is partly the sense that what I now see, other men that I have known once saw, and partly that this knowledge provides an imaginative access to what I do not know. I think of the country as a kind of palimpsest scrawled over with the comings and goings of people, the erasure of time already in process even as the marks of passage are put down. (12-13)

Like a piece of parchment scraped clean and reinscribed, Berry’s rural home bears traces of past histories that linger long after their erasure. Standing on a fog-encased riverbank, Berry concludes, “I could have been my grandfather, in his time, standing there watching, as I knew he had” (14). The view resonates with Berry because it serves as a connection to his forebears, who lived on and worked this same hill. More poignantly, though, this particular tract of land allows Berry to access its past and the human stories it holds through his imagination. In the present, he writes his own narrative onto the landscape; his is a story informed by the past and that will, in turn, shape the future. Berry is invested in the health of this place that inscribes generations of histories into its geography, preserving them for the future.

Berry’s personal experience serves as a model for his fiction. He situates his novels, short stories, and even some poems in the fictional town of Port William, which he models on his hometown of Port Royal, Kentucky. Throughout Berry’s work, we see Port William transform from a frontier river outpost, to a thriving agricultural community, to a town in economic decline. A pastoral landscape dotted with farms, woodlots, and river bottoms encircles the cluster of homes and shops within the town



limits. We meet residents from the town proper, as well as those from the neighboring farms. The town sits on the banks of “The River,” as it’s known, which is a tributary of a larger river to the north and serves to connect the people of Port William to the wider world. This is a place where one knows his neighbors intimately; blood ties are strong, but the people of Port William live intertwined lives that transcend family relations. Across time and generations, the inhabitants of Port William refer to themselves as The Membership, signaling their strong sense of community, and of communion.

Berry’s characters cultivate an equally intimate relationship with the physical landscape, and the land, in turn, holds within it the history of the Port William Membership. Characters in Berry’s fiction that maintain an ethical and sustainable stewardship of their place inscribe their story onto the land and are held in the collective memory of the community, while neglecting one’s responsibility to the land inevitably leads to isolation.<sup>5</sup> Furthermore, it is through a shared sense of responsibility to the land that the Membership fosters its sense of community, shared history, and timeless connection with each other.<sup>6</sup> While any number of Berry’s fictional works would serve to illustrate this symbiotic relationship between the human and nonhuman world, I focus here on his Port William stories collected in *That Distant Land* (2004). These stories reveal that place defines the Membership of Port William, and places tell stories that they can read in the rural landscape.<sup>7</sup> The Membership is inextricably connected to this place, to the point that, when they are in another setting, Berry describes them as not being their true self. The state of the land reflects the state of a family and embodies

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<sup>5</sup> In “Dante and Wendell Berry’s Modern Book of Memory,” Dominic Manganiello draws a similar correlation between land stewardship and memory in Berry’s work, claiming that, “Berry foregrounds the act of ‘re-collection’ in his ecological aesthetics. To preserve a valued way of life by retelling the lore that sustains it (culture) corresponds to the work of cultivating the land by maintaining a deep and healthy topsoil (agriculture)” (115). Manganiello’s article outlines Berry’s debt to Dante for this particular aspect of his “ecological aesthetics.” Jeffrey Bilbro also examines the intersections of memory and ecology in “The Ecology of Memory,” but Bilbro approaches it through the lens of Christianity, claiming that, “Berry’s fiction portrays memory as an ecological virtue that the Christian tradition can teach us” (328).

<sup>6</sup> Michael Welsh makes a similar observation in his article, “From the Interpersonal to the Environmental.” He notes that the characters that make up the Membership in Berry’s fiction, “have different backgrounds and life stories. Any shared religion is little mentioned, and their living (or not) in immediate proximity is only incidental. What ties this collection of characters together into a community[...] is the relation each feels to the land or place: an anticipating, mutual, and fecund relation” (53).

<sup>7</sup> This echoes Berry’s concept of “community speech,” which he outlines in his essay “Standing by Words.” Of “community speech,” Berry suggests that, “its words have the power of pointing to things visible either to eyesight or to memory” (33). He continues, “this community speech, unconsciously taught and learned, in which words live in the presence of their objects, is the very root and foundation of language” (33). As I argue below, Berry’s fiction shows this perspective in practice when the words of characters come to others as they pass through landscapes connected with those words.

their stories; an old tobacco barn or stand of oaks will call to mind a human history connected to that place. There is also a fluidity of time in Port William, and past, present, and future coexist there. The chronological structure of the stories allows readers to see the growth and development of Port William, but even within stories, past, present, and future seamlessly converge. Yet, as the collection's title suggests, this place is already distant, just out of reach. It is both alive in its detail and history while also passing away in a changing, contemporary world. Ultimately, Berry's collection suggests that, when the people are gone and the landscape changed, only the artist remains to narrate their history. Through imaginative literature, though, readers can access relic spaces such as Port William. This particular town may soon vanish, but it transcends time through fiction and offers us a model for how to build an ethical relationship with the places we inhabit.

Berry's sentiment that his home and its history are "inseparable" echoes Bakhtin's notion of the chronotope, which he develops in *The Dialogic Imagination*. Bakhtin "give[s] the name chronotope (literally, 'time space') to the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships that are artistically expressed in literature;" in short, the chronotope "expresses the inseparability of space and time" (84). That both Bakhtin and Berry employ the word "inseparable" to describe the relationship between time and space in literary texts underscores the ways in which these two dimensions of experience interconnect and inform one another. Bakhtin continues, "In the literary artistic chronotope, spatial and temporal indicators are fused into one carefully thought-out, concrete whole. Time, as it were, thickens, takes on flesh, becomes artistically visible; likewise, space becomes charged and responsive to the movements of time, plot and history. This intersection of axes and fusion of indicators characterizes the artistic chronotope" (84). As my reading of *That Distant Land* will reveal, time in Berry's fiction "takes on flesh." Characters long since deceased, for example, become "visible;" looking out a window, characters can literally see past events unfold before their eyes in the present. Similarly, place in the story collection "becomes charged and responsive to the movements of time, plot, and history." The historical artifacts and natural landmarks that characters encounter in their physical world have the power to transport them to an earlier time, allowing them to experience past events in the present or to inhabit the stories that these places embody. The

chronotope does not solely represent individual experience but, rather, speaks to the communal nature of living in place. We can extend this aspect of the chronotope to Berry's fiction as well, as it illustrates the inseparability of not only time and space, but also emphasizes how both dimensions intersect with the communal history and lived experience of the Membership.<sup>8</sup>

In "Notes Toward an Ecological Conception of Bakhtin's 'Chronotope,'" Timo Müller identifies intersections between Bakhtin's chronotope and ecocriticism, positing the ecological chronotope as a useful lens for approaching literary texts.<sup>9</sup> Müller suggests that both the chronotope and ecocriticism "direct our focus... onto the concrete, physical spaces in which the action is situated. They are concerned with the relation between the human and non-human dimensions of the fictive world, and with the implications this relation has for the socio-cultural function of the literary text" (98). Müller concludes "that chronotopic motifs in particular can be shown to reflect, negotiate, and emphasize the status of the environment in contemporary discourse" (98). Aligning with the aims of ecocriticism, which seeks to consider the role and representation of natural and built environments in texts from across the arts and humanities, Müller's ecological chronotope situates Bakhtin's theory in "concrete, physical spaces" so as to open and initiate dialogue about environmental concerns in a broader cultural context. Expanding Bakhtin's more anthropocentric model, the ecological chronotope seeks instead to extend this conversation beyond the pages of the text and into human and nonhuman experience alike. My analysis of Berry's fiction employs Müller's notion of the ecological chronotope as a lens for understanding the environmental implications encountered at the intersection between time and place in *That Distant Land*. Viewed from this perspective, we see how imaginative literature offers readers a model for developing an ethical, and sustainable, relationship with place. Berry's fiction not only contains the histories of the Membership, but also extends

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<sup>8</sup> As Keith Basso notes in his study of the connections between narrative and place in Western Apache culture, "chronotopes thus stand as monuments to the community itself, as symbols of it, as forces operating to shape its members' images of themselves" (45). Literary scholars have applied Basso's findings to the function of chronotopes in other literary texts, and it seems fitting for Berry's work as well. The Membership looks to natural "monuments" across Port William and its environs to read its history, which, in turn, shapes their "images of themselves."

<sup>9</sup> Müller returns to his conception of the ecological chronotope in a later work, "The Ecology of Literary Chronotopes" (2016). Here, Müller identifies several shortcomings with Bakhtin's chronotope and offers a new approach that is informed by ecocriticism and cultural ecology.

itself to benefit both the readership and the environments we inhabit by instructing us in how to foster such a symbiotic relationship within our own lived spaces.

Before reading the ecological chronotope in Berry's fiction, I will briefly outline here the ways in which my analysis engages the concepts of "space," "lived space," and "place." We can turn to Lawrence Buell for guidance in making the "distinction between 'space' and 'place' as geographical concepts" (63). "These are not simple antonyms," Buell notes; "Place entails spatial location, entails a spatial container of some sort. But space as against place connotes geometrical or topographical abstraction, whereas place is 'space to which meaning has been ascribed'" (63). Reinforcing Buell's definition in relation to imaginative literature, David J. Bodenhamer notes that "Most of the narratives we construct focus not on space, an abstract geometrical concept, but rather on place, the particular expression of geographical space" (14). In both cases, it is human engagement with a space that transforms it from objective coordinates on a map into a place that holds particular meaning. Echoing Bakhtin's notion of the chronotope, and adding a temporal distinction between the concepts of space and place, Bodenhamer contends that, "A place exists in past, present, and future time, whereas space exists only in the present" (14).<sup>10</sup> He concludes, "Our sense of place depends upon the simultaneous connection of both time and space" (15). Such a definition underscores the "inseparable" nature of time (or, history) and space (a physical location) in the process of place making. We assign meaning to spaces when events of significance transpire in that location. The narration of those events becomes the history of that space which, ultimately, transforms it into a place.

We can think of place in literary texts as growing out of the lived spaces inhabited by its fictional characters: "that is to say, as experienced and valued by the narrator or (one of the) characters in an ideological, emotional, experiential relation to society and power, not as a number of coordinates on a geographical map" (Heirman and Klooster 5). Lived space is embodied; it is a physical, emotional, psychological experience for characters in imaginative literature. A sense of place comes as a result of the process of experiencing lived space. Port William and its environs represent lived space for the

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<sup>10</sup> Nancy Easterlin echoes this sentiment in her article, "Ecocriticism, Place Studies, and Colm Tóibín's 'A Long Winter': A Biocultural Perspective," observing that "Place is a continuous and dynamic redefinition of space" (231). Over time, people engage with that place in different ways; as such, its ascribed meaning is in constant flux, whereas the geographical coordinates of the space remain constant at all times.

Membership; it is never simply a set of coordinates. It becomes a place because the Membership assigns meaning to the space contained within the geographic parameters of the story world. If dwelling is “to live mindfully and deeply in place, to be fully engaged to the sensory richness of our immediate environment,” (Lynch, Glotfelty, and Armbruster 5), then we can say that the Membership dwells in Port William. Readers, on the other hand, cannot experience the lived space of a text because they cannot embody it; however, they can come to understand a place through narrative, the story of that place. In Berry’s text, this process of dwelling, of place making, results in narration. As readers, we access Port William through the stories that are inscribed in the landscape and then narrated by the Membership. Readers need not physically visit a place in order to care about it; imaginative literary texts can transcend the physical reality and help readers meaningfully engage in a place through the stories it tells.

Turning to the stories in *That Distant Land*, we see the inseparability of time and space—Bakhtin’s chronotope—in the lives of the Membership and can note the ways the chronotope intersects with questions of responsible environmental stewardship—Müller’s ecological chronotope. The residents of Port William are intimately connected to their environment, and the physical landscape shapes and defines their character in the present while simultaneously connecting them to the past and future. The Membership belongs to the land in much the same way that a deed records their ownership of it. Tol Proudfoot, for example, knows every inch of land in the county, as his pursuit of Nightlife Hample in “Watch with Me” demonstrates. In this story, Tol follows his mentally unstable neighbor, Nightlife—who totes a highly accurate shotgun—over hill and dale, for the span of a day and night, to ensure that Nightlife causes no harm to himself or others. As Tol moves through the countryside, he notes its features by name: the wooded hollow at Squire’s Branch; Uncle Othy’s tobacco patch; the mouth of Willow Run; the eastward side of Cotman Ridge. Without the aid of lantern or map, Tol remains oriented in his world. Dwelling in this place means to know its every contour and to be capable of navigating through it using only the map imprinted in the mind.<sup>11</sup> The relationship between man and place is reciprocal, and Tol’s

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<sup>11</sup> This echoes Christopher Schliephake’s claim that “Space and meaning are linked in a cognitive map” (573).

history is equally inscribed on the landscape. Fifty years after Tol followed Nightlife cross-country, Andy Catlett finds himself walking the same path along with older members of the community, “talking of whatever the places [they] came to reminded [them] of” (89). As chronotopes, these places serve as monuments to Port William’s past, bringing to mind human histories, which the passersby then narrate in the present.

The group of men represented here spans several generations, speaking to the role each plays in preserving that history for the future. They know this environment as well as Tol had, “knew it by day and by night, and knew something about every scrap of it” (90); such knowledge is the norm for the men of Port William. Andy notes that as they “passed the Goforth Hill road that went up alongside the Proudfoot Place, they began to tell stories about Tol Proudfoot, quoting the things he had said that nobody who had known him ever forgot. And then when [they] started up along the Hample branch, they told about the time Nightlife threw his fit, and about Tol and the others following him through the woods” (90). As French historian Pierre Nora notes, “memory attaches itself to sites,” (qtd. in Schliephake 574), and this theory holds for Berry’s fiction. It is by moving through physical places that his characters gain access to stories of the past, which are jogged in the memory by landmarks that serve as monuments to another time. David J. Bodenhamer contends that, “All spaces contain embedded stories based on what has happened there. These stories are both individual and collective, and each of them link geography (space) and history (time)” (9). Though long since deceased, Tol’s individual history lives on in the places he inhabited; because Tol cultivated an ethical relationship with the land, farming his acreage using sustainable methods and keeping its health in mind, the land has not forgotten him. As characters move through this environment, the stories come to them, and they can quote Tol’s exact phrasing because the places hold his words. His individual history becomes part of the Membership’s communal story because they inhabit, and care for, the same places. As they encounter the site of Nightlife’s farm, the story of Tol’s vigil over him speaks through his friends a half century later and they, in turn, pass it on to Andy. Christopher Schliephake argues that, “By focusing on the spatial dimension of memory, it becomes possible to integrate the natural world into the overall conceptual framework of ‘memory cultures,’ since it is...not merely to be perceived as the background to



cultural processes but rather to be seen as a central actor within them” (570).<sup>12</sup> In passing down Tol’s and Nightlife’s narratives to the next generation, the Membership keeps those stories alive in the present, blurring the lines that demarcate time while simultaneously underscoring the communal, and cultural, value of the landscape. The inseparability of history and place thus instills in the Membership a sense of stewardship toward this land. It is not simply a backdrop: the landscape is a critical container of their heritage.

Nowhere in the collection is the symbiosis between man and place more fully realized than in Burley Coulter and his son, Danny Branch. The story, “Fidelity,” opens with a jarring image, as we find Burley comatose and connected to hospital machinery: “The old man had not answered to his name, ‘Uncle Burley.’ He did not, in fact, appear to belong to his name at all.... He was no longer in his right mind...because he was no longer in his right place” (372; 375). Burley’s family gathers around not him but, rather, “the image on the bed” (373). Far away from the land that he has roamed for nearly 80 years, Burley is not recognizable; he is an abstract “image.” There had been much debate as to whether it was appropriate to bring Burley here in the first place, as the city and hospital are so foreign to him. Now faced with the outcome of that decision, it is not simply the shock of seeing him comatose and connected to sterile apparatus that makes Burley unfamiliar, but, rather, that Burley is out of place. This image haunts his loved ones and compels Burley’s son, Danny, to liberate him from the hospital in order bring him home to die as himself.

“Fidelity” hinges on this core objective, to return Burley to his place so that he can return to himself. As Danny pulls his truck into the deep woods that Burley roamed his entire life, he recognizes his father once again, his face “unmistakably the face of the man who for eighty-two years had been Burley Coulter. Here, where it belonged, the face thus identified itself and assumed a power that kept Danny standing there” (386). Burley is no longer an “image” on a bed, and his face actively “identified itself” because it understood, even if Burley himself was comatose, that it was “where it belonged.”

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<sup>12</sup> Schliephake’s approach echoes Müller’s in that he draws from two fields, ecocriticism and cultural memory studies, as a means for understanding “how individuals orient themselves in time” (572). Turning to the field of Bioregionalism in particular, Schliephake examines “the spatial dimension of memory and the way in which the non-human world can be seen as an active agent in our memory cultures” (573). Schliephake’s approach is a useful touchstone for my analysis here, as he, too, extends the concept of the chronotope to consider the nonhuman world.

Danny is happy to return Burley to his rightful place, but this emotion is contained not within himself, but in the land: “Danny felt a happiness that he knew was not his at all, that it did not exist because he felt it but because it was here and he had returned to it” (390). By extension, we assume that his father experiences this same sense of joy at his return, simply by being in this place. Burley may not be conscious of it, but the emotion is there all the same. Danny chooses to dig Burley’s grave in a stand of old trees, knowing that ever since his early ancestors “had passed through this crease of the hill, these trees were here, and the stillness in which they stood and grew had been here forever” (391). The old growth forest is a fitting gravesite, as it connects Burley to his ancestors as well as to the time before them; in burying him beneath “a tall, straight chinquapin that was sound and not too old, a tree that would be standing a long time” (391), Burley’s remains will go on to nurture the tree and so join him in a fluid continuum between the past, present, and future. Waking from his coma for an instant, Burley smiles at sight of the familiar, conveying to Danny that he knows where he is, and soon thereafter passes away. Seeing Burley at peace, Danny feels validated in his decision: “In the hospital, Burley’s body had seemed to Danny to be off in another world.... Here, the old body seemed to belong to this world absolutely, it was so accepting now of all that had come to it, even its death” (408). As Danny goes about the work of burying him, Burley “returned to his mind” and “it was as though Burley stood in full view nearby, at ease and well at home” (408). As with Tol Proudfoot, so too will Burley live on in the place that defined him, and the land will hold his story, which it will reveal to those who knew him.

There is a danger, perhaps, in being defined entirely by one’s place. When, in “Nearly to the Fair,” Tol ventures to the metropolis of Louisville to attend the state fair, he is utterly lost. His wife, Miss Minnie, asks her “well-traveled nephew” who has “urban experience” (175) to draw them a map to help them find the fairgrounds. Whereas the map of Port William and its environs is imprinted in Tol’s mind, he has no such relationship with the city. He tells Miss Minnie, “When you get me past the stockyards, I don’t know left from right, nor up from down” (174). The pace of the city disorients and confounds Tol. He loses all sense of direction and has a collision with another vehicle, finding himself “defeated beyond the power of man to conceive” (179.) Miss Minnie is equally lost, and worries to herself that, “if there was anything worse than

being a person who did not know where she was, it was *appearing* to be a person who did not know where she was” (176). They give up their quest and beat a quick retreat home to the place they understand. Years later, after Tol’s death, Miss Minnie tells Andy Catlett that while they didn’t get to the Fair, they “did succeed in getting all the way home. And wasn’t Mr. Proudfoot happy to be here!” (180). Though in hindsight she sees humor in the situation, Tol and Minnie’s inability to function outside of their lived space suggests a darker consequence of being so thoroughly defined by it. These characters seem happy to remain in Port William, but they also seem not to have any alternative when even a day trip to the city ends in humiliation and defeat. While they can relate the sequence of events from afar and in the abstract, it seems unlikely that either Tol or Minnie could find their way back to distinct landmarks in the city, to which they could point and relate a connected story. As such, their stories similarly become tied to one particular place and seem not to be transportable beyond this known realm. Aligning with Berry’s reputation for eschewing urban for rural settings, *That Distant Land* proposes that we cannot foster an ideal symbiotic relationship with the land in urban spaces; built environments disconnect us from the soil, rivers, forests and fields, thus separating us from the histories held within those places.

Throughout Berry’s fiction, knowing where you are is central to knowing who you are. While Tol, the model farmer and steward of the land, names each land feature he crosses in Port William, *Nightlife Hample* holds no such relationship with his home place. The Hamples had a long history of abusing their once fertile land; thus, they “die[d] out” (92), and theirs is a cautionary tale of the dangers of unsustainable land management. Despite having spent his life in the same place, *Nightlife*’s “mind, which contained the lighted countryside of Kay’s Branch and Cotman Ridge, had a leak in it somewhere...so that instead of walking in the country he knew and among his kinfolks and neighbors, he would be afoot in a limitless and undivided universe, completely dark, inhabited only by himself” (88). Unable to bridge this abyss, *Nightlife* remains isolated and misunderstood, existing on the fringe of the community. While they watch over and protect him, *Nightlife* ultimately never enjoys a conscious sense of belonging to this place and to the Membership. As Walter Cotman notes in “Watch with Me,” *Nightlife* “don’t know where he is,” to which Tol replies, “Don’t matter where he is...he’s just wandering around inside hisself, looking for the way out. In there where he is, it’s dark

sure enough” (115). Nightlife’s aimless cross-country ramble reflects his inner wandering; he moves trance-like through the landscape, utterly unaware of his corporeal being in a physical space. While his mind may have a mental map of the countryside—something of a birthright to those of the Membership—he is not able to access it. He is trapped within himself, unable to connect with the land and, thus, with the people of Port William. In describing his mind as having “a leak in it somewhere,” Berry suggests that Nightlife is not solely responsible for his condition. He does not choose to be disengaged with his environment; his condition is, instead, a byproduct of his ancestors’ neglect of their land. While on the surface one might attribute Nightlife’s condition to an undiagnosed mental health issue, Berry’s text works to emphasize that it is, instead, a psychological manifestation of generations of Hamples having abused the land through their use of unsustainable farming and forestry practices. The Hample family line has now come to an end. Their homestead still holds Nightlife’s history, though, and the Membership recounts his narrative for younger generations as a reminder of the consequences of not taking care of your place.

To underscore even further the importance of maintaining an ethical partnership with one’s environment, Berry’s text demonstrates the costs of not cultivating a healthy relationship with your place. Kyle Bode, the Louisville detective in “Fidelity” who hopes to arrest Danny for “kidnapping” Burley from the hospital, serves as Danny’s foil. Bode’s father left a farming community, aptly named “Nowhere,” to pursue a better life in the city as a farm equipment dealer. Bode seeks further distance from farming and looks to law enforcement as a means for proving himself a hero. Instead, he is prone to irrational fits of violence and lethargy, has a contentious relationship with his father and brother, is twice divorced and clearly unhappy. Detective Bode is never comfortable in his own skin. He feels hostile toward the land in Port William, seeing it as “god-forsaken hills and hollows,” and he “objected to hills and hollows. He objected to them especially if they were overgrown with trees” (397). Whereas just such a tree-covered hollow serves as Burley’s final resting place, Bode’s distaste for this particular setting speaks to his disengagement with the natural world. The Port William Membership equally confounds him. He feels a sense of duty to uphold the law; thus, he cannot comprehend the Membership’s loyalty to each other above the law. Danny’s lawyer, Henry Catlett, defends the resistance Burley’s friends

and family express toward Bode's investigation, explaining, "Some of us think people belong to each other and to God" (412). Unlike the people of Port William, Bode only half listens to the stories they share, and he regrets his one attempt to join in, realizing, "it was not his conversation he was in" (423). Realizing the Membership won't betray one of its own, Bode "saw his defeat... [and] felt small and lost" (427). Bode illustrates the consequences of voluntarily severing one's ties to place—one's rural place, that is. When Bode's father leaves the farm for the city, he puts into motion a family trajectory that will end in dissatisfaction and loneliness. The Membership stands unified in their opposition to "the government and other large organizations" that Bode represents (411), and he leaves town without making an arrest. Berry seems skeptical that the city can offer a fulfilling existence. Bode has no strong sense of self and has no loyalties beyond that which he holds toward an abstract concept of the law. In juxtaposing him with Danny, Berry asks us to recognize what he sees as the dangers of viewing the rural landscape as "Nowhere."

As the ecological chronotope maintains, intimately knowing one's place intersects with knowing its history. Time in Port William exhibits a fluidity that connects the Membership to each other and to the land throughout the town's history. Much like landmarks hold stories, the people inhabit their history through the narratives they share. In telling their stories, past and future converge in the present. In "Pray Without Ceasing," Andy Catlett reflects back on the day that he asked his grandmother, Margaret, to share the complete history of Thad Coulter's murder of Ben Feltner, Andy's great-grandfather. Andy meditates on his family's unique relationship to time and determines that "even the unknown past is present in us, its silence as persistent as a ringing in the ears" (40). This is an important sentiment for Andy to express at the beginning of a story that breaks down conventional notions of narration. For example, Margaret recounts Thad Coulter's most intimate thoughts and actions, even though she did not witness those details firsthand. She draws from her own experience on that fateful day while also relying on the Membership's shared history and the stories held within the farmland and woodlots in order to make it complete. The land holds these stories in and across time, as the main road through town illustrates for Andy:

When I stand in the road that passes through Port William, I am standing on the strata of my history that go down through the known past into the unknown: the blacktop rests on state gravel, which rests on county gravel, which rests on the creek rock and cinders laid down by the town when it was still mostly beyond the reach of the county; and under the creek rock and cinders is the dirt track of the town's beginning, the buffalo trace that was the very way we came.... And nothing is here that we are beyond the reach of merely because we do not know about it. (39)

The people of Port William laid down each layer of that road, and, with it, their history. This image encapsulates the concept of the ecological chronotope. The road, with its layers of human history, aptly captures the Membership's intimate and interconnected relationship to place and time.<sup>13</sup> The varied surfaces reflect the overlapping of stories, all of which are there in the land to be read throughout time.<sup>14</sup> These narratives coexist in the present while simultaneously reaching back into the past and pointing toward the future yet to come, when another stratum will be added to the road. Dwelling in this place means inhabiting its history, which is a part of the Membership even if they "do not know about it" firsthand. In "Fidelity," Andy's brother Henry shares a similar sense of time with Detective Bode, claiming, "If we're living in the future, then surely we're living in the past, too, and the dead and the unborn are right here in our midst" (409). While Bode, an outsider, doesn't grasp this concept, the nonchalance with which Henry states it as fact speaks to the local understanding that time in Port William is fluid, moving backwards and forwards through the present. The ecological chronotope, then, firmly situates the Membership within this place; they maintain a responsible stewardship of it, and connection to each other, because they can read their lives and stories deep down into the strata of the environment.

Characters slip between past and present verb tense when telling stories, which hints grammatically at the blurring of time and place in Port William. Andy Catlett

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<sup>13</sup> Notably, indigenous peoples are conspicuously absent from the Membership's conception of the land and its human history. Their presence is only loosely inferred here by the "buffalo trace" that the settlers of Port William used as they moved westward.

<sup>14</sup> Müller reads the image of the road in literary texts "as a means for obliterating space and time" (100), which speaks to the road's significance as an ecological chronotope and reinforces my reading of Berry's road here.

troubles over the verb “was” after he begins the story, “Pray Without Ceasing,” with the statement, “Mat Feltner was my grandfather on my mother’s side. Saying it thus, I force myself to reckon again with the strangeness of that verb *was*” (40). At the same time, Andy understands that “the past is present also,” and he takes comfort in being able to recall in sharp focus, even 25 years after Mat’s death, the way his grandfather held a hammer or cocked his head when beginning a story. The presence of the past is something he has grown to appreciate only with age and experience, and it was an impossible concept when, a quarter century earlier, he didn’t know the full story of his great-grandfather’s murder. Looking at a faded newspaper clipping announcing the event, Andy saw “how incomplete the story was as the article told it and as [he] knew it. And, seeing it so, [he] felt incomplete [himself]” (41). It’s a tragic story in the family’s, and the town’s, history; Ben Feltner was a well-loved and respected man, and his murder shook them all. His son, Mat (Andy’s grandfather), we learn, “dealt with Ben’s murder by not talking about it and thus keeping it in the past” (75). The story could not transcend time because it had not been shared. In going through the process of recreating the story with his grandmother, Andy becomes part of it while also liberating the story from the past, allowing it to move fluidly through him. In this, Andy now feels complete, and, in turn, past and future converge in him; he can more fully imagine his future in knowing what came before it.<sup>15</sup> Andy explains that Mat no longer *was* his grandfather. In the completed story, Mat “is the man who will be my grandfather—the man who will be the man who was my grandfather. The tenses slur and slide under the pressure of collapsed time. For that moment on the porch is not a now that was but a now that is and will be, inhabiting all the history of Port William that followed and will follow” (75).

The narrative voices employed in many of Berry’s stories also serve to illustrate the fluidity of time in Port William. For example, in “Pray Without Ceasing,” while Andy Catlett turns to his grandmother, Margaret Feltner, to learn the full story of his great-grandfather’s murder, the syntax and punctuation suggest that she is not the only teller.

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<sup>15</sup> Drawing on the philosophy of Catholic writer Henri Nouwen, John Leax suggests that memory in Berry’s fiction “has much to do with the future. Without memory there is no expectation.... Memory anchors us in the past and then makes us present here and now, and opens us to a new future” (66). We can apply Leax’s claim to Andy in “Pray Without Ceasing;” in knowing the Membership’s complete memory of Ben’s murder, Andy himself becomes complete.



Andy initially hands Margaret the newspaper clipping that documented the murder, and she “read a little of the article but not all, and folded it back up” (43). Instead, she “looked out the window, though obviously not seeing what was out there that morning. Another morning had come to her, and she was seeing it again through the interval of fifty-three years” (43). For Margaret, the clipping doesn’t contain the story, and her quick dismissal of it in favor of looking to the environment that holds the story speaks to the Membership’s reliance on their place to contain their history more faithfully than a paper document. As she begins the narrative, Margaret looked “through the window into that July morning in 1912,” and Andy notes that, “She spoke as if she were seeing it all happen, even the parts of it that she had in fact not seen” (43). Looking out onto the porch where a climactic event unfolded, as well as glimpsing the farmland beyond it, Margaret can access the story that took place there. Initially, quotation marks punctuate Margaret’s story, clearly indicating it is she who speaks. Soon, though, the text omits quotation marks, save for the moments of dialogue spoken by characters in the story-within-the-story. There are brief moments when Margaret’s words interrupt the narrative. For example, the narration shifts from the statement “They turned to see Thad and the white mule almost abreast of them. Thad was holding the pistol,” to a direct quote from Margaret, who notes, “‘They said he looked just awful,’ my grandmother said. ‘He looked like death warmed over,’” only to slip back into an unattributed narration of the next sequence of events. Later, Margaret’s voice is indicated with quotation marks as she explains her emotions on that fateful day, and in the next paragraph, Andy picks up the story and relates what his grandmother said. In still another instance, the narrative shifts from Andy referring to “my grandmother” to a third-person narrator calling her by her name, Margaret, in the following paragraph (70). Such moments populate the entire story, which suggests that this is not one narrative voice but, rather, a collective voice telling a shared history. The narrative voice simultaneously belongs to Margaret, to Andy, to the Membership and to the physical landscape; it is one unified, communal voice that tells this story.<sup>16</sup> Such slips between

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<sup>16</sup> Jeffrey Bilbro reads the narration here as primarily a third-person account of events and suggests that in the moments when Andy narrates in first-person, “he largely removes both [Margaret] and himself and allows the characters to speak for themselves. The memory of this event has ceased to belong to any one individual and instead belongs to the community” (332). Bilbro goes on to suggest insightfully that the third-person narrative voice belongs to Andy but is shaped by the voices of the Membership: “It is as if by listening to his grandmother tell the story, a story she herself learned not only from her role in it but also in conversation with Ben’s wife and other

quotations, first-person, and omniscient narration emphasize that this history, this past, and this future, belong to them all—human and nonhuman nature alike.<sup>17</sup>

Nowhere in the collection is the ecological chronotope and Berry's vision of the interconnection between place, time, and story more fully realized than in "The Boundary." The tale follows Mat Feltner, nearing the end of his life, as he takes one final walk through his woods on the pretext of checking the fence line. When he reaches a stream with a rock wall that was built "long before Mat was born," he pauses to reflect on the memory it holds (292). Mat first recalls a day 75 years earlier when he joined his father and a small fencing crew, "coming down through the woods, as Mat himself has just come" (292). One member of the party, Jack, makes an impressive vault over the creek, and the young Mat had pleaded, "Do it again!" (292). Jack "did it again—*does it again in Mat's memory, so clearly that Mat's presence there, so long after, fades away, and he hears their old laughter*" (292). As in "Pray Without Ceasing," Berry italicizes key verbs to emphasize how the verb tenses "slur and slide." Here, Mat in the present "fades away" and he is now his young self. It's no longer a memory but lived experience. He then recalls the day 40 years later when, "coming down the same way to build that same fence" with his son, Virgil, "Mat remembered what Jack had done and told Virgil" (293). Berry's repetition of the phrasing "the same" points to how the continuity of the creek, wall, fence, and path preserves the human history that unfolded there. Mat lost both his father and son tragically and early, so this place provides him a means for connecting with them in the present. While he reluctantly admits, "they *are* gone," he takes comfort in the fact that "still the stream pours into the pool and the circles slide across its face" (293). This place was here before Mat's time and will continue after his death, and his encounter with it allows Mat to relive his past in the present. Moving further down the fence line, Mat approaches a second rock wall and pool that "he built himself, he and Virgil," over 30 years earlier (294). They had brought with them a jug of water, for which Virgil created a nook between a stone and tree. Years later, after Virgil's death, Mat

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participants, Andy has internalized the story. He now shares this story with us from the narrative perspective of the community, a perspective that sees the whole having understood and sympathized with the various individual perspectives" (335).

<sup>17</sup> Fritz Oehlschlaeger points to the central role of collective memory and storytelling in Berry's short stories. He claims, "a community lives by its members keeping faith with one another, and that keeping faith requires a complex responsiveness to what is going on in one's own and others' histories. The only way to know those histories is by remembering them and telling them" (118). In this sense, the collective memory is a collective history, and it's Andy's responsibility as a participant in the Membership to know this history and to pass it on.

returned to this spot and found “the rock still leaning against the tree, which had grown over it, top and bottom, fastening the rock to itself by a kind of natural mortise” (295). The jug was still there in its nook, now incorporated into the physical landscape. This image embodies the symbiotic relationship that Mat has established with this place: the natural world embraces the human artifact—and, by extension, the human history—and makes it part of itself.

Initially, the story directly indicates that Mat reflects on the past through the use of words like “remembered” and “memory,” but the narrative soon shifts into a seamless transition between present and past. Exhausted from overexertion, Mat “is tired” as he makes his way home (297). In the next paragraph, instead of suggesting that Mat remembered looking with his father in this particular spot for a lost cow, the narration simply states that “he and his father have come down the branch, looking for a heifer due to calve,” and “Mat is tired” (297). The place and sense of fatigue connect Mat’s past and present, but this is no longer presented as memory. He calls out to his father, “*Wait, Papa!*” to which Ben replies, “It’s all right. It ain’t that far” (297-8). The next paragraph picks up decades later but treats the scene as if it happens in the same moment. Here, Mat has taken young Virgil out to fix the fence in the same place, and his tired son calls out, “*Wait, Daddy!*” (298). Comforting him, Mat assures Virgil, “It’s all right. It’s all right” (298). The final paragraph in this sequence returns Mat to the present. Here, only the narrator is left to tell us that Mat “is all right” (298), even if he is tired and must rest on a fallen tree. Worn out, Mat struggles to continue his uphill trek home and faints as he stands up to resume his walk. While no one is with him in his present world, the dead come to Mat’s aid: “‘That won’t do,’ he says to Virgil. ‘We got to do better than that, boy.’ And then he sees his father too standing with Virgil on the other side of the stream. They recognize him, even though he is so much older now than when they knew him” (300). Soon, other lost friends and family members who had once traversed these woods with Mat appear and walk with him now, and he finds strength in their company. The narrator first suggests that Mat “seems to be walking in and out of his mind,” but then immediately corrects this thought, saying, “or, it is time, perhaps, that he is walking in and out of” (301).<sup>18</sup> As with Bakhtin’s chronotope, here, time “thickens, takes on flesh,

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<sup>18</sup> Oehlschlaeger notes that, “many readers might call Mat’s experience dementia, but Berry prefers simply to suggest that Mat is now with friends who are part of his realest, deepest experiences, those to be carried to his end

becomes artistically visible;” time is something that Mat can move “in and out of.” When he falls and regains consciousness, Mat is disoriented until he pushes “his vision and his thoughts out away from him into the place around him,” and then “the place and his memory of it begin to speak to one another” (301). In this moment when time and place “begin to speak to one another,” Mat is able to regain his bearings and continue onward. Viewed through the lens of the ecological chronotope, this moment illustrates the return on Mat’s personal investment in his land: in his hour of need, the land speaks to Mat and guides him homeward.

When Mat reaches a juncture that involves two difficult paths from which to choose, his mind “goes back in time to the house the way it was when he and Margaret were still young” (301). Similar to earlier moments in the story, Mat inhabits that past, and a scene unfolds between himself and his young wife. At a metaphysical junction, made manifest in the fork in the forest path, Mat finds himself in need of motivation to continue on, instead of succumbing to fatigue and the temptation to stay in the woods with the dead. He moves between a scene from his home life in the past, and a scene of Margaret in the present beginning to worry about him being out so long. Thinking of “the smile of assent that she gave him once,” Mat understands that “everything that has happened to him since has come from that—and leads to that, for it is not a moment that has ever stopped happening; he has gone toward it and aspired to it all his life, a time that he has not surpassed” (305). Encountering his deceased loved ones in the woods brings Mat comfort, but, ultimately, he realizes that he can no longer linger with them among the trees. His wife needs him now, as she always has and always will. Now, when he says, “It’s going to be all right,” he directs this to his wife, and he resolves to make it home to her (305), the ever present, living memory of her assenting smile now guiding his footsteps homeward. His connection with these wooded acres solidly reaffirmed, Mat can now turn his attention to reinforcing a similarly important human relationship with the woman who cultivated this place, and this history, with him.

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and beyond” (139). I agree with Oehlschlaeger and argue here that Berry’s fiction asks readers to recognize how a kinship with one’s place makes possible such tangible encounters with the dead. D. Brent Laytham reads the role of the dead in Berry’s fiction through the lens of the Christian belief in the communion of the saints, claiming, “both the membership of Port William and the membership of Christ’s church are, and know that they are, a community that extends through time in spite of death,” and that a strong relationship with place is central to maintaining a connection with the dead (173-4).

While Mat does manage to get himself home, it depletes him, and he collapses from exhaustion. Later that night, “when Margaret finds him wandering in the darkened house, he does not know where he is” (307). It is a chilling ending to a narrative that seemed initially to illustrate the sustaining power of place and home. Tonally, it hints that the symbiotic relationship between the Membership and Port William is vanishing as the landscape changes and the people leave for “a better place” (44), a trend Berry gestures toward in other stories. In the conclusion of “Pray Without Ceasing,” Andy reflects back on the day some 26 years earlier when Margaret shared with him the full story of his great-grandfather’s murder, but it’s unclear with whom he now shares his narrative. While we might speculate that he passes on this history to his own son, the text gives no such indication. One is left to wonder how closely the past will communicate with the future in Port William if no one is there to inhabit its stories in the present. This concern surfaces more consistently in the later stories. In the titular story, Art Rowanberry notes that the tobacco harvest would be executed more expediently if only they had the help of “a bunch of eighteen-year-old boys wanting to show how fast they are” (314). Andy Catlett, painfully aware of the changing demographic of Port William, provisionally agrees: “He was right, but we did not have them. We were not living in a time that was going to furnish many such boys for such work” (314). In “Fidelity,” Burley’s imminent death leads Hannah Coulter to meditate on the broader exodus from Port William. The elders are dying, the children are going off to colleges and city centers, and many adults live “on little city lots carved out of farms, from which they commute to city jobs” (402). In carving up those farms into symmetrical, anonymous lots, their stories are at risk of being lost. The schools of Port William have closed and consolidated at the county level, and the buildings along Main Street are dilapidated. As the Membership gathers in Wheeler Catlett’s office to eulogize Burley Coulter, the absence of any children or young adults suggests that they also eulogize the town itself. The narration here differs from other stories in that there is no clear connection between the narrative voice and a character. It is told by a disembodied, all-knowing voice, in the present tense. While in other stories, it’s typically clear that the narrator is one or more voices of the Membership, here the narrative voice is sympathetic to, but unconnected with, the community. In “Watch with Me,” when Andy returns to the site of Tol’s pursuit of Nightlife, we learn that, “by

then, the Hample Place, the Tol Proudfoot Place, the Cotman Place, and others had all been dissolved into one large property that belonged to a Louisville doctor, who had bought it for a weekend retreat and then lost interest in it. Now, except for the best of the ridges, which were rented and farmed badly, the land was neither farmed nor lived on. Every building on it was ruining or already ruined” (89). Strangers to this place now lay claim to, yet bear no relationship with, it. As a result, the health of the land is in decline. As Christopher Schliephake notes, “places are never self-explanatory, per se, but rather need narratives and interpretations that attach meaning to abstract geographical space” (570). The stories may be inscribed in the land, but its interpreters, the Membership, dwindle. The text asks us to recognize that the silencing of these narratives that connect humans with nonhuman nature puts the state of the land in imminent risk of being “ruined.”

In the final story of the collection, “The Inheritors,” as Danny and Wheeler drive home from the city, “they could see a farm that was becoming a housing development. The old farmhouse and a barn were still standing in the midst of several large new expensive houses without trees” (438). The image aptly captures the predicament of the Membership; the farmhouse and barn may be “still standing,” but surely not for long. Danny and Wheeler may “inherit” each other in friendship, but they are now aged men, and there is no younger generation left to inherit the way of life practiced in Port William since its founding. Like his father, Burley, Danny is a man completely of his time and place, which we learn “suited him well” (379): “He loved his half-wooded native country of ridge and hillside and hollow and creek and river bottom. And he loved the horse-and mule-powered independent farming of that place and time” (380.) It’s the late twentieth century, and Danny still farms with mules instead of a tractor, holding out against the press of the modern world. His own children, though, are conspicuously absent from these tales, suggesting it is unlikely that Danny can expect a burial similar to that which he gave his father, Burley, in “Fidelity.” Burley built a connection to the hollows and ridges surrounding Port William, much as Danny has fostered a healthy relationship with his farmland through the use of sustainable agricultural practices. Danny returns Burley to his place because he understands the nature of this bond. The land holds both of their stories, and the Membership collectively recognizes this place’s significance in defining them, both as individuals and as part of a community that

inhabits a shared lived space. This is a two-way relationship, though, and those narratives need interpreters. As the Membership's eulogy of Burley at the end of "Fidelity" demonstrates, the land whispers Burley's storied past into their ears. Despite Danny's adherence to his father's model, though, his children appear not to have developed a personal relationship with rural Port William County. As such, there will, presumably, be no one there to interpret the stories inscribed in Danny's fields; Danny's farm—and his story—will exist only as a relic space confined solely within this narrative in Berry's imaginative literary text. The broader history of Port William and its people faces the threat of extinction, as human connection to place is a necessary component of the ecological chronotope's equation—an equation which has heretofore allowed Port William's and the Membership's narratives to transcend time.

Much of Berry's work, both fiction and nonfiction, reflects on the impact of a modern, industrialized world on agrarian communities and the land they cultivate, and he explores the consequences of humans becoming unmoored from our sense of place. In a 1992 interview, Marilyn Berlin Snell asks Berry, "As advanced industrial society becomes more removed from the foundations of culture, does the need for intermediaries, translators, increase... Do writers and artists become more important as we become more alienated?" (52). Berry responds, "In a truly grounded, locally adapted culture, the artists would be the rememberers" (53). This seems to be the only consolation for Port William. As the farms and people vanish, it will be left to Berry's imaginative literary text to tell their stories and preserve the knowledge that has been passed down through the land and its inhabitants for generations. Books and other works of art become the artifacts that remember. The loss is not necessarily absolute, though; in sharing these stories with his readership, Berry's work can help to move new generations to cultivate their own ethical relationship to place.

While some critics deride Berry's work as a swan song for rural America that nostalgically pines for the United States' agrarian past, reading it through the ecological chronotope demonstrates the potential Berry's writing has for influencing human behavior in the present as a means for imagining a livable future. Tom Lynch, Cheryll Glotfelty, and Karla Armbruster open their study, *Bioregional Imagination: Literature, Ecology, and Place*, by declaring, "that the environmental crisis depends on finding better ways to imagine nature and humanity's relation to it" (11). While the social and



physical sciences confront this critical moment from an empirical, data-driven perspective, the arts and humanities approach it from a conceptual perspective in an effort to translate that research into accessible, and impactful, stories for a lay audience. Lynch et. al. contend, “that literature and other creative arts not only reflect but also *influence* the ways a culture imagines itself and its place in the natural world,” (11, emphasis mine), positing that, “imagination is one key to developing new and better ideas about how to live in our specific places, including a sense of how our individual bioregions are embedded in a larger global biosphere. Literature and other arts function as vital expressions of cultural values that can ignite emotion, change minds, and inspire action” (12).<sup>19</sup> Imaginative literature operates beyond serving up passive escapism from our daily lives; it has the power to influence the ways we view and engage with our world. Berry’s fiction offers what he sees as “better ways to imagine nature and humanity’s relation to it,” as reading his work through the lens of the ecological chronotope reveals. *That Distant Land* proposes that if readers model their attitude toward their own lived spaces after the example of the Membership, they, too, could benefit from such ethical land stewardship. If humans can learn to see the health of the planet as inextricably linked with our own physical and emotional well being, if we can grasp that our histories and our futures depend upon sustainable engagement with our environment, then perhaps there is still a chance to change the course of the environmental crisis that is rocketing toward unimaginable disaster.<sup>20</sup> The facts of this critical moment can be overwhelming, arresting humans in a state of crippling inaction. Perhaps encountering an illustration of the personal and communal benefits of fostering a symbiotic relationship with the places we inhabit could serve as an antidote to such inertia, inspiring instead a sense of personal stakes in the outcome. Careful consideration of the ecological chronotope in Berry’s—and other—literary texts, then, can open up new avenues for exploring a more sustainable land ethic, which could help

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<sup>19</sup> Nancy Easterlin echoes this sentiment: “Literature has a special role to play in reviving awareness of those things to which we have become habituated, for in life people are only vaguely aware of their relationship to the physical environment.” (228).

<sup>20</sup> Lynch et. al. make the same claim for imaginative texts in general, stating that, “Works of literature and art can also provide models for how to reinhabit a bioregion or otherwise transform our relationships to places” (13).

us carry our narratives into a more hospitable future for both humans and nonhuman nature.

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## Forest-Walks – An Intangible Heritage in Movement: A Walk-and-Talk Study of a Social Practice Tradition

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### Introduction

The right of public access in the countryside in Sweden entitles people to walk in the forest, to pick berries and mushrooms, and to engage in outdoor recreational activities irrespective of forest ownership. This right has benefitted many generations of Swedes. However, the right of public access requires both knowledge of and affection for the natural environment and its wildlife in addition to familiarity with forestry practice. According to the Swedish Forest Agency (2007), half of the Swedish population visits the forest once a week and interests in outdoor recreation, tourism, and outdoor education are increasing. The forest is Sweden's most important outdoor environment and covers about 70 per cent of the land area in Sweden; comparatively, forests cover a third of all land in the world. According to Statistics Sweden, 78 per cent of the Swedish population walk in the forest at least once a year, and the percentage of people who often walk in the forest increased sharply over the years 1990–1999. Thus, there is reason to look into *why* people choose to walk in the forest and *how they experience* the forest-walks, which is the main purpose of this article.

Using a walk-and-talk study with 12 participants, this article explores people's sayings, doings and relatings regarding the practice of forest-walks. We aim to expand on practise theory, building on the work of Stephen Kemmis and through the lenses of the phenomenological concepts of intersubjectivity and intentionality. Drawing on Laurajane Smith's previous work on intangible heritage, we claim that forest-walks are to be recognized as such.

The history of how to define intangible heritage starts out in 1972 when the World Heritage Convention was embodied. The website of the UNESCO World Heritage List displays this definition (November 12, 2018):

Heritage is our legacy from the past, what we live with today, and what we pass on to future generations. Our cultural and natural

heritages are both irreplaceable sources of life and inspiration.

What makes the concept of World Heritage exceptional is its universal application.

This convention has undergone critique lately within the emerging field of critical heritage studies for its claims of the “universality” values represented in the convention. Laurajane Smith (99, 3) sees the principle of universality as part of the World Heritage Conventions authorizing heritage discourse (AHD), which both lists and defines heritage in a narrow and specific way through a lens of a Western European tradition (Smith 99; Smith & Akagawa 3) However, Rodney Harrison (114-117) argues that it is because of its claim to representing universal heritage values that allowed the possibility for the Indigenous, the minorities and the marginalised people to take place within heritage practises. The world heritage committee has constantly sought to redefine its definition of heritage since it was adopted in 1972. This process has had a profound effect on global practices of heritage management over the intervening decades and on contemporary definitions of heritage where heritage increasingly has shifted away from a concern with “things” to a concern with cultures, traditions and the intangible. In 2003 the UNESCO Convention of the Safeguarding of the Intangible Cultural Heritage was initiated (ICHC). This new convention extended the commodification of heritage as a visitable spectacle which had been initiated through the World Heritage list to emphasise the *cultural spaces* of intangible heritage instead. Discussion of the relationship between the tangible and intangible heritage has been vivid and will probably continue indefinitely.

A crucial difference between the intangible and tangible heritage is that the intangible is a bearer of a living heritage. It might rely on ancient traditions, but is still in use and probably changed over time in a way that prevents the future from being predicted. In this article, we draw on Laurajane Smith and Emma Waterton (202) claims that all heritage is intangible and cannot be defined by its materiality or non- materiality. Instead, it is what is made through performance and negotiation of identity, values and a sense of place that matter. We follow this line considering what the participants do while walking in the forest and consider forest-walking as a living heritage and as a heritage in movement.

Smith (49) develops these ideas in the publication, *Documentation of Intangible Cultural Heritage as a Tool for Community's Safeguarding Activities*, where she claims that heritage should be deemed as a moment of action: "It is a cultural process concerned with making the present meaningful and providing individuals, societies and communities with a sense of place" (49). In Smith's understanding, intangible heritage is a personal negotiation of identity, place, and memory. Seeing heritage as processes or performances includes the creation of meanings and values. These perspectives will be used in our study as we examine how the present is meaningful for the individual discovering a sense of place.

Within ICHC (Article 2), definitions of intangible cultural heritage encompass practices, representations, expressions and knowledge "that communities, groups and in some cases, individuals recognize as part of their cultural heritage." The same message is also expressed in Article 12. The ICOMOS Burra Charter from Australia says, "Conservation, interpretation and management of a place should provide for the participation of people for whom the place has significant associations and meanings, or who have social, spiritual or other cultural responsibilities for the place." In this article we will argue that forest-walking is heritage making, a personal negotiation of identity, place, and memory, and a performance of a sense of place. Also, forest-walking is in line with the above mentioned articles as it is part of a community practise as well as an individual participation in "heritage making."

### **The relationship between humans and forests in a historical perspective**

The importance of forests as a natural resource for the daily life of humans cannot be overestimated: wood for building, different plants such as berries and mushrooms as a source of nutrition, medical ingredients, and for fossil-based energy and renewable energies like biofuels. Forests also came to signify power, being a place for authorities, royalties, nobilities and the rich. By extension, people and even countries, which had forest resources, could build up a fleet, start wars and create empires, Ritter and Dauksta (vi) highlight.

But the forest has also been engendered with other values of a more religious and mythical character and people's relationships with forests and trees are often connected with spiritual and religious traditions and values. Not only in Sweden, but in many parts

of the northern hemisphere, paganism and religion have followed each other and transformed during the epochs. This is seen in natural environments as former living and working sites, sites of sacrifice and rites, graveyards, fortresses, ancient routes and rock engravings. Agata Konczal (190) claims that the forest can be the key to understand a society and to find its impact in beliefs, legends, songs, worldviews and places. Mythical creatures, good and bad, have been situated in forests and therefore the forest has been perceived as both a safe and a dangerous place. Konczal (192) also points out that forests ought to be regarded as an ambiguous environment since it is shaped by human and nature. These two different interests of the forest (the economic and the spiritual) have collided at least since the 1600's and the conflict has been kept alive today.

On the one hand, there was central power, the national interest, which coincided with forest companies. They wanted the forest for farming and distribution, later for the export of timber. On the other hand, there were the common people. They considered the forest in the perspective of the individual and the village. Hunting and food for sheep and cows and as forage food were more important for their freedom and independence. In the 1600's, the forest was not regarded as significant but known for its darkness and gloom, mythical beliefs that go back to pagan times. The tendency continued into the 1700s and does not turn until the beginning of the 19th century when the romantic movement makes its way. In poems and paintings, the Swedish forest is now presented as something crucial for the national identity (Sörlin 130) A third way of using and looking at forests and landscapes begins through the impact of changing working conditions which enables leisure life.

In 1815, the Napoleonic war ended and throughout Europe, new romantic, nationalistic ideals were fashioned. The wild and untouched nature and folklore culture became an ideal and was regarded with emotions. This bourgeois way of seeing the forest and the landscape is different from the farmers', the hunters' or the fishermen's. Instead the view of an outdoor leisure life is growing and developing. As industrial society emerged, leisure life also becomes more and more important. The romantic values of forests, wilderness and a recreational outdoor life is strengthened both in the personal lives of the urban people, but also in the national myth of what was regarded as a typically Swedish (or rather Scandinavian) way of life.



At present there is an increasing awareness, both internationally and nationally, of forests' positive impact on human beings which can be viewed in Liz O'Brien's and Eva Ritter's and Dainis Dauksta's articles. The connections between forest values and human well-being has been highlighted in international research by Eeva Karjalainen et al as well as in national studies in Sweden by Ylva Lundell and Ann Dolling, and Eva Ritter & Dainis Dauksta, as is documentation and utilisation of forest-related traditions. According to Elisabeth Johann (9), there is a need to provide society with missing or omitted data about social awareness, knowledge and understanding of forests. This includes cultural dimensions such as myths, ideologies and identities. Likewise, in the continuing debate of sustainable forestry, we need to take into account the ancient cultural and spiritual link between forests and human beings, Dauksta and Ritter (vi) claim.

Today, people's relationships with forests are strongly connected to wellbeing, physically and mentally. In Sweden, social values of forests have recently been given new consideration through in the policies of Swedish Forest Agency (2013). In line with the agency, social values are formed by people's experiences of forests. This includes recreation, leisure and tourism, education, health and wellbeing, aesthetic perspectives, heritage and identity and good environment.

Regarding children and young people, the healthy aspect of outdoor activities is emphasized. Even at the end of the 18th century, Jean Jacques Rousseau claimed that children have a natural way of moving, and that their capacity to learn successfully comes mainly through their experiences of reality. Accordingly, he considered nature to be the ideal place to raise young people to become free and independent individuals. These thoughts about outdoor life and the good impact of the fresh air on the younger generations motivated outdoor life during the 19th century. The curricula for schools in 1865 stated that children, even in rainy and harsh weather, should spend their leisure time outdoors (Quennerstedt 181-192). Ellen Key (1899, 1996) followed these tracks, inspired not only by Rousseau but also by the Arts and Crafts movement with central figures like John Ruskin and William Morris. Key believed children to be individuals dependent on creative activities, and that adults have a responsibility to create such environments. Today's leisure movements (scouting, agency of outdoor life etc.) still follow these ideas. The impact of childhood experiences is also shown in our case studies together with ancient connections with forests. This is still to be seen in people's

relationships with forests and, in particular, people's informal behaviour in forests such as forest-walks which we will discuss further on.

### **Folklore tradition's impact on people's experiences of forests today**

There is a long tradition of folklore related to the forest in the Scandinavian countries. Some of the most widespread tales are the ones of trolls and the little elves (called Tomtenisse), the forest-wife (called Huldra), the evil spirit of the water (called Näcken), and the fairies. Tales of these different creatures have re-emerged and transformed through the years in, for instance, *The Lord of the Rings* (John Ronald Reuer Tolkien, 1954-55). In Sweden, authors of children's books have used the folklore tradition. The well-known Astrid Lindgren uses some of the creatures in *Ronja Robbersdaughter* (1984). The most famous for using trolls, elves, and fairies in Swedish children's books is John Bauer (1907) in his widely reproduced pictures. These pictures have had a great influence on people's view of forests. Our study's twelve participants all related to the forest as a "troll-forest" (*trollskog*), and all of them could describe a troll-forest – large, old fir trees with moss all over the ground and covering big boulders. The forest is embedded in silence and mysticism. Notions of forests in Sweden are transmitted in various ways, and the rich tradition of children's books that include forests, trolls, elves, and fairies derived from folklore might bring a sense of magic and mystique to the experience of the forest among the population in general. However, there are also ongoing trends of detective stories and thrillers in TV, movies, and books, quite a few of which take place in or nearby the forest, thus replacing the sense of magic with a sense of fear, or of delight mingled with terror.

### **Theorizing forest-walks**

International and national research on social values of forests has hitherto mainly focused on outdoor recreation in urban forests, Bjärstig and Kvastegård claim (17). Our study differs since it was carried out in a large rural forest outside an urban environment, but still close to numerous villages. From the aforementioned statistics, we know that Swedes are a forest-loving people who like to walk in the forest. This study investigates *why* people are engaged in forest-walks and *what* they experience while walking. The aim is to understand the individual motives for walking in the forest from

a heritage perspective and thus to raise awareness of forest-walks as traditions of social practices and thus to broaden the perspectives of intangible heritage.

In order to understand forest-walking as an intangible heritage, we consider forest-walking as social practice, drawing on practice theory as framed by Stephen Kemmis et al, in *Changing Practices, Changing Education*. Communities of practice, a term coined in *Situated Learning Legitimate Participation* by Jean Lave and Etienne Wenger, were summarized by Etienne Wenger-Trayner in 2015 as “groups of people who share a concern or a passion for something they do and learn how to do it better as they interact regularly.” Social practice cannot merely be understood as people’s “doings.” Theodore R. Schatzki (70) argues that social practice involves both doings and sayings and is future oriented, although influenced by former and present actions and processes. Through a phenomenological view, this describes historicity, i.e. the whole range of temporality that we experience while experiencing. Historicity is referred to as *lived time* by Maurice Merleau-Ponty, experienced through the *lived body* in a *lived room*. Hence, actions are temporal and spatial and appear through the site of the social, which are specific places where social practices occur in relation to specific arrangements. We share the world as it is an *intersubjective* world. That includes shared social and cultural experiences from the past, the present and the future. It also includes places, environments and the more-than-human world (Häggström 88).

A phenomenological approach to practice theory will strengthen the life-world existential dimension. That is to not only focus on the human practice, but also on the subject (of an individual) as an embodied being. Individual behaviour, patterns of social interactions and intentional actions are of interest both in practice theory and in phenomenology. We direct our attention to the participants’ experiences of the world. Through walk-and-talks, we deal practically with the world by experiencing it before reflecting upon it. Phenomenologically, this means to experience the forest as it is in its own being, and using it as such. We do this with our lived body, which includes both internal and external experiences, meaning that we embrace multi-sensory information such as temperature, smell and sound together with bodily reactions to these connected to emotions. All this will probably affect our bodily experiences of being in the forest. Bringing the two theories of practice theory and phenomenology together is to look at how different perspectives are interrelated.

We recognize forest-walks as specific social actions (walking) in a specific place (the forest) within specific arrangements (paths, trees and other plants, and forest terrain). These arrangements support the establishment of this particular practice. From the phenomenological perspective, the lived room (of the forest) is regarded as the chorus of a space integrating the summation of all events, actions and its horizon of possibilities. In Kemmis' (24) reason such practices always exist within contextualised arrangements, which in turn affect the actions within the practice and thus the doings, sayings, and relating. Arrangements are, in Kemmis et al's (31-33) conceptualising, referred to as *practice architectures*, which are described as practice traditions shaped by the actions of sayings, doings, and relating. These actions function together and are formed by the following arrangements:

1. *Cultural-discursive arrangements*. These arrangements appear in the medium of language and they enable and constrain the sayings that are characteristic of the practice, e.g. what is relevant and appropriate to say.
2. *Material-economic arrangements*. These arrangements appear in the medium of activity and work and they enable and constrain the doings that are characteristic of the practice, e.g. what can be done within the physical set-ups.
3. *Social-political arrangements*. These arrangements appear in the medium of power and solidarity and they enable and constrain the relating of the practice, e.g. practical agreements and rules about what to do (32).

In this study, the practice architecture may include political policies of forestry, cultural heritage, and conservation; physical infrastructure; municipal arrangements; or other mediating preconditions. Social practice is always culturally and discursively structured and determined by prevailing social norms and cultural conceptions and ideas. Practice theory, as Kemmis et al. frame it, concerns professional practice and how individuals encounter each another in "intersubjective spaces" (4), and how these encounters are shaped by the arrangements that are to be found there. In this study, social practice is used to understand practice as leisure activities, which differ from the writings on professional practice. Still, we find the notions of practice architectures

valuable to understand why and how people walk in the forest. We also see the characteristics of communities of practice as useful in interpreting our data, although our focus here is not the one of a learning perspective per se. We also interpret practice architectures as entangled with people's life-worlds, historicity and intersubjectivity. That is, in phenomenological terms, being-in-the-world as a lived body.

Forest walks, as a social practice, are temporal, and thus they are historical activities from the past, still occurring in the present-day, and will most likely continue to exist in the future, which might be the distinguishing characteristic of intangible heritage as UNESCO frames it in Article 2. Furthermore, forest-walks are spatial and are performed in a particular environment. Different environments enable or constrain specific approaches of activities. A dense overgrown forest constrains accessibility, while established and clear trails enable walks. Such arrangements affect the practice and how the tangible/intangible heritage proceeds and develops or declines and ceases to exist.

Bill Green also argues that practice is always contextualized, and that context is part of practice (8). However, context itself needs to be problematized and not taken for granted. What is considered as context and what is considered as text (the *activity* in this case) is often indistinct. Therefore, looking at forest-walking from both a historical and social point of view might bring integral aspects of this particular practice that offer a more complex image of forest-walking. Walking in the forest is a concrete behaviour that can be passed on to generations just by walking together. In doing so, sensible experiences and feelings can be transferred indirectly amongst people which can be seen as typical for intangible heritage. If this heritage were not pleasant or positive in some way, subsequent generations would not pass it on to their children and grandchildren. Forest-walking is a practice that forms and prefigures opportunities and potentials for continuing and transferring forest walking and the creation of new actions. According to Merleau-Ponty (399-400) actions – i.e. forest-walking – leave traces of human activities in nature and these actions will sediment in things beyond the active subject and then adopt an anonymous existence. Together, a range of silent existing phenomena/things arrange for a place's cultural and geographical profile. This is evident also in different countries, cities and villages.

Ideas of and relationships with forests are transferred in several ways through various cultural activities and artefacts. These representations and preconceptions form the images of forests and build the arrangements of relatings, doings, and sayings. Additionally, these arrangements shows that forest-walks are historically formed and structured. In other words, they are a product of local history and they will shape the history of tomorrow. These practice architectures also prefigure the actions in a particular practice. For instance, people who do not walk in the forest might have chosen to abstain because of the arrangements. Changes, because of a hurricane, for example, would probably affect the social practice considerably. Fallen trees, broken branches, and shattered canopies would no longer provide the same feelings of silence and fairy-tale atmosphere, and the walks might not continue there. When arrangements change, actions will too.

### **Method, data collection and analysis procedure**

A growing number of social scientists have been using methods where researchers walk with participants (e.g. Jon Anderson, 2004; Richard, M Carpiano, 2009). Walking interviews generate richer data, Jon Anderson (255) claims, as they are conducted in the specific environment that is of interest to a particular study. It seems sensible to talk about that specific environment while actually being in that environment. Consequently, we believe that walk-and-talk interviews in the forest are the most appropriate method to investigate people's experiences of forest-walks. Walk-and-talk interviews are an intimate way to involve and participate with the surroundings. Rebecca Solnit argues in *Wanderlust: A History of walking* (2001) that walking as such is a bodily aesthetic and a social and political act that includes memory and the joy of walking (4). Walk-and-talk interviews might thus offer deeper insights into place and into one's identity. Hereby we see an opportunity to better develop our understanding of how intangible heritage is created by the routes people take in the forest. The approach of walk-and-talks is relational, and in our study grounded in phenomenological insights, drawing on the work of Merleau-Ponty concerning the connection between the mobile body and the landscape. Therefore, the forest is regarded as relational through the practice of walking.

This study is based on twelve walk-and-talk interviews. All interviews were conducted in the forest and lasted 1–5 hours and took place with one participant at a time together with the first author. The participants were selected from a previous survey based on one questionnaire distributed from a box placed along a walking trail in the forest and one questionnaire distributed to households near this forest. The selected participants had answered both the place-based questionnaire, which was anonymous, and the distributed questionnaire, which was not anonymous. Participation was voluntary: participants could choose to mail the filled-out questionnaire, which asked if they would like to participate in a subsequent study. Notes were taken manually during the interviews because technical recording equipment was considered inappropriate in the particular environment. There was time for deeper discussions and explanations on all occasions. The notes were then written out on a computer and sent to each participant to read and confirm or to make changes if they so wanted. This procedure was a way of ensuring the validity of the study. All names of the participants are fictional.

An Interpretative Phenomenological Analysis (IPA) was used, influenced by Jonathan A Smith, Paul Flowers & Michael Larkin. IPA is anchored in hermeneutic phenomenology, and the interpretative work corresponds to the structure of a hermeneutic spiral, thus the interpretation alternates between the parts and the whole and between pre-understanding and understanding and on several levels, departing from concrete to more abstract theoretical levels. The analysis process was entrenched in continually reflective work that had already started at the meetings with the participants (or had started even earlier with the questionnaire distributed in advance of the walk-and-talk interviews).

Data analysis carried out through 4 key steps: participants' narratives were read thoroughly; 2) data were organized in representative sub-sections emerged from the reading, revealing an aesthetic point of view, activation of the senses and childhood traditions; 3) these sub-sections were reflected on through the theoretical framework, i.e., practice architectures, a phenomenological viewpoint and the notion of intangible heritage and in relation to the aim of the study; and 4) the analysis was arranged on the basis of the concepts of sayings, doings, and relatings together with the emerged sub-

sections in addition to the cultural point of view, highlighting forest-walking as a cultural process.

### **Findings – inheritance of cultural phenomena**

The findings from the walk-and-talks below are presented through excerpts from the participants in order to illustrate the result accompanied with a few photographs in order to contextualize the environment and quotations. The excerpts are reflected upon and annotated in relation to practice theory, phenomenology concepts highlighted in the text and the notion of intangible heritage. The excerpts were chosen on a representative ground and are presented below under the three headings *Sayings*, *Doings*, and *Relatings* interpreted with regard to practice architecture.

#### **Sayings - From an aesthetic point of view**

Peter and I meet at a road junction and walk together into the woods. He usually takes his dog, and this is also why he has come to enjoy forest-walks. Peter pays attention to different sounds, and he stops now and then to just listen or look in certain directions. I don't want to disturb him by constantly asking questions. He points out his favourite views and sceneries while we walk and he speaks:

There is stillness in the forest which is relaxing. It is easier to be passive and just be in a quiet environment like the forest. I register the surroundings and enjoy the visual aspects. It is both educational and healing. When I see something extraordinary, I photograph it, whether it's a view or the bark of a tree. You become aware of different signs around you, for example, when blue anemones bloom. I also think of the illustrations of John Bauer. The trees give peace and quiet in the woods, just by the fact that they are not moving. The stillness together with birds singing and the wind in the trees makes everything so serene. The quietness of the forest is relaxing.

Figure 1: John Bauer's image of the Swedish forest.





Figure 2: A photograph of a Swedish forest in 2017.

The arrangements shape the experiences of the practice. Thus, how Peter describes the forest and his experiences in the forest shows the impact of his culture. As stated by Kemmis, social memories are “stored in the *logos* of shared language used by people in a particular site” (32). This means that within a culture, we share a collective memory that creates a collective mind. Hence, Bauer’s images correspondingly shape a collective mind. Forest-walks are somewhat composed in collective social-relational ventures that are prefigured and shaped by the culture, i.e. by the practice architectures, and thus the present arrangements or the arrangements that are brought to a site. The quotations of Ingrid and Ingmar below are examples of how sayings and relatings function together with the doings and are formed from both cultural-discursive arrangements and material-economic arrangements:

It is the green colour in the forest that provides the serenity. Maybe because you've learned to associate it with the forest. The wind in the trees. Some trees can be completely amazing! Old, old trees and the moss underneath – great!

My father taught me how to read signs in the forest, like how ants build their ant-hills facing south. He also taught me to be respectful to all life on earth. I learned to be careful with flowers and small plants. See where I put my feet!

The material-economic arrangements are those that enable or constrain the activities in the dimension of physical space-time. The forest is obviously a specific

place, and it also contains many different places, or “rooms.” Ingrid describes it as green, and she describes a feeling of space between the winds up in the trees and the moss below. At the same time, she says that she has *learned* how to perceive the forest, so this is something that has been mediated by some means; the intersubjectivity is clear: we share the world. Ingmar describes how his father had taught him different things in the forest. Looking at the rooms of the forest, they enable practices of learning and teaching, according to Ingrid and Ingmar. The third arrangements Kemmis et al. outline are the social-political. In relation to this study, the policy documents mentioned earlier are examples of such arrangements. The social-political arrangements deal with power and solidarity. Access to forests and access to cultural heritage concern power and solidarity, not least regarding intangible cultural heritage. Whose heritage is worth preserving? Ingmar talks about the relations with plants and animals, i.e. with non-human organisms. The forest is a place that enables such relations and solidarity beyond humans.



Figure 3, 4 and 5: Different rooms in the forest

### **Doings - Activating the senses**

I meet Mary in her garden, not far from the forest. She is carrying a lunch bag, and off we go. She asks if the blue anemones have started to blossom yet and if we can take a look near the lake. As we walk through the oak forest, she tells me that she loves everything about the forest – the trees and other plants and the smells, sounds, and colours. She has brought her camera to photograph blue anemones. They are rare and

protected. She too tells about her childhood and how her family used to walk in the forest all the time.

Sometimes friends of my parents thought that it was kind of strange when my parents suggested a walk in the forest after dinner.

I like to observe and follow different plants during the seasons. It is really lovely this time of year (springtime). It feels like a miracle every year when everything starts to bud and grow here. Listen! Do you hear that bird? The warble of birds and the wind in the trees – it makes me calm inside.



Figure 6. Mary photographing blue anemones

Mary's quotation might show a tradition of doings that seem to be decreasing in current times – such as noticing the plants. James Wandersee and Elisabeth Schlusser have coined the term *plant-blindness* (3), which is defined as the inability of humans to notice, appreciate, and understand plants and plants' functions in ecological systems. Mary takes in the big picture of the forest as well as the details, and her way of practicing forest-walks shows a compound integrative practice that among many other aspects includes knowing and learning through the senses, appreciating nature as such, and walking in the forest especially. She also talks about her childhood and how forest-walks were an integral part of her life. Her experience is clearly an embodied experience, and she is a doer; she is observing and using her camera as a mediating tool to look really closely at plants, and she has brought coffee and homemade cake and wants to stop for a picnic. Being-in-the-world is for Mary to embrace the chorus of the forest including the calmness and the beauty of the environment. She turns to the forest intentionally

aware of the horizon of possibilities that the forest offer; the summation of the forest's happenings, milieu and actions. She share her intersubjectivity with the next generation too:

I used to walk with our children in the forest when they were younger, and we liked to lie down and close our eyes and just listen to the wind, smell the sweet moss, and fantasize.

### *Walking with dogs*

I meet Anne and her dog near a stream in the forest. The dog has no leash and looks energetic and enthusiastic.

I only walk in the forest if I have my dog with me; I would never go here alone without him. I am not really a forest and outdoors person, but I like to be active. Here it is also amazingly nice, calm and quiet, and not many people. It is perfect. I am used to walking here now, and I like these paths. Different seasons have different benefits, and there is always something to appreciate – new paths to discover. Sometimes you can see deer, and if you do, you have to get hold of the dog. But the forest is clearly the best place to be; I can relax, there are no cars, and usually no other people.



Figure 7. Walking with the dog.

This example shows how sayings, doings, and relating hang together and are interconnected. To Anne, they form a multifaceted structure of connections that shape



her doings. She does not identify herself as a person who in fact walks in the forest, and she would not do it if it was not for her dog. Therefore, we can presume that forest-walking has not been a heritage that her family transmitted, or that it was transmitted in a way that she was opposed to or just did not care for. However, the forest where she is walking her dog shows tracks and paths that have been there a long time; hence, she is now part of a network of actions and social connections. According to Kemmis (26-27), practices can be understood as external relationships between words, actions, and social connections that form a linkage of related sayings and doings. Anne's sayings when she describes her experiences of forest-walking are the same as the other participants, though she first gives the expression of someone who does not like forest-walking. Nevertheless, she is familiar with the concept and the practice. This might be said about other examples of tangible/intangible heritage as well. We grow up with them whether we like it or not. Looking at Anne's example, we might dislike it, but we can still appreciate it.



Figure 8, 9 and 10. Different forest trails and footpaths build a web of connecting tracks.

### *Looking for treasures*

Simon and I meet at the bus stop and then take his car to a forest where he often goes for geocaching, which is an outdoor activity in which people look for hidden treasures. You need a GPS to locate the treasures, and they can sometimes be hard to find. There are different kinds of treasures, and Simon has decided to show me three types this day.

I specifically like this forest because there are many ancient relics here and the terrain is varying, and there are quite a number of caches here. You can easily spend three or four hours here and find not just caches, but relics and nice scenery too (...) I'm interested in history and places where people have lived a long time ago, how it looked then, and how people lived in the past. I do like biology as well. That's why it's fun to be able to combine geocaching with natural and historical interests (...) It is a bit like an adventure when you are out and looking for caches.



Figure 11, 12, 13: Looking for treasures.

Simon's way of practicing forest-walks is both rooted in traditions and creating new practice. Kemmis suggests that some practices include different kinds of "bundling of sayings, doings and relatings" (27). Simon shows here how this might work. He involves his interest of history and biology together with his interest in geocaching and being outdoors. His experience of forest-walks thus demonstrates a network of arrangements that build his unique viewpoint on this practice. His sayings are realized in his doings, and they hang together in a way that is shaped by, and simultaneously shapes, the practice traditions of forest-walks.

### **Relatings - Childhood traditions**

Memories of childhood play in the forest are strong, according to the participants. As soon as we enter the forest, David shows me an important spot in the forest:

I remember how we used to play here! Summer as well as winter.  
And we were a whole bunch of children, trying out our ice skates.

We could stay here forever. Always back late for supper. Warm and cold at the same time. Cold winters, we could skate on the stream, all the way from the little pond up in the woods, how lovely it was. Ever since I was little, I love to be in the forest and feel the adventures around every corner.

David is smiling, looking into a coppice where there is no water at the moment, due to it being summertime.

You know, we had different names for different spots in the forest, like hazel-woods and the upper marsh. Those were the most popular places to be. I do not live here anymore, but every time I visit my mother I like to take a walk here.

As we can see here, practice is not just what individuals do; it always has features that are extra-individual, and practices build on interactions in one way or another. These interactions make up the practice, and the interactions are shaped by mediating preconditions. David's experiences build on generations of children playing in different places in the forest. How they have been interacting with each other and with the specific places have shaped David's memories and emotions. This builds a network of relationships not only between people, but also between actions and emotions. Playing in the forest has been meaningful and sense making in a way that still has an impact on David's life and how he reflects while walking in the forest:

Still today, I like to climb in the mountains, thanks to my childhood play, competitions, and events.

I meet John quite far in the forest, at the spot where my questionnaire and mailbox were placed. He has brought his two sons, aged 20 and 6 years. He is dressed in camouflage clothes, and so is his older son.

I have been walking in the forest since I was very small. My grandmother forced me to walk along and to pick blueberries and cow-berries, and mushrooms too. Then we stopped for a picnic, drank tea, and ate Swedish crisp-bread. It was cosy. Lovely memories. I am happy for that now. Ever since, I have returned to the forest. Now, I bring my sons here too.

Practice is, as we see here, culturally formed, as is intangible heritage. John is using the word *forced* to describe how forest-walking became part of his and now his sons' lives. This might imply that he as a child would not have chosen forest-walks if he had had a choice, but at the same time he shows how this heritage was maintained by social customs. In our interpretation, this example also shows that cultural behaviour and cultural expectations are strongly patrimonial, hence it is a form of behaviour that one will probably transmit to the next generation. One way of understanding this is to look at the social values behind a tradition of practice and who one relates to when adopting a cultural behaviour. John refers to lovely memories and cosy moments when he and his grandmother drank tea in the forest. He is connecting the past with the future, mentioning both his grandmother and his children. He also describes some characteristic arrangements of the practice of forest-walking that he has been conducting with his closest relatives, such as picking berries, the closeness with his grandmother, and having a picnic in the middle of the natural environment of a forest.

Practices are, according to Kemmis, composed of sayings, doings, and relatings that are intersubjectively intertwined in a specific practice. However, in this paper the sayings, doings, and relatings are presented separately, although they do hang together. Forest-walking might appear as a simple act of doing, but when analysed and interpreted as a practice of intangible cultural heritage, a more complex image arises. A prominent aspect is that forest-walks are inherited from our ancestors and passed on to our descendants as an intangible cultural heritage.

### **Forest walks – an intangible heritage in movement**

This study has discussed how practice architectures, especially the cultural-discursive arrangements, shape the practice of forest-walks. Also, this study looked at forest-walking as an intangible heritage which includes, for example, oral traditions, social practices, and knowledge and practices concerning nature. In *Heritage and Beyond* from the Council of Europe, Graham Fairclough discusses the concept of place shaping, contending that

The big 'important' (national) heritage sites are not always very relevant to place. In place-shaping, other things are valued: the local, ordinary, contextual, typical, every day, small, personal,



intangible things that creates a daily sense of place for the vast majority of the population. The character of a place in conventional terms frequently hinges on minor, commonplace, personal and marginal things, and on the intangible; context rather than innate significance is most important (153).

This has been proven in our study and it shows that this kind of heritage is continuously re-created, and evolves through the years and generations. In this study, the participants confirmed that forest-walks as a social practice are passed on from previous generations and that childhood memories are crucial to forest-walking in adulthood. There are many reasons for conducting forest-walks, but the overall motive likely has to do with identity and a sense of belonging in a community and a context – in other words, in a culture which responds to the ICHC and the ideas of place shaping presented by Fairclough.

The results presented in this article show that the participants walk in the forest primarily because it makes them feel good. The beauty of the forest's scenery and greenery are frequently mentioned, as is silence. Combined, these aspects induce feelings of peace and calmness, which all participants highlighted as the main feeling one gets from being in the forest. Two strands of reasoning can be distinguished – to *act* or to just *be*. The actions mentioned included picking berries and mushrooms, walking the dog, jogging, orienteering, geocaching, rock climbing, photographing, and painting. To most of the participants, these actions lead to a sense of contemplation. Expressions of just being are connected with sensory perceptions, such as hearing the silence, the wind rustling, and birds singing; watching the colours, the changing of the seasons, the variations of flora; and sensing the moss, grass, fir tree, resin, and ponds. All of these experiences are in accordance with what Smith and Waterton identify as intangible heritages: practices through performances and negotiations of identity, values and a sense of place.

Seeing forest-walking as an intangible heritage implies that, even if an individual is conducting her first forest-walk, this walk is shaped by arrangements that create the mediating preconditions of practice. These preconditions shape and prepare a foundation for new forest-walkers in a particular forest or part of a forest. Various paths in the forest are examples of how preconditions mediate the practice of a forest-walk.

There might be obvious places that invite you to sit down and relax, spots where you just have to look at the view or maybe a fireplace where you can have a picnic. How people before you have behaved and performed in the forest you are walking in will guide and direct you, and how people have been talking and thinking about this place will affect you. Other people's established relationships with the forest shape a pre-constructed infrastructure that will enable and constrain your actions. It is obvious that this kind of view is still not common since it is absent, for example, in the inventory list compiled by Safeguarding of the Intangible Cultural Heritage of Sweden carried out within the frame of UNESCO's Convention. The countries that have joined in the work create one or more inventories of *living*, intangible cultural heritage in their own country.

We therefore find it useful to broaden the definitions of what intangible heritage might be and how the intersections between cultural identity and landscapes can be developed. Moreover, we have found that intangible heritage has, according to the participants in our study, become something new: for example dog-walking and finding treasures, both reveal that forests are constantly made and remade as a space. We found that the participant's perception of specific places in the forest discloses a sense of belonging and identification. A majority of the participants have a favourite place or two where they like to sit down for a while and just feel the forest. They also like to bring coffee and sandwiches. All of the participants are suitably dressed with proper water-resistant shoes and jackets and in some cases gloves and knitted caps. These people are obviously curating their heritage in the landscape, and they are persistently developing and creating new meanings of spaces visited. In other words, this is an intangible heritage in movement.

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## The Junk That 8 K-Town (View-Master Haiku Series 1, 2 & 3)

*Brenton M. Rossow (Edith Cowan University)*

*Series 1: Untitled 1, 2017, Digital Photograph*



eyeballs deep...  
outside palace gates  
silent petra fang



*Series 1: Untitled 2, 2017, Digital Photograph*



late night  
brittle limbs crack -  
wet matches

*Series 1: Untitled 3, 2017, Digital Photograph*



swirling nostrils  
summer's petrol itch  
my silent toupee



*Series 1: Untitled 4, 2017, Digital Photograph*



navajo lipstick  
wresting on buffalo grass  
car key scratches

*Series 1: Untitled 5, 2017, Digital Photograph*



rusty lips  
singing bullfrogs  
catch swollen tears



*Series 1: Untitled 6, 2017, Digital Photograph*



lamington driver  
coconut shaved dashboard  
clutches soiled knee

*Series 1: Untitled 7, 2017, Digital Photograph*



lost seamen  
alien sunlight...  
bedbugs wander



*Series 2: Untitled 1, 2017, Digital Photograph*



red nose  
caterpillar rocking horse  
nurses below

*Series 2: Untitled 2, 2017, Digital Photograph*



wiggling worm  
metamorphosis incomplete  
black thoughts



*Series 2: Untitled 3, 2017, Digital Photograph*



spinning wheels  
crushed daffodils provide pillows  
dawn awakes

*Series 2: Untitled 4, 2017, Digital Photograph*



somewhere between  
leopard and hovercraft  
night beetle rises



*Series 2: Untitled 5, 2016, Digital Photograph*



inside my throat  
softly letting go  
down into the deep

*Series 2: Untitled 6, 2017, Digital Photograph*



lily-white fingers  
amongst pussy willows  
I rest my breath



*Series 2: Untitled 7, 2017, Digital Photograph*



inside this mouth  
300 moldy dollars  
never found

*Series 3: Untitled 1, 2017, Digital Photograph*



cotton candy  
- 3AM spoon  
... headlights



*Series 3: Untitled 2, 2017, Digital Photograph*



rising from earth  
brushing aside dirty leaves...  
lost wedding ring

*Series 3: Untitled 3, 2017, Digital Photograph*



soft stamens  
wheezing geese touch me  
in hakea's crib



*Series 3: Untitled 4, 2017, Digital Photograph*



a twenty-cent piece  
showers my elephant beer  
welcome home leech

*Series 3: Untitled 5, 2017, Digital Photograph*



exercise yard stories  
peeking over the curtain  
scabs alive with arms



*Series 3: Untitled 6, 2017, Digital Photograph*



razorback brother  
sleeping bulrushes  
... a mad magazine

*Series 3: Untitled 7, 2017, Digital Photograph*



peace be with you  
Ned Kelly in okanuis  
doors open wide

The City of Kwinana or K-Town as locals often call it, is an industrial port city 40km south of Perth, Western Australia. Despite the presence of Aboriginal sites of cultural significance (City of Kwinana 3), much of K-Town's bushland is not heritage listed (14-15), and is inadequately protected. As a result, many locations have become dumping grounds for illegal waste.

After spending almost 14 years in Thailand, I returned to Perth in 2014 to study a Bachelor of Creative Industries with a double major in film and video and photomedia. As I had little money, I found myself living in K-Town, roaming the bush with a borrowed SONY NX70 video camera. Lightweight and extremely compact and durable, the NX70 was the most practical camera available to document the junk I encountered during long bushwalks.

My first session taking photos of junk near the K-Town train station led to an addiction. I started to see things within images that aroused deeper contemplation. Absent past owners became unconscious artists. Objects in their adopted environments became creatures with lives beyond previous incarnations. I saw things as representations, serendipitous alignments, but more importantly, a culture addicted to accumulating and discarding unwanted objects, no matter how obscene its scars upon the landscape.

My girlfriend lives in K-Town but won't go into the bush. She thinks dark magic draws people in. There have been rapes and murders, but it is the objects that remain which tell stories of the absent figures' past lives entwined with the landscape. *THE JUNK THAT IS K-TOWN* is a meditation upon landscape and abandoned objects. It asks the viewer to dream absent figures and reimagine their deserted objects new relationships with the burdened landscape.

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## Hard Data, Soft Data

*Louise Boscacci (University of Wollongong, Australia)*

bone nullarbor cradles continent above whale bight  
gale-face heaths hug limestone pans  
sand curlews call mirning memories  
across pink pigface at dawn

upland kneebush and bluebush roll  
ridge to swale  
cool blowholes talk emptybellied  
of sea  
wedgetails wait long on karst spirals  
but woylies and sticknest builders have gone  
to offshore islands  
and the museum records

we listen  
hard data  
soft data  
data  
dat  
datum  
all day older people sing spinifex songs from red sand places  
there are many dialects  
for land  
and loss

## Plunging Down Under

*Ian Smith (Monash University, Australia)*

An immigrant in a land of swimmers who, sinuous, suntanned, at the outdoor pool – the baths – drip on towels over concrete, steaming between lazy plunges underwater, I have a problem. Pale, skinny but strong, I must master deep water or wither in shame, both terrifying thoughts. Most ten-year old English children can't swim. Australians, casually dolphinesque, plunge into happiness. I confess to my working sister who taught me to read, who can swim. She agrees we shall go when it is quiet and execute our plan.

Schoolwork is easy, fractions and friction, explorers and progress instead of kings and queens, bloodshed and plague. Arriving in winter I play football, win at monkey bar grappling, prove my worth receiving the strap with a smirk for laughing at larrikins' antics, so Australia – bonzer, you beaut, good-oh, suits this Pommie. Fair dinkum, mate.

My parents struggle, mother carping about Australia's backwardness in blue airmails to the post-war bleakness they fled, while my father, an outcast at work, becomes a bully at home. I already hate Pommie whingeing, their sorrowful bandaged past, their jealousy of my integration. I attend school, therefore fit in.

Cool, promise of a ripper morning, silvered pool just opened, my sister slips us over the side into the deep end, coaxing. Shivering, swivelling, I watch, listen for mates. Minutes of harsh whispering later I let go, sink, toe-touch bottom, dogpaddle, lungs in panic, break the surface gasping. Elated, I go again and again, further out each time. I can swim. More or less.

Now I must climb to the high board. Diving is for drawling bronzed gods, or lunatics, but I can jump. Schoolmates have arrived, including a girl whose mother's newspaper I deliver. They watch my frightful ascent. I hesitate when I look down, see my future looking up, know I must go, know I will.

## SNORKEL VIRGIN

*Emma J. Young*

Wind turns resolve to rags.  
I stride the shore seeking the limestone ledge  
We were told to look for.  
Cruel rocks, sand-engulfed, rip at my feet as I try to go fast.  
Don't bleed, I think. Sharks.  
He said there was no need to worry about sharks.  
But my mind fills the churning ocean with them  
Turns them evil

Waves crashing  
I look back, you're trailing  
Behind, your face like a dog  
I'm dragging towards a bath  
Reminding me it's all my idea.  
We decide, these rocks ARE the limestone shelf  
We were told to look for.  
We're on it.  
That menacing dark patch beneath the chop  
Is the reef.

Tiny, close to shore  
In real terms. In mine:  
Big and mean and scary  
Far and cold and chaotic  
Full of submerged things ready to rip open human flesh and fill the water with salty  
shark-summoning Blood  
We stand on the side and peer over  
Soft-fleshed city feet balanced

It looks jumpable. Maybe

I squat, trying to see

A big wave slaps my arse

Like a jocular uncle

I look at your doubtful face

I'm wet now.

May as well go.

Courage failing

Only pride left

Too much to bail

Not enough to stop me blurting

Will you come?

You come.

I jump.

It's not cold

Or deep

Not so scary

Once you're in

But I'm glad you're in with me.

There are stripy yellow fish

Little white zippy fish

Big black fish

Round silver fish like the medals

We deserve.

The mask fills instantly with water

Saving \$5 was a mistake

But nothing else was

I feel safe

And lucky

## **North Sea poems**

*Lesley Harrison (University of Hull, England)*

## BIRDS OF THE NORTH SEA

An invocation, using birds' names as they alter along their migration routes between Orkney, Shetland, the Faroe Islands, Iceland and Svalbard. To be read aloud.

<i>arctic skua</i>	tyvjo – aulin – kjove – kjói - tyvjo
<i>arctic tern</i>	ritto – tirrick – kría - kyst
<i>black guillemot</i>	teistie – tystie – tjest – peiste - teist
<i>curlew</i>	whaup – whaap – wulp
<i>golden plover</i>	weeo – hjejle – ló – heilo
<i>great northern diver</i>	emmer – immer gös – imbre – lómr – islom
<i>gull</i>	meeuw – maa – måge – máfur -
<i>måke</i>	
<i>lapwing</i>	kievit – teeick – whippo – vibe
<i>long tailed duck</i>	ijseend - calloo – havelle – hávella
<i>oystercatcher</i>	skeldro – shalder – tjaldr – chaldro
<i>razorbill</i>	alk – wylkie – álka – alle - apparluk
<i>ringed plover</i>	sanloo – sinlick – sandiloo – sandlo



CAA'IN

CAA'IN WHALES, *the mode adopted for driving a shoal of these animals into shallow water to capture them.*

*An Etymological glossary of the Shetland and Orkney dialect. 1866.*

*A Fortnight ago I & some of my people drove 23 whales onshore on this Island, & about 30 more have been got in the Bay of Firth.*

John Balfour, 7<sup>th</sup> August 1866. *Upper Scapa* of Balfour and Trenabie Papers, Orkney Archives.

hoswi c k  
 sc a pa bay  
 burra y  
 ed a y  
 strons a y  
 s c apa  
 sand a y  
 st ol a  
 m i ll bay  
 south ro n  
 ba c kaskail  
 lamb he a d  
 ed a y  
 I i nklet bay  
 n eebister  
 kerston  
 scapa  
 s c apa  
 backask a aill  
 ing a ness  
 s k aill  
 sc a pa  
 inganess  
 w a rebeth  
 hu i p  
 scapa bay  
 shapinsay  
 scapa  
 lop n ess  
 copinsay  
 scapa  
 knockall

## SUMMER FERRY

### **Orkney Ferries**

16:00 Kirkwall to Eday

17:15

(1h 15 min)

- i. an undertow  
of soft green summer light  
  
of oilskins blooming,  
of prams and damp windows  
and streets of kitchen houses  
  
a bow wave thick as tar,  
the outer edges of the town  
veering off  
  
in diesel thud, in velvet dusk  
in clear cool lines of water.
  
- ii. an orange island  
slips into the sea.  
  
a numberless sunset  
of unknown birds  
  
lifting, perturbed  
shifting in layers

a hologram  
swirling and combining

habit into form  
one form to another

almost resolving;  
a thinking in clouds.

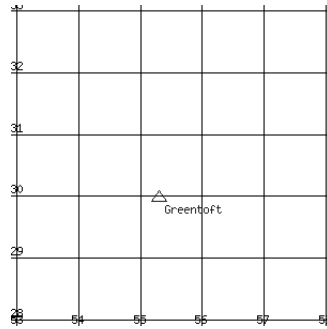
iii. the ferry rounds,  
and now the island appears  
hills rising out of hills

as the pier becomes,  
approaching in minutes  
on long seaweed ledges

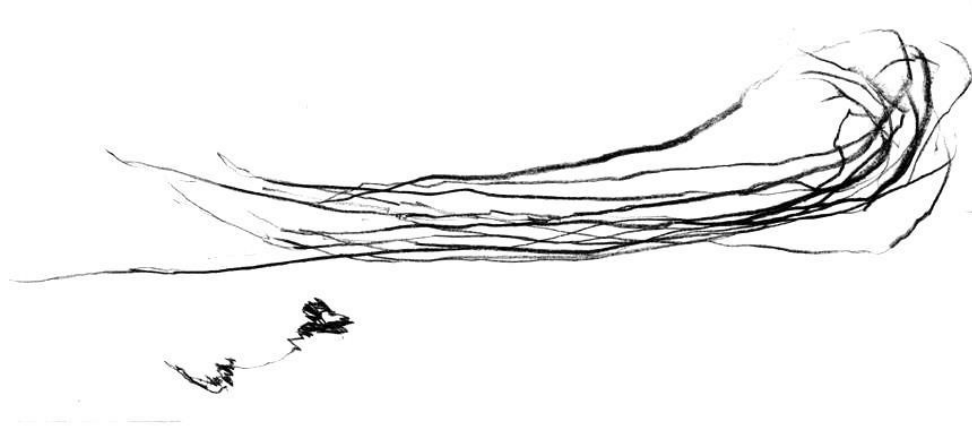
in thundering water,  
names thrown out like ropes.

iv.

Trig Name	Original Name	New Name	EASTING	NORTHING	HEIGHT	ORDER	TYPE OF MARK
Greentoft	HY52/11	HY52S011	355293.25	1030004.72	101.803	2	PILLAR



v.



vi. the new wind turbine :  
its pulsed hush and hush

a soft, phonic substance  
washing over us.

vi.

A map is open on the table. The island is fixed in its summer colours - blue, green, brown. The coast flares out in perpetual low tide. The island, mute and present. The hills have vanished, valley bottoms risen into plateaus. We are god-like, everywhere at once.

Outside, the ground pales and dries. A crow is inside the sun, its shadow curving over and over, its tongueless skraik a hyphen on the page.

viii. all afternoon,  
lying, face down  
among sky coloured hills

- Mid Tooin, Keelylang -  
small things in the grass.

ix.

**'The Circular Walk'**

~ ~  
the sheep fank, Road End.  
clotty turds the arbitrary logic of tarmac.  
yellowing the turf my feet cling like magnets.

~ ~  
mill loch, away over, at the westray pier  
stirring with high cloud cars turn  
grey and silver white : their windows catching sunlight -  
a hole filled with sky. *plink plink.*  
goldcrests in the gorse.

~ ~  
West Side: ~  
the roadside cairns, four o'clock.  
a yett for milk or butter suddenly, the sky grows dark.  
the dog bursts rabbits from the  
ditches.

~ ~  
turn your back  
to the mast: ~  
and suddenly the ground a curlew drinking in a blue vein.  
flows away a dead cow sinking in the turf.

x.

*rugg, murr, hagger, rav* light drizzle. almost subconscious. a blanket  
*eesk, neist, fiss* persisting, articulate. tensed.  
*dister, skub* suddenly unlatched. stone cold, hurrying off  
*luffer, glet* conscious, drying. a bright patch. an afterwards.

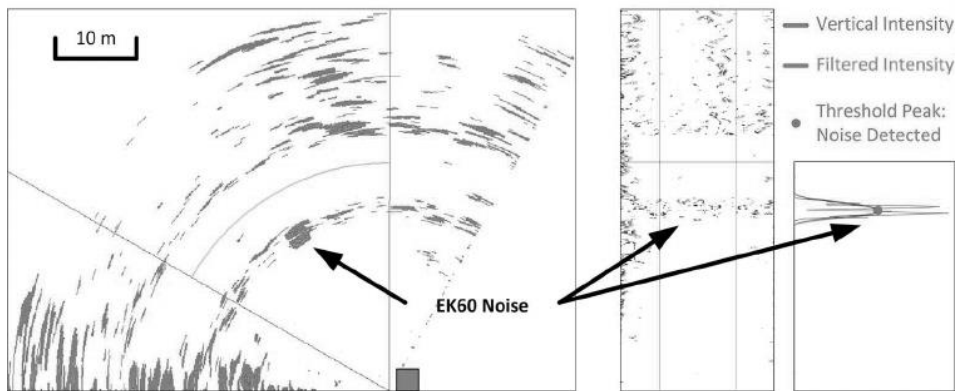


xi. the sky is warmth, a ringing from within.  
the sky is a song, a horse, a tree.  
the sky is retreating into its centre.  
the sky is earthy, earthly - a violin in middle notes.  
the sky is sharp, like steel cooled in water.  
the sky is a drum.  
the sky is mechanical, menacing. the sky is a curtain.  
the sky is spreading red, towards and around, like an oil.  
the sky is an old grey, primitive and cold.  
the sky is a lit match. the sky is a line.  
the sky is a great silence.  
the sky is a glove.

xii. at Newbigging,  
locating redwings  
  
in ambient subsound :  
the thrum of the turbine  
  
whipping and whipping  
its subtle white turbulence.  
  
the thrush,  
countersinging  
low notes in the scrub.

xiii.

- telemetry : *the transmission of measurements and other data from remote or inaccessible points.*
- commutation : *a process whereby multiple data streams are combined into a single frame.*
- asynchronous : *not continuously synchronised by a common clock.*



xiv. CHAPEL HILL  
a lunar still  
a cleft  
a red willow.

COTT  
a road end  
a bay exposed to  
the moon  
a sun cool to touch.

NONEYHA  
a sea blue evening,  
all swallows and silver blink,  
windows tilted to the sun.

- xv.   night fall.  
      walking up the spine  
      in growing dark, through peat hags
- and scraps of blue-black ocean,  
      the outer islands rising  
      one by one, in flat constellations
- that inch to the horizon  
      the whole north  
      spread around my feet.

xvi.

*Dennis H<sup>d</sup>*  
L<sup>t</sup> Gp Fl ev 10 sec vis 14 m  
S going stream begins 6  
hrs before

*Start Point*  
L<sup>t</sup> Gp Fl (2) ev 30 sec vis 14  
m

*Noup H<sup>d</sup>*  
L<sup>t</sup> Gp Fl (5) ev min vis  
22m  
Storm sig

*Sanday Sound*  
L<sup>t</sup> Gp Fl (2) ev 10 sec vis 10 m

*Auskerry*  
L<sup>t</sup> F vis 16m

or there, North Ron  
its tempo slowed down  
to two or three beats per minute.

xvii. *Glasgow – Reykjavik*

a hundred tiny people  
vapour-thin, staring

a cosmology of islands,  
the solid silence  
of the blue between.

xviii.

<b>Bay of London</b>	<i>Hugh Marwick, Calfsound. Robert Sinclair, Sandhill. Robert August, New London.</i>	086 12	<i>This name applies to a good size bay with a large, sandy beach, situated upon the east coast of Eday &amp; about 3 miles from Calf Sound.</i>
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'These smacks were heavy-hulled with a draught of two fathoms. They were buoyant fore and aft, with the well contained amidships. Augur holes were drilled in the sides of the hull so that water could flow freely for re-oxygenation. Fish placed in the well could then be carried upriver to market (from 1750 especially Billingsgate, London; from 1900 the Faroes) in fresh condition. The swim bladders of the fish had to be pierced to prevent them from floating. Turbot and other flatfish were suspended on thin rope to prevent them from clogging the augur holes.'

xix. walking south to north,  
consciously adjusting  
field to cloud, earth to sky

where one dark line  
is wavering

cocooned in silence  
afloat, floating  
in its own deep light

it sheds air, hanging  
the cleat of its tail,  
its spirals deforming

as mountains and islands  
move out of their places -

xx. In a rush of words, the radio comes on  
its odd singsong voices and  
  
gusting sentences, its whines and ticks  
its tides of hissing static  
  
riffing the shore birds, their flat pink notes  
rising to the surface.

xxi.

<i>'a spell of rain'</i>	<i>'a slight sea'</i>
purple – raw – silver	pearl grey,
viridian – charcoal	furring at the edges.
green - gold - ultramarine	

*'an unstable front'*

a door slams mid  
afternoon.  
a car starts. stops.  
starts, then slowly  
disappears.

xxii. the field is  
a white sea island  
silently adrift  
  
through milk fog  
- dream substance -  
dull albedo



miracles of objects  
appearing  
in dark or yellow patches

two static horses  
the byre, the car  
a cargo of brightness

and crows, like words  
perch, fly off again.

xxiii.

For what truly connects data is not clo  
transductions. Transductions transform ener  
thus information - from one form into anothe  
or heat, for example, or even ocean waves  
transduced into electricity, which can be tra  
again into a display, a number, or a beam c  
Your ears and eyes are transducers: as are you  
turning these pages.

For what truly connects data is not clou  
transductions. Transductions transform energ  
thus information - from one form into anothe  
or heat, for example, or even ocean waves  
transduced into electricity, which can be tra  
again into a display, a number, or a beam c  
Your ears and eyes are transducers: as are you  
turning these pages.

(black & white / greyscale)

xxiv. stone sparrows  
clicking and whirring,  
a bright telemetry  
  
- piped morse,  
switchings of  
wire and scrub

and small thermal inclines,  
their song degrading  
in wide open space.

a snowy owl :  
an isolate, mooting  
its own baltic language.

xxv. In an afternoon of listless grass,  
suddenly the world is moved,  
the ferry bearing round like a compass

tilting, all bells and telegraph  
summoning the cars of the island  
its muscle engines pounding green water

as it seesaws on its keel  
tugging at the pier, until it fits in  
neat as a duck.

The ferry sounds its horn in the present tense.  
Clock hands are turning.

xxvi. the pier, 3am :  
the turbine chirring and chirring  
in new dark, in neon gleam.

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## Zemlja and Pioneer Day

*Natalie D-Napoleon (Santa Barbara City College, USA)*

### *Zemlja\**

I am the coloniser and  
the colonised  
the *zemlja*,  
an egg-timer filled with  
beads of sand, blood and *kiša*  
that I cannot hold or contain,  
runs through my fingers.

I sprint through the freshly rotary-hoed bed  
the sand searing February coals,  
my feet sinking up to my ankles  
like poofing through silken powder,  
or a virgin snow fall I have never known  
I stop; “Is three minutes all I have  
before I burn to dust, to glass?”

My feet could be the roots  
of a sprouting seed, pressed into  
the soil with an index finger,  
the blue beads of NPK fertiliser and  
butterfly sprinklers rusty red  
coaxing me to grow  
from deep below,

from under,  
from the bore,  
from the pre-human aquifer,  
but they will never be —

I am a seedling  
plucked from my mother's womb  
the spongy organ of the placenta  
entwined within  
the tendrils of my  
embryonic roots,  
transplanted into  
the sandy sandy sand sand  
to grow devotional  
to the *zemlja* of a  
Western land.

A foreign land  
a foreign sand  
My land. My sand.  
An Other's land

outside  
(and inside)  
Other and all,  
coloniser and colonised —

I sprint four strides

“poof poof - poof poof”  
across the ploughed bed,  
into the shade, before  
the 4pm sun turns me to dust —

*\* Zemlja means earth, soil, land, dirt, ground and country in Croatian and is pronounced ze'mlja /'zè:mlja/.*



## Pioneer Day

Once I was a wilderness,  
a poor common farmer,  
a pioneer myth to take  
you anywhere, as I  
strummed the love songs  
to be property, married,  
my mouth pressed against  
the wind of the first settlers free:  
*“To-ra-lee, to-ra-lee, to-ra-lie,  
I’ll give you six ribbons  
to tie back your hair.”*

Once I was a Tuart seedling  
planted on W.A.’s 150th year,  
commemorative medallions  
for all the school children,  
a tongue controlled  
with trinkets shiny.  
The landed gentry  
justify proceeds from  
the convicts, left behind  
in our own time, starving.  
Aboriginal peoples in chains  
a hiccup of history,  
enslaved by the song  
from the blue guitar:

*“If I were the emperor  
I’d build you six palaces  
with six hundred servants  
for comforting fare.”*

Once I was a stick  
with beer bottle caps,  
a Murrumbidgee River Rattler,  
hanging off the boat  
with a garden out the back.  
A communion wafer,  
my first taste of damper  
stuck like glue  
to the roof of my mouth,  
on Pioneer Day at school.  
The lessons of Britannia,  
starting again with nothing,  
wasted on children

with thousands of years  
of Empire-soaked feet.  
The under-class is the bone  
that is the back of a country;  
that rare dirt a tune we share:  
*“But I am a simple man,  
a poor common farmer.  
So take my six ribbons  
to tie back your hair.”*

*This poem was created in part, using a random text generator and the following works by Jon English and Thomas Stannage.*

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## **Fortunates Part 1**

*Lawrence Upton*

*2017 -- 2019*

## Fortunates

### Prelude

What is happening in this place  
                                        is the sea breaks  
rock into smaller rock, and moves it off  
somewhere not necessarily near long term;  
and it may become, in due course, new farm soil.

Nothing will be lost, though it is to us here.

Some things will survive; and new things may grow.  
All things are living, in ways of thinking  
which are amenable to our sanity  
amenable to what we cannot change.

It will take time for the whole archipelago  
to be sunk.

                                But there is plenty of time.  
And all *this* will pass in its own season.

Go with it, on its current, and a breeze,  
though both now flow alarmingly from true.  
Seeds and birds blow in; many others go.  
It is an interchange, perhaps exchange.

Barest rock in the Western Isles may hold  
growth

                                giving mammalia basis

                                                        no death

beyond each individual's; our stone  
is yet in process, one thing becoming

another

which is not yet.

We *are* animals.

We *are* things.

We *are* substance and meanings

leaning to meanings which do not have ends.

Needing no justification, we live.

That is: we do exist in time: eye lands.

For years, I have been watching these places.

More than sixty years, though I forgot much,

anything external to myself, my head,

which happened to my seeing early on.

Make it around only half a century

and something protrudes from underneath my Earth;

but, still, like anything that's newly born,

I did not much investigate origins,

relying upon myths of my own thought,

without science, inculcating desire.

More recently, my brain began to see

the unchanging changeability, as *theme*

replayed itself as themes changing

repetitively and repeatedly,

bright daisies all out of a now dulled grass,

birds hopping around shallow fresh puddles,

much seen anew without becoming bland,

remaining informative, informational.

One finds that nothing changes, and remains

open to alternative, at a risk,

generalising from particularities

of the individual to the social  
though what persists persists in single heads  
and in a reality they do not see  
without finding their love's alteration.

Give me evidence each new time  
when you speak  
it is your new speech  
not a truth read out.

Each act of memory, and its recall,  
rewrites memories, reordering all its,  
making versions of the detail,  
changing the parts of each before utterance

and thus what is said  
will misrepresent  
impressions  
each impression a new act  
being read in an improvisatory voice

and thus things fade  
we stay unsure  
and grow

The whole world grows,  
impatient to grow newly,  
pushing quickly for what is now possible.  
That is: for what is now thought quite possible.  
And every thought has its own consequence.



## Fortunates

### Song -- Wingletang

I could say this hasn't changed much  
in four thousand years.

I've not said that.

At most I might attribute it  
but do not, at all, understand  
how it can be known with certainty.  
A useful datum, if correct;  
or *interesting* I might say;  
but said straight, as conversation,  
it would be better to exclaim  
"I don't know if it's changed. Sorry.  
Only been here four millennia.

Meanwhile

islands

we know

fragmented

The whole island was once larger;  
the southern coasts further apart  
while now it's almost size ten waist,  
holding its breath, standing straight north  
as much as matters.

An island,  
another one, a new thing, broke off  
some time in the past. I don't know;  
though I'm sure that some are knowledgeable,  
or think they are, or say they are.  
It's still in the process. Each tide  
effects a separation for hours,  
only for a few hours. Danger

and nuisance; but nothing permanent.

The biggest change there's been  
is in the name – from ek enes  
into agnes, once Kernewek  
ceased to have meaning. In English,  
it means nothing, an odd series  
of phonemes we do not recognise.  
That is, *if* the name is correct:  
No one has seen it written out  
in any contemporary manuscript

and climate.

Rats on all islands --  
how long had they been there? --  
we brought them here -- changed ecology.

Now, on *this* bit of rock, they're gone;  
and Manx Shearwater eggs can hatch,  
where before they were laid, then  
eaten. Year after year. Centuries.  
The quay at St Mary's covering  
a part of Rat Island.

The birds have winter home oversea,  
flying a few inches above  
the waves between Brazil and here.  
They and their ancestors.

Land mass  
moving from land mass.

The ocean  
widening millimetre by kilometre  
over aeons, illustrating  
Darwin, if you follow my thought,

in that the Manx are good fliers --  
those that weren't that good have drowned! --  
but they're lousy at touching down,  
and crash into the grass, tumbling,  
comically to human eyes; but live  
to reproduce inability --  
after staying aloft that far.  
So our theory works without belief.

## Fortunates

### Song -- An archipelago

It isn't that we eat too many fish.  
Not per capita. We should eat *more* sea food.

There are too many eating everything!

Tourism sustains the islands  
and it may destroy what's left.

The uninhabited islands  
are not uninhabited at all --  
lots of people live there: it's just  
that they are not human beings

which we regard as not living  
in the same way that we're alive.  
They don't need us; though we need some  
of them, exclaiming as we watch,

noting details of behaviour,  
physiology et cetera.  
They're part of our entertainment.  
We impose that upon creatures.

That is to say, we're attentive  
if we enjoy their activities.  
Otherwise, we may exterminate  
or enslave most of the majority.

Much the same with our own species,  
declassifying as we strode  
into new worlds in America  
and Australia --

who needs foreigners?

one said in the pub the other day.  
It saves pointless philosophy  
and shilly-shallying with words  
which do not add up to anything.

Efficient Management Techniques  
avoid wasting time with argument  
when the argument's already been agreed.  
That's my opinion anyway.

First we should secure our place  
in whatever we invest in.  
There is time for conservation  
after we have made safe our selves.

That's not only theory. It is  
also common sense.

All agree.

No one thinks we should bother much  
with life forms beyond the polity.

It is much better for us knowing  
by data analyses and rules  
what policies will benefit  
all stake-holders than to spend time.

Beasts have their internal clocks  
but few or none may understand

chronology as an abstract  
and so its value to the ecosphere.

That's why God gave us dominion  
over creation.

Let's be creative.

We learn from mistakes, believing  
Nature can and must be improved.

Perhaps the main thing wrong with heritage  
is *heritage* – as if the world were ours  
to make off with.

Other animals do live  
in an environment, without vandalism.

What a statement is *the anthropocene*  
layers of rubble and plastic and various junk

even as more bits of Scilly separate  
from each other under eustasies  
furthered by wanton daft humanity  
as if we have lost control.

Put into care  
to be kept an eye on.

There is no one  
to care for us but us.

We could make nests  
and even rooms.

But cities?

Those seagulls  
in their birth season maintain separation  
from each other upon The Gugh's north tip.

The rocks lie where they have rolled. Birds don't mind.  
They see it as it is; and use it so.

Old graves there, a line of them, stay put.  
Only we desecrate them, destroying  
history as we read it. The biggest's  
disembowelled. We've done more than the sea  
to smash up where we live, cutting circles  
in the walking surface  
like the Marx Brothers.

There are many interleaving landscapes  
which even the frequent visitor may miss  
keeping to roads or following the coast --

occupy an individual territory,  
which you mayn't (it's owned by a Duchy),  
and, as anywhere, you'll learn unsigned purposes  
which everyone who lives here knows well,  
a ghostly vital life purposing the whole.

What might the tourists note? Holiday snaps.

The thrush singing from that tall roof sees more  
scraping a daily living from landscape  
while all in view are made subsidiary  
to upper air when it is ruled by raptors

Though the land beneath humans *is landscape*  
even if just available to sighs,  
there are also *catscapes* in which felines,  
with their adaptability, perform  
actions by their own brains' functional operation

self-directed automata are fed  
and trained up lazy, chasing distraction



so a lot like us

and much discouraged  
and self-distracted from their murderous hunt.

A small tribe of Dodecanese ferals  
would move as one distributed network  
of brains no matter how unreflective  
killing all mammals in an empty house  
in the time it takes an ape to walk past  
depopulating depopulated towns

Henry slept out its old age on seat backs  
offside Coastguards Cottages, or on a wall  
alongside the way up from Troy Town Farm  
near where the road is never fixed  
because no one agrees whose space it is.

He fell off the seats quite hard if he dreamt  
and ran away if any saw and laughed --

Cats do not like laughter: how can that be?

He yearned for greetings; and stood on his head  
on the wall's top stones when he heard his name;  
and then, before the stunt had completed,  
rolled over, on his own skull, to the ground,  
three or four feet below, somehow getting  
his feet into position for the unex -  
- pected touch down, where he had snoozed,

That was his repertoire. Same thing each day.  
He fed from plates and was, mostly, asleep.

Dragon aims, bound in failing memory,

to claim his seat in the cafe garden  
where he sits upon a bench or a table  
until he is chased off. If spoken to  
without aggression, he likes to lean on  
something which isn't there; and so falls off.  
The fall seems to reset him, without pain.  
He lives a life of infancy and love.

Then there's the deaf one, quite small and old,  
with clear blue eyes which she averts, hunched up.  
She sleeps in her silence; constantly startled;  
unafraid, on concrete in the road middle,  
where it branches downhill towards the church

in that church there is a stained glass window  
which shows the sea and island fields as one  
interlocking continual pattern

And Fizz, down at the farm, moves quite a bit;  
and in early years roamed a great distance  
letting herself be carried back uphill  
then struggling to be put down at the height  
making her descent alone and dignified --  
yes, one cannot help anthropomorphise  
something which collaborates for its own gain.  
She likes the table where one eats ice cream,  
charming the customers to feed her fat  
sometimes back-flipping into the low air  
to fail to catch hold a flying song bird.  
At night she'll tour the campsite tents, trading  
entertainment for warmth and scraps of food  
or turning tricks in the self-catering lets.  
She's good at taking voles, but not the taste.  
Mice were her thing when there were mice to catch.

Yampi, before they had him done, would leap  
at the picture window if birds flew near  
and then fall on to the sill somehow not  
breaking the line of decorative china.  
He could surround a bush full of small birds  
all on his own simply by moving fast.

Pebble is younger still. Outside the shop  
he sits and takes what he can get, clean-furred  
and solid and alert; seeing off dogs  
much bigger than himself. And that's his thing.

They live their rapid lives, and then disappear,  
unremarked unacknowledged legislators  
as mice built Earth as an experiment --  
though we may bring it down to build motorways.

Is it my fault then? You should have told me.  
I didn't know, did I? I didn't know.

## **Fortunates**

### **Song -- Church Cove, St Agnes**

Wind briefly gets through to church land  
baffled by walls. Round low branches,  
it smashes out a rough slight warmth  
one appreciates after a walk  
through its blastings which dominate  
experience. Cold, you think.  
That's how it feels to those inside,  
warm, desk-tied all the time,  
otherwise keeping still, gravestones,  
until they sail out on a breeze.  
That heat means pleasure above the ground.

Those buried in soil are cold,  
hard, stiff as granite,  
breaking down into weaker stuffs  
other than they've been, becoming  
earth, which might yet grow crops; but sea  
is ready to inundate our land,  
snatching nutrients like hungry gulls.

## **Fortunates**

### **Song -- In early days**

In early days, human culture was spread  
along littorals – which we think an oddity --  
holding attention pointed on cities  
of this age, and perhaps of earlier times,  
but not necessarily, probably just not  
on the edge of the land. We see it falsely.

There is a map, seeking to praise Cornwall,  
which frames the whole of Europe; with Falmouth  
at its centre; portraying a polity  
I do not recognise yet find startling  
and exciting. A world I've not yet seen  
and cannot physically perceive.  
Yet brains' eyes need corrective help to know  
where and how to look. That way, we move  
the location of the world, pushing Cornwall  
to a periphery. And England? Where's that?

A hinterland far off where wealth has gone.

## Fortunates

### Song – unimproved animals

I think it was Professor Charles Thomas  
who told that farmed animals on Scilly Isles --  
not deer; they were extinguished early on --  
stayed, into modern eras, unimproved

from the state of brain of product and yields,  
in a style from before the Christian Era:  
small; adapted to their own needs, not ours;  
not shaped to a management ideal like us,

or most of us, where the obvious response  
to interference is to kick out hard  
and face the possibility of death.  
And that comes on our animals to schedule.

(At best, they're taken some hours on seas  
often stormy and for them alarming  
to be slaughtered in a factory, ending  
their lives of being factories themselves.

.  
Not that I expect the Iron Age creatures  
were treated well – a larger space perhaps...  
but maybe a more kindless brutal cut.

What is the answer? What is the question?  
No one records *their* final thoughts, do they?  
They're only animals. We've got to eat.

## Fortunates

### Song -- Destinationed

Destinationed. Flying into Scilly?  
Where you want to be or where you are now.  
Somewhere on a map, not in your brain.

Birds do it better. They navigate! Their shit  
doesn't foul more than a little atmosphere,  
and that for seconds.

Birds are worth seeing.

Fish and animals know their way. Without tools.  
And some days later you'll lift off again.

We overcome our own limitations;

but so, often, do beasts.

We don't see it.

We don't see anything.

We lack perception.

Our senses are not suited to our lives.

“Why don't you all do something about this?”  
screams a woman delayed for an hour  
by a very low spring tide; and then asks  
if there is a nearby railway station  
so she can get herself home to main land.  
And here's a moth clattering the window pane.

*Exe Valley, Devon; & Bath, Somerset; Autumn 2017  
London; Winter 2019 © Lawrence Upton*



## Shadow over Mount Barren

*Bronwyne J. Thomason (Edith Cowan University, Australia)*

*YOU think that music anchors the soul in memory.*

We bounce through the bush on a two trench track in our four wheel drive Holden ute. Banksia leaves scratch the sides of the vehicle with a satisfying, low-key squeal and we all know that the black duco will forever hold that memory in the form of a white thin line along the door. I look upward to see the sun setting over the back of the Barren Range, and silhouetted against the pink sky the weeping, thin tendrils of *eucalyptus sepulcralis*, sway. They remind me of lost, emaciated aliens that might wander along the horizon. Pillars of *Hakea Victoria* rise above the scrub-line; their layers of tender new-growth catch pale yellow and green sunlight at their core and they glow like lamps. Night is about to begin. Dusk has taken me home, floating down through me. Its warmth lets me breathe. I am here. Now.

And then. I watch from the back seat as the hand of our front-seat passenger reaches for the radio. I groan inwardly. The hand jiggers with the dial. Raw noise squawks out of the speakers, blurts blathered scratchy yelps of intercepted radio signal that slice into my reverie. Again, I moan. This time, audibly. The hand, dumb and oblivious, plugs one end of charging cable into the radio jack and the other end into a mobile phone.

*You say that music anchors the memory.*

So! Here and now is replaced with the dulcet tones of Cat Stevens and his Moon Shadow. I jerk back.

*As if I needed that now! As if I needed to go home to my childhood.*

Not that this isn't home. It is. Or it was, once, a long time ago. Home was the bush that surrounded me. It was silence. But now, thanks to the clumsy hand, I am transported to the inside place. Inside, where the sounds of Mum sweeping floors, ABC radio on country and western night, or bible-beatings, or signing around a guitar-playing dad would push outward, barricading us from the bush. Or was it Cat Stevens over and over and over? I'm being followed ...

I try to resist the words, the memory of the words, the tune ... moon shadow. Moon Shadow. Moon Shadow. Mooooon ...\*<sup>21</sup>

*The moon is not here today.*

My partner, driving the car, speaks above the song. 'Did you think we were all talking too much?' I think I love him.

Our other passenger, sitting in the back with me, starts to sing along, like she's the only one alive and she wants it known, and she knows the words to all of the songs. In me, shudders of anger respond to the music, and so I look toward the window. I bite the back of my hand, enjoying the soft resistance of my skin against my teeth. My hatred eats at my own flesh.

*Why are you here? Why are you HERE?*

The music travels along with us. It goes on. It repeats beat, tone, voice. We have an endless supply of Cat Stevens. No talk. Branches and leaves slap through the open window as I strain against the brainwashing throb of machines and electronics and *people*. I listen for the sounds of birds outside. I hear only music. And the unabashed singing.

---

Permission for use of song lyrics has been requested.

And so on. My brainwashed head mimes the words. ‘Thinkin’ about good things to come ... the peace train ... take me home again.’

*You make too many assumptions.*

A twig flicks in through the window. I shout and grab my face. It stings and yet it feels good at the same time.

‘Did you get hit in the face?’ Cheerfully. His hand rests on the gearstick.

‘Yes.’ Yes, I love him. My lip turns numb.

The cab pours music into the bush through the front passenger window, and the bush pushes it back in, through the back window. Into me. ‘Remember the days of the old school yard?’ I roll up my window and succumb to the enclosure of the cab; I succumb to the darkness in my head. My brain turns numb.

Finally, the orange road appears ahead of us. Vibrations from the deep corrugations travel up through the wheels and up, up into my chest. That is the sound of my childhood; once it signalled the homeward stretch from a fishing trip with Dad and triggered the anticipation of a hot bath, a smothering of Mum’s Olay Oil and then ‘tea’: a lamb chop, a pile of peas and dollop of hot mashed potato on a cold plate. And Slim Dusty, Elvis, or ... Cat Stevens.

*Music anchors the soul in memory. Ha! You know nothing.*

Deep inside my ears, I feel stabs of hot and cold. I tell myself the pain is because the cold wind that blows in through front passenger window has penetrated my ear canals, so I wrap my jacket around my face and hold my ears with hands that are dragged up inside the woolly sleeves.

At last the beat winds down. Moon Shadow stops. I glance at my partner.

*Speak.*

The oblivious hand reaches toward the back seat and exchanges iphones with another hand. In goes the jack. Out comes another anchor. I look again at my stone-faced partner. His hands grip the steering wheel. His face reveals nothing.

*Turn off the music.*

So, it starts again. This music I don't recognise. She responds; she sporadically sings odd words beside me. To me, it is tuneless. Meaningless. Anchored somewhere else in some other time.

'Can we have some peace? Less music?' I shake my head in wonder at my own dumb words. *Less music?*

The music stops. My partner's face softens. The back seat passenger turns blank-faced and I wonder if she's deliberately refusing to look at me. She gazes outward through the glass.

A feral cat crouches near the road.

Vibrations of the corrugations creep up through me as I drift, drift drift. Off out through the window. Out into the black night. And the bush seeps in, like the warm, soft water of a bubble-bath. A kangaroo bounds along the road in the light of the headlights for a few hundred metres and then vanishes into the bush. The bush peels me back, opens me up. Mallee leaves reflect the headlights. I am able to breathe. Now I am. Now I am fine. Now I am here. Now, I am free. Now, I am adrift. Now.

**Review of Environmental Humanities and Theologies:  
Ecoculture, Literature and the Bible, by Rod Giblett.  
Published by Routledge, 2018. Cover price £115.00.**

*Sam Mickey (University of San Francisco)*

Drawing on many areas of inquiry, especially theology and ecological literary criticism, which is also called ecocriticism or ecocultural studies, Rod Giblett investigates the theological and literary underpinnings of environmental humanities in his monograph, *Environmental Humanities and Theologies: Ecoculture, Literature and the Bible*. Published by Routledge in their state-of-the-art Environmental Humanities series, Giblett's book is a welcome contribution to the field.

Research in environmental humanities draws on theories and methods from the humanities to provide more comprehensive interpretations of environmental phenomena than can be given by natural and social sciences alone. While the literary, philosophical, and historical dimensions of environmental humanities are thoroughly represented in the growing body of works dedicated to this area of inquiry, less attention is given to theology and religious studies. Furthermore, those who do attend to theological and religious perspectives on the environment do not usually consider the ways that those perspectives are reproduced in works of literature. Giblett is among the relatively small but increasing number of authors who integrate the literary and theological sides of environmental humanities.

The book offers ecological interpretations of an eclectic yet coherent assemblage of writers and traditions. At the forefront of this book is the Bible, particularly the creation narrative in the first chapter of Genesis, where humans and all life on Earth are imagined as emerging

from interactions between God and a primordial, elemental mixture of water and land, not unlike a wetland. The biblical “waters of the deep” are often thought of as chaotic and sinister, as something to be controlled by God. Giblett does not seek to retrieve that traditional meaning of this passage. Rather, he aims to reconstruct its meaning in an ecological context. Accordingly, he imagines the wild, watery depths of the primordial elements as nurturing and generative, not as forces of disorder and evil (4). Wild nature operates with, not against, the creativity of God.

The author connects his ecological reconstruction of the biblical narrative with ecological interpretations of texts from English literature, from *Beowulf* to the works of J. R. R. Tolkien, as well as texts from American nature writers like Henry David Thoreau and John Muir, and European Jewish thinkers, especially Walter Benjamin. Giblett also integrates perspectives from Australian Aboriginal spirituality. Along the way, Giblett regularly returns to watery depths, the wild, wetlands, and the monsters and serpents that tend to inhabit those places. He is critical of perspectives that denigrate the monstrous and the watery, and he uses ecological theology and ecocultural studies to articulate salutary reinterpretations. Even works that are ostensibly friendly toward nature, like *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy by Tolkien, are shown to have biases against wetlands, as evidenced by Tolkien’s pejorative use of wetland imagery in the “Dead Marshes” that show up in *The Two Towers*, the second volume of the trilogy (30).

Giblett’s book is divided into two parts, an old and new testament, as it were. The first part is comprised of five chapters which focus on the dynamics of creation, dynamics that are described in terms that integrate theological and literary perspectives on wetlands and their

various real and imaginary inhabitants. The second part includes four chapters that represent the new testament, including chapters elucidating the Christian vision of the seventeenth-century English writer John Bunyan, criticizing the ecology and gender politics of John Muir's denigration of the spiritual value of women and wetlands, synthesizing Benjamin and Thoreau on the topic of being at home at the end of the world, and evoking the traditional ecological knowledge of indigenous traditions.

The final chapter looks forward, with hope, to the possibility of recuperating indigenous perspectives on the mutuality of humans and wild nature, particularly in light of Australian Aboriginal representations of the Rainbow Serpent, a mythic creature dwelling in the watery depths from which all things emerge (148). The Rainbow Serpent is celebrated as a maternal monster of the primordial marsh. That image is indicative of possibilities for affirmative relationships with all aspects of the natural world, including those wild creatures that are repeatedly denigrated in the theological and literary works of the English-speaking world.

Wetlands, marshes, bogs, and their inhabitants are crucial to the functioning of planetary systems of biodiversity, climate, and the hydrologic cycle. Ultimately, Giblett hopes that his spiritual reinterpretation of those habitats and inhabitants will facilitate their ecological reconciliation as well. Giblett implores the reader to care for the creatures that make up the monstrous and watery wild. "Please help conserve them and their homes of places on, under and above the earth. After all, it is their—and our—only home" (160).

*Environmental Humanities and Theologies* follows after several other books by Giblett, spanning over two decades, focusing extensively on wetlands and their multifarious mixtures of nature and culture. This



book is a condensed collection of many of the ideas presented in those earlier works. Furthermore, the eclectic scope of this book accompanies an audacious aim to find resources for addressing the challenges of living in the Anthropocene—a geological epoch in which human impacts on the environment have become planetary in scale and scope. In contrast to the Anthropocene, Giblett aims to facilitate a “Symbiocene,” wherein human domination of nature would be replaced by mutuality between humans and nature (158). What is particularly audacious is that Giblett envisions this book as “a new ‘bible,’” that is, “a new old and new testament for the symbiocene” (18). To be sure, Giblett is not expressing delusions of grandeur. Rather, his gesture indicates his bold and daring attempt to cultivate a compelling sense of the sacred as it manifests throughout the natural world, even in bogs and marshes, and among crocodiles and monsters. This book “has no pretensions to being a sacred text, but aims to nurture sacrality” (ibid.).

This book is particularly relevant to students or scholars who are new to the intersection of ecology, theology, and literature. It is oriented toward encouraging first steps toward thinking and living differently in relationship to one’s place in nature. It does not attempt to explicate the details that must be worked out in order to enact sustainable changes in religious institutions and other sociocultural systems. Nonetheless, even for professionals and experts who are already engaged in the work of protecting life on Earth, this book provides a unique perspective for understanding how religion and literature shape the way that humans think, feel, and act toward the watery and monstrous faces of the natural world.