A humdrum, non-heritage place, given new meaning even in a newsprint come-on.

Subsequently I learned that the Middleton image had an element of chance, not something that is suggested by the array of fifty-plus, 7" by 7" black and white images in the exhibition. Covering some thirty years of professional experience, the visitor can discern change through time, though 'development' is not an appropriate term.

Kenna's work celebrates a passing world with enduring images. His particular skill is in commanding light to frame moments and objects so that the viewer cannot avoid an encounter with time, weather, proximity and light. His pictures have titles, locations and dates, but that is not why you are drawn by them. I watched as a five year old prodded the glazing of his Japanese – haiku inevitable – prints and followed the effects of light on the scene.

These images drawn from his Japanese, French, US and other tours minimise geography, and encourage the viewer to do the uncommon, and consider shape and light as the main components of landscape. Working often in early morning or at night, Kenna moves far beyond Bill Brandt, one of his early heroes, and composes a world so far from daily life as to nudge the contrivances of surrealism.

The monochrome response to landscape carries with it a message of commemoration, of lived in places, which have been depopulated. There is scarcely a human figure in any of his frames. This is a capturing of traces, a raising of the commonplace or forgotten to statement of importance. That it communicates to young and old outside of popular photographic conventions is its joy.

Kenna does come home again. The Middleton Cheney image is from 1974, there are earlier area images: two from Broughton Castle, near Banbury span more than twenty years, but capture the historic park, a dormant reminder of past lives.

Credit to Michael Kenna for the images, Banbury Museum for providing them. Michael Kenna is represented by HackelBury Fine Art and their site details, books and prints are available. It is possible that this Retrospective may have a further UK showing in future.

LRG Events, Excursions and Seminars.

All the events listed in the last newsletter are still on. We enclose a single sheet announcement with details of the **East End of London** excursion. Please book without delay.

#The day event **'Georgian landscapes of the Derbyshire Derwent Valley' is scheduled for June 2nd.** Please check the website for details (and a helpful new LRG leaflet). Or call me on 01647 440904.

#We are in addition in discussion with French colleagues to develop a joint seminar in **Northern France**. Details asap.

The views and opinions in this publication are those of the authors and the senior editor individually and do not necessarily agree with those of the Group. It is prepared by Rosemary and Bud Young for the Landscape Research Group and distributed periodically to members worldwide as companion to its refereed main journal Landscape Research.

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St Pancras: Victorian memory crystal

Not every day you get the chance to walk around such fascinating landscapes as Kings Cross-St Pancras. Who in their right mind would want the sweeping moorlands of Dartmoor for which also read the North Pennines and other landscapes of low incident, when here in St Pancras there is so much crystallised into a few tens of acres. The parish is a poem, each word a distillation, rather than a long slow novel by Hardy. Hardy wrote poems as well as novels. He also arranged these gravestones, while working for the Midland Railway Company in 1865. Hardy, supervised exhumations and stacked gravestones around this ash tree. It's all on the plaque or on the web (Google "The Hardy Tree, St Pancras).

The stones stand across a small dark churchyard park from austere smoke blackened buildings (first photo p2). In the December gloom — it is Christmas Day — the tall dirty trees seem to vie with the buildings for height. For a month in 1966 I was an inmate of the building on the right, the Hospital for Tropical Diseases and watched the World Cup there. Where were you when Kennedy was assassinated?

And of the other parts of my Kings Cross– St Pancras landscape see the other two images (p2). The second down is an imposing brick building, the faintly signed "Coal Office" boarded up for conservation. The third a view across the canal to St Pancras Station clock tower (victorian gothic by Gilbert Scott) showing 2.35 pm (look closely!) though it was really 2.45. Nothing quite so evocative as sooty, good quality dereliction with signs of nature asserting itself. And so much memory in so small a patch.

London, St Pancras: Christmas Day 2006

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY A SUSTAINABLE LANDSCAPE?

Paul Selman, Department of Landscape, University of Sheffield

Sustainable development is now accepted as a universal principle of public policy and private enterprise, and it has been given greater acuity by the recent eruption of concern about climate change. It goes without saying that landscape policy needs to be founded on the principle of sustainability. The European Landscape Convention, for example, affirms that 'the concern for sustainable development expressed at the Rio de Janeiro conference makes landscape an essential consideration in striking a balance between preserving the natural and cultural heritage as a reflection of European identity and diversity, and using it as an economic resource capable of generating employment..' Yet one of the most striking features about many landscapes is that they are inherently unsustainable, and reflect cultural and economic circumstances from bygone eras. This challenges us to think about what we really mean by 'sustainable landscapes' and how landscape policy can make a significant contribution to wider goals.

This brief reflection on the subject is deliberately limited the 'natural-cultural' environment. I am not straying into the territory of urban landscape in the sense of built environments and their associated iconographies, which raise quite separate sets of issues. Nor am I concerned with pristine, near-natural landscapes, whose survival depends on strict safeguard and minimal intervention. My comments are confined to landscapes typical of the European countryside, whose condition and character is intimately related to their host economies and cultures. Many of our acclaimed landscapes need to retain traditional, environmentally sensitive farming practices in order to maintain their familiar appearance and biodiversity. However, subsidised small-scale family farms cannot be proposed as a universal solution. Even if the taxpayer could afford it, a Canute-like policy of cocooning the entire countryside against endemic economic, social and climate change would be untenable.

One widely expressed viewpoint is that our 'designated' landscapes serve as exemplars of sustainability, whose pioneering approaches can be diffused into the wider countryside. Indeed, many examples of short-chain food and timber production, community enterprise, green tourism and site management have successfully been trialled within these areas. However, in practice, these solutions only represent a tiny fraction of the socio-economy of rural areas and are far from being a general solution. Many of us live in areas of nondescript or even degraded landscape, betraying the pressures of agribusiness and industrial transition, which are progressively conceding their vestiges of regional distinctiveness to global forces. Then, there are the landscapes of the urban fringe, as well as the official and unofficial green spaces of urban areas, most of which either depend on cash — and energy-intensive management, or else gradually deteriorate and fall prey to development.

In their classic study of agricultural landscapes in the mid 1970s (which has twice been re-visited) and was explored in LRE41, Richard Westmacott and Tom Worthington called for the emergence of new landscapes which were no less valid than the ones they

replaced. This, essentially, remains the challenge for landscape policy. We need to accept that the 'drivers' which produced nostalgic scenery are obsolete, and learn to promote the emergence of distinctive new landscapes that possess a self-sustaining dynamic. I suggest that we need to set ourselves three goals for sustainable landscapes – we must agree on the hallmarks of sustainability, we must identify the drivers capable of producing them, and we must identify the role of landscape policy in effecting felicitous outcomes.

First, central to the sustainability of cultural landscapes, is a recognition of the human as well as the ecological. Some models emphasise the accumulation of natural capital – such as biodiversity and pure water – as being indicative of landscape sustainability. Important though this is, it ignores the integral role of human and social capital in providing a source of stewardship and stories. If a rich social capital is enmeshed with a landscape, then it keeps alive memories and knowledges which underlie creative economic and voluntary activity. In many places, this is vestigial, where most people have very little contact with or knowledge about the land, and they may even feel alienated from a decaying, impoverished and vandalised environment. A vibrant landscape, in which strong community identity, pride and cohesion are intimately linked to land-care will, I suggest, tend to accumulate character and distinctiveness. We should not always expect such landscapes to epitomise agreed social norms of aesthetic attractiveness – many everyday landscapes are cherished, especially by insiders, despite their warts-and-all qualities.

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Two key properties recur as being symptomatic of such landscapes. On the one hand, they display a robust functionality. They continue to perform effectively four key functions –'regulating' the quality of natural capital such as water, soil and biodiversity; 'carrying' key activities such as residence and recreation; 'producing' sustainable yields, such as food and timber; and 'conveying information', such as heritage value and artistic inspiration. Usually, in complex cultural landscapes, these properties interact in time and space, producing the phenomenon of multifunctionality. On the other hand, they possess a strong 'place consciousness', whereby people identify positively with an area and understand its past events and myths, as well as its customs and unwritten rules. Often, this will permit an intuitive awareness of physical inter-relationships and cause-effect chains, such as the links between land use and flooding. This combination of functionality and place-ness will typically express itself through distinctive character.

Second, I would suggest that sustainable landscapes must be produced by a number of intrinsic 'drivers'. Three key factors 'drive' landscape change – economy, culture and environment. They are nothing new, and have been with us since the Neolithic. At present, economic drivers are particularly apparent in the globalisation of investment and trade, strikingly illustrated by the subsumption of external capital into agribusinesses. Cultural drivers equally reflect globalisation, not least the homogenisation and 'Macdonalisation' that occurs via the Internet, media, tourism and retail chains. Environmental change is now most urgently reflected in global shifts affecting the climate. The major difference between past and contemporary landscapes is clearly the balance between 'local' and 'global' in their driving forces. Hitherto, even international influences such as empire were relatively sensitive to local character, not least because people lacked the technologies to overcoe the friction of distance and physical environment. Notwithstanding the capacity of some former communities to 'foul their nest', cultural landscapes have generally emerged slowly and painstakingly, respecting innate environmental potential and social customs, and allowing nature to colonise by stealth. Contemporary drivers, by contrast, do not appear spontaneously to produce landscapes of character or multifunctionality – equally, though, we cannot contrive and continually subsidise obsolete practices however pretty their side-effects may be, and we must rely on the vigour and resources of mainstream drivers to produce distinctive 21st century landscapes. This suggests a conscious policy approach to manipulate cultural and market forces to yield new but valid landscapes, paralleling the ways in which planning and urban design seek to enrol the development industry in reinterpreting and reinventing the city.

Some drivers are relatively obvious and have received a lot of attention in the academic and policy literature – such as the potential for traceable, trusted and wholesome foodstuffs to be linked to low intensity, often organic, farming and local outlets such as farmers' markets. These can potentially be promoted to an extent where they enter the mainstream: but they are far from sufficient, and additional drivers must be identified and captured within landscape policy. For example, there is an 'energy' driver, impelled by both market and policy forces, which is leading to the emergence of distinctive character types reflecting wind, water and biomass potential – in a sense, not too dissimilar from arable and industrial landscapes prior to the temporary supremacy of fossil fuel. There is also a leisure and lifestyle driver, leading to phenomena such as equestrian facilities and the sale of 'home farms' separate from their field. The impacts of such demands have been widely attested and, despite the professional disdain which they elicit, they do reflect a spontaneous and sustainable input of cash and care. At times, public policy is itself the driver, for example as housebuilders are required to pursue 'zero carbon' and 'sustainable drainage' schemes, or farmers are pressed to reduce diffuse pollution. These signify deeply significant underlying stories, and unlock substantial additional expenditure from corporations and individuals. Policy drivers may also have major implications for urban and urban fringe landscapes – from green roofs to green infrastructure – and herald a shift from traditional urban 'landscaping' which has suffered chronically from underfunding and deskilling. In many parts of the world, including the EU, taxpayers are still patrons of environmentally friendly farming – how long this will be able to continue and whether it is being used effectively to facilitate valid new agricultural landscapes are debatable, but it is still an important influence. The 'conservation, amenity and recreational trusts' (CARTs) are also substantial patrons of the countryside, and can hold significant sway in radical future landscape options – such as 're-wilding' schemes which envisage large-scale reversal of land drainage, or the reversion of farmland to wildwood.

The key to future sustainable landscapes appears to lie in 'smart' policies which couple economic and cultural drivers to the functionality of rural spaces. Elsewhere, I have described this in terms of a 'virtuous circle' operating between economic and social entrepreneurship on the one hand, and environmental aesthetics and productivity on the other. ('Virtuous' is not intended to imply value judgement; it is simply widely used sustainability jargon to contrast with 'vicious circles' of environmental deterioration). In other words, a 'landscape premium' is produced in which it becomes worthwhile for people to invest in the landscape because it is perceived as a source of profit and pride, creating a continuously self-reinforcing positive loop. This is as applicable to edge cities as it is to national parks. In consequence, I suggest that there are two key challenges for landscape policy.

First, we must seek imaginative ways of facilitating and influencing drivers – both spontaneous and policy-driven – so that they produce distinctive, characteristic and multifunctional landscapes. Given that many of the drivers are external and even global, we cannot retreat into a naïve localism. However, this is no different from the built environment, where planning policies manipulate the impact of corporate capital in order to capture local benefits and make distinctive places. Second, we must find ways of weaning the public – or perhaps more accurately the privileged public and its pressure groups – away from conservatism in landscape tastes. 'Traditional' too often means Victorian in towns and Georgian in the countryside – this allegedly 'timeless' heritage should frequently be allowed to meld into the palimpsest of predecessor landscapes, so long as its legibility remains. We may need to learn to love some distinctly heretic new landscape qualities – whether they derive from wind harvesting, permaculture, horseyculture, or whatever other viable land uses currently offend the arbiters of public taste. Genuinely collaborative policy and decision making approaches are likely to be critical here, including maximum use of the landscape's potential as an environment for social learning. As Steven Warnock and Nick Brown have noted, planners must not only seek to conserve fine landscapes: they must also aim to strengthen, restore or create where more inventive strategies are needed.

In respect of the above, I offer an axiom for the future sustainable landscape:

- **give it structure, water and time and nature will take care of it**
- **give it meaning, value and time and people will take care of it.**

This may be – indeed is intended to be – contentious, but it is offered as a basis for reflecting on the need to facilitate landscapes of the 21st century which are self-reinforcing, regenerative and memorable.

ESSEX: A LANDSCAPE TURN-ON?

Brian Goodey

Reflecting on an Edwardian picture book in the 1950's John Betjeman still saw, as I did in my youth: *'The deepest Essex few explore/ Where steepest thatch is sunk in flowers/ And out of elm and sycamore/ Rise flinty fifteenth-century towers' (1)* Though my county experience is more fully, and currently expressed, in a promotional song which was commissioned to promote the new town of South Woodham Ferrers: *'When you find you need to start a whole new lifestyle/ But think you'll never lose those new town blues/ Come and see the open spaces here down our mile/ Where the old world meets the new' (2).*

The old — meeting, or recoiling from the new — has been an enduring theme of a county which has been much too close to London for comfort. Growing up in Chelmsford in the 1950's, the market, then county, then small industrial town image (captured by my naïve brush at that time) was fast coalescing with new towns, suburbs and highways. The 'Essex Countryside' of waiting room promotional magazines was being forced northwards into Betjeman's 'deepest Essex' with Chelmsford a suburban outpost, and Colchester the capital of a more traditional landscape.

Essex became a battleground of land- and townscape perceptions. It was the threat of extensive housing in north Essex villages in the 1970's which gave rise to the Essex Design Guide which sought to blend vernacular elements with developer housing.

But what of those who bought into the clapboard clad estates? how did they regard the 'open spaces' which they now viewed? Purchase of a neo-vernacular home does not come with an enhanced view of the surroundings through which we now speed in our 4by4 to the out-of-town, even if the latter is modelled on a maltings or a tithe barn.

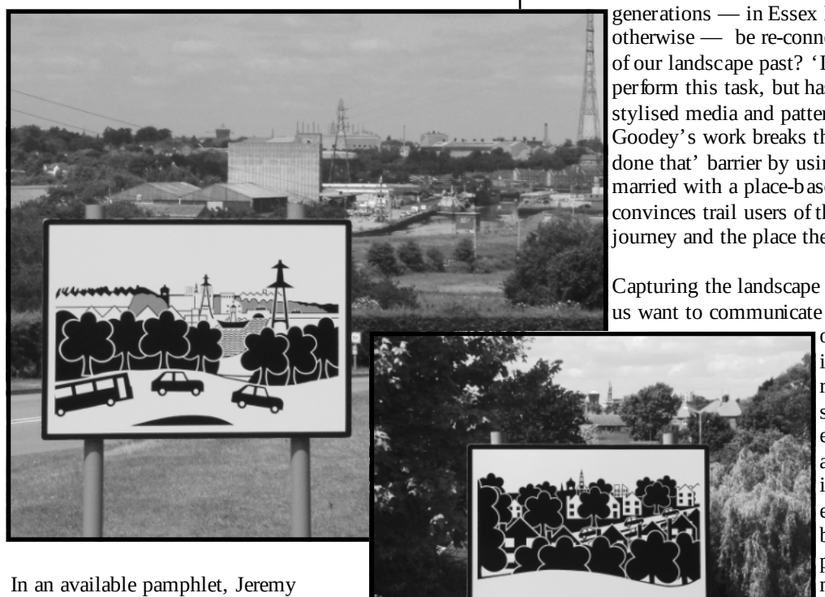
My Essex, a county where I have not lived since the 1950's but still regard as 'home,' was a territory of bike rides, roadsides, churches to be sketched, history to be uncovered, worlds to be conjured and re-lived. Full of artists, rather than writers, it was a world to be captured and interpreted. We used to make an annual pilgrimage to the open exhibition at Great Bradfield with Edward Bawden et.al., Lynton Lamb was a floating figure at art classes in the Chelmsford Tech., and for each view there was a graphic image, Nash (John) rather than Constable (who was, possibly, Suffolk).

From motorway and highway cross-passages it is difficult to believe that Essex remains the stimulus for graphic reflection, but off the road the views soon appear. But who has the willingness to interact, to communicate this array of landscape worlds?

In 2002 I was at Chelmsford Station and in the waiting room was a framed print in Letterset style, which exactly communicated my understanding of the county — a collage of commuter/landscape/country town (part of the 'Making the Connection: Art at the Stations' project). The medium was utterly appropriate to the cold, hard way in which mass housing and mass movement had transformed the County. Black and white, mechanical and aggressive the London pressure forces this image on the viewer, this is certainly not 'Britain as a multifarious tourist destination' (3). Removed from all the neat marshland and treed landscapes of north and east Essex, from the beneficial tradition of Bawden who framed the pleasures of traditional buildings and lifestyles protecting them from London's advance, here was an artist, Michael Goodey, who tried to come to terms with both the aggressor's and the occupant's view.

Michael Goodey's image stuck in my mind and when I learned that he had done more, I hastened to see the results. In Summer 2005 he produced a series of laminated panels in the Colchester area landscape under the title ' Signs in the Landscape.' The series consists of ten landscape panels set in Colchester and its surroundings and located on cycle and footpaths. Each panel — using the same Letterset-derived black and white imagery — marks a key view on the route, merging traditional landscape elements with structures and transport to be seen at that point. The style is industrial, hard-edged, but with sufficient insight to hark back to an Essex landscape tradition.

Pause awhile : I first saw Michael Goodey's work at Chelmsford Station and later communicated with him, we may share an ancestor in James Frederick Goodey, a Victorian architect. Through the confluence of Goodeys in Halstead in the 1830's, we are probably related, but the only initial link was a name.



In an available pamphlet, Jeremy Theophilus notes (4) : *What marks out Michael Goodey's approach to this theme is how he has managed to reconnect the aesthetic of the contemporary road sign with the vernacular of those 20th century artists working as printmakers and illustrators, with a particular connection to Essex : Edward Bawden and John Nash especially. There is a similar reductionalism. A simplicity of form and flattened perspective, combined with hard edges and the use of monochrome.' (4)*

Following the 28km Viewfinder Trail route around Colchester, no longer an Essex distant from Metropolitan influence, one is pulled up short by the succinct encapsulation of a view where tradition and today's reality fight it out, each sign (directive and accepted as such) demands a reconsideration of the view and some passing thought as to what *has been* and what *is* going on.

The sequence of highway-type signs which marry interpretation with views has a six year, funded, life and is strongly promoted by Colchester (5) as part of its local leisure programme. Michael, an art teacher, is putting the concept on tour in the hope that other local authorities may pounce.

Having spent some thirty years in 'interpretation', now an industry which often owes more to graphic innovation and electronic wizardry, than to any sense of place, I find Michael's work a breath of very fresh air, but there is a bigger and more exciting issue abroad.

In this GIS steered and electronic age how can new generations — in Essex Design Guide homes or otherwise — be re-connected with the remnants of our landscape past? 'Interpretation' set out to perform this task, but has been entrapped in stylised media and patterned responses. Michael Goodey's work breaks through the 'been there done that' barrier by using an acceptable process married with a place-based insight, which convinces trail users of the uniqueness of their journey and the place they are at.

Capturing the landscape is personal, but most of us want to communicate the achievement to others, not as an instructive assertion, but rather to enthuse, to stimulate the pleasure of environmental appreciation. Words, images, interpretation, even music may serve, but when it comes to passing on the landscape message to new generations and to new occupiers of space we are increasingly losing the plot.

There must be more ways of taking the graphic off the drawing board – other landscapes, other styles - and setting it in the environment — meanwhile a pilgrimage to Colchester, 'where the old world meets the new' is called for.

Notes

'Essex' Collected Poems, London : John Murray,1970, 197 (originally published 1954).
Song by 'Right Hand Man' quoted in John Grigsby, 'Rhyme gives reason to visit new town', Daily Telegraph, 7 : VIII : 1980.
Andrew Motion 'This green and pleasant land,' Unknown Sunday supplement, 28:V:05.
Jeremy Theophilus. Michael Goodey. Firstsitepapers, 2005 (available at :

www.firstsite.uk.set/library_papers.html.
See also www.VisitColchester.com

LIVERPOOL, SWEDEN

Philip Pacey

It had seemed a long walk from the station, dragging our suitcases on their tiny wheels behind us. Although in every other respect it felt good to turn off the main road, into an area called 'Liverpool' on the street map, the suitcases protested when the surface changed to loose gravel. At the end of 'Liverpoolsgatan' – more of a lane than a street – we asked for directions, certain that our destination was near, not certain that we might not recognise it. A few yards further on, concealed from us by trees and bushes, there it was – or was it? I hesitantly entered an open door of what appeared to be a farm building and met someone coming out who pointed us to an adjacent building where reception was combined with a café and people were sitting outside under sunshades. And beyond them, a most fascinating scene.

Although built in the style of a traditional Swedish farm house, the two buildings which are now a hostel are part of an essentially industrial environment on both banks of the Göta Canal. The tables furthest from the café stood near the edge of the Canal; sitting at one of them, we became aware of a lady who would arrive by bicycle at about the same time each day, take a swim in the Canal, dry off and ride away – at least, that happened on both of the two days we were there, during a glorious spell of summer weather. Looking down the Canal towards Motala, we could see children jumping into the Canal from a footbridge which was raised at intervals to let boats go by. On our side of the Canal, past the hostel, was a dry dock in which stood a small steam ship undergoing restoration. Across the Canal were the abandoned original buildings of the Motala Verkstad engineering works, a cream painted, classical office building and a workshop building with a row of tall windows and gracefully curved roof: both elegant in their way, but separated by a massive, sculptural loading beam, presumably capable of lowering large boats into the water.

Motala, on the shore of Lake Vättern and midway between Gothenberg and Stockholm, was founded by Baltzar von Platens, the master mind behind the Göta Canal. The engineering works initially came into being to manufacture lock gates, bridges, and other items required for the Canal; later it built ships and locomotives. Part of one of the buildings houses a display on the history of Motala Verkstad, apparently run by volunteers and only open on high days and holidays; prize exhibits include their locomotive no. 1. Thus, Motala can be regarded as a cradle, if not the cradle of industry in Sweden. I have not been able to discover the precise reason why this suburb of Motala became known as 'Liverpool', but there can be no doubt that it had something to do with Motala's industrial past and with the exchange of expertise which took place between the Scandinavian countries and Great Britain during the Industrial Revolution.

Liverpool, Sweden, was a site of housing for workers at Motala Verkstad. As well as the footbridge, they could cross the canal on a ferry which, I see in an old photograph, operated where our swimmer left her clothes and her bicycle. It could hardly be less like the streets of terraced houses of Liverpool; perhaps a fairer comparison would be with some of Liverpool's leafier suburbs. Liverpool, Sweden, is a long, thin site between the canal and a railway line. Mature trees line the Liverpool bank of the canal; next to them is a wider band of meadow, including more trees, cropped by a small flock of sheep (a hint of the pastoral). Then come two parallel lanes, Liverpoolsgatan and Loksgatan; Liverpoolsgatan is without houses on the canal side, and from it several footpaths, with stiles at each end, cross the meadow to the towpath. The houses, irregularly spaced and different from one another, are traditional Swedish wooden buildings, painted red or yellow, surrounded by ample gardens; in several instances, a Swedish flag flies from a flagpole. Liverpool, Sweden, is, perhaps was, a model of good living.

Following three economical but comfortable nights in bunk beds at the hostel, we embarked on the M/S Diana (built in 1931, but not at Motala) for a two day cruise to Söderköping. We passed by Liverpool, the hostel, and Motala Verkstad while the captain and then the cruise director, a personable young man called Henrik, were still addressing the passengers, assembled in the saloon. Liverpool was not remarked on; later I discovered that Henrik did not know there is a Liverpool in Sweden. Future passengers from England are likely to have their attention drawn to it!

DIFFERENT JOURNEY SAME SCHOOL

John Gittins

I attended Albrighton Church of England Primary School at the same time as the editor (BY). We were not in the same class, furthermore my area of exploration (as the wartime travel restrictions ended) was, geographically speaking, considerably further afield.

My love of landscape was first developed where the flatland meets the hills in Montgomeryshire. This is where I spent all my school holidays on my grandparents farm. I am Welsh and words like Afon, Capel, Moel, Bentyrch, Banwy and Tan-y-Foel have deep meaning for me. They reflect my 'hiraeth' a deep longing for my "Bro" that area with which I identify, and through which I have developed my sense and the linked spirit of place.

I can say with confidence that my thoughts were "at best naively" formed during these visits, I know that Tan-y-foel and Moel Bentyrch in the parish of Llanfair Caereinion, my "Bro", is an area of one square kilometre where my family lived for over 400 years and it is still the place with which I totally identify.

Tan-y-Foel is a small farm of 29 acres of what May & Wells in the Montgomeryshire Report of the first Land Utilisation Survey of Britain published in 1942, describes as consisting of "inferior grassland where arable is less widespread". The farm also had half of Moel Bentyrch (1107 ft/328 m) where our flock of Kerry Hill and Clun sheep grazed. The rocks there are Silurian. The Ordnance Survey map of the area marks a 'Settlement' on the top of the hill. The lane from the main A459 (T) leading to the farm passes 'our' chapel, Capel Pentyrch, a stream and small bridge. The hedgerows on either side of the lane to the farm and beyond are still a mixture of ancient hedgerow — hazel, blackthorn, hawthorn, holly, elder plus a few oaks — there are dry stone walls and an adjacent small linear wood. Our water supply came from a spring 100 yards away from the house, surely the best water I have ever drunk.

Reflecting on my past memories of the place — my family sold the farm in 1965 and moved to Anglesey — I can recall the names of every field: Cae Dan-Ty — field under the house; Cae Gwlyh — the wet field; Rhos Fach — Little moor and there were others, 10 fields in all, all with remembered names. I knew all the names because I was sent twice each day to bring the cows for milking to the farmyard, the Welsh Blacks and Shorthorns were gentle, the one Jersey a devil.

Every day was an adventure, I was able to explore to my heart's content. As a youngster I could run up the steepest side of Moel Bentyrch with ease. My interest in archaeology was stimulated by wandering around the "Settlement" on the top of the hill, trying to imagine what life was like so long ago. My interest in maps was born climbing onto the top of the Trig Point on the top of the hill to get a better view of the "lie of the land." When in 1992 the Ordnance Survey declared Trig points redundant for surveying purposes and put them up for adoption, I 'adopted' ours: it is a link with my past and something for my grandchildren to inherit.

Each year in August, children were challenged to collect wild flowers and enter a vase in the annual Banwy Agricultural Show. I knew at least 20 different species which came from meadows which had never been in living memory been under the plough and from the hill, which until 1970, had not been 'reclaimed'. With my *Observer's Book of Wildflowers* as an aid I was able to meet the requirement to identify and name each of them. One year, was I nine or ten? I won first prize and spent the money on an Ordnance Survey 1" to 1 mile of the Bala & Welshpool area, which map, battered and dog eared, I still have. Other adventures included learning how to dry stone wall and lay hedges. Health and Safety legislation did not exist in those days, but care and skill was intrinsic to craftsmanship. Birds and bird nesting was part of life particularly during the Easter holidays, and the call of the curlew and buzzard took me well away from the richer farmland around Albrighton. The snow, rain and wind in the fields and on the hill developed my love of wild places and this has stayed with me all my life. We 'felt' the weather then, rain and snow meant using quality Hessian sacks over old coats. To my delight my first pair of Wellingtons enabled me to venture into streams and mud during winter months. In summer, shoes and socks always came off for paddling. Woodcraft, came naturally, well before I joined Albrighton Cub Scouts.

Landscape preferences developed in childhood?

I have had a number of responses to the piece about Albrighton (LRE 41 pages 9-10). I am also pleased to have the following piece from a fellow board member who claims he knew me at infant school.

Actually he was in the Miss Bishton's babies class when I left in 1946, aged seven. I had to tell you this. Ok, so it's a detail….

The first language of the area is Welsh. Although I am far from fluent, my knowledge of words and sentences linking daily life in my Bro are very much part of my heritage. My spirit lifts when I see hills, (for me anything over 1000 ft is **a hill**). I know that I am home when buzzards or red kites fly, when curlews cry and I venture away from my home which today is in Wrexham. I echo the editor's words: 'My landscape memories (edited, abbreviated) of those years, however limited, are strong in my mind and affect even now my affection for various kinds of landscape'.

Notes on Welsh words and place names

Afon – River. Bro – Sense of Place has long been part of the Welsh rural psyche. It is widely understood and is encapsulated in the word Bro. The direct translation is ***district*** *but the meaning goes much deeper than that, as it encompasses the love of locality, in physical as well as cultural terms. Capel – Chapel. Ben/Pen – Top. Tyrch – Mole. Banwy – the name of a river. Tan-y-Foel – Under the hill. Hiraeth – A deep longing for one's home place, one's* ***Bro.***

Reference: Appleton J. (1994) How I made the World: Shaping a View of Landscape, University of Hull.

Editor's note: a slim book **Welsh place-names and their meanings** *by Dewi Davies (published by the Cambrian News, Aberystwyth), lists some 2500 place names rich in the vocabulary of landscape. Does the English language have such a consciousness of place and landscape? Perhaps they are more difficult to detect. Try Ekwall Dictionary of English Place Names (Oxford). The Welsh place names book may be available where I bought it at the Welsh Folk Museum fifteen years ago.*

IMPOLITE LANDSCAPES OF FONTAINEBLEAU

Bud Young

My new friend is an accomplished rock climber and launches the discussion of climbing in France, at Fontainbleau. "That is impossible" I reply — for my picture of Fontainbleau and the Forest of Fontainbleau is a place of cultured outlines, extensive parterres, gentility and formal landscapes that are embedded in a few hundred hectares of soft contoured woodland. They hold conferences there. It's famous, no one ever talks of rocks! "You are wrong" he says, and hot-kindled with enthusiasm for his subject recounts the excitement of climbing hundreds of rock outcrops in a series of athletic circuits. His landscape so completely differs from mine which is half imagined and never really considered.

My instinct takes me to the geological map of France, Feuille Nord a l'echelle du Millioneme – a lovely, coloured map. And there around Fontainebleau is the evidence: within the bright yellow Oligocene there are red dotted areas which indicate "Facies marin des sables et gres de Fontainebleau (Stampien)". What this means is that within the softer rocks of the Oligocene there are hard-cemented marine sands. And that is what is providing the scatters of delicious rocks for enthusiasts from around the World. I include one map from dozens in the guide he has lent me. This is a world of landscape all to itself. There are fifteen such miniature landscapes within a few miles of the Palace and more beyond. I see the landform origins.

Those who are of such perverse tendency as to wish to climb rocks, will want to know that the map comes from **Fontainebleau Climbs: the finest bouldering circuits** by Jo and Francoise Montchausse and Jacky Godoffe, 1999. Publisher: Baton Wickes, "The Mountaineers" London and Seattle. In another book on my shelf a geological footnote from *Maurice Gignoux, 'Stratigraphic*

Geology' 1955. " At the top are the Fontainebleau sands, which are the 'upper' sands of early geologists. Their mean thickness is 40m, but they may reach 75m. They are usually white and very pure, so that they may be exploited for glass making and fused quartz, and they are often consolidated into hard sandstones — Fontainebleau sandstones, which make excellent paving stones. They appear in the Forest of Fontainebleau as picturesque rocks where Parisian alpinists practice rock scaling"…….. but you now know that.

EXHIBITIONS WITH LANDSCAPE

The list below reflects a choice of exhibitions (there may be many more), which should be covered by LRE. The Editor would be pleased to hear from visitors who are willing to contribute a review. Other, especially provincial, exhibitions of landscape art are welcome. My thanks to Brian Goodey for the list.

In 2007

to 5 May **Poetic Visions** (Scottish Landscape History), Perth Museum & Art Gallery

6 Jan - 4 Mar. **Landscape Photography from the Arts Council Collection**, Doncaster Museum & Art Gallery

13 Jan – 4 Mar. **Michael Kenna : Retrospective**, Banbury Museum 9th internationally-recognised photographer was a former Banbury resident) * Reviewed in this issue

24 Jan - 15 Apl. **Canaletto in England**, Dulwich Gallery, London

15 Feb – 20 May **A Mirror of Nature : Nordic Landscape Painting 1840-1910**, The Norwegian Museum of Art, Architecture and Design, Oslo (6 Oct – 20 Jan.2008 Statens Museum fur Kunst, Copenhagen)

21 Feb - 20 May. **Renoir's Landscapes** National Gallery, London

24 Mar-20 May **Landscape Painters from the Royal Academy of Arts**, Compton Verney, Warwickshire

25 Mar – 17 Jun. **A New World : England's First View of America**, British Museum, London

And in 2008

24 Oct - 13 Jan 2008 **Renaissance Siena: Art for a City** National Gallery, London

17 Nov-24 Feb 2008 **Joseph Wright of Derby**, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

SO WHAT IS A (LANDSCAPE*) ACADEMIC TO DO?

Maggie Roe
School of Architecture, Planning & Landscape
Newcastle University

I am feeling guilty or at best increasingly uncomfortable: it's this thing about climate change and travel, or my environmental footprint and the many miles I have done in the last year. As an academic I am expected to do research, attend conferences and symposia, give papers and teach. If, like me, you are also interested in developing countries and developing links concerning landscape planning issues, this means travelling quite large distances. Last year, I spent time in Bangladesh working on a British Council Higher Education Link project with Khulna University. I also spent time in South China — as related in the editorial to the April Regional Special of *Landscape Research* — and although I came back by rail across Mongolia and Russia -- many of the miles I travelled were air miles. So what is an academic to do?

Will I be professionally discredited by discovery of my heavy footprint?!

I sometimes think back to my period in practice as a green — in at least two senses of the word — landscape architect. I'm particularly proud of one project where I managed to plant (or have planted) 60,000 trees on one site. However this satisfaction was tempered by the fact that the site was part of a scheme which included the creation of a large barrage across the River Tees! As a young and inexperienced - dare I say it - minion, I had little say in the overall ethics of the scheme, only, some say, in the species to be planted. It was my experience, or perhaps my frustration, on this and other projects that set me off towards a career in university work rather than continuing in practice.

In my dilemma over the carbon issue I have been examining the pros and cons of planting trees.

This may seem a long way from the issue of travel and personal footprints, but I have to admit to being no clearer about tree planting except I have a gut feeling that planting trees is good. And of course there are many benefits to be gained from tree planting, not just providing a carbon sink while the trees are growing and a carbon reservoir in the very long term.

The Sierra Club of Canada's discussion paper '*Forests, Climate Change & Carbon Reservoirs'* provides a concise explanation of some of these terms as well as an introduction to some of the dilemmas. It clearly sets out the risks of assuming plantations are the

answer. They are certainly implicated in the latest idea to have captured the attention of the chattering classes in this country, that of 'offsetting'. If we are talking about guilt complexes, why not just pay someone to plant a few trees, or to pay for the odd solar water pump in a developing country as an alternative to a diesel pump?

Of course there are, inevitably, problems with this too, as explained by Dominic Murphy writing about his own guilt complex in the *Guardian*. He reports that an extraordinary worldwide market in offsetting has sprung up, and it is expected to exceed £300m over the next three years. It's hard not to be cynical and wonder whether all this money really gets to the place it should. Murphy also reports that WWF, Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace are now *not* supporting forestry projects to offset carbon emissions and that there are indications that offset projects in developing countries are having adverse effects on the local communities. So back to square one.

Notes

Sierra Club of Canada (2003) *Forests, Climate Change & Carbon Reservoirs,* available on www.sieraclub.ca

Murphy, D. (2007) A lot of hot air? *The Guardian,* Thursday January 11, available at http://environment.guardian.co.uk/climatechange/story/0,,1987647,00.html

See McHale, M. R., McPherson, E. G. and Burke, I. C. (2007) The potential of urban tree plantings to be cost effective in carbon credit markets, *Urban Forestry & Urban Greening,* 6: 49-60.

When it comes to global guilt, of course, some countries are more guilty than others and the Kyoto protocol allows for trading in guilt - sorry, the term is 'credits' - otherwise known as emissions trading. Companies and governments can buy 'carbon credits' and can also trade 'carbon equivalents' to reduce other green house gases (methane, nitrous oxide, sulphur hexafluoride, CFCs and PFCs). As the Canadian Sierra Club report states: *'Potential buyers and sellers of credits want an easily accessible system in which credits are a privately traded commodity while debits remain a public liability: however this system is unlikely to be in the best public interest'.*

So I suppose my dilemma could come down to a question of credit and debit: do I do more good than harm by my travel for work? And perhaps I must just try and plan more overland alternatives to my long haul flights; not only would this reduce my airline miles, but what a wonderful way to begin to understand global landscapes! Perhaps I can even put a proposal to the Faculty Travel Committee and get them to approve the extra time I will spend out of the office…..now that idea is just the ticket to send me to sleep.

* [Editor's note My son travels globally in the pursuit of green energy solutions for capitalist commercial gain. Dear me.]

MICHAEL KENNA A RETROSPECTIVE

Banbury Museum, January 13 – March 4, 2007
Reviewer Brian Goodey

Starting with the place, Banbury is all crosses and cakes, a market town passed-by, somewhere in the middle, an opportunity off the M40. For those who live there, or near, it is, inevitably more – Sir Terry Frost and Anthony Burgess taught here, films are made at Broughton Castle, and commuters flood back to the station on Friday night for their country weekend. That minds-not-born-here, but now pleasantly distanced from London, contribute, has been a community bonus.

The photographer Michael Kenna studied here (1972-3), had and has family here. He cut his teeth in local exhibitions and then flew to an international photographic scene of exhibitions and publications. He now lives in Oregon. But, Michael

you can come home again. Banbury Museum, an attractive shopping centre add-on has hosted his 'Retrospective' exhibition. It follows a warning, which featured a mist-layered image of my village.