



be too soft and unchanging. Like two kinds of books, the intricately woven and the too easily written. Compensating for this we are acute observers whether of broad landscapes and land uses or of the minutiae — the tiny and sometimes seasonal detail the particular plants relationships stream flows and water levels. We may ask ourselves if what we go out to see is landscape or natural history observed but landscape now such a loose term can be the sum and overall of its detail fused into an experience of all the senses. Should we agree on this?

A most recent walk followed the great snow and hard freeze of late December. The snow had gone. We skirted around the Trenchford Reservoir serving Torquay (but remote from that town) noting how low it had fallen — but this we concluded was the outcome of water management and diversions. The upper shore was green with a remnant of two summers' growth; the middle shore was sandy dotted with blocks of rock and the water surface was subtly filmed in a matte textured ice formed from deep snow wasting on ice. The thick snow had wasted away.



This combination had confused the normal reflections of a still lake. One might wish to be an artist to capture the complex trick of the eye. I tried to capture it as a photo which I include here. It scores as a landscape. Further on round the parallel strand and forced onto a higher route through a thicket of bushes we came across another engaging sight, a bright orange fungus (*Tremella mesenterica*) growing specifically (species adapted) on tall green stemmed gorse — our second (landscape) highlight but a tiny detail (an intense component of our pleasure). A third highlight — the physics of the frozen lake — can this be landscape? stones thrown high in the air to fall vertically on the ice surface sent out high speed visible shock waves, white concentric circles travelling far too fast to record. I may be trespassing on the term 'landscape' here but where do I draw the line?

BY

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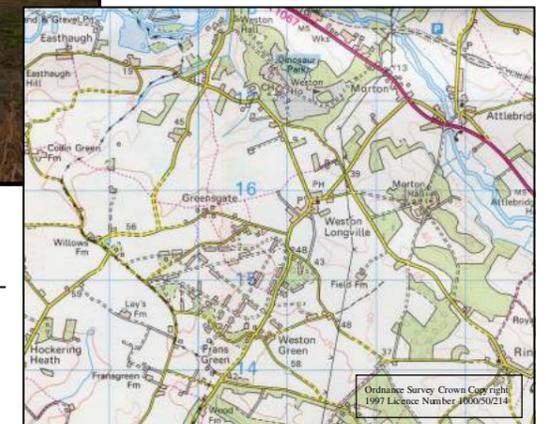
Using old Norfolk Runways

By Rosamunde Codling

The various obituaries of Bernard Matthews enjoyed highlighting his advertising catchphrase: “bootiful, really bootiful” and in the days following his death, both radio and television replayed it with enthusiasm. *The Times* wrote “those three words formed the punchline to one of the most successful advertising campaigns of all time”. My interest is not in advertising, but in the impact his business had on the landscapes of Norfolk.



The obituary in *The Times* said Bernard Matthews bought six disused airfields in Norfolk, but I believe this missed a critical point in his success. He did not always buy the total airfield, but sometimes only the runways. Norfolk had many disused World War 2 airfields and even now, their outlines may be easily found on Google



Earth. By the 1960s the open ground of most had been returned to agriculture but the runways remained, providing access routes for farmers and storage pads for dung or sugar beet, but little else. Bernard Matthews saw their potential as they provided instant hard surfacing for poultry sheds, with suffi-



cient space between buildings so as to reduce the risk of cross infection.

From 1968-70 I was in the planning department of Norfolk County Council and our team of landscape architects and foresters were involved with his planning applications. For obvious reasons, the WW2 airfields had been sited on flat or gently undulating open ground, usually on higher land. Hedges had been cleared and never replaced; lanes had been diverted and trees only remained on the outer side of the perimeter boundary. So there was almost always no existing planting, apart from the arable crops.

The poultry sheds were low, with their roof lines punctuated by the adjacent tall food hoppers. They were usually side by side, with the pairs spaced out along the length of the runway at a standard distance, said to be sufficient to reduce the spread of infection. (This pattern no longer appears to be necessary. The photographs on the current Bernard Matthews' website show sheds placed closely together.) We in the Planning Department would suggest tree planting so as to soften the outlines of the lengthy sheds, but were told that Mr Matthews' ownership ended at the edge of the runway. This was shown on the submitted plans - the long strips of runway were edged in a thick red and blue line indicating that the extent of the application and the land in the ownership of the applicant were one and the same. As I remember, after several abortive discussions between us relatively junior members of the planning staff and agents for Bernard Matthews, a more senior member of staff went to Great Witchingham Hall to explain our concerns and suggest how future applications could be handled. Bernard Matthews agreed (I guess with reluctance) to buy further strips of land to allow for planting. Total screening was never an option, but at least groups of

trees would break the line of the sheds and offer some variation and pattern to the Mid-Norfolk landscape.

Landscape issues relating to former airfields deserve further study. Their heritage value has been recognised with a growing collection of publications as well as websites such as *Airfields in the County of Norfolk, England* (<http://www.norfolk-airfields.co.uk/>) Other farmers have followed Bernard Matthews' example in his use of runways and several other WW2 sites have been developed for industrial and commercial purposes. On occasions, war-time buildings have been retained, but usually new structures have been built. Adequate access routes are critical as many of the businesses use articulated lorries and several minor roads have been widened or passing bays constructed. This has resulted in loss of hedges although some planting schemes have been implemented. A limited number of airfields remained active for many years - RAF Coltishall was closed in 2006 and several suggestions made for its future uses - its retention as a civilian airfield, eco-sensitive housing and as an immigration detention centre, before it was finally converted into a Category C prison.

A further issue relates to a personal perception of landscape. A visitor to Norfolk was driving past one of the "poultry farms on a runway" and was incensed that a site associated with defence of the realm and wartime heroism should be so trivialised and debased. It was pointed out that there were many former airfields in Norfolk and he was asked if all should be recognised and preserved in some way. No answer was forthcoming, but his feelings were exceptionally strong and exposed another perspective.

I never met Bernard Matthews but a friend taught him and remembered his academic limitations. His mem-

ory, she said, was so poor that his headmaster prevented him from sitting his examinations, in case he damaged the school's averages.") (*The Times* said he left school at 16 "without any qualifications). However, I greatly admired his skill in seeing the potential of surplus strips of concrete. Unused runways had been part of the Norfolk landscape for fifteen years, yet apart from a few flying enthusiasts, no-one else identified their potential. As a tool to enable the development of a business, they too could be described as "bootiful, really bootiful".

Footnote

Bernard Matthews (1931-2011) was an astute Norfolk-born business man. When about 20 years old he bought 20 turkey eggs and an incubator. Twelve eggs

"The Americans had left by early July 1945 and on the 15th the airfield reverted to RAF administration. No further flying units operated from Attlebridge and in 1959 the airfield was sold. The runways were retained to support what was called 'the largest turkey farm in the world' The Bernard Matthews company also built modern factory buildings there for processing and took over the control tower for use as offices".

<http://www.raf.mod.uk/bombercommand/s19.html>

hatched and he sold on the poults (poultry chicks, often those bred to be eaten rather than for egg production) to a farmer, making a good profit. He gradually developed his business and was able to purchase Great Witchingham Hall, a rundown Tudor manor house with a spectacular Victorian-Elizabethan north front dating from 1872 (OS grid reference 52°43' 26" N, 1°07'30" E). The turkeys moved in with him and his wife, and for a time the many spare rooms of the house were used for hatching and raising birds. Bernard Matthews was criticised about the "non-healthy eating" aspect of some of his products (the notorious "Turkey Twizzlers") and also for using intensive poultry rearing techniques, but he was credited with turning the turkey from a once-a-year treat into a year-round product, priced at an affordable level.

RC

HANNES PALANG — LRG BOARD MEMBER

I think it all started with orienteering. I was 14 when an enthusiastic coach invited me to join his group. It was early 1980s, it was still the Soviet Union, and everything concerning maps was considered top secret

— there was even research on the best way to distort maps so that no-one could use them properly. So running in the forests with only map and a compass was almost heretic — that is how I see it now — then it was plain fun. But the fun allowed me to get insights into places I had no other reason ever to go to and gave me a pretty good feeling of the country.



Forests of different density meant you had to consider where you could go through and where it looked wiser to run around; that there are different types of landscapes that could be run differently; that seasonality is real. We ran in summers — imagine running in the heat of a dry pine forests on sandy steep slopes somewhere in southeast Estonia where you have nowhere to hide. Places where in winter one had skied.

In this way I discovered Estonia and then pieces of Latvia and Russia, and finally understood that a landscape can be seen, experienced and approached in so many different ways.

Then I discovered the fun of making a map myself. Once I was asked to plan a course for a smaller event, but first I had to make a map. Top secrecy meant that I had to rely on my pair of boots and a compass. I managed — the competition took place and no one stayed lost in the forest...

Going on to study geography was a logical continuation of all this — geography here was and still is a natural science based on field observation. In the late eighties, studying geography included hiking trips to the Soviet Central Asia, then to the Kola Peninsula — landscapes I will probably never see again. The most charismatic of professors then introduced me to landscape ecology, and I dived into diversity indices — something that at that time seemed to me the best fusion of maps and landscapes — and studied landscape changes, or rather the change of diversity indices in Estonia during the 20th century. Indices give you an array of numbers you can interpret, but they don't answer the question 'why?'

And ever since, I have tried to find out why and how people change landscapes. Currently I'm doing this at Tallinn University, running the Centre for Landscape and Culture which is part of the Estonian Institute of Humanities. It is the first attempt in the country to do geography outside a natural sciences faculty. I'm looking at how the old becomes buried under the new — how innovation becomes heritage. The transformation from the Soviet past to the European present has provided us with a wonderfully complex landscape with the interplay of many time layers — we can study both the material changes and perceptual ones together. And that is fascinating but then the grumpy man inside me whines that these days people follow their car satnav or the GPS in the cell phone, and that the higher you climb in career terms the less time you have 'to stand and stare'!

Since 1998 I have been involved in PECSRL – the Permanent European Conference for the Study of the Rural Landscape (www.pecsrl.org). Founded in 1957, it is one of the oldest bodies in Europe concerned with studying landscape. It started as a relatively small group of historical geographers, steered by Xavier de Planhol; since its 1998 Trondheim meeting it has gradually expanded its scope and now tries to be the European meeting point of landscape researchers with very different backgrounds. As Staffan Helmfrid (2004) summarised it: *'The main themes have logically moved from the basic questions of origin and evolution to the decision-making processes involved, further to analysing the recent and on-going landscape transformations on the one hand and to issues of landscape management and the application of historical geography in the selection and care of landscapes to preserve on the other hand'*.

And these days I no longer write about diversity indices, instead my writing focuses on how people create peri-urban landscapes and how they remember or accommodate the landscapes they have left behind.

HP

GREEK IMMIGRATION LANDSCAPE

New landscapes are emerging in Europe, places that reflect despair and desperation. They are places many of us prefer not to be reminded of and few ever get to see. Sangatte (near Calais) comes to mind but there are others. They are transient landscapes. Places, which like their inhabitants literally come and go in the night, places, quickly set up to provide short term security and shelter then as swiftly swept away. They are landscapes that reflect malaise, landscapes that will keep popping up so long as poor, disadvantaged or oppressed people from Africa and Asia are driven

to make new lives for themselves in Europe. And why should we condemn them? It is, after all, is that not what our ancestors did and what inherently drives all human beings on - a need to care and fend as best we can for ourselves and those we love. It used to be called 'Migration'.

Responsibility for managing illegal immigration into the EU resides with the country of entry. Well over half of the illegal immigrants into the EU last year were caught trying to enter via Greece. Greece's responsibilities are made more challenging because of its geography, its proximity to Asia from where most refugees derive and because of the 2000 islands and the longest coastline of any European country that it has to patrol. More than half of the total 87,700 illegal immigrants apprehended last year in Greece arrived by sea with the islands of Lesbos and Samos among the most popular destinations of choice because of their close proximity to the Turkish mainland.

Lesbos, Greece's third largest island, has traditionally been a popular resort with British visitors and a casual stroll around the harbour at Mytilene, the main port of the island, reveals nothing of the huge influx of illegal immigrants to this island. It was in the summer of 2009, barely a stone's throw from the Port Authority's



main offices (see photo above) that I was first alerted to this. I stumbled across what I later learnt to be illegal immigrants corralled behind high walls at the far end of the port. Peering between locked gates I witnessed a few dozen refugees, mostly women and young children, gathered on the quay side. I was told later that the nimbler men folk probably had evaded capture but that those apprehended would languish in warehouses on the quay side at Mytilene because the country had no re-admittance protocol agreed with Turkey

It is estimated that for every illegal immigrant apprehended in Greece two avoid capture. The fate of the 150,000 or so illegal immigrants, who evade the net each year, is also uncertain. Skala Sykaminias the

most northerly point in Lesbos, is less than 8 kilometres from the Turkish mainland, and a favoured land-



ing point. (see photo above) Most of those dumped by people traffickers on the beaches of Lesbos head for Mytilene in the hope of boarding a ferry onto the mainland and the comparative anonymity of Athens. There they hustle, selling counterfeit goods in markets and malls, cleaning windscreens at traffic lights and the like.

Anti-immigrant sentiment is growing in Greece as the recession deepens. Late in 2010 the anti-Islamic Chryssi Avghi party won its first seat on the Athens city council and on the 16th November young right wingers attacked Muslims who had gathered outdoors to celebrate the festival of Eid at the end of Ramadan. Despite the large Muslim population in the city and high proportions of Muslims living in Aghios Panteleimonas and other poor districts, Athens still has no official mosque.

Last winter I witnessed desperate people queuing for handouts from the Red Cross and other charitable organizations that are now to be found in the Omonia District of the city. Mothers with children and grandparents from refugee families come in their droves. They queue here daily alongside the sick and infirm, mentally ill and other downtrodden people from the city, on pavements that stink of urine adjacent to sex shops, ethnic food outlets, souvlaki joints and stores selling cheap luggage and other basic necessities for survival on the streets. This was one of the Athenian landscapes I got to know most intimately as I took the Metro from the northern suburbs to Omonia station and then a short walk to the Caritas Soup Kitchen in Kapoudistriou Street.

At Caritas 250 meals were prepared daily by a small team of volunteers led by Begonia Kalliga a wonderful Spanish woman who oozed optimism, serving Afghan, Iranian, Iraqi, Bangladeshi and Somali refugees, with a broad smile. 'We ask no questions of refugees and pass no judgments on them' she told me. Some we saw once and never again. Some like, Joseph, who acted as a doorman at the Centre, had found his way to Athens after fleeing war in the Congo, stayed

longer. For him and a few others at the Caritas Centre this is now their world. As for countless others? — who knows what befell them and what landscapes they now inhabit or even rest in.

You can learn more about refugees in Greece by clicking on this short video (6.46 minutes): http://wn.com/Afghanistan_refugees_in_Greece

GCSR

Letter to the Editor From Chris Griffin

Dear Bud

I have recently returned from Palestine and Israel, and at your suggestion looked at the article by John Randall (LRE 56) and the note and book reviews you wrote in LRE54. et al. I write as someone involved with planning, resources and climate change. The effect of Israeli Government policies on the landscape was far worse than I had anticipated. So also is their consumption of scarce natural resources, particularly water and of course land.

We (see footnote, Ed.) were based in Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nazareth, and my first awareness was that Jerusalem's Old City sits high on the spine of the old biblical Palestine, beautiful in its traditional limestone. But far 'less smart' were the plethora of white hilltops nearby, each crowned with a high-density new settlement of high rise blocks. Most of these, much of East Jerusalem, are in the West Bank of the Palestine as nowadays defined, are heavily built over, illegally, since the 6-Day War of 1967.

Shepherds Fields where the New Testament shepherds reputedly saw the star, lies just outside of Bethlehem, and a church and adjacent spots among the olive trees are used for Christian services. Immediately facing them was a view across the Fields to a vast new Israeli settlement. All the land — including what had been grazing, olive groves and a forested hilltop — was now occupied by high-rise flats and is now lost to Bethlehem. The infamous Wall is currently being constructed immediately beneath this place of worship.

The Wall seems to run everywhere, and is always obvious. It and the new roads both in Israel and the West Bank (new roads which cannot be used by Palestinians) are huge blots on the landscape. They pay no attention to landform and views. The Wall now surrounds most of Bethlehem. To get in and out of Bethlehem, everyone has to pass through a vast checkpoint terminal. A walk between barriers to keep

people in single file, through two huge turnstiles electronically controlled by two soldiers at whim, a passport control and a bag search took our small party with pre-prepared passes nearly an hour. Residents lucky enough to have a work permit in nearby Jerusalem will take 3 or 4 hours to progress, queuing from four in the morning.

Envisage this 40 foot high concrete wall immediately behind your house separating you from your land, with its vegetables, fruit trees, olives. The Wall and new roads also deny you access to your business, to markets, and often to hospital and school. Forget about getting to the next village, let alone Jerusalem unless you have a pass, rarely granted.

Much of our visit was behind the Wall, but we kept hitting it. It does not run in a logical line along the 1948 armistice boundary, when it could realistically be used for security. No, it runs four times that distance to surround a profusion of vast new settlements, which may house many tens of thousands of Israeli Jews. It also includes swathes of Palestinian land round these new cities, and all sources of water, much from aquifers deep below West Bank territory.

In 1935 my grandfather travelled widely in Palestine, then including what is now Israel, later writing a book. I used this extensively on the visit. It had one advantage over modern guidebooks, as he was able to travel and visit everywhere. For us in 2010, this was not possible

CG

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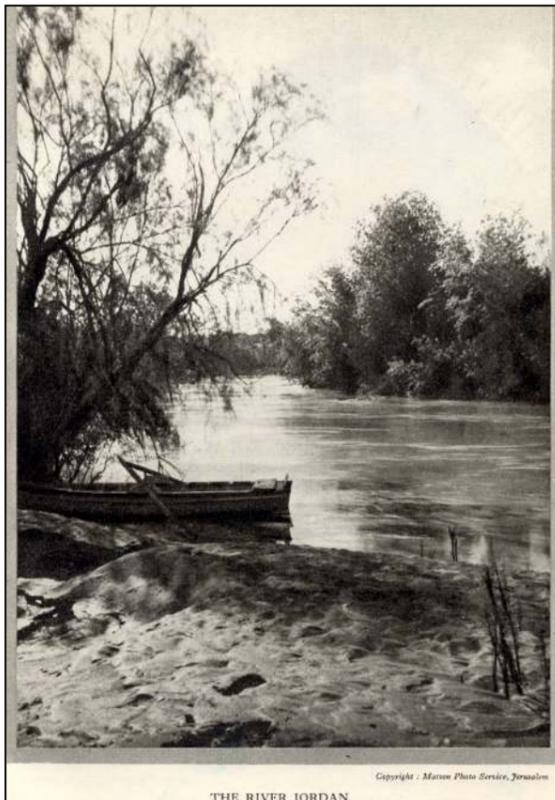
Notes

1 *'Where the Master lived'*, by Sercombe Griffin, published 1936. S. Low, Marston & Co. Ltd, 244 pp : frontispiece, plates.

2 The writer, Chris Griffin once the Editor's colleague in the Government's Overseas Land Resources organisation had been concerned about the Palestinian situation for several years and attended a Quaker conference in Brussels on the possibilities for peace in Palestine and Israel. In 2010 he joined a small group with a leader experienced in the West Bank and made a visit. In a Christmas newsletter to friends he wrote *'the subsequent experience was shocking even to someone familiar with the situation. Particularly the sheer, visible, let alone economic and humanitarian oppression of the 40 ft high Wall....'* As Editor of LRExtra, I asked him to write to me focusing on the landscape aspects of his visit.

THE JORDAN, BROOK OR RIVER?

LRExtra 56 (the last Issue) showed John Randall's image of the River Jordan at the supposed baptismal site. It looked a very small stream. Here from a publication dated 1936 and taken by the Matson Photographic Service, Jerusalem, is another River Jordan, much more impressive, not necessarily from the same viewpoint. One is aware that the Jordan is subject to flood peaks but it may be the fact of excess abstraction for irrigation and other uses that has



THE RIVER JORDAN Copyright - Matson Photo Service, Jerusalem

changed the majestic appearance of the river.

Note

Illustrated Bible Geography and Atlas. Introduction by John R Crossland FRGS. Principal author Major CR Conder with 32 professionally taken 'A5 sized' plates and 17 coloured maps.

SALE OF FOREST LAND

LRG is fully aware of this topic and will treat it from a landscape perspective in the next issue. The prospective author, a board member of the Group has a lifetime of forestry experience. He also expects to run a field seminar on forests and the landscape later in the year.

ON TREASURE ISLAND: MAURITIUS LANDSCAPES

By Brian Goodey

If I took the time to extract tracks from a CD onto something I could plug in my ear — thus avoiding human contact in train or street — then one of these would certainly be Bill Brunskill's *'On Treasure Island'* in which the father of London's pub Trad. scene extols the virtues of sands, maidens and dreaming the time away. Regular hearings must have had their effect, as one such 'paradise' became a holiday decision. Very much 'off-duty' I did no library research, relying on the memory of a 1950's topographic sheet of Mauritius, a memory consisting of volcanic mountains, coastal coral reefs, and a very extensive symbol for sugar plantations. I went to paint, and as it turned out, to retreat from the snow drifts of S. Northants., reading was strictly fictional, and my map the mini tourist guide.

With the generous assistance of a former student and his family, we probably saw at least half the island, escaping regularly from our defended tourist retreat.

The resort offered quite sufficient painting opportunities — see watercolour — and a level of security that surprised us — until, on return, we heard of Michaela McAreevey's death in a gated resort at the other end of the island.

It would take some reading, and many criss-cross journeys on the frequent bus services — 'Rude Boys' and 'Princess Peacock', named transports amongst them — to assemble the detailed regional jigsaw of local landscape images. A small island, yes, but an independent state with a reassembling natural landscape, and many cultural filters.

On returning, which I hope that we will, the field patterns and margins, the relic chimneys, tree-lined roads and plantation settlements of the sugar industry from lost to active are a demanding theme. Around sugar



production hangs colonisation, land ownership, the incorporation of African, Indian and Chinese populations and their cultural legacies.

The mountains and reefs of my map memory remain. But the mountains and their relict vegetation are now conserved, one to UNESCO World Heritage standards, and the reefs provide the ideal coastal occasion for resort developments. The 1950's map might have

shown (or possibly not) military 'gating', but now those unmapped 'white' areas are more likely to be the coastal resorts, walled and guarded against the world outside. A recent effort to attract property investment has generated several large inland, gated, communities where both residents and reported tensions, have come from South Africa.

The essentials of modern economy — a motorway, a mini-Silicon Valley, and Singapore style dockside retail area — are all in place. But for me the most interesting landscape feature throughout the island is the form of rural settlements, their culture especially, their colour.

Places of worship, especially Tamil ones, the shopfronts and paint selection for houses, old and new, make every settlement an occasion worth savouring. Although standard Coca Cola fascias rampage through bars and local shops, personal paint choice and space organisation still operate. Whether it be established local cultural or religious choices, or the over-worshipped English football team, colours seem to mean a great deal.

Add to this physical townscape the complexities of written graphics in Creole, French, English, Hindi etc. and the soundscape of music drawn from these cultures, together with the halfway-round-the-world Reggae traditions, and you have a rich sensory mix. This is the real treasure of an Indian Ocean state whose location shakes the Mercator view. **A great place to be off-duty.**

BG (with original water colour by the author).

Editor's note

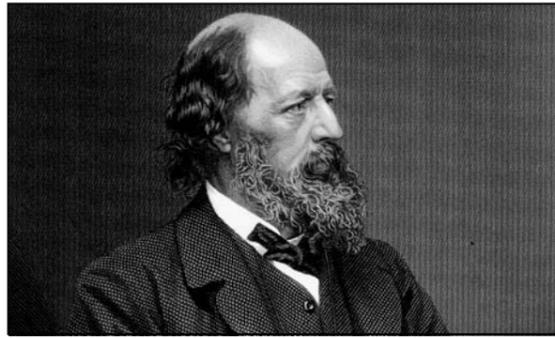
Issue LRE 51 in September 2009 contained an article by the regular contributor Philip Pacey which in the interests of brevity I abbreviated with results which dismayed the author. I am pleased now to print it in full. And having grown a little wiser and less impatient with text length and verse quotation, I recognise it as a rounded and delightful piece which you will enjoy reading.

GARDENS OF KNOWLEDGE

By Philip Pacey

Very recently I came upon some lines of Tennyson which I had never read before. Astonished, captivated, and intrigued, I was driven by curiosity to investigate further. It turned out that the lines were an extract from a longer passage describing an extraordinary event in the park of a big house:

*Strange was the sight to me;
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown
With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads;
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One rear'd a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing, now,
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp; and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fir'd
A cannon; Echo answer'd in her sleep
From hollow fields; and here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter; round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies; perch'd about the knolls
A dozen angry models jettied steam;
A petty railway ran; a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves
And dropt a fairy parachute and past;
And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
Went hand in hand with science; other-where
Pure sport; a herd of boys with clamour bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.*



Tennyson who looks more a patriarch than a poet

In these lines Tennyson is describing a real event which he himself witnessed. It took place on 6th July 1842 in the park - pastoral, picturesque - of a big house near Maidstone. The owner, E.L. Lushington, had given permission for the Maidstone Mechanics' Institution to hold their annual festival here. Mechanics' Institutes had come into being from the early 1820s; their purpose was to provide adult education, particularly in technical subjects, for working men. They were often supported by local industrialists who looked to them to produce more knowledgeable and skilled employees, and it was not unknown for the same wealthy patrons to allow an Institute to hold an annual open-air event on their estates. In Tennyson's words:

*Why should not these great sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times a year
To let the people breathe?*

But even on these holiday occasions, the educational mission of the Institutes were not forgotten, and educational displays and demonstrations were laid on – ‘so that sport/Went hand in hand with science’ – alongside the ‘pure sport’ of fun and games and rolling babies.

It is just such an occasion that Tennyson describes, and to which he had evidently been invited. At the time Tennyson and his family were living at Bexley, near Maidstone, quite close to Edmund Lushington's home. A few years later, Lushington was to marry Tennyson's sister, Cecilia. The accuracy of Tennyson's description is borne out by a separate account published in the *Maidstone and Kentish Advertiser* on 12th July of the same year.

“Cricketing, trap bat and ball, and various games were played in different parts of the ground, a cannon was occasionally fired off, ignited by a spark from an Electrical Machine at a distance of about 20 yards; at another part of the grounds a model of a steam engine was at work, turning a circular saw with great rapidity, and the model of a steam

boat plying round a light house, a table spread with philosophical instruments, consisting of telescopes, microscopes, etc., etc., formed a very interesting source of amusement... Between 6 and 7 o'clock a large fire balloon ascended”.

Tennyson's **The Princess** is a poem of seven sections sandwiched between the lengthy Prologue and a shorter Conclusion. The Prologue sets the scene: the owner of a great house, Sir Walter Vivian, opens his ‘broad lawns...to the people’ – *his tenants/ and half the neighbouring borough with their Institute,/ of which he was the patron.*

The narrator is staying as a guest of Sir Walter's son, also Walter; young Walter shows off the house to his guest in the morning, and then they wander into the park and meet up with five other university friends, Walter's sister Lilia, Aunt Elizabeth, and various ladies. After surveying the activities, they settle down in a quiet corner amidst some ruins and make up a story, a ‘summer's tale,’ to which each of the seven young men contributes one part.

Before the story-telling begins, Lilia complains against male domination and yearns to be a princess who ... *Would build/ Far off from men a college like a man's;/ And I would teach them all that men are taught;/ We are twice as quick!*

It is decided that Lilia is to be the heroine of the story, and, in gratification of her wish, to ‘*make her some great princess, six feet high;/ Grand, epic, homicidal*’, and the founder and Head of a women's college such as she has dreamt of. Thus, there can be no doubt that the scene described in the Prologue commended itself to Tennyson not only as a spectacle but because it represented, however briefly, an opening of the doors of the Mechanics' Institute and a bringing out into the open – and into the presence of women and children – education normally restricted to men.

I'm all for this; but if I am honest I have to admit that what the scene excites in me is a (probably boyish?) delight in its depiction of ‘The Machine in the Garden’. And I recall once again ‘**Mr. Blake's Garden**’, a full page illustration in my father's copy of *Highroads of Geography: Book I. – Sunshine and Showers*, published in 1914. The picture, from a drawing by E.H. Fitchew, is of a large garden; a house is visible in the far distance; beside a lake runs a steam train on a model railway; also visible are a waterfall, a working model watermill, and high up on a pole a wooden soldier with long arms which revolved in the wind. The watermill and the wooden soldier are also illustrated by line drawings in the text. Two children can be seen in the larger picture – a boy and a girl – and both feature in the text, in which Mr. Blake shows them around his garden (‘*Come and see my garden*’... ‘*Most boys and girls like to see my garden. I*

made it many years ago for my little grandson’). And it becomes apparent that he had designed these features into the garden in order to demonstrate the powers of water, wind, and steam.

‘**Mr. Blake's Garden**’ is an image which has been lodged in my brain through almost all of my life; the scene conjured up by Tennyson transfixed me when I first read it, close to retirement, at the onset of old age. Both envisage a harmony, of Nature and Industry, which I have yearned for, delighted in when I have caught glimpses of it, tried to create, and mourned the absence of. But also, both depict the *opposite* of a Garden of Eden, not as a Wasteland, but as a Garden in which boys and girls, men and women, are positively bidden to eat from the Tree of Knowledge; as in Botanic and Zoological Gardens, but with a broader curriculum. A pastoral polytechnic; landscape as university.

PP**ANTHOLOGY**

Whenever, in the course of our walks, we would catch sight of the hilltops of the town of Elbeuf, stretching along the banks of the Seine, I used to experience a sudden shock of joy. A line of chalk cliffs, topped by fields and woods, outlined the gentle and graceful curve of the river which was framed, on the other bank, by poplars and willows. From the town rose innumerable thin chimneys, slender pagan minarets of industry, from which ascended columns of smoke. Reservoirs of green water sparkled between the roofs of orange tile or bluish slate. We made a game of searching among all these houses and factories for the mill, my father's. Before long we would recognize it by its long courtyard between two parallel buildings, one for spinning, the other for finishing, and by the huge weaving mill six stories high. It made us proud to see how big it was. At noon and at seven o'clock when the workers left, we would stand amazed at these floods of men and women that suddenly filled Elbeuf's usually placid streets. Another thing we loved to look at was the torrential of streams of blue, yellow and red that flowed from the dye works. *From chapter 2 of Call No Man Happy by Andre Maurois translated by Denver and Jane Lindley, published by the Reprint Society 1944 to Book Production War Economy Standard.*

For what distinguishes this district, to my eye and mind, is its universal littleness. Everything there is diminutive. Even the landscape fits in, for though

there are hills, they are all little ones. I seemed to be paying a visit to Lilliput. The region is a clutter of small towns, as I have already remarked, but inside these towns everything is small too. Not a single thing sends you staring upward. The pottery manufactories – known locally as ‘potbanks’ – have nothing big about them, no six-storey factories or towering chimneys. You see no huge warehouses, no high public buildings. The houses, which stretch out in a ribbon development for miles and miles, are nearly all workmen’s cottages, and if they are not actually small of their kind, they contrive to suggest they are.... It resembles no other area I know. I was at once repelled and fascinated by its odd appearance. [For ...] when I see so much grimy evidence of toil, I also expect to see the huge dark boxes of factories and the immensely tall chimneys with which I am so familiar. From page 208/9 *English Journey* by JB Priestley Publisher Heinemann 1934

IALE CONFERENCE — LANDSCAPE ECOLOGY AND ECOSYSTEM SERVICES

IALE UK announces its conference on 6-8th September at the Wolverhampton University, Telford Campus. The conference will explore landscape ecology and ecosystem services. We are keen to hear from anyone developing new evidence, policies, strategies, plans or cross sectoral projects on the ground that relate to the conference title. Abstracts by 25th February. There will be two days of presentations on science, policy and practice, networking events and workshops. Local landscapes include the Long Mynd and Stiperstones, the Welsh Marches, the Shropshire Meres and Mosses and the urban landscapes of Birmingham and the Black Country.

Contact www.iale.org.uk

Art Review

‘HERE, THERE, EVERY- WHERE’

Towner Gallery, Eastbourne until 27 March 2011
By Brian Goodey

Regardless of what follows, this review of an exhibition (neither the first nor the last of this title) is an invitation to see the display at The Towner, Eastbourne before the 27 March. Why? The Towner is based on a municipal collection, transformed in a new building in 2008, a brave statement of contemporary art presence in a resort town that fades quietly into its

earlier seaside pride. We’re talking of type here – Folkestone, Brighton, Hastings – and even for the writer, a far from the coast Midlander, a territory to be explored.

The main Temporary Exhibition (at the top of the very vertical Towner) is by **Tomoaki Suzuki**, a Japanese wood carver specialising in lifelike street people at miniature scale. On the floor below is a sequence of settings dedicated to landscape and place, or as the pretentious author of the guide leaflet notes ‘The Historic’, the ‘Real,’ and ‘The Imaginary’ (with two ticks



for the Buadrillard reference.) A very fragmentary sequence, but with quite sufficient to enjoy and challenge. Based in large part on the established collection, and modern purchases, just how does the provincial curator put an exhibition together?

Open the sequence with recognisably Victorian watercolours, here by **Louisa Paris**, whose sketches of an emerging 19th cent. Eastbourne are accompanied by her notes on the railway/bathing/residential landscape that was erupting – a landscape observed in the making.

Add to this the fortunate holding of a major collection of **Eric Ravillous** work – he taught here in the 1930’s. I was glad to see a selection – **Bawden and Ravillous** exploring the same domestic landscape in Essex, but particularly glad to see a majestic Beachy Head and especially a derelict wooden horse bus in a farm yard. Here is time, decay and loneliness, the landscape as

holder of the past which follows through to later works by others.

I have to admit that most of ‘the others’ left me pretty cold, or rather untouched within the presumed sweep of the show. Considerable photography by **Richard Billingham** and others that failed to reach my reading of the intended theme. A **Tracey Emin** drawing that said little of the subject, and a great deal of the gallery’s desire to show one. You may be lucky, and find *Southern Discomfort* a current film by young people reflecting on earlier seaside promotions. But for me a major feature of this show was ‘out of action’ and I was unable to make a side-trip to the De La Warr Pavilion at Bexhill where it is also showing.

The best reason to be here -- to share in what the Towner owns and can propose to the local community -- resides in two adjacent works: the video installation by **Adam Chodzko**, and a bravura etching by **Grayson Perry**. For this combination, alone, Eastbourne is worth a visit.

Chodzko’s 2001 *Plan for a Spell* DVD installation is a randomised selection of images and sounds that evoke the depth of mystery and meaning in places and events. The juxtaposition of movement, memories, landscapes and film clips of folk events and *The Wicker Man*, are what Bode¹ calls ‘the psycho-geographical ramblings of a non-metropolitan flaneur’. Real places and landscapes spread endlessly in a viewing room, providing thinking space for the remainder of the on-the-wall exhibition.

At the room’s entry is Grayson Perry’s large etching *A Map of Nowhere* (2008), another Towner gallery acquisition. This map, which is illustrated at several sites on line, is a bravura statement of environmental ideas framed as both an early world map and as a cut-away of the human body. The style reflects anywhere between the 16th and early 20th centuries, but the language and myriad titled inserts refer to the emerging

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language of the 21st century. With Chodzko you are invited to re-assemble your own thoughts, with Perry the language – ‘Trivia’, ‘The New Black’, ‘The Establishment’ – is all there. Both works fully address the exhibition’s title and their association made the visit worthwhile.

Perry, whose place origins (in Essex) are my own, was the great surprise, with energy, skill and humour offering 100% more stimulation to think than most other works in the exhibition. Dig deep.

Just behind the Cavalier Tavern and the Buccaneer Inn, the very vertical Towner is on the right track and deserves an eye to this and future exhibitions.

BG

Notes

¹ Steven Bode, ‘Adam Chodzko: Plans and Spells’, in book of the same title, London: Film and Video Umbrella, 2002.

<http://www.eastbourne.gov.uk/leisure/museums-galleries/towner/about-towner>

WHAT LANDSCAPE TODAY?

By Bud Young

We choose where to walk and some of our most stimulating landscape walks are shabbily urban with gloriously disordered streetscapes. I wrote about one such, Spitalfields, London in LRE 55. From where I write this it is some way to a complex townscape.. Surrounded by landscapes of moorland, woodland, valley and small fields we are restricted. We make do with the country. Traditional walking territory of the urban dweller’s guidebook.

We visit high open places on days which may be sunny amid persistent gloom; we go to deep shady places when we have had a surfeit of brightness and wish to delight in dappled light; or when the wind is driving rain sideways and the movement and sound of the wind in the trees stirs the senses. We revel in short walks that offer three or four distinct landscape experiences — and then perhaps a huge view with the extra benefit of a clump of rocks to sit on. We see the sea from places deep inland 20 miles remote from the South Devon Coast. There are places we visit to remind ourselves of years ago but then can’t recognise the changes.

We trade interest per 100m walked against our mood. Complex urban areas score highly and the country can