

This issue refreshes the memory and continues in high regard for LRG friend and colleague Simon Rendel of Blewbury, the originator of Tranquillity Mapping. A man whose work considered space and quietness.



LANDSCAPE
RESEARCH
EXTRA
26
SPRING 1999

Real Landscapes, Yeah

It was in 1971 that I joined the Landscape Research Group. I loved landscape. At that time I was puzzling over landforms of the Bahamas, rock dune chains of many ages, standing over the lithified 'sea' of intertidal deposits. I had come from the Empty Quarter of Abu Dhabi where dunes stand piled 400 feet high, and from a soil survey of desert landscapes around Jebel Hafit a great whale-back of a mountain 50 kms long and 5,000 feet high and the Buraimi Oases. This blue shadowed rock monster rises from the sands and gravel plains that stretch to Jebel Akdhar in the mountains of Oman. Earlier in peneplained Sierra Leone, a rest cure after nine months on foot at the edge of the sahel in western Mali. Base camp in Mali was at the foot of the Tambaoura Escarpment, a feature of regional importance ~ sandstones and conglomerates towering above a clayey plain of ancient decaying mica schist. I was selected to prospect the mineralogically barren uplands for diamonds while the mineral interest lay in the plains, and the landscape where I worked became more spectacular as the season progressed. I camped my way through sandstones and shales which make homely understandable landscapes, to the jasper and haematite banded sharp hills south of Kayes. Kayes, hottest climate station in Africa, stands in the sahel adjacent to a massive cool green flow of the River Senegal, and there it was that I camped for a month in the

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If you wish to be a contributor and have something to say about landscape, courses, work, your experience of places or wider landscapes please call and talk. Editorial policy favours reflective writing new ideas and linkages well written. And, you know something I don't know, now there's a thought!



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kind of gully that hippos use to walk out of the water. No problem.

To me this was landscape in its 'realist' sense and that is why I identified myself with the Group. I retain my fascination with landscapes and boundaries between landscapes as one travels. I revel in differences of geology and form and soil linking with vegetation and this fits in well with aerial photography which is my professional focus.

On joining LRG I found that there were other landscapes. I was excited by urban enthusiasts, dealing with morphology, history and architecture controlled by intense market forces. I met 'experientialists', who aim to understand, but often finish up celebrating, the experience of landscape. Who indeed cannot claim to be into the pleasures of landscape experience. Landscape change intrigues. Habitat, its minutia subtly adjusted to site, is justifiably fascinating in a landscape context. Landscape history I adore, for it has magic. Landscape design I can appreciate but I would not wish to design landscapes. Gardens delight me but generate no curiosity; landscape in art: quite a revelation. It is all such a rich field and one which in this publication we try to nourish. Anthology in reflects some of this diversity of interests: diversity under the name landscape.

And in this rich spectrum another passion rises to the surface: an anxious dislike shared with many people of the attrition of lonelier silent places by noise and at night by light. Out of my office we enjoy an unusual measure of darkness and star lit skies. At the same time the hard marginality of the land, Dartmoor as dark bastion around us and to the west, protects us from decimating roadscapes and noise. Not so for many people. Cognizant always of the work of my friend Simon Rendel on Tranquil Areas, I have chosen to include Martin Spray on a book that deals with sound, and a writer new to me, John Harrison at present in Antarctica on light pollution. We also have a note on Tranquillity and bird populations. Are we straying here into environment, you may ask. Exciting isn't it, to walk so many fine lines!

OF NOISE AND SILENCE

Swarte smekyd smethes smateryd with smoke [smiths]/Drybe me to deth with den of here dyntes' [their hammer blows]. One need not be versed in fifteenth century English to understand that ours is not the first generation to be disturbed by noise; that some of us who wish to sleep at night have long had difficulty doing so. May no man for brenwaterys on nyght han his rest! [burners of water]

Although I live a crow's mile from an A class road, unless there is a background rustle of leaves or drizzle of rain, unless there is breeze or birdsong or insect buzz, the sound of traffic seeps through the intervening forest - even (though admittedly less persistently) in the dead of night. The noise of the internal combustion engine is an integral element of the landscape in which I live - just as it is of most landscapes of the world. And it dominates many of them. It certainly dominates most of England and Wales, as can be seen from the maps of our ever shrinking 'tranquil areas'.

Sound, by definition, is not a primary shaper of landscapes; yet can characterise them.

It does not have to be that of a raging sea, or a Niagara, or the gods' Donner und Blitzen: a summer wood at dawn, frogs croaking at dusk - "Old pond/splash-leap/a frog", says Basho - "a dark winter street bathed in snow-hiss": all landscape makes sound, and "every natural soundscape has its own unique tones and often these are so original as to constitute soundmarks".

I recently had the pleasure of reviewing **The Soundscape: Our Sonic Environment and the Tuning of the World** by R Murray Schafer. Schafer is a Canadian composer, researcher and teacher. He has written extensively on the 'sonic environment', including noise pollution ~ though he is concerned to remind us that much of what we hear, natural and man made, is beautiful. This book, as *The Tuning of the World*, was first issued in 1977, and the text makes use of a number of surveys from the early seventies. One doubts that the soundscape has become pleasanter in the following two

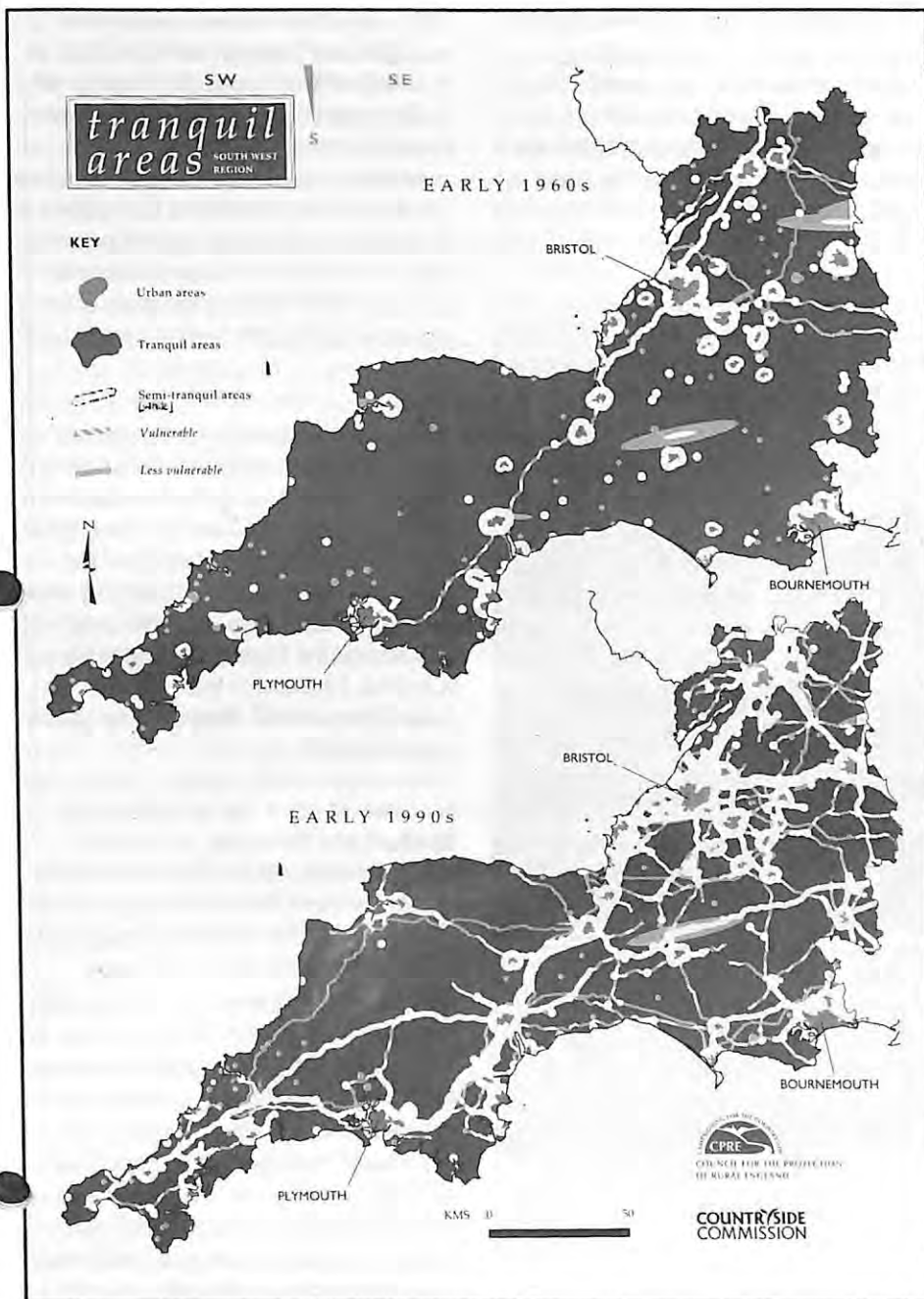
decades.

Schafer's intention is to point out that "when the rhythms of the soundscape become confused or erratic, society sinks to a slovenly and imperilled condition", and that each society at any time is deliberately making its soundscape ~ "which may be as much distinguished for its beauty as its ugliness" ~ as much as it makes its landscape. Perhaps, however, the most useful reading of the book is one that leads to a greater understanding ~ an ear-opening ~ of the prevalence of sound, its significance as a concomitant of society, and its importance in defining and characterising our environments.

Much of the book is description, quite effectively presented. It opens with the natural soundscape, and progresses, through rural, urban and industrial, to the electric revolution, by which time (we are in it) the infrastructure of the soundscape has become internationalised: a drone, most often of 50 to 60 cycles per second, to which we are attuned.

"Electrical equipment will often produce resonant harmonies and in a quiet city at night a whole series of steady pitches may be heard"; so, "when we were studying the soundscape of [a] Swedish village... we encountered a large number of these ... As we moved about the streets...the town played melodies."

Schafer is at pains to show how, since the development of urban soundscapes, our sonic environment has changed from hi-fi to lo-fi: the former being one with a low ambient noise level, against which predominantly discrete sounds are clearly heard, the latter one with much ambient noise with which other sounds appear to, or deliberately have to, compete. He gives a number of cases; for instance "Vancouver fire engine sirens were 88-96dBA at 3.5-5m in 1912, and in 1974 were 114dBA". American cities seem to be pushing up the noise level by about 0.5dBA a year (it is a logarithmic scale). Of course, not all cities are the same. A survey of the use of car horns at major road junctions gave hourly averages of for example: Stockholm 25, London 39, Tokyo 129, New York 336, Cairo 1150. It is interesting to recall that Plato's ideal community of about



rediscover the large variety of interesting and attractive sounds - human and otherwise ~ that still exist in the world. One of the tasks of his co-workers on the World Soundscape Project is to preserve endangered sounds.

Schafer is also concerned at Western culture's apparent fear of the absence of sound. Silence represents a fearful void. Perhaps this is why the countryside dismays some people. The modern Westerner "fears death as none before" - and thus fears silence. As a student of soundscape, and as a composer, Schafer has things to tell us about the positive values of silence.

In his concern for our acoustic surroundings, Schafer is not alone. Attempts at noise abatement (as he shows) have been made for a long time. Thirteenth century English towns were trying to control blacksmiths, for instance. Now it is suspected that even relatively low levels of noise cause health and behaviour problems, including high blood pressure, sleep disorders, and disrupted cognitive development. The subject is exercising legislators and environmentalists. Oregon's Gordon Hempton calls the Earth a (natural) "solar powered jukebox", and is determined not only to record Nature's sounds, but to ban human noise from at least some acoustic sanctuaries: his "One Square Inch" sites. It is understandable that built-up parts of the globe are dominated by human-made sounds; but it is surely not necessary to have our ears full of wasted energy all the time. Once, about 5,000 years ago, some of the gods met in council. "The uproar of mankind is intolerable, and sleep is no longer possible because of the babble. So the gods in their hearts were moved to set loose the Deluge." ...Shhh!...

5,000 was to be able to hear a single orator!

His point is that we are awash with sound. We are infested with it. For more than one reason, this is unfortunate. Not only, as he says, does much noise represent escaped ~ wasted ~ energy, but it brings us little benefit psychologically, or indeed physiologically. It represents a wall between us and the non-human world; and increasingly a wall between person and person.

There is now persistent noise. "The city abbreviates [the] facility for distant hearing (and seeing)" because of the prevalence of

lo-fi noise. And its volume can embrace us menacingly: "the hearing ability of college freshmen who ... attended rock concerts often deteriorated to that of 65 year-olds". Why do we make so much din? Perhaps it is partly because we have so much energy to waste. Sometimes we gain status by making noise ~ witness the youth with an aggressive car or motorbike. Or maybe it is because so many of us are already half deaf...

We need what Schafer calls 'ear cleaning', in order to come back to actually hearing enough of the sounds around us to bring in a certain discrimination; and in order to

The Soundscape: Our Sonic Environment and the Tuning of the World by R Murray Schafer. 1994 Destiny Books, Rochester, Vermont. paperback ppvii + 301 ISBN) 89281 455.1. \$14.95

Martin Spray
Editor of Urban Nature

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VANISH WITH THE TIDE

They were working heads down on the salt marsh when he noticed a flotilla of white seagulls racing motionless up the river, smugly enjoying the running tide, going somewhere new, going with the flow. The

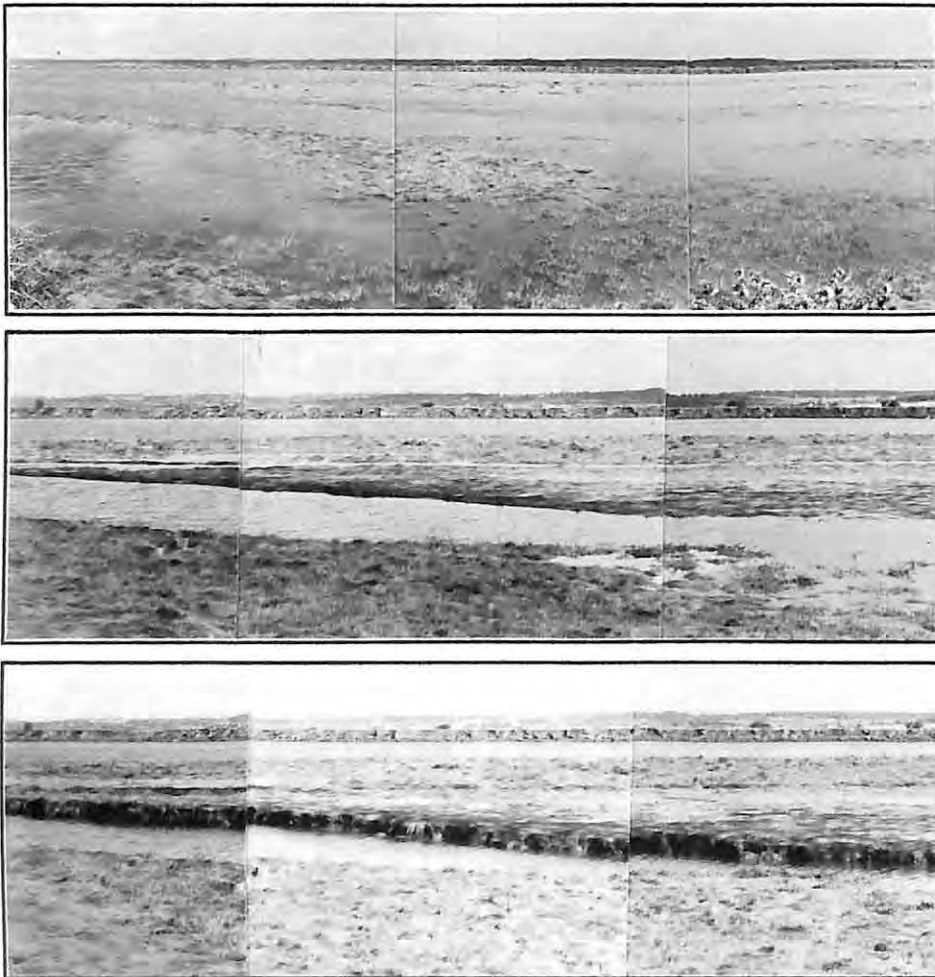
studies ceased to exist. He remembered the noise of the plane, connecting nothing, he had thought this would have saved them from drowning. The airphotos colour infra red later showed them standing beside the red black car as they watched the marsh drown. 12.15 exactly.

east. The survey methods used must be replicable, and our approach to the analysis of views, and their composite mapping, will be the subject of a detailed paper next year. Meanwhile the chance to explore some under visited areas of London and to capture something of the character of their urban landscapes may be worth reporting, especially as it provides a chance to use once more Ian Nairn's idiosyncratic guide to the city, still cropping up in book shops at about £2.

Although media publicity, full of reported delays and strikes, suggest to the contrary, London's Jubilee Line underground extension (JLE) is coming ... and has to come by the Year 2000. It will flow, largely unseen from Westminster to Stratford, bringing alive pieces of London which have previously been without the Docklands publicity glare. In reverse, from east to west, what will the Jubilee line connect? What are these places at the moment?

For some old timers (my family included) **Stratford** was the market, on one of the roads narrowing into the City, road and rails pinched between 19th century expansion. A place, with the 19th century civic buildings to go with it, but then bombed, renewed, rebuilt, re-shopped, re-visited ... a place on the fringe. In 1966 Nairn (p160) saw it as 'the real centre of the East End of London ... with the through traffic out, and some care over new buildings, the people who use it would keep it swinging.' By the time Gasson (1988,155) revisited, he noted 'to the north and south the townscape falls apart completely, not helped by insensitive commercial development. In general, the Broadway has not been cared for properly, and no longer looks like the real centre of anywhere.'

But Stratford still has a lot going for it. Less of the 'Broadway' now, but there's a tree-lined dappled (yes, really) heart, traffic partly contained, market stall monumentality, pubs and a few shops at their best. The disaster, unredeemed by recent improvements, is the Stratford Centre, a nowhere single story cruciform indoor centre which shelters and nourishes the daily remainder of the market in one wing. The central crossover has been marbled, shops improved, but it's a vacant ballroom of a space beneath the cross.



water still stood low on the foreshore, there was plenty of time, but five hundred metres to the dry shore? Serious botanists don't notice these things, through the lens, hand-book, quadrating, absorbed, noting in scientific 4H pencil, getting the words right. Not being one of them, he shouted and then again. She reluctantly noticed and being each fearful of drowning they completed observations 'at another level', a hierarchy of data collection. From dry land they watched the shrubbily herb rich and much diversified salt marsh begin to fill in all the right places, glassworts first. The airphotos had predicted it all, but then not the last as marsh vanishes under mirroring water and the object of their

TOWNSCAPES OF THE JUBILEE LINE EXTENSION

Preface

As from December 1998 Alan Reeve and I, at the joint Centre for Urban Landscape Design at Oxford Brookes are completing a study of the townscapes surrounding the new Jubilee Line Extension stations from Westminster in the west to Stratford in the

Fight through the market wing and you're out into Stratford's transport node in waiting (and, as one lonely floor stud reminds me, on some sort of heritage trail.) I guess this bag of knotted wool of a transport system will be worked out in due course. The bus station's there, the Jubilee line station is in shape, behind there's a maze of walls and tunnels which may, just may, provide a great interchange ... a pity people will have to wade through an undistinguished shopping mall to get to Broadway where the action should be. The Old Town Hall still functions as a venue (a tea dance when I explored). Good things in urban renewal, the railway workshops finding another role, but great swathes of do your own thing territory where cafes of every sort, stores, yards and the rest ~ all essential to the City beyond ~ find their place. Here, though, our field surveyors found the only no-go areas in the project.

Stratford is multi-ethnic but wouldn't thank you for saying so. Not a place to be from, but certainly a place to visit ... maybe walk to....

...**West Ham**. More of the same only denser, flyovers and turn-of-the-century routes already leaping over the few remains of a pre-19th century place. A football suburb, decaying 19th century facades, but most of all, the sad left-over spaces which suggest that nobody has really got hold of this as a place. Newham tries very hard, but you have to winkle out the local attractions, like London's largest churchyard at East Ham, now a Nature Reserve. But the East End is not Nature Reserves ... or a public climate of care, it's aggressive drivers who spurt out of side-turns without warning or who lean on the horn if traffic doesn't move off before the lights change. It's the huddled masses waiting eternally for buses.

East Ham, West Ham, Plaistow, Canning Town ... a line-up of basic services for a mix of communities. From the Jewish bespoke tailor to the Halal take-away, the shops stereotype their customs, gaping lit interiors do more than hint at which hairdresser is for whom.

Barking Road ~ go towards Plaistow and it's sequence of food and plastic. Turn round towards Canning Town and Canary Wharf's tower punctuates the view and the social

conscience as it does for miles around.

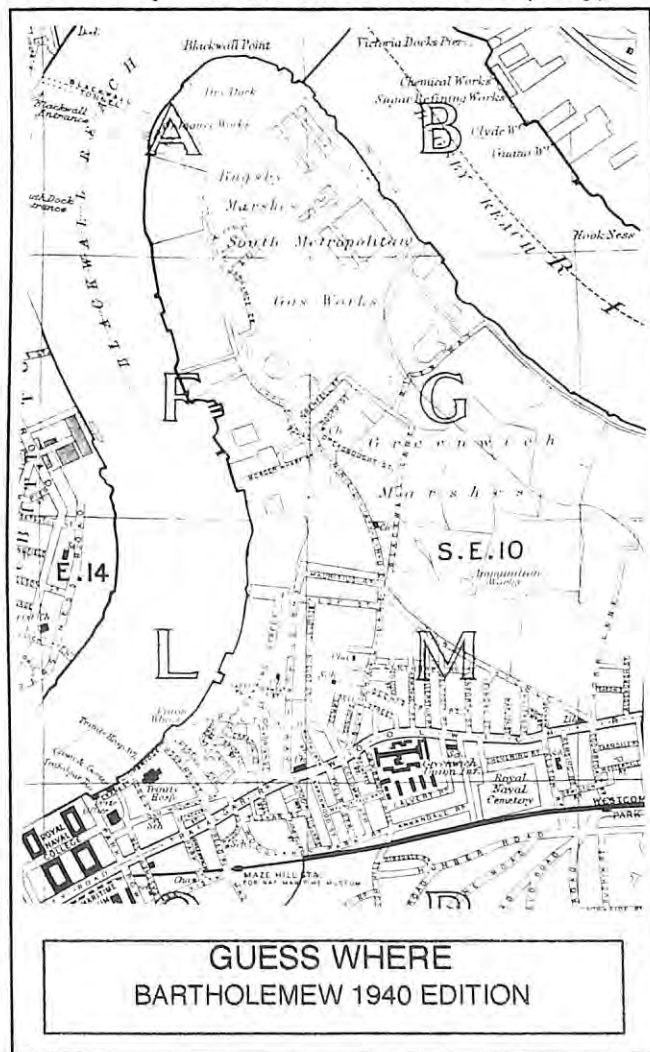
Canning Town... explore and be amazed. Up front, and from the new JLE station its a conundrum. Cars rule, but there must be ways through from the multi-line glitter station to the town beyond. Pedestrian routes through revived public housing and none too comfortable, but the high street achieved, there is a place (and market) here. Things are a building, and back from the main drag there are improved housing schemes which really suggest domestic calm, but at the price of a key. Elsewhere, remnants of pre-war designer schemes and patches of village housing around the church which would settle neatly into any suburban village.

Some graphic signals to the National Front and its successors, but overall a quiet digging in to an unlikely place, nibbled on all sides by an edge city of sheds and roads ... a place which needs a marker. No signs to the geography which made this place, so no hints as to what is left behind.

Next station is in the realm of the unknown, **North Greenwich** will only come alive as the Dome lifts off (in whatever way you choose) in the Year 2000. The JLE's arrival and impact at the **Dome** site seems its only reported rationale. If it works, fine, but given the British desire to see any innovation fail, most coverage is to forecast its non-arrival. Imagine the difference in perception between those who have designed an arrival point in a regenerated territory, a key point in the structure of an attraction, and the image which the public have been fed through the very limited media available! We have a regrettable ability to conspire with the hack writer in destroying dreams, in deadening a new townscape ... let's hope it turns out dif-

ferently.

Next to **Poplar**, sorry Isle of Dogs, no **Canary Wharf** ... brave new statement amongst a sequence of new images, tied to a title which people know. Canary Wharf is IRA bomb, is marker tower, is where yuppies grew, work and now count to retirement. Well embedded, from the Docklands Light Railway we expect to see the new, glass, metal, neon and the rest, but surprisingly



see the old for water doesn't age, it just gets cleaner.

At **Canary Wharf** there's a lot of water. It links the unashamedly new, angular, vertical, high tech and secure, to the remnants of the old, which, if you walk far enough, lead you into **Poplar** and its High Street ... a lost scheme of the 1950s. The join has not yet been achieved, and few will make the leap from Canary Wharf's 'now venue' to fragmented bits of the inner East End. At night

the Wharf sparkles, a small American downtown with a large mistake, and the streams of clogged traffic emerging to match.

The station at **Canada Water** may provide a more rewarding visit. Here, in the former **Surrey Docks** redeveloped since 1969, community has been quietly brewing for some time around the remnants of



Rotherhithe (church, Brunel, lunch pubs, interesting conversions) and other fringe features from the former dockland. Now intricate patterns of well-occupied housing nudge the remains of a dockland layout. Nairn's 1966 (p124) "...the Thames is only a few feet away, and the view all round the clock is water and ships, with domes of **Greenwich** inflicting the horizon" needs translating to pleasure boats and the Greenwich pleasure dome. Here a bridge, there a dock but mostly a pleasant environment to live in and, at its centre, a filling heart of stores and services linking to **Bermondsey**. So little is said. It is, after all, south of the river, but quietly this is regeneration at its best, real places and spaces in a pattern which shoppers and lovers enjoy. The station will be a catalyst for intensification of activity in an area which deserves a boost.

So, too, of **Bermondsey**, the next station up the line. Like **Canning Town**, a surprise if you choose to probe beyond the through roads, traffic barriers and semi-strip development. Nairn (1966, 121) set this as "one of the great places of London, and all that architects and planners have done ~ private, borough or LCC ~ is to dump down old and new

cliches irrespective of the site."

Sure, there are some fairly disturbing estates left over from a period when a box in the sky was thought sufficient, but there's quality, too, in the remnants of earlier housing and the way that greenspaces merge with flats. **Bermondsey Station** will be a brash statement, helping to reinforce the core of a community which has been strung out on roads. It won't be long before investment finds the vacant sites, the ease of access, and the willing labour force, just sufficiently far from central London prices to make it worthwhile.

The JLE arrival at **London Bridge**, rather like that at **Waterloo**, may not receive too much attention. **London Bridge Station** is an awkward apology for something that should be north of the river, but which has long attracted interesting buildings and functions. **Southwark**, on the other hand, is just waiting to be revived. Cathedral, Chaucer, a major role in the shaping of London in the past, but by-passed as energy fought its way to the north of the river, some halting on the southern shore. **Southwark** is a sandwiched shambles, the linkage is crazy, the remnants are hardly there. But sit in a pub, roam the back streets, and there is a community here ~ bereft of its dock function ~ but still alive and well in dense public housing, hidden behind the improved mansions of sub-City office culture.

Southwark Station, rather too low but, like the others, a marker could, and should, provide a focus for a real place which is visited, worked in and lived in as it becomes more connected. It should assist the corner-view survival of the Ring pub, on the site of one of London's great boxing venues and still with a bright-lit gym above. Late lunch, and its single office workers, a gaggle of shirt sleeved lads from next door posed against seamless generations of boxers ('Digger Stanley, Bantam Champion of England', Billy Wells, Gordon Richards? Ernie Izzard... what would he think of Eddie?). A history of boxing photography, and there's a history available, too, from behind the bar. Not a museum, not a shrine, just a record of achievement.

The **Waterloo** stop for the JLE is not really going to raise anyone's hopes, one arch of many below the station which now makes a major play for Europe. Given its proximity to



the very centre of the active city, there is an amazing amount going on beneath the apologies for roads and access-ways. Take to foot and, after a period of insanity, you end up in communities, real places which survive despite it all ... and not a few JLE structures newly punctuating views. **RouPELL Street** and its surrounding streets, just down **Windmill Street** off **The Cut**, have moved from working class cohesion to trendiness, but this scale of domesticity is still amazing in the **South Bank jumble**.

Seen from further west at **Lambeth**, an older London. **Lambeth Palace**, warm red brick with its **Garden History Museum**, wide lonely pavements to brick **St. Thomas's Hospital** which provides the bridge to modern blocks of **Waterloo**... the **Shell Tower**, **County Hall** and much that is nameless. Outside the offices of **Ernst & Young** a 1970's German metal sculpture 'South of the River' as if we didn't know.

On approaching **Waterloo** the pedestrian pattern falls apart, tunnels, access roads, not a world to walk. Down the steps to **Lower Marsh Street**, a real local market, scrappy, long, predictable but with retro-antiquity creeping into the shops. 1960's decorative arts suggest youthful purchasers. **Waterloo** is a great railway townscape, layers wrapping the anonymous raised walls.

And so to **Westminster**. 'You name it, Westminster has it: a ragbag of palaces, parliaments, abbeys, civil servants and, in the last ten years, an explosion of offices without

the benefit of City traditions. Parliament Square is the bit everybody knows, the seat of government but nothing like the heart of London: austere, muddled, and unreal (Nairn, 1966, 43).

Fantastic place, the heart of British (sorry, English) government, key buildings with key people, tourist sites, a magic world... which feels overcrowded and undervalued when you're in it. All the key bits are here ~ Downing Street, The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and the rest, but what of the spaces in between? Can the new JLE station ~ the one which, because of availability, appeared in all the electricians' strike news items ~ really do anything for this collision of pomp, power and pedestrians which is the nation's heart. Well, it could. A station designed to send people out with hope, with a target, with a language which is slightly more elaborate than 'look, photograph' might be an advantage!

But who will do this? Well nobody! London Transport is in business to get these landmark stations functioning and on the map. It's bums on seats, off of seats, and through turnstiles that matters. The fact that these new JLE stations address new opportunities, new spaces, new places is not on the explanatory agenda. But it could be.

How about a new system of post-journey signage, which highlights the nearby attractions (accurately), tells you where to go, and where the next station might be. How about some real historical information in the new stations, validating each place ~ Canary Wharf as an historic attraction, now there's telling them. We live in hope.

The Nairn experience can be traced in: **Ian Nairn, Nairn's London, Penguin, 1966** revisited in: **Peter Gasson, Nairn's London: The Classic Guidebook, Penguin, 1988**

Brian Goodey
Oxford Brookes University
with acknowledgement to co-researcher Alan Reeve

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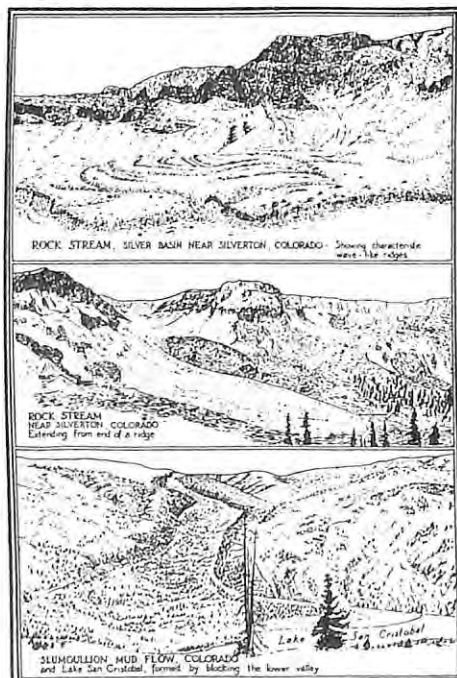
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LIGHT POLLUTION AND PLANNING GUIDANCE

The scene is a lecture room at Liverpool University, 1976. "What other form of pollution is there?", the lecturer gently insists. The students frown and look at their shoes. They give in. "Noise", smiles the lecturer. "What?" exclaim the students, feeling cheated.. They wanted something more grisly, something nuclear.

I was one of them. It was the first time I had heard noise categorised in that way, though it now seems normal. But when we use the word pollution we pass judgment, defining an emission as unwanted, maybe damaging. Light began with such a good press in the very beginning, Genesis chapter 1 'God saw that the light was good'. It used to be so simple, 'And he separated the light from the darkness. God called the light 'day' and the darkness he called 'night'. And there was evening and there was morning - the first day.' Nowadays the dawn chorus may be a confused robin serenading a sodium street lamp at two in the morning. Light pollution is the cause. Where did it all go wrong?

It is timely to ask if we really have a complete and thoughtful policy on lighting, and if we know what we want for the future. Artificial lighting is one of the defining ways in which higher technology societies modify their environment and their social organisation. You can gauge the wealth of any urbanised region by flying over it at night. Artificial lighting began in the home and allowed man to modify the pattern of activity imposed by natural cycles of light, the days, and the seasons. Public lighting extended this to events, circuses, theatres, dances, and to movement about the town or city, as streets themselves were lit by candles, gas, and then electricity. It allowed night shifts, and continuous factory production. We became dependent on it. During the oil crisis urban motorway light was at first turned off, but the cost of clearing up after the additional accidents exceeded the savings. They were switched back on.

Lighting is now used for security on private

and public property, to advertise, and to illuminate buildings, statues and monuments, including heritage sites. We shine it on roads between towns, depots, sports fields, bridges, harbours, airports. The sacred has always been defined by light, Deus Illuminatio Mea declaims the motto of Oxford University, The Lord is my light. There is a danger that light's main theological creden-

for pollution, but only to the extent that it may affect the current and future uses of the land.' (paragraph 218)

The Planning Policy Guidance (PPG) lists likely material considerations which may arise when considering planning applications. Those relevant to light pollution include protection of amenity, prevention of

nuisance, impact on transport routes, and 'the effect on the use of other land.' In cities issues about lighting have mainly been confined to ones of amenity, particularly residential amenity. Yet even there concern is growing about the level of glow that permeates town skies. We are an urban country, and most of our children are growing up in places where they will never properly see a stary night in all its glory. But towns are artificial environments constructed for our use. How realistic or even desirable is it to return to natural characteristics like profoundly dark nights?

In the country there is less consensus about what the rules are. Many local planning authorities have development plans and other policies for floodlighting in AONBs, National

Parks, or other designated areas of special amenity. Lighting is usually described as intrusive and inappropriate without discriminating between different circumstances, and times of night, or explicitly evaluating the balance between visual amenity, and the value of the illumination to employment, security and local leisure. Even this is not consistent, because there are no agreed national goals, although the Welsh Office are considering adding a section on lighting to the redraft of PPG(Wales).

A number of questions need addressing:



Night Landscape Janette Kerr

tial is now that it is omnipresent, and its influence is not just prosaic but profane.

A more recent view than Genesis, but scarcely less authoritative, is Planning Guidance (Wales). It spells out the limits of a planner's proper interest in pollution:

'Planning agencies should not, therefore seek to control through planning measures matters that are the proper concern of the pollution control authority. Rather the planning interest should focus on any potential

- * What is the need for truly dark nights?
- * Should there be a time after which the presumption is in favour of switching off?
- * Is it reasonable to apply stricter standards in rural areas, if this means turning down employment, which would be approved in an urban area?
- * Do designated areas deserve different treatment, if so why, and which ones?
- * What kind of rural areas might deserve special protection, and what is the rationale?
- * Does 'sustainability' require a whole new rethink of the way in which we modify our patterns of work, play, and movement, by artificially illuminating the environment?
- * Does this mean all night every night, or might illumination be patterned within the hours of the night and days of the weekend?
- Who decides and how are local concerns to be balanced against strategic ones?

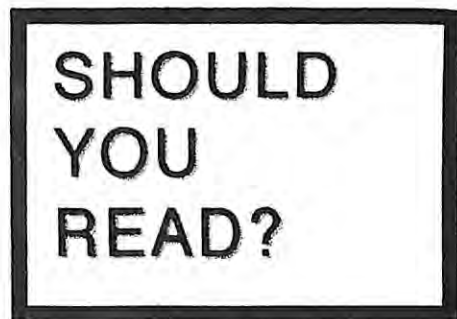
A restrictive attitude to lighting will have an impact on social opportunities and rural development, where sports floodlighting is banned and facilities will be unusable in the evenings for six months of the year. Investment will be lost. Grant schemes including the National Lottery distribution will see projects in such areas as offering poorer value for money.

Noise was not an easy form of pollution to get to grips with. It is easy to be against chemicals in water and radiation, but noise was different. We could all agree that it would be good to reduce traffic noise, but how loud was it reasonable to play a radio on a beach? Nevertheless there were clear areas of consensus, and less noise usually meant better amenity.

Light is much more subtle and raises difficult local choices. A floodlit car park will be safer, with less crime and encourage use by those more at risk. It is also unwanted glare with a fossil fuel cost. Planners and managers need to know more about what they want to achieve, and weigh up all the costs and benefits. The rationale if not the landscape, needs to be brought out of the dark, into the light.

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This article recently appeared in *Countryside Recreation News* in the context of sports lighting. It is equally applicable to the effects of lighting on the sense of remoteness and wilderness and how we experience places. Landscape is experienced at night as others have written in *LRExtra* (see articles from Martin Spray and Janette Kerr in previous issues). Night time in many months is the only time working people may be able to enjoy their home surroundings. I know of one man who decided on a house in the village of Brill, Buckinghamshire, which in the day is a hill village island set in a hedgerowed plain with views to the Chiltern front. On the night of the auction (it was December, cold and clear), he looked out from the celebrated Windmill and saw so many lights ~ of Grendon Prison, of traffic streams and traffic roundabouts and of storage areas that he went away, alarmed at where he might have bought to settle his family. Saddened at the collapse of an idyll. Editor.



Landscape History
 MD Bateman, D Garton, V Priest and D Sainy **The dating of linear banks formed at Tils, North Northamptonshire using thermoluminescence** *East Midland Geographer* 20 1/2 pp42-49 ✓

Richard Muir **Geography and the History of landscape Half a century of development as recorded by the Geographical Journal.** In the *Geogr. Journal* 164/2 1998 pp148-154 ✓

Richard Muir **Landscape: a wasted legacy** *Area* 30/3 1998 pp263-272

Birgitta Roeck Hanson **Early agrarian landscapes in Finland.** *Geographiska Annaler* 80B/4 1998 pp187-202

Planning and Policy
 Aaron R Kelson **Integrating wilderness**

within broader landscapes: the US public lands experience. *Landuse Policy* 15/3 1998 pp181-189

David Jones & Stephen Essex **Land use change in the British Uplands: a case study of Bodmin Moor, Cornwall.** *Geography* 84/1 1999 pp11-24

Changing landscapes
 CP Phillips **The Badlands of Italy: a vanishing landscape?** *Applied Geogr.* 18/3 1988 pp243-258 ✓

Ecology and nature
 Uwe Schless and others **Variability of soils in urban and periurban areas of N Germany** *Catena* 33 1998 pp255-270 ✓

Philosophy and theory
 Jay Appleton **Nature as Honorary Art.** *Environmental Values* 7 (1998) pp255-266

Landscape meaning
 John Everitt **Presidential address: Manitoba on the mind - myths and realities of a prairie province** *The Canadian Geographer* 42/2 1998 pp114-129 ✓

Landscape in Literature
 Martin Mitchell **Landscapes and literature: A look at the early twentieth century rural south.** *Journal of Geography* 97 1998 pp204-212

Catherine Brace **Finding England everywhere: regional identity and the construction of national identity, 1890-1940** *Ecumene* 6/1 1999 pp90-109 ✓

Landscape, landform
 Phillippe Latrousse **Essai de cartographie integree des aleas naturels en zone de montagne: L'exemple de la vallee de la guisane (Hautes Alpes Brianconnais)**

Tetley **Geomorphological mapping for hazard assessment in a neotectonic terrain** *Geogr. Journal* 164/2 1998 pp183-201 ✓

Joann Mossa **The promise for geomorphic discovery in the south (of the US)** *Journal of Geography* 97 1998 pp151-161

Social landscapes
 Oma Blumen **The spatial distribution of occupational prestige in metropolitan Tel Aviv** *Area* 30/4 1998 pp343-357

Randall K Wilson **'Placing nature': the politics of collaboration and representation in the struggle for La Sierra in San Luis, Colorado** *Ecumene* 6/1

Cultural landscapes

Eileen O'Rourke **Changing identities, changing landscapes: human land relations in transition in the Aspre, Rousillon** *Ecumene* 6/1 1999 pp29-50

Robert Hay **A rooted sense of place in cross cultural perspective** *The Canadian Geographer* 42/3 1988 pp245-266

Paul Robbins **Authority and environments: institutional landscapes in Rajasthan India** *Annals of Assoc. Amer. Geogr.* 88/3 1998 pp410-435

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Richard Harris & Robert Lewis **Constructing a Fault(y) Zone: misrepresentations of American cities and suburbs 1900-1950** *Annals of Assoc. Amer. Geogr.* 88/4 1998 pp622-639

Bernard Debarbieux **The mountain in the City: social uses and transformation of a natural landform in urban space.** *Ecumene* 5/4 1998 pp399-431

Landscape and Gender

Rachel Woodward **'It's a man's life!': soldiers, masculinity and the countryside** *Gender, Place & Culture ~ A journal of feminist culture* 5/3 1998 pp277-300

Special Issues

Theme Issue, *The East Midland Geographer* 21/1 1998 16 papers on **The National Forest woodlands etc (important theme issue)**

Geogr. Journal 164/3 **Special issue on coasts, management processes, risk, sustainability.** 8 papers

Technique and Technical

NAPLIB Directory of Aerial Photographic Collections in the United Kingdom Second Edition 1999 ISBN 0 9530436 1 4 from NAPLIB c/o 'Lansdown', 3 Breton Close, Toftwood, Dereham NR19 1JH

Waste, contamination

Adam Read, Paul Phillips and Guy Robinson **Professional opinions on the evolving nature of the municipal solid waste management industry in the UK**

Geography 83/4 1998 pp331-345

Craig E Cotten **Groundwater contamination: reconstructing historical knowledge for the courts** *Applied Geogr.* 18/3 1998 pp259-274

Landscape Art, Artists

David Crouch & Mark Toogood **Everyday abstraction: geographical knowledge in the art of Peter Lanyon** *Ecumene* 6/1 1999 pp72-89

LOWER THAN THE ANGELS?

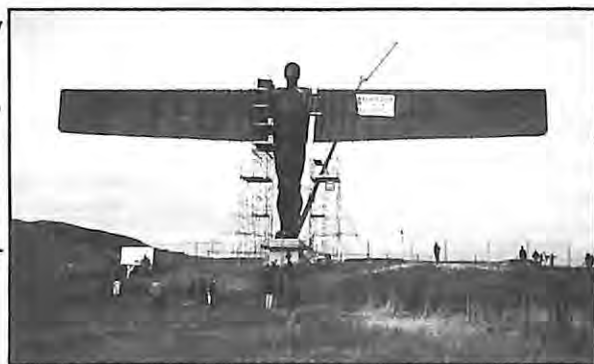
Musings on the 'Angel of the North' erected at the southern approach to Gateshead on the first anniversary of its establishment there. "It is the duty of the wealthy man to give employment to the Artisan"

Most forms of art have not been noted for their contribution to the general economy other than in retrospect. but now, it appears we are entering a new era. For the engineers, welders and metal-workers of the Gateshead region, not to speak of the civil engineering contractors responsible for placing its foundations have all had a share of the £800,000 costs



from the 'Angel of the North.'

I personally am severely critical of it as public sculpture. What is particularly surprising is the almost negligent way in which it has been sited. Ostensibly the choice of site, an eminence overlooking the western bypass of the Newcastle Gateshead Conurbation at the junction of the road that leads to the centre of Gateshead is an ideal choice. In fact the statue is first seen from the south among a confusion of highway light standards with an electricity pylon in its immediate foreground. As one comes nearer an overpass truncates the view and only when that is passed does one have a clear, though close up and fleeting sight of the statue. From other directions it is seen against a background of tall buildings or among lower buildings in its near vicinity. Travelling south towards it on the western bypass there are



views of it on the skyline as it should be seen, though from the rear! There is also a similar opportunity of a clear view from a minor road leading to Birtley on the east of the site. Otherwise it is only when viewed close up that it can be seen uncompromised by its surroundings.

This statue and its setting raises in stark relief the many questions we have to face about design and the public perception, popularism and quality. In the North of England discussion of the merits of the object have been heated and extensive, it has raised the awareness of 'art', if not necessarily contributing to the appreciation of its modern expression. The media have seized upon it as a means of selling newspapers and have fanned the flames of debate by highlighting more extreme views about it. Its impact on the Southern English seems to have been slight: opinions canvassed with a plummy art critic of the *Evening Standard* predictably dismissed it, offering the view that the town

of Gateshead was itself a 'self inflicted wound'. Against this was the enthusiastic but hardly reassuring support from a BBC executive with unbelievable cockney accent, who said "when you see it you know you're in Gateshead" What does he mean.? In the region schools, over-sixties' clubs and others have been inspired by the Angel to undertake artistic venture of their own; people have recognised this stimulus to regional pride. Many feel that a better image of the region will flow from this addition to the landscape....increases in tourism, the local economy....!

It would take an extensive study to determine just where this 'feel good' factor comes from. The creation of a strongly individual feature in the landscape has provided a focus of interest for many and for many reasons. The object itself may be invested with qualities it does not intrinsically possess, by different individuals or groups and the qualities attributed to it by one set of people may be completely unrecognisable to others. But the achievement is there and a focus of local

pride has been created. Does it matter how? At the early stages in such ventures generally, critical judgment, such as it is, is often suspended, or drowned out in the general euphoria. At later stages the very familiarity of the image is such that it becomes an accepted and loved symbol of the place it represents. The success of an object of this kind may result from careful marketing, or because the thing itself touches some chord in the public mind. Whatever the basis, the element of commercial entrepreneurship will never be far away and if not leading public opinion and acceptance will certainly play a part in its development.

The inspiration to individual artistic activity in schools and social clubs has no root in commercial instincts, though other manifestations - the incorporation of the feature in commercial logos, for example -clearly do. I hear that the artist would not be averse to the production of filled glass miniatures of the statue which could be shaken to produce a snowstorm effect; the local council has a copyright on the figure; all very good for the local economy!

This calls into question the symbolic roots of "The Angel". Most features of this kind have some historical significance and particular local connections. There are no specific records of angelic appearances in Gateshead and although there are strong religious associations in this part of England ~ St Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede in particular having left their indelible mark on the region's history ~ there are no angel legends hereabouts. So the derivation of the figure is a mystery; a snowstorm paperweight is hardly a credible antecedent! One is tempted to suggest that it is this questionable parentage that results in the figure's strangely depersonalised character. Were it not called an angel it might be taken to be the Unshriven Spirit of Nineteenth Century Engineering fast rooted to the ground until released by long awaited benediction and release.

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MEETING THE BOARD:

NANCY STEDMAN

It would appear that I have manoeuvred a route through life which has always centred around landscape, but setting up different relationships with it, and sometimes taking quite sharp changes of direction...*How did you get involved in landscape?*

I'm sure my childhood, spent living in an isolated house, surrounded by woods and fields, and close to a lake, had a significant impact. Something of a tomboy, I spent many happy hours exploring, letting my imagination run freely, but gaining an intimate knowledge of the feel of the places - hot, sunny, grassy banks contrasting with spooky shadows under leaning yew trees, golden autumn glows under arching horse chestnuts, the dappled light in birch copses, the continuously changing surface and mood of the lake - I didn't know names of species, but I certainly knew the different experiences of space and place created through the changing time of day, the seasons.



A fascination with biology, combined with an interest in art, and an enlightened school which permitted me to work to my own timetable at 'A' level, combining art and science, left me cancelling my UCCA applications at the last moment... I worked my way through a careers book looking for something that brought these interests together - and discovered landscape architecture..

On graduating from Cheltenham, you worked in private practice, in Durham, Glasgow and London, on urban regeneration, major reclamation schemes; you say you enjoyed this, it was lively and varied - but you moved on; why?

There were nagging uncertainties. Firstly, I had a sense of wanting to be involved in policy matters and land use decision, not just carrying out what the client had already decided. And secondly, I realised how important the management of the landscape was, that we are dealing with something that is constantly changing. I wanted to find ways of working with ecological processes to achieve results. And that is

something that has stayed with me. Attitudes have changed since then, but I still have reservations about some landscape design, where the ego of the designer (or the client) dominates over the character of the site. So often very fine designs are drawn up, and presented as the final, fixed, solution for the site, with little regard for the fact that, as plants grow and die, and as people's uses of sites change, such a perfect state is unlikely ever to be achieved...

This seems to me to be a basic tenet of working with landscape, especially in the rural context. There is a given - the existing site, the existing physical conditions, the site's history of management, and the social and cultural context of the site. This all in addition to how people might want to use the site, and what intentions the client might have for it. So a landscape architect has to step back, look and listen, take on board all these factors - has to be modest, not deterministic; sensitive, not egotistical - and find a way of responding to the landscape, directing the processes, not overriding them. The best design, in so many instances, is when you can't even see that someone has intervened; everything fits in so naturally, looks so appropriate for its physical location... and it is surely the continuing care of a site, the management of change, that is more important than a beautiful presentation drawing produced to impress the client.

So you made another move - this time to do the MSc in conservation and ecology at UCL, and then working for the Countryside Commission, first in Nottingham, then in London. We worked in London together.

Yes. This brought me into contact with so many people, organisations and places, and I got involved in such a wide range of issues, from local site management to major planning debates to political issues - it was gratifying mind-stretching! dealing with issues such as the review of the boundary of the Chilterns AONB - how does one draw lines in something which forms a continuum?! and the Ridgeway - how does one balance the conflicting interests of countryside users? when does the impact of a few noisy motorbikes become something that has to be controlled? how can such control be achieved? can it be enforced? Fascinating - the sort of issues that get reassessed and redefined by each new generation. But a tremendous opportunity to step back, to consider the landscape in its broadest sense, in its national, and political, context. *So why, after 5 years, did you move on to the Yorkshire Dales National Park?*

Well, this offered me an opportunity to get more 'hands-on' experience

- after all, working in the Commission you are always at one remove. Leading the Landscape Conservation Section at the Yorkshire Dales brought my landscape and conservation interests closer together, and took me out of London to a stunning landscape!

And here I dealt with the nitty-gritty, such as Tree Preservation Orders, embarking upon a programme of Limestone Pavement Orders - to protect the most striking landscapes I have ever come across in this country - setting up a Species Protection Forum to protect birds of prey, badgers, etc., giving advice on woodland, haymeadow and heather moorland management, commenting on planning applications, preparing Section 3 maps...And whilst much of it was based on liaising with residents, visitors, organisations, of course the same issues arose - where do you draw the line in a continuum?! How do you balance conflicting interests?!



But then, Nancy, five years later, you took a more drastic step, throwing it all up in the air to go back to being a student, this time a BA in Fine Art, specialising in sculpture..What was that about! A deep sense of my own mortality!!! Honestly, if I didn't

pursue my increasing interest in art now, why, I might never get the chance. In my work as a sculptor, I explore how we experience moving through a place - constructing large installations of fine, insubstantial lines, incorporating shadows and reflections - how we perceive and sense the physical space that we inhabit. In 'Champion' (a 'temporary intervention' in urban Leeds), I marked out all those lines of order and control - such as Ordnance Survey grids, administrative boundaries - across a wide stretch of car parks, canals and buildings, revealing the invisible organising



structures of society across the reality of a place that is constantly changing, through demolition and rebuilding, removal and restructuring. So I work through subtle interventions in sites, bringing attention to some feature or facet, or recreating the experiences of sites within the studio context.

You seem now to be doing a variety of jobs; what connects them? I'm aiming to bring all my interests and experience together, working as a tutor in art, as an arts administrator, and as a landscape consultant. So for instance recently I tackled the challenge of writing descriptions of the landscape that combined factual information with expression of quality and character, for the Countryside Map of England. And through administering public art projects, I am entering the debate around how to achieve good quality art that successfully addresses both the physical and the socio-cultural context of the site (and frankly I have to say that much of it in my opinion is simply not very good).

Through researching and writing 'Connecting Wakefield', a strategy for public art and pathways for the city, I explored the ways in which art can intervene and alter our response to urban spaces - not the imposition of an art object (the infamous turd in the plaza), but an intervention that enhances, and brings our attention to, our surrounds. And I am developing my research interests in this direction - in the interface between art in public spaces and landscape design.

And just to keep me in touch with those recurring debates about conflicting interests in the rural landscape, I am also a Secretary of State appointee on the Yorkshire Dales National Park Authority...

Footnote: The Editor asked me for a photo of myself; I seem to manage to avoid being photographed! So instead I offered a few examples of my work, which seems a more significant way of knowing something about me. **Nancy S**

ANTHOLOGY

The rules of the game here are not to look at the answers until you have tried to guess the date, style, author, book and intention of the passage. Test yourself!

The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door, and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beautiful forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,

§

I swam to the beach, dressed and
headed inland. I climbed up the mar-

ram-covered fore-dunes, which at this point reached no more than 70feet, and breasted the top in every expectation of a panoramic view over the Coto Donana. But I was disappointed. Ahead of me stretched a fierce, white waste devoid of tracks and vegetation. Sterile, harsh, it dazzled me like a searchlight and scorched me like a fan-heater. A strong wind blew off the sea and bore the grains of fine white sand in a constant, fast-flowing stream towards the interior. The sand-stream covered the surface of the dunes with billions of airborne particles, like a fog; this fog, three inches high, gave the dunes a shimmering, dream-like quality and filled my footprints as quickly as an incoming tide on a beach. Nothing lived in this desolate solitude - no plant, no insect, no bird; the only things that moved were the wind and the sand, which resculpted the dunes from month to month and from year to year, so that nothing stayed constant and everything flowed.....

.....In front of me, however, I knew there lay a whole sequence of habitats, one behind the other, reaching north-east through the Coto Donana to the edges of Las Marismas. After the first



line of dunes, I would pass through the following zones: the corrales, or woods of stone pines in the moist hollows on the landward side of the dunes; a line of seven freshwater lagoons running parallel with the coast at the back of the dune region; the treeless, sandy heathland of Halimium bushes (the most typical plant of the Coto, related to the cistus family, growing in thickets forming a low canopy under which small animals can find refuge); the cork oak savannah, park-like country where the tree cover becomes denser towards the

east; and finally the no-man's land of seasonal marsh between dryland and wetland, stretching along a front some 19 miles long at the edge of Las Marismas.

§

Contemporary visitors to the area are struck most forcibly by the flatness in the same way that travellers in earlier centuries were appalled by the marshes and swamps. Flat land is not often considered beautiful; it is not valued by most people with preferences for hills, valleys and mountains. 'It is generally accepted that hilly, broken country from its very nature is beautiful and it is perhaps too little realised that there is a beauty of the plain alone ... Light succeeds light in exquisite gradation, in endless perspective. The sun's rays glinting in the middle distance stretch further than the eye can reach to the dim horizon, where far and misty, the plain ends' Vaughan Cornish, a geographer much concerned with the beauty of landscape, suggested that people find the Fens a stimulating scene and 'yet one which nobody would expect, least of all those brought up among the hills'. He described an encounter on a train to Ely with a Scottish gamekeeper who 'was as much thrilled by the sense of space as a newcomer is thrilled by the sense of height'. "Whichever way I look" he said, "there is nothing to interfere with the view."

§

It is the nearer prospect, however, which forms the chief source of wonder as we look from the summit of the Puy de Dome. Between us and the great plain of the Limagne lies a strip of the elevated granitic plateau - tract of bare uneven ground, traversed by some deep valleys that descend towards the east. On this plateau rises a chain of isolated conical hills, stretching due north and south from the Puy de Dome, which is the highest point in the district. Unconnected by ridges and watersheds into a regular chain, like a common range of hills, they shoot up from a dark sombre kind of tableland, at a steep angle, into cones which seem to be

completely separated from each other. Cone behind cone, from a mere hillock up to a good hill, rises from the brown waste for some twenty miles to the north and south of the great Puy. Some of them are partially clothed with beech-woods, but most have a coating of coarse grass and heath, intermingled here and there with numerous wild flowers. Where devoid of vegetation their slopes consist of loose dust and stones, like parts of the tableland on which they stand. Wolves still harbour in their solitudes among the dense woods that clothe some of the slopes.

ROAD NOISE IN BIRDLAND

Some people may be so accustomed to walking the pavements of busy roads (we compensate) that they have not considered the effect traffic has on wildlife. One obvious one is the deaths of birds through collisions ~ between 10 and 60 million a year ~ but some research in the Netherlands confirms that there is another measurable effect.



Even ignoring the sad bundles of feathers on the carriageways the traffic noise has now been proved to reduce the bird's breeding density. The papers I refer to are by four Dutch ornithologists (Rien Reijnen, Ruud Foppen, Cajo ter Braak and Johan Thissen) and consider a range of species. They took paired sites close to and distant from busy roads with areas of woodland nearby, and analysed the densities of 43 different species of birds breeding in woodland. Of these 26 species (60%) showed evidence of reduced density.

For roads with 10,000 cars per day the reduced density was apparent up to 1.5kms from the road and for very busy roads (up to 60,000 cars per day) the effect was felt up to 2.8kms away. The analysis clearly showed that it was the noise and not the sight of the

traffic that was affecting the birds. Various different analyses were performed on different data sets and significant results were found for the following species: Buzzard, Pheasant, Woodcock, Cuckoo, Woodpigeon, Great and Lesser Spotted Woodpecker, Tree Pipit, Icterine Warbler, Garden Warbler, Wood Warbler, Goldcrest, Golden Oriole, Magpie, Hawfinch and Chaffinch. These cover a whole range of species: some are very rare or unknown in Britain, but the list includes British birds that are very common and widespread

The effect could be detected for five of the latter species over a kilometre from roads with 10,000 cars per day and over two kilometres (almost three kilometres with some) from roads with 60,000 cars per day. Three species, scarce or rare in lowland SE England, come out as particularly vulnerable. They are Wood Warbler, Golden Oriole and Hawfinch which are calculated to be diminished by 73%, 85% and 81% by the presence of a road carrying 10,000 cars per day as little as 250metres away.

Two of the Dutch papers concerned just one species, the Willow Warbler. This is the most common summer migrant to breed in Britain and the effects of traffic were dire. Close to roads Willow Warblers bred less densely, there were fewer experienced males, they were less successful at breeding and the birds that survived to breed, positively shunned the road area.

Further research confirmed that similar effects happened along roads through grassland habitats, to the different range of species breeding there. A handbook has been produced by the team. This has diagrams which show how mitigating works which can reduce these damaging effects.

These results have particular implications for planning and readers will link this with notions of Tranquillity, light intrusion and the human experience of landscape loss. They prove that a harmful effect may be present even if an area is not itself directly invaded by a new road. I feel that results prove that an effect of a proposed road on an adjacent statutorily notified area, for its birds, becomes a proper planning consideration. At the very least a buffer area might be needed around an SSSI (site of special scientific

interest) or NNR (national nature reserve) and in the most extreme cases road plans may have to be changed or even abandoned.

The wholly separate consideration of road traffic accident effects are dealt with in a paper in *British Wildlife* (May 1997 issue). Here it is not the very busy roads which are the problem. They are rather few and far between and, in any case, have so much movement and noise that the birds are scared away. The majority of the bird deaths happen on minor roads in suburbs and on country roads. These are a much greater length of roads than the motorways and often have features that ordinary birds like - such as hedges - close to them.

All three of the Dutch papers appear in the *Journal of Applied Ecology* - one of the scientific journals published by the British Ecological Society. References are 1994 31, 95-101, 31,85-94 & 32, 187-202

The Handbook referred to is: *Predicting the effects of Motorway Traffic on Breeding Bird Populations* ISBN903693707 B. For copies contact Road & Hydraulic Engineers Division, PO Box 5044, 2600 GA Delft, The Netherlands.

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ANTHOLOGY ANSWERS

William Wordsworth Tintern Abbey lines 9 to 28. July 1798. Poet needing no introduction yet every introduction. This poem makes me want to read more and then I see the 628 pages double column text (published by Frederick Warne and Co, London and New York and I wonder where to begin. Written in the Wye Valley two hundred and one years ago. Deals with Tranquillity, meaning and value, landscape ecology ("...little lines of sportive woods run wild"....) and a little touch of Hermit.

§

Wilderness Europe: The World's Wild Places

1976 Time Life Books/ Amsterdam. Douglas Botting pp111-112. One of those highly illustrated books but in this case, as no doubt in others, backed by excellent writing. Here we have experience, the heat, the view, geomorphic process ~ the sand particles driven on the wind and biogeographical landscape explanation, by zones. It is difficult making a list sound literary in few words, but a great loss not to insert one. Myself I find this an invitation to explore, and it parallels in its geography, the rather austere geological landscape depicted by Geikie.

§

John Gold and Jacquelin Burgess Editors Valued Environments. London George Allen and Unwin 1982. Chapter 3 Filming the Fens: a visual interpretation of regional character. From a symposium but much reshaped. Jacqui Burgess now teaches at University College of London and is Chair of LRG. She was brought up in Fenland and this work came out of her contribution to a TV documentary about its landscape. Lots of good stuff and so long ago!! Readable. Pieces by other members of LRG.

§

Archibald Geikie Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad. Geikie was Director General of the Geological Surveys of the United Kingdom in 1882 when he wrote this. London Macmillan and Co 1882. In the same year he also published Text Book of Geology in 970 pages which was the explanation of geology for his era.

GARDEN CONSERVATION

AA NEWSLETTER No 24.

Issue 24 contains a contents list for the last eight years - the length of time this AA newsletter has been produced. Looking over this last from the 24 issues, the overall story of historic garden conservation has been upbeat and encouraging. The Great Storm of 1987 opened the funding gates for historic gardens in their own right, in recognition of their importance. It was a great milestone. The status and protection of gardens continues to strengthen with the upgrade of the English Heritage Register and the tireless work of the Garden History Society in their role as a Statutory Body, and the County

Gardens Trusts movement thrives and grows with nearly 34 County Trusts fully operational with more on the way and comprising an excess of 7,000 members between them, and they are still growing fast. The Architectural Association's garden conservation course has grown and bloomed. The alumni from the last 10 years now reach into triple figures and there are not many areas of garden conservation where there is not a familiar name or face working diligently. The volume of garden history literature has grown too. Whereas it was not easy to put together a bookshelf page eight years ago, now it is a question of what to leave out. Similarly, the events page. There are seminars, conferences, lectures, study days and even organised holidays to choose from and organisers can no longer assume their chosen dates will not clash. Last but not means least, a cash value has been placed on voluntary work which helps with matching funding requirements for schemes and the volume of available paid work has increased. It pays garden conservationists to volunteer their time, particularly to the gardens trusts!

You may have correctly detected the prelude to a swan song! After eight years and twenty four issues, it is high time you had a new editor. It has been the greatest joy to edit these pages and I value the friendships I have made.

Pamela Paterson
Jermyn Street, London

I shall miss your regular postings and wish you and your husband good health and happiness. I never did get to Jermyn Street! Our newsletters are of about the same age: our first was 1988 and it is our 26th this issue. Happy 'retirement', Pamela. Editor

ENGLISHNESS THROUGH LANDSCAPES

Matless, David, Landscape and Englishness London: Reaktion 1998 366 pages ISBN: 1-861890-22-2

It is not often that an academic book pro-

vides an entertaining as well as enlightening read, yet this is what David Matless has achieved in Landscape and Englishness. This book makes a substantial contribution to current work - mainly in academic journals - on the construction and representation of English national identity in the twentieth century. The theme of the book - the intertwining of landscape and senses of Englishness - will be a familiar one to some readers. Nevertheless this theme is explored here in David's highly readable and accessible style.

The book covers the period from around 1918 to the 1950s, a period in which "many of the contemporary assumptions regarding landscape took shape and yet which also shows striking differences to today" (p14). The structure is an unusual one. The book is composed of three main parts, each part containing one chapter addressing visions of landscape and another discussing their connection to questions of citizenship and the body. The latter has been the focus of the author's work for some time and here takes the form of a sustained account which synthesises a wide range of primary source material. This is Matless' great skill: the ability to marshal complex, detailed historical sources and weave a compelling narrative from them.

The two chapters in part one deal with debates in the 1920s and 1930s surrounding preservation and progress in the countryside and how these influenced the relationship between landscape and citizenship. There is a particularly illuminating account of the broader political predilections of the main figures in the planner-preservationist movement. The material is richly contextualised, he refers to a range of writings, and this in a way characteristic of the book as a whole.

Part two provides a contrast to part one by examining the work of organicists including patriotic 'back to the land' personalities and groups, in creating a counter-current of Englishness and a different kind of physical engagement with the landscape. Finally, part three shows how the planner-preservationist movement, examined in part one, achieved considerable power in post-war reconstruction. For me, part three was the most interesting and provided the most original insights into the war and post-war period. It is refreshing to find a piece of research that



does not treat the Second World War as an insurmountable barrier beyond which attitudes to landscape and identity were somehow radically different from what went before. On this David devotes three chapters to landscapes of war, post-war reconstruction and the senses of citizenship cultivated therein.

Whilst attending to the symbolic meaning of places and specific local debates, his arguments are "organised in terms of the versions of landscape and Englishness produced by more or less influential cultural movements" (page 14). To the book's disadvantage, this can sometimes make the contemporary arguments seem somehow ungrounded. On the other hand, my own experiences of writing this kind of landscape history has shown me that debates about landscape, access, preservation, environment and citizenship transcend location. He makes an effort to unearth the provenance and significance of debates in wider society. Such an approach gives free reign to the breadth and depth of his knowledge, and he has a characteristic ability to make all kinds of connections, to tell a convincing tale ~ almost a yarn ~ about England, with a smattering of the quirky and eccentric. Sometimes, refreshingly, we are even invited to giggle. He is successful in his aim to draw out the historicity and spatiality of the arguments and demonstrates the ways in which practices and ideas about landscape and Englishness may have different and sometimes contradictory meanings in different times, periods and places.

David Matless' book is part of an excellent new series from Reaktion entitled Picturing

the British Empire. His new book is a welcome addition to the series. Scrupulously researched, *Landscape and Englishness* should be read by anyone interested in the power of landscape to inform the construction of English national identity.

Catherine Brace
Exeter University Department of Geography

Illustration shows a typical book cover of the Batsford series, designer Brian Cook. Catherine tells me that they have produced a book devoted to these illustrations and has managed to acquire a copy.

CONTENTS OF LANDSCAPE RESEARCH

Editor Paul Selman writes:

The Spring 1999 edition of *Landscape Research*. Volume 24 number 1 commences with an erudite piece of historical geography by Keith Lilley. His paper on "Urban landscapes and the cultural politics of territorial control in Anglo-Norman England" examines the ways in which urban landscapes were physically shaped to meet the changing needs and desires of aristocratic elites during the 11th and 12th centuries. Looking particularly at Alnwick, Bridgnorth and Ludlow, the author analyses their morphologies, and shows how these

History which includes many other books of potential interest to members of the Landscape Research Group, such as James Ryan's excellent *Picturing empire: photography and the visualisation of*

developed to assist aristocratic lords in establishing and retaining their political control along the frontier of the Norman kingdom. The paper is especially interesting both for its empirical contribution to evidence on urban history, and its re-evaluation of morphologically based methods for understanding the evolution of townscapes.

Darren Crook and Anne Jones provide an examination of 'Traditional irrigation and its importance to the tourist landscape of Valais, Switzerland'. My awareness of the contribution to cultural landscape made by traditional irrigation systems was first awakened by Anne Jones and Chris Hunt's studies of Gozo, and my first ever visit to the Canary Islands last year enabled me to cast a tourist's gaze over the fascinating network of stone conduits which supply water to the arid terraces. The authors describe how, in the Central and Haut Valais, the principal bisse network extends nearly 800 kilometres, whilst its smaller distributors extend this to over 2000 kilometres. This clearly has a major effect on the landscape, enhanced by the traditional ruissellement methods used finally to spread the water. All three levels of Swiss government - federal, cantonal and communal - have recognised this significance, by grant aiding farmers and local irrigation institutions to conserve traditional farming practices. This paper concludes by evaluating the success of policy interventions in protecting the traditional landscape.

The importance of ponds to the appearance and ecology of the landscape has been an area of great interest to policy makers and country lovers alike. The drying out of farmland (especially on the lower ground), following the almost universal use of arterial and field drainage during this century, and the compounding effect of river and groundwater abstraction, has led to a massive loss of wetlands and open water. The re-creation of ponds has been a policy objective for various countryside agencies, and has more recently been a focus of research and action for landscape ecologists, for whom the loss of, and increasing distance between, wetland habitats has been of growing concern. John Boothby, a leading player in the Pond Life Project, makes a welcome contribution on 'Framing a strategy for pond landscape conservation: aims, objectives and issues'. He notes that surveys confirm falling pond

numbers and densities, increasing landscape fragmentation and changing biodiversity status. As well as chronicling current trends, however, Boothby sets out a ten-point strategy for reversing this decline. The key themes of this strategy are information needs, valuation, stewardship and awareness.

Quantitative approaches to the comprehension of landscape appreciation have become somewhat unfashionable in America and Europe latterly, but his neglect is not universal. Yoji Aoki, of the Japanese National Institute for Environmental Studies, contributes a helpful review of 'Trends in the study of psychological evaluation of landscape'. The article identifies a range of concerns displayed by researchers into quantitative landscape appreciation, especially studies which reflect human reactions to different landscape types. These comprise; approaches to sampling; methods of presenting landscapes to respondents (for example, through slides or on site); descriptors used for landscape attributes; analytical and predictive models of landscape appreciation; and the application of these methods to physical planning. Of especial value is Aoki's synopsis of innovations since the 1950s, and the extensive bibliography.

The journal concludes with a healthy crop of book reviews, ably assembled by Ian Thompson. On this occasion, a diverse range of reviewers cover historical geography, eastern garden designs, historic landscape registers, the 'great and the good' in landscape architecture, landscape ecology, symbolic landscapes and innovative architecture. Responses by readers of Landscape Research reveal a continuing appreciation of the informative and insightful reviews section, and Ian Thompson is always pleased to hear from potential new reviewers.

SOJOURN IN SAMILAND

In September this year, I was invited to attend a conference near Helsinki. I'd never been to Finland before so I decided to take some extra days off to trek in Northern Lapland. Few of my friends had ever con-

templated travelling in Finland. Like me, many had been put off by Finland's reputation, according to my Lonely Planet guide, of being 'the most expensive country in the world'. My son thought differently. At an age when fishing for trout is more important than



fishing for girls, he was sure I should go. He had read the guidebook and learnt that fishing permits were not required for under 16s, and that Lapland, in particular, offered fishing opportunities unrivalled in Europe. He even calculated that, at the rate of one a day, it would take a person over 500 years to fish every lake in the Finland. In his view this must be nirvana. It was just his luck that he could not join me as his school would restart the week before I was due to depart.

Finland certainly is not the most expensive country in the world. There are real bargains to be had particularly, for those like me, who enjoy hiking and travelling rough. I flew to Finland with Finnair (top marks for the service and logo incidentally), which allowed me to take advantage of cheap internal flights. A one and three quarter hour flight from Helsinki to Ivalo (the most northerly civil airport in Finland) took me more than 300km north of the Arctic Circle yet still a good distance south of the northernmost edge of the pine forest.

I'd decided to travel to the far north to get some relief from the persistent Finnish forest and enjoy the experience of walking in open tundra. I travelled on to Inari - centre of Sami culture, before the trees became less prominent and even further north to the Lemmenjoki National Park before I began to feel I was really in open 'wilderness'. I took a service bus which had 20 passengers as we left Inar then a post bus with 8 passengers for the second stage of the journey and finally an 8 metre long canoe with an outboard motor which took me beyond Ahkun Tupa, the last habitation before entering the largest

National Park in Finland. The trip up the Lemmenjoki river lasted almost one hour before the noise of the Ravadas waterfall signalled the end of our journey. It was the last boat of the season before the long winter. I shared the journey, some very spicy Estonian salami and the remainder of my duty free whisky with the pilot (and his dog), a customs officer, a nurse, and two gold panners. It was hacking cold, the husky snaffled the sausage and the rest of us the whisky. We parted at the waterfalls - the nurse to look for semi precious stones for her jewelry making, the panners in search for gold and me a 'wilderness hut' in which to 'crash-out' for the night. The pilot and his dog returned with a few back packers and bedraggled prospectors keen for the sauna and other creature comforts awaiting them at Ahkun Tupa.

It was to take me two days to make the return journey overland. During this time I met no one save a Hungarian with a penchant for lizards who taught me about Finno-Ugric languages and why Finnish and Hungarian sound so similar. It was for me a very lonely but memorable time. I was sustained mentally by Henry David Thoreau and physically by my frequent bingeing on lingonberries, winberries and other fruits of the forest at their ripest just as the leaves were beginning to turn. Within a day or so this feast would be destroyed by the first frosts of winter. It is in this brief period that Samiland is at its colourful best. The Finns call it 'ruskaa': different shades of yellow, orange and red all around. Perhaps most spectacular are the leaves of the black bearberry which turns the fells into swathes of bright red. The wilderness is even more tranquil at this time. Many birds had by then migrated south. There was next to no site or sound of wildlife save the occasional screech of a blue jay flashing through the dark forest. Even the ospreys had deserted their nests.

I had to find my way back to Ahkun Tupa on foot. Skirting the edge of the forest to keep warm and wandering onto adjacent fells to photograph trees reflected in the still waters of lakes and pools I managed with the aid of a compass and very good scale maps to find a 'wilderness hut' where I was to spend my second night. Wilderness huts are open at all times. The rules are similar to those using mountain bothies in Scotland They are

meant for a single night's accommodation using your own sleeping bag and ground pad. You carry back the rubbish you carried out and you raid the tinned food store only in an emergency leaving money in the honesty box. Most importantly, before you leave, always cut



wood to replenish what you've used. The ubiquitous sauna will take a lot of wood to heat you up and the adjacent lake a mere second or so to cool you off.

I soon got into the habit of using the sauna first thing in the morning and last thing at night. When trekking I would fire the sauna in the early evening and settle down to read Thoreau's "Walden" before tuning my Walkman to the BBC World Service after dark. I planned to re-read "Walden" whilst in Lapland in the belief that it would sharpen my appreciation of his philosophy. It did, leaving me with a better understanding of the qualities that make wilderness areas special and more committed to defend them and the need to conserve areas of my own country for the quiet contemplative enjoyment of nature for its own sake.

After almost three days in the wilderness I had a night to recover at Ahkun Tupa returning to Inari. I set off early the following day by taxi in time to catch the post bus which also served to collect children on their way to school. It was dank and drizzly.....the temperature barely rose above freezing all day. Although I was less than 20 degrees south of the North Pole and well into the second half of September, I was a little disappointed that the first snow of winter had yet to arrive. 'Please don't wish the snow upon us' said Unski, the barman at the Hotel Inari where I stayed, "It will arrive soon enough and remain with us "till early May for sure". No wonder the locals were looking miserable.

I spent the first night in the hotel watching a European Champions league match in the bar. The Finnish team lost so the locals became more miserable and even more drunk. One woman, dressed in army fatigues, was the centre of attention. She had won the jackpot on the fruit machine earlier in the day, had been drinking with her friends ever since. Around nine o'clock a taxi arrived and the six friends, all the worse for wear, piled in and sped off up into the northern night.

All was quiet save for the bubbling of the coffee percolator. Unski, confided in me that he too would shortly be getting away for his annual holiday in Tenerife, to charge his batteries before the onset of winter. I had read about the high rate of suicide in Finland and the psychological effects that sunlight deprivation can have on some people. "Quite how cold does it get" I wondered, and "how do people cope with the months of almost perpetual darkness ahead of them?" Surely, I thought, there must be more to life in Inari than getting drunk on Lapin Kulta beer and watching Sky TV. Not much more, it seems, at least at this time of the year. He told me that as part of their national service training young conscripts have to attend winter camps in Lapland where they are taught how to survive in temperatures of minus 40 degrees celcius for days on end. A couple of tips I learnt was not to wash at these low temperatures. Apparently this reduces perspiration and helps insulate the skin. In the event of frost-bite setting in on the face, the golden rule I was told is to cover the affected part with the palm of the hand to slowly restore the circulation but never be tempted to hurry this process by rubbing. Unski's tale of an army colleague who had the tip of his nose snapped off in this way almost prompted me to enquire about toilet arrangements in the frozen forests before I thought better of it, ordered a cocoa, and bade him good night. I did wonder however, while wallowing in the warmth of the sauna that evening, if the temperatures ever used to get down to minus 40 at Walden Pond!

Gareth Roberts
Intrepid Explorer
Countryside Council for Wales

MOSS FOR THE EASTER GARDEN

Out yesterday the icy wind forced us into a sitka plantation at Pizwell. Trees swaying in a sharp northwest wind, a forked tree groaning, explosive utterances through the trunk. Anxiously we lend an ear. The ground thick with the pine needles of thirty winters and a thousand storms. Soft mosses profusely smothering the sharp brown brash, climbing old stumps, venturing to the water's edge. Black, black water symbolic in an very old extraction track. But mosses' lively green exploring unpromising wastes, little landscapes demonstrating habitat preferences. Fairy scale ridges clothed in Polytrichum, pine trees in miniature, alpine meadows of Eurhynchium, close cropped stumps enveloped by soft green wool make kopjes in a landscape through a magic filter of the mind; patches of wet green liverwort, small pools.

600 species we read as we sit by our Jotul stove, the winter wind deadened by thick walls and thicker thatch. Another landscape to explore.

For the first time this publication has been produced in Quark Express. It has led to a new layout (though much of the old remains) and the use of Arial Narrow for much of the text. It will evolve.