Winter is upon us, long walks in bare trees; home to fires and at last some reading. And then soft mild weather and heavy rain. Yesterday heavy snow. Time to plan things: in May you are invited here to Dartmoor for a spring-turns-to-summer short field meeting cum AGM.

It could be a lovely holiday event.

Details a few pages on.

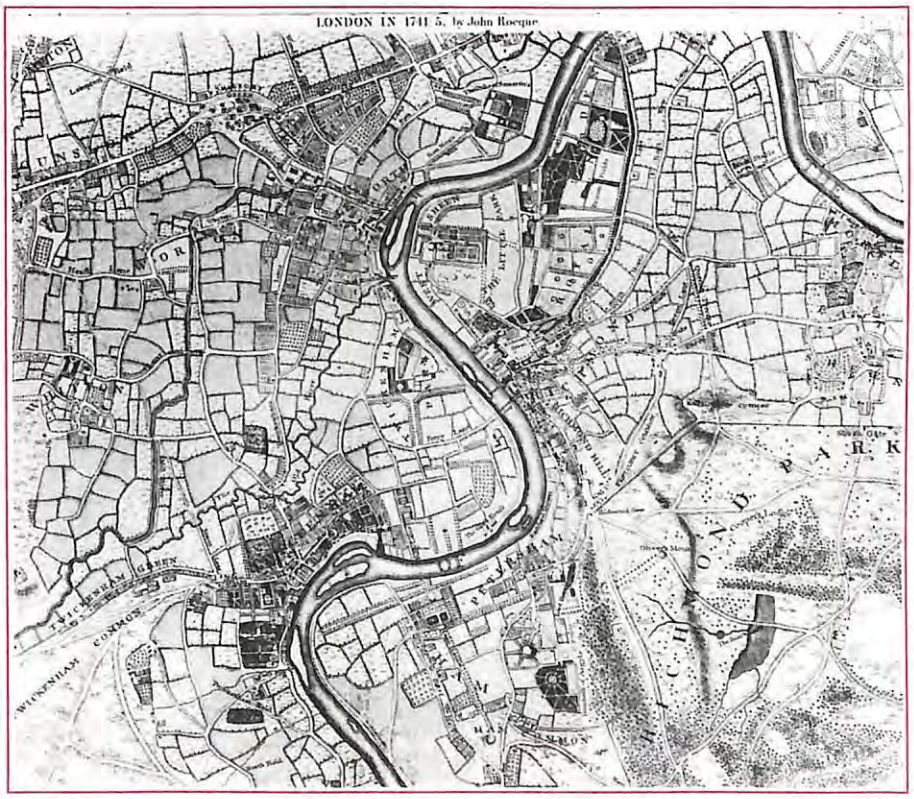
LANDSCAPE RESEARCH EXTRA 32

mid- January 2003

London landscape history: McDowall

In my late fifties the absence of a meaningful pension concentrates the mind wonderfully. I live in outer London, next to Richmond Park, and six years ago wrote and self-published a walker's guide to its landscape. I was amazed by its success and, on the strength of it, went on to produce with a friend a similar guide to Hampstead Heath. In a couple of weeks' time I shall publish a third guide, this time to a short stretch of the Thames, from Hampton to Richmond Bridge. With luck they'll keep me off the streets.

However, these books are not simply about making a buck. With no background in the field I have become increasingly fascinated by the landscape and by how precious it is. I have acquired a heightened



awareness of the value of these particular open spaces for us town dwellers. Why? There are few people today who are born, live and die in the same place. Most of us move and this has been going on for large numbers of people since the Industrial Revolution. There is a sense in which those of us who live in the metropolitan region of Britain are de-racinated, uncertain of who we are. It is no accident

Contributors

David McDowall
David Gill
Philip Pacey
Malcolm Miles
Paul Selman
Martin Spray
Bud Young

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

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or emails to young @airphotointerpretation.com

that the further one travels from Greater London, the clearer and more confident people are about their identity. Three vital elements, it seems to me, contribute to that identity: community, continuity and imagination.

Individuals can do something about their sense of community if they wish to. I am interested here in the other two elements. Large numbers of urban dwellers find their recreation in their open spaces. Most of us find solace in the beauty and in the illusion these open spaces give of *rus in urbe*. However, knowledge of the history of a particular landscape provides a much richer understanding of where we fit into a process of continuity, not necessarily with our community, but with the land on which we live. Amazingly, the three areas I have worked on, contain highly visible traces of a continuity stretching back to pre-medieval and medieval worlds, sufficient to create a rudimentary picture of an earlier scene and how it functioned. As one gets closer to the 21st century, those traces multiply and it is possible to see, for example, the scene which eighteenth century gentry aspired to. A crucial element in the preservation of this landscape has almost invariably been the very limited amount of building or agriculture since the middle ages, although Ham, on the Surrey bank of the Thames provides an extraordinary and ecologically fascinating exception of a modern, post-industrial, created landscape.

These open spaces are extremely unusual and very precious because they are not at risk of development or of modern agriculture. The latter implies another vital quality: they are not subject to chemical agriculture and are therefore of potentially great importance ecologically. Richmond Park has been an SSSI for almost a decade. Hampstead Heath contains many indicator trees of ancient woodland, notably wild service trees and woodland hawthorn. It boasts hedgerows, or ghosts of them, that date back at least to the thirteenth century.

Yet everywhere the pressure of humankind threatens to destroy these precious urban assets. Forty years ago there were still hares in Richmond Park. Twenty years ago there were still partridge. Both seem to have gone. Skylarks are extremely unusual. Chemical farming drives them from the countryside, our cars and dogs drive them from Richmond Park. And this is where I start to wax indignant. If we cannot be bothered to get it right on our doorstep, what hope can we have for the bigger picture? We preside over a process of progressive diminishment, which is very bad news selfishly for us and, less selfishly, for future generations. If my guidebooks help retard that diminishment locally (I'm under no illusion about the overall trend) and encourage a constituency of outraged resistance to erosion of our local landscapes and what they contain, I shall be well satisfied.

David McDowall
Richmond TW10 6JQ

Front page map
John Rocque's maps from Hampton downstream. Rocque, a Frenchman, came to London in the 1730s. In 1737 he embarked upon a large-scale survey of London and its environs, based upon true bearings and trigonometry to achieve accuracy and consistency. His maps are enormously useful as a guide to making historical sense of the landscape.

NB
David McDowall's guides are listed later under Should You Read?

May 2003 LRG meeting & AGM in Dartmoor

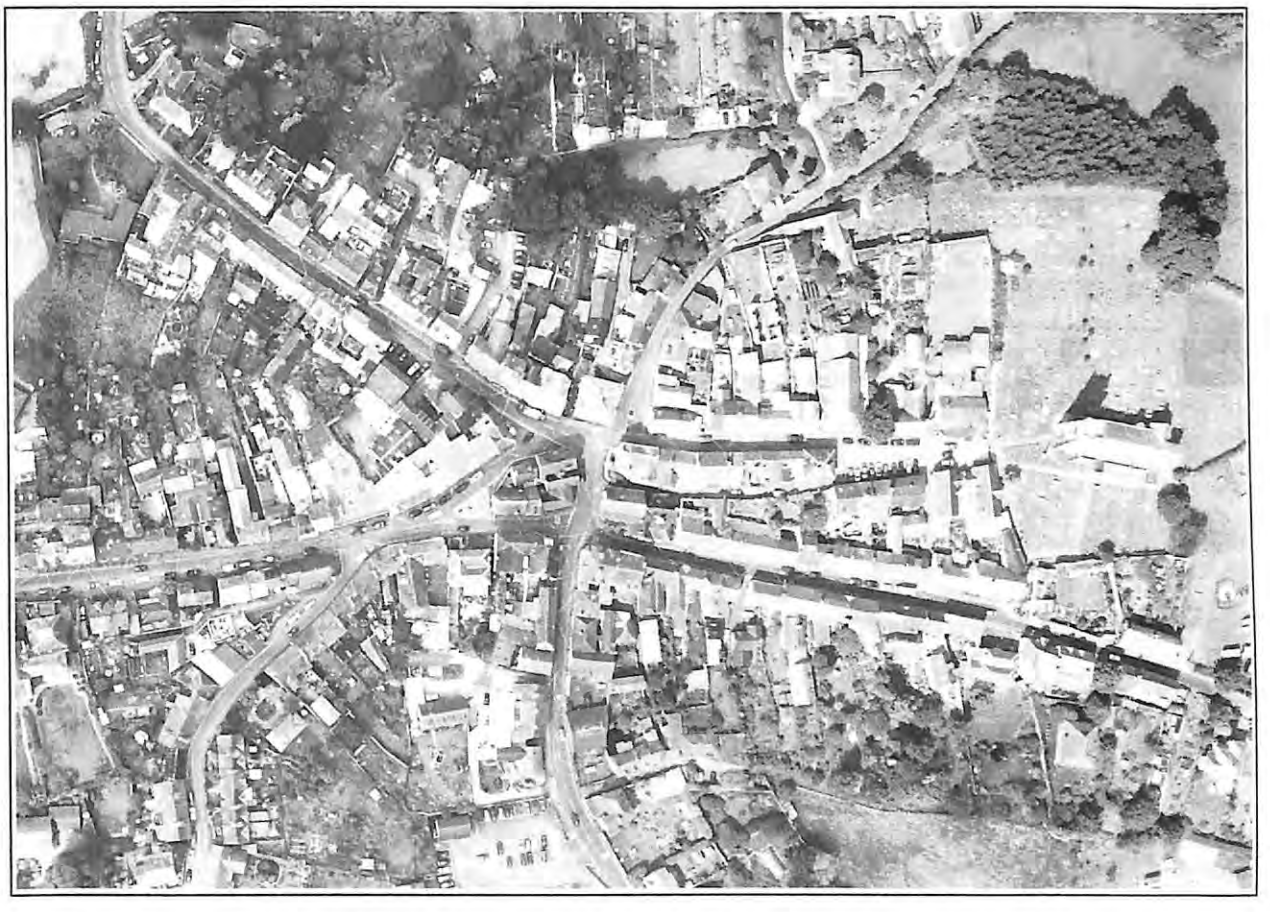
We plan to hold a combined AGM and Board meeting out of town/in the provinces/in the sticks, in May of this year. A suitable set of dates seems to be May 8th arrive (at whatever time), May 9th do business and go on excursion, May 10th (a Saturday) leave or stay on. alternatively days centred on the 23rd. Final details in next issue. Info from me Bud Young at 01647 440904 (also see front page for email).

Hopefully we will have the very best seasonal weather in the Northwest Dartmoor 12 miles west of Exeter. It will be based at the editor's office and house, a 17th century thatched cottage with Methodist schoolhouse in the middle of the town. It will stray with some deliberation out into local landscapes which include some of the best of typical rock-strewn, tor-studded moorland side by side with thatched villages and wooded stream valleys. There may be lambs, there are always buzzards (badgers, foxes), the light could be gorgeous (or not of course). My diaries for a recent year reads:

"...Most leaves out but not ash (8th May) bracken still grey brown, (May 12th) bluebells everywhere, ladies smock in the wet meadows and red campion and stitchwort in the lanes, broom out on the lane up to Mardon, lilac out in the garden.
Worked sowing vegetables till 9 pm, silaging already two weeks on, and first sight of blue flax in the occasional arable field". I think it is the most lovely time of year.

There is a lot to explore and discuss or just enjoy outdoors, not least the many different qualities of the Dartmoor landscape which the editor knows as his own territory, the fabric to his life and a formative part of the family's personality.

We will engage with the landscape from geology upwards through soils and history to flowers and buildings. For the sensation seeker, come and see the Scots pine mobile phone masts the last addition to the landscape. On landscape history we can examine the traces of a WW2 D-Day assembly site. There will be contact with old and up to date aerial photographs of the area in 3D and on computer. That, with elegant cartography is what this office does.



I will help you to arrange the kind of accomodation you require, and have my eye inter alia on the Ring of Bells, a thatched inn at the sleepy nest village, North Bovey which is a brisk short walk from Moreton. Moretonhampstead, by the way, is a thriving but small town, twenty societies, four pubs, a delicatessen, travel shop, second hand bookshop, post office, hairdresser cottage hospital etc. and I show you an aerial views of it above.

The programme (necessarily short) will concentrate on being outdoors in contrasting landscapes. Not too strenuous and never far from base. I suggest that you should stay over one night (before) and may wish to make it two nights. Spouses/partners might find this a very pleasant break including the local excursions. The only cost will be for board lodging and getting here. We should be able to pick up those who wish to come by train to Exeter.

And Exeter is not so remote at least not from the Centre of England or London but a bit of a yomp from the North or North Wales. Sorry about that! Further details nearer the date. Please get in touch.
If this were a CPD event it would score it as under under the following:

- Explore and understand a major regional landscape
- Examine the particular nature of granite rocks and soils
- Find how different sites within a landscape differ in wetness, soil type and land use
- Consider the notion of landfacets and their relationship to landscape sub types
- Use aerial photography in digital and 3D hardcopy
- Discuss with local experts and the landscape elite (yes, members of LRG) [talk among yourselves!]
- Look at a nearly lost WW2 use of local Mardon Down. And meet in the same room the American officers used for R&R.

My office is at 4.30 from centre on the above image of Moretonhampstead.

Bud Young

Garden History Society: Winter Lecture Series

Venue: The Gallery, 70 Cowcross Street, London EC1M 6EJ (nearest tube station **Farringdon**)
Dates and times: all lectures are on Wednesday evenings starting at 6.30pm. Weekly events.

ring 020 7608 2409 or send an e-mail to
enquiries@gardenhistorysociety.org

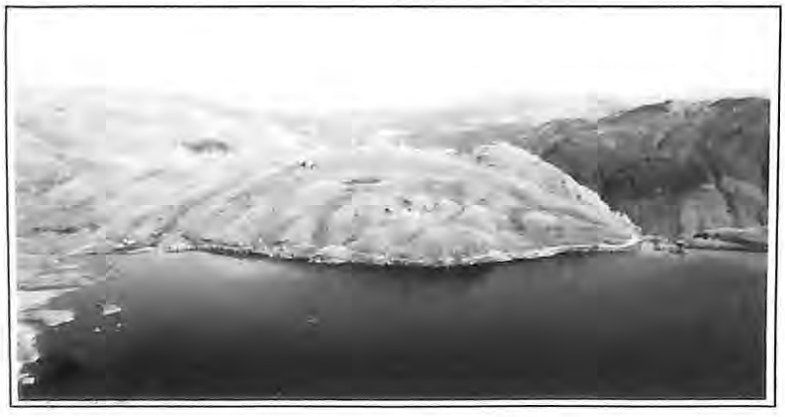
NON-ESTHETIC ANALYSIS OF LANDSCAPE

Is this title self-contradictory? Is beauty or are degrees of beauty implicit in the word landscape and not to be separated? Martin Spray's article in this issue extends the reader to the ultimate position of self-doubt: does landscape exist? If not, we are, (as said St Paul, of the Resurrection) "without hope". For we all rely on it whether for our livings or for the interest and consolation it offers us. Does landscape not exist where there is none to view it? A mental construct. Semantics?

Of course it does...it must exist! Surely? But that is for the philosopher. The scientist has a well respected scientific way of analysing landscape/land and it is called the Land Systems method. Here is an explanation. But first.....

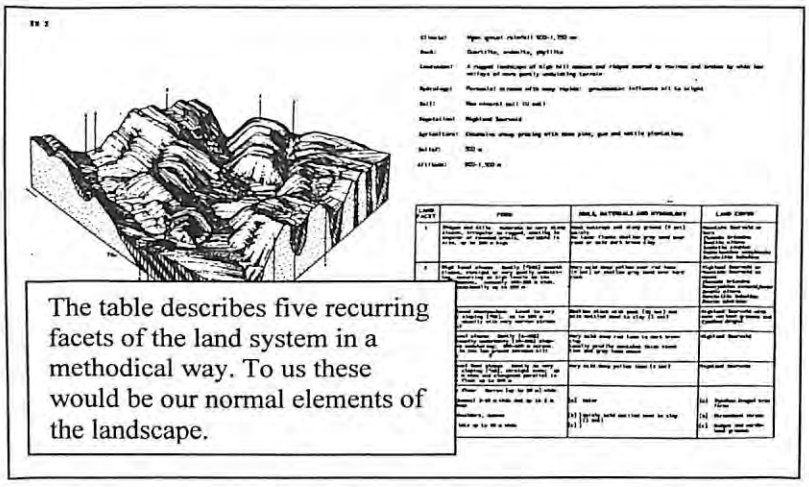
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.....It is said that each generation has to learn the ideas of the previous generation. The present writer at 63 senses this as true. Referring to rediscovering forgotten methods for Land (scape) surveys, Charles Rossetti with the writer's geomorphologist ex-colleague, Bruce King (unpublished 1995) makes the following observations: "It has already been stressed that land surveys produced in recent years in countries like Mauritania and Senegal, by the almost exclusive use of



satellite imagery are misleading. They are said to be inexpensive and require minimal fieldwork. *Specialists, who do not rely entirely on satellite imagery, are accused of being old-fashioned".* [but note the Rossetti's viewpoint is of one who sets great store, as did the present writer, on aerial photography Ed.]. "Rossetti has researched techniques which might be considered obsolete, because in the countries where they were developed, they have been outgrown by today's needs. This is not the case with the Australian Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation (CSIRO) land system technique," (3D airphoto based, Ed.) "which Rossetti had the opportunity to study in central Australia in 1957, and which has since then, been used extensively in Africa, India, south-east Asia and the South Pacific."

The editor of LRExtra was one of those using Land Systems methodology overseas in the 1960s and 70s, and has since used the method for the exploration of landscape (in North Worcestershire - see Landscape Research 19/3) and for the delineation of land (scape) facets (understandable homogeneous sites) in the



The table describes five recurring facets of the land system in a methodical way. To us these would be our normal elements of the landscape.

Mountains of Mourne (Northern Ireland). The latter work was to enable heather monitoring.

The Land Systems method is now rarely heard of but was for many years widely adopted for the survey of extensive overseas territories and the block diagram on the left shows a typical outcome. This was part of a long and costly military research programme. It is a stereo airphoto based method. And when one looks at it, it is a "without frills analysis" of the bare bone elements of landscape plus its vegetation cover. Without frills because it does not take account of esthetics, the beauty *qua* beauty elements of form and colour and how this is perceived. Work in North Worcestershire by the present writer aimed to extend the method towards 'landscape with esthetic'. But esthetic evaluation sits uncomfortably with objective analysis and map boundaries? How do we attempt to put values on ever changing views from a series of points? Refer to work such as "The View from the Road" by Appleyard et al for a linear view of this perhaps. Otherwise it's viewpoint analysis.

Those who go so far as even to doubt the existence of landscape could well try retreating to the block diagram above. They will then have to work through the semantics: landscape, terrain, scenery, view, land or even assemblage of landtypes. A bit like Aldo Leopold? Or they may wish to contemplate the undoubted reality of this photo view of the English Lake District (courtesy of William Young).

Notes

Scott, Webster, and Lawrance. MEXE **report A Land System Atlas of Western Kenya** 1971.

Young **Landscape mapping in England using an airphoto based Land System mapping approach.** Landscape Research 19/3 pp 144-148, 1994 (gives other references).

Appleyard D, Lynch K and Myer JR. **The view from the road.** Cambridge Mass: MIT Press 1964.



JOURNALS RECEIVED

LANDSCAPE DESIGN 313 Sept 2002
Sally McDonald **With Mexico in mind** 12-14
Urban Design Week 16
Jack Sullivan **Knowing stone** 33-36
Hugh Massey **Urban farm** 39-40
Project profiles 42-46
Graham Leeks **Urgent plan for action** 49-52
Drew Mackie **A tale of three cities** 54-56
Jane Porter **Breathing space** 58-63

LANDSCAPE DESIGN 314 October 2002
Carron Tobin **The world's newest national park** 18-22
Paul Tiplady **Future of the Lake District** 23-25
Mike Downing **A blue day for design** 26-27
Project profiles 29,31,32
Alan Ward & Carol Pullekines Ward **Olympic winner** 33-36
Jamie Buchanan **Lake placid?** 37-39
William Wheeler **Park life** 41-42
Jane Porter **Planet earth** 44-47

LANDSCAPE DESIGN 315 November 2002
Forward thinking 10-12
Chris Young **The power of pink** 14-17
Tom Turner & Edmund Penning-Rowsell **Running water** 20-23
Terry Schoenthal **Northern lights** 25-28
Project profiles 32-33
David Holland **Down by the riverside** 35-38

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GARTEN & LANDSCHAFT 7 July 2002
Sandra Kalcher **New life found for former industrial area in Eberswaide** 9-11
Thomas Jakob **City development in Grossenhain – the Saxon Garden Show** 12-14
Robert **Schafer Garden of paradise on Wismar's city edge** 15-17
Gesa Loschwitz **Rehabilitated ground from the Garden Exhibition in Kronach** 21-23
Sigurd Henne **The State Garden Exhibition in Hanau – an opportunity for city development and revitalisation** 26-28
Anette Kolkau **A garden exhibition of seven historic parks on the lower Rhine valley** 29-31
Stefan Leppert **Feel the art of nature** 32-34
Penelope Hill **Expo.02 in Switzerland** 39-40

GARTEN & LANDSCHAFT 8 August 2002
Beate Jessel **New goals for ground water standards in Europe** 9-11
Diedrich Bruns **Improving communication of plans for water resources** 12-14
Jutta Heimann **Saving middle-European wetlands** 15-17
Bernd Siegel, Gerhard Richter **Preventative measures against flooding** 21-24
Klaus Michor **Stabilising the Upper Drau River in Corinthia** 25-27
Michael Trepel **Managing the ecological balance of valley lowlands in Schleswig-Holstein** 28-30
Willem Overmars **Gravel removal for river renaturalisation** 31-33
Norbert Holzel, Matthias Harnisch **Restoring flood-land plains** 36-38

GARTEN & LANDSCHAFT 9 September 2002
Ulrich Schneider **Maintaining Munich's green spaces** 9-12
Winfrid Jerney **A new park on the river for southern Munich** 13-15
Gesa Loschwitz **Munich-Riem, New City region and park** 16-19
Wolfram Hofer **New views of nature for the 2005 Landscape Exhibition in Munich** 20-22
Gunther Laux **Widening Munich's city planning perspectives** 23-25
Peter Zoch **Renewing Georg-Freundorfer-Platz** 26-28
Lisa Diedrich **A 'green' façade for Swiss Re** 29-32
Thomas Jakob **City park in Schwabing, Munich's new northern entrance** 33-35
Petra Steiner **Refilling two post-war gaps in Munich's city centre** 39-40

GARTEN & LANDSCHAFT 10 October 2002
Frank Lohrberg **The Landscape architect as city planner** 10-12
Axel Lohrer **Riverbank park along the Chemnitz** 13-15
Stefan Tischer **Landscape analysis of Bozen, Southern Tyrol** 16-19
Sophie Wolfrum **Planning the Stuttgart region** 20-23
Thomas Thurn, Heike Liebmann **The shrinking city** 24-25
Kathryn Firth, Richard Burdett **The new masterplan** 26-30
Jurgen H von Reus, Regina Riedel **Critical reconstruction in Kassel** 31-33

Jens Graul **Coping with decline** 34-36
Holger Lauinger **Berlin's Lenne Prize** 37-40

GARTEN & LANDSCHAFT 11 November 2002
Karl-Ulrich Rudolph **Rainwater management in cities** 9-12
Gerald Janssen **Legal fog over flood plains** 13-15
Joachim T Tourbier **Effective flood prevention** 16-20
Angeli Buttner **Economy and innovation in rainwater management** 21-23
Christian Strauss **Integrating water into city planning** 24-26
Sonke Borgwardt **Paving materials for rainwater seepage** 27-29
Heike Muller **A new system for draining rainwater from streets** 30-32
Sandra Kolcher **Integrating drainage and recreation in Potsdam** 33-35
Dieter Grau, Stefan Leppert **Aesthetic examples of rainwater management** 36-38

GARTEN & LANDSCHAFT 12 December 2002
Thies Schroder **Revitalising Hamburg's waterfront** 7-10
Gerti Theis **A green office park** 11-14
Stefan Leppert **Hamburg's new harbor** 15-17
Kerstin Hauswald **A "great emptiness" in Milan** 20-22
Lisa Diedrich **Competition for the Cristina Enea Park in San Sebastian, Spain** 27-30
Eva Henze **BMW's daring new factory headquarters** 23-26
Axel Simon **3-D park in Zurich-North** 31-33
Constanze A Petrow **Balancing government construction** 34-36
Peter Conradi **Advocating landscape architecture** 37-40

***

PLACES 15/1 2002
Donlyn Lyndon **Caring about places** 3
EDRA/Places Awards 2001-2002
Ilaria Salvadori **Ganty Plaza State Park** 6-9
David Moffat **Allegheny Riverfront Park** 10-13
Donna Graves **Rosie the Riveter Memorial** 14-17
Jesse Shapins **Cultural Landscape Goitzsche** 18-21
The Community Character Plan for Collier County 22-25
Above the Falls 26-29
Designing a city of learning 30-33
Planning: New Land Marks 34-37
Jamie Horwitz **Mississippi floods: designing a shifting landscape** 38-41
The New York City privately owned public pace project 42-45
Growing up in cities 46-49
Technology and place 50-53
Harrison s Fraker Jr **Negotiating implicit theoretical agendas** 54-55
Cardada: revisiting a mountain 56-58

***

COUNTRYSIDE RECREATION 10/2 Summer 2002
Stuart Ingram **UN International year of the mountains** 2002 2-4
Richard Neale **Hafod y Llan & Gelli Iago** 5-7
John Mackay **Wildness and mountains** 8-9
Clare Coxon **The cost of raising charity cash** 10-11
John Donohoe **The future of Scotland's mountains, reflections on IYM** 12-13
David Mardon **Protecting the botanists' mecca from Munro's pilgrims** 14-17

COUNTRYSIDE RECREATION 10-3/4 Autumn/Winter 2002
Tony Gates **National Parks – will Northern Ireland get what it has always needed?** 2-4
David Leslie **National Parks and the tourism sector** 5-10
Hugh Llewelyn **The recreational purpose of National Parks** 11-15
Lake District National Park **Access all areas – Lake District National Park in focus** 16-20
Mark Wilkinson **Is this the future of information centres and visitor facilities** 21-22

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LANDSCAPES 3/1 Spring 2002
Philip Rahtz **Glastonbury Tor: A modified landscape**
Paul Stamper **The tree that hid a king: the Boscobel Oak, Shropshire**
Sarah Harrison **Open fields and earlier landscape: six parishes in south-east Cambridgeshire**
Alan G Crosby **Townscape and its symbolism: the experience of Krakow, Poland**
Heather Norris Nicholson **Picturing the past: archival film and historical landscape change**
Mel Jones **What landscape means to me**

LANDSCAPES 3/2 Autumn 2002
Landscape and Climate Change:
Noel James Menuge **The documentary evidence for climate change**
Richard Tipping **Climatic variability and 'marginal' settlement in upland British landscapes: a re-evaluation**
Nick Collinson **Climatic change and woodland biodiversity**
Stephen G Pearson **Consequences for coastal landforms, landscapes and townscapes**
Clive Potter **The implications for agricultural landscapes**

George Marshall **The human environment: social scenarios and landscape impacts**
Michael J Allen **The chalkland landscape of Cranborne Chase: a prehistoric human ecology**
Ruth E Richardson **Using field-names**
Cyril Pearce **A landscape of dissent: topography and identity in three Pennine valleys**
Roger Crofts **What landscape means to me**
Richard Muir **Review article: Perception, conflict and conservation in upland settings**

JOURNAL FROM THE WEBSITE

Garden History, volume 29/ 2. Winter

Leslie W. Hepple. **'The Museum of the Garden': Displaying Classical Antiquities in Elizabethan and Jacobean England** page 109

Forbes W. Robertson. **James Sutherland's *Hortus Medicus Edinburgensis* (1683)** page 121

Timothy Mowl. **John Drapentier's Views of the Gentry Gardens of Hertfordshire** page 152

Brent Elliott. **Flower Shows in Nineteenth-century England** page 171

Patrizia Granziera. **Concept of the Garden in Pre-historic Mexico** page 185

EARTH TO EARTH

The most beautiful landscape can also be a vale of tears. And if landscape is 'something lived' [David Matless], or is 'for living in' [Martin Spray], landscapes may also be visited by death.

Travelling in rural Sweden, we were shocked to be told that a small, intimate lake had, during a recent winter, claimed the life of a child who drove a tractor onto ice too thin to bear it. Sometimes, as here, tragedy leaves no sign; beauty remains; quietness is restored; the ice reforms. There is nothing to mark the place where, nearly 40 years ago, my sister took an overdose and lay down to die, or the fellside in the Langdales where a colleague I was walking with suffered a fatal heart attack. The practice of scattering people's ashes in places they loved likewise leaves no marker. Many a tranquil scene was once a battlefield.

In other cases, temporary marks, or permanent memorials, remain. Barrows are too ancient, too much part of the landscape, to shock; it is more disconcerting to be reminded of the recent dead. Perhaps no-one has the right to demand that their passing should leave a mark on a landscape other than within a burial ground; exceptionally, the privilege may be bestowed by the living. Although I haven't passed that way for many years, I vividly recall a discreet memorial, set in a rock on the footpath from Stonethwaite over Greenup Edge, so placed that, ascending, one finds oneself face to face with it; on the descent it is more easily missed. Walking in the Salzkammergut, it is not uncommon to come upon memorials to local people at the places where they died while about their pastoral business. 'Et in Arcadia Ego' – Poussin's archetypal pastoral landscape contained a *memento mori.*

Death in the landscape is not always the result of natural causes. In his recent book *Innocent Landscapes* David Farrell has brought together photographs recording places in southern Ireland where bodies of victims of the IRA were found. In some instances the ground has clearly been disturbed; in another, the word 'Bodies' and an arrow are painted on the surface of a country road. If landscape is 'innocent', its innocence is abused when it is obliged to witness killings and to receive victims, whether human or, as for instance, the grotesque, burned bodies of animals slaughtered during last year's foot and mouth epidemic. While I was struggling to write this piece, the bodies of two small girls were found in shallow graves in an area of Suffolk described as a 'beauty spot'. When a landscape loses its innocence, is it changed for ever or can it be 're-enchanted'?



Abraham Lincoln declared the Gettysburg battlefield to be 'hallowed ground'. Writing in *The Times* of September 27th 2002, Nicholas Wapshott remarks on how families of the victims of 9/11 are invoking Lincoln's words in an attempt to veto the plans for rebuilding on Ground Zero; they are appealing for the whole of the site to be made into a park, or at least for the 'footprints' of the twin towers to remain as a memorial. Although not unsympathetic, Wapshott reflects on the rebuilding of London after the Blitz, and notes that 'the whole of Manhattan is built over "hallowed ground", first on the burial places of the native Americans evacuated to make way for European settlers, then when commerce demanded that the island's graveyards were too valuable to be left....'

'Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes'. In sundry ways, voluntary and involuntary, are our bodies committed to the ground. With or without trace.

Philip Pacey
University of Central Lancashire

SPIDERS

Spiders befall us:
an eight-legged autumn
limps through all doors.

Red ones, tiny as pimples,
wander at will
like schoolboys' commas.

Fat crusaders lug
their white crosses
to the hanging graveyards
of kitchen crevices.

Garden spiders, the thin ones,
all legs to trundle
a dew-drop body
allegro vivace.

Bath spiders rise,
like dirty Borgias:
the darkness of drainpipes
clouds their black minds.

Spiders befall us,
guest-spiders of autumn.
The vine burns red
And the mornings chide.

Why fight them?
There is room for spiders
next to the ceiling
and for people content
to walk on the floor.

David Gill
Orbis 1974

SHOULD YOU READ

Three guides by David McDowall (see page 1)

Richmond Park. The Walker's Historical Guide ISBN 0-9527847-0-X at £6.99



Hampstead Heath: The Walker's Guide ISBN 0-9527847-1-8 at £6.99

TheThames from Hampton to Richmond Bridge: The Walker's Guide ISBN 0-9527847-2-6 at £8.99

All available from the author at 31 Cambrian Road, Richmond, Surrey TW10 6JQ at the price indicated plus £1.00 post and packing.

C Mark Cowell and James M Dyer **Vegetation development in a modified riparian environment: Human imprints in a modified Allegheny river wilderness.** Annales of American Geographers 92/2 2002 pp 189-202

Dominique Badariotti **Les noms de rue en geographie. Plairdoyer pour une recherché sur les odonymes.** Annales Geographiques 625 pp 285-302 2002

Samuel Depraz and Addam Kertesz **L'evolution de la notion de protection de l'environnement en Hongrie. Analyse geographique et sociale a partir de l'example des parcs nationaux hongrois.** Annales Geographiques 626 pp 419-430.

JM Gray **Landraising of waste in England, 1990-2001: a survey of the geomorphological issues raised in planning applications.** Applied Geography 22 2002 pp209-234. Interesting enquiry into public enquiry outcomes, basic landscape visual preferences forming the basis of argument.

L McEwen T Hall J Hunt M Dempsey M Harrison. **Flood Warning, warning response and planning control issues associated with caravan parks: the April 1998 floods on the lower Avon floodplain, Midlands region UK.** Applied Geography 22 2002 pp 271-305.

JD Gatrell, RR Jensen **Growth through greening: developing and assessing alternative economic development programmes** (urban forests , smart growth quality of life). Applied Geography 22 2002 pp331-350.

BJ Smith PA Warke and WB Whalley **Landscape development, collective amnesia and the need for integration in geomorphological research.** Area 2002 33/4 pp 409-418 (a landscape evolution, geological evaluation).

Bjorn Sletto **Producing space(s), representing landscapes: maps and resource conflicts in Trinidad.** Cultural Geographies 9/4 2002 pp389-420.

Reviewed book **China's Old Dwellings** by Ronald G Knapp xi and 362 pages Honolulu University of Hawaii press 2000. $70.00 isbn 0824822145. In Geographical Review.

Preserving cultural landscape in America Edited by Arnold R Alanen and Robert Z Melonick xii and 250 pages John Hokins University Press $23,95 paperback isbn 0801862647. In Geographical Review.

Charles Warren **Of superquarries and mountain railways: recurring themes in Scottish environmental conflict.** Scottish Geographical Journal 118/2 p101-127.

Tom Williamson **Shaping Medieval Landscapes** Windgather Press (publishers of 'Landscape') Price 16.99 available from their website at www.windgather.co.uk

ANTHOLOGY

ex libris of the Editor

After the rain the earth was swollen with moisture and when the wind scattered the clouds, it languished in the dazzling sunlight and steamed with a dove-grey haze. Of a morning, a mist arose from the stream and the swampy, muddy leas. It billowed over Gremyachy Log, hastened towards the steppe uplands, and there melted, dissolving imperceptibly into a delicate turquoise haze. As late as noonday a leaden-heavy, copious dew lay like shot scattered over the leaves of the trees, over the reed-thatched roofs of the houses and sheds, and pressed down the grasses. Over the steppe the quitch-grass rose above the knee. Beyond the pasture lands the melilot was in blossom. In the late afternoon its honeyed scent spread all through the village, filling the girls' hearts with a fretting languor. The winter wheat extended right to the horizon in a solid dark green wall; the spring grain rejoiced the eye with its unusually close-sprouting shoots; on the slopes of the hillocks and the dry hollows the more recently sown millet was pricking through the ground. The sandier patches were thickly brushed with the spikes of young maize.

Towards the middle of June a spell of settled weather began.

From "Harvest on the Don" a sequel to "Virgin Soil Upturned" by Mihail Sholokhov translated from the Russian by HC Stevens Putnam Great Rsussell Street London. 1960

For the rest of our journey in northern Cheshire we left the low land by the Mersey and travelled through a succession of parks and suburbs, until we turned to cross the Mersey at Warrington. There we saw where the smoke came from, for Warrington itself seemed to be dispensing enough black smoke to darken the air of a whole county, while a little farther seaward lay Widnes and Runcorn, where it has been suggested that cast-metal trees should be set up, so poisonous is the atmosphere to living ones. But for all the smoke the cultivated land, highly farmed too at that, comes right up to Warrington, and we saw the shadows from the chimney-tops wreathing over good crops of wheat and oats, which appeared to have taken no greater harm than a little dinginess of aspect. We were soon into the region of the "moss " farming which prevails all over South Lancashire, where a moss signifies a low-lying area of black peaty soil generally on a sub-stratum of sandstone.

From AD Hall MA FRS.A Pilgimage of British Farming 1910-1912 page 231. Reprinted by permission of the Times. London John Murray Albermarle Street 1914

But most interesting of all are his descriptions of the country. He and Litton left the Salween Valley and climbed a pass on the Salween-Mekong Divide.

"This part of the upper Mekong differs widely from the Salween Valley in the same latitude. Instead of sharp crags and cliffs of limestone, dense semi-tropical jungles, extensive forests, and wild Lissus with their poisoned arrows, we viewed a peaceful scene of wide, bare, cultivated slopes of clay or disintegrated sandstone, shelving down in terraces to the river below. The basin of the Mekong at this point is twice the breadth of the Salween though the altitude of the latter river is a thousand feet less. The people, like the scenery, are altogether less wild than on the Salween. We ascended a spur, through oak scrub and over grassy slopes, rising in the day's march from 7,400 ft. to 10,500 ft. on the slope towards the Salween divide. At this altitude there was a superb view of all the great ranges of N.W. Yunnan east of the Mekong, from Tali-fu to the borders of Tibet. Most of these panoramas are dominated by the glittering snow-mountain of Li-chiang; and from the altitude we had reached Mr. Litton saw for the first time the peak which I described



to him after my return from my journey down the Chungtien Plateau. He estimated the height as being very near to what I put it down as, 22,000 ft.

From "The Journeys and Plant Introductions of George Forrest V.M.H." Page 16. Edited by Dr J Macqueen Cowan CBE with the assistance of members of the staff of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh and EHM Cox. Published for the Royal Horticultural Society by Geoffrey Cumberlege Oxford University Press 1952

A very interesting example of what has happened is afforded by the valley of the River Lee. The lowest land is the alluvial floodplain, originally a broad ribbon of riverside meadow land. Apart from the open space of Hackney Marsh (on which a flock of sheep may sometimes be seen) that part not occupied by reservoirs (including the very large King George's reservoir) or industrial works is lying derelict. The eastern margin of the floodplain gives way abruptly to London Clay land but on the west are broad terrace gravels covered by a beautiful brickearth. This wonderful soil gave birth to a market gardening industry and then to a great glasshouse industry. Now the industry is being driven away, giving place not to well-ordered urban development but to a vast succession of derelict flooded gravel pits - a standing disgrace to any country. Some of the abandoned pits, both in the Lee Valley and in the main Thames Valley, have become dumping grounds for refuse - unauthorised rather than authorised, and a small part might be filled in by systematic tipping of London's rubbish. A small number could be converted into ornamental lakes, but as things stand at present, England is losing hundreds, even thousands of acres of its most fertile soil; the people who moved out from the city slums to new housing estates are having slums of derelict land brought to their new doorsteps - the very land that ought to be producing health-giving fresh vegetables and fruit. It is all so unnecessary - when the country has millions of acres of gravel at higher levels where the land would *benefit* by its removal, as on parts of the Chilterns, or on some of the Surrey Bagshot Beds.

From The Greater London Plan 1944 by Patrick Abercrombie Page 88 Chapter 6, Land Classification and Agriculture by L Dudley Stamp

Landscape Art

HERMAN PRIGANN's

CIRCLE OF REMEMBERING

by Malcolm Miles

In May, 2001 I spent five days travelling through Germany in the company of German-born (now Barcelona-based) sculptor Herman Prigann. With us were Heike Strelow, an independent curator from Frankfurt, and Annette Berger, a designer from Hamburg. Our task was to visit the various sites at which he had made works over the past few years; in my case with a view to future writing informed by the conversations we had on the way.

Prigann's work is hard to classify. It generally involves the use of succession growth, often in combination with scrap materials from the site as well as piles of earth, to make post-industrial landscapes. One example is his work at a water purification plant in Marl, cracked when the water level rose and cheaper to redesignate as art than to demolish; another is an earth-wave planted with wild roses, at the edge of a flooded brown-coal mine near Bitterfeld. In these works there is something like an archaeology as the industrial presence is selectively retained, re-placed, and incorporated into a return of natural growth on the site. At Marl there is almost an Egyptian scale when, with imagination, the concrete columns and lintels of the plant begin to resemble a hypostyle hall.

Perhaps they are memorials to modernity, the dream of industry, or its rehabilitation - because to make things is not wrong, it is what people do, and the materials, like concrete, are not wrong either. They draw, too, on the Romantic picturesque, echoing the poetics of, say, Hölderlin, and Friedrich. But this brief memoir of the visit concerns the site which is an exception in being non-industrial: the Circle of Remembering, (*Ring der Erinnerung*) on the site of the ex-border between the two Germanies, in the Harz Mountains between Braunlage and Blankenburg.

To visit the site entailed a long walk through the no-one's land, past the watchtower and a section of the wire fence left on the site. Past, too, a wooden teepee, for which bizarre object no explanation was available. Apart from the noises of a few other visitors to what is becoming a tourist attraction, there was no sound - no birds, no animals (though later we saw a deer). Inside the ring the atmosphere is strange, at times awkward. Apart from the tales of witches, the recent history is darker.

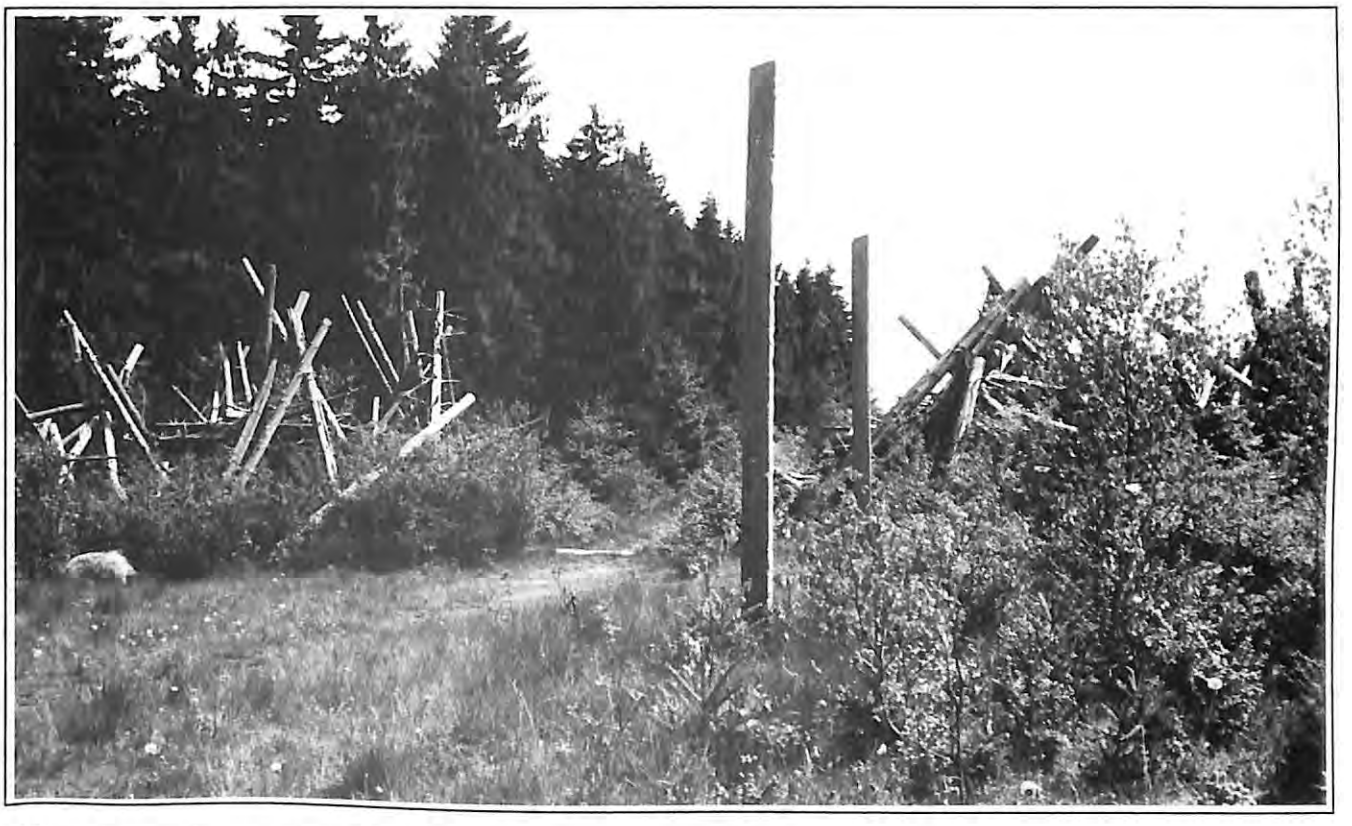
The work is a ring 70 metres in diameter of dead fir trees (from acid rain and clearance for the border's free-fire zone) found on the site. The trunks are lent together like bean-poles - maybe this is the inspiration for the teepee? - to form the core of a 5-meter rampart part filled with earth on which bushes and brambles have begun to grow profusely. There are four entrances, in each of which (facing east, north, west, south) a stone slab is set in the earth, with a fifth in the centre. Each slab has an inscription: *ERDE*, *FAUNA*, *FLORA*, *LUFT*, *WASSER*. Across the circle nine concrete posts (from the fence) mark the line of the border. Prigann writes:

> "The dead wood of the rampart will ... become soil. Planting with blackberries and other climbing plants means that the dead wood becomes overgrown. Thus this rampart makes it possible to reconstruct and comprehend metamorphic events from two view-points: decay and growth." (H Prigann, *Ring der Erinnerung*, Berlin, Nishen Verlag, 1993, p47-9).

This, together with the geometric form of the rampart and neutrality of the inscriptions, avoids reference to certain histories. Prigann writes of "the old German-German border" (ibid) rather than east-west.

In my notes I find reference to a local functionary, Herr Vogel, who has the idea the ring will become a German Memorial, maybe conjuring echoes of the statue of Frederick Barbarossa (1896) at Kyffhäusser. Prigann's reaction to this kind of greater Germania rhetoric is direct. In its way the ring is as much an anti-monument as the work by Jochen and Esther Shalev Gerz at Harburg - a lead column which gradually sunk into the ground, with a steel pen for people to write on it through its stages, producing graffiti expressing sentiments ranging from liberation to fascism and overt racism. Not sinking, here, but rotting. In the end, not so long in historical terms, the work will be completely overgrown. As if nothing can be said, but there is a trace. Walking back through the forest we stopped to look at a patch of moss, and noticed the silence. We stood spontaneously still, not speaking, listening.

Of course, as it happened most of the conversations we had during the visit were about quite other things than the work, as might be usual. After the ring we arrived at Bitterfeld at dusk. We had mis-read the platform information at Halle and missed a train, which was good because we found a farmers' market in the station concourse, with trestle tables laid out with marvellous fruits and vegetables, which sold cheap bottles of korn (a colourless spirit). Outside Bitterfeld station was an empty square - no café, shop, only the grim facades like a granite landscape (or Aberdeen). We took a taxi to the hotel, which was in the middle of the industrial zone, immediately next to a chemical works. Its restaurant, joining in the mood, was shut. Across the road was what the owners called a bistro where the sad-faced barman drank by himself. We ate omelettes and chips and drank black beer and more korn, quite a lot more in fact. When he brought something, the sad barman asked us why were laughing. At breakfast there were two other guests (so about 75 empty rooms). Then back to the station and the railways relentlessly on time.



Reading:

H Prigann, *Der Wald: Ein Zyklus*, Berlin, Medusa Verlag, 1984
H Prigann, *Ring der Erinnerung*, Berlin, Nishen Verlag, 1993 [bilingual text German-English]
H Strelow (ed) *Natural Reality*, catalogue to exhibition at the Ludwig Foundation, Aachen, 1999 [bilingual text, German-English] (see pp 192-5, 218-9).

Herman Prigann's work will form the subject-matter of a book currently being edited by H Strelow for publication in Germany (2003); and of a section of a chapter in a forthcoming book, *Urban Avant-Gardes* by Malcolm Miles (Routledge, 2003)

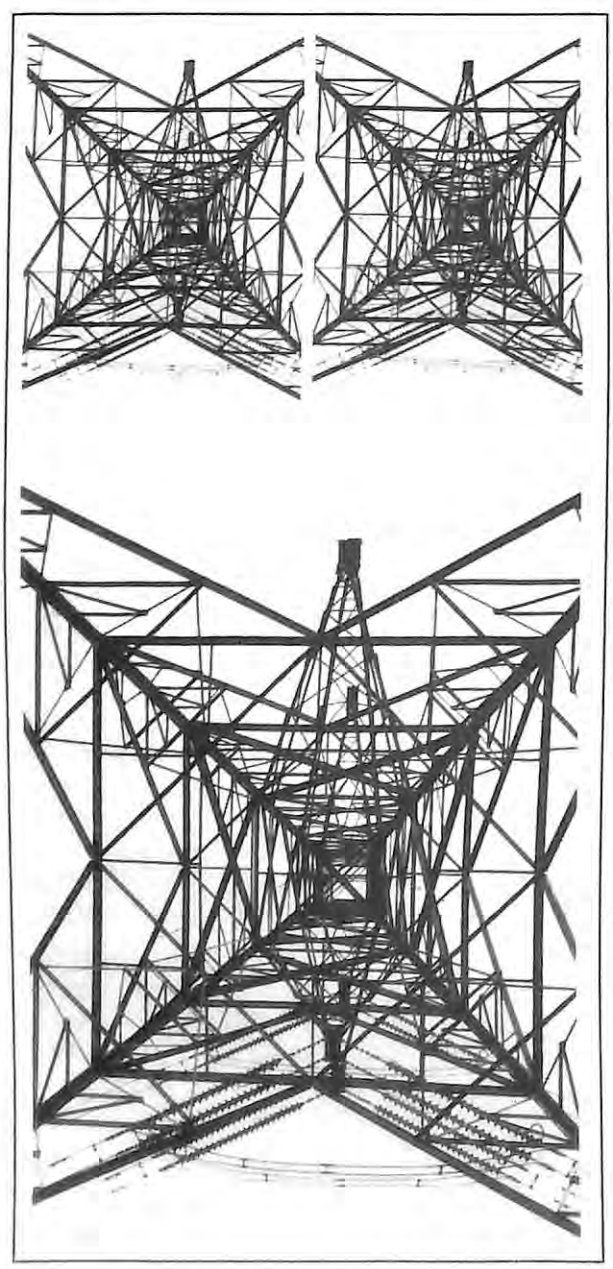
What is this thing called landscape

THE EITHERORNESS OF LANDSCAPE

I am trying to find a word. I may once have had it and lost it - although I only half think so.

When I was new to the world of landscape architecture, I found myself amongst people who read books and articles with such titles as *Roads in the landscape, Bridges in the landscape, Hedges in the landscape,* and, I bet! *Overhead high-voltage power-lines in the landscape.* Not, I eventually realised, *Overhead high-voltage power-lines are part of the landscape* (unless I missed that one, too). But - *why* not?

This may be misremembering, and I may well be reading too much out of it; yet there seem to be a number of interesting, somewhat worrying, implications here. Such as, and in particular: 'Landscape good : artefact bad.' But that point must wait.



It seems almost as though we see 'landscape' - *a* landscape, whatever that is - as a distinct thing: - an entity rather than 'that which is seen'. We look at a scene, a stage on which things are placed, and on which events happen. 'Things' include for example the trees on the hilltop, and the sheep they shelter; and also, roads, bridges, power-lines. Even the flowers blooming in the wild we tend to think of as distinct, discrete things *in* the landscape or *on* the land. Built artefacts - houses, sculptures, pylons, cities - are usually definitely on it - not *part* of it. I know that styles of book titles have changed a little since, say, Clough Williams-Ellis's *Roads in the landscape* and Sylvia Crowe's *Forestry in the landscape* in the sixties, but I believe the implied separateness of landscape and things put on it remains.

'Landscape' is a sort of Big Thing, the setting, the *matrix*. The works of people are lesser: the artefact, the discrete, identifiable, work of *Hom. sap.* appears, and stays a while, then either moulders into the indiscrete and unidentifiable or is cancelled and removed. Thus, even if it lingers as long as Stonehenge, it is easily considered temporary. Meanwhile the landscape into which it is inserted is conceived of as a permanency. It may in a multitude of ways change, but it is still in some way integral - and it just *is there*. Henges and hedges, aren't.

With so many things on it and in it, landscape seems a very definite and persistent thing. We imagine things in and on it, as though it is itself a thing which actually exists. In idle moments, I sometimes wonder what that means. Does a landscape exist? It is strange to think of people studying and writing about what isn't there. Yet maybe 'landscape' - a nebulous idea even on a clear day - somewhat like 'nature', or 'environment' perhaps is but a word... or do I mean social construction? But I digress...

'As the appearance and treatment of the spaces between and around buildings is often of comparable importance to the design of the buildings themselves....' I mention this fragment of progressive planning policy guidance' (PPG1), to indicate how deep is the divide some still see between landscape and things in it. Inside and out do not often blur together. As Katie Puddy, the student whose essay I just cribbed this quote from, points out, this pioneering recognition of the merits of landscape does still tend to leave landscape and buildings in competition. A few designers do indeed see a continuum from interior space to exterior space, yet most design *either* buildings *or* the spaces between and around them. There is also some such blurring in 'green architecture', but not much more. And not much at all, at the landscape scale.

We live constrained by language and contained by habits that try to neatly pigeonhole the world. Either-or has been ingrained in our thinking for a long time: either right or wrong; black *or* white ... yet sometimes and elsewhere it is otherwise. 'One must', says the traditional Tibetan, 'discover the white in the black and the black in the white'. 'Yes' and 'no' in Japanese, I am told, are less fixed in meaning than in English. An ambivalent alternative, *mu*, is available, if neither yes nor no seems to suit. *Mu* thus seems to answer correctly the question 'Have you stopped beating your wife?'. Such eitherorness and neithernorness may be

seeping westwards: we are beginning to notice fuzzy logic and fuzzy thinking.

A basic example of the problem I'm thinking of: imagine looking at a bit of land with a house on it. Do you know any words that mean 'the land(scape) and the house seen as a single thing'? Apart from the special sense of 'stead', which is hardly what I mean, I haven't yet dredged one up. Yes, I know it isn't as *blackandwhite* as I imply ... But if the case was: 'Imagine a bit of land with an outcrop; or with a tree on it...' the word 'landscape' itself would probably serve - at least for starters. What if it's an earth-sheltered house, with the landscape flowing over it, a patio - or both.

I think the word and the notion that I'm looking for is paralleled in the famous 'land ethic' writing of Aldo Leopold. Leopold's emphasis comes with the thought that what we call 'land' is actually the land plus its excrescences plus the things - us included - living on it. 'Land' in this sense is a community. 'In short, a land ethic changes the role of *Homo sapiens* from conqueror of the land community to plain member and citizen of it.' One can abstract a member - an oak, say, or a hillock - but abstracted it is not very meaningful, because 'it' is not entire. 'No man is an island' said John Donne.

Maybe Nature, which may itself be but a word, is trying to clarify matters in that ecological process we call succession, as demonstrated, for example, in "your gutters need clearing: there's grass growing in them". The term 'living epidermis' for the ever-encroaching

> "The more modern of modern artists have discovered a beauty of their own in the great terraces and tips of the slate quarries, and even in the latticed steel of the electricity pylons that carry power to them; but though such industrial wonders may indeed be admirable in themselves, they are so large in scale and so violent in their rectanglular contrast to their background, that more than a few of them would altogether put one's eye out for that delicate detail and soft colouring which distinguishes our North Welsh mountains from all others."
>
> *From 'Snowdonia' by Clough Williams-Ellis p 59 The Geographical Magazine 9/1 May 1939.*

biological community - starting with cells of algae within the texture of stone, brick, or concrete, and including the spider on the ceiling - that is determined to clothe the nakedness of our buildings and other artefacts 'in the landscape', doesn't avoid eitherorness, but it does acknowledge a little fuzziness.

references

See e.g. Bart Kosko's ***Fuzzy thinking. The new science of fuzzy logic.*** Hyperion 1993, HarperCollins 1994.

Aldo Leopold [1949] ***A Sand County Almanac. With essays on conservation from Round River.*** O.U.P.

John Donne (1624) **Devotions upon emergent occasions.** 'No man is an iland, intire of itself; everyman is a peece of the continent, a part of the maine..'

See V. Sitta **A living epidermis for the city.** *Landscape Australia* 4/83: 277-86.

Suggestions for reading will be welcome; suggested single words even more so

Martin Spray MSpray@glos.ac.uk

Contents of Landscape Research 27/4

The October 2002 issue of Landscape Research is an excellent example of the journal's interdisciplinary and international perspective. Covering issues of policy, culture, ecology and psychology, the papers span study areas from the Arctic to New Zealand's South Island.

Philip James and John Boothby examine the increasingly important regional dimension of landscape planning, in their paper *Frameworks, Networks and the UK Regional Agenda: nature planning for landscapes?* Their particular focus is the scope for ecological planning at the landscape scale within the emerging regional governance framework of England. The need to take a strategic approach to re-connecting habitats within a fragmented countryside is now widely acknowledged. The authors examine the key planning documents associated with the North-West Regional Development Agency, and draw on their own experience of participating in an EU research programme, the Cheshire *Life* ECOnet. Whilst this framework holds some promise for ecological planning, it is compared by the authors, not wholly favourably, with the more sophisticated Dutch National Nature Plan.

Jacky Bowring draws on an unusual source of landscape inspiration – the telephone directory. Her paper, *Reading the Phone Book: cultural landscape myths in public art*, takes as its data source the covers of New Zealand 'phone directories which, for over a decade, have been decorated by winning entries from an art competition depicting aspects of regional and national identity. Despite a very open brief, the author notes the remarkable dominance of landscape imagery. This provides a basis for exploring the landscape 'myths' of the imagined nature of New Zealand, and the analysis is based on an adaptation of Barthes' account of myths as performing both denotation and connotation. To over-simplify the author's argument, it might be supposed that the depiction of an image both denotes an actual quality of a place, whilst also connoting a hidden set of associations that exist in the artist's and viewer's minds. Thus, rather than depicting the actual and sometimes unattractive nature of reality,

the paintings portray regional and national identities in terms of universal beauty, unpopulated paradises, Arcadia, historic street patterns and other misleading stereotypes.

The re-creation of 'natural' conditions following environmental disturbance has become a controversial issue amongst conservationists, not only because of the technical challenges of re-establishing habitats, but also because of the supposed naturalness of pre-existing states. **Dagmar Hagen, Jørund Aastere and Lars Emmelin** address this dilemma in *Communicative Approaches to Restoration Ecology: a case study from Dovre Mountain and Svalbard, Norway*. This paper looks at two areas where ecologists are aiming to 'restore' pristine conditions. One is a military training area which is being de-commissioned, situated between protected areas and forming an ecological bridge if successfully restored (Dovre Mountain); the other is an Arctic island where relatively recent human settlement has led to fairly extensive ground disturbance. The authors report on focus groups conducted with various expert and lay communities in the areas, and they find this a useful approach in deciding between 'pragmatic' and 'puristic' alternatives in ecological restoration.

A second Norwegian study **by Bjørn Kaltenborn and Tore Bjerke** examines *Associations between Landscape Preferences and Place Attachment: a study in Røros, Southern Norway*. Landscape preference studies are presently gaining a revitalised policy importance, as new methods of landscape mapping are being used to influence planning decisions. However, landscape preference is usually related to intrinsic landscape qualities, such as relief and land cover. This fails to acknowledge the ways in which people value actual landscapes, especially those with which they have cultural or sentimental attachments. This study uses a variety of statistical techniques to explore the links between people's preference for a landscape and their prior attachments to it. The emphasis of the paper is quite unusual, and provides a much needed discussion of the interplay between the personal antecedents and physical factors that influence our appreciation of landscape.

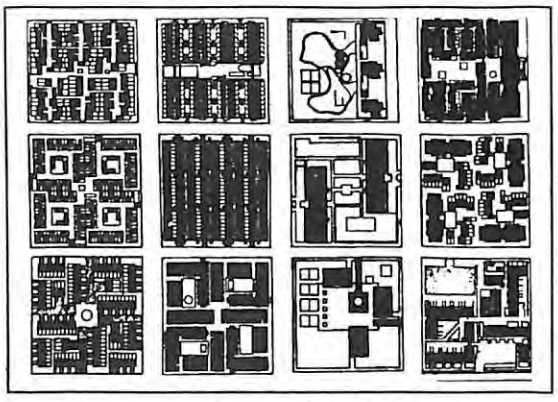
In the densely populated landscape of Singapore, certain extensive land uses can prove contentious. Thus **Harvey Neo and Victor Savage** provide an account entitled *Shades of Green, Fields of Gold: representations, discourse and the politics of golf in Singapore*. This paper describes the heated debate between supporters and opponents of golf: those who believe the sport offers an opportunity to excel internationally, and those who view it as an elitist and greedy claimant on scarce land. Discourses amongst Singaporeans, on the one hand, extol the courses as parklands adding to the attractiveness and nature habitat of the landscape, and, on the other, denounce them as sterile habitats out-competing more necessary land uses. The authors analyse a variety of sources, including internet debates, to illustrate the ways in which protagonists and antagonists frame their contests.

The issue is admirably complemented with an impressive suite of book reviews, thanks to Ian Thompson and his army of contributors.

Paul Selman
Editor of Landscape Research

ABOUT CITIES

If southern Californians, who worship growth as few other Americans do, awarded a prize for an



outstanding example in their fabulously growing corner of America, they would give the blue riband to Los Angeles. For within the memory of many residents, the city has expanded across a sunny shelf of land forty miles wide between the San Gabriel Mountains and the Pacific Ocean and, in the process, has become fantastic and unbelievable. From Look at the USA 1947 and 1948 Cowles Magazines Inc and 1955 Visual Enterprises. The Riverside Press, Cambridge Massachtusetts. Authorship unknown or unimportant. date interesting..... And then: courtesy of Bloomsbury Anthology of Quotations. Editor James Randall, Bloomsbury Publishing plc 2002. £17.99 :

Nineteen suburbs in search of a metropolis. HL Menchken (1880 - 1956) US journalist critic and editor. Referring to Los Angeles. Americana 1925. Also quoted in Look at the USA.

A good part of any day in Los Angeles is spent driving alone, through streets devoid of meaning to the driver, which is one reason why the place exhilarates some people, and floods others with an amorphous unease. Joan Didion (b 1934) US Journalist and writer in "Pacific Distances' Sentimental Journeys (1992).

I wandered out like a haggard ghost, and there she was, Frisco - long, bleak streets with trolley wires all shrouded in fog and whiteness. Jack Kerouac (1922 - 1969) US writer. Said by Sal Paradise on first arriving by bus from in Sand Francisco. On the road (1957).

A temporary landscape: 'THE POLISH CAMP'

The rain had stopped so I went. Once you knew where to go it was straightforward (and yet it was a gap in my mental map all these 20 years). Very open and past some houses from the early 70s, clean, neat and sunny and looking out towards the golf course.

Then immediately the first wartime hut in local white brick over which was an undisturbed, spread hand of dark green ivy. Others beyond. An English country landscape from the War.

The road between huts was smooth and clear, no clutter, no sense of guardianship, an internal road. I had no feeling of intruding for there seemed to be no owners. The notice at the gate called it Ilford Park Hostel and that it was the responsibility of The War Pensions Agency. It is known to locals as the



Polish Camp. Two dissolving notices within the area announce that the land was being repossessed at the order of the High Sheriff of Devon for the paper owners, Ball Clay pit owners. 'All those on the land are charged to remove themselves'. The immediacy of the threat to my person softened when I caught sight of the issue date of the announcement: February 2002.

Trees now stand tall up against the buildings: ashes, an oak, cypresses; briars in riotous profusion but none of the farmyard weeds like nettle or elder. A tall strong-smelling box hedge, suggesting there had been a gardener, hinting at would-be beauty along a covered steam pipe run.

I stopped on a broad empty area, parking so that my car appeared businesslike, as if in a half filled car park. There was of course no one there. Camera in hand I



walked around to see, to absorb, to recall what had never been mine except that I had been a child during the war and wartime camps, German POWs and Polish DP land workers seem to have been with me for a long time. I had in mind the paper entitled **'Temporary settlements and transient populations: the legacy of Britain's prisoner of war camps'.** By John Hellen (listed in Should You Read LRE30).

The plainness of the building style is unforgettable: a testimony to austerity and need to accomodate - severely, purposefully for the duration of the emergency; without any of the delights of life - soldiers or Polish displaced persons, immigrants, the style would be the same. But there was something different - a small dovecote-like belfry on one long



plain block which had been the church. Not typically English. Over the central door a wooden cross, rather Catholic.





I could now understand the layout: that to the south of the road the buildings were public buildings, the church, a workshop, and the remains of what had been a shop (inside it a tattered array of old shelves and a tumbled counter). Through the broken window of this shop's smallest room I withdrew the torn lower half of a Polish language newspaper. Clean but faded (the top half had been used), a date within it suggested 1984 or 1986. I had hoped for an earlier one, but this seems to have been the time when more and more of the camp's buildings were abandoned. I felt that the abandonment had been progressive for that is how it is in deserted villages.

To the north of the road lay the barrack blocks. A leviathan fuel-oil store and a 1960s power house and heating plant (of a type replicated at MOD bases throughout the land) stood fenced off just off the road. 'Danger Asbestos'. 'Danger Keep Out'. Mesh fences and faded plyboard window covers; steel windows steel-framed, shutters stripped from some, glass-broken; empty spaces within, tube lights and scraps of trashed furniture; ivy colonising sunlit interiors. Dust unto dust!

Outside in the sun a small old man in the shelter of a low cypress, stands in the sunshine with his back to the wall. He is just thinking; and when I talk to him I find he is from a country village near Gdansk.

'The war with Germany wasn't bad for us, he says. I was 16 when it started. I was a farm worker and came in 1948 but to Norfolk, to Gloucestershire and to Oxfordshire. Yes, mostly farming. I have been here 6 years'.

I thank him. Nice car he says. It's a German Mercedes. Even that seems significant, but not, I think, to him. Significant to me today, and here, where wartime village ghosts inhabit the landscape.

Beyond the powerhouse, the serried rows of barrack blocks are marked on my map as Hostel. So many of them. Some attempts had been made to link and upgrade the few close to the road with ersatz glass and plastic panelling from the 1960s. That's all breaking up now - not brick you see. Attempts to accomodate new needs and a dwindling population but only the bricks survive, all that is left is bricks. A two storey building that looks like the kommandant's office and some heavy steel gates...

Hang on though. I am but visiting an old camp soon to be replaced by pretty houses, a harmless place which once housed Polish refugees; people who fought with us and merited a War Pension, their families. I return to the Mercedes and drive gently west. 5mph, it says, and then Caution! With the sign of two aged ghost people hobbling together. On my left, buildings that could be a 1980's hospice and yet bigger. This is where the 75 strong remnant of the Polish hostel population live. They are the memory of the site for 50 years, ancient reminders of this landscape. Happy perhaps for the sound of the woodpeckers and thrushes that have come to inhabit the camp. As they watch TV and are attended by caring staff.

We shall not see such times again? We will not create such harsh barrack-based settlements as the Polish Camp. 1944 to 1984 is a long time. We will be more considerate next time. And yet as I write 2002 is full of 'new camps for refugees'.

Bud Young

LANDSCAPE RESEARCH GROUP

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