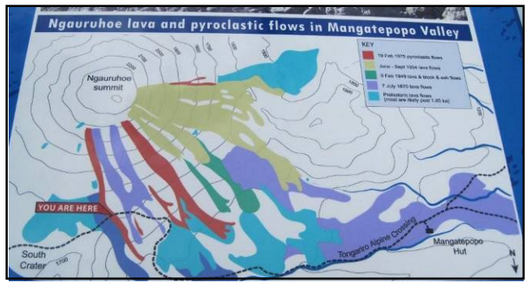


New Zealand images here and on page 3 by Roger Dalton



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June 2010

landscape research group

contributors
Philip Kirby
Philip Pacey
Roger Dalton
Gareth Roberts
Rowan Longhurst
Bud Young

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A Greek Tragedy

I am reliably informed that on 16th of February, the Greek Government ratified the European Landscape Convention! But the news, it seems, may not yet have reached the Council of Europe who (by late May) still had not got round to recording it on their website. This is not surprising given that the event coincided with the first of a series of strikes called by public sector workers facing sharp cuts in their wages and pension plans. The strike was the bad news that the Government needed to bury that day but the Convention announcement did nothing to help them!

Theano Terkenli and other champions of the Greek landscape will be pleased that their endeavours have helped bring about the ratification of the Convention albeit a decade after its launch. But in a country so in debt and with corruption and maladministration rife in land use planning and management I see little prospect that the tragedy **that is the declining condition of Greek landscapes** will end soon!



When I travelled in Greece in the late 1960s guitar in hand, sandals and toothbush rolled into my sleeping bag, it was a very relaxed place. My first visit in 1967 brought me to Crete where I ended up with many other young people living carefree lives in caves in Matala on the south coast. Leonard Cohen and Frank Zappa were reputed to be among our troglodyte neighbours. Many students like me were on a mission, to rail against the Colonels whose *coup d'etat* in April that year, ironically took place in the country whose greatest contribution to civilisation was democracy. The Colonels justified their junta in order to stem corrupting



western influences and revive Greek Orthodoxy. They sought to do so by censorship and torture even banning long hair and miniskirts!

The truth for me was that 'that junta' was my excuse to visit the country Laurence Durrell had described to his editor as his 'slice of bell-blue heaven and water'. I was fixated, wanted more slices and returned to Greece many times in the next decades, before deciding, last summer to go to live there. I moved to live in Maroussi, where Katsimbalis, hero of Henry Miller's excellent travelogue of late 1930s Greece, '*The Colossus of Maroussi*' hailed from. This book was the first I read after I moved to what is now a suburb of Athens on the northern outskirts of Athens; in Miller's time it was a village in an agricultural landscape. Today it is a sea of speculative development choked with traffic. The community is cleavered through the middle by the Kiffisias Avenue, a dual carriageway, fringed by flashy offices and shops which mirror a constant stream of vehicles speeding in and out of the city.

It is a sad testament to modernity that we allow places to degenerate like this with no care for tradition, seemingly no sense of worth or quality in place, or compassion and care for the well being of ordinary people who are expected to live there. Miller's book is a wonderful tribute to the character and qualities of Greece, its landscape and its people just before the WW2. He would weep if he returned there now.

Much of the Greek landscape, like its economy, is in a sorry state where even the remotest islands show signs of serious neglect. Athens reflects many of the worse features I witness in many other European capitals in the early 21st century. It is of an ever increasingly monotonous world of urban samelessness and anonymity punctuated by those brief excitements … the thrill of the cinema, opera, concert and party. People I find here appear to have little connection with nature; they seem anaesthetised by the mediocrity and the daily grind of life and the countless tribulations it seems to bring them. These are pained by their lot and bereft of ideas as to how to escape their drudgery.
The rich get brief respites in island summer sojourns. I came here determined never to own a car, realised quickly that my ideal of cycling everywhere would be sheer folly and saw only 4 people (two couples) on bicycles in my first 10 weeks in this city. I sought out quiet places (there still are a few), where birds sing and cars are not to be seen. They were mostly empty of people. Locals know about these places but most Athenians seem neither to have the time or inclination to visit them. Most are concerned about building on them; any green space seems to be fair game for speculative developers. In this city at least, planning ordinances seem widely flouted.
On the positive side I am very taken by the commitment to village life. This is very evident in the smaller islands, but even in Athens sometimes called the 'largest village in Greece' there remain a plethora of small shops in all residential districts. This reminds me of Britain in the 1960s; but slowly and surely as in Britain the same global vulgarisation is happening here … and not so slowly now either. Malls are springing up everywhere. The one closest to where I lived had the neck to call itself the 'Village' mall and is typically 'global fast food'. It seems to be the in-place for young Athenians to be seen at as they parade around in their designer clothes.

Maroussi, still one of the more fashionable suburbs of Athens, has changed out of all recognition since Henry Miller wrote his book. Gone are the fields and most green spaces. There are a small number of traditional houses which remain but most are either abandoned, subject to some ownership dispute, or the homes of elderly people unwilling to sell up and give up on their past. Good on them I say!

GCSR.

THOUGHTS ON TONGARIRO: A GEOLOGICAL, SPIRITUAL AND FILMIC LANDSCAPE

by Roger Dalton

The altitude is 1886m and I am sitting on a rock at the highest point of the 18 km Tongariro Alpine Crossing in North Island New Zealand. I am revelling in a complex active volcanic landscape which registers a definite 'wow' on my personal scale. This late summer day is fine with a gentle breeze bringing hints of sulphur and the longer I sit the more warmth creeps through from my rock. To get here I have negotiated recent volcanic debris and lava flows and crossed craters. Ahead are the eye-catching Blue and Emerald Lakes and to my right the awesome dyke structures of the Red Crater. With three volcanic peaks, and as the southernmost active region of the western arc of the Pacific Ring of Fire, this geological landscape, just 250,000 years old, is of major significance. But it is also very much a human landscape although its mystic and spiritual properties are not for me as they belong to the Maori. Their chiefs drew strength from these mountains upon which lesser members of society were not allowed to look. Indeed it was tribal chief Horonuka Te Heuheu Tukino IV who, in 1887, gifted Tongoriro to the nation being convinced that it would soon be overwhelmed by the dash for development, sheep runs and logging, on the part of European settlers. He thus facilitated the creation of New Zealand's first National Park of a modest 2,360 ha which has been subsequently extended to 79,598 ha. Recognition and protection have been underlined by the designation of the park as of World Heritage status in 1990 and cultural World Heritage status in 1993.

Te Heuheu and the Government of his day could not have foreseen that by the first decade of the twenty first century a visit to Tongariro would have become a major summer and winter tourist 'experience' actively promoted by both National Park authority and the New Zealand tourist industry. The latter still rides with the Lord of the Rings effect and here in Tongoriro the Tolkien enthusiast can enjoy landscape as film set: Mordor, Gorgoroth and Mount Doom.

As I reflect on my surroundings a continual flow of mostly 'long haul' trampers of diverse language and accent passes me by, most pausing briefly to take in the view. All but a few will be time constrained having been dropped at the start point with a pick up at



the end and will have paid between NZ$25 and $55 to local coach operators anxious to service tourism. Currently nearly 100,000 trampers are tackling the crossing annually and the need for active management is being heightened. So there are basic facilities at both ends of the crossing, with huts for over-nighting and a number of responses to footpath erosion through the construction of board walks and step-ways such that the first major ascent of some 250m can be made with ease.

As both the smell of sulphur and the warmth of my rock increase the dynamic character of this landscape of diverse meanings becomes ever apparent. Volcanic eruptions have occurred within recent decades and an instruction board's advice as to what to do if such an event looks imminent, reminds us that the configuration of this landscape is subject to violent change on a human time scale.

RD (See also images on back page)

GROUND CONTROL: FELT LANDSCAPE AND THE STOP STANSTED EXPANSION CAMPAIGN

When the volcano at Eyjafjallajökull in Iceland erupted some months ago, people across Britain experienced a kind of life unique in the 21st century; one devoid of the incessant, enveloping drone of air traffic, forever coming and going. The leafy campus at Royal Holloway College, but a few miles from the temporarily muted Heathrow, was noticeably more peaceful, and ambling down to the nearby Thames proved markedly more enjoyable than usual. Where once there had been the artificial din of roaring jet engines, there was now nothing but silence, and an almost disquieting stillness. And yet, was it silence? With the loss of Heathrow's background hum, other features of the landscape seemed to impress themselves more upon the senses in response. The various and delicate melodies of the birdlife filtered through trees that rustled more than they used to, and the colours of the trees and the water and the sky flushed, as if my eyes were emerging from some kind of forced hibernation. The notion of landscape, it seemed, was ever mutable, and its perception as much about the aural and the tactile as the visual.

Two summers ago, for my undergraduate dissertation research in cultural geography, I sought to explore these more-than-visual aspects of landscape more methodically. As with the example above, I used a major London airport as a starting point; this time Stansted. More specifically, I looked at the publications of the campaign group Stop Stansted Expansion; (SSE) an organisation founded to resist the construction of a second runway at the airport and which has had much success in pursuit of this aim.

Through a detailed analysis of their extensive published material, I found that a particular concept of landscape was central to their advocacy drive. The geographical imagination of SSE, and their particular 'envisioning' of what the landscape at Stansted should be, underpinned all of their myriad works: from printed calendars and postcards, to website press releases and digital cartographies. To them, Stansted's proper landscape was to be associated exclusively with those ideas that we might traditionally link with that term — ideas revolving around the rural and the home; around memory and timelessness. In one, notable example, SSE published a picture on their website of Constable's Haywain defaced by a low-flying jumbo, which encapsulated perfectly the significance of these four themes to the campaign, as well as the utter incompatibility of airport expansion with what they felt the Stansted area should be.



Yet, despite the decidedly visual nature of their published materials, to me, describing SSE's desired landscape solely through imagery seemed to fall short. Vision was certainly an important sense to acknowledge when considering the SSE's rendering of the Stansted landscape, but it also obscured a necessary acknowledgement of all the other sensory engagements made when living in a particular place.

In their various publications, SSE regularly provided photographs and mappings of their preferred landscape, but they supported these visual assertions with statements testifying to the feel of the place. Attention, for instance, was drawn to the din of jet engines, as in my example of Heathrow above, as well as the multi-sensory experience of walking around the local countryside. Indeed, one of the group's campaign tactics was to arrange organised tours (by foot, bike, and car) of the immediate area, so that supporters and other participants could actually feel what it was like to be there. As recently as June this year, a notice on



their website (www.stopstanstedexpansion.com) asked supporters to keep track of aviation fuel smells by way of an interactive form, and the effort to provide an account of the Stansted landscape that goes beyond a 'base ocular-centrism' has been characteristic of much of their work

What, then, are we to make of these observations? I want to suggest here that landscape, so often tied in academia and elsewhere inviolably to the visual, can be better understood by virtue of a more catholic consideration of the senses. SSE are forced to represent their favoured Stansted landscape almost solely through imagery for such are the practicalities of the internet and printed media, but these materials cannot be understood solely by reference to the visual. Whilst SSE may well have a particular 'vision' of what they think the Stansted landscape should be, it is a vision dependent on all the different sensory inputs that they receive from living, working and campaigning in the area. Landscape, in the conception outlined here, is about more than two-dimensional photographs or delimited tracts of land; it is about the unique, multisensory connections that people make to certain parts of the earth, and about how they attempt to communicate these intimate knowledges to other people.

PK philipalankirby@googlemail.com

LE BOIS DE CISE

by Philip Pacey

A number of years ago we were passengers in a car which drove into Paradise, turned around, and drove out again. So when the opportunity arose to visit the same place again, we seized the opportunity.

The Paradise in question is Le Bois de Cise, a wooded valley on the coast of Picardy, a short walk over the cliffs from the seaside town of Ault. The woodland, including oaks, chestnuts, birches, hazels, and conifers, is what's left of a once vast forest. It's as if the rest of the forest has been rubbed out, leaving only the trees filling this cleft in the chalk like ink in the incisions in an etching plate.

The Bois de Cise isn't any more a wild wood, It's inhabited, a Paradise from which humans have not been expelled but rather, into which they have entered, carefully, tenderly, with more confidence than wild creatures looking for safety and shelter, but without malicious intent. It was founded by Jean-Baptise Thelot, a wine merchant, who bought land here in 1896 and in the following years was responsible for dividing the Bois into lots and selling them through an office in Paris. The lots were of various sizes, prices varying with size and location. A winding road was laid down, from a wooden arch marking the entrance to the valley, down and along the valley bottom, with branching lanes and a network of footpaths providing access to the plots. Where the valley ended, suspended above sea-level, work was undertaken to engineer access to the beach. Here gardens were laid out, a hotel and a 'casino' were built (in France, a 'casino' can be more of a village hall than a dedicated gambling establishment), tennis courts and a 'boulodrome' were provided, bathing huts were installed. M. Thelot produced a guide book – perhaps more of a prospectus - *La Plage du Bois-de-Cise,* published in 1898, in which he wrote of the unique qualities of this seaside resort where it is possible to retreat from the blazing sun into the shade of the woods, or from strong winds into the shelter of the trees.

Villas were built from the late 1890s, taking full advantage of the variety of styles which flourished within the broad denomination of 'Belle Epoque', some of them to my eye a characteristically extravagant French equivalent of Arts & Crafts, and all, in their way, in keeping. Two guards were employed to keep an eye on the houses when the owners were away; a house was built for each guard. In 1912 the residents formed a Syndicat, which still today watches over the Bois, agrees rules for its protection, and organises events. (Use of machines, including lawn mowers, is forbidden between 8.00pm and 7.00 am. Picking wild flowers is discouraged, but 'if you wish to make a bunch of wild hyacinths or daffodils, pick them up with care and take only what you can hold in one hand'). 60 houses were completed before 1918, 14 between the wars. A haven for wounded soldiers and for refugees in the 1st World War, in the 2nd World War the Bois could neither hide itself nor provide protection from the occupying Germans. After the War the residents set about repairing the damage. 10 more houses were built between 1945 and 1951.

On a lovely spring morning we parked the car immediately after entering the valley, and strolled down the road, the quiet disturbed only by birdsong, enjoying the way waves of ramsons (wild garlic) flowed down the steeply stepped footpaths and lapped against and invaded the lots. Their flowers scented the air, some two weeks ahead of the ramsons I encourage in our garden. The valley widened and we reached the open area, nowadays maintained by the local authority (Ault) for public use: lawns, soon to be occupied by a coach load of school children with packed lunches, overlooking the sea. It was then that we realised our error in not having brought food with us. There is no cafe; no shop; only a superbly located restaurant offering a larger meal than we wanted at a price we could scarcely afford. I wanted to stay and explore, even on an empty stomach, but felt unable to withstand a strengthening consensus in favour of going elsewhere in search of lunch. But before leaving, two of us climbed the steep steps of one of the paths leading up the side of the valley to the very top, where another path skirted the its edge, delineating the boundary between valley and open fields. We followed this boundary path to a wonderful place, a secret lookout, where cowslips grew in profusion, from where we could look northwards across the mouth of the valley, to the cliffs on the other side, and out to sea.

Descendants of Adam and Eve, it falls on us to try to recreate Paradise. Sometimes it seems that, insofar as we are successful, we only succeed in making enclaves of privilege. Houses in a location as desirable as the Bois de Cise, can be afforded only by the wealthy. Camping on vacant lots was apparently tolerated for a while in the 1960s, but was soon forbidden. But as we climbed the footpath we passed a house hardly bigger than a hut, set in a garden which had surrendered entirely to ramsons, where a young woman, sitting outside reading a book, readily returned our greetings. Our presence was accepted; the public gardens were temporarily colonised by schoolchildren; the valley had been permanently infiltrated by the democracy of birds.

PP

SLEUTHING LANDSCAPES BY THE RIVER GREAT OUSE

by Bud Young

The two of them came out of the Axe and Compass (15th Century!) , a small stone floored snug bar which would not have been out of place in the 1930s (when 'lounge bar' mattered), put on their cycle clips and set off through the village of Hemingford Abbots. The landlord's daughter, delightful, had sat at their table and fed them with information about the Manor, where lived the girl's ancestors, farmers of that village in the early 1800s. No 1930s villager, as she Googled information on a smart laptop. Adam the cellarman ancestrally of the village had been called to fill in other details.

All this in a delightful village in the valley of the Great Ouse south of St Ives. Its thatches, all wheat straw, hang down to eyelevel and its roofs are steep over yellow brick: thatch so unlike Dorset or Devon, or Oxfordshire — difficult to credit that really — but that is what makes it wonderfully vernacular — of its own region. It is also so socially mixed at least in its origins: cottages, single, and cottages, terraced, little barns and outbuildings stand next to the 17th Manor House and in amongst buildings of even higher historic rank and greater status. They seemed to meet a high proportion of ageing American expats and aviation engineers.

And at the end of the High Street the silent soft flow of the river, green mirrored and broad, a deep flow of

thought, connecting histories, beyond which lie ‘inaccessible’ flooding meadows. A wall and low bank now stand between its immense power and an ancient cottage.

They exit this exemplar of medieval England (a place relaxed and quiet but not chocolate box) down a long straight and level road. To either side houses set half way down long gardens, houses of many types in undivided big plots mostly posh. The tag ‘millionaires’ row comes to their minds for this is a display of wealth in support of lifestyle. A building site signs up another ‘substantial house’ in the making.



Then abruptly there is an end to it: a gate to a grassy open field: a little empty, not very promising, no variation, less stimulating than millionaires’ row. Without bikes one might not continue but our pair have wheels which is the delight of cycle mooching. The broad path is tarmacked and riding in sunshine through the scent of may blossom is a joy.
There is a bank behind hawthorns on the right … a river defence or an abandoned railway? Wheels spin delightfully and they don’t stop. It is detail they don’t want to investigate. Out at the other end, another well organized gate and one of those heavily graveled but roughly edged tracks that gravel pits create and lovers walk, but fearfully; a notice saying ‘nature reserve’ and the characteristic cluster of three parked cars — habitat enthusiasts at this time of day, but menacing later. Swing 180 degrees, a mounded disposal site in the distance and the sound of earth moving. A good place to turn about. A sufficient exploration? A neat set of observed landscapes. A delightful little excursion. Tie it up, all done, go home.

Returning then, the girl sees the ridge and furrow first while the man, with soil pretensions, focuses on the ant mounds in the grass. The ants seem to like the colluvial footslope of the low hill. The ridge and furrow shows no preference. Both cyclists, now pedestrian, bumble their bikes uphill over the grass. At the top, 10 feet above the ant mounds, there are earthworks. Fortifications, no. Village tenements, no, for the scale and shape is wrong. A robbed out barrow, ridiculous thought. Diggings, perhaps for glacial cobble stones that cap this little hill. But do they? Theirs is an investigation as quick as it is shallow — albeit illustrated. A rapid reconnaissance. The soil man takes a photo to record the ridge and furrow, the girl at his request stands in the furrow to show how deep it is. A bumpy trundling ride downhill on dry turf, noting the dessicated cow pats (childhood’s Frisbees). Riding on medieval fields what larks! Past the pond with yellow irises, the hawthorns on the left now, along the tarred path, back through the gate, they see now that the road is labeled Common Lane. It would have helped.

Back home for tea. Another nested group of English landscapes.

Postscript
Next day and from another manor, Wigan Farm north of St Ives, (another of the girl’s family connections and one that once had 27 labourers and four servant domestics) they are shown a sale note from the 1920s, offering three of the farm fields as ‘plotlands’ (it never happened) and the connection flashes across. Yesterday’s Millionaire’s row as a plotland with full and ostentatious upgrade makes sense. The common so medieval in its furrows unwittingly chanced upon is Godmanchester Common Eastside: a 30 year old Godmanchester woman suspicious and reserved at first, lacking in style and walking a nondescript dog offers this information as she walks back in the May sunshine from having a pint at the Axe and Compass — a fragment of the good life? The one-time Canberra Base at RAF Wyton with its extended runway cutting the old county road and the ring of other WW2 and Cold War airfields (now in re-use) suggest clues to why ageing American expats. Google’s airphoto shows seven different blocks of ridge and furrow. And of course the OS 25000 scale map sets it all out rather well — but that was next day’s purchase.

BY

ELASA HITS THE TURF

Rowan Longhurst

Prelude
Despite the best efforts of Icelandic geology (it was a volcano for those reading this in two year’s time), Edinburgh in April saw the arrival of over 30 European students from 12 countries. Following an article in LRE53 we are pleased to inform the Group that the ELASA (European Landscape Architecture Student Association) mini-meeting hosted by students from Edinburgh College of Art (ECA) was a great success.

[ELASA meetings are held twice a year and are run solely by enthusiastic students eager to bring fellow European Landscape Architecture students to their country. A busy programme of lectures, workshops and site visits is orientated around a key theme and not only aims to encourage participants to engage with landscape issues within the hosting country, but also to share ideas, approaches and cultural insights with fellow students].





The meeting enlivens Muirhouse
Students (who made it to Edinburgh!) were instantly thrown into a physical, hands on workshop in Muirhouse, urban north Edinburgh in collaboration with NEA (North Edinburgh Arts) and that group’s programme of events entitled ‘Your New Home’ which aims to engage local residents with their local community. Muirhouse is a challenging part of Edinburgh which is undergoing large scale regeneration and suffers from a range of social problems. Working only with 230 m2 of turf (donated by Lindum who get an editorial mention later) and wooden pallets, ELASA students designed and constructed a central public space within a drab and stale central shopping arcade. It was transformed into an exciting and engaging performance area which would be used throughout the weekend for a series of public events. The

'sculpturability' of Lindum turf enabled students to work in 3D, constructing the space and engaging members of the community as they passed through. The day ended with a lecture from Eelco Hooftman, director of Gross Max, who provided a further insight into the landscape architecture profession in the UK, and the role of the landscape architect professional.

And then to the country

The remainder of the programme took place in Aberfeldy in the Highlands north of Edinburgh. Whisked away from the inner city, participants were encouraged for the rest of the programme to return to the basic skills and tools of the landscape profession. Drawing and model-making workshops were underpinned by lectures from Ross Mclean (ECA), Donald Urquhart (leading artist), Eddy Van Mourik (ECA 'Art Space and Nature' post graduate student), Lara Greene (sculptor) and horticultural experts from the Royal Botanic Gardens. The range of speakers touched on issues relevant to landscape students those interested in landscape design, planning or management. Of particular interest were the varied debates and discussions that were instigated through the workshops. A one day walking and drawing workshop also included insights into the realities of managing the Scottish landscape; Drew Kennedy (a local farmer) and Alison Bowman (landscape architect from the Forestry Commission) both gave colourful talks based on first hand experience. Given the recent volcanic eruption and grounding of flights, discussions particularly touched on food security, renewable energy, carbon sequestration and recreation, relating specifically to tree planting and agriculture within Scotland.



Finishing back in Edinburgh with an exhibition at Edinburgh College of Art on Monday 19th April, participants took part in a Ceilidh and celebrated the end of a successful meeting. Participants not only left Edinburgh with new ideas, approaches and design tools but had also forged friendships throughout Europe, which will no doubt grow into future professional relationships.

Students do it all

The spirit of ELASA is indeed at the heart of its success. As part of the meeting participants took part in an 'Official Representatives meeting' which established the host for next year's meetings. We were excited with the growing levels of enthusiasm and could see sparks of inspiration from participants, keen to organise a meeting themselves. We are pleased to announce that ELASA continues to grow and evolve, next year offering two mini-meetings and one annual meeting. A team from Slovenia will be the host in early spring, whilst the Swiss will open the meeting to international participants as part of the IFLA (International Federation of Landscape Architects) Congress in June/July. This summer will see Latvia host the longer annual meeting with Germany and students from Munich University hosting the annual one in 2011.

And the value spreads

We continue to hope that the involvement and engagement of UK students in ELASA will grow as a result of the Edinburgh meeting (the first time the meeting has been hosted in the UK since 1995) as engagement by the UK seems to be weak when set against engagement by our European neighbours. We believe that the personal and professional benefits of ELASA meetings are endless. Individuals leave a meeting with friends and contacts all over Europe and an insight into the profession abroad. ELASA continues to engage with other organisations such as EFLA, ECLAS and LE:NOTRE further to benefit from shared information and experience. *Given the aims and objectives of the ELC, it is through networks such as these that we will have joined-up thinking and an increased promotion of landscape architecture at all levels.* Students of today are the professionals of tomorrow.

RL

A CIVILIAN OCCUPATION — THE POLITICS OF ISRAELI ARCHITECTURE.

"Throughout the last century a different kind of warfare has been radically altering the landscape of Israel/Palestine. The mundane elements of planning and architecture have been conscripted as tactical tools in Israel's state strategy, which has sought to further national and geopolitical objectives in the organisation of space and the redistribution of its population. The landscape has become the battlefield in which power and state control confront both subversive and direct resistance."

This passage introduces a book from Verso Books — www.versobooks.com — published in 2003. Edited by Rafi Segal and Eyal Weizman it is a collection of the text works, maps and photographs of sixteen Israelis who in 2002 put together an exhibition commissioned by the Israeli Association of United Architects. In the event, that organisation did not like the material on the grounds that it was political and cancelled the exhibition. Verso Books then published the exhibition as a book which to those who do not know much about Palestine-Israel is a devastating indictment of Zionist settlement outcomes and the State's policy. The editors speak of architects who are also the planners and landscape architects of settlement growth.

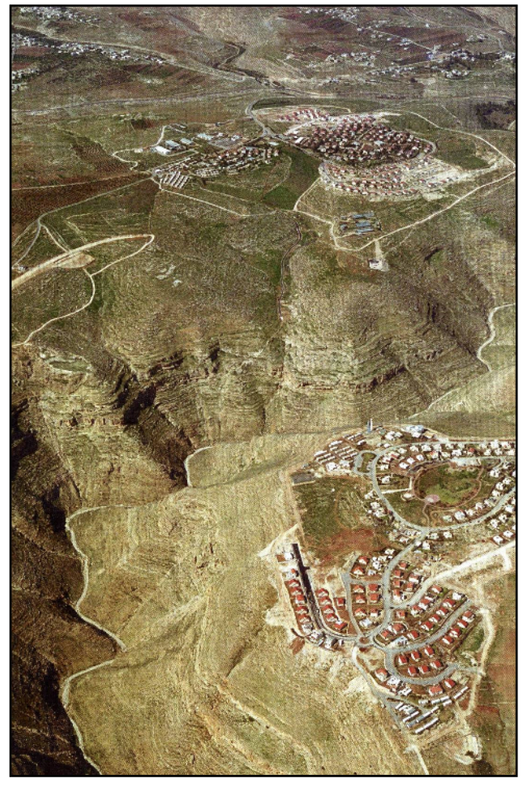


Photo copyright acknowledged to Milutin Labudovic and Daniel Bauer taken by them for use in the **Peace Now Campaign** to record the establishment and expansion of illegal settlements in the West Bank. One of several aerial shots in the book.

Daily news about the conflict tends to focus on the latest affront to Palestine and the World but it is the enormous and continuing spread of settlement and its intention to dominate and control by means of road, surveillance sight lines and roadblocks that provides the long lasting stumbling block to peace in the area and in the region.

The exhibition/book carries astonishing colour aerial shots of hilltop fortress-like settlements, maps of a very refined and accurate quality of the distribution of settlements — Palestinian and Israeli ('arab' is the term used by Israelis as if denying Palestinian nationhood) and other materials relating to historic colonisation of the land both pre and post 1948, the year of Nakbha ('the Palestinian catastrophe').

The best thing about this book is that it was edited and created by a group of liberal Israelis who see the enormity of the tragedy and are prepared to speak out against it. The awful thing about it is what it describes.

I quote here from page 92 a chapter written by the editors entitled: "The Mountain, Principles of Heights and Effects": —

In the ideal image of the pastoral landscape, integral to the perspective of colonial traditions, the admiration of the rustic panorama is always viewed through the window frames of modernity. The impulse to retreat from the city to the country reasserts the virtues of a simpler life close to nature. It draws on the opposition between luxury and simplicity, the spontaneous and the planned, nativity and foreignness, which are nothing but the opposite poles of the axis of vision that stretches between the settlements and their surrounding landscape. Furthermore, the re-creation of the picturesque scenes of a Biblical landscape becomes a testimony to an ancient claim on the land. The admiration of the landscape thus functions as a cultural practice, by which social and subjective identities are formed.

Within this panorama, however, lies a cruel paradox: the very thing that renders the landscape 'Biblical' or 'pastoral', its traditional inhabitation and cultivation in terraces, olive orchards, stone buildings and the presence of livestock, is produced by the Palestinians, whom the Jewish settlers came to replace. And yet, the

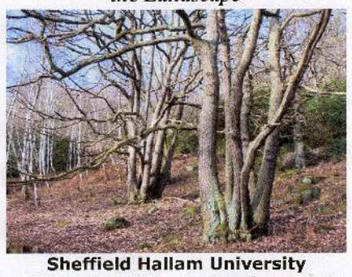
very people who cultivate the 'green olive orchards' and render the landscape Biblical are themselves excluded from the panorama. The Palestinians are there to produce the scenery and then disappear. It is only when talking about the roads that the Palestinians are mentioned in the brochure, and then only by way of exclusion: 'A motored system is being developed that will make it possible to travel quickly and safely to the Tel Aviv area and to Jerusalem on modern throughways, by-passing Arab towns.' The gaze that sees a 'pastoral, Biblical landscape' does not register what it does not want to see, it is a visual exclusion that seeks a physical exclusion.

Bud Young
Exeter Palestine Solidarity Campaign.

MAJOR INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

The End of Tradition?

Aspects of Commons and Cultural Severance in the Landscape



Sheffield Hallam University
15th to the 17th September 2010

Editor's choice This looks like a good conference to attend

- go to www.ukeconet.co.uk for details.

Landscape Awards

Showcasing the best projects in the UK. Good landscapes, wherever they are, help make great communities. A new town square, a restored coastal path, a regeneration scheme with public space at its heart, all make a contribution to how well a community works. We are looking for the best landscape projects in the UK. We want to show the power of landscape to benefit the communities of which they are a part.

A landscape for Europe
The **UK Landscape Award was created by the European Landscape Convention** and helps to implement it in the UK. The winner will become the UK's entry to the Landscape Award of the Council of Europe (COE) which will be decided by the COE in March 2011. The Award has only been run once before; this is the first time that it has taken place in the UK.

All kinds of landscapes are eligible to enter The landscape might be newly-created, it could be the improvement or renewal of an existing landscape or perhaps it has brought new life or community involvement to an existing place. All types of landscape - urban, rural, peri-urban (urban edge), suburban, coastal, agricultural, industrial, designed, natural, cultural, appealing to or designed for children - might be eligible to enter.

Entries close on **27 August 2010**. The winner will be announced on 8 November 2010 at the European Landscape Convention Conference in Liverpool. The UK winner will then be submitted to the Council of Europe's European Landscape Award which will be announced in March 2011. The Landscape Institute has been appointed to manage the Award. Google Landscape Awards for details.

An LRG reminder

Post-Industrial Landscapes – Insights from art, geography and landscape architecture

The 2010CFP RGS-IBG Annual Conference , 1st — 3rd September London
Within the larger conference, this session on post industrial landscapes is sponsored by Landscape Research Group (LRG) and the Landscape Institute (LI). Session organisers: Catherine Brace (Vice Chair LRG, University of Exeter), Brodie McAllister (Landscape Institute), Tim Collins (University College Falmouth). Please direct any questions to Catherine Brace cbrace@exeter.ac.uk

The views and opinions in this publication are those of the authors and the senior editor individually and do not necessarily agree with those of the Group. It is prepared by Bud Young for the Landscape Research Group and distributed
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Editorial enquiries:
Bud Young
Airphoto Interpretation,
26 Cross Street Moretonhampstead Devon
TQ13 8NL
or emails to
young@airphotointerpretation.com

LRG Dissertation prize winners

Recipient	Dissertation Title, Department	Amount	Prize Type
Alan Gillingwater	*'Visions of Ringway 1: Tracing the Spaces of a Modernist Aporia'* Dept of Geography, University of Sheffield	£350.00	MA 1st Prize Academic
Emilie Koefod	*'Battersea Power Station: A Disturbing Post-Industrial Landscape'* Dept of Geography, UCL	£350.00	MA 1st Prize Academic
Adam Perry	*'An Assessment o of 'An Assessment of the Potential of Landscape Management in the Upland Peat Environment to Sustain Ecosystems Services: a Case Study of Smithills Moor, Bolton'* School of Environment and Development, University of Manchester.	£350.00	MA 1st Prize Practical
Philip Kirby	*'Ground control: Felt landscape and the Stop Stansted Expansion campaign'* Dept. of Geography, Royal Holloway, University of London	£250.00	UG 1st Prize Academic
Samantha Jackson	*'An assessment of the value of terrestrial carbon payback calculations to the development of Scotland's renewable industry: A case study of Onshore Wind'* Dept of Geography, University of Edinburgh	£250.00	UG 1st Prize Practical
Delphi Jarrett	*'Rethinking Urban Publicness: A Case Study of Graffiti in Berlin'* School of Geography & the Environment, University of Oxford	£100.00	UG Highly commended Academic
Michael Hughes	*'Reassessing Peltier's model of Glacial Isostatic Adjustment through lithostratigraphic and biostratigraphic analysis of Holocene sediments in the Wirral, North West England'* Dept. of Geography, Durham University	£100.00	UG Highly commended Academic

The Group this year, decided to widen its trawl for prize winning landscape related papers among University students and to reward prize winners more generously. The table displays those who most impressed the panel judges. UG = undergraduate, MA = Masters.