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Landscape Loss and Landscape Change - Dresden, The Elbe, Sněžka and the Giant Mountains

By Gareth Roberts

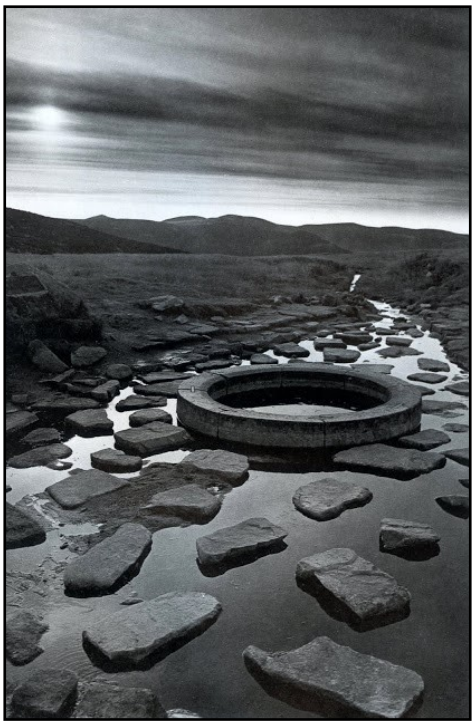
In September LRG will convene a conference in Dresden. This is a city most infamously known for the terrible damage wrought upon it by allied bombing shortly before the end of the Second World War. It is a city memorable to me for its stupendous baroque and rococo architecture depicted in the 19th century paintings of this city and the romantic landscapes of Caspar David Friedrich that can be seen in the city's Neue Meister Germaldegalerie. I have witnessed the city centre gradually being rebuilt and restored over 30 years. It is a spectacular achievement and a master class in civic design. However, the enduring image that remains with me is that first seen in Johan Christian Dahl's painting '*Blick auf Dresden Bei Vollmondschein'* (1839) depicting the city's distinctive silhouette of churches, art galleries and civic buildings reflected in the river like jewels in a crown in the moonlight.



Dresden is again a wonderfully alive place whose character and beauty owes a great deal to the River Elbe. It is little wonder that this city and the river that links it to the surrounding countryside was considered worthy of being awarded World Heritage status and that this should be reflected in the name "The Dresden Elbe Valley" World Heritage Site. More surprising perhaps is that the development of a new Waldschlößchenbrücke bridge across the river has seen that status since being withdrawn in 2009. I've not seen the controversial new bridge as yet but I look forward to doing so when I visit Dresden in September.

During communist times the Elbe formed much of the political boundary between East and West Germany. I was a student of Civic Design at Liverpool University in the early 1970s and keen to learn about Soviet style town and country planning. But travelling behind the Iron Curtain was a very challenging and even hairy experience in the 1960s and 70s for students like me. Communists didn't want us there polluting the minds of their young people. It was an expensive business too. Visas had to be acquired in advance and money had to be exchanged at border crossings at rates way below what could be obtained on the black market. The compulsory exchange of $10 US per day of the visa stay left little if any scope, for black market dealings let alone unchaperoned forays to explore the wider countryside and meet the locals which is what I always sought. I quickly became, and firmly remain disillusioned after what I saw.

After the demise of Communism it became, almost overnight, very much easier to travel to Eastern Europe. I quickly took advantage of the situation and looked forward to visiting places that previously I could realistically only dream or read about. Dresden was close to the top of my list and I travelled there for the first time in 1990 taking a train from Prague following the river Elbe down the spectacular gorged landscape of Saxon Switzerland before emerging onto the open undulating landscapes of Saxony. The Elbe or Labe as it is known in Czech is one of Europe's great rivers. It rises in the Krkonoše known also as the Riesengebirge or Giant Mountains in the north of the Czech Republic, flows northwards for over 1000 kilometres before spilling its catchment waters into the North Sea near Cuxhaven, north west of Hamburg. It is a river that has always fascinated me and shortly after attending a conference in the Krkonoše in 1991 I decided I would return the following year to find its source. I was impressed by the simple way the spring (or pramen), with a small circle of masonry around it set in a bleak open moorland landscape marks the spot ...see photo above.



The Krkonoše Mountains were designated a National Park in 1965 and declared a UNESCO Biosphere Reserve in 1992. These ancient, heavily eroded mountains are not especially significant in terms of their elevation at around 1500 metres or spectacular compared to the glaciated landscapes of the Alps, Pyrenees, North Western Europe or even their eastern neighbours the Carpathians. Sněžka (the White Mountain) is the highest peak in the range at just over 1600 metres. Sněžka is 300 metres higher than Snowdon but is far less physically challenging to walk up making Krkonoše ideal for those who enjoy long distance trekking. The Mountain has a good network of well-maintained and marked paths, too. Ever since getting to the tops of mountains became fashionable in the 18th century, Sněžka became an especially attractive venue simply because it is the highest mountain in the Czech Republic. It has proved to be a special attraction and magnet for tourists now for more than two centuries and more. The following three images of Sněžka I acquired in recent years reveal much about changing public attitudes to this landscape.

The first, a lithograph by E W Knippel is in the romantic style popular in the late 18th century. It reflects the growing popularity of the mountains with the 'leisured' classes, catering for the select few with marked paths, guides, sedan chairs and a refuge and refreshments at the summit, whilst making the point that the peasants continued to work the fields.

The second offers a vision of Sněžka as it might become in 2000. It was published in the late 1880s at a time when Germany was a world leader in aviation and motor vehicle technology and many German speaking people lived in the Sudetenlands which included the eastern part of the Krkonoše mountains. The steam locomotive arriving with Parisian visitors has the word SCHNECKE (snail) painted on its boiler. The message is about technological advancement allowing people to expe-



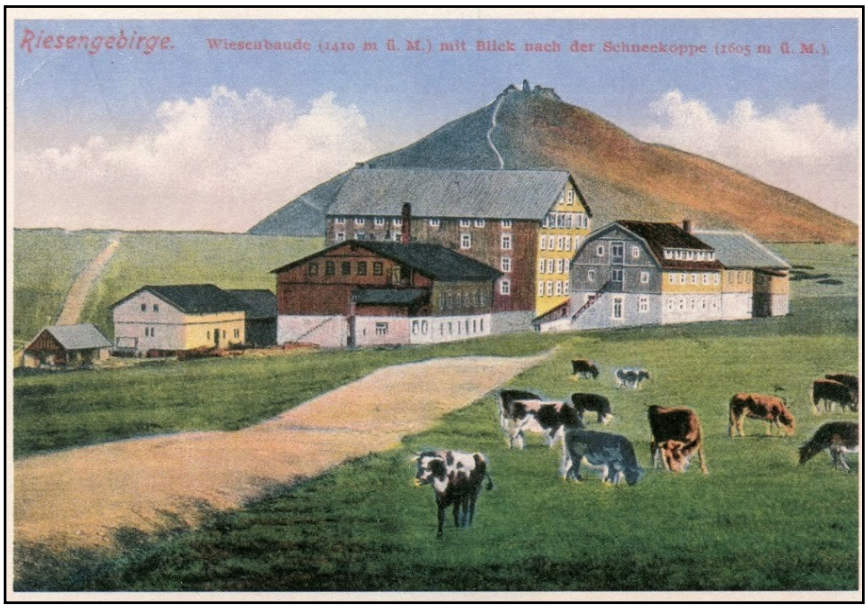


The Dresden Conference will focus on Landscape of Energy. It offers the opportunity to debate issues related to the production of energy through renewable sources such as wind and solar. These technologies are fast advancing and might be expected to transform how European landscapes are planned and managed into the future. It will be worth bearing in mind that some of the landscape changes that society has readily supported, advocated or had foisted upon itself have proved to be ill conceived and misguided and their deleterious impacts often are long lived.

rience the mountain in new - and excessively unsustainable ways. Sustainability issues did not feature and there was little regard for the environmental at all. I think this is not a statement lampooning trends that were emerging but more a statement about of what might be achieved through technological advancement.

The third image shows a collective farm in the foothills of the Krkonoše. Sněžka is clearly visible in the distance. The mantra was that collective farming could and should prevail even in the most hostile landscapes. Communities were destroyed by the forced establishment of these collective farms. Traditional chalets fell to pieces. Beautiful sub-alpine wild-flower meadows ceased to be mown, alien species spread and commercial forests were planted. Centrally controlled economic production of food and other products was demanded by Josef Stalin of the Soviet Union and its satellite states. It was to prove to be misguided and even caused widespread hardship, famine and death notably in Ukraine in the early 1930s. The impact of collectivisation of eastern European landscapes was all pervasive and even to this day abandoned farms buildings, grain silos and open field systems of collective farms litter the landscape and are still very evident and visible reminders of a regime that some fear may once again return.

GR



Owen Manning BY WAY OF PREFACE: Your editor once suggested I write something on the significance of cloud; since when, as a keen member of the Cloud Adoption Society I have periodically reported excitedly "Clouds gathering at last!" only for them to dry up unproductively. A good thing too, those will say who see clouds merely as interruptions to the endless sun they crave. Me, I am fascinated by them, collect them, pursue them over the countryside, and here -- prompted by a recent journey – is something to explain why: a trailer perhaps for a fuller discussion to follow on the serious matter of how clouds affect our experience of landscape…..

…...TRANSFORMED BY CLOUDS: MALVERN TO LEEDS 24TH APRIL 2015

by Owen Manning

On a cloudless day like many before in this spring anticyclone, haze is obscuring the distances as I drive north from Malvern, though M5 itself appears almost beautiful as it curves between the emerging greens of young woodland and the flowery carpet of its verges, for mile upon mile. Then comes an unexpected change. A slender high-arched bridge spanning the road ahead, lit by full afternoon sun, is standing out vividly against a sky no longer a nondescript hazy blue but the deeper slate-blue of heavy cloud!

Emerging from the cutting I see an army of big clouds marching across the motorway and reaching far over the landscape on either side, with a dense dark curtain

of rain connecting sky and land to the east: this was the stormy slate-blue behind the golden bridge so briefly glimpsed before M42 swung through its great turn northwards. The clouds ahead aren't precipitating yet, but *preparing*: piling up their gleaming summits on all sides as I hurtle towards them; I itch to photograph them, but can't.

Abruptly a chill gloom descends over the road, as strange and portentous as that cast by the near-eclipse of the sun a few weeks before, for we are now passing beneath that great barrier of cloud. The smoky grey of storm rain fills the sky on either side, the motorway is wet, spray-filled — yet it's not raining here; the downpours are holding back to let us pass. For miles I drive north in that cold wet shadow before emerging into relative brightness to see more cumulus building all around, the sky a turmoil, as I continue on through the storm front — and finally beyond it into calm clear air.

My first stopping-point (South Yorkshire Woodland Burial Ground) is sunlit and springlike, but *cold*, and clouds gather again into a grey ceiling as I leave. Only north of Leeds at my destination for the night does the cloud layer break, as a setting sun flames through it along the horizon, turning dark grit-built Horsforth momentarily to gold ahead of me and then, as I circle around (slightly lost) into the black silhouettes of church, houses and trees edged with fire in the all enveloping orange glow. Again I'm desperate to photograph, but just too late to catch this apocalyptic conflagration, though it lingers like a dying fire behind the woodland where I finally come to rest.

Weather and clouds have once again turned a nondescript, and at times melancholy journey into an event, a scene of drama and glory. But was I the only traveller that day to have rejoiced in what was happening in the sky above the road, and why do such scenes mostly occur while hurtling unstoppably along a motorway?



Surely, one might be tempted to think, by steering with one's knees for a moment while fumbling with camera and driver's window, one might manage a quick shot – and surely that suddenly interested police car behind would understand: "D'you see, officer, the dramatic interplay of light and dark in those *cumulus congestus* above us?" "Quite so, sir, and an excellent shot, I must say – and if I'm not mistaken, isn't that an incipient outbreak of *cirronimbus castellatus* away north-east, it's above Junction 27 at a guess; you might be in time if you step on it" …

A nice thought.

OM

Picture of Jane on her bicycle by Bernard Bowerman from **Jane's Country Year** by Malcom Savile. Published in 1946 by George Newnes Ltd, London. This picture is captioned:

"The trees were roaring and shaking in the wind as Jane was blown downhill."

AN URBAN PARK IN UKRAINE

ZNESINNYA REGIONAL LANDSCAPE PARK, LVIV

By Oleksandr Zavadovych



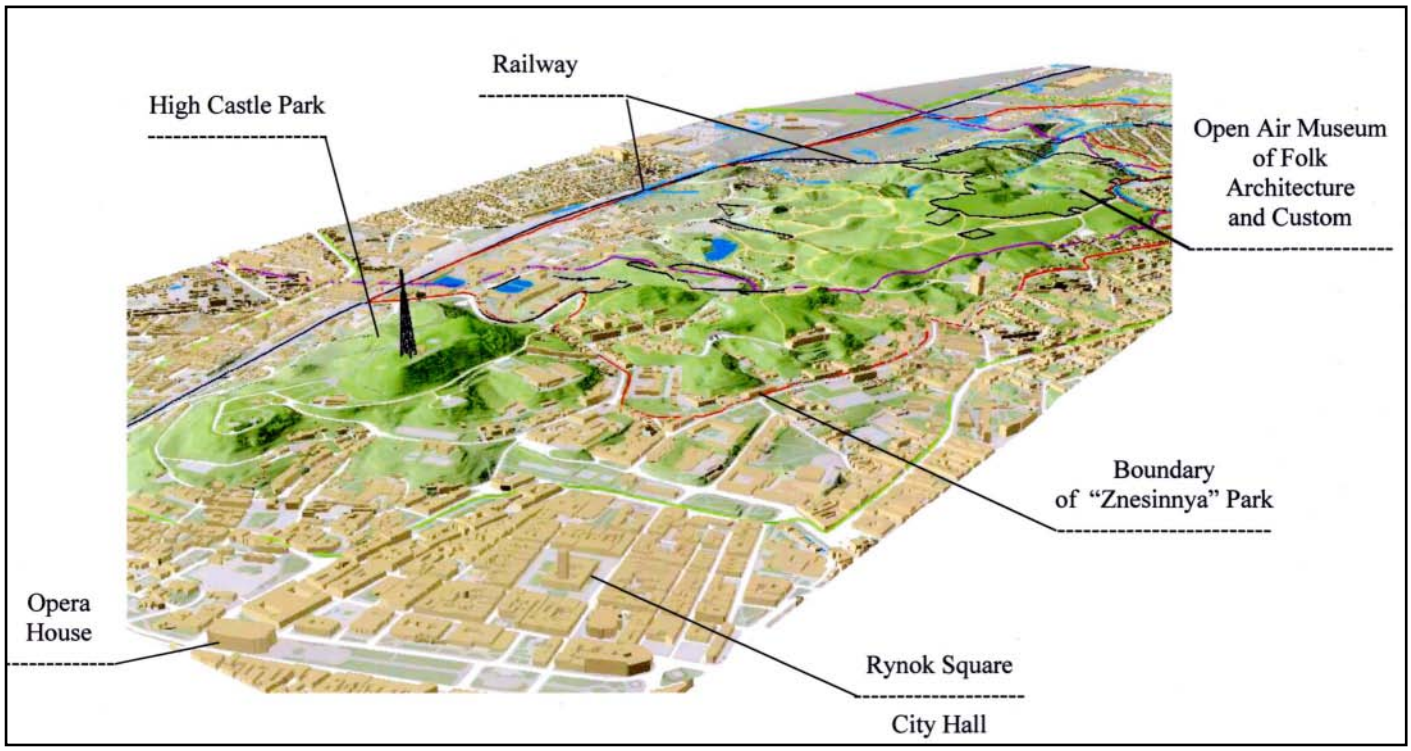
I live in Lviv in Western Ukraine. It is a city that has a special charm and soul of its own especially when compared to other cities that formed part of the Soviet Union. It is a culturally exciting city noted for its wandering musicians, carnivals, exhibitions, fairs, folk crafts, its celebration of Orthodox, Greek Catholic, and Latin Catholic Christian religious holi-





days, as well as music concerts, theatre and sports events. Lviv has something special happening throughout the year which helps explain its popularity with visitors. As the Deputy Director of Lviv's Regional Landscape Park I am especially keen to promote the city's hidden landscapes, the green spaces which abound in this city but are less frequently visited by the 1,800,000 or so visitors who come here annually.

Away from the historic centre Lviv offers some of this city's most romantic and picturesque districts with tree lined streets, informal parks and squares and extensive areas of woodland. There are also small lakes and open spaces many of which have reverted to semi natural vege-



tation from industrial workings and sand pits that characterised this city a century ago. The area we call "Znesinnya" is the largest of these areas of 'parkland' covering an area of 312 hectares. It has been designated as a Regional Landscape Park for its nature conservation, landscape, architectural and archaeological interests. It is very popular with Lvivians commanding high ground where people like to come to relax and enjoy wonderful views. It is situated in the North-Eastern part of the city, within the ancient village of Znesinnya named after the Christian holiday of Voznesinnya Hospodnie (The Lord's Ascension).



It is only a 20-minute walk from the City Hall to Znesinnya and offers geological, historical and biodiversity interest. Here it is possible to find some rare species of plants, sandstone and limestone outcrops containing fossils, and gently undulating hills covered with woodland; picturesque valleys with ponds and streams. All these landscapes are complemented by the relics of the older settlements, sacred sites, ancient cemeteries and an open-air museum of folk architecture. The remnants of the more recent industrial heritage is also evident including the sandpits, stone quarries and a railway. All add to the landscape interest of the Park. Znesinnya was one of the first Ukraine Regional Parks located inside a large urban centre, and forms part of the country's network of landscapes afforded special protection. It is especially significant in the context of Ukraine and internationally perhaps because it is located within the territory of one of the country's largest cities (population up to 900, 000) and is subject to huge development pressures.

It is my job to ensure the area's qualities are properly protected. It is a task that has become increasingly challenging in recent years because of global economic recession compounded by the reduction in public funding that is a consequence of the current hostilities. We look forward to better times and hope to maintain the high standards necessary to manage and maintain this Park against all adversity so that our own people and visitors to our Park can continue to enjoy its wonderful heritage. We rely increasingly on the support of volunteers to help us manage and maintain the Park and we are especially proud to have been nominated for an award for our achievements by the International Council for Local Environmental Initiatives (ICLEI) in 2000.

We are always looking to develop partnerships and invite volunteers from other countries to support our work. It is difficult for our staff to travel outside the country so inviting people here is a treat for us not least because it helps us learn about best practice experiences in managing similar parks elsewhere in Europe.

We contemplate establishing a live website on which individuals and other organisations can share their experiences of managing similar 'urban parks'. If you think this might make for an interesting project then let me know. We hope that LRG can help us in this endeavour. If you would like to share views about how any such 'live' event might take place, or have direct experience of one or can help us identify best practice experiences in managing large semi natural 'wilderness' parks (in or close to) large urban areas then contact us (see my email below). You can also contact Gareth Roberts to discuss your proposals. His email of course is:

dolwen1@btinternet.com

Lviv remains a peaceful place despite the turmoil in the eastern part of our country. We hope readers of LRE will come here and visit our Park. You will be made very welcome.

Oleksandr Zavadovych
parkzne@gmail.com

LANDSCAPE ALIVE: VILLAGERS DEAD: THE HIMALAYAN EARTHQUAKE.

By Dr Emma Waterton
Associate Professor, Geographies of Heritage School of Social Sciences and Psychology **University of Western Sydney** and Board member of LRG and
Dr Hayley Saul Research Associate Department of Archaeology, University of York

we were brainstorming all the ways we could help and support him. Earlier in the week he, Dawa and Chang-ju had taken us to visit many special cultural sites in the area and told us local stories, and we were having such a great time riding around on Son Norbu's ginger horse, Yangry. The evening before we left there had been a big prayer festival in Langtang, in the newly restored monastery, for which we had helped fundraise. People had come from villages all around Langtang so there were more people there than normal that morning.

We were on the trail between Langtang and Lama Hotel, about 30 minutes past a place called Riverside, when the earthquake hit. The first tremor lasted about a minute. It took us a few seconds to work out what was happening because before the earth started to shake there was a massive boom as the cliff face opposite us peeled off and fell. As soon as we registered it was an earthquake, we ran to find shelter behind nearby boulders. It was hard to see because the air was filled with dust, but we could see enough to dodge out of the way of several huge boulders that were tumbling downslope towards us. One of them hit the stone under which Emma was sheltering, which started to collapse. She just managed to scramble out as it fell forward.

After the main quake we ran down the path to a more stable rock-shelter and took cover while numerous aftershocks hit. Boulders were raining past us the whole time and right beside our rock-shelter was a huge landslide, about 30 metres across - a mass of stones and ripped trees. At one point we tried to start across the landslide but another tremor made us sprint back to the rock-shelter as another mass of stones and debris hailed down the slope. The landscape had become so unstable after the main tremor and aftershocks that any small movement, even a small rock displacement, was triggering enormous landslides which were travelling kilometres down from the cliffs above. We knew they were coming because they were preceded by a ripping sound followed by a deep, thunderous boom.

So, we waited in the rock shelter for about 30 minutes. During that time we sorted through our gear



Hayley, Jhyangju, Emma and Sonorpu, before the earthquake

The Story

We left Langtang about two hours before the earthquake hit and everyone had been wishing us safe travels and telling us they were looking forward to seeing us next year. We'd had the most rewarding trip up until that point: research-wise and personally. Our friend, Son Norbu (Chang-ju's brother), wanted to open a Tibetan Himalayan Heritage Museum and

and threw away anything deemed non-essential so that our packs were as light as possible. A local porter had come up-slope to find shelter with us because the path had been destroyed between us and Lama Hotel. He and our porter, Dawa, headed to the Hotel anyway to try and contact a helicopter to evacuate us. Whilst they were gone we were joined by two French couples, a Dutch woman and three local porters. We decided we were not safe where we were so made another effort to cross the landslide. As it turned out, there were three landslides between us and Lama Hotel, all incredibly steep and a volatile mass of unstable debris. There was constant panic as we moved over them because we could hear rock fall noises all around and couldn't pinpoint where they were coming from. The local porters and Chang-ju held our hands the whole way and guided us over particularly difficult patches. After at least an hour we managed to get to Lama Hotel, totally exhausted.

At Lama, there were about 30-40 locals and 15 trekkers. We handed out any spare warm clothes to locals who hadn't been able to recover anything from their homes. All the tea-houses were damaged beyond repair and two people had head injuries. We made one attempt to get further down the route than Lama Hotel that evening but turned back because the path had been destroyed and there were tremors every few minutes that sent rocks flying down on us. Fortunately, the valley sides are a bit wider at Lama Hotel, culminating in a small plateau area that gave us a slither of security. It meant we could zig-zag across the plateau in an attempt to dodge landslides, and that's exactly what we spent the evening doing.

Two big landslides came right down in to Lama Hotel that night, barely 30 meters from where we were, the second one in the pitch dark, which meant we had to make judgments based on sound alone. The safest place as far as we could tell was pressed up against two large fallen boulders that had been there years, but the downside was that they were near the river floodplain. We had noticed before it got dark that the water level had reduced, meaning there was likely a pressure building behind a blockage upstream. We basically spent the night half listening for landslides and half listening to rumbling sounds from upstream which we thought might indicate an impending flashflood. In all honesty, we didn't think we would survive the night. On top of the physical dangers, it was freezing cold and raining hard, we hadn't eaten since breakfast and we were exhausted. If a landslide had come down right on top of us we wouldn't have been able to do anything.

It was an extraordinarily difficult night filled with tremors every few minutes and landslides all through the valley. What we didn't realize at this point, but were told later by a helicopter evacuee, was that some enormous boulders were pin-balling slowly down the valley from Kyangjin Gompa in our direction. One French trekker had a satellite telephone and we tried to call the British Embassy but couldn't get enough reception. In desperation we phoned relatives and people in Kathmandu to try and get help but had no idea if our messages had been received. Although we hoped for helicopter rescue from Lama Hotel it was in reality an impossibility: there is no helipad because the valley sides are too steep.



At first light we took the decision to try and head to a village called Rimche, which we had attempted to get to the previous evening. From there, Dawa told us there was an old path up to the top of the mountain to a place called Sharpa Gaon, which isn't on the main trekking trail. For both of us, the thought of getting back on the narrow path, with the continued threat of tremors and rockslides, was overwhelming. We had so much adrenaline pumping through our legs that they were heavy and unsteady. We started out with 11 trekkers and 10 locals, including Chang-ju and Dawa. The rest of the group started to head back up the trekking route towards Langtang. Though the path was missing in many places we made it to Rimche, but 7 people (4 trekkers and 3 porters) turned back because the terrain over the landslide and the destroyed path made the going extremely dangerous. For a large portion of the route up to Sharpa Gaon the path was completely decimated and we were forced to go straight up the steep, rocky cliff face, using clumps of grass and roots to cling on whilst we traversed around to where we could pick up the path again. Dehydrated and weak, our lungs were pushed

beyond what we ever thought we could physically do. We wanted to stop so much and just lie down against the rock but we both kept saying to ourselves that it was a choice between moving or dying – that's no exaggeration. Rock debris continued to tumble around us as we climbed. The whole way our local friends – Dawa and two brothers from Lama Hotel – held our hands and dragged us over particularly treacherous portions of the route. As we became more and more fatigued, there were times when they literally dragged us up the slope. We must have climbed nearly 1000m in about two hours. Finally, we saw the relatively safe(r) terraces of Sharpa Gaon in the distance and were greeted by hot cups of tea made by the villagers. The entire way we were cared for by people we had never met before, as if we were family. It's absolutely true that they saved our lives several times over.

After about four hours of resting and trying to catch the attention of the occasionally passing helicopter, Dawa decided to head towards the next village to try and get mobile reception and call for a helicopter. He was successful and a helicopter, piloted by Dougie, eventually landed on the edge of one of the rice terraces at about 4.15pm the day after the quake. Emma, Hayley, Dawa, Chang-ju and a Slovakian woman, Katarina, who had also made it to Sharpa Gaon with a broken foot, clambered into the helicopter. As if the whole thing hadn't been dramatic enough up to that point, the locals suddenly began screaming and gesticulating that we needed to take off rapidly. We can only presume it was because of other rock falls coming our way down slope.

The relief of arriving into Kathmandu was shattered when Temba (Chang-ju's husband who had come in the helicopter to pick her up) informed her that the village of Langtang had been totally wiped out by an avalanche riding on top of a mud-slide. Dougie had flown over Langtang earlier that day and described it like a nuclear fall-out. Rock debris continued to tumble around us as we climbed. There were no houses, and as far as he could tell everyone was dead. All of the amazing, beautiful people that had welcomed us into their little community for the past week had been wiped out. The children we had been photographing playing on a bicycle were gone. Chang-ju's, Temba's and Dawa's entire families are gone, after generations of living not only in the same village but in the same homes. Dawa's dream of becoming a teacher in the newly built school in Langtang was crushed – there are no more children there to teach. We don't know if Son Norbu and his horse Yangry are alive. A little village, generations old and part of an already fragile Tibetan culture, just got wiped out.


View to Lantang village before the earthquake

A note from the authors

Thank you to all our family and friends for their messages and support, and for asking for ways to help the people that saved us. Here are the reasons we want to channel some of that help to three individuals in particular – Dawa, Chang-ju and Temba, who lost everything – their families, their homes and their community. We know that there is nothing we can do to ease the bombardment of loss Dawa, Chang-ju and Temba must be feeling. The weight of that will last several lifetimes. But we want to do something. We have set up this Just Giving page called Langtang Survivors Fund, and would be so grateful for any contributions to help our friends.

In addition, we work with the charity Community Action Nepal (CAN), who are spearheading a relief program for the entire valley. If you would like to offer financial help for the immediate assistance of local people, and the longer-term regeneration of this community, please also donate to CAN.

EW & HS

https://www.justgiving.com/Langtang-Survivors

Editor's note

I have been amazed and at the same time dismayed at this account by Emma and her co worker Hayley. There is something about the total obliteration of a place and its people that makes one gasp with a sense of loss.

I am at the same time proud that we have such an astonishingly graphic account in LRExtra and it the first time that I, as a career geomorphologist, have read about the on-the-ground processes which accompany severe earthquakes in steeply mountainous regions. I am sure Emma, you will excuse me if I look at the process descriptions:

"*Boulders were raining past us the whole time and right beside our*

rock-shelter was a huge landslide, about 30 metres across - a mass of stones and ripped trees."

"The village of Langtang had been totally wiped out by an avalanche riding on top of a mud-slide."

"Rock debris continued to tumble around us as we climbed."

"The landscape had become so unstable after the main tremor and aftershocks that any small movement, even a small rock displacement, was triggering enormous landslides which were travelling kilometres down from the cliffs above. We knew they were coming because they were preceded by a ripping sound followed by a deep, thunderous boom."

"Enormous boulders were pinballing slowly down the valley from Kyangjin Gompa in our direction."

Landforms and landscapes evolve, and we most often see this as a measured evolutionary process, the slow wash down of soil on mild slopes, perhaps the washout of subsurface percolines and the creation of gullies; at most the irresistible rush down of stones and sand in a wadi flood or a coastal landslip. In Emma and Hayley's account we see landscape in violent action. The sculpturing of steep mountains not only attributable to those well known 'sixth form' glaciers or W.M.Davis's processes of slope-planation

BY

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

From LRG Events coordinator Gareth Roberts

Dear Editor,

I found Nancy Stedman's personal account and thoughts on the 'Wilderness and the Wild' conference [LRE 73] to be very informative and enjoyable. It provided an insight for educated (but not non-academic) readers of LRE to a conference which they might not attend: either because they might feel out of place or simply because they cannot justify the expense. This 'divide' between academic and non-academic interests in landscape is something that has long troubled me. In my capacity as the 'Co-ordinator of the Events' I am always on the look-out to include in our Events Programme, activities such as guided walks where academic, professional and lay people with landscape interests can perhaps more readily exchange ideas than in the confines of a lecture theatre or seminar room. It is the norm now for all conferences sponsored by LRG to have a short follow up article in LRE. Such feedback is a condition of LRG grant aid and as such, is usually prepared by the Conference organisers themselves. A future aim might be to 'commission' reports from independent non-academics who can comment in a more discerning and detached way on conferences and assess any likely long term benefits that might accrue to LRG.

Nancy asked if she might be sponsored to attend the Newcastle Conference and, in return, agreed to prepare feedback about her experience. There is no reason why other members of LRG might not do the same for future conferences. Any LRG member seeking sponsorship to attend an LRG sponsored conference in future is welcome to write to me saying why they need support and what they will offer to do in lieu of the help requested. Hopefully, in this way we can better achieve one of the Groups primary objectives, namely, to improve public awareness and understanding of landscapes and, into the bargain, raise membership of LRG among non-academics,.

GR

Review: on the Role of Food and Food Culture for a Sustainable Landscape Heritage:

a symposium at Stora Salen, Swedish National Heritage Board (RAÄ), Storgatan 41 Stockholm, Friday 22nd May 2015

This event marked the culmination of a joint research project between the Department of Landscape Architecture, Planning and Management at the Swedish University of Agricultural Sciences (SLU), Alnarp and the School of Hospitality, Culinary Arts & Meal Science, Grythyttan, Örebro University. The project and the symposium was funded by the Swedish National Heritage Board (RAÄ). The event was free and open to the public. It attracted an enthusiastic audience. The morning session gave the research team of **Professor Ingrid Sarlöv Herlin, Professor Richard Tellström and Professor Kenneth Olwig**, the chance to report on the development of the project and the key findings. Richard Tellström's fascinating 'food safari' presentation discussed the importance for landscape of how 'food goes into your heart before it goes in your stomach'; of the exchange of soil values into wine taste and labels as a 'sou-venir' of the landscape, or a memory you can take home. As ever, Kenneth Olwig gave an entertaining and erudite take on the *'Culinary-landscape Heritage of the Festival Carnivalesque and the Religious Feast'*.

Invited researchers and practitioners involved in food and landscape issues then gave short presentations. **Duncan MacKay**, who is Principal Advisor, Green Space and Community Engagement with Natural England discussed the way people can be reconnected to landscapes through foraging and scrumping and an encouragement to 'nibble with nature'. He suggested that even in the most unlikely places – such as may be found within the urban fabric – people can gain food inspiration and can rediscover knowledge about wild food. However there is a 'cultural inaccessibility' to overcome in relation to the understanding of wild foods in our urban societies. **Anneli Persson,** who is the manager of the Culture Reserve at Åsens by, Småland (http://www.asensby.com/welcome.html) emphasised the importance of involving all the senses when considering food – particularly hearing and touching food as well as tasting it. She described the creativity of making food and the importance of 'food conversations' in the kitchen when considering where it comes from and our connections with food landscapes. Based on her studies with Sami people, **Viveca Mellegård**, an MSc Student at Stockholm Resilience Centre suggested that the memories within food traditions can be seen as the carrier of understandings about social and ecological resilience. Other presentations were by **Professor Mauro Agnoletti, Martin Woestenburg and Dirk Gotzmann**. These provided wide-ranging views and

examples of research projects relating to food landscape restoration, management and development. **Graham Fairclough** reflected on the links between food heritage in the landscape and the European Landscape Convention. My own presentation discussed the possibility of identifying urban foodscapes as a way to understand people's relationships with food production and consumption within urban areas.

The proceedings were led by Ingrid Sarlöv Herlin who set the context for the consideration of food landscapes through the concept of a virtuous circle for the creation of sustainable landscapes related to food production and consumption where food is seen as a cultural celebration, not just human fuel. It was a shame that there was not more time for discussion during the presentations, but conversations continued into the evening over a very pleasant dinner. The day was most informative and enjoyable and it was clear that this subject has the potential for engaging a wide audience with landscape issues, particularly sense of place, cultural heritage considerations, and raising awareness on the key concerns implied by the European Landscape Convention on the development of a relationship with a more sustainable landscape

Maggie Roe
Newcastle University

Below, a list of those who spoke

Ingrid Sarlöv Herlin, Professor of Landscape Planning. Department of Landscape Architecture, Planning and management. SLU, Alnarp who gave the Welcome and introduction

And then a paper:

Research Perspectives on Food Culture and Sustainable Landscapes

Richard Tellström. Docent, School of Hospitality, Culinary Arts & Meal Science, Grythyttan, Örebro University

Eating landscapes, watching food cultures – Understanding man through food traces in the landscape

Kenneth Olwig, Professor Emeritus of Landscape Planning. Department of Landscape Architecture, Planning and management, SLU, Alnarp

The Culinary-landscape Heritage of the Festive Carnivalesque and the Religious Feast

Mauro Agnoletti, Associate Professor at the Department of Agricultural, Food and Forestry Systems (GESAAF), University of Florence, Italy

Food and cultural landscape restoration in Italy

Maggie Roe, Senior Lecturer in Landscape Architecture, Newcastle University, UK

Urban Foodscapes

Duncan Mackay, Principal Advisor, Green Space and Community Engagement with Natural England, writer and foraging expert, England.

EAT WILD: connecting people to landscape through foraging and scrumping

Martin Woestenburg, Landscape journalist and writer, the Netherlands

Cooking is landscaping: heathland management, the food movement and the role of chefs

Anneli Persson, Manager, The Culture Reserve Åsens by, Småland

Cultural heritage, tradition and meals in practice.

Dirk Gotzmann, Director. CIVILSCAPE.

How fish shaped landscape

Viveca Mellegård Msc. Student, Stockholm Resilience Centre

Making craft and creativity visible as sources of social-ecological resilience

Graham Fairclough, Researcher and advisor on heritage and landscape, Newcastle University, UK

A reflective summary from the perspective of heritage, sustainability and the European Landscape Convention.

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LRG AT 50

Believe it or not – the Landscape Research Group will be have been going 50 years in 2017! In order to mark the occasion, we are planning to host and support a number of special events in the UK and elsewhere. The overarching theme for these events is 'Landscape and Justice' which is taken from our Research Strategy. You can see this at www.landscaperesearch.org/research/researchstrategy.
It's all loose enough at present to take on board any ideas you may have. How **you** think we should celebrate our 50th anniversary? At the moment our ideas include organising one main, international 3 - 4 day conference (maybe two depending on resources) one on the theme of 'Landscape and Justice', and supporting a series of smaller, less formal and more locally-focused events that could take the form of guided walks, exhibitions, talks, competitions etc. A formal call for proposals will be issued to all LRG members mid September 2015. But if before then you have any ideas that you would like us to include within this 'brief', please send them to me by 31 August 2015.

And in addition—WOW! We are developing a **separate digital newsletter** and would like to know what you think it should include. Again please send your suggestions to me by the same end August date. Combine the two? Why not!
Sarah McCarthy: Development Manager for LRG
sarah@landscaperesearch.org

The views and opinions in this publication are those of the contributing authors and the senior editor individually and do not necessarily agree with those of the Group.
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www.landscaperesearch.org

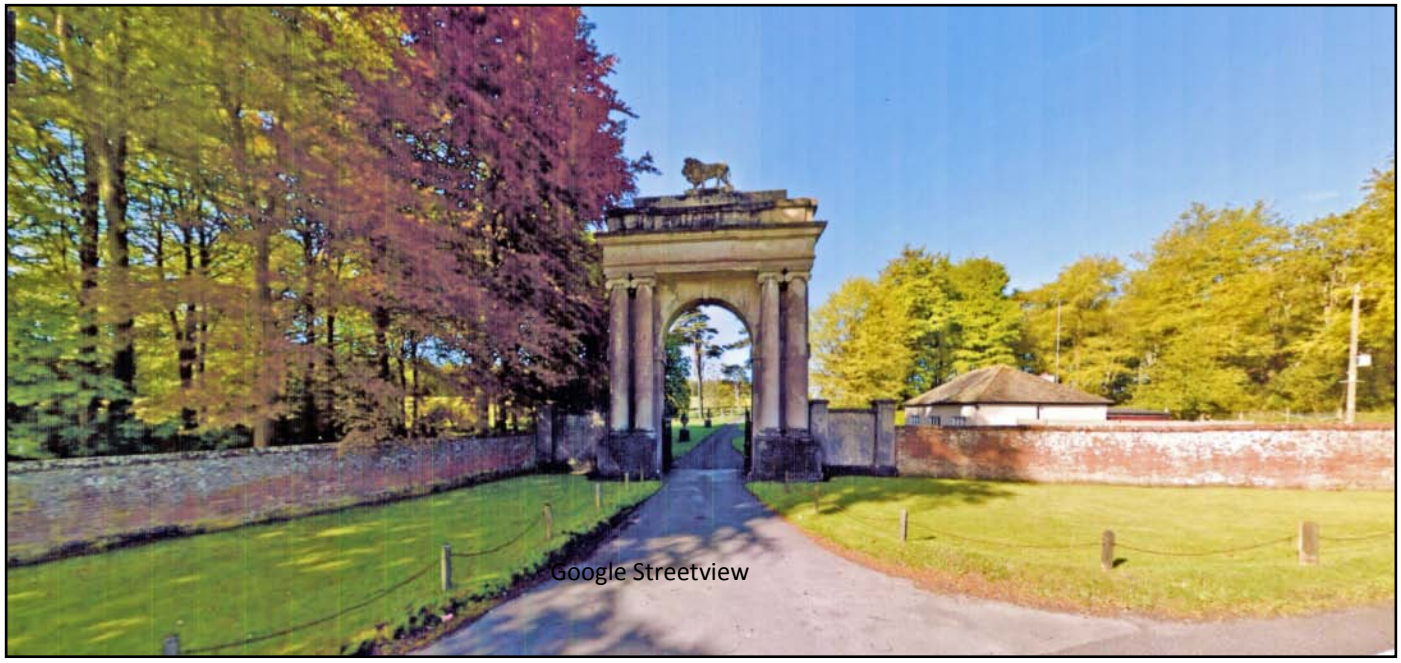
under 'publications'.
It forms a companion to LRG's refereed journal, Landscape Research.
Editorial enquiries for LRExtra — contact young@airphotointerpretation.com

For the refereed journal Landscape Research contact Editor Dr Anna Jorgensen

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THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS*

I choose to travel on the 'old' A-road network whenever I am not pressed for time and last week motored — my car is a 23 year old Mercedes but I imagine myself like Toad in a 1930s open tourer — across the New Forest, leaving Poole well to the south, closing on Wimborne Minster but not going as far as Blandford Forum. I am heading towards the rolling chalk landscape of Dorchester on the A31. But before that I pootle across landscapes of the 'Hampshire Basin Tertiaries' sands, clays and gravels and it is quiet and varied, woods, heaths — not seen — and pastures flattening imperceptibly to the River Stour and the Winterbourne.





The dominant feature, the memorable event of that stretch is a long brick wall. It encloses an estate which I later find is Charborough Park. How long? Well it goes on for ever -- perhaps a mile and a half on the south side of my road and it is made of pale coloured brick. It takes a clear turn half way along as it angles round the top of the Park. It's not a very high wall just about eye height for this generation — rather more for those who built it I suspect. I have seen its equal around the estate of the Mountbatten family near Romsey though that seemed higher. I have also been aware of such a wall around Badminton Park of horse trial fame and an astonishingly straight two mile wall enclosing the east side of Stowell Park (see the 2 column image). This runs alongside the equally straight Roman road north of Foss Bridge. Both these latter walls are made of golden yellow Cotswold stone — a thin bedded oolitic limestone from the Jurassic — thin tablets of extraordinary uniformity layered with great precision. And as you would expect, Charborough's wall is ornamented by Georgian gates in the Grecian style, one grand (see main picture) and one merely functional — or should one believe that any structure in such a statement of wealth is functional rather than an expression of self-regarding design.

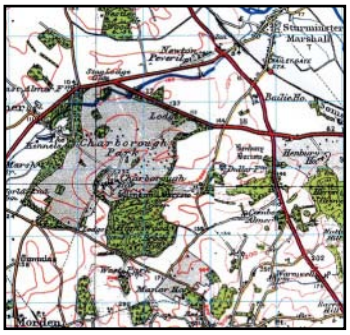
I am reminded of all those detail-free maps of the 18th and 19th century showing, as little green blobs the named parks of the gentry/ the nobility or the just plain rich. In TV films they figure as destinations for Jane Austen's socially less elevated characters, families who are rich enough nevertheless to travel in elegant four horse coaches — though that may be a director's choice! So there then is a geography of landscape simplified into well-appointed parks and the interstitial land of little consequence which Jane Austen's characters are obligated to pass through to reach them, farming land (with villages near Charborough Park) such as Sturminster Marshall and Winterbourne Zelston.

I look at all such walls with mixed feelings. Wealth inspired yes and ostentatious but they occupied the efforts of the brickmaker, the quarryman, the mason, the estate labourers, their boys and perhaps some womenfolk. They provided work and wages by the trickle down effect. Almost certainly not a lot. At the same time they are an arrogant statement of wealth and influence and yet now an expression of cherished cultural landscape. And in a vague unfocused way I consider how huge wealth expresses itself today. More prestigious perhaps to buy an enormous motor yacht and keep it at Monte Carlo, than to enclose your estate; alternatively (or as well) to invest in six villas around the world and a penthouse in New York.

Imagine anyway the struggle with today's planning and the Highways Authority if you were to request that the A31 be diverted!

**The title is a completely irrelevant poem by Tennyson which I cannot get out of my head.*

BY



REMEMBERING PROFESSOR JAY APPLETON

Illustrious geographer and LRG member who died on 27th April 2015

Jay joined LRG in the early 1970s and later became our chairman (1981-84). My recollection is that he was both amusing and effective. He represented the Group in New England with the Bloedel Foundation who saw in LRG a valuable channel for funding research into landscape, vegetation and how humanity reacted to it. This programme over a number of years was known as the Nature Experience Research Programme and is reported in journals of 1985 and 1986.

Jay was born in Headington on 28th December 1919 but lived his early years, from 1921, at Stibbard Rectory in very rural Norfolk where his father was rector. After schooling at Shrewsbury School he went to Christchurch Oxford where he studied for 3 years. At the outbreak of War. He became a 'noncombatant' bomb disposal officer and in the London Blitz had to retrieve unexploded bombs that had penetrated deep into sediments such as the London Clay, the Blackheath and Oldhaven Beds and out of this he developed an interest in geology. After the War that interest was continued at Newcastle where he studied geography, geology courses having been discontinued there.

He married Iris Kearne in 1943 and they were together for 64 years. Her father was also an Anglican clergymen. They lived first in Ledbury (Herefordshire) and delighted in the Malvern Hills. Before rejoining university studies he considered working in fruit growing in Norfolk. At one period (1958) he wrote a series of Norfolk stories to be read in the Norfolk dialect and these went out on BBC Radio Norwich. I have a CD copy from him.

At Newcastle — Oxford having been left behind as they offered no married persons' accommodation — he obtained a first class degree in Geography and was recommended on that basis to take a lectureship at Hull University (then a university college of London). He moved to Hull and to his village of Cottingham in 1950. He remained at the University for 35 years before retiring. One of his delights during later years was the writing of poetry (see below) the last of five volumes in my possession is called *A Love Affair with Landscape* and features a photo of his wife Iris sitting on a bench in the Malvern Hills. A number of these poems were later published by permission in LRExtra.

As one of the authors of this piece (BY)) I visited him twice in Cottingham, on the first occasion meeting Iris; at a later meeting in company with Rosemary, Jay, by then a widower, prepared lunch. What started as an invitation to a midday meal (usually a ninety minute affair) developed through delightful conversation into a four hour stay. Jay showed himself at his best in prompting, exploring and listening to ideas and this a measure of his success throughout his life. He was exciting to be with — a great explorer of ideas. Though by then pretty old and seriously lame he had a busy computer correspondence on matters to do with geography and landscape and he conducted fast and wide ranging conversations.

Jay may be remembered longest for his book *The Experience of Landscape* published by Wiley. It is thought of as a signal piece of thinking on our reaction and relationship to landscape. In 1994 he also wrote *How I Made the World: Shaping a View of Landscape* and one of his early works on my shelf is *The Geography of Communications in Great Britain (1962).* He authored many other books including *The Symbolism of Landscape* (1990) and *The Poetry of Habitat* (1978) co published by LRG. In 2014 he presided from his a wheelchair at a joint presentation of his seminal theory put out as a shared photographic exhibition with Simon Warner, landscape photographer of long standing relationship with LRG. The exhibition, sponsored by LRG, was opened affectionately by Julia Bradbury of television fame, whom he found a very congenial companion.

A number of his poems have been published in LRExtra. They include — in LRE 69 *Deflected Vistas*; in LRE 43 *Solitude* (quoted on the right); in LRE 37 *A Short Iambic History of the English Park*; in LRE 12 *Snake in the Grass* relating to the line to the Channel Tunnel. He is buried in Saint Mary's Churchyard, Cottingham, a landscape space delightfully described at page 64 of his poetry book *A Love Affair with Landscape.* I choose to republish his poem *Solitude* here …. see text box to the right.

BY with Richard Appleton

Solitude

At Morston, Blakeney, Wiveton and Cley,
Between the Norfolk farmlands and the sea.
The unfrequented coastal marshes lie,
And there a little boy of barely three, Stunned by the sight of so much loneliness,
Fixed in his mind a picture of the place
Saving the image in his consciousness,
A horizontal sheet of empty space.
That childhood vision from the marsh's edge,
That first encounter with infinity,
That tapestry of water, sand and sedge
In eighty years has not deserted me.
The yardsticks solitude is measured by
Are Morston, Blakeney, Wiveton and Cley.

Peter Howard one time Editor of LR has this recollection of Jay

"A gentle man in the most honourable sense of the word. When he first came to stay my five year old decided he could not be a professor as he lacked a beard. He would frequently remind conferences, and especially LRG meetings, of our purpose, by drawing three or four overlapping circles on the board, each circle being the field of study of a particular discipline, and the overlap being the world of landscape. In the 1970s and 80s I used 'The Experience of Landscape' extensively with art students. The questions he posed around 'which landscapes do we like and why' seemed important to young painters and photographers, and coupled with the accessibility of the text, made many of them research their art perhaps for the first time".

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