Street Flowers – Urban Survivors of the Privileged Land

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Abstract

In this essay, I want to explore the way in which we relate to our environment and its often contested histories through the simple action of taking a **meander** through an Edgeland[2] urban site – a site local to me and the place where I work (Sunderland in the North East of England). It is my contention that the action of moving *slowly* (or ***meandering***) through an environment affects our experience of that place in ways that are not immediately apparent. **Meandering** allows the walker to stop whenever and wherever they find something interesting to 'explore'; and it allows them time to respond to the weather patterns and soundscapes of an environment. This creates an embodied experience which, when **meandering** in a group, seems to encourage the body and mind to respond by **meandering** across a range of different areas of thought. In my projects, these have included discussions around natural history, social history, politics and philosophy explored together in non-hierarchical and unstructured ways; ways which create new patterns of interdisciplinary and interconnected thinking.

As an artist, all the work I make in the studio is based around my 'practice' of walking, or more properly, ***meandering***. These **meanders** take a human and embodied approach to being in the landscape - what Robert McFarlane calls 'landscape and the human heart' (Macfarlane 2012)[3] - and are shared with others. My approach is phenomenological (and much influenced by the work of Tim Ingold), stressing 'direct, bodily contact with, and experience of, landscape … revealing how senses of self and landscape are together made and communicated, in and through lived experience.' [4]

I focus particularly on the natural history of a place since I find that flora and fauna often have fascinating and complex stories to tell that signpost and/or transcend social and political histories. Taking such an approach in urban wastelands that once supported thriving industries can seen by some as irrelevant and indulgent. However, I intend to confront this perception, demonstrating that such *field-work* is embedded within a working class culture (and not just the preserve of the leisured wealthy and middle classes), especially in the North of England – and to show why it is important to rescue this history.

I will conclude this essay by considering theories of Slow Living, making specific reference to the work of Parkins and Craig (2006)[5]. I will suggest that, taken together, **meandering** and *field-work* can create a space to consider living and experiencing the world we are accustomed to differently, creating within each of us a sense of embodied identity that can help us to negotiate the *Deterritorialization* of culture.

Pre-amble

In a recent essay[6] about my working practice, the writer and historian, Dr. Carol McKay, said that 'For Collier, the relationship between walking and artistic practice

is a complex one, involving extensive collaboration, participation and conversational exchange. He *curates* walks that are inherently sociable, their **meandering** format inviting conversation and the sharing of knowledge even (or perhaps especially) among strangers. As process, the walking is ephemeral. It is repeatable, but never replicable, the vagaries of weather and seasonal patterns ensuring this … The shared experience, for Collier, generates new knowledge of species and plant-life encountered during the walk. This 'botanizing' on the streets is married with the diverse individual perceptions and social observations that inevitably emerge as the conversations develop and the walk unfolds in its place-specific way. All of this serves as material for thought, layered intuitively into the fabric of the abstract paintings and drawings he constructs back in the studio[7]. Text is important in the architecture of Collier's work, the familiar unfamiliarity of vernacular names, dialects of birds and plants once known but fleetingly remembered, hinting back to the specificity of places and their ecological frameworks. Some of these art works return to the urban streets in the form of billboards, their visual poetry re-creating new encounters for by-passers; others find their location in the white walls of the gallery, where visitors again may walk, one foot after another and round again, in different but equally embodied experience'.

Figure 1. The River Wear at 7.30am on the 25th March 2012.
Photo: Adam Phillips

The two **meanders** of mine which are the focus of this essay took place on the 25th March 2012 and the 29th May 2012 and are part of an on-going series of walks which I call *Street Flowers – Urban Survivors of the Privileged Land***.** They were selected for inclusion in this year's (2012) *AV Festival,* an important event in the UK arts' calendar. In the run-up to London 2012 with its motto of "Faster, Higher, Stronger", *AV Festival 12* presented an alternative, slower paced and relaxed rhythm to counter the accelerated speed of today. Titled after *ASLSP (As SLow aS Possible)*, by

pioneering artist and avant-garde composer John Cage, the theme explored how artists have stretched, measured and marked the passage of time.

The title of these **meanders** *(Street Flowers – Urban Survivors of the Privileged Land)* came from my reading of Richard Mabey's book, *Street Flowers* (Mabey 1976)[8] in which he suggests that 'towns and cities aren't the kind of place in which we expect wild flowers to grow. Every imaginable obstacle seems to be in their way.' Mabey's city weeds are itinerant survivors – rebels, insurgents and anarchists. 'Where there is open ground, in parks and gardens, wild flowers are hunted down, weeded out and thrown away like litter.' It's a surprise that any plants survive, he says. Mabey then goes on to explore some of the puzzles these survivors/immigrants/colonisers set us. How did they arrive here in the first place? How do they survive the harsh conditions of the city? Many arrived as stowaways on ships from around the globe; some thrive on the waste left behind from past industries which have long since disappeared; some moved in to colonise sites ravaged by the bombing of cities in World War Two, gaining a fragile foothold and then prospering. Each flower/weed has a tale to tell. But, Mabey concludes, *Street Flowers* have a wretched life. They're ignored, untended, trampled upon (the social simile here is clear, I think). But they are amongst the very few wild, living things you will find in a city.' Indeed, I would suggest that city Edgelands represent some of the only truly wild places left in UK (most of the countryside being extensively and intensively farmed and mechanised – either touristically or agriculturally – or, as is the case of our national parks, both).

And these ***meanders*** (*Street Flowers – Urban Survivors of the Privileged Land)* take place on the reclaimed banks of the River Wear in Sunderland, an area that just sixty years ago was the world's busiest centre for shipbuilding but is now an urban Edgeland that is part wasteland, part parkland, part industrial site, part cycle route and part walkway. As well as broken glass, litter and areas of closely mown grass, I and my colleague, the natural historian Keith Bowey[9], who 'leads' these events, have recorded over 160 different species of flora and fauna on our **meanders** through this place.

The Meander: ***field-notes***

For the next part of this essay, then, I would like to take you, the reader, on this **meander** with me, stopping at various points to reflect on the histories of the river, exploring the thoughts and memories that some of the participants shared with me and each other and reflecting on the experience of walking though this Edgeland *slowly.* To help us 'navigate' this route, I will introduce a series of way-markers, or stopping off points – points of interest, or places that for one reason or another triggered thoughts and memories within the two groups that walked with me. It is my contention that the activity of walking triggers thinking patterns that are different to those we might formally use when 'constructing' an essay, and so this part of my writing (compiled as series of *field-notes*) will '**meander**' in the same way that our walks **meandered**.

As the first **meander** in March was fully booked, it was repeated two months later[10] to accommodate those we had to turn away. Both **meanders** began at dawn (at 7.30am on the 25th March 2012, and at 5.30am on the 29th May 2012) and followed roughly the same route. They were led by Bowey at a pace of approximately one mile

an hour along the banks of the River Wear, crossing the Wearmouth and Queen Alexandra Bridges before finishing back at the National Glass Centre four hours later for breakfast. These ***meanders*** allowed us to connect with our surroundings in a number of different ways; to view the route of our ***meander*** as a whole from the elevated viewpoint of the two bridges, as well as, from ground level, immersing ourselves in the surrounding environment by **meandering** *through* it. The *field-notes* below have been complied and collated from information recorded on both **meanders**, and the grid references are taken from the OS (Ordinance Survey) map, number 308 (Durham & Sunderland).

Waymark 1. *(GR 404577; 5.30am on the 29th May 2012. Weather - still, with a chill in the air*). Before we walked anywhere, we stood motionless in the car park behind the National Glass Centre (an area of concrete and scrub), closed our eyes and listened without talking – for over five minutes. We had started early so as to catch the sounds of the dawn chorus and to experience the change in the texture of the local soundscape as Sunderland 'woke up'. We were encouraged by our 'guide' for the morning, Keith Bowey, to turn a full 180 degrees and to listen; attentively. Gradually, from out of the general background noise, we began to identify the song of Greenfinch, Goldfinch, Blackbird, Song Thrush, Jackdaw and Dunnock and the alarm call of Wren.

Figure 2. Walking away from the National Glass Centre, 7.35am on the 25th March 2012
Photo: Daniel Magill

Waymark 2. *(GR 403577; 7.35am on the 25th March 2012. Weather - an unseasonably warm, morning).* As we walked away from the Glass Centre (figure 2), I explained how the title of the **meanders** originated – discussing the ideas outlined by Mabey in his book *Street Flowers* (a copy of which I showed to the group at the end of the walk). A few people, however, wondered where the second part of the title

'*The Privileged Land'* came from (**Street Flowers – Urban Survivors of the *Privileged Land***). I suggested that the derivation of Sunderland arose from the Old English, *sundor,* that is land 'apart', or 'special'. This use of the term 'special', or 'privileged', may have related to the fact that the first mention of this area, which is situated at the mouth of the River Wear, was in the *Boldon Book* of 1183, when it was named as *Bishop's or Monk's Wearmouth* – and that perhaps it was the reference or associaition here to 'Bishops' and 'Monks' that 'made special' or '**privileged**' the cluster of houses that later became known as Sunderland.

Waymarker 3. *(GR 402576; 5.55am on the 29th May 2012. Weather - moist, damp air).* A few yards further on, we stopped and found a number of interesting plants growing just a few yards from the footpath, including the exotic-looking Bee Orchid (Figure 3) and Squinancywort, a member of the bedstraw family. This is a small, prostrate, hairless plant with clusters of four pale-pink, petal-lobed flowers, more commonly found on the chalk downs of Southern England. Keith explained that its common name is derived from its former use as a medicinal herb said to cure quinsy (a streptococcal (bacterial) infection that develops as a complication of an acute sore throat such as tonsillitis) and that potions of this waxy-flowered perennial would be made into an astringent gargle. It is possible that residue from old lime-kilns along the river may have provided an ideal habitat for the Squinancywort.

Figure 3. A Bee Orchid on the banks of the River Wear, 5.55am on the 29th May 2012
Photo: Daniel Magill

These kilns were constructed on the north bank of the Wear during the 18th and 19th centuries in order to process minerals from the adjacent Fulwell Limestone Quarry. The type of 'botanising' that our 'group' was now engaged in (and the subsequent discussions that followed which ranged from social history to philosophy) mirrored the sort of activity introduced by the Field Clubs that sprung up in the industrial centres of Northern towns and cities in England from the late eighteenth century

onwards. These clubs 'which concerned themselves largely or wholly with botany, were remarkable for the fact that all their members, without exception, were manual workers, most of them factory operatives or jobbing gardeners' (Elliston Allen 1976)[11]. They organised field trips; walks which focused particularly on a 'keenness for botany- and, even more, for precise plant identification'. It is remarkable, says Elliston Allen, that this interest and activity 'should have persisted for so long and so strongly in such apparently inhospitable surroundings and often in the face of the most discouraging personal circumstances.'

Waymark 4. *(GR 398576; 8.10am on the 25th March 2012. Weather - a warming and fresh light; three tall tower blocks appear on the horizon through the early morning mist, which gradually clears, revealing a clear, pale-blue sky)*. Here we stopped to look at *The Iron Tree* which is part of a large riverside sculpture entitled 'Shadows in Another Light' by Craig Knowles, Colin Wilbourn and Karl Fischer (1998). It shows the metamorphosis of a shipyard crane into a tree. This sculpture prompted a number of participants to recall their own childhood memories of a river teeming with industrial activity, when many shipyards lined the banks of the Wear. A few remembered the names: A roll call of ghosts;

Figure 4. The River Wear at 8.15am on the 25th March 2012. Very little remains of a once thriving shipbuilding industry. Photo: Adam Phillips

Swann, Hunter & Wigham Richardson Ltd; Sir J. Priestman; W Pickersgill & Sons Ltd; W. Gray; Short Brothers; W. Doxford and Sons Ltd; Sir James Laing & Sons Ltd; R. Thompson; S. P. Austin & Sons; J. Crown & Sons Ltd; J. L. Thompson & Sons Ltd; J. Blumer & Co; Sunderland Shipbuilding Co Ltd; Osbourne Graham; Bartram & Sons.

The launch of new ships on the river used to be, said my fellow walkers (some of whom had relatives (father/grandfather) who were riveters or boilermakers), a festive and dramatic occasion – and one that engendered (and indeed clearly still does in some) a deep sense of community spirit and pride. They were nostalgic about the demise of the shipbuilding industry even though they knew that these were often dangerous occupations. My research prior to the **meander** had shown that shipbuilding on the Wear dates back to 1346; that Sunderland was once dubbed "the largest shipbuilding town and the greatest shipbuilding port in the world"; and that during the 19th Century, Wearside produced almost one-third of all ships built in the UK. It is worth remembering that life for those working in the yards could be tough and death and injury were commonplace. However, in spite of its concomitant dangers – and the poor working conditions that ship builders laboured under, there clearly still exists within the community in Sunderland a pride in the 'craft' of building ships – of *making* something significant and seeing it launched and sail away. This was undeniable. On our return to the National Glass Centre I showed clips from the 1987 film '*We Make Ships'*, a documentary in which the poet Tom Pickard returns to work at the shipyards in Sunderland for six months. The film alarmingly, but correctly, predicted the complete demise of the merchant shipbuilding sector on Wearside, explaining that, in 1977 when the Shipbuilding industry was nationalised and became British Shipbuilders, there were 38,000 men employed in the merchant sector, but by early 1987 (when the film was made), just 5,500 remained.

Waymarker 5 *(GR 395575; 5.55am on the 29th May 2012. Weather - dull and grey, flattening our sense of distance; the river still; no wind)*. A little further on, we came upon an area of scrub and wasteland with broken glass and concrete but brimming with weeds and insects. We stopped to look closely at this small patch of unloved land. Some of the group recalled memories from childhood; of exploring/walking through similar inner city sites in and around Sunderland. This barren area of 'abused' land was exactly the sort of area they, as children, used to love to explore. They were feral places; out of bounds; places they shouldn't be in. Areas like this are 'wilder' than many of the highly managed swathes of green in what we call, in the UK, the countryside. The poet Paul Farley (who was born and raised close to were I come from in Liverpool) wrote about his similar memories in *Journey, NETHERLEY, (Escaping the inner city).*[12] 'Somebody', he says, 'discovered a Victorian dump on the town side of Netherley, and digging into its black, oily earth littered with the broken clay pipes and Bovril jars and highly prized soda bottles from another age, I realized how this ground had once been deemed beyond the pale, a suitable site for the disposal of waste, out of site, out of mind before the city had gradually caught up with its past. At that dump … we learnt how to explore and find pleasure in our surroundings, and it feels to me now like the last moment when a generation of young lives could be lived largely outdoors.'

Waymarker 6 *(GR 387584; 8.20am on the 25th March 2012. Weather - bright and clear; no wind; the river flat calm).* The first **meander** in March had begun in a thick coastal Hoare, but as the morning progressed, the sun burned this away and warmed the still air. We trained our binoculars across the river through the sharp northern light, looking at the bird life that punctuated the mud flats revealed by the low tide on the south bank of the River Wear at Deptford and Ayre's Quay. Keith 'named' a few birds, and we talked about the their extraordinary migratory patterns as well as their habits and calls. I felt alive, subsumed within this environment; in it; part of it; of it. I

began to wonder about the relationship between an embodied experience that is (necessarily) of the here and now to history, memory and experience? Afterwards, I shared my thoughts with some of the group. We may not initially be able to articulate why we respond in the way we do to certain things, but it is more than likely embedded within a (personal) relationship to history. A number of people had very particular recollections of the past that seemed to form an alternative, individual, story that ran parallel to the meta social and political histories we are taught; memories that were about their own (very personal) experiences of the world and how they relate to it - and how they engage with others.

Such reflection has led me, in my own studio work, to consider using words in their vernacular sense – words of things (birds, plants, animals, etc) used and spoken locally. It is this combination of the local dialect and the spoken word that is of interest to me. When Merleau-Ponty (Kleinberg-Levin 2008)[13], talks about how words (and poetry) are a way of "singing the world", he is referring, I think, to the way that local words spoken have a rhythm and a 'gestural sense' that give meaning to the world. Merleau-Ponty proposes that the artist/poet can bridge the gap between our pre-reflective sense of the world and our reflective knowledge of it and I am interested in the way he suggests that our experience of nature might be "conceptualised in language" (Harney, 2007)[14]. Harney says that Merleau-Ponty did not intend to "reduce nature to a human convention", but rather to "ground language in the visible, audible world" – a world we experience by being in, and walking through, it.

Throughout our first **meander** we heard the call of Curlew (*Calloo*) and Redshank (often called the *Sentinel of the Marshes* as it is the first bird to cry-out at the approach of potential danger). We saw Greenfinch (*Peasweep*), Goldfinch (*Flame of the Wood*), Blackbird (*Amsel*), Song Thrush (*Throstle*) and Dunnock (*Smokey*). We also caught sight of Kestrel (*Keelie* or *Wind Hover*), Stock Dove (*Cushat*) and Bullfinch *(Maup*) as well as newly arrived migratory birds from North Africa – Chiff Chaff (*Thummey*), Willow Warbler (*Fell Peggy*) and Garden Warbler (*Juggler*). The local derivation of these words reflects people's direct engagement with, and in, the world through which they walked during the course of their everyday lives. Colloquial names for flora and fauna are often expressive and poetic (the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins thought that 'words are like other creatures: they are inscapes beautiful in themselves'). Such words are being replaced by an increasingly disembodied language – a de-contextualised, institutional language that bears little relationship to its source of origin – our pre-reflective engagement with the world

Waymarker 7 *(GR 385582; 7.00am on the 29th May 2012. Weather - little change; still wearing coats and hats*; *sound carries well through the quietness of the listless atmosphere)*. As we walked along the north bank of the river, our journey took us past a series of pigeon coops high above an outcrop of Magnesium Limestone, a habitat unique to the British Isles and home to plant communities not seen anywhere else in the UK. A few days after our second walk, I received (via email) a poem from one of the participants which 'summarised' her experiences of the walk, focusing in particular on this one place.

Overlapping Spaces:

Above the territorial marks of river men
Two pigeons strut their stuff
Lifelong marras*
In a crumbling cree
Tenderly ring their birds
Their man-made nest
From scraps of wood
Clings to a cliff of lime
'of national import'
Whilst the pigeon racers plan their strategies
The cobbled lane
Long overgrown
Leads us to the river
Where the call of birds
Brings us close to the 'edge'
On clover and rare orchids
But rarer still
The footfall of working men
Their acoustic signature silent

Anne Curtis, May 2012
*Marras are the souls of dead people

Waymarkers 8 – 9. *(GR 383575 – GR 396575; 8.30am – 9.30am on the 25th March 2012. Weather - hats and coats off; walkers wearing tee shirts/short sleeves; a beautiful morning; warm and sunny).* I often find that on these **meanders**, we spend longer in the first half of the walk identifying flora and fauna, but as the walk progresses and people become more comfortable in each other's company, conversations develop and the pace marginally quickens. As we walk over the Queen Alexander Bridge, I talk to a small group of folk about my own interest in walking and my early influences and 'heroes'. I am a Liverpudlian and my early walking took place in the landscapes of the Lake District and the Peak District. In this I was following in the footsteps of many northern working class men and women (some perhaps friendly with my grandfather and great grandfather – both miners). Howard Hill (Hill 1980)[15] describes how an 'urbanised population, torn increasingly from its ancient roots in the soil by the industrial revolution … sought to recapture the humanity they had lost in the factories and mines' by walking in the hills and dales of the north of England. 'Unlike the literary figures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the working class could neither desert the towns to live in the countryside nor spend weeks walking through it. But that did not mean that they needed or appreciated it less', and it was out of this need that the early Ramblers' Clubs were formed. However, once in the hills, the ramblers were often prevented from walking across large tracts of open fells fenced off by landowners who 'farmed' the land for grouse shooting – described by Ernest A Baker in 1924 as a 'pastime for the idle rich' (Rothman 1982)[16]. And so walking also became a political activity – with walkers regularly trespassing deliberately on private land – land they believed they had a right to walk across. This trespassing came to a head when, on the 24th April 1932, an organised 'mass trespass' tried to gain access to the tops of Kinder Scout in the Peak

District. The trespass was led by Benny Rothman who was accompanied by over 300 ramblers from working class organisations in the North of England. They were attacked by Gamekeepers, and a fight ensued, causing injury to a number of the trespassers, some of whom were subsequently arrested and jailed for their activities. However, this direct action led, eventually, to the establishment of a network of rights of way across the UK and, recently, to the establishment of the 'Right to Roam' policy enshrined in the *The Countryside and Rights of Way Act 2000* that grants us much greater access to the countryside. So, I see my interest in walking as more than just an escape from the vicissitudes of 21st century living. Walking, 'signifies the restlessness of the embodied mind' … the mobility of the radical mind can become a powerful 'weapon of resistance.' (Lewis 2001)[17]

Waymarker 1O *(GR 404476).* Our **meanders** ended where they began - at the National Glass Centre. We were ready for breakfast. Over tea, coffee, croissants and bacon butties (veggie for those who preferred!), we talked about what we had just experienced. I handed out a print and talked about how my walking informed my studio work, explaining that I 'laid out' a series of colour swatches – colour-marks that I hope captured something of the depth, freshness and vitality of our experience when **meandering** through these Edgelands. Lime Green; Chartreuse; Powder Blue; Aqua Marine; Steel; Mauve; Soft Gold; Dark Yellow; Blue Haze; Etruscan Brown; Olive Green; Lilac; Common Blue. Intertwined within these intuitive marks of colour where the colloquial names of a selection of flora seen along the route we took; *Kattaklu* (Bird's Foot Trefoil); *Huggaback* (Tufted Vetch); *Claver* (White Clover); *Chaw* (Hawthorn); *Paigle* (Cowslip); *Snoxum* (Foxglove); *Golland* (Buttercup); *Twaddgers* (Bush Vetch); *Quillet* (Clover); *Okerdu* (Bugle); *Griggles* (Bluebell); *Hiskhead* (Self-heal); *Cammock* (Yarrow); *Cushycows* (Broad-leaved Dock); *Tassle* (Knapweed); *Swinnies* (Thistle); *Banathal* (Broom); *Scrogg* (Whitethorn); *Bullister* (Blackthorn). And I laid out a series of books that informed my practice for people to read or refer to. I also mentioned to those who were interested how I thought that these walks could be linked to the recent philosophy of Slow Living – and I will conclude this essay by exploring why I believe this to be so.

Reflections shared over breakfast

Parkins and Craig (2006)[18] situate Slow Living within a larger cultural reaction to the time/space dislocations and disjunctures of globalization. Slow living, they argue, can be understood as an attempt to 'individualize' (à la Ulrich Beck) and to challenge normative trajectories of global capitalism. It is "fundamentally … an attempt to exercise agency over the pace of everyday life" (p. 67). Parkins and Craig advance an argument that … Slow Living is a potentially transformative paradigm because any attempt to slow down necessarily means engagement with all of the obstacles to slowing down.[19]

Parkins and Craig's optimistic assessment of Slow Living may raise the hackles of some who are skeptical of the romanticism and elitism seen to go hand in hand with local studies. It is true that we need to be wary of the elitist and racist legacies of historical projects of the local, and Parkins and Craig confront these issues. It is counterproductive, they suggest, to want to get off the world – to escape the present and retreat into the past. We are where we are; and that is within, not outside, a global market economy which they articulate as a series of complex, interrelated local

economies. If we are to successfully negotiate this apparent *Deterritorialization* of culture (Parkins & Craig 2006)[20] and the market place, we need to understand (to, as they say, *reterritorialize*) our sense of place and individuality.

To do this, we need, at times, to challenge dominant forms of contemporary living – to stand up for a sense of communal individualization - and at times to reinvent it. This requires us to confront, in the same way our working class forefathers did, hierarchical, normative ways of looking at the world. It also requires creative and syncretic thinking – something that often takes place in the spaces we find *between* our busy everyday lives. **Meandering** slows down the pace of everyday life and encourages creative thinking and social dialogue as well as the exchange of ideas, memories and reflections. It allows us time to be ourselves; to develop a clearer sense of our own individuality.

[1] WALK (Walking, Art, Landskip and Knowledge) is an interdisciplinary research centre at the University of Sunderland looking at how cultural practitioners engage
[2] I first came across the use of the term Edgelands when reading Farley, P. & Symmons Roberts, R. (2011) *Edgelands.* London: Jonathan Cape
[3] MacFarlane, R. (2012) *The Old Ways.* London: Hamish Hamilton, pp xi
[4] Wylie, J. (2007) *Landscape.* Abingdon: Routledge, pp 141
[5] Parkins, W. & Craig, G. (2006) *Slow Living.* Oxford and New York: Berg
[6] AAH Conference, Milton Keynes, 29 – 31st March 2012 '*Walking otherwise: one foot after another*'.
[7] Colour is a crucial component in my work. As the images in this essay will be reproduced in black and white, I have not included any of my own artwork, and would refer the reader to my website (www.mikecollier.eu) for further reference.
[8] Mabey, R. (1976) *Street Flowers.* Harmondsworth: Penguin Books. pp 9-13
[9] Keith Bowey is a member of the Institute of Ecology and Environmental Management (MIEEM), a Fellow of the Royal Society for the Arts (FRSA). He is an environmental consultant and director of his own company, GEES (Glead Ecological & Environmental Services; *GLEAD* is from the Anglo Saxon *to glide* and is the old English name for the Red Kite).
[10] This second meander was part-funded by Comapp – a multi platform media project to map the River Wear in sound, voice and stories. Comapp is a University of Sunderland project funded by the EU (Education and Culture DG – Programme Lifelong Learning) and run by Caroline Mitchell and Mike Pinchin
[11] Elliston Allen, D. (1976) The Field Club in *The Naturalist in Britain: A Social History.* London: Penguin Books, pp 158 - 175
[12] Griffiths, N. & Farley, P. (2008) Netherly in *GRANTA: The New Nature Writing (102).* London: Granta Books, pp 165
[13] Klienberg-Levin, D.A. (2008) *Before the Voice of Reason; Echoes of Responsibility in Merleau-Ponty's Ecology and Levinas's Ethics*. New York: Suny, pp 56
[14] Harney, M. (2007) Merleau-Ponty, Ecology and Biosemtics in Cataldi S.L. & W.S. Hamrick (eds.), *Merleau-Ponty and Environmental Philosophy: Dwelling on the Landscape of Thought.* Albany: Suny, pp 144
[15] Hill, H. (1980) *Freedom to Roam: The Struggle for Access to Britain's Moors and Mountains.* Ashbourne: Moorland Publishing, pp 13 - 17
[16] Rothman, B. (1982) *The 1932 Kinder Trespass.* Altringham: Willow Publishing, preface
[17] Lewis, N. (2001) The Climbing Body in Macnaghtan, P. & Urry, J. (eds.) *Bodies of nature.* London: Sage, pp 57-58 (Lewis is here specifically referring to climbing)
[18] Parkins, W. & Craig, G. (2006) *Slow Living.* Oxford and New York: Berg
[19] Haggerty, J.H. (University of Chicago) in a review of *Slow Living*
[20] Parkins, W. & Craig, G. (2006) *Slow Living.* Oxford and New York: Berg, pp 69 – 76 (Deterritorialization, the Local and Place)