59/60

cottonwood

Edward Casey
Denis Cosgrove
Cecil Giscombe
Robert Kelly
Soren Larsen
Denise Low
Richard Schoeck
Barbara Tedlock

Kansas Conference on

imagination & place

Spring 2002

Cottonwood and Cottonwood Press
Lawrence, Kansas
Cottonwood 59/60

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On the cover: Photographs of conference presenters by Dan Bentley.

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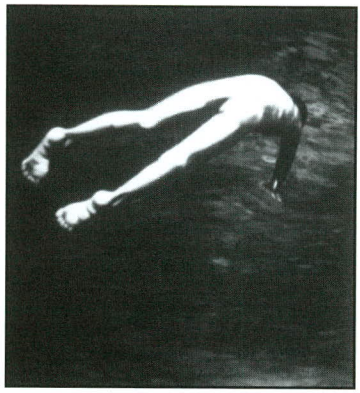

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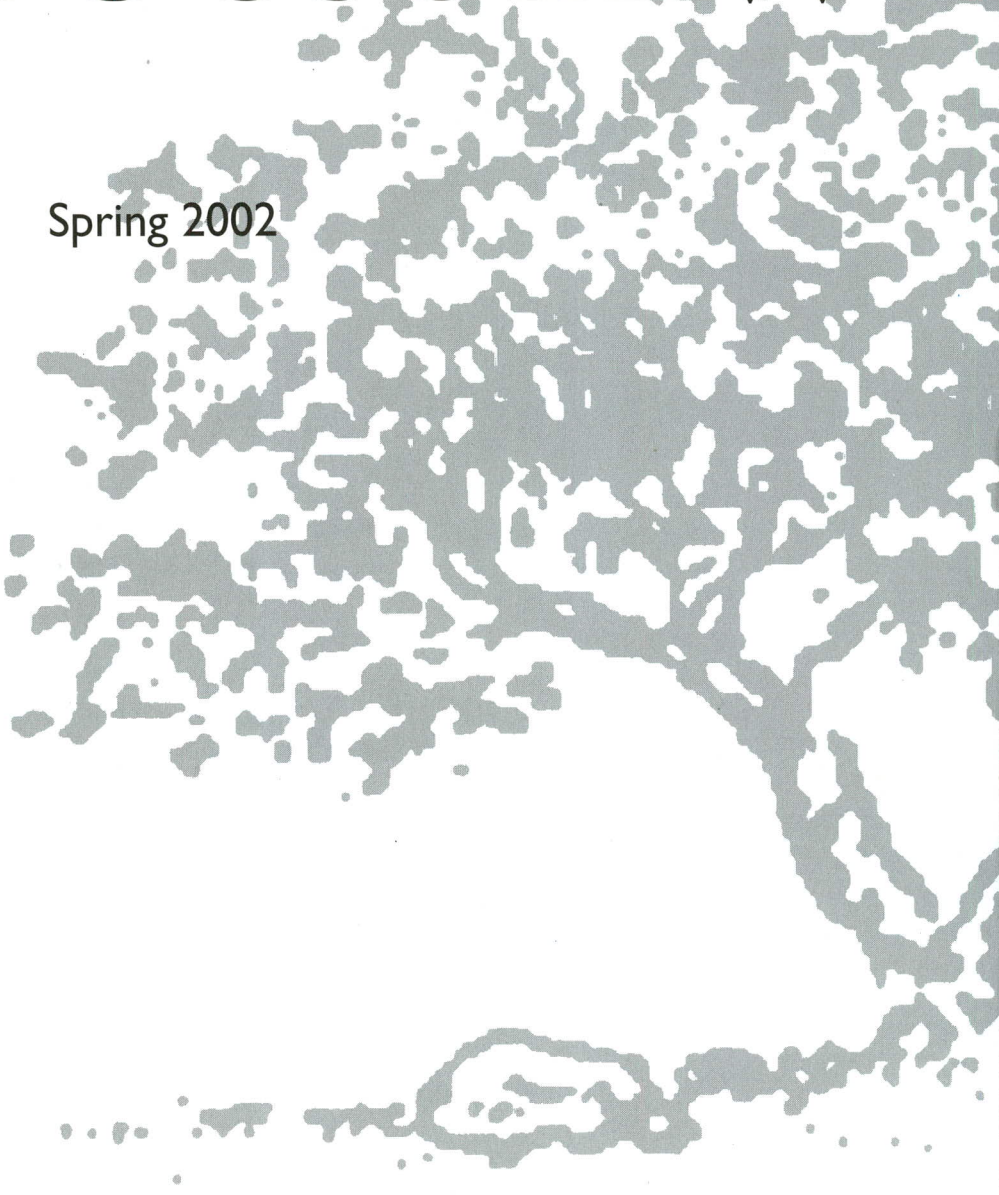

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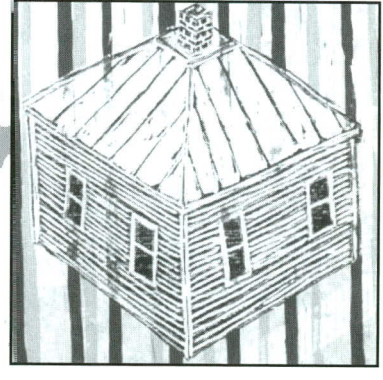

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Preface

The Kansas Conference on Imagination & Place was inspired by poet Robert Kelly, who in an essay titled, "Hypnogeography," from his 1988 book, *Doctor of Silence*, advanced the idea that dreams can provide a deeper understanding of places. He called for "all generous persons to record their dreams and when possible to compare them with the real places so that we might have a more complete record of those places, a truer geography, if you will."

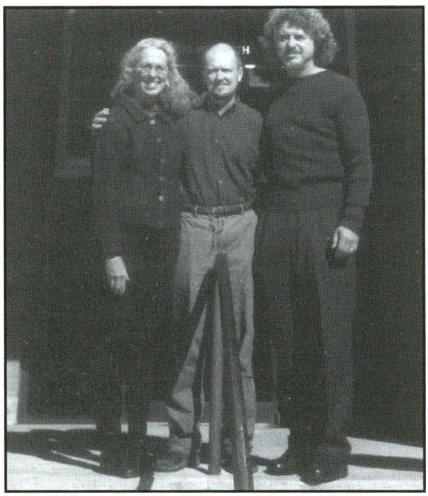
Working for the Lawrence Arts Center and *Cottonwood* and taking Robert Kelly's proposal literally, we met in 1999 and determined to begin compiling a Dream Archive about place for possible publication in this journal. The Kansas Land Trust, with which we are all three affiliated, was represented at the next meeting, when the project expanded to include a conference.

In early 2001, we sent copies of the complete Dream Archive —collected from contributors for two years—to the conference presenters: Robert Kelly himself, Edward Casey, Denis Cosgrove, Cecil Giscombe, Soren Larsen, Denise Low, Richard Schoeck, and Barbara Tedlock. Over the October 19-21, 2001, conference weekend, these eight scholars discussed imagination and place from their various disciplines; this special double issue of *Cottonwood* comprises their conference papers.

The Kansas Land Trust sponsored an art exhibition, which ran concurrently with the conference, called "Imagination and Place: Three Perspectives," curated by Lisa Grossman and featuring works by Gesine Janzen, Ron Michael, and Jane Voorhees, and two place-related workshops, "Write From the Earth" led by Caryn Mirriam-Goldberg, and "Mapping Home" by Soren Larsen. These artists' writings and images are included herein as well.

Additionally, this issue features a sampling of the Dream Archive and an interview with us conference organizers by Kelly Barth.

Conference organizers Laurie Ward, Paul Hotvedt, and Rick Mitchell at the entrance to the Lawrence Arts Center, October, 2001.



We present *Cottonwood* #59/60: Kansas Conference on Imagination & Place.

Paul Hotvedt, *Cottonwood*
Rick Mitchell, Lawrence Arts Center
Laurie Ward, Kansas Land Trust
Conference Organizers

March 21, 2002, Lawrence, Kansas

The Lawrence Arts Center provides educational programs, serves the needs of area artists, and takes a leadership role in advocacy, planning and economic development in the arts for the people of Lawrence and the surrounding area.

The Kansas Land Trust was founded by citizens concerned about long-term stewardship of natural and cultural resources. Its mission is to protect and preserve lands of ecological, scenic, historic, agricultural, or recreational significance in Kansas.

Robert Kelly Introduction I

It's particularly wonderful to have a painter make that introduction* since for most of us, land begins—our awareness of land begins—as landscape, and landscape is a painterly conception. It's as if you're walking along in my neighborhood, and you see a stunted tree or a new-grown trunk. The house we slept in last night had such a tree outside. You look at it, and you think, "I saw that in a Sassetta," or "I saw that in some medieval..."—a tree that has imitated the patterns of an earlier mind.

I'm mostly going to read a few pages tonight, now, and say a little bit, and I have to begin by saying that what I say tonight, I would not have said had we had this congress at the end of August, rather than in the middle of October.

I've been in Lawrence before, maybe twenty-five years ago. It's grown quite a lot. It's still a very agreeable place. It's a place that—well, this morning, Charlotte and I saw our first Swainson's hawk skimming down over the grassland, looking for—the book says it's looking for a rat or a gopher, so we looked for a rat or a gopher, too, but we saw only the hawk, and it stayed there for about an hour, going back and forth. So, I'll think of this visit as the hawk visit.

I used to dream about a city, a city that shimmered by the power of dream, through the daytime sense of stone, and concrete, and asphalt, of the common city where I was born. Now that city has changed. The so-called real one, the one where the towers fell, fell into the shadow where Castle Gardens had fallen long before, and the Battery itself, and the aquarium, where an electric eel in its murky box of water on display lit up my childhood. Early lessons in what it meant—eel, electricity, Edison, floodlights, the World's Fair, the War. Of course, I'm a New Yorker. Of course, I am used to things being gone, which makes it all the more important that we recollect together the interior city, or let me call it the *inherent* city. Re-collect the traces of the city that inheres inside the real one, the one anybody can see, or

* Robert Kelly and Denis Cosgrove were introduced by artist and conference organizer Paul Hotvedt.

see until a terrorist destroys it. But the inherent city can only be lost when the image of it fades from the mind of the dreamer or the visionary, Shinar Plain, or Lot in Sodom, or Aeneas's Rome, or Brigham Young's City of the Saints. Or say, I think, that the inherent city can never be destroyed; it can only be forgotten, which is why we have come here today, to unforget it, to unforget the dream.

When this conference was proposed—I guess we talked about it a year ago, over a year ago, perhaps the summer or autumn of 2000—when this conference was proposed, it was just supposed to be one more interesting thing that we could get to say about humans and landscape, women and geography, one more interesting variation in the long attentive sarabande of intelligence that we dance with Carl Sauer, and Charles Olson, and Edgar Anderson, James Malin, and Gary Snyder, and Ken Irby. Then suddenly, what we are doing here now seems immensely and differently important. We have suddenly been put in charge of the indestructible and, by paradox, we have to take very good care of it.

The longer I stay in any place, the clearer it becomes that we inhabit different levels of time. The ground we walk on is a recent word, but the sentence has been speaking for such a long time. We know that every land is a different land, the alien shore imbedded in our own, the land before this town that still lingers in the town, as the town. The town is the skin we see of all that's been. The town that we were reminded of, of 1854 and all that came after—massacres and posses and the grief of that, the quiet resurrections in a town, and all lying there, always present. "There's Quantrill now," said Ken Irby last night as we walked down the street, pointing to a figure on a wall somewhere, in a window. "There's Quantrill now." So, that hundred and some years doesn't simply disappear. It simply deepens our awareness of this place and this time. We know that there are strange, half-magical writers like Mary Butts in the wonderful story "Mappa Mundi" and Charles Williams in his strange novel *Descent into Hell.* The way they have seen and described the way time and place coinhere, the way Lutetia still lives inside Paris or Aeneas's Rome inside Moravia's Rome. All land, all place enshrines its history. A place never lets go of what happened there, but there are special places where the times show through. And one of the things it means to grow up in a place or come back to a place in

which you grew up is to know the times of the place—your times, your ages, all mapped on the supposed actuality. You walk on the street.

Bashō says, "One quality that poems have is a kind of sadness, like a man dressed up in all his finery, on his way to a party, only the man is an old man." You walk on the street of all your life and somehow, step by step, you have to master the times imbedded in that place. If the place is Rome, then you have to be Aeneas, Virgil, Bruno, Verdi, Moravia, all at once, as well as whoever you are. Don't you understand? The dead become everyone and you become everyone who lived before you. It may be that geography also is genetics.

But there's another dimension to all this, that I've been excited by and bothered by—can't tell—for years now, the place we dream. And that's the subject that this conference got started by, an essay called "Hypnogeography." It still strikes us all as a funny word—to write down the map of the world you find in dream. That's simple enough. Now, that follows from a kind of major hypothesis; that's another fancy word—we can never have enough long words; long words are wonderful, because long words give the mind a chance to rebut them as they pass by. Whereas a short word, like "puff," you don't know what to do with it. But a word like "hypnogeography" or "vososquasm," a disease from which I pretend to suffer, these words are long enough to give you a chance to bite and spit out if necessary, or to swallow. But, a hypothesis that exercises me a lot is that we talk casually, or at least since the late nineteenth century we've talked casually, about the language of dream and dream language, and all that. And that has meant, I think, traditionally the "language of dream," kind of "this means that" effect of the dream. The ancient Babylonians said that if you dreamt of eating your own excrement, it meant that great good fortune was on the way. And we find the old dream tablets and the Oneirocritica of Artemidorus contain lots of material, translation so to speak, of "this means that." In that sense, the dream as a language is a familiar thing. But from the days of Freud and his immediate predecessors and his followers, dream language became more an exploration of what the dream was saying. Not about what would happen to you when you dreamed this; rather, the dream was an endless conversation that you were having with yourself. Or the dream was, according to some theories, an end-

less conversation that the god, or the over-soul, or the spirits, or the demons were having with you. In other words, the dream was, and remains, in Freudian and Jungian analysis, and even, one suspects, in Lacanian analysis, unless you get very deeply into it, the dream remains the voice of the other speaking to the self.

But that's not what language is in most of our experiences. Most of us learn language by being surrounded, by being wordless, surrounded by the other, and having to acquire words to address the other with. We have to speak to the other, saying "Feed me. Love me. Give me what I need." These commonsense notions of language as an exchange between the self and the other have traditionally for the dream analysis been pointed always in the same direction. So the hypothesis that came to me some years ago is what happens if we take the language the other way around and assume that the dream that I have is indeed language and it's indeed a word, but it's not a word that God is saying to me, or that my unconscious is saying to me, *but that I am saying to you,* as Whitman says, "whoever you are?" Suppose then that dream is the language of the self to the other. It's an hypothesis I think worth thinking about, worth examining.

If the dream talks to other, the dream is the self speaking to the other, a dream then is a word that you are speaking to the world, then it might be worthwhile to investigate what the dream says to the world, what that story is that the dream is telling, a story that you are not ready consciously or wakefully to tell the world. Perhaps a story you need to tell to the world. That's why it occurred to me years ago that I should try to gather a bunch of victims together who dreamt a lot and who would write their dreams down and publish them in a very small compass. I live in a tiny hamlet called Annandale, named for that unfortunate valley in Scotland where Lockerbie is and where things fall from the sky, the little town of Annandale, which is barely more than the college that's in it. And I suggested we start the *Annandale Dream Gazette,* which was a brief, short-lived publication, which a couple of good people, generous people as Paul would say, got together and put down their dreams every day and published them once in a while, on the theory that if dream is language speaking to the other, the other had better have a chance to hear it. Otherwise, we're just mumbling in the shower,

singing Verdi in the shower, the way I would, but no one was allowed to hear.

If that's then the major hypothesis, the minor hypothesis coupled with it is that dream might have something to do then with the world of geography, the word of place. The specific words that we dream when we dream of cities, as I explained in that tiny piece called "Hypnogeography" itself, two or three pages long, I oughtn't even to call it a story or an essay. I have all my life dreamt of New York City in a set of ways that have been standard throughout all the dream years. It's quite like New York in a lot of ways and quite unlike it in others, but it's repeatedly the same way. Only last year, for the first time, has another avenue opened in my dream New York and it opened by running across Broadway, forming an X with Broadway, an astonishing thing, since Broadway is the marker of true north in Manhattan Island where all the streets are running map north, but Broadway runs true north. Suddenly, another great St. Andrew's cross had been made. A great saltire had been declared and another avenue had gone off at an angle, reaching a cathedral, of all things—a thing New York does not notably need, since it has half a dozen cathedrals of one kind of another already that no one goes to except Tibetan Lamas when they need a place to perform to the white folk. But there was this cathedral. I have to deal with that. But it seems to me that the place, then, that we dream, the place that we standardly dream, not so much the dream of one night when you dream that an explosion occurs in such-and-such a place, but rather the dreams that you come back to, the dreams that you return to night after night or year after year, when you dream a predictable variant on them—that's the stuff that we need to hear about. And I would like someday a great mapping of that to come to pass.

The problem is, of course, the endless trash of the personal. I speak of the eel, the electric eel, the old aquarium, my memories, the child nose pressed against the dirty glass from the noses of all the children who had pressed against it before, looking at the eel swimming in the water dirty from its own excrement, the sense of just the warping, the thickening, the thickness of memory in shape—all the personal stuff that we bring to the dream. The dream crosses it and returns to the world. That's important. It's hard for me to look at the World Trade Center ruins and say,

"Yes, I miss the World Trade Center, but I also miss that eel that was there sixty years ago and that was wiped out long ago and the Battery Aquarium was wiped away long ago for other reasons altogether, said to be connected with yet another war, yet another time." But these individual instances of personal memory seem to become the trash, or as the alchemists said, the feces from which we begin our operation, so that in the dream, as you know, with however you approach the dream, the individual details of your personal life that flood out into the great plain of Shinar, where the dream is building its tower of Babel, those individual feces, traces, the mere corruptions of memories, as you'd say, grow the Temple of Memory, memoria, from which we might learn something about this geography of the world that I've been talking about.

So I would just want to end by saying that I do want the hypnogeography to be a subject of inquiry. I want generous people to record their dreams when they dream about such things. They can do it for other purposes, too. But I think we might be able to assemble a dream geography of our world, as a dream geography of Lawrence, Kansas, might emerge Sunday afternoon from Soren Larsen's workshop in mapping. That may happen. The notion that we might, in fact, be able to map something that is documentable, that we'd have something there at the end.

The goal then would be to find all the versions of a place that are needed to know the place.

I wanted to finish with reading what happened once when I tried to talk about a place. I tried to talk about the house I lived in. "I live in an old house that has no address," I began. Then I had to go to a footnote and understand what that meant—no address: "A road, but no number—off east, beyond the sumac and the hill, the loosestrife of our small marsh anxious these nights with singing frogs, so there's this ode of spring. There is a crossroads where the highway runs fast past the almost unseeable entrance of a road whose name is like mine. But that's beyond 9G, beyond time, beyond the Ennead that stands this side of the Dodecad—that's a region between the Nine and the Zodiac in which no fixed knowledge is. No steady knowing. Nine Gods look up and worship. Twelve look down and see me standing there, afraid as any four-year-old to cross the blazing highway. Corner of the Dog—Nine Gods. Turn west with me.

And then the house, with no address, too close to the Post Office to need one, just two houses down towards the stream. Known by name. This is the center of a vast, invisible city. Yesterday as we drove along, I saw a broken pump, its handle rusted, pointing towards the mountains. And saw the ultimate city, now only a dream inhering in that space. Certainly it too will have post offices and streets among its lily pools and tiger walks; I am less sure it will have numbers. No address except the name of the city, the City; and the mail gets there. When I first moved to this town, I computed that by the grid of my city down the river, I live now on 2,097th Street—West 2,097th Street—at the corner of Broadway. But that city is no longer anybody's system. The grid is more spacious now, builds up as well as out, comprises the nearer stars, has its root in water."

I was trying to write about what it looked like to sit in a particular chair in my house and look across the room. I don't think we've paid enough attention to interior landscape, but that's for another conference—the conference of the crowded desk, the stuff under the bed, the things you find when you open the drawer. That is our Iliad yet to be written. But now we need a proper geography.

That's all I wanted to say now. I'll say more things tomorrow. I'd love to hear your comments, or reactions, or rebuttals, or castigations, or your reprisals—no, not reprisals! Renewals.

Audience member: In Douglas County, there are no places and no knowledge. Every intersection has numbers for both ways.

Kelly: It does. It does. But they're only available by use of the God of the machine. It's triangulation. We must talk about the triangle some time, how the triangle is what's left out of all of these issues, the way in which I can connect with you deeply only by some triangulation. And we keep forgetting that and that's why we keep walking against the—into the mirror, constantly. Mirrors resist triangles. Now you can find any place with the numbers.

Audience member: How would you contrast the dream place with the so-called real place?

Kelly: Well, the so-called real. I was afraid there might be a philosopher who would notice that. See, there's one of those short words—real. Oh! A horrific word. That's the worst four-letter word in all the world—real.

I would contrast it simply by the fact that I can see it only when I'm asleep and then remember it. It's very real when I'm asleep and less real when I'm awake. And when I'm awake I can't quite walk down that street, but I can remember it. So, I'm not saying that waking is more real than sleeping, God knows. I think perhaps the opposite, probably. But certainly whatever is conventionally called the waking world, maybe the waking world and the sleeping world—but that suggests the world is awake. It may not be. It may just be you, or just me, or some triangle between us. In proper terms, I think the contrast is that the sleep world, the dream world always seems slightly more persuasive to me than the waking one. The waking one where I'm walking down the street, it's always something of a surprise—"Oh yes, this is where Broadway is crossed by 17th Street, and I'll turn that corner, and there'll be that closed coffee shop,"—but in the dream, I may not know about the coffee shop, but it feels tremendously right. It feels, "This is how it actually is," whereas the real is only how it happens to seem at the moment. I think in dream I'm less of a skeptic than I am in waking. I'm speaking from my own few-and-far-between dreams. (One of the reasons why I want to get all those generous lads and lasses to write their dreams is that I have so few of them myself, which is my great shame and secret; I am not in that sense a dreamer. Therefore I look at the dream like a starved child looking through the window at the candy. The dream place seems, as I said before, to have this persuasive factness about it in the way that waking doesn't. Waking is iffy. Anything might happen, but in the dream, life just steadily runs along.

Audience member: [Question about the way travel in dreams is discontinuous.]

Kelly: That's not my experience of my own dreams, which are lamentably poor in jump cuts; I have to walk the whole way. I wish I could do that. I'd like to know your way of getting right to the goal—later tell me your secret. But I mean, we don't know that. We make grand statements about dreams. The poets of this

world make the grand statements, and yet the difference you and I discuss may be vastly important—that you dream jump cuts, and I dream without them. That might be far more important than anything else that we dream about, the very structure of the dream experience. I don't usually dream scenically, in the sense that was mentioned, but rather continuously and rather wonderfully boringly—the way lovemaking is boring; that it just is this wonderful going-on, in that sense that you don't have to do anything. It does itself when it's genuine. You're not doing something to someone; you are being with the experience. In that way, dream has a wonderful, pervasive ongoingness, in my sense, without the scenic quality of "I am witnessing an event," or "I'm leaping through an event."

But these structures may be terribly important. That might be a kind of macrostructural difference that we want to explore sometime.

Denis Cosgrove

Introduction II
Hypnogeography in Kansas

Hypnogeography: the word itself prompts imaginings. For one who has spent a professional life in academic geography, the word has a truly liberating resonance. Its capacious embrace holds two, normally distinct, goals. One concerns imagination: dreaming place and, through dreams, somehow knowing in new ways the places of waking experience. Knowing places is a central purpose of geographical study. The second goal of hypnogeography is to know ourselves better as cognitive and imaginative beings—as dreaming minds. In a sense, hypnogeography concerns mapping the mind, not in the sense of producing a neurological diagram, but rather of discovering how places are connected by and within the workings of the sleeping consciousness. This too is a kind of geography: exploring the landscapes of sleep. As Robert Kelly proposed, this is to be achieved by recording and sharing place dreams. As his original essay on hypnogeography envisions, "when all such dreams have been assembled and overlaid, a truer geography will appear." His words are well chosen. "Truer" is a better word here than "real," for this is a truth that emerges from encounters between the material and imaginative worlds, with responsibilities to both, and thus to "truth."

So we are here charged with discovering, exploring, and framing a truer geography, with binding together through the medium of the dream two spheres, two areas of concern. The dream, I suppose, is the purest expression of imagination and a form in which each one of us participates. I find it hard to believe that anyone exists who lacks the ability to dream, in the way that people lack a sense of smell or lose memory, although I gather that such a condition does exist. It would be fascinating to know under what conditions we might lose the capacity to dream, and what the consequences for our waking life in the world, in place, might be. To me they seem terrible to contemplate, yet I am uncertain about the source of that terror. Our task here is to bind together that unsullied expression of imagination that is dream-

ing, with geography. I feel on much firmer ground speaking of the latter than of the former. Geography is a discourse of places, of mapping, of understanding and interpreting the endless variety of the earth's surface: its lands and seas, and rivers and skies, its forests, fields and farms, its cities and societies. To borrow the title of Hippocrates' ancient Greek medical text, one of the very earliest treatises to connect human life and the natural world, geography's matter is *Of airs and places*. How the consideration of dreams might lead to a "truer" geography of airs and places is the task faced by these papers. In these introductory words, my concern is briefly to explore this notion of truth, in part because it allows us to say at the outset what the hypnogeographic project is not and thus, crabwise perhaps, to better express what it *is*. It is decisively not a scientific project, except in the now archaic sense of science as ordered truth. Hypnogeography does not seek the kind of scientific truth about the world that for long has been the dominant concern of scholarly geography. Nor is it a scientific project in the sense of generating theories of mind or theories of dreaming or theories of imagination. So our contributors do not include biologists or psychiatrists or neuroscientists, all of whom would have very significant things to contribute to the understanding of place dreaming. Nor are we concerned here with an instrumental project in the sense that our findings might change actual places or alter the waking relations we sustain with the social landscapes and geographies in which we dwell, or indeed might transform ourselves as conscious subjects. So, absent too are architects and planners, designers and psychoanalysts. What we do have is a humanist project, guided by a poet, taken up by thinkers unified more by their concerns for self-knowledge than their professional expertise, and who recognize that self-knowledge can come in part through knowledge of place. For me, this is a profoundly geographical insight, although one that I am happy to acknowledge is today shared with philosophers such as Edward Casey. That we cannot know ourselves, nor fully embrace our humanity, unless we reflect upon the places we inhabit and experience is the reason that I have devoted my professional life to the study of geography. I take geography to be a genuinely humanist discipline in the sense that Erasmus or Montaigne would have understood that term: knowing the self through knowing and reflecting upon the varied tapestry of the earth, its airs and places. Such

geography celebrates imaginative engagement; it is about creativity, and it yields self-knowledge. These goals it shares with the hypnogeographic project.

It is appropriate, therefore, that this exercise in hypnogeography extends beyond the thoughts and writings of professional scholars and artists, that it includes as a central element the Dream Archive. This white folder of writings (but, surprisingly, not drawings) was sent to me and to every participant in the original symposium. It contains a wonderful wealth of dream records made by people, all of them local to Lawrence and all attached in some way to Kansas. Neither the city nor the state is known personally to me, except mediated through these accounts, and of course, previously encountered writings, photography, or film. My visit to Lawrence for the hypnogeography conference was my first and only one, but I arrived furnished with a great deal of knowledge about both place and people from the imaginative lives the latter had recorded of the former. In this sense the archive worked for me rather like a dream. There was little in it that described the details of location, that mapped topography or ecology or settlement in Kansas, but there was much that "set the tone," conveyed the mood of its airs and places. I'm not quite sure how it worked on me, but the dream archive conditioned in no small measure my response to the "real" Lawrence and Kansas. Perhaps those writings gave me an insight into the "true" place when I experienced its "real" geography through my presence within it.

It is also appropriate that the hypnogeography symposium incorporated workshops, an exhibition of local artworks, and other opportunities for active engagement and for the expression by local people of their attachments to place through dreaming and sharing dreams (although I shall return later to some awkward questions raised by such active sharing). Hypnogeography in Lawrence was thus in some measure a celebration of mind and place in a very specific location. It celebrated the poetics of Kansas. The term "poetics of place" reworks the title of a book by the French physicist and phenomenologist, Gaston Bachelard: *La poetique de l'espace*. That wonderfully evocative work acted as an inspiration for humanist geographers such as myself. Dreams, or rather reveries, formed a significant part of its subject matter. But Bachelard's subject was "space," a less concrete phenomenon than "place." So, while I take the hypno-

geographic project to be cognate to Bachelard's phenomenology, appropriately perhaps for the Midwest rather than the Left Bank of the Seine, I see it as less conceptual and more concrete, in its concerns. I think that what occurred at Lawrence concerned a more actual poetics and the capacity for quite specific landscapes and places to both stimulate and become transformed through the imaginative experience of dreaming. Space, for me at least, implies a less rooted and less material connection with the world.

The poetic and oneiric capacities of specific places—whether actually existing or "spatial imaginaries"—is something that lies at the roots of culture and of literary and artistic expression. It seems like the art works at Lascaux and similar underground places were produced in dream-like states; certainly the technology of illumination available to their makers would have rendered the places dream-like in the flickering, shadowy light. Creation narratives begin with the creation of place out of chaos and end with the perfect place. Place stands at the origin and conclusion of human time: it is eschatological. Eden, the Hesperides, Arcadia, these are all the places of dreams. And heaven or nirvana: these too have their topographies. The Christian Bible tells a story of the loss of perfect place through human failing, redemption through place-specific sacrifice, and the dream of the perfect, four-square city of Revelation at the end of time. These are all utopias. Utopia is often translated as the perfect place; it is at the same time "no" place. Indeed, it is their nonexistence except in imagination that makes them perfect. They are the stuff of dreams rather than the contexts of daily life.

The dreams recorded in the hypnogeography archive had much more to do with the mundane places of daily life, and I take it that this is what the archive was intended to capture. The project was about an engagement, not with purely imaginary places—of desire or fear and loathing—but with the places wherein we experience, live, perform, and transform our everyday lives, and how these in turn are lived, performed, and transformed in dreams, be those dreams comforting, magical, anxious, horrific, melancholy, or in any other way evocative. Places in dreams are in fact much more about mood than about actual, visible, or measurable space. Freud connected places in dreams to seeing and scenery, but I think that most of us, when we dream (certainly I can speak for myself) are much more aware of

mood and the feeling of places than of their visible presence, their measurable structure, their form or composition. Concreteness of dream places dissolves in memory rather as places themselves within the dream dissolve one into another. Yet mood or feeling endures long after specifics of scene and event are forgotten. And this is true when we think of classic dream literature.

Alice in Wonderland is a perfect example. The story of a dream opens in a very precise location in the heavy, languid, still air of a drowsy summer afternoon in southern England (Lewis Carroll's location was the water meadows of Christ Church College in Oxford), as a young girl lazily watches a rabbit disappear into his burrow. The tale is full of the most precisely described places, but they merge into each other and we are left, as is Alice herself, with a mood, a slight melancholy that we can recognize is as much part of the place *of* the dream as of places *in* the dream. A more elaborated study of hypnogeography might do well to examine with care such successful literary evocations of dreaming as *Alice in Wonderland* for what these can tell us about dream and place. This said, I cannot avoid reference in a gathering located in Kansas to another of the great evocations of dream and place in our culture. The Land of Oz has some of the qualities of Wonderland, but here too the narrative is quite specifically rooted. Airs and places in Kansas are more violent than in England: it is a tornado that destroys Dorothy's home, "unfixes" her place and launches her into an oneiric geography. In the swirl of place the dream unfolds. This specificity of Kansas geography is as significant as the yellow brick road; the actual place is powerfully present in the dream.

Curiously, Kansas has played a minor but significant role in the recent evolution of academic geography, and in a way that is pertinent to hypnogeography's concern with the qualities of place. In the middle years of the 20th century, geographers became fascinated with constructing theoretical landscapes based on the elaboration of a limited set of foundational economic theories. What, they asked, might the pattern of human settlements look like if the supply, demand, and price curves of classical economics were to be inscribed across an undifferentiated surface, and how far might the resulting models of ideal spaces help us interpret actual landscapes? The successes and failures of what was called "Central Place Theory" need not detain us, but

it is worth noting that the American Miwest and the Plains were often taken as the closest real approximations to the settlement landscapes described in these models. Today, there is little interest in this "spatial theory," partly because it so radically ignores the specificities of "place." Thus, an essay I found myself reading in an academic geographical journal as my plane from Los Angeles descended slowly towards the Missouri valley discussed how economic geographers have recently shifted away from their long-standing concerns with purely geometrical space towards studies of the complexities of actual places and landscapes. Its author closed with the memorable claim: "We are not in Kansas anymore." I think he might read with profit the dreams of Kansas places recorded in the hypnogeography archive.

But then, Kansas, I suppose, is not one of the most oneiric places in the United States, at least for those who have never been there. It's not Malibu, or Sedona, or Key West, the Golden Gate, the Mississippi delta, or Nantucket. And yet, flying into Kansas City on a late October afternoon, pursued by the slanting gold of a western sunset casting the deepest of sharp shadows, I was spellbound looking over one of the most movingly beautiful landscapes I have ever seen. Its loveliness was a creation of light and geometry. The gridded roads and boundaries of the rectangular survey contained the serpentine geometries of contoured plough-lines. Cutting across these were the lengthened traces of railroads and freeways at one scale, and at another the dendritic trace of the stream valleys, etched by vegetation that at this distance appeared like Wordsworth's "little lines of sportive wood run wild." An entire symphony of place was orchestrated by the insistent easterly fingering of lengthening shadows. It was the stuff of dreams.

But then America is a place of dreams. It started so for Europeans and remains so for much of the world's population. Dream and dreaming are defining features of American culture. "I have a dream," and the dream is to participate fully in the American Dream. So much of the American Dream involves places. The city on a hill begins with a pilgrim dream and ends with a puritan place. "This is the place," proclaimed Brigham Young as he gazed over the salt flats of Utah where the Mormon dream would be realized. I write these words in Hollywood, yet another of America's dream-places, and factory town for the

continuous production of dreams. So hypnogeography is perhaps a genuinely American project, a highroad to a true American geography. Such a claim reminds us that, important as place is, it is only one partner in the mapping of hypnogeographies. The other partner is the self of the dreamer, whose character, culture, and personality both shape and are shaped by dreams of place. Place and dreamer are mutually constituted within the dream.

But when we talk about self it is worth remembering that, just as the study of space and place have evolved within geography, selfhood as conceived in the West has also undergone some changes. That tradition of humanism, originating in ancient Greece and elaborated in Renaissance and Enlightenment Europe was erected upon the idea of an autonomous, self-creating subject. The integrity of the individual self, characterized above all by the capacity for reason, has been profoundly disrupted by 20th century thinkers. And it was Sigmund Freud, whose *Interpretation of Dreams* was published a century ago, who began the systematic erosion of the rational subject, able to steer, at least as far as the fates and fortune would allow, a coherent pathway through life. Freud showed the extent to which we are subject to the promptings and urgings of the unconscious and that these are best understood through dreams. Of course Freud himself remained bound to the belief that the unconscious could be studied rationally, objectively, scientifically. Today we are less sure of this, and recognize how far his own interpretations were a product of his emplacement and that of his subjects. Their bourgeois, gendered, Jewish, and Viennese character is so central to their stories that today we would be much more concerned to incorporate the *place* context of dreamer and dream into their interpretation than to seek universal inferences from their reporting. I am not suggesting that Freud himself was unaware of this, rather that he was much more powerfully influenced than we would accept today by prevailing notions of universal science.

So we need to be constantly aware of the "positionality" of the dreamer, to use an awkward modern phrase. Dreams change from childhood reverie and nightmare, to adolescent sexual dreams to the melancholic memories of old age and always cut across any generalization. Dreams are culturally encompassed and questions about specificity and generalization are as signifi-

cant for place, dreamer, and dream as for any other human activity. They correspond to the great questions of the contemporary social sciences and humanities, so that the inability to map general or universal claims about dreams is connected to our inability to map places in the ways we used to believe possible. As humans we remain such things as dreams are made on, but we remain complex individuals whose dreams also shape our humanity.

In the hypnogeography project many people were invited to share, explore, and exchange their individual dreams of place. I opened by saying that I believed this to be a liberating opportunity. I end with a caution and a caveat. The caution is that we listen as much as we speak about dreams and place. The caveat is contained in a poem that sprang immediately to mind when I first heard of Robert Kelly's hypnogeography proposal. The poem is called "The Dream Exchange." It is the work of a British poet, Brian Patten. I first heard it from its author at a poetry reading in Liverpool, England, our shared hometown, the place of our birth and upbringing. The poem is a salutary reflection on dreams and places:

> Financially unsuccessful as he was, he liked running the place.
> Crowds gathered to do business,
> they'd push up against his counter, each with a separate dream
> and offering it, they'd shout its value screaming
> that the others were unreal.
>
> There were dreams shaped like forests, a few
> bright flowers, a few dull ones glowing;
> there were some dreams pornographic, some
> the density of oceans.
> Some drifted, others needed parachutes.
>
> One was shaped like a woman, tall and blond and
> damaged by boredom, she stood at the counter
> dreamt up by a retired schoolmaster.
> Someone else had dreamt a whale, but couldn't
> quite manage an ocean; another, less ambitious
> dreamt simply of grass. Queens came up offering
> crowns studded with boys,
> whores dreamt themselves innocent;
> a priest wanted to exchange his question-marks.

He liked running the place;
cardboard boxes full of rainbows, marked "perishable,"
in the back room alchemists arranged their goods in lucky bags.
He liked running the place; but the way
each shouted the other's dream down! The noise grew, grew,
grew cracking his windows, the way they shouted,
screaming only of their own dream's value:
The shelves rotted when he touched them,
A bird made out of soil dipped its brain into a cloud.
The queen's dream undressed with the schoolmasters,
the only ones that made it they vanished laughing.

And now at the dream-exchange—
the price and value of each dream flickers through the tape machines,
its worth diminishing as the crowd panics and panicking crushes together.
In the back room, the alchemists, knowing the impossibility
of dreams without peace, give up.
And the one who ran the place, pulling the shutters down
steps out over the remains of car crashes, over
fallen governments and half-submerged continents,
kicks a few stars out of the way and decides
maybe to open up elsewhere or maybe not at all.

(Brian Patten: *Notes to the Hurrying Man, Poems, Winter '66–Summer '68*, London, George Allen and Unwin Ltd., 1969, 36-37)

Barbara Tedlock

The Poetics of Landscape in the Spirituality of Dreaming

Dreaming creates a paradoxical place neither fully within ourselves nor totally outside in the landscapes of the natural world. Such a location is not tied to a territory but to an itinerary across a landscape. The reality of this paradoxical moving sanctuary is created through the process of dialogue. The conversation moves along from the poetics of dream images to dreaming as an interactive social process. This is an enactive theory of dreaming, one that insists on moving from being in our nightly dreamscape to becoming in our waking landscape. As we dance ourselves across this sleeping/waking divide, we capture imaginal symbols and life energy for our daily lives.

Power Dreams

Beginning as a young child, I was deeply interested in dreaming. My earliest remembered dreams, like those of many other children, centered on animals (Foulkes 1982). I shared these dreams with my Canadian Granny, who helped me to understand how my dream animals related to my own spiritual development, as well as how they related to her Ojibwe cosmology. Granny actively encouraged my dreaming and interpreted my dreams in such a way as to carry me along the rivers and traplines of her northern woodlands landscape. In so doing she allowed me, a cross-blood child, entry into her cultural perspective.

One day I told Granny a dream in which a tiny spotted turtle swam across the pond toward me, slithered out of the water, and sat down beside me on a log. We sat there basking together for some time. Then the turtle slipped off the log, splashed loudly, spreading rainbow-colored mist in all directions, awakening my animal alertness, yet holding down my body in sleep.

Granny smiled and explained to me that my dream was lucky for Turtle was a powerful spiritual being, a slow moving nomad, a healing manito. He had picked me out and brought me "myself" as his healing message, she said. And although I was too

young to fully understand her explanation I cherished my dream. Over and over I daydreamed the scene with my little turtle: focusing on the flecks of canary yellow and cobalt blue on its smooth carapace; the dappled shade rippling along the willow log; the splash of rainbow surrounding us.

Not long after that my parents moved south far away from Granny. Within a few months I was stricken with paralytic poliomyelitis. Granny knew right away that I was seriously ill and somehow found her way to my bedside.

As I lay paralyzed inside the iron lung, wishing I had died and terrified of living the rest of my life as a cripple, she sat with me. Day after day she sang songs and told me magical stories as she knitted socks and mittens for her other grandchildren.

One day she brought me a blue-and-gold turtle amulet she had beaded and hung it on the corner of the mirror suspended above my head. "Now, when you look into the mirror you will see your face next to this tiny turtle. And you will know who you are as you stretch out your toes way down deep inside your turtle tank," she said.

But as the weeks and months wore on and I still could not move my toes, Granny insisted that the doctors were wrong, that immobilizing me would never heal me. Eventually she convinced my parents that warm water and gentle massage were a better treatment for my paralyzed muscles. They finally agreed, demanded my release from my iron carapace, and brought me home.

There, Granny's healing massages and my daily swims slowly improved my muscle tone. In a few months I recovered enough strength and flexibility to go to school, with metal leg braces. Thanks to her continued massages, I began to wiggle my toes and even walk short distances without the help of iron braces. By the time I was a student at the University of California in Berkeley, my muscles had recovered so that I had only the tiniest limp.

During my freshman year, Granny visited me in a dream during the Month of Eagles (March). She sang, "Thunder Birds on heaps of clouds, they startle me." Then she shook me, and I woke up a little inside my dreaming. It was misty in the woods; long silken tendrils hung from the branches so that I could barely make out Granny's figure. Suddenly she said aloud, "Step where I step." And, although I could not see her clearly, I followed along behind her fringed purple shawl. As I continued

along I became cold, then realized that we were walking up and up into the chilly night sky together.

We strolled along among shadow trees until dawn, when we arrived at a large, messy nest filled with serpent bones and bits of broken eggshells. Granny stirred around in the debris with a cedar stick. "This was the home of a Thunder Bird," she said. She found what she was looking for—an unbroken light-blue speckled egg—and handed it to me saying, "Here, take this egg, it will be your medicine power when I am gone."

I was stunned by the shimmering egg that I held in my cupped hands. Granny slowly faded into the gathering clouds lined with flickering green-and-purple lightning. The clouds parted, and I awoke knowing that she had passed on to me some of her living energy, her medicine power. Then I realized that she must have died.

That morning I stayed home from classes reviewing over and over again my dream while waiting for the phone call announcing her death. When it came, I cried uncontrollably for hours. Then I folded and cut out a paper loon, her clan totem and one of her most powerful guardian spirits, and placed it next to the picture of her I kept on my desk. At dusk that evening, and for three more evenings, I went outside to light a small bonfire to guide her soul, a loon sailing over a misty pond, southward to the land of the dead.

In traditional woodlands culture, human beings consist of dual souls: a body soul centered in the heart, the place of consciousness and emotions, and a free soul suspended in mists, clouds, shadows, and dreams, the landscapes of the imagination. These interactive souls make communication with manitos possible.

Manitos are living beings with the same motivations as humans but with much more power. Thunder Birds, for example, are manitos with curved beaks, eagle feet, and feathers like those of the red-tailed hawk. Thunder is the sound of their wings and lightning the glint of their eyes. Slowly rolling thunder, punctuated by a few loud claps, indicates the presence of old Thunder Birds. Higher-pitched thunder, with more frequent claps, indicates young Thunder Birds. Since they are only heard from late spring until early fall, Thunder Birds are thought of together with migrating hawks. Granny taught me to show respect for Thunder Birds by sitting still until they passed overhead.

If we connect ourselves spiritually to Thunder Birds and Turtles within the clouds and mists that blend dream with vigi-

lance, they may bestow their other-than-human wisdom upon us, giving us an enhanced identity. Since a baby is born empty of personality, pressure is exerted upon woodlands children to interact with the spiritual world in order "to fill their emptiness." This is accomplished through developing a loving relationship with their dream images so as to become proficient at a state of awareness known as "lucid dreaming."

Lucid Dreaming

As these two examples demonstrate, there is an anomalous segment in dream imagery that signals the entrance to a paradoxical landscape (Tedlock 1999). When I entered this space I experienced a form of "doubling," or conscious awareness of being in the dream state and of being sound asleep. Such consciousness involves self-awareness, or self-reflectiveness, while sleeping.

Within many spiritual traditions, the key moment of lucidity is described as the result of an interior dialogue or imaginal conversation between different parts of the self, psyche, or soul. The dreamer is simultaneously cognizant of being asleep and removed from the external world and of being awake and receptive to the inner world. At this crossover point between sleeping and waking, there are often complex synesthesias—visual, auditory, olfactory, and tactile—as the lucid dream emerges from the inner landscape. A new element, which interrupts the imagery and narrative flow of an ongoing dream, fuses dreamer to dreamscape. In both my Turtle and Thunder Bird dreams, mist surrounded and muffled my movements until tendrils reached out: the turtle flopped into the pond and the fringe on Granny's shawl crackled with lightning.

Granny never talked directly about lucid dreaming, but other medicine women have. Ruby Modesto, who spent her adult life as an herb doctor, midwife, and spiritual healer in her Cahuilla community, just outside Palm Springs, California, shared several methods for achieving lucidity while dreaming. Directing the course of dreaming, or what she called "controlled dreaming," was the most important practice within her tradition. It had been actively sought, used, and taught for generations by Cahuilla shamans.

> The way you do it is by remembering to tell yourself to go to sleep in your first-level ordinary dream. You consciously tell yourself to lay down and go to sleep. Then you dream a second dream. This is the second level and the prerequisite for Real Dreaming.
>
> Uncle Charlie called this process "setting up dreaming." You can tell yourself ahead of time where you want to go, or what you want to see, or what you want to learn. On the third level you learn and see unusual things, not of this world. The hills and terrain are different. On both the second and third levels you can talk to people and ask questions about what you want to know.

This degree of enhanced awareness of the self within different levels of a dreamscape produces deeply meaningful, powerful dreams, dreams that sometimes occur during daylight.

Vision Questing

In Native North America, vision quests are undertaken by youths upon reaching puberty. At this very special time they are encouraged by their elders to actively engage in communication with the spirits by way of a combination of sleeping dreams and waking visions. While the vision quests of young men were often described as heroic journeys of self discovery, those of young women were rarely ever recorded.

Before the most damaging effects of Western colonialism were felt on Canadian Indian Reserves and U. S. Indian Reservations (between the 1880s and the 1930s), many young women participated in vision quests. Unlike the boys who were sent out alone to mountaintops, pubescent girls were sequestered in small lodges or nearby gardens. There they fasted and prayed until a spirit manifested itself in their dreamscape and took them far away into a magical landscape. Hovering above the landscape like an eagle, she opened herself and saw everything as separate and different but also as part of her self. During this period of diffuse alertness, she was able to communicate with all of creation.

Tela Star Hawk Lake (1996), an indigenous northern California healer, recently recalled her initial vision quest.

> One night a strange thing occurred. I was singing and praying with my eyes closed and I heard the scream of my Hawk. Then I heard a ringing noise in my ears. As I looked up into the sky searching for the Hawk, I

found it and suddenly saw my favorite Star. I cried from the power and humility. The Hawk flew higher and higher out of sight, straight toward the Star as darkness began to take over the day.

It was evening, and I felt the Hawk was carrying my prayers with it, but a strange feeling came over me. I could feel it pulling my soul out of my body, and my whole body began to tremble violently. My soul was now in the Hawk. It was merged with the spirit and power of Hawk. I was now Hawk.

After other spiritual experiences in which she blended lucid dreaming with shape shifting, she became a powerful healer. Today she has a large intertribal healing practice in the western United States.

In the Ammassalik district of Greenland, when an Inuit woman healer by the name of Teemiartissaq was approaching puberty, her father suggested that she might train to become a shaman. Sometime later, during the early years of the twentieth century, she recorded a group of her songs, dreams, visions, shamanic lore, and described her years of shamanic training (Thalbitzer 1923, vol. 2: 455-465, 732).

We teach ourselves the art of healing in order to stimulate courage in the face of our death. My father told me, "Train for angakok" (the shamanic profession to which he himself belonged).

So I went inland into the mountains. When I arrived I saw a beautiful butterfly all covered with blood, sitting on the ground. It looked as though it was ready to be whistled to, so I did. It possessed me, and I clothed myself in its appearance. Once again I whistled. This caused the butterfly to leave me, to fly away.

Then I heard someone say, "Since she whistles and begins to dress as the butterfly, she must be training to become one who can descend into the sea. I wonder if she will visit the ocean deity when she has become a fully-trained shaman."

Then I saw the butterfly lick herself all over, stroking away all the blood. At that point I recovered consciousness.

This butterfly encounter may seem anomalous since it took place in the Arctic, rather than in the tropics, where butterflies are common. But the Ammassalik region of Greenland is glacier-free, with deep fjords filled with large seals and whales, rivers of salmon, and dozens of sheltered valleys overflowing with edible herbs—angelica, stone-crop, and sorrel—bilberries, crowberries, wild flowers, and several species of butterflies.

Teemiartissaq's description of the butterfly as "bloody" and "sitting on the ground" may also seem strange. However, it reveals her precise knowledge of the natural world. Arctic butterflies commonly bask on the ground, absorbing the sun's warmth through their wings. Centuries of evolutionary change have given them a multitude of black scales on the underside of their hind wings, and, through these, the sun's heat reaches the wing veins. Circulation is quickened, and warm blood is transported into the tube along their backs.

The fact that the butterfly was "bloody" indicates that it had only recently emerged from its chrysalis, for it is only at this time that blood can be seen gleaming through the translucent tube that runs along the length of its back. The blood is pulled along from the end of the abdomen and is sprayed out into its head. From here it flows freely throughout its body, over all the organs, and into the wing veins, causing them to expand greatly and stiffen in preparation for its first flight.

The symbolism is clear: the bloody butterfly on the ground emerging from the chrysalis symbolizes her own tender coming of age, her first menstruation. Soon her spirit, breaking out of its shell, will metamorphose and fly for the first time.

While lucid dreaming and vision questing are still common occurrences in many societies, there are many individuals who have lost the living connection with their elders and, thus, their culture of dreaming. In order to regain their spiritual bonds, some of them practice dream incubation and storytelling.

An Abenake husband-and-wife team of artists and story tellers from Quebec carve and paint their elders' spirit guides, Spider Woman and Caribou Man, in hopes of encountering them in their own dreams. In a catalogue for a recent exhibit of their sculptures, they shared one of their favorite stories about lucid dreaming (Hedges 1992).

> One day my father told me that in his dream last night he awakened, turned over, and saw the morning sun shining through a dew-covered spider web. So beautiful! It was filled with sparkling color, a million tiny lights in a hand's breadth.
>
> A black-and-yellow spider was busy repairing a tear in the web from an insect that got away. The spider stopped weaving and said in a tiny little voice, "This is a Dream Net. It only lets good dreams through. This hole was left by the dream you are dreaming now!" That's what my father said.

This dreamer's calm attitude of receptive detachment and the glimmering of the mandala-like spider web as it moved into his awareness are key markers of lucid dreaming. The visual image of an orb spider's web, which is spun anew each night in complete darkness by touch alone, nicely parallels our nightly spinning of dreams in the utter darkness of our inner landscape.

Spider webs have long been associated with protective and healing powers. Webs painted on shields are preventive since, like the sticky spiral strands and long radiating support lines of a spider web, they cannot easily be destroyed by arrows or bullets, which pass through leaving but tiny holes. In treating puncture wounds, orb webs are placed directly on top of the injury in order to coagulate the blood.

Since bad dreams, like arrows and bullets, can bring sickness and even death, especially to helpless infants, protective web designs have long been used on baby hoods and cradles. They are believed to stop bad dreams from penetrating the baby's open fontanel. Small bead dangles, strung on sinew between rawhide thongs, are hung from the hood, and geometric web designs are woven into amulets tied to the top of cradle boards.

The dream catcher, which is lashed to the top of an infant's cradleboard, filters all dreams approaching the baby. It only lets in the good ones that flow through the opening at the center of the net, into the fontanel and thus into the dreaming consciousness of the baby. Today, all over Native North America, dream nets are created by artists as amulets for adults, as well as for children. They are sold at intertribal powwows and used as a way of attracting good images and keeping bad ones away from our nightly dreamscapes.

Conclusions

We can only know what another has dreamed indirectly through narratives, poems, songs, dances, dramas, or visual images. Since sensory experience is mediated by its translation into interpretable forms, dreaming is a culturally variable expressive representation.

Dreaming and waking reality are not neatly compartmentalized landscapes, but rather diffuse overlapped experiences. Dreaming provides an arena where human beings come into intimate contact with the spiritual world. This commonly occurs

when one is fully within a dreamscape but on the edge of waking consciousness. All of a sudden, one realizes that one is both awake to the outer world and within the images of her inner soul. And it is at this point of diffuse awareness that we can perceive the "suchness" of all things.

The cultivation of a paradoxical dreaming consciousness is used by many peoples as a way to gain access to the past and autonomy for the future. Children are trained to be more self-reliant through developing a nomadic dream self. Such enhanced and restless awareness of the self, leading to mental alertness during dreaming, produces powerful life-changing dreams. In turn, these psychodynamic experiences encourage dreamers to move beyond perceiving dreams as static beings, entities, mythic texts, or sedentary landscapes into experiencing dreaming as a spiritual process of becoming within the poetic landscape of the soul.

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Denise Low

Vision and Landscape in the Newberry Cheyenne Ledger Book

Background Coordinates

This presentation centers on a set of pictographic drawings from a Cheyenne plains ledger book, possibly made in 1879–1880, according to Father Peter J. Powell, a contemporary historian *(Montana* 27), and definitely produced between 1874 (the watermark date) and 1911 (the acquisition date), according to John Aubrey of the Newberry Library in Chicago. The book is in the Edward E. Ayer collection at the Newberry Library.

Overlooked as "primitive" two-dimensional artworks, the ledger book pictographic drawing-texts signify narratives of sacred action. The artist-narrator represents elements of landscape as they interact among dimensions of human experience, both inward and outward. They fit no Western European category of artwork, but rather a hybrid narrative genre that energizes inner vision. Rather than the term "dream" or "imagination" or even Bachelard's "reverie," I choose to use the term "vision" because of its implications of truth rather than fancy. "Vision," according to the *Oxford English Dictionary,* can arise from either a waking or a sleeping state: "Something which is apparently seen otherwise than by ordinary sight; *esp.* an appearance of a prophetic or mystical character, or having the nature of a revelation, supernaturally presented to the mind either in sleep or in an abnormal state." The word first appeared in English in 1290, when "Seint Edward" appeared in a "visioun To an holi man. . . . ." (OED). The English language association of vision with holy men and saints is appropriate here.

Several men created the Newberry ledger drawings, as indicated by the differing styles and by documentation of Cheyenne men's art production. Contemporary accounts document artists sharing ledger books as drawing space (Powell, *Montana* 12). One name associated with the book is Black Horse, because his name glyph appears on one page; and also, his biographic de-

tails fit the scenes. He lived in both the Southern Cheyenne Southern Plains region, and also Northern Cheyenne country, in Montana. These areas are all represented in the book. However, no irrefutable evidence indicates Black Horse contributed drawings to the collection.

This book is relevant to the region of the Kansas Conference on Imagination and Place. Kansas is represented in one drawing, labeled "Stampeding Horses at Ft. Dodge." In 1868, Cheyennes confronted Kaw fighters and Anglos in Council Grove, about an hour southwest of this conference site of Lawrence, Kansas (Powell *Sacred* 567; Brigam 38), so Cheyennes, though more associated with Western Kansas and the High Plains, did travel within this geographic area. Indigenous peoples practiced annual burning of dried grasslands to remove tree seedlings, so historically this area was tall grass. Now it has reverted to mixed woodlands, domesticated fields, meadows, and grasslands, but at the end of the nineteenth century, this was a country for horsemen and their quests.

Authenticity and Category

Since 1984 I have taught literature at Haskell Indian Nations University, with an all-American Indian/Alaskan Native population, and in this role I have sought primary texts rather than translations and co-authored "as-told-to" autobiographies and ethnographies. Since contact, Native literature has been heavily colonized: Muskogee Creek poet Joy Harjo titles a recent anthology of Native women writers *Reinventing the Enemy's Language,* and the use of "enemy" implies how the English language has not been a friend to American Indians, but rather a tool of assimilation.

Finding texts produced authentically by Native peoples before 1970 is difficult. In recovering what is left of original texts, I have turned to Winter Counts, which are pictographic/glyphic calendars kept by Lakota Sioux and Kiowa peoples. One sign represents a one-sentence summary of the season's most important event, and that one sentence expands into a cycle of related oral accounts for that year (Kindle). The sequence of years, then, becomes an annal. As a teacher, I also have used Dennis Tedlock's translation and commentary on the *Popol Vuh,* the Mayan creation account, as well as information from a week of

lectures by Barbara Tedlock at the Newberry Library in 1991. I am grateful to both of them for their years of commitment to transporting Mayan thoughts into English. Their ideas about how to look at glyphic signs informs my reading of ledger art. And at Haskell I also have taught various pictographic ledger books, such as an account of Custer's defeat by Amos Bad Heart Bull. The linkage from petroglyph to hide paintings to ledger book conventions is documented by James D. Keyser in *The Five Crows Ledger.*[1] If a literary category may encompass a sign system consisting of simultaneous oral text, glyphs, and pictographs, then the ledger art books make a body of texts drawn and authored without colonial mediation.

References to spatiality appear implicitly or overtly in the narrative pictographs. Roland Barthes also describes a sign system in terms of spatial order:

> . . . the sign is chosen from a finite organized reservoir, and this summons is the sovereign act of signification: imagination of the surveyor, the geometrician, the owner of the world who finds himself at his ease on his property, since man, in order to signify, has merely to choose from what is presented to him already prestructured by his brain (in the binarist hypothesis) or by the material finitude of forms. (216–17)

The Cheyenne sign system derives from the spatial concepts not of a colonial "surveyor," but rather the "material finitude of forms" that arise in the land.

Landscape and Vision

Tonight I will look at just one aspect of these complex Cheyenne drawing-texts, landscape, and the one text, the Newberrry *Cheyenne Ledger*. The Northern Cheyenne have shared their oral tradition with several historians, including Powell, James Mooney, and George Bird Grinnell, and I draw upon them for cross references, as well as scholars of ledger books: Karen D. Peterson, Joyce Szabo, George Horse Capture, and Joseph Horse Capture, and others. My husband Thomas Weso, a

[1] Keyser reviews scholarship tracing the transition from rock art conventions to hide paintings to ledger art: Mallery (1893); Ewers (1939); Stirling (1938); Ritzenthaler, (1961); Afton et al. (1997); Heidenreich (1985); Horse Capture et al. (1993); Petersen (1968, 1971, and 1989); and Maurer (1992).

Menominee Indian from the same Great Lakes region as the precontact Cheyennes and also from the same Algic language group, also serves as a source. I take responsibility for all misreadings and errors, and I present this work with the understanding this is an imperfect, unfolding process of translation.

The critical underlying assumption is landscape and humans are a seamless whole. Humans are the same matter as the rest of creation, with particularities like any other species, but not isolated from the matrix of life. The parity of horses with humans in the military drawings illustrates the lateral rather than hierarchical organization of beings. Horses have war honors and appropriate regalia in accordance with their courageous behavior. Dragonflies and the sun, outward forces of nature, interpenetrate the human body through vision as well as physical interactions, again in a lateral rather than hierarchical chain of beings. Vine Deloria, Jr., discusses the term "wilderness" in the English language and how it is not a category for Dakota and other Native peoples, since no separation exists between human nature and nature (6).

"Signs" or omens are "read" as closely as deer tracks to discern the direction of supernatural and natural forces. Keith Basso's work with the western Apache people elaborates on the connection of "signs" to landmarks, for example, and also how current natural objects fit within the "page," so to speak, of the ground:

> For Indian men and women, the past lies embedded in features of the earth—in canyons and lakes, mountains and arroyos, rocks and vacant fields—which together endow their lands with multiple forms of significance that reach into their lives and shape the way they think. (34)

The entire landscape, then, is a text of many dimensions.

Creation is a sacred, ongoing process in this worldview, and warriors proceed as honorably as they can on their given paths. Their war journeys in these drawings are military accounts; they are also religious pilgrimages, with rituals and prayers. The fighters seek dreams to guide them and then enact them as closely as possible. The landscape is the site of visionary manifestation, at the time and place of a coup strike or other war honor. The moment of a coup is synchronicity of inner vision and outer actions.

The vision quest process of Native North Americans is well documented. What comes after the quest seeker receives a vision

is not so well documented. Blackfeet and Gros Ventre writer James Welch describes the dream-vision and its connection to the war journey in the history-based novel *Fools Crows*. The ledger art books also narrate sacred soldiers' visions in the outer realms, as evidenced by men's accoutrements and their war events. The vision knits the questing man or woman to the landscape through images of flora, fauna, topography, geology, and astronomy. Emblems of these are not symbols superficially attached to the identity of the fighter, but rather expressions of landscape that come through the fighter's own inner being. Leslie Marmon Silko describes the connection of her Laguna Pueblo relatives to nature through the clan system: "Human identity is linked with all the elements of creation through the clan, so Corn Clan or Lizard Clan or Sun Clan or Clay Clan membership is a literal kinship to these categories of life, not metaphoric" (28). The visions create such relationships to natural elements. A dragonfly in tall bluestem grass is connected to a man who observes the dragonfly, imagines its darting pattern, dreams about it, and draws it on his war shirt. The tie to landscape is internalized as individual identity and as social category, through war societies.

The vision is continuous. Sacred objects created from the vision are not used and discarded after a battle, but rather a war shield, for example, has a cover, a tripod, and a place in the living quarters or outside near the door. When it is uncovered and taken into battle, that context activates its power. These shields can be passed down through the generations, like Oak's shield (Powell *Sacred* 126), or buried with the warrior (Mooney 18). Wilbur S. Nye quotes a Kiowa man, Andrew Stumbling Bear:

> To an Indian warrior, his war shield was just about his most important medicine. Its power to protect him was mystic as well as material. He guarded it carefully at all times, kept it covered when not in use, and in camp hung it from a special tripod outside his tipi where it would be aloof from any possible contamination. (94)

Likewise, these ledger drawings can have the continuous power of a war shield, as they were sometimes carried as personal objects. Because of their size, they were portable. Little Fingernail, a fighter who participated in the breakout of Cheyennes from Ft. Robinson in 1878, died with his ledger book strapped across his chest. In contrast, some ledgers were made to be sold, such as

drawings of Ft. Marion, Florida, prisoners of war from 1875 to 1878. Native tourist trade items have a place in the capitalist economy, but these contrast to usually private, authentic, and sacred practices of pictorial representation. An eccentricity of this Newberry Cheyenne ledger book is the reworking of soldier drawings to appear as Pawnees. This was done after the artist(s) learned the book would be sold to a White collector, who might be offended to see depictions of humiliated kinsmen. This text, then, is revised in a way that makes it a more apt commodity for a non-Cheyenne tourist market. The original drawing-accounts in the first three-fourths of the book, however, are authentic documentation more than decorative accounts.

The central figures in all the drawings wear dress relevant to the individuals' visions, their military society groups, and their nation. The central figure does not assume a costume overlay while maintaining a personal identity intact under the clothes. Instead, dress signifies the inner state, and the inner state remains constant, whether the man is in war dress or not. Combat is the ultimate outer test of inner vision. The soldier societies provide expression of sacred experience in social areas, as well. Family status also depended on war vision. Men could not court women until they proved their inner powers through successful war activities. During dances, women would wear pieces of their male relatives' war insignia and share in the achievement. Warrior women wore their own military distinctions (Sandcrane). In contrast, inexperienced young fighters are easily recognized in drawings by their simple clothing and hair.

Vision manifests through dress and weapons, and also it manifests in particular, boundaried sites. The army could only subdue Lone Wolf of the Kiowa nation, for example, by removing him from his region and the power he derived from the land (Low 19). Only after he was a prisoner at Ft. Marion, in Florida, did he lose his visionary medicine. The land has a finite supply of power, like any other living being.

In all the drawings, the exact positioning and timing of the coup moment within landscape is the organizing principle of the artist's drawn gestures and composition. Landscape representation ranges from literal sketches to abbreviated, abstracted glyphs, enough to identify a site. Trees and yucca plants are brief, realistic sketches. Rivers and lakes are sometimes blue-colored or sometimes glyphic. Straight pencil lines indicate rivers,

ridges or elevations, or topological depressions, depending on context. Tracks on earth, the contact points between human and earth, are always glyphic dashes, and horse tracks are always crescent glyphs. Tracks also represent narrative temporality and spatiality in their function as narrative markers. They are roughly analogous to Aristotelian ideas of plot sequence.

The scenes themselves illustrate the sign system of these beliefs.

Landscape

1. Pawnee winter scene (Fig. 1, p. 113): the river is a penciled line over-colored with blue. My reading is that the curves in the river are specific, not stylized, bends in the course of the river. Four leafless deciduous trees, perhaps chokecherry, indicate the winter season, as well as the hooded wool coats. The trees may be significant or stylized, since the four directions are implied by that number, and these four trees occur in several drawings

This drawing shows the use of dashes for footprints, and it shows the narrative length of time as well as the space covered. The Cheyenne man chased the Pawnee man a long ways in the snow and across the river. More background appears in this text than many others because more time elapses leading up to the coup, so the proportion of landscape representation is connected to length of time.

Here the blue represents water, and the man wears bright red stroud trade cloth across his shoulder. Color contrasts with the rest of the lead-penciled scene, which pushes the past-time tracks even further into the background. The gun is important as the coup weapon—the focal point of the drawing—and is colored brown. Landscape is more realistic rather than glyphic; it is the matrix for the culmination of human war powers, but not the focus.

2. Great Warrior strikes white hunter (p. 120): Powell calls this individual the "Great Warrior," and he appears in four scenes (*Sacred* 352). The line around the hunter is a glyphic representation of topographical depression. In earlier Montana pictographs, such lines are breastworks, or stone walls or "war lodges," (Keyser plate 13, 38), but I have not found breastworks in this ledger book. The line also can represent topographical elevation or depression, either a ridge or a valley. Here the hunter

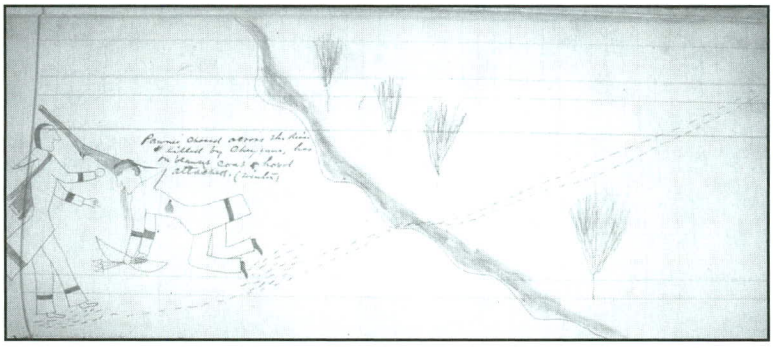

Figure 1. Pawnee winter scene.

is immersed in a lake-like body of water, so half his body does not show. Blue is water again, so the line probably shows lower ground around the body of water. The Great Warrior uses only a club, which demonstrates he has courage as he triumphs over the hunter with a rifle. The war shirt he wears signifies status, or is a "sign vehicle," in Mark Gottdiener's terms: "Signs are really sign vehicles that constitute the media of social interaction" (27). It is a prominent sign, as well as the bright roan horse. Landscape again frames the coup-event.

3. Powder River Battle of 1876 (Fig. 2, p. 27): The central figure is a warrior in an Eagle bonnet holding a banner lance. Soldiers at the left kneel and shoot at him. The simple line drawn down the middle of the battlefield represents the river.

Four trees appear again, possibly symbolic in number. They resemble the four trees in the Pawnee winter scene, so they could be the same site, but nothing else indicates this is the same battle. The Powder River battle was in November, so deciduous trees are leafless. Trees grow along riversides, which could locate the site at a place where a few fighters held off soldiers near the Cheyenne camp, while women and children escaped into the mountains.

Forty men were killed, and I think this is one of them. The man, perhaps Crow Split Nose or Crow Necklace, appears at the moment of his greatest valor, before the soldiers' bullets mutilate him. This honors his memory.

The river-line shows the most abstracted, glyphic river in this set of drawings, compared to the first two. It is not painted blue and the figures overshadow it, so it could be overlooked.

Figure 2. Powder River Battle of 1876.

4. Two Moon's Map of the Powder River battle: This shows the location of the river in a detailed map drawn by Two Moon, who was a young man at the time of the Powder River battle (Grinnell 366). The river bisects the field in this drawing, also. The possible location of the fighter is in the upper northeast quadrant, where a number of well known fighters died. More landscape features appear as glyphs in this map made for non-Cheyennes. Its cartographic style contrasts to the ledger book, but it also records important war events in the battle, such as the sites of famous warriors' deaths; the breastworks built for women and children; and the site of a charge of warriors with Eagle bonnets. It adds the battle elements of troop movements and direction of Cheyenne movements. Each tepee stands for ten lodges in this glyphic mathematics (Grinnell 366).

A Vocabulary of Medicine Objects

To correlate with visions, Cheyenne men in this book wore stuffed birds, small mammals, feathers, and hides, all taken from the landscape and formed into medicine objects. These forms have their own power, and they add to the individual's power. They also form a vocabulary. Barthes, in his elaboration of semiology, observes three categories for signs:

> Every sign includes or implies three relations. To start with, an interior relation which unites its signifier to its signified; then two exterior relations: a virtual one that unites the sign to a specific reservoir of other signs it may be drawn from in order to be inserted in discourse; and an actual one that unites the sign to other signs in the discourse preceding or succeeding it. (211)

Natural objects denote meaning in terms of the object, such as an Eagle feather for messages to sky deities. For outer significance, the feather is part of a "reservoir of other signs" or a vocabulary that the Cheyenne recognize among themselves; and also it has discrete significance in the particular combination of signs appearing in the dress of an individual. The Eagle headdresses illustrate this example in the *Cheyenne Ledger Book*.

5. Powder River Battle, continued (Fig. 2, p. 27): Here the Eagle feather bonnet is a powerful medicine object on this man. Eagles fly closest to the sky and they take prayers into the next dimension. The man who wears this headdress manifests Eagle power. Very few men achieved this status, and the Eagles in this book signify spirit, the interior relationship; and the "reservoir" of signs is the outer, social agreement that this person is entitled to status. The dark-colored bird in the medicine object in the left hand also endows personal power of that bird. Where the Eagle shows a social agreement regarding his achievements, the black bird (and in this book the medicine bag is always in the left hand) indicates a personal relationship with that bird. The Eagle gains meaning in the syntactical juxtaposition with the black bird.

Eagles have been over-reproduced in this "age of mechanical reproduction" (Benjamin 218–21), but please do not underestimate the original, authentic power of these birds and their significance. In powwows today, if an Eagle feather falls on the ground, the drums stop until a veteran picks it up. Federal law restricts possession of Eagle feathers to American Indian or Alaskan Native peoples only, because of religious beliefs.

This drawing-account shows elements of the landscape—birds—brought into the man's dress literally, through the feathers, and in a mediated form, on the medicine object in the man's left hand.

6. Powder River Battle, new page (p. 23): This man also wears an Eagle war bonnet, with the same yellow tips and the same red lining as the previous drawing (27). In addition, it also has along its length the representation of four birds with split tails—three black and the fourth outlined in pencil. The red-painted single Buffalo horn on the crown, a focus of sun and masculine Buffalo power, is another signifier of social status and power derived from vision (Powell *Sacred* 352). Eagle feathers appear on the

lance, and also the lance[2] is trimmed with red, yellow, and dark streamers made from fox, otter, and red stroud trade cloth. The lance signifies the man's association with his military soldier society. These lances appear throughout the ledger book, and perhaps this is an anthology of this society. The tip is a large red-painted arrowhead, and arrowheads represent protection. Sandcrane lists the military societies as Chiefs Society, Crazy Dog Society, Elk Scrapers Society, Bow String Society, Kit Fox Society, and Omaha Society. According to him, two societies are lost. Powell's documentation of military soldier societies includes: Bow String Society (Southern Cheyenne); Kit Fox (Northern Cheyenne); Crazy Dog; Crooked Lance or Elk Horn Scraper; and for older men, Red Shields and Chief Soldiers (Powell *Sweet* 436). Women's societies include women entrusted with quill and beadwork for the war garments. Societies have shared lances and some shared elements of dress.

Three yucca plants in the background locate this as high ground rather than riverside. This personage focuses energy from many sources here—social as well as natural and visionary.

Sacred War Shields

In a 1901 article and after years of recording heraldry, Mooney describes the use of shield emblems represented in pictographic drawings:

> I had with me a number of colored drawings, made by Indians, representing notable exploits on the hunt or the warpath. In most of them the warrior was pictured in buckskin and war-bonnet, mounted on his pony, with his gun or long lance in his hand, and his shield slung at his side. The pictures were without inscription, and it was my business to identify them and learn their history. In submitting them to the Indians for this purpose I noticed that in almost every case, they identified the tribe of the warrior by his shield. An Arapaho, a Cheyenne or a Kiowa, would look at a picture, and after a moment's scrutiny would say, "That

[2] Powell identifies this as a Thunder Bow lance of a Contrary, but notes that the warrior is not dressed appropriately for a Contrary: "The warrior in this drawing is strangely well dressed for a Contrary, with no sign of red paint, wearing a dentalium-style choker, cloth shirt, yellow painted skin flap leggings, and a black (probably dark blue) breechclout, not a red one" (982). Petersen shows a similar lance as a Bow String lance (308).

Figure 3. Washita River Battle (Red River War).

> is a shield of our tribe. It is a Bear shield," and as not more than a half dozen warriors in a tribe had carried such a shield it was then an easy matter to identify the subject of the incident. (15–16)

This shows the shared system of emblems among the Plains nations, and Mooney describes a "reading" of the text.

7. 1874 Washita River Battle (Red River War) (Fig. 3, p. 49): This scene narrates an episode from a battle during the Red River War, in western Oklahoma. Captain Wylys Lyman tried to get supplies to the Staked Plains army units fighting the Southern Plains tribes—Kiowas, Kiowa-Apaches, Arapahos, and Southern Cheyennes. Historic accounts and oral tradition confirm this Washita battle had no fatalities, but rather the Cheyenne, Kiowas, and Arapahos kept the soldiers pinned down by charging them throughout the five days.

The main figure holds a shield with a green turtle in the center, flanked by dragonflies. Eagle-feather fringe adds to power and honor; yellow tips add sun power; the green turtle is associated with endurance and long life; and two green dragonflies on either side of the turtle connote feints in battle and invisibility. The dragonfly kicks up a dust that Cheyennes associate with invisibility (Powell *Sweet* 352). The man charges back and forth past soldiers and is not hit by bullets. The shield pulls power from sky—the sun; earth—turtles, dragonflies; and the realm in between—Eagles.

8. Red Shield (p. 59): Red is the color of Earth, blood, and life, and a crescent moon at the top is a sacred sign in sun dance and other ceremonies. The shield is bisected by four "trails" or path-

ways to the four directions; small round green suns are on either side; and three tiers of Eagle feathers add movement to the object. The visionary representations of the shield are sun and moon, or night and day. The four directions evoke the spirits of the four directions and their powers. Eagles are the only fellow animal here. The man also wears a red sash, which the fighter could use to stake himself down to fight to the death. The man himself is the Earth creature.

Colors

Most abstract but not least important in the ledger books is the use of color idioms: White, South East, is light, sunrise, and new life; Red, South West, is life, Earth, thunder, and warmth; Yellow, North West, is sun, ripeness, beauty, perfection; Black, North East, is cold, lack of motion, death, storm, and disease (Powell *Sweet* 436). Blue is water and also sky. Green is the plant world of Earth, and the ancestral Great Lakes were a place where green was a dominant color (Weso).

These next scenes are camp scenes, not war exploits, and they appear to be drawn by a different hand. They use watercolor as well as pencil. The colors have vivid visual impact in the dress items.

9. Dance (p. 180): The first man wears an Eagle headdress with buffalo horns and an impressive war shirt. Most men wear calico shirts, and only the significant fighters wear these buckskin fringed tunics. Southern Cheyenne war shirts were simple yellow-painted buckskin with little added ornament (Horse Capture and Horse Capture 97). Here the man must be Northern Cheyenne because of the black-and-white box-pattern beadwork (Koch 64, 173), a balance of East and North colors, along the neck and along the top of his arms. Fringe adds movement and also is a sign of honor. There are green fringes along the legs and a row of a pattern called "tadpole." The man carries a military society saber with otter streamers, and his horse is dressed in the same colors, with an Eagle feather fan on his tail, and scalp and feather on the reins. This could be a dance for this military society.

Notice the same black-and-white geometric pattern on the second walking figure's braid wrappings. Otter-wrapped braids

are on the first and third men, the same colors as the saber streamers. Vivid colors appear on the men's trousers and shirts: bright yellow, black and white, red, and green. The colors invoke all the directions plus the plant world.

10. Dance (p. 181): The first man wears a speckled yellow (North West) shirt—which is painted "hail"—or a Southern Cheyenne perforated buckskin war shirt. War shirts predate ledger book art, and have their own medium-specific significations (Horse Capture and Horse Capture 20–21), but they also show the antecedents of some pictographic drawings. They use a sign system easily recognized by other insiders. The Montana Blackfeet and Gross Ventre novelist James Welch refers to a war shirt in his historic novel *Fools Crow:*

> But it was Fast Horse's shirt that made the others stop what they were doing. They watched as he pulled the cloth shirt over his buckskin top. They knew from the ragged holes and crude designs that it was an old war shirt. Yellow Kidney recognized it instantly. It had once belonged to Head Carrier and had deflected many arrows and greased shooters aimed directly at the warrior's heart. Because he was old and had no desire for the war trail anymore, he had sold it to Boss Ribs, Fast Horse's father. The shirt had great power. . . . (27)

Though fictionalized, Welch's account shows the designs to be part of a commonly held sign system.

11. Perforated yellow shirt (Horse Capture and Horse Capture p. 99). This is an example of a Southern Cheyenne war shirt, colored Sun-yellow, which is the holy color of ripeness. The "pierced shirts" are "associated with religious power, but their exact meaning is unknown" (Horse Capture 38). In the war shirt, the fighter would bring his vision to fulfillment. The skin of the person who wears the visionary shirt, like other garments and objects, is porous. His inner experience is able to pass outward into the landscape around him, and influences from outside this layer can penetrate into his experience. This is a continuous interaction between inner human processes and outer natural and supernatural processes.

12. Black war shirt (Horse Capture and Horse Capture p. 105). This powerful shirt has fringe, which is reserved for honored

Figure 4. Going to present the pipe and a horse to settle a difficulty.

fighters, and a large quilled disk. The quarters represent the powers of the four directions. Buffalo tracks follow the white strips of the shoulders, and horse tracks and X's appear below them as glyphic representation of perhaps war exploits. The connection of these glyphs to ledger pictographic glyphs is clear. A man named Ice, also known as White Bull, wore this shirt, according to museum records (104). Black dominates the garment, and the person who wears this will indeed take part in the stormy forces of the North East, and the name Ice seems relevant here.

Male and Female Principles of Nature

Men and women represent equal but separate forces of nature in Cheyenne contexts, and they produce different kinds of dress. They have distinctive, gendered styles: men produced realistic war dress, and women made objects and garments with geometric designs.

14. Going to present the pipe and a horse to settle a difficulty (Fig. 4, p. 179): Though there is no woman in this scene, the geometric patterns on the pipe bags, the trousers, and the breech cloth edges indicate the female presence through their medicine worked into the clothing. These men are protected by their women's spiritual strength. Only highly spiritual women could participate in quillwork and war-related beadwork. The painted faces here are red and yellow, South West and North West. Otter streamers are braided into the men's hair plus Eagle feathers to show coups. The first man carries a blue effigy quirt or club and its bag.

The two pipes are holy objects, and pipes in their configuration re-create the feminine and masculine elements of the universe, according to Black Elk:

> The bowl of this pipe is of red stone; it is the Earth. Carved in the stone and facing the center is this buffalo calf who represents all the four-leggeds who live upon your Mother. The stem of the pipe is of wood, and this represents all that grows upon the Earth. And these twelve feathers which hang here where the stem fits into the bowl are from Wanbli Galeshka, the Spotted Eagle, and they represent the Eagle and all the wingeds of the air. All these peoples and all the things of the universe, are jointed to you who smoke the pipe—all send their voices to Wakan-Tanka, the Great Spirit. (Black Elk 6)

The female principle is in the bowl of the pipe itself and also the evocation of the woman who gifted the people with this spiritual experience.

15. Courting scene (p. 183): A couple and one woman appear on the same page, and these appear to be more static, and less narrative, scenes. The beaded geometric design on the man's blanket is done by one or more women, probably the man's relatives, so they endow the blanket with their power. The man courts the woman, and she is looking him in the eye. She wears an Eagle headdress with red-tipped feathers, and her moccasins have a medicine wheel design common in Cheyenne women's moccasins. Sandcrane indicates she would be a chief's daughter or warrior herself.

The second woman wears an Eagle headdress with buffalo horns and yellow-tipped feathers. She holds a saber with otter streamers and Eagle feathers. The woman has masculine signifiers as well as feminine. She participates in the masculine war exploits.

Both drawings show literal representation plus geometric designs, and so create a balance—integration of masculine and feminine principles, or in Jungian terms, anima and animas.

Final Thoughts

Landscape is not beautiful for beauty's sake, but rather it is the matter of all existence, and so it is as sacred as life itself. Vine Deloria, Jr., describes four kinds of sacred land-based sites for

his Dakota people: first, "places to which we attribute a sacredness, because the location is a site where, within our own history. . . something of great importance took place" (3). The Powder River battle site would be an example of this. A second category is where "the sacred appeared in the lives of human beings" (4). An example of this for Cheyenne people would be Sacred Mountain of creation and migration accounts, a peak near Sturgis, South Dakota (Powell *Sacred* vol. 2 frontispiece). A third category for Deloria are "places of inherent sacredness, sites that are Holy in and of themselves" (5), like the Black Hills. And finally, he recognizes sites that involve "a process of continuous revelation and provide the people with the necessary information to enable them to maintain a balance in their relationships with the earth and other forms of life" (5). Such sacred sites are places of continuing revelations from the Creator, through ceremonies that continue oral narratives. In Northern Montana, the sites of Sun Dances are sacred places for contemporary Cheyenne and other nations. This last category recognizes the processual relationship to land.

A man (or woman's) vision, war journey, and recounting of the war event to soldier society and family is ongoing, not confined within an historic timeline. The military narrative genre is neither art nor literature, but rather a hybrid category that recognizes human vision and land as one matrix. The tradition of pictographs existed in tandem with oral narrative. Like musical or choreographic scores, they suggest the performance. To be vitally complete, the pictured narrative accompanies speech and action, as when Catlin tells of Mah-to-toh-pa, who

> . . . sat upon the robe, pointing to his painting [of the battle] and at the same time brandishing the identical knife which he drew from his belt, as he was showing how the fatal blow was given; and exhibiting the wounds inflicted in his hand, as the blade of the knife was several times drawn through it before he wrested it from his antagonist. (Wong 30)

Sign systems were understood among indigenous nations, and the makers and readers of pictographic work understood a genre consisting of drama, narrative, and visual arts.

The coup events sanctify the sites where they occurred, and they continue to occur. The narratives of these events live on in several ways: current and historic oral traditions of the Cheyenne nation; in twentieth century documents derived from

these oral histories, such as Powell's; in contemporaneous documentation by non-Cheyenne historians like Mooney and Grinnell; and in these original pictographic texts like the *Cheyenne ledger book*. The Newberry *Cheyenne Ledger Book* sanctifies sites of the Plains region, including Kansas, where human vision took form.

These drawing-texts show significants that vary from realistic to glyphic representation, such as the tepee symbols, each representing ten tepees. "Sign vehicles" connote social definition: lances show membership in a war society; hair styles show tribal affiliation. Shields and medicine bags show individuated vision. Colors reference an implicit cosmology, and gender-related design vocabularies also occur. Landscape also has an implied role within these drawings, based on the visionary warrior tradition. Site identification occurs, and geographic features relevant to the coup events. More importantly, landscape is not divided out as a separate aesthetic subject, as in European tradition, but rather interacts with human sign systems through actual objects and glyphic representation of natural animate and inanimate objects. In these works, the landscape unfolds and elaborates itself through the human vehicle.

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Edward Casey

Imagination and Place, Earth and World

I

At first glance, imagination and place could not be more antithetical terms. Imagination is ethereal, always departing from actualities in blithe indifference to the rigors of the real; it concerns itself with what is purely possible—so I have claimed myself—and it tends toward the utopian: toward what is always *elsewhere*. Its ideal expression is in poetry, which is "of imagination all compact," or else in prose fiction—in what is "made up" (as "fiction" means in origin) out of the whole cloth of the mind's machinations.

Place, in contrast, is something material (and not ethereal) and ties us down to what is actual (and not merely possible)—to what is literally *here* (and not elsewhere). If imagination takes us out of our immediate situation—whether to our delight or our chagrin—place serves to put us in this same situation and to keep us there. What we imagine is dateless and unlocated, what we experience as place is localized both in space and time. Its ideal expression lies in such world-specifying activities as mapping and painting and photography, each of which represents places in their concrete detail: in what makes a place be *this very place*, this and no other: Lawrence, Kansas, as it looks and feels today, October 20, 2001.

The incongruity of imagination and place was vividly brought home upon us on September 11. What happened on that day had been unimaginable, which is why it took us so utterly by surprise. It even took the FBI by surprise—to our surprise again. And what occurred happened in a very specific set of places: the World Trade Center, the Pentagon, a lonely field in western Pennsylvania. These places did not hold imaginations of their impending destruction. "Not in our wildest dreams," we would have said, could such destruction happen so decisively and disastrously. Imagination and place were miles apart until the actuality of the event brought them tragically together in the same scene of massive trauma.

But *in our dreams*, nonetheless, place and imagination do conjoin, night after night. What Freud called the "dream-scene" is an oneiric place in which the happenings we imagine while asleep receive a "local habitation and a name." That is, if dreams are indeed imaginings and not hallucinations (as some, including Freud himself) have held. At the very least, we can agree that dreams are highly imaginative renderings of everyday events and concerns—stemming from the traces of the immediate past, the "day's residues"—but exceeding these residues in their scope and significance. Hence their "phantastic" quality; hence, too, their need to be interpreted, being only rarely transparent in their meaning. But the most chaotic phantasy is always presented as happening in some particular place; it is never entirely untethered as to location. Bosch's exuberant phantasmagorias are depicted as occurring in some more or less coherent setting, including hell itself. Breughel's equally elaborate pictorial musings are situated in some definite cityscape or landscape—never just in nebulous space. The phantasmagoria of September 11—all too real for being so difficult to imagine in advance—was located very specifically in lower Manhatten, central Washington, and a certain number of miles southeast of Pittsburgh.

Not only are imagination and place thus continually conjoined, but they seem to call for each other across their very differences. What is obdurate and unyielding about place is alleviated, aerated as it were, in the insouciance of imagination. And conversely, the light-mindedness of much imagining calls for the gravity of the real—to serve as its ballast, as it were. The often rude and always rigorous reality of place acts to complement the graceful meanderings of imaginative mentation, giving to the meanderings themselves a landscape or region in which to find their bearings. Consider that not just in dreams and in paintings but in everyday life the destinies of imagination and place often cross paths: indeed, are "deeply diffused in each other" (in Barbara Tedlock's memorable words[1]). For example, whenever we imagine alternative routes to a given destination when we are on the road: here we are both in place (the road that stakes out our journey) and yet actively thinking of different ways to go (taking other routes). Indeed, whenever we perceive something ever so

[1] Barbara Tedlock, "The Poetics of Landscape in the Spirituality of Dreaming," October 19, 2001, Kansas Conference on Imagination & Place, Lawrence, Kansas.

slightly different from what it is in fact is in our experience: Lawrence as what it will be like in early November, Long Island as heavily wooded (and not, as it is now, a series of strip malls), or for that matter: my friend Harvey as slimmer than he now is, Tanja as she could be were she to wear different clothes, I myself as I would be were I to shave off my beard, etc. (Each of these people imagined differently is, moreover, imagined as part of a place that is itself subject to imaginary extension.) In short, it is a matter of imaginative variations on the real, and thus part of Wittgenstein calls "seeing as": seeing something *as* redder than it seems to be, a child as more serene when it grows up, a place more pleasant than I thought it would be, and the like.

This is not to mention the influence of imaginative language and literature on our place-bound lives—how a poem by Cecil Giscombe will infuse a factor of *allegresse* into these lives, lifting us right up out of the all too sedentary sense of place in which we all too often feel trapped. For example, in these lines:

> — the name oar'd along
> in the current & the description,
> the trill marking a border of
> the place furthest from here,
> an outermost jaggedness,
> the heartless rind, shaded or not:
> to be carried on over all of that in a sweep,
> the long song edged out by the shout...[2]

Here the domain of image at once clarifies and continues our sense of place—takes it to another place, another level of place itself, reworking it from within even as it comments on it from without. The poetic image enables us to take the real—implaced as it always is—into another plane of existence and experience, one that is not so much sur-real (though it can be this, too, in particular forms of poetry) as hyper-real: real to a second power, an intensified reality, that is no longer merely possible but represents the power of place (and other material domains) in an enhanced mode of existence.

The same is true of every imaginative art form—even of architecture, often taken as an epitome of what the Romans called *stabilitas loci*, "stability of place." Frank Gehry's Bilbao Guggenheim, like Frank Lloyd Wright's original New York

[2] From Cecil Giscombe, *Sound Carries*, p. 14.

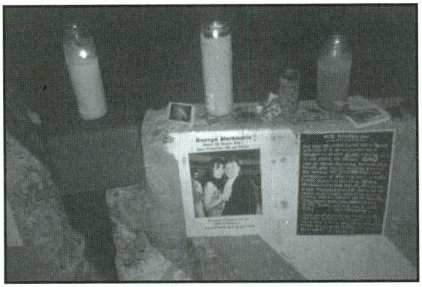
Guggenheim, creates a new sense of place within place itself: what would otherwise be mere location (e.g., Fifth Ave. and 89th St.) is transformed into a place for viewing painting and sculpture in a refreshingly new way. An imaginative alteration of topographic reality occurs in the architectural work, which allows for the sublimation of place in the very scene of simple location. So, too, sculpture reconfigures the place in which it is set—think only of Henry Moore sculptures set in British parks, or David Smith's ironworks in fields in northern New York state—while painting alters our very sense of place itself: after seeing Cézanne's renditions of Mt. St. Victoire, we will never perceive that mountain east of Aix in the same way.

II

But I don't want to be polyannish about the co-ordinative and co-creative capacities of imagination and place, the twin topics of this meeting.

Most of the time, in most ways, they diverge and take their respective distance from one another. Not only do they differ in their basic descriptions—as I began by indicating (place as mired in the real; imagination projecting the possible)—but they may enter into pitched conflict and unremitting discord. This is just what the collapse of the World Trade Center brought forth so dramatically: that such pillars of architectural forthrightness and uprightness (decidedly less imaginative than works by Wright or Gehry in this very respect) could be laid low so completely and so quickly by the two planes that struck them: well, this beggars the imagination. (Even the primary structural architect of these buildings was quoted as saying that he "could not imagine this happening.") That the power of this place—a power not only physical but, of course, also economic and symbolic at a global level—could be decimated so decisively and so quickly exceeds what we had been willing, or even able, to imagine. We are confronted here, as so often in times of public tragedy, with a trauma of place that outruns imagination and that, for a long time at least, defies its esemplastic power of healing physical and psychical injuries.

When place and imagination are riven apart to this extent, we seek to find a third term to rejoin them. This occurs in the form of *memory*, both individual and collective. Being in New York



Union Square Park. Photographs by the author.

as I was in the immediate wake of the catastrophe, I was struck (as so many were) by the spontaneous creation of memorials to the missing or deceased that sprung up all over the city, most notably in Union Square Park, where I attended a vigil on the Sunday after the attack and where I saw such hastily improvised but deeply moving memorials as the above photographs depict.

These are in effect shrines to the departed, desperate efforts to reach out to those who vanished in the trauma of that Tuesday. For all their spontaneity, they are complex in character: they still imagine the possibility of survival (hence the effort to identify the missing person by detailed descriptions: height, hair color, tattoo marks, etc.), while already beginning to memorialize their loss. All of this in the midst of a public place where strangers as well as friends and family come together to mark and mourn the disaster. I call this the "hearth" of public memory: the formation of the inner horizon of personal loss that will be the crucible of the slowly forming outer horizon of an eventual historical memory of the tragic event in which these unfortunate beings perished so precipitously.

Trauma of place gives rise to traumatic memories of the kind that will not let survivors go—that haunt them for months and years, as we know from Vietnam vets. Here memory is the tenacious tie to a past which one would like to forgot in its sheerly

destructive dimensions, yet which still calls for remembrance of some significant sort—if only by affixing the names of those killed on a black marble wall in the case of the Vietnam War Memorial. In contrast with such externalization of place and people-in-place by the sheer invocation of proper names, and also in contrast with the more complete but more transitory memorialization of those lost in lower Manhatten (where images combine with names and other words), there is the common circumstance, too rarely noticed, of memory as the middle term between imagination and place. To the extent that these latter are diremptive in the ways I have outlined, we need this mediatrix to connect what otherwise threatens to become alienated opposites.

How is this so? Briefly put: memory reconnects what has been divided, whether in temporal terms (the past from present) or in spatial terms (that place from this present place). Memory reduces the role of the possible to a point where we can reliably relive the real, albeit in a modified representational format such as a memory-image or a story. It brings past actualities into present experience, thanks to what Freud called the "pertinacity of early impressions." This is not only a matter of direct recall but of the massive and often subtle infusion of the past into the present, whose most exemplary poetic expression is found in Wordsworth's *Prelude* but which happens in every re-enactment of the past which we embody in our current character and conduct. But it also effects the infusion of past *place* into the present, an elapsed past whose long arm of lasting influence I feel every time I return to Kansas—notably to Lawrence, where I once spent a formative summer in my teens at the Art Camp, painting by day and reading in the old Student Union by night: an idyllic experience if ever there was one.

Memories stem from previously experienced place as much as from expired time. I have in mind the pervasive but unappreciated dynamics of "place memories": places hold memories with as much force and effect as do brains or languages or computers. Moreover, memory of place gives to imagination a situational depth, a reconnective tissue, that allows imagination to find its way in an otherwise untethered world. Much as Antaeus, in the Greek myth, gained strength from retouching the earth, so imagination finds it foot (including its poetic foot!) from reconnection with place, time and time again, through the intermedi-

ate agency of memories of particular places that, far from inhibiting imagination, provide a resource for its soaring: as we know from such conspicuous cases as Proust or Joyce in the world of novels and from poets such as Wordsworth or Seamus Heaney or Robert Kelly. In all such instances, memory, far from being a mere record or basis of recollection, is an enabling power. In its very middle position, it empowers imagination to find the places that will inspire and sustain its winged adventures—and to give to these same places an extended existence in words (and in images in other arts) that amounts to a virtual semiological immortality.

In the remainder of this talk, I want to explore another third term which plays an equally powerful role vis-à-vis the epicenters it connects: epicenters otherwise alienated from each other. I refer to land in relation to earth and world, as these terms figure into a general theory of art which includes poetry and prose fiction but which finds its most fitting exemplar in landscape painting. Such painting, itself a memorializing act, brings together imagination and place in special ways. I shall begin by contrasting landscape painting with maps, regarded as two manners of representing any given region or set of places, then proceed to discuss the role of land as a middle term between earth and world, and thence to some cursory conclusions. Just as memory links place and imagination in ordinary and extraordinary situations, so land ties earth and world together in its own remarkable manner. In each case, *les extrêmes se touchent*, the epicenters meet, in a middle ground, whether this be called "memory" or "land."

III

Let me open up this new direction by asking: How can mapping, which supposedly measures the earth in the greatest possible exactitude, join up with art, which takes up the earth (when it takes it up at all) in its inexact amplitude?

As a preliminary step, we can distinguish four basic kinds of mapping:

(a) *Cartography* is the effort to represent a given region of the earth (or its seas) in accordance with the highest precision known at any given historical moment, whether this be by

means of grids (as in ancient Chinese mapping), rhumb lines in the late Middle Ages, Mercator projections in the Renaissance, meridians and parallels in the early modern period, or infrared photography as at present. Styles and techniques change in the history of cartography, but the attempt is always to provide representations that are at once perspicuous in image and consistent in symbolism, while being at the same time reliable and useful for anyone undertaking exploration or travel. At the present moment, for example, a Rand McNally Atlas is the most widely available exemplar of cartography.

(b) *Chorography*. Where cartography reflects its Latin root in *c(h)artus*, papyrus, sheet, page—thus a surface of representation on which images or signs can be inscribed—"chorography" embodies its origin in Greek *chōra*, "matrix," "countryside," and above all "region." A thriving discipline until the middle of the nineteenth century, chorography is the mapping of *regions* of the earth, whether as defined by national or state borders or by natural configurations such as mountains or rivers. If it has undergone demise as a special industry, the rise of ecological awareness has encouraged the return of chorography in the form of maps that depict bioregions.

(c) *Topography* is the mapping of particular *places*: cities, counties, and other determinate localities. This, too, was once a distinct discipline, most strikingly in early modern Dutch and German etchings of the streets and even the individual buildings of a *Stadt* or *Ortschaft*, often viewed from outside the city walls or from above the city itself. Topography survives in the insets on the margins of modern atlases, wholly flattened-out representations that show only the major arteries and public areas of a certain city: downtown Indianapolis, greater St. Louis.

(d) *Body-mapping* emerges in abstract expressionist paintings wherein the artist's body is not merely an immediate instrument for mixing paint and holding a brush, etc., but becomes itself a means for mapping the very land which is its ostensible subject matter. The artist's body, as a whole moving mass, displays its sense of the land it paints, first in its gesticulations and then in the painted image that ensues. The gesticulations already incorporate into the body a sense of the circumambient landscape. Just as this landscape is retraced in bodily motions, so these

Willem De Kooning, "Bolton's Landing."

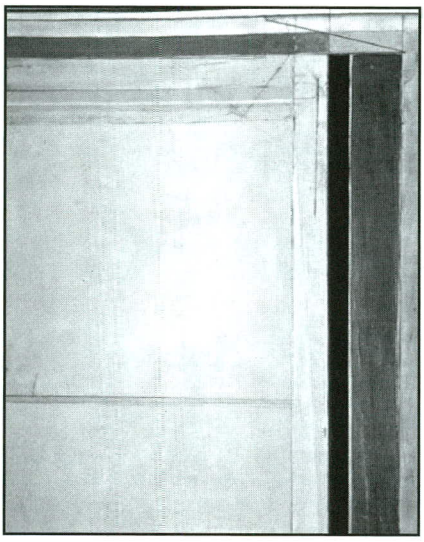
same motions leave traces on the canvas that do not so much *represent* its precise contours as *reimplace* them on the pictorial surface. The artist who does this most effectively and dramatically is Willem De Kooning, especially in his abstract landscapes of the 1950s and 1960s such as "Bolton's Landing" (see above).

In paintings like this one, we imagine the artist's phantom body crawling sinuously over the landscape, reinstating it by its very motions, and thereby giving us a sense of what the land (or water) feels like very close-up, as the body caresses the surface of the earth. Such a body, in such paintings, *maps out* the landscape by hugging close to its distinctive configurations—in contrast with other more conventional forms of mapping, which map the land *into* the representational surface, containing it there.

Vermeer, "The Art of Painting."

A sign of the divergence between this last kind of mapping and the first three I have identified is found in the fact that the latter easily combine forces, whereas bodily mapping is *sui generis*. The celebrated map by Nicolas Visscher that hangs on the wall of Vermeer's "The Art of Painting" is at once cartographic in its precision and chorographic in its representational reach: it shows the Low Countries as a coherent group of places. It is also topographic, since it depicts cityscapes along its right and left margins.

A master mapmaker such as Visscher is able to put cartography, chorography, and topography together in one seamless representation. It is difficult to imagine body-mapping as an active



Richard Diebenkorn, from "Ocean Park" series.

partner of these three forms of mapping. Nevertheless, approximations exist, as we see in certain works by Johns, Mondrian, and Diebenkorn.

Johns allows his painterly gestures to invade a standard cartographic map of America (see below). Diebenkorn, in his "Ocean Park" series, gives us quasi-maps of rural land as if seen from far above, his body suspended over the earth (see above). Mondrian, in contrast, gives an abstracted yet vibrant map of New York City in his "Broadway Boogie Woogie." Johns and

Jasper Johns, "Map of America."

Mondrian and Diebenkorn—and De Kooning in a much more radical way—continue the ancient tradition of decorated maps but with the difference that the decorative element, the fancifully figurative, is allowed to overpower the representation, with the result that the map becomes itself a work of art. In more traditional maps, the decorative element remains decorous, however imaginative it may be in conception and execution. It is a factor of design deployed for the purpose of embellishment rather than being the expression of a lived body in intimate contact with the surrounding landscape. When this expression becomes the primary factor, when land and body become close companions thanks to the intermediacy of the artist's intrusive active body, mapping of a different order is accomplished: this is what I call "body-mapping."

IV

I take *earth* to be what subtends human experience; in Husserl's phrase, it is the "basis-body" for all more individual bodies that reside in or on it, whether animate or inanimate. Earth stands under the movements of our bodies, the upsurge of organic matter, and the settling down of stone. For all its vulcanism and metamorphic shifts, earth is the guarantor of all that we do on it; its felt immobility puts paltry human motions in their place; it is an ultimate place of places against which we measure the comparative instability and waywardness of whatever we humans and other animals do. Even earthquakes eventually equilibriate. However shaken up it was, the earth deep beneath the World Trade Center nevertheless maintained its own impassivity in the face of the disaster happening right on top of it.

Land is something else again. As Robert Kelly says: "There remains a mystery called geography or *land/* unknown, unkempt, uneared, unearned, not turned into a city."[3] Not merely is it the crust of the earth, its surface—whether as soil (for agriculture), as countryside (for viewing and painting), or as property (for possession: as "real estate"). It is also a mediatrix between earth and *world*, which I take to be the communal and historical and linguistic domain of human speech and action. Martin Heidegger, the first among philosophers to signal the earth/world contrast, significantly failed to single out land in his

[3] Robert Kelly, *The Common Shore*, p. 175; my italics.

emphasis on the polemical relationship between earth and world, their unremitting struggle. I have long felt that we cannot leave matters just there—that there is an unacknowledged middle realm between the two epicenters of earth and world that cannot be reduced to their battleground, their *Streitraum*. This is land: the very land that is the basis of landscape painting, earthworks, photography of nature—and of most mapping. Land is both literally liminal—a *limen* or threshold between earth and sky in our direct experience—and liminal in the more expanded sense that it is the arena in which earth turns toward world and thereby gains a face, a *facies* or "surface." It is not a surface in the sense of a mere covering, e.g, as sheer "topsoil," but, rather, in the richer sense of that which bears out its own depths. In Wittgenstein's axiomatic utterance, "the depths are on the surface."[4] And just as land brings earth *out*—out into visibility in that "layout of surfaces" (Gibson) which is the experiential basis of the natural environment—so it allows earth to become imageable in paintings or photographs and intelligible in the historical deeds and language of a given life-world.

Land turns earth inside out, putting its dark tellurian contents on display, setting them out in particular places, so as to become subject to articulation in language and to play a role in the history of those who live on it. The configuration of the local land of Afghanistan not merely expresses the character of the geological forces beneath, as well as furnishing soil for wheat and poppies, but it also provides redoubts for reclusive rebels and terrorists. Land also opens out into a world of public action. That Heidegger misses this middle term is not accidental. The critical omission reflects his anti-Hegelian effort to eliminate third terms and to conceive of human culture in terms of a Heraclitean struggle or *polemos*; it also reflects his *own* world-time, the mid-1930s: a time of mounting armed conflict and forced choices, with no compromise allowed—no middle ground, no land that is not *ours* or *theirs*. This is to adopt a dis-landed logic of closed-off options in which the specialness of every given land, as it rises from the earth and is imbued with its own history, is not recognized, much less respected.

Understandable—perhaps—as a response to the terrors of his time, Heidegger's bipolar model is nevertheless ill-equipped to deal with the subtleties of art works in their creative alliances

[4] L. Wittgenstein, *Zettel*.

with maps: subtleties that call for a triadic paradigm if we are to begin to do justice to the specificity of place in the midst of the work—place in the guise of land, the common subject of landscape paintings and maps alike.

V

Land regarded as a link between earth and world acts as the generative axis of two other closely related triads: three kinds of -scape and three kinds of work. Let me outline these briefly:

A. *Scapes.* A *-scape* is a bounded view of a scene of some sort. It is place or region seen from somewhere by a looking body, a somebody who is acting on his or her epistemophiliac interest, a curiosity about and a wish to know better the surrounding world. There are as many -scapes as there are such situations: not just landscapes and seascapes but skyscapes and cityscapes, even peoplescapes and buildingscapes (the sudden destruction of which latter in lower Manhatten was central to the horror of September 11). There are three traits of *any* -scape: scope, scrape, sheath.

(i)"Scope" signifies the exhibited breadth and depth of any given perceptual scene, its extensivity or outspread, its range. This is a resolutely visual parameter, and it includes a factor of active looking: "scoping out," as we say. To scope out is to seek out the limits of a perceptual scene, whether these limits be the walls of the building in which we are located or the horizon of the landscape in which we are set.

(ii) By "scrape" I refer to the action of digging into a surface, scooping out this surface literally or figuratively, and leaving a mark there. If scoping out is the preliminary action of sensing what the boundaries of a given situation are, marking down what we find allows us to fix the features we discover. This is an essentially linear action that can occur by setting stones into the earth to establish property lines—or else by the drawing of literal lines in etchings of the landscape. It is also integral to maps, which consist in congeries of lines etched on the surface of a cartographic, chorographic, or topographic representation, or (in the case of body-maps) gesticular lines of bodily movement traced upon a canvas.

(iii) "Sheath" names a group of qualities or things that act as an enclosing surface. We perceive a -scape of any kind in terms of bunches of particular items, each with its own distinctive set of traits: trees and hills, buildings and streets, the waves of the sea. Not unlike *chōra* in Plato's *Timaeus*, these clusters present themselves as more or less coherent configurations which, taken together, constitute the full surface of what we perceive at any given moment. The world is rarely if ever entirely helter-skelter in its appearance; it comes sheathed, as it were, in bundles of like entities, and of entities gathered in the same region.

As a matter of scope, as sheathed in its surface effects, and as calling for the scraping motions that will specify or represent it, every -scape singles out a portion of the known world, the *oikumēnē* (as Greek cartographers called the mapped world). Each -scape presents part of this world, where "part" signifies integral feature and not detachable piece: *Teil* rather than *Stück*. More exactly, each landscape (or seascape or cityscape) is what Merleau-Ponty calls a "total part": a part that includes the whole as if by massive condensation or concentration. This accounts for the sense that by looking into a given -scape, however delimited, we somehow grasp the earth or the world as a whole: that we are not just seeing *this* particular part, rich or dense as it may be, but a larger totality—here condensed in a regional fragment. The result is precisely what I would call "earthscape" and "worldscape," the two primary modalities of all landscape:

Earthscape is the earth construed under a certain aspect, its detotalized totality as viewed from somewhere in particular, or else in a representation that depicts it in terms of a region or set of places. Characterizing every earthscape is the sense that it will remain after any experience or representation of it; the bearing-up of the earth under our living and looking bodies, its always being under foot; the earth-arc: not the horizon but the receding of earth as it moves *toward* the horizon from the place where we are viewing it; a factor of closure, whereby it always reaches a more or less determinate end, whether effected by the horizon or by the limits of a region; and its sheer materiality, as this presents itself in the form of mega-things such as mountains or miniscule items such as bushes.

Worldscape, in contrast, is a non-enclosed, ever-expanding totality. What matters in a worldscape is the opening-up and

Constable, "View from Dedham."

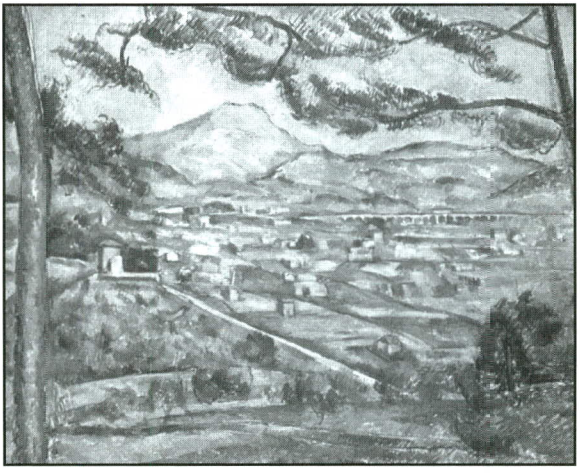
opening-out of a scene, a panoramic sense of unending space (and sometimes also time). Instead of the stability and subtendance operative in an earthscape, its very gravity, here there is an alleviated and even ethereal aspect: as if the perceiver's look could go on and on and on . . . In an earthscape, I am always situated just *here*, where my lived body is located, and acutely aware of how much what is over *there* opposes me as an object (something that "objects" to me) or would be arduous to reach in the form of literal "countryside," a word in which we can hear "contra." In contrast, in a worldscape I feel that I am already over there, out there, at the horizon or beyond: the limited has become the undelimited, the heavy the light, the supportive the unsupported. It is the difference between Constable or

Rousseau, "The Dream."

Breughel, "Hunters in the Snow."

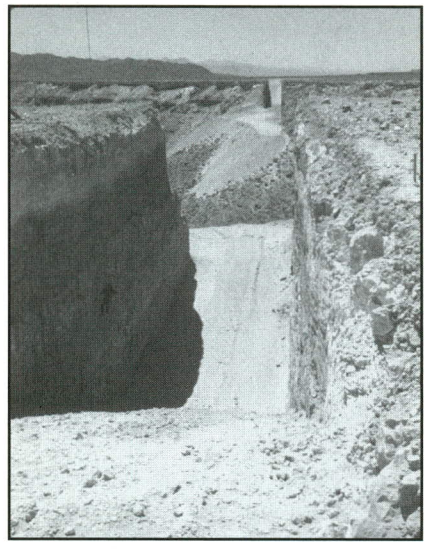
Rousseau and, say, Cézanne or Breughel: the previous two painters pin us down and even confine us, the latter open our gaze onto a veritable world of possibilities beyond those actually represented.

Despite the manifest differences between such painters—and despite the conceptual differences between earthscape and worldscape to which I have just pointed, one beckoning toward place, the other toward imagination—we would still say that



Cézanne, "Mt. St. Victoire."

Michael Heizer, "Double Negative."



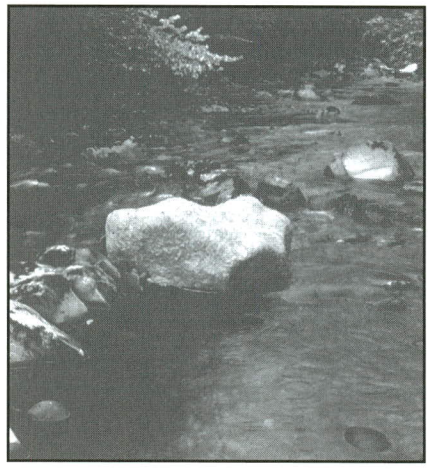
each of them offers us a *landscape* in some significant sense. This is surely a striking fact. It is as if "landscape" continues to exhibit the same power of intermediacy which I have ascribed to land in relation to earth and world. Despite the undeniable differences of -scapic genre to which earth- and world-scapes give rise, any particular landscape painting (including all those of the otherwise quite disparate painters I just mentioned) will to some significant degree combine traits of both: the stability as well as the ethereality, the bearing up from below as well as the opening out beyond the ostensible boundaries. The same is true of the perceived landscape: it exhibits both earthly and cosmic dimensions, parts that close in on themselves and factors that move ever outward such as the sky or the horizon. Not surprisingly, for it is precisely land that links the two dimensions, being the medium of their very difference. The partialism of every scape—of earth-scape as self-enclosed and bogging-down, of world-scape as ungrounded in its very outgoingness—is redressed in the embrace of landscape, perceived as well as painted. Being itself a view, landscape has its own partiality—its own scope and mode of sheathing, its own scraped-out signature—but it is itself a total partiality that encompasses that from which it is so effectively distinguished.

B. *Works*. "Earthworks" and "worldworks" also meet in the middle term of "landworks." By "earthworks" I refer mainly to

Robert Smithson, "Spiral Jetty."

such prehistoric constructions as burial mounds or ziggurats—all that Hegel would call "symbolic" in their pretentious (and often empty) power. The Nazca lines in Peru and the cave dwellings of Mesa Verde are also earthworks, fashioned as they are from the earth itself. "Worldworks," in contrast, are of cosmic scope, and find their paradigmatic instances in star charts and maps of the world as we know it at any given historical moment. If the prototypical period of earthworks is that of the premodern, that of worldworks is the modern era—when knowledge of the non-European world became the obsession of many European nations. Post-modern in contrast are "landworks," which I construe as those imaginative artworks which have been created by artists such as Robert Smithson or Michael Heizer or Andy Goldsworthy, each of whom creates artworks set in extraordinary locations and often made from equally unusual materials (leaves, branches, ice: anything to hand in Goldsworthy's case). Such landworks are not only of contemporary art-historical value but manage to combine, in innovative manners, features of earth- and world-works, and are often works of art and maps at the same time (as Smithson, for one, has affirmed). They truly map the earth in works of art by virtue of extending the ordinary and expectable landscape in ways that challenge our accustomed modes of visual experience.

Andy Goldsworthy, "Yellow Elm/ Red Maple Leaves"; "Red River Rock Pools."



VI

After so much distinguishing and ranging so broadly, I would like to draw some at least provisional conclusions in six points.

1. My primary distinctions—after a preliminary survey of four modes of mapping—concerned the two parameters of -scape and -work. In each case, I contrasted an earthly and a worldly species, and then argued that landscapes and landworks manage to negotiate otherwise diremptive differences. But we need to see that the very ideas of "scape" and "work" are themselves importantly complementary in character. A work intensifies what is already happening in a -scape of any kind. It does so by re-materialization as it were. The working of the work is hand-work and tool-work—arduous body-work—but it is also and above all vision (design and plan but also inspiration) on the part of artists or mapmakers alike. These various creative manners of working shape and reshape what is already delivered spontaneously to the artist's or mapmaker's perceiving body in any -scaped experience: and every human experience is so -scaped. (The mapmaker may rely on *other's* experiences, e.g., those of the bold discoverer or idle traveler, but *some* actually perceiving body must be the witness of a first-order perception for mapping to be able to claim to be a representation of part of the known world.) It is as if the insertion of the lived body into the perceived world, in its inherent perspectivity, calls for the work of

painting or mapping to consolidate and configurate what would be at once too confined and too confused to count as an artwork or mapwork at this most primitive level of human experience. But the model is not polemical: scapified experience and the work that ensues or intervenes are not engaged in a battle with each other but, instead, solicit each other and reach their own optimal state only in consideration of the other pole. Between the poles there is tension and difference but not strife. Participation, not polemic, rules.

2. An alliance of another kind occurs between work and world. This is a theme from Hannah Arendt's *Human Condition*, but now transferred from the publicity of the Athenian *polis* to the public-cum-private domain of art. Both work and world infuse cultural/historical/political dimensions into art. The -scapic—the bodily, especially in its visuality—carries the earth into the work: that is its distinctive contribution. But the work would not be altogether a *work* were it just the reworking of what perceiving (and especially viewing) offer, whether first- or second-hand. The contribution of world is to take the transmission of what has been sensed scapically and reshape it in terms of a local or (in our time increasingly) a global culture: which means to make its expressivity sufficiently articulate to make it transmissible to others and not just to one's sensing body. This is to make it a world: fashioning both its own world of more or less coherent meaning and linking it to other worlds as well (i.e., the worlds of others as well as other kinds of worlds such as literary or cinematic or art-historical worlds, not to mention culturally diverse worlds).

3. I am not so much rejecting Heidegger's framework of earth and world as the antipodes of art as letting it stay in place in order to show how, at every turn, it must be supplemented—and, finally, how it is undermined from within. It is supplemented by pointing to the way in which the earth pole is not a single place or force but itself gathers several factors in its midst: most notably, the -scapic modalities as realized by the active agency of the lived body. The world pole in turn is constructively complicated by recognizing its affinity with work and vision. In this way, we start to fill out what remains abstract and formulaic in Heidegger's 1936 essay "The Origin of the Work of Art": e.g.,

world as what he calls "the openness of the open" or earth as the "self-seclusive." What is called for is a much more resolute commitment to the concreteness of art—and of mapping as its long-lost cousin.

To honor this commitment, I introduced the admittedly awkward nomenclature of the "-scapic," which signifies the very particular ways in which such downright specific actions as scoping out, marking down, and sheathing are accomplished. "Work," by the same token, points to quite particular means of grappling with materials and views, media and intentionalities. (Heidegger himself has shown this brilliantly in his analysis of the work-world in *Being and Time*—a world set up by the stringencies of the ready-to-hand and its complex entourage of references and regions.) It is not accidental, then, that I singled out the régimes of the -scapic and the work (indicating their varioius avatars) in the central part of this essay. This was a way of showing that any theory of art necessitates these régimes, both singly and finally together. They hang together by virtue of the fact that each reflects the resources of the lived body, one pointing to its dynamism of vision and the other to its powers of making. Seeing is accomplished by the seeing eye, however culturally informed this eye may be; and working is effected by the skillful body, however much a creature of creative habit this body may be. Each serves to *singularize* the body in its central role of putting the work of art together, witnessing it once it has been created, and (in most cases) offering it to some real or potential public.

4. I have argued that, beyond earth and world (and now admitting their complications and concretions), there is a factor neglected by Heidegger—and many others who have devised theories of art. This is *land*, which in effect deconstructs the dyad of earth and world from within. Land is a middle term, but offers no easy compromise: it comes between earth and world as the odd man out, constituting a sort of no-man's land. Land undeniably bears traces of earth and world: earth subtends it from below, world extends it above. But it has its own distinctive being as a unique form of surface-in-depth. It is the basis of the places and regions that fill out earthscapes; and it makes possible the worlds that are established in its midst—in cities and cul-

tures, languages and traditions, thereby creating worldscapes. It is the primal scene in which concresce tellurian forces downward and cosmic directions outward and upward. It is itself always singular: it is always just *this* land, located in this particular place and region and nowhere else. We are lucky to have it: no wonder we crave it so much and miss it so much when we have lost it: not just in its sheer materiality (i.e., as soil or property) but in the phenomenological fact that it is the inner frame of all outgoing and ongoing perception, a basis for personal as well as public identities: just *where we are*, after all, has much to do with just *who we are*. It is a matter of "knowing ourselves through place."[5]

5. One virtue of the model I have been developing is that it includes not only traditional forms of art—painting, photography, sculpture, architecture—but newer instantiations such as installations and (what is called conventionally) earthworks. These latter are landed entities, either directly (as in Heizer's or Smithson's works in Utah and Arizona) or by displacement (as when the floor of a gallery or museum becomes the surrogate of the land without). At the same time, this model allows us to understand why mapping is so closely affiliated with so many such art forms, traditional or contemporary—why the artist is always mapping out some landscape, perceived or imagined, and why conversely so many maps can be considered artworks. The inner link is effected, once again, by the doublet of -scape and work as enacted by the human body.

The case of mapping, too often neglected by philosophers and art theorists, calls for extra emphasis. Every map, however ambitious its aim (e.g., in the case of what was once called *cosmographia*, "world maps"), still takes up its own point of view and thus has its own -scapic determinacy; and every map is a work, whether realized by hand or by the most advanced technological means. The mere fact that most maps are representational—indeed, are explicitly cartographic in intent—and are meant for practical use should not mislead us: every map is a delimited take on the region it represents by means of the world it sets forth. As Denis Cosgrove writes, "The world figured through

[5] Denis Cosgrove, "Introduction II, Hypnogeography in Kansas," October 19, 2001, Kansas Conference on Imagination & Place, Lawrence, Kansas.

mapping may thus be material or immaterial, actual or desired, whole or part, in various ways experienced, remembered, or projected."[6] And every map ultimately reflects some particular bodily experience, if not that of active exploration, then that of drawing and reproducing. Just as there is no painting or earthwork without bodily performance, so there is no map without some analogue of this same kind of enactment. This becomes overt in body-mapping, but it is tacitly present in chorography and topography—and even, by displacement and sublimation, in the most advanced cartography.

6. I would like to point, finally, to two outcomes of contemporary interest. For one thing, the centrality of land allows us to recognize that every art work—and every map—has signifiance for environmental questions. If land is indeed the pivot of earth and world, then the manner in which it figures into art and maps will always be revealing: it will present our experience of the natural and built environment to us in novel and suggestive ways that bear instructively on how we manage our life on earth. In this sense, all art, and all maps, are environmental. For another thing, the conjunction of work and -scape in the landed heart of art and maps means that the factor of place—always at stake in matters of land—regains renewed importance in our appreciation of these two distinctive but not disjunctive modes of human creation. Heidegger's earth is nowhere; it is as unlocated as is the earth of the Gaia hypothesis when this latter becomes metaphysical in import; his world is equally unplaced—as unplaced as the falsely generalized dimensions of "geopolitics." The key is place as the "local absolute" in Deleuze and Guattari's language, or as "global locality" in McLuhan's earlier term. This has political and social consequences which we cannot afford to overlook in an age of global capitalism, rampant internationalism, and equally rampant terrorism. In this age, we need to find, and to valorize, a delimited middle region where place and space, the singular and the universal, earth and world meet and conjoin not only in the specificity of artworks and mapworks for which I have been pleading but in public actions and political events that are equally sensitive to the specificity of land.

[6] Denis Cosgrove, Preface to *Mapping*, ed. Denis Cosgrove (London: Reaktion, 1999), p. 2.

I have just presented to you a case for regarding land as a vital third term between earth and world: the two extremes between which Heidegger (and the many who follow him today) attempt to locate the work of art. Employing landscape painting as a paradigm case and contrasting it with various modes of mapping (the two rejoining expressly in the bold instance of body-mapping), I have argued the pressing need to think in the concrete terms of land in order to reconnect what would otherwise be the abstract parameters of earth and world.

You will recall my earlier claim that memory plays much the same annealing role in regard to the epicenters of imagination and place, the dioscuri or twin stars, the Castor and Pollux, around which this meeting in Lawrence is gravitating. A third of a third of a third, as it were . . . What I mean to say is this: that whenever the human mind is driven to make or detect diremptive differences (and it very often is: as we see all too graphically in the present political climate: us vs. them, Islamic vs. Christian, etc.), it will, in the very same measure, need to find another term: not to dissolve, much less to ignore, genuine differences, but to allow them to communicate with each other by way of contrastive dialectics: otherwise, they will be simply incommunicado or end in a sterile stand-off.

Land realizes such thirdness in an exemplary way in the case of art works and maps, and I believe that memory does so for imagination and place. We have seen how these latter are all too easily contraposed in such contrasts as actual vs. possible, material vs. immaterial, poetry vs. painting, etc.—and how they are literally blasted apart in times of extreme trauma. Just as traumatic memories link the imagination of disaster (or impossibility thereof) to the scene of disaster itself—whether by feckless repetition or elaborate working-through—so memories of many kinds articulate imagination with place and vice-versa. The memorial is a navigational and negotiational matrix, helping to orient those whose imaginations have fallen out of touch with place: who cannot imagine, for example, that loved ones were really *in* the place of disaster, as we saw in the makeshift memorializations of Union Square. In less dramatic circumstances as well, memory steers us through the displacement, the limbo, in which our imaginations fail to connect with our place, either by careening over it in indifference or by being inadequate to it in scope. Memory opens up the middle realm between imagination

and place, giving to each an abode within its generous embrace. Who can ask for anything more?

And as for the two middle terms I have singled out today—memory and land—how do they relate to each other? I shall leave to you the task—and possibly the pleasure—of figuring this one out. I leave it to your fertile imaginations, in this very place, and in this land of Lawrence, wherein we are living and moving and having our being right now, together. Memory of land? Land of memory? We do not have to choose; we have only to connect the dissociated terms themselves, show what they have in common without dissolving in each other, so that we can move on to more pressing and particular tasks in our daily private lives and in the increasingly imperilled life of our nation at this historical moment.

Denis Cosgrove

Dreaming Geography or Geographical Dreaming

Hearing of the "Hypnogeography" project and of Robert Kelley's proposal for collecting and discussing dreams about place set me to reflecting on my own oneiric relations with place. My nightly dreams rarely involve the keen presence of recognizable places. Places figure in my dreams, to be sure, but these places are characteristically fragmentary and hybridized: amalgams of long-ago and recently encountered locations (as Freud noted of all dreams, over a century ago). They are both surreal and hyper-real—postmodern places perhaps. I wonder if this is in part because, unlike many (but not all) of those who have contributed to the project's archive, I don't comfortably share what I think is the dominant *sense of place* that they seem to express. I do not find myself yearning for that feeling of settlement, rootedness, and bonding within community that fuels the dreams of place they record. Most of the dreamers in the project express a sense of place that is *territorialized*, connected in some measure to *hearth*, to a past with experiential *depth*, and to a cultivated sense of *care* which is often associated with home and land. Commonly, the dream reports betray a certain anxiety about experiences that feature the more changing, mobile, and migratory relationships with place that characterize so much of modern life. An example is the report of a recurring dream from an anonymous "40-year-old woman, writer, and teacher" who lives locally in Lawrence:

> I live on land just south of Lawrence that has been in my husband's family for many generations ... when I first walked this land over 18 years ago, I felt a strong resonance immediately, as if it was a good friend I finally got to see again.
>
> In the first dream, I followed a native woman [who] took me just east of my house, where normally there is a hill covered in cedar and hackberry tangled forest. In the dream however, there was suddenly a deep stream between my house and the forest, and the woman and I walked along the stream, amazed at this beautiful hidden thing. I expressed some fear of the land being developed, being taken from us. (Dream Archive)

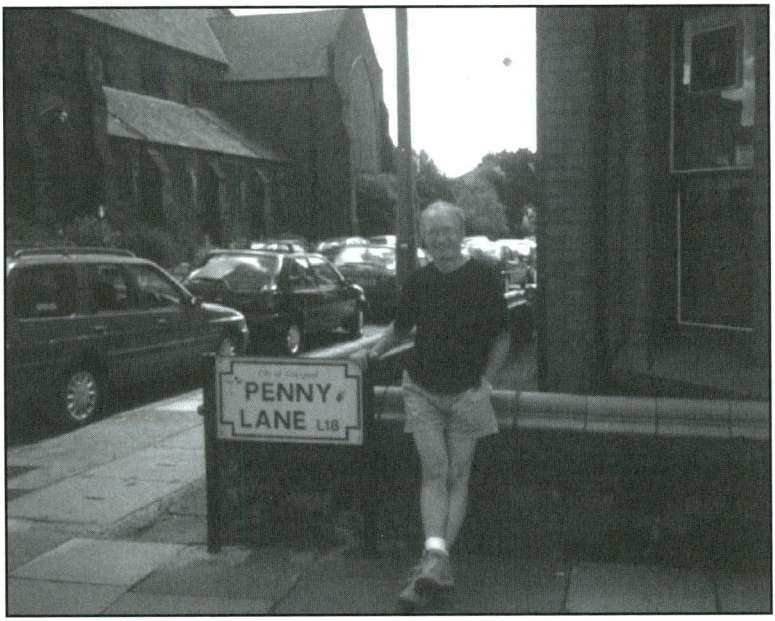
The dream report continues in similar vein. The anxiety it expressed is not about actually losing tenure over the land so much as losing it to "development," that is, to changes in its use and familiar morphology, to human constructions, and to the in-migration of new people to live on it. Such possibility brings the writer to tears, to feeling "like a child standing on a busy road in the middle of traffic . . . unable to rescue (*sic*) the land in time." Similar sentiments are not uncommon in the dream reports.

There are, of course marked exceptions to this focus on home place and fixity. Most notable for me is Dina Coe's dreams that wonderfully evoke her professional life as a flight attendant:

> The dreams gave me a sense of looking down on the earth . . . [they] are filled with the excitement and entrancement of being in cities and foreign countries. . . . I look down from the airplane on the earth as a map, but also a sphere, with colors and details of its topography. Recently and for the first time since childhood, I dreamt three nights in a row about flying in my own body. I stayed each time in an enclosed space, a little afraid of taking off into the sky as I did in such dreams as a child. (Dream Archive)

Dina's excitement and entrancement at seeing the world from afar—as well as her slight anxiety and the apprehensive sense of enclosure within her own body—serve as a perfect introduction to my theme of dreaming geography, or geographical dreaming, where the geography is mobile and the dreams navigate places rather than dig into them.

I start however from precisely a localized and fixed sense of place, from the place where, in a biographical sense, we all start, the place where we were born. For me this was a suburban house in the city of Liverpool in northwest England. It was a place from which I did not venture more than 150 miles during my first fifteen years. For all but two weeks in each of those years, I had no reason to journey even to other parts of the city, let alone beyond it. My ambit was at most a half-hour's bus ride from my house. I revisited this childhood place in August, 2001, photographing the two houses, scarcely a mile apart, in which those fifteen years were spent. I drove and walked around the haunts of teenage years, thinking there might be ghosts from the time before I left at the age of eighteen, not to return again for more than a brief visit. No single relation of mine now lives in the city. I expected my old neighborhood to be especially full of



Denis Cosgrove returns to Penny Lane.

the ghosts of place. One reason for this, beyond the purely personal, is that the name of this place is actually one of the most familiar in the world—at least to people of my generation. My family's house was at Penny Lane. The mop of teenage hair I sported was cut—if at all—at Biolletti's barber shop. My father worked in a local bank. Like the other kids from our single-sex schools, I met my first date at the bus shelter in the middle of the roundabout. But returning to Penny Lane for the first time in over a decade generated no strong feelings for the place where I found myself. Indeed, my most powerful response was to the distant, smoky line of the Welsh hills faintly visible from the top of my old street, and to the blue (suburban) sky of a late-summer day in August, 2001. It was dreams of a kind that initially took me away from the place, and apparently they still do. I do not recall ever dreaming about Penny Lane—although it can act for me as a place for *reverie* or conscious daydreaming. Singing of "Strawberry Fields" on the flip-side of the Beatles" "Penny Lane," John Lennon claims: "I mean I know when it's a dream." But I wonder if we do.

Embracing the message of Brian Patten's poem, "The Dream Exchange", that the value of a dream seems to diminish rather

than increase with the sharing, I keep my reveries to myself. If I relate here my experience of return to the place of birth and childhood "roots," and my recognition of its tenuous hold on my imagination today, it is simply to emphasize how the "sense" of place and its connections with dreaming and imagination are unexpectedly complex and by no means always reassuringly secure. For, if the first fifteen years of my own life were profoundly "settled," the subsequent forty (nearly) have been consistently mobile, drifting, transient. Over those years I have lived for at least six months at eighteen different addresses, in four different countries, and in seven different cities. I can recall each of these places with a greater or lesser degree of pleasure or sadness. My night dreams often mix in fragmentary and promiscuous ways events that "took place" in these different locations. Each place has been "home," each has been inhabited; each is replete with the events of a life. And each gives meaning to every other in a complex process of mobility and change, sewn together by memory, imagination, and desire. I think of this as a *drifting* sense of place: one wherein movement itself and the surfaces that connect temporary points of rest are only partly within my control, one in which the spaces of movement and navigation are as charged in anticipation and memory as the fixed locations of encounter and rest. I suggest that the personal geography I have described is not uncommon, indeed is increasingly widely shared in the 21st century. But it is rarely examined with the attention devoted to fixed and rooted place. Not infrequently it is dismissed as somehow superficial and alienating. It has been more actively celebrated in the arts than in the academy, especially in American culture—in writing, from Melville through to Kerouac, and in film, in blues music, and in highway songs—and more theoretically by the French *Situationists* of the 1960s. So, it is the drifting sense of place and its imaginative and representational modes that I want to address today, for, as the word "drifting" itself implies, such geographical experience has a powerful, dreamlike quality.

The sea, the ship, and place

The first thing to be said about this mobile sense of place is that it is not new. Despite some sociological hand wringing to the contrary, it is not an unwelcome eruption of the modern world

and its supposed alienation into a formerly more stable, rooted, and connected world. Indeed, the oldest geographical narratives in the Western canon of imaginative literature are devoted in part to its description. The Homeric epics, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, concern the disruption of stable place relations by warfare and Ulysses' post-war experiences over years of drifting, moving between islands and landfalls across the Mediterranean. The Argonauts too were sailors and navigators. Their lives were lived out on the surface of seas, only in partial control of their movements. For centuries, the sailor has been the paradigm drifter, plying between ports, reliant in equal measures on the vagaries of wind and swell and storm and flat calm, on the captain's skills (knowing his ship, reading the heavens and the compass, identifying coastlines, islands, reefs, and rocks), and on the opportunity for another passage once paid off. Melville captures the condition perfectly in the opening pages of *Moby Dick*, where the drifting life beckons from the very core of New York:

> There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian skies by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the Battery, where the noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water gazers there. (Melville, 1967, 12)

The sailor's relationship with places on land was always temporary and contingent; ports were known in large measure through superficial visual familiarity and consumption of a limited range of services. The sailor's knowledge of place is not that of the rooted native. Neither is it the studied knowledge of the geographer. The latter, as Saint Exupéry's Little Prince discovered, sits at a desk in the study, receiving the reports of sailors and explorers and adding their information to maps and charts. And of course, as the geographer in *The Little Prince* points out, one of his principal tasks is to ensure that the sailor's information is true rather than imaginary—not the product of fantasy or imagination, not a "sailor's tale," not a dream.

While the drifting life once typified by the sailor has become an often-lamented feature of modernity, there is a paradox. One of the most significant and least remarked aspects of place experience over the past half century has been the emptying of the seas and oceans of such constantly mobile people, and the con-

sequent loss of the sailors' drifting culture of place. The point is made by the anthropologist Michael Taussig:

> Today the old ports have gone. Concrete container terminals have replaced them, and the wharves have moved to industrial sites far from the people who go as tourists to the gentrified old ports where sailing ships are resurrected as museums. Yet as never before, so we are told, is the whole world unified as One Big Market, which must mean immense amounts of shipping and human dependence on sea-borne freight. . . . The conduct of life today is completely and utterly dependent on the sea and the ships it bears, yet nothing is more invisible. How different it must have been until well into the twentieth century when ships and sailors filled the horizon of Western experience from Ulysses onward. (Taussig, 2000, 250–251)

Taussig offers this insight as part of a meditation on the beach as a place of various transgressions. I want to pursue his observation further, into the ocean itself. For, not only has the imaginative power of the sea slackened as port activities have segregated, along with the general spread and ghettoization of urban functions, but the proportion of the population directly experiencing long sea journeys (and perhaps the concomitant "sea change" that such journeys characteristically entailed) has radically fallen. The number of hands employed on or below the decks of today's vast container ships and supertankers is tiny compared with those formerly involved in shipping. And those who are so employed are drawn disproportionately from poor countries, ghettoized in port and making minimal impacts on their temporary host cultures. The introduction of containerization since the 1960s has been paralleled by the complete replacement of ocean passage by the jet airliner. (Parenthetically, these changes in transport technologies destroyed the Liverpool I grew up in as a world city.) Those changes have entailed the virtual disappearance in modern societies of an ocean culture and a mariner's sense of place. Today we can only retrieve something of the imaginative grip such culture played even in the recent past through fiction: reading Melville, or Joyce, or Conrad. The sailor's sense of place is no longer a powerful element in our landscapes or in the lives of people we might know or encounter.

I want to explore just two aspects of that mobile, oceanic culture that bear upon the themes of place and dreaming. The first is the collective experience of place constituted on the ship itself. The very word "ship" implies a community; it is cognate with

friend-*ship*, or partner-*ship*, or fellow-*ship*—a group of people bonded together in a common purpose. But the bonding "on board" is concretely materialized. It is the containing fabric of the physical "ship." It is expressed functionally in the common effort to navigate and maintain that container over the empty space of ocean. The ship is a place whose essence lies in movement, and it makes claims on the lives, affections, and imaginations of those who sail in it that are as powerful as those made by land on autochthons. So powerful are these claims that the sinking ship may become a chosen coffin, descending with its captain to an unmarked ocean grave. The intensity of a ship's place claims arises in some measure too from the connections that it makes with the physical world: from its isolation on the restless surface of the sea, its vulnerability to elemental forces, its contingent relations with its "home" port and with ports of "call." It no doubt arises too from the altered sense of time experienced on board.

Place and time were traditionally unique to the moving ship, reinforcing the sense of mobile place. Today, any vessel is permanently able to locate itself on the marine chart by means of the GPS, connecting it to the abstract global grid by way of geostationary satellites. But this is an invention of the past two decades. For centuries previously, determining such absolute location at sea involved sophisticated skills and the use of chronometers, set on departure. Prior to the invention of the chronometer in the 1780s, the exact location of a vessel out of sight of land could never be assured because of the "problem of longitude." Ship time was plagued by the same uncertainty, and even today lived time on board remains in large measure independent of land time. The day is measured out by "watches" and determined externally by a changing position on the earth's surface as the ship crosses lines of longitude. Experientially, time for the sailor moves between bouts of intense activity and of enforced indolence. For cabin crew, deck-hand, and passenger much of it drifts away in daydream and reverie, giving rise to the fantasy places and imaginative narratives so intimately associated with sailing culture.

The second sense of place on board ship I want to recall is more individual. Conventionally, other than a select band of senior officers, sailors did not have a "place" on board ship, a cabin that was exclusively their own. Famously, they would

sling a hammock or take over a bunk vacated by its occupant of the previous watch. What every sailor did have, however, was a "kit bag," "box," or "chest," the private location for his most immediate possessions, the material expression of his identity. There is a cultural history to be written of the sailor's chest, as a place where items given or earned, found or stolen, saved or collected, stored or moved, were brought together as possessions in the one fixed and stable "place" of an ordinary sailor's life. In that life, the chest was one of the most fixed and significant of places, not merely for its material contents but, like the family home of the rooted land dweller, because it signaled all the events and connections that constitute a biography. It gathered and materialized the processes of existence. Shipboard passengers also had their trunks; indeed the trunk was a necessary element of any life that moved or drifted between temporary homes. I remember buying one as I left Liverpool for university, at age eighteen to start a life of "moving places." The chest or trunk reminds us that in the drifting life connections between identity and material place do not disappear, but are transformed, distilled, concentrated. It may even be that the inevitable stripping away of fixed, material property that a mobile life entails actually increases the imaginative and dreamlike qualities of place. Little wonder, perhaps, that the sailor's box has often acted in literature as a stimulus to imagination, a place of dreams, from which can spring fantasy and adventure. *Moby Dick* once again offers a telling example. When the Maori harpooner Queequeg falls ill, he requests a coffin to be made to the exact proportions of his body. Its completion to his satisfaction is the signal for his sudden recovery, when he sets about carving the lid with the same markings as the tattoos on his body:

> And this tattooing, had been the work of a departed prophet and seer of his island, who, by those hieroglyphic marks, had written out on his body a complete theory of the heavens and the earth, and a mystical treatise on the art of attaining truth... (Melville, 1967, 399)

The coffin becomes Queequeg's box, literally his fixed place as he drifts through the cosmos inscribed on its lid. And it is this same coffin/chest that saves Ishmael after the Pequod's sinking.

That other 19th century ocean novel, *Treasure Island*, opens with the sailor's box that Jack Hawkins opens after its owner's murder. Among the items that give a past and an identity to the dead man's individual driftings is of course a map. It is a map of an actual place—an island—and it eventually leads Jack's comrades to treasure at the place itself. Islands themselves have a dream-like quality, and for centuries they drifted across ocean charts. As late as the 1950s British Admiralty charts of the Pacific marked atolls and shoals in locations that satellite images subsequently proved mistaken. *Treasure Island* itself retreats into oneiric space at the end of the novel. In its closing pages, with Jack Hawkins back home in Devon, he describes how he can scarcely recall the actuality of the treasure island, as if the adventure had occurred in a dream. The map has the greater reality—and this remains true for the reader of the story. The map remains more clearly inscribed in our imaginations than the topography and events on the island itself.

Maps are of course—at least conventionally—the peculiar tool of the geographer's craft. And while maps have a complex connection to the places they represent, they can chart the mobile life. The sailors' culture may have declined, but the numbers experiencing constant mobility, often of global reach, have greatly increased, so that the map in its various forms has become an unremarked but ubiquitous feature of daily life. Further, the principal technology of the modern culture of mobility reinforces the cartographic eye. Few people in America today have not taken an airline flight. The aircraft is neither called a "ship," nor does it generate the sense of place that ocean vessels seem able to generate. We lack for flight and air travel the richness of imaginative and literary culture produced by centuries of sailing. Perhaps therefore we have not sufficiently considered the sense of place involved in seeing the earth from above. Unlike the sea voyage, as Dina Coe points out, from the air the earth itself becomes a map. Over land we can read fields and farms, highways and cities as if they were inscribed on a topographic sheet. Over ocean or above cloud we become more aware of the earth as a great sphere of mobile elements, turning in space.

The map is, famously, not the territory. It is not the place it represents. But map is *a* place, in the same way as the sailor's

box is a place. The map is a marker and a container of events, a record of memory, and a location of desires. In a culture of mobility the map may become a more significant place than any actual geographical location. When I think of my own childhood and why I became a geographer I recall two gifts, given to me at about age seven. One was a small globe. Marked on it was my own home town of Liverpool, one of only four cities named in the insignificant space occupied by the British Isles. But from that tiny dot, pecked lines radiated across the vast space of the Atlantic: to Montreal, New York, Montevideo, Lagos, and Cape Town. Along each of these lines was recorded the distance in miles from Liverpool. From my imagined location at the centre of this network I could dream across half the world, secure in the knowledge that the mapped routes would lead me home. The second gift was a wooden jigsaw, each of whose pieces was a state of the United States. I recall clearly the shape, the size and even the "color" of these states: Texas big and pink; Florida rounded and green; Oklahoma, yellow and shaped like a pistol (Kansas was less memorable, I have to confess). These were actual pieces of wood; they could be handled separately, fitted incorrectly, stacked up, taken apart, and thrown back in their box. Like the globe, they were places of childhood dreams, and together they composed a larger space of imagination.

The map and the dream share the common characteristic of being about places that are *not here.* And it is this distancing or displacement that connects both in turn to mobility. Each involves a kind of disembodied movement, from where we physically *are* to another place, a place of imagination. While the map may not be the territory, its defining character refers to *a* territory, and this is often true of the dream. Map use, whether for knowledge of places, or as a route-finding aid, or as a stimulus to reverie, thus always involves a form of *dis*-placement. And this is true also of the dream. Famously in Sigmund Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*, the dream is figured as a wish fulfillment, but one that is characteristically displaced. Displacement is one of Freud's central concepts. It is:

> the psychological process by which . . . the trivial experience comes to stand for the psychically valuable one . . . ideas initially weak in intensity, by borrowing from those initially more intensely charged, attain a degree of power which enables them to force an entry into consciousness. (Freud, 1899, 135)

And later in the text:

> Analysis teaches us *that the imagined ideas in the dream-content* have undergone displacement and substitutions, while the effects have remained in place unaltered. No wonder that the ideas of the content, transformed as they are by dream-distortion, no longer match the unchanged affect; but no further astonishment either, once the analysis has put the right content in its former place. (Freud, 1899, 299 italics in original)

Freud of course is not using a concept of place as geographical location, and I do not make any claims here about adherence to his dream theory. But his use of the word "place" is significant for it is similar to contemporary geographical ideas of place as process and as a constellation of events. Recent geographical thinking on place has in fact drawn quite strongly on psychoanalytic theory to reframe a concept formerly restricted to absolute space and objective location. Above all, Freud is emphasizing the capacity of the human imagination to rework such processes and events, unconsciously in the case of dreams, into new places.

In Freud's sense, displacement within the dream is an entirely involuntary, psychic affair. But there are many types of dream; they range from the type that occurs in night-time sleep and that concerned both Freud and most of the contributors to the hypnogeography project, through the reverie, the daydream, the musing and so on. Each of these involves an imaginative displacement, elsewhere from the physical location of the body. In *The Poetics of Space*, Gaston Bachelard famously reported the displacement from his Paris apartment to the seashore and thus into sleep by imagining the drone of city traffic as the sound of waves. Michel de Certeau relates a similar drifting in *The Practice of Everyday Life*, from his bodily location—in a railroad carriage—to other places of the daydream, in this case caused by the hypnotic sounds and sights of the moving train. When we consider dreams and place we should not restrict ourselves to the workings of the brain in REM sleep, but consider the full range of dream-like states, and recognize how all involve displacement and how so many are tied to physical movement. I want to focus here on one kind of dreaming that was the subject of considerable attention in the past and which was directly tied to mapping projects, and more broadly to the theme of mobility. The kind of dream was once, appropriately, termed "universal."

The universal dream and the world map

The profound influence of Freud's dream theories over the past century has perhaps blinded us to earlier writings on dreams. For centuries, the most influential such work was by the late Classical and neo-Platonist scholar, Macrobius. His essay, "In somnium scipionis" classifies dreams into five types: the *phantasm* or communication by a spirit, the *nightmare*, the *visium* or prophetic dream, the *oraculum* or revelatory dream, and the *somnium* or enigmatic dream. The last three types he regards as significant for interpreting the self, one's future, and the possibilities for attaining one's destiny. The *somnium* is the fullest type of dream and may incorporate elements of both visionary and oracular types. Such experiences Macrobius termed *universal* dreams. The immediate stimulus to Macrobius' writing was a famous description by the Roman Stoic writer Cicero in the last book of his *De Re Publica*, the "Somnium Scipionis." Here, Cicero describes the dream of Publius Cornelius Scipio, descendent of Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage. The young man, who is visiting the place of his ancestor's great victory, dreams of being lifted from the earth to the realm of the stars where the great general now dwells as a hero among the constellations. From this ethereal position he attains a vision of the whole machine of the turning cosmos:

> By gazing up and down he was initiated into the wonders of the heavens, the great celestial circles, and the harmony of the revolving spheres, things strange and unknown to mortals before this; in addition he witnessed the movements of the stars and planets and was able to survey the whole earth. (Macrobius, 1952, 214)

The "Dream of Scipio" was for centuries an enormously influential text. It could be readily appropriated to the Christian, neo-Platonic idea of the heavenly ascent of the soul towards union with its creator. Cicero's description was the source for similar oneiric ascents in Medieval and Renaissance literature, especially in narratives of heroic travel and epic adventure, for example Ariosto's *Jerusalem Liberated from the Goths*, Luis Camoes' *The Lusiads*, Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Queen* and John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Each of these contains a description of the earth seen from high in the heavens. The earth is at once an object of transcendent beauty, a tiny dot in the vastness

of the universe, and a stimulus to self-contemplation. The visionary dream in this tradition yields a cosmopolitan, Stoic message of acknowledging the order and reason of creation, recognizing the limitations of human existence, and embracing the responsibilities of individual life in society.

Macrobius' *Commentary on the Dream of Scipio* included a geographical description of the earth's surface as seen by Scipio: the distribution of the climatic zones and of continents and oceans across the globe. Manuscript copies of the text as well as early printed editions commonly contained *mappae mundi* illustrations of the vision of earth. These are among the earliest world maps in the Western tradition. Macrobius' *Commentary* was thus significant in scientific as well as literary discourse. Through it, the *somnium* or universal dream became a significant device for the expression of cosmological theories. Among the best known of these is Johannes Kepler's *Somnium seu de astronomia lunari* or Lunar Dream, in which the 17th century astronomer describes the geography of the Moon and the utopian society that exists on its surface. Kepler used the conceit of transposing Earth and Moon to express covert support for Copernicus' theory of a mobile earth. But he was also following a long, neo-Platonic tradition of seeking to ascend above the earth and achieve a transcendent state of pure contemplation of that cosmos inscribed on Queequeg's box and body. Such ascent implied escape from the parochialism and the potential solipsism of material and territorial attachments, in favor of a disinterested but truer understanding of the reasoning self, its relations with the physical body and the individual's responsibilities to the world. Such a realization, it is suggested, only becomes possible with perfect mobility and complete displacement, with the capacity to treat the earth, at least temporarily, as pure surface. For the physical body this was not a possibility; it was attainable only by the disembodied soul, in other words, in a dream or trance-like state. The classic defense of cosmopolitanism, making all the world a familiar place, is thus connected closely to the idea of the cosmic dream.

The Stoic principles of reason, tolerance, and cosmopolitanism were particularly attractive to cosmographers, geographers, and mapmakers in the early modern world. Among the best known of these is Abraham Ortelius, creator of the first modern atlas. His *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum* of 1570 is a com-

plex work, whose title signals its author's adherence to the neo-Stoic idea of a "theatre of the world," in which the disinterested eye sees both the glory and the folly of human existence, and its subjection to the vagaries of fortune and arbitrary nature. The atlas celebrates a kind of mobility that is purely imaginative, across the smooth surface of cartographic space. In his introductory text Ortelius refers to the wonder of being able, by means of the atlas, to traverse the whole of the earth—as in a dream—witnessing from above its grandeur and variety, without becoming subject to the dangers of actual travel. But his work is equally a celebration of local pride in a known and familiar place. The *Theatrum* brings together in the unique location of a single volume maps from every part of the world, sent to Ortelius by local scholars, often fiercely proud of their own locale or region. These, the atlas-maker of Antwerp edited into a common style and arranged according to a geographical logic. They are entered through a fine Doric portal. On the reverse side of each map sheet is a written description of the area it pictures, a textual celebration of the specific qualities of the illustrated place. In its connecting the specifics of local place to the broader surface of the globe, we might compare Ortelius' great project to the landscape images produced by his close friend, the painter Peter Bruegel the Elder.

Bruegel's paintings are the finest examples of a popular genre of topographic image developed in 16th-century Flanders and southern Germany, referred to today as "world landscape." Historically, they were also referred to as "cosmographies." This is significant, for a "cosmography" normally meant a description of the whole cosmos—a "theater of the world." Its application to a map, sketch, woodcut, or painting illustrating a limited local area reflects growing pride in the unique character of a particular locality and a tendency to regard the local as a microcosm of the whole world. This metaphysical conceit was the product of a sophisticated humanist learning and, especially in the German-speaking lands, of a desire among local elites to read their city or province in the light of Classical ideas of the Roman Republic or Periclean Athens. In other words, this was a local pride born of a cosmopolitan ability to step outside immediate territoriality and bring to bear upon it the eyes and values of a traveled person, even if the travel had only been in imagi-

nation. It is also to dream of other places in time, and to resurrect the past in imagination.

Bruegel's "cosmographies" are well named, although in his case the images do not celebrate specific geographical locations. But, in the frame of a tiny canvas, often little more than 25 x 20 inches, they present a jewel-like window on the world, which is at once a highly specific topographic scene and an impossible perspective over vast spaces to the curved horizon of a turning sphere. Their very impossibility as actual scenes gives them a dream-like or visionary quality. Let us consider briefly just one of these, the *Fall of Icarus*. Its subject matter is precisely the dream of human flight, and its tragic consequences. It is the story of Daedalus' invention of wings to escape Crete and of the fate of his son, Icarus, who flies too close to the sun, melts his waxen wings, and falls to earth. The work is an emblem of hubris and nemesis. Bruegel chooses to depict the moment when Icarus splashes into the sea, his white legs unnoticed by the various depictions on the canvas of human life and labor—ploughman, shepherd, and fisherman—who go about their daily affairs. The topography is so precisely local that we can see the individual plough lines in the fields and count the number of sheep on the hillside. The lower left-hand part of the image is thus a celebration of stable, deep-rooted place and of those human activities that literally tie people to the land. The upper part of the image offers a vast horizon, with promontories and bays, mountain ranges and islands fading into the unmeasured spaces of ocean and the setting sun. This part of the painting presents a cosmographic image of the globe's immensity and the diversity of its surface.

The most highly wrought and beautiful single element in Bruegel's *Fall of Icarus* is the ship, sailing insouciantly past the drowning boy. It is a trading ship of the type that would have been familiar to Bruegel from the wharves at Antwerp and it tacks across the picture from a point unseen to pass a port city in the middle distance, and out of the gulf into the open ocean. The location of the ship within the picture space makes a physical connection between the three worlds, perhaps three experiences of *place*, depicted in this image: the rooted, land-based localism of the ploughman, shepherd, and fisherman; the mobile, oceanic surface of the sailor's globe (sea-swell, islands, and har-

bors) and the airy heavens from which Icarus has fallen: the realms of ether, planets, and stars.

Conclusion

What might we learn from these various instances and illustrations of mapping and dreaming mobile place? Too often in thinking about place we seem not to have fully embraced Copernicanism. Heliocentricity destroyed the earth's stability as well as its centrality within the cosmos; in Galileo's famous words, "and yet it moves." Every place moves—at the astonishing speed of the turning earth to be sure—but in countless other ways too. Drifting in the vastness of the constellations, we humans too are existentially de-centered and migratory, temporary fellow occupants of the single "spaceship" Earth. "Only in imagination and representations are we able to arrest this constant mobility, and then only at the cost of emphasizing surface and connection rather than location and isolation. Cultures in which the sense of physical rootedness and elemental depth in land have been strong have generally also emphasized the other, metaphysical end of the vertical axis in visions of the soul's ascent towards the heavens. Perhaps it is this connection that makes Queequeg rework the cosmic map tattooed on his body onto the lid of the box designed for his final resting place. Stasis, it seems, can only achieve meaning in the context of some kind of mobility.

The question therefore is perhaps not one of place as such, so much as one of home and what it means to leave home and to return there, even if only in dreams. These are the most ancient questions of all—they are the questions of the *Odyssey*. Ulysses' life is the voyage, his place is the ship (and maybe his box, if he had one) and his home a place more often imagined than physically experienced. Home's significance lies in memory and desire, as a place of dreams. Perhaps this is why "drift" is such an evocative word. We use it for both the onset of sleep, where our capacity to navigate our imagination slackens towards an ocean of dreams. And we use it to describe a similar liminal state on board ship, where the navigator's authority yields to that of nature in currents and winds and tides. Perhaps, then, when we think about *place* in the lived world, a more appropriate trope

than the roots and rootedness of plant life would be the maritime metaphor of *anchorage*, the connected but always temporary fixing of self to *a* home, if not *the* home port.

This recognition helps clarify perhaps my own experience on returning to Liverpool on that summer Sunday, and requires that I reconsider my earlier claim of non-attachment to the home port of my childhood. It remains, of course, an anchorage, but I am no longer rooted in the physical place. As I in turn navigate and drift through a migratory life, I remain attached to its various mappings, in memories, in reverie, perhaps even in forgotten dreams. And those mappings, as Ortelius, Breugel, and Melville understood as they gathered and retold the stories of sailors returning from voyages in the ocean sea, are never disconnected from the grandest of all places, the turning globe itself and the cosmos through which it moves all of us humans.

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C. S. Giscombe

In the Way

"Every once in a while I dream about an area east of town that doesn't exist."

—anonymous respondent in
Imagination & Place Dream Archive, 2001

I dream of places so often that the dreams are unremarkable as genre—they vary from one another and surprise me sometimes but that they incorporate or refer to places (or to historical events) is a given. More interesting to me here is the dream I had on the morning of 7 August 2001, a dream of maps in a book—displayed, printed, the institution of authority. They were maps of British Columbia—I know much of the geography there, having crossed the province many times via various means of surface transport. There were three maps—topographical, of three regions—laid out on a single page of a large book, an atlas of some sort: two across the bottom of the page, one on top next to which was text. I took black Magic Markers and registered, on each map, my own progress over the depicted/ described/ coded landscape. And woke laughing—realizing this was a way of responding to the given, of talking back to form.

"I know much of the geography there"? Better to say it so: I'm *familiar* with the geography. The difference is fine but important, the statement of knowledge implying a cavalier attitude bristling with the certainty of connection, an attitude I'm unwilling to take or claim. More to the point is Nathaniel Mackey's assertion that the "truths" that occur or appear in a text are partial truths and what's interesting is what's *not* there, the presence of which itself persists in the text—if text is defined widely enough to include its range of implications and suggestions and connotations—or alongside it. "Poetic language," he writes, "is language owning up to being an orphan to its tenuous kinship with the things it ostensibly refers to." I'm quoting his "Sound and Sentiment, Sound and Symbol," an essay about black music but which ranges outward from that or around it and he reminds his readers, two-thirds of the way through, of an

idea in the writing of both Ralph Ellison and Charles Olson. Ellison: "[T]he mind that has conceived a plan of living must never lose sight of the chaos against which that plan was conceived," this from near the close of *Invisible Man*. And Olson, from *Human Universe*: "The trouble has been that a man stays so astonished he can triumph over his own incoherence, he settles for that, crows over it, and goes at a day again happy he at least makes a little sense."

Direction is a given or so it would seem. Directions are a gift. I give them, you give them, she gives them. They have a value aside from cash or from a cash-like value. They're the gift of description and are infused with the multiple. They're the *figure* I would propose for a vernacular geography. A seriously mixed text, directions float over both ground and the map itself. They have the tenuous relation to both: to the conventional or produced—i.e., worked for, agreed upon—wisdom of the text of map and to the facts of the ground. Directions—because of their performative nature, because of their gift status—are abstracted from all that. In opposition to that given, "direction" (that slave to vector), is the journey outward, the one that itself becomes multiple, the one that does not anticipate closure or that recognizes that closure is at best arbitrary (the end of the road, e.g., or the bottom of a page). Theodore Roethke, arguably, called poetry "the long journey out of the self": when we lived in England, in Oxford, I went downtown on our first day in town and, seeking the comfort of a familiar location, if a literary one, in a strange land, picked up the Faber & Faber edition of his *Collected*, and flipped it open randomly and came to that line, my eye lighting on it as they say. This is anecdote, a story on me and my reading my situation. I have, I warned Soren Larsen when we began this, a poet's solipsism. But I'll go on and say that such journeys exist in some complex relation—more and less than kinship—to the idea of directions. They—directions—both contradict and incorporate. Roethke goes on:

> In the long journey out of the self,
> There are many detours, washed-out interrupted
> raw places
> Where the shale slides dangerously
> And the back wheels hang almost over the edge
> At the sudden veering, the moment of turning.
> — Or the path narrowing,

Winding upward toward the stream with its
sharp stones,
The upland of alder and birchtrees,
Through the swamp alive with quicksand,
The way blocked at last by a fallen fir-tree,
The thickets darkening,
The ravines ugly.

The locations are metaphoric but this is the *territory* of directions—which way and what'll happen there. "[T]he moment of turning" is a tad more obvious now than it was forty years ago but there's always much that's awkwardly over the top in a big work and this is from Roethke's last book, the one no one memorizes. Important is that "interrupted" and that the way, finally, gets blocked by something *in the way.* This happens and this is the example of how directions contradict the grander sense of conventional direction, of proceeding unfailingly toward something as it were, be that something Nirvana or "merely" Kansas City and the crazy little women there. Outward's necessarily not a vector but the paltry reference to starting point which may or not be forgotten— "forget you," black children curse—or jettisoned on the journey, though it certainly enough informed the origin.

Incorporating directions into a journey, even a conventional one, is obvious: they can clarify and "flesh out" what's already on the map—they're the "local color" details that can reassure the traveler about the relation of the typically yellow Magic Marker'd-in route on a paper map festooned with advertising given one by one's hotel in a strange city. I suppose I find contradiction—the trouble one can get into in the city by accepting and following directions from strangers on the street—to be more interesting. But in thinking about any journey one must obviously consider the source—what's being departed from or, in the vernacular, what's the subject position of the departee? How far from your own description or designation are you willing to go? Can you transcend it? How do you *throw* yourself at *trying* to transcend it? Another dream of British Columbia: I was driving out from the mountains that are visible from the central part of the province, this in a movie in the dream. I was driving but also I was watching myself on-screen in the theatre in which I was the only patron—a white actor played me, though his skin was darkened for the role. Thus separation—or,

to the point here, the rejection of certainty (not one *or* the other but both)—is my token of the notion of the journey out of the self: the vestiges of the self are certainly maintained and referred to but what's *not* particularly of the self or central to the self is also met and butted up against. Other presences enter the text, diverting it (or at least commenting on its progress).

2.

My Fulbright half year (January through July 1995) in central B.C. has put a bit of a stamp on me. We lived in Prince George, "B.C.'s Northern Capital": the stench of the local pulp mill was understood to be "the smell of money." I was at work on an "experimental biography" of my kinsman John R. Giscome, the 19th Century Jamaican miner and explorer for whom some local geography is named—the name's a specifically West Indian name, Giscome (and/ or Giscombe), and the fact that this West Indian (i.e., non-white) name is affixed to water and rocks and a *way*—a portage trail—in northern Canada (a region "settled" by and named by whites) brings up interesting problems in terms of ownership and the sexual/ gendered metaphor for ownership, paternity. These are matters I've taken up, in writing, elsewhere. Enduring alongside the written is the years-long association and friendship with the Prince George poet, Barry McKinnon, and a relation partly and unexpectedly through him to the landscape there. From the Fulbright application:

> Indeed, the public space in which [John R. Giscome] has best survived is the area of geographical description. Which brings me to Barry McKinnon's description of British Columbia in the volume of *Open Letter* he edited on "B.C. Poets & Print": "In British Columbia, like no other part of Canada, there is an overwhelming sense of finally reaching where you are, happily or not. But the end of the line, so to speak, can be a place to begin. The next stop, beyond the big surf of Vancouver Island, is Japan. The wall of the Rockies to the east is behind you. To the north is the endless bush."

In February of this year—2001—Barry McKinnon and I did a public correspondence, a series of statements and responses for Louis Cabri's "Phillytalks" series at the University of Pennsylvania. From one of my later statements:

> My having moved three times as an adult has necessitated a peculiar kind of nomad sensibilty for me, one that's "helped" in my notion of

> borders as things to 2nd guess. Check out Pierre Joris's Nomad Manifesto; he quotes Maurice Blanchot—"Nomadism answers to a relation that possession cannot satisfy." Anyway that's part of the burden that the last 30 years has placed on me; Barry's 30 years in Prince George have put a different weight on his back—though he's a fan of Joris as well.

(By "having moved" I meant, here, that I "moved house" as people say in Britain. But more than that: I left locations to which I had oriented myself and in which, in any number of ways, I'd become invested, and I set up in Ithaca, New York, Bloomington, Illinois, and—most recently—State College, Pennsylvania, three very new places. I've *moved* much more than these "three times as an adult," a continuing practice to which I owe, I reckon, my survival.) Just below's a statement from Barry, partially in response to mine above, or taking it further:

> [P]lace becomes for me the perception of that moment when my eye sees an instant and then sees thru it/ knows it; the poem moves at it, in it, becomes both it and not it. *this written instant is of all the world unmapped, immediate and excitingly incomprehensible,* (now there and visible for "gradual awareness") and by that fact more real in its assertion than the lower-order uses of language that manipulate to create static, noise & stasis. in these manipulated claims of the "real world" by those obsessed with power, the dramatic premise is that once a thing ceases to move it is easier to kill....

I've added the emphasis. I went to British Columbia in 1991, 1995, and 1999 with the intention of making something comprehensible—*coherent* in some sense—out of the fact of John R. Giscome's life and travels and (though I have "produced" two books and some other items that do refer to that fact) I failed each time. And each time I encountered the geography— "the endless bush" and, later, the streets of Victoria, which have maintained their names and arrangement since Giscome died of old age on one of them, Fort Street, in 1907. The bush can be mapped but it's still the bush: the jungle takes back and my travels led me—as Steve McCaffery says—north of intention, if intention is that desire to triumph over both my own incoherence and the "impossibility" of pan-African history mated to Canadian landscape. I bogged down in the material and lost my way. I'll reject the idea of poetics as being a map through the wild and side with Barry McKinnon's long understanding—including his resistance to the determinate/ indeterminate binary—of "a/ the world *un*mapped"; I've added the italics again because that's

what we do, we unmap, we try to break the static order down. (Or, Allen Ginsberg: "Form is what happens." In B.C. the geography happens.)

Barry says the thing he and I have in common is perhaps "a clear sense of these margins, bounds and conditions and that we are neither black nor white (but a multiple of complex human activity which may include these designations)—while in the heart and moment of the process of seeing and writing, terrified or not, in this necessary disappearance of the preconceived." I think what we share may be more a cognizance of and respect for directionlessness, which is *not* to say aimlessness but which found statement once in Olson's description of Barry McKinnon and my mutual friend Robert Creeley, "the figure of outward."

And sometimes your designation will catch up with you on the road. I mean that I have to say that travel has always been a trouble for black Americans: I mean that emphatically and there's no qualification called for in regard to either "travel" or "always." A woman I met in San Francisco recently told me how little she liked *Invisible Man*, how much she rejected its metaphoric title because, "Wherever I go, you know, they *see* me." (This at the "Expanding the Repertoire" symposium at New College—"difficult" black writers including Will Alexander, Wanda Coleman, myself, Erica Hunt, Nathaniel Mackey, Mark McMorris, Harryette Mullen, Julie Patton, and Lorenzo Thomas. We talked at microphones. I don't know the name of the woman I met who didn't care for Ralph Ellison, she was in the audience, but I think Ellison would have liked her—I was yammering about metaphysics, the peril of anthologization, and the construction of identity in *Invisible Man* when she jumped up and decked my erudition, knocked my cute little Ivy League self colder than a well-digger's posterior.) My mother still makes us sandwiches when we're getting ready to leave the Giscombe home-place in Ohio and return to this house in Pennsy, "so you won't have to stop on the road." A few years ago, my daughter and I did drive from central British Columbia to New York State, a real trip as opposed to the cinematic drive I dreamed long ago, one bearing no real resemblance to the other. We stopped in Seattle to visit friends but then made a point of swinging *back* up into Canada for the trip across the west, this specifically to avoid Montana and its cowboys and Aryans. We dropped down, finally, into North Dakota where we heeded the

directions of local informants to a place called the OK Motel in a town called Steele and there entered a *night* of trouble: much screaming, the local police, and finally a midnight flight over the high plains, down deserted I-94. Madeline was nine and quite brave and I was glad that I was there to talk to her about this first real encounter in her life with wild-eyed racism. We dodged Montana all right but they sure caught up with us in Steele. The directions we got in Bismarck changed the focus of our trip (getting from Prince George to Ithaca) into something else. Six years later it's a set piece, a "funny" family story she and I tell; I'll not tell it here.

3.

Vernacular's from the Latin, *vernaculus*, "belonging to home-born slaves," and differs necessarily from the High-Church (the literary, e.g., or the Latin nomenclature); and vernacular's site-specific, peculiar to the practice or the place. Vernacular geography then is improvised *local* talk that engages that outward (and that coincides or can with the tame dog of conventional travel as well). But I want to focus on the vernacular here—in the often unexpected situation of giving directions—as being a literal gift, a literal act or process of *giving*. Directions is a gift that slaves—property themselves—can give. This is conversation, vernacular speech, about geography and it differs importantly from commerce in geography, the industry in maps. I buy the Rand McNally Road Atlas at the local Barnes & Noble (State College's only bookstore) and I buy the USGS topo maps at Appalachian Mountain Outfitters on College Avenue; I buy maps of individual states and provinces at gas stations. You can get free maps of counties or pieces of counties from real estate offices but they give these out as part of their larger, big ticket business of selling houses and acreage. Mapquest, the Internet service, provides both maps and blow-by-blow descriptions of the most direct route from one address to another—but Mapquest's website will link you to ways to spend your money at Denny's restaurants and the Fairfield Inn motel chain and the site, useful as it is, is supported by subscriptions from corporations. We—those of us with Internet connections—get to use it as a collateral benefit of that primary relationship, the one based on the give and take of money. Directions-as-gift contains no option for

reciprocity and, of course, no twofold or threefold gain for the giver, which is the way of business, being instead neither product nor service (as was always the first question on the old "What's My Line?" game show) but a dance done by an amateur, an improvisation full of gesture and mimed strutting, an evocation of intersecting ways unseen. Directions are a gift but not an occasion for gift exchange (as is said of Christmas and office parties): you ask for them and I give them with the expectation of nothing in return, this also a kind of outwardness. (Or almost nothing—the receiver of the gift will usually restate it, changing the literal sound some, a kind of call and response, an improvisation for two voices. "Mah tongue in mah frien's mouf," wrote Zora Neale Hurston.) There is a base usefulness to the gift: it enables you to get from Natchez to Mobile or Memphis to St. Joe but then it gets personal, specific or peculiar to both the giver and the receiver, as the best gifts are. When I was on a cycling trip in the mid-1980s I stopped in Altamont, New York, to ask about how to get to Quaker Street; a woman directed me to "turn left when you get to a big, stinky farm—my farm!" And last year I took my students to New York, to the Nuyorican Poets' Cafe in Alphabet City or, I should say, we all went together. Mapquest got us good and lost in our Penn State van in northern New Jersey—we crept through streets and neighborhoods that looked nothing like the lay of the land around State College and the population on the sidewalks was much darker than the one we see sauntering down College Avenue and much less clean-cut than the boys visible through the big windows at the new Hooters. We stared at the Mapquest printout and we stared at the Rand McNally Road Atlas and finally we pulled up to a convenience store to ask how to find Hoboken. I asked Kate W— to accompany me so we could both hear the directions but she said no, that New York (and implicitly north Jersey) was full of scary people. Serious. Kate, bold disassembler of male textual nonsense? Kate, the fiercely smart poetic voyager? Blue-eyed Kate from western Pennsylvania. I pulled her in with me and the big woman at the cash register said turn *here* and *here* and *here* to Hoboken, calling Kate "Honey" twenty times, probably more.

That's conventional travel, that story with its sweet, pretty end. But within it's the *articulation* that I'd always be touching the cloth of. The ambiguity light is *on*, articulation being the talking *gift* and the *talking* gift *and* the breakdown as well into

description of navigation and landscape, both. All. I asked Kate to come in with me because I'm very bad at remembering directions when I hear them. Similarly, I cannot recall the moves in "Flamenco Sketches" or lines from the poems in Ken Irby's *Call Steps*—the most active, most alive things are often beyond the Giscombe powers of recall.

We were going to the Nuyorican (or in the short run to Hoboken to park the van in one of the famous Hoboken parking structures and then take a PATH train into the city) but directions on a wide trip, one with no destination or an arbitrary destination, are interesting because they have the potential to change the trip, to give it a new theme or a new line of development. I said above that such directions will *contradict* a journey—perhaps *divert* is a better word and perhaps *complicate* is best. (The order here's the order of thought.) Heeding such directions makes the traveler aware of happenstance: someone else's agenda—the comparison to a band jamming is obvious—is allowed into his journey and the journey will incorporate that (or fail to after trying it out for a bit). Heeding such directions accentuates the tenuous connection that life has to the map; they prevent you from seeming to triumph over the incoherence of the grand trip—they're a paper order (like a paper tiger) and because of that they focus your view half on the chaos. I met a Lawrence, Kansas, man last summer, Ted Fleming; he and I are both bicycle commuters and he said over dinner at the Free State that bicycle lanes sucker you into thinking that you're safe. You better keep your eye on the road.

4.

"A nomadic poetics needs mindfulness," wrote Pierre Joris. Nomadism's handmaiden is certainly directions—if it "answers to a relation that possession cannot satisfy" (and it does) then the statement and re-statement of directions is the *talk* of that relation. By "talk of that relation" I don't mean reference to it, I mean the relation speaking. What Mackey said: "Poetic language is language owning up to being an orphan to its tenuous kinship with the things it ostensibly refers to." It's in the process of owning up to the articulated relation then, *that's* when the language gets poetic. You can go this way, Kate honey, but you don't have to. Directions is the open *set* of relation, more or less

infinite in its implications. And item 3 from Joris's Manifesto: "language others itself always again -> nomadic writing is always 'the practice of outside'; writing as nomadic practice—on the move from one other to another other." To re-state Olson, nothing's more banal than getting from one location to another.

And Barry McKinnon, in conversation in Cottonwood Park in Prince George: "When you're here you're nothing."

So I'm interested in how the spoken fact of directions creates a bridge—even a "wrong" or "impossible" one, an incoherent one—between a nothing here and somewhere else that's different, an other, a not-here. A jazzy map has its missteps in it—part of the map of the text—and these get transformed by the travelers' restatement of them both as words at first and then as literal actions across a field: I'll play it, a little tentatively, and then you can play it back, this versus Frank Sinatra's boast of having done it or had it "My Way," the orchestra swelling behind the last line.

Imagination? It's possible and tempting to talk about the clever and unusual ways different populations have of measuring and stating, of describing landscape. I've heard some and more have been suggested to me. But I'm less interested in local verbal custom and the necessary relation that has to product (the barter in imaginative quaint speech) than I am in the actual process or practice of making a tenuous and demanding *way* appear in the air—such a way's made awkwardly out of references and body language, out of speech. In such directions much swirls.

On the California Zephyr, two days out of San Francisco/ Emeryville heading east, the woman walking through the coach in a caravan of women and children saying, "I done learned this train like it's my house; I be telling people 'not that way'..." Black and white women and children—the group having formed as the train crept toward Chicago, the group free of men. Novels by black men tend to be about white people and novels by black women tend to be about black people. The "not that way" comment's not symbolism's clang but token of the references to the world of the train (this world/ this train), that and the commitment to the multiple, even as—or especially as—the multiple becomes chaotic. (This of course being one of the points of *Invisible Man*, to be able to live with one's head "in the lion's mouth"; another is the novel's commitment to the transformative nature—or *power*—of speech.)

My current big prose project is called, for now, "The Traveling Public," the book-in-progress about trains and train travel and all the metaphor that goes with all that. I'm interested in the relation of poetry, railroads and geography—elsewhere in Barry McKinnon and my "Phillytalks" exchange I wrote: "A fondness for railroads? Well, the world's geography; I mean geography's irreducible in the world, a fact, opaque. Railroads describe it." This is not directions and the gift of directions, this is something here a little bit beyond it or behind it. Traveling between central Pennsylvania and California one changes trains in Chicago and the layover's long so you can range over downtown and through the Loop and still get back to Union Station in plenty of time. The vision I had was when I was going to go in through the wrong entrance for Amtrak, the one on Madison Street that only leads to some Metra platforms, to just those commuter trains—it's all business down there, just the blunt rears of the fluted steel double-decker cars and they're grimy-dirty and present, as well are the railroad smells of diesel fuel and human piss and mysterious grease. I realized my mistake halfway down the stairs—that this was not a way into beautifully refurbished Union Station with its Art-Deco lettering and its marble, its skylights. Realized my mistake but saw that I was looking at articulation itself, the unpretty but very movable warning-striped back ends of those cars. Thought more or less immediately of the beginning of Nathaniel Mackey's "Ghede Poem":

> They call me Ghede. The butts
> of "angels" brush my lips.
>
> The soiled asses of "angels"
> touch my lips, I
> kiss the gap of their having
> gone.....

Ghede, the loa at the doorway, the figure of death and eros at once; and Kamau Brathwaite describes Xango or Shango thus—"Pan African god of thunder, lightning, electricity and its energy, sound systems, the locomotive engine and its music..." But that's the Islands and the Giscombes left there last century for this and to ride these trains here, not to be ridden but to observe and comment on the ways toward elsewhere. To deal with the rocky road, to scheme on the favor of what's in the way. But on those

stairs in Chicago, "player with railroads," what was shown to me was how some of that distance is stated—here I mean the literal *difference* between Chicago and Berwyn or Chicago and Naperville or Chicago and Winnetka, the same kind of difference they talk about in *math*. This was the navigation I was looking at, this was navigation's body. All those stations are lovely—American cathedrals to the idea of travel, goes the usual idea about train depots—but the travel itself is that fluted steel, that piss smell.

I'm fifty years old and mail finds me in State College, PA 16803. When I was in my twenties I published a poem about a dream

> in which the train
> might stop
> between any two places
>
> though always high
> on a high bridge
> over the miami river

and how the train stopping was like the dreamer being asleep. The Miami's the river that flows through my childhood home, Dayton, Ohio. The poem was meant to be an apostrophe, a nod to home's geography or a nod to home configured as geography, and strikes me now as sentimental at best. But it reminds me of another funny family story, one my mother's father told me in 1978, the last time we spoke. It's unrelated to the poem except by location. It's that he was en route to visit us in Dayton, coming up from Cincinnati along old US 25 along the river, this in 1956 or 1957. He said, "I came around a curve down by Miamisburg and you know what I saw?" What, Grandad? "I saw about a hundred of those triple-K boys in a field, fiery cross and everything. You know what I did?" What did you do, Grandad? "I kept right on driving!" Laughter, laughter, laughter.

Music at the close: I came, on Amtrak, from central PA to Kansas City where Soren Larsen picked me up. Just like in the song that Wilbert Harrison sang:

> Might take a train,
> might take a plane
> but if I have to walk
> I'm gonna get there just the same:

I'm going to Kansas City,
Kansas City, here I come.

The song shifts at some uncontestable yet nearly invisible point on the way: the singer turns from the set of his home companions (including, implicitly, "that woman," of whom—should he stay with her—he will die) and addresses the chaos and opportunity of K.C., this by addressing the city itself. I'm no longer going to Kansas City but coming. The shift's the articulation, the shift's the way.

Soren Larsen

The Ferry and the Mill: Imagining Regional Identity in Southside, a Rural Region of Northern British Columbia

Introduction

In 1966, the novelist Edward Hoagland traveled into the northern interior of British Columbia, following the Stikine River from Wrangell, Alaska, across the Coast Range to the remote settlements of Telegraph Creek and Eddontenajon. His travelogue, *Notes From the Century Before* (1982), captures a sense of the place in a long narrative of images, reflections, and anecdotes. He wrote of old Indians who had made homes out of abandoned missionary churches with missing doors; of prospectors who traversed hundreds of miles in desperate search of fur or gold; of young families recently from cities who eked out livings in spruce-plank A-frame houses along the banks of tumbling rivers. His account is imaginative and wild, enlivened by the tall stories and anecdotes of the settlers themselves.

What Hoagland had entered in 1966 is what geographers call a cultural island. According to historical geographer R. Cole Harris, such islands were the basis of early regional identity in Canada. They were places largely disconnected, at least for a time, from the corridors of modern connectivity, and together they formed an archipelago of relatively isolated societies across Canada. Harris (1987: 541) wrote that from "island vantage points, outlooks have been bounded, local feelings intense, and ignorance of outside circumstances considerable." And although they were a part of the overarching colonization of the province, it is the case that wholly unique societies developed in these islands, each one based on local particulars of labor, migration, and environment. The colonial history of British Columbia is that of a government struggling to overcome vast expanses and a tumbling topography, and it was the elimination of that geo-

graphical distance that catalyzed the province's modernization during the twentieth century. Again, Harris: "But over and against this island Canada are the power, spatial range, and integrating capacity of modern technology [and] a transcontinental political territory that survived far longer than [Elisee] Reclus thought it would..." (ibid.).

When the novelist Hoagland returned to the Stikine two years later in 1968, he witnessed this coming of modernity and the spatial integration it entailed. The wild and rich "century before" passed into the modern present when the region was integrated into the Canadian market:

> I went back again and found the circle of wilderness taking a terrific pasting. The damming and flooding, the logging and road-building, the hundred helicopter bases were leaching it from every angle. Though it was still good ground for a novelist, an alarming number of the old-timers had been dispatched to hospitals, and my memory of this later summer is a cacophony of get-rich schemes, of white-Indian disparagement and conflict, and Californians immigrating and buying up the homesteads, buying whole chunks of valleys, even to the trading posts and weather stations. There is a frank new air of rapine (1982: 14–15).

Hoagland's sharp delineation between the "century before" and modernity in northern British Columbia is more poetically effective than it is historically accurate. Modernization had been unfolding for some time there under the guise of colonialism, and everywhere in the province the transition was gradual rather than stark. But it is true that, during the course of the twentieth century, formerly remote regions of the north found themselves swept into the powerful currents and networks of modernization. Hoagland's distressing observation was that as the cultural islands of British Columbia's archipelago were pulled into an overarching economic and political infrastructure, their senses of place were destabilized and weakened. Integration entailed unemployment, conflict, and alienation among residents of rural areas. Powerful outside interests patrolled over regional affairs and altered the environs to suit their needs. Northern communities came to share a resentment of urban power and arrogance, a distaste reserved not only for the lower mainland and Vancouver but also for more moderately sized regional metropolises. The transition noted by Hoagland is known more generally as the "modern moment," a supposed break in time between the pre-modern past and the modern present that is believed to lead

to a progressively rational future championed by some and detested by others. In recent years, geographers and other writers have been vocal critics of modernity. Many writers have argued, for instance, that the modern moment undercut the meaning of place and diluted our emotive relationships with the environs (see Relph 1976; Entrikin 1991; Lefebvre 1991; Casey 1996).

Modernity is a complex and much debated topic, but in its broadest sense it is the social organization of power and economic exchange that eventually privileged the West over the rest of the world. It began in the sixteenth century as an expanding political and economic network based on market exchange centered in Western Europe (Wallerstein 1974). Through the various academic, artistic, and political projects of subsequent eras, modernity issued forth in a form of consciousness founded on the rational logic of binary oppositions, an obsession with progress and the future, a fixation with the visual, and the unequal distribution of power inherent the production of meaning (see Harris 1997; Harraway 1991; Habermas 1983, 1987; Appadurai 1996). Modernity accelerated during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The West's colonial resettlement and imperial domination of the globe at the time entailed states with great facilities for the surveillance and administration of the populace. Capitalist industrialization and expansion likewise demanded from those states expansive and intrusive networks of communication and transportation. These networks compressed space and time, enabling the state itself to disseminate its power through integrated channels of violence and control (Harvey 1989). At modernity's core, then, is a geography of power that spread across the world to envelope nearly every society on earth. This has certainly been the case in British Columbia, where what Harris (1997) once called the government's "struggle with distance" has entailed the dispersal of power through spatial integration: trains, barges, roads, flows of resources. In short, the modern struggle has hinged on the bridging of the peripheral rural islands to the powerful urban core around Vancouver.

The Collective Imagination in Southside

For the past four years, I have been studying how sense of place has persevered amid modernization in a rural region in northern BC known as the Southside. It is a rural area of about 2,000 in-

habitants in which logging and ranching dominate, but its economic activities are tied to the regional metropolis, Burns Lake, a town of 1,800 people where the seat of municipal government and several internationally owned lumber mills are located. Southside is home to a diverse bunch of people, including the native Cheslatta T'en (a group of Carrier people who speak a northern Athapaskan language); the predominately British and German settlers who arrived as early as 1904; the Mennonites who relocated there on the crest of the second World War; and more recent immigrants from the American West. The region is immediately unique from a geographical point of view in that it is separated from the provincial infrastructure by the 100-kilometer long and three-kilometer wide Francois Lake. Although there is a rough old logging road that brings you there in three or four hours, most people take the toll-free ferry, known as the *Omineca Princess*, for a twenty minute ride across the lake. The region's name—the Southside—immediately suggests its disadvantageous geographical location: it is named in relation to the powerful north side and the regional metropolis of Burns Lake. What I came to discover through my ethnographic research on the south side was that modernization has not quashed such local attachments, as Hoagland feared, but has instead catalyzed a distinctly modern sense of place. And the overriding dynamic in that sense of place is the collective imagination. By the collective imagination, I mean the social process of rendering the environs meaningful by transforming them—into works, products, plans, relationships, symbols and indeed, lives.

Here's the essence of my argument. As Southside and the rest of the provincial north modernized, local communities and their imaginative transformations were, as I'll talk about briefly, threatened and in some cases completely debilitated by outsider activities and visions of development. Nevertheless, the residents of Southside maintained powerful connections with the region; many came to possess well-developed feelings of what Yi-Fu Tuan (1990) called topophilia, that is, a love of one's surroundings. The sensing of place, after all, is a basic human and cultural activity that does not stop in the modern era. Southsiders have found themselves connected to the environs and at the same time alienated from them by outside (typically urban and corporate) forces. And it was this geographical context, one that fully appeared by the mid-1970s, that Southsiders began to sig-

nify during the course of everyday life. Their collective imaginings developed in both an ideological and utopian direction. As Denis Cosgrove has noted, ideology and utopia are basic components in any social imaginary, and Southside is no exception to this. On the ideological side, residents have transformed features on the landscape into markers of community belonging. These markers include the Tweedsmuir Mountains, aspects of the built environment, and, most importantly, the ferry that crosses Francois Lake, the *Omineca Princess*. The ferry itself is a profoundly ambiguous symbol because in addition to being a marker of insidedness, it is, in fact, *the* emblem of modernization and the power of outsiders. It has connected Southside to the rest of the world, carrying raw resources out and tourists in. But residents have imagined the ferry to be their marker of isolation and independence from that outside world. The ferry, then, exemplifies a basic ambiguity of distance at work in regional ideology. Residents have imagined their region to be disconnected from the world and have taken pride in the isolation generated by the ferry. All of this despite their obvious and inevitable position in a corridor of modern connectivity that draws wood, natural power, and other resources from the region. As the centerpiece of Southside's ideological imagination, the ferry both confirms *and* exaggerates the distances that have been compressed by modernity. The ferry, in other words, defines the geographical boundaries of the self against the other.

Imagination's other direction in Southside has been oriented to the future. Residents have collectively imagined ways out of the predicaments of their modern core-periphery relationship. This utopian imagination opens vision to the future by promoting *local* transformations of society and the environment; it is therefore an active political force in regional social and environmental change. In Southside, utopian visions include the new joint-venture sawmill and community health center, both of which have already begun to rework regional society and landscapes. In enacting utopian visions, residents have empowered themselves politically to appropriate the environs—to render them meaningful through transformation—and thereby constitute a sense of place. In the process, modernity's tendency towards abstract, homogenized landscapes—the very fear expressed by Ed Hoagland and other critics—is reworked through grassroots political efforts that promote more equitable rela-

tionships with the state and private corporations. Through these politics, regional variation and local distinctiveness are reborn in a modern setting.

I would like to review this same general argument by telling the story of how Southsiders have found meaning during the course of their region's modernization, and how their sense of place is part and parcel of that modernization. Before I continue, though, I should note that the Southside identity is only the most prominent regional discourse among several others. More accurately, it is what Raymond Williams (1977) might call a "structure of feeling," a social field of collective experience, memory, and emotion derived from the tension between local lived experience and the symbolic forms, expectations, and power of the dominant culture. But other less prominent fields of identity exist in Southside, including those sustained by indigenous and Mennonite social groups. However, it is precisely because Southside identity stems from a commonly experienced tension of connection versus alienation that it has circulated among natives, Eurocanadians, Mennonites, and others to become a most active force in local social and political relations.

Modernity itself was a catalyst for Southside's collective sense of place in that it has threatened and at times weakened or debilitated the imagination, that is, the ability of residents to appropriate and transform their environs. Moreover, this sense of alienation has cut across ethnic lines to affect all inhabitants of the region. This joint alienation was evident early on in the first major modernization project in the area, the Kemano Hydroelectric Dam and Reservoir. In the late 1940s, the provincial government of BC formally invited the Aluminum Company of Canada (Alcan) to construct a hydroelectric dam and aluminum smelting plant somewhere in the north. This partnership later became a cornerstone of the policy that long-term Social Credit Party premier W. C. Bennett called "Opening Up the North." The government rewrote provincial law in 1949 by passing the Industrial Act to give Alcan water rights to the Nanika and Nechako River watersheds. The aluminum company eventually settled on the latter one, and instantly began building the Kenny Dam on the Nechako River. The company acted so quickly, in fact, that the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) had not been given enough time to complete a study of the impact of the dam on the Fraser River salmon fishery (see Christensen

1995). The DFO concluded that the company needed to build a spillway to replenish the desiccated Nechako and Fraser Rivers during dry periods and seasonal salmon runs. Alcan decided that the only option was to convert Cheslatta Lake—the home of the Cheslatta people—into a spillway that connected the reservoir with the Nechako River some three kilometers below the dam. The water levels in Cheslatta Lake would from that point on be in seasonal flux of some thirty feet, which meant that the Cheslatta themselves would have to vacate the area. The Department of Indian Affairs (DIA) immediately informed the Cheslatta of their impending relocation, but did not assist them in the move itself. Only when the water began to flood their lakeshore villages did the group relocate.

Some twenty kilometers away, a similar process was unfolding on the shores of Ootsa Lake, which Alcan was converting into the Nechako Reservoir. Some seventy homesteads were to be flooded as part of the project, which forced hundreds of residents from their homes. The European settlers and the Cheslatta vehemently resented the outsider incursion into local affairs. In fact, Cyril Shelford, a local resident and future Member of the Legislative Assembly (MLA), attempted to form a joint Cheslatta-settler protest group, only to have his plans thwarted by DIA representatives who argued that the natives were wards of the federal government. Although a few European families managed to remain and rebuild near the reservoir, most of them moved, like the Cheslatta, to the area around the village of Grassy Plains in the heart of Southside. The dam and reservoir disrupted local productive activity and converted local resources into electricity for the powerful. By contributing to unemployment, social disorder, and a substantial out-migration, the dam and reservoir disrupted the transformative process of the social imagination. In making Southside a resource hinterland, outsiders had alienated local residents from the symbolic and material appropriation of the environment. They therefore brought many local residents together in a commonly perceived sense of estrangement and outsider invasion.

A similar alienation occurred when the provincial timber industry modernized and expanded into the Southside. During the interwar period, settlers began to harvest what were called limits—small sections of timber—with portable, diesel-powered donkey sawmills. Some one hundred mills went into operation,

producing rough-cut lumber and railroad ties. Each one required a labor force of ten to twelve men. What is interesting here is that because of the large crew size and sparse regional population a labor shortage was ever present, and mill owners began recruiting native Cheslatta men to work on their crews. After several years, some of these native men accrued the cash and social connections needed to purchase their own mills. And after 1952, the Cheslatta relocated—albeit against their will—into the heart of the lumber producing region. Since the DIA left them on their own, Cheslatta families bought or rented eleven separate parcels of private property formerly owned by white settlers. These parcels were scattered far across the region, and only a decade later were they conferred reserve status. So, unlike most of the rest of northern BC where natives and whites exist in spatial and social segregation, the natives in Southside worked with and lived among the whites on pieces of land that continued to possess, in vernacular thought, the qualities of private property instead of collective government reserve.

During the 1960s, the provincial government began to entice multinational timber companies to its northern forests with unique incentives: cheap economic rent on timber (called "stumpage"), virtually unlimited access to Crown (publicly owned) land, and financial subsidies accruing from the construction of the logging infrastructure, especially roads. Eurocan, a Finnish corporation, was the first non-local company to harvest wood in Southside, setting up a mill at Andrew's Bay on Ootsa Lake in 1968. The company discovered that the existing ferry, which could accommodate only flatbed pickup trucks, was unable to handle the volume of timber produced by its operations.

By the 1970s, other large timber companies began to harvest wood in northern BC as southern and coastal forests became increasingly depleted. Vast tracts of timber lay in Southside, but the accessibility problem presented by Francois Lake increased the cost of production by tacking on additional transportation expenses. These companies petitioned the provincial government for a large ferry to expedite the shipment of raw logs out of the region for processing in company mills elsewhere in the province. Recognizing the potential value of Southside's immense spruce and pine forests, the government responded to these demands in 1976 by putting the *Omineca Princess* into the lake, which replaced the earlier antiquated ferry that could only

carry 16 cars. The new ferry provided enough room and engine power for either five fully loaded tandem-axle logging trucks or 64 passenger vehicles. The ferry also offered expanded service, operating every hour of the day except from one to four in the morning.

With the new ferry service, timber corporations began bidding on large lease blocks of timber to meet the growing demand of their ever larger and more efficient mills. They capitalized on their access to sophisticated technology, large sources of investment capital, and economies of scale involved in large-scale lumber production. Small mill owners in Southside did not possess the capital or technology to bid competitively against outsider companies when the Ministry of Forests put logging blocks up for sale. Over a period of two decades, the small mills shut down. In the 1950s, an estimated 103 mills operated in the area employing about 800 people; by the early 1990s, only *three* such mills remained in production employing a total of *nine* people. Owners and employees alike looked for work in the larger mills of the area (all of which lay across the lake) or tried to make ends meet by ranching, trapping, and hunting. Unemployment soared and most local business shut down, leaving only two general stores and one school for the large region. A large proportion of the population left the area to live elsewhere, usually in Burns Lake or other towns along the Yellowhead Highway. This was the modern moment identified by Ed Hoagland elsewhere in the province's north.

The arrival of modernity in the province's north generated a completely new geographical context for all of Southside's residents. An expanding transportation infrastructure compressed formerly significant distances and enabled international companies to exploit the region. On behalf of these international resource firms, the provincial government undermined local authority over the land. Signs of outsider power—clear-cut blocks, hydroelectric dams, new logging roads—appeared everywhere on Southside's landscape. Many residents moved out to regional cities because they could not find work. Other residents moved in, and they soon established themselves and came to experience the dominance of outsiders in local affairs. These immigrants included Americans who themselves had been displaced by the consolidation of the agricultural industries in the American West; Germans looking to return to a rural lifestyle lost in their

home country; and a minor influx of draft-dodgers and back-to-the-land immigrants, most of whom were former city dwellers with a distaste for government and a fondness for assorted environmentalist causes. Southside became a region where relocated Indians rubbed elbows with the descendents of the European pioneers and American ranchers and draft-dodgers. What all of these groups shared was a sense of alienation—the loss of control over the region through their inability to work and manage the land—which itself was a necessary result of the region's conversion into a modern resource hinterland.

All of these residents, regardless of ethnicity or length of residence, also maintained powerful fields of care, a term that designates the ways human beings symbolically appropriate the environs and thereby find meaning in them. I have over the years had the opportunity to talk to almost two hundred residents, and most express a profound and sometimes topophilial connection with the region. Some reflected emotionally on their immigration to the region. Vicki Hill, a cattle rancher with raven black hair and dark eyes, told me a story of a turbulent childhood and her perennially separated family that culminated in a move from her birthplace of Idaho to the Southside, after which time the entire family reunited and began to rebuild their lives on the ranch she now owns and operates. Others pointed to markers of their transformation of the landscape as evidence of their connection. Hoyt Burt, eighty years old and the son of English immigrants who came to the area in the early 1900s, underscored his sense of attachment by identifying the fences he built, the forests he cut, and the adventures he'd had as a trapper in the area. Anne Troy, a Cheslatta woman who was just a girl when the group relocated from their lake to Grassy Plains, referred to the small Catholic church that now sits on a hill outside the town. It was the central meeting place in the old Cheslatta village before 1952; in the 1970s, the Cheslatta moved it to the Southside. With the grave houses of the elders flanking the building, the church serves as a constant reminder of a former life and a social rebirth in a new region.

The Ferry As Ideological Imagining

The previous examples constitute individual imaginings, individual expressions and symbols of connection. I want to focus

briefly on two collective symbols in the social imaginary: the ferry and the mill. As I mentioned earlier, the Southside's collective imagination has gone in two directions during the course of modernization, an ideological path in which symbols such as the ferry embody the tension between lived connection and outsider exploitation, and a utopian trajectory that seeks to transform the relations of modernity itself through projects such as the new sawmill. The ferry is the most powerful and ambiguous symbol in Southside's social imaginary. It is *the* icon of modernization, but Southsiders have imaginatively transformed it into the symbol of their isolation and independence from the outside world. The ferry is a product of the ideological imagination, the realm of meanings that defines insider status by appealing to common social identities and practices. Simply put, an insider is anyone who lives on the south side of the lake, on *this* side of the ferry. To be a Southsider, in other words, means to experience the frustrations and pleasures of the ferry. On the level of social practice, the ferry is a meeting place where residents can demonstrate their insidedness to each other and to outsiders. Once the ferry has left the Southside landing as it does nearly every hour on the hour, residents leave their vehicles and congregate in small groups to discuss local happenings and current affairs. Outsiders—tourists, non-local logging truck drivers, and provincial officials—typically stay in their vehicles or retreat to the observation deck. It is therefore easy to identify most outsiders from insiders. When I first crossed the ferry to begin my research in Southside, for instance, I was an outsider among strangers: groups of local ranchers, loggers, and natives talked and joked with one another while I found a small corner where I could remain unnoticed as I gazed across the lake. By the end of my third year in the region, I looked forward to the ferry ride as a time to meet friends and discuss upcoming events. On many occasions, I drove onto the ferry alone but immediately was beckoned by some group of Southsiders to join them. The experience of riding the ferry became one of inclusiveness; I had become, at least tentatively and temporarily, an insider through my repeated use of the ferry.

On a conceptual level, Southsiders use the ferry to define the geographical boundaries between insider and outsider, and to emphasize the distance between the two. The issue of distance is significant because modernization in BC has entailed diminish-

ing distances by forging economic connections. As I mentioned earlier, historical geographer R. Cole Harris once wrote about the province's "struggle with distance," illustrating the geographical effects of the government's monumental task to compress distances into a workable infrastructure. Southsiders, by contrast, have imaginatively made a chasm out of a lake only three kilometers wide. They underscore their sense of insidedness by pointing out how the ferry keeps them isolated from the rest of the province. There are, for instance, no offices of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on the south side of the lake, which imbues the region with a sense of independence and even lawlessness. Residents often cite their ability to drive vehicles without insurance as an indication of the level of freedom on the south side.

Merle Hewitt, now a retiree who moved to Southside from Oregon in 1961, specifically highlighted the role of the ferry in creating this isolation. When I asked him about the defining characteristic of Southside, he replied: "Isolation, and that's because of the ferry." For Hewitt, the ferry presents an "accessibility problem" to outsiders, which has discouraged summer homes, rampant tourism, and inflated property values—even though all of these exist to some degree in the region. In other words, for Hewitt the ferry has distanced Southside from trends enveloping other rural portions of the province. Other residents affiliate isolation with the ferry. Richie Schmidt, one of the loggers who found himself out of work during the 1980s, once put it this way: "It's only twenty miles to Burns Lake, but because of the ferry it takes 50 minutes—make that an hour—and that's if you hit everything right. That's why people feel semi-isolated here. Everyone has to deal with the ferry." The imagination expands time and distance paradoxically by pointing to the ferry, the very mechanism of compressed time and compressed distances.

The ferry is a deeply ambiguous symbol in the social imaginary, then, because it also signifies outsiders' material exploitation of Southside. For insiders, it represents their lack of control over regional politics and economic production. The international logging companies, they point out, are responsible for the new ferry and all its hassles: the demise of the local mills, the region's economic dependence on the city of Burns Lake, and the prevalence of tourists entering the region, all of which cause reg-

ular overloads and long waits at the landing. This is what is meant by the common phrase, "That ferry runs your life." Because in opening up Southside for outsider exploitation, it did alter the everyday experience of local residents who now dwell in a modern hinterland. By watching who rides the ferry, Southsiders are able to interpret the exploitation of their region by outsiders, as well as the sense of alienation that has entailed.

The ferry's status as an ideological symbol is exemplified by the fact that it tends to promote inaction and inward-looking provincialism. Simply put, the outsiders across the lake—the ones who put the ferry in the lake—are simply too powerful to resist. One afternoon in Keefe's Landing Café, an establishment that sits on a hillside just above the ferry landing, Menno Amendt, a Mennonite logger and rancher, lamented his recent loss of a timber contract to the Babine Mill, one of the non-local corporate operations harvesting in Southside. Amendt's former friend, in fact, had apparently bid against him in an illegal practice known as "surrogate bidding" whereby a corporate mill secretly sponsors an independent logger. Amendt said he had contacted Babine officials weeks earlier and offered his services as an independent contractor, but the company left him "out in the cold." When I asked why people didn't fight the non-local logging companies, he looked at me squarely and replied, "I wouldn't know who to fight or how to get a complaint together. Who are you gonna fight? You'd have to get a community meeting together or something."

Marlene Schmidt, co-owner of Keefe's Café, jumped into the conversation just then: "You know, most of those big city operations are down at Ootsa Lake, but they don't even bring their logs across the ferry anymore." Schmidt pointed out the window at the ferry as it edged up to the landing, implying that non-local companies were hiding their activities from the public space of insiders. Amendt affirmed Schmidt's insinuation by continuing, "It used to be all out in the open. No surrogate bidding, no brother against brother. But it's all secretive now." And yet, despite this fatalism, the ideological imagination offers consolation: half an hour later when the conversation was ending, I asked Amendt what made Southside unique. He responded with more animation than at any time during our talk: "People are more independent here, more independent than any communities you'd find anywhere else!" In the ideological imagination,

insiders are at once independent of outsiders and yet exploited by them.

The ferry, then, is the product of residents' imaginings as their region assumed the geographical contours of a modern hinterland. They have used the symbol to draw stark ideological lines between insider and outsider that simultaneously explain their own powerlessness in the relationship. These lines, however, have promoted inaction and inward-looking isolationism. Southsiders rarely have protested successfully against outsiders' activities in their region. The ferry has provided an exception to this rule. In 1982, the provincial government threatened to charge residents and outsiders alike for the ferry service. The reaction was so visible and vociferous that the government annulled its own plans for the toll. Residents put up resistance only to defend the icon of their ideological imagination.

The Mill as Utopian Imagining

The collective imagination's other direction has been toward the future. In Southside, such utopian visions seek to transform the inequitable political and economic relationships of modernity by promoting the *local* transformation of the environs. And it is here that the idea of *local* becomes significant: it includes all Southsiders, as defined and symbolized in the ideological imagination, which means that the imagination's ideological and utopian valences are in dynamic relation. I want to focus here on the joint-venture sawmill currently under construction at Ootsa Lake as an example of the utopian imagination at work. The Carrier Lumber Corporation is a modest-sized lumber company from Prince George, BC, some two hundred miles from the Southside. It has just begun a joint-venture sawmill program that works with indigenous communities to build sawmills and harvest wood. The natives eventually gain ownership of the mill, and profit from the dividends of the shares held in the company.

Carrier Lumber's joint-venture program, in fact, is a product of increased native power throughout the province. Natives have effectively protested development projects and various incursions into sacred territory. They have pursued land claims in provincial and federal courts; the Nisga'a Nation recently received territorial rights over 2,200 square kilometers of their land in northwestern BC. As many politicians and scholars have

pointed out, native protests and political activities have made timber companies aware of the economic advantages of working *with* native groups to harvest wood. By 1990, for instance, the unsettled question of aboriginal land claims was estimated to have cost the province $1 billion dollars in lost investment and 1,500 jobs in the mining and timber industries each year.[1] When the Cheslatta first began to negotiate a sawmill deal with Carrier Lumber, however, they did so in the context of the region's ideological imaginary. The group, and especially its Chief Marvin Charlie, insisted that the company include the rest of the white community, that is, all Southsiders as defined by the ferry. The white community organized itself into a group of shareholders and the joint-venture suddenly became a three-way partnership. In this way, the ideological valence of insider identity shaped the utopian vision of the sawmill, and the collective imagination itself opened an unlikely business partnership between whites and natives.

At the same time, though, the region's utopian visions require relationships with people and institutions across the lake; in other words, with *outsiders*, the arch nemesis in regional ideology. This means that as Southsiders work out their utopian imaginings, ideological symbols are contested and transformed. I was able to witness this transformation in the ideological imagination one evening when a group of white Southsiders met to decide who would be able to become a shareholder under the community portion of the joint-venture sawmill. A representative from the Carrier Lumber Company called the people to order and asked them to agree upon a geographical definition of "community" for the purposes of investing in and managing the joint-venture project. This situation in which residents publicly negotiated their own definitions of community and regional belonging was what one might call an ethnographer's dream. Only community members would be able to buy shares needed to finance the company and therefore receive the right to participate on the steering committee with representatives from the Cheslatta band and Carrier Lumber. The responses of Southsiders revealed the persistence of the ideological imagination—the sharp lines of insider and outsider—even as they joined together to

[1] This information comes from the British Columbia Treaty Commission Website: www.bctreaty.net/education/trbk-why.htm.

pursue the utopian vision of the mill, which would reconfigure such lines through future material and social transformations. Vicky Hill, the local cattle rancher, stood up and stated the standard ideological line: "The mill's for Southsiders and we're all Southsiders. We know who we are. I say anyone this side of the ferry can join." Others nodded or mumbled in agreement.

The representative agreed that the mill would benefit Southsiders, but raised the thorny issue of money: "Do all of us here think that the community defined in such a way would be able to raise enough money for its share of the joint-venture?" One elderly gentleman stood up and answered, "Maybe we should include all of the Lakes District, and bring Burns Lakers into this project." A woman from the opposite side of the room retorted: "I'm with Vicky. People from Burns Lake think Southside is remote and scary. Would they even go with us on this project? I mean, when I get off the ferry from being in Burns Lake, it's like the whole world's been lifted off my shoulders!" It was at this point in the meeting that, in reaction to such a conventionally ideological statement, other people began opening up the new possibilities of the utopian imagination, redrawing the lines of insider status so as to make the sawmill a financial possibility. A thin gangly man with an orange moustache replied to the woman: "Well, the *loggers* on the north side [of the lake] don't see this place as remote or scary!" This brought reserved laughter from the crowd. Another woman continued, "Yeah, and what about the pioneers from the Southside who have moved across the lake? Wouldn't they invest in this project? Shouldn't they be part of the community?" A few people in the crowd affirmed the woman's idea by mentioning the names of original ranchers who had moved to Burns Lake because they had been forced to sell their ranches on the south side.

After thirty minutes of debate, the representative from Carrier Lumber called for a vote on the definition of the community. An overwhelming majority voted to include Burns Lake and the rest of the Lakes District in the financing and management of their share of the joint-venture project. The majority that voted in favor of the measure insisted that not to include people across the lake would have doomed the sawmill financially. The public meeting allowed residents to redefine the geographical expression of community with a utopian project in mind; it was, in fact, the utopian imagination at work.

With the vote at the public meeting, those ideological lines between insider and outsider, as symbolized by the ferry, had been crossed. A new sense of insidedness had been established, at least temporarily. After the meeting, Ross Cox, a local logger and trapper, expressed this slightly altered interpretation of insidedness: "I tell you, it sure does look like it's gonna happen. I think we need to work together with the natives. We need to extend to people across the lake. It'll be good for the community and for the mill." The very conception of community—that intimate collection of insiders—had been reworked to make social and economic connections across the lake, across the vast distances established in the ideological imagination. The utopian vision of the mill also opened new material possibilities: regaining partial control over regional economic production, creating new employment opportunities, and transforming the landscape itself with the mill's construction. In enacting utopian visions and transforming the geographical context of modernity, Southsiders have empowered themselves politically to appropriate the environs—to render them meaningful through transformation—and thereby constitute a collective sense of place.

Modernity, of course, works back on and against these utopian visions, integrating and taming them with the logic of the market and the power of the state. But, my point here is that modernization has not undercut the region's sense of place; it has instead transformed it. From the 1952 Alcan project on, modernization has alienated residents from their home places, yet they continued to connect with the region in a variety of individual and collective ways. Sense of place in Southside has issued from this lived tension between connection and alienation; between insider and outsider, between the past and the future. The ferry and the mill are the central icons of this modern sense of place. And it is in this dynamic interaction between the utopian and ideological trajectories of the social imaginary that new senses of place are negotiated and sustained in the modern hinterland that is the Southside.

Social power is key in understanding the social imagination. As Denis Cosgrove described, power largely determines the contours of the social imaginary, allowing certain groups to "mask as well as disclose meanings, subordinating certain interpreta-

tions of the world in favor of others" (p. 394). This certainly has been the case in Southside, where residents have promoted the ferry as an ideological symbol against the powerful realities imposed by outsiders. However, one of the points of this essay has been that power has catalyzed the utopian imagination. Of central importance in this regard is that the broader political movement associated with aboriginal rights has invested the Cheslatta Nation with a modicum of power, as evidenced by the joint-venture program established by Carrier Lumber. This influx of power opened the imagination's utopian aspect, but within the established contours of ideology. Furthermore, the debate over the appropriate definition of community at the public meeting exemplified the ways that the utopian and ideological imaginaries shape one another in a dialectical relationship.

Utopian projects transform ideological imaginings with visions of future possibilities: new social relationships, new material transformations, and new human geographies—all of which are embodied in the powerful symbol of the joint-venture sawmill. In particular, the utopian imagination seeks to transcend the lines between outsider and insider by forging economic and political ties with outsiders. These utopian projects point to the fact that, far from debilitating the imagination, modernity has catalyzed among the region's residents a collective process of imagining regional identity through a set of possible futures. These imaginings, in turn, have led to a distinctive though characteristically modern sense of place. A broader point in all this is that many other North American communities face the same challenge of connecting with place amid modernization. In this struggle, the imagination is a social force that keeps us in touch with place by signifying—to ourselves and to others—our profound and fundamentally human relationships with the environs.

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Richard Schoeck

Exploring Dreams and the Imagination

Fellow student and explorers.... I call you (and myself as well) students, for such we are, following the axiom of Erasmus that a day without study is a day wasted. But one may study a dream or a cloud as well as a word or a book. I call you, and myself, explorers, because we are something more than navigators, who follow a map and pilot a boat through more or less well-known waters.[1] To explore is to venture into the unknown, to cry out (as the etymology of the Latin root suggests, *explorare*): to cry out in the delight of discovery.

About a month before his tragic death 40 years ago in September 1961, Dag Hammarskjöld, then Secretary-General of the United Nations, whom I read and study almost daily in the hopes of writing a fitting intellectual and spiritual biography, wrote this untitled poem, his last. The English translation, to which W. H. Auden lent his name, does not, I think adequately translate the Swedish.

Is it a new country
In another world of reality
Than day's?
Or did I live there
Before day was?

I awoke
To an ordinary morning with gray light
Reflected from the street,
But still remembered
The dark-blue night
Above the tree line,
The open moor in moonlight,
The crest in shadow.

1. The metaphor of navigation is a rich one, and I have long been moved by the use that Propertius makes of it (II.i.). What shall we say about map as metaphor? It is a representation, whether of geography or genetics; but it is also a physical thing, originally of parchment or cloth. On explorers, see T. S. Eliot in "The Dry Salvages," quoted elsewhere in this paper.

Remembered other dreams
Of the same mountain country:
Twice I stood on its summits,
I stayed by its remotest lake,
And followed the river
Towards its source.
The seasons have changed
And the light
And the weather
And the hour.
But it is the same land,
And I begin to know the map
And to get my bearings.[2]

We are all here together to explore, and to pursue the latent meanings of our complex themes of imagination and place. We move together, while carrying our own memories and dreams of places; yet we have already shared much in the reports of dreams that Paul Hotvedt, Laurie Ward, and Rick Mitchell have assembled and distributed. But there is much more to share, including our own questionings about dreams and imagination.

We also move together through a world of ideas, which is as much as the Real World as the galaxy of Dow Jones, GNP, Microsoft, and other data-makers that rarely ascend to the level of knowledge, much less wisdom.[3] And we also live in time and

2. Dag Hammarskjöld, *Markings* (New York, 1964; paperback edition, 1983), pp. 195–6. The striking word *Day* (which might be taken ambiguously) is in the Swedish *dagen* and there printed in lowercase (*Vägmärken* [Viborg, 1963; rept., 1990], pp. 178–9).

3. This sweeping statement embraces a number of issues and areas, but it is not intended to be contentious. The recent collapse of Enron in 2001—an implosion with as costly consequences as the explosion of the two hijacked planes that struck the World Trade Center towers on September 11, though obviously without the tragic loss of life—can serve as a case in point. Writing in the *New York Times* on November 30 (in OpEd), Adam Lushinsky declares that Enron's demise reflects badly on Wall Street, and he charges the Street with a loss of objectivity. In a follow-up letter to the *New York Times* (December 2), Daniel Freedenberg calls attention to an even wider problem: "a culture that places very little value on truth"; so long as stock prices rise and money flows easily, he writes, "we are all too willing to ignore measures of real value." In the Money & Business section of the latter date, much space is given to the domino effect of Enron's fall. In perspective, the collapse of Enron is as far-reaching as the bursting of the South Sea Bubble in the early eighteenth century: a bubble which burst in about as little time as Enron's.

place, where even dreams have responsibilities. Our dreams explore that borderland where past swims into the present, taking new forms and revealing new meanings in what we have been and where we are. There is a degree to which (as Rumi has put it) there is in each of us an inner wakefulness of self that directs.[4] Places are the homes of the spirit, and it is through place that the spirit first achieves its identity. We are all shaped by the places where we have lived, as much as our spirit is shaped by the fleshly body into which it was born and with which it grows: mysteriously, even wondrously. And we have lived in the world of feelings and imagination far more meaningfully than we ever do in a world of facts.

The conference program identifies me as historian and poet, which is largely—or partially—true; my concept and practice of intellectual history include the history of rhetoric and law as well as of humanism and literature. And so I shall begin as a literary historian looking for clues or evidence in some of the literature of the past century. Then I shall turn to testimony provided in my own poems and dreams.

Even T. S. Eliot, for most of his life a nomad, not only could never escape his New England childhood memories of place: it was out of them that he began to learn how to make poetry. A Magister of the English-speaking literary world, and at the end of his life an elder in the Anglican Church to which he had subscribed at the age of forty, Eliot found deepest meaning in places that gave him access to his family places and resonated with his own experiences of that remembering. (Such remembering is many-staged and multifaceted: always full of multiple meanings.) Eliot may seem old-fashioned—an establishment figure—to some of you, but for me he was a vital part of my own coming of age; and in the context of the 1930s-school curriculum of Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell, my early and solitary reading of Eliot was something of a radical thing. I put it that he remains a vital part of our intellectual and imaginative landscape—what would our concept and imaging of Waste Land be without Eliot's poem? I ask you to look briefly with me at two of his *Landscapes,* now little remembered. "Cape Ann" takes us into the years of a boy's staring into the wind-swept cape of Massachusetts, where his St. Louis family summered:

4. For this insight I am indebted to the poems of Rumi (as translated by Coleman Barks).

O quick quick quick, quick hear the song-sparrow,
Swamp-swallow, fox-sparrow, vesper-sparrow,
At dawn and dusk. Follow the dance
Of the goldfinch at noon. Leave to chance
The Blackburnian warbler, the shy one. Hail
With shrill whistle the note of the quail, the bob-white
Dodging by bay-bush. Follow the feet
Of the walker, the water-thrush. Follow the flight
Of the dancing arrow, the purple martin. Greet
In silence the bullbat. All delectable. Sweet sweet sweet
But resign this land at the end, resign it
To its true owner, the tough one, the sea-gull.
The palaver is finished.

Some of the earmarks of the later poet are already evident in the prosody and language, as well as imagery. Note the weight given to *palaver* in the closing line. To my non-Midwestern ear it sounds too light in tone, suggesting idle chatter; but the dictionary—and Eliot was one who read the *O.E.D.*—reminds me that the word once had a now-obsolete signification of a parley between European explorers and natives, especially in Africa; and it could also mean flattering or cajoling. (Note also the playing with internal against end-of-the-line rhymes: *hail/quail,* then *feet/greet* and *sweet.* Note too the playing with assonance, and the pressuring of formal iambic rhythm by and to the conversational.) And students of Eliot are struck by the motifs that reappear in later poetry—for he never threw away a good image—and we shall encounter in the *Four Quartets* the mnemonic *quick quick quick* of the sparrow.

One other poem from *Landscapes,* for a very different reason: "Rannoch, by Glencoe," which touches the bones and sinews of deep-rooted feelings, tribal hatreds; for Glencoe is the place of the massacre of MacDonalds by the Campbells in the year 1692, three centuries ago:

Here the crow starves, here the patient stag
Breeds for the rifle. Between the soft moor
And the soft sky, scarcely room
To leap or soar. Substance crumbles, in the thin air
Moon cold or moon hot. The road winds in
Listlessness of ancient war.
Languor of broken steel,
Clamour of confused wrong, apt
In silence. Memory is strong

Beyond the bone. Pride snapped,
Shadow of pride is long, in the long pass
No concurrence of bone.

For one who has trod the loneliness of Rannoch and has come upon the place in the valley—*Glen Coe* in Gaelic means valley of weeping—especially, as there was on our visit, a piper on his windy pipes in the distance with his sorrowing tune echoing off the hills that close around that place, the setting of the scene by Eliot is flawless.[5] Then Eliot's focusing on memory, that is strong beyond the bone; but pride snapped, in the massacre and afterwards, and there is no *concurrence* of bone: the Latin word sticks out from the heavily Anglo-Saxon language leading up to it—*concurrence* meaning agreement or cooperation, even simultaneous occurrence (as in Edward O. Wilson's *consilience*).[6]

These early poems are sketches—quick watercolors, even pencil drawings, if you will—that quickly delineate Eliot's places of significance for his dreams and imagination. Perhaps a quarter of a century later, his *Four Quartets* offer return-visits to some of these places; we find that he has masticated their names in his mouthing, and given them light in his mind's eye; and they have come to be ever more meaningful, more alive in the blood-and-guts of feelings and imagination. In his *Four Quartets* Eliot affirms that "Old men ought to be explorers" (in "East Coker"). The theme of exploration is alluded to in "Dry Salvages," then it is caught up in the conclusion to "Little Gidding," the last of the *Four Quartets:*

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

5. Rannoch Moor is a desolation fashioned by Nature, A. Wainwright writes; and he then speaks of "the silence, the solitude, the panoramas of distant mountains etched against the sky in all directions, the resident deer, the heather, the bog myrtle..." (*Wainwright in Scotland* [1988], p. 13). Of Glen Coe, he adds (after describing the setting and narrating the 1692 massacre), "the event still provoked bitter memories. It is a sad place..." (pp. 114–5).

6. See the sensitive and penetrating analyses by Julia M. Reibetanz, *A Reading of Eliot's Four Quartets* (Ann Arbor, 1983), and her comments on the deliberate abstractions of the poem (esp. at p. 17). I refer to Edward O. Wilson, *Consilience—The Unity of Knowledge* (New York, 1998).

To know the place, what a splendid motto that makes, and we note that each of the *Four Quartets* is named after a place.

Ernest Hemingway was as dominant a figure in fiction as Eliot was in the poetry of mid-twentieth century America—indeed, both were dominant in the whole realm of Anglo-American and European literature. After the experience of teaching Hemingway and the whole gamut of American literature to German students for three and a half years (following my retirement from the University of Colorado and before coming to Lawrence in 1990), I can report that I found Ernest Hemingway's most satisfying work in the Nick Adams short stories set upon northern rivers and lakes; even so, "Big Two-Hearted River" denies any moral positives. In Hemingway's later novels the style became more and more paratactic—that is, a juxtaposing of clauses and like syntactic units without coordinating or subordinating conjunctions: "It was cold. The rains came." This rhetorical strategy derives from perceiving persons and events as discrete phenomena; autism and solipsism are at the ends of that spectrum of denial of larger values or principles. The famed Hemingway style thus serves to locate each discontinuity of experience within an implied point of reference, usually in the voice of the narrator, but without any other umbrella; indeed, the characters can only report and describe that the world is, in Ezra Pound's memorable phrase, "consciousness disjunct."[7] It is in the Nick Adams stories, it therefore seems to me, that Hemingway's craft, while still being honed, is most honest: his ideas, never overly sophisticated or intellectual, do not violate the integrity of his imagination, as they do in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or, still more obviously and unhappily, in *Across the River.* Perhaps it is because the big two-hearted river is the landscape of his cherished boyhood, and he could not betray it—neither deliberately nor in the workings of his imagination—by exploitation.

It seems obvious that a sense of place is characteristically strong among Southern writers, from William Faulkner and Eudora Welty to Reynolds Price. I think of an Alabama boy who years ago in a literature class that was reading Faulkner, and in which he was excited by Faulkner's sense of place and feeling for land. "My pappy told me that by the time I was 21, I should buy

7. Ezra Pound, *Personae* (London, 1932), p. 213. See Colin E. Nicholson, "The Short Stories After *In Our Time:* A Profile," *Ernest Hemingway: New Critical Essays,* ed. A. Robert Lee (New York, 1983), p. 36.

my own piece of land," the student said to me, adding, "and that is how I would know what it is to be a man." That conviction, whether in such simple terms or in much more complex terms, runs through the pulse of nearly all Southern writers—in a popular mode, think of Scarlett O'Hara's passion for Tara in *Gone with the Wind.* I reflect as well that it is part of the tragedy of black history in the United States that African-Americans were deprived of that tradition, and the lacking of and hunger for that tradition show in the writing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Afro-Americans.

But I am not proposing to give you a catalogue or to make a literary litany; for that I should need a book, or the space of a course. Some examples, however, do leap to the mind that manifest the imperishable and unique childhood memories implanted in the individual human being. Charles Dickens could not escape the nightmare of his shame-filled (for him) childhood, that highlighted for him his father's time in a debtor's prison and his own working in a blacking factory; no more could Ingmar Bergman free himself from the conscience-heavy burden imposed upon him during childhood by his Lutheran minister-father. But there are happy examples, too. Elizabeth Bishop's sparkling images of that part of her childhood spent in Nova Scotia play against the sombre time with parents that led into later unhappiness. More recently, there is Elspeth Huxley's evocation of a young British girl's awe and wonder of a childhood in Kenya: I refer to the *Flame Trees of Thika,* memorably rendered on Masterpiece Theatre with its haunting musical score. Closer to home, and of a higher imaginative order, we are blessed with Harper Lee's one book, but that a masterpiece, *To Kill a Mockingbird.* I have felt privileged each time I have taught it, whether to all men at Notre Dame or to co-ed classes elsewhere, and not least to most attentive German students at the University of Trier. Here, certainly, surely, we are moved by the poignancy of the intrusion of racial hatred and of the imperfections of adults into the tranquil life of Scout, coming of age in her fairy-tale small Alabama town.

I want to turn to some places and dreams in my own poems, and I do so with the feeling that the logic may be as shaky as that of the drunk who lost his keys in the parking lot but went to look for them across the street under a street lamp. When asked why he was looking there, he replied, "the light is better."

What of my own world of dreams and places? I offer a sampling of poems in which—it seems to me—I attempted to remember and to preserve by giving memories and dreams a more fixed form. First, I was a child in a family that usually took its vacations at the seashore in New Jersey; but I have yet to make poems out of that experience. The poems that have come into being about childhood and boyhood have come only in recent years. I do have a long poem that I entitled "My White-Haired German Grandmother," which I wrote for my older daughter and which reaches back into both my own childhood and that of my grandmother in a village in the Black Forest of Germany. I want, rather, to begin with a poem set on a farm, when I was about nine years old—"Drowning Kittens."

No tears were shed that thankless day
my father handed me the bag
and told me I must take it down
to neighbor's hidden creek and drown
those mewing kittens right away.
At nine I knew I must obey
my brawny-muscled dad, and so I did,
endeavoring determinedly
to play the grownup and to do
a man's unpleasant task despite
my stomach's rising protesting.

That running water never froze
while we lived on that farm
but something in me then congealed,
and I kept feelings well concealed.

That Hunterdon County farm—we moved from there the next year to another, smaller, less private place—remains in my mind as a place where I learned to do things on my father's authority, at the same time that I had freedom to range the fields and woods to hunt. Later I came upon R. P. Blackmur's wonderful formulation and appreciated its verity: "One's own childhood is where the past experience of the race appears as pure behavior and pure authority."[8] We moved a great deal: I number 33

8. R. P. Blackmur, "Unappeasable and Peregrine: Behavior and the *Four Quartets*, first printed in *Thought* (1952), reprinted in *Language as Gesture* (New York, 1952), p. 193—see below for the fuller context of this axiomatic statement.

schools, including high school (10 of those); and I do not marvel at one nightmare that recurred during childhood and into boyhood. I saw myself lying upon a white bed, alone in a room. Slowly the walls closed in on me until they were all but touching the bed on all four sides. Then, equally slowly, the walls moved back and away, until the bed was the only thing on a vast and empty landscape. The feelings, as I look back and try to re-experience, were a kind of fascination, as when one looks down a track and sees the locomotive coming too fast and too close, and then the replacement by an inexpressible loneliness and feeling of isolation. But I have not yet made a satisfying poem out of this experienced and remembered nightmare.

Last year I had occasion to think back upon when I was six, and the result is part of a little book called "Childhood and Old Age" (privately printed for me by Paul Hotvedt).

I remember well when I was six
three changes came that year:
we moved again, and I was sick
for weeks with fever—and had to stay

indoors alone in darkened room,
and when I could go out kissed the ground
and breathed fresh air that was a gift.
The third event was liberty

to walk the mile to town library—
uphill at first, and soon across
a busy street—and then there was
the treasure: books opening wide

their casements to a wider world.
I bless the town of Nutley, hoping
someday to go back with thanks.
To read was to enjoy, explore

new worlds of the imagination,
to follow Pip's Great Expectations,
to enter into someone's Secret Garden.
As I turned seven and grew older

there always was a morrow
with its fresh birth of hope
and joy born in new wonder.
Now remembering is sweet—

although there can be no return
to being six. But calling up
my childhood's sights and sounds and hopes
is my renewal like an April tree.

I have never lost my passion for reading. To borrow from Plato: all people can be divided into two groups, those who love to read, and those who don't. One more reading-in-boyhood poem.

Even as a child I loved to read
and I remember at eleven
given a book that day I came
downstairs when everybody else
had gone to bed, and I sat up
and read the book straight through to dawn.

Reading I loved, and always there
was swimming all the summer months.
I had a passion to dive deep
and swim along the bottom sand
or rock, discovering a place
known only to myself, I thought.

And now (my scholar's craft) I read
to reach the hidden place in past
experience: what was it like
to be the boy Erasmus then
in Deventer discovering Greek?
I write to light the darkened past.

For myself—and here I speak only for myself—I have found it difficult to write of childhood with faithfulness both to the original experience and to a sense of craft. To illustrate and make this point, let me read a poem that I called "Small Boy," which I now judge to be a failure, for reasons that I shall offer after reading the poem.

There were so many things
he wanted to hold on to
but had to leave behind
each time he moved away.

His hands learned to unclench
to let his playthings go,
not living in one place long
to have things to throw away.

His mind did not learn how
to let go his memories:
there were bad dreams and pains
with aching loneliness.

What this poem lacks, it now seems to me, several years after writing it, is what we used to call an objective correlative, a piece of metal perhaps that would make the whole action light up. If I were writing that poem now—and I may want to go back and rework it, or better still, begin again at the beginning—I might take something like a childhood toy and put it to use. In the family somehow there has been preserved despite numerous moves a battered brown bear, carved in the Black Forest out of a very hard wood, but not tough enough to withstand the perils of a child's handling; for it lacks one ear, and several of its toes are worn down. But it was kept within my sister's family until some months after the poem I've just read you; and its miraculous survival is somehow a way of representing what gets saved in a child's mind. At least, that should be enough to show how my mind is working.

The mind of the poet and the mind of the reader—I turn to an essay by R. P. Blackmur on the *Four Quartets*—function in the way of a child to "reach after texts to help in the exploration: reach after analogies, after paths, arrests, traps, betrayals, reversals, and, above all, reach after reminders; for there is today no strict interpretation in these matters, no substitute for either experience or for the full mimesis of experience."[9]

The mind of the poet depends upon the working of an imagination that like a child's can never rest, or be satisfied with what was achieved yesterday—I have a poem on that theme—and only in August, during the heat wave, did I write a poem about the Kansas prairies that satisfied me. For in the past too many of my poems about mountains and prairies have been conceived

9. Ibid., p. 194. *Mimesis* is, in a sense, a loaded word. The word is Greek, and it was used by Aristotle to emphasize the nature of tragedy—tragedy's essence being the imitation, or representation, of an action. For Aristotle there was the metaphoric overflow of biology, mimesis in biology meaning mimicry. But mimesis is more than mimicry in literature; and it is a special word that one would not want to try to work without. Technical terms are like tools: they are not much use to the uninitiate, and they may even be dangerous, as a sharp knife can be. But in the hands of a technician, a professional, a technical word can be an invaluable tool.

with the eyes of a tourist, which is (as the etymology suggests) one who is turning, on the move; and that is the connecting thread in my 1992 collection, *The Eye of a Traveller.*[10] Here now in a few lines I tried to capture, or render, the essence of a key element in Kansas living, "Waving Wheat":

> According to the Greeks
> the elements were four:
> earth, water, fire, air.
> On islands in the sea
> this solved life's mystery.
>
> But we who live away
> upon the prairies know
> the verity of four,
> yet we would add a fifth:
> the wind in flashing sun
> waves wheat as if at sea.

Earlier this year I rounded off—I'm not yet sure that I can say completed—a book-length poem that I call *Laurentian Codicil;* for it was written here in Lawrence, and it is about the St. Lawrence River. There I managed to pull in many memories about the St. Lawrence, and to incorporate some dreams that have their *loci* there. The challenge of dealing with places, dreams, and the imagination is still present, and I hope will continue to be for me.

Now let me move to a conclusion, but not in any sense of closing a door; rather, in the sense of pulling together some loose threads into a larger pattern.

We need to be more interested in the archaeology of the imagination as well as in the aesthetics: in the process of furnishing material, rather than the *ex post facto* desire to make judgments.

10. Lewiston, NY: Mellen Press, 1982. Mountains, I confess, long fascinated me more than prairies; deserts fascinated me with their terrible beauty. In the Mohave Desert in early 1943 I learned to be patient living in the desert: if one watched long enough, during those remarkable days when winter disappears on the desert sands, except at night, and when spring makes it appearance in the growing strength of the sun, a single ocotillo could light up the landscape with its one scarlet flower. Recently I discovered Balden C. Lane's exploration of desert and mountain spirituality, *The Solace of Fierce Landscapes* (New York, 1998), and I am still learning from it, and growing.

Poiesis, the making, lies at the heart of the mystery we call poetry. *How did it begin?* Blackmur puts the question, and answers it:

> In the childhood of the poet, where there were the gifts of all later imagination. The poet's labor is reaccession, not to the childhood (which ran free, till brooked) but to the gifts. One's own childhood is where the past experience of the race appears as pure behavior and pure authority. Each season of growth, unless the child die, a new ring of green wood toughens into heart wood. But in the beginning there is the green heart: ever irrecoverable except at the center which never disappears, what we know through the voices in the apple tree.[11]

This is why it is vital to stress that the full title of this conference makes a triad, a triangle, and it is important that all three are present and work together. There must be place *where*—my cold-running creek where the kittens had to be drowned, my remembering the half-dream in which I swam down to the bottom of secret places. Dreams explore the borderland where past swims into the present, as I remarked above. And the poetry comes when the imagination seizes upon something that is there in memory and dream. Then for the poet there is the casting into a poem, putting (as Coleridge phrased it) into poetry by having more than usual emotion and more than usual order. Poetry always makes something: that is what the word means—*poiesis,* a making—and it does this by its use of language together with a reverence for the unique material that has come to hand from memory and dream.

We are here together, at this time, in this place, because we have dreamed and cared—and shared our dreams. Let us continue to celebrate the world of the imagination, paying tribute to its resources and acknowledging its beneficiaries.

11. Blackmur, "Unappeasable and Peregrine," pp. 193–4. A nomad, strictly speaking, was one who wandered from place to place in search of pasture (from the Greek *nomas*), generally a part of a group and following the seasons. But we (my family) were not part of a group, and we did not follow the seasons. Rather, it now appears to me, my family could best be described by *rootlessness,* as this is discussed by Alastair Reid in his *Oases* (New York, 1997). Here roots had little meaning: "Not belonging to any one place, to any one context, he was in a sense afloat, and felt free to explore, to choose, to fit in or not..." But what then is lacking, Reid admits, is a sense of the continuing past.

Robert Kelly

Public Dreaming

All the more wonderful an introduction* because of the person from whom it comes, the poet from *whom* it comes. It would just be battering the badminton bagatelle of praise back and forth if I were to go on to say how much I like his work and how instructive that has been, specifically to me in the world of place, because one of the very earliest books of Ken that there is, maybe the first one that really got deeply into me, was the book with the strange title about the grasslands of North America. He had suddenly taken all that material between—as you know, the west—for a New Yorker, the west begins with the Hudson—had taken the rest of that three thousand miles west and dealt with it. understood it in a way that I was beginning to understand also from that man up in Gloucester, not Eliot,** who just spent summers in Gloucester, but the man who spent years and years there.

Let me say first that I think, Paul, you and your friends have gotten another conference together. We've gone from dream, where we started out, to geography, but geography seeming so abstract we started on about place soon enough and land, the *tertius gaudens* between Earth and World, and then places, and then, soon enough, we were talking about places we know and places we've lived in, and places we came from, even New Jersey, even places as placy as that; not just this exotic British Columbian cloud forest, but New Jersey.

Maybe then, what we've been really talking about is *going public*. The theme that seems to unite all this, I suddenly realized, when Cosgrove showed the slide of the Cunard building in Liverpool, and I remembered that the first job I had as a teacher was in the Cunard mansion in Staten Island where the people watched those boats at the other end of the journey, steaming up New York Harbor, through the Narrows. I think you've really been talking, not about dream, or imagination, or place, but about public transportation, and so I propose "Going Public" as the name for your next conference, where I can bring my trolley

* Robert Kelly was introduced by poet Ken Irby.

* * Allusion to Richard Schoeck's talk about T.S. Eliot, just concluded.

cars and the B-13 bus of Brooklyn. I grew up in Brooklyn in New York. New York City has an extraordinary transportation system—*had.* (I don't know what they have now since I haven't lived there in years.) That is a double system. I'm not talking about suburban, which I knew nothing of—only white people—I'm not white you know; I'm Irish, but that's not to be white in New York. White people are Protestants. Protestants, when I was a child, they lived in the great suburbs: New Jersey, to which you were carried by what we called the chube—that's t-u-b-e, chube-- or out on Long Island where you were carried by the Long Island Railroad, called the Lon Gisland. In the city, we who lived there were in the possession of two systems: one hierarchical and one, in DeLeuze's wonderful word, rhizomatic. The hierarchical took you from any part of New York to lower Manhattan. It was about getting you to work and back. It had nothing to do with the intercourse of people, but just the carrying of people like fodder, or whatever we are, from the place where you slept to the place where you earned your money. The rhizomatic were the buses and even trolley cars, which I vaguely remember (they all disappeared in World War II or soon after), but the buses carried people from themselves to other people. So, to go from neighborhood to neighborhood—and you could do that—meant this strange, nonlinear—and nonlinear they certainly were—rhizomatic method of getting an impulse from Sheepshead Bay, where I lived, out—for example you could go to Greenpoint or even the place from which my accent comes. (I speak with a particular accent of northern Brooklyn called North Side.)

So everybody comes from somewhere and that's the best thing about us, that we come from somewhere and when we go back home, even if I who can go back home and people talk to me on the street and say, "Where are you from?" and I'm walking down the street I'm born on. That's distressing, because accents change in places. They don't change in us. We carry them. I still carry my grandfather's—who died forty years before I was born, but I still carry his accent. I'm still carrying it here in Kansas where nobody knows where I come from and no one can tell where we come from. I was talking to Ed Casey downstairs while we were exchanging bathroom instructions, where he came from, because his pronunciation of one particular word was just like my wife's mother who comes from outside of Den-

ver. And the rhizomes of speech connect us deeply, even more deeply than walking.

But, anyway, if you go to public transportation, let me know, because that's... I do deeply wish, though, thinking about trolley cars, that Charles Olson were here. He is the one figure that we desperately miss. Cecil Giscombe has spoken his name and quoted him a few times, I was very happy to hear, because Olson was the one who, for my money, first connected place and poetry plausibly—not in a descriptive way, not in painting a word picture, which had been done ever since Petrarch and perhaps even Ausonius, painting those wonderful visions of the River Mosel, that prime old Luxemburg event of the Mosel River, but the one who connected poetry and place in a productive way, where the place spoke the poem, not where the poet sat back and described beautifully the place he saw, but rather where the energy of the place itself, or the disposition of the place in space, as Olson might have said, generates the text, so that Olson scrupulously, in the *Maximus* poems, examines, say, that glacial moraine, which incidentally is geologically continuous with the moraine that starts in Brooklyn, where I grew up, that moraine, the top of which is the old abandoned houses and reservoir called Dog Town. He examines the land occupation. What do they call it—land use, the history of land use? I hate the phrase because it suggests using a quart of milk and throwing it out and buying another one, but there is no more cow from which this land comes, so we don't dare use it their way. But I think they call it land use history. He would concern himself with the disposition of every house, every stone, every street: who lived there? What did they do? And the very disposition of those places in space generated in the text—some of his wilder, madder texts in the middle *Maximus*—generated the poem itself. The poem is speaking from and to that disposition of place in space.

When Olson was living (Ken may know this story better than I) he snuck away to London once and lived with a wealthy lady in her house in Hanover Square. One day he disappeared from the house. No one had any idea where he went and people began to get a little worried about him. As you know, he was ten feet tall, so he stood out, especially in England, where one isn't ten feet tall usually. They finally found him. He had gone for a week over to Bristol where he was sitting in the public records

office reading documents about the early codfishers of Bristol, the people we associate (if we associate them at all) with John Cabot and the so-called "English Voyages" of Cabot, who was not himself English, but who voyaged for the English at the very end of the fifteenth century, out of England, looking for fish. Olson was preoccupied with those things, public records. So he, much more than the essentially Romantic William Carlos Williams writing about Patterson, he—Olson—Romantic that he was, in an utterly unromantic way allowed the disposition of space, place, town, house, street, car to dispose the poem in ways that are obvious if you start reading his work.

One of the most wonderful poems in our century is his poem "The Librarian" in which he tells a dream, a dream he simply had, but a dream in which the topography of Gloucester, where the dream happens, largely figures and it ends with an extraordinary series of questions about the "real world," like "When does 1A [the highway] get me home?" "What is buried behind Lufkin's diner?" "Who is Frank Moore?" And the poem can end that way, with the simple questioning of the facts of place, a place to which he is summoned by the dream. So, in a way, the poem becomes a kind of sobering up experience from the dream, as if the poem is the way that the dream recovers our "normal" waking reality.

So I wish he were here. He would have bothered us considerably and I think he would have found fault with every remark that has been made, but in a way that would have made us feel, well, a little less than ten feet tall ourselves, but then we are less than ten feet tall. He was actually six eight. He was a very tall man. So the ten feet is clearly an exaggeration. I wish he were here. He's not here, but his sense of poetry as place and from place has been important to my thinking about all this and important to the way I've been understanding the things that I've been hearing.

I've been especially interested this afternoon in the way in which anecdote has begun to flourish, in which anecdote has come away from the chit-chat after the talk to enter into the talk. That is, the anecdotal "This is where I come from," "I saw this happening," "This was interesting," "My father saw this," "This happened," "I said this to my child." I think anecdote is the closest we come to public dreaming. I think when people sit and tell anecdotes to each other, they are, in a way, dreaming to-

gether out loud and in real time. You'll come away, and—you know the interesting thing about anecdote, and I'm sure your experience will confirm this, is a year from now you won't remember who told the anecdote; you'll remember the anecdote. You'll remember it the way you remember a dream, free-floating.

We used to run a dream workshop at the college where I teach. I mean, I ran it; they didn't. They knew nothing about it. They would have killed me if they had known, but I had a dream workshop where we sat and discussed dream. This was back in the days where—Robert What's-his-name, in Buffalo—Barbara knows his name. He taught in Buffalo for years and years—yes. He was publishing extensively about dream and dream-sharing, and Barbara Tedlock has a new book just on dream-sharing and so it's not lost; it's something in the air. Anyway, what we noticed is that if you listened to a poem as if it were a dream, that is to say, if the class lay down or slumped in their chairs and closed their eyes and listened to a poem, turning off all the Brooks and Warren, or whatever the recent versions of that is, turning off all the critical machinery that they might have had and just listened to the damn thing as it went by, two things happened: it came alive in their minds as if it were something they had experienced, and it reminded them of dream. So even the most conscious, clear, hard-worked, Virgilian kind of poem, "I am making this as I am making it," would turn curiously into a dream when so listened to. So I think the relationship between dream and all the rest of it is not simply exhausted by taking dream as that which happens on one side of the sleep line, and everything else is on the other. Dream interpenetrates waking. Casey, I think you did this. You referred to Freud's Tagesreste, to the dream as the remnants of the day before. In just a similar way, I screamed out when I heard it, into my head, "No, no, no! The day is *Nachtsreste*! The day is the fragments and the leftover bits of the dream that we share with one another." And I think both ways we can deal with it.

And when we got to anecdote, I was with Cecil when he and his kid were somehow hassled in Steele, North Dakota—he didn't give us any of the particulars of the hassling, so therefore I could invent them myself and then forget them and remember them vaguely, I would remember them vaguely the way I would remember them vaguely if they had happened to me twenty years ago and if I had been somebody else. So you know, it's a

very strange thing that anecdotes give us, and I submit that they are a species of dreaming out loud. And we dream probably to give, my argument is that we dream for the other.

And let me just stop talking about that for a moment and move to the sense that what is wonderful about dream is the giving part of dream that we were talking about, the dream as imagination. The dream is something in which the ego has a very small investment. When you wake up in the morning you are so confused by the dream that you are anxious simply to disburden yourself of it, give it to another, and only later does it occur to you, "That was my dream! You have my dream! What are you doing with my dream?" because we don't exactly do that. We're used to giving the dream to the doctor who just publishes it. We're used to telling the dreams with no particular consequence to ourselves. If only—God! If only we could write poems that way! If only we could give each other poems with the same failure of ego participation that we tell our dreams. Well, that may be something we could learn from dreams.

The word I want to bring in here, towards the end of what I have to say—I'm going to read a few pieces—the word is *locus*. *Locus* is the Latin word for "place" and I ran a series of readings once, back in Dutchess County, called *Locus Loquitur*. I chose the Latin word partly out of simple pomposity of spirit, but partly because I like the "*Loc-Loq*" sound. *Locus Loquitur*. It means "the place talks." The Germans in the audience, of course, would remember that locus also means bathroom, "the place" in slang German, so locus—the bathroom talks. Well, we tried not to have too much potty talk in the poems. But *Locus Loquitur*, the place talks. But that reminds us in turn that the word "place" that we've talked about a lot, imagination and place, is also the Latin word for passage of a text and in fact, the plural, *loci*, or "low-kee" as I guess they say now in this modern, non-Catholic Latin, that plural doesn't mean "places" at all. It means passages in texts. Locus doesn't have a plural anymore that means places. The place when it's a neuter means "military encampment," *loca*. So there's only one place in Latin, locus. That's very interesting. You can express the plural otherwise, but if you say it with locus, the plural means "passages."

So I'm fascinated by the way in which not just place, but passage summons grace. A couple of summers ago, I did a series of poems responding to the paintings of an extraordinary Italian

painter named Brigitte Mahlknecht, who lives in the Tyrol, the German-speaking region of Italy. Her paintings, paintings and drawings I should say, are deeply animated by a sense of aerial photograph of place, of maps. Topography seems to be the secret ingredient in all of her pictures. So I've written in response to some of her pictures, and I want to read two of these. The first one is this one. This is responding to a picture that looks like this. God knows you can't see it, but if it looks like a kind of a Xerox of a Xerox of a Xerox of a geodetic service topo map, then you're seeing it right. You see streets and houses and avenues and people and some giants, fat figures.

Now it happens that we are across the world from ourselves
and the ocean between is made up entirely of streets.

You have come at last to the inside of the body.
It is the only University — there is no end to what it tells,
and the business of the magic life
is to map the outer world inside, to map
the inner world out there until
you are master of the distances. And these distances
must be sung
suddenly
to come home.

Now it happens that we are each other
and can see who and how we are
only across an ocean made of streets,

nothing but houses forever.
Sometimes a park exists
the shimmer of far-off smiling cities
caught in a romantic self-deluding eye,
our senses only mean to sympathize
with everything we think we find.

The park is made of more of me.
Come lie down in such arms, this phony earth,
artful hillsides, grassy gun emplacements
of Fort Hamilton, by weird enclosures
where polar bears flounder in green water
under concrete fjords in sluggish Sons.

All I am is muscle.
There is no mind
except keep talking.

No flower but the *millepertuis,*
St. John's Wort, easing the tensions
of the Happy Few,
o small elite that lets words lick their skin,

when what they need to do is read these words you left so hidden in
your streets,
the gulfs of darkness
stretch inside our bodies, dark organs
trying to speak,
hidden like spores in dirt, like dirt
inside the cracks in rocks,
cretti
I cretti di Burn, a whole town
cast in the porcelain of time, craquelure,
the lines we walk on
to find ourselves,
to be with you,

prelude and fugue.
But we will never get there,
the famous flowers will come out and rave in color

and they, they fade, of course they fade, I will too,
animals like marmots burrow in the earth here,
they carry all the gold back into the ground,

and now I hear them tunneling in me,
the little mapping people
who measure out the world in yards of me
inside,
and your eyes project your body
to the ends of the earth.
To know at all is to map and to be mapped,

streets through our bodies,
and I will not tell you
what kind of people I am
who walk along your streets

but I am there, the cracks in rocks
are runes, the letters
you scratched on the wall, idly
your fingertip trailing in the dust,
the words your body meant

and here's my ugly body stretched out on yours
until we are exactly one,
a terrible wedding waits for us.

I am so alone, he said. I am so alone, she said.
There is no listening to some people,
all we ever do is complain, complain
you are too far, I am too near,
know me, my skin
must have some terrible sickness
it so craves your hands to touch me,
what am I, a victim of the strange green fiery disease
Grünewald's Christ writhes with on the cross,
as if it hurt him more than crucifixion does,

why do we need one another,
each one
on the other stretched,
stretched out
street of skin to the end of the world,
why are you so far away?
(But this day, he said, you will be with me in Paradise.)

I read last night from the beginning of a passage of chapter one. This is an interminable five-page story. It's almost literally unendable, but I'm going to read a little bit more of chapter one of *A Line of Sight.* And I'll go to the footnotes from it, which are important to read.

I'm looking across my living room. This is about twenty years ago. The living room as it was, it doesn't exist anymore, because nothing does exist anymore as it did even yesterday.

> CHAPTER I
>
> I live in an old house that has no address.[1] The house is dark most days. Years ago it had a name,[2] taken from the two lime trees that block the afternoon sun from the front windows, trees much sought by bees in May and June. Tea is made from the flowers.[3]

Especially at the foot of the stairs it is dark, bottom of a dry well. On the wall above the last few treads is a large map of the Kingdom of Bhutan (Druk Yul), showing in monochrome relief the ranges and valleys and waystations. In the uncertain light that at times falls on this map from the opposite room, the tan spread of Druk Yul (isolated from the uncolored surround, India, China, Tibet) sometimes resembles a large cookie,[4] at other times a fallen leaf, which before withering rumpled into crests and gorges.

In one corner of the map there is a smaller replica, in outline, of the map itself. This diagram is called a Reliability Index, and shows sector by sector the confidence, expressed in percentages,[5] that the viewer can feel in the information sketched or verbalized in the large map. It is to be wished that every map conceded in such a way the inevitable inadvertency of its parts.

To the left of the map, and somewhat above it, there is a fierce grinning bright polychrome demon mask of unspecified origin, clearly enough the product of some tantric intelligence of the mountains. Bhutan. Tibet. Believers identify the mask as the face of an adept holding back his semen, resorbing his orgasm, swallowing the world. The face is the brightest object in the hall at the foot of the stairs.

Note 4: a large cookie. As one sits and hears the last large sumptuous measures of Richard Strauss's *Capriccio,* his last opera, written and performed (in the recording heard now) while the world was burning down around him, and no countesses ever again would read sonnets, or hum them aloud before the minor late, late after a desultory party, and no woman would ever again try to make up her mind, and for all I know, no mirror ever again would stand clear on a wall, calm in its gilt oval (that shape in which a woman sees herself most truly), it is false or feeble to think of food. Yet there are times, especially at night, when the house seems to be alive with a midnight appetite, an astral Dagwood planning strata of unlikely foods, a sweaty old rich Rossini turning from music to, what? What would Rossini have eaten late at night, when the sky was too bright with stars, too sculptural with cloud, too clever with nightingales, for him to go to bed, however pretty his companion or compliant nurse, what would he eat, while his kidneys ached and the moon sashayed across what he already knew must be one of the last lovely spring midnights of his life? Here again the thought of food is a blunder, fart of a woodnymph pursued. But what would he eat? Would he tinkle a bell, and a cadre of diligent, unsurprised servants fall into *sorbet* formation, or pull a mousse providently beforehand from the ferns around the ice-block in the double-doored chest? After the truffles and gooseliver and cockscombs at dinner, what would pacify the, not hunger, truly, the *need,* a pure spiritual need it may be, yes, Rossini's utter desperate agonizing need to take into himself now before sleep or love or dying, just one more morsel of this after all adorable cosmos. He

is silent as he watches them carry first a table, then a silver tray with Something on it across the dark lawn. We shall not stay to see him lift the cover.

In this house some similar tendency, less elegant, less poignant, for our sun will never fall from the sky, true?, it's always here, yes?, always as it is now, supreme and ordinary, forever, ewig, ja?, some similar nudge of appetite troubles the hours between midnight and sleep. What will it be? Not then the earnestness of cheese and oil and garlic and bread. A cookie, a biscuit, something heavy, crumbly as earth, dry, not juicy, not sweet, not very sweet, no creamy inwards, no chocolate, understood?, a dry fine halfsweet crumbly cookie, no slimy cakes, no deceptive froth or teeth-aching icing, Just the fine dry halfsweet, less than halfsweet cookie. That comes to mind some rare nights, when Bhutan becomes the half of an immense peanut butter cookie, say. But then a voice from the hallway cries: Man! Do not eat your world! Man! Man! Man!

Note 5: *expressed in percentages.* In fact the diagram in question reveals upon inspection only the alternatives: Good, Fair, Poor, distributed over the gradients. Memory said otherwise, and must have its little say, for fear of what She will do if balked of her constant ameliorative urge: Improve the Past, Improve the Past, Begin by Improving the Present, etc. A man who constantly corrects his memory may find himself eaten by tigers or bitten by scorpions, carried by eagles, trampled by bulls, disliked by other men—no pedant worse than the pedant of inner experience. An accurate memory is needed only when one is going somewhere, n'est-ce pas? Or has been somewhere. The intense static beauty of these nights needs no more memory than a dog has, between one bite and the next. Here it is.

Percentages have the advantage of being, by definition, relations to that definable Hundred (old Satem-Centum), a number in historical times roughly between 92 and 120, with a tendency for the higher sum to be operative in more northerly climes (Iceland, Wessex, Trondheim). Whereas in Hebrew the number Hundred is exactly equal to 10^2, and is spelled exclusively by the ten successive *yods* emitted from Nowhere which implanted the Tree in whose branches, now in sun, now in shadow, we have for a while the right to live.

On the other hand, it was always peculiarly irritating to my father to hear any price over ninety dollars described as, for instance, ninety-four ninety-eight. He would insist, with some show of reason, that for such sums we must say, A Hundred Dollars, and get it over with. In this I felt an honesty of mind, anxious to hear the truth however horrid, so anxious in fact that it preferred, after endless years of pain, truth plainly swollen with trouble to truth corseted and faking a smile as it puffs its way in. Let's hear the worst, he'd say.

It is my hope that Pradyumna P. Karan, cartographer of the Druk Yul map, learned similarly to exaggerate the painful, and that his

> "Poor" is a cautious way of saying fairly reliable. But I fear the reality is even worse than the disclaimer. Was it a lake or a mountain? I hear him thinking, was the government bungalow on the yang or the yin side of the hill, I must have written it down somewhere, is this the road to the airport or the path infested with giant leeches? is this little dot the leprosarium or the monastery? is that a cliff or a deer park, a forest or glacier, a pit or a pinnacle? There are no answers, there must be no answers, he has never been there, no one has ever been there. Most maps of this state do not show the town in which this house stands. There is a bridge over a river with an Indian name (Sepascot?), a small dam, a pool of deep quiet water dammed, apple trees, many locust trees, the kind of alder called red willow, whose inner bark is smoked. It is a place only real, without fame, without maps. No one has ever been here before.

If you can find anything hard-edged in what I said to ask a question about, please, feel free.

Audience Member 1: Could you say more about the disposition of the place in space?

Robert Kelly: With Olson in particular, you can actually see it on the page, where the page becomes a mimesis, the map. I was reminded a little bit by the pictographs that Denise was showing us last night. We get a mixture of words and I know in the [Indian] ledger books, the ledger images, those words were added, it is said, by others—but imagine them added by the very people who made the pictures. So that there are passages of Olson's work, some of them very mysterious, where the words on the page seem to be mimetic of a place. Other times, the places are clearly mentioned, where he'll give the names and who lived there and when they lived there, and so on. But the way in which I imagine Olson to have had this most patriarchal but innocent, if that's possible, if there could be an innocent patriarchy—I don't know, but I think there was—in which he stood before an Earth that seemed to him sublimely feminine and tried to read it with his body, let him not do anything to it, but let it make him swoon with understanding or swoon with desire. Somehow the place he looked at, which he was sometimes capable of immense acts of physical, numerical detail—the fisheries, the histories, who lived, how much, what the numbers were; get it right; translate it correctly, etc.—in which those very numbers work as meaning—I mean, after all, number two, number two is sexual. We imagine that when we quantify something we have

rescued it from our libido. Far from that. I mean, the libido is more at home, perhaps, with number than with anything else. It is, after all, the moon that teaches us measure, the moon that teaches us to count. It is the menstrual cycle that indicates to us something about the nature of our own progress. It is the moon that we see growing and diminishing, growing and diminishing, that teaches us number.

So I think, in a way in which Olson would have, perhaps, accepted my saying so, he stood with respect to the world in such a way that he wished to allow it to map the work in him. I'm not always sure that we can look at his poem and get the landscape back again. I don't know yet, if that answers it, but for my own work, I'm always conscious of the fact that landscape, "land-skip" as Cosgrove said earlier in the English way, does really come from a word that means "making," schaffen in German, schöpfen, to create. Because the land exists as itself, perhaps, but landscape is something we make. People make it. Landscape doesn't make itself. Landscape is something we make. The old word for poetry, like poesis, poetic, the old word for poet in English was scop. The one who made the scape was the scop, which was the Old English for poet.

So landscape is something we create by our perception of it. We put it on the wall of our houses. I was so happy to hear that all those people want landscapes on the wall. I guess that's because they live in tiny boxes of rooms and need extra windows, but what about the generic quality of landscape? That's an important thing. Olson was trying to be specific to landscape, but A.E. Housman was trying to do that too. He, too, was being specific *from it,* as was Olson. But you wonder about the generic quality of the landscape we see. Very few people put on the wall a painting of what they would see if they looked out the window, behind the wall, through the wall. I would like to do that. I mean, I can't imagine anything more wonderful to look at than what I look at out of the window. I mean, whatever is out there. That's it.

But so much landscape seems to be about a fanciful horizon to be embraced, and therefore it seems to be essentially pornographic. I think of landscape as a species—most of it—as a species of pornography because we wish the caress of an unmarried horizon and it's something that we have no right to out there. So pornography, I have a lot in favor of pornography, but

that particular species makes me more embarrassed than the Vargas girls on display in the KU museum, draped, or festooned, or the Helmut Lang photo that has replaced her. The pornographic sense of caress, because we started with the horizon as caress and the stars as caress. I think we have to earn our landscape by making it. We have to earn our horizon. It's not just given. And remember, too, that horizon is not just a caress, but like many a caress, it is also a restriction, because it is the Greek word for the boundary, the thing that hems us in—we're trapped —as was ocean to them, too, the ring, at the alveolus oceani.

Paul?

Paul Hotvedt: I want to recognize Bob Sudlow who is here today. For one, he is a landscape painter, a very celebrated one—but also because Bob told me one time that as he falls asleep at night after a day spent driving through the landscape and walking about in the fields, as is his daily practice, he recites in his mind all his daily travels. It replays, much like a dream. I want to connect that with what you said about the dreaming and the waking, they are not divided, all these experiences interweave.

RK: Is the recitation with pencil or with the words? Is it like reciting with a drawing instrument what one actually had seen?

PH: In imagining, in his mind.

RK: But landscape is one of those grand words that creates far many more problems than it solves. I mean, it's just so vast, what's at stake here.

Audience Member 2: Some of the themes that I see that we're celebrating here include mapping—two central themes—mapping and vehicles, both physical vehicles across the earth and also through the imagination and consciousness. There's another concept that we've focused on, which is getting our bearings, getting a fix and fixation and fixed things. I'm realizing that fixed things is an illusion. Space is an illusion because we're constantly traveling through time. In terms of mapping and navigators and people driving vehicles, I've noticed—I want to make two comments: First of all, does anyone else have the feeling that despite last night's and today's presentations that we are at a place right now that is not finished with what we congregated about. There's further to go on about what we're discussing.

Also, I'm surprised that there's certain central figures in this, whatever, genre, or area of consciousness that are missing to me, including the writer John McPhee and writer Annie Dillard.

PH: Actually, you did anticipate correctly. The notions you talked about of incompleteness were addressed directly in opening remarks last evening as being absolutely necessary. When we first started tossing ideas around we didn't have a theory—at all. And it didn't happen until we started saying, "Okay, let's talk about scope and limits." This is our little frame here, we're going to do whatever we can, because it can open up.

AM2: I would finish by saying that one possible direction is being wise to the Earth as informer of our consciousness and our vision. There are also navigators of the future vision and some people that formed who are cartographers to me include Clarisse Lispector, Helene Cixous, and others. We've got to start taking responsibility for creating our landscape—that's done through our thought and through our words and through how we build our lives.

RK: Okay, so do you want to talk it out, because Irigaray might be really where he is going towards.

Audience Member 3: You mean the elemental?

RK: Yes, that sense that he's asking for—I thought when he said Dillard and McPhee that he was talking about anecdotes of place and the emotionality of our relations to it, but I think with Lispector and Cixous . . . Do you know Irigaray's work?

AM2: I'm just starting to know these people, but...

RK: Edward Casey's book, the preface to Casey's book speaks about stuff that I think is exactly what you're after.

AM2: These people are like trailguides to a world or a reality that I'm only beginning to understand. It's like I'm in this night and they're showing me the way.

AM3: A sense of body that extends the body limit in such a way, questions it and melts it down in such a way that it rejoins landscape in a very passionate, elemental sense. And it might be another sense of Disposition, to continue with that term, because I was struck that disposition, if you take the word apart,

means somehow not being pinned to a position. Dis-position. And that's why I liked it so much. It seems very poetic, as if to release land from being positioned, that is, tied down, prematurely. And it seems to me that your poetry, Olson's poetry, and Irigaray's thought about body as at the disposition of the land, of the elemental, are all tied, together.

RK: That's beautiful, from my point of view, that's beautifully said and understood and kind of held together through the elemental.

AM3: I think just about everybody has talked about moving from one place to another, has represented the mobility of our society, the moving from place to place, and the idea of landscape is something that we shape in our mind signifies something that would fit a very mobile society, because then you take your place with you, even when you're leaving one place after another and I'm wondering if you have a sense in your—both of you—in your poetry which addressed the role of actual landscape, some image, a fixed place, a place that stays there year in, year out, season in, season out.

RK: Stays inside you mean? Stays inside your mind?

AM3: Well, that stays where it is and doesn't move with us, the role of actual landscape. What role does that play in your thought?

Richard Schoeck: Ed Casey was talking about his fondness for disposition. To that we could add transposition, which is moving from this place to that place. And there are so many wonderful overtones of that word in our culture. Transposition for a musician is an intriguing metaphor for what may take place, for what may happen in other dimensions of our culture. I'm coming at your question only askance.

RK: We have heard stories from people of spiritual disciplines of various kinds. I've heard these stories from American tribal sources. I don't know how reliable, it's just all anecdote by now with me, but you hear them at every level, of essentially getting an image into your mind of landscape and traveling around by the world until, by design or accident, you see that shape suddenly in front of you and then you know here it is. That, perhaps, was the way in which Salt Lake City, which was referred

to before, was founded, when someone saw that that particular weird little shelf under the mountain by the lake was something they had seen before. So, as to the portability of landscape, I mean, the Dutch invented the landscape painting as something you can tuck under your arm and sell, usually exchange for drink and food at the local inn, the owner of which will sell it onward as Vermeer's work entered into—I think twenty of his thirty-some paintings began life as objects of commerce in that way of trade. But I think this carrying of the landscape in the mind until the world comes to its senses and falls into place, maybe we are carrying the landscape with sufficient urgency so that the world, as I said, falls into place, or disposes itself in suitable connections. I don't know. I don't have that kind of landscape. Do you have that kind of landscape that you carry with you? Expecting the world...

AM3: It intrigues me that there is a whole literary genre in the eighteenth century, letters from American farmers, Thoreau's Walden . . .

Audience Member 4: It goes back much further . . .

AM3: There are dozens and dozens of books being written by people who live on a little farm and then write about a year on their farm. Annie Dillard has books like that. It seems like the rest of us, then, read that. We don't have such a little farm ourselves, but it becomes a literary commodity. They tell us about what it's like to live in close, intimate connection with a piece of earth and maybe, I don't know if that's kind of a pornographic landscape, but it is at one remove. It's at one remove and maybe sets the rest of us in search of such a place that we keep with us. Or maybe it's a substitute for such an experience.

AM1: But I think what you're talking about is something that suggests the genius loci, which is the sense that within the place itself, there is a genius . . . I think this may be what you were referring to about finding it or something which, over time and the different occupants, has always seemed to reassert itself, where—maybe a place of epiphany, where I think . . . the sacred or the timeless or the elemental erupts into the mundane . . .

RK: That genius loci is good to think about because genius is one of those words that represent our usual tendency to make

abstract that which begins as more concrete. The genius originally was the Latin word for the generative power, the sexual power of an animal, of a situation, so the genius loci was the power of a place to be productive of plants or animals or to feed your life, to feed the life of your children and the life of your crops and your herds. It's the same root that gives us generate, genital, and all the rest of it, which is—when we start talking about geniuses we have to remember the root of it. But that sense of finding a place, finding the fertile field, finding the place which will nourish our thoughts...

RS: There's another resource of language that was anticipated this morning when Ed Casey was talking about land and real estate. The word *realty* which we nowadays get only with realtors and the like—the world realty several centuries ago meant *reality* and obviously, that got buried in the language. There is this linkage of earth and reality that we have lost in our modern world, owing possibly to urbanization, possibly simply not understanding our own language well enough.

RK: Legally, then, real property contrasts with moveable property. Literally, I think so; I think that's the legal distinction, as if we were all about resisting the nomadic, down with nomadisme, escape from that.

RS: Those who did not own real property were excluded from the polis—they were excluded from a reality that has become "substance" and should have been better translated as "being . . ." So it's interesting that from a long tradition, not just in English but in other languages, there's this curious linkage between reality or "being" and real estate which seems to me to be a way of specifying, perhaps over-specifying, the reality that is there in the Latin, and that ambiguity is there several times over in Western culture.

RK: As if the language were reminding us, yes, it's all right to settle down here. It's all right to occupy this space.

RK: You have to heap—polis was originally "heaped up things"—you have to heap something up and have it protect you from the distraction of mere movement, I guess. And don't forget the scrape part of Casey's art, the scrape which is the incision in the ground, which is also the Roman *mundus* that divided the city from the non-city. To have a place is, in a way, to delimit it

from that which is not a place. The nomad, because he has everywhere, has nowhere. He has no place. He has not been scraped. The land has not been scraped out for him, if scraping is scratching, is writing. We are told that writing originally—writan—was a scratching gesture too, so that writing is a scraping as the pen still does if you're lucky enough to have a bad pen that scratches so you can hear yourself think, literally.

AM4: I'm sorry. I haven't been here all day, so this may have come up in a previous conversation, but what strikes me is that as a culture and specifically in North America, we have, it seems to me, a very mixed sense of place, so that—what happens, for instance, if the sense of place can only be an invention, can only be in the imagination. It cannot be physical. Your attitude towards place is that it is an imposed place, then it is not welcoming or inviting or a choice, perhaps that you made. It seems to me that that engenders another set of emotional ideas and connections. Do you know what I'm saying?

RK: Well, you bring two things to mind that I think are comparable, but very different in their moral weight. One is—well, I live on the Hudson, on the shores of the Hudson River, about a hundred miles north of New York, and all our "Indians" now live, if they live at all, in Oklahoma where they were forcibly dispossessed. So if you want to learn the language that names the rivers and streams and rocks in my neighborhood, you have to go to Oklahoma to learn them. Now, what did those people carry with them of our place, the place that is now "my place" that was their place, what do you carry with you into exile? Or those people in British Columbia who were displaced, not so dramatically as from the Hudson to Oklahoma, but still displaced from one part of the land to another part.

The other thing I think about it that there is a now considerable weight of interesting scholarship going on in classical studies, arguing that the Homeric poems, that we've heard about a little bit this weekend, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* in fact constitute, in their geographical reach, a mapping of northern geography onto the southern seas. That the stories told in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* in fact, did not "happen" in the Mediterranean world, but in the Baltic world and in northern Germany and the coast of the Baltic and even the Gulf of Bothnia. That those stories were handed down by tribes as they moved down into the

Mediterranean world, constantly readjusting the nomenclature of the story geography onto the real geography so that we wind up with names imposed upon the Mediterranean by the Greeks which reflect the shape of the Baltic world. There's an interesting book, not yet translated into English, Vinci's *Homero Baltico*, on this subject, a huge scholarship on this mapping. It's not a strange book. I mean, it's not about a weird "Finns wrote the *Iliad*." It's not about that. It's more a sense that we carry a vision of place with us and apply it time and again just as New York State is full of names like Carthage and Rome, Troy, Utica, places that we have no right to the names of, and nonetheless we found them in our hearts and we imposed them on the land. But I'm more interested in the other thing, the dispossession issue of what do you do when you've been thrown out of your country and you carry it, remembering Zion as the Jews were in the first Diaspora. What did they carry? Did they map Judea onto Babylon? And have we been, like the Mormons, or I suppose most do, mapping their sacred geography onto a common geography?

Dream Archive

Editor's Note: The following archive is the complete collection as provided to the eight speakers prior to October, 2001 and is unedited as to content. A solid gray line separates the reports of the various contributors.

I don't know if this is what you are looking for, but the passage from dream, to reality, to actual creation in this series was quite significant for me. My dreams opened a desire to return to my roots, lead me through the process, took me to my childhood home which I left 43 years ago, and gave me mental pictures for paintings. I will describe how this unfolded step by step:

Dream #1 9/7/96 **My Childhood Home**

I went into the attic in the house where I grew up. There was a long corridor in an L shape with rooms off of it. The first room was Fanny's *(Fanny was our maid when I was a child)*. I looked in. Clothes were piled all over the floor. Her double bed was unmade and a set of bunk beds were in the space between her bed and the wall. Next to them a young black boy was standing. I was shocked, I had never seen him before and asked if he had been hidden up there all these years. He said, "Yes." I had always felt uneasy in that room.

We went down the corridor to a storage room at the bend of the L. As in the past the room was stuffed with things, but this time there were mostly shelves and dressers packed with old and very nice silver and china. I took a sugar and creamer and noticed some silver and wind-up toys. I thought I needed to go through it and take a lot to a consignment shop. Then I went to the room at the end of the hall. There were two rooms with a bathroom in between. Nothing had been touched in many years. The room facing west had been my sanctuary. When we moved I

remembered going to the window for the last look. *(This was in my dream in thought form, but it had also happened in reality)*

I went to the room facing east. It mostly contained Dad's clothes. There were big dark dressers filled with sweaters, mostly black and brown patterns. They were neatly folded and piled up. I opened every drawer, looked, closed it and moved on. There seemed to be no place for his things, for the cold masculinity, in my life. Finally I went to a very small room *(didn't exist in reality)*. I was stunned, this room went so far back, it had been so many years that I had been in it, and I had forgotten it existed. Perhaps age 6 or so, since I had been there. This was a sewing room where dresses were made. I thought "this must be above Mother's dressing room." One wall was completely lined with mirrors. Very frilly white dresses were hanging. There was a young girl with blond hair in one of the dresses. Hanging to one side was a brocade blue/green dress. It was pinned about three-fourths way around the hem, as though someone had just left without finishing and never came back. It belonged to my sister. I woke up.

I am in a dream group. I talked about this dream a lot because I felt there was unfinished business going back to my childhood. I even had Jean run a horoscope chart for the year I was 6. The third floor of the house was exactly like it was pictured in the dream except for the sewing room.

Dream #2 2/6/99 **Alchemy**

I was in the house where I grew up. Suddenly I noticed that there was fire around outside. Men were fighting it. Inside I knew I had been prepared for this sort of thing. I packed a sack full of important things, I could act quickly. I wanted to take my stuffed animals but had to leave them behind. I did bring a pearl handled knife that I had found behind a bed in the corner of my bedroom where a woman had been killed *(The bed was not my bed, nor was the corner really there)*, but the bed in the dream was framed by a rectangle of wood.

We drove to a seemingly safe place. I saw a neighbor that lived in a similar house trying to spray his house as the fire approached. The new place was a series of white rooms. I could look out the window and see great billowing clouds of smoke from the fire *(strangely as we could see from our house this year during the Viveash fire, second to Los Alamos in size, our house has white rooms, now)*. I thought about all I had left and how

the house was organized. I didn't worry, but did feel that many parts of my life were threatened. There was a corridor leading into white rooms. Soon it was time to return. This time I took many things, there was room for my stuffed animals.

I went out and climbed into a white station wagon. Someone else was driving. We were all women. When we returned I discovered that although the land was charred, the home had been spared.

Dream #3 4/26/99 **The Dressing Room**

I went into my mother's room in the house where we lived when I was a child. I was surprised that after so many years that everything was if she was still there. The bed was covered in a spread of blue/green silk. It hadn't been made. The room was elegant, but things were here and there as though she was coming right back. I went to her dressing room where all her clothes still hung in her closet. I went back into the bedroom and saw where I was going. It was a house filled with light, all open to the outdoors, and surrounded by white birches.

My Mother has been dead for about 20 years now, and I thought there was something almost trying to get through or something about the past trying to get back to me connected with her.

Dream #4 9/9/99 **The Room in the Attic**

They seem to come rapidly now.

I went back to my childhood house. I went to my favorite room in the attic. It seemed like a long time since I had been there and everything was as it had been. I had my camera and wanted to take pictures. I started noticing things one by one. First there was a mahogany spindle bed along the east wall. The windows were framed by the angled pitch of the roof. I spoke to a dark haired girl and told her about how when we moved from that house that the last place I went to say, "Good by" was that room. I had looked out the window to the west. It was a casement window. Then I went to a table in the corner. There were little framed photos of our life in the past. The one that really struck me was mother. She was serious with dark hair. The photo was taken after she had had cancer and had gone onto her new life. It was taken when she had gone from us and we couldn't reach her anymore.

Dream #5 12/10/99 **Looking for Mother**

I went back to my childhood house. It was the same outside, but different inside, slightly more Victorian. I went in, there was a corner with a cabinet filled with memorabilia that my mother had collected. There were folders filled with colored photos of happy people as well as typewritten sheets of paper that I couldn't read. A baby came to the door. Jean or a male voice warned that it was a wild wolf and that if I helped it, it would never be able to go back to the wild. I saw it go off looking for its mother with an ache in my heart.

Dream #6 1/3/00 **Going Back**

I went back to my childhood house, through the back yard to the space between the houses which had been filled with fruit trees. I saw some people and said, "I am going back to my past." Then I said, "Let's go into the woods." Along the path I passed mother's house. I saw a big open box with a double bed covered with a light blue spread. I realized mother had been waiting. I sat in a velvet chair in the corner. The room had a yellowy glow *(which all rooms where people in my life who have died live in my dreams).*

. Mother came in, so small, so young, so pretty. We were happy to see each other. She asked about the journey.

Somewhere in mid January I decided that I had to go back. Through a series of coincidences I found the name of the people who now live in the house, I remembered the address. I wrote thinking they might think I was foolish, but got an extraordinary response, not only welcoming me, but inviting me to dinner. So I planned a trip for the end of March 2000. I stayed with a cousin I had only seen once in my life, and nervously went to my home. I walked into my past and was overwhelmed by an almost otherwordly sensation. To add to that, I had caught a cold and was loaded down with tissues and throat lozenges, and somewhat erratic from the cold pill I had taken. As I walked in, the music of Edith Piaf was playing, and my present filled the air. My head was filled with memories of my many trips to France, Jean, and the life I have now, as well as seeing myself as a little girl and what my life in that house was like in the 40's and 50's. I felt numb. I have never met such nice people. We had a champagne toast, there was a buffet of shrimp. I had a complete tour, and they kindly left me to wander by myself in the attic where I took many, many photographs. I looked out the window that I had looked out of so long ago trying to imprint a last

picture in my mind, I bravely walked into Fanny's room where I had been haunted as a child. Now I am painting from my photographs, and hope through that process to find whatever is waiting as I bring my dream world to my waking world.

Carolyn Lamunière

Dear People,

Last week I received in my faculty mailbox at Grays Harbor College a letter about your dream project for the Kansas Conference on Imagination and Place. I will be returning the release form by regular mail today, and I will send you one of my dreams here by email. I wish I had more time to respond. I have kept a dream diary for over two years. Is there any chance that you might extend your Nov. 1 deadline?

May I assume that you want dreams about natural settings, not dreams that take place in buildings or cities? I am curious about how you might be using these dreams. It is my understanding that dreams use very personal symbolism.

I am an artist, parttime art instructor, in Jungian analysis, divorced. I grew up on a farm in Michigan and lived in rural Arkansas for a long time and now live in rural Washington state near the beach.

Dream:

At "Bud's Pond," a small pothole pond across the gravel road from the farm where I grew up. I am there but I have to go back over to the farm for something. As I return, I am hurrying because it is such a beautiful day. The pond is very full of water, [not like it really is.] I'm walking around to the far side. Now the pond looks like the sea, sparkling, white waves, roaring like the sea. Bright sun. Now I have to cross a creek that was high before, but now the tide is out and the creek is almost dry. [It is like a favorite creek of mine here in Washington]. I can walk right accross. Now I'm running and happy because the place is deserted. I'm thinking—good, Larry [my ex] is not here, I can just take off my clothes and bask in the sun. But now I see that an old neighbor of mine, my ex's best friend, is sitting at my old sewing table there in the grass near the sand. I wonder about how he carried that table all the way over here. He is happy and

friendly and says something about Larry. I am disappointed that I can't be alone. Even though the water looks like the sea, this is still the little pond.

I can send more dreams if you will extend your deadline. Yes, please send me updated information.

Sincerely,

Kathleen Graddy
97 DeKay Rd.
Hoquiam, WA 98550

Dream Report

I was at a large, very crowded, wedding reception being held in an old mansion. I began to feel claustrophobic and started making my way out of the building. The doorways led to fire-escape ladders and steps of all kinds, a metal maze. I exited along these kinds of paths and found my way into an urban setting that was a little frightening. I was climbing walls with security wire and looking through the bars into housing projects. There were kids playing inside but I couldn't get to them. Heading back I found myself in a neighborhood of bungalow houses. I was walking along the front lawns when two or three black guys were walking alongside me. One of them looked about my age, with a close-cropped beard. He asked me what was going on. I said I'd been back a ways into the projects and found these rocks. I took out three or four rocks from my pocket, each only about the size of a large peach-pit. They were a little polished but each one had a drawing of the continents on it, with Africa featured in some way. The drawings were in black enamel, and while the Eurasian continents were in outline the African continent had ornate scrolls filling it. Each stone and its drawing were a little different. One suggested Africa as a cutting wedge attached to a hoe, the rock being the bedrock of the earth itself, the continent tilling the world. Another suggested Africa as a vase holding the flowers of Europe.

I said to this guy that I liked the rocks, he obviously was taken by them too. I said, "I like them because the rock is a place, and the continents are places," and he finished the sentence "and because there is no other place." Which I took to

mean as "this was our world."

The feeling of the rocks in my hand was so palpable and the ink on them so rich.

It seems to be an idealistic dream of the world. I'm a white person who has lived amid a lot of racial tension in an east coast city. Now I live in a predominantly white midwestern town with racism, but my skin color "hides me" in the majority. I had this dream just before travelling to Europe and shortly after talking with my sister about languages. My sister is a county extension agent who has learned basic Hmong language skills as part of her job. So these ideas of global communication and travel were in my mind. This was a reconciliation dream; idealistic and hopeful. I felt that I found some resolution in it.

Name Withheld

June 30, 2000

My most memorable dream occurred many years ago. A group of aspiring artists met monthly at our studios to talk about our work as well as current trends. We considered ourselves Baltimore's avant-garde. The plum was to have a solo exhibition at the Baltimore Museum of Art. At that time there existed at the BMA an artists' committee which selected the jury for an annual all-Maryland show and also selected three local artists among those who applied for solo shows at the museum.

A year that one of our group was selected I had my dream: The artist's paintings were soft abstract forms—very elegantly executed. The gallery in which her show was hung had been covered with colorful flowered wallpaper. Her paintings were indistinguishable from their surrounding background. We were friends, so I attribute the dream to jealousy not hostility.

Later I had my own show at the BMA. I am glad to say it occurred when I had matured and was ready for it. I am now 84 years old. This year I shall receive a Lifetime Achievement Award from the University of Maryland University College—the Adult Education Arm of the U of M.

Amalie Rothschild

11/1/00
Another binary date!

Finding a House

There is a dream recurs
Of a house that I find in my yard
Which I did not know was there all
These years

This is a summer house, cottage, somewhere
To the left (east) in my field of vision, hiding
In a thicket, dry grass and in plain sight, filled
With the still dignified furniture of second choices
The tacky footsteps on linoleum grey spatter, aroma
Of lawn chairs in the living room, pilled shellac
Contracted on pine casing. Old novels; Ivanhoe, I'm OK You're OK

Windows bunched outside with unpruned
Volunteers of walnut and hackberry 9:00 AM dew
My own quirk to avoid walking into them
(I've never liked putting my dry warm hands into wet lettuce)
Range, tall narrow four burner squeaking, musty rollup shades
Everything sticks as though surfaces, like the long-
Hanging clothes of Uncles and Aunts
Have begun to dissolve in oxygen; not abandoned exactly.
Someone varnished the doorknobs.

The reason for this?
Why miss a splendor of information stacked and layered?
(Stacked and layered like a stone crafters wall,
a funny rock, a geode, a concretion inserted
to catch the eye and speak a one-liner when
approached)
A roof that is tired and about to go critical
Its sandy spill
Upon a rain-stuck line beneath my feet, gravel chirps.
The place is a little sad, but the discovery amazes

Didn't I walk these acres?

I'm no Hearst; never making it out to that
One guest house, not knowing it contained
The furniture of his childhood.

Matthew Kirby

A 42-year-old artist, designer, craftsman, musician and benevolent dictator of a small imaginary nation

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Sept. 26, 2000

I am writing about a place I dreamt of as a child. I am now 25 years old and an aspiring painter.

I believe I was six years old when I dreamt about a special place. The place was a beautiful beach with a few large rocks, clear crystal blue water and white sands. In my dream I got to this place by going into the backyard of my best friend's house. When I entered the beach area I found myself there, feeling complete and whole with an extraordinary sense of peace.

When I was 20 I met a woman who was to help me psychologically (a therapist). At the time I was unsure of our relationship. Then one night, I dreamt I was sitting in front of her and she was dressed like a gypsy with a curtain behind her. The view behind her, I realized, was of the beach, this special place I had dreamt of as a child. I then knew that this woman would be the one to help reach myself and experience myself as I had in the childhood dreams.

At the age of 23 I took a trip to Barbados, in the Caribbean. I travelled alone. I found a beach there that reminded me of the one I had dreamt. I felt very secure and whole at this beach. Although it was not identical to what I had dreamt, it still had a powerful effect on me. I knew I should try to come back to this place when I could.

S. Rebecca Haskins

My parents moved to the suburbs of Raytown, Missouri, in 1964, the year I was born. Though I had very little natural area to explore there, I didn't know this at the time and made happily do with a cement-lined drainage ditch that, on its way out of our subdivision, became a slate-bottomed creek surrounded by hardwoods. The older I grew and the more aware I became of just how close I was to the edge of the trees and the borders of lawns, the more I dreamed things like happening upon a forgotten band of Indians still living along the tiny creek's edge. I dreamed of leading them out of my subdivision to the safety of the field beyond, a field that is now the parking lot of the RLDS church. I dreamed of canoeing with them down the creek into woods too deep to see beyond. Mostly still, when I dream of the natural world, I'm still ranging about on that little wedge of land along the creek, still dreaming it vast and impenetrable if only I travel far enough. The area was, to my amazement, recently adopted and converted into a nature trail by students from my former elementary school.

One of the few exceptions to my homebound creek dream has made a lasting impression on me because it reveals a hope, an imagination I did not believe myself capable of. In it, I'm standing on a hillside looking into a valley with white-roofed tract houses clustered neatly along its bottom. With a slight rush of air, the houses—first one, then another, then the whole group—lift from the ground in a great flock and fly away, leaving behind only greenness and silence.

Kelly Barth

Intro Note: It is late afternoon, Sun. Oct. 1. Rather quiet. I have just awakened from a restless dreaming, a not very visually interesting but extremely refreshing psychological experience wherein various elements of violence (from a variety of sources, tapped into out of intellectual curiosity and some unidentified need) collided and imploded leaving me free. I latched onto the Aug.–Oct. issue of "The Arts in Action" and the invitation to participate in the Dream Archive.

It is late afternoon, Sun. Oct. 1. But maybe it isn't too late.

Perhaps a brief history of this dreaming soil is the essential skeleton for the body of this piece—this contribution.

I am a wandering soul. That is, until the present and near future. I was born along the Huron River in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and have been along currents of water energy ever since. From Ann Arbor we moved closer to Detroit and the Detroit River. Summers were spent, as were falls, winters and springs, too, at various and *in* various waters and depths. The Great Lakes, the minor lakes, man-made lakes and imagined lakes. Imagined lakes and their relatives (streams and rivers) were fountains of youth and renewal when the adults could not be motivated or convinced that a trip to the water other than the bathtub was salutary to one and all. As I grew older and more mobile, lakes turned into oceans, cold springs, hot springs, water caves, waterfalls—front, back and sideways—and even grottos. Grottos in churches and cistern-like grottos guarded by magnificently large and seemingly out of place birds, verging on the mystical.

About ten years ago, after many wanderings near and far from first one residence in Detroit and then another, I finally packed up my life in its fullness, and reliving some genetic pattern of ancestors who left their homelands to sail across the Ocean of No Return, the Ocean of Better Tomorrow, I sailed across the ocean of the Northern Prairie to the west coast—Seattle, along Puget Sound and amidst the inner waterways—Lake Union, Washington, and the sea channels. Seattle is called the Emerald City (odd that I am now in the Land of Oz or at least of Dorothy). It's called the Emerald City because it is rich with verdant moss. It is mossy because it is misty, humid, and wet much of the year.

I lived in Seattle long enough to be re-educated into a new career. In Seattle, my dreams took on a new character. Perhaps the moisture in the air acted as some new medium of transmission. I began dreaming about my classmates in ways which were unique and personal to individuals, often, most often, without obvious or conscious reference to myself.

I began to share these dreams with the subjects of the dreams as tests to the virtue of the dreams. I felt a certain inner resistance (my own) not as the dreams were occurring (often what's called lucid dreaming, where the dreamer is simultaneously con-

scious of the dream and the act of dreaming); the resistance came later, as a fear of a change happening within my psyche which seemed to be proceeding forth from some unknown source. Sharing the dreams and testing their virtue was testing the unknown. My fear was a fear of surrender to something natural, passionate, amoral, and non-judgmental without certainties or guidelines. As if all previous experiences of currents, sandbars, dropoffs, undertows, and even guardian birds and water spirits were inconsequential. (Perhaps hence the unidentified need to understand violence, its effects, and its antidotes.)

If this period of my life were called the growth of my intuition, my classmates respect of this growth outpaced my own—as if through sharing these dreams and receiving their concurrent testimony and acceptance was not enough of a foundation on which to build faith in the process. I had, and still have, the sense that I was too close to it, immersed in it, and could not gain perspective, no matter where I went or with whom.

(Also in the Aug.–Oct. "Arts in Action" I read the wonderful "report" by Paul Hotvedt wherein he tells us the motto of the Ditch Painters Chapter of the Landscape Painters Association is "Climb your mountain and see how low it is.")

Despite the water content of Seattle (or maybe because of it being so diffuse) I felt far away from home and family, and though I had a "dream" that my future lay in the Missouri area—the middle, middle, middle—I longed for home and family, longed to go back to those old watering holes of my earlier history in order to quench a thirst left parched—or probably more precisely, unpenetrated—by/no matter the wet of Seattle.

Shortly after writing my State Boards, I left Washington. Another curiosity in all of this is that I first went to Taos, New Mexico, based upon a dream of my sister. I ended up living there for several days with a previously unknown family composed of a Native American ex-Marine, his ethnically Hispanic wife, and their several children in age from about 4 to 14. I worked for them taking apart an American icon, a former 7-11 store—walls, woodwork, even the heating and cooling system. We viscerally gutted the place. Meanwhile, they bedded, boarded and paid me (re: Lawrence and The Santa Fe Trail).

From there I went northeasterly back to the Detroit area, then north to Lake Superior, the greatest of the Great Lakes, then back to Detroit to work the Christmas season, live with another

family, then back to The Big Lake, then finally to Florida and my parents and the ocean. It was there dreams of place became even more profound. I dreamt I was to drive to Hannibal, Missouri, and that there I would find a house. In the dream, the message came from a teacher of mine with whom I had journeyed through Missouri two or three years earlier, a trip "home" for him but for me a magical trip into a realm of the Water Kingdom previously unknown to me, a baptism in the tradition of total immersion conjoined metaphysically with an initiation in the classical sense to that which transcends time. An approximation of the soul more truly to its true source and therefore, its true virtue—its transcendent truth.

I went to Hannibal and strangely I forgot the dream, so taken was I by a subconscious release of energy that flowed out of contact with Mark Twain via an almost private tour through the Mark Twain caves, and an assimilation, finally, of something I had been digesting since high school, in hindsight; that the Mississippi symbolizes, for me, the mainstream of the American subconscious. (Odd, again, isn't it, that I have taken up residence, here in Lawrence, on Mississippi!) I went to Hannibal, and entering a world of the subconscious, personal, individual, and national, forgot the dream, even as we forget reality when we enter a dream. Just as I was about to cross the Old Bridge out of Hannibal on my way back to Lake Superior, I saw a beautiful house. Then I saw the house was for sale. Then I saw an ordinary person with cleaning supplies and a small dog enter the house—one of the owners it turned out. She gave me a tour. We kept in touch. The price came down. I went on a road trip with a friend, someone with some real estate and investment savvy. Sioux City, Denver, Hannibal. On the way from Denver to Hannibal, we stopped in Lawrence for lunch and gas. My first time here. I think his, too.

A second look at the house in Hannibal with four fresh eyes revealed significant water damage to the foundation. The owner revealed, but did not connect cause with effect, that he had removed a retaining wall between his uphill neighbor and himself. Water running downhill to the Mississippi found its shortest path through his basement wall, no matter how he patched or sealed. It was a beautiful house on a crumbling foundation at a price too high to merit further consideration. I went back to my deep water mother, Lake Superior. My whole soul was telling me

I was leaving for the deep midwest, but Hannibal was not the place. Where was it? I asked. The answer came not so much like a dream, but a living picture feeling. It was Lawrence I was feeling/seeing. To test, I went once more through Hannibal, past the house now sold, through the cornfields, past springs and across rivers back to Lawrence. Yes, it felt good to be alive here. I came again, two months later, with a carful of basics. I scoured the area for housing. I found my wonderful landlord, my residence on Mississippi, and all that I had dreamt of physically for my home—hardwood floors, a tub, a garage. Other things, too, so deep in the subconscious as to be nearly unconscious. My wandering soul has found imagined place.

The author and dreamer is a Washington State licensed naturopathic physician who, while currently prevented from practicing as she is accustomed to in Michigan by virtue of Kansas state law criminalizing naturopathic medicine as it once did chiropractic, is exploring use of the gift of intuition and dreams for healing, growth, and the raising of conscience. In linear physical age-time, she is nearly 50. Hard to write or believe!

Elise Nelson

I almost never dream about the land in night dreams, although my daydreaming is rarely without ruminations of the landscape. If they are about any place at all, my sleeping dreams are often terrifying: tornadoes, slippery slopes, and the precarious heights of suspension bridges and skyscrapers. Or they are filled with people—crowds and family, airport chaos or school hallways, and intruders. I wish I had peaceful dreams about flying over endless prairies, but it's never happened.

As a painter of the Kansas landscape, wild, vast places are my obsession. I spend a great deal of my waking hours either observing, interpreting, or dreaming about the landscape. So maybe it is either a result of or why I'm not dreaming this landscape at night. I wonder what other landscape painters dream?

The vision of the land I wish to express in my painting is rooted in and influenced by the unique terrain and space of the Flint Hills region of eastern Kansas. My ideas about space, distance, beauty, and the wildness of the land are inspired by that

place, no matter where I paint. Ironically, painting on location is essential for me, though the resulting painting may only be loosely based upon that specific locale.

Each painting is a combination of the real and the imagined. Each piece is like a journal page, an expression of what I alone experienced those few moments of that particular day, during that season. It is that specific environment's effect upon my soul, and my abilities and experience up to that point, and yet it is also about a wished-for place, and imagined past place, a hope for a future place, a place freer of the clutter and evidence of the human-made.

Lisa J. Grossman

Three selected dreams about one R_____ farm in Central Kansas

Background: Members of this R_____ family have lived on the farm for four generations. The farm now produces wheat, milo, and irrigated corn and soybeans. In the past there used to be livestock also—cattle, pigs, chickens, sheep, and work horses. The current house is a wood frame, 2-story house. The original house, another wood frame house, burned when my grandfather was a boy (probably in the early 1900's), then the present house was built. Several sheds, a barn west of the main house, and other outbuildings surround it. Numerous cats and dogs have also had a home there. Of the (late 19th and 20th century) people who have lived on this farm, my siblings and I are part of a line that started with my great-grandfather C.R., his son S. R., S.'s son R. R., then me and my siblings (children of R. R.). If other people lived on that land earlier, I don't know about them.

I have had many, many dreams about this place, where I grew up (I lived there from 1951 to about 1969). I have chosen three to send for use in this project. Background information on me: I am a 48 year old female. My employment consists of two part-time jobs mostly involving office work. In my spare time, I am an avid reader of fiction and explorer of the intersection between psychology and spirituality.

Dream #1: (perhaps dreamed in the late 1980's)

I dreamed that my father took the farmhouse, picked it up, and turned it sideways, then set it down again so that it was catty-corner to the way it had previously been. Instead of walls facing north, south, east, and west, now the corners faced these four directions. This was quite disconcerting to me.

(Background: I dreamed this shortly before I found out that my father was thinking about retirement and thinking of selling the farm to someone who was not in the family, because it appeared that no family members wanted to take over the farming operation. It was hard for me to imagine not being able to come back to this place. However, this did not happen. My brother surprised everyone by deciding to come back to Kansas and take over the farm. He has done this—he and his wife live there now.)

Dream #2: (Aug. 3, 2000)

I dreamed that I was at a fair in the R_____ farm yard. Lots and lots of people were there; most of them were strangers to me. I saw my cousin C. D. from my mother's side of my family (the D_____ side, from Oklahoma). At first I saw her in a potluck line in a house. Then she was with some other D_____ relatives who were at a table set up outside by the old cement stock tank (northwest of the big barn). She asked me to wait so she could get a letter that she wanted me to mail for her. Finally she brought it—a recipe for blueberry pie, cut from a magazine (the pie looked good!). I went to get an envelope. I wondered if I should walk down the driveway to take this letter to the mailbox.

But then the scene changed, and I was in a small, red house, one of several that were just there, sort of in the yard between the house and the barn (they are **not** there in waking life). I thought maybe it was the house where my husband and I live now (a bungalow in Lawrence). I saw G. (an acquaintance from Lawrence) in the window of the next house, and realized that the house we were in was similar to our real one, but was not ours.

My husband wanted me to go around with him at this fair and look at accordions. I said no, I don't want to. He said yes, let's do this. We saw my father in the crowd then, but he didn't see us.

(Background: The day before dreaming this, I had been looking at a script for some pictures of our family's life that my

mother was preparing for my parents' 50th wedding anniversary celebration. My mother mentioned that she and my father hadn't known each other as children. However, I was remembering a *fantasy* that I've always had—that they *did* meet as children and played together west of the barn at the R_____ farm.)

Dream #3: (Aug. 28, 2000)

I was walking with a group, and a little boy. There was a friendly feeling in my interactions with him.

Later, we came to the R_____ farmhouse. It was a new house right beside the old one, perhaps to the north of it. But some of the layout of the new house was just like the old one. J. and C. U., two of my cousins on the R_____ side, were there. My mother gave me a suitcase with a new dress in it. I tried it on. J. told me that the plan was that we will all dress up this evening. J.'s dress was multicolored and very pretty. Mine was similar, but navy blue. Mother's dress was white.

Once we went into a dining room (in a different location than I was used to) and a number of people (perhaps 20?) were gathered there, including quite a few relatives from the D_____ side of my family.

We went into the old house to look at it again. It was right adjacent to this house, and we got to it by crawling through the window of the upstairs room that used to be my sister's bedroom. I couldn't quite recognize or remember the interior of the house right away. I cried for the sadness of leaving it. Looking out the window, there were lots of small new houses outside, and new construction going on. It looked like a new residential area was being built up, which was very odd in this rural area nine miles from the nearest town.

Another Dream About a Place

Note: There are some places that recur in my dreams, but I don't believe I have ever been there in waking life. This dream takes place in one of those places. Also, my view of dreams is that their content is often symbolic personally to the dreamer, with implications that are helpful in one's own psychological and spiritual growth. Sometimes dreams may have a precognitive element, as did the one about my father turning the farm sideways (I see that as symbolic and precognitive). Thus I'm wondering if these dreams might be very personal to me. On the

other hand they probably have many layers of meaning, and the appearance of place in dreams is certainly a fascinating subject to explore. So I am sharing these dreams on the chance that they might be helpful in your project.

Dream #4: (Oct. 27, 2000)

My husband and I were in a room on the west side of a hotel hall. We were staying there for a sort of vacation or family gathering. I think members of my family were in rooms nearby.

We looked out on a beautiful lake or seaside to the west. The water was golden with light. Some other folks got into the water, but it was morning and the water was very cold—too cold for me to want to swim in it right now.

My husband and I slept for a bit, and when we woke up, the light outside was different (dimmer) and I was disoriented. Maybe it was evening already? I looked out and saw a red sun sinking below the horizon over the water and a spit of land. Sure enough—we had slept the day away. But it was a peaceful, satisfied feeling because I knew we must have needed the sleep. I was thinking, though, that we have one more day here, and tomorrow for sure I want to get into that water and swim before we leave.

Background: This beautiful ocean or lake with an eastern shore has appeared in several dreams, but I can't connect it to a place where I've been in waking life.

Patrice Krause

Last night I dreamed that I returned to the first house my parents ever owned, the house I came to at 10 and left at 16. As I approached 1406 Castle Ave., the wide yard that separated it from the house next door was muddy from construction. Large buildings arose on all other sides of the house, which had itself been turned into an office building. Only the modest front porch remained the same, the porch where I lifted my lips and closed my eyes for a first goodnight kiss.

As I frantically entered the front door, I was lost in a maze of

office cubicles, but I quickly found remnants of the house. The window-seat in the dining room, where we piled our "belongings," sat like a relic among the desks and computers. The stairway still led up to the two bedrooms in the attic where the eaves were so low my father had to duck his head to enter. Only a curtain separated me from my younger brothers, but it was a very private space.

Nothing remained, however, of the new garage my grandfather had built or the basement he finished into a useful study for my father, a modern laundry room for my mother, and a knotty-pine recreation room where ping pong battles raged. Nothing remained of the bathrooms I cleaned every Saturday morning while my brothers played Little League baseball, the kitchen table where I talked on the phone to my friends. We watched "Gunsmoke" on Saturday nights in the living room and argued about who would fix popcorn. Parakeets and guppies lived and died in the dining room; "family councils" met around the table to pay our dues (my dad's joke) and juggle the dishwashing schedule.

The neighborhood was somewhat pretentiously called University Heights (the university was a college; the heights were flat), but the geography was simple: a half-block walk to the bus-stop to catch the city bus to grade school; a walk across the street and down the alley to Teri's backdoor to catch a ride to high school with her father; a Sunday morning walk on shaky high heels to the church two blocks away; a walk down the alley to my mother's office and my first summer job in the basement floor of a dormitory. A long trip was a bicycle ride to the drugstore on the commercial edge of the neighborhood. My brother's first job came when a McDonald's opened in the early 1960's on the main street—Hanna Avenue—that led to "the Heights."

It has been almost 40 years since I lived there, leaving when our family moved to a house farther out in the suburbs of Indianapolis. For years, my parents had been pouring their dreams into the new house, which was built near a creek where they walked in their balmy college years. Today, they are about to move into their fifth house since Castle Ave., having left the suburban dream house for a better job in Pennsylvania, then another in Iowa, then a retirement village in Arkansas, now returning to Indiana for their last years.

I am moving, too, from the house where I've lived for 20 years (a personal record), feeling both the congestion of commuting and the loneliness of my own empty nest. A real estate agent calls and wants to buy some land from this family home so the owner next door can build two houses instead of one. "You can't stand in the way of progress," she says almost self-consciously as if the slogan sounds tinny to her, too. I feel crowded on all sides by houses, by condos, malls, and the office buildings of my dream. The new house in Seattle is a retreat, a beach cottage with room for only two. It has the address 4106: are we not entitled to some relics of the past?

Judith Bentley

Dream:

For many years, I've been having a recurring dream about the land where I live, a dream informed surely by both my love for this land and my fear that the pressure to develop this land may take it from us. Before I tell the dream, I need to say that I live on land just south of Lawrence that has been in my husband's family for many generations, and it is land close enough to town that it's very valuable in terms of what it could fetch from a developer. When I first walked this land over 18 years ago, I felt a strong resonance immediately, as if it was a good friend I finally got to see again.

Since then, I've spent a lot of time wandering around the hill, through the fields, along the tree lines, and even some years marching about with graph paper to chart out the house we eventually built here. We've been in this house with our three kids, two cats, and dog for over five years, and each time I drive home again, I am so grateful to live here. We literally own five acres in the middle of 130 acres owned by my mother-in-law and her four sisters, and as I type this, we are negotiating with the sisters to buy the "back 40" (the back 40 acres where most of our five acres is) so that we can preserve and protect and continue restoring it (we've been restoring a 10 acres stretch in the back 40 of native prairie for many years). I also need to say that

our home is currently on the northern edge in the back 40 acres, so it makes sense that I want to protect what's just south of us; also, literally south of the land owned by the family is a huge farm owned by someone who has said he's determined to develop his land.

As for the dream, it recurs, but keeps evolving, kind of like a mini-series. In the first dream, I followed a native woman, someone I actually knew from town who I assume had stepped into the dream to play out something another woman had told me, upon visiting my house a few weeks ago: that this land was protected by the spirit of a native woman who lived and died here. The woman in the dream took me just east of my house, where normally there is a hill covered in cedar and hackberry tangled forest. In the dream, however, there was suddenly a deep stream between my house and the forest, and the woman and I walked along the stream, amazed at this beautiful hidden thing. I expressed some fear of this land being developed, being taken from us.

In the next dream, just south of the house, I saw a house being built, and I felt very nervous, yet I told myself our home was still protected, and a lot of the land was still intact.

There were more dreams where more houses were added, and I remember one particularly vivid dream of a whole bunch of houses—again, just south of our home—had been built and now the people in those houses were building a clubhouse to use in common. In another dream, a man who built a house butting up to our current property line was mowing his lawn, and I felt especially nervous about so much of the land being developed. Yet in all these dreams, the stream to the east was still mysteriously there.

I feel like I'm reporting a sequence of dreams still in the middle, and so I cannot say the ending, but often, my husband and I stand on our deck, staring to the south, and we ask the spirit that protects this land to tell us what to do, to guide us, to help us. And we tell the land how much we love it, how we want to be with it and give ourselves to it. For my husband, who grew up here, and whose mother and grandmother grew up here, the tie is obviously stronger, and I remember him once crying because he felt like the land itself was a little child standing on a busy road in the middle of traffic, and he was worried (and still is) about being able to rescue the land in time. This is what we

struggle for, and this land, continually, is what teaches us so much of what is alive, holy, important, open, mysterious in this world.

Name withheld, but 40-year-old woman, writer and teacher

I'm on the East Coast, at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. An institute I'm participating in is ending. The institution of which the institute is a part is going bankrupt. There is no panic about this, just an acceptance that all of us at the institute have to clear out the next day.

I and a fellow participant and friend, Kelley, walk out to an overlook. The scene has shifted and now we're in the Rockies. Sun and shadows mottle the brightly colored canyons and mountains, whose depths and heights are exaggerated even beyond the sense of exaggeration a person from Kansas can experience in the actual Rockies.

So the view seems at once both artificial (like plastic flowers) and breathtaking. It's a little like a Bierstadt painting.

I tell Kelley that a person can fly simply by jumping off a cliff into a vast space—a place like this one. I halfway know I'm dreaming: There's a vague memory of sometimes, in dreams, hurling myself from a height only to fall rather than fly, and I'm a bit anxious that this will happen if I try to fly now.

Nevertheless, I jump off the cliff.

And for a time I fall, as I knew I probably would. There is often a "catch point" for me in a dream where, after having fallen, my body seems to learn how to navigate in this new medium and fly. Finally I do fly, rising rapidly upward, effortlessly, as if a wind is lifting me.

I survey the scene from the new perspective, and it's even more grand/grandiose/thrilling, and I'm aware of Kelley's being behind me watching me and marveling that, yes, it is possible to fly.

At some point, as usual in my flying dreams, I plummet. But I fall feet first, and when I land, the impact is as if I've jumped from a height of three feet, maybe, not thousands.

Later in this dream, I teach Kelley a second way to fly: by skipping, with every skip a little higher than the last, till skip-

ping turns to long jumps, and long jumps turn to floating, and floating turns to flying. This time, Kelley comes along with me and enjoys the experience too.

Addendum to dream: I had this dream the night after I read your note.

Laurie, urged me to send my dream by midnight on the 27th. Naturally, then, it seemed to me that I'd "dreamed up" this landscape just for you! In my dream report, I say denigrating things about that landscape, Laurie, but the truth is that I was tremendously moved by the sight of it, as if it were a chunk of God. It's an extremely rare vision for me. I'm seldom outdoors in dreams, and I'm sure I will shortly be back to the familiar urban settings—endless large malls as big as many city block in size, all corridors and doorways and dead ends.

In this dream I am on the land on the Smoky Hill river that I grew up on.

I have had this dream in various forms at least once a year for all the years I remember. It is slightly different each time...with the same twist on the landscape however. At first I am looking at the landscape and just enjoying where I am and then I realize that there are features there that I have never noticed—-rugged red rock canyons . . . mountains in the distance, lakes...breathtaking views. It always gives me a feeling of awe and kind of "takes the breath." The other variations on this are the ones where I am looking at the chalk breaks which are there in physical reality and then I suddenly see the ruins of a village..sometimes ancient, sometimes like a town from the old west..a ghost town, but all intact but empty. These also leave me with a feeling of awe and a feeling for the miraculousness of place.

Dan Bentley

I dreamed the dream a friend had told me she had dreamed the day before:

Looking down into a valley at houses with white roofs. All of a sudden, there was a huge roar; the houses took off like a flock of mighty birds and were gone. The valley was left pristine, nothing there. [In the dream] I told someone else I had dreamed my friend's dream.

Laurie Ward

A dream from the early 1990s of a woman, then in her early 70s:

In Kansas City. This was an area that went on for three or four blocks.

There were rows of identical 6-unit brick apartment buildings which faced each other up and down the blocks. In the middle, there was no street but instead a big park—a beautiful lawn and a playground. There were concrete walks leading from the lawn to the center of each building. The steps on the fronts of the buildings were brick like the buildings. So, walks went off in two directions on either side of this big, central, outdoor area. It was a wonderful family area, peaceful, plenty of room for the children to play. People were visiting. It was a nice place to live.

At night for many years, as child and young adult, I dreamt that my mother and I were in our family's green Plymouth sedan. We were underwater in the Minnehaha Creek (in Minneapolis, Minnesota) across from my great aunt and uncle's house.

We beat on the windows, but they wouldn't break. We tried to open the doors, but they wouldn't even unlock. The fear, the suffocation, the resignation to our fate felt very real. I knew we were going to die. I would wake with my heart racing and in a twilight state where I still was filled with fear and dread. Being awake never seemed relief enough.

As kids, we'd been warned against the shady, spongy creek banks, so it was thrilling to cross the busy parkway to explore there. This is where we stood to see John F. Kennedy pass by with Jackie during his campaign. We all stood with the crowds, and the convertible raced by. I felt cheated by how short a glimpse we got.

My relatives were giddy that a Catholic had been nominated but fatalistic about his chances. They had experienced the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudice firsthand and knew a Kennedy could never be President. The creekbed was green, green, green and full of wonder and wetness. It was dark and dangerous. I went there whenever I could.

K.T. Walsh

I usually dream about people, not about places. However, I have had one "waking dream" that centered on place.

When I first moved to Lawrence, I felt oddly at home. "Oddly" because I'm from the Northeast, and the terrain was largely new to me. I attributed my feelings to the similarity between eastern Kansas and the southern tier of New York State, where I went to college and lived for several years. However, I had an experience that changed my understanding of my deep feelings of coming home by settling in Lawrence.

It was about 1988. I had lived in Lawrence for ten years. My home was just west of the intersection of Ninth and Iowa Streets, in a neighborhood that was platted in the early 1960's. Most of our family's activities were centered in downtown Lawrence and so I often found myself driving up and down Ninth Street. On this late summer afternoon, I was alone, heading east toward town. The road was relatively deserted (as it turns out, a good thing). Suddenly I was transported. I saw someone who I assumed to be me, riding a horse (or a bicycle, I'm still not sure which) west UP the Ninth Street hill. So I was in two places simultaneously— riding up the hill, wearing an uncomfortably warm dark green riding habit, small hat tipped forward nearly over my forehead, sitting sidesaddle and balancing on the back of this horse as it trotted up the hill, AND driving

down the hill, watching me perform this feat. By the way, I do not ride horses regularly, and I have never ridden sidesaddle.

For that micro-moment, Ninth Street was a barren hill. The modern street was a narrow track winding between two slopes, a high steep ridge to the south and a short slope to the north. I knew that as I reached the top of the hill, the track would rise more steeply until the ground around me leveled and I would be able to see far off to the west. The rolling hills were covered in tall grasses, brown with late summer heat and drought. This was my home, the place where I belonged. I would live my days here, die and be buried here. Of course, I didn't think these words—just the feeling.

The moment was so gripping, so profound that I veered to the side of the road, nearly grazing the curb. The image disappeared. I was shaking. I pulled off into a nearby parking lot and waited to regain my composure before driving on.

The experience changed my connection to the community as a PLACE. My image of myself was like other Jews of the Diaspora: "I am at home nowhere, I have no deep roots; I am a wanderer, an interloper who could be tossed out of any country anytime." With this waking dream, my self-view changed. I had a place, I had lived here before. I had the right to call this plain my home. Hokey perhaps. But my dreams are usually very concrete and simplified metaphors for something important happening in my life. This one was, too.

Reva Nimz

Dreams of the Kaw River 1971–2000
Denise Low, writer and professor

Hypnogeography Project

11.18.71

I am visiting friends in a three-story house on Mt. Oread, overlooking the Kaw Valley. We can see green patches of winter wheat, brown and yellow fields, and trees. It is raining, and from the river we can see rainbows, full arcs. Suddenly I can see from several perspectives at once. At the same time, from the ground,

I can see parts of rainbows. I am kneading clay, trying to form it into a four-edged vessel. My friend starts talking about a "straight edge" culture, 1570–1610, in West Texas and West Oklahoma.

1.17.77

I meet spiritual leaders at a river in a Kansas park, like the Kaw River. A typical white frame house is in the background. The river is muddy, dark green, and fecund. I want to be accepted by them and learn their wisdom. They change into river spirits. As I shrink from stepping into the mud, I think how they do not hesitate to walk barefoot through the river mud. They take the feel of mud for granted, and they are not disengaged from nature and her elements.

8.21.77

I travel to Manhattan, Kansas, upriver on the Kaw, to visit friends. Water rises, trapping us gradually in the curve of the river and the valley. We build a raft and take live chickens with us for food. Later I have a sense of water receding and cleansing the land.

12.11.78

I dream of Lawrence during the 19th Century. I am a group of four or five Indians being hung next to the church. The hangman is a converted Indian. I think how the church can exploit the human sadistic impulse piously. I am hung and wrapped in a black blanket with the others. But I am bruised, not killed. So I sneak away down Ninth St., turn off, and hide in alleys. I finally decide to hide in a stable/garage until dark. A boy finds me, and I talk to him. He goes in to his parents and innocently tells them about me. They come after me. I run and get away to the rough river front part of town. I run on logs out to a boat, realizing that will be the safest way to escape the town, since boats always need labor. But I know it is dangerous. I hold back. A boat launched just before I came, further out, now capsizes.

11.14.81

My husband's, sons, and I are investigating an underground river system near downtown Lawrence. We crawl through one passage where the stone is formed like a hollow bone; and the

soft sand in it is like marrow. The narrow passage opens up into a larger chamber and emerges into the light, the surface. The river is given a new name where it reemerges, but it is the same river, the Kaw.

5.30.82

Floods on the Kaw. A huge gravel levee has been built below the Kaw, but water seeps through. My friends S. and E. are there. S. dives in above the levee. We are frightened for her. But she surfaces and climbs up safely.

7.6.82

A dream of crossing a swollen river, and the water is brown—the Delaware or the Kaw.

10.23.82

I am standing on the Kaw River bridge with a group. Some young men in swimming trunks come up the bank and climb out wet. They have just gone over the "falls," which is what they call the water rushing over the dam. I am surprised. I have always thought the dam was dangerous. These men say it was fun, since the water is low, and I wish I had done it. The weather is cloudy and I look in the distance. I see a wall of brown muddy water, like a wave, coming at us. I am scared but excited. It comes toward us and breaks just below the beach. We are safe.

11.22.82

I go up a little valley along the northeast bank of the Kaw. It is a grassy meadow, more like a Colorado stream. I sit down and a bear comes up with a live cougar cub in its mouth. The bear, a grizzly, would usually frighten me. But the animal telepathically expresses its concern for the survival of the cub and nature in general (my poems?). I take the cub and am awed with it.

8.19.84

I walk a country road north of Lawrence, toward Topeka, with my sister J. It's under construction. We get to a dip in the road, and the workmen are building a wooden frame for concrete. The road is watery and muddy, mixing with the river. We have to wait a long time. I start to walk barefoot off the road, into sand over silt. J. is upset about the delay, but I see beauty around me—the hills are green and beautiful.

9.10.84

I am looking at an old picture of the Kaw, before it was dammed. There are small waterfalls, but flowing the wrong way. Then my friend E. walks along the banks. They crumble, and I am washed away. But I know I'll be safe because the river is so shallow and slow moving.

6.2.85

I find trolley car tracks downtown, near the Lawrence city hall. I'm walking toward the Kaw River. I try to avoid stepping on the tracks, since they might have a dangerous electrical current. I try to step between wires, like stepping between strands of barbed wire fencing.

2.12.86

I travel with the writer R.D. and a group of students. In the morning the Kaw River rises, flooding, so we boat down the terrace above 6th St., south to 7th and Arkansas St. The water is broad and glassy smooth. We come across an abandoned house with a special upstairs. R. and I go up the steps to be alone and sexual. It is dark and richly furnished, one open room with nooks and crannies. I go to a book case with glass doors and open it. I find a book of Faulkner's, with fancy leather binding. R. comes in the room. I try to hide, and I tell R. to forget our relationship. He says to be patient, that "you are one of us," meaning writers. I go to the bedrooms, but another couple is there, among the rich and lacy furnishings. We go back to the river. In a boat with R. and my sons, we go by a vine hanging over the river. I say it's where the boys and their father played, and it's a great place. The river then shrinks back to its normal dimensions, and all signs of flooding disappear.

2.4.87

My thirteen-year-old son D. and husband and I walk along a polluted, sandy shore. Water draws away from the band. I notice rubbish in the sand, and a brown copperhead snake. I see it is poisonous but not terribly dangerous. D. picks it up and I know they are both unpredictable. D. does hold it behind the head, but I'm nervous. He starts to bite its head off, and I wake up scared.

2.19.87

My husband and I are canoeing on the brown river, the Kaw. I'm happy we're using the canoe and we're together. We start to go toward a tree. I yell at him, but he doesn't turn. The canoe runs aground on an asphalt country road. We get out and turn the canoe back to the channel. We go along okay until we come to a waterfall. I see the limestone where the water has worn soil away from rock. It is beautiful. There is a long drop to the water level. I'm not sure what we will do, if we will fall. We stop, and I awaken.

6.2.87

I dream of a flood in North Lawrence. We try to leave, and the car stalls just before the bridge. We have a hitchhiker with us, trying to get us to go to Kansas City. It is too dangerous. My husband gets out and pushes. We leave the flood behind, and I have vivid images of flooded streets.

7.11.87

My sons and I go fishing on the Kaw River. We head up a long, muddy flat. A teenage zombie, a boy, is fishing. He catches a small child and treats him like a fish, as though it has no feeling. The zombie will eat the child, and I'm terrified. I think of the boy cutting us up and using us for fishbait. D. says, "Let's get out of here," and I follow him to safety.

9.3.87

I see a friend at work, J., on the river. It's hot summer weather and a lot of mosquitoes are out, but fish rise and eat them. I think of the food chain and the life cycles. J. sings, a country western song. I talk with him about how he remembers the lyrics to songs. Other people appear as he recites more song lyrics.

12.13.88

My husband and I are crossing the Kaw at Massachusetts St. from north to south, but it is much wider and more urban, like the confluence of the Kaw and the Missouri Rivers in Kansas City. We will make it. The water is shallow. However, the sky is cloudy and threatening. It's spring and it has been raining. As we get closer to the downtown side, the south bank, we look up and

see a wire is strung over the river. There is an acrobat who is balancing on the wire and juggling a lot of different things. He is in danger of falling in the river, but he will be okay since the river is shallow. I say he is a performance artist.

11.5.89

I am in the river near Eudora. My lover and I are in a sandy-bottomed lagoon, and minnows swim around us. We are sitting waist deep. We start to kiss, and I think of the word "confluence."

4.4.90

I am on the north side of the river, on the boat ramp in northeast Lawrence. I park my brown car in the lot, but as I get out, it rolls slowly forward, into the flooding, rushing river. Later, city trucks pump the riverbed dry. I find two wrecked tan cars, but mine has disappeared.

6.17.90

We are at the KU student union, top floor. After a movie, I go out to the terrace and see benches and small plantings, and a pool of muddy water, like river water. Across the pool is a stand with a scrapbook on it. I am, of course, curious. I wade in the water, not getting wet.

I reach and get the book. It is dated 1861. It includes a newspaper article about an Indian couple living in Lawrence at that time. It is an informal feature story with color photographs.

As I read the article, magically, I am there, observing the couple on the south bank of the Kaw. The woman appears to be half Navajo and half European. She is bent over a beautifully colored sand painting, finishing it. He watches, his back to me, and he is from the Southwest, with designs embossed on his shirt that are similar in design and color to the sand painting. It is also the woman's handiwork. I'm surprised to see a Navajo in Kansas, but decide the European heritage must have made her a traveler. He is black-haired, but not a full blood, either.

I close the book and return it. I wade back, dreading the murky water, but nothing happens to my feet. On the ledge, I see a color tabloid, dated 1861, and the article will be in it. There is a pile of them for people to take, so I leave with one.

10.6.90

I'm on a canoe float trip down a river like the Kaw only smaller. We are on the way to Kansas City. It is beautiful—sunny fall weather, with trees turning red and burnished orange. I am alone. Then the river turns into a train going along the same course as the river.

2.3.90

I have a box filled with books of my poems, and I'm driving across plains until I come to the Kaw River in flood stage. I drive across a bridge built up from dirt, get to the middle, and water pours across. This is the channel of the river. Then the car stalls. I try to keep the gas line open by pressing down on the accelerator so water won't get in the line, but the car stalls. Water rises into the back seat, and *the books about the river become soaked with riverwater. They have turned into what they are about.* I know I will get away because the river, though not slow, is shallow, especially across the ridge-like bridge.

11.3.91

We return from Topeka, driving from west to east. I go down the Lawrence exit ramp, and it goes underground. I can't decide if it's one-way or two-way. Underground, we are walking, and surface along the banks of the Kaw. Waves rise threateningly. I'm carrying my sister's violin case and my clarinet case. The waves calm down.

5.23.93

My friend T. and I are following a branch of the Kaw River. As he and I hike upstream, the land turns very sandy. The tributary disappears into the sand, and we are in a desert.

2.11.94

My stepdaughter P. and I drive north across the Kaw River bridge on Massachusetts St. As we get onto the bridge, I find floodwaters covering the road, over a foot deep. I make a quick U-turn back. I see the floodwaters spread over North Lawrence. P. wants me to keep going, but I turn back. My husband is waiting under the girders to check the car and to make sure we are safe.

2.22.94

My woman friend S. is with me by the Kaw River. It is again flooded, though not as much as last summer, '93, when it was a 100-year flood. It is bare, cleared out by last year's flood. S. is telling me she has cancer. She's having a hard time accepting it.

10.5.94

My husband and I and P. are in a small flooded town. We walk outdoors to the river, which has a system of locks and canals. We fall into the brown water—it is the Kaw—and then recover. A lock overflows. We walk back to a house to shower. We are in danger from the bacteria, from raw sewage in the river water, but we are magically protected. We will be okay.

12.4.97

I am walking south toward the Holiday Inn in Lawrence. The way there is across a wide river, the Kaw. It looks like it will be an obstacle, but as I reach it, I find it is dried up, almost, and I can wade across it easily.

10.20.00

I am trying to get a ride from my friends D. and M. We wait and the car doesn't go anywhere. I get frustrated, get out of the car, and start to walk. I'm in the Kaw River, the island right under the dam off Massachusetts Street. As I walk, I'm with L. and we are surrounded by the Kaw—brown water, a bit threatening. He steps in and finds it is not deep at all. I follow and walk through, but end up getting immersed anyway. I will have to walk home three miles from the Mass. St. Bridge. I put on a pink bathrobe and feel a bit conspicuous, but warm. My friends in the car appear again and help me get home.

LAND DREAM (night dream of Virginia Flanagan)

I saw a midwest farm yard with a piece of farm machinery sitting on the side of a green slope. I thought that scene is really beautiful. It's beautiful in its own way, just as the landscape is where we live in the mountains. We should appreciate each area of the earth and respect and honor it. When I awoke, it left me with a good feeling as I thought of desert areas, mountain areas, ocean areas of the country and other countries that I had seen. The scope of creation is so magnificent. How thankful we should be. It left me with a happy heart.

LEPRECHAUNS (a night dream of Virginia Flanagan)

In 1985, I was in Switzerland attending a two-week study series on Jungian psychology. Among the dreams I had during that time was one I will always remember. It was about leprechauns. Almost every country has its myths or legends about "little people" who inhabit the countryside, sight unseen if possible. They are sometimes helpful little fairies, or more often they are mischievous. In Ireland they call their "little people" leprechauns.

My dream involved a group of leprechauns, tiny little fellows dressed in green, who were trying to climb a high vertical wall. They would try and try to climb this wall, only to fall back down again. Finally, one of them made it over the top of the wall. Once there, he turned into a small man in a hooded cloak who carried a walking stick. Like a pilgrim, he began walking down a dirt path. I interpreted the dream to mean that he was a guide, and I was to follow him.

The dream made me feel strong, as though I had accomplished something that I had been struggling with, as though I had overcome a large obstacle in my life. It seemed to me that the leprechauns were symbolic of my Irish heritage, which in certain ways had held me back in developing risk-taking skills. Here was a path ahead, unknown, but new and challenging.

Even though I paint outdoors quite a bit, I rarely dream of places I've been during my work. It's almost as if that is not "allowable," to dream about it, that is. Really, it's as though I'm already dreaming when I work. I walk down a road or a path and I am in a state of intense awareness of many things that interconnect and this continues as the painting begins. There are images and sounds that I see and hear and there doesn't seem to be much boundary between those and what comes to mind from association or conscious redirection.

I grew up on a lake and our house had a large picture window overlooking the water. I spent a lot of time fishing and playing on the shore, all around the lake. We had a rich family life.

I have had a recurring fishing dream throughout my life which is the most explicit, wonderful dream of place that I have. The details change but the overall pattern is the same. I come across a body of water, sometimes this is a small stream, or an ocean bay or a mysterious pool, and I can peer into the water and make out the forms of the fish. The kinds of fish change from dream to dream. They might be jeweled trout, 3-4 lb. size, or massive schools of silvery minnows, too many to catch and too small to eat. One time there was only one fish and it was as big as the lake. Sometimes I catch the fish, sometimes not.

Recently, perhaps because I had been discussing this project with a close friend, I had a variation on this dream which I wanted to write about. In it, I was walking through a wetlands kind of area, which is a place where I do paint. I was looking down into one of the small pools, standing in the reeds, when I saw two enormous turtles swimming. It seemed amazing that they could do this because the water was only a foot deep and these turtles were each about four feet around. They were so old that their skeletons were showing, they were only partially covered by shell and turtle skin. The silence was remarkable: everything became silent and small schools of fish scrambled above and around them, trying to get out of their way, but the turtles didn't pay any attention to them. I felt like I was looking at myself and my friend.

I feel like I will always remember this dream but also remember how much it suggests details of that exchange between conscious and unconscious imagining.

Anonymous

Kelly Barth

Interview with Conference Organizers

Like everyone else, I was curious why and how they did it—how a landscape painter, a photographer/gallery director, and a land trust administrator—lassoed the invisible. How did all of them know where to throw the rope and when to give it a tug? How did their three visions of Imagination and Place begin to merge into one? Most importantly, how did a conference rise out of that collective vision?

In October, post-conference, I interviewed the three of them in the small tidy sunlit office of Blue Heron Typesetters on the second story of a building on Massachusetts Street in downtown Lawrence, Kansas. What emerged was not only the story of the birth of an idea but also that of a friendship.

KB: Kelly Barth, writer and open space advocate

PH: Paul Hotvedt, landscape painter and owner of Blue Heron Typesetters, Inc.

RM: Rick Mitchell, Lawrence Arts Center gallery director and photographer

LW: Laurie Ward, Kansas Land Trust special projects director

LG: Lisa Grossman, landscape painter and curator of the "Imagination and Place: Three Perspectives" art exhibition

KB: What was the trigger for the conference–I'm assuming that trigger affected you, Paul–and what were the circumstances surrounding that?

PH: It occurred early in 1999. There was a meeting coming up on *Cottonwood* production, and I had just been browsing through some old books at home, one including "Hypnogeography." The idea for the conference came in a series of why-not propositions. What would happen if *Cottonwood* tried assem-

bling a dream archive, etc? I really didn't see any reason why we couldn't. My second reaction was, "Oh, somebody's done this already," as "Hypnogeography" was published in 1985. I decided to do some research and see if it had been tried. I talked about the idea with Rick Mitchell and Tom Lorenz at the *Cottonwood* meeting. They said, "What the heck is hypnogeography?" And then, "Why not? Let's see about that." Then I started making some phone calls and trips to the library. I called Bruce McPherson, Robert Kelly's publisher, to see if anyone had followed up on the first proposal and found out about a lot of similar projects but nothing like what we had in mind. So that was the very beginning as far as I can remember.

RM: I'll create a bit of context for you. I had met Paul as an artist in the Arts Center gallery. We had a conversation, and it was one of those conversations in which you knew there were going to be more conversations. So there was an opening there to do something. I learned that Paul was a typesetter. He offered to do the typesetting for *Cottonwood,* which the Arts Center had just begun publishing, and became part of the production staff. The editor, Tom Lorenz, and Paul and I had some meetings to plan future issues early on and were talking about ways to raise money. Subscriptions alone won't cover the publishing costs. So we started to brainstorm about things we might do. As I recall, Paul, the first thing you were interested in doing was an issue that would have something to do with a dream archive. But you very quickly thought about also doing a conference as part of the fund-raising.

PH: These were the things I was thinking about. I was wondering how we could expand *Cottonwood*'s readership. So, with Robert Kelly being a highly-regarded poet, I thought that we could work with this idea and somehow have him attached to the project. I didn't know if he would attend or merely endorse the idea and help promote it, but I thought it might attract quality writers to participate. All in all, we thought the conference would be good for *Cottonwood* and good for Lawrence. It was all very pragmatic in one sense. It gave us a program for reaching goals for the journal. Instead of just saying, "We hope to increase readership and attract new writers," we said, "What about this?"

LW: Even before you made that first phone call to me, Rick, the two of you had already contacted the Center for American Places. You had also called Robert Kelly's publisher.

PH: I called Robert Kelly's publisher, and he gave me a list of about six things to check out. Then I called Glen Burris, a colleague of mine and designer at the Johns Hopkins University Press. He said, "Well that sounds like an idea George Thompson at the Center for American Places would be interested in." They are a nonprofit organization dedicated to the investigation of places and raising people's consciousness about place. It did sound like a fit, because I knew they had been involved with intresting publications that were about the places between buildings or places at night. I still thought that the topic had been covered. But, I called Thompson, and he said, "No, nothing's been done that we know of. Can we be your literary agent?" I said (laughing), "Well, I guess so. Let me check my book."

LW: They were already on board by the time you called me.

KB: This was like an egg waiting to hatch.

PH: Yes, it really was.

KB: How did the Kansas Land Trust become involved?

LW: Rick's on the Land Trust board. In our board meetings we had been talking about events and projects that we might take on other than our basic work of promoting and accepting conservation easements. We've talked, for example, about having seminars on estate planning, but we've also repeatedly talked about doing projects that involve art and some sort of an educational program. These board members tend to be a pretty creative bunch.

RM: Because I'm on the Land Trust board, during these conversations with Paul, I thought, "This is kind of a natural niche for the Land Trust." So I called Laurie and floated the idea. She seemed enthusiastic, and so we started talking about it.

LW: We were all delighted with this idea of the Arts Center and a conservation group working together.

RM: At the time we were hatching this, we knew each other, but not that well yet. I think we sensed a commonality about things we were interested in.

LW: Actually, we three personally just loved the idea, and it took that devotion to the idea on each individual's part to pursue it.

KB: So you each got a copy of the essay on hypnogeography. And you sat down with it and you read it. . . then what? What did you think?

LW: Immediately we started meeting. We met frequently.

KB: Describe those early meetings together. What were they like?

PH: A lot of fun.

RM: We didn't even really know what the conference would turn out to be. We were just kind of following along. It was an intuitive process. We were collectively trying to figure out what hypnogeography was, what that meant. I remember trying to explain to people what hypnogeography is. Of course I couldn't do it. So I realized we *had* to have a conference.

KB: I guess I'm intrigued by the Land Trust connection to this. You presented it to the board, and what was their reaction?

LW: I remember that distinctly. It was the fall of '99. By that time the three of us had already put quite a lot of time in on it, but we hadn't told the board about it. It had just been too nebulous. But by that point, we knew we were going to need to apply for some grants, and we needed their sanction to put the Kansas Land Trust name on it. We assigned a five-minute time block in the board meeting agenda to present the idea. They were all sitting there looking at and listening to Rick, but then they became captivated, and they ended up asking some questions and talking about it for about 45 minutes.

PH: We got all sorts of responses from people. When we first started talking to people, we would see this barrier come up. "What the hell is this guy talking about? Is he OK?"

RM: If he were on a street corner, people would run.

LW: (Slowly) Back away slowly.

PH: But then people would realize that while it was personal it was also a very approachable topic. Still, it became a kind of a

litmus test for me. As in, "if you don't want to talk about hypnogeography, I don't want to talk with you," kind of thing.

RM: We have nothing in common. (General laughter)

PH: It was an emblem of open-mindedness.

LW: That's really true. There were some friends who wanted to schedule a whole dinner to talk about it.

KB: And those who wanted to schedule you a therapy appointment.

PH: There was a big ball of tension the first six or eight months. Even among the three of us, we were wondering about the "woo-woo factor."

RM: Maybe you'd better define "woo-woo."

PH: Well, it was our term for being excessively "new-age." We didn't want people saying, "I had a dream the other night, and it made me want to ..."

LW: Hug everybody.

PH: Yeah. Right. More pointedly, we were aware of how dreams have been used throughout history and in literature and in painting, the surrealists, for example. Yet we didn't want to have an event that focused solely on art. We wanted the middle ground, where everyone who worked with these ideas in philosophy and geography and literature and painting could talk about them. We owe a lot to Garth Myers, professor of geography, for making us aware of the work of Ed Casey and Denis Cosgrove. Garth's suggestions turned out to be very inspiring. We were led to considering a panel that was very strong academically, very well-read, good writers, etc., but in a setting where they were on the same footing as the "creative" writers and painters. Of course, we helped the success of it by choosing Casey, for example, because he paints when he's not philosophizing, and Schoeck is a poet and an historian, and Kelly's sense of history and etomology are impressive.

The next question was: Why dreams only? Why not dreams and daydreams? These barriers were not so clear with the people who were coming forward.

RM: I had a couple of experiences really early. I told the 90-year old receptionist at the Arts Center, Norma Osborne, that we were going to do a conference on hypnogeography. I run many things I'm planning to do by her because she has such common sense. When she says something's OK I feel it must be practical—that is, appealing to practical people. I told her what we were doing and what she said was, "Oh for land's sake." It was like saying, "That's the craziest thing I every heard of, hypnogeography."

LG: Did she really say, "Oh for land's sake"? That's so perfect.

RM: She often uses that phrase. Well, I went around for weeks after that thinking, "This woman has a mind like a steel trap, nothing gets by her. Can I really justify this to her?" She's very intelligent and extremely pragmatic. And around the same time I had a visit with another woman who did dream interpretation in a very New Age way. She was really excited about the conference, and wanted to talk about it and be included in it. She wanted to know if it was really going to be about dreams and dream interpretation. Suddenly I was saying to myself, "What am I doing?" The combination of these reactions from these two people created that little ball of tension that Paul was talking about. It became pretty clear to us that we needed to have some grounded people talk about this subject. Credentialed people. That's when we got more into academic professionals.

LW: We made a conscious vote that this wasn't going to be about dream interpretation.

RM: It wasn't going to be a New Age event. And this was underscored somewhat when we started talking to people about grant money. No granting agency wanted to talk to New Age types about a hypnogeography conference.

PH: Even after we had enlisted Casey and Cosgrove and Schoeck, who carry mighty reputations.

LW: So you might say this conference was for Norma.

RM: In my mind it should pass the Norma test.

KB: Did you present it to her again?

RM: Yes. But, honestly, it never did pass. However, she came to respect the fact that we got a lot of people to pay to come.

LW: How did we come to you two, Kelly and Lisa? I remember being very encouraged by some early meetings with you.

KB: We were at your house and saw the essay.

LW: I remember your saying that for the first time in a while you had hope about the issues of place. You weren't depressed; you were excited.

KB: Right. This was one of a series of things that I saw happening locally. Instead of people just despairing it seemed like somebody was doing something of substance. People weren't just being depressed about the state of the environment. There was something going on. That was my initial thought.

LG: At that point we were overwhelmed with all the local issues—trafficways and wetlands and sprawl—and this seemed like maybe the first stage of a creative change where you brainstorm and open up your mind and look for ideas and get educated before you work on something concrete. It seemed to be a way to get a whole group of people inspired about reenvisioning space—both local and global space.

RM: A lot of our early discussions involved how it is we think about land, place. I went around for some weeks thinking about how we have created this system of buying and selling land, of ownership, based on grids and roads. We've put this geometric system down, and it's beginning to feel irrevocable.

LG: That's where imagination comes in.

RM: The local debate you're talking about, land use. . . . I was witness to this in KLT meetings as well. Basically there's a conflict. Some people are saying we need more gridded roads—a larger tax base, more economic development, etc.—and some are saying we don't need that, let's roll up the sidewalks. In other words, there are opposing groups and one tends to side with one or the other. But in a broader sense, there are no groups. There are other possibilities, other ways of thinking. You don't have to just say, "I'm a conservationist" or "I'm a Chamber of Commerce member." There are even much broader ways to think about the place in which we live. One of the things I was interested in was completely expanding, completely transcending all of the logical possibilities. I wanted to explore hypnogeography—a "more complete" dream-inspired geography.

LG: I heard Doug Peacock say once, "Why do we think we have to have stripmalls forever? That's a failure of imagination." Most of these positions are failures of imagination. I think most people are too busy or too afraid to think of imaginative ways of proceeding.

LW: You asked how we would have talked about the conference with people early on. There were those who wanted to talk about hypnogeography and ones who didn't. But with my friends who did, I had a series of delightful encounters. We knew each other well, but we had never had this conversation before. The thing that I found was, when you start allowing people to transcend the usual channels within which they work for what they believe in, it was as if they were empowered to have a feeling or an opinion about place. Of course place can be defined many ways.

KB: In a way they were transcending their political positions and affiliations.

LW: The touching thing was how personal it was to everyone. How deeply they felt and how being allowed to draw upon their dreams and daydreams and imaginings and subconscious and stories and memories empowered them to have a real feeling and opinion about what should or could be. They were expressing this in a way that doesn't always come out in the meetings, because maybe they don't feel they *know* enough about it. But they really knew how they *felt*, and they knew how the voice from inside of them spoke.

KB: So the imagination in a sense freed people to believe what they knew in their hearts. And freed them from the fear of expressing it.

LW: It's like there was a truth there that could be known.

KB: How did you then think of the ancillary things that would happen such as art activities, cognitive mapping, in addition to the discussions?

PH: They were the best ideas that came forward from months of discussion. They were just as important as the presentations for the conference to be successful.

As far as the practical parts of the dream requests we wanted to be very democratic. Rick always pushed that idea, the openness of it, and Kelly seconded the motion in an e-mail early on. We sent packets of requests to people locally and around the country who we thought would be interested in helping us disseminate the information. We quickly received about 30 or so reports. When looked at a budget we started with how much we needed to make it worthwhile for our presenters.

But back to the exhibition, it was Laurie who brought up the idea for an art exhibition.

LW: Well, we knew it would be in the Arts Center, which had a gallery. It never seemed quite right that there would be just *any* art exhibit at conference time. It was funny. I was really thinking about the art a lot—the only non-artist among the three of us. It seemed really important to have something substantial that we could look at.

Thank goodness Lisa came along because that freed Rick up from having to locate the artists. I also wanted writing to somehow be involved in addition to the visual arts. So, I was glad that Caryn (Mirriam-Goldberg) was available for her workshop. And then Soren proposed his cognitive mapping workshop idea—it's really amazing how all eight presenters approached the topic. Soren was still thinking that he had more place than imagination in his presentation, and yet I always felt that his work was right in the center of what we wanted. I loved becoming acquainted with the cultural geographers through this conference. That was a nice new discovery for me. I felt that Soren's work with cognitive mapping *was* Imagination and Place. Somehow just knowing what he had actually done with the mapping projects in British Columbia, it fit right in. At first we thought we'd have him work with children, and then maybe with the elderly. But then we said, "There are enough programs for children, thank you very much, and enough programs for the elderly, but not really enough programs like this for the people in the middle."

KB: Describe an aha moment or joyous moment or tense moment before or during the conference, a moment of clarity maybe.

LW: Speaking for Paul, a couple of times, in the planning stages, when we heard from some of the presenters, those were big highs.

PH: I think when we found out that Ed Casey was coming to Emporia to give a lecture on the very day I was planning on writing him a letter, and we got in touch with him immediately and arranged to have him meet us at the Eldridge (Hotel) for lunch. That was very exciting. He was unflagging in his enthusiasm from the beginning. Another similar high came when Robert Kelly called me and said, "Hello Paul. I've been looking at your letter for a week and have been thrilled to know ..." I ran down to (Rick at) the Arts Center with the news.

LW: How did we hear from Cosgrove?

PH: By e-mail.

LW: He was still in England then.

LG: Which one thought the letter was a joke?

PH: Cosgrove. But he ended up teaching graduate seminars on the topic even before our conference happened.

KB: Based on...?"

PH: Based on the idea that there are actually people looking at hypnogeography as a way of exploring consciousness. He taught it at UCLA. Part of the excitement—if I can speak for all of us—is that each of us had used these kinds of alternative imagining, visioning kind of tools in photography or in land trust administration or painting. Lots of people do that, but the idea of talking about it together was exciting.

LW: I remember a high for me came after one of the first mailings came out. I was really struck that people were so committed to the idea that they would buy tickets four months ahead.

RM: I guess a high point for me was doing something for adults at the Arts Center. I was always trying to plan events for intelligent, adult people that would come up to their level and maybe even challenge them. So this event had to be, of course, "world-class." Fortunately things just kind of fell into place. This conference wanted to happen.

LW: Another thing I liked about the conference is that when I looked hypnogeography up on the Internet, it wasn't there. I knew we were on to something.

KB: Who did you think would come to this? What was your profile of a typical attendee.

LW: We learned that the people who ended up coming to this were those who had a broad curiosity as opposed to people who were narrow or specific in their fields. That seemed to be a common denominator.

KB: So you covered your joyous moments. Were there any tense moments?

LW: Sometimes Paul had to name himself Mr. Pushy. He would send Rick and me an e-mail, and neither one of us would respond for three or four weeks.

RM: And that happened a few times.

LW: He kind of restarted us a couple of times.

PH: Before the conference, we got questions from people asking what was concrete about this, or what was going to come of it. I felt it would happen in different ways for everybody.

LG: There were no guarantees. Some people wanted assurance that they were going to walk away with something they can use, but we might not even know what that is for even a year.

LW: Right.

PH: We didn't give anybody a card or a badge or a number or a membership or a guarantee.

LG: People had to be comfortable with ambiguity.

RM: Very well said. People usually come to an event like this to get answers to questions.

LW: There's a facilitator.

RM: But the whole dynamic of this conference was the reverse. Instead of working toward closure, we worked toward opening and opening and opening. That's a very different kind of event. It's a little harder to sell. What are you going to come away with? Well ... you might not come away. You might be there the rest of your life.

PH: Everybody had the potential to look at things in different ways. You found out pretty quickly whether people were willing

to take that risk when you mentioned the ideas, and fortunately many people were interested.

KB: What are your impressions post-conference? Things you thought would happen and did, or things that happened you didn't anticipate?

RM: To me the main thing was that everything went beautifully well. One of the things I particularly liked was that the presenters themselves gained something from it. They enjoyed each other; they enjoyed being here. I couldn't have dreamed it better than it turned out.

LW: I was surprised at the enthusiasm at the gallery talk and at both workshops. People were just clamoring to talk, express themselves. People were making comments like, "I don't think we're going to understand for some time the linkages that have been made here." They knew something had happened, and they wouldn't fully realize it for a while.

PH: People in a public setting got the benefit of what I think artists get a lot of when they make something. There's this confirmation. You go out to work and then you learn to trust that process.

RM: That's a beautiful thing to learn.

PH: And that happened publicly in a group. I certainly can agree with the person who said they wouldn't understand what happened for a long time. I know when I've been out painting, I'll think, "Boy I don't know exactly what all that was about, but I really liked it, and I want to go back there and try that again." And so now, with all of the positive things that people said, we're pleasantly surprised but not shocked. It confirmed our best hopes.

LG: At its best, at the best creative moment you can do things beyond what you can do. That leap you make sometimes that you can never explain or repeat. But it's that ability to imagine, that collective ability to go a bit beyond the place you think you can go.

Lisa Grossman

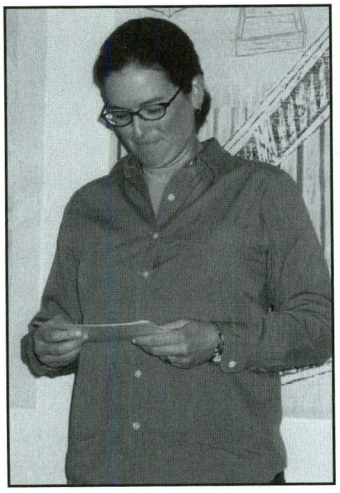
Imagination and Place: Three Perspectives

Why do we live where we live? How have we changed this place, for better or worse, by being here? Who lived here previously and who and what do we share this place with currently? What do we imagine about this place's past and future?

When I was first asked to curate an art exhibit to accompany the Kansas Conference on Imagination & Place, I filled several notebook pages with these types of questions. This brainstorming exercise helped me develop a loose criteria for selecting artists whose work seemed to be dealing with ideas about imagination and place. Certainly, the two themes are broad. Nearly every piece of artwork involves imagination and multitudes of artists consider some aspect of "place" in their work. And though we decided that it was not necessary for the artists to be from Kansas, we thought that artists with a regional focus to their work might provide some unity, especially for a conference making its debut in Kansas.

Initially overwhelmed, I began sorting through my collection of artists show cards, catalogs, and clippings, along with several recent editions of the *Review,* Kansas City's arts newspaper. I wanted to use artists who were producing high quality work that was personal, who were involved in a serious pursuit of their own visions, and yet might have been underrepresented or little known. I wanted to present a variety of media and artistic approaches, by several artists whose work also complemented each other's. Lastly, I wanted the work I selected to provide a visual stimulus related to the themes of the conference, providing conference-goers and the general public with a rich, provocative, and rewarding viewing experience. The exhibition needed to contain work that would inspire viewers to make their own associations and connections. By the time I'd compiled a list of potential artists, it became fairly easy to narrow it down to the three I chose for the show: Ronald Michael, Gesine Janzen, and Jane Voorhees.

Ron Michael's work came to mind early on. I first saw his work at his master's thesis exhibition at the University of Kansas



Lisa Grossman at the art exhibition gallery talk, October 20, 2002.

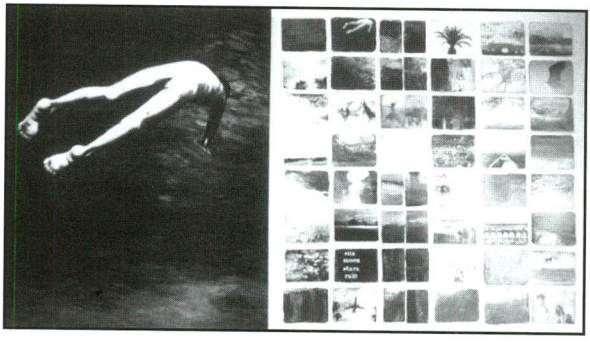
in the spring of 2000. Ron's highly imaginative and well-crafted ceramic works take us into place literally—into the soil beneath our feet. The pieces range in size dramatically, from miniature to nearly seven feet high, and look like unearthed, fossilized soil organisms. Creatures resembling prehistoric invertebrates and worms abound. These "specimens" are labeled, documented, and presented in the same way that a natural history museum might. The works are primarily ceramic, but Ron also often incorporates native Kansas stone or wood. Though much of Ron's work verges on science fiction, its origins are tied to a real history of people connected to the soil. Ron has deep family roots in Jewell County, Kansas, where many of his ancestors were homesteaders. In fact, Ron recently purchased his grandmother's farmstead there. In his shows, Ron uses a map of Jewell County to locate the sites of his works' "excavations." Ron challenges viewers to consider the mysteries of the soil that sustains us and its role, and our place, in the ecosystem.

I became an immediate fan of Gesine Janzen's work several years ago when I saw her show "From the Porch" at the Dolphin Gallery in Kansas City.

I was struck by the emotional depth and beauty of such spare and deceptively simple prints. Her subject was and continues to be the farm buildings and handmade garden structures of her family homestead in Newton, Kansas. Some earlier work included delicately imprecise line-drawn etchings of attic interiors, a birdhouse on a pole, and farmhouse porches, all from interesting vantage points. Her prints make use of woodblock textures

Gesine Janzen

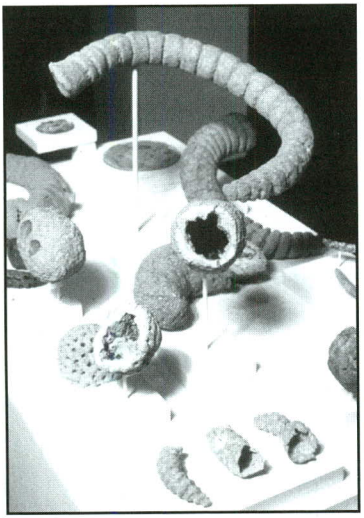
Jane Voorhees



and a carving style that mimic the rustic quality of the structures she's depicting. Much of the work incorporates bold pattern, often like old wallpaper, with a sensitive color palette of faded yellows, pinks, blues, and rich earth colors. Without being sentimental or nostalgic, the work evokes memories or dreams of a home place, a lost place, of longing for a simpler, plainer existence. Her images honor memory, family, and the beauty of the handmade. To me the images are symbolic of a collective longing for our own home place, whether or not we had a rural upbringing or have ever spent much time in a farmhouse.

I'd first seen Jane Voorhees's work at a Kansas City River Market exhibition years ago. The piece was a large wall assemblage of rows of small, individually painted and printed panels of handmade paper. Its compelling juxtaposition of images remained with me over the years, so I was thrilled to have the opportunity this past January to see her solo show at the Muchnic Gallery in Atchison, Kansas. The visit confirmed my intuition that Jane's work would fit perfectly in the conference exhibit.

In a piece entitled "Conglomerate," Jane's images include washy land and water abstractions in gritty sepia tones, photo



Ronald Michael

transfers of children playing, human feet, aerial views of leafless trees, and dandelion seed heads. A sketchbook-like color rendering of power lines, a helicopter, or the Statue of Liberty, might be placed next to a drawing of a red-tailed hawk or a palm tree. Adjoining the assemblage to the left, was a huge black and white painting of a diving man, providing balance to the block of panels. Jane also makes nature-based monoprints, etchings and paintings which are simpler, but no less appealing.

Jane's images confront the good, bad, and the ugly of the world that surrounds us, and we simultaneously sense the tension as well as the interconnectedness of those elements.

Joanne M. Glenn wrote this poem about Jane's work, but I think it is an appropriate expression for the exhibit as well:

Art needs no bridge
to link unrelated ideas
only juxtaposition
Like lines in parallel
meeting at the horizon
many voices, one story.

Each work allows viewers to participate in their memories, imaginings, and creative processes, encouraging us to reconsider our own "places" past, present, and future, and how we reflect or are affected by them. Most importantly, the works call us to become reenchanted with the world that surrounds each of us, wherever our place may be.

Caryn Mirriam-Goldberg Write from the Earth

I write in the field, sitting in my house in the center of a west-sloping circle of half-brome, half-native prairie surrounded by hills of forest. Sometimes I sit in the grass and write in the wind. Sometimes I huddle behind my desk staring at the ten or more shades of tan that create winter in the distance. But it is always the field that surrounds me, that I remember when I'm apart from it, the field that teaches me most about how to write.

In the field, I hear the rhythms that climb and run, fall and sleep through and around me. In the field, I let go of finding the words enough to find the words. Over and over, I have the sense that everything I need to know about poetry, stories, essays is right here. Just listen. Just stop.

My writing comes from this stopping, this listening. My poetics is best described by poet Li-Young Lee who, in a recent interview, said: "The whole Universe is humming, is vibrating. It's that hum that I want to hear. That's the subject of my poems. . . . The words are like birds that perch on this frequency of sound." In the 25 years that I've been writing, it has always been this humming, this vibration, this frequency of sound that draws me to the page. The words drop in to hold up the rhythm, and the rhythm carries forth the voice of the poem, the essay, the story.

The humming is everywhere; those rhythms of one place or another give us a deeper sense of where we truly are and who we truly are. To be awake enough in any place is how we let fall away enough of the other noise of the world to hear what sings beneath the human-made world. But, of course, what place, just like what muse, resonates for one person may not touch another.

It took me a while to find my place. Growing up in Brooklyn, New York and central New Jersey, I rarely felt at home. I would stare at trees through an apartment window, or years later, walk past the bounds of our housing development, and pace along corn fields, making up poems in my head. I dreamed of living far away, and my Polish grandfather, who immigrated here as a child, told me that when I was very young, I told him I was going to live in Kansas when I grew up. In my early 20s, I discov-

At the writing workshop, October 21, 2002.

ered not just Kansas in general but this field in particular — this land that had been in my husband's family for five generations. Now that I've been a midwesterner longer than I was an easterer, I'm finally starting to see more clearly the patterns that sift through the land, season by season. I'm slowly building a relationship with particulars here—butterfly milkweed, big bluestem, deer birthing season, spider migrations, thunderstorm season, sumac.

So I wake up in the morning and always go first to the windows to see what crows call out their domain over our compost pile, what deer linger along the woods or walk slowly near the kids' swing set. So I go to sleep at night staring at Orion through the window while coyotes fight each other on the hill or owls call in a broken harmonic. In the summer nights, I walk out to the herb garden to watch lightning bugs in the grasses even if it means I'll have to shower right away to knock off quick chiggers. In the fall, I watch the sumac glowing red in the rain. In the spring, there's the redbud that's never red and the slip of bobcat or bluebird in the nearby woods if I look the right place at the

right time. The same is true of how I facilitate writing workshops: I try to help people find what's calling out to be discovered in their own words. "But you can't teach writing," conventional wisdom says. Perhaps such wisdom is true, but what I know even more to be true is that many people of all ages and backgrounds need to find and forge some meaning for themselves through the act of telling and writing and listening to their stories.

My writing workshops constantly show me the simple miracles that can happen when people gather to write and then speak their truths. Creating this space together though is probably not the most accurate way to describe what happens: it is more like tuning into a space already there, the quiet when we collectively put aside the rapid-fire hit parade in our minds and listen to one another. For those being witnessed, there's a powerful sense of safety that often allows them to access more knowledge about themselves. For those witnessing, the walls of the world fall away, and the vistas are far more expansive than we realized.

There is something analogous between witnessing one another and witnessing the earth. Both acts require a surrendering of what usually occupies our minds. Both require the suspending of disbelief in a sense, the putting aside of everyday judgments and opinions and well-worn stories we tell ourselves of who we are supposed to be and how the world is supposed to work. Sitting on the earth and trying to contemplate the mysteries inherent in a square inch of dirt could take you a lifetime. The same is true for a square inch of our own, or anyone else's, being.

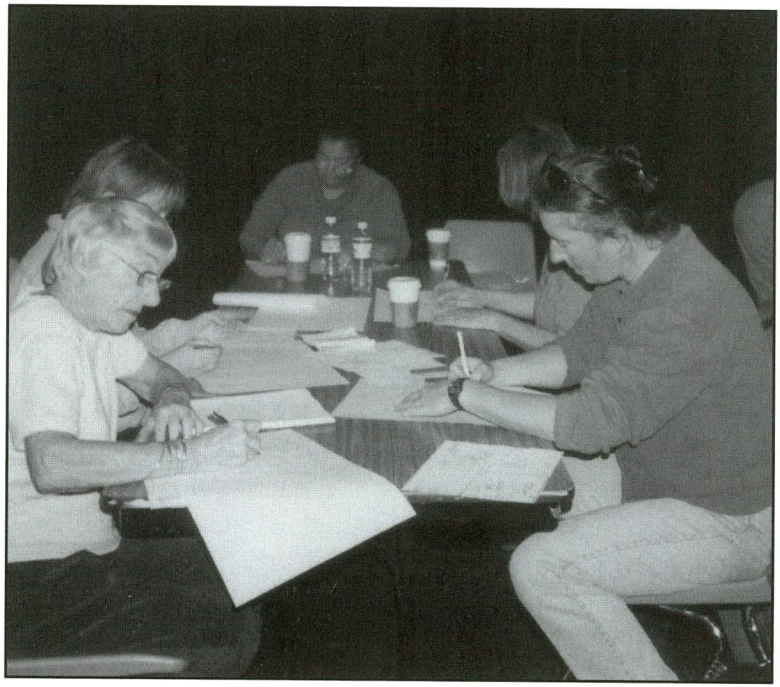
Maybe it's a way to tune into whatever that collective humming is in the universe, or at least how the wind tangles itself in the branches of a small cottonwood at the edge of a field. But whatever it is, writing in a specific space with attention to what holds us there and what wants to be said is a way of putting to words what's not always namable, and yet what we immediately recognize.

Soren Larsen

Mapping Home: Cognitive Maps and the Politics of Place

In this age of modernity, it has become increasingly difficult to establish and maintain affective relationships with place. In cities, the workings of capitalist development have generated homogenous subdivisions and strip malls in the affluent suburbs while impoverishing inner-urban areas. In the countryside, corporate firms have disrupted rural communities by rapidly extracting raw materials such as timber, minerals, and wildlife without local involvement. The remnants of colonialism continue to impinge on native people, who, in most cases, still do not own or manage their traditional homelands. It was for these and other reasons that geographical critic Ted Relph characterized modernity as an era of "placelessness," a time when ordinary people are finding fewer opportunities to forge enduring relationships with their places of residence.

For almost two decades, geographers and other scholars have been using cognitive maps—our mental blueprints and images of the environs—as a political response to this modern condition of "placelessness." Most work to date has concentrated on the struggle of indigenous communities to demonstrate land ownership to state governments so as to achieve control over their territories. The key issue at stake in this political process is that of translation. In other words, how is it possible to translate indigenous perspectives on land ownership and management into a format that government representatives, the courts, and the public can understand? Geographers have discovered that maps are an ideal way to collect, synthesize, and translate such knowledge. They begin with the mental maps of hundreds of indigenous people, which combine detailed environmental knowledge with the collective symbols of myth and cultural tradition. Once standardized, they use aerial photographs and government maps to convert these diverse mental images into a conventional western form of cartographic representation. The final map becomes



At the cognitive maps workshop, October 21, 2002.

a political tool for indigenous communities to pursue the conservation, management, and ownership of their homelands.

University of Kansas geographer Dr. Peter Herlihy has been especially active in mapmaking among the native groups of Central America. Working with other scholars and supporters, Dr. Herlihy helped four groups living in the Mosquitia region of Honduras to generate a map that enabled them to voice their concerns to government representatives in the capital of Tegucigalpa. The map incorporates countless individual cognitive maps into a representation of community land-use designed for westerners. Similar projects have unfolded in the Darien region of Panama, where the construction of the Pan-American Highway threatens the Embera, Wounaan, and Kuna communities and their homelands. Taken together, such work has translated indigenous geographic knowledge into a form natives can use to communicate their political interests to westerners. The results of this translation method include a number of Biosphere Reserves, protected ecological areas, and comarcas—areas administered by native leaders according to communal guidelines. In

other words, the cartographic translation process has transformed cognitive maps into powerful instruments against the pervading "placelessness" of modernity.

My own work in this realm has concerned the Cheslatta T'en, a native community of Athapaskan speakers in northwestern British Columbia. The colonial government never signed treaties with most of the province's indigenous communities. Consequently, indigenous activism of the late twentieth century focused on attaining "aboriginal title," or the official recognition of native land ownership and resource rights. By 1992, such activism had been successful. The provincial government established the BC Treaty Commission, which was responsible for evaluating the land claims of the many groups that had never been permitted to negotiate treaties over a century earlier. These native communities began mapping their homelands, translating their cognitive maps into cartographic forms of representation accepted by the Canadian courts involved in the land claims proceedings. The Wet'suwet'en and Gitksan were among the first groups to complete the process, producing a map that voiced territorial use and occupancy to the courts and public alike. Geographer Matthew Sparke called it "the map that roared:" never before had indigenous knowledge been so well amplified and rendered so politically powerful in a western setting. Owing in large measure to the map, the Wet'suwet'en and Gitksan now officially control over 2,000 square kilometers of their traditional territory and are actively reconnecting with the sacred and historic places of their homeland. I have worked with the Cheslatta T'en on a similar mapping project for the past four years, likewise using maps to convert traditional geographic knowledge into a political means of reconnecting with and managing their territory.

Not all mapping projects focus on indigenous communities. In his book *Mapping Home,* bioregionalist Doug Abberly illustrated how cognitive mapping projects can help communities, regardless of ethnic composition, to cultivate a collective sense of place by exploring communal connections with the environs through mental maps. Similar to the indigenous projects, cognitive mapping enables local communities to collect and present local geographic knowledge as a means of achieving political empowerment over land-use and restoring emotional attachments with place. His work with the rural communities of

British Columbia resulted in a regional land-use plan that authorizes local knowledge and perspectives in the environmental management process. Community mapping projects help residents to address the "placelessness" of modernity by allowing them to translate communal attachments into maps that effectively present political and environmental concerns to outsiders.

The conference workshop on cognitive mapping familiarized participants with these and other issues through dialogue and hands-on experience. After a brief discussion of place, placelessness, and the possibilities for indigenous and community land management, we made our own cognitive maps, focusing on downtown Lawrence, Kansas. Once the maps were completed, we worked through the translation process together. The workshop concluded with a discussion of how we might actually use our maps to foster community attachment to place and local involvement in land-use projects. Each participant left with a clearer sense of the role cognitive maps can play in the politics of place.

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