A Greek Tragedy

I am reliably informed that on 16th of February, the Greek Government ratified the European Landscape Convention! But the news, it seems, may not yet have reached the Council of Europe who (by late May) still had not got round to recording it on their website. This is not surprising given that the event coincided with the first of a series of strikes called by public sector workers facing sharp cuts in their wages and pension plans. The strike was the bad news that the Government needed to bury that day but the Convention announcement did nothing to help them! Theano Terkenli and other champions of the Greek landscape will be pleased that their endeavours have helped bring about the ratification of the Convention albeit a decade after its launch. But in a country so in debt and with corruption and maladministration rife in land use planning and management I see little prospect that the tragedy that is the declining condition of Greek landscapes will end soon!

When I travelled in Greece in the late 1960s guitar in hand, sandals and toothbrush rolled into my sleeping bag, it was a very relaxed place. My first visit in 1967 brought me to Crete where I ended up with many other young people living carefree lives in caves in Matala on the south coast. Leonard Cohen and Frank Zappa were reputed to be among our troglodyte neighbours. Many students like me were on a mission, to rail against the Colonels whose coup d’état in April that year, ironically took place in the country whose greatest contribution to civilisation was democracy. The Colonels justified their junta in order to stem corrupting...
western influences and revive Greek Orthodoxy. They sought to do so by censorship and torture even banning long hair and moustaches.

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

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

Much of the Greek landscape, like its economy, is in a sorry state where even the remotest islands show signs of serious neglect. Athens reflects many of the worse features I witness in many other European capitals in the early 21st century. It is of an ever increasingly monotonous world of urban samelessness and anonymity punctuated by those brief excitements … the thrill of the cinema, opera, concert and party. People I find here appear to have little connection with nature; they seem to be relishing and the daily grind of life and the countless tribulations it seems to bring them. These are paid by their lot and bend of ideas as to how to cure their drudgery. The rich get brief respites in island summer sojourns. I came here determined never to own a car, realised quickly that my ideal of cycling everywhere would be sheer folly and saw only four people (two couples) on bicycles in my first 10 weeks in this city. I sought out quiet places (there are a few), where birds sing and cars are not to be seen. They were mostly empty of people. Locals know about these places but most Athenians seem neither to have the time or inclination to visit them. Most are concerned only about building on them; any green space seems to be fair game for speculative developers. In this city at least, planning ordinances seem widely flouted. On the positive side I am very taken by the commitment to village life. This is very evident in the smaller islands, but even in Athens sometimes called the ‘largest village in Greece’ there remain a plethora of small shops in all residential districts. This reminds me of Britain in the 1960s but slowly and surely as in Britain the same global vulgarisation is happening here … and no so slowly now either. Minds are springing up everywhere. The one closest to where I lived had the neck to call itself the ‘Village’ mall and is typically ‘just far enough’. It seems to be the place for young Athenians to be seen at as they parade around in their designer clothes.

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

GCSR.

THOUGHTS ON TONGARIRO: A GEOLOGICAL, SPIRITUAL AND FILMIC LANDSCAPE
by Roger Dalton

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

Te Heuheu and the Government of his day could not have foreseen that by the first decade of the twenty first century a visit to Tongariro would have become a major summer and winter tourist ‘experience’ actively promoted by both National Park authority and the New Zealand tourist industry. The last still rides with the Lord of the Rings effect and here in Tongoriro the Tolkien enthusiast can enjoy landscape as 4km set: Mordor, Gorgoroth and Mount Doom.

As I reflect on my surroundings a continual flow of mostly ‘long haul’ trampers of diverse language and accent passes me by, most pausing briefly to take in the view. All but a few will be time constrained having been dropped at the start point with a pick up at the end and will have paid between NZS25 and $5 to local coach operators anxious to service tourism. Currently nearly 100,000 trampers are tackling the crossing annually and the need for active management is being heightened. So there are basic facilities at both ends of the crossing, with huts for over-nighting and a number of responses to footpath erosion through the construction of board walks and step-ways such that the first major ascent of some 250m can be made with ease.

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

RD     (See also images on back page)

GROUND CONTROL: FELT LANDSCAPE AND THE STOP STANSTED EXPANSION CAMPAIGN

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

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

Through a detailed analysis of their extensive published material, I found that a particular concept of landscape was central to their advocacy drive. The geographical imagination of SSE, and their particular ‘envisioning’ of what the landscape at Stansted should be, was underpinned all of their myriad works: from printed calendars and postcards, to website press releases and digital cartographies. To them, Stansted’s proper landscape was to be associated exclusively with those ideas that we might traditionally link with that term — ideas revolving around the rural and the home; around memory and timelessness. In one, notable example, SSE published a picture on their website of Constable’s Haywain detailed by a low flying jumbo, which encapsulated perfectly the significance of these four themes to the campaign, as well as the utter incomparability of airport expansion with what they felt the Stansted area should be.
Yet, despite the decidedly visual nature of their published materials, to me, describing SSE’s desired landscape solely through imagery can be better understood by virtue of a more catholic consideration of the senses. SSE are forced to represent their favoured Stansted landscape almost solely through imagery for such are the practicalities of the internet and printed media, but these materials cannot be understood solely by reference to the visual. Whilst SSE may well have a point that they think the Stansted landscape should be, it is a vision dependent on all the different sensory inputs that they receive from living, working and campaigning in the area. Landscape, in the conception outlined here, is about more than two-dimensional photographs or delimited tracts of land; it is about the unique, multi-sensory connections that people make to certain parts of the earth, and about how they attempt to communicate these intimate knowledges to other people.

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SLEUTHING LANDSCAPES BY THE RIVER GREAT OUSE
by Bud Young

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

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

And at the end of the High Street the silent soft flow of the river, green mirrored and broad, a deep flow of...
thought, connecting histories, beyond which lie ‘inaccessible’ flooding meadows. A wall and low bank now stand between this immense power and an ancient cottage. They exit this exemplar of medieval England (a place rel ated and quiet but not chocolate box) down a long straight and level road. To either side houses set halfway down long gardens, houses of many types in undivided big plots mostly posh. The tag ‘millionaires’ row comes to their minds for this is a display of wealth in support of lifestyle. A building site signs up another ‘substantial house’ in the making.

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

Returning then, the girl sees the ridge and furrow first while the man, with soil pretensions, focuses on the ant mounds in the grass. The ants seem to like the colluvial footslope of the low hill. The ridge and furrow shows no preference. Both cyclists, now pedestrian, bumble their bikes uphill over the grass. At the top, 10 feet above the ant mounds, there are earthworks. Fortifications, no Village tenements, no, for the scale and shape is wrong. A robbed out narrow, ridiculous thought. Diggings, perhaps for glacial cobble stones that cap this little hill. But do they? Theirs is an investigation as quick as it is shallow — albeit illustrated. A rapid renaissance.

The soil man takes a photo to record the ridge and furrow, the girl at his request stands in the furrow to show how deep it is. A bumpy trundling ride downhill on dry turf, noting the dessicated cow pats (childhood’s Frithees): Riding on medieval fields what larks! Past the pond with yellow irises, the hawthorns on the left now, along the tarred path, back through the gate, they see now that the road is labeled Common Lane. It would have helped.

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

Postscript

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

BY

ELASA HITS THE TURF
Rowan Longhurst

Prelude

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

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

The meeting enlivens Muirhouse

Students (who made it to Edinburgh!) were instantly thrown into a physical, hands on workshop in Muirhouse, urban north Edinburgh in collaboration with NEA (North Edinburgh Arts) and that group’s programme of events entitled ‘Your New Home’ which aims to engage local residents with their local community. Muirhouse is a challenging part of Edinburgh which is undergoing large scale regeneration and suffers from a range of social problems. Working only with 230 m2 of turf (donated by Lindum who get an editorial mention later) and wooden pallets. ELASA students designed and constructed a central public space within a drift and stale central shopping arcade. It was transformed into an exciting and engaging performance area which would be used throughout the weekend for a series of public events. The
sculpturability' of Lindum turf enabled students to work in 3D, constructing the space and engaging members of the community as they passed through. The day ended with a lecture from Ecelo Hooliman, director of Gross Max, who provided a further insight into the landscape architecture profession in the UK, and the role of the landscape architect professional.

And then to the country
The remainder of the programme took place in Aberfeldy in the Highlands north of Edinburgh. Whisked away from the inner city, participants were encouraged for the rest of the programme to return to the basic skills and tools of the landscape profession. Drawing and model-making workshops were underpinned by lectures from Ross Mclean (ECA), Donald Uquhart (leading artist), Eddy Van Morruk (ECA ‘Art Space and Nature’ post graduate student), Lara Greene (sculptor) and horticultural experts from the Royal Botanic Gardens. The range of speakers touched on issues relevant to landscape students those interested in landscape design, planning or management. Of particular interest were the varied debates and discussions that were instigated through the workshops. A one day walking and drawing workshop also included insights into the realities of managing the Scottish landscape; Drew Kennedy (a local farmer) and Alison Bow-

man (landscape architect from the Forestry Commission) both gave colourfull talks based on first hand experience.

Given the recent volcanic eruption and grounding of flights, discussions particularly touched on food security, renew-
able energy, carbon sequestration and recreation, relating specifi-
cally to tree planting and agriculture within Scotland.

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

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

And the value spreads
We continue to hope that the involvement and engagement of UK students in ELASA will grow as a result of the Edinburgh meeting (the first time the meeting has been hosted in the UK since 1995) as engagement by the UK seems to be weak when set against engagement by our European neighbours. We believe that the personal and professional benefits of ELASA meetings are endless. Indi-

viduals leave a meeting with friends and contacts all over Europe and an insight into the profession abroad. ELASA continues to engage with other organisations such as EFLA, ECLAS and LE:NOTRE for the benefit of landscape architecture at all levels. Students of today are the professionals of tomorrow.

A CIVILIAN OCCUPATION — THE POLITICS OF ISRAELI ARCHITECTURE.

Throughout the last century a different kind of warfare has been radically altering the landscape of Israel/Palestine. The mundane elements of planning and architecture have been conscripted as tactical tools in

israel’s state strategy, which has sought to further national and geopolitical objectives in the organisation of space and the redistribution of its population. The landscape has become the battlefield in which power and state control confront both subversive and direct resistance."

This passage introduces a book from Verso Books — www.versobooks.com — published in 2003. Edited by Rafi Segal and Eyal Weizman it is a collection of ten texts, maps and photographs of sixteen Israelis who in 2002 put together an exhibition of extraordinary quality by the Israeli Association of United Architects. In the event, that organisation did not like the material on the grounds that it was political and cancelled the exhibition. Verso Books then published the exhibition as a book which to those who knew much about Palestine-Israel is a devastating indictment of Zionist settlement outcomes and the State’s policy. The editors speak of architects who are also the planners and landscape architects of settlement growth. Daily news about the conflict tends to focus on the latest affront to Palestine and the World but it is the enormous and continuing spread of settlement and its intention to dominate and control by means of road, surveillance sight lines and roadblocks that provides the backdrop to stumbling Mock to peace in the area and in the region.

The exhibition/book carries astonishing colour aerial shots of hilltop fortress-like settlements, maps of a very refined and accurate quality of the distribution of settlements — Palestinian and Israeli (‘arab’ is the term used by Israelis as if denying Palestinian nation-

hood) and other materials showing the systematic colonisation of the land both pre and post 1948, the year of Nakba (the Palestinian catastrophe).

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

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

In the ideal image of the pastoral landscape, integral to the perspective of colonial traditions, the admiration of the rustic panorama is always viewed through the window frames of modernity. The impulse to retreat from the city to the country reasserts the virtues of a simpler life close to nature. It draws on the opposition between luxury and simplicity, the spontaneous and the planned, na-

tivity and foreignness, which are nothing but the opposite poles of the axis of vision and stretches between the settlements and their surrounding landscape. Furthermore, the re-creation of the picturesque scenes of a Biblical landscape becomes a testimony to an ancient claim on the land. The admi-

ration of the landscape thus functions as a cultural practice, by which social and subjective identities are formed.

Within this panorama, however, lies a cruel paradox: the very thing that renders the landscape Biblical or ‘pastoral’, its traditional inhabitation and cultivation in terraces, olive orchards, stone buildings and the presence of livestock, is produced by the Palestinians, whom the Jewish settlers came to replace. And yet, the
very people who cultivate the ‘green olive orchards’ and render the landscape Biblical are themselves excluded from the panorama. The Palestinians are there to produce the scenery and then disappear. It is only when talking about the roads that the Palestinians are mentioned in the brochure, and then only by way of exclusion: ‘A motorized system is being developed that will make it possible to travel quickly and safely to the Tel Aviv area and to Jerusalem on modern throughways, bypassing Arab towns.’ The gaze that sees a pastoral, Biblical landscape does not register what it does not want to see, it is a visual exclusion that seeks a physical exclusion.

Bud Young
Exeter Palestine Solidarity Campaign.

Editor’s choice This looks like a good conference to attend
* go to www.ukonnet.co.uk for details.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The views and opinions in this publication are those of the authors and the senior editor individually and do not necessarily agree with those of the Group. It is prepared by Bud Young for the Landscape Research Group and distributed.

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

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