



GHOSTS, LANDSCAPE, LITERATURE **a walk with Dr. Shelley Trower**

Haworth and Stanbury Moors 9th May 2009

1. WALKING

What we're doing today is a very particular kind of walking: we're not necessarily walking to get from A to B, from our home to work, or to see a friend or whatever, but just to walk. Walking, or the experience of walking is an end in itself – it has a certain pleasure for us, in the rhythm perhaps, and in the movement through the landscape. It can be a way of engaging with a landscape, so that it's more than just a picture or postcard or piece of visual art. Walking allows us to enter into the landscape, and yet we're not exactly part of it – we're not working in it, farming it or so familiar with it that we take it for granted. Geographers, archaeologists and anthropologists have argued that to see landscape at all is to be somewhat detached from it, at least traditionally.¹ It was only in the eighteenth century that the idea of landscape began to emerge in a popular sense, beyond the visual art of painting – in various forms of landscape gardens, of picturesque landscapes – but these continued to be oriented around seeing the landscape as a view, from a distance.² A key feature in the English garden tradition illustrates this visual perspective: the ha-ha. A sunken trench, designed so that it can only be seen from close by, the ha-ha provides a kind of invisible gate around gardens and parks allowing a continuous view into the distance, so that the cultivated land seems to mingle “harmoniously” with the wilder countryside.

Critics from such fields as geography, anthropology and archaeology argue that visual perspectives of landscape have remained dominant, and that they are limited.³ The archaeologist Chris Tilley argues that by visiting and walking through landscapes, by experiencing landscape in this bodily way and by talking with local people with their detailed knowledge of the landscape, you can get many more insights about the land and its relation to prehistoric monuments.⁴ He observes that the alleged dominance of the visual in Western culture, which contributes to the distanced, disembodied view of landscapes, corresponds with the dominance of the written word and print media⁵. Thus, ‘In virtually all the academic literature it is quite striking how disembodied written landscapes become’, because most academics do not experience landscape in a bodily way. ‘[I]t becomes a variable historical or social discourse principally derived from maps, paintings, archives and texts. [... A] matter of visual representation’ (27). To more fully engage with landscape Tilley and others have developed a phenomenological approach which attends to bodily and sensory experiences of being

in particular environments, so instead of just seeing a world “out there” we might think about our own bodily engagement with and consciousness of particular places.⁶

We’re not exactly part of the landscape, but walking gives us a sense of being in it, or connected with it in some way. We feel the terrain under our feet, the changing textures and temperatures. But I don’t think we see the ground under our feet as landscape so much as the view around us. Geology shapes landscapes. Along with other factors including human farming activity and cultural preconceptions and ways of seeing, geology helps to determine the size and shape and colour of hills and what grows on them. The ground we’re walking on is too close to be part of “the view”, but it is part of our experience – it adds something pleasurable – it is part of the reason we walk. We are often not conscious of the feeling of the ground beneath our feet, but we do experience it. We don’t always register it but our experience of the walk would be very different if the ground had different textures, if we were walking on a granite landscape like in Cornwall, or on a tarmac road, rather than a landscape dominated by millstone grit: A dark, coarse sandstone, used in millstones to mill flour and to grind wood into pulp.

The eighteenth-century polemicist and novelist Jean-Jacques Rousseau is probably Europe’s best-known walker. He said he could only think when walking.⁷

I have never journeyed on foot except in my younger days, and then always with the greatest pleasure. Duties, business, luggage, soon obliged me to play the gentleman and take a carriage; gnawing cares, perplexities, and the discomfort got in with me, and from that moment, instead of feeling, as before, nothing but the pleasure of travelling, my only anxiety was to reach the end of my journey...

The sight of the country, a succession of pleasant views, the open air, a good appetite, the sound health which walking gives me, the free life of the inns, the absence of all that makes me conscious of my dependent position, of all that reminds me of my condition—all this sets my soul free, gives me greater boldness of thought, throws me, so to speak, into the immensity of things, so that I can combine, select, and appropriate them at pleasure, without fear or restraint. I dispose of Nature in its entirety as its lord and master; my heart, roaming from object to object, mingles and identifies itself with those which soothe it, wraps itself up in charming fancies, and is intoxicated with delicious sensations...

In relating my journeys, as in making them, I do not know how to stop. My heart beat with joy when I drew near to my dear mamma, but I walked no faster. I like to walk at my ease, and to stop when I like. A wandering life is what I want. To walk through a beautiful in fine weather, without being obliged to hurry, and with a pleasant prospect at the end, is of all kinds of life the one most suited to my taste. My idea of a beautiful country is already known. No flat country, however beautiful, has ever seemed so to my eyes. I must have mountain torrents, rocks, firs, dark forests, mountains, steep roads to climb or descend, precipices at my side to frighten me.⁸

2. WALKING IN NOVELS

Today, I'm going to talk about ways of moving beyond the visual and cultivated landscapes, beyond paintings, parks and gardens, into landscapes like that described by Rousseau, containing such features as 'torrents' and 'mountains' and 'rugged roads with precipices'. Rousseau does more than view such scenery from a distance, as he moves on from the 'sight of the country' to 'open air' and food and a multiplicity of 'delicious sensations'. I'm going to talk especially about the imagination of haunted landscapes, often felt to exist beyond the realm of the visible. I will consider the ways in which literary characters in nineteenth century novels find themselves caught up with the ghosts who reside in remote, rugged landscapes, becoming entangled with and even part of those landscapes themselves, despite their attempts to keep a distance. Such characters tend to take adventurous walks, and in doing so encounter ghosts who themselves frequently walk. The danger of becoming lost in the wilderness, becoming ghostly oneself, is part of the thrill of the journey, like the 'precipices' favoured by Rousseau with their ability 'to frighten me.'

In the late eighteenth century Romanticism began to transform walking as a leisure activity from the exclusive practice of the nobility and upper middle classes, who took their walks in parks and other such cultivated places, into an elevated means of experiencing nature in remote and isolated places off the beaten track.⁹ Landscapes previously seen as forbidding and ugly – rugged coastlines and rough seas, wild beaches and moors, rocky hills and mountains – were now valued as sublime, raw nature. The landscapes of the Alps were especially favoured by some of the best known English poets and novelists including Wordsworth and Mary Shelley, but they also began to look to the peripheral, rugged and mountainous landscapes within Britain, like the Lake District and the Yorkshire Moors, and also to "Celtic" areas like Scotland, Wales, and Cornwall. The Romantic transformation of walking as a way of engaging with such landscapes depended on certain material and social changes. It depended, as Joseph Amato points out, on new modes of transport, and on the development of safe, controlled places in the countryside: 'It depended on improvements in transportation, which allowed trips on foot to be taken at desired locations without having to walk to and from them', and on 'more effective government control' and policing which meant that walkers were less likely to be exposed to such dangers as robbery or murder.¹⁰ In comparison with the Alpine landscapes, then, out-of-the-way places within Britain were relatively near and usually safe, but at the same time they were often imagined to be primitive, dangerous, and cut off from civilization—full of ignorant, superstitious and passionate locals, with an ability to tell entertaining stories round firesides. At the same time as being threatening, in other words, these regions were felt to be especially exciting and special, unique and magical, even supernatural. The development of Scotland's landscapes as a tourist destination, for example, has from its beginning in the eighteenth century been intermingled with the ghostly.¹¹

A continuation of the engagement with romanticised landscapes can be found in Victorian novels, which contain many characters setting off on long walks. Basil, for example, in Wilkie Collins's novel, *Basil* (1852), travels to Cornwall where he describes the landscape and the natives as rather wild and dangerous, primitive and exciting. This echoes the author's, Collins's own walks in Cornwall which he describes in his travelogue entitled *Rambles Beyond Railways: or Notes in Cornwall Taken A-Foot* (1851). Further afield there's Jonathan's travels to Eastern Europe in Stoker's *Dracula* (1897) or Holly in Rider Haggard's *She* (1886-7) who finds his adventures in Africa, but there's a particular type of adventure which comes from travelling within Britain and yet at the same time to somewhere beyond familiar or everyday terrain. This is a safe kind of adventure,

because not *too* far from home. And of course there's the narrator in *Wuthering Heights* (1847) – Lockwood – for whom the moors are a different place to the more domesticated Southern regions from which he comes. Lockwood is an onlooker, rather than part of the strange small wild world of the moors. He keeps his distance, but the thrill of the story is that he might just lose it. He's a commentator, like Basil, Jonathan, and Watson in the Sherlock Holmes stories, which are also set in the more exoticised parts of Britain, and his very act of writing, of documenting, marks him out as separate, as distanced from the world which he is writing about – you wouldn't catch Heathcliff doing anything so apparently civilised. The usual pattern in such stories is for the main character to travel to the outlying destination from London in the early stages, then to set the scene by describing the wildness and strangeness of the new landscape, before walking around and embarking on the main action. Watson, in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (1901-2), describes his first sight of Dartmoor from the train as like a landscape in a dream: 'Over the green squares of the fields and the low curve of a wood there arose in the distance a grey, melancholy hill, with a strange jagged summit, dim and vague in the distance, like some fantastic landscape in a dream.'¹² Watson's act of writing his reports for Sherlock Holmes is a way of distancing himself from and managing the wilderness in which he finds himself, a way of helping to solve the mysteries so that the outskirts of Britain – with its wild, threatening characters, like the terrifying hound in this case – are made comprehensible and controllable. Lockwood is also of course a visitor and sees the inhabitants of the moors as rather wild like the landscape, like the beastly Heathcliff, but the characters in such stories aren't usually so inhumanly supernatural as Dracula, further afield in Eastern Europe, or the African Ayesha in Haggard's novel *She*. They are recognisable and yet also exoticised—there's something different about them, something wild and animal-like about Heathcliff, and dangerous and ghostly about Catherine after her death, when she continues to haunt the landscape, to scrape at the window.

Basil: As I grew older, it had always been one of my favourite projects to go to Cornwall, to explore the wild western land, on foot, from hill to hill throughout. And now, when no motive of pleasure could influence my choice—now, when I was going forth homeless and alone, in uncertainty, in grief, in peril—the old fancy of long-past days still kept its influence, and pointed out my new path to me among the rocky boundaries of the Cornish shore. [...]

I walked slowly, keeping from the edge of the precipices only by keeping the sound of the sea always at the same distance from my ear; knowing that I was advancing in the proper direction, though very circuitously, as long as I heard the waves on my right hand. To have ventured on the shorter way, by the moor and the cross-roads beyond it, would have been only to have lost myself past all chance of extrication, in the mist.¹³

3. GHOSTS WALK

Lockwood goes for walks. He describes getting lost in his dreams, visiting places he'd walked to in his waking hours, before the terrifying encounter with the ghost of Catherine. Catherine and Heathcliff and most of the other characters also go for walks, and the danger for all is in getting lost. The ghost is lost. 'Let me in – let me in!' she says. 'I'm come home: I'd lost my way on the moor!'¹⁴

A little later she says it has been twenty years since she became a ‘waif’. This is the kind of wandering suffered by many ghosts, those ghosts doomed to wander the earth, homelessly, hopelessly, for ever. Tregeagle, who belongs to another moor, Bodmin moor in Cornwall, is one such ghost. Almost all the nineteenth-century collections of folklore in Cornwall give a version of the tale of Tregeagle, who was supposed to have sold his soul to the devil, and to have unlawfully received money, for which he was condemned to carry out a series of impossible tasks, such as emptying out a bottomless pool with a leaky limpet shell, and to be hunted from place to place. Robert Hunt’s *Popular Romances of the West of England* (1865) reports that the ‘wild spirit’ of Tregeagle ‘haunts equally the moor, the rocky coasts, and the blown sand-hills of Cornwall. From north to south, from east to west, this doomed spirit is heard of, and to the day of judgement he is doomed to wander, pursued by avenging fiends.’¹⁵ But to return to *Wuthering Heights*, the danger for Lockwood is that he might himself get lost in the snow. He dreams of getting lost, as I have said, and is unable to get home until guided by Heathcliff the next day. The landscape has been transformed by snow: ‘the whole hill-back was one billowy, white ocean; the swells and falls not indicating corresponding rises and depressions in the ground: many pits, at least, were filled to a level; and entire ranges of mounds, the refuse of the quarries, blotted out from the chart which my yesterday’s walk left pictured in my mind.’¹⁶ This kind of adventure within one’s own country is on the one hand a safe kind of adventure, but entails another kind of threat, as the foreign, exoticised, or otherworldly creature is not so clearly separable from oneself or one’s home.¹⁷ The fear here is surely that Lockwood will be condemned to walk forever, that he is potentially the ghost. Neither an inhabitant, nor a stranger, Lockwood exists in that liminal state of the walker – here but always moving on, in touch with the landscape, through the soles of his feet, but he doesn’t belong.

The new kind of walking character in the nineteenth century corresponds with a new kind of ghostliness. The walking character is himself a kind of ghostly semi-presence, a transient visitor or visitation, who may, in future, return, as ghosts return from the dead. The aimlessness of the new kind of walking, of the leisurely walking that emerged in the eighteenth century, of the not going from A to B, brings new attention to the rhythm, the repetition of walking itself—the returning within the forward motion. Instead of a destination: repetition. There’s a resistance to moving on—a holding back. And often, walks are themselves repeated. Characters return to a favourite walk, or take comfort in the predictable regularity of a circumscribed journey. Ghosts are also of course a form of return, a refusal of the linear movement of time. It is perhaps not surprising then that many a walking character encounters the ghostly, as in Thomas Hardy’s *Return of the Native*, in which many of the characters frequently walk, including ‘the native’ Clym Yeobright, who has spent time away in Paris but now returns to become even more native than those who stayed. From the beginning of the novel the heath is clearly haunted, and walking is increasingly associated with death. Walking kills Clym’s exhausted mother. Clym then takes his daily walks to her grave and to that of Eustacia, his wife. His frequent walks on the heath seem to put him in touch with the past, with ghosts from antiquity, and even to enable him to become one:

He frequently walked the heath alone, when the past seized upon him with its shadowy hand, and held him there to listen to its tale. His imagination would then people the spot with its ancient inhabitants: forgotten Celtic tribes trod their tracks about him, and he could almost live among them, look in their faces, and see them standing beside the barrows which swelled around, untouched and perfect as at the time of their erection.¹⁸

As he is ‘the native’, we may imagine that Clym will continue to return to the heath both during his life and afterwards in spiritual form. Like Catherine and Heathcliff (whose name obviously identifies him with landscape), he seems to be becoming ghostly himself, to be almost one among those ancient faces. By the close of *Wuthering Heights* Heathcliff has died, and ‘the country folks, if you asked them, would swear on the bible that he *walks*.’¹⁹

Walking characters like Clym, then, do far more than see the landscape from a distance. Their encounters with the past, with ghosts, and their own ghostliness, seem to signal their own connection with the landscape—the promise, or danger, of becoming part of, or lost in it. Whether a character is already a part of it like the native Clym, or attempts to keep a distance like Lockwood, walking tangles them up with the landscape. Through walking, Clym’s mother finds her end in it. She is forced to see the minute insect life, to enter closely into the details of the ground beneath her feet, while Eustacia seems to become physically tangled up in twisted roots and rushes and lumps of fungi—swamped in the dead body of a colossal animal.

Mrs Yeobright’s exertions, physical and emotional, had well-nigh prostrated her; but she continued to creep along in short stages with long breaks between. The sun had now got far to the west of south and stood directly in her face, like some merciless incendiary, brand in hand, waiting to consume her. With the departure of the boy all visible animation disappeared from the landscape, though the intermittent husky notes of the male grasshoppers from every tuft of furze were enough to show that amid the prostration of the larger animal species an unseen insect world was busy in all the fulness of life. [...]

*Eustacia opened her umbrella and went out from the enclosure by the steps over the bank, after which she was beyond all danger of being perceived. Skirting the pool she followed the path towards Rainbarrow, occasionally stumbling over twisted furze-roots, tufts of rushes, or oozing lumps of fleshy fungi, which at this season lay scattered about the heath like the rotten liver and lungs of some colossal animal.*²⁰

4. GHOST SOUNDS

Thomas Hardy’s poetry is more obviously personal than his novels. The author presents himself, rather than characters, as a walker in his poems. ‘The Walk’ describes in two verses two walks: The first was in the past, when his wife Emma Hardy didn’t join him, and he didn’t mind; the second was a walk ‘today / Just in the former way’, with the difference that his wife is now dead. On this second walk the narrator is on ‘familiar ground’ and by himself again. He asks: ‘What difference, then? / Only that underlying sense / Of the look of a room on returning thence.’ A poem written around the same time, ‘The Voice’, describes in contrast a sense of the presence of his dead wife, of being immersed in the past and in the landscape through which he walks. He describes hearing her call to him, and then asks:

Can it be you that I hear? [...]
Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.²¹

Walking seems to give authors, as well as characters in their novels, an enhanced kind of contact with the landscape and the ghostly. The landscape becomes more than visual—it contains an invisible, or extrasensory past, which is only accessible to the walker who can re-imagine it or become haunted by it. Rather than being experienced primarily as visual, haunted landscapes tend to be experienced most especially as sonorous. In Hardy's poem, the sound of the voice or the breeze surrounds the narrator, immersing him in the past. In contrast to the visual image of a landscape, which is relatively still, stable, fixed at a distance, sounds are constantly on the move, surrounding us, and continually passing away. 'Sound', Walter Ong has written, 'bound to the present time by the fact that it exists only at the instant when it is going out of existence, advertises presentness.'²² When a sound resounds, then, overcoming its transient, or mortal quality, it may be experienced as especially ghostly, as a form of haunting, a super-natural return from the past.

Charles Dickens's stories play with the disruption of linear time through both the repetitive movement of walking and returning, ghostly sounds. Dickens himself walked a great deal, especially at night through the city of London, where he lived. The activity of walking in the city at night, with its isolated streets and with restricted vision, seems to turn it into a place of sonorous ghostliness. In an essay called 'The Uncommercial Traveller', published in 1860 in his journal *All the Year Round*, Dickens describes repetitively how night after night in London he would 'walk and walk and walk'. He describes hearing a church clock strike, the sounds of which radiate outwards forever: 'When a church clock strikes, on houseless ears in the dead of night... the spreading circles of vibration, which you may perceive at such a time with great clearness, go opening out, for ever and ever afterwards, widening perhaps (as the philosopher has suggested) in eternal space.'²³ As the critic John Picker has pointed out in *Victorian Soundscapes*, the philosopher here mentioned is Charles Babbage, who like many scientists of the time argued that although sound becomes inaudible, it continues to reverberate forever through the air.²⁴ This was a popular conception of the time, as sound was conceived of as a form of energy, and as following the first law of thermodynamics: the law of the conservation of energy. It allows us to imagine sound as a form of haunting, in contrast to the more usual concept of sound as transient, mortal vibration. It was this law of thermodynamics – according to which energy is transmitted and transformed (light is transformed into heat, for instance), rather than created and destroyed – which became central to much spiritualist theory of the time. The idea that energy never dies, including the energy in our brains and nervous systems, but just passes beyond the range of our senses, was taken to support claims that human existence could continue in some altered form after death. Gustav Fechner was one of the earliest to explore connections between energy physics and his religious ideas in *On Life After Death*, first published in 1836. He described activity in the nerves and brain as vibratory, like sound, and vibration as energy

that never dies, claiming that: ‘vibrations only *seem* to die out, in so far as they spread indefinitely in all directions; or, if dying out for a time, transformed into energy or tension, they are able to begin afresh, in some form or other, in accordance with the law of the conservation of energy.’²⁵

Sound elsewhere in the work of Dickens, and especially the sound of walking ghosts, seems also to follow the law of energy conservation. In *Bleak House* for instance, we are introduced to ‘The Ghost’s Walk’. Here, it is not the walker who encounters the ghost; the ghost is the walker. The housekeeper of the ancestral home Chesney Wold tells of the days of King Charles the First, when Sir Morbury Dedlock was its owner. Sir Dedlock was related to the King but his wife, the housekeeper relates, ‘favoured the bad cause.’²⁶ She interrupts the tale by asking her hearer: ‘Do you hear a sound like a footstep passing along the terrace, Watt?’ He replies: ‘I hear the rain-drip on the stones [...] and I hear a curious echo – I suppose an echo – which is very like a halting step.’²⁷ With a nod, the housekeeper continues by explaining that husband and wife led a troubled life, and that she continued to work against the King’s cause, on more than one occasion laming the horses of his supporters. Her husband then caught her, and caused her to fall, by which she was lamed and began to ‘pine away.’ She didn’t complain, but ‘day by day’ – repeatedly – ‘she tried to walk upon the terrace; and with the help of the stone balustrade, went up and down, up and down, up and down, in sun and shadow, with greater difficulty every day.’²⁸ Then one day she falls. Her husband tries to raise her, and she says:

“I will die here where I have walked. And I will walk here, though I am in my grave. I will walk here, until the pride of the house is humbled. And when calamity, or when disgrace is coming to it, let the Dedlocks listen for my step!”²⁹

As the housekeeper’s listeners sit in the ‘deepening gloom’, they hear both the tale and what sounds like the ghostly steps—a sound that ‘*must be heard.*’ Sight fades, as it is getting dark, and over the ‘loud beat’ and music produced by the clock they hear the sounds of footsteps.³⁰

5. GHOST SELVES

I have said that walking in the nineteenth century corresponded with a new kind of engagement with landscapes, both rural and urban, as haunted and sonorous, rather than necessarily as visual. Walking is experienced as a way of moving not only through space but time, as a way of accessing the past. Today I have talked about a selection of walkers who, rather than viewing landscape from a distance, encounter ghosts, and also walkers who are themselves ghostly—about walkers who are haunted, and those who haunt. Walkers become entangled or lost in ghostly landscapes, which can no longer be separated from the self. The focus shifts explicitly from the distant landscape to the viewer’s own bodily situation, from the view outwards to inner experience. We get more of this with Modernism’s well-known shift to subjectivity, which gives us instances of walking, and paralysis, taking over, so that all there is is one’s own limited perspective, and those fragile, haunting memories. Childhood. Self-conscious, burning humiliation. No more landscape.

I’m thinking of Samuel Beckett’s ‘The Expelled’ (1946), in which the narrator describes his peculiar walk at great length. ‘I set off. What a gait. Stiffness of the lower limbs, as if nature had denied me knees...’ The description goes on, and the narrator puts his particular style of walking down to

childhood incontinence, following which he would attempt to carry on as though nothing had happened. In a sense the narrator is haunted by his own childhood self, his body comically enacting a kind of memory, continuing to draw attention to itself as a result of the attempt long ago to hide his shameful act. He writes that his walk was 'no doubt intended to put people off the scent, to make them think I was full of gaiety and high spirits, without a care in the world, and to lend plausibility to my explanations concerning my nether rigidity, which I ascribed to hereditary rheumatism.'³¹

But I'd like to finish with an extract from W. G. Sebald, who combines his own self-awareness and Kafkaesque struggle with walking with the fading memory of a landscape that is no longer accessible to him.

In August 1992, when the dog days were drawing to an end, I set off to walk the county of Suffolk, in the hope of dispelling the emptiness that takes hold of me whenever I have completed a long stint of work. And in fact my hope was realized, up to a point; for I have seldom felt so carefree as I did then, walking for hours in the day through the thinly populated countryside, which stretches inland from the coast. I wonder now, however, whether there might be something in the old superstition that certain ailments of the spirit and of the body are particularly likely to beset us under the sign of the Dog Star. At all events, in retrospect I became preoccupied not only with the unaccustomed sense of freedom but also with the paralysing horror that had come over me at various times when confronted with the traces of destruction, reaching far back into the past, that were evident even in that remote place. Perhaps it was because of this that, a year to the day after I began my tour, I was taken into hospital in Norwich in a state of almost total immobility. It was then that I began in my thoughts to write these pages. I can remember precisely how, upon being admitted to that room on the eighth floor, I became overwhelmed by the feeling that the Suffolk expanses I had walked the previous summer had now shrunk once and for all to a single, blind, insensate spot. Indeed, all that could be seen of the world from my bed was the colourless patch of sky framed in the window.

Several times during the day I felt a desire to assure myself of a reality I feared had vanished forever by looking out of that hospital window, which, for some strange reason, was draped with black netting, and as dusk fell the wish became so strong that, contriving to slip over the edge of the bed to the floor, half on my belly and half sideways, and then to reach the wall on all fours, I dragged myself, despite the pain, up to the window sill. In the tortured posture of a creature that has raised itself erect for the first time I stood leaning against the glass. I could not help thinking of the scene in which poor Gregor Samsa, his little legs trembling, climbs the armchair and looks out of his room, no longer remembering (so Kafka's narrative goes) the sense of liberation that gazing out of the window had formerly given him. And just as Gregor's dimmed eyes failed to recognize the quiet street where he and his family had lived for years, taking Charlottenstraße for a grey wasteland, so I too found the familiar city, extending from the hospital courtyards to the far horizon, an utterly alien place. I could not believe that anything might still be alive in that maze of buildings down there; rather, it was as if I were looking down from a cliff upon a sea of stone or a field of rubble, from which the tenebrous masses of multi-storey carparks rose up like immense boulders. [...] at that height I was cocooned in an almost complete and, as it were, artificial silence. All I could hear was the wind sweeping in from the country and buffeting the window; and in between, when the sound subsided, there was the never entirely ceasing murmur in my own ears.'³²

Sebald, Rings of Saturn (2002)

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Wynne, Catherine, 'Colonial Topographies: Bogs, Moors, and Shifting Grounds', chapter 2 of *The Colonial Conan Doyle: British Imperialism, Irish Nationalism, and the Gothic* (Westport, Connecticut, London: Greenwood, 2002)

¹ The archaeologist Chris Tilley, for example, observes how landscape is conventionally viewed in *The Materiality of Stone*. Such work will be discussed further below.

² The concept of landscape can be traced back to the visual arts, to techniques of visual perspective in the Renaissance, on which designers of landscape gardens later drew. See for example Cosgrove, *Social Formation and Symbolic Landscape*. For more on gardens, and walking in them, see Solnit, *Wanderlust*, pp.84-94.

³ Cosgrove argues that this is the case especially in geography; Feld and Tilley in anthropology and archaeology.

⁴ Tilley draws attention to the limits of the visual perspective of landscape and develops his phenomenological approach in *The Materiality of Stone*. With Barbara Bender and Sue Hamilton, Tilley also involves local knowledge in *Stone Worlds*.

⁵ Tilley is referring to Marshall McLuhan's *The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man* (1962), in *The Materiality of Stone*, p.15.

⁶ For a sensory approach to landscape, as well as Tilley see for example Steven Feld, 'Places Sensed, Senses Placed'.

⁷ For discussion of Rousseau and walking see Solnit, *Wanderlust*, p.17ff.

⁸ Rousseau, *Confessions*, pp. 51, 147, & 156-7.

⁹ See Solnit, *Wanderlust*; Joseph Amato, *On Foot*.

¹⁰ Amato, *On Foot*, p.103. See also Solnit, p.93.

¹¹ Inglis and Holmes, 'Highland and Other Haunts: Ghosts in Scottish Tourism'.

¹² Conan Doyle, 'Hound of the Baskervilles', p.55.

¹³ Collins, *Basil*, pp.243 & 254.

¹⁴ Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*, p.17.

¹⁵ Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, p.132.

¹⁶ Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*, p.21.

¹⁷ William Hughes makes interesting observations about British Gothic and its uncanny threat to the self, in "An angel satyr walks these hills": Imperial Fantasies for a Post-Colonial World', 121-128.

¹⁸ Hardy, *Return of the Native*, p.316-7.

¹⁹ Bronte, *Wuthering Heights*, p.245. Italics in original.

²⁰ Hardy, *Return of the Native*, pp.238 & 292.

²¹ Hardy, 'The Voice', p.835.

²² Ong, *The Presence of the Word*, p.101.

²³ Dickens, 'The Uncommercial Traveller', p.351.

²⁴ Picker, *Victorian Soundscapes*, pp.16-17.

²⁵ Fechner, *On Life After Death*, p.54. For further discussion of such theories see Trower, *Senses of Vibration*, pp.69ff.

²⁶ Dickens, *Bleak House*, p.103.

²⁷ Ibid.

²⁸ Ibid., p.104.

²⁹ Ibid.

³⁰ Ibid.

³¹ Beckett, 'The Expelled', p.9.

³² W. G. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn* (London: Vintage, 2002), pp.3-5