This Land is Our Land

An exploration of nature’s power to shape us and the impact we, in turn, have on the environment
The landscape around us is not ‘natural’ or static. Human beings have always been place-makers and path-finders who imbue the world with meaning, and it belongs to us all. For thousands of years, we have covered it with our footprints, and it, in turn, has shaped our lives.

After the ice retreated about 10,000 years ago, the Lake District was a wildwood filled with aurochs, wolves, lynxes and wild boar. When people took over, farming wrote its story on the land in the form of field systems, walls and vernacular buildings, while centuries of mining left scars across the fells.

In the 19th century, Wordsworth and his fellow Romantic poets offered an emotional reinterpretation of the Lakeland landscape as a place of inspiration and respite, sparking an appreciation of the outdoors and nature that sowed the seeds of the modern conservation movement.

Over the intervening years, the Lake District has become a forum where tensions about land use and expectations of nature have been played out. When it was designated as a World Heritage Site in 2017, questions about its care and purpose become even more sharply focused.

In this exhibition, those who live, work and find inspiration in this special place share their passion and their fears and hopes for its future. I hope their reflections touch you as deeply as they have touched me.

‘Wordsworth and his fellow Romantic poets offered an emotional reinterpretation of the landscape’
Though I have been asked, many times, about the influence of Cumbria on my writing, I’ve never found a complete answer. Landscapes, people, animals, cultures, traditions, histories, senses. So many versions exist.

Perhaps it’s impossible to truly know the ingredients of the self in its formation, or their exact involvement in what is subsequently produced. I began writing stories, or at least thinking stories, very young. The act of writing them, with various degrees of artistry, came later.

I remember roaming around the moorland near my parents’ cottage with a head full of scenarios and narratives and voices; convincing myself they were real, as real as what lay beneath my feet, as real as the mountains on the horizon.

In situ is central to how I think about fiction, wherever it is set. This does not mean a writer has to be present in the location – I never have been. But setting must somehow manifest. The reader must feel present. World-building within a book must succeed.

The Lake District is a construct, topographically and politically, as well as geologically. It has unshakeable literary association. Its surface is intrinsic to its artistic legacy and its identity – one cannot say it has a soul – but it is also the place where existing perceptions about nature have been explored and challenged. Brutal became beautiful, malice became magnificence – that’s some trick.

This, to me, always seems to be of fundamental importance – the exploration of mutability, natural and human, and the idea of perception. In the countryside, it is easy to see the operation of seasons. It is easy to witness the lessons of growth, change and mortality. And in a farming community, it is impossible not to see the challenges of humans coexisting with nature.

What is this place, and where do we fit, within or without it? How are we connected, and how dislocated? Stories can be historical, contemporary or futuristic, but aren’t they all environmental, to a degree?
I am not an artist, but I do like making things. The shadow box (pictured right) was built after I completed my first novel, *Haweswater*. The map is of my childhood region, which includes the reservoir. The glassware and crockery was collected from its shores, if man-made bodies of water can be said to have shores, and it would all have belonged to residents of the drowned valley, over the centuries. Copper wire was used in the bombs detonated in Mardale.

It is simply salvage: junk, scraps, rubbish. But when recycled and reconsidered, it becomes a local relief map, where landscape is depicted dimensionally, and where the methods of construction are seen.

The component parts of this map are not simply natural, and neither is the Lake District. We reconstitute what we see, and give it meaning. We look through the window of our selves onto our changed and changing worlds.

**Haweswater shadow box kindly loaned by Sarah Hall**

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**Jayne Beard**

Farmer

The land defines us. Sometimes we are open and hospitable and others dark, moody and inhospitable. We are ruled by the seasons and the weathers. It is breathtakingly beautiful but equally as harsh and unforgiving. The land is our heaven and our hell, for all that she holds and all that she gives.

We love this land from the tiniest flower to the largest fell. It is always in our hearts. It is home, our place of peace, quiet and tranquillity. We are fiercely loyal and protective of the land and our way of life, in that the two are so closely intertwined that many do not see how we are one and the same, the land and us.

We fight to preserve not only the land but fell farming and its way of life. We may not be rich in pocket but we are rich in life. We are blessed to watch the changing seasons from the depths of winter to the spring of life, the summer beauty and the autumnal colours, each year slightly different, but always and forever our land.

‘The land is our heaven and our hell, for all that she holds and all that she gives’
George Monbiot
Writer and environmentalist

I see the Lake District as one of the most depressing landscapes in Europe. It competes with the chemical deserts of East Anglia for the title of Britain’s worst-kept countryside.

The celebrated fells have been thoroughly sheepwrecked: the forests that once covered them have been reduced by the white plague to bare rock and bowling green, depriving animals of their habitats. You’ll see more wildlife in Birmingham.

This conflict is not easy to resolve, but two cherished assets – hill farming with hefted flocks and a thriving ecosystem – are at odds. A failure to recognise such contradictions besets the British conservation movement, and it goes back to the beginning: a beginning often traced to a little house in Grasmere.

I revere the occupant of that house, William Wordsworth. His assertion that the Lake District represented ‘a sort of national property in which every man has a right and interest’ is widely seen as the establishing creed of the western conservation movement. But he is partly responsible for a strange bifurcation in our minds, which sees industrialism as malign and destructive and agriculture as benign and harmonious.

Farming has done more extensive damage to wildlife and habitats than all the factories ever built. It has reduced the natural world to something resembling the aftermath of a nuclear winter across vast tracts of the uplands.

Admirable as they were, why should Wordsworth and John Ruskin govern our tastes beyond the grave? Why should the culture they mythologised be treated as if it were the only current and possible culture? Why is the inherent clash between ranching and wildlife being resolved only in favour of ranching? Why, in the cradle of the conservation movement, are these obvious questions not even being asked?
I have lived long enough to witness the vanishing of wild mammals, butterflies, mayflies, songbirds and fish that I once feared my grandchildren would not experience: it has all happened faster than even the pessimists predicted.

Zoe Gilbert writes:

In 2008, curlews were deemed of global conservation concern and became listed as ‘near threatened’ on the International Union for Conservation of Nature’s Red List of Threatened Species. Between 1995 and 2012, breeding populations declined by 55 per cent in Scotland, 30 per cent in England, 81 per cent in Wales and 82 per cent in Northern Ireland. However, in Cumbria, numbers have risen due to conservation efforts. To find out more, search online for the RSPB curlew recovery programme.

These specimens are part of the natural history collection at Tullie House. The skulls were found at Whins Pond, Edenhall. There is no provenance for the taxidermy curlew. The 20th century nearly saw the end of Britain’s otter population, with numbers almost completely depleted by the 1980s due to habitat destruction, pollution and pesticides. Conservation efforts have helped but they are still under threat. Otters have been recorded in the Eden valley and around Ullswater and Derwent Water. This otter was a road casualty at Hethersgill.

As a self-appointed expert on Lakeland – well, I have written loads of guidebooks and walking books and biogs on Lakeland – I am often being asked, tell me, Mr Davies, what is the secret of your eternal youth? Sorry, wrong question. I meant to say, what is your favourite Lakeland lake?

There are 16, as you know, and my personal all-time fave is Crummock Water – my best beloved, best used, best remembered. For, alas, we no longer live beside it. After 30 years of having a home on Loweswater, living there half of every year, and going down and around and into Crummock every day, swimming every summer, I sold our house after my wife, a true Cumbrian, Margaret Forster, died in 2016. But I don’t say Crummock is the best, when asked by visitors to the Lakes. I say if you only have time to visit one, then go to Ullswater. It is fairly handy to get to, so quiet, so alone. Because, of course, I want it left alone, in my heart and in my memories.

‘I want Crummock Water left alone, in my heart and in my memories’
Elaine Beard
Farmer

My husband Raymond has lived and farmed in the Lake District for 63 years. I have lived here for 56, and 50 years of our working life has been as tenant farmers for the National Trust.

As new tenants, we had a remote farm in the Duddon Valley, 1000 feet above sea level. After 13 years, the Trust offered us the tenancy for Rannerdale Farm on Crummock Water, 400 feet above sea level – this was civilisation!

We keep Herdwick and Swaledale sheep, but after some time we stopped keeping cattle because there are too many footpaths and tourists now and farming policies and rules have changed.

The landscape has also changed. We are no longer allowed to aerial spray the bracken, so it has drastically increased and causes a big tick problem to the sheep and humans. Sheep numbers have been cut back, so the heather is not grazed effectively and becomes old and woody. Burning policies are also almost impossible to carry out.

Over recent years, flooding has had a major impact, bringing thousands of tons of gravel and debris down the gills, covering our grazing land. Walls, fences and bridges have been swept away. We have faced these issues three times and worked hard to restore and re-establish the land.

We have planted hedges and trees, which have encouraged many birds. We also try to protect the famous Rannerdale bluebells, but we are struggling because of the influx of hundreds of tourists every day while they are flowering. Unless something can be done to reduce the number, the bluebells as we know them will be obliterated.

As farmers, we work hard to protect the wildlife and the landscape for future generations, but it is becoming more and more difficult.

Elaine and Raymond Beard have farmed for over 50 years, mostly at Rannerdale

‘We work hard to protect the wildlife and the landscape’
Paul Kingsnorth
Novelist, poet and essayist

Nature has a capital N. This is what William Wordsworth taught us. Like his namesake, William Blake, he saw something which he struggled all his life to put into words.

Perhaps words can never convey what he saw. In the end, he stopped trying. He turned away from the call of the wild, towards the laureateship and the church. But we have what he left us: a pagan force for which he was a witting vehicle.

Wordsworth was the man who brought Pantheism back to England. As the 19th century rose around him, as Blake’s dark satanic mills rose on land stolen from its people by the Inclosure Acts, Wordsworth took a boat out onto a Cumberland lake.

There he saw something he would never forget: a great, dark mountain that seemed to pursue him; a fearful, mystical tear in reality that showed him, just for a moment, as he wrote in Tintern Abbey, ‘A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought, And rolls through all things.’

Nature – which Wordsworth referred to as ‘her’ – was fully alive, and humans were not its masters, but a part of its living, breathing reality. Wordsworth saw it. England forgot it.

Now we watch as icecaps melt, forests fall, species collapse into oblivion. Now we see where our refusal has led us. Is it too late to take a boat out onto that lake ourselves, and listen for the spirit again? It may be our only hope.

Wordsworth saw a fearful, mystical tear in reality

Paul Kingsnorth’s non-fiction is about culture and the environment. His fiction is mythological.

Jamie Lund
National Trust archaeologist

It was only 20 years ago that prehistoric pecked designs were identified at Copt Howe in Langdale. In June 2018, archaeologists excavated four small trenches and discovered a cache of four stone tools that could have been used to create these images. The rock art has Irish parallels, and additional motifs were unearthed at the base of the rock.

Watch Jamie talk about exciting rock art discoveries in Langdale and how centuries of human intervention have shaped the landscape.

Above: Prehistoric pecked designs at Copt Howe in Langdale
Left: Three Neolithic tools and one retouched point, c.3000 BC
Jan Wilkinson
Slate mine owner

My brother-in-law Joe and I are caretakers of this beautiful place and it’s like working on top of the world. For at least four centuries, it has been home to men working the quarries and the mines.

We have great respect for what they did and the conditions they worked under. They changed the landscape as they worked and lived on Fleetwith. They left behind not only the spoil heaps of their waste, many quarry openings, roads and engineering remnants, but also bothies where they sheltered, homes, tools and a legacy that we took up to retain the skillset that was once theirs.

In the 22 years we have been involved with Honister, we have found it essential to diversify: gravel for footpaths, gardens and modern engineering installations, tours into part of the 13 miles of tunnels within the mountain, and climbing experiences on the outside, where the participants move in and out of the ruins of their predecessors. The miners of yesterday have an impact still on visitors of today.

Modern society at times needs to do more to encourage people outside into what you and I appreciate daily, to simply be in the middle of such an awe-inspiring place.

So while we maintain the skills that are required to win the slate from the seams within Fleetwith, rive it into roofing, polish it into worktops, tiles and the like, we also have the tourist side. The balance is 50-50, because if the slate was no longer accessible, the tourists would not be as interested.

I am proud to be part of the family that brought this industry back to life after over a decade of being closed down, and if Honister can be a conduit to start people getting out into space and to appreciate what there is, other than a mobile phone and an instant way of living, we are happy to oblige.

‘The miners of yesterday have an impact still on visitors of today’
Two remarkable novels, written half a century apart, are both set in a future England in which different kinds of crisis have occurred.

In John Christopher’s *The Death of Grass*, a virus has ravaged almost all grass and crop species, bringing the country to chaos and a tribal battle for resources. In *The Carhullan Army*, by Sarah Hall, environmental collapse has left all citizens herded into cities, and women submitted to patriarchal control.

And in both novels, the Lake District is the place of retreat – the last fastness to which the characters head in their drive for freedom and safety.

The valleys, fells and farms become fall-back zones for small groups of refugees, a place where the landscape offers harsh protection from the dangers beyond.

Both are fascinating, powerful novels, and both, it seems to me, speak to a historically long-held sense of the Lake District as a place of safety and refuge.

Both novels recognise the Lakes as a profoundly human as well as a fiercely elemental landscape: farms and drystone walls are vital structures in both novels, as is the knowledge of how to work the land and how to survive in it.

So many people have come here over so many years, seeking different versions of escape or retreat, from the Borrowdale hermit Millican Dalton to the Wordsworths, from the millions of visitors who arrive each year for temporary release from their everyday lives to those who move here from outside the region.

This tension between visiting and dwelling, between work and play, between walling places off and opening them up, is at the heart of the modern Lake District, and this is why I have chosen these two fascinating books as emblematic, to me, of contemporary Cumbria.
I was born and grew up in Grasmere in the centre of the Lakes, but I left as soon as I could, first to art school in London, then on extended painting trips abroad, especially in the big mountains.

Perhaps I’d been hefted to these hills all along without realising it, because now my subject matter is here, which is the only landscape I really know from the inside and which is as exotic as anywhere else in the world.

A continuing theme in my travels has been how human and natural systems relate to each other, sometimes harmoniously and sometimes in conflict. So the recent debate between the fell-farming community and advocates of ‘re-wilding’ (both of which I’m sympathetic to) have made this landscape interesting again, much as it was in the 19th century to the Romantic writers and painters for whom it served as a test-bed for new ideas about nature and the individual.

I’m interested in developing pictorial ways of helping unfreeze that 300-year heritage of seeing the Lake District as mere backdrop or ‘scenery’, bringing what was background up to the foreground. One characteristic of this northern latitude is the short vertical distance between the cultivated area of the valleys and the wildness of the mountain tops with the debatable land in between. It can be all taken in with a flick of an eye.

This tension and congruence between nature and culture is there to see in the endless permutations of crags, screes, becks, vegetation and erosions, and in the walls, fences, fields and paths. The near vertical fellside can be ‘read’ like a painting, showing traces of hundreds of years of animal and human activity.

My painting Force Crag Mine (over the page) shows a hybrid landscape where the mountain’s natural systems are entwined with an old industrial system, both vertically in the spoil heaps echoing the natural scree slopes, and horizontally in the watercourse flowing from the waterfall through the mine workings and continuing, altered, down to the valley.

Watch Julian talk about how he derives inspiration from the historic Lakeland landscape.

High Rigg 2 (2013), oil on canvas, kindly loaned by Julian Cooper

‘The landscape is as exotic as anywhere else in the world’
Force Crag Mine (2016-17), oil on canvas, kindly loaned by Julian Cooper

Scale Force 2 (2016), oil on canvas, kindly loaned by Julian Cooper
Inflow (2015-17) and Outflow 2 (2015-17), both oil on canvas, kindly loaned by Julian Cooper.

Six Cumbrian children

Watch six local children talk about what they love about the outdoors.
Sara Brown
Education tutor for the Royal Forestry Society and Forestry Commission

I’ve always loved natural history, and it makes me happy that my children share my passion. Freya and Finn found this bird skull in our garden.

Watch Sara talk about her love of wildlife and the outdoors and why getting kids outside is vital.

Dr Dave Camlin
Composer and musician

The spiral is a big part of my connection to the Cumbrian landscape of my birth. It features in the cup-and-ring rock art at Neolithic sites dotted around the ancient Celtic landscape, including Little Meg near Penrith, so it reminds me of my ancestors who walked the land before me.

Watch Dave talk about finding inspiration in the Cumbrian landscape – he also shares some songs.
There's nothing like following ridges and mountain tops for thermals, flying low, contouring the terrain close to crags and cornices, waving to walkers or flying thousands of feet above, touching clouds, with views of the entire Lake District.

Watch John talk about the joy of flying and seeing the Lakes from the air.

We must protect our landscape, but it's a living, breathing, working entity of its own, and the people within it are as much a part of Cumbria as the fells we hike and the lakes we sail upon.

Watch Sue talk about living and working in the Lakes.
When I was at school we collected wildflowers and pressed them in a book. It's a no-no now, but that's how it was then. I could take you to a field down the road, August Meadow, where I pressed 23 wildflowers, but they're just not there now.

Watch Billy talk about changes to the environment during his lifetime.

Alice Marion Hartley undertook the same project as Billy several decades earlier. Cockermouth Heritage Group is starting a study into what varieties still grow today. Alison Marion Hartley’s wildflower book (1885-89) kindly loaned by Cockermouth Heritage Group, Kirkgate Centre

We’re here because we want to farm, but other sources of income are important too, such as our B&B and campsite. We’re diversifying and opening a craft barn. My wife, Ruby, and her mum make lovely crafts from wool so we’re hoping to sell them here.

Watch Dan talk about the pleasures and challenges of farming in Borrowdale.
Zoe Gilbert writes:

These items conjure up for me the sheer physical joy and pleasure that William Wordsworth took from the Lake District. The impact of the natural world on his health and well-being, and that of his sister Dorothy, shines through their writing, and it is something that is equally important to many of us today.
To Lady Beaumont, Dunmow, Essex
Postmark: 8 January 1805
Stamp: Penrith
Miss Sara Hutchinson's Park House
January 5th—1805

My dear Friend,

I hope that you have several days ago received my last letter. My Brother wrote at the same time to Sir George. You will have gathered from our letters that we were going on happily and in our old way having got through poor John’s [1] misfortune;—though our enjoyments are always damped by an inner sense of uncertainty respecting our beloved Friend, of whom we yet hear nothing. We should be truly miserable about him if we were not well assured that he must be at Malta where my Brother says they may keep out the fever if they are not absolutely senseless. I received your letter the day before yesterday while we were on our road to Park House to visit Miss Hutchinson and her Brother. We came in the Irish Car, my Sister, Brother, the two Children and myself, and Mr George Hutchinson was our Charioteer—it was a bold undertaking to which we were suddenly tempted by the delightfulness of the air and sunshine the day before. It was a keen frost and we had been taking our pleasure upon the ice, all the family, my Sister and I sitting upon chairs with the children on our knees while my Brother and Mr H. in their skates drove us along. In the midst of our good spirits we resolved to pluck up courage and, if the next day were fine, to venture over Kirkstone. We had a prosperous journey as for our greatest care and concern the Children, but both the Mother and I have suffered for it—she is ill in the tooth-ache, and I have got a bad cold which was so exceedingly troublesome yesterday that I could not lift up my eyes. While I lay on my Bed, my dear Lady Beaumont, my thoughts were full of you, I was so deeply affected with the tender kindness of your last letter. If I could have done any thing I should have written immediately for my own heart’s comfort to tell you how happy, how proud I am of your friendship, or rather I ought to be proud in them to whom I chiefly owe the gift; for to my Brother, surely, if I am in myself worthy of your esteem I owe it, or if I am in any degree worthy of the great affection which Coleridge feels for me: but when I think how great his regard for me is, knowing that all you know of me is from him, I really, (it is no false modesty, as my Brother who knows all my thoughts could tell you) I really, (much as I desire to see you) am almost afraid of it, you will find me so different from what you have imagined, and (believe me) so much inferior. I have not those powers which Coleridge thinks I have—I know it—my only merits are my devotedness to those I love and I hope a charity towards all mankind. Perhaps it may seem to you that I have said too much about myself, that it is but one of the shapes which vanity puts on, and this thought would have kept me silent but for the high value which I set upon your esteem and for that cause my strong desire that you should judge and expect of me as I am.

My Brother chanced to meet with Richardson’s letters at a Friend’s house, [2] and glancing over them, read those written by Mrs Klopstock, he was exceedingly affected by them and said it was impossible to read them without loving the woman. We have been very desirous to see the Book ever since, and hope to be able to borrow it soon, but any new Book in our neighbourhood passes from house to house, and it is difficult to come at it within any reasonable time. Poor Klopstock! we saw him at Hamburgh in company with Coleridge—he had then all the liveliness of a lively Frenchman about him, though his legs were so much swoln with the dropsy that I dare say he walked with great pain and difficulty—his second wife was with him, a young well-looking woman (that is young for the Wife of so old a Man) he had married her, I believe, for a nurse, and she might be and probably was a very good woman, but she
did not seem to have much of the sensibility of his first wife. She, I believe, was buried at Altona, and Klopstock planted a Yew tree upon her grave, which Mr Duppa, an artist who was here in the Summer, told me he had seen a flourishing tree. I wish we had known of its existence and visited it when we were there. I thought I had told you that the bargain does not stand between Mr Jackson and the Purchaser of his house, so Mrs Coleridge and the Southeys will continue there till C’s return. I hope no longer—for the only comfort we had in thinking of Mrs C’s being turned out was that Coleridge might have no temptation to stay in this Country. We have not met with a house for ourselves, so we are now contented to stay where we are till we see Coleridge and then where he settles we shall settle, indeed we are half glad we cannot find a house as it will be impossible for us to stay long in this country, and we seem as if we could not make another home out of the Vale of Grasmere while we might yet be so near as to see the Mountain-tops that gird it about. Surely we shall have the happiness of meeting you there—perhaps we may remain two summers longer, for it is possible that we may continue there a short time even after Coleridges return—with what joy should I lead you to our Orchard top! how happily could we sit with Coleridge upon the Moss seat! and how many tranquil hours of pleasure might we not enjoy in visiting those places where my Brother has murmured his Verses to himself!

I ought to tell you (for I am sure that you will else be uneasy about us) that we shall take care not to catch cold in going home. In the first place we shall not go over Kirkstone for that mountain was the chief cause of our suffering. I had to bear the Baby in my arms up the hill which heated me violently and as soon as I sate down again on the Carriage I felt a pain in my head and the cold coming on. My Sister too, from being overheated, though I did not permit her to carry the Baby, increased the tooth ache which she had had by fits for a few days before. We shall return by another Road and shall not be obliged to walk any part of the way, so, as we shall choose a very fine morning for our departure I hope I shall have the pleasure of telling you that we are perfectly well and comfortable when we reach our own home again. John is perfectly recovered and can walk stoutly as ever, but his Father was obliged to carry him most of the way up the hill. Your God-daughter, being the less weight fell to my share. She is a sweet Infant—very lively, quite different from her Brother yet like him. Miss Hutchinson desires me to present her best respects to you Hartley Coleridge is here. Dear little Creature! he said to me this morning on seeing Johnny cry after his Father who was going to take a walk. “If he had the sense to know where my Father is he would not cry when his is going such a little way.” God bless you, my dear Friend! We all join in affectionate remembrance to you and Sir George—believe me [—]ry yours. D Wordsworth.

I should like very much to see Sir George’s picture from the Thorn—We are all passionately fond of the picture above our chimney piece. We hope to be at home in a week.

Notes:
[1] Her nephew
[2] Correspondence of Samuel Richardson, a selection from the Original Manuscripts, to which is prefixed A biographical account of the author and observations on his writings, by Anna Laetitia Barbauld, 6 vols., 1804. Vol. 3 contains four letters written by Mrs. K. to S. R. in 1757–8, giving a naive account of her romantic attachment to K. and her brief married life. She died in childbirth Dec. 1758. Southey, writing from Old Brathay on 21 Nov. 1804, remarked: ‘Here … I have looked through Richardson’s papers. The Letters of Klochstock’s wife are very interesting; nor do I ever remember having been more deeply affected than by the termination of that correspondence.’
Quotations

Oh the Lake District’s lovely. Let’s go there. We can eat scones. They do great scones. Doctor Who, timelord

I walked to Crow-Park, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain in the ground but nothing has sprung from them. Thomas West, writer

Those buying up homes which are much needed by local people are doing a serious injustice to communities, which are being decimated by being bought up by those with the money to do it. Tim Farron, MP

I grew up there and it’s one of the worst places to be a teen, no public transport, only place to do stuff is Carlisle and even that was small. Herringbrew, online commentator

I love this place; for me it is the beginning and the end of everything, and everywhere else feels like nowhere. James Rebanks, shepherd

I picked up 700 discarded dog poo bags at White Moss Common last year. Robin Lees, waste disposal worker

Nor were these hills high and formidable only, but they had a kind of unhospitable terror in them. Daniel Defoe, author

Our ethos at the Calvert Trust is to challenge disability through outdoor adventure. The landscape around us provides us all, with or without disabilities, with adventure and enjoyment, contributing to our well-being, health and happiness. Paul Stafford, Calvert Trust

Towards the head of these dales was found a perfect republic of Shepherds and Agriculturalists. William Wordsworth, poet

It’s this calmness that embalms your body and which gives you a sense of belief that anything is possible. Lucy Aspden, blogger

People need to be connected to the place they live and to each other, to belong to a specific place that is not quite like another place and a collective of people you share things with. At its best this gives us a mooring in space and time, without which we are liable to be washed away. Paul Kingsnorth, writer and environmentalist

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