Many Ways to Go:

Reflecting on Ethics and Landscape Architecture Education

by

Cheryl Prosser

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Abstract

The project employs passages from a personal story to reflect on the ethics within landscape architecture education. It uses the personal story to initiate discussions on ethics and values within story and the application of these ethics to the career of Land Management. The inquiry explores the value of narrative as a method. Using the devices recognized by Potteiger & Purinton (1998) in *Landscape Narrative*s elements of a personal story are identified as landscape narratives. The influence of landscape architecture education on personal land ethics is discussed and linked to the value of this education within the resource management field. Ultimately, not all the values are linked back directly to education but many are rooted in the experiences of landscape architecture education. The project concludes by recognizing intrinsic and explicit aspects of landscape architecture education which assist in developing personal land ethics. These land ethics are important to the profession of Landscape Architecture and are applicable to a wide range of careers.

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I always promised myself that I would not spend my life working at an office, sitting at a desk. I know vividly the life my father lives, spending so many hours at a desk, listening to the steady buzz of those sickly fluorescent lights while typing all day long. I never wanted to be that person, but I am today. I spend the majority of my day sitting at my desk sending e-mails or talking on the phone.

Despite all this, I have been fortunate enough in my work to get outdoors and to participate in field work. The advantages of being a resource manager are that the landscape must be visited and explored so that I can understand the resources that I manage. Caribou collaring is a unique experience that I have had the opportunity to get involved in on an annual basis. This is due in big part to the Manitoba Caribou Committee that organizes and manages the funding for the collaring program and other related research projects in the Province of Manitoba. Collaring boreal woodland caribou (Rangifer tarandus caribou) allows Manitoba Conservation to track their movements and to understand the important habitats that the animals use at different times of the year. It also provides a setting where we can take blood and fur samples to track the health of the woodland caribou. Global Positioning System (GPS) collars record the location of collared animals every 10 minutes. This data is then sent to a satellite and stored in a server, then is used to build Global Information System (GIS) shape files that show where woodland caribou have traveled. This data can be used to identify the ranges of herds and highlight key habitat that needs to be protected. We

track the caribou to try to understand where they go and what areas they need to survive. The data identifies seasonal patterns in their movement which can be used to understand how changes on the landscape affect the movement of the herds. The information is invaluable and is used every day to try to address the challenge of protecting a threatened species under the Manitoba Species at Risk Act (Manitoba Conservation, 2010).

How did I go from drawing lines in AutoCAD to managing species at risk? Some days I wonder. I wonder if I have abandoned my education as a Landscape Architect and if my education has any bearing on my current career as a Land manager with Manitoba Conservation. I am asked repeatedly how my degree pertains to my current work. I have never been quite certain how to reply. I know from my professional practice that land management is a job that requires knowledge from across a wide range of disciplines within the resource management field. Every activity on the landscape can impact the way woodland caribou use the landscape. Each use of a natural resource must be cooperatively managed with other departments of Manitoba Conservation, each of who have their own goals, diverse agendas and multiple stakeholders. Understanding a landscape is complex; it requires knowledge in ecological systems, in plants and in human and animal communities. It also requires a conscious and active comprehension of the social and cultural values embedded in each landscape location.

This is the story of the evolution of my education as I transition into my career. The value of my education tells a story. A story of experience on the landscape provides a mechanism to reflect and discover the value of my education to my career. It provides

an opportunity to reflect on how my education has shaped my knowledge and values towards the landscape.

Not all of the education I received has been applicable to my career as a Land manager with Manitoba Conservation. However, every day I realize the land ethic which I acquired through my education is crucial to my work. I feel these values toward the environment are a result of my education, a product of the knowledge and understanding that comes from my experience as a student of landscape architecture.

This project assumes that education in landscape architecture provides, encourages or intrinsically instils a set of values or ethics that are applicable in the profession. It suggests that these values are similar across the profession despite differences in education and course content. Our introduction to living systems provides us with a basic understanding of the environment and our impact on the landscape. Finally, it assumes that these values are transferable to vocations beyond the profession of landscape architecture.

Why Story?

When I started the journey of my Master's thesis I had an interest in investigating narrative. My original interest was to use story to explore cultural differences in connecting with the landscape. This investigation shifted to a specific historical landscape rooted in the history of Manitoba, Captain Kennedy House. I sought to investigate stories written by the women that lived at this historic place to design a landscape that told the history of many periods of time. The story and design was not a single reinterpretation of one moment in time but all periods, events and people who

created and shaped the landscape. The goal was to consider narrative as an all encompassing method for exploring, understanding and designing landscapes. Narrative in this process was a method and the story of site an output (Connelly & Cladinin, 1990). A story therefore is not narrative rather a result of narrative, a means to an end not the mean itself. When we speak casually about narrative we are truly talking about the outcome of narrative, a resulting story. When my work had consumed my time and taken me away from design school it became increasingly difficult to complete this project. I had not completed or been involved in an intensive design project for over a year and was searching for a topic that could relate to my work as a Land manager with Manitoba Conservation. I wanted to write down the stories of my new job, the adventures out in the field investigating sites, exploring cottage locations and participating in resource field work. I love these trips. I love the opportunity to investigate the landscape at a site scale. With the intent of using narrative as a qualitative research methodology, I sat down to recount the summer caribou collaring trip to Sasaginnigak Lake. The act of considering a story as data or using story as a way to understand people and society is the root of narrative methodology (Bleakley, 2005). The story of my journey to this Canadian Shield Lake in Atikaki Provincial Park was a story with meaning. After working as a student with Parks and Natural Areas Branch for five years, I came out to Lac du Bonnet to work for a summer. If I had chosen not to work in the Eastern Region and not to further explore career opportunities in the region, I would be working in a very different career, designing parks, working on grading plans and drafting site plans. As narratives are ways in which we explore our life, the research of narrative often results in a question about life experience (Clandinin & Connelly,

1990; Creswell, 2008). The experience of my education is not directly applied to my work as a Land manager, so how then does it get used? This is the question that plagued me, that resulted from a dozen conversations about the degree I was working to complete and how or if it related to my work. Every answer I had to this question was slightly different, due in part to the fact that I had not truly reflected on the value of landscape architecture education to land management. To answer this question I began with the story of the caribou collaring trip. While finding a way through the research process the role of the story changed. Initially the story was a standalone work intended as a complete chapter in the research. However, the story later became a starting point to initiate the analysis of my education and the ethics within it. This is not unusual within a Narrative Inquiry, as the research process itself often changes or grows as the stories of experience are uncovered (Clandinin & Connelly, 2000). As our life narratives grow so too do our stories. As a consequence narrative inquiry is flexible and able to evolve with the stories themselves (Clandinin & Connelly, 2000).

Figure 1: Caribou tracks

As my story grew from five pages to thirty pages, it became more than just a romantic reflection of an experience on the landscape. Like stories, narrative inquiry is imbedded in context (White, 1981). The context of caribou collaring is the landscape, which is also the setting of my work and my education. The tale at Sasaginnigak Lake uses the language of story to provide a freedom of expression not found within other

research methodologies (Creswell, 2008). The connection to the story as a personal narrative and reflection of experience was important. However, narrative inquiry implores story as a way to explore, to explain and to rewrite other stories (Creswell, 2008). To analyze the caribou collaring story I took a structural approach finding categories or themes relating to Potteiger & Purinton's (1998) *Landscape Narratives* and making use of them to investigate the story. Structural approaches explore themes and categories and use them to organize and at times rewrite the story (Creswell, 2008).

I wanted to use story due in part to my personal interest in stories and in narrative inquiry as a research methodology. Using this methodology provided me with a venue to write and to explore a story of experience on the landscape. The "…bringing of narrative to experience enables a sense of self founded on a series of recollections - to be without one's stories is to be without knowledge of one's life" (Young & Saver, 2001, p.74). This story acted as a foundation to answer the question of how my education is applied to my work and how my land ethics are reflected within my story.

What is the Story?

The story at the heart of this reflection of ethics and education follows a five day journey to Sasaginnigak Lake, in Atikaki Provincial Park, to locate and collar *Rangifer tarandus caribou*. This trip is a component of field work that is unique to resource management. Caribou collaring is an essential activity that provides data which reveals the dynamics of the species on the landscape. Told through a reflective lens, the story describes the challenges of collective living in an isolated location without running water. Here we are dependent on the people around us; we work as a team. Each day reveals the

complexity of the landscape. Encounters with animals and their trails through the forest reveal the diversity of the animals that depend on the landscape for sustenance. Interacting with woodland caribou on the islands and collaring allows a greater understanding of the population and the relationship between the islands and the *Rangifer tarandus* species. The story speaks about days when we must battle the elements to complete our task. It describes the juxtaposition of an island covered in generations of garbage with the pristine vision of Sasaginnigak Lake, the lake with 'Many Ways to go' (D. Brannen, personal communication, February 23, 2011). The telling of this story identifies themes which have been recognized in landscape narratives by Potteiger and Purinton (1998). The narrative therefore is unique, as the details included or omitted are done with purpose and measure. Some details are left out to narrow the focus of the story while other details were simply deemed unimportant to the narrative sequence. The story includes a reflection on previous experiences collaring caribou and is not limited to one period of time. The story does not represent a single visit or period of time but two different trips to the same location. Although collaring caribou is an occasional experience, as a part of my work that is so intimately engaged with the landscape, it provides a means to revisit, reflect and understand the role of my education. Moreover the narrative offers a glimpse of my personal values toward the landscape and how they are applied to my career. As Potteiger and Purinton (1998) state: "[w]orking within this *narrative realm* provides access to experience, knowledge, the contingencies of time and other aspects of landscapes not available through other means" (p.23).

It could be argued that my story is not valid, not truthful, and therefore does not hold value. The story, as a record of experience, tells a truth about my life and therefore

has value in that sense (Ellis, 2004). The story reflects my own values and in its telling, I try to find where my values came from and how they developed. There are likely other individuals that obtained the same values from their education that I did, or they may have acquired something quite different from their studies, and perhaps apply their education differently within their careers.

The story is shaped, moulded and influenced by my ideas and my reflections (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998; Schafer, 1981). The story is a reflection of the teller and in my story, a reflection of my beliefs. Arguably, this may not make my story applicable to everyone in all situations, but that is not its intention. Stories try to explain and to transmit understanding in order to communicate. The act of telling a story allows me to reflect on the feelings I have toward the environment (Ballantyne & Packer, 1996) and how those feelings are rooted in my education. The goal of my story is to present a record of experience as a reflection on my education and its influence on my professional life.

Within this section I introduced the purpose behind this thesis and role of a personal narrative on the landscape in exploring the value of landscape architecture education to land management. Research using narrative often seeks to answer questions about life experience. Narrative as method was chosen as a result of its ability to be flexible and make use of literary devices.

Narrative

Home Narrative

Standing in the bedroom of our new house I pull my black hiking bag from the back of my closet. We've barely been in our house for a month and most of the unpacked boxes were squeezed into the basement closet. I know that I have gear in here somewhere, I just need to find it.

My husband pops his head inside, taking a momentary break from our never ending landscape project. I look down at his muddy pants and the trail of dirt he dragged in with him.

"Are you coming out?" he asks, no doubt looking for some assistance with one of our latest projects.

"As soon as I'm done packing and have put a load of clothes in the wash."

"Oh that's right you're gone all week," he replies with a grin. I'm not sure who is more excited, me for getting a chance to spend the week in the bush, or my husband for getting the place to himself. I dump one last load of clothes into the washing machine adding the liquid soap before closing the lid with a bang. I head back to my room and change into an old pair of dusty jeans. I pull my muddy boots on at the back door and head out to the garden to pull weeds from between the flowers. As I kneel on the black earth I think about all the adventures ahead of me for the week.

* * *

When I wake on Monday morning I'm excited. The sun is streaming in through the east facing bedroom window. I swing my legs over the side of the bed and slide my feet into my slippers. Shuffling out of my bedroom to the kitchen, I stretch and yawn as I

open a cupboard and pull out the coffee. The sun has been up for a few hours and our kitchen is warm with summer light. After the coffee maker is going I jump into the shower. It may be my last in a while.

I make sure to wear a pair of boots and some of my clothes so there is room in my pack for all my clothing. I squish one more pair of socks into my bag and throw on a ball cap. I go through the list one more time in my head: sunglasses, hat, bug spray, camera, and boots. I should have everything. I haul my pack out to the van. Looking out at my five acre property, the sun is beaming warmly on the surrounding crops as it cuts through the low hanging mist. The birds are alive with song and flick here and there along the rail tracks. It's a quiet summer morning. I head back toward the house but am pleasantly interrupted by the two shaggy brown heads and wagging tails of our dogs. I walk over to the white picket fence and let myself into the fenced backyard. Kali and Bailey voice their pleasure as I rub their soft furry ears. Raising my head I look out to at the yard. The dandelions are present and with the summer warmth they are flowering for the second time, blanketing the lawn in a golden glow.

Figure 2: Greeted by Bailey.

I pet the dogs one more time and walk up the stairs of the deck to the back door. I turn the handle and push the door open; and it reluctantly breaks free from the frame and

swings into our living room. One last walk around the kitchen confirms I haven't left anything behind. I open the door to our bedroom.

"Bye honey, have a good week," I say, waking Jean from his sleep.

"Bye have a good week," he replies sleepily.

"I will." I chime pulling on my muddy boots and heading out the door to start the van. I am off to the office and then to Sasaginnigak Lake.

When I awake every morning I start a new chapter in the narrative of my life. I wake every morning looking forward to the prospect of adventure. With the rising of the sun comes a chance to start a new instalment. Narratives are intrinsically a part of us, a unique aspect of being human, and a part of our culture (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990; Young & Saver, 2001; White, 1981). It therefore makes sense that stories are common to our lives, emerging as a constant within our culture, a key component in how we interact with others, how we entertain, and explore ourselves. Narratives appear in a diversity of cultural items and records whether as story, myth, legend or history. If we wake every morning to a new chapter of our stories it follows that narrative is a part of how we develop our language skills and represents our culture (Young & Saver, 2001).

I remember as a child, curling up in the living room each night in my blue and white pyjamas, in anticipation of a bedtime story. My sisters would curl up beside me on the couch as my mom would read one of our favourite stories, capturing our imaginations with tales of green eggs and paper bag princesses. These bedtime stories provided a romantic vision of the world, a world with princesses, knights and kings. A world where evil was defeated and good triumphed. Fairy tales provide a friendly vision of the world, leaving out the raw truth of struggle, despair and death. Home is the main stage for the

stories of our lives; it is where our stories begin (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). As our home narratives begin when we are children, based on bedtime stories and family experience, they are born within an environment that represents safety. My home narrative developed within a sheltered environment. As a child, learning and expanding my knowledge of the world around me, the safety of home became the foundation to engage the outside world. Home, both as a physical environment and as a story, is the place where we start our stories at the onset of our day and the place where we can escape the realities of the outside world at night. Home acts as a consistent, stable environment. The stories of home have great personal meaning and are deeply rooted in us as individuals. Stories or "foundation narratives" speak to how society and culture developed, where someone grows up (Turner, 1980).

As I reflect on these bedtime stories, I think back to how my bedtime stories as a child could mean many things (Sewell, 1992). Every telling could describe culture, life experience, stories or ideal representations (Sewell, 1992). In this way childhood stories can represent context. Just as we search to understand the physical, environmental and cultural context of landscapes within landscape architecture, the context of a story is important. As I listen to a story, I recognize that it occurs in a particular time and during a unique social condition. My childhood bedtime stories were socially acceptable tales, common to my generation and to my social context in which I was raised. Moral issues and social change which, occurring at the time, influenced the stories told to me as a child. Robert Munsch's (1992) *The Paper Bag Princess* was not about a rescued princess but an independent self-confident woman, who through the story, discovers that she is quite capable of taking care of herself. She really does not need a prince to slay the

dragon; after all, she can simply outwit him. As society changes and develops new values and ethical position, these positions are reflected in our stories. The stories of princesses and kings have changed to challenge stereotypical gender roles and reflect new social values.

Despite the importance of context to story, the path the story takes is not necessarily defined by its context (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998). Stories occur in their context but their direction is controlled by the teller. While I tell my story, I shape the narrative. I can edit it and choose the direction the story takes, where it begins and where it ends. The teller frames the reality of the story (Schafer, 1981) and chooses the trajectory of the narrative.

When I come home after work and step out of my car, I reflect on my day and the events that shaped the story of the day. Greeted first by the dogs and subsequently by Jean, I feel relief in returning to the comfort of home. I throw my boots off at the front entrance and settle into one of the wood chairs at the kitchen table. By relating the story of my day, I share with Jean the rhythm of my day and help him feel that he is a part of my experiences away from home. Every shared narrative provides a beginning for the development of a new story (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998). The story of home therefore becomes a shared narrative, one with intersecting stories which link to an infinite volume of other tales.

Through the act of narrative research, the story of participant and research become one (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990). Where participant and research are one in the same, the direction of the research is found within the story. As I walk my five acre property in the evening I discuss the summer plantings with Jean, picking which species

of trees should go where, and what we will do in the with the garden out by the gazebo. This evening we take cuttings from the native poplar (*Populus tremuloides*) and planted willow (*Salix alba)* already on the property.

As a place of story, home carries with it a set of values (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The cultivated farm fields around my home are created landscapes and the poplar (*Populus tremuloides*) and dogwood (*Cornus sericea*) must have dotted the landscape long before I arrived here. When we return to the warmth of our house, we water the bur oak (*Quercus macrocarpa*) seedlings sprouting from pots on the kitchen table. I know that many of the trees will not survive the transplant and most will hardly be ten feet tall before we move, but Jean and I take great pride in caring for them. One day someone will get to enjoy these stately trees.

Figure 3: Sunset at home.

These trees are part of our personal values and desires. “The narratives of home attempt to ground values in fundamental terms such as nature, biology, and history” (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998, p. 242). This story plays an important role in creating the identity of a place, the identity of home (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The trees are mine and the sequence of their growth correlates to the time that we have spent in this house. Like a record of the years, the bur oak (*Quercus macrocarpa*) seedlings will record years of good weather and tough weather. They will remind me of this past winter when 4 feet of snow blew in overnight, and these trees were nothing more than seedlings sprouting in pots. Family stories and memory can add to the identity of a place (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The story of the seedlings and the evenings spent wandering my property, planning the spring plant; all of these memories are a part of this place, the memory of home. My home narrative becomes a very powerful story. The memories of the past become rooted in personal perceptions and are looked at both fondly and with regret. This narrative is particularly resistive to change (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998).

As a child, I spent fond summers running through the streets of Shellbrook, Saskatchewan, with my sisters. In Shellbrook the tall red grain elevators were surrounded by endless fields of golden grain that shimmered like silk in the warm summer breeze. Home is a narrative that tries to re-establish and re-invent an historical condition (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Today I can sit on my west facing deck, wave at the train and enjoy the fall gold and glimmering yellow of the wheat and canola fields. My new home is a reinvented version of a childhood narrative.

When I tell my story, I include my personal emotions and opinions. My stories away from home can speak of the challenges of resource management and moral aspects

which guide decisions. The value of narrative therefore lies in its ability to tell more than a truth or a chronology, but also reflect moral values (Schafer, 1981). Layered deep within my story are the values and perceptions formed by experience and education, a map to the underlying ethics that guide my life decisions and influence my work.

Every time I recount my bedtime stories, they evolve. Details of what pyjamas I wore or even where the story takes place may change. It's not the intent to falsify the story. Often when I think back to my childhood, the memories are uncertain or they merge with several similar events into a single story. Reflecting on these stories provides a new perspective on their purpose and value. Today I am not a six year old child, curled on the couch with my sisters; I have learned and have developed new opinions. My world has expanded from the relative isolation of my neighbourhood and now includes a global perspective of the environment. As I grow and change, so too do my stories. Like the landscapes that I manage every day, my stories are always changing and my values toward the landscape are also changing.

My home, my memories, and what home means to me today, are all stories of my life. As I start each day, my story begins with my home. I awake in my home and home is always the first chapter in my day. When I leave or when I travel, home is always a part of what I do. My home narrative is the foundation on which I compare and understand the world.

Teller-Listener Relationship

We push our way through the door of the cabin. The group is huddled in the kitchen. Pants, shirts, socks, hang from make-shift clotheslines hung across the room. Laughter fills the room. We have interrupted a story. Chairs are squeezed into the kitchen and the futon is acting as extra seating. The mood is relaxed, lazy. The bodies are strewn about the place, worn tired from our day walking through the bush. There is an ease about it all. The stresses of the office are gone. The stresses of family temporarily put aside. We simply sit and enjoy the company of each other without the layer of life that tends to warp and disturb our professional relationships.

Trevor has the barbeque going and the heat turns the rain to steam as it hits the lid. The steak is in the kitchen. We reflect on the day.

"That one island was brutal today."

"Which one?" Dennis asks.

"The second one, Pork Chop Island, it's all deadfall and raspberry bushes."

"We got a caribou off that island," states Trevor.

"I don't understand why they would be on those islands," I say.

"It seems to me that the islands with really thick undergrowth tend to be the islands that they calve on. We almost always see animals on that island."

I had never thought about it but it makes sense. Cows would want to be able to hide their young and the best way to do that is in thick cover. The undergrowth of willow, alder, raspberry, and mountain ash is so thick in places that you would have to step on an animal to find one.

I know these plants by name and by sight. Knowing or naming things gives meaning. To know the name of the small flower you just passed and the shrub I just waded through gives it purpose. It is alive and therefore commands our respect and admiration. It's also understood in a discussion on caribou habitat. I know and understand the plant forms, growth patterns, and value for wildlife.

"What do they do for food? I thought their primary food source was lichens," I ask.

"They are like any animal, they eat berries and other fruit – whatever is available."

We relive the day, laughing about our slips and falls, and joking about the soaking wet bush and soggy boots. It helps us get ready for tomorrow. The steaks are thrown onto the barbeque and we fire up the propane stove and get a pot of water boiling for potatoes. The clouds have stayed heavily overhead and it's dark even though it's early. Dinner leaves the group speechless; in truth we are just hungry after a long day in the fresh air. The deck of cards comes out and we play hearts until we can't keep our eyes open any longer.

Sleep comes easy after the day. The only challenge is getting to sleep before all the guys start snoring. Tonight that's no problem, as my head hits my pillow and I drift instantly into a deep sleep.

Although the story of collaring is a reflection of my own experiences it is influenced by the stories of others. Knowledge of the landscape is something that comes out in mutual stories. The landscape is understood through shared stories and to understand it, to grasp it, we must have heard the stories of place from others.

Standing around the coffee pot I wait expectantly for the pot to finish brewing the second pot of the day. It's just after 8am and the office is starting to fill up with staff. Ken sits down, his hat still on, passing time until the water boils for his morning tea. I slide around the table to my mail slot, grab the stack of paper and shuffle through the pile. Doug comes in and leans against the counter top, waiting to fill his mug, recounting a tale of his golden retriever Bo that used to hide rawhide bones around the yard. I laugh, thinking about my own dogs, and how they like to steal leather work gloves and hide them under the deck.

Telling a story requires the participation of a listener and as communication and sharing tools, it is unique in this way. A story requires a teller who is able and willing to share his or her story, and a listener who is willing to hear the story (Schafer, 1981). When I participate as a listener, I am not static during the sharing of a story; I am an active participant, considering the narrative and how it relates to my stories. Stories need a listener to be present, to sit quietly, and to reflect on the telling. As a listener I can join in the story, sharing my own micro-stories that support the teller's personal narrative or asking them to explain or provide more details in their story. "Storytelling unfolds in relation to others, who more or less collaborate in giving a story its shape and substance" (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998, 179).

As I sit in the coffee room, I think about the strange things my own dogs, Kali and Bailey, do. Although the story of Bo is Doug's story, he must tell the story for it to have purpose. The act of telling creates the story and therefore it needs others, it requires participation from someone else. If a story is not shared, it does not exist. Until a story is told it remains a captive narrative in our heads.

As I tell my story, it is changed and edited to fit the listeners and to reflect the context of the story. Storytellers are both creator and editor, continually changing a story as it unfolds (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998). As I describe the experience of finding my half chewed leather gloves under the deck, I can change the story to find a purpose and direction to the events. The story is shared in the context of another's tale about a dog and is meant to facilitate a conversation. Essentially the role of tellers is important, as they decide which events are included in the story and how the characters address the events. Altering our stories, we make ethical decisions relating to their social appropriateness and their value to the listener. If, as a teller, we are unable to see purpose or direction in an event, we can edit it out or change the outcome to suit our needs. As a teller of a story, I have control over the story.

It is important to understand the context of the teller (Zimmerman & Pollner, as cited in Gubrium & Holstein, 1998). By knowing the teller, the listener can uncover their values and motivations for telling a story. Sharing the story of Pork Chop Island and the thick raspberry (*Rubus idaeus)* underbrush was motivated by a desire to understand the woodland caribou (*Rangifer tarandus caribou*) in the area and how they make use of their habitat. The story was shared between a Wildlife Technician, someone who has spend countless days on Sasaginnigak Lake (Sas), and the rest of our caribou collaring group. Many members of our group have never been to Sas and know very little about its character. The context of the story, a trip intended to find and collar caribou, and the context of the teller, a Wildlife Technician having intimate knowledge of the landscape, uncovers the relationship of the story within its social and physical condition. The purpose of the trip to Sasaginnigak Lake identifies the need to share

information about the landscape. The social dynamics of the group, with varying knowledge, encourages the sharing of information about the woodland caribou (*Rangifer tarandus caribou)* species and their habitat. The teller had values which recognize the importance of the woodland caribou (*Rangifer tarandus caribou*) species and reveal how sharing knowledge about a location can assist in the future management of the species on the landscape, by broadening the knowledge of the listeners.

As a story teller, I bring to my story my own context, values, and upbringing. As I tell a story about my dogs, I include an opinion about their behaviour. Whether intentional or not, my judgments are part of the telling, they reveal my values as a pet owner. As a child our family had a Shetland sheepdog named Mickey. She was a well-trained, gentle natured dog. She represents a standard to which I compare other dogs, including my own.

When I listen to a story, I also bring my values to my role as a listener. This is important because listeners are not simply receiving a story, they actively participate in the narrative, bringing their own culture, values, and expectations into the telling (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998). As we listen, we review the story and challenge its details. We assess the story and pass judgment on the people and events within it. The act of judging a story suggests that sharing stories requires a level of risk for the teller (Schafer, 1981). The telling of a story is an active relationship, requiring engaging participation from both sides. As I tell my own story, the listener is engaged in judging my actions within the story. Through my actions, the listener reflects on the values and ethics that are included within my story. When listening to Doug's story about Bo, I am judging his effectiveness as a dog owner, just as he is judging me.

The teller-listener relationship is a dynamic aspect of storytelling. Tellers have great control over a story, its charter and its direction. Listeners are critical participants, recognizing story as being chosen by the teller. The challenging of a story by the listener is what gives it meaning and truth.

Narrative and Self

Leaving for caribou collaring is exciting and like most traveling requires a great deal of patience. This morning I was scheduled for the early 10 am flight. When I drive up to the office, I intently head down the ramp to the back of the building. The sun is gleaming expectantly on the lake, suggesting it will be a warm summer day. The office sits on the shores of Lac du Bonnet, 150km north east of Winnipeg. The office is a two storey red brick building, built into a natural hill that recedes down to the water. In the morning, the sun shines from across the lake and fills the upstairs offices with a warm glow. There aren't too many offices in the world that could boast a view like this, or the opportunity to pull out a fishing rod at lunch time and try my luck. I've only fished off the dock a few times, but the convenience is not lost on me.

I came in early this morning, in order to finish some paper work before I head out to Sasaginnigak Lake. The parking spaces at the back of the building are mostly empty. The Otter, the red and white float plane, sits quietly at the dock awaiting its passengers. The west morning sun is so bright reflecting off the lake, it hurts my eyes.

I pull the van into a parking space, turn off the radio and stretch my legs. The drive to the office seemed longer this morning. I open the driver's door of my maroon Ford mini- van and step out onto the gravel parking lot. With the summer fire season in

full swing, staff are here, finishing off a night shift in the Fire Centre. I pull open the sliding door on my van and drag out my large black hiking backpack. I packed everything just last night and could barely get the zipper to close. Throwing my bag over my shoulder, I search my jacket pockets for my office key while walking toward the door. I pull open the back door and I step out of the glaring morning sun into the dark stairwell.

The upper office is deserted and there are no lights on in hallway yet. The sun cuts a path through the Regional Director's office window and down the hallway; it looks like a good day to fly. I turn the corner, and walk down the corridor toward the front of the building, flicking a few lights on as I go. I take a left at the water cooler, and glance at my mail slot as I pass by the mail room, nothing new. I duck my head into my office and throw my bag down with a thud. I want to get settled and get to work so I don't have anything to worry about while I'm away. The colourful files cover two full walls in my office, greeting me in the morning like a rainbow. My name is on the door but it still seems a stranger's office, I feel like I have borrowed the space for an extended period and will be expected to give it back at some point. No pictures hang on the walls of my office. The only personal touch is a few comic strips I placed on my cork board, because I thought the content fitting to our office. I've never felt the need to personalize my office, perhaps this is a result of my desire to keep office life and home life separate.

Sitting down at my desk, I power up my computer, and sign in. Grabbing my coffee mug I walk out to the mail room and pour thick black coffee. I may be one of the first people here but Mari-Anne has been in for over an hour, and made a fresh pot of coffee.

As the clock rounds 9:30am I head down the hall to our wildlife biologist's office. His light is off and he's gone, likely he has already gone down to the dock to help load the plane. I rush down the hallway, being quiet so as not to disturb the rest of the staff. I take the back stairs two at a time and slide down the last three steps to the back door. Opening the door, I'm blinded by sun and must stop to let my eyes adjust. I look out toward the dock and the tethered plane. A group of people are standing on the dock around a collection of bags and boxes. As I walk up the hill to the dock and the waiting group, I am greeted by Dennis,

"Hey Cheryl, are you on this flight?" he asks.

"I'm supposed to be," I reply.

"Would you mind if I sent you on the later flight?"

I hesitate not because I mind, only because I know the later flight will be bumpy. I don't fly well on clear mornings, let alone turbulent summer afternoons.

"No, that's fine," I reply, a glimmer of disappointment crosses my face, which I hope was lost in the chaos of the morning.

Disappointed, I walk back to the red brick office building and climb the stairs back to my office. A sense of trepidation comes over me as I return to my desk. Reluctantly I head back down the hall, and start up my computer for the second time this morning.

The morning starts my story and as such it is a story of the individual, a story of self. Despite the collaborative nature of storytelling, the principle voice of a story is most often that of the owner (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998). My story is personal, a sharing of

self. As an individual I choose to share my story and therefore it is my own (Sewell, 1992).

No matter how I share my story of Sasaginnigak Lake, or with how many people I share my story, it still belongs to me, the writer, the creator, and the teller. This is due, in part, to the fact that I cannot separate myself from my story (Ochs & Capps, 1996). "A person is, at once, engaged in living, telling, retelling, and reliving stories" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990, p. 4). We are stories and our lives are a continuing tale of events, growing and changing. Driving to the office every morning starts a chapter in my day. It initiates my 'career' story. This is only one of many personal narratives in my life. The roles I play as a wife, a sister, and a daughter all have their own stories. Each one of these stories intertwines and overlaps to build a web of personal narrative. Personal narratives are stories of our life experiences, which we develop in order to relate to and share with others (Braid, 1996).

Stories come from our experiences but they can also be used to guide our lives. "We come to know ourselves as we use narrative to apprehend experiences and navigate relationships with others" (Ochs & Capps, 1996, p. 21). My story is therefore a means to communicate and to express myself to others. But moreover, it is meant to explain and reveal things about myself.

As I reflect on the state of my office, the values underlying my deliberate desire to segregate my professional career from my personal life is revealed to me. It does not seem so difficult to uncover the reasons behind actions which drive a story, when we consider that human beings try to avoid pain (Louch, 1969). By separating myself from the office, I can remain objective at my work. Staying objective means that I am less

likely to take something personally or become upset or frustrated. My personal story identifies this trend as a defence mechanism, just as a teller of a story skews it to paint themsef in a better light in order to avoid judgment. Ironically, the act of using narrative as a method uncovers these aspects of self that permeate my story.

Using stories allows us to develop alternative versions of ourselves (Ochs & Capps, 1996). As I describe and weave through the telling of my story, I can change the story to reflect a more forgiving image of myself. As individuals we are imperfect, therefore individual stories of experience, personal narratives, are told to separate the parts of ourselves that we find distasteful or not ideal (Schafer, 1981). Personal narratives become lenses through which to cope with the realities of life.

Narrative can assist us to better understand our emotions and have a more honest understanding of our lives (Ochs & Capps, 1996). To write a personal narrative, a story of experience, is to initiate a personal investigation of self, a critical and honest look at the values and motivations that guide daily life. The process by which we remember our past is one of continual re-evaluation where we subject our memories to scrutiny in our effort to recall and to recreate them (Young & Saver, 2001). In order to know that we are behaving ethically, and in reflection of our values, we must consider our actions. Judgment by others can be helpful, but it is only once we have critically reviewed our own actions that we can discover if we are acting ethically. In the identification and recognition of our failures, we learn what our true values and ethics are. A story of experience, therefore, is a record of our actions and a personal evaluation of those actions.

The Story as Teacher

As records of our individual lives, stories can provide lessons. We use stories to reflect and pass judgment on ourselves. Thus they can teach us something about ourselves. These stories guide the meaning and values that direct people's lives (Cohan & Shire, 1980). Readers and listeners know that there is more to a story than just the plot and characters, that there is something to uncover or to find (Kermode, 1981). Often that which is uncovered is a lesson for us to learn through the telling of the story. In this way, stories can also teach us about the errors of others and provide an opportunity to learn from their mistakes. Through stories, we can learn from other people's experiences. The knowledge of our life experiences can be expanded through the experiences of others. While I describe my trip to Sasaginnigak, I am sharing an experience, one which may be unusual and unique. Reading a personal story may provide information or facts unknown by the reader. It may also raise questions that the reader can take and apply to his or her own stories or experiences.

As stories are so good at evaluating and questioning, when listening to other stories, we expect it contain a meaning, or lesson and resolve an issue or reflect on a problem (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998). Listening to stories, we actively search for the purpose of the story to uncover its lessons. Many stories are told specifically to teach or to share social and family values. Childhood fairy tales often identify social conflict and recommend a course of action. As explained by White (1981):

> If every fully realized story, however we define that familiar but conceptually elusive entity, is a kind of allegory, points to a moral, or endows events, whether real or imaginary, with a significance that they do

> not possess as a mere sequence, then it seems possible to conclude that every historical narrative has as its latent or manifest purpose the desire to *moralize* the events of which it treats. (p.13)

When considering past events, stories include judgment and recommend alternative actions motivated by morality. When stories do not provide these components, we are often left confused wondering why the teller would omit a key component in their story. Fortunately we are always questioning and trying to better understand the meaning behind the story (Kermode, 1981). We are always judging a story and trying to determine if the events are personally and socially acceptable. Whether the retelling of a great historic battle or the sharing of a trip to Mexico, our stories in the way we tell them and in the way we respond to them are judged and considered.

These judgements are not always the same as stories do not have a single interpretation; they can have many different interpretations. Everyone that reads a story may take a different lesson from it. The story is always open to changing interpretations (Kermode, 1981). My personal narrative describes an experience on the landscape. The story also reflects on my values, while trying to uncover what drives decision making in my work. Someone may learn something new about me or something different about the way I interact with others and the way I understand the landscape. As a result, if the lesson of the story is initially unknown, the purpose of the story can be uncovered by continually interpreting the story (Kermode, 1981). The very act of writing, separating and analyzing my story has revealed new lessons and impressions of self. The process of re-evaluating the story in reference to narrative devices which have already been

recognized provides a new interpretation. As I continue my work as a land manager and come to better understand the context of my work and the devices working on the landscape, I will once again reinterpret my story. Stories are never ending. My story searches for the value of my education to my current career as a land manager, reflecting on this question as it attempts to uncover the ethics which apply to my career.

Personal narratives are stories of experiences. These experiences are directed by the teller who filters a story, and provides a medium in which to evaluate our actions. Reflecting on stories of experience can evaluate the actions in a story and can reflect on the ethical dimensions of a story.

Narrative Inquiry

When I started this process I sought to better understand narrative as a method and story as the thing that is told (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990). I have had a number of very unique and dramatic experiences on the landscape through my work with Manitoba Conservation. While using Narrative Inquiry I sought to link this thesis to my career as a land manager and through this process, understand how my education in landscape architecture influences my career.

Given that people are "…storytelling organisms who, individually and socially, lead storied lives. The study of narrative, therefore, is the study of the ways humans experience the world" (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990, p. 2). Through the investigation of narrative as stories of experience, I learned how to use narrative as a research method. In my case, the story of an experience on the landscape while caribou collaring seemed an appropriate and dramatic event to record and to develop into a story. Narrative inquiry is a literary form of qualitative research that focuses on writing and that can use literary language, including metaphor, to enhance a story (Creswell, 2008). The research was initiated by writing the story of my trip to Sasaginnigak Lake after exploring narrative as a fundamental human construct. Narrative describes all types of stories and the sharing of those stories, while story is more specific (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998).

The narrative method allows the researcher to tell a story that was likely to have occurred (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990). "Stories function as arguments in which we learn something essentially human by understanding an actual life or community as lived" (p. 8).

Initially the story was fairly short and lacking detail, as it was difficult to define the details of the story with a limited number of words, and I remained uncertain what role the story would play in my research. Clandinin and Connelly (1990) suggest that the process of education is an act of telling stories. As I furthered my knowledge about narrative and reflected on its relevance to my own career, the process of writing a story became an educational exercise. The telling of a story, of a life story, is an ongoing process. As each story is retold the value of the story is discovered (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990). I recognized that the story necessitated details and thus the story grew in length to more than thirty pages. Each piece of the story raised questions and I sought to integrate additional detail in order to answer those questions. When telling a story in narrative inquiry there is a focus on the context of the story and a desire to describe it in detail (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990). The newly discovered value of the story initiated a discussion and a critical look into my personal ethics and their connection with landscape architecture education.

The process of writing and rewriting the story became a very personal reinterpretation of an experience. As I share my story, the bias and presentation of the information in a narrative inquiry is not separate from the assumptions of the researcher (Schafer, 1981). I assumed that the story might demonstrate some aspects of my education or provide a link with aspects of land ethics.

When I had completed my story, it was a stand-alone work, only loosely tied to the rest of my ideas and questions. I had started, as per Bleakley (2005) to enter the narrative as a way to think with story, but it needed to be further analyzed in order to answer the questions I had posed. I recognized early in my research that there are a

number of landscape narratives and devices of landscape narratives within my personal story. Identifying these categories provided an organizational structure through which to retell my story. The act of retelling the stories allows for the making of new connections, and can change the initial focus of importance within the story (Schafer, 1981). The analysis can result in a new narrative, a new remembering of past events (Schafer, 1981).

The act of dismantling my story forced me to make judgments about its value as a revealing story. Someone with a different perspective may have found other sections more revealing or suited to the discussions that follow. Through categorizing the story by using already identified landscape narratives, I was able to reflect on the story. The act of categorizing allows us to recognize types of stories and to group them together (Bleakley, 2005). By retelling the story as sections which represent devices in landscape narratives, the story no longer appears in its original sequence of events. Reorganizing a story in this way can result in the loss of some of its contextual value, meaning that it may be more difficult to understand and explore a story's historical context. Although not necessary in a story, the lack of original sequences can remove it from its historical context (Bleakley, 2005). In my story, aspects of the history of the place are integrated throughout the story to explain and evaluate the experience. Therefore, the historical context is still present within the story, however, it is not as prevalent as it would be if it remained in its original sequence. In addition to this loss of context, categorization can cause a problem when researchers see patterns or relationships that may not exist for others. There may be no patterns or reoccurring types, they are simply created by the researcher to fit (Bleakley, 2005). Within my research process, the story was written originally as a stand-alone item where reflections of the story were included within it.

The act of reorganizing the story came later in the research process, after the story had been developed in its entirety. Although this does not guarantee that patterns were not developed to fit, having the story in its entirety prior to its reorganizing, does suggest that these categories existed within the original story.

Narrative inquiry is, as a result of its flexibility and use of story language, well suited to reflect on landscape architecture education as "…narrative is the fundamental mode of organizing human experience…" (Young & Saver, 2001, p.78). My own story used a personal story about an experience on the landscape to explore my education. "The land and its representations are knotted together..." (O'Brian, 2007, p. 29), and therefore the story of the land is linked to the way that I understand the landscape and how I value the landscape.

What defines us as human is our ability to understand ourselves and our environment through story (Young & Saver, 2001). The act of designing the landscape is the act of writing a new story of place. The use of narrative as a methodology is therefore applicable to a reflection on the value of landscape architecture education to other careers. The very act of learning and applying the knowledge in landscape architecture education is the act of telling a story. Design is the discovery and rewriting of stories of the landscape, the crafting of the environments in which people develop their personal stories. As Potteiger and Purinton explain (1998):

> We live within worlds of stories, and we use stories to shape those worlds. In history, fiction, lived experience, myth, or anecdote, stories tell of origins, explain causes, mark the boundaries of what is knowable, and explore the territories beyond. (p. 3)

In the process of designing landscapes we make use of these stories. Stories are used to explain our environment and to make sense of experiences on the landscape. Landscape architecture explores place through story and uses story to understand site, context, culture and history. Site analysis is essentially the collection and analysis of different stories of place. Trying to discover the spirit of a place is the motivating factor for site analysis in landscape architecture, because "…places become reservoirs of significant life experiences lying at the center of a person's identity and sense of psychological well-being" (Godkin, 1980, p.73).

Designers direct and organize the way people 'experience' the landscape. Does it not make also make sense that the act of reflecting on landscape architecture education which teaches the development of environments of experience, be a process immersed in a narrative method? If narrative is so important to the processes of design and the development of landscapes, it seems only fitting to embrace it.

Narrative inquiry is a qualitative research method applied in this thesis to record and analyze a personal narrative; a story of experience. The story is a way to 'think' through the research question. It was reorganized around categories recognized by Potteiger and Purinton's (1998) *Landscape Narratives*. Ultimately, narrative inquiry is a relevant method to investigate experience and the value of that experience as a reflection of landscape architecture education and its application to my career.

Education and Ethics

Every year, we walk Garbage Island looking for caribou. I have yet to see any sign of animals on this island, perhaps it is because Garbage Island is a place where cans, bottles, plastic and old appliances have been dumped for generations. I wonder at the sanity of returning, year after year, to walk the island.

As soon as the boat comes to a halt on the shore of Garbage Island and I jump onto the rocky shoreline, I can hear them; the swarms of mosquitoes on the island are horrendous, hundreds if not thousands, can find you in an instant. Once with you, the blood thirsty insects stay with you. Mosquito repellent is futile. Waiting for even a minute while the group organizes to walk the island is taxing. To stand still is to be devoured.

I climb up a small hill so that I am in position to start walking the island. It's only once I settle on the top of the hill that I realize I am knee deep in it, I am standing on a pile of garbage, my feet sinking into the gaps between the cans, glass bottles, and plastics. It's repulsive. Looking around at the garbage by my feet I realize it is not just an isolated pile. A twelve foot high dyke of garbage surrounds the island, a ribbon of reflective plastics and muddied white cardboard. An old refrigerator lies on the far side of the pile, the metal hinges rusting a ginger red. The door of the fridge lies another 20 feet away. I teeter on the garbage, the pile an unstable foundation with no sure footing. Sliding down the pile, the sound of crunching plastic bottles can be heard under me and I clamber up a rock outcrop on the island. Looking back the scale of the pile is apparent, a white band of trash running through the thick summer undergrowth of green alder

(Alnus crispus), wild raspberry (Rubus idaeus) and prickly rose (Rosa accicularis) as far as I can see.

The white and grey herring gulls (Larus argentatus) circle overhead and their screech can be heard for miles, echoing off the granite rock cliffs. The only other sign of life is the ever present buzz of mosquitoes and the muttering of displeasure as they fly into our ears and tickle our noses. The mosquitoes are here for the same reason the herring gulls are, the garbage. It's perverse and unnatural. Everyone walks quickly across the island shouting and blowing whistles as we go. The garbage is strewn throughout the island, white porcelain sinks sit uneasy next to the swaying Jack Pine (Pinus banksiana) and White Spruce (Picea glauca) trees. There are no woodland caribou on this island and there are no tracks; the only life is the screeching gulls and incessant mosquitoes. Even after I push our aluminum boat away from the island and settle into my seat, the mosquitoes follow, a persistent reminder of the disastrous state of the island. I've walked the island before in other years and have never been so struck by its sad state. Even as Trevor cranks up the Mercury motor and we make our way to the next island, everyone is left speechless. No words can express our disgust and disappointment.

Even now when I think back to the state of the island, it saddens me. The image of Garbage Island will be forever rooted in my mind. It was a harsh reminder that our actions have consequences.

The importance site cannot be understated and even more so when considering the lack of connection that we currently have with the landscape. We understand in principle where our food and water come from. We know that our garbage is collected in landfill

sites and our recycling melted and used for our roadways. But how often do we actually witness it? How often do we confront the damage on the landscape face to face?

When taking action one must therefore consider the consequence of our actions, both good and bad. We do this every day in our lives. We weigh the good and bad and decide if the negative effects are reasonable.

Personal Values and Education

The daily journey of our lives is a journey of decision making. I weigh the good and bad of each decision based on what I value and what I consider important and ethical. The journey of decisions is fuelled by personal values. Where we grow up, what values our parents have and what they value, all influence the development of our personal values. As children our values are rooted in the values of our parents, teachers and coaches (Lopper, 2007). As our own story develops and our knowledge of the world expands, we begin to consider others and how our values and decisions affect others. Our personal values expand to consider other people, and other places (Lopper 2007). Some of these values are linked with how we are raised. My parents always valued hard work and education in order to get opportunities in the world. There was no question that my sisters and I would all attend university. We were taught to value higher education.

Our values are not stagnant; they continue to evolve with each experience. Through learning we can experience, assess and adjust our values as our life stories progress. As children, morality and values are developed through educational experiences that address justice and challenge students to consider these issues and resolve them (Nucci, 1997). With the development of critical thinking and an increase in

life experience, we are able to discard some of the values instilled in us by our parents, and add others (Lopper, 2007). Learning therefore influences our values. As we acknowledge and evaluate information, we can choose to maintain or adjust our values based on this new information.

Knowledge and learning allow us to better understand others and relate to them. In essence, we question our values against new knowledge. Questioning allows us to probe the ethics that result from our values. To learn is to question, to question is to grow. Education and fundamental learning directly influence our personal values. Our parents, upbringing, the place where we grow up only provide us with some information on which to frame our values. Learning forces us to expand our world, to add to those things we would need to consider within our values. Failure to do so is essentially unethical. Knowledge "...carries with it the responsibility to see that it is well used in the world" (Carr, 1991, p.52). As we gain knowledge we also gain a greater responsibility to have an inclusive ethical position. Our ethics grow as our knowledge grows.

Education provides a venue to expose our current values to an extensive review. Educational institutions expose us to a variety of different people, with different cultures and varied values. These interactions allow us to consider other values and other motivations.

The courses we take during our education allow us to consider aspects of the world we might have never considered in the past. The way subjects are introduced and what subjects are included or not, influence how we perceive their importance and what role these data have in our value decisions. What is included or excluded in our education suggests how, as human beings, we are both a part of, or divorced from the

natural world (Carr, 1991). Even the information that is included and left out of our courses and how those explicit and intrinsic aspects of specific course material suggests certain values held by the instructors and the institution (Jickling, 2003). Introductions to other creatures, animals, plants and the workings of the world around us increase our awareness and consequently, our responsibility toward these aspects of the world.

Despite the increased ethical responsibility, education does not guarantee that an individual will act ethically and apply his or her educational knowledge (Carr, 1991). Educational institutions support the sharing of information. What we do with that information and how we apply it, is a personal choice. The venue of education simply provides an opportunity to review and confront stubbornly held personal values.

Essentially, our values start as deeply rooted family values and are influenced by others around us. As we learn about the world our values are evaluated and adjusted to reflect this new knowledge. Education plays a key role in providing an environment in which we interact with others having different values, and we learn new things challenging our values and causing us to change our values as we learn. The role of education in the development of personal and professional ethics is to provide us with information to assess our values. The process of education does not guarantee ethical action due to the variable of personal choice. Yet greater education implies a greater responsibility to act ethically.

Land Ethics

An ethic, as defined by Webster's New World Dictionary (Neufeld & Sparks, 1995) is a system of moral standards. It is a bare minimum that is considered acceptable

politically, economically, socially, culturally and ecologically (Nuttall, 2005 from PESCE model). An ethic relates to the values which people are expected to follow in how they act and behave, and is connected to an individual's duty and responsibilities (Huiying, 2006). The story of Garbage Island identifies my knowledge of the place and subsequent duty to take action to clean it up. To clean up Garbage Island will require a significant amount of time, as the refuse will have to be flown out or brought out by snowmobile. The commitment to fix this site is long term and costly. Knowing this place exists, knowing the sad state of Garbage Island, ethically requires we take action. It is our responsibility to clean up this place no matter the financial cost.

The original land ethic initially started with providing resources for human beings to live their lives. J.S. Mills (as cited in Nuttall, 2005) developed the ethics which focused on providing the highest level of happiness for the greatest number of people. Leopold's (1989) land ethic in *A Sand County Almanac* laid the ground work for an appreciation of 'the other' in the environment. Contrary to Mills' (as cited in Nuttall, 2005) ethic, which understood the land in terms of how it could provide for humankind, Leopold recognized that the landscape held more than just economic value and could be more than just "property". The land of Sasaginnigak is more than simply a dumping ground. It holds value for the habitat it has and for the landscape in which it is situated. Leopold's (1989) land ethic surmises that the land holds other important elements that should be conserved, not just for our benefit, but also because they hold as much value, and have as much right to survive, as we do.

Calling Garbage Island by this name does it an injustice. The name reflects its current state but also suggests the island has less value as habitat caribou. Even as I

walked the island this past summer I felt it was a waste of time, an island not worthy of the effort, as it has never yielded success in search of caribou. Leopold (1989) introduced the notion of the land as harbouring energy and hosting cycles of life and death that support one another as part of that energy system. He recognized that to act ethically towards the landscape we must respect and value it (Leopold, 1989).

Leopold's (1989) ethic was a change in the attitude toward the environment. Although written in the late 1940's it became well known later when it was republished in the 1960's during the beginning of the environmental revolution. It was during this time that the Apollo missions started to initiate a change in the world view (Cooper Marcus, 1990). People began to view the earth as a garden and there was a recognition that a sense of balance needed to be found (Cooper Marcus, 1990). If we consider Garbage Island, its perceived value is based on its role to act as a location for caribou to calf and not its value as part of the larger ecosystem of the lake. Forgetting this value is to forget the other in the landscape as so identified by Leopold's Land Ethic.

Environmental ethics is a relatively new phenomenon which is important to landscape architecture. Landscape architecture strives to incorporate environmental obligations into a value system which is most often concerned with social benefit, aesthetics and amenity (Nuttall, 2005). Today the discussion of ethics within landscape architecture is ongoing. As new construction materials and technologies are developed, the public becomes increasingly environmentally conscious, and the responsibility of the profession to act ethically grows. As professionals we are expected to have a high level of knowledge and expertise and to act with that knowledge. We are also expected to be constantly learning and expanding our knowledge to formulate new environmentally

responsible projects and technology. Thompson's (1998) classification of environmental ethics attempts to categorize the different approaches of environmental ethics in landscape architecture. Anthropocentric land ethics consider human beings to be the focus of our ethics; essentially something is good for nature if it is good for humankind (Thompson, 1998). Non-anthropocentric ethics recognize all living and non-living things as being important. Therefore, humans have an obligation towards all things (Thompson, 1998).

Thompson's (1998) classification of ethics in landscape architecture is useful in that it allows a person to categorize his or her ethics. The problem with this classification is that it is simplified. Our ethics often do not fit neatly into this classification. The classification also carries with it a judgement. No one wants to admit that his or her land ethics are anthropocentric, especially when today's discussion regarding our environmental responsibility demands a deep ecological approach. Personal reflection requires that I describe my land ethic as anthropocentric, yet this does not mean I do not consider the environment within my decision making.

My personal land ethic is not as decisive as Thompson's (1998) classification. My approach has been based on the human relationship with the landscape and not the biological systems that continue in spite of us. As Delancey (2004) points out, most environmental ethics recognize the need to maintain and to restore the lives of individual organisms and the health of ecosystems. Environmental ethics identify that even if the motivation is based on human needs, these needs are meaningless without a place in which to sustain ourselves. It's important to recognize that all popular environmental ethic theories still consider human interests (Delancey, 2004). Even those deep

ecological ethics which focus on systems, identify us as part of the system, they simply lessen our role in the system. This raises questions as to the value of classifying ethics. If theories of land ethics have similar ideas and goals then why not do away with the distinction of anthropocentric and non-anthropocentric and return to the basic idea of an ethic? The important aspect of our land ethic is not in their classification but in the ability to put our ethics into practice.

Land ethics are an important concept in modern ecological thinking and provide a basis for landscape architecture education. Working on the landscape requires a comprehension of the living systems currently in place and the effect that landscape architecture can have on those systems. Ecological thinking surmises that the landscape is a system of connecting elements and creatures, each dependant on the other (Nuttall, 2005). Tuan's *Topophilia* (1990) recognized that our values and attitudes toward a landscape or environment are a part of our understanding of it.

By regularly re-evaluating our land ethics, we can know what they are, and where we need to go as individuals and a as society. The development of written statements help to fuel discussions regarding our responsibility toward the environment. The description of sustainable development (development that meets needs of today and does not limit the future generation from meeting its own needs) by the Brundtland Commission (1987) is one such example. These discussions enable environmental ethics to change with the changing perceptions of society, and to develop an ethic that will be environmentally responsible and practical in application.

Callicott (1989) builds upon Leopold's ideas to state that "ecosystem health" may be evaluated in relation to productivity, diversity, variability and function. Callicott

(1989) goes further and suggests that the ethics of sustainable development include economic activity that protects ecosystem health, maintains integrity and has sets limits on the use of resources.

A Personal Land Ethic

The following is a personal land ethic (Prosser, 2005):

As a student and or a professional of landscape architecture one has a life responsibility to consider the environmental impacts of design and lead an environmentally ethical life. Most importantly, a designer has a responsibility to lead by example, by choosing to live their lives in an environmentally ethical manner in the hope that others will follow.

The core responsibilities of designers are:

- *to consider the effects of a design on an ecosystem of an area. They must realize the connection of all living creatures and non-living components, such as soil, air and water that support life on our planet.*
- *to consider the scale of a design intervention in order to examine the larger environmental effects of design. They should examine the surrounding biophysical elements such as soil and hydrology, and understand the effects of altering these elements.*
- *to consider the continuing change of nature and the state of a landscape hundreds of years into the future.*
- *to be critical of the materials used to build and create landscapes. All efforts should be made to use recycled or reusable materials that are made locally in*

order to reduce transportation needs. The processing of these products should be examined and only those products which are processed in such a way as to ensure the health of our environment should be utilized.

- *to be an environmental activist. They should choose transportation that uses fewer resources such as public transportation. They should live in higher density living arrangements such as apartments to share resources such as heat and light. They should be avid reducers, re-users and recyclers.*
- *to be well versed in current environmental technology, and must be committed to incorporating such technology into their projects.*

This was my land ethic, written in the midst of undergraduate education, an attempt to create and understand my personal ethics at the completion of the *Introduction to Landscape Ecology* course. It is a reflection of the knowledge gained during this course and the understanding that to be a professional carries with it responsibilities. By writing our own personal ethic, we were able to evaluate our attitudes toward the landscape and question them. If we thought our ethic should be changed, we considered how it could be. Knowledge became the tool to understand our impact on the landscape and to identify if our attitudes reflected this new understanding.

The basis of my land ethic is centered on two underlying personal values that I have discovered through this process. First, my ethic recognizes the value of human life, and that it takes precedent over the life of a non-human. Second, since the survival of our species is based on the health of our Earth, if we do not take measures to ensure its health, our species will cease to exist (essentially the previous value becomes obsolete). These two values are both anthropocentric in that they are focused on the lives of

humankind. I do not feel that this will result in a failure to achieve a non-anthropocentric ethic or that it limits my ability to be conscious of the effects my life has on the environment. It does, however, suggest that my decisions are focused on what the land can do for us, or how the land can be shaped to fit our desires.

Ethics and Landscape Architecture

I often reminisce about the ecology classes taken in both my undergraduate and master's program. A key part of these classes was the introduction of the value of the environment and the need to reflect on the values we have as individuals toward it. The goal of this is to consider the implications of design projects on the immediate site and the larger landscape. Through the experience of collaring caribou, I am forced to consider my role in the decline and salvation of woodland caribou. My ecology courses and plants courses provide relevant knowledge of the system and living things in the landscapes around us. Ethically I must act and seek to save caribou. We are not certain what will transpire; we know only that we must try. This is not known solely by the caribou biologist, we know it intrinsically as human beings, and we know it ethically as students of landscape architecture.

Landscape architecture education includes this responsibility in addition to a land ethic which I believe is the most relevant and important principle when addressing resource issues. The introduction of theories and ecological systems, through specific plant and ecology courses, helps to develop an appreciation for the environment and the habitat that supports a variety of plant and animal species. This knowledge directly relates to how we use plant materials in our designs and how we perceive existing plant

communities. The way we use plant materials reflects our perceived notion of nature (Ross, 1998). If we recognize value in plants in their natural environment, we are more likely to design with nature in mind. In the process of trying to create new environments we may consider what aspects of an existing site may already provide habitat, and therefore should be saved. We also can recognize the opportunity to create new habitat where it has been lost.

Appreciation of the environment compels us to reflect on the uniqueness of individual ecological sites and their relation to the regional scale. It is at the individual site scale that we begin to appreciate the delicate relationships that exist in our larger ecosystems. The unique climatic conditions, the species of trees, herbs and flowers and the presence of water, all influence the use of the environment by mammals, birds, amphibians, and reptiles. These micro-climates and micro-habitats are unique and are specific to individual sites. Landscape architecture recognizes the individual aspects of place and encourages a great understanding of unique conditions that exist on the environment.

Early in undergraduate education the concepts of ecology and systems were introduced through two main classes. The first class, *Plants, Landscape and Design*, focused on the identification and introduction to plant nomenclature. This course introduced Latin plant names and the scientific classification system of plants. Afternoons were spent outdoors, at nearby King's Park and around the University of Manitoba campus. These afternoons introduced identification of native and ornamental trees, shrubs, herbs and grasses. The class introduced plant botany and linked

environmental needs for plant growth with drafting details for plant containers (McLachlan, 2005). As recognized by Knowles (2003):

> If woody plants could be chosen for landscape purposes solely on the basis of use and appearance, selection would be a fairly simple task. Unfortunately, we must also know the specific environment to which each plant is best adapted and be aware of undesirable characteristics and the pests which it is subjected. Failure to take any one of these things into account can only lead to disappointment and frustration. (p.1)

This knowledge identifies the fragility of plant life within the environment and compels landscape architecture students to consider how design can assist or hinder plant growth. Climate and micro-climate become key aspects to direct planting design. This knowledge of a site is not simply data; it affects the success and failure of a planting arrangement.

The second course, which provided important information about the environment, was *Introduction to Landscape Ecology*. This class focused on introducing the concepts of ecology and the dynamics between the environment and the non-human users of a landscape (Nuttall, 2005). The course introduced the theory of land ethics through Leopold's (1989) *A Sand County Almanac* and the eventual development of deep ecology by Naess (1972), which recognized all living beings and sought to develop policies toward the environment which reflected this (as cited in A. Drengson, n.d). *Introduction to Landscape Ecology* was based on ecological theory and introduced the concepts of food chains and dynamic relationships between prey and predator. *Introduction to Landscape Ecology* was a classroom course, focusing on theories and challenging our

current environmental ethics. The conclusion of this course was the creation of an ecological touchstone, a project which required us to construct a representation of our own environmental values, our own land ethic. The touchstone provided a venue to reflect on what was learned and how my views and attitudes toward the environment may have changed as a result. Many students experienced a shift in their ethical positions. Some of these were minor, others more dramatic. I felt consciously aware of the limitations of my land ethic and the ways in which I could continue to learn and evolve my values to better consider the environment around me. Despite this, my touchstone was a wonderful reminder of the progress and the limitations of my ethic, and continues to be a reminder of how knowledge of ecology plays a decisive role in developing my current land ethic.

The development of a land ethic is not limited to these explicit courses which introduce and discuss the landscape and its components. Landscape architecture education is based on the application of knowledge through *Design Studio*. It is in *Design Studio* that our responsibility is further developed. Through *Studio* we are taught to consider the choices we make as designers and how these choices have ethical implications on the landscape. These ethics are implicit and are not taught directly but suggested through the analysis and development of design projects.

As we develop our knowledge about materials used in the landscape, we connect these materials with their environmental impact. For example, in Manitoba this means understanding that the use of limestone as a trail surface will require it to be hauled by truck from Stonewall. By recognizing this we choose to accept both the financial cost and environmental cost of choosing this material.

Within the *Design Studio* environment, we apply knowledge about plants, trees, shrubs and ecosystems. While designing, we consider the demands of these plants through our planned landscapes. In *Studio* students develop knowledge about the challenges of urban trees and plants. When choosing to use exotic, non-native species we learn to recognize the required water and fertilizers needed to keep these species healthy in a foreign habitat.

Ethics in landscape architecture education are based on an understanding of ecological systems, an understanding which can be translated into many walks of life in many different careers. As a land manager with Manitoba Conservation, I use the knowledge of ecological systems to frame the personal ethics that guide my decision making.

In this section I introduced a personal narrative that situates the story of my experience collaring caribou at Sasaginnigak Lake in Atikaki Provincial Park. I introduced the importance of story as a reflection of my education in landscape architecture. A landscape narrative is a story set in a specific context that allows for the value and history of place to be uncovered. The story, in this case a personal narrative, reveals the importance of ethics in landscape architecture education and its application to my career as a land manager. It also recognized the explicit knowledge in two course of my education; *Plants, Landscape and Design* and *Introduction to Landscape Ecology* as well as the value of the applied aspects of studio to implicitly identify the impact of design choices on the landscape, all of which assist in the development of personal land ethics.

Landscape Narratives

Within landscape narratives are a series of themes which include ethical reflections toward the landscape. These themes suggest values toward the landscape and support a land ethic. Within my own story about the landscape, the landscape narratives of naming, sequence and time, the romantic wild and the other in the landscape are present. The presence of these themes suggests my own personal land ethic. The discovery of these ethics can also be linked to explicit courses and intrinsic aspects of landscape architecture education. Themes within landscape narratives become a lens through which to mine my story for my land ethic and its origin.

Naming Narratives

Shortly after lunch I hear the familiar drone of the Otter returning. The wind must be from the east today, as I hear the plane circle directly overhead to make its landing on Lac du Bonnet. The sound of the Otter is music in its own right, an instant distraction. It holds the spirit of adventure and possibility and represents everything that is contrary to the white walls and folders that decorate my office. The Otter is freedom. It is memories of days spent away from technology and the rush of our daily lives.

I look longingly at the clock on my computer, willing it to move faster. Clicking send on my last e-mail I sigh with relief. My work here is done for another week. I place my Out of Office on my e-mail and smile as I close Outlook and shut down my computer. I have a laptop and usually it comes with me almost everywhere. But this

week I am heading to the bush, to a cabin with no electricity except when we run a generator. This week it stays behind.

I do one last look over of my office. With a repeating thud I close the many drawers to my filing cabinets and file a few loose papers. I need to remember my radio and charger. I run through my list one more time; boots, hat, sunglasses, radio. I would hate to leave my keys in the bush somewhere so I put them in the top drawer of my desk. I switch off the light and, picking up my pack, haul it slowly to my shoulder, wondering what on earth I could have packed that could weigh this much! I grab by black camera bag and throw the strap over my neck and make the trek through the hallway and back down the stairs.

On my way to the back door I stop at our director's office and give him the letter I drafted for his signature. He looks at me, "Heading out to Sas are you?" he asks as he signs the letter.

"Yes I'll be gone until next week."

"Have fun," is all he says with a smile. I know he would love to be coming to Sasaginnigak with us. I smile to myself and head around the corner to the back staircase. As I push the door handle open, the sun invades the hallway. Sunglasses! Oh I knew I forgot something. I turn around to look at the mountain of stairs above me. I will just have to drop my pack off and go back to get my sunglasses. I step out into the warm August morning. The blue sky is dotted with white clouds that seem to have the potential for rain, but have not yet decided to be threatening, or simply blow away in the warm afternoon breeze. I cross the asphalt and gravel patched parking lot and walk up the grassed berm to the lake. The breeze is blowing steadily, drifting the smell of fish

around the dock where the Otter floats quietly.

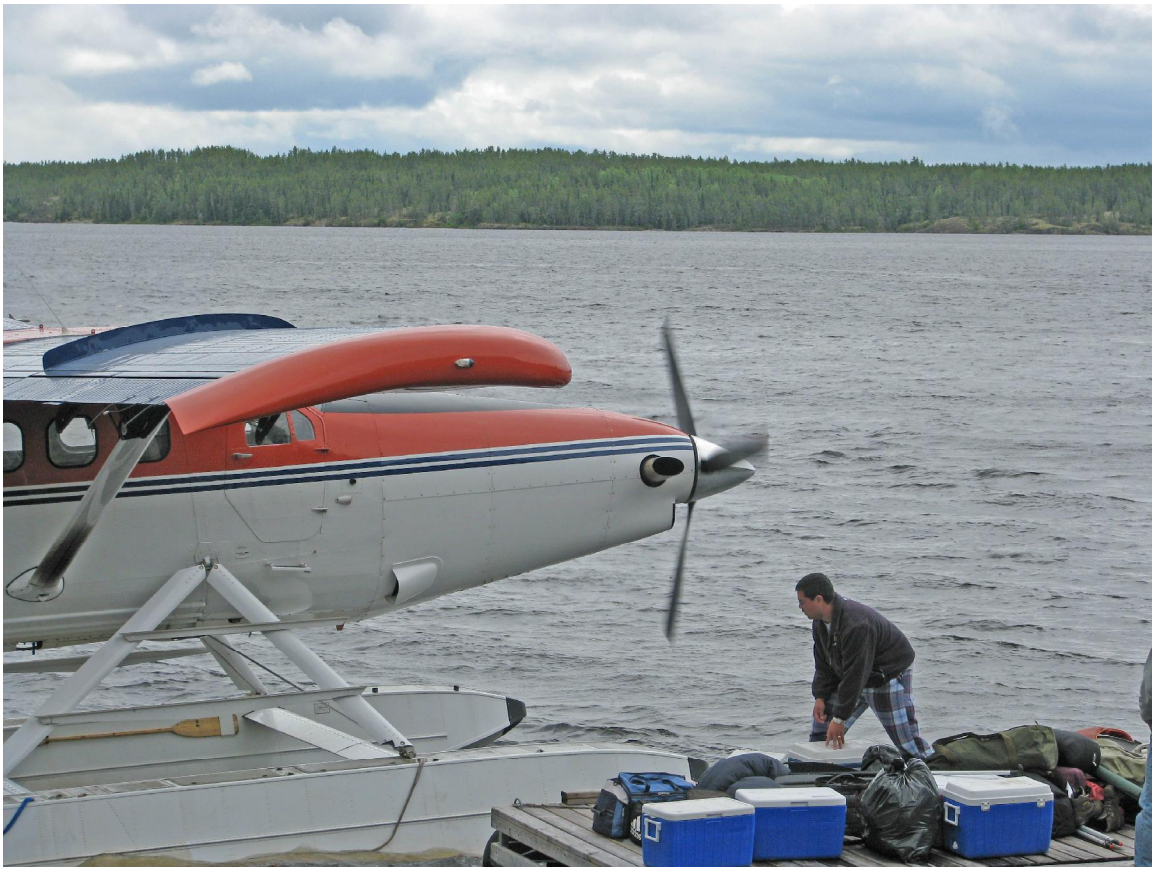

Figure 4: The Otter ready to be loaded.

The Otter is an awesome little aircraft. FODY, as it is known, can seat 8 people or 5 people and lots of gear. It is a turbo propeller aircraft, designed for bush flights. There are few planes with the capability of the Otter. It can haul large loads and still maintain short take offs and landings. Our Otter is white and red with a grey stripe running the length of the fuselage. The boxy floats are a brilliant white, and they bob up and down in the small morning waves. The small round windows pock the body of the plane and remind me of the old streamline trailers.

The heavy wood dock is covered with bags and coolers. To get into the aircraft you have to scale four skinny steps that always seem precarious to me, especially after

the onset of motion sickness. Crawling up the makeshift stairs I duck my head and make my way to the front of the plane.

Someone is always lucky and gets to sit up in the cockpit, on this trip that person is me and I welcome the opportunity. The interior of the plane is little more than a metal hull with grey faux leather seats. Settling into my seat, I buckle my belt and look over to Rob, our pilot.

"Ready to go?" he asked as he pulls on his head set. Rob checks the many dials and controls before glancing my way for a response. Rob fires up the Otter. The noise is so loud it drowns out everything. With the start of the engine, thick exhaust spews out and the smell filters into the plane. In response to Rob I nod, as the roar of the turbo engine drowns out any other response. I take a deep breath trying to relax, while I pull on my headset. I've flown in the Otter many times before, but I have suffered from motion sickness, and I'm hoping today will not be one of these instances.

Rob's voice comes over the radio. "Is everyone ready to go?" he asks again, as he glances back to the rest of our passengers.

"Yes," we all answer unanimously over the radio.

Rob tests the controls one more time and throttles down the engine to pull the plane away from the dock. The floats lap over the waves as we start to pick up speed and taxi out to the middle of Lac du Bonnet. The sound of the engine is steady and the hum permeates the seats of the plane. Rob turns the plane into the wind and it jostles and buffets the wings. Rob powers up the engine to full throttle and we run down the lake, gaining speed. Teetering at the brink of take off, the Otter bounces once and then the lake falls away suddenly as we climb toward the drifting clouds. The exhaust smell

dissipates and the Otter levels off in flight, settling at a modest cruising height of 3500 feet. I glance over at the digital GPS. We need to head north east to get to Sasaginnigak Lake, which means 'Many Ways to Go' in the Ojibwa language.

The flight to Sasaginnigak Lake is about 45 minutes and we banter back and forth during the flight to pass the time. I look out over the patches of bog and rock toward the horizon. I am quietly trying to distract myself from the uneasiness in my stomach.

Rob puts the flaps down and the plane slows quickly, starting our descent toward the lake below. The nose of the Otter dips down toward the lake. Cresting a small hill, the lake suddenly pans out in front of us, nature's runway. Brushing the tree tops, Rob levels off and pulls the nose up. The floats graze the surface of the lake, bouncing in the waves momentarily before decisively grabbing hold and slowing us suddenly. The floats settle into the lake and Rob turns toward the dock. The small blue cabin comes into my view. Perched on a rock shelf, the cabin has a large wood deck wrapped around it. The white framed windows look like eyes welcoming visitors. Royal blue fuel drums can be seen nearby, an oddity against the green and brown backdrop of the surrounding bush. Wooden stairs lead down from the cabin over the grey rock outcrops to the dock. The rocks, usually dry this time of year, are glistening wet from the rhythmic motion of the waves. The water is high this year, much higher than normal.

The old wooden boat house is tucked into the nearby bay. Thick brush is encroaching on it. Poplar trees lean up against the boat house's log exterior and hang threateningly over the roof. Beside the boat house sits the beach. Usually a healthy strip of bistre sand, this year, it has been swallowed by the high water levels.

Rob pulls the Otter up to the dock and Trevor gets up from his seat, jumping out to tie the plane to the dock. Rob powers down the engine and we all pull off our headsets. I take a minute to find my legs. It wasn't a rough flight but the smell of exhaust always makes my stomach turn at the end of the flight. My seat belt unbuckles with a click and I crawl out of the cockpit toward the back of the plane. We are greeted at the dock by the rest of our crew. Everyone builds a line to pass the many bags and coolers out of the plane and up to the cabin.

Arriving in Sasaginnigak Lake starts the beginning of a very long but very rewarding week. There is no power or running water at the Conservation cabin, and when the plane pulls away from the dock I feel a profound sense of isolation. At Sasaginnigak, we are all without the comforts and safety of home and are entirely dependent on each other and the equipment with us. If we run out of supplies we are out and have to make do. If one of the boat motors breaks down it has to be fixed. At Sas, every activity, every action is magnified. Any error, break down, or misstep is more than just a small problem or temporary setback. In this remote area small problems can easily become large problems and eventually very dangerous situations. Everything is done with purpose to ensure everyone is safe.

Everyday Trevor or Dennis check in with the Lac du Bonnet Regional office over the radio, to advise them how the days are going and to check on the weather forecasts. These check ins are scheduled, once in the morning and once in the evening, to guarantee the office knows everyone is well.

Work at Sasaginnigak Lake begins almost immediately. In order to have some comforts, to cook our food and stay warm on the cold wet nights, the generator needs to

be filled with gas and started. In addition, the propane has to come out of the shed, and the boat engines must be carried down to the boat house.

Grabbing as much gear as I can carry from around the dock, I walk across the access plank, up the wooden stairs and through the door of the cabin. The cabin is clean, but small and there is little room to place bags and coolers. I look around at the white walls and grey painted floor for a place to put the bags and opt to push them under the kitchen table. I pull open the door and head back down the stairs and back to the dock for another load of gear.

The cabin at Sasaginnigak isn't big; there are only three rooms, the kitchen/living room and two bedrooms. The kitchen is little more than a few cupboards with a mini fridge and a small wood table. The table sits in the middle of the white walled room next to the wood stove. The large kitchen windows look out over the deck and face south to let the sun filter through and warm the building.

I head into one of the bedrooms and find a bunk, throwing my bag on the bed and ducking out of the room. The bedrooms are small with black metal bunk beds and old mattresses. The bunks remind me of the ones we used at summer camp when I was a kid. Somehow the beds always seemed to be just a little too short and my feet would always dangle off the end.

In the Conservation cabin there is a futon that fills the rest of the living room and it doubles as an extra bed at night. The cabin can sleep seven at its maximum. It's a tight sleeping arrangement, with little privacy, but reservations must be left at the door. Even with the tight quarters, the cabin can look like five star accommodations after a long day of walking islands.

We always go out on the first day even if we only get a half days work in. This requires more work and organization. The capture bags have to get organized with tracking collars, blood testing supplies, and tape measures. The ropes and loops used to assist in the capture have to be pulled out from their bags and untangled. Everyone tries to pitch in as best they can. Trevor brings the boats over to the docks. Linden and Jon help Evan set up his tent and I haul the ropes and capture bags down to the docks. At Sas, we all work together.

That I understand this lake, through the use of its nickname, suggests that I have an intimate knowledge of the lake. The act of naming defines a place as unique, suggests who has power over a place and provides clues to the origins of a place. As per Potteiger & Purinton (1998)"…names derive from other names, transforming places through reference to other places, individuals, or histories that happened elsewhere. As a result, each name is an intertext, a locus of intersecting histories and places" (p.89). The narrative of Sasaginnigak, the lake which means '*Many Ways to Go'* (Brannen personal communication, 2011), suggests the historic use of the lake as a transition location, between destinations. The pictographs, ancient rock paintings depicting a person with a canoe on their shoulders, support this idea. The name of the lake relates directly to how the lake was used to orient and travel the area. As described by Cornwell (1998):

> History is not just a tale of men's making, but is a thing tied to the land. We call a hill by the name of a hero who died there, or name a river after a princess who fled beside its banks, and when the old names vanish, the stories go with them and the new names carry no reminder of the past. (p.135)

Today around the office, the lake is commonly referred to as Sas and most Conservation staff know the lake by this nickname. Just as we choose to provide nick names for the people in our lives, it suggests a relationship which is not necessarily endearing. The nick name Sas also forgoes the true name of place, replacing it with a more convenient version that does not hold the same meaning as its true name. The act of a nicknaming is, in essence, a renaming which does not respect the current name and understanding of the place.

In addition to its short name, Sas Lake is also known as a regular collaring location and this knowledge connects it with its value as an important caribou calving location. Recognizing the value of the place and knowing that there exists a common understanding of its value within our department, identifies our responsibility to protect it. Names bring with them the stories of their etymology, adding a layer of narrative to a place (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The name evokes the memories of the place and the knowledge of its importance to the woodland caribou (*Rangifer tarandus caribou).* Ethically, we have a responsibility to take action to protect the lake and its inhabitants.

In Western society naming connotes ownership of it (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The act of naming plants suggested ownership and gave science the authority over them (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Ironically, plants are known by many different names, some having a variety of common names in addition to their traditional names used by First Nations people. Traditional naming often related to the use of a plant, the legend of its creation, or even what kind of habitat it could be found in. These names act as clues to the value of a plant. Through our *Plants, Landscape and Design* class, in addition to *Field Ecology,* I came to know and understand plants as they are scientifically classified.

As I was introduced to plant nomenclature I learned that this naming represented a plant's genus and species. The names, although suggesting relationships of similar plants, usually told me very little about plant character and uses. Some Latin plant names are based on their edibility or suitability. However, the language of Latin is not well understood today. As a result of using the scientific classification system, I had to memorize the names of plants. Not surprisingly, the plants I most easily recognize and know by Latin name are those that I have used when working on planting plans, or those that I could associate with their use. I always remember the Latin name for wild raspberry, *Rubus idaeus*, because I developed a trick in which to recall its name; I think of raspberry as a plant which is a good idea to eat. The Ojibwe name for wild raspberry is *Miskominan* (Poplar River First Nation, 2010). Traditional naming of plants related to the plant and its use and learning these plants is passed down as part of oral tradition, and as a part of the daily activities of a family.

Names are biased in that they capture the purpose of plans we have for landscapes (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The act of naming parks is a prime example. The Atikaki Provincial Park, where Sasaginnigak Lake is situated, suggests a land with caribou. This identifies the role of this wilderness park to act as habitat for woodland caribou. Western culture attempts to name things as it relates to its true nature (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The act of naming a park using Ojibwe language gives it a feel of removal from traditional society, a feel of wildness (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998).

As designers we have a role in the development of naming the landscape. We often try to uncover the nature of a site by finding the names associated with its history. As stated by Potteiger and Purinton (1998)"…it is critical to learn the names and their

stories, since connections to both place and society are constituted by the institution of names. They carry the voice of people speaking, sometimes in languages that have died" (p.103). Therefore the act of uncovering the names of a place are key to discovering its truth. We reuse names from history in other places and also make changes to existing place names. In this way designers can temporarily own the landscape in order to reinvent its story.

Naming can maintain a connection with site or it can try to hide the past (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). That there is an island at Sasaginnigak Lake, know as Garbage Island, tells a story. This name holds all sorts of negative connotations. To change this place name could remove the stigma that it holds and relate it back to the rich history of the lake. New names in this way can be inclusive and can embrace the distinct character of place (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998)

Names are different from words as they don't have to make sense in today's language; they can continue independent of it (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Many places have lost meaning today as they lost their names, and as a result have local stories to explain them (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Without being told what Sasaginnigak means, the notion of the lake as *Many Ways to Go*, would be unknown to me. It was only by explanation, that this true name was revealed to me.

Garbage Island is not the only naming narrative present within my story. The Otter is also a naming narrative, although not a landscape narrative. The Otter has deep meaning, both as a means of transportation and as a name which triggers memory. As a memory narrative, the Otter represents the adventures of flying to Sasaginnigak Lake and all the stories which occurred as a result of the trip. The Otter has both a technological

and practical history. A small powerful plane, the Otter has the ability to haul lots of weight while maintaining short take offs, a necessity when flying into northern communities and small lakes. Adaptable to snow and water landings, the flexibility of the Otter is hardly matched by many other similar aircraft. The DHC-3 Otter was used extensively by the Royal Canadian Air Force as a plane to move equipment and as a Search and Rescue aircraft (Canadian Centennial of Flight, 2009). Today the Otter, affectionately known as FODY, has traded in its engine, for a turbo-prop engine. The Otter means and represents adventure. However, its original purpose as transport of goods meant something quite different. The Otter perhaps represented a month's grocery delivery to an isolated community or maybe an emergency air lift to a hospital. The name suggests a story, but it is not necessarily a shared story known by everyone.

Stories always have a connection to authority in some form or another. Often stories support the control of authority over others. The power of naming to give authority must be greeted with caution. If we name places, we give a group or a set of people the power over that place or object. Ethically names in the landscape give control but can also associate responsibility. The knowledge of Sasaginnigak as a lake which provides calving habitat for caribou suggests that we have an ethical responsibility to manage that habitat for this specific use.

Working in land management, I have to know a place through its names. A large portion of the names are local, known only by the people that have lived in an area for a long period of time. Many of the trails and logging routes in the Eastern Conservation Region are known by local names. Some of the names reflect the lakes and rivers by which they run, others were named after the people that built them and the communities

that use of them. "Since narratives help to establish systems of belief and authority, they reproduce relationships of power in a society" (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998, p. 60). The fact that the places in the Region are named and known through local people suggests that the ownership and authority over these places rests with those that live there. This also suggests that the role I have as a land manager, to manage Crown Land, is in many ways a contradiction. Manitoba Conservation takes responsibility for the management of resources on the landscape throughout the province. However, the land is known and has been used by those that live there long before. Ironically, the place names in the Eastern Region are always changing. This constant change, suggests an ongoing battle of authority and control over the landscape and its resources. Through the act of recognizing local names and renaming places, names can retrieve their meaning, and in some sense their authority, to the people who knew the place long before. In the case of Sasaginnigak Lake, this name exists as a constant reminder of the ethical dilemma of a land, known to the First Nation people, but for which Manitoba Conservation has the responsibility and authority to manage.

Sequence and Time

Late in the evening, after a long day on the islands, everyone sits huddled in the cabin. Today we abandoned our search for caribou early, due to a steady down pour of rain. I sit at the kitchen table, everyone is sitting wherever they found a seat, while Trevor watches the potatoes boil on the stove. I glance out the kitchen window to the cove in front of us. It seems to be clearing off and I may get a chance to do some fishing tonight after all.

Figure 5: Clearing on Sasaginnigak Lake.

"I have to run over to the lodge to pick up some of our grub. Does anyone want to come?" asks Dennis, as he steps out of one of the bedrooms with his raingear on. We have a large group this year and have rented a cabin at the nearby lodge. Some of our food is over at the lodge and we need to pick it up in order to feed everyone.

"Only if we can do some fishing on the way," I reply with a grin. My enthusiasm for fishing is almost as large as it is to be here.

"Sure we can stop in a few places on the way back," Dennis replies.

I dart into the bedroom where my bunk is and pull on my rain suit. I never had it with me today so it's dry. I grab my fishing rod from under my bunk and unzip the carrying case. My rod is set up already; it will just need to be put together. I close the case and pull the door open. Stepping through the threshold I can see the grey clouds coming in from the west. Looks like rain, again. I zip up the front of my rain coat and throw my fishing rod case over my shoulder. I take the wooden steps down to the shore.

Dennis is ready to go and fires up the motor as I reach the dock. I step gingerly off the dock and into the small aluminum fishing boat. Dennis pulls the boat away from the dock and opens up the Mercury motor. The engine pushes the boat up to cruising speed and we head west around the cove and out of view of the cabin.

The sound of the wind roars so loud that we can't hear one another. Instead, I sit quietly, enjoying the boat ride. The boat skirts through the many thick islands heading north. The lodge is close but with the small boat and motor still a good ten minute boat ride. Dennis slows down as we come through the narrows, marked with two small islands. There is a boat in the area, floating quietly with fishing rods silhouetted against the evening light. The boat slows to a crawl and the wake of the boat catches up with us rocking slowly.

"Any luck?" I ask as we go by.

"A few little ones," one of the fishermen replies, as he pulls in a pickerel.

The lodge is now in view and Dennis cranks the boat up one last time to pull up to a dock just down from the cabin we booked. I jump out with rope in hand and tie the boat to the dock. We walk up the dock and follow the boardwalk to the cabin. The boardwalks appear hastily assembled to provide access across the puddles and trails of mud on the island. Logs and pieces of plywood have been fastened together to cross the island.

We walk up to the old log cabin and open the door to see the boxes sitting on the counter top. Dennis grabs an empty cooler from the floor, and packs it with dinner which will include steak, potatoes, and sour cream. It's only the first night, but we always have a good meal the first night.

I grab a box, and fill it with bags of chips and other snacks. With dinner in tow, Dennis and I head back to the dock and the boat. I pass the box and cooler to Dennis and untie the boat. The sun is starting to dip toward the horizon and the orange glow is peaking out through patches of clouds.

Dennis pulls the boat away from the dock and points the boat back toward the narrows. I reach down and open my fishing rod case. I have a hook ready and pull the line tight into a knot. My rod hasn't been used for almost a year, and the line looks old and worn. Hopefully the line will do for this trip.

As we approach the islands in the narrows, Dennis slows the motor.

"We'll troll through here," Dennis says, as he grabs his rod.

I nod and finish putting my rod together. I open the bale and cast the jig out into the water. It splashes quietly, leaving a ring radiating on the mirrored surface of the

lake. The wind seems to be dying down and islands are protected from the west evening breeze.

I leave the bale open for a few seconds, and let the line run out a little further. We plot through the narrows, cheated occasionally by the tug of weeds on the end of our lines. We move through the narrows without incident and without catching anything.

"Well," Dennis says, as he points to the dark haze of rain coming quickly across the lake. "I think we better make a run for it."

I turn to the northwest where Dennis is pointing and see a line of dark clouds covering most of the horizon. I nod and start feverously reeling in my line. I've already been soaked once today and would prefer to stay dry for awhile. Dennis does the same and gets the boat moving, trying to make it through the maze of islands. About halfway back to the cabin the rain catches up with us. We are hit with a wall of water. I throw the hood of my rain coat over my head as the rain pounds my hat, rolling endlessly down my raincoat.

Dennis turns the boat around the last point toward the cove and the cabin comes into view. The rain is heavier now and I can see the forgotten boots and clothes on the deck, getting soaked. We grab the boxes and cooler, and throw them on the dock, tying up the boat quickly and making a run for the cabin.

Any time that I am out at Sasaginnigak Lake I always go fishing. I have always enjoyed fishing. Fishing is such a relaxing activity, with the potential for great excitement. It always reminds me of the many summers spent fishing. As a child I used to spend summers at Child's Lake in Duck Mountain Provincial Park. My dad would always take me and my sisters fishing for walleye during the day. In the evenings we

would venture out to Gull Lake and sit quietly in the still summer air, anticipating the strike of a rainbow trout (*Oncorhynchus mykiss*). These trips were always enjoyable no matter whether I caught fish or not. Fishing at Sas Lake reminds me of these childhood fishing trips. Knowing this past event breathes new life to the story and new meaning to the brief fishing trip on the way to the lodge. Historical stories, as reflections of the past, imitate the form of stories with beginning, middle, and end (Schafer, 1981). The order of events in this story suggests connections to other events and raises questions.

Remembering events and relating them to past experiences, or tying current events to past experiences, helps to develop a connection between time and events. Going fishing links this experience with the remembered trips of my childhood; essentially, a past event gives greater meaning to a recent one. Landscapes are a unique narrative form in that they anchor memory and link history to site (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The presence of sequence in narrative lends itself easily to the stories of history. Our past is known to us through a sequence of events based on the sequence of which the events unfolded (Louch, 1969). My story of the past occurs within the context of time and understanding that context provides me with a deeper understand of the larger story.

The larger story about collaring caribou at Sas Lake covers a period of five days, but the story is not equivalent in length nor is it presented in the original ordering of events. Time in a story does not have to be in the same sequence as the original events (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990). Time as lived, and time as told, can differ greatly (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990). The fishing trip which occurred on the way to the lodge happened after a long day of being wet and miserable. The events of the trip, starting

with the need to retrieve the evening meal, and resulting in a brief fishing trip, cumulate into a story, which follows the original order of events.

Landscape narratives in a sequence suggest aspects of time past and present. Time in a landscape can exist not in the linear sense but also in a layering and gathering (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Moving through a landscape creates a story based on sequence. However, the landscape itself includes aspects, moments or narratives from the past. When at Sasaginnigak Lake, our boat rides always bring us to the nearby rocks, which have rock paintings completed thousands of years prior to our arrival. Our sequence through the landscape intersects this other event and period of time. Time in the landscape is a complex story much like a web, rather than linear (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998).

The act of organizing experiences into a storied account is what gives it meaning (Gubrium & Holstein, 1998; Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The ordering of events is narrative and that ordering is key to our comprehension of it (Ochs & Capps, 1996). The way we order our stories suggests the events which we value. Ordering our stories into a sequence suggests a connection (Louch 1969, Clandinin & Connelly, 1990) between that which came before and that which followed. However, the events may actually be unrelated (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). This is due in part to the fact that stories are not necessarily chronological and are not dependant on chronology to be a story (Goodman, 1980). Sequence is important, but the unstated meaning of the events when added to a sequence is what changes an order into a story (Clandinin & Connelly, 1990).

The telling of our stories often adds to the sequence to create stories. Events in a past narrative must be in chronological order, but in telling stories of the past, we must be

careful not to give priority to one event over another and therefore lead to a conclusion of cause and effect (White, 1981). Stories are a summation of events logically tied together (Franzosi, 1998) into a sequence which describes context (Gotham & Staples, 1996). That logic is driven by our own thoughts and desires. The ordering of events in a story provides opportunity for reflection on the events (Ochs & Capps, 1996).

In the role of land management, managing resources requires the discovery of the sequence of events. "Purely narrative sequences are never innocent. Narrative sequences imply causal sequences." (Franzosi, 1998, p. 533). Presented with an outcome, a story or event can be explored backward to develop a link. Causal links identify the reasons behind a current situation. The sequence of data, or in this case the sequence of a story, is used to track a pattern and develop conclusions. Sequences provide clues to a problem and its underlying cause. It can indicate or even suggest a possible solution. Consequently, the sequence of a story can be changed (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Changing the sequence is common in narrative and can create multiple stories (Goodman, 1980). The choice to change the order of a story is the choice of the teller. It may be that reordering a story demonstrates relationships and shows the morality of a story. Or perhaps, the re-ordering is done purposely to juxtapose events that appear unrelated, but in fact influence one another. Just as I choose to compare the story of my childhood fishing experience with the story of the trip to the lodge, in order to demonstrate the connection of these events that may otherwise appear unrelated. Reordering can change a story to something that is no longer a narrative (Goodman, 1980). But keeping a story in the same chronology as the events is not necessary. Defining key events can establish whether changing the order will change the story to something else. If the outcome of a

story changes by removing or reordering an event, then that event is necessary to the story (Goodman, 1980).

Often, we do not have access to the original ordering of events and therefore cannot confirm that a story follows chronology. But knowing the order is not necessary to the story. Tellers have the privilege and the responsibility to connect events in a way that suggests meaning (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). As the teller of the story I can control what events are shared in what order and therefore suggest meaning inherent in the ordering. However, it exists plainly in the sequence of storytelling. In our search to understand the connection between events we search for meaning within the order of those events.

Searching for the meaning in events can relate and order events to develop causal links. In telling a story historians find events where change occurred in order to follow the sequence (Louch, 1969). In stories we need to understand the value of order in events. As events unfold, they can cover up the reasons behind them and direct the unfolding of a story. The condition of an account that makes it a story is that there is a starting condition that changes (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). In this way the landscape story is the movement between a still or static condition (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998), the static is the initial condition which is changed to create a new still condition; a new initial condition or a new starting point.

Once the initial condition of a story is changed, it starts a series of events or a chronology. The first event caused a direction for the plot (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). “The events of the landscape narrative are enchained in a chronological sequence in

carefully constructed alliances of causality" (p.46). Essentially, the order of events suggests direct relationships between the causes of those events.

Unlike stories, where events unfold to describe a passing of time, landscapes can be spatial narratives, capturing a series of images or moments as a visitor moves through the landscape, this becoming the series of events which can describe a story (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). The sequence in a spatial narrative is linked to movement through a space. Spatial narratives are open to an infinite number of events and an infinite order in which the events can unfold. The landscape as a spatial narrative has an unending ability to create story and an unending ability to connect with stories of the past.

Landscape narrative includes the temporal and spatial narrative, a narrative with time and space. Landscapes can capture one moment in time or can show a linear moment or perhaps a continually changing moment of a narrative (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Landscape narratives can be a summation of time, a melting of the past gathered in one place, in one dimension of time.

Spatial narratives provide freedom for the viewer to explore different pieces of the narrative at their own pace and in the order of their choosing (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998, 10). Narratives of space unfold for each individual as they move through the landscape. Each person can start in a location of their choosing and can traverse the landscape in their own way. Each person can develop their own narrative.

Spatial narratives show a story; they don't tell a story. There is no control over the reader in a spatial narrative (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Landscaped places shape the environment and therefore have no narrator (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). Every person on the landscape can choose to be their own narrator of their own spatial story.

Spatial narratives offer an opportunity to collect layers of stories which come together as a collage of time (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998).

As designers of spatial narratives, landscape architects can direct the sequence in a spatial narrative (Pottiger & Purinton, 1998). Through the planning of paths and planting locations, designers manipulate the path a visitor takes through the landscape. This path creates the sequence of views which develop the narrative in the landscape. Sequence can therefore be controlled, and the choice to move through the landscape is directed by the designer. These choices suggest the value of elements within the landscape. Where we direct people suggests which features of the landscape are important and which are not. If the choice is to direct visitors to human-made aspects of the landscape, the plants may become the backdrop to these built elements. Choosing plants as a focus, a unique tree or dramatic flower, places value on them and puts those plants front and centre. Choosing an aesthetic description over the habitat, demonstrates a great importance to the visual aspects of the landscape, and a minor preference to the inherent value of the landscape to act as habitat.

The telling of a story in the landscape describes a series or order of events which describe a known period of time. "Time is always present. The event is always an ongoing dialogue" (Schafer, 1981, p. 49). My story began last summer and ended not long after that. Essentially stories cannot encompass all time and, therefore, cannot consider all past events and future impacts on the landscape. The past is only known to us in terms of individual and social history, and the future is only speculated in terms of human life times. My life time will be but a glimmer in the life of the landscape around me. Trees will grow, wither and die long after I have taken my last breaths. Fire will

have rushed through the landscape at Sas Lake, torching everything that lives above the soil. The acres of water and thousands of rocky islands will still be here, long after I have passed on. Time of the landscape is beyond us. Learning about the landscape and the time and processes involved in wearing rock down into soil, and washing away soil to form valleys, allows us to appreciate that human life is a blip in comparison. Yet, despite the brevity of my life, the actions I take today on the landscape could still be present a hundred years after I die.

The act of designing the landscape has as long term presence and, by consequence, an ethical component. The sequence of events in a narrative and the time in the landscape imply ethical considerations. Sequence, and changing the order of events, can create cause and effect relationships that do not exist and we therefore must be conscious of the ethical dimensions of chronology in landscape narratives. Time in the landscape is different than time in a story, and significantly longer than our lifetimes. Our decisions about the landscape can have long term effects, both good and bad, on the habitat around us. These decisions can either support or jeopardize the future viability of a species or an ecosystem. As I wander through the vast landscape of the woodland caribou (*Rangifer tarandus caribou*), I am conscious of the viability of this habitat. Discovering caribou on the islands at Sasaginnigak Lake highlights the need for safety during calving season. This need is critical for the caribou at Sasaginnigak. Therefore, decisions that impact these islands could result in the abandonment of the islands by woodland caribou and have long term impact on this important habitat.

Design decisions must be conscious of time, and the consequences of actions to a landscape which will continue well into the future. The dimension of time in the

landscape suggests an ethical component which must always be considered.

The Romantic Wild

I awake in the morning to the glow of light coming through the east facing window in my bedroom. I think it's early, but it's hard to tell, the sun isn't shining. I yawn and stretch quietly. Jon, Linden, and Mark are still asleep and I don't want to wake them. My body is stiff from walking though raspberry bushes and blown down trees. No doubt I will be stiffer before the end of the week. It's quiet in the cabin, which makes me wonder how early it is. Trevor is usually up first, starting coffee and breakfast, but it's too silent to suggest anyone has stirred yet. I roll over and get wrapped awkwardly by my sleeping bag. I stare up at the bunk above me, I might be able to go back to sleep. I try to clear my mind and promise myself not to look at my watch sitting on the nearby end table. I'll never be able to fall back to sleep if I do.

I toss and turn for awhile but soon hear Trevor rustling in the kitchen. Shortly I hear the distinct sound of the coffee maker and the aroma starts to drift into the bedroom. I can't stand lying in bed any longer; I'm used to being up with the sun. I slide my feet out of my green mummy sleeping bag and into my slippers. I don't usually bring them but it's so nice to have a warm pair of slippers to walk around in. I duck my head and quietly leave my bunk and room. Trevor is busy getting organized for the day and getting ready to cook breakfast.

"Morning, there's coffee," Trevor says quietly, pointing to the coffee pot.

"That's good. I need a few cups today," I say, yawning as I find a chair and sit down at the white wooden table.

Trevor is the unofficial cook. Usually he is the first one up so he starts coffee in the morning. I amble over to the coffee pot and fill my mug full of fresh coffee. The old

wood chair groans as I settle in. No one else is out of bed but, given the small size of the cabin, everyone wakes quickly. Dennis is up next and dresses quickly. He needs to get a few capture bags ready for the day and breakfast can wait. I sit quietly sipping coffee. I'm tired. Playing cards late took a lot out of me.

As I look out past the dock to the cove the sky is solid grey. The deck is glistening with recent rain. It doesn't look like we will be heading out quickly this morning. The wind is blowing up wisps of waves around the point. The cove is quiet but from the white caps and rolling waves beyond its obvious the wind is blowing hard.

I can hear stirring coming from the bedrooms. The group starts to get up, yawning as they crawl out of their sleeping bags and search for a cup of coffee. Trevor has water boiling on the stove. Today breakfast is hot porridge and fruit, and many cups of coffee. Mark, Jon, Linden and Dennis come out of their bunks, rubbing their eyes, looking for coffee and food. They belly up to the pot of hot water and make instant porridge. Mornings are typically quiet until everyone has a cup of coffee in them. Evan stumbles in from outside, having slept in his tent.

Figure 6: Calm waters of the bay from the Sasaginnigak Lake cabin.

There is something about being outdoors every day, the fresh air, the physical work, which is tiring in a whole different way. My body has worked in a way that it is not used to. My muscles are stiff and I feel exhausted, yet my spirit is alive. The tiredness is almost welcome because it invigorates my soul. Despite the hard work, I feel more alive than ever.

Whatever resignation you feel about facing another day of walking through tough terrain and facing another day of being so wet that your finger tips are wrinkled by the end of the day, fades away in your excitement about the beauty of this place. If you do hesitate or question the sanity of scrambling over dead logs and pushing your way through another thicket of alder and raspberry, you are reminded that you could be sitting at a desk, fluorescent bulbs flickering above you, and the blue face of a computer screen staring dully back. Here you are free from the walls of the office. You are in the heart of a landscape, a privileged guest of its beauty, tyranny, and unforgiving nature. You have the honour to witness the magnificent sunset as it splashes across the cool northern sky and leaves a glow on the smooth surface of the lake. You are reminded of the simplicity of death, seen in the raw pale body of a moose floating along the shoreline, likely fallen through the ice many months before.

This place is wondrous, humbling and powerful. It is at times a harsh reminder of the shear insignificance of us as individuals. My purpose, my plans mean nothing here. Without these moments in our lives, without the opportunity to connect, live and "... get as near to the heart of the world…" (Muir, as cited in Duncan, 2009a, n.p.) as we can, we are lost. "There must be places for human beings to satisfy their souls." (Muir, as cited in Duncan, 2009b, n.p.). Sas is one place to do this.

"Aren't you going to eat?" Trevor asks.

"Soon," I say tiredly filling my cup with more coffee and settling back in my chair. I hear the sound of a boat, and looking out to the dock, see that the other half of the group arriving. Steve, Vince, Nicole, Mahesh and Leo pile out of their boats and make a run for the cabin. They're hungry and hoping to get out of the morning rain as soon as possible. They squeeze into the cabin, trying to find a space to lean against, or a place to put another chair. It's been raining off and on all morning and it doesn't look like it will be clearing up soon.

Sitting impatiently around the cabin we talk and reflect on other trips and the state of both the local caribou and moose populations. By 9:30am the rain has stopped and the wind has also gone down. We gather up our capture bags, water and bug spray and head out to the dock. Steve is brimming with excitement, he can't wait to collar more caribou and is already waiting with a boat running.

Today we stay closer to the cabin as we have already walked many of the northern islands. The first island of the day is a short boat ride away. The boats pull into the island and drop off the walking group. We spread out across the island and get ready to make noise and push the island. Looking around, the island appears to be an easier walk than many from the day before. A carpet of moss covers the ground, there is little to no undergrowth, at least not the thick raspberries and alder that cause havoc to walk through. Small flowers and traces of Labrador Tea cover the forest bottom, but there is nothing higher than my knee and no thorn covered rose bushes. Pine and spruce trees stand 50 plus feet above, the lower branches long since bare of needles. Without the undergrowth I can see Mahesh and Nicole to my right and left. We set out across the

island, whooping and hollering, staying in a line by keeping our neighbours in sight. The walking as we thought is easy. The carpet beneath our feet is soft and forgiving and clear of logs or other tripping hazards. The walk is quick and easy and we are out on the other shoreline in a matter of five minutes. The boats pull round the island and into the shoreline to pick us up. If only all the islands could be that nice to walk.

Sasaginnigak Lake is a gem, a place to get away from our world and get in touch with our primal need to be in nature, to get to know the plants around to us, to interact with them and see them in their wild forms. The world is alive and therefore governs respect and admiration, but perhaps more importantly, these places demand our consideration.

Early in my research, I realized that there is a purely aesthetically appreciation of wilderness within my story. I was not surprised by this. Wild places have always intrigued me. As per O'Brian (2007), "...wilderness landscape representation in Canada has proved persuasive and durable as the source of a symbolic narrative." (p.26) The theme of the romantic permeates our stories of landscape. So it is not surprising that the narrative of the romantic wild reoccurs within my story. Just as we understand narratives in the landscape as a series of events (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998), we can witness these events as snapshots, romantic images captured at strategic locations. These images of place are misleading, as they focus on the visual beauty of nature, without appreciating the living system that created it (Meyer, 2008).

The story of Sasaginnigak Lake is a narrative which talks about looking forward to a journey into the wild; it is a story which romanticizes place. Ironically, it is also a trip full of challenging weather, swarms of mosquitoes, and hard work. The memories of

Sas are surprisingly blurry as they pertain to these difficulties. Difficulties at Sas are easily forgotten and replaced with romantic memories of wonderful fishing trips, beautiful sunsets and majestic encounters with woodland caribou.

Just as in my personal story, this theme of romantic wild exists within landscape architecture education. In many ways it lies as a dichotomy, within our school and within the profession. The very roots of the profession lie in the development of the park system, which was motivated by the romantic notions of wilderness and the desire to put aside pieces of wilderness in an untamed state (Duncan, 2009a). The parks, both urban and rural, capture and set aside beautiful places for people to visit. The story of our park system is a narrative of recognizing a romanticized value in nature. It sought out landscapes that were inaccessible and brought the wild to everyone. As a result, the perceived wild became a collection of roadways and a place where the wild animals were fed and became accustomed to human food (Duncan, 2009a). We tried to transform the wild into something that could be managed for recreation. If you were to describe the roots of the profession, it would tell a grand story of diverted rivers to create artificial lakes, huge volumes of water and fertilizer used to maintain estates of non-native species and thousands of hours of gas powered machines used to clip, cut and plough the environment into submission.

Even today the process of designing landscapes is an act of managing the wild. We mow down the grass and the trees, and try to maintain a static condition within a continually changing landscape. The act of controlling nature tries to cover up its desire to grow wild (Potteiger & Purinton, 1998). In parks, we like the wild, as long as it fits with our notions of controlled beauty.

This focus on visual beauty can overshadow the ecological role that the landscape has. The plants and materials that we manipulate become objects of aesthetic purpose and we forget our role these aspects play in an ecological system.

As per White (2007):

> [N]ot only is this image of landscape not natural, but it is an ideological construction directly related to the rise in Europe... of forms of individualism and liberty whose social transformations broadly extended the right to own land. Implying human sovereignty over nature, landscape in this form is a sign of possession, of social standing, and of power. (p.18)

As a story about our values toward the landscape, this level of control and manipulation suggests we do not value the wild in its true state. It is simply a falsification of the natural distribution of plants. Ecological education helps to stymie some of this. Through *Introduction to Landscape Ecology,* we are reminded that nature is not an object; it has a great beauty as a system (Meyer, 2008). Sitting on the deck at Sasaginnigak, the smooth mirror of the lake reflecting the warm summer sky, it is hard not to romanticize this place. Being at Sas, I am free of the walls of the office and I can escape into the romantic wild. This desire is prevalent and driven by the need to connect with an environment no longer lived in or truly understood (Cooper Marcus, 1990). Yet our education teaches us to look beyond these images and toward the physical aspects of the system at work. Ironically what fuels our desire to build great landscapes and save precious places is the romantic wild. John Muir, a forester who understood the value of the 'wild' as a natural resource, also appreciated the wild as a place where we could satisfy our souls (as cited in Duncan, 2009b). This is to say that recognizing the value of

the wild for its ecological functions as well as a romantic place is not necessarily detrimental. Landscape architecture education tries to find balance between beauty and science, a perpetual juggling act that is best addressed through both intrinsic and explicit aspects of curriculum.

Just as the notions of romantic wild fuel the protection of our landscapes, this notion also motivates me to work in the field of resource management. It is this romantic notion that drives my desire to maintain a piece of the wild so cherished in this country. Ironically, the romantic notions of wild rarely factor into decision making in land management. What may appear as a visual consideration, such as the desire to cover the entrance of a trail with trees, is often done out of practicality and necessity. The covering of an entrance makes it less obvious and therefore less likely to be discovered by those passing by. Necessity and practicality drive the decision, while the visual aesthetics are merely an advantageous outcome.

The recent push toward environmentally friendly products has not reduced the role of the romantic wild within our culture. Our relentless battle to tame the wild continues through our regular use of pesticides and gas powered tools to control the wild. Despite the negative connection to this ethical component of our education, it also motivates the best actions to manage and protect our wild places. The discipline of landscape architecture tries to instill a balance between science and beauty. This balance, although not as important in land management, is still necessary and in some ways required to fund the protection and management of wild places in Canada. At the heart of conservation lies this desire, and without it, I would not have the job I have today. The ethic is both romantic and practical in inspiring us to take action to protect these systems

and focussing on the management of ecological for its value as habitat and as a living, working system.

The Other in the Landscape: The Moose

I remember very vividly stumbling my way through a small section of blow down, jack pine and spruce piled on top of one another almost as if they had been logged and left there. I was walking along the east shoreline and could see the water on my right side. As I stumbled over the large collection of logs, I came to a small clearing with a thicket of small balsam fir trees in front of me. It was at that moment that I heard the distinct sound of thumping hooves in the bush coming toward me. If you have never heard the sound before you may not have known what it was, I am always surprised at how quiet animals are in the bush. As the sound came closer I realized two things; this animal was running as I could hear branches breaking, and it was coming straight at me. In its panic, it could not hear me. Most animals will hear you long before you are at any risk. All this passed in a matter of seconds when suddenly I was faced with a large cow moose who had no idea that I was standing right in the middle of her escape path. I'm not sure which one of us was more surprised. In a last ditch effort I waved my arms and made some noise. I had nowhere to go and if she came this way she could run right over me. The noise broke her of her focus and she came to a sliding stop not 20 yards away. She turned suddenly and ran, backtracking away from me, skirting around me by wading along the shoreline. It was over before I even realized what had happened, but I will never forget the encounter.

Reflecting on the experiences at Sasaginnigak reminded me of the encounter with the moose. It was one of the most interesting and vivid experiences I had during my caribou collaring experiences. The moose was an unexpected surprise, another inhabitant of the landscape temporarily forgotten in the search for woodland caribou. Narratives

have the ability to discover and tell the stories of those that are unknown to us. As story can uncover unknown history as new details are discovered and revealed. New stories can be found to uncover new realities (Schafer, 1981). The story of the moose was a story that uncovered the diversity of species living on the landscape. Landscape architecture education teaches this. Through studio we are challenged to recognize the unique aspects of site, and through *Introduction to Landscape Ecology*, we learn how the site can support others. Identifying Sasaginnigak Lake as caribou habitat is important, but understanding the importance of each island and each unique habitat that exists on the island is also important.

The "Other" in the landscape was first recognized by Leopold in his *A Sand County Almanac*. Leopold`s land ethic recognized that there were other aspects of the environment that needed to be considered (1989). The moose was the other, found by chance while exploring Sasaginnigak Lake. The moose is part of the ecosystem. This suggests that context is important when considering the landscape. Within the studio environment, I was asked to apply an understanding of site context and human experience in the formulation of site specific design proposals (Tate, 2006, bullet 3, learning outcomes). As landscape architecture students, we are taught to investigate sites and understand the diversity of a location. Through site analysis, we try to understand the unique aspects of climate, history, ecology and social setting for which we design. The act of visiting sites prior to design suggests an appreciation for place and facilitates an investigation for the other. It recognizes that to know a place it must be visited. Within my story the other was a mammal perhaps forgotten in pursuit of woodland caribou. In

the design process, the other may be an unknown stakeholder, an interest group, or a unique plant or animal.

How do we move forward, make decisions and take action on a landscape without knowing the others that could be affected? To make a decision that acts and considers the environment, it must identify the uniqueness of a place and address it. This is always a challenge. Constantly limited by time and capital to investigate places in search for the other, we often forego the site visit. In my story I was not thinking about the islands as habitat beyond that of the woodland caribou. Essentially our own stories may not provide us with all the answers; however failure to start the site story will not allow us to develop the questions that should be asked prior to making a decision.

This story reminded me that although I explored Sasaginnigak to collar caribou, the islands provide habitat for much more. The islands shelter moose, black bear, red squirrels, grey wolves and an abundance of other birds and amphibians. The lake hosts a diversity of fish species including pike and walleye. The lake, therefore, is a dynamic system of interacting species and elements acting on each other. The moose was a unique experience, a story of experience occurring on the landscape. Finding the 'other' required the investigation of place. It required that I search and explore this place in order to discover its story and create my own narrative of place.

Ethics suggested in our search of place is that at minimum we know a place in reference to its history, climate, use and physical elements. It suggests that understanding these components is not only useful in the process of design but also an obligation as a professional. Ethics require that we explore, and discover the other. Narrative as method allows us to build on stories of experience in relation to the stories of others that already

exist. To know the landscape and know to the moose required this knowledge. As a land manager, I know the results of decisions can be disastrous if I do not have an understanding of the other and the how a place is used by another. Not knowing who is using a trail or for what purpose, is to make a decision without having the necessary knowledge of place and story of the other. Knowing the site can reduce the impact on the environment and raise ethical questions about our decisions relating to future use of place.

The other on this landscape isn't always apparent. At times it is unknown and must be discovered by careful observation. Just as I sit quietly on Friday evening, the sun dipping slowly toward the horizon, I can hear the birds flitting from tree to tree. The crickets have started their steady song and the frogs croak in constant unison.

My education recognized the requirement of landscape architects to know places. My surprise when I had the encounter with the moose suggests that at the time I was focussed solely on the purpose of our trip, to collar caribou; this purpose caused me to forget the impact of walking islands on other species in the area. The moose reminds me that I walked in a place full of life, each step scattering a family of grouse, or rousing a sleeping bat. Not only is it full of animal life, each island is thick with blueberries and reindeer moss, not to mention jack pine covered ridges, and poplar and willow filled creeks.

The other on the landscape is a major component of land management. In the role of land management, the story of the lake focussed on the importance of the *Rangifer tarandus caribou.* Yet knowing this lake, venturing through its wild, is to be reminded of its value for moose, wolves, black bears and many others that make use of this area.

Knowing the other is as important as knowing the place or an issue. In our relationships with First Nations we can share stories of place that reveal others completely unknown to us. Local knowledge of place is linked with a deep understanding of the other in the landscape and we have a responsibility to appreciate and uncover these unknown pieces of the puzzle.

Ethically knowing and considering the other is at the very root of land ethics. It is this consideration that forces us to question our actions on the landscape and address other uses, and needs. The education of *Plants, Landscape and Design* introduces the other in the landscape and *Introduction to Landscape Ecology* helped us appreciate how the other connects with the environment in which we work. It is in *Studio* that we are asked to apply this knowledge, to seek out the other, and to consider the other in every aspect of design. Similarly, this understanding is the root of land management; an appreciation of place, rooted in knowledge of all living and non-living aspects of the environment, used to guide and direct decision making. No other aspect of landscape architecture education is so easily translated to land management than consideration of the other. Essentially the very root of land ethics is of primary importance to the profession of land management.

Conclusions

The Storm

Late afternoon on the last day we are working an island again, having walked it twice only to watch helplessly as a bull caribou darted between our line. Everyone managed to reorganize and to turn around to walk the island for the third time. After a long week and another wet rainy day everyone is determined to get this animal off the island so it can be collared.

Dennis comes over the radio, "Maybe we should shut it down, there's rain coming."

His comments are met with sullen silence until Steve replies in frustration, "we are not leaving until we get this caribou!" Getting by us once happens, but not twice! Everyone was determined to try again. I get on the radio with John and Leo and we reform a line across the island. With a holler we all start moving through the bush, making a conscious effort to be louder and to stay close enough that the caribou will not be able to sneak by us again. I can hear the faint rumble of thunder coming closer, a storm is approaching quickly, but it seems a distant illusion while fighting my way through a thicket of fir (Abies balsamea). Everyone pushes on. I can see Steve forty feet to my left and I can hear him and John singing a song to make noise and keep their spirits up as they push through the forest underbrush. Their song is interrupted by a voice that comes over the radio.

"Everyone, we need to get off the lake, the storm is coming in. We will come and pick you up at the east shoreline." It's Dennis and I can tell by his tone that the incoming storm is likely to be severe. No one was expecting this. I look over at Steve

and see the disappointment in his face. Even though the rain is starting and the wind has picked up no one wants to leave yet.

Dejected we change our route and start heading east. John and Mark push their way through the underbrush and join us as we blaze a route through to a high outcrop of rock along shoreline. Knowing that this is likely the last island of the trip has quieted the group. I look around and find a relatively dry part of the outcrop and practically fall into a lazy sitting position. My body is tired. My legs are tight and my clothes are almost dry. Shortly I can hear the distant whine of a boat motor getting louder as it approaches our location. Trevor pulls one of the boats up to the shoreline making a deep thud as the aluminum hits the granite bedrock. I grab hold of the boat and steady it as John, Mark and Steve jump in. But the boat can't take everyone and I doubt there is room for me.

"Get in," Trevor says as he motions toward the boat.

"I'll wait, there are a few more people on the island still. Besides I think six people in the boat is pushing it," I reply.

"Just jump in. There's room. We can send another boat for anyone else," Trevor counters unconcerned with the number of people. I shake my head no. I would rather not be in a boat with five other people when the brunt of the incoming storm hits us.

Suddenly, we hear Dennis over the radio, "we have a caribou in the water." Finally! I look over at Trevor, my feet still firmly on the shoreline and the boat no longer in my grasp.

"Go!" I say. Dennis and Vince will need help with the caribou and Trevor, John, Mark and Steve are the only others available. The boat pulls away and just then I see a flash of red moving along the shoreline in the distance. It's Leo having had to

make his way from the far north shore all the way to the east shoreline where we would be picked up. I can tell the storm is near and moving fast. As Leo reaches the rock shelf that I'm on, I pull out my emergency blanket. Without knowing how bad the storm will be and what time we will be picked up, I want to be prepared. From the black clouds heading our way it looks lots of rain or maybe even hail is coming our way. I assume the worst, wrapping the blanket in behind and around a spruce tree. With our backs to the wind and now somewhat undercover we can be prepared for whatever the dark clouds hold.

I hear the rain seconds before it hits us. The rain strikes quickly and we manage to stay dry. However, it's short-lived as a boat draws near to charter us off the lake. It's Nicole in the little 12 ft aluminum. I look apprehensively at Leo and he returns my gaze, with the waves picking up and the wind blowing, this little boat will be fighting to get us back to the lodge.

I jump in and Leo pushes off the shoreline and settles onto his seat. Nicole turns the boat north toward the lodge. Luckily it's not far away. The rain falls in a steady sheet and our dry clothes are soaked instantly. Thunder cracks a little too close for comfort and we can see lightning in the ominous distance. The small boat seems to be managing fairly well so far, as the waves are smaller than expected. When the boat passes the northern boundary of the island we are met by the full force of the wind and rain. The boat slams into the waves, trying to negotiate the peaks and troughs running from west to east. We carve our way north toward the comfort of the lodge. Suddenly Nicole backs off on the motor and we pull up to dock. The darkness of the storm is upon

us and the rain is so heavy we can barely see the cabin just up the hill. Nicole, Leo and I grab our bags and radios and run, hoping for some sanctuary from the weather.

In a panic, we run through open the cabin door and are met with the roaring fire of the wood stove. We are not the first ones to arrive back; in fact we are the last. I stop abruptly inside the door. Leo and I are soaked through; the water running off our pant legs is leaving a small puddle on the floor. I stand there for some time, uncertain what to do with myself. Although it's nice to be out of the rain, many of us bunk at the other cabin on the south part of the lake, meaning we have no dry clothes to change into. Not only am I wet, my pant legs are muddy and my pockets are filled with broken branches and spruce and fir (Picea and Abies) needles. I pull up a chair and sit not a foot away from the roaring stove. Leo joins me and we laugh as the water is literally steamed off our pant legs. I warm up quickly. It doesn't take long for my clothes to feel somewhat dry.

The long week is at a close and I am thankful for the experience of caribou collaring and even more thankful to have a chance to have a hot shower. Although I managed to go for a swim the last few evenings, the lake water during this storm filled summer is still cold and hardly a replacement for a hot shower. I borrow a pair of sweat pants, a clean shirt, and get a clean towel from the lodge. When I push my way out the door and walk up the wooden boardwalk to the shower building, the rain has slowed to not much more than a Vancouver mist. The showers really aren't anything special, but they seem like a gift after all the long wet days this week.

After cleaning up I head back to the cabin where the smells from the kitchen hit me like the heat coming from the wood stove. Tonight we celebrate! Potatoes and

barbeque pork close out the week. When I settle back into a chair I'm soon overcome by a wave of exhaustion. Reluctantly I crawl into one of the open bunks and, despite the loud chatter, fall into a deep sleep.

I awake to the sound of plates and cutlery clattering. Dinner is ready. I slide off the top bunk and stretch my stiff muscles. I don't want to be the last in line for dinner. Dennis laughs as I find a plate and get in line yawning.

"Did you have a good nap?" he asks. I nod in agreement, still too sleepy to respond. I find a chair around the table and everyone commits to their plates, eating quickly and quietly. After dinner is finished we sit and discuss our week. It has been a successful week, with many caribou collared and a moose tagged. I feel as though this was one of the most successful trips I have been on despite our struggles, the missed animals, and the challenging weather. We gather around the table for a group photo, squeezing everyone in while trying to figure out the timer on the camera.

Talk turns to funny moments, to past adventures and to the future of caribou in Manitoba. Although of interest to me it's all too much to take in after the long week. When the last plate is cleaned, I duck out of the cabin and into the fresh evening air. It seemed late when we rushed from the lake to the shelter of the cabin as it was already dark, but the sun is out, a re-emergence of the evening. I pull out a cigar from my bag, the only one I brought with me for this trip, and light it. I let the aroma wrap around my nose while listening to the sounds of the evening. I settle lazily into one of the wood deck chairs and I stretch out my feet. The sun is warm in the western sky. I am in a reflective mood. The wind has died down and the rain storm seems a distant memory. If it weren't

for the shiny wet rocks and steady drip of water from the leaves of the trembling aspen beside me it might have been forgotten.

Trevor comes back from the showers and sits nearby. "Just hanging out?" he asks.

"Yes, it turned into a nice evening after all that," I say shortly. I don't feel the need to break the quiet stillness of the evening with more words.

Figure 7: Sunset on the last day

Trevor nods, pulls out a cigarette, and joins me in the quiet of the moment. I can hear the group laughing inside and know that I should perhaps join them, but I am comfortable and want to savour the moment. Trevor seems to understand that I've come outside to enjoy the last remaining moments of our trip. I reflect on the day and the week. I've now spent three weeks at this lake searching for caribou in the thick islands

throughout the years. We have had some good years here and some not so good years. One year we saw only one animal all week. So I can say without hesitation that this year was a good year. We collared six caribou and tagged a moose. Not too bad. I hesitate to leave the quiet of the picnic table and the pleasure of my cigar because I know that this is not only the end of my trip, but also the end of my collaring experiences. With the steady demands of my job, it is unlikely that I will be able to come back to Sasaginnigak Lake. In fact, it's quite likely that I may never be back in my lifetime. Without the opportunity to take part in the summer caribou collaring program I would have no reason, other than a recreational adventure, to return. As my cigar slowly disappears, my thoughts linger on this reality.

The silence is broken suddenly by Nicole, John and Linden who have come outside full of energy, wondering what Trevor and I are up to. My temporary refuge is gone as quickly as it was found. On Monday I will return to the office to write e-mails and returning phone calls, all while sitting in front of the computer. I will reminisce about this trip. I will long for the chance to return to the adventure of Sasaginnigak Lake, to experience the freedom, the hard work and the rewards of my career in this magnificent landscape.

My landscape story helped me to explore myself and reflect on my values toward the landscape. Upon reflection, the story represents many aspects of ethics. The ethics identified within the story relate to key courses within landscape architecture education. They suggest that we must have an understanding of the landscape and the impact our modern lives have on it and that we must think holistically about the landscape. The stories also suggest that we recognize the ethical implications of knowing names,

renaming and identifying places. Understanding how naming can add or remove value to things and places, recognizes the power of naming to influence our values and as a consequence our ethics.

The story identified how time is ever present in the landscape and in our stories. Time on the landscape is constantly changing. Our land ethics must be dynamic and open to change in order to reflect the environment which they protect and in order to address the reality of the ongoing landscape which is well beyond our lifetimes.

The aspect of the romantic wild is a dichotomy in landscape architecture and in my own land narratives. As an ethical component of our education the romantic wild should give us pause to be cognisant of the history of the profession of landscape architecture. It also requires us to seek balance between the quest for beauty and the recognition of the ecological systems that exist on the landscape. This dichotomy provides a motivating factor for acts of conservation and protection, and for greater appreciation of the beauty in ecology.

The other in the landscape recognizes the intrinsic aspects of our education and the ethical requirements to know place and know the other in the landscape. Landscape architecture requires that we know a place in order to make decisions about how to change it. Leopold's Land Ethic started the discussions about the other in the landscape (1989), and as such it is a guiding principle of both landscape architecture education and land management. The other which was introduced through *Plants, Landscape and Design*, and explored through site visits, provides the very foundation for decision making in design. Leopold's Land Ethic is a foundation for land ethics in landscape architecture education.

Education influences ethics and asks us to consider our personal ethic as well as evaluate our ethical positions. Through landscape architecture education, the presence of both intrinsic and explicit ideas introduced land ethics. This influence begs the question of how valuable each approach to ethical education is to landscape architecture education. If my education only included intrinsic aspects of land ethics, would it have left the same impression on me? Arguably each individual student will take from their education a unique experience. The land ethic, having been shaped by childhood experiences in addition to landscape architecture education, will be different. Each individual student can learn different things from a single event (Driver, as cited in Ballantyne & Packer, 1996).

I greatly enjoyed the courses which introduced the living aspects of the environment and therefore they played a major role in the development of my personal land ethic. I use these courses regularly in my career as a land manager and I would not be effective at my job without having the explicit knowledge introduced in *Introduction to Landscape Ecology*, and *Plants, Landscape and Design* and the implicit ethic which is part of the *Studio* environment. The ethics discovered and revealed to me through landscape narratives of naming, sequence, the romantic wild and the Other in the landscape all can be linked to these aspects of landscape architecture education.

On every trip to Sasaginnigak Lake I learn something more and learn to appreciate what I have. I can sit at my desk now and take a hard look at the impact of a new subdivision or the development of a road on the surrounding landscape. I know that if an island at Sasaginnigak Lake was logged, the woodland caribou and the moose would not be back. They would move on. Not only do I understand this, I can appreciate that

the cover provided by the thick pine, spruce and raspberry is ideal habitat for caribou calving.

As a landscape architect you may never have to address the complexities of such a situation but do you not think that there lies great value in this understanding of other places and other beings?

We often speak about how disconnected we are from our food. We care not where it comes from and how it gets from the farm to the supermarket. The truth is we are disconnected from the landscape in general. Conceivably our only contact with the landscape is the brief time we traverse large concrete parking lots or briefly interact with the space between our vehicle and the building that house our careers. It is almost perverse to design using plants, soil, shrubs and trees and never interact with any of these items through the course of our daily lives. It is even more disturbing to consider that we rarely traverse a section of plant life growing not in some organized rigid system but as it evolved to suit its surrounding environment. How then do we interact in a meaningful way? For me this was through the exploration of a story. My experiences on the landscape have led to a great many adventures, many of which have helped to reposition and challenge my land ethic, and many that have demonstrated the value of my landscape architecture education to my current career as a land manager. In essence I have found my own way to "get dirty". I have learned from the environment in which I work, and have sought to better understand it, by living within it and telling the story of the relationship I have with the landscape. Learning from the environment in this way, helps me consider and address the ethical aspects of the landscape. I don't get to go out on the landscape and learn in this way as often as I would like, but when I can I go. Now I will

go out and continue my stories of the landscape. My continuing story will act as a continually re-evaluation of my ethics.

Your own landscape narrative will provide you with the chance to uncover the source of your land ethic, and make you aware of how that ethic influences your current work. I would challenge you to make your own story in the landscape, your own landscape narrative. Make a point of starting it today if you haven't and continuing it if you already have. A landscape narrative will provide you with an ethical check, not to mention enliven your soul and make you an ethical and more creative designer.

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