b(rl)e(at[h]ing or breathing in | sounding out (a langscape)

Stuart Mugridge

Wind on Garreg Hir

The publication of this short performed text in print apparently presents a problem: the words have stepped down from the stage and onto the page (or screen); the voice and setting have changed, the context is lost. Nothing is in fact lost, instead the text is loosed; set free to move in new ways. The audience has become the presenter by proxy. The you must become the I and the you. Furthermore, this I-you will inhabit the “whole” journal and all its vibrant and varied articles. This text (and its accompanying files) becomes an interlude amongst the other articles, yet this interlude does not represent a lack or (clean) break; rather it is a change in pace or intensity. The geological unconformity of the paper bursts through here and impacts the journal-as-landscape.

And so the text retains its vital performativity, working tactically to make its point. Etymologically tactics take us through the Latin tactica to the Greek τακτική (or taktike) meaning "art of arrangement." With this root we begin to uncover some promise that takes the notion of tactic beyond an arrangement of troops (be they soldiers or business people) and towards a notion of tekhne, where a form of understanding or attunement is required to make subtle adjustments in situations (Note that this art does not answer to an overriding strategy). As an aside, tactic has an additional meaning relating it to "touch" playing off of the Latin root tangere.

The tactics of disruption are enacted through resonance and disharmony; a polite jarring. Romantic, Cynic, British, I, geology, and so forth are fragments reclaimed and diffracted. Diffragments which re-turn.¹ These difframents are slight—seen head-on

they may easily be missed or mis-taken. Instead we must glance past the usual associations and confining definitions to set up new assemblages and possibilities.

[breathing]

I should not be here. I should not be seen. I should not be heard. I should not feel. I have been warned. I should not be...I am wrong. I is wrong. I be is wrong too. I creates a clearing from which to survey, from which to look outwards. I-subject. I subject myself to I. I object. I object to this I. I subject this object to this I. The I is caught in an endless feedback loop with the not-I.
We must focus on the ego, focus on it, and cross it to get into the open field. Without it, one is caught in all sorts of camouflaged selfishness.²

recovered from the soil matrix between the stones.³

At a western edge of Europe cartographer and writer Tim Robinson found a way to have his cake and eat it. Jos Smith reports that “Robinson has described his aesthetic as driven in part by a ‘romantic-materialist’ impulse.” Smith goes on to note that this could be problematic as it hints at a “reunion” but Robinson utilizes a form of failure to stop short of fixing things in an unnatural harmony. To succeed in this reunion would be

anthropomorphizing; to fail “to find a conciliation between self and earth means that a labyrinth of possible ways of knowing the earth opens up, each way inadequate but each nonetheless interesting and plausible in its own right.”

There are unconformities here.

Richard Fortey defines an unconformity as

a contact between two rock formations (often recorded in a change in the angle of the dip of the beds), representing a considerable break in continuity, and time.

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4 Jos Smith, “‘Lithogenesis’: Towards a (Geo)Poetics of Place,” Literary Geographies, no. 1 (2015), 71.
The ground isn’t fixed; land slips, land slides, land *scapes*. Language can be seen as a fault line, an indication that man and nature are divided. But language has its own fault lines that can be invented and exploited to feed us back through landscape, acknowledging and side-stepping that word’s cultural baggage, we explore *langs*cape. *Lang* *scapes*. With/in the langscape (non)sense overflows and takes us away from simple representation.

Grey Wind Gwynt
A note to the listener (whether that listener is you or I or eye): on occasions the lithic scatters may seem esoteric, irrelevant (irreverent?) and disjointed when viewed in traditional frames of reference. However, be assured, each
scatter should be seen to mark half-concealed adits to underground systems from where rich veins may be mined. A curious form of mining though, where there is no robbing of the Earth’s resources, instead there is an augmentation…an admixing. The underground systems slowly and unsteadily are invented by this process.

To quote Nietzsche, here I go:

forward slowly, cautiously, gently inexorable, without betraying very much of the distress which any protracted deprivation of light and air must entail; you might even call [me] contented, working [h]ere in the dark.⁶

Press the eject. Erase the files. The Romantic is dead, long live the Romantic. A dumb misunderstanding and an outmoding makes the Romantic’s frilly cuffs unstylish in certain parts of town. We dress down accordingly but retain the opiated giggles in a sort of Bate update. Multiple re-readings still leave Samuel Taylor Coleridge stranded on a rocky ledge in the Lake District. Who will really know if the I or the eye got him there?

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[https://romancingthebritishlandscape.wordpress.com/]

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