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Nature as Honorary Art

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ABSTRACT: This paper addresses the apparent difficulty experienced by philosophers in applying the methodology of art criticism to the aesthetics of nature and uses the idea of 'narrative' to explore it. A short poem is chosen which recounts the 'narrative' of a simple natural process – the passage of day into night – and this is followed by a simplified critique illustrating how the poem invites questions relating to style, technique, subject, etc., leading to the query whether the art form (poem) can be dispensed with and the subject (nature) be left to tell its own story, using the 'language' of symbolism. The interface between art and science is reviewed particularly in the light of the ideas of John Dewey and what has happened since. The 'symbolism of environmental opportunity' is proposed as the key to crossing the arts/science boundary, and the question is raised whether the distinctiveness of nature is of paramount importance in this context. Various grounds for scepticism are examined, e.g. the danger of drawing inferences about human interaction with nature from the behaviour of other species.

KEYWORDS: Nature, art, aesthetics, symbolism, prospect/refuge theory

'Until recently, the literature of aesthetics gave most of its attention to the arts. The aesthetic value of nature had a minor place, often as a mere afterthought, if it was mentioned at all.' So says Arnold Berleant in his latest book (Berleant 1997: 10) thus confirming the complaints which individual philosophers have been making intermittently for some decades. For example, in 1968 Ronald Hepburn wrote 'contemporary writings on aesthetics attend almost exclusively to the arts and very rarely to natural beauty' (Hepburn 1968: 49). Since then an occasional *cri-de-coeur* has been heard echoing his verdict.

In 1976, for example, Mary Carman Rose described how, six years earlier, the American Society for Aesthetics had met in Boulder, Colorado, and hence in the midst of majestic mountains. 'Those who planned the meeting', she wrote, 'had hopes that in response to the setting the Society would make some progress in thinking through the aesthetic significance of nature. The papers read at the

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meeting, however, paid no attention to the beauty of the natural setting. And such interest in the general topic of the aesthetic significance of nature as was expressed in an occasional paper was, as a rule, vitiated by critical comments from the floor. At the close of the meeting, nonetheless, there was a trip to the mountains. At this time some members made it clear that their own (perhaps unofficial) aesthetic tastes gave an important place to nature. And some expressed regret that the meeting had contributed little to the support and illumination of those tastes' (Rose 1976: 3-4).

Round about this time numerous attempts were being made by academics, planning authorities and other institutions concerned with environmental issues, especially in Britain and North America, to assess scenic quality on a quantitative basis, and to use the resulting statistics to prepare maps which purported to differentiate between areas on the basis of their aesthetic merits. Some of us went into print with our misgivings about the validity of this practice of so-called 'landscape evaluation', (Appleton 1975a), but we urgently needed a philosopher to pinpoint the fallacies which underlay what seemed to be rather dubious reasoning.

It was Allen Carlson who came to the rescue with a powerful challenge (Carlson 1977), and, as I was planning a rail journey across Canada the following year, I arranged to make a stopover in Edmonton to meet Carlson, who organised a seminar in the Philosophy Department of the University of Alberta on 'The visual quality of the environment' the proceedings of which were subsequently published (Sadler and Carlson 1982). Carlson has remained actively interested and is still publishing on this theme (e.g. Carlson 1995). Within the last few years others have joined in (see, for example, Carrol 1993, Godlovitch 1994, Howarth 1995, Budd 1996), but the output is still a small proportion of the philosophical literature on aesthetics, and, to an amateur outsider, like me, there is a clear perception that the pendulum in philosophy still has a long way to swing.

Part of the problem would seem to be the width of the gap between the sort of questions which critics pose about the arts and those which seem to exercise the minds of the large and growing body of enthusiasts whose interests lie in the world of nature. If it is impossible to bridge this gap, we should at least expect philosophers to be able to explain why.

Consider this. 'The rapt philosopher, and he who contemplates a work of art, inhabit a world with an intense and peculiar significance of its own: that significance is unrelated to the significance of life. In this world the emotions of life find no place. It is a world with emotions of its own.' That was Clive Bell (Bell 1914: 25-27), and I am not suggesting that it would be representative of the 'rapt philosopher' of today; but it does illustrate a kind of habit of thought from which we have to break away if we are to bring nature within the same system of analysis as the arts, since it implies that they have nothing whatever to do with each other.

The problem I now want to address is how to cross this River Rubicon, which separates the principal field of interest and activity of aestheticians, as defined above, from that domain of 'natural beauty' which is not dependent for its existence on the intervention or support of the arts. Can we find a pathway beginning in the methodology of art criticism and leading by stages into the world of nature? One way to approach this is to appoint nature an Honorary Member of the Arts, accepting that it is not yet a full member, but that, at least in some ways, it can be treated as if it were. We can then begin our investigation by employing the familiar methodology of art criticism and seeing how far we can go before we reach the Rubicon. When we get there we'll pause and think about what to do next.

I am going to suggest, then, that the theme of 'narrative' may provide just such a pathway. The word itself has become one of those buzzwords, like 'sustainability' or 'biodiversity', which from time to time are seized on as panaceas, and usually get mauled about a bit in the process. 'Narrative' has been endowed with various special meanings, not least by the sociologists, but when I use it I mean simply an account of a series of events related chronologically or in some other meaningful way, in short, a story.

I shall begin with a short poem, which I have chosen principally because it does tell a story, but one which, apart from some reference to the emotional responses of the observer, that is to say the poet, is virtually confined to a description of purely natural processes to the exclusion of any human story-line, and I shall then go on to subject it to a process of critical analysis beginning firmly within that area which Hepburn tells us has been the almost exclusive concern of aesthetics, and within which, therefore, the application of a familiar methodology should present no fresh problems.

Since I have written both the poem and the critique, neither of them makes any claim to literary distinction, but that is all the better, because it will free the reader from any obligation to make value-judgments and will allow concentration on the critique as representing that 'pathway' to which I referred earlier.

Imagine you are standing on the 'Low Berg' at some six or seven thousand feet above sea level on the eastern slopes of the Drakensberg Mountains in South Africa. About four miles away to the west the 'High Berg' rises some three thousand feet higher. Beyond this lies the upper basin of the Orange River in what used to be called Basutoland and is now Lesotho.

If you were to turn around and look to the east you would see at your feet, two or three thousand feet below, the veld of Zululand, the plateau of North-Central Natal, which stretches away into the distance as far as the eye can see. It is surmounted here and there by little isolated peaks. The whole landscape is illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and the poem describes the wholly natural process which gradually converts the brightness of the day into the obscurity of the night.

The Drakensberg

In this wide world I stand -
A wider world than what I know
In my own land;
A world in which the darkness and the light,
Contending for possession of my sight,
Conscript my feelings for the fight,
Whether I will or no,
And will not let them go.

Behind me in the west
The black, basaltic dragon lies
In timeless rest.
Shieldlike he intercepts the hurtful ray
Of the stark sun, already on its way,
That only softer shafts may play
On this strange paradise
Fading before my eyes.

Below me in the east
The blackening shadows multiply.
From the great beast
They spill like lava through the dusking plain.
Immensely distant peaks alone retain
A pastel pink and pearly stain
Caught from the western sky
Until they too must die.

Slowly the glowlight drains
From vast horizons, long and low
Till none remains.
Only that cloud, like some huge mainsail spread
Over a sightless veld, already dead,
Hangs resolutely overhead,
Still stubbornly aglow,
The very last to go. (Appleton 1978: 38)

Now let us select two or three examples of the sort of things which a critique of this little poem might contain. May I remind you again not to be looking for any erudite or penetrating insight. It is a simple, even simplistic attempt to illustrate a methodology – no more than that. First, we might come across some technical description of the prosody. We could say, for example, that the poem is in metrical rhyming verse, that it is strophic in form, that is to say it consists of a

number of verses, each repeating the same pattern with respect to metre and rhyme. We could further describe the metre as consisting of eight lines of unequal length containing respectively three, four, two, five, five, four, three and three iambic feet; and we could describe the rhyming scheme as 'A-B-A-C-C-C-B-B', possibly remarking that this would be an unusual, indeed almost certainly unique, arrangement.

Then we might consider the poet's skill – or lack of it – in finding the best form of words to express his ideas. Consider, for example, the penultimate line of the first verse, 'Whether I will or no'. We might think that 'Whether I am willing or not' would sound more natural; but 'am willing' would wreck the scansion, and 'not' wouldn't rhyme. So we are left with a rather archaic phrase which might lead us to conclude that, while the wordsmith is doing the best he can, he's not quite up to the job! We have now moved on to making value-judgments, not yet about the subject of the poem, which is a phenomenon of nature, but about the competence of the author to handle the language, and we are still firmly within the methodology of literary criticism.

Thirdly we would turn to the *content* of the poem, and here we are at last bound to come up against 'nature'. Let us take just one example of its iconography, namely the blackening shadows in verse three, which 'spill like lava through the dusking plain'. We might think it pertinent to make a back-reference to the 'black, basaltic dragon' in the second line of verse two, basalt being a dark coloured, chemically basic form of lava which forms the capping of the Drakensberg, that is the 'Dragon Mountains'. So the theme of vulcanicity links the crepuscular shadows with the very object which is producing them. We might further see an implied contrast between the *time* which it takes for these shadows to spill through the dusking plain, changing as we watch them move, and the millions of years which it took to make and subsequently shape the lava-flow which now lies 'in timeless rest'.

You will notice that we have now started talking about 'nature', but we are doing so *through* the language of the poem. One is reminded of the colonel inspecting his troops, who pauses, turns to his N.C.O. and asks 'Why hasn't this man shaved, Sergeant?' Those of us who do not understand the military mind may be forgiven for wondering why he doesn't simply ask the man with the stubble-trouble. But, whatever the reason – protocol, tradition, or simply that the idea had never occurred to him, it doesn't work like that. There is an accepted channel for getting at the source of the problem and it doesn't involve going there directly.

Now to my way of thinking philosophers have this in common with the colonel; they're used to looking at *representations* of nature rather than at nature herself. If Tennyson writes a poem about 'The Brook', what interests them is how he portrays it. To be asked to look directly at the original object, to make value-judgments about the clarity of the water, the roundness of the pebbles at the bottom, the twitching and juddering of the fringing reeds – this is not perceived as in line with normal practice. I doubt whether many philosophers would in

general subscribe to the proposition that a secondary source is more worthy of attention than the primary one on which it is based, but that seems to be the implication of this way of looking at the world of nature.

We have now reached the Rubicon, and I promised that, before we attempt to cross it, we would pause and think about what to do next. So, while we are taking this breather, let me take you aside for a moment to recall an observation made by a Professor of English, R. L. Brett. In his book on the Third Earl of Shaftesbury he says that he was influential in transforming the idea of sublimity from a rhetorical to an aesthetic one. 'Before Shaftesbury', he says, 'the word "sublime" was used almost always in connection with style; after the appearance of *The Characteristics* [*of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times*, in 1711] it increasingly betokened a specific sort of feeling in the face of the awful and great.' (Brett 1951: 146). The feeling, in short, could be induced by direct contact with the manifestations of nature, dispensing with the intervention of the artist. Before the end of the eighteenth century this usage had so permeated philosophical writing that 'The Sublime' had become just as much of a buzzword as are 'sustainability', 'biodiversity' or, for that matter, 'narrative' today.

Now this is precisely the sort of transition we are concerned with. Whereas we have so far relied on an art form – in this case a poem – to arouse an aesthetic response to a natural phenomenon, we must now ask whether the intervention of this medium is absolutely necessary. Put in another way, can we leave nature to tell her own narrative, and, if we do, can we accord it the same sort of recognition that we have hitherto accorded to the poem? Can we make nature an honorary art?

Let us look at another problem area, authorship. It is claimed that one of the distinguishing features of a work of art is that it must be the product of a creative mind. So how can nature qualify as art? The most common solution has been to assert some version of the phrase 'in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth'; it is his work of art, and it is not shy to tell its own story. '*Coeli enarrant*', says the psalmist. 'The heavens *narrate* the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork'.

More recently, when theistic interpretations have become less generally fashionable, a counter-current within the arts themselves has tended to question the whole concept of authorship. When, for example, Marcel Duchamp nominated a pre-existing object, a shovel, a bottle-rack or a urinal as a work of art, what made it so, he claimed, was not the intention of the designer or the manufacturer, but the act of nomination. Later still, with artists like Jackson Pollock, the role of the artist was to hand over the responsibility, the creativity, to the random forces of nature. And now that, to create a prestigious work of art, it is enough to draw a chalk line wherever an ant chooses to walk, what does this say about the indispensability of the controlling mind of the artist?

There are, therefore, several ways in which this rigid dichotomy between art on the one hand and nature on the other may be less absolute than we thought, making the crossing of the Rubicon a less critical event than we feared. So let us

now go forward into this territory which Clive Bell says is so alien to the arts, and see whether we can find any evidence to settle the argument. This was the problem which confronted me twenty-five years ago when, as an interested amateur, virtually untrained in the habits of thought of philosophy, I began to write *The Experience of Landscape* (Appleton 1975b). 'Landscape', of course, is not the same as 'nature', but I hope that, for the moment, you will let me direct the argument to 'landscape' rather than 'nature', subject to the promise that I will return to this later to clarify the significance of the difference in the present context.

I was soon able to convince myself that Hepburn was right. Whereas two hundred years ago, at the height of the discussion on the Picturesque, 'landscape' was at the very centre of philosophical debate, now it was marginalised almost to the point of exclusion, except as the subject of a work of art. Of the modern philosophers whose work I was now beginning seriously to explore, the writer who seemed to hold out the most viable prospect of making progress in linking the arts with nature was the American, John Dewey. Indeed, if we string together, in reverse order of publication, the titles of his two important works on aesthetics, *Art as Experience* (Dewey 1934) and *Experience and Nature* (Dewey 1929), we find we have already built a bridge of a sort.

Dewey's philosophy makes a frontal attack on the position taken up by Clive Bell, who saw the value-systems of the arts as 'unrelated to the significance of life'. For Dewey 'the sense of relation between nature and man in some form has always been the actuating spirit of art' (Dewey 1958 edn: 339). In our little poem on the Drakensberg the narrative of the poem originates in a wholly natural phenomenon – the passage of day into night. If, then, the narrative is already there in nature, and if we are looking for an expression of it directly, without the intervention of the artist; if, in short, we are inviting nature to speak for herself, what is the language through which we should expect her to communicate?

It seemed to me twenty-five years ago that, in studying the aesthetic quality of landscape, too much emphasis was laid, (as in architecture), on the intrinsic properties of environmental objects, their shapes, colours, textures, etc., and their spatial arrangements. Perhaps we should start seeing them not merely as objects in their own right but as symbols, that is to say objects representing something other than themselves. Shapes and arrangements are vital. It is through these properties that we can perceive environmental objects; but maybe it is to the functions, meanings and associations, symbolically suggested by these shapes and arrangements, that our emotions ultimately respond. If so it is the language of symbolism that we should be looking for.

Later I wrote a book called *The Symbolism of Habitat* (Appleton 1990), in which I developed this idea further, making a distinction between two kinds of symbolism which I called 'cultural' and 'natural' respectively. In cultural symbolism, which is by far the most common kind encountered in the arts, the symbolic association has always been set up by some process of attribution by some person or persons who had the option of nominating something else. The

symbol of the Holy Ghost didn't have to be a dove, nor that of Ulster a red hand. We see a painting of someone wearing a mitre and we know he is a bishop, because that symbolic association was long ago set up by attribution. The mitre is a 'cultural' symbol.

But underlying this is another system of symbolism which is not dependent on any act of human attribution. If precipices, storm waves and cataracts suggest danger and thereby induce fear, it is not because somebody has set up this symbolic association. It occurs quite naturally, and if, following not only Dewey but also nearly all the psychologists, ethologists, neurophysiologists, geneticists and other scientists who have been writing since his day, we look for meaningful associations between such objects and our responsive behaviour, it becomes clear that there is a whole web of symbolic connections of this sort on the interpretation of which our very survival may depend.

A few examples will have to suffice. In *The Experience of Landscape* I began with two concepts, simple but fundamental in survival behaviour – seeing and hiding – and to these concepts I gave the names 'prospect' and 'refuge' respectively. Any condition, object or arrangement of objects conducive to observation belongs to the category of prospect. So expansive views of a panoramic kind, or restricted views of a vistal kind are prospect symbols. 'Indirect prospect symbols' suggest opportunities to see further. All horizons are of this kind, and where they are elevated into prominent peaks, they are particularly potent. Less tangible features, like clouds, may work on the imagination to achieve similar effects.

Refuge symbols suggest places of safety or of shelter from the elements, and from these twin beginnings we can expand a catalogue of environmental conditions which symbolically suggest all sorts of opportunities to exploit the advantages and avoid the disadvantages which our immediate environment affords. So, for example, potential pathways symbolise opportunities for movement; rivers suggest lines of impediment, unless, of course, we have the means of floating on them, in which case the roles of obstacle and passageway may be reversed.

From the point of view of survival the most important category of symbols is that to which I gave the name of 'hazard'. If any kind of danger is at hand, that is what we need to know about most immediately; so, paradoxically, symbols of that, like precipices or waterfalls, become a particular source of fascination. This is why The Sublime asserted an almost mesmeric power, a compulsive fascination. Nature at its most immense needs no art to narrate its message.

Two *caveats* need to be introduced as this stage. The first is that these symbols are frequently ambiguous. They do not actually give us instructions how to act; rather they send symbolic signals from which we have to make our own calculations and act on the balance of probabilities. Some degree of ambivalence is the norm rather than the exception. So, for example, what may seem like a place of refuge may actually contain something pretty nasty; and different people,

evaluating the probability differently, may experience quite different emotional responses which find expression in very different aesthetic preferences.

I promised we would return to look more closely at the particular role of nature as distinct from man-made objects as encountered in 'landscape', and the second *caveat* refers to this. When we start to address a subject like 'Narratives of nature' we may be tempted to begin by defining what we mean by 'nature' with a view to excluding from consideration whatever does not qualify. I can see the force of the argument for doing this, but on balance I think the temptation should be resisted. 'Landscape' includes the natural and the man-made. In the words of Malcolm Budd, '...our experience of the natural world is often *mixed* – a mixture of the aesthetic appreciation of nature as nature with an added element, of a variable nature, based on human design or purpose or activity' (Budd 1996: 209–10). So, as in the parable of the wheat and the tares, it is best to take them both together and sort out any significant differences later. What we are now looking for are not natural objects *per se* but what I have called 'symbols of opportunity' (Appleton 1990, Chapter 2), and we must not at this stage assume that such symbolic messages can be communicated exclusively by natural (or for that matter by non-natural) objects. I'll give you an example.

We have seen that a conical peak projecting into the sky is an eye-catching feature suggesting a powerful vantage point. It may also act as a landmark – very important in orientation, not least in enabling us to find our way back to where we started. The Matterhorn, for example, is a powerful 'indirect prospect symbol'; it is also a purely natural object. But the same symbolic message could be conveyed by a purely artificial object, like the Eiffel Tower, or by a man-made structure placed on a prominent natural one, like the chapel on the volcanic plug at Le Puy, France, or the figure of Christ which towers above Rio de Janeiro. The difference between natural and non-natural in these cases may be of less importance than the difference between a conspicuous elevated feature and the rest of the landscape.

Again, there are often difficulties in establishing precisely what is natural and what is not. An avenue of trees consists of individual growing plants which are natural in that they follow, often without human interference, the processes of development proper to their species. It is nature which determines their speed of growth, the age at which they start to flower and produce seeds, the seasonal pattern of leaf-drop and leaf-growth, and the process of decay which ultimately ends their life-cycle. In all these respects they are wholly natural; but the initial determination of their positions, the very feature which makes them 'an avenue', is unarguably humanly contrived. The art work is on the drawing-board before the natural cycle begins, and merely to describe what the word 'avenue' *means* requires us to bridge that gap between art and nature.

The word 'aesthetic' has taken on many shades of meaning, and we would do well not to lose sight of its origin. It is the adjectival form of the ordinary Greek verb *aisthanomai* meaning 'I perceive'. Environmental perception is the key to

environmental adaptation and we are motivated to practise it simply by an inbuilt desire to do just that (Appleton 1982). We explore because it is in our nature to want to do so, and the success of exploration, resulting in discovery – the acquisition of environmental information – is attended by pleasure. We are then at least on the way to setting up a hedonistic environmental aesthetics, in which our system of aesthetic values, though clearly very different from those of the birds and the bees, is nevertheless derived, through comparable evolutionary channels, from *origins* which are to be sought in basic, genetically transmitted patterns of adaptive behaviour. Our genes, in other words, ensure that we acquire not only the physical parts of our bodies proper to our species, but also, at least in rudimentary form, the capacity to use them. The hardware comes with the software.

Twenty years ago I discovered that there is still a huge pool of scepticism about this whole approach. The human brain, it was argued, is so different from that of other mammals, never mind more remotely related species, that there are no meaningful points of comparison. This argument, however, overlooks the fact that the difference lies chiefly in the neocortex, an immensely powerful cerebral instrument capable of feats of reasoning far beyond the competence of other creatures, but that this neocortex has not *replaced* the limbic brain of more primitive species but has been, as it were, grafted on to it. The limbic brain is still present in all of us; and it is there, in this 'visceral brain', that we experience emotions, like pain, pleasure, fear and anger; and, according to the neurophysiologist, H. J. Campbell, 'the basal neural mechanisms of sensory perception appear to be the same in man as in the rat' (Campbell 1973: 110).

Even in animals which do not possess a complex neocortex, the degree of sophistication of those mechanisms which relate the individual to its environment can be astonishingly advanced. Recent television programmes have shown how a young swallow, with no previous experience of long-distance navigation, can steer its way from England to the Cape of Good Hope, and, even more astonishingly, find its way back months later to the actual nest in which it was hatched, a round journey of some twelve thousand miles, while eels can make their way thousands of miles to the same spawning grounds where they started life years before. Most remarkable, perhaps, are those butterflies which regularly migrate between Mexico and Ontario and manage to find their way back to a particular group of trees in the forest.

Although Robin Baker (1981) has shown that comparable powers have persisted in human beings far more than is commonly supposed, nevertheless the degree of competence in this particular skill to be found in these tiny-brained creatures is vastly greater than anything we can match against it, (without the back-up of maps, compasses, radio-communication and a plethora of other hi-tech devices), in the performance of any comparable task. It is precisely with this area of human experience – the relationship between an observer and his or her environment – that we are here concerned. So don't let us arrogantly assume that we can learn nothing from our fellow-occupants of the globe.

I have frequently been accused of arguing that the genetic transmission of instinctive behaviour patterns 'accounts for' our habits of environmental perception and our tastes in landscape. I have, of course, never subscribed to such an absurd notion; but I have argued, and still argue, that cultural, social, historical and personal influences do not operate *in vacuo*, but mould and modify something which is already there, and that if we wish to dismiss the evidence of animal behaviour in providing a context for our understanding of our own, we should do so at the conclusion of an examination of that evidence rather than assume its irrelevance in the premise.

I close on this theme because it seems to me that researches in many branches of science all indicate a swing of the pendulum in this direction. If, like Clive Bell, philosophers exhibit a reluctance to allow the sciences, particularly the biological sciences, to inform the study of aesthetics, they run the risk of emulating the Church of England when it perceived *The Origin of Species* as such a threat to its position that its dangerous heresies must at all costs be rebutted. The consequence was that theologians spent the next hundred years eating the words of their predecessors as they carried out an undignified series of retreats from an untenable position.

In 1975 *The Experience of Landscape* set out, less ambitiously, (and within the limitations of the available scientific knowledge – it was published the year before Dawkins' *The Selfish Gene*), to do for environmental aesthetics something like what Matt Ridley has recently done so convincingly for ethics. In *The Origins of Virtue* Ridley (1996) invokes a huge range of evidence, from the behaviour of the social insects to the niceties of game-theory, to explain the origins of our awareness of right and wrong, good and evil, personal advantage and social responsibility, within the framework of a Darwinian concept of evolution, showing in another context how evolutionary biology can provide a new perspective within which to examine a philosophical problem. Philosophers have the right to demonstrate the invalidity of this approach, (if they can), but not to ignore it, without prejudicing their credibility among an increasingly scientifically informed public.

If, finally, you will read through the little poem on the Drakensberg once more, I suggest that this time you concentrate on the words not simply as describing objects, conditions, events and processes, but also as communicating the symbolic messages which lie behind them. You will recognise several of the examples we have already touched on: horizons, conical peaks and towering clouds whose prospect values are accentuated by the light of the setting sun, hazard symbols in molten lava and the threateningly bright rays of the sun, and, above all the metamorphosis, as light (the ultimate prospect symbol, because without it there can be no prospect) gives way to darkness with its ambivalent associations of refuge and hazard.

Nature can indeed communicate her own narrative if we will let her. Perhaps *we* should make more of an effort to learn her language.

NOTE

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