



FUSION JOURNAL ISSUE 10

LAND DIALOGUES: Interdisciplinary research in dialogue with land

Bathurst's 200 Plants and Animals Project: Do-it-yourself climate change communication in a regional context.

Tracy Sorensen

Abstract

Engaging the public on climate change is difficult because it is often framed as a problem remote in time and space. This paper describes my own experiences as a member of a local environmental group, Bathurst Community Climate Action Network (BCCAN), as we sought to overcome this barrier by using community arts activities. Over six months, BCCAN worked with environmental groups and individuals based in the Bathurst region to collect representations (photography, visual art, biological specimens) of local plants and animals. These were then exhibited to the public for two weeks in an empty shop in the Central Business District. The project created a framework for participation for local ecologists, professional and non-professional artists and craftspeople and children. The development of this project took place as I embarked on the early stages of my PhD candidacy and following treatment for cancer. This paper correlates themes emerging from my reading in the field of climate change communication and autoethnography as research method.

Introduction

In this paper I will give an autoethnographic account of my own experience as a member of a local climate action group attempting to engage the attention of local people in issues relating to climate change through a community arts project. Auto-ethnography is a way of capturing the power of personal story in illuminating aspects of social science research (Ellis & Bochner, 2000). It reminds us that social life can never be separated from the individual, fleshy, situated human beings that experience it and co-create it.

First, I will give a little background on climate change communication and my local group, Bathurst Community Climate Action Network. Then the tone will shift, as I move from the realm of arguable facts into a more fluid realm, the realm of my own personal experience.

Background

Climate change is said to present a potent threat to the human civilisation that developed during the relatively benign climatic conditions of the Holocene period (Pachauri et. al, 2014). We are now, imaginatively if not officially, in an era being called the Anthropocene, in which human impacts on the giant systems of the Earth have become so great as to warrant a new geological era (Cook, Rickards & Rutherford, 2015). There is much to talk about, here. However, engaging the public - or publics - on climate change is very difficult. Many theories have been posited for this. One theory is that people will tend to have difficulty responding to a problem that appears to be remote in time and/or space. More pressing concerns will tend to get more attention (see Moser, 2010, p. 33). To overcome this barrier, it has been suggested that climate change communicators should use strategies that bring the problem into the here and now of people's lives (Scannell & Gifford, 2013).

An example of such a project can be found in a climate learning network formed among row crop farmers, scientists, researchers and agricultural extension specialists¹ in the south east of the United States (Bartels et al 2012). In a series of

workshops conducted with network participants over a two year period from 2010 to 2012, the various stakeholders discussed issues surrounding adaptation to climate change. Climate scientists listened as well as spoke. Primary producers were given space to tell their own stories of weather, climate and agricultural work. The workshops were described as “interactive spaces for knowledge coproduction” (p. 45) that might in the future support decision-making and adaptation. The workshops drew on a model of knowledge as something that is socially constructed through interaction rather than a thing amenable to the unidirectional transmission model (p. 46).

This notion of creating local interactive spaces for climate change dialogue is also discussed by Martin Mulligan (2014) in a paper on the sociology of climate change adaptation. In arguing for the importance of community responses, Mulligan acknowledges that the word community is problematic, and that communities are not necessarily inclusive, harmonious or collaborative things (p. 174). He conceptualises a community not necessarily as a thing ready to take action on climate change, but something that might be created through action on climate change. With that in mind, he argues the importance of people-place relationships, coupled with art theory and practice, to “promote imaginative constructions of the scope and scale of the climate-change challenge” (p. 177).

In an earlier paper, Mulligan (2012) argues that arts-based communication strategies might be expected to promote a deeper understanding of climate change because they can bridge the gap between cognition and affect - between what people think and what they feel. The next step, he says, is to find effective ways move from emotion to action.

“...the work that is yet to be done is to forge a link between affect and agency, with agency understood as a *capacity to act* at all levels ranging from individuals and households to the global ‘community’ *without losing hope* (p. 11).

These themes play out in the activities of Bathurst Community Climate Action Network², a climate action group in a regional centre with a population of about 40,000 in the agricultural region of Central West New South Wales, Australia. BCCAN was formed in 2007, in the aftermath of a local screening of the film *An Inconvenient Truth* (Ebert, 2006), which followed efforts by former US presidential candidate Al Gore to explain the science of climate change, and the need to act upon it, to ordinary people. The group quickly reached about 100 subscribers, with an active core of about twenty people attending meetings and about 60 in attendance at Annual General Meetings. BCCAN embarked on a range of activities ranging from personal carbon footprint reduction strategies to political lobbying on issues such as coal mining and carbon taxes to supplying a regular column on climate change and environmental issues for the local newspaper, *The Western Advocate*. The group organised two community-based arts exhibitions in 2009 and 2015.

I am not simply an observer of BCCAN in my community; I have been an active volunteer member since its inception. All of the threads of my own life are brought to bear as I co-create this group, which in turn, in a small way, is co-creating this place we call Bathurst.

In this paper I want to give an account of my own personal experience of a particular arts and science-based community engagement project we conducted in 2015. Questions of the project's efficacy - its success or otherwise in changing minds about climate change - are beyond the scope of this paper. Rather, this is a personal account of *what it is like* to be a local climate change activist communicator in a particular body, at a particular time, in a particular place. To be living here and responding to climate change with a sense of agency.

Story

I am in dialogue with and about my altered body, just as I am in dialogue with and about the altered landscape that it inhabits. The air I'm breathing today contains over 400 parts per million of carbon dioxide, a dangerous concentration. As I write this sentence, the number is rising, even if just by a few atoms here and there.

This paper is also written in the shadow of personal extinction. For me, as activist and cancer survivor, the numbers relating to climate change and personal mortality are not remote in time or space but situations in which I am enmeshed, to borrow Mike Hulme's phrase (Hulme via Mulligan 2014, p. 167). I live and breathe them.

In February 2014, I was diagnosed with Stage 3C ovarian cancer. My CA125 tumour marker, at diagnosis, was over 2000. Anything over 30 is considered problematic. My life, along with the lives of all beings on this planet, is being lived under the shadow of climbing numbers.

In talking about my cancer with others, I was immediately struck by parallels with talking to people about climate change. Both issues are difficult to talk about. Both are capable of producing a strange silence, a pause, a desire to change the subject. Both quickly uncover basic attitudes to science, technology, intervention, naturalness, wellness, responsibility, fate, faith, life and death. In both there are battle metaphors; in both, sometimes, there's the language of acceptance and surrender.

In clothes, on an ordinary day, my body seems unremarkable. Unclothed, it's clear that my body is a vastly altered landscape. Two lines run across the top of my abdomen in the places where my breasts were. There is a long straight vertical scar down my middle, from breast bone to pelvis. On the left hand side of my belly there's a strange beige bag. Yes, a colostomy bag.

The landscape around Bathurst, where my body lives, is also altered. Like my intestines, the vessels that hold and carry moisture - the rivers and creeks - have

been rerouted. There's a dam, a water filtration plant and a sewage treatment plant. Water and waterborne solids do not flow the way they did in the past, but, like my bodily organs, they are still working, still carrying and processing biological matter.

This is the body I brought to discussions in BCCAN in the early months of 2015 about how we would respond to a year of celebrations marking the two hundredth anniversary of the arrival of Governor Lachlan Macquarie on the banks of the Wambool River. In May, 1815, Macquarie planted the Union Jack and proclaimed the town of Bathurst. The bicentenary celebrations, led by Bathurst Regional Council, were focused on human achievements over the past two centuries. Two hundred liquidambar trees would be planted on the outskirts of town celebrating the town's living legends.³

I was aware that the earth others, the ground upon which all of these human achievements were built, was being left out of this story.

This cultural elision started early. In the [watercolour painting](#) by the convict artist John Lewin (Lewin, 1815) of the Union Jack waving over Macquarie's camp we see open grassland and trees, the suggestion of a river, but no animals, and certainly no trace of the Wiradyuri⁴ people who lived there. Those empty fields of grassland are a blank page, *terra nullius*, just waiting to be filled with sheep and bobbing heads of wheat.

Two hundred years later, Wiradyuri people were being reintroduced to the picture. Wiradyuri elder Bill Allen, also known as Dinawan, or Emu, spoke at length to the assembled townspeople at the exact spot, as far as anyone could determine, that Macquarie's Union Jack had been flying in May, 1815. (The exact location of Macquarie's flag was forgotten in the decades after he left, and the spot became a public toilet block. Rather than dismantle the conveniences, Bathurst Regional Council simply built the new 2015 commemorative flagstaff on top of them.)

The Wiradyuri were being written back into the story but the environment, the more-than human world of Bathurst, remained largely off-stage. In BCCAN committee we discussed how we might seize the opportunity of the 200th celebrations to focus attention on the earth others of the Bathurst region.

Mostly BCCAN meetings are the site of harmonious discussion, in which we furiously agree with each other, defining ourselves in opposition to politicians and publics that have so far failed to understand the world and act upon it in ways that we and the world's climate scientists think appropriate. But every now and then, arguments do break out. When I presented a proposal for a project to be called *200 Plants and Animals*, there was a dissenting voice. This member argued that we should stick to activities that were more directly connected to creating a low-carbon economy: solar panels, energy efficiency, wind turbines. Plants and animals were not our core business. However, the majority supported my proposal, and we went on from there.

I can't speak for the others, but for me, *200 Plants and Animals* was an opportunity to take BCCAN in a somewhat different direction to the one it had been traveling in. Is climate action only about carbon taxes, solar panels and wind turbines? Is it about a greening of capitalism, a promotion of the economic opportunities opening up in that greening? Or is it about promoting a more radical shift in our attitude to the biosphere and all of its inhabitants?

I'd had a year off active involvement in BCCAN as I lived through chemotherapy and radical surgery. In that time, I'd had an epiphany about the agency of natural processes. Scales had fallen from my eyes. I was seeing the world in a new way.

Let me tell you how this happened.

When I was told that I had two large tumours in my abdomen, one eleven centimetres, the other five centimetres, I collapsed into the classic fugue state that is now a familiar cancer story trope. I simply couldn't process the information. I needed

others to hold on to the things the doctors were telling me, and then drip feed the information to me later, in tiny increments that I could cope with.

As the dust settled I found myself in a new world, the world of the cancer patient. I was congratulated on being relatively young and otherwise healthy, capable of surviving aggressive treatment. I was to have chemotherapy to shrink the tumours, then an operation, and then more chemotherapy.

I had to make sense of it somehow.

As my hair fell out people gave me books with titles like, *You Can Conquer Cancer*, the *Liver Cleansing Diet* and *Cancer Positive - The Role of the Mind in Tackling Cancers*. I said thank you and didn't read any of them. Instead, I was on Google Images studying the shape and size of the organs within the peritoneum, all of which were threatened by my cancer. I was keen to discover the position of the liver, stomach, pancreas, gall bladder, spleen, greater omentum, small intestine, large intestine, uterus. Spleen, what is a spleen? What exactly does it do? Where does it sit in the abdomen, and what does it look like? Suddenly, this was relevant and urgent information. I toyed with going to the butcher, asking for liver and stomach. I was in the mood to dissect, to know.

I began to crochet a set of three-dimensional representations of my threatened abdominal organs. I mostly worked freestyle, but I went to YouTube to learn about useful techniques, such as bobble stitch to represent the lumpy surface of the pancreas. The work was absorbing. It both focused my mind on what was happening and took my mind off what was happening.

Before surgery, I took my bag of woolly guts in to the gynaecological oncologist, who admired them as much as I had hoped she would. She arranged them on her desk and used them to explain what would be happening during surgery, which she was going to complete in tandem with an Upper GIT, or Upper Gastro Intestinal Tract surgeon. He would work up around the stomach and pancreas; she'd take the area around rectum and vagina. This is going, she said, playfully picking up the pink crocheted uterus and throwing it across the room. The little yellow apron-like greater omentum also flew across the room. Spleen, that's going, too. The two tumours, which I had rendered in fluorescent greenish yellow and black wool, were similarly

dispatched. With the remaining organs, she traced her finger along their edges, describing possibilities of a nip here, a slice there.

After surgery, a couple of days of hell and hurling. A blur of pain and green vomit. Then, at five am on the Tuesday morning following surgery, my epiphany. I was bathed in a sense of well being. Dawn light was filtering through the blinds. I felt a surge of creativity. I had been completely wrong about my body. It wasn't letting me down; it was absolutely amazing. It was where I lived and *how* I lived. I typed into my iPhone:

"The first place is this body, made up of the descendants of ancient bacteria, fish parts. This temple, made of fish parts."

How could I have failed to see it like this, before?

I read Val Plumwood's work on the agency of nature (see Plumwood, 2010). We act towards the more-than-human world as if it were dead, a passive thing.

And I read the ecofeminist Ariel Salleh.

Beneath this perfect man-made economic machine, nature is dead, merely a "raw materials warehouse". It is therefore no surprise that global climatic patterns fail, as living ecosystems are subjected to this anthropocentric vanity (2010, p. 119).

and J.K. Gibson-Graham:

Feminist critiques of hyper-separation are pushing us to move beyond the divisive binaries of human/non-human, subject/object, economy/ecology and thinking/acting. The reframing of our living worlds as vast uncontrolled experiments is inspiring us to reposition ourselves as learners, increasingly open to our interconnections with earth others and more willing to intervene in adventurous ways (2011, p. 1).

In early 2015, as I recovered from treatment and heard about Bathurst's bicentenary celebrations, I was thinking: If we are celebrating a place, let us celebrate the place. All of it. Notice the things that are here. Know what they do for you.

We decided to put one thousand dollars of BCCAN money into our exhibition, *200 Plants and Animals*. Bathurst Regional Council gave us another thousand. Our budget would cover rent for an empty shop in a quiet arcade for a couple of weeks, plus printing and publicity. Everything else would be supplied through in-kind

donations, volunteer labour and a little bit of money from the sale of artworks. We did not have the resources to curate it professionally, but we were quite happy to curate it unprofessionally.

In his thesis on amateur arts as a differential practice, Steven Knott (2011) helps explain the source of some of the energy that DIY arts and crafts run on: joy. Knott notes that the word amateur is derived from the latin *amare* - to love (p. 13). People do these things because they love to do them.

Concentration on the means rather than the ends of production leads to human experiences of joy and play that are closest to resembling the utopian dream of unalienated labour. (Knott, p. 11)

These sentiments are echoed by Nicole Pohl (2011) in her discussion of a spate of books about stitching and knitting with social intent:

It is thus not skill or craftsmanship that is at the center of the process but the experience and joy of “making.” (p. 401)

The call went out for representations of one hundred plants and one hundred animals. Members of the public could contribute whatever they liked, and we would stop collecting once we'd reached a hundred in each of the Kingdoms of Plants and Animals. Representations could include any of the visual arts including sculpture and photography, as well as natural history specimens such as bone and feather. There was one important rule: each representation had to be of one *particular* plant or animal. The contributor was asked to look up and write down its latin name. This is how we mostly managed to avoid amassing generic, sentimentalised representations. Instead of “bird” or “gum tree” or “fish”, for example, it had to be a Grey fantail *Rhipidura albiscapa* or Yellow box *Eucalyptus Melliodora* or Murray cod *Maccullochella peelii*.

In his book *Micrographia, Or Some Physiological Descriptions Of Minute Bodies Made By Magnifying Glasses With Observations And Inquiries Thereupon*, English

scientist and Fellow of the Royal Society Robert Hooke (1664) urged the importance of “a sincere Hand, and a faithful Eye, to examine, and to record, the things themselves as they appear”. That’s what we were doing, too. We wanted people (including ourselves) to go beyond what we thought we knew about our local plants and animals. Let us bring a sincere hand, a faithful eye.

One of the first respondents was a woman from Kelso who saw our advertisement in the *Western Advocate*. She telephoned to say she had a magpie nest she’d found in her back yard that had a pair of wire spectacles woven into it - woven by the magpie. Was that the sort of thing we were looking for? Yes. Another woman emailed that she had taken a photograph of one of the resident Machhattie Park possums, the one that children like to feed. Yes, we’ll take that too. A horse skull. Yes. We’re not restricting ourselves to native animals but to all living beings that share this place. What about mushrooms? We were in taxonomic trouble, because we were only going to take plants or animals, and fungi is neither. But we let them in.

We set up a Facebook page called [200 Plants and Animals](#). Amateurs uploaded snaps they’d taken in the district, of a snake, a spider, tiny flowering plants. Professional photographers with long lenses uploaded birds, birds, birds.

We entered the shop a week before the official opening, working from 9am to 5pm receiving pieces and working out how to display them. Professional ecologists and artists worked with amateurs and school children to make the displays.

People pitched in, ferrying things here and there, wrapping and unwrapping. This was action on climate change. Some sort of action, some sort of engagement. I have decided not to name all of these people in this paper, partly because their names will mean little to those who don’t know them, but also because I’m telling my story, not theirs. There were about a dozen of us actively working, with many more coming and going. The contributor participants and their families and friends, extended the circle. The nature of the contributions brought about a levelling process. So for example one of Australia’s great authorities on the platypus, an adjunct professor and author of peer-reviewed papers on the subject, popped in with his fuzzy stuffed platypus. The lady from Kelso dropped off her delightful bespectacled magpie nest. To

contribute, you simply had to bring something, whether it was something representing decades of professional expertise or something you'd found in your back yard.

We were creating a sort of cabinet of curiosities, a conscious tribute to the gentlemen scientists and collectors of the 19th century, including of course Charles Darwin himself, who travelled to Bathurst in 1836 and made notes in his diary about our own ant lion. He noticed it was similar to his ant lions at home, and wondered about that (See Armstrong, 2002).

Lachlan Macquarie had a collector's chest. Images of it can be found on the State Library of New South Wales' website (State Library of New South Wales, 2007). It's a custom-built cabinet full of flaps and sliding drawers showcasing the natural bounty of Australia. The drawers contain brilliantly coloured dead birds tightly packed like sardines, their feet tied together with string. A flap lifts to reveal a painting of fish piled on the shore, so many different kinds of fish. Dead beetles arranged in exploding circles of colour and shape, from large to tiny. The specimens are not named or grouped taxonomically; the cabinet simply conjures the infinite riches of this new land for the taking.

In our empty shop, we displayed beetles on glass in a fan-shape, feathers in jars, native plants pressed and stuck down on pieces of A4 paper. We had a taxidermied animals including a grey falcon and a fuzzy platypus, and the tiny skeleton of a sugar glider tangled in barbed wire. A line-drawing of the Bathurst copperwing butterfly with its attendant ant and hawthorn was printed up as a colouring-in competition for children. Someone had to go out and beg for prizes from the local shops.

The space had been a workwear shop, and we were able to use some of the fittings. In the cube shelves on the back wall, once piled with sturdy workshirts and trousers, we installed bones and feathers. In glass cabinets in the middle of the room, we put a stuffed platypus and the skeleton of a tiny glider possum that had become trapped in barbed wire. There was a giant painted portrait of the smooth toadlet in a gilt frame, a sequined house cockroach and massed bird photography.

Pride of place went to an oil painting of the female albino wallaroo of Mount Panorama by Nic Mason. The white wallaroo lives there amongst the car races and crowds, sometimes glimpsed with her normally-coloured grey joeys. In the painting she sat on the wall in a gilt frame, looking over her shoulder at the viewer.

On opening night, Wiradyuri elder Bill Allen, also known as Dinawan or Emu, made particular note of the photograph of visiting magpie geese. Bill Allen, Dinawan, was particularly interested in the photograph of visiting magpie geese, not normally seen in Bathurst. He'd heard that the magpie geese were visiting Bathurst at the time of Lachlan Macquarie's visit in 1815. And here they were again, two hundred years later.

For two weeks our shop sat in a dim, little used arcade between Howick Street and the Coles supermarket, because that's all we could afford. Most supermarket shoppers parked their cars under the building, popped into Coles and back out. They didn't make the trip down our end of the arcade, despite our promotional efforts.

But many - I would say hundreds, but we weren't counting - did see us. Some came intentionally, others noticed us as they walked past. They would slow down, eyes caught by a bit of skeleton or wing. They'd wander in, ask what it was all about.

One autistic girl ran from piece to piece, joyfully naming each animal or plant. She greeted them as if they were special friends. She stayed for a long time, her mother grateful. The women from the acrylic nails shop opposite us came over at least once a day, to look at things and take a break from their chemical cocktails. A man with a French accent came past at about the same time each day, on his way from somewhere to somewhere. He was coveting the large portrait of the smooth toadlet (*Uperoleia laevigata*), for which he paid \$10 and eventually carried off as if it were a trophy.

The people we in BCCAN call the usual suspects - the well-known environmentalists about town - were frequent visitors. They caught up with each other, did some networking. Children coloured their butterflies on a low table and watched as we pinned them on display boards. The small print on the colouring sheets gave the scientific names of the butterfly (*Paralucia spinifera*), the blackthorn plant upon which it feeds (*Bursaria spinosa*) and the ant (*Anonychomyrma itinerans*) with whom it lives in a symbiotic relationship. Some of the older children copied the correct purple and copper colours from a photograph; others went for eclectic brilliance. Family and friends of the exhibitor participants came and went. The volunteer shop minding roster on the whiteboard in the kitchen was in a state of constant flux, but there were no blank spaces. People were keen to do their shifts.

Visitors constantly praised our efforts, and some came back again and again, singling out favourites. People were certainly noticing and studying the earth others that they lived with, earth others so often disregarded or taken for granted. Did anything shift in their minds about climate change? We weren't collecting evidence about this, so it is hard to say.

It took just a day to dismantle everything we'd set up. By the following Tuesday morning, the For Lease sign was back in the window. We had vanished seemingly without trace.

Reflections

Afterwards, I was exhausted. The logic of finishing what one has started had taken over my life for some months. Was it a worthwhile way to spend so much time? I think it was. I was sending out seeds, the way a dandelion sends out seeds on the breeze. The dandelion doesn't know exactly where they'll land, or whether they'll grow. But if there are no seeds, there are no more dandelions. That much is certain. A story is an open-ended thing, completed in the mind of the listener or reader; it is open to multiple interpretations. My story possibly reveals things I'm not aware of. I believe the literature of climate change communication will be enriched by the personal stories of working climate change communicators. To listen to such

accounts in all their peculiarity is to recognise that climate change communication cannot be separated from the communicator. We bring our whole, particular, embodied, situated, selves to our actions in the world.

Having written my story, I look back at the literature at the beginning of this paper, and try to think about how it correlates with my own experience.

Like the collaborations between the south-eastern US row crop farmers, scientists and professionals described by Bartels *et. al* (2013), our *200 Plants and Animals* project drew on a model of knowledge as something that is socially constructed through interaction. Our project did this by creating a framework for people to interact with each other in a semi-formal, egalitarian manner as they collaboratively assembled a representation of the biodiversity of the Bathurst region. We attempted to combat the problem of remoteness in time and place as discussed by Moser (2010) by making climate change closer and more tangible: These plants and animals in this place; these people, in this shopping centre, here, now.

The notion of a community as something that can be forged through action on climate change, as presented by Mulligan (2014) played out in the conversations and networking that took place as people spent time in the virtual ecosystem that they had constructed. The exhibition also created opportunities for bridging the gap between affect and agency as discussed by Mulligan. Among participants there was a continuous back-and-forth between the sadness of loss and a commitment to doing something - even if just this small, temporary exhibition - to promote and protect the local biosphere.

At the same time, my own personal practice of anatomical crochet, which then flowed into a direct engagement with my wider biosphere and local community, shows how one person is reframing herself as, in J.K. Gibson-Graham's words, a learner "increasingly open to our interconnections with earth others and more willing to intervene in adventurous ways" (p.

For me, curiosity, crochet and as sense of community really are carrying me through the shadow of personal and global extinction. No matter how bad things get, I have found something that I can do as long as I have the use of my hands. My PhD research will explore, in depth, why and how this approach is helping me to talk with others about cancer and climate change.

So, what about my own numbers? At the time of writing, my CA125 tumour marker number is 10, well below the threshold of danger. Tomorrow, I'll get the results of my most recent blood test. I'll find out whether my numbers are going up or down or holding steady. In the meantime, as consolation, as instruction, I have the last three lines of Gary Snyder's poem, *For the Children*:

stay together

learn the flowers

go light

Notes

1. An Australian equivalent might be agricultural liaison officers employed by the New South Wales Department of Primary Industry.
2. See www.bccan.org.au
3. For an overview of Bathurst's 200th celebrations in 2015 see <http://www.bathurst200.com.au/>.
4. "Wiradyuri" is the preferred spelling of the Bathurst Wiradyuri elders' group, and is the spelling I adopt in this paper.
5. The Bathurst plains in 1815 were not cleared country. In *The biggest estate on earth. How Aborigines made Australia*, Bill Gammage (2011) posits that such landscapes were created through thousands of years of Wiradyuri use of fire.

References

Armstrong, P. (2002). Antlions: a link between Charles Darwin and an early Suffolk naturalist. *Transactions of the Suffolk Natural History Society* 38: 81, 86. Retrieved from http://darwin-online.org.uk/converted/Ancillary/2002_Armstrong_A339.html on March 29, 2016.

Bartels, W. L., Furman, C. A., Diehl, D. C., Royce, F. S., Dourte, D. R., Ortiz, B. V., ... & Jones, J. W. (2013). Warming up to climate change: a participatory approach to engaging with agricultural stakeholders in the Southeast US. *Regional Environmental Change*, 13(1), 45-55.

Ebert, R. (2006). An Inconvenient Truth. *Rev. of An Inconvenient Truth, dir. Davis Guggenheim. Rogerebert.com. Sun-Times News Group*, 2.

Ellis, C. & Bochner, A. P. (2000). Autoethnography, personal narrative, reflexivity - Researcher as subject. In Denzin, L. & Lincoln, Y. (Eds), *Handbook of Qualitative Research* 2nd Ed, Sage Publications, Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Cook, B. R., Rickards, L. A., & Rutherford, I. (2015). Geographies of the Anthropocene. *Geographical Research*, 53(3), 231-243.

Gammage, B. (2011). *The biggest estate on earth - How Aborigines made Australia*. Allen & Unwin, Sydney, NSW.

Gibson-Graham, J. K. (2011). A feminist project of belonging for the Anthropocene. *Gender, place and culture*, 18(01), 1-21.

Hooke, R. (1664) *Micrographia*, Royal Society of London, retrieved from <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/15491/15491-h/15491-h.htm> on March 29, 2016.

Knott, S. (2011). *Amateur craft as a differential practice* (Doctoral dissertation, Royal College of Art).

Kundera, M. (1984) *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. Faber & Faber, London.

Lewin, J. W. (1815). The Plains, Bathurst. [Watercolour ca. 1815-1816 / attributed to J.W. Lewin] State Library of NSW. Retrieved from <http://acms.sl.nsw.gov.au/item/itemLarge.aspx?itemID=442960> on March 29, 2016.

Moser, S. C. (2010). Communicating climate change: history, challenges, process and future directions. *Wiley Interdisciplinary Reviews: Climate Change*, 1(1), 31-53.

Mulligan, M. (2012). An affective approach to climate change adaptation. *Local-Global*, 10, 10-16.

Mulligan, M. J. (2014). Towards a more grounded and dynamic sociology of climate-change adaptation. *Environmental Values*, 23(2), 165-180.

Pachauri, R. K., Allen, M. R., Barros, V. R., Broome, J., Cramer, W., Christ, R., ... & Dubash, N. K. (2014). Climate Change 2014: Synthesis Report. Contribution of Working Groups I, II and III to the Fifth Assessment Report of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change.

Plumwood, V. (2010). Nature in the active voice. *Climate change and philosophy: transformational possibilities*, 32-47.

Salleh, A. (2010). Climate strategy: Making the choice between ecological modernisation or living well. *Journal of Australian Political Economy*, 66, 118-143.

Scannell, L., & Gifford, R. (2013). Personally relevant climate change the role of place attachment and local versus global message framing in engagement. *Environment and Behavior*, 45(1), 60-85.

Snyder, G., (1983) For the Children [poem]. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, 3rd Edition, WW Norton & Co, p. 1333.

State Library of New South Wales (2007). *Macquarie Collector's Chest, ca. 1818* [Album view]. Retrieved from

<http://acms.sl.nsw.gov.au/album/albumView.aspx?acmsID=442725&itemID=823397>