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‘The valley was as clear as in a picture’:
 landscape as an ideological tool to come to
 terms with Scottish identity in Stevenson’s
Kidnapped

Nathalie Jaëck

In his dedication to Charles Baxter, Stevenson is quite clear about his intentions in *Kidnapped*: ‘no furniture for the scholar’s library’, the novel is meant ‘to steal some young gentleman’s attention from his Ovid, carry him awhile into the Highlands and the last century, and pack him to bed with some engaging images to mingle with his dreams’.¹ Indeed, it is right *into* the Highlands that young David is immersed by the shipwreck, projected inside a landscape he cannot decipher: after the liminal zone of the sham desert island has given him a humbling foretaste of what the unknown landscape is going to be, David is extracted from his own comfortable Lowland country and implanted in a radically different and antagonizing territory. As for the ‘engaging images’ then, this is quite debatable.

What I would like to prove in this paper is that in *Kidnapped*, Stevenson stages an evolution in David’s perception of Scottish space, an elaborate mutation of what we could call the rhetoric of landscape: such mutation is a way for Stevenson to vehicle but also to contest and modify territorial power struggles in the Highlands. In the Lowlands, David comfortably views space as *landscape*, from a commanding position, from a distance, ‘as in a picture’ (p.142). He derives artistic pleasure from the contemplation of the fertile and neat hills that are offered to his satisfied glance: this idealised landscape ‘becomes a moral lesson legitimating political authority’,² and David denies territorial fights in an encompassing formula, ‘It’s all Scotland’ (p. 126), that reinforces the sense of nationhood. Once in the Highlands, David

is projected into the canvas, and representations are challenged by his direct practise of the land: space becomes contested *territory*, that is to say both a network of social relations, and an experimented, lived-in, practised land.³ Through the specific encounter of Alan, *national landscape* gradually becomes *vernacular territory* for David, and his artistic panoramic vision is focused into a more geopolitical view: topographical view and artistic *veduta* gradually give way to political vision.

Such evolution in landscape imagery is a way to insist on several things: first and obviously, that 'landscape imagery is a semiotic structure that needs to be historicised, a culturally constructed process and certainly not a neutral and objective reproduction of the land'⁴ and that Stevenson highlights the subjectivity and the ideological import of the representation of landscape; second, that David moves beyond classical representations – the Highlands as Romantic Sublime setting and blank barren wasteland are re-historicised as an active site of resistance; and third that *Kidnapped* is a way to return Highland territory to the natives, to challenge English *occupation* through vernacular *appropriation*. 'Landscape imagery is contested political terrain'⁵ indeed, and *Kidnapped* is a way to address that issue through an elaborate rephrasing of the rhetoric of landscape.

When David sets off upon his journey from his native Essendean, he presents the readers with what we can call a description of 'official landscape that conveys an image of ideal Britain'.⁶

As the definition makes clear, landscape is crucially a matter of viewpoint, it implies prospect: 'a view or prospect of natural inland scenery, such as can be taken in at a glance: a piece of country scenery' (OED). David's standpoint, as he surveys his native land, is a panoramic and commanding view. He stands 'to the top of a hill' (p. 12) or 'to the summit' (p. 14), and the landscape is displayed 'round about' (p. 14) to his domineering, all-encompassing and structuring vision. As Pugh developed,

prospect was a definite sign of status in 18th century landscape painting: 'a commanding view establishes position and the right to generalise. This of course coincides with ownership of heritable property'.⁷ As he is taken up the hill by the woman he meets on his way, it is indeed his future property David is contemplating at the bottom of the valley, in a state of disrepair but nestled in the most pleasant surroundings. Despite his young age and inexperience, it is thus proleptically in the typical station of a land-owner and heir that David is positioned:

Those who can comprehend the order of society and nature are the observers of a prospect, in which others are merely objects. Some comprehend, others are comprehended; some are fit to survey the extensive panorama, some are confined within one or other of the micro-prospects which, to the comprehensive observer, are parts of a wider landscape, but which, to those confined within them, are all they see.⁸

At the beginning of the novel then, David is situated above the landscape, he comprehends it from the outside, in a position of artistic and political enjoyment, and 'the design of landscape and the mode of its representation become signifiers of the way that the countryside and its workers are controlled and how power is structured and made evident'.⁹ He is endowed with the Ruskinian 'gift of taking pleasure in landscape'¹⁰ and indeed the landscape that is spread in front of him is extremely 'pleasant', giving a pastoral sense of timeless harmony and measure:

The country was *pleasant* round about, running in low hills, *pleasantly* watered and wooded, and the crops, to my eyes, wonderfully good. [...] The more I looked, the *pleasanter* that country-side appeared; being all set with hawthorn bushes full of flowers; the fields dotted with

sheep; a fine flight of rooks in the sky; and every sign of a kind soil and climate. (p. 14)

The rural landscape is turned into a national metaphor, as the countryside becomes an emblem of the country. The land is welcoming and hospitable, its physical characteristics are mild and balanced ('kind soil and climate'); it is docile and domesticated, dealt with on the passive mode ('watered, wooded, dotted with'), it is also fertile and yielding – nature is bountiful as the bushes are full of flowers, and the crops and sheep also testify to human labour, though farmers are adequately erased from the picture, as befits the beautiful representation supporting the myth of harmony. In *Little Dorrit*, Arthur Clennam wonders at the anomaly of English landscapes being emptied of people: 'English landscape. The beautiful prospects, trim fields, clipped hedges, everything so neat and orderly – gardens, houses, roads. Where are the people who do all this? There must be a great many of them, to do it. Where are they all? And are *they*, too, so well-kept and so fair to see?'¹¹ Similarly, in David's mythical constructed countryside, everything is neat and orderly, wild nature is domesticated, 'blackbirds whistling in the garden-lilacs' (p. 7), workers do not enter the canvas, and the landscape becomes an ideological idiom to represent harmonious national identity.¹²

Such ideological idiom is of course heavily questioned as David is abducted by his uncle's accomplice and brutally extracted from his pastoral haven to be thrust into the hostile Highlands, and Scotland abruptly loses the inclusiveness and harmony David had improperly endowed it with: 'It's all Scotland' is undermined by the dire contrast between the two sides of the borders. What is very interesting in *Kidnapped* is there is a gradual mutation in David's depiction of the space around him, a geographic initiation to the difference between landscape and territory.

Still caught into the classical rhetoric, David first remains faithful to an artistic and distanced appreciation of his surroundings:

he merely substitutes an aesthetic category to another, and the Highlands conjure up Burke's Sublime just as automatically as the Lowlands summoned Gilpin's picturesque. David *landscapes* the land, and produces it as a collection of static topoï generated by previous representations.

Note that in the Highlands, David's overhanging vision is defeated, and his preferred standpoint as an enlightened observer does not give him access to the topography of the place. In Earraid, going up the hill is of no avail, and David is unable to structure the landscape. As he 'looks to see' (p. 93) – the near pleonasm highlights the difficulty of the endeavour – the land remains a mystery, 'there was no sign', 'It was nowhere to be seen' (p. 92): 'At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion of the truth.' (p. 93). The panoramic view gives way to fragmented glimpses ('in what I could see of the land' (p. 92), and David is deprived of status, he now regresses to the category of people who cannot enjoy a general vision, according to Reynolds' distinction between 'the ability to grasp things in terms of their relations [...] and the inability to do so, which leaves us focusing, myopically, on the objects themselves, on, as Coleridge puts it elsewhere, "an immense heap of *little* things"¹³ David is taken from his pedestal in two major ways. First, instead of seeing, David is now in the position of being seen, as the Gaelic sailors look at him from a distance, observe, analyse and comment on his attitude, in a foreign tongue. He is now trapped in the picture, comprehended in it instead of comprehending it. Second, the place on the pedestal is now occupied by a deer, as if nature had taken over: 'This was the day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island.' (p. 96) The image of the deer here, in complete command of the vast landscape, is once more quite typical, and reminds the reader of one of the most famous paintings by Sir Edwin Landseer, *The Monarch of the Glen* (1851).



As Anne MacLeod develops, the emphasis here is on possession of the grounds¹⁴ and the Royal Stag, just like Stevenson's crowned specimen, can be seen as a mark of territorial reclaim, as a direct challenge to the authority of King George. From then on, David will no longer be able to access the top of the mountains, he will on the contrary look up to them as landmarks: 'He told me Torosay lay right in front, and that a hill-top (which he pointed out) was my best landmark' (p. 104), and lay low in the landscape: he lays 'in the lower parts of the moorland' (p. 157), while 'the mountains on either side were high' (p. 117), 'a mountain that overhung the loch' (p. 118). Such deprivation of verticality results indeed in a myopic, fragmented and kaleidoscopic vision, as David is no longer able to get the general picture: he can only catch fragments that seem to be selected randomly, bits

and pieces that fail to organise a coherent panoramic picture any more. It is all an indistinct and incoherent mass to him, 'a jumble of granite rocks' (p. 93), 'bog and briar' (p. 107), as the indefinite and the alliteration highlight.

Such defeat of the senses to make sense of the landscape conjures up for David the typical Sublime imagery early travellers to the Highlands had already stabilised, and he remains at first quite dependent upon such aesthetic distance to take stock of the landscape. Smout has argued that 'The Highlands began as a canvas on which the outsider could perceive little clearly and the little that was clear was not desirable'¹⁵ and Gilpin summed up the Sublime characteristics of the Highlands in his description of the Pass of Killiecrankie. 'Wide, waste and rude,' he styled the scenery; 'totally naked; and yet in its simplicity often sublime'. The ideas it provoked, he asserted, 'were grand, rather than pleasing,' with the result that 'the imagination was interested, but not the eye'.¹⁶ (Indeed, the view is rather bleak for David, and Stevenson's promise of the 'engaging images' are ill-calculated to elicit pleasure: 'It seemed a hard country, this of Appin, for people to care as much about as Alan did' (p. 117). Across the border, nature is characterised by its ruggedness, its barrenness, its emptiness, its wildness, so many elements that concentrate all the typical features of Burke's enumeration: 'rugged' (p. 101), 'The mountains on either side were high, rough and barren, very black and gloomy' (p. 117), 'It was a rough part, all hanging stone' (p. 127), 'Wild mountains stood around it; there grew there neither grass nor trees' (p. 138), 'A wearier-looking desert man never saw. We went down accordingly into the waste' (p. 155), 'a piece of low, broken, desert land' (p. 154). David's account reads like an echo of Edward Burt's version – he was among the early explorers of the Highlands, along with Daniel Defoe, and painted a bleak picture of the scenery: he trembled at the 'stupendous bulk, frightful irregularity and horrid gloom'¹⁷ of the mountains, and noted the unpleasantness of a country that 'consisted chiefly

of stony moors, bogs, rugged [...] hills, entangling woods and giddy precipices.¹⁸ Turner's painting, *Loch Coruisk in Skye*, captures that same general atmosphere of bleakness and sterility and highlights how the immensity of the landscape dwarfs the characters:



The road on the left hand side reminds the viewer of Burt's 'old ways (for roads I shall not call them)¹⁹ and David's 'rugged and trackless' ways (p. 101), and speaks for the enduring concern of access in that area, for its enduring inhospitality. The painting is also characterised by the same mist and atmospheric instability David constantly refers to: the unpredictability and unsteadiness of the setting increase the sense of insecurity and transiency, the general unreliability of the landscape. The volatility of the climate is commented upon by David: 'the mist enfolding us like as in a gloomy chamber' (p. 173) as well as the abrupt changes in weather that confirm the Sublime by insisting upon the uncontrollability of the landscape. Once more, one of Landseer's famous paintings, *Lake Scene, Effect of a Storm* (ca 1833) corroborates the image and David's representation documents the Highlands' sublime palimpsest:



Though the lake is still peaceful here, waters are seldom tranquil in *Kidnapped*. While the Lowlands were 'kindly' watered by gentle streams, water in the Highlands is certainly not domesticated: it gushes and thunders, swells small harmless brooks into roaring torrential rivers:

The sound of an infinite number of rivers came up from all round. In this steady rain the springs of the mountain were broken up; every glen gushed water like a cistern; every stream was in high spate, and had filled and overflowed its channel. During our night tramps, it was solemn to hear the voice of them below in the valleys, now booming like thunder, now with an angry cry. I could well understand the story of the Water Kelpie, that demon of the streams, who is fabled to keep wailing and roaring at the ford until the coming of the doomed traveller. (p. 174)

The turmoil of water is indeed another Sublime recurrent ele-

ment in visitors' accounts, as is for example obvious in *Fingal*: 'The torrents rushed from the rocks. Rain gathered round the head of Cromla.'²⁰ David is thus not very original here either, and just like his pastoral images for the Lowlands were borrowed from Gilpin's picturesque, his descriptions of the Highlands seem to be extracted from the Sublime palimpsest, to belong to a sort of collective travel album, as Gustave Doré's *A Mountain Torrent in the Highlands* (1883) further illustrates:



In both cases then, David is made to use typical aesthetic distancing in order to ascertain the order of the world, and to naturalise and hierarchise the differences – needless to say, in his initial (pre)-conception of the Highlands, David shares the prejudices of the age, and the natives, the 'wild Highlanders' 'yon wild hielandman' (p. 61) are seen as primitive, animal-like, childish and uncouth, notably in their speaking English with a strong accent and rather irregular grammar that Stevenson makes a point of inscribing, marking his text with spelling distortions and grammatical twists. Wildness is best transcribed by a proximity between Highlanders and animals, and animalising metaphors

abound: Alan is said to be ‘as nimble as a goat’ (p. 57), ‘a bull, roaring as he went’ (p. 68), ‘a sheepdog chasing sheep’ (p. 68), ‘a fair heather-cat’ (p. 112), Ardshiel ‘has to flee like a poor deer upon the Mountain’ (p. 81), to quote but a few.

What is remarkable in Stevenson’s text is that in the course of his flight in the heather with Alan, in the course of his wandering or cruising, David is initiated to a different type of vision. As he practises the land, runs on all fours, listens to its language, music and vernacular noises, as he touches and smells the earth, he begins to see the Highlands not so much as landscape but as *territory*, and such mutation amounts to political resistance, as it rephrases the issue of land appropriation. Landscape is marked as ‘a particular historical formation associated with European imperialism’ (Mitchell 5), and in the second half of *Kidnapped*, it becomes obvious that ‘landscape imagery is contested political terrain’ (Pugh, p. 2): territory takes over landscape, and native legitimate re-appropriation dismisses the legal occupation of outsiders.

The major change that takes place with Alan is that David has got access to the inside of the land, instead of seeing it as a surface from which he used to be detached. As he follows Alan, his relationship to space is that described by Merleau-Ponty: ‘I live space from the inside; I am immersed in it. After all, the world is all around me, not in front of me’.²¹ This is of course a crucial difference, and in *Kidnapped*, Stevenson is indeed very careful to insert his characters within the land:

‘Jouk in here among the trees,’ said a voice close by. [...]

Now we ran among the birches; now stooping behind low humps upon the mountain-side; now crawling on all fours among the heather. The pace was deadly: my heart seemed bursting against my ribs; and I had neither time to think nor breath to speak with. (p. 121)

The postposition 'among' is very telling: Alan and David form part of the territory, they belong to it equally with the heather, the tree, the birches, and cannot be dissociated or told apart from the environment. They camouflage easily in protective nature, and this is to be contrasted with the Red Coats, who are literally excluded from the land, marked out by the contrasting green colour of the vegetation, or by the sun that seeks them out and makes them very obvious to their native enemies. A little after we had started, the sun shone upon a moving little clump of scarlet close in along the water-side to the north. It was much of the same red as soldiers' coats; every now and then, too, there came little sparks and lightnings, as though the sun had struck upon bright steel. (p. 117) . Their delusory attempt to blend in is exposed, their very presence on Highland soil is a ridiculous oxymoron as the walking 'clump of scarlet' highlights. They stand out from the land just as much as David and Alan blend in it. Quite tellingly, they are not 'among' the land, they are 'over' it, on the surface, unable to penetrate a territory that is only superficially theirs: 'Little wee red soldiers were dipping up and down over hill and howe, and growing smaller every minute' (p. 127). The Scottish 'wee' taking over 'little' is another way to deny them legitimacy, to reassert linguistic empowerment, and to insist upon their heterogeneousness, as if they were merely sprinkled over the territory.

Outlandishness changes sides or is rephrased: the English soldiers seem to be physically expelled from the territory, or confined to its outskirts. This is reinforced by the fact that as they are not familiar with the territory, they are constricted to the few official roads that are on the map: 'they still stuck to the trail, and doubtless thought that we were close in front of them.' (p. 127) Apart from these few marked roads, the whole expanse of the country, is 'trackless' to them, there is 'no landmark' (p. 101), and indeed, David is similarly at a loss, as he can still 'by no means see how Alan direct[s] himself' (p. 101). As opposed

to that, thanks to their daily practice of their own territory, and to their 'swift judgement not only of the lie of the whole country, but of the solidity of every stone' (p. 145), the locals 'know every stone and heather-bush by mark of head' (p. 106), and are able to find ways that are wiped out for the outsider: 'There may be roads for them that know that country well.' (p. 101).

The Red Coats are condemned to ineffective 'marching and countermarching' and are trained to look at obvious pre-determined lines: 'they only kept a look-out along the banks of the river' (p. 144) – the military vocabulary and the opposition insist on the inefficiency of such surveillance. But in the wake of Alan, David can roam the country, engaged in a 'toilsome and devious travel' (p. 155), cutting across open land, their way 'lying now by short cuts, now by great detours' (p. 138). The Red Coats are thus confined to what Deleuze and Guattari called 'a striated space', a sedentary space that is ordered and methodical, that configures space in a static distinct form. On the other hand, David and Alan envision the Highland as a 'smooth space', a nomadic space, a living network of perpetually reconfiguring links, a rhizomatic possibility of endless, active and random connections.²²

As they are introduced to David by Alan, the Highlands thus have two major characteristics: they are *lived-in*, practised, and they consist in a mobile network of social links. These are the two essential characteristics of the *territory* as it has been redefined specifically by contemporary cultural geography (Jackson, Cosgrove), and as Guy Di Méo summed them up, saying that there are 'two major constitutive elements in the territorial concept, its characteristic as 'a social space', and its characteristic as a lived-in space.'²³

The two characteristics are linked of course, and it is both collective insiders' practice and native solidarity that have built the Highlands as a territory. After a while, David thus knows better about control and distance: he acknowledges that overhanging positions are of no avail, that they only reinforce dominant

structures and representations. The soldiers, from their apical standpoint – ‘planted on places of command’ where ‘on the top of a rock there stood a sentry’ (p. 142) – are only helpless and exposed by the sun, ‘with the sun sparkling on his arms’ (p. 142), while David and Alan are better off ‘down in the valley’ (p. 144), viewing *from* their material territory – ‘looking out between the trees’ (p. 127), ‘keeping only one eye above the edge of our place of shelter’ (p. 140), ‘From the mouth of the cleft we looked down upon a part of Mamore’ (p. 147) – and not looking *out* on a theoretical landscape. The landscape is now felt by David, ‘literally felt by his feet and hands and knees as he struggles through it.’²⁴ He realizes that such constant practice by Alan and his fellow Highlanders have vernacularised the landscape;²⁵ as such, it is both a refuge and a provider, certainly not the wasteland David initially thought, and his response becomes much more positive, as the rhizome of possibilities emerges just below the opaque empty surface. ‘L’entrelacs des rapports sociaux et spatiaux’,²⁶ ‘the intertwining of social and spatial links’, is uncovered beneath the surface: seemingly impenetrable mountains open up to provide the natives with stealthy shelters – ‘we reached our destination, a cleft in the head of a great mountain, with a water running through the midst, and upon the one hand a shallow cave in a rock’ (p. 140). The uniform heather proves to hide furtive huts and cabins, and David and Alan can literally disappear into the environment, ‘clapped flat down’ in their ‘lodgement’ on a rock, or able to ‘duck in again’ (p. 140) in burrow-like hides. Even dreary Ben Alder, an impassable barrier to the Red Coats, opens up to the natives ‘through a labyrinth of dreary glens and hollows and into the heart of that dismal mountain of Ben Alder’ (p. 161). Cluny’s cage is the most elaborate example in the novel of an active collaboration between man and nature: his egg-like nest-like clandestine shelter reads like one of Bachelard’s ‘space reveries’ in an inclusive space ‘under the sign of the preposition *in*’ (‘sous le signe de la préposition *dans*’)²⁷ where man and

nature actively collaborate:

Quite at the top, and just before the rocky face of the cliff sprang above the foliage, we found that strange house which was known in the country as 'Cluny's Cage.' The trunks of several trees had been wattled across, the intervals strengthened with stakes, and the ground behind this barricade levelled up with earth to make the floor. A tree, which grew out from the hillside, was the living centre-beam of the roof. The walls were of wattle and covered with moss. The whole house had something of an egg shape; and it half hung, half stood in that steep, hillside thicket, like a wasp's nest in a green hawthorn.

Within, it was large enough to shelter five or six persons with some comfort. A projection of the cliff had been cunningly employed to be the fireplace; and the smoke rising against the face of the rock, and being not dissimilar in colour, readily escaped notice from below. (p.160)

Both a cave and a nest, both earth and sky, it is a hybrid natural-cultural space: 'It has roots and boughs [...] The powerful tree is the pillar of the house [...] The roof and the walls hold on to the boughs, they let them through [...] The foliage is a roof, above the roof'.²⁸ The barren wasteland is thus in fact a land of shelter and plenty for those who have developed a material practice of it, for those who can build, but also fish and hunt: 'The burn was full of trout; the wood of cushat-doves; on the open side of the mountain beyond, whaups would be always whistling, and cuckoos were plentiful.' (p. 140)

This house is only one among many for Cluny, who is able to escape the vigilance of the Red Coats thanks to a multiple network of such hiding-places: 'he had caves, besides, and underground chambers in several parts of his country; and following the reports of his scouts, he moved from one to another as the soldiers drew near or moved away.' (p. 162)

The territory thus is lived-in, but also interconnected: Cluny can also benefit from the solidarity of his people, who scout the country to mark the positions of the Red Coats and open a safe line, literally ‘a line of escape’²⁹ among the static points of surveillance. The so-called wasteland unfolds three-dimensionally as a powerful network of neighbouring solidarity, a multiple social space that is utterly invisible to the probing eyes of the outsiders: “Though, upon its face, that country appeared to be a desert, yet there were huts and houses of the people, of which we must have passed more than twenty, hidden in quiet places of the hills’ (p. 138). The natives escape the vigilance of the Red Coats through a system of cultural communal signals that are undecipherable to those who do not belong – notes in Gaelic, codes and material signs, whistles, but also a set of mobile warning sentries: “But I dare say he’ll have a sentry on the road, and he would ken well enough no soldiers would find the way that we came.” (p. 130), and it is really no problem for Alan to ‘get some word sent to James’ while David cannot figure how it might be achieved, considering that they are ‘in a desert place’ – “unless ye get the fowls of the air to be your messengers, I see not what we shall be able to do” (p. 148).

In fact, in this instance, David himself is going to be the messenger-bird, trusted with an undecipherable button on a string and ‘a piece of wood, fashioned in a cross, the four ends of which [Alan] blackened on the coals’ (p. 148): involved and inserted in the ever-evolving and opportunist network, David is taken in, territorialised by the community and inserted in their process of re-appropriation. The initiation through the heather is over, and David can eventually experiment ‘continual wonder and pleasure to sit and behold them’ (p. 147), no longer from above, but from among the community.

Two sets of space are thus opposed in *Kidnapped*: the smooth ‘face’ of the land that can be occupied, and the rhizomatic space below the surface, the thick and intertwined arrangement of

social connexions, bristling below the impervious surface, from which a dissident counter-process of re-appropriation can be developed.

As he returns to the Lowlands though, 'within plain view of Sterling Castle' (p. 188), and as he is about to come into his inheritance, it could read as if his initiation in landscape theory had be quite in vain.

Shearers worked all day in a field on one side of the river. [...] As soon as the shearers quit their work and the dusk began to fall, we waded ashore and struck for the Bridge of Stirling, keeping to the fields and under the field fences. [...] The fields were being reaped; two ships lay anchored, and boats were coming and going on the Hope. [...] It was altogether a right pleasant sight to me; and I could not take my fill of gazing at these comfortable, green, cultivated hills and the busy people both of the field and sea. (p. 188)

The return of David's sense of satisfaction at that view is quite disquieting after his being confronted with the Highland: the fertility and greenness of the land, the common open space being replaced with possessed fields, the fences that order space and cannot fail to remind the reader of the policy of enclosures and the Clearances of the Highlands, the imagery of the passivity of the land, and the static return of the adjective 'pleasant' all seem to speak for a mere return to the beginning.

And yet, there is a major difference: these rural pastoral scenes are now peopled, the fields are not only neat and orderly, they 'are being reaped' and the continuous aspect of the verb speaks for the activity of men, while sheep are no longer decorative, they are replaced by active shearers. The landscape is now practised, and Stevenson thus takes part in *Kidnapped* in the contemporary

artistic and political reappraisal of the notion of landscape: he rephrases it as mobile territory, that needs to be practised and *can-vaused* while the landscape is marked as an ideal, but static, *canvas*.

NOTES

- 1 Robert Louis Stevenson, *Kidnapped*, (London & New York: Penguin Classics, 2007), p. 3, henceforth cited in text.
- 2 Simon Pugh (ed.), *Reading Landscape: country – city – capital* (Manchester and New-York: Manchester University Press, 1990), p. 2.
- 3 See Guy Di Méo, *Géographie sociale et territoire*. (Paris: Nathan, 1998).
- 4 Nathalie Jaëck, Xavier Amelot, 'Dickens's pioneering rhetoric of landscape', in *Représentations*, Grenoble, 2016, <http://representations.u-grenoble3.fr/spip.php?article38>
- 5 Pugh, p. 2.
- 6 Eithne Henson, *Landscape and Gender in the Novels of Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, and Thomas Hardy. The Body of Nature* (Farnham: Ashgate, 2011), p. 225.
- 7 Pugh, p. 2.
- 8 *Ibid.*, p. 28.
- 9 *Ibid.*, p. 2.
- 10 John Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, ed. by David Barrie (London: Andre Deutsch, 1987), p. 414.
- 11 Charles Dickens, *Little Dorrit*. 1855. Project Gutenberg. [on line] p. 47. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/963/963-h/963-h.htm>
- 12 Henson quoted in Ephraïm Sicher, *Rereading the City Rereading Dickens. Representation, the Novel, and Urban Realism* (New-York: AMS Press, 2003), p. 24.
- 13 Pugh, p. 24.
- 14 Anne MacLeod, 'The Highland landscape: visual depictions, 1760-1883' in Broun and MacGregor, (eds), *Miorun Mòr nan Gal*, 128-157, p. 142.
- 15 T. C. Smout, 'Tours in the Scottish Highlands from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries', *Northern Scotland* 5 (1983), 99-122, p. 99.
- 16 William Gilpin, *Observations Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty Made in the Year 1776, on Several Parts of Great Britain, Particularly*

in *the Highlands of Scotland*, 2 vols. London: 1789, p. 171, quoted in MacLeod p. 135.

- 17 Edward Burt, *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London*, vol. 1, 5th edition (London: Ogle, Duncan and Co: 1822), p. 286. Accessed at https://books.google.co.uk/books/about/Letters_from_a_Gentleman_in_the_North_of.html?id=jVULAAAAYAAJ&redir_esc=y
- 18 Ibid., p. 191.
- 19 Ibid.
- 20 *The Poems of Ossian the Son of Fingal*, translated by James Macpherson Esq. (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1812), vol. 2, p. 40.
- 21 Maurice Merleau-Ponty, 'Eye and Mind', in Galen A. Johnson, *The Merleau-Ponty Aesthetic Reader: Philosophy and Painting* (Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1993) p. 138.
- 22 'Le strié, c'est ce qui entrecroise des fixes et des variables, ce qui ordonne et fait succéder des formes distinctes, ce qui organise des lignes mélodiques horizontales et des plans harmoniques verticaux. Le lisse, c'est la variation continue, c'est le développement continu de la forme, c'est la fusion de l'harmonie et de la mélodie au profit d'un dégagement de valeurs proprement rythmiques, le pur tracé d'une diagonale à travers la verticale et l'horizontale.' – Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari, *Mille Plateaux* (Paris: Minuit, 1980), p. 597.
- 23 Di Méo, p. 34, my translation. 'deux éléments constitutifs majeurs du concept territorial, sa composante "espace social" et sa composante "espace vécu".'
- 24 Jenny Calder, 'Figures in a landscape. Scott, Stevenson and routes to the past' in Richard Ambrosini & Richard Dury (eds.), *Robert Louis Stevenson. Writer of Boundaries* (Madison, Wis.: The University of Wisconsin Press, 2016), pp. 121-132. Calder's analysis that his response to the Highlands 'is relentlessly negative' (p. 128) thus seems to me to have to be qualified.
- 25 See John B. Jackson, *Discovering the Vernacular Landscape* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1984).
- 26 De Méo, p. 94.
- 27 Gaston Bachelard, *La Terre et les rêveries du repos* (Paris: Librairie José Corti, 1948), p. 12.
- 28 'Elle a racines et frondaisons. [...] L'arbre puissant est le pilier de la

maison. [...] Le toit et les murs tiennent aux branches, laissent passer les branches. Le feuillage est un toit, au-dessus du toit.' Bachelard, p. 95, my translation.

29 'ligne de fuite' is a common concept in Deleuze's thinking. See the introduction to *Mille Plateaux*, p. 12.