

A Critical Commentary for a Sense of Place



By Maya Rose Edwards



How can we both find and lose ourselves in a place?



In a 100-metre radius of Level Centre I found:

Two tree stumps stripped bare of bark, yellow poles in matching bucket hats, unidentifiable rusty parts in an oil drum, a miniature timber roof, a pink wheelbarrow of green grass, The 'heavy end' of a wooden pallet and an infant conker showing off its first spike.



I wander the woodland trail and the local recycling plant emerges through the bushes.



The tip took no issue to me wandering through with my bag for life. I don't find much other than a toilet and a sign against paper.



I chat with a worker about how strange it is that we have a law where taking things from the tip is illegal and he tells me that they would at risk of lawsuit for items not being fit for purpose.

Isn't that why they're there in the first place?



I met some locals at an agricultural warehouse and see mugs that neatly state what I think I've been looking for.



In the warehouse you can buy both farming equipment and its plastic toy counterpart.



I desperately wanted The **Raptor Audio Bird Scarer** but it cost £370 (not including VAT). Everything from the vacu-formed plastic case where the raptor wing is a handle, to its unnecessary capacity for 'indoor use' to the distress calls of over 24 different species in one convenient unit.

There was unfortunately no unboxing video online



I went further afield in search of more placefulness. It's good to get to know a place through its public transport, and in small places its even more of an event when only possible once on the hour.



It's interesting to look at the way a place brands itself around its rurality and halcyon to sustain an economy.

How *proper* can something ever truly be? And do dogs actually care to have their own menus at the pub?



At a small market stall a man was selling rabbit feet for 50p and it left me wondering whether you can buy luck in bulk in a place like this because perhaps that's an even better deal than The Raptor Audio Bird Scarer.



There are 2 old Mill stones in with the rest of the riverbed. A sense of place is often just a rearrangement of its history. The ruin of the 21st century.



The shops sell plastic livestock to match the plastic agricultural equipment and if I had the time I could put together a miniature.



There's even a 'wind action owl' which makes me wonder if all birds are wind actioned?



They are offering free to take Lego bricks on the pavement as a call to unmake and rebuild. A sense of place is so remote to most of us and seems to only further estrange us from sense of ourselves.



There's packets of seeds to get your cat stoned.



The bridge back to the bus station doesn't want your memories. I've heard stories about bridges being torn down due to the weight of padlocks.

I wonder what my love lock to Derbyshire would have been and whether I could leave this powerpoint behind instead.