15 Reflections of a Scape Artist
Discerning Scapus in Contemporary Worlds

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[T]he universe is a communion of subjects, not a collection of objects.
—Thomas Berry

After scrapping several false starts on this chapter, I’ve decided to craft it as a personal essay, rather than as a social scientific inquiry or a managerial treatise. While I hope to engage both social scientists and marketing managers in the process, I’ve adopted a more humanistic approach in conveying the way in which I attempt to apprehend—that is, both understand and represent in reciprocal fashion—a sense of place.

I’ve spent three decades trying to make some scholarly sense of this phenomenon and twice as long unpacking it as a stranger in strange lands. I usually describe the enterprise in terms of resonance, and I use the metaphors of tuning fork and dowsing stick (or maybe, better suited to the volume’s theme, divining rod) to make my point with friends, family, colleagues, and students. As an ethnographer and part-time poet, I believe the researcher is the instrument, just as dancer and dance are one. Unlike some fellow travelers, I believe that I study contexts, not merely study in contexts. As I roam the earth in more and less circumscribed orbits, I expect to vibrate, as space and place attempt to seize my attention and make themselves known to me.

It might happen on a mist-shrouded wilderness lake, the teeming midway of a periodic market, on a dusty artery clogged with pilgrims and art cars in Black Rock City, in the collision of vernacular genres on an upper story of a flagship brand store, or at home in my man cave or office eyrie. It has happened as I’ve peered up at the oculus of the Pantheon or down into a deep cenote. It happens routinely here on my own university campus (which has been described just half-jokingly as “Catholic Disneyland”), whose precincts are dotted with shrines both formal and informal, invested with the aura of sacred and profane (the two occasionally fused), as in the multi-story mural on the library that sports fans have christened “Touchdown Jesus,” which I can contemplate from my hallway window. It has happened at Zen Central in Bangkok and at my local grocery store. Ball parks often seem to do the trick. Whether the place has been predictably spectacular or profoundly ordinary, its capacity to induce resonance in me has been a perpetual source of wonder.
A confluence of life experiences has likely heightened my sensitivity to place. Being born in Chicago and raised there and in its nearest suburbs, as the conurbation converted cornfields into housing tracts, strip malls, and industrial parks while sparing vast expanses of riverine forest, afforded me the opportunity to shuttle between worlds, as did proximity to bucolic Wisconsin and pure Michigan. Being reared in an Irish-Catholic cultural tradition attuned to the numinous in everyday life, being immersed in classical and comparative mythology and folklore as a result of a liberal arts education, and being trained as an anthropologist with a peripatetic disposition and plenty of opportunity to wander the globe all provoked in me a receptivity to the vitality of space and place. As a consumer researcher, I’ve gravitated to marketplaces not merely because they comprise a convenient locus of stakeholder subjects, but also because markets thrum with a vibe that shapes thought, emotion, and behavior. I’ve written across genres in celebration of this elusive thrum, trying to capture it and its reverberations in me.

In those attempts, I have sought to describe the commingling of the material and the mystical that presents itself to me as the spirit of the place. In this chapter, my goal is to review some of the intellectual traditions that have helped calibrate my awareness of the genius loci and to sketch some of the ways I go about apprehending spirit. The fields of marketing and consumer research are just being touched by the “spatial turn” that has ramified throughout the social sciences in recent years (Soja, 2010). Like the interpretive turn before it, the spatial turn promises to reshape our discipline profoundly. Consumers’ lived experiences of place frequently lend themselves to the kind of geomantic exploration I have in mind.

THE ARGUMENT

I take “How is this place happening?” to be the central question animating my chapter. Drawing on the social scientific and humanistic intuitions of such traditions as indigeneity, actor network theory, and phenomenological ecology, I outline an approach to the field study of the spirit of place that shapes and reflects consumption. I am especially interested in exploring the role of non-human agents and non-human personhood as elements of genius loci. I use just a handful of references in this chapter to situate my premise, and I rely extensively on just one—May (1993)—to motivate interested readers to summon emplaced spirits. For purposes of brevity, I’ve bracketed the experimental literature on servicescapes (Kearney, Kennedy, and Coughlan 2007) and stayed within the CCT fold, but I acknowledge the promise of the work of our positivist brethren for informing the study of genius loci.

I also give the enterprise of spatial spiritual sounding a name (or brand, as it were) to stake it out as an ongoing project in marketing and consumer research. In this chapter, I am concerned with the scapus and with states
and conditions *scapular*. I recall the former term from its virtual retirement
and redeploy it to capture the quintessential, singular aura of a place. I
refurbish the latter term by yoking it to the spatial turn and invoking the
ethereal qualities it suggests.

Scapus conjures shaft or stem, staff or scepter, and connotes a foundational, majestic, local axis mundi that ensouls a place. Scapular evokes a
literal and figurative cloaking proclaiming membership and is redolent of
the totem and fetish. Scapular connotes a shouldering in service to load bearing and to divination that connects to the geomantic. The scapular
envelopes and contains a place, imparting sensuous boundaries and rendering it distinctly recognizable to its apprehenders.

I introduce these terms to relieve the servicescape construct of a burden
it can no longer bear, as our inquiries into place push persistently past the
realm of the merely commercial. I also intend to exploit the synergies of the
terms with those of poet Gerard Manley Hopkins—inscape and instress—that I have explored elsewhere (Sherry, 2008, p. 87):

Inscape is the essence of an entity sensually apprehended and rendered
in description (Everett n.d.); it is the unique, differentiated quality of
that entity. Instress is the ineffable experience of the beholder occasioned by the inscape that flouts description (Peters 1948); it is the reso-
nance we feel in contemplation of inscape.

Scapus I take to be a specific instantiation of these terms. The ethnographic
enterprise seeks to apprehend inscape as meticulously as possible and to represent instress as genuinely as our genres permit.

**SPIRITUAL RESOURCE MANAGEMENT**

I offer an unconscionably brief and temporally disjointed variation of
salvage archaeology in the following paragraphs. The thesis is uncomplicated. Other eras and peoples have been more attuned to genius loci than are postmodern marketers and consumers. As we have inexorably erased
nature and embraced the built environment, and as commerce and the state have relentlessly appropriated the cultural commons, there are ever fewer
active wild sources of inspiration and imagination available to guide our
premodern sensibilities with respect to the emplaced numinous (Latour,
1993; Sherry, 2005). This aperceptual occlusion produces insensitivity in
our ability to design for and appreciate the spirit of place, and it induces a
hunger for sense of place that feels abidingly right. We crave environments
that are edifying and nurturing, no matter their secular cast.

For most of us, the default destination for discussions of spirit of place is
likely the classic era of great world civilizations. In the Greco-Roman world,
every locality embodied a genius that articulated the gestalt of the site,
rendering the foundational character of the locality recoverable by humans. Over time, this genius evolved from an incomprehensible daimon through a guardian or protector of environs to a prosecutor or an advocate of place, and from thence to an internal transcendental human condition, until it was eventually regarded as a creature intermediate between gods and humans (Hamilton, 1969; Murray, 2010; Onions, 1966). As the governing spirit of a place, the genius represented the entire store of meaning (denotative and connotative) animating the site. The tutelary function of the genius ensured the site’s integrity. Meanwhile, in the Chinese world, the philosophy of feng shui arose to account for and manipulate the systemic spiritual forces that resided in the landscape and affected bodies and built environments of all kinds. This geomantic orientation—divination via meanings recovered from the locality—is common across cultures and time.

I’ve long lobbied for a millenarian marketing focused on sustainable consumption rooted, inevitably, in place, which would encourage a mythopoetic stance in our comprehension and behavior, and acknowledge eco-poetics as the necessary driver of ecopragmatics. A properly turned mythology, and its enactment in ritual, will compel sustainability just as assuredly as it has heretofore impeded it. I’ve even maundered a heretical call for a non-teleological ecotheism that would champion a hylozoic form of animism capable of re-emplacing our mystical relationship with goods back into nature, from whence it originally arose (Sherry, 2000a, 2001). That is, we would redirect our premodern animistic impulses, which modernism has deflected from the natural world and into the world of goods, back toward the natural world, broadly construed, and inexorably to place. My chiliastic consumerism was grounded in an encounter with deep ecologists and radical economists, and lodged in a tradition of anthropological advocacy. A decade of subsequent reading has helped refine my musing, and three sources in particular bear on the present attempt to comprehend the spirit of place: TEK, ANT, and PE/EP.

Traditional Ecological Knowledge (TEK). In evolutionary perspective, the most successful and enduring resource management practices have involved religious and ritual representation. (Hence, my belief in mythopoetic motivation.) Our aboriginal ancestors and indigenous hunter-gatherers of ethnographic record inhabited a broad ethical context that did not separate culture from nature (Berkes, 2008). Theirs was a “sentient ecology” whose entire world was “saturated with powers of agency and intentionality” (Ingold, 2000, pp. 25). All things were ensouled (Abrams, 2010; Harvey, 2006). Indigenous groups embraced a humans-in-nature rather than a dominion-over-nature worldview, and they experienced a synaesthetic engagement with the land that can be characterized as “interagentivity” (Abrams, 1996; Berkes, 2008; Ingold, 2000).

These hunter gatherers recognized a wide range of nonhuman personhood and attributed life and spirit to everything in the environment (Berkes, 2008). Or, rather, in their “animic ontology,” life was a “generation of
being in an incipient world” (Ingold, 2000, p. 113), immanent in the relations between the world’s constituents (Abrams, 2010). Spirit of place was an “expressive presence,” and landscape was an “active participant” in human life (Abrams, 1996, 2010).

Indigenous ecology is a challenge to our positivist, materialist cosmology (Skowlimowski, 1981) and a source of corrective insight in our quest for sustainable consumption, whether we embrace either the Gaia (Lovelock, 1995) or the Medea (Ward, 2009) hypothesis. The TEK worldview resonates with the themes of stakeholder orientation and co-creation afoot in our disciplines. Ingold describes TEK as a “poetics of dwelling,” and this posture has much to contribute to the recovery, discovery, and creation of spirit of place.

**Actor-Network Theory (ANT).** A revised ontology for sociological analysis has gradually diffused from Science, Technology, and Society studies into consumer research and marketing over the past decade, as we have struggled to unpack such key constructs as materiality and the extended self (Latour, 1986; Prior, 2008; Schau et al., 2009; Shove and Pantzar, 2005; Swidler, 2001; Warde, 2005). I draw my understanding of this revision from Bruno Latour (2005, pp. 54–55), who has described ANT as being “half Garfinkel and half Greimas,” a hybrid of ethnomethodology and semiotics that taps the “inner reflexivity” of actors and texts. ANT attempts a thorough exploration of “who and what participates in the action,” on the way to creating a “science of the social” (Latour, 2005, p. 72). Latour (2005, p. 116) asserts that there are “simply more agencies in the pluriverse, to use William James’ expression, than philosophers and scientists thought possible.” A good ANT account is one that traces a “string of actions where each participant is treated as a full-blown mediator” (Latour, 2005, p. 128). This involves recognizing the agency of nonhuman actors in the world-making activities of our informants and not exalting the human over the nonhuman as a unit of analysis. Latour’s (2004, p. 74) premodern project is to “get rid of the tiresome polemics of objects and subjects.” Entities are cybernetic assemblages of human and nonhuman components, and artifactuality embodies animation. These assemblages exist in a dynamic of relational materiality, are performed into being, and are sustained in a variety of practices (Law, 1999).

ANT properties and propensities are inherent in many of my own accounts of servicescapes, and in current work I am striving for precise articulation. Alone (Sherry, 1998) and with colleagues (e.g., Sherry and Kozinets, 2007; Borghini et al., 2010), I have explored the ways in which consumers, products, architectural affordances, advertising and merchandising strategies, channels of embodied engagement, and cultural categories have conspired to produce retail theatre and therapy, festal community and chorography, and ritual giving and getting. I’ve plumbed brand for essence, from construction to deconstruction and back again. Place has been central to these undertakings. Scapus emerges as it is enacted by stakeholders...
manipulating mutually influential, interagentic properties and ideologies on the site, and it can be conjured with any aspect of the ecosystem by contemplation of any aspect of the network.

Phenomenological Ecology & Environmental phenomenology (PE/EP). A confluence of disciplines in the social sciences and humanities is giving rise to a field that has been described variously as phenomenological ecology and environmental phenomenology. This emergence has been fueled by the “spatial turn” sweeping across domains of inquiry, which has most recently touched our fields of marketing and consumer research. This emerging field—which I will (by collapsing terms) call ecophenomenology—is focused on the practice of “dwelling,” broadly construed. Eco-phenomenology attempts to provide an account of the lived experience of dwelling. In this account, concern for the spirit of place usually arises at the intersection of the poetics and ethics of dwelling.

Rather than revisit positions I have reviewed elsewhere (Sherry, 1998, 2000b), I recognize just a few of the fundamental pillars of ecophenomenology. The principal preoccupation of this field is “immersion-in-the-world,” and this “in-worldness” contrasts with the dualisms inherent in positivist projects (Hay, 2002, p. 145). Goethean science (Seamon and Zajonc, 1998) tries to reconcile these positions. Focus on the visceral experience of being-in-place characterizes the work of ecophenomenologists; “seeing” places from the “inside out” is the goal of inquiry (Hay, 2002, p. 156). A Heideggerian emphasis on authentic being and authentic dwelling is elevated above a functional and utilitarian view of place as mere real estate. To dwell authentically would entail recognition and cultivation of the being that place authentically is: the scapus.

In the social sciences, cultural geographers (Harding, 2006; Tuan, 1977), sociologists (Gibson, 2009; Lefebvre, 2008a, 2008b, 2008c), and anthropologists (Messer and Lambek, 2001) have been in the vanguard of ecophenomenological research. In the humanities, philosophers (Bachelard, 1994/1958; Deleuze and Guattari, 1987), theologians (Berry, 2006; Fox, 1988; Kearns and Keller, 2007), historians (Berman, 2000; Roszak et al., 1995), architectural scholars (Seamon, 1993), and poets (Snyder, 1995) have led the charge.

Consumer research has been receptive to this tradition. Inquiry into retroseapes (Brown and Sherry, 2003) has built on this perspective. Much of my own current work on place, undertaken with a host of colleagues (Anderson, Borghini, Bradford, Diamond, Joy, McGrath, Visconti), in venues stretching from the mundane to the extraordinary, assumes an ecophenomenological shape. Perhaps our account of street art (Visconti et al., 2010) is the most succinct illustration of a jointly negotiated narrative of place, where urban residents conspire to reclaim and recreate a commons capable of sustaining authentic dwelling. Recent intriguing work by Linnet (2009) on the homologies of place extends this tradition into productive new arenas.
A VIEW FROM ARCHITECTURE

For almost two decades, I have used an elemental template developed by May (1993) as an improvisational platform for sounding the scapus. I discovered the template in the pages of *Environmental and Architectural Phenomenology*, a newsletter of original and reprinted contributions edited by David Seamon out of Kansas State University, which celebrates qualitative inquiry into the lived experience of dwelling. May (1993) reports the details of a workshop he conducted, mostly with other architects, designed to promote a Goethean (Seamon and Zajonc, 1998) approach to observation of the built environment and to enhance “conscious awareness” of participants’ “responses and feeling” to their “physical surroundings.”

The exercise began with a meticulous examination of the material environment, continued with a consideration of sensuous changes experienced as participants moved across a course ranging from natural to built environments, culminated with an examination of participants’ personal responses to the environments, and concluded with a bracketing of that experience in an attempt to determine what might “speak through” to reveal “a particular wholeness and sense of place” (May, 1993, p. 3). The unpacking in discussion of their sensual immersion allowed participants to gauge the degree to which their reliance on their predominant sensory modality impoverished perception and diminished capacity for enriched dwelling (and, by extension, designing). Discussion also facilitated the translation of sensory experience to meaning, helping each participant become a “self-conscious and integral part of a more fully understood environment” (May, 1993, p. 3).

May (1993, p. 2) has developed a set of “observational themes” that can guide inquiry into the scapus. He uses a quasi-geomantic classificatory system based on the four essential elements—earth/physical, water/etheric, air/astral, and fire/ego—to characterize these themes. The earth theme seeks an answer to the question “What is here?” and elicits formal, material, sensual, and geographic inputs. It results in a physical description of a bounded area. The water theme seeks an answer to the question “What is happening here?” and elicits inputs on facilitators and inhibitors of movement (into, out of, and within an area), atmosphere (sound, light quality), sheltering and exposure, social usage and rhythms. It results in a description of incentives and impediments to wayfaring and wayfinding. The air theme seeks an answer to the question “What do I feel here?” and elicits introspective inputs on emotion, sensation, motivation, compatibility, archetypicality, evocation, and resonance. It results in a comprehensive visceral description of being-in-the-place. The fire theme seeks an answer to the question “What is the personality of this place?” and elicits imagistic inputs such as character, strength, complexity, function, and honesty. It is intended to result in a holistic description of the essence of the place.

Despite the obvious utility of May’s battery of probes and their ability to illuminate stability and fluidity, inspiration and authenticity, I have long felt...
that the fire theme and its focus on personality fell short of capturing the
genius loci. It seems to me that a fifth essence is required to fix the quintes-
sential experience of the scapus and would pose the question “How is this
place happening?” Or, if not an essence (and because May has co-opted
other usual suspects), something more like a chakra, and in particular the
crown chakra, *sahasrara*, might do. This would encompass the synthesis
of the dialectic of immanence and transcendence that results in our trans-
figuration as inscape and instress are reconciled. I imagine an integrative,
epiphatic energy reflecting the connection and identity of beings and re-
niscent of Bateson’s (1972) ecology of mind.

May’s framework helps me discern scapus in several ways. First, the ele-
mental themes establish minimal parameters for discovery, and the scope
of each theme is broad enough to permit me to both generate many micro
inventories of dimensions and customize inventories to suit the site. Second,
the themes can be plumbed as a developmental sequence, allowing me to
move systematically and organically from the material to the numinous
(or, retrospectively, from resonance to sources). Third, the themes can be
pursued in a less linear fashion by readjusting my focus from transitions to

*Figure 15.1 Scapus.*
overlaps and shifting my conception of progression from scalar or vector to mobius strip. Fourth, I’ve played with graphical representations of the themes, and the configuration I find to be the greatest impetus to insight is the open-ended cube of Figure 15.1. I imagine the quintessence, the scapus, to manifest in the interior, as I move, metaphorically, through the cube as a participant observer, in various degrees of merger.

DIVINING SPIRIT OF PLACE: A BRIEF EXCURSUS

Whether it manifests in places public or private, hermetic or hestial, or profane or sacred, the scapus will inevitably be revealed as a creature of both the singular and the commercial. The Mad River canoe that conveys me to the glorious floating carpet of pitcher plants, the Rockport shoes that hasten my ascent of the five hundred stairs to the top of St. Peter’s basilica, and the Dell computer that delivers the first digital image of my newborn granddaughter in her birthing room each demonstrates the interpenetration of the technological and the experiential, the natural and the cultural, the material and the spiritual. The scapus may be sought outdoors or indoors, in geography or architecture. In a simple illustration, I situate my own practice in the built environment.

What follows is a brief exploration of my ground floor Department Chair’s office (my “official” office, as opposed to my regular faculty office on the third floor) at the University of Notre Dame. This exercise—a linear relative of Russ Belk’s “Unpacking My Library” (2002) and a collateral relative of his “A Cultural Biography of My Groucho Glasses” (2000) and Dennis Rook’s “I Was Observed (In Absentia) and Autodriven by the Consumer Behavior Odyssey” (1991)—serves as a quick-and-dirty autoethnographic approximation of my approach to divining spirit of place. I have chosen it simply to facilitate readers’ introspection (as most will have offices) and acknowledge the limitations my familiarity imposes on my acuity. The account is neither exhaustive nor extensively corroborated, but simply illustrative. As with Freud and his clutch of fetishes, my room is a projective echo chamber. Because I am a co-creator of and dweller in the place, my experience reflects both managerial and consumer perspectives.

THROUGHWAYS

Outside Looking in. My office is in the corner of an interior suite, whose outer precinct is an expansive, brightly lit open bullpen occupied by departmental assistants and student workers, a bustling venue full of movement, voices, ringing phones, and humming office equipment. Immediately outside my door is an alcove that houses a water cooler, a coffee machine, and a microwave oven, ensuring that snatches of conversation and aromatic
clouds of caffeine and cuisine waft into my office when my door is open, which invariably it is. My nameplate is posted on the wall beside the doorframe, along with a photocopied logo of the Burning Nerds. Just below, there may be Post-It noted instructions for current students and frequently an empty Amazon box awaiting recycling. On the other side of the doorframe, a table and chairs are arranged for visitors.

*Inside Looking out.* Inside my office, on the wall opposite the door, is a large ground floor window, which, because of its western placement, allows little natural light into the room until the end of the day. It does afford a clear view of a large evergreen tree directly outside my office, the squirrels, rabbits, ducks, and occasional dog attracted to the tree and its companion bench, and glimpses of activity on the neighboring quad. I am able to open the window to allow fresh air, whether warm, cold, or damp, to circulate through the room, carrying seasonal sounds and odors along with it. I always know summer is over when I look out the window and see battalions of young girls twirling their batons on the quad, their training camp about to end.

*Lines of Sight, Sound, and Smell.* Spatially, then, the interior space of my office is bracketed by an expansive, kinetic clerical antechamber and a serene, bucolic landscape, the contrast apparent to anyone poised on the threshold or seated within the room. Visitors always perch about midway between these worlds and are aware of their own suspension, especially given the contrast with the room itself. Entrance and exit are one.

**WALL SPACE**

*Interior-Exterior Boundaries.* The wall facing the bullpen is seen last by visitors, who typically face away from it until departure. A rack on the door holds an assortment of sport coats to be deployed in unforeseen emergencies (to mask when needed my habitual campus casual style) and regalia worn for commencement ceremonies. A credenza stands against the wall and holds an overflowing inbox, stacks of file folders and documents casually sorted by project, and a table lamp. Above the credenza, two wall hangings are mounted, one a reproduction of a page from the book of Kells and the other a photograph of Stonehenge. Their frames are usually askew, thanks to vibrations and wind current generated by the swinging door. The thermostat is set into this wall. I keep a set of Allen wrenches in my desk to defeat the governor and to try to keep the temperature of the room in the high sixties (Fahrenheit), as my metabolism runs high and a warmer setting makes me sluggish. The light switch panel is located here as well and goes untouched by me. I use table lamps with incandescent bulbs to light the room, which produces gentler, more intimate, and less penetrative illumination than the harsh fluorescent tubes overhead.

The wall facing the outdoors is seen first (or a close second) by visitors and is dominated by the window, the Levolor blinds adjusted as required...
by natural light. On one side of the window, monastic busts of two of the seven deadlies—greed and envy—are mounted near the ceiling. Just below, the nameplate from my deceased mentor’s office door is hung, intentionally askew to mimic its original haphazard placement. If not precisely a meditation corner, these objects of contemplation remind me of the personal and professional challenges inherent in my chosen career. On the other side of the window, the wall holds a cluster of plaques awarded by various scholarly organizations, commemorating career achievements. I regard this corner as the requisite “brag wall” of administrative authority, a reassurance to my visitors that I probably know what I’m doing and a chastisement (and perhaps comfort) to myself to acknowledge the toll that administrivia exacts on scholarship.

Adjacent-Lateral Boundaries. The two long walls that separate my office from the rooms of neighboring administrators are the artifactually busiest dimensions of the built environment. The south wall faces my desk. Mounted close to the ceiling are a series of five wall hangings: a photo of Ken Kesey riding his bus “Further,” a Gary Larson cartoon depicting natives hiding technology from anthropologists, a large reproduction of the bow of the Queen Mary II, a reprint of Durer’s “Knight, Devil, and Death,” and a Richard Shorty print of “Raven Stealing Sun.” Each of these wall hangings has a deep, evocative connection with my life as a scholar.

![Office south wall.](image)
Just beneath them, a set of five mahogany book cases runs the length of
the wall. Their shelves house three sorts of artifacts. First, the shelves are
crammed with books and journals, standing upright and wedged in side-
ways on top of other books and stacked in piles on top of some of the cases.
Second, the shelves contain stacks of photocopied articles, file folders full
of research materials, and piles of trade press clippings destined for lecture
notes. Third, the shelves are studded with a wide range of photographs,
memorabilia, tchotchkes, product samples, gifts, and the bric a brac of a
research life focused on experiential consumption. This stuff is not curated
in any conscious sense so much as distributed across the shelves. Because
this assemblage has proven endlessly fascinating to visitors, and because
it is the occasion of an endless number of my own mental mini-vacations
from tasks at hand, I spend a long paragraph cataloging some of its con-
tents. Figure 15.2 captures a section of this area.

The top shelf holds such gifts from friends as a Chinese doll dress wine
bottle cover, a Burmese prayer fan, an 18-inch Santa effigy in the guise
of Jerry Garcia, a red brick from the demolished Belfast home of Seamus
Heaney, and a St. Paddy’s day pimp hat. Chocablock with these gifts are
such products as Italian baby food containing prosciutto, design-centric
orange juice packages embodying the genius and hubris of Peter Arnell, a
jar of Notre Dame salsa, and an eco-aesthetic vodka bottle. Interspersed
are photographs of such subjects as Ali taunting Liston, the Jordan statue at
the United Center decked out in Blackhawks regalia, street art from around
the world, Northwest coast aboriginal art, and Celtic manuscript illustra-
tions. Baseball caps, a takraw ball, a pith helmet an electric fan, our MBA
Code of Ethics, and a stack of books also rest on the top of the cases. The
first row of shelves is bestrewn with personal photographs (family mem-
bers, friends, classroom moments), gadgets (puzzles, gimmick mugs), and a
host of miniature objects (a globe in a shopping cart, a tiki idol, an Oaxaca
pot, a boxing glove, a runic amulet). The second row of shelves contains
more photos (including one of Kurt Vonnegut), product samples (such as an
aluminum Coke bottle and a Heinz ketchup bottle), various Adbusters post
cards, bibelot exotica (jawbone of an ass, glass pumpkin), gifts (an anthro-
pomorphied Alessi wine opener, from which I have suspended a sign that
reads “When the student is ready, the master appears”), a moai tissue dis-
enser, a statue of St. Clare (patron saint of television), mini Azteca fantasy
figures, a number of image-shifting holographic placards, a reproduction of
a Palaeolithic cave painting, a shadowy (how Jungian) figure of a ponder-
ing Freud seated in an armchair, and a personal shrine (containing Burning
Man sacra, a figurine of a polar bear, a wire sculpture of a leafless tree,
and a resin cast of the skull of Peking Man). More objects (magic 8-ball,
fabric softener ball, AMA paperweights), personal photographs, signs, and
dangling doodads (the sole of a running shoe, a mini canoe paddle) grace
the third row of shelves. And, as Clifford Geertz might quip (and as Figure
15.3 suggests), there are similar knickknacks all the way down.
Reflections of a Scape Artist

The north wall, behind my desk, is much less crowded. Hung on the wall are stark images of the Irish countryside, a pencil drawing of a curving Belgian streetscape, an etching of a riverine forest, an Adbusters image of Santa sitting zazen, and a reproduction of Rembrandt’s painting “Philosopher in His Study.” Like their counterparts across the room, these pictures embody aspects of my professional identity. In the center of these images, I have framed the championship boxing glove trophy patch won in my wayward youth, as a student at the very institution that now employs me as a professor. Part \textit{memento mori}, part \textit{memento vivivere}, it helps account for my lecture style and acts as leverage in negotiations with students and colleagues. At the far end of the wall, above the wardrobe, I have hung an old Coca Cola advertisement that has a certain retro appeal. The wardrobe itself is pasted over with Post-It notes, calendars, photo rosters, poems about consumer behavior and winter, and a number of memorable fortunes from Chinese cookies. Atop the wardrobe is a shrine comprising many family photographs (and a few of revered colleagues), gifts (a remnant of a shattered statue of the Virgen de Guadeloupe, mugs), bibelots (a statue of a Mexican monk, a fragment of the Berlin Wall), and several boxes of hard-to-part-with floppy disks. Waste baskets stand on the floor beside the wardrobe, along with some old presentation posters from a long ago class.

\textit{Grounding Boundaries.} My floor is covered with a dark grey short-napped industrial carpet, which seems to be effective in muffling sound and masking stains. The suspension ceiling is covered in white sound-absorbent tiles, and embedded in it are a bank of lights, a heating and cooling duct, and a return vent. The colors of each of these surfaces complement the institutional off-white color of the walls.

\section*{FURNITURE}

Two principal fixtures remain to be described. The first is a simple round table, accompanied by two chairs and a floor lamp, which sits just about in the center of the room. This is the principal site of my visits with the outside world, where others come to consult, confer, and converse. It also sometimes doubles as a lunch table and repository for the overflow of stacks and piles. Books not yet read often accumulate on the floor between this table and the shelves. The surface of the table hosts two mugs full of pens and pencils, a paperclip holder, a few stacks of Post-It notes, and a tape dispenser.

The second fixture is my work surround, comprising a desk, wrap around computer table, and file cabinets, all of dark mahogany, arranged into an open U configuration, allowing me to swivel my Aeron chair 360 degrees to accommodate personal paperwork and facework with visitors. The desk fronts the bookcase, the computer fronts the window, and the file cabinets lie along the north wall. There is no barrier between me and visitors to the office. Access is unimpeded.
My desk is lined along its perimeter with books, active files, current administrative paperwork and research manuscripts, photographs of family and colleagues, business cards, the now familiar assemblage of knick-knacks (gifts, gags, puzzles, statuaries, memorabilia), mugs and holders full of pens, pencils, paperclips and Exacto blades, drinking bottles, thumb drives, a calculator, and an assortment of to-do lists. It holds a table lamp (itself supporting a calendar), behind which sits an altar populated with artifacts created by my youngest son when he was a child. At the far end, closest to the window, I have arranged two realistic artificial plants, a concession to the poor sunlight that has prevented me from sustaining green life. Near the plants I have propped several inspirational note cards. The very circumscribed center of the desk’s surface is where I do all my writing. Beneath the desk, I’ve stuffed old file boxes, numerous video cameras, and several pairs of shoes deployed on wintry days when I’ve worn snow boots to work.

My computer table affords space for a telephone, a monitor, a photo reader, and a cantilevered keyboard; the tower and subwoofer are stored beneath the table. Photographs of field sites and canoe trips, an artificial rose, some snippets of poetry, a Chinese yo-yo, and a mug full of pens and pencils grace the table top. Residing there as well is a heavy lithic tool I use to hold open my Day Timer. I park a shillelagh between my keyboard and the table; I swing the club absentmindedly while thinking, speaking on the
Reflections of a Scape Artist

phone or working the typing kinks out of my neck. My printer sits on the far corner of the table top and also houses photos and posted notes.

The top of my file cabinets holds a flatbed scanner, a small stereo (from which issues only classical music or songs in a language I can’t speak, so as not to interfere with work, as well as the occasional NPR broadcast), stacks of working files, a large collection of CDs, DVDs, and videos, family photographs, a Zen admonition to “Don’t Just Do Something, Sit There,” a box of business cards, stacks of yet-to-be laterally cycled Altoids tins, several retro-style post cards, and a table lamp. I also use this surface as a place to park drinks, snacks, and other food items that I don’t want messing my desk.

INTERPRETIVE SUMMARY

Having suffered through this self-indulgent itinerary (with so many curios thankfully still unpacked), the reader has earned a divination of scapus that might then be compared with his or her own. This public space has been reworked into a personalized place where the affairs of administration—from clinical spreadsheet (mis)calculation to intimate, sometimes loud or tearful interpersonal interaction—can be conducted in comfortable seclusion. Simply described, the room is dimly lit and relatively cool; it smells occasionally of brewing coffee, cooked food, and fresh air; it contains an abundance of books on many topics and a Victorian profusion of artifacts; and it is encircled by photographs and piles of documents. Once seated within, a visitor is viscerally poised between a garish bureaucratic service-escape and a manicured Midwestern landscape, embraced by an enclosure that is not quite cave, not quite grotto, but sanctuary nonetheless. The scapus is the academic equivalent of McCracken’s (1989) “homeyness.” I have sought to temper the hermetic with the hestial.

As I sit by myself in the office, I am embraced by family, friends, colleagues, and academic ancestors. I am encircled by gifts, reminding me of my enmeshment in an intimate and intricate circuit of relationships. I am embedded in the trappings of knowledge, established and emergent; I’m wrapped (and rapt) in reminders of my vocation. The tonal prompts from Outlook Calendar, the endless processing of actual and virtual paperwork that sets strategy in motion (or derails it), the anticipation of the next visitor, and the sanctuary-seeking after offsite meetings shield my administrative perspective from distraction. My office is a sanctum, its scapus, as I intuit it, one of generativity, creativity, and centeredness.

The place is intended to be inviting and challenging, comfortable and diverting. Its aura is intended to be collegial, conversational, and predominantly informal, seeded with reassuring clues to the proprietor’s persona so that a visitor might feel less like an intruder and more like a guest. The artifacts and their arrangement evoke curiosity (visual, tactile, aural, and
olfactory) and often elicit a call for narrative. Stuff is assumed to be storied, and visitors often share spontaneously what they find evocative as a springboard for inquiry into an object’s cultural biography, and hence to a discussion of our mutual interests. The artifacts are alive, animated by dialectics of meaning emplacement and displacement, investment and recovery, and projection and introjection.

Visitors have described my office as “comfortable,” “homey,” and “cool.” It is a “cozy” place into which some feel able to “nestle.” Sometimes I hear, “It’s just what I imagined a scholar’s office might be.” I get variations of “It’s like a house, or a home” or “It’s normal” (as contrasted with the artificial sterility of cubicle land). I’ve been told it’s “a place you’d like to be on a cold rainy day.” The room has been described as an “armchair journey around the world.” Some have found it a “smorgasbord for the imagination,” which “arouses curiosity.” Others have called it “nostalgic.” Most are too kind to criticize it as the museum of precipitous piles and mismatched mementos it must appear to the organized mind. Part port in a storm, part tempest in a teapot, the scapus reveals itself to visitors pretty much as it does to me, with both lesser and greater nuance.

CONCLUSION

If indigeneity—the sustainable tie between an aboriginal people and its agentic, sentient landscape (Johnson, 2010)—were a hallmark of our premodern forebears, then indigenteity might be said to characterize our postmodern condition. Indigenteity would be the unsustainable disconnection felt by an increasingly mobile, transient, urbanized people from its commodified (even if branded) landscape. Under indigeneity, place making is an everyday practice, wayfinding is an act of storytelling, story is emplaced on a landscape, and place is a mnemonic for narrative recall: places represent the “embodiment of cultural process realized through travel and storytelling” (Johnson, 2010, p. 14). Under indigenteity, we delegate much of our public storytelling to marketers and architects, and we recover many of our narrative lessons from branding, design, themeparking, flagshipping, tourism, and a host of other immersive commercial practices and affordances as we transit through locales.

Consumers hunger for the authenticity—as cultural a construct as it may be—they imagine their premodern ancestors to have enjoyed, and they learn to read it into (or lament its absence from) the environments others have built for them. The particular hierophany that marketers intend may or may not result from their [in]attention to design, but the shining through of spirit will occur only if consumers are inspired to summon it. As CCT research has shown over and again, consumers also engage in creative and resistant readings, smuggling their own singularized authenticity into the environments they build for themselves from the wherewithal the culture industries
provide. Bricolage and curation, appropriation and subversion, and accommodation and acquiescence are each a part of this place making.

In this chapter, I have asserted that spirit resides in and emerges from place, that spirit is emplaced and displaced through the practices of stakeholders, and that spirit is a pliable entity summoned by a primordial mode of perception (Harding, 2006) repurposed for a postmodern medium. I have further asserted that marketing and consumer researchers (but less our managerial cousins) have been neglectful of spirit of place largely because of our impoverished toolkits and our reluctance to treat non-materialist topics. I have attempted to provide some insights from the orientations and methods of other disciplines that might make our investigation of the spirit of place more attuned to the interplay of the material and the numinous. Finally, I have encouraged inquirers into servicescapes to cast a broader net, to ply their trade in contexts beyond the overtly commercial, to explore the scapus.

Our pursuit of the scapular—its enlightened discernment or design—may be guided by the work of “geologians” (Harding, 2006, p. 21) whose patient and persistent probing and engaged dwelling reveal the ways in which place is ensouled. When we ask “How is this place happening?”, the intimations of the scapular become detectable. But our consultation ought not to be confined to the clerisy, whether academic or managerial. The scapular arises in the everyday practices of dwelling, which is to say in the intimate details of consumer behavior. Consumers-as-dwellers disclose through their placeways just how scapus may be conjured. So also do affordances both architectural and natural, artifacts both fashioned and found, and assemblages both ideological and behavioral. Holistic appraisal affords the surest sounding and the best bet for nudging spirit from stuff back into nature. Our discipline has helped and hindered reverence for place. Perhaps closer attention to the poetics of dwelling will earn us a better seat at the table of ecological revitalization.

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