

1

major themes (the tropics are...)

Untouched
"uncivilized"
(ie, "unspoiled")
Primal
Bountiful

1. PARADISE

untapped potential
bountiful

2. EXPLOITABLE

hazardous
fearful
barbaric
uncivilized
dangerous
merciless

3. HELL

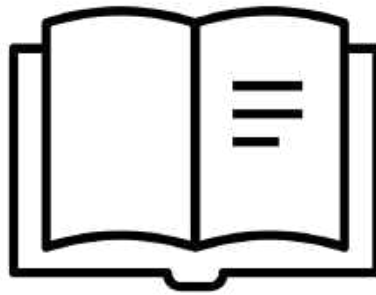
Unrestrained
mysterious
unpredictable
intense

4. MYSTICAL

Exploitable + Hell + Mystical = 5. CONQUERABLE

2

Rain Forests In High & Popular Culture:



Literature & Poetry

3

TEXT 1: *Utopia*, Thomas Moore (1516)

Under the equator, and as far on both sides of it as the sun moves, there lay vast deserts that were parched with the perpetual heat of the sun; the soil was withered, all things looked dismally, and all places were either quite uninhabited, or abounded with wild beasts and serpents, and some few men, that were neither less wild nor less cruel than the beasts themselves. But, as they went farther, a new scene opened, all things grew milder, the air less burning, the soil more verdant, and even the beasts were less wild: and, at last, there were nations, towns, and cities, that had not only mutual commerce among themselves and with their neighbours, but traded, both by sea and land, to very remote countries.



4

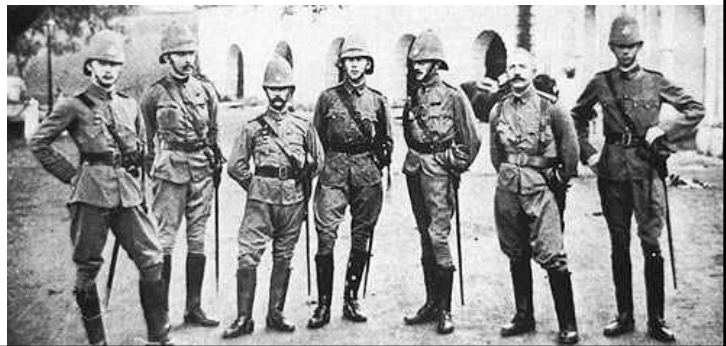
TEXT 2: *Paradise Lost*, John Milton (1667)

So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied; and overhead upgrew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung;
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeared

5

TEXT 3: *Jungle Book*, Rudyard Kipling (1894)

"Listen, man-cub," said the bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night.
 "I have taught thee all the Law of the Jungle for all the Peoples of the Jungle—except
 the Monkey Folk who live in the trees. They have no Law. They are outcastes. They
 have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when
 they listen and peep and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way.
 They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter and
 pretend that they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the
 falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter, and all is forgotten. We of the jungle
have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go
where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where they hunt; we do not die where they
 die."



6

Text 4: *The White Man's Burden*, Rudyard Kipling (1899)

Take up the White Man's burden
 Send forth the best ye breed
 Go bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need;
 To wait in heavy harness,
 On fluttered folk and wild
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half-devil and half-child



7

TEXT 5: *Heart of Darkness*, Joseph Conrad (1899)

It was just two months from the day we left the creek when we came to the bank below Kurtz's station. Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed distances... The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off for ever from everything you had known once somewhere far away — in another existence perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare for yourself; but it came in the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, and water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect...

...I tried to break the spell—the heavy, mute spell of the wilderness that seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions.



8

TEXT 6: *Cabbages and Kings*, O. Henry (1905)

Well, then, in three days we sailed alongside that Guatemala... We landed at a town on the coast, where a train of cars was waitin' for us on a dinky little railroad... We run some forty miles in seven hours, and the train stopped. There was no more railroad. 'Twas a sort of camp in a damp gorge full of wildness and melancholies. They was gradin' and choppin' out the forests ahead to continue the road. 'Here,' says I to myself, 'is the romantic haunt of the revolutionists. Here will Clancy, by the virtue that is in a superior race and the inculcation of Fenian tactics, strike a tremendous blow for liberty. The trees was all sky-scrapers; the underbrush was full of needles and pins; there was monkeys jumpin' around and crocodiles and pink-tailed mockin'-birds, and ye stood knee-deep in the rotten water and grabbed roots for the liberation of Guatemala. Of nights we would build smudges in camp to discourage the mosquitoes, and sit in the smoke, with the guards pacin' all around us.

One old man named Halloran — a man of Hibernian entitlements and discretions, explained it to me. He had been workin' on the road a year. Most of them died in less than six months. He was dried up to gristle and bone, and shook with chills every third night. "Ye're surrounded by a ragin' forest full of disreputable beasts—lions and baboons and anacondas—waitin' to devour ye. The sun strikes ye hard, and

melts the marrow in your bones... The fault's wid these tropics. They rejuices a man's system. 'Tis a land, as the poet says, 'Where it always seems to be after dinner.'"



9

TEXT 7: *Beyond the Chagres River*, James S Gilbert (1905)

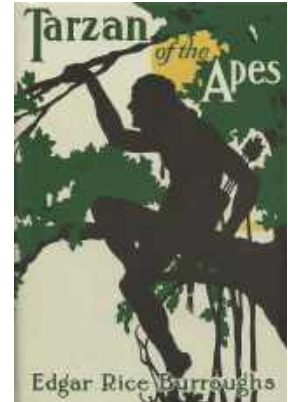
Beyond the Chagres River,
'Tis said (the story's old),
Are paths that lead to mountains
Of purest virgin gold;
But 'tis my firm conviction
Whate'er the tales they tell
Beyond the Chagres River
All paths lead straight to Hell.



10

TEXT 8: *Tarzan of the Apes*, Edgar Rice Burroughs (1912)

Their work done the sailors returned to the small boat, and pulled off rapidly toward the Arrow. Tarzan, an interested spectator of all that had taken place, sat speculating on the strange actions of these peculiar creatures. Men were indeed more foolish and more cruel than the beasts of the jungle! How fortunate was he who lived in the peace and security of the great forest!



p. 192 They were evidently no different from the black men—no more civilized than the apes—no less cruel than Sabor.

p. 197 THIS IS THE HOUSE OF TARZAN, THE KILLER OF BEASTS AND MANY BLACK MEN. DO NOT HARM THE THINGS WHICH ARE TARZAN'S. TARZAN WATCHES.
TARZAN OF THE APES.

p. 334 He was a soldier of France, and he would teach these beasts how an officer and a gentleman died.

11

TEXT 9: *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Gabriel García Márquez (1967)

Then, for more than ten days, they did not see the sun again. The ground became soft and damp, like volcanic ash, and the vegetation was thicker and thicker, and the cries of the birds and the uproar of the monkeys became more and more remote, and the world became eternally sad. The men on the expedition felt overwhelmed by their most ancient memories in that paradise of dampness and silence, going back to before original sin, as their boots sank into pools of steaming oil and their machetes destroyed bloody lilies and golden salamanders.



12

TEXT 10: *Eat, Pray, Love: One Woman's Search for Everything Across Italy, India and Indonesia*, Elizabeth Gilbert (2006)

So I take a taxi to the town of Ubud, which seems like a good place to start my journey. I check into a small and pretty hotel there on the fabulously named Monkey Forest Road. The hotel has a sweet swimming pool and a garden crammed with tropical flowers with blossoms bigger than volleyballs (tended to by a highly organized team of hummingbirds and butterflies). The staff is Balinese, which means they automatically start adoring you and complimenting you on your beauty as soon as you walk in. The room has a view of the tropical treetops and there's a breakfast included every morning with piles of fresh tropical fruit. In short, it's one of the nicest places I've ever stayed and it's costing me less than ten dollars a day. It's good to be back.

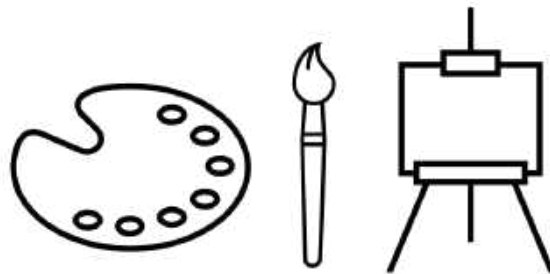
The sound universe is also spectacular around here. In the evenings there's a cricket orchestra with frogs providing the bass line. In the dead of night the dogs howl about how misunderstood they are. Before dawn the roosters for miles around announce how freaking cool it is to be roosters. ("We are ROOSTERS!" they holler. "We are the only ones who get to be ROOSTERS!") Every morning around sunrise there is a tropical birdsong competition, and it's always a ten-way tie for the championship. When the sun comes out the place quiets down and the butterflies get to work. The whole house is covered with vines; I feel like any day it will disappear into the foliage completely and I will disappear with it and become a jungle flower myself. The rent is less than what I used to pay in New York City for taxi fare every month.

I rode my bicycle back home, pushing my happy body up the hills toward my house in the late afternoon sun. On my way through the forest, a big male monkey dropped out of a tree right in front of me and bared his fangs at me. I didn't even flinch. I said, "Back off, Jack—I got four brothers protecting my ass," and I just rode right on by him¹.



13

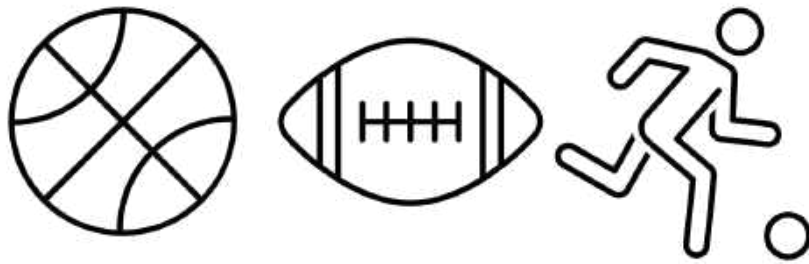
Rain Forests In High & Popular Culture:



Fine Art

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Rain Forests In High & Popular Culture:



Sports

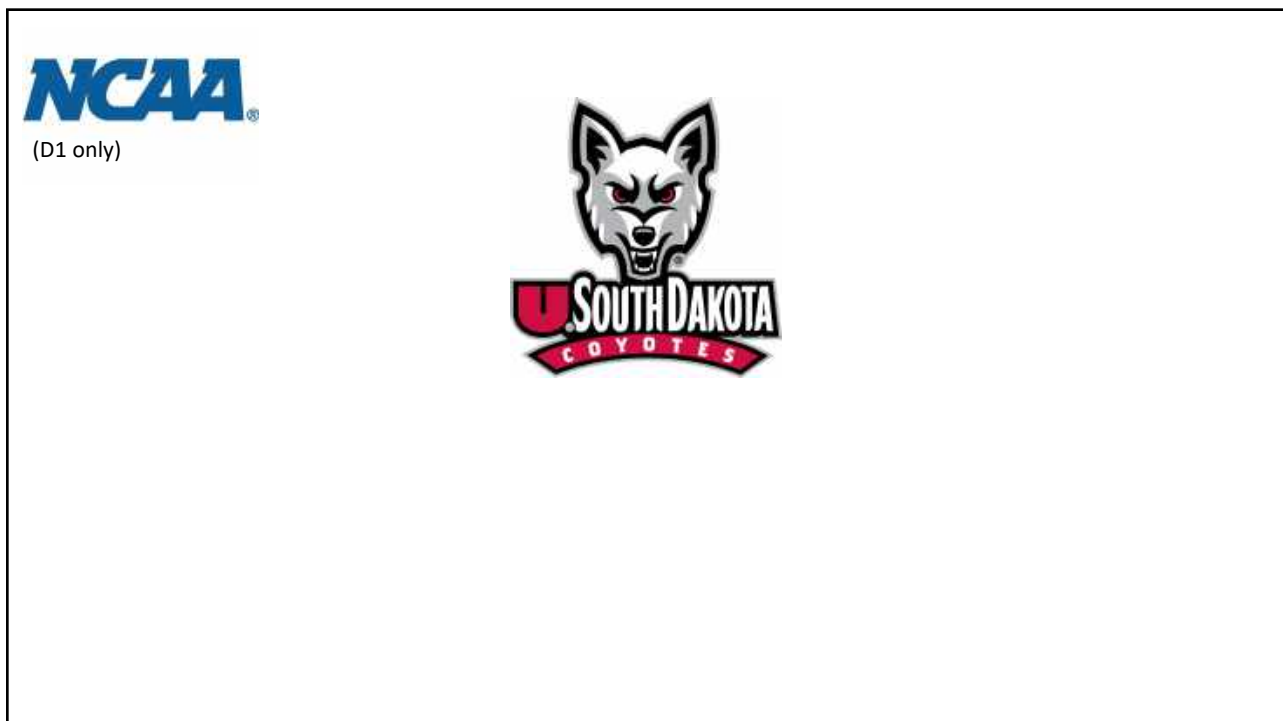
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Rain Forests In High & Popular Culture:



Business / Advertising

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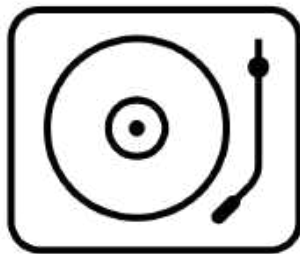


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The slow slide (further)
into stereotype...

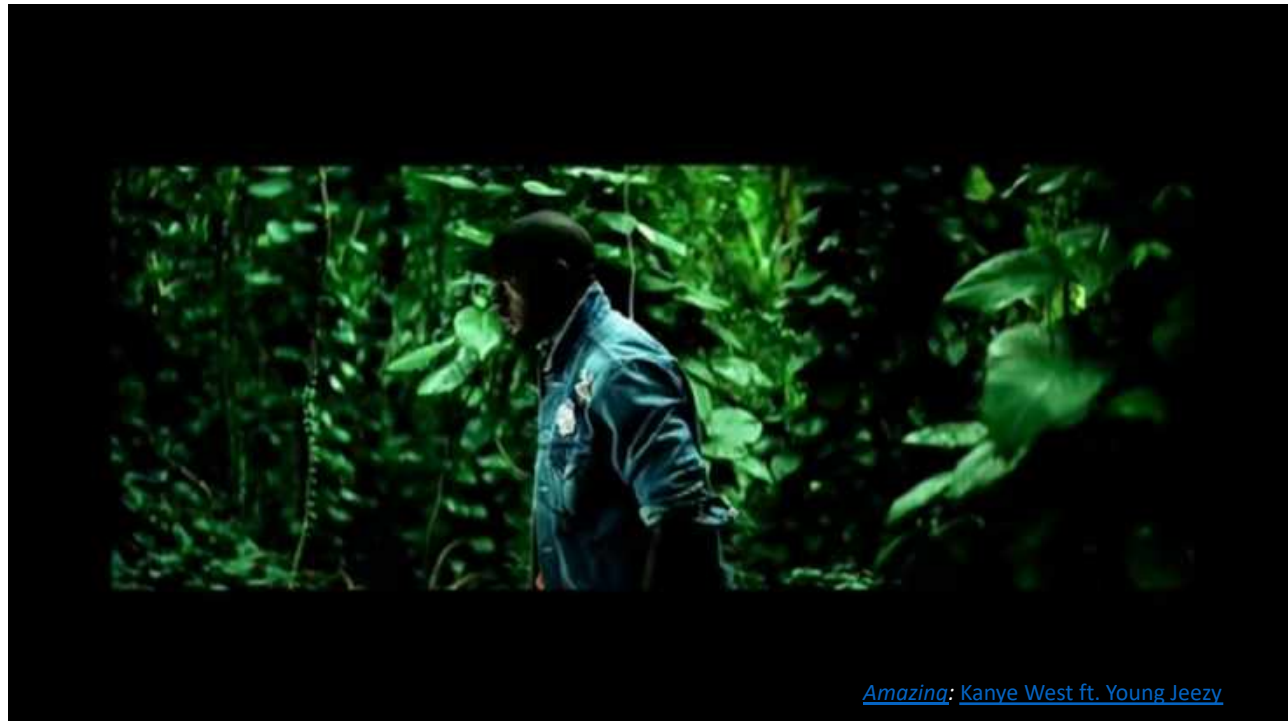
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Rain Forests In
High & Popular Culture:



Music

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Welcome to the Jungle - Guns N' Roses

Welcome to the Jungle - Jay-Z + Kanye

Jungle - Drake

Jungle - Jimi Hendrix

Jungle Boogie - Kool and the Gang

Run Through the Jungle - Creedence Clearwater Revival

Concrete Jungle - Bob Marley

Jungle Fever - Stevie Wonder

Jungle Fever - Pitbull

Ruff in the Jungle Bizness - Prodigy

Bungle in the Jungle - Jethro Tull

Jungle Love - Steve Miller Band

Jungle Love - Morris Day and the Time

Jungle - X Ambassadors + Jamie N Commons

Jungle - Electric Light Orchestra

O Jungleground - Bruce Springsteen

Jungle Rock - Hank Mizell

Jungle Boy - John Eddie

Stranded in the Jungle - The Cadets

Baby Jungle - Jungle Baby (*special place in Hell for this video*)



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Jungle Adjacent

Monkey Man - The Rolling Stones
 Tusk - Fleetwood Mac
 The Lion Sleeps Tonight - The Tokens
 Tarzan Boy - Baltimora
 Tarzan & Jane - Toy-Box
 Paul Simon – Rhythm of the Saints (album)
 Sting – *Rock for the Rainforest* (concert)
 Psychedelic Jungle - The Cramps (album)



Tarzan & Jane - Toy-Box (*save room in Hell for this one too*)

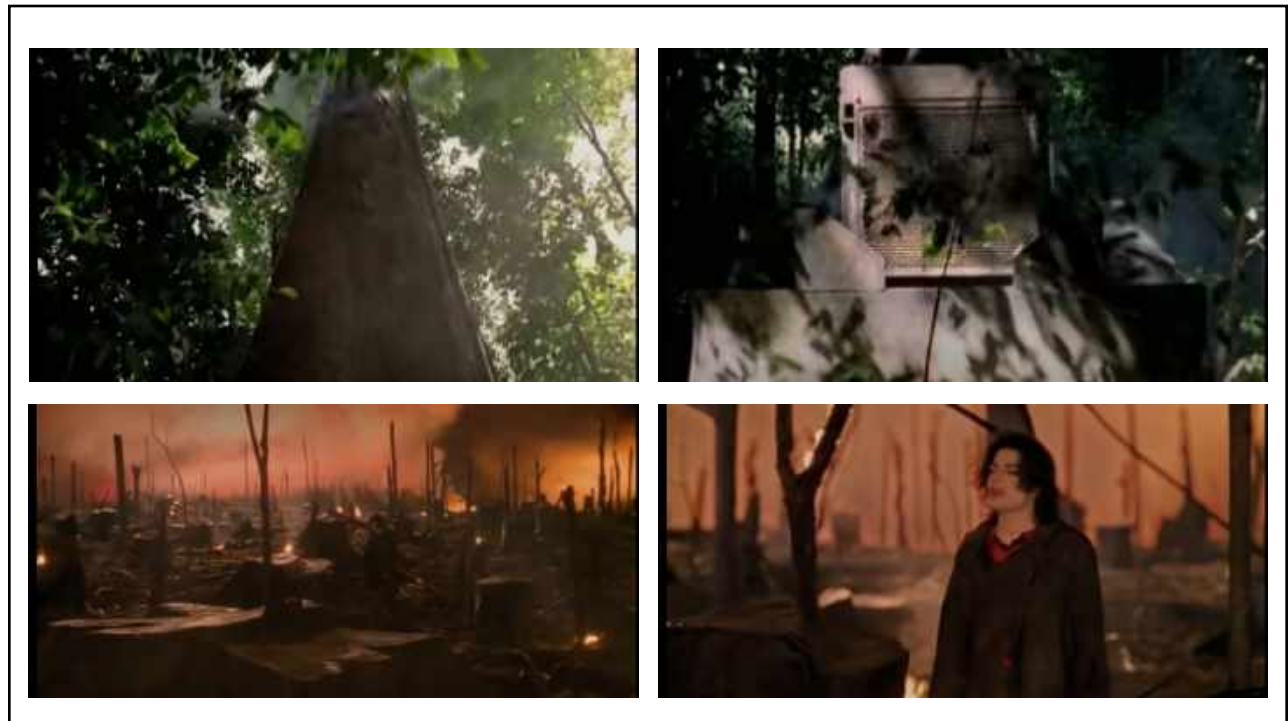
Sting and Raoni Metuktire



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Special Recognition: Music Video

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[Michael Jackson - Earth Song](#)



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Rain Forests In High & Popular Culture:



Fashion

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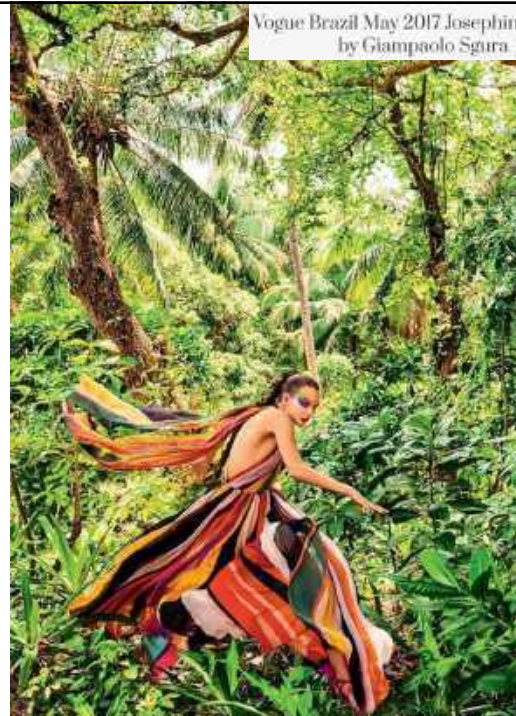


The Vera Wang Fall 2013 Campaign Stars a Nature-Loving Shu Pei

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Jungle at Vogue Hommes SS19 by Ethan James Green



Vogue Brazil May 2017 Josephine Skriver by Giampaolo Sgura

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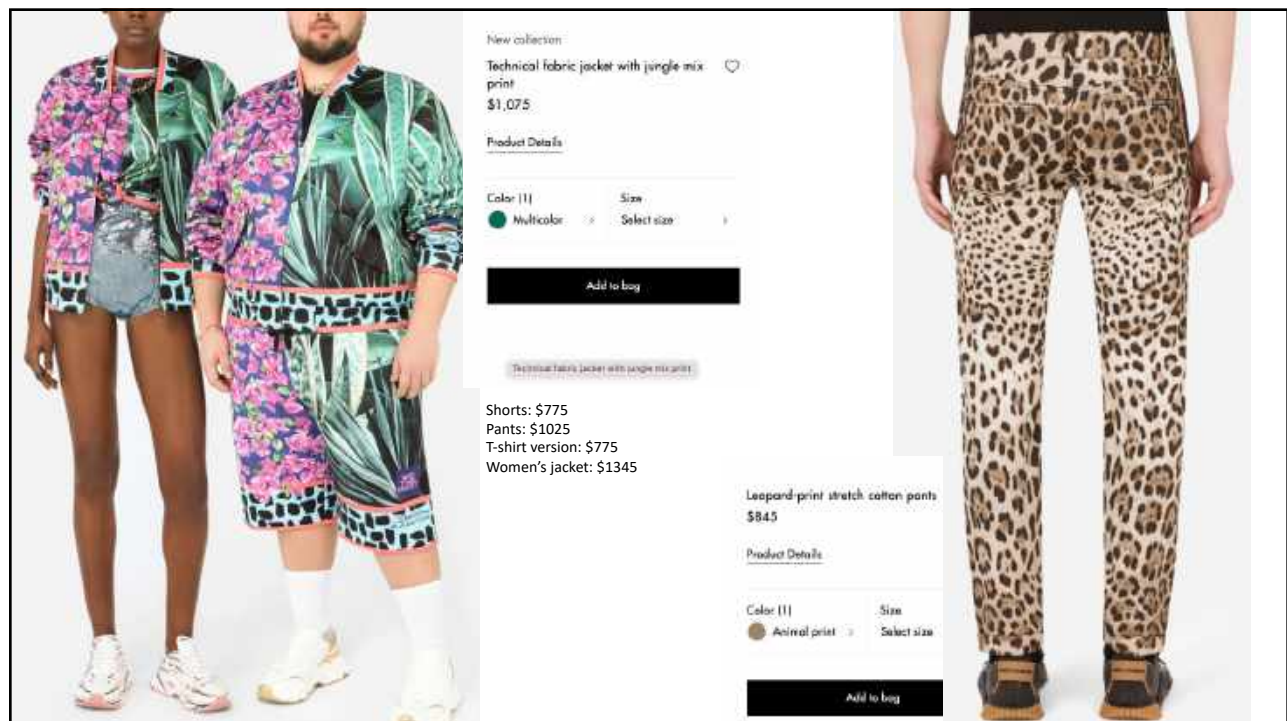
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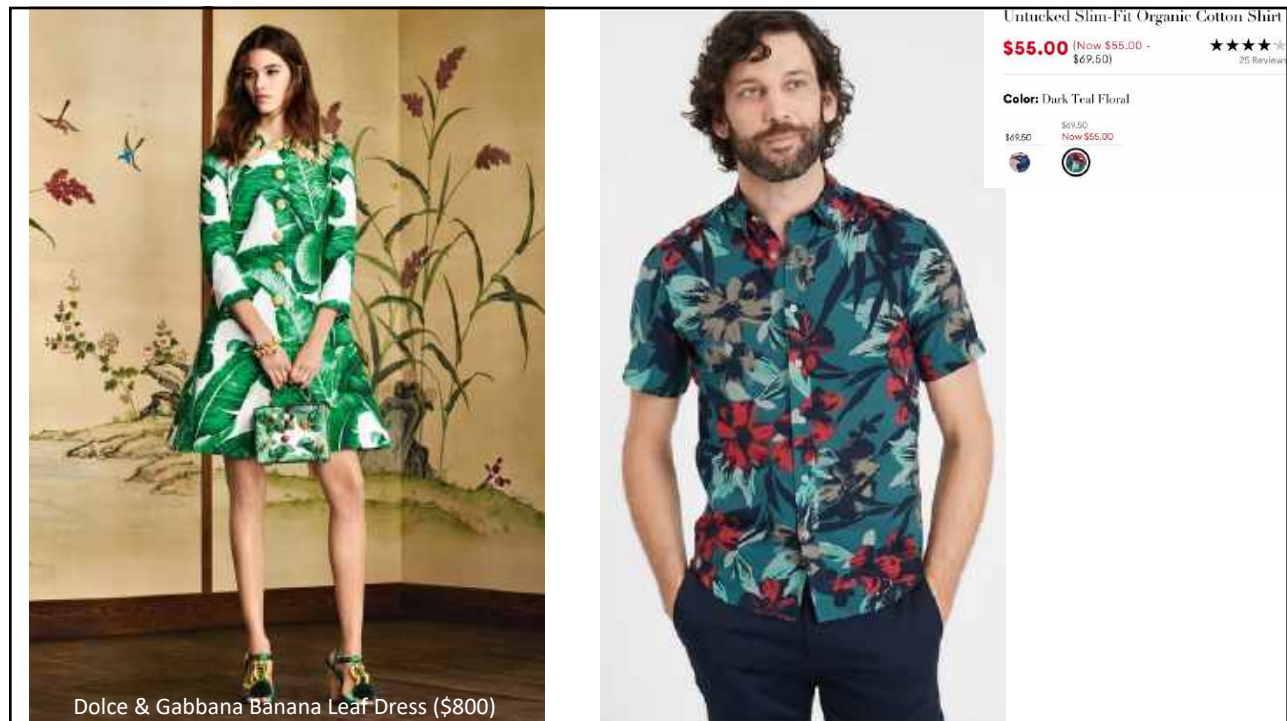
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Rain Forests In Other forms of High & Popular Culture:




Fashion


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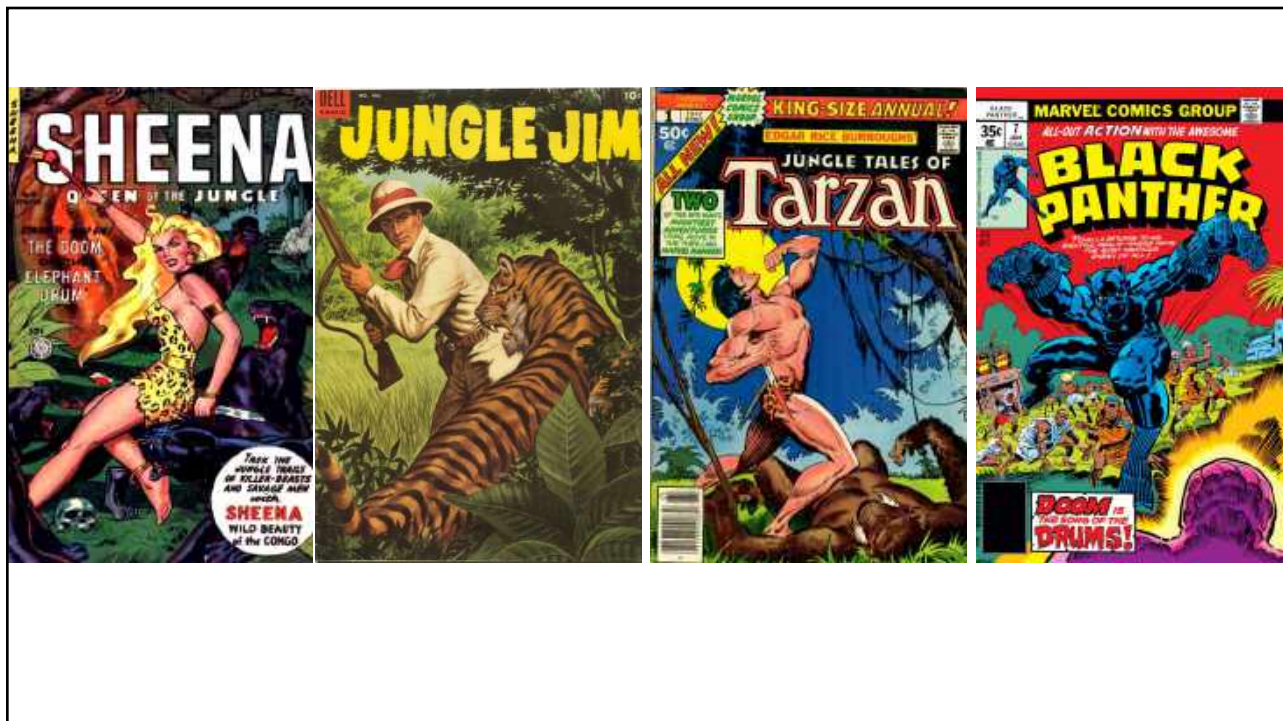
Hergé (1931)





"This book begins with George living in Africa and tells the story of his capture by the Man with the Yellow Hat, who takes him on a ship to 'the big city' where he will live in a zoo." (1941)

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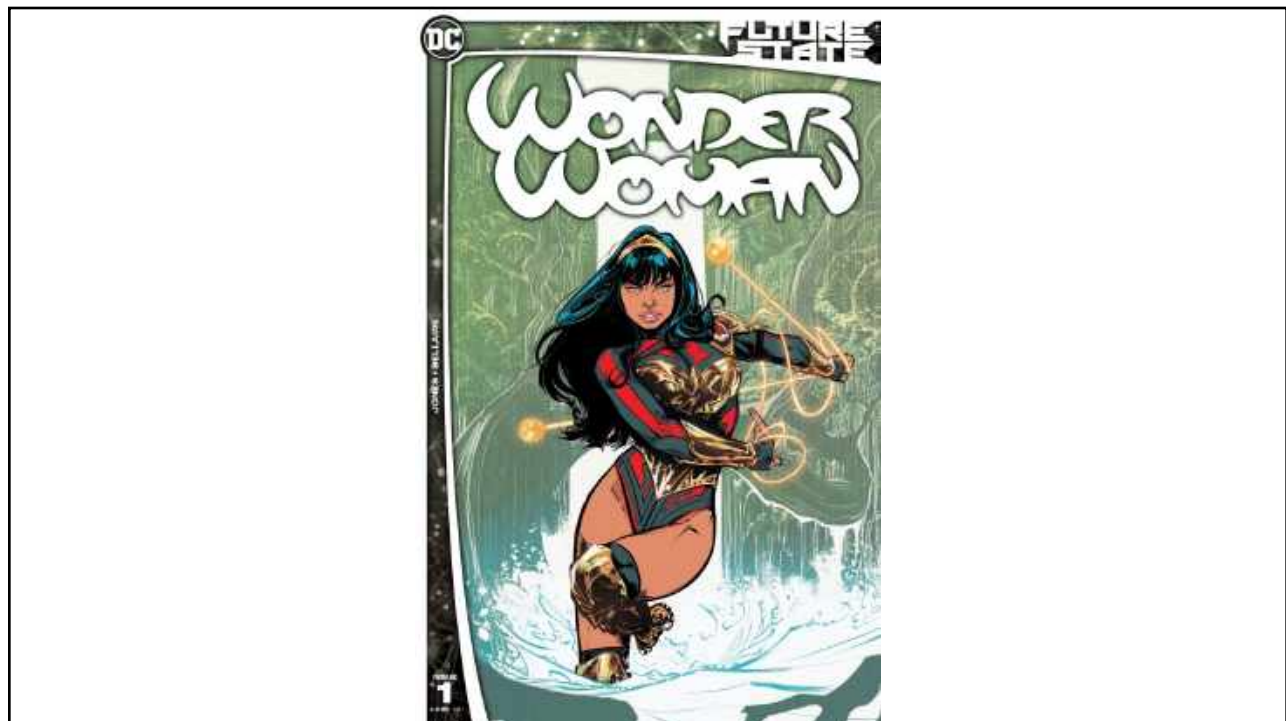


Rulah, Jungle Goddess. (1947)

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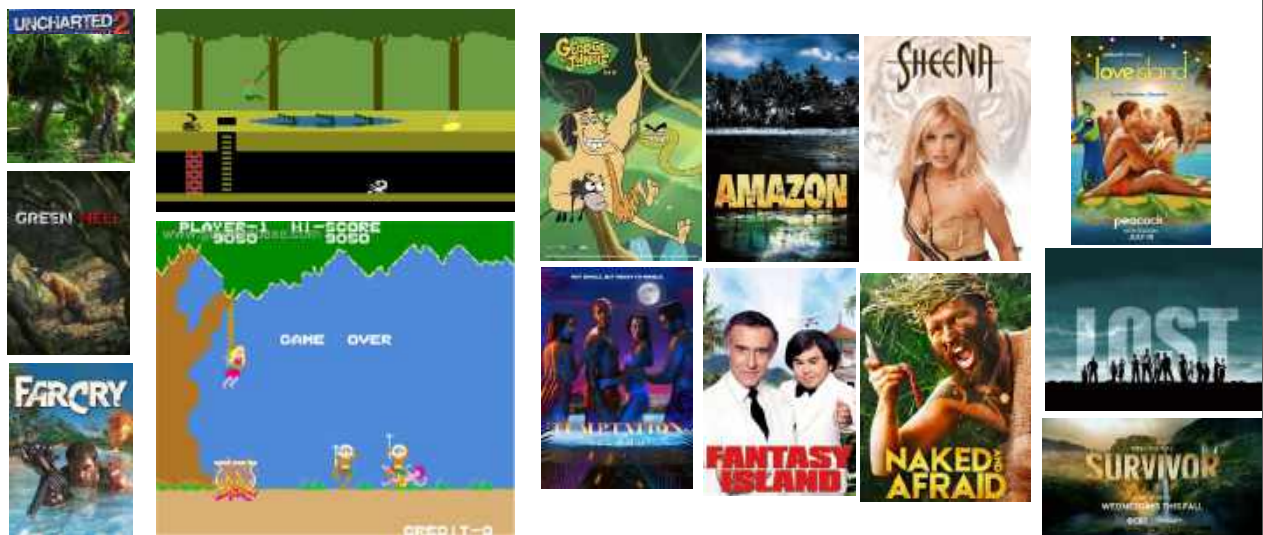


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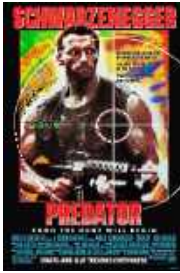
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Video Games...TV....



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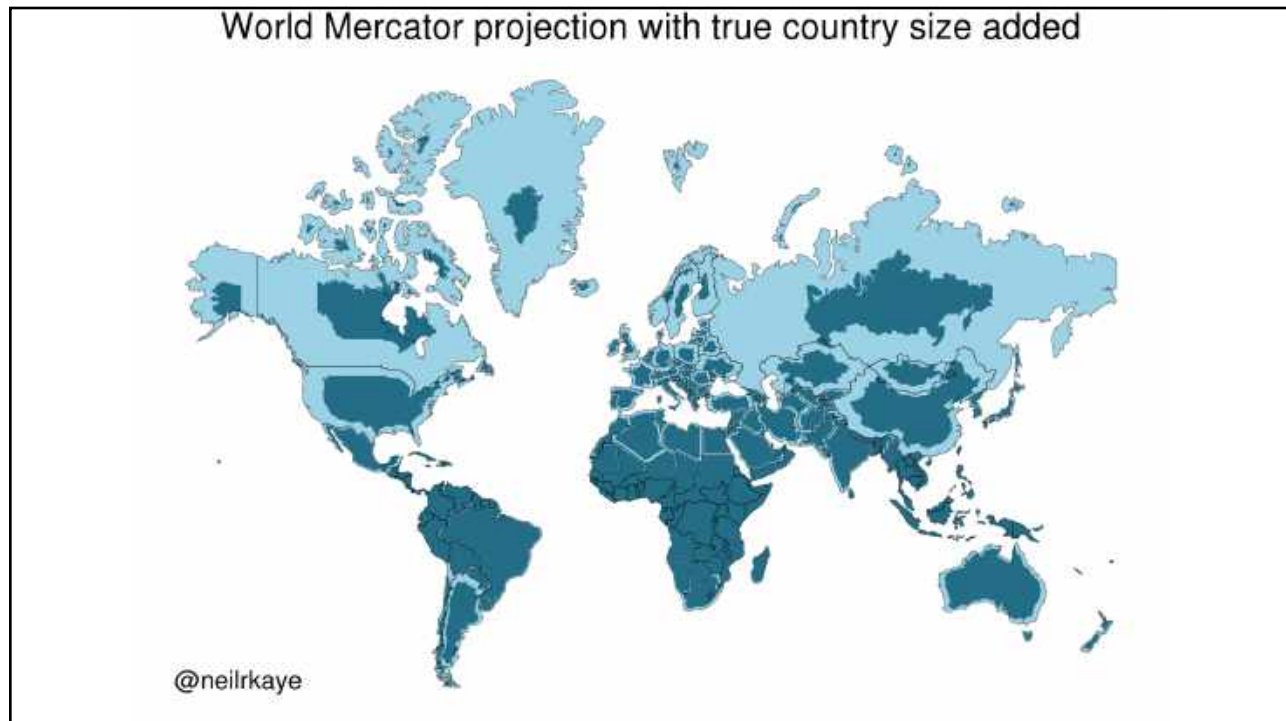
Rain Forests are...EVERYWHERE



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Finally....

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The Tropics as for destinations for (self)discovery & proving oneself



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Rain Forest Music Done Right?



We are a collaboration, interested in identifying how the multiple sonic registers of animal sound can be harnessed to bring different groups of people together in Colombia: scientists, musicians, farmers, city dwellers and indigenous peoples to work towards a common purpose, which is the exploration of the transformative potential of biodiversity.

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View All Bioacoustic Data Narratives Music What is Cucusonic? Participants Methods Background Partners Map

Chocolate and Electronic Music

Rise up and move to the rhythms of electronic music inspired by the sound signals of frogs, birds, and bats (featuring a very special guest, Chocolate frog, *Hyloscirtus antioquiensis*).

<https://cucusonic.net/tropicalchocolate>
<https://soundcloud.com/cucusonic>

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