

What is a garden, Rosie?

Here is the Thing...

Eine Anthologie ist eine Blütenlese, eine Sammlung aus dem Garten und im Sinne unserer Arbeit auch ein Kompost; aus Texturen und Texten; aus erdiger Ko-Existenz und er/ge-fundener Bodenstruktur-Analyse; aus Zeichnungen und Zitaten, die sich einem Geschenk (gift) widmen, das wir wohl kaum zurückgeben können, oder doch? In dieser Sammlung geben wir Einblick in unsere Recherche, hinterfragen den "schönen" Garten und dessen Herkunft, atmen mit der Kiefer/Pinus Sylvesters und erkennen im Apfel/Malus Domestica eine lang vergessene Verwandte. Ist es das, was du mit care-companion meinst?

Wir bitten um ihr Verständnis, dass die nächsten Seiten größtenteils auf Englisch verfasst sind.

The old root of the word Anthology comes from the greek 'legein' which means to gather and 'anthos' meaning flower. A gathering of flowers; a collection from the garden and in the sense of our work, also composting. From textures and texts, earthy co-existence, invented / found soil structure analysis to drawings and quotations dedicated to a gift that we can hardly give back, or can we? In this collection we give insight into our research; question Garden as a Contradictory Utopia, breathe together with the Pine tree/Pinus Sylvestris and recognise in the Malus Domestica/apple a long forgotten relative. Is that what one means by care-companion?

there is a sun side and a shadow side. the shadow side is the one with the braidings, the wooden ribcages. those contain the stories; woven stories into her barked, slightly curved back. everything she saw in the past years/decades. her wide open shadow sided womb attracted me. i wanted to crawl into her and tell her all my secrets, sing a song for her. these weavings are like the work she does for us, healing, composting, transforming. a place of careful intensity.

so i turned around her, towards the sun side. turned to the river, catching it's flow. this is where the energy enters the warmed bark and roots. i stood there, leaning onto her soft roundness. did she feel my song? it came up while watching her. maybe the story i told her through the sun side of her trunk will now be transformed into another weaving; a witness of time passing, a keeper of secrets and circular knowledge.



i realised that i don't know anymore how to give you touch. what happens if some part of your bark breaks down? is it like me losing a single hair? do your mycelia touch the Neisse?



Remember the sky that you were born under,
know each of the star's stories.

Remember the moon, know who she is.

Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the
strongest point of time. Remember sundown
and the giving away to night.

Remember your birth, how your mother struggled
to give you form and breath. You are evidence of
her life, and her mother's, and hers.

Remember your father. He is your life, also.

Remember the earth whose skin you are:
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth
brown earth, we are earth.

Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,
listen to them. They are alive poems.

Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the
origin of this universe.

Remember you are all people and all people
are you.

Remember you are this universe and this
universe is you.

Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.

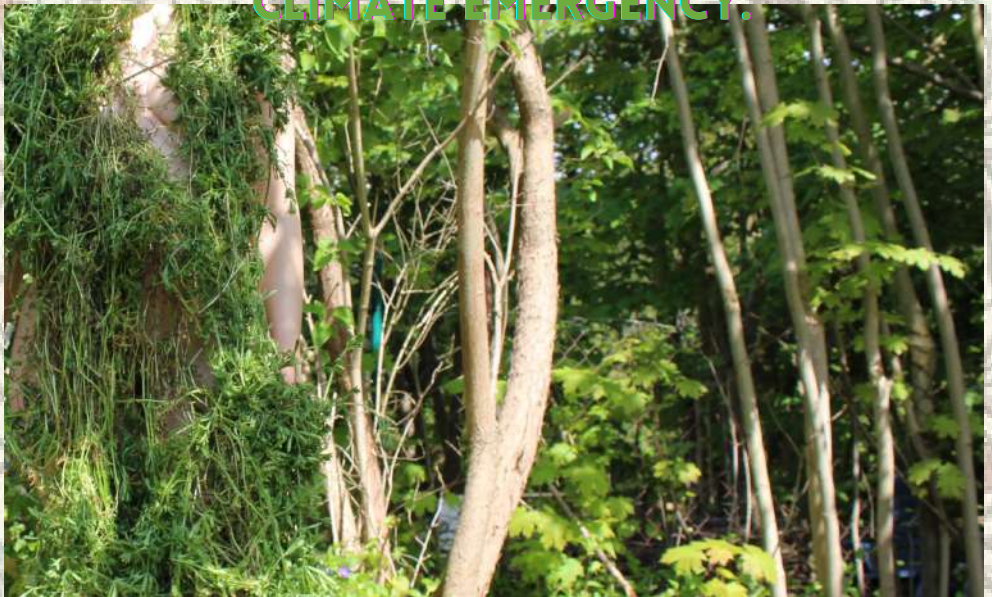
Remember language comes from this.

Remember the dance language is, that life is.

Remember.

**WE ARE SYMBIOTICALLY
CONNECTED WITH PLANTS
THROUGH THE BIOLOGICAL
PROCESS OF RESPIRATION.**

**CONSCIOUS BREATHING IS AN ACT
OF RADICAL RESISTANCE BECAUSE
IT ACKNOWLEDGES THE
PHYSIOLOGICAL DEPENDENCY WE
HAVE ON PLANTS AND ADVOCATES
THEIR INCLUSION IN THE
DEVELOPMENT OF AN ECOLOGICAL
POLITICS TO ADDRESS THE GLOBAL
CLIMATE EMERGENCY.**





dear rosie, before leaving and while reading
your last mail, i had many desires and dreams

you asked 3 questions:

- 1. Are we able to let the plants take care of us?
What would that look like ?**
- 2. How much time to do we wanna spend with
plants?**
- 3. How much time do we wanna spend
breathing?**

i answered:

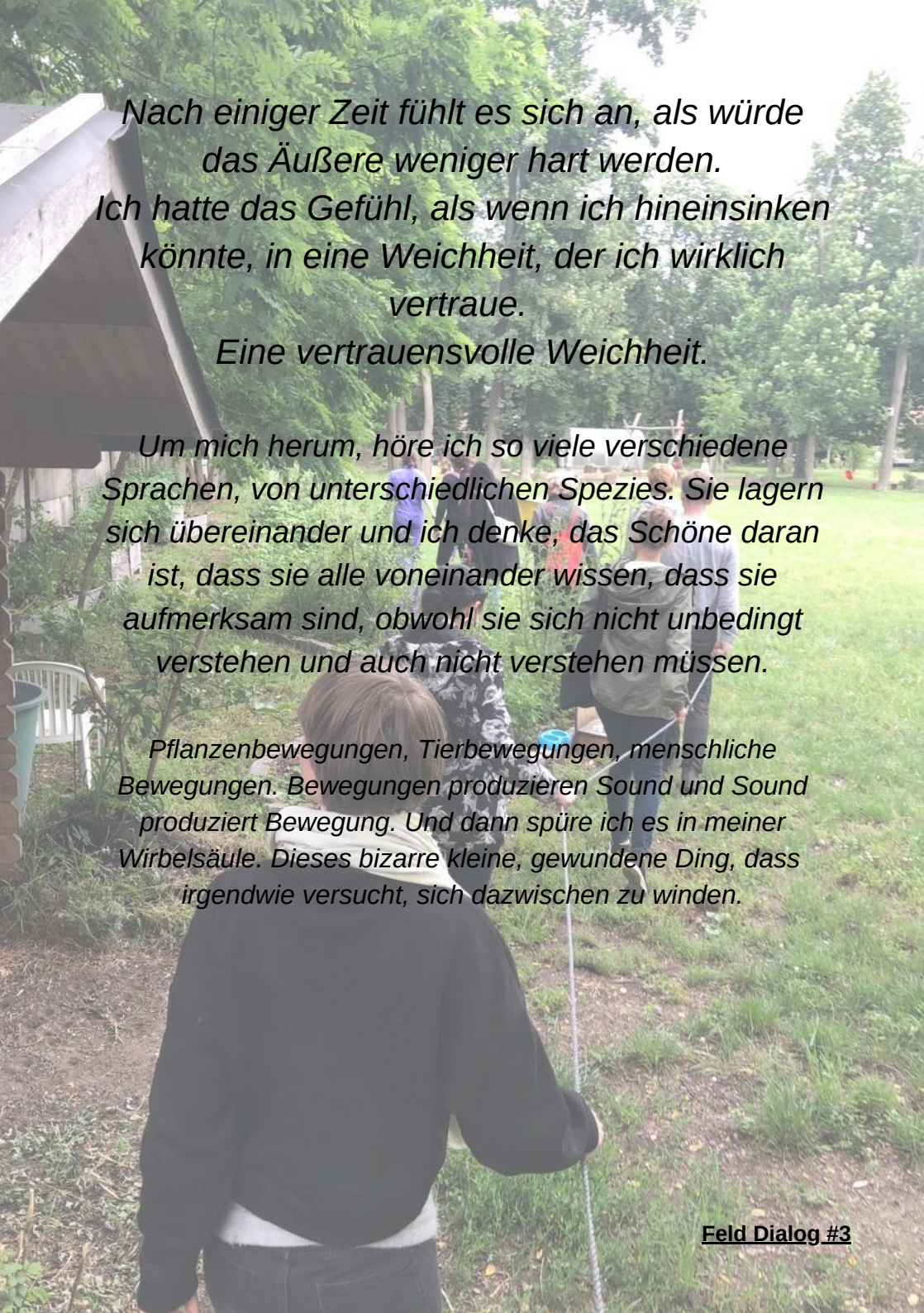
- 1. "your hands have the texture of wet grass
tonight. Let me hold them for a while longer"**
- 2. There should be no separation**
- 3. If I separate, it means that I am not there
anymore**

**While preparing the pages for this zine, I am
reading the second part of the fantasy trilogy
"The Broken Earth" by N. K. Jemisin. The planet
(the earth) is at war with some of the human
species. So I wonder about Robin W. Kimmerer's
question:**

Does the earth love you back?

**How could we possibly return that gift (do you
read the poison in it?)**

It is important, when transplanting plants, that their roots not be exposed to the air longer than is necessary. Failure to observe this caution will result in the plant dying eventually, if not immediately. When transplanting, you may notice a gently ripping sound as the roots are torn away from the soil. This is to be expected: for the plant, transplanting is always a painful process.

A person with short brown hair, wearing a black jacket over a grey shirt and dark pants, is seen from behind, pulling a thick rope. They are standing in a grassy field. In the background, several other people are visible, some holding ropes, and a dense line of green trees. The scene appears to be an outdoor activity or exercise.

*Nach einiger Zeit fühlt es sich an, als würde
das Äußere weniger hart werden.
Ich hatte das Gefühl, als wenn ich hineinsinken
könnte, in eine Weichheit, der ich wirklich
vertraue.*

Eine vertrauensvolle Weichheit.

*Um mich herum, höre ich so viele verschiedene
Sprachen, von unterschiedlichen Spezies. Sie lagern
sich übereinander und ich denke, das Schöne daran
ist, dass sie alle voneinander wissen, dass sie
aufmerksam sind, obwohl sie sich nicht unbedingt
verstehen und auch nicht verstehen müssen.*

*Pflanzenbewegungen, Tierbewegungen, menschliche
Bewegungen. Bewegungen produzieren Sound und Sound
produziert Bewegung. Und dann spüre ich es in meiner
Wirbelsäule. Dieses bizarre kleine, gewundene Ding, dass
irgendwie versucht, sich dazwischen zu winden.*

RHIZOMATIQUE POETRY ~

*WHILE SHE IS SOFTLY TOUCHING MY FOREHEAD, WE
ARE WRITING THIS TOGETHER*

#1

WHAT SHALL I DO?

SOFTEN

NO WORDS AND IF SO THEN OTHERS

SOFTEN

SOFTEN

SOFTEN

YOU'RE WITHIN IT

DEEP DIGGING
THERE IS A CRUST AND
UNDER IT A SOFT MOISTURE

IT'S AROUND THE TIP OF YOUR FINGERS
BRING IT UP FROM DOWN THERE

COVER YOURSELF IN IT
TAKE CARE OF IT



#4

I AM LEANING

IT COULD BE A RIVER FURTHER DOWN
FROM WHAT I HEAR

WITH CLOSED EYES
YELLOW, GREEN AND BROWN
VIOLET AND WHITE
I'M NOT SURE MY SIGHT IS ENOUGH
TO SEE

since starting this research, i encountered several humans with a heart for fern. how come?

why is it that when i see fern, i feel immediately connected to home? is there more to it than fern being the vascular plant growing behind my childhood kitchen? the way to the garden always lead through them. i connect fern with deep green moisture, rain and a warm feeling of this thing called home. so what is that, rosie? today, in the lecture series we've been watching, Emanuele Coccia ended saying that no one should "stay at home any longer". besides him connecting this to the current pandemic situation, i also noticed it for another reason. concerning forests, Coccia describes them as the human made home for all "natural 'things'", for the "excluded".

to step out of these dichotomies and understanding the terrestrial plane we need to all lose our homes, that's what he said, in more drastic words. isn't this a position that only a privileged (and white) hu/man can take? losing home?!

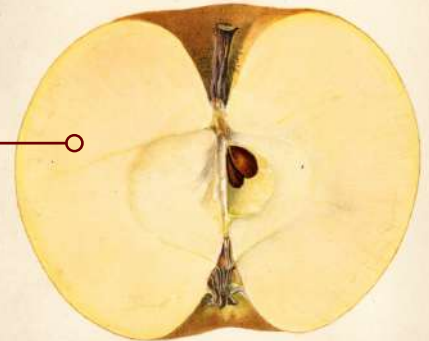
i understand the idea that everything and every place has become home right now and that for reconstructing connections, we need to first deconstruct those and lose an illusion of what we thought we had. but isn't exactly the notion of home something connected to more than the physical space of walls and places? did i misunderstand Coccia?

the notion of home also makes me think about our observations at the botanical garden in Dresden and those fossilized trees: 33 millions years (!!!) old. unimaginable, or better untraceable, with any body feeling. they were fossilized sequoia trees. my parents have one of that family in their garden, they planted the tree when i came there more then 30 years ago. that sequoia still has their roots, to the contrary to the fossil tree and they are taller than our house. now my parents would like to take that cousin down. their roots are destroying the foundation of our home. shouldn't these foundations be the home? shouldn't we stay connected to them? must we be afraid of so much force that this sequoia has? lifting up the concrete ground of our house and home.

maybe these concrete stones need to be lifted up and this is what was meant by staying (in our comfortable) homes no longer... ?!

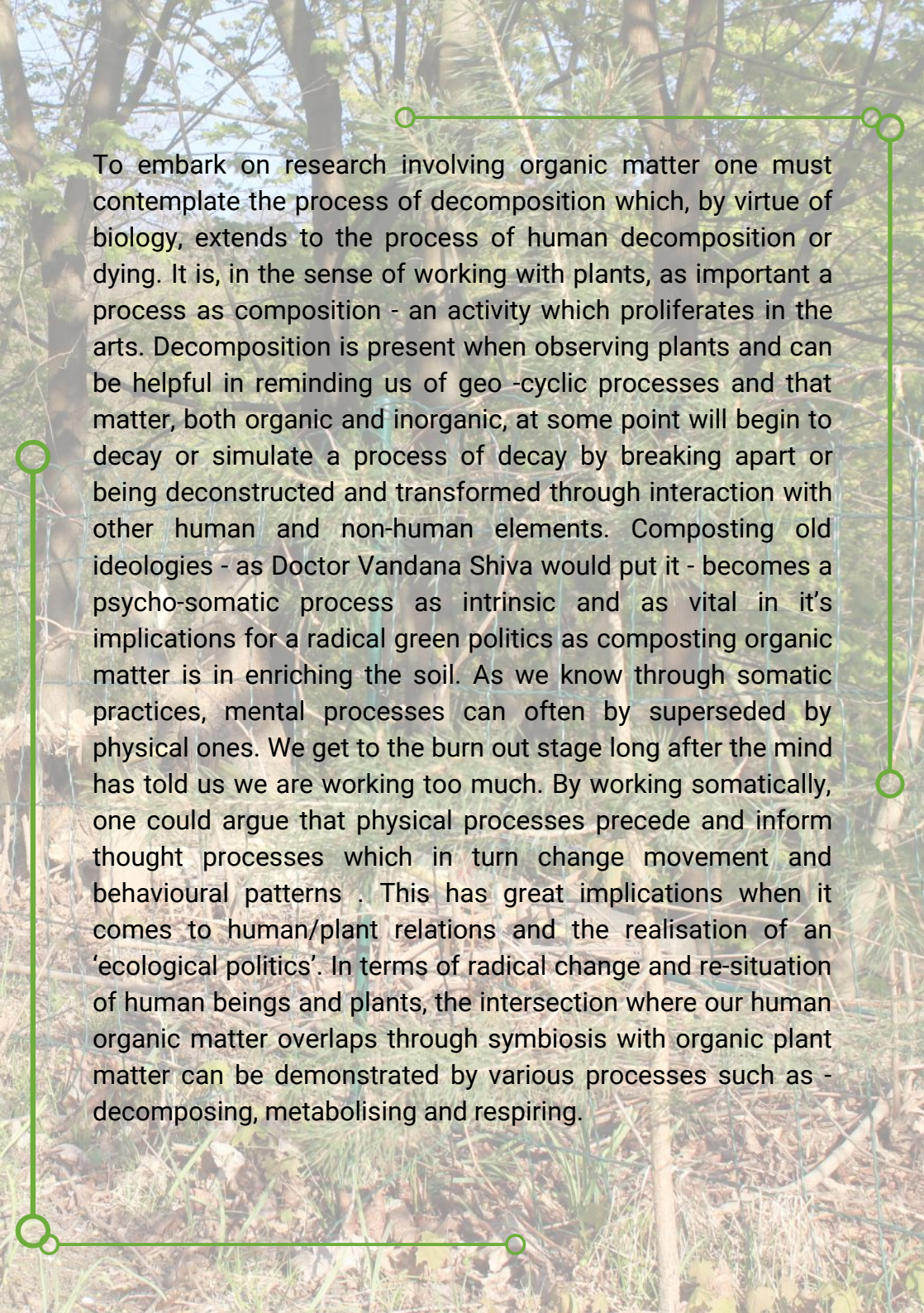


„the word
for world is
forest“
(ursula k le quier)



äpfel und rosen gehören zur familie der rosengewächse. äpfel waren schon immer
begleiter* in meiner familie. are they our care-companion?

drama



To embark on research involving organic matter one must contemplate the process of decomposition which, by virtue of biology, extends to the process of human decomposition or dying. It is, in the sense of working with plants, as important a process as composition - an activity which proliferates in the arts. Decomposition is present when observing plants and can be helpful in reminding us of geo -cyclic processes and that matter, both organic and inorganic, at some point will begin to decay or simulate a process of decay by breaking apart or being deconstructed and transformed through interaction with other human and non-human elements. Composting old ideologies - as Doctor Vandana Shiva would put it - becomes a psycho-somatic process as intrinsic and as vital in it's implications for a radical green politics as composting organic matter is in enriching the soil. As we know through somatic practices, mental processes can often be superseded by physical ones. We get to the burn out stage long after the mind has told us we are working too much. By working somatically, one could argue that physical processes precede and inform thought processes which in turn change movement and behavioural patterns . This has great implications when it comes to human/plant relations and the realisation of an 'ecological politics'. In terms of radical change and re-situation of human beings and plants, the intersection where our human organic matter overlaps through symbiosis with organic plant matter can be demonstrated by various processes such as - decomposing, metabolising and respiring.

why is it you cry when you die/dye

...with onion skin?

we're dying, constantly, many small deaths every day, imperceptibly and ongoing, to an ultimate new state in the end, which no one knows about, going from one state of being into another. i thought maybe these onions could help me let go of what i fear about this ...

the process of dying made us stay outside all day. we watched the fire, mourned a dog and made the list of magical powers we encounter and wish for in each other.

dying takes time, it is rooting down, it makes one understand. i chose the onion while rosie chose the apple tree, my family, with its bark and leaves.

dying is a process of imprinting. i was interested in finding another texture in between us and the plant, another layer of information, another part of the story, a story that's the process in itself.



HOW CAN TENDING A GARDEN BE OF CARE AND
EXTRACTIVIST AT THE SAME TIME? MAINTENANCE DOES
REQUIRE INTERVENTION (INTERACTION?) DOESN'T IT ?
GARTEN/PFLEGE = INTERAKTION/EXTRAKTIVISMUS ?

WHAT IS A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN ? CONTRADICTIONARY UTOPIA ?
WAS IST EIN SCHÖNER GARTEN ? EINE WIDERSPRÜCHLICHE
UTOPIE ?

QU'EST-CE QU'UN BEAU JARDIN ? UTOPIE CONTRADICTOIRE
?

WHO'S GOT THE AGENCY ?
WER ENTSCHIEDET HIER ?

DOES GARDENING IMPLICITLY IMPLY A MORE EMPATHETIC
PRACTICE WITH PLANTS ?
BIN ICH DEN PFLANZEN NAH, NUR WEIL ICH GÄRTNERE ?

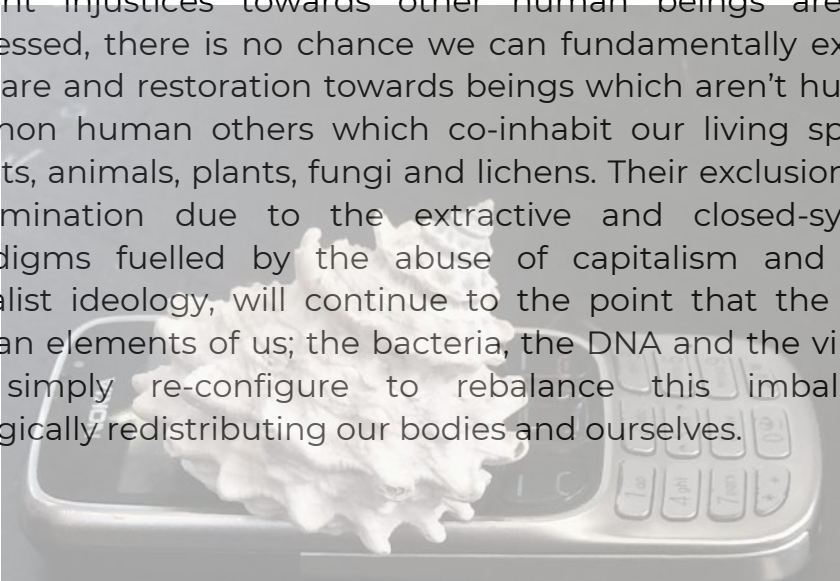
WHAT DO WE EXCHANGE, BESIDES CARBONDIOXID AND
OXYGEN ?
WAS TAUSCHEN WIR NEBEN KOHLENSTOFFDIOXID UND
SAUERSTOFF NOCH AUS ?
WHAT DOES SYMBIOSIS MEAN ?
WAS IST SYMBIOSE ?

HOW CAN WE LEARN TO RETURN THE GIFT ? (THX ROBIN W.
KIMMERER ?)
WIE WERDE ICH DIESEM GESCHENK GERECHT ?

WHAT ABOUT LEARNING NAMES & PRONOUNS OF THOSE WE
SHARE THE WORLD WITH ?



Ecologist and philosopher Timothy Morton states that we are in fact still living in the Romantic era and by proxy in a death culture. By death culture he is referring to the suspended horror and disbelief that we are actively contributing to, and in some cases exploiting, our own demise as if through a lens or frame. We cannot fathom and make meaningful connections between greater topics like the Climate Crisis, Neo-Liberalism and institutionalised Racism because these issues just seem too big, far away or unbearably overwhelming. Or maybe the reality of doing something is inconvenient. When Morton talks about not being able to address the fate of polar bears without addressing institutionalised racism, he is highlighting the conceptual leap which needs to occur as without it there can be no meaningful progressive ecological politics and we will remain trapped in the Romantic era. By addressing the human loss of life which has shaped our current global capitalist system and it's relationship to plants and humans as commodity, we acknowledge the displacement of indigenous peoples and the legacy of slavery which is the foundation for our current agro-industrial model. If these historical and current injustices towards other human beings are not addressed, there is no chance we can fundamentally extend our care and restoration towards beings which aren't human. The non human others which co-inhabit our living spaces. Insects, animals, plants, fungi and lichens. Their exclusion and extermination due to the extractive and closed-system paradigms fuelled by the abuse of capitalism and neo-liberalist ideology, will continue to the point that the non-human elements of us; the bacteria, the DNA and the viruses will simply re-configure to rebalance this imbalance, biologically redistributing our bodies and ourselves.





an invitation | eine Einladung Occupying Eden 2021

Occupying Eden is a multi-species performance that invites the audience to take part in the making of an imagined ecological paradise. Throughout the performance the attribution of vegetative characteristics, plantomorphism, means the performers and audience increasingly become less human and more plant like. Occupying Eden proposes a symbiotic future where we never left the garden and instead make kin with our more than human counterparts.



Regenbogenmagie
Eismagie
Feuermagie
Himmelmagie
Wolkenmmagie
Sonnenmagie
Baummagie
Mondmagie
Sternmagie
Dunkelmagie
Katzenmagie
Lichtmagie
Wolfmagie
Schaummagie
Rauchmagie
Schneemagie
Apfelmagie
Zwiebelmagie
Blumenmagie
Riechmagie
Wassermagie
Grasmagie
Blattmagie
Sturmmagie
Blaumagie
Steinmagie
Sirupmagie
Rosenmagie
Löwenzahnmagie
Schutzmagie

Danke an Flora für unsere Unterhaltung am
Feuer. Ich habe viel von Dir gelernt.