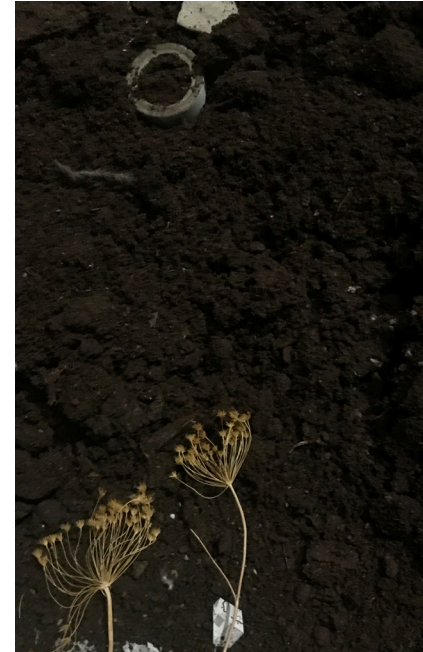


It lies in the soil



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It lies in the soil

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The earth, according to some beliefs, is our veritable mother. We are born of the soil. The body I inhabit consists of the countless particles of life, including those of the insects, worms, bacteria, and plants who came before me. While I don't consider myself a particularly spiritual person, I can't help but feel a sense of awe when acknowledging the soil's eminence and knowledge - an immense living entity of which I am but a small part of.

Soil is the by-product of the decomposition of minerals, organic matter, living organisms, water and air, an ongoing process dating billions of years. According to botanists, vegetal life evolved from a green alga ancestor during the Ediacaran Period, when sea ice melted over shores and flooded the ground with warm shallows, an ideal habitat for the pre-conditions to vegetal life. This process led to the colonisation of the soil and is responsible for the development of a pristine wilderness, the natural world.

This wild, with its rugged terrain, diverse plant and animal life, and vast expanses of unspoiled landscapes, is a marvel to behold. It is a place where we can find solace in the unbroken silence, breathe in the crisp air, and be reminded of the beauty and power of the world around us, a world that has hitherto existed outside the realm of human control. The alteration of the wilderness began around six thousand years ago, with the beginning of basic agriculture and gardening.

The garden today on the other hand represents a more human-centered approach to nature, one that seeks to impose order and structure upon the natural world. It is a space where we can exercise our creativity and express our individuality, shaping and manipulating the landscape to suit our needs and desires.

On the face of it, whilst these two forms of nature may seem at odds with one another, they are in fact both grounded in a deep reverence for the natural world with an underlying desire to connect with its rhythms and cycles. The relationship between humans and nature has been an important topic since the very start, but in recent times it has grown into an increasing concern as our natural environment is threatened by our presence. For too long nature has been altered and consumed by humanity without thought as to how this shift might inform a better or worse relationship to the wild at large. As a consequence, we today face a rapid environmental degradation, an alarming change of climate and a loss of biodiversity that threatens all forms of existence.

As one who acknowledges their place within the larger living entity, I believe it's important to strive towards fair and equal partnerships. To do this, I recognise the need to reflect on my own daily practices and consider where I can make changes to promote more balanced relationships.

Not only in this paper but also in my personal understanding of my artistic practice, I am trying to learn how to facilitate patience with and comprehension of the natural cycle of life. As the last vestiges of winter begin to fade away, I find myself eagerly awaiting the arrival of spring. I long for the warmth of the sun on my skin and the gentle breeze carrying the scent of blooming flowers. However, I recognise, that I have no control over this cycle of life and therefore there is nothing more for me to do than to sit back and wait for nature to be ready. It can be tempting to try to rush things, to force the plants to grow faster or the sun to shine brighter.

This is not within my power, nature operates on its own timeline. I am in the process of learning to embrace the beauty of this period of waiting. Working within natural surroundings, the organic matter challenges me to trust and have faith that everything will unfold exactly as it should.

Through my practice, I wish to contemplate the process of nurturing my art like a plant in the soil, like a garden, observing its growth and evolution.

This thesis will chronicle my artistic journey, examining the challenges and rewards of collaborating with a partner far beyond my control, and think upon the valuable lessons of patience, diligence and humility.



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The soil in my hand

Nature of course, shows above the surface, but much more lurks beneath. The 30 cm of topsoil veils a potent world that exists below our very feet. I imagine this place, teeming with life underneath me, where perforating roots, burrowing organisms, water filtering systems, bacterial and chemical processes all happen simultaneously, forming a complex ecosystem. It is inside this dark medium that dormancy awakens, where seeds rehydrate, expand, split open and resume their growth towards the sky.

I feel a symbiosis between my working method and this life-giving environment. The soil beneath and around me is not just the principal source of inspiration for my art, but also my equal partner.

As Donna Harraway's work emphasises the importance of recognising the symbiotic relationships between humans and their environments and to view the world as a web of interconnectedness rather than hierarchical, we cannot be separated from nature, we are part of it and therefore we find ourselves in a constant state of transformation with the world around us.

The development of this methodology began with the awareness of soil as the home I originate from, the foundation of my character and personality. This knowledge was instrumental in my endeavour to befriend a foreign country, walking its unknown landscapes, immersing myself in these, touching, feeling and physically bonding with the new soil. Further exploration of my new surroundings led me to a field where a battle was fought and where, amongst other forms of life, an ancient tree fell, its roots decomposed.

Ploughing this soil gave me the method to comprehend this part of history, whilst sowing new seeds became the vehicle to amend the cruelty that had befallen it.

Have I become fully aware of the worth of a tree, a vegetable, a beetle or a rain drop? Certainly not yet, but working with the soil, perceiving its energy, learning what causes a plant to grow, trying to shrink myself to the size of an insect and simply listen to their noises are practices that bring me closer to this goal. Practices which require a reduction of control over nature, a calm towards time and a tranquility towards an unforeseeable result.

My final project involves the exercise of stepping aside from the areas we normally exert control and to allow soil, weather, seasons and time to express its pragmatic compromise.

With great fascination, I witness the growth of my art in the soil, nourished by the sun and other natural elements. Working with organic matter creates an interesting dynamic where the line between what is art and what is nature can become blurred. It can be difficult to discern where art ends and nature begins but it is a thought I always keep in my mind.

* * *

Perceiving soil as origin

My German-Jewish ancestors fled to Brazil in 1936 due to the race discrimination of national socialism. Settling in Rolandia, located in the south of that vast country, I remember my visits to this second home of mine, the transfer between departures and landings always seemed like an interstellar transition, not only in terms of climate and time zones, but the sensory impact caused by contrasting characteristics such as sounds, smells and colour.

The colours in Brazil seem very different than here in northern Europe: the sky bluer, the vegetation greener, flowers, fruits, birds and butterflies vividly colourful, the sunlight more contrasting, but above all the soil, not brown but intensively red.

The Brazilian soil, called *terra vermelha*, due to its high concentration of iron oxide, is of a bright and energetic red, unforgettable because of its brilliance, but also because of its power to impregnate the surroundings with its colour. When the weather is dry, its upper layer becomes dusty and the wind causes it to swirl and fly around, to rest on plant leaves, window sills, fences, car tops, even hair, eyelashes and fingernails. When it rains, the dust turns into a sticky and shiny red mud. Rain drops in Brazil are remarkably heavy, and their pounding against the ground causes rebounding splashes which tint anything standing around such as walls, fences, tree trunks, shoes and trousers.

When reflecting about my Brazilian heritage, a degrading watercolour effect overlays all the recollections in my mind, as if the red earth is still clinging and climbing up onto my memory. Because this oddity so easily contrasts to the cleanliness of the German ground

and so clearly represents the difference. It became the bedrock for the contemplation about my origin, interpreted in my Bachelor project *Der Hirsch im Regenwald und der Tukan auf der Eiche*, from 2020.

I was born to parents of different nationalities and cultures, a Brazilian mother and a German father and grew up in Berlin.

I felt a strong interest to investigate the source of subtle nuances in my identity and reflect the attributes of my biculturalism. I searched my parents closets and storage boxes, foraging past stories, asserting documents, faded photos, old objects, books, clothes, diaries and poetry albums, appraising and archiving significant details for my own interpretation and understanding.

I read books about the Holocaust written by witnesses, victims and historians, watched documentaries about the migration of the German Jews to Brazil as well as the historical facts relating to the social and political situation in Europe at that time. I interviewed my relatives living on both sides of the ocean, gathering data without judgement, mere reflection.

At its most basic, home is the place on earth where we can find shelter. The house I grew up in stands on a smooth hill formed in the glacial period, on sandy ground, an area covered by the debris collected and discarded in 1946 by the *Trümmerfrauen*, the rubble women. Its surface has a greyish beige colour and when you dig a hole in it, out comes the corner of a brick, the edge of a porcelain plate, a chunk of rusty metal and other types of remains caused by the destruction of Germany's war. The sandy soil in our garden is of poor quality, unhealthy for blooming colourful flowers, yet nevertheless a base for my upbringing, where five old oaks, three beeches and one pine tree stand.

The contrast to the soil of my Brazilian family could not be stronger. The analogy of soils became my method to articulate the connection and separation between my roots, the ground where immigration took place and the rubbish left by the war still lies buried. I dedicated much time mixing different types of earth, minerals and clay in order to draw comparisons between soil types and to run experiments with rain water. I tried methods to sculpt lumps of earth that resembled termite colonies, analysing ant and bee methods of building homes. I blended the soil mixtures with animal wool and weaved the result with dried leaves and twigs. I collected plants from both landscapes, pressed and dehydrated them, cooked and squeezed their seeds in order to make dyes and to create earthy smells. I researched about Wuppertal, a city in Germany where my father was born and learnt about its old dye making industry - a method to gain red colour from a specific seed which I experimented with - plastering cloth rags in different degrading hues. With my hands, I moulded, sculpted, wove, sewed, impregnated and embroidered the materials.

Der Hirsch im Regenwald und der Tukan auf der Eiche became a collection of objects built by the methods and materials explained above. While the objects display the disparity of geography, culture and emotionality, when placed together, the arrangement represents an unified landscape where deers and toucans coexist, underlying the possibility of affiliation, the capacity to adapt and move forward.



Der Hirsch im Regenwald und der Tukan auf der Eiche, 2020, dyed & woven soil carpets

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Walking on soil and collecting

Hamish Fulton, English walking artist since 1972, says without walking, there is no work. He emphasises walking as the most profound form of dialogue we can have with nature, where we perceive it not solely as a still image but as a holistic physical experience.

Placing one foot in front of the other, connecting to the ground by the power of gravity, feeling the pressure of the planet's surface against my feet, the thickness of the soil, its warmth and energy, is a method to move forward. When I start a walk, I swiftly disconnect from mental burdens. The intake of fresh oxygen empowers my perception and I find myself observing details along the path, discovering features, gathering capacity for fresh stimuli.

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In this sense, German artist [Christiane Löhr](#) has been a strong inspiration to me. Löhr is known for her delicate sculptures and installations which explore the relationship between nature and culture. The devotion she dedicates to the uncomplicated elements she finds along her walking routines, such as dry weeds, acorn, twigs, plant stalks, feathers and seeds, which she collects in order to construct filigree arrangements as powerful as steel sculptures, creating intricate structures that celebrate forms found in nature. Following her work has taught me the benefit of being outdoors and in contact with the soil, observing all which grows from it, unearthing their value and attributes, no matter how unspectacular.

After moving to Norway in August 2021, I engaged myself by walking around to discover these new surroundings. One of these hikes led me to Gressholmen, one of the islands in the Oslo fjord, where I quickly became deeply enthralled by its natural beauty and peaceful solitude, a small but diverse landscape consisted of shapely rocks, woods and smooth mossy patches, surrounded by clear water. Feeling invited to return, it so happened that it became a ritual over several months, when I walked to Oslos waterfront every Sunday regardless of weather conditions. I crossed the fjord by ferry, disembarked and immersed myself into the quietness, enjoying the maritime air, walking the untamed paths, being attentive to the sound of the vast and open nature. I experienced freedom, while at the same time feeling wholesome, welcomed by rocks, trees, birds, water and the vast sky. Once, while sinking my bare feet into the wet sand along one of the coves, letting the smooth water waves sway around my ankles, I felt the bump of a sunken metal object. While examining the rusty piece, my eyes were caught by the sight of many more objects spread about in and out of the water - leftovers from an old shipyard slowly going through the process of dissolution orchestrated by nature.

Interested in learning more about this history, I equipped myself with a spade and a bag hoping to forage both the worn-out pieces of metal and the sandy mud they were stuck in. I dug out hooks, hinges, bolts, and nails, imagining the machinery they had belonged to, wondering about the story behind their setting. Although the parts were rusty and almost falling apart, the ground was spotless, the water astoundingly clean. Nature's power to restore itself, despite the litter and stories left by humanity left an impression on me.



Dear Diary, 2021, weather drawing

Attentive perception to trace these stories became part of my ritual. I created my own method to „read” these stories by placing a piece of paper underneath a rock or a fallen tree branch, leaving it there for an entire week until the next visit. Rain, wind and sunlight would fall on it for seven days. Upon return, I would lift up the paper and find an imprint on it, made by the marks of their shape, by the stains of their materiality or by the dirt of the soil. The images read like words, messages told by that landscape.

All along, I kept a journal where date, weather, location, seasonal attributes and my personal emotions were entered. This physical journal, *Dear Diary*, (2021) is a site-specific compilation of the samples, natural imprints and private impressions I brought back from my visits, all neatly stored on a shelf, documenting my memories of Gressholmen, my personal ode to the landscape that became my first friend in my new home. Certain that the future will show new directions for new walks, I am confident there will be several returns and the resumption of this journal.



Dear Diary, 2021, fieldwork on Gressholmen

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Repairing soil and sowing

I was still strongly interested in the landscape of my new home, when I visited Galleri F15 on Moss' adjacent peninsula, Jeløya, to discuss the opportunity to participate in a group exhibition with other Art and Public Space students, parallel to Scottish artist Katie Paterson' solo show *Evergreen* in May 2022, a selection of sculptures, installations and drawings, exploring themes related to time, geology and the natural world, aiming to provoke contemplation on the interconnectedness of the universe. During my visit, I was informed of the historical facts about this location, a former manor, and the hardships it underwent during the occupation of the territory by the Germans between 1940 and 1945. While walking in the vicinity - soaking in inspiration from the surrounding landscape - I became familiar with a very small and fragile oak tree standing alone in the middle of a large farming field. I was told it had been planted to symbolically substitute a 500-year-old-oak which had once stood on that same spot, according to an authentic, archived pencil drawing, it had truly been a majestic part of that landscape.

Oaks are not only the national tree of the Germans, they are also a mythical symbol of wisdom and truth, when in ancient times our ancestors would gather around to consult ways to reconcile wrongdoing and restore justice. Oak trees were considered spirits of wise and vital energy, not merely timber. Despite its significance, the tree was in the way between the artillery and the strategic coastline, the reason why the German occupiers brutally felled it. Today, that farmland on Jeløya transmits a sense of peace and freedom, although not entirely balanced, as further exploration showed.

My starting point became the search for local witnesses who could remember the tree and could share individual narratives.

I was fortunate enough to encounter two gentlemen, siblings, not only rare witnesses and friendly interviewees, but also eager naturalists, one of them a dedicated bird watcher. I learned about their childhood, the manor, the war, their memories of the tree, the landscape today and about the troubling concerns on the continuous decrease of biodiversity on Jeløya.

This occurrence can undoubtedly be explained by intensive and monocultural farming, performed in order to satisfy a growing demand for food globally and a market regulated by mechanisms of a profit oriented economy. But how long will food production be possible if we disregard the value of biodiversity, the necessity to share space, soil, resources, water and air in a fair manner with other living organisms?

My work *ANIMAL CONFERENCE* (2022) is a proposal to revise the contract we established with nature - in this case with the soil - its vegetation and the animals who depend on it. It involves a circular space set around the young tree, representative of the shade the original tree cast upon the soil. Representing a plenum, the place to gather and consult about wrong-doing and injustice, as done by our ancestors. The circular space is to be freed of human activity and returned to nature, where a vegetation appealing to birds, insects and soil organisms should be restored to their healthy habitat.

The title of my work refers to a children's book written by German author Erich Kästner in 1949, *Die Konferenz der Tiere*, a story about animals of all species who, due to the political failure of humans, convene an international conference to seek world peace.

Freeing the circle from farming practices meant a vivid exchange of ideas with local farmer Karl Reier, whose knowledge about botany and meteorology were of large benefit to me. Together we negotiated the size of the circle, how much of his land could be cleared, the benefits of local vegetation, quality and quantity of seeds and a meaningful timeline. His personal identification with the prospect of biodiversity on his land increased seemingly along the process, a necessary support to assure its future. Thereafter, a circle of 30 m in diameter around the little tree was cleared free. Eager to turn and tend the earth with my own hands, Karl's farming tools payed off well. Meadow and wildflowers seeds were then picked in order to plant a vegetation where worms, beetles, spiders, butterflies, birds, mice, rabbits, marmots, deers would naturally be satisfied with and find a safe habitat. I then walked all the grooves inside the circle, altogether several kilometers, covering the freshly prepared soil with seeds, pressing these in with my footsteps. Finally, leaving the field on its own, allowing as much time as needed for the spring season to unfold and cover the patch of land with nurturing rain and sunlight, letting germination, growth and further pollination take place, calling the non-human world to come in and resettle. The fact that the circular area is situated at a distance from human presence is essential in order to ensure the necessary privacy for the animal debate. We, humans, are the audience behind the ranks, handing over control, merely observing the natural process.

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ANIMAL CONFERENCE, 2022, seed preparation with farmer Karl Reier



ANIMAL CONFERENCE, 2022, sowing wildflower seeds on the ploughed field

The path around the crop field became part of the installation, where the audience was invited to take a walk and take time to perceive nature. Along the path I placed simple wooden viewing cones in the shape of telescopes, which were directly pinpointing the area, giving the opportunity to attentively discover. The walk could be accompanied by the voices and stories of Bengt and Bjørn Eriksen, the local brothers I met, an important correlation to the installation. The intentional purpose of that walk was to trigger immersion into nature and the narrative, creating reflection and reassessment of ones own contract with the natural world.

My contract with nature is uncomplicated, we both comprehend the need for mutual respect without long paragraphs. I disapprove against brutal acts towards nature. When a tree is cut, I feel a pain and the pain is even larger when the reason for the mistreatment is war.

Łukasz Surowiec, a Polish interdisciplinary artist, brought 320 birch trees from the area around the Auschwitz-Birkenau Memorial in Poland to Berlin for its Biennale in 2012. Coming from a soil where there was so much death, the trees were distributed and planted at locations connected to the deportation to concentration camps and Holocaust, as a symbolic gesture to bring back to Germany something that belongs to its national heritages.

ANIMAL CONFERENCE is my effort to bring back to the soil the life we have caused to de cease.

It is an indescribable honour for me that today, 10 months later, *ANIMAL CONFERENCE* has been declared a permanent installation by the Statsforvalteren i Oslo and Moss Kommune. An installation capable of reviving itself every year without me.

The little tree will surely continue growing, and because the soil around it is refilled with healthy ingredients, a sustainable cycle for wild vegetation has brought back bees, flies, beetles and more birds will fly by.



ANIMAL CONFERENCE, 2022, view of oak tree through wooden cone



ANIMAL CONFERENCE, 2022, wooden viewing cone & audio QR code



ANIMAL CONFERENCE, 2022, blooming wildflowers with oak tree

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Sharing soil

In the northeast of Pennsylvania, USA, exists an institution called *Mildred's Lane*, run by the American artists Mark Dion and J. Morgan Puett, self-proclaimed ambassadors of entanglement, with the objective of rethinking collectiveness and the ethics between people and the environment.

I was invited to participate in a two-week residency in the summer of 2022, along with students from SAIC, a community based art experience, relating with others, exercising a life form that is conscious, in a creative way, rather than producing works.

Located in the middle of the woods, *Mildred's Lane* is a site enclosing wilderness, planted gardens, domesticated and free running animals, fields for vegetables, a water hole and several farm buildings. Much work is required to run the property and daily activities are structured around the practice of domesticity and care for the surrounding ecological system. *Workstyles* is the term used for notes packed inside envelopes containing a specific task, for instance; tidying up bathrooms, tending to the chicken coop or harvesting from the vegetable garden. Every day, each participant is to pull out one of the envelopes from the pile and decide for themselves when and how to perform the task, while soaking in inspiration for artistic illumination. Planting and harvesting produce, preparing and sharing meals as a group offered spontaneous chances for familiar exchanges of thoughts, opinions, questions and answers.

Co-existing in a fair manner as a group within shelters and outdoor surroundings is the core essence for embodying the philosophical value of holistic neighbourhood and community living.



Mildred's Lane, 2022, view of garden

This experience became vital for my personal growth and inspiration during the conception of my entry for the exhibition *Betraktninger = Observations, Dialogues and Actions* at Galleri ROM in Oslo shown in September 2022, the theme addressing neighbourhood and ways to rethink the meaning of community living in our cities.

The gallery building is situated on Maridalsveien 3, a busy street cutting through manufacturing, educational and residential buildings and in this part of street, treeless. Observations of the area led my attention towards a small triangular patch of land in front of the gallery, a seemingly abandoned patch overtaken by wild weeds forming a well-functioning habitat for insects, snails, rats and birds. Nevertheless, its unruly appearance conveyed a sense of rejection. In an effort to point out the unique quality of this green area, despite its wild impression, I searched for a method to visualise its potential. My proposal, an urban radish farm, titled *The silent folk, Raphanus*, consisted of a disruption in the disorderly natural plant arrangement and the insertion of a contrasting organised system. Wild versus order, insect habitat versus vegetal farm, urban area versus micro farming.

The unexpectedness should provoke attention, underline the benefits of diversity, parallel forms of togetherness and represent the contradictions inside a modern urban neighbourhood.

In this context, I was very interested learning about the work *Wheatfield - A Confrontation* (1982) by Hungarian-born, American artist Agnes Denes, a project aiming to call for attention to our misplaced priorities and deteriorating human values, handling aspects such as food, energy, commerce, world trade and economics. After months of preparations, 200 truckloads of dirt were brought into a landfill in Battery Park, NY, facing the Statue of Liberty. 285 furrows were dug by the hands of nearly 300 volunteers, cleared of rocks and garbage. Seeds were sown and covered with soil as a community project. The field was maintained for four months, cleared of wheat smut, weeded, fertilised and an irrigation system was set up. The harvest yielded over 455 kg of healthy, golden wheat and the hay was shipped to different places to be part of a travelling exhibition against world hunger, and distributed to the Manhattan police to feed their horses

The patch of land in front of Galleri ROM is much too small to fit the projection of a theme as large as world hunger, but large enough to address aspects about food production and distribution. By defining a straight line through the triangular shape, pruning the weeds down within that line, removing the rubbish in between, digging into the soil to free it from roots, turning and smoothing the earth, a noticeable separation of about two meters in width became noticeable. I decided to sow radish seeds mostly because of the given season, but also in order to achieve a harvest of a highly nourishing

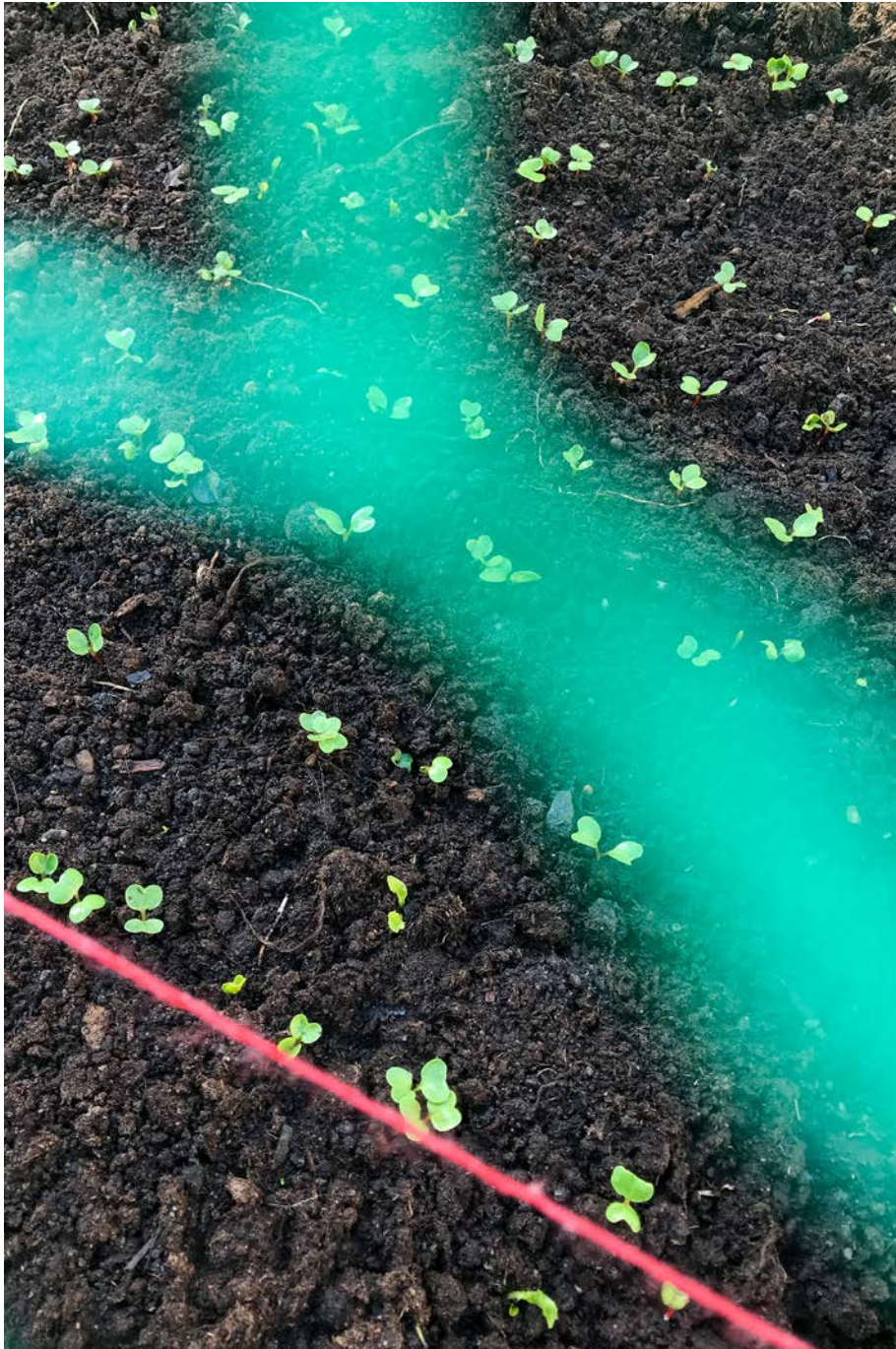
produce that can be consumed right out of the earth and offered to the surrounding neighbourhood. After ploughing straight indentations inside the earth, I buried around 400 radish seeds, carefully measuring the correct distance between each one, underlying methodology versus random, building the contrast to the wild plants.

For several weeks, I visited this patch daily, walking from old my apartment two streets away carrying a water canister filled to the brim, obsessively scanning the weather forecast hoping for the right measurements of sun warmth, rain and shade, until the day the seeds suddenly sprang forth into little green plants.

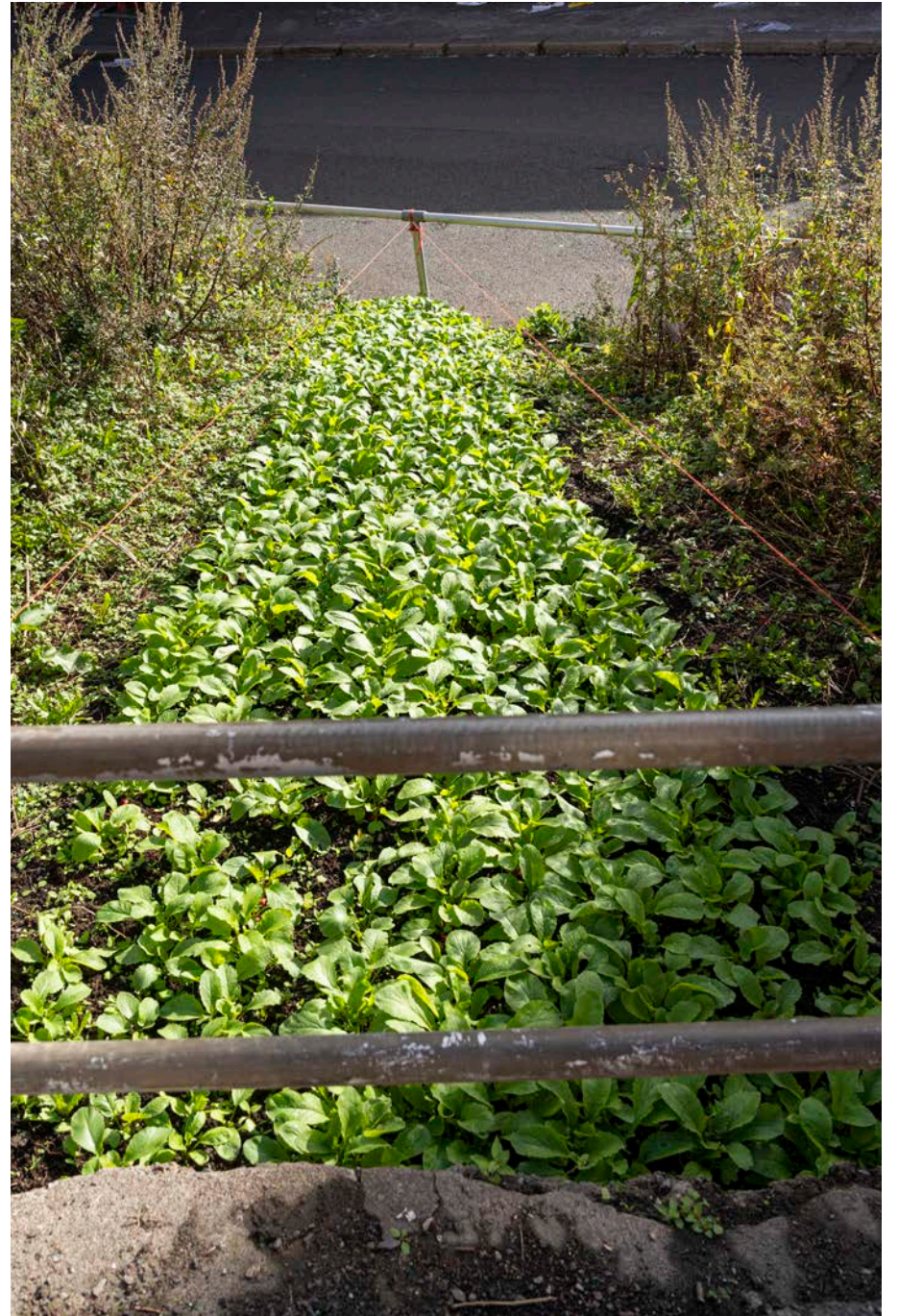
An important part of the project would have been active participation by the neighbours, helping to water, guarding and harvesting the plantation. Unfortunately, due to schedule challenges, I was not capable of making the arrangements necessary to get the neighbourhood involved. Nevertheless, people passing by and some members of *Hausmania Kulturhus* expressed curiosity and interest.



The silent folk, Raphanus, 2022, ploughing the soil



The silent folk, Raphanus, 2022, first radish plants growing



The silent folk, Raphanus, 2022, radish farm before the harvest

The *Prinzessinnengarten* in Berlin is a good example of a well-functioning collective urban farming project, an open, inclusive and self-organised neighbourhood garden run on a volunteer basis, encouraging people to come and work together. Formerly a plot where waste materials from a former building which was destroyed in the war laid about, the goal is to maintain and optimise the soil by planting insect friendly and ground optimising vegetation, as well as seasonal collective cooking.

In both cases, *Prinzessinengarten* and *Mildred's Lane*, participative practices of soil and food growth stand for a realistic idealisation of the power of soil and the democratic sharing of its produce. I learned from *The silent folk, Raphanus* a valuable lesson: planning time for natural processes is essential.

Happily or sadly, the Maridalsveien radishes were eaten by neighbourhood birds or other animals, the reason why I decided to cancel the planned harvest and eat-together-event with the community. I gave part of the radishes to friends and colleagues, and with the rest of it, I learned from my partner how to conserve them.

Although not all I planned succeeded, the experiences I made while working in *Mildred's Lane* and on Maridalsveien, the lessons about community living, the assessment of responsibility for a patch of soil, and the benefits of sharing its fruits together are closely linked. This parallelism has been documented in form of a publication I made for the exhibition *Betraktninger = Observations, Dialogues and Actions*.



The silent folk, Raphanus, 2022, radish harvest

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Fostering soil production

Experiencing the power of the soil and the energy it radiates by observing seeds turn into vegetation that are vital to animal and human lives is gratifying, but where does that power come from? Parallel to experimenting, reading and researching about soils geological history, its characteristics, its health and production is an important part of my methodology.

My thinking is constantly accompanied by the emergence, archeology and philosophy of the environment, as well as studies about our place in the natural world, our role alongside nature and discoveries relating the aftermath of these interactions. A meaningful practice that supports deeper understanding of these subjects is a collaboration and an experimental artistic approach with my friend and colleague Amalie Risom via our process-based project *Language of Landscapes* (2022-). With the objective to factually learn about landscapes, we dedicate much effort and time to research specialised books and articles, attending seminars, workshops and partnering with esteemed scientific institutions, such as the Archeology Department of the Aarhus University, in order to continuously increase our perspective of the subject. Through this process, we strive to adopt an analytical mindset that enables us to delve into the history of the relationship between humanity and the natural world, and to unveil facts and mysteries that lay buried in the layers of soil and rock formations.

The gained knowledge allows us to improve methods to examine soil, plants, vegetation to ultimately develop ways to decipher and comprehend the stories landscapes hold.

Doing so we are simultaneously creating our own individual artistic tools that will firstly allow objective comprehension for later artistic interpretation and expression.

Like the sandy ground on Gressholmen holding rusty bolts and nails told me about the shipyard that once existed there, stories told can explain history, define circumstances, expose actions and reinforce through experience. Art on the other hand can amplify the power of these stories, making them memorable. With this notion in mind, our research procedure focuses on the saying: „As we relate, we create“, which we understand as surveying plots, digging into the soil, unearthing relics, lingering inside ground laminae, foraging through layers of waste, inhaling the fragrances of decay and rebirth stored in between the sheets of composted material, and collecting, examining and conserving found organic matter.

Together, we walk through the premises of our immediate surroundings, we talk about our understanding of shared readings and hand-write reflective letters to each other on a weekly basis, summing up what we are thinking about while at the same time learning from each other and our visited landscapes. We share through food, writings, visual documentations, photographs or videos of places we investigate.

Our starting point was the recognition that soil stands for the foundation upon which every landscape is built on. Without fertility in the soil, vegetation would not grow, and consequently, no landscape would emerge. In our pursuit to gain a deeper understanding of what constitutes healthy soil and how the process of cultivating works, we have initiated a chapter in our work aptly named *Harvesting Soil*. Here, our objective is to firsthand experience the significance of soil health and the process of nurturing it.



Language of Landscapes, 2022, fieldwork in Aarhus

Harvesting Soil focusses on relational ethics, specifically in taking care of a compost worm population. A gift of 30 Red Wiggler worms has made us their caretakers. We observe their daily routines, needs and wants, learn how to properly administer nourishment and which conditions make them happiest. Through learning from them, understanding vital mechanisms, wishes and necessities, we witness the natural production of a soil inherently pure and healthy, while at the same time, assess the potential for symbiotic entanglements with the natural world.

As part of this project chapter, we have partnered with our friend and ceramic artist Alice Davies to create a suitable habitat and environment for the worm population. In order to communicate the goal of the concept we are documenting our feeding and caring sessions methodically on video. The resulting footage, research material, letters and compost shall serve as the artistic work which will be shown at the KHiO graduation show in June 2023.



Harvesting Soil, 2023, worm compost

My final master project brings me to one more landscape, an urban and prestigious one, sitting in the very heart of Oslo, surrounded by large avenues and buildings. Once a prairie, today a garden designed and built by mankind: Botanisk Hage, the Botanical Garden.



image from Botanisk Hage i Oslo archive, ~1893

* * *

Controlling soil

The word garden is a descendant of old English *geard*, which denotes a fence or an enclosed place. Historians believe the first enclosure was a type of barrier used for excluding animals and marauders. Same as the idea of a *Village Green*, originated in the middle ages in England, a beautiful, harmonic intersection, created for reasons such as protecting livestock from wild animals, gathering stock, as well as offering a space where local people could gather and celebrate their community. Along with the development of human society wealthier citizens began creating gardens purely for aesthetic purposes, turning these into a display of power and politics, often with sweeping grand avenues, huge feats of engineering and intricate geometric planting, proof of humans' mastery over nature.

Gardens are anything but natural. They are idealised landscapes with all the mud, pests and dead plants edited out. Dazzling flower bed arrangements, bushes trimmed into sculptures, water features and floral abundance are all moulding the natural world to fit the gardener's idea of what it „should” be.

American landscape architect and author Anne Spirn writes in her book *The Language of Landscape*, published in 2000, about a „first nature“, which represents a nature unaltered by human labor, a wilderness so to speak, a „second nature“ where we sowed seeds, planted trees, fertilised the soil and irrigated the fields and confined the rivers, straightening or diverting their courses. Finally, a „third nature“, the garden, a man-made and controlled landscape, constructed to serve our own interpretation of nature and the need for beauty and aesthetic.

A botanical garden is an organised exhibition of plants to display study and research wonders of nature from all parts of the planet, originating from a time where travelling was not easily accessible. It often encompasses test grounds, different plant beds, arboretum, greenhouses, fountains, aquariums and rock compositions, much of it created to imitate foreign habitats, not accordingly to Mother Natures' system, but entirely built by human organisations following the interpretation of a designer. Botanisk Hage i Oslo dates from 1814, in those days a Benedictine convent, called *Tøyen i Aker* (the word Tøyen in old Norwegian interestingly combines two meanings: fertiliser and meadow), where among other things, farming animals, planting vegetables and gardening herbs were essential practices of daily life. Today, 200 years later, instead of animals and vegetables, this garden is home to a collection of around 7500 unique plant species from all parts of the world - several of them bring a story of their own, beginning with a journey, a struggle for adaptation and a difficult process of integration.

„(...) Schomburgk was the first to try to cultivate *Victoria*, attempting to transplant it from lakes and streams to Georgetown, British Guiana. The plants died. In 1846, Thomas Bridges sent seeds packed in a jar of wet clay to England. Of 25 received at Kew Garden, three germinated, grew well as seedlings until winter when they perished. In 1848 dry seeds and rhizomes were sent to England but the rhizomes rotted and the seeds didn't germinate. In 1849, 35 live plants were taken to England but they all died. Two English physicians, Rodie and Luckie, sent seeds to Kew in bottles of fresh water. These arrived in February of 1849. From them, the first plant flowered November 8, 1849 in a specially built greenhouse at the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Chatsworth. One of these earliest flowers was cut and presented to Queen Victoria. (...)” (Kit Knotts, victoria-adventure.org)

The open gates of this public garden invite to leave the orthogonal structure of the city grid behind, walk in and meander along the impeccable paths cutting through patches where trees of different sizes and shapes, flower beds of all colours and scents and herbs for all medicinal and flavouring purposes are neatly maintained, organised in a harmonious and decorative manner.

~

a meadow on the hill
(The micro wilderness inside the garden)

The curvilinear paths in the botanical garden of Oslo lead me to the old Tøyen Hovedgård building, where I stand and look south, scanning the horizon, searching the sight of the fjord and imagining what *Anslo*, old Norwegian for Oslo, meaning „the meadow by the hill”, must have looked like one thousand years ago: a grassy landscape covered with wildflowers swaying gently by the wind and vividly lit by the southern sunlight shining from the waterfront. Instead, the ground spread between trees, hedges and shrubberies in front of me is covered with a monochrome, faultless and perfectly green carpet, a lawn. Lawns originated for the purpose of grazing communal livestock in early mediaeval settlements, the term meaning a clearing or barren land. Today, it refers to a managed space composed solely of grass species. Grass is a low, green, non-woody herbaceous plant belonging to the botanical families poaceae, cyperaceae and juncaceae, existing in form of approximately 10000 species. These plants are of high importance because of their nutritious grains and soil-forming function, which provide forage for

grasshoppers, caterpillars, ants, snakes and herbivorous mammals. But with the transition from farming to industrialisation came the invention of the mowing machine, the input of fertilisers and pesticides, as well as extensive administration of water. And so lawns became a means of exhibiting social position and values, a collective understanding and display of beauty.

Today, managed grass landscapes stand for a seal of approval which determines power, hierarchic situation and social adjustment. For private homeowners, the lawn is often treated as an extension of the carpet inside the living room, only in green, but spotlessly, aseptically and regularly dusted all the same - a lawn that is not manicured can be seen as an eyesore and it may have a negative effect on how neighbours and even local administrators judge its owner.

Parallel, a constantly growing gardening industry exercises a negative influence by pushing the sale of products designed to „beautify” a lawn. These are fertilisers, chemicals, weed defenders and quick repair solutions responsible for the expulsion of insect populations and soil pollution, causing immense damage to the ecological system.

I wonder about such a notion of beauty and doubt whether a concept lacking naturalness, life, fairness and balance can possibly bring a rewarding result.

With his artworks, *Güldenhof* and *A haven for diverse ecologies* (both 2020), Danh Vo, Danish-Vietnamese concept artist, presents answers to this question.

Güldenhof was originally a state for animals and agriculture activity located in Uckermark/Brandenburg outside Berlin, which suffered much decay and abandonment due to the fall of eastern Germany.

Danh Vo not only turned it into a home and studio, but a *modus vivendi* based on the interrelation between nature, animals and humans, exploring the confidence that nature knows best how to develop, compose and orchestrate.

A haven for diverse ecologies, in Nivå, Denmark, a small town where the artist grew up in, is a plot of land by the local train station bought by the Nivaagaard collection, where Dahn Vo has been given free hand to let nature and time solely decide about flow and form of the installation, which shall be a slow and continuous documentation of how plants, trees, insects, birds and animals resettle and recreate a natural habitat.

To some extent, letting nature make its own decisions has been practised by my mother inside our garden in Berlin, a garden consisting of a soil which used to be a part of the Grunewald, the woods around the city. At first, not knowing better, we spent years trying to grow a perfect grassy lawn in between our big, old oak trees - several years of hard work with no avail, until observation of the nearby forest led us to the right clue: leave it alone, do nothing! Today we find scattered wild grass bushes and weeds coming out of that soil, none of which we sowed ourselves, perennial plants arranged in a way nature decided herself.

German botanist and garden philosopher Karl Förster (1874-1970) dedicated much of his studies and efforts divulging the concept of low-maintenance gardening and became the instrumental influence to the re-entry of wild grasses, ferns and foliage perennials into the culture of gardening.

His saying „Grass is the hair of mother earth!“ was entirely addressed towards the large diversity of wild grasses.

By practising careful and systematic observation of hardy types and flowering perennials, he introduced a method he himself called gardens for intelligent lazy people with the aim of placing control in the hands of nature, allowing it to stabilise growth, reduce susceptibility to diseases, drought and frost. The method became responsible for a progressive acceptance of a natural and sustainable aesthetic. In our home garden, weeds and uncovered brown spots here and there do trigger odd remarks and raised eyebrows by neighbours and visitors, but the perception of a visible growing number of butterflies, nightingales and other fine guests settling in has given us the tools to defend the approach.

Our garden in Berlin and the assessment that maintained parks and gardens render a clinical and lifeless atmosphere, are key inspirations for my work. Grading the beauty of nature, organising systems for it, taming its behaviour are practices that elevate an ill-favoured artificiality. It is an endangered nature here and now which holds the key to the protection of all vital resources, water, air, soil and the provision of pollinating insects, the basis to safeguarding biological diversity. So why not take a couple of steps backwards, return to a more natural, less judgemental and controlled handling of land and vegetation and let soils operate according to the elements they are made of?

My proposed installation *a meadow on the hill* will be a projection / juxtaposition of a meadow onto the picnic lawn, a green grass carpet on the westside of the botanical garden in Oslo. The juxtaposition shall be in the shape of a long rectangle, a stripe measuring approximately 20 meters in length and 80 centimeters in width.

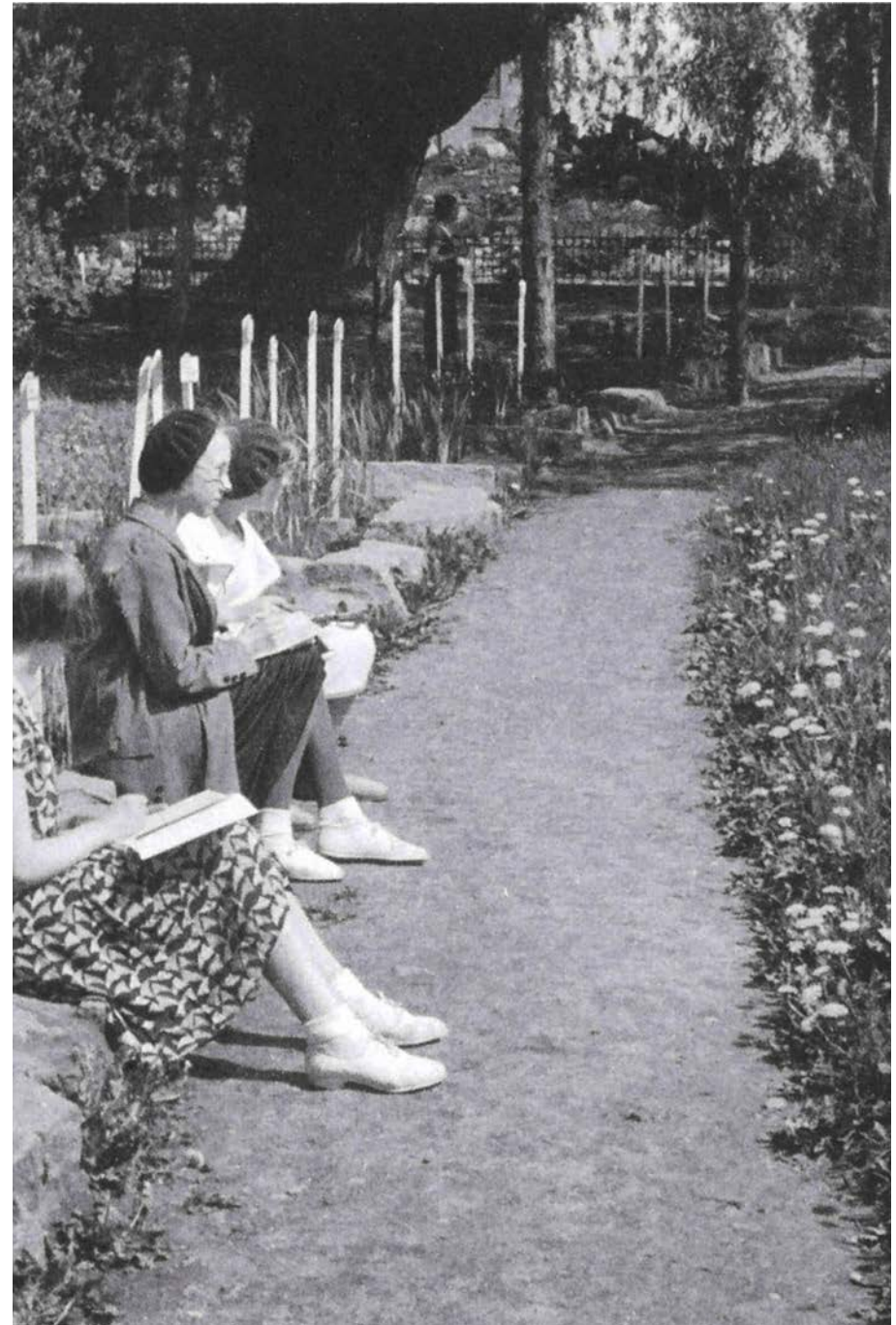


image from Botanisk Hage i Oslo archive, 1933



a meadow on the hill, 2023, my mothers garden

A fundamental part of the concept to achieve this projection, shall be a natural transformation of the maintained surface covered by grass into an uncontrolled meadow. This transformation will be exclusively unmanned and entirely determined by nature. There shall be no addition of new ingredients, no seeds, no watering gadgets nor fertilisers. It shall start with the melting of snow when the soil starts warming up and the roots begin to transform the energy of the wet earth into new leaves. It shall not be raked from whichever rest from last fall, nor from winter frost nor from seeds blown in by spring winds. The slow process of awakening, growth and eventually death is the protagonist in a plot about the thought that imperfections do not make something ugly.

In 1987, German artist **Margaret Raspé** blindfolded herself and mowed a significant area of grass inside her garden in Berlin, in order to create a lawn mower drawing, a performance on the theme of automatism, where the human being loses control and orientation towards a machine, emphasising a pre-programmed failure. In this case, the drawing, straight lines in different angles, became readable due to the contrast between the mowed and the unmowed areas of the garden.

The maintenance of lawns in Oslo's botanical garden is presently mostly accomplished by robot mowing devices.

In order to achieve my proposed shape, it will be necessary to invert Raspé's method, by reprogramming the machine to not mow the area designated to become the wild stripe, with the same objective of creating a perceivable disparity between order and chaos, of clear distinction to its adjacent fields which will undergo the routine caring intervals.

Untamed grass areas, insect habitats, are domains where the reincarnation of dormant seeds inside the soil, weeds, is possible. Weeds, ill-spoken as persistent little pests, are plant species considered undesirable in human-controlled settings. The common reason for their lack of appeal is mostly of cosmetic nature, a considered-to-be-ugly-appearance and their relentless ability to disturb order and aesthetics of landscapes. However, weeds are important elements of a healthy nature by acting as pollinators, holding the soil together and protecting against erosion. Weeds are similarly unwanted inside the compound of the botanical garden in Oslo. Because they spontaneously appear between paving stones, inside lawn areas and flower beds, on top of building facades and along the paths, they are being removed as quickly as they sprout from the soil. When I try to imagine the meadow by the hill, 1000 years ago, when folks created the first city structures in Oslo, I see lovely wildflowers, but also plenty of weeds like *dovre draba*, rock-cress, catchfly, alpine sagewort, moss, stiff stem saxifrage, etc. Therefore, the stripe of grass going through the transformation into a meadow shall not be stripped from any kind of weeds nor mosses, on the contrary, it shall welcome the natural pollinators and native plants, simply as it should be.

American artist John Knight created the installation *The right to be lazy* (2008) at the Hamburger Bahnhof, in Berlin. His work spreads itself on the roundabout in front of the museum, which was normally carefully decorated by a composition of flowers in different colours creating geometric patterns. The concept of this installation lies in its title: what happens when the gardener is gone, incapable or simply too lazy to maintain the garden? I too am interested in provoking a reflection by questioning the righteousness of certain rigid practices of

order and control against nature and the ethical position towards coexistence with other species.

The picnic lawn, where visitors gather in order to enjoy togetherness and relax from city stress, experiencing physical contact with the ground, and immersing inside a plant environment while watching the skyline, seems the ideal location for such a contemplation.

The natural transformation, the development of the juxtaposition, will be a process over spring, summer and fall, until the next winter season, which shall continuously present opportunity for visitors to observe how tall the grass is growing, how intricate its foliage will arrange itself, how many types of green will develop, the amount of seeds it will produce, why parts of it will die, which weeds will pop up in between, and whether grasshoppers, butterflies or other insects will settle in. Visitors expecting the usual order shall wonder, frown or even complain about a state of abandonment. But the encounter might visualise rewards, perhaps even trigger an incentive to practise it themselves. Information about the concept and my process will be placed in form of a sign along the pathway offering explanation.

Although *a meadow on the hill* shall primarily be an installation for the botanical garden in Oslo, it will also be accompanied by the joint efforts of lawn owners around the world. In order to spread the dialogue across the fences surrounding the garden, I intend to encourage collaborators in Brazil, Germany, Denmark, England, Ecuador, USA, Norway, family members, friends and institutions, the visiting public and strangers, to accompany my thinking process and actively participate by declaring a strip of their own grass an „out-of-control” zone.

The participatory action has the objective of creating a community interested in exchanging the experience, eventually sharing and influencing others, multiplying the beneficial outcome.

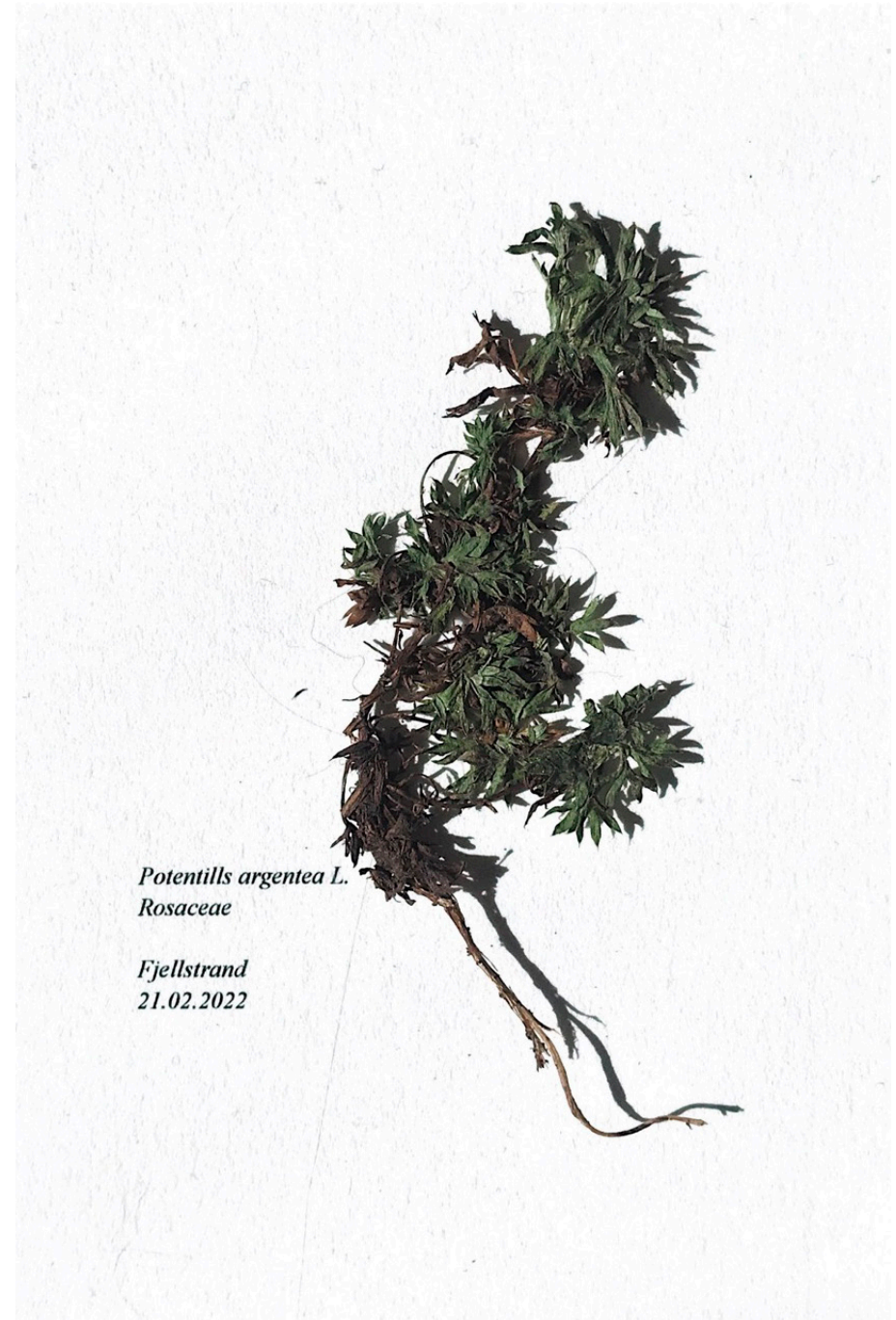
Coming from a background where the practice of gardening is strongly ruled by the longing of a fake oasis, the desire for a private resort, but also the polished image of the socially well positioned family, I realise how large an effort the participants need to bring along. The list of friends and relatives who I know have a garden is larger than the list of actual contributors - despite a thorough explanation, excuses have been made. The individual reactions are interesting, perhaps due to the different cultural positions, climatic zones and grass species.

The hesitation, the mistrust and lack of appreciation towards high grass is surpassed by the undeniable disapproval of weeds.

(see participants gardens and their processes [here](#))

The thought of a world without dandelions, daisies or cloverleaves stimulates me to accompany the gardeners in Botanisk Hage i Oslo in order to understand the removal of the undesired plants. I hope to collect the plucked weeds, learn their names and classifications, describe something about their short lives, where they have been removed from and document their drying process. Each case shall become an individual reminiscence I intend to make visible. The dried plants will be mounted on postcards, with its typology and a personal explanation by the gardener why it has been picked up.

As Karl Förster once jokingly put it: „Wenn der Gärtner schläft, pflanzt der Teufel Unkraut“, when the gardener sleeps, the devil plants weeds.



a meadow on the hill, 2023, try-out postcard with picked weed



a meadow on the hill, 2023, collected weeds

Spring is taking its time this year, as if nature needs proof that I practice what the theme of my installation stands for. April has arrived and snow still falls, covering the soil, keeping it frozen for the lawn grass to grow, and the weeds are still in a dormant phase. Being the structured person I am, nervous about the timeline lying in front of me reminding of deadlines, it is altogether a hard proof. Yet, a powerful process that reinforces my view of the concept.

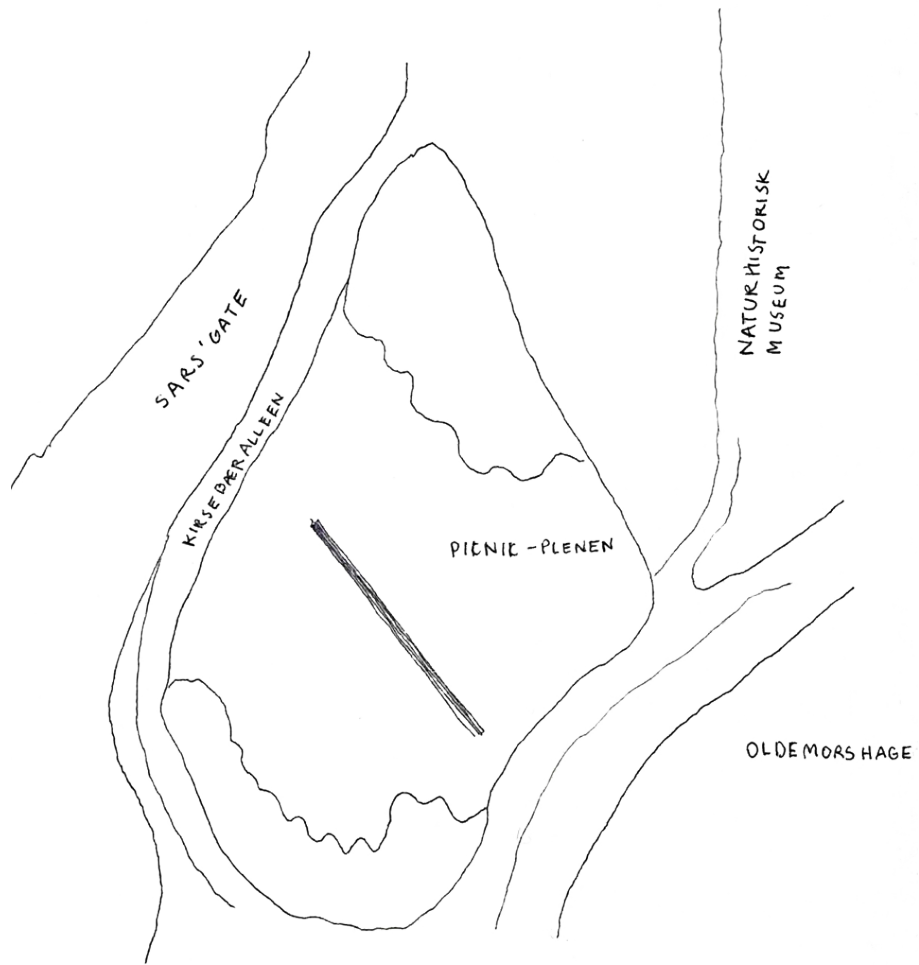
I am waiting. And this waiting shall be celebrated and patience practiced. I visit the lawn two or three times a week, sit close, feeling snowflakes, rain drops, or a weak sun ray touch my skin. While sketching and writing, I attentively listen for bird noise using my app to determine its name. I observe how visitors perceive the environment, what they look at, which way they walk. These exercises alleviate my longing to finally see the grass grow - documented in a little book, a small journal to relate about the bond and relationship I am building with Botanisk Hage.

„I think that by retaining one’s childhood love of such things as trees... one makes a peaceful and decent future a little more probable.”, a quote by George Orwell from his essay *Some Thoughts on the Common Toad* (1946), an eulogy in favour of spring. He writes, to appreciate spring and nature is a basic human right, that cannot be taken from us.

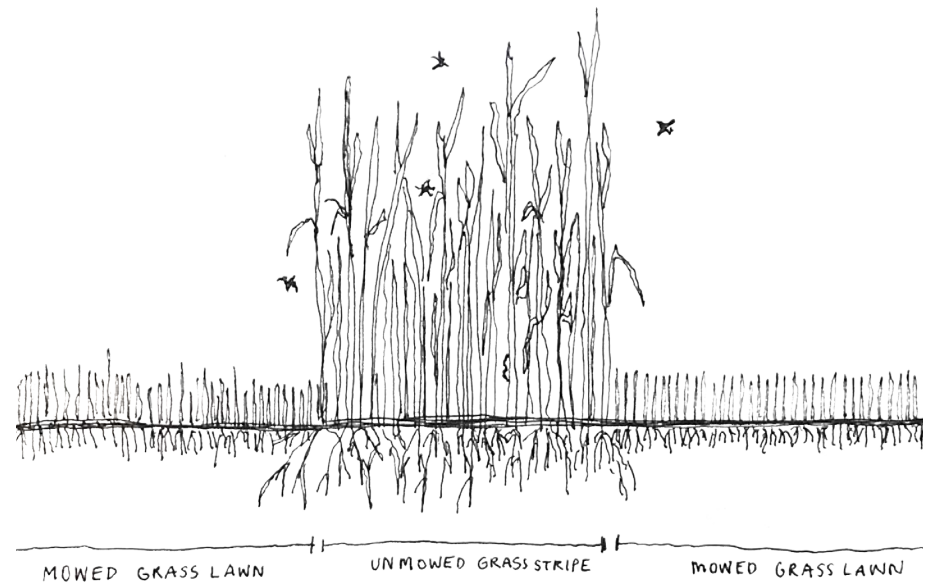
The ongoing processed-based documentation of the meadow development and the stories of unwanted plants shall be available throughout the period of the exhibition and one day in form of a publication.



a meadow on the hill, 2023, picnic lawn in April



drawing of picnic lawn inside the botanical garden Oslo with proposed grass stripe length



drawing of mowed and unmowed meadow in profile



a meadow on the hill, 2023, proposal drawing of grass stripe on picnic lawn



a meadow on the hill, 2023, proposal drawing of fenced grass stripe on picnic lawn

* * *

Embracing the unpredictable

The gardens I played in, back in my childhood, were happy and orderly places to run freely, shout, laugh, hide and seek. The landscapes of my youth were maintained urban parks in the centre of a civilised metropole. Having grown up in such environments provoked an understanding of nature as well-organised systems within the boundaries of lawns, school yards, grassy sport courts, and properly governed city districts. Moving to a foreign country marked a further passing into adulthood where the process of adaptation and settling in has required putting my feet onto a new soil, walk and discover unknown territories.

In the past two years I dedicated my efforts towards processing my relationship with the environment, recollecting the experiences gained in my childhood, readjusting these while acquiring new ones, observing, familiarising and increasing respect. My projects took me to the position where I encountered the environment as a partner. Although a silent collaborator, a powerful coach, training me to understand a different notion of time, instructing me about patience, showing me ways to abandon control and embrace unpredictability.

I not only ploughed and sowed the soil on Karl's farm on Alby, I observed carefully the approach of the experienced farmer towards the land. I turned the soil in front of Galleri ROM, grew radishes in it, conserved whatever the birds did not bite. With Amalie, I baked soil and wheat bread and have now become foster parent to 30 compost worms.

The catalogue of stern rules and high level of maintenance inside the borders of a botanical garden read like a list of restrictions and, as such, meant a challenge to me.

While I do appreciate its loveliness and comprehend its educational and recreational value, I felt a pressure to not spill anything down and to stand still. Glorifying nature is not the same as respecting, appreciating and taking good care of it, especially because of the experimental character of a botanical garden and its power to convey the ecological challenges we all must be aware of.

a meadow on the hill represents my response against the idealisation of nature as a static utopia, a plea to adopt its dynamic system, release hold, accept it as an autonomous entity and embrace the unpredictable results. It stands for my future objective to apply my artistic methods making the borders between art and nature invisible, accentuating possible entanglements of both.

Through art forms which involve life and living components, heartbeats, breathing, cellular respiration, and growing species, we can bridge the gap between ourselves and other forms of life. Only when we approach nature as respectful kin can we truly appreciate its beauty and value.

* * *

Artist referenece



Christiane Löhner
Big arch form, 2013
<https://www.christianoeloehr.de/index.html>



Agnes Denes
Wheatfield - A Confrontation, 1982
<http://www.agnesdenesstudio.com/works7.html>



Lukasz Surowiec
Berlin Birkenau, 2012
<http://bb7.berlinbiennale.de/en/projects/berlin-birkenau-by-lukasz-surowiec-19079.html>



Prinzessingarten Berlin
2009
<https://prinzessingarten.net/about/>



Danh Vo
Güldenhof, 2020

<https://www.archdaily.com/982795/gutshof-guldenhof-center-for-art-and-sustainable-living-heim-balp-architekten>



Danh Vo
A heaven for diverse ecologies, 2020



Margaret Raspé
Blindschnitt, 1987

<https://artmap.com/hausamwaldsee/exhibition/margaret-raspe-2023>



John Knight
The right to be lazy, 2008

<https://freunde-der-nationalgalerie.de/erwerbung/john-knight/>

* * *

Library

Books:

- * *Vibrant Matter - a political ecology of things* by Jane Bennett, 2010, Duke University Press
- * *Journey of the Universe* by Brian Thomas Swimme & Mary Evelyn Tucker, 2011, Yale University Press
- * *The Sun and her Flowers* by Rupri Kaur, 2017, Simon & Schuster UK
- * *Spiritual Ecology - the cry of the earth* by Llewellyn Vaughan-Lee, 2013, The Golden Sufi Center
- * *Process and Reality* by Alfred North Whitehead, 1978, The Free Press
- * *Marx's Ecology - materialism and nature* by John Bellamy Foster, 2000, Monthly Review Press
- * *Discovering the Folklore of Plants* by Margaret Baker, 2008, Shire Publications
- * *The Dawn of Everything - a new History of Humanity* by David Graeber and David Wengrow, 2021, Allen Lane
- * *All Art is Ecological* by Timothy Morton, 2018, Pinguin Books
- * *The History of Gardens* by Christopher Thacker, 1979, University of California Press
- * *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson, 1962, The Library of America
- * *Nature* by Jeffrey Kastner, 2012, MIT Press
- * *Hyperobjects* by Timothy Morten, 2013, Univ Of Minnesota Press
- * *The Ecological Self* by Freya Mathews, 1991, Rowman & Littlefield Publishers
- * *The Language of Landscape* by Anne Sprin, 2000, Yale University Press
- * *A Sand County Almanac* by Aldo Leopold, 1986, Ballantine Books
- * *The Hidden lives of Trees* by Peter Wohlleben, 2016, Greystone Books
- * *Orwells Roses* by Rebecca Solnit, 2021, Viking
- * *Half Earth - our planets fight for life* by Edward O. Wilson, 2017, Liveright
- * *Domestication gone Wild - politics and practices of multi species relations* by Heather Anne Swanson, Marianne Elisabeth Lien, and Gro B. Ween, eds., 2018, Duke University Press
- * *Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet* by Anna Tsing, 2017, The University of Minnesota
- * *Bodies of Water* by Astrida Neimanis, 2017, Bloomsbury Publishing
- * *The pattern under the plough* by George Ewart Evans, 1966, Faber & Faber Paperbacks
- * *English pastoral: an inheritance* by James Rebanks, 2021, Penguin Books
- * *Facing Gaia* by Bruno Latour, 1947, Polity Press

Online:

- * *What Seed-Saving Can Teach Us About the End of the World* by Kea Krause and Levon Biss (<https://orionmagazine.org/article/seedsavers/>)
- * *Where the Jungle and the Garden Meet* by Ashia Ajani (<https://atmos.earth/eu-garden-jungle-colonialist-ashia-ajani/>)
- * *How the Flower Industry is Wilting the Planet* by Liana Demasi (<https://atmos.earth/wildflowers-flower-industry-commercial-farming-wilting-planet/>)
- * *Atlas of Places - Rural Patterns 2* by John Benson (<https://www.atlasofplaces.com/research/rural-patterns-ii/>)
- * *The Three Ecologies* by Felix Guattari (<https://www.atlasofplaces.com/essays/the-three-ecologies/>)
- * *Rites of Passage* by Willow Defebaugh (<https://atmos.earth/fall-autumn-trees-letting-go/>)
- * *Revolutionary Plots* by Rebecca Solnit (<https://orionmagazine.org/article/revolutionary-plots/>)
- * *A Heaven for Diverse Ecologies* by Danh Vo (<http://www.art2030.org/projects/danh-vo-presents-a-haven-for-diverse-ecologies>)

Exhibition links:

- * *ANIMAL CONFERENCE* in Galleri F15
- * *The silent folk, Raphanus* in ROM Galleri
- * *Residency group exhibition* in Mildred's Lane Complex(ity)
- * *Harvesting Soil* in Galleri Seilduken 2
- * *a meadow on the hill* in Botanisk Hage i Oslo

* * *

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Anneleen Kool

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Bengt Eriksen

Bjørn Eriksen

Karl Reier

Michael Kuttner

Botanisk Hage i Oslo

Galleri F15

Galleri ROM

Mildred's Lane

&

all garden participants, wherever they are.

more information:
sekles.cargo.site



Thank you for reading.