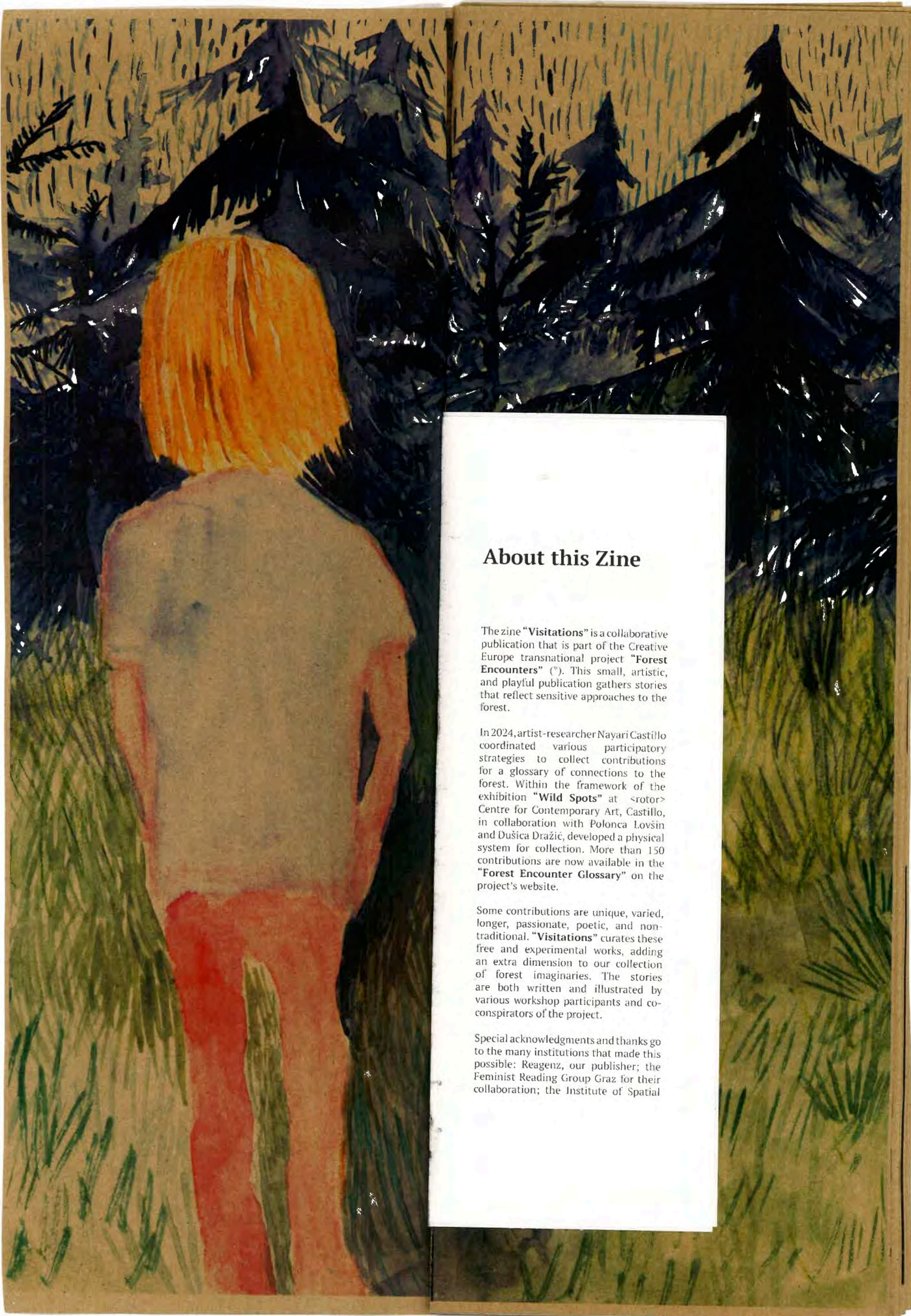




**Forest
Encounters
Zine**

Visitations

REAGENZ



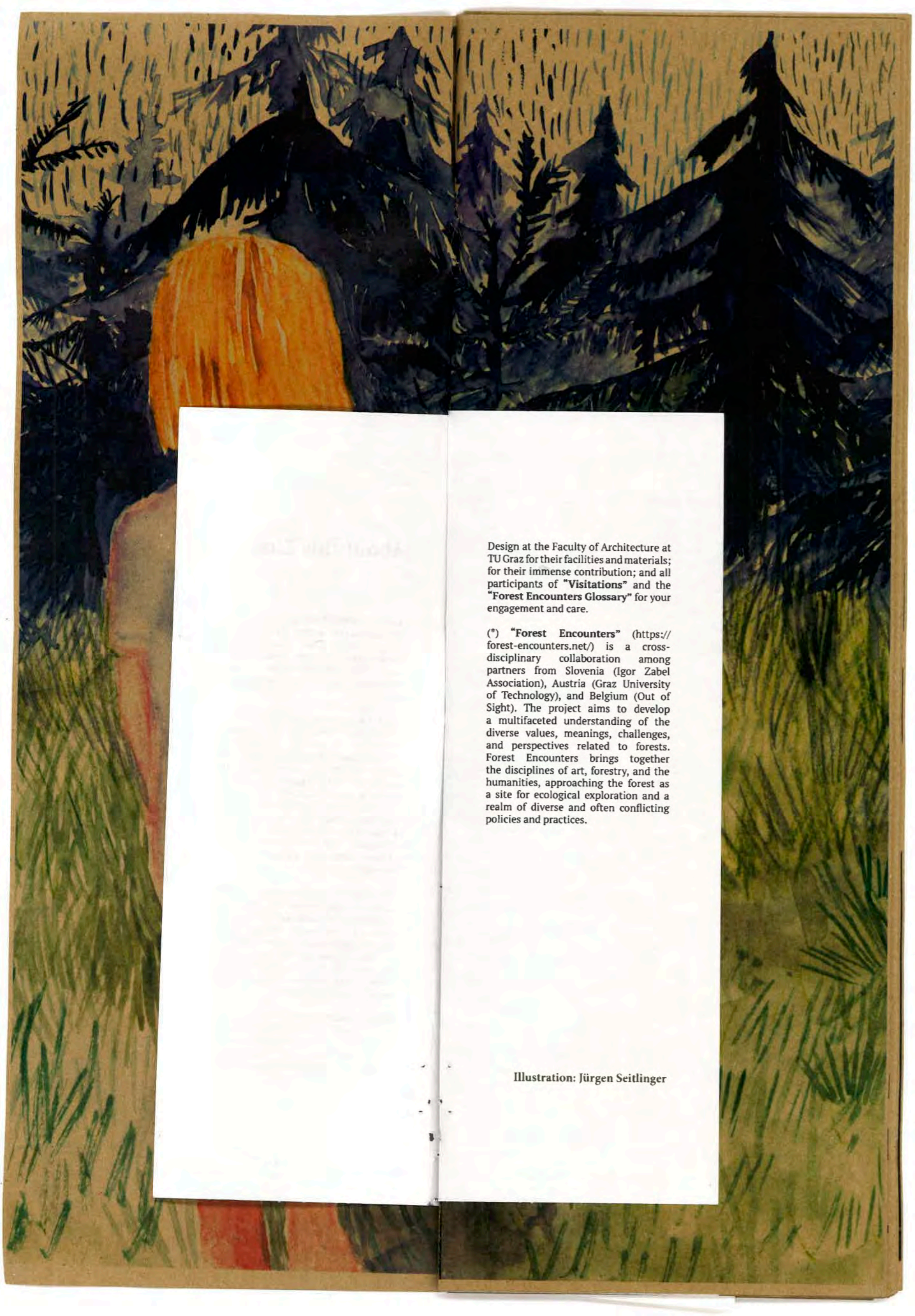
About this Zine

The zine "**Visitations**" is a collaborative publication that is part of the Creative Europe transnational project "**Forest Encounters**" (°). This small, artistic, and playful publication gathers stories that reflect sensitive approaches to the forest.

In 2024, artist-researcher Nayari Castillo coordinated various participatory strategies to collect contributions for a glossary of connections to the forest. Within the framework of the exhibition "**Wild Spots**" at <rotor> Centre for Contemporary Art, Castillo, in collaboration with Polonca Lovšin and Dušica Dražić, developed a physical system for collection. More than 150 contributions are now available in the "**Forest Encounter Glossary**" on the project's website.

Some contributions are unique, varied, longer, passionate, poetic, and non-traditional. "**Visitations**" curates these free and experimental works, adding an extra dimension to our collection of forest imaginaries. The stories are both written and illustrated by various workshop participants and co-conspirators of the project.

Special acknowledgments and thanks go to the many institutions that made this possible: Reagenz, our publisher; the Feminist Reading Group Graz for their collaboration; the Institute of Spatial



Design at the Faculty of Architecture at
TU Graz for their facilities and materials;
for their immense contribution; and all
participants of "Visitations" and the
"Forest Encounters Glossary" for your
engagement and care.

(*) "Forest Encounters" (<https://forest-encounters.net/>) is a cross-disciplinary collaboration among partners from Slovenia (Igor Zabel Association), Austria (Graz University of Technology), and Belgium (Out of Sight). The project aims to develop a multifaceted understanding of the diverse values, meanings, challenges, and perspectives related to forests. Forest Encounters brings together the disciplines of art, forestry, and the humanities, approaching the forest as a site for ecological exploration and a realm of diverse and often conflicting policies and practices.

Illustration: Jürgen Seitlinger





Inter- connectedness

Mónica Cano Abadía

In the embrace of the forest, where sunlight dances through a tapestry of leaves, one cannot help but feel the pulse of life that thrums beneath the surface. Each rustle of the branches, each whisper of the wind, brings us into a realm where boundaries blur and the essence of interconnectedness unfolds. There, the air is thick with the scent of earth and resin, a reminder of the myriad lives intertwined in a delicate balance, echoing Spinoza's notion of "Deus sive Natura".

When I evoke the forest, the interconnectedness of it all presents itself to me. Interconnectedness, in the context of new materialisms and critical posthumanisms, refers to the intricate and dynamic relationships that exist among all entities—human and non-human—within ecosystems such as forests. This concept challenges traditional hierarchical and binary structures, advocating for a flat ontology where all beings, regardless of their species or status, are seen as equally significant in the web of life. Deus sive Natura.

Drawing on the work of Rosi Braidotti, interconnectedness emphasizes the fluidity of identities and the importance of recognizing the agency of non-human actors within ecological networks. Braidotti's notion of the "posthuman"



invites us to reconsider our place within the biosphere, suggesting that our interconnectedness with the forest is not merely a backdrop but a vital aspect of our existence. Karen Barad's idea of "intra-action" highlights how entities do not merely interact but co-constitute one another through their relations. In a forest, trees, animals, microorganisms, and humans are entangled in a web of intra-actions that shape their identities and realities. This understanding calls for a recognition of the agency of all beings, emphasizing that the health of the forest is intrinsically linked to the well-being of its diverse inhabitants.

Donna Haraway's concept of "making kin" further enriches this understanding, urging us to foster relationships that transcend anthropocentrism. In the Capitalocene, where capitalist human activities significantly impact the planet as the major geological force, Haraway advocates for an ethics of care that acknowledges our responsibilities to other beings. This perspective encourages us to view forests not as resources to be exploited but as communities with which we must engage ethically and empathetically.

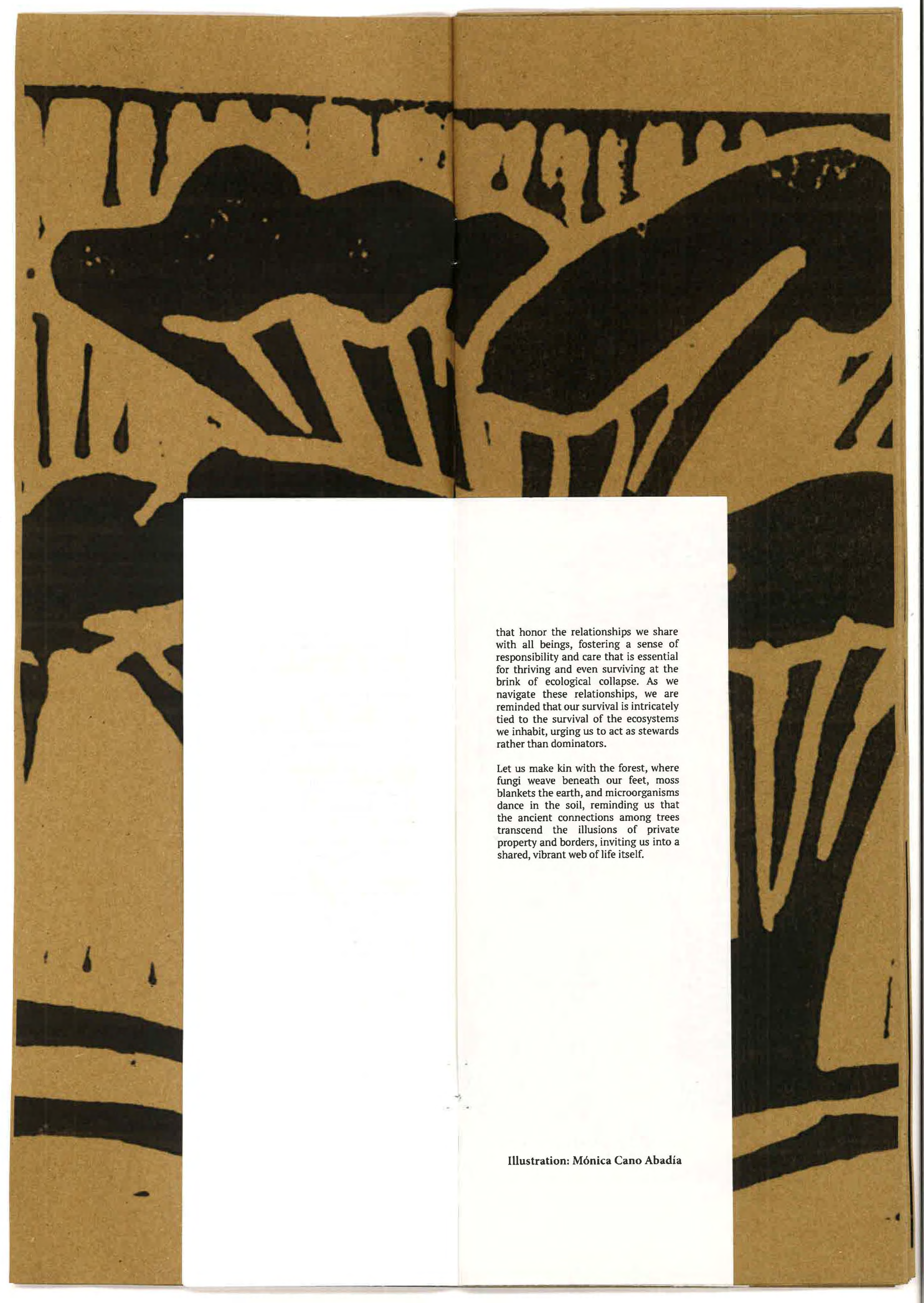
To counter the narratives on the Capitalocene (or Anthropocene, or Plantationocene, or Plasticene, and so many other proliferations of -cenes that have a diagnostic aim), Haraway also introduces the notion of the Chthulucene, a term that invites an understanding of life as a complex, interconnected web of relations that includes not only humans but also other critters and the myriad non-



animal entities that share our world. In the Chthulucene, we are called to recognize the entangled histories and futures of all beings, fostering a sense of kinship that transcends species boundaries. This framework challenges us to embrace a more inclusive vision of co-existence, one that honors the intricate interdependencies within ecosystems and inspires us to cultivate resilience and care in the face of ecological crises. Through this lens, the forest becomes a vital partner in our shared journey, a living testament to the interconnectedness of life in all its forms. *Deus sive Natura*.

Anna Tsing, through her study of the matsutake mushroom—an organism thriving in the aftermath of ecological disruption—in her book *The mushroom at the end of the world*, highlights how life persists and adapts in unexpected ways. Mushrooms serve as a metaphor for the potential of collaboration and regeneration in a world defined by fragmentation and isolation. They remind us that even in the face of environmental collapse, there are opportunities for connection, creativity, and kin-making. The forest emerges not only as a site of ecological richness but as a dynamic space where diverse lives intersect, inviting us to engage with the world in ways that celebrate interconnectedness and foster hope for a shared future.

Interconnectedness, therefore, is a call to embrace a holistic, complex view of existence that acknowledges the complexities of life in the forest. It invites us to engage in practices



that honor the relationships we share with all beings, fostering a sense of responsibility and care that is essential for thriving and even surviving at the brink of ecological collapse. As we navigate these relationships, we are reminded that our survival is intricately tied to the survival of the ecosystems we inhabit, urging us to act as stewards rather than dominators.

Let us make kin with the forest, where fungi weave beneath our feet, moss blankets the earth, and microorganisms dance in the soil, reminding us that the ancient connections among trees transcend the illusions of private property and borders, inviting us into a shared, vibrant web of life itself.

Illustration: Mónica Cano Abadía





Little Red Riding Hood

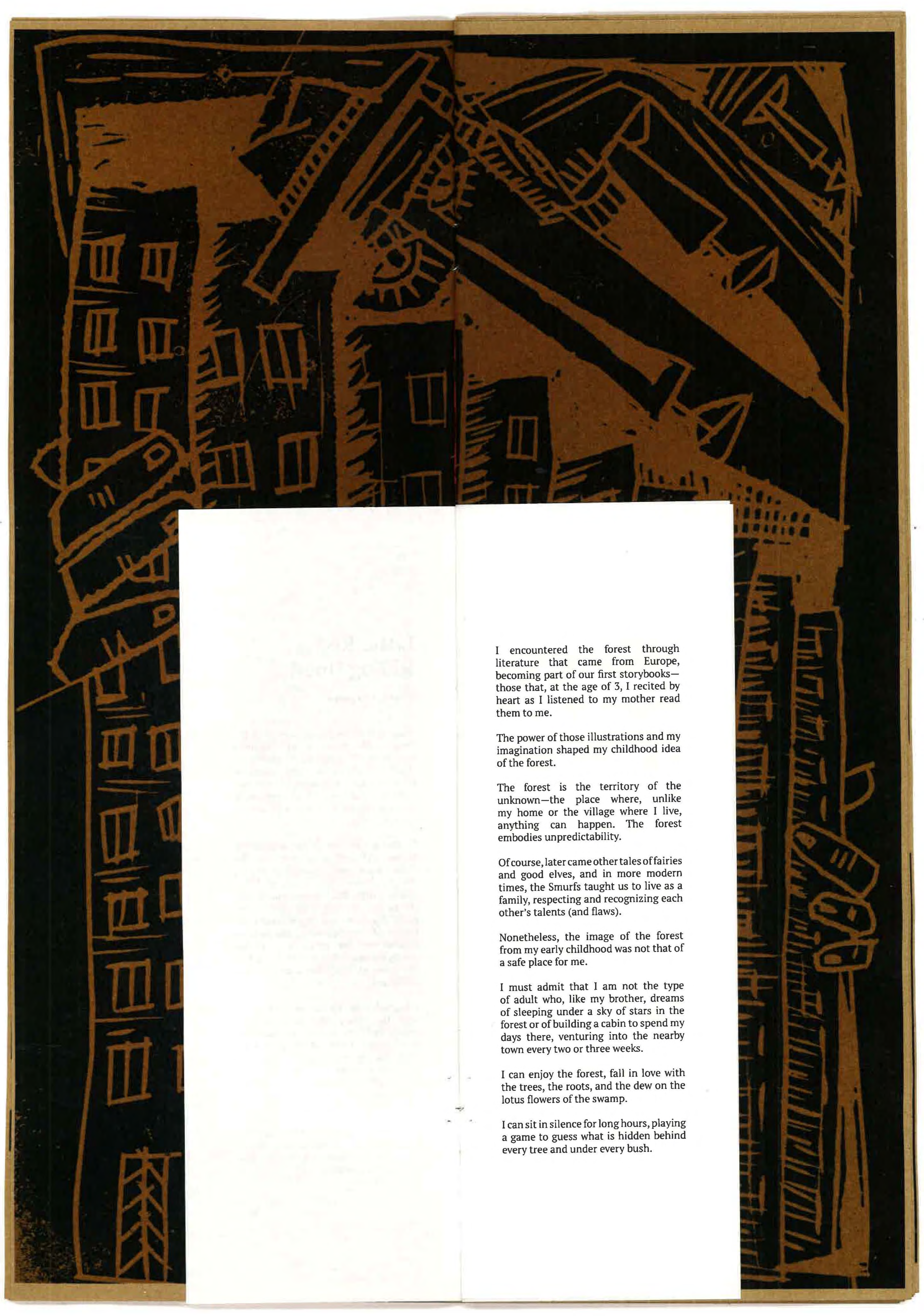
Virginia Argarate

I was born on the plains, literally in the Pampas. The forest of my childhood is a place of imagination stirred by children's literature. This literature came from Europe, shaping the contours of a world that we could see depicted in the illustrations of books, and later in Disney movies.

In the forest, the father abandoned Hansel and Gretel, the home of the three bears was invaded, Sleeping Beauty entered her dream of near-death, Little Red Riding Hood was chased by the evil wolf, and in the forest, the three little pigs learned their lesson of responsibility, terrified by another wolf. Serving no longer in the trendy pedagogical spirit, the forest was the scene of important lessons in my childhood.

I learned from Hansel and his sister how to endure abandonment and cruelty with stoic patience and strategic intelligence. From Sleeping Beauty, I learned the secret to attracting the handsomest man in town: wait in silence and without resistance so that my makeup doesn't run under the effects of crying and fear.

In the forest, a hunter killed Bambi's mother! Watching this scene—I was 5 years old—I experienced, for the first time, the pain of loss.



I encountered the forest through literature that came from Europe, becoming part of our first storybooks—those that, at the age of 3, I recited by heart as I listened to my mother read them to me.

The power of those illustrations and my imagination shaped my childhood idea of the forest.

The forest is the territory of the unknown—the place where, unlike my home or the village where I live, anything can happen. The forest embodies unpredictability.

Of course, later came other tales of fairies and good elves, and in more modern times, the Smurfs taught us to live as a family, respecting and recognizing each other's talents (and flaws).

Nonetheless, the image of the forest from my early childhood was not that of a safe place for me.

I must admit that I am not the type of adult who, like my brother, dreams of sleeping under a sky of stars in the forest or of building a cabin to spend my days there, venturing into the nearby town every two or three weeks.

I can enjoy the forest, fall in love with the trees, the roots, and the dew on the lotus flowers of the swamp.

I can sit in silence for long hours, playing a game to guess what is hidden behind every tree and under every bush.

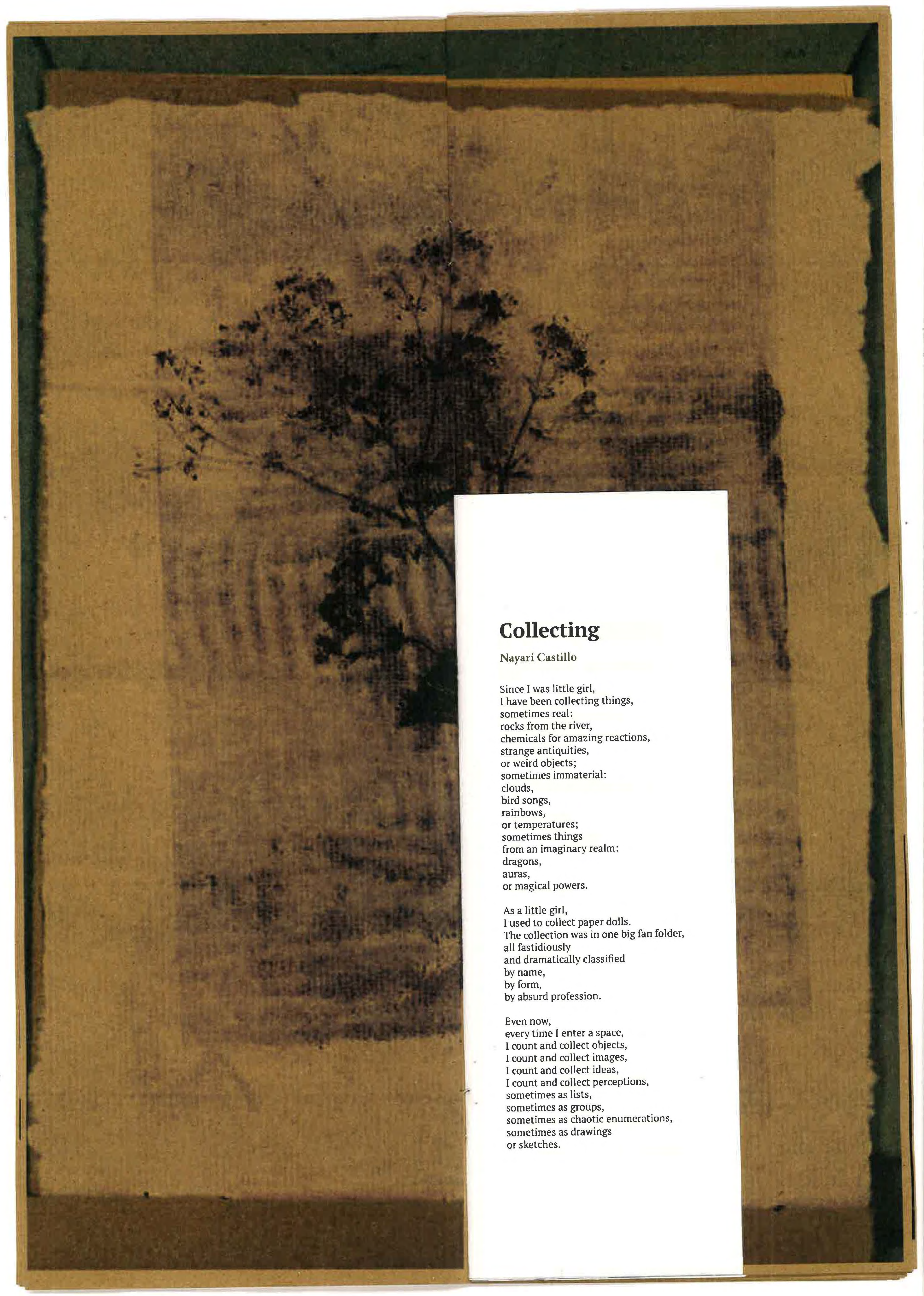


I could spend a day searching for mushrooms, and I will surely breathe deeply while repeating my prayers and favorite mantras.

But let me confess that my baseline state, the backdrop of my being in the forest, is always one of alertness. My adrenaline levels rise, and I, who am normally a confident person without too many fears, find myself on the defensive while in the forest.

Illustration: Benjamin Klug





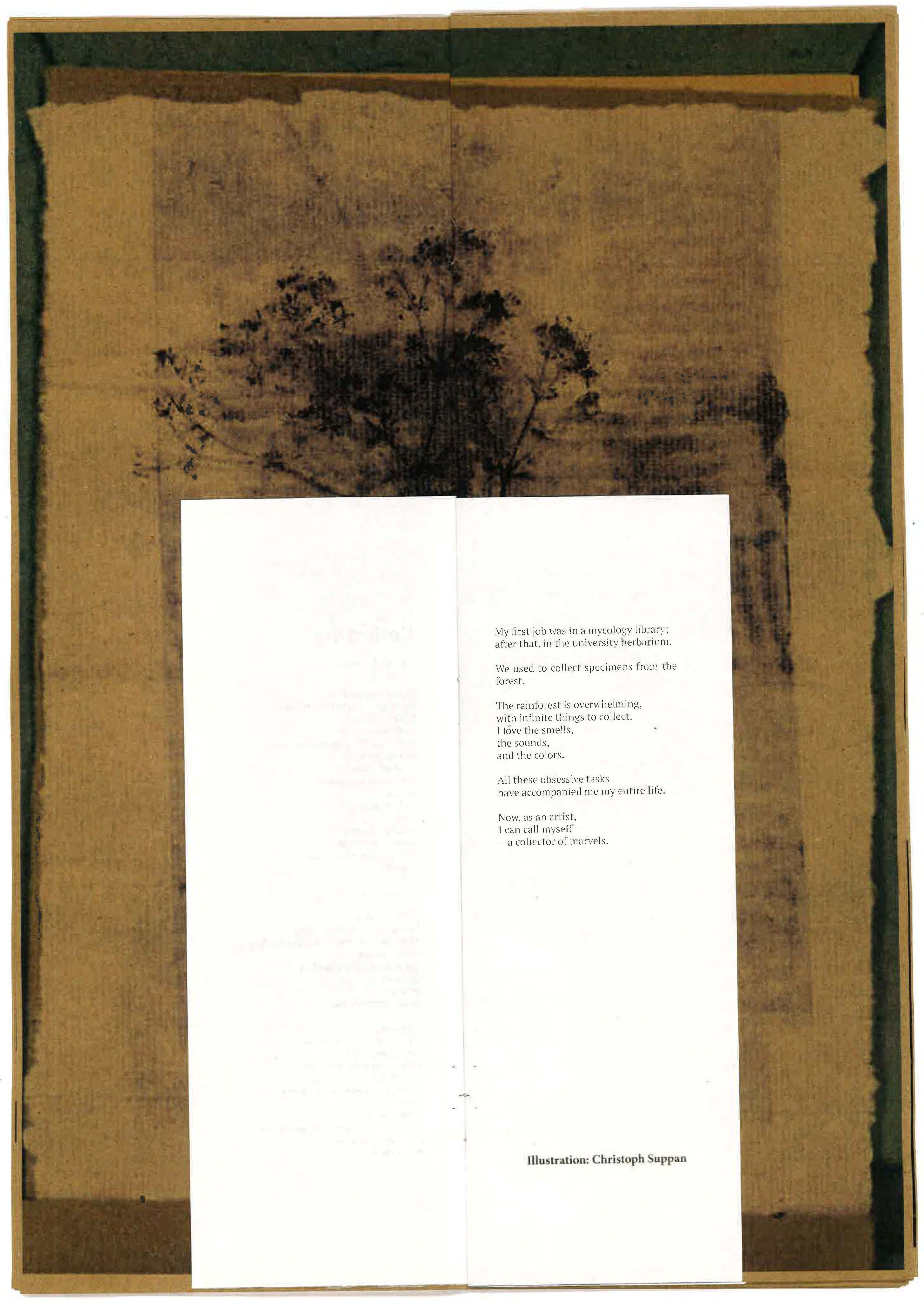
Collecting

Nayari Castillo

Since I was little girl,
I have been collecting things,
sometimes real:
rocks from the river,
chemicals for amazing reactions,
strange antiquities,
or weird objects;
sometimes immaterial:
clouds,
bird songs,
rainbows,
or temperatures;
sometimes things
from an imaginary realm:
dragons,
auras,
or magical powers.

As a little girl,
I used to collect paper dolls.
The collection was in one big fan folder,
all fastidiously
and dramatically classified
by name,
by form,
by absurd profession.

Even now,
every time I enter a space,
I count and collect objects,
I count and collect images,
I count and collect ideas,
I count and collect perceptions,
sometimes as lists,
sometimes as groups,
sometimes as chaotic enumerations,
sometimes as drawings
or sketches.



My first job was in a mycology library;
after that, in the university herbarium.

We used to collect specimens from the
forest.

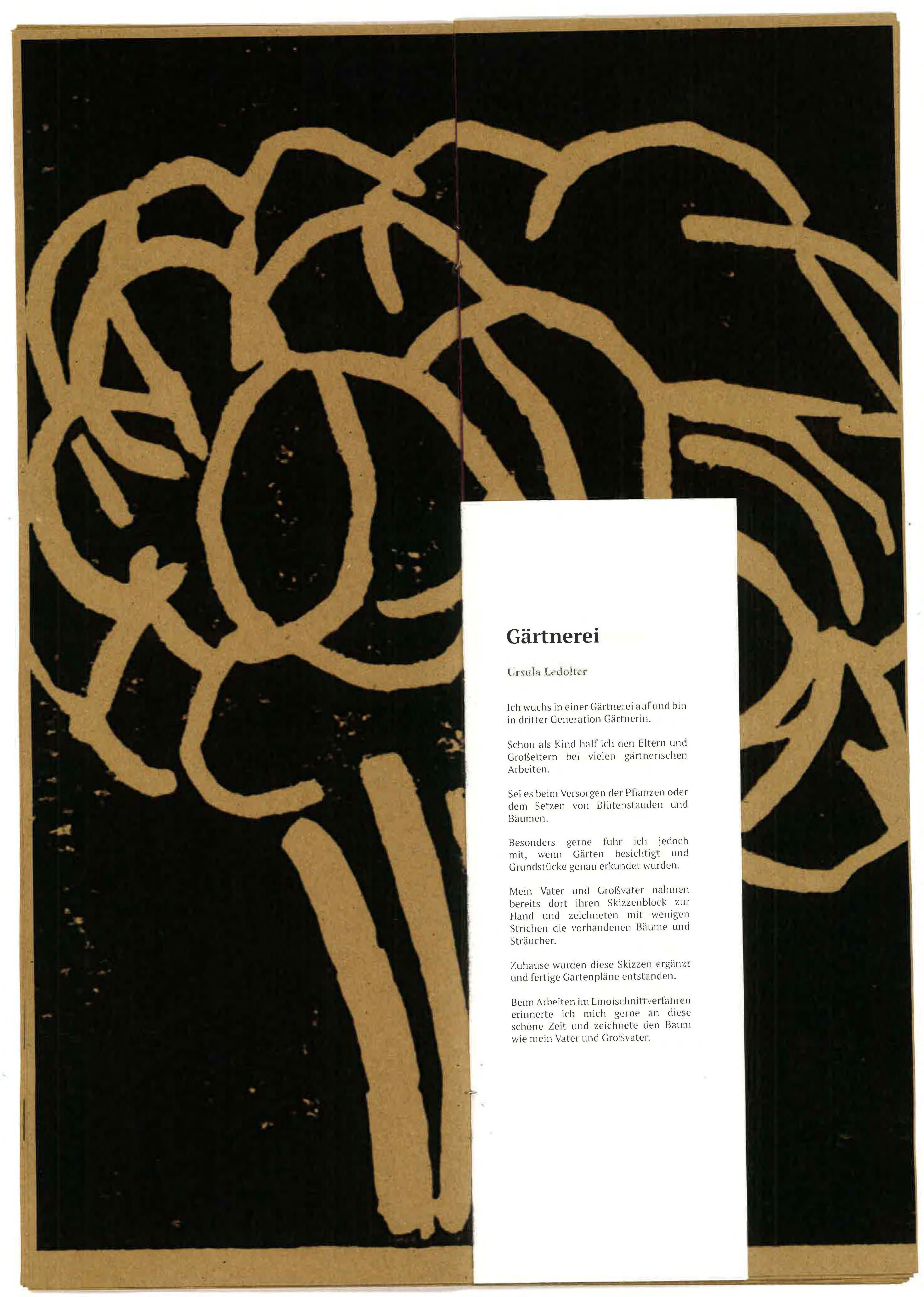
The rainforest is overwhelming,
with infinite things to collect.
I love the smells,
the sounds,
and the colors.

All these obsessive tasks
have accompanied me my entire life.

Now, as an artist,
I can call myself
—a collector of marvels.

Illustration: Christoph Suppan





Gärtnerei

Ursula Ledolter

Ich wuchs in einer Gärtnerei auf und bin in dritter Generation Gärtnerin.

Schon als Kind half ich den Eltern und Großeltern bei vielen gärtnerischen Arbeiten.

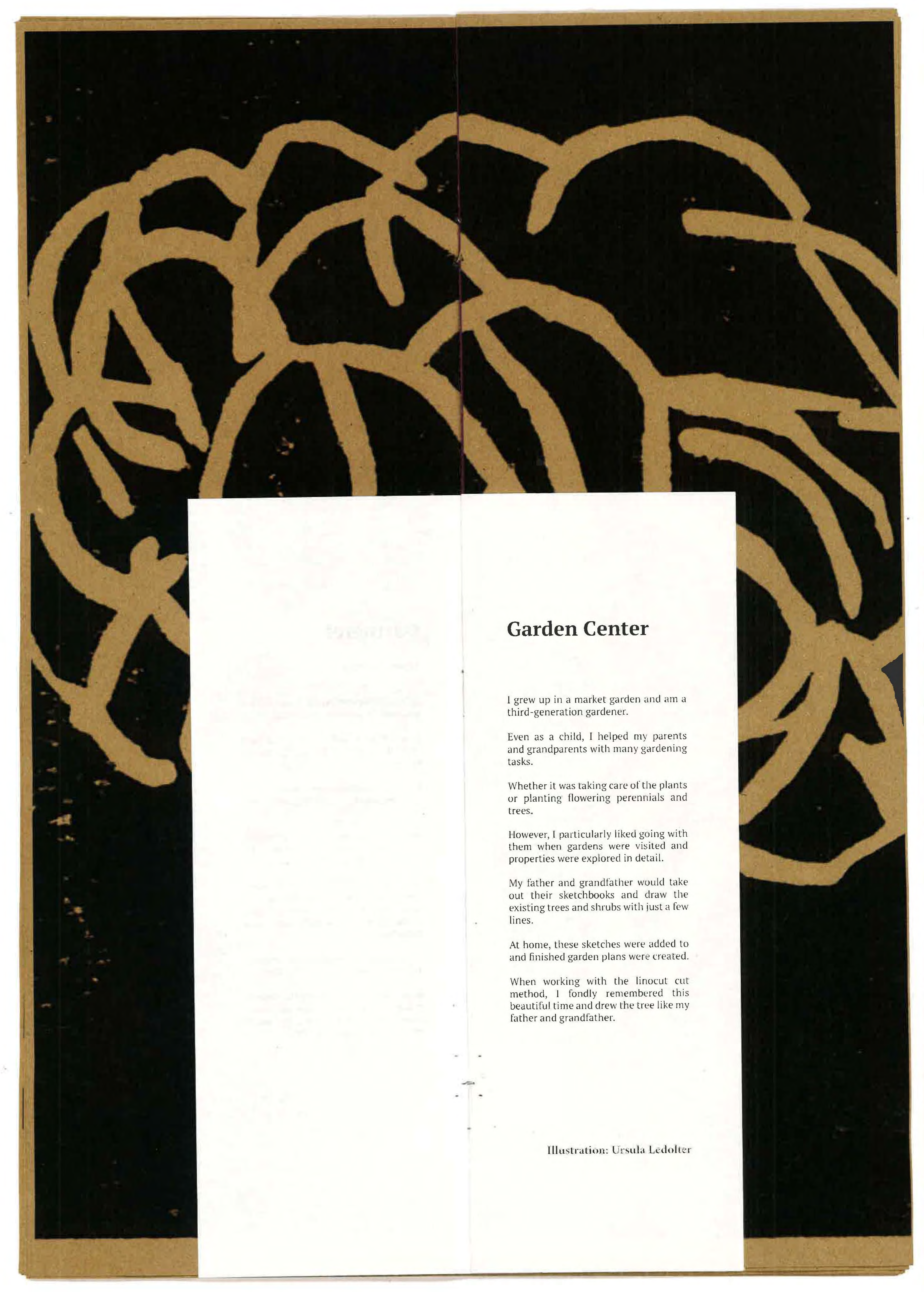
Sei es beim Versorgen der Pflanzen oder dem Setzen von Blütenstauden und Bäumen.

Besonders gerne fuhr ich jedoch mit, wenn Gärten besichtigt und Grundstücke genau erkundet wurden.

Mein Vater und Großvater nahmen bereits dort ihren Skizzenblock zur Hand und zeichneten mit wenigen Strichen die vorhandenen Bäume und Sträucher.

Zuhause wurden diese Skizzen ergänzt und fertige Gartenpläne entstanden.

Beim Arbeiten im Linolschnittverfahren erinnerte ich mich gerne an diese schöne Zeit und zeichnete den Baum wie mein Vater und Großvater.



Garden Center

I grew up in a market garden and am a third-generation gardener.

Even as a child, I helped my parents and grandparents with many gardening tasks.

Whether it was taking care of the plants or planting flowering perennials and trees.

However, I particularly liked going with them when gardens were visited and properties were explored in detail.

My father and grandfather would take out their sketchbooks and draw the existing trees and shrubs with just a few lines.

At home, these sketches were added to and finished garden plans were created.

When working with the linocut cut method, I fondly remembered this beautiful time and drew the tree like my father and grandfather.

Illustration: Ursula Ledolter

Introduction

The purpose of this study is to investigate the effects of the proposed system on the performance of the system.

The system is designed to provide a more efficient and effective way of handling the data.

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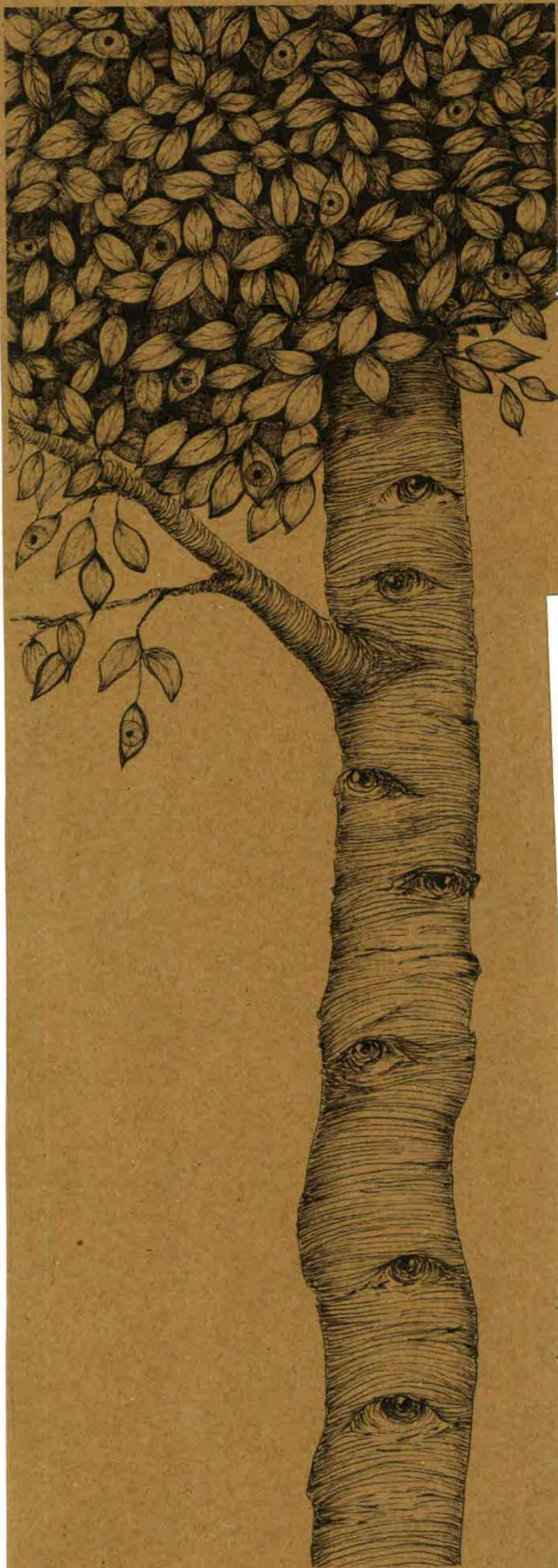
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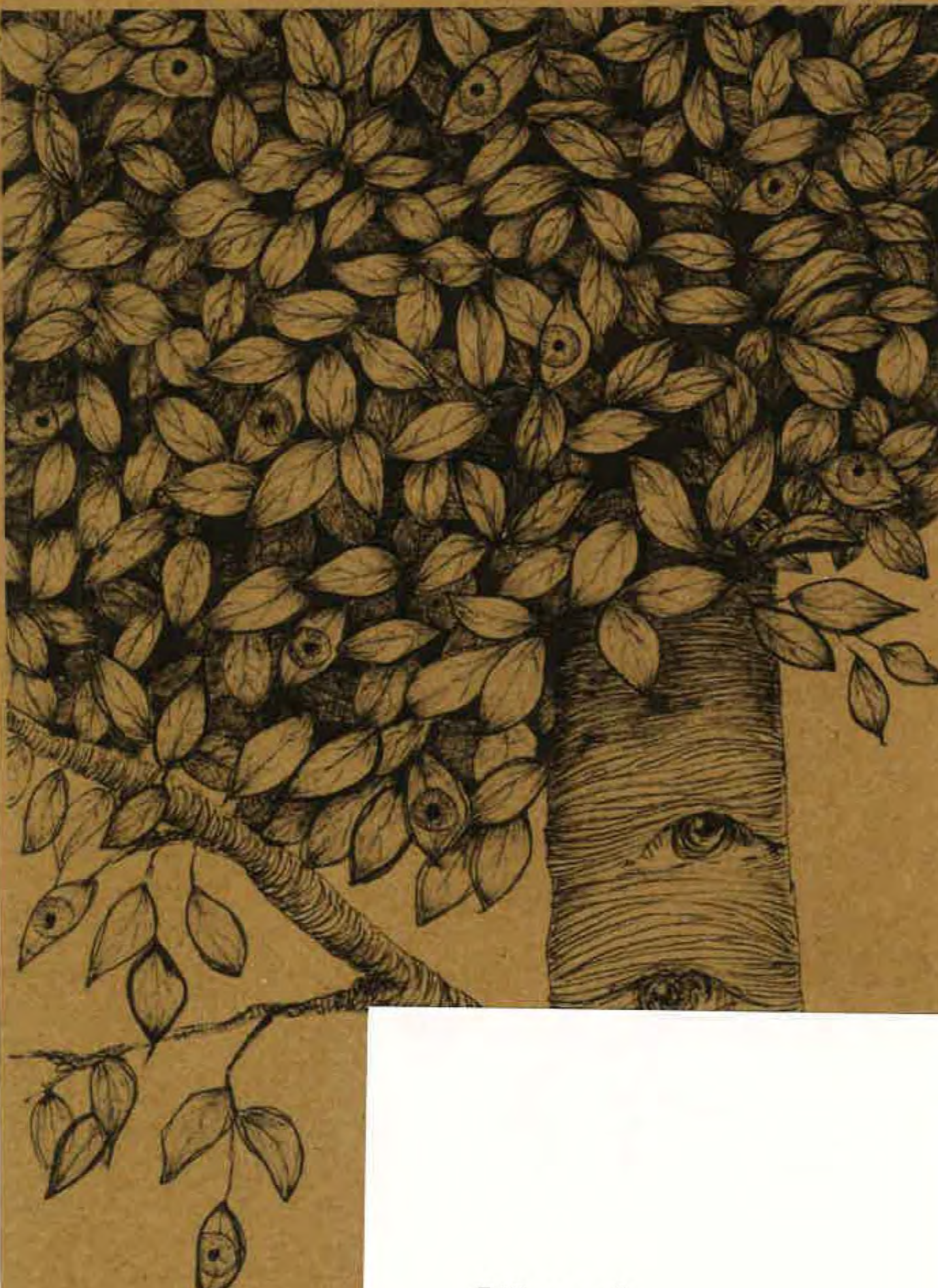
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Wurzel

Wolfgang Windisch

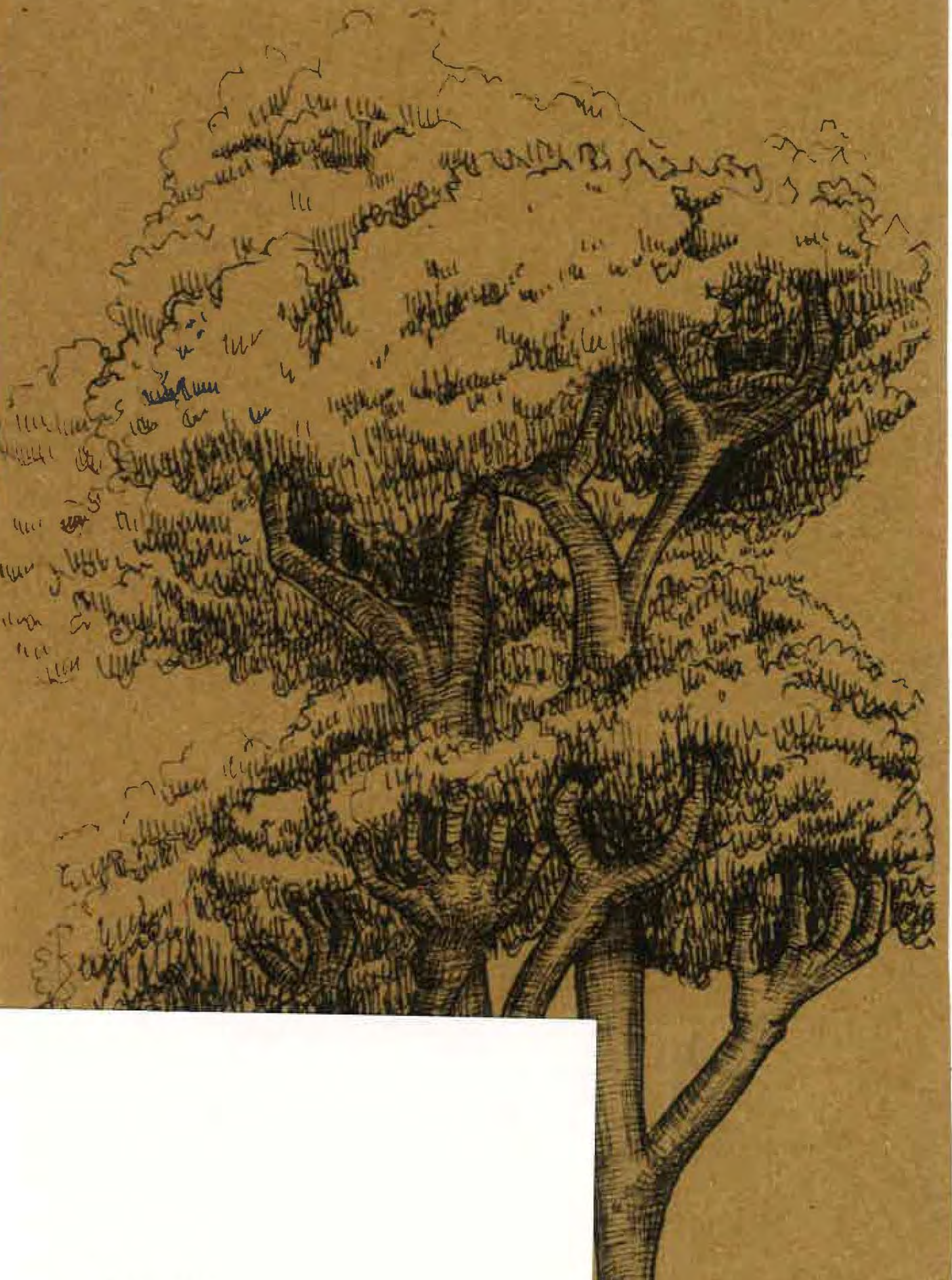
Nichts hält einem am Boden fest, wie eine Wurzel. Verwurzelt mit dem Irdischen, verwurzelt mit dem Sein.

Keine physikalische Verankerung ist mit einer Wurzel vergleichbar. Und schon gar nicht ist die physiologische Funktion durch Menschengemachtes ersetzbar.

Neben der Stützfunktion ist sie für höhere Pflanzen ein unerlässliches Organ, das die Existenz der gesamten Pflanzenwelt auf der Erde begründet.

„Back to the roots“, zurück zu den Anfängen, erdet so manches Tun des Menschen.

Der Umfang des Wurzelsystems übertrifft oft den oberirdischen Anteil eines Baumes. Dann stelle man sich erstmal einen Wald vor, welch gigantisches Ausmaß die unterirdische Phytomasse zur oberirdischen haben muss. Und unermesslich ist die Zahl der Biozönosen, die eine Wurzel mit Mikroorganismen des Bodens eingeht. Davon hängt nicht nur das Gedeihen der Pflanze und ihrer gesamten Lebenswelt ab, sondern auch das Leben der Menschen. Die Wurzel ist der Ankerpunkt unserer eigenen Existenz.



Roots

Nothing holds us to the ground like a root. Rooted in the earthly, rooted in being.

No physical anchoring is comparable to a root. And its physiological function is certainly not replaceable by anything man-made.

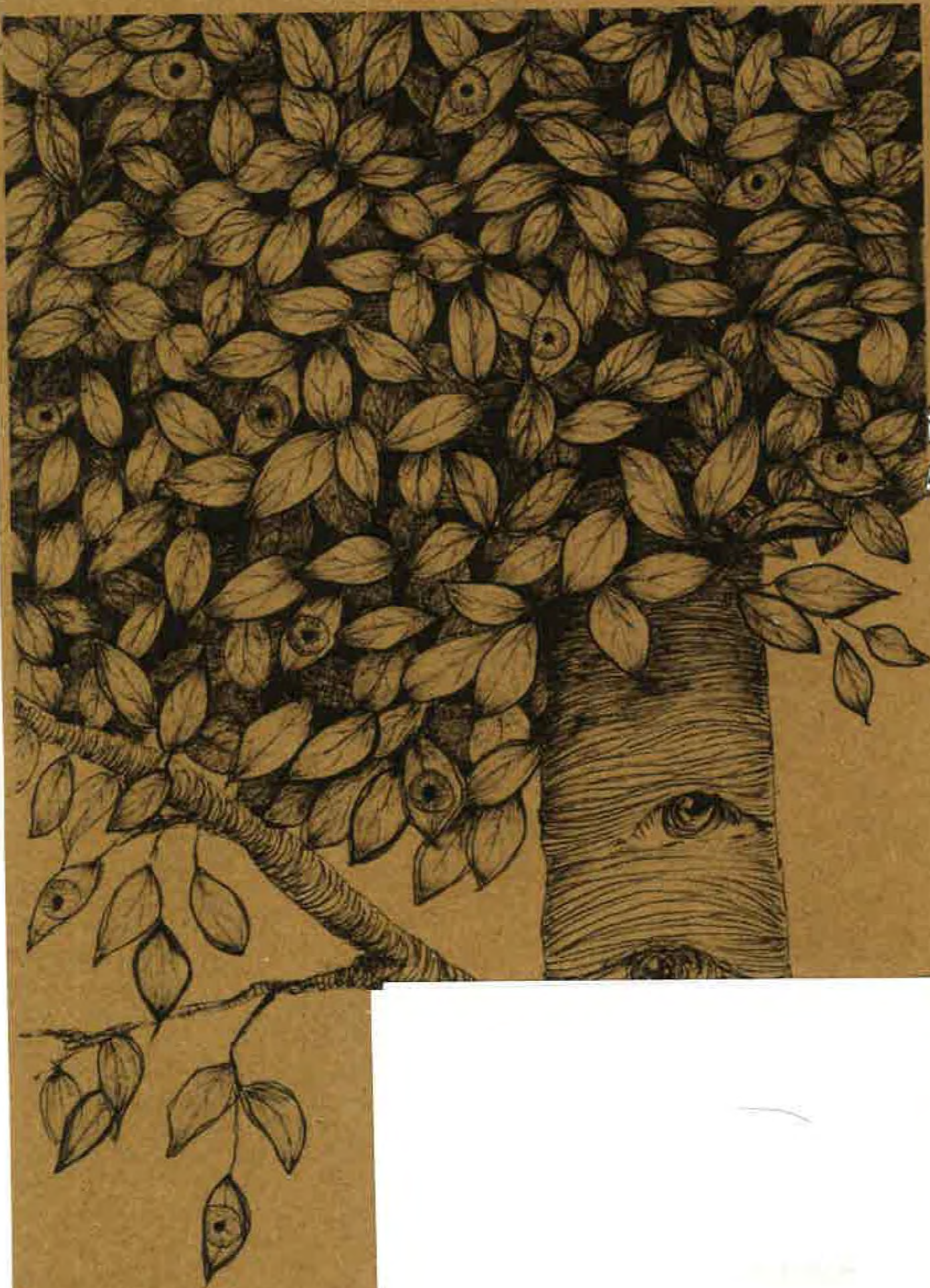
In addition to its support function, it is an indispensable organ for higher developed plants, which is the basis for the existence of most plants on earth.

“Back to the roots”, bringing us back to the origin, grounding many human actions.

The extent of the root system often exceeds the above-ground part of a tree. Then imagine a forest, how gigantic the size of the underground phytomass must be compared to the above-ground!. And the number of biocenosis that the **roots form** with soil **microorganisms** is **immeasurable**. Not only **does** the plant **thrive and** its entire living **environment** depend on this, but also the lives of people. The root is the anchor point of our own existence.

Illustration: Kattia Miranda







Partisan Nature

Rose-Anne Gush

I began thinking about 'partisan nature' in response to recent developments in EU energy policy while I was researching lithium extraction on the nearby Koralm mountain range. This question of lithium extraction – to serve the world's demands for so-called renewable energy with batteries for e-cars, phones, tablets, and all kinds of devices that we are prosthetically attached to, as well as drones and other war machines – led me to think about other ways of inhabiting nature. The area of mountain bearing lithium is covered in commercial pine forest, it looks like a fairytale but it is also very flammable. If we travel a few valleys to the south and after climbing a different mountain, we find a museum for partisan resistance during World War II. Partisans used the forest as an infrastructure to aid their struggle against Nazis. Using the forest as their base, they organised sabotage missions. In a similar tradition, Maquis resistance movements in France and Spain used the forest as a refuge and shelter where they could hide and regain their strength. Jewish partisans in Belarus used the forest in their struggle against Nazis. Earlier, Marooned slaves in the Caribbean and America's – who had fled plantation slavery – as in Edouard Glissant's *The Fourth Century*, used the forest as a place of safety and hiding. These uses of the forest form part of anti-colonial and anti-fascist



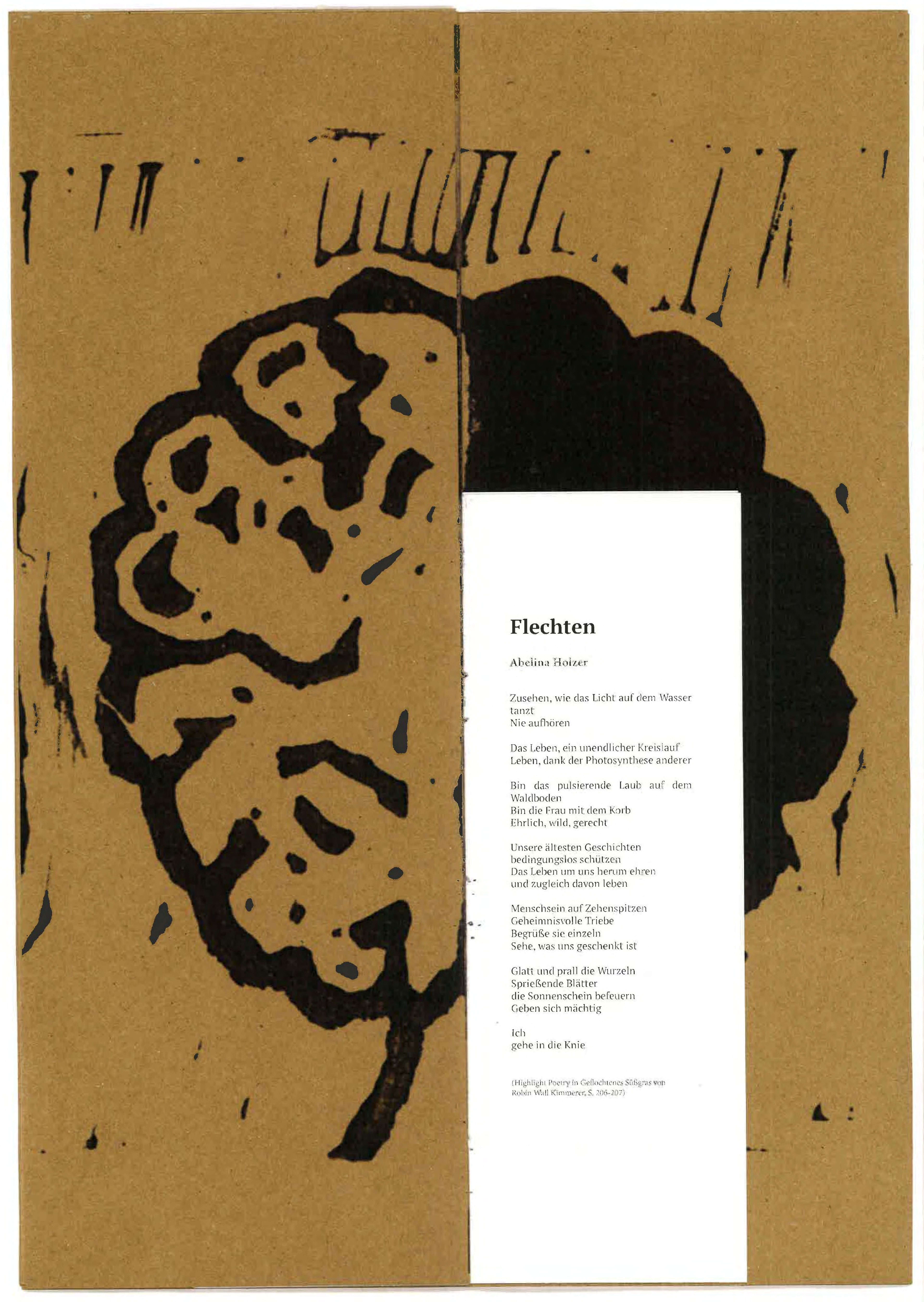
struggles within a tradition of partisan and maroon nature that goes against its reduction and reification as mere resource for profit.

Wildness. Longing for wildness. Hatred of the wild. Hatred of wilderness. Capitalist hatred of wilderness. Capitalist accumulation of nature. Theorist of agrarian capitalism, John Locke wrote that 'the world in its original condition is a wild common of nature'. He described this wild common, already available to those who subsisted from it, in a way where it should be enclosed, privatized, and made into property. For Locke, it should be improved by means of cultivation. Locke believed that industrious humans should abolish the common and make it productive, make it a source of profit. He wrote 'Land that is left wholly to Nature, that hath no improvement of pasturage, Tillage, or Planting, is called, as indeed it is, waste'. He continued that we should find the benefit of it amount to little more than nothing. Nothing. Nothing Land. Terra Nullius.

Wild. Wild land is an abomination. For those who by means of extraction and exploitation seek only profit. This model of seeing the world, of seeing nature, won. Even if wilderness is a fetishized object for tourists and some environmentalists, the wild commons has been divided up and privatized.

Illustration: Wolfgang Koch





Flechten

Abelina Hoizer

Zusehen, wie das Licht auf dem Wasser
tanzt
Nie aufhören

Das Leben, ein unendlicher Kreislauf
Leben, dank der Photosynthese anderer

Bin das pulsierende Laub auf dem
Waldboden
Bin die Frau mit dem Korb
Ehrlich, wild, gerecht

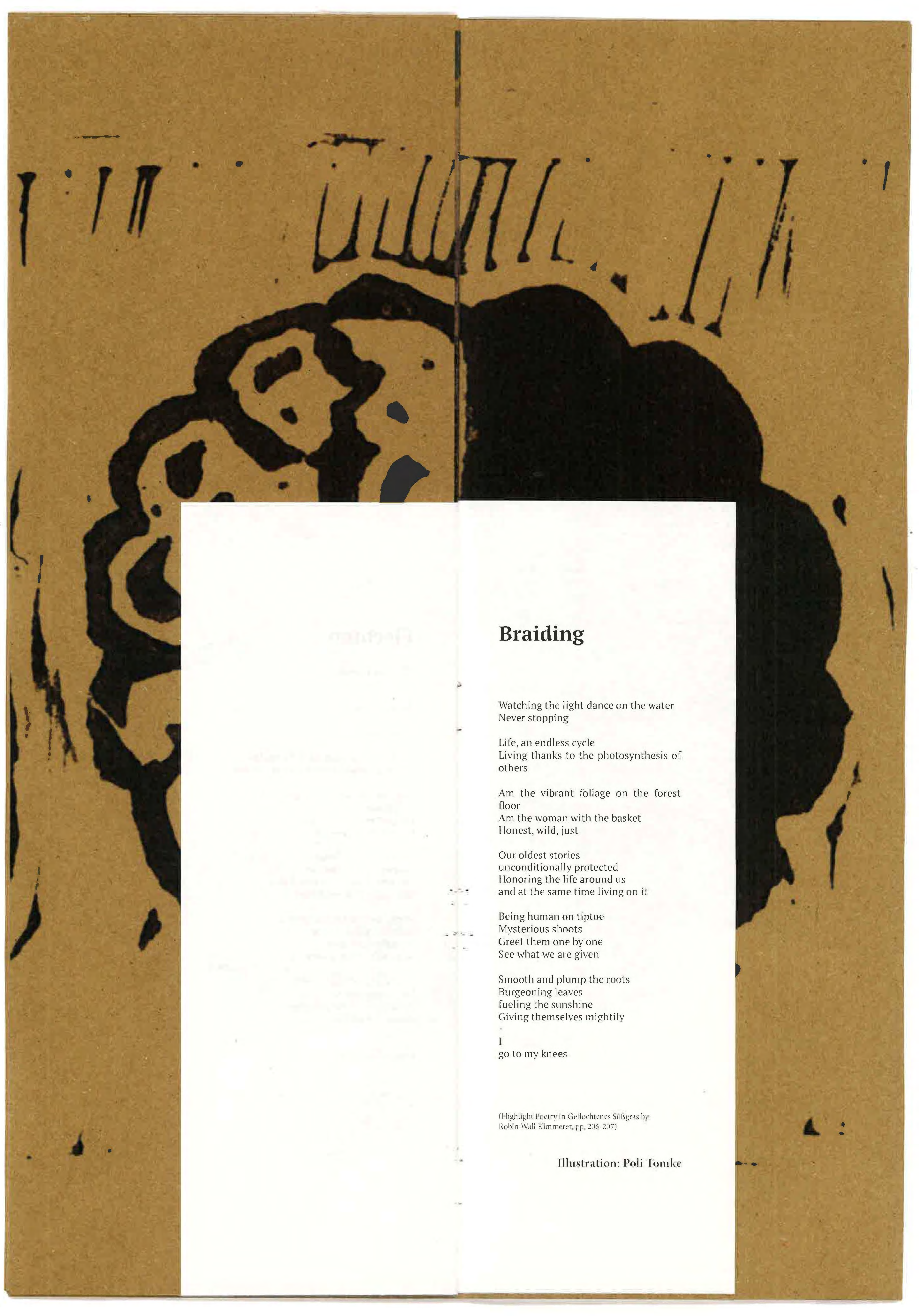
Unsere ältesten Geschichten
bedingungslos schützen
Das Leben um uns herum ehren
und zugleich davon leben

Menschsein auf Zehenspitzen
Geheimnisvolle Triebe
Begrüße sie einzeln
Sehe, was uns geschenkt ist

Glatt und prall die Wurzeln
Sprießende Blätter
die Sonnenschein befeuern
Geben sich mächtig

Ich
gehe in die Knie

(Highlight Poetry in Geflochtenes Süßgras von
Robin Wall Kimmerer, S. 206-207)



Braiding

Watching the light dance on the water
Never stopping

Life, an endless cycle
Living thanks to the photosynthesis of
others

Am the vibrant foliage on the forest
floor
Am the woman with the basket
Honest, wild, just

Our oldest stories
unconditionally protected
Honoring the life around us
and at the same time living on it

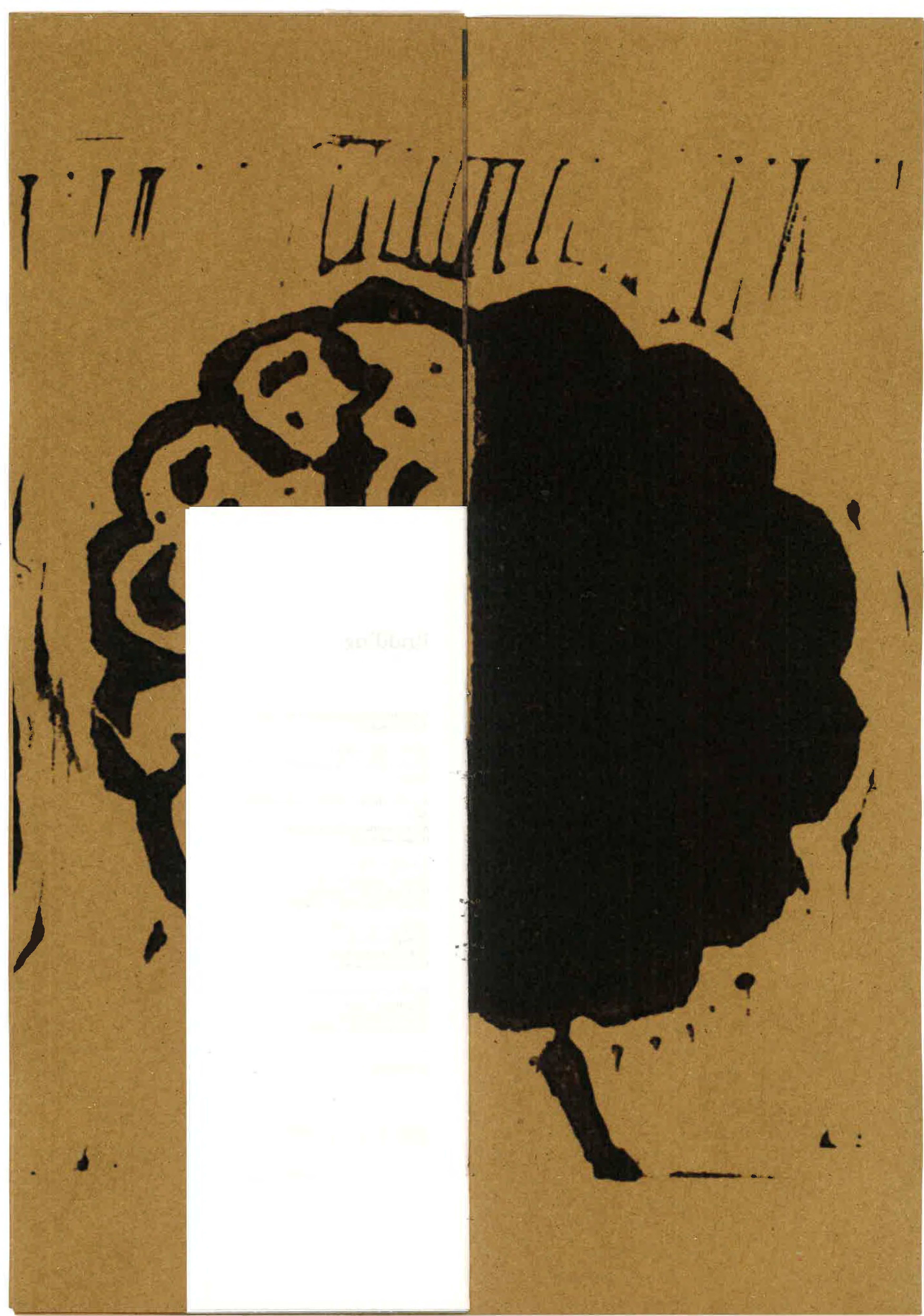
Being human on tiptoe
Mysterious shoots
Greet them one by one
See what we are given

Smooth and plump the roots
Burgeoning leaves
fueling the sunshine
Giving themselves mightily

I
go to my knees

(Highlight Poetry in Gellochtones Stillgras by
Robin Wall Kimmerer, pp. 206-207)

Illustration: Poli Tomke





Entangled

Virginia Argarate

I am one of those who walks looking down. So as not to stumble. So, to entangle myself with wide open eyes in my own thoughts. I get tangled in my thoughts like the forest is tangled at my feet. And I walk and walk. I walk attentively and inattentively, alertly and carelessly at the same time.

Sometimes I go more attentive and focused on my thoughts than on what is happening around me. Other times the forest is everything and I am the forest. There is only space for the forest and my self is absorbed by the trees. I'm not sure if these two ways of going are something that I choose or if it is the forest that is in charge of deciding how it will receive me each time. The truth is that the Virginia that leaves the forest is never the one that has entered.

The forest is of inexhaustible generosity. It lovingly stimulates me and its immensity blurs to make room for the smallness of my short existence. I know that my way of walking, with my eyes on the ground, has the disadvantage that I often lose sight of the horizon and the sky. I miss the preview of what is to come and the treetops playing at giving or not giving permission to the sunlight to enter the humid, gloomy and fruitful belly of the forest.

My forest is mostly a forest of roots, leaves, fungi, insects, stones, dew, streams and swamps. An intricate filigree in which the veins of the trees and



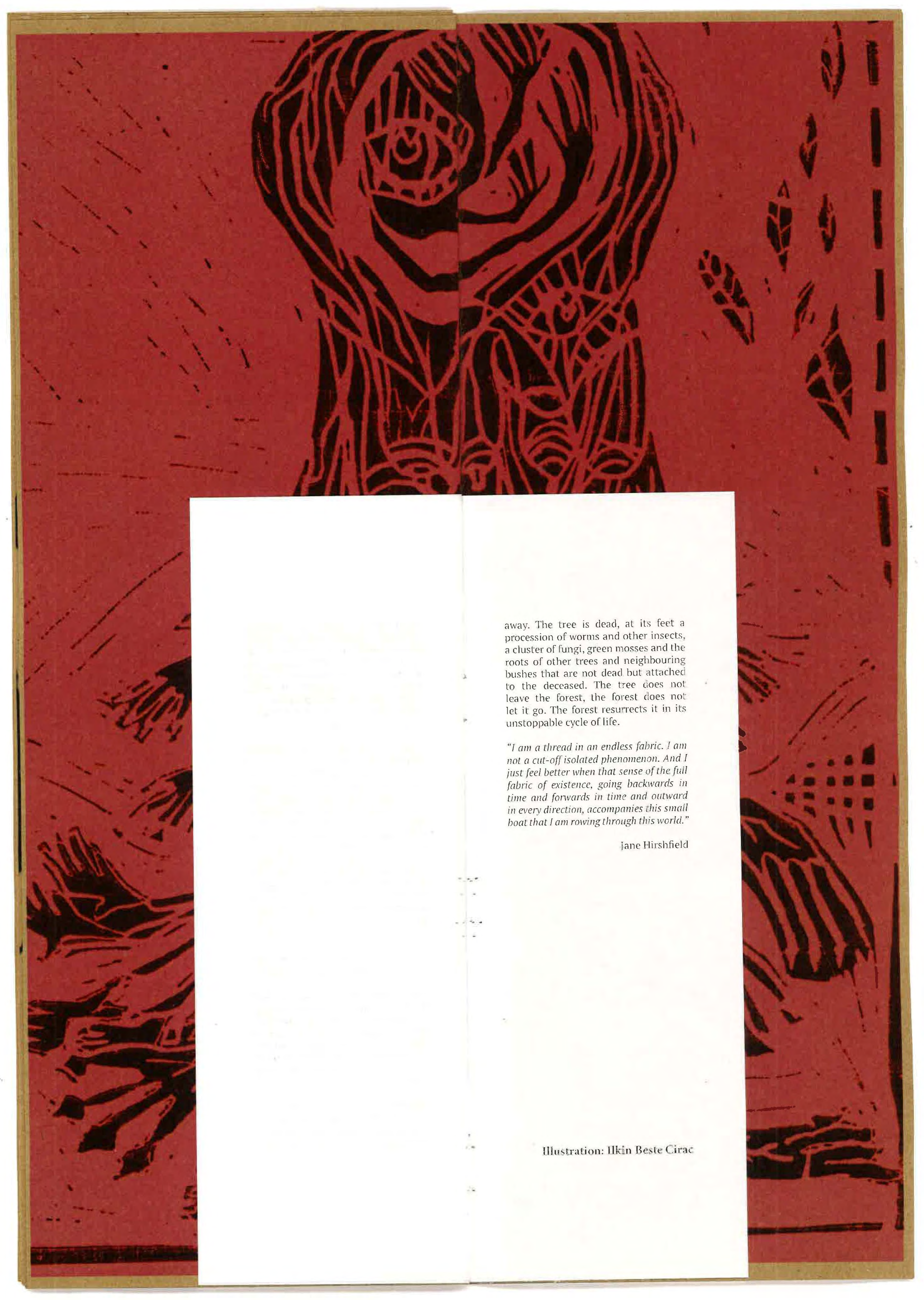
plants become entangled supporting each other, containing the soil, giving shelter, shelter to other forms of life. The forest floor is the harmonious and perishable unit of diversity. It looks beautiful. It is beautiful. It seems inexhaustible and indecipherable. It is inexhaustible and not fully explainable. I like the roots in the forest.

There is no strong tree with deep and solid roots that survives solely from its virtues and privileges as a large tree. There is a tangle of roots that confuse and support each other, uniting the earth so that it does not collapse, making everyone's environment more solid and safe. The roots beneath the earth and on the veined surface of the forest are the roots of the bushes embracing those of the immense and ancient trees. They sustain and nourish each other; they live eternally in the ecosystem. Dead trees do not banish from the community. Neither do the dead squirrel on the side of the road.

I can't avoid this metaphor when I stare at the forest floor with my eyes fixed.

Just yesterday, during my walk through the forest by the Grüner See, in Austria, I stopped in front of an immense fallen pine tree. Its base - trunk plus a ring of earth around it - was twice as tall as I am. I stopped to honor it and to pay my respects to a life that was also surely longer than mine .

When the old tree fell, it uprooted the earth around it. Now he impudently shows me part of the exorbitance of life that is beginning to fade (or to start?)



away. The tree is dead, at its feet a procession of worms and other insects, a cluster of fungi, green mosses and the roots of other trees and neighbouring bushes that are not dead but attached to the deceased. The tree does not leave the forest, the forest does not let it go. The forest resurrects it in its unstoppable cycle of life.

"I am a thread in an endless fabric. I am not a cut-off isolated phenomenon. And I just feel better when that sense of the full fabric of existence, going backwards in time and forwards in time and outward in every direction, accompanies this small boat that I am rowing through this world."

Jane Hirshfield

Illustration: Ilkin Beste Cirac





Maulbeerbaum (*)

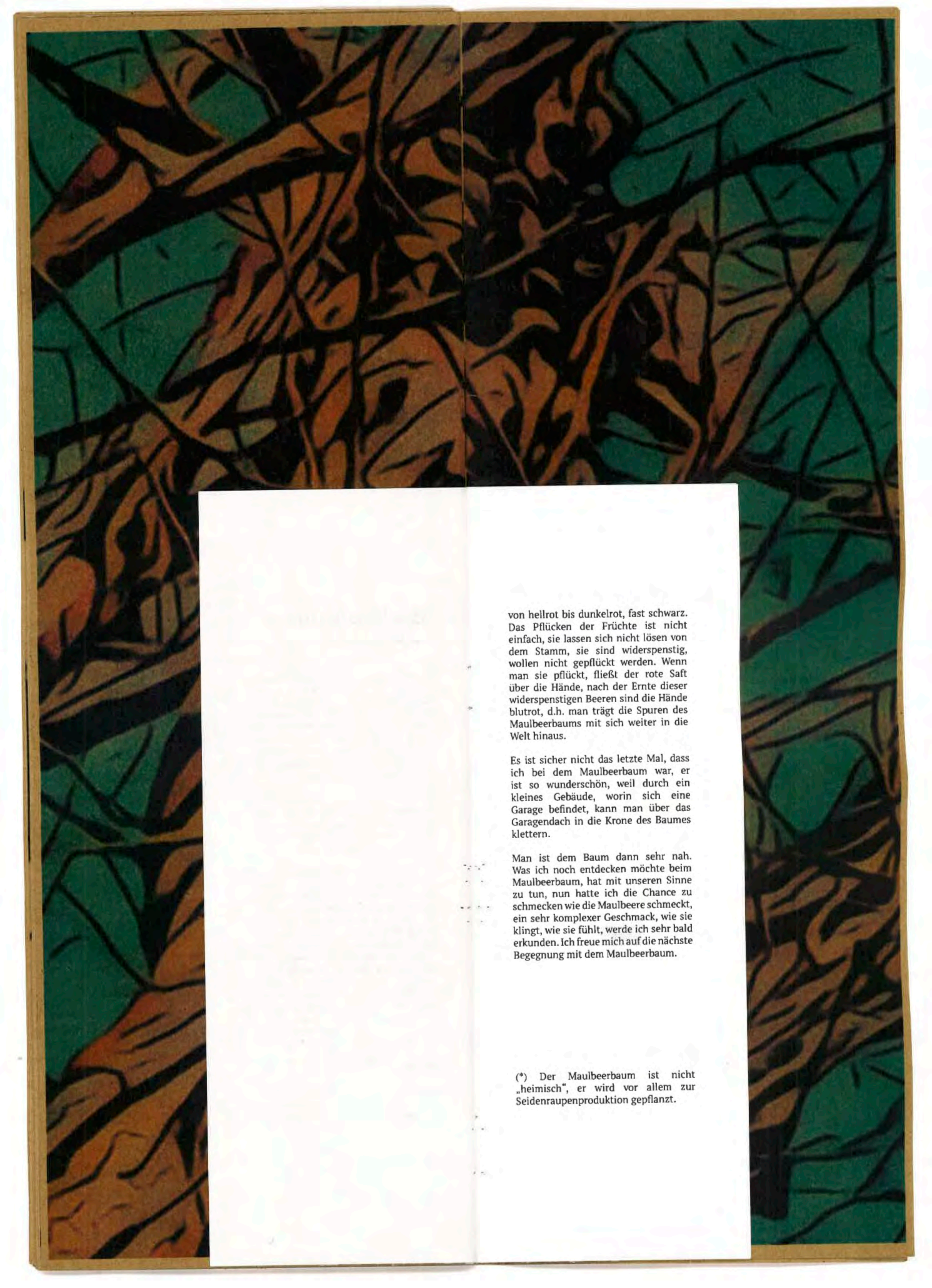
Margarethe Makovec

Die Erfahrung mit dem Maulbeerbaum inmitten eines kleinen Gartens in der Innenstadt von Graz hat sich erst vor Kurzem ereignet. Ein Maulbeerbaum Fan hat mit mir eine botanische Runde durch unsere Nachbarschaft gemacht. Mir war bewusst, dass es Maulbeerbäume in der Stadt gab, einen davon kannte ich, in der Brückenkopfgasse.

Was ich so interessant finde an diesem Maulbeerbaum ist, sein Wuchs, man hat das Gefühl es wächst nicht gegen den Himmel, wie sonst die meisten Pflanzen, es wächst horizontal.

Er wirkt wie kriechend, dieser Maulbeerbaum, der in einem Innenhofgarten in der Heinrichstraße wächst, ist sicher ein paar hundert Jahre alt, schon bevor die Bebauung rund herum entstanden ist, er hat sich auch geteilt, es schaut so aus als hätte er zwei Stämme - was mir der Maulbeer Freund erzählte, war, dass der Maulbeerbaum auch das Geschlecht wechseln kann. Das Blatt hat eine Herzform und ist auch besonders robust, dunkelgrün, wunderschön. Zuhause angekommen habe ich die Geschichte des Maulbeerbaumes nachgelesen, er wird oft als Liebesbaum bezeichnet. Ich habe mich gefragt warum das so sein könnte?

Dank des Kenners, des Maulbeerfreundes haben wir auch die Früchte des Baums gekostet, die „schwarzen“ Maulbeeren, haben sehr unterschiedliche Rottöne,

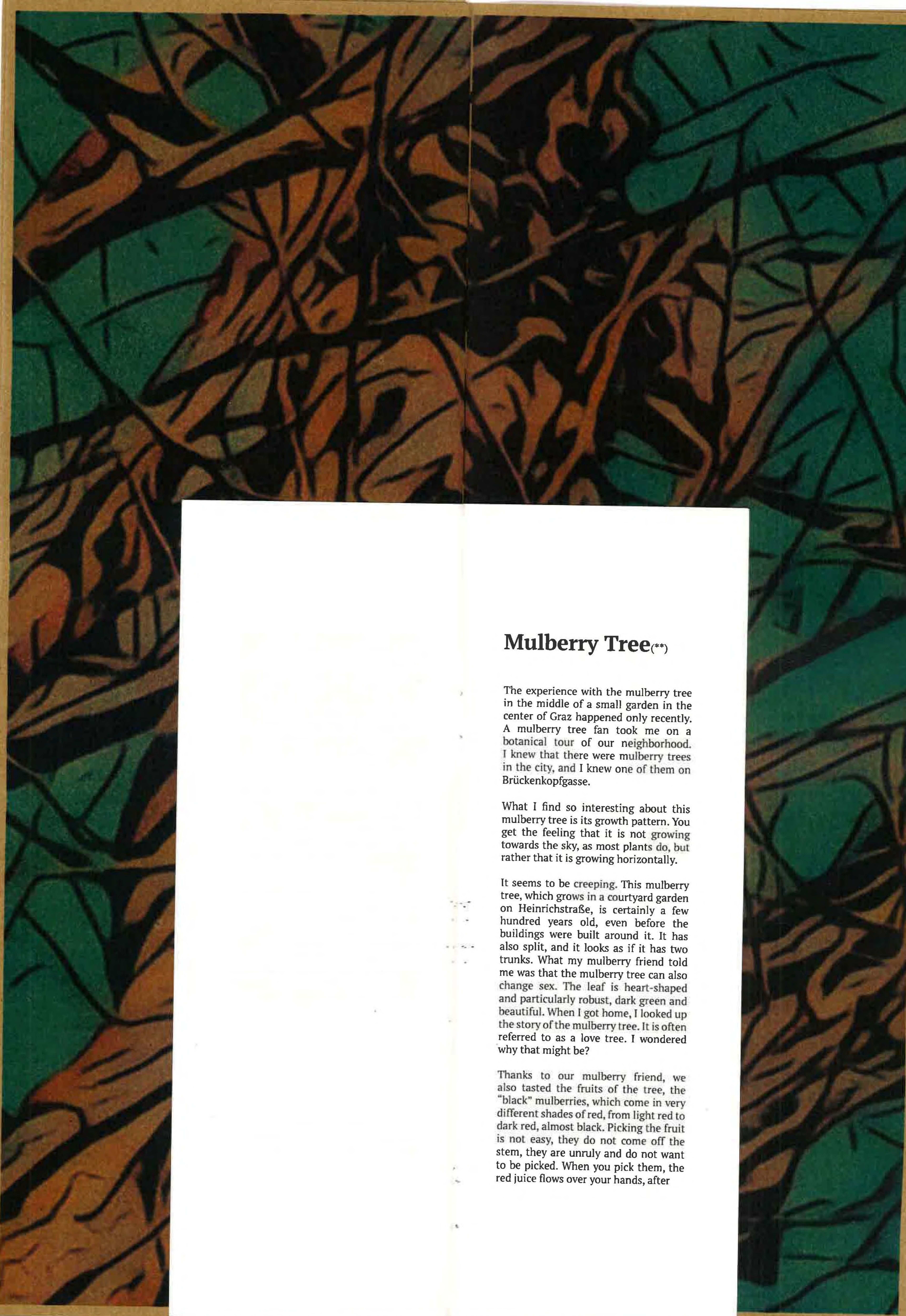


von hellrot bis dunkelrot, fast schwarz. Das Pflücken der Früchte ist nicht einfach, sie lassen sich nicht lösen von dem Stamm, sie sind widerspenstig, wollen nicht gepflückt werden. Wenn man sie pflückt, fließt der rote Saft über die Hände, nach der Ernte dieser widerspenstigen Beeren sind die Hände blutrot, d.h. man trägt die Spuren des Maulbeerbaums mit sich weiter in die Welt hinaus.

Es ist sicher nicht das letzte Mal, dass ich bei dem Maulbeerbaum war, er ist so wunderschön, weil durch ein kleines Gebäude, worin sich eine Garage befindet, kann man über das Garagendach in die Krone des Baumes klettern.

Man ist dem Baum dann sehr nah. Was ich noch entdecken möchte beim Maulbeerbaum, hat mit unseren Sinne zu tun, nun hatte ich die Chance zu schmecken wie die Maulbeere schmeckt, ein sehr komplexer Geschmack, wie sie klingt, wie sie fühlt, werde ich sehr bald erkunden. Ich freue mich auf die nächste Begegnung mit dem Maulbeerbaum.

(*) Der Maulbeerbaum ist nicht „heimisch“, er wird vor allem zur Seidenraupenproduktion gepflanzt.



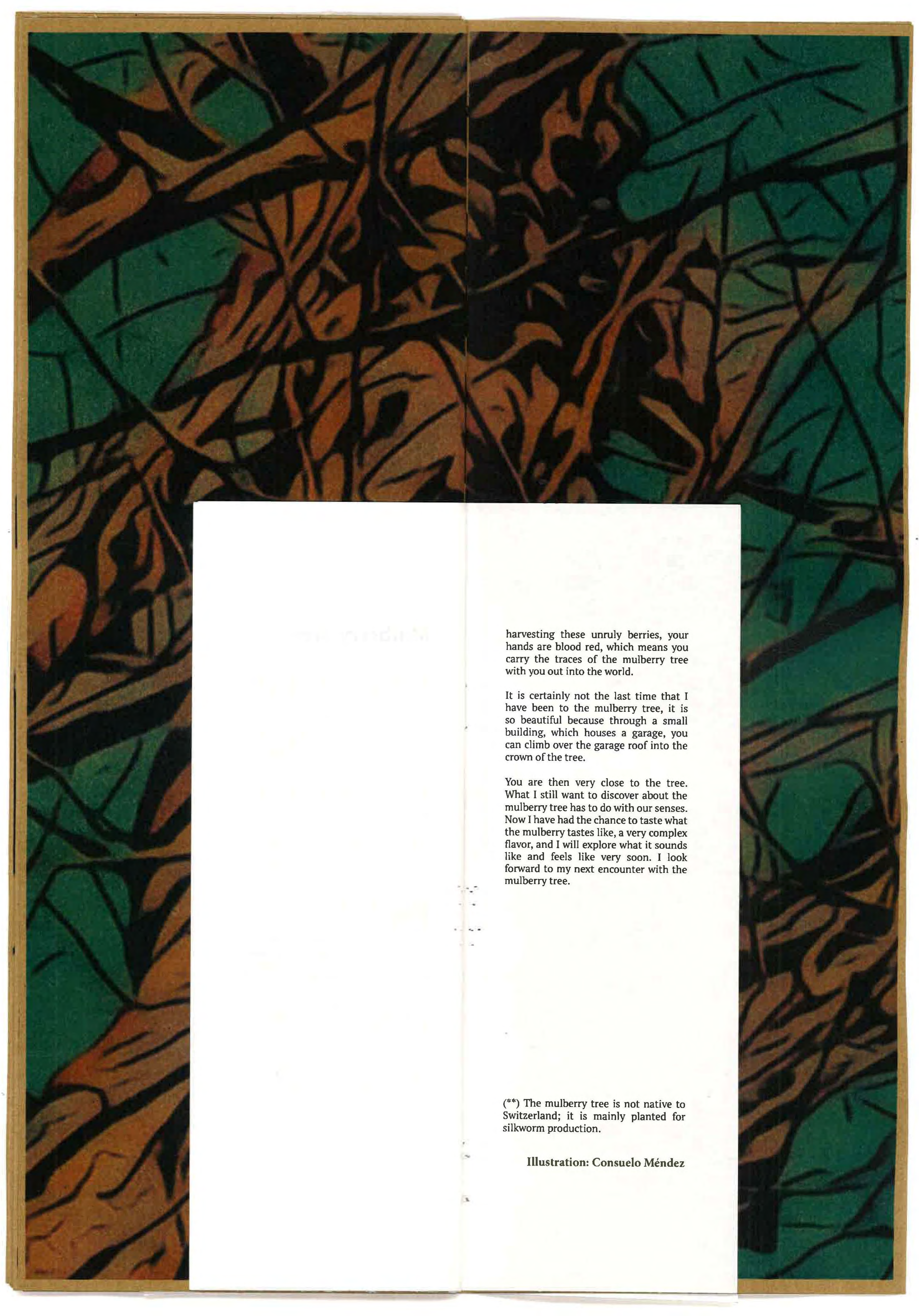
Mulberry Tree^(**)

The experience with the mulberry tree in the middle of a small garden in the center of Graz happened only recently. A mulberry tree fan took me on a botanical tour of our neighborhood. I knew that there were mulberry trees in the city, and I knew one of them on Brückenkopfgasse.

What I find so interesting about this mulberry tree is its growth pattern. You get the feeling that it is not growing towards the sky, as most plants do, but rather that it is growing horizontally.

It seems to be creeping. This mulberry tree, which grows in a courtyard garden on Heinrichstraße, is certainly a few hundred years old, even before the buildings were built around it. It has also split, and it looks as if it has two trunks. What my mulberry friend told me was that the mulberry tree can also change sex. The leaf is heart-shaped and particularly robust, dark green and beautiful. When I got home, I looked up the story of the mulberry tree. It is often referred to as a love tree. I wondered why that might be?

Thanks to our mulberry friend, we also tasted the fruits of the tree, the "black" mulberries, which come in very different shades of red, from light red to dark red, almost black. Picking the fruit is not easy, they do not come off the stem, they are unruly and do not want to be picked. When you pick them, the red juice flows over your hands, after



harvesting these unruly berries, your hands are blood red, which means you carry the traces of the mulberry tree with you out into the world.

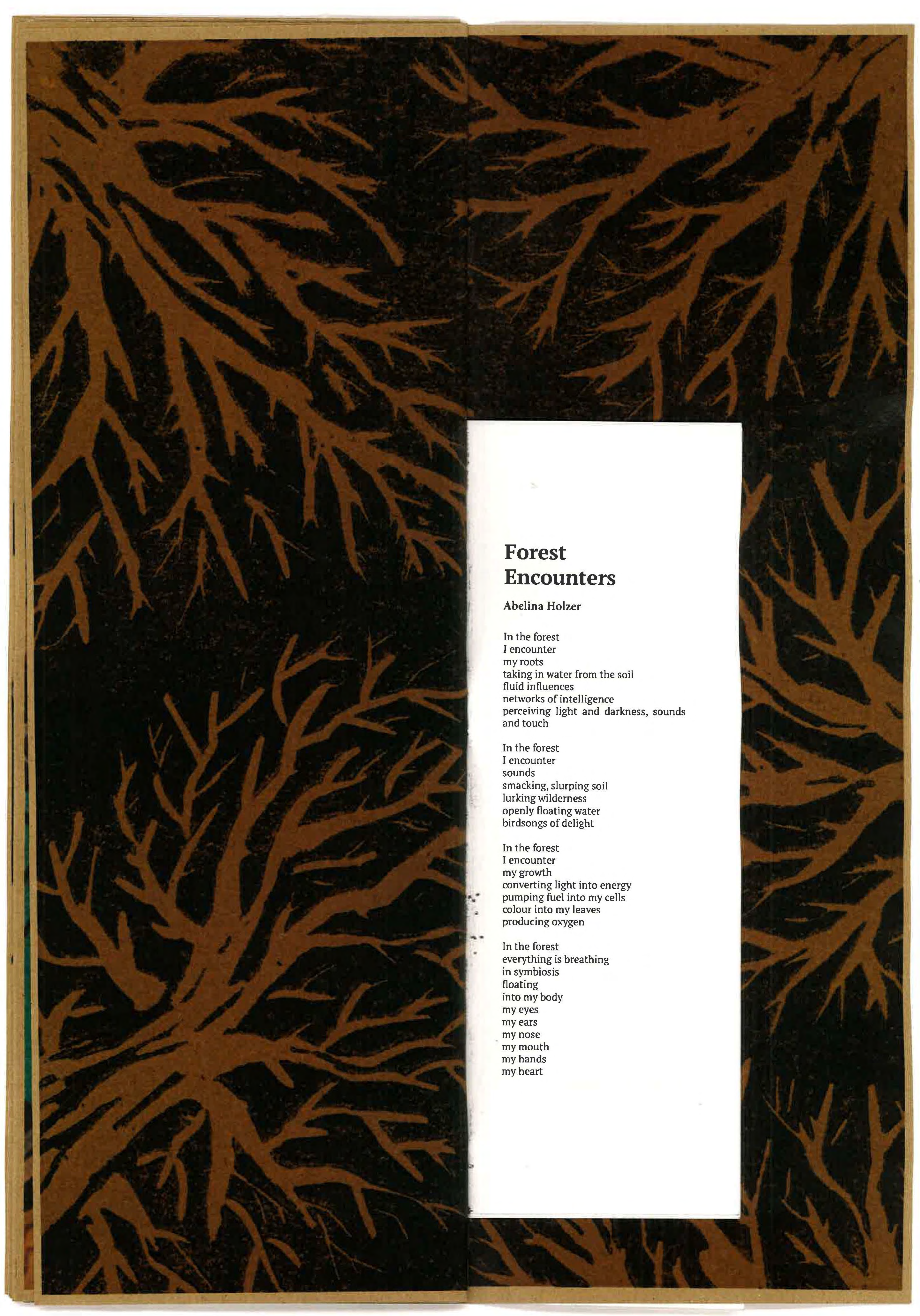
It is certainly not the last time that I have been to the mulberry tree, it is so beautiful because through a small building, which houses a garage, you can climb over the garage roof into the crown of the tree.

You are then very close to the tree. What I still want to discover about the mulberry tree has to do with our senses. Now I have had the chance to taste what the mulberry tastes like, a very complex flavor, and I will explore what it sounds like and feels like very soon. I look forward to my next encounter with the mulberry tree.

(**) The mulberry tree is not native to Switzerland; it is mainly planted for silkworm production.

Illustration: Consuelo Méndez





Forest Encounters

Abelina Holzer

In the forest
I encounter
my roots
taking in water from the soil
fluid influences
networks of intelligence
perceiving light and darkness, sounds
and touch

In the forest
I encounter
sounds
smacking, slurping soil
lurking wilderness
openly floating water
birdsongs of delight

In the forest
I encounter
my growth
converting light into energy
pumping fuel into my cells
colour into my leaves
producing oxygen

In the forest
everything is breathing
in symbiosis
floating
into my body
my eyes
my ears
my nose
my mouth
my hands
my heart



In the forest
I encounter
my self
being reborn with every sunbeam
that touches my head
taking
first breaths of air
first steps with every crackling branch
back into the comfort
In the forest
I encounter
mother natures womb

Illustration: Ren Eldrige





FOREST ENCOUNTERS



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