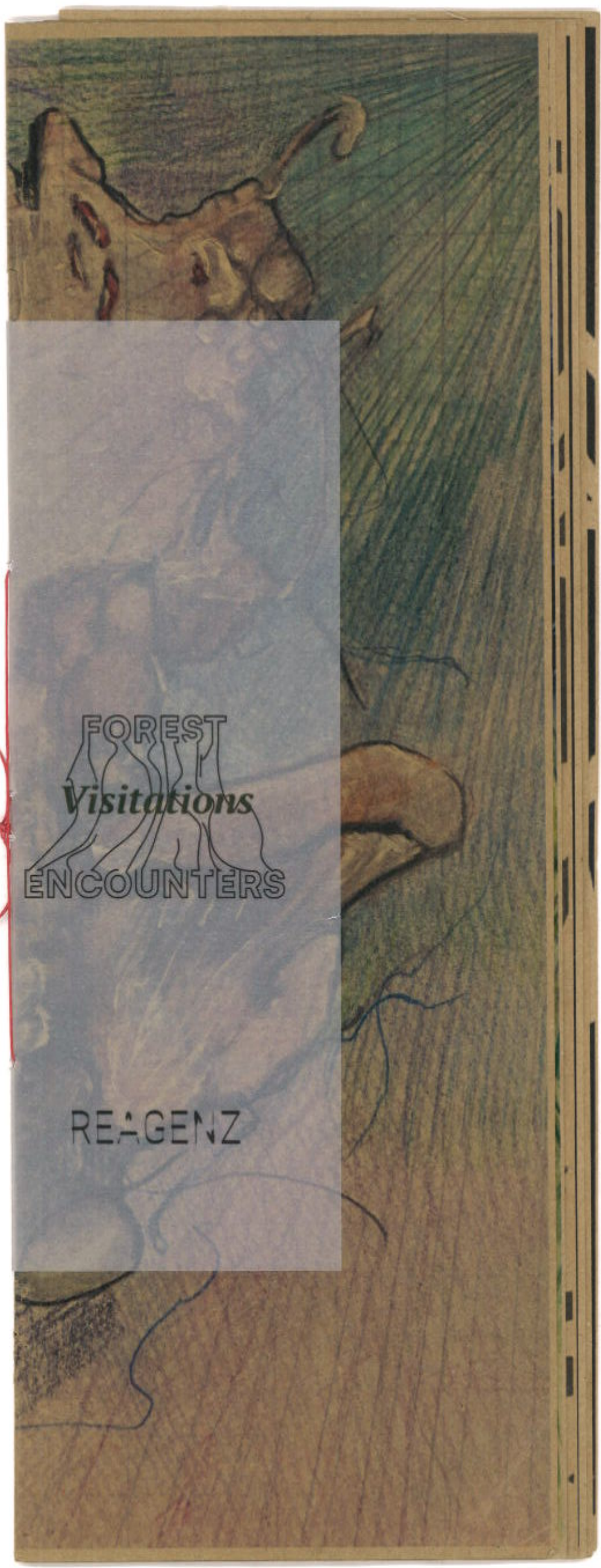




FOREST
Visitations
ENCOUNTERS

REAGENZ

ENCOUNTERS
Visitors
FOREST

REAGENTS





About this Zine

...ure at
...clude;
for their immense contribution; and all
participants of "Visitations" and the
"Forest Encounters Glossary" for your
engagement and care.

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, ecology, and Belgium (Out of Sight). The project aims to develop 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

Illustration: Jürgen Seifinger

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(*) "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.

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Illustration: Jürgen Seifinger



Inter-connectedness

reconsider our place within the biosphere, suggesting that our 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.

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": relationships that transcend anthropocentrism.

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, other proliferations of genes that have a diagnostic aim).

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"

Inter- connectedness

Monica Cano Abadía

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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, not only as a site of ecological richness. 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-

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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.*

among trees transcend the divisions of private 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

Illustration: Monica Cano Abadía

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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. *Dear Five Nations* also introduces the notion of the interconnection, therefore, is a call to embrace a holistic, complex view of existence that acknowledges the complexity 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

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 inextricably tied to the survival of the ecosystems we inhabit, urging us to act as stewards rather than dominators, to cultivate resilience and care in the face of crisis. 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. *Continued*

illustration: Mónica Cano Aparicio



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.

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Virginia Agyarko

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In the forest, a hunter killed Bambi's mother. Watching this scene, I was 2 years old—I expected, for the first time, the pain of loss.

I could spend a day searching for 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. A deep sense of my being in the forest, is always one of absence. My 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.

Illustration: Benjamin Klug

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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

I could spend a day searching for mushrooms, and I will surely breathe deeply while repeating my prayers and favorite mantras. But that is not the point. At the age of 2, I learned to 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.

The forest is the territory of the unknown—the place where nothing is known as the village where I live. Nothing can happen. The forest is a place of mystery.

Of course, later came other things: forests and good sleep, and in some modern times, the forests taught us to live as a family, respecting and respecting each other's talents and fears.

Remembering 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 dividing a cabin to spend my days there, venturing into the nearby forest every two or three weeks.

I can enjoy the forest, but in love with the forest, the woods, and the dew on the leaves of the swamp.

I am not a person who has been playing a game in games where it is about being every tree and water every path.

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.

Illustration: Christoph Suppan

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

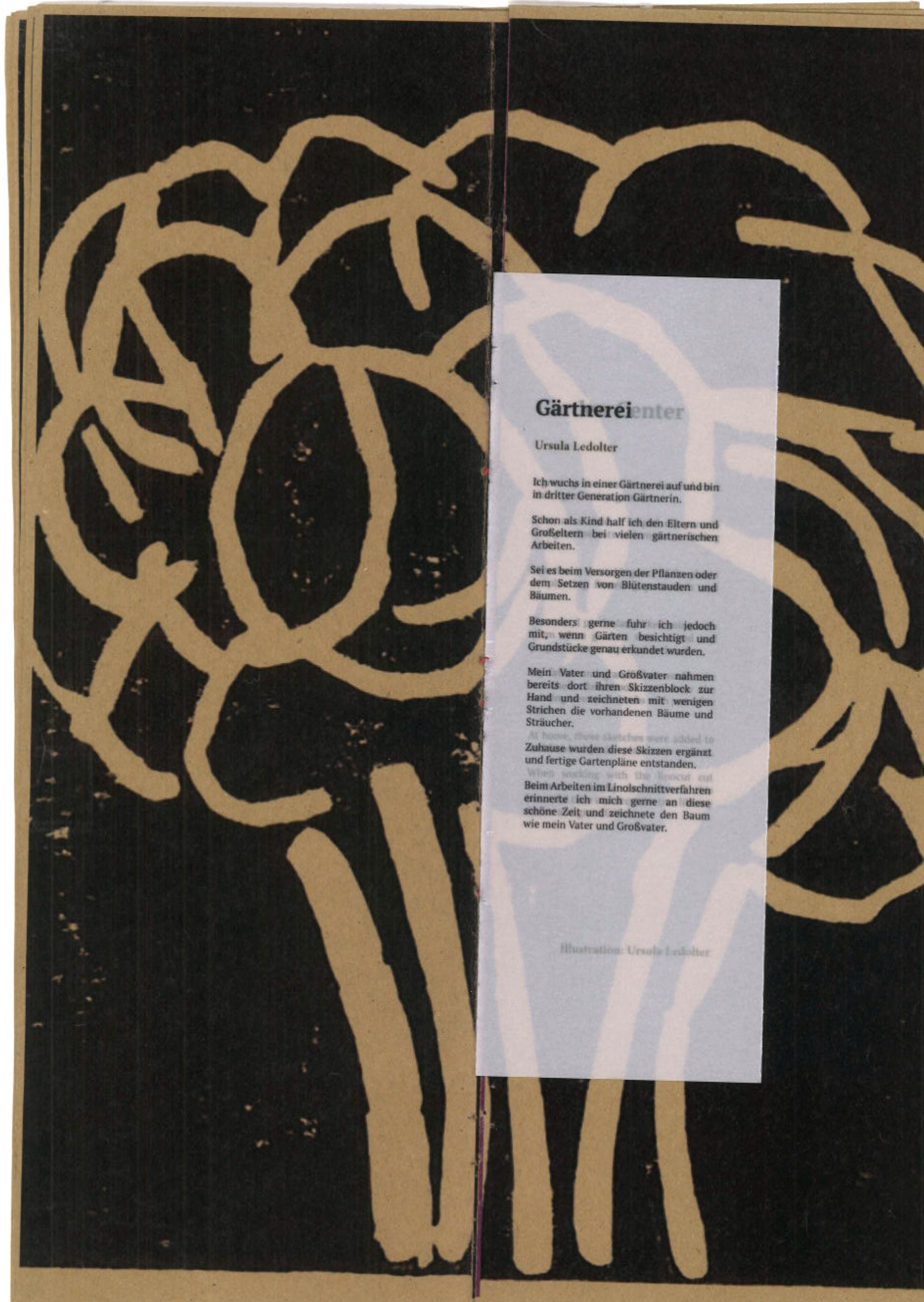
We used to collect specimens from the
forest.

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^{enter}

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.

At home, these sketches were added to
Zuhause wurden diese Skizzen ergänzt
und fertige Gartenpläne entstanden.

When working with the lino-cut tool
Beim Arbeiten im Linolschnittverfahren
erinnerte ich mich gerne an diese
schöne Zeit und zeichnete den Baum
wie mein Vater und Großvater.

Illustration: Ursula Ledolter

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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
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Roots

Wurzel

Wolfgang Windisch

Nicht hält einen am Boden fest, wie eine Wurzel, verwurzelt mit dem Irdischen, verwurzelt mit dem Sein.

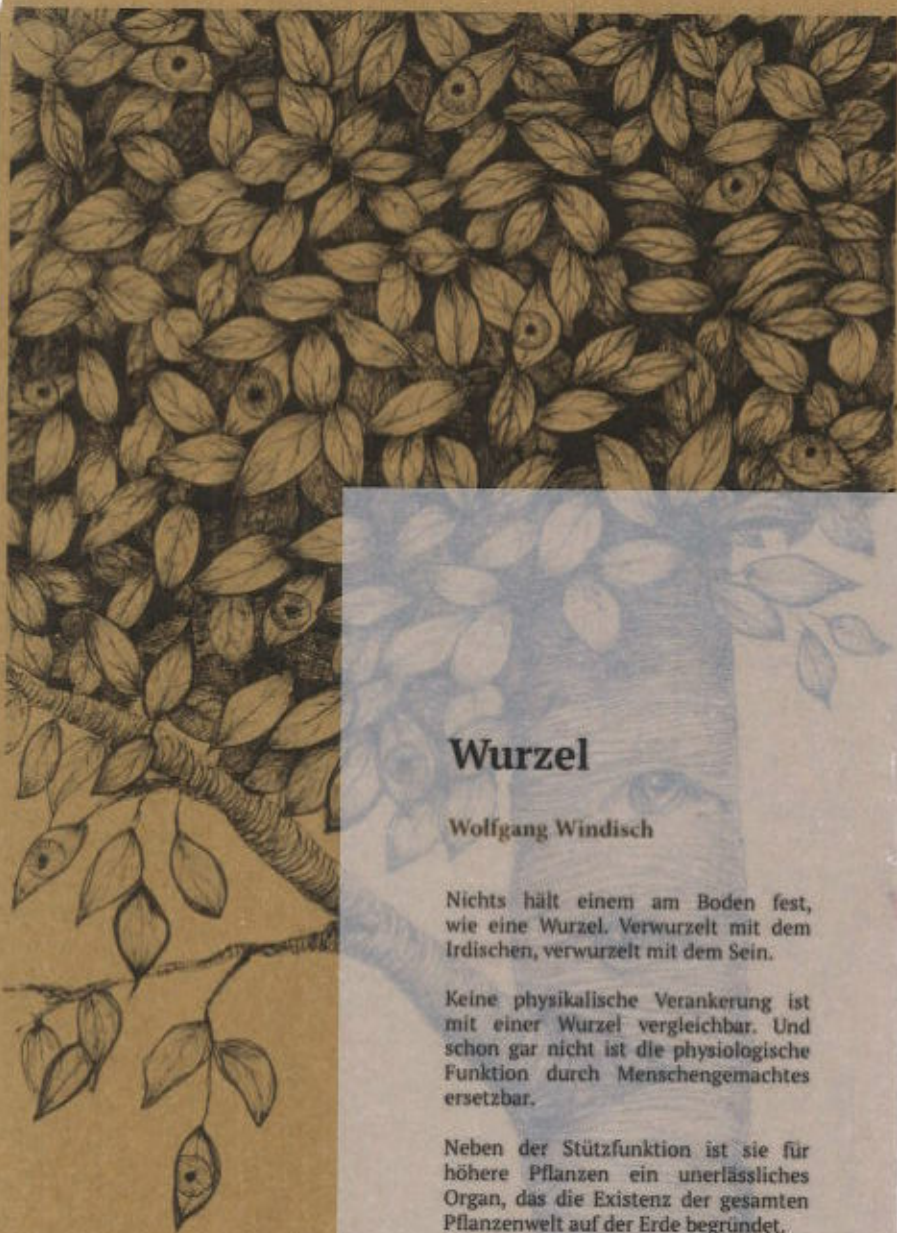
Keine physikalische Verankerung ist mit einer Wurzel vergleichbar. Und schon gar nicht ist die physiologische Funktion durch Menschen gemachte ersetzbar.

Es ist nicht möglich, die Existenz der Pflanzenwelt auf der Erde zu begründen. Die Existenz der Pflanzenwelt ist ein unauflösliches Organ, das die Existenz der gesamten Pflanzenwelt auf der Erde begründet.

„Bach, das ist die Wurzel“, riefen die Menschen. „Aber so manches Tun des Menschen.“

Der Mensch ist so tief in die Existenz der Pflanzenwelt eingebunden, dass er nicht mehr als ein Teil der Existenz der Pflanzenwelt gesehen werden kann. Die Existenz der Pflanzenwelt ist ein unauflösliches Organ, das die Existenz der gesamten Pflanzenwelt auf der Erde begründet. Die Existenz der Pflanzenwelt ist ein unauflösliches Organ, das die Existenz der gesamten Pflanzenwelt auf der Erde begründet.

Illustration: Kattia Mitternachts



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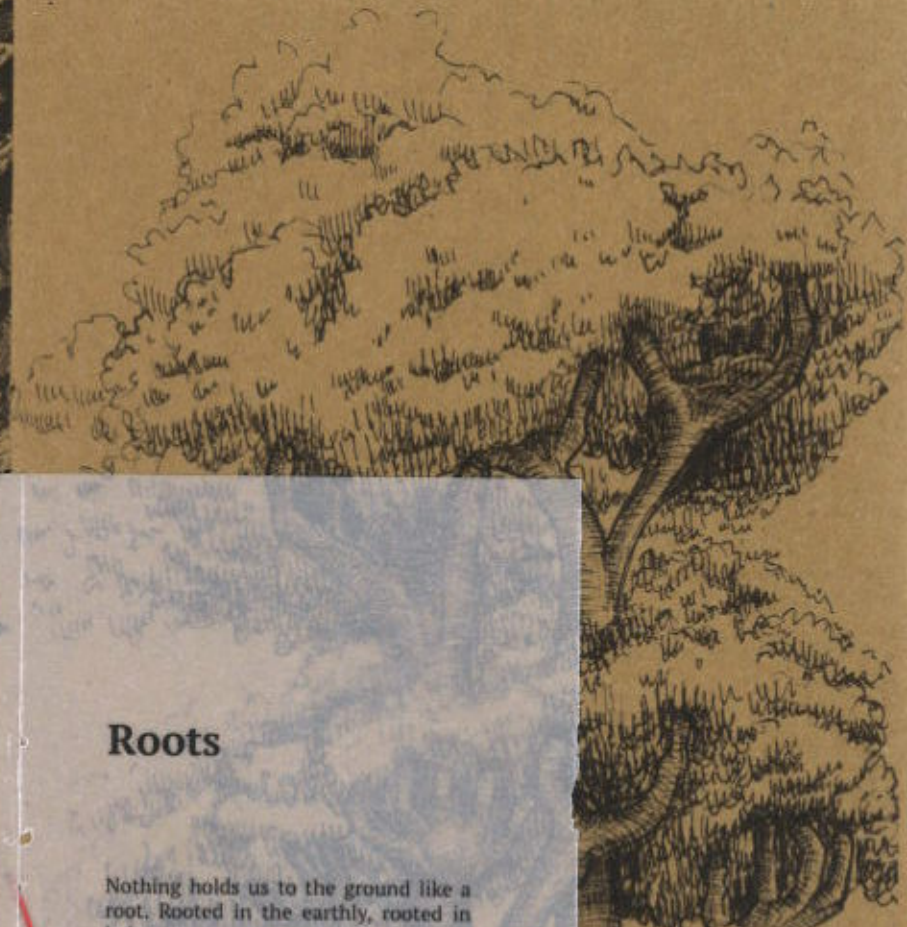
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Neben der Stützfunktion ist sie für höhere Pflanzen ein unerlässliches Organ, das die Existenz der gesamten Pflanzenwelt auf der Erde begründet.

„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.

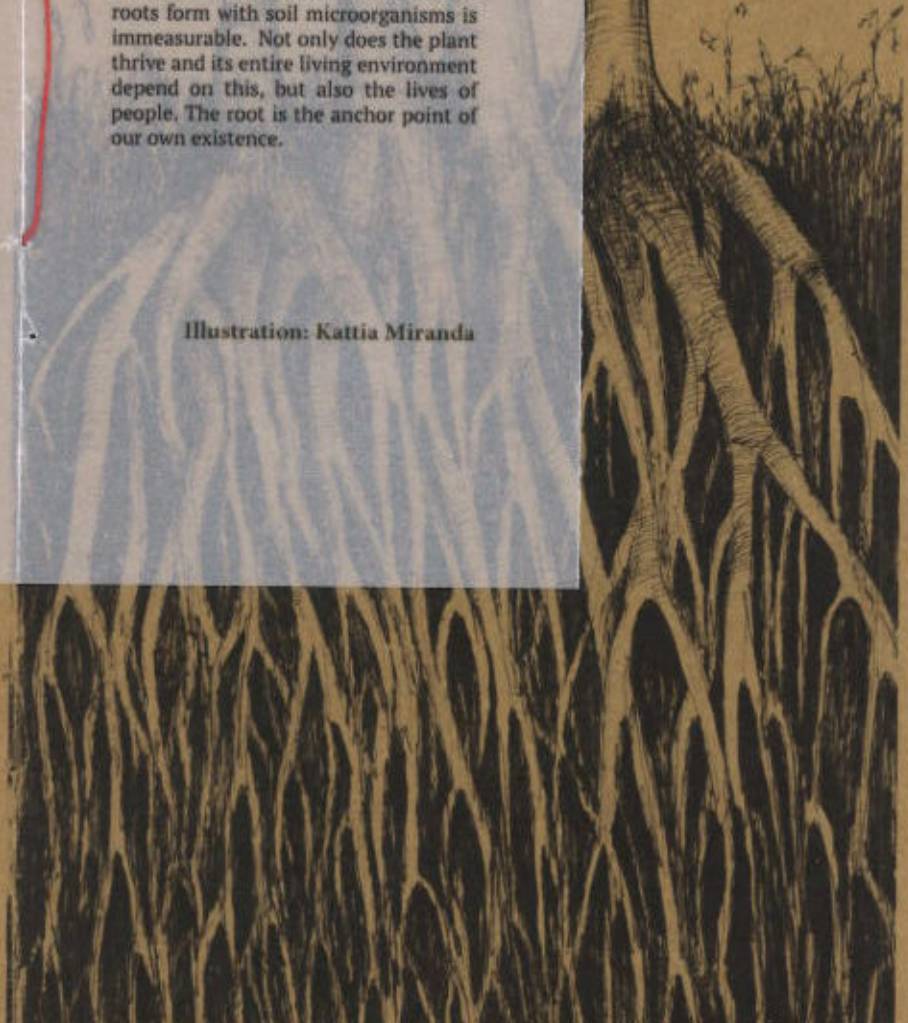
No physical anchoring is comparable to a root. And its physiological function is certainly not replaceable by anything man-made.

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





Wurzel Roots

Wolfgang Windisch

Nothing holds us to the ground like a root. Rooted in the earth, rooted in being, we are anchored, we are held.

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

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, returning us to the origin.

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 system must be compared to the above-ground. And the number of microorganisms that 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. Das Leben der Pflanze und auch das Leben der Menschen. Die Wurzel ist der zentrale Punkt unserer Existenz.

Illustration: Katia Miranda





Partisan Nature

Rose-Anne Gush
The tradition of partisan nature that goes against modernisation as mere progress.
of the wild. Hatred of wilderness. 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



Partisan Nature

Rose Anne Cash

I began thinking about partisan nature in response to recent developments in EU energy policy which was re-examining lithium extraction on the nearby Korymbos mountain range. This question of lithium extraction – to serve the world's demands for so-called renewable energy with batteries for cars, phones, tablets, and all kinds of devices that we are practically attached to, as well as in homes 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 hazy. 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. Further, Marooned slaves in the Caribbean and America's – who had fled plantation slavery – as in Edward 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

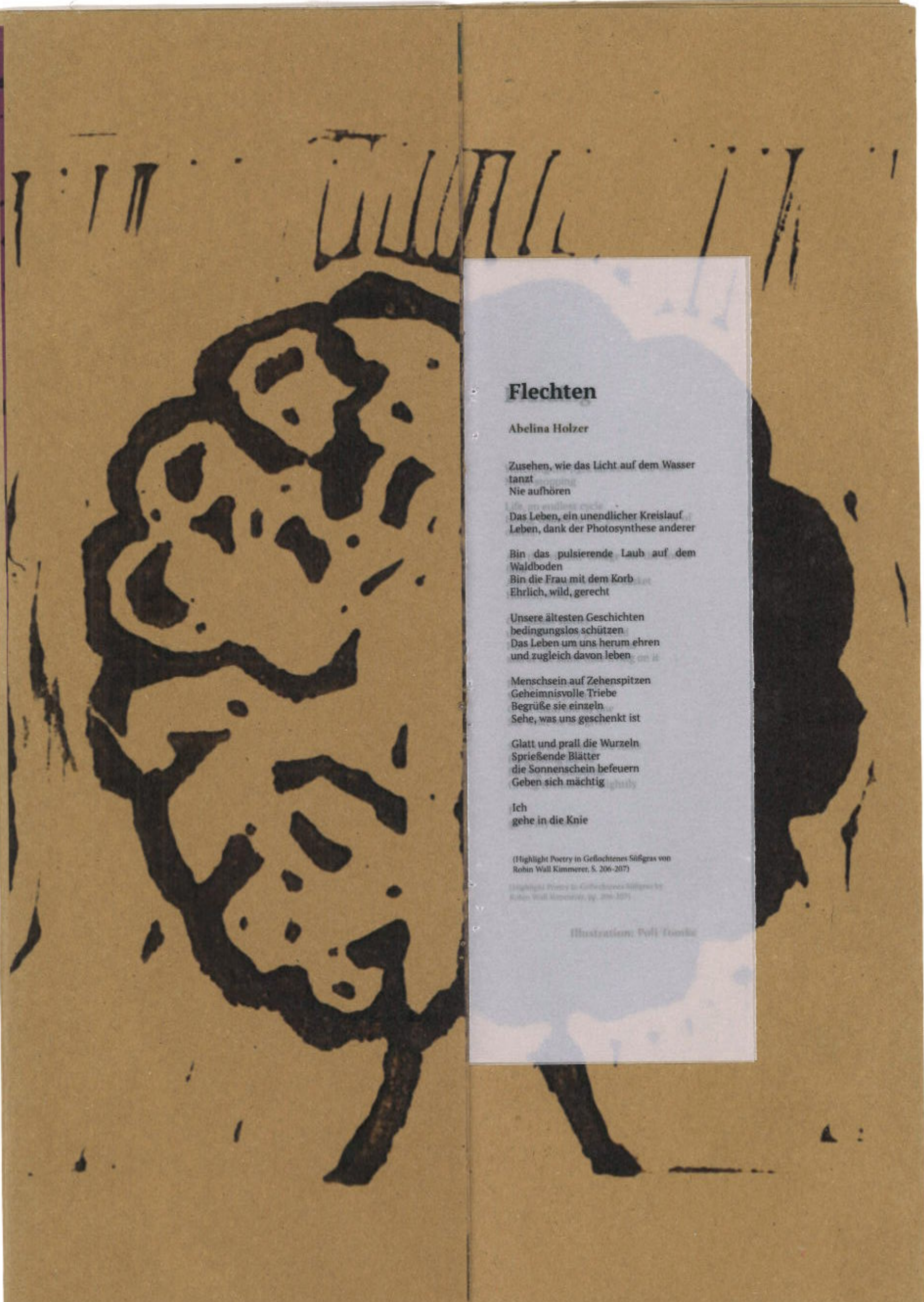
struggles within a tradition of partisan and maroon nature that goes against its reduction and reification as mere resource for profit.

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

and in illustration: Wolfgang Koch



Flechten

Abelina Holzer

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)

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

Illustration: Polt Tomke

Flechten

Abelina Holzner

Zusammen, wie das Licht auf dem Wasser
tanz
Nie aufhören

Das Leben, ein unendlicher Kreislauf
Leben dank der Photosynthese anderer

Bist das pulsierende Laub auf dem
Waldboden
Bist die Frau mit dem Kopf
Erfrisch, wild, gerecht

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

Menschlein auf Zehenspitzen
Geheimnisvolle Töne
Legt sie ein
Sehr, was uns geschenkt ist

Glatz und prall die Wurzeln
Sprießende Blätter
die Sonnenschein befeuchten
Geben sich mächtig

Ich
gehe in die Knie

(Highlight Poetry in German: Sillgras 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 German: Sillgras by
Robin Wall Kimmerer, pp. 206-207)

Illustration: Poli Tomke

Braiding

Alfreda Hickman

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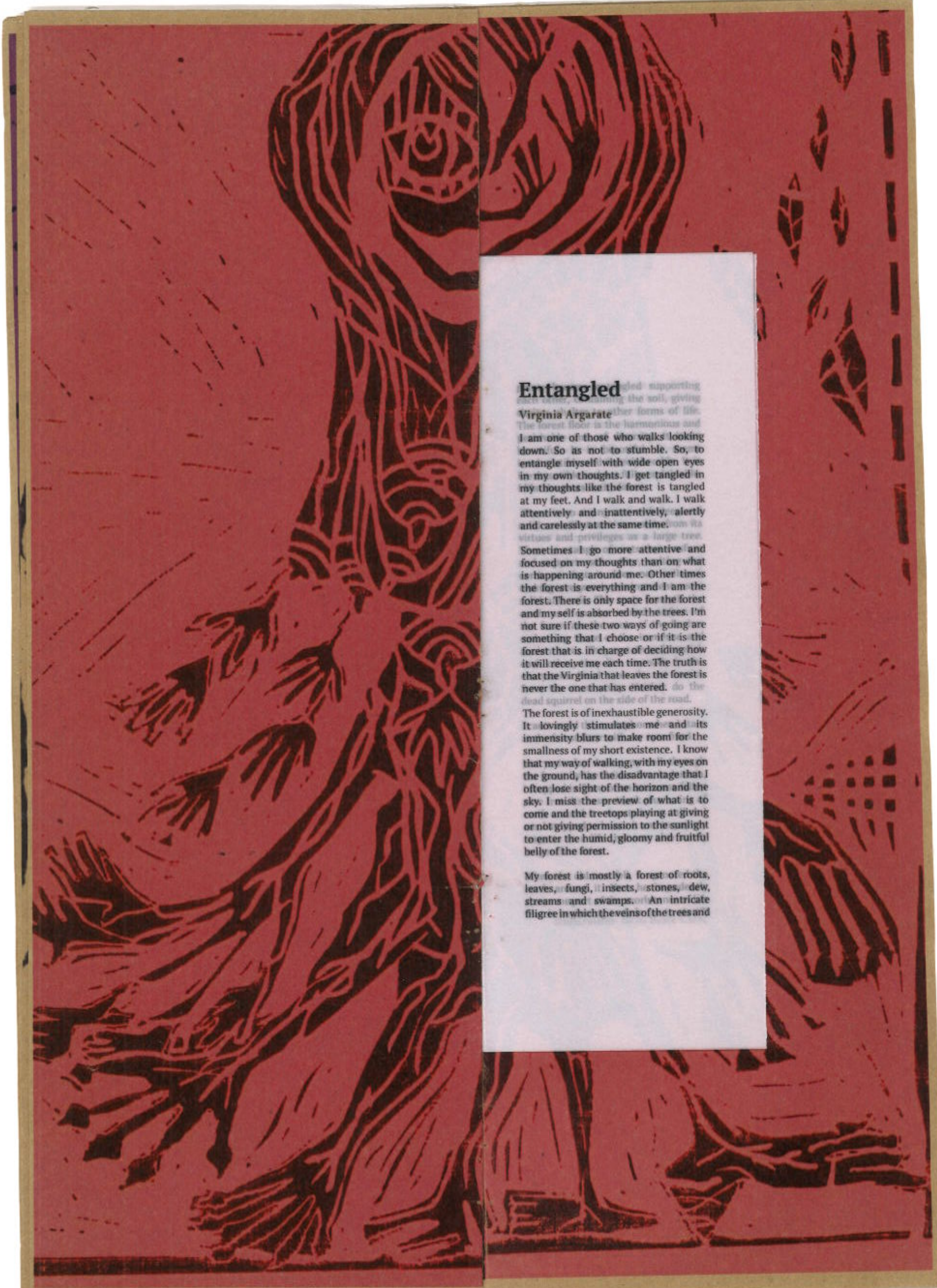
Being human on tiptoe
Mysterious shoots
Greet them one by one
See what we are given

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

Go to my knees

(Highlight poetry in *Collected Poems* by
John W. Kinsman, pp. 106-107)

Illustration: Patti 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 myself 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

Entangled

Virginia Apatow

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 intuitively, alertly and curiously 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 myself is absorbed by the trees. I'm not sure if these two ways of being 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 immensely blunt 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 beautiful belly of the forest.

My forest is mostly a forest of roots, leaves, fungi, insects, stones, dew, streams and swamps. An intricate thicket 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?)

Illustration: Leticia García L. 2014

plants become entangled supporting each other, containing the soil, giving 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.

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When the old tree fell, it uprooted the earth around it. Now the impenetrable shows me part of the expanse 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

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 decaying. The tree does not
leave the forest, the forest does not
let it go. The forest retracts it in its
unstopable 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 moving through this world."
said and said. The more powerful the
wells and the more the more powerful the
the forest was the more of the forest
connecting those of the immediate and
ancient trees. They were not and were not
each other, they live eternally in the
movement. Good trees do not perish
from the community, neither do the
dead appear on the side of the road.

I can't wait for the day when I shall
be the forest that with my eyes closed.

Just yesterday, during my walk through
the forest by the river, I was in a state
I stopped in front of an enormous fallen
tree. Its base - trunk like a wall of
rough stone - was twice as tall as I
and I stopped to look at it and to pay my
respects to a life that was also moving
beyond that time.

When the old tree fell, it opened the
earth around it. Now, for hundreds of
years, the forest has been the forest of life
and it is the forest of life that is the forest
of life.

Illustration: Ilia Bate Clark



Maulbeerbaum (2)

Das Plündern der Früchte ist nicht

Margarethe Makovec

Das Plündern der Früchte ist nicht lösen von dem Stamm, sie sind widerstandsfähig, wollen nicht gepflegt werden. Wenn

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, es ist so wunderschön, weil durch ein

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.

Man ist dem Baum dann sehr nah.

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?

Der Maulbeerbaum ist nicht

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

Maulbeerbaum (*)

Marquise de Mafroc

Die Erfahrung mit dem Maulbeerbaum
im ersten Jahr ist ein Erlebnis. In der
ersten Nacht von März hat sich erst vor
kurzem ereignet. Ein Maulbeerbaum
hat mit mir eine besondere Begegnung
durch unsere Nachbarschaft erreicht.
Mir war bewusst, dass der Maulbeerbaum
in der Stadt gar nicht mehr vorkam.
Ich in der Gasse.

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
Bäume, es wächst horizontal.

Er wirkt wie liegend, dieser
Maulbeerbaum, der in einem
Innenhof in der Altstadt
wächst, ist sicher ein paar hundert Jahre
alt, schon bevor die Bebauung und
bevor entstanden ist, er hat sich auch
gelebt, er scheint so aus der Fülle der
Stämme - was mit der Maulbeer-Frucht
erschließt, was das Maulbeerbaum
auch das Geschlecht weichen kann.
Das Blatt hat eine Herzform und ist
auch besonders robust, dunkelgrün,
vermeintlich. Zumindest angenommen
habe ich die Geschichte des
Maulbeerbaums nachgelesen, er wird
als ein Baum bezeichnet. Ich habe
nicht geglaubt, warum das so sein könnte.

Dank der Kenntnis des Maulbeerbaums
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. I knew one of them on
Bruckenkopfgasse.

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.

It seems to be creeping. This mulberry
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. 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
(*) Der Maulbeerbaum ist nicht
"heimisch", er wird vor allem zur
Seidenraupenproduktion gepflanzt, and
to be picked. When you pick them, the
red juice flows over your hands, after

vom hellen bis dunkel, fast schwarz.
Das Fließen der Früchte ist nicht
einfach, sie lassen sich nicht lösen von
dem Stamm, sie sind widerständig.
Wenn man sie pflückt, fließt der rote Saft
über die Hände, nach der Ernte dieser
widerständigen Beeren sind die Hände
blutrot, d.h. man trägt die Spuren des
Mulbeers mit sich weiter in die
Welt hinaus.

Es ist nicht das letzte Mal, dass
ich bei dem Mulbeerbäumchen war, er
ist so wunderbar, weil durch ein
kleines Gebäude, worin sich eine
Gasse befindet, kann man über das
Gangdach in die Krone des Baumes
klettern.

Man ist dem Baum dann sehr nah.
Was ich noch entdecken möchte beim
Mulbeerbäumchen, hat mit unserem Sinne
zu tun, nun hatte ich die Chance zu
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Begegnung mit dem Mulbeerbäumchen.

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

Mulberry Tree^(*)

carry the traces of the mulberry tree
with you not into the world.

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.

You are then very close to the tree.
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

Mulberry Tree

The mulberry tree is a very old tree. It has been around for a long time. 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 Brückengasse.

It is not a very big tree, but it is very old. 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 Heindrichstrasse, 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 fruit 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 usually 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.

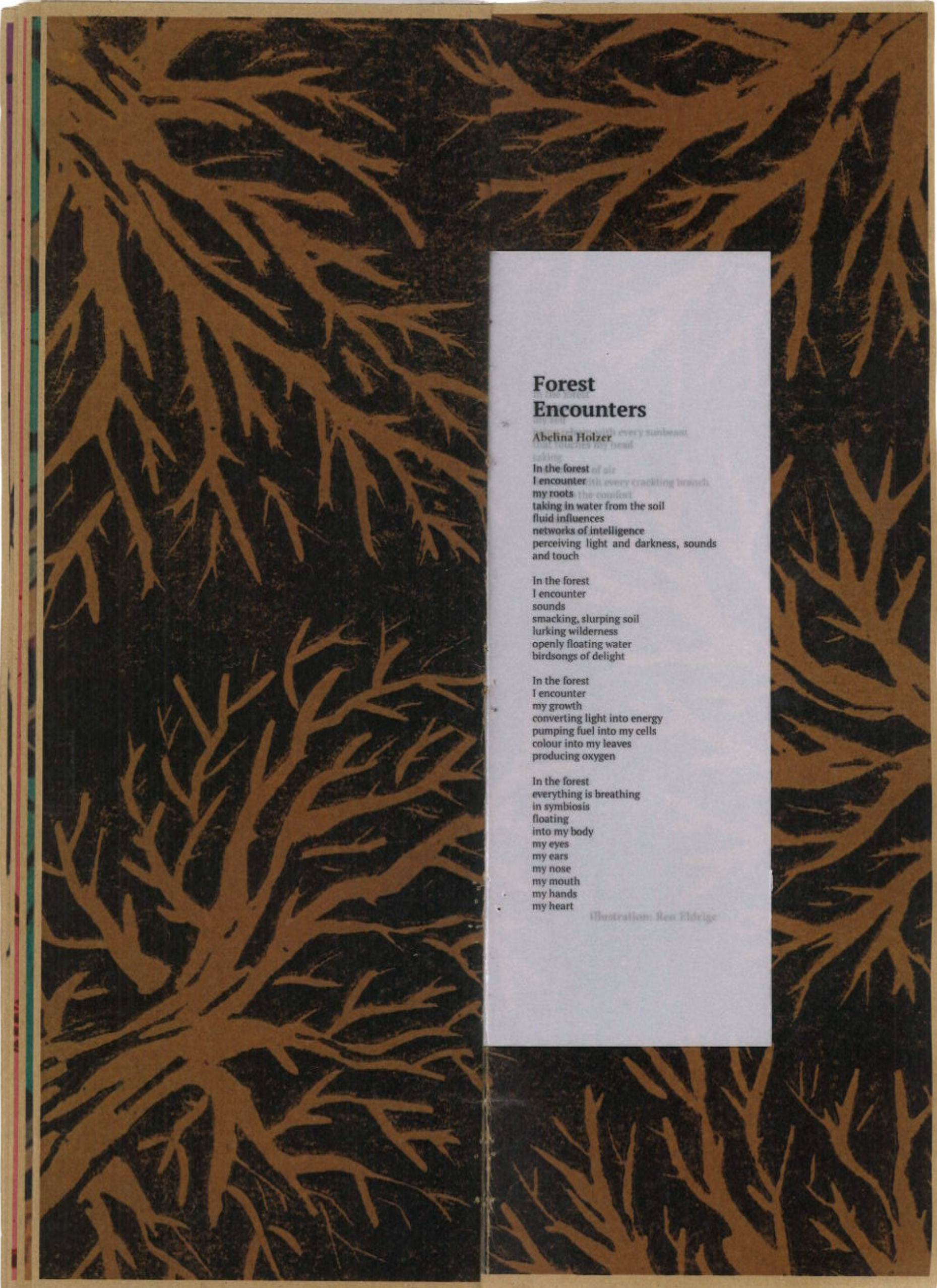
Illustration: Consuelo Méndez

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You are then very close to the tree.
What I still want to discover about the
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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. It is a wonderful garden
on a hillside, in a valley, a few
hundred years old, now under the
protection of the Swiss government. It is
the only one of its kind in the world.
What my mulberry friend told
me was that the mulberry tree can also
change its color. The leaf is heart-shaped
and beautifully red, dark green and
beautiful. When I got home, I looked up
the story of the mulberry tree. It is often
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why that might be?

Thanks to our mulberry friend, we
also tasted the fruit of the tree, the
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different shades of red, from light red to
dark red. The mulberry tree is not native to
Switzerland; it is mainly planted for
silkworm production, and do not want
to be picked. When you pick them, the
red juice flows from your hands. (The
Illustration: Conrado Mendez



Forest Encounters

Abelina Holzer
In the forest with every sunbeam
that touches my head

taking
In the forest of air
I encounter with every crackling branch
my roots the comfort
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

Illustration: Ren Eldridge

Forest Encounters

Abelina Holzer

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I encounter
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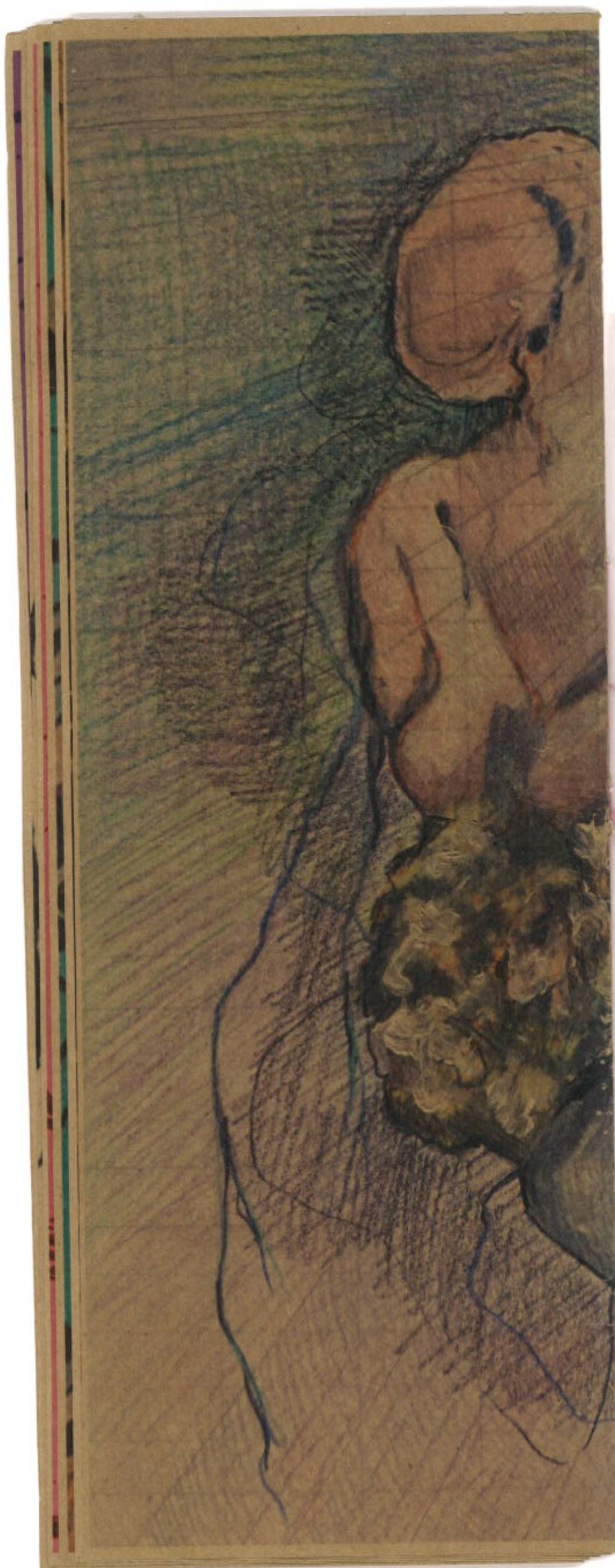
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producing oxygen

In the forest
everything is breathing
in synchrony
floating
into my body
my ears
my nose
my mouth
my hands
my feet

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



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