



landing

Inland Academy

landing

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There is a land that has water
connecting the sky



going inland

*Katy Dammers, Grace Denis, Jean Ni, Jens Strandberg
The editorial team of landing*

Knowledge is not produced in the narrow compartments in which the academic order encloses its wise experts. To achieve its effects, one must leave its divisions and compartments, go inland to the open field of the countryside, stand at the borders and frontiers, at the limits or the crossroads.

Jesús Ibáñez

David Prieto Serrano, a member of the INLAND–Campo Adentro collective and formative faculty member of Inland Academy, shared this quote during our first gathering in a series of introductory Zoom workshops. Offered as a means of beginning, its sentiments have continued to articulate our experience throughout the duration of Inland Academy, and in the process of crafting this publication. Going inland suggests a meandering, a wandering away from the horizon, in pursuit of the hazy places of overlap and depth. Together we have dug our hands in the dirt, talked deep into the night around a fire, tended to animals, and cared for one another. Traversing borders to visit various contexts, we have built relationships and new ways of being through experimentation, developing knowledge through living and growing together.

This book gathers the voices of participants in Inland’s 2022 program: Inland Academy. A new initiative organized by INLAND–Campo Adentro, the Academy brought together academic and vernacular knowledge through cultural and agroecological praxis. The program drew on collective new paths for land-based artistic and research practices that reinvent power dynamics around rurality and contemporary art, acknowledging the urgent need for alternative modes that respond to the environmental crisis and the territorial unbalance between the rural and the urban. Consisting of monthly intensive learning sessions from January–September 2022, the program focused on hands-on engagement in rural contexts across Europe.

Participants in Inland Academy came together from a variety of contexts, time zones, and landscapes – bringing their personal experience into

dialogue with a diverse cohort. The group is composed of about twenty artists, writers, farmers, curators, designers, activists, herbalists, and researchers, each participant kindling a desire to delve deeper into collaborative practices and spend several days in close dialogue each month. While not all participants were always physically present during our gatherings, there remained a thread of connection woven into all the experiences, whether transpiring on-site or remotely. Collectively, we ruminated upon distance and proximity throughout our time together – examining the juxtaposition of what it means to be in a city center or the countryside, and how often this choice could not be reduced to a simple binary. During the span of the past year together, we have cultivated a community, imbued with care and collective inquiry; from the seeds that sprouted in Madrid last year, a softly tangled garden emerged.

This publication collects the broad range of experiences, ideas, relationships, and experiments that transpired throughout Inland Academy, alongside our hopes and imaginings for the future. Encompassing exchanges shared across the table at late-night dinners, sitting together amidst a pasture, connecting through numerous WhatsApp messages, phone calls, emails, and marathons on Zoom – these pieces reflect the variety of modes of communication and making that animated our cohort. They have been woven together in small groups, individually, via partnerships, and through collective contributions. Acknowledging the generous spirit of the cohort, the publication also includes collaborators beyond Inland Academy whose shared work with participants augmented their experiences.

The book oscillates between individual and collaborative contributions, illuminating that going inland and moving away from centers can sometimes be an isolated practice. Rather than solely leaning into the solitude of the rural, our intent is to gather and collect – linking our practices to move towards the hinterlands. Through that, we hope to illuminate the importance of working together, alone. A move towards a solitary collectivity that draws connections across borders, bridges distance, and values companionship in many forms.

A harvest of reflections that renders tangible time spent together in the year-long Academy, long-distance partnerships, and ongoing collective creation, the publication is a site for further fermentation. Rather than solely a record of experience or a concluding project, the publication is a seeding of process, learnings, and questions – a momentary *landing*, a continuation rather than a culmination.







Contributions to this publication are titled with a series of verbs – such as listening, measuring, haying, and divining. Drawing from agrarian practices, seasonal reflections, and daily life, these words focus on action and reflect our continual becoming. This growth and exploration is rarely linear, and so we encourage you to read this book in a similar manner, valuing choice and chance. Flip to pages that immediately absorb your attention, return to selections over time, choose the verb that speaks to you, and participate in shared scores, recipes, and experiments.

An editorial subgroup of Inland Academy – Katy Dammers, Grace Denis, Jean Ni, and Jens Strandberg – collaborated on the organization and creation of this publication. We have intentionally decided to retain the original spelling and grammar of texts to reflect the multitude of contexts and ways we have learnt language, rather than homogenizing to a singular mode. Many thanks to Jessie Breslau, Grace Denis, and Rory Ou for proofreading, as well as to Mariana Murcia for design support. We have seen material germinate from a small seed. We have drawn deadlines in the sand only to see them getting mashed up by the sea and later reformed. We are grateful for everyone's patience, dedication, and grace.

landing borrows the design templates and format of INLAND–Campo Adentro *Islario* books. This sharing is one aspect among many in which we are grateful for the support of INLAND–Campo Adentro in the making of this book. In addition, we cannot emphasize enough credit to Jean Ni who designed this book, carefully input material into the final template, and rendered it into its current form.

Early on, we realized the importance of gathering, cooking, preparing, and sharing food together. Meals have remained an important part of our time together throughout Inland Academy. From roasted lamb at the Centro de Acercamiento a lo Rural in Madrid, to pasta pomodoro in a community squat in Naples, roasting vegetables around a fire in Kassel, or stuffing dumplings together in the mountains, we value collective digestion, and have come to see it as an apparatus for embodying how the group interacts. Co-creating, experimenting, and mulling over and sharing experiences are central to our becoming together. We offer this publication as an invitation for you to join us – wander down a path, get lost, meditate, pick up a strand again, and take the book under your arm and go inland, as Ibáñez proposed, to the open field of the countryside.

about inland academy

Fernando García-Dory

INLAND–Campo Adentro’s activities are organised through different work axes that compose the main structural frame of the para-institution to sustain and nurture forms of life. The production and composition of knowledge (axis one) that happens, combining theory and practice, gives body to study and reading groups such as Seminario Permanente, Chiribitil, or Microhabitable. It additionally produces various materials to support this knowledge, from publications and books to audio podcasts or board games. This series of tools nurtures the design and develops varied training structures (axis two). Described within the overall name of Educa-INLAND, they range from special education activities with the flock of sheep for the neuro-divergent community, to engagement with rural schools with kids of mixed ages, microcamps at our urban flock-forest-classroom, the still-to-be-developed School for Nomadic Peoples Leaders, and the Elemental School of Crafts.

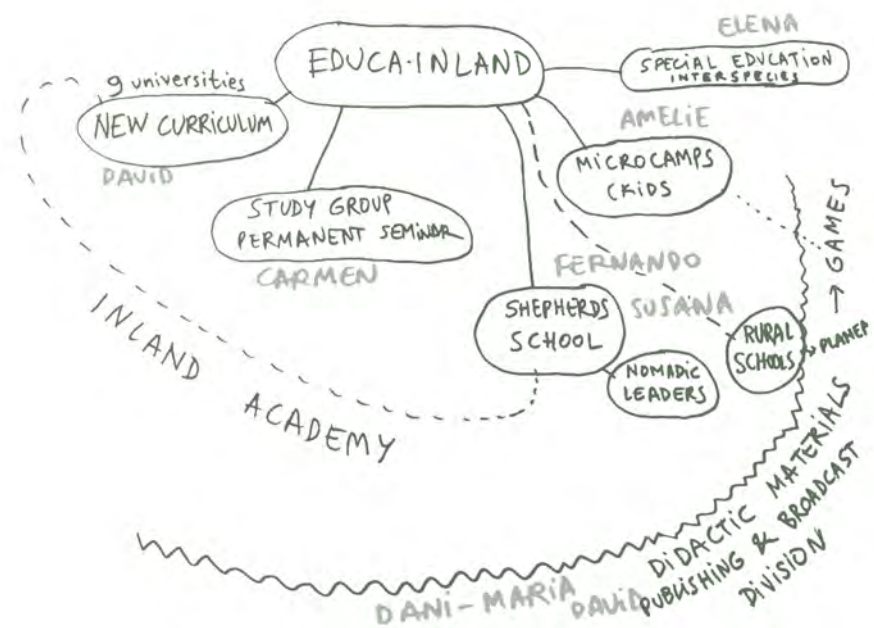
Two important projects in continuation are the Shepherds School, occurring since 2004, and the New Curriculum. The former offers a month of theory on different subjects such as mountain pastoralist cultures, zotechnics, veterinary, animal physiology, biochemistry of milk, farm household economics, or European common agrarian policies. This is followed by three months of practical classes staying with a shepherd-tutor and sharing the everyday. Around one hundred people apply every year, with the ultimate goal of the course being to prepare the aspirant to start a feasible and sustainable profession and form of life.

On the other hand, the New Curriculum (2016-2020) comprises a collaboration with more than ten universities from around Europe, gathering students from a diverse array of disciplines, from landscape studies to fine arts, agroecology, sociology, or architecture, taking the village and its surrounding as a case study for different possible interventions.

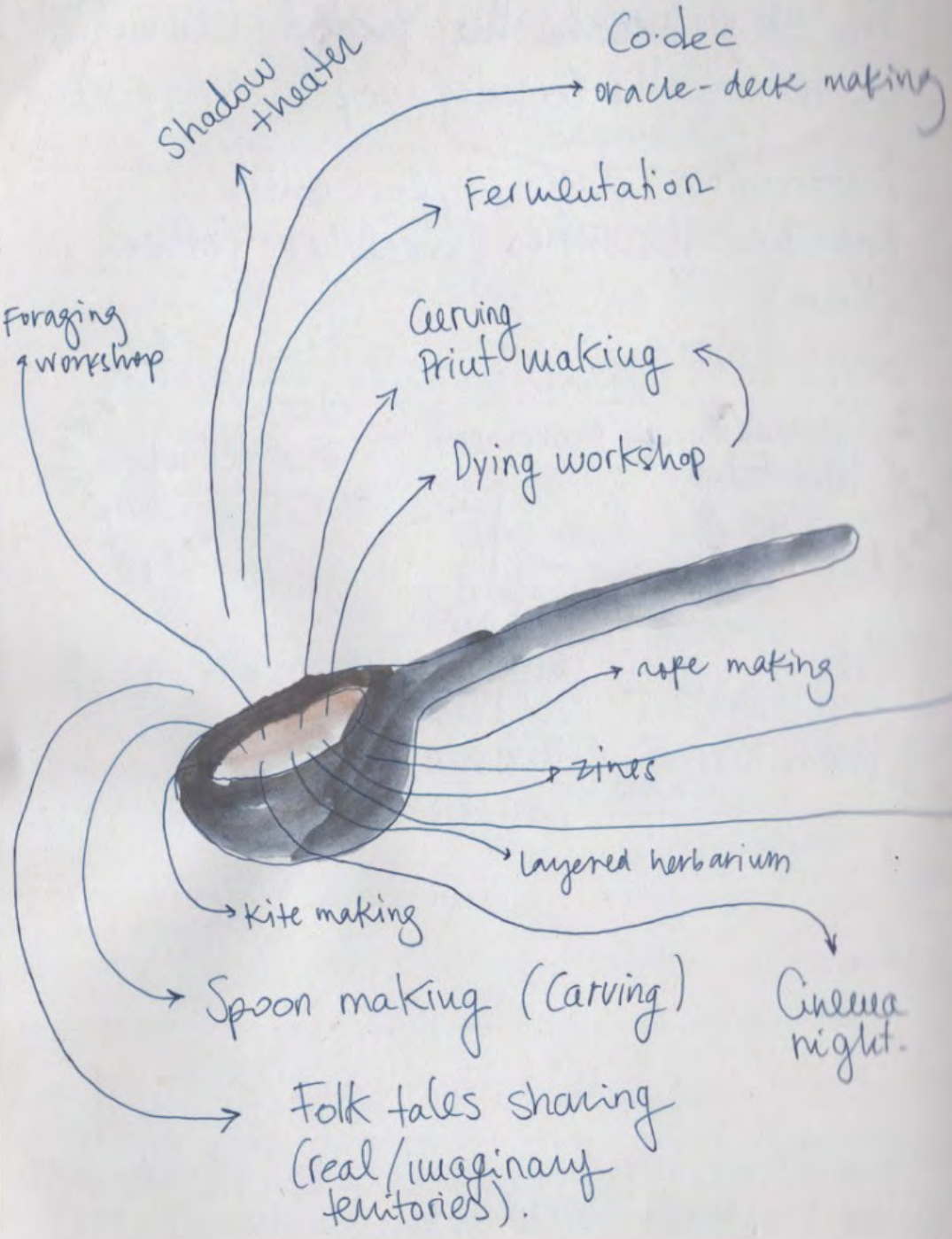
We realized that a combination of both approaches was needed, in order to offer a training programme that would combine theory and practice. The model of Inland Academy convened sessions in different locations, as well as lectures or agricultural activities during 2022.

For 2023, rather than opening a new call, we decided to deepen the projects that the participants would be shaping and start to develop a mentoring companionship with faculty members alongside contributions to projects that INLAND is developing. We observed that instead of a series of travels of short duration, there could be fewer gatherings but for longer periods, opening a more horizontal space for the design of the content and activities during those sessions.

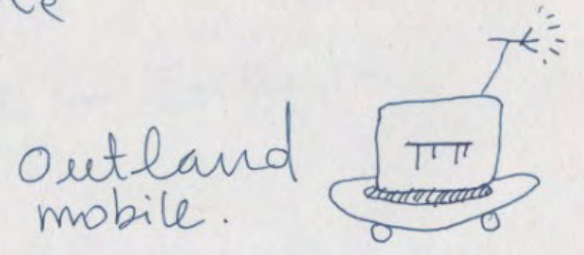
This publication functions as depositary material for a creative interpretation of the first year of the Academy, rendering a valuable tool for the years to come. It manifests the tight bonds made amongst the participants, exemplifying an enriching outcome of this year together.



IDEA SPOON



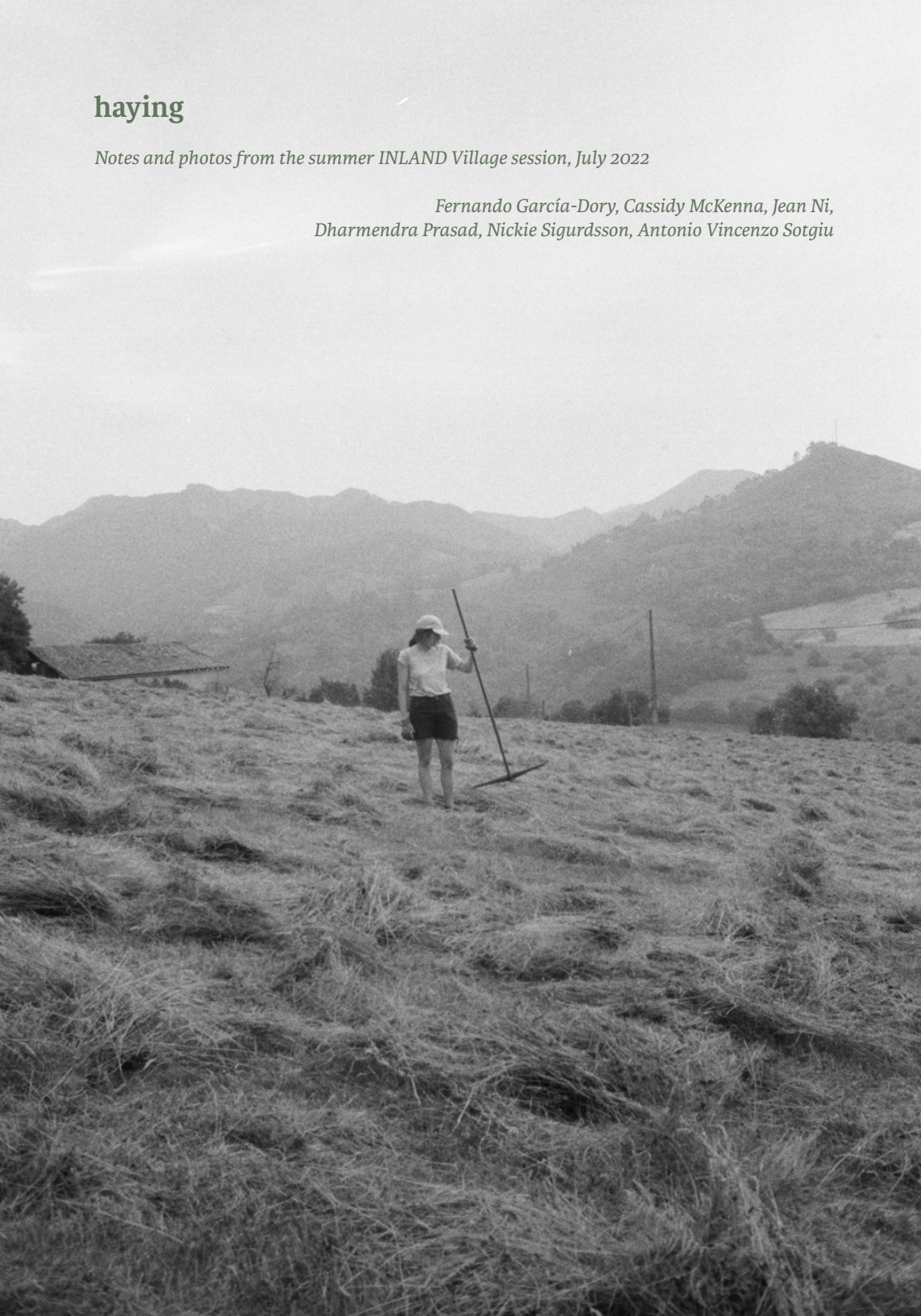
Learning Congolese Rumba Together?
 Make a studio/lab/gallery that is portable



haying

Notes and photos from the summer INLAND Village session, July 2022

*Fernando García-Dory, Cassidy McKenna, Jean Ni,
Dharmendra Prasad, Nickie Sigurdsson, Antonio Vincenzo Sotgiu*



Cassidy McKenna

As the sky bruised blue we gathered in the hay loft, open to the elements, cradled in by the coming dark. Below, beyond the dry stone walls and the rough-worn 4-by-4 track, we could see, still visible in the dimming, the cutlines of the tractor that have made the fields into the sea. Demarcated by waves of perilously high haystacks and the spill out of loose sheaths, there was the salt spray, undulating underneath us. At the horizon, kissed-pink, the mountains, surprisingly sharp peaks in an environment of all soft edges, loose bricks, the demure shadows that are cast by the wildflowers we have gathered and hung above our dining table, at the heads of each of our shoulder-to-shoulder beds.

On this vernacular balcony intended for the winter keeping of grain, we have come to store our own temporarily immobilised summer bodies, those that are otherwise engaged in the hard graft gathering of that same crop, a height of action on one end of the seasonal spectrum that we hope allows for a time of real rest, of tools laid dormant, animals well fed, at the other. In our moments of respite we climb up to share this terrace, share it with the rising distress of the rooster-persecuted chickens, here amongst a consortium of spider families, and in the company of a gentle gathering of miscellaneous





talismans – a stone that spoke to someone, communal reading material, some birthday candles – collecting together to watch early 2000s girl empowerment movies, to brew restorative post-lunch *deca*, to, in a spontaneous ceremony illuminated solely by tea lights, each pull a tarot card, one of which was dropped, near-immediately, straight through the cracks in the floor to the dust underneath. It was *The World*.

To, in the endless days of high July, pivot your attention to the toil that would in some ways be much better suited to the cooler temperatures of a shoulder season – here we are, at the mercy of a three-days-till-rain digital weather forecast the same way the ancestors of this land must have subjugated themselves to what the clouds around the hill tips seemed to be saying – is to trust implicitly in the interwoven reciprocity of all things. If I tug on this end of the cosmic string here, something elsewhere will come loose. If I gather food for the animals I will leave behind long before I could eat from them here, the animals elsewhere will similarly be fed, and in doing so may they feed me at some future point in time, or indeed, maybe not me at all, but someone else entirely, a friend or a stranger, some other ragged string of the grand communal tapestry. To tend to one place is to tend, quite literally, to Every Place, it is an innocence of belief that labour is an interlocking enterprise whose mimicry makes

itself known wherever we go, from which we may give, from which we may take.

We are temporary in this landscape, though even only on a single site this would all still hold true. You can never truly guarantee that you will be around to reap the bounty of what you hope, but in the act of sowing you plant the seed of trust in abundance regardless. Even the phrase “gone to seed,” used in the limiting framework of human-centered gardening, a term that is supposed to suggest the souring of something, in fact describes the togetherness of a great banquet of delights: for the butterflies, for the birds, for the humour of the breeze, who then gets to lift up those fibre-wrapped pockets of potential, shake them free from their aerial binds, and play them into other elsewheres.

Maybe it's the wind that also brought us here together, for this season of haying ourselves. We gather tightly together into temporary bundles, scratchy and close, which we wrap up firm in the hopes they will hold fast, stay together – whilst knowing all the while that they are always intended to later be unfurled, separated outwards, to nourish other someones, mulch other gardens, to be woven into different worlds.



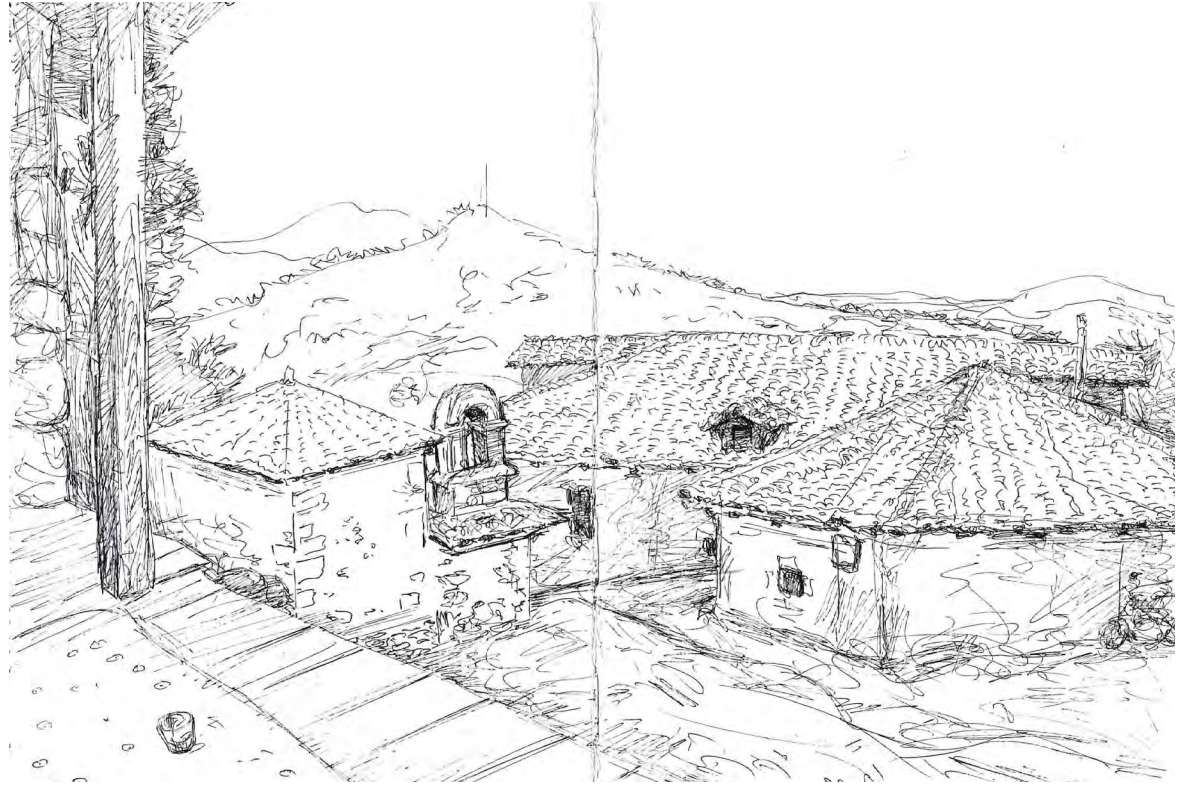
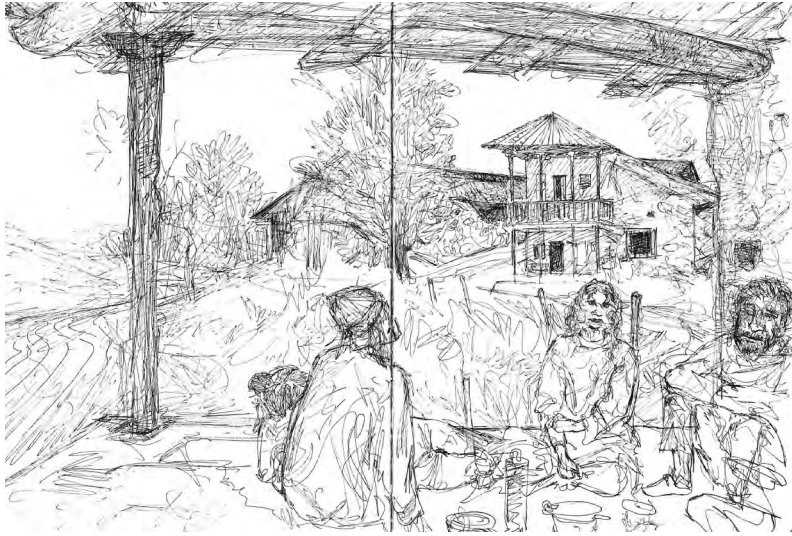
Inland, North Spain - 2022 =



- Q What's the Economic need of Harvest school / Collective?
- Q How do you want to Sustain the project?
- Q What kind of Economic model do you want to conceive?
- Q Are you interested in land based economies?
- Q Rural development from Programme.

one single product, that you can specialize? - in terms of Harvest school + Angra Collective







Fernando García-Dory

When planning the various in-person sessions and visits of Inland Academy, we proposed to engage with art institutions, such as Grizedale Arts, Baltic Centre for Contemporary Art, Museo Madre Napoli, and documenta fifteen. The aim was to share about their contexts and offer the opportunity to experience first-hand learning from the process that spanned from an initial invitation or commission to develop a contribution to an art exhibition, and to connect with projects in locations that share INLAND-Campo Adentro's interests.

Aside from that, we were aware that an important part of the course would be to become acquainted with the specific spaces where INLAND-Campo Adentro is based and developing its work in durational and long-term endeavors. Apart from the sessions transpiring at the INLAND space in the city of Madrid, the Centro de Acercamiento a lo Rural (CAR), and at the village in Mallorca where we have been working for the last ten years, we organised a session, longer than usual, to take place at the INLAND Village in the northern Spanish mountains. The season coincided with the hay harvest, probably the most important agricultural activity of the year in the region.





Traditionally, haying gathers extended family and neighbours, and consists of different steps to be done within the right timing, for a proper curing of the fresh grass to turn it into hay and become the main fodder for our flock of sheep and goats in the winter. One has to use a mix of traditional techniques and more modern ones, combining the use of small-scale machinery and hand work to process the hay of our six-hectare fields. They are wild hay meadows, qualified as a High Nature Value farming system.

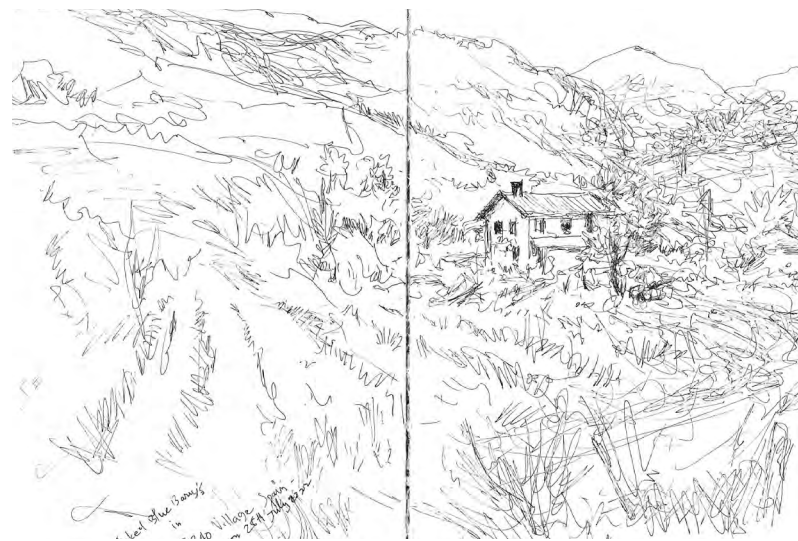
Hay meadows support a rich mixture of grasses and flowers, such as meadow foxtail, lady's bedstraw, and meadow buttercup. This diversity is particularly important as there are up to forty-five species per square metre in the best meadows. They are crucial for sustaining insects of different kinds, pollinators and butterflies amongst them. This associated invertebrate population is also an important food for birds. The meadows can provide valuable nesting habitat for birds such as lapwings, curlews, yellow wagtails, and skylarks. Meadows with damp flushes may have snipe and redshanks.

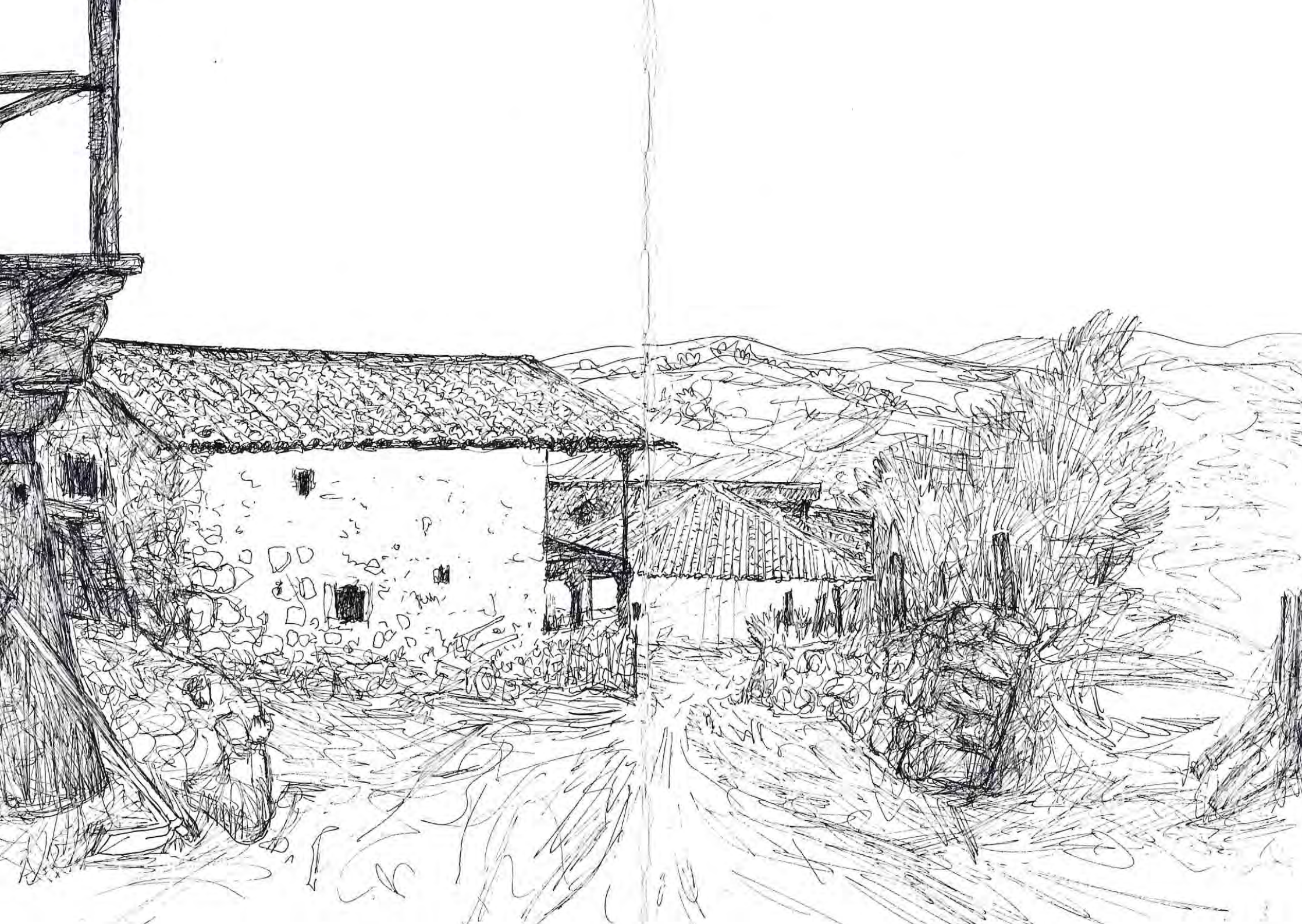
The critical factor is the cutting date. Mid-July onwards is preferable, as most ground-nesting birds will have finished nesting by then. The timing of the cut determines whether early- or late-flowering plants thrive and, when possible, it

is better to cut the hay late to allow seeding of late-flowering meadow plants. Sustained early cutting will reduce the variety of flowers and is bad for ground-nesting birds as it can lead to high loss of nests and chicks. Hay meadows do not have to possess a vast variety of plants to be important for birds. Those which contain dandelion and sorrel are particularly good for seed-eating birds, such as linnets and twites, in the summer.

An uncut margin may act as a wildlife refuge and provide seed for birds during the winter. The intensification of farming has made ensilage of green grass an extended management, substituting hay making. This not only employs considerable amounts of plastic foil, used for wrapping and ending up as waste, but also prevents flowering and seeding – crucial for maintaining the associated biodiversity.

We took care of hay making during the summer session at the Village, aided by neighbours and putting in practice the rich knowledge associated with this activity, usage of tools, choreographies of bodies, smells and colours of the grass while curing. 400 hay bales were harvested, and in October, when the flocks came back from the summer pastures in the mountains, new grass was grown, fertilised by the manure of the herbivores, closing the cycle.





Grace Denis, Tara Lasrado, Mariana Murcia

the departure the greenhouse

These reflections and comments sprouted after a series of events that transpired at the Sustainable Agroecosystems (SAE) Greenhouse in Zürich throughout the span of 2022 as a modality to activate the publication “Mobile Soils” by TETI Press. “Mobile Soils” is a collection of essays that reflects on the mobile ground beneath our feet, questioning the soil as both material and narrative in our interconnected territories. The series of dinners was organized by SAE Greenhouse, arvae, TETI Press, foodculture days, Manon Briod, and Mathieu Pochon. The first dinner was hosted by Anne-Laure Franchette and Gabriel Gee, Mariana initiated the proposition for the second dinner in collaboration with Tara and Kenza Benabderrazik, and Grace organized the final dinner in collaboration with foodculture days.

on what is not seen in these productions - eg. unseen labor, exclusivity, intentions, vulnerability etc - when thinking about the in-between

in collaboration with our community of artist/scientist friends

FLUCTUATION(S) IN HOSTING

In thinking of a vessel as that which contains, one could consider both the greenhouse and the Inland Academy as vessels that hosted incubations and germinations, forging a parallel between both sites as spaces for cultivation. Both include an imperative juncture of acquaintance with context, a period encompassing arrival and calibration, subsequently transforming into sites pollinated by the potential for collaboration. Just as in the inherent collaborations of a greenhouse through the sharing of soil and minerals, the Academy posited a fertile plane for collaboration across myriad contexts. Both sites offer grounds for interrelations, for entangling and embedding; the greenhouse as a structure that provides insulation and incubation, the academy as a site that hosts intimacy and gentle propagation. Both armatures of support generate and maintain delicate ecosystems, spaces which both hold and host. What does it entail to host? The notion of hosting inherently indicates receipt, hosting in and of itself is a form of vesselization; a host as a receptacle or container, the hosted as that which might fill. The initial interactions in which the Academy was hosted, by INLAND-Campo Adentro and the Centro de Acercamiento a lo Rural, subsequently sculpted a plane for the fluctuation of roles of hosting

also both as spaces allocated for vulnerability - where it's allowed to be possible

strata. circulation. patterns. community.

Deia > academy's first shift in roles, we had agency. Documenta > moments of building, holding and sustaining a space to host.

amongst the Academy members and INLAND. How to navigate, perhaps simultaneously, hosting while being hosted?

reciprocity, vulnerability, time

Our preliminary encounter with Inland Academy, as a physically congealed entity, transpired in February in Madrid – a moment in which we became cognizant of how to calibrate to one another and simultaneously to our various temporalities and temperatures, mirroring the commencement of an intercropping structure. Might the Academy dwell kindred in form to that of polyculture or a permacultural guild? This juncture, saturated by the examination of our burgeoning collective, shifted the gaze softly inwards to observe our roles, how to distribute labor, and how to nourish the interconnectivity through that which was to come. In both the greenhouse and the Academy, an organism must learn being with the in-between, acknowledging the spaces that host transition, the shift from underground to ground level and from ground level to above ground, the slow unraveling of winter into spring, and the shift of a group of strangers into a collective. What occurs in these, at times overlooked, spaces that host change or fluctuation? And how to foster reciprocity in moments of transition?

putting our practices into the field

Lack of cross-pollination!!! Missing!

and holding the space between us

To be self-critical

THE PARTY

*What makes a story is –
You want to ‘find out
what happens next’ –
This bit of the story
leads you to the next one.*

Ursula K. Le Guin
“What makes a story”

There’s this short text about stories and bodies, and how words, made with the body and the breath, are a rhythm enabling movement. Like dancing, the next movement grows out of the last one, and it’s defined by a series of previous gestures, repetitions, back and forths, misstepped trips, to find balance and inevitably keep moving.

stages or paces of care. some things go by themselves, and some are just more experimental.

Our dance together started in a party that was also moving throughout different territories and contexts, different lands and soils embedded in individual practices meeting for the first time on the dance floor of a school, Inland Academy. The invitation implied – and maybe we didn’t know it – to be part of a long-term party. To understand the time measurement of a long-term party, we can think about the time it takes to plant, grow, and harvest a crop. It requires a commitment expressed with the body, in empathy with others, moved by the same cycles but not necessarily at the same beat.

The different ways we were practicing being together

bringing layers of time a moment in the process that doesn’t start or end at night something that has been cooking for some time in order to have that night.

temporal juxtaposition between the (self) established temporality of the academy vs. that of an art fair

did we honestly
consider
intersectionality?

In the expanded field where we met to dance, many choreographies were taking place, open sequences calling for common moves, creating situations for condensation and dispersion of energy particles. In one of these water breaks and a smoke-at-the-back-door, we found a passage taking us to another surface, this time contained in a glass house. It was a greenhouse with its own climate, another dance floor for the underground, the ground, and the overground, a school to dip your hands and toes in soil, to observe the growth and moves from other plant species, to pinch and taste.

producing heat. to give back energy we are consuming in a careful way.

how to turn the relations of a greenhouse/academy into a social and educational space for interpersonal relations, embodied gestures and non-production?

The words, made out of bodies and breath, telling the stories about this space for encounter, invited us to share our own. So we brought the fire and pots and instruments to cook and nurture the dance moves, to feed the stories holding our encounters, becoming with bacteria, seeds, and leaves, remixed concoctions coming together from distant lands into this controlled environment that is the greenhouse. Here, the sound provokes slower or disruptive moves, mimicking our relationship with food cycles and systems, making visible organisms in soil and their interdependence. We trace ingredients from their growth, relation to/in the soil, their harvest, their transformations in certain recipes and consumption. Through sound and food, we take a microscopic view on processes that are often rendered invisible.

to find technologies in our own bodies and practices to contribute to the production of food

who is feeding who?
who is hosting who?
Traces of the unseen labor.

Here our dance explores dynamics of “giving and taking,” “production and consumption,” “human beings and machines,” “linear and circular.” Our choreography evolves through land practices, through biological and socio-political questions.

Intimacy vs public experiences

When out of the greenhouse microclimate, we go back through the passage we crossed before to go to the previous party, and we arrive in a parade, a precious and complex carnival built up into many voices, a wide range of languages, jams of music melting into an inapprehensible harmony where all the bodies are welcome in a lumbung of rich moves to let go. When all these bodies and bands of noises come together, it's impossible not to clash, to step into each other's feet, to push if being pushed, to lean in to unknown surfaces and lumps. Amidst the close sounds of tripping, some kind of melody emerges, a rhythm that adapts to the uncertainty and the collective choreography starts taking shape, our bodies start and finish with another next to us, and we unlearn to take space in order to instead be present in the dance.

to subscribe to another momentum or type of time that was not necessarily decided by us.

what was happening in a broader sense, confronted on personal levels

At the same time, a bit of failure. failures are great.



being (here)

Hannes Norr

At the beginning of the year with the Inland Academy we were introduced to a quote about staying in one place and saving fruits for the cold days. In retrospect, I have realized that I did the entire education remotely from my house and my flower garden in Småland, Sweden.

Meanwhile, I have been reflecting on the idea of distance. What struck me is that distance from something is inescapable, and that we find ourselves in a presence and an absence from different things all the time.

I remember listening to a lecture in the Academy while driving my car deeper and deeper into the forest. Suddenly the internet connection was cut, but I was suddenly in the presence of something else. The surrounding nature.

The question is what we approach, through our beings. What does it mean to be *here*?

By growing flowers for a couple of seasons, I have gotten closer to the plant world and the quality that “blooming” implies.

I have done this by dedicating myself to the flowers. By putting them above everything else in life. This means a lot of time and presence with sowing seeds, planting, creating conditions for growing, harvesting, collecting seeds and composting. Then starting the process over again next year.

In the meantime, there is a lot of time both to practice presence and to meditate over flowers.

For me, the flower is the last stage before a plant turns into a seed. It is easy to think that a plant dies, but maybe that is not the whole truth, since the seed is the carrier of the plant’s whole “idea.”

It is possible to look at flowers’ shapes, colors, and smells and say something about this. But the question is if it wants to tell us something with this?



There is probably no one who has said as much about the essence of flowers as the spiritual leader Mira Alfassa. She said, somewhat cryptically, that “by getting in touch with the nature of the flower, its inner truth – then you know what it represents.”

She believes this is done by learning to be quiet and exploring what happens in the conscious, then starting to feel love for the flowers.

She is a new acquaintance to me, but I am struck by the similarity between her relationship with flowers and my own.

Maybe this is the last year I grow flowers in the way I have done until now, but I am eternally grateful for what flowers have given me in the practice of “being here.”





camp-ing

*A Special Treatment and
Molalla from Kassel*

Hussam Ghosheh

In two days, I will be traveling to documenta fifteen. I borrowed a camping bag and a sleeping bag, my friend told me that they were stolen from a settler near the village of Ni'leen. I did not believe him, and I bought all the other accessories from a small shop for camping equipment in Qalandiya refugee camp (which is not a strange paradox, that this shop is precisely in the camp, where its residents cannot reach the sea or the nature which are blocked by concrete walls). So, I bought everything needed for my ten-day stay in a camp: bed, cups, lights ...

The next day, I arrived in Frankfurt before Kassel, but my suitcase did not arrive. I quickly realized that it did not even board the plane, and it was receiving "special treatment" and at best, it would be transferred on another flight and delivered to my address somewhere. In that moment, I believed that I had been at the airport for seven hours. I headed to the employee, bypassing an endless queue of frustrated people looking for their luggage, while my suspicions were confirmed.

Three hours later, I arrived in Kassel, at the Museum of Natural History Ottoneum, where we would will be holding our programme with Inland Academy. The museum is preceded by a small hill in the city center filled with hundreds of cardboard figures and a very large board that blocks the horizon, carrying a flood of these figures that incorporate symbolic imagery.



The next morning, I heard that this work would be treated with “special treatment,” as some German press demanded, due to the presence of symbols that may be sensitive to some people. I do not know if this is strange in a global art event like this.

A large group of artists met in the afternoon with the Taring Padi collective to discuss the latest updates regarding their artwork. The meeting was charged with adrenaline and tension, and the group had to change its location to avoid detection. During the discussion, emotions ran high, with speeches and statements indicating that if the authorities requested the removal of any part of the work, the artists would remove the entire installation.

Eventually, the call came for the work to be removed, although it was not a request, but rather a decision that had already been made. After an hour-long session, the group went to the square to remove the artwork in protest, shouting for freedom and Palestine. They distributed the cardboard figures among themselves and other artistic groups, scattering them throughout the city.

As the color of the sky turned flowery, we watered the flowers in the museum garden, ate our cheese with carrots and walnuts, and the night fell. Charly, the owner of the house and the farm, provided me with a large circular tent to be my tent in the field. It resembled a stereotypical gold Gulf-style tent, so I called it “the tentless tent.” It became a station for sleep and warmth for those who were stranded.

The next day, we headed to the New Rural Agenda event. Groups presented their manifestos in designated areas. The event was collective and participatory, promoting sustainable rural development and improving the livelihoods of rural communities.

When it was time for our group to present at the New Rural Agenda event, Fernando, David, and I climbed down from the wooden boxes where we had been waiting. We had planned out our presentation earlier, agreeing that Fernando would read the statement while we spread the wool – which we had gathered that morning from Charly’s sheep – over the circle space that accumulated previous performances, soil, spices, and colors.

I remember taking off my shoes and socks, feeling the cool ground under my feet. Carrying the bag of wool like a cross, I joined David in spreading it over the circle. As we worked, the sweet and earthy smell of the wool filled my nostrils and brought back memories of my childhood with my beloved friend and sheep Nancy.

At that moment, I was going back to the narrow alleys of our neighborhood, to the ancient walls of the old city in Jerusalem, to al-Joz Valley and Mount of Olives. It was as if the wool had the power to connect me to my past and to our land.

As I began to spread the wool among the attendees, I felt a sense of unease and oppression. Perhaps it was because of all the suppression, in documenta or other places, felt by Palestinian and pro-Palestinian artists, or perhaps because of the sight of the blocks of work being removed from the hill, which my imagination translated to coffins. I began to hum a melody and soon found myself singing in Arabic. The words to “O those who ascend the mountain” came easily to me, a song that Palestinian women used to sing to send encrypted messages to their relatives in prison.

At that moment, I felt free. The song was a reflection of my feelings at that moment, and throughout the entire event. When we stepped outside and began playing music with sticks on sheets of bricks, I felt truly alive. We took a break and lay down in the museum garden, surrounded by the vibrant colors and scents of the flowers and herbs that our colleagues had planted.



Taring Padi's "wayang kardus"; the large cardboard puppets were created during workshops by hundreds of people from different countries and are used to support people in their struggle for social justice



Friedrichsplatz Theater after the removal of artwork

As we returned to our camp, we were greeted by outdoor rehearsals and the beautiful sounds of Charly and his partner Birgitta's community brass band. When I joined them, they thought I was a professional musician, lost in the rhythms and melodies of the Palestinian heritage song, "Where to Ramallah." We transcended beyond German and English, and from there, our musical experimentation started.

We quickly set a date for rehearsals and an open workshop for the public over the next three days. In that moment, I felt a sense of purpose and connection to my fellow participants, united by our shared experiences and love for the land.

In the morning of the following day or the one after, they were working to remove the artwork on the hill, which they covered with a large black cover. I felt that we should maybe use it to temporarily cover other artworks to protest censorship and show solidarity with the removed artwork. I thought withdrawing is not an option, still it was not easy to agree on a collective protest action. I was not up to exerting energy in persuasion or tension, as that is exactly what I decided to avoid during this visit, before I realized that the camping in Kassel is not different from the refugee camp life in Palestine.

We took the black canvas, as a live symbol of oppression, and decided to cover the wooden statue made by our colleagues and started holding our sessions under it, next to the fountain and the roses that we watered before sunset, as if they landed from Andalusia. I was not waiting for people to decipher the action we made, I was not expecting to do hidden theater in Kassel anyway, but it seemed some truths face very long journeys of encryptions, I said to myself. So I took this thought to my voice and we continued to sing in encrypted Arabic for more than five thousand Palestinian political prisoners.



"O climbers of the mountain
O keepers of the fire
Between the days, oh days
My eyes are from the bliss, oh spirit"

resisting

About Vernacular Resistance

Kibandu Pello-Esso and Antonio Vincenzo Sotgiu

This ongoing collective research has so far been influenced by the collaboration with INLAND–Campo Adentro during the presentation of their work around the dynamics of rural/urban at documenta fifteen in Kassel. Many aspects of the further development will hopefully take lessons from the general topics such as site-specificity and territoriality that heavily governed documenta fifteen. We are also looking forward to the many topics and collaborations that were initiated with Inland Academy members. In this text, we will start to explore how to work intertextuality with territorialities along the Foghiles (Antonio) and Kuma (Kibandu) projects – a collaboration as a continuation into further works.

C.R.A.S.E. Kuma, Dunyo Togo

The number of humans living in urban conglomerations has, since 2008, outrun those living in rural settlements. These heavy movements from smaller types of settlements toward larger ones, and from there into world megapolis, can be considered as linked to the dichotomy between nature and culture, modern and primitive.

Exodus has arguably been an important strategy for humans as it permits other ways of dwelling and even emancipation. For the last decades, exodus has been invading western political discourses, generating moral panic,¹ leading to a reframing of biopolitics, inciting civic insurgence, and polarizing the social imagination. It is through this filter that many of us have developed an understanding of the movement of bodies. During this time, the focus has largely been on “grand movements” from the global south to the west which neglects softer movements taking place between the rural and the urban.

Urbanization is largely informing the global movement.² Therefore, a reframing of the spatial-temporal conditions around rural sites in countries often associated with global migration (for example West African countries) could enable us to grasp the totality of challenges we are facing. Interest in the site comes from a need to understand the

relations between rural sites and the global migration movement. Rural sites can be seen as black holes on the surface of earth, and migrants increasingly find new dwellings in other peripheral areas in Europe specifically, as the case in Sweden. The re-energizing interest for the rural is arguably overly romanticized as trendy heavens for sustainable lifestyles and flirting dangerously with nationalism – the question of origin. I am instead here emphasizing movement and impermanence.

For the last seven years, I have been returning to a conglomeration of small villages named Kuma in Togo, West Africa. I have been collecting glimpses of its spatial-temporal realities and layers through which these conditions have been generating subjectivities, objects, and spaces. Like many African rural sites, not only is the present heavily informed by colonialism leading to the intensification of urbanization, but also the orientation from an agrarian lifestyle toward modern modes like education. Rural impermanence has become a condition many favor over permanence in order to create a better future prospect. In a postcolonial West African context, spatial studies through anthropology or other disciplines have put much emphasis on the urban context, leaving the rural with poorer renderings. My interest in this topology of site should not be seen as an attempt at renewing provincialism or a return to the ethnic in the arts,³ but rather a questioning of the dichotomy between rural and urban settlement in determining implications on ecologies, subjects, and the social.

As a case study, I have decided to look into a project – CRASE Kuma Dunyo Togo – a three-hour car drive from Lomé, the capital of Togo. CRASE is a rural foyer that has been implemented in one of the villages since 1960. The post-independence era in most West African nation-states has predominantly been marked, transformed, and informed by non-governmental organizations, AID programs, and other inter-national programs deciding who lives and who dies.⁴ This is mainly due to poor government investment in the social and the negligence of the rural people in favor of the urban. My case study can be seen as a fenêtre into the site in regard to what it can offer in the overall global discourses on territorial dissonances, disrupted social and cultural heritages, land mismanagement, disfiguration of sociabilities, and the negation of socio-economic mobility. I see this rural foyer as a starting point to approach subjects in order to disclose how the site is making and unmaking itself, and to highlight some of the means through which locals are intervening

1 Gaibazzi, P. (2015) *Bush Bound*: , pp. 14.

2 Piot, C. (2010). *Nostalgia for the Future*, pp. 25.

3 Gaibazzi, P. (2015) *Bush Bound*, pp. 198.

4 Piot, C. (2010). *Nostalgia for the Future*, pp. 135-136.



Center of the village Kuma Dunyo, January 2022

on the site. I found this particular case a source of interest since it has been a project initiated and constructed by a local together with a Swedish-Togolese organization that still is the main contributor to the project. The main purpose of this particular rural foyer could be seen as an exercise in managing the question of permanence/impermanence.

From Charles Piot's incantations of the NGOs' entrenchment with the West African peripheries, duration and permanence are extremely rare which makes this center a unique vantage point for territorial and extraterritorial studies and further territorial juxtapositions. From the perspective of those that throughout the years had invested emotionally, socially, and economically on these projects, these are the personal stories that are now serving as a living archive, and for this I am grateful for the openness and sharing spirit. The methods inscribed in the project at its beginning were how to deploy agriculture and culture management to resist depopulation. Throughout its 60 years of existence, the center has accumulated archives and other useful narratives that could assist in the grasping of the transformations occurring on these topologies of sites. Transformations in this case mean the loss of "traditions" and other means imperative to rural life.

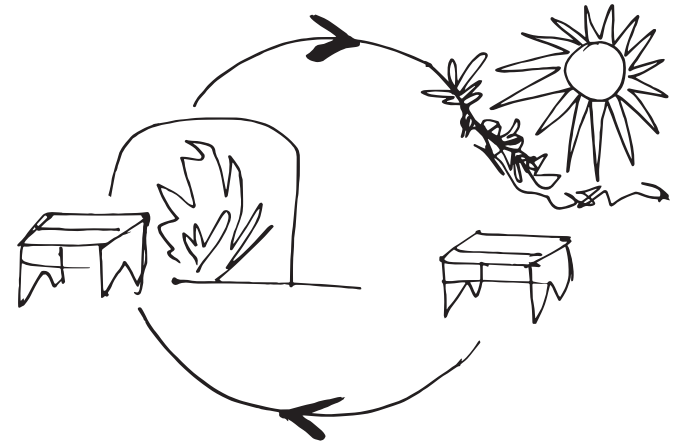
Questions of my investigation have been: with what means does the center resist and still resist urbanization? What role does education/apprenticeship/labor play in the persistence of rural permanence/impermanence? What ecological implications does impermanence have on rural ontologies? How to interpret movement into objects that render sensible the question of migration? How to communicate this finding in an exhibition as a site of research? To what extent could the reagrarianization of the rural area assist in the questioning of the persisting disequilibrium between rural and urban settlements? How could artistic spatial design research bring in the articulation of these rural commons?

Semèstene Foghìles Project

"Foghìles" in Sardinian language means "fireplaces." In the past and still today, meetings around the fire represent occasions for the transmission of knowledge and direct learning through tales and experiences. Since the summer of 2018, directly connected with the territorial context of Semèstene, in the island of Sardinia, the project's meetings have been aiming to reinterpret places and traditional knowledge, moving "beyond the folklorization" of rural life and the empowerment of countryside collective celebration.



View of Semèstene from Nuraghe Loschiri



In Semèstene, the life and the death of the almost 80 current inhabitants are marked by the tolling of bells. During the last twenty-five years, the political administration has been guided by two families, alternately. Different approaches, visions, and self-interests created a social internal fracture that is marked in memories and confirmed in daily behaviors. The restricted number of people allows for getting involved with all the qualities of social complexity. Every collective and shared meal gives back to the community the sense of being alive, actions for overcoming loneliness together, the narration of memories, and the preparation for dystopian futures.

Foghìles moves in this context: from the basaltic plateau to the valley, from the smooth landscape dominated by pastoral monoculture to domestic inherited objects, worn-out or hardly touched elements, with strong energies and smell. Along a multiscale dimension, we give thanks to the God that hosts us, at the border of animism.

Exhibition production

In our different conversations, one aspect of these territorial realities that becomes obvious enough to pursue as a true research question is how the two sites are related to each other. Although the particular site of Kuma Dunyo is not representative of the flows of migrants leaving West Africa into the world megapolis, the subtle movement from the rural area into the city is significant and this in turn can arguably reflect the global trend of desire for migrating abroad as in the case of for example remote parts of Senegal encountered by Paolo Gaibazzi. The Mediterranean has for the past twenty years become a site of dramatic scenery as squattering fluxes of migrants seeking asylum are living the socio-political life of the islands, which is also the case in Sardinia. Movement has therefore become the thematic framework around which we are generating ideas for the production of an exhibition.

During our exchanges, we found that our research had a couple of things in common. One of these things is the public furniture that populates the streets of Lomé, which can also be found in any household and the most remote rural areas. By following the object it provided a site into which many different aspects of sociability can be found. The same typology of bench can be found in different parts of the world: in Sardinian language “banchittas” refer to the little chairs to be placed in front of the fireplace during the wintertime, and moved to the street to take in the fresh wind during the summertime.

Our spatial exploration will be looking at ways of defining the formal aspect of the “banchittas” as a way of exploring movement and mobility related to these territorialities. Inspired by the cliché round shape adobe houses mostly connected with West African villages and the shape of the cyclopic towers of the Nuragic civilization in Sardinia, a section is made that interiorizes the difficulties with rural territories. Thus, we feel comfortable meeting in the roundness.

> 0 <

The round form is a place for sharing ideas, stories, and experiences. As a daily ceremony, under the leaves of grapevines, sipping coffee, tasting old ruby-red wine. As a way of further emphasizing movement, we are also going to explore how natural resources have been economically exploited, but have never been highlighted as commoning. For example, coffee and cacao have been cultivated in the forest chain from the south of Togo all the way to Ivory Coast; nonetheless, due to changes in the climate many farmers are seeking alternative ways of cultivating or abandoning this area completely which in turn accelerates the migration.

Through exhibition production we are intending to explore these questions further:

> How are these contexts connected?

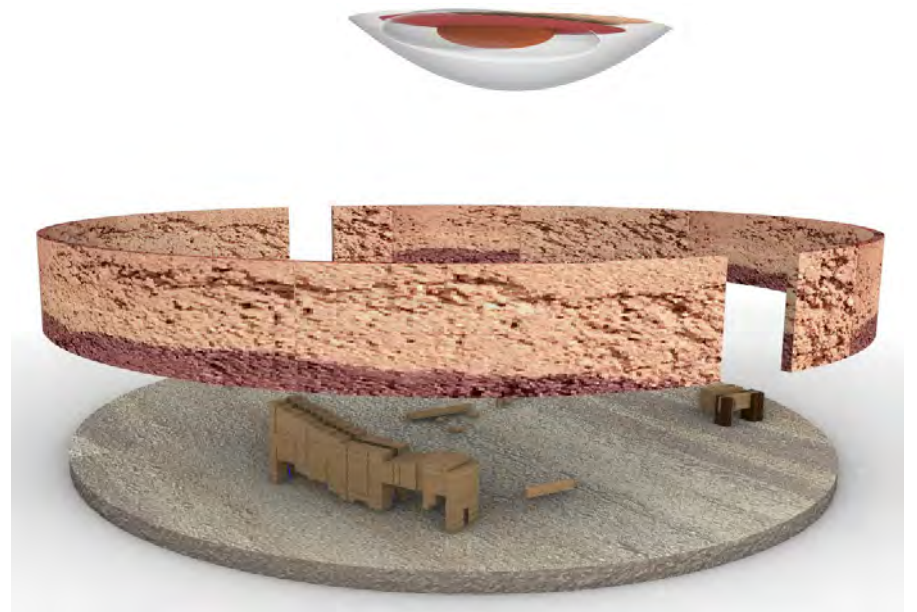
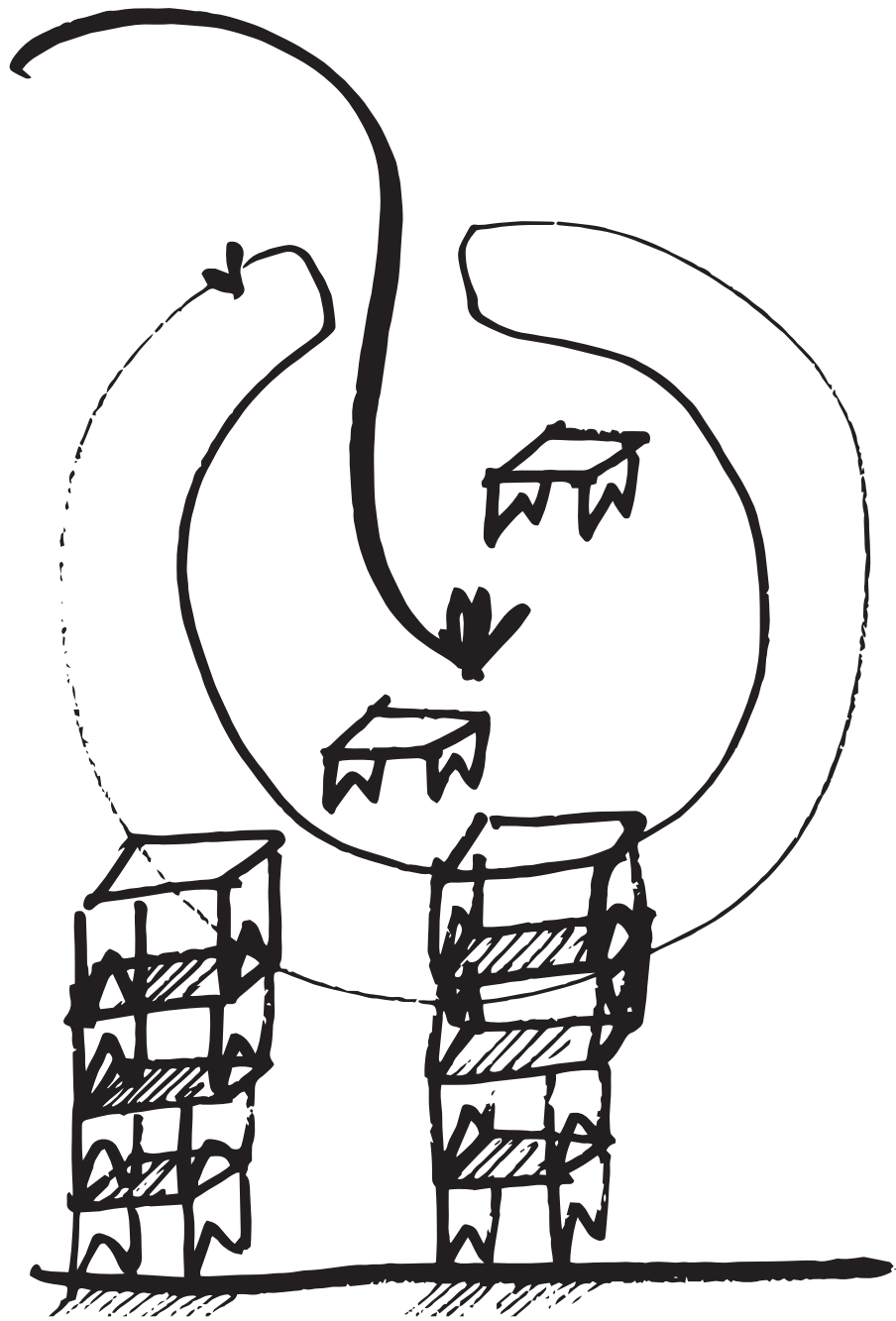
>> Through which kinds of tools, activities, practices, materials, music?

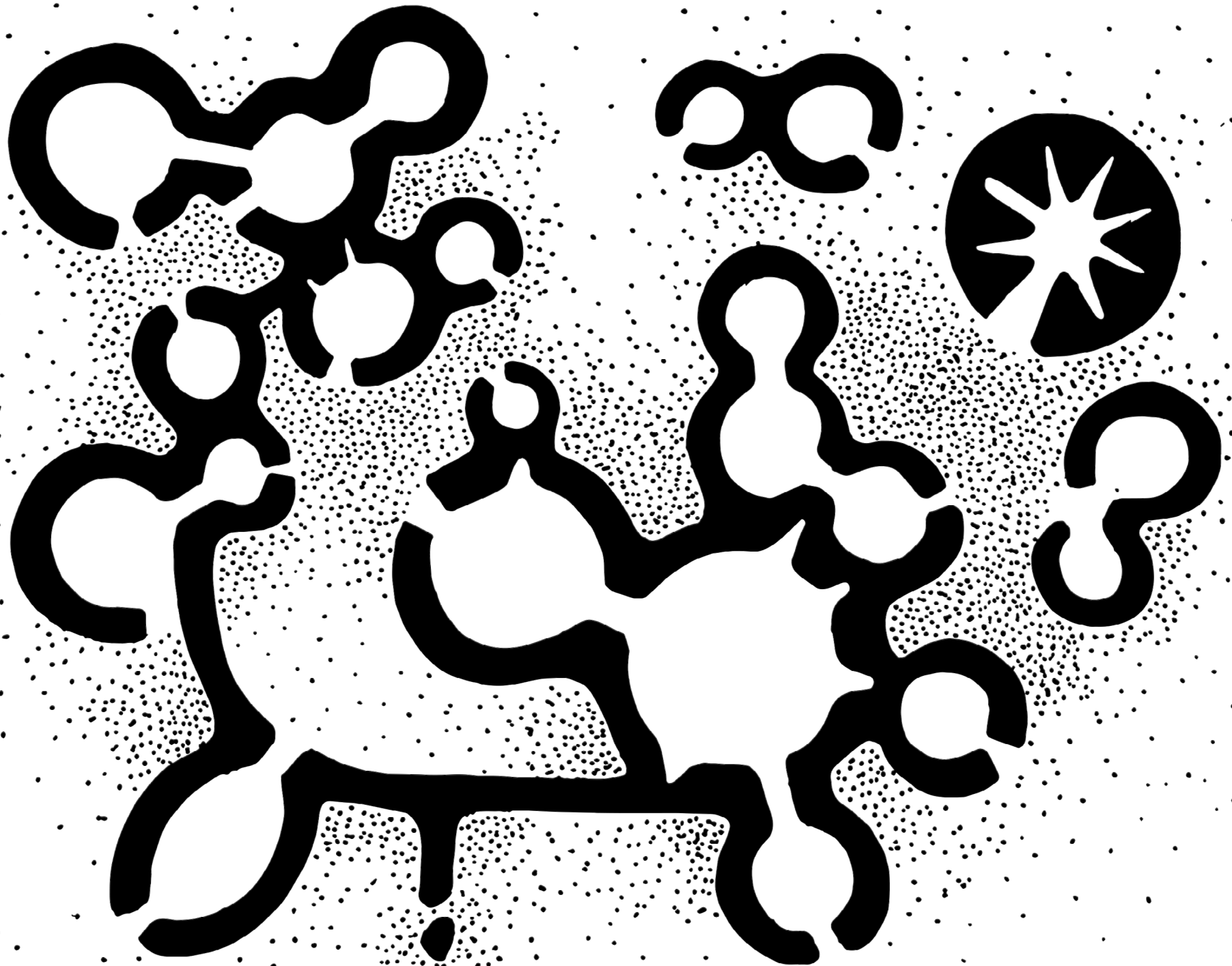
Exploring vernacularity as a form of resistance and the answer to needs, in any time and space. Moving beyond nostalgia and folklore. Over the exoticism promoted by the dominant culture, the resistance of vernacularity is still using spaces and all the tools, furniture, objects related with that specific place and practice.

>>> Which is the place where vernacularity meets decontextualization?

>>>> How to materialize a site-specific exhibition out of its context?

Along the present pages, we share our first raw meeting for imagining an exhibition focused on Kuma and Semèstene contexts, as potential projects and places to connect through current syncretic thinking and shape.





returning

Jens Strandberg

Here was a bookstore, Fällström was the owner
Here was a gas station
Here was Erikssons shoe store
Here was a cafe; Cafe Centrum, that later became
the Sport store Monark

Here was a paper supply store; Anderssons Papershandel
Here lived a taxi driver, Olsson was his name
Here lived Ville Krans
Here was a merchant, his name was Neslin

I can't see them now; now there are only trees

Notes during a tour of Bollstabruk, summer 2022

In the summer of 2022, I began *Nya nya Norrland* (The New New North Land), a research exercise in Västernorrland, my home region in the north of Sweden. The research followed me during my time at Inland Academy.

I left the region twenty years ago. Moved to a city. A city that has been my home for a while. In that time, my home area has been depopulated, broken down. Collapsed. Left are abundant houses, forgotten people, and municipalities in precarious economic situations – brushwoods and places that have either disappeared or become overgrown.

Left are endless forests, growing grounds for capital accumulated by timber-trucks and machines that brutally leave nothing behind. Waterfalls are owned. Rivers are drained. People and animals have migrated.

Rivers where log-floaters transporting timber from the inlands to the coasts have long since been automated. Trees, forests, and mushrooms burst through the asphalt, reclaiming their ground.

Collapsed houses as monuments.

The idea for the *Nya nya Norrland* was seeded in 2015 but had no soil to grow in. Now, when picking it up, a lot has happened:

A pandemic has reshuffled values and living patterns. Russia has launched a horrific, full-scale invasive war in Ukraine. The Church of Sweden has officially apologized to the Sami people for the Church's role in suppressing their community, land, and culture. Battery factories have been built, production has started, and more factories have been planned. Fossil-fuel free steel has gone from an impossible idea to a billionaire's newest investment. A mining company has moved a large proportion of the town Kiruna in the north of Sweden – a town impeding the exploitation.

A high-rise culture-house has been built in wood and inaugurated, housing a hotel, Asian fusion wine bar, cappuccinos in glasses rather than cups, and an exhibition space with wooden floor. Immigrants have arrived, but also left, unable to integrate into a dwindling economy. The Swedish state has approved various exploitations of mines, and the wind turbine production has more than doubled. I have had a child, moved, and moved again.

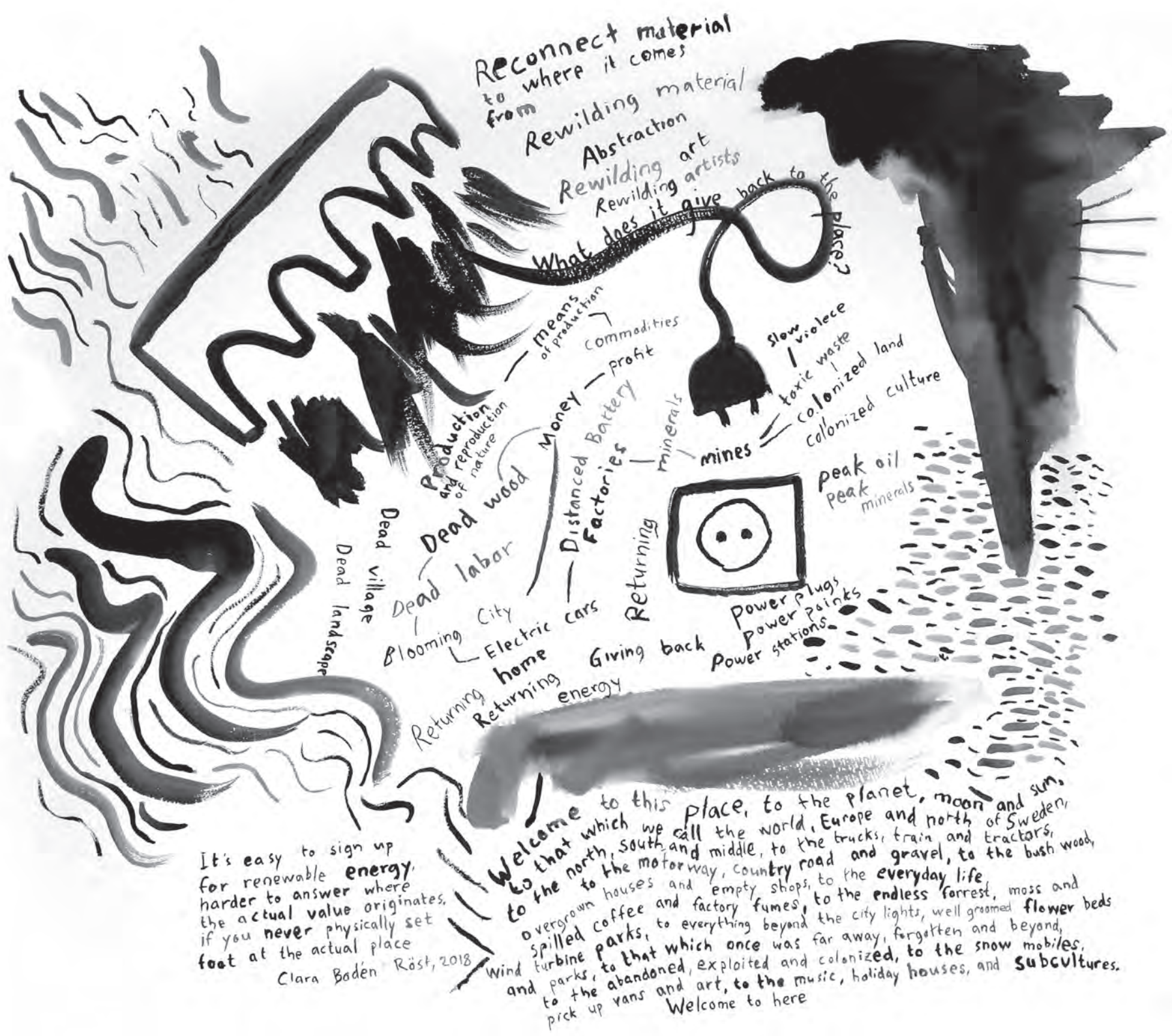
Five years ago, few politicians or news channels were reporting on the north of Sweden. Today, large media companies reopen editorial offices in the north. Politicians are again speaking about the north of Sweden as the land of the future – mimicking language heard more than a hundred years ago during the last industrialization process. Returning, is a new industrialization, a green future and the sustainable society, and the north of Sweden is planned to lead the way.

Returning, I watch. I see my home, my village, my house. Less populated, more exploited. I see the dissonance between driving an electric car and the wasted ground of a mine. I see the landscape of wind turbines that threatens the livelihood of the Sami community.

Returning to the street with the closed-down bookstore, the cafés that cease to exist, the shoe merchants with empty gaping shop windows.

Returning, alone and together. Returning to a landscape with a newfound interest and capital to match. Returning to the same exploitation. Returning to the same form, reimagined. The same harvest forests. The same dead waterfalls.

Listen.



It's easy to sign up for renewable energy, harder to answer where the actual value originates, if you never physically set foot at the actual place
Clara Bodén Röst, 2018

Welcome to this place, to the planet, moon and sun, to that which we call the world, Europe and north of Sweden, to the north, south and middle, to the trucks, train and tractors, to the motorway, country road and gravel, to the bush wood, overgrown houses and empty shops, to the everyday life, spilled coffee and factory fumes, to the endless forrest, moss and wind turbine parks, to everything beyond the city lights, well groomed flower beds and parks, to that which once was far away, forgotten and beyond, to the abandoned, exploited and colonized, to the snow mobiles, to the vans and art, to the music, holiday houses, and subcultures. Welcome to here

refurbishing

Vilius Vaitiekunas

While this word is firmly embedded in my daily use of language and its meaning often extends above its literal definition, in this text I reflect upon the word and the process of “refurbishing.” Hereby you see me jumping through different scales, from abstract and rather general to personal and site-specific. In addition, this piece of writing navigates through engagements with the past that are becoming more and more active in my daily living, from initiating a residency and research space in Lithuania (Akee) to unearthing the past of it and creating opportunities to learn from it within the present.

Speaking of inheriting, passing on the world from one generation to another is one of the foundations of any living culture. Locating oneself in the present inevitably leads to interaction with inherited material and nonmaterial infrastructures, site-specific cultural conditions, cross-cultural tensions, ideologies, and other heritage from the past. One is situated in the present that is shaped by those who came before – their cultural customs, intentions for themselves and future generations, and various material forms of manifestations of their living. Therefore, navigating one’s presence is inseparable from dealing with those that came before.

To follow its definition, refurbishing delineates the process of making a building, furniture, or another kind of material object look new again. In its practical terms, this “new” supposes that the object that is refurbished comes from the past and no longer meets the requirements of the present and imagined futures. It could refer to updating the building with the necessary technology, support for the construction, and rearranging its spaces in a way that would suit the present owners’ needs. Further, as refurbishing always copes with something that comes from the past and tries to adjust it for the present and supposed future needs, it also bears the complexity of different temporalities. Former factory buildings transformed and rebranded into lofts, museums, and concert halls are just a few examples of how, no longer according to their initial purpose, exploited buildings take a new form after being adjusted to the needs of the present. Refurbishing always supposes the interaction between the subject (the one who is refurbishing) and the object (the refurbished

one). While the object, through its physical form and context, conditions the decisions that the subject can make while refurbishing it, the subject intends to change the object in some way. This dynamic makes the interaction between the two inevitably active – the subject aims for physical, conceptual, or other kinds of modifications of the object, while the object provides the contextual and physical bases upon which the subject can build. The final point important to highlight: the subject and the object are situated in a particular time and space and therefore, bearing their histories, contexts, and temporalities that once collided, shape one another.

Refurbishing is not only something that initiates the cosmetic or physical updates of the building, furniture, or another kind of object but also is an activity that creates an opportunity to converse between the past, present, and imagined future.





As of 2019, together with my friends and family, I am creating a space for residencies, culture, and education in the north of Lithuania, in the Siauliai region, in the Aleknaiciai village. My family inherited and bought a former school building, built in the late 1930s, partly with money collected from the locals. It was a communal effort to build a well-designed and quality building for an educational institution for local children as at that time villages surrounding Aleknaiciai did not have a decent facility dedicated to kids' education. A yellow brick two-floor building was built at the corner of Aleknaiciai, where the crossroad connects paths to and from various villages in the region.

In the beginning, the school curriculum was adjusted to the needs of the region and followed the guidance of the Lithuanian ministry of education present at that time. However, after just a few years of its existence, the Second World War broke out. Within a five-year period, Lithuania was occupied by the Soviet Union, followed by Nazi Germany, and then, for almost fifty years up until 1990, by the Soviet Union again. After Lithuania regained its independence and became a democracy, capitalism became the governing economic system. Following that, the Soviet kolkhoz system¹ was dismantled and many locals, in pursuit of new opportunities, left the area. Aleknaiciai and Pakruojis region suffered a massive depopulation and the Aleknaiciai elementary school was shut down in 2000. During the 2000s and early 2010s, the school was inhabited by former schoolteachers, and after they passed away in 2019, during the summertime, it became a space for cultural production and alternative education.

Changing – and in the case of occupants, implied – national narratives, internal politics, and development of teaching methodologies were shaping the way the future for the upcoming generations would be seen. For Nazis and Soviets, the rural school was seen as an opportunity to develop a new generation of individuals who would have the fabricated memory of their national identities, constructing a sense of belonging that would be designed according to the needs of the aggressors' regime, and who would gain the necessary skills for developing a country that was imposed on them. My father, who was born in the 1970s and was studying in this school, once in conversation with me verbally reflected upon his time getting primary education there. To his own surprise, he noted that he almost cried when the General Secretary of the Communist

¹ Kolkhozes were a form of collective farm in the Soviet Union that existed in parallel to sovkhozes, or state farms, which together comprised the two components of the socialized farm sector that arose in Soviet agriculture following the October Revolution of 1917.

Party of the Soviet Union, Leonid Brezhnev, died in 1982. After Lithuania regained independence, the education system integrated its national history back into the curriculum and adjusted the taught subjects to the new temporality that the country was entering. After Akee started being developed again – with a new and alternative funding system adjusted to the norms of the contemporary culture – education and cultural production started to take place.

All of these changes throughout the span of time were not isolated from one another and happened by building on what was there before – by reflecting upon each other, developing a conceptual and pragmatical relationship with the past and the future, and incorporating what was inherited from the regime, intentions, and generation before. Adjusting the school's facility to accommodate new curriculum and events, and linking them to the local community that experiences or experienced all of these changes, was, and is, a process of refurbishing.

The building that hosted all of these events became part of them, it took an active role in facilitating the space for these changes. It was and continues to be changed, refurbishing itself by the shifting narratives that the events and their conditions imposed upon it. The intentions of the refurbishing engraved themselves and the temporalities that they bear within every new or past change this school went through. At present, the new subject, Akee, continues the process of refurbishing together with them.



measuring

Hand for scale

Cassidy McKenna

The frogs waited until the first day of spring but the blossom resolutely did not: cherry, common pear, wild plum, they're all already out, parading about in their frilly bloomers. I will be gone before the orange trees flower, but they too seem reassured by this rapid uptick in the weather. With their molten globes hanging lugubriously from perilously slender branches, they seem better suited to this coming season of bare skin, than to the grey-washed winds of only a few weeks ago, when Italy could have been Britain for all she chilled your fingertips as you pressed them into potting soil.

It is, I find, a rusty rule, that the closer you live to the land the more your perspective retracts to encompass only it. I have traveled to a whole island to which I've never been before and yet mostly I have looked only at what is directly in front of me for proof of its identity, at best occasionally absently enquiring if the food being served is specifically Sicilian today (soupy lentils and pasta, yes; extra chili seeds in the sauce, no). In terms of recognisable cultural experiences, I could, in a way, be anywhere, and yet adamantly I am not, amongst the rag-rug fields of wood sorrel and the ballooned-out centres of wildfire-ravished olive trees, I am here, I am here, I am here.

I will spend three weeks on this site, learning two-thirds of the way through that an ethically questionable countryman, turn-of-the-century occultist Aleister Crowley, had found himself similarly unexpectedly in this place a century before. For him, it was the I Ching, and not a relationship fracture and a consequent frantic seeking of agricultural labour call-outs, that had triggered him too to journey from the green and pleasant isle, to this ochre valley with her vertiginous bleach-white temple to Diana, that sits now just round the mountain-curve from me. In the end, I will leave the farm-compound only twice, stewing in a purview that is, necessarily, grandly limited, though within which I will find I am conversely admiring the bigness of things.

As I abandon my phone in order to circumnavigate the judgments of my 4G-fearful host (though perhaps he's right, should I really hold this





alien thing so close – literally and figuratively – to my heart-space), I concentrate solely on the tomato seeds, the garlic bulbs, the aloe pups that are right in front of me. My whole body crouched, low to the ground, at the constant eye-view of the season's first growth, a corporeal contracting that becomes, it seems, also an opening up, its own blooming into the practice of noticing.

Noticing, for example, how three hectares of land when placed on a steep slope – a river-trickle down the bottom, prickly-pear-studded hills all around – feels like thrice as much, how there are dandelion stems as high as my hip bone and thicker than my little finger. At dusk, I head out to pick their flowers to crown on cookies, sorry to discover they've all already shut up shop, gone home for the night. I collect blue borage (*for courage*) instead, still open for periwinkle business, and even though that pop of cucumber-like freshness makes an odd complement to the happy combination of oats and figs and brown sugar, I pat the dough into mounds and confidently press the petals into the centre of each one regardless. My pleasure in the sight of them feels wildly out of proportion to their diminutive size, this miniature magic, still warm from the wood oven, nestled in my open hand.



I don't write poetry, but when the news first broke of Russian tanks finally rolling over the border they'd been pussy-footing around for months, this line kept ringing in my mind: *War is so small. Peace is so big.* I am thinking about size so much. As a mostly urban person who's now willingly pivoting to spending most of their time toiling in the Otherlands of the rural, all whilst in the midst of a global cool-pool re-plunging into Cold War realities, I find myself seeking support from the decade in which Schumacher first declared that the small is, indeed, beautiful. The 70s were perhaps a time at which, at least in alternative circles, despite or because of the enormity of the risks, the tiny – slight changes, minor victories – transformed from the previously peripheral into the central, into the focus, the locus, of protection. In the shadow of oblivion, the risk of the chasm, then as in now, as for many peoples and identities, as it has always been ever since the first colonisers arrived, even the minuscule can begin to feel like a miracle.

It was in this era, four years before poet/farmer Wendell Berry published his plea for the preservation of traditional agriculture in the US focused on smallness as the vital scale metric, that Italian artist Gianfranco Baruchello sought to re-centre what had up until recently in his geographic context been commonplace, a practice of living in an agriculturally-productive relationship with a stretch of specific land.

On the outskirts of Rome, in the heady aftermath of '68 edenic fever, he founded Agricola Cornelia SpA, a corporate company that intended to focus on the countryside as a possible working point for the interplaying trilogy of the political, the poetic, and the animal. This refigured holy trinity for the latter half of the twentieth century would, he hoped, consolidate the practices and habits that had historically dominated the Italian way of life, and that were starting to suddenly, seismically shift.

By cultivating crops, grazing sheep and cows, producing and selling produce for market, Agricola Cornelia was not so much an art project as a project to question the point of art, albeit in an artistic way, a way of holding within a single bounded physical reality the symbiotic interplay between so-called art and so-called life. In Baruchello's own words, art was "the instrument," the tool, rather than the guiding intention – the flock-cajoling, the beetroot-harvesting, the working with the seasonal shifts, it was the labour *itself*, not the documentation of it, that was the true purpose of the work. The art was the antithesis of idea-first, instead being predetermined only by what the soil itself was willing, at any given point, to provide. Material first, meaning later. Why would you make art *about* agriculture when it was agriculture itself that risked becoming soon, like John Berger's shepherd, its own art-object, a symbol leveraged to sell mass-produced items based on the cultural cachet of pre-industrial nostalgia, rather than an embodied reality that made those things in the first place.

Central to Agricola Cornelia was the specificity of its particular section of land, both the unique biosphere and the cultural context that it was enmeshed in, formed from. The shape of something is defined by its borders, be it the integumentary layer of a mammal dividing self from other, or the hawthorn hedge that demarcates one farmer's responsibility from another's. Scale is a measurement of expansion but in the same breath, it is an act of limitation, a differentiation of boundaries, a starting of stopping points.

In *A Continuous Harmony*, his book of essays on agriculture from 1972, Berry offers the consideration that a farmer should never house more than twenty-five cows. More than that and you'd still have the time to milk them, he says, but you wouldn't have the time to see them, both literally, out in the field in a single glance, and also figuratively, to know them in their individual being-hood beyond their belonging within the herd as a whole. In other words, time still to work, yes, but not to be with these other beings in anything beyond this toiling, in sincere and active relation.

When we think about the commodification of the living into objects that can be bought, sold, and owned, perhaps we could benefit from moving away from the binary of simply cruel or not – when I turn the soil I cut the worms in half; all existence requires violence – into instead an understanding of scale, on what scale is symbiosis, the sharing of something, still a possibility.

Perhaps anything can be utopian if it's small enough. On a myopic scale, like the scale of my beloved and me. From the other end of a phone line that stretches out across the Baltic, our communication as strained as the cable if literal would be taut, I find myself thinking if we could just contort ourselves into something tiny enough, then we might actually find harmony, how sometimes at the height of mutual annihilation we can still bring each other back by simply saying our names, remembering each other, pulling back from the monstrosity of our overblown emotions until we can both again finally drop back into view: *oh yes, there you are, and yes, there's me too.*

There is a scale at which our relationship is sheer nirvana; if there wasn't, what could we possibly still be doing here. Take out everything else, everything from our conflicting definitions of fidelity to our differing expectations of communication to our uncomplementary sleeping patterns to our matching sun sign emotional defense mechanisms to every horrible thing you have ever said to me and what would be left of our relationship would be only the animal thing, the smell of your skin, the sticky sickly newborn lamb of us, a squirming creature forced into the sunlight but still left lingering somewhere between the worlds, too slippery to walk, soon to be rejected by its mother, not sure it wouldn't just be easier to choose not to live, to never open its eyes, for whom you know bottle rearing is likely going to be a thankless task but for which you cannot bear not to try. The scale of a fool's hope. The scale of trying anyway.

Besides, who told us that bigger is always better. In a rallying against the perhaps quintessentially American idea of limitlessness as aspirational, Maggie Nelson tracks the transformation of this concept from a political expression of liberation (Free South Africa, Free Angola, free women, free the queers) into a celebrating of unfettered un-restrictedness regardless of its consequences, in spite of, even sometimes in celebration of, the limitations it necessarily inflicts on others. "Once you accept that something or somebody is exploitable," suggests Berry, you have conversely created limitlessness. The unfettered is not necessarily the freeing, or at least not for everyone.



Paraphrasing Russian daddy of anarchism Mikhail Bakunin, and touching up against Audre Lorde, Nelson describes how if we can agree to understand freedom as a social phenomenon, then we can come to view ourselves as free or not free always in the situating of our broader social context, its norms, rules and values. In this way, in the introduction of this measuring, we quite quickly lose the capacity to consider freedom as a wholly boundless reality, instead understanding it as an embodied balance, “the juggling act between individual desire and communal good.”

This tension is one that, for Bakunin, far from needing smoothing down or erasing, can instead be understood as a positive friction – after all, all orgasmic ecstasy requires friction – “a creative and inherent part of human existence.” “The question is not whether we are enmeshed,” Nelson contends, for, as organisms, that is simply a given. Rather, it is “how we negotiate, suffer, and dance with that enmeshment” that matters. Human existence is a reality not of the *I* but of the *we*, including the *we* of “nonhuman forces that exceed our understanding or control.” The *we* of our more-than-human connections, the *we* of a scale that could encompass the world in her full multifaceted entirety, and we as only a small part of it.

Berry shares a story from an Amish friend. He recounts how this friend expressed to him how strange “the idea of finding yourself,” of the freedom of endless self-exploration, feels to his community. “We Amish are not trying to find ourselves,” he jokes, “we’re trying to lose ourselves!” Trying to lose ourselves. When was the last time you got lost. Literally lost. As in, when was the last time you wandered off from even the desire lines and allowed the landscape to be solely where you were, no human-mandated map markers, no place names, no digital elsewhere held in your hand or drumming away in your headphones. Allowed yourself to encounter only what your senses could, the boundary of where you and the landscape meet.

It’s so important – my beloved, again, speaking of his home country of Ukraine – *I realise now, to truly know where you are.* Can you read the time of day from the weather, the direction from the sun; what volunteer plants are known to you, could you recite your mother’s number off by heart. The electronic map will not protect you (as Zadie Smith said in a stage interview once), not if you can no longer charge your phone, not if the power gets cut off, not when the blue dot leads you only into guaranteed destruction, when your safe neighbourhood is now pock-marked by artillery fire. You’ve probably seen those memes about the spike in gas

prices and the Amish's horse and buggies right. Who is really lost, now, and who is really feeling free. Is it those who acted as though their access to resources was endless, or those who have always lived within their limits.

War is so small. Peace is so big. War can encompass only its own elimination; once the hunger has been satiated, the territory captured, the brutality enacted and the flag staked, it (though not its impacts) necessarily dissolves, the soldiers leave, looting even the mattresses. Peace, though, peace can take in anything and never reach its limits. It has the space to hold within its arms every thing, everything else, everything that isn't war. War has room only for itself, it is the schism, the hole; I think of those Lucio Fontana canvases, the way the knife slices through plain white surface, a scar that can lead solely to oblivion. Tiny, tiny, tiny war; huge, huge, huge peace.

The American writer CAConrad, discussing their own poetic praxis, describes how they employ the writing of poetry as a practice for both personal and ancestral healing. Poetry as a way to reattach the body and mind that industrial capitalism has severed, first in the factory labour context of Conrad's familial line in the past, ongoing with its neoliberal descendent in the present. This reconnection makes something, some kind of easing possible, though the extent of that ease is, of course, up to question, not a full-blown solution but a balm, a soothing hand on a pain-beaten brow. Its power is a matter of scale, just as, to paraphrase Paracelsus, a concept of poison is a notion of dose. The scale of a small difference, of a glitch in the static.

How small a mercy will you acknowledge as still worth having. Isn't this actually what poetry is always doing anyway, lifting up out of the chaotic multitude a few select attentions – to plums, to wild geese, you know the ones – and in doing so, in constricting our focus to just what can be held in our hand or paused to see passing across the sky, we are conversely expanded into a renewed understanding of how within any given moment, event, utterance, or thing is, in fact, everything; that an ice cold plum is a stand-in for all grasped-for pleasure, that a murmur of birds acts as a synonym for your free-wheeling soul-self.

That peace can be momentary and yet, in the very fact of being so, can contain within it all the commitment of its eternity. A seed is the whole potential of a tree. A single uninterrupted inhale of a child sheltering from bombs in a subway station is itself a promise of peace. Surrounded by the uncertainty that looms all over us, rather than a dubious quest for

boundlessness, perhaps the aspiration could rather be: on what scales do we continue to be able to enact change, and to understand that it is that change that can be the measuring tool we use to discern how we still remain, mercifully, and in all of our limitations, free.



listening

Hadriana Casla and Antonio Vincenzo Sotgiu

In the current contexts of aging communities we live in, where we seem to be afraid of death and time passing, we feel the need to reflect upon creative methodologies that could arise from trans-generational connections, empathy, conversations and knowledge exchange, but also to imagine and to design spaces where elders could continue to play a role in the community itself.

Over the last eight years we experimented with the act of listening. Over a glass of wine or a coffee with biscuits, there is a lot of exchange and sharing: experiences, knowledge, and memories. At times, listening to the same stories, again and again, getting lost during some mention of ancient times and vanished places, pronounced with some vernacular word that you cannot translate. In our personal experiences in rural contexts, from the Mediterranean, to the Atlantic, until the Andes, the elderly people have a certain presence, role, and needs: the soul of the place is strictly kept by the old generations.

But how can the place keep the elders?

We are wondering how these places can be safe and adequate for getting older, for growing as human beings. We want to imagine future scenarios and prospects of prosperity, to suggest “listening” as an act of healing and recovery.

Listening is maybe the base for keeping the flow of the community. And then, for regenerating.

Listening needs training. It is an exercise of empathy, of making community. Build a community based on the memory of people who still live there and imagine future landscapes as new inhabitants.

Listen to the current landscape. Where is our sense of listening to the context? Do we have to restore this sense itself?

Listening, as an action that precedes the conversation, and the exchange of visions, ideas, feelings and other parts of ourselves that were not visible until the conversation happened.

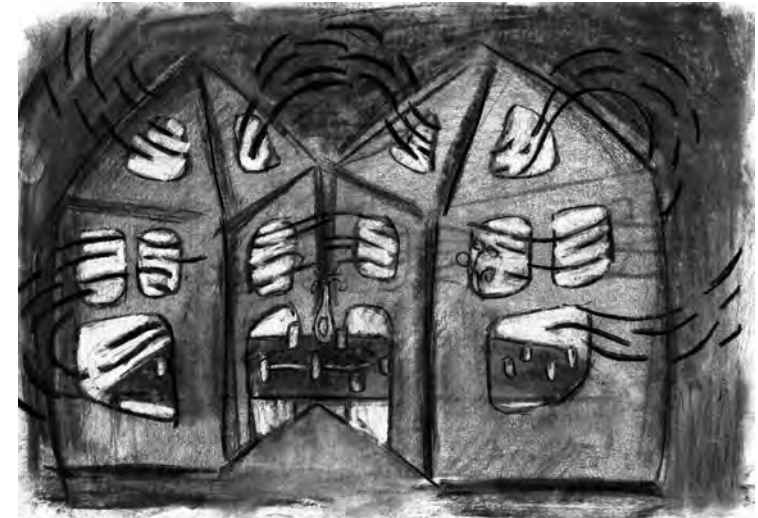
An exchange of words that make us visible to the other, creating new bridges and paths that could wake us up.

Claiming time to listen, time to attend, time to eat and drink, time to sit, and time to lose.

Intergenerational meetings for creating intergenerational communities. As in an eternal *Festa Campestre*, the heterogeneity of the community makes the celebration possible. The party is at the base of community life.

How would we like to get older? How are we escorting the elderly in their process of growth?

Have a seat, let's talk about it.





forecasting

Nickie Sigurdsson and Kristina Stallvik

February 1, 2022

Egilsstaðir, Iceland

65.2669° N, 14.3948° W

Partly cloudy; min/max temp -1/-3; wind gust 1 m/s; wave height 2m

Auroral activity: quiet, max activity 1 at 02:00 UTC

The often-impenetrable fog cedes to our thirty-seven seat DHC-8-200 aircraft. We are sitting in the aisle, but imagine pressing our noses to the damp double-walled window panes and looking out. We land on the runway in Egilsstaðir – one of the few planes to achieve this feat during the month of February.



February 2, 2022

Stöðvarfjörður, Iceland

64.8335° N, 13.8732° W

Partly cloudy; min/max temp -5/-7; wind gust 4 m/s; wave height 3.3m

Auroral activity: quiet, max activity 2 at 00:00 UTC

Stöðvarfjörður harbor is often dormant, but on our second day in town, we spot a small boat. The fishermen being held there during a windstorm, manifest cod.

You just know what fish will be on the hook. We say, 'we will have cod today.' A message from the mind, you know? It works like this.

The town's children share in their assertion: the spiritual is matter of fact. We ask, is there anything here that you think is sacred?

Petra's stone collection¹

Oh, do you like stones or rocks?

Well, I'm not really a huge fan myself...

And you would go so far as to say it's sacred?

Definitely.



In 2005, the quotas² of small fisheries all along the Icelandic coast were brought up by large corporations. Most of Stöðvarfjörður's inhabitants were displaced as the supermarket, bank, and post office closed in the wake of the quota's removal. Leaving only a handful of young children in the Eastern fjords, municipalities fought off school closure by consolidating students into a singular class.

¹ A museum housing Petra Maria's personal collection of stones – gathered over 80 years of trekking in the Hellufjall and Saudhólabstindur mountains.

² Governmental limits on how many fish each boat can catch.

The children travel in a shoal down the coast. They move from town to town, sequentially inhabiting each elementary school building. We are lucky to catch some children on the Stöðvarfjörður day in their rotation.

Monday: Reyðarfjörður, Tuesday: Eskifjörður, Wednesday: Stöðvarfjörður

February 3, 2022

Reykjavík, Iceland

64.1466° N, 21.9426° W

Cloudy; min/max temp 1/5; wind gust 1 m/s; wave height 1m

Auroral activity: quiet, max activity 1 at 23:00 UTC

In Reykjavík, five fortune tellers gather to decide the value of the fishermen's labor. Nationwide wages – the price per quantity of species caught – can fluctuate by five to twenty percent depending on their incantations. This artificial oscillation attempts to sustain economic equilibrium amidst an unforgiving climate.

The Icelandic government, this is five men, they have a meeting once a month. They watch the price on the market and if the price goes down, then they put our price down, if the price goes up, then they put our price up. They also watch the price of fish in other countries, and the strength of the Icelandic currency.

A cod adorns the 1 krona coin.



February 4, 2022

Stöðvarfjörður, Iceland

64.1466° N, 21.9426° W

Partly cloudy; min/max temp -4/-1; wind gust 4 m/s; wave height 6m

Auroral activity: quiet, max activity 1 at 23:00 UTC



On Friday the gust is erratic; the fishermen are still grounded.

Now we are stuck here because of the weather. It's a small boat, heavy wind.

And what do you do on the boat when you can't go out sailing?

Drink coffee, sleep, fix something if it needs to be fixed, get ready for the next trip.

This is the quotidian rhythm of wind, cold, ice, fog, hail, snow, blizzards.

During the worst of the windstorm, we shelter in our respective vessels. Their boat is called Sandfell, named after one of the "30 Pearls of Egilsstaðir Region" – a rhyolite ridge reaching 1157 meters tall. Our shared artists' house, Heiðmörk, takes its namesake from a large national forest in the capital region. In the house there are four strangers; we become acquainted at the speed of the storm. We read about the great Old Norse sagas – part mythic, part field-note-esque narratives from the 1200s.

In the Sagas of Icelanders, the natural landscape, with the backdrop of the annual cycle of seasonal events, is closely intertwined with the cultural landscape, the internal and external lives of the saga characters. This suggests that in medieval Iceland, there was no radical separation of nature and society ... in ancient Scandinavia, 'man thought of himself as an integral part of the world ... His interrelation with nature was so intensive and thorough that he could not look at it from without; he was inside it.' Much of the saga text also underlines the irrelevance of the category of the 'supernatural,' echoing the modern condition of postmodernity. Weather magic was just as 'natural' or down-to-earth as weather events and weather forecasts (Ogilvie, 2004).

The all-engulfing character of climate penned by medieval Icelanders in the Sagas bears striking resemblance to our own preoccupation with weather events during our one-month stay.

One of the strangers in Heiðmörk is a seasoned tarot reader. At night we ask the cards if the wind, fog, and sleet will ever permit passage to the final artist in our cohort (he has been stuck in Reykjavík for weeks). Their answer seems indeterminate, but our clairvoyant housemate reports,

On February 22 a portal will open. The energy will flow differently into our house.

February 5, 2022

Reyðarfjörður, Iceland

65.0354° N, 14.2160° W

Clear; min/max temp 0/1; wind gust 4 m/s; wave height 3m

Auroral activity: quiet, max activity 1 at 23:00 UTC

During a lull in the storm, our van takes a trip to the neighboring town. At the public sauna we meet more off-duty fishermen. They spend their scant time on land submerged in steam and hot water. We soak together in the forty-five degree tub.



The fishermen understand both memory and history as continuous story:

It's the same story every year, we have to move to another place because the cod are eating the kapelin³ instead of our bait. We have a competition!

Now it's not so many people and not so many boats. But there was a different system twenty-five years ago. This story, I think, is something that the older fishermen can tell you about.

There are many species of fish in Iceland. Every year the same kinds, every year the same stories.

The children tell stories as well, mostly of the sea and its mythical inhabitants:

I don't remember its name, but I think it was some kind of horse with its hooves on backwards. If you ride on its back, it will drag you into the sea and drown you!

There's another myth, it's like a cow, a sea cow. They have big balls on their snout, and if you pop it that cow becomes yours, but if you don't pop it, it will

³ Small fish in the smelt family found in the North Atlantic, North Pacific, and Arctic oceans.

just run out to sea again. They are gray, and the myth is that the gray cows in Iceland are from this story.

Like the seals that can change their skin. Once they are a seal, and then they climb out of their skin and leave it, becoming a beautiful human. They are the most beautiful humans – no one else can resist them. Some try to keep them by locking their skin away somewhere else.

Practicing narrative logic seems one component of a patchworked forecasting technique. We try our own haphazard hybridization of scientific and folk calculation: checking the weather app much too frequently and drawing conclusions about the climate from our unfamiliar, synchronous cravings for red meat. Looking out the window becomes our most frequent activity. We learn that many Icelanders share this experience – Gluggaveður.

Gluggaveður.

gluggi (window) + veður (weather)

noun, 1. weather that looks appealing from inside, but would be unpleasant to be outside in.



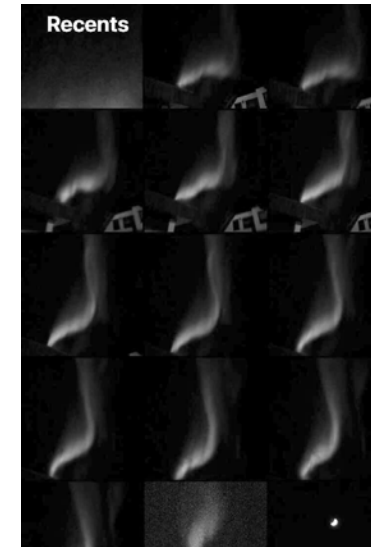
February 6, 2022

Stöðvarfjörður, Iceland

64.8335° N, 13.8732° W

Sunny; min/max temp 1/5; wind gust 1.5 m/s; wave height 1m

Auroral activity: active, max activity 6 at 22:00 UTC



Despite what we hear about the lights' fickle nature, the aurora borealis crowdsourced apps are correct: at the end of our first week, we spot them.⁴ We marvel, mostly, at their movement in other-worldly gestures.

While its intensity varies, the “activity” of the northern lights never fully comes or goes. A constant spectral presence in the sky. Our ability to see them, however, depends on intersecting external factors. Rather than traversing from past → present → future by succeeding non-existence with existence, the aurora follows a more Deleuzian topology:

Time as succession gives way to time as coexistence: time does not move from one actual moment to another (chronology), but rather from the virtual to the actual (actualisation) (Smith, 2019).

⁴ And then, as if scheduled, we spot them on each following Saturday as well.

Strength of the solar winds⁵ and density of cloud cover determine whether the lights – which are always “happening” at any chronological point – will actualize, moving from invisible to visible in relation to the human eye. While forecasting is often granted a preoccupation with the future, to forecast the lights, we must pay acute attention to these indicators in the present moment.

February 7, 2022

Stöðvarfjörður, Iceland

64.8335° N, 13.8732° W

Partly cloudy; min/max temp 2/6; wind gust 1 m/s; wave height 1m

Auroral activity: quiet, max activity 2 at 20:00 UTC

On Monday, an unmarked plastic crate arrives. It contains six fish packed in ice and lined up head-to-tail. Unsure of whether Sandfell has taken to the sea already – or if we had even given our address to the fishermen – we are surprised when it arrives at our door.

A little bit magical



Image Captions / Credits

1. Exterior of Sandfell, docked at the Stöðvarfjörður harbor. Photo by Kristina Stallvik, 2022
2. Petra Maria in her garden in Stöðvarfjörður. Photo by The Icelandic Times, date unknown
3. The 1 Icelandic krona coin. Photo by Jean Ni, 2023
4. Armchair on the upper level of Sandfell. Photo by Kristina Stallvik, 2022
5. Exterior of Sandfell, docked at the Stöðvarfjörður harbor. Photo by Kristina Stallvik, 2022
6. Swimming pool in Reyðarfjörður. Photo by Kristina Stallvik, 2022
7. Window view in Stöðvarfjörður. Photo by Nickie Sigurdsson 2022
8. Northern light recents. Screenshot by Nickie Sigurdsson 2022
9. Interior dashboard of the Sandfell ship. Photo by Kristina Stallvik, 2022

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Smith, Daniel W. (2019). “Against Social Evolution: Deleuze and Guattari’s Social Topology.” *Deleuze and Evolutionary Theory*, Edinburgh University Press.

⁵ Charged particles – protons and electrons – ejected by the sun.

divining

104

Connecting to ancestry and the land through performing divination duties

Xiyao Chen and Jean Ni

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See Lesson 56 B.

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苦
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chan 1. To divine.

chan 1. To thatch.

chan 4. To seize by force; to usurp.

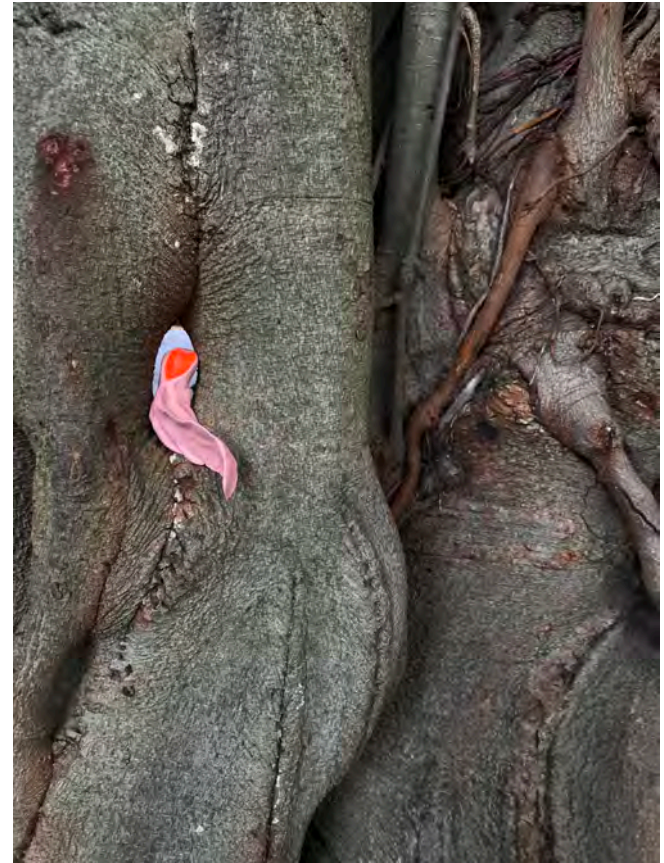
chan 4. To stand up; to stop; a stage.

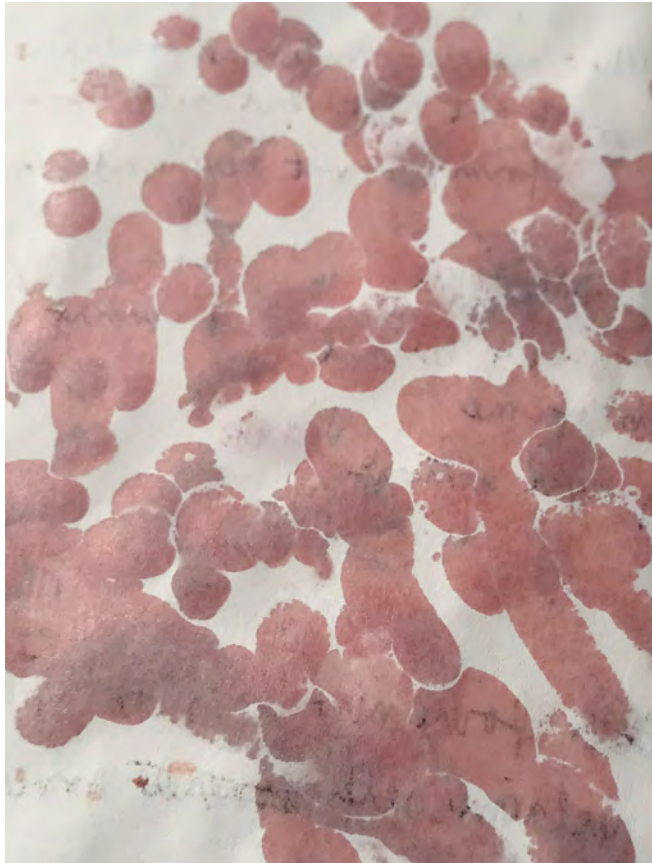
chan 1. To paste up, to stick up.

chan 1. Rough felt.

chan 1. To gabble, to joke







m o n s t e r i n g
s t o r y t e l l i n g
h a u n t i n g
t r a n s f o r m i n g
e m b o d y i n g

*Inheriting and passing on ancestral stories, monsters, and mythology
Preparation for an edible altar ritual, a plan for future encounters
For now, sauce recipes for tapping into your inner flow
A conversation and collaboration*

Hadriana Casla, Xiyao Chen, Jean Ni, Nahla Tabbaa

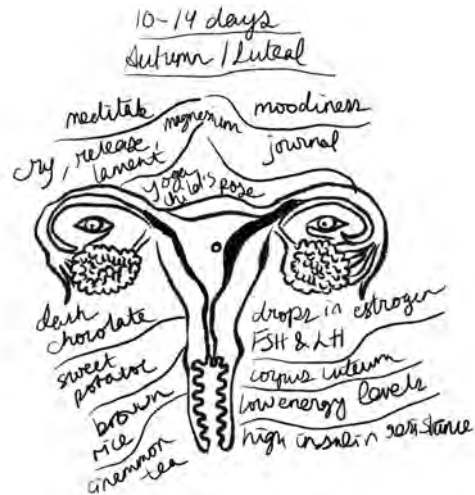
formulating recipes for

embodying ancestral territories
and myths
feeding blood and passing toxins
channeling omens
digesting alchemies of monstrosity
celebrating difference
caring for bodily cycles
manifesting creative revolution
summoning protective energies
healing contemporary ailments
through DIY combinations
inventing novel shapes
breathing new meanings into the
banality of everyday life

monsters

terrifying, formidable;
evolving and adapting to
any environment;
bringing omens and messages
from the other side;
generating portals;
feminine;
grotesque;
wild;
rejected.





MOON HERB SAUCE

Nahla Tabbaa

Ingredients

- Locally grown edible and fragrant herbs: basil, rosemary, thyme, sage, parsley
- Olive oil
- Salt
- Lemon juice
- A mason jar

Method

You must first plant as many herbs in a sunny spot in your home as possible, whether you have a garden or a balcony, or just a window sill; creating this altar for fragrant, edible herbs is important.

For exactly one lunar cycle, you must cultivate, care for, and honor these herbs. Guard them from wilting as they have done in the past and as your doubts and triggers begin to unravel, this is where the real cultivation begins.

Perhaps not all will have survived, and there will have been many moments in this journey where your demons and monsters come out to play, reminding you of your failure to nurture and care, but for those that do survive, snip them in the moonlight, leaving the small leaves to grow.

Chop them finely until they are residual, combine with a pinch of salt, olive oil, and a squeeze of lemon.

Whatever you managed to cultivate, whether a jar, or a spoonful, this sauce holds the power of the moon, your will and your triumph over your doubt.

To feed your Menstrual Monster at accurate timings, please modify accordingly:

Spring | Follicular: use a salsa for oysters or shrimp.

Summer | Ovulatory: combine with lentils or a roast lamb.

Autumn | Luteal: add on top of a roasted sweet potato.

Winter | Menstrual: stir into a bone broth and drink.

UNFURLING SAUCE
Jean Ni



THINK OF SOMETHING / SOMEONE
YOU'D LIKE TO EXPEL



CHOP SLOW

CHOP TINY

RELAX
TOUR BELLY

CILANTRO

RAW GARLIC

GREEN ONION

SOY SAUCE

DICED GINGER

A LIGHT VINEGAR
A DARK VINEGAR

SUGAR

IF YOU'D LIKE
SOMETHING SPICY

SMELL AND TASTE
FREQUENTLY

MIX A BIT
IN A CONTAINER
THAT DELIGHTS YOU

LET IT REST

PUT IT ON A
DUMPLING. 

EMBODYING MEMORIES

Hadriana Casla

Ingredients

- Bunch of parsley, a common herb you can easily grow yourself
- Olive oil
- 2 cloves of garlic

Method

Whenever you feel rootless, longing for the landscape and the people that used to be part of you: feed your memories, remember the smell of the kitchens in which you have grown, and the hands that used to transform goods and life into food for you.

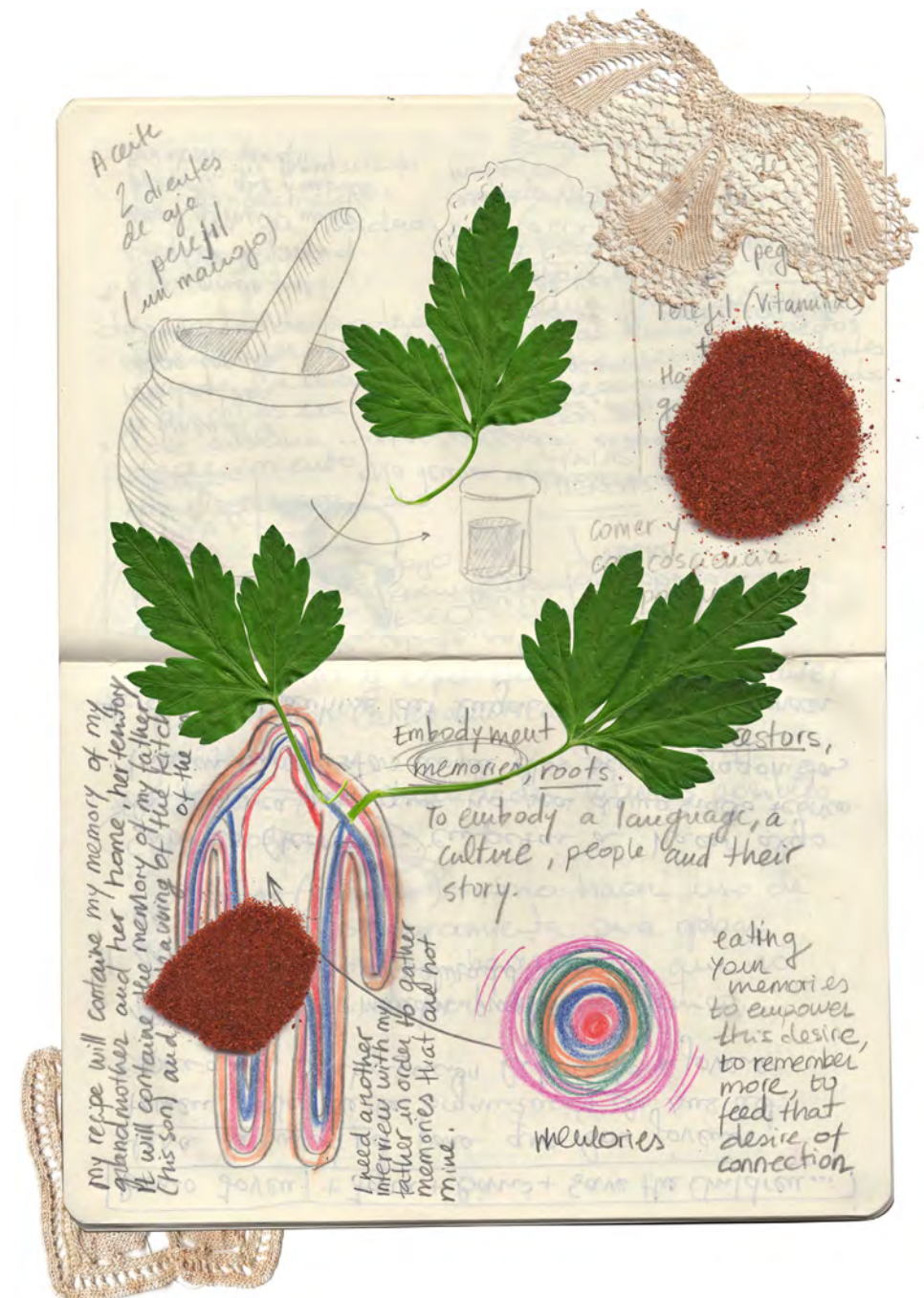
In this recipe¹ the hands that are being honored are those of Esther, my grandmother, hands that couldn't throw food away because everything was so precious, so needed. Hands that recognise herbs, hands with one ring, hands not used for caresses.

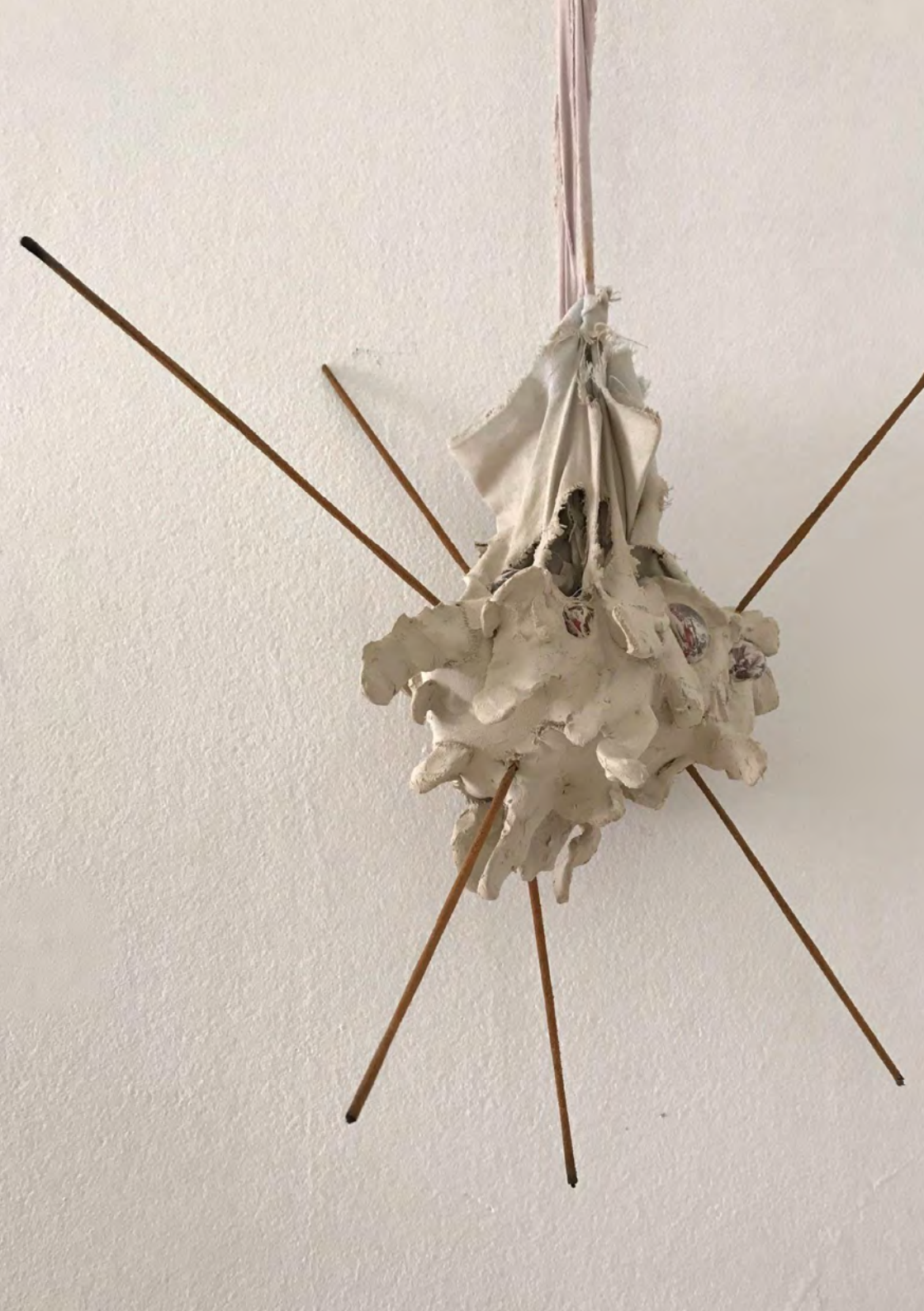
First, take a mortar, or a curved surface and a stone, a bunch of fresh parsley, olive oil, and two cloves of garlic.

1. Gather all the ingredients.
2. Activate your memories. Travel to a time in which you were a child. Visualize the hands that feed you, the territory that contains you.
3. Clean the parsley and the garlic.
4. Introduce them in the mortar and mix them, feeling the intense smell of the garlic and the freshness of the parsley.
5. Introduce the mix in a bowl and add the olive oil.

This mix was added by my grandmother to almost every meal. If there is a memory of her that will always go with me, it is the wooden mortar moving before every meal.

¹ As a remedy and an invitation, please feel free to change and adapt the ingredients into something more familiar and meaningful. But be careful, these simple recipes can boost your desire for rooting, so think carefully about the memories you are calling.





DIASPORIC DIPS

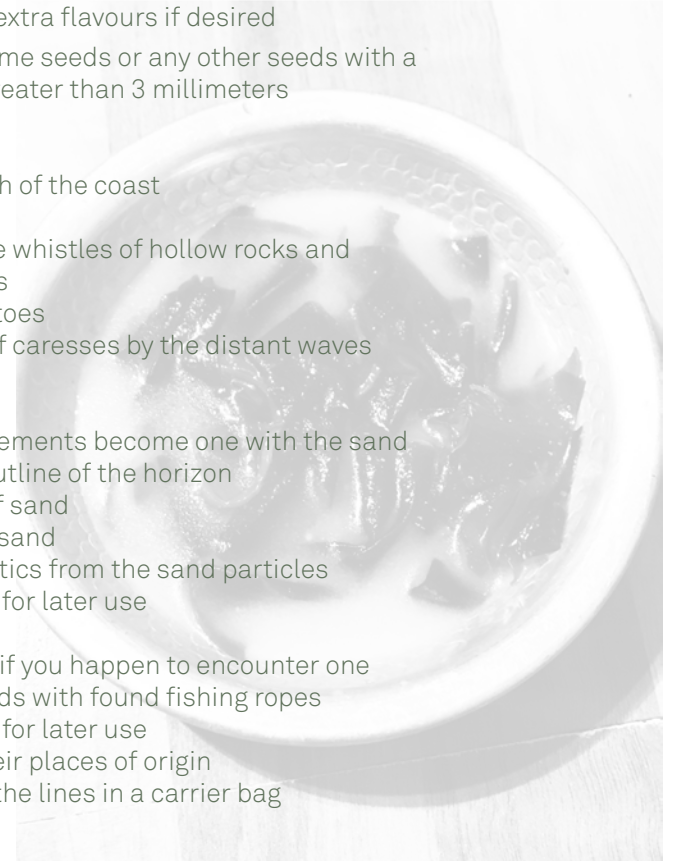
Xiyao Chen

Ingredients

- Dry/fresh seaweeds found or foraged, could be substituted by any other rootless organism
- Sea salt
- Miso paste for extra flavours if desired
- A pinch of sesame seeds or any other seeds with a diameter not greater than 3 millimeters

Method

Find a windy stretch of the coast
Stroll aimlessly
Pay attention to the whistles of hollow rocks and shifting sand dunes
Look down to your toes
Follow the traces of caresses by the distant waves
Walk straight on
Do not look back
Continue until movements become one with the sand
Contemplate the outline of the horizon
Collect a handful of sand
Sieve the grains of sand
Sort the micro plastics from the sand particles
Save them in a pile for later use
Walk further ahead
Wave to a stranger if you happen to encounter one
Weave lost seaweeds with found fishing ropes
Save them in a line for later use
Do not question their places of origin
Take the piles and the lines in a carrier bag
Mix well
Strain well
Dream well
Do not forget the intention of the journey





We tried to fill
the mountain sides
with wild apples.
Which would enrich the orchards
with a different element.
But it was all too dangerous
and the time was not ripe

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Traditional knowledge often ends up “in the gap” between what was and what is, and has difficulty being incorporated into prevailing industrial agricultural systems. Not least, it is prominent in the cultivation of apples.

I live in an area with a historical connection to apple production, which today is the second largest producing area of apples in Sweden. Historically, the plantations were smaller, the growers were more numerous, and more varieties were grown.

Often, I wonder what happens to the older varieties of apples from the area – the ones that are not used anymore. In the landscape I sometimes see the abandoned orchards. There is movement in the landscape, and there are tracks, which can be used or forgotten.

Almost every year I graft apple-trees from old varieties, from the region where I live. Some of them have grown

up to become small and beautiful trees.

In my first artwork I made ever, I wanted to discuss these issues and put these trees in a new context. But my idea turned out to be provocative and dangerous.

The apple-trees were transported through road networks, railways, and open water to the apple-growing area of Hardanger in Norway. However, there was no opportunity for them to be planted since modern apple production in Hardanger considers them a risk when it comes to spreading diseases linked to apple trees.

Without formal proof that they are “healthy,” they are seen as a potential carrier of diseases. It seems like modern agriculture, much like society, is subject to more and more fear and regulations.



The idea was for the trees to be planted at Storeteigen Bygdetun in Hardanger. However, due to the proximity to apple plantations, this was cancelled. The way I interpreted this, is that carrying of traditional customs and knowledge is sometimes seen as a threat to industrial agriculture, and in this case had consequences for how this artwork was developed. However, it creates an incentive to continue highlighting and working on these issues in the field of politics, art, and academia.

This history is documented along with photographs of the abandoned apple orchards in Småland, south of Sweden, and was showed at the art group *Skifte.Land*'s exhibition "Fjordmelk Jordtåke" at Kunsthuset Kabuso. The exhibition contained my and other artists' reflections and artistic contributions around themes such as food, history, art, and how a future green and blue shift can be made possible (which arose in connection with a week's sailing on a boat on the Hardangerfjord in Norway).



cover cropping

The twig and the witch and the bio-semiotics of recovery

Nickie Sigurdsson

When we discovered *Artemisia vulgaris* shimmering in a pile of dried sheep manure, I foraged some leaves for a tea and a twig that I wrapped carefully into my copy of *Caliban and the Witch*. Back then, I had not yet made a connection between this plant being enshrined in the history of expropriation and the further interrelation it had with the context I was in.

The group was volunteering at the INLAND Village in northern Spain, helping with the hay harvest in the heat of summer. The farm was nestled in a mountainous valley occupied by pastures for grazing sheep and cows along with hay fields that were cut and gathered by the older generation of villagers, accompanied by their loyal dogs who were wheezing for air in the shade. I had been on the lookout for *A. vulgaris*, also known as common mugwort, since my arrival and had almost given up as the surrounding farmland seemed too “rich” for the plant, whose ideal habitat would probably be anything more or less deprived of vegetation, or disturbed lands left bare such as roadsides, wastelands, fallow fields, dumpsites, and occasionally forest edges and grasslands. I’d felt lucky finding them self-generated, hidden behind the sheep barn, especially as it coincided with the day I had fallen ill.

In folk healing, it is said that plants aiding your recovery will appear if you pay attention to your given surroundings. The encounter with Mugwort felt special in a moment of emotional whirlwind, emerging and emerged as a potent antidotal ally. The twig has from then onwards kindled learnings and recovery tactics I will try to unearth as a way of returning the gaze.

Pastures for grazing can be prone to an overexposure of potassium from manure dumped by the grazing flock. This can inhibit other plants’ uptake of macronutrients. Mugwort can be seen as a hint of such circumstances as it likes to grow in places where potassium is in excess (Pfeiffer, 2012). As the common name *Wormwood*¹ indicates, the plant is anthelmintic meaning it can expel parasites, worms and pathogens in the digestive tract of herbivores as well as humans (Tobyn et al., 2011).

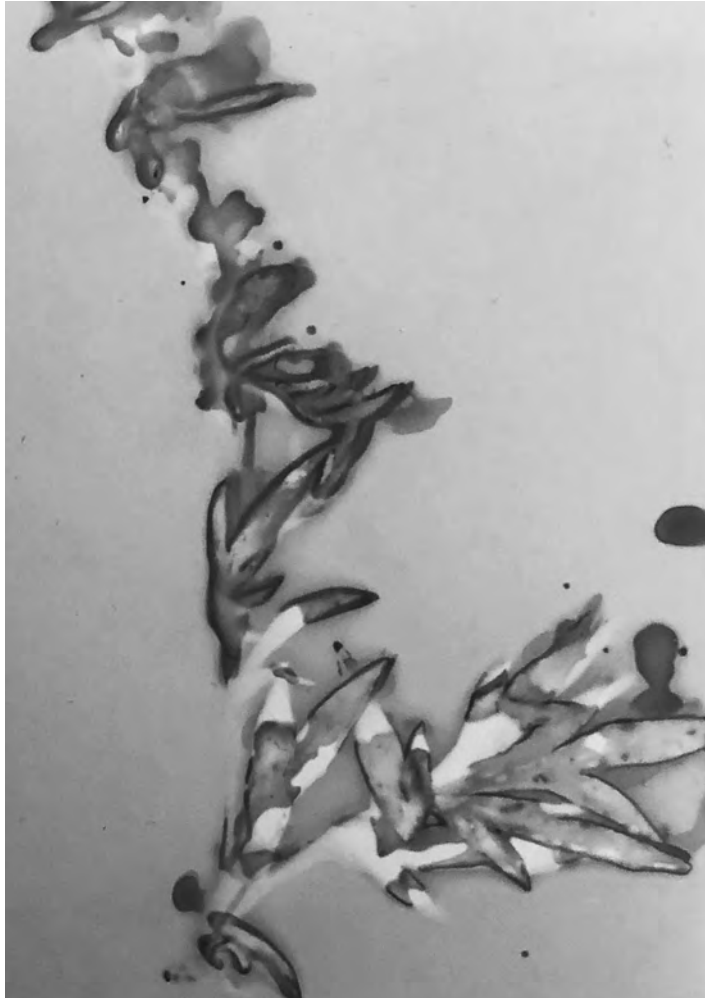
¹ Wild wormwood, sailor’s tobacco, St. John’s plant, etc.

We were brought to the summer pastures where the sheep graze every year, to forage on the nutrient-dense grasslands. The landscape was dark-green-tinged, misty and flourishing with a diversity of plant species I had never seen before. In the book *En hyllest til sauene : fortellinga om det lille dyret som bygde landet*, Anna Blix writes about the significance of moving sheep in an unfenced rotational grazing system² also known in Norwegian as “sæterdrift.” The method is ancient and has most probably been employed by shepherds in many regions as a way of keeping the landscape lush while additionally conserving the flora, as the grazing flock would add nutrients to the land, and literally help shape the topography by promoting the growth of grass and spreading seeds across territories through the means of excrements (Blix, 2018).

I couldn’t help but coin a synergistic bond between the sheep and Mugwort; as M would remedy the digestive problems of the sheep, due to its anthelmintic properties, where in return the sheep would forage elsewhere and excrete the seeds on another pasture while stewarding land biodiversity synchronously. The bond implies that the animals would know instinctively how to nourish and cure themselves as well as navigate the multitudes of plant populations found in the fresh grass or the hay, some incredibly toxic, others beneficial. A study on exactly how ruminants navigate these botanical complexities revealed that the sheep in the survey chose to eat plants containing alkaloid-neutralizing chemicals before eating plants with toxic amounts of alkaloids that would potentially harm them, using their body wisdom as a built-in pharmacopeia while reflecting the interplay of biology, behavior, and interactions with the place they had been foraging (Montgomery & Biklé, 2022). What the study also highlighted was that when ruminants are exposed to a diversified pasture with plenty of different plant species they are more than able to navigate and select foliage that meets their specific needs for certain nutrients, minerals, vitamins, and other beneficial compounds, while also navigating around the simultaneous abundance of toxic plants and balancing their overexposure to plant toxins (Montgomery & Biklé, 2022), indicating that diversity seems to echo healthy animal nutrition.

I speculate in the exchange of codes; is it the aromatic bittersweet taste, the silvery-tinted underleaves or just pure cut memory? And can folks operate in the same innate dietary deciphering as well? The more precise reading of these bio-semiotics (Kohn, 2013) embedded in the flora around

² A system of moving the grazing flock frequently between smaller plots of land, promoting the growth of grass.



Phytoprint of *A. Vulgaris*, print by Nickie Sigurdsson

us requires, I guess, that we mingle with these places in the first place, and more so, that we have access to diversified green spaces where a variety of plants can flourish.

Mugwort can, in general, inhabit a wide range of soil types and is fairly drought resilient, and plants are in general longer lived, more hardy and more aromatic when they are grown in poor dry soils with a fair amount of sun. Mugwort is also considered as a 'pioneer,' which means a type of plant that interferes with places left bare as one of the first plant populations as an effect of their rapid growth metabolism. Moreover, it spreads from a rhizomatic root system that quickly generates an extensive root-biomass which is good for soil critters to feed upon and interact with. Based on these traits, Mugwort can be considered a 'voluntary cover crop' fostering apt soil conditions in places where the soil can be fairly degraded.

As any productive body does, a soil body also needs rest as a means of recovering resources and restoring life. In order to avoid depleting nutrients and minerals, the soil naturally keeps a consistent plant cover as a way of locking nutrients and water in the upper soil layer. A "cover crop" is a phenomenon implemented by farmers in regenerative agricultural practices as a way of maintaining the nutrients as well as life in the soil by planting a crop to cover the field in between sowing times. It is a method which rightfully prioritizes soil life over a "cash crop," and is therefore more than just a soil cover but a crucial form of recovery. This expands Tricia Hersey's slogan "rest is resistance" to include soil bodies along with human bodies, as the lack of soil rest seems to spin ecological disasters in times where soil topographies are being depleted at a significantly faster rate than would allow them to regenerate. In industrial agriculture, however, these recovery tactics are not valued, which further points at how that the productivist logic has fractured the way ecological time is perceived and rest is therefore not considered valuable in a market economy (Bellacasa, 2017).

In spite of its regenerative benefits, Mugwort is commonly categorized as a 'noxious perennial weed' (Foy, 1999).

The underlying violence embedded in the language of materiality and its division between life and non-life consequently locks all matter in rigid classifications (Yusoff, 2018). In modern agricultural practices terminology such as "killing the weeds," "dead soil," "giving life back to the soil," or "invasive species," is fairly widespread and constitutively reduces the

living to a category that is made killable (Kohn in Haraway, 2015). This subversive language exhausts not only life, but also knowledge, and leaves perceptions of signs from life in and around us potentially blind-spotted. If a plant is categorized as a weed, how can it be viewed as a teacher? Hence, we risk overlooking crucial learnings about soil composition, biodiversity patterns, and the healing properties indicated by the same plant that is marked for elimination. The domineering terminology around plants also tends to erase a culture of remembering through language as the folk names of plants play an important role in folk, indigenous, and local plant knowledge, where language becomes a semiotic for recalling the medicinal qualities of an herb³ (Graves, 2012) as in the case of wormwood, where the name indicates the curing of worm infections. Evidently, the erasure of local dialects, native languages, and folklore follows an erasure of medicinal knowledge.

Mugwort has an ability to exude allelochemicals or phytotoxins from its roots. These bioactive chemicals act as a potent herbicide and can reduce or completely inhibit other plants, domesticated and wild species, from growing (Foy, 1999). Furthermore, can Mugwort reproduce from both vegetative growth and seed, seeds having the potential to form a persistent seed bank laying dormant in the soil for more than 5 years.

A week into our stay, we were informed that the land we had been working on once belonged to an inquisitor – a person hired within the Church to exterminate heresy, witches. Half-jokingly, stories of a haunted former torture chamber were also brought up, and the gradual comprehension of these events was deposited into my body as a quiescent trauma seeping out from the ground.

The silvery-white underleaves look appealing to the eye, but nevertheless contain substances designed to harm a multitude of insects and fungi if these critters decide to feed on the plant. These secondary metabolites found mainly in the leaves (and roots) can serve different functions when applied and consumed by humans. Thujone is a ketone well-known for its hallucinogenic effects. If consumed internally, thujone can be neurotoxic and convulsant and has since ancient times been used as an ‘abortifacient,’ a substance used to terminate a pregnancy (Romm et al., 2016).

3 As well as in mythology, tradition, and symbolism.

In the book *Caliban and the Witch*, Silvia Federici revisits the transition from feudalism to capitalism through a Marxist-feminist lens, and argues that the witch hunts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were installed as a violent tool to discipline the emerging working class of Europe⁴ and instate *an intense process of social degradation* (Federici, 2014). In this newly established social stratification, women were reduced to a reproductive resource satisfying the needs of a surging capitalist order seeking labour accumulation. Witches became the embodiment of everything that *capitalism had to destroy: the heretic, the healer, the disobedient wife, the women who dared to live alone, the Obeha women who poisoned the master's food and inspired the slaves to revolt* (Federici, 2014). The social degradation was also further intensified by the enclosures and expropriation of the common lands, which had grave consequences for women's social status (Federici, 2014). The use of violence in the witch hunts allowed the state to control and expropriate bodies as well as to displace knowledge systems by demonizing abortion and contraceptive technologies and ways of healing from the land. As Federici writes: *With the persecution of the folk healer, women were expropriated from a patrimony of empirical knowledge, regarding herbs and healing remedies, that they had accumulated and transmitted from generation to generation, its loss paving the way for a new form of enclosure* (Federici, 2014).

If however, these same substances are used in appropriate concentrations they have useful therapeutic properties that are especially helpful for treating and toning the female reproductive system (Romm et al., 2016). For such reasons has Mugwort historically been associated with women and midwifery (Puleo, 1978). Besides being used in the treatment of gynecological diseases, Mugwort has a long history of use in traditional Chinese, Hindu, and European herbal medicine, especially in matters connected to the digestive system, as a nerving tonic, a cleanser of the liver and for its antibacterial and antifungal effects among other properties (McPhee, 2020).

I've come to like the Spanish word for environment: *el medio ambiente* translating as “ambient medium.” Unlike the English equivalent *environment*, it indicates a simultaneous being in and outside of the medium, and not only exterior to it. This porosity is reminiscent of the fact that what enters something becomes it too, leaving with it signs and

4 Later the enslaved populations of the colonies.



Illustration of *Artemisia* spp. in manuscript Herbarious Latinus, 1485

histories in the process. And if we pay attention to this language in and around us, sometimes a twig will convey signs of synergies, histories and hence recovery tactics aiding both land and bodies, if we do allow our sick bodies to interfere with the roadside, forest edges, dumpsites, or sheep manure and further seek restoration in the periphery of knowledge systems. This attunement might further re-enchant our relation to the surrounding earth as our bodies will guide us to the wilderness and help uncover some of the extensive capitalist erosion of situated health technologies undergone in the past centuries.

Mugwort has long been known as an herb of magical potency, and in folklore the plant is known as an invoker of ancient memories and a protector against harmful energies (Ostling, 2014) and because of its psychoactive properties it can enhance vivid dreams. Finally, as several other plants containing psychoactive substances, Mugwort is and has been associated with witchcraft (Ostling, 2014).

As sleep was entrenched with multiple disruptions in the night caused by little insects seeking blood, sounds from the forest, or the immense glare of the moonlight, I was often transitioning in and out of sleep and wakefulness. Because of this, I was able to recall the dreams that came to me with more clarity and they felt somewhat different than normal – symbolic, more vivid and often very stressful. Although I suspect the dreams were partly induced by the mugwort tea and partly a sort of fever delirium, their logic felt in my world like a multilayered processing tool. Eduardo Kohn writes about dreaming: *Dreams too are part of the empirical, and they are a kind of real. They grow out of and work on the world, and learning to be attuned to their special logics and their fragile forms of efficacy helps reveal something about the world beyond the human* (Kohn, 2013) reminding me that trauma is empirical too and somehow always finds a way out, poking us to engage with their porous ways so they can reveal something more gorgeous, glowing in the dirt.

Forage a leaf of mugwort and place it on your tongue. The bitter sensation sparked by the phytochemicals is a message to activate the gastric juices calling the liver, gallbladder and digestive tract. And so, do your taste receptors work to decipher the medicinal profile of the plant for later need.



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amending

Amending Value:

Reconsidering the history and current practice of wool processing in Europe

Jessie Breslau and Katy Dammers

We have been talking about wool for a long time, though it is hard to pinpoint the exact beginning. Maybe it was our first in-person session in Madrid when we sat on the floor of the Centro de Acercamiento a lo Rural (CAR) and carded wool for hours... only to end up with little more than a handful of clean wool (Figure 1). Our time spent with wool showed us that although not often seen as such, it is a value-added product that has been changed through time, labor, or interaction with other materials to enhance or lengthen its lifespan. Although wool requires additional care and effort, it is now rarely afforded additional cultural or monetary value. Today, it is often cheaper to burn or discard wool than to put in the work to sell it, a reality that Jessie learned from a Scottish farmer she met in Glasgow who gave her a trash bag full of wool that would otherwise have been thrown away. While there is still a demand for wool, the time-intensive processing of its raw material has been largely outsourced,¹ with the wool remaining in Europe entering an increasingly exclusive market.²

We have been struck by this paradox: how is wool – something so time-intensive to prepare (and carding is just the first step of many!) – so devalued? In Europe, how has wool come to be regarded as a waste product? After being shorn from sheep, wool is now often trashed, as it is rarely seen as valuable enough to offset its time- and labor-intensive processing. There is an obvious, yet confusing, contradiction triangulating amongst the status of wool: the juxtaposition between (often unaffordable) luxury wool products and the overabundance of extremely cheap and low-quality wool sweaters. How can these exist simultaneously? What does that seeming contradiction say about how wool is valued, and by whom?

¹ Australia is the world's leading producer of wool, followed by China, Russia, and New Zealand. Nearly all of Australia's wool is exported (98%), with the majority of that wool sent to China where it begins its processing journey. (<https://www.woolmark.com/fibre/woolgrowers/where-wool-comes-from/>)

² INLAND-Campo Adentro sends the majority of its wool to baabaa, a luxury sweater company that prides itself on long-lasting, sustainable clothing.



Figure 1. Carding wool at the Centro de Acercamiento a lo Rural



Figure 2. Wool from Dodgson Woods Farm

So, where are the gaps? – in the supply chain, in our thinking, in our valuation? How is it possible for only one form of the same material to become so depreciated? Where – where! – are these companies that are making their value-added products sourcing their devalued wool?

But wait – WAIT! What even is value! Who defines it? And what about waste? What is defined as trash, and who makes that judgment? Are value and worthlessness mutually exclusive, contradictory, and opposing forces? Or, as perhaps might be shown by the history of wool, are they just two sides of the same coin – the white sheep and the black sheep of the family? Can we articulate the relationship between value and waste as they relate to time? Is it possible to create or change what is valued? Visiting Dodgson Woods farm in Yorkshire, we met Maria Zeb Benjamin, who is creating the first Yorkshire tweed, using locally sourced wool to create handmade fabrics (Figure 2). This wool derives value from its specific context. Additionally, value can also be developed from community relationships and cultural preservation, not to mention its financial conglomerate of the labor, transport, and preparation of its processing. Yet, how can we make value not only relevant, but attainable?

Project Summary

Together, we want to work on a project that takes up these questions about wool through research, experience, and creative thinking. We are committed to a personal and diegetic framework that values our lived experience, intimacy, and friendship as the apparatus for investigation. Our research will include a literature review and primary source work in archives to understand how the wool industry functioned in Europe at its height, when/why it began to decline, and the broader implications of that decline on rural/agricultural communities. We also want to perform qualitative research with farmers and collectives that are processing wool in Europe now, as well as organizations and conferences such as the EU Wool Exchange that are working to re-engage traditional wool processing practices in our contemporary moment. These case studies will allow us to compare processes and contextual specificity across Europe.

Throughout this project we will document and share our experience and learnings with others through a newsletter. We can also imagine that future sharing might happen through a podcast, an exhibition, or publications. Ultimately, we want to explore ways to craft a different future by reimagining our relationship with wool. While wool is our vehicle, we are curious about the ways focusing on one material might develop strategies for a broader paradigm shift away from a consumerist society and towards one of sustainable, embodied, and close community relationships.

Theoretical Framework

Our work on this project is guided by a theoretical framework that draws from ecological studies, visual cultures, and contemporary Marxist economics. We want to examine questions about the wool industry in Europe in a contextual, intersectional framework that looks equally at popular advertising, political debate, and academic theory. One model of research for us is the Synthetic Collective – an interdisciplinary collaboration between artists, academics, and scientists focused on plastics. Together mapping the complexities of plastic pollution in the Great Lakes region of the United States, their work links scientific knowledge with cultural imports. Another example of the kind of scholarship we hope to do is the work of Anna Tsing, and in particular her landmark book *The Mushroom at the End of the World*. Bridging anthropology, economics, science, and cultural studies, Tsing's text combines her own personal experience with the embedded experience of matsutake mushrooms.

Marxist ecology, with a particular emphasis on the metabolic rift, entanglement, and alienation, underlies our approach to research on the production and processing of wool in Europe. The concept of “Marx's ecology” was introduced by John Bellamy Foster in 1999 to address ecological crises.³ Foster recognized looming environmental disasters as problems of capital, as under capitalism natural cycles are often broken in favor of accumulation.⁴ We utilize Mindi Schneider and Phil McMichael's idea of an epistemic rift – in addition to the ecological and social rifts typically associated with the metabolic rift – as it relates to agricultural practice and local ecosystems.⁵ The epistemic rift, otherwise referred to as a “knowledge rift,” is rooted in the notion that as people began to leave the countryside for cities they took with them not only physical materials, but also local knowledge relating to the land, farming, ecosystems and more. Building on Clifford Geertz's idea of local knowledge,⁶ as well as Donna Haraway's concept of situated knowledge,⁷ Schneider and McMichael argue that “the metabolic rift privileges a capital logic, whereby social

3 Foster, J.B., (1999). “Marx's Theory of Metabolic Rift: Classical Foundations for Environmental Sociology,” *American Journal of Sociology* 105 (2): 366-405.

4 Foster, J.B., and Clark, B., (2010). “Marx's Ecology in the 21st Century,” *World Review of Political Economy*, pp. 142-156.

5 Schneider, M., & McMichael, P., (2010). “Deepening, and repairing, the metabolic rift,” *Journal of Peasant Studies*, 37: 3, 461-484.

6 Geertz, C., (1983). *Local knowledge: further essays in interpretive anthropology*. New York: Basic Books.

7 Haraway, D.J., (1991). *Simians, cyborgs, and women: the reinvention of nature*. New York: Routledge.



Figure 3. Katy with the INLAND–Campo Adentro flock

relations are mediated by value relations,” separating humans from practical knowledge of their local ecosystems.⁸ Epistemic rifts further hinder ecological futures as they rupture connections through the making of “irrelevant” knowledge through displacement and alienation of people from products.

Under the metabolic rift, Foster uses Marx’s “materialistic and metabolic approach” for studying the relationship between humans and nature to question how social order could be reworked to ensure that future generations can be sustained. Metabolism, for Marx, referred to the exchange of material between humans and nature with labor as the key vessel of metabolic interchange.⁹ Under capitalism, a system propelled by exponential growth, agricultural practice became more intensive and extractive in nature, simultaneously increasing pressure on, and ultimately depleting, the soil. Further, privatization of property defined new relationships between land and labor, which in conjunction with increased mechanization, decreased labor needs leading to an exodus of peasants (shepherds!) from the countryside.

Research Questions

- Why and how has the wool trade changed over time in Europe?
- Why is wool often regarded as a waste product in Europe now?
- When did wool become devalued? What social, political, economic, and environmental factors led to this shift?
- What have we lost as the wool processing trade has died out within Europe?
- What are the implications of losing wool processing for rural/ agricultural communities?
- What do we gain by reintroducing traditional wool processing in Europe?
- More broadly, this project asks big questions about value: How might considering the intersection of value and wool have bigger ramifications for our understanding of the metabolic rift and contemporary approaches to entanglement and de-alienation?

8 Schneider, M., & McMichael, P., (2010). “Deepening, and repairing, the metabolic rift,” *Journal of Peasant Studies*, 37: 3, 461-484.

9 Marx, K. (1981). *Capital*, Volume 3. New York: Vintage.

composting

*Grace Denis and Jens Strandberg,
with contributions from Inland Academy participants*

Compenere, the Latin origin of compost, consists of the morphemes *com*, signifying “with” or “together,” and *ponere* which translates as “to place.” Perceiving compost as the action of placing together, how can we imagine collective deposits as spaces of communal care, ones which simultaneously host spaces for loss or alleviation?

In the consideration of composting as an entropic and almost reverse form of archiving, which gathers and hosts matter – yet rather than preserving it, composting deteriorates it – a potent space for collective regeneration arises. Decomposition serves as an imperative transformation of leftover matter into fertile soil for burgeoning growth. The four phases of composting are measured by various stages of temperatures, starting with the initial *mesophilic phase* in which temperatures remain calibrated to that of the ambient environment. The second is the *thermophilic phase*, in which temperatures rise and decomposition begins. In the third, the *polymeric phase*, compositional transformations transpire, and finally, the *maturation phase* is kindred to curing or ripening.

For the moment, we will consider the time in the Inland Academy as a series of interrelated fluctuations in temperature. Our mesophilic phase, tepid and not yet pulsing, dwells kindred to the calibration to ambient temperatures and dormant hibernial environments, embodied by the act of getting acquainted and tingling exchanges – a moment of arrival, of effervescent encounter, of slight awkwardness. The second phase, the thermophilic, an unfurling thaw of winter, during which we became further enmeshed in one another. The nascent constellation of care, slowly heating up, marking the spring of our entanglement. The polymeric phase materialized in the summer months, unraveling the aforementioned compositional transformations, including moments in which we evaluated our structure, delving into heated moments of self-reflection, and bubbling ruminations upon our multidimensional assemblage. Do we currently reside in the maturation phase of our collective compost, ripening as a group towards some form of fermented matter rendered into a potent, yet tender, amalgam of elements?

The subsequent body of sentiments houses collectivized unwanted material, aiming to transform that which troubled, depressed, and disturbed into a metaphorical soil, as a modality of joyful rebellion. The collective list surveys all that might, or might not have been, included in the span of these past nine months together.

The Inland Academy participants were invited to transcribe elements, notions, or feelings related to the social and material excess from our time together. Things that did not fit, or got lost along the way. Materials include, but are not limited to, unrealized ideas, disappointments, satisfactions, breakups, breakdowns. The list reveals how our struggles unify us and are often collective. This compost of material reveals the leftovers that emerged from Inland Academy, as it is only when composted that we can turn it into fruitful soil.



Sleepless nights because of lack of money, sleepless nights because of child

Managing expectations

Approximately 84 rejected applications for the 20 that were successful. What if the rejected applications unified and began another Inland? They would outnumber us, turn the academy upside down, power is always in the not present

Time, particularly time spent waiting for people to arrive to meals and for them to start

The urban interpretation privilege went unconscious

Plannings, unplannings, replannings, working hard to make a schedule only to have it redone on spot, because of lack of institutional structures

Fascist tendencies during the pandemic

Longing for someone somewhere else

Losing the ability to complacently cope with logics of the city

Being scared

Navigating the lack of intersectionality in our practice together

Space-holding for self-satisfied white men

To be a ghost

"forgetting what it means "to be here"

Waiting to hear back from a dream job, probably won't get it. Waiting to hear from all applications for money, probably won't get it. Waiting for money to start a project. Waiting to become a parent. Waiting to start living. Waiting to start loving. Waiting to start waiting

Weeping over the phone, or alone in transit

Fuel, fuel crisis, climate collapse, energy crisis in me, traveling around the world did not make it better. I am a WE at an airport. There, listening to a friend explaining how they calculated that they need to plant 2649 trees to compensate for their environmental footprint for their flights. So far we had collectively planted five but I had also taken down fourteen. I/we need to plant, I/we need to stop, we need to...

A strange attraction that was not given space

Energy moving escaped animals back into pens and barns

Breakdowns with my family, almost breaking up, I need a break

Yearning for alternative proximities

Caring too much, while not being cared for

Trying to use the map function on my phone, but realizing that phones are not made for old European towns. Is my so-called "smart"-phone only made for cities? Why are we always meeting in European cities talking about European things? What was left behind?

Lack of nearness, lack of closeness, lack of distance

Fissuring of outdated relations

Food, soil and shit, things that passed through my body to be present in its immateriality. Toilets held their exhibition for short, before drenched with drinking water and collectively joining the pool of rejected materials

Unforeseen moral misalignments resulting in compromised safety

Border bureaucracy

Confronting institutional brutalities steeped in patriarchy

Falling out of love, wondering where the ember went

Navigating the idea of impossibility

Decomposting myself. Recomposting my anger.

watering

Say PA-PA, now say PEZ

Mariana Murcia

Andean, rhizomatic, subterranean, solanaceous, firm, equatorial, constituent, structural, continental, substantial, earthy, ancestral, resistant, starchy, ferrous, diuretic.

This is how we can describe one and two hundred varieties of potatoes. This seed, which is seed and fruit at the same time, is one of the oldest goods that humans, by imitating animals, learn how to pick, cultivate, and eat. For centuries these tubercles nurtured and shaped the constituency of communities living across the vast and high Andean region, all the way down to the low maritime shores in the Caribbean sea. Rich in minerals and energy, the potato crossed the Atlantic to sprout in the lands of those who claimed its own, and expanded throughout the earth's soil to be unearthed from the underground like fish from the underwater.

In my studio I have a colorful poster that depicts one hundred eighty-one kinds of tropical fish, and now that I'm writing next to it, about potatoes, I can't stop seeing them as heterogeneous, stone-like, round and colorful potatoes. At first impression you wouldn't think that fish and potatoes have much

in common, but the more I stare at the fish in the poster, out of the water, the more I taste potatoes in my mouth.

I am wondering, with poetic license, would it be fair to call potatoes the fish of the underground?

The history of potatoes and their world expansion meets the history of agriculture, land engineering, and global trade to the present, and even to the imaginaries and projections of human survival in outer space. Fish, as water-dwelling organisms, are also an intriguing and rich source of knowledge and sentience in the light of the same issues, from the fact of carrying with them inanimate and living ancestral DNA, to, in many cases, becoming species with human-made waste materials.

Like potatoes sunken in the ground, fish are not ruled by horizontal or coordinated movement (up, down, left right), they rather experience volumetric motion underwater. You might think this is a questionable affirmation, but think about it. When you leave your potatoes in the forgotten corner of your pantry, stalks like roots start growing in every direction. If you put them in soil, the stems of the plant look for the light and grow vertically, against gravity, while the seeds, which are the tubers, are a rhizome exploding quietly underground. When purple flowers open on top, the potatoes are ready to fish out.

There are more than four thousand varieties of potatoes existing. Many would say that our habits have reduced them to a few hundred and counting, like fish; but a good friend, who grew up in one of the high plateaus where the *papas* are from, told me that once a wise woman told him that neither animals nor potatoes become extinct, they just hide in other worlds and wait for the right time to sprout back.

Are ancient fish coming back to the surface, where they left an ocean before, in the fossil-shape of potatoes?

Each of these potatoes is the sea
A coral reef
A huge rock
The earth

A constellation
A meteorite
The milky starchy way

Shooting stars pass them by
Beams of light
Clouds
The moon

They are walking heads
Together they are underground
woods
Fungi webs
Grazing sites

Rocky mountains
Planets

Each one different from the other
In each one, the whole universe.

What would we eat if we could eat one of these fish potatoes?

One which lives only in high mountain plateaus and sprouts out of cold and cloudy waters.

We would eat a long long long long story, made out of millions of years, of tectonic movements and river divisions.

We would eat a recipe that is about to run out of its main ingredients.

We would eat something that has yet to be made.

We would eat a compromise, we would eat a responsibility.

We would eat all the rivers and lagoons of the savannah, and we would know that they are alive, that if we have not eaten them yet, it is because we don't know them.

We would eat the invasions, the most delicate bites, incorporating their resilience, elasticity and abundance, to be part of the soil, hide underground and purr together to stir the water.

germinating

Germinating Community: Sprouting Reproductive Bodies

Cross-pollinated by Jessie Breslau and Grace Denis

I. Dormancy: Rest as Resistance

Beyond the realm of rest, lies extreme rest, radical rest, even dormancy. This extremity holds space to unfurl inwards. Before we can talk about what dormancy is, we have to be clear about what it is not; it is not a space to wither into solitude, yet rather a space to incubate new forms. The act of being dormant should not imply isolation or hedging, but instead, propose a period of introspection. It is not a void or a place to hide – we must not retreat, as in the echo of the word as a verb, which denotes to coil into oneself, as if in pursuit of protection, rather we must embody the notion of retreat in its form as a noun to foster spaces of introspective nurturing. In the fluctuations between rest and activity lies the necessity of withering to cultivate the space for potential blossoming. Dormancy exists not only as a space for regeneration, but simultaneously as a fertile plane to facilitate the incubation of new forms. This season is necessary to re-plenish, re-grow, and re-build existing and future communities. It is a time that fosters internal untanglings, both relating to the self and self-growth, and as it connects to one's greater community. Such re-newal does not incite an entire re-configuration; it is not an invitation to cut ties, rather, it is intended to encourage one to re-visit what is already familiar, to re-fresh old perspectives through rest and reflection.

II. Rupture of Rest: Seasons of Sociability

In consideration of the rupture of rest, what catalyses the moment of traversing beyond the cocoon of dormancy? Seasonality offers a lens to consider these fluctuations, as we oscillate between seasons of dormancy and seasons of sociability. For some, these seasons are in calibration with meteorological seasons, with shifting temperatures as a potential indication of when to fluctuate between inward and outward. These seasons, regardless of geographical location, are also internal; we all have seasons of sociability and seasons of dormancy, feel them as they come – some are longer than others, some come early, and others never seem to arrive some years. Sometimes, we are mistaken, just as the

Dutch pear trees that bloomed in November. We believe that we are done resting and misstep toward extroversion, and we are gently, sometimes brutally, reminded that it is not our time just yet. And, when our spring finally comes, as it always does, we know it not just because we feel it, but because we are received by it.

III. Imbibition of Water: Cross-pollination of Bodies

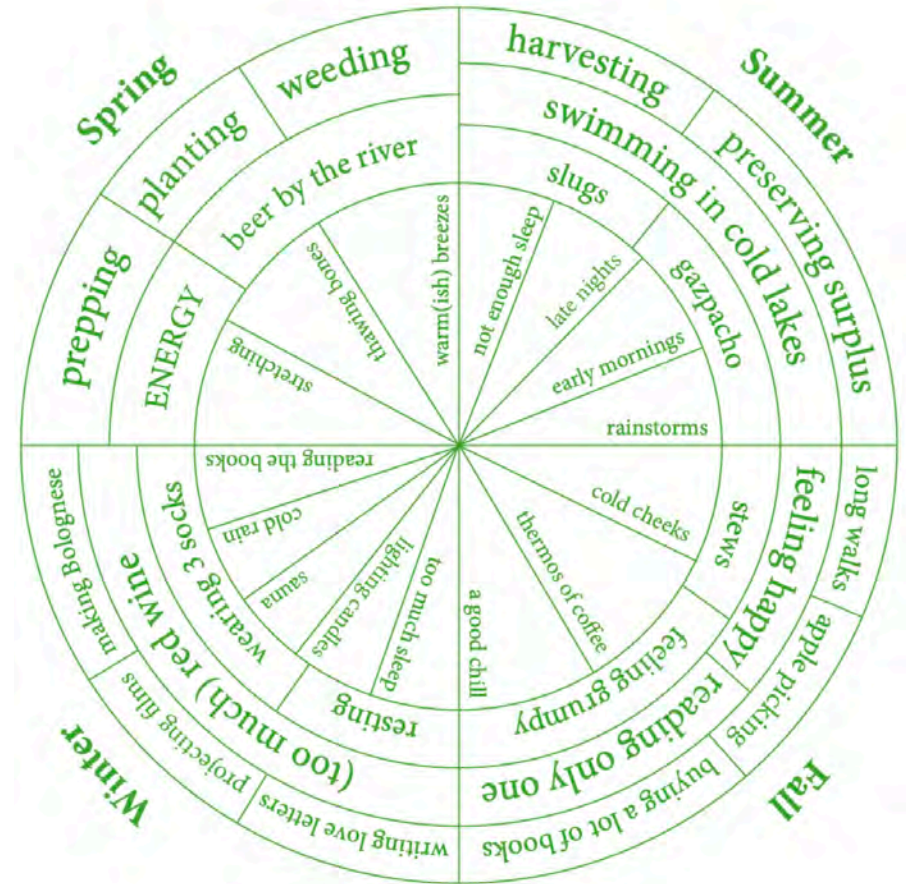
As we are received by, albeit at times pushed into, spring, we rely heavily on communication, both in the domain of the verbal and non-verbal. In order to germinate, we must cross-pollinate, an act that requires the input of others. These interactions are ones that reside beyond our control, yet our time in dormancy allows us to calibrate to the potentiality of these spontaneous collisions. In this vein, might we consider communication as a form of cross-pollination? Communication viewed in this lens becomes an imperative step towards germinating, sprouting, and blooming, just as with pollination. Perhaps the imbibition of water, an increase of volume coupled with an increase of capacity, could be considered as a methodology to nourish intimacy – a gentle means for absorption and simultaneous expansion. Rehydration could thus be viewed as a modality to re-enter, or re-acquaint, with social realms after periods of intentional social dehydration, imposed or rather suggested by the soft dormancy of rest. Our bodies and minds depend on external hydration for survival, relying on others for our own growth and nourishment. Just as we rely on others for our survival, they also rely on us; in cross-pollinating we allow ourselves to re-hydrate others and for others to re-hydrate us, collaboratively sustaining one another, thriving, procreating, creating. Through this synergistic exchange, we foster spaces of symbiosis and collaboration that cultivate the harmonious, synergistic growth necessary for our survival.

IV. Increased Metabolic Activity: Swelling of the Heart

As we allow ourselves to hydrate and be hydrated, could the ensuing swelling of cells potentially coincide with an emotional swelling of the heart? Do these exchanges and interactions, generated in the process of perpetual metabolization, afford us spaces to cultivate relational growth? The increase of metabolic activity at the cellular level ignites dimensions that cater to our affections through tending to emotional needs, resulting in the literal and metaphorical swelling of our hearts.

This multidimensional growth evolves our relationships with ourselves and others – our hearts extending to the communities that encouraged its initial expansion. This swelling germinates the spaces in between – the node from which a speculative bloom can sprout, or the tender junctures at which a yet-to-be community blossoms.

Seasons of Sociability



rooting

Katy Dammers

We were seated around a table in a social center in Naples that was generously sharing their kitchen and open-air courtyard with us for the night in exchange for a shared meal. The conversation drifted to a discussion of roots as we ate a hearty pasta and salad. Almost all of us gathered in the Inland Academy are living in second or third countries from our birthplace and are seeking ways to be rooted. For some people, being rooted means digging their hands into the dirt to pull up potatoes, while for others it means returning to a homeland and building a community structure to hold legacy. I wondered aloud if one could put down roots, or if roots needed to be traced. I had similar questions about community – is community something you can seek, or is it something you build over time? One friend noted that roots change – they respond and shift around obstacles and can continue to grow back even when they are cut. Roots may hold you down, but they aren't static. Another friend wondered how our ideas of rootedness will transform as the climate crisis accelerates and the land beneath us shifts. Is it possible to be rooted to something that changes?

I wonder if roots are something we need to reckon with, or if they are something we can cut off and craft anew. As a White woman born in the United States, I struggle with the roots I have to conservative family – people who own guns and support homophobic religious communities. These are roots I often try to ignore, even as I'm uneasy with this choice – as this ability to choose and to choose ignorance is itself a privilege of Whiteness. As a White person, I'm often encouraged to talk to my people – my relatives, my community, other White folks – and bring them along. That accountability is important and something I can't shirk, even when I find it uncomfortable. At the same time, I strongly support queer and feminist ethics that prize an expansive understanding of family through kinship, rather than bloodlines. Rejecting relationships that are harmful and instead crafting families based on care and shared values centers an idea of roots liberating, rather than binding. When I think of roots I'm also reminded of my baptism. Each baptism in my church was marked with a child's name sewn on a green felt leaf, which was added to a tapestry that hung on the church wall, knitting together the children of the church in a large church family tree. Do you need to be accountable to your roots? Or can you leave them behind and grow others?



There have been times in my life when I have yearned to be rooted, and to have a clear sense of connection to home, community, and land. I once lived with a friend who spoke so lovingly of her mountains, a series of peaks she knew and loved in Colorado. This close identity with land was confusing, even mystical, to me. She was so clearly rooted in her birthplace, and spoke about the mountains as if they were a sister or mother she loved. In the past two years of increasing precarity, it has been a privilege for me to not be rooted, giving me the freedom to quickly move without remorse or much fuss. At the same time, this flexibility has also left me feeling adrift. Pivoting from one living space to another, I no longer have a permanent address, much less a deep sense of connection to a piece of land. I have some feelings of longing for places in the world, which can easily shade into nostalgia or hope, but they are tentative and searching. When it comes to land, I also wonder about the relationship between rootedness and ownership or legacy. Can I be rooted to land that is not my own, acknowledging the violent legacies of settler colonialism and genocide in the United States of America? Maybe there is a distinction between rootedness as ownership and rootedness as stewardship. What land could I be in relationship with as its partner? Perhaps roots are collaboration, rather than dominion.

I often want my body to be a sprout that is rooted in fertile ground, whether that's literally in a landscape or amongst a community or a family structure. My body itself has roots roped through it: in the articulation of my head, the curve of my thigh muscles, and the focus of my eyes. My body has been expertly shaped and trained through countless dance classes by a lineage of teachers. I can trace the dance techniques I've studied – ballet, modern, contemporary – through their progenitors – Cecchetti, Vagonova, Graham, Humphrey, Brown, Cunningham – and their generations of students who then became my teachers – Valery, Stephanie, Sandy, Vicki, Silas. These traditions have been passed down over years through bodies, and each teacher leaves their unique imprint on a series of steps and methods. When I move I feel each of their bodies combining inside of me, another unique and specific intersection.

When I say I'm searching for my roots perhaps it's less of tracing back to a genesis and more of a stretching out. Or, maybe it's both. In dance my teachers always told me to think down if I wanted to propel my leg up in a battement, or brushed kick. By thinking down, I activated my core strength and solidified my foundation, which gave my moving leg an equal and opposite force to push off against – allowing it to move more freely and higher. Perhaps there's a way I can honor my roots – through blood, land,

and body – and in having that solidity I can also stretch and build new roots too.

Increasingly I'm thinking of roots less as foundational ties, and more as vectors. Scientists have come to find (and Indigenous peoples have known for eons) that trees use roots as means of communication and ways of funneling resources, rather than solely means of holding up their trunk structure. Maybe instead of being anchors, roots can be connections and relationships that intersect, adjust, and mutually support each other.

foraging

Nahla Tabbaa

This is a collection of anecdotal information on how to forage no matter where you are, or what your resources might be. Not all fertile lands are accessible, nor can we afford the time and stamina to seek and pensively search for materials outside our consumerist structures. Not all lands reveal their medicine and nutrition straight away. They require first and second rains, import deals with countries, and a monocrop investment.

Presented here are a series of foraging instructions that intend to demystify, unromanticize and embrace the macro, micro, and imaginary acts of foraging.



Nahla Tabbaa

In Dubai, one seldom keeps plants alive. And yet, we line our cars with protective sheets, and head over to Plant City, which is between International City (Chinatown) and DragonMart. Bring cash. Roll down your car window for the first few nurseries. Ask them what is in season? Moringa? Za'atar? Jarjeer? Bypass the overpriced olive trees that have been problematically uprooted and plonked in the middle of this blazing desert. Ask for trees and edible plants that can take direct sunlight and the scarcity mentality of your bachelor life. Look for any sign of mealy bugs. Rub the leaves in your hands until they stain, and then inhale. Although the trees bearing fruits are tempting, it's the ones on the verge of blossoming that are the homeruns.

Buy your pot and potting soil then and there. An add-on service will be to pot your plants in their new soil – unless, did you want to feel the tactility of the earth between your palms? It's alright if you don't, or have forgotten how.

If weeks have passed and your rosemary, thyme, mint, jarjeer, and tulsi are still thriving. Pluck the leaves and place them in a blender with olive oil, sea salt, yoghurt, and condensed milk or honey. Pour into a container and freeze. Alternatively, you can use an ice cream maker and follow a traditional custard base. To serve, squeeze the juice of a lemon and lime, and combine with the same herbs chopped very finely and a swig of olive oil. Drizzle on top of a scoop of ice cream. It will taste and smell like the leaf between your palm and the soil you didn't want to touch.

Katy Dammers

I love to forage for beauty and ideas on the train or subway. In these places of transit and rush, there is often an unspoken agreement to keep one's eyes down, as if to create a silent, private bubble in what can be a crowded and bustling space. Respecting solitude, I'm curious about what visual connection and curiosity might be possible, and how connection can occur across unspoken, energetic wavelengths.

This act of looking, rather than falling into the portal of a phone or between the pages of a book, is a good reminder, for me, to be present amidst movement. Developing awareness of existence and relationships in the in-between helps me think about attunement as a constant act, rather than something that I turn on upon arrival. Cultivating this kind of activity reminds me that the everyday and seeming slogs of life can be filled with possibility too.

I invite you to take in your surroundings and fellow travelers next time you're in transit. Here are some games, as I call them, that I play on the train:

Go through each person and identify something about them that's beautiful. Maybe it's their sparkly, light-up shoes, their neatly woven tie, or the intricate weave of their hair. Send them a silent compliment, and imagine the train filling up with chat bubbles filled with kind affirmations.

Look across the train and notice parallels and perpendiculars. Are multiple people wearing the same color? Sitting in a similar position? Look again and notice where things or people intersect. Along what axis are people, dogs, or bags crossing each other? What are the vectors of energy, and where do they get stuck? Imagine rearranging these factors to create a new choreography – what might be more comfortable, more interesting? Or, marvel at the unexpected congruities of strangers.

Jens Strandberg

Every August through to September, my family and I spend a few weeks stocking up on berries from the forests around us. We normally pick a hefty amount of blueberries, lingonberries – enough to last a year. The raspberries and cloudberries are exhausting to pick, therefore our haul only lasts a few months. To pick these berries, you need a berry picker, your hands, and your mouth.

Look out for animals and especially the bears – you do not want to cross paths with a foraging bear. The berry shrubs sitting under the sun indicate that they will ripen earlier – so look out for them.

We make jam with the majority. Jams that we either freeze or refrigerate. My child prefers fresh berries so we also freeze blueberries for them.

Hannes Norr

I forage for the yarrow-plant (*Achillea millefolium*). I believe in the healing properties of plants. It transforms into an anti-inflammatory tea which contains azulene and chamazulene.

You only need your hands and your eyes to spot a basket-flowered plant, with masses of small white flowers. The leaves are very lobed. Almost like dill I would say. The scent is hard to place, very strong. It reminds me a

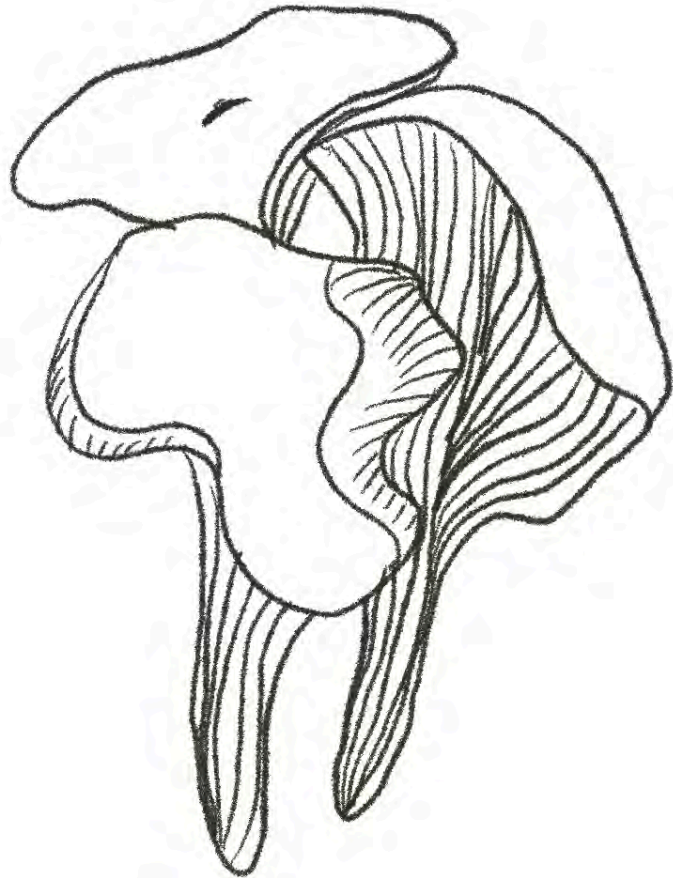


Choose one person and imagine their life. Maybe they've dozed off because it was a hard day at work, or because they stayed up late at a rave the night before. What is their deepest dream, the one they can barely articulate to themselves? Send them a silent sentence of encouragement.

Katy Dammers

little of the carrot. The stems are difficult to break. It tastes a little bitter, but not when you extract substances in the form of tea.

It grows everywhere in Sweden. Just pick a handful and boil it for a couple of minutes. Preferably together with other plants such as raspberry leaves, Moroccan mint, lemon balm, and a little honey and lemon.



Grace Denis

During the month of August in Mexico, there exists an abundance of mushrooms, to the extent that the month is aptly nicknamed “hongosto,” a portmanteau of the month *agosto* and *hongo*, the word for mushroom. This period comes at the tail end of the rainy season, during the last month of summer’s torrential rains that slowly trickle out to welcome drier autumnal days.

To forage for mushrooms, all you truly need is some sort of vessel to host the collection, ideally a basket or some other horizontal receptacle in order to let them lay on a plane, rather than stacked upon one another in a gravitational pull. A small knife might be helpful, although I prefer to gently untangle the damp matter from the moist earth with my fingers, delicately combing through the points of separation.

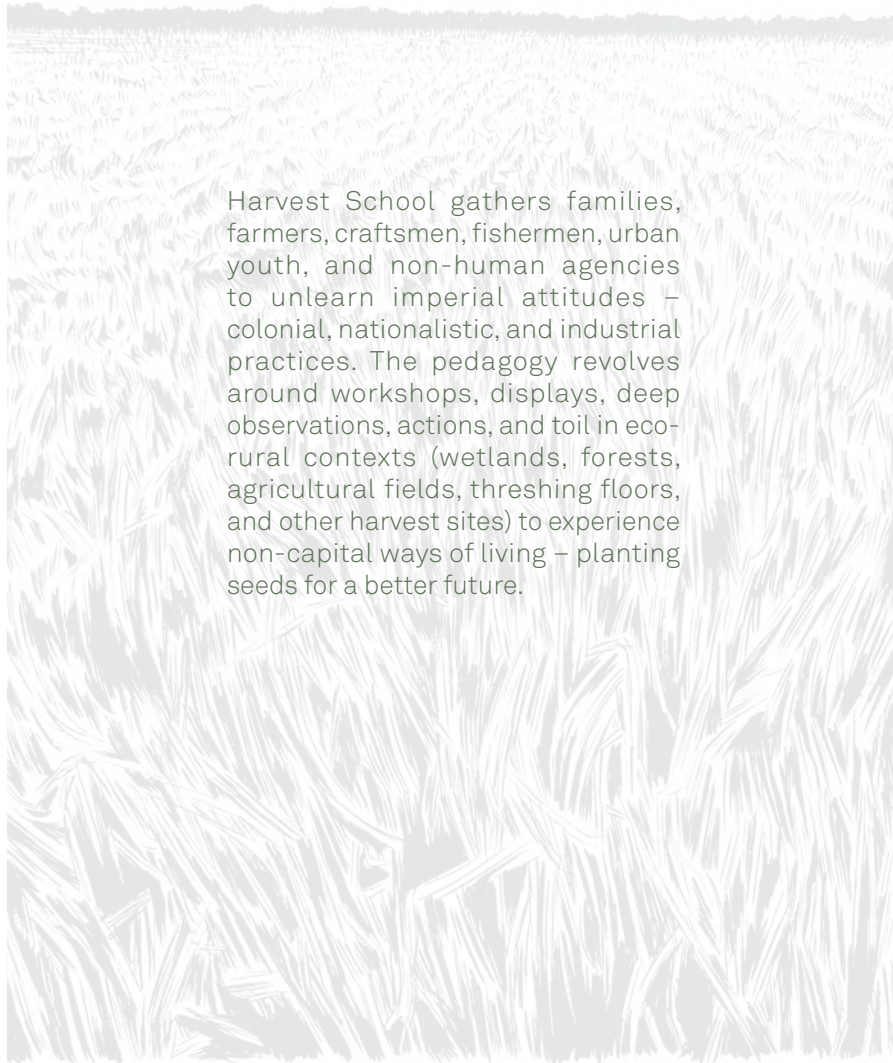
Pay heed to the mushrooms with the brightest colours, these are usually some sort of potent exclamation by nature that they might contain elements that are not comestible to humans. Rather, embrace the shapes you know; morillas, duraznillos, pambazos, and any other familiar faces. In foraging for mushrooms, we are reminded of the capacity of fungi – medicinal, edible, and at times, poisonous.

Gathering mushrooms can be a humbling encounter, one that romances perpetual inquiry – in Mexico there are over 300 species of wild mushrooms. Contemplate humidity through each interaction, imagining the breadth of moisture that accumulates to render visible these enigmatic forms. Ruminant upon spores, asking yourself how you might spread if you were to reside amidst the coniferous. Consider the vast expanse of biodiversity, nestled into verdancy, remembering to thank each one you cross paths with. Indulge in the petrichor, inhaling the forest’s ubiquitous perfume.

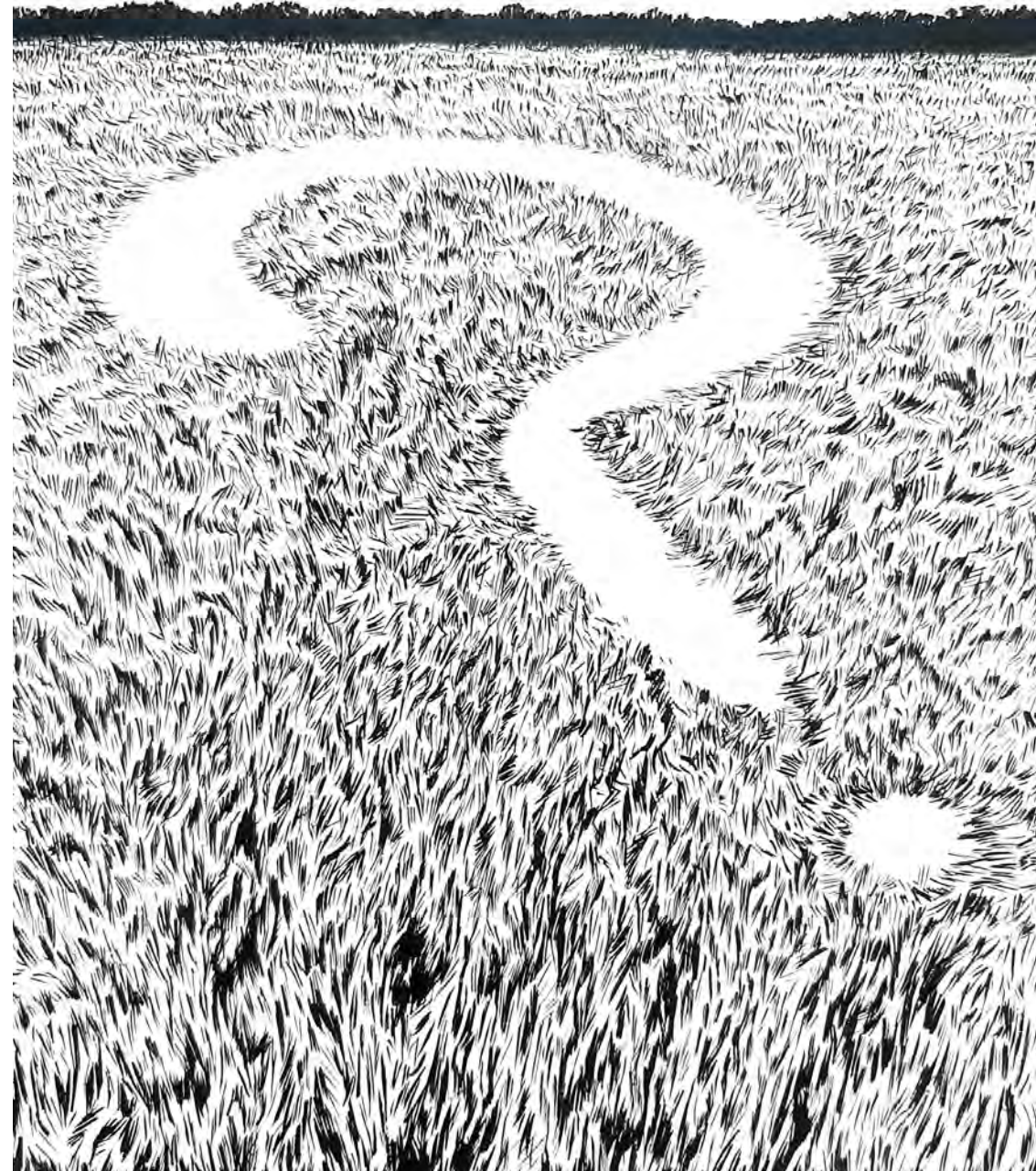


harvesting

Dharmendra Prasad



Harvest School gathers families, farmers, craftsmen, fishermen, urban youth, and non-human agencies to unlearn imperial attitudes – colonial, nationalistic, and industrial practices. The pedagogy revolves around workshops, displays, deep observations, actions, and toil in eco-rural contexts (wetlands, forests, agricultural fields, threshing floors, and other harvest sites) to experience non-capital ways of living – planting seeds for a better future.





Harvest philosophy

"observing the happenings of eco-systems, structures of Mango Garden, worldviews from land and relationship."

"look at performative energies of agrarian tool's as tool's of care, rather than tool's of extractive psyche."

"Learning from Season's, species and non extractive experiences to device and enrich Harvest philosophy."

"Locating non-extractive practices and practices of care from agrarian."

"Mapping the relationships between human innocence and materials to Harvest Contemplation and care."

↓

How insects work's and behaves with each other?
How to dig into emotional and psychic landscape of other species?
How to the land as personality who cares?
see

↓

"Harvest School/Harvest philosophy place itself in this situation, and attempts to generate engagements that intensify this act of making and thinking for empathy and care." further leading up to the imagination of non-extractive pedagogy and ecological economy.

"expansion of Harvest philosophy from the last mango tree of Nadaon Village."

one of the last
Mango tree in
Nadaam Village

A Sound piece on the
Utterances and Conversations
between farmers and oxen
in ploughing process

A tree is a
habitate of ghost
spirits

Fodder of
Visions and
Care

Biography of a dead Malayida tree
in the form of a pillar book

old age
Book

Blank
Harvest
Books

a rainbow turns into rains

Mango
recipes

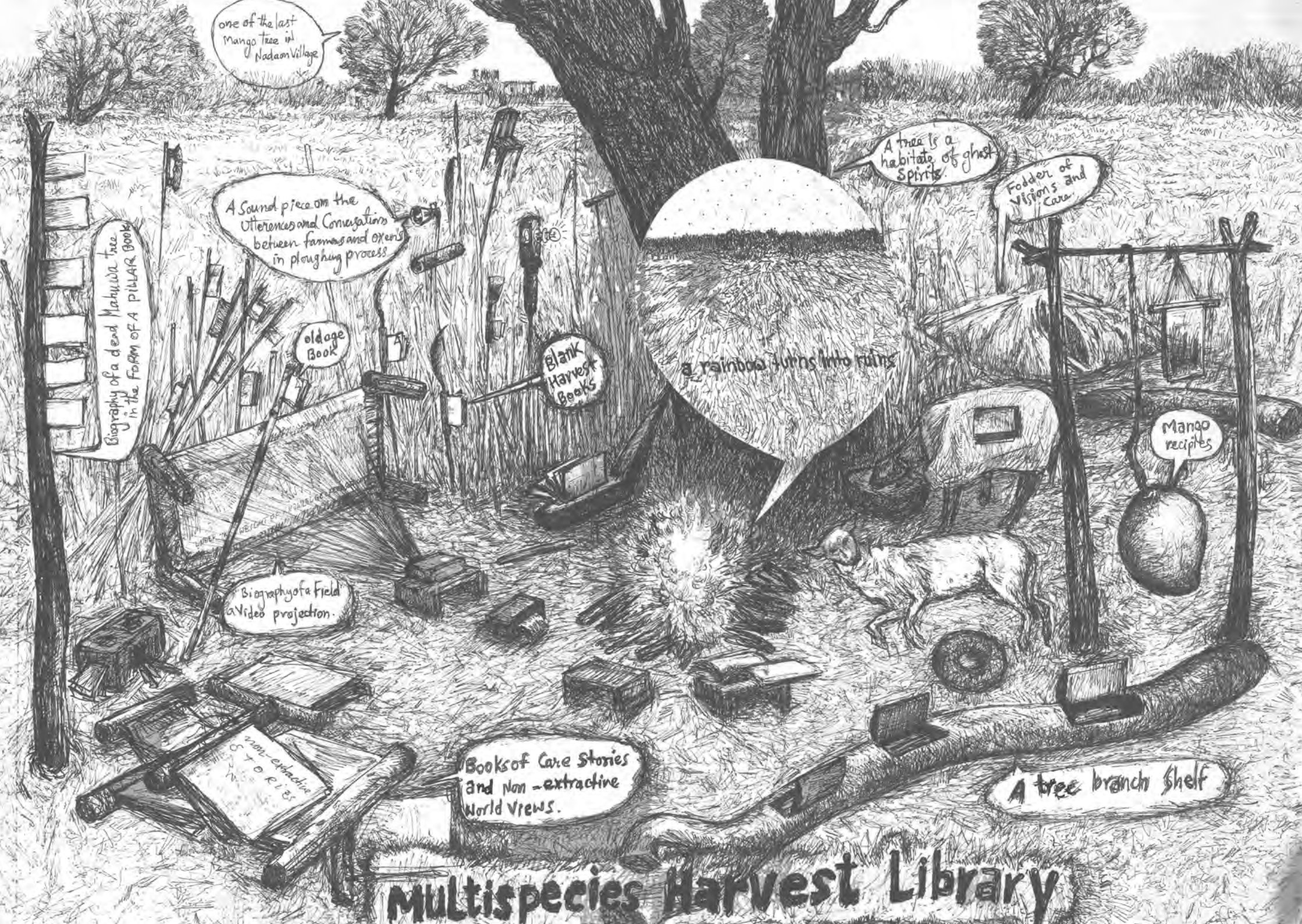
Biography of a Field
a Video projection

non-extractive
stories

Books of Care Stories
and Non-extractive
World Views.

A tree branch Shelf

Multispecies Harvest Library





Explore Farmers that challenge Hierarchical Structures of Production and Presentation of Knowledge

Indigenous Questioning and Opposing Euro-Capital-Centric and dominant narratives

EXPERIMENTATION.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL AGENCY OF NATURE.

NON-EXTRACTIVIST PERSPECTIVES.

COLLABORATION.

COSMOVISIONS ON LAND.

ENTANGLED FUTURES EXCHANGE.

LAND RIGHTS

CLIMATE JUSTICE.

WORLD VIEWS.

and opposing Euro-Capital-Centric and dominant narratives.

old Farmer's and their Life Long practices of Non extractive Farming.

old Farming Technique's

Language between Farmers and Oxen's.

cast hierarchies.

Mango Gardens

stories of Land conflict's.

patriarchy and Land holding.

colonial hangover

extractive practice in farming and Community Life.

practice of dowry system.

unequal Land holding and cast violence.

Population Exploitation.

extractive pedagogy.

Harvest school (philosophy).

POLARITY BASED DRAWING between the "cosmovisions on Land and Entangled Futures" vs Rural Bhojpuri Context to practice Harvest philosophy through "multispecies Harvest Library."

threshing

Jean Ni

I want to get closer to the stuff
of living.

To exist with habitual intention.
To do it with my own hands.
Separate the flaking skin
from the tender interior,
with a flailing, revolving thump
upon stone.

Form intimacy with alchemy but
also peel those layers that form
opaque membranes,
between my body and the soil,
that sever my consciousness from
the realities of life-coercing and
death-making.

An ongoing churn of complex and
inconsistent desires.
I feel the distance and thickness
in certain aspects of my life that I
need to make thin, shed,
evaporate so that I can touch with
more immediacy.

I am impatient.
For all my senses to consume and
embody those processes that
enable daily living.

To design a life.

The city has become unfamiliar,
with its many mouths that are
hungry for manufactured urgency.



Mortar between stones
feels comical.
Large expanses of facade make me
anxious.

I desire dimmer lights.
Fewer things. Less stuff.
More of
lively plant matter,
rocks in their habitual form,
waterbodies flowing and changing
as they desire.
More sky. More moon. More horizon.
More raw knowing.

Permission to focus on the joys of
friend-making,
finding and renewing old tools,
eating as (instead of? apart from?)
art practice,
maintenance, mending,
and generosity.
Refusal to sensationalize or
legitimize my doings.

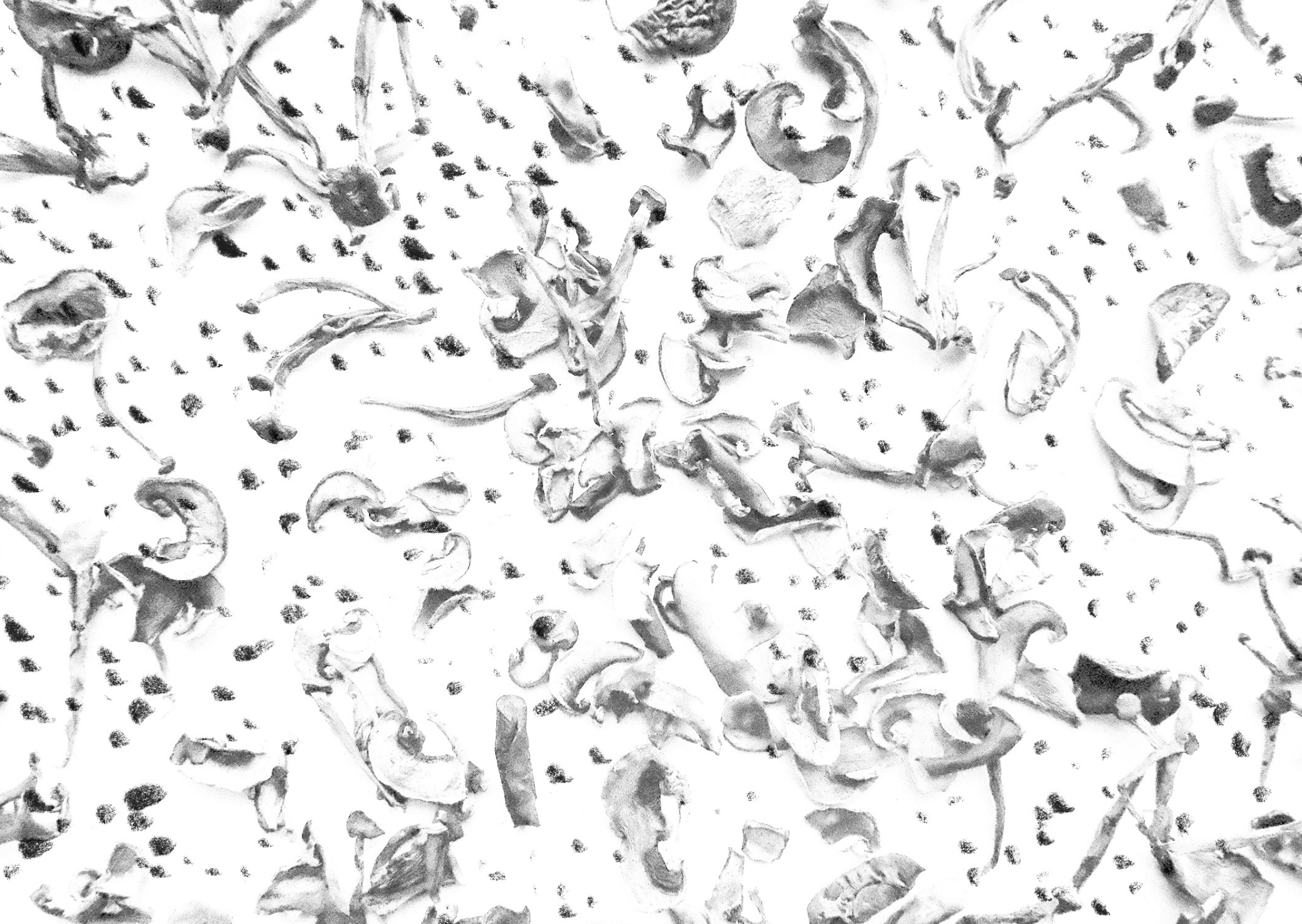
Am I romanticizing a false sense of
possibility in a present rurality?
Just visiting?
Unraveling and rebuilding?

Where do I land.
Or has it already begun,
a condition of living
experimentation,
ritual release,
the uncovering of a precious seed.



^ *Gumno* – remnants of a stone threshing floor that we passed through daily while moving between base camp and the abandoned village of Petrebišća. Photo taken during a summer dry stone walling workshop in Učka Mountain, Croatia.

< *Ventulare* – traditional method of collaborating with the wind to shell chickpeas in Semèstene, Sardinia. Photo taken as we danced together on bags filled with dry seeds to loosen the hulls before pounding with a wooden mallet, then pouring between baskets – passing time with while learning from beloved elders.



preserving

Nahla Tabbaa

When the sea sobs and weeps, she creates waves so high that you can swim and even drown in them. But, eventually, her tears dry up. What is left is a residual crystal. Salt.

It sounds like something you would not want to ingest. Why would you want to eat a thousand tears? Somehow, despite the memories of grief they hold, everything tastes better with salt.

When you eat these salty tears of sadness, everything in your body and in your food rises up to meet and welcome this sadness, the tears allow small doses of melancholy to combine with all of the other emotional doses pouring into your mouth from herbs, fruits, and meats.

To combine the sea tears with other flavors, however, induces a whole other alchemical reaction. Grief and melancholy are met with grounding, joy, and reclamation.

To make this flavored salt you must consider why you require these antidotes.

To combine the flavors you will need:

- A blender or a pestle and mortar
- Sea salt
- A jar
- Your choice of dried herbs, fruits, vegetables, spices

Blend and store in a jar.

Below are possible combinations and what they can do for you:

Seasalt with Coffee and Hibiscus

The chocolate flavor of the coffee beans will remind you of the earth and the soil, and the grounding you desperately need.

The piercing tartness of the hibiscus will remind you of welcoming unexpected surprises that lead to joy.

Together, these three players are great on a steak, a Chilli Con Carne, or a Tiramisu.

Seasalt with Chilli and Rosebuds

The chilli and rosebuds are here to remind you to embrace the divine feminine. The chilli is unapologetic, bold, defiant; and the rosebuds are soft, fragrant, graceful, and delicate – together they support and remind each other of their powers.

This duality will be so pungent in aroma as well, working so well as a salt rim of a margarita, sprinkled on top of vanilla ice cream or a yogurt dish.

Seasalt with Many Mushrooms

Not only does this bring a potent, umami flavor, but mushrooms are here to honor the departed. After all, they grow in places of decay, in compost, after storms.

Umami is a flavor hard to define, the way of feeling the presence of the departed cannot be described.

Together, this combination is great in popcorn, risotto, and chicken.

living

Hadriana Casla and Katy Dammers

CYCLES is a game, an experiment, a system and a mirror that could contain all the different layers of your life.

An exercise to visualize the different connections and experiences that form you, while being connected with the present moment.

Where am I? What are the ingredients that I can use in the present to walk into the future?

Consider how we all play with similar ingredients. It could help us

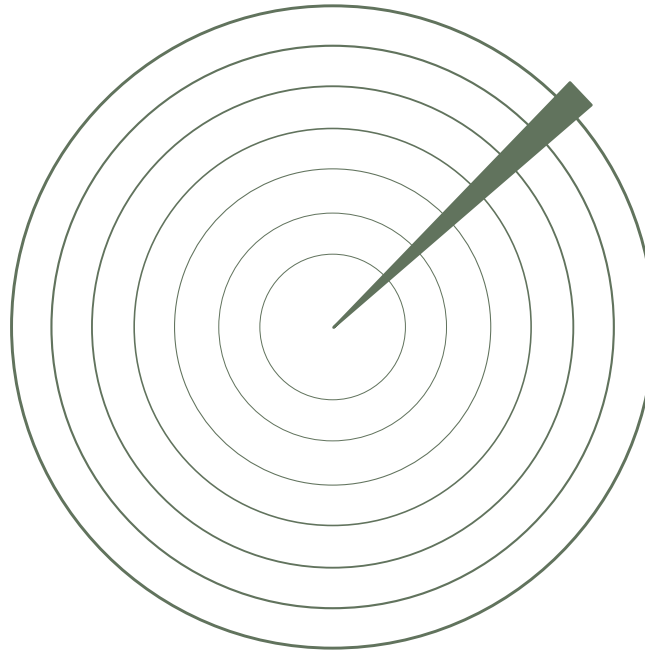
understand that we are all connected by similar cycles.

LAYERS OF CYCLE

This cycle model is formed by:

- Life stages (0-7, 7-14, 21-28...)
- Seasons (autumn, winter, spring, summer)
- Moon phases
- Activities related to the land
- Living space: city / countryside / suburb
- Living conditions: solitude / community / partner
- Embodiment: health / sickness, connected with your body, disconnected

We encourage you to draw your own diagram like the series of concentric circles here.



HOW DO WE PLAY?

Ask yourself if the actual cycles contain significant information. If not, you can create new cycles that will be added to the system. But please, do not remove any, because they are there as part of your path.

Turn the circles to align the segment that matches your present moment into the triangular section.

Be conscious and reflect on your actual situation with its possibilities and difficulties. How are cycles interacting and intersecting? What cycles feel more dominant than others?

Translate your conclusions, possible paths, reflections and intuitions in a personal diary.

How do we attend to what's approaching?

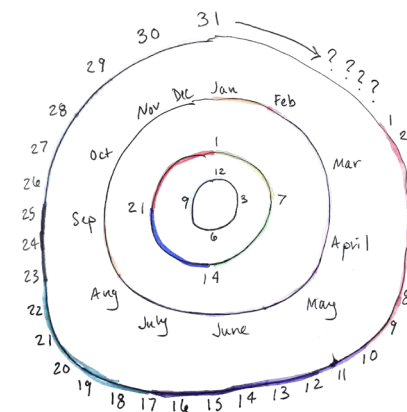
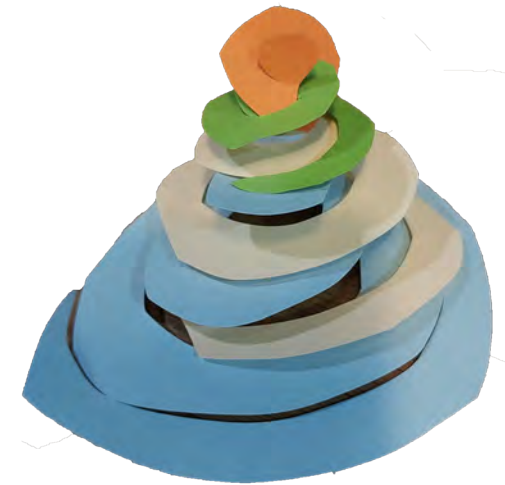
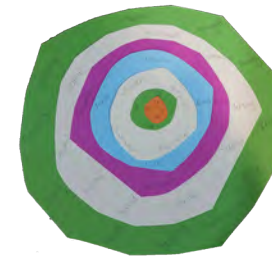
Katy Dammers

As children we often played games that imagined our futures. I remember singing the popular nursery rhyme about two people K-I-S-S-I-N-G in a tree and its refrain, "first comes love, then comes marriage, then comes the baby in the baby carriage." It was all a seemingly simple process. Similar was the heteronormative, patriarchal boardgame *The Game of Life* – complete with a linear trajectory from marriage to two and a half kids to a mansion and high-powered job. Rolling the dice moved each race-car game piece, skipping ahead of others or slowly plodding ahead. In high school we then played M-A-S-H (Mansion, Apartment, Shack, House), where at least we could choose some of the various options for our job, partner, pet, car, and other categories. Chance once again played a role in the final outcome, along with the whims of other folks gathered at the sleepover who suggested potential options for each grouping. In all of these games life was presented as a timeline – a single, straight, pre-determined pathway to follow.

As I got older, I started thinking more about seasons. After a tragedy that felt like the worst roll of dice ever, I clung to the scripture that "for every time there is a season... a time to be born and a time to die. A time to plant and a time to harvest." I started looking for markers that time was round as reminders that what was difficult would ultimately end, and that the sun would rise each morning. This rhythm was comforting, and inspired some hope that there would be balance.

In this past year together we've often thought of cycles. Some are systems we're in relationship with gladly – particularly as they relate to the land, to the celestial, and to our bodies – and others are ones that we feel yoked to unnaturally that we want to break out of – sequences of capitalism, terror, overworking, and pain. Many of us are also at a time in our lives – in large part because of our participation in Inland Academy, which has unlocked new confidence, camaraderie, and open thinking – where we're seeking to move out of cycles that have become miasmas, and to instead start to align ourselves in greater harmony. We're curious about how we might chart our cycles as we envision a different future, and do so in a way that resists the uncompromising pathways so often envisioned by society. As we started to map these cycles we found that they at times moved from cycles into cyclones... showing how we are entangled in many intersecting orbits and relationships. It's our hope that in creating this kind of cycle mapping we might not plot out certainty, but instead be

reminded about the ever-moving, ever-changing nature of our lives. There is some sadness in this, as the cycles of sowing and harvesting change as climate catastrophe worsens, and there is some joy in realignment, as we transition into new parts of life and envision new relationships.



Decision making

Hadriana Casla

There are times when significant signs are everywhere; they are in the flock of birds flying all together to the south, in the salt that slipped through your fingers while cooking pasta, hidden in the horoscope, in the next full moon, or in the bus you missed the other day.

When I feel insecure I wait for the night, and for the images that will come. If the dream is strange enough I would google it, in search of meaning, or I will save it inside of my memories, as a valuable source for answers and guidance.

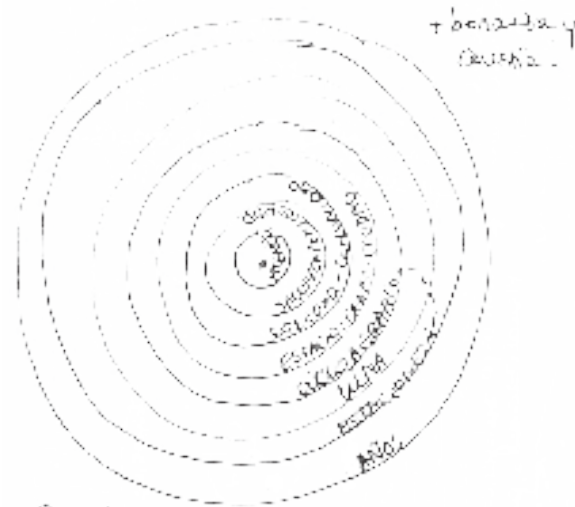
The other night I dreamt I was on an open bus looking up at the sky. We were moving through the city, and I was looking at all the details of the buildings around us. At the end, the bus dropped us in a field with a greenhouse that was almost empty. Outside, there was a lake and a huge plant with red flowers that was swelling with water and gushing like a fountain.

When I am unsure of my decisions, I try to open my senses, seeking reassurances. This openness becomes like a game that gives me time to reflect on past experiences, present moments, and future desires.

Awareness is hard, it needs practice and listening skills, but for me, it is also related to the ability to be more playful with my life path, because sometimes lightening decisions can be useful.

In the end, and after gaining some perspective, all these naïve signals may in fact support your inner flow, encouraging the decisions you really want to make.

After this introduction, we would like to present a simple game, designed as a system and a mirror to help us visualize the different layers of our lives, and the forces that interact with us. A tool to make us aware of the ingredients we have in the present moment to walk towards the future. Starting from some common background we all share, such as seasons, weather, or moon phases, to other circles that will have to be filled in with meaningful information of the person who is playing.



Queda con 7 niveles informativos: que te dan ciertas claves objetivas.

Los anillos de tu ciclo seguramente se vanen a lo largo de tu vida. Son los ingredientes que ayudan a tomar decisiones y visualizar.

Ciclo Contiene la vida en niveles y capas para



visibilizar las conexiones y la experiencia que nos conforma. + Consciencia del momento presente

Herramienta para tomar decisiones desde:

- Consciencia (momento y momento futuro)
- Experiencia
- Qué nos pide de cada etapa.

Trabajo
- 7/14/21
- 28/35/42
- 1/2/3/4/5/6/7/8/9/10/11/12/13/14/15/16/17/18/19/20/21/22/23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/31/32/33/34/35/36/37/38/39/40/41/42/43/44/45/46/47/48/49/50/51/52/53/54/55/56/57/58/59/60/61/62/63/64/65/66/67/68/69/70/71/72/73/74/75/76/77/78/79/80/81/82/83/84/85/86/87/88/89/90/91/92/93/94/95/96/97/98/99/100

+ NIVELES + Análisis de...

- + Ciclo agrario Siembra, p...
- + Soledad // Comunidad
- + Campo - sociedad - ...

celebrating

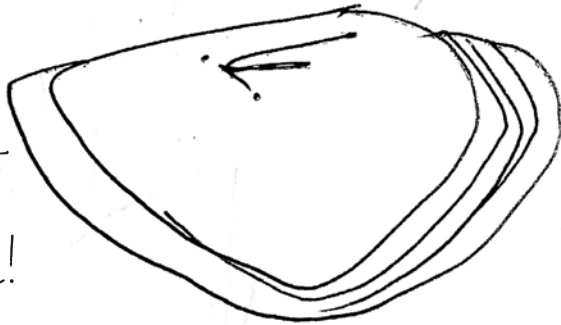
How do we celebrate stone – as a landmark, symbol, story, ritual, building material, an entire world in itself? Meditating through rock joints, we notice different ways that place specificity is manifested through a language of geology. We understand geology to be a convener of our three disparate yet deeply related life practices and contexts.

Katy Dammers, Jean Ni, Antonio Vincenzo Sotgiu

CLIMBING ROCK

The weight of my body held by my limbs and direct in the stone. Playfulness that straddles fear and self-doubt.

PEDRA
LADA
is like a slice
of pizza,
but crunchy!



"I love rocks, I love rocks, I love rockstoo!"

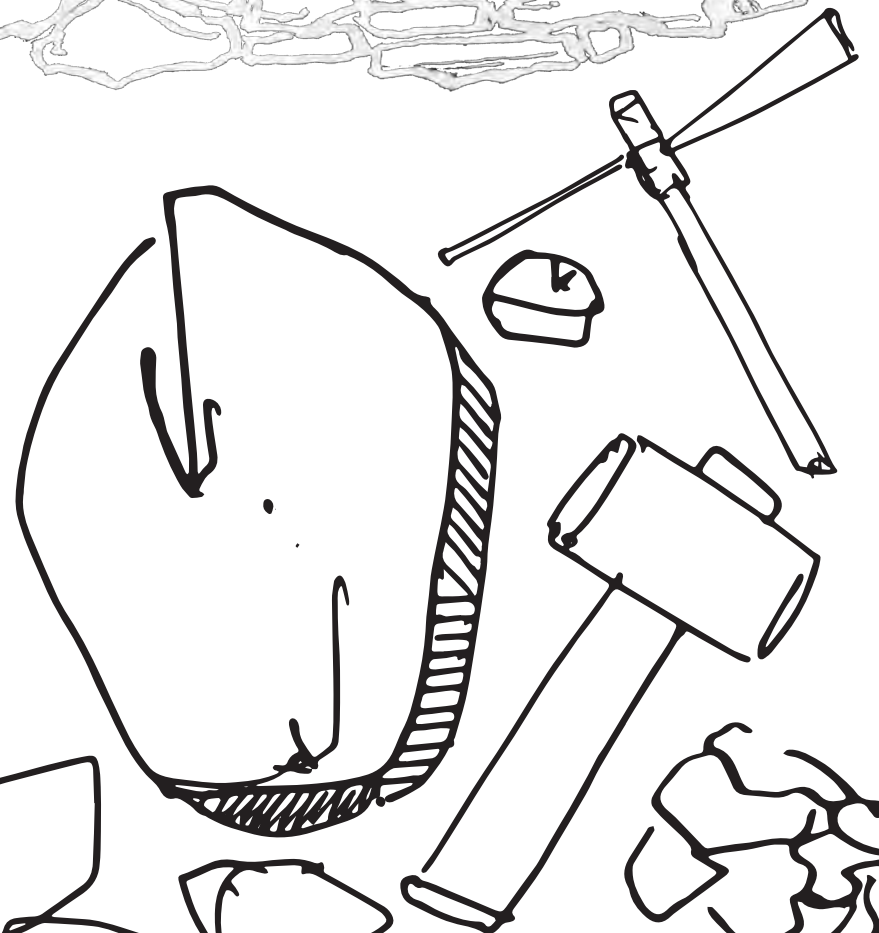
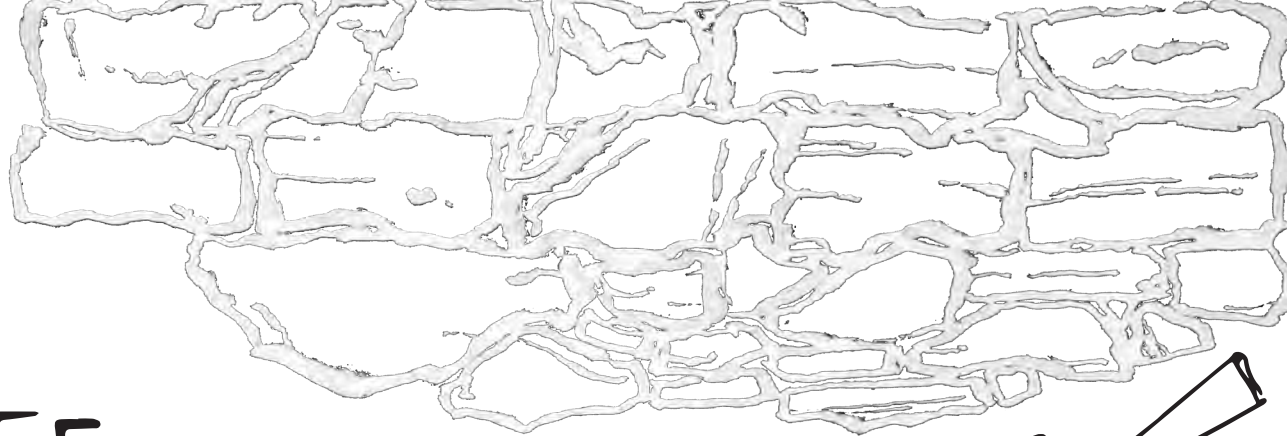
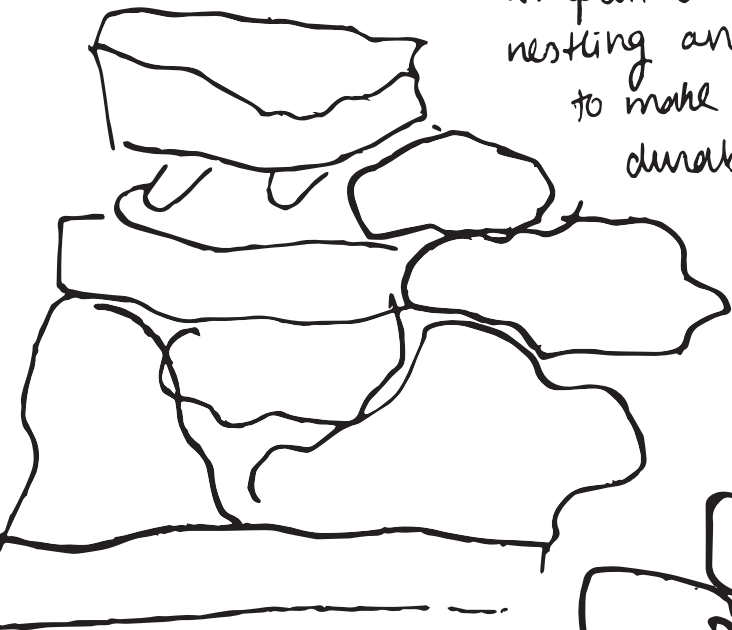


I sang this song as a 2 year old, toddling along the beach with my parents. I picked up rocks and marvelled at their shape, color, smooth, cold hardness; and stuck them in the front pockets of my small red zip-up. Pockets bulging, my parents told me to stop, worried I'd be weighed down or my sweater would rip. I kept going, thinking I was being sly... and kept singing.



How Do WE CELEBRATE STONES?

a complex choreography of
nesting and pressure
to make a strong,
durable structure.





I also think about the Jewish tradition of leaning a rock on a grave. Rocks last, whereas flowers fade and wither. The rocks I lay on the grave feel like the heavy, hard manifestation of my grief. Over time they change too though, weathering + wearing into new shapes.



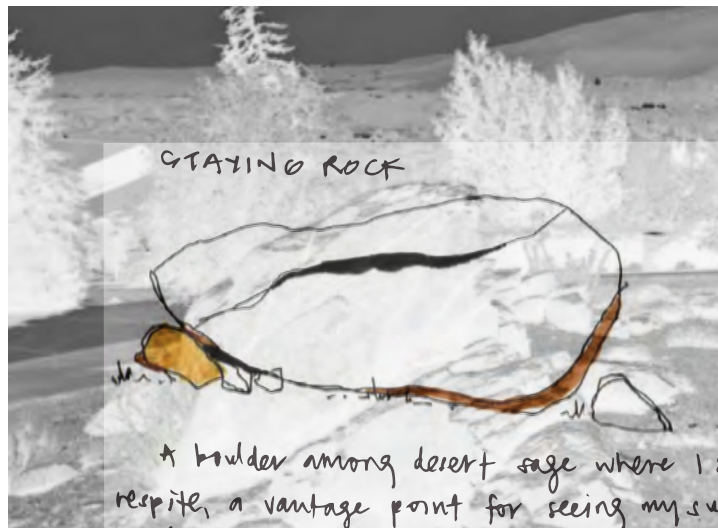
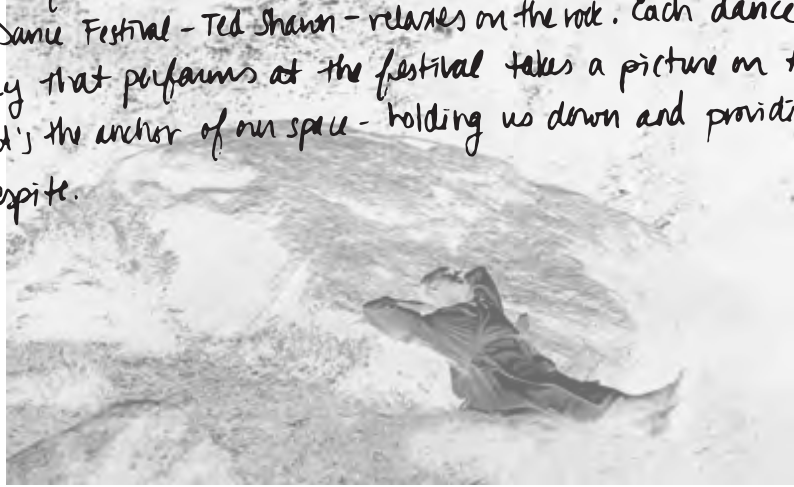
HOLDING ROCK

The occasional irresistible rock — that comes along with me on any length of journey as a creature that fits snugly in my palm. For sharing some time, a practice in languages of consent and intimacy.



EBBE
BETYL!

This massive boulder is called "The Pillow Rock." Past owners of the land, the George Carter family, thought the rock looked like the pillow that Jacob, as narrated in the Bible, laid upon and dreamt of a ladder to heaven. Here the founder of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival - Ted Shawn - relaxes on the rock. Each dance company that performs at the festival takes a picture on the rock. It's the anchor of our space - holding us down and providing soft respite.



A boulder among desert sage where I sought respite, a vantage point for seeing my surroundings and the city below, a place where I searched for lizards in its crevices, a space I took a friend to.



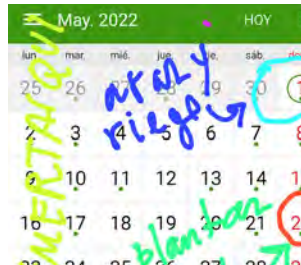
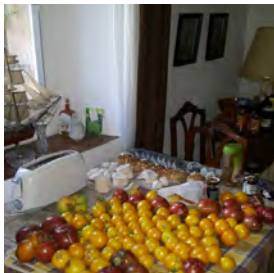
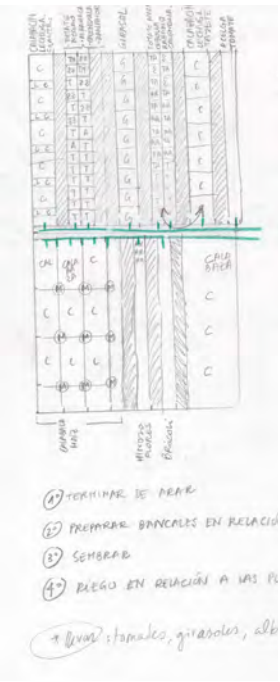
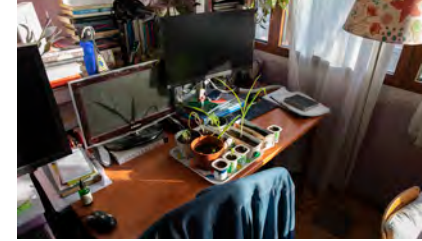
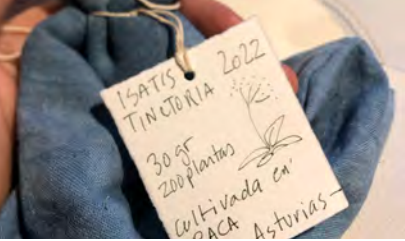
We inherited the landscape with 7000 cyclopic towers. The ancestors erected them with effort, manipulating the material and knowing the rules to assemble wisely.

Oh, celebrators of lithic faces, builders of rounded places!

Can you imagine the ancient people building and celebrating in an eternal flow?

And today? We try, tentatively, to maintain the landscape alive through our human clay stone artifacts.

Maintaining together = celebrating together in a circle, from the heights to the shore —



playing

A memoir of what I have learned through gardening this year, a space to imagine what a garden can become, and a place to remember a forgotten language

Hadriana Casla

Try to picture a garden and a gardener – what do you see?

I am grateful because the experiences I have had with the Inland Academy colleagues, the time and experiences living in Semèstene with Antonio Sotgiu, and my roots, which are always present, have completely changed my idea of what a garden is.

Last winter, I signed up for a course on therapeutic horticulture. I needed to be in contact with plants and people. Unexpectedly, it became a really interesting experience that led to the creation of a collective vegetable garden with some friends in Torrecilla, a village one hour and thirty minutes away from Madrid.

We had very basic ideas about growing vegetables, but we wanted to experiment, so we decided to plant seeds of tomato, lettuce, corn, flowers, cucumber, watermelon, strawberry, and pumpkin next to our computers, in our kitchens, bedrooms, and living rooms. We spent several months moving our seedlings around so they could catch every ray of sunlight that came into our houses.

The garden was created on a family plot that has water and a lot of “basura” – or sheep shit, as our neighbours used to say – two favourable ingredients that boosted the growth of our plants in an unexpected way. We weren't sure of what we were doing or if anything would grow, but it was okay because it was a collective experiment. We were playing.

We started by removing weeds and stones, placing cardboard in the designated walkways. I enjoyed designing the garden's layout taking into account growing distances, sun needs, and plant affinities. We were approaching the soil with a clear intention of order and cleanliness that didn't succeed. We were dealing with living matter that had its own agency.




August 2022



We realised that creating a garden was also an opportunity to become more aware of how our actions affect a piece of land. I would have liked to have discovered this during my studies at the University of Fine Arts, when I was thinking about the meaning of producing artwork. A garden can really become an artistic process that goes beyond aesthetics, and touches several other fields, such as community-building processes, mental and physical health, research and food sovereignty. A garden is a complex living structure that can nourish us in many ways, as individuals and as a community.

I remember visiting our garden after a few months of absence. The plants that used to fit in a yoghurt pot were almost my height. The garden became a jungle with giant sunflowers, tomato plants, flowers and pumpkins that wrapped themselves around every stem they could find. I was not able to take care of the garden as I should have, but my father, the drip irrigation, and the “basura” did it for me. Our neighbours were surprised and claimed that the growth of the plants was only due to the sheep shit under the soil.



December 2022

This text was written in December, when temperatures drop drastically during the night creating a thick layer of ice that stays until the sun rises. At that time most of the plants are burnt or go dormant until the heat returns.

Our tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers, and marigolds have reached the end of their cycle. Only the trees and weeds remain.

In the process of (re)landscaping the orchard, I have become interested in other spots that my family used to work, and this spring I hope to plant several fruit trees in other plots that have not been worked for sixty years.

In Torrecilla – a village surrounded by hectares of cereal and sunflower monocultures, set in a landscape shaped by machines and productivity, where trees are only a source of firewood and water is increasingly scarce – we are starting an orchard.



- Ocupamos el espacio intermedio entre la función de una imprenta y una editorial, sin ser alguna por completo.
- Creemos que la publicación es el medio para construir un cuerpo colectivo.
- **no hay malas copias.**
Todas son diferentes improntas versiones de una idea formando un registro de un cuerpo colectivo.
- No existen errores porque imprimir es parte de un pensamiento en elaboración.
- Trabajamos con los materiales presentes protegiendo la sustentibilidad comunal, buscando formas de potenciarlos. 
 - Creemos en el ojo por ciento.
- Trabajamos en forma orgánica no extractiva.
 - No grande pero mucho.
- **El taller es un aula.**
 - Imprimimos cuando es necesario.
- Trabajamos con proyectos y no individuos.
 - No clientes pero cómplices.
- Nuestra impresión es coja. Tenemos un pie firme y otro que se dobla, dudado constantemente, haciéndonos girar.



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We are grateful to have worked with Erick Beltran and Lumbung Press to print *landing* as part of an ongoing relationship with the Lumbung artist network of documenta fifteen.

We did our best to credit everyone in this publication appropriately and apologize for any mistakes. For further discussion, we encourage you to reach out to us at: academia@inland.org or campoadentro@campoadentro.es.

landing

landing is a publication that encompasses contributions by the participants of Inland Academy 2022 and a network of collaborators. *landing* is a temporary space of being and reflecting. It is one node on an ongoing becoming, which at this juncture includes gathering, mending, foraging, conversing, exchanging, tending, ideating, drawing, reading, and reflecting.

INLAND–Campo Adentro convened the Inland Academy in 2022.

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