

of course the difficulty...if to start with the difficulty...is that: how do you interview a plant in it's own language .

Jared is trying to explain nature to me:

„form is nature, seen and unseen. form is organized energy mixed with consciousness. if we talk about the seen and unseen, the difference lies in the observer, in what they perceive. so all energy is also form in that sense.

a garden is where humans interact with nature to create something specialized.“

„and what is the difference between nature and humans?“

„i am not even so sure that i know. nature is also a realm of existence. seen and unseen, without nature there is no existence in this ...mh..dimension?! humans are also a part of nature...its the whole soul topic right...?“

„so the soul is not nature? but the body is?“

„because nature is the form and the organization...?“

„so nature is also what gives the soul form and organization?“

„i dont really know.“

These notes were taken as part of the project "YEW" by Grading / Schubot. In the process, we spent time with different plants, sat next to them, meditated, opened ourselves to their energies and just "listened". I took these notes during or immediately after these sessions. They are very subjective notes made in the moment and not meant to freeze things and claim one „truth“ or something like that.

sitting with the artemisia/beifuss

the whisper-wind-tide

my hair melts into the leaves.

she makes me sing.

but sing as a human,

not sing „her“, not sing „for her“, but sing with her. as a human, joining the wind.

every plant is different in that way. i start to understand that. some like to be sang to. some transform me and open places in me i never felt, as if they sing through me, sound through me. so i stretch out away from my own human-ness, becoming non-human almost, some want to sing together. maybe this is also always changing, always different?

the Beifuss/Mugwort/Artemisia gives me a really female feeling of memories carried by the wind. timeless. something that can emerge any moment. every moment and disappear again. and is piercing through again. though its not piercing. it is mild and the opposite of crystallized.

what is the opposite of crystallized but still being mighty? mighty like her? and something that will never survive when you want to frame it, define it. its also annoyingly free and chaotic and thats where it is so mighty, this beaded texture.

for me this plant is a teacher plant. its a threshold plant, that likes the wideness of the fields, or more the rim of fields and the in-between-spaces. the plant that you oversee. but that fills the air with her airy melody. today in the garden i also thought plants are the best psychoanalysts, as something that does not impose it's interpretation (of form) to the human (soul).

They feel like an abundance that does not impose rather than a lack that does impose (capitalism... human?! Lacan and the lack we are organized around, abundance vs. void, the female way of aligning fullness rather than the masculine way to first erase everything into a big nothingness to make own traces more visible etc.)

sometimes things come like a mantra. it really feels like a mantra..“blup“, there it is, wheeling and propagating in your head.

„ you know everything and what you don't know“

this is also what they give you sometimes, these stupid mantras that wont leave you for hours. until they loose their significance forever. a kind of knowledge for only that moment. without any endurance-time- survival strategy.

i am so interested in this kind of knowledge. a knowledge that does not need to make sure it survives. a knowledge that is just for that specific moment.

Als ich den Baum im Tal gesehen habe, das Wissen zu spüren, seine Zeitlichkeit, Vergangenheit, Gegenwart, Zukunft, seine Schönheit und Fülle und sein Wissen und dann durchschaudert es mich, weil „er“, „es“, „sie“ auch so viel nicht weiss. so viel Mensch-heit, Mesch-sein, Mensch-igkeit. Und ich frage mich dann immer, wie viel die eigentlich wissen?

sitting with the mountain chestnut in france

sitting by the chestnut, by its roots..almost in a root cage, a bulge, doing nothing, talking to jared about what it means to do nothing. i am doing nothing yet i am: starting simple: saying (whispering) thinking it: „jared and me are sitting here, jared and me are sitting here..etc.“ ..this concreteness has done well and then came the howlgush.

i am a seed at the roots, immediately all inside of me is a seed, in my belly, white, full of fibers, light and surrounded by a force, in a circle and brings (although nothing is done through a „verb“ and they is „no-one“ doing it) the wings and say „go!“, we are with you, we have equipped you. (without saying words.) and i cry and cry because all this is a sensation that is bursting me, happening in one second, feeling all that and i cry because i feel so weak, i can not anymore or i can not. want to come „back“ home, give up, go underground, not get started, not sally forth. i am so grateful but the feeling even that, that most fattest what is there is not „enough“. what is not enough? i can't run loose, i want to go but i can't despite the gifts.

the feeling the tree can feel, what is inside of me, can feel the creek in which i swam yesterday, can feel the elder tree i met in vienna. like nature really becomes a part of you, the tree, the entourage (the deep subjectivity in one's entourage. i wanna know every person's (non-human) entourage). a piece lives inside of me for real. really lives there. and when i am with plants i feel those things stronger, feel the pieces of them inside of me that really live there. feel them feeling those pieces. so i can also „bring“ those pieces to them, let them meet my entourage.

jared then reminded me that its co-creation. that means i am in it. i am part of the relation, „they can not do everything alone.“ he says. and i say: „but there is so much knowledge and sometimes i think that they (this nature-intelligence-ancestor-earth-and-light -energy-eternal -knowledge-through-steadiness -and-change-beyond-time-thing) it would have the power to reveal IT all...everything (i know...you are like : but what is „IT“, for you? ..etc.) but i feel that. and sometimes it feels so exhausting to learn all those little specks., to crawl, bit by bit when i at the same time feel all is very free, exposed. right in front of my nose.“

but i think jared is right here maybe: i am also there, with my timing and my possibilities. not to romanticize nature. not pure veneration or abuse, but co-creation

i have to think of sylvie my body-work teacher...when we speak about the inner movement. and how she says the same thing about the movement.

and when i realized that for me the inner movement was so fantastic because it was not „me“. and that all this will fall into balance i think with people, those who celebrate „it“ because it is them, and tho-

se who celebrate „it“ because it is not them , those who can only love „it“ because it is not „them“ or because it is „them“.

and sometimes i get afraid that all these encounters as much as they expand my heart-spirit-soul-volume-time and space-thing equally feeds my dominant mind and equips it with new „weapons“
(i see that as a danger .for all people that have knowledge.....who talk about others..make statements, „see“ things and put them in space like truths, which can be so dominant and violent . all this is so deeply irritating for me...)

coming back to: to align fullness in a healing vibration

sitting with the locust

this small locust grew fast and it does not expand in pulses. not like round energy-balls around it, rather it stays quite contained, more like tubes of light very close around it. it does not expand in the way the beech does, or different. this one feels its more used to fit in rather to put a dome (of its presence) over other plants. i feel it feeling my heart and taking from it.

it says: „don't push“

i feel it like a brother. almost a little awkward.

it has no front, and is another being from all sides, because of the different ways the light shines on it and the wind hits it. it inspires me to think of a presence, we should try for the piece: a double-being -no-front presence or a presence that always looks out and never sees itself.

i feel it's not such a care-taker. that inspires me. to not be a care-taker, to care less. to be in it and have no way to evaluate success. a kind of pre-value-state, no care-taking, no creating or producing value. feeling jared through the tree, taking the tree in our middle. its very touching to sense jared through a tree. and that we also might be able to teach the tree about us as well. through a common field.

the singing is a soft breath-singing that never stops because it sings while breathing in and out the whole time.

sitting with the beech

today me and jared were sitting by a beech (i called her „herzbuche“) and in the end i felt i wanna come here every day and lay my heart down and it feels like you can really do that. you can lay your heart down, because one has many hearts. as many as leaves. hearts like leaves. bringing hearts like leaves. everyday. hearts like leaves.

so much light

feeling my light, which is different than love.

in my spine.

feeling that for the first time. normally they fall together, love and light.

this time its just light. clear but no sentiment. piercing. real. weird.

giving it my timelessness, ancestry-hood in movement. makes me arch up. the beech is going deep into the ground, big hands.

to turn to one.

i can feel it, but we can't communicate. yet. cannot really „talk“.

feeling the point where and how something (my spirit...soul? what is that?) is attached to my body...
how that something when i feel Jared is around him, very solid and following his shapes, and mine is flowing
out like windbundles. wrapping around things.
her mightiness scares me. am i too trustful?

„i will be there“ it says.

and

„i am losing you, i keep on losing you“ .

and feeling how it can „talk“, „be with“ more people at once of course. like it has mouthes everywhere and so
many times, that it can be with so many things and beings at the same time in different times and „talk“ to
them.

i would love to make a piece once where you could talk out of hundred mouthes saying different things to
different people at the same time.

how the light enters them is different like the light enters our skin. green light

it cleans my heart

to let go of the voice and let the tree speak through...

silver fibers

feeling being part of an ancestorhood.

something non-human and being so welcomed in it, floors me.

making me feel big (like a portrait) and then shrinking me into another size of lineage, in the line of ances-
tors, of just a short point in time of the universe, feeling my insides huge at the same time feeling a line
through me, with others through others,

the size of people is so different than we learned it. i learned it. and it's shifting all the time. but some people
are huge filling the space, time, past and future, some are small. small can also feel nice. i am more small i
think. in an ok way. Jared suffers, because he is actually very big. it really does not matter. but it matters to
find your volume i guess. to live in your own volume.

this moment is such a short moment for them. she is a heart cleaner.

can we tree? to tree!

the light of the roots becoming the light of the sun on the leaves becoming the light in the bird bones. an invi-
tation to join, a welcome, a making me feel my own surrounding, everything becomes so fluid, voluminous,
spiritually.

to sing from the heart. to be just „heart“ without the human. or to love without a heart. you dont need a heart
to love.

Sitting with the Yew

it's working you from up till down.

cosmos rather than earthy. it pierces the sky. in a high note. it feels, uncomfortable, merciless, equal, does not give away her love to individuals

the air beings that whirl underneath the needles. the sharp, the sharp, into the head, into the sky

*for the first time meeting the tree (local: that one) and meeting the TREE (global: Capital T tree, like an over-lightening principle of the yew) and the weird experience how a tree relates to his TREE. if they merge.or if there is a discrepancy between tree and TREE.
it gives me a sweet feeling, how they are also existing between the concreteness of their being in relation to their overlightening principle and that there can be tension, discrepancies.*

this one feels like here is a gab, like a blindspot between it and IT. its not in its full life or something.

Sitting with the jared-plant

*like we used to sit with plants/trees, doing „nothing“, just „receiving“, we did that today with one another. like the other is the plant we are sitting with. one at a time.so i sat with the jared-plant.
it was so insane and beautiful, unsnare-able, unclassifiable, even hard to remember. on a really strange plane of reality. trying to feel the other. trying to be there for the other with that same „tuning“ you have while being with a plant.*

i also thought a lot about this escapism today and i really feel its not about transcending or beaming yourself away. but this unseen that is just next to us. in us.right here. not there. somewhere else. it's about action as well. i want it, need it to translate into an action.

the echo of that day makes me write this:

"i know where your heart is.

i offer you your sadness

(I love you)

you are alone here, like a street kid, you are unrooted but that's ok. furry foxes

the seed shits

the non-innocence of the seed

the seed was burned

i sleep with you

i die with you

time is different here.

knowing your time (as a seed)

it wasn't for you but with you and maybe because of you.

violence - what is violence ? (if its not the sadistic- „because i can do it-omnipotence“?)

protection

breath-up and down

doing right, doing good, wanting to do right, wanting to do good as a total real texture, principle in

humans..that is so fucking noisy. covers the other stuff.

pound through“

jared started to sing today and sometimes he sang overtone and that felt like a "spirit stretch". like stretching the spirit. i was traveling in two direction at the same time, with two souls at at the same time. maybe there is also souls like leaves? love, love, that is not a feeling.

jared had the best dream today: he dreamed about a very cute puppy, black and white and adorable and sweet and it was his puppy but it only was (had) a head. and in his dream he was wondering if he should still feed it, also to give it pleasure. the pleasure of food and if that would make sense etc.

sitting with the stinging nettle

its not a teacher plant.

its a medicine plant. mild and gentle. but no teacher plant.

i feel it used to be another kind of plant a bit different in the past, bigger, more dangerous.

it was connected to a woman spirit but it's not anymore.

red dots.

heat

Hitze-Striemen von den Blättern

rote Fäden

it protects the earth where it goes to the underworld

it offers people to become part of it quite direct

offers me to join, to become part of her... come closer!

thinking: i never had to „shed“ a tree, a plant. just human stuff.

the idea of „native“ in combination with „i don't belong anywhere anyway“.

feeling the difference: you can meet/work with the energy of plants. and thats already something, working with the unseen energies you perceive. then you work with them more like friends, like partners. with their concrete energetic field and manifestation.

and then there is a whole world of spiritual encounters which is not clearly separated of course but its different than working with them energetically. meeting their spirit. i have to admit after two years working with plants i know they exist. spirits of the plants and i really cant even believe i write that, coming a long way.

who would have thought a girl growing up in the 80's and 90's in Berlin would write something like that.

friendship!

and i understood that friendship is friendship and its always given, but learning, being taught can fall together with friendship, but often it doesn't.

also with the plants, always friends, but teachers, they need to be found.

and i start to get a feeling that these spiritual teachings need to be also shared in other ways.

death in the sky

earth in the sky

shifting woman, grandmother. we need to shift ourselves to host them in us.

i have tears in my ears.

three feelings (with me the whole time) :

1. the new quietness...nothing...so quiet..more quiet than zero...a negative peace...a space from „without“ ..silence...sometimes scary...sometimes the logical rest. and new beauty.
2. impatience...life life life...desire to manifest...act..change...life life...all that bigness inside of me (us) ..finding a form, stepping into life together (stepping into the soft...) ...together..holding each other, giving space.. ..joy joy joy...life life life..doing, incarnating, daring...to find a form how to manifest all that bigness, beauty, intensity of life...or is it enough to just feel it..i am not so sure anymore...my body wants to move (on) ...
tear down ,,rebuild..all new. change.
3. my past...the concreteness of the pain i gave to others and how i affected creatures and how they affected me...and that sadness..that not knowing what to do with that..running into the empty...

love, love, that is not a feeling.