

GARDENER'S DIGEST



IssYew

Bauer Verlag





GARDENER'S DIGEST

IssYew

IF YOU START CLEAN, WHY GET DIRTY LATER?

Pro growers start plants in GRODAN media because it is hygienic, thus reducing the risk of pathogens and harmful insects that can pose a serious threat to the plants.

Pro growers also grow mature plants in GRODAN media because the grower can more precisely control the nutrients and water resulting in healthy, larger plants.

It is true that GRODAN media can be easily transplanted into other media. But why would you want to?

GRODAN...for the entire life of your plant.

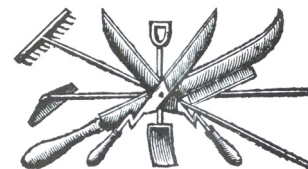
Grow like a pro.

grodan

elementa

S O L U T I O N S

MAKING H₂O AND O₂ MANAGEMENT ELEMENTAR



2016

Bauer Verlag

We would like to thank all the respective authors, whose work has been featured in this publication, in addition to all the right holders. For a comprehensive list, please see 'Notes'.

Gardener's Digest - IssYew
published by Bauer Verlag October 2016 (depress e.V.) No 13
printed and bound in Tbilisi by Grifoni.

Eds. and design: Leslie Bauer and Richard EB
Texts have been written and selected by Lutz Krietenbrink, Iulia Nistor,
Max Eulitz, Leslie Bauer and Richard EB
Fuck Yew by Leslie Bauer

THX: Ilia Korkashvili, Luca Killer, William Alexander Bacon, City of
Frankfurt Departement for Culture, Hello Oliver Fink

ISBN 978-3-946701-13-2

infoororder@
bauerverlag.eu

CONTENTS

THE YEW

FUCK YEW ROUSSEAU 16

THE CALL FOR THE RUIN 36

CHAPTER 4+5 64

VOR ORT/ON SITE 76

CHAPTER 1 104

INTERCHAPTER FUCK YEW

Your hideout should provide protection from sun and rain. It can be a ruin of any kind, it might be under a bridge, by the river, in the woods, or in a yew bush in the midst of a busy public park (Volkspark). Nowadays, you can find it in rural and urban milieus – *By degrees the idea of cultivation subsided into pastoral care. This slowly became merged in a sense of retirement – this again in a consciousness of solitude.* This process used to describe the transition from the city to the countryside but should be happening within a few steps while approaching your secret hideout – anywhere.

See Notes
N1

If it is a neglected area, pioneering plants might arise – the staghorn sumac, birches, thistles, etc. The yew plant, however, is interesting as it is consistently featured in garden and landscape design throughout various periods. As Horace Walpole wrote in his essay *On Modern Gardening. At Lady Oxfords at Piddletown in Dorsetshire, there was, when my brother married, a double enclosure of thirteen gardens, each I suppose not a hundred yards square, with an enfilade of correspondent gates: and before you arrived at these, you passed a narrow gut between two stone terraces, that rose above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews.* The enclosure described above, vanished into informal evidence - cans, tissues, condoms and left over cloth or built structures - that only a small community (within itself anonymous) is using the site as a retreat, maybe to hang out, for

N2

The Yew climbing, playing, building some kind of improvised furnishings, using drugs or even to spend the night. Usually you won't meet anybody.

N3 *Just below the terrace, between the wrecked balcony and the wall, was a dense, six-foot-high growth of heavy thorn-bushes. The barbed foliage formed an impermeable mass, and the people passing stepped around carefully, noticing the belladonna entwined among the branches. Most of them were too busy noticing their footing among the upturned flagstones to look up into the centre of the thorn bushes, where two stone statues stood side by side, gazing out over the grounds from their protected vantage point. However, be aware of the highly ephemeral nature of your secret spot. Try not to be a-stone-ished as it's being developed - improvise.*

Richard EB

Fuck Yew



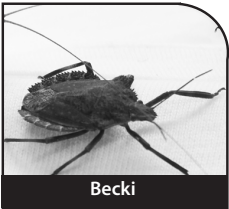
Nici (Aphid)



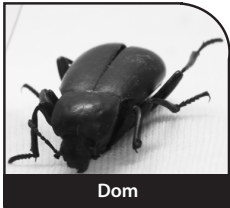
Patricia



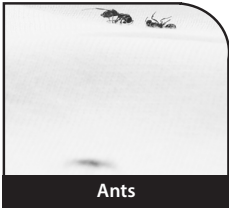
Grasshopper



Becki



Dom



Ants



Stuart



Aphid

This is like...
the best idea
ever.

Why?

Don't you get it?

No.
Explain. Try to convince
someone and you will probably
see if you're convinced yourself
or not.

Everyone needs it.
Basic and extravagant.
Kind of super close

Fundamental.

Okay, listen. Imagine:
Life without this....
look around.

Dunna.
Kinda like sad
maybe.

Okay.
Remember this. And now
imagine the following: Like, your garden
would look exactly as your neighbors'. And
their's exactly as the one of the person living next
to them. And so on, down along the whole street.
And this gardens would look exactly as mine
and Jim's and Jan's and Silke's. What
do you think?

To
destroy other
gardens which
look just like our
gardens.

Exactly.
So what do we
need?

Not
what I mean. Try
something else.

To
destroy our own
garden.

One
last try.

To destroy...

Change.
Make it special. In-
dividual. Form it, conscious
of what could be possible.
Something new.

Or
something
that looks really
old.

Yeah,
you've got it.

Like destroyed!

...kind
of also like that.
Yes. Okay. But another
'destroyed', 'ruined'
maybe.

I don't
really like my
neighboring.

The ride-on-mower is standing still with the engine rattling, right next to the bushes, the only small overgrown part of the garden that is never caught by the film camera, therefore not necessarily trimmed. Almost like a tiny forest you can step into. The noise is relaxing. The lawn mower is old, besides the regular engine noise something else seems to be shaking and rattling far above than what used to be normal. The noise is rattling through the whole property, becomes more and more silent and arrives muted at the villa the garden is attached to. Inside, they are sensing it and more or less subconsciously assume that work is being carried out, the next task has to wait. Attaching fake roses to the non-blooming rose bushes that surround the terrace for instance.

It's not really gardening, riding on a lawn mower and pulling up weeds, just making parts of the garden look nice for the camera, in the end seen only for a short moment. So mowing the whole grass actually would not be necessary, but riding through the huge garden is kind of fun - the meadow is huge, with islands of bushes and beets, where one has to go around in circles which get bigger and bigger and at one point fuse. But even though it is a nice thing to do, after some time it can get tiring, riding slowly on the shaking vehicle, and the nicely chaotic part of the garden, far away from the villa, all the way to the back, kind of in a ni-

che, near the other end of the premises, just lends itself to disappear into and take a little break to delay the next task, the mowing machine standing and rattling at the side of the bushes which is not seen from the villa. As an intern at the prop department she has to do all different kind of tasks. Pick up ugly expensive interior that will probably only rot in the storage, clear up the totally messed up storage, she hates to furnish rooms with tasteless furniture, hates to darken rooms in order to make day to night, hates to paint, catch chickens, clean, shop, garden and most of all she hates the face of the untalented no name wannabe actress who plays the role of the detestable annoying nightmare of an it-girl, daughter of the banker that owns the property in the tv series that tries half-heartedly to entertain pensioners with poorly written stories about what? Money power love? Only total dorks would possibly watch this complete shit longer than 5 seconds before desperately reaching for the remote while throwing up. The engine noise stops. Run out of fuel. Time to get out of the bush.

Parc des Buttes-Chaumont (VI)

[...]

Dans le bas de la rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, sensiblement au niveau de l'oculiste qui a dans sa devanture un petit buste de femme coiffée à la 1907, en composition polychrome, qui'il a muni de bésicles, et que familièrement nous avons coutume de nommer *La Beauté future*, nous retrouvâmes au fond de notre abattement l'usage incertain de la parole. Fatma Krietenbrink ne voulait pas marcher plus loin. Olivia Finka proposait d'aller à Montparnasse, et moi boire était tout ce que j'imaginai. Cette espèce de crépuscule de la décision se traîna avec nous jusqu'au carrefour de Châteaudun, qui est celui où les accidents à Paris aiment le mieux à se produire. Prendre un taxi nous parut alors plus facile que de prendre une résolution. Finka, toujours hanté par des coïncidences récentes, à tout hasard donnait l'adresse du Lion de Belfort, parce que le jour même Lucia Killer avait dû s'y trouver et qu'à la même heure quelqu'un d'autre... quand Fatma Krietenbrink proposa d'aller aux Buttes-Chaumont, qui sans doute étaient fermées.

Certains mots entraînent avec eux des représentations qui dépassent la représentation physique. Les Buttes-Chaumont levaient en nous un mirage, avec le tangible de ces phénomènes, un mirage commun sur

lequel nous nous sentions tous trois la même prise. Toute noirceur se dissipait, sous un espoir immense et naïf. Enfin nous allions détruire l'ennui, devant nous s'ouvrait une chasse miraculeuse, un terai d'expériences, où il n'était pas possible que nous n'eussions mille surprises, et qui sait? une grande révélation qui transformerait la vie et le destin. C'est un signe de cette époque que ces trois jeunes gens tout d'abord imaginent, et rien d'autre, une telle figure d'un lieu. Le romanesque a pour eux le pas sur tout attrait de ce parc, qui pendant une demi-heure sera pour eux la Mésopotamie. Cette grande oasis dans un quartier populaire, une zone louche où règne un fameux jour d'assassinats, cette aire folle née dans la tête d'un architecte du conflit de Jean Jacques Rousseau et des conditions économiques de l'existence parisienne, pour les trois promeneurs c'est une éprouvette de la chimie humaine où les précipités ont la parole, et des yeux d'une étrange couleur. S'elles supposent avec exaltation que le Buttes peuvent rester ouvertes la nuit, elles n'y espèrent pas une retraite, la solitude, mais au moins la retraite de tout un monde aventureux, que le singulier désir de venir dans cette ombre a trié et groupé, selon une ressemblance cachée, à la pointe du mystère. Elles ne redouteront guère que de donner dans un rendez-vous déjà fréquenté de cette clique, qu'elles ont rencontrée dans les nuits du Bois du Boulogne, et qui est sans énigme aujourd'hui pour eux. Ce qu'elles recherchent, ce ne sont pas des amateurs de plaisir: elles cherchent des *curieux*, et ce mot dans leur bouche caractérise une forme active de l'in-

Le Paysan de Paris telligence. [...]
 Ces préoccupations n'étaient pas nouvelles pour nous: elles tenaient à une grande chimère, sortie de l'impossibilité moderne et se soustraire aux lois, qui établissent une envahissante morale universelle, où les individus ne trouvent plus leur compte. Il y avait entre nous un thème habituel, un domaine de franchise, où tout serait permis à des expérimentateurs animés du nouvel esprit qui les liait, nous l'inventons à l'échelle de la vie de ce temps-là, avec ses grandes villes, ses usines, ses pays de la culture, nous le plaçons dans la marge la plus favorable à la liberté et au secret, qui nous semblait cette grande, banlieue équivoque autour de Paris, cadre des scènes les plus troublantes des romans-feuilletons et des films à épisodes français, où tout un dramatique se révèle. Sans nous représenter ce lieu, nous nous en figurions les voies d'accès, les routes désertes avec de petites maisons fermées, les grandes pancartes LUCILINE, et une voiture abandonnée non loin d'un pont de chemin de fer. Une semblable fiction, pour ceux qui n'y voient pas l'envers de plusieurs existences, n'a pas de peine à paraître enfantine. Qu'on ne s'y trompe point: l'imagination ne reste jamais impayée, elle est déjà le début redoutable d'une réalisation, et ce mythe devait entraîner fort loin un ou deux de ceux qui avaient présidé à sa naissance. Voilà que dans le désœuvrement nous nous prenions à penser qu'il y avait peut-être dans Paris, au sud du dix-neuvième arrondissement, un laboratoire qui à la faveur de la nuit répondît au plus désordonné de notre invention.

PARIS PEASANT (Engl., Exc.)
 Louis Aragon

Paris
 Peasant

Parc des Buttes-Chaumont (VI)

[...]

We had reached the lower end of the Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, and had drawn level with the oculist whose shop-window displays a small multicoloured female bust with 1907-period hairdo - a bust which the oculist has furnished with a pair of spectacles and which we refer to affectionately as *The Beauty of the Future* - when in the depth of our despondency we suddenly rediscovered, painfully, the use of speech. Fatma Krietenbrink said she did not want to walk any farther, Olivia Finka suggested going to Montparnasse, and I was unable to think of anything more original than drinking. This kind of twilight of decision-making drifted along with us as far as the Châteaudun crossroads, the favourite meeting place for Parisian accidents. It seemed simpler to us at that moment to get into a taxi than get into an argument. Finka, still haunted by her recent coincidences, took the precaution of giving the address of the Lion de Belfort, because that same day Lucia Killer has arranged a rendezvous there and at the agreed time someone else... when Fatma Krietenbrink proposed that we go to the Buttes-Chaumont, although the park was no doubt already closed. Certain words conjure up images that go beyond physical representation. The Buttes-Chaumont stirred a

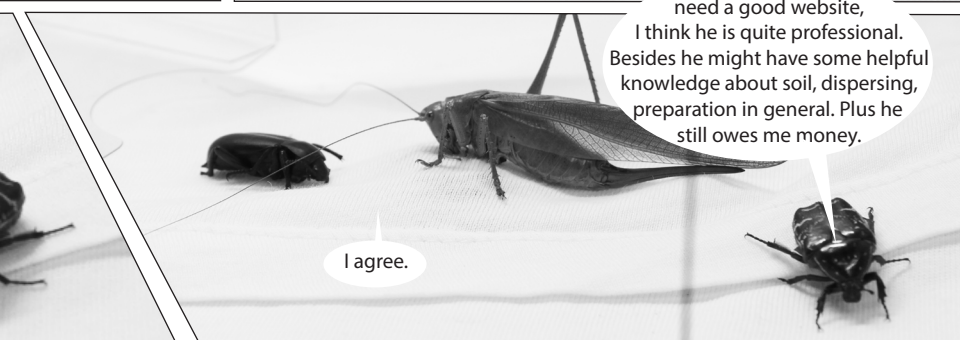
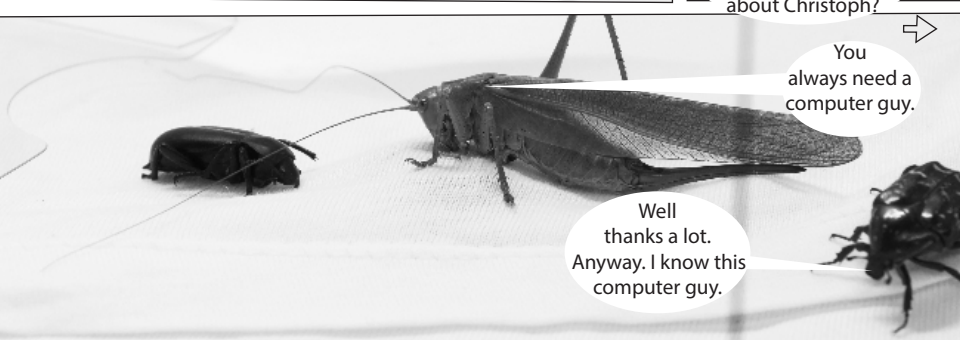
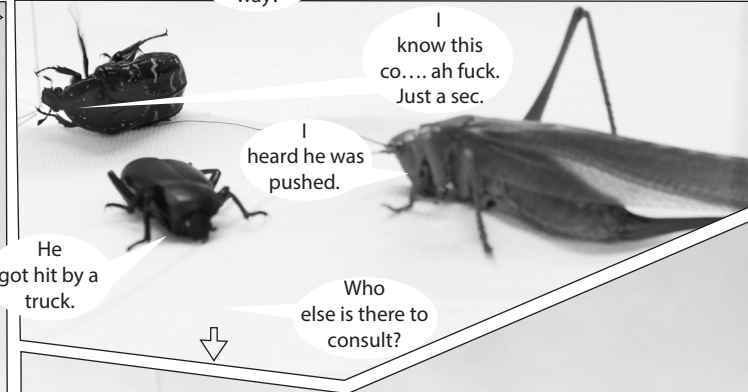
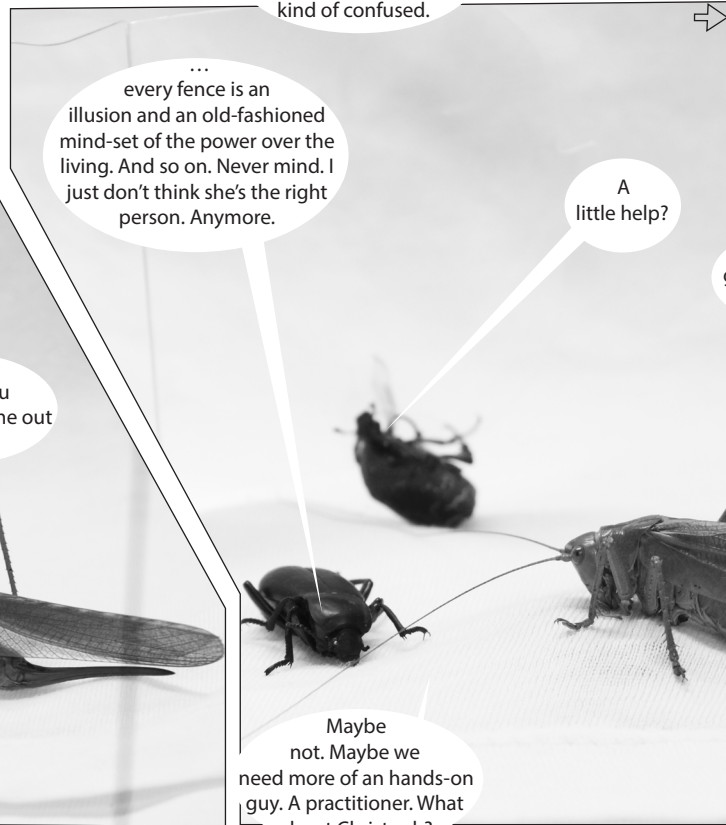
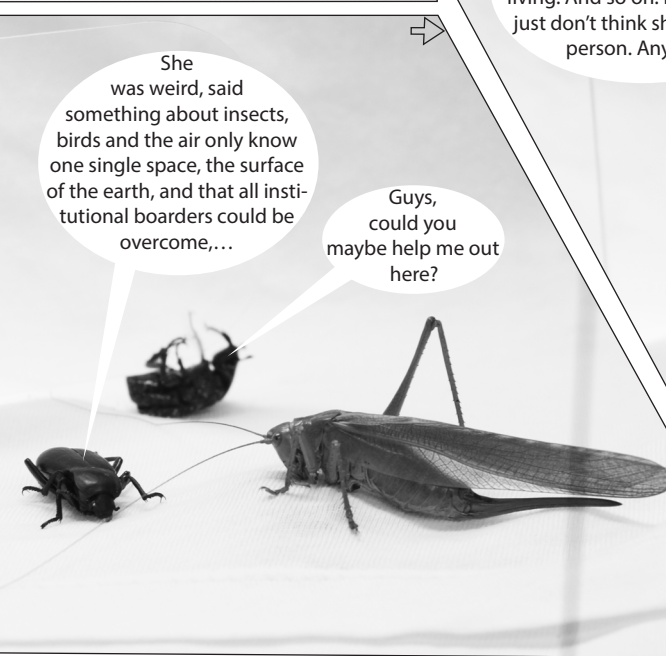
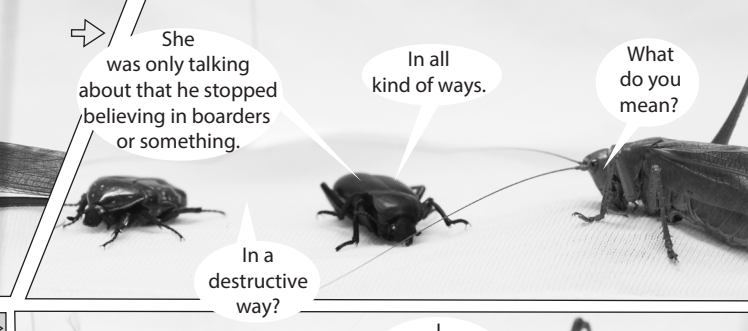
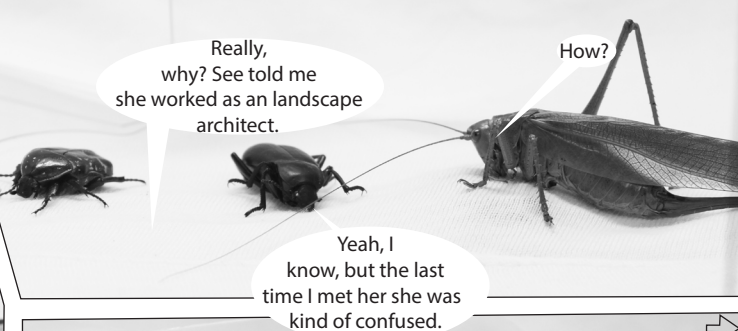
mirage in us, one with all the tangibility of these phenomena, a shared mirage over which we all felt we had the same hold. Our black mood evaporated in the light of a huge, naive hope. At last we were going to destroy boredom, a miraculous hunt opened up before us, a field of experiment where it was unthinkable that we should not receive countless surprises and who knows? a great revelation that might transform life and destiny. It is symptomatic of those times that three young women should all instinctively visualize a place in such terms. For these three, the romantic took precedence over all the attractions of this park which they had decreed should be their Mesopotamia for one half-hour. This great oasis in a popular district, a shady zone where the prevailing atmosphere is distinctly murderous, this crazy area born in the head of an architect from conflict between Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the economic conditions of existence in Paris, all this represented for the three strollers a test-tube of human chemistry in which the precipitates have the power of speech and eyes of a peculiar colour. Although they are thrilled with the idea that perhaps the park stays open at night, what they hope to find there is not a retreat into solitude, but rather a retreat into a whole world of similarly adventurous spirits whom the strange desire to enter these shadows has singled out and brought together according to a hidden and supremely mysterious affinity. The one thing they would dread would be to stumble upon some rendezvous already arranged by a certain clique which they used to

meet up with in the nights of the Bois de Boulogne and which entirely lacks and enigmatic quality for them today. They are not looking for pleasure-seekers, but for the *curious*, and when they use this last word they mean to indicate an active form of intelligence. [...] Such preoccupations were nothing new for us: they were all part of a great chimera that took shape in reaction to the impossibility, in modern times, of eluding laws which no longer serve the interests of the individual and which, on the contrary, are busy establishing an all-pervasive universal morality. We shared one constant theme, a field of immunity granting all rights to experimenters fired by the new spirit which was their common bond, a field of action that we invented on the scale of contemporary life with its great towns, its factories, its realms of culture, and that we situated on the fringe where, in our opinion, freedom and secrecy had the best chance of flourishing - that is to say, along the stretches of that great equivocal suburb which rings Paris, the setting for those supremely disconcerting scenes in French serial stories and films in which a special kind of drama takes shape. Without actually picturing this place to ourselves, we liked to imagine its approaches, deserted roads lined by little shuttered houses, and hoardings advertising LUCILINE, with a car abandoned not far from a railway bridge. Such a fiction may well seem childish to those who fail to recognize it as the reverse side of several existences. But let there be no mistake: imagination always collects its debts in the end, it is already

Paris
Peasant

the redoubtable beginning of a project in the process of completion, and this myth was destined to exercise a far-reaching fascination over one or two of those who had presided at its birth. And so we began to think idly that there existed, perhaps, in Paris, south of the nineteenth arrondissement, a laboratory which, under cover of night, might correspond to the most confused elements of our invention.

(Fatma Krietenbrink is André Breton, Olivia Finka Marcel Noll and Lucia Kiler Robert Desnos)



FUCK YEW ROUSSEAU

DER TRIUMPH DER EMPFINDSAMKEIT (Exc.)

J. W. v. Goethe

Triumph
der Emp-
findsamkeit

Sora and Mana, Feria's Hoffräulein

Merkulo, the Princ' Cavalier

Askalaphus, Mandandanen's Kammerdiener

Zweyter
Act

ZWEYTER ACT

Saal, in chinesischem Geschmacke, der Grund gelb
mit Figuren.

Sora, Mana, Merkulo.

[...]

Mana Wir erstaunen, mein Herr! Sie führen
Decorationen mit sich! Wollen Sie etwa eine Komödie
spielen? Vermuthlich ist die Theater-Garderobe in die-
sen Kasten?

Merkulo Verzeihen Sie, meine Damen! – Ei-
gentlich sollte ich den Finger auf den Mund legen, und
Sie mit guter Art bitten, diesen Saal, der von nun an
ein Platz der Geheimnisse wird, zu verlassen: allein
wie vermag ich das gegen Ihre Güte und gegen Ihre
Reitze! Nur vor unheiligen fremden Augen bewahren
wir unsere heiligen Empfindungen; nicht vor so ange-
nehmen Seelen, deren Theilnehmung wir wünschen.

Sora Sagen Sie uns um's Himmels willen,
was soll die Laube?

Triumph
der Emp-
findsamkeit

Merkulo An diesem Zug, meine schönen Kinder, können Sie einen großen Theil des Charakters meines liebenswürdigen Prinzen erkennen. Er, der empfindsamste Mann von allen Männern, der für die Schönheiten der Natur ein gefühlvolles Herz trägt, der Rang und Hoheit nicht so sehr schätzt, als den zärtlichen Umgang mit der Natur—

Zweyter
Act

Sora Ach das ist ein Mann für uns! Wir gehn auch gar zu gern im Mondschein spazieren, und hören die Nachtigallen lieber als Alles.

Merkulo Da ist eins zu bedauern, meine vortrefflichen Damen! Mein Prinz ist von zärtlichen, äußerst empfindsamen Nerven, daß er sich gar sehr vor der Luft, und vor schnellen Abwechselungen der Tageszeiten hüten muß. Freylich unter freyem Himmel kann man's nicht immer so temperirt haben, wie man wünscht. Die Feuchtigkeit des Morgen- und Abendhaues halten die Leibärzte für höchst schädlich, den Duft des Moores und der Quellen bey heißen Sommertagen für nicht minder gefährlich! Die Ausdünstungen der Thäler, wie leicht geben die einen Schnupfen! Und in den schönsten, wärmsten Mondnächten sind die Mücken just am unerträglichsten. Hat man sich auf dem Rasen seinen Gedanken überlassen, gleich sind die Kleider voll Ameisen, und die zärtlichste Empfindung in einer Laube, wird oft durch eine herabfahrende Spinne gestört. Der Prinz hat durch seine Akademien Preise ausgesetzt, um zu erfahren, ob diesen

Beschwerden, zum Besten der zärtlichen Welt, nicht abgeholfen werden könne? Es sind auch verschiedene Abhandlungen gekrönt worden; die Sache aber ist bis jetzo noch um kein Haar weiter.

Triumph
der Emp-
findsamkeit

Sora O, wenn je ein Mittel gegen die Mücken und Spinnen erfunden werden sollte, machen Sie es doch ja gemeinnützig! Denn wenn man oft in himmlischen Entzückungen aufgefahren ist, erinnert einen das leidige Geziefer, mit seinen Stacheln und krabbligen Füßen, gleich wieder an die Sterblichkeit.

Zweyter
Act

Merkulo Inzwischen, meine schönen Damen, hat der Prinz, der seinen Genuß weder verschoben noch unterbrochen haben will, den Entschluß gefaßt, durch tüchtige Künstler sich eine Welt in der Stube zu verschaffen. Sein Schloß ist daher auf die angenehmste Weise ausgeziert, seine Zimmer gleichen Lauben, seine Säle Wäldern, seine Cabinette Grotten, so schön und schöner als in der Natur; und dabey alle Bequemlichkeiten, die Stahlfedern und Ressorts nur geben können.

Sora Das muß scharmant seyn!

Merkulo Und weil der Prinz so sehr dran gewöhnt ist, wie er denn in jedem Lustschloß seine Natur hat: so haben wir auch eine Reisenatur, die wir auf unsern Zügen überall mit herumführen. Unser Hof-Etat ist mit einem sehr geschickten Manne vermehrt

Triumph
der Emp-
findsamkeit

worden, dem wir den Titel als Naturmeister, Directeur de la nature, gegeben haben. Er hat eine große Anzahl von Künstlern unter sich. Ein würdiger Schüler von ihm ist dieser Mann hier, der unsere Natur auf der Reise besorgt, und den ich die Ehre habe Ihnen in dieser Qualität zu präsentiren. Was uns allein noch abgeht, das sind die kühlen Lüftchen. Die Versuche davon sind immer noch unvollkommen; wir hoffen aber aus Frankreich auch diesem Mangel nächstens abgeholfen zu sehen.

Zweyter
Act

Sora Um Vergebung, was ist in dem Kasten da? Darf man's wissen?

Merkulo Geheimnisse, meine schönen Fräulein, Geheimnisse! Aber Sie haben das Geheimniß gefunden, die Geheimnisse meines Herzens aufzulösen, so daß Ihnen eben weiter nichts verborgen bleibt. Hier führen wir die vorzüglichsten Glückseligkeiten empfindsamer Seelen bey uns. In diesem Kasten sind sprudelnde Quellen.

Mana O!

Merkulo Hier in diesem ist der Gesang, der lieblichste Gesang der Vögel verborgen.

Mana Warum nicht gar?
Merkulo. Und hier in diesem größern ist Mondschein eingepackt.

Sora Es ist nicht möglich! Lassen Sie's uns doch sehn. Triumph
der Emp-
findsamkeit

Merkulo Es steht nicht in meiner Gewalt. Der Prinz allein weiß diese Herrlichkeiten in Bewegung und Leben zu setzen. Er ganz allein darf sie fühlen; ich könnte Ihnen nur den groben Stoff sichtbar machen. Zweyter
Act

Mana O! wir müssen den Prinzen bitten, daß er uns die Maschinen einmahl spielen läßt.

Merkulo Um's Himmels willen lassen Sie sich nichts merken! Und besonders unter dem Titel von Spielen würde der Prinz seine Liebhabereyen nicht erkennen. Jeder Mensch, meine schönen Fräulein, treibt seine Liebhabereyen sehr ernsthaft, meistens ernsthafter als seine Geschäfte. Indessen halte ich für Schuldigkeit, Ihr Vergnügen, so viel an mir ist, zu befördern, und wollte Ihnen gern unsre Raritäten, wenn gleich nur leblos, vorzeigen, wäre nur die Decoration des Saales einiger Maßen mit dieser eingeschloßnen Natur übereinstimmend.

Mana So vollkommen muß man die Illusion nicht verlangen.

Sora Dem ist leicht abzuhelfen. Wir haben ja die gewirkten Tapeten, die nichts als Wälder und Gegenden vorstellen.

Triumph der Emp- findsamkeit	Merkulo	Das wird allerliebste seyn.
	Sora	He! (Ein Bedienter Kommt.) Sagt dem Hoftapezier, er soll die gewirkte Walddapete gleich he- runter lassen!
Zweyter Act	Merkulo	An mir soll's auch nicht fehlen. (Musik.) (Er gibt ein Zeichen, und in dem Augenblicke als sich die Scene in Wald verwandelt, verwandeln sich die Kasten in Rasenbänke, Felsen, Gebüsche und so wei- ter. Der Kasten über der Laube in Wolken. Der Deco- rateur wird sorgen, daß das Ganze übereinstimmend und reizend sey, und mit der verschwindenden Deco- ration einen recht fühlbaren Contrast mache.)
	Merkulo	Bravo! Bravo!
	Sora	O wie schön. (Sie besehen Alles auf das Emsigste so lange die Mu- sik fortdauert.)
	Mana	Die Decoration ist allerliebste.
	Merkulo	Um Vergebung, nicht Decoration, son- dern künstliche Natur nennen wir das; denn das Wort Natur, merken Sie wohl, muß überall dabey seyn. Sora. Scharmant! Allerliebste!
	Merkulo	Da muß ich Sie noch ein Kunstwort

lehren, mit dem weit zu reichen ist. Scharmant! Al- lerliebste! das könnten Sie allenfalls auch von einer Florschürze, von einem Häubchen sagen. Nein, wenn Sie etwas erblicken, es sey was es wolle, sehn Sie es steif an, und rufen: Ach, was das für einen Effect auf mich macht! – Es weiß zwar kein Mensch was Sie ei- gentlich sagen wollen; denn Sonne, Mond, Fels und Wasser, Gestalten und Gesichter, Himmel und Erde, und ein Stück Glanzleinwand, jedes macht seinen eigenen Effect; was für einen, das ist ein Bißchen schwerer auszudrücken. Halten Sie sich aber nur an's Allgemeine: Ach! was das für einen besondern Effect auf mich macht! – Jeder der dabey sieht steht auch hin, und stimmt in den besondern Effect mit ein; und dann ist's ausgemacht – daß die Sache einen besondern Ef- fect macht.	Triumph der Emp- findsamkeit	
Mana	Mit alle dem scheint mir Ihr Prinz Liebhaber vom Theater.	Zweyter Act
Merkulo	Sehr! sehr! Das Theater und unse- re Natur sind freylich nahe mit einander verwandt. Dabey ist er ein trefflicher Schauspieler. Wenn Sie ihn bereden könnten etwas vor Ihnen aufzuführen!	
Sora	Haben Sie denn eine Truppe bey sich?	
Merkulo	Das nicht! Wir sind aber Alle eine Art von Komödianten. Und dann agirt der Prinz, wenn's dazu kommt, meisten Theils allein. [...]	

MAXIMIZE AIR POTENTIAL

DuraBreeze®



VIERTER ACT

Triumph
der Emp-
findsamkeit

Andrasons Schloß,
eine rauhe und felsige Gegend, Höhle im Grunde.
(Mandandanens Kammerdiener als Askalaphus tritt Vierter Act
auf mit einem Reverenz, und spricht den Prologus.)

Herrn und Frauen allzugleich,
Merkt wohl, das hier ist Pluto's Reich,
Und ich, wie ich mich vor euch stelle,
Das ich zuerst bedeuten muß,
Ich nenne mich Askalaphus,
Und bin Hofgärtner in der Hölle.

Die Charge ist hier unten neu:
Denn eh'mahls war Elysium da drüben,
Die rauhen Wohnungen da hüben,
Man ließ es eben so dabey.–

Nun aber kam ein Lord herunter,
Der fand die Hölle gar nicht munter,
Und eine Lady fand Elysium zu schön.
Man sprach so lang', bis daß der seltne Gusto siegte,
Und Pluto selbst den hohen Einfall kriegte,
Sein altes Reich als einen Park zu sehn.

Da schleppen nun Titanen ohne Zahl,
Den alten Sisyphus mit eingeschlossen,
Rastlos geschunden und verdrossen,
Gar manches schöne Berg und Thal

Triumph der Empfindsamkeit Zusammen.
 Aus den fluthenden Flammen
 Des Acherons herauf
 Müssen die ewigen Felsen jetzt!

Vierter Act Und, gält's tausend Hände,
 Sie werden an irgend einem Ende
 Als Point de vue zurecht gesetzt.

Um Eins nur ist es Jammer Schade,
 Um's schöne Erdreich in Elysium!
 Aber es ist keine Gnade,
 Wir gehn damit ganz sündlich um.
 Sonst dankt man Gott, wenn man die Steine
 Vom Acker hat:
 Aber hier! sechs Meilen herum sind keine
 Zu finden mehr, und wir haben es noch nicht satt;
 Damit verschütten wir den Boden,
 Wo das weichste Gras,
 Die liebsten Blümchen blühen, und warum das?
 Alles um des Mannigfaltigen willen.
 Ein frischer Wald, eine feine Wiese,
 Das ist uns Alles alt und klein;
 Es müssen in unserm Paradiese
 Dorn und Disteln seyn.

Dafür aber auch graben wir in den Hainen
 Elysiums die schönsten Bäume aus,
 Und setzen sie, wo wir es eben meinen,
 An manche leere Stelle
 Herüber in die Hölle,

Um des Cerberus Hundehaus,
 Und formiren das zu einer Capelle.

Denn, Notabene! in einem Park
 Muß Alles Ideal seyn,
 Und, Salva Venia, jeden Quark
 Wickeln wir in eine schöne Schal' ein.
 So verstecken wir zum Exempel,
 Einen Schweinstall hinter einen Tempel;
 Und wieder ein Stall, versteht mich schon,
 Wird geradeswegs ein Pantheon.
 Die Sach' ist, wenn ein Fremder drin spaziert,
 Daß Alles wohl sich präsentirt;
 Wenn's dem denn hyperbolisch dünkt,
 Posaunt er's hyperbolisch weiter aus.
 Freylich der Herr vom Haus
 Weiß meistens wo es stinkt.

Wie ich also sagte: unsre Elysischen Bäume
 Schwinden wie Elysische Träume,
 Wenn man sie verpflanzen will.
 Ich bin zu allen Sachen still:
 Denn in einem Park ist Alles Prunk;
 Verdorrt ein Baum und wird ein Strunk,
 Ha! sagen sie, da seht die Spur,
 Wie die Kunst auch hinterdrein der Natur
 Im Dürren ist. – Ja leider stark!
 Was ich sagen wollte! Zum vollkommenen Park
 Wird uns wenig mehr abgehn.
 Wir haben Tiefen und Höhn,

Triumph der Empfindsamkeit

Vierter Act

Triumph der Empfindsamkeit Eine Musterkarte von allem Gesträuche,
Krumme Gänge, Wasserfälle, Teiche,
Pagoden. Höhlen, Wieschen, Felsen und Klüfte,
Eine Menge Reseda und andres Gedüfte,
Vierter Act Weimuthsfichten, Babylonische Weiden, Ruinen,
Einsiedler in Löchern, Schäfer im Grünen,
Moscheen und Thürme mit Cabinetten,
Von Moos sehr unbequeme Betten.
Obeliskn, Labyrinth, Triumphbogen, Arkaden,
Fischerhütten, Pavillons zum Baden,
Chinesisch-gothische Grotten, Kiosken, Tings,
Maurische Tempel und Monumente,
Gräber, ob wir gleich Niemand begraben,
Man muß es Alles zum Ganzen haben.

Ein Einziges ist noch zurücke,
Und drauf ist jeder Lord so stolz:
Das ist eine ungeheure Brücke
Von Holz
Und Einem Bogen von Hängewerk,
Das ist unser ganzes Augenmerk.
Denn erstlich kann kein Park bestehn
Ohne sie, wie wir auf jedem Kupfer sehn.
Auch in unsern toleranten Tagen
Wird immer mehr drauf angetragen,
Auf Communication, wie bekannt,
Dem man sich auch gleich stellen muß;
Elysium und Erebus
Werden vice versa tolerant.

Wir freuten uns der Brücke schon;
Doch leider Acheron und Pyriphlegeton
Speyen ewige Flammen,
Da fehlt's uns an gescheidten Leuten;
Und bringen wir die Brücke nicht zusammen,
So will der ganze Park nichts bedeuten;
Das Costume leidet weder Erz noch Stein,
Von Holz muß so eine Brücke seyn.

Aber warum ich komme! ohne Zeit zu verlieren:
Pluto's schönes junges Weib
Geht gewöhnlich hierher spatzieren,
Denn drin ist nicht viel Zeitvertreib.
Da sucht sie bey den armen Todten
So schöne Gegenden, wie auf Siciliens Boden;
Wir haben's aber nur in Gedichten.
Dann fragt sie täglich nach herrlichen Früchten;
Wir haben aber keine zu reichen:
Pfirschen, Trauben, darnach liefen wir weit;
Holzbirn', Schleh'n, rothe Beerchen und dergleichen
Ist Alles, was bey uns gedeiht.

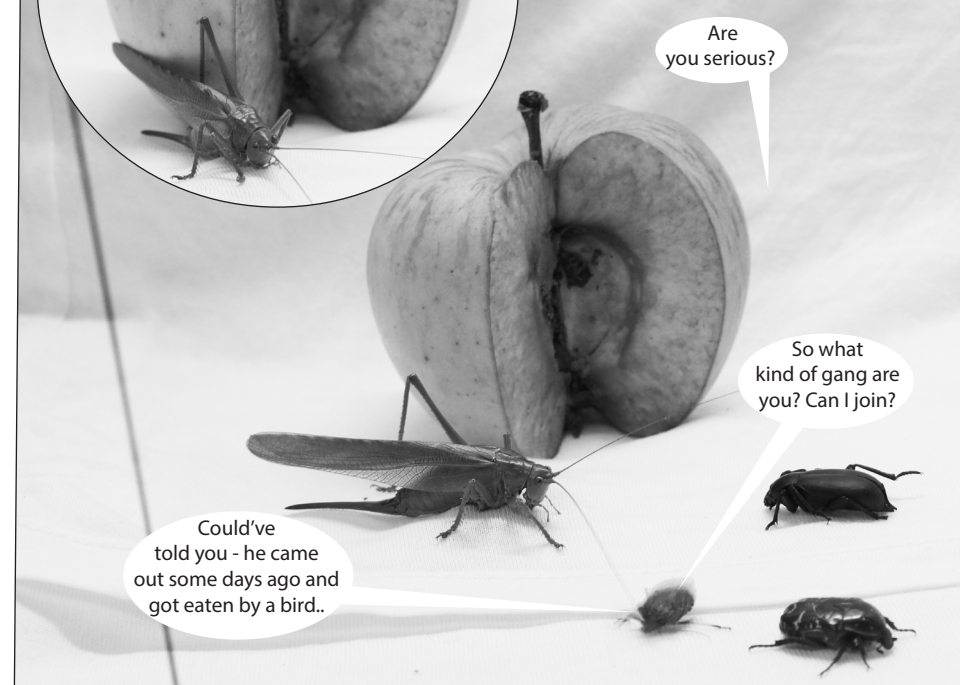
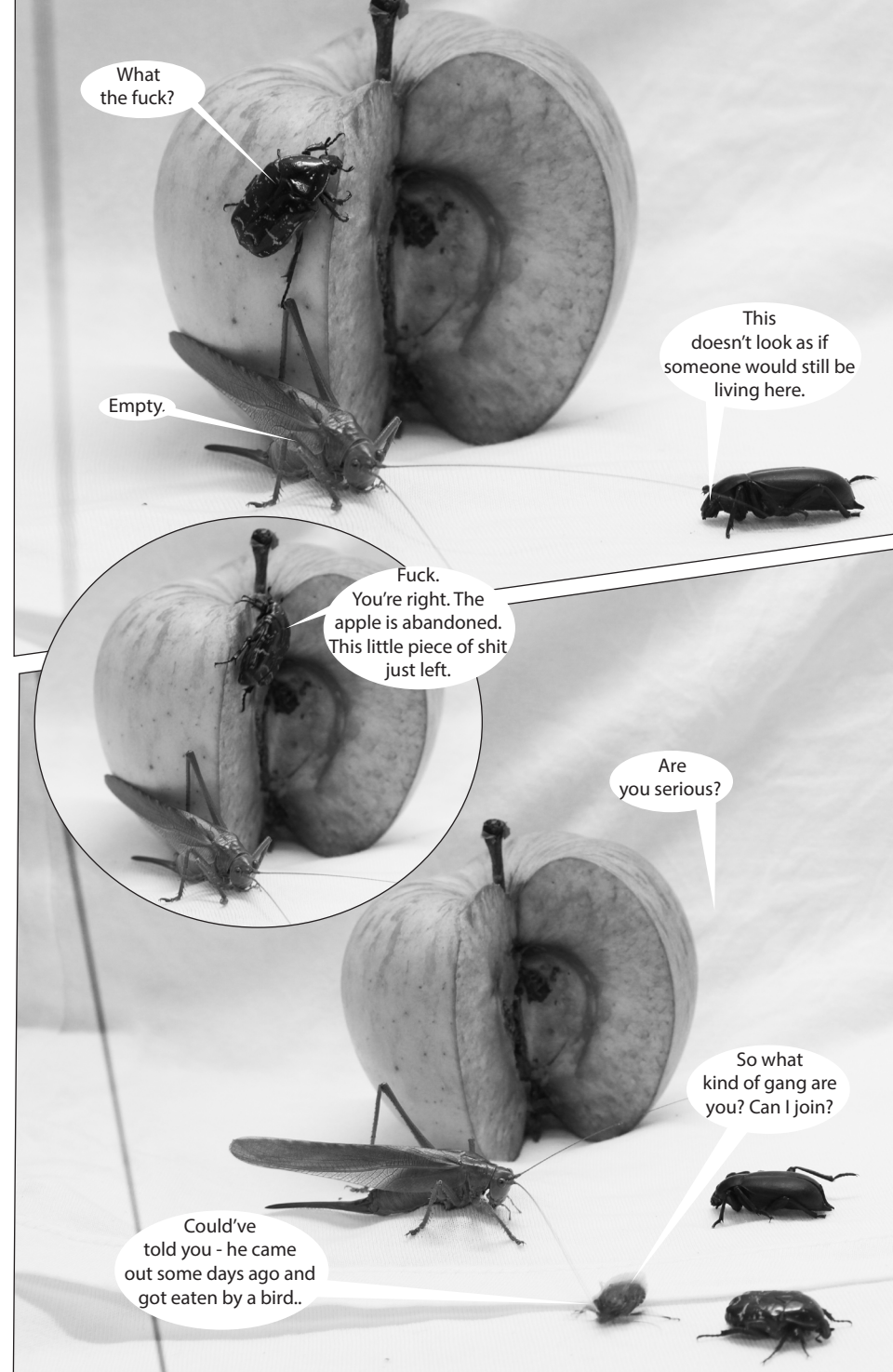
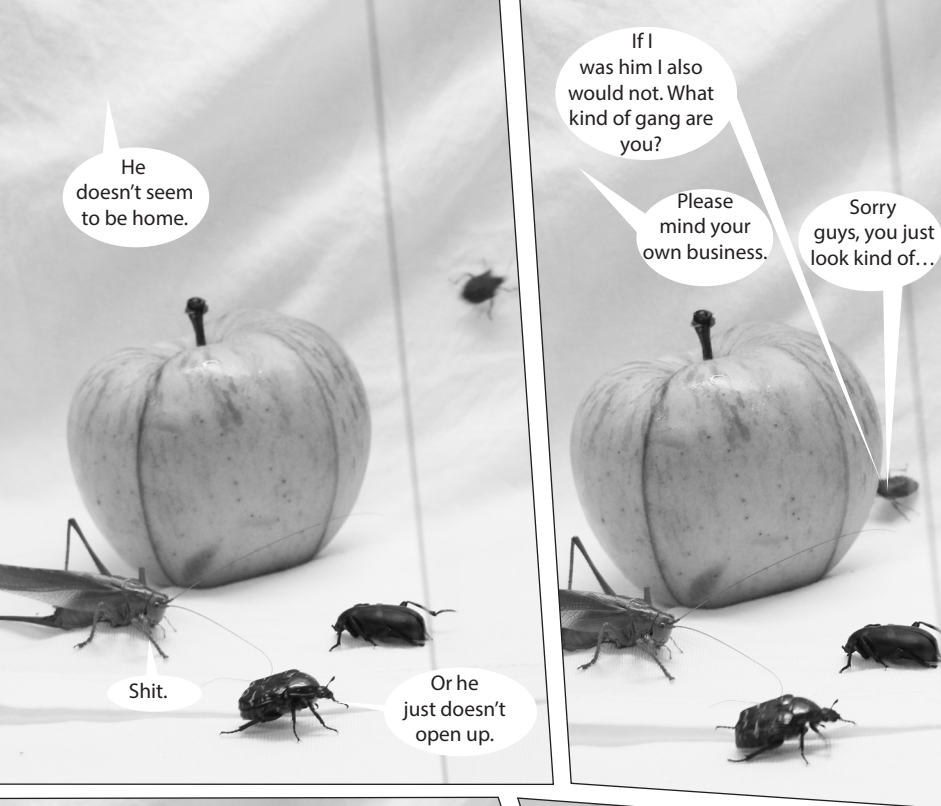
(Zwey höllische Geister bringen einen Granatenbaum in einem Kübel.)

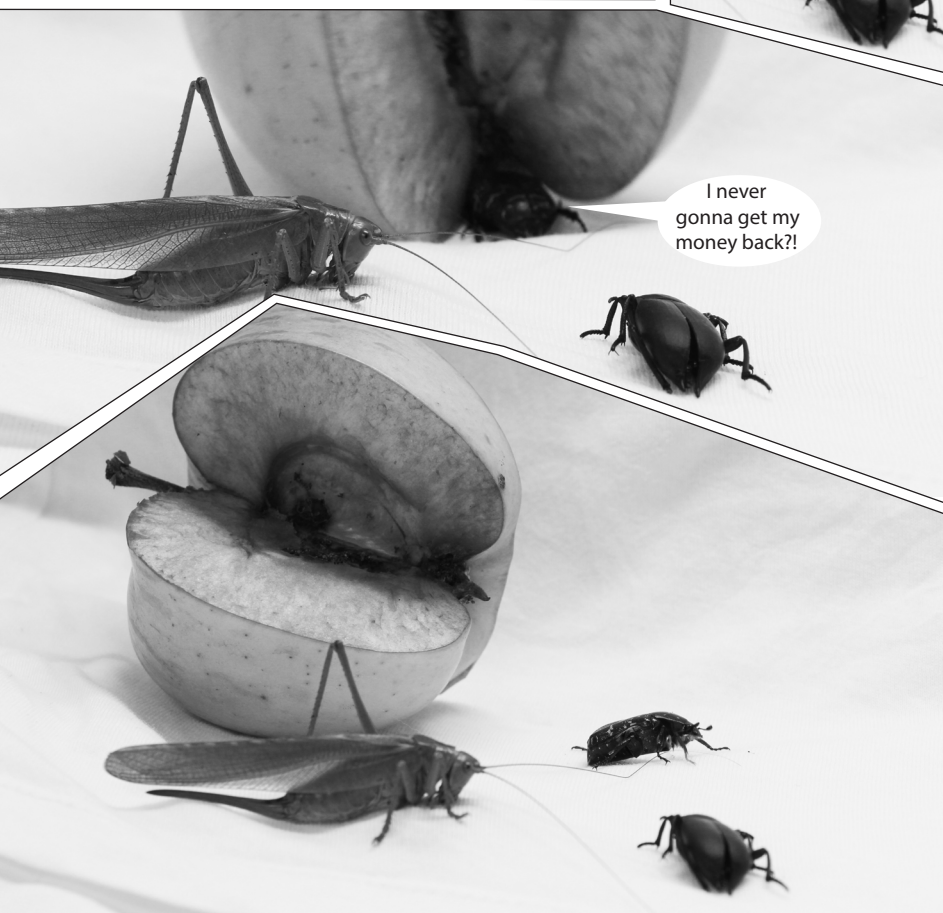
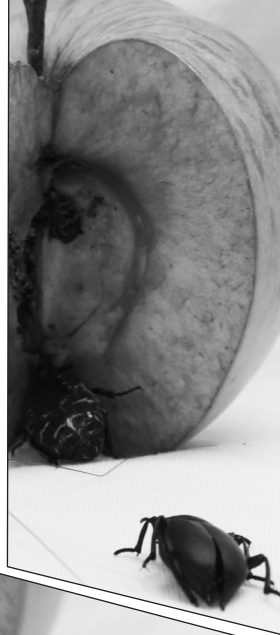
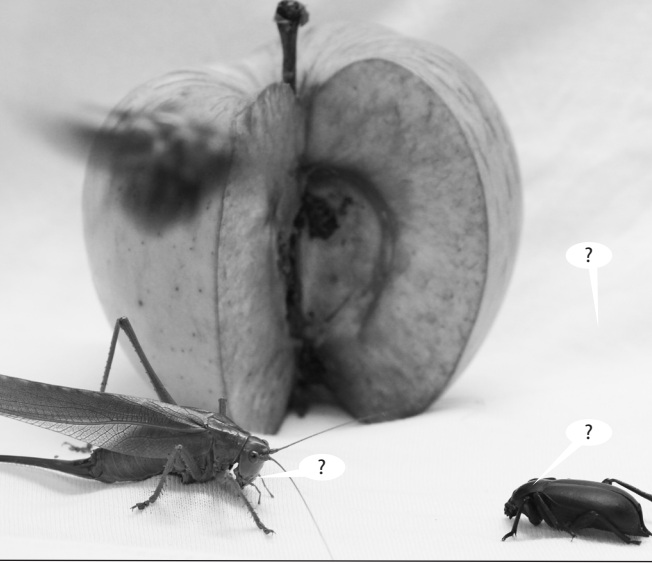
Drum hab' ich zu einem Treibhaus gerathen,
Und brüte, zum Exempel, diese Granaten
In einem frostbedeckten Haus
Mit unterirdischem Feuer aus;
Den will ich in die Erde kleben,
(Er macht Alles zurecht wie er's sagt.)

Triumph der Empfindsamkeit

Vierter Act

Triumph	Mit Felsen, Rasen, Moos umgeben,
der Emp-	Daß meine Königin vermeine,
findsamkeit	Es wüchse Alles aus dem Steine,
	Und wenn sie den Betrug verspürt,
Vierter Act	Den Künstler lobe, wie sich's gebührt. (Ab.)
	[...]





Better Homes And Industries

Great sprays of greenery make the Lambert live-in room an oasis atop a cliff dwelling. In a corner, lighted by skylights and spotlights, „Hard Red,“ an oil by Jack Bush. All planting by Lambert Landscape Company.

- Caption under a photograph, *House and Garden*,
July 1968

[...]

The traces of weak naturalism cling to the background of Caro's *Prima Luce*. A leftover Arcadia with flowery overtones gives the sculpture the look of some industrial ruin. The brightly painted surfaces cheerfully seem to avoid any suggestion of the „romantic ruin,“ but they are on closer investigation related to just that. Caro's industrial ruins, or concatenations of steel and aluminum may be viewed as Kantian „things-in-themselves,“ or be placed into some syntax based on So and So's theories, but at this point I will leave those notions to the keepers of „modernity.“ The English consciousness of art has always been best displayed in its „landscape gardens.“ „Sculpture“ was used more to *generate a set of conditions*.

Clement Greenberg's notion of „the landscape“ reveals itself with shades of T. S. Eliot in an article, „*Poetry of Vision*“ (Artforum, April 1968). Here „Anglicizing tastes“ are evoked in his descriptions of the Irish landscape. „The ruined castles and abbeys,“ says Greenberg, „that strew the beautiful countryside are gray and dim,“ shows he takes „pleasure in ruins.“ At any rate, the „pastoral,“ it seems, is outmoded. The gardens of history are being replaced by sites of time.

Memory traces of tranquil gardens as „ideal nature“—jejune Edens that suggest an idea of banal „quality“—persist in popular magazines like *House Beautiful* and *Better Homes and Gardens*. A kind of watered down Victorianism, an elegant notion of industrialism in the woods; all this brings to mind some kind of wasted charm. The decadence of „interior decoration“ is full of appeals to „country manners“ and liberal-democratic notions of gentry. Many art magazines have gorgeous photographs of artificial industrial ruins (sculpture) on their pages. The „gloomy“ ruins of aristocracy are transformed into the „happy“ ruins of the humanist. Could one say that art degenerates as it approaches gardening? These „garden-traces“ seem part of time and not history, they seem to be involved in the dissolution of „progress.“ It was John Ruskin who spoke of the „dreadful Hammers“ of the geologists, as they destroyed the classical order. The landscape reels back into the millions and millions of years of „geologic time.“ [...]

The sinister in a primitive sense seems to have its origin in what could be called „quality gardens“ (Paradise). Dreadful things seem to have happened in those half forgotten Edens. Why does the Garden of Delights suggest something perverse? Torture gardens. Deer Park. The Grottos of Tiberius. Gardens of Virtue are somehow always „lost.“ A degraded paradise is perhaps worse than a degraded hell. America abounds in banal heavens, in vapid „happy-hunting grounds,“ and in „natural“ hells like Death Valley National Monument or The Devil's Playground. The public „sculpture garden“ for the most part is an outdoor „room,“ that in time becomes a limbo of modern isms. Too much thinking about „gardens“ leads to perplexity and agitation. Gardens like the levels of criticism bring one to the brink of chaos. This footnote is turning into a dizzying maze, full of tenuous paths and innumerable riddles. The abysmal problem of gardens somehow involves a fall from somewhere or something. The certainty of the absolute garden will never be regained.

Why Is
Landscape
Beautiful

WHY IS LANDSCAPE BEAUTIFUL?
Lucius Burckhardt

[...]

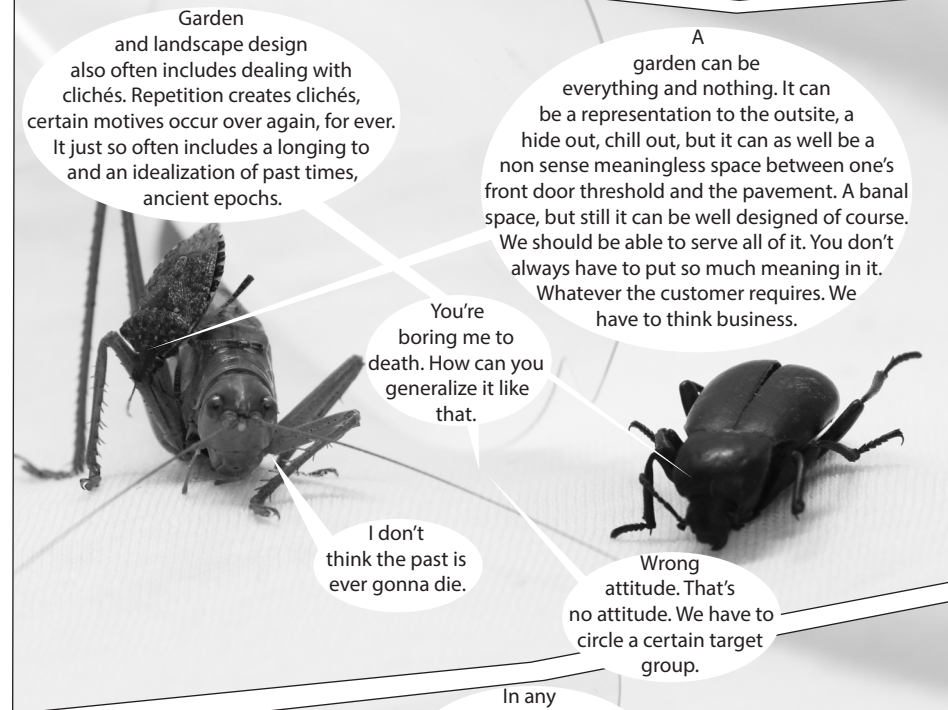
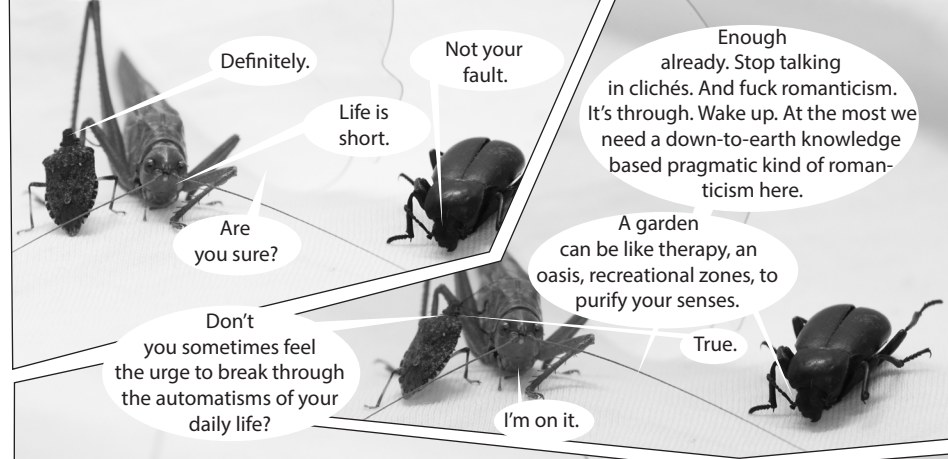
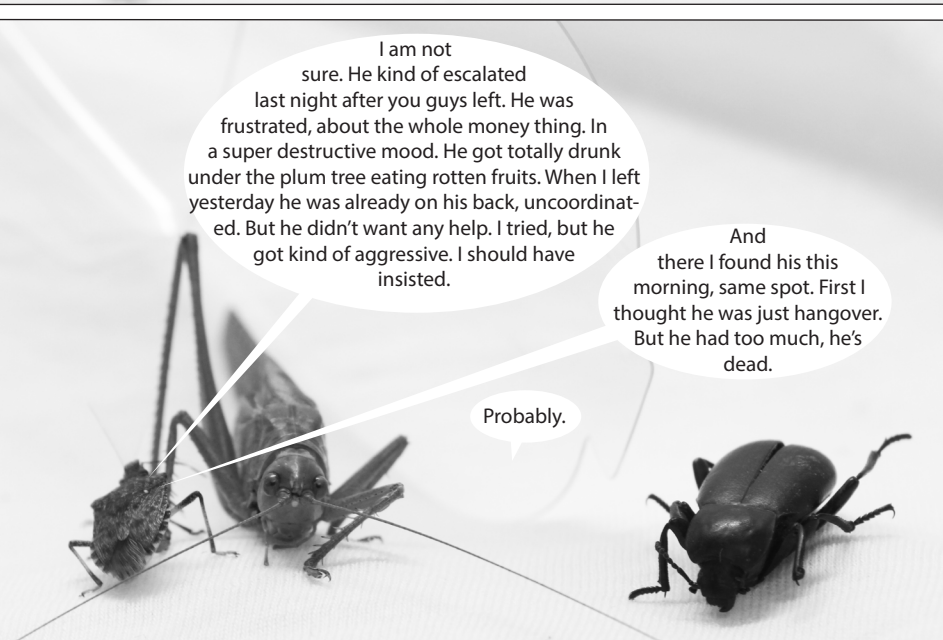
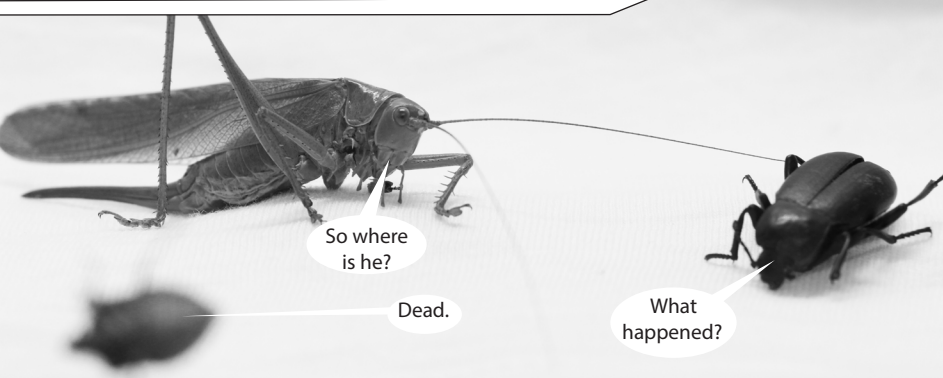
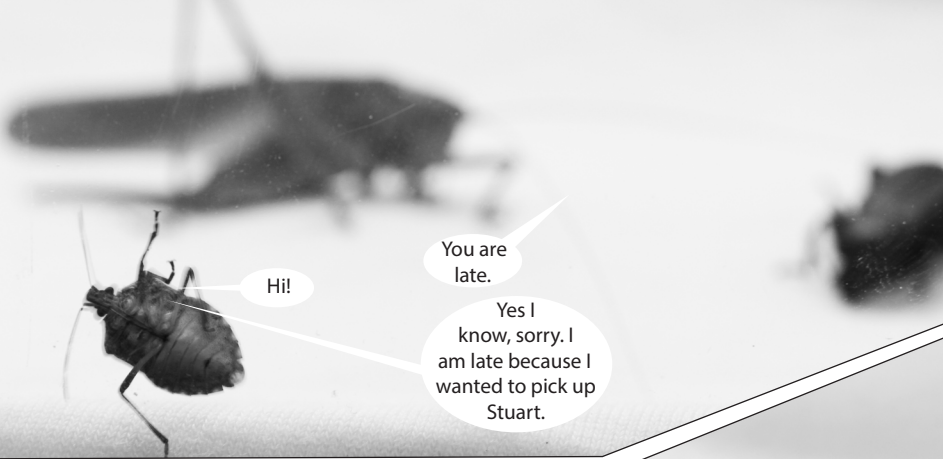
Does that mean however, that our sense of beauty yearns for an old-fashioned style of cultivation, for those production modes recently abandoned and no longer viable? By the time Horace wrote his Arcadian pastoral poetry, Arcadia no longer existed but, rather, a Sicily where masses of slaves produced grain to feed metropolitan Rome. Is our quest for a beautiful landscape therefore also a quest for recently abandoned production modes—a quest for fruit trees on a pasture near Basel, for example, a pasture of the type made increasingly rare by the rise of the electric lawnmower?

The role of ruins

This led to questions about human input in general, about technological intervention and “disruption” of the landscape. Of course, potential mischief has the artist just itching to turn the church tower into a cooling tower, to sketch a nuclear power station alongside the sanatorium, and to draw a highway leading to the heart of Vrin. Nobody will ever find this type of disrupted landscape beautiful. And yet such interventions are relative; today we so readily accept older interventions of a violent nature as to enjoy them even, as indispensable landscape features. Or were the military fortresses of Grisons Canton not once perhaps a terrifying sight? Is

the windmill on a landscape painted by a Dutch Master not a modern form of energy production, analogous to our power stations? And did not the numerous viaducts built for the Rhaetian Railway aesthetically enhance entire valley formations? [...]

Why Is
Landscape
Beautiful



Wasteland AS Context WASTELAND AS CONTEXT.
IS THERE ANY SUCH THING AS THE POSTMODERN LANDSCAPE?
Lucius Burckhardt

Everything is growing more ugly by the day—on that we all agree. We discovered a beach three years ago, on a remote rocky bay, and we went there time after time with the children. We swam, they searched for seashells, and we never saw a soul all day long. But we returned there last year, and what did we find but a half-built hotel. And in the Alps, two summers ago, we discovered a sunny slope with a whole range of alpine flora: gentians, alpine asters and lobelia. But this year, the struts for a cable lift have been installed, so all the flora will soon be crushed beneath skis and snow ploughs. Don't we all have similar stories to tell when we return home from a vacation? Is the "uglyfication" of our landscape a one-way street? Our grandparents had a much better time of it. When they left the city they found themselves in a beautiful rural landscape and, if they traveled even further a-field, could enjoy magnificent beaches or mountain vistas. Yet we too still have it good, for we manage now and then to discover a lovely spot, and we keep quiet about it; and even when that spot has gone to the dogs, there is a good chance we will find a new one. But how will things look for our offspring? Will a thing of beauty be lost to them forever?

Strong and influential movements protest the "ugly-

fication" of our environment. There are lobby groups for the protection of local identity, the protection of the landscape, the protection of the natural environment and the protection of cultural heritage. Remarkably, all these lobby groups were founded, not recently, but by our grandparents: "protection of" lobby groups were invented sometime between 1900 and 1910. Evidently, the impression that everything is increasingly ugly was even stronger then than it is today. Yet we like to think that everything in those days was still lovely, and that there was probably little need for the "protection of" lobby groups. Will our grandchildren think the same about us? Will they say: "Our grandparents still had it so good. There were still so many beautiful places, back then; and is it not strange, how upset they all were about environmental degradation?"

Today, we will consider these changes, this apparently one-way development. Without doubt, that thing we describe generally as the landscape is changing. Whether or how one might pinpoint the nature of this change is hard to say, for landscape is a quite tricky word, an interpretation of our surroundings. That which is changing might better be described as "tangible space." Evidently, tangible space used to be in a state such that we called it a beautiful landscape, but we no longer rate it so highly owing to its present alteration. Or do we? Perhaps there are changes now underway that make tangible space look lovelier than ever. It must have been beautiful at some time or other, on its way from primeval Germanic forest to the

Wasteland
As Context

Wasteland present-day pig and chicken factories. The decision to
As Context describe a certain stage of agricultural development
as “beautiful” and as “landscape” is, therefore, historically determined, which is to say, it is a construct created by past generations and one hence presumably subject to change and development. That the more remote and extreme instances of agricultural economy, such as one finds in the Alps, say, are more beautiful than charming, sheltered places in the countryside around Rome attests to specific historical shifts in our interpretation of landscape. Evidently—and this rather complicates the matter—we are dealing with two developments: firstly, with changes in tangible space, however quantifiable or representable this may be; and, secondly, with the ongoing shifts in our perception of landscape—and this brings us now to ask: Could it be that our concept of landscape is outdated insofar as it has failed to keep pace with changes in the modern landscape?

Let us begin by reviewing the classic, traditional view of a beautiful landscape. This rests, for one, on the distinction between the city and the countryside. The construct “landscape” is the urban dweller’s invention; it is he—and not the farmer working the land—who finds the landscape beyond the city limits so appealing. He also fulfills the second premise posited by Immanuel Kant: he has no “vested interest” in the countryside; he visits it, not to buy cheap potatoes or to collect rent from leaseholders, but as a “disinterested” onlooker. He admires the golden ears of corn

and the industrious laborers bringing in the harvest, Wasteland
As Context but he has no gain from them and nor does he want any. That his existence as an urban dweller actually depends on the agricultural economy is another story altogether. In addition to the opposition of the city and the countryside, and the passing urban dweller’s lack of involvement, there is a third premise: it is short distances covered on foot or, in the past, on horseback or, today, by bicycle, that make it possible to construct an image of the local landscape and to label it “typical.” Every city has, or at least used to have, a landscape it considers somehow typical: Berliners have their lakes in Brandenburg, Frankfurters the Taunus or the Wetterau, the people of Strasbourg their Vosges, those in Zurich their Lägern, and the Viennese their Vienna Woods. And way beyond the typical charming features of a hike through the local landscape lies the heroic, sublime landscape where we take a vacation: the Curonian Spit, Helgoland, the White Cliffs of Dover, Lake Lucerne or the Matterhorn. These heroic, sublime landscapes are also integrated in the local-typical schema, however, for the simple reason that, having arrived at our vacation destination, we need walk only a short way to see them—perhaps not even that, if the Matterhorn, say, is visible from our hotel window. In this respect we evidently still share the aesthetics of the Golden Age of railroads, with its vacation destinations and hotels.

I would like now to demonstrate the extent to which our situation has changed in objective terms, i.e. with

Wasteland
As Context

regard to that which I call tangible space, as well as in terms of our subjective attitudes and hence our perceptions.

Certainly, the contrast between the city and the countryside still exists yet it has become much less pronounced. The urban dweller no longer necessarily lives in the city and even someone who works the land may now choose not to live on it. All Forestry Commission properties in Germany have been closed down, for if ever a forester is required to see the forest and happens not to be at work in his office, he travels by car to the point at which his patrol route begins. Nor do farmers need live alongside their fields and stalls these days. They may just as well conduct their business from the city. Whoever toils in Holland in the famous tulip farms can arrive there each morning on his motorbike, and likewise the vintners and cattle farmers in the South of France. The majority population in the countryside, in the villages, is no longer tied to the land for its livelihood. Many commute to work in the city. Others have urban jobs in rural areas, or they simply work at home. This has repercussions also for architecture. The old marketplaces and villages no longer have a distinctly rural appearance, and their smart mayors have no greater ambition than to find an investor for a high-rise. The cities meanwhile, are falling apart. Fast means of transport have made high densities and walking distances redundant. The pride of urban mayors is more likely to be urban parks, urban expansion, and to fill every street and square with

so-called urban-garnish greenery. Patches of green therefore envelop the motorist at every turn, before releasing him into the underground parking lot, from where he makes his way to the pedestrian zone, once again surrounded by shrubs.

The motorcar made it possible for urban dwellers to settle in the countryside. So the settlement structures that evolved there can now be reached and explored solely by car. Reasonably enough, anyone who lives in the city or the countryside therefore now gets about by car. This has an impact on the distance he walks. Even the very first step into the classical experience of landscape is denied him, for he no longer experiences a transition from urban to rural architecture. He will therefore travel great distances in search of the greatest contrast, the most “unspoiled” place imaginable. The effect of such overly long trips is that he can no longer manage to integrate all he sees in a local-typical landscape schema. A walk in the immediate vicinity therefore no longer guarantees he will find a familiar and hence preferable landscape.

Every motorist has read somewhere, at some time, that exhaust fumes are partly responsible for so-called forest dieback. Individuals deal with this information in different ways: one can continue to use the car and suffer a guilty conscience; or one can join an association that relieves the feelings of guilt and fosters a “So what?” attitude. Everyone is also aware that the work farmers do in their fields is no longer totally harmless. Farmers sit on grotesque machines that spread inde-

Wasteland
As Context

Wasteland As Context

finable substances on the fields, substances likely to seep into the groundwater and come gushing out of our faucets the very next day. Our complicity in crime and our awareness of such risks sweep away all traditional notions of the disinterested onlooker on the sidelines. Whatever we do has an impact on the landscape—on forest dieback—and whatever the “happy People of the Fields” do implies a menace for us. This destroys Kant’s premise, that aesthetic perception requires a “disinterested” relationship to the object observed.

LB1

And now comes the third point I wish to emphasize here, namely the impact of wasteland. Wasteland in its narrower sense, meaning land that is available for cultivation yet left to lie fallow, is a modern phenomenon, a result of surplus production in the agricultural sector. A farmer who does not till his fields can register them as wasteland and is awarded compensation accordingly. Many farmers therefore deduce that their product sales do not cover their labor costs: they do equally well or even better to spare themselves the effort and the raw materials and simply pocket the compensation. This is true above all for regions with less fertile ground, so it is there that we most frequently come across the wasteland phenomenon. Initially, wasteland may be a welcome addition to the landscape, since we find wild vegetation there, instead of extensive potato or cereal acreage. First of all, grasses run rife then, after two or three years, thistles and shrubs and, eventually, bushes and saplings. Wherever farmers mow wasteland, which they do as a rule, one finds nothing more than

shrubs and thistles. Many hikers enjoy this new type of vegetation and look on with pleasure as their dogs chase through fields of thistles. And yet, in my opinion, wasteland contributes crucially to changing the look of the landscape.

The layout of the historical landscape has its own logic. We leave the city and cross a zone full of the market gardens that supply the city with vegetables and flowers; then come fields of grain, pastures for milk production and, finally, the forest. Forest margins are perhaps the most refreshing type of landscape setting for the urban walker, either on account of their diversity and rich vegetation, or because neither farmers nor foresters patrol them. This layout also has a narrative dimension; it reflects how the city is nourished; it reproduces what has come to be known as Von Thünen’s rings, a model of agricultural land use that regarded feeding the city as a matter of distance and as the basis of ground rent. Our walker, to whom I shall return in more detail later, also traverses this narrative, this story; and this lends significance to the landscape he sees. To the charming or spectacular image—the well-situated farm or the forest margins—it adds now an explanatory footnote, a narration of historical processes on the basis of which a particular type of agriculture has been deemed sensible and logical for this “green belt” around the city. The narrative also addresses developments and processes, for example the fact that a grain silo or perhaps even a mill wheel can still be found alongside a farm that evidently now re-

Wasteland As Context

LB2

Wasteland
As Context

stricts its business to dairy produce and raising cattle. Yet while an occasional patch of wasteland may look pretty, the point I wish to make is that wasteland on the whole interrupts or disrupts the narration of a logically structured landscape and thereby hinders the integration of our experience of taking a walk in the local-typical schema of beauty.

So far, we have described wasteland in the narrower sense. In the broader sense, we could say wasteland is the area within the new urban/rural spillover zone in which individual elements are not logically arranged. The conglomerate of newly built housing estates, lots standing empty owing to speculation, abandoned commercial sites, and the scattered vestiges of farmers' existence amounts to a "wasteland," metaphorically speaking; to an illogical wasteland that leaves us in the lurch when it comes to interpreting what we see. In order to describe this phenomenon more precisely, I would like to return once again to that which I have called the charm of the local-typical schema. And in order to understand that, it is essential to reflect briefly on my strollology theory. — We believe we perceive the landscape as an "image;" we learn from pastoral novels and travel brochures how this or that region looks. When we take a walk we seek confirmation of these images. And we are delighted to discover similarities or variations on a theme we can interpret. In reality, however, we see something else on our walks: we cross a field, ford a stream, pass a village, go through a valley or over a hill, feel ourselves hemmed in

or come upon a panoramic vista; and we thereby see a thousand details—a gray cat or a burned-down barn—and we substantiate what we see by drawing on our memory or on our oblivion. Whatever we have seen is merged—in our mind's eye, of course—in one image and this we then call "our landscape experience." Once back home, therefore, we do not speak in detail of the narrow valley or the gray cat but instead describe the Wetterau, the Jura by Basel, the Vienna Woods or the lakes of Brandenburg. This artificial image created in our mind's eye and underpinned by travel brochures is feasible thanks solely to the narrative order, to inner logic and to the context in which we have seen these visual sequences. The less logically such image sequences can be classified, the harder it becomes for us to read the landscape and the more clamorous the demands made on us to explain what we see. When I come across objects such as a windmill in Holland, a pithead frame in the Ruhr District or a dung heap in the Black Forest, I can easily classify them. If I came across a pithead in the Black Forest, however, I would condemn it to oblivion or perhaps become annoyed, depending on my mood. I would possibly call the local office for protection of the landscape and demand that it be removed forthwith! And I would probably then discover that the relevant lobby group already existed for the purpose either of preserving pitheads in the Ruhr District or of removing them from the Black Forest.

Wasteland
As Context

Wasteland As Context

Armed with insights derived from the strollology theory, we return now once again to the wasteland: to wasteland in its narrower sense as well as to the metaphorical wasteland of the disorderly urban/rural environment. At the risk of sounding banal, I call this “the postmodern landscape.” One of the better-known origins of postmodernism is Robert Venturi’s journey to Las Vegas. He discovered there, that gigantic, explanatory icons afflict the buildings he named sheds: a huge illuminated sign on the roadside explains a pleasure palace called “Stardust;” yet turn into the drive and one finds oneself approaching a relatively inconspicuous low building, namely a shed; one of modest size for the simple reason that it must be air-conditioned. For Venturi, the lesson of *Learning from Las Vegas* was that the iconic explanation of a building is distinct from its actual structure or volume, and he pitted this insight against the strict rationalism of modernist architecture. I learn something else from Las Vegas, for Las Vegas lies in the very zone I describe as metaphorical wasteland.

LB3

Wasteland requires some explanation: the more established wasteland happens to be, the more the object seen must both introduce and interpret itself. The disorderliness of our urban/rural environment gives rise to the loquacity of postmodernism. Take the city hall in an old, established city: a city hall derelict beyond repair or gutted by fire and consequently in need of refurbishment. What a gratifying task for an architect. The city, given its age, has its own logic, its own narra-

tive. I arrive from the railway station, cross the station forecourt, enter the medieval city center, find myself in a jumble of narrow streets then come upon a wide open space, the central square, at one corner of which stands the main church; but in the architecture along one of its longer sides there is a gaping hole, the gutted city hall. Every design, even the most nondescript, even the most functionalist concept of a new building for this site says: city hall. The historical city context has primed the visitor precisely for this. The architect therefore need do nothing more than reveal his particular interpretation of a city hall on this site. Let’s take another example, another city hall. A conglomerate of older and more recent settlements, abandoned industrial sites, sports fields and highway slip roads are pronounced to be a city. An extensive green area seems a likely site for a city hall. So, what does the architect now design but a postmodern city hall? Of course he does, naturally: since it must convey two messages to the observer simultaneously. The first is: “I am the urban community’s new city hall;” and the second is: “I was designed by the architect X.” This is the reason for my hypothesis: the more misinformation wasteland disseminates, the more loquacious architecture must become.

So we find ourselves all of a sudden in the realm of architecture. We actually intended to talk about landscapes. Is there such a thing as the “postmodern landscape?” I believe there is. The postmodern landscape is the attempt to attune the observer—whose route to the

Wasteland As Context

Wasteland
As Context place in question cannot be foreseen, and who is consequently ill prepared, in narrative terms, for whatever awaits him—to that which he will see. Landscape elements that have their own logic must therefore be created in the wasteland. I call such landscapes “hyper-typical landscapes.”

Yet this type of landscape is precisely what I wish to distinguish from that which lobby groups for the protection of nature, protection of the landscape and so forth reconstruct—under the influence of geographers—as typical landscapes. Let me sketch a brief example. One of Germany’s major historical landscapes is the heath. Basically, this denotes an area on which *Caluna vulgaris* grows, a plant that blooms red in the fall. *Caluna vulgaris* is a small bush with a more or less fifteen-year lifespan. One of its properties during this lifespan is to prevent younger plants’ seed from sprouting around it. So, the heath dies off over fifteen years respectively is dead by the end of that period, and ready to allow other seeds to sprout. The heath is accordingly an artificial landscape that demands “hard graft.” The heath farmer digs up some *Caluna vulgaris* bushes before they reach old age, so that other bushes can seed and regenerate themselves. The heath is a landscape doomed to extinction, on the one hand, because nobody these days is prepared for hard graft and, on the other, because the land—especially since the invention of artificial fertilizer—can now be put to more profitable use. Nowadays, if a landscape advocate or nature conservationist wants to regenera-

te the heath, the situation goes something like this: a sign on the regional highway directs the motorist to the heath parking lot. There he must leave his car and continue on foot to reach the heath. This greets him in the fall clothed splendidly in red. He also spots a conscientious objector or an unemployed person doing hard graft. The visitor could not be more disappointed. He asks himself: What was it about the heath anyhow, which made it so poetic? And he returns home to reread Hermann Löns’ account of a walk on the heath: his essay about the black grouse, for instance. Yes, Löns descends from the narrow-gauge railroad car, surrounded (to his initial annoyance) by other hikers, and walks into a small heath village. But then Löns realizes he knows another path and he disappears between the vegetable plots, beyond which he reaches the orchards, and beyond those, finally, he crosses a sand drift. On the far side everything is green and damp; there are birch and juniper trees, and some famous Heidschnucke sheep. Löns makes his way across a swampy patch, comes at last to the blooming red carpet and spots his black grouse—which does not feed on heath flowers, incidentally, but on juniper berries and cranberries. It is clear now: the “typical” landscape cannot be read as an object but only as one component of a narrative sequence, a sequence that attests also to processes: the village defends itself against the sand, the fruit trees encroach on the dunes, the farmer encloses some of the heath, and the heath does battle with juniper and cranberry trees...

Wasteland
As Context

LB4

LB5

Wasteland As Context This simply as an intermezzo, one that teaches us that the postmodern hyper-typical landscape cannot be solely an image, cannot be a heath attached to a parking lot and maintained by the unemployed. Rather, hyper-typical postmodern landscapes are a consciously designed combination of spectacular (hence tangible) and narrative elements. Löns' experience of the heath, with its underlying narrative, must be reproduced on a small scale at the heart of the global wasteland. What are the hyper-typical landscapes of the modern age? — I identify three types: the supermarket, the theme park (such as Disneyland), and the preserved historical city center. All three are forms of landscape with their own inherent logic. Although I have never visited Disneyland personally, I know perfectly well that I would find my way about it. Everything would be familiar to me, from Vesuvius to the narrow-gauge railway through a Wild West high street; and I would be totally prepared for it, because it would unfold in a logical sequence. By the way, the Euro-Disney hotels in the Marne Valley were not built primarily for European visitors; rather, developers had in mind those Americans who must visit Paris on business and are so bewildered by the capital that they gladly retreat to an orderly landscape that they know and understand, in order to gather their wits in preparation for the day ahead.

The supermarket, the theme park and the preservation of cultural heritage serve to recreate a condition that Kant considered vital to the aesthetic experience: the

observer's non-involvement or "lack of a vested interest." My role in all three of these contexts is that of observer/customer: I can either shop or not shop. A third option, namely to assist proceedings, do business myself, or personally offer something to the situation, is not available. One visits Disneyland "without interest." Consequently, it is the recreated aesthetic landscape.

We have described these three landscapes—the supermarket, Disneyland/ theme park and the preserved historical city center—as postmodern landscapes. They are characterized by the strict segregation of promoter and consumer, whereby the promoter establishes a rigid order. This order is so logical as to instantly make visitors feel at home and, moreover, to trigger in them the required behavior, namely conspicuous consumerism. One might dispute that this holds true for the historical city center. Yet, there too, one finds a growing tendency to control the range of stores available; to favor the sale of historical and traditional products, to say nothing of antiques; and to integrate real and fake traditions: sales personnel and waiters in traditional regional costumes, wine-tasting, cheese samples accompanied by yet more costumes, and a folk-strumming band. There is little danger, moreover, of foreign visitors being unfamiliar with such folk music or with revivals of various architectural styles and regional traditions. For what is on offer on the whole is a largely artificial, uniform style that I refer to as "ubiquitous regionalism:" motifs derived from Turkish

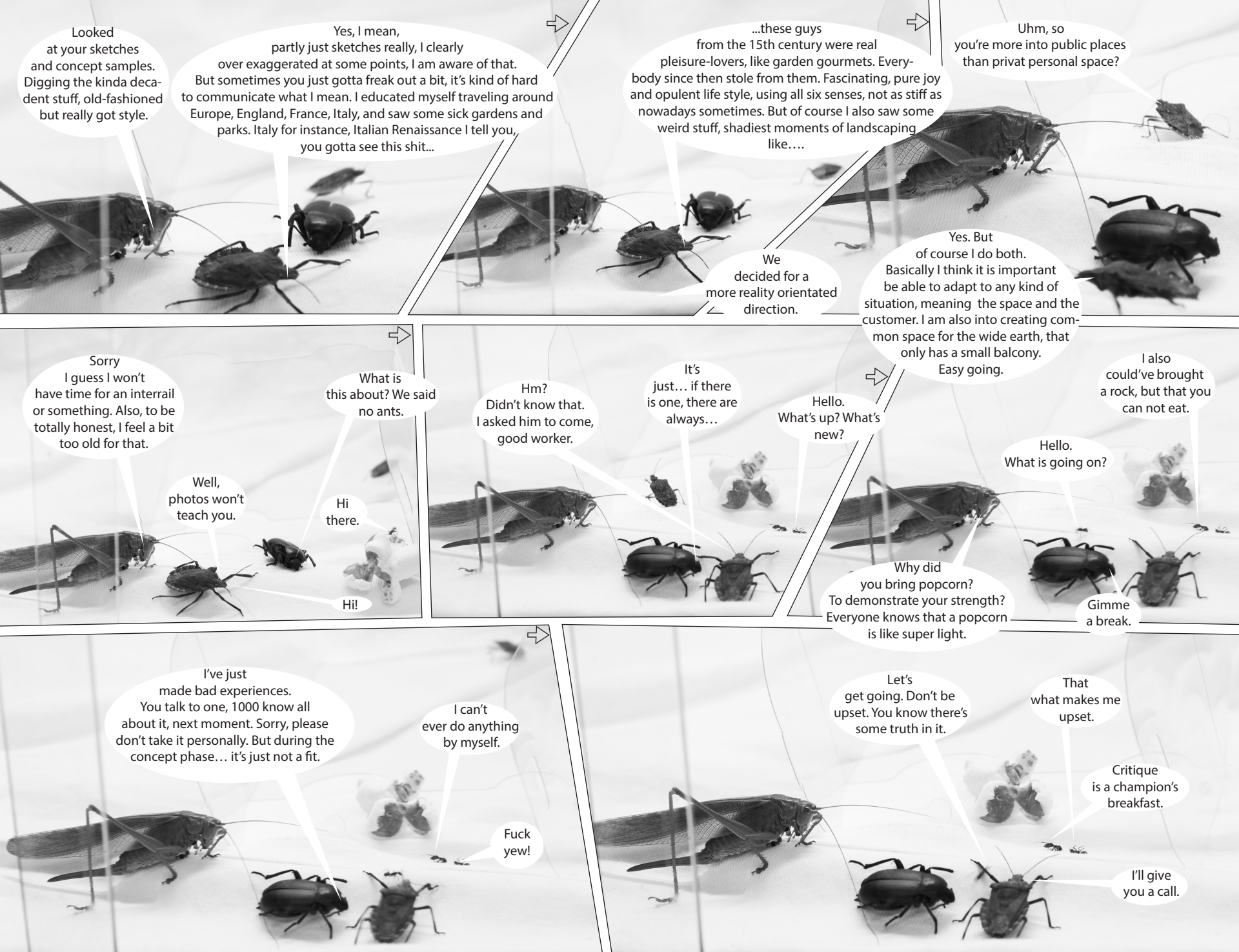
Wasteland As Context

Wasteland timber architecture, applied to Swiss chalets and lit by
As Context Japanese lanterns evoke the motifs on a hot-dog stand
in a pseudo-historical pioneer town in distant Canada.
Is there any way out of this post-historical landscape?
— For here, the main point is this: to overcome the
feeling of total “man-made-ness,” of total manipulation.
The word “landscape” actually originally denoted
selected motifs in a heterogeneous type of environment,
motifs of incidental origin. Nobody planned the
ruins, shepherds huts and farmers’ fields in a picturesque
landscape—and it is the chance heterogeneity of this mix
that delights our gaze. Can any examples of partly intentional
and partly incidental landscapes be found today? Any such
configuration beyond the postmodern landscape, I would describe
as a “potent landscape.”

So now, in conclusion and by way of example, here my
endeavor to describe a potent landscape: the setting is
the documenta 9 in Kassel in 1992—its outdoor areas,
to be precise. One need only read newspaper and art
journal reviews of the time to know that the outdoor
areas were considered a complete disaster. Commerce
and restaurants predominated, the few artworks on the
forecourt of the Fridericianum were not shown to their
advantage and, worst of all—a barbarity that flabbergasted
the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*—the stone steps leading from
Friedrichsplatz to the Aue Park had been squatted by
unauthorized vendors dealing in pseudo art. To crown it
all, the arrangement of ticket sales, the cloakroom and the
exhibition entrances was so unfor-

Wasteland fortunate that visitors were obliged to stand in line three
As Context times over. On some days, the whole of Friedrichsplatz
was full of people standing in line.

Some time passed before we realized that this was nothing
less than a potent landscape. True, it had been planned—yet
no one had expected it to turn out quite as it did. It was
indeed a disaster. And yet all the visitors, except for the
journalists among them, were perfectly satisfied. As our home
was in Kassel we did not need to stand in line. So several
weeks passed before we realized we were missing out on a
major attraction. Interesting people mingled there, helped
each other out, took a neighbor’s umbrella to the cloakroom
then returned it when the skies opened. One person was
dispatched to fetch coffee for everyone in line and when
caught in a sudden shower, he borrowed the café’s huge
parasol, before handing it on to the next person upon
reaching the Fridericianum. The Nigerian artist Mo Edoga
was magnificent: for one hundred days he slowly constructed
his airy tower, answered every question, and gave the public
the feeling that it for once had a genuine opportunity to
exchange ideas with an artist. I won’t go into more detail.
What I wished to show was simply this: a new form of
artificial landscape, based neither on the old formula—
wasteland plus loquacity—nor on the new one—total
definition of the design and the roles to be played—really
does exist, has indeed become conceivable. The landscape
fusion of human activity, human leisure and chance is still
possible.



Looked at your sketches and concept samples. Digging the kinda decadent stuff, old-fashioned but really got style.

Yes, I mean, partly just sketches really, I clearly over exaggerated at some points, I am aware of that. But sometimes you just gotta freak out a bit, it's kind of hard to communicate what I mean. I educated myself traveling around Europe, England, France, Italy, and saw some sick gardens and parks. Italy for instance, Italian Renaissance I tell you, you gotta see this shit...

...these guys from the 15th century were real pleasure-lovers, like garden gourmets. Everybody since then stole from them. Fascinating, pure joy and opulent life style, using all six senses, not as stiff as nowadays sometimes. But of course I also saw some weird stuff, shadiest moments of landscaping like....

Uhm, so you're more into public places than privat personal space?

We decided for a more reality orientated direction.

Yes. But of course I do both. Basically I think it is important be able to adapt to any kind of situation, meaning the space and the customer. I am also into creating common space for the wide earth, that only has a small balcony. Easy going.

Sorry I guess I won't have time for an interrail or something. Also, to be totally honest, I feel a bit too old for that.

Well, photos won't teach you.

What is this about? We said no ants.

Hi there.

Hi!

Hm? Didn't know that. I asked him to come, good worker.

It's just... if there is one, there are always...

Hello. What's up? What's new?

I also could've brought a rock, but that you can not eat.

Hello. What is going on?

Why did you bring popcorn? To demonstrate your strength? Everyone knows that a popcorn is like super light.

Gimme a break.

I've just made bad experiences. You talk to one, 1000 know all about it, next moment. Sorry, please don't take it personally. But during the concept phase... it's just not a fit.

I can't ever do anything by myself.

Fuck yew!

Let's get going. Don't be upset. You know there's some truth in it.

That what makes me upset.

Critique is a champion's breakfast.

I'll give you a call.

[...]

Gute Nacht zum Frühstücksei

Scheiß Romantik

Scheiß Roman Tick

Scheiß Heile Welt

Geliefert wird was keiner bestellt

[...]

[...]

The five and a half years the Konrads spent in Sicking had convinced Konrad, according to Wieser's statement, that his decision, his ruthless determination to move into the lime works, away from the world which for decades he had regarded as worthless, offering no attraction whatsoever, a world that was merely making time, out of which he chose to move into the lime works for the sake of his scientific task, which meant his survival. [...]

The lime works were now totally bare of ornamentation, Konrad is reported to have told Fro, even the paths leading up to the lime works, though in fact there was only a single stony path leading up to the lime works as anyone could see at once, had been loosely paved with coarse gravel. Everything was simplified. He aimed to restore the lime works to their original condition, regardless of what anyone thought. Tall hedges, yes, but no ornamental bushes whatsoever. To Wieser: he, Konrad, had never been a so-called nature freak, after all; he was no nature fanatic, no nature masochist, absolutely no wilderness freak of any kind, in fact; external nature tended to inspire Konrad with horror at his own nature, never with joyful amazement; the so-called sense of wonder in contemplating nature was a mere perversion, he said. Nor did he love

mankind, and if not mankind, then certainly not animals, he did not love animals even though he was incessantly, even exclusively preoccupied with nature, you might say, he was nevertheless no friend of nature, quite the contrary, particularly because of his incessant preoccupation with nature. His wife naturally thought it weird how passionately he hated nature and, as a logical consequence, all the creatures. To Fro: bare walls, functionalism, strategy for self-injury. Catastrophicephaleconomy. To Wieser: firmly locked, firmly bolted doors, closely barred windows, everything locked up, bolted, barred. Do you realize that the lime works doors used to be fastened by simple latches! Konrad is supposed to have cried, imagine, simple latches! Nowadays the doors were all secured by heavy bolts of dressed timber set deep in the walls. Set deep into those thick walls, Konrad is said to have told Wieser, bolts that have to be pushed in or pulled out by force, what with the constant humidity here it was of course always necessary to use a good deal of force. The security factor was the most important one by far. First of all, Konrad had said to his wife according to Wieser, they had to secure themselves against intrusion from the outside world from which they had at last succeeded in escaping, so all the windows had to be barred at once, and all the doors had to be bolted, and that was what in fact they did, right after moving in, Konrad told Wieser, the very day after paying an unheard of, actually an incredibly high purchase price for the lime works, the Konrads moved in and instant-

ly had all the windows barred and all the doors bolted, they had bolts attached even to the inside doors, heavy bolts, and heavy bars on the windows, in fact, the blacksmith at first refused to make bars that heavy, Konrad said, but he finally gave in because Konrad would not yield an inch and also promised to pay quite a lot, and the carpenter made him those heavy wooden bolts, actually the blacksmith who made those heavy bars and the carpenter who made those heavy bolts are said to have shaken their heads over Konrad, but in the end his arguments are said to have convinced both the blacksmith and the carpenter, and now the blacksmith and the carpenter are both proud of their handiwork, the blacksmith is proud of his heavy bars which he shaped with extreme precision in accordance with Konrad's strict instructions, and the carpenter is proud of the heavy bolts he made just as exactly in accordance with Konrad's precise instructions. And to stop the curiosity seekers who kept passing the lime works, unwanted and unbidden, as is their way, from eyeing the building, Konrad is said to have told Wieser, Konrad and his wife neede high thickets, Konrad said to his wife, we need high thickets around the lime works, the tallest-growing shrubs there are, and they had immediately ordered the tallest shrubs from Switzerland brought to Sicking where they were planted by experts. Today the lime works is totally hidden from view, Konrad is supposed to have told Wieser two years ago, completely unnoticeable, unseen, and even if it should be noticed and seen, Wieser remembers Kon-

rad saying, there is absolutely no way to get inside. The thickets have grown so high, my dear Wieser, that no one can get a glimpse of the lime works, there is no way to see the lime works, in fact, unless you are standing right in front of it (Konrad to Wieser), that is, standing a yard or half a yard from the building, which is not to see it, after all, there's no seeing it that close up. Remember that the lime works is accessible only from the east, it's a strange fact that the lime works is accessible only from the east, but then again it is not so strange, Konrad is supposed to have said to Wieser, on the one hand it was strange, on the other hand not so strange after all, everything is strange on the one hand and not at all strange on the other hand (Wieser specifically recalls that bit about strange-yet-not-strange); to the north and to the west, the lime works is surrounded by water, ideally one might say, and to the south it is bounded ideally by ramparts of rock. Even access from the east is often barred in winter, because the lime works is no longer a lime works and so the snow plow no longer comes as far as the lime works, obviously no snow plow is going to come this far out to a dead, abandoned lime works, Konrad is said to have told Wieser, no workmen, no lime production, no snow plow, he said; for the sake of an individual good-for-nothing Konrad and his wife, an equally good-for-nothing Konrad, no snow plow comes in, it was economically wasteful to have the snow plow come in just for their sake, consequently the snow plow had not come that far for years, as it suddenly struck Konrad, not

since his nephew Hoerhager was no longer at the lime works had the snow plow come any farther than the tavern, for Hoerhager had served in various ways as a town official, a man in public office could count on the snow plow coming all the way to his door, while I, Konrad is supposed to have said, I serve no public function, I serve no function whatsoever, certainly not a public function, he even hated the word *function*, there was nothing he hated more bitterly than the word *functionary*, a word it nauseated him even to hear, because nowadays everybody was a functionary, all of them were functionaries now, they all functioned, there are no human beings left, Wieser, nothing but functionaries, that's why I can't stand the expression *functionary*, the word *functionary* makes me retch, but my nephew Hoerhager was a functionary by nature, a town functionary, and to a functionary, especially a town functionary, the snow plow comes, it will always come to a functionary! Konrad is supposed to have exclaimed to Wieser, while for an old fool like me and a crippled old fool of a woman like my wife the snow plow will not come, even though it would be so easy for the snow plow to make a turn at the lime works, but it simply does not come as far as the lime works anymore. A winter harassment! Konrad is supposed to have shouted, over and over: A winter harassment! Wieser says that for over an hour Konrad kept calling it a farce that the public snow plow comes only as far as the tavern but no longer as far as the lime works.

NO GODS, NO MASTERS, FULL PLEASURE
Ideas of Mikhail Bakunin edited and rewritten by
Max Eulitz and anarcho73

My Ideas are rooted in materialism. Facts before ideas. And my ideal is but a flower, whose root lies in the material conditions of existence. So let's be crystal clear. No man can achieve his own emancipation without simultaneously working for the emancipation of all men around him. My freedom is the freedom of all, since I am not truly free in thought and in fact, except when my freedom and my rights are confirmed and approved in the freedom and rights of all men who are my equals. Man in isolation can have no awareness of his liberty. Liberty is therefore a feature not of isolation but of interaction, not of exclusion but rather of connection. As capitalist ideology glorifies the abstract individual, it proclaims free will on the ruins of every liberty. This is unsurprising, as every development implies the negation of its point of departure. Thus you will always find the idealists in the very act of practical materialism, while you see the materialists pursuing and realising the most grandly ideal aspirations and thoughts. This is obvious today when the „libertarian“ right's defence of individual liberty never gets far from opposing taxation while defending „the management's right to manage“ to maximise profits. Abstract individualism cannot help but justify authority over liberty. Anarchism, however, denies free will and ends in the establishment of liberty. U got me? It

No Gods,
No
Masters,
Full Plea-
sure

basically means: anarchism rejects the principle of authority. The concept is pretty simple. The principle of authority is the eminently theological, metaphysical and political idea, that the masses, always incapable of governing themselves, must submit at all times to the benevolent yoke of a wisdom and a justice, which in one way or another, is imposed from above. And the better alternative? I rather advocate „self-management.“ In such an organisation, hierarchic order and advancement do not exist and there would be voluntary and thoughtful discipline for collective work or action. In such a system, power, properly speaking, no longer exists. Power is diffused to the collectivity and becomes the true expression of the liberty of everyone, the faithful and sincere realisation of the will of all, this is the only true discipline, the discipline necessary for the organisation of freedom.

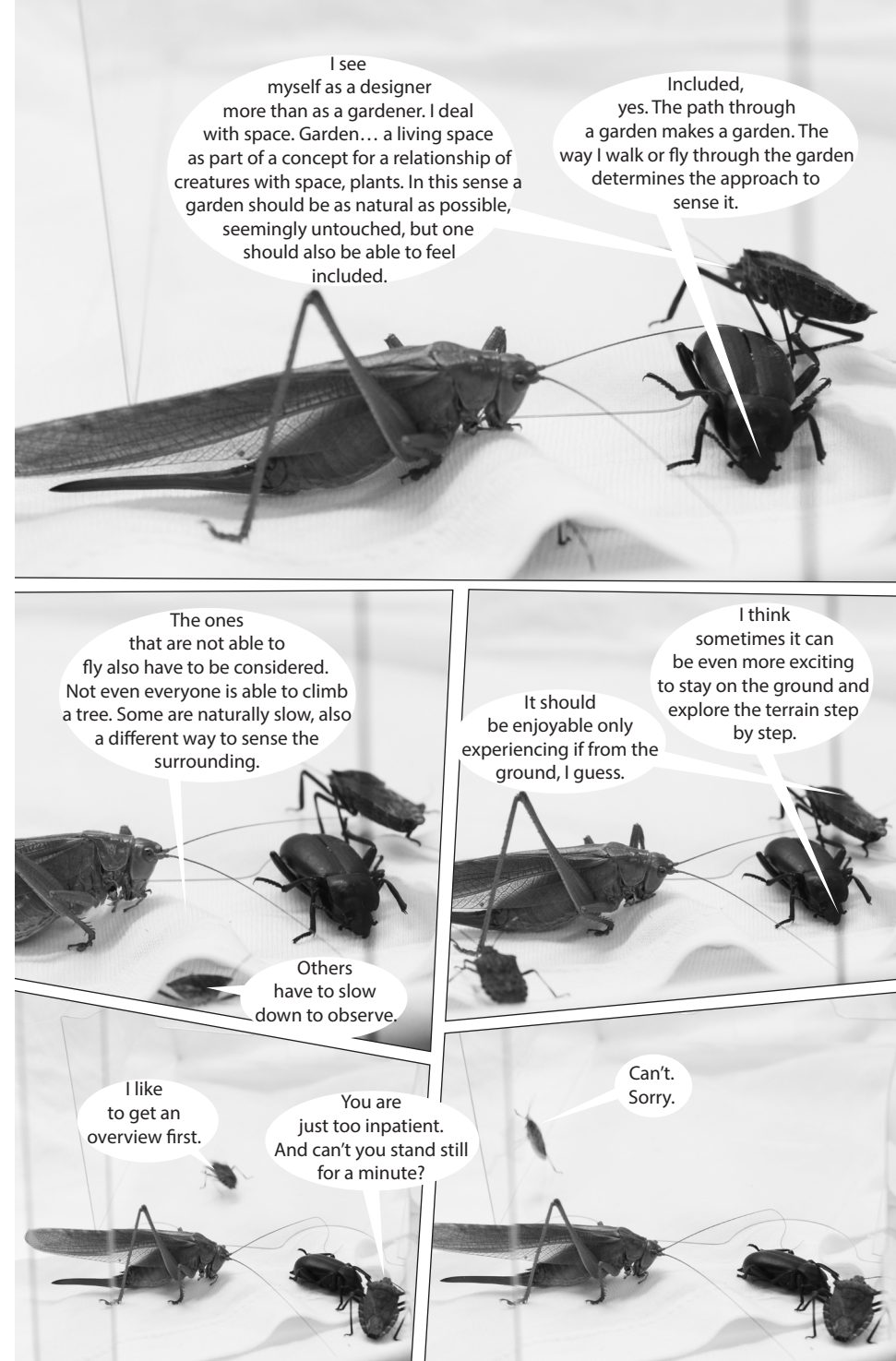
However, freedom, is a product of connection, not of isolation. How a group organises itself determines whether it is authoritarian or libertarian. By the term “principle of authority“, i mean hierarchy rather than organisation and the need to make agreements. So I ask You, does it follow that I reject all authority? No, of course not, far be it from me to entertain such a thought. There is a difference between being an authority -- an expert -- and being in authority. Obviously I also recognise all natural authority, and all influence of fact upon us, but none of right. The only great and omnipotent authority, at once natural and rational, the only one we respect, will be that of the collective and public spirit of a society founded on equality and solidarity and the mutual respect of all its members.



No Gods,
No
Masters,
Full Plea-
sure

2 summit up: no love for the state, no love for capitalism and no love for religion. The state is still an instrument of class rule. It is the organised authority, domination and power of the possessing classes over the masses and denotes force, authority, predominance; it presupposes inequality in fact. Capitalism? The worker sells his person and his liberty for a given time, concluded for a term only and reserving to the worker the right to quit his employer, this contract constitutes a sort of voluntary and transitory serfdom. Property for capitalist is the power and the right, guaranteed by the State, to live by exploiting the work of someone else. Only associated labour, that is, labour organised upon the principles of reciprocity and co-operation, is adequate to the task of maintaining civilised society. And God? I think there is a necessity of atheism. If God is, man is a slave; now, man can and must be free, then, God does not exist. The idea of God implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the most decisive negation of human liberty, and necessarily ends in the enslavement of mankind, both in theory and in practice. If God really existed it would be necessary to abolish him. Right? OK.

Long story short. Every human being should have the material and moral means to develop his humanity. Anarchism is about changing society and abolishing all forms of authoritarian social relationship, putting life before the spirit-destroying nature of the state and capitalism. An anarchist takes a stand on his positive right to life and all its pleasures, both intellectual, moral and physical. He loves life, and intends to enjoy it to the full.



Scene 2:

His old home was right next to a famous park. When he was young, He Shan played on his own in the little caves within the rocks, under the shade of trees or amongst the flowers - he could feel himself being enveloped by the moisture in those spaces which had nurtured the flora and fauna for many years. He had always felt that there was something hiding within and which had something to say to him. However, he could only muddle through the woods in confusion, and never did manage to find an answer.

One day, his brother He He told him about a dream he'd had: In the dream, he saw many people walking naked in the park. He was among them as well. As they moved through the feathery willow seeds drifting around them, his lower body accidentally brushed against a flower stamen. The seeds floated with the wind and the leaves of the trees began to morph into the soft skin of the opposite sex...

It was a shame that at the time, he and his brother were unable to determine the details of what was being revealed to them. However, through his own dogged persistence to learn more about physiognomy, He Shan helped his brother suss out the basic cause of the dream: this was his brother's first wet dream („We are determined to complete our tasks.“)

Garden of
Mirrored
Flowers

In the process of deciphering the dream, he vaguely understood that the garden was the playground of grown men.

It is only when you fully immerse yourself within that you can finally experience this: the multitude of shapes and stances in which you find peach blossoms symbolizes the myriad appearances that females have, and serves as a glimpse into the variety of fun you can have; the disparate movements of willow branches in the wind hint at the different depths of lust and desire you could have; the shifting silhouettes of bamboo implies the ever-changing nature of life... fish swimming in the water are symbols of temporal pleasure. [...]

This book was written in the final years of the Southern Song Dynasty and recorded the turmoils of that era of immense upheaval, as well as how a private garden provided a spiritual respite for a young man at that time. From the beginning of *Notes on Meng Yuan*, the author informed his readers: trees, rock gardens, water and gravel paths. The author emphasized that should his garden be destroyed in the future, and future generations felt incapable of restoring it to its former glory, then they should let the garden disappear. As long as you possess a calmness of heart and mind, then you will find traces of this garden in any other garden around you: trees, rock gardens, water and gravel paths - they will tell you similar stories. Therefore, do not be worried when a particular garden vanishes

from reality, just as you should not fret about physical degeneration and death.

The author further explained that we already know our destination from the moment we commence this journey. It is not important when the tale begins or ends. Conversely, different entrances, journeys and experiences become pivotal aspects of this journey. The author himself also fades away along these routes, dissipating into countless fragments of leaves, traces of light and cracks in the wall. In a manner of speaking akin to Zhuang Zi: When does my dream end and the garden begin, the garden that is in my dream and is part of me? This is the reason for the title *Notes on Meng Yuan*.

Garden of
Mirrored
Flowers

12 In his publication *La Vie quotidienne en Chine à la veille de l'invasion mongole*, French historian Jacques Gernet meticulously described the final years of the Southern Song dynasty (1227-1279), particularly the peaceful periods before the invasion of the Mongols, and specifically with regards to social and cultural life then. In his foreword, he wrote, „With the development of research, the fundamental image of China that we had constructed is gradually vanishing. Once the mists shrouding its silhouettes clear, we will discover that China's history is not one which is built on continuity and immutability. Rather, it is one that exists within a series of shocks, chaos and destruction.“ What is notable is that around the year 1275, Lin An (...) was considered the world's largest and richest metropolitan area. Some historians and engineers in China have already begun identifying connections and similarities between the manner of development in the city then and that of „plug-type cities.“

I don't necessarily put on sunscreen – this kind of sunbathing is about quality, not quantity. So there is no reason to worry; I expose myself to the sun for the maximum duration of five minutes.

If there's no towel or mat, I just lay directly on the grass or a bench, or I sit on a chair. I wouldn't let such conditions discourage me. I would even be able to just take a sunbath standing in the middle of a concrete desert.

I am not place-bound. The images that first come to mind in relation to sunbathing are perhaps the privacy of a garden, protected from foreign glances, or the collective activity in a public swimming pool. It's also a question of money and time. Not everyone owns a garden, has the money to pay an entrance fee or drive to the countryside. People are often held back from doing something unfamiliar by imaginary obstacles. But that's a mistake. Sunbathing is possible at any place – a park in the city, a Biergarten, or even on a traffic island.

I am talking about a quality sunbath. Excessive sunbathing is not just harmful, as everyone knows, but would miss the point. It is not necessary to expose yourself to the sun more than five minutes to reach the ideal effect: a psycho-mental condition of shock through sudden, concentrated and total exposure of the body to direct sunlight. The desired shock is best

achieved through stepping out of a chilly room into Sunbathing direct sunlight. After a prolonged stay in the sun, the body gets used to the condition and the shock eventually ceases.

In order to experience the desired state of shock as concentrated and intensely as possible, it is crucial to be totally undressed, without a single piece of clothing providing shelter. Every pore has to be penetrated by the rays of the sun, one has to feel completely screened for the mind to be led down the garden path.

The result is a moment of rest and peace – a moment without thinking. Transience is in the nature of this condition. After a certain amount of time getting used to the sun, the mental apparatus continues to work and clutter. It is not possible to be completely freed from the relentless buzzing, mumbling and spitting of one's own mind. But sometimes, a break is totally refreshing.

Following page:

View of installation from Gardener's Digest - The Yew I

Societas Horti, Tbilisi, 2016

Ilia Korkashvili, light installation

Iulia Nistor, After Sun Series (IV), watercolor, 2016



Im Botanischen Garten zu Göteborg +

[...]

Nun einmal hineingeboren in den - was Bepflanzungen angeht - geschmackvolleren und beherrschteren englischen Stil, waren ihnen die exotischen Diademe der Blumenkübel des Parks ein Greuel, nicht nur weil diese völlig überzogen die Abwesenheit des Schnees betonten, sondern auch weil sie in ihrer wilden Pracht Anspruch auf eine Beständigkeit erhoben, deren Falschheit sie zugleich hochmütig darbrachten, und auf einen Reichtum, von dessen Menge und Fülle das unerschütterliche Küstenklima nichts wissen wollte. Ausgesetzt in dieser chemisch fundierten Unnatur, die nur in den vulgärsten Souvenirbuden an den Anlegestellen der Fähren ihre Entsprechung fand, begannen *sie* wieder umherzustreifen, um wenn möglich ihr Unwohlsein durch Wohlbefinden zu ersetzen. Beinahe aus einer Vorausahnung des tragischen Schicksals heraus, das die kultivierten *Englischen* nach ihrer Flucht und ihrer Ankunft in der Stadt einholen würde, hatte man in selbigem Jahr, als *sie* empfangen wurden, im Südwesten der Stadt einen Botanischen Garten angelegt, dort wo ein 150 Hektar großes Gebiet von vier Tälern durchschnitten wird, die abwechslungsreiche Geländebeziehungen schaffen, geeignet für äußerst verschiedenartigen Pflanzenwuchs. Er-

ikabegleitete Höhen, waldbedeckte Hänge und spiegelnde Seelein. Der höchste Punkt des Areals erreichte mühelos 120 Meter über dem Meer. Das Anlegen des eigentlichen Botanischen Gartens, welcher der Bezeichnung „Göteborg Botaniske Trädgård“ gerecht werden sollte und zirka 50 Hektar des gesamten Gebiets ausmacht, war bei *ihrer* Ankunft *in der Stadt bereits in vollem Gang, und die ersten umfassenden Bepflanzungen fanden just in dem Moment statt, als *sie* mißmutig auf den Ästen der Trädgårdsförening zusammenkrochen. Und da das Gebiet für die Öffentlichkeit noch nicht zugänglich war, dies geschah nicht vor dem Frühjahr 1923, herrschte somit, selbst für *ihre* bescheidenen Sinne *, aber dafür in ihrer Nähe, eine so markante Nachfolge oder Kopie jener profanen Stille, der sie ihre Existenz verdankten, daß, als sie sich endlich entschlossen, die betäubende Farborgie der Trädgårdsförening zu verlassen, ihre selbstverständliche Zuflucht schon für sie bestimmt und auf ihr Kommen fast vorbereitet war, etwa ein Jahr nachdem der Entschluß zur Flucht worden war. So lange, vom Herbst 1918 bis zum Frühling 1919, dauerte nämlich die mühevollen Wanderung durch ein nasses und rutschiges Göteborg. Zum Glück für die *Wandernden* ist die Stadt auf einem unendlich langsam entstandenen, aber trotzdem höchst unsicheren Lehm angelegt, was jede Bebauung zu einer zweifelhaften Investition macht, da heftige und plötzliche Rutsche im Untergrund Hypothekenaufnahmen und Eigentumsverhältnisse in Unordnung bringen oder die Einrichtung und

Auricula Geltendmachung derselben überflüssig machen können. Folglich war es in der Innenstadt nicht erlaubt, eine Gebäudehöhe von über vier Stockwerken selbstverständlich zu finden, und da *ihre* Wanderung *nach zahllosen vergeblichen Strapazen und Gefahren in und an den Dachrinnen der Häuser vor sich ging, war eine also vorgeschriebene bescheidene Traufhöhe naturgemäß beruhigend. *Ihre* erste Eingebung *, die zu ignorieren ihnen freilich nicht in den Sinn kam, war, Wasser aufzusuchen, und als sie nach dreimaliger Umrundung des dekorativen Rundbeckens des heimischen Parks die Eintönigkeit langweilig und beunruhigend fanden, folgten sie eines frühen Morgens gegen vier einer eingebildeten Tangente und gelangten, nachdem sie einige wenige noch taufeuchte asphaltierte Wege gekreuzt hatten, zum Wallgraben hinunter, der im Zickzack die Stadt durchzog. Dessen hohes Randgras verbarg sie tagsüber alle, und erst als die Lichter am Wasser angingen und hineinreichend zuverlässige Schatten prägten, begannen sie an dem abendstillen Wasser einherzutrotten. Gegen Morgen kamen sie am Stora Teatern vorbei, das nach der Schlußvorstellung von *Ein Puppenheim* leer und aufgewühlt dalag, und krochen an einem niedrigen Kai unter, ehe die Boote der Hafenrundfahrt drüben vom Kungssportplatsen die Wasserlinie zersplitterten. Als sie unter der Brücke zur Sprängkullsgatan hervortauchten, änderte der Wallgraben seinen Namen in Rosenlundskanal, und in ihrer Verwirrung darüber strebten *sie* an den Rand des Kais am Pusterviksplatsen. Allerdings waren die

Truppen erst an der nächsten Brücke beisammen, wo Auricula der Salzgeschmack des Wassers den *Bespritzten* zu stark wurde, was ihnen ermöglichte, nun in versammelter Truppe den Järntorget zu überqueren und die nächstliegenden Fallrohre in der Linnégatan zu entern, der sie in den folgenden eiskalten Wintermonaten des Jahres 1919 mit pedantischer Sorgfalt folgten. Haus um Haus ließen sie hinter sich, Wohnblock um Wohnblock überkrochen sie in einer für sie schwindelnden Höhe. Der Schnee, der im Winter zuvor ihr innigster Trost gewesen war, war nun die Geißel, mit der ihr Leidensweg sie blutigst peitschte. Die ersten Flocken, welche die kalte Luft tänzelnd erfüllten, hatten auf den blanken, abenddunklen Dächern verzweifelte Paarungsakte verursacht. Die *Verwirrten*, die Tür- und Fensterhaken nicht länger mit ihren Zudringlichkeiten behelligten und für die die perverse Wonne, sich auf einen erleuchteten Dachfenster zu paaren, trivial geworden war, begrüßten diese ersten Flocken mit verhängnisvoll heißen Umarmungen, in denen der Gegenstand ihrer Erregung ja gänzlich zerrann und den vorzuglücken Freier in einem für den Betreffenden selbst höchst unerklärlichen Maße zurückließ. Die härteste Frostperiode im Januar und Februar dauerte acht Wochen und wurde in einer leeren Dachkammer zugebracht, die sie Nacht für Nacht in ein groteskes Gewächshaus verwandelten, in dem sie, um zu überleben, nachspielten, was sie von dem warmen Palmenhaus der Trädgårdsförening an Kakteen und Sukkulenten im Gedächtnis behalten hatten, ein selt-

Auricula sam vegetabilisches Ballett, bei dem sich die *Blaugefrorenen* nostalgischen Nachahmungen von Opuntia, Mammillaria, Astrophytum, Coryphantha, Aloë, Crassula, Gasteria und Sedum-Arten widmeten, ein wenig zitternd und krampfhaft, aber gut gemeint, mit der trockenen Präzision eines Zeichenlehrers, und doch natürlich für jedes einzelne ein armseliges Substitut. Aber die anstrengenden, komplizierten und andauernden Muskelbewegungen schenken ihnen etwas Wärme und sorgen dafür, daß, nachdem die kältesten Wochen vorüber waren, nicht nur *Untrainierte* auf das Dach hinausschlüpfen und die unterbrochene Wanderung wiederaufnehmen. In der künstlichen Frühlingsluft, entstanden durch die entweichende Wärme aus der darunter liegenden Wohnung, schmolz das Eis in den Dachrinnen, und im März, da die Sonne ihr Zaudern um ein paar Stunden verlängert hatte, konnten die *Ersten* vom Dach des letzten Hauses am Linnéplatsen aus die verheißende Gegend erkennen, die in ungestümeren Kurven, als britische es sich erlauben würden, und mit etwas barbarischerer und jächer wechselnder Vegetation, sich mit jener übertrieben artikulierten Diktion und etwas pedantischen Wildheit ausbreitete, die Naturschutzgebieten vorbehalten sind.

[...]

Im Verlauf dieser einen lauen Nacht überquerte die umfangreiche Schar den Linnéplatsen, eine Aktion mehrerer Stunden, die erst abgeschlossen war, als der erste Schimmer des Tagesanbruchs das taufeuchte Pflaster des Platzes schon seit geraumer Zeit versil-

berte. In langen Reihen schwenkten *sie* um den Ort Auricula herum, an dem die lokale Fauna nach wenigen Jahren vom brütenden Bau des Naturhistorischen Museums ersetzt wurde, und begaben sich ohne Veneration in den Schloßwald. [...]

Auf immer schmalere Pfaden strebte man von belebten Bezirken fort und landete unter einer Gruppe vereinzelt stehender Eichen, wo sich der große Troß, sich unwohl fühlend, bei seinen Halbvettern in philologischer Linie verkroch, den Aurikeln, die noch in ihren glatten kreidigen Blüten standen. *Sie* warfen sich über die wachsbedeckten Blätter der Pflanzen, die mit ihrem lederartigen, hellen Aussehen würdige Partner in der nun folgenden Begattungssorgie zu sein schienen, aber nach massiven anmaßenden Versuchen, den Geschlechtstrieb in den armen Vegetabilien zu wecken, mußten *sie sich* beschämt zurückziehen und sich miteinander begnügen, was sie jedoch nicht daran hinderte, sich hinterher unter den Aurikeln zu verstecken, obwohl auch dies nicht ohne sporadische Exzesse auf dem Waldboden ablief. Als es Abend wurde und fast Nacht, fingen *sie* an, nach Süden zu ziehen, indem sie dem dichten Bewuchs an Säröbahn und Frölundagatan folgten und somit nur langsam und im starken Zweifel am Zweckdienlichen ihres Verhaltens vorankamen, das sie nichtsdestoweniger im Laufe einiger aufreibender Nächte in die unmittelbare Nähe des Eingangs zum Botanischen Garten führte. Am Abend des 23. Juni nutzten *sie* die Panik rund um

Auricula einen komplizierten Verkehrsunfall genau an der Stelle, an der sie sich befanden, aus, um seitwärts über die im übrigen lebensgefährlich befahrene Frölundagatan zu kriechen, worauf sie sich, als sie den Zaun überwunden hatten, nichtsahnend am Ziel ihrer Wanderung befanden. Gewaltige Feuer erleuchteten die exorbitante Nacht und verleiteten viele * zu dem Glauben, daß sie sich verirrt hatten oder daß ihnen der Zutritt zu dem Garten aus irgendeinem Grund verwehrt wurde, ein Gefühl, über das diejenigen, die unter Hulténs Kamtschatkagewächsen landeten, niemals hinwegkamen. Die klassisch symmetrische Gestaltung der eigentlichen Eingangspartie mit gleich bepflanzten Beeten, die einander genau entsprachen, mit Wegen, die sich verrückt teilten, alles um eine Mittelachse zentriert, die sich nur in einzigartigen Exemplaren verriet, schien *ihnen* von derart obszöner Beschaffenheit zu sein, daß sie nicht die geringste Erregung dabei empfanden, sondern vor Wut zitternd vor diesem kruden Kommentar zu ihrer Sonderstellung bezüglich des Geschlechtlichen zögerten, eine Wut, die doch im Laufe der Nacht von lähmender Verzweiflung über die Einsamkeit abgelöst wurde, die kümmerlich von einer einzigen Riesenagave und drei kübelkultivierten, heftig zugeschnittenen Lorbeerbäumen beantwortet wurde. Die Wut und ihre nicht weniger tyrannische Nachfolgerin, die Verzweiflung, waren so stark, daß die *Handlungsunfähigen* im Morgengrauen bei ausgepflanzten Knollenbegonien und Ageratum unterkriechen mußten und ein weiteres unschlüssiges Umher-

streifen in diesem phantasieverlassenen Arrangement, Auricula das nur durch Widerspiegelung mit einem Zweck belehnt wurde, hinausschoben. Eine kleine Gruppe, welche die Mittelachse überquerte und sich nicht traute, das Wagnis zu wiederholen, setzte den Weg am nächsten Abend links um diese Demarkationslinie herum fort und endete, wie erwähnt, unter Hulténs Flora der Kamtschatka, wo sie ein jahrelanges Unwohlsein erlitt. Aus unerforschlichen Gründen zog die Hauptschar rechts um den pornographischen Auftakt des Gartens herum, worauf sich die Versessensten in Populus-, Betula- und Salixbepflanzungen verkrochen, während sich die andern zerfahren und unter ängstlichen wechselseitigen Nachspielen am Gärtnerhaus vorbeibewegten und sich plötzlich von meterhohen Bambusstangen überwölbt wiederfanden. So waren etliche von dem leichten Schatten dieser ordentlichen Gebüsche entzückt, in deren Lichtungen jetzt verblühte Magnolien ihr blankes, sparsames Laub entfalteten, so daß sie sich unwillkürlich niederließen, ohne im geringsten die makellose Erektion vorauszuahnen, die die Bäume, wenn sie dann im frühen Frühjahr auf splitter nackten Zweigen schamlos große, zitternde weiße und rosa Blüten trügen, ihnen verschaffen würden. Viele Deserteure, die dicht aneinandergedrängt unter anmutig sich neigenden Bambuszweigen davon-eilten und bereits anfangen, sich zurechtzufinden und heimisch zu fühlen in dem fremdartigen Halbdunkel, das weder dem britischen glich, aus dem sie stammten, noch dem schwedischen, mit dem sie sich gerade

mühsam abgefunden hatten, schlossen sich trotz allem der Hauptschar an, die wie durch Eingebung den Ort in lockerer Formation verließ. Aber auf dem neuen artifiziellen Hektar, dessen Grenzen sie überschritten, als sie einen kleinen, mit Kies bestreuten Weg kreuzten, erwartete sie etwas noch Fremdartigeres. Hier war kein Wiedererkennen möglich, und empörter Patriotismus bemächtigte sich der kleinen Emigranten. Schwedische Scholle war hier tonnenweise zugunsten entsprechender Quanten mit Lehm vermischten Kie- ses entfernt worden, welcher zwar auch schwedischen Ursprungs war, ähnliche Vorkommen von entlegener zentralasiatischer Beschaffenheit aber aufs skandalö- seste imitierte. Obendrein war diese Behauptung eines Erdbodens mit ungastlichen, rissigen Steinen übersät und mit Gewächsen zugepflanzt, die ihre Anwesen- heit an diesem absurden Ort dem schwedischen Dr. Sven Hedin zu verdanken hatten, so daß *sie* das Ge- lände nicht ohne zahlreiche Stiche durchqueren konn- ten, die ihnen von einer Flora zugefügt wurden, deren starrköpfige Haltung zu Klima und Witterung hiesiger Breiten deplaziert und lachhaft war. Was diese Pflan- zen an Leiden aushalten mußten, damit sie überhaupt überleben konnten, wurde ihnen künstlich auferlegt, die Entsagung, welche sie am Leben erhielten, wurden ihnen durch Protektion verschafft, das ist so wahr, wie die Landschaft um Göteborg nicht freiwillig wüsten- artige Steppen bildet. Es gab so viele und handfeste Anreize, die Gegend zu verlassen, daß mehrere * ver- suchten, aus dem Schlamassel herauszuspringen, aber

da sie aus Angst vor Dornen und Disteln nur senkrecht zu springen wagten und sich in der lauen Dunkelheit kein Wind bemühte, fielen sie ständig wieder auf den- selben Platz zurück, und diese fortwährende Rück- kunft verband sie mit der Stelle in einem solchen Maße, daß sie sie nur mit Wehmut verließen. *Eine* hatte das Pech, fünfmal in denselben dornigen Busch zu springen, wobei *sie* sich fünf Wunden zuzog, die noch lange *ihr* Kreuz und Andenken waren. Nur durch ausdauerndes Marschieren in geschlossenen Trupps entkamen *sie* diesem auffälligen Ort, wo so wenig dem Zufall überlassen war, daß sie nicht einmal schlecht gediehen. Einige Scharen gelangten bis zu dem Bambushain, andere landeten in den Smithschen Pflanzungen mit Gewächsen aus China, und wieder andere, die meisten, wurden auf ihrer Reise von einem kleinen Wasserlauf aufgehalten, dem sie zerstreut ins Rhododendrontal folgten, wo sie sich ermattet zwi- schen den welken Blättern einer Catawbiense-Hybride verbargen, einer „Cunningham’s White“, die gerade in vollster Blüte stand. Es hatte zur Folge, daß *sie*, als sie mitten während der Öffnungszeit des Gartens auf- wachten, *einer* nach dem andern aufsprangen und sich puterrot, gepackt von einer zügellosen geschlecht- lichen Exaltation, in den blühenden Busch und auf die Zweige zu den großen, leuchtenden Blütendolden hin- aufschwangen und sich konvulsivisch in die klaffen- den, innen leicht gelblichen Blütentrichter stürzten, deren zarte Kühle die Profanen mit ihrem rose Sperma anwärmten. Der Busch zitterte von ihrer wollüstigen

Gewalt, während *sie* kaltblütig an ihre Heimat dachten, mit der sie vermutlich eine Art Wiedersehen zu feiern glaubten. Dieser Irrtum, den die meisten von ihnen nie entdeckten, wurde denn auch vom englischen Charakter des Tals annähernd aufgehoben. An seinen Seiten mischten sich Eiche und Erle und überragten eine Unzahl bereits gut gewachsener Rhododendren, von denen aber nur spätblühende Hybriden und einzelne Zwergarten blühten. Nachdem *sie* in „Cunningham's White“ Befriedigung gefunden hatten, tropften sie nach und nach auf die Erde unter ihnen und erlangten ihre natürliche Farbe zurück, so daß sie nach einer Weile als herabgefallene Blüten dienen konnten, während sich desorientierte Bienen oben im Busch der unmotivierten Flüssigkeit auf dem Boden der verheerten Becher näherten, deren zerknickte Staubgefäße von außergewöhnlichen und gewaltsamen Besuchen zeugten. Am späten Nachmittag wiederholte sich das gleiche zielgerichteter, aber nicht schonender in einem „Roseum elegans“ die Böschung weiter oben, wo das Zittern eines einzelnen Busches unauffälliger war. Ohne Beratung ließen *sie sich* in dem hübschen Tal nieder, auch ohne zu wissen, daß aufgeteilte *Schwedische* die nämliche Lokalität in der Saison zum Ziel hintergründiger Ausflüge machten und sich so unbemerkt mit den britischen vermischten, worüber sich niemand beschweren konnte, einmal abgesehen von den Mittellosen unter den Immigranten, die in ihrer Verwirrung die *Schwedischen* empört begleiteten, wenn diese müde und ver-

hurt wieder das sommerliche Göteborg aufsuchten, wo Auricula alljährlich das botanische Paradies im Rhododendrontal von seinen begeisterten Zuwanderern *contre cœur* verlassen wurde, die ihr zuvor idyllisches, geborgenes und phasenweise stimulierendes Dasein mit einem monotonen und schlüpfrigen im dröhnenden Zentrum der Stadt vertauscht sahen. Unter den eher entlegenen Decken des Hauptbahnhofs und in den menschenleeren Lagerhäusern an winterkalten Kais spielten sich demütigende Szenen ab, wenn sich ein kleiner Pulk um einen eben angekommenen scharte, der mit beinahe schmerzlicher Präzision „Roseum elegans“, „Cunningham's White“, „Pink Pearl“ oder „Dr. Dresselhuys“ mimte, während sie in der kalten Zugluft verstört masturbierten. [...]

Die Wanderung wird fortgesetzt, sie erreichen schließlich die Abteilung für alpine Gewächse, eine beeindruckende Steinanlage des Botanischen Gartens +

Aber im selben Augenblick, da der Steingarten sein Eden vor ihren Sinnen ausbreitete und ihren Gelüsten mit außerordentlicher Großzügigkeit entgegenkam, vermochten weder dieser noch seine Schöpfer darüber hinwegzutäuschen, daß seine Pracht und seine Willigkeit der Gefallsucht entsprang, mit der sich ein in seiner tiefsten Wurzel, seiner innersten Anlage gespaltenes Vorkommen oft lieb Kind macht. Dieser Steingarten war verloren. Er beharrte auf Verhältnissen, die ihn in seiner Art zwar einzigartig machten, jedenfalls in

Auricula *ihrem Europa*, gleichzeitig aber innerhalb desselben Erdteils eine Ungehörigkeit darstellten, eine übersehene Provokation. Wenn *sie sich* so heftig in ihm engagierten, wenn er sie so erregte und erschreckte, dann weil sie sich so unbeschwert mit ihm identifizierten. Die Anlage des Steingartens war 1915 begonnen worden, im selben Jahr, in dem *sie* empfangen wurden, aber erst 1916, dem Jahr, in dem sie auf ihrer Nachgeburt ins Leben ritten, kam man auf den Gedanken, den Steingarten von einem naheliegenden Steinbruch auffangen zu lassen und durch diesen älteren Eingriff in eine Ordnung der Natur diesen an jenen zu fesseln, was mit Hilfe schon im Bruch vorhandener Blöcke geleistet wurde, die von der gleichen Steinart waren wie die Felsen, mit denen eine natürliche Verbindung angestrebt wurde. Indem man sie versetzte und in geeigneter kieshaltiger Erde halb vergrub, wurde dieser Steingarten im Laufe des Jahres durch freche Übereinstimmung als eine Art Verlängerung der Natur in das Artifizielle hinein erschaffen, eine Form von Supernatur, die grobe Eingriffe und einen verschlagenen, beinahe geschlechtlichen Umgang mit der vorhandenen Unschuld zum Hintergrund hatte. Im Zuge ihrer Konsolidierung und der Erforschung des Geländes im Lichte wiederholter Vollmonde entging *ihnen* nicht, daß dieser Ort - an dem es ihnen so gut ging, daß jede Stunde Entzücken auslöste - im Grunde eine Falle war, aber auch nicht, daß diese Falle verloren war, da sie der Nachwelt mit einer derart unerschütterlichen „natürlichen“ Vorläufigkeit überlassen war, daß sie niemals

zuzschnappen würde. Die Weltordnung wurde dabei ein Provisorium, daraus das Grauen, daraus die Langeweile des Grauens, daraus die Illusion, daß nichts Schlimmes passiert war und nichts passieren würde. Der Felsen, der mit viel Trara in diesen Traum von einem Leben in Abrahams Schoß installiert war, trug mit seiner ruhigen, kantigen Form zu dem Traum bei, indem er, jedenfalls in *ihren* Mondscheinnächten*, den unverrückbaren, massiv fundierten Würfel naturgetreu nachspielte, dessen ganz undenkbbare Unterseite durch eine Unvorsichtigkeit ihrerseits enthüllt werden konnte, was den Zufall annullieren und den Garten vollkommen machen konnte, worauf ihnen eine Ausweisung ja gewiß wäre. Unbestritten war die ganze übrige Anlage auf ein solches Ereignis oder eher gab vor, darauf aus zu sein, aber doch so unernst, daß *sie sich* sicher fühlten, selbst in dieser überaus verwegenen Annäherung an ein Eden. Natürlich war der Theoriebildungscharakter des Steingartens deutlicher, als er noch frisch angelegt war. Gewisse Steinformationen erinnerten in ihrer aufrichtigen, überzeugend wirkenden Absicht an bestimmte von Banken und anderen mächtigen Investoren begangene Wirtschaftsverbrechen, die mit dem Erdreich, in dem sie befestigt waren, ganz und gar bündig lagen, deren Platzierung aber so übertrieben Natürlichkeit und Selbstverständlichkeit mimte, daß eine Ablehnung dieser beiden Normen sie sofort entlarven würde. Eine solche stand bei weitem nicht in *ihrer* Macht *, da sie als Mimen auf das Vorhandene angewiesen waren. Sie konn-

Auricula

Auricula ten höchstens durch Nachäffen oder Verunstaltung in dem, was sie wiederholten, Unwillen oder Ekel zeigen, aber der Wiederholung entgehen konnten sie nur, indem sie sich selbst oder einander umbrachten, und hier zwang sie begreiflicherweise ihre außerordentliche Herkunft, mit dem Tod mit einer Ökonomie umzugehen, die trotz Ekels und Ungehabens mühelos und exakt jene der Versicherungsgesellschaften spiegelte. Die Ausweisung, die ihnen drohte, falls dieser Garten Eden durch einen Zufall oder eine Naturkatastrophe vollkommen und diese Vollkommenheit wohlgemerkt von ihnen entdeckt würde, bewirkte, daß sie sich, um nicht vom Grauen sich übermannen zu lassen und zu fliehen, ab und zu im Rhododendrontal erholen mußten, in dessen beschatteten Pflanzungen sie sich mit Mängeln und Kunstgriffen erquickten, gar nicht zu sprechen von den Exzessen in der Blütezeit der bedauernswerten Büsche. [...]

Um sich in den ersten tollkühnen Stunden überhaupt in der Balance zu halten, mußten *sie* zur erstbesten Übereinstimmung Zuflucht nehmen, um ihre verworfene Anwesenheit in der Fauna zu begründen. Sie suchten Schwager und Bruder in der Flora und fanden *Primula auricula*, hellgelb mit wohlriechenden Blüten in Dolden, blühend im Mai/Juni, die Blätter dick und fleischig, aber nicht runzlig und bauchig wie sonst bei *Primula*, hingegen oft bemehlt. Höchst verbreitet sind Kreuzungsprodukte zwischen *P. auricula*, *P. hirsuta*

und *P. viscosa*, aber die einzig Echte, die Stammform, *Auricula*
wuchs und gedieh im Steingarten zu Göteborg, Dank sei den Kohabitationen *derer*, die mit den Jahren zur Stiftung einer ätherischeren Chemie im Boden rings um ihre zarten Wurzeln beitrugen. Ungewollt führte dies zur Entwicklung eines Ökotyps, dessen besonderes Kennzeichen der lotrecht emporragende, dicke Stiel war, der *ihnen* für sein wichtiges Emporragen dankte, in dem er ohne Mucken die duftende Dolde ruhig hielt, ganz egal wie heftig *sie* in ihr kohabitierten. So kam es, daß diese blaßgelben Dolden bei Nacht häufig von dämonischen fleischigen Schmetterlingen heimgesucht wurden, deren geiles Flattern sie zu zerstören drohte. Die auserlesene alpine Flora, die mit etwas komischer Fürsorge durch die Winter balanciert wurde, trug entscheidend *zu ihrer* Zögerlichkeit * bei, und zwar immer wenn diese Fröstelnasen vom lähmenden Nachtfrost dazu verleitet wurden, ihren Wohnsitz in die Stadtbibliothek, das Stadttheater oder- am liebsten- in die naheliegende Gulaheide zu verlegen, wo die am Medizinischen Institut aufgestellte Parkskulptur II von Christian Berg gewaltige sexuelle Anziehung ausübte.

* one word deleted
__ edited
+ our comments

Landscape Which You Are Able To Experience Immediately

LANDSCAPE WHICH YOU ARE ABLE TO EXPERIENCE IMMEDIATELY

Lutz Krietenbrink

Garden is the landscape which you are able to access. The basic definition of a garden is that of a landscape structured by paths, so you can access the land and experience it immediately.

In public we would call a garden “Park”, it would take over the function of a space for social interaction. The line between landscape and garden often vanishes in public. So a public park often has its borders to an open landscape. This is intended and important so we can learn about nature without leaving the human habitat. In private it can be a fruit and vegetable garden, a “kitchen garden”, or it can be a flower garden, which could solely satisfy our fundamental hunger for beauty. It can be also a political and socio-cultural tool. Producing your own food instead of buying it. Gardening was always and will be a tool of civil disobedience.

I am living in a so-called Schreber Garten. These gardens have their roots in a german gardening movement in the mid 19th century. In the 19th century the basic idea of several gardening movements was to create a space in which people gain access to “nature” within urban surroundings.

The civil practice of gardening can be diverse, as men-

tioned above, the meaning of my garden is as diverse as it can be to me, it is a fruit garden, a spiritual place, as well as it is a place to hide from stress and pressure of society’s negative attributes.

The garden also is a cultural tool to satisfy our profound longing to hide.

-

Landscape Which You Are Able To Experience Immediately

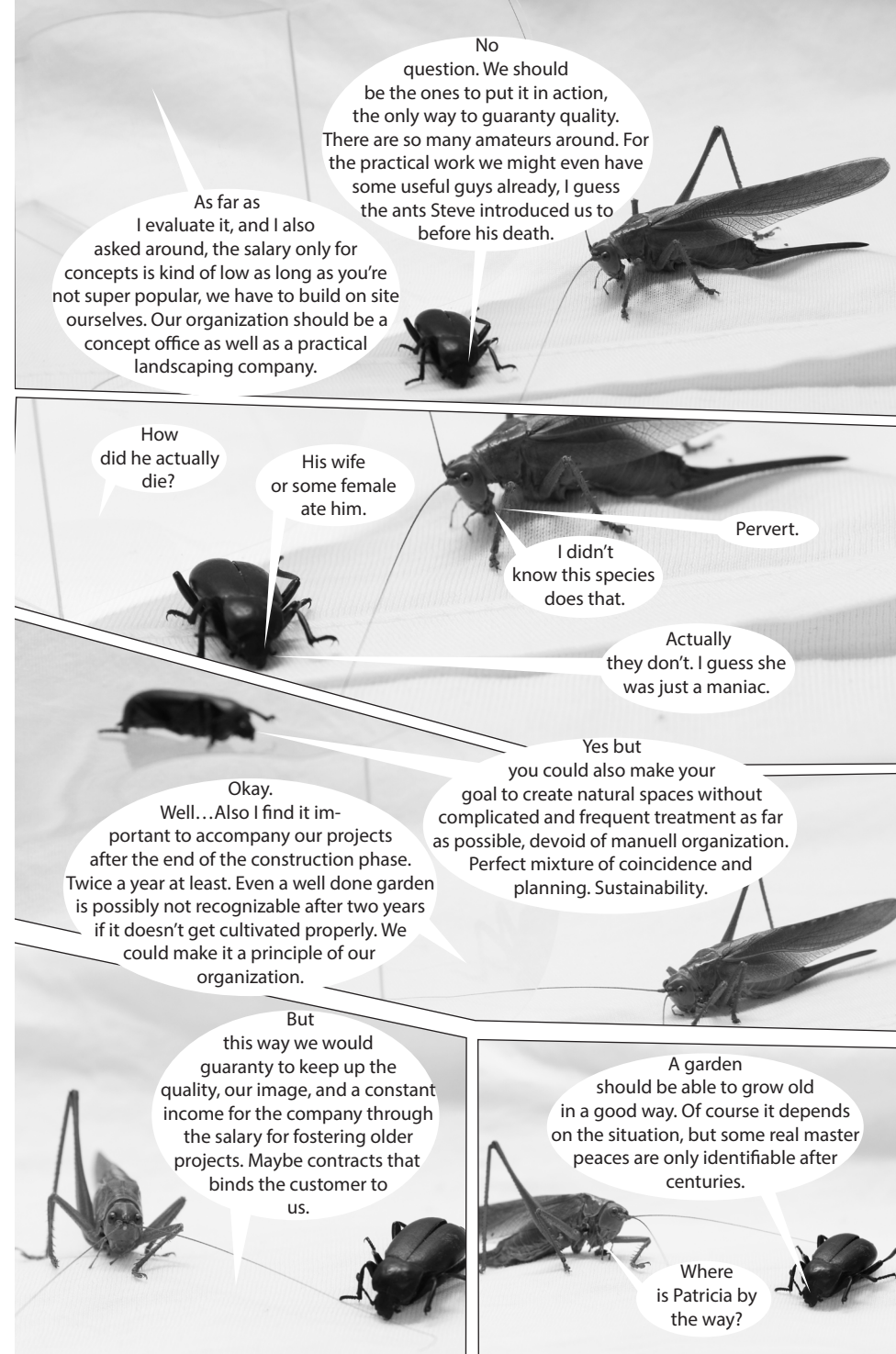
When we were kids, just down the road, a few hundred meters from my mother’s house, there was an abandoned fruit garden. Mostly overgrown by neglected apple trees, in the midst of this fruit forest was a little cabin. As nobody was supposed to know, that my friends and me were hiding our cigarettes over there, every day we were walking at least two kilometers around the block and back down the railways to enter the garden from the backside. Every time it was kind of an adventure. We needed to cross the freeway, the railways and pass by the big old dog of our neighbors, which was protecting the scrap yard next to our hideout.

This little cabin just next to my mother’s house, so close to every place and buildings of our daily lifes and pressures, was our castle, our own country of freedom and childhood.

If we were, just a few hundred meters up the hill, every morning tortured and whipped by mathematics and history in the building you would call a school, down here in our castle we were free from all must nots and

Landscape Which You Are Able To Experience Immediately

must have. When every Sunday, we had to be the silent and clean kids, listen to what an old man told us about other old men, just on the other side of the road, on our side of the fence we could be whoever we wanted to be. And basically my perception of garden hasn't changed since back in these days.



Towards evening, when the great shadow of the Palladian villa filled the terrace, Count Axel left his library and walked down the wide rococo steps among the time flowers. A tall, imperious figure in a black velvet jacket, a gold tie-pin glinting below his George V beard, cane held stiffly in a white-gloved hand, he surveyed the exquisite crystal flowers without emotion, listening to the sounds of his wife's harpsichord, as she played a Mozart rondo in the music room, echo and vibrate through the translucent petals.

The garden of the villa extended for some two hundred metres below the terrace, sloping down to a miniature lake spanned by a white bridge, a slender pavilion on the opposite bank. Axel rarely ventured as far as the lake, most of the time flowers grew in a small grove just below the terrace, sheltered by the high wall which encircled the estate. From the terrace he could see over the wall to the plain beyond, a continuous expanse of open ground that rolled in great swells to the horizon, where it rose slightly before finally dipping from sight. The plain surrounded the house on all sides, its drab emptiness emphasising the seclusion and mellowed magnificence of the villa. Here, in the garden, the air seemed brighter, the sun warmer, while the plain was always dull and remote. As was his custom before beginning his regular evening stroll, Count Axel looked out across the plain to the final rise, where the horizon

was illuminated like a distant stage by the fading sun. As the Mozart chimed delicately around him, flowing from his wife's graceful hands, he saw that the advance columns of an enormous army were moving slowly over the horizon. At first glance, the long ranks seemed to be progressing in orderly lines, but on closer inspection, it was apparent that, like the obscured detail of a Goya landscape, the army was composed of a vast confused throng of people, men and women, interspersed with a few soldiers in ragged uniforms, pressing forward in a disorganised tide. Some laboured under heavy loads suspended from crude yokes around their necks; others struggled with cumbersome wooden carts, their hands wrenching at the wheel spokes; a few trudged on alone; but all moved on at the same pace, bowed backs illuminated in the fleeting sun.

The advancing throng was almost too far away to be visible, but even as Axel watched, his expression aloof yet observant, it came perceptibly nearer, the vanguard of an immense rabble appearing from below the horizon. At last, as the daylight began to fade, the front edge of the throng reached the crest of the first swell below the horizon, and Axel turned from the terrace and walked down among the time flowers.

The flowers grew to a height of about two metres, their slender stems, like rods of glass, bearing a dozen leaves, the once transparent fronds frosted by the fossilised veins. At the peak of each stem was the time flower, the size of a goblet, the opaque outer petals

enclosing the crystal heart. Their diamond brilliance contained a thousand facets, the crystal seeming the drain the air of its light and motion. As the flowers swayed slightly in the evening air, they glowed like flame-tipped spears. Many of the stems no longer bore flowers, and Axel examined them all carefully, a note of hope now and then crossing his eyes as he searched for any further buds. Finally he selected a large flower on the stem nearest the wall, removed his gloves and with his strong fingers snapped it off.

As he carried the flower back on to the terrace, it began to sparkle and deliquesce, the light trapped within the core at last released. Gradually the crystal dissolved, only the outer petals remaining intact, and the air around Axel became bright and vivid, charged with slanting rays that flared away into the waning sunlight. Strange shifts momentarily transformed the evening, subtly altering its dimensions of time and space. The darkened portico of the house, its patina of age stripped away, loomed with a curious spectral whiteness as if suddenly remembered in a dream.

Raising his head, Axel peered over the wall again. Only the furthest rim of the horizon was lit by the sun, and the great throng, which before had stretched almost a quarter of the way across the plain, had now receded to the horizon, the entire concourse abruptly flung back in a reversal of time, and now appearing to be stationary.

The flower in Axel's hand had shrunk to the size of a glass thimble, the petals contracting around the va-

nishing core. A faint sparkle flickered from the centre and extinguished itself, and Axel felt the flower melt like an ice-cold bead of dew in his hand.

Dusk closed across the house, sweeping its long shadows over the plain, the horizon merging into the sky. The harpsichord was silent, and the time flowers, no longer reflecting its music, stood motionlessly, like an embalmed forest.

For a few minutes Axel looked down at them, counting the flowers which remained, then greeted his wife as she crossed the terrace, her brocade evening dress rustling over the ornamental tiles.

“What a beautiful evening, Axel.” She spoke feelingly, as if she were thanking her husband personally for the great ornate shadow across the lawn and the dark brilliant air. Her face was serene and intelligent, her hair, swept back behind her head into a jewelled clasp, touched with silver. She wore her dress low across her breasts, revealing a long slender neck and high chin. Axel surveyed her with fond pride. He gave her his arm and together they walked down the steps into the garden.

“One of the longest evenings this summer,” Axel confirmed, adding: “I picked the perfect flower, my dear, a jewel. With luck it should last us for several days.” A frown touched his brow, and he glanced involuntarily at the wall. “Each time now they seem to come nearer.” His wife smiled at him encouragingly and held his arm more tightly.

Both of them knew that the garden was dying.

Three evenings later, as he had estimated (though sooner than he secretly hoped), Count Axel plucked another flower from the time garden.

When he first looked over the wall the approaching rabble filled the distant half of the plain, stretching across the horizon in an unbroken mass. He thought he could hear the low, fragmentary sounds of voices carried across the empty air, a sullen murmur punctuated by cries and shouts, but quickly told himself that he had imagined them. Luckily, his wife was at her harpsichord, and the rich contrapuntal patterns of a Bach fugue cascaded lightly across the terrace, masking other noises.

Between the house and the horizon the plain was divided into four huge swells, the crest of each one clearly visible in the slanting light. Axel had promised himself that he would never count them, but the number was too small to remain unobserved, particularly when it so obviously marked the progress of the advancing army. By now the forward line had passed the first crest and was well on its way to the second; the main bulk of the throng pressed behind it, hiding the crest and the even vaster concourse spreading from the horizon. Looking to left and right of the central body, Axel could see the apparently limitless extent of the army. What had seemed at first to be the central mass was no more than a minor advance guard, one of many similar arms reaching across the plain. The true centre had not yet emerged but, from the rate of extension, Axel estimated that when it finally reached the plain it

The Garden of Time would completely cover every foot of ground. Axel searched for any large vehicles or machines, but all was amorphous and uncoordinated as ever. There were no banners or flags, no mascots or pike-bearers. Heads bowed, the multitude pressed on, unaware of the sky.

Suddenly, just before Axel turned away, the forward edge of the throng appeared on top of the second crest, and swarmed down across the plain. What astounded Axel was the incredible distance it had covered while out of sight. The figures were now twice the size, each one clearly within sight.

Quickly, Axel stepped from the terrace, selected a time flower from the garden and tore it from the stem. As it released its compacted light, he returned to the terrace. When the flower had shrunk to a frozen pearl in his palm he looked out at the plain; with relief saw that the army had retreated to the horizon again.

Then he realised that the horizon was much nearer than previously, and that what he assumed to be the horizon was the first crest.

When he joined the Countess on their evening walk he told her nothing of this, but she could see behind his casual unconcern and did what she could to dispel his worry.

Walking down the steps, she pointed to the time garden. "What a wonderful display, Axel. There are so many flowers still."

Axel nodded, smiling to himself at his wife's attempt

to reassure him. Her use of „still“ had revealed her own unconscious anticipation of the end. In fact, a mere dozen flowers remained of the many hundreds that had grown in the garden, and several of these were little more than buds – only three or four were fully grown. As they walked down to the lake, the Countess's dress rustling across the cool turf, he tried to decide whether to pick the larger flowers first or leave them to the end. Strictly, it would be better to give the smaller flowers additional time to grow and mature, and this advantage would be lost if he retained the larger flowers to the end, as he wished to do, for the final repulse. However, he realised that it mattered little either way; the garden would soon die and the smaller flowers required far longer than he could give them to accumulate their compressed cores of time. During his entire lifetime he had failed to notice a single evidence of growth among the flowers. The larger blooms had always been mature, and none of the buds had shown the slightest development.

Crossing the lake, he and his wife looked down at their reflections in the still, black water. Shielded by the pavilion on one side and the high garden wall on the other, the villa in the distance, Axel felt composed and secure, the plain with its encroaching multitude a nightmare from which he had safely awakened. He put one arm around his wife's smooth waist and pressed her affectionately to his shoulder, realising that he had not embraced her for several years, though their lives together had been timeless and he could remember as

The Garden of Time if yesterday when he first brought her to live in the villa. "Axel," his wife asked with sudden seriousness. "Before the garden dies ... may I pick the last flower?" Understanding her request, he nodded slowly.

One by one the succeeding evenings, he picked the remaining flowers, leaving a single small bud which grew just below the terrace for his wife. He took the flowers at random, refusing to count or ration them, plucking two or three of the smaller buds at the same time when necessary. The approaching horde had now reached the second and third crests, a vast concourse of labouring humanity that blotted out the horizon. From the terrace Axel could see clearly the shuffling, straining ranks moving down into the hollow towards the final crests, and occasionally the sounds of their voices carried across to him, interspersed with cries of anger and the cracking of whips. The wooden carts lurched from side to side on tilting wheels, their drivers struggling to control them. As far as Axel could tell, not a single member of the throng was aware of its overall direction. Rather, each one blindly moved forward across the ground directly below the heels of the person in front of him, and the only unity was that of the cumulative compass. Pointlessly, Axel hoped that the true centre, far below the horizon, might be moving in a different direction, and that gradually the multitude would alter course, swing away from the villa and recede from the plain like a turning tide.

On the last evening but one, as he plucked the time flower, the forward edge of the rabble had reached the third crest, and was swarming past it. While he waited for the Countess, Axel looked down at the two flowers left, both small buds which would carry them back through only a few minutes of the next evening. The glass stems of the dead flowers reared up stiffly into the air, but the whole garden had lost its bloom.

Axel passed the next morning quietly in his library, sealing the rarer of his manuscripts into the glass-topped cases between the galleries. He walked slowly down the portrait corridor, polishing each of the pictures carefully, then tidied his desk and locked the door behind him. During the afternoon he busied himself in the drawing rooms, unobtrusively assisting his wife as she cleaned their ornaments and straightened the vases and busts.

By evening, as the sun fell behind the house, they were both tired and dusty, and neither had spoken to the other all day. When his wife moved towards the music room, Axel called her back.

"Tonight we'll pick the flowers together, my dear," he said to her evenly. "One for each of us."

He peered only briefly over the wall. They could hear, less than a kilometre away, the great dull roar of the ragged army, the ring of iron and lash, pressing on towards the house.

Quickly, Axel plucked his flower, a bud no bigger than a sapphire. As it flickered softly, the tumult outside

The
Garden of
Time

momentarily receded, then began to gather again. Shutting his ears to the clamour, Axel looked around at the villa, counting the six columns in the portico, then gazed out across the lawn at the silver disc of the lake, its bowl reflecting the last evening light, and at the shadows moving between the tall trees, lengthening across the crisp turf. He lingered over the bridge where he and his wife had stood arm in arm for so many summers –

“Axel!”

The tumult outside roared into the air; a thousand voices bellowed only twenty or thirty metres away. A stone flew over the wall and landed among the time flowers, snapping several of the brittle stems. The Countess ran towards him as a further barrage rattled along the wall. Then a heavy tile whirled through the air over their heads and crashed into one of the conservatory windows.

[...]



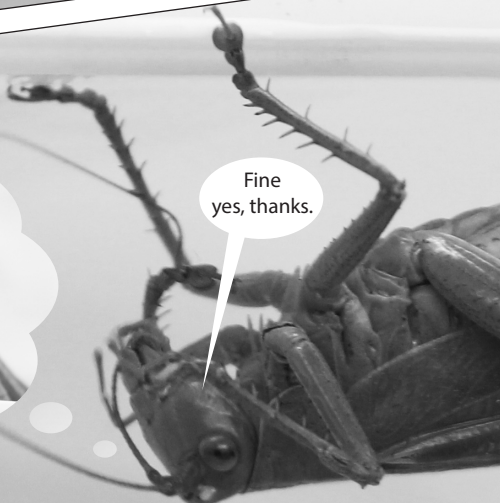
Where is Dom?

I have no idea.



Are you okay?

Fine yes, thanks.

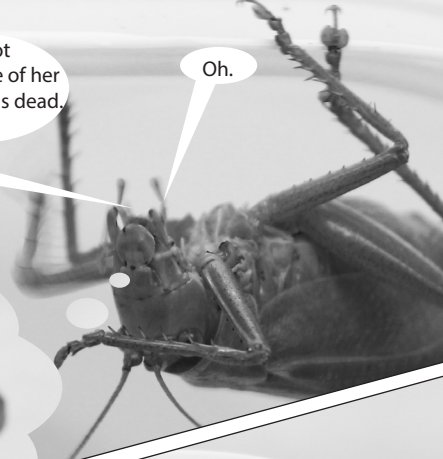


You seem kind of nervous.

I'm not Nici, I'm one of her clones. Nici is dead.

Oh.

No, Nici, really it's nothing.



Yes.

It's fine, I hardly knew her. Haven't talk to her for ages.

But I know quite everything that she knew.

Yeah... so....

You didn't talk but you know everything. Like everything?



Are you like a swarm intelligence?

Oh man seriously? Of course not, we are no aliens or something. She sent the most important informations quickly via smell shortly before she died.

I know this guy, he runs a gardening equipment rental.

Okay.



NOTES

(P6) Louis Aragon, *Le Paysan de Paris* (Exc.), first published in Édition Gallimard, 1926, renouvelé en 1956, this version from (premier depot legal dans la collection: septembre 1972) folio 2015

(P9) Luise Aragon, *Paris Peasant* (Exc.), first published in French as stated above. This version translated by Jonathan Cape Ltd., (1971), published by Exact Change (1994).

(P17) Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Der Triumph der Empfindsamkeit - Eine dramatische Grille* (Akt 2+4), first published 1777 by Krautfuß und Armbruster / J. G. Cotta, Wien/Stuttgart, this version from Goethe's Werke, Zehnter Band, 1817 (Projekt Gutenberg: <http://gutenberg.spiegel.de/buch/der-triump-der-empfindsamkeit-5647/1>)

(P37) Robert Smithson, *A Sedimentation of the Mind - Earth Projects* (Exc.), Artforum September 1968, (P 44)

(P40) Lucius Burckhardt, *Why Is Landscape Beautiful?* (1979) (Exc.) *Why Is Landscape Beautiful? The Science of Strollology*, translated by Jill Denton, Markus Ritter and Martin Schmitz (Eds.), Birkhäuser Basel 2015 (P. 36-38) © Lucius & Annemarie Burckhardt Foundation, Basel

(P44) Lucius Burckhardt, *Wasteland As Context. Is There Any Such Thing As The Postmodern Landscape?* (1998) *Why Is Landscape Beautiful? The Science of Strollology*, translated by Jill Denton, Markus Ritter and Martin Schmitz (Eds.), Birkhäuser Basel 2015, (P. 87-101) © Lucius & Annemarie Burckhardt Foundation, Basel

(P65) *Beerdigung, Gedanken sind frei* (Exc.)
„This was a spontaneous session recorded at Gruft-Studios in 1980. The singer should have been the singer for *Beerdigung*, but decided to sing in a Ragga band a couple of days later“ Bernhard Schornak on YouTube https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rtfz_tGHqKU

(P66) Thomas Bernhard, *The Lime Works* (Exc.), translated by Sophie Wilkins, first published as *Das Kalkwerk* by Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt am Main, 1970, this version from Vintage International, 2010 (eBook)

(P77) Hu Fang, *Garden of Mirrored Flowers* (Exc.), translated by Melissa Lim, Co-published by Sternberg Press and Vitamin Creative Space, 2010 © Hu Fang, Sternberg Press and Vitamin Creative Space (P. 108-109, 115-116)

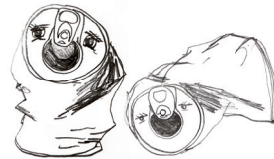
(P84) Per Højholt, *Auricula* (Exc., Edited), translated by Peter Urban-Halle, published by Die Andere Bibliothek, Hans Magnus Enzensberger (Ed.) 2003 (P. 49-65)

(P105) J. G. Ballard, *The Garden of Time* (Exc.), first published in 1962, this version from *The Complete Short Stories: Volum 1: v.1.* (eBook)

Other texts as stated, first published in this edition.

-

- N1 E. A. Poe, *The Domain of Arnheim*, first published 1847
- N2 Horace Walpole, *Essay on Modern Gardening*, first published 1771 at at Strawberry Hill, this version from the 1904 edition published by Lewis Buddy III: *The Kirgate Press*, Page 25
- N3 J. G. Ballard, *The Garden of Time*, first published in 1962, from *The Complete Short Stories: Volum 1: v.1.* (eBook)
- N4 The production got dumped when the first season failed.
- LB1 The reference is to Friedrich Schiller's poem *The Walk* (1795), in which he discusses the development of human civilization and the fundamental question of man's relationship to Nature.
- LB2 A model created by farmer and amateur economist J.H. von Thünen (1783–1850), which was translated into English only in 1966.
- LB3 Robert Venturi (with Denise Scott Brown and Steven Izenour): *Learning from Las Vegas*, MIT Press, Cambridge MA 1972; revised edition 1977.
- LB4 Until 2012, young German conscientious objectors could choose to work for two years in a social or civic project rather than do one year's national service in the army.
- LB5 German journalist and writer Hermann Löns (1866–1914) is most famous for his novels and poems celebrating the people and landscape of the North German moors and particularly of the Lüneburg Heath in Lower Saxony.
- LB6 Mo Edoga used driftwood from the nearby River Fulda and remnants of construction timber to build the "Signal Tower of Hope" on a public square in Kassel during documenta 9 in 1992. Visitors were able to watch the artist in action and ask him about his work.



Images:

- Cover Photograph taken from Niko Pirosmiani's *დიდი მარანი ტყეში* (Big Marani In The Forest, oil on tin, 170 x 100 cm, around 1900) at the Art Museum of Georgia, Tbilisi, Sept 2016
- First Uwes Garten © Bauer Verlag
- Second Ad fom Gardener's Digest 2016 Retail Catalog
- Third Ad fom Gardener's Digest 2016 Retail Catalog
- Fourth Etching from Horace Walpole's *Essay on Modern Gardening*, Lewis Buddy III: *The Kirgate Press*, 1904 (P. 10) (via books.google.com)
- (P24) Ad fom Gardener's Digest 2016 Retail Catalog
- (P73) Max Eulitz, Scan from *Bakunin drinking vine 1848 in Dossenbach, Schopfheim, just before failing to rescue the „revolution of Baden*, watercolor on paper, 30x25 cm , 2016
- (P82) View of installation from Gardener's Digest - *The Yew I Societas Horti*, Tbilisi, 2016; Ilia Korkashvili, *Light Installati-on*; Iulia Nistor, *After Sun Series (IV)*, 2016; photo by R.E.
- (P115) Societas Horti/ Garden Community/ ან ბაღის გაერთიანება - Gartengestaltung/Gardendesign, write@societashorti.com with your request, www.societashorti.com

More Bauer Verlag publications:

What You Crave (2nd run 2016)

Marie-Luise Marchand, Hans Henning Korb, Max Eulitz, Richard EB

It's only a small step from Meister Eckhart to the Craver Nation.

Follow the friendly ghost to find out.

2014, engl., 56 p., 10€/12\$, No 11, ISBN 978-3-946701-11-8

MOTIVATIVE EXCESSES

Yas Carl

'Upgrade your portfolio of adventures and awareness to new imagery and understanding', 'get out of your visual comfort zone' and 'find its hidden beauty and rhythms' (Yas Carl).

2015, engl., 40 p., 10€/12\$, No 12, ISBN 978-3-946701-12-5

MYN Ruin Island Issue (Raum 407)

Leslie Bauer, Richard EB (Eds.)

In the context of our bookpublishing activity, we developed the wish, to make MYN S.I. in Frankfurt, the place of our book launch, amongst other kind of publishing house events; moreover, to be the subject of this publication, and underline the synergy of site, event, and print in our publishing practice.

2014, engl./dt., 48 p., 15€/17\$, No 10, ISBN 978-3-946701-10-1

Erzähl- und Gedichtband

Lutz Krietenbrink

Emotional and Offenbach-feeling-like.

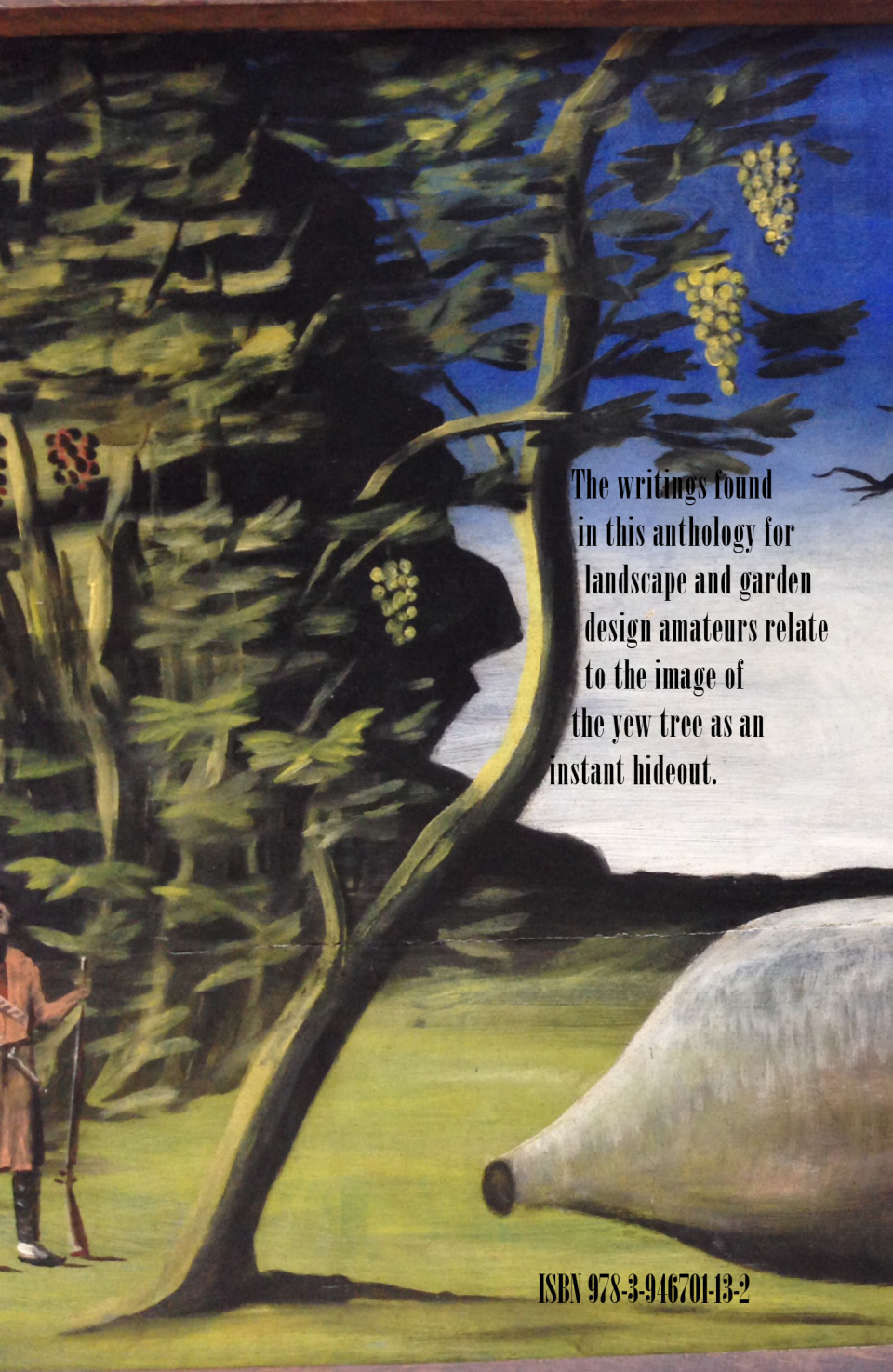
Fourteen short stories, sometimes connected to each other.

Only a small, fine selection of Lutz' texts. Second coming soon, hopefully.

2012, dt., 28 p., 8€/9\$, No 2, ISBN 978-3-946701-02-6

infoororder@bauerverlag.eu

www.bauerverlag.eu



The writings found
in this anthology for
landscape and garden
design amateurs relate
to the image of
the yew tree as an
instant hideout.

ISBN 978-3-946701-13-2