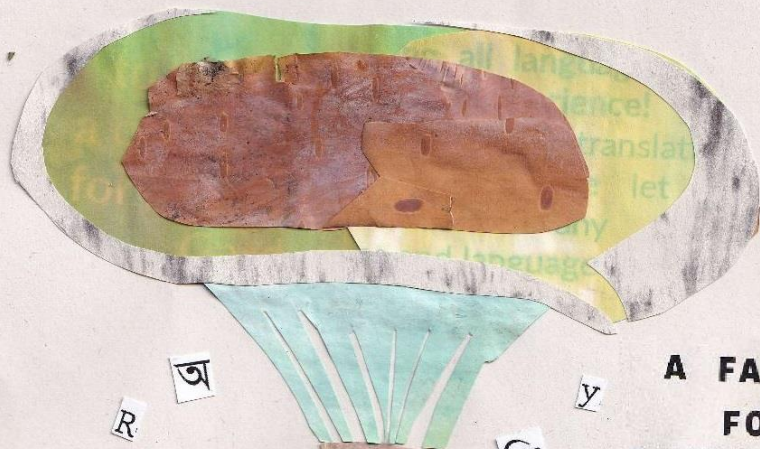


Connecting Words



A FANZINE
FOR
BETHNAL GREEN

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*Photos by Saif Osmani, Michael Smythe,
Linden Katherine McMahon, Hari Byles*

I love gardening because my mum forced me.
The garden has so many things in it,
Including bees.

I love to water and make mess
But my mummy's obsessed, bless.
I go with my siblings.
All they do is mingling
The garden our friend
Till the end.

Haneer Udelin

OPEN GARDENS TREASURE TRAIL



আমার মায়ের বাধ্যতা আমাকে বাগান করতে শিখিয়েছে
বাগানের মধ্যে কত ধরণের জিনিস, প্রাণী যেমন মৌমাছি আছে
আমি পানি ছিটাতে ও নোংরা করতে ভালবাসি
তবে আমার মার ভীষন একগুয়েমি এত মজলময়
আমি ভাইবোনদের বেশ সংগ দেই
তারা তেবলই মেলামেলা করবেই
তাই বাগান আমার বন্ধু
একদম শেষ পর্যন্ত

হানির ইউডেনিন
মূল পংক্তি

Tear off a line below, collect more from around the trail, and use them to make a found poem from 4 til 6pm at the Nature Reserve!

বাগান আমাদের বন্ধু

water and make mess

বাগান আমাদের বন্ধু

water and make mess

পানি ছিটানো ও নোংরা করা-

the garden our friend

water and make mess

পানি ছিটানো ও নোংরা করা-

the garden our friend

পানি ছিটানো ও নোংরা করা-

the garden our friend

বাগান আমাদের বন্ধু

INTRODUCTION

This zine brings together words and stories found in a much-loved corner of Bethnal Green, East London, as part of a treasure trail through its gardens and growing spaces. Commissioned by the Live Art Development Agency – LADA (a local arts organisation), with further funding from Culture Seeds, the aim was to test new ways of working in the area and engaging local communities and individuals with creative activities. So, in March 2019 we (Earthlings – Hari Byles & Linden Katherine McMahon) began hatching plans with Saif Osmani from the Bengali East End Heritage Society and Margaret Cox of Hollybush and Teasdale Tenants and Residents Association, to help facilitate new connections locally, between people, projects, pumpkins and poems. Having lived and worked in Bethnal Green for a number of years we had some knowledge of different groups and spaces that meet in and around the Garrett Centre (where LADA is based), but we had noticed that these different groups and spaces weren't always that linked up. We were therefore keen to find ways of encouraging people to make new journeys in their neighbourhood, and perhaps discover something they didn't know was there, or hadn't felt able to explore before. We had always been fascinated and excited by the many hidden community gardens and growing projects around Bethnal Green, (an echo from its history as a farm / market garden on the edge of the city perhaps?) tended to now by local residents who grow the most amazing things, with seeds gathered and swapped from around the world. So after some conversations with Margaret and Saif, we proposed to organise an open gardens treasure trail, running a series of workshops in the gardens to gather writings and stories which would later become the treasure for others to seek out and collect. We worked with the illustrator Soofiya to make a treasure map, and collaborated with various individuals and groups to make it all happen.

The purpose of this zine is to archive and continue to share all the great work contributed by people who took part in the project as well as to reflect on the joys of collaboration, and what 'community engagement' means in our current context, something we talked and thought a lot about during this project.

We would also like to thank everyone who worked with us and contributed their time, stories, energy, skills etc. to help make it happen,

Enormous thanks go to:

Hava and Lis at Simple Gifts

Tamela and Zelda at ELATT

Saif Osmani

Jessie and Jen at St Margaret's House

Margaret Cox and the Hollybush and Teasdale TRA

Ben, Finn and Lois at LADA

Simon Chambers

Soofiya

Michael Smythe

Gail Burton

Becky Turner and the Common Ground team

All those who came to workshops and collaborated on the trail – too many to name individually but deeply appreciated!

earthlingslondon@gmail.com

THE PROJECT AND TRAIL

We ran four storymaking workshops in different spaces around Bethnal Green for local groups and residents. Each workshop had a slightly different focus and different activities (some of which can be found in the toolkit at the back of this zine). During the workshops we shared experiences and made time to explore our surroundings. Participants were then asked to write, record or make something to capture what emerged from these sessions. This became the treasure, which was hidden or installed around the area as part of the trail, which took place on Sunday 25th August 2019.

In addition to this, some workshop participants and others who live/work nearby offered to run activities, performances, workshops or make food as part of the trail programme. These included:

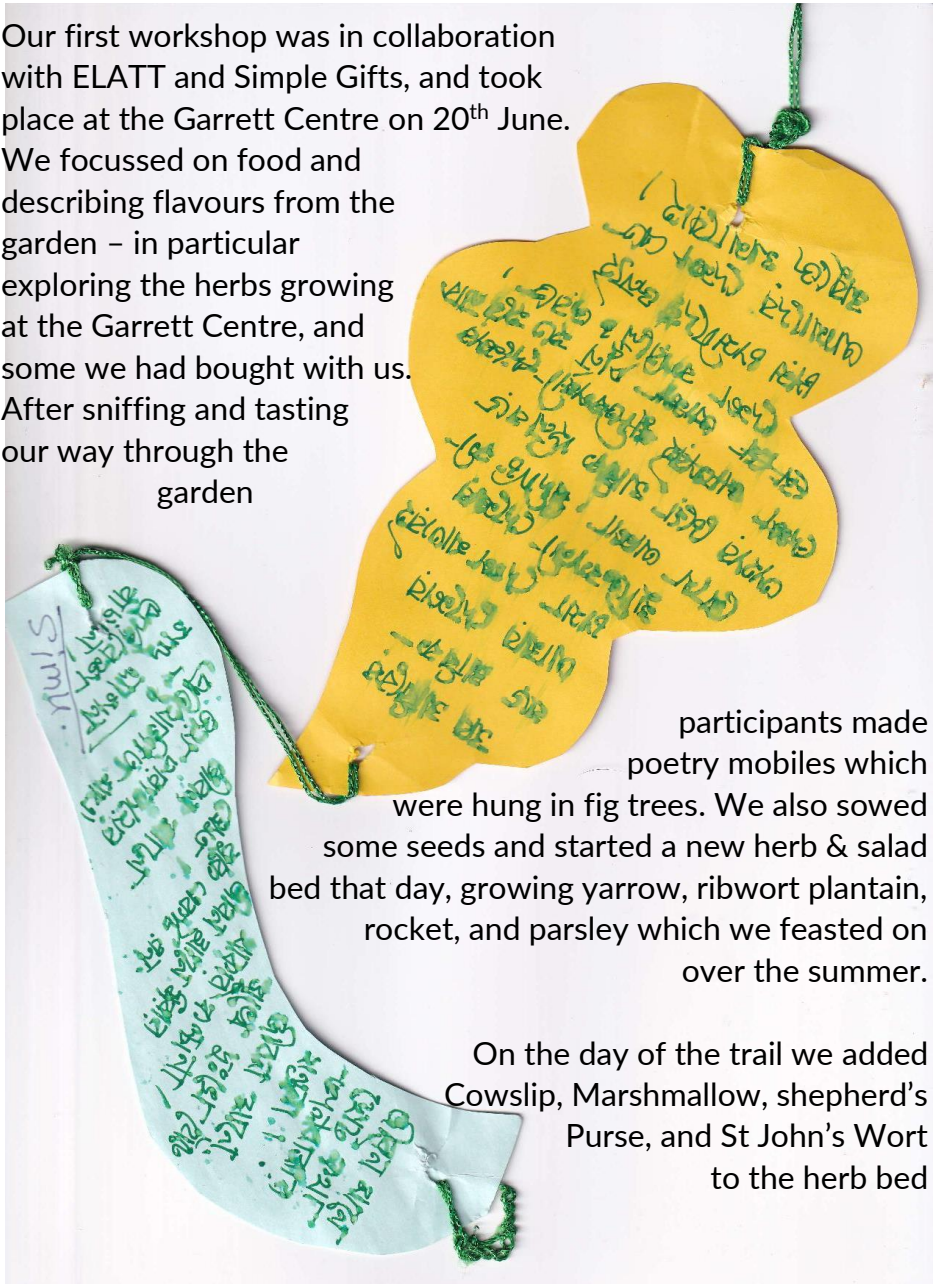
- Seed sowing, fruit and herb harvesting with Hava and Lois
- Henna with Hafiza
- Middleton Meals by Asma and Tahir
- 10th birthday celebrations in Rocky Park
- Art table and seed sowing with Margaret, Stacey and Yvonne
- Kids music making workshop with Rachel
- Tea and wellbeing space with Shumaisa
- Creative nature connection workshop with Shaira
- Billboard workshop with Saif
- Open mic and performances by Gail & Pip Burton, Katherine McMahon, Sprite, Rachel Susser and Afia Khatun
- Seed swap with Anna
- Seed bomb making workshop with Claire
- Evening Feast by Fadi (Bethnal Greens)

ELATT & SIMPLE GIFTS

@ THE GARRETT CENTRE

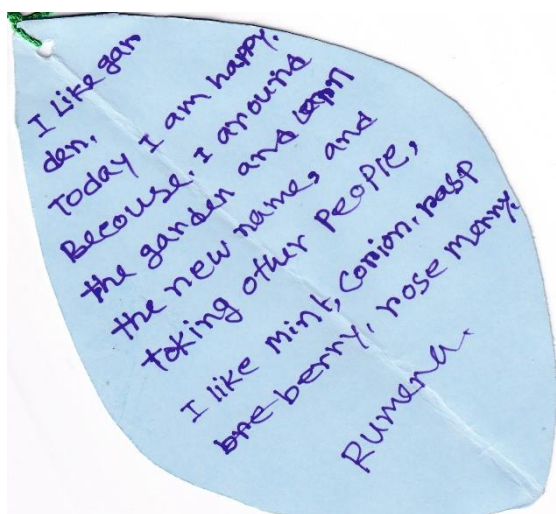
Our first workshop was in collaboration with ELATT and Simple Gifts, and took place at the Garrett Centre on 20th June.

We focussed on food and describing flavours from the garden – in particular exploring the herbs growing at the Garrett Centre, and some we had bought with us. After sniffing and tasting our way through the garden



participants made poetry mobiles which were hung in fig trees. We also sowed some seeds and started a new herb & salad bed that day, growing yarrow, ribwort plantain, rocket, and parsley which we feasted on over the summer.

On the day of the trail we added Cowslip, Marshmallow, shepherd's Purse, and St John's Wort to the herb bed





ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଏହି
ପ୍ରକାରର ଫଳ
ଖାଇବାକୁ
"ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଏହି ପ୍ରକାରର
ଫଳ ଖାଇବାକୁ"
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ଫଳ ଖାଇବାକୁ"



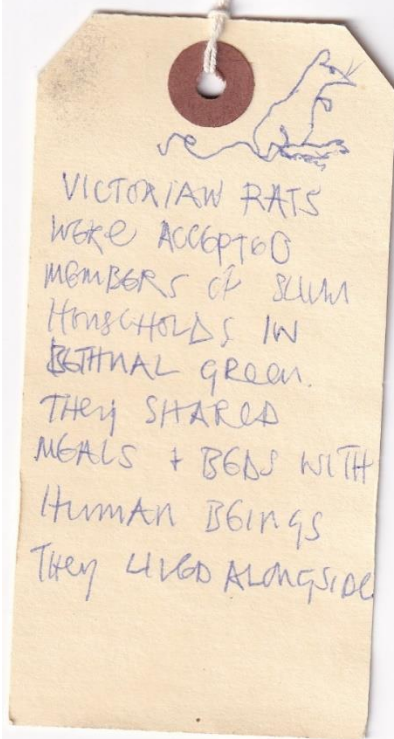
A photograph of a wooded area with a gravel path. In the background, there are large logs and a picnic table with chairs. A string of colorful triangular bunting (blue, yellow, red, green) hangs across the path. The text "BETHNAL GREEN NATURE RESERVE" is overlaid in white, bold, italicized capital letters.

BETHNAL GREEN NATURE RESERVE

We ran two workshops at Bethnal Green Nature reserve on 13th and 24th July. One workshop was a drop in for local residents and one was for The Our Place Our Story group, based at St Margaret's House. In these workshops we explored our surroundings at the nature reserve and connected with different creatures and beings around the site including trees, mushrooms, birds, rocks, foxes and rats. We used our senses to imagine a day in their lives, to have conversations and think about what stories they would have to tell about Bethnal Green.



The message,
the slow soak of nitrogen
from the north east
this telegraph of nutrients
rootlet to root
ponderous waves in the spaces of soil
bringing strength
buzz of contentment
hope of new branches
Did those speedy beings
finally learn to speak?



In the good old days we were welcome guests in a Victorian house. Bethnal Green was full of overcrowded slums and rats shared beds and meals with human beings. We were just part of life. My great great great grandparents lived in a backyard on Old Ford Rd. They shared it with 6 families and plenty of other rats.

They always used to go on holiday up the road to the old churchyard in the summer – it was nice and cool, not so much food to share with humans.

Teresa

ভাল অতীত দিনে একটি ভিক্টোরিয়ান পরিবারে আমরা অভ্যাগত অতিথি হিসাবে স্বাগত: ছিলাম। বেথনালগ্রীণ বস্তী এলাকায় মানুষের বিছানা এবং খাবারের সঙ্গী নিত্যদিন ছিল ইঁদুর। আমার প্রপিতামহদের বাস ছিল অল্ডফোর্ড রোডের পিছনে। তারা ৬টি পরিবার এবং অনেক সংখ্যক ইঁদুরের সাথে একযোগে বাস করতেন। গ্রীষ্মের ছুটিতে তারা রাস্তার উপরিভাগ চার্চগত্তরে অবসর যাপনে যেতেন-পরিবেশ ছিল খুব ভাল, শীতল, খাবার ভাগাভাগি ও সকলের জন্য পর্যাপ্ত ছিলনা।



I have a big place to live in.

I have lots of hiding places under rocks,
under logs and in logs.

Lots of shady areas to cool down in.

I share my home with birds and foxes
but I hide when the fox comes out
just in case he's hungry.

We eat the berries from the ground
when they fall off, or we climb to eat
them. Sometimes I see if the fox has
left a feast for me, or I go out for food.

Me and my rat friends go for a shower
or a swim in the ponds and sometimes
to cool off in the hot weather.

The frogs and tad poles don't mind
sharing their home with us.

Me and my friends play hide and seek in the bushes, in and under
logs.

We do lots of exercising to keep us healthy.

By Jack and Maggie

আমার একটি বড় বাসস্থান আছে
পাথরের নীচে লুকাবার জন্য এখানে অনেক জায়গা আছে
গাছের কাঠের ভিতর, নীচ ও শীতল ছায়া এলাকা মওজুদ
পাখি ও শেয়ালের সাথে আমার বাসস্থান ভাগাভাগি
করে বসবাস করি তবে কি না ভুখা শেয়ালের খপ্পর
থেকে বাঁচার জন্য নিজেকে লুকিয়ে রাখি ।

জাম নিচে পড়ে গেলে বা গাছে উঠে আমরা
ফলগুলি খাই । শেয়াল আমাদের জন্য কোন ভোজন
রেখে গেল তা খোঁজ করি বা আমি খাদ্যের খোজে
বেরিয়ে যাই ।

আমি ও আমার ইদুর বন্ধুরা পুকুরে পানি ছিটিয়ে
গোসল অথবা সময় সময় সাতারও কাটি কেবল নিজেদের
গরম আবহাওয়ায় শীতল রাখার জন্য করি । ব্যাঙগুলি
ও ব্যাঙের ছানার সাথেও আমাদের ভাগাভাগি বাসস্থানে
কোন আপত্তি নেই ।

আমি ও আমার বন্ধুরা বনের ঝোপ, গাছের কাঠের
ভেতরে বা নীচে লুকোচুরি খেলি । শরীর চর্চা,
স্বাস্থ্যের ভালোর জন্য অনেক ধরনের ব্যায়াম করি ।

জ্যাক ও ম্যাগী রচিত

I was one of the first residents
here, alongside the Green family and
all their extended family too.

My community consists of grafters & movers.
Together we hold down the area.

I've been deprived of all the essential
good stuff in order to support all those
around me.

Over the years I've built up my resilience
and structure to support others.

PTD ▶▶

I feel like I have a core role here and
hold everything together.
Over time new residents have emerged
communities have moved on and changed.
My health has greatly improved too,
I've been fed the right nutrients
and have developed many layers.
The humans are collaborating with us
THERE IS STILL HOPE
too. ♥

গ্রীণ পরিবারের অন্যদের পাশাপাশি আমি এখানে প্রথম
বাসিন্দাদের একজন ছিলাম

আমার সমাজ চলমান ও উত্থাপকদের নিয়েই গঠিত
সম্মিলিত সকলে মিলিয়েই আমার সমাজ সৃষ্টি হয়েছে
আমি সকলকে সাহায্য করতে চাইলেও প্রয়োজনীয় উত্তম
জিনিষপত্রের অভাব আছে।

বিগত বছরগুলিতে আমার স্থিতিস্থাপকতা অন্যদের সমর্থনের
জন্য কাঠামো গড়েছি

সকলকে একত্র রাখার মত একটি গুরুত্বপূর্ণ ভূমিকা আছে তাই মনে করি
বিগত দিনে নতুন বাসিন্দারাও এগিয়ে এসেছেন
সমাজ অব্যাহত অগ্রসরমান এবং পরিবর্তিত হয়েছে
আমার স্বাস্থ্যের বেশ উন্নতিও ঘটেছে
আমার প্রয়োজনে পুষ্টিলাভ করেছি এবং স্তরপর্যায়ের উন্নতি লাভ
মানুষজন আমাদেরকে সকল উপায়ে সহযোগিতা করে চলেছেন
এখানে তাই অনেক আশার সঞ্চয়

সায়রা কর্তৃক রচিত

A conversation with Gail and Pip

Gail and Pip have been coming to Bethnal Green Nature Reserve (BGNR) together for around 5 years. In this conversation with Hari Byles (Community Gardener at BGNR) they discuss memories, plants, and the various treasures they have found on the site over the years.

PIP: what was your first visit like?

GAIL: I think this was the first one, or this is the first one I remember. You were a baby and were just learning to walk and you sat over there where the table is in the amphitheatre, and we were watching a talk about herbs, and other things,

And you were pottering about at the edge and the lady sitting next to me said she wanted to eat you, because you smelled nice... you were less than two.

PIP: I remember last year getting taught to dig with a trowel,

GAIL: was that digging the trenches for the loo?

PIP: yes, and what was her name? who taught me to dig with a trowel?

GAIL: was it Melissa? You did all the digging with Melissa didn't you?

HARI: did you find anything in the soil when you were digging?

PIP: roots

HARI: any treasure?

GAIL: there was a lot of brick wasn't there? Hard lumps, we had this funny tool, a long heavy metal thing, whacking the edge of the brick, do you remember that?



Treasures collected from the ground by Pip during our conversation

PIP: that, and digging the trench, and doing the composting in the compost bin

GAIL: I have a lot of memories from last summer because we came every Saturday and you learnt lots and lots of things,

I have memories from the summer before, that was mainly a memory of not coming and hearing about it after you'd been. And

then memories from the year before, and I can remember stuff about me and you and your brother, tracked against the summers coming here. I can kind of measure time by coming here, because I find it hard to remember dates and years, but I can know what things happen, relative to coming here and what we were doing here.

Last year I remember you learning the most things, to use secateurs, to water the meadow with a hose, to pick herbs

PIP: to make tea and soup!

GAIL: yeah and I remember making tea and frying the herbs to make, what did I make?

PIP: soup!

GAIL: soup

PIP: I would like to do more of that today!

GAIL: yeah, I miss picking the herbs

PIP: can I do that, pick nettles, for nettle tea.

GAIL: I remember stinging myself on the nettles after I got home.

HARI: what would you say is your most treasured memory from this place? If a memory could be treasure what would it be?

PIP: picking the herbs

GAIL: did you like watering them as well?

PIP: yes





GAIL: I remember last year trusting you to go off and do things with other people, and it's one of the few places I could know you were safe to go off and do things. And to learn things that most people don't think are safe, like using a saw!

PIP: and using secateurs!

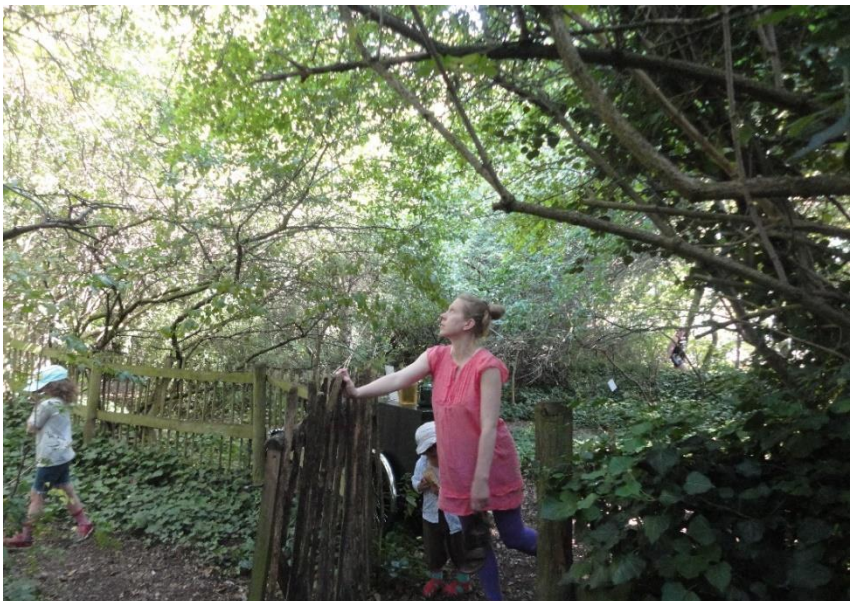
GAIL: yeah! And know that you could learn something really special *[sound of aeroplane overhead]*

HARI: do you have a favourite place?

PIP: the herb garden

[we walk to the meadow together and sit in the hut overlooking it and the ponds]

I like that it's nice and warm on cold days, sometimes



Gail Burton's performance during Open Gardens Treasure Trail

GAIL: I like that it's inside and outside at the same time, it's very relaxing, it's in the meadow but at a distance, it's all around you.

PIP: It's nice and peaceful, it has sounds

HARI: what sounds?

PIP: of birds!

GAIL: I love the meadow because it's tiny and it's got so many different plants, and they're all chosen.



PIP: I don't find it tiny,

GAIL: you don't find it tiny?

PIP: I find it ginormous! Coz if you took all these trees away and it was a flat land it would be ginormous

GAIL: do you know what I think, I don't feel like it is ginormous but I feel like, it's small, but because it's got so many different plants and they've all got a reason to be there, they've all been chosen, that it feels enormous because of that, there's so much happening there, and so much to learn about. And all the plants can do so many things, because they're all medicinal, that it feels enormous to me because of that. And my memory is of last summer mainly, bobbing down to look at them, and think about them or draw them and try to remember which they were, whilst you were busy watering or doing something somewhere else, and I was just finding something to do whilst you were busy. So I spent time looking at the plants really down low, looking at the spaces in between them, and just thinking about things, so it felt like a really big place to me.



HARI: and do you remember Pip, how when you came here, you were quite small, really small! And the meadow would have changed? Do you think it's getting smaller as you get older?

PIP: it's like I notice that it's getting a bit more peaceful as I get bigger, for some kind of reason.

HARI: what about things you can taste in the meadow? Do you remember any things you've tasted and what they were like?

PIP: I remember eating watermelon down there...

GAIL: watermelon, I don't remember watermelon.

PIP: it was at one of the lunches down there.

GAIL: mm, we ate loads of different things at the lunches didn't we...

PIP: and... I can tell you I remember fishing the pondweed out of the ponds.

HARI: what was that like?

PIP: it was very fun! I found pond weed and I found something a bit like, twigs, that sunk to the bottom. I might have seen, I saw a fish in it!

HARI: Did you?

PIP: Have you ever?

When I was on my own just looking at it, I saw a big one, no one else knows about it, except me.



GAIL: no you never told me about that! I haven't seen a fish in the pond.

[Hari asks if they can imagine themselves as non-human creatures/ beings living in the nature reserve and what they can see and sense around them.]

GAIL: I'm a nettle! And I am a really shrivelled up nettle, and my roots can see the other plants near to me, and I'm on the edge of the herb garden, so there's a fence and trees and I'm trying to look really hard to see the other herbs. And I'm that one because that's what I (not me the nettle, but I me) I remember drawing that one and it was really shrivelly and interesting.

PIP: was it nice!

GAIL: yeah, I really liked it. It was in a bit of the ground that had dead leaves, and it was still managing to grow even though it was a bit more difficult because it was dark.

It's sort of seen it all before, and it's still here, it's just trying to hang on in there!

PIP: before it gets put into the leaf mulch bucket for compost

GAIL: yeah, I didn't think of that

PIP: I've seen you've got another one
haven't you!

[We walk to the compost bin]

HARI: mmm, this is the one, this is where all the good smells are coming from

GAIL: ah! It's like the bin in our kitchen, we've got some little friends in our bin.

HARI: it's quite alive!

GAIL: I didn't realise you had compost in here



PIP: what's it like! Can I ask a question? What do you think it would be like if you were something in there?

HARI: I have thought about that a lot! I think it would be a bit like a big party, where different guests arrive at different times

PIP: like, if that leaf went in, would it bring some soil or water or something like that?

HARI: yeah I'm thinking about all the different things that might live on the leaf, so all the tiny little organisms, they're all the party guests, and they bring all sorts of different food, and then they dance, and they get really active and move around, and then people leave and new people arrive, and they make tunnels and rooms. It's like a whole world, many worlds unfolding in there, coz there's so much life in there.

I dunno what do you think it's like in there?

PIP: I agree with you!

HARI: we can have a dig in there, when it's composted a bit better and we can find out?



*400x microscope
image of life inside
BGNR's compost pile*

I am the Silver Birch,
with stones that time
has forgotten.

As you come near me, you
will feel other beings touching
you, holding you to share
their stories too!

Feel my bark, its
nature's brute, with
tales of times that were

Feel my bark and
the stones will come
into your mind.

The times when we
were surrounded by other
natural beings.

The Magic of nature
that is now contained
around me, trying to
breathe, trying to grow,
trying to be free!

PLUMMY-LILAC WOOL
WOUND AROUND MY HAND
WINDING AS I PACE THE
ENTRANCE PATH AND
FIND THE RIGHT TREE
NEAR THE GATE

STANDING ON ONE FOOT

STANDING ON ONE FOOT
JUDGING THE DISTANCE
OF ONE LEG TO SWING
IT UP TO THE TREE TRUNK
FROM MY SHOE

MY SOCKED-FOOT ON
THE TREE TRUNK

MY SOCKED-FOOT ON THE
TREE TRUNK LEANING IN
TO IT
BALANCING THROW/REACH
WOOL AROUND TWIG-
STUMP ON TRUNK AND
WIND ENDS/LENGTH

WIND ENDS/LENGTH
AROUND CALF TO
SUPPORT AND CATCH
LEG
LEAN BACK AND
LOOK UP AND TURN

LOOK UP AND TURN
FACE TO SUN AND
BALANCE ON ONE
FOOT
STAY

STAY

UNTIE - FIDDLE WITH
KNOT FIRST
RE-WIND THREAD
AROUND HAND
RETRACT FOOT

**RETRACT FOOT
INTO SHOE, CARE-
FULLY, JUDGING
DISTANCE
AVOIDING SOIL**

**AVOIDING SOIL
BRUSH OFF SOCK
(FROM TRUNK
BITS)**

Mushroom

“The need for sharing deep feeling is a human need”
(Audre Lorde, Uses of the Erotic)

I have been having conversations with mushrooms in Bethnal Green for a while. Each time one bursts through the soil, or appears in my living room, bathroom, or on the path in front of me it is saying something.



I once read that the ground is like a parchment or interface for communication between the atmosphere, the earth and its inhabitants. We (earthlings) inscribe it, and it constantly moves, erupts and throws things onto its surface, transcending its own boundaries as well as the made-up ones we draw onto it. One of my first conversations with mushrooms was about that, it was in winter whilst I was laying bricks for the toilet at the nature reserve and I saw tens of large grey-brown and black mushrooms bursting through the soil and tarmac which met at the boundary between the nature reserve and the school next door. The fruiting bodies were so strong and persistent that they enveloped the large metal gate that separates the two spaces, shifting it on its hinges. Their message to me then, before they turned to slime and disappeared, was about rupture. They told me (with the help of Audre Lorde, and a local spiritual medium who had been

helping out each week on site and conversing with my late grandmother) to speak my feelings out loud; to let words emerge like mushrooms, surprising, sometimes awkward, ugly (but beautiful!), and so alive, pushing at the boundaries between here and there, life and death, me and you. I did as the mushrooms said, and told someone a truth (my truth), and the ground disappeared from under me. We fell together like tiny spores in the wind, with the possibility of 36,000 different genders (yes, mushrooms are queer too). Then, bursting open and out of dormancy, hyphal strands reaching through earth, reaching for one another, for recognition and togetherness. For a moment ~ it was beautiful.

* * * * *

When it all turned to slime and disappeared (this time late spring - early summer, as this project was beginning) I dragged myself to a quiet spot in the nature reserve, a sacred spot where previously a friend and I had buried a bird and remembered loved ones who had passed. I parted the wilted three-cornered leeks, breathed in their scent of earth and garlic, shed some tears and put my heart in the dry soil, beneath the trees, for safekeeping. I wrote:

"The creature was carrying something which needed to be placed in the archive. They weren't quite sure what it was, but it felt heavy and complicated and sometimes it hurt them, like a thorn or a sting, lodged on the surface of the skin. It had to come out. As the archive squeezed the creature's body - the thing it was carrying also started to leave it. Sticky, salty juices and clumps of matter coming out of the holes in its body's surface, juices the other creatures could feast upon"

The image of ink on blotting paper or parchment appeared in my mind as sadness and love and shame leaked onto the leeks and the ground (to be transformed). I had dreams, fantasies and wrote vaguely erotic stories, about crawling into the soil and being broken down by the enzymes and mouth parts of worms, fungi,

protozoa, bacteria, and nematodes. I felt myself being consumed, transported and decomposed by underground hyphal networks, mycelium ;) With Linden, I gathered herbs for a 'heartbreak tea'.

Some weeks later, during a poorly attended workshop we had organised at the nature reserve (and beating myself up about my failure to 'engage', but also just feeling like no one came to our party!!) I came upon some half nibbled, white-ish mushrooms, growing by the edge of the path, not far from where I had buried my heart previously. A quick intake of breath, and rush of excitement down my spine, the mushrooms beckoned me to get closer. And I wrote:

"I kneel beside them, sniffing their caps, they smell like creatures... that creaturely smell, of breath and blood and sweat. I glimpse the gills through the mushroom mirror that Cedar gave me, and the spores rub off on my fingers. They feel soft, and dry and powdery, they make a kind of silk on my hands. I wonder what their spore print would tell me, what stories from the underground they could share? Do they contain any traces of my heart?"





Curious about what this mushroom encounter was telling me, I made a spore print and left it for a little too long. When I returned a day or two later the print was crawling with larvae and grubs that hadn't seemed to be there before. Creatures! The fungus *is* a creature of sorts too, lying at the boundary between plant and animal, it has traces of both, yet it is neither. It is one of our ancestors and it has much to teach us. The message from the mushrooms felt clear. Remember your ancestors! We are everywhere! connecting bathrooms and walls, with feet, paths, pavements, gates, soil, tarmac, bread bins, pot plants, hearts, guts etc. THAT is 'community engagement'! that is a relationship. Whilst my heart was in the process of letting go of one connection, it was also opening up to the possibility of multiple new connections and collaborations. The mushrooms gave me energy to throw myself back into this work, and to fall in love with it. They also advised us to give up on flyering the neighbourhood as a way of inviting people to get involved with the project. This wasn't working. Instead we decided to send out 'spores' and hyphae with powers to transcend the real and perceived boundaries that carve up the area, and create barriers to connection. In some ways it worked, and things started flowing more; we posted wild flower seeds and invites through letterboxes, worked symbiotically with local groups and individuals, swapping, sharing and exchanging time, energy, resources and stories. Our collaboration also became stronger and deeper, with space within it to hold and attend to all our

aches, worries, fatigues, excitements, inspirations, hungers, questions, dreams and explorations. Projects like this, which are labours of love and rely on people to make them happen, need stories which account for the real complexity and messyness of our lives, because as we seek to bring our whole selves to the work we do, that messyness becomes part of the fruit of our labours - *surprising, sometimes awkward, ugly (but beautiful!), and so alive, pushing at the boundaries between here and there, life and death, me and you*. I recently discovered there is a word for this, the word is: puhpowee



By Hari Covert

The Journal

The big cream-colored bell between the leaves is the flower bud. The stem is light brown and woody. The leaves are green and lanceolate. The flower buds are small and pale.

Minimum full work
www.football.kitfox.com
The last moments of light

Your colony is burning aphids on my plants, little black
 stick-like cluster like tiny grapes. The antennae like 0
 is fascinating and unsettling to figure out how to save
 it. I leave them. It's not that everything feels
 like a prick and tickle, salt stickiness. Mats of algae
 on rocks, wood, rock and fall. The green blue. I am
 that of what we have done.

downed in Mackay.
 down fight their way out. The
 in hell. The city shines.

golden have climbed the elder tree, and there is black
 and white shining among the violet elderberries. A vine
 comes through the air, vivid and delicately prickled
 like an arrow, the drought, returning to sea, is a

Dark and for blackberries
looking hot and dark / in the
yellow grass

The turning

1

The big creamy moon frames itself between two towerblocks, and we discover ants in the dried fruit. The grass is dry and strewn, the ground hard and rough. There are skinned knees from skidding kicks. I tell them that a small girl showed me her scabs and declared that it means you're having adventures. The orange ball soars. The sky is purple on one side, hazy gold on the other. The moon and sun are opposite sails of a windmill, fixed in turning.

Midsummer full moon
neon football kicked into
the last moments of light

2

An ant colony is farming aphids on my plants, little black aphids that cluster like tiny grapes. The attentive line is too fascinating and unsettling to figure out how to save the beans. I leave them. It's so hot that everything feels like pin pricks and tickles, salt stickiness. Mats of algae take over ponds, weeds rocket and fall. The grass dies. I am afraid of what we have done.

Leaves curl in, blacken;
flowers fight their way out. The
heat baffles. The city shines.

3

Brambles have climbed the elder tree, and there is black-purple shining among the unripe elderberries. A vine reaches through the air, vivid and delicately prickled. They are surviving the drought, returning to snag on our clothes every time we cut them back.

Thank god for blackberries
bursting hot and dark / in the
time of yellow grass

Linden Katherine McMahon

ROCKY PARK

We first visited Rocky Park for the project on a warm weekday evening, hoping to catch some growers to find out how they might be interested in collaborating. Margaret had spread the word, and several families came to meet us. We chatted with them about the trail and the idea of some workshops, and they showed us what they were growing. The khodus – Bengali gourds – growing in almost every bed are a big feature of Rocky Park. At this stage they were vines climbing all over trellises, with spiralling tendrils but no fruit as yet. We set a date for a workshop to gather their stories, and the growers promised to spread the word.

On the workshop day, we were joined by a brilliant crowd of children, and their parents, grandparents, aunties, and uncles. We set to work with craft materials – pens, stickers, stamps, plant pots, wooden shapes – and the children told us their stories of growing up around Rocky Park. They created things to hang, decorated plant pots, and wrote and illustrated their stories. Hari brought out their microscope and the children enjoyed





both looking at the things we could see in the Park's compost and making a mess with the muddy samples.

Teenagers and adults dispersed around the garden to write their own poems and stories, including Hafiza, who had been around for the opening of the space as a five year old.

Meanwhile, Saif was chatting to the elders in Bengali, making notes and asking questions about the things that were growing.

By now, the khodus were bearing fruit: gourds the size of my head had started to appear, protected by bags so that the squirrels wouldn't nibble them.

Saif and his father worked together to translate all these stories and memories so that we could create a bilingual installation for the trail.

This year was Rocky Park's 10th birthday, and Margaret and the growers had asked us to include a birthday party in the trail. With that in mind, we came up with the idea of creating double-sided bunting – with words and their translations alongside pictures. We found the nicest cotton bunting we could, and spent a busy-

but-happy couple of days pasting everything onto it. Keeping the translations right was a challenge as neither of us speak Bengali, but thanks to Saif and his father's numbering system we did learn our Bengali numbers!

On the day of the trail, Hafiza ran a henna stall, while her parents Asma and Tahir cooked a birthday feast. The khodus were so huge at this point we could hardly believe that the vines were holding them!

Though we had maps available at Rocky Park, most of the people who came to celebrate and have lunch together didn't do the whole trail. One really nice thing about the trail was that while it encouraged people to explore different spaces, you could do as much or as little as felt relevant to you. Collaborating with the growers of Rocky Park to celebrate their space felt like a privilege – thank you for letting us get involved!





How shall I describe the euphoric
Feeling you give to me oh my
Beautiful garden.



The contentment and the satisfaction
Of my hard work seen through
Your flourishing glee

The green the yellow and the scent of fresh earth
That resonates into the hearts of those
Who truly appreciate your beauty

My children, the public, the gardeners
Stare at you with such amazement
And dedication as if it's their duty

So thank you my beautiful
garden for taking my stress away

Sultana & Fathaya

-আমি আনন্দোচ্ছ্বাস কিভাবে ব্যাখ্যা করব যে বাগানটি, আহ: আমাকে কেমন সুন্দর অনুভূতি দিতে
পেরেছে

-আমার অতি কষ্টের কাজের ফল তোমার সতেজে বেড়ে উঠা ও উল্লাস অত্যন্ত তৃপ্তি এবং
সন্তোষজনক উপলব্ধি

-তোমার সবুজ ও হলুদ ছড়ানো মাটির মিষ্টি সুঘ্রাণ সকলের হৃদয়ে অনুভূতি জাগায় ও সৌন্দর্য্য
বিশেষভাবে উপহার দেয়

-আমার সন্তানেরা, জনসাধারণ সকলেই দর্শক, তোমার দিকে তাকিয়ে এমনই অবাক হয় তা যেন
তোমাকে দেখাই সকলের কর্তব্য

- সুতরাং আমার এত সুন্দর বাগান তুমি আমার সকল বিষাদ দূর করেছ, তোমাকে ধন্যবাদ জানাই

সুলতানা এবং ফাতিহা



টমেটো পাতাগুলো বাকানো দেখতে এবং বাড়ার সময় কুমড়া-পাতা ও টমেটোর পাতার মত মনে হয়।

আমি বাগান পছন্দ করি কারণ সেখানে খেলা, কাজকর্ম এবং নানা উদ্ভিদ লাগানো যায়। আমরা পাতাসমূহ নিয়ে অনেক জেনেছি।



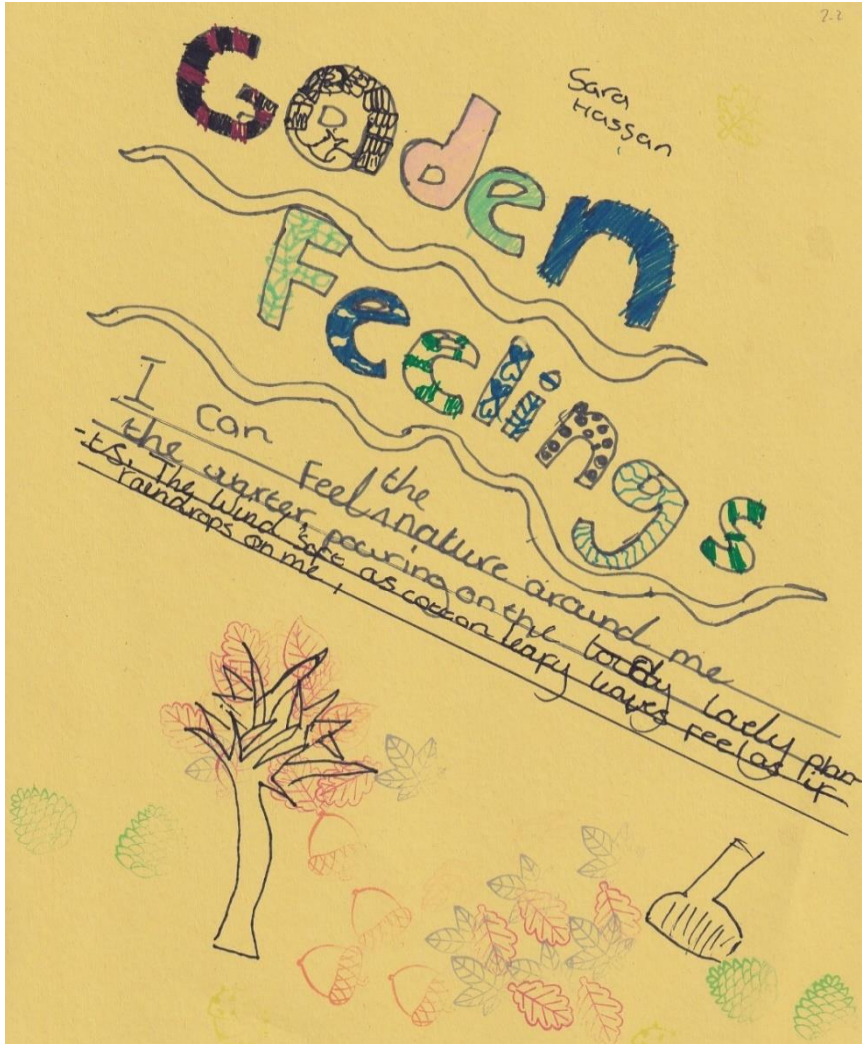
I love gardening because my
mum forced me.
The garden has so many things
in it,
Including bees.
I love to water and make mess
But my mummy's obsessed,
bless.
I go with my siblings.
All they do is mingling
The garden our friend
Till the end.

Haneer Udelin

আমার মায়ের বাধ্যতা আমাকে বাগান করতে শিখিয়েছে
বাগানের মধ্যে কত ধরণের জিনিস, প্রাণী যেমন মৌমাছি আছে
আমি পানি ছিটাতে ও নোংরা করতে ভালবাসি
তবে আমার মার ভীষন একগুয়েমি এত মঙ্গলময়
আমি ভাইবোনদের বেশ সংগ দেই
তারা তেবলই মেলামেলা করবেই
তাই বাগান আমার বন্ধু
একদম শেষ পর্যন্ত



হানির ইউডেনিন
মূল পংক্তি



বাগান অনুভূতি

আমি অনুভব করি প্রকৃতি আমার চতুর্পার্শে

কত সুন্দর শাকসবজিতে পানি ছিটানো, বাতাসে মৃদু গতি তুলার ন্যায়
গাছের পাতায় বৃষ্টি বিন্দু ছড়ায়

বিজিএন আর অনুবাদ

Garden poem – Golden memories

The indescribable feeling of wandering through the garden.

Strolling through the leaves pretending to be an adventurer.

Reminiscing the past of my six year old self as I explore the midst of Rocky Park.

The nostalgia filled environment fills me with joy as I soar through the mind.

The peace is fulfilling and I'm content with my surroundings.

As I watch the garden grow the ethereal beauty is overwhelming as the beautiful nature is forever enduring and continues to fill me with everlasting happiness and excitement.

The golden memories of the past ten years as I remember the opening day of Rocky Park. Whilst staring at the big crowd ahead of me as I eye the hot cross buns.

The garden is full of long lasting memories that I'll never forget

Hafiza



কবিতায় বাগান - সোনালী স্মৃতি

বাগানে পায়চারী এনে দেয় ধারনাভীত অনুভূতি অতি
স্বস্তপ্ৰণে পাতাগুলি দমিয়ে হেটে মনে হবে একজন অভিযাত্রী
ছ'বছরের বাচ্চাটি আমার স্মৃতি অন্বেষণ করেছি রকি পার্ক আমি
অতীত দিনে প্রকৃতির পূর্ণ মনে ভরপুর আনন্দ দিয়েছে অনাবিল সুখ
এ যেন শান্তি সুখের পরিপূর্ণতা চতুর্পার্শ্বের দৃশ্য আমায় করেছে সন্তুষ্ট
গগনচারী এমন সুন্দর এই প্রকৃতির মনোমুগ্ধকর উজ্জ্বল দৃষ্টান্ত
চীরদিনের স্থায়ী পাকৃতিক পরিবেশ আমাকে সুখানুভূতি ও উদ্বেলিত করে
সোনালী স্মৃতির দশটি বছর রকি পার্ক শুভ সূচনা আজো মনে পড়ে
আজকের বিরাট জনসমাবেশ দেখে ফ্রসবান খেয়ে মুগ্ধ মনে তাকাই
বাগানের দীর্ঘদিনের সুখময় অবিনাশ স্মৃতি যেন চীরদিন স্থায়ী

হাফিজা



Arigah

We can hear children playing



We could feel ants crawling around



We could see the stem that looks as spiky as a pickle.
taste

The tomato is as juicy as a watermelon

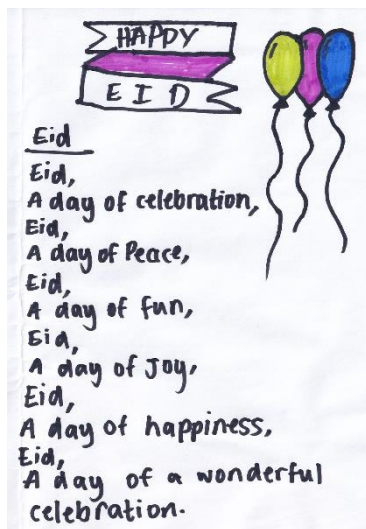
We could smell tomatoes and watermelon and soil



আমরা শুনতে পাই ছেলে মেয়েরা খেলা করছে
আমরা দেখি বেশ পিপড়াগুলি চারিদিকে হামাগুড়ি দেয়
আমরা দেখতে পাই গাছের ডাঁটা ঠিক পেরেক প্রেটসনের মতই দেখতে
টমেটো স্বাদে একদম তরমুজের মত রসে ভর্তি
টমেটো এবং তরমুজের ঘ্রাণ মাটিতে গন্ধ ছড়ায়
আরিয়া

KEDDLESTON WALK

Keddleston Walk Community Centre is a hub where a whole range of community events happen and groups meet. We attended a Tenants and Residents' Association meeting there, as well as leaving flyers, seed packets, and a box with requests for contributions to the trail. The Arabic supplementary school came up trumps with drawing and writing about their Eid celebrations. We turned these into another string of bunting for the garden at the centre (which also has a fabulous collection of gnomes), and on the day of the trail Claire ran a seed bomb making workshop (you can find the recipe later in the zine). A few of Linden's poems appeared there too, including a poem about a goldfinch on the big windows looking from the centre into the garden.



Eid
Eid,
A day of celebration,
Eid,
A day of Peace,
Eid,
A day of fun,
Eid,
A day of Joy,
Eid,
A day of happiness,
Eid,
A day of a wonderful
celebration.

Thaniah Sany
AGE:12



FOUND POEMS

We wanted to join up the spaces in the trail and have a few things that people could find incidentally, even if they weren't following the trail. Inspired by the kind of posters that include tear-off strips with contact details or websites, we decided to make our own poetry version. Each poster featured a poem from the trail in English and Bengali, with choice phrases as tear-off strips. Treasure hunters could then join Linden for a found poetry workshop in the Nature Reserve later in the day, to create their own poems out of these!



I explore

the leaves

Wandering through the garden

fills me with joy



rats shared beds and meals

My children, the public, the gardeners
and plenty of other rats.

my comrades

The humans are
collaborating with us

organising and
representation

We said to the bats come here

we welcome guests

I eye the hot cross buns.

canal-side blackberries

to humus

to mushrooms

Your flourishing glee

our flourishing glee

I have never felt more abundance.

The scent of just life

the pulp falls out

All that pressure to unfurl.

indescribable

we were welcome guests

I'll never forget

but we didn't know what to do

cracked overcrowded

and they wriggled greedily unasked for

make mess

but terrible to humans,

plenty of other rats.

my hands fresh earth
grafters

this is land.

so we can be healed

Strolling through the leaves

Wandering through the garden

beautiful nature

The garden is full of happiness and long lasting memories

Wandering through the garden

life

strained and bottled

she whispers summer in

pale yellow

birdsong

Together we hold
down the area

to

tear out the lead

and rampage through

life

We will call them dragons,

and leave offerings to them

make the stony spaces ours,

so we can be healed

in the most unlikely places.

Everything will be

light and springy.

Strolling through the leaves

Together we hold
down the area

just part of life

water and more mess

Wandering through the garden

the garden our friend

Strolling through the leaves

She says,

Strolling through the leaves

Together

we hold

a line

in

the

garden

Tear off

take

down

remember

and make mess

Strolling through the leaves

I'll never forget

কবিতায় বাগান - সোনালী স্মৃতি

Garden

poem

Golden

memories

The golden memories of the past ten years

We were just part of life.

overcrowded grafters and movers.

My children, shared The green the yellow
with my great great great grandparents

I've been fed the right nutrients and have
developed many layers.

the ethereal beauty is overwhelming as the
beautiful nature is forever enduring
and continues to fill me with everlasting
happiness and excitement.

Thank you my beautiful garden



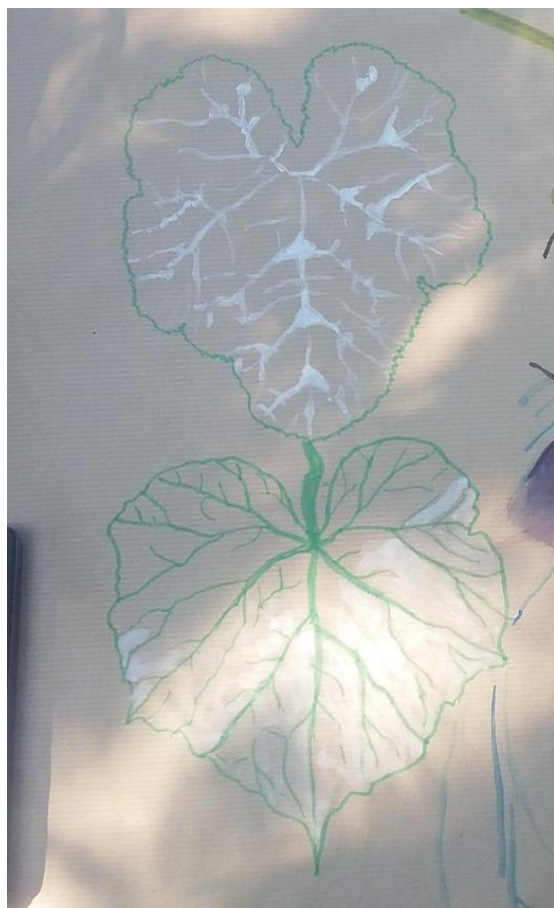
The billboard on the day of the trail, words by Gail Burton, painted by Michael Smythe

BILLBOARD

Bethnal Green Nature Reserve has a huge billboard on the Middleton Square side, which displays artworks by different artists throughout the year.

During the trail, Saif ran a workshop collecting ideas for a new billboard, chatting to people as they came round and creating sketches. He then worked on a design over autumn, collaborating a well known Bengali song with imagery of khodus, buildings, and residents.





SOME THOUGHTS ON COLLABORATION AND COMMUNITY

We failed at community engagement, but we made community collaboration instead.

In the course of the project, we talked a lot about collaboration on different levels – with each other, with other people involved with the project, and between organisations. Both of us have been involved in ‘community engagement’ work before, and both of us have complicated feelings about it. We want to reflect here on the things we’ve learned about collaboration and community, and why the ‘engagement’ part wasn’t the most important (or successful) part of the project.

EARTHLINGS

In 2018, we worked together on a project that Hari was running as part of Compost Mentis, a co-op working on soil care and alternative sanitation in urban spaces. We enjoyed that project a lot, and got a lot out of it. We met up later in the year to make a zine and think about what we could do next – winter plotting yielding lots of exploratory ideas for Spring. We both valued the way that ideas could flow freely between us, and the feeling of growing ideas together. We wrote some applications, and were awarded the Garrett Centre commission.

At the very beginning of the Open Gardens project we sat down to talk about how we wanted to work together: the ways we wanted to communicate, our vulnerabilities, needs and worries. It was a good thing we did, because we both had some tough things happen over the summer – depression, relationship stuff, work stress, financial instability – and we were able to be open about it

and offer each other support, which grew into friendship as well as a really solid working relationship. We were able to bring our full selves right from the beginning, and that's so unusual and powerful. You never get to do that when you start a job! We never had to leave behind a part of ourselves when we came to work together. We're both inspired by the power of this approach, and we both want to use it in other contexts in the future.

This also helped us to feel safe to throw out all sort of ideas, and to disagree and re-shape and come up with new ones together. We created a magical-feeling idea-space – an environment for ideas to grow in. We had a lot of trust that they would be caught and that we could develop them together. It felt like composting – creating the right conditions for a process to happen in a good way.

We checked in with each other a lot. We'd both be a bit stressed or overwhelmed, and then we'd meet and figure it out and feel calmer. And it was often stressful and overwhelming – our different and changing capacities, and freelance life with lots of other projects going on at once. Linden sometimes worried that it was unbalanced so they checked in a lot about that. We have different skills and backgrounds, so in reality the division of labour worked out well, and a lot of the stuff that Hari was doing (and Linden was worrying about) were things they wanted to do anyway to develop the way the nature reserve connects with the people who live around it.

Timing was difficult sometimes. There was a lot of waiting on things, and things taking longer than we thought. Our whole selves and real lives were very present here – our lives, and the lives of our other collaborators. But being able to meet each other in our whole selves allowed us to do the same with everyone else – we could share that with the people we were collaborating

with. This mostly looked like making time to just chat with everyone, in low pressure ways. One of our collaborators, Shaira, brought a beautiful lunch to the nature reserve for a meeting, whilst Hari was puppy sitting for Margaret's lively Kerry Beagle, and it turned into a lovely moment of connection much more than a meeting about running a workshop.

During workshops, Hari's role was organising, publicity, and set up, and they were able to be a shy co-facilitator and rest into that and be part of the workshop. Linden planned the sessions and lead the facilitation. There were times when one of us was having a tough moment, and we were able to hold the space for each other – it was refreshing not to have to be 100% all the time (though sometimes we worried about that!).

While we were talking about collaboration, we came up against some interesting feelings about what to call it. To Linden it felt strange to call it work, even though it was very much hard work in the sense of time, effort and focus. For them, it came from a deeper space than 'work' often does – a space of what is important to us collectively and the care we have for each other. Hari really wanted to call it work because this is how they felt work should be! It was really interesting to explore where these feelings came from, and we came to the conclusion that this is what work feels like when we're not alienated from it. The fact that we enjoyed it and felt a great deal of emotional connection to it makes it not "just a job", but it's radical to call this kind of deep collaborative work **WORK**, loud and clear, and demand all that comes with it: fair pay, rights and recognition.

COMMUNITY COLLABORATION

LADA's commission was really open, and gave us lots of scope. The aim was "to contribute to our engagement with our local neighbourhood, with individuals and communities in Bethnal

Green, and to further our role as a Centre for Live Art... [to] explore and test ideas for new ways of working within/around our building, and new ways of engaging with local publics and partners.” In addition, we secured extra funding from Culture Seeds, who provide grants for “community-led arts, culture and heritage projects and activities.”

The idea of the project as community-led was really important to us. We didn’t want to create something and then expect people to give their time and energy getting involved in it – we wanted to co-create it with them. This is a difficult thing to do in the context of arts funding, because it wouldn’t have been practical for us to spend a lot of time co-creating something without knowing if it would be funded or not. That’s quite a lot of unpaid labour! But funders usually want to see an idea which has some substance to it, so “we don’t know what we’re doing yet but we’ll tell you once we get going” probably wouldn’t have cut it.

Even so, we wanted to work in an emergent way: making the conditions for things to emerge rather than forcing a process to happen in a certain way. And that was the great thing about the Garrett Centre Commission – connection was the aim, rather than numbers.

The idea of engagement is a problem, though.

When does someone count as being engaged? So often funders just count this as getting someone in the door once (though for LADA and Culture Seeds, thankfully, this wasn’t the main outcome they were looking for).

Folks in a given community are already engaged – with the things that matter to them. The idea of ‘engagement’ turns communities into a passive audience, and assumes that they will be interested in whatever you’re doing if only you pitch it right. Taking a collaborative approach rather than an engagement approach can

make the relationship two way – instead of “I’m engaging you” it becomes “what shall we do together?” It becomes an opportunity to ask what an organisation or artist can do for a community on the community’s terms.

Engagement doesn’t always take into account accessibility. If people aren’t getting involved, rather than assuming that people are ‘not engaged’, it’s important to consider that maybe they can’t access what you are offering. Are there different entry points or pathways that we can find together? Or ways to improve access around existing ones?

As an artist you have to accept that people might not want to get involved with your artform. This is hard in the context of life as a freelancer – accepting this means that you might do yourself out of a job sometimes. As a poet, Linden faces this often. Although it’s often in part because formal education ruins poetry for many people by making it dry and uninspiring, and this is incredibly frustrating, real collaboration means listening when people say they’re not into it. As a result, this project evolved from a poetry-based idea to broaden into storytelling and *storymaking* more generally.

Perhaps coming in with an artform in mind is not the best approach to collaborative work in this kind of context. A community connector could put together a project in collaboration with a group of people, and then invite an artist in depending on what they’re collectively interested in – and perhaps this would be a more collaborative way of working.

Which begs the question: are artists, as such, the best people to be doing this work?

Community connection is a skill. Not all artists have a talent for it, though some very much do. This needs to be recognised as a job in and of itself, and as an ongoing one: there is a limit to how

much genuine connection can be made in a one-off project. For community collaboration, as opposed to engagement, this needs to be woven through everything, year round – rather than outsourced to one-off projects, where the next set of artists need to almost start over. Arts projects can then be based on collaboration with community, instead of vice versa. Making this as internal and local as possible makes it both easier and more effective.

If we were to do this project again, we would have talked more with LADA about what community means to them, what they've been doing already, and what's been difficult. We didn't know about the existing politics around their relationships with the folks living around the Garrett Centre; and the dynamics of their space. During this project – even with the extra funding – we didn't have time or resources to do this properly.

In the end, the project was about making connections between communities and individuals in the area, rather than with LADA specifically – This brought in the work of other community connectors in the area, including Hari's previous work at the nature reserve. We shifted the power dynamic to think about making roots and lines between different spaces, without positioning LADA as the most important or central, of these. The folks at LADA seemed very happy with this!

We found that we needed to be able to change what we were doing based on the collaboration. We had to be able to change timelines, themes, even artforms – you can't know the answer before you start or you're doing it wrong. We want to call on arts organisations looking to make connections with the communities around them to invest in this kind of flexibility.

We need to change the funding models to be able to admit that things might fail, or you might not be liked, or your idea might not be liked.

Funding for these kind of projects needs to take into account how much work community connection takes. This would have been a much smaller project, the connections much less deep, if we hadn't secured extra funding from Culture Seeds. Funders tend to ask, what do you need to make art? Rather than what do you need to make connections? There is so much work in a project like this beyond what's considered art-making, and seeing it as a skill and a job in itself begins to make some of this visible.

We were not the only ones in this project investing in community connection. We wanted to recognise that by paying the folks we were working with to run workshops on the day of the trail – we felt it was essential to value the work of artists *and* the work of community connectors, who often do a great deal of incredible work unpaid.

The labour of engagement from the community side needs to be acknowledged. It's a gift for someone to give their time and energy in getting involved with your project! And when you see it as a collaboration rather than engagement, it makes sense to share money and resources with your collaborators.

So our challenge for arts organisations is this: can you use your social and monetary capital to empower communities to engage with artists on their own terms? Create connections with local artists and commission them, or give a grant to a community organisation so they can decide what they want to do with it? Can you put community collaboration at the heart of your work? Can you hire community connectors as permanent staff members (recognising the ongoingness of this work) rather than as freelancers who do one off projects?

How do you measure success of a project like this? Is it the number of people who showed up, or the quality of the connections? How do you measure connection? Was it the feelings that we all had: the buzz of working together to create something complex and messy and beautiful?

This project wasn't that successful in getting hundreds of people to turn up. But we are proud that we were able to nurture successful and supportive collaborations with each other, and with the wider communities we worked with. The learning from this feels valuable, and is something we'd like to keep sharing.

Hari & Linden





WRITE YOUR OWN

These are some of the activities we did in the workshops, in case you would like to have a go yourself!

PLANTS WE USE

Find some herbs in your garden or kitchen - they can be fresh or dried. Use all your senses to explore them, and write a sentence describing what you can see, smell, taste, feel and hear.

What do the herbs remind you of? What memories do they bring with them? Write them down, or tell someone a story about them.

What herbs do you use to cook? Think of a time you cooked a meal that is important to you. Why was it important? Who was there? What did it taste like? Smell like? Look like?

HOW WE GROW

Choose a plant that you love to grow, and write a sentence describing it looks, smells, tastes, feels and sounds like.

Is there a story about why you grow that plant? Or a story about how you have grown, cooked or eaten it? Write down your stories, and include the feelings that go with them.

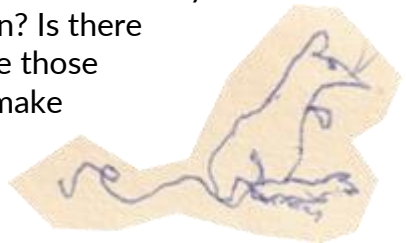
Write a letter to your plant. What would you like to say to it? What questions would you like to ask? Then write a letter back from the plant!

A DAY IN THEIR PAWS / ROOTS

Find a space outdoors - a garden, park, or even just your street - and spend some time looking around for good textures and colours. If you're working with someone else, take each other on a tour of the things you have found. Write a description of one or more of the things you have found - use sight, smell, touch, and sound, and add what it makes you feel.

Pick one of these beings or spaces, and imagine a day in its life. This could be in first person ("I") or third person ("he/she/they"). What would they feel, what would they think and say? What would be important to their daily life? What stories might they have to tell of what they've seen and heard?

Go through and underline all the best bits in what you've written. What's the most effective description? Is there anything surprising or different? Take those good bits and put them together to make a story or poem, combining the physical descriptions with the day in the life imaginings.





RAT'S EYE VIEW

Imagine that you are a rat living in the neighbourhood. What would you see and do? What stories would you have to tell?

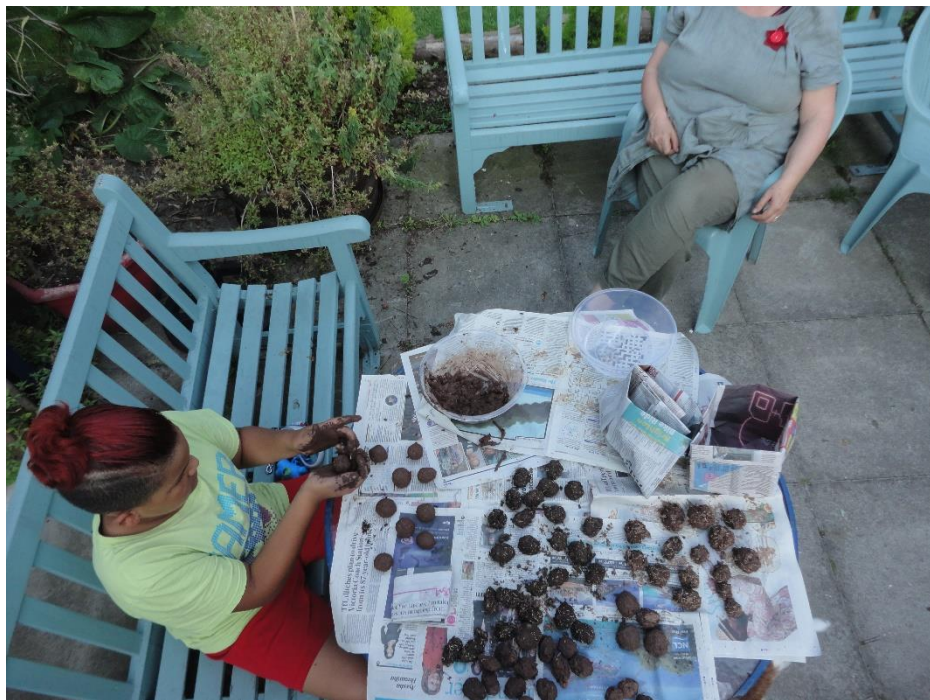
How has your area changed in the time that you and your family have lived here? Using some of that knowledge... what legends do you think rats would have to tell about the neighbourhood?



Creating your seed bomb:

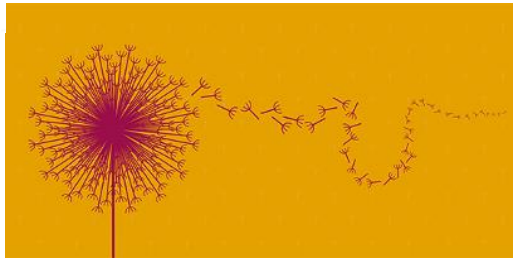
*1/5 cup of seeds
1 cup of compost or more
2/3 cup of clay powder*

1. In a bowl, mix together $\frac{1}{5}$ cup of seeds with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of compost and $\frac{2}{3}$ cups of clay powder.
2. Slowly mix in water with your hands until everything sticks together.
3. Roll the mixture into firm balls.
4. Leave the balls to dry in a sunny spot.
5. Now for the fun bit! Plant your seed bombs by throwing them at bare parts of the garden and wait to see what pops up!





**Live Art
Development
Agency**



earthlingslondon@gmail.com

s forever enduring and continues to fill me with everlasting

our friend

মান পণ্ডিতসমূহ

explore

মূল

দান পায়চারী

garden

চি

just

the area

so you can be the land's healing
beautiful garden

দুর্ভাগ্যবশত

part of

of the past ten years as

I explore

the garden our friend

purple-black berries

just part of

while the sun set: little round pals

fresh earth

My community consists
and movers

found