

MATTER

THE MATERIALITY OF ARTISTIC RESEARCH IN THEATRE AND PERFORMANCE | #4, 2025



**More-Than-Human Encounters:
All My Relations Ecocamp III**

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Invitation

Welcome to this issue of *Matter* that brings together responses to the third *All My Relations Ecocamp*, which took place at Gylleboverket at their permaculture farm *A Boat in the Forest – Harbour for Radical Nomads* in Scania, Sweden, 4th–6th September 2024. The contributions include essays, visual material, and poems.

The *All My Relations Ecocamp* emerged from a desire to create a platform for sharing performative and pedagogical practices with a focus on ecology, exploring the transformational affordances of both these practices. We wanted to create a porous structure where artists and interdisciplinary researchers could come together to reflect, sense, feel, inspire one another, and collectively imagine alternative futures. It was designed as a collaborative space where participants could explore ecological thinking not only as a concept but as a lived, felt, and shared experience. Through this lens, the aim was to bridge disciplines and heighten awareness of creativity as a vital solution to ecological challenges.

The Ecocamp became a pause from the demands of everyday life, a different spatial and temporal realm where participants would have the opportunity to connect, exchange, and nurture a sense of belonging to the place and its landscapes. It invited participants to eat food grown at the farm, to balance concentration with relaxation, and to cultivate a shared experience of connectedness.

The title *All My Relations* was thoughtfully borrowed, acknowledging its roots in another cultural and spiritual context. *All My Relations* is an English translation of a phrase deeply rooted in the cultural understanding of many Native peoples of North America. It embodies a sense of kinship, extending not only to all human beings but also to the intricate web of connections with animals, plants, and all forms of life – both animate and inanimate. For this third edition, we engaged in extensive discussions about whether to

change the title out of respect for its origins. Ultimately, we decided to retain the title, honouring its origins while delving even further into the multifaceted dimensions of relationality.

Relationality

For three days, 20 artists and researchers came together to explore relationality and interconnectedness through various practices. These included collective manual labour performed in silence, reflective discussions, shared readings, communal meals, and sleeping in proximity to plants, bees, and the wet grass. Together, we studied the connections between people, animals, plants, and inanimate objects, creating a space to question what it means to coexist and thrive within a shared world.

We tried to connect timely to the ones who inhabited this land before us, the ones who will inhabit it in the future and the ones who live in it right now. As is clear from the contributions, the grass, the plants, the boat, the cat, and the dog played vital roles.

Formats

As previously the hosts for this edition of *All My Relations* was the artist collective Gylleboverket, Etta Säfve and Jona Elfdahl. Together with them, the organisation team consisted of Aune Kallinen, Professor at Theatre Academy – Uniarts Helsinki; Steinunn Knúts-Önnudóttir, PhD student at Malmö Theatre Academy and member of Agenda 2030 Graduate School; and Sofie Lebech, Associate Professor at Malmö Theatre Academy.

As organizers, we planned a series of practices – or “openings” – designed to inspire connectedness and relationality. Some of these practices are mentioned in the contributions and are therefore outlined briefly below.

Digging a Hole

Led by Etta and Jona, Digging a Hole is an ongoing project at Gylleboverket centred on silent communal labour. Over more than two hours, participants collectively dug a hole, moved soil, separated stones, and maintained a fire.

Evening Reading and Theoretical Exploration

Sofie facilitated an evening of theoretical exploration as an extension of a PhD course at Malmö Theatre Academy under the Agenda 2030 Graduate School, held as part of the Ecocamp.

Mindful Drifting

Steinunn introduced Mindful Drifting, inspired by forest bathing and the situationist drifts of Guy Debord. Participants divided into two groups and wandered intuitively through the forest without a designated leader. The aim was to move aimlessly while paying attention to beauty.

Embodied Encounter with the More-Than-Human

Aune invited the group to a practice focused on embodied encounters with the more-than-human. Participants first engaged in a solitary exploration, choosing a friend from the grounds of Gylleboverket, a former scrap-yard turned into a cultural hub and artistic resilience centre. The practice concluded with a group ritual encountering Aune's favourite tree.

World Café

Offered on two occasions, World Café was a platform for dialogue and idea-sharing, inspired by Open Space Technology. Participants could propose topics for exploration—whether through discussion or practice—and, during timed sessions, each member of the group chose which topics to engage with. This porous structure encouraged dynamic and collaborative exchanges.

Sharing

At the heart of the Ecocamp was the exchange of practices, which occurred both formally in dedicated sessions and informally throughout the program. This continuous and organic sharing enriched the experience, fostering an interconnected community of the participants.

Contributions

The contributions to this issue of *Matter* testify to a need to connect to the more than human and the surrounding landscapes through various formats and interdisciplinary practices. We invite you to engage with the different modes of disseminating critical reflections and sensations stemming from the Ecocamp. Together the issue gives an account of an encounter between interdisciplinary researchers and artists reflecting and proposing strategies for addressing ecology, more-than-human relations, and sustainable futures. Enjoy.

Steinunn Knút-Önnudóttir and Sofie Lebech

Bio

Sofie Lebech is a Danish performing artist, researcher and teacher who works in the field between theory, research, and performance. She did her artistic PhD-project, *Thinking with Performance: Research-Based Aesthetics in Times of Conflict and Crisis*, at Theater and Performance Studies, University of Copenhagen. She is now associate professor at Malmö Theater Academy, Lund University.

Steinunn Knúts-Önnudóttir is an artistic researcher and performance maker working with sustainable, relation-specific, and participatory encounters. She has worked as a director, writer, dramaturg, and performer in Iceland, the UK, Scandinavia, and internationally. She is also a theologian, life coach, and pottery maker, and the mother of three children.

A Moment in Time

A photo log with a poetic prologue

By Steinunn Knúts-Önnudóttir

a moment in time in a place on earth

*relations are woven
in the fabric of now*

in labour and rest

bodies

*entanglement
togetherness
kinship
friendship*

*paths intertwine
journeys unfold
stories take shape
visions unfold*

the breath of the present resonating the pulse of the past

resilience is poetry written in the space between what lingers and what fades

Wednesday

Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 4th September 15:27:37



All Photographs: Steinunn Knúts-Önnudóttir

A group of people sitting around a hole, listening to a woman speaking.

Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 4th September 17:00:10



A woman writing a program, and a dog

Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 4th September 17:54:58



A group of people digging a hole.

Thursday

Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 5th September 14:24:52



Human hands and corn plants reaching out to the sky.

Gärtnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 5th September 14:31:09



A person smiling with a leaf on their ear.

Gärtnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 5th September 14:38:13



Human persons interacting with a tree.

Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 5th September 14:45:31



A bee extracting nectar from a flower.

Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 5th September 14:48:17



A person resting in the grass.

Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 5th September 14:59:54



Plants, flowers, manmade shelter and people.

Friday

Gylleboverket – Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 6th September 10:21:51



People planting a tree.

Gylleboverket – Gärsnäs – Östra Vemmerlöv, 6th September 10:55:47



A plant growing through a crack in a corrugated metal pile.

Bio

Steinunn Knúts-Önnudóttir is an artistic researcher and performance maker working with sustainable, relation-specific, and participatory encounters. She has worked as a director, writer, dramaturg, and performer in Iceland, the UK, Scandinavia, and internationally. She is also a theologian, life coach, and pottery maker, and the mother of three children.



The Boat in the Forest. Photo: Jana Canavan.

All My Relations 3: Relational Practices, Ecological Awareness, and More-Than-Human Encounters

By Jana Canavan

SILENCE

The *All My Relations* PhD-course consisted of seminars on campus and on-line as well as a three-day workshop in the countryside in Österlen where we stayed at a permaculture farm called *Boat in the Forest* which was started by Etta Säfve and Jona Elfdahl in 2010. They both live and work on the farm and initiated the artist group *Gylleboverket* which is a hub for contemporary art, culture and permaculture and which is located in an old scrapyard in Gärnsås. The workshop started on the nut tree field on the farm, where over 200 fruit and nut trees were planted to transform an empty field into an edible forest. Currently surrounded by these young plants, the abandoned boat giving the farm its name is thus itself a vision of the future. It will remain there as a constant, while the vegetation around it will grow into a real forest in the years and generations to come.

Silence is your friend. It is actually really powerful to be quiet. On the first day of the workshop, I was surprised to learn that the first exercise was to dig a hole in silence, all together. At the beginning, there was a lot of chatter in my head, and I asked myself one question after another. How are the kids? Why are we supposed to dig a hole? What is it for? What do they want it for? Why did he just light a fire? Why is this field fenced? Is it so that deer don't come in to eat of the fruit trees and plants that were planted here? What's up with the boat standing here, on land, amongst all the trees? Why were we asked not to talk for two hours?

It seemed like everyone already found their place digging, shovelling, scraping. I looked around and felt a bit awkward as to how I should best contribute to this undertaking of hole digging. Vanya, the dog who is part of our family and who accompanied me to the workshop, followed me with every step and I could feel that she was also a bit unsure of her place. I took a shovel and just started digging in the first best corner where I could find some space for myself. Immediately I started thinking about the sense and nonsense of what I was doing. What was the intention of this again? What should I do to make a useful contribution? Should I dig steps? Does my doing need to be functional, or practical?

I ended up digging at a set of stairs that were already there to make them bigger, but I dug from the way down and upwards, hence making more work as I went along because I shovelled dirt on the steps that were already taking shape. Never mind, it was fine, I thought. As soon as I started digging, I started to realise that it doesn't really matter. I sometimes paused to look around. Some were digging very effectively and fast, others were starting fires, sitting and observing, or were, as it seemed, focusing closely on the textures of some of the different stones they were digging up. I started to realise that this was not about achieving something specific.

It was nice to just work without pressure. There were no requirements to accomplish something specific, or to do anything at all. I took in the wind and the sounds, listened to the cars driving by in the distance, hearing the wind in the trees, and the tools as they were scraping and hacking into the dry soil and stones. I felt how my mind got calmer and calmer. The chatter in my head became more quiet and the constant thoughts of what I need to do next, what needs fixing, and what needs to be accomplished became less pronounced. This is not about the hole, I thought. It is something else.

I got up and started walking. Vanya came with me. We walked through the high grass, looking at all the different trees and plants. Vanya was happy

about the little walk and bounced up and down before running ahead to explore. I started feeling some kind of sadness. At the same time, I felt somehow relieved and was grateful to be having this space for reflection and tranquillity. The silence came to get me and brought me some peace and quiet.

After a while, I went back to the hole and observed what was going on. Every action had its place and function. Also, every inaction. People were working individually and together. Nobody talked, but communication still found its ways. Perhaps, this entire undertaking was about stillness, spirituality, being-with, and creating something both individually and together. It could be a physical workout, a bonding exercise, or a site for meditation and a way to connect with nature.

I started stacking stones in a pile on top of a tree trunk. Then I saw how stones were laid on top of a dirt foundation that was shovelled around a tree like a little volcano. Ah, great way to keep the water closer to the roots, I thought. Separating soil from big stones was pretty much the only direction we had received. I started to pick out bigger stones from the large dirt pile next to the hole to assemble them on the soil that was piled around the tree.

Everything just emerged. There was an aesthetic that formed. The fire, the size and shape of the hole, some more or less well shaped steps going down. The island in the middle with a fire on it. Another little fire on the side, and one in an old bathtub. Several stone piles stacked one above the other. The peace. The intention. Yet also the freedom to just let things emerge. I started to think about organisation. No-one said a word and there was no leader in this exercise that we were doing. Yet we all managed to contribute to something new that emerged. A structure, a new shape, new reflections and perspectives. Perhaps every one of us felt a little calmer like I did. Vanya also played her part as she interacted with people every now and then to either get some cuddles or to play fetch. She was the only one who did not keep the silence. But it was as though her barking didn't really count as a disturbance of the silence that we made our rule. Is this an example for co-constituted human-animal relations?



The Hole. Photo: Jana Canavan.

Thinking about the hole digging now, the entire situation makes me think of Bennett's concept of enchantment as being struck by the world, and her ideas about the agency of assemblages (2001). In a way, the site of the hole, the dirt piles, the trees, the people, the birds, the wind...everything contributed to an overall dynamic in which all bits played their part. Bennett's conception of enchantment hold that minor experiences of everyday life can play an important role in fostering ethical awareness as we become more attentive to the world around us (2001). I certainly did not expect that a hole in the ground could have such an effect. However, experiencing small moments of awe and using these moments of enchantment to become more connected and responsible, Bennett argues, is actually very powerful and it provides a real counter narrative and practice to the common narrative of modernity as a disenchanted sphere of rationality (ibid.). Her discussions of enchantment point to the potentials of the interconnectedness of humans, other animals, and nature, and provide openings to find a sensitivity to translate this interrelation to ethical action. The role of enchantment in this is that it opens us up to be more appreciative and to foster a sensitivity to our surroundings that "make us more attuned to the subtle, fragile, and complex nature of the ethical world" (Bennett 2001: 133). It was as though

the hands-on approach of digging in silence had exactly this effect on us. Being quiet made us more attentive to our surroundings and had all brought us closer to one another. It uncovered somewhat of a beauty of nature which we could connect with and appreciate by doing the rudimentary and simple task of digging. Together.

Yuriko Saito makes a similar argument to Bennett when seeking to broaden the scope of aesthetics to locate it in everyday aspects of life (2007). She holds that our perception of, and interaction with nature and the environment is deeply aesthetic and that it can lead to an appreciation of the natural world that can inspire us to develop a moral stance which compels us to protect it (Saito 2007:215). Sitting at the side of the hole and observing what was going on, it was as though Saito's and Bennett's takes on aesthetics and enchantment were forming right then and there in an embodied, real, way. The fires, the clear sky and the people being there all contributed to the aesthetic of the hole and made it into something more than just a hole in a field and piles of dirt. Viewing this site from Saito's perspective of seeking to underline the significance of aesthetic experiences was a new perspective to take for me, but it is clear how the surroundings and all the parts of a situation play a role just then and there. Just imagine how it might have felt to be there in pouring rain, I sometimes thought. Someone else who contributed in her own way was Vanya as she interacted with people every now and then to either get some cuddles or to play fetch. She was the only one who did not keep the silence. But it was as though her occasional barking didn't really count as a disturbance of the silence that we made our rule.

Surely it really should be us humans who would need to be more quiet in the first place, I thought. We need to listen more. Taking a step back and trying to listen to what the world around us is communicating can be quite a powerful action in that way. I started to think about social relations and organisation. No-one said a word and there was no leader in this exercise that we were doing. Yet we all managed to contribute to something new that emerged. A structure, a new shape, new reflections and perspectives. It seemed to me that the silence opened up to ways of relating and of communicating that could be seen as spaces of "inter-being" when we become part of a collective, or an assemblage in which we are one part of many others with no clear hierarchisation.

Becoming part of a collective and to meet other animals or entities external to us that usually get lumped into the category of nature which is then hierarchically placed under the supreme human category in is also a topic tak-

en up in Timothy Morton's work (2017). They clearly call out the destructive character of anthropocentrism when writing that: "Human exceptionalism is not only an ontological mistake; it is an ethical one as well. It leads us to treat nonhumans—animals, plants, ecosystems—as if they exist only for our use. This kind of thinking is not just morally wrong; it is also catastrophic for the planet, as it justifies the exploitation and degradation of the environment in the name of human progress." (Morton 2017: 16). To challenge human exceptionalism, Morton advocates for an ethics of care and compassion to form collective solidarity with nonhuman entities and promotes a flattening ontology where all entities are considered equal and interconnected. Recognising the agency and significance of nonhuman beings and entities requires us humans to stop holding on to our taken for granted heightened status and to be open to let new forms of relations and cooperation emerge. I find Morton's concept of solidarity very interesting also for thinking about my own project of seeking to formulate a notion of inter-being freedom. Structuring our actions and social relations to each other, other animals, and the world we live in through being in solidarity with other entities is making these modes of relating into something mutual. Freedom in solidarity then means that freedom is a shared condition, calling us to collectively work for greater equality and liberation from oppression.

Another take on this came from one of the online seminars we had prior to gathering at the farm, at which Gabriel Alonso had talked about interspecies interactions and ecological awareness. Alonso used the concept of kinship to relate to nonhuman entities, ecosystems, and the natural world. "By viewing matter as kin", he writes, "we acknowledge that everything, rocks, rivers, plants, and animals, but also plastics, microchips, apples, and electrons are not mere objects but active and complex agents with whom we share a relational existence. A non-hierarchical and non-binary matter future envisions a world where the boundaries between the natural and cultural realms are fluid and permeable." (Alonso 2024: 3). Relating to one another and to what is external to ourselves in solidarity can put us in unity with other entities or beings, and the idea of kinship is underlining the relationality of our interconnected being-with and being-within.

What many of the readings had in common is that they all underlined interconnectedness and a need to de-centre common binary thinking to instead affirm complexity and relation. With that, the works discussed here thus far draw in some way on Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's discussions of assemblages (1994). They hold that the purpose of philosophy is to create

concepts to respond to issues out there in the world and that this formulation of concepts enables us to invent new ways of thinking that aid us to understand and navigate the complexity of the world we live in. Their description of concepts as assemblages emphasises the dynamic process in which various concepts are related or can be organised. Rather than relying on fixed definitions or static structures such as binary opposition, assemblages are in a constant state of becoming in which various components are organised and interact with another on multiple levels to form a whole or a coherent entity (Deleuze and Guattari 1994). Like the flattening ontology underlying Deleuze and Guattari's theory of assemblage, Morton places the human on a more egalitarian level together with all other forms of life in a way in order to foster ecological and political thinking that is more integrated (Morton 2007). With their concept of dark ecology, Morton underlines the complexity and ambiguity of how we are enmeshed in nature and how human and non-human life forms are entangled and argues against the idealisation of nature as a pristine and external factor to humanity (2007). Thinking of concepts as assemblages and seeking to qualify the ways of relating in a social setting through values that call for solidarity, kinship, and that celebrate complexity is a powerful theoretical tool that can aid in inviting ethical objectives as well as in making sense of the complicated nature of social and political issues.



The Garden. Photo: Jana Canavan.

The place has a lot of room for intention, I thought. Complex but organised. I could sense how things were more or less thought through, and how that existed in a continuum of being controlled and free at the same time. The permaculture garden, the nut tree field, the buildings that melt into the green landscape. In the mornings, we were invited to help in the garden, and it was appreciated to take one's own initiative and just do the work that came naturally, or to join others in their tasks. This openness is a way to share, I thought. Of trust. It is their place, and we are in their home, but they allowed us to be here and contribute in our own way and by that we were invited to make it a part of ourselves for the time being. This inclusive ethic was present in all we did. Nothing was ever mandatory. It felt like this freedom to opt in and out as needed for each individual honoured individual needs while opening for genuinely free cooperation.

On the next day, we did another exercise in silence that brought out different reflections. Learning about the Japanese exercise of forest bathing, Steinunn Knúts Önnudóttir asked us to combine this being in the forest with the task of *drifting* to constantly be in movement. For two hours, we were asked to move through the surroundings of the farm in silence. Nobody was declared as the leader and we were asked to take turns in who is going first, and by that deciding on the direction of our journey in a way so that the group stays together and moves about.

People did get very creative with this task which was fun to watch. Some moved very slow and intentional, some walked backwards. We were touching the plants as we walked by them, and someone was rubbing their back against a tree. We balanced on stones and fallen trees. As we walked up a steep hill, some took turns in holding each other's weight and effectively pushing each other up the hill. There was no clear path taken but we went through the high grass, over an old stone fence, through bushes and up and down hills. At one time, Sofie Lebech took my hand and started walking faster and faster until we ran across the field with the rest following us. Vanya also caught up to the point of the task and started leading the group for a while once we moved away from the farm to explore the forest.



Vanya. Photo: Jana Canavan.

When discussing our impressions of the drifting exercise afterwards, Sofie Lebech said that Vanya actually must have been the one who really understood the task properly as she really was just drifting, and described her as the protagonist of “All my relations”. As for the human rest of us, we were all more or less in a mode of production as we added performative actions onto the simple task of moving about. We are the productive animal. It is interesting to me how our inclination to produce and to make things more complex is something that seems so innate in us humans. Perhaps it does not need to be valued as either good or bad, but it is interesting to make note of it as it is one example for how we communicate and express ourselves; even if one of our most important markers of what makes us human, our language, is put on pause.

So silence was one of the strongest impressions the workshop had on me. Being asked to stay silent right at the beginning of the workshop made an impression also because I believe that it placed us closer within the net of what surrounds us. It broke the usual way of how social gatherings are started off. Of course, everyone brought their own questions to the workshop that they were dealing with. Before digging, we were only asked to introduce ourselves with our names, if we wanted, and to tell the others what our current quest

in life is. My intention for the workshop was to think about the meaning of interspecies freedom. In my research, I think about questions around the boundaries between freedom and domination, as well as the complexities of human-animal relations at large. For example, what are some of the possibilities and challenges when viewing other animals as knowledgeable, intelligent, and respectable beings who deserve to be understood and treated as such? What does freedom mean for humans and other animals? What could happen if we question the very foundation of strict human-animal hierarchies and the social structures and norms they tend to reproduce? Could a rethinking of the concept of freedom eventually open up to new modes of being with Others and to find new ways of social organisation that come closer to an ideal of “freedom for all” as in reduced amounts of domination and violence? Big questions to ponder about, especially in contrast to the embodied and simple undertaking of digging a whole in the ground.

Going ahead and working side-by-side in silence, we could all reflect on the topics that we deal with individually or in our work. This was, in a way, much more powerful than discussing the issues head on in a group setting and hearing everyone’s perspective about it. If we talk and discuss issues in a group, focus often lies on taking up multiple viewpoints about an issue and to reflect on it from various perspectives. The question easily becomes what oneself can say about the topic and through that we prioritise our voice and to carry out the chatter that is in our heads to the outside world. The acts of speaking, taking turns, listening, and responding bring in a different dynamic than the flowing communication that I perceived when being together in silence. It is less egotistical in a way because in silence, everyone can “speak” at all times. There is no clear structure of speaker and listener, or someone spoken to. And with that there is less of a social hierarchy. For me, the constant stream of thoughts and talking in my own head quieted down the longer we were silent, and that opened to possibilities of meeting others in a different way. Removing the noise of talking has opened for a more humble and free form of communication.

Silence is also used as a form of activism, as was discussed in Lauren Berlant’s book *Cruel Optimism* (2011). Social activism is often loud and outward, and doing the opposite by being silent can be a powerful tool to open up to a space of a “circulating, transpersonal, permeating, viscerally connective affective atmosphere that feels as though it has escaped ‘the filter’ to indicate, for good or for ill, a sensorium for a potential social world now lived as collective

affect, or a revitalized political one” (Berlant 2011:231). Hence by being silent, by refusing publicness, and by detaching from the desire for the political which carries the noises of the production of life, of whose noise matters, of the moral value that noise carries and of the noise of melodramatic political performances, we foreground the power, or the noise, of silence (Berlant 2011). It is perhaps this noise of silence that had such a big effect on me when being faced by it again and again throughout the workshop. Being silent, it is as though we inadvertently turn inward and reflect. Quieting down my own personal narratives running on in my head was a humbling exercise that opened up my perception of what was going on around me in a different way.

In a way, the workshop at Gylleboverket was a small example of an embodied experience of the social anarchist principles which I define as some of the building blocks for the theory of interspecies or inter-being freedom that I seek to formulate in my research. There, my starting point is to find freedom from oppression in diverse social relations that are built on cooperation, diversity, and mutual respect of personal boundaries. This was lived at the workshop where there was no judgement or apparent hierarchy. The non-hierarchical and rather unorganised and open character of the hole digging exercise and the All my Relations workshop overall provided room for such diverse and intentional ways of being with Others. The combination of hands-on approaches, discussions, performative artistic actions, games, and a general openness and the welcoming atmosphere allowed us to combine the critical analysis of serious issues with grounding and humbling elements that underline how taking ourselves not too seriously and important is just as crucial as the actual steps and solutions for problem-solving.

I would like to think that what we experienced at Gylleboverket was an embodied form of inter-being or interspecies freedom. The freedom was in the relations that were formed, in the meeting of souls that practiced reciprocity, openness, kindness, and a mutuality that gave room for free will and individuality. Perhaps this experience from the workshop can be said to be an example for how the feeling of being free is interrelated with the meaning and practice of All My Relations.

In closing, I would like to say a few words about the power of performance art and its ability to combine and stimulate learning on emotional, intellectual, and physical levels to work towards social change. By being enmeshed into a performative action such as was the case when digging in silence, all individuals are included in one project, yet everyone can arrive at their own answers as there is not one clear goal. It is as though many “projects” are hap-

pening at the same time, all the while something, like a hole, is emerging in the physical realm. On the emotional and intellectual level, those involved could deal with personal issues or could reflect on a complex problem “out there” that was posed or discussed. The physical digging and the silence can be seen as both disrupting and inspiring for new modes of reflection, being with, and learning. In classical teaching and scientific research, the format for knowledge production is a rather squared and organised process focusing largely on the intellectual sphere and often happens through a top-down approach of the teacher teaching and the student learning. Bringing in and stimulating physical and emotional aspects of learning, experiencing, and relating to others can have the potential to bring about a shared mode of learning through all my relations.

I hand the last word to Margaret Robinson, a vegan Mi'kmaq woman, feminist scholar, and bisexual activist. Robinson's words remind us of the mindset of “All my relations” which holds that we are all connected and that everyone and everything in this world has a purpose and is worthy of respect and care. She told the following story:

When you interact with wild creatures in their environment, you realize that the human being is not at the top of the great food chain, but is part of a web of interdependence. We're not great at running, we're not great at swimming. It's kind of a minor miracle that we've made it this far, in part because we're able to think and build tools. So when you interact with other animals, especially wild animals, the fragility of human life can be really alarming. And when you're constantly alarmed it can be hard to see other animals as friends, or as siblings. I grew up in the woods by a lake, and most of my interactions with animals, apart from pets, were with animals that depended on the lake in some way—deer, porcupine, bears, loons, fish, and frogs. One day, after a big rainstorm, my dad came in the house, and said, “Hey kids, I need your help. A frog laid a bunch of eggs in this puddle out back, and it's drying up now, and they're all going to die if we don't get them into the pond.” So for the next two hours we moved frog eggs and tadpoles from this shrinking puddle into the pond. And that was such a fundamental experience with my dad, of caring for creatures without any gain involved. I mean, frogs don't do anything for us, other than eat mosquitos. We weren't going to harvest them or anything. But it made me realize that to him, the fragility of these animals mattered in the same way that our fragility mattered. So for me, that was a very concrete experience of what “all my relations” actually means. (Robinson 2018: 246)

References

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Bio

Jana Canavan is in the final stages of writing her doctoral dissertation in Political Science at Lund University. Bridging ecofeminism, critical animal studies, and political theory, the aim of her dissertation is to challenge animal oppression through a critical discussion of anthropocentric conceptions of freedom and to develop a notion of interspecies freedom in which humans and other animals can be free from oppression and live in relations and social environments that enable their flourishing.



Me and the tree (2024). Different techniques: Picture from the hand of Mariana Ribas Coimbra and picture from the tree

Poetic Volatile Compounds around Networks

By Mariana Ribas Coimbra

The Cornfield

I'm now in the middle of a cornfield, listening to the subtle rustle of the wind in its leaves and the sound of geese communicating in the background. I am with myself, with my cells and atoms. I'm with this cornfield, living this experience.

I was waiting for some people who did not show up. Instead, I met these cornfields waiting to be harvested.

And here I remain, without changing my plans.

In truth, I am not alone, we are never alone.

My organs breathe and relate to all my cells. Internally, I am an active volcano in motion, waiting for the moment to erupt. My blood flows through my veins at a stunning speed and I vibrate with it.

Little electrical discharges come out of me.

I hear my internal waters, the accelerated beating of my heart and this air that keeps coming in and out of me. Oxygen molecules inflate my lungs.

I just feel it.

All of these elements are here with me now.

I am a small fractal of this immense egregore formed in this place. This egregore is nothing more than the collective of our emanating thoughts and emotions. We are human and more-than-human, flowing together.

I am this spark of thought shared in this immense blanket of neural connections, formed under this sky, which now inhabits me. You didn't come to meet me, but you never really left here. I see the clouds traveling fast in the sky and I just feel it.



The cornfield (2024). Mariana Ribas Coimbra, Gylleboverket, September

The Big Hole

I am the hole carved in this ground.

I am its stones removed from the ground: while removing each stone, one by one, I had a full comprehension of my journey. My hands still ache from the weight of the hole, some blisters have formed between my fingers. I can still smell the dust of the soil taken from the ground.

I feel lighter, as if these stones were somehow inside of me. I carried them on my feet, on my legs and under my shoulders, without realizing it. I've actually taken them out of myself and not just out of the soil.

What for some people may have meant just a big hole dug in the ground, for me it meant a huge expansion of space, outside and inside of me.

I carved deep into myself.

With each piece of stone, with each bag of sand removed, kilos and kilos of stagnant matter came out of me. Making room for new layers, for new seeds to be planted in fertile soil, that had been hidden from my eyes.

I withdrew from myself. Like a snake changing its skin, peeling off and leaving behind the old carcass. And I keep on moving.



Digging the Hole (2024). Mariana Ribas Coimbra, Gylleboverket, September.

Being deeply rooted and free

How is it to be deeply rooted and free at the same time?

While walking in the woods, I encountered a tree.

Among so many other plants, trees, fruits and vegetables, she was dancing. She talked intensely with the wind and with her other companions. Some of her leaves touched each other and some of her branches bent to the conversation. Sometimes dancing, sometimes bowing. And I listened to her, with my hands clutching her thin trunks.

It was then that she told me, or rather, made me feel her roots. With my feet planted on the ground, I understood her rooted freedom.

Her dance was free and fluid, because she knew that only a storm could carry her away. And even then, she would be able to be reborn.

Those who are deeply rooted, don't fall apart like that, she said. A few branches would break, her leaves would fall, but they wouldn't take her away from the deep soil.

The wind knew this and so did she, and that's why they danced together in harmony.

And I, with my feet now rooted to the ground, became trunk and root too. I was able to dance to this sensation and sing in her honour, while my stem-arms and leaf-hair swayed in tune with the wind. I thanked her for the invitation and danced in pure ecstasy of happiness. And the song, in the form of a question, came naturally: How is it to be deeply rooted and free at the same time?

The woman

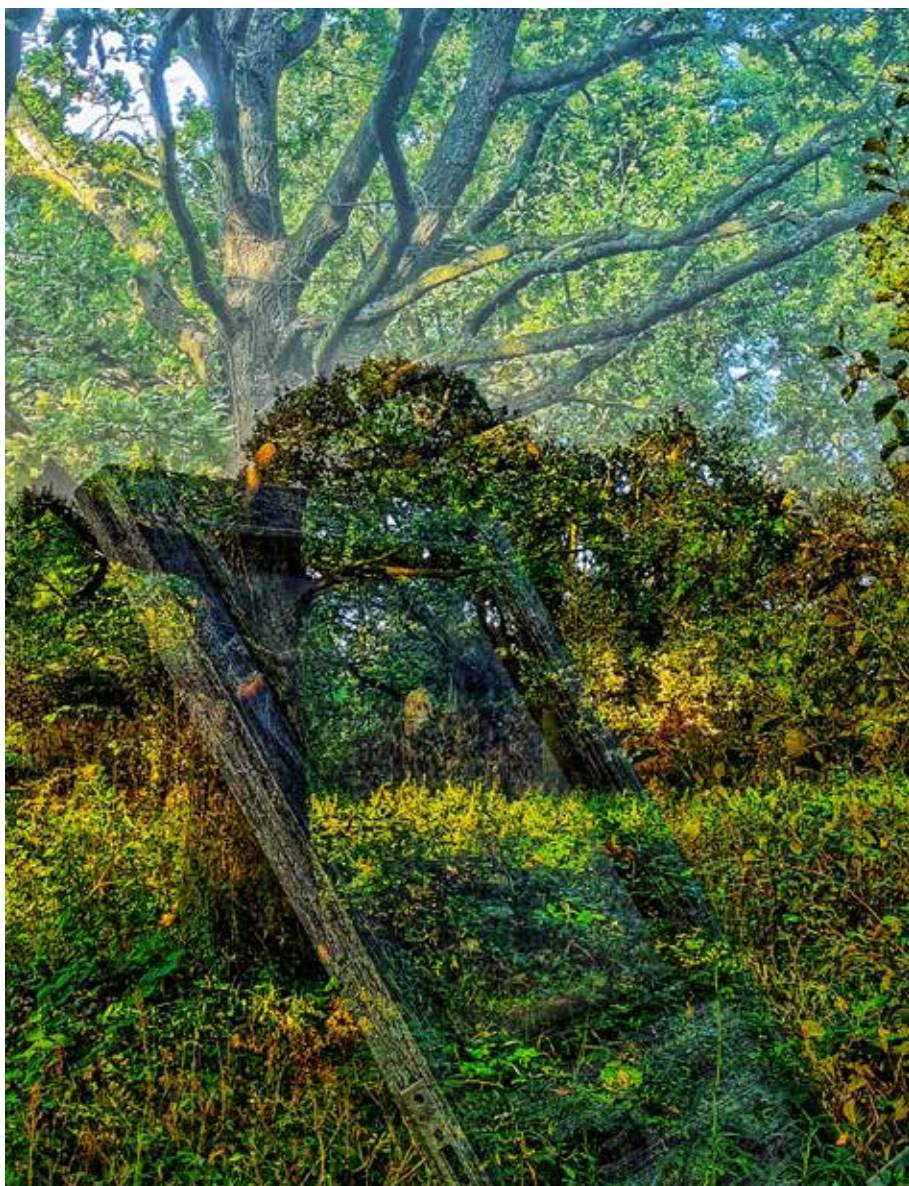
The forest was vast and alternated between large gaps of bright light, infinite sky and fast-moving clouds. They seemed to move so fast that they looked like a piece of sea lost beneath our heads. I could feel small droplets of water falling, as if the clouds had confirmed my thoughts. Yes, it was a small piece of sea running across the sky.

And then I ran towards the dense forest where I noticed a woman standing near a huge tree. You could see that the two of them were talking.

The woman shared the following secret with me: by choosing a tree and telling her our fears, she helps us to cure it.

The woman had experienced a very deep trauma. The tree then told her that everything is in its right place, as in the Radiohead song.

Then I understood, with a solar clarity, that I am also in my rightful place, occupying my space and opening up new ones, in order to keep moving forward.



The woman in the forest (2024).

Mariana Ribas Coimbra, Gylleboverket, September.

The Tree

Trees connect us to this web that exists within us subterraneously. A great interconnected network of life, pulsing and continuing.

A micellar network, with fungi intertwined in her roots. Mycorrhizal roots. Exchanging nutrients and information with each other, in pure symbiosis.

When I ask, she answers, when I stop to listen, she says what needs to be said.

What needs to be said, not what I want to hear.

When I just decide to exist, she exists with me in pure communion. We are together and intertwined. She, I and an entire ecosystem around us.

We are in relation to each other.

We are in a constant relationship.

We are in all our relationships simultaneously.

What's outside is inside, what's inside is outside.

Sometimes it is so simple that we forget, the tree told me.

And life takes its own course, like a river on its way to the sea.



The encounter of the waters (2024).

Mariana Ribas Coimbra, Gylleboverket, September.

Bio

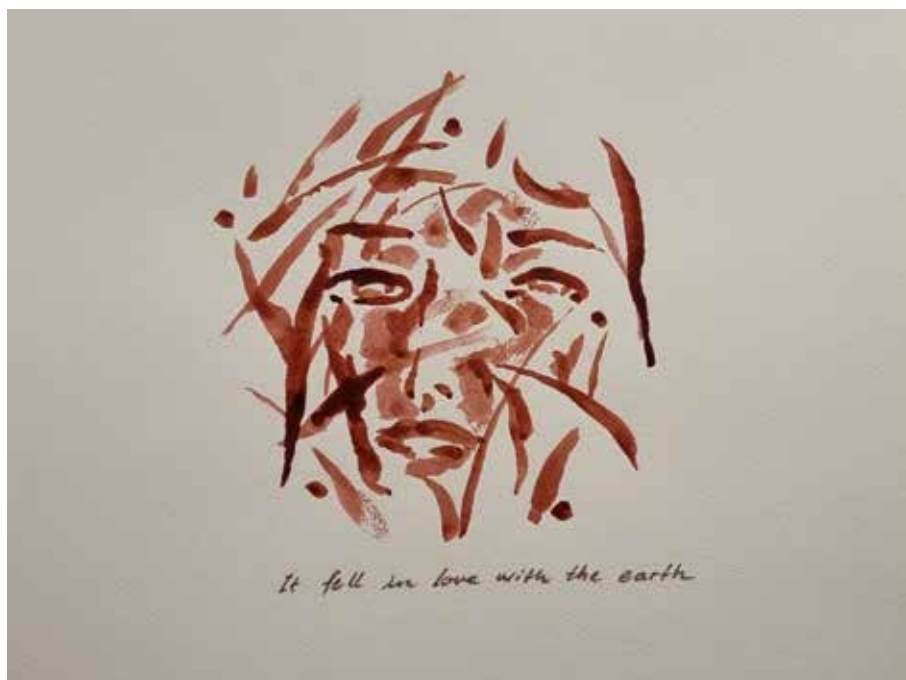
Mariana Ribas Coimbra is a Brazilian multidisciplinary artist and researcher who combines architecture, performing art, writing, video, and bio art. Her work engages with nature, more-than-human relations, ancestry, and the decolonization of the mind. She is the solo mother of Joaquim and believes in poetry and interspecies collaboration as forms of resistance.

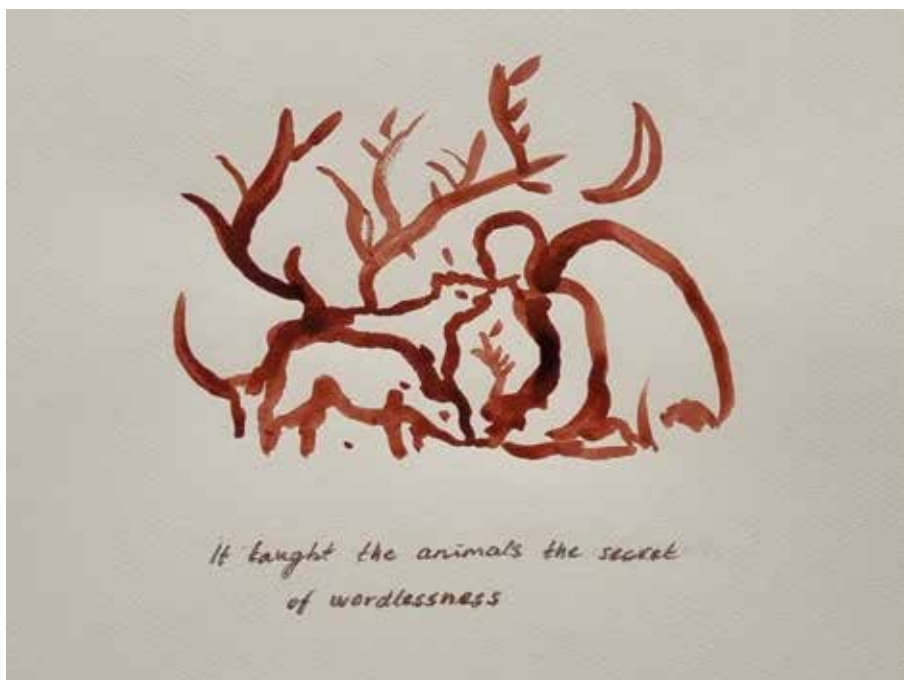
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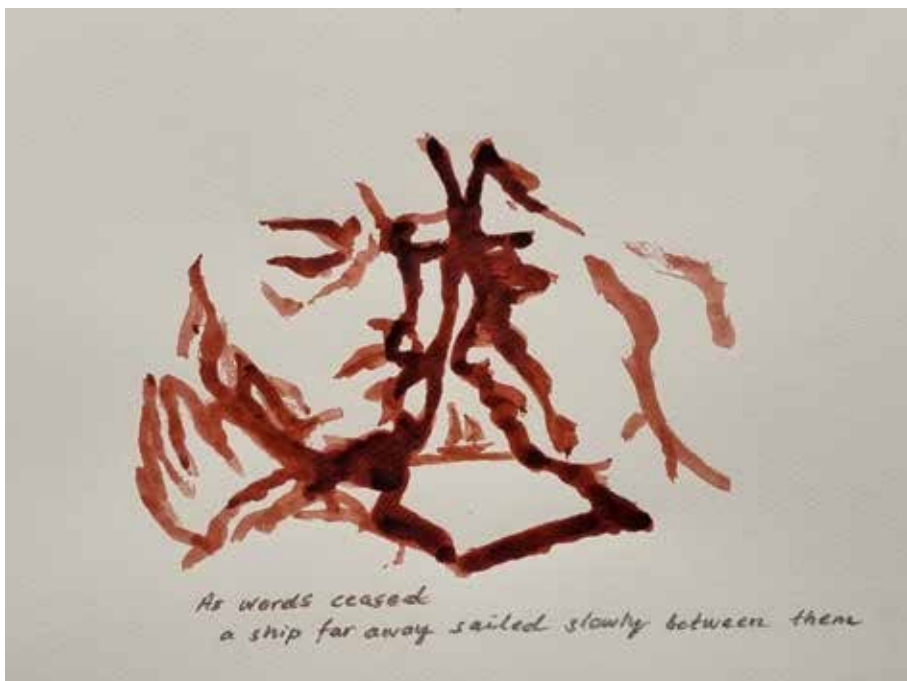
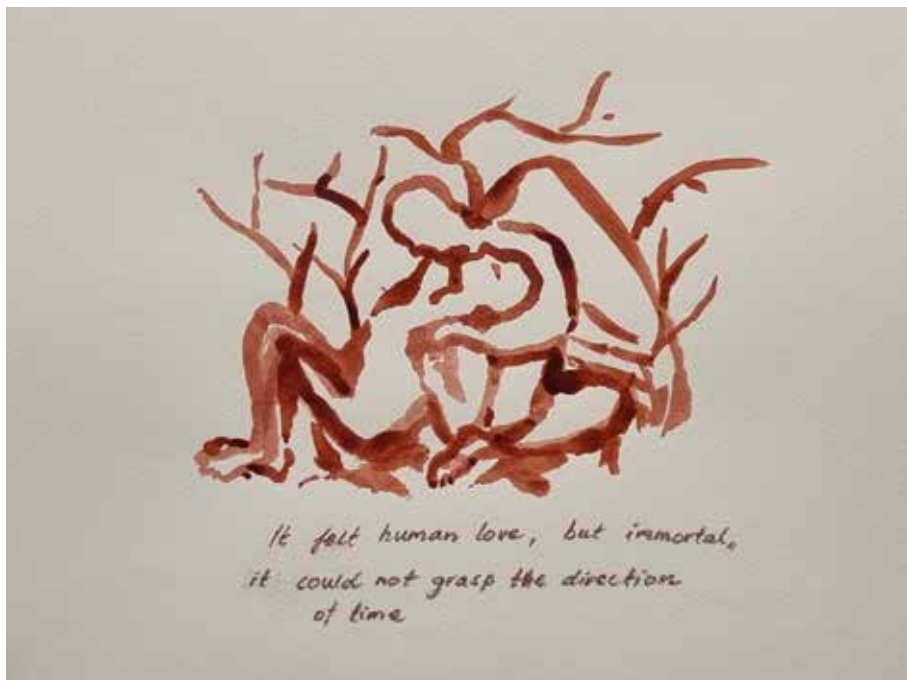
By Max Liljefors



*One day an angel was born
into this world in a seagull's egg*







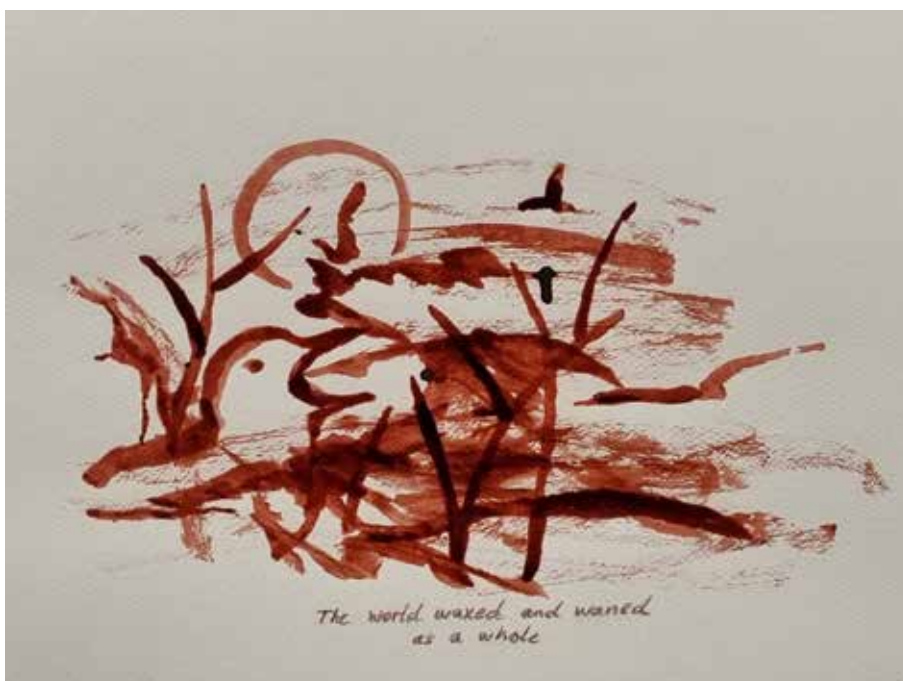


*The angel experienced sleep
It dreamt*









Bio

Max Liljefors is Professor of Art History at Lund University. His research and artistic work move across states of mind, blending scholarship and artistic practice to explore consciousness, perception, and the intersections of science and art.

You Cannot Kill My Nature if I Am Already a Cyborg

An exploration of fertility inside and outside a body

By Tanja Hylling Diers

A post-natural worldview

In this text I reflect on the concept of ‘nature’ and what is ‘natural’ in our modern society, specifically in relation to fertility. My thinking is informed by the concept of ‘post-nature’ as introduced by scholar Gabriel Alonso in his online lecture, ‘From Matters to Waves: Unfolding an An-Archaeology of the Postnatural Through New Ecologies’, held September 2, 2024 at Malmö Theatre Academy. He challenges us to complicate our perceptions of nature and the romantic images we grew up with, such as the landscape paintings of the Golden Age.

The concept of postnatural matter raises questions about the boundaries between what is considered natural and human, suggesting a shift from the traditional understanding of natural materials as untouched — or separated from our scientific interventions, technologies, and cultures — to a recognition that our activity now shapes and creates new forms of life and matter (Institute for Postnatural Studies, 2024).

Alonso further elaborates on this idea and the great impact the post-natural idea will have on our thinking: ‘... matter as kin offers a profound shift in our understanding of the relationship between nature and culture, guiding us toward a more harmonious and resilient future’ (Alonso, 2024). Living in the city, my experiences of nature are always interrupted by something. Plants, trees, insects, birds and soil always exist alongside concrete, houses, cars, benches, shops and road signs; alongside humans and all that is human-made. I have become accustomed to the entanglement of all that is living with non-living and human-made matter. The nature I encounter every day blurs together with culture, city life and human interactions. Still, my internal image of nature remains romantic. It originates in childhood: wild

forests of pine, birch and oak trees growing on a bed of moss. The plants and animals are wild and free. What I am imagining is a Smålandian forest.

This idealised perception of nature was challenged when I began fertility treatments. These treatments rely heavily on technology and hormone-based medications, in stark contrast to how people who don't suffer from infertility conceive. All my romantic ideas of creating a baby required re-imagining.

I arrive at the *All My Relation's* eco camp carrying with me these questions and ideas. Over the next 48 hours, I entangle myself with nature and natural living. I bring with me my body which has undergone fertility treatment and later given birth. As I write these words, form sentences and compose a text, I am trying to process how these experiences have changed me, how they have reshaped my thinking, doing and feeling as an artist and human being.

Permaculture and hybridity

The eco camp is located in the southeastern countryside of Skåne, Sweden. The nature that exists here consists of farmland, forest, houses and an artist-run farm structured around the principles of permaculture. During my stay, I am outdoors the entire time: I eat outside, I sleep in a tent outside, I work outside, I swim, I think, I pee, I dream outside. In accordance with permaculture principles, the humans living at the farm strive to create a sustainable cycle of giving and taking, using and reusing. Everything—the agricultural garden, the land, the house, the water basin, the outdoor toilet—are organised to foster a close and harmonious relationship among all living things. This setting makes me wonder whether my perception of fertility and infertility needs to be rethought, reworked and rebuilt, just like my image of nature, however Edenic the place I am currently staying may seem.

In industrial agricultural farming, fertilisation is a mechanised process in which chemicals and water are used to secure quicker growth, bigger crops and larger harvests, ultimately creating greater monetary profit. This is very similar to fertility treatments, which optimise success rates by supplying nutrients in the form of hormones injected into the body.

I am walking through the agriculture garden. Tomatoes, sweet corn, apple trees, raspberries, pumpkins. I walk along narrow paths between the various crops. I feel small next to the tall corn stalks. I feel big passing the strawberry plants. I am mesmerised when I discover the balloon berry, also known as the strawberry-raspberry — an oversized raspberry, smelling like a strawberry. This hybrid fruit looks impressive but tastes of very little, merely hinting at the flavours of both fruits. A berry swollen through cross-pollination. Could this chimera fruit be a symbol of new ways of living and creating, I ask myself.



Strawberry-raspberry. Balloon berry. Latin name: *Rubus illecebrosus*. Photo: Helena Söderman, Piontorpet.

Finding pleasure in the cyborg body

Donna Haraway presents some rather radical views on creation and the natural, claiming that we are all cyborgs, and the natural and human-made are entangled: 'By the late twentieth century, our time, a mythic time, we are all chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism—in short, cyborgs' (2016:7). Nature and technology have become inseparable. Meanwhile, Haraway argues, we should be looking for 'pleasure in the confusion of the boundaries', as our existence as cyborgs will not only erase our genesis, but also our end (ibid). These ideas have a weight to them, requiring a kind of processing that does not only take place in my mind. I need to understand them with my body. My tested, estranged body.

Although it centres on the reproductive organs, fertility treatment is an all-encompassing experience, demanding engagement of your whole body and your whole mind. It is also a process that can estrange you from your own body. This happens bit by bit with every injection, every dose of hormone, every gynaecological exam and every instrument that penetrates your body.

Human beings, like any other component or subsystem, must be localized in a system architecture whose basic modes of operation are probabilistic, statistical. No objects, spaces, or bodies are sacred in themselves; any component can be interfaced with any other if the proper standard, the proper code,

can be constructed for processing signals in a common language (Haraway, 2016:32).

To undergo fertility treatment is to put your destiny into the hands of such a probabilistic system. Your body, no longer a holistic entity, is divided into parts. Your abdomen is subject to experiment, treated through trial and error. The doctors administer the various medications, one after the other, guided by what has proven to give the best results so far in other abdomens in other women. Your body has become a laboratory, a site for testing. Your body is not a permaculture garden. Your body is not a garden of nut trees planted for the next generation to harvest. Your body does not feel like your body anymore.

Desire, depression and happiness

The mental burdens of infertility are heavy. Only much later does the inability to conceive manifest physically. At first you feel sadness, grief, envy, desperation and even depression. Later, the physical effects of hormone treatments set in, the overwhelming fatigue. As you undergo treatment, the physical and mental symptoms come in waves, each replacing the next in rapid succession.

When you begin fertility treatment, your goal is clear: you want a child. You believe a child will make you happy, and as long as you don't have one, you cannot be happy. The unhappiness infertility causes can be reframed by Sara Ahmed's concept of 'happy objects'. Critiquing the pervasive notion that happiness is something we have a duty to aim for (Ahmed, 2016:9), Ahmed nuances this debate, pointing out that access to happiness is not equal for all people. Happiness and privilege are intertwined (ibid:11). Further, she argues, the pursuit of happiness creates a paradoxical cycle: 'Happiness becomes the means to an end, as well as the end to all means' (ibid:10). The desire to possess the happy object — in this case, the child — carries with it the promise that when you hold the object, you will also hold happiness. This dynamic of desire relates to what Laurent Berlant calls 'cruel optimism', where the cruelty lies in the fact that disappointment is embedded in promises when they go unfulfilled and the state of desire itself is an obstacle to fulfilment (Berlant, 2011:227). In other words the quest for getting a child is destroying you. During fertility treatment, most patients experience a roller coaster of ups and downs: the 'promise of happiness' tied to the desire for a child, encouraging optimism in the name of positive psychology, only to land face down in disappointment when the pregnancy test is negative yet again. To many the

many disappointments in the treatment lead to depression symptoms and a decrease in happiness.

Infertility, abortion and pro-life

Infertility is not just an issue concerning my body. My body is one among millions of other bodies connected to an external structure. A society that wants to control and decide over the body. What it can and cannot do. Fertility treatment is good, abortion is bad. We want more babies— in the West, at least.

WHO defines infertility as ‘a disease of the male or female reproductive system defined by the failure to achieve a pregnancy after 12 months or more of regular unprotected sexual intercourse’. It affects 15–20 per cent of all couples at some point, whether they struggle to conceive or experience recurrent pregnancy loss, making infertility one of the most widespread chronic diseases.

Infertility is a hot topic in the Western world, even making its way into the American presidential campaign. In an interview with NBC Donald Trump promised to expand access to IVF treatment if elected.¹ This is a continuation of long-standing pro-life agenda, which gained renewed momentum in 2022 when the U.S. Supreme Court overturned *Roe v. Wade*, effectively revoking the right to abortion.² The effects reach all the way into the freezers at fertility clinics, with the Alabama Supreme Court ruling that frozen embryos can be classified as ‘children’. The future implications these measures are uncertain, but they have already resulted in an increase in deaths among foetuses, infants and mothers. Parenthood is glorified, while childlessness is stigmatised. This was the tactic at play when J.D. Vance questioned Kamala Harris’s qualifications as a presidential candidate due to her not having biological children. Being a stepmother to her husband’s children is not considered valid, with some even going so as far as to call her morally suspect.³ No one considered whether she was capable of having children of her own. She might have tried, undergone fertility treatment with no successful outcome. In the eyes of the Republican Party, her status as not-mother disqualifies her as a head of state. These statements are made about Harris because she is a wom-

¹ In an interview on August 29, 2024 with NBC, Donald Trump states that he supports IVF treatment because it can help families have great children, and America needs children. The government or insurance companies would pay for this treatment.

² Abortion has been legal since 1973 across the United States.

³ This negative campaign against Harris was led by vice presidential candidate J.D. Vance.

an and are as such misogynist, demonising and shaming a group of women who either do not want or cannot have children. In contrast, the Democrats offered a counternarrative. At the 2024 Democratic National Convention, Vice Presidential candidate Tim Walz opened up about how he and his wife underwent fertility treatments to conceive their three children. He described the agony, the pain and prayers, underlining the mental and existential toll of infertility. Whether infertility, children, life and abortion will be the decisive factor in the presidential election remains to be seen. But there is no doubt that these topics have already had unprecedented influence and garnered immense media attention.

As I write this, Donald Trump has been elected President of the United States, with J.D. Vance as his Vice President. Together, they have pledged to fight for the pro-life agenda, making abortion illegal and providing fertility treatment to infertile heterosexual couples. In the coming years, the female body will be made to carry a promise of happiness and progress for America. I find no reason for optimism, even though more children will likely be born under this administration. Once again, the optimism will prove to be cruel. Maybe not all children can carry the promise of happiness for America.

I spend the last hour saying goodbye to the garden. The apples, the chillies, the peas and the raspberry-strawberries. I pick a large one. I can't help myself; it looks so juicy and delicious. But in my mouth, it proves dry and tasteless. Disappointment. From my disappointed mouth a new idea starts forming. A political idea. When reaching for the political I am offered a detachment from my desire (Berlant, 2011:231). In the political I can also take inspiration from art and in return offered radical tools of revolt such as silence, ambience, listening and slow death. With these tools I return to the city and re-enters my art making. Taking back control over my body. As a cyborg. Already dead. Already disillusioned. More fertile with promises than ever.



Latin name: *Cosmos bipinnatus*. Photo: Tanja Hylling Diers.

Slow dying

Infertility as a state of slow dying.

Languish.

Drying out.

If I was a plant
I would be cut down
made into compost

contributing as waste.
recycled as dead matter becoming

alive via microbes

fungus

getting consumed
by animals converted to fertilizing material.

Be made useful.

Bebebebecome fertile

through dying,

slowly.

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Bio

Tanja Hylling Diers is a PhD student at Lund University and Malmö Theatre Academy, researching care and listening in documentary performance making. Her practice is based on listening, writing, pedagogy, and dramaturgy. She is currently developing *Listening Choir* in Copenhagen, engaging people with experiences of fertility treatment. She lives in the Öresund region and is a mother and cat owner.

In the Silence

By Charlotte Østergaard

Drawn by the group,
by humans digging together,
noticing their locations, their actions, their presence.
At times, connecting with them,
mirroring and moving with their efforts.

Other times, co-creating rhythms in the shared act of digging.
Becoming a tribe – a digging tribe, united by purpose,
offering tribute through the collective ritual.
Rhythms emerging with shovels.
creating connections with the soil.

Collectively learning with the earth,
exchanging knowledge through shared actions,
through the interplay of bodies, tools, and soil.

Shifting focus.
The scent of small fires lingered,
smoke curling from burning wood.
The soil cooling my skin
through the touch I connect with the soil,
through the touch we connect,
through the touch we come alive as connected material bodies.

In silence, I belong with the soil.



Photo: Charlotte Østergaard

The poem reflects the experience of digging, an act that served as the opening ritual of *All My Relations 3*, hosted by Gylleboverket – Etta and Jona. This act was not about agricultural improvement but an invitation to engage silently in a collective effort of digging a hole in the ground. Through this quiet activity, connections emerged: to the soil, to fellow diggers, to the scent of fire, and to the land of Gylleboverket itself.

The lack of a specific goal transformed digging into a shared experience of creating a temporary community –a digging tribe united in tribute to and with the soil. Yet, this tribe was not the first of its kind. The act linked us participants to the knowledge of other digging tribes that had shaped the landscape of the hole before us, embedding their efforts in a lineage of collective labor.

As the soil gave way to our hands and tools, I wondered: Did we become part of a larger, ongoing digging tribe? Beyond connecting with the soil, were we also paying tribute to those who had dug before us, shaping the same hole we now extended? This layered act of digging resonated as both a present communal gesture and a tribute to the past.

The etymological link between *tribute* and *tribe* invites perspectives that transcends an either/or dichotomy, embracing instead a *both/and* approach.

During *All My Relations 3*, the act of digging was both a tribute and the formation of a tribe. Rooted in the Latin *tribuere* and the Greek *phulé*, these concepts intertwine – digging became both a gesture of offering and a collective act of becoming.

The silent digging simultaneously paid tribute to the soil, the tools, and the land while also creating a temporary tribe – a community united through shared action. The shared act connected humans and non-humans through the communal doings. This interplay reflects a dual purpose: digging as a respectful acknowledgment of the soil, the earth and its history, and digging as a means of forming a collective, one that exists only in the temporal space of the act itself.

Rather than separating tribute and tribe, the event demonstrated how they coexist. Digging is tribute *through* tribe and tribe *through* tribute – a process of mutual becoming that binds participants, tools, and soil. The gathering of *All My Relations* exemplified this spirit, where the duality of tribute and tribe was not oppositional but complementary, resonating as a unified exploration of connection and shared potential.

The reflections on “learning with the hole,” sparked by the communal act of digging at *All My Relations 3*, highlight a profound exploration of collective labor with the soil and the relationships it fosters. Introduced during the World Café discussions on the final day, this concept encourages consideration of the learnings evoked through the shared act of digging – even for those, like myself, who were not directly involved in the discussions.

Digging as embodied learning

As an introduction to the act of digging, Gylleboverket shared an observation that cultivated and thus often exhausted soil is lacking roots. While the knowledge of the exhausted soil might seem implicit to some, this observation framed and orientated the digging experience. The orientation towards the “state” of soil offered a transformative perspective, turning the act into more than physical labour – it became a practice of deep attention and connection between the action and the soil. The act of digging extended awareness beyond sight to include tactile and sensory engagement with the soil: its texture, moisture, composition, and resistance. This shift in focus evoked a meditative state, where fleeting reflections were intertwined with embodied learning.

The communal digging fostered a sense of reciprocity with the earth. As the soil was touched and moved, it seemed to respond, creating a relational

practice of giving and receiving. This mutual exchange, though unequal, embodied care and shared presence – a tangible connection between humans and non-humans.

The group's dynamic evoked imagery of relational organisms, such as bees or ants, where individual contributions seamlessly merged into a collective rhythm. Each participant's effort inspired others, but the communal doings itself became the primary site of connection. Through this, Gylleboverket's artistic practice invited us into their world, where permaculture principles blended with artistic practice and expression.

Etta and Jona's hosting approach – immersed and “disappearing” into the communal act – invited participants to engage, relate, and respond without hierarchical structures. This ethos of shared doings resonated as an artistic practice of relational engagement, where the act of digging opened pathways to explore principles of care, collaboration, and connection.

Resonances with my own artistic practice

While the artistic practice of Gylleboverket contrasts with my focus on crafting textiles, the underlying principles align. In my practice, crafting becomes a shared act of knotting textiles, where participants are free to knot in their own ways. Like the digging, this is not about achieving specific outcomes but about creating openings for sharing out different curiosities and creativities in the doing.

Through communal knotting, relationships form – not only with the textiles but also among the participants. The act of knotting moves us, as we move the materials. The evolving shapes of the knotted pieces reflect the process of shared exploration, where the practice itself is shaped by our collective actions.



'Knotting Connections' a shared crafting (knotting) practice that I practiced with the participants/audience at Gylleboverket's performance festival 2023. Photo: Etta Säfve.

Collective dynamics of artistic practice

Both digging and knotting exemplify relational practices where the process holds equal significance to the outcome. These acts invite participants to engage deeply with materials, each other, and their shared environments. Whether working with soil or textiles, such practices open pathways to shared learning, collective care, and meaningful connections, embodying the ethos of *All My Relations*.

Gylleboverket's digging practice artistically echoes the essence of knotting – and vice versa. These communal practices, whether labeled as artistic or not, reveal pathways to kinship and relational understanding between humans and non-humans. They highlight how collective acts of creation and labor can foster reciprocal relationships between human and non-humans.

This essay posits that the invitation to dig was far more than a task; it became an exploration of relationality. Through this act, moments of reciprocity emerged – between human and non-human, between touching and being touched by the soil. These moments evoked deeper connections to the earth and our non-human relatives, reminding us of our responsibility to listen, care, and coexist with them. Such practices not only bind us to each other but also to the larger web of life that sustains and shapes our shared existence.



Photo: Charlotte Østergaard

This essay serves as a tribute to *All My Relations* and, in particular, to Gylleboverket, whose generosity and open-heartedness welcomed us into their unique realm of artistic permaculture practices. It is also a tribute to the non-human materials and beings with whom we are deeply intertwined, even if, as humans, we often overlook or fail to recognize their presence.

With this essay, I extend my heartfelt gratitude to Gylleboverket. Your fusion of permaculture principles and artistic expression cultivated not just a sense of hospitality but a profound space for learning and connection. Through sharing your artistic practice, you gently invited and guided us to move beyond human-centric perspectives and explore the possibilities of relationality non-humans like the moist, scent and the atmosphere of the land.

While we, as humans, cannot entirely extricate ourselves, each encounter at Gylleboverket offers fresh insights into how artistic practices can inspire shared, embodied reflections. These moments invite us to consider how we might live in greater harmony – nurturing a deeper sense of connection and care for the web of life around us.

Bio

Charlotte Østergaard is an artistic researcher and visual artist/designer whose work explores inclusive and co-creative methods that connect Humans and More-Than-Humans. She embraces spaces where tangible and intangible elements shape unexpected outcomes, believing that everything holds artistic potential for deepening relational encounters.

Life Calling

By Christine Wamsler

Our workshop at Gylleboverket was a reminder, and a wake-up call to the fact that our inner lives have consequences, even at the global level. The reality that we hold inside of us, collectively, has consequences, and if we can manage to communicate this internal reality, we can see, understand and embody our individual and collective responsibilities. Looking inside of us, and moving our attention towards this space is vital for engaging in the world. The workshop, the many discussions and the insights I had during our time at Gylleboverket reminded me of this poem that I recently wrote:

One story

As a child, I grew up with strong feelings
A deep sense of who I am and what is important in life
I felt one with the world.

Talking to the wind in autumn
Dancing with snowflakes in winter
Listening to flowering in spring
And jumping with grasshoppers in summer,
Living and caring were one.

As I became older, culture took over
The stories I heard began to color my life.

I went to school
I learned that adults and experts know—not children
I learned that knowledge is external—not internal.

Kicked out of the world of wonders and wisdom

I started filling my brain with knowledge,
To find a new place in the world.

I went through academia
Learned that the truth is complicated
Learned to express myself in complicated ways
Over time, I ceased to understand myself,
Hiding under layers and layers of “othering” to feel protected.

At one point, my heart and body became rebellious
My voice refused to repeat others’ stories
My thoughts refused to ignore my feelings:
Feelings of partiality, imperfection... of separation
I lost my voice.

Then I saw the separation in the world
How relentlessly we exhaust ourselves
Others and the planet around us
How we seek comfort in material distractions.

Consumerism, injustice, climate change
It’s me. It’s us. It’s one story.

Searching for a new voice is scary
And a strong headwind whirls out there
But if you understand my silence, you may understand my words
Delving into stillness, you may hear my call.

Similar to this story, the workshop has elucidated a very clear path for me: the importance of standing in my own experience, to see my response-ability. In other words, the ability that I, and we have to face the challenges of our times with care for ourselves, others and the planet.

Bio

Christine Wamsler is Professor of Sustainability Science and Director of the Contemplative Sustainable Futures Program at Lund University. She is recognized as one of the most influential scholars in environmental science worldwide and the top-ranked scientist in Sweden in this field. Christine draws inspiration from nature and her two children, who remind her daily to care for spiders, flowers, and the world at large.



Sandbanks

Photo: Iury Salustiano Trojaborg, Hårbølle Strand, Mon, August 18, 2024.

Underwater, Covered in Earth // Debaixo d'Água, Coberta de Terra

By Iury Salustiano Trojaborg

Água turva.

She emerged from the insides of the murky water.

Her skin adorned by seaweed and crystals of fresh sea salt.

She shone beautifully when she left her aquamarine reign and made her way onto land.

Here, she settled down.

A estrangeira, que um dia deixou o mar e veio banhar-se de terra.

Água verde.

Effortlessly, she slid from the green sea into the dark soil.

She placed herself in the middle of the crossroad.

Not one single step to the left, nor to the right: in the middle, where the stronger currents of wind were blowing her hair and the algae that covered her upper body.

People in the harbour stopped to look at her: passersby, workers, tourists, onlookers.

They all wondered if it was all a collective delirium.
It was a hot day, in spite of the wind.
Det blæser.

Água rasa.
She stood there, pinpointed by her own desire, result of all the waters she
had so far swum.
Águas profundas.
Um ponto fixo: intersecção de caminhos.
From the point where she stood, four vertices intersected indicating four
possible directions to follow.
Rosa dos ventos.
Where to go?
Where to go now?
She did not think twice and headed inland.
It was time for firm soil under her feet.
Terra firme outra vez.

Água mansa
Though choosing to inhabit dry lands, every now and then she needed to
dip herself in water.
On such occasions, she carefully chose those times when the wind had died
down.
She could then clearly see the sand banks, their lines beautifully drawn
underwater.
She would lose herself while following those lines, dreaming about their
origins and their ends.
Where do they come from? Where do they lead to?
While observing them, she dove into watery dreams.
Sonhos em azul, azul da cor do mar.

Terra à vista
After centuries of daydreaming, she woke up in land.
Her convoluted dreams left a deep path on earth that she slowly started to
fill with trees.
Different tree types, in order to enhance diversity: chestnut trees, plum
trees, oak trees, beech trees, grapevines
At the very end of the long path, on the tip of the peninsula, she found it:

the boat in the forest.

Then she understood that she was not alone: other daydreamers had followed suit.

Land was now inhabited by many other beings: colourful, vast, tiny ones. All she had to do now was to look around, opening her eyes wide to see them.

A big smile formed on her face, a smile as big as a beacon, shining bright like a lighthouse, illuminating the paths that led to the many crossroads present in that fruitful new land.



The Boat in the Forest

Photo: Iury Salustiano Trojaborg, Gylleboverket, September 4, 2024.

Terra seca

For the marine creature she has always been, to plant her feet in land meant quite often feeling insecure.

One day, while walking through a field, she came across a big hole that she was expected to dig deeper.

The external expectations formed part of the enchantment for life too.

Lost in the fiery hell of a canyon, a woman struggles desperately for life.

That sentence from Clarice Lispector's seminal book got engraved in her memory for decades now.

Laboratório do inferno.

While digging, all she could hear was a distant rumble of thunder and all she could feel was anger, fear e o calor abrasador do fogo.

Terra molhada

And then finally the storm came.

Pouring down over land, encharcando os campos and bringing life, hope and her maternal grandmother back to her.

Epahey Oyá!



Laboratório do Inferno

Photo: Iury Salustiano Trojaborg, Gylleboverket, September 4, 2024.

Terra fértil

The arrival of the heavy rain prompted all kinds of microorganisms to resurface.

Bacteria, archaea, eukarya

Symbiotically, they all started to evolve and spread in the soil.

As in a collective dance, they swirled around covering the whole land

Following their moves, the birds all gathered in a flock forming a moving dark cloud

Twisting, spinning and spiraling across the sky

A murmuration.



Grapevines

Photo: Iury Salustiano Trojaborg, Gylleboverket, September 4, 2024.

About Debaixo D'Água, Coberta de Terra (Underwater, Covered in Earth)

My writing is performative.

It always has been and it will remain so.

I understand the performative as a possibility to generate knowledge through the body and via its interaction with other agents, or as scholar Mark Fleishmann states:

... performance constitutes 'an alterity' that resists the hegemony of the text in the academy. It is a transgression that seeks to break down the separation of subject and object, of body and mind, and therefore it must be either expunged, silenced or policed by the academy (...) What is required is an honest acceptance that the principle of 'compossibility' – fleshes alongside images, sight alongside hearing and touching and feeling and moving – is called for. (Fleishmann, 2012:30)

The poem *Debaixo D'Água, Coberta de Terra* (Underwater, Covered in Earth) revolves around a womxn/creature of the sea who, one day, decides to leave her aquamarine realm to inhabit dry land. It was written during the summer and autumn of 2024 between the island of Møn in Denmark, and at the farm *Gylleboverket/Boat in the Forest* in the countryside of Skåne, Sweden.

It started as a daily early morning writing exercise, an attempt to capture my personal experience of being back at a place I most love: the Hårbølle beach in Askeby, on the west side of Møn.

One morning, I spent a long time observing the sand banks that had formed on the shore of the beach and imagining their beginnings and their ends. One evening, I was surprised by the crossroads formed by the chemtrails of the aircrafts crossing the sky over the island. I spent that summer preparing the material for the 50% seminar of my doctoral studies and, while still on vacation in the island, I decided to create a performance named *Encruzilhada*. The performance is based on my understanding of *carrego colonial* (colonial burden), a concept elaborated on by Brazilian pedagogue Luiz Rufino in his work *Pedagogia das Encruzilhadas* (Pedagogy of the Crossroads). *Encruzilhada* focuses on the production of an *ebó* (offer, sacrifice) to Exu. The *ebó*, in this case, are bean seeds that are planted and watered in a cross-shaped soil placed on the top of a scroll of white paper where I, along with three audience members, write the poem *Debaixo D'Água, Coberta de Terra* (Underwater, Covered in Earth).

In Afro-Brazilian religions, such as Candomblé or Umbanda, *ebó* can be understood as an offering to a deity, necessary to restore order and maintain harmony and balance with the natural world. It reinforces the notion that everything in the natural world is connected; like the cells of an organism working in unison for a common purpose: life. Nothing thrives in a vacuum and sacrifice is for the sake of the whole.



Encruzilhada, Photo; Sofie Lebech, September, 17, 2024, Inter Arts Center, Malmö, Sweden.

The poem acknowledges my relation with the different landscapes I move into and my attempt to relate to them through the body, understanding myself as a tiny part of a full-scale ecosystem.

Reference

Fleishman, Mark. (2012). The Difference of Performance as Research.
In: *Theatre Research International*, 37(1), pp. 28–37 doi: 10.1017/
S0307883311000745

Bio

Iury Salustiano Trojaborg is a Brazilian-born artist based in Denmark. Her practice integrates writing, performance, and visual art with themes of ancestry, ecology, and colonial memory. She is a doctoral researcher exploring performative writing and ritual practices across languages and landscapes.

Sauna-Experiences, Touching the (Under)Commons

By Gesa Piper & Aune Kallinen

Gesa:

I try to reach from this moment of time and place in Hangist, Finland, October 19, 2024, through the blurry veil of time and space, to the vaguely emerging unclear fragments from the time at Etta and Jona's farm, in Southern Sweden in the beginning of September 2024 at the *All my Relations Ecocamp*.

The whole group gathered around a hole in the ground, The Hole, just after the arrival. A round of sharing. Wow, everyone seems to have such clear intentions.

Do I find words to share mine? Do I have one?

... something on wondering how to return the gifts, reference to Robin Wall Kimmerer... someone speaks about dreaming... Aune on death...

Blurr... digging in silence...

Blurr... night and day of something...

Evening on the second day Steinunn introduces the World Café. Everyone can suggest something that would take 20 minutes. Unfinished thoughts and ideas, sauna is calling, that's clear.

Aune:

It feels like cheating – using the frame (of World Café) for an activity I know so well, that allows me to both to disappear and be present at the same time. To be of service and to be alone (or is it more about being separate?) at the same time. The Sauna definitely calls. I try to avoid the real duties – the thinking, the “trying to get my head around everything that is important and urgent”. Sauna calls my body – as it always does – to open up, to (re)connect with its invisible realms. In sauna ‘I’ know how to be with other bodies, elsewhere not so well. Even during these few days at the farm, I have felt it is more possible to be together, to be with. There seems to be a lighter way, a

way of laughter, of joy that helps me (re)connect with others.

I remember Steinunn introducing the World Café being the most hilarious stand up-artist, I remember Mariana's and Charlotte's laughter that spreads around the garden, trespassing all categories, Sofie giving in to giggles and dedication at the same time, Yuri telling me that I am the funniest person, a compliment I have never heard in my life.

I laugh and give myself permission to cheat. Cheat like children, not out of disrespect but out of curiosity and joy. We want to live, every one of us.

Gesa:

While I sit on the floor here in Hangist (Aune's home), sorting through different kinds of dried beans, another veil opens:

Evening, the second day, World Café still taking place at the outside kitchen at Etta's and Jona's farm in Southern Sweden. Earlier that afternoon we had been swimming in the sea. The waves were very strong. I didn't want to go in at first, I already felt too cold, but then I couldn't resist and was warmed up in the crazy swirls that tossed me around... Back at the World Café that evening: the body still feels the cold, and the mouth utters something. Aune sums it up: I heat the sauna, and people can come and share sauna memories.

The World Café – score...

I don't remember exactly...

Recalling and memories seem to operate in very different ways. I try to recall the exact score of the World Café, my brain reaches and squeezes and my breath holds halfway, trying to connect to that correct information that I heard in the past... Recalling.

Memories rather seem to open when dropping into this moment. It is as if the body opens a little door from this very moment to let a memory stream back into my current experience. It reverberates differently in the body when I try to squeeze my brain to recall some forgotten information...

Meanwhile, Aune is trying to get their head around the phenomena "sauna" in their kitchen in Hangist...

Aune:

Sauna as a realm, like a distinct layer amongst all the different realities. Every sauna, despite their uniqueness, opens a portal to this same realm. Sauna makes the edges of the body porous while centering something substantial. It is a possible portal to death, to dying, as well as to birth. Traveling between being born and dying, dying and being born, happens in sauna.

Gesa:

... something, something, something...

Aune:

... like matrix... commons... undercommons as discussed by Silvia Federici ... or am I making this up? At least Fred Moten and Stefano Harney have written about undercommons,¹ asking what lies beneath and beyond institutions of control. They describe undercommons as the ungovernable realm of social life, the place where colonised, queer and otherwise marginalised people make meaning with each other. Federici writes about “commons” and “commoning” of the material means of reproduction, as the primary mechanism by which a collective interest and mutual bonds are created. Also, as the first line of resistance².

Saunas are traditionally built together and used together, as commons; they are not for the individual alone. In sauna you are never alone, you might even meet yourself too. Meeting behind or beyond what you are, somehow. What sauna does is that it gathers väki; it calls väki to come together. Väki is a Finnish word, and means “people”, “crowd”, but also “power”. Väki is the power of the people, also of the people (and beings) from different (under) worlds and times. Väki is always bathing with us.

Sauna as (under)commons... As a way to slip through the remains (yes, I choose to call them “remains” instead of “fortresses”) of patriarchal, colonial and capitalistic powers. Powers that still too often fool us to believe that there is no possibility for another kind of a world order³. But the change has

¹ Fred Moten & Stefano Harney. *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning & Black Study*, 2013

² Silvia Federici. *Revolution at Point Zero: Housework, Reproduction, and Feminist Struggle*, 2012.

³ Ursula K. Le Guin once put it beautifully in words: “We live in capitalism. Its power seems inescapable. So did the divine right of kings. Any human power can be resisted and changed by human beings. Resistance and change often begin in art, and very often in our art, the art of words” (Le Guin, 2014) – now spreading as a meme in social media.

always been here, in different struggles and practices, in coming together with others, in all that could be called “(under)commons”. In the capitalistic process of taking over the world the knowledges of the people, lands and all its beings was - and still is - forced to crawl under, to become invisible to the public eye, to become opaque, to be shared only in the underground, on the outskirts of what became known as “civilization”. All this “uncivilized” - that people have known so well from generation to generation as theirs, as commons, as life supporting systems and ways, as communication, listening, supporting, caring, trusting... Despite all the violence, killing, destruction, terror, despite the amnesia and ignoring, all those (under)commons still flourish where your eyes cannot see it. Sauna can be one of those hidden places, hidden in plain sight. As a way of living together by sharing and caring, becoming aware of the common powers we have, and being able to connect and use those powers for the benefit of all and every-body. These hidden ways of survival become lived and shared realities when we lie naked beside each other, sweat together through common release and breathe into the hot vaporizing air spirits that heal us as they help us in transformations and transitions so deeply needed in these times. Also, in these times. Sauna helps us in dying and in giving birth, in the obligations that life brings along.

What are the possibilities of sauna-realm, sauna-matrix, when it comes to remembering pasts and dreaming futures, when it comes to resistance? How do we remember in sauna, how we remember being in sauna, how do we remember sauna? What we dream when in sauna? My cells remember their most porous ways, their total giving in, their connection with the land of death and the deepest pain that helps me to forget who we were to become what we can be.

Gesa:

At the farm in Sweden: Etta's and Jona's sauna reminds me of a hobbit house, nesting into the soft slopped landscape. In front of it, there is a pond to cool down after sauna, with its own reed filter system. I remember Jona and Etta sitting on the upper bench in the sauna, telling that this piece of art, the sauna, was built in one day during corona times. They couldn't go to the community sauna anymore and had become desperate.

They built it in one day.

In Hangist, this summer has seen various stages and attempts at creating new sauna abodes after the old wooden sauna burnt down this past spring.

A shack that was built out of the burnt sauna's roof was a transitional phase until a stone house that was built some years back is serving as the new sauna now. We just heated it. The cleaning up of the burnt remains of the old sauna went through various stages as well and is in the process of becoming an outside kitchen. Transitions of every kind.

Hangist time and the time at Etta's and Jona's farm is not the same yet the places seem to be of the same kind. How can places be in relation? Like mushrooms of the same kind that pop out in different corners of the globe, each formed in their own unique shape. We drop into sauna time realms here in Hangist soon, after a dip in the lake.

Aune:

Touching the lineages of oneself in sauna. Openings, like pores that open up with the heat, something melts and gives in, drops away. Visiting those openings, touching their limits – where does an opening begin, when we are already in it, in the non-existing memories that come to be when revisited once more. Where do they come from?

Gesa:

Later I am half asleep in bed in Hangist. Another veil into early September in Sweden opens. The sauna had three sets of visitors that evening as part of the World Café⁴:

1. Visitor round: Aune heats the sauna while sauna memories are being shared, was it 30 minutes?
2. Visitor round: Aune keeps on heating the sauna, we are sounding/sound making/singing/voicing in and with the sauna, and start stripping off our clothes, also 30 minutes

Another group meets at the boats at the other end of the garden to share dreams

3. Visitor round: listening into the echoes of the previous rounds... lots of soft sizzles and hums, maybe less than 30 minutes

⁴ The World Café, also known as Open Space Technology, was facilitated by Steinunn Knúts-Önnudóttir: everyone could suggest a theme or an action that would last for 20/30 min. The other participants could then choose which theme or action they wanted to join out of the suggested ones. Afterwards, everyone gathered again for the next round of suggestions.

Another group lies on the lawn looking at the stars together

Afterwards, the people gather at the outside kitchen and perform little dances to share their experiences. Tanja and I are late after the last sauna round. We duet together, more of a sound conversation. We had been in the same group in the afternoon, discussing the pre-reading material. Tanja led the group through deep listening practices in which we walked very slowly while being audio recorders of sounds. This tuning might have still reverberated through us in our sound duet that night.

The World Café happened again the following day, instead of the originally planned reflection round: a possibility to allow everyone a voice and suggest themselves in how and what they need to reflect, close off or just be with, in those last shared moments together before the camp ends and everyone spreads out into their separate walks of life again. World Café 2 had a round of shoulder massages, a round or two on discussing the (w)hole meaning...

... black out veil blocks my stream. I stare at the computer, black letters on white sheet. Just some flashes of moments here and there that don't seem connected (they are but hard to draw the link when writing on a text about them)...

How do memories move and travel? How do they weave together and reveal themselves anew, possibly from a different angle when reconnecting with them from a different spacetime? How do they stream through me but are not mine? My perception seems to interweave with them and through them with other places and beings, through veils and clouds and sometimes they emerge from a different corner, through a different thread, webbing through all my relations.

VARGA (AUNES CHILD):

I REMEMBER WHEN OUR SAUNA BURNED, IT WAS VERY HOT, ALSO OUTSIDE OF THE SAUNA. IT WAS STRANGE, AT THE SAME TIME IT WAS VERY MUCH, EVERYTHING THAT BURNED WITH THE SAUNA, BUT ALSO IT WAS NOTHING, IT WAS JUST ONE DAY, AND THEN THERE WAS ONLY A PILE OF BURNED STUFF LEFT.

Reference

Silvia Federici. *Revolution at Point Zero: Housework, Reproduction, and Feminist Struggle*, 2012.

Fred Moten & Stefano Harney. *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning & Black Study*, 2013

Ursula K. Le Guin. 'Speech in Acceptance of the National Book Foundation Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters'. November 19, 2014.

Bio

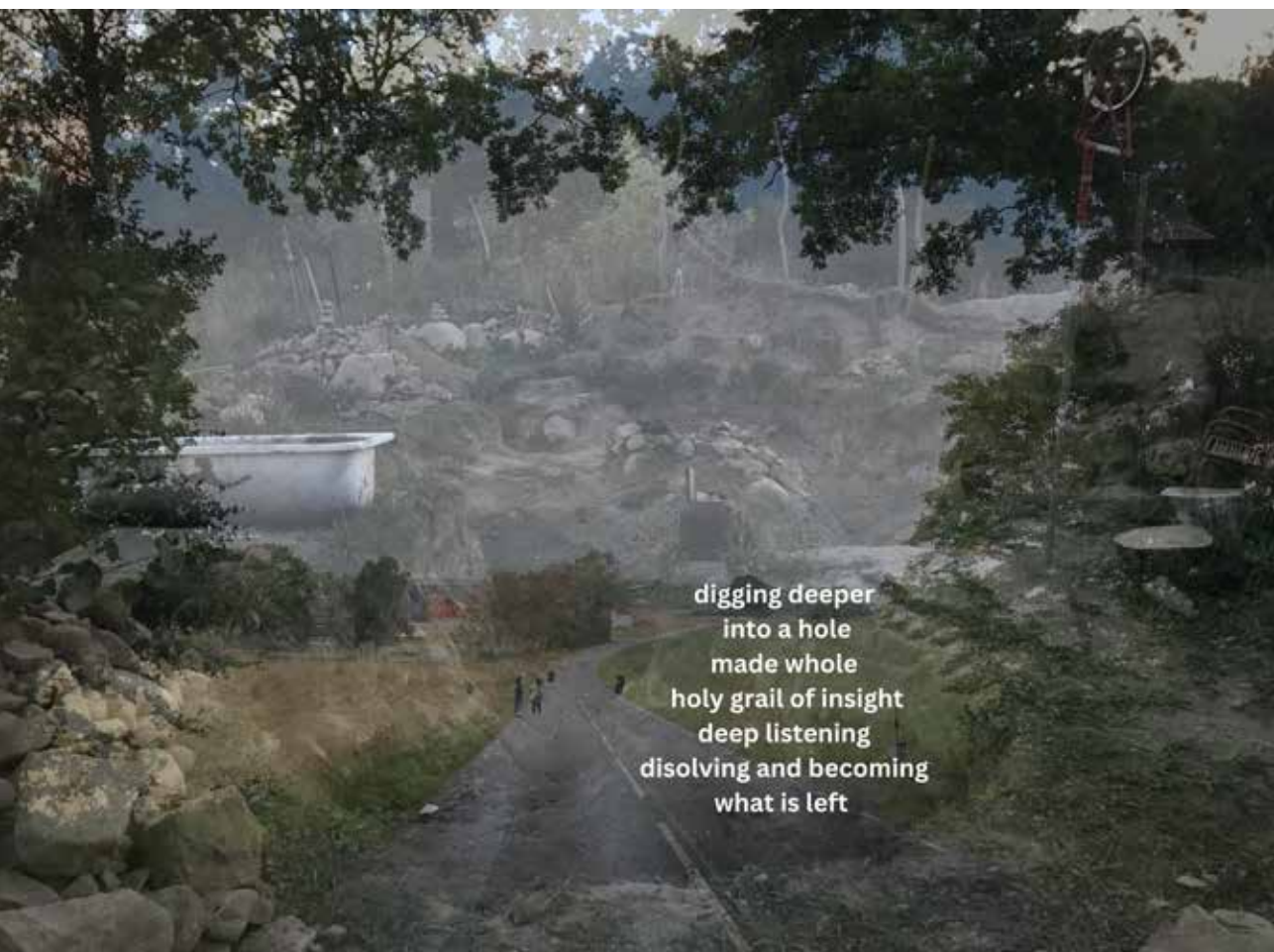
Gesa Piper is a German-born dance artist and pedagogue based in Helsinki. She works internationally as a performer, teacher, and choreographer. Her artistic interests focus on embodied ecological intra-relationality, process-oriented psychophysical practices, ancestry, and sociopolitical questions.

Aune Kallinen is Professor of Acting at the University of the Arts Helsinki and an artist working across directing, performing, and collaboration. Their practice explores performative structures that enable polyphony, friction, and interdependency between diverse voices. They are interested in how political, corporeal, and meditative spheres can entangle in performance.

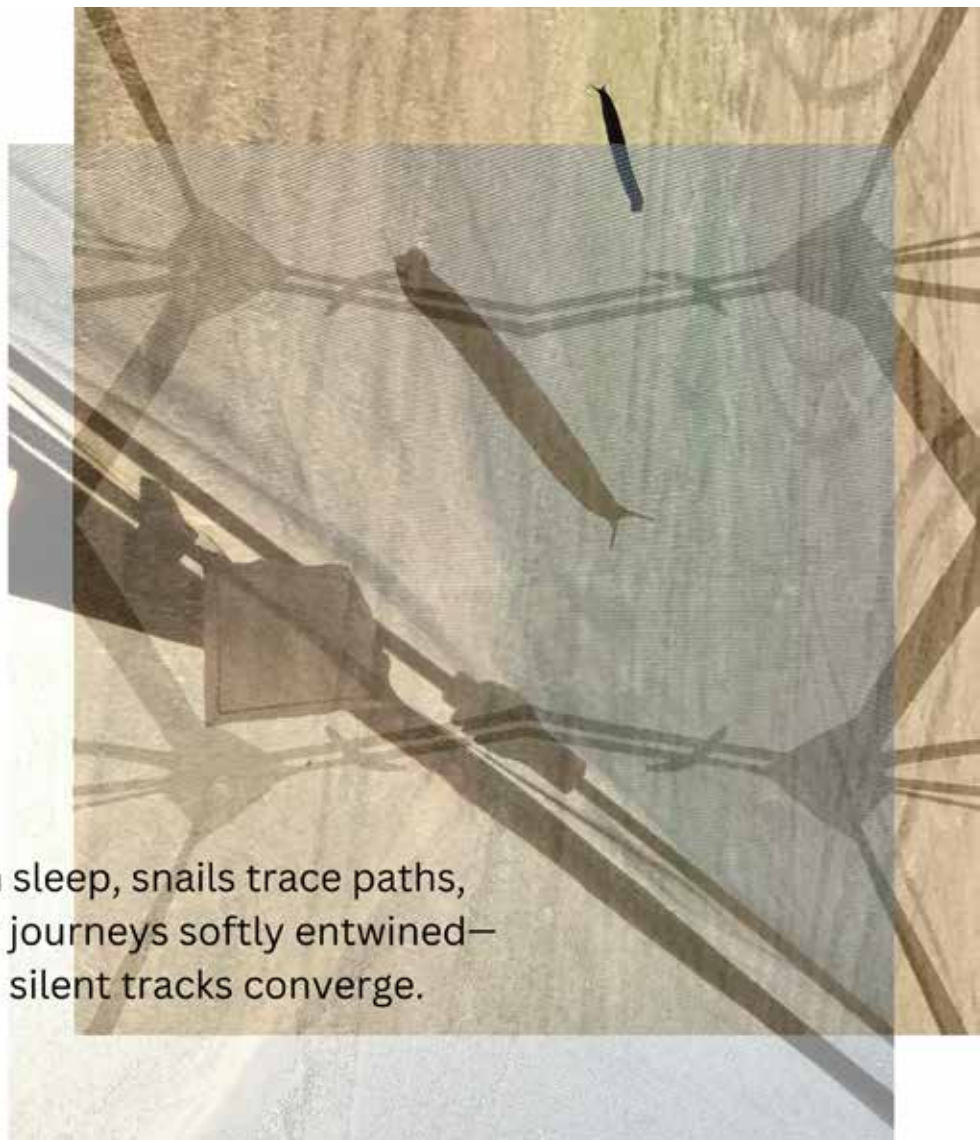
A Visual Ode

By Ulla Britta Westerberg





digging deeper
into a hole
made whole
holy grail of insight
deep listening
dissolving and becoming
what is left



In sleep, snails trace paths,
our journeys softly entwined—
silent tracks converge.



Hands stretch in waking woods,
gathering life's quiet threads—
woven into dawn.

Bio

Ulla Britta Westerberg is a producer, artist, gardener, and repairer. Her practice spans costume and prop making for theatre and film, as well as co-producing with nature. She is committed to creating spaces of wonder and awe in the natural world and works within an international network of collaborators.

Reflections

By Jona Elfdahl & Etta Säfve

Reflections on the 3rd *All My Relations* held at the farm *Boat in the Forest – harbour for radical nomads* and Gylleboverket together with Malmö Theatre Academy and Agenda 2030, Lund University.

Decolonize our minds
an ongoing attempt

Blindfolded or with Eyes open. Listening.

Becoming Landscape

An exploration of humbleness and gratitude.

A bodily experience.

The locality.

The landscape that holds us and keeps holding.

The materiality of the landscape and the bodies within it.

Trying to enfold the embodied knowledge of us as part of the landscape we live in, and the landscape as part of us, of our bodies.

eat, die a little, meet, live, love

Eat, die a little, meet, BOW, live, love.

The landscape as part of us and therefore also a source for our decision making.

The surrounding whole and its inhabitants as part of us and therefore a source for our decision making.

Make it as relevant as our own thought patterns used to be. Become our patterns.

Becoming landscape. An attempt. To decolonize our minds. Alter the thought patterns that (unwillingly or unconsciously, but nevertheless) has informed and led us to exploit the very landscape (and its living inhabitants) that holds us, thus also IS, our own body.

Taking CARE of this body as if it was your own, because it is your own, yet also no ones. It belongs to all or to No One, it is its own, the other, and yet also you. ONE.

the Significance of a Name

Greeting you. Acknowledging your (co)existence HERE. Meeting you. GETTING TOUCHED BY YOU.

Giving It a name. The location. You.

Boat in the forest
- harbour for radical nomads

BOAT IN THE FOREST – as in the old steel shipwreck laying on the field at the farm. A field on which hundreds of nut and fruit trees and berries and perennial herbs are planted, a landscape which slowly grows into a FOOD

FOREST surrounding the BOAT. The STRANDED boat as a REMINDER of the challenges we are facing and the deep water we are all standing in.

Co-existing.

HARBOUR, a place where we meet- Each Other, the Landscape and its More than Human inhabitants and become each other's lives.

A haven to get ashore on or The Platform to Step Out Into DEEP WATER. A Courageous space, carrying TRUST (Tillit) and CHALLENGE.

A zone for getting close to the limits of our understanding and what we are capable of. The zone for the Tentative, the Fumbling, of Listening, of Learning and of Opening (up).

RADICAL – radix – ROOT – to go in depth and get to the bottom of THE quest.

NOMAD a local expert. Someone who takes care of the surroundings, the common, a stewardship, the one that has a RELATIONSHIP with the fauna, the flora, the ground, the living. Who is part of the metabolism of a place. Someone who knows that the world is no ones to own, who takes no more than what they need and lets the place and its inhabitants rest and recover according to THEIR own needs.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A NAME 2

Experiencing a writing exercise given to us during one of the days. The opportunity to Come In Contact with knowledge and thoughts that we didn't know we had. Things Hidden in the DARKS of our (sub)consciousness. Sometimes WOUNDS, sometimes WARM feelings of RECOGNITION of that which has been forgotten, or neglected, as a part of us and the surrounding world.

All those things that have been given no place in the CAPITALISTIC MONOCULTURE and CONSTANT GROWTH LOGIC that our society rapidly heeds (and aims?) at.

Aim towards. Trust, Embracement of Otherness, Co-existent Care Taking, Stewardship, an Ecological Self rather than an egotistical self. An ALL- Inclusive CURIOSITY of that which is different, or crooked or alien to us, or held in the dark, yet still are part of the whole we're all ENTANGLED IN.

A BRAVERY in which we DARE TO SEE each other and show ourselves.

How can we bypass all those layers of conditioned behavior, thoughts and societal Norms that we got used to and continue to act out? Get beyond acting out of fear?

How? Unlearn and Relearn without extirpating WHAT WE ONCE KNEW – the knowledge of a care taking co-existence, where otherness is not something that separates, instead a step away from monoculturing ourselves to death and taking all others with us in the fall.

The gift of the differences between us, THE DIVERSITY that spins the ecological web of connections we're part of.

Give ourselves to
Give up
Give in
Surrender
To the universe

the Silent
Digging of a hole

Alone Together.

PRACTICE.

LISTENING. Stepping INTO the landscape. Letting it talk TO and THROUGH the hands that touches it.

Letting it ask the questions. Letting us hear them.

Letting our human bodies become the landscape body.

Through the common body we then BECOME, letting a physical BREAKING APART OF PATTERNS appear.

Letting us out of preconceptions of how we should, or could, RELATE TO THE WORLD.

Who am I in relation to this? Why am I here? Doing this? For how long should I continue? Like this? In my life? In the hole, digging? How long should I be silent? What are the others thinking? Do they also feel the same as what I feel? Who are we? Whose body is this? Where does it begin? Why am I manifested as a body in the world?

WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THIS MANIFESTATION WITHIN MANIFESTATIONS?

Can it be the transformative platform I need?

Does it matter? What does matter? Does land matter? Does living matter?

Does human and more than and humans matter?

It IS all matter, MATERIALIZED, and yet, at the same time, united through the ANTIMATTER that surrounds and permeates us as one entangled UNIVERSE.

DIGGING OF A HOLE IN SILENCE.

Do we do it as an attempt of directing ourselves towards taking the responsibility of regaining the ability to respond to the world?

To respond and feel it through us, to be able act on its behalf? To act out from a mind that thinks that it does matter?

Thank you



THANK YOU all for letting us hear your questions and letting us meet our questions through you.

THANK YOU for letting me hear your name, for laying in the grass with me, for the faces and body movement I did know we dared to share, for the warmth of your body in the sauna, for the noises of your memories, for letting me be landscape with you.



Digging of a hole in silence

Becoming Landscape

Bio

Jona Elfdahl is an artist working with site-specific, collective, and ecological performance practices. As co-founder of Gylleboverket in Scania, Sweden, he creates projects that combine art, resilience, and permaculture.

Etta Säfve is a Swedish artist and co-founder of Gylleboverket in Scania. Her work spans visual art, performance, and ecological projects, with a focus on creating spaces where art, community, and nature intersect.

