

Consultation with Friends or the Laughter of trees.

Text Maria Christoforidi, Music Amy Lawrence, Trengwainton Garden, 2023

We asked and we received. We asked 4 trees:

What is a garden?

How did it feel then- taken?

How does it feel now - foreign?

Do you want to go back?

The deciphering is hard like trying to remember a dream, well maybe it does not make sense. So it first comes with sound rhythm vibration and then forgotten languages and then this language. Each bit of music is an answer trees shaped into words. All the trees start their answers with a little laugh. some are melancholy some joyous some seem angry.

Take a breath and see if there is anything in your body that would like to let go relax your brown your jaw your ears your tongue to its root relax your heart how does it feel your heart to be relaxed

Some did not speak to us some could not be interpreted. All trees start their response with a little laughter.

Two trees facing each other, with thin needles instead of leaves their trunks growing in a remarkable bow, spoken in tandem and said:

All we will say is this trust gratitude service are the pillars of joy. We know you intimately by your breath and decomposing brains. don't ask just listen.

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M: Tree - majestic 30 meters tall and almost as deep below with twisted limbs like a kraken in a whirlpool, growing flowers from catkins with animal fur, surrounded by a red brick wall – *this is a learned tree communicating specific quotes*

A: {Channelling through instruments the laughter of trees }

M: Translating the laughter into words

In a time of daffodils who know the aim of living is to grow “ EE cummings

Plants have a will of their own. Esterino Adam The English garden is imaginatively constructed as a place of order, civilisation and relaxation, standing in diametrical opposition to the surrounding landscape of the colony, considered the realm of wilderness, contamination and degradation. In this sense, the English garden can be regarded as one of the many ideological tools of representation that underlie British expansionist policies across the subcontinent.

Searching for the Mother tree Suzanne Simard –the *wood wide web* changed the perception of the forest just A collection of individuals competing with each other to this entwined interactive suite of species that collaborate and compete and infected together heal each other, warn and care feed each other.

Can Planting Trees Tell an Alternative Art History? Serubiri Moses. In Kenyan societies the planting of trees is a spiritual architecture. Jomo Kenyata: the Kikuyu Gods, Ngai who has no temple made by hands, selects huge trees for as his residence.

Homeland is not where you were born, it is where you are fed,” Gülsün Karamustafa.

Finally, speeding outward from the Earth and moon system, you pass the orbits of the planets Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Indeed, from all of these worlds, Earth looks like a star, which gets fainter as you get farther away. (earth sky, astronomy essentials.com)

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M: Tree - like a cathedral, leaves bigger than the palm of a hand, flowers like golden cups growing by the bridge – seems exasperated with sorrowful sighs

A: {Channelling through instruments the laughter of trees }

M: Translating the laughter into words

Every *garden* is the garden of Eden begging the gods to forgive you or show you have outgrown them, you can make your own paradise this is what you always wanted, to return, back to the garden where you were born.

Then? there is no *then*, this is all now. What do you know of time in the flash of your life. We know you intimately by your breath and decomposing flesh. In the night when a string moonlight comes through a hole. the seeds the smallest always comfortable and secure in themselves they don't worry they bid their time they play a long game tucked in against a dark skinned breast. We are brought back to life to be effigy mute no stories no use, an unhealthy beauty disrobed our brown bodies decorative living beings as trophies in the soft violence of your gaze.

Now. You build Babylon we speak the one language you love order, we love the entangled labyrinths of chaos *we* move, we are moved, we migrate the sea licks the rocks to sand we float we move. you can't feel this timeline with such small hands so few arms. you say competition We say symbiosis mycorrhizal collaboration mycelium we say molecular we say kin We say Sister shell sister deer mother lark brother crow. we see kin you see commodity. *You say invasive, we say who invaded who? who cut and cut until there was nothing more to cut then who went south went west went east to take more and cut and cut who cuts themselves off the rest of life who tries to control the nameless wild mother, names to serve only the eye forgetting the juice the comfort.*

Back. We cling to this celestial body making love with all her depth, we orbit and spin with them in endless renewal. Invasive? we were born, here, our children grow here before your ancestors after your dissidents we make home we are home this is a circular story so many disavowals, there is grief in this soil and canons to scare the birds, you say boundary, you say gate, you say garden fence we say *wildwood wildseed wildbloom wildborne* We laugh we imbibe the cosmic rays you build empires of destruction. don't think about you saving me, let me save you.

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M: Tree 3 straight body shooting straight out of the ground, standing in a group ancient looking scale-like leaves forming arches, that have spores and unfold from a spiral each with a single lengthwise vein

A: {Channelling through instruments the laughter of trees }

M: Translating the laughter into words

garden? relentless fertile darkness seed awakens redemption freeing lodged circles of iridescent silence

then? sap root bone blood breath spider snake snail limbs a wish be a bird

now? soft unreasonable harvest, a fog and a small moon, shower of muons the roots of the sky

wangari maathai /wangari maathai /

back? gathering your ghosts at the earth alter, looking at the mountains that are eating up the sun

wangari maathai /wangari maathai / shower of muons the roots of the sky

+The muon is one of the fundamental subatomic particles, the most basic building blocks of the universe.

Muons are similar to electrons but weigh 200 times more

END ____ part 1 – what do we say – a moment of silence - - - -

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M: Tree 4 –tall defiant and slightly leaning, ancient like a sorcerer’s wand, with shell shaped leaves

A: {Channelling through instruments the laughter of trees }

M: Translating the laughter into words

a garden? Dearest is Veil and Plinth, where wild undeniable everlasting life ends the garden begins its fiction

Dearest one, three hundred years we waited for them. We heard the wood, we tasted it in the air the wood spoke they are coming we could neither run nor hide just wait we knew they were coming we didn’t know why, these souls travelling on the rotting bodies of trees from port to port what are they looking for? they always come those Agrarian Hominids shaping with fire.

This is a circular story this ancient drama starts again

Then the rapture the fall /the earth opened up a way away for me and, after passing deep down through its lowest caverns, I lifted up my head again in these regions, and saw the stars which had grown strange to me. When we woke, we were northbound, strangers plunged into mist by the immaculate colour of swans that wounded us. we returned to our home to soil broken, "limbs incapable, mouths cracked". Only spiders in their hammocks cradle me, indifferent they tell stories about the frozen bodies of stars

A: {Channelling through instruments the laughter of trees}

Beloved ... Now the setting sun now the westerly wind, now ... unlearn and remember. *from her womb she laughs reaching in for the centre* unlearn and remember, the once Inhabitants of tropics, the equator still Imperishable from our souls , we bloom, always there, always explaining our existence here, not a Singular being or Yearning, Everything is here all you look for everyone you lost they are here *now A roof of a low sky and a need to be touched they don't own things the animals just their soft bodies* I look at the mouths I have never felt only children if your mouth touches me I know you

A: {Channelling through instruments the laughter of trees}

Back? Dearest ... Dream if you dare a body where every eye is finger and mouth and stomach and ear, how much can you empty and fill entanglement. they the house of myriad minute gods rejoice incandescent with desire and gratitude they orbit, their axis spinning on heat Reproducing, sensing, chewing, swallowing, excreting crawling, creating transforming, touching breathing killing and dying - all at once and then again. The bend of your elbow or a branch, hues of brown this body is a sylvan mirror for that body, in 'widening circles of being' the same pulsating ribbon of life moves us all molecules that breath that burn, become one or melt into the air. Beloved good news, another sun serpentine and unseen felt only in the kernel, day and night we swim around it hypnotic juices take us apart take us higher high over the hills flying up up to the green of the sea she rises. In the lateness of the hour True Kin go back for what they forgot

May all beings be happy, safe from harm, touch peace and be free