

alte, neue, other
BAUMSCHULE

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Graduation Project: *alte, neue, other baumschule*

Master Education in Arts

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abstract

This thesis explores how regenerative stewardship might enable more inclusive forms of decision-making and how such a practice can be learned. It starts from the understanding that ecological devastation and social inequality are intertwined outcomes of a Western epistemological order grounded in the separation of human and more-than-human life. Within this framework, stewardship is examined as a site where such separations are reproduced: as decision-making carried out on behalf of others who are not able to participate on equal terms. In response, the thesis proposes *regenerative stewardship* as an ongoing practice of reworking asymmetrical relations—one that recognises interdependence and expands what is allowed to matter in decision-making processes.

The inquiry is situated at the *Neue Baumschule*, a tree nursery and community in Brandenburg of which I am a member, and unfolds from within this context through community-based art practice and storytelling. Structured as two companion parts—*experiencing* and *conceptualising*—this thesis traces sedimented histories, present conditions, and possible futures through both digital and embodied interventions.

The work argues that inclusion is not a fixed condition but a continuous process of revision that depends on prior relations and on the capacity to respond within them. This has particular implications for art education: if educational settings are to support more inclusive forms of collective life, attention must be given to the temporal and structural conditions that allow responsive participation to emerge. Where precarity and bureaucratic constraints foreclose such conditions, the practices described here cannot take root.

Rather than proposing a transferable model, the thesis invites sustained engagement with the labour of returning to questions that resist closure.

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alte

neue

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before

preface

This body of work is divided into two parts: **experiencing** and **conceptualising**. The first tells a story of experiencing community: its gifts, its frictions, its limits, and opportunities. The second conceptualises this experience by drawing on theoretical frameworks to place what I have lived through in relation to a broader art-educational context.

Community work is messy. Negotiating positions and coming to terms with the conditions of shared relationality manifests itself in entanglements. At the centre of this interconnectedness stands a premise: nothing can truly be separated. From separation itself, we, as a society, arrive at extractive states of wounding upon wounding. This thesis, however, does not only want to name these human-induced imbalances; it wants to move beyond them, into alternative realms whose destinations remain unknown, because there is no predetermined goal—only the logic of the process.

Given this, it is only consequent that a clean separation between experiencing and conceptualising is also impossible. My attempt to structure this work into two parts should not be mistaken for yet another effort to sever thinking from feeling, mind from body, analysis from experience. Instead, these parts are to be understood as companions. They influence, change, and support one another—sometimes even contradict or ignore one another. Reading them in dialogue is best—together, they produce meaning that neither part could carry alone. To support

this, cross-references are provided throughout both parts, pointing to the corresponding page numbers.

Each part unfolds in three movements—*alte*, *neue*, and *other baumschule*—all engaging the site of the Baumschule as a different configuration of stewardship. *alte* baumschule attends to the conditions inherited at the site, its histories and their sedimented grammars of stewardship. *neue* baumschule examines the ongoing practice as it has unfolded through organisational structures and collective labour: the forms stewardship takes when a community organises itself around a piece of land. *other* baumschule moves into the practical studies undertaken at the site, the community-based art practices through which questions of stewardship were opened to collective negotiation. The guiding question across both parts is:

How can regenerative stewardship foster inclusive decision-making, and how can these practices be learned?

I acknowledge the role my communities have played in shaping this project. While writing, I gathered witness accounts from colleagues and friends—every work or statement from others published in this body is shared with their knowledge and consent. Further details appear in the bibliography, appendix, and acknowledgements. Although this work advocates for collaboration, it does not emphasise individual contributions. Voices in the main body are anonymised to recognise everyone equally, and to invite readers to connect through their own experiences. Anonymisation has its limits here: the *Neue Baumschule* is a small, identifiable community, and some contributors are recognisable by the roles they hold. Anonymity, in this work, is therefore a gesture that knows its own incompleteness.

Situated in the in-between, cruising countries, contexts, and conditions, this work also moves in between languages. German and English, used here, are only a small part of what is possible in the broader multi-species sphere. I invite you to find comfort in partial understanding. Translations appear when relevant; otherwise, stories, names, or expressions remain in their original form.

This thesis relinquishes the claim to offer finished solutions, polished products, or settled assumptions. It invites you to step in, experience its layers, and live with its contradictions.

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intro

I was a plum.
I have become
a prune, a prune
dried on the seed.
Eat me, eat me!
Spit out the seed!
I will become
a tree, a tree,
blossoming plum.
(Le Guin 2024, 241)

The gift of the plum comes with a task: deciding what happens to its seed is up to whoever eats it. For me, this poem undoes a habit of thought: the habit of assuming that what is mine is mine, and that what is given is gone. The plum knows otherwise. To give is to continue—in a form one cannot yet foresee, and only if someone decides to let it.

I came to a place where this is negotiated daily: a tree nursery in Brandenburg. It was once called *Alte Baumschule*, now it is called *Neue Baumschule*.

Einst wurde sie *old tree nursery* genannt, heute heißt sie *new tree nursery*.

The renaming happened recently, while this work was written. To call a place *old* is to acknowledge its history. To call it *new* is to mark a transformation. The nursery has passed through something. Like the plum becoming prune, it has been altered by time and by use, and by those who have

lived alongside it. To rename it is to say: we have been altered too. We are no longer who we were when we arrived here.

I found the poem in a glossary under the word *regeneration*. One could therefore assume this research is about regeneration. What I love about this poem is that it acknowledges regeneration as an act: something achieved only when someone actually spits the seed out. Spit it out!

- 8 This is what this work does: it negotiates the responsibility that comes with eating the prune—the responsibility of deciding what grows from what we take, and of deciding it on behalf of those who cannot decide for themselves.

alte baumschule

grounds

If you take the regional train from Berlin toward the Baltic Sea, you will reach Gransee station in about 45 minutes. Stepping off the train, you're met with a contrast. On one side, there are neat little houses with tidy front gardens, flower beds, and picket fences. On the other side stands a freight yard leading into an industrial area. Half the buildings here stand abandoned, while others advertise fruit, vegetables, or metal goods for sale. Straight ahead runs the country road.

Follow it out of town, and the paved sidewalk soon disappears, leaving you to walk directly on the road itself or along the grassy verge, as trucks thunder past and horses in nearby paddocks pay you no mind. After roughly half a kilometre, you reach the town sign. Here, on the left, lies a former tree nursery.

Turn into its driveway, and a monumental residential building rises before you, three stories high and at least seven rooms wide. Its red-brick front faces the yard. A few cars and bikes are casually parked by the entrance. Stables and garages are attached to the house. Across from it, closer to the road, stands a chicken coop. At the back of the house, the green canopy of a walnut tree rises into view. As you approach, it becomes clear that it is nearly as tall and likely as old as the house itself. Continue along the driveway, and you arrive at a large green gate. Beyond it, 4.5 hectares of land stretch out.

On the other side, you find yourself on a broad asphalted square. To the left: an orchard of apple trees

that—depending on the season—greet you with the heavy scent of blossoms, ripe fruit, or fermentation. To the right are neatly walled vegetable beds and a small brick house with a chimney so tall that, if you follow it with your eyes, you see nothing but sky.

Ahead, evergreen firs and pines frame yet another building, this one lower than the first. Its stone walls seem to breathe out cool air, drawing you in along a border of pear trees and rose bushes. Inside, a neat workshop fitted with tools and machinery.

Next to it, two greenhouses: one is nearly empty, with only chairs, a couch, and a pool table; the other houses a cactus collection, experimental plantings of tomatoes and potatoes, and many, many pots. Some of the glass panels have slipped from the roof, and beneath each opening, tufts of grass push up vigorously. Enter from the front, walk the length of the greenhouse, and exit at the back. To the left, three polytunnels stretch out, only the first equipped with irrigation and dense with thriving vegetables. The others appear gradually reclaimed by wild weeds. To the right, the land opens into cropland: fields and groves repeating toward an orchard on the horizon.

In the distance, a barn faces you. Its brick wall is marked by two large remaining letters: FM. Wondering what they could stand for, you circle around it, passing display plantings, compost heaps, and open clearings where circus wagons and tall towers stand—structures that, as it turns out, house composting toilets. Heading back to the workshop, you come upon a small clay hut with a stone oven at the rear. In front of it, an outdoor kitchen extends into a furnished terrace, centred around a well and flowerbeds.

Returning to the gate, you now face the rear of the house. The windows stand open, and people wave you inside.

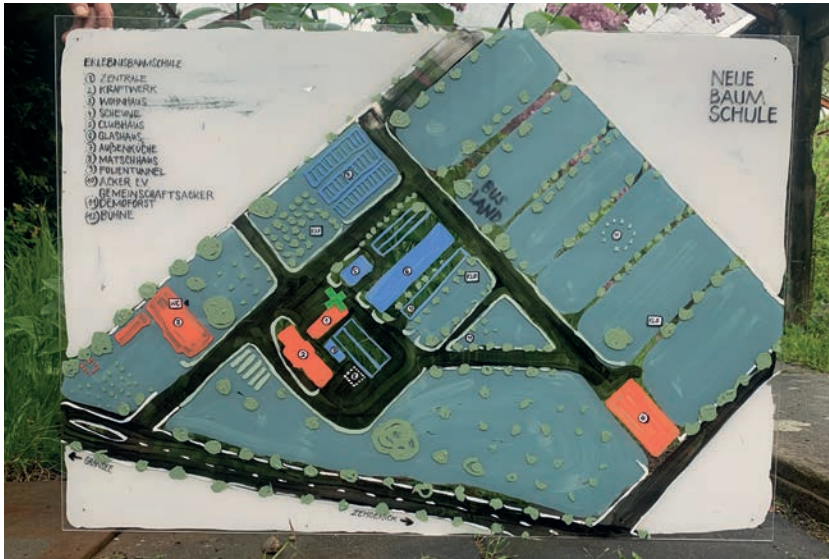


Fig. 1 (Lux 2025)



Fig. 2 (Lux 2023)

roots

Today, six adults and two children live there; sometimes more, sometimes fewer. Back in 2020, it was a group of seven who bought the former tree nursery together. They had already shared many years of friendship, and over time, the idea of living in a community had taken root among them. The wish to share expenses, raise children collectively, and support one another through life's shifts grew out of a deep conviction: that the drift toward individualism not only distances people from each other, but also from themselves and the world around them (Ellerhold 2026).

For more than a decade, they searched for a place that could hold their vision. Along the way came moves, temporary arrangements, expropriations, and evictions. Then, eventually, they found the tree nursery. At first glance, it seemed to offer everything: close enough to Berlin to maintain their professional lives, lush enough for children, and expansive enough to allow for both community and retreat. Pooling their savings, partially supplemented by substantial loans, they eventually purchased the land for €390.000 (ibid).

Only afterwards did it become clear how far apart vision and reality could be. The move from a large city to a small rural town proved more demanding than expected. Leaving behind Berlin's famous freedoms—its infrastructure, cultural life, late-night shops, bars, and cafés—for forests, meadows, and quiet Sundays required a significant adjustment. In the end, only part of the group relocated permanently, while others began to use the place more as a retreat.

With that shift came the first tensions of collective living: questions of effort, investment, and responsibility surfaced. Who contributed what, and how is it valued? The old house, for instance, turned out to require far more extensive renovation than anticipated, bringing additional financial strain. How should time and physical labour on-site be weighed against monetary contributions? At the same time, the land itself—with all the complexity of a former tree nursery, its ecosystems and biodiversity—demanded more resources than seven people alone could provide. Out of this realisation, the group of friends founded the association *Alte Baumschule e.V.* in 2021.

The association was created to gather the resources needed to care for the grounds of the former tree nursery. From the start, the project focused on environmental stewardship. Because it was never meant for commercial gain, only a non-profit structure was considered; one dedicated to serving the public good. To meet its official responsibilities, the association included its purpose in its statutes: promoting nature conservation and environmental education through ongoing reforestation, educational programs, and the creation of spaces for people to experience nature (*Neue Baumschule e.V.* 2026). With this definition, the association is not limited to just this site. Although the nursery grounds are its main base, the organisation should be able to act beyond the interests of this specific location.

This setup has a few important effects. The group of friends, who are also the homeowners, retain full control over the land and its use and development. Meanwhile, the association has only limited power to intervene and address the specific problems it was created to tackle. For example, when considering funding new infrastructure, it is important to ask whether this supports the association's

non-profit goals or primarily benefits the homeowners. Mostly, the residents' interests align with the association's goals. Both are committed to collectivity, recognising that everyone depends on each other and working to ensure this benefits everyone. To keep communication open and ongoing between daily life on the grounds and the organisation, residents always serve on the association's board.

The board is biennially elected. It includes a chairperson, deputies, and a treasurer. In total, the association has 46 members (ibid.), called *friends of the Baumschule*; a term that reflects the organization's roots. In recent years, the association has tried to grow beyond its close-knit, yet somewhat limited, beginnings.

Through sustained public outreach and ongoing efforts to engage with the surrounding community, the association has gradually opened outward. Today, its members include not only friends and acquaintances, but also residents of Gransee and the wider region. A key moment in this shift has been the annual harvest festival—a celebration of both the season's yield and the year's shared labour. These gatherings bring together exhibitions, live music, homemade food, film screenings, and other creative contributions, often drawing several hundred visitors and becoming a focal point in the association's calendar.

Ernte gut, alles gut

Beim alljährlichen Erntedankfest gibts Apfelsaft.
Dafür werden Äpfel gelesen, Bäume gerüttelt,
Äpfel gelesen, Äpfel gewaschen, Äpfel probiert,
Würmer ignoriert,
Äpfel zerkleinert, Äpfel zerquetscht, und Äpfel gepresst.
Und dann wird Apfelsaft abgefüllt und Apfelsaft getrunken
und Apfelsaft verkauft.

Dazwischen gibt es Hunde, einer davon wird Lola genannt.
Lola,
so heißt auch meine Freundin, die das Herbstfest besucht.
Immer wenn nach Lola dem Hund gerufen wird,
fühlt sich Lola der Mensch angesprochen.
Lola der Hund gehört zu Doro der Fischbudenbesitzerin.
Sie ruft: „Lola“, und
„Frischer Fisch!“.

Lola frisst gerade einen Apfel und
Lola isst frischen Fisch.
Frischen Fisch frisst Lola,
Lola isst einen Apfel.
Oder andersrum?
Nunja.

Der Apfelsaft kann entweder pur
oder verdünnt genossen werden.
Tobi trinkt seinen gerne
mit einem Schluck Schnaps.

Lola und Lola freunden sich an.
Doro findet das gut,
und findet auch Tobi gut
und seine Idee mit dem Schnaps.
Später ruft sie seinen Namen in die Nacht, und thanksgiving.

Fig. 3

neue baumschule

network

For those living at the nursery, anchoring the association within the region was especially important. As a group of young Berliners who had purchased a long-established tree nursery and relocated to a small, rather conservative town in Brandenburg, they were, at least initially, met with some scepticism.

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In addition to the annual harvest festivities, the Baumschule engages with other initiatives to build the local community. One of them is the cooperation with *Acker e.V.* This nationwide association establishes communal arable land to make gardening accessible to everyone, framing it as a practice that is sustainable and locally embedded. At the core of *Acker's* approach is the idea of enabling people to experience the processes of growth and value creation in food production. Central to this is close collaboration with local communities and volunteer participants (*Acker e.V.* 2026).

For the Baumschule, the collaboration mainly provided infrastructural support. *Acker* offers workshops that equip the collaboration partner with the skills needed to coordinate and manage the garden community, while also supplying promotional materials and resources to advertise the project. In addition, they provide financial assistance for three years. This funding can be used to purchase tools, seeds, and seedlings to ensure the garden's long-term viability, and to implement smaller infrastructure projects, such as storage facilities or irrigation systems. The overarching goal is for the *Acker* garden to become self-sustaining

and operate independently once the support period has ended.

18 The cooperation between *Acker* and the Baumschule began in 2025. Today, less than a year into the project, its continuation is already at risk due to low participation.¹ A key challenge is the local context: many Gransee residents already have access to their own fields or gardens and therefore see little need to cultivate land elsewhere. At the same time, although people from Berlin might have a stronger interest, the distance is too great to allow for regular involvement. Moreover, relying on participants from outside the area would contradict the project's core objective of fostering a locally rooted community. This situation lays bare the realities of community work and the frictions that arise when needs and urgencies diverge.

field work

Another project highlights a different perspective, in which such dimensions of community work are put into question. It was one of the first major initiatives and the first one of its kind: a tree-planting action in collaboration with *GranDeliSee e.G. SoLaWi*. *SoLaWi* (solidarity agriculture) operates as a cooperative mode for regenerative farming. Unlike *Acker e.V.*, it relies on an established and stable group of participants who engage in shared labour and distribute local harvests at affordable prices. Its cooperation partners typically provide the land for cultivation (*GranDeliSee e.G.* 2026).

In 2021, however, *SoLaWi* cultivated its own 3 hectares of land. Both the cooperative and the Baumschule are located on the former grounds of the *Gärtnerische Produktionsgenossenschaft Erika*. (horticultural production cooperative *Erika*). GPG's were collective farms in the former GDR (East Germany), in which farmers were required to cultivate land and manage resources collectively. It was this shared proximity that eventually led to the collaboration between *SoLaWi* and the Baumschule. 12

This intervention was particularly significant, as years of monoculture cultivation had depleted the soil. Agroforestry, by contrast, operates through a diverse mix of plant species that increase biodiversity and improve microclimate. In this way, it supports soil regeneration while protecting it from further erosion and disturbance. At the same time, it strengthens the landscape's resilience to climate change

and provides additional yields such as fruit and timber (ibid.).

The tree-planting action took place over two weekends, during which more than 1,800 plants were planted with the help of around 100 volunteers (*Neue Baumschule e.V.* 2026b). As one might imagine, planting thousands of plants is incredibly costly. First, they need to be purchased. To give a sense of scale: a single seedling can cost up to 15 Euros, making planting it in large numbers a significant expense. Second, in order to carry out the work, machinery such as an excavator has to be rented, and basic equipment, like shovels, gloves, and pickaxes, must be bought. Third, over two weekends, all the volunteers needed to be fed and properly cared for. And finally, there were smaller but unavoidable costs, such as advertising the event.

At that time, the *Neue Baumschule e.V.* was still in its early stages and could not yet rely on steady income from membership fees, making external funding necessary. Eventually, the association received a donation of €20.000 from a company, explicitly tied to the aim of compensation (Ellerhold 2026). Through this transfer—closely aligned with the logic of CO₂ offsetting schemes—the tree planting action was financed.

18 While the tree-planting itself matches the association's
19 statutes, the way it is financed has drawn criticism and
accusations of complicity in greenwashing. Alongside this,
another question emerged: who actually takes care of what
has been planted? The company that funded the project
will not be responsible for its upkeep. And as the plants
are still in their early stages of growth, *SoLaWi* cannot yet
harvest or redistribute any yields. So who remains? Who
continues to care for them over time? One possible answer
to those questions would be the Baumschule. Another
would be me because I took part.



Fig. 4

The tree-planting action was my first official encounter with the Baumschule's work. Although I already knew some of the founding members from our shared studio in Berlin, I hadn't had a chance before that to become active in the association. With this event, that changed.

In the days leading up to it, I was incredibly excited. I had never planted a tree before, and I associated it with doing something great: meaningful for the environment and future generations. It felt almost sacred, something larger than myself, a genuine connection to the earth. Guided by these ideas, I found myself crying as I placed my first tree into the ground. To be fair, I was physically exhausted at the same time, so the intensity of the moment likely contributed to my tears. Still, what remained was a sense of abundance and gratitude for what I experienced as a gift: being able to plant a tree, and to do so alongside friends.

Since then, I have been actively involved in the association's work. I regularly hosted exhibitions and residencies, helped organise the harvest festivities, joined the education working group, and even lived there for a winter to complete my bachelor's thesis in solitude and silence. But: I never returned to the tree I planted back then, even though it had felt so very important to me. This, in turn, brings me back to the question of how a sustainable relationship—one that truly regenerates—can actually be maintained over time.

other baumschule

beginnings

When I began my Master of Education in Arts, I was hesitant to situate my research project within the Baumschule. I think I was afraid it might become too personal, which, in hindsight, seems impossible to avoid. I was also concerned about exposing my friends and my community, about how the frictions, disagreements, and ongoing discussions might be represented. But: it is never only about what we say, but how we say it. In this sense, the Baumschule itself encouraged me to pursue my interests and questions. Then, only a few months ago, a discussion emerged within the association: to expand its approach to regeneration beyond ecological practices to include culture and the arts (*Neue Baumschule e.V. 2026*). For me, this became the decisive moment. As a pedagogue, I felt it was an invitation to understand the Baumschule not only as a site of learning, but as a site of research—and to explore how situated artistic practices might support and deepen regenerative processes.

- 21 To engage with the multiple layers of responsibilities that shape the Baumschule, I chose to approach these complexities through storytelling. My graduation project grew out of this decision. Its first phase took the form of a study titled *insert tree here to grow a forest*, which explored storytelling as a way to engage with relationships of care—both

to understand how they are experienced and to observe how they take shape through narration. I was especially interested in whether a shared language, or even a shared vocabulary, might emerge: something that could unify perspectives and connect individual experiences to a broader whole.

Fifteen people I had previously invited participated in the study. The participants could hardly have been more diverse—age, cultural background, profession, and abilities all varied—yet each was connected to the tree nursery in some way. Some live there, others belong to the association, and still others are artists or cultural workers linked through exhibitions or tree-planting initiatives. Consequently, some knew each other well, while others were barely acquainted.

The study took place digitally. This was not the original plan, but it became necessary for practical reasons: several participants, including me, resided abroad, making it nearly impossible to convene in person. To proceed, the study had to adapt to these circumstances. 30

This transition to a digital space prompted me to move away from the specific site of the tree nursery and instead focus on a more general figure: the tree. Though still tied to the nursery, the tree could also stand alone, opening the project to a broader perspective. Its layered nature—a living organism; a word/sign; and a metaphor—anchored my approach. This multidimensionality, I believed, offers participants numerous points of entry, while remaining specific enough to ground the inquiry in questions of care and place.

Storytelling is an established method within the educational realm: to avoid overly academic approaches, I chose to engage with its most immediate form: everyday narration. An everyday narrative might be a small incident, an 26

observation, or an anecdote—simple elements that promote genuine engagement and cultivate relatable stories.

Initially, I planned to gather these stories in a shared diary on *CryptPad*, an open-source platform. It enables collaborative writing and editing, but with one key feature: contributions remain anonymous. This anonymity, along with the option to edit or delete entries, was intended to encourage a collective narrative. Unfortunately, I did not explain the project to my participants this way. Instead, I invited them with a poetic, vague description, prompting questions. I approached participants this way because I was still unsure about the study's procedures. To ease that pressure, I left the description open, allowing myself to adapt as the project unfolded.

This is about telling and listening.
It's about trees and tree nurseries,
about fuck yes and rather not,
about language and understanding.
About power and love and, well,
the whole planet.
All of this — and much more — is
what I'm exploring in my Master thesis
at the *Piet Zwart Instituut*.
To do so,
I have to study theory on the one hand, and conduct
artistic field research on the other.
That's where you come in:
storytelling,
as we know it,
doesn't happen alone.
Your contributions will become part
of a collective artistic process — and at the same
time, (my) object of research.
In concrete terms: we'll make something together.
I'll decide what, observe it, document it, analyze it,
and publish it.
Your influence in all of this is absolute.
Absolute influence.

30 After sending out my cryptic invitation, a participant called expressing concern about using *CryptPad* due to their cognitive disability and unfamiliarity with the platform. For them, accessibility meant using tools they already knew how to use. In response to their feedback, I switched to *Telegram*, a messaging service that is straightforward to use. In group chats, messages appear individually, marked by time and authorship. Unlike the original plan, entries could no longer be collaboratively edited or merged. This shift required a new approach: instead of a shared text, individual voices came forward. To adapt, I decided to focus on personal storytelling and leverage *Telegram*'s familiarity, acknowledging its expectations for notifications, responsiveness, and quick replies. I embraced the shift and designed three prompts for personal storytelling.

22

1. Finde einen Baum!
Mach dir deine Wahl bewusst. Warum dieser Baum?
Erzähl uns von ihm.
Du hast 48 Stunden Zeit.

1. Go, find a tree.
Become aware of your choice. Why this tree?
Tell us about it.
You have 48 hours to do so.

09:48 ✓

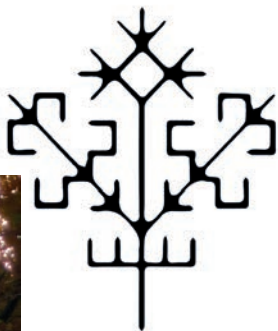
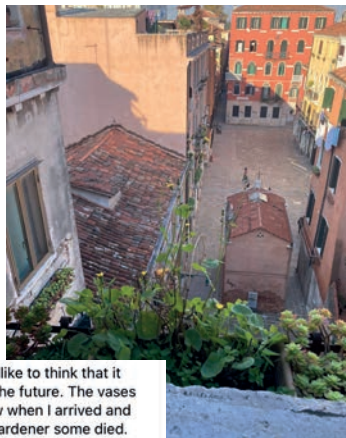
Das ist Einer der letzten Bäume die noch nicht gefällt wurden sind, für das neue Stadt Schwimmbad, er wurde nicht schön gestutzt und macht so allein einen einsamen Eindruck!

13:06



This is not a Tree but I like to think that it might become one in the future. The vases were out of my window when I arrived and since I'm not a great gardener some died. From them, these weeds started growing autonomously and cuz I'm lazy I kept them and they grew more and sprouted flowers. I think they are really beautiful mixed with dead branches. I wish I could be more like them

edited 14:30



Austras koks, the tree of Austras, is an old Latvian ornamental sign, symbolising the World tree, world balance, well-being and attractiveness. Devoted to Austras, old Latvian goddess of morning dawn and the first light.

16:01

There is an old belief that good people can glimpse the Austras tree — if they look through oak branches toward the rising sun in the morning.

16:04



DRACAENA DRACO | DRAGON TREE

Dieser exponierte Drachenbaum auf Teneriffa hat mich schwer beeindruckt. Sein rotes Harz, das sogenannte „Drachenblut“, wurde früher als Heilmittel und Farbstoff verwendet und galt als magisch. Er symbolisiert Stärke und Unsterblichkeit.

Beeindruckt hat mich auch, dass das Gebäude am Fuße des Baumes nicht bewohnt ist. Wer möchte nicht im Schutze dieses Baumes morgens seinen Kaffee trinken und aufs weite Meer blicken?

Jahrhunderte hat er schon gelebt und soviel gefühlt. Was für ein Kunstwerk der Natur! Dieses Lebewesen wirkte irgendwie so weise und klug auf mich. Ich dachte: du machst diesen Vorgarten so besonders und unbezahlbar wertvoll.

Wer sucht ein Feriendomizil zum Kauf und möchte den Baum beschützen?

Hier sind die Koordinaten:
28°23'29.9"N 16°35'12.1"W

Bitte lad mich zum Kaffee ein! ;-)



Okay, ich kenne keine Bäume persönlich oder vielleicht doch - ganz viele. Habe aber nicht so viel Verbindung geschafft. Ich musste aber feststellen, dass diese Frage mich echt überrascht hatte. Es ist mir aber danach aufgefallen, dass es jedes Jahr ein Baum-Wettbewerb in Polen gibt und dieses Jahr hat die Eiche „Aleksander“ den zweiten Platz bekommen. Der erste Baum war ziemlich schräg und ich finde es witzig, dass ein Baum - Alex heißt.

Die Eiche „Aleksander“ aus Jarcewo. Es handelt sich um eine etwa 500 Jahre alte Stieleiche mit einem Umfang von 710 cm und einer Höhe von fast 30 Metern. Aleksander hat ausladende, mächtige Äste und ist eine lokale Sehenswürdigkeit. Die Menschen umarmen ihn gerne.

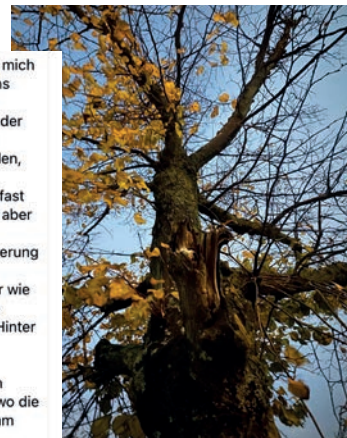
edited 22:15



Vorhin bin ich im Regen durch Helsinki. Ich kenne mich nicht aus, bin nur kurz hier. Eigentlich wollte ich ins Museum, aber bekam einen Anruf und beschloss herumzuwandern. Hier gibt es viel Wasser und in der frühen Dunkelheit spiegelt sich das Licht überall. Eigentlich wollte ich einen anderen Baum auswählen, aber dann sah ich den hier. Er stand ruhig und schlank da und streckte seine fast kahlen Arme in den Himmel. An einer Seite waren aber noch viele Blätter und die leuchteten gelb und irgendwie trotzig wie eine Wolke durch die Dämmerung und den Nieselregen. Vor ihm die Bank. Irgendwie wirkte dieser Baum und die Bank davor wie genau mein Bild von dem perfekten Platz um eine Pause zu machen, nachzudenken, innezuhalten. Hinter mir der Baum, vor mir das Wasser.

Ich gehe näher, Stiefel sinken im Schlamm ein. Ich bemerke den abgebrochenen Ast und die Stelle, wo die Flechten ein erschrockenes Gesicht auf den Stamm malen. Mein Po komplett durchnässt aber es hat sich gelohnt kurz hinzusetzen - fürs Feeling.

20:40





I did not see a single tree yesterday. Or so it felt like with the fast pace of the day yesterday. But this is one tree of a row of trees next to my tram stop which always stops me in my tracks as it reminds me of this interconnectedness of spaces as I often think this spot this exists somewhere else to others the "same" but somewhere else. I like this idea of interconnectedness.

07:39

Nach meinem Baum habe ich nicht gesucht. Ich kenne ihn schon länger. Seit gestern morgen denke ich viel an ihn. Gerade habe ich zum ersten Mal bis zu seiner Krone hinauf geschaut. Er ist sehr groß und steht vor meinem Balkon. Eigentlich ist es ein ineinander verschlungenes Ensemble. Aber der eine, den ich fast berühren kann, mit ihm lebe auch ich in stiller Harmonie. Es gibt viele große, alte Bäume in unserem Innenhof, die ihre Zweige im Wind wiegen, aber mein Nadelbaum liegt mir besonders am Herzen. Ich mag seine Farbe - Tannengrün, sie ändert sich nie. Er lädt Vögel zu uns ein, das Eichhörnchen hat hier seine Höhle. Er kreiert das Bild von einem kleinen Wald, vor mein Fenster in der Großstadt.

08:49



Das ist eine Großblättrige Feige. Wir sind uns dieses Jahr in Málaga begegnet. Mit diesem Baum verbinde ich ein sehr emotionales und intensives Wiedersehen mit einem Freund, den ich seit ca. 20 Jahren kenne. Er ist seit drei Jahren auf Wanderschaft - ausschließlich zu Fuß. Er hat mir diese Bäume näher gebracht und damit sind sie unzertrennlich mit ihm verbunden. Der Stamm war mächtig und gewaltig. Die Blätter dick und starr in satten grün. Bemerkenswert sind auch die Luftwurzeln, die aus den Ästen wachsen und sich in den Boden vergraben können. Der Baum strotze vor Kraft und Widerstand.

10:22

Uferweide / Trauerweide an der Spree / Bundesratsufer moabiter seite (westfälisches Viertel).
Wenn ich in eine neue Stadt ziehe, suche ich mir unbewusst gleich einen Lieblingsbaum, an dem ich dann chille - das hat keine tiefere spirituelle Bedeutung für mich, aber erstaunlicherweise schaffte es die Trauerweide in viele meiner älteren Gedichte. Ich verlinke mal nur die drei markantesten:

15:44

<https://keinverlag.de/421838.text>

KeinVerlag.de

Alazán: Vor einem großen Walde (auf keinverlag.de)

keinverlag.de präsentiert: "Vor einem großen Walde" von Alazán



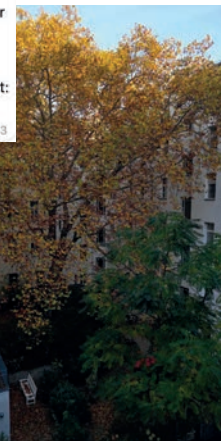
Dieser Baum ist ein 1500 Jahre alter Olivenbaum, der auf Korfu steht. Der Stamm ist löchrig weil das Olivenholz in Windungen wächst um das Regenwasser in den Zwischenräumen aufzufangen. Man kann durch die Windungen natürlich toll daran klettern.... 1500 Jahre... wenn ich mir vorstelle, dass das vorm Mittelalter war, als dieser Baum sein Leben begann.... Was der alles schon miterlebt hat.... Er lässt mich bedeutungslos erscheinen.

19:25



Mein everyday-superstar ist die riesige, alte Platane in unserem Innenhof. Naja, eigentlich ist es der übernächste Innenhof und ich bin super neidisch auf die Menschen, die dort wohnen, wo die Äste an den Fenstern kitzeln. Wäre es eines meiner Fenster würde ich sie jeden Tag berühren und den Farbverlauf der Blätter aufs Genaueste studieren. Wie bei allen schönen Dingen in meinem Leben habe ich immer auch ein bisschen Angst um sie. Ich will nicht, dass man sie stümperhaft stutzt weil zu nah am Haus, zu hoch oä. Mein Freund und ich haben heute ausgemacht: sollten sie ihr jemals an den Stamm wollen, dann ketten wir uns an ihr fest ❤️❤️❤️

19:33



Das ist Flauschi. Ich weiß es eigentlich nicht was für Sorte er ist aber ich bewundere ihn jedes Mal, wenn ich ihn sehe. Er steht prächtig am Ufer des Sees, und ich begegne ihm jedes Mal, wenn ich durch den Park spazieren gehe. Fast wie ein Gruß am Eingang des Parks steht er dort - mit zwei seiner Art, einer noch recht klein, der andere bisschen zottelig neigt sich etwas zum See hin. Beim Sonnenuntergang filtert er das Licht durch seine feinen, nadeligen Blätter, die fast flauschig wirken. Ich mag ihn in jeder Jahreszeit: Im Frühling und Sommer trägt er leuchtend grüne, feine Blätter, im Herbst schimmert er kupferfarben. Ich mag ihn, weil er so weich und zart erscheint, und doch etwas Majestätisches an sich hat.

09:22



Fig. 5

2. *Erinner dich an einen Baum.*
Denk an deine Kindheit. Gibt es einen Baum, der dir besonders im Gedächtnis geblieben ist, und dem du schon lange nicht mehr begegnet bist?
Erzähl uns davon.
Du hast 48h Zeit.

2. *Remember a tree.*
Think back to your childhood. Is there a tree that has stayed in your memory — one you haven't visited in a long time?
Tell us about it.
You have 48 hours.

09:23 ✓

3. *Imaginiere einen Baum.*
Stell dir einen Baum vor, der in Zukunft in deinem Leben eine Rolle spielen könnte. Wofür steht dieser Baum?
Erzähl uns davon.
Du hast 48h Zeit.

3. *Imagine a tree.*
Envision a tree that could play a role in your future life. What does it stand for?
Tell us about it.
You have 48h.

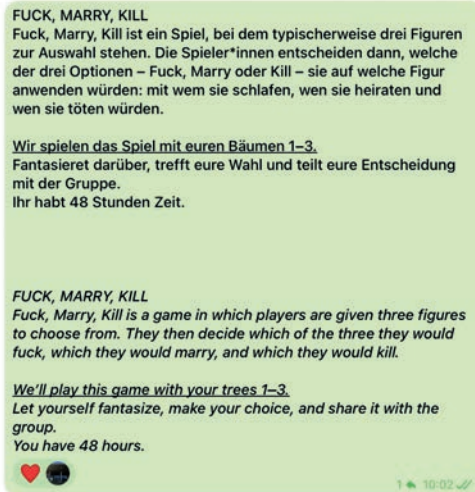
09:49 ✓

The stories shared multiple points of reference, including myths, politics, and geography, while consistently appearing carefully written, personal, and honest (Appendix 3). This created, at least for me, a strong sense of intimacy. Reading about grandparents, children, long-lost friends, hopes, dreams, and fears touched me and left me greatly valuing the contributions. In hindsight, I would describe this phase as one of trust-building, in which a shared space was established: an archive of autobiographical narratives that were only accessible to group members. While I interpret the carefully written texts as showing a certain degree of mindfulness towards each other's contributions and the project, there was little direct interaction between participants. That the process of storytelling was a parallel one, I had anticipated, given that the prompts within the new format did not explicitly invite collaborative co-creation. Nonetheless, an implicit agreement emerged around modes of responding, with the first contribution combining an image with a description—a format quickly adopted by the entire group.

After cruising through time and space, wandering from past to present to future trees, from Italy to Greece, to Morocco and Poland, Latvia and Finland, to Fantasia, and Utopia, it was time to introduce the second phase. A game called *fuck, marry, kill*. Typically, the game involves selecting three people and deciding, hypothetically, whom to sleep with, marry, or kill. In this context, participants applied those choices to the three trees identified during the first phase.

My interest in this game stems from personal experience: my cohort and I used to play it after class, and for me, it was always a moment charged with anticipation. Through its engagement with moral frameworks and its demand

28



for decision-making, the game requires clear positioning and reflection, thereby heightening the potential for friction and disturbance—something I enjoy embracing, for I believe it to be crucial in order to grow inclusive.

After introducing the task, the group fell silent, and several days passed before the first response appeared, setting the stage for subsequent group dynamics. At this point, differences became clear. Some participants questioned the framework, finding the categories too inappropriate. They articulated their reservations, describing the task as nonsensical or ethically unacceptable, and chose not to complete it. I did not intervene. Meanwhile, others translated the categories metaphorically, offered alternative interpretations, or proposed speculative outcomes. As these differing positions emerged, participants began to interact more often: commenting on each other's responses, expressing (dis)agreement, referring to perspectives, and relating across positions. For the first time, they addressed me as a facilitator, questioning my intentions and framework.

Once the period I had set had passed and no further replies came in, I closed the phase. After thanking them for their participation, I invited them to complete a questionnaire (Appendix B) to reflect on their experience and provide feedback. In the questionnaire, I also informed them about a physical meeting at the Baumschule, where we would extend our narrative work in a corporeal setting. They could take a poll to decide whether and when to hold such a meeting. At the same time, I suggested keeping the *Telegram* channel open for questions, updates, or further inquiries. After a few days, one participant began sharing the ongoing journey of the tree they had introduced earlier. From that moment on, the chat became active again, with others sharing petitions, literature, and various updates.

I read this as a genuine sense of communal engagement and decided to pursue the idea of a collective story by sharing the following:

When I was a kid, adults told me that if I swallowed the seeds of a watermelon, one would grow inside of me.

My hope was that people would just continue the sentence, and thus a collective narration would gradually form. A continuation shortly followed:

Actually, I know a girl to whom that happened! She ate so many watermelon seeds that her belly started to inflate so much that they had to cut her open and take out the tree that grew inside of her!

Actually, there is a strange fruit growing in my belly right now...

Afterwards, the conversation came to a halt. What was shared was the announcement of a pregnancy. I thought it was amazing, as this person was a friend of mine, and apparently felt encouraged enough to share such news in a chat of strangers. Nevertheless, I did not really know how to navigate the situation further: from a speculative format that enforced imaginative sharing and that I had theoretically anchored, it had become a deeply sensitive personal statement. I felt as if I didn't have the resources to fully support or guide this growth with the needed sensibility or creativity. So I remained silent. As did the whole chat. (Instead, I texted her privately).

Only a couple of weeks later, after evaluating the questionnaire and the poll, I sent the workshop invitation to the chat group.



Fig. 6

disruptions

One participant—someone who is not only a close friend, but also a resident of the tree nursery, a former board member, and one of the driving forces behind the association—could not attend on the scheduled date of the workshop. I reached out to check in. They reassured me that, even in their absence, the Baumschule would be open and welcoming. With this in mind—and knowing that three other residents and one board member were aware of my plans as they had participated in the poll—I began preparing for the day.

The idea was to continue working through storytelling: to share narratives about trees and, eventually, to develop one collectively, grounded in the site’s specific context.

14.03.2026, Neue Baumschule Gransee

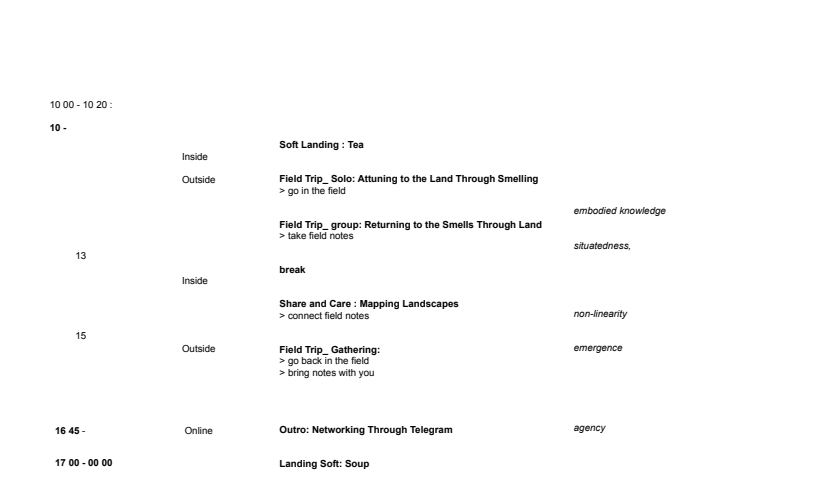


Fig. 7

In the midst of these preparations, I received an email: the tree nursery’s newsletter. It contained an official invitation to the annual general assembly, followed by a tree-planting action. The date was March 14—the exact same day as my workshop.

I was shocked. I cried. It felt as though my entire Master’s project was unravelling. I had already informed participants, bought train tickets, made plans, had conversations, imagined the day in detail—and suddenly, none of it seemed possible. As members of the association, many of the participants and I were expected to attend the general assembly. My workshop would inevitably be overshadowed, if not entirely displaced. And then: a tree-planting action. I struggled to see how a storytelling workshop could hold up in comparison. It felt more fitting, more meaningful, more necessary—it simply seemed better. I was devastated. Then I became angry. I wondered how this oversight happened, whether it was carelessness or a lack of concern. Slowly, another realisation set in: I had not communicated clearly enough. I had never informed the board directly. I had assumed it would be sufficient to tell my participants. I had assumed the information would circulate. I had assumed that, because I was part of the community, everyone somehow knew what I was doing. After the initial shock, I texted my friend again. They replied: “This is the best thing that could have happened to you.”

Eventually, I began to see things differently. The workshop’s disruption revealed that my research extended beyond collective storytelling—it was fundamentally about collectivity itself. The challenge I faced reminded me that community work is a dynamic process: always shifting, always negotiated.

I wrote an email to the board. Almost immediately, I received a call back: “What about a collaboration? You

help us plan and organise, and we make space for you to do what you need.” No problemo.

From that point on, the responsibility for the day was no longer mine alone. I would have infrastructural, financial, and creative support. And yes—planting a tree is, in many ways, more compelling than talking about one. But more importantly, it opened up what I had been searching for all along: collaboration.

Still, doubts lingered. Was this enough for a Master’s project? I questioned whether it was a project at all—or simply a continuation of what I had always been doing: organising, participating, showing up, attending meetings, planting trees, helping where needed, and joining discussions. It felt like the bare minimum, almost. In the end, I decided it had to be enough. The concepts and vocabularies I had been working with began to take on a different weight in this very moment as they became practice. To stay with the friction, to remain with what unfolds from it, to become with it, and to respond to it.

revivals

Saturday, the 14th of March, approached. Travelling to Berlin on Tuesday, I planned to spend the week preparing. I had agreed to help with the catering, so I made hummus, set a sourdough starter, traded with friends, jars of kimchi for bottles of kombucha, and packed fermented and preserved food. I also spent quite some time with my two cats; another multispecies community I am part of—(momentarily only part-time, as they stayed in Berlin when I moved to Rotterdam). Spring had just arrived. Chili, the older cat, took her chance and ventured out for the year’s first outing. She didn’t return before I left on Friday. I tried not to worry, recalling her previous disappearances, but uncertainty remained.

I reached Gransee at sunset. Meeting friends at the gate, we walked to the barn, where two board members prepared for the next day—one working on the red excavator, the other unpacking boxes of young trees. After greeting and catching up, I helped loosen the seedlings’ roots from their containers.

I’m sorry about the miscommunication. There’s been so much going on that we didn’t realise the overlap. Did it mess up your plans?

Things are different now, but that’s okay. I’m beginning to understand that working collectively means holding change.

At dawn, we had dinner together. It was warm enough to sit outside, and everyone was too busy to interrupt work for a proper indoor meal, so we gathered in the outdoor kitchen, eating what had been prepared. Even then, the work continued to run through our minds.

I don't think we have enough trees for everyone to plant one. Maybe we should get more in the morning?

Maybe. But there's definitely enough work for everyone. Planting a tree isn't just putting something in the ground. There are holes to dig, compost and fertiliser to mix, stakes to cut...

I know. But I don't think that's what people come for.

Let's finish up for today, sleep on it and decide tomorrow.

Later, we returned to the field.

Just a field
A generative spatiality
An expanse of possibilities.
(Bruneau 2022, 56)

It was already pitch-dark. One carved deep holes into the ground, following a planting plan designed to support our agroforestry system, while the others stood around the holes.

Can I have a cigarette?

Sure.

*Dude, I love my job as a gardener.
It really changed the way I walk this earth.
You know, there are no final truths in this field. Everyone
does things differently, believes in different methods or
plans differently. Even this agroforestry system. I talked to
three gardeners, and they all advised us to do it like this or
do it like that. The thing is that you always have to look at
where you are. Read the soil. And only then you decide.*

We kept standing there, looking into the holes as I tried to figure out what this ground was trying to tell me. Pointing at the earth, it was explained to me that the soil here was especially rich because of the nearby compost—that was great for the trees, but it also attracted mice, and they liked to eat the young plants.

Why don't we protect the roots with wire baskets?

Not a big fan. But touch this. See how sharp it is? That's Barley, an awn-bearing grain which is rich in silicium. Mice hate silicium because it makes the plant hard to digest. We should burn hay with such a high silicium content in the holes. That way, the soil later benefits from the ash, which acts as a fertiliser while also protecting it from predators. The problem is that we just don't have any dried barley around.

I tapped the ash of my cigarette into the hole.

Yeah. Close enough, haha.

How to plant a tree

1. Preparation: Soak the roots in water mixed with compost for 15–30 minutes.
2. Groundwork: Dig a hole about twice as wide as the root ball. Loosen the soil and mix in compost and horn shavings:
 - 80–90% excavated soil
 - 10–20% compost
 - 1–2 handfuls of horn shavings per plant
3. Planting: Place the tree upright and straight in the hole. The root collar should be at ground level. Fill in the soil and lightly firm it down.
4. Supporting: Drive a bamboo stake into the ground. Attach the tree loosely with a jute string.
5. Accompanying: Now, plant the companion plants around the tree.
6. Watering: Water the tree thoroughly. Then add a ring of bark mulch around the tree (do not place mulch directly against the trunk).

Fig. 8



Fig. 9



Fig. 10

The next morning, I woke early. Having slept in my car under pine trees and woken to birdsong, I felt the air cold, clear, and still. Then my phone rang: could I go and get more trees? Over coffee, we discussed what might complement the existing alders and quinces. After considering several options, I set off. The nearest nursery was 31 kilometres away. I spent nearly an hour there, talking with the employees through possibilities, before settling on black currants and elder to extend the system. With twelve young trees in the trunk, I drove back. On the highway, I laughed at the contradiction: driving from one nursery to another by car, only to plant trees meant to capture CO₂. I thought of calculating the balance, then let it go. Some contradictions remain unresolved. Feeling wrapped in them was part of the process.

I got back just in time for the general assembly. It lasted two hours. For the first time, a suggestion was turned down, and another didn't pass without everyone agreeing. It felt important—like a real sign of democracy. By the end, big choices had been made: the association would be renamed from *Alte Baumschule* to *Neue Baumschule*, and its purpose would grow to include art and culture (*Neue Baumschule e.V.* 2026).

By the time the assembly ended, around 35 people had gathered. I had planned to start the day by connecting faces to the stories from the earlier digital exchange, but encountering the energy of the moment, I let that plan go and moved with everyone toward the field.

After a brief introduction and a demonstration (sample planting), smaller groups formed organically. Each took on a different section of the field. I found myself in a group of five people who had also participated in the pilot study. We unloaded the twelve trees I had brought and decided to plant them together. Since they hadn't been part of

the original plan, we chose a spot where raspberries and blackberries were already growing and extended the row in the spirit of an agroforestry layout.

We began by digging. At the very first thrust of the shovel, one of us jumped onto it with both feet—just as they had seen moments earlier. The shovel snapped. We laughed. Not only the soil but also our nervousness loosened in that moment.

At one point, we came across a young hazelnut tree that was in the way: it stood exactly where a new hole was supposed to be dug. Since agroforests are planted in straight lines, the tree interrupted the layout. We decided to uproot it. Removing the young tree took considerable time and effort. Four of us pulled at its trunk while one dug like crazy until its roots finally gave way, and we were able to drag it out of the ground. Unsure what to do with it, we tossed it into the grass beside us. At least we would not have to dig another hole.

Once all other holes were ready, we paused for a break—potatoes, salad, quark, eggs, the food I had brought. Someone had baked the sourdough into bread whilst I was gone to buy the plants. Teamwork makes the dream work; or as the Baumschule would say: *Viele Hände, schnelles Ende*.

After lunch, things changed. We started planting together. Without talking, it was decided to do it collectively—one tree at a time. One of us put the first one in the ground; the others layered compost, soil, and horn shavings. Each hand: one ingredient. When the hole was full, and the tree was wrapped into its new home, we paused.

*I'll call this one Samwise.
May it grow strong and generous, and bear fruit and
become a good companion to the others.*



Fig. 11



Fig. 12



Fig. 13

We took each other's hands—almost instinctively—then burst out laughing at the same time. It felt both sincere and completely absurd.

Let's dance around it!



And so we did: circling it, changing direction, holding hands. Without planning it, the gesture became a ritual. With each tree, we repeated it—sometimes kneeling for smaller plants, sometimes adding singing—but always returning to the same shared movement. And for each plant, new names, new stories, new associations surfaced. One blackcurrant (German: *Schwarze Johannisbeere*) was even baptised (with beer):

In Latvia, where I come from, there is this Saint Johannis, and we celebrate him in a festival called Johannisfest. Actually, it's one of the most important festivals for us. It's at the time you Germans call the Sommersonnenwende, and this Johannis person is the symbol of fertility. So this tree, this one shall be very fruity. Very juicy, if you know what I mean.



Fig. 15



Fig. 16



Fig. 17

After nearly five hours, we were done. The field had emptied; most groups had finished long before. Only a few people remained in the distance, placing the last trees into the ground. Our hands and knees were covered in dirt, our bodies tired, but we were deeply content.

Looking at what we had accomplished, our attention returned to the young hazelnut tree. After planting so many trees, it felt wrong to have uprooted one and effectively condemned it to die. We decided to replant it elsewhere and eventually dug a hole just beside the row we had planted.

Hey, let's go see this tree you planted years ago and never went back to!

So we did. I found it immediately—first row, left of the gate, fifth plant. It had grown taller than I expected. Seeing it again was quite pleasing.

By evening, things slowed down. Most had left; only the residents remained. We gathered around a fire. They invited me to stay—to watch a film, to wind down together—but I decided to drive back to Berlin, to go look for my cat.

outro

A couple of weeks later, I am once again in Berlin. I invite some of my *friends of the Baumschule* over for dinner. We let our shared time pass through us once more—talking, above all, about what the tree-planting and the tree-thinking did to us. Apparently, it left traces. One friend brought a drawing. It shows four creatures holding hands in a circle, mid-step, as if caught dancing. They tell me how it has been in their sketchbook for two years already and that they thought of it the moment they came home from the planting action. Only then did it receive a title: *Otherworldly Gathering*. The creatures reaching toward another could be the gesture we found in the field. To see it on paper, drawn before we danced it, tells me that traces not only run forward, but also run backwards, gathering what was waiting to be understood. In all kinds of contexts, relations suddenly become visible, associations stretch open; we remember, we picture, we imagine what our trees might be doing right now and might continue to do (to us).

I get asked whether I've been to the nursery since the planting. I haven't—but I'm planning to go the next day. I promise to send word about how our trees are doing.

I arrive at the Baumschule in the rain. My socks soak through before I reach the field. I think about the first tree I planted here, years ago—the one I never came back to until two weeks ago. Now I am back, and I notice the rhythm has changed.

Our trees are standing tall. The rain kisses new leaves,

caressing their branches, tickling the buds. They are sprouting! My companions show me which blossoms have been pollinated; this is where a fruit will grow! In my mind I had carried the image of how they looked when we planted them: almost bare sticks in dark earth, just weeks ago. To see them now, already reaching, surprises me. They are living! Thriving! Doing exactly what they are supposed to do, and yet it feels like a gift. Especially seeing the young hazelnut, whose destiny we had in our hands, and realising we had made the right decision to put it back into the Earth, is a relief.

I take a picture and send it to the others. An answer comes in:

Already a legend.

Yes. A legend. A legacy. A story to tell and keep on telling as the trees will keep on growing. As will we. What we planted that Saturday is not finished.

I walk back to the gate, wet to the bone. I am already planning my next visit, but first things first: people wave me into the house—today I will stay a little longer.

Endnotes

1 During the course of writing this thesis, the *Acker* community became more stable and consolidated. One notable development was the Baumschule's growing collaboration with Gransee's refugee community, for whom the project provides access to land and collective gardening practices.

As this change occurred during the later stages of the research process, it falls beyond the scope of the present analysis, which reflects the situation during the primary period of fieldwork. Nevertheless, it raises questions of belonging, access, and ownership that resonate with the themes discussed in the following chapters.

conceptualising
ALTE, NEUE, OTHER
BAUMSCHULE

alte

neue

other

intro

soil, blood

networth

intra-action

superimposition

not-yet

becoming-with

outro

intro

This research is grounded in the premise that anthropogenic climate change and social inequality are deeply entangled. Both are understood here as effects of a broader epistemological order, structured by a persistent separation between human and more-than-human relations. Within dominant Western knowledge systems, the “human” has been positioned as central, while other beings and environments are reduced to resources. This logic is also theorised in the widely used concept of the *Anthropocene*, which names humanity as a dominant geological force but often does so through a universalising “we” that obscures the uneven histories of extraction, colonialism and racialisation that have produced these conditions (Makonnen 2022).

Under the guise of civilisation, both land and people were rendered extractable. The classification of land as property enabled its dispossession for extraction, while the classification of certain humans as inhuman justified their dispossession into slavery. This logic persists in contemporary formations: mines, plantations, industrial pollution, and the dumping of waste on Indigenous land continue to reproduce colonial and racial hierarchies that excessively burden specific populations (Yusoff 2018).

Through this separation, both the modern construction of “the human” and the forms of ecological devastation now attributed to humanity as a whole emerged. Yet this separation is neither universal nor inevitable. Many Indigenous epistemologies understand human life as inseparably embedded in relations with flora, fauna, and the ecosystems they inhabit (Kimmerer 2013). Attending to these differences makes visible that the separation underpinning

dominant frameworks is historically produced and materially enacted. It is therefore crucial to examine how such separations become operative in practice, so that collective life—human and more-than-human alike—may be reconfigured toward forms of coexistence that enable life “as well as possible” (Puig de la Bellacasa 2017, 3).

This is where this research turns to stewardship as a concrete form in which relations between humans and the more-than-human world are organised. Stewardship—especially in environmental contexts—is usually described as the managerial work of protection and preservation. It unfolds, however, within historically and institutionally sedimented structures, as outlined above, that define who gets to decide, for whom, and on what terms. Precisely because stewardship operates at the level of decision-making over shared worlds, and it is, by structure, enacted *over* others—that cannot equally negotiate their practice—rather than *with* them, it offers a lens through which the persistence of separation can be examined in practice.

If stewardship is one of the sites where asymmetrical relations are reproduced, then the question is how to rework it. This thesis proposes the notion of *regenerative stewardship* to name such reworking. “Regenerative” does not simply refer to the work of restoration of systems so that they may continue functioning productively. Rather, it names the ongoing reworking of relations under conditions marked by asymmetry in ways that acknowledge interdependence. This entails recognising that these conditions are not a resource one manages but a set of relations one decides within (Machado de Oliveira 2021). This shift in object entails a shift in decision-making. Instead of being exercised in authoritative and exclusive ways, decisions must be addressed within the interconnected web of relations.

Inclusion, then, is an ongoing negotiation over who and what is part of the world a decision concerns. Ultimately, it names a practice of widening the circle of what counts as mattering in a decision. And it must be understood as a quality that can be more or less present in how regenerative stewardship is enacted. What is at stake is a reconfiguration of belonging that counters the separation outlined above.

Stewardship is kin to *care*. While the German term *Pflegschaft* makes this connection audible through its relation to *Pflege* (care), the more substantive connection lies in practice. Maria Puig de la Bellacasa conceptualises care as three interrelated dimensions: labour/work, affect/affections and politics/ethics. Care, in this sense, is „the concrete work of maintenance, with its ethical and affective implications, and a vital politics in interdependent worlds“ (Puig de la Bellacasa 2017, 5).

For stewardship, this entails practices such as monitoring biodiversity, getting one’s hands into the soil and, in turn, being touched by that encounter; and engaging with questions of land use and ownership. These three dimensions are never free of tension; as Puig de la Bellacasa emphasises, they involve frictions and contradictions that cannot be fully resolved. Stewardship inherits this friction, and with it the unequal relations that structure it.

This is why regenerative stewardship does not aim to dissolve asymmetry, nor could it. Under law human entities¹ remain the only ones capable of legal decision-making: it is up to us to decide which tree to uproot in order to build a new house. Here lies the contrast to care: decisions within stewardship can never be entirely horizontal, because they concern interventions enacted on behalf of others who cannot participate symmetrically in those decisions. The task of regenerative stewardship,

which entails inclusive decision-making, is not to erase this condition but to make it accountable and negotiable.

As decisions emerge in specific conditions, so too does the making of decisions. There is no blueprint for how to do it; instead, it must be worked out anew each time, and thus needs to be learned, unlearned, and relearned again (Shapiro, 2026). This is where art education becomes a crucial terrain: it is one of the pedagogical settings that does not merely teach about relations but can stage the conditions in which they are enacted. Through engaging with arts in such educational frameworks, it is expected that people develop civic engagement, critical thinking and problem-solving (Jagodzinski & Wallin 2013). Community-based art practices carry this orientation into method: long-term, place-based, and collective. In this sense, art education through community-based practices is already rehearsing what regenerative stewardship requires.

8; 12 This brings the *Neue Baumschule* into view as a research site. It is a setting that is at once a piece of land and a community that stewards it. The term “Baumschule” already opens a productive conceptual space, as it can be translated both as “tree nursery” and “tree school”. The first echoes the notion of stewardship as kin to care; the second foregrounds learning as a situated practice. Taken together, the site’s name conveys what this work seeks to explore. What makes the *Neue Baumschule* particularly relevant is that I am an active member of its community, which means that I approach this research from the inside. This follows from what has been established so far: if regenerative stewardship is a situated practice with learning at its core, then research into it cannot proceed from a detached position outside the field—to study the practice is already to be implicated in it. My entanglement and the friction of occupying

several roles at once register the very asymmetries and negotiations that regenerative stewardship is about.

What follows is an exploration *with* and *at* the *Neue Baumschule* guided by the research question: ***How can regenerative stewardship create more inclusive decision-making, and how can such practices be learned?***

alte baumschule

1897

Two enterprises
begin plantation fruit
farming in Gransee

1928

Establishment of the
*Granseer Obstbau
GmbH*

1957

Establishment of the
GPG Erika

1979

Transformation into
the *LPG Gartenbau
Gransee*

1991

Transformation into
the *Granseer Obst-
und Gartenbau GmbH*
(former tree nursery)

2020

Establishment of the
*Alte/Neue Baumschu-
le e.V.*

Fig. 1

blood, soil

The Baumschule is located in Gransee, a small town in Brandenburg, shaped by long-standing interdependencies between land, labour and settlement. As an *Ackerbürgerstadt* (agrarian town), Gransee historically combined urban and rural life: fertile soil, rich forests, and proximity to Berlin supported agricultural productivity and industrial development—especially brick production (Heimatismuseum 2026). These productive conditions gave rise to a question of belonging, posed through negotiations of ownership: who belongs to the land, and to whom does the land belong?

Under National Socialism, the myth of *Blut und Boden* (blood and soil) gave this question its most violent answer: belonging was determined by blood, and soil was imagined as both origin and destiny for a racially defined community. This ideology naturalised exclusion: those outside of the *Deutsche Volk* were denied legitimate claims to land, yet their labour could still be exploited (Trunk 2025). Building on these ideological constructs, during the Second World War, Gransee's infrastructure became part of the Nazi war economy, reliant on forced labour (Heimatismuseum 2026). *Ravensbrück*, the largest women's concentration camp, lay nearby; imprisoned women worked in local agriculture and industry, entwining the landscape with histories of coercion (Mahn- und Gedenkstätte Ravensbrück 2026). This arrangement laid bare the contradiction within the logics of *Blut und Boden*: bodies excluded from belonging, still bound to the soil through force. The land not only witnessed

this violence—it was formed by it, in an infrastructure that linked agricultural productivity to mechanisms of extermination.

After 1945, the ideology was officially repudiated, but its material and affective residues did not simply disappear. The successive reorganisations that followed each touched the question of belonging through yet another political endeavour. Collectivisation in the German Democratic Republic (former East Germany) transferred land into collective ownership, answering the question of to whom the land belongs at the level of property. The question of who is recognised as belonging to it, however, remained fraught. Reunification then reshaped land use and economic relations once more, bringing in new actors and logics. Once again, possession was redistributed while recognition was not—because belonging operated through inherited categories that lay beneath the reach of any administrative reform.

Against this backdrop of transformation, the former tree nursery was established in the post-reunification setting. Focused on landscape management and private sales, it eventually declared bankruptcy in 2004, leaving behind a site defined by layered histories of rupture and reinvention.

12 These histories shape local dynamics and politics to this day (CDU Brandenburg 2026). The *Neue Baumschule*, as an international, queer, and collaborative community, introduced ways of living that do not fully align with prevailing local identities. The initial response was suspicion: a watchful reserve, a scepticism about whether the association would hold and whether its inhabitants would accommodate the place.

This suspicion can be read in more than one register. It is, in part, the reasonable caution of a region repeatedly

reshaped by external control. It can also be read through the categories of exclusion which the ideology of *Blut und Boden* inscribed into the region's social imagination. Or it may be the ordinary wariness of rural communities toward newcomers from a metropole. Either way, they all negotiate questions of inclusivity.

From this I draw a first answer to the question of how inclusive decision-making through regenerative stewardship can be learned: it begins by grounding the work of stewarding within its historically structured predispositions—recognising its actors, and acknowledging the different forms of relating.

17

The Baumschule is eager not to stand in simple opposition to its surroundings, but to engage with questions of belonging through an ongoing negotiation with the land and those who share it. bell hooks describes such a sense of place as the *culture of belonging*, rooted in mutual commitment rather than possessive claims (hooks 2009). Robin Wall Kimmerer extends this through the idea of “becoming-indigenous-to-place”; not through ancestry but through sustained reciprocity with the more-than-human world (Kimmerer 2013, 9).

This is the counter-argument to *Blut und Boden*. Both concepts invoke a bond between people and land, and both speak of belonging—yet they are structurally inverse. The NS myth grounds belonging in descent and converts it into a claim: the land is ours by origin, and others can be excluded from it. *Relational belonging* grounds itself in what one does, and continues to do, for a place and its inhabitants; it confers no ownership and no inherited title, and it cannot exclude on the basis of blood, for there is nothing held or bound by blood in the first place. Where the first is inherited and possessive, the other is earned and

answerable. And because relational belonging is real only insofar as it is continuously enacted, it also must be continuously learned (hooks 2009). That learning has to stay alert to the histories it inherits—all the more so because the ecological crisis is increasingly captured by ecofascist discourses that revive fascist logics under the guise of environmental concern (Benjamin 2024). A regenerative practice that cannot tell these two apart risks being absorbed by exactly what it opposes.

Relational belonging does not dissolve the asymmetry inherent in stewardship, but it changes the terms on which decisions are made. Belonging that is earned and answerable makes the steward accountable to those whose decisions it affects.

The Baumschule serves as a methodological lens in this work. The histories sedimented at the site—agrarian, fascist, collectivised, privatised—are precisely what inclusive decision-making has to answer to. The site is generative for this exploration because its circumstances do not allow the human and the more-than-human to be held apart, and because it operates through possessive and relational forms of belonging at once. What follows turns to the ongoing practices of the association—each intervention answering again to the conditions their stewardship inherited and chose.

neue baumschule

networkh

20 In 2021, the Baumschule planted over a thousand trees. I was among the hundred volunteers who placed seedlings into the ground that weekend—among them was the first tree I ever planted. And then I did not return for five years. My absence was a structural feature of the temporality in which the action operated. Puig de la Bellacasa distinguishes between *productionist time* and *soil time* (Puig de la Bellacasa 2017, 171). *Productionist time* is measurable and closeable. *Soil time* stays open; it runs across many species and across many years, for it is the time in which the relations that constitute a living soil form and reform. Regeneration, on this account, can only be entered on the terms the soil itself sets (ibid.).

22 The CO₂ certificates² through which the action was financed operate in *productionist time*. Their logic depends on the planting being an accountable event: a tree planted, a quantity of carbon sequestered, an emission offset elsewhere. Whatever happens to the tree afterwards falls outside the frame of the certificate. Whether the action amounted to greenwashing is beside the point: the certificate must close, and the tree must keep growing. This is not a moral contradiction, but an incompatibility that became an issue precisely because its operating in two temporalities was never disclosed.

My supervisor, Renée Turner, once said: “Gardeners plant for the season, arborists plant for a future they will never see” (Turner 2026). To plant a tree is to think in a time the planter will not live through. This is what happened with me and that first tree I planted in 2021: I had not seen past *productionist time*, and it never occurred to me to wonder who would care for the tree in *soil time*.

This is not an uncommon experience. Silvia Federici (2004) shows that rendering invisible those who care for the land has a long history—indeed, that it is constitutive of land enclosure itself. The early modern privatisation of the commons was inseparable from a violent reorganisation of reproductive labour: women were disciplined, their knowledge of plants and healing (respectively regeneration) was dismantled, and the unpaid domestic labour on which the new property regime depended was naturalised. Privatising land and privatising care were one movement (ibid.).

The enclosure described by Federici (2004) returned to the 2021 action as a frame: making one kind of labour legible and the other invisible. The action was not deliberately designed for no one to return, but the conditions under which it took place favoured an unnamed labour.

The question that emerges thus is not only who cares/stewards, but also whether the care-taker/steward has been named or rendered invisible.

What circulates at the Baumschule is a heterogeneous field of urgencies—human and more-than-human bodies, legal and organisational ones, public narratives, artefacts and sedimented histories—each standing in relation to many others, and each relation carrying a different weight (Zoöp 2026). The following map makes these relations visible.

Mapping is one tool for letting distributions at least

become apparent, but this won't render the decisions that follow automatically inclusive. Care, even at its most committed, distributes burdens unevenly—a configuration named by Puig de la Bellacasa as *noninnocent care* (Puig de la Bellacasa 2017, 164). That the cooperation with *Acker e.V.* is now close to failing is one such *noninnocent* situation. The collaboration was meant to deepen the Baumschule's roots in the region by inviting local participants, but the responsibility to endure such a relationship could not find a stable holder: a friction of distribution.

This chapter can therefore state that regenerative stewardship cannot be achieved through a single gesture, just as the work of inclusion is not done through a single consideration. Both are established over time and through relations, in repeated practice. What can be learned here is that the labour of distribution, asking, and naming are themselves practices of inclusion.



Fig. 2

oether baumschule

In the preceding chapters, the Baumschule was depicted as a site that is informed by inherited histories and an ongoing collective practice. What follows turns to my practical research at the site. In four chapters, I read it through the question that orients this thesis: how regenerative stewardship can create inclusive decision-making and how such practice is learned.

Intra-action attends to the first phase of this research, in which participants engaged with personal storytelling. *Superimposition* reflects on the second phase, a deliberately staged moment of rupture. *Not-yet* examines the study design's limits. *Becoming-with* follows what happened as the research moved beyond its first digital setup into the field.

intra-action

25 In the first phase, participants were invited to articulate their relations to trees across three temporal registers: present, past, and future. The coupling of inheritance and speculation formed the pedagogical groundwork for “learning toward a future that is not known” (Atkinson 2020, 108). This design sought to engage stewardship’s multi-dimensional temporality while also attending to the challenge of making such relations perceptible. As Kimmerer reminds us, “restoring land without restoring relationship is an empty exercise” (Kimmerer 2013, 338).

The first temporal register thus operated through attention. Attention is crucial here, as one cannot care for or take responsibility toward what one has not perceived (Piscaer 2024). In this case, attention was directed not only toward individual surroundings but also toward the shared chat space itself. As this was the first intervention within the research process, participants had not yet established a common ground. This quickly shifted through an implicit agreement that materialised around modes of response: the first contribution combined an image with a written description, a format soon adopted by the entire group.

It is here that Karen Barad’s concept of *intra-action* becomes useful. Intra-action describes how entities do not precede relations; rather, they emerge through them. A field, for example, shapes a farmer’s practices through its soil texture, microbiome, and ecological conditions, while the farmer simultaneously shapes the field through ploughing,

crop rotation, and cultivation practices. Neither entity is fully fixed prior to the relation; both are continuously constituted through it (Barad 2007). In a similar way, participants and the group chat became enacted into a particular mode of collective being.

One participant remarked: „I don’t think I had a relationship with any tree around me. I don’t think I ever noticed them. Now I see them in the sense of being aware of them and their presence.“ This statement reflects a process of discovery, suggesting that the tree had always been present but only recently noticed. Interpreted through the lens of intra-action, a more complex dynamic emerges. The tree and the participant did not exist as a relational pair prior to this moment; rather, their connection was constituted through the act of attention. The transformation was not a matter of increased knowledge about a pre-existing tree, but the emergence of the relationship itself, which simultaneously defined both the participant and the tree as relational terms. This perspective also clarifies the significance of the chat format that developed. The shared mode of response did more than convey pre-existing perceptions; it actively shaped which relationships could be recognized. Participant, tree, and group were constituted together in a single process. Thus, attention serves as the practice through which such relationships are formed and subsequently become available for stewardship.

The second register—the past—operated through inheritance. Participants’ recollections situated the self within temporal and social continuities, rendering visible the relations and responsibilities one already inhabits. Such acts of recognition are a condition for changing the future (Imarisha 2021). Storytelling can facilitate this process by creating conditions of mutual recognition through which

learning becomes possible (hooks 2013). This became apparent as participants began reacting to one another's memories, recognising shared experiences and recalling similar encounters.

Such practices of *worlding*, however, are not free of pitfalls. As Ruha Benjamin reminds us, storytelling also reproduces oppressive systems: colonialism, capitalism, white supremacy, and cisheteropatriarchy all endure through powerful narratives (Benjamin 2024). The *Blut und Boden* myth likewise functioned as a collective imaginary, inscribing exclusion and belonging into a narrative of land, heritage, and identity. Elke Krasny captures what this means for engaging with remembrance: "a caring revolution takes wounds inflicted by the past as orientation for caring for futurity as well as for future care" (Krasny 2021, 217). Remembering, then, is not simply about preserving the past. It also concerns how histories of exclusion and violence can orient future relations to avoid reproducing the same harms. What matters, therefore, is not only what is remembered, but also through which categories and narratives remembrance takes shape (Ricoeur 2004).

It is important to stress here that individual memories must be distinguished from collective and cultural forms of memory (Klepacki 2014). The autobiographical memories practised in this setting were significant insofar as they opened up a shared space of remembrance, which, as already established, is crucial for understanding temporalities of regenerative stewardship. At the same time, this exercise does not claim political and cultural significance within a broader field of perception and meaning-making.

The third register—imagining a future tree—carries a similar weight in the discussion, as future-oriented imagination is not free from extractive narratives—e.g. imaginaries of

colonising Mars or blocking out the sun (Benjamin 2024). Especially in envisioning the *not-yet*, (Muñoz 2009), imbalances of accessibility and inclusivity became apparent. Within the chat group, imaginative capacity was unevenly distributed: while some participants easily developed speculative narratives, others described the future as inaccessible or difficult to envision.

But her brain was not interested in the future.
Loaded with the past and hungry for more, it
left her no room to imagine, let alone plan
for, the next day.
(Morrison 2004, 83)

This unevenness is read here through Benjamin's claim that the capacity to imagine futures is shaped by the conditions of one's present life (Benjamin 2024). Caring for a future longer than one's own, therefore, is not equally accessible to all who might be asked to undertake it.

What these three registers produced, however, were conditions under which regenerative stewardship could become thinkable at all: a field in which more-than-human others were noticed, remembered, and imagined as being in relation to the participants. This matters because care does not operate in the abstract. Instead, the circle of ecological compassion is „enlarged by direct experience of the living world, and shrunken by its lack“ (Kimmerer 2013, 239).

Whether the practices that follow from these conditions can be described as inclusive remains an open question, one that the next phase explicitly raises—by demanding something this phase deliberately withheld: choice.

superimposition

Decision-making is what stewardship routinely performs: what to tend to, what to discard, and on what ground. The second phase of the research attended to this exact structure.

35 The game *fuck, marry, kill* applies to trees a grammar derived from human kinship: sexual intimacy, marital commitment, lethal exclusion. By transferring this grammar to more-than-human others, the exercise intended to reveal how inherited categories of relating are applicable and contestable, while operating mechanisms constitutive of stewardship.

In the first phase, a participant introduced a family tree—a literal genealogical structure—and then, through the game’s logic in the second phase, decided to “kill” it: “Nobody needs that.” The image of a dead family tree carries what the chapter *blood, soil* had identified as a colonial-humanist construction of kinship: belonging and inheritance understood through relations of blood. The participant had initially introduced the family tree within the register of imagining a future, already questioning its purpose and asking how a modern family tree could look like instead. In its killing, an answer to this question was given: “Connections go beyond genes”. This is the territory that Donna Haraway opens with the exhortation to “make kin not babies” (Haraway 2016, 102). Kin is chosen, made and sustained. The game, almost by accident, opened

toward this understanding: belonging is marked less by exclusion and the condensation of categories of relation, and more by the possibilities of extending and reworking them (ibid.).

Nonetheless, the intervention surfaced ethical complexities I had not anticipated. At the beginning of the research I had conceptualised the project as horizontal and my role as fluid, moving between educator and learner, initiator and listener. With this formulation I designed the study: determining parameters, pacing, format, and prompts and thus retaining structural authority. By staging a disruptive intervention, I drew on this power and, moreover, did not sufficiently name it. The horizontality I assumed was not borne by the conditions I had set. In retrospect, I understand this as a stewardship practice in which decision-making is non-inclusive. To ask participants to make explicit classificatory decisions about more-than-humans while making myself implicit classificatory decisions about the participants and the relational space reproduced the very logic the content was designed to interrupt.

This superimposition highlights a crucial finding of this phase: stewardship, in the realms of education as well as ecology, can create inclusive decision-making only if it acknowledges itself as an authority. What forecloses inclusion is not asymmetry but its concealment: unnamed power cannot be questioned. Naming it opens the decision to debate, and with it the room for renegotiation. A second finding concerns the learning: regenerative stewardship that enables inclusive decision-making can be learned through challenging the very categories in which the decision-making process takes place. One tool to enable such challenging is rupture, but only if the disruption itself is built upon mutual trust, shared agency, and co-intentionality (Freire 2014). If these conditions are not met, rupture

not-yet

25 The digital setup in which the phases discussed above took place was a response to concerns of accessibility. It turned out, however, that the methodological, ethical, and epistemological changes this setup introduced are themselves matters of inclusivity.

By switching from *CryptPad* to *Telegram*, a person was able to participate who would otherwise have been excluded by the technical requirements. With that switch, I had taken responsibility for the space's form. Nonetheless, this resolved nothing cleanly. *Telegram*'s protocols and affordances co-shaped what types of attention and exchange could take place: foregrounding written language, with embodied knowledge or sensory attunement to a shared environment foreclosed. Following Haraway's view of machines as active agents (Haraway 2016b), it is safe to say that the platform itself exercised its own form of stewardship over the process.

38 This became particularly apparent in moments of silence. When one participant announced a pregnancy, the speculative register the prompts had been operating in collapsed into a concrete, embodied reality that the format had not been built to hold. No one responded. In a shared physical space, such a moment can be held differently: bodies adjust to what has been spoken, and silence becomes corporeal rather than an absence of notification. The medium had no form for the kind of response the moment asked for (maybe a hug), and the response I would have wanted to

give was producing the very categories with which one (definitely a hug).

But the format did not only foreclose human responses: trees entered the digital phase as mediated figures—remembered, photographed, played with. They were not able to (re)present themselves. This is a crucial observation that each decision about the form of a space lets some in along one axis while keeping others at the edge along another. What is important here is not to mistake accessibility with inclusivity or let alone, meaning good will lead to good (in the sense of “as well as possible”). The *noninnocent care* introduced earlier takes here the specific form of collapsing the one into the other.

The next phase does not escape this condition; it only redistributes it—on a piece of land that would include and exclude on terms of its own.

becoming-with

Plans collided.

41 In hindsight, this collision came about because I was again exercising stewardship that was only partially inclusive. While my plans were transparent to my participants, they were not equally transparent about the broader context of the Baumschule in which the workshop was meant to be situated. I now read this as a transfer problem: practising something in one small setting does not automatically make it workable in another. This is where the condition of situatedness becomes operative. At the time, I underestimated how immediate situatedness actually is—here, not even the context changed, only the format did, and that was enough to produce friction. Naming it a transfer problem explains where the friction came from, but it does not mean I could have fully designed it away. In this sense, it was also a symptom of the imperfection that comes with living and working in real conditions. Haraway’s call to *stay with the trouble* applies here: it means remaining within this complexity rather than seeking its resolution (Haraway 2016). *Staying with the trouble* applies on both sides of this work. It applies to the Baumschule’s community, whose structures change regularly and whose expectations and urgencies are multidimensional, and it applies to the land of the Baumschule itself.

As described earlier, what is sedimented in this ground is fertile soil that became ideologically charged under

National Socialism, an infrastructure linked to forced labour, and a postwar history of collectivisation, reprivatisation, and contested belonging. To bend down on this field is to bend down on a ground that holds all of this at once. *Staying with the trouble* here means refusing to let the present overwrite these layers, and engaging them instead as active conditions. In doing so, it becomes a way of staying with futurity as well—for the trees we planted have entered a ground that holds a future the community of the Baumschule will never fully know.

Soil reading

The night before the planting, the gardener said something that has stayed with me: “There are no final truths in this field...you always have to look where you are. Read the soil. And only then you decide.” These words did not quote a theory but spoke from an embodied experience, and yet they carried an understanding that I had brought into this research as a theoretical premise: Gert Biesta’s *world-centred pedagogy* (2022). Learning, described there, is an intentional act that goes beyond mere knowledge transmission or skill acquisition; it is an attention redirected outward, so that learners can encounter what the world asks of them (ibid).

What does the world ask of us? This question can only ever be answered in the *here and now*. On the field, several things unfolded from it. We read the soil. We named what was present and asked what these presences asked from us. We refused the technical fix in favour of a response shaped through the conditions the field itself supplied (or withheld), leaving us with the responsibility to answer in our own means. This *response-ability* (Haraway 2016)

also foregrounds how „relations of thinking and knowing require care and affect how we care“ (Puig de la Bellacasa 2017, 69).

What this attitude enabled was regenerative stewardship on the spot: a decision made through an encounter that incorporated the soil, the mice, the compost, and us. Inclusivity emerged here through the situated capacity to respond to what the encounter demanded.

44 The same *response-ability*, though, produced its own contradictions. People came to the planting action with different urgencies, and deciding which one to tend to became a practice of choosing which contradiction to hold, knowing that another choice would produce a different one. Inclusivity here was, once again, not free of dissent.

48 The decision to buy more trees, so that every hand could place a tree into the ground, unfolded something we had not anticipated. The discussion of whether to buy them turned on a concern that doing so would fail to acknowledge that planting a tree means more than putting a seedling in the ground. Some Baumschüler worried this would render the work invisible. The contrary proved true. Because the extra trees were not planned into the agroforestry schedule, the holes for them had not yet been dug, and so the additional labour they demanded became conspicuous. Instead of making labour invisible, the surplus made it visible.

Digging holes is by far the most intensive part of physical work when planting a tree, and here, as one dimension of care that was described in the introduction, it becomes most apparent. With the hands in the ground, touched and touching, “the haptic holds a promise of thinking and knowing that is ‘in touch’ with materiality” (Puig de la Bellacasa 2017, 95). It is here that the subject-object intra-actions were highlighted through haptics. The labour

that the surplus trees made visible is, in this sense, the very site where the boundary between the one who tends and what is tended becomes porous (Barad 2007).

The second dimension, affect/affection, became especially visible with the naming of the trees. Read through Haraway, naming can be understood, again, as kinship in the making: “Kin making is making persons, not necessarily as individuals or as humans” (Haraway 2016, 103). To recognise a tree in its presence, as a companion, is an attempt to enter a relationship that does not reduce it to a planting or a carbon offset. On this account, it must be stressed that naming carries risks as well. Especially in Western history, naming is an act of categorising, often making something legible to a system that will then read it only through this imposed lens. There are, however, languages that grammatically recognise animacy across many forms of life—in contrast to English, which marks only humans as animate (Kimmerer 2013). Naming a tree can thus be understood as a partial-counter gesture against grammatical reduction. In this case, at the Baumschule, it was not an act of anthropomorphising, but one of regenerative inclusivity: an acknowledgement that the breath I take is composed, in part, of what the tree releases, and that what I do for the tree and what the tree does for me belong, in a slower temporality, to one exchange.

The naming also continued the work from the previous digital phase, since naming is a form of storytelling. To name a tree Samwise is to invoke a saga of friendship, endurance and companionship. On *Telegram*, storytelling was done in writing, from a distance; here on the field it became corporeal. Each tree became a new occasion to engage with the embodied form of narration, and through this another mode of relating emerged: the ritual. Ordinary gestures—holding hands, dancing, wishing well and naming—became

ritualised through repetition and concentrated action. What made them ritual was that their form was constituted by the doing, and that the doing was shared (Bell 1992). Such ritualistic elements can feel celebratory, and in the field this became apparent through eager engagement, fun and laughter. These moments carry pedagogical significance, as they affirm that what is happening matters (hooks 1994).

One distribution must be named: the ritual took place in a group of five, while the other thirty or so participants of the planting action did not partake. This is telling in terms of inclusivity, as the ritual seemed exclusive in that it did not openly invite participation. Yet it emerged spontaneously, situated within conditions set much earlier: the five had already been in conversation through previous phases of the research, they had dug the holes together, and it was through the accumulation of these rhythms that a ritual could emerge from the work itself. This form of regenerative stewardship could not have been produced through planning. Inclusion, here, therefore carries the mark of distribution: it cannot be extended without extending its conditions too—and those are made slowly, through the accumulation of shared reference.

The hazelnut

49 The hazelnut episode, in retrospect, is the most instructive moment of the entire research.

The decision to uproot the hazel because it stood in the line of the agroforestry layout was at once an act of authority and an act of docility. Authority, because we held the power to decide its fate; docility, because in exercising

that power we were executing a plan, without questioning its consequences. The two are the same gesture from two perspectives, and together they made the asymmetry within which stewardship operates very clear: exercising selection on behalf of others without including them.

The decision to replant the hazel elsewhere, however, was an act of revising our authority. To let the consequences of one's own actions register and to act differently in response is what regenerative stewardship needs to become inclusive. Such revision requires critical thinking and the capacity to exercise it. On the field, it was done through a shared moment of collective consideration.

This might suggest a simple conclusion—that a stewardship without a correcting instance cannot revise itself, and thus cannot be held accountable to those it affects; that regenerative stewardship therefore requires others in order to make inclusive decisions. But the case resists this conclusion. The decision to uproot the hazel was also a collective one. The five of us decided together to uproot it, and the same five of us decided to replant it. What changed between the two was not the number of stewards. Collectivity, then, may be a structural condition for revision, but it does not produce revision in and of itself. Revision depends on something further: a relationship established beforehand—an engagement and mutual involvement that feeds the capacity to respond at all. It is this prior tie that turns a collective into a correcting instance. Practicing such engagement at small scales enables a learner to build the kind of relationship from which revision can follow, which in turn can “set the pattern for the whole system” (brown 2021, 53).

When I returned to the Baumschule a few weeks later, it was the hazel that caught my eye: the unnamed, unsung,

59

un-danced-around tree. Samwise and the others received care in every dimension: the labour of digging the holes, the affection of ritual, and—following the logic that underlies the tree-planting action—the ethical and political weight of binding CO₂ to support the ecosystem. The hazel received all of this too, but each dimension turned reflexive. The labour was in the uprooting and replanting; the affection came from being confronted with the consequences of our own choice; the ethical and political weight lay in revising a decision through which we had negotiated over the life of a being.

For the other trees, stewardship meant standing by the decision we had made. For the hazel, it meant unmaking it. This is what the other trees could not make visible. Stewardship that only ever affirms its own first decision cannot show whether it is answerable to anything beyond that decision. The hazel could, because here stewardship included taking a choice back. This is what it means to practise stewardship regeneratively: to sustain the conditions of co-existence by keeping decisions open to revision and by holding those who make them accountable for doing so. And to learn this, the patterns we set must be small enough to be answered and among people in close enough relation to respond to them.

Outro

When returning to the Baumschule, one is immediately confronted with processes already in motion. The orchard blossoms, bears fruit, or stands bare; trees need pruning, watering, protection from frost, or sometimes simply to be left alone. These ongoing conditions shape how decisions are made and how their consequences unfold. Working within such a setting was both enabling and limiting: it offered a tangible context in which decisions remain connected to the worlds they affect, while also revealing how fragile that connection can be over time.

Throughout the research, I repeatedly encountered a persistent dilemma. Efforts to make participation more accessible generated new exclusions elsewhere; attempts to redistribute power revealed additional sites where authority continued to operate unnoticed. What initially appeared as a series of shortcomings gradually became legible as a structural condition of inclusive practice itself: decisions inevitably produce consequences that exceed what can be anticipated in advance. Inclusion, in this sense, is an ongoing practice of negotiating the effects of one's own interventions, even when they are unclear or difficult to trace.

The immediacy of the Baumschule made it possible to stay with these consequences as they unfolded. Misunderstandings could be addressed, plans revised, decisions reconsidered, and their effects discussed collectively. But it was not only the Baumschule's situated immediacy that made such revision possible; trust and

shared commitment also enabled it. Inclusive decision-making therefore appears as a continual effort to maintain the capacity to revise over time while working this capacity through becoming collective.

The tree-planting action made these dynamics especially visible. An agricultural framework provided orientation, yet its authority largely remained unquestioned. Decisions were implemented because they had already been determined elsewhere, revealing how power circulates through delegation and execution at the same time. Within this arrangement, a steward who only implements decisions ceases to act as a full agent of stewardship. Regenerative stewardship therefore requires continual engagement with the conditions that structure decision-making itself, including the possibility of adapting them.

This research is situated within a moment of transition, marked by the association's decision to rename itself from *Alte* to *Neue Baumschule* and to expand its purpose to include art and culture. The project forms part of this shift, which seeks to extend stewardship into a more inclusive practice for the collective as a whole—human and more-than-human alike.

Its contribution lies in offering an honest examination of my own implications that will continue to shape my *response-ability*. At the same time, this work offers guidance through a set of questions that equip the Baumschule community to navigate the ongoing transitions and decisions taking place. In this way, the research stays part of the processes it describes, adding to the repertoire that is already there, pointing to the *other*.

These insights also extend beyond the Baumschule. Educational institutions, in particular, are sites where

collective decision-making is continually rehearsed, yet inclusivity is often obscured by these underlying conditions. Bureaucratic procedures, precarious working conditions, and uneven distributions of responsibility often leave no room for revision, let alone for it to be immediate, in the *here and now*. It would therefore be beneficial to examine the networks and temporalities of such settings through the lens of regenerative stewardship as developed in this thesis, in order to address the structural frustration that emerges when decision-making is not inclusive and full agency cannot be realised.

As stated in the preface, this research cannot provide definitive answers to the questions it raises, nor can the experiences at the Baumschule serve as a model to be transferred elsewhere. What it offers instead is an invitation to remain engaged with the labour of returning: returning to questions that resist closure and to decisions that demand accountability beyond the moment in which they are made. Just as Chili, my cat, returned home. Just as I returned to the trees. And what happens in between is neither meaningless nor sufficient.



NEUE
BAUM
SCHULE

Fig. 3

Endnotes

1 In this context, the term “human entities” refers to both natural and legal persons. Legal persons include corporations and commercial partnerships—artificial entities that are granted legal personality by law. This is possible because their governing bodies (such as managing directors or boards of directors) consist of natural persons who exercise decision-making authority on their behalf.

There are, however, exceptions in which natural environments can hold legal rights. A notable example is the Whanganui River in New Zealand, which in 2017 became the first river to be granted the same legal rights as a person (Bosselmann and Williams 2020). Since a river cannot itself speak in court, it is assigned legal guardians or custodians—often Indigenous representatives—who bring claims on its behalf. Even here, then, the underlying asymmetry persists: legal personality is extended to the river, but the decision-making it entails is still exercised by human representatives.

2 As explained earlier, the CO₂ certificate in this context does not refer to the EU’s regulated emissions trading system, but to voluntary carbon offsetting schemes used by private individuals and companies.



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Thank you to all my participants, with particular gratitude to Lola, Jen, Sofia and Paulina, whose guidance, support and grit shaped this work.

Thank you to Monia for reading this paper and offering her thoughtful advice. To my supervisors: you are the educators I aspire to become. Thank you to my cohort, my colleagues and friends—thinking alongside you has been the greatest pleasure.

And finally, thanks to my mother, my brother and my partner for your (financial, emotional, endless) support.

appendix

Appendix A: Visual material; ordered by appearance



Fig. 1
Skena Lux. 2025.
Geländeplan Neue Baumschule
Laquer on acrylic,
100x70cm.



Fig. 2
Skena Lux. 2023
Housegang
Oil on Paper,
25x15cm.



Fig. 3
Alice Degelow. 2024
Ernte gut, alles gut
First published in "Po-Poesie für Lo(u)iser: Eine Erstausgabe", 2025.



Fig. 4
CO₂-Certificate made out by
the *Alte Baumschule e.V.*, 2021.



Fig. 5
Photos and stories submitted by the participants.
Data collected by the author, 2025.



Fig. 6
Invitation designed and shared by the author, 2026.



Fig. 7
Workshop format designed by the author, 2026.



Fig. 8

Rianne Wiemann. 2026

How to plant a tree

Instructions shared at the tree planting action.



Fig. 9

Picture taken by the author,
tree planting action, 2026.

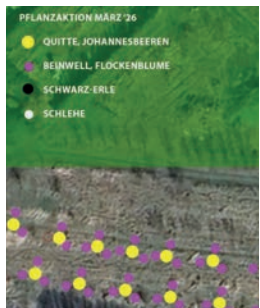


Fig. 10

Rianne Wiemann. 2026

Agroforestry Schedule

Planting plan designed for the tree planting action.



Fig. 11

Picture taken by the author,
tree planting action, 2026.



Fig. 12

Picture taken by the author,
tree planting action, 2026.



Fig. 13

Picture taken by the author,
tree planting action, 2026.



Fig. 14

LOL¥, 2025

Otherworldly Gathering

Ink on Paper,
15x45 cm.



Fig. 15

Picture taken by Linnards Kulles,
showing Rianne Wiemann
at the tree planting action, 2026



Fig. 16

Picture taken by the author,
tree planting action, 2026.



Fig. 17

Picture taken by the author,
tree planting action, 2026.



Fig. 1

Timeline constructed by Technische Universität Berlin
and Center for Metropolitan Studies, 2024
Grünsee-Berlin: Ein Studienprojekt,
adapted by the author, 2026.

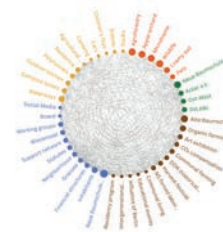


Fig. 2

Diagram created by the author,
based on Zoöp principles, 2026.

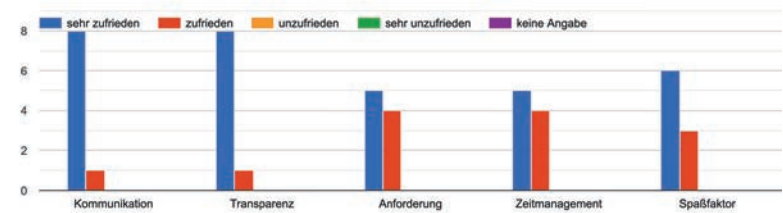


Fig. 3

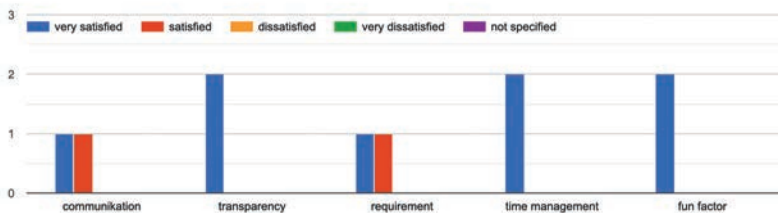
Visual identity *Neue Baumschule e.V.*, 2021.

Appendix B: Questionnaire (DE/EN)

Wie bewertest du die Pilot-Studie?

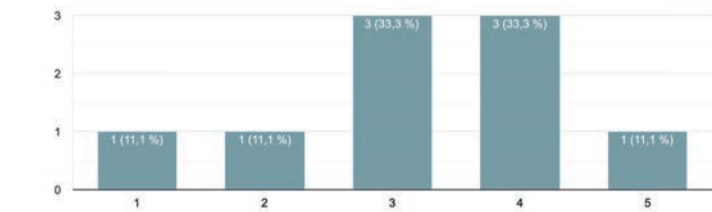


How do you rate the pilot study?



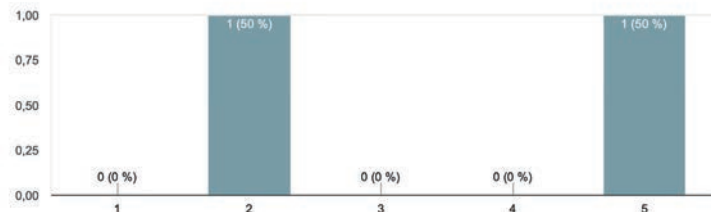
Hast du dich als Teil eines kollektiven Prozesses gefühlt?

9 Antworten



Did you feel part of a collective process?

2 Antworten



Beschreibe kurz wie du die Pilotstudie erlebt hast.

9 Antworten

Das Thema ist spannend, und die Aufgaben haben mir gut gefallen.

Es hat Spaß gemacht, viele Fragen haben mich überrascht und zum nachdenken gebracht.

Super schön gemeinsam mit Mensvhen, die man nicht kennt so was zu machen. Ich war immer ganz gespannt aufs Handy zu schauen, was die anderen so antworten.

Es war super mehrere Tage zum antworten Zeit zu haben, so konnte ich die Frage mit mir herumtragen und in mir arbeiten lassen.

Die Abschlussfrage war super und hat alles rund gemacht und nochmal zum Revue passieren eingeladen.

Man wurde recht spontan in den Prozess hineingeworfen mit unbekannten Leuten ohne weitere Information zur Zusammensetzung der Gruppe, das ist für eine Studie vollkommen okay, aber mir war nicht transparent, ob die Interaktion eine Rolle spielen sollte oder nicht; dafür gab es keinen besonderen Impuls z.B. Gruppenarbeiten, Antwort-Pflicht zu den Kommentaren der anderen usw., insgesamt ging für mich alles recht schnell mit den 48-Stid.-intervallen

Erst wie ein Spiel, dann sprach es komplexere Ebenen an. Die Fragen waren erst witzig und dann haben sie mich stutzig gemacht. Erst mit der Auflösung von Alice habe ich den Bogen und den Sinn verstanden.

vom aufbau der fragen und struktur der reihenfolge hat die pilotstudie für mich spaß gemacht (auch wenn ich das game etwas random fand). vor allem spannend: die so unterschiedl. pers. erfahrungen/ eindrücke/ perspektiven von allen teilnehmer:innen zu lesen. ein baum (nicht =) baum.

Extrem cute und berührend

Ich habe mich sehr auf die Teilnahme gefreut. Mir hat es Spass gemacht, in mein Leben zu reisen, zu verschiedenen Wegen und Orten.

Es war schön die individuellen Geschichten zu lesen. Die Aufgaben waren gut kommuniziert und man hat sich als Teilnehmer wohl gefühlt sie zu beantworten. Die Personen in der Gruppe waren nach meiner Wahrnehmung nicht sehr vielfältig für eine Forschung, das unterliegt der Tatsache das ich viele Personen Kenne. Ich habe gemerkt das ich das „Chat-Medium“ grundsätzlich eher unpersönlich wahrnehme.

Briefly describe your experience with the pilot study.

2 Antworten

The language did create a barrier, it did not feel right to google translate other participants thoughts.

When you asked me about trees I was like wtf, I don't really know anything or care about trees. So it gave me a challenge, a non-travelled path for me to look around for something I usually don't even see. Then I started to think at trees as metaphor, more at what they do, how they work than at what they are. I started to think at trees as a metaphor for friendship, with roots in one place but always expanding, the trunk as a catalyst, me, that connects the roots to the branches producing spores and all that travel everywhere. I also realized that my cities have roots, they look like something extracted from dirt and creating buds and flowers, the buildings.

Was hat dir in der Pilotstudie gefehlt?

9 Antworten

Hm... Ich weiß es nicht, ich glaube nichts.

Nichts

Fällt mir gerade Nix ein

Hintergründe zum eigentlichen Ziel der Aufgaben wären nice to have gewesen, gerade das kann aber natürlich so gewollt sein, dass wir im Dunkeln darüber gelassen wurden bislang. Außerdem Interaktion mit anderen Gruppenteilnehmer*innen

Eben dieser Plot Twist oder Twist in den Bedeutungsebenen

eine kleine vorschau was genau passieren wird

Mein Kirschbaum :(

Falls es ein Ziel war, sich im Kollektiv zu fühlen oder zu einer Gruppe dazu gehörig, so hatte ich das Gefühl nicht. Eine Chatgruppe, mit fremden Teilnehmenden ist für mich keine Basis für ein Kollektiv. Mir sind die Teilnehmenden heute einen Hauch weniger fremd, wie vor der Beantwortung der Fragen. Ich habe keinen Austausch oder Reaktionen auf meine Geschichten von den anderen erwartet und das kam ja auch selten vor. Ich fand es interessant, dass es bei der letzten Frage gegenseitige Zustimmung von den Teilnehmenden, auf bestimmte persönliche Haltungen zu der Frage gab.

Zeit

What did you miss within this pilot study?

1 Antwort

A moment everyone came together

Hast du einen Vorschlag, was ich besser machen kann?

8 Antworten

Leider nein, da ich bisher noch an kein andere Studie teilgenommen habe.

Nö

Es wäre interessant gewesen, wenn ich am Ende aus ALLEN Antworten hätte wählen können, wen ich heirate, Vögel usw. -.)

Das hängt davon ab, worauf Du hinaus möchtest. Wenn das Projekt über das Sammeln einzelner Ideen hinausgehen soll, wären konkrete Impulse zur Zusammenarbeit nötig.

Aktuell nicht

bei einem direkten austausch in einer gruppe (o. workshop-format) wäre die thematik für mich noch spürbarer und greifbarer geworden (+ persönlich verliere ich in großen messenger-gruppen oft den faden und initiative, unabhängig von der thematik, liegt einfach an dem format).

Falls es wichtig ist, dass der Chat zur Kollektiv-Bildung beitragen sollte, würde ich mir dafür noch etwas einfallen lassen, um das Gefühl zu wecken. Falls es um das Sammeln von Geschichten ging, ist das

Ein Workshop fände ich spannender.

Do you have any suggestions on how I can improve?

2 Antworten

Maybe people can introduce themselves a bit?

in the group chat I really appreciated the last part, the kiss marry kill one, because it made us talk to each other more instead of just answering, creating more of a group chat experience

Was glaubst du, wollte ich herausfinden? Und was sollte ich mir genauer anschauen?

9 Antworten

Ich glaube, du wolltest, dass wir durch unsere gemeinsamen Geschichten ein Gefühl bekommen, dass wir als Gruppe etwas erreichen können, oder das uns alle etwas verbindet.

Unser Bezug und Beziehung zur Natur?

Kein Plan
Inwiefern sich die Antworten untereinander beeinflussen? Hehe

Das hast Du in Deinem Video dann teils aufgelöst / angedeutet. Viele unserer Antworten waren z.T. erwartbar oder klischeehaft - ich würde mich v.a. für die Ausreißer bei den Antworten interessieren, die Bäume ganz anders deuten

Wie wir Menschen in Beziehung zur Natur stehen. Animismus als ein Ende und völlige Entfremdung von der natürlichen Welt als das andere.

Was ich sehr interessant fand war wie viele der Geschichten ähnliche Elemente hatten. Bedeutung in der Kindheit, Geschichten aus dem Leben. Auch über Kulturen und Länder hinweg, die Geschichten sind ähnlich.

wie definieren und betrachten wir (du + ich) bäume (und wälder) auf persönliche und/ oder abstrakte weise. spiegelt unser ausdrück ihnen gegenüber auch immer gleichzeitig, wie wir sie wahr nehmen? und wie können über diese individuellen wahrnehmungen beziehungen und interaktionen mit bäumen neu interpretiert, gedacht und gelebt werden?

um das weiter heraus zu finden, ab jetzt direkt mit bäumen arbeiten?!

Weiß nicht genau, aber vielleicht die emotionale Beziehung von Mensch zu Natur, die ja total einseitig ist. Und bestimmt auch ein bisschen die Art, wie wir darüber schreiben/erzählen/uns ausdrücken? :)

Anhand der kleinen Geschichten findest Du etwas über das Leben der Verfasser_innen heraus, über ihre Schreibstile, etwas über ihren ätherischen Sinn und über ihren Blick auf ihre Welt. Herausfinden wolltest Du vielleicht, ob Bäume personifiziert werden, ob sie Personen wichtig sind, wie ihr Verhältnis zu Bäumen ist.

What do you think I wanted to find out? And what should I take a closer look at?

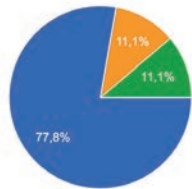
2 Antworten

How to make the planetary relations to nature, more open for conversation.

I think you wanted to make us think of the relation that we have with trees, humanizing them and making us becoming trees as well. Maybe I would like to expand on this thing of becoming tree and thinking like a tree instead of the contrary.

Möchtest du an an der weiterführenden Studie teilnehmen?

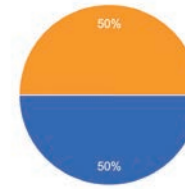
9 Antworten



- Ja
- Nein
- ist die weiterführende Studie auch zu diesem Projekt/ Thema?
- evtl., hängt von Terminen und Anwesenheitsmöglichkeit ab

Would you like to participate in the follow-up study?

2 Antworten



- Yes
- No
- Maybe. Ask me again.

Sonstige Kommentare / Fragen / Anregungen

7 Antworten

Thema Baum fand ich sehr schön und es hat Spaß gemacht mitzumachen!

Ist gegenseitiges kommentieren gut oder schlecht? Evtl. beeinflusst es die ehrliche Antwort, wenn ich auf das Herzchen der anderen hoffe.

IG und bis Thanksgiving :-)

Kennst du Braiding Sweetgrass von Robin Wall Kimmerer? Das Buch ist so toll und greift ganz viel auf und könnte glaube ich sehr wertvoll für die Arbeit sein.



Ich fand es interessant, dass bei der Frage KFM die Antworten plötzlich sehr unterschiedlich waren oder sich einige nicht beteiligen wollten. Die letzte Frage hatte mich auch erst sehr irritiert, aber ich wollte mich auf das Spiel einlassen und habe den Prozess bei mir genau wahrnehmen können. Natürlich würde ich auch keinen Baum töten, heiraten oder ficken. Es ging um das Gedankenspiel und ich fand das Ergebnis auch sehr interessant. Obwohl die Frage zunächst sehr radikal wirkte.

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Bin interessiert am Ergebnis und den Forschungsthemen die sich durch die Gruppe für dich in deiner Arbeit ergeben.

Comments, questions, suggestions

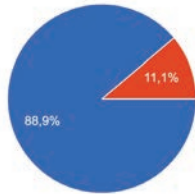
2 Antworten

Thank you so very much, I said maybe ask me again because I am not fully part of the target group :)

I love you so much, I had real fun, I can't wait to live this journey with you!

Gibt es etwas, das du gelernt hast?

9 Antworten



- Ja, ich habe etwas gelernt
- Nein, ich habe nichts gelernt

Lernerfolg

Was hast du gelernt?

2 Antworten

Die Geschichten der anderen waren schön zu lesen.

so fundemental wichtig bäume für uns sind (pers. sowie allgemein), wir beschäftigen uns doch so wenig mit ihnen, oder eben doch wenn wir uns den raum nehmen

Erwartungen & Bedürfnisse

Was wünschst du dir für die Fortsetzung?

9 Antworten

Auch etwas, was mit Natur/ Erinnerung zutun hat

Gerne die Ergebnisse der Forschung!

Die Antworten ohne Wörter, sondern als Kollektive Zeichnung. Online . Riesen digitale Leinwand, die individuelle Zeichnung dockt immer an der vorhandenen an.

etwas mehr Zeit für die jeweiligen Aufgaben

Interaktion in Person, vllt freiere analogere Beantwortung von Fragen wenn wir eh vor Ort sind und falls du nochmal durch so eine Reise führst. Also zb in Gedichtform, oder Fotos oder Bildern. Aber das ist vllt auch schwer auszuwerten.

workshop-format

weiterhin cuteness

Ich wünsche mir, dass das Projekt für Dich funktioniert und Du damit an Dein Ziel kommst. Ich kann mich auf das einlassen, was Du vorschlägst, ich vertraue Dir.

Ja

Did you learn something?

2 Antworten



- Yes, I've learned something
- No, I haven't learned anything
- Option 3
- Option 4

Learning success

What did you learn?

1 Antwort

Stop and look more around, take time to reflect but also imagine my relation with everyday planetary engagements

Expectations & needs

What do you wish for in the follow-up study?

2 Antworten

-

As I was saying for the friendship tree thing, i wish for something like creating a metaphoric tree all together by building something, by becoming one. idk

Appendix C: Source material

2. Erinner dich an einen Baum.
Denk an deine Kindheit. Gibt es einen Baum, der dir besonders im Gedächtnis geblieben ist, und dem du schon lange nicht mehr begegnet bist?
Erzähl uns davon.
Du hast 48h Zeit.

2. Remember a tree.
Think back to your childhood. Is there a tree that has stayed in your memory — one you haven't visited in a long time? Tell us about it.
You have 48 hours.

09:23 ✓



Das ist unser größter Apfelbaum im Garten. Hier in seinem Frühlingskleid. Es hat mich sehr glücklich gemacht, ihn dieses Jahr so zu sehen. Ich kenne ihn seit über 40 Jahren. Als ich noch ein kleines Mädchen war, bin ich auf ihn geklettert und habe versucht so hoch wie möglich zu kommen. Er war immer schon so groß, vielleicht ist der Stamm ein bisschen gewachsen. Es waren kleine Geschenke zu Ostern darauf versteckt und einmal sogar das neue BMX Bike von meinem Bruder. Jedes Jahr ernten wir seine Äpfel, fegen sein Laub zusammen und bewundern seine Blüten.

19:44

For the first six years of my life, I lived deep in the Latvian countryside. Not far from my house stood the enormous, upturned roots of a fallen tree. I called it The Pig. It was my favorite playground.

On top of The Pig was a kind of chair, shaped perfectly from the tangled roots. I would often sit there, feeling like a king on his throne. On the other side of the roots were a few small, dark caves that always seemed mysterious—and a little scary.

I still miss my Pig.

19:49

2. Ich erinnere mich vor allem an den Apfelbaum in unserem Garten. Mein Bruder hatte Holzbretter ran genagelt und oben in den Ästen eine Art Empore gebaut. Ich war noch viel kleiner als er und hatte immer ziemliche Angst hochzuklettern. Dennoch hab ich es immer wieder versucht und auch getan. Auch wenn es manchmal damit endete, dass mich jemand runter holen musste, denn runter war mindestens genauso beängstigend. Das dazwischen schien aber ziemlich cool gewesen zu sein haha sonst hätte ich es nicht gemacht (:

21:43

Der Kirschbaum im Garten meines Elternhauses. Meine Großeltern hatten ihn gepflanzt. Er war groß und stark und soooo hübsch. Ich habe als Kind gelebt in ihm, hatte zwei feste "Sessel", wie ich sie immer genannt habe, Astzweigungen in denen ich perfekt sitzen konnte. Die Kirschen waren köstlich, die Blüten im Frühjahr mein erstes Parfüm und sein Schatten die Rettung im Sommer. Irgendwann mit 15 war ich mal auf einer Ferienfreizeit in Italien für zwei Wochen. Als ich wieder kam war der Baum weg. Krank sei er gewesen, ich glaube es immer noch nicht. Ich bin damals komplett zusammen gebrochen und meine Eltern konnten es überhaupt nicht verstehen, fanden ich übertreibe maßlos. "War doch nur ein Baum." Zu meinen Eltern habe ich seit längerem keinen Kontakt. Den Baum vermisse ich viel mehr.

06:58

Ich muss an die Trauerweide bei meinen Großeltern denken. Sie hatte so lange Äste, dass es wie ein Haus aussah, wenn man sich da drunter gesetzt hatte. Außerdem muss ich an alle Bäume in deren Garten denken, auf die ich geklettert bin - Kirsche, Apfel-, Nuss- und Pflaumenbaum. Ich habe es soooo geliebt die frische Frucht direkt aus dem Baum zu essen... Ich muss jetzt daran träumen und frage mich - warum mache ich es jetzt nicht mehr im Sommer? Ich soll wieder auf die Bäume klettern!

1 11:22

Ich muss an die Trauerweide bei meinen Großeltern denken. Sie hatte ...

Das ist aber schön. Bei mir ist es ähnlich. Die Trauerweide bei meinen Großeltern stand in einem sumpfigen Gebiet. Sie war eingesunken und schief, sodass ich wunderbar darauf Platz finden konnte. Hinter der Wand aus Zweigen war ich versteckt. Manchmal flocht ich sie. Es gab viele riesige baumpilze und manchmal vergaßen mich auch die Tiere die dort wohnten und ich konnte bisamratten und Biber sehen. Heute sind meine Großeltern alt und gehen an diese Stelle des Grundstücks nicht mehr. Ich war auch lange nicht mehr dort. Der Baum ist mit den Jahren immer weiter eingesunken und das gesamte Areal überwuchert. Es macht mich traurig daran zu denken, dass dieser Ort meiner Kindheit nicht mehr in dieser Form existiert. Aber ist ok, alles ist in Veränderung.

20:57

Schön zu lesen, dass es hier einigen so geht. Als Kinder sind Bäume zum klettern da.

Meine Großeltern hatten einst einen großen Garten 20 min Autofahrt von meiner Heimatstadt entfernt. Ein Ort mit selbstgebauter Finnhütte, Planschbecken, Beeten, einem Fluss in der Nähe zum keschern und angeln und einem Wald. Als Kinder waren wir im Sommer fast jedes Wochenende dort. Am Waldesrand gab es einen Baum, den ich regelmäßig aufgesucht habe. Es war mein Baum zum klettern. Für mich als Knirps hatte er die perfekte Größe, die Äste die besten Abstände und ausreichend Stärke, um mit meinem Fliegengewicht bis in die Baumkrone zu gelangen. Viele Sommer lang habe ich in ihm gelegen und in den Himmel gestarrt. Irgendwann habe ich den Baum als Jugendlicher besucht und mich darüber gewundert, wie ich das damals wohl gemacht habe. Seit einigen Jahren ist der Garten nicht mehr in der Hand meiner Großeltern und ich habe den Baum länger als ein Jahrzehnt nicht mehr gesehen. Aber is, wie's is.



Danke für die Reise Alice!

08:03

2.

Der Baum meiner Kindheit war ein alter Aprikosenbaum. Er stand mitten im Garten und hatte seine Zweige in alle Richtungen ausgebreitet – teilweise so tief, dass ich als Kind hinaufklettern konnte. Es war so schön, im Sommer die saftigen, duftenden, von der Sonne gereiften, warmen Aprikosen zu essen. Ich war gerne in diesem Baum, und unter ihm habe ich oft gegessen und gespielt – im Duft der reifen Früchte.

Im Frühling war er voller Blüten in der Mitte des Gartens, im Sommer schenkte er viel Schatten und goldene, duftende Früchte. Und selbst im Winter, trotz des Schneemantels, den er trug, war es faszinierend, als Kind vom Aprikosenbaum aus über den Garten hinabzuschauen.

Ich würde so gerne noch einmal unter diesem Baum stehen – aber diesen Baum gibt es leider nicht mehr. Er ist nach und nach vertrocknet. Diese Zeit der Trockenheit hat die ganze Familie traurig gemacht – er war wie ein Familienmitglied, das immer älter wurde und uns schließlich verließ.

An seiner Stelle steht nun ein anderer Aprikosenbaum, noch jung, mit zarten Ästen und kleinen Früchten – ein Baum mit einem anderen Charakter, der mit der Zeit über den Garten hinauswachsen wird.



09:26



I grew up Right next to the last stop of a trainline directly next to the trainstation. In my memory the view from our kitchen window was all asphalt and traintracks. I visited the space on google just now to take a snapshot of the place, now I am wondering I have created this memory over the years, it could also be that all this nature has grown since I lived there 25 years ago. It's nice to see that there are trees now, I think this is how I will remember the space from now on.



10:03



Oh noch fix die 2.

Ich erinnere mich an keinen konkreten Baum. Der Baum meiner Kindheit ist ein ganzer Wald. Wohlig umgeben von dem moosigen, pilzigen Geruch. Der weiche Gang, das leise Knacken.

Der Eingang war gleich über die Wiese, gegenüber vom Haus, in dem kleinen Dorf, in dem ich aufgewachsen bin. Was für ein Glück!

In meinen Zwanzigern hat der Wald an sich keine große Rolle mehr in meinem Leben gespielt.

Erst seit ein paar Jahren nehme ich das wohltuende Gefühl bei und nach einem "Wald-Bad" wieder wahr. Ich suche es regelmäßig auf, um meine Gedanken aufzuräumen und zu beruhigen.

Beim Spazieren in einem Wald komme ich nie auf die Idee, dass ich jetzt woanders sein müsste. Ich vergesse all meine ToDos. Die Zeitwahrnehmung ist angenehm entschleunigt.



Es fühlt sich immer genau richtig an.

10:07



In my garden in Crete there is a pomegranate tree. It is always a bit yellow and it always seemed to be not to be doing much well. It's all bent to one side and really thin. But it still produces pomegranates, unfortunately we were very seldom able to eat them because they always become ripe when we leave

10:28

My favorite tree growing up was the mango tree in my grandmothers garden. To this day it still give delicious mangos been there over 40 years 🥭🥭

11:31

Als Kind hatte ich keinen Special Baum, war aber gern in kleinen Wäldchen der Umgebung unterwegs. In Erinnerung blieben auch die Zypressen am Gartenzaun meiner Eltern – man konnte sich beim Versteckspielen gut zwischen Zaun und Zypressen quetschen und a la Homer Simpson im Buschwerk verschwinden

12:07

3. Imaginiere einen Baum.
Stell dir einen Baum vor, der in Zukunft in deinem Leben eine Rolle spielen könnte. Wofür steht dieser Baum?
Erzähl uns davon.
Du hast 48h Zeit.

3. Imagine a tree.
Envision a tree that could play a role in your future life. What does it stand for?
Tell us about it.
You have 48h.

09:49 ✓

Ich könnte mir einen neuen Baum auf meiner Terrasse vorstellen, da ich selbst keinen Garten besitze, wäre ein kleiner Birne sehr schön, diese Birne würde für mich als Neuanfang stehen.
Nach ein paar Schicksalsschläge, habe ich das Gefühl, dass dieser Baum mich dabei begleiten darf.
Mit großer Freude würde ich dann beim Wachsen zuschauen, und mich natürlich über kleine Birnen sehr freuen.
Wenn ich zurückdenke, habe ich schon immer in dem Genuss gelebt, das Bäume ein Bestandteil in meinem Leben waren.
Ich mich Jahr für Jahr an diesen Früchte erfreuen durfte.

12:21

Ich hab's ein paar Mal versucht, aber es klappt nicht. Ich habe im Moment sehr große Schwierigkeiten, mir die Zukunft vorzustellen, wenn ichs versuche, ist es als würde ich ganz schnell durch die Kanäle eines Fernsehers zappen, ich sehe viele Bilder/Möglichkeiten, aber keins bleibt stehen. Ungewissheit, Sorge und Chaos. Wenn irgendwann mal ein Baum dazwischen zu sehen sein sollte, sage ich natürlich sofort Bescheid!

13:09

etwas verspätet, aber hier zu • 1. ich finde es so surreal, das aus diesem kleinen Knirps das Potenzial einer gigantischen Eiche steckt, die hunderte Jahre alt werden kann. Wir beschreiben Bäume meistens, wenn sie bereits eine gewisse Größe oder zusammen erreicht haben, aber das davor und danach ist genau so beeindruckend und untrennbar mit seiner Existenz verbunden.

13:42

zu • 2. mm.. es ist nicht ein spezieller Baum, an den ich mich zurückerinnere, der besonders für mich war, sondern wie ich mich gefühlt habe. sehr klein und winzig gegenüber diesen Riesen, aber nicht unangenehm oder ängstlich, sondern beeindruckt und wohl. das war das Besondere.

13:47



13:42

Ich bin ziemlich verzweifelt und habe zwei Geschichten im Kopf. Einerseits denke ich an den Klimawandel und stelle mir den letzten Baum dieser Welt vor, wenn alles komplett gebrannt und ausgetrocknet wäre. Andererseits will ich doch nicht glauben, dass die Menschheit nicht so dumm und egoistisch ist, sondern, dass wir uns mehr um die Natur kümmern werden und es wird mehr und mehr Bäume geben, die hunderte Jahre alt werden, so groß und wunderschön wie nie zuvor. Es wird neue Baumarten geben, die unsere Klima und Erde retten werden, die uns gesund machen werden, die uns viel Schutz spenden werden.

edited 19:50

3. Familien Stammbaum

Irgendwie so altnordisch, aber doch hat jeder einen :-)
Ist nach mir Schluss mit der Verästelung?
Darüber denk ich oft nach.
Es wäre schön, wenn nicht ♥

Wie sieht ein moderner Stammbaum aus:
Vielleicht können auch Freunde oder andere Kinder aus meinem Leben meinen Baum mit mir weiterwachsen lassen?

Wir stammen zwar nicht aus dem gleichen Stamm, sind aber trotzdem fest verwachsen.
Wie bei der Veredelung von Obstbäumen.

Dazu fällt mir ein Künstler ein:



edited 20:39

Das abgebildete Kunstwerk ist ein „Tree of 40 Fruit“ (Baum der 40 Früchte), ein Projekt des Künstlers und Professors Sam Van Aken.



Der Baum ist eine lebende Skulptur, die durch Veredelung (Grafting) von über 40 verschiedenen Steinobstsorten auf einem einzigen Baumstamm geschaffen wurde.

Oksss I had missed my tree for number 3. Fruit trees really connect to my origins and home. I would like a tree that gives fruit like a mango tree, from which my family friends and visitors got to share and enjoy. But for some reason my mind keeps going to a tomato plant. I see more plants that I take care of and in that way can give back to the land: berries, strawberries, plants that become part of my life, seasonal take of with respect and given space to thrive.

21:29

3. In der Zukunft hätte ich gerne einen Kirschbaum. Wobei ich mir gar nicht sicher bin, ob die Art wirklich relevant ist, aber die weißen Blüten sind so schön. Ich stelle mir vor, dass es einen Teil im Garten gibt, der etwas verwildert ist. Dort können Insekten und auch andere Tiere Unfug treiben. Etwas weiter entfernt steht hoffentlich ein kleines Häuschen. Also quasi etwas menschliches fern ab Natur. Aber dazwischen gibt es auch was. Ein Weg, ein Rasen, eine Bank und mein Baum daneben, der mir Schatten spendet, während ich mir die Bienen anschau. Oder den Kohlmeisen, die sich um die Kirschen streiten.

21:52

3.
Es ist ein Ginkgobaum. Er ist wunderschön! Seine fächerförmigen Blätter sehen grazios aus, und im Herbst werden sie zitronengelb – so eine leuchtende und fröhliche Farbe.
Es ist ein starker Baum, irgendwie auch ein verrückter Baum. Es gibt weibliche und männliche Ginkgobäume. „Die Befruchtung erfolgt durch den Wind, der den Pollen von den männlichen zu den weiblichen Bäumen trägt. Diese setzen dann die Samen zur Befruchtung der Eizelle frei.“
Der weibliche Baum trägt später Früchte, die allerdings stark, ja, richtig heftig stinken. So faszinierend ist diese Natur!
Ich habe einen Samen eingepflanzt. Jetzt habe ich in meiner Wohnung keinen Platz dafür, aber irgendwann hoffe ich, einen eigenen Garten zu haben – und in diesem Garten soll der Ginkgobaum stehen.

09:40



As i missed to share my Nr.1 „Find a tree“ post last week i am happy that i can now share my Imagine Tree. Its the same one 😊
It's my favourite tree, i am looking forward to see it one day from my kitchen window. My very good friend Arne and me found it's sprouting acorn at Baumschule about 4 Years ago while strolling around the new spot, discovering the space. Those were the days when we were sleeping in the clubhouse every night instead of inside and from time to time dears and wild rabbits were still strolling around the spot. We put a circle of stones around it to safe it from being mowed away and kept it from freezing in the winter with some woodchips. I would have never imagined in this moment that right at this spot this tree woud actually survive, but look at it. Love it

10:39

Almost every February, I try to visit a beautiful country outside of Europe. I love spending most of my time surrounded by nature—hiking through forests or jungles is my favorite thing to do. During these trips, I like to collect seeds from plants or take small branches to grow new houseplants when I return home. This February, I'm planning to visit Laos and Vietnam, and I'm very curious to see what kinds of new houseplants I'll bring back with me.

17:40

Letztes Jahr bekam ich einen Feigenbaum geschenkt. Ich wollte unbedingt eine Feige haben. Sie gedeiht nicht gut bei mir, hat Läuse und ich muss ihre Blätter stets abschneiden. Sie wandert nun zurück zur 3. Besitzerin, in einen großen Garten. Ich werde sie besuchen und bin gespannt auf ihre Entwicklung dort. Aber eigentlich hatte ich mir gewünscht, sie irgendwann in naher Zukunft in meinen eigenen Garten zu riechen. Ich liebe den Geruch von Feigen! Wenn ich ihn wahrnehme, bleibe ich stehen, sauge den Duft ein und schmelze. Ich wollte mir Südeuropa nach hause holen, wenn ich schon nicht dort sein kann. Jetzt habe ich einen Blauregen geschenkt bekommen und hoffe wir bleiben zusammen. Er wird in ein paar Jahren mit lila Blüten vor meinem Schlafzimmer hängen, wuchern und mich weiter an Berlin fesseln.

18:21

Ich denke an einen Birnenbaum. Einen großen, starken, mit breiter Krone und einer Schaukel daran an dem meine Kinder mit Anlauf ihre Füße in den Himmel schaukeln können. Die Kinder gibt es noch nicht.
Das Land schon.
Den Baum wollte ich eigentlich pflanzen aber hab es nicht geschafft. Eile mit Weile.
Außerdem macht mir die Zukunft Angst und alles unsicher. Das schaltet sich wie ein störsignal in die zukunfts Vorstellungen

edited 18:28

Etwas lange überlegt:
Für die Zukunft stelle ich mir eine Trauerweide vor. Diese Bäume begleiten mich mein ganzes Leben. Sie sind für mich voller Weisheit und Mystik. So einen Baum im Garten oder anderswo in der Nähe, damit man sie bestaunen kann, im Frühling darunter Kaffee trinkt, im Sommer darunter ein Nickerchen macht, im Herbst geputzt wird und der Winter zum träumen ist.

08:00

FUCK, MARRY, KILL
Fuck, Marry, Kill ist ein Spiel, bei dem typischerweise drei Figuren zur Auswahl stehen. Die Spieler*innen entscheiden dann, welche der drei Optionen – Fuck, Marry oder Kill – sie auf welche Figur anwenden würden: mit wem sie schlafen, wen sie heiraten und wen sie töten würden.

Wir spielen das Spiel mit euren Bäumen 1–3.
Fantasieret darüber, trefft eure Wahl und teilt eure Entscheidung mit der Gruppe.
Ihr habt 48 Stunden Zeit.

FUCK, MARRY, KILL
Fuck, Marry, Kill is a game in which players are given three figures to choose from. They then decide which of the three they would fuck, which they would marry, and which they would kill.

We'll play this game with your trees 1–3.
Let yourself fantasize, make your choice, and share it with the group.
You have 48 hours.



1 10:02 ✓

Goodmorning,

I would fuck the first tree as even though I found it a connecting factor as a symbol that it could be anywhere at once. I happen to know that much of the area I live in and the tree's in The Dutch "forests" are not there by nature but my man made alterations for this reason I would get rid of this one.

For the affair I would choose the last choice I shared which was to replace the three with plants. With growing and caring for them. Which is also the reason I would not marry it but instead would marry my grandmothers tree. Learning to be connected to the land should in my view include caring for what is already there. For that which has history life and a future may we choose to take care of it 🌱



09:13

Fuck the first one Marry the second one kill the third one as I didn't say anything 🤔



10:36

I would not fuck or marry any tree, maybe kill for building smth



11:37

But that would not be personal



11:38

Ahahaha true



11:38

Ich kann die Worte fuck marry kill einfach nicht auf einen Baum anwenden 🤔



12:00

Ich würde mit dem ersten Baum intim werden. Der abgebildete Baum befindet sich in Málaga. Dort ist es schön warm, da lässt es sich gut entkleiden. Die Luftwurzeln tun ihr Übriges. Zudem steht die Feige in vielen Kulturen für Fruchtbarkeit und Lust.



12:37

Ich würde den dritte Baum heiraten und im Anschluss töten. Die Heirat ist durch den Tod begründet. Wenn der Baum durch meine Hand sterben muss, dann will ich ihn vorher vollends an mich binden (oder viell. binde ich mich auch an ihn und gehe mit ein). Ich will eins sein mit dem Baum.



13:36

Töten würde ich den Apfelbaum (2), im Garten meiner Mutter. Bevor ich meine Feige (3) wieder abgebe, würde ich mit ihr liebevoll sein und dann meinen Nadelbaum heiraten. Er steht schon so lange vor meinem Fenster und stört mich nicht. ;)



Alice
FUCK, MARRY, KILL Fuck, Marry, Kill ist ein Spiel, bei dem typischerwe..

Hey, sorry - ich finde diese Frage soooooo weird und komisch, dass ich nicht so wirklich eine Antwort dazu geben will 🤔🤔



17:41

I meaaan of course I would never fuck a tree (or would I?) there is an issue with consent... for sure no marriage allowed in my horizon of meaning, killing seems much more likely to be done it makes sense if you think the world as a metaphor oder?



01:21

I would marry the Rowan tree, as it is a symbol of wisdom and protection. It's connected with ancient magic, and together we would fight against evil spirits and dark witches.

I would fuck the Chestnut tree, because it is the most beautiful one. Think about those big flower cones and shiny brown balls in autumn—so full of life and charm!

I don't want to harm an Oak tree. But if I had no choice, maybe the reason would be that the Oak is a symbol of patriarchy and power.



18:16

Ich KILL den Stammbaum.
Braucht kein Mensch,
Verbindungen gehen über Gene hinaus!

Ich FUCK den Dragontree. Diese ganzen Arme! Sexy!

Ich heirate den ganzen Wald. Und habe für immer ausgesorgt.



19:38

Ich bau mir aktuell mein Leben mit einer tollen Person auf. Das steht für mich für die Zukunft und damit für meinen imaginierten Birnenbaum. Den würde ich also heiraten. Heiraten heißt ein Prozess im Zukünftigen. Fuck bedeutet für mich wie Ficken etwas flüchtiges und ohne tiefe Begegnung. Daher meinen ersten Baum, an dem ich auf einer kurzen Reise vorbei gelaufen bin. Also bleibt zum killen mein kindheitsbaum, die Weide. Ein komisches Gefühl aber irgendwie auch passend. Diese Zeit ist vorbei und lebt nur noch in meinen Erinnerungen.



20:45

Huhu BaumFreunde, weils so schön ist, teile ich mich euch die Reise der Feige. Ich habe gestern nochmal intensiv ihren Duft eingeatmet ;)

10:54



With a little help from my friend....
Und jetzt fahren wir los. 🍀

10:56



17:53

Reise gut überstanden ;)



17:54



