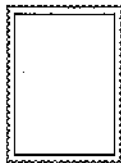


POSTCARDS *from* NATURE



Ina Turinsky

Milena Faé

Phillip

Philippa Stehmarker

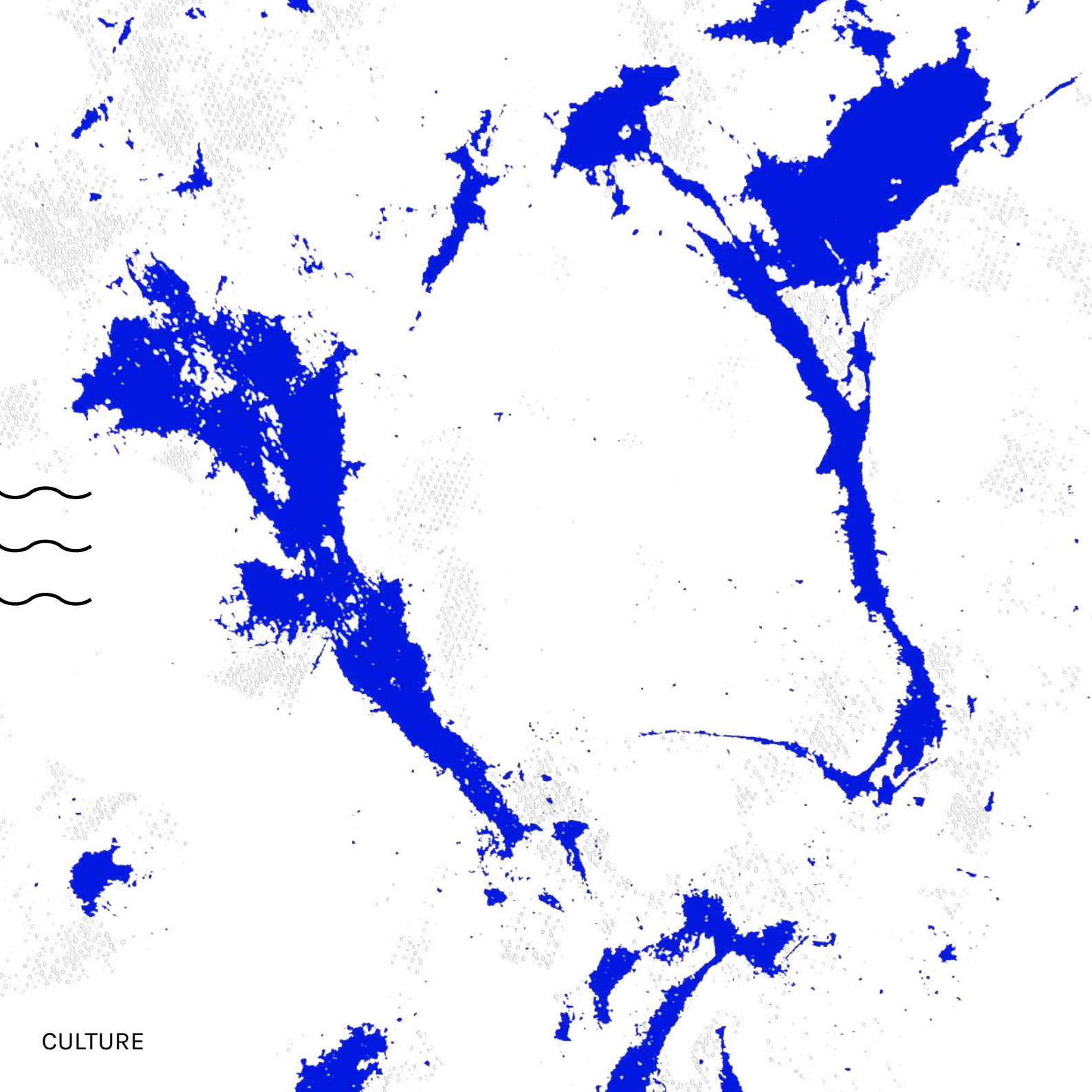
To Asperö from Nature



T



NATURE



CULTURE

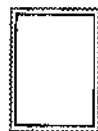
M a n i f e s t o

I love you and you are part of me.
But I can't understand what you are doing.
You want to own me, but you can't.
It can be hard to accept: I am whole. I know what I do.
Respect my choices. My force. My rhythm. My cycles.
You should adapt. Coexist.

We are servants of nature.
She is our goddess, the center of our universe. We
trust because she knows, she just knows.
It's organic, deep, natural, instinctive. We're amazed
and curious - we research, document and test.
Her perspective is our perspective. We shall obey.
Embrace it.



Dear Nature,
we are reaching out to you, trying to connect
to you, searching for ways to understand
what we take for granted, questioning our
own point of view.



How would you explain yourself?
Can you give us some answers, a hint?
Or do you already do, and it is just us
who keep ignoring?

The other day, we let our-
selves floating around in your
multifarious presence.

We took things from you.

Sorry. But we were trying
to be very gentle. Now, placed in a new
surrounding, we are watching you carefully, reading
signs, keen on finding out more or being remembered.

I am the wind.

Born within the warm light, I start to fly.

How much water there is here!

It extends into infinity.

I blow and blow with all my ^{strength} force.

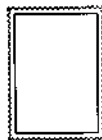
Where I fly, patterns occur.

I play hide and seek in the sand.

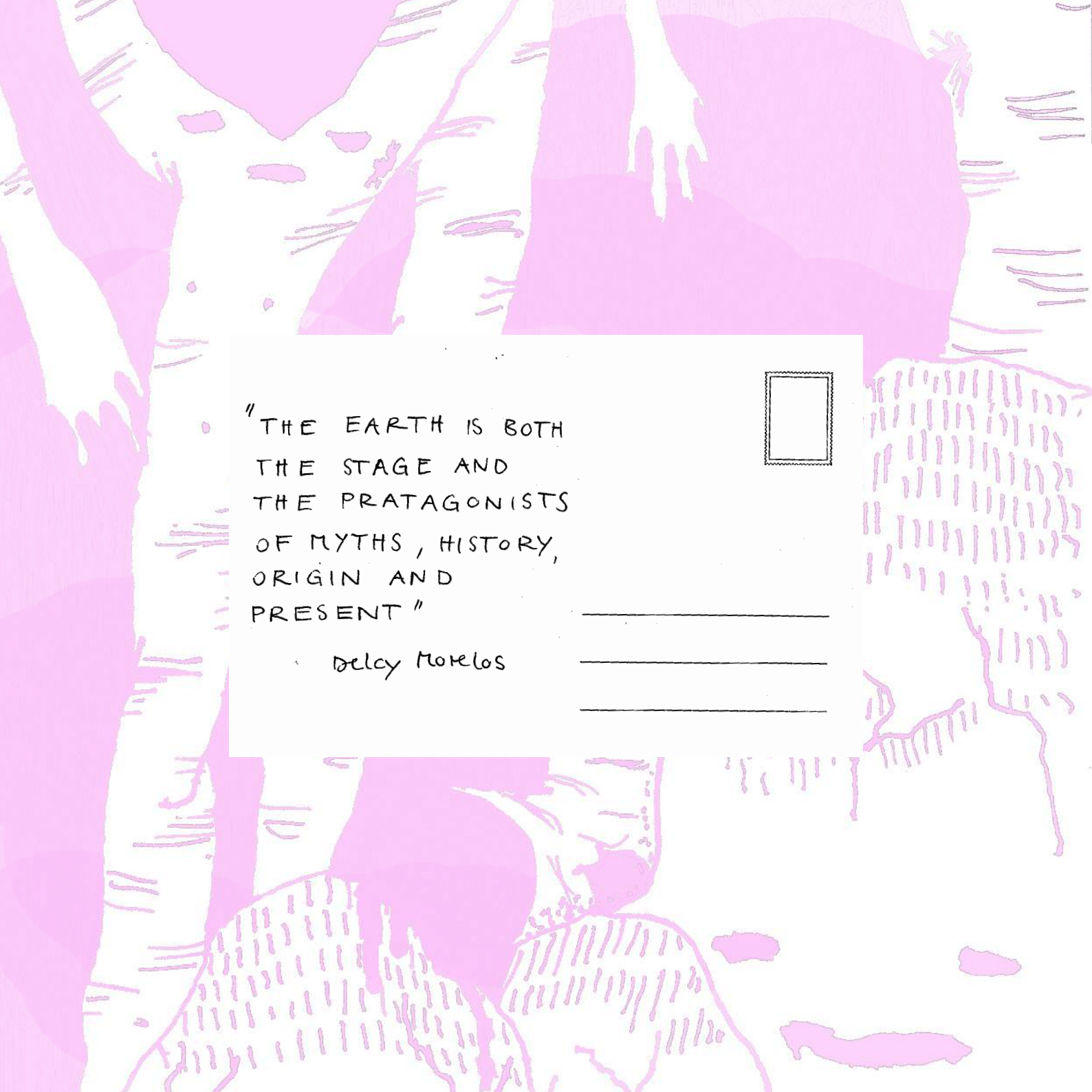
The scent of grass and the scent
of rain spreads.

Into the green,
together with the soft cloud.

I see a small pond.



SUSUKU SHINGU



"THE EARTH IS BOTH
THE STAGE AND
THE PRATAGONISTS
OF MYTHS , HISTORY,
ORIGIN AND
PRESENT "

Delcy Morales



Dear child

I hope you are well,
I have been trying
to get a hold of you
above and below ground.

I'm sorry to say your
mother has gotten ill,
but me and the others
are supporting her the
best we can.

We are all looking
forward to her recovery.
Hope to hear from you
soon.

lots of love



Dear Friends,

Don't worry about me, I'm doing just fine. Of course it's a big change, but I was looking forward to see how it feels in this part of the universe. I feel free and independent. I can't feel the presence of our mother in here. It's good in one hand. On the other... well, I don't know what to expect. And it can be good and bad. There are walls and light is not as warm as the sun. The water comes everyone in a while. I miss the silence, however much here is stimulating. Actually, ~~stimulation~~ stimulation is never over - this people are always looking at screens and I think they have no idea there is a whole universe behind that. I'll stay in touch. Love,
Sandy.



My love, my other half.
I hope you are well, it
felt so strange to be
seperated from you
after a whole life together.

I can almost feel the
ising wind brushing
over our frozen inside
by the water crease
on ~~our~~ our home
beach. I wonder if you
think of me as much as
I think about you.

You are sincerely missed.
Here begins the start of
a common life apart.
Love Snell



Beach

Asperö

Sweden

My love,

It has been what
feels like forever
since we laid entangled
at the beach, letting
the waves decide our
destiny.

I'm in a different place,
now, testing different
waters.

I'm longing for the day
we will meet again.

Until then I wish you all
the best, my love, my home.

/kelp

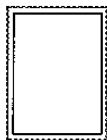


Dear Sisters,
I am surprised of how different things are in here. Of course I expected things to be different, but I never expected it would affect me. That I would become something or someone else. In the outside, though; I'm still the same. Oh, so funny to think ~~about~~ how I took it for granted - I thought that me, as a rock, would be the master of my emotions. Now it feels pretty obvious, - but I have never realised before that, by changing the surroundings the inside would change as well.

Would you help me remember who I am?
I can't recognise myself. And it's not actually bad. Is it good? Around me, I see that some other pieces that were also disconnected from their bases are dying, or maybe just changing. Well, a few are getting better. We're all in the struggle of trying to figure out our new selves.

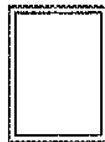
From here I can see how dramatic mother's cycles can be. I wonder if I knew that it would happen, would I have come anyway? Looking forward to hear from you, Daisy.

//
... // , says nature.



What is your plan? What are you trying to tell me?

Even if I try, even if I try the hardest I can. Even if I read all books, even if I spend all hours of my day outside. Even in the peak of our intimacy, I could never be able to predict what comes next. If there is one thing I for sure I learned is to not take anything for granted. I realised that fighting against it will only lead to disaster. Sometimes I forget I trust you. I'm so sorry.



FRIEND, ✱

I DON'T WANT YOU TO FORGET
ABOUT ME. I WANT YOU TO RE-
MEMBER ALL MY POSITIVE SIDES
AS WELL AS MY NEGATIVE ONES.

I WANT YOU TO NEVER FORGET
OUR WEEK TOGETHER, WHAT WE
SAW, WHAT WE HEARD, WHAT WE
SMELLED, AND FELT, ~~BEFORE~~

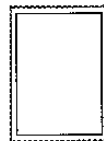
I FEEL THAT YOU OWE ME
THAT AT LEAST.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO COME
VISIT ME WHENEVER. PROMISE
THAT YOU HAVE ME IN YOUR
MIND WHEN YOU LEAVE.

I WILL STAY.

HORE TO SEE YOU SOON!

YOUR FRIEND NATURE



30.03.18

I saw you today
you wanted pass ~~ed~~ me
as usual. I always greet you
but I wonder sometimes if you
even notice me. I can feel
an anger or stress inside
you that you spread in
the air as you walk past,
almost in the same twid
way that I do when I drop
my leaves. I wish you all
the best. Me and my
family is so grateful you
brought us here. But
you dont seem to feel
the same love anymore.
I'm sorry if I've gotten to intense
I will ^{stop} stop. All my love / forest





A few things changed in the night. The dead and hollow crab came alive in its vividness of color. The black huge fungus died as the water evaporated.

The moss baby got smaller and coarse like a hedgehog.

The moss turned unfluffy and aggressive in its sprouts, the rich moist dirt that it once grew in started to resemble a rock.

The yellow tree fungus turned hard and lightweight in opposite to its once soft and wet texture.

The clam shiny from the ocean mist, a bit heavy, concealing an inner life of something mysterious and alive has become flaky and dry, it has a lightness to it that makes you think it could be swept away by the wind.

The colourful kelp has turned into a wittering structure of black straws entwined, as to protect themselves from dehydration.

They are now but fragile remains of an unknown world underneath the surface.

The string is still blue.

The small glass piece that we found on the beach is still green.

The human made things remain the same, and the nature dies and comes to life.

Human _ Non-human _ Relations

In order to understand and appreciate the nature surrounding us, we need to see ourselves in the eyes of nature.

By altering relations between the human and non-human, new perspectives appear.

How is nature perceiving us, how do we come across?

The structures, the tempo, the adaptation in nature could perhaps be our new way of living

TREE



WIND

SPEED



MOVEMENT

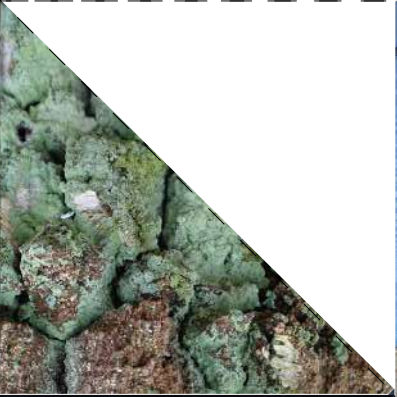


WAVE



KELP

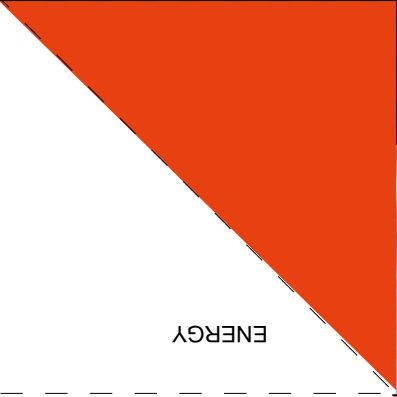
GROWTH



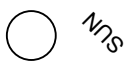
LIVING



ENERGY



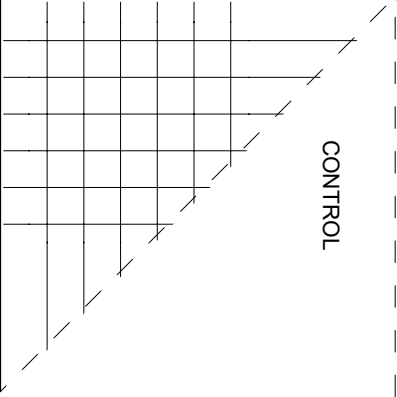
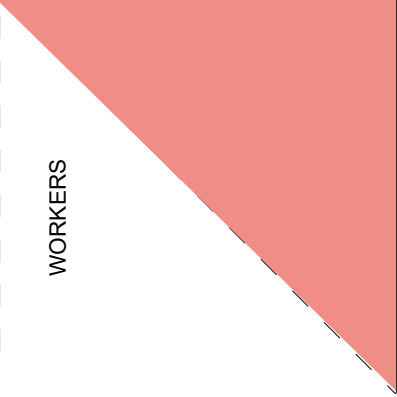
AIR



SUN

ANIMAL

WORKERS



CONTROL

O₂

HUMAN

Special Thanks To:

Berit Svanqvist

Tom Blomqvist

Bert Karlsson

Oak

Barnacles

Moss

Lichen

Crab

Sandy

Daisy

Kelp

Aspen

Algae

Shells

Clam

Oysters

Beech

String

Glass

Porcelain

Snail

Fungus

Leaf

Rocks

Birch

Cliffs

Seaweed

Reed

Sheep

Juniper berry

Beach

Forest

Bark

Swans