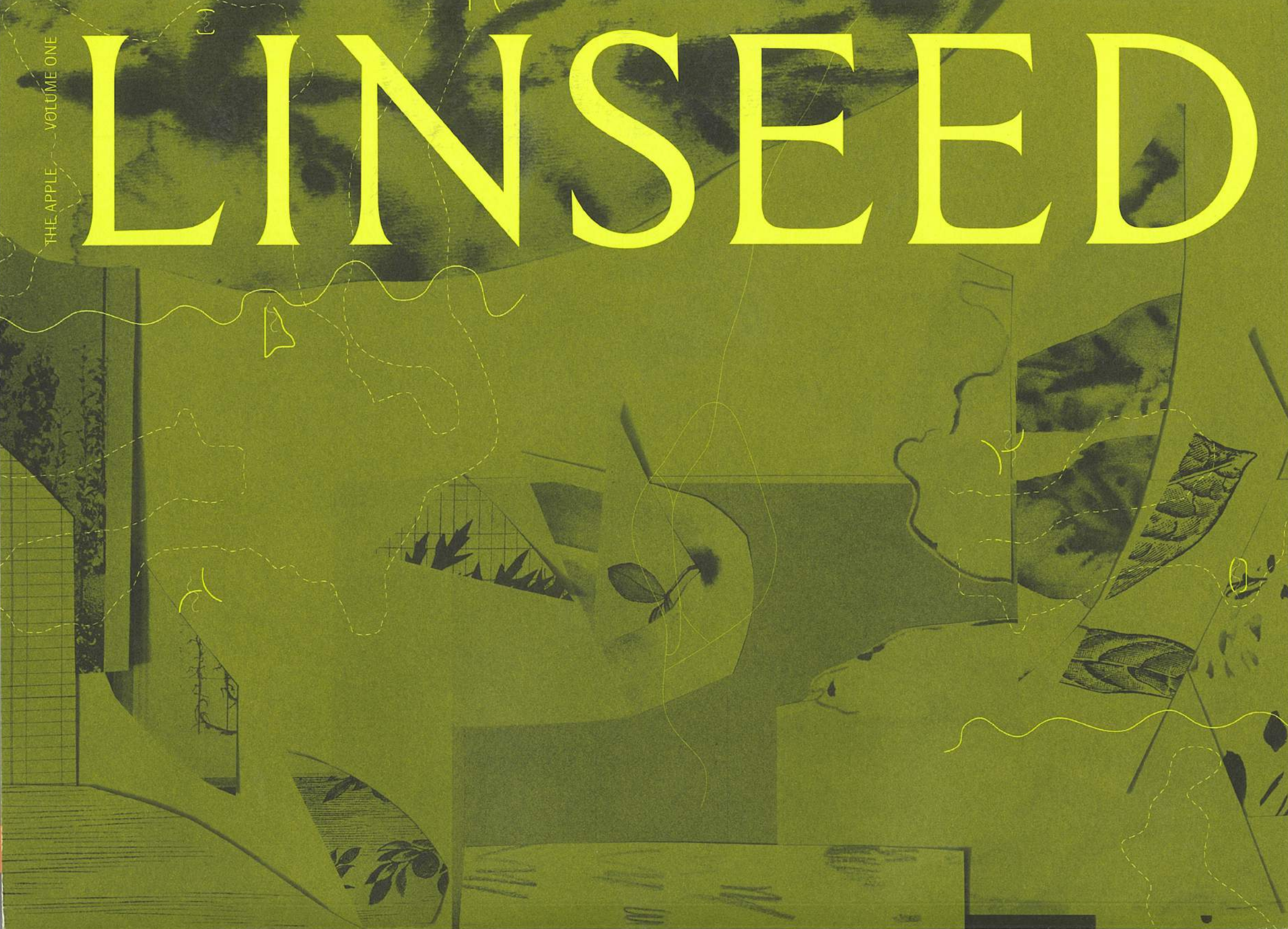


THE APPLE VOLUME ONE

LINSEED



The ways in which apples feed us go beyond their crunchy sweetness. Many fruits and flowers have woven themselves into cultural life throughout history, but almost none with the longevity or reach of the apple. The apple is an object of both global migration and local tradition. It is bound-up with ritual and celebration, practices of cultivation and food preservation, and histories of representation. It is a tale of blended heritages and common ancestries. Also of diversity: continuing to acquire a vast store of genes, ensuring its survival. All the while, harbouring knowledge of ancient and modern “graft”—a model for new, modern-day acts of collaboration.

There was never a question that the apple would set the theme for Volume One. It is a symbol of origins, of course. “A is for apple”, we chant as children, before almost anything else. They happen to be a personal preoccupation—I try not to leave the house without an emergency English “Jazz” in my bag, and rarely pass a winter’s evening without a baked Bramley heaving with sultanas, or a picnic lunch without a thinly sliced Russet with cheddar. Some opt for the tartness of a Cox, others the floral levity of a Pink Lady. We could go on...

But beyond our individual tastes, there is a mutual affection of (if not familiarity with) the apple, that allows it to unite people, places and ideas. THE APPLE as our theme doesn’t place brackets around the publication, in any fixed or even opaque way. It provides a lens through which to view the cultural landscape, past and present. Uncovering how “place” inspires and informs community and creativity, and how humans mould and impact their surroundings. It attunes us towards “Local Distinctiveness”—our founding philosophy, borrowed from arts charity Common Ground. A call for meaningful, enduring connections with our environment, “however ordinary” (in the words of Common Ground).

Said William Morris: “we must learn to love the narrow spot that surrounds our daily life”; and to judge “a leaf of grass no less than the journey-work of the stars”, said Thoreau. Through a local lens, places are so often beautiful for their “usualty” (to use poet Ivor Gurney’s term). “Local Distinctiveness” is a model for looking at, and after, culture and identity—applicable to any corner of the world.

And far and wide we have gone for Volume One, uniting over 30 writers and artists from almost as many countries. Architect Claudia Robalino invites us into her proposed settlement in the Ecuadorian rainforest, whilst writer Nancy Campbell observes the unfolding seasons from her caravan, on a patch of Oxford woodland. Artist Annalee Davis delves into the fraught history of Barbados’ plantations, illustrator Lauren Doughty revels in Greek folk art, and painter Yulia Iosilzon delves into the mythology of mushrooms. Closer to home, writer and naturalist Amy-Jane Beer reflects on motherhood and wilding, and Lori de Mori on her late-life vocation at the beloved Towpath cafe in East London.

Culture is fragmented. Our hope is to offer an antidote in loosely woven form: a patchwork of global perspectives, each vivid with their own sense of place. An *unfinished* patchwork, at that—with space for serendipity and interpretation, resembling something akin to writer Adam Nicholson’s description of a farmer’s field: “between now and then, between the made and the given, between the local and the abstract”.

Volume One aims to shed light on the enduring resonance of the apple. At times, a cultural-bearer crowded with meaning, at others, hiding in plain sight. Join us as we scatter its seeds through these pages—both in wild celebration and quiet, discreet appreciation. A testament to the fruit itself: a material of the earth, finding fresh interpretations and uses, and offering itself as an endless muse. An eternal source of sweet, sharp delight.

For, where there is sweetness there is acid. Lest we forget how the apple reached us through colonisation and conquest, and whose cultural value is limited by historical record. Nuance, balance, delicacy—not polarity: is this what we can learn from the apple?

We hope you enjoy our communal offering of this ancient fruit—in its many guises, through its changing seasons, and even in spite of its occasional blemish.

Thank you for joining us and for reading,

Louise Long

- p87 Samuel Alexander is a contemporary Greenwood worker, slowly making things as a form of therapy to combat a history of depression and anxiety. Using sustainably felled trees, hand tools and traditional technique, Sam sensitively makes objects that play with asymmetry and refinement to create a sense of calm and tactility. Being inspired by the organic forms of a rural harvest he looks to nature often to seek shapes and forms that echo in his works.
- p98 Daisy Allsup is a London-based writer and editor of *A Little Bird*, a website and newsletter awarded the 'Best Arts & Culture' at the Good Web Guide Awards 2018, and a LOVIE in 2020. Daisy writes for publications including *Condé Nast Traveller*, *Suitcase* and *House & Garden*. She founded *The Iris Letter* (which ran until 2018), and in 2020 helped launch *The Dispatch*, a monthly mailer from Matilda Goad. The first of her short stories, 'Acqua Alta' was published in March 2021 by *Air Mail*.
- p02 Dr Amy-Jane Beer is a biologist turned naturalist and writer. She has authored and co-authored over 40 books on natural history, is a Country Diarist for *The Guardian*, columnist for *British Wildlife*, *Butterfly Conservation* and *WWT* (the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust), and her feature articles and essays appear in a wide range publications. She currently works with the nature and arts charity *New Networks for Nature* and the land rights campaign *Right-ToRoam.org.uk*. Her next book is a nature memoir called *The Flow: rivers water and wildness*, due in August 2022.
- p94 Abigail Booth (b. London, 1991) studied Fine Art at *Byam Shaw School of Art*, the *San Francisco Art Institute* and *Chelsea College of Art*. Working with painting, textiles and natural colour, her works reflect on the relationships between nature, her materials, the body and the psychological condition. Her painted and patchworked canvases play with our shifting understanding of place and identity, imagination, dreams and memory. She lives and works in Somerset with her partner *Max Bainbridge*; together they run the studio practice *Forest + Found*. She exhibits her work throughout the UK and internationally.
- p106 Megan Brooks lives on her family's farm in the south-west of England. Her practice is an ongoing conversation between writing and image making, where each discipline, like two hands, helps dig a little deeper. She spends a lot of time down the *Wikipedia* wormhole, and is interested in objects and spaces that reveal their wider socio-political context and the frictions and fictions that emerge. She studied MA Visual Communication at the *Royal College of Art* and has two fat cats.
- p45 Nancy Campbell is a Scottish writer whose work has been commissioned by the *Royal Academy*, the *British Library* and the *BBC*. Nancy was the UK's Canal Laureate in 2018, producing poems and mixed media collaborations inspired by the waterways, and in 2020 she received the *Royal Geographical Society Ness Award* for her literary response to the Arctic environment, including works of non-fiction (*The Library of Ice*), poetry (*Disko Bay, Navigations*) and artist's books (*How to Say 'I Love You' in Greenlandic*). *Thunderstone*, her latest book, is published this summer.
- p82 Anne Erhard is a German photographer based in London. Her practice is based in the black-and-white darkroom, using ideas of place and landscape to explore personal and collective histories. Text, objects and archival imagery sit alongside constellations of Erhard's own images. In 2021 Erhard gained an MA Photography Arts from the *University of Westminster*. She held her first solo exhibition in 2017 after a residency at *DEPO2015* in *Czechia*. Recent exhibitions include the *Voies Off Festival 2019* (Arles), *Brighton Photo Fringe 2020*, and a solo presentation at *The Cornershop Gallery* (Sydney). Anne is a member of the artist-run *AFF Galerie* collective in Berlin.
- p28 Annalee Davis (b. 1963) is a visual artist, cultural activist, and writer. She works at the intersection of biography and history, focused on post-plantation economies in Barbados. The site where she works, *Walkers Dairy*, formerly operational as a 17th-century sugarcane plantation, provides a critical context for her practice. She engages with the plantation's residue through the landscape, and its continued impact on the environment.
- p28 Lori de Mori is a co-founder of *Towpath*, the beloved eatery on the *Regent's Canal*, East London. She and chef/co-owner *Laura Jackson* are the co-authors of *Towpath*, a book of recipes and stories from the restaurant, a finalist for the *Guild of Food Writers 2021 Best Cookbook* award. Lori has written for numerous publications, and four books about Italian food culture. These days she's happiest watching the world from her perch behind the counter at *Towpath*.
- p20 Lauren Doughty is an artist and illustrator based in London. Using colour, iconography and recurring motifs, her work draws attention to our personal relationship with the living world, exploring the simple and innate joy we feel to be outdoors. Informed by folklore and myth from her dual British and North Macedonian heritage, Lauren uses drawing and expressive mark-making to communicate relatable moments and the wonder of everyday interactions.
- p56 Harry Flook is a photographic artist and writer based in Liverpool, UK. His creative practice is concerned with questions of belief, amongst collaborative projects spanning documentary, still life, and works of text-based art. Harry's recent project 'Apples Taste Blue To Me' is a playful investigation of a red apple. As a writer, Harry has contributed to the *British Journal of Photography*, *Pupil Sphere* and *Splash and Grab*, and as deputy editor at *Loupe Magazine*. He co-founded photobook publishing company, *Besides Press*, alongside lecturing in photography at *City of Liverpool College*.
- p80 Armando Fonseca and Amanda Mijangos have illustrated literature and poetry for people of all ages in publishers and magazines in Mexico and abroad. Since 2014 they have collaborated and managed independent spaces open to the public, dedicated to the professionalisation of illustrators and have taught drawing and illustration workshops.
- p62 Moira Frith is a natural scientist by training and profession. In this sense her art imitates her life. She makes portraits of organisms that capture the joy and diversity to be found in nature, whilst acknowledging the fragility of modern-day ecosystems. Moira works in fluid watercolour, creating a balance between control and freedom that is expressed on paper. She lives in *Newcastle-upon-Tyne* with her daughter *Agnes* and pet mouse *Thomas*.
- p96 Irina Georgescu is a Romanian food writer and author who lives in the UK, committed to sharing the traditions and history of Romanian cuisine. Her books focus on the identity of the many cultures whose dishes form the diverse culinary landscape of the Romanian nation.
- p88 Mónica R. Goya is a freelance journalist and photographer focused on the fields of farming, food, sustainability, wine growers and travel. Her long-term projects explore the culture of working the land and the intersection of human rights, food politics and sustainability. Her work has been

- published in the New York Times, The Guardian, *Saveur* and *Whetstone* among others. Her first book, *Urban Farmer (Gestalten)* in collaboration with photographer Valery Rizzo, was published last year.
- p110 Ramona Güntert (b. 1989) is a German artist based in London. Her practice examines how nature mimics the bodies of humans and animals. Photography is a way to challenge these forms in print, and explore different material conditions. Teaching is also a part of her practice and research. Group exhibitions include COOP UNSEEN with London Alternative Photography Collective and Format Festival, Triennale der Photographie and Landskronafoto with Parallel Platform. Her work has featured with *Der Greif* and *Photomonitor*, and she was nominated for the Magnum Graduate Award 2017. *Also featured on p128.*
- p34 Zoe Hamill is a photographer from Co. Antrim, now living in Edinburgh. She is interested in the relationship between humans and the environment, as well as the systems of classification that we use to make sense of the world around us. As well as working on her own fine art photography projects, she is a freelance photography educator with a particular interest in collections and archives.
- p20 Tatiana Harkiolakis is a journalist, photographer, and academic researcher based in Athens, Greece. She is currently a Food and Travel columnist for *Newcomers*, a publication for the expatriate community of Athens, and publishes two travel and culture blogs, *The Athenian Site* and *The Inquiring Traveler's Notebook*. She has also been published in *Atlas Obscura* and *The Open Notebook*, and has published research in several peer-reviewed journals on social media and communications.
- p51 Phoebe Hunt. Based in Florence, Phoebe writes about her travels in Italy and beyond for a number of titles, including *SUITCASE*, *Country Life* and *National Geographic*. She is also the Travel & Food editor, and co-author of a Penguin guidebook to Florence. Phoebe has a degree in Sanskrit from the University of Oxford.
- p02 Yulia Iosilzon (b. 1992) is a London-based artist working across painting and ceramics. Her figurative works on stretched silk are portals into vivid dreamlike worlds with roots in both ancient mythologies and contemporary social concerns. Iosilzon's paintings hint at unfolding narratives of human-animal metamorphosis, scenes from everyday life, and social protests. Her visual references are wide ranging: including the Jewish iconography of her heritage, childhood cartoons, representations of paradise, and prison tattoos.
- p86 Anthony Langat is a Kenyan freelance journalist specialising in reporting on the environment and human rights. He is a graduate of the University of Nairobi with an MA in Communication Studies. He has written on land injustices among the Ogiek and Sengwer indigenous people of Kenya, and how human encroachment is threatening the chimpanzees of Gombe in Tanzania, among other topics. His work has been published in major publications including *Al Jazeera*, *BBC*, *Guardian* and *The Independent*.
- p41 Anna Lewenhaupt's work revolves around collage and masquerade, with wide-ranging media that includes drawing, painting, collage, video, photography, music, theatre and performance. Through sampling imagery or sound, dressing-up or making fanzines, Lewenhaupt explores a chaos of information, memory and association. She has illustrated for magazines *Acne Paper*, *Vice* and *Intermission*. Since 2008, she has worked as a performer and singer with *Theo Adams Company* at major venues in London, Tokyo and New York. Anna has a diploma in illustration in Rome, a BA in fine art at Central Saint Martins in London, and has studied at the *ArtistLab* in Stockholm.
- p34 Rachel Loughran is a Scottish writer with an interest in ecology, architectural landscapes, literary criticism and interdisciplinary writing. She has held editorial positions at *Harper's*, *Varsity* and *5x15 Stories*. Her recent literary criticism can be read in *The National*. Rachel holds a double-first in English from the University of Cambridge and a Masters in Art Writing from The Glasgow School of Art. She is currently working in collaboration with The Alasdair Gray Archive on an interactive exhibition about the life and work of the Glasgow artist and writer.
- p123 Sam Lyne. After graduating with a Bachelor of Visual Communication from the University of Tasmania School of Art in 2010, Sam has been working in Hobart as a freelance illustrator and designer. Alongside commissions, he shows his personal work in stores, galleries and exhibitions. Sam's illustrations often exhibit a fascination for tiny details and a passion for whimsy.
- p124 Jennifer Macdonald is a farmer, writer, educator and mother who runs *Woodside Arran CIC* with her husband Andy on the Isle of Arran off the south west coast of Scotland. *Woodside Arran CIC* is a non for profit social enterprise farm focusing on regenerative farming techniques and large scale permaculture design. The farm has no dig market gardens and a flock of pasture-raised laying hens, and is about to open their own self service vending machine.
- p136 Julia Desiree Merican is a Malaysian-British writer from Kuala Lumpur. She is often moved by little things, like letters found in secondhand books or sunlight falling onto brick walls. Sometimes, she writes about them. She loves stories, both verbal and written, and long morning walks. Her work has appeared in *Cereal*, *Aesthetica*, and the *Oxford Review of Books*, where she was also an editor. Recently, she graduated from the University of Oxford with a MA in English literature. Her favourite apples, as you will discover, are golden.
- p93 Sally Newton. Since graduating from the Cambridge School of Art in 2004 in Fine Art (Printmaking), Sally has shown at solo and group exhibitions. Drawing from her relationship with the natural world, Sally explores thematic work which hints at a shared intimacy and legacy with the land. Her recent works explore landscapes using colour, form, and texture to capture a sense of connection with the environment. During 2021, Sally completed a 12-month residency at *Cholder-ton Estate*—gaining an insight into modern-day farming. Sally works from her studio at *Project Workshops*, Hampshire. *Also featured on p119.*
- p71 Claudia Robalino is an Ecuadorian designer interested in capturing the quotidian—through the overlap of architecture, ecology and craft. She works across multiple scales of intimacy, engaging with documentation, material research and interactive design while using the body as a tool to observe ecosystems in transformation. Her international background includes studies and professional practice in Quito, the Galápagos Islands, *Urbana Champaign*, *Wrocław Poland* and a MA in architecture at the Royal College of Art in London—where she was nominated for the *RIBA Silver Medal Prize*.
- p91 Anna Shepherd is particularly passionate about vegetables. After a few years working for organic farmers, *Riverford*, Anna has worked as a chef, recipe writer and food stylist, making vibrant seasonal food that is mouth-watering to look at, as well as seriously delicious. She's written recipes for *Ocado Life* magazine, *Halen Mon*,

- Whole Earth and contributed to a number of cook books. She also teaches that cooking with vegetables should be flexible and accessible through classes and occasional tips and videos on Instagram.
- p88 Elaine Steane, née Fullard, is the daughter of geographers so grew up with an enduring love of maps. She trained as a nurse, practised in an outpost for a flying doctor service in northern Newfoundland before taking on the 'Human MOT' research project. Based in Oxford, the work spread internationally, as the NHS Health Check. She was honoured for her work with an MBE. On retirement, as a member of the Oxfordshire Ramblers, she began writing footpath guides, including *The Seven Shires Way*, *The Roman Way* and *Milestones to Millstones*. She is a keen member of the Campaign to Protect Rural England (CPRE).
- p56 Eliška Stejskalová's practice oscillates between the subjects of perception and representation, questioning the photographic medium and its function as an imprint of reality. Eliška was born in Prague in 1991 and graduated from photography at the Royal College of Art in London, after a BA at FAMU in Prague. Currently she is working on the Gaude Polonia stipendium in Crakow. Eliška has taken part in artistic residencies in Buenos Aires and Amsterdam, and multiple international exhibitions. Solo shows include *Smells Like a Table* at the Josef Sudek's atelier and *It's a shame that you are not awake* at the Alšova jihočeská galerie.
- p14 Johanna Tagada Hoffbeck (b.1990, Strasbourg, France) is a painter, transdisciplinary artist and cultural practitioner based in rural Oxfordshire. Her practice comprises painting, drawing, installation, sculpture, film, photography and writing—often concealing ecological messages, using delicate methods. Interaction with the environment and others often plays a central role in her projects. Johanna founded the collaborative project *Poetic Pastel* in 2014, the publication series *Journal du Thé—Contemporary Tea Culture*, in 2018, and in 2021 *The Gardening Drawing Club*.
- p113 Elizabeth Tyler is a landscape designer and writer based in rural Wiltshire. Her formal schooling in Landscape Design started at KLC School of Design but began much earlier in the garden of her family home in Norfolk. Inspired and enlivened by nature, Elizabeth seeks to bring this to every one of her projects. Upon completion of her Diploma, Elizabeth worked for Marcus Barnett Studio in London on a variety of international projects, before setting up her own practice in 2017. She also writes, with recent work in *FT Weekend*, *House & Garden* and *British Vogue*.
- p100 John Tinneny Snr. John was born in Strabane, County Tyrone and has been resident in Belfast for over 30 zinterest is landscape photography, but he also enjoys urban architecture, street, and portrait photography. His images have been accepted into the local Northern Ireland Photographic Association annual exhibition and UK exhibitions. They have also been accepted into the prestigious Royal Ulster Academy Exhibition in 2018, 2019 and 2020, and his image *The Field* was awarded the Creative Vision Award in 2019.
- p100 John Tinneny. Born and raised in Belfast, John now lives and works in Glasgow, Scotland after having studied there. He has had writing, both fiction and non-fiction, appear in *From Glasgow To Saturn*, *The Kindling* and *Aspect Mag*, and he was also longlisted for the National Poetry Competition in 2019. His photography has been featured in *Abridged's Echo Issue* and in the RUA Exhibition of 2020. He writes about arts, culture, and languages, with a special interest in minority languages, and works as a translator as well.
- p92 Eleanor Updegraff is a freelance writer, editor and literary translator from Germany. She holds a BA in English Literature, German and Russian from Durham University and is now based in Carinthia, Austria, following several years in Vienna. Her creative and critical writing has appeared online and in print, including in *Asymptote*, *Lunate*, *Panel* and *Potluck Zine*, with a recent translation published in *No Man's Land*. She is particularly interested in the multilingual nature of border regions, and is currently working on a novel exploring collective memory and identity. At other times, she can probably be found in a coffee-house or running around a local lake.
- p88 Eduardo Vascot is involved in many cider projects worldwide, including *CiderWorld* (*Apfelwein in Römer*), on juries for several international cider competitions, and as board member for the New Cider Museum in Frankfurt. Since 2017 he has been the Technical Secretary of the International Cider Competition at Sagardo Forum in Basque Country. In 2019 he was included as member of the Steering Committee managed by the Asturian Government working to get Asturian Cider Culture included as Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity (UNESCO). He now works in importing and distributing great international ciders in Spain.
- p27 Maggie Wang's recent work appears in *Harvard Review*, *Poetry Wales*, and *bath magg*. She is a *Ledbury Emerging Poetry Critic*, a *Barbican Young Poet*, and the reviews editor at *SUSPECT*, the journal of NYC-based literary nonprofit *Singapore Unbound*. Also featured on p80, 123
- p08 Betty Wood is the editor-in-chief of *The Spaces'* digital magazine and has been writing about art, design, and architecture for nearly a decade. Beyond the page, she creates large-scale fibre tapestries from her studio in Toronto that combines her love of furniture, plants, design, colour and illustration with traditional rug-hooking and needle punch techniques.
- p26 Yiqi Zhang (b.1995) is a visual storyteller who tiptoes along the spectrum of history, cultural identity and flows of everyday life. Having completed her MA in Visual Communication at Royal College of Art, UK, she now works as a freelance illustrator and comics artist in Beijing, China. With a special interest in the interplay between writing, image-making and narrative framing, Yiqi draws first to investigate, and essentially to worship. Her works have been exhibited at *Infinite Focus* (2021) in Shanghai, and *Archive(r)s* (2020), Tate Britain. She is an *Illustrator-in-Residence* at Visual School of Arts, New York. Her independent comics *First Day of Work* (2019) is published and sold in London and Beijing.

GARDEN SCENE from the VILLA of LIVIA : BOTANICAL KEY.

- CYDONIA VULGARIS PERS Quince
- PHOENIX DACTYLIFERA L Date Palm
- CUPRESSUS SEMPERVIRENS L Cypress
- FINUS PINEA L Italian pine
- CORNUS MAS L Cornel
- ARBUS UTUS UNEDO L Abbot's
- PUNICA GRANATUM L Pomegranate



527/1946

PAPAV ER SOMNIFERUM L Opium poppy

VIO LA SILVATICA L

SINGLE ROSES exact species unidentifiable

BUXUS SEMPERVIRENS L OR MYRTUS COMMUNIS L Box or Myrtle

HEDERA HELIX L OR SMILAX ASPERA L Ivy or Smilax

ACANTHUS MOLLIS L Acanthus

CHRYSANTHEMUM CORONARIUM L Crown daisy

ANTHEMIS TINCTORIA L OR SENECIO CINERARIA D.C. Camomile

SCOLOPENDRIUM VULGARE SYM Hart's tongue

LAURUS NOBILIS L Laurel

IRIS FLORENTINA Florentine iris

THESE IDENTIFICATIONS ARE THOSE OF MÖLLER AND TERRACIANO VIDE RÖMISCHE MITTEILUNGEN V (1890), PP. 78-80.

Yulia Iosilzon: *Amanita Muscaria*, p2

The works establish internal rhythms through the inclusion of repeated details or iterative patterns such as waving hair or the undulating bodies of snakes. Expressive human faces emerge from landscapes or peer through swathes of vegetation, shifting through registers of emotional resonance as a tool for connecting with the viewer. Although on the surface Iosilzon's works have a cheery cartoonish appeal, they also often harbour a subtle air of menace. With their smooth, gleaming surfaces, they offer reflections on humankind and express concern over the products of our time such as over-consumption, over-pollution, and social instability. From crisis to paradise, banal to profound, Iosilzon's practice is concerned with the narratives we share to make sense of the world around us.

Ramona Güntert: *Mandorla*, p128

Nature—It forms and shapes. Morphing into each other and born into new beings on the page.

Mandorla, an almond shape, brings together, out of two circles meeting. The practice and the process. I invite you to explore the theme of the book in collaboration with nature. It is a way to experience the photographs from one end to the other. Or by choice to open it up and experiment with the suggested material.

Centering yourself in the middle of the spiral. The following exercises offer you a space, to observe your close surroundings and to explore the tactility of nature.

Annalee Davis: *Studies for Second Spring*, p28

Annalee Davis's three drawings on plantation ledger paper are part of *Second Spring*: a body of five works from 2019. The work elucidates shifting interior terrains in the post-reproductive female body, exploring women's embarkation into this uncharted territory. Asking how expectations of womanhood are impacted with proximity to ageing: considering experiences of growing invisibility, shifts in desire, hormonal readjustment and increasingly androgynous states of being.

Reductive narratives often frame this powerful transition in misogynistic terms; arousing anxiety, shame, and judgement. A lack of education around the change in women's bodies implicates older women as beyond a 'sell-by date', no longer useful or valued to society - becoming ineffectual when a capacity to reproduce wanes. The notion of rewilding links powerful, post-reproductive bodies with the regenerative potency of soil and land suggesting other kinds of reproduction are possible when the earth's rhythms and cycles are regarded and embodied as alternatives to reductive notions of value and productivity.

The drawings contest such entrenched fictions. Their substrate (amongst other of the artist's works) is the plantation ledger page. Countering the conventional daily logging of economic plantation activity, Davis inscribes other images - offering alternative ways of reading the site. Her attempt to decolonise the ledger by repopulating and complicating these found fiscal substrates is a kind of civic negotiation, exposing gaps in Barbados' plantation history buried in the soil, in the public imagination and inadequately documented in the archives.

The ledger drawings represent a personal chronicle for the artist - inspired by encounters with wildness, thresholds, intuition and alignment to spirit. As part of this profound metamorphosis, drooping, post-reproductive breasts sprout wild botanicals often found on the hedgerows of sugar

cane fields, suggesting new growth. They include Heart Seed, Queen Anne's Lace and Motherwort. The latter plant is especially known within Afro-Barbadian healing practises as beneficial for women going through menopause.

Anne Erhard: *An Elderberry Place*, p82

More than 14 million years ago, a meteorite struck the earth in what is now Southern Germany, tearing open a crater whose remains are still visible today. In the moment the meteorite hit, a unique mineral, Moldavite, was created out of the melting rock, thrown upwards and scattered in the South of the Czech Republic, across an area several hundred kilometres to the East of the impact site. An elderberry place is a continuation of my work about my family's history between Germany and the Czech Republic. My father's father, who died when my father was a boy, came from Schönfelden (Osí) in the Czech border region of Bohemia, which the German population was forced to leave in 1946. My grandfather was subsequently resettled in a German village that happened to be located within the aforementioned meteorite's crater, a coincidence that unknowingly bound him to the home he had left behind.

This body of work initially developed out of the Czech-Jewish legend of the Golem, a gigantic servant formed out of mud and spring water. The creature turned violent when slipping out of the control of its creator, a powerful presence hurtling through the world, as destructive as a meteorite. Examining the instability of the earth's surface as skin and body, this project follows the trajectory of a meteorite as a central object of fascination. The force of the collision wounded the landscape and catapulted the fragments of Moldavite, a very rare glass-like substance, to the Czech regions of Bohemia and Moravia only, where it is widely displayed in museums and sold as jewellery.

Through a variety of gathered images and objects, I retrace the journey of these particles from the town where my grandfather lived after his eviction, located at the crater's edge, back to his ruined hometown in Bohemia. The random and often unstable nature of geographical borders is posed against the slow and inevitable disappearance of the body - the material of once separate bodies blending into one as they turn to dust, referencing ideas around burial, death, violence, and the remnant. Recurring imagery places notions of the human body in healing against the aforementioned fragile surfaces and grounds, while referring also to the waters of the river Vltava (Moldau), from the clay of which the Golem was formed, and after which the Moldavite is named.

Malus—a genus of around 30 species of orchard and wild apple—is borne of the Rosaceae family, with relations in pears, plums, peaches, strawberries and raspberries.

If not for the ancient practice of grafting, every apple would herald a new variety, every generation unique in taste and appearance. To date, some 8,000 varieties of “domesticated” apples have been grown—from ancient orchards to modern breeding centres.

The apple as we know it has been evolving for upwards of 4.5 million years, originating in the mountains of east Asia. Archeological evidence of apples being collected and eaten goes back 11,000 years, and cultivation since at least 2000 BC.

On the ancient silk roads, travellers would embark on their journeys with the biggest, sweetest fruits in their saddlebags. Apple cores would be dispensed along the route as they went, whilst animals, too, played a role in the migration of the tear-drop shaped seeds: perfectly evolved to pass through the gut intact. Of the several thousand variations produced per tree, at least one seed was destined to survive wherever it landed. And so—the apple persisted: “a determined and subversive force.”¹

The Greeks were the first to distinguish the apple from the quince, before which, the Greek word “melon” referred to any kind of round fruit with seeds.² Homer’s *Odyssey* offers the earliest

description of apples in the ancient world, in an 8th century BCE description of the court of King Alcinous:

“a large orchard of four acres, where trees hang their greenery on high, the pear and pomegranate, the apple with its glossy burden, the sweet fig and the luxuriant olive.”

From Persia to Rome travelled the apple, with its cultural value in-tow: to be gifted a home-grown fruit was considered a great honour, at the time. With the demise of the Roman empire, the centre of horticultural prowess shifted to the Christian monasteries and to the Islamic world, where new varieties were introduced and acclimatised. But still, raw apples were commonly regarded as poisonous—a claim not unfounded amongst fruits sold at market: often under-or over-ripe, and spoiled by insects and rodents. In these early days, apples were used largely in preservation, appearing first in Arab pharmacopoeias rather than cookbooks. Only with the 16th-century arrival of sugar were suspicions towards eating raw apples fully relieved.

Charlemagne’s crowning as Holy Roman Emperor in 800 AD declared royal lands in every city to be planted with apples, cherries, plums, peaches and pears. Also encouraged were brewers and cider-makers. The Moors, ruling Spain from the early 8th until the late 15th century, presided over

some of the world’s finest botanical gardens and orchards, especially those in Toledo and Seville.

Throughout the march of the centuries, apples followed the west-ward course of empire, migrating first from central Asia to the ancient world to Europe, then to the Americas with 16th- and 17th-century colonists and explorers. In an 1862 essay in praise of wild apples, Henry David Thoreau wrote that the apple “emulates man’s independence and enterprise. It is not simply carried... But like him, to some extent, it has migrated to this New World, and is even, here and there, making its way amid the anoriginal trees.”

The apple became inextricable with geo-politics and world trade: from its role in preventing seafaring scurvy, to 19th-century America cider production, so plentiful it became its own bartering currency—traded for clothes, livestock and “one half-barrel of cider for mary’s schooling”(in an account from New York in 1805)³. In England, for a period lasting from the 1400s to 1878 (when it became illegal), farm workers commonly received a cider allowance as part of their wages.⁴

Long before the English-language adage “an apple a day keeps the doctor away” landed in the late 19th century, apples were associated with health and healing: from an ancient world antidote (to ails ranging from nausea to cardiac disease and fever), to the Celtic belief in apples as a source of well-being and youthful. The 12th Night Wassail, a tradition local to the cider lands of south-west

Janik, Erika. *Apple: A Global History*. Edible. London: Reaktion, 2011, p. 97

Janik, Erika. *Apple: A Global History*. Edible. London: Reaktion, 2011. p. 45

Janik, Erika. *Apple: A Global History*. Edible. London: Reaktion, 2011, p. 15

Janik, Erika. *Apple: A Global History*. Edible. London: Reaktion, 2011. p. 52

England, is a practice of thanking the deity of the orchard to ensure next year's crop. It is a celebration not of the blossom, fruit nor harvest, but of the health and majesty of the tree itself, in its starkest winter form. To partake in the wassail is to salute one's health.

Apples are borne of legend and steeped in spiritual, symbolic, and occult power—from the applewood worship of Druid and Pagan cultures, to the Protestants of England, the Netherlands and North America who associated orchard-cultivation with “improving activities” worthy of undoing the corruption of the church and the Fall. Apples are global talismans of fertility and desire, an attribute of bridal purity (the ancient Greeks), or signifiers of knowledge, wisdom and luxury. In China, the apple is synonymous with peace, and good fortune, and its blossom with beauty. In North America, the mythology of Johnny Appleseed (a follower of Swedish mythic Emanuel Swedenborg), preempted the 19th-century Utopians and Transcendentalists, who equated knowledge of the natural world with spiritual morality.

Irish gypsies cut apples across their width to reveal a potent five-pointed star: the pentagram, or “star of knowledge” as it is known, symbolising the “five stations from birth to death and rebirth”. Other cultures found their own affinity with the number five: the ancient Greeks identified the five elements of fire, earth, metal, water and wood, whilst early Christianity recognised the five senses and the stigmata of Christ.

But where there is light there is shade. Inverted, the pentagram is the hieroglyphic sign of the “goat of black magic”, whose head may be drawn in the star (two horns, ears and beard). It is the sign of antagonism and fatality. Not forgetting the apple of desire, greed and malice. “Malum”, indeed, translates as “evil” as well as “apple”.

Much has been misplaced along the way. The first few centuries of Christianity never considered the “forbidden” fruit to be an apple. The Eastern church and Islamic tradition favoured the fig (or olive), whilst some modern scholars attribute the pomegranate. It is in fact unlikely that the sweet apple of Eden could have grown on the land between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, since such fruits require a cold climate to germinate, not present in Mesopotamia, modern Iraq.

For of course, apples are of the earth: inextricable with geography, terroir and climate. Apple dispersal and ancient apple lineages follow mountain chains and rivers⁵, and many apples have names which point to a place of origin, such as Wolf River, Belle de Boskoop and Maid of Kent.

Then of course there is their beauty—transitioning from delicate blossom through to a spectrum of colours: from rose to copper, burgundy to russet. Even before we understood the genetics, colourful apples resonated deeply with mankind. The Black Oxford is an apple whose red is almost mistakable for a plum, until its brilliant white flesh is revealed. For as long as the apple has dotted the land, its

sensuous allure has captivated humankind. Perhaps Plutarch, 1st AD Greek put it most simply, when he mused:

“No other fruit unites the fine qualities of all fruits as does the apple. For one thing, its skin is so clean when you touch it that instead of staining the hands it perfumes them. It tastes sweet and it is extremely delightful both to smell and to look at. This by charming all our sense at once, it deserves the praise it receives.”



11

BUNDLE, RIPPLE

THE WILLFULNESS OF APPLES

Words by Amy-Jane Beer

Artwork by Yulia Iosilzon

—“Can I leave my apple core for the birds, or is it litter?”

It's one of those superficially small, Pandora's jar questions children have a knack for. The short, authoritarian response (“No you can't and yes it is”) is the one park keepers and social media purists will give, but he's a country kid and an ecologically literate one and he's already thought beyond that. I toe the line and say that it's no bother to bring a core home and put it in the compost heap.

—“No, but you sometimes throw them in the woods or the hedge.”

True. Old habits die hard. I grew up chucking apple cores all over the place, gleefully imagining the trees that might shoot up in my wake. My little sister (known affectionately in our family as the fruit bat) used to eat the whole thing, pips and all, daring them to grow in her belly. I ask him what he thinks.

He says that blackbirds like apples, he's watched them chopping away at our windfalls. In fact he can name any number of creatures that might enjoy his leftovers, from voles and redwings to wasps and late-flying red admirals.

—“What if it doesn't get eaten?” I ask.

—“It rots quite fast. And then it goes into the soil. And the seeds might grow.”

He knows not all seeds are harmless. Himalayan balsam and giant hogweed are spreading relentlessly in our valley. But apples are different. It takes luck for a discarded apple core to give rise to a tree. There are a couple on our lane, which spill an annual jackpot of golden-green bounty onto the tarmac, and more along the railway, presumably the result of cores tossed from train windows. Some might even date to the age of steam. But compared to the thousands of fruits dropped each year, the trees are really very few. They vary in stature and in the character of their

fruit—some sweet and rosy, some like golden cannon shot—hard, and sour. Some fall in September, others hang well into January or February, like neglected Christmas baubles. Their ancestors could have been almost any cultivated variety, or perhaps they are hybrids of the domestic species and the native wild crab apple.

The widespread proverb that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, used to imply children take after their parents, is wildly inappropriate. Domestic apples are perhaps the worst possible example of true breeding. Their chromosome structure means most chance pollinations fail to produce viable seed or seedlings, and those that do usually result in offspring that differ considerably from either parent. It's a lottery resulting from what geneticists call “extreme heterozygosity”, where the two (or in apples, sometimes three) copies of each chromosome present in each cell differ greatly in terms of genetic sequence. This wilful variability of apples appears to have evolved as a way of staying one step ahead of specialised diseases and pests. A wilful variability, or natural inventiveness, which has given rise to some 2,500 named varieties in Britain alone, plus thousands more unnamed, on waysides and railway embankments, in hedgerows and gardens. It also means that commercial fruit trees have to be grown from grafts—a rather brutal practice whereby cuttings from a favoured variety are bound onto rootstock whose natural growth has been severed. It's highly effective, but far from natural.

The genetics of apples are complicated, but by way of explanation I joke to the boy that because of the way DNA combines his Dad and I didn't know what we were going to get when we made him. It's a strange, vertiginous feeling





to imagine the billion other combinations that might have been and I can see it bothers him slightly. So I tell him we will never doubt that we got precisely the right child, except for his sweaty feet and tangly hair.

Later, after a depressing exchange about weeds with some of the village tidy brigade, I wonder why, when most parents can show such acceptance to the unpredictability of their children, is it so hard to do so for other parts of nature? Why are we so unwilling to let wildness be?

Large-scale rewilding projects are churning out evidence that a hands-off approach can yield extraordinary recovery, solutions to the biodiversity and climate crises, not to mention benefits to human health and wellbeing. And yet as the evidence grows, so in some parts does the resistance.

Ecological restoration is not only desirable, it is fundamental to our own survival. But achieving it requires something more than conventional conservation, and more perhaps even than current models of rewilding. And I'm coming to think of it in terms of mothering.

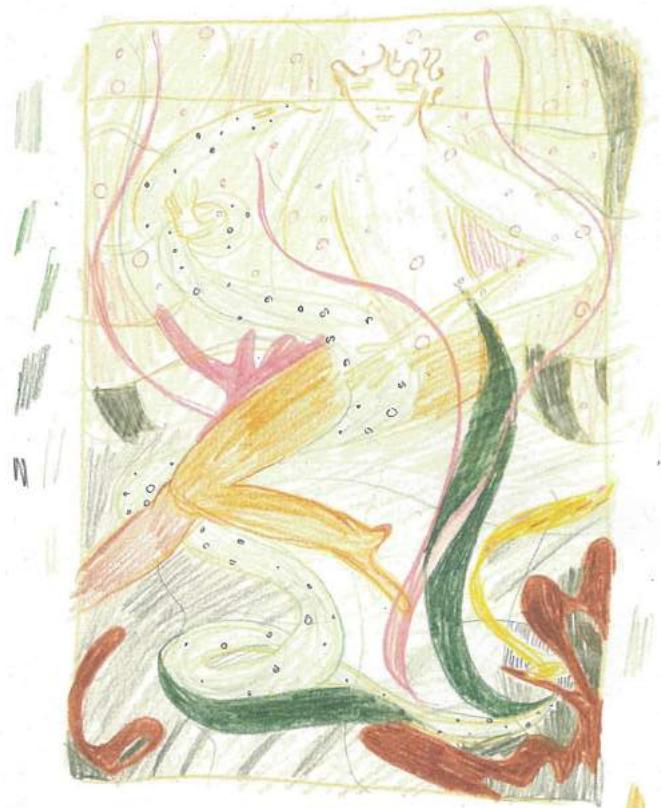
To be clear, I'm not referring to reproductive biology here, but a mindset and a suite of complex and flexible behaviours that can be exercised by anyone—including childless women and men.

In both mothering and in conventional conservation, there is a requirement for intense nurturing care and protection, and while these can be performed transactionally—for example as a job or to claim a subsidy—they are best done when the overarching motivation is love. In conservation, the nurturing may take the form of planting and watering individual trees, the collecting of native seed, nursing of injured wildlife, the hand-rearing of animals or plants, the plucking of invasive species and any number of costly or laborious management interventions. The need for protection is also great, and might include monitoring and guarding nest sites, or bringing to bear to the full force and complexity of the law, or placing oneself

bodily between an ancient woodland and approaching chainsaws. But then what? What happens when immediate threats are neutralised, when lives or landscapes are spared development or designated as reserves? In stepping in, we have made ourselves decision-makers and guardians of the land. The trick is to give what is needed, when it is needed and to know when to step back.

And it is precisely this that seems to be so difficult. Relinquishment of control is often the element that is lacking when conservation is seen through a prism of ownership, or management, and a seemingly instinctive rejection of the idea that the subject of our care could ever outgrow us and become self-willed. And yet willed-ness is the etymological origin and definition of wildness.

In a mother-child relationship, both parties grow and develop and change, especially first time around. Often the changes are daunting, usually starting with physiological ones of pregnancy and birth, but continuing with increasingly emotional and behavioural challenges. I've spent eleven years adapting. Often looking at children older than my son and wondering in turn how I would surrender the bond of breast feeding, or handle the seemingly inevitable public toddler tantrums? How would I cope the day my sweet boy hit or demeaned another child? When he lied? How will I nurture a teenager that doesn't communicate? What will I do when he makes friends I don't understand? When someone breaks his heart? But these things happen and you learn, adapt and muddle along. There's never any shortage of advice. But I fear that the hardest part for me may be to come. One day I'll have to let him go.



Enriched and used
inspired by a costume
designer or maybe the
Queen + Arts

For all that it is not widely discussed, relinquishment is part of mothering and perhaps its biggest test. How can something so all-consuming also be finite? But for most, it has to be—if things take their most ideal course, I won't always be there for my boy. I want to slow things down, stop the clock sometimes. But it is my duty to rear a healthy, competent and happy human. One who, by increments, will need me less and less and eventually (wince), not at all. I hope I'll still be wanted when the needing is over. But I'm supposed to want the needing to end before I do.

Mothering, to my mind at least, is about building foundations, not towers. Perhaps this is why patriarchal societies struggle so much with the element of relinquishment inherent in rewilding. A matri-conservation model would not only offer care and protection, but also accept that we may never live to see an end result.

In restorative conservation, rewilding (whatever you wish to call it) the aim is to establish a system that can take care of itself. For the last 20 years, Charlie Burrell and Isabella Tree have been transforming 3,000 acres of failing farmland in the Knepp Estate in Sussex into England's foremost rewilded landscape. The process is chronicled in Izzy's acclaimed book *Wilding*, which describes numerous occasions where the pressure to intervene when natural regeneration took an unexpected and inconvenient turn was immense. But they resisted, and the result is a place like no other. The sense of abundance and vitality at Knepp now is so potent as to be physically palpable. I may be drifting beyond childbearing age, but a visit to Knepp in spring leaves me feeling ludicrously fecund. One night (admittedly after a few glasses of wine), I went out to listen to nightingales, and having found the thicket where a male was singing relentlessly, I was tempted to lie down on the rooted ground, to plunge my fingers into the soil, let roots and mycelium mesh with my hair and grow through my veins until I bore offspring of different kinds—berries and mushrooms, beetles and

fawns. It was a feeling of being wire-in which, in my life experience, has only been matched by that of growing another human. Only in that resurgent place, the kicking and the swelling were no longer inside, they were all around.

These feelings are deeply at odds with traditional models of land ownership and management in Britain, which reek of patriarchy. Even the more progressive concepts of custodianship and guardianship are whiffy, because they still carry an underlying current of enduring control—a conviction that nature somehow needs us to act on its behalf, in perpetuity. Care is arguably an inexhaustible resource, the giving of which can be shared and passed on and continue ad infinitum. But in mothering, we're bound to provide care that is both uniquely intense and implicitly finite. We know right from the start that we have to leave one day, and we can only hope it will be long before our children. I try to picture my son ageing. I can envisage a potential version of him at the age I am now, based on my own experiences, but my imagination balks at his old age. I'm not supposed to be there.

Motherhood has informed my attitude to other forms of care-giving. In those same years I have also jumped the fence from a scientific career into a more creative one. I've become comfortable with love and magic as explanations for why some things are as they are, and started to find mysteries comforting rather than unsettling. Even death is no longer the monster. All things pass. It is folly to think or behave as if our influence is anything other than fleeting.

There's more. In addition to an acceptance that land we love might change in ways we have not anticipated or chosen, matri-conservation would also require us to let others love it too. Because a further aspect to motherhood is accepting that your precious one will need others: friends, teachers, and ultimately lovers, who will interact with and influence them in different ways. People who don't look or think like you do.



What a world of
dreams and
plans



A few months ago I saw a picture shared by several leading proponents of rewilding about a new business specialising in large scale ecosystem restoration. Real Wild Estates is the brainchild of Benedict Macdonald, author of the visionary treatise on eco-restoration, *Rebirding*, and it aims to make wilding an attractive proposition to large landowners. The launch photo featured a few dozen wellied supporters, including conservationists, business-folk, landowners, politicians and observers. These people have the potential to be change-makers, and I appreciate anyone putting their wealth, influence and energy to such excellent use. But the picture and the accompanying blurb dismayed me, because every face in that picture appeared white. There were more than twice as many men as women, and the make-up of the Real Wild Estates management team (described inexplicably as "diverse") was ten white men, two white women.

That picture highlighted a blind spot in the organisational worldview and spoke a thousand dismaying words about those members of society who consider themselves qualified to be custodians of our land. Access activist Nick Hayes, author of *The Book of Trespass* hits the nail on the head when he says that losing rights of access to the land also robs us of the right to actively care for it. Rewilding risks being patriarchal and exclusionary, because land ownership and management are thus. The ability to act at the scale necessary to achieve genuinely restorative conservation remains largely a privilege of education and socio-economic status. Changing this is going to be a stretch for anyone embedded in the current structure, because it requires further relinquishment of control—not just to nature, but to other people.

It was predictable, depressing and ironic that opponents of rewilding immediately jumped on the lack of social representation in Real Wild Estates. Predictable because the debate is deeply entrenched, depressing because it was an open goal, ironic because the loudest opposing voices are also mostly male and white. In their way, both camps are obsessed with control and who has it. And while one set of self-declared guardians of nature noisily lock horns with the other of social media, I look on in dismay.

I have a preference, obviously. I'm pro eco-restoration, to my bones. It's hard to criticise those you admire and respect, and whose goals you share. But mothering means sometimes delivering the hard words as well. In order to achieve genuine ecological restoration, we also need societal and cultural rewilding. That will not happen without a right of responsible access to nature, a rekindled love and respect of wildness and all the public education required to make that happen. Any serious restorative conservation campaign also needs to champion social justice.

As it happens, we are trespassing now, my child and I—off the path, on land we do not own. I haven't said so, because he'd be unnerved, but we have no legal right to be here, eating our lunch, much less to plant a seed that might become a tree of unpredictable character. We contemplate his apple core, discuss the spectrum of litter from biscuit crumbs to less rapidly-degrading material like banana skins, then cardboard, orange peel, cans, bottles and plastic. We talk about what might happen if a tree managed to grow here, against the odds. I tell him he is wise and informed enough to think it through, and decide for himself. When I look back he is carefully tucking the offering beneath a thicket of bramble (actually a perfect nursery for a young tree, offering some protection from browsing herbivores). My vision blurs into a premonition of spotty, golden, imperfect fruits, spilling down the wooded bank towards the river, in a future beyond mine.



“Why do we need so many different kinds of apples?
Because there are so many different kinds of folks...
There is merit in variety itself. It provides more points
of contact with life, and leads away from uniformity
and monotony.”

Liberty Hyde Bailey in The Apple Tree (1922)

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Five-year-old Espalier pear tree planted against the wall adds to the beautiful landscaping of this garden. How it is burdened with large, delicious fruit.

