

*Capacity does not explain but  
cultivates a September garden*

**We Are Publication**



Plot One (season one)





Saturday 20th Jan 1990

The winter has taken its toll...but for every plant lost, others have taken hold.  
The seeds of the Waldrops' that I broadcast have germinated. (1)



Plot One (season two)

Now let me say, it's nice to have some sort of garden to tend to, to put your unrefined delights and indictments of the world into some abstract order—each column planted as a way to firmly claim what you know so far, added with the expectation that it will grow to later show you something new. Once you left the desk you were excised from the enterprise and removed from the vignette the desk and the lamp and the lenses and the (blurry) tools provided.

Tuesday 7th March 1989

*The gardener digs in another time, without past or future, beginning or end. A time that does not cleave the day with rush hours, lunch breaks, the last bus home. As you walk in the garden you pass into this time – the moment of entering can never be remembered. (2)*

A FINGER. A FINGER NAIL. PINK. TOUCHING.

I undo the top button of my shirt A YOUNG BOY, and hold my hand across my neck and tap my tonsils with my fingers as it helps steady one's breathing and does wonders for rising levels of fear: this man's voice lives like an army of ants in the pit of my stomach. A large right ear. An off duty copper in BLACK AND WHITE. An American Psycho. I'm wearing: a white T shirt, blue levi 501, knee ripped: BROS! On page six we learn that the VASELINE had contaminated the WINE; that Mr Chirac and Mr Reagan had, however, solemnly sworn not to go back over all of that again.

Thursday  
Corpus Christi

3

June 2010

Thursday

9

September 2010

Friday 9th July 2010. Dan's stag night. Tonight is Dan's stag night. So him and his friends are hitting the town in style. Dressed in their most expensive gear and reeking of aftershave they start in the winebar in the centre of London and slowly work their way from one drinking establishment to the next, ending up in The Tabard on the Old Kent Road. Although Dan takes it easy with the drink he's soon feeling a little the worse for wear. His friends however are determined to go to a nightclub and are just as determined he's going with them. Good job the wedding isn't for a few days yet. Tea sir I ask? Not with a dead rat downstairs sir they say. So it's like that is it? Then

tea shall wait. I say: Open the shed door (immediately!) and take the brown pole, the one that looks like a shovel (the one used for chewing gum) and march left right left (a ferocious pace) down the steps (mind the raindrops!) and proceed to DAN's.

Old Kent Road

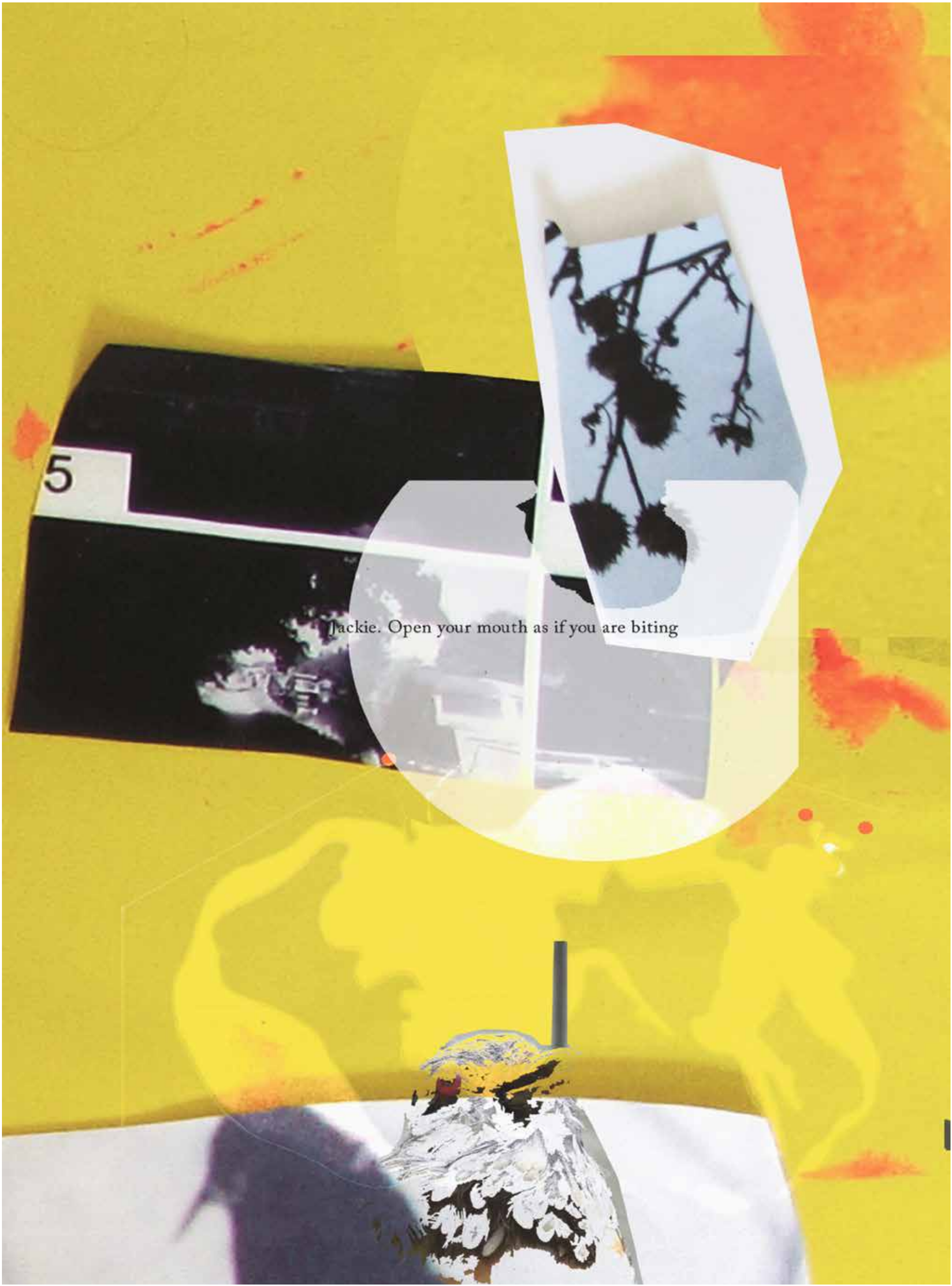
Thursday

Saturday Sunday

15 16







Jackie. Open your mouth as if you are biting







# This is for When...

I would go so far as to say that the natural, proper, fitting shape of the novel might be that of the sack, a bag...A novel is a medicine bundle, holding things in particular, powerful relation to one another and to us.

One relationship among elements in the novel may well be that of conflict, but the reduction of narrative to conflict is absurd. (I have read a how-to-write manual that said, "A story should be seen as a battle," and went on about strategies, attacks, victory, etc.)

## When Zephyrus

Conflict, competition, stress, struggle, etc. within the narrative conceived as carrier bag/belly/box/house/medicine bundle, may be seen as necessary elements of a whole which itself cannot be characterised either as conflict or as harmony, since its purpose is neither resolution nor stasis but continuing process.

Finally, it's clear that the Hero does not look well in this bag. He needs a stage or a pedestal or a pinnacle. You put him in a bag and he looks like a rabbit, like a potato. (3)

EEK!

with his sweet breath.

Thursday

24

A LARGE NUMBER OF DIALECTS DON'T LIKE BEING IN THE LIMELIGHT

SOMETHING SO FLAMBOYANT THAT EVEN A SINGLE GREETING SEEMS DAUNTING

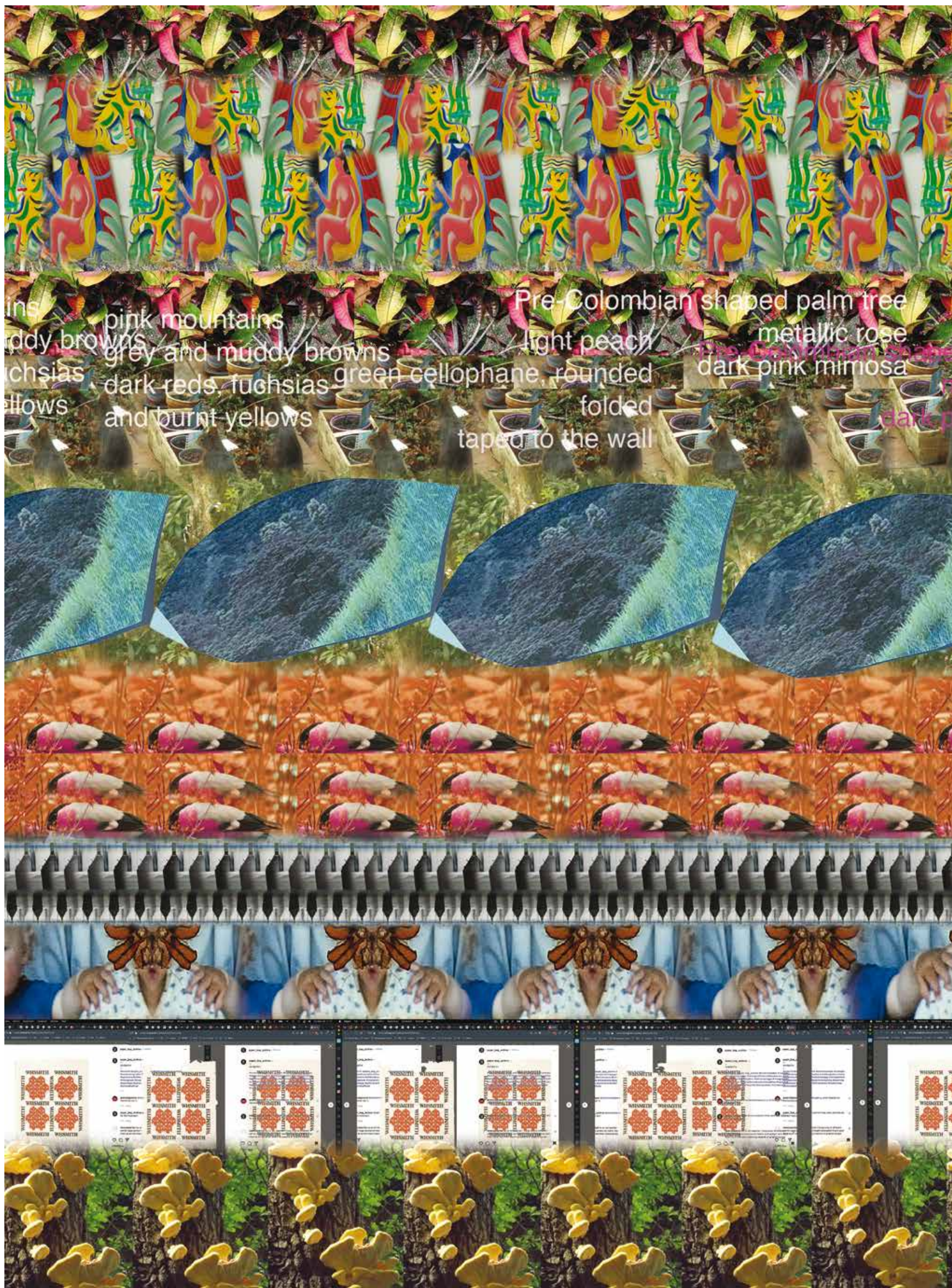
Helps Flowers & Tender Crop with young sun. Goons go-on. Onto. Near & Faraway Beaches. with fester & Sun. Those sundryfellows return us. Or plant us.

Thursday

29

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pull of the eye' centres on a set of muscles that draws us one moment towards the the 'pull of the eye' ice, then with a swift movement towards the depth, and then shifts our focus beyond surface, then with a surface to towards the far away, the sky and trees in the reflection. That palpable twinge, the surface to toward one that occurs when our focus adapts from far to near is a strangely pleasurable the one that occurs ation, it tells us that the ciliary muscles are contracting, the zonule fibres are loosening, sensation, it tells us the lenses in our eyes are bulging, so altering their refractive power. I like the fact that and the lenses in our hthalmic terms it is called 'accommodation'. in ophthalmic terms



Wedding Buraanbur loop .mp3  
MP3 audio - 238 KB  
Information

Journey to kilburn MP3.mp3  
MP3 audio - 14.6 MB  
Information

sampling wedding.mp3  
MP3 audio - 84 KB  
Information







centres on a set of muscles that draws us one moment towards the 'pull of the eye' centres on a set of muscles that shifts our focus from surface, then with a swift movement towards the depth, and then shifts our focus beyond surface, then with a swift movement towards the far away, the sky and trees in the reflection. That palpable twinge, the sensation that tells us that the ciliary muscles are contracting, the zonule fibres are loosening, it tells us that the eyes are bulging, so altering their refractive power. I like the fact that and the lenses in our eyes are bulging, it is called 'accommodation'. In ophthalmic terms it is called 'accommodation'.



Train to kilburn.m4a

Apple MPEG-4 audio - 5 MB

## Information

Wedding Buraanbur loop .mp3

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## Information

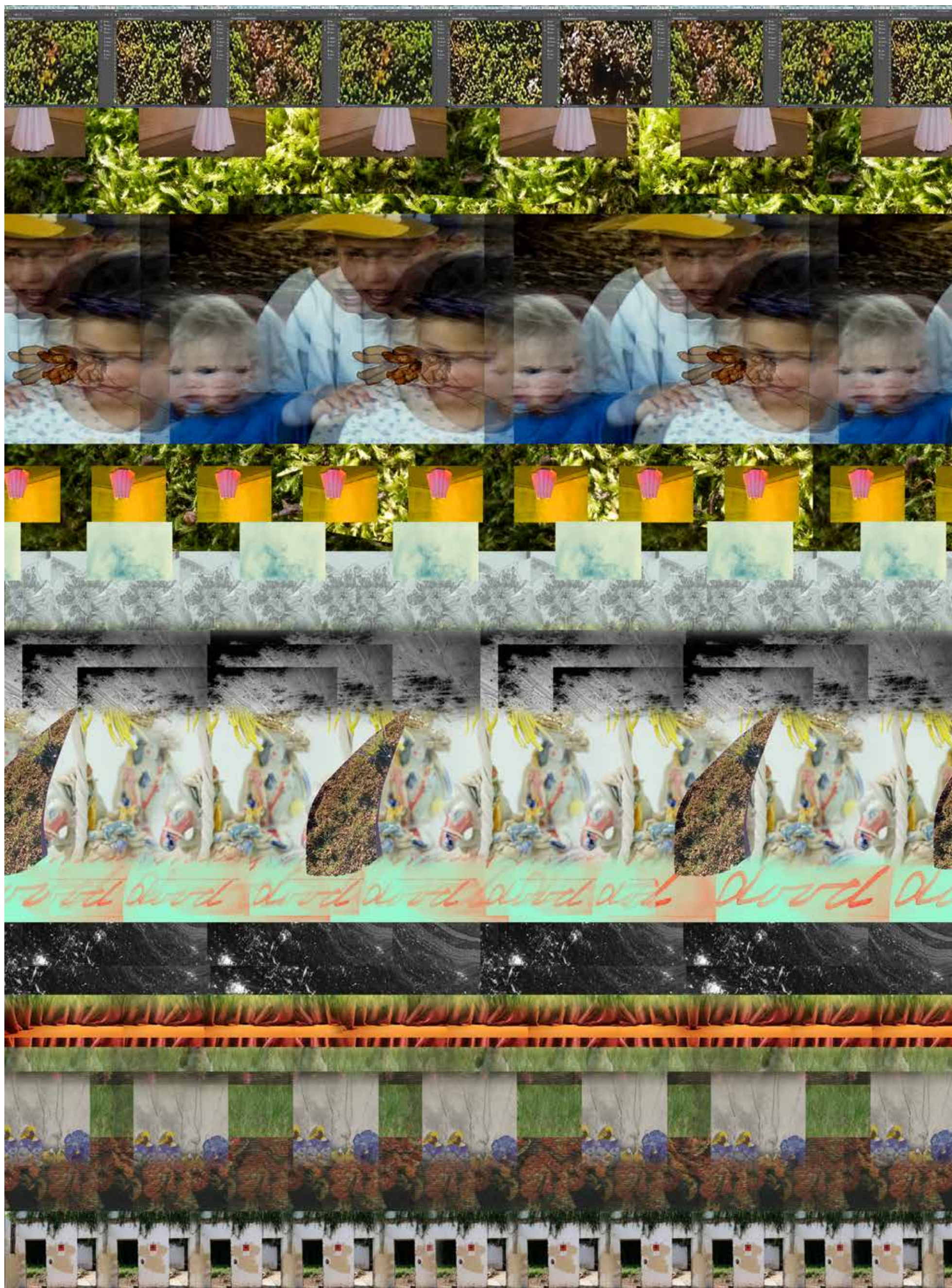
Journey to k

MP3 audio – 14

## Information









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Thursday 9<sup>th</sup> September 2010.

Adverbs of SEQUENCE: a waterfall  
over a mars black cave. Water drops.  
Inside a shed. Ivy / green. An old wooden  
window frame. Marble. Peel under an  
iron frame. A Pine tree. Dark. On  
the right, an emerald and yellow



Plot Three (season one)



*The inside of the lid is fertile in images unprovoked by experience, or perhaps its pressure on the eyeball equals.....*

*I WORRIED ABOUT THE GAP between expression and intent, afraid the world might see a fluorescent advertisement where I meant to show a face.*

*raw electrons jumping from orbit to orbit to ready the pit for the orchestra, scrap meanings complying the succession of green perspectives, moist features, spasms on the lips.*

*....left hoof raised in progress toward the memory of tourists. even though dampened by real weather, even though historical atmosphere is mixed with exhaust or bone with sentence structure.*



*No wonder we find it difficult to know our way about and tend to stay indoors. (4)*

A: Yes. The Sun, Februar 2000  
ITV C4 BBC ANALOGUE  
5 CHANNELS ANALOGUE

#### TAKE 1.2

Reading on, we learn that the measurements taken of rush hours and lunch breaks this year are not good, THE SLITS are getting ominously larger. We turn from atmosphere chemists to acting CEOs who are modifying their bus timetables with Vaseline as a result.

A few paragraphs later, we come across heads of state who are also getting involved. But, at the end of the article, we discover the horticulturalists don't agree with the chemists, so now the industrialists don't know what to do. The heads of state are also holding back. Should we wait? Is it already too late? DUCKS? A goose? Can you lot hear me doing this?





I WAS LOOKING FOR A  
PRESENT FOR DAN, Colour swatches, or a

luxury yacht. Each operator in our particular cohort working on a slightly different appendage of a central motif. A sort of medieval Celtic theme with sporadic interruptions of Persian floral shapes and blocky Greek borders along the edges. At this point we can generally tell you where the invisible lines of these designs begin and end and where they are cut and pasted together. It's always cheaper this way. Sometimes the client brings something in that they want worked into the design. At its most flamboyant and lavish they even hire someone to illustrate a mood or "feeling", or to inscribe some overall experience the client wants the user (more often than not themselves) to enjoy, but as I said, this isn't something people are asking for much anymore. But on this day we were working from a significantly more prescribed work-order suggested to the client by Sales. The palette of the job was a variation on No.9 Fresh Wood Ashes and No.90 Peach

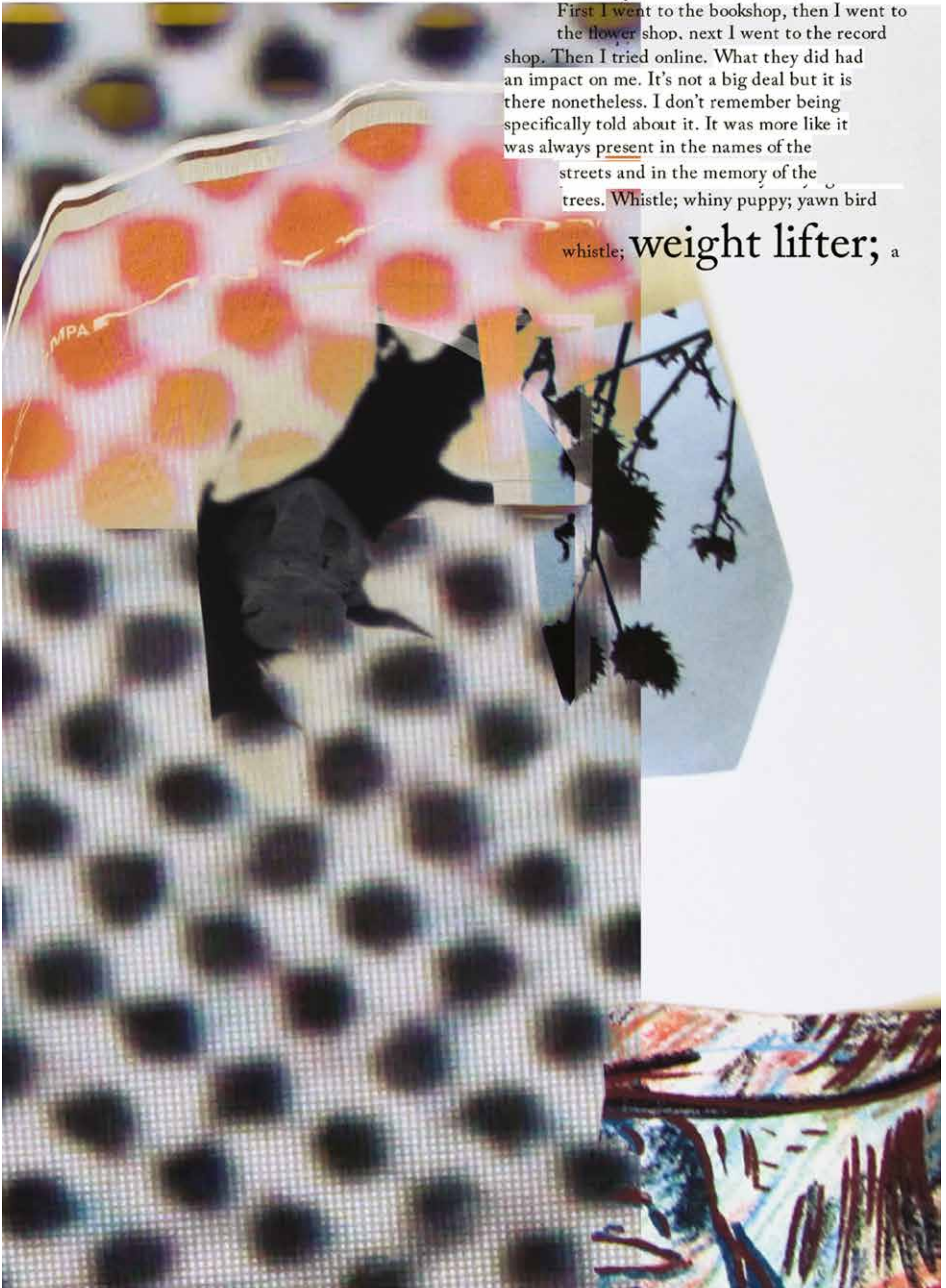
Plot Four (season one)



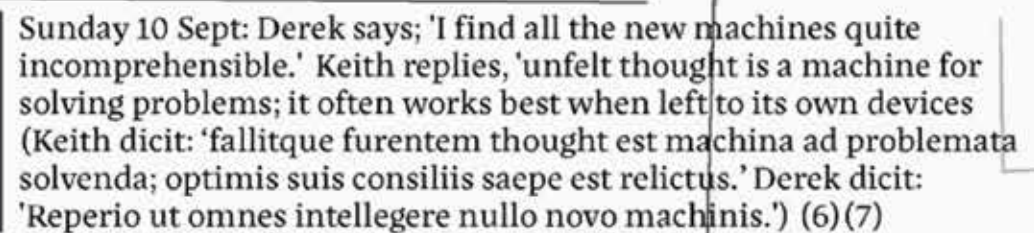
### Thursday

First I went to the bookshop, then I went to the flower shop, next I went to the record shop. Then I tried online. What they did had an impact on me. It's not a big deal but it is there nonetheless. I don't remember being specifically told about it. It was more like it was always present in the names of the streets and in the memory of the trees. Whistle; whiny puppy; yawn bird

whistle; weight lifter; a







A piece of black glass, blank and shiny.

[illegible]

Thursday

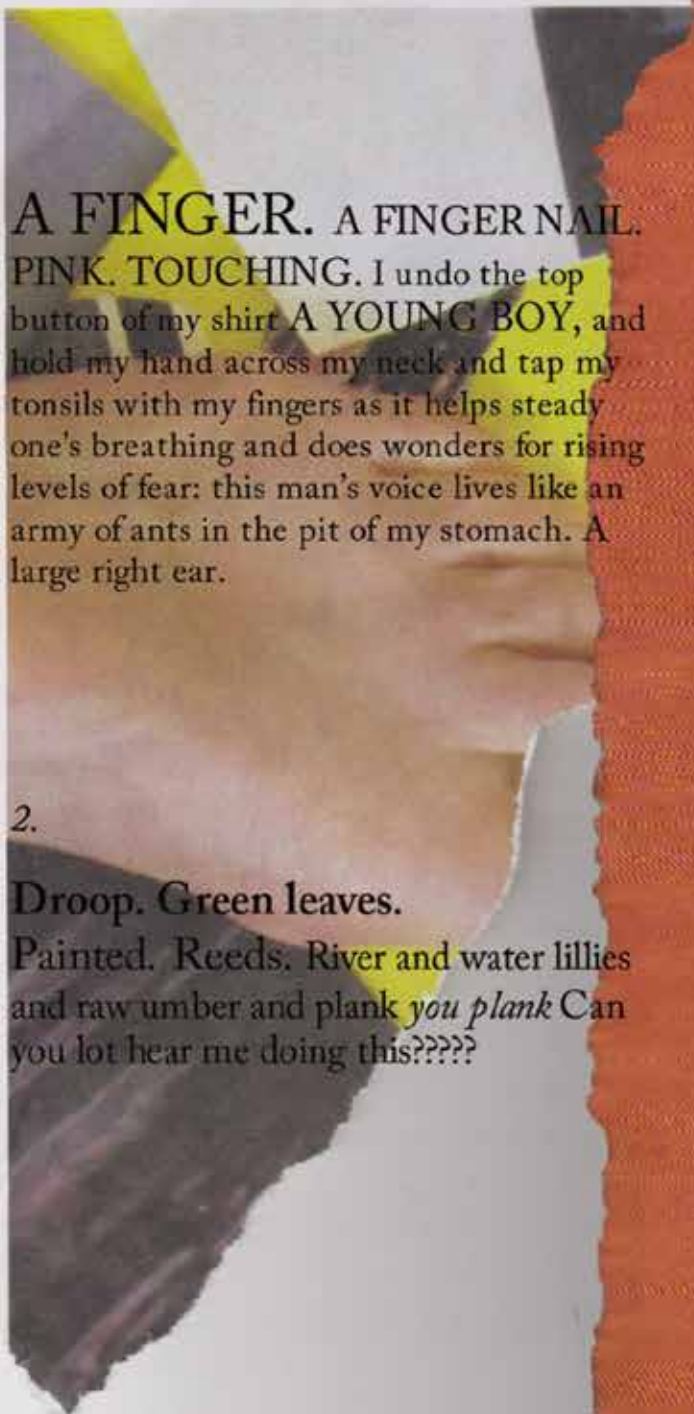
(7) Ben Lerner, Aaron B Kunin, Rosmarie Waldrop, and Keith Waldrop, *Keeping / The Window Open* (repr., Seattle: Wave Books, 1991).



it embedded under my skin, I  
nde activating the enaco view

(<https://drive.google.com/file/d/17aednMLspndDlk4DxxVrbDQ6-GkEkZAL/view>)





A FINGER. A FINGER NAIL.  
PINK. TOUCHING. I undo the top  
button of my shirt A YOUNG BOY, and  
hold my hand across my neck and tap my  
tonsils with my fingers as it helps steady  
one's breathing and does wonders for rising  
levels of fear: this man's voice lives like an  
army of ants in the pit of my stomach. A  
large right ear.

2.

Droop. Green leaves.  
Painted. Reeds. River and water lillies  
and raw umber and plank *you plank* Can  
you lot hear me doing this?????

Droop. Green leaves.  
Painted. Reeds. River and water lillies  
and raw umber and plank *you plank* Can  
you lot hear me doing this?????

**BLACK AND WHITE.** An American Psycho. I'm wearing: a white T shirt, blue levi 501, knee ripped: **BROS!** On page six I learn that the \_\_\_\_\_ had contaminated the \_\_\_\_\_; that Mt Chirac and Mr Reagan had, however, solemnly sworn not to go back over all of that again.

ITV C4 BBC ANALOGUE  
5 CHANNELS ANALOGUE  
On page eight there is a story about

8318111081 0111811  
0110111001 0111011

ἑρμηνεύει σαφώς

? Is it already  
Can you lot hear

whilst reading of all these mixed up affairs. All of culture and all of nature getting

Plot Five (season one)





**And WE thinks.**

**to swaddle Khloris and**

**Karpos in**

**Newspaper.**

**Garden News—**

**Extra!**

**her**

CAN YOU SEE ME?  
A form of snow-blindness takes place, suddenly, stitching an additional petal to one of the flowers was indeed strangely urgent in order to register that anything was happening at all. It was an impulse necessary to save both us and the terrain from disappearing.

Thursday

On page eight, there is a story about equine fertility; on page ten, forest fires are burning, carrying off rare species in columns of smoke; on page eleven, there is a slag heap in northern Germany, a symbol of exploitation that has just been classified as a cultural preserve because of the rare forms it has been fostering. On page twelve, the Pope, landscape architects, fundamentalists and seven artists -heroes all, potatoes and rabbits- - gather in the Tabard in a strange bouquet around a table topped with black glass, alternately plotting and brawling as the last orders are rung. Pushed out onto the Old Kent Road, our group is joined by stag night strays and a couple of fundamentalists who have quite simply had enough. One of the landscape architects has stolen the black glass tabletop, (a disk nearly one metre in diameter!) and is rolling it along the gutter with the Pope (or should we say: a woman dressed as Pope) who careens into a rose bush and falls fast asleep heavily, instantly. We, the rest of the group, continue, reeling and run towards Fenchurch street with the heartfelt intention of reaching Southend-on-Sea by dawn. (8)

**And the  
Tabard**

**Closes  
early**



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## **We Are Publication (2022)**

Modes of collage have been a central preoccupation for the artists group We Are Publication (WAP). In 2020, its participants set out to cultivate an artwork 'grown' from several discreet constituents. To that end, WAP drew on contemporary American poet Rosemarie Waldrop's recent appellation 'gap gardening' to suggest that the placement of words (and plants) generates intermedial zones of transformation and potential.

Initially, visual and textual 'seedlings' were 'planted' in the form of a custom-produced newspaper sent to WAP's participants during a period of national lockdown. Repeated physical engagement with this newsprint composite gave rise to the 'September Garden', a nascent domain that, in its first season, took the form of 'plots' comprising collages and textual assemblages. This productive terrain was then replanted, cut back, and otherwise tended to, before being presented online in its second season as the moving-image work *Placement does not explain, but cultivates a September garden*.

For the Whitstable Biennale 2022, WAP's experiment in jointly conducted research / speculative publishing returns to its newsprint origins as a new paper edition that includes additional material drawn from WAP's extended network.

Originating at Kingston School of Art's Contemporary Art Research Centre in 2014, We Are Publication has gone on to become an independent artists' group that tests innovative forms of contemporary art publishing. In flux and iterative, the group's configuration, as well as its outputs, has offered divergent approaches to jointly conducted practice, including the vinyl record *Diagram of an Hour* (Resonance FM, London, 2016, Curved Pressing, 2017); a handmade rug *Notes on a Carpet* (Five Years, London, Focal Point Gallery's Unit Twenty-One, Southend-on-Sea and the London Art Book Fair, Whitechapel Gallery 2017–2018); the exhibition *We.Are.Cut.Up.* (Pratt Institute, New York and Radiophrenia, CCA Glasgow 2019); and the exhibition/live event series *t h e H O L D*, which took place at the Stanley Picker Gallery, Kingston. In September 2020, *Placement does not explain, but cultivates a September garden* formed part of London's Camden Art Centre, Public Knowledge programme, before developing into an online collage series for KOKO, an independent academic publication based at the Zurich University of the Arts.

### **We Are Publication**

Jonathan Allen  
Rachel Cattle  
Jenna Collins (edit and layout)  
Volker Eichelmann  
John Hughes  
Christian Newby  
Andrea Stokes

### **Centrefold supplement**

Bill Balaskas  
Sarah Bennett  
Institute for Arborphilia, Animals and Aesthetics / Eva-Retzdorff-Garten (Antonia Ulrich and Ingo Voigt)  
Jarrett Erasmus  
Simone Heymans  
Maureen de Jager  
Raphaella Linders  
Paulina Michnowska  
Hodan Omar Elmi  
Nydia Swaby  
Mónica Rivas Velásquez  
Mark Aerial Waller

Supplement edit: Christian Newby  
Supplement layout: Matthew de Kersaint Giraudeau