

Javier Mansilla - Weeds

I

Take a shoe cardboard box
or a dozen egg box
or any handable box
preferably a dozen egg box

II

Take a spoon
a knife
or any kind of metal sharpen tool
preferably a spoon

III

Go to the Nieuwstraat
search for the moss that grows in the space between the cobblestones
Take your tool and transplant the moss until you fill your box

IV

Place the moss somewhere in your house where you know it will certainly survive

If you don't find any moss you can search for some other kind of plants
Preferred time of the day to perform the action: Afternoon.

Iris van Wijk

It felt like a school-project. Something you would do as a science project for school. There was more moss and other green things on the left side of the street, because there was not as much sun as the right side. It's nice to see a small garden pop up between the stones. Used my favorite pocketknife to get it out. During the work, some people here and there started talking to me. Asking me questions saying things about the plants. I tried to respond as little as possible, as to stick to the plan. The only person I really said something to was a man who said something in a foreign language.

Now the box of moss and plant has a place in my house, where it gets a bit of sunlight and some water every now and then.

Ienke Kastelein

When I started I felt quite optimistic about the possibility of transplanting the moss and plants to my garden - however it was not easy to keep them intact while digging them out from the narrow spaces between the cobblestones. The roots didn't come out undamaged. Someone told me that the street had been flooded a few days before by dirty sewage, a disgusting idea, that made it

quite appalling to continue touching the polluted plants. A number of people asked me what we were doing- I explained that I was collecting plants to transplant these to my garden. We had a discussion about the plants - should we regard them as weed - or appreciate them as valuable plants - (see <<https://morethanweeds.co.uk>>). Finally I put the collected plants in a corner of my garden - and for the first time i fully appreciated the word : TRANS-PLANT-ING. Today I learnt it was originally french from “transplanter”, first appearing as a word only as recent as 1824 - makes me wonder if this was a new phenomena.

Next morning I found half of the transplanted plants eaten by snails overnight. ienke Kastelein

