

Boscage

When I browse or rather have a way through dense marshy vegetation, I am perhaps the happiest.

It's hard to explain clearly why. Perhaps this is the difficulty of steps, when the soil is so alive and changeable. The branches rub against the body, they crack such as knuckles crack and plants are reprehended on skin by hooks and tendrils. Becoming by the feet in the moistly earth and roots, by torso in the herbs and becoming in a very low under the tree trunks, arms and face claw on. The mind is immersed in the smells, afterglows of the sounds and memories. Endless Universe of the bosket. Vague and touched through, enlaced in the mind, infinitely diverse. Boscage of all boscages. Expanding beyond the borders of heaven, beyond any considerations of time and space. Bosket in all of us, in every conceivable detail, anywhere. Live pulsating condensate beyond time and space and yet omnipresent.

I also remember my parents who were so happy in their garden. In the middle of it there was a secular golden apple tree, on the sidewalls there was ivy, broken down by tiny quadratic areas. Cabbage roses, rhododendrons - their flowers were always counted - juniper, blue spruce and pine tree, but also lovage, gooseberry, and rhubarb or daisy feverfew. It was really their paradise, place for meeting friends, or themselves each other and everything that is alive, what we had just seems like dead. Today the garden is so-called abandoned, towers here in particular incredibly beautiful pear tree that must inspire every calligrapher and thinkers about a boscage. The garden became a hermitage cupboard, where water sinks into the depths of the cave. Comforting calm, which my parents desired for, to fully re-appear especially when fine snow covers everything, general equilibrium whiteness.

But there are also many other gardens: gardens continents or even galaxies, gardens of monasteries, gardens of gardeners, gardens of gardening, laboratory gardens of plasma scientists and quantum physicists, botanical gardens, gardens of protected areas, nature reserves, national parks, UNESCO sites, gardens of the states and unions and many more. All these areas are in fact islands with specifically grown cultures, which fortunately they always tend to be boscages.

I recently visited with my wife and several friends one Italian mannerist garden as a part of a villa near Carrara. Garden was not such as it is known from Caprarola or Boboli. Although it contained everything what this garden should contain, its human dimensions, and especially determination to be a bosket filled with dreams of being human, animals, spirits and vegetation in the living unity was stunning. Phantoms of owls, human bodies, mountain stones and plants from underground world, that the spirit uncanny acting hydraulic laboratories of Salomon de Caus spewed water in all directions, no longer work. The way, they are growing by moss and becoming to decay, they are so strongly connected to the power of poetic words of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Originally arranged waxworks, as a result of human effort for spiritual gardening, become truly alive by being more overgrown, more it becomes a boscage.

Simon Schama as the motto of his book *Landscape and Memory* quotes an excerpt from the diary by Henry David Thoreau (August 30, 1856), to express his views on the wilderness. He writes that: "It is in vain to dream of a wildness distant from ourselves. There is no such. It is the bog in our brains and bowels, the primitive vigour of Nature in us..." It is also the only place I think in this Schama's book, where he reveals to us his personal view of man's relationship to the world around us. His view, however beneficial is strictly historical. He is although looking for meaning of the garden, but he is not gardening. He unravels the boskets. And he especially forgets, or at least does not talk about, that just us we have our dreams, also the bosket dreams their dreams about

wilderness that we might have not dreamed yet.

I must confess, that I do not know quite why I used in several of my projects the word „gardening“. Perhaps the reflections of memories of my roots came to my mind. Just as each plant has its roots, we have also them. Artistic creation is a very personal process. I reached for my family albums and used faces of my loving and those I never met, and I let this pictures grow through next images and words like undergrowth. I was leafing through family albums as through the herbarium and botanical taxonomy annals of generic, species and variety names.

As people probably since the earliest history were getting their names by their internal unforgettable character, man was assigning the name in an effort to preserve energy power of being, also for all other entities. However, if the content of such words now is generalised, easily it can happen, that this process affects the category rather than the origin of alive links of speech to the world. This is a great danger to sciences and it is a great dare for poetry, or bidding to travel through another soil.

I recently got a chance to confront my personal misty feeling of gardening with the place, that in this classification process of nature played a key role. At that it was the Royal botanical garden in Uppsala, integrally connected with the work of Carolus Linnaeus. Performance and installation resulting in The Angel Hall of Uppsala castle became memorable for my penetrating through the boscages of this place, through its widest area, through the boskets of Scandinavian silence and through the boscages of my personal memory. What was extremely important, was the alive presence of the plants and people during this event. At its end, the album closed and is waiting, like boskets are fitting by snow, cracking and collapsing, to be at the spring penetrating the world at full strength again.

I cannot say anything else, because by this time I did not find appropriate words, without do not mortify process which is alive. And I would not want to.

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