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LET IT ECHO // Pocket-issue

A text, change its dimension once is read aloud, it encounters its own emotionality, by vibrating in space. This pocket issue of **CARE WHERE?**, invites you to engage with text, by reading it loud, and allowing its body to resonate, through your voicing-wind-spell, Let it echo.

We are currently working on a next digital gathering fanzine for August, on the same one-week format as our June issue.



"I am afraid." - I heard. "And me too". - I replied.

There was no electricity to turn on the light, the only light was the flashlight on the cell phone, which had no signal. The house cat was also scared. He began to meow in despair. For some reason I held the feline. Outside the wind roared. We could hear trees cracking and falling. Sequences of gusts of wind. It was one of the longest nights of my life. The winds lasted all night. The house shook, vibrated in Its whole, 3 times. For several moments I thought about the quickest exit, if the window tilted, the door would be stuck. If the small wooden house tilted, we would be running in the

middle of a night with trees falling down, to the masonry building that is about 100 meters away from here.

I designed this wooden house. I know that a house has to endure not only the structural weight but also external loads such as rain, wind, but I never thought of anything like that, a cyclone. Winds of over 120 km / h. I am 40 years old. I have lived in Rio Grande do Sul all my life. I've never seen anything like this. I write this to tell and also to try to locate myself in a new reality. For some reason I feel that I need to write and tell.

There was a cyclone alert. My father saw it on TV and commented. It just seemed like some other news like "it will rain tomorrow". Nobody gave a damn, I lay down that night thinking "I have to write an e-mail for this guy, fill out that form..." It was a long night. The wooden house endured. At dawn the winds cooled. The sunlight was a kind of relief and shock at the same time. Looking out the window, it seems like the landscape had been bombed. Whole trees were uprooted, others broke down, shattered stumps were left 2 meters high. Amaricas, Embaubas, Grandiuvas, Gerivás, all native trees.

The first thing I thought about was how my parents, our neighbours, who live in the masonry house were doing. I found my father wearing a construction helmet for fear of the broken brunches that were left hanging.

"Are you okay?" - was the first thing he said. A day that started not with "good morning" but with "Are you all right?".

Three trees fell on their roof. In our small house, trees were very close, but none reached the house. Maybe the house didn't fall because those felled trees saved us, they worked like a windbreak barrier. A little later, my mother left her house, walked and looked at everything. Then she started to cry. She likes plants. The oldest tree here was a Tarumá more than 10 meters high, it must have been at least 50 years old. It fell in one piece. When Camila, who broke the silence in the night saying "I'm scared.", saw the tree down, her eyes filled with tears. It was sad.





She later comment on something that touched me a lot: "your parents, and maybe we, will never see a tree like this again. A tree like this needs a lot of time to grow, we don't have enough life to have a tree of this size here. " I realized that the impact of losing such a tree is immeasurable. Insects lose shelter, birds, bromeliads and who knows what more, relationships have now been destroyed. A coconut tree, called Jerivá, native, fell. There are more than twenty species that feed on its fruits or flowers. Losing such a tree, also reduces the supply of food for an entire chain of life. but we reserve the term food security exclusively for us humans. Stupid attitude. Today in the midst of this destruction I feel a great regret. I felt with certainty that the pain caused by these climatic changes created by us, will not be restricted to our species alone. This whole place suffered. All species here were afraid. Today I realize that places feel. For one night, we were connected to all birds, insects, trees in this feeling of fear. This makes me think about how naive I was. reading things like "extreme events will be more common" in the UN reports and thinking "it looks bad", over a cup of tea while making notes, like someone reads fiction.



Reading does not bring the dimension of being inside this thing. The state of total vulnerability, of not knowing if your own house will last for another 5 minutes in the middle of the night. Rio Grande do Sul, southern Brazil, has recently experienced a severe drought. Crops were lost, water use restrictions were imposed in several cities,

many of which had never prior experienced such a thing. The day before this cyclone, rained here, 120 mm in less than a day, in other words 120 liters of water per square meter, more than the average for the entire month. I saw a millpond, here, go from mud to overflowed in a few hours.

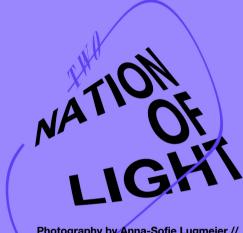


We had drought, intense rain, a cyclone all in the middle of a pandemic that so far in Brazil alone has killed more than 50 thousand people. I have read about these environmental issues for a while but today after this night I suddenly realize how I didn't succeed in understanding them, and I think that we didn't all have the true dimension of what it means, our how does it really feels. because it seems that it will never happen, or that it happens There in a place always far away. But, it is happening. Now. It's real. There's a knock on our door. And I feel a certain internal fear because I realize that this is just the beginning. Drought, followed by heavy rain, extreme events, pandemic. Warnings, but we're all going to sleep, thinking about our emails when there's a cyclone alert out there.

We are alive. South of the world. July 1, 2020.







Photography by Anna-Sofie Lugmeier // Modeling & Text by Anita Lerke // Styling by Federico Protto

"This is a little photoshoot done a while ago for an interdisciplinary online project called "fashion & _____", Those are photos of Anita, the mother of a close friend. She showed us her favourite trees in her garden in south of Germany, later we place the images next to what she was telling us about the garden." Federico Protto



The little box trees (buxus sempervirens) rest in their pots. The box tree is an amusing companion, cheeky and pixy: a botanical sprite. Guided by his headstrongness he can become several hundred years old. In Ireland you encounter savage growing box trees: they grow wild and never got trimmed into shape. Very bizarre – cheerful and magical pixies.







This is one of the giant cottonwoods, the tallest trees growing in the back, at the border of our garden. I call them my Pappelschwestern (poplar sisters), the announcers, the ominous ones. These aspens (populus tremula), whose foliage trembles and jingle from the slightest breeze, announce any kind of change in weather, they warn us of the storm and the tempest. They expose transitions of any kind. Spirit tree ladies commonly inhabit the cottonwoods.





This is the small linden tree (tilia). Although we can only see the tree trunk in these pictures, she is a true queen of healing through and through! Not only fresh tea from the linden leaves heals – but also her scent during spring times spirits any gloomy melancholia away!

The deep gaze into the linden blossom enlightens the inner vital light! She is a very old and powerful protecting tree. But also the blue of this coat has a healing effect – blue purifies and even disinfects!





The stock of a tree I am holding wearing the white and blue striped shirt belonged to a birch tree (betula).

Also, she is a tree of healing and protecting magic. A tree of light, especially for all young women. For the adult women, she harbors wisdom and also the silver and white hair. During spring-time she gives us fresh juice, it detoxifies and contains new life energy.

(all garments: Federico Protto/ except rubber boots, wool blanket: model's own/ red tainted glasses: stylist's own/ cow-eye glasses: Federico Protto x Silhouette with special thanks to Noemi Polo)



by Márcio K. Canabarro

For form is what rekindle us to our senses, to feelings, bringing us back to this Earth suddenly it isn't a thought but the all encompassing immersive experiences of this world and its textures, undeniably filled with knowledge in each of its shapes.

Form is somehow a metaphysics of matter, a materialisation of invisibles, a crystallisation of light, darkness and void. Is the bodily reminder of all that goes beyond ourselves, and simultaneously, integrates deeply within us.

Those are three personal passages.



Some shapes amplify more than receive, and vice-versa.... I have been dancing on a roof, thinking about compassion as affective imagination, as emotional telepathy, as substantial element for connection... But still... not too many things give me hope right now...

But the drift should be trusted, unfocused attention might be a desire of some environments.

And eyes that wonder might find a new perspective.

Tuning in, might be just a way of listening, even if anxiety can make the work harder, because it glitches the present by prospecting a terrible future; by itself, the cause of anxiety is already a state of response to an-ability-of-listening.

States, as in "the way one is", do not need to be created or chased, they need to be listen to, and sometimes, in order to get its different textures and layers of information, you gotta listen to "the state one/oneself is", more then once...

But still, there isn't so much that gives me hope those days...

Now, is not a matter of going inwards as an isolation process, but of inviting in, the whole surroundings, to be part of you.

Then going outwards by inviting yourself to be part of the environmental audience, in such a way, you would be able to see yourself standing where you are at, with the time-ecology you belong to, because nothing you perceive isn't you ...
Humans are fascinating and stupid.
Because we pretend we finish at our skin...

Apparently stones have memory. A friend told me that a crystal can behold seven wishes, a dinosaur, a moth, a fungus, a protozoan and a tree surely imbedded a wish each in this crystal I have been carrying around. I will add to it, just one wish, leaving a last stone space for something-else-then-human to hope for. It seems Human existence isn't worthing a single breath those days...



I feel so clueless...

I write down on a notebook: State work (in dance) is demanding and challenging because requests going beyond physical movement awareness, but without abandoning form.

Information from state textures are revealed by timing. In other words, our rhythms are

the channel of transmission and connexion in which forms informs what exists beyond any shape. There is more to dance then movement - but simultaneously there isn't... When you navigate choice, you aren't dancing, you are choreographing.

I hate choreography because it is thoughtful and axious, I love dancing because is urgent, not being about choices but about an ability to hear and embody the environment speaking.

third

Im standing on a cross road, Let me start telling you about it from the "beginning", like this you might understand what I feel.

Dance, has been fundamental for my life, for the ways in which I build meaningful connections and for the ways I understand what is going on. Dance gives to me philosophy, sociology, politics, anthropology, ecology, psychology and spirituality a haptic point of view and haptic thought process.

So basically "Im aware..." continually aware of the frames of my perception, I put my skin as a premiss of the reality I build and

interact with. NOW, Dance has been changing... The access to it, for me, has been moving, from something I felt compelled to dive into, to something that makes me company by its transformative power.

CARE_ as a project manifest where Im standing now. To paraphrase myself:

CARE_ is an experiment on community empowerment. The one week encounter, focused on how we build, influence and transform our large community through the chain of our immediate affections and our ability to care.

CARE_ is a non-profit initiative of various collectives and associations, using Art, Activism and Electronic Music to reach out and (re)connect, reclaiming awareness back to its resources, issues and environments. An archeological gathering of the human ecology with great attraction for a speculative future, regenerative social resilience and the dance floor.

In a sense: the desire of reclaiming the power of dance and its empirical wisdom back, meeting ordinary life, versus a unilateral creative force of self-expression. Partially also because of my disbelief on Self-expression per se, once actions and behaviours are always motivated by a reasoning. This reason, therefore, is intertwine with the context in which it "the

reasoning" unfolds. And this context is our immediate ecology, community, prospects and past references/experiences. So the self passes through an agency that reveals the context in which this SELF was constructed, manifested and extended to the future that it imagines.

How we understand self-expression, creates differences, because this understanding has a lot to do with how we comprehend our self-entitlement, But that is a further discussion, and not my focus right now.

Dance as power, bypass its vocabulary function - as just another language - and became an atmosphere. As a base thought line, is where -movement- becomes itself the means of knowledge, the source, the channel and the exchange matter, without a necessary intellectual translation, it is an environment

And here stands my cross road: Free Techno.

The history of Free Techno, is of fringes and resistance, of community and visceral kinetic information. Being a vessel for reunions, culminations, catalyses, catharsis, dispels, assimilations, synthesis, sublimations, sites and possibilities - non staged, but prepared.

Las night, I heard how a friend found this surge; what he felt, and how he integrates it

in his life. While talking, his body, immediately engaged, resonating his experiences - his knowledge was akin to his skin, was vibrating. He shined, while explaining, how he found a different access to question, paradigms and stablished social trues, which we all grow into.

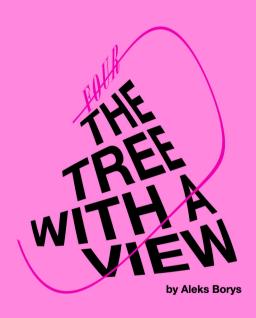
Right there, I was witnessing the entanglement and the power of dance to co-create new philosophical approaches, new story lines, establishing connections and demanding the return to a life in which multi-sensorial experiences places us on the immediate materiality of the world, and as such - urgently asks for acknowledgement.

Materiality/form which does not understands isolation.

And here I am - there's a dance, that is studied, rehearsed, dissected, speculated, explained - "vocabulized" - anxious and, there's a dance, that belongs to the dancer, to its skin, to the community which dances together. The prior is just informative the former besides informative is truly transformative. In between them isn't just "matters of love", but of conflict - the different vectors - diverge in approach, objective and impact.

So I stand, besides previous goals and the resurgence of urgency, trying to mediate their coexistence and their need for confluence...

The dance that is fought for, with the dance that fights for...









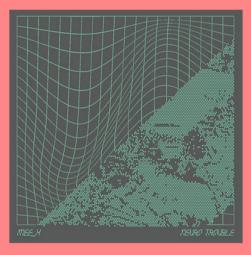








by Mee_K



These are chaotic times we are living in... We are in deep trouble and had about enough of the neurotic news coming from Europe. We need to dance to a different drum beat, specially if it comes alongside big fuckin BASS! And Drum n' Bass is what echoes out of our cave into the world this time, brought to us mere mortals by portuguese DnB legend Mee_K.



by Pan.demi.CK



Single by Pan.demi.CK. Recorded Live, Mixed and Arranged in DAW.

CLICK HERE

To visit GRUTA BandCamp Page to listen and support their work















A regular issue is ccoming up in Augst!!!

if you have coments and wish to get in touch write to:

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