

Toolkit



TO BEGIN
REPAIRING
OUR EARTH



This assemblage of easy applicable tools emerges from the very questions that haunt us as human beings in an age of overlapping crises. As artists, we turn to these inquiries not merely for answers, but to contemplate how our creative acts might participate—however subtly—in the weaving of a more just and luminous world.

We invite you to work with frequencies as our allies in healing the Earth - raising the vibrational energy of a space to heal what is there, when moving, storytelling, sounding, singing, and gesturing. Revisiting these actions, passing them on to others, multiply them, until many are doing the same -at the same time, or in parallel times.

We begin the work of repairing what others have damaged, rather than waiting for those responsible to take action—because they have talked for far too long, and we are running out of time. We propose to start by elevating the vibrational frequencies that surround us, healing the spaces we inhabit. At least, until we develop a better legal system—one that can hold corporations and complicit politicians accountable for maximizing profit at the expense of Nature and its people.

This approach to repair our Natural world is a suggestion any citizen can follow. It differs from those of restoration, recuperation, or 'environmental repair' approaches. We depart from the past -what was damaged- towards alternative futures. It reminds us of our collective responsibility to renew our relationship with the living world.

Use this toolkit however you wish: adapt it, remix it, and return to it at any time of year.

Oracle 1: You Speak

To act:

- Recite this sentence of forgiveness to a forest or trees near you, alone or with others:

The Word for Mother is Forests, we ask you forgiveness for our transgressions and those of our neighbours. For walking without horizon, for greed and neglect, we are here to rebuild our relationship by listening to you. (Or write your own sentence of forgiveness.)

- Record the sound of Nature on your phone -morning, afternoon and/or evening- and play them back to the forest. Listen to what happens.

- Observe and internalize the visible or invisible movements of a tree near you.

- Offer the tree a gesture: bow (kneel down to it), eye hug (loving looking eyes), hug, caress, kiss, blow breath with a wish for support to it, etc.

- Burn local herbs as incense (see Oracle 2 for a list) and let the smoke carry your intentions.

- Recite this gratitude prayer to the tree or forest:

The Word for Mother is Forests. We love you for every thing you teach us. We give thanks for the air you give us, the soil you hold and the waters you run. We are learning from you. (Or write your own sentence of forgiveness.)

- End by reciting or singing three times (three is to make it manifest):

*I am sorry, forgive me, I thank you,
I love you.*

*I am sorry, forgive me, I thank you,
I love you.*

*I am sorry, forgive me, I thank you,
I love you.*



Oracle 2: They Speak

Moving and learning with plants

Get to know your weeds -some of them are medicinal allies. Spend time learning about their architecture, stories, and sensorial existence. Listen to the stories they tell and those told about them. Make teas, incense and salve from them. Remember don't cut too much. There is a limit for each being's self-recovery. Respect that limit (its around 10 %).

Never take from Nature without asking for permission. Never take too much, learn to know what is Nature's limits so it can so it can self-regenerate, without endangering its own regrowth. Look to examples from Australian Aboriginal Songlines, Latin American Indigenous practices, and others.

Cleaning with incense from your gardens' plants: sage, lavender, palo santo, frankincense, myrrh, cedar, mugwort, rosemary, copal, sweetgrass, juniper, sandalwood, dragon's blood, sea wormwood, yellow bedstraw, etc. Tie them with a small smudge stick, dry them some days, then burn as incense. Notice any changes in you and in the beings around you.

Dancing and smudging: while holding this smudge of incense in one or both hands, make different kinds of movements with both arms. Include the whole body; connect your feet to your hands. While moving, make your hands move your feet or your feet your hands. Also, move while looking towards the smoke all around the space. Notice how you are dancing the smoke away as if its an extension of your body. Notice what emotions rise in you by doing that. Do it every day for as long as you can. Keep noticing any changes in you and in the beings around you.

Oracle 3: Things Speak

Listen to a Solfeggio healing frequency at the time (174, 285, 396, 417, 528, 639, 741, 852, 963 Hz) for 10 minutes a day as many days as you can (search: "pure frequency sound" on YouTube). Notice what it does to your body and to the plants around you. Keep noticing changes in you and in the beings around you.

Oracle 4: We Speak

Return to these fictional courtrooms each summer.

The next ones are:

Healing Forest' Hologram 2026

The Word For Mother Is Forest 2027

For all the Forests 2028

to continue discussing how to represent and protect Nature, what problems we are facing when dealing with the environmental crimes, generate ideas that may help save our natural world, and with this to practice representing of both humans and the More-Than-Human world.

Oracle 5: Stories That speak

Siegmar Zacharias' Plant Medicine stories:

Ivy teaches us about the politics of growing, attachment, and letting go. As an evergreen creeper, in its juvenile phase it grows across surfaces and up into space, gripping tightly with strong aerial roots. Later, in its adult form, it grows without attachment outward. This gesture asks us how we bind ourselves to places, people, histories, and how we might also learn to unbind. Ivy thrives in contradiction. It moves into darkness as easily as it moves toward light. It crosses between worlds—the living and the dead, the known and the hidden.

In the cold European winters, when most life retreats, Ivy stays green and produces berries that are poisonous to humans but nourishing for birds. For this, it was seen as a magical plant mediating between underworld and sky, between fear and vitality. It doesn't shy away from the shadow; instead, it teaches how to grow into it. Ivy grows through the cracks of empires, ruins, walls. It doesn't ask permission. It teaches insurgent strategies of survival: growing through refusal, entanglement, persistence. It is a slow weaver of futures, holding together forgotten spaces, climbing up what seemed too rigid to support life. It reminds us that transformation doesn't always erupt—it creeps.

Ivy doesn't fear the ruin. It makes it fertile. It teaches us to live between clinging and climbing—between breath held, and breath released. Its medicinal uses reflect this metabolizing of tension: expectorant, antispasmodic, detoxifying. It opens the lungs, eases nerve pain, stimulates circulation. Ivy loosens what fear has clenched. It reminds us that holding on too tightly can suffocate, but that letting go without grounding can also harm. Socially, Ivy suggests a kind of radical co-adaptation—growing with others, across surfaces, creating networks of support while knowing when to detach. Politically, it invites us to imagine structures that don't dominate but climb together, twisting into possibility.

Can we learn to grow in multiple directions at once—into grief and joy, into care and non-attachment? Can we stretch toward the light without denying the shadow? Ivy says yes—if we're willing to hold, to release, and to listen in the dark.

Mugwort grows where things have been disturbed—along roadsides, in rubble, abandoned lots, scraped earth. It insists on being where others have been expelled. Mugwort occupies the uninvited spaces, thrives in broken ground. It teaches us something about resilience that is not about restoration, but about transformation. It does not seek to return land to a prior state, but to be with it as it is—scarred, altered, alive. What if repair isn't about going back to what was, but learning how to thrive in altered conditions?

Mugwort doesn't erase disturbance—it metabolises it. It reminds us that transformation begins in the cracks. With one face toward the sun and the other silvery, lunar, Mugwort teaches us that day and night, conscious and unconscious, are not opposites but interwoven. Its medicine is both warming and cooling, stimulating and relaxing. It doesn't offer solutions in binaries—it offers movement, flow, and complexity. Mugwort asks: Can you be changed without knowing where it will lead?

This plant is a companion for threshold crossings—between sleep and wakefulness, cycles of the womb, moments of rupture and return. Its bitterness activates digestion, not just of food but of the difficult and the stuck. Mugwort digests what we might rather avoid: pain, stagnation, grief. In doing so, it supports the dreaming body—not to escape, but to travel, to reweave sense and sensation.

Can we learn from Mugwort a different form of repair? One that doesn't pretend harm didn't happen, but instead helps us to live through and with it? What expulsions—literal or psychic—have shaped your body or land? What does it mean to take root in disrupted places? How do you honour the bitter, the blood, the unwanted—without turning away?

Mugwort is not only medicine. It is memory. It is map. It is a quiet call to the margins: grow anyway.

Sara Gebran's oral storytelling:

Davi Kopenawa, a Yanomami indigenous from Brazil, tells a story that he calls **"Earth Eaters": urihi wapo pë**.¹

He tell us how he'd seen the white people tear up the ground in the forest to open a road through it. It was only once the miners arrived to their village that he really understood what these outsiders were capable of doing! These fierce men appeared in the forest suddenly, coming from all over the place, and quickly encircled their houses in large numbers, frenetically searching for an evil thing, which his community never heard of: gold, ouro. He was very angry and worry when the White men started digging into the ground in every direction, poisoning the rivers with their machines, washing their gold powder in the streams, mixing it with what they call mercúry. Making the waters sick - and the fish's flesh soft and rotten. The spirit protectors of the river are: stingray, electric eel, anaconda, caiman, and pink river dolphin beings. They live underwater in the house of their father-in-law, Tëpërësiiki, with Hokotori, the rainbow. But If the gold prospectors poison the rivers' sources, these beings will all die and the rivers will disappear with them.

The waters will escape to return to the depths of the earth. Then how will * we * be able to quench our thirst he said? All this to find gold, so the white people can use it to make themselves teeth and ornaments or keep it locked in their houses! The white peoples money will never be enough to compensate for the value of the burned trees, the desiccated ground, and the dirty waters. That is why we do not want gold diggers in the forest where Omama created our ancestors. It's the forest that makes us eat and live. The rivers are too expensive. No money will be able to return us to the spirits. This is why we must refuse to give up our forest.

¹ Excerpt from Davi Kopenawa's story *Earth Eaters* from the book *'The Falling Sky'*, (p.263)

Wilfredo Betis Gómez, a Pemon indigenous from Venezuela told me the story of Vanagapi Yek

For his ancestors, every species of plant and tree were conceived as a person, with whom they lived in harmony. Among all the varieties of palm trees, there was one that grew with a special beauty, with long green leaves, called Vanagapi Yek. It was so beautiful, it aroused envy among the Makunaimö (the anti-heroes who bring envy to humans) they began to tie up Vanagapi Yek from its trunk to its head— binding its head with lianas from the jungle, in a crown, placed around its head so tight, it could not be freed. Vanagapi Yek was in pain for a long time, until Maripak (a bat) found him and asked what was wrong. Vanagapi Yek answered: “The envious evil ones have harmed me by tying up my head. The pain I am suffering will be the beginning of the headache pain that people would later suffer, known as Kadavaik (Migraine). Maripak (the bat) replied: “Is that what you’re going through? Well, that’s nothing to me. Wait a moment, I’m going to prepare myself.” And went deep into the jungle, toward the mountains, to prepare a Taren (a healing remedy) to counteract what Vanagapi Yek was suffering. He returned with the Taren, meditated, and sang a song. Then, in silence, he invoked the powers of Nature, presented the cause of the illness, and gave final release against the curse. Holding his breath he blew softly on the head of Vanagapi Yek, who little by little began to recover.

Oracle 6: moving with things

Siegmarr's recipe for Ivy & Mugwort salve:

When you pick plant material, first ask for permission and never pick more than 10% of a plant. Pick from a location that is free from pesticides and pollutants.

For our Ivy and Mugwort salve pick a handful of Ivy leaves and a handful of Mugwort leaves and blossoms. Rinse them thoroughly to remove any dirt or insects. Let them dry, take the leaves off the stems, then rip them into smaller pieces and grind them to a pulp in a stone mortar to increase the surface area.

Fill the plant material into a mason jar until it reaches 2/3 of the jar. (use a small jar for small quantities). Add olive oil to submerge the plant material and fill the rest of the jar.

Place a clean dishcloth at the bottom of a pot, sit the jar inside the pot on top of the cloth and fill the pot with water up to the neck of the jar to create a double boiler.

Heat up the double boiler, but never let it come to a boil. This is important! You don't want to deep fry your plants! You just want to add some heat to accelerate the process of infusion. Stir once in a while to mix the infusion. Heat the oil plant mix for one hour then let it cool over night and repeat the process up to three days if you want. Use a clean dishcloth to strain the cold infusion. Wring out the last drops of goodness. Now you have your infused Mugwort and Ivy oil.

For making a salve you add 10% beeswax to the amount of oil you are using. (eg: 100ml oil use 10gr beeswax). Place a small pot inside a larger pot to create a double boiler. Pour the infused oil into the small pot. Add 10% beeswax. Stir continuously until the beeswax is completely melted and well combined with the oil. Keep stirring for a while after it looks melted.

Pour into containers as long as it is liquid. This step needs to happen relatively quickly. Wait until the salve is solidified and cold before you put the lid on.

Store your Ivy&Mugwort salve in a cool, dark place to maintain its potency. It should last for several months. To use, simply apply a small amount.

Ivy (*Hedera helix*) has analgesic and anti-inflammatory properties.

Traditionally, it's used to ease sciatic nerve pain, tense fascia, and muscle stiffness, especially where fear or chronic stress has caused tightness or holding patterns in the body. Mugwort (*Artemisia vulgaris*) is gently warming, antispasmodic, and slightly stimulating—making it ideal for relieving cramps, tension, and localized stagnation (e.g., in the lower back, pelvis, or shoulders). Both plants encourage flow—of blood, lymph, and energy. This salve may support areas that feel numb, stuck, or cold to the touch.

This salve can be used ritually or intentionally at moments of transition—emotional, spiritual, hormonal, seasonal. Mugwort's connection to dreams and the moon, and Ivy's to the underworld and shadow, make it an ally for grief work, letting go, or preparing for rest or transformation. Mugwort's bitter heat and Ivy's quivering strength unwinds held fear and tension making this salve useful when you're holding yourself too tightly. It invites softening without collapse, release without rupture. Mugwort has long been used for protection—psychic, spiritual, energetic. Ivy offers grounding from below. Together, they create a shield that doesn't block but listens, allowing contact with difficult feelings or energies without being overtaken.

We offer you this salve to build a relation with Ivy and Mugwort. Please don't drink Ivy tea as it is poisonous for humans.



CREDITS

Toolkit:

Concept: Sara Gebran.

Written by: Siegmar Zacharias and Sara Gebran.

Websites: www.siegmartzacharias.com & www.saragebran.com

Performance:

Concept and choreography: Sara Gebran

Created in collaboration with: Siegmar Zacharias and
Deva Schubert

Songs composer: Helle Thun, in collaboration with Sara Gebran

Human Choir-performers: Siegmar Zacharias, Helle Thun, Lisen
Poussette, Olivia Rivière and Sara Gebran

More-than-Human Choir: George Koutsouris' sound installations
and Nature's sounds from Refshaleøen and the Venezuelan's Amazon

Light design: Sean Bassett, in collaboration with Sara Gebran

Technical operator and programming:

Emil Vodder

Creative producer: Carlos Calvo

Graphic design: Susanne Cleworth

Photographers: Søren Meisner & Daniel Maleck

Communication: Lena Bruun Bondeson

Audience reach: Hinrik Kannevorff

Administration: Peter Holten

Produced by: Public Eye

Support: Statens Kunstfond, Dansk Skuespillerforbund, Københavns Kommune og William Demant Fonden

Co-production and residency: Metropolis

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Forests' Tales Of Repair 2025

