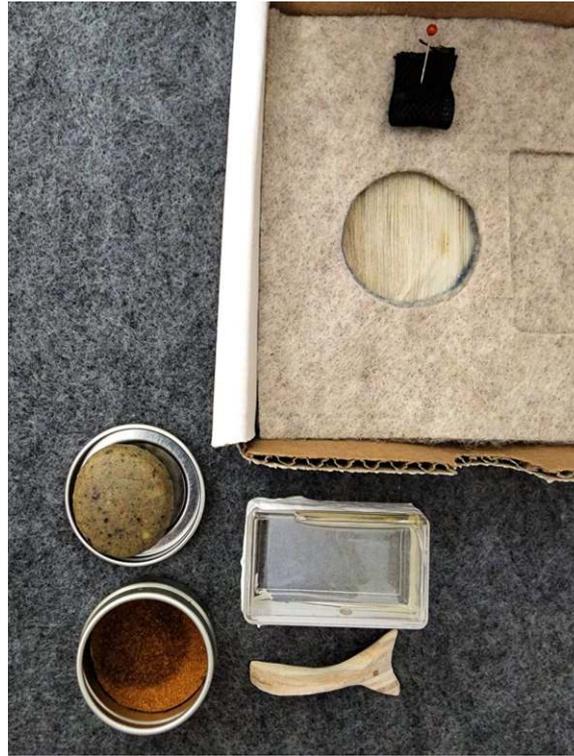


Heather Hanft

“Within park designation: Indian Heights”



The Note:

“There is a sliver of wetland in a regrowth of an oak savanna, on a limestone bluff. This glacier pushed bluff stretches out beyond the footprint of the Indian Heights Park, and homes built from the 1950-1980 are tucked below this landmark, shielded from the brunt of winter winds like the Dakota Peoples before us.

Stories were believed that the town’s drinking water filtered through that limestone. It is not true but the filtered water seeds soil with the right nutrients for ferns to thrive.

Here the evidence was lost on the numbers of Dakota buried under walnut trees, promised to forever greet the morning sun over the Zumbro river.

On this bluff the Sisters of St. Frances tend to bees where apple trees once were tended. Within my gift to you: a clear box contains honey from these bees who gathered from the wildflowers that speckle the shared landscape from spring to fall. Available is a wooden tool to help break the seal around the box so you too might smell their bounty. Next, the aluminum canister holds a wax pebble. Knead this wax in your hands to warm up and release a fragrance that remembers this resilient landscape “

To: a quadrant of land on a map.

i see you, waters and land
how you are unconcerned in defining your *Self* by the
behaviors of men within you
men whose personhood and cultures are defined by you and
your sibling natures

You, you have your own scents of self
in your swelling and crumbling
the pushing and splitting
an endless melding together of tumbling sisters

with seeming certainty and the kind of order that humans have
they make their deposits
in excavation, adaptations and interventions they scar your
surface, your innards
humans use up many words over their own sensibilities while
with you or in neglecting you
those remnants are about them
their story, not yours

You have time in your service
a space is not to be defined by moments
moments of years or eras
moments of climate or man
what is it to you if they poison themselves or your resources
You need but endure and be shaped

the value you serve?
value is but a word from the mouths of men
You are and will be
asteroid or heat-death may alter your surface
but what is that to you?

*Remember those generations of white tail deer?
Remember the iceberg and those drunk kids?
Wasn't that about the same time?*

You will not be confined as any one kind of place
who needs one in a space like this



Brooke unboxing Heather's work

Reflection: The joy! The intentionality! The sticky honey! This piece is an invitation, a love letter, an homage to a special place (coordinates visible above). I was moved by Heather's care and craft. From her thoughtful writing to the wooden tool, clearly hand carved, Heather is a masterful artist committed to details and thoughtful material choices. The scented pebble in the metal box looked like a river stone; as I rolled it through my fingers its mild smell and crumbly texture was a pleasant and playful calming of the nerves. I used the handmade tool to scratch off a white seal on the transparent box. What emerged was a sticky and sweet honey that left me licking my fingers and soothing my sore throat. This gift in the mail was a powerful poem to a specific place but also a healing treat and left me feeling grateful and joyful.



Reflection: *Do you have a place on this planet? One that brings you comfort and joy and that deep sense of home? Cotton Hollow is mine.* I grew up exploring its trails and investigating its ecosystem. I built dams, watched my dad fish, and tested out my first cigarette. As an adult I waded into the water with my high school sweetheart and got married. Both my kids carry the middle name “River,” named for this stretch of Roaring Brook that empties into the nearby Connecticut River. This place has brought me so much joy, but its history is layered. This project was an opportunity to dig into that history and make it visible for others. Cotton Hollow was the winter home of the Nayaug, a tribe of the Wangunk, part of the Algonquin federation. Then white settler colonists moved in and for two hundred years they harnessed the power of the water in service of multiple industries. To create this book and the adjoining scents (a mix of homemade and essential oil fragrances), I spent many days at the local historical society as well as multiple sessions drawing and exploring the preserve with new eyes. It aims to integrate my personal connection and historical research. The book ends with the addition of a sparkler, an invitation to honor a powerful story about a family who died here in an explosion in 1777 while they were making gunpowder for the Revolutionary War.

**Brooke
Toczylowski**

**“A historical,
sensorial walk
through
Cotton Hollow”**

Artist book with sensory
engagement,
Edition of Three, 9” x 9”



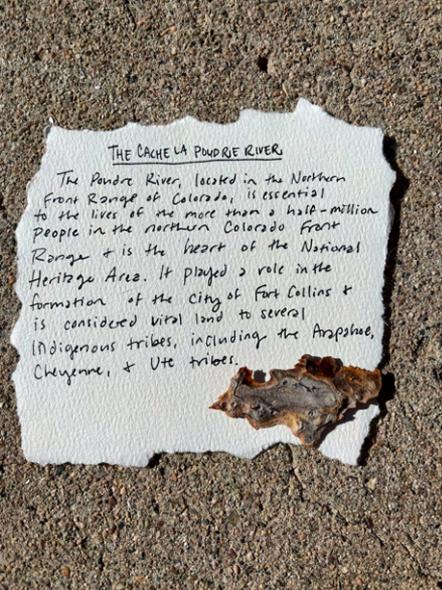
Morgan unboxing Brooke's work



Why is every children's book not like this?

Having my hands on such a carefully crafted and well laid out story of Cotton Hollow, I couldn't help but dig into every small detail. Much of this experience was spent reading through every small tale about the factories and refineries that have participated with the river over the years. The waters of Cotton Hollow remember the Nayaug people who cared for the river and its inhabitants. The water also remembers the industry that moved in and used it to fuel the factories that processed cotton, created anchors, and even the gunpowder that killed many men on that very ground. Though brief, we are able to experience the same scents that the water experienced. We remember with the water those who came before us and how they have interacted with the land.





THE CACHE LA POUDBRE RIVER

The Poudre River, located in the Northern Front Range of Colorado, is essential to the lives of the more than a half-million people in the northern Colorado Front Range & is the heart of the National Heritage Area. It played a role in the formation of the City of Fort Collins & is considered vital land to several Indigenous tribes, including the Arapshoe, Cheyenne, & Ute tribes.



Isabel Heiland

“Cache la Poudre River Scents”

Two bottled scents derived from Ponderosa Pine and Sagebrush found along the Cache la Poudre River in Bellvue, Colorado and a watercolor painting of a micro study of Ponderosa Pine tree bark, 6" x 6".

The Ponderosa Pine is a tree full of sweet, caramelly-smelling sap that aids in its resistance to wildfires. I steeped some of the bark in water and boiled the resulting solution down in hopes to maintain that beautiful, sugary smell.

Sagebrush is but one type of sage out of many found all over Colorado. Sage is used broadly across many cultures, especially Native North American cultures, in spiritual and cultural contexts. To preserve its earthy, mildly spicy, and savory smell, I boiled it down with some sugar to make a sage simple syrup.



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Sagebrush ~ Sweet n' musky, reminiscent of black mold, but safe to breath...
Rich as in depth, earthy and ancient

Ponderosa Pine ~ Sharp, sweet, and clean-clean like clear minded,
clean like fresh / refresh

Mattee unboxing Isabel's work

Isabel's scents were a delightful treat! The Ponderosa Pine transported me to a resinous forest where I felt my feet bouncing off a spongy carpet of pine needles.

The Sagebrush was a simple syrup. I first tried it alone with hot water before adding a mixture of peppermint, hyssop, turmeric and ginger. The flavor held its own, contributing a sweet, soothing spiciness to the mix.



This tributary of the Patapsco River is bordered by a Top Golf and Horseshoe Casino that hover on the water's edge of what's called Baltimore City's Inner Harbor. The harbor is where the Jones Falls River, Gwynns Falls stream, and Patapsco River meet and flow as part of the Chesapeake Bay.

It is the sovereign home to [Kinwaw Paskestikwaya](#) translated as "The people who live on the long River and bend in it," and also as "The People Where the Waters Blend." Baltimore occupies this land of the [Piscataway Conoy Tribe](#) and Piscataway Indian Nation. Members are currently fighting for rights to their land after centuries of colonial occupation.

These blended waters flow to the Atlantic Ocean.

Mattee Becker

"What was-is-could be"

Salt Oil Hydrosol Trash Candle



Across the Atlantic waters came European colonizers and with them, people they brutally enslaved across Africa to labor in the occupied lands, the soon-to-be United States.

This tributary by the casino is the place where longing gathers. Storm drains carry trash and oil along with water. Nearby, Baltimore's Incinerator burns our trash, releasing **nitrogen oxides, sulfur dioxides, ammonia, lead, mercury, furans and more** into poor, working class, and Black neighborhoods.

This water is also home to a Great Blue Heron. I visit often and have witnessed a Painted Turtle and schools of fish. They remind me that life finds a way. With the help of a dear friend, we distilled Loblolly Pine needles, Northern Bayberry leaves, Paw Paw leaves, and Common Reeds (who could grow here).

The Loblolly distilled for too long and burned, creating a scent reminiscent of the nose-cringing odors of reality. When the hydrosol mixture was added to cooking oil, salt and bits of trash, the plants' scents were neutralized. I dipped cotton rope into the Bayberry liquid to create candle wicks that would reclaim neutralization.

In lighting this candle, I send a prayer that this land; the people who "bend in it," and the people who were forced here are recognized, honored, and repaid.

I am grateful to Jess Cowan and lil' pup Mila for help with the alembic distillation, and to the plants and land themselves.



Gwynns Falls Trail

(Blue Heron Rainy Day Perch / Horseshoe Casino Outlet)

FOR YOUR SAFETY
PLEASE REFRAIN FROM ENTERING
THE WATER
 (if able to hop the gate)

ONLY FISH in designated areas
DO NOT eat the fish you catch
DO KILL
ALL CAUGHT
BLUE & FLATHEAD CATFISH

Call 811 before you dig.

Absolutely:
DO NOT DRINK THE WATER
DO NOT LET YOUR PETS DRINK
THE WATER
DO NOT SMOKE near the water

You may set fire to the oil water.

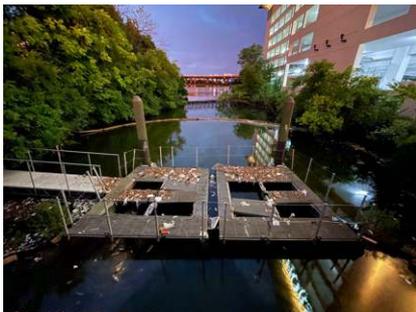
There could be
 Paw Paws close close
 Cattails
 not Common Reed
 Loblollies
 Northern Bayberry... Wax Myrtle?

Painted Turtle
 survived onslaught
 Visited the other day
 amidst Silversides
 making infinity.

The day after the outlet is cleared
 Of our longing

When the fizzle
 Steam
 Heat
 has no need to burst
 from manholes,

a Human stops
 joins to stare
 Share
 this resting place
 with Turtle.



Clancy
unboxing
Mattee's work

"It smells like beef jerky soaked in whale oil."

Mattee's scents – one a salt-oil-trash candle with bits of bayberry leaves and pine needles and the other a potent distilled hydrosol – had the macabre and unique characteristics of a figurative car wreck. I found myself both repulsed and oddly drawn into their dangerous complexity. The hydrosol, in particular, presented as oil and pollutant forward, but lingered with a piney depth that kept me coming back for more, despite my better judgement around losing brain cells.



VOLATILE

[not really]

But maybe



"It's just keeping me from getting sued"

CLANCY PHILBRICK ~ *Lenape Sippu Incense*

The Delaware River Watershed, particularly along the eastern banks of Philadelphia and facing the industrial zones of Camden, NJ, is an area steeped in rich, natural and anthropological history. For millennia this region served as the homelands of the Lenape peoples. The river's oldest known name is the Lenape Sippu. Beginning in the 1600's, this particular area became a desired port for colonies. First settled by the Swedes, then the British, and then the Dutch, the area evolved into a port for immigrants from all over the world. With these original ships, *Artemisia vulgaris*, more commonly known as mugwort and used in a variety of holistic, spiritual, and culinary manners throughout Asia, Europe, and Africa, was brought over in the agricultural and stock holds of ships. Since then, this invasive species has spread across all of the Americas.

In an acknowledgement of the coal and steam powered ships that defined these busy industrial and immigration ports, as well as the roads and railways that divide the area, I chose to use incense to capture this combustible component. The incense features a mugwort base, a nod to the plant's proliferation along these banks and its symbolic journey in shifting the American landscape. The scent is rounded out with fresh juniper berries, a plant commonly burned by the Lenape, and is binded with makko powder, a derivative from the bark of the *Machillus thunbergii* tree of Asia, representative of the neighborhood's current Thai, Cambodian, Korean, and Chinese populations.

I created three different incense shapes that focused on Lenape culture, which has been intentionally erased – or burned – from the region. A wigwam shape acknowledges their homes; a humble bead in reference to their elaborate beadwork; and a mussel shell as a reference to both the river's rich natural history and the Lenape's use of shells in beadwork and trade currency.



Valeria's unboxing of Clancy's project

Clancy put so much care into this gift of smell! I'm feeling miserable, my throat hurts, I can barely talk, so Camila and Christy help me describing Clancy's work.

Clancy's incenses offered immediate comfort. They came with a lovely booklet about the history of the trees, their arrival to the Americas, and current day industrial Philadelphia accompanied by illustrations.

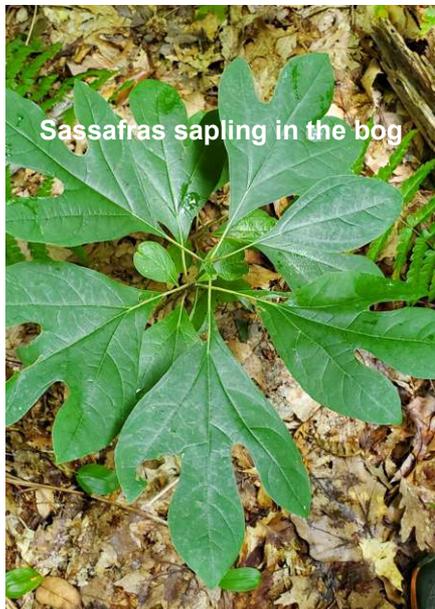
I burned the incense and just lighting it up brought warmth to my body, it felt healing and the idea of having a morning and an evening version of the smell felt like an invitation for new meditative routines.



Elie Porter Trubert

“Sass,” a roll-on Sassafras leaf and stem-derived scent from the Budd Lake Bog Preserve in Budd Lake, New Jersey

Formed over thousands of years after the last ice age, this black spruce-tamarack bog is a floating mass of plants, roots and moss held in a sponge-like substrate, without solid ground that supports unique plants, shrubs and trees such as black spruce, tamarack, azalea, sphagnum moss, sweet pepperbush, common alder and sassafras. Budd Lake is considered the headwater source for the South Branch of the Raritan River.



The resulting scent was pleasant and slightly fruity. I bottled it in a roll-on applicator and packed it in moss from the bog, topped with a clump of sphagnum moss.

Sassafras (Winakw) was also called the “mitten tree” due to the 1, 2, and 3 “finger” leaves found on the tree. The Lenape used the root of young trees and the bark of older trees for the “Spring Medecine,” as it thins the blood and helps to get the body ready for the hot humid weather. Sassafras Tea was also made from the roots and bark and acted as a diuretic, young shoots were used to make Root Beer, until 1976 when it was banned by the FDA and listed as a carcinogen due to the “safrole” found in the oil of the roots and bark....The essential oil was also used as a bug repellent, and bark, leaves, and shoots were often stored with clothes to keep insects away, also used as a fragrance in perfume. Dried and crushed leaves are used for seasonings, even today as the amount of safrole is extremely small. The wood mixed with the bark make an orange/yellow dye.

- from the Nanticoke and Lenape Confederation website

Isabel unboxing Elie's work

The amount of care that Elie put into the crafting of not only this scent, but also the packaging it came in, blew me away. I had no clue what to expect when opening up the box I received in the mail. To be gifted a lovely little wooden box full of moss and a perfume roller was a fantastic surprise!

After rolling the scent on my wrist, the initial smell is of alcohol, as Elie's instructions advise waiting about 30 seconds for it to evaporate. When it does, I am left with a beautifully sweet yet slightly spicy scent that lingers mildly, in a way you would want any good perfume to. It really is gentle and lovely enough to use as a perfume... perhaps a fragrance line is in order.



John Friedrich Cultural Burning

Incense made using oak, pennyroyal, wild carrot, and a decoction of swamp grasses

To use: hold flame to the narrow tip until it catches, allow the flame to burn for a few seconds and then blow it out.

The land that is now protected as Baskett Slough Nation Wildlife Refuge serves as a small monument to the oak savannah and meandering wetlands that used to fill the Willamette Valley. As I spent time in the space this summer, I began to consider who was absent from the land. Not far away, you can find the Confederated Tribes of the Grand Ronde, the descendants of indigenous peoples who have lived here for thousands of years. As stewards of the land, they would burn the savannah to promote the growth of favored plants and increase the habitat that the animals they hunted preferred.

I began identifying plants in the slough and noticed that many are non-native. Pennyroyal is invasive, and in August I witnessed great purple waves of its minty blossoms. Wild carrot is also invasive and its lacy white blooms bobbed in the breeze by the thousands. What if we were to reinstate the cultural burning practiced by indigenous people? What would we smell? Would the land respond like it used to?

Incense is used in spiritual traditions the world over, this small cone is a prayer for the restoration of the wetlands and savannah in the Willamette Valley.



Elie unboxing John Friedrich's scent:

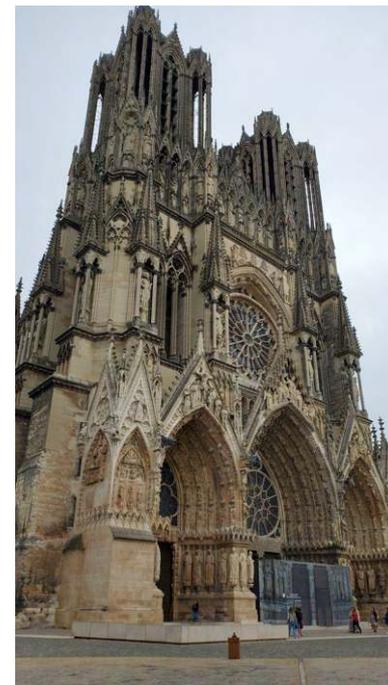
Incense made using oak, pennyroyal, wild carrot, and a decoction of swamp grasses



From John's documentation of the scent:

The land that is now protected as Baskett Slough Nation Wildlife Refuge serves as a small monument to the oak savannah and meandering wetlands that used to fill the Willamette Valley in Oregon.

Incense is used in spiritual traditions the world over, this small cone is a prayer for the restoration of the wetlands and savannah in the Willamette Valley.



I burned John's incense in front of a statue of Jeanne d'Arc located across from the Cathédrale Notre-Dame de Reims, France. I left it burning there and went inside to visit the church. After almost an hour I returned to the plaza in front of the church and found that the entire area smelled of incense!

Valeria Monfrini

“Wax Tile”

Beeswax, seeds, moss, lichen, leaves and mushrooms.

I have walked the same stretch of the Northwood Trail many times. This section connects to the main Rachel Carson Trail, which one day is intended to connect Southeast D.C. and the Anacostia River to two important suburban areas in Prince George's County and Montgomery County in Maryland.

The trail has a few identifiable “moods.” Sometimes the trees cool down the path, the lights filter through the leaves, and the sounds of the busy road a mile and a half away are just a subtle murmur. You can tell yourself how good it feels to be in “nature.” Some other times, the air is heavy and trapped in what looks more like an overgrown nightmare of invasive vines, and at every step the sticky mud seems to free a smell of rotting leaves, industrial oil, and sewage.

Beeswax is good at preserving and holding smells, in my piece I tried to preserve the little treasures collected during my walks on the trail, and after experimenting with extracting scents with rudimentary techniques I identified some smells that I later sourced from vendors. I added a combination of essential oils to the beeswax and poured the melted wax into different containers with found objects from the woods. The result evokes the feeling of “in-betweenness” that the trail has, not quite wild, not quite beautiful, but reminiscent of wilderness and beauty.



John's reflection on Valeria's "Wax Tile"



A beautiful piece of art, smelling sweet and earthy, spicy and floral.

I felt as though I had been handed a slice of the Northwood Trail, cut like a piece of cake and shipped to my door.

The objects Valeria included on the surface of the beeswax bring to mind the humus and forest debris that must blanket this trail year round.

The scent of pine, spice (almost, but not quite Christmas esque in nature) conveyed a warmth and comfort that only a walk in the woods can provide.



Morgan Swartz

**"32.00549*N,
102.11428*W"**

Scent Dropper, Glass
container, Sand, Dried Texas
Wildflowers, Scrap fabric



I couldn't find a place with water, all I could find was the desert.

Midland Texas can be found smack dab in the middle of the Permian Basin, the country's most profitable sources of fossil fuels and petroleum products. On the contrary, it does not provide its inhabitants with significant waterfronts of any kind, unless you wish to consider the man-made duck ponds or the overground backyard pools a true waterfront. I feel sentiment toward this place as it is where I spent the first 18 years of my life. Now, have you ever gone to someone's home and noticed a particular scent? Over the years however, this scent becomes familiar, to the point of it being completely unnoticeable. This is often what happens in the places in which we spend a majority of our time, unless exterior forces get involved. I became blind to the scent of diesel exhaust and dust wafting through the hot, dry air. Chemicals used to spray crops that could barely get enough water, were a typical perfume while on an evening drive.

Heather's unboxing of Morgan's scent:



It felt familiar to me as the kind of objects one could easily find in the homes of the country's "waste not, want not" people.

The coordinates tied to the piece locate a town off a Texas highway. Oil Country. It is what I assume is the kind of wealthy town that fails to invest in the people and land that excreted the wealth that saw to there being a town in the first place. Extractive cultures and the proud, hardworking people that end up being poisoned, as someone else sees their bank accounts rise, that is what this scent reminds me of. People who upon being given the opportunity for "good work" claim the smell or noise or proximity to poison is, "not so bad" but then the headaches develop, and a decade later there is evidence for cancers or birth defects. For the people there it is too late, they stir the potpourri or light a candle, and it becomes part of the background stimuli.

"Don't you dare throw out those old towels, I can still use them as house rags, then garage rags."

"We support our youth to express themselves, we just ask that they do so then come back as 'one of us' good townspeople"

"Light a match when it stinks and don't make eye contact."

"Be grateful, it could be worse."

"No one meant any harm by it."



This collection of items, on the other hand, feels like a portrait of someone trying to resolve varying accounts of a same story. It's not about the diesel fuel fumes or by what means the fumes came to be associated with this place, but about a person who associates with that place, wondering how the fumes came into their own story.