



leading to a match factory... today, gone.

Today, a shared garden,  
56, rue Saint-Blaise.

Packets of seeds brought from home:

Garlic chives, *Allium tuberosum*;

Large plants from Square Blondin;

Spanish cantaloupes, *Cucumis melo* (excellent);

packets of bought seeds :

Florists' carnations, *Dianthus caryophyllus*;

Aubergines, *Solanum melongena*;

Nasturtiums, *Tropaeolum majus*;

Sweet peas, *Lathyrus odoratus*;

Pot marigolds, *Calendula officinalis*;

Wild carrots, *Daucus carota* (don't grow here, the soil's not good);

Decorative pumpkins, *Cucurbita pepo*;

Dusty Miller or rose silene, *Silene coeli-rose* (extremely easy to grow);

Annual mallow, *Lavatera trimestris* (easy to grow);

Red pumpkin, *Cucurbita maxima*;

Lepage self-blanching celery, *Apium graveolens*;

Artichoke thistle, *Cynara Cardunculus L*;

French marigold, *Tagetes patula*;

An ecological kit:

15 poppy anemones, *Anemone coronaria*;

20 freesias, *Freesia*;

15 summer hyacinths, *Galtonia candicans*;

20 types of ischia;

15 red crocuses, *Montbretias*;

15 blazing stars, *Liatris spicata*;

Seeds in small, unmarked glass yoghurt pots;

8 chests made from pallets;

bags of clay balls; bags of...; of...;

Ordered bits of plank, from the construction site of a school and left out for recycling;

1 mobile winter greenhouse;

Iron, bars, cables, three lamps, nuts and bolts;

Solar panels;

Vertical pallets;

1 chalky soil;

1 old match factory;

1 couple of visitors looking for the Village Charonne;



Between the 2 walls of Hausmannian buildings:

1 plant-covered roof; 1 buried remote control;

Between 2 tomato plants, another day, 1 sponge cloth.

"Have you seen the cat?"

"No, I haven't seen it; it must be sleeping."

"For the past three days?"

A limited number of 1m2 plots;

1 plot divided to welcome at least 2 gardeners;

Geraniums, mint, cadmium-red nasturtiums, basil, hollyhocks that his mother gave him; white seashells;

In a pot made of pallets on the left, against the

sidewall with the big windows, a small holly, a

small coloured rug from a clothes-drying rack; wooden borders;

Rosemary, squashes, strawberries, tomatoes,

1 buddleia, wild, then, poet carnations, guests;

Small carrots, 8 cut-up plastic bottles (a tip from

Peter the Englishman, number 56's dry-toilet specialist), so 8 cut-up plastic bottles that protect

the young Cayenne pepper shoots, "big green"

1 couple of visitors looking for the Village Charonne;

basil, "everlasting lettuce," (*Lactuca sativa*), 1 ground

sown with white clover, usually a lucky plant, a "weed" that has the virtue, thanks to its roots, of

oxygenating the soil and enriching it.

"I don't know if white clover actually oxygenates the

soil, not more than other plants anyway. For me, its virtue is to enrich the soil, as you say, but by playing

host to bacteria on its roots, bacteria that trap atmospheric nitrogen, transforming it into natural

fertilizer. Other plants have this same ability, notably legumes such as peas and broad beans..."

In the language of flowers, white clover means,

"Think of me."

1 tree growing all alone on Mylène's plot of earth;

1 extremely small beetroot plant, lots of guests: mint, thyme (a powerful antiseptic, an efficient

wormer), tarragon, geraniums, chives.

"Marianne gave me the beans... It was a little boy

who planted that, a lupine."

Martine is still surprised about her abundant bean

crop; she laughs.

1 wooden border;

"I put two gnomes on my plot,

One went to Asia, to Japan,

The other stayed: he preferred to slalom between the laid-out plots.

I put him in the middle of my tomatoes,

I find him among the beans at the other end of number 56.

I put him back in the middle of my little corner of greenery, slightly hidden under a bee balm,

The next day, he's caught up with the hollyhocks.

The other day I positioned him next to a stinging nettle (a real one from the countryside)!

I leave the garden and return 10 minutes later and he's already escaped into the neighbouring plot!

This winter he lost his little bat, probably after a



getting cold,

He also lost his colour over the months,

As soon as I arrive, I look for him and...

Recently he no longer leaves by the mountains and the valleys,

Is he getting old?"

Anne-Marie has 2 gardens, one in the countryside,

the other, here, in the city:

Nasturtiums, tomatoes, beans, basil, three irises, 2 dwarf nettles (*Urtica urens*, with male and female plant on the same head – a monoecious plant – or on different heads – dioecious plants; helps hair grow), lemongrass, lemon balm (used in the Carmes balm water), borage against

rheumatism, thyme, sorrel, mallow (whose flowers in an infusion sooth inflammation of the mucous membranes and the skin), wild ribwort

plantain with soothing virtues, geraniums, squashes, Jerusalem artichokes (also planted in the side gardens).

1 wooden border;

1 planter made from pallets, with white onion going

yellow on August 20, 2009, due to a lack of water;

Lamb's lettuce, 1 olive tree in a pot, another buddleia, wild, then, a window with white

shutters closed, bracken.

"Things and tips: I sow lamb's lettuce among the tomatoes because it likes a packed-down soil and

benefits from this shaded position."

1 peach tree and other non-identified plants;

1 thought for a gnome that has left definitively for Japan;

Separated tomato plants, saffron French marigolds, 1 row of salad plants towards the

centre of the plot, mint, basil, sage, rosemary in a black plastic pot;

1 young maple tree (invited), dill that's run to seed, 1 head of sorrel, mint, Nativel dwarf beans,

tomatoes, astringent strawberries.

"When talking in the garden," says Marianne, "let's

breath, let's grow Nativel dwarf beans, sown in mid-April; they'll flower, then give beautiful beans

throughout the summer."

1 kiwi plant and 1 climbing honeysuckle along the

compost shelter's wooden stakes;

Dry toilets in brick and wood;

1 dandelion, nettles, tomatoes in soil and pots, 1 sage plant, 2 irises, 1 strawberry plant, chives, dwarf

green beans, 1 bull's blood-red rag fixed to a cane; Strawberries, tomato plants, bits of broken plates, common honesty;

1 Polish grandmother and 1 bilingual grandchild firmly planted with amazement in front of the tomatoes in the sunlight of an

August afternoon;

1 plot of large tomato plants hanging by string tied between a street lamp and grey plastic tube, green

tomatoes, a ripe tomato;

Sun on the cultivated parts from 2pm to 4.45pm, one August 22;

Lots of tomato plants and a raccoon (with apologies to Prévert);



## "What really happens, what we live, the rest, all the rest, where is that?"

*L'Infra-ordinaire, G. Perec*

Behind this inventory is one idea, that of

sharing. We are "working" to give an inventio to this gesture of sharing, already present at le56:

on top of sharing time and space, a sharing of words, announcements, "things and tips", recipes,

memories, little poetic phrases, scientific names, little events. Sharing is a part of it all, as well as

the creation of the garden: plants are exchanged and help each other out just like the users. We are

in the Genesis; there is a good reason for each of them to be there. The Overture begins with the 'earth' and finishes with 'time'.

The photographic project opens itself up to writing, people open themselves up to people they talk to, the garden opens up... not as a door

into a courtyard, but like a flower, like something folded that opens up in one go, which unfolds in all directions, revealing its details. Different scales

and worlds like unfold in the garden.

If usually an 'inventory' is supposed to be an

exhaustive list of things seen as a sum of goods, an inheritance, it also revives, as in Prévert or Perec, the essence of inventio. A list and invention are

brought together in the same poetic intention. Along with the users: Anne-Marie, her gnomes and her two gardens, Peter and his toilets,

Marianne and her green beans, Mylène and her tree that grows by itself, Sophie and her presents,

Arnaud and his gardener grandfather, Léa and Aurore, Mr. Greenfingers and Mrs. Angry. Then there is Prévert and his *raton laveur* (raccoon) in

the poem "Inventaire", Perec and his numbers, who are also summoned to the inventory...

History reminds us that the inventory is also

the primitive motive behind our desire to write. If the Sumerians had not needed to establish an

inventory of their food stocks, they would probably not have invented the basis of writing...

A force emerges from this accumulation, this collection of words and gestures, these series of

juxtapositions in which the verb is excluded.

The list calls things so that they are recorded, so they are made present, so that they make up

and invent a new world. We make present; we create the present. We present, carry the garden

into language – language, writing, both make the same gesture as the hand that holds out a few

strawberries in a photo from the exhibition in the garden. All these gestures are inventoried, not so

they can be counted, but to act as a reminder of what matters to the garden's users. It's humanity of

the garden itself that is revealed, with the capacity for perception of those who have experienced it.

There is care in the dibble that makes a hole in the ground into a plant is inserted, there is care in the

string that ties a stalk to a cane...

According to John Dewey\*, "experience" is defined

by our capacity to see the detail, the expressive gesture, even if it's not necessarily a clear, neat

and exhaustive vision. This attention is, as the 'care' specialists say\*\*, the premise for an aptitude

for love: "Leave it to the object that interests you the care to teach you how to regard it"\*\*\* Learning

about the garden through love, learning through the love of garden...

"Photographing the daily life of le56" was, as Anne-Lise says, "a lot more."

*Doina Petrescu,*

*member of the Atelier d'Architecture Autogéré,*

*August 2010.*

\*J. Dewey, *L'Art comme expérience*, J.-P. Cometti et alii

(traduction), Éditions Farrago/Université de Pau, 2005 et Gallimard, 2010.

\*\*P. Molinier, S. Laugier et P. Paperman, *Qu'est-ce que le care ? Souci des autres, sensibilité, responsabilité*, Payot, 2009.

\*\*\*S. Cavell, *À la recherche du bonheur, Hollywood et la comédie du mariage (Pursuits of Happiness)*, Éditions des Cahiers du Cinéma, 1993.



*In memory of Alain-Pierre Pillet, friend of this little corner of earth and its beauty.*

In autumn 2009, a performance-exhibition was held at Passage 56, rue Saint-Blaise, Paris. To begin with, I was invited by the Atelier d'Architecture Autogéré to photograph the daily life of le 56. Throughout the entire summer, I recorded all the garden's functions, the plants as much as the architectural elements. Using the fact that I have used the garden since its creation and my artistic experience, I added interviews with gardeners and users to the photographic inventory.

In the end, it was much more.

From this was born other work that brought together different creative meetings: *Overture for an Inventory*, a text co-written with Estelle Aubriot (who also performed it); a walk to collect plants in the hedged farmland of Normandy with Jean-Pierre Guillaume to finish off the plant-level photographic installation; advice from Éric Louchet about how lighting; and photographs of the performance by Delphine de Lardemelle.

Then Donatella Saulnier of the L'Hippocampe associé expressed a desire to put the text online and, in summer 2010, À Longue Durée (ALD) decided to publish the text as a "book-object" made of a single piece of paper. The selection of the photographs was made from a graphic point of view, stressing details, the precise gestures of a hand. They contain a human presence, but there are no portraits. Along with the movements of the plants and animals, it shows all that makes up this enclave in the urban sprawl.

I would also like to thank graphic designer Anna Shraer Monnier, copy editor Isabelle Avisse, translator Tom Ridgway, and proofreader Estelle Aubriot. A warm thank you, to Constantin Petcu, Doina Petrescu, Nolwenn Marchand (aaa) and also, to all the garden's users for all these moments of exchange: Anne Querrien, Anne-Marie Vuylsteke, Arnaud de Bianchi, Aurore Durand, Dūnya Maraudon, Marianne Defrocourt, Martine Flé, Mylène Madin, Peter Sayer, Sariye Maraudon, Sophie Durand, the children, the "Amapians," and the visitors.

This book is polyphonic journey to be shared; each step of each encounter has created it.

*Anne-Lise Dehée*

*The Drill's Prologue, photo d2l*

**Packed**-down earth, in an old alleyway, low in humus, never cultivated, extremely chalky, dry. Plots covered by 10cm of recovered earth brought along by garden members.

Before 2007, a wasteland too small to build on, an inaccessible dump, a hollow space in the city. Before the wasteland of before 2007, a passageway

## PROLOGUE À LA PERCEUSE



.../...

Tomatoes hanging over 1 mobile in the shape of a hand (wood, feathers, steel wire, pebbles), an extremely chalky, shallow soil, strawberries, upside-down scallop shells, basil, rosemary, chives, lavender, gherkins, 1 flower, hyacinth and tulip bulbs already dug up and put out to dry in the greenhouse, ready to plant next year;

*"Ah! 2 metres of space for market gardening!"*

1 carte blanche given by a neighbour;

Venus, a Boxer bitch who holidays in Paris; Mint, moss, dandelion, clover, seashells, various guests, a bit of wasteland; 1 wooden border;

Outside the garden, coming from the Porte de Montreuil and heading towards the Parc de la Villette, when he feels like it, a travelling salesman of *sinobole* passes, a name derived from snowball: he sells ices, drowned in different syrups. A small-time trade loved in

the French overseas territories, the *sinobole* seller is known, awaited and loved by all;

1 poppy, 1 row of dwarf beans, a few tomato plants with canes and string, parsley (now, there's one that eases pain), chives, strawberries, laurel, coriander, a tealight plate warmer, 1 extremely small behatted dwarf;

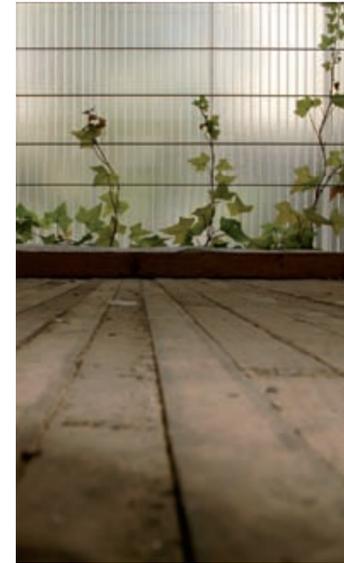
Every Thursday at 5pm, just around the corner from here, volunteers and the librarians from Saint-Blaise cross the street, set up a table with books in a newspaper stand on the Square de la Salamandre. Children choose books and a volunteer reader, Marianne, from the garden, reads them tales;

Green beans, 1 vegetable that's hypoglycaemic, like nettles (decreasing the level of sugar in the blood), squashes, French marigolds, mint and tomatoes. *Solanum lycopersicum*, belonging to the Solanaceae family and cultivated in all the countries of the world, the tomato – a fruit that contains an antibiotic and antifungal substance called tomatine, vitamin C, carotene pigments, including lycopene with its antioxidant properties, 94% water – was considered toxic in Europe until the end of the 18th century;

Suspended in pallet planters: squashes, geraniums, irises, hollyhocks, nasturtiums with their bacteriostatic virtues, Wandering Jew, tomato plants... without tomatoes, Splashes of bright colours in the tender embrace of the greens;

8 plots of green beans; 10 plots of tomatoes; 1 plot of wild strawberries; 6 plots of strawberries; Hexagonal terracotta tiles are spread over 2 paths between 3 rows of plots;

Right at the back, the dry toilets, 1 small five-step staircase; in front of a composting area, stuck



on a wooden wall, 4 plasticized sheets: *"The guide to compost,"* four containers pierced with wooden stakes with covers – a pictogram on each showing its exact function: *Container for the dry toilet bucket (add sawdust after each use); Container for vegetable waste (add sawdust after each use); fallow container; soil container (help yourself); and the gentle odours of fermentation, of sawdust.*

*"My grandfather had a large garden, I helped him in it, he taught me lots of things."*

Grandfather died, the garden with him. Arnaud and his sister, Léa, have decided to take on a plot in the shared garden at number 56.

1 arbour in strong opaque (polythene) sheeting, 1 sloped roof at an angle so as to direct rainwater towards four green Paris rubbish bins, water butts, 1 kiwi plant with large leaves, 1 honeysuckle with small leaves and perfumed white flowers...

Various coloured plastics, 1 green and white

1 high black grill about 3 metres high: another charming garden that begins with 1 bamboo, 1 sculpture in steel painted bright red, buildings; 1 lavender-blue dish for a cat, Plume;

1 white plastic cage with 2 pairs of secateurs, 1 strong rake, 2 small pickaxes, 1 roll of tape for marking out, 1 steel dibble, 2 bulbous dibles, 1 double hoe with spikes and blade, 1 trowel, 1 grubber; Next to a building with brick chimney flues, 1 line of pallet planters on 2 different levels, 3 hollyhocks in flower, pigeon droppings, squashes, geraniums, droppings, droppings, nasturtiums, an area of tomato plants with canes and string;

Between 2 vertical pallets, 1 storage space for garden tools, 1 set of watering cans, 1 bicycle pedal to roll and unroll a black tarpaulin; crossing the whole width of the garden, 1 discreet aluminium structure that can support the black tarpaulin: an occasional shelter, 1 space for debates, hospitality, one-off projections; Pallet furniture, on casters, wood and metal folding chairs, 1 moulded white plastic Saarinen-style chair, the whole lot is entirely autonomous, and can be taken apart and transported.

At the top of a staircase that climbs steeply, brightened up by nasturtiums and morning glory, 1 annex on stilts: 2 opaque walls, 1 plank floor, 10 solar panels, 1 plant-covered roof;

1 smell of untreated wood; Storage areas: for DIY, the kitchen, documentation, audiovisual, stocked material...

1 bench, 100 tealights, 1 book about compost, 1 book about ecology, 1 guide to buds in passive habitats, a special issue of *Le Monde Diplomatique* about the Atlas mountains, *The World Upside-down*, 1 gas plate warmer, 3 magazines about ecological habitats, 30 firefighters, 8 rolls of toilet paper just in case; Various coloured plastics, 1 green and white



plastic first-aid kit, 1 aluminium restaurant table in its box, 1 small electric radiator, 2 kits for folding tables in varnished wood (4 places for a picnic, with a hole for a parasol)... and plants that are invited to climb up stretched cables from the floor to the ceiling; 12 plastic containers with ivy and other living green plants, 3 plastic containers with dead plants, 1 battery recharger, 2 sets of keys, 1 glass in a glass, 1 DVD player, 1 hole punch, 1 unconnected water meter;

heads, Mr. Greenfingers, Mrs. Angry, A Warrior, Mrs. Redhair in wood, straw and iron in a kids' workshop;

1 wooden (again) bench, 2 locks, 1 packet of abseiling straps, 3 plastic pots with soil but no plants, 1 roll of white tape; 2 large water butts with taps, 2 side walls with a noise-muffling helmet, 1 packet of incense, 1 halogen lamp, 1 portable extension cord, 2 bottles of white spirit, 1 of turps, linseed oil, 1 can of gloss spray paint, aerosols, speakers

in a backpack, orange raffia, 2 iron trestles, 1 girandole, 2 large orange and blue saws, 1 yellow saw for wood, 1 grey saw for metal, 1 red marker pen, brown, grey and white tape, black bin bags, 1 pocket torch, 1 Stanley knife, 1 plastic glass with screws and Rawl plugs, 1 plastic bowl with big nails, hooks, crochet hooks, 1 cable turner, 2 pairs of safety glasses, 1 whiteboard pen, 1 bit of cornice, 1 tube, 1 roll of galvanized chain link... And no *raccoon* (with apologies to Prévert); 4 extension cords, 1 roll of green matting, 1 toolbox with 2 brushes, 1 file, 1 crowbar, 1 pair of cutting pliers, 1 flat screwdriver, 1 filling-knife, 1 Stanley knife, 1 Phillips screwdriver, 1 pair of scissors, screws and Rawl plugs, 1 large brush;

1 *"Found Objects"* sign taped onto 1 wooden post, 1 large electric radiator, 4 *good men of good cheer* left by the children, 1 large black tarpaulin, 6 plastic glasses, 1 document box, 1 ladder, 1 foam, tip for a squeegee;

1 cupboard with a "cutlery" pictogram, 2 bottles of white wine, 4 bottles of red wine, 2 of them organic, 2 bottles of cider, 1 roll of foil, 1 pot of cloves, 1 old sponge, 2 trays, 1 crêpe pan wrapped in a Surcouf bag, 3 plates, 1 packet of sugar, napkins, plastic glasses and cutlery, 1 copy of the magazine *Art de vivre*;

*"For Aurore's birthday, we planted lots of little bulbs and we had a potluck party."*

1 female cousin, merguez sausages, mustard, weeding, ketchup, pigments, watering the plants, baguettes, 1 cake, 1 quick tune on a guitar composed and played by 1 father, presents left under the stairs by Sophie, the mother; games, 1 child who arrives, a present in the form of a kilo of merguez, 1 bottle of rosé and 2 *raccoons*, initiatives, 1 caryatid; children who have come back from the seaside, 1 Brazilian carnival, 1 tutor, 1 bus crosses Place des Grès, at the corner of Rue Saint-Blaise and Rue Vitruve;



Bench chests; 1 tap for drinking water, 1 bright-green drawing showing a watering can crossed out; 1 little figure in wood and plastic as tall as a child; 1 mosaic floor, 1 opaque space on stilts; Yellow panels for posters; 1 set of red scales for the distribution of Amap vegetables, a light-green table.

*"Venus, the Boxer bitch on holiday in Paris, found some freshness in the garden and got watered."*

1 series of tools, 2 three-litre watering cans, 4 spades, 2 garden forks, 3 labourers' pickaxes, 2 shovels rounded or square, 4 rakes, 1 hoe, 1 double hoe, 1 foam brush;

Acknowledged painkillers (parsley and marigold); Anti-spasmodics (marigold, mint and sage) against cramp;

Wednesday, the day the Amap baskets are sent out, the garden is open. 1 child arrives along on 1 skateboard, 1 red T-shirt, 1 baseball cap with a

red skull won at the Trône fair. It's Arnaud, who is amazed to see how many plants have grown on his plot: tomato plants, 1 lupine, beans, aromatic plants. Since then, other children have come to garden, alone or with their parents; Aurore or Dünnya, Sariye's daughter.

*"Let people give life to their one-metre plot without imposing an overly directive overall vision,"* says Sophie.

1 air on a steel drum, 1 open window, 1 hanging bicycle... 1 guestbook, no vague desire to take power, 1 unbridled motorbike; 1 child who has come to get some herbs for her cooking;

*"When it rains, I put my pan outside the window to water my orchids."*

1 improvised water butt;

1 passer-by, who lives in the neighbourhood, owner of lots of land near Orléans, looks at how the pallets are set out, he likes them a lot, these pallets; he uses them laid flat as a path to stop weeds growing; planters hung up with annual mallow, which he also likes;

3 streetlamps, treasurers of the night, another raccoon; 3 closed doors, an open door; 1 white cat goes to the parents of its owner, every Wednesday;

In the place of the old match factory, grey buildings, the 56, an old alley for deliveries; Léa, aged 12, comes to pick up Aurore and go to the garden; she is on holiday, Léa writes her a postcard;

1 cat, Plume, takes a walk; 1 floor in bits of brightly coloured china, 4 bright yellow panels on which to stick posters, 2 red panels for *"News,"* 8 black slates for messages,



1 neighbourhood gang replaying Gunfight at the *OK Corral* with the local police; 1 scooter screams at full volume.

*Friday, May 8, I water the plots that I find dried out. Meeting Tuesday, September 8 with the pupils of the high school. Saturday, September 5, vegetarian picnic in the garden.*

Gardeners, 1 old lady, neighbour and feminist, 1 melody, 3 architects, 1 shopowner, 1 urban planner, 1 member of the Hippocampe association, 1 Amap-er, 5 activists, 1 woman looking after a dog, a group of teenagers, 1 library, 1 dreamer, 1 bus called *"La Traverse,"* the curious, another Amap-er a bit further up over there, 1 bell that rings, 7pm...

*56 Saint-Blaise Street, Paris, August 2009*  
*Anne-Lise, Estelle, Marianne, Martine, Peter, Sophie and the others 56's users*

The 56 plot is located in a former passage way in the core of a high-rise and medium-rise residential quarter in St. Blaise area. The plot was considered as unconstructible and therefore fenced and abandoned for many years.

Today, *le 56* is open to public and welcomes ecological and cultural initiatives by residents, activists, artists and local organisations from St. Blaise and from elsewhere. The 56 space functions on principles of everyday ecology (ie. rain water collection for the watering of the garden, green roof, solar panels, dry toilets and compost) and self-management (ie. duty sharing, tool mutualisation, open programming). Around 40 persons hold keys to access the space for activities of gardening, organic vegetable delivery, spectacles, exhibitions, debates, parties, workshops, film projections, concerts, seminars... Everybody is welcome to initiate a project, an action, an evening – with one condition : to open it up to others!

*The Atelier d'Architecture Autogéré & The 56*

Pratiques, visions et témoignages d'un jardin partagé dans une ville

  
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## OUVERTURE POUR INVENTAIRE

Pratiques, visions et témoignages d'un jardin partagé dans une ville

