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Encountering Ghosts of the Capitalocene on Northern German Walkways

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Introduction

Walking is a cultural practice that has a long history in the humanities, especially in relation to the experience and psychological engagement of the modern subject in the city. In this essay, I explore the possibilities and potential arising from placing the practice of walking in today's northern German countryside. Walking has a two-fold potential of being drawn into and re-enforcing existing capitalist logics of space through a fetishizing, dissociative kind of walking, while also being able to resist and challenge the existing structures by performing the work of the "ragpicker" as Benjamin (1999) calls it in *The Arcades Project*. The ragpicker critically reflects on past and present and thus has the agency to infuse space with meaning beyond its pre-designed function. I am also drawing from Raymond Williams' (1979) work *The Country and the City*, which revealed the binary of country and city as a construction related to the movements of capital throughout history, meaning the countryside's form is also shaped by capital. The romanticizing landscape view, as Williams points out, has historically functioned as an escapist or nostalgic illusion for people and is present in rural walking culture today. In fact, like the walking Benjamin described in the urban context, this fetishizing and dissociative form of disengagement relates to a *structure of feeling* (de Bolla 1995, 176), as termed by Williams, resembling a *capitalist realist* mindset of fetishist disavowal (Fisher 2009). This mindset is a response to the vulnerability and alienation of a capitalist environment extending to rural life, and it reinforces the same system or logic it desires to escape.

In this context, I want to look at and perform a kind of walking in the area around my home village to orient attention toward the potential of walking for liberation from the existing structures that create alienation from or disavowal of our *authentic* relationship to the land. The transformative potential of *dwelling* in the wounds of the Capitalocene¹

¹ In respect to the focus that is placed on the way capitalism has infused the walking culture, land and people's sense of reality even down into the unconscious (a trait of capitalist realism, which I will go deeper into later), I want to call the ghosts we will meet ghosts of the *Capitalocene* rather than Anthropocene (Moore 2016). That is, to undo the anthropocentric and generalizing views inherent to the *Anthropocene* as well as to highlight Capitalism being way more than a social system but "a way of organizing nature" that exceeds the Nature/Culture distinction (Moore 2016, 5; Haraway 2015).

will be explored by actively tapping into what Anna Tsing et al. (2017) have termed *meeting ghosts*. Sights of capitalist destruction, as we find them on the countryside in the form of gaping voids in the ground of gravel pits, or in the form of large-scale agricultural fields can be experienced as capitalist ruins where we can meet “ghosts”. This way of looking at the country can recreate an engagement with the land that is, as Williams calls it, more *authentic* than what I argue is a fetishist disavowal that depoliticizes and conflates the land into mere landscape. I want to intentionally direct attention to meeting our more-than human ghosts and ancestors. They might have something to tell us about the past, inform the present, reveal our common vulnerabilities to the existing systems, empower us in understanding its workings, help us envision the possibility for life beyond capitalism and step into action toward creating the world we desire as empowered communities.

On the Theory of Walking as Cultural Practice

Walter Benjamin (1999), in his posthumously edited and published work *The Arcades Project*, discusses the city stroller, the *flâneur*, as the modern urban subject moving through a spatial threshold, a liminal space of transcendence between the commodity infused city and the psyche of the subject, somewhere on “the threshold—of the metropolis as of the middle class” (10). Inspired by Baudelaire’s writings on the modern urban subject, he connects city walking to the Marxist notion of commodity fetishism, arguing that the commodity market infuses the dweller’s psyche through empathy into a state of transcendence in which the *flâneur* abandons himself to the phantasmagorias of the marketplace (Ibid, 10f, 448). The alienated subject in the modern city is somehow overwhelmed and misdives into a sense of a “shock-induced anaesthesia brought about by the overwhelming sensory bombardment of life in a modern city somewhat akin to the alienated subjectivity experienced by a worker bound to his regime of labour” (Benjamin 1999, 10f; Seal 2013). The 19th century urban subject then experiences the city and is psychologically formed by it. It finds itself in a threshold between epochs, like the quickly transforming city itself. The city dweller finds themselves in a liminal space, not quite sure of their economic position (even though Benjamin noted on page 420 in

The Arcades Project that the attitude of the flâneur was the “epitome of the political attitude of the middle classes during the Second Empire”) nor political function, trying to find an illusory sense of security in the crowd by internalizing the city’s logic of commodity fetishism and enjoying “its false consciousness to the full” (Benjamin 1999, 11, 20).

But the city dweller is not only a passive or receptive subject. They are a human that dwells in or through the city, a person that walks slowly, takes in space, inhabits the streets against the fast-paced mode of production inherent to the quickly-commodifying city (Benjamin 1999, 421, 443). While Benjamin does not so much see the city dweller challenging the “commodity-obsessed marketplace”, he believes that the figure itself reflects the meanings of modern culture, and the changes going on from past to present (Benjamin 1999, 416f; Seal 2013). City dwellers can listen to the city passively, as well as reflect on past and present and rewrite its history. Those with the most agency to refuse the modern city’s narrative are the “ragpickers” which collect remains on the street to refurbish them into new designs (Benjamin 1999, 349f). Benjamin compares the work of the ragpicker to that of the poet (referring to Baudelaire as a ragpicker) and takes on the same task by picking up stories and histories and rewriting the city’s story and infusing its space with meaning throughout *The Arcades Project* (Benjamin 1999, 350; Bouscheljong 2018).

De Certeau (1984) also wrote on the spatial practice of walking the city, and pronounced the agency and power of the walker to create possibility with every choice they make, countering the pre-laid structure of the city (98). Everyday practices like walking or inhabiting the city, can create a “migrational” or “metaphorical city” that “slips into the clear text of the planned and readable city” (De Certeau 1984, 93). Walking is thus a cultural practice with the potential to resist pre-designed spaces and their functions, and walkers have the agency to inhabit space physically and meaningfully, writing and rewriting the story of a space.

The Flâneur of the Countryside?

In this essay, I want to explore the possibility of politicizing walking in the countryside by performing the task of the ragpicker myself and engage critically with the walking culture in my home. Thus, I invite the reader to join me on a stroll through Dersau, my place of birth and the home I return to, to critically reflect on the dominant narratives and romanticized views that we have of the country, and to explore the underlying structures of feeling on the countryside and the hidden histories that come to light through a different engagement with the land.



Figure One: A Map of walking paths near Dersau



Figure 2: *A Typical Walkway. Threshold between Forest and Agricultural Field – Or Sandpit and Field*

To justify this blunt act of removing a theory on walking, subjectivity and capitalist alienation from its urban context and applying it to today's countryside, I want support my approach with Raymond Williams' work *The Country and the City* (Williams and Dibb 1979). Williams exposes the country as a historically-evolving form of capitalist imagination. He deconstructs the country/city binary by exploring the historical-materialist conditions that allow for the development of the country and the city as seemingly distinct entities with the rise of capitalism (Ibid 2:10). He does so by looking at texts from different periods that display the dominant ideas and sentiments that establish the social construction of country and city as distinct entities. He argues that the mythology of the country as a detached, untouched, romanticized place away from the city obscures the socio-economic and historical developments that have shaped the country as well as the city. "The country and the city [have never been] separate but [have evolved as] parts of an interacting system dominated by a single class" (Ibid, 21:35). With changes in property relations and the agrarian revolution in 18th century

England, the sphere of production and consumption was separated into the working country, ruled from afar and owned by the aristocracy/capitalists that increasingly moved into the city, and the urbanizing city which became the place of the market, of circulation and consumption. With the increasing isolation of people from the working land and place of production, the country became an idealized place of escapism, as the “natural”, untouched opposite to the fast-paced capitalist city.

William’s analysis of the pastoral, escapist fantasy of the country as a place of leisure, restoration and wholeness remains pertinent today. As Peter de Bolla summarizes Williams’s argument, the “figuring of an idealized past as nostalgic golden age, is one of the primary ways in which we understand historical change itself. Because of this, the ‘real relations, to past and future, are inaccessible’” (de Bolla 1995, 99). De Bolla continues his summary of Williams by saying that “the picture of a Utopia in Nature has been “a myth functioning as a memory,” conjuring up false Golden Ages in the past. And, to the extent that contemporary conditions warp our view of the past, they prevent us from dealing honestly with and improving the present” (Ibid, 176).

De Bolla writes further that Williams tries to make the distinction between this mythology of the pastoral or what he calls false consciousness, and a more “authentic relation to the land that can only be understood via an experience of a life lived in extreme proximity to the land that sustains it” (de Bolla 1995, 176). However, the reality of the country is something performed by today’s rural walking culture, too. Walking in the countryside is usually a way of escaping capitalist reality by being pulled into its logic, just as the modern subject in the city is pulled into the logic of the market in Benjamin’s Paris. Most lives of people in the countryside, are not at all, as Williams called it, in an authentic relationship with the land, as most do not work with the land anymore. I will explore the shifting trends of capitalism that have created this dynamic in this article. Most people travel between country and city or country and industrial area and experience alienation from their work and lack meaningful engagement with the land they live on. Property is increasingly owned by large scale farmers and extractive industries that need few workers. Hence, the structures of feeling in the rural working population, I argue, are now largely impacted by feelings of alienation.

In the following, I consider walking in the countryside an important cultural practice that can, as Benjamin has outlined, be twofold. The country walker can drop into a fetishizing engagement with the landscape that recreates the logic of capitalism in a way that maintains a structure of feeling of *capitalist realism* on the countryside (Fisher 2009). The term has been predominantly theorized by Mark Fisher (2009), referring to the sense of missing agency or possibility to imagine anything beyond capitalism, best summarized by the famous phrase that Fisher uses in reference to Slavoj Žižek's and Frederic Jameson's work: "It is easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of capitalism" (Ibid, 1). The fetishization of the landscape visible in today's rural walking culture is a symptom of capitalist realism that Žižek called fetishist disavowal, an internalization of the logic of capitalism to an extent that it is abstracting the real workings of capitalism and thus re-enforcing it.

Walking can also be an act of resistance, a reclamation of space and histories that are hidden through mystification. In the following essay, I will take the reader on a walk with me in order to practice being a ragpicker rather than dropping into escapism. On my walk, we will discover what comes to light when I depart the pre-designed space of the countryside that navigates the view into specific directions. I am hoping that a mindful practice of walking can also carry the potential of a counter-capitalist practice. If we shift our attention to the stories usually pushed to the margins, can we expose the realities of destruction and power that we are trained to avoid? Could a focus on the ruins of capitalist destruction reveal stories of survival, endurance and resistance that enable us to imagine life beyond capitalism and empower us in our human and non-human relationships and communities?

Walking in Dersau

In my family, walking is very central and important to everyday life. In my childhood, it was normal to go for a walk every afternoon, usually for a few hours. I have noticed that the kind of walking my family does is not the usual kind: we are dreamy people that stop a lot and get lost when walking with others. The kind of walking that I know from my father is one that crosses the threshold of the walking path, wanders aimlessly and

dreamily, takes in space not pre-designed for us, and stops where a story begins to unfold itself, relating the land's current shape to its history or to stories of the non-human and fantastic. My father used to tell me the history of the land and our ancestors while walking. He told me how the land, full with old wandering dunes, was shaped after the ice age and how property moved its shapes and boundaries according to ownership and its acculturation. An important part of the way my grandfather walked through the country that got lost in my father's generation, was his intention to deeply understand, even communicate with, the soil. This was essential to his work as a farmer, especially when working without large scale monoculture, biogenetically modified supercrops and chemical fertilizers as we have today. My grandfather still had what Williams would have considered a more authentic relationship to the land because his work and the land he lived on and that fed him and his family were one. He himself learned this from his father, whose family used to own the land that is now private property and has been shaped into a village. Unfortunately, my grandfather had to sell most of the land to afford a new heating system. The rise of fossil fuels as the dominant energy source and driving force of capitalism already takes its toll in shaping the country at this point, but that is another story. My grandfather taught my father and his grandchildren to wander, observe changes in the environment, identify plants, and pick up stones and fossils from ancient times after the tractors have worked through the soil.

Like Benjamin's city dweller, my grandfather and my father have never actively challenged the existing systems. My dad is working only for the moments of escape from work life and every day worries, which serve as his motivation to retire one day. Why not try to change what is here right now so that we do not have to escape and numb ourselves to get through the working day? In this case, how can the most prominent leisure activity on the countryside – walking – be politicized in a way that empowered us to move toward change and take agency in creating the lives we want?

These questions usually are not asked by the general population. In this essay, I want to take seriously the country-dweller's potential, through their refusal of prefigured infrastructure of walkways challenging property rights, and their willingness to listen to the land, and reflect on its history. I want to combine my privileged position of being part of the rural working class population while also being part of an academic community,

giving me a certain distance to reflect on the culture I come from while integrating it into my political considerations.

So now, let us begin our walk. I usually go for a walk to relax and escape from my everyday life as a student in the city, from work, fast-paced time and stress in general. I do it to clear my mind and I think I am walking freely, but let me be mindful of what Williams has pointed out. None of what I see is contingent. The way I look at the land as a landscape, the sentiments it gives me, the way property is structured, and the way that walkways move through the land – none of it is arbitrary. My own view of it as landscape is conditioned by hundreds of years of cultural programming that has created the country landscape as a place of transcendence, pastoral beauty and escape. As I start walking today, with the intention of awareness, I notice that to get out of the village, I first need to walk the prefigured walkways if I do not want to climb private property fences or be hit by a car. Moving toward the outskirts of the village, the place I aim for to relax and feel close to *Nature*, to wholeness, beauty and to connect with myself, I finally begin walking across the fields. But I see people in the distance, that use the walkways as they are intended, their pre-laid structure.

The walkers that I observe here mostly, are the ones that consider themselves *decent* people that stick to the rules of property rights and keep to the walking tracks prepared for them. They transcend their reality by consuming the landscape. They do not cross the threshold to the mono-cultured fields or the privately owned forests of the still existing rural aristocracy. Figure 1, for example, shows a forest that still belongs to Gut Nehnten owned by Christoph, Freiherr von Fürstenberg-Plessen (“Herrenhaus” n.d.).

A lot of people use these walkways for leisure activities in this superficial way. There are athletic people that run or ride bikes or horses. The fit, older population likes to assemble in groups who do Nordic Walking, a faster-paced kind of walking. The Sunday walk with the family is probably the most common version of walking, as well as the daily walks with dogs and children. Tourists of course, too, can move in a sporty or more romantic and slower way through the landscape. Most of the people, I would argue, move through the space like the dreamy flâneur of the countryside looking for transcendence or restoration. They like to observe what is happening around the

village, in the woods, and on the fields, being absorbed by the pastoral beauty of the landscape. I, too, when I start walking, dream away. Which is not necessarily bad. Even though I reflect on the history of the land, I also dwell in memories of how, for example, I stood at this tree that my father climbed up to as a child, the tree we call Goliath, while looking at Mars coming close to Earth in 2003. The night I started journaling to not forget moments such as this. I do wander away in my thoughts. And I, too, have this landscape view in front of me that I love so much.

Moving along walking tracks in this dissociative, romanticizing way, so many of the real relations between country and city and landscape and capital are conflated. One could say that the relations people have to the land and the practice of walking is depoliticized. To politicize it and demystify and uncover the real material relations behind the romanticized landscape, it reveals a lot to look at who you meet when walking.

In Schleswig-Holstein's summer, people from Hamburg are probably as present as people that live year-round in the rural areas, because they have holiday homes on the countryside or buy real estate as an investment, and rent out these holiday homes to tourists. The walkways are thus structured in a way that they provide a space that is exactly for those city people who want to experience exactly what Williams' described as wholeness, pastoral beauty and an escape away from the city. The development of Dersau into a touristic place is nothing completely new, as the village used to lie along a route connecting Kiel and Hamburg Altona by horse carriage. It has been impacted and formed by infrastructure and the movements of capital between country and city for a few hundred years. Back then, Hamburg people enjoyed the lake and the local cheese already. ("Dersau" n.d.). Today, that route is not the main road connecting the cities of Kiel and Hamburg. It is used by commuters, and in summer by tourists as well as by many trucks, especially those from the sandpits.

That rural communities increasingly need the money from tourism even though most people hate tourists, reveals the relation between country, city and capital that Williams investigated. Today, the people from the countryside go elsewhere to work except for a few carpenters and large-scale farmers or people working in care at elderly homes or kinder-gardens. While the ground is still being worked, the real money is made in the cities. And if it is made in the country, as in sites of industrial extraction, it

goes to the capitalist class that usually lives in the city, or to the remaining aristocracy in the countryside. Surely not to the community. The local economy in my home village is mostly gone. When my father was a child, they never had to leave the village with all kinds of stores and crafts locally available, restaurants serving the food produced on the fields behind them, and the village was alive even though already strongly formed by its relation to the city and capital.² The fact that people do not really live in their own villages anymore but commute to more urban contexts for work and acquiring goods makes the rural economy dependent on tourists. But tourists, too, do not want to come to places devoid of any life. The village is “dying” as an article in the daily newspaper *taz* writes about Dersau as an example of this trend (Oudray 2017). The movement of capital to the city is extinguishing a qualitative life on the country, then how can we reclaim value and localize it on the countryside? How can we restore rural independence from a global market economy away from tourism which reinforces the polarization of capital between country and city through further objectification of the pastoral for leisure and away from living?

Tourism is not the only capital-related impact that the cities have on the walking culture and the shape of our walkways in the area around Dersau. The Hamburg *Speckgürtel*, the extended suburban area which has spread way outside the city and into surrounding rural areas in Schleswig-Holstein, is also moving closer, as Hamburg’s population is rising constantly and thus, buying property and finding housing becomes increasingly difficult (Radke 2015). That means that property is more frequently purchased by wealthier people from Hamburg that like to escape the rising prices in the city, but also that property and real estate prices rise in rural areas in Northern Germany (“Immobilienpreise 2021” 2021). This is at the cost of the proletariat that lives in the rural areas of Schleswig-Holstein. This county has a rather weak economy with a GDP per

² To also dwell in some nostalgia here, this archive nicely shows the aliveness of the village back in the days. Even though there were a lot less people living there, the local economy was in place. Living and working, production and consumption, were still conducted locally (“So sah es...” n.d.)

head of 31.294 euros, half that of Hamburg's at 62.793 euros ("Schleswig-Holstein" n.d.; "Strukturdaten Kiel" 2019; "Strukturdaten Hamburg" 2019).³



Figure 3: *The Village still alive as a place to live and work, produce and consume, and meet with the local community.* n.d. "So Sah Es 'Früher' Aus...." Gemeinde Dersau.

And yet, most people walking here are not poor. The rural areas in Schleswig-Holstein carry a bit more of a sense of what has been termed "the near Hinterland", which is where a predominantly white middle class lives in the US. The near Hinterland is connected to the wealth of the city, but is pretty much merged with the far Hinterland as sites of extraction and agriculture (Neel 2015, 18). Most people in areas like Dersau do not belong to the most privileged white middle class, but the working class present here frequently still own land and cars, and to the diasappointment of Marxists, do not revolt. That is because people often misinterpret the sources of their deepest fears and

³ Not only is the larger economy weaker but the population in Schleswig-Holstein earns less than people from Hamburg (Hamburg's available income to private households being 24.421 Euro in 2016, in Schleswig-Holstein 22.217 Euro), the brutto income in Hamburg being the highest in Germany while Schleswig-Holstein's being on rank eleven, making it attractive for Hamburg people to spend their high gross income in a county with lower living and real estate costs and effecting the local proletariat negatively in their ability to own land (Knupp 2022; "Strukturdaten Schleswig-Holstein" 2019; "Strukturdaten Hamburg" 2019).

project them onto other people, instead of connecting through their shared vulnerability under capitalism (Ibid, 20). These clashes in a highly segregated society can be seen in some rural people's changing attitudes towards conservative politicians, the rise of right populism on the countryside, and anti-state conspiracy (especially visible in times of the Covid-19 pandemic in Germany). As Neel observes in the far Hinterland, too, these political inclinations support the very system that causes fear, precariousness and austerity (Neel 2015, 28f; "Rechtspopulismus" n.d.).

But let me return to my walk. Behind the few bushes next to the walkway, I can see the colors of sand shining through and I can hear some kind of conveyor belt working. Behind the bushes are the sandpits, kept from view only if you want to. This brings me to another way capital shapes the structures of the walkways. As villages turn poorer and available property becomes rare, fences of fear separate people or families in their nuclear family homes from others – at least those who can still afford to occupy the land they inherited. People become alienated from another due to capital and property relations, and they get separated from the land they live on, too.

That bring us to another actor, usually out of focus, that poses an even bigger threat to the rural population and the land than the remaining aristocracy and wealthier people from Hamburg: the gravel extraction industry. In the area around Dersau, there are many large gravel pits (Fig. 1; Fig. 4). As I mentioned before, the land in the part of Schleswig Holstein is called Holsteinische Schweiz, which is a reference to Switzerland (Schweiz) –that has been formed by large glaciers from the ice age. As the glaciers melted, they left the wandering dunes that today are covered with different layers, and many lakes in between ("Entstehung Der Landschaft" n.d.). These precious hills drawing the area's landscape are also precious to capitalist extraction. In fact, the expansion of sandpits is already planned and the demand for sand is rising. This becomes visible in a report by the Christian Democratic Party's local representative to Tensfeld (Fig. 4) which has the largest sandpit in Schleswig-Holstein ("Wie Lange" 2018). Instead of highlighting the environmental consequences of gravel extraction, the report posits renewable energies and climate friendly infrastructural changes as problems to the industry ("Wir Denken" n.d.). That is because, for example, windmills take up space that otherwise could be used for more gravel extraction. At the same

time, they are concerned about the high demands of sand needed for all the concrete that will be necessary for climate-friendly bike paths as well as the (less climate-friendly) highways such as the A7.



Figure 4: Screenshot from Google Maps showing The Sandpits in Tensfeld. Google

The report tragically exposes the boldness with which Schleswig-Holstein's ruling party presents its extractive-capitalist, profit-oriented interests, the green-washing of extractive industries supported by leading parties (the sand is needed for climate friendly bike paths) and the absence of any ethics. The expansion of the industry that is supported by one of the leading parties means, for the people and non-human beings of the area, loss of property, healthy land and habitat. It also means a promise for a fossil-powered industry to continue taking resources from the ground that are again put into the production of CO₂-heavy production processes such as concrete production, responsible for more than four percent of the global CO₂ emissions (Franklin-Wallis 2021). Another unstated promise is that even these privileged spaces will one day be overwhelmed by a climate-catastrophe with floods, constant ice-winters, or fires. And for the people most impacted by climate change, those that do not profit from the climate disaster-fueling industries that are based on exploitative usage of resources and land, it means the continuation of white supremacist violence and climate colonialism

(Schönhöfer and Smithson-Compton 2019). As the pressure from property and extractive capitalist forces rises, the “shock-induced anaesthesia”, as Seal writes about the city dweller’s dissociation from the modern capitalist city as response to its overwhelming effect, too, rises on the late stage capitalized countryside with rural populations whose life is (for the most part) closely tied to alienating structures, especially in everyday work life.

The desire for escaping reality is reflected in the way the walkways around the area are structured, too. In Figure 1, a screenshot of a satellite picture of a frequented locale at the outskirts of the village Dersau, one can see the Nehmtener Forst, a large forest area, at least for the rather densely-populated German countryside. In the right bottom and to the left, one can see gravel pits. The lines on the map are walking paths. One can see that most walking paths orient themselves along the forest which still carries a sense of undomesticated land or wilderness. When walkways get closer to the gravel pits, it is usually because there is a street for cars, too, or because it leads to a nicer area. The view onto the gravel pits is hindered by bushes at the side of the paths, so that the romantic country dwellers or Nordic walkers do not have to confront the reality of the land they romanticize. The monocultured fields, another violation of the land, exhausted from over-fertilization and a lack of crop diversity, not to mention its history of colonization and drainage to turn the area from peat into “productive” farmland, are at least easier to romanticize as landscape (“Heide- Und Moorkolonisation” n.d.). But not so the sandpits that represent the future to come for the monocultured hilly landscape with its precious sand beneath the crops and first layers of soil. Yes, the expansion of gravel pits shape where walkways go, and the privately owned gravel pits push walkways away; but even more so, they are carved by the desire to not face the pits.

Here, as I reflect on my own view, infused by the fear of loss of the countryside I grew up with, I detect a classical nostalgic, romanticized idea of the country. Of course, when honoring the reality of all the land here having been shaped by capitalism, one can also see this landscape as a survivor, showing us that even when altered, life continues. The land I see is, at the same time as it is formed by capital, also offering the promise of overcoming the damages of capitalism.

In any case, the way our walkways move through the land and the way we like to see the country reveals a desire or maybe rather tendency to look away from sites of destruction. I believe it can be seen as a form of what Žižek calls fetishist disavowal. According to him, capitalism relies on the structure of fetishist disavowal: we are so intrinsically driven by and attached to the logic of capitalism that we cannot see possibility outside of it. Capitalist ideology is no longer an illusion covering reality so that we can dismantle it and access reality, but an unconscious fantasy structuring our social reality itself (Fisher 2009, 13). This is visible in people's tendency to see the country as a romanticized, pastoral space instead of authentically connecting to the land and their own vulnerability to capitalism. The sites of destruction are too obvious to not be seen; they are not a secret nor something that is difficult to understand. But the attachment to capitalism is so intrinsic, the idea of life beyond it so impossible, that the branches between walkway and gravel pit and the walkways leading away from this part of reality are more than welcomed by the country dwellers. The walkways deliver an enjoyable illusion of free movement and agency that in itself is only true if disavowal and ignorance are strong enough to enable dissociation instead of actual engagement with the land, telling its stories of colonialism, industrial agricultural degradation and extractivism.

The walkways do express, too, the simultaneous desire to be led, navigated and feel "free". As the predominantly white, Northern German population does not feel threatened systematically, and the largest concerns are often everyday worries that are manageable, like uncomfortable bills or rising fuel prices, the comfort that comes with being part of a generally privileged and wealthy nation hinders people from stepping out of the threshold of the already existing infrastructure/logic of capitalism. The sense of freedom people here can still feel is a fragile illusion that is constantly threatened to be exposed as such. The capitalist logic of freedom in a market economy, experienced through consumerism based on exploitation, of freedom in a fear-driven world where austerity has become normalized under the logic of capitalism, is a logic of freedom where responsibility and authority is handed over to the already existing dynamics of the market economy and the minority of people that actually profit from it. The

walkways, too, reflect a logic of freedom inside capitalism that balances along the abyss of collapsing ground, exhaustion, exploitation and disempowerment.

The structure of feeling that is reflected in a rural walking culture is then similar to the urbanist's view of landscape and the country, one that fetishizes landscape as a place for leisure and escape from capitalist reality. When examined from this perspective, a disengaging way of walking as escapism is something that re-enforces capitalism and that conflates workings of power. It enables capitalism's continuation, this contradiction of fetishized attachment to the logic of the capitalist system that one is trying to escape. This allows for the system of separation and destruction to expand while the subject walks right past the abyss of extractivist violence and human disconnection. It is a political activity. How can we consciously politicize it more and direct its political function in a more generative way so that it is oriented toward well-being instead of further capitalist alienation and violence? What if we transgressed the walls of bushes that keep our view from the sites of destruction and dwelled on them as I do now? But what are the limits and the potential of a walking that is more similar to dwelling, that goes slower, re-writing the space of the country, collecting the stories that have been pushed to the margins or abstracted from view by fetishist disavowal?

Dwelling in the Wounds of the Capitalocene or: Meeting Ghosts as Counter-Practice to Fetishized Disavowal

To step out of the previously analyzed dilemma, and move toward decolonizing our internalized capitalist realism, I want to propose a different kind of walking in the countryside. I want to imagine a country-dwelling that transgresses the threshold of the walkway that divides dissociation or fetishist disavowal masked as free movement from the actual reality of destruction and precariousness of life in capitalism. To do that, I will do what my father has taught me to do – step over property boundaries, immerse myself in the wounds of our land and open up to its ghost's histories formed by colonial extractive capitalism and seek potential for life in and beyond its ruins. This is about stepping into agency, remembering, reconnecting to responsibility, kinship and

belonging and regaining autonomy and the power to step out of compliance in a system that does not serve us and rules us by fear.

To term this engagement *meeting ghosts* is a phrase that I borrow from Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing et al.'s (2017) book *Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet*. In the book, the concept of *ghosts* is used to show “readers how to pay better attention to overlaid arrangements of human and nonhuman living spaces, which [they] call ‘landscapes’” in the hope that this approach will allow for people to “stand up to the constant barrage of messages asking us to forget—that is, to allow a few private owners and public officials with their eyes focused on short-term gains to pretend that environmental devastation does not exist” (Tsing et al. 2017, G1). Remembering the stories that were there before this “time of rupture”, this “impossible present” haunted by extinction and manifested in the landscapes we see today, it helps to step out of a capitalist-colonialist attitude of erasure of certain life forms that existed before and enable us to envision a different life (Ibid, G6). Ghosts, Tsing writes, are “weeds that whisper tales of the many pasts and yet-to-comes that surround us” (Ibid, G6). If we go slow and listen to the ghosts, we can hear the voices that we need to inform our future, voices that have nevertheless survived and that emerge in new shapes from the wounds of destruction.

I thus want to explore these wounds in our landscape in a Deleuzian sense, as both “destructive and creative” (Richardson 2018, 6). A wounding is a rupture between event and experience, just like trauma for the human body and psyche causes a rupture between the traumatic event and the experience of it – something Richardson points out in his analysis of climate trauma as an affective response to the overwhelming event of a climate catastrophe that has no identifiable time nor scope for a human to comprehend. A wound is the “living embodiment of a relation of rupture between experience and expression” or the experience of the event which is always considered as past or future (Ibid). If we look at the landscape’s wounds and the missing responses of people to that reality, I believe the wounding visible here is not only of the land but also of the people.

Can we use the practice of dwelling in the wounds of the capitalocene to bridge these rifts between event and experience and between us and the land, between now and history? The gravel pit can function as a portal to connect seemingly disconnected

past and present through storytelling of survivors and ghosts that carry the past into the now and inform our future. The event of these wounds does not actually lie in the past, it is happening now and is ongoing. Stepping into relationship with ghosts can be an act of channeling the creative, generative potential of wounds.

The focus on meeting ghosts is helpful as it counters the dominant notion of romanticization and dissociation or transcendence away from the reality and the history of the land's ongoing destruction and exploitation. Instead, it shifts attention from transcendence to immersion into the soil's history that is also our history as becomes more and more apparent in the Anthropocene, an epoch in which "humans have become the major force determining the continuing livability of the earth" and in which the very idea of the continuation of life on this planet is destabilized due to the irreparable damage Western human, capitalist life forms have caused (Tsing et al. 2017, G1; Moore 2016, 3). But there is possibility in these wounds, too. Listening to ghosts that tell us stories of survival in the ruins, allows us to emancipate narratives of life beyond capitalist domination and expand our imaginations.

Dwelling with these stories can help us slow down without transcendence and dissociation and into a deep connection with ecological, geological, non-human storytelling and time that truly counters the capitalist logic of fast movement, efficiency, productivity and externalization. Through a deep connection with a reality that does not, to use Benjamin's terminology, "intoxicate" us with the fetishist disavowal of the traditional flâneur, we can detach from the system of oppression. Instead, safety and freedom can better be found in taking responsibility for the possibility of continuation of life and an inhabitable planet.

On my walk through the countryside around Dersau, first through the green landscape with fields on one side and forest on the other, let me cross the threshold and slide down the gravel pit's subsuming void that hides behind a few trees to my side. A change of perspective from wide-angle landscape view, to zooming in and down, through layers of covered surfaces and seeming wholeness, right into the obvious wounds of the earth.



Figure 5: *Bordering the Forest: A Sandpit*



Figure 6: *Entering the Wound*

Let me breathe, focus my attention, be here in the moment with curious, open eyes, ready to meet ghosts. Grounding through my feet, it feels like all the times I have been here are assembled in this moment. My own ghosts, the different kinds of me

throughout my life, the different emotions that were stimulated and set free here. They all meet me again. I came here regularly when I still lived with my parents. The earth's wound had and still has the same effect on me as the port of Hamburg, a highway from above, or the skyscrapers of New York when you stand in front of them. The view is disturbing and epic at the same time. How can people manage the resources of the earth and transform them on such a scale? The different layers of soil paint a beautiful picture. But as I do not want to get into this kind of romanticization, let me see what else is here. A breathtaking void (Fig. 7).



Figure 7: A Gaping Hole in the Earth

The still-standing machines, hovering above and inside the hole in the ground like monsters, abandoned by their workers (Fig. 13; Fig. 14). Lonely creatures that never chose to be monstrous, deeply sad, abandoned by their masters, like Frankenstein in Mary Shelley's novel. Yet, conveyor belts are still running in places. Did the workers abandon the machines or were the workers abandoned? Many sandpits are still, and here and there different weeds emerge, even flowers, reclaiming the excavated soil, mostly sand (Fig. 15; Fig. 16, Fig. 17). Some deer graze peacefully amidst the gaping

void. But the pits are being extended at their outskirts; the quest for capital won't just stop. In front of me lies a place that looks more like the landscape of the moon, softly padded with vegetal survivors growing within the wound, together with the prior top layer of skin, as they were too organic to be part of soil for construction (Fig. 6; 7; 8; 9; Pipke and Keunecke and Golde 2021, 1:15). What a metaphor for all the life forms and organisms capitalism has taken for construction//production//profit. A bit further, the excavation is only beginning. I feel terror when I think of it. Why is no one speaking about this? I fear to lose the environment that has always been my home, a dawning sense of solastalgia – the feeling of distress, of “loss of comfort, or ‘solace’, when one’s home is transformed by external forces” (Craps 2020, 276).



Figure 8: *Wound of Capitalist Destruction*

The carved open earth looks down at me, its slope doming over and in front of me, as if it could fall down and bury me any moment. Bury me with its history inscribed in its remaining presence. I realize that a darker layer on top is totally missing, earth does not



Figure 9: *Moonlandscape: Excavated Soil Devoid of Life*

look like soil here. It is the layer with organic matter and one that probably used to be peat. I wonder if this gravel pit, like the one in the next village, Tensfeld, owned by family Fischer, used to be a site for peat extraction to provide people with fuel, jobs, and to turn bogs into arable land (“Wie lange” 2018). In the forest bordering the pit, there are the remains of a bog, called Uklei (Fig. 10; Fig. 11). A place locals love. I even gave my Dad a hoodie with its picture for his birthday. My dad tells me about the cows who drowned, and the self-built boats constructed from trash with his friends that sunk into the bog every time we pass there. I have watched the slimy bog burst into new life during the tadpole’s birth in spring.



Figure 10: *A Bog in the Forest called “Uklei”*



Figure 11: Another Bog right next to the Gravel Pit called “Kleiner Uklei”

I have searched for treasures from my family's past there. This mystical, ancient, bubbling, watery earth jungle is also a survivor. Why don't we walk here together and contemplate how we can support this survivor? Most people probably do not know that the sandpits and most of the land around here used to be bogs, too. Can we collectively think about how much we love them and how we can practice our love in a consensual, generative way? The love is clearly here, as the recent art installation in the forest has made visible.



Figure 12: *Art installation in Dersau 2021*

The love letters in the installed postboxes or lines of poetry and words displayed between trees in Dersau during 2021 were often from romantic or enlightenment times, very humanist, and little to do with our embodied and authentic material relations here today. The love that one could engage with here was an escapist, romantic love that allowed for the forest and the land to disappear even more. The installations might have allowed people to dwell, go slower and pause on the walkways through the forest but

they also related back to romantic, memories, dreams and nostalgia. But what about the land? Again, the land was transformed just into an empty container, there for us to foster transcendental wholeness, a rather disembodied view of love. In an article about the installation, the forest is called *a famous backdrop for art and culture*, like an empty stage or canvas (Ghotsch 2022). I do like the exhibition and think that fostering love and reminding people about love is important. But it matters what love is portrayed. This one often seemed exclusively tied to humans, featuring of old heterosexual love letters. The forest was more a space appropriated to think about love rather than engaged as a partner to build a loving relationship with. Bog and forest were not consensual love partners, they are loved for their unconditional presence. But is their presence unconditionally there? No! As we can see, most of them have already been extinguished by capital across the last centuries and more are threatened right now. In a consensual relationship where the bogs do not speak our human language, how can we give back for what you provide us with, beloved bog? What do you need to continue providing for us without exhausting yourself?

Today, instead of walking through bogs, the walkways mostly lead through monocultured fields. These fields are the inheritance of peat colonization. Agriculture, after all, makes up 50% of the cause of “global anthropogenic peatland [loss]” (Schilstra & Gerding 2004). The next largest causes are forestry and extraction. When I look at the hills of the Holsteinische Schweiz, I can nearly see the hills breath and move like the shapes of their ghosts bubbling beneath the layers of dead, exploited soil, wanting to tell us stories of how much aliveness would be possible if we listened to its ghosts. The ghosts inspire visions in me of a future where the land is not a barren area of one tone of one crop or one green from one sort of tree. It sends me visions of color, of many little gardens, with many different crops, with many different people. Imagine the refugees that will come considering rising temperatures, and how beautiful it would be if we all went together to reclaim the land and give a little piece of land to each. What a diversity of crops we could grow on our own, not dependent on global suppliers, how healthy and nutritious the soil could become. Listening to ghosts made me dream. And dreams of a post-capitalist life are important. This state of exhaustion for the land, for us, is not the only way. May the ghosts continue to weave colorful images of biodiversity in my mind.

And yet, I am redirecting my attention to the now. I move through managed forestry en masse, large crop fields, and gravel pits that used to be peat pits, every bit of land haunted by soil exploitation and colonization. There is a literal void in the ground in front of me, a colonial-extractive-capitalist wound. But there is another absence solemnly running conveyor belts, a discarded coca cola can in the sand and abandoned cranes remind me: where are the workers?

With the automization of labor, workers were displaced by machines some time ago. The work being done here is not for the workers to earn money. The gravel pits are not only owned privately but serve primarily the profit of the property owner, a company owned by a private entity, a person, or a family. Workers only come to repair the conveyor belts, usually sent from an external company like Mahnke, situated in the village next door, that provides workers from the surrounding communities with jobs (Peter Mahnke GmbH n.d.).



Figure 13: *Machines without Workers*



Figure 14: *Hungry Monster*

These pits were supposed to create jobs, but have always been oriented toward profit first, as we can see now that the workers are gone and extraction continues without them.

This rupture between people and land, or rather displacement, resembles a very basic Marxist notion of the original mechanisms giving rise to the capitalist system. John B. Foster (2000), in *Marx's Ecology*, examines Marx's notion of the metabolic rift as the rupture in the relation of humans and nature. He points out that Marx combined the idea of a material metabolism between humans and nature with the labor process, arguing that humans have always been in a metabolic relationship with nature in the process of labor (Foster 2000, 157). That process used to be circular; after all, if we want to feed from the soil, we need to keep it alive. This reminds me again of consensual relationships. But in the process of capitalist expropriation of land from the people, here Marx refers to rent and "large landed property" of industrialized agriculture, a rift

between the metabolic relationship of human and nature takes place (Ibid, 155). The people that own the land, making surplus with its use, do not return what has been taken but instead exhaust the soil to its maximum by means of industrial products like fertilizer and machines, thus “[impoverishing] the soil and the worker”, “the original sources of all wealth” (Ibid, 155f). Marx relates this to the tendency of early capitalism’s displacement of people to urban centers as that was where industrial work was concentrated. Here, the workings of capital in the construction and shaping of country and city, as Williams observed, already began. People and products from “nature” were now perceived as separate.

The sandpit that I find myself in is a reminder that this process is ongoing. First came private property, rent and industrial agriculture. Then came the automatization of work. The workers are sent to the city for work now, or rather, wherever they can still find a needed function. Their mobility is coupled to a fossil fuel based extractive capitalist culture. They drive to work in their cars running on fossil fuel, driving along the roads built with the sand from the expropriated and exploited land they call their home. As resources are limited and fuel prices rise, the worries of the worker are mostly displaced onto how to afford their travels to work and keep their mobility – a mobility enabled by the violent metabolic rift between people and their land, attached to by a capitalist logic intoxicating the being and attaching it to its enemy by fetishist disavowal.

As I am here now, dwelling in the pit, I am transgressing a property boundary. I am engaging with the story of the land, its ghosts in the form of abandoned cranes, missing workers, botanical survivors, coca-cola cans and dark shades of sand. I connect with that which has been wounded, immersing myself in the wounding of the land that reflects my own wounding of a person alienated from its material reality, from its environment, in a capitalist system. I feel grief and the pain of living in a time in which I can see the environmental and social suffering all around me and see little mobilization even though people are growing increasingly discontent if not ill. I see my own father being exploited as a worker, living with no time, many debts and little money, many worries and the sacrifice of his body and yet holding on to the bit of comfort he finds in his car, in his house, and in walking.

If we consider the growing precariousness and discontent among rural populations in combination with the rise of right-wing politics and conspiracy in Germany, channeling and directing those feelings into organized movement toward healing, transformative change and social justice is especially important. Only 100 years ago, the *Landvolkbewegung* lay the grounds for the rise of the NSDAP in Schleswig-Holstein. Instead of understanding that rising taxes and the lower prices for agricultural products were issues of a global capitalist market economy, people turned to antisemitism, nationalism, and anti-governmental conspiracies (Dahmen 2020).

So, can we not use the popular practice of walking as a means to step into relationship with our wounds? Can we believe in life beyond capitalism? How about we become the ghosts, join them, connect on our shared vulnerability to capitalism and our collective survival? Let's listen to the ones that tell us stories that go beyond a western-humanist, individualist sense of time, and instead hear the songs of the deep time of stones, layers of soil, herbs and moss. They might have something to say about life that is possible beyond, within, and after Capitalism. After all, we are still here. Let us do something about it. May we grow like weeds across the wounds of destruction, bridge rifts and ruptures, fill the voids with our presence, guard the land like good ancestors do, and shape a world that stays inhabitable for us and the future generations.



Figure 15: *Survivors at the Abyss*



Figure 16: *Vegetal Reclamation of Space of Destruction – Possibility for Life in the Ruins of Capitalist Exploitation*



Figure 17: *Endurance: More Survivors Triumphant Above the Void*

Conclusion

During my strolls as a rag-picker, I noticed how much effort it cost me to direct my attention and engage in walking as a conscious engagement with the land. I noticed how much we tend to either orient to a romanticized landscape view, seeing the environment as an empty space in itself, or rather a painting to stare at for our pleasure. This kind of walking is not bad in and of itself. As I mentioned before, slowing down or taking the time to do something not focused on productivity is already an act of resistance in a capitalist world. Rebecca Solnit (2001) writes about walking already being a counter-culture when we use it to “just think” as “thinking is generally thought of as doing nothing in a production-oriented culture, and doing nothing is hard to do. It’s best done by disguising it as doing something, and the something closest to doing

nothing is walking” (2). Expanding our consciousness of relationality beyond the rift that a capitalist world has created between humans and the environment is also a transformative process in itself.

Of course, simply walking across property boundaries in itself is not enough to change the world. Also, it is something not all people can or should do. I walk across property boundaries because I know everyone in the village and have grown up with a feeling of having the right to do so, as well as feeling safe while doing it. Not respecting property rights is not safe for everyone, especially not for people with foreign citizenship or other discriminatory factors that might make them more vulnerable in the nation-state’s rights system. Also, crossing property lines and leaving again, all by myself, does not contribute much to political change when I do it on my own, in isolation, without actually blocking any machines or something similar that could stop production for a moment or bring media attention to a larger issue behind my action, like one does in political movements like *Extinction Rebellion* or *Ende Gelände*. Maybe writing about it like now goes a tiny bit more into the direction of creating larger change, but who, in the end, reads articles...

I do think, though, that the practice of fostering awareness of the authentic relations that are covered beneath a capitalist realist view is a political practice if one lets it influence one’s way of being in the world in some way. It is political when it influences how we love and engage with what we love, also our beloved landscape, because, as bell hooks already said, love is political (2001).

That brings me to the point that is most important for me personally. The next step I am taking from my exploration would be to see how we can collectively engage with this dominant cultural practice that is so individualized. I’d encourage myself to follow up on this work with more embodied, collective action. Of course, we can go on our walks alone and reflect, and that is important. But how about we try to foster a different kind of engagement with the land around us together? And with that, we can also rebuild our authentic relationships with each other and empower as communities? Can we dream together, write together, dwell together, attend hauntings together?

Walking is a powerful activity, in which the environment can impact us but in which we also have a lot of agency. What if we developed walkways in a meaningful way, not

oriented along productivity and fast movement or mere pastoral landscape views? As Rebecca Solnit (2001) writes:

[T]he subject of walking is, in some sense, about how we invest universal acts with particular meanings. [...] Here this history begins to become part of the history of the imagination and the culture, of what kind of pleasure, freedom, and meaning are pursued at different times by different kinds of walks and walkers. That imagination has both shaped and been shaped by the spaces it passes through on two feet (2).

To close with some practical examples that connect with the topics in this essay, I believe one practice of engaging with land that is reflective of a more consensual or caring and life-oriented engagement can be found in the local communities on the Hebrides in Scotland. As Alastair McIntosh (2005) explores in his book *Soil and Soul*, the people on the Isle of Eigg have managed to stand up to industrial and corporate land use. They have fought to get their communal property rights back, inspiring a larger land reform in Scotland. Now people are reconnecting to ancestral traditions of peat cutting in a more consensual way that also considers peat as a living organism that needs to be kept alive. Cutting peat in a traditional way is an act of liberation as it allows humans to access the resources for energy and heat without reliance on global market suppliers and extractive industries destroying the land. Instead, the humans doing traditional peat cutting also protect the land as, only taking as much peat as the soil can bear to give, and covering the wounds with moss in a way that the peat is supported to easily regrow and not dry out. Hebridians appreciate the freedom that arises from the commitment and care that is part of this authentic relationship of communal ownership and responsibility for the land.

Another thing that could work in a powerful way for me after the first moments of listening to the ghosts in Dersau could be to begin to actively reclaim land communally and start growing food in a *Guerilla Gardening* fashion, or actively see what ecosystems like the peat need from us to be kept alive, and transform this analysis into communal points of action (“Guerrillagardening.org.” n.d.). Paludiculture could be an interesting way of supporting peat while having an agricultural relationship with it as well (“A Definition of Paludiculture” 2021). May we grow into the soil as into width and agency

and expand into those relational ties that have been cut and alienated by a capitalist-realist mindset that we have internalized for too long. Our roots and ties are not gone, they are awaiting us to rediscover and grow them anew, present like the memories, our ancestral ghosts and survivor weeds.

To round this off, here is a little soul piece that came up as I dwelled in the bog:

Lovesong to the Uklei

Your bubbles tell stories of wisdom and persistence. My hero of deep time and resistance, a life force. A digestive system, womb and home to so many bodies. You are fluid and rooted, the elements in one. Providing the soil for me to ground on. My teacher, my love, you are a part of me. And as long as I am in this body, I will care for you as you do for me. Let me connect with you and remember: All that I love is here. All that I want is here. I can breathe you anywhere. I can feel you anywhere. And while destruction happens, you move on.

Let me remember our shared ancestry with every breath. Let me find your particles making up my cells. My consciousness expanding beyond a capitalist world. I am here to listen to your wisdom, my imagination recomposing through your digestion. And when I move on, may your presence inform my actions. And every time I walk, let me remember my commitments and the wisdom I continuously inherit from you.

Figures

Fig 1. Google Maps. *Dersau* 54°06'20.5"N 10°20'53.6"E. Accessed April 7 2022. <https://www.google.com/maps/place/24326+Dersau/@54.1061133,10.3439583,1925m/data=!3m1!1e3!4m5!3m4!1s0x47b243af678e13cd:0x4248963c657e5a0!8m2!3d54.1181159!4d10.3340871>.

Fig 2. *A Typical Walkway. Threshold between Forest and Agricultural Field*. 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau, Germany.

Fig 3. *The Village still alive as a place to live and work, produce and consume, and meet with the local community.* “So Sah Es ‘Früher’ Aus.....” Gemeinde Dersau. Accessed November 25, 2022. <https://dersau.de/bilder/historisches/>.

Fig 4. Google Maps. *Tensfeld 54°02'48.6"N 10°17'30.0"E.* Accessed April 30, 2022. <https://www.google.com/maps/place/54%C2%B002'52.4%22N+10%C2%B017'39.1%22E/@54.047574,10.2711444,3855m/data=!3m1!1e3!4m6!3m5!1s0x0:0x7eaed5850cf39f91!7e2!8m2!3d54.0478892!4d10.294206>.

Fig 5. *Bordering the Forest: A Sandpit.* 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau, Germany.

Fig. 6. *Entering the Wound.* 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau.

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Fig. 10. *A Bog in the Forest called “Uklei”.* 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau, Germany.

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Fig. 12. *Art Installation at the Uklei.* 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau, Germany, 2022.

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Fig. 15. *Survivors at the Abyss.* 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau, Germany.

Fig. 16. *Vegetal Reclamation of Space of Destruction – Possibility for Life in the Ruins of Capitalist Exploitation*. 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau, Germany.

Fig. 17: *Endurance: More Survivors Triumphant Above the Void*. 2022. Lara-Lane Plambeck, Dersau, Germany.

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