



**THE  
G A R D E N  
OF  
The Net-work  
of the Year, 2020.**

**PAIN RELIEF SEEDS  
Papaver somniferum  
Meadowsweet  
Feverfew**

How are you?

Thanks for agreeing to join in this year of shared home grown medicine; remote growing towards a communal apothecary garden at The White House in Dagenham, or remotely wherever you are. Through the summer and autumn there will be opportunities to make some medicinal preparations and I very much hope we can find ways to come together to enjoy the medicinal plants and remedies we have grown, either in person at the house, or remotely.

Here, I enclose seeds selected for their place in ancient and contemporary medicine for pain relief

Some will be harder to grow than others, it's a learning experiment for me too. They are not, especially in the case of the poppy meant for harvest, they are for watching and learning from really. I enclose original packaging so you can see the guidelines. Seeds can be planted wherever you have space- on the kitchen countertop in some soil in an old food container, or in the soil in a garden if you have access to one, or sent to a friend.

Lastly, but importantly, if you have any medicinal plants in particular that interest you, any expertise or ideas please do let me know so we can include it in our garden, and as our seedlings get further along and become plants I'll be back in contact with ways we can share decoctions, teas, recipes, remedies, balms, soaps, syrups and pills according to ancient and modern apothecary and pharmacy recipes.

The information I enclose is an edited selection of my ongoing research folders to contextualise the plants as they grow for myself and to keep at The White House.

Sending my very best wishes

THE  
G A R D E N  
OF  
C Y R U S.

OR,  
The Quincunciall, Lozenge,  
or Net-work Plantations  
of the Ancients, Artificially  
Naturally, Myftically  
Considered.

---

BY  
*Thomas Brown* D. of Physick

---

Printed in the Year, 1658.

## poppy, meadowsweet, feverfew



I did try to read this book about the history of opium trade, to synthesise into the more distraction-tolerant internet information, but it grated on me. The study of pain was academic and I could hear the dissenting voices of friends whose writing I read and whose lives have been shaped around the consequences of heroin addiction (not to mention chronic pain relief, regulated substances, sex work, AIDS institutional racism, incarceration- though the book does get to this later) and it didn't ring true. Academic pain can be too disembodied while people are being killed and infected. So I am parking the opium until I can get my head around it.

My head, which incidentally swims meaninglessly in the fog of the day old pain of yesterday's migraine. I planted these meadowsweet seeds- aka wild aspirin, but nothing grew. A friend sent me foraged, probably wild, meadowsweet (along with linden, alexanders, honesty) and I made a tea to try and snap me back into it, the disconnection between abstract pain and the genuine balm of herbalism when passed on a handwritten note from one person to another, with intention.

I idly use the picturethis app to identify some cut flowers my partner chose and realise they are feverfew of the supplements hidden in a sock drawer, which reminds me to take them.



I could continue send you pages from the herbals, wanted to press you all a foraged poppy, hoped for a garden brimming with happy feverfew flowers by now which you could visit, where we could make a fresh tea, and share out stories of herbal pain relief. Health problems we have, things we've tried. Instead I enclose a single bloom, which I'm sure will disintegrate into the corner of the envelope, but the raggedy daisy shape, its gap-toothed smile, has been offering me the will to complete this for you and maybe It will lift you for a minute too.

## tobacco



Have any of your tobacco seeds grown? My six tobacco seedlings are tiny but nearly big enough to handle, to survive. I imagine they will be mature this time next year. Those who have joined since, I'll send past seed- letters where I can. In the letter I said nothing of the colonial histories of this plant, which pissed me off, because its like I got distracted temporarily from the goal. I spent last summer's work insisting on the epigenetic pain inherent in these cash crops and their growers, this industry of land-human-knowledge theft. Though behind the scenes I have had conversations which will build to something much more substantial over long periods of the future, what do you think? What does the act of growing tobacco from seedling offer?