

# Proposal Prosa

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Proposal writing means to declare a possible future. What is a proposal? A prediction, a forecast or a vision of one's own life in the future, or just symbolic knowledge currency entering in a raffle of potential capital for agency? What if the person writing the proposal would suddenly enter a state of de-realisation, and fiction and reality blur into a poetic space beyond the limits of control and scope of the proposed project? In this workshop we explore the performative potential of text-based project proposals, residency requests and funding applications: can they take on a life of their own, that precludes, exhausts or transcends their original purpose?'

## Readings

- Fabian Faltin: Proposal Prose <https://goo.gl/TaS1FP>
- CAMPUS WU Neu Bepflanzungsplanung FF 20110905 <https://goo.gl/HQJW4c>



- Placette Summary
- Laser cut
- 2 Berber
- Tan / Van
- Laser cut
- Pinker Berber + 2 Berber
- 1-2 Conchagua bark

fPlanning.

Laser cut

LASER + TOC

Fuck. Everything is in ruins. Everything. The bricks are moist to the core, the bricks are crumbling. The lawn, the lawn, this lawn was laser cut. My english laser cutter lawn, a swamp, a swampy meadow, with grass 2 meters high, chinese silver grass, *Miscanthus Sinensis*, the famous *Silberspinne*. Oh my god. The silver spider is invading everything. a chinese jurassic park.

Birches, I see birches have been seeding on the terrace. Fuck. This was a perfectly fine terrace. There are cracks in the concrete. Acid concrete. Acid is leaking out. Phosphorous. There is a smell of vomit.

It's sad. I personally cared more about my flowerbeds, my borders, than anything else in the world. My lovely perennial gravel borders. No. Flowerbeds. Edging. Between the lawn and the house. Edging. Edgy. Edging transitions, peripheral zoning filters. My fringe flowerbeds were the borders to the next level of reality, of consciousness. I always thought they should full of the rarest, most rarefied plant specimens. Like shining jewels, precious specks of ultra-high utility, peeping out of a matrix of oriental wood grasses. I would plant something like this, you wouldn't even notice it.

POWERPOINT -  
WOOD GRASSES

Button Snakeroot, *Eryngium Yuccifolium*, a native of missouri and northern mexico. I stole it from the missouri botanical garden on my last trip to the united states, before they closed the borders. Button Snakeroot, also known as rattlesnake master, a member of the carrot family. It is lost now. Still lingering here and there, perhaps, in some botanical garden, or seed bank, but practically lost.

Oh, and there was the long iris walk. Edged with rare, blue bearded irises, the legendary night owl cultivars, *Iris Barbata Elattor "Night Owl"*. I collected them in London, the oldest gardens in London, Inner Temple Gardens, back in 2006. Oh my irises, dead, disappeared, their roots eaten by mice, their leaves digested by slugs and mould and slime. I can't believe this. What became of my proposal. My aspiration in life?

"KOROSAI is beautiful"

normal reading voice.

Oh, you mean... I was also interested in this at one point in my life... well, the ideas are now also extinct. Like some special ginkgo trees. I remember, he ~~was~~ my

Glob  
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gingko trees, from basel, from Switzerland, the first-generation descendants of the famous ginkgo tree that Hirohito, the Japanese emperor, master of the Chrysanthemum Throne, bringer of eternal peace. Sent to my grandparents in switzerland. Was it in the 1950s? They were so rich, my grandparents, they went shopping to Bayerle in Basel, like normal people go to Tesco or Billa. They bought paul klee and giacometti statues like icecream, like, one on every Sunday. They were so rich. And so sick. They were on the brink of self-extinction. They were both alcoholics, like Ingvar. Ingvar Kamprad, the founder of Ikea. I think they were even his second-degree cousins. We were a family of degenerates, not generating anything, no genius just degenerates. Liver cancer / endemic mental health issues. my grandparents were the first luxury shopaholics in europe, you can even find their picture on Wikipedia. And they were so rich and had stashed away so much ~~not~~ money and they all spent it on their compulsive obsessive manic-depressive art and plant collecting and gardening obsessions.

It is taking away all the ~~shout~~ back to Garden pics. Here you can see some old analogue pictures from their garden and from the family.

CHOO VON

I went to Basel, to search for my grandparents' (nor name, as soon as I was old enough to travel, I thought I could use their money to finance my own art, design garden and social design projects).

a d really give back something to which. to make my head, dark.

I had a vision. Yes. My vision, a vision, a plan, a masterplan, a philanthropic public project, large-scale proposal. You saw how I came from a rich family. I wanted to be a philanthropist, but not like Elon Musk or Bill Gates in Silicon Valley. More like the Wittgensteins, or the Lauder Family, or Ingvar Kamprad. He still eats at the Ikea canteen and lives in a small house. I wanted to give something back to the people, and realize my vision right here, in Vienna. Indeed, I ~~had~~ a very significant idea for this place. It was really special, very clever, but also very complicated, how can I explain it?

to make a decision. And I still work every day x the fields. Why you?

How can you see me, pre-venture to be M. Hugel. Major of Vienna. Well, I guess I could explain it, to someone who thinks exactly like me. Who already knows what I am talking about. But there's no point telling YOU about this now, you won't understand what I'm talking about, unless you see it.

But if you can see it already, then why do I have to talk about it? And if you know what I'm talking about, then where es paradigm-shift? Where is the USP, the added value, the creativity, the originality?

USP, the added value, the creativity, the originality, the duration, the game-changing innovation?

PROPOSAL II

During a rather long time. feeling. 100% of. being, just to go to a charity dance with Angela. Take a dance class?







## The 10 Golden Rules of Gardening and Proposal Writing

1. Keep your concept to one A4-Page.
2. If your garden is small, cluttering it with small plants will make it even smaller; plant a few big plants instead.
3. Always double the budget after you have calculated it.
4. Always have several trees of different ages coming along in your garden.
5. Include the key terms of the call in your proposal.
6. Neighboring plants should match by leaf texture, shape or color.
7. Don't spend too much time on your proposal.
8. Spending less time on your gardening gives more space to nature.
9. Show your proposal to a friend before sending it off.
10. The most important addition to any garden are people.

1. 1. A4 - Page
2. Small garden - BIG plants
3. Double budget
4. More trees
5. Not too much TIME
6. Lag behind with gdn. Work
7. Use terms 1:1
8. Echo texture - colour
9. Show your proposal
10. People













































## Garlic

And what's left of our proposals? You see it here. Nettles. And garlic. Garlic has survived. A whole field of nettles and garlic and wild flowers, can you see it, here? That's what's left of our proposals now. Fog, heavy nitrogen fog is between me and the old house. But garlic and nettles and sticky plant are still growing in the fog. Very healthy, of course, the healthiest superfood you can eat, and it will make you and your dreams live for ever. For ever! But that's not what I dreamed of. I never allowed myself to eat any garlic because I dreamed of attending business meetings. Of joining high-profile study groups. Of lecturing at progressive post-growth think tanks, where no bad breath is permitted. Of lobbying politicians to realize my dream, our dreams, the dreams of mankind.







# Open Scenarios for Non-trivial Pursuits.

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