

# PHOTOPHAGIA

*The Secret Life of Plants* will be described by gardeners and shown without the picture

*PHOTOPHAGIA: The Secret Life of Plants will be described by gardeners and shown without the picture* is a project by Aislinn Thomas, made possible by the contributions and support of many.

*PHOTOPHAGIA* includes description by Rachael Chong, Yvonne Ip, Aura Linsley, Theo Linsley, Maya Linsley, Sara Brubacher, Patti Lennox, Abhi Dewan, Kai Reimer Watts, Clara Jenner, Rodger Tschanz, Fan-Ling Suen, Janet L'Abbe, David Shumaker, Chris Earley, Candace McCutcheon, Anna-Marie Larsen, Marcel Visser, Dennis Murphy, Stephanie Jenner, Felix Morrell, Marlene deGroot-Maggetti, Sally Ludwig, Lea Tran, and Maria Brown.

Editing, recording, and tech support by Nathan Saliwonchyk, with additional help from The Commons Studio.

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	<p><b>RACHAEL CHONG:</b> We're opening on the credits and the introduction to <i>The Secret Life of Plants</i> film. And it's Paramount--the logo that is showing now. Screen is black.</p>
[Moving water, swelling and receding]	<p>There are waves. Calm, growing in intensity, I guess, not too strong.</p> <p>The credits are rolling now. It says, "HEAD GROUP presents."</p> <p>And we see the sun rising. Another credit: "an INFINITE ENTERPRISES film."</p>
[Drone music emerges, with eventual chanting. There's a sense of mystery, reverence, and ceremony]	<p>The title of the film is starting to roll across this screen.</p> <p>This is <i>The Secret Life of Plants</i>.</p>
[Silence. A sudden crash]	<p>And there's lava! A volcano! It was like an explosion. Liquid lava flowing and bubbling, exploding...splashing up.</p>
[Ominous music begins, low and powerful, with a generous number of explosions. A sense of origination, formation, something taking shape. Reminiscent of the very famous song that opens <i>2001: A Space Odyssey</i> ]	<p>Looks very HOT. Looks like a waterfall of lava.</p>
[A great wind]	
[Supernatural synth flourishes]	<p>This is clouds, now, moving slowly across the sky. And the sun, again, is rising.</p> <p>Slow, billowing clouds.</p>
[A majestic melodic line brings some hoped-for relief, perhaps even transcendence]	

	More and more clouds, going over a mountain. And going across a blue sky. Steam and, well I guess it wouldn't be steam, it would be condensation or something.
[Tension builds and builds]	Mountains--it kinda looks like <i>Lord of the Rings</i> or something like that here. Steam coming up from a rock face. Looks like maybe snow and ice...maybe more rocks.
[A cascading release...and it continues to unfold]	With geysers. Oh, definitely glaciers in the background now. Really steep interfaces of rock.
[Roaring, crashing water]	All the lava has cooled. And here's a HUGE tidal wave. Really powerful, crashing in on itself.
[A swirly, squiggly sound]	Oh, and it looks like we went underwater kind of [short, soft laugh]. There's this spinning, tiny cell. Lots of tiny, yellow amoeba-type looking cells. The water again crashing in on itself.
[Things are getting seriously intense]	
[A climax, and a continuation]	I should--OOOH, we're going underwater! And now there's tons of tiny living things. Some tiny tiny some a little bit bigger. Now these jellyfish-looking things. There's little pulsing lights inside of them. They're swimming around, underwater.
[A screechy, chaotic development]	This is a much bigger jellyfish-looking thing. Water again, back to the tidal wave! Oh, and now we've got the plants. These are seaweeds, or something, flowing under water. They're swaying in the water. They look very living and alive. And now we are above water again and we see the sun and the silhouette of waves crashing in front of it.
[The music crashes to a halt]	
[Waves, lapping water]	

**THEO LINSLEY:** Water!

**NARRATOR 1:** Birth and re-birth. In endless rounds of pro-creation.

In shock from the trauma of awakening, the planet is bleak, arid, uninhabitable.

[A shock of steam, like water flicked on a hot pan]

But a new arrival will transform the scene.

[An eerie, otherworldly sound conjuring potential and growth...]

An alchemical union with the four genie of creation--air, fire,

[Birdsong. Music like a walk in a lush, moist forest teaming with

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Moss.

**YVONNE IP:** No, I think that's seaweed--

**AURA LINSLEY:** I don't know.

**YVONNE IP:** That's seaweed and there's lava, dried up lava.

**THEO LINSLEY:** Obsidian!

**YVONNE IP:** No.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** That's a mineral.

**THEO LINSLEY:** Oh.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** That's a sand hill.

**YVONNE IP:** I don't know, I see snowy mountains in the background.

**THEO LINSLEY:** Volcano, volcano!

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Two of them.

**AURA LINSLEY:** Hmm...

**THEO LINSLEY:** Those look like craters.

**YVONNE IP:** There's a lot of dust. Now there's, I think there's dust and water...

**THEO LINSLEY:** It's dust, or something.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** A puddle.

**YVONNE IP:** No, that's like molten lava--

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Wait, it looks like, no it's something growing!

**YVONNE IP:** Ooooh, there's a little sprout or something coming through all the lava rocks.

**THEO LINSLEY:** Smoke coming from the crater.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Now it's a for-

water and earth--plants turn the life]  
desert into a garden.

Absorbing light from the sun and  
nourishment from the waters,  
sprouting plants, through billions  
of tiny lips, give forth oxygen  
to purify the air and invigorate  
the earth. Spreading across the  
planet, a matrix of green allow-  
ing all life to flourish.

[A base line, a sense of strolling  
in relaxed wonder on a summer  
vacation]

est.

**YVONNE IP:** Rain clouds...

**THEO LINSLEY:** No, it looks  
like--

**YVONNE IP:** ...no it's still inside  
the cave or something like that.  
Like a dark cave.

**THEO & AURA LINSLEY:**  
Waterfall!

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Oooh! That's  
so pretty.

**AURA LINSLEY:** [underneath  
the other voices] It's coming  
from the waterfall, the mist.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** [everyone  
speaking over each other] It  
looks like a rainforest.

**THEO LINSLEY:** A river, a  
stream or brook.

**YVONNE IP:** A creek. Those  
are...

**THEO LINSLEY:** That's so cool.

**YVONNE IP:** ...a large, like a  
close-up of acorns. Time-lapsed  
acorns growing.

**THEO LINSLEY:** And now it's a  
pinecone opening.

**YVONNE IP:** Time-lapsed pine-  
cone.

**THEO LINSLEY:** A mushroom!

**YVONNE IP:** Oooh, that looks  
like...

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Sooo cool.

**THEO LINSLEY:** That's like  
curling?

[A saxaphone spices things up a bit]	Fungi.
	<b>MAYA LINSLEY:</b> And lichen?
	<b>THEO LINSLEY:</b> Oh that’s close-up.
	<b>YVONNE IP:</b> It’s like little worms or slugs growing out of...
	<b>MAYA LINSLEY:</b> Eww, that’s kind of gross.
	<b>YVONNE IP:</b> ...liquid slime.
	<b>THEO LINSLEY:</b> It’s slithering!
	<b>MAYA LINSLEY:</b> Disgusting!
	<b>YVONNE IP:</b> Some kind of half-plant half-animal...
	<b>MAYA LINSLEY:</b> It’s, like, writhing.
	<b>THEO &amp; YVONNE:</b> It looks like slime...
	<b>MAYA LINSLEY:</b> Or a worm.
[Gross squishy, gooey sounds]	<b>YVONNE IP:</b> A closeup of slime.
	<b>MAYA LINSLEY:</b> Okay, now there’s a lot of them and they just look like weird worms. It looks like when you blow glass. It looks like blown glass.
	<b>YVONNE IP:</b> Some green grass and it’s kind of entangled in some dried-up grass and, oh the dried-up grass is eating it up.
[An uncomfortably long silence... A high-pitched sound emerges, reaching and seeking]	<b>MAYA LINSLEY:</b> That looks like a...
	<b>YVONNE IP:</b> A lily or a pulpit or

**NARRATOR 2:** Since the dawn of human creation, we have looked to plants to nourish us with their flesh, shelter us with their fiber, and enrich our world with their beauty.

[Tender and soothing instrumental music]

[Music continues, becoming more complex]

[A transition. Some dissonance before returning to an earlier melody, but with crickets and other critters]

a Jack-in-the-pulpit

**THEO LINSLEY:** What is that? It's like--

**YVONNE IP:** Blooming...

**THEO LINSLEY:** Flowers!

**YVONNE IP:** ...flowers.

It's a time-lapse of a snapdragon, but it looks like somebody's sticking out their tongue.

**THEO LINSLEY:** Oh! They all just looked at us!

**YVONNE IP:** The way it's time-lapsed makes them look like they're creatures.

**THEO LINSLEY:** I wonder what this is.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Okay...

**AURA LINSLEY:** It looks like a chubby little...

**THEO LINSLEY:** Tiger!

**MAYA LINSLEY:** We're entering a flower

**THEO LINSLEY:** It looks like a little tiger!

**MAYA LINSLEY:** That looks like tonsils.

**YVONNE IP:** Tonsils.

I know that plant, it's a peace lily, but the way it's being filmed it makes it look like innards of people.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** Eww! Why did you have to say like that?

**MAYA LINSLEY:** That looks like the color of the inside of an oyster and that looks like a...squid.

**SARA BRUBACHER:** We find ourselves in a swampy, green



**NARRATOR 1:** Plants, yielding themselves to man, share in his spiritual flowering.

[Chanting, sitar, and wineglass drone]

forest with heavy green moss draping from the branches and the trees down towards the water.

Now there is a small leaf floating on the water with droplets on it. The water is vibrating with the music. You can really see the vibrations because of the yellow reflected dot. The yellow dot transforms into a beautiful sunset along the river. And there are men rowing these flat, long boats along the river. And then Indian men praying in the river.

The elements of my body are at one with the infinite cycle of creation, and all matter in the universe. Chanting the Vedic hymns of creation, devout Hindus reaffirm each day their belief in the unity of all existence.

The peaceful river scene transforms into a busy downtown scene with boys hanging off of buses.

A teeming industrial port located on the Hooghly River, Calcutta gives little indication of the cultural glory that crowns its recent past. Less than half a century ago, learned men from many nations came to a quiet suburban street to visit an institute founded by the great Indian scientist Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose. Inside, unique machines monitor the delicate living responses of plants in a section of the institute dedicated to the works of its founder.

An Indian gentleman walks down a stately hall with tall white walls, black and white checkered floors.

**UNNAMED SPEAKER:** These are special instruments that Bose invented for making studies of the minute movements in plants.

During the last years of his life, he was fascinated by the mysteries of plant life.

He walks towards a bookshelf.

We are fortunate that besides all that he wrote in his later life, he made many recordings in his

own voice in this machine.					
<b>SIR JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE:</b> [Distant-sounding recording] It was from those who tilled the ground and make the land blossom with green bounty that I knew my love of nature.					Walks towards the machine and turns it on. It has a blue glass cylinder shape that he puts towards his mouth and switches to an old recording.
					A picture of Bose.
<b>NARRATOR 1:</b> Traveling to England, Bose presented his latest and most significant discoveries in-person before a gathering of the most distinguished minds in the scientific world: three hundred and twenty-four fellows of London's Royal Society.		[Static]			Now electricity static-ing between two balls. And a black and white film of downtown London.
		[Traffic noise, hustle and bustle]			
In the same hall where Darwin, Huxley, and Faraday made history, the learned gathering listened with polite interest as the obscure Indian scientist described his pioneering measurements of radio waves.					
Through his experiments, Bose also discovered that both metals and living animal tissue respond in a similar way to the effects of radiation. He postulated if the continuity exists between such extremes as metal and animal tissue, similar effects should be present in the plant kingdom. Touching the leaves of mimosa pudica with a cotton soaked in ether, Bose demonstrates the fainting response in a plant.					And skeptical faces.
The object of his future experiments was to prove through the design and use of highly specialized machines that all the characteristic responses exhibited by animal tissue are also to be found in plants.					Leaves fold up!
The Bose experiments were denied publication by the Royal Society. By daring to suggest					Flashes back and forth between Bose in the front of the room, and these skeptical White faces watching him.

that electrical responses are present in plants, he had offended the learned members.

Meanwhile, in America, George Washington Carver, another generous soul, will revolutionize agriculture. A poor Black born into slavery, he will generate great wealth for his compatriots by revitalizing their ravaged soil, a gift for which he is scorned because of his communion with the fairyland of plants. A natural alchemist, Carver transmutes the lowly peanut from hog food into a score of products, all highly profitable. Like Bose, Carver refuses to patent his inventions. Neither genius will charge for helping to produce bounty from the earth. Advanced philosophers, neither is appreciated in his lifetime.

Now a black and white photo of an African American gentleman.

[Spare piano music begins this ballad sung by Stevie Wonder. Despite the content, the music feels like it could be a hopeful lullaby]

Born to open for  
Mankind nature’s door  
A life known by a few

And those who knew that shared  
Their knowledge fewer cared  
About what plants could do

For most felt it was mad to conceive  
That plants thought, felt, and moved quite like we  
But with instruments Bose would devise  
Would take science itself by a surprise, so

On we go to where who knows  
To a place where there’s still non-believers

What will it take for heaven sake  
For those who find what’s real too hard to believe in  
It’s that same old story again

Born of slaves who died

And photos of him in the laboratory.

**PATTI LENNOX:** This song is illustrated by a series of black-and-white photos, and some action shots. Here we see lilies they’re skeletal, silver.

Dr. Bose is lecturing.

Now an image of the lily.

Dr. Bose is working in his solarium again. He has a long, white jacket.

Examining a large apparatus on a table.

It’s panning away and we can see another flower.

Now he’s examining it through a microscope and making notes.

Too soon to realize  
The need his life would be

Selflessly he gave  
His wisdom to a way  
Where first no minds would see  
He said if farmland was to be  
rich  
We must plant crops to replenish it  
But it took him persuasion and tests  
To convince them Carver’s way  
was best, so

On we go to where who knows  
To a place where there’s still  
non-believers

What will it take for heaven sake  
For those who find what’s real  
too hard to believe in

It’s that same old story again...

We see the face of an African  
American man. He’s looking at  
something in his hands. Here  
he is standing in front of a class-  
room.

Now a crew of African American  
men planting seeds.

Close-up of Dr. Bose’s face. He  
looks really tired. Kind of sad,  
but a *lot* of dignity. His hair is  
white. And he’s surrounded by  
his solarium.

Here’s Dr. Carver looking at the  
ground in a field, with this cap  
that he’s been wearing. And  
here he is in his lab. He’s quite  
tall and thin. Examining a plant.

Dr. Bose is in his office again,  
but he’s looking off to the side,  
looking down as if he’s tired. Dr.  
Bose is standing on the stairs of  
the conservatory that rejected  
him.

Clouds, sky.

We’re seeing a sunset now.

**ABHI DEWAN:** The ship by a  
cityscape.

**SIR JAGADISH CHANDRA  
BOSE:** It was in the actions  
of the plants that I perceived a  
prevailing unity that is within all  
things. The mold that quivers in  
ripples of light, the teeming life  
upon the earth, and radiant suns  
that shine above us.

I understood for the first time  
that ancient message pro-  
claimed by my ancestors on the  
banks of the Ganges thirty cen-  
turies ago:

They who see but one in all the  
teeming manifoldness of the uni-  
verse, unto them alone belongs  
eternal truth. Unto no one else.

**NARRATOR 1:** After five de-  
cades of obscurity, the legacy of  
Jagadish Chandra Bose is now  
revived in San Diego, California.

Rush hour of San Diego. Looks like downtown, lots of cars parked. Zoom into an office building.

**CLEVE BACKSTER:** Welcome to the Backster School of Lie Detection. I'm Cleve Backster, and during the next six weeks here in San Diego, you're going to be involved in a very intensified instructional course in the use of the polygraph or so-called lie detector.

**NARRATOR 1:** In the course of a career dedicated to investigation for federal and municipal law enforcement agencies, Cleve Backster has earned a reputation as the world's foremost authority on the polygraph.

**CLEVE BACKSTER:** Well, as of February 2nd, 1966, I'd been in the polygraph field full-time for 18 years. And this particular morning I had been working all night in the laboratory and decided to water a plant in the lab. Very similar to the plant here, dracaena cane plant.

My thought was that as the moisture arrived to the leaf of the plant, the plant should be a better conductor, and I should get a reading on the chart. Strangely enough, I didn't get this at all. And, in fact, it did just the opposite. Instead of the tracing edging upward as it should have on the chart, it went into sort of the wild excitation very similar to the first part of a human taking a polygraph test.

Then it occurred to me just about 14 minutes along, what would be the real optimum threat to the well-being of a plant. In fact, the imagery of fire entered my mind. And I not only thought but I fully intended to burn the very leaf that was being tested with a match.

I had no matches in the room at the time. And I don't smoke, and I had to go next door to my secretary's area to to get a match.

Speaking to a mixed class, women and men.

**KAI REIMER WATTS:** A shot of him in his office surrounded by plants.



But the interesting thing is that right at the split second that that imagery of fire entered my mind, the tracing reflecting the changes in the plant just went right off the top of the page. And the only thing that occurred at that time, no lighting of a match nothing else, [was] merely the imagery of fire. And I must say that as of 14 minutes along in that initial observation in the morning of February 2nd, 1966...my life just hasn't been the same.

**NARRATOR 1:** Responding to the initial experience when a plant apparently read his mind, Backster works nights on his own in his small laboratory.

His goal is to perfect an experiment that will satisfy the rigid criteria of the scientific establishment.

Backster hopes to show that plants react to any termination of life in their immediate environment.

During the next six hours at some undetermined moment chosen by a randomizer, these brine shrimp will fall to their deaths in boiling water.

By totally automating his equipment, Backster is determined to eliminate human influence.

In another room, completely separate from his laboratory, Backster has placed the philodendron plant, a polygraph and a videotape recorder. Carefully, he places a leaf between a pair of electrodes that will monitor the electrical activity of the plant.

As he has done during countless police interrogations, Backster establishes a baseline on his polygraph to get an accurate recording of the reaction of his

Points down to the polygraph.

**ABHI DEWAN:** He's in his lab, he's petting a cat.

[Light beeping, tapping, whirring of lab equipment...]

And setting up his experiment

**KAI REIMER WATTS:** Walking around his lab.

And timing the equipment.

**ABHI DEWAN:** Sucks up a few baby shrimp and puts them in a little bucket.

**KAI REIMER WATTS:** He's walking through his lab to a separate room.

subjects.

The videorecorder will tape the details of the experiment in Backster's absence.

**CLEVE BACKSTER:** For the automation of this experiment to be successful I have to get a certain distance away from my lab so that my consciousness won't affect the results.

I hadn't previously experienced any direct or indirect exposure to mystical philosophies. My contacts have been well within the establishment, particularly federal government agencies and law enforcement.

Before working with plants, I hadn't really thought much about the idea of greater consciousness or awareness. Now I look around but what I see has a different meaning.

[Door slamming, traffic, the hum of a car, and upbeat instrumental rock music in the background]

[Return to the laboratory soundscape]

[Pulsating beeps...cut to determined instrumental rock music]

[Music abruptly ends]

[Traffic and street sounds, background chatter]

There's a shot of him walking through with his cat.

**ABHI DEWAN:** Puts on his jacket and looks like he's heading out.

He's driving his car, probably gone to downtown. Lots of lights and shops behind him.

**KAI REIMER WATTS:** Shot back to the lab and the plant in the isolated room, and then the boiling water with the shrimp in a bucket suspended over it. Cut back to Baxter.

**ABHI DEWAN:** He's walking around, clearly trying to stay distracted and not think about the experiment.

**KAI REIMER WATTS:** Cutting back to the plant. A close up of all the leaves, and the leaf that is actually being monitored right now. And cut to the polygraph test. There's a straight line being read right now, so not much electrical activity.

**ABHI DEWAN:** Back to Baxter.

**KAI REIMER WATTS:** Back to the machine and Baxter.

Back to the lab. There's steam

	rising, a measuring tape, a fan blowing. And the shrimp are still in the little bucket, suspended.
[Instrumental rock, forward momentum]	Back to Baxter.
[Back to the lab soundscape]	<b>ABHI DEWAN:</b> Close-up of the shrimp.
	Close-up of the plant, the electrodes.
[Bustling, vibrating activity]	
[And the inevitable bubbling]	Clock ticks over and the shrimp, in slow motion, is getting dumped into the hot, boiling water. Ugh.
	<b>KAI REIMER WATTS:</b> Ugh, yeah, it's quite a slow shot and instant death. Cut to the polygraph and it seems that there is almost an immediate response from the electrical signals of the plant. You get big spikes in the polygraph. It's clearly a very different response from the straight line that was there.
[Scratchy mechanical sounds]	<b>ABHI DEWAN:</b> See the shrimp, who have been decimated. Bits of them are floating around in the water. Cut back to a shot of the city, the sun starting to rise.
<b>NARRATOR 1:</b> The California dawn often finds Cleve Backster still at work in a small room behind his laboratory.	Shot of Baxter.
The results of each night's work must be carefully analyzed and recorded.	
In spite of his high percentage of successful results, only a few daring individuals from the scientific establishment have come forward with offers to replicate his experiments or test his results. The great majority are content simply to condemn his efforts without taking the trouble to investigate their validity.	Reading the polygraphs.
<b>CLEVE BACKSTER:</b> A few brine shrimp die and the plant feels the death. I think it's the	



the smallness of the event that makes it so significant. It means that even on the lower levels of life there's a profound consciousness or an awareness that binds all things together.

**NARRATOR 1:** Is it coincidence that the plant will grow its petals into an exact replica of a female bee so alluring to the male bee that he attempts to mate with the petal, and in so doing, pollinates the orchid?

[Buzzing]

[More buzzing]

In the plant world, there are more than 500 varieties of flesh-eaters, ingesting with mouth and stomach anything from hornets to hamburger using endless cunning, from tentacles to sticky hairs to appetizing aromas or subtle traps with which to capture their prey.

[Laid back, groovy base line begins]

[Grooviness takes a somewhat sinister turn with the addition of foreboding synth and vocals]

[Deep, gravelly voice]  
Hello flower

Boy, do you look juicy

And you know just what I'm coming to get, right? Ha ha ha

[Things get tense and screechy. A sense of potential danger]

[Falsetto]  
Don't eat me

**KAI REIMER WATTS:** Zoom out into the night.

**CLARA JENNER:** I see a bee that's pollinating a flower and might deliver it to another flower or bring it to its hive.

I see some gummy stuff, which looks really weird and the plant might close their mouth to eat their prey, which are bugs and I also see a bug. And I see some pointy things which are hairs, and it might close its mouth to catch its prey. And then I also think it's bad that that--oop-- and a yellow bug is going inside and I think the plant might close its mouth on it. And it's eating something pointy which I think is not safe and I think it's not going to have a happy time once it gets eaten.

And I also like the plant's design. Because they're cool. And the plant is also very dangerous for that bug. I think that bug should not be in there because he might get eaten.

Which I don't want to happen.

And the bug also looks very,

	Please don't eat me	very weird. And the plants look weird with that gummy stuff between them.
	I'm trapped in your love	
	Save me, don't hurt me	It's waaay too weird for me to explain what these plants are. And it's going to get eaten, the bug.
	No no no no no no no! [Music ends]	
<b>NARRATOR 1:</b> At the University of California, Hayward, across the bay from San Francisco, research is presently being conducted on the electrical potential of plants.	[A beep]	
	[Squiggly high pitched electronic beeps]	The bug is really scrapped in there and he can't get out which I think is very, very bad. And I see somebody doing an experiment.
<b>RANDALL FONTES:</b> And then I try to compare those signals to emotional changes in a human. In other words, we take a person and we sit them away from the plant and...	[Beeping continues, though less squiggly now]	
<b>NARRATOR 1:</b> Randy Fontes, a researcher in parapsychology, proposes an experiment inspired by Cleve Backster's initial experience.		
<b>RANDALL FONTES:</b> [In the background] What describes a tight, sound scientific experiment?		That's really not good that the bug got caught.
<b>NARRATOR 1:</b> Dr. Norman Goldstein, a professor of biology and expert in the new science of electrophysiology, agrees to review the results of the experiment, which will determine whether the plant, mimosa pudica, actually responds to human emotions.		And I don't know why those plants eat bugs.
<b>RANDALL FONTES:</b> As you can see, we have a normal computer screen and such as that Faraday cage blocks out electromagnetic signals, radiations. But in addition to that, we have a plexiglas over here that blocks the wind movements and ion movements and air flows		They're really cool, and the plant wiggles.

that would, you know, shake the plant, cause abnormal signals. We also have a motion detector in here which will allow us to look and see whether any external motions or movements have interfered with the experiment so we can tell when the plant has actually vibrated.

**DR. NORMAN GOLDSTEIN:**  
Where's the subject with respect to the cage now?

**RANDALL FONTES:** We're gonna see him, oh, within a few feet of the cage, probably about five feet, and he'll be viewing a screen and be watching the stimulus--movie--that we're providing. And then his emotional responses should carry over into the cage here and affect the plant. That's what we're hoping for.

**RESEARCH ASSISTANT:** We're going to be measuring your galvanic skin response, which means your emotional activity.

**RESEARCH SUBJECT:** Okay.  
Let's hope there is some.

**RESEARCH ASSISTANT:** [Soft laugh] Is that too tight?

**RESEARCH SUBJECT:** No,  
that's great.

**RESEARCH ASSISTANT:** This is going to measure your blood volume, and this will measure the muscle tension in your forehead, or the EMG.

**RESEARCH SUBJECT:** Um  
hmm.

**RESEARCH ASSISTANT:**  
Okay?

**RESEARCH SUBJECT:** [mumbled] Okay.

[A long, high pitched beep appears, grows in volume, and disappears]

But good thing his head was still out.

So he might not get...but he might not get out.

He might free himself.

And he also might end up very, very sad.

**RODGER TSCHANZ:** The scene opens with the experimental subject, a young Caucasian man, sitting in a comfort-

able chair facing a projection screen. A young female Caucasian technician with long, dark hair and a pleasant smile attaches electrodes to the subject's left hand and his head.

[Plodding, ominous orchestral music possibly involving an organ quietly begins. There is a feeling of being found guilty, approaching ones destiny]

In the same room, approximately five feet away from the young man, is a plexiglass chamber in which the plant test-subject is placed.

The chamber is also equipped with sensors to record any plant movement.

[Violin section solemnly joins]

The electronic outputs from both subjects--the human and plant--is recorded on chart-recorder paper. The subjects are left alone in a projection room when the technician leaves to join three scientists in a neighbouring room.

These scientists are observing the test subjects and their responses through closed-circuit TV.

As the movie begins, the human subject watches a landscape of trees with different colored foliage.

The scene is followed by one with a group of children riding bicycles.

[A haunted squeeling joins the composition]

The subject observes a scene of a naked woman taking a shower. The man's chart recorder shows a marked response to the scene. After a slight delay, so does the plant's chart recorder.

**RANDALL FONTES:** Got that one. He's doing real well with that image.

And the subject sees a scene of a nuclear blast at a nuclear test site. In the adjoining room the scientists are commenting on

**DR. NORMAN GOLDSTEIN:**

That looks very convincing. I have to think about that one. Well, let's say that the experiment is quite well done, then you're claiming that the individual's response is producing some kind of energy display.

[Music fades away]

When you're finished analyzing your data, and it supports your contentions, you can imagine what importance this will be. You can imagine it'll change our whole picture of how we relate to plants, that we're interacting with them all the time.

**NARRATOR 1:** Plants react to manmade music. Do humans react to music produced by plants?

[A bird twittering...a spectral atmospheric sound...]

**FAN-LING SUEN:** Living things and objects.

**NARRATOR 2:** In the belief that a tangible expression of plant emotions would bring about a harmonious interaction between human beings and the plant kingdom, artist John Lifton devised what he calls Green Music.

[People speaking amidst the otherworldly sounds]

Plants are encased in glass, sheltered from wind, rain, storms, and animal patterns.

Plants have been wired into a complex computer. Their change of mood as they react to the crowds of visitors will be converted into musical expression.

Living plants. Machines conduit living organisms. We share the space.

As the people move among the plants, the sounds they hear are the plants reacting to their presence. An ephemeral exchange of energy linking two diverse life forms becomes a symphony of emotions.

[The sound becomes increasingly dissonant and unsettling...]

Plants and humans enjoy the spectacle of child-like wonderment and play.

**VISITOR [IN BACKGROUND]:** Look at this bird. It's right over there.

[...like ghost plants trying to get our attention]

[Cut suddenly to sparse, melodic string music, a sense of fate, awaiting a decision. A gong]

**JANET L'ABBE:** There's a beautiful Japanese pagoda.

A monk sitting quietly.

And he gets up, and he's walking through this beautiful archway towards cactuses.

There seems to be a field of cactus, cactus of various shapes.

[A bell in the distance]

The monk is ringing a bell.

[Gong]

**NARRATOR 1:** During recent years, gardening enthusiasts throughout Japan have been privileged to witness the remarkable demonstrations of Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hashimoto.

[Discussion in the background...]

Dr. Hashimoto, Managing Director and Chief of Research for the Fuji Electronic Industry, has constructed special instruments which translate the electrical output of plants into modulated sounds, giving voice to a cactus.

And there is a lady and gentleman that are speaking to the crowd.

Relying on her affinity for plants, Mrs. Hashimoto looks forward to actual conversation with her cactus.

[Buzzing sound as Mrs. Hashimoto speaks...]

And the lady, in her kimono, she has various electrical wires that are pushed into the cactus.

Convinced that it possesses an intelligence, she is determined to teach it the Japanese alphabet.

She's smiling and she's talking at the cactus.

[The cacutus repeats after Mrs. Hashimoto in a high-pitched nasally buzz: oh, oh. Mrs. Hashimoto laughs]

She seems to be caressing the cactus.



		The cactus may want to say something like, “I don’t like you poking things into my flesh. How would you feel?”
	[Upbeat Slavic instrumental music with some space-aged bubbly sounds, all concluding with a resounding “hey!”]	
<b>NARRATOR 3:</b> Research conducted in the Soviet Union leads scientists to believe that plants may think.		<b>DAVID SHUMAKER:</b> A group of scientists wearing white lab coats connect a cabbage plant to an oscilloscope.
Attached to delicate electronic instruments, a cabbage plant registers annoyance to the exhaling of tobacco smoke on its leaf surfaces.	[Pulsating technologies...]	Green blips are bouncing on a circular screen.
A scene familiar in any kitchen takes on special importance in this experiment.		Cigarette smoke causes the display to jump wildly. I would too if someone blew smoke in my face.
<b>RESEARCHER:</b> [Speaks in a Slavic language]		A machete is not familiar in our kitchen, but that’s what a technician uses to hack a head of cabbage, and the readout pings.
<b>NARRATOR 3:</b> In some mysterious way, the plant which is attached to the instrument is able to feel the mutilation of its comrade.	[Violent slicing, and a frenzied response]	
In a more advanced experiment, technicians were asked to pass through a laboratory containing two living cabbage plants. One of the subjects has been instructed to destroy the plant which is not attached to the electronic instruments.	[Technicians seem to confer in the background]	
	[The hasty snapping of stems. The buzz and hum of science]	A technician destroys one plant as another plant watches, horrified. She rips off the leaves and karate chops the stalks. The gauge spikes violently.
Hours later the technicians are asked to return to the scene of the crime.		

The evidence is clear. The remaining plant has correctly identified the assailant.

[More buzzing, like angry insects]

The detector signals fiercely as the guilty technician comes back.

**NARRATOR 3:** Since 1959, the Academy of Sciences of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has advanced research for the application of automation and cybernetics in plant husbandry.

[Orchestral music: a brisk, dignified march]

We’re now in a large greenhouse. Electrical wires connect rows of plants to a watering system.

Connected to electronic instrumentation, these plants express their wishes directly, without the need of human guidance.

[The music swells]

The plants look like they’re hooked up to IV bags. And apparently the plants are able to trigger the sprinkler system on their own.

A bored technician reads a magazine.

In agricultural centers of the future, plants will show themselves to be fully rational beings, controlling their intake of water and nutrients, and even regulating the temperature and humidity of their environment.

The plants turn on the fan system, open the roof panels, and turn on the lights when the sun goes down.

We're just beginning to understand the language of plants. It is a difficult and fascinating road, wherein a multitude of surprises awaits us.

[The march ends. Umpah music begins]

From this beginning will come a world of harmony between mankind and nature. Through the gift of human ingenuity, all things are possible. All that we need is a peaceful sky above.

[Tempo increases unsustainably]

[Music ends in a tripumphant “hey!”]

[A bleak wind...]



**NARRATOR 1:** In what seems like the dead of winter, beneath the protecting mantle of ice, forces from faraway galaxies and from deep in the earth are joined in the creation of new life.

[Hopeful instrumental music begins]

As the sun dies at the winter solstice, it will be reborn in the spring.

[The song unfolds in many layers, like a slow celebration]

**CHRIS EARLEY:** It's a gloomy winter scene in a forest with snow on the ground, brown trees, no green, not very bright. But now the sun's starting to come up and it's reflecting off of the snow. So we're looking at snow drifts on the edge of a forest and seeing how the sun is shining off of these snow drifts, and seems to be getting stronger.

We've got water that's starting to drip off of icicles. The snow is now melting so we have a change in the season. We're going from cold to warm. We now have a stream, with ice flowing down the stream. And the ice is breaking up as it flows.

And now the snow is melting. We start to see acorns lying on the soil surface and in the leaf litter. The snow is melting into the ground, revealing rich soil and more acorns.

We suddenly get a flush of green that's starting to come up through the soil, and pushing through the leaf litter with lots of small leaves. And in the time-lapse the fast growth of these small, herbaceous plants.

And seeds are starting to swell.

And they're reaching up high towards the sunlight.

An acorn that's being moved by the soil surface. And we also have green grasses that are pushing through the leaves.

And a small mushroom pushes

[Music ends on an unresolved note that calls everything into question. Transition to *Here Comes the Sun* by The Beatles, cheerful and upbeat]

Here comes the sun

Here comes the sun,

And I say, It's all right

Little darling

It's been a long, cold, lonely winter

Little darling

It feels like years since it's been here

Here comes the sun

Here comes the sun,

And I say, It's all right

Little darling

The smiles returning to the faces

Little darling

It seems like years since it's been here

Here comes the sun

Here comes the sun,

And I say, It's all right

up through the leaves and reveals its cap and gills.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:** There's a new day about to start. The glow of the sun comes through the clouds. It gets higher and higher.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Looks like some green on a tree bursting and maybe bleeding hearts coming into bloom...

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:** They're just popping open...

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Kind of in time to the music.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:** Mushrooms! Oh my gosh, wow.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** This part like looks like a landscape to me but I think it's actually underground and the roots are reaching down--they look kind of like lightning.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:** Oh, there's the gerber daisy, bright and yellow. It's so pretty.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** And an orange one too.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:** We see a faint rainbow in the background.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** And a landscape. More flowers bursting into bloom, then this fallow field. Some trees in the background.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:** The seasons changing.

Oh my goodness. Look, it's dandelions.

Pollen going across the field...

There's pussy willows.

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Sun, sun, sun, here it comes

Little darling

I feel that ice is slowly melting

Little darling

It seems like years since it's  
been clear

Here comes the sun

Here comes the sun,

And I say, It's all right

Here comes the sun

Here comes the sun

It's all right

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Some kind  
of purple flower. Oh, poppy! A  
red poppy.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
Oh, there's a marigold--but  
they're bi-color! Oh my gosh,  
they're beautiful.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Some kind  
of pink flower, one with lots of--I  
don't know if those are stamens,  
or what. I need to consult my  
biology textbook.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
That flower looks like cotton  
candy.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** And that  
one reminds me of yarrow,  
which we have a lot of in her  
garden.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
I think those are from pear  
trees...

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Or apple,  
maybe?

A lily, maybe. A pink one.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
The season's changing again.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Yep, those  
trees coming into leaf.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
They're fuller, and greener. All  
that chlorophyll!

Oh, it's like another new day.  
There's the sun again.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** And the  
light across your gerber daisy.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
Oh, the one that looks like cot-  
ton candy again.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** A kind of  
orchid.

Oh, are those petunias?

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
Yes, petunias. Nice and pretty

It's all right

[Song ends]

[A song with a laid back 70s  
vibe. A Sunday afternoon on a  
porch in the sun, perhaps.]

oh oh oh oh

oh oh oh

oh oh oh

Send her your love

With a dozen roses

Make sure that she knows it

With a flower from your heart

**NARRATOR 2:** America's fas-  
cination with the world of plants  
has blossomed into a perennial  
love affair.

All across the land plant shops  
have sprouted, and no home or  
office is complete without its dra-  
caena or Boston fern.

Like a field in high summer,  
horticultural and garden clubs  
are thriving: the National Onion  
Association of East Lansing,  
Michigan; the American Gourd  
Society of Mount Gilead, Ohio;  
Bonsai Club International of  
Menlo Park, California; North  
American Gladiolus Council; the  
Indoor Light Gardening Society  
of Bay Village, Ohio; Society  
of the Siberian Irises of South  
Harpswell, Maine; and the Del-  
phiniums Society of Minneapo-  
lis, Minnesota.

Show him your love

Don't hold back your feelings

You don't need a reason

When it's straight from the heart

and pink. Oh, there's a spider  
ivy.

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Right. Do  
you remember that one? Hibis-  
cus, I think.

**CANDACE McCUTCHEON:**  
Hibiscus, the beautiful hibiscus.

**ANNA-MARIE LARSEN:** I  
see a wide shot of green grass  
and trees. I see hats! Straw  
hats cresting what is a hill. Mid-  
dle class-looking people who  
are White wearing white and  
straw-colored clothing. There's  
a man in a white hat with his  
hands in his pocket, looks a lot  
like the artist David Hockley.

A scene of affluent-looking  
White people descending stairs.  
Cut to shots of carnations and  
tulips.

And more affluent, middle class  
White people in pastel clothing  
walking a paved path.

Most of them are wearing hats.  
It seems to me that all of them  
are women.

Cutting back to affluent White  
people in poly-blend pastels.  
Very good hats on some of  
them. Extraordinarily good hats  
on others. A man wrapping florist  
wire around some greenery as  
women in hats watch.

I can see a canopy in the back-  
ground with green and white  
stripes which contrasts nicely  
with the grass and the white and

	oh oh oh oh	straw-colored clothing. Women in fabulous hats being served by another White woman at a buffet. And...more shots of really great hats being worn by White people.
	oh oh oh	
Each society produces a publication: The Gesneria Saint-paulia News, The New England Wildflower Notes, The Gourd, The Gloxinian, and The Herbalist. The Seed Pod, The Begonian, The Media Night, The Red Blooming Iris Recorder and The Spirea News.	oh oh oh	Ah, here we have some people eating their lunch while they were hats. This is great. These are some very old women--in hats. Sharing a rose, they're taking turns sniffing it, really as if they're passing and sniffing cocaine, they're that into it.
As the rapture spread, plant lovers could order a pepper plant direct from Venezuela, a candlestick plant from the West Indies, a Jacob's Ladder from Malaysia, and from China, a strawberry begonia.		
<b>DR. PREM CHAND:</b> Ladies and gentlemen, imagine, if you will, a future in which we actually exchange information with those beautiful sentinels that surround our lives. Imagine receiving from plants, locked in their own dimension of time and space, a view of our own chaotic world.	[Song fades out, applause]	And Dr. Prem Chand is going to speak to the crowd.
	[Driving, busy, electronic music. Feels urgent, like a fire truck hurtling through a city]	A shot of a rose opening, and as the rose opens there's some time-lapse happening.
		Cuts to a car going through a tunnel.
We see them as static, unmoving objects. And to them, perhaps...	[Music abruptly ends]	So, attentive crowd in hats. Whoa, now these are hats. Yeah. Alright.
	[And we're back: the monstrous grind of the built world, sensory overload, emergency, distress]	Trucks and cars in black and white racing down a highway. Smokestacks spewing something ghastly.
...a hopelessly mechanical, rushing, pointless activity.	[A momentary reprieve from the crush of it all]	David Hockley again at the garden party.



<p>Unimaginable, but in fact we are a flurry of the absurd.</p> <p>We might be more aware of the responsibility that we have to our own. Responsibility for the food we eat and the air we breathe, given to us by the plants. We are the absurd appendages of an ongoing nature, and nothing more. The plants alone prepared the earth for all life for what have we prepared it?</p> <p><b>GARDENER:</b> I love my flowers so much that the reflection of my love comes back from the flowers. They produce the best they can, ever.</p> <p><b>PLANT-LOVER 1:</b> I know that... when I'm really happy...it shows in my plants. Like, I can really see that. I'll just walk around the house and all the plants are just shining, and bright, and growing, and healthy. And if I'm not really happy it's just like, that shows in the plants, too.</p> <p><b>PLANT-LOVER 2:</b> I understand that plants respond to music. So how do you like that?</p>	<p>[Swirling chaos]</p> <p>[Again, music abruptly ends... and returns just as quickly]</p> <p>[Careening out of control. Lyrics are distorted and difficult to decipher]</p> <p>This world is moving much to fast They're race babbling This world is moving much to fast The end's unravelling</p> <p>[Music fades out to a deep rumble, like the aftermath of an explosion]</p> <p>[Fade into bright, sunny, upbeat music with vocals, like school let out for summer break. There's a sense of possibility and play.]</p> <p>La la la la la la La la la la La la la La la la la la la La la la la</p> <p>[Windchimes]</p> <p>La la la La la la la la la La la la la</p>	<p>A crane in time-lapse, so it's really fast.</p> <p>City streets. We're following a bus now.</p> <p>I see many tall buildings, a bluish sky.</p> <p>And I see people walking the streets, many people who aren't White.</p> <p><b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> Here's a man with a beard.</p> <p><b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> That's a lady watering a plant, dear.</p> <p><b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> A lady watering a plant. And it looks like we're in a city with some graffiti on the wall.</p> <p><b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> Yeah, I see that too, dear.</p> <p><b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> And there's</p>
---	--	--

Much has been written about  
The world and all its kind of  
loves

But the sweetest of them all  
You seldom will find stories of,  
oh, oh, oh, oh

My love lives outside my window  
  
Clouds burst to give water  
  
So her love can grow, oh

My love smiles to me each  
morning  
  
Says, she'll never leave me and  
I know it's so

**ANOTHER GARDENER:** Look  
at this, first of November, pickin'  
tomatoes.

**PLANT-LOVER 3:** When they

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

somebody coming--

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Somebody  
calls the cops and they get put  
in jail.

**MARCEL VISSER:** That's true.  
Sometimes you get in trouble for  
doing graffiti. Who's walking up  
here?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I don't  
know. Who's that?

**MARCEL VISSER:** There's a  
woman in a green dress.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yes. She's  
got veggies in her arm in a box.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Veggies in  
her hand in a box, that's right.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Going  
through a garden.

**MARCEL VISSER:** She's going  
through a garden.

**MARCEL VISSER:** There's oth-  
er people.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yes. [diffi-  
cult to decipher]

**MARCEL VISSER:** Yeah, looks  
like other ladies in green dress-  
es. What are they doing?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I think  
they're [difficult to decipher] they  
can eat, dear.

**MARCEL VISSER:** And here's  
a man who's gardening and  
here's another other person with  
a green dress.

Here's a man with a--

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah,  
they're picking veggies.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Yeah, and  
here's a woman.

bloom they smell the house all  
over. The gardenia smells fan-  
tastic. It blooms by a window  
so every smell just blows all  
through the house.

**GARDENER:** And, not to forget  
the persimmon!

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

You don't have to look around  
Or ask yourself if she is there

Cause the fragrance of her love  
Says, 'Hi' with every breath of  
air, oh, oh, oh, oh

My love lives outside my window

Clouds burst to give water

So her love can grow, oh

My love smiles to me each  
morning

Says, she'll never leave me and  
I know it's so

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I'm a bit  
hot, dear.

**MARCEL VISSER:** And here's  
the same woman from before.  
Now we're looking at tomatoes.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yes, dear.  
Those are big trees, there are  
big trees in the back.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Corn.  
There's trees in the background,  
yeah.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah, f-f-f-  
fruits.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Little fruits  
getting orange, yeah. And here's  
the man with a hat. What kind of  
hat is that?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Well, it's  
green, dear, I don't know--

**MARCEL VISSER:** Green cow-  
boy hat. Here's somebody pick-  
ing some vegetables in the gar-  
den. A man with long hair.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah.

The size of that giant tomato!

**MARCEL VISSER:** A giant to-  
mato. I think it's a really close-up  
shot of a--

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I know.

**MARCEL VISSER:** --a tomato.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yes.

**MARCEL VISSER:** It looks  
huge! And what colors are turn-  
ing?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Orange! It's  
a, it's a, it's too big to eat. It's too  
big [difficult to decipher].



**PLANT-LOVER 4:** I think a lot of people tend to be like a Jewish mother and, you know, give a lot of food or water to the plants.

**PLANT-LOVER 1:** I think that it's true for anything. Rocks--you can communicate with rocks, people...I mean, they call people like that crazy.

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

You will often hear her name  
Describing anothers prettiness

But if ever there was choice  
My flower would be the prettiest,  
oh, oh, oh, oh

My love lives outside my window

Clouds burst to give water

So her love can grow, oh

My love smiles to me each morning

Says, she'll never leave me and I know it's so

**MARCEL VISSER:** There's a young black man. Who's this?

Man with a beard and a train conductor's hat.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Oh, look there's f-f-f-falcons

**MARCEL VISSER:** Oh, falcons. Oop--some kids?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah, some c-c-c-children, children please, dear.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Some kids sitting on some straw bales.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah, hay, straw bales. What kind of veg-gies she eating, dear? What kind of veggies she eating, dear? Veggies to eat.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Here's the train conductor man again. What's he doing?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I don't know. My back's kind of sore. It's s-s-sore

**MARCEL VISSER:** Your back's kind of sore. Yeah, he's scratch-ing his beard. He's doing gar-den-ing.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yes. It's sore here. Is that cause of using the wheelbarrow? Is that cause of the wheelbarrow?

**MARCEL VISSER:** Cause of the wheelbarrow work, yeah. Here's the lady in the green dress again.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I think she's

		raking the leaves, dear, I think she's raking the leaves.
	My love lives outside my window	<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> Raking the leaves.
	Clouds burst to give water	<b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> How long's the video? How long's the video? How long's it dear? How long's the video?
	So her love can grow, oh	<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> About six minutes.
		<b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> Oh.
	My love smiles to me each morning	I know, I see a, I see a butterfly or moth in there, dear.
		<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> Oh, butterfly! Oh wow.
	Says, she'll never leave me and I know it's so	<b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> Or a moth. Is it is a moth? Is it a moth?
		<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> I'm not sure.
		<b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> Or a butterfly?
		<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> Yeah, I don't know if it was a moth or a butterfly.
You don't have to talk to them with words all the time...	La la la La la la la la la La la la la	<b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> Yeah, me too dear. This year I drew, I drew a moth [difficult to decipher], I drew a moth before.
plants are really hip to what you're doing and who you are...		<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> You drew a moth before?
		<b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> Yeah, before [inaudible].
		<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> Yeah.
<b>PLANT-LOVER 2:</b> I don't think they understand English.	La la la La la la la la la La la la la	
<b>PLANT-LOVER 1:</b> This is a jalapeno pepper, it speaks Spanish.		
<b>ANOTHER GARDENER:</b> I even love them sometimes, picking them. I'm never mean to them, though, like some people tell me they beat them and stuff like that but I never do that. I have always loved them at all times.	La la la La la la la la la La la la la	<b>DENNIS MURPHY:</b> [Difficult to decipher] peacock.
		<b>MARCEL VISSER:</b> Man with a

They understand, you know?

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

La la la  
La la la la la la  
La la la la

cowboy hat and glasses.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** This year at the L-L-L-Loft I drew a picture of a peacock.

**MARCEL VISSER:** You drew a peacock?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah, a picture.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Ah, okay. What are these?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yellow f-f-f-flowers.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Yellow flowers.

There’s an older Black woman, she’s gardening.

Is that a big garden or a small garden?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** It’s...it’s huge.

**MARCEL VISSER:** It’s huge.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** That’s a lot of veggies dear, that’s a lot of veggies to eat dear, a lot of veggies to eat too dear, a lot, a lot of veggies.

**MARCEL VISSER:** A lot of veggies to eat, yeah. I think it must be a community garden where--

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah I know, a lot, there’s a lot, a lot of people working, dear.

**MARCEL VISSER:** A lot of people working, yep. We’re looking overhead--

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I know, look at all those trees! That’s a lot of trees, man.

**MARCEL VISSER:** A lot of trees. Where is this?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I don’t know, there’s a house there too.

**PLANT LOVER 2:** We know that maybe 75% of the Earth's landmass is vegetation.

That is the natural world.

Green, trees, plants, flowers, weeds, wild things growing all over the place.

You sometimes lose track of that when you live in the city. You think *that's* the whole world. But from my plants I get the constant reminder, "Hey, we're the real world--that's not."

[Music fades out...]

[Carefree voices, laughter. And a sweet and tender ballad]

A flake of snow within a storm  
A new way waiting to be born  
In a world with need for change  
A touch of love and fear of hate  
A rushing wind that's asked to wait  
For the promises of rain  
A pearl of wisdom entrapped by poverty

She gives love with purity  
Filling minds with hopeful schemes  
To build worlds enhanced by peace

Draped in sparkling morning dew  
She expresses life anew  
From the earth beneath her feet  
She is a flower that grows  
In love ability, she's femininity

**MARCEL VISSER:** I think it's in a city.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah it's in a city too, too dear, too.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Someone's touching the leaves of a fern.

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah. Would you e-e-eat, would you eat fiddleheads?

**MARCEL VISSER:** Do I ever eat fiddleheads?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Yeah.

**MARCEL VISSER:** Yes. Do you like them?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** I haven't tried them, dear.

**MARCEL VISSER:** You never tried them. I think they're good.

**MAYA LINSLEY:** We're moving past an alley and there are tall buildings that seem deserted. In one of the windows there is a dancer. She is a Black woman and she is moving within the window frame.

And now she's on the fire escape. She's moving very slowly and gracefully down the stairs. And now we're moving through a flower. Back to the dancer. She's at the bottom of the stairs. She's slowly making her way into the alley.

She's dancing through all these piles of garbage or something and now she's standing outlined against the sky.

Now she's dancing through some very sparse corn. She's kind of prowling through it. She keeps moving through the corn. There's a scarecrow behind her that looks pretty creepy.

Black Orchid, Black Orchid  
Why did they make you begin  
When they know in time you'll  
find your truth  
Before your cycle ends?

Now she's jumping through a  
clearing, a lot more energetic  
now.  
  
Spinning...

Black Orchid, Black Orchid  
Why are you crying their fears  
When the true reflection of you  
that they see  
Is love besieged by years?

Her costume is different now:  
she has a skirt and vibrantly col-  
ored leggings.  
  
She's moving through the trees  
very quickly. And the way that  
the shadows look, she's blend-  
ing in with the trees.

She has touched the farthest  
star  
Her beauty speaks of what we  
are  
And her freedom makes us free  
Her now is in eternity, infinite to  
all that see  
And her dreams have been  
achieved

Out into the sunlight. She is in a  
clearing, I think. She's jumping.  
And spinning.

Now there is a sound of laughter  
Nature sings out her name  
For the world to know her fame

Traveling through the flowers  
still.

Black Orchid, Black Orchid  
Why did they criticize  
When they knew your love could  
cast its spell  
And consecrate their eyes?

And now the dancer is lying in  
what looks like a birch tree. She  
has a bright red and pink gown  
on. And she's lying upside down  
in a fork of the branches.

Black Orchid, Black Orchid  
Why do you linger in space  
When you know in every heart  
that beats  
You hold a special place?

And now we're descending into  
a flower.  
  
We're going into another flower  
and it looks like her dress.

When you know in every heart  
that beats  
You hold a special place  
  
[Music ends]

**STEPHANIE JENNER:** So  
there's the horizon. Looks like  
dawn or dusk. There's a point-  
ed roof that you can kind of see  
as a shadow, backlit. The land-  
scape is very, like rocky desert.  
Kind of like at the end of *The  
Lion King* when Scar's the king  
and there's been that drought.



**NARRATOR 1:** In the heart of Africa, on the southwestern edge of the Sahara, lives a nation of peasant warriors who call themselves the Dogon.

For centuries, they have remained fiercely independent, guarding their villages and fields against intrusion from the outside world.

Living in widely scattered villages in a turbulent landscape of sandstone, between huge escarpments and inaccessible cliffs, the Dogon cling to a strong religious identity, with concepts of nature and universe that are unique among the so-called primitive peoples of Africa. These beliefs inter-woven in a tapestry of complex symbols and legends are known only to a handful of tribal elders.

[Distant drumming]

The Temple of Aru is the repository of Dogon religious knowledge. Within its adobe walls are hidden countless objects of great spiritual importance to the tribe, but the essential element of the shrine is human. With no written language, the sacred knowledge of the Dogon lives in the memory of one man, the Ogan of Aru.

[Drumming continues, with flute and speaking]

Approached by the elders of the village, the Ogan alone can direct the course of their rituals. He alone remembers the sacred rites of the sigi. The sigi ritual, held only at 50 year intervals, celebrates the movements of the

[Many drums in unison now, energetic and melodic]

Looks really nice.

So there's a small village. The houses look like they're made out of sand or mud, I guess, with thatched roofs.

I *don't* think he wanted to say peasant there.

Their field's actually really green and the rest is very arid.

Okay, they *practice* a religion rather than cling to.

*Indigenous*, not primitive.

So, it just kind of shows people in the village. And landscape shots. There's a man in the distance walking somewhere. So now it's a closer-up shot of a Black man.

He's now at that temple.

So there's a man sitting. He's kind of got red boots, a white outfit. He's a Black man with a white turban, with what looks like a red pom-pom on top. And he's talking to the man from earlier that we just saw walking.

sacred star. It is the most important event in the Dogon world.	[Buzzing of rope through air]	There's a man kind of swinging a lasso. He's wearing a yellow tunic and some shorts.
In preparation for the ritual, a tribal artist begins an elaborate map of the universe. The words of the Ogan are translated into an astonishingly accurate view of the heavens. The planets of our solar system are shown in their proper orbits around the sun. The rings of Saturn and the moons of Jupiter, invisible to the naked eye, are described in accurate detail. But most remarkable is their knowledge of a distant star called by them Po Tolo. Named for a seed, Po Tolo orbits the star Sirius in the constellation Canis Major.	[The drumming is joined by the sound of shells on the outfits of people dancing in unison, and occasional whoops and shouts...]	Okay, so they're in a cave and they're drawing on the roof of the cave, and it looks like chalk.  So, there's a bunch of folks dancing. They have straw skirts, although it's backlit so they just look like shadows walking in a line while dancing.  So there's people behind them carrying things that are kind of shaped like hydro poles, but they're clearly not, obviously.  Now there are Black women on stilts with red, straw skirts. And they're dancing while walking <i>on stilts</i> --very impressive.
To the Dogon, the star Po Tolo is the eye of the world, a germinating seed from which they receive all knowledge. Each 50 years, throughout all the villages of the tribe, the Dogon pay tribute to Po Tolo in a ceremony of the sigi, illustrating in dance the ellipse of its orbit around Sirius.		They're dancing now, kind of in a circle. And there's some people in the middle of the circle, and three of them have really tall sticks.
Half a world away, astronomer Charles Alcock, of the California Institute of Technology, with Thomas Bellows, a computer programmer, search for scientific truth in the Dogon legend. Astronomers now know that Sirius does, in fact, have a small companion star invisible to the na-	[Music drops away]	

ked eye. The coordinates from these observations will be fed into a computer to determine the size, weight, and precise orbit of the sacred star.

The computer now confirms what the Dogon have known for centuries: a small, incredibly dense star makes an orbit around Sirius every fifty Earth years.

In a sacred cave, the elder Amandingi explains the significance of Po Tolo to initiates so the sigi ritual. Po Tolo is invisible to the eye, but not to the spirit. Thus when men perceive Po Tolo they are spiritually renewed.

The star is heavier than iron, or any earthly substance. To them, it is the Creator being and it is heavy with the life of all worlds. Po Tolo is the germinating seed sending out its shoots that are the creation of all life on Earth, and all life throughout the universe.

**UNIDENTIFIED SPEAKER [presumably Charles Alcock or Thomas Bellows]:** After a lot of consideration, I can think of no way that a primitive African tribe such as the Dogon, without any sophisticated astronomical equipment whatsoever, can discover by themselves that Sirius has a companion star which is invisible to the naked eye.

**NARRATOR 1:** Amandingi's words to the initiates of the sigi ritual have the ring of truth. With insight, the Dogon have probed the mechanism of the universe. They know what science tells us: that the seed and the star are the self-same substance,

[A commotion of mechanical whirring and static, bustling beeps and blips... ]

[Drumming returns]

[Discussion in the background]

**FAN-LING SUEN:** Telescopes, computers, recording devices, and other data-collecting machines.

**STEPHANIE JENNER:** Alright, we're back in the cave where they had done the drawing before. It's got a low ceiling and they have a bonfire. There's three men.

One of them's explaining to the other two.

He's kind of gesturing at the drawing that they had done before in chalk. It's like an oblong with circles in it, I guess.

A screen that has modern-looking lights showing an orbit.

These colonizers really love that word primitive, huh?!

A little unbelievable. They seem to think people who don't study the way we do couldn't know anything. Pretty patronizing.

We're back in the cave. Looks like there's these little wooden statues.



elements of a single universal consciousness.

[Drumming fades out slowly]

[Low hum of an engine]

**FELIX MORRELL:** You see mountains. Now you see more scaly things. Then you see the mountains get a bit yellowish. Now there’s a little overhang on the scales. And you see an alligator eye open! Car is about to crash into the cliff. Car stops right before it crashes into the cliff. Now a White guy walks into his car, he closes the car.

For six years L. George Lawrence, a Silesian-born electronics engineer, has used an abandoned prospector’s cave in the California desert as a base of operations for research in a new science called biocommunications. His purpose in choosing such a remote location was to eliminate manmade electronic interference during a series of remarkable experiments.

[What sounds like the crunch of gravel underfoot, a person moving around, and moving things around]

**L. GEORGE LAWRENCE:**

He put something on the table. But now he’s lit-ing a lamp and... the lamp’s lit-en.

I started my work on plants in 1962 while I was an engineer in the aerospace industry. And at that time, it was one of our goals to develop jam-proof missile components.

Now, after much experimentation, my attention turned to living plant material. In particular, to plant leaves. Plant leaves are able to react to gravitational changes, to temperature changes, electrostatic fields, and so on simultaneously. Now, a man-made sensing device cannot do this.

So, as time went on and I experimented with these various plants and plant leaves, I noted very unusual reaction patterns. Now, at that time, I thought that my equipment was defective. It did not occur to me that I was witnessing a profound consciousness in these living plants. But I was an engineer, nuts and bolts man, I needed to perfect a machine-based system just for the specific purpose of finding out truth about consciousness in

[Pulsating beeping]

He [examines] the tree.

plants.

And to my extreme surprise...it worked. There is indeed a consciousness in the plant kingdom.

**NARRATOR 1:** Lawrence's latest equipment differs significantly from that of other researchers. It dispenses with the necessity to use electrodes directly attached to the subject. He has found through experiments that living vegetable tissue perceives signals with greater sensitivity than electronic sensors.

These tiny mustard seeds removed from a nutrient bath at the point of germination, will act as antennae to receive distant biological radiation.

Emerging into the desert night, Lawrence prepares his equipment.

[Rustling]

At the end of a Faraday tube, he inserts the seeds which will monitor the signals. A rotating beam-splitter will eliminate radio interference.

[Static]

Consulting a star map, Lawrence searches for the constellation Ursa Major, the Great Bear. It's to the celestial coordinates 10 hours 40 minutes by 56 degrees, that he will direct his instrument.

[High pitched electronic wail emerges faintly, timidly, then grows...]

Lawrence scans the heavens, waiting for the seeds to receive a distant signal.

After analysis of his experiment by the Smithsonian Institution

Now he puts this weird glass tube in this camera thing. And now he goes into this weird bazooka-like thing.

Goes towards the bazooka-like thing, inserts the camera-like thing.

He scans a star map.

Stars. And the bazooka-like thing. And this weird lantern. And the camera. And you see a little circle. And he's looking in the camera-like thing...with headphones on. And he's looking in the bazooka-like thing and you can see...stars.

in Washington, DC, L. George Lawrence believes the living plant tissue in his instrument is receiving a message from outer space.

**L. GEORGE LAWRENCE:** Plants communicate with each other. It would also appear, in our case, that we have actually eavesdropped on a communication that has gone on for millions and millions of years. And by some freak accident, by simply allowing a sensing instrument to remain pointed at the sky, we were able to intercept what seems to be a universal truth.

[High pitched wail is now irritatingly loud and coupled with zig- zaggy sounds of scientific breakthrough...]

You can see the stars, they're a bit brighter than the last time you see them. He looks a little angry and he looks above the bazooka-like thing. And he's still wearing headphones.

And you see the stars.

[An understated yet joyful celebration with many drums, including djembe, as well as kora and vocals]

**STEPHANIE JENNER:** We're back to the tribe from earlier. Backlit again, they're doing the march/dance. This may actually just be a repeat of the same shot we saw earlier. Now we're in the cave again with the Black man gesturing to the drawing.

**NARRATOR 1:** In the words of Amandingi, the star is the germinating seed, sending out its shoots that are the creation of all life on Earth, and of all life throughout the universe.

Kesse ye  
Lolo de ye  
Lolo ye  
Kesse de ye  
Kesse ye  
Lolo de ye  
Lolo ye  
Kesse de ye  
Kesse ye  
Lolo de ye  
Lolo ye  
Kesse de ye

[Song ends]

[A swell of string music...]

Now there's a brown bowl and they're pouring some seed into their hands. And a really sped-up shot of grass growing out of the bowl. Kind of like a chia pet, I don't know if you remember those.

And now a beautiful sunrise.

**MARLENE DEGROOT-MAGGETTI:** The sun is coming up on the left side of the screen and moving over.

Now it's changing, a smaller sun... and these small spheres appear. Some of them are light

[A sense of soaring...]

SIR JAGADISH CHANDRA

BOSE: It was in the actions of the plants that I perceived a prevailing unity that is within all things. The mold that quivers in ripples of light, the teeming life upon the Earth, and radiant suns that shine above us.

NARRATOR 1: From a droplet to the Milky Way, from subatomic to galactic, the germinating force of seeds and stars molds and re-molds in metamorphic rounds.

Upon this planet plants have engendered all that is colorful and tasteful that makes you feel and dream.

NARRATOR 2: Asters to zinnias, sun reflecting, give multi-colored spectra, shading from violet to cherry, through fuchsia, iris, orange, indigo, and rose.

NARRATOR 1: It is they the

[A shift in the music: flutes, memories of the forest]

[Another shift: references to songs we’ve heard before, a sense of swirling underwater]

[Familiar forboding sounds of the primordial world, creation and/or destruction…]

[Drama builds and builds…]

[Suddenly resolving into a deep boom. A reflective base line begins, soon joined by piano]

and some of them dark.

Now they disappear. The sun is changing. Looks like maybe clouds are going across.

Back to just the sun, and now some clouds. The sky’s a little lighter.

Looks like suddenly a curled, white leaf with a water droplet.

Light shapes growing. Oh, it’s seaweed. Kelp movin’ around, waving in the water.

More seaweed moving around.

Not sure if I should be scared or not. Now we’re at ferns. And the camera’s moving up a tree branch. Light coming through the forest to the forest floor.

And waves. Are we underwater again? Now it’s gray. It’s the sky with sunbeams.

Fog with a forest. Conifers against the blue sky, and we’re moving back from them.

Going over a forest.

Going over some rock formations.

plants that give us flavors: raspberry to cocoa, sassafras to coffee and vanilla. Plants give the bite in pepper, nutmeg, cinnamon, and curry.

**NARRATOR 2:** Plants waft the fragrance of Cuba rose. Of jasmine and gardenia. Of garlic, leeks and scallion.

**NARRATOR 1:** Plants give the feel of cordage, sailcloth, circus-es and shrouds.

**NARRATOR 2:** And dreamland without end, they give. From hops and vine, from cannabis and cocoa, and, in extremis, the relief of laudanum and the final sleep of Morpheus.

**NARRATOR 1:** For they are life. The Oregon green in leaves. They live in you, and when you die your flesh will live again in other plants. And from those plants more men and women fare. And on and on.

[A hint of mournfulness]

[A driving beat begins]

[Another change. A sense we’ve been here before, but differently. Overall, this reprise feels celebratory and triumphant even]

[Dancing in my seat]

Now we’re looking at reflections of a forest in a lake.

Up in the air looking down. Over the landscape.

Rocks. It’d be a little bit like stalactites.

No, stalagmites.

Rocks, big rocks.

There’s a tree, branches.

Oh, it’s a close-up of a tree stump that’s rotting. Yeah, it’s a tree stump, a rotting tree stump.

Now we’re moving pretty quickly over a landscape.

This is a faraway aerial picture going over a desert with some scrubby landscape.

Another rock formation that looks like stalagmites.

Oh, back to the tree stump but it also kind of looks like the aerial.

Now we’re going over a forest, looking straight down and it’s all green with lighter green now.

Huge rocks.

Very close-up of a leaf with the veins.

Some tiny plants. They’re growing up and it’s a dandelion with its seeds, and the seeds are blowing. Puff balls. Seeds are



Aware of love, hate, and a whole spectrum of human emotions, are not plants the perfect monitors of Earth? Observers of infinite patience enduring for millennia amidst the chaos of the human condition?

Spread across the face of the land, what message do they pass from this to other worlds?

**NARRATOR 2:** The eyes that view these endless scenes are numberless as stars. The viewer, one.

**NARRATOR 1:** Crystalline, kaleidoscopic, life snakes its way through the alchemy of mortal coils, creating and destroying form.

**SIR JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE:** I understood for the first time that ancient message proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges thirty centuries ago:  
They who see but one in all the teeming manifoldness of the universe, unto them alone belongs eternal truth. Unto no one else.

[Mysterious instrumental music with church-like bells. Familiar themes emerge but more somberly]

[Tension building, what seems like an intense finale that becomes a continuation]

[The actual, more complicated finale...]

moving across the screen.

And the seeds are landing on the ground.

Back to the sun.

Sun is going down.

**SALLY LUDWIG:** Moonrise. Big white silver disk with blue going through hazy clouds up to the upper right. Planet Earth in gibbus lighting moving back into the black background. Now a galaxy cloud or nebula cloud with stars receding, receding into black. Yellow-red cloud of stars...receding into black.

Crystals, six sides forming from the center.

Now a large crystal filling the screen from the top. Angles, bands...of color.

Now the largest crystal coming in from the right side. Saturated bands of red, green, blue, yellow.

Green plant cells.

Black and green. A close-up, rectangular cell with movement circulating all around.

Now something huge and yellow filling the screen. It's a melon



seed, a squash seed--yellow  
with white, with black back-  
ground getting smaller, smaller...  
receding...

[Fade to silence]

...and gone.

[Sparse, adagio-tempo piano  
holds space for the lyrics here. A  
sense of sorrow and reflection.]

**LEA TRAN:** Fog is coming out  
of the cracks of the landscape.  
Now there's a man that appears  
walking on the landscape. He's  
walking very slowly and he's  
singing.

I can't conceive the nucleus of  
all  
Begins inside a tiny seed  
And what we think as insignifi-  
cant  
Provides the purest air we  
breathe

He's slowly walking and singing  
along the arid landscape.

But who am I to doubt or ques-  
tion the inevitable being  
For these are but a few discov-  
eries  
We find inside the Secret Life of  
Plants

He's looking towards a stand of  
trees.

A species smaller than the eye  
can see  
Or larger than most living things  
And yet we take from it without  
consent  
Our shelter, food, habiliment

The man's standing and there  
are waterfalls behind him.

But who am I to doubt or ques-  
tion the inevitable being  
For these are but a few discov-  
eries  
We find inside the Secret Life of  
Plants

The scene has now switched  
again to him rowing a boat.

But far too many give them in  
return  
A stomp, cut, drown, or burn  
As is they're nothing  
But if you ask yourself where  
would you be  
Without them you will find you  
would not

Really big water lilies with white  
flowers.

The plants are shifting with his  
movements. And now he's walk-  
ing through a lush rainforest.

And some believe antennas are  
their leaves  
That spans beyond our galaxy  
They've been, they are and  
probably will be  
Who are the mediocrity

The leaves on the trees, or  
the vines on the trees look like  
they're really old, ancient plants.

But who am I to doubt or question the inevitable being	And now there's a close-up of the singing man. And you can see that it's definitely Stevie Wonder.
For these are but a few discoveries	And the scene has switched to him walking through a field of beautiful, bright sunflowers.
We find inside the Secret Life of Plants	
For these are but a few discoveries	
We find inside the Secret Life of Plants	
Oh oh oh	The camera is panning up so that we can look down on the scene, on the field of sunflowers with Stevie standing still now.
[Music fades out]	
[Da dum! Enter <i>Come Back as a Flower</i> , sung by Syreeta Wright. A soft piano ballad that pulls on the heartstrings]	<b>MARIA BROWN:</b> A close-up of soil is showing in front of a black background. In high speed a sweet pea seed is bursting out of the soil.
The strangest thought came to me on this morning	
As I awoke to greet the coming dawn	A leaf begins to unfold as the film credits appear in the foreground. It's an Infinite Enterprises film, directed by Walon Green and produced by Michael Braun.
The sun was hardly peaking through the garden	
It felt that with everything I was one	The leaves continue to unfold as white flowers open. The screenplay is by Peter Tompkins, Walon Green, and Michael Braun.
Then I wished that I could come back as a flower	
As a flower	The movie is based on The Secret Life of Plants by Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird. Executive Producers are Burt Kleiner and Paul Kanter.
As a flower	
How I wished that I could come back as a flower	
As a flower	
To spread the sweetness of love	Music is composed and performed by Stevie Wonder.
To spread the sweetness of love	Natural History Cinematography is by Ken Middleham.
The dew had finished making love to many	And it's narration by Peter Tompkins, Elizabeth Vreeland, and Ruby Crystal.
A rainbow smelling sweet was in the air	Director, Dancer, Choreographer and Costume Designer for Black

I envied all the silence I saw growing	Orchid segment are now listed. The song, <i>Come Back as a Flower</i> , is sung by Syreeta.
So unmoved by things outside of themselves	The film has been edited by Christopher Lebenzon, Robert Lambert and Ian Masters.
And how I wished that I could come back as a flower	Cinematographers are listed as close-ups of various parts of the full-grown sweet pea plant is showing. Music Engineers, Recording Studios, and Publishers are listed. Sound credits are listed. Other credits continue to be shown as the camera is zooming in on various parts of the plant.
As a flower	
As a flower	
How I wished that I could come back as a flower	
As a flower	
To spread the sweetness of love	
How I wished that I could come back as a flower	It continues to bloom and push upwards.
Ooh, as a flower	
As a flower	
How I wished that I could come back as a flower	Rolling credits begin for Thank Yous and Corporate Support as the camera focuses on the fully-bloomed flower of the sweet pea plant.
As a flower	
To spread the sweetness of love	
To spread the sweetness of love	The original soundtrack for <i>The Secret Life of Plants</i> is available on Motown Records and Tapes.
[Music ends]	The film then fades out.
[Da dum: there's more! <i>Come Back as a Flower</i> comes back again]	
The strangest thought came to me on this morning	<b> AISLINN THOMAS:</b> Community description by:  <b> RACHAEL CHONG:</b> Rachel Chong, market gardener.  <b> THEO LINSLEY:</b> Theo Linsley, plant eater!  <b> MAYA LINSLEY:</b> Maya Linsley, succulent enthusiast!  <b> AURA LINSLEY:</b> Aura Linsley, [spoken through laughter] pump-
As I awoke to greet the coming dawn	

	kin-grower!
	<b>YVONNE IP:</b> Yvonne Ip, weed-puller.
The sun was hardly peaking through the garden	<b>SARA BRUBACHER:</b> Hello, my name is Sara Brubacher and I'm a clinical herbalist.
	<b>PATTI LENNOX:</b> Patti Lennox, greenhouse worker.
It felt that with everything I was one	<b>KAI REIMER WATTS:</b> Kai Reimer Watts, and I like to grow and eat plants. Especially raspberries and blueberries.
Then I wished that I could come back as a flower	<b>ABHI DEWAN:</b> My name is Abhi Dewan, and in my next life I would like to be a plant. Specifically a large fern in the forest.
As a flower	
As a flower	<b>CLARA JENNER:</b> My name is Clara Jenner and I like how pollinators collect their nectar.
	<b>RODGER TSCHANZ:</b> Roger Tschanz, University of Guelph research technician
How I wished that I could come back as a flower	<b>FAN-LING SUEN:</b> Fan-Ling Suen, vegetable grower.
	<b>JANET L'ABBE:</b> My name is Janet L'Abbe, and I'm a gardener. I'm also a member of the Kitchener Horticultural Society. Thank you, bye.
As a flower	
To spread the sweetness of love	<b>DAVID SHUMAKER:</b> This is David Shumaker. A former scientist, always a plant-lover.
	<b>CHRIS EARLEY:</b> Chris Earley, Guelph Arboretum nature geek.
	<b>CANDACE McCUTCHEON:</b> Hi, my name is Candace McCutchen. I love gardening, I'm part of three community gardens. I'm excited for each new growing season. Propagation--oh my gosh. Love it. Learning so much more about how to do it and make new baby plants. It's great.
The dew had finished making love to many	
A rainbow smelling sweet was in the air	<b>ANNA-MARIE LARSEN:</b> This is Anna-Marie Larson recording for Aislinn. What can I say about

I envied all the silence I saw  
growing

myself? Anna Marie Larson  
probably likes hats. Anna-Ma-  
rie Larson likes hats at least as  
much as she likes plants.

So unmoved by things outside of  
themselves

**MARCEL VISSER:** We are  
Marcel Visser and this is,

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Dennis  
Murphy

And how I wished that I could  
come back as a flower

**MARCEL VISSER:** And we  
work together in the--where do  
we work, Dennis?

**DENNIS MURPHY:** Garden.

As a flower

**MARCEL VISSER:** In the gar-  
den program and in the green-  
house.

**STEPHANIE JENNER:** My  
name is Stephanie Jenner and I  
am a community gardener.

As a flower

**FELIX MORRELL:** Hi, my  
name is Felix Morrell and I  
love picking gooseberries and  
raspberries. And sometimes  
strawberries, but I'm not a big  
strawberry-raspberry fan, so  
technically, I love picking goose-  
berries. And I also am a bee-  
keeper too.

How I wished that I could come  
back as a flower

**MARLENE DEGROOT-MAG-  
GETTI:** My name is Marlene  
deGroot Maggetti. And I grew  
up, my family had a garden  
center, so I always had plants  
around me. And I've always felt  
very connected to them.

As a flower

To spread the sweetness of love

**SALLY LUDWIG:** I'm Sally  
Ludwig. I've been interested  
in and I have felt a connection  
with plants ever since I can re-  
member. I've been a tree planter  
and a gardener. I love gathering  
wild food. And I appreciate what  
plants have to teach us.

How I wished that I could come  
back as a flower

**LEA TRAN:** Lea Tran, Plant  
Spirit Medicine healer.

Ooh, as a flower

**MARIA BROWN:** Maria Brown,  
home and volunteer gardener.

As a flower

How I wished that I could come  
back as a flower

**AISLINN THOMAS:** Editing by:

As a flower

To spread the sweetness of love	<b>NATHAN SALIWONCHYK:</b> Nathan Saliwonchyk. I like trees and lots of small plants.
To spread the sweetness of love	<b> AISLINN THOMAS:</b> <i>PHOTOPHAGIA</i> is a project by Aislinn Thomas, gardener, forger and plant-admirer. Curated by Dave Dymment and produced by Ontario Culture Days in 2019. Much gratitude for the generous support of the Canada Council for the Arts in the research and creation of this work and the contributions of the many, and multiply plant-affiliated, community describers.
[Music ends]	