

Appendix 2 - The hawthorns

The texts for the hawthorns' speeches in the Living Room –event in Turku in June 2010 were written in the first person singular and all of them started with the phrase “My name is Crataegus, though around here they call me hawthorn”. The rest of the monologue was different for each tree, taking into account the special characteristics of that species as well as the peculiarities of that particular place.

Crataegus Grayana

The following extract from the monologue by the hedge hawthorn Crataegus Grayana growing in the Barker park refers to the actual site:

“Sometimes I am called American hawthorn since I was brought to this country from Ontario in Canada in the 18th century. Because I can survive the hard winter as far North as Lapland I am very popular here. Usually they cut me to form hedges but if not, I will grow into a small and elegant tree, as you see. - I really enjoy living near the river, close to people passing by, so I can watch the traffic on the river. I do like being an independent tree rather than a bush. What a horror to grow in a hedge that is regularly cut and never have the chance to blossom. But I would not like to grow alone. We have grown up like this close to each other all eight of us. Everybody thinks her place is the best, but I would not change mine. I like to watch the water. - Here everyone can see that I am an elegant tree and not a bush, though most people think of us as thorny hedges.”



Crataegus Grayana – Barker Park

Crataegus Submollis

The hawthorn in the Puolala park referred to the site only in passing:

“The family of hawthorns is very old. In North America they have found traces of us that date from 140 and 170 million years ago. There you can find hundreds of species of hawthorns even today. I am *Crataegus submollis*, or Quebec hawthorn. I can grow up to ten meters high and I produce a large crop of red fruits. - I am planted here on purpose, though my roots do not really have enough space here. The sun shines nicely, though, and the traffic is not bad. I like to spread out my branches freely in all directions. It might look like there are two of us growing here together, but in fact it is only me and my branches.” The rest of the text focuses on the medicinal powers of hawthorns...



Crataegus Submollis – Puolala Park



Crataegus Submollis – Puolala Park



Crataegus Submollis – Puolala Park

Crataegus Monogyna

The Common Hawthorn, *Crataegus Monogyna*, an endangered species in Finland, growing in the park of the old castle, refers briefly to her historical growing site:

“To be honest I did not appreciate this place when younger. I felt we were stuck here in the backyard and did not know what took place within the walls of the castle. We could not even see who came in or went out through the main gate. However, I have forgotten most of what I did see, I guess. History is interesting, but you never notice history when it seems like every day life. - In ancient times we had an important role in the Celtic tree alphabet or the beth-luis-nion (or birch, rowan, ash) alphabet. I stood for the sixth letter h, huath or hawthorn. Their calendar was based on the moon and my month extended from thirteenth of May to the ninth of June. According to the old style Julian calendar, which was used in Britain before 1752, the hawthorn month would start around 1st of May, which is also Beltane, the spring Fire Festival of renewed growth and strength. In those days it was the blossoming of the May tree, not the date alone, which announced the true arrival of spring and summer.”



Crataegus Monogyna – Castle Park



Crataegus Monogyna – Castle Park



Crataegus Monogyna – Castle Park

Crataegus Rhipidophylla

The fourth hawthorn, *Crataegus Rhipidophylla*, next to the observatory on Vartiovuori hill, explains her relationship to the site in the following way:

“Open vistas, I really adore. I have adapted to life here between lilacs, pea shrubs and honeysuckle because I love the view of the city. Sometimes I wonder what life would be like among those of my own kind. With the lilacs I have to work hard to bloom. When they start spreading their scent nobody else has much of a chance. I have nothing against lilacs. But I sometimes feel lonely among them, when their perfume is all over and the honeysuckle joins in, too. Luckily my red haws can be seen in the Fall. - In Ireland I am revered as a fairie tree. They say that if you sit under a hawthorn growing on a fairy hill at the night of the 1st of May, you will be whisked away to the fairie world. I am guarding many wells and springs, and I am often treated as a wish tree, covered with rags. Lone hawthorns grow in the fields, and on burial mounds, and they say that cutting one will result in bad misfortune, loss of cattle, money, even your children. Perhaps it is due to the custom of cleaning the dead, in olden times. The body was washed with water and hay and the hay and the water which had been used were put under the hawthorn bush. I would sometimes be planted near the place where an accident happened. Thus both the soul and the place could be cleansed of the negative vibrations caused by the accident or that caused the accident in the first place. - Though I am considered an unlucky tree, my main power is cleansing.” And so on.



Crataegus Rhipidophylla – Vartiovuori Park



Crataegus Rhipidophylla – Vartiovuori Park



Crataegus Rhipidophylla – Vartiovuori Park