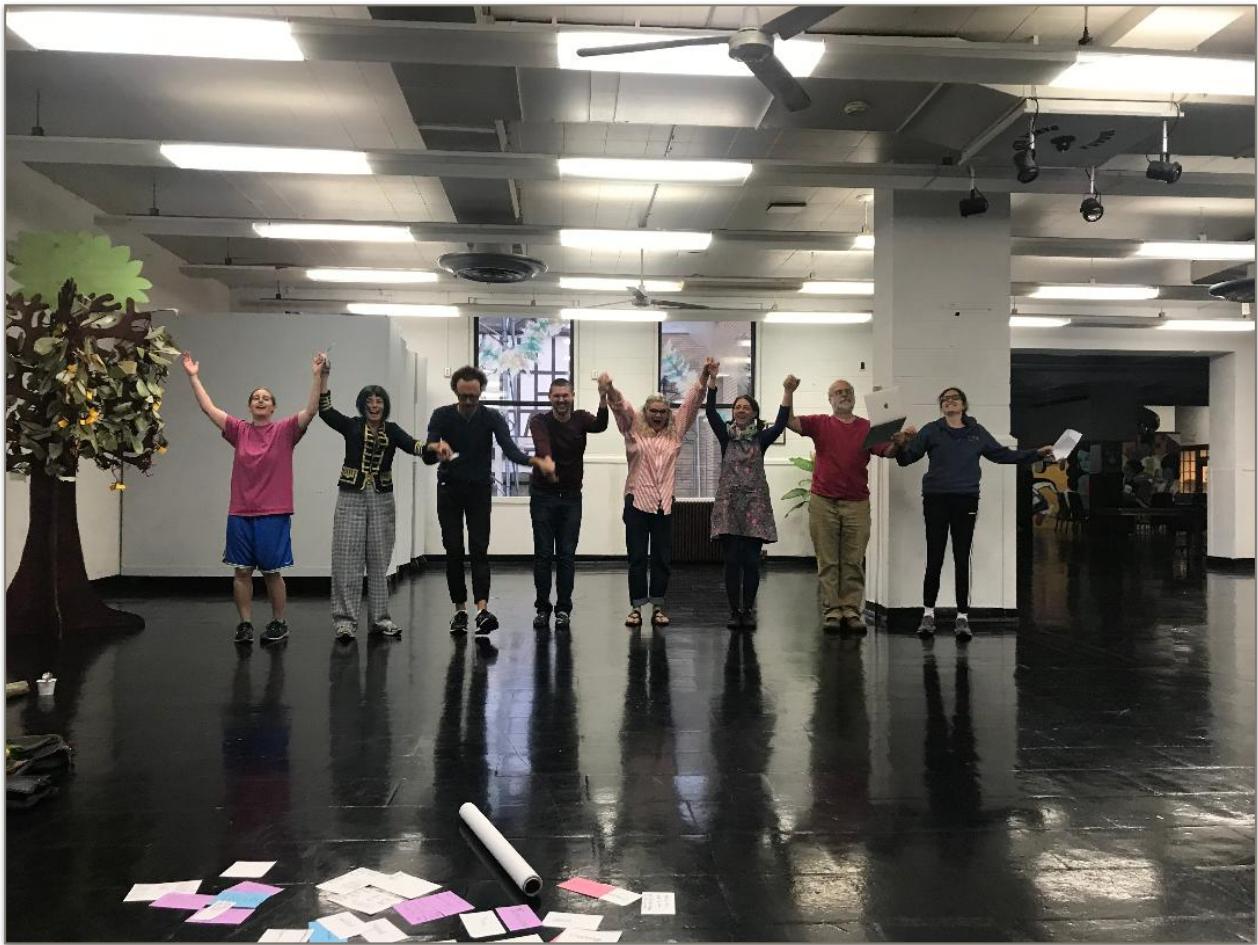




Re^{right}_{3i} Cassandra

Your Weekly Prophet

Cassandras from all walks of life have come together to focus on the climate crisis.



Assemble/Ensemble - changing the art of conversation

Assemble/Ensemble

We meet three times per week in various locations at the IMC: Mondays and Thursdays from 4-6pm and Sundays from 12-2pm.

Email AI for more information:
creaturedepartment@gmail.com

Assemble/Ensemble is a performance ensemble offshoot of the Re/Re Cassandra Project. We are focused on generating material for composition based around our conversations, readings, and actions around climate change during our time as Cassandras here in Urbana.

**Our purposes are to
use performance
composition to:**

- find new routes in our thinking and speaking about climate change and to create and publicly disseminate performance work



which questions a variety of perspectives on climate change (including our own)

- offer new possibilities for action and organizing around climate change
- engage with climate change as a problem we are excited to have
- become experts on our thoughts and experts in creating, tuning, and composing a language which will be the challenge to someone else.
- amplify lesser heard perspectives on climate justice and problematize decayed, unuseful, or harmful language around climate change

What we've been doing:

We've shared components of climate change and used them as material, greeted each other with HELP! and pears and credit cards, written and performed business pitches on what to buy to Save the Planet, improvised talk shows, worked with each other on scenes involving conveyer belts and artificial grape and the mississippi river, and put together a rough theatre piece from five completely newly created scenes written just today in twenty minutes.



If you would like to join us sometime, please come to one of our sessions or get in touch with Al.

creaturedepartment@gmail.com



Cassandras rocking all over the world!

Kate and Brian - New York City

On Thursday 10th, Kate Insola and Brian Dolinar talked about their experiences during the **Climate Strike Week** in New York.

They gave us a wonderful glimpse of how every topic we address, every injustice, violence, every malfunction in our current political, economical and health care issues all over the world are connected to Climate Change.

As our abilities of humanism, to listen to each other and nature and our awareness of the actual way to face these challenges grows, we can develop a new way of living.



Global Climate Strike - 29.11.2019

The Fridays for Future youth movement to mitigate climate change is planning its next **global protest day for November 29.**

The fresh round of protests, attended by striking school students and their supporters, is set to take place days before the United Nations climate change conference kicks off in Chile on December 2.





Cassandra's Climate Café - Our part in a global movement - Take 2!

We're offering Cassandra Climate Cafes!

We cannot solve a problem no one is talking about. The Sept. 23rd edition of Science News reports: only 25% of Americans talk about the climate change for one hour a month, with friends or family---the rest don't talk about it at all... Yipes. We consider this a huge problem---**we can't solve a problem no one is talking about.**

So ReReCassandras propose a weekly Cassandra Climate Cafe 'open' for a 2-3 hours, outside in a public space, where people are invited to come talk about climate change. We offer free coffee, hibiscus tea, cookies and cake, some inviting sofas and cushions for relaxing, and ourselves, the ReRe Cassandras, who are eager to listen and learn what people think and feel.

Hermann Hesse -What Trees Teach Us About Belonging and Life

28. September 2019

For me, trees have always been the most penetrating preachers. I revere them when they live in tribes and families, in forests and groves. And even more I revere them when they stand alone. They are like lonely persons. Not like hermits who have stolen away out of some weakness, but like great, solitary men, like Beethoven and Nietzsche.

In their highest boughs the world rustles, their roots rest in infinity; but they do not lose themselves there, they struggle with all the force of their lives for one thing only: to fulfill themselves according to their own laws, to build up their own form, to represent themselves. Nothing is holier, nothing is more exemplary than a beautiful, strong tree. When a tree is cut down and reveals its naked death-wound to the sun,

one can read its whole history in the luminous, inscribed disk of its trunk: in the rings of its years, its scars, all the struggle, all the suffering, all the sickness, all the happiness and prosperity stand truly written, the narrow years and the luxurious years, the attacks withstood, the storms endured. And every young farmboy knows that the hardest and noblest wood has the narrowest rings, that high on the mountains and in continuing danger the most indestructible, the strongest, the ideal trees grow.

Trees are sanctuaries. Whoever knows how to speak to them, whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth. They do not preach learning and precepts, they preach, undeterred by particulars, the ancient law of life.

A tree says: A kernel is hidden in me, a spark, a thought, I am life from eternal life. The attempt and the risk that the eternal mother took with me is unique, unique the form and veins of my skin, unique the smallest play of leaves in my branches and the smallest scar on my bark. I was made to form and reveal the eternal in my smallest special detail

This week we spent we braved the winds and the cold to bring our Café to the Urbana Farmer's Market. It was a morning full of learning, chatting and inspiration. Follow us on Social Media to find out where we will be next!

**Join us for some tea,
bring your favourite
books and articles -
your friends, family
and pets and let's
change the world
together!**



A tree says: My strength is trust. I know nothing about my fathers, I know nothing about the thousand children that every year spring out of me. I live out the secret of my seed to the very end, and I care for nothing else. I trust that God is in me. I trust that my labor is holy. Out of this trust I live.

When we are stricken and cannot bear our lives any longer, then a tree has something to say to us: Be still! Be still! Look at me! Life is not easy, life is not difficult. Those are childish thoughts. . . . Home is neither here nor there. Home is within you, or home is nowhere at all.

A longing to wander tears my heart when I hear trees rustling in the wind at evening. If one listens to them silently for a long time, this longing reveals its kernel, its meaning. It is not so much a matter of escaping from one's suffering, though it may seem to be so. It is a longing for home, for a memory of the mother, for new metaphors for life. It leads home. Every path leads homeward, every step is birth, every step is death, every grave is mother.

So the tree rustles in the evening, when we stand uneasy before our own childish thoughts: Trees have long thoughts, long-breathing and restful, just as they have longer lives than ours. They are wiser than we are, as long as we do not listen to them. But when we have learned how to listen to trees, then the brevity and the quickness and the childlike hastiness of our thoughts achieve an incomparable joy. Whoever has learned how to listen to trees no longer wants to be a tree. He wants to be nothing except what he is. That is home. That is happiness.

28. September 2019

Mother Earth by Kathrin Schimak

Inspired by Assemble/Ensemble



Get in touch! Cassandras of the world unite! :D

Wishing you good fortunes and strength to fight for climate justice!

The ReCassandras

If you need your daily dose of Cassandra Craziness please follow us on Facebook or Instagram !

<https://www.facebook.com/ReRe-Cassandra-Project>

<https://www.instagram.com/rere.cassandra/>

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