

While local species are becoming extinct in certain territories due to the impact of our lifestyles on those of other cohabitants, we are filling all possible spaces with so-called “exotic” plants that have been subjected to technoreproductive control in captivity for centuries. This type of relationship with tropical orchids, which, by the way, require a special type of home to survive in this environment (greenhouses), has led to a visible fetishism both in the consumption of the plant as a decorative product and in the eugenic control of their reproduction. We have developed techniques that allow us to take the place of insects.

Tropicalism was marked by a fascination with exoticism and colonised cultures, a desire to represent and incorporate the exotic into Western art, literature, and culture. Tropicalism exoticises tropical regions, reducing them to dream-like and mysterious landscapes while ignoring the complex realities and local knowledge. The introduction of tropical orchids to Europe necessitated the development of sophisticated phytophilic reproductive technologies to ensure specimens with pedigree. This represents a form of epistemic and ecological violation. It imposes a reductionist view of nature, where plants are perceived as objects of consumption and decoration. The eugenic control of the reproduction of tropical orchids in Europe reflects a desire for domination and mastery, disregarding the complex dynamics of tropical ecologies

La “Dancing Lady”, une orchidée du genre *Oncidium*, introduite en 18th-century Europe, this plant became a symbol of tropical exoticism. However, this transfer involved the erasure of local knowledge about the uses and meanings of the orchid, replaced by Western classification systems and cultivation techniques. This introduction and the European designation of the orchid as the “dancing lady” is already an anthropomorphism that has led to its exploitation both for technoreproduction and its image, creating artificial flowers while deforestation of the Amazon, ecocide, and epistemicide continue..

Will we be content with
plastic flowers?

tropical nightmare:
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Tropical Nightmare

We love warmth and humidity, as well as the cold wind, but not as much. Especially the humidity. We are carried by the air or by extensions of other bodies already in place. We settle in a nook, an armpit, a habitable space and, through our roots, we extend, we support ourselves, and we grow in and with someone. We appreciate partial shade, a few rays of sunlight, but not too much. We are demanding, we want to be at home.

The wind and rain make us dance outward, swaying our outer parts onto other beings. The wind and rain connect us with other minerals, with other relationships from a long history carried by water and air.

They say we have exquisite tastes, that we are demanding in our relationships. At home, it seems neither a chore nor a demand. It's the erotic pleasure of encountering insects that sense our different temperatures in the flower, or pick up our electromagnetic waves and understand that it's an invitation to interact. We are not demanding, it's just that our companions are not here, they are at home, where we are not.

At some point in our history, hands were encountered. Hands that separated us from our long-standing associations. Individuals, they say, were taken even further, crossing over water. Hands passed us to other hands, placing us in a crystal palace, in a country where it doesn't rain, there is neither sun, nor insects, nor birdsong, nor branches, nor lichens, nor all our societies. These new homes forged nostalgia in our world. The lack of community within the jungle communities. Or at least, it was so in the beginning.

From an apparent care and appreciation of our species (through that of our genital organs), we were reduced to a system of sexual violation to ensure something called pedigree. They say some of us have pure blood, and others do not.





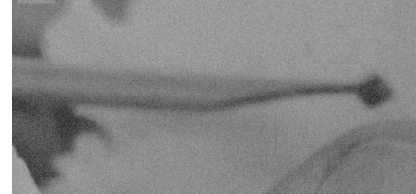
This caused new communities to form, with a different culture. Born far from the jungle, nostalgia was eased generation by generation. But we became dependent on wills. The rain has its own will, but it managed to water us when we needed it. Now, we depend on the attention—an

abandoned capacity—of a species of primates who do not know us, and therefore do not know how to take care of us. It's not their fault, because it is the responsibility of an environment, not just simple watering.

What does our life mean?
Beyond your decoration?
What does our life mean in itself?



Sad tropics, sad tropics. Once so happy without their tropicality. Psychedelic tropics, psycho-tropics. Tropics happy with encounters, biodiversity, extreme sensations, intertwined worlds. Now sad, the tropics see their world taken away, co-opted by white men. Don't worry, they say, we will keep the tropics in a chest where everything is frozen, where it is cold, where the tropics are not. Happy tropics, sad tropics. Sad, sad tropics, colonial belt of the world, with constant extirpations. Sad. Without tropics, they lose their connection to all the other stars.



“Assisted reproduction” is merely a euphemism for a profoundly violent act aimed at collapsing the entire global ecosystem. Human interventions may appear sincere and ben-

eficial to nature at first glance, but the reason they have become necessary is largely due to human cognitive distortions, which have also caused devastating situations such as industrial revolutions, environmental contamination, and the exploitation of nature itself.

It often happens that the living conditions and appearance of local species are arbitrarily transformed into a tamable chimera by the exploiter for the fetishism of “exoticism” and capitalization. This applies not only to plants but also to other species; it is universally applicable to all species, including humans.

Looking at history, there have been numerous cases of modifying the nature of living beings: cloned sheep, pet shop cats and dogs bred into naturally impossible forms, corn modified to repel insects, and so on. All these cases have been generated to amuse, profit, and “enrich” human life. The concept of benefit for humans already shows how unilateral this viewpoint is; it is nothing but what structuralism criticized against existentialism. Exploiters use their own criteria to measure what is “good” and “bad”. Something becomes more beneficial for humans because it works better—hence “development” is “good”. This unbalanced ignorance has created an ethically dangerous situation where humans behave like omnipotent beings. Not everyone still believes that technology is a panacea, however, pursuing the development of technologies could still be considered blindly and unconsciously benign and praised without deeply questioning what human intervention in nature means. I do not deny the entire development of technologies; here I critique the existentialist praise of technological development.

