

# King of the Savannah

*by Arslohgo*



*Arslohgo, King of the Savannah (DW26). 5940 x 4200 Pixels. CMYK, 300 dpi.*

Anyone who owns a lawn knows the enemy. Its name is *Taraxacum officinale*, commonly called dandelion, and it always comes back. Always. In Arslohgo's "King of the Savannah," this unassuming subject of suburban garden warfare is staged with the dignity it deserves: not as a weed, but as an apex predator.

The work shows three stages of a single plant growing out of a desaturated, gray, neatly mown lawn — the titular "Savannah." On the left, atop a green stalk, rises not a flower head but a bony, gaping skull-jaw, its fangs arranged radially like the rays of an aggressive sun. In the center of

the image, the classic yellow composite blossom blooms in full glory. On the right, having grown well past the central axis, the dandelion clock floats, backed by a softly glowing aureole, almost like the figure of a saint at the moment of dissolution.

This is lohgorhythmics in its purest form. The German name Löwenzahn — literally “lion's tooth” — already carries its own visual code; Arslohgo makes it visible. What botanists long ago stopped noticing — the etymology of the serrated leaf margins, the genealogical leap from predator to meadow flower — is here back-translated as anatomical fact. The English title completes the operation on a second linguistic level: if the lion is the king of the savannah, and the lion lives in the tooth, then the dandelion — this plant that lays claim to every square meter of front-yard turf — is the rightful sovereign of this small, fenced-in savannah.

The composition lays out a hagiography in three images. The skull is militant youth, the tool with which the plant burrows into the soil and asserts itself against the mower wheel. The yellow flower is the brief, luminous middle of life — and tellingly the only fully colored element on the ground plane. The dandelion clock with its golden halo is the transfiguration: at the moment of apparent extinction, the plant releases a thousand seeds. What looks like an ending is its true demonstration of power. The wind is its army.

The gray treatment of the lawn is no merely aesthetic effect. The neatly mown turf, drawn into stripes — status symbol of Northern European garden culture, calling card of the diligent homeowner — appears here as a desouled surface, a desert of compulsive order. The dandelion is not the weed. The lawn is the bleached vassal, the kingdom that deserves this king.

The placement within the Dutch Works series opens an additional, characteristically lohgorhythmic reading. “Dutch” and “Deutsch” — perhaps the most famous false friend between the artist's two working languages — bring the work into a twofold cultural-historical resonance. On the English side, the image invokes Dutch Golden Age landscape painting: deep horizon, high sky, the strict geometry of a surface wrested from the land through polders and drainage. On the German side, it opens onto the Schrebergarten, the front-yard lawn, the entire mowed-turf metaphysics of bourgeois property. Both cultures have invested the lawn with the status of a moral statement; both surrender, in this image, to a single composite-flowered plant. Werke here means not only artworks but also feats of landscape engineering — and their manifest failure.

It is a critique with a fine smile. The hagiographic iconography of the floating dandelion clock, the martial skull-jaw at the other end of the same plant, the professional compositing that holds up under magnification — all of this is technically masterful. But beneath the bravura lies the familiar ARTDIG tone: that quiet, precise subversion that first looks like a joke and then reveals itself as ontology. The weed is not what we pull from the lawn. The weed is us, with our mowers, in a foreign realm.

