



Anna Bierler

Tear bag
I am standing
in a lake
Clear as a tear
For a long time
it felt like I
Had lost my future
My skin
leaking
Contaminated
fluids
Torn

Bags
porous walls
I'm still waiting
wasting
droplets of water
dripping leaving
traces

The first to stay and make the world a habitable space were organisms who were able to photosynthesise: the first creatures to transform light-energy into living matter. When life left the sea, it actually never really left the sea, but brought the sea along with it, to where it didn't exist before.⁽¹⁾ Every living body a deposit, every watery body a carrier bag.⁽²⁾

“It is a human thing to do to put something you want, because it's useful, edible, or beautiful, into a bag [...] and then take it home with you, home being another, larger kind of pouch or bag, a container for people.”⁽³⁾ I am borrowing these words from Ursula K. Le Guin's feminist essay *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction*, written in 1986. This alternative version of human history, a counter-narrative in which the first tool is not a knife, but a vessel, influenced the writing of this text deeply. A carrier bag, a container, holding together various seeds,
roots,
nuts,
words,
sentences,
stories:

a thing that holds another thing.⁽⁴⁾ This text has been nurtured along the way by my surroundings: the constantly changing skies, rivers, rocks and trees; the ground I move on; the houses and construction sites I have grown in; precious readings; and numerous generous conversations with fellow humans with whom I share a planet and a life.⁽⁵⁾

Thoughts, feelings and ideas are “nameless and formless,”⁽⁶⁾ the poet Audre Lorde suggests, until contained, mineralised, petrified, crystallised into words. In order to be visible and tangible, words need media, some sort of bag.

A clay tablet,
a text message,
a poster,
a page in a book,
radio waves,
a postcard,
a screen,
a voice.

Words are always grounded in matter one way or another. Our words become materialised, spatial beings within these frameworks so they can move between us, travelling in infrastructures made from the extracted and processed matter of the world

sand,
wood,
metals,
minerals.

In this sense, I am writing this text with stones.⁽⁷⁾ Through and with stones I am speaking about the tension between ephemerality and matter, moving from solid to fluid and back, collaborating with stones as carriers for memories and stories, as carrier bags for words. With stones we construct things.

Moments of clarity are so rare
I better document this
At last the view is fierce
All that matters is

Björk, "Stonemilker," 2015

I AM A TINY CRYSTAL ON AN ASTEROID

Every once in a while, I—a human animal on the plant spectrum, a body made of water and stone—find myself drawn to water.⁽⁸⁾ I step into puddles, I escape the spraying cloud of the oncoming car, I watch the flow, the dancing reflection of the surroundings. A sponge, sopped full of its environment, constantly reacting, answering. I take a stone in my hand and make it fly. It flies for a while and then drops, leaving concentric circles where it meets the water. I take another one; it flies, dissolving into the water. It will live down there now, at the bottom.

“Words hold things,”⁽⁹⁾ stones carry stories. The first forms of writing involved dust, clay and stone—the first writing tablets were in many ways similar to our digital writing tools, which are themselves built with minerals extracted from the Earth. Every travelling word leaves a trace, a footprint. Words hold things, literally. They carry with them the pulverized earth on which they travel. “Words hold things. They bear meanings.”⁽¹⁰⁾ Holding the composing stick in the left hand, slightly bent towards my body, taking out the small pieces of metal type from the type case in front of me with the right hand. For the past few hours I have been assembling lines of type. I gather tiny letters into lines of text, at first only words, with spaces between them, slowly growing into sentences. Collecting words to hold things with them. I’ll print them later, when it’s all set, to hold them in the container that is a poster, a page, a note.

Pasted on walls,
bound in books,
folded,
spilled over,
caressed,
touched with moist hands,

illegible ruins,
waste products,
becoming garbage,
composted
and recycled.

Stealing Stones

It's dark I sit in the backseat of the car the dog
breathing down my neck I feel a bit sick but not like
vomiting right this instant more like upset in the
stomach and a disgusting acid taste in the throat I
hope we'll arrive soon I watch the lights
of the oncoming cars white
white white red white
Georg stops the car by the side of the road
Georg has discovered a construction site
and gets out to collect a few stones carefully places
them in the trunk of the car the car shakes a bit with
each stone Georg puts down with
the car full of stones we are driving back home

Stone was here from the near beginning, when the gases of the Earth coagulated into liquids and then into solid form. They remind us the world is not for us.

Stone is nothing more or less than the pure Ethereality of nature, separated by artificial means, purified and made concrete by constriction and scientific multiplication of its proper Light.

Mary Anne Atwood, *A Suggestive Inquiry*, 1850, p.91

Stone is the essence of matter, “the pure Ethereality of nature.” Nature is such a difficult word. The more I look at it, the less I understand the nature of Nature.⁽¹¹⁾ I had an argument about what Nature is with Georg when I was back home during the summer. Georg, the “earth worker” (from ancient Greek *ge/γῆ*, “earth” and *ergon/ἔργον*, “work”), has been there all along. Georg’s dad was a bricklayer and when Georg turned fourteen, Georg became a bricklayer too, and later an architect. There is always something to construct and build—as soon as one part is finished, Georg finds a new *Baustelle*⁽¹²⁾ in need of attention

and affection. Georg thinks Nature is just an endless cycle of eating and being eaten. I think it's one of the metaphors we humans use to relate to Nature.

During that same week, I was watching a documentary about the biologist Lynn Margulis,⁽¹³⁾ and I remember a remark about how we tend to think of Nature in terms of our most advanced technology. Back in the era of the Enlightenment, when Descartes was obsessed with clocks and other mechanisms, the entire universe was seen as though it were clockwork—nothing more than a machine, to be read in an objective manner. Within this mechanistic understanding, the earth is perceived as a rotating sphere with humans on it. Nature is reduced to a resource, a commodity that has always been there, to be acquired, dominated, colonised, extracted and exploited. Nature: a construction with the potential to become a synonym for reproduction.⁽¹⁴⁾

Yet there is not really an actual point of reference for what Nature is, or what may be natural, apart from vague essentialist perceptions. The framing of Nature is constructed within a design-system that is always affecting its surroundings and governing all different forms of life. Nature does not exist a priori, outside history and outside ourselves. It is designed, it's a permanent construction and it's never static.

How we choose to look at Nature makes all the difference. There is always some vantage point, some window, some screen, and we have the tendency to forget the frames through which we are looking. Glancing behind the sublime green screens that we have created in order to see our constructions of Nature as the projections they allow us to experience kinship with the non-humans who actually form the biosphere.⁽¹⁵⁾

“The entire face of the Earth today bears the imprint of human power.”⁽¹⁶⁾ That was written in 1778, some 242 years ago. I let my phone do the math. We are now living in a time where we have inscribed our traces even in the layers of rock.⁽¹⁷⁾ The imprint of human power is very tangible today. Biodiversity is being lost at a rate unprecedented in history, as forests burn down, sea levels rise, and entire species become extinct. Climate change reshapes entire landscapes. Rivers are so polluted they are catching fire.⁽¹⁸⁾ Snow is melting on the world's highest mountain, bodies are emerging from the ice.⁽¹⁹⁾ Everywhere is polluted with plastic remains—there are entire islands of plastic and debris circulating the oceans⁽²⁰⁾ and microplastics have been revealed to be present in the placentas of unborn babies.⁽²¹⁾ For the first time in history, the global mass of human-made material is now greater than the planet's living biomass.⁽²²⁾

What a waste, what a crime, to wreck a world so abundantly full of different kinds of flowers. Kathy hated it, living at the end of the world, but then she couldn't help but find it interesting, watching people herself included compulsively foul their nest.

Olivia Laing, *Crudo*, 2018, p.17

other. Everything on this planet is made of the same quirky stuff, the same building blocks.⁽²³⁾

“The nitrogen in our DNA,
the calcium in our teeth,
the iron in our blood,
the carbon in our apple pies

were made in the interiors of collapsing stars. We are made of starstuff.”⁽²⁴⁾ Every element in our body was synthesised on other stars before it got here, to this rotating rock. “There was never a time when human agency was anything other than an interfolding network of humanity and non-humanity.”⁽²⁵⁾ And because of this interconnectedness, it always feels like something is missing, like something is not adding up. I am a body on this earth. I can’t escape embodiment. As long as I have this human form I am caught in hypocrisy: every time I ride around on my bike, my tires leave a tiny film of microplastic on the streets; every time I wash my hair, I waste an awful lot of water; with every email I send, my carbon footprint grows a bit. It’s not that I am that special. “I don’t mean to harm Earth, and in fact I’m not harming Earth. My action is statistically meaningless. But billions of things [...] are exactly what is causing global warming and mass extinction.”⁽²⁶⁾

I am a tiny crystal on a huge asteroid⁽²⁷⁾ that is moving towards us at the speed of light, though we can’t see it. Like global warming or the biosphere, this mass extinction is a ‘Hyper-object’, impossible for us to see, exceeding our horizon.⁽²⁸⁾ It becomes only visible in the blank spaces, in the form of species scarcity, for example, when there’s just a few of a certain kind of fish swimming around. The ocean is full of these ecological ghosts, species that are becoming so diminished they no longer fulfil their roles. And this can lead to a lot of changes within an ecosystem, long before a species becomes entirely extinct.⁽²⁹⁾ The world becomes silent as animals and plants disappear,⁽³⁰⁾ and now more than ever the things we live with are falling away.⁽³¹⁾

BAGS WITHIN BAGS

Wind sweeps through needles. I bend down, push the leaves aside and carefully start scratching the surface with my fingers. I pick up a stone from the ground. I close my hand around it; it’s cool on my skin and a little rough. I put it in my pocket. The earth underneath looks open and vulnerable. I can’t say I am entirely sure if it was OK to take it, to put it in my bag, because I identify as more or less human and apparently it is a “human thing to do to put something you want, because it’s useful, edible, or beautiful, into a bag.”⁽³²⁾ I am unsure what to do with this remaining negative space that now exists where the stone was lying. An earthworm quickly coils away, finds a safer space under some dried leaves. I put my hand on the spot where the stone used to be.

There is tension between the thing to be put into the bag and the bag itself. The thing to be⁶ collected in the bag already ex-

ists in some kind of form. A bag within a bag of sorts. I recently watched this Swedish TV show, Love and Anarchy, in which the main character Sofie talks about a poem she wrote about this person who discovers she's not actually a person, but a seed, and then this seed blossoms into a bluebell which transforms into a rose and eventually the rose grows into a tree. She keeps growing and growing and realises that everything contains something which in turn contains something else.⁽³³⁾ Slowly attempting to unpack my bag, to see what's in it, I encounter countless other bags floating inside, bags from which other bags are still spilling out.⁽³⁴⁾ I try to get a hold of them but they are slipping out of my grasp like melting ice dripping on the ground.

I am looking for you in the dense fog
you escape me
you escape me
I don't know how
you slip through my fingers

you escape me
I try to touch
I try again
I try to get through

CONSTRUCTION SITES

I go to the Notes App on my phone where I gather thoughts, notes, dreams, shopping lists, memories, things to do. They form a list in chronological order, showing me first what I thought about last. I have made folders to contain the different categories of my life, and sometimes there are even subfolders inside subfolders. Spilling over, they don't stay in their places, they refuse to be contained.

12.10.2020, 23:43:
Do you have a folder called \bae

12.10.2020, 23:43:
lol, of course but you're not in that folder

12.10.2020, 23:43:
True

12.10.2020, 23:44:
you're in another folder

It's exhausting to lay stone after stone, building walls, trying to neatly separate things behind built structures. I am tired of this act of delimiting, categorising, defining. I want to learn to embrace ambivalence, become more comfortable in the spaces in between. Letting my skin become thinner, layer by layer, as I move closer to the margins, not giving in to fear. The "quivering tension of the in-between"⁽³⁵⁾ of not knowing, not settling down. And as I fail my words and break through the ice and

fall into the water, I fall through all sorts of layers, experiencing the beauty of being lost, of mysteries not being solved, the words crumbling in my mouth like mouldy fungi.⁽³⁶⁾

Construction Sites

Georg and I sit next to each other Georg brought
the book and we look at the pictures together
debris the remains of houses soaring into the sky
traces of bullet holes in walls torn flags
a playground after school fights Gisela-
straße Türkenstraße Amalienstraße Elisabethplatz
different school new container every week
because the previous one got bombed out
waking up with sirens in the night
the sirens always the sirens
putting on scratchy sweaters fast fast, down to the
basement emerging into the dust after
its calm gathering everything that's not broken
gathering also the things that are broken
to try and fix them later
knocking off plaster from old bricks to rebuild
tiles iron girders bricks to exchange them
against cigarettes or food

For too long, stone has served as “an allegory for nature stilled into resource,”⁽³⁷⁾ mined and put to use.⁽³⁸⁾ Stone is bottom, humans are top. Except when there is a meteorite coming at us or the earth trembles and stones are falling from the skies. Stone is supposed to exist quietly in the background of the green screen landscape, as dead matter.

Yet stone refuses to be solid. “We trust stone as archive and monument, but we may as well write on water.”⁽³⁹⁾ We think of stone as persisting only because it outlasts our own lives. But the ground is always shifting; ⁸ stone cracks, transmutes. “Cloudy,

—as well as human-made mass is being weathered by the Earth’s atmosphere, water, organisms to make fertile soil. All substances have to be broken down, constantly, so life can happen.⁽⁴⁴⁾ The ongoing process of shaping possible worlds happens in sync with the unmaking of the world. In order for matter to be created, it has to be de-created, always. “Reality is an active verb.”⁽⁴⁵⁾

Destruct,
demolish,
collapse,
crumble
and rebuild.

Losing my words and finding them again

A Stone for a Mountain, Floating in the air like a rock

a while ago I had this dream and I remember it
stayed with me throughout the day I’m in a city it’s
busy smelly cramped I’m surrounded by strangers
the air is thick and foggy
I’m sweaty I worry I have a fever I’m on my way
through the turmoil on some square when you send
me a text

“Cloudy Cloudy it’s a video of a high stone wall Is The Stuff Of Stones”

so high I can barely make out a glimpse of the sky
and that sky is grey with clouds of course there are
rivers of water running down the wall a polyphony
leaving traces sometimes forming alliances as
tiny puddles the wind has been bringing dead
leaves bird shit seeds making the
wall
into an assemblage of beings there are plants
mosses lichens growing out of it
water crystallising to icicles has blown holes in the wall
birds are nesting in them now
droplets of water
dripping leaving traces
and as the wall becomes liquid
I reach out with my hand
to touch the stones in my phone

(1) “With the colonisation of the terrestrial world, outside the marine environment, the dry world transformed itself into an enormous fluid body that allows the vast majority of living beings to live in an exchange-based, reciprocal relation between subject and environment.” Emanuele Coccia, *The Life of Plants: A Metaphysics of Mixture* (Medford: Polity Press, 2019), e-pub.

(2) “Bodies need water, but water also needs a body.” Astrida Neimanis, “Hydrofeminism: Or, On Becoming a Body of Water,” in *Undutiful Daughters: Mobilizing Future Concepts, Bodies and Subjectivities in Feminist Thought and Practice*, ed. by Henriette Gunkel, Chrysanthi Nigianni and Fanny Söderbäck (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012), 103.

(3) Ursula K. Le Guin, “The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction,” in *Dancing at the Edge of the World. Thoughts on Words, Women, Places* (New York: Grove Press, 1989), 168.

(4) “[...] bottle in its older sense of container in general, a thing that holds something else,” Le Guin, “The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction”, 166.

(5) Amongst the many conversations and discussions I had with friends, fellow students and tutors I am especially thankful to Alice Slyngstad, Alix Stria, Amy Suo Wu, Anja Groten, Christina Bierler, Clara Hopp, Colette Aliman, Daniel van der Velden, Flavia Dzodan, Georg Bierler, Ghenwa Abou Fayad, Gudrun Havsteen-Mikkelsen, Ivana Jovic, Jan Egbers, Kirsten Brandt <3, Lukas Engelhardt, Pernilla Manjula Philip, Manola Buonincontri, Marisa Torres Rodriguez, Marnie Slater, Quang Nguyen, Sina Egger, Tal Goldstein, Tina Bastajian and Tobias Bierler.

(6) "This is poetry as illumination, for it is through poetry that we give name to those ideas which are—until the poem—nameless and formless, about to be birthed, but already felt." Audre Lorde, "Poetry is Not a Luxury," in *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* (Berkeley: Crossing Press, 1984), 36.

(7) "Words are my matter. I have chipped one stone for thirty years and still it is not done, that image of the thing I cannot see. I cannot finish it and set it free, transformed to energy."

Ursula K. Le Guin, *Words Are My Matter* (Easthampton: Small Beer Press, 2016), epub.

"It matters what matters we use to think other matters with; it matters what stories we tell to tell other stories with; it matters what knots knot knots; what thoughts think thoughts, what descriptions describe descriptions, what ties tie ties. It matters what stories make worlds, what worlds make stories." Donna J. Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble. Making Kin in the Chthulucene* (Durham and London: Duke University Press 2016), 12.

(8) "One of the effects of a heightened awareness of the interpenetration of the human and ahuman geologic is that it stretches my definition of 'self'-interest to include the flourishing of the complex system of bio-geologic processes ... The idea of a deep belonging between human beings and a rather volatile earth also provides much of the energy for the political project called the geologic turn." Jane Bennett, "Earthling, now and Forever?" in *Making the Geologic Now: Responses to the Material Conditions of Contemporary Life*, ed. by Elizabeth Ellsworth and Jamie Kruse (New York: Punctum Books, 2010), 245–246.

(9) Le Guin, "The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction", 169.

(10) Le Guin, "The Carrier Bag", 169.

(11) See Karen Barad's lecture in which they quote Niels Bohr: "The nature of nature depends on how you measure it". Karen Barad, "Troubling Time/s, Undoing the Future," YouTube video, 00:36:10, December 8, 2016, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dBnOJioYNHU>.

(12) "Construction Site"

(13) *Symbiotic Earth*, directed by John Feldmann (2018; USA: Hummingbird Films, 2017), Amazon Prime.

(14) "Nature becomes a weaponized synonym for reproduction, and everything that does not directly contribute to the survival of the species becomes an affront." Caspar Heinemann, "FUCKING PANSIES: Queer Poetics, Plant Reproduction, Plant Poetics, Queer Reproduction," *Ecocore*, June 14, 2017, <https://blog.ecocore.co/post/161819858724/fucking-pansies>.

(15) "People are now so immiserated that their kinship with nonhumans starts to glow through the screen of nature, a construct that since about 10,000 BCE has been the malleable substance of human projects – or its modern upgrade, the screen-like surface onto which humans project their desires. At least some humans are now prepared to drop Nature concepts, to achieve solidarity with the beings that actually constitute the biosphere." Timothy Morton, *Humankind. Solidarity with Nonhuman People*, (London, New York: Verso, 2017), 33.

16 Georges-Louis Leclerc de Buffon, *Histoire Naturelle Générale et Particulière, Supplement 5: Des Époques de la Nature*, (Paris: Imprimerie royale, 1778), 237.

(17) "Researchers say that 208 of more than 5,200 officially recognized minerals are exclusively, or largely, linked to human activity, with crystals forming in locations as diverse as shipwrecks, mines and even museum drawers." Nicola Davis, "Minerals Found in Shipwreck and Museum Drawer 'Show We Are Living in New Epoch,'" *The Guardian*, March 1, 2017, www.theguardian.com/science/2017/mar/01/rock-of-ages-impact-of-manmade-crystals-defining-new-geological-epoch-study.

(18) Wes Siler, "51 Years Later, the Cuyahoga River Burns Again," *Outside Online*, August 28, 2020, www.outsideonline.com/2416503/cuyahoga-river-fire-2020-1969.

(19) Bhadra Sharma, Kai Schultz, "As Everest Melts, Bodies Are Emerging From the Ice," *The New York Times*, May 30, 2019, www.nytimes.com/2019/05/30/sports/everest-bodies-global-warming.html.

(20) Oliver Milman, "'Great Pacific Garbage Patch' Sprawling with Far More Debris than Thought," *The Guardian*, March 22, 2018, www.theguardian.com/environment/2018/mar/22/great-pacific-garbage-patch-sprawling-with-far-more-debris-than-thought.

(21) "A dozen plastic particles were found. Only about 4% of each placenta was analysed, however, suggesting the total number of microplastics was much higher. All the particles analysed were plastics that had been dyed blue, red, orange or pink and may have originally come from packaging, paints or cosmetics and personal care products. [...] It is like having a cyborg baby: no longer composed only of human cells, but a mixture of biological and inorganic entities." Damian Carrington, "Microplastics Revealed in the Placentas of Unborn Babies," *The Guardian*, December 22, 2020, <https://www.theguardian.com/environment/2020/dec/22/microplastics-revealed-in-placentas-unborn-babies>.

(22) Emily Elhacham, "Global Human-Made Mass Exceeds All Living Biomass," *Nature News*, December 9, 2020, www.nature.com/articles/s41586-020-3010-5.

(23) "Lucretius, too, expressed a kind of monism in his *De Rerum Natura*: everything, he says, is made of the same quirky stuff, the same building blocks, if you will. Lucretius calls them *primorrua*; today we might call them atoms, quarks, particle streams, or matter-energy. This same-stuff claim, this insinuation that deep down everything is connected and irreducible to a simple substrate, resonates with an ecological sensibility." Jane Bennett, *Vibrant Matter. A Political Ecology of Things* (London: Duke University Press, 2010), XI.

(24) Carl Sagan, *Cosmos* (New York: Random House, 1980), e-pub.

(25) Bennett, *Vibrant Matter*, 56.

(26) Morton, *Humankind*, 73.

(27) "The hyperobject is in my genome, it's on my oily fingers, it's in the sound of my starter motor. It's under my skin and it is my skin. I myself am a tiny crystal on an asteroid." Morton, *Humankind*, 72.

28 Morton, *Humankind*, 72.

29 “[L]ong before species become extinct, their rarity may cause far-reaching changes in global ecosystems. In fact, the researchers explain, the rarity of previously abundant species and ecosystems alone may be enough to drive permanent shifts in the biosphere. A review of the fossil record, they said, shows that rarity of previously abundant organisms is the only factor tied with certainty to the widespread ecological change observed across extinction boundaries, and because of this, the magnitude and extent of rarity may provide the best comparison of the current biotic crisis to those of the past.” Jim Shelton, “How to See a Mass Extinction If It’s Right in Front of You,” *Yale News*, October 12, 2018, news.yale.edu/2015/12/16/how-see-mass-extinction-if-it-s-right-front-you.

30 Rachel Carson, *Silent Spring* (London: Penguin Books, 2015).

31 “Mehr als je fallen die Dinge dahin, die erlebbaren,” Rainer Maria Rilke, “Die neunte Elegie, Die Duineser Elegien” in *Die Gedichte*, (Frankfurt am Main: Insel Verlag 1986), 662.

32 Le Guin, “The Carrier Bag”, 168.

33 Love and Anarchy, Season 1, Episode 5, “The Book Fair,” directed by Lisa Langseth, written by Lisa Langseth, Alex Haridi, Netflix, 2020.

34 “Much like Russian matryoshki dolls, assemblages contain a sequence of ever small ones—functioning groupings of actants in a series of larger, more complex congregations.” Bennett, *Vibrant Matter*, 45.

35 Neimanis, “Hydrofeminism”, 108.

36 Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Der Brief des Lord Chandos*, ed. by Fred Lönker (Stuttgart: Reclam 2019), 12.

37 Jeffrey Jerome Cohen, *Stone, An Ecology of the Inhuman* (University of Minnesota Press: 2015), 11.

38 Demand for ‘healing’ crystals is increasing but many are mined in deadly conditions in one of the world’s poorest countries. Tess McClure, “Dark Crystals: the Brutal Reality behind a Booming Wellness Craze,” *The Guardian*, September 17, 2019, www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2019/sep/17/healing-crystals-wellness-mining-madagascar.

39 Cohen, *Stone*, 256.

40 “Kick at the rock, Sam Johnson, break your bones: / But cloudy, cloudy is the stuff of stones. // We milk the cow of the world, and as we do / We whisper in her ear, ‘You are not true.’” Richard Wilbur, “Epistemology,” in *The Poems of Richard Wilbur* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Publishers, 1987), e-pub.

41 Cohen, *Stone*, 34.

42 “Furthermore, on an inhumanly small spatio-temporal scale, tiny slivers of rock vibrate all by themselves. As we observed earlier, they do something much worse for the active-passive binary. They vibrate and not-vibrate at the same time. Operating ‘between’ active and passive, in this quantum theoretical sense, does not mean a smooth nicely put-together compromise in between; it means both/and, and this violates the never-proven but taken-for-gospel logical ‘Law’ of Noncontradiction.” Morton, *Humankind*, 180.

43 Neimanis, “Hydrofeminism”, 102.

44 “Soil is created through a combination of the long, slow time of geological processes such as those taking thousands of years to break down rock [...] and by relatively shorter ecological cycles by which organisms and plants, as well as humans growing food, decompose materials that contribute to renew the topsoil.” Maria Puig de la Bellacasa, *Matters of Care. Speculative Ethics in More than Human Worlds* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2017), 176.

45 “Many versions of process philosophies help me walk with my dogs in this manifesto. For example, Alfred North Whitehead described ‘the concrete’ as ‘a concrescence of prehensions.’ For him, ‘the concrete’ meant an ‘actual occasion.’ Reality is an active verb, and the nouns all seem to be gerunds with more appendages than an octopus.” Donna Haraway, “The Companion Species Manifesto. Dogs, People, and Significant Otherness,” in Manifestly Haraway (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2016), e-pub.

“Cloudy Cloudy” Is The Stuff Of Stones”